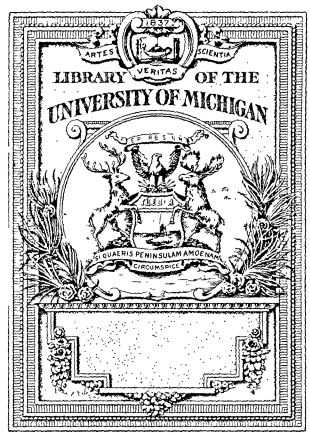


HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 1.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

FALL BONNETS.—FIG. 1, FANCHON.—FIG. 2, CATALANE.—FIG. 3, MARIE ANTOINETTE.—FIG. 4, TRIANON.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

BRIDAL TOILETS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Fall Bonnets.

Fanchon, of marabout, with a blue velvet bow in front, and another behind, over the chignon. Long barbs of lace and tulle, falling to the front like a scarf. Strings of ribbon, tying behind.

Catalane, of black velvet, edged with guipure, bordered with jet beads. A rose and buds thrown carelessly over the side. Strings of lace.

Marie Antoinette, of green velvet and silk. Front formed of alternate puffings of silk and velvet. Green feather on left side. Rich barb of lace falling from the back, the front strings tied behind.

Trianon, of dead-leaf velvet, trimmed on the front with a large bow of velvet and a wreath of gold immortelles with brown foliage. Chantilly barb behind, crossing in front over the strings.

Bridal Toilettes.

Fig. 1.—Gored dress of white persane, fastened up the front with crystal beads. Neck high, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace, as are likewise the caps. Tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms.

Fig. 2.—Princesse dress of white mull, worn over a high-necked waist of Valenciennes lace and insertion. Skirt tucked; waist trimmed with bias folds of the same stuff. Tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1867.

☞ THE SECOND NUMBER *of* HARPER'S BAZAR, *for November 9, will be issued on Tuesday, the 29th of October, after which time a Number will be published regularly every week.*

☞ *Ladies in the Country will be supplied gratuitously through the mails with the* FIRST SIX NUMBERS OF HARPER'S BAZAR *upon written application to the Publishers.*

☞ *Single Subscribers to* HARPER'S BAZAR *will be supplied from the beginning to the end of the year* 1868, *which will complete the first Volume, for the yearly price of Four Dollars.*

OUR BAZAR.

A BAZAR, in Oriental parlance, is not a vulgar market-place for the sale of fish, flesh, and fowl, but a vast repository for all the rare and costly things of earth—silks, velvets, cashmeres, spices, perfumes, and glittering gems; in a word, whatever can comfort the heart and delight the eye is found heaped up there in bewildering profusion.

Such a repository we wish *Harper's Bazar* to be, combining the useful with the beautiful, and aiming to include every thing that will be interesting to the family circle, for whose use it is designed. Being intended largely for ladies, it will devote a considerable space to the matters which fall particularly under their jurisdiction, such as dress, and household affairs. In this connection the fashions are naturally an important subject; *three hundred millions* of dollars being annually expended in this country for dry goods, the making up of which is executed or superintended almost wholly by the female portion of the household. Ladies are interested, therefore, in securing correct information as to the best and most economical mode of fashioning this vast amount of raw material; and especially in obtaining patterns and practical directions which will readily enable them to do this themselves or to have it done satisfactorily by others.

To supply this want we have perfected special arrangements with the leading European fashion journals, especially with the celebrated *Bazar* of Berlin, which supplies the fashions to the newspapers of Paris, whereby we receive the same fashions in advance, and publish them weekly, simultaneously with their appearance in Paris and Berlin, the great centres of European modes. This advantage is shared by no other newspaper in the country. Our readers will thus be sure of obtaining the genuine Paris fashions simultaneously with the Parisians themselves, instead of from stray journals three or four weeks old. That this is desirable no one can doubt who knows the popularity which every thing Parisian maintains in the world of fashion, or has seen the curiosity with which every lady's wardrobe is scrutinized on her return from Paris, with a view to copying the articles fresh from this great fashion emporium. We shall also give in each alternate number of our journal numerous patterns, accompanied with plain and practical directions, readily understood, which will enable every lady, if she chooses, to cut and make her own and her children's entire wardrobe, with much of that of her husband. Beautiful colored fashion-plates will likewise be presented from time to time to the patrons of *Harper's Bazar*.

With the Parisian modes will be combined a chronicle of the fashions most in vogue in New York, which in this respect may be styled the Paris of America. Fancy work of all kinds will also find room in our columns, together with every department of household affairs.

In a word, we propose to make the *Bazar* a first-class weekly newspaper of fashion—the only one in existence in this country—comprising all subjects that legitimately pertain to such a journal.

But while the fashions will be a leading feature of *Harper's Bazar*, they will not be its sole feature. The opinion is generally prevalent that a fashion journal is worth nothing as a literary authority. We hope to do something toward dispelling this prejudice, and proving that a family paper may devote special attention to a theme, the influence of which is so universal, without derogating from its claims to be considered an earnest and thoughtful exponent of public opinion. *Harper's Bazar* is designed to be a Family Journal, in the true sense of the word, and it is hoped that its literary merit will equal its practical utility. Serials, novelettes, poems, literary and art miscellany, familiar science, æsthetics, the current literature, new books, amusements, gardening, architecture, household literature—in short, all that is likely to interest the home circle will receive due notice. The children too will find that they have not been forgotten. We shall endeavor to maintain a spirit of pure and high-toned morality, and to exclude from our columns every thing that could offend the most fastidious taste; at the same time we shall avoid entering into sectarian or political discussion as being outside the province of our paper.

With the fervent wish that *Harper's Bazar* may accomplish at least part of our desires, and contribute to increase the happiness of American families, we commend its wares to the indulgence of the public.

EXPENSIVE MATRIMONY.

MARRIAGE is in a fair way, just now, to become a standard topic for newspaper treatment. Half the editors in this land of critics are most gravely discussing the difficulties that are accumulating in the path leading to the bridal altar. We are glad to see the interest that is taken in this matter. Newspapers are the literature of common life; they are grand equalizers of intellect by radiating those general influences that concern every body's instincts, aims, and circumstances; and hence, if such evils as are peculiarly social and domestic are to be remedied, their agency is essential to the good work.

But we are not quite sure that this subject is properly handled. The most of our editorial brethren are disposed to lay the blame on the extravagance of the age, and particularly on the expensive habits of our ladies. The burden of complaint is every where the same. Editors from Maine to New Orleans, discoursing on this topic, write alike; and the same fact—viz., the excessive costliness of women—points the argument. If this is a true statement of the question we have not much to apprehend, as the evil will probably cure itself. Women will not be likely to risk their chances of marriage for the sake of indulging in extra show. The truth is, however, that the extravagance of the day is affecting the habits of our men more powerfully than those of our women. Luxury and fashion are costly things for both sexes. A woman's follies in the expenditure of money usually appear on her person and in some of her "surroundings;" but a man's follies are none the less dear because they are confined to the club-house or known only to his intimate friends. If, then, so many women are putting themselves out of the reach of matrimony by their high notions of style, is it not equally certain that just as many men—perhaps more—are voluntarily placing themselves in the same position by lavishing thousands per annum on their own precious selves?

The decrease of marriages in this country is obviously among our most prosperous classes, and it is comparatively limited to those sections which are accumulating wealth most rapidly. Men and women in these classes and sections are alike enriched by the growing fortunes of business and speculation. Sons and daughters share in the father's gains. How, then, can the evil bear on one sex to the exclusion of the other? Observation has long since taught us, that whenever families grow rich the sons are more extravagant than the daughters—they demand more money—they waste more money, simply because the ways and facilities for wasting it are much more numerous and accessible. The main reason, therefore, why the number of marriages in this class of our population is declining is because the men choose to have it so, and not because the women are beyond their capacity to support. Three-fourths of the bachelors of our acquaintance are rich enough to bear the expense even of the most fashionable women; and, what is equally certain, they are bachelors just because they are rich. Wealth often indisposes men to marry, but it rarely has this effect on women. At the period of life when marriage begins to charm the fancy and awaken the sensibilities our fast young men are preoccupied. They have already, in most cases, surrendered their souls to other captors. Dissipation and licentiousness have utterly unfitted them for poetry and love, and they vastly prefer a midnight debauch to the pleasures of the fireside and the companionship of a devoted wife. Talk as we may, then, of the extravagance of the age, it is corrupting our men far more than our women; and it does this, not only by its direct consequences, but by fostering a cold, callous, vicious-heartedness, which makes matrimony too much of a conscience and a restraint for their unbridled passions.

Men soon outlive the sentiment of marriage. Nature provides for its early development and rapid growth. If between eighteen and twenty-five years of age young men are absorbed with their gross gratifications—or, if they are moral and have the excitements of fortune in possession or prospect—it commonly happens that marriage is much less attractive than it otherwise would prove. It is not felt as a present want of their whole being; and as marriage with men usually turns on thoughts and sentiments belonging to one given period of life, and not as with women by a sort of prophetic anticipation of what their nature will need for maturity and old age, the loss of youthful impressibility is rarely recovered. There have always been dissipated, licentious men. The fast age is as old as the world, so far as Smith or Jones has rioted in sensualism. But *this* fast age can not wait on advancing life as its predecessors did. It forestalls hope and heart. It is intensely eager for young blood and fresh souls. Premature sots, gamblers, rakes abound. Now, it is just here that the source of the decrease in marriages is to be found. Vice plucks out the hearts of hundreds of our young men—plucks them out by the roots—and leaves them no soul to admire and love virtuous women.

Marriage is God's law, and men are not to set it aside. In relation to his providential, earthly government, it holds a position somewhat analogous to religion in his moral and spiritual government. All civilized society is bound not only to recognize its sanctity, but to encourage the extension of its ties and the operation of its restraints over the largest possible number. The worst feature of the extravagance of the age is its influence on our domestic character; but let it be remembered that there is no sort of parallelism in its effects on the two sexes, for where one young lady is spoiled by it five young men are ruined.

SUITABLE DRESS.

THE uniformity of dress is a characteristic of the people of the United States. The man of leisure and the laborer, the mistress and the maid, wear clothes of the same material and cut. Political equality renders our countrymen and countrywomen averse to all distinctions of costume which may be supposed to indicate a difference of caste. The uniformity which results is not favorable to the picturesque, and our everyday world in America has, in consequence, the shabby look of being got up by the Jews in Chatham Street and turned out in a universal suit of second-hand clothing.

Our working-people, in vindicating their claims to social equality, by putting on their heads the stove-pipe hat and flimsy bonnet, and clothing their bodies in tight-fitting coats and flowing robes, not only interfere with the picturesque, which is of minor importance, but make, we think, an unwise sacrifice of comfort, convenience, and economy. What could be more unfavorable to that free movement of the muscles essential to those trades and occupations requiring the exercise of physical force than the scant coat and tight-fitting trowsers now in vogue? It would be as well to put Hercules in a strait-jacket, and set him thus accoutred to slay the hydra, as for our muscular sons of labor to clothe themselves in suits of fashionable cut, and so to strive at their mighty work. It is surprising that the blouse of the French workman is not generally adopted. Nothing can be more graceful, convenient, and economical. Its lines are flowing, its form admits of perfect freedom of movement, and it can be made of a material both cheap and lasting. Artists generally adopt the blouse for work in their studios, and thus guarantee its tastefulness as well as utility. The free American citizen has no reason to scorn it as a symbol of slavery. The French blouse has vindicated its title to the drapery of a freeman in many a bloody encounter with tyranny on the barricades and in the streets of Paris.

As for the suitableness of the female dress of fashion to working-day purposes no one will venture, we suppose, to hold that crinoline is convenient in the china-closet or safe in the proximity of a red-hot stove, and that a flowing train of silk is the most appropriate broom for the kitchen floor. Crinoline and train, however, are constantly found in these inappropriate places and dangerous proximities. We can not for the world see why Bridget and Katarina, and their mistress too, indeed, when the occasion requires, should not dress appropriately—to their spheres we do not say, but to their occupations. They would be gainers in every respect—in taste, comfort, convenience, and economy. It is quite a mistake for the female servant to suppose that by spending her money in gaudy dress and mock finery she advances her social position, though with her rustling silk she may pass in the dark, or, coming out of the front-door on a Sunday, be taken at a distance for her mistress. She may spend a half year's wages on a flimsy bonnet, it will not avail her—the sham lady will still be manifest. If she has personal charms of her own and desires that they should be appreciated, let her take the advice of the tasteful, who will tell her that the rude freshness of natural beauty appears to the greatest advantage in a plain setting.

A white cap, a close-fitting jacket, with sleeves neither so tight as to hinder movement nor so loose as to lap up the gravy or sweep off the sherry glass, and a short skirt of simple stuff—plain or many-colored as it may be—make an appropriate costume for the household servant. Scraps of cotton lace, bits of bright ribbon, and collars and cuffs of linen, may be added according to the taste. Any one who has seen the picture of the Chocolate Girl of the Dresden Gallery will not doubt of the picturesque capabilities of a dress which was so effective in this particular instance that it procured a rich and titled husband for the original of the portrait.

The female cap should be insisted on as an essential to cleanliness by those who are not so sentimental as to prefer to receive daily pledges of the cook's affection in the shape of locks of hair in the soup.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to a young Papa.

MY DEAR SIR,—You may have remarked that nothing is more comical than the free-and-easy way in which the independent American citizen behaves in the railroad car. The grave manner in which the presence of other people is wholly disregarded is—as you may have observed—often very diverting and sometimes very exasperating. You, my dear Sir, especially illustrated this great truth when you entered the train with your family at Mugby Junction a few weeks since, upon which occasion a select car-full had the honor of traveling in your company.

You are evidently, dear Sir, a young and recently-created papa, and therefore very much is to be forgiven to you, as even an old curmudgeon of a bachelor like your present correspondent will cheerfully allow. There were, if you will kindly remember, three ladies in your party and a boy of fourteen, and many bags, and bundles, and baskets, and what you were pleased to call "satchels"—but, chiefly, there was the baby. And here let a bachelor, not naturally savage, declare upon his honor to all traveling mothers with young children, that he does not, with the ferocious Charles Lamb, pledge the memory of the good king Herod, whenever he hears the cry of the baby in the car. Far from it. So far that there is nobody he pities more than the sensitive mother whose child will cry, and who struggles desperately to console him, with the harrowing consciousness that there are a remorseless multitude around her who are internally, or even audibly, wondering and peevishly demanding "why on earth women with young babies will be forever traveling in the cars! Cars are no places for babies. Nurseries are the places for babies. If babies must travel, why not provide a separate car?" Alas! so populous is the kingdom of Herod!

But, exasperated fellow-travelers, let us reflect. These poor mothers, often exhausted and hopelessly contending with poor babies equally exhausted, and hot, and suffocating, and uncomfortable, are to be soothed in every way and no derided and scolded. Do you suppose women prefer to travel with babies? And which, upon the whole, is the more edifying spectacle—an uncomfortable child tired and fretting, or a mature man querulous and sulky because of the fretting! If you observe the child do you suppose nobody observes you? Why, my dear fellow-bachelor and curmudgeon, we are all quietly watching and studying each other at the rate, as we fly, of twenty-five miles an hour.

Other women than the mothers understand this if the men do not. How often men turn round, and shrug their shoulders, and stare at the hapless mother vainly humming to her tired and restless child, while some woman, with a few gentle words of kindness or experience to the mother and of soothing to the child, consoles each, as if an angel had descended. I read in the reports of the suffrage debate in the New York Constitutional Convention a speech in which the orator said that women were so harsh and fierce in their judgments of each other, that if women should ever sit as jurors upon their accused sisters he could only say, "God have mercy upon the accused!" What a perpetual consolation to that eloquent orator it must be to know that Providence has graciously provided a sex to secure fair treatment to women—and that he belongs to it! But his experience is different from that of this bachelor who has never found the hands of women reluctant, nor their hearts chill, nor their tongues hesitating, whenever another woman was to be relieved. Who betray women? Who, when they are fallen, stretch out to them a helping hand? These last are they who in a crowded car sympathize with the travel-worn mothers whose children weep and wail.

One of these tender comforters was Barbara Lovewell. That was not her name, of course, but that was her nature. Barbara was neither young, when I first knew her, nor beautiful; nor was she ever married, nor in any manner graceful or personally attractive. But no sylph of Saratoga, no Newport belle, is likely to be the heroine of a truer romance than her life was—a romance and a tragedy which nobody suspected who had not heard her story. Once, indeed, it was told in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*, but under strange names and willful disguises so that you could only vaguely gather the substance of the truth. Barbara Lovewell was a heroine without knowing it, without caring about it. She was such a simple, earnest, honest soul, so interested in a thousand things, and so intelligent and full of sympathy, that her life and mind were always occupied, and she had no time to contemplate herself or to reflect that she had earned the right, if she could do it, to win the world to listen to her melodious woes.

When she was more than fifty—nearly sixty years old, indeed—she was traveling over one of the long Western railroads, and in a car very crowded and uncomfortable. Toward midnight a baby began to wail in the dim, hot car. In vain the mother tried to hush the child to sleep. The wail became a fret, and the fret a positive cry. The passengers began to awake, and to move, and mutter impatiently in their seats. In the stillness of the car the cry of the child seemed preternaturally loud, and the poor mother was at her wit's end. Suddenly a man's voice exclaimed from the dark end of the car, "Do stop that baby!" There was an audible "Amen" from many passengers, and a grunting and pishing which went to the very heart of the young mother. Nothing would appease the child. Singing, and trotting, and patting, and scolding, and changing his position, were tried in vain. He was fearfully wide awake, and his fretful cry was undeniably most disagreeable and disturbing. Then Barbara Lovewell, who sat at the end of the car from which the impatient voice of the man had proceeded, rose quietly and went to the mother, and said, gently, "Let me try to comfort your little boy." The mother looked her gratitude, and sitting down by her, Margaret put the child's head upon her bosom, and the kindly handling, the motion of the car, and the sweet sense of change immediately lulled the restless child to sleep. The whole car was relieved. There was a low murmur of gratitude from the passengers; and just as all were sinking again, like the child, to sleep, the silence was broken by an old gentleman who leaned over to Margaret and said to her, "Law, ma'am! how easy 'tis to see that you've put children to sleep all your life. Nothing like a grandma, ma'am, to put children to sleep!"

The children of Alice call Bartrum father, says Elia, in the Dream Children. Barbara Lovewell never knew the caress of a child of her own; but in the "undiscovered country" to which she has gone there could be no more childlike purity of soul than hers, and in this world no more loving and maternal heart.

Well, well! I have strayed very far from Mugby Junction and your interesting family group, my dear Sir, and we will return immediately. You remember that the three ladies of your party sat near the middle of the car and talked loud—I may even say sonorous—baby-talk to the baby, so that the whole company in the car were compelled to hear. The boy sat at the end of the car; and in the midst of the prattle and chuckling of the three ladies and the crowing of the baby, the boy suddenly broke in from near the door with a startling "Ah boo! Ah boo!" addressed to the baby. The astonished passengers stared, but the delighted infant responded, "Ah boo!" cheerily and incessantly answered from the end of the car by the boy. And you, dear Sir, joined with animation in the innocent round, and loudly cried, "Ah boo!" Ah boo!"

Were you unconscious of other persons in the car? Or didn't you care? Or did you suppose them to be delighted to share in the festive prattle of your nursery? Ah boo! my dear Sir; ah boo! Nothing, as you well know, if you would only reflect for a moment, can be more ill-bred than to thrust yourself and your little family upon the attention of others. Without the least consciousness of the fact, and, of course, with no such intention, you make them and yourself laughably ridiculous. Now, my dear young papa, you travel a great deal. I have met you elsewhere than at Mugby Junction. You have not thought of the very grotesque and unfavorable impression you have made; and I feel very sure you will feel that I have written this letter to reveal it to you because I am sincerely,

Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

IN this our introductory we shall merely give a glance at the fashions in general as they now prevail in New York. In future numbers we shall narrate explicitly all the interesting details of a lady's toilette, giving each week descriptions of the new and beautiful garments fashioned by our leading modistes.

BONNETS.

To begin at the beginning, with the bonnet, that most important article of feminine dress, we have a decided change to record in the fall shapes, and for the winter still greater novelties are predicted. The "airy fairy' Fanchon, so long popular, is gradually being deposed by a much more stately bonnet, more in keeping with the picturesque costumes now worn. This bonnet is called the Marie Antoinette. The name of that unfortunate queen is given generally to the styles of the last century about to be revived—a name so fraught with interesting reminiscences that it will by mere association lend an additional charm to the question always dear to the feminine heart of "Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" The Marie Antoinette bonnet, with all its variations of Mousquetaire, Marquise, and Princess Caroline, has a narrow brim, short ears, and a broad, flat crown without the least semblance of a curtain. It is worn farther on the top and front of the head than were the shapes of last season, and fits closely over the chignon. Broad bandeaux of gilt or of velvet, and wreaths of flowers, forming an elaborate diadem, are placed over the forehead. This diadem is the most noticeable characteristic of the new shapes, and this it is that gives the stately appearance requisite. The strings are also an important feature in the new chapeau. It has usually two or three pairs of strings, intended for service as well as ornament, as they are really required to hold the short ears in proper position. The narrow ribbons that serve to tie the bonnet at the throat are fringed or ornamented with embroidery and lace. The over-strings are of real lace with velvet ribbon insertion, or wide scarfs of colored tulle beaded with jet and gilt or dew-dropped with crystal, arranged in the Spanish fashion over the back of the bonnet.

The Fanchon still lingers with us in a slightly changed form. It used to be a matter of some doubt which was the front and which the rear of this bonnet; but as now worn the Marie Stuart point still remains in front, while the back is shorn of its point, being entirely straight on the chignon.

The Trianon, a cross between the Fanchon and Marie Antoinette, will be a favorite with those who dislike to be the first by whom the new style is tried.

In trimmings there is great variety. Feathers are not so much used as they will be later in the season. Flowers are in profusion every where. Many bonnets are simply frames covered with velvet heart's-ease or daisies. There are new designs in flowers of gilt and velvet, and many novelties in leaves and berries—wreaths of leaves of all the varied shades of the autumn forest—metallic berries, bronzed, red, and fire color, with clusters of golden wheat, grapes, acorns, and thistles of downy marabouts. Gilt ornaments of every description are in high favor; jet and pearl are used abundantly; amber has disappeared. Ribbons are but little used for trimming, and only in narrow widths. There are, however, some pretty shaded and fringed ribbons very effectively introduced as scarfs on the new bonnets.

In round hats white felt is the favorite material. Bronzed straws are worn with Bismarck suits. It is useless to name a hat, as each milliner has a different name of her own. One pretty style has a shallow crown and narrow brim; another has a half high crown and turned up brim. Wreaths of leaves and bandeaux of shirred velvet, with a rosette or an aigrette at the side, are the trimmings. Ostrich feathers and willow plumes are too large for these tiny chapeaux, and are superseded by small tufts of marabout and cock's feathers.

DRESSES.

The picturesque gored dress continues to be the approved style. This is not only a graceful but a sensible fashion, as it does away with the absurd practice of gathering into a few inches at the waist the same quantity of material that is made to cover a large space on the floor.

THE CORSAGE.

There is a return to the short waists of the "Empire." The corsage is short on the shoulder and under the arm, and rounded at the waist to be worn with a wide belt. Small reversed collars are worn with chemisettes half high at the throat. Many dresses are cut away square *à la Pompadour*, but the high standing collar vandyked or scalloped and bound to match the trimming on sleeves and skirt is more stylish. For evening dress the neck is cut square and very low indeed.

The Marie Antoinette fichu, which crosses in front of the corsage and falls into long rounded streamers tied negligently at the back, is made of the same material as the dress, and is decidedly an ornamental addition. Waist-belts are wide and much trimmed with tasseled fringe and jet pendants. Wide sashes of lace or ribbon are tied behind in a large bow.

SLEEVES.

Coat sleeves are still worn and are gradually narrowing to the tight sleeve of the Empire. Flowing sleeves are only suitable for full dress. In their proper sphere they are graceful and becoming, but are in bad taste for home dress, where comfort and convenience are the great consideration. They are cut quite short on the forearm, sloping gradually away to a point at the back and are very much trimmed inside. Puffs and caps at the top of the coat sleeves are but little used.

SKIRTS.

Gored skirts are made with long trains for full dress. They are gored to fit plain in front and at the sides; but the two back widths are left entire and plaited or gathered in at the waist in order to give the proper fullness to the train. In very long trains these back widths are sometimes cut off square to prevent them from curling up as pointed trains are apt to do. The front and sides are quite short—gradually sloping longer toward the back, giving a graceful sweep to the train. When two skirts are used the upper one is looped up at the sides or caught up in a loose knot behind, *à la benoiton*.

Indoor dresses for demi-toilette have plain gored skirts just long enough to escape the floor.

WALKING DRESSES.

Short dresses for walking have become indispensable articles in a lady's wardrobe. Short enough to escape the rubbish on the sidewalk, yet sufficiently long to be modest, they relieve the hands of the onerous task of holding up voluminous skirts, and dispense with the trouble of looping, and are withal so trim and jaunty that they would have found their way into favor had there been nothing to commend them on the score of availability. The double skirt, always popular in Paris, has found a rival here in single skirts with trimming arranged to simulate an upper skirt. The handsomest designs are the costumes in two colors—the embroidered petticoat of blue, green, or Bismarck, with black pardessus over it—a combination of the Swiss peasant bodice and peplum.

SACQUES AND PALETOTS.

Short paletots are worn with walking dresses, and are variations of last winter's styles. The mantilla paletot has long lappets in front resembling a mantle, but the back is straight and short. A long loose sacque called the Gabrielle is worn with suits. It reaches to the knee, and is confined at the waist by a wide belt fastened behind with a large bow and ends. A tight-fitting pelisse with cape is also worn.

THE BRETON JACKET.

The Breton Jacket introduced last season is, *mirabile dictu*, still a favorite. It is a *piquante* little garment specially intended for morning wear, made of scarlet, black, or blue cloth embroidered in bright colors. Jet and gilt beads and tinsel braid are also introduced into the trimming. It was this coquettish little garment that first brought about the rage for colored embroidery which is now so universal.

COLORS.

Bismarck, or gold-brown, is the prevailing shade, and reappears in some guise almost every where. The new shades of green are its only formidable rivals. The deep green known as Invisible, now called "Mermaid," is in great favor. There are a variety of lighter shades for evening wear—yellowish greens, prettier than one would imagine—and really beautiful by gas-light—these are "Pistache," "Frog," "Butter," and "*Chou*," cabbage—names certainly not very attractive in the abstract, but which will on examination commend themselves as perfectly appropriate.

DRESS GOODS.

Silks are either brocaded or embroidered by hand. Decided contrast is the rule in brocades. Black and Bismarck grounds are strewn with flowers of brilliant hues—half-blown roses, heather-bells, daisies, and convolvulus; autumn leaves are scattered on a Marie Louise blue; gilt and blue figures on a white ground, and a white or amber design on black.

Handsomer and more expensive than the brocades are the embroidered robes. Heavy corded silks, Bismarck or black grounds, are worked with the needle on the front, back, and two side breadths, in pyramids of flowers, so beautiful and lifelike that a perfume is only needed to persuade one that they are real.

POULT DE SOIE ANTIQUE.

In plain colors there is a novelty called *poult de soie antique*, a thick corded silk with the lustre of satin. This is brought out in the quaint old colors worn by our grandmothers—blue-black, dead-brown, invisible-green, or mermaid, and of course the inevitable Bismarck. The quiet colors of this elegant material make it particularly desirable for handsome walking dresses.

THE CHAMELEON.

An appropriate name for another novelty is the chameleon, a revival of the changeable silks, that take new tints in different lights. The combinations of color in these silks is most exquisite, and the ingenious French, with their talent for nomenclature, have given them separate cognomens, viz.: "Sunrise," a pearly gray combined with rose color; "Sunset," a golden hue in one light, purple and azure in another; and a "Moonlight," whose glimmering is too intangible to admit of description.

Among other new fabrics is the magnificent "Antwerp" silk, thick enough to stand alone, a yard and a half wide, and worth the price asked for it—twenty-five dollars per yard. Another novelty is Holland satin, a reversible material, satin upon one side and silk on the other. *Drap de la Reine* is corded diagonally on one surface only.

WOOLENS.

In woolen goods brown and Russian gray predominate. Merchants say they are selling ten pieces of Bismarck to one of any other color. There has been imported a larger assortment of bright plaids than at any previous season. Knotted velours, with a raised white dash, are pretty and durable, and are sold at two dollars and a half a yard. Shaded velours are a welcome change from the plain velours so long worn. Empress cloth is brought out in Cashmere patterns, and is preferable to the real Cashmere, as it is thicker and warmer. A new article of twilled winsey, a mixed gray and black, is well adapted to walking suits, as it is perfectly waterproof. Blue serge, and gold color with black, are much admired.

There is considerable variety in poplins. The chené is in grave shades of purple, green, and brown with white, while the plaids are in every color of the rainbow. In solid colors there is a French poplin that many consider superior to Pym's best Irish; it has smoother threads, is softer, and falls into more graceful folds.

TRIMMINGS.

Cross cut folds of satin with a heading of lace, or a narrow piping of the material of the dress placed in the centre, is a fashionable trimming. These folds are put on straight with pointed leaves at intervals on either side. Pipings of silk are braided together an inch in width. Vandyked and castellated points of silk neatly bound are sewn around sacques and on sleeves. Elegant jet fringes and gimp are among the novelties. Amber has disappeared, but gold ornaments are used profusely. Embroidery is, however, the ruling passion of the hour. The Oriental patterns are in all colors. The work is beautifully executed, and the colors selected with artistic skill, yet the effect is not good. A French mixture of crochet work and embroidery in fine jet and black silk, or in silk of any one shade, is in better taste. The eye will follow the fashion, and we shall in time probably come to admire the brilliant variety of colors, but at present it is a little too *prononcée* to meet with approval.

CRINOLINE.

Crinoline has grown beautifully less until it is as small as can possibly be worn. The standard skirt for ordinary toilette measures only two yards round the bottom, and those for ceremonious occasions only three yards, which, of course, affords but little assistance in managing a train.

Under-skirts, even those of fine muslin, should be gored. Any gathers about the hips spoil the effect of the gored dress. The Boulevard skirt, made of felt, entirely seamless and shaped on a frame, is an improvement on the full balmoral.

CLOAKS.

It is rather early to say which of the many designs in cloaks will meet the most favor, but it is positively known that all are to be longer and looser than those of last year. In many imported cloaks the added length is entirely confined to the front. The long tabs and points that reach almost to the floor in front slope upward in the back until they barely conceal the waist. This is another innovation which looks exceedingly grotesque now, but to which time will probably reconcile us. Tufted cloths are not so popular as they were last winter, and have given place to smooth surfaces on which immense quantities of trimming are lavished. The favorite colors are black, brown, and purple; gray has lost favor. Cloth is trimmed with a heavy silk braid, varying from an eighth of an inch to an inch and a half in width. Velvet is profusely ornamented with embroidery and lace. Very few circulars are imported—the gored sacque with flowing sleeves being the genus of which there are innumerable species.

LACES.

A love for beautiful laces is becoming a mania with ladies nowadays. Nothing tells more in a lady's costume than the lace she wears: let that be inferior, and the richest velvets and jewels will not shield her from criticism; while real lace, of no matter how small a quantity, gives a better tone to the most ordinary material. Point Gaze, the handsomest of all laces, is beautifully brought out in patterns of fern-leaves and medallions. The Point Gaze for a trousseau, consisting of a flounce for the bridal dress, with narrower lace for garniture, a shawl, fan, and parasol-cover, and long barb, all woven in the same exquisite pattern, is marked at two thousand dollars. A Point mantle, quite large, yet of such gossamer texture that it might be drawn through a finger-ring, had two hundred medallions, each of a different pattern. The price of this beautiful work of art is twenty-five hundred dollars. A parasol of Point d'Alençon, with pearl stem and coral handle, is marked six hundred dollars.

The Shakspeare style is most popular for collars of fine lace. Standing collars, embroidered in Vandykes and edged with Valenciennes, are pretty and stylish. A small chemisette, worn inside the dress, is attached to hold them in position.

Veils of real lace are small and square, with the lower edge deeply pointed. Long barbes are tied at the back with bow and streamers, or merely fastened with ornaments of jet or pearl.

GLOVES.

Gloves are longer at the wrist, and ornamented on the back with embroidered crests and ciphers in contrasting colors, and stitching in a Grecian pattern. Substantial studs and hooks are used as fastenings, but the handsomest are drawn together by tasseled tirettes. Tiny eyelets of gilt or silver are laced together on the back of the glove by a silk cord with tassels. Etna and Vesuvius browns—redder tints than Bismarck, are the favorite shades. White gloves, hitherto so plain, are ornamented with tirettes and tassels to match the lacing on the back. Gloves intended for evening wear extend half way to the elbow, and are fastened with several studs.

PRICES.

There is not the general declension in prices that was anticipated. Silks remain at the high figures demanded in war times, and with the present enormous rates of duty there is little prospect of a change. A disease among the silk-worms of China and Japan has also materially affected the silk crop. Woolen goods vary but little from the usual standard. Domestics have decreased in price, almost reaching the low figures of the ante-war times.

LADY'S MANTELET, FRONT.—[SEE PAGE 6.]

LADY'S MANTELET, BACK.—[SEE PAGE 6.]

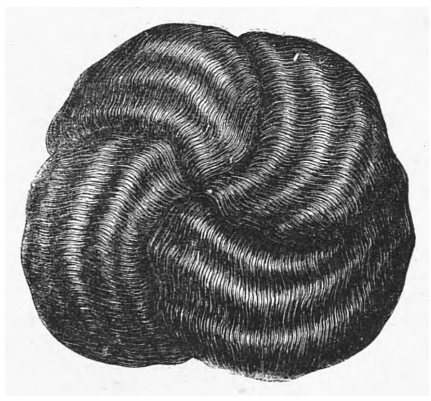
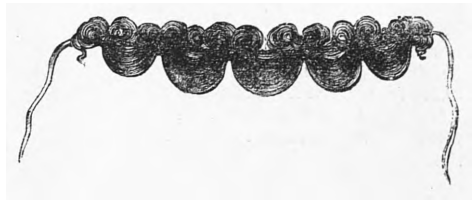
PROMENADE DRESSES.—[SEE PAGE 6.]

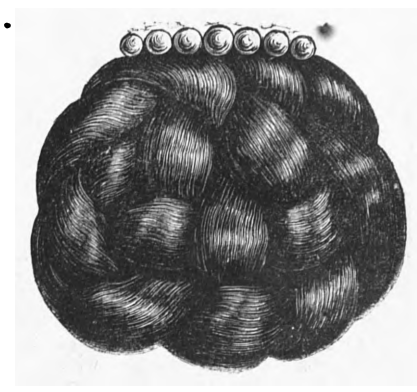


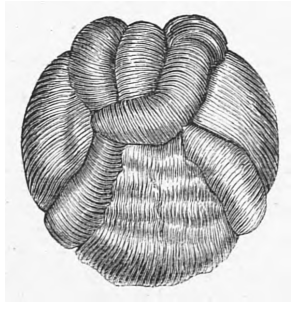


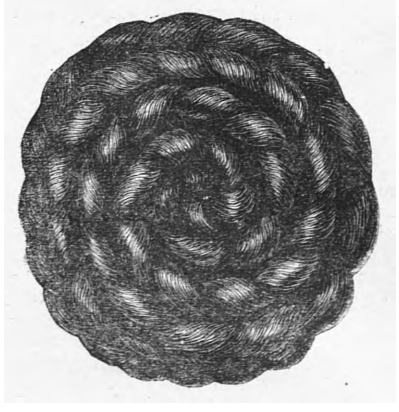
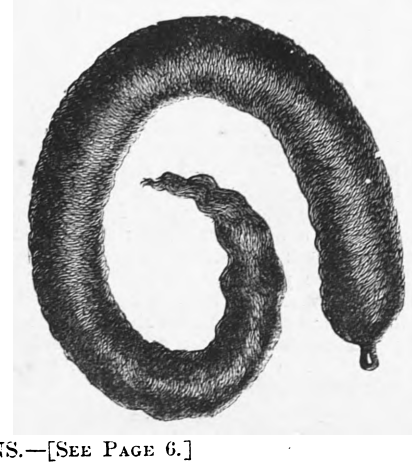
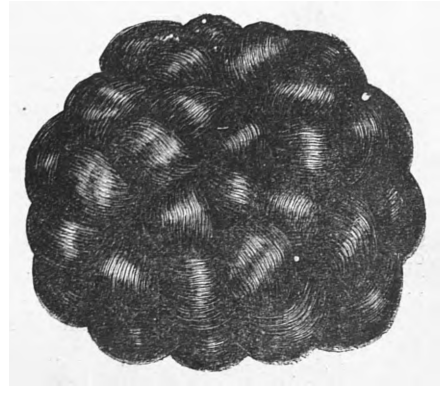








COIFFURES AND CHIGNONS.—[SEE PAGE 6.]

Ladies Mantelet.

THIS mantelet is cut in imitation of a short paletot in front, with Greek sleeves, and is made of pearl gray ladies' cloth, trimmed with black guipure lace.

Promenade Dresses.

Fig. 1.—Gored dress of gray poplin, trimmed with black and white dotted ribbon, arranged in the form of a cross on a pedestal, and alternately reversed, as in the engraving.

Fig. 2.—Dress of violet silk, trimmed with violet velvet ribbon and crystal beads, with belt to match.

Fig. 3.—Short dress and under-skirt of brown and white mousse marine, trimmed with bias folds of brown silk, edged on one side with a white silk cord. The skirt is looped up a little on one side. From the belt three leaves fall like a sash nearly to the bottom of the dress, as seen in the figure.

Hair-Dressing.

WE give illustrations of several beautiful Parisian coiffures and chignons. No striking change has been made in coiffures. The chignon is worn lower, and the melon rib waterfall is no longer in vogue. The Eugénie bandelette, consisting of a row of short curls across the forehead, is worn in connection with the long Marie Antoinette locks, one behind each ear. One of the latest novelties imported from Paris by the New York hair-dressers is the "rope chignon," which is at once simple and effective. For this the long hair is fastened a little way below the crown by a small circular comb, and is then divided into two twisted ropes of two strands each, which are brought downward side by side for about seven inches. The two ropes are then joined by twisting together the two alternate strands, thus forming two new ropes, which are carried upward outside of the first two, and are fastened under the comb, thus making a chignon composed of four parallel roped lines. The front hair is slightly crêpéd, and drawn back from the forehead.

An excellent way to lengthen the hair for plaiting is to fasten a tress of hair to the ends of three long rats, a little shorter than one's own hair, then to tie these rats quite high under the latter and braid them in with it; in this manner a seemingly thick braid is obtained of any length that may be desired.

LAURA'S STRANGER.

MY door opened and let in Laura—Laura with her passionate, dark eyes gleaming out from under her jaunty velvet-bound hat, with its dancing Trogon feather. To understand my story at all you ought to have known Laura; but there you would have been in advance of her, for she did not know herself.

Her features were pure Greek—the low, fair brow, with which the nose made the straight classical line so seldom seen; the mouth a little haughty yet sweet; the small, proud head daintily poised, with the shining black hair massed heavily at the back; and then those eyes of which I spoke, very large, almond-shaped, long-lashed, full of meaning, full, too, of a smouldering fire which should be kindled some day. A woman all impulse and emotion, and yet a good woman—ignorant, moreover, of the power of her own impulses because her temperament had another side, a sort of Oriental indolence which made her accept little things calmly, and gave her a wide reputation for good-nature. I looked up, as she stood in my doorway, and began of a sudden, as it seemed, to realize how handsome Laura was.

We were at the Wadawanuck, at Stonington; I had been sitting at my window, with a glass at my eye, trying to make out the shape of the distant craft in the offing, and looking longingly over to Watch Hill, where the very Atlantic itself was thundering in on the east beach.

"Are you ready for a sail?" Laura asked.

"To Watch Hill? Yes."

"Come then. Regie Babcock has invited us, and his boat is ready, and his sail up."

I caught my hat and a scarlet cloak. In those little six by nine rooms every thing is handy. Just then in came Laura's mother, stout, florid, and dreadfully out of breath with the stairs.

"Laura," she said, sitting down heavily, "you must not go out with young Babcock. He has not had experience enough. The water is deep, and you can't swim more than a little way."

"Indisputable facts," said Laura, with an air of solemn acquiescence, her eyes scintillating fun.

Mrs. Dinsmore proceeded gravely, not heeding the interruption:

"And Captain Brewster saw five sharks the last time he went over."

"Why! it would only take one of them to make an end of *me;*" and Laura's face was comically drawn into an expression which tried to be frightened and was funny.

"You can not go sailing with Mr. Babcock," Mrs. Dinsmore said loftily, and with severity. She had a vague suspicion that Laura was laughing at her fussiness; but in Laura's laughter was no element of disrespect, only pure merriment; and though, of these two, the mother always fussed and the daughter always laughed, neither of them ever knew how to get on without the other.

"We must go and let poor Mr. Babcock know his disappointment," Laura said, pulling me along with her. Then, turning back to her mother, with a merry smile, she asked,

"How *do* you propose that we shall get to Watch Hill? There is a fresh wind to-day, and the wooing surf is not to be disregarded."

"If you find Captain Brewster at the pier you may go with him; but I'll not have you flirting off with any young fellow who'll be making pretty speeches and forget to trim his sail."

"But Mr. Babcock took out the Nickson girls yesterday. Are their necks worth less than mine?"

"You are my girl—they are not." Mrs. Dinsmore's air was final. Laura only laughed and hummed a stave of waltz music.

"Why didn't you talk the mother over?" I asked, as we went down stairs. "Couldn't you?"

"Possibly; but then she would have been uncomfortable while I was gone. After all, Captain Brewster is the better sailor, and Regie Babcock won't be heart-broken."

That was one of the "little things" which would have fretted some girls, but which Laura, with her sunny acceptant nature, never minded. I knew there was latent among her possibilities a great power of self-assertion; and I rather wondered sometimes at her calm, which no slight gales ever ruffled.

We found two boats at the pier—Regie Babcock's and Captain Brewster's. Regie's was a gay little affair, with cushioned seats and snowy sail. Captain Brewster's had seen harder service and was much less elegant. Laura smiled as young Babcock came gallantly to meet her.

"It is too bad," she said, "entirely too bad; but mamma will not let me go out with you. She declares you are not old enough to be trusted. What a pity you hadn't gray hair. I was as pathetic as I could possibly be, but her dictum is absolute. She says I must go with Captain Brewster, or I don't see Watch Hill to-day."

Captain Brewster heard his own name, and came forward with alacrity.

"So your mother wants you to go with me? Most ladies that I've carried over once *do* think I'm the man to go with," he added, with harmless self-complacency. Just as he had seated us, young Babcock said, with affected carelessness,

"I guess I'll go over with you too, Captain Brewster. I want to try the surf to-day, and it's dull music sailing alone."

Laura left him chiefly to me. We were all three sitting on one side at first, but she made an excuse to go over to the other, and sit next to Captain Brewster, to study navigation, as she said. She was in high spirits. She bandied nautical phrases with her Captain to his intense delight, asked him numberless questions which he was proud to answer, sang snatches of gay music, and now and then joined in the talk between Babcock and me—a chat about some private theatricals we had had at the hotel a night or two before, when pretty little Mrs. Clark had distinguished herself as a soubrette, and some one else had murdered a part which Laura ought to have taken and did not. Regie Babcock talked to me, but he looked at Laura. He was over head and ears in love with her, but either she did not know it or regarded the fact with a grand indifference which sat well on her.

Just as we neared Watch Hill the steamboat from New London touched the pier, and among the disembarking passengers I distinctly noticed one—a man very handsome, in Laura's own style, with dark eyes, clearly cut classic features, and crisp dark hair. His figure was lithe yet strong, and he stepped off the boat and walked up toward Plympton's with an air of careless grace which distinguished him among the crowd.

Three quarters of an hour afterward Laura came out of her bath-house looking like a sea-nymph—that is, if sea-nymphs look as they ought—I never saw one. I had been ready a few moments first; and while I had stood talking with Regie Babcock and waiting for Laura I had seen my handsome stranger go down to the water—a real sea-lover evidently, who was losing no time.

"I shall leave Mr. Babcock to you," Laura said to me as she joined us. "I can swim, you know, at least, as my mother said, a little way, and you can't; and I do like to be independent."

She was so utterly unconscious of young Babcock's disappointment that it amused me. I knew he was inwardly cursing his unlucky stars; but like a courteous squire of dames he graciously accepted the task appointed him and made no sign.

Once in the surf Laura dashed away gallantly, while I would not part company with the rope. The breakers were strong, and I was busy with my own footing, and for a few moments lost sight of Laura. At last I heard a scream and saw Regie striking out manfully. Laura, it seemed, had been near meeting with an accident, but some one closer at hand had been too quick for Regie; and when I saw her she was standing quietly, neck-deep in the water, upheld by the dark, handsome stranger I had seen come off the steamboat. Regie swam back to me discontentedly. Laura's eyes were brighter than their wont. A clear red burned on her cheek. She was the only woman I have ever seen who was handsome in the surf. Her splendid physique made her insensible under the force of excitement to any amount of fatigue.

Five minutes afterward I saw Regie growing white about the lips, and felt a nervous tremor in the hand which held mine. I insisted then on going in, and made him go. Laura had evidently found a friend, and did not need us. His coming chill seconded my arguments so urgently that he yielded. We had been out of our bathing-rooms half an hour before Laura joined us. The beach was then almost deserted; but my handsome hero stood there at a little distance, hat in hand, and bowed to her as she came near with the silent respectfulness of a stranger too well-bred to presume upon having served her.

"I thought you knew him," I said, wonderingly, as Laura moved on with us toward the pier where the *Sea-Gull* waited.

"Our only introduction was my need of him, and the touch of salt-water which makes the whole world kin," she answered, carelessly. "I swam a little too far, and found the tide too strong for me. Then I was foolish enough to scream, and he swam to the rescue. For the rest, he is an excellent bather, and I have seen him, as Captain Brewster saw the sharks, once, and never any more."

Then she sang in a low, sweet voice the refrain of a favorite ballad of hers—

"Never, never, never, never,
Never any more."

After that she was silent. I tried once or twice to make her talk, but she said she was tired. She did not look so, however, with the clear red on her cheek, and the smouldering fire kindled in her great dark eyes. I wondered if it would indeed be "never any more" with her and her fellow-bather; and I speculated a little on the strangeness of such chance meetings, if it is right to call any thing chance in this life.

That evening at tea I saw Laura's stranger, as for want of a better name I called him, in an opposite corner of the dining-hall; and after supper Colonel MacMorton came to me on the piazza and asked leave to introduce his friend Major Flemming, pointing out the stranger as he spoke.

"The Major went over to Watch Hill to-day, took his dinner, and came back in the *Massasoit* at three. He meant to stay there, but I believe he got tired of it. We must make it as pleasant for him here as we can. His position and antecedents are all they should be," he added, seeing me hesitate a moment.

"Introduce him, of course," I said, a little ungraciously, through sheer absence of mind, for I was admiring the Major's ingenuity. I wondered if he would have tired of Watch Hill so soon if he had not bathed with Laura; also, how he had found out that she was at the Wadawanuck. Somehow or other, I felt sure, he had ascertained her locality, had come to Stonington for her sake, and was now seeking her thus deftly through me her friend—veiling his anxiety with a discreet show of indifference. He certainly understood the art of making himself agreeable, and he looked handsomer than ever as he stood there on the piazza talking with me.

It was ten minutes, perhaps, before Laura came our way, walking and talking, as girls do, with pretty Mary Burnie. Just at that instant it flashed into my mind that Laura was engaged. She was so much in the habit of forgetting the fact herself, that her friends might perhaps be pardoned for following her example. Her betrothed was a thorough man of business—a kind, unselfish, well-informed, and well-bred man, who understood making money. It is true that he had no sentiment, but as an offset to that he exacted none. He would never have been tempted, however, to forget Laura, or beguiled into remembering another woman.

"That," said the Major, diplomatically, affecting a look of sudden recognition—"surely that is your friend, with whom I had the honor of bathing to-day. Might I ask you to introduce me?"

I beckoned Laura to my side, and in five minutes more she and the Major were walking round the veranda together, and I was left to sit and talk to Mary Burnie, thinking how lovely she was in her delicate blonde beauty, with the azure trimmings to her hat falling soft as sea foam and flecked with glittering dew-drops. As we talked Laura and her companion came several times within range of us, and I saw a look of interest in her face which might have made me uneasy if I had had less confidence in her. That night I waited in vain for her to come to my room, for the usual talk, after we put on our dressing-gowns, and while we brushed our hair, which had become a pleasant habit with us since we had been staying under the same roof. I knew then that there had been something in her experience that day which she was not quite ready to discuss.

As the days went on Regie Babcock's kind and pleasant face grew sad. He had loved Laura with youthful desperation; but he was young, and had not the weapons to dispute her possession with an accomplished man of the world like Major Flemming. I took pity on his sad aspect one day, and told him confidentially that Laura was engaged—a fact not generally known in the hotel.

"Will she keep her engagement, do you think?" he asked.

"I think she is sure to, it would be so much the best thing for her."

I was amazed to see his face brighten perceptibly. He understood my look of surprise and answered it.

"At least, then, she won't marry that man, that Major!"

"Why do you care which?"

"Because I distrust him. As a rule, I distrust all men with black eyes."

A very consistent sentiment, as you will see, for the ardent lover of a black-eyed woman!

I was in Mrs. Dinsmore's room the next morning after my talk with Regie, when Laura came in from a walk with the Major—all her walks were with the Major in these days. Mrs. Dinsmore had put on her heaviest silk and her uttermost dignity. I offered to go out, but she asked me to stay.

"You will be no interruption," she said, "in what I have to say to my daughter."

I secretly thought she was conscious of feeling a little support in my presence, and she needed all she could get, good lady. She began, solemnly:

"Laura, I do not understand your movements."

"They are the simplest thing in the world, mamma; indeed, the place is so circumscribed here that they could not very well be intricate or various. This morning, for instance, I rolled a string in the bowling-alley, and then took an ice at Burchard's. That's all, so far."

"And always with the Major! I suppose the company, as well as the place, is circumscribed?"

"Rather."

"But *I* am not indifferent, if you are."

Laura opened her eyes.

"I am not, either, I assure you. I really like the Major very much."

Mrs. Dinsmore spread out her silk gorgeously, and waved her fan solemnly.

"Do not affect to misunderstand me, if you please."

"Certainly not. You were speaking of the Major, and you said you were not indifferent. Considering how little attention he has shown you I am a little surprised at your interest, that's all."

"Laura, are you lost to all sense of propriety that you talk about your mother as if she were a flighty, flirting girl? I mean I am not indifferent, if you are, to the obligations you are under to some one besides the Major."

"So that way blows the wind?" Laura smiled; but there was an ominous glitter in those great eyes of hers. "It is poor Mr. Paywell on whose account you are uneasy. You are right, perhaps. If you think I ought, I will write to him next mail and dismiss him. It may be my engagement *was* too much of an experiment, and too little of an experience. I certainly shall not marry him until I have satisfied myself whether what he has to give will pay me for all I should have to do without."

Mrs. Dinsmore actually grew pale—quite an achievement for her, but the Paywell alliance was very dear to her heart. She was subdued, too; for just this which Laura had threatened was precisely the peril she had feared.

"Better wait, at any rate," she said, meekly, "until you are certain of yourself. But I thought it was hard on the Major."

"Oh, it *is* the Major you are anxious about, after all! Perhaps he doesn't care. Any way, I'll tell him of my engagement this afternoon, if that will satisfy. I shall sail with him after dinner, and I'll tell him then."

Mrs. Dinsmore sighed ponderously. She felt that Laura had somehow got the better of her, and she was at a loss about her next move. It would not do, some intuition whispered, as in Regie Babcock's case, to forbid the sail. So she held her peace. Laura's power of self-assertion was coming to the surface.

That afternoon, between sea and sky, she told Major Flemming about her engagement.

She never knew just how he took it. His face was turned away, and he seemed very busy with the sail. When he spoke she fancied his voice was colder.

"I shall have to tack; excuse me if I ask you to move your seat."

There was a little space of silence—it seemed an hour long to Laura—and then he said,

"Thank you for your confidence, Miss Laura. I think Mr. Paywell a man to be much congratulated. Shall I be able to say the same of Mrs. Paywell by-and-by?"

"I think the *world* will say so," Laura answered, carelessly. "We live up to our income, and my marriage will be a brilliant match for a dowerless maiden."

Her tone was careless, but her eyes were sad; and Major Flemming read the eyes and understood them. If he had asked her then to give up this brilliant marriage for him would she have consented? Would she not? Who knows? Who can ever tell what any of us would have done if the words had been spoken which no ear heard?

The Major asked nothing; and silence fell between them, as the mist fell upon the sea, shutting off the shore from view, and making them feel as if their boat was a speck in this gray immensity which seemed to them like the hollow of God's hand. Laura shivered at last, from the very sense of the infinite mystery of circling existence in which she herself was such an atom.

"You are getting cold," the Major said, and directly he put his boat about and began to make for the shore.

When they touched the pier, after a silent half hour's sail, he held her hand a moment longer than was necessary as he helped her out.

"You meant to be kind to me—thank you," he said, very gently; and then he walked up to the hotel by her side, carrying her waterproof and umbrella—her gracious, courtly cavalier as usual.

That night Laura danced all the evening, and with every one who asked her. She seemed in the wildest spirits; but there was a minor chord in her voice which told me of some unspoken pain. "After the revel was done" she came to my room, as she had not before since Major Flemming's advent.

"I have told him," she said, taking up some of my ribbons and twisting them absently round her fingers.

"What did he say?"

"Something about congratulations, I believe. I really don't think he cared."

Her sad voice, her face, so wobegone now the excitement was over, startled me.

"Did you want him to care, Laura? Do you love him?"

"How do I know? I can not tell. Sometimes, since he has been here, I've been on the point of discovering that I had a heart; but I'm not quite sure of it yet. It s all vanity and vexation of spirit. I think when once I'm married I shall be happier." Then she kissed me wearily and went away.

I was troubled. As I said at the beginning of my story, Laura did not know herself. But I did not care to have Major Flemming teach

her too many lessons in human nature. I comforted myself with saying a prayer for her, asking that God would love her whom I loved so well, and guide her at last to the best things.

In a week more Mrs. Dinsmore, sagacious matron, began to find that sea air did not agree with her, and to make solemn preparations for departure. Laura made no remonstrance. Perhaps she was glad. I think she was just in the state then where she needed rest more than any thing, and was ready to barter any thing else for it. She had been Major Flemming's companion almost constantly for the past week, as usual; but all the time there had been an indefinable something in his manner which told her he was treating her as honor required him to treat another man's affianced wife, and, side by side with this, another indefinable something which suggested how differently he might treat her if her destiny were not already a settled fact.

The last evening came. The Dinsmore trunks were packed, and Laura, in the plain black silk she wore for traveling, looked simple as a nun. She had many friends in the house. One and another clustered round her for a few last words, and it was nine o'clock before Major Flemming saw his opportunity. She was for a moment standing alone with me, and he came up to us.

"The moon is full, and it is too bad to miss seeing her path of light upon the waves. Half the house have gone down to the Breakwater. Won't you two go down with me?"

Laura assented. I excused myself at once. I was tired. If Laura would come to me to say good-by, when she came in, I would go to my room. She promised; and then they went away together into the stillness of the summer night.

It was just past eleven when Laura came to my room. Something in her face startled me as she stood in the full lamplight; and yet she had never been so handsome. Her dark hair, damp with the breath of the sea, fell heavily about flaming cheeks and glittering eyes; but there was, in spite of her look of excitement and exaltation, a sad, grieved curl to the lips which went to my very heart. She laid down a bunch of spicy, blood-red carnations on my bureau.

"Take them," she said. "Major Flemming gave them to me, but I hate odors. I never want to smell carnations again. It is all over."

"What is?"

"This summer, the Wadawanuck, Major Flemming—I almost wish life were all over as well. I do not think life pays—do you, Helen?"

I answered her question with another.

"What did he say to you?"

"A good deal; and yet nothing that he might not have said to Mr. Paywell's betrothed or his wife equally well. I suppose he regarded them as much the same thing."

"Did you want it different? Laura, did you love Major Flemming?"

"I wish I knew," she said, sadly. "I told you I did not know myself. I think I should have liked, just once, to hear him say that he cared for me—just once!"

"Laura, if you feel like that, you *must not* marry Mr. Paywell."

"Why not? Because I am a child who can not have the moon shall I refuse to light my candle? I do not know that I could even have liked Major Flemming well enough to give up every thing for him; and I have no reason, not the least in the world, to think he cares for me. I am tired, Helen. I only came here to keep my promise. Good-night, dear—good-night and good-by."

For a moment I touched her quivering lips with mine, and felt her heart beating fearfully fast against my side; then I let her go.

I meant to get up in the morning and see her off, but the train started very early, and somehow I overslept myself, and they were gone when I got down stairs.

Major Flemming lingered a few days after they left. I suppose he did not care to inform the public that Laura had been his sole attraction to Stonington by leaving immediately in her wake. During those few days he favored me with a good deal of his society—I had been neighbor to the rose, you know. One afternoon, after we had grown to be pretty good friends, I said to him:

"Major Flemming, if you loved a woman whom you knew to be engaged to another man would you not tell her of it, and give her the chance of preferring your love to his, if she chose?"

He was silent for a few moments; then he answered me, gravely:

"I think not. My ideal woman would never, in any case, marry a man whom she did not love. If she loved her betrothed, why should I put my heart under her feet? If she had ascertained that she did not love him, or could feel more for me, as an honorable woman she would give him up, whether she thought I cared for her or not; and then would be my time."

Neither of us mentioned Laura, but I knew he understood my meaning, as I understood his; and thereupon I sketched in my mind a very pretty romance.

I did not hear from Laura for several weeks after I left Stonington, but that was nothing strange, for she was at all times an indolent correspondent. I used to ponder over my romance, making it daily more beautiful in my own mind. I may as well write it out, for it is the only ending to my story with which I could ever be satisfied.

After Laura was quite away from Major Flemming she was to begin to understand how much she really cared for him, and how impossible it was to feel the same enthusiasm for Mr. Paywell. She was to tell all this to her betrothed, so sweetly that it should make a friend of him—even though their engagement was dissolved—and not an enemy. Then, somehow, Major Flemming was to find out that she was free, and like the Prince and Princess in the fairy tales they were to be married, and live happily forever afterward.

This was the way I ought to have been able to finish my story; only, unfortunately, I am writing about real life and not Utopia, and in this world how few of us are sufficiently strong swimmers to go against wind and tide.

The very first letter I received from Laura was a summons to come to New York and help to choose her trousseau, and afterward assist at the ceremony which was to make her Mistress Paywell. I packed up my clothes and my disappointment and went on my way. No use now to tell her what the Major had said. I always thought it was meant as punishment, not mercy, when Moses was shown the glories of the promised land of which he had failed.

Laura did not seem unhappy, though her spirits were rather fitful, and her temper not always so serene as it used to be. But her trousseau was elegant, and the diamonds Mr. Paywell sent her were of the first water.

I asked her one day if she had ever told him about the Major.

"I began to once," she answered, "but he cut me short. 'Spare me the biographies of your victims, Laura,' he said; 'I am satisfied to know that their name was legion. Why expect me to care about them, after you have turned from them all to me?' And after all, Helen, what was there to tell? He never even said he liked me. It was just the idle sport of a midsummer day."

But Laura's eyes grew sad, even as she spoke her careless words; and I put up a silent prayer that in her married life to come Major Flemming might never cross her path, at least until she had learned to love Sampson Paywell more than she loved him now.

The wedding was a brilliant one, and the home where Laura reigns is a palace of all temporal delights. Mr. Paywell is a wonderful judge of wines and of upholstery; and for the rest, he has money and Laura taste. It is just one of the matches people make every day, and it is not my fault if stern reality won't let me end my story like a fairy tale.

TO LILLIE.

BY C. H. WEBB.

If I were a bee-bird
What would I do?
I'll tell to no other,
Darling, but you.
On the breast of the Lily,
Folding my wings—
Think it no harm, darling,
'Tis a bee sings—

There I'd repose me
All of the day,
None of the garden
Should tempt me away:
The Tulip, proud lady,
I would disdain,
The Violet's blue eyes should
Woo me in vain.

The tears of the Blue-bell
Ever might fall;
The Rose and the Woodbine
Cling to the wall,
The Cowslip and Daisy
Lie in the sun,
I would not kiss them—
Never a one.

But alone with my Lily
Ever I'd rest,
Shrined in the blossom
Of her white breast—
Think it no harm, darling,
Not mine the tongue—
I but interpret
What the bee sung!

THE HIDDEN DESPOTISM.

VERY few of our citizens were aware of the presence of Hayashi Daigaku No Kami, during his visit to the United States, still less of the fact that he came on a secret and special mission; sent not by the Tycoon, who is the everyday ruler of Japan, but by that other sovereign, known as the Mikado, whom the Japanese keep shut up as country dames do their china tea-cups.

Two motives were at the bottom of this mission. The Mikado owed the Tycoon a grudge; for, as is well known, the latter signed the treaty with the United States and European powers, while the former refused his signature, and the treaty has proved a success. Also the Mikado was curious. Such scraps and shreds of information concerning the United States as reached him in his retreat had roused him to astonishment. The self-government of the people, as explained to him, passed his comprehension; and after much meditation he had settled to the belief, that just as foreign powers had signed a treaty with a subordinate Japanese chief, so the United States had carefully kept their real ruler in the back-ground; in short, that the Japanese biter was bit.

Substantiate this belief, and the Tycoon, after the charming custom of his country, must commit hari kari! Accordingly, Hayashi, who spoke English, and was a man of resources, came to America.

So it happened that Mrs. Dobbs, just as she was wondering what she *should* do, saw stepping up on her piazza a ——; of what color was he? He was not a negro, nor an Indian, Mrs. Dobbs was sure; but, at any rate, he was a well-dressed gentleman, and asked to rest on her charming piazza, in excellent English, though with a peculiar accent.

Mrs. Dobbs is one of the readers and victims of Our Foreign Correspondent. She has every detail of the Great Exhibition by heart, and had been peculiarly impressed by the fact that the Sultan and other Oriental despots had come down their marble stairs, holding by golden balustrades, and banged their carved cedar doors after them, to walk about the streets in frock-coat and trowsers; and in these days, when it is the fashion for sovereigns to run about the world incognito, was Mrs. Dobbs so very unreasonable if she imagined that this Eastern and unaccountable stranger might be the Sultan himself?

Mrs. Dobbs fluttered at the notion. Of any other potentate she would have been simply in awe; but the Sultan came straight out of the Arabian Nights, and Mrs. Dobbs had a feeling of having known him when a very little girl; besides, as I said, she was just wondering what she should do—and Hayashi listened with so much interest—and—in short, Mrs. Dobbs found herself telling the Sultan of Turkey her troubles.

"Yes, the view was fine," said Mrs. Dobbs, "and the house was cheerful, and an easy rent, and the garden was in good cultivation. It would be hard to leave. They liked the neighbors too. She must say she was clear out of spirits."

Hayashi listened with flattering attention. In Mrs. Dobbs's complaints he hoped to find the clew to that dark and subtle despotism of which he was in search.

"You give up your house," he asked, "your view, what you like; why? Who make you do that? your government?"

"My government!" repeated little Dobbs, lost in wonder; "I should like to see government meddling with our affairs."

"But some one meddle, some one make you go," persisted Hayashi, eagerly.

"Why, yes," sighed Mrs. Dobbs, "some one does make us go. I suppose I may say, we are moving to please the Irish girls. They won't stay here for no wages. The kitchen is damp; that is the only fault the house has; and the butcher won't come so far but twice a week; and then it is so lonely here. I am sure I have tried every way," said Mrs. Dobbs, plaintively; "I have given them the dining-room to sit in, and books, and papers, and days out, and high wages. I have tried big girls and little girls, and I do all the work myself; at least I have tried to do all the work myself, but that is too much, with all the serving besides; but it won't do. Mr. Dobbs, he said last night, 'Well, all is, we shall be obliged to move to a place where an Irish girl will stay;' and when he said that, I knew the case was desperate."

"Irish girl!" repeated Hayashi, with sparkling eyes, and pulling out his note-book.

"La, sakes!" cried Mrs. Dobbs, retreating in alarm, with a sudden hideous suspicion that this was a madman. Hayashi looked up with his most insinuating smile.

"The Irish girl, Madam, who drive you where she like; could I see her one moment, Madam?"

"See her? the idea!" gasped Mrs. Dobbs, backing nervously into the door.

Hayashi followed.

"One little minute, Madam; only one."

"No, no, I tell you! Get out! go away!" screamed Mrs. Dobbs, hastily retiring behind the door, which she barred with energy, convinced that she had discovered the most dreadful intentions in the foreigner's restless eyes.

Hayashi perceived Mrs. Dobbs's alarm, but interpreted it after his own fashion. She was a silly woman, with no lock on her lips. She had revealed a secret concerning this carefully-hidden despotism. Its spies, hidden no doubt in the hen-coop, or under the piazza, would report. Mrs. Dobbs would lose her head, and Dobbs be forced to commit hari kari. Hayashi walked away, now convinced of the existence of the secret power of which he had started in search.

Hayashi dined that day with C. P. T. Stubbs, of Union Square, to whom he had letters of introduction from a wealthy Chinese house, and he hurried to catch the train. Seating himself, he paid no manner of attention to what was passing around him, till his ear was caught by two magic words, pronounced by a lady in front of him—Irish girls.

"My heart sinks at the notion of bringing another into the house," said the lady to her companion. "We have had no girl now for a week, and we have been *so* comfortable. I do wish we could live without them."

Hayashi pulled out his note-book, and made an entry.

"For myself," answered her companion, "I make it a point now to shut my eyes. My cook requires double the quantity of every article that I do. She consumes a heart-breaking quantity of fuel, and breaks and wastes on all sides, besides her wages; but if I change her, how can I tell that number two will not add thieving to the virtues of number one. They are very much alike, the difference being that some are worse than others. Why should a woman spend an entire life in the worse than useless attempt to check and control them? I say, shut your eyes."

"I don't consider that just to my husband," replied the first lady. "He works hard to earn what my girl wastes wantonly."

"Very true. All over the country there are plenty of men who can hardly keep the ship above water because of the leak in the kitchen, even when their wives practice the closest economy," answered her companion; "but of what use is the economy? They only distress themselves, and as fast as they mend the fence in one place our Irish friends will break through in another. Since we must have them, I say, shut your eyes; it is the price of peace."

Every word of this conversation went down in Hayashi's note-book, under the head of Evidences of a Hidden Despotism.

Arrived at the Stubbs' mansion, Hayashi's attention, after the first salutation, was attracted by certain singular stains on the superb drawing-room carpet.

"Oh, you are looking at the carpet," observed Mr. Stubbs, in his usual boisterous manner. "That is the sign-manual of our governing order, Dinger Kamer (the Stubbs version of Daigaku No Kami). While we were off at Long Branch, our cook and waiter honored us by giving a party in our drawing-room; upset wine and oyster gravy on the carpet, broke six pieces of our dinner-set, and run me up a bill of seventy-five dollars at one grocery. Now if you had them at home, you would have had their heads off. We got in a lot more of the same sort, and it's a chance if they don't serve us the same trick, or worse."

"Lot? chance?" Hayashi looked inquiry.

"Mr. Stubbs is talking of our Irish girls," explained his wife. They are such a trial, Mr. Kamer, and yet you have almost to beg them to come to you. They must have all the modern improvements. And their impudence; actually one told me the other day, after eying me all over, that she was not used to live in any but respectable families; and a friend of mine Mr. Dinger, Mrs. James, a teacher, was deserted by her cook because, cook said, she had been deceived; Mrs. James had the appearance of a first-class lady, whereas she was only a woman that worked for her living. Next," continued Mrs. Stubbs, warmly, "we shall be required to furnish them with an account of our pedigrees and our incomes."

Hayashi looked from one to the other.

"But what you do? You let your carpet be spoil, your dishes break; you give you pedigree. Who make you do that? your government?"

"Why," answered Stubbs, laughing at the notion, "I suppose we may call it that, for, by George, they do govern us! They govern our women, you see, and the women govern us."

"Now, Mr. Stubbs, how can you!" exclaimed Mrs. Stubbs.

Shortly after a singular paper was discovered in a Fifth Avenue stage, which on being translated proved to be the rough draft of Daigaku No Kami's first report to the Mikado. Weeded of Japanese idioms, circumlocutions, and tedious compliments addressed to the Mikado, it reads as follows:

During the first weeks of my stay in this country, I should have supposed, if it were possible, that the Mikado was mistaken in his theory of a Hidden Despotism. I examined the entire political machinery, and it contained no hint of such a power; down to its smallest rivet I was sure to find the word Liberty engraved in such very large letters. Now, when I hear a shopman declare that he never cheats, and a woman that she never scolds, I set one down as a thief, and the other as a shrew. I regarded, therefore, this constant recurrence of the word Liberty as suspicious.

The people one and all assert their freedom, and indignantly deny that they have any rulers but themselves. Nevertheless I have proofs to warrant me in saying that such a secret power as the Mikado has imagined does exist, and holds every household in the country in its grasp.

This hidden power is a race of Amazons, dwelling familiarly among the people, and called "Irish girls."

It is required that one at least of this governing order shall be found in every house. I have been repeatedly assured of this fact by the inhabitants themselves.

The members of this order decide where the family shall live, and even compel a removal from a desirable locality. See instance in the appendix. (Doubtless he refers to the Dobbs' case.)

They make also certain inexorable demands concerning the domestic apparatus of the house, with which the owners are forced to comply.

These Amazons levy heavy taxes on the families in which they are found, partly in money and partly in a certain proportion of whatever is consumed in eating and drinking.

In person and manners they are represented as generally unpleasant. They are also careless and filthy in habits, and often destroy articles prized and cherished by the family.

In every house I was met by complaints of these unwelcome members of the family, but invariably I was assured, almost in the same breath, that there was no remedy, and that it was hopeless to attempt to live without them.

We have then the extraordinary spectacle of a strong nation, with a complete set of laws and political machinery, in which the existence of their actual governing power is never once acknowledged; the continual assertion that their rulers are their servants every where contradicted by the fact that their servants are their rulers, and the loud vaunts of personal freedom every where followed by complaints of a minute and searching despotism, unparalleled in the history of nations, and which they do not even hope to remove.

I add the names of a few of the members of this governing order, which I have procured unsuspected, and hope shortly to present the Mikado with a full list of those persons with whom it may be desirable to negotiate. (Here follow the names.)

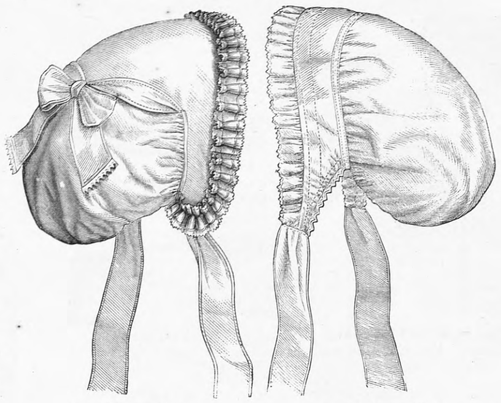
BRIDGET MALONY,
MARY M'MANUS,
ELLEN MALLOY,
MAGGIE MURPHY,
ANN FLANNIGAN,

and one embassador's signature,

HAYASHI DAIGAKU NO KAMI.

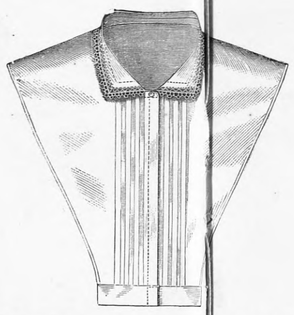
The next news from Japan will be awaited with interest.

PEPLUM.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 77–80.

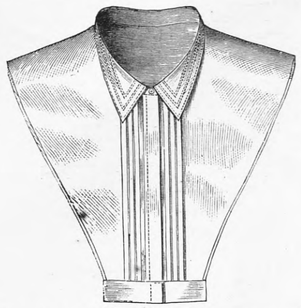


LADY'S NIGHT-CAP.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 45.

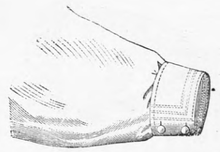
LADY'S NIGHT-CAP.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXIV., Figs. 92 and 93.



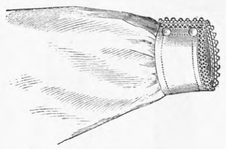
"SAILOR" UNDER-HANDKERCHIEF WITH SLEEVES.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 81–84.



LINEN COLLAR FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 47 and 48.



SLEEVE.
For patttern see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 49.

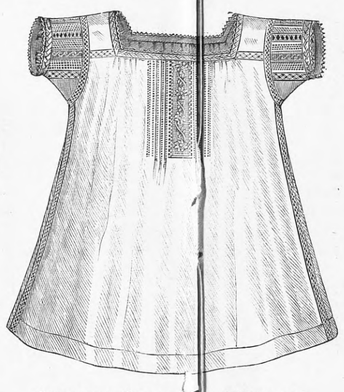


SLEEVE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXII., Figs. 85 and 86.

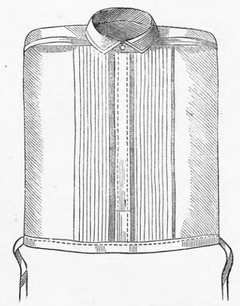
PEPLUM.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 77–80.

CHEMISE FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.
See Supplement pattern, No. VI., Figs. 31–33.

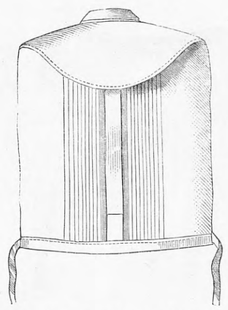
SHIRT FOR BOY FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 68–71.



CHEMISE FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs., 27–30.

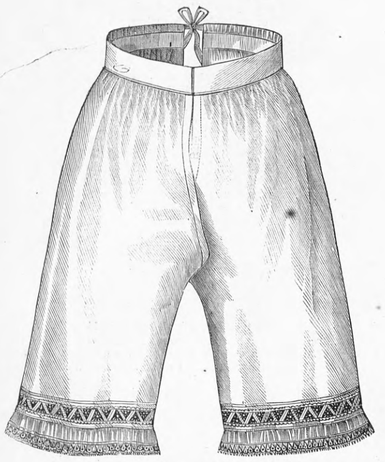


BOY'S FALSE FRONT.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXIII., Figs. 87–91.



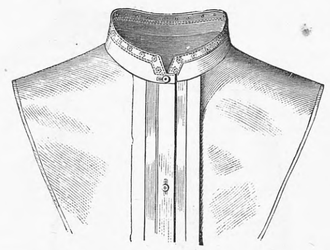
BOY'S FALSE FRONT.—BACK.
See Supplement pattern, No. XXIII., Figs. 87–91.

UNDER-WAIST FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 40–44.



DRAWERS FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 19 and 20.

SHIRT FOR BOY FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 53–59.



STANDING COLLAR FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 46.

UNDER-WAIST FOR CHILD FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 38 and 39.

CHEMISE FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 65–67.

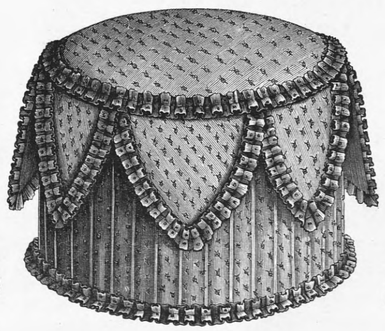
NIGHT-SACK FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 21–26.

DRAWERS FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 74–76.

TROWSERS FOR BOY FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 34–37.

CHEMISE FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 60–6.

PETTICOAT FOR INFANT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXV., Figs. 94 and 95.

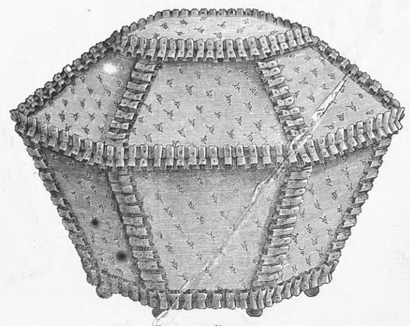


JEWEL CASE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 52.

DRAWERS FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 72 and 73.

SHIRT FOR BOY FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 9–18.

NIGHT-GOWN FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–8.



TOILETTE BASKET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 50 and 51.

Chemise for Girl from 6 to 8 Years old.

For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 27–30.

CHEMISE of linen, richly trimmed with hem-stitching, needle-work, and embroidery. Fig. 27 gives half the front and back, which are cut together lengthwise from the stuff folded double, and are whole on the shoulder. Pleat the front, as shown in Fig. 27, joining two dotted to two smooth lines, and finish in the middle, from 50 to 51, with insertion, as shown in illustration. Arrange the sleeves after Fig. 29, sew them from 52 to 53, set in gusset, Fig. 30, join from 52 to ×, hem them narrow on the bottom, put on trimming, and sew them in; lastly, set the double yoke, cut from Fig. 28, which gives one-fourth thereof, on the body, to correspond with the figures on the pattern.

Chemise for Girl from 2 to 4 Years old.

For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 31–33.

CHEMISE of linen, closed on the shoulder with buttons and button-holes, with embroidered yoke and sleeves. Cut two pieces double, lengthwise of the stuff, from Fig. 31, and two pieces for each sleeve from Fig. 32. An inch is to be allowed for a hem on the sleeves and body. Fold the stuff bias, and cut the yoke from Fig. 33. Join the sides from 58 to 59, and hem the bottom. The upper part of the body, both front and back, is gathered to ×, and is stitched into the double yoke to correspond with the figures; and lastly, the buttons and button-holes are put on the shoulders. The sleeves are felled up from 58 to ×, then are hemmed on the bottom and sewed into the arm-hole to correspond with the figures on the pattern.

Trowsers for Boy from 2 to 4 Years old.

For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 34–37.

TROWSERS of dimity or cloth, made in a similar manner to the drawers for girls, but with several tucks in the bottom, for which allowance is made in Fig. 34. Both under strips as well as the waist-band are cut double, lengthwise of the stuff, from Figs. 35, 36, and 37. The illustration shows the manner in which the parts are joined together.

Under-Waist for Child from 3 to 5 Years old.

For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 38 and 39.

WAIST of flannel, buttoned up behind, with a button at the bottom, whereby the drawers or petticoat is fastened. Cut from Fig. 38, allowing for a hem an inch wide at the bottom and down the back. Cut two pieces of linen or elastic for the shoulder-straps from Fig. 39. Hem the bottom and back, bind the neck with a strip of linen about an inch wide, and put on the shoulder-straps to correspond with the numbers on the pattern. Finish with buttons and button-holes.

Under-Waist for Girl from 10 to 12 Years old.

For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 40–44.

UNDER-WAIST of fine white muslin, fastened with linen buttons, and trimmed round the neck and sleeves with black ribbon run through tatting. Cut after Figs. 40, 41, 42, and 44, two pieces each, and after Fig. 43 one piece, lengthwise of the stuff double. In cutting Fig. 40 allow an inch for a hem in front. Hem the front. Put the buttons on the left side and the button-holes on the right, and join the waist according to the figures on the pattern. Hem the bottom and cord the neck. Sew up the sleeves from 84 to 85, hem the bottom and sew them into the arm-holes from 84 to 84, then put on the trimming.

Lady's Night-Cap.

For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 45.

NIGHT-CAP of linen, bordered with a double scalloped frill of the same. Cut the front and back together, on the bias, from Fig. 45, allowing room for the shirr marked, through which an elastic cord, six inches long, is passed. Gather the back from 86 to 87, and join it to the front, and stitch a narrow bias fold over the seam. At the top of this fold, at 86, on each side, sew a strip of linen, two inches wide, and scalloped on the bottom; bring these strings to the top, and tie them in a bow. Hem the edge of the cap, put on the frill, two inches wide, and finish with linen strings.

Linen Standing Collar for Girl from 8 to 10 Years old.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 46.

COLLAR of double linen, embroidered with braid. Cut from double stuff, from Fig. 46, embroider, finish with button and button-hole, and sew on chemisette of mull or nansook.

Linen Collar and Cuffs for Girl from 6 to 8 Years old.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 47–49.

COLLAR and cuffs of double linen, with a triple row of stitching, and set on a chemisette and sleeves of nansook. Figs. 47 and 48 give the pattern of the collar, and Fig. 49 that of half of the cuff. The chemisette and sleeves are cut from Figs. 83, 84, and 85; and the collar and cuffs are made in the same manner as those in No. 22.

Toilet Basket.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 50 and 51.

CUT six pieces of pasteboard from Figs. 50 and 51 each; cover and line them with silk, and overhand the six pieces of the basket together from * to ● ●, and the six pieces of the cover from × to ●. Cut two six-sided pieces of pasteboard, for the bottom and the top, and cover and line them with silk, then overhand them on the basket. Overhand one side of the cover to one side of the basket, and trim with a ruche of silk or ribbon, as in illustration.

Jewel-Case with Pin-Cushion.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 52.

MAKE a round box of pasteboard, three inches high and five inches in diameter, line it with silk, and pleat silk round the outside, finishing it round the bottom with a ruche of the same material, or of ribbon. Cut a circular piece of pasteboard to fit the top, cover it with cotton, and line it to match the box. Cut the pointed cover in four pieces from Fig. 52, line the points, and trim with ruches, as in the illustration.

Drawers for Girl from 3 to 5 Years old.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 74–76.

DRAWERS of muslin or linen, trimmed on the bottom with tucks and needle-work insertion. Cut both legs from Fig. 74, allowing for the tucks, and sloping the front as shown in the pattern; and cut the belt double, lengthwise of the stuff, from Figs. 75 and 76. Sew each part together from 41 to 42, and leave the opening as marked, put on the side pieces, sew up the legs from 43 to 41 and from 41 to 44, gather the top, put on the belt, and finish with buttons and button-holes.

Peplum.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 77–80.

PEPLUM of lilac silk, lined with thin silk of the same color, with an interlining. Cut the upper and under part and interlining, from Figs. 77–60 of the Supplement, of the stuff double. Run the belt together, on the wrong side, around the top and sides, turn it over and put on the lappet in plaits, as in Fig. 78, × to ●. Join the loops in front to correspond with the numbers on the pattern, and put on the hooks and eyes and trimming.

"Sailor" Under-Handk. and Sleeves for Girl from 6 to 8 Years old.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XXII., Figs. 81–86.

COLLAR and cuffs of double linen, with several rows of stitching, trimmed round the edge with a row of hem-stitching, in imitation of insertion and needle-work edging. The collar is sewed on a chemisette of mull, tucked in front, and the cuffs are set on sleeves of the same stuff. For the collar, cut one piece from Fig. 81, and from Fig. 82 two pieces, the whole double, then stitch the last between the double stuff of Fig. 81, finish with button and button-hole, stitch the collar around the outer edge and put on the hem-stitching and edging. Cut both fronts of the chemisette from Fig. 83, and the back from Fig. 84. Tuck the front, as seen in the illustration, then sew the shoulders together from 53 to 54, and hem the top very narrow, then sew on the collar. The bottom is put on a binding. Cut the sleeves of single mull, from Fig. 85, and the cuffs of double linen, from Fig. 86; stitch the latter around the edge, and put on the trimming and buttons. The side of the cuffs that is left untrimmed is sewed with an overhand seam from 58 to 59. Lastly, sew the cuff on the sleeve from 57 to 58, making the numbers correspond, and hem the top of the sleeve.

False Front for Boy from 8 to 10 Years old.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XXIII., Figs. 87–91.

TUCK and cut the front from Fig. 87; and cut the rest of the garment from Figs. 88, 90, and 91. Put the buttons on the right side and the button-holes in the left of the bosom, then stitch a false hem about an inch wide, on the left side, in order to conceal the buttons. Set on the waistband, to correspond with the numbers on the pattern; and put loops on each shoulder through which to pass the suspenders. Make the collar of double linen, stitch it round the edge, put it on a binding, and sew it to the front. Finish with button and button-hole.

Lady's Night-Cap.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XXIV., Figs. 92 and 93.

NIGHT-CAP of fine linen, bordered with scalloped frill of the same. Cut the front and back from Figs. 92 and 93, the first bias, allowing for the shirr, through which an elastic cord is run, six inches wide. Gather the back from 69 to ×, and join it to the front, making the figures on the pattern correspond; then cord the front from the middle to ● on either side, and put on the frill, which is an inch and a quarter wide in the middle, and narrows toward the end. A strip of linen, three-quarters of an inch wide, is stitched under the edge of the front, to hide the seams. The strings are of linen, two and a half inches wide, and half a yard long. A narrow scalloped edge is stitched on the slope of the cap, back of the strings, as seen in the illustration, the seam being covered on the under side with a narrow bias strip of linen.

Infant's Under-Petticoat.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XXV., Figs. 94 and 95.

PETTICOAT of flannel, a yard and a quarter long and three-quarters of a yard wide, bound round the edge with ribbon. It is buttoned together at the bottom, and fastened at the right side by bows of ribbon. Cut the garment from Fig. 94 and Fig. 95, as shown in the pattern; sew the shoulder-straps on the waist, pleat the skirt, and sew it to the waist, leaving the back loose on the right to the ● ●.

THE FASHIONS—AFTER A FASHION.

THE judgment displayed by the *Bazar* in selecting me to do its fashion *feuilleton* can not be too highly commended. For if there be one thing on earth about which I know absolutely nothing, and for which I care a little less, that one thing is feminine attire. This, of course, frees me from every prejudice in the beginning, and loosens my pen for the unbiased discussion of all that pertains to a lady's toilet.

However, little as I know about fashion, I am still known as a follower of the latest styles. I followed one yesterday, for instance, all the way from Bond Street to the Croton Reservoir, where it suddenly disappeared. Indeed, I have noticed most mysterious disappearances among ladies in the vicinity of that same Reservoir. Whether they slip in to pay their waterfall-tax, or to come out again with their plain silks changed to watered ones, I do not know. When my attention was first attracted by the mystery, I determined to solve it by careful watching, and did watch; but after keeping vigil for several days I gave it up as a thankless task, only serving to whet my curiosity still farther. But to return to our millinery mutton.

Waterfalls are still worn. They have retrograded from the position they at one time assumed, directly on the top of the head, and now seem in a fair way for slipping down the back a bit. *Facilis descensus.* For a time considerable apprehension existed that the chignon in its upward and onward course would encroach upon the forehead, giving the fair wearers the unique appearance of the unicorn, but this apprehension is happily dissipated. The feminine nose is not to be made crinose, nor is the ball to be forever up. Originally invented as a cushion for the brain, the locality of that organ is plainly indicated by the place of a lady's chignon. It is not considered *ton* to wear it under the left ear, otherwise it may be disposed of at pleasure. When not in actual use it serves an excellent purpose in the nursery; the children can play ball with it. Long may the waterfall wave and never may it waver! Let the wild wags wag as they will, I hope that no lady can be induced to go back on her back-hair.

As for bonnets, there are several styles. One worn by a leading belle yesterday particularly attracted my attention. I wish I knew where it was bought and what it is called, in order to tell the reader where not to go, and what not to get. The prettiest thing of the season, and undoubtedly destined to be the favorite, is what is known as the "Marie Antoinette"—most appropriately named after that most unfortunate queen, who, having no head to speak of toward the close of her reign, manifestly could not require much of a bonnet. The "Marie Antoinette," being made of straws, shows which way the wind blows in the fashionable world. It has two elevations—one in front called the "diadem," and one at the back known as something else. There is some difficulty in distinguishing the "diadem" from the other thing, owing to the impossibility of telling the front of the bonnet from the back. This doesn't matter much, however, being rather an advantage than otherwise, inasmuch as a husband can not tell which way his wife is going when she puts on her things for a walk without asking her politely. In this respect the bonnet is not unlike a Brooklyn ferry-boat, though a better comparison, perhaps, might be instituted between it and the shapely double-ender of our navy. There are several other styles of bonnets, all of about the same size. It is worthy of note that the smaller they are the more they cost, which is encouraging to milliners, and enables them to get ahead pretty fast. In its present aspect the bonnet is but a waif; it will probably get to be a wafer before the season is over. The adoption of the wafer would undoubtedly be hailed with general delight, being so easy of adjustment, and calculated to stick to the head without the aid of strings. Moreover, would it not be carrying out the spirit of the age to the letter?

Skirts are worn short and scant for the street. This saves material, and enables the careful mother to make aprons for the children. Dresses for the evening are made with a long trail, economically obtained by cutting a considerable amount of dry goods away from the neck. There is no use in burning your candle at both ends in times like these. Low on a narrow neck, a dress can be made to stand, or rather to set, to excellent advantage. As to the waist of the dress that is in great measure a matter of taste. Haste makes waste, it is said, but it is not claimed that a waist made in haste is better than one deliberately fashioned. The waist-knot is omitted unless the wearer wants knot, in which case some remnants of ribbon and the first few things that come handy are stuck on. As a general thing the waist should be cut scant—waist-fulness seldom pleases the one whom a woman should dress to please.

As to the bodice, that is nobody's business. The souls and bodice of women are their own, however the opponents of their rights may talk. As regards that portion of her attire a lady can consult her own comfort and convenience, staying as long as she pleases. Of course it is impossible to handle all portions of a lady's dress in detail, especially in a first attempt. Of the bodice anon, or anonymously.

The outer garments are of various styles. It is safe, however, to predict that few box-coats will be worn by ladies this winter; they had better be avoided, especially when men are inside of them. The basque is a graceful garment, and can be made of different materials. The sun is not bad to bask in occasionally, nor are the smiles of a young and comely gentleman, who owns a pair of horses and is desirous of setting up a wife and carriage, to be sneezed at. Should he not prove to be all your fancy painted him—which is to say, should his income turn out to be *not* lovely and divine—you can intimate very gently, but firmly, that your basqueing days are done, and give him the sack. If it be cut in the present fashion, he will see a great many points—they can not escape his eye. Gazing on the bugles which adorn the garment he may assert that he'll be blowed if he does not trumpet your faithlessness to the world; but you can remark that he is at liberty to trump it or follow suit, as he thinks best, after which he will probably hold his whist.

As for the *tout ensemble* of your things, the more that they are cut up and slashed about the edges the better, and the more you'll look like a Chinese—which is the grand end and aim of woman's life this season. The effect of the whole dress could be heightened by a few of the red labels which come on tea-chests, judiciously displayed at tasteful intervals around the edge of the balmoral. Looking so very man-darin', none would for a moment suppose that the wearer was afraid of a man.

After which I have only to remark, that if any one has been amused by this article the world is more foolish than I had imagined; and if any one has been instructed the intention of the writer certainly has not been carried out.

INIGO.

PERSONAL.

MOSES H. GRINNELL has been elected President of the Union Club in place of the late Ex-Governor John A. King. The "Union" is one of the oldest and most opulent of American clubs. It was organized nearly fifty years ago.

—LEOPOLD DE MEYER is one of Mr. Harrison's concert notabilities. There are persons living old enough to remember the extraordinary apparel in which he enveloped himself when on his first visit to this country. He had one pair of plaid pants, the plaids of which were so large that it required two men to show the whole pattern, and two days to give a correct exposition of its general effect.

—Mr. JAMES PARTON is a gentleman of slight and somewhat delicate figure, head small but highly developed in the moral faculties and in the propelling forces, sallow complexion, fine eye, and very affable and brilliant in conversation. His wife—Fanny Fern—we noticed a few days ago seated on one of the benches in Union Square with her little grandchild by her knee, watching the sparrows, who were picking up bits of bread kindly thrown to them by a duck of a gentleman. Look out for a birdy article in the *Ledger*.

—Mr. DANA's new evening paper will number among its staff many well-known journalists. Mr. England ("young" England no longer), formerly of the *Tribune*, is to be city editor. Head Centre John Savage is to do the literary reviewing, Kane O'Donnell the music, and Mr. Cornish the marine. The report that Mr. Maverick is to manage the foreign department is inaccurate. He prefers his present agreeable and responsible position on the *Evening Post*.

—Miss ROSE EYTINGE is much talked of for the elegance and taste with which she dresses her drawing-room characters. In this respect she is coming up to the faultless "expositions" of Mrs. Hoey. She has a striking stage presence, fine figure, fine eyes, raven hair, fine face, easy, lady-like manners, and is the most natural lady artist now on the New York boards. The reception-dress she wears in the Long Branch drawing-room scene consists of dark green silk, the bodice of which is high, the sleeves small, close-fitting, and open at the back, and the skirt gored and scalloped, with a very long train, trimmed round the scallops and up each seam with black and white lace. The skirt is open down the front, showing a white silk petticoat, trimmed with a deep flounce of the same material, which is headed with a smaller flounce of black lace and a puffing of pink silk. The two skirts, contrasting so artistically in color, form a very pretty picture with the jewels and ornaments that accompany the tasteful costume.

—FANNY JANAUSCHEK, the German tragedienne, who for eight years has been the RISTORI of Germany, is fine looking, about thirty, highly cultivated, has a full, sonorous voice, with a style and presence on the stage that German gentlemen and ladies pronounce unsurpassed.

—Mr. BATEMAN's success in bringing out Madame PAREPA, and the exceedingly brilliant and merry French Opera Company, has induced him to engage a company of Parisian artists, who will present to the New York public the lighter comedies and farces so popular in the French capital. They are to alternate with the singing people, and once a week cheer up the flagging spirits of the Brooklynians.

—The Hon. Mrs. YELVERTON, who is soon to give a series of readings to this people, is a handsome, stylish person, with a pleasant voice and attractive manner. But, according to a private letter just received from London, her main object is to gather materials for a book on the present state of society in the United States—a trite and trifling subject, easily disposed of in a few off evenings.

—Doctor GWINN is again an aspirant for Senatorial honors in California. A Boston notion of it is that he should "Gwinn and win."

—JOHN SAVAGE, poet and literary man, has been appointed Head Centre of the Fenians of the United States. He has entered upon its duties at a sacrifice and salary of $4000 a year.

—HALLECK is gracefully growing old at his cottage in Guilford, Connecticut. Some years ago PARK BENJAMIN passed the summer in the same town, and wrote thus: "Mis'able place, this; only two poets in the town; rest of people idiots!"

—EDMOND ABOUT, Frenchman, is a fearful quill-driver. He is a regular contributor to seven weeklies and two reviews, is writing two novels and three dramas—*About* enough to keep one thinking apparatus in pretty constant operation!

—ANNA DICKINSON, *on dit*, is about to "change her local habitation and her name." Doubtful. A. D. is a great worker and an eloquent speaker. She owns houses and hereditaments in Philadelphia, and is the main support of a large family. Earned it all herself. Is modest, unpretending, and charming in private, and the most effective female platformist in the country. A husband, babies, and things would be a bother.

—Mr. DEWEY, of the *Commercial Advertiser*, is one of the most industrious, practical, common-sensible men of the New York press. He is an importation from Rochester. One of the same name was, for many years, a leading bookseller in that city. He advertised Eugene Sue's Wandering Israelite thus:

The Wandering Jew,
By Eugene Sue,
Is now on view
At D. M. Dew-
Ey's News
Establishment in the Arcade.

—THADDEUS STEVENS, the "leader of the House," though in feeble health, expects to be in Washington at the commencement of the session. A gossiper says: "His gray eyes are full of fire; he has an eagle nose, indicative of ability to command; his thin, compressed lips show his decision of character, and his broad and lofty forehead is a dome of thought which would make a phrenologist leap with ecstasy."

—Mr. FORREST is playing a successful engagement at the Broadway Theatre—the first since his return from California, where he amassed much gold. The following paragraph is said to have been written by him to a gentleman in Boston:

"Well, I am here, here in New York once more, and on Monday next to begin again my professional labor—labors begun more than forty years ago in the same

city. What changes since then in men and things! Will any one of that great and enthusiastic audience which greeted my efforts as a boy be here on Monday evening next to witness the matured performance of the man? If so, how I should like to hear from his own lips if the promises of spring-time have been entirely fulfilled by the fruits of the autumn of life?"

Mr. Forrest lives in one of the finest houses in Philadelphia, and possesses by far the largest and most valuable library ever owned by any actor, past or present. He is a fine linguist, and a close student.

—GEORGE WILKINS KENDALL is writing spicy letters from his big farm in Texas to his New Orleans *Picayune*. His last playful allusion is to the Hon. Mr. Chambers, whom he describes as a "smooth bore 1-pounder Congressman!"

—General GRANT and Minister Adams are nominated for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency by a London paper—the latter for his ability, the former for his *avail*ability.

—Assistant Bishop CUMMINS of Kentucky, who has recently been officiating in this city, is a gentleman of fine presence and a forcible preacher. Two years ago we heard him, in Chicago, deliver a sermon on the use and abuse of gold. He extolled the uses and inveighed against the abuses of the legal tender with equal power—so much so that we could not satisfactorily decide whether he was "long" or "short" of the article.

—General SICKLES has returned to town. It is possible he may be ordered to his regiment, which is distributed at various points in the western part of this State. It is not true that he proposes to take any part in the approaching political campaign. With his one leg it would be bothersome to *stump* it.

MRS. TYPESET'S DIARY.

Thursday Eve.—"Well, Mr. Typeset," said I, this morning, "what *are* you thinking about?"

Not a word of answer from Mr. T.

"Mr. Typeset," said I, speaking with a little more vigor, "what ARE you thinking about?"

"About a new paper, my dear," said Mr. T.

"Well, I'm sure, Mr. Typeset," said I, and visions of a new edition of our little parlor, with a contingent new sofa, and a some-day-possible Brussels carpet, rose before my mind—"I'm glad you've thought about it; we certainly do need one shamefully; seven years we have lived in this house, and this our best room, and common too, and never had a new paper to it yet; and there's a lovely thing in panels, with a buff border, on a pale blue ground, and a vase of moss roses in the centre, down at Field & Forrest's now, only—"

"Pshaw, my dear," said my husband, "I don't mean a new *wall*-paper; it's a new *news*paper I am thinking about. Though you shall have a new wall-paper too, if all goes well."

"A new newspaper!" I repeated, and my heart fell; for, to my mind, my husband takes more papers now than do him any good, and of course I thought he was going to subscribe for another.

"Yes; the firm are going to start a new paper; and I am to write a column for it."

"What sort of a paper is it going to be?"

"Well, the plan is new, you know; and things, probably, are not quite settled yet. But there will be regular departments, containing matters of general interest; and of special interest too, I fancy, for it will give the very latest Paris fashions, and minute descriptions of all those new-fangled fancies that ladies like so much, with first-class engravings to show how they look. Then there will be amusing and instructive things, just such reading as one enjoys at home of an evening. It will contain a great deal for the ladies, and there's to be a corner for the children. In short, I think it will be the kind of paper a man would get, coming home, for his wife and children; but he would be pretty likely to read it all through himself."

"And what do they want you to write?"

"That is just what I have been trying to make out in my own mind. I think what is wanted is a sort-of-a-kind of a-what-you-may-describe as a miscellaneous-general-news-column."

"Items?" said I.

"Well, yes; some items," said Mr. Typeset.

"Deaths and marriages?" said I.

"Well, not too many of them," replied Mr. Typeset, shaking his head.

"Poetry?" I asked.

"Now and then a short piece, if it is very good."

"House-keeping recipes?"

"Yes, if I found any first-rate ones. You would have to try them over for me though; I have no opinion of most of the recipes one sees published."

"Riddles and rebuses? Would those come in?"

"Yes; I think they might."

"Gossip about folks would not be proper, I suppose," said I, meditatively.

"Oh yes, it would," said Mr. Typeset; "it would be capital. I suspect what is wanted is a sort of *mélange* of what is going on from week to week—just what happens, and what people are talking about; what they like to read to each other and to the children; now a story, now a verse; here a joke, and there a bit of good advice; one week grave, and another gay; and—"

"Why, I do believe, Mr. Typeset," said I, "that is exactly my DIARY."

"Your diary!"

"My diary, Mr. Typeset; at least I call it so, though it is not such a diary as they put into memoirs. I am sure you have seen me writing in it ever so many times; and those are just the things I put into it. And evenings, when you don't come home till late, I read bits and stories out of it to Aunt Anne and the children. Why, Mr. Typeset, I will read you what I have written in it this very last week."

So I hurried up stairs, and down I came in a moment, bringing this little pet volume with me. I knew Mr. Typeset would not stay very long, so I began at once with what I wrote only last night.

Wednesday Eve.—How strange that ladies will adopt a particular fashion regardless of genuine good taste! Just as if there were not fashions enough nowadays, pretty and stylish ones too, so that every one might select what was suited to her personal peculiarities. It is very true what I read in some English paper this morning:

"Are stripes the fashion, a tall woman wears them and makes herself look like a hop-pole, or a fluted column, or a monument. Are flounces the rage, a short stout lady insists on adopting them, and in consequence reminds all beholders of a well-hooped cask. Is it the fashion to draw back the hair "à la Eugénie"—a custom that requires a face of classical beauty to redeem from its unnatural ugliness—and lo! every fat round-faced woman at once adopts it, heedless of the ridiculous effect produced."

"You can do any thing if you will only have patience: water may be carried in a sieve if you can only wait till it freezes."

Very likely; but what sort of a plan would it be to get a pail instead of waiting?

What an ingenious people! A few months ago a Boston house sent out a cargo of five hundred hoop skirts to Japan as a venture. The Japs put a cover on them and used them for umbrellas.

Red hair has been all the rage, and now black hair is announced! Eyes have their fashions too, sometimes a blue one being the favorite style, and then again a black. Wonder whether *red* eyes will ever come into favor! *Apropos* of eyes, the French say:

"Les yeux bleus sont amoureux,
Les yeux noirs ont de l'espoir,
Les yeux gris ont de l'esprit,
Les yeux chataigns sont malins."

The Persian says:

"A gray eye is a sly eye,
And roguish is a brown one:
Turn full upon me thy eye—
Ah, how its movelets drown one!
A blue eye is a true one;
Mysterious is a dark one,
Which flashes like a spark-sun;
A black eye is the best one."

The following method of mending torn greenbacks and currency is recommended: Smooth out the edges carefully and moisten the edges with the finger-tip, after wetting it on the tongue. Then lay the bill on a piece of writing paper, carefully drawing the edges together, and lay another piece of writing paper over it. A few seconds' rubbing with the finger over the seam will make it adhere, and a little adroitness, when it is dry, will enable you to lift the bill from the paper without tearing it. The seam will then be invisible, and be the strongest part of the bill. Resolved I would try this method the first time I got a greenback.

[Here I paused in my reading, and glanced up at Mr. T., to see if he would take the hint; but he did not "see it." So I went on.]

It seems that in Brazil it is excessive rudeness to inquire after a man's wife. Queer country that in several respects. A certain captain tells a story of a Brazilian gentleman about sixty years old, who was a passenger on his vessel. He was accompanied by two little girls, one of them thirteen years old, and the other younger. The gentleman soon retired to his cabin, being sea-sick, and left the children upon deck. The captain devoted himself to their amusement, took them upon his knees, and told them stories, while he enjoyed their childish prattle and pretty smiles. In the midst of this pleasant occupation the gentleman came upon deck. With a fierce expression of face he gazed upon the scene for a moment, and then inquired in a singularly harsh voice, "Captain, are you married?" "Yes, indeed, senhor, and have a daughter two or three years older than your eldest little girl here. She reminds me of her very much," added the captain, as he patted the lovely child upon the cheek. "That little girl, Sir!" exclaimed the indignant passenger, with a severe emphasis on little girl, "that little girl is my wife!" The captain immediately provided a chair for the gentleman's wife and another for his sister-in-law.

When a widow is married a second time it is not customary for her to wear orange flowers, nor is the cake decorated with them. Formerly a widow was married in a dress of some light-colored silk or satin, such as silver-gray; but at the present time this custom is not universally attended to. Instead of the veil being thrown over the head, one of those elegant arrangements now worn as bonnets is frequently used, from which depends the soft flowing tulle which envelops the figure and shades the face of the bride.

Bridget, my new cook, inquired to-day where she could store her feather-beds. "Feather-beds!" said I. "*What* feather-beds?" "Why, sure," replied she, "my feather-beds that I brought over. It's three that I've got, and my own mother made them, and I wouldn't part with them for the world." It seems, also, that her two sisters, who have just come from the "old country," have each their feather-beds; and, so far as I can learn, every Irish girl considers from one to half a dozen of these articles of furniture as indispensable. In England feather-beds are in common use, especially among the middle and lower classes. But not so in France; there mattresses of carded wool are in use. Medical authority pronounces feather-beds unwholesome, especially for children, and they are going out of use among the higher classes.

What queer little things children are! "Dot" always has a funny speech to make while I am putting her to bed. To-night she caught sight of the vaccination mark on her arm, and shouted out to her sister, "Oh, Susie! see! here is *where I was baptized!*"

By-the-way, some one told me the other day of a curious trick that can be tried with flowers, and I must amuse the children with it some time. For example, a purple dahlia can be changed in a quarter of a minute so that every petal shall be tipped yellow. This is simply done by burning some brimstone, and holding the flowers a few seconds in the fumes. The change is instantaneous; and the experiment is easily tried by lighting a few lucifer matches. Must be careful, however, not to let the little folks perform with the matches by themselves, or the Insurance Companies will suffer.

People are always saying that the "true sphere" of woman is in her own home; that her duties and pleasures should be in her family. Very good. But if husbands *will* go to their clubs every other night, leaving their wives oftentimes lonely and without amusement, have not the ladies a right to get up an opposition? Some of the Parisians think so, and a "Ladies' Club" has been organized in Paris. A maid will accompany every member, and remain in the vestibule, provided, however, with a casket of Russian leather, containing white and red paints, English salts, black for the eyebrows, and the door keys of her mistress. On one floor will be found all sorts of games—chess, billiards, lotos, cards. The concert-room will be ornamented with pictures, and the music will be excellent. Every thing will be charmingly arranged, yet a short season is predicted. Wonder if some such clubs in this country would not bring men to their senses?

Gentlemen may as well stop saying any thing more about discarded crinolines turning up in all odd places. *They* shed their cast-off paper collars in every imaginable spot. Isn't there one in the corner of every bureau drawer, and two or three strewn around on the table or chairs, after my spare room has been occupied a few days by one of the wearers? And how often is the eye offended by torn and dirty relics in the streets, on the sidewalk? And the other day I even saw a couple lodged upon the door-step of a fine "brown stone!"

Would not this be a good lesson in alliteration for Johnny to read—provided he did not laugh too much?

"Two terribly-tired travelers toiled through tangled thickets thickly thorned, toward the Talitan turnpike, telling touching tales, theoretically told, to those that thought themselves thoroughly theoretical tacticians. Therefore the throng that threw themselves thickening thitherward thought them Thespians. Thrasolike they thundered thrasonically their thriftless threnodies. Thirsty they tippled together. Their tactability told them tolerably tolerant. Their tortuosity, too, transfigured the Talitans timorously. Their tiaras that Tiffany toilfully trimmed till the topaz trembled therein took the throng. The Tokay that they took, trying the tavern table, told terribly—tinting, tinging, troubling their thoughts—till their titinnabulary tones tortured the tired townsmen; they thereupon thrashed the tipsy tironian tyros through the town." Well, that's enough for me whether it is for Johnny or not.

Here Mr. T. rose suddenly and pulled out his watch.

"Very good, my dear, very good," said he. "That Diary of yours may be turned to some account yet. But I am five minutes late, and must be on my way. So good-by. But I'll think about it."

And away he went with a nod and a smile.

FACETIÆ.

HOW TO "FINISH" A DAUGHTER.

1. Be always telling her how pretty she is.

2. Instill in her mind a proper love of dress.

3. Accustom her to so much pleasure that she is never happy at home.

4. Allow her to read nothing but novels.

5. Initiate her into the principle that it is vulgar to do any thing herself. To strengthen the latter belief let her have a lady's maid.

6. And lastly, having given her such an education, marry her to a clerk upon five hundred dollars a year, or a lieutenant going out to a fort.

If, with the above careful training, your daughter is not "finished," you may be sure it is no fault of yours, and you must look upon her escape as nothing short of a miracle.

Here is a specimen of a curious advertisement:

MR. X——, who is supposed to have been dead ten years, is requested to call at the office of the Messrs. C—— & Co., where he will learn something to his advantage.

One of the most original of juvenile inventions was that of little Fanny, who, instead of saying her prayers at night, spread out her alphabet on the bed, and, raising her eyes to heaven, said, "O Lord! here are all the letters; arrange them to suit yourself."

This reminds us of another instance of the keen perception and ready wit of children. A curly four-year-old of our acquaintance was surprised by his mother in the act of hopelessly entangling his father's fishing-tackle. "Oh, my son, how your papa will scold you when he sees this!" she exclaimed. "No, no, mamma," answered the youngster, with imperturbable assurance, "papa won't scold me at all, he'll scold you for letting me have it."

Rowland Hill's church is in general but sparsely attended; one morning, however, it was suddenly filled to overflowing, owing probably to a violent thunder-shower, which forced the passers to seek the nearest refuge. The preacher stopped short in the midst of his sermon and exclaimed, "Many are rebuked by the world for making a cloak of religion; but for my part I have no better opinion of those who make it an umbrella."

The love of neatness may be carried to excess, especially when it makes one forget courtesy for cleanliness. This was especially the case with Colonel S—— when dining with his friend Holmes. No sooner was he seated at the table than, not liking the appearance of his glass, he began polishing it with his napkin. His host noticed the action, and said uneasily to the waiter, "Change the Colonel's glass." Another glass was brought, whereupon the Colonel picked up his napkin and recommenced his cleansing process. "How dare you bring dirty glasses here!" cried Holmes, angrily. "Take it away and bring another." A third glass was set before the Colonel, who coolly set to work as before. Holmes, too furious to speak, motioned to the servant, who once more changed the glass. This time the Colonel lost patience, and, turning angrily around, exclaimed: "Do you want me to wipe all the glasses in the house?" The harmonious conclusion of the dinner may be imagined.

Count de B—— was sitting at the table by the Duchess of ——, a fat old lady, whose napkin kept continually sliding from her lap to the floor. Her polite neighbor as often picked it up and returned it to her, till finally, weary of the hopelessness of his task, he said, in his most courtly manner: "Wouldn't it be better, Madam, for me to sit under the table, so that I could hand your napkin up to you more readily?" The proposition was a happy one, but we doubt whether it was accepted.

PARTINGTONIA.—"There is one thing sure," said Mrs. Partington; "the females of the present generation are a heap more independent than they need to be. Why, I saw a gal go by the other day that I know belongs to the historical class of society, with her dress all tucked up, her hair all buzzled up like if she hadn't time to comb it for a week, and one of her grandmother's night-caps, in an awful crumpled condition, on her head. Why, law, honey! when I was a gal, if one of the fellows came along when I had my clothes tucked up that way, and my head covered with a white rag, I would run for dear life to get out of sight. Well, well! the gals then were innocent, unconfiscated creatures; now they are what the French call 'blazes.'"

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

(Query in Advertisements, as thus:)

TO BE SOLD, a bargain, a most disagreeable and undesirable DETACHED COTTAGE, in a charming neighborhood. There are three excellent reception-rooms, damp and mouldy in summer and flooded in winter, seven bedrooms, two *with* fire-places, three smelling of mice, but all low and inconveniently small, with little windows; Good Kitchen, swarming with black beetles, scullery ditto; out-house and wash-house filled with rats, who come out even in the daytime; a Paddock of no use, all broken down; Three Acres of Garden, limy soil; River near, and the village sewerage also. The present tenant will be glad to get out of it on any terms. He believes the Landlord would part with the lease for a fair consideration.

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER I.

THE LETTER FROM BEYOND THE SEA.

ON the morning of July 21, 1846, the *Daily News* announced the arrival of the ship *Rival* at Sydney, New South Wales. As ocean steam navigation had not yet extended so far, the advent of this ship with the English mail created the usual excitement. An eager crowd beset the post-office, waiting for the delivery of the mail; and little knots at the street corners were busily discussing the latest hints at news which had been gathered from papers brought ashore by the officers or passengers.

At the lower end of King Street was a large warehouse, with an office at the upper extremity, over which was a new sign, which showed with newly-gilded letters the words:

COMPTON & BRANDON.

The general appearance of the warehouse showed that Messrs. Compton and Brandon were probably commission merchants, general agents, or something of that sort.

On the morning mentioned two men were in the inner office of this warehouse. One was an elderly gentleman, with a kind, benevolent aspect, the senior partner of the firm. The other was the junior partner, and in every respect presented a marked contrast to his companion.

He had a face of rather unusual appearance, and an air which in England is usually considered foreign. His features were regular—a straight nose, wide brow, thin lips, and square, massive chin. His complexion was olive, and his eyes were of a dark hazel color, with a peculiarity about them which is not usually seen in the eye of the Teutonic or Celtic race, but is sometimes found among the people of the south of Europe, or in the East. It is difficult to find a name for this peculiarity. It may be seen sometimes in the gipsy; sometimes in the more successful among those who call themselves "spiritual mediums," or among the more powerful mesmerizers. Such an eye belonged to Napoleon Bonaparte, whose glance at times could make the boldest and greatest among his marshals quail. What is it? Magnetism? Or the revelation of the soul? Or what?

In this man there were other things which gave him the look of the great Napoleon. The contour of feature was the same; and on his brow, broad and massive, there might be seen those grand shadows with which French artists love to glorify the Emperor. Yet in addition to this he had that same serene immobility of countenance which characterized the other, which could serve as an impenetrable mask to hide even the intensest passion.

There was also about this man a certain aristocratic air and grace of attitude, or of manner, which seemed to show lofty birth and gentle breeding, the mysterious index to good blood or high training. How such a man could have happened to fill the position of junior partner in a commission business was certainly a problem not easily solved. There he was, however, a man in appearance out of place, yet in reality able to fill that place with success; a man, in fact, whose resolute will enabled him to enforce success in any calling of life to which either outside circumstances or his own personal desires might invite him.

"The mail ought to be open by this time," said Brandon, indifferently, looking at his watch. "I am somewhat curious to see how things are looking. I noticed quotations of wool rather higher than by last mail. If the papers are correct which I saw then we ought to do very well by that last cargo."

Mr. Compton smiled.

"Well, Brandon," said he, "if it is so it will show that you are right. You anticipated a rise about this time, you know. You certainly have a remarkable forecast about the chances of business."

"I don't think there is much forecast," said Brandon, with a smile, "it was only the most ordinary calculation made from the well-known fact that the exportation this year had been slight. But there comes Hedley now," he continued, moving his head a little to one side so as to look up the street. "The letters will soon show us all."

Mr. Compton looked out in the direction which Brandon indicated and saw the clerk approaching. He then settled himself back in his chair, put his hands in his pockets, threw one leg over the other, and began whistling a tune with the air of a man who was so entirely prosperous and contented that no news whether good or evil could greatly affect his fortunes.

In a short time the clerk entered the inner office, and, laying the letters down upon the table nearest Mr. Compton, he withdrew.

Mr. Compton took up the letters one by one and read the addresses, while Brandon looked carelessly on. There were ten or twelve of them, all of which, except one, were addressed to the firm. This one Mr. Compton selected from among the others, and reaching it out in his hand said:

"This is for you, Mr. Brandon."

"For me?" repeated Brandon, with marked surprise; and taking the letter he looked at the address with eager curiosity.

The address was simply as follows:

Louis Brandon,

Sydney, New South Wales.

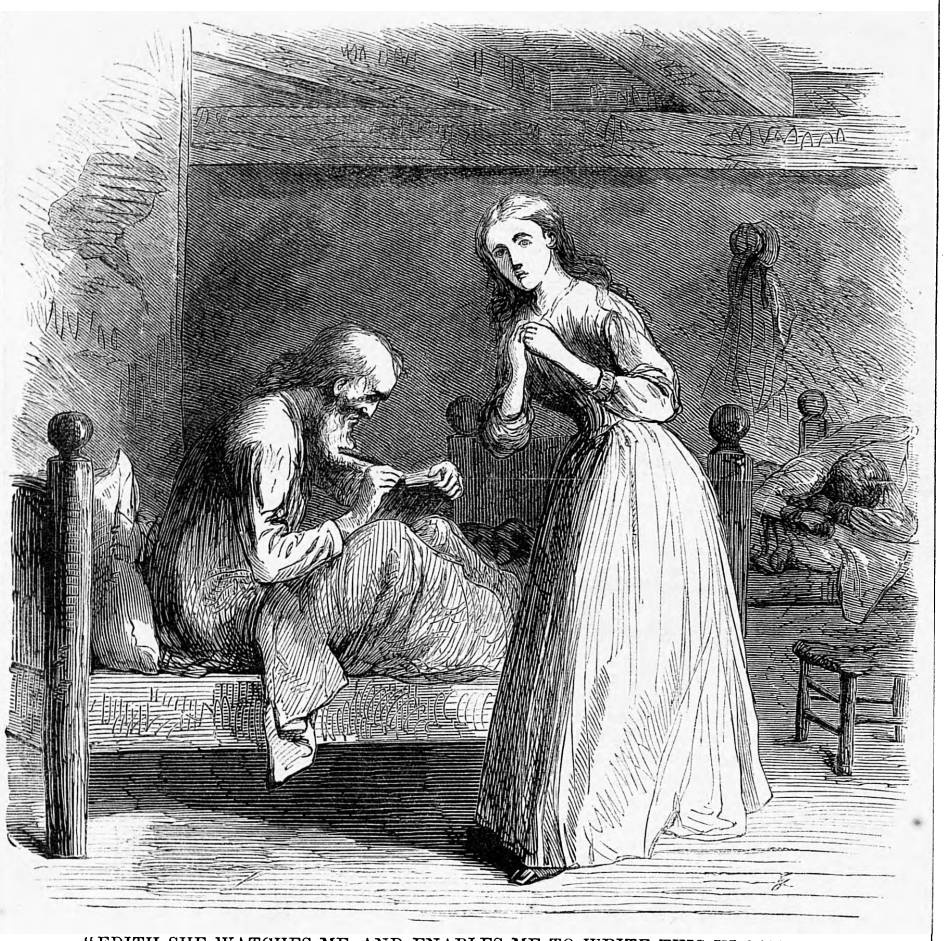
The letters were irregular and loosely formed, as though written by a tremulous hand—such letters as old men form when the muscles have become relaxed.

Mr. Compton went on opening the letters of the firm without taking any further notice of his partner. The latter sat for some time looking at the letter without venturing to open it. He held it in both hands, and looked fixedly at that address as though from the address itself he was trying to extort some meaning.

He held it thus in both hands looking fixedly at it, with his head bent forward. Had Mr. Compton thought of taking a look at his usually impassive companion, he would have been surprised at the change which had taken place in him at the mere sight of that tremulous handwriting. For in that he had read grief, misfortune, perhaps death; and as he sat there, pausing before he dared to break the seal, the contents of the letter had already been conjectured.

Gloom therefore unutterable gathered upon his face; his features fixed themselves into such rigidity of grief that they became more expressive than if they had been distorted by passionate emotions; and over his brow collected cloud upon cloud, which deepened and darkened every instant till they overshadowed all; and his face in its statuesque fixedness resembled nothing so much as that which the artist gives to Napoleon at the crisis hour of Waterloo, when the Guard has recoiled from its last charge, and from that Imperial face in its fixed agony the soul itself seems to cry, "Lost!" "Lost!"

Yet it was only for a few minutes. Hastily



"EDITH SHE WATCHES ME, AND ENABLES ME TO WRITE THIS IN SAFETY."

subduing his feeling Brandon rose, and clutching the letter in his hand as though it were too precious to be trusted to his pocket, he quietly left the office and the warehouse and walked up the street.

He walked on rapidly until he reached a large building which bore the sign "Australian Hotel." Here he entered, and walked up stairs to a room, and locked himself in. Then when alone in his own apartments he ventured to open the letter.

The paper was poor and mean; the handwriting, like that of the address, was tremulous, and in many places quite illegible; the ink was pale; and the whole appearance of the letter seemed to indicate poverty and weakness on the part of the writer. By a very natural impulse Brandon hesitated before beginning to read, and took in all these things with a quick glance.

At last he nerved himself to the task and began to read.

This was the letter.

"BRANDON, *March* 10, 1846.

"MY DEAR BOY,—These are the last words which you will ever hear from your father. I am dying, my dear boy, and dying of a broken heart; but *where* I am dying I am afraid to tell you. That bitterness I leave for you to find out some day for yourself. In poverty unspeakable, in anguish that I pray you may never know, I turn to you after a silence of years, and my first word is to implore your forgiveness. I know my noble boy that you grant it, and it is enough for me to ask it. After asking this I can die content on that score.

"Lying as I do now at the point of death, I find myself at last freed from the follies and prejudices which have been my ruin. The clouds roll away from my mind, and I perceive what a mad fool I have been for years. Most of all I see the madness that instigated me to turn against you, and to put against the loyal love of the best of sons my own miserable pride and the accusation of a lying scoundrel. May God have mercy upon me for this!

"I have not much strength, dear boy; I have to write at intervals, and by stealth, so as not to be discovered, for I am closely watched. *He* must never know that I have sent this to you. Frank and your mother are both sick, and my only help is your sister, my sweet Edith; she watches me, and enables me to write this in safety.

"I must tell you all without reserve before strength leaves me forever.

"That man Potts, whom you so justly hated, was and is the cause of all my suffering and of yours. You used to wonder how such a man as that, a low, vulgar knave, could gain such an influence over me and sway me as he did. I will try to explain.

"Perhaps you remember something about the lamentable death of my old friend Colonel Despard. The first that I ever heard of this man Potts was in his connection with Despard, for whom he acted partly as valet, and partly as business agent. Just before Despard left to go on his fatal voyage he wrote to me about his affairs, and stated, in conclusion, that this man Potts was going to England, that he was sorry to lose him, but recommended him very earnestly to me.

"You recollect that Colonel Despard was murdered on this voyage under very mysterious circumstances on shipboard. His Malay servant Uracao was convicted and executed. Potts distinguished himself by his zeal in avenging his master's death.

"About a year after this Potts himself came to England and visited me. He was, as you know, a rough, vulgar man; but his connection with my murdered friend, and the warm recommendations of that friend, made me receive him with the greatest kindness. Besides, he had many things to tell me about my poor friend, and brought the newspapers both from Manilla and Calcutta which contained accounts of the trial.

"It was this man's desire to settle himself somewhere, and I gave him letters to different people. He then went off, and I did not see him for two years. At the end of that time he returned with glowing accounts of a tin mine which he was working in Cornwall. He had bought it at a low price, and the returns from working it had exceeded his most sanguine expectations. He had just organized a company, and was selling the stock. He came first to me to let me take what I wished. I carelessly took five thousand pounds' worth.

"On the following year the dividend was enormous, being nearly sixty per cent. Potts explained to me the cause, declaring that it was the richest mine in the kingdom, and assuring me that my £5000 was worth ten times that sum. His glowing accounts of the mine interested me greatly. Another year the dividend was higher, and he assured me that he expected to pay cent. per cent.

"It was then that the demon of avarice took full possession of me. Visions of millions came to me, and I determined to become the richest man in the kingdom. After this I turned every thing I had into money to invest in the mine. I raised enormous sums on my landed estate, and put all that I was worth, and more too, into the speculation. I was fascinated, not by this man, but by the wealth that he seemed to represent. I believed in him to the utmost. In vain my friends warned me. I turned from them, and quarreled with most of them. In my madness I refused to listen to the entreaties of my poor wife, and turned even against you. I can not bear to allude to those mournful days when you denounced that villain to his face before me; when I ordered you to beg his pardon or leave my roof forever; when you chose the latter alternative and became an outcast. My noble boy—my true-hearted son, that last look of yours, with all its reproach, is haunting my dying hours. If you were only near me now how peacefully I could die!

"My strength is failing. I can not describe the details of my ruin. Enough that the mine broke down utterly, and I as chief stockholder was responsible for all. I had to sell out every thing. The stock was worthless. The Hall and the estates all went. I had no friend to help me, for by my madness I had alienated them all. All this came upon me during the last year.

"But mark this, my son. This man Potts was *not* ruined. He seemed to have grown possessed of a colossal fortune. When I reproached him with being the author of my calamity, and insisted that he ought to share it with me, the scoundrel laughed in my face.

"The Hall and the estates were sold, for, unfortunately, though they have been in our family for ages, they were not entailed. A feeling of honor was the cause of this neglect. They were sold, and the purchaser was this man Potts. He must have bought them with the money that he had plundered from me.

"Now, since my eyes have been opened, I have had many thoughts; and among all that occurs to me none is more prominent than the mysterious murder of my friend. This man Potts was with him at the time. He was chief witness against the Malay. The counsel for the defense bore down hard on him, but he managed to escape, and Uracao was executed. Yet this much is evident, that Potts was largely benefited by the death of Despard. He could not have made all his money by his own savings. I believe that the man who wronged me so foully was fully capable of murder. So strong is this conviction now that I sometimes have a superstitious feeling that because I neglected all inquiry into the death of my friend, therefore he has visited me from that other life, and punished me, by making the same man the ruin of us both.

"The mine, I now believe, was a colossal sham; and all the money that I invested in stocks went directly to Potts. Good God! what madness was mine!

"O my boy! Your mother and your brother are lying here sick; your sister attends on us all, though little more than a child. Soon I must leave them; and for those who are destined to live there is a future which I shudder to contemplate. Come home at once. Come home, whatever you are doing. Leave all business, and all prospects, and come and save them. That much you can do. Come, if it is only to take them back with you to that new land where you live, where they may forget their anguish.

"Come home, my son, and take vengeance. This, perhaps, you can not do, but you at least can try. By the time that you read these words they will be my voice from the grave; and thus I invoke you, and call you to take vengeance.

"But at least come and save your mother, your brother, and your sister. The danger is imminent. Not a friend is left. They all hold aloof, indignant at me. This miscreant has his own plans with regard to them, I doubt not; and he will disperse them or send them off to starve in some foreign land. Come and save them.

"But I warn you to be careful about yourself for their sakes. For this villain is powerful now, and hates you worse than any body. His arm may reach even to the antipodes to strike you there. Be on your guard. Watch every one. For once, from words which fell from him hastily, I gathered that he had some dark plan against you. Trust no one. Rely on yourself, and may God help you!

"Poor boy! I have no estate to leave you now, and what I do send to you may seem to you like a mockery. Yet do not despise it. Who knows what may be possible in these days of science? Why may it not be possible to force the sea to give up its prey?

"I send it, at any rate, for I have nothing else to send. You know that it has been in our family for centuries, and have heard how stout old Peter Leggit, with nine sailors, escaped by night through the Spanish fleet, and what suffering they endured before they reached England. He brought this, and it has been preserved ever since. A legend has grown up, as a matter of course, that the treasure will be recovered one day when the family is at its last extremity. It may not be impossible. The writer intended that something should come of it.

"If in that other world to which I am going the disembodied spirit can assist man, then be sure, O my son, I will assist you, and in the crisis of your fate I will be near, if it is only to communicate to your spirit what you ought to do.

"God bless you, dear boy, and farewell.

"Your affectionate father,

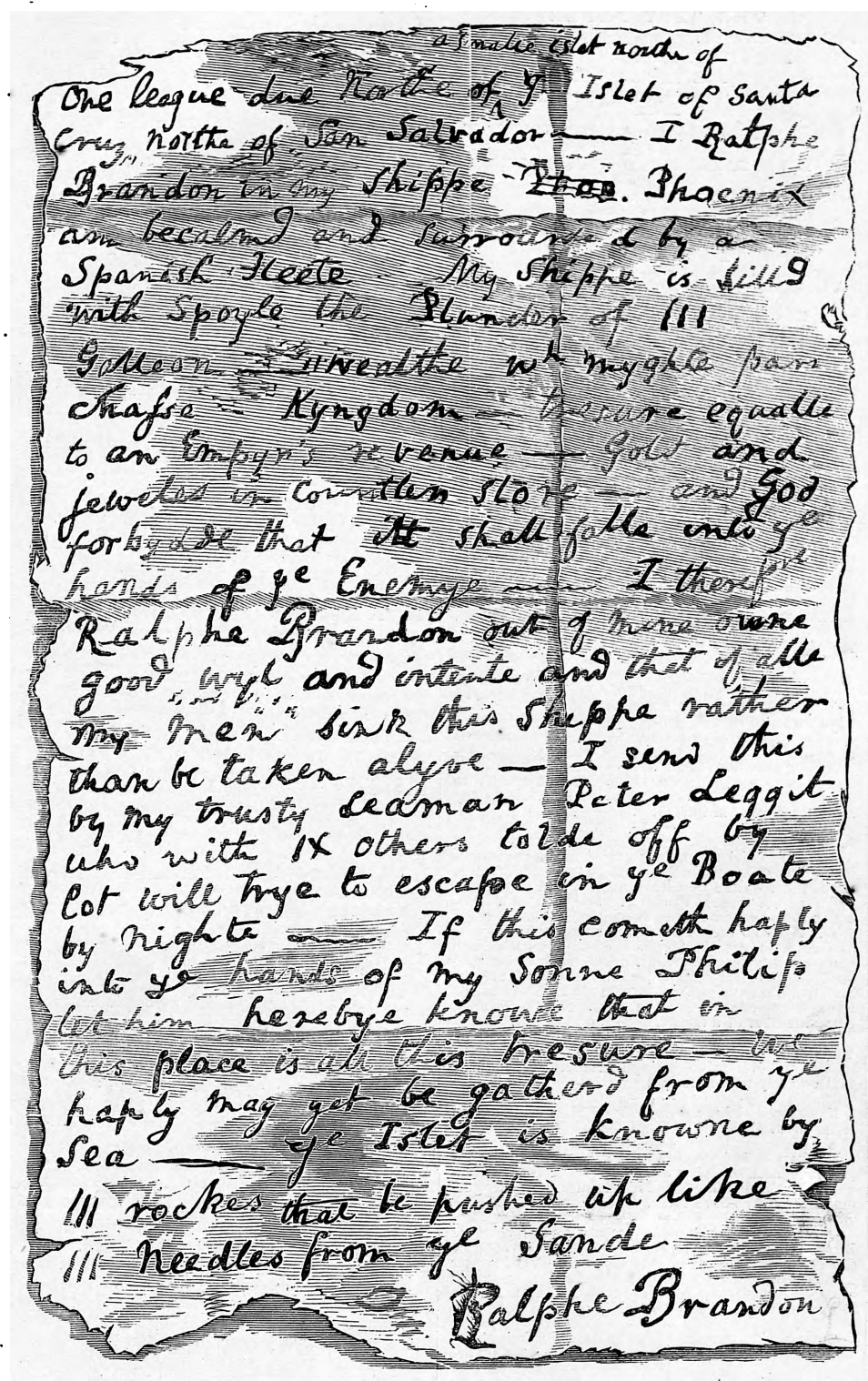
"RALPH BRANDON."

This letter was evidently written by fragmentary portions, as though it had been done at intervals. Some parts were written leisurely—others apparently in haste. The first half had been written evidently with the greatest ease. The writing of the last half showed weakness and tremulousness of hand; many words would have been quite illegible to one not familiar with the handwriting of the old man. Sometimes the word was written two or three times, and there were numerous blots and unmeaning lines. It grew more and more illegible toward the close. Evidently it was the work of one who was but ill able to exert even sufficient strength to hold a pen in his trembling hand.

In this letter there was folded a large piece of coarse paper, evidently a blank leaf torn from a book, brown with age, which was worn at the folds, and protected there by pieces of cotton which had been pasted upon it. The paper was

covered with writing, in ink that was much faded, though still quite legible.

Opening this Brandon read the following:



Not a word or a gesture escaped Brandon during the perusal of all this, but after he had finished he read it all through twice, and then laying down the letter he paced up and down the room. His olive skin had become of a sickly tawny hue, his eyes glowed with intense lustre, and his brow was covered with those gloomy Napoleonic clouds, but not a nerve was shaken by the shock of this dread intelligence.

Evening came and night; and the night passed, and morning came, but it found him still there pacing the room.

CHAPTER II.

A LIFE TRAGEDY.

EARLIER than usual Brandon was at the office, and waited for some time before the senior partner made his appearance. When he came in it was with a smile on his face, and a general air of congratulation to all the world.

"Well, Brandon," said he, cordially, "that last shipment has turned out finely. More than a thousand pounds. And it's all your doing. I objected, but you were right. Let me congratulate you."

Something in Brandon's face seemed to surprise the old gentleman, and he paused for a moment. "Why what's the matter, my boy?" he said, in a paternal voice. "You have not heard any bad news, I hope, in that letter—I hope it's nothing serious?"

Brandon gave a faint smile.

"Serious enough," said he, looking away with an abstracted gaze, "to put a sudden end to my Australian career."

"Oh no—oh no!" said the other, earnestly; "not so bad as that."

"I must go home at once."

"Oh well, that may be, but you will be back again. Take a leave of absence for five years if you wish, but don't quit for good. I'll do the business and won't complain, my boy. I'll keep your place comfortable for you till your return."

Brandon's stern face softened as he looked at the old man, whose features were filled with the kindest expression, and whose tone showed the affectionate interest which he felt.

"Your kindness to me, Mr. Compton," said he, very slowly, and with deep feeling, "has been beyond all words. Ever since I first came to this country you have been the truest and the best of friends. I hope you know me well enough to believe that I can never forget it. But now all this is at an end, and all the bright prospects that I had here must give way to the call of the sternest duty. In that letter which I received last night there came a summons home which I can not neglect, and my whole life hereafter must be directed toward the fulfillment of that summons. From mid-day yesterday until dawn this morning I paced my room incessantly, laying out my plans for the future thus suddenly thrust upon me, and though I have not been able to decide upon any thing definite, yet I see plainly that nothing less than a life will enable me to accomplish my duty. The first thing for me to do is to acquaint you with this and to give up my part in the business."

Mr. Compton placed his elbow on the table near which he had seated himself, leaned his head upon his hand, and looked at the floor. From Brandon's tone he perceived that this resolution was irrevocable. The deep dejection which he felt could not be concealed. He was silent for a long time.

"God knows," said he, at last, "that I would rather have failed in business than that this should have happened."

Brandon looked away and said nothing.

"It comes upon me so suddenly," he continued. "I do not know what to think. And how can I manage these vast affairs without your assistance? For you were the one who did our business. I know that well. I had no head for it."

"You can reduce it to smaller proportions," said Brandon; "that can easily be done."

The old man sighed.

"After all," he continued, "it is not the business. It's losing you that I think of, dear boy. I'm not thinking of the business at all. My grief is altogether about your departure. I grieve, too, at the blow which must have fallen on you to make this necessary."

"The blow is a heavy one," said Brandon; "so heavy that every thing else in life must be forgotten except the one thought—how to recover from it; and perhaps, also," he added, in a lower voice, "how to return it."

Mr. Compton was silent for a long time, and with every minute the deep dejection of his face and manner increased. He folded his arms and shut his eyes in deep thought.

"My boy," said he at last, in that same paternal tone which he had used before, and in a mild, calm voice, "I suppose this thing can not be helped, and all that is left for me to do is to bear it as best I may. I will not indulge in any selfish sorrow in the presence of your greater trouble. I will rather do all in my power to coincide with your wishes. I see now that you must have a good reason for your decision, although I do not seek to look into that reason."

"Believe me," said Brandon, "I would show you the letter at once, but it is so terrible that I would rather that you should not know. It is worse than death, and I do not even yet begin to know the worst."

The old man sighed, and looked at him with deep commiseration.

"If our separation must indeed be final," said he, at last, "I will take care that you shall suffer no loss. You shall have your full share of the capital."

"I leave that entirely to you," said Brandon.

"Fortunately our business is not much scattered. A settlement can easily be made, and I will arrange it so that you shall not have any loss. Our balance-sheet was made out only last month, and it showed our firm to be worth thirty thousand pounds. Half of this is yours, and—"

"Half!" interrupted the other. "My dear friend, you mean a quarter."

The old man waved his hand.

"I said half, and I mean half."

"I will never consent."

"You must."

"Never."

"You shall. Why, think of the petty business that I was doing when you came here. I was worth about four thousand. You have built up the business to its present dimensions. Do you suppose that I don't know?"

"I can not allow you to make such a sacrifice," said Brandon.

"Stop," said Mr. Compton. "I have not said all. I attach a condition to this which I implore you not to refuse. Listen to me, and you will then be able to see."

Mr. Compton rose and looked carefully out into the office. There was no one near. He then returned, locked the door, and drawing his chair close to Brandon, began, in a low voice:

"You have your secrets and I have mine. I don't wish to know yours, but my own I am going to tell to you, not merely for the sake of sympathy, but rather for the sake of your assistance. I am going to tell you who I am, and why I came out here.

"My name is not Compton. It is Henry Lawton. All my early life was passed at York. There I married, had a son, and lived happily for years—in fact, during the childhood of my boy.

"It was that boy of mine, Edgar, that led to all my troubles. I suppose we indulged him too much. It was natural. He was our only child, and so we ruined him. He got beyond our control at last, and used to run wild about the streets of York. I did what I could to save him, but it was too late.

"He went on from bad to worse, until at last he got in with a set of miscreants who were among the worst in the country. My God! to think how my boy, once a sweet child, could have fallen so low. But he was weak, and easily led, and so he went on from bad to worse.

"I can not bear to go into particulars," said the old man, after a long pause. "I will come at once to the point. My poor, wretched boy got in with these miscreants, as I was telling you, and I did not see him from one month's end to another. At last a great burglary took place. Three were arrested. Among these two were old offenders, hardened in vice, the one named Briggs, the other Crocker; the third was my unhappy boy."

The old man was silent for some time.

"I do not think, after all, that he was guilty; but Briggs turned King's Evidence, and Crocker and my son were condemned to transportation. There was no help.

"I sold out all I had in the world, and in compliance with the entreaties of my poor wife, who nearly went mad with grief, I came out here. I changed my name to Compton. My boy's term was for three years. I began a business out here, and as my boy behaved well he was able to get permission to hire out as a servant. I took him nominally as my servant, for no one knew that he was my son, and so we had him with us again.

"I hoped that the bitter lesson which he had learned would prove beneficial, but I did not know the strength of evil inclinations. As long as his term of imprisonment lasted he was content and behaved well; but at last, when the three years were up, he began to grow restive. Crocker was freed at about the same time, and my boy fell again under his evil influence. This lasted for about a year, when, at last, one morning a letter was brought me from him stating that he had gone to India.

"My poor wife was again nearly distracted. She thought of nothing but her boy. She made me take her and go in search of him again. So we went to India. After a long search I found him there, as I had feared, in connection with his old, vicious associates. True, they had changed their names, and were trying to pass for honest men. Crocker called himself Clark, and Briggs called himself Potts."

"Potts!" cried Brandon.

"Yes," said the other, who was too absorbed in his own thoughts to notice the surprise of Brandon. "He was in the employ of Colonel Despard, at Calcutta, and enjoyed much of his confidence."

"What year was this?" asked Brandon.

"1825," replied Mr. Compton. "Crocker," he continued, "was acting as a sort of shipping agent, and my son was his clerk. Of course, my first efforts were directed toward detaching my son from these scoundrels. I did all that I could. I offered to give him half of my property, and finally all, if he would only leave them forever and come back. The wretched boy refused. He did not appear to be altogether bad, but he had a weak nature, and could not get rid of the influence of these men.

"I staid in India a year and a half, until I found at last that there was no hope. I could find nothing to do there, and if I remained I would have to starve or go out to service. This I could not think of doing. So I prepared to come back here. But my wife refused to leave her son. She was resolved, she said, to stay by him till the last. I tried to dissuade her, but could not move her. I told her that I could not be a domestic. She said that she could do even that for the sake of her boy. And she went off at once, and got a situation as nurse with the same Colonel Despard with whom Briggs, or, as he called himself, Potts, was staying."

"What was the Christian name of this Potts?" asked Brandon, calmly.

"John—John Potts."

Brandon said nothing further, and Compton resumed.

"Thus my wife actually left me. I could not stay and be a slave. So I made her promise to write me, and told her that I would send her as much money as I could. She clung to me half broken-hearted as I left her. Our parting was a bitter one—bitter enough; but I would rather break my heart with grief than be a servant. Besides, she knew that whenever she came back my heart was open to receive her.

"I came back to my lonely life out here and lived for nearly two years. At last, in September 1828, a mail arrived from India bringing a letter from my wife, and Indian papers. The news which they brought well-nigh drove me mad."

Compton buried his face in his hands and remained silent for some time.

"You couldn't have been more than a child at that time, but perhaps you may have heard of the mysterious murder of Colonel Despard?"

He looked inquiringly at Brandon, but the latter gave no sign.

"Perhaps not," he continued—"no; you were too young, of course. Well, it was in the *Vishnu*, a brig in which the Colonel had embarked for Manilla. The brig was laden with hogshead staves and box shooks, and the Colonel went there partly for his health, partly on business, taking with him his valet Potts."

"What became of his family?" interrupted Brandon.

"He had a son in England at school. His wife had died not long before this at one of the hill stations, where she had gone for her health. Grief may have had something to do with the Colonel's voyage, for he was very much attached to his wife.

"Mails used only to come at long intervals in those days, and this one brought the account not only of the Colonel's fate, but of the trial at

"THERE'S SOME MYSTERY ABOUT IT WHICH I CAN'T FATHOM."

Manilla and the execution of the man that was condemned.

"It was a very mysterious case. In the month of July a boat arrived at Manilla which carried the crew and one passenger from the brig *Vishnu*. One of the men, a Malay named Uracao, was in irons, and he was immediately given up to the authorities."

"Who were the others?"

"Potts, as he called himself, the Colonel's valet, Clark, three Lascars, and the Captain, an Italian named Cigole. Information was at once laid against the Malay. Potts was the chief witness. He said that he slept in the cabin while the Colonel slept in an inner state-room; that one morning early he was roused by a frightful shriek and saw Uracao rushing from the Colonel's state-room. He sprang up, chased him, and caught him just as he was about to leap overboard. His creese covered with blood was in his hand. The Colonel, when they went to look at him, had his throat cut from ear to ear. Clark swore that he was steering the vessel and saw Potts catch Uracao, and helped to hold him. The Captain, Cigole, swore that he was waked by the noise, and rushed out in time to see this. Clark had gone as mate of the vessel. Of the Lascars, two had been down below, but one was on deck and swore to have seen the same. On this testimony Uracao was condemned and executed."

"How did they happen to leave the brig?"

"They said that a great storm came up about three days' sail from Manilla, the vessel sprang a leak, and they had to take to the boat. Their testimony was very clear indeed, and there were no contradictions; but in spite of all this it was felt to be a very mysterious case, and even the exhibition of the Malay creese, carefully covered with the stains of blood, did not altogether dispel this feeling."

"Have you got the papers yet, or are there any in Sydney that contain an account of this affair?"

"I have kept them all. You may read the whole case if you care about it."

"I should like to, very much," said Brandon, with great calmness.

"When I heard of this before the mail was opened I felt an agony of fear lest my miserable boy might be implicated in some way. To my immense relief his name did not occur at all."

"You got a letter from your wife?" said Brandon, interrogatively.

"Yes," said the old man, with a sigh. "The last that I ever received from her. Here it is." And, saying this, he opened his pocket-book and took out a letter, worn and faded, and blackened by frequent readings.

Brandon took it respectfully, and read the following:

"CALCUTTA, *August* 15, 1828.

"MY DEAREST HENRY,—By the papers that I send you, you will see what has occurred. Our dear Edgar is well, indeed better than usual, and I would feel much cheered if it were not for the sad fate of the poor Colonel. This is the last letter that you will ever receive from me. I am going to leave this country never to return, and do not yet know where I will go. Wherever I go I will be with my darling Edgar. Do not worry about me or about him. It will be better for you to try and forget all about us, since we are from this time the same as dead to you. Good-by forever, my dearest husband; it shall be my daily prayer that God may bless you.

"Your affectionate wife, MARY."

Brandon read this in silence, and handed it back.

"A strange letter," said Compton, mournfully. "At first it gave a bitter pang to think of my Mary thus giving me up forever, so coldly, and for no reason: but afterward I began to understand why she wrote this.

"My belief is, that these villains kept my son in their clutches for some good reason, and that they had some equally good reason for keeping her. There's some mystery about it which I can't fathom. Perhaps she knew too much about the Colonel's affairs to be allowed to go free. They might have detained her by working upon her love for her son, or simply by terrifying her. She was always a timid soul, poor Mary. That letter is not her composition; there is not a word there that sounds like her, and they no doubt told her what to write, or wrote out something, and made her copy it.

"And now," said Compton, after another long pause, "I have got to the end of my story. I know nothing more about them. I have lived here ever since, at first despairing, but of late more resigned to my lot. Yet still if I have one desire in life it is to get some trace of these dear ones whom I still love as tenderly as ever. You, my dear boy, with your ability may conjecture some way. Besides, you will perhaps be traveling more or less, and may be able to hear of their fate. This is the condition that I make. I implore you by your pity for a heart-broken father to do as I say and help me. Half! why, I would give all that I have if I could get them back again."

Brandon shuddered perceptibly at the words "heart-broken father;" but he quickly recovered himself. He took Compton's hand and pressed it warmly.

"Dear friend, I will make no objection to any thing, and I promise you that all my best efforts shall be directed toward finding them out."

"Tell them to come to me, that I am rich, and can make them happy."

"I'll make them go to you if they are alive," said Brandon.

"God bless you!" ejaculated the old man, fervently.

Brandon spent the greater part of that day in making business arrangements, and in reading the papers which Compton had preserved containing an account of the Despard murder.

It was late at night before he returned to his hotel. As he went into the hall he saw a stranger sitting there in a lounging attitude reading the Sydney *News*.

He was a thin, small-sized man, with a foreign air, and quick, restless manner. His features were small, a heavy beard and mustache covered his face, his brow was low, and his eyes black and twinkling. A sharp, furtive glance which he gave at Brandon attracted the attention of the latter, for there was something in the glance that meant more than idle curiosity.

Even in the midst of his cares Brandon's curiosity was excited. He walked with assumed indifference up to the desk as though looking for the key of his room. Glancing at the hotel book his eye ranged down the column of names till it rested on the last one,

"*Pietro Cigole.*"

—Cigole! the name brought singular associations. Had this man still any connection with Potts? The words of his father's letter rushed into his mind—"His arm may reach even to the antipodes to strike you. Be on your guard. Watch every one. He has some dark plan against you!"

With these thoughts in his mind Brandon went up to his room.

Gentlemen's Fashions.

THE fashions for gentlemen have undergone no notable change. The vestons or short coats still continue to be worn, with collars rolling low, and either open or fastened by a single button on the middle of the chest. The vests are usually of the same material as the coats, and, whether single or double breasted, or with rolling or standing collars, are buttoned up nearly or quite to the throat. Pantaloons, though somewhat looser than during the two last seasons, are still very tight.

No change has been made in the material of over-coats, which are generally of warm, thick, and light *moutonne*, or a sort of Petersham. Peculiar shades, such as greenish and yellowish mixtures, are avoided by persons of good taste, for a conspicuous color in an over-coat, that is worn every day, soon grows common, which is not the case with simple and decided tints. Narrow black and white, and blue and white stripes continue to be worn for pantaloons. A number of light blue and black stripes are still seen, but these were worn so much in the spring that fashionable persons have grown tired of them, and are likely to cast them aside this winter. Some pretty plaids are seen; but the taste for stripes is so decided that they obtain comparatively little favor. There are also some very fine ribbed cloths, but stripes prevail over every thing. There is very little novelty in materials specially designed for vests, which will generally be made of the same stuff as the coat.

We annex illustrations of the latest Parisian fall styles:

Fig. 1.—Dress for a boy from five to six years old. Jacket, vest, and knickerbockers, all of the same stuff. Jacket cut straight behind, without a seam, if the material will admit, and confined by a button at the throat. Vest, with standing collar, almost as long as the jacket, and likewise buttoned to the throat. Knickerbockers tucked into top boots, ornamented with tassels. Trimming: simple black galloon laid flat around the jacket and vest, and down the seams of the knickerbockers.

Fig. 2.—Short veston of black English velvet, cut like a sack behind, and slightly rounding in front, with a collar, rolling high. Single-breasted vest, of the same material as the veston, buttoning to the throat. Veston and vest bound round the edge with silk braid. Nut-brown pantaloons, cut rather loose.

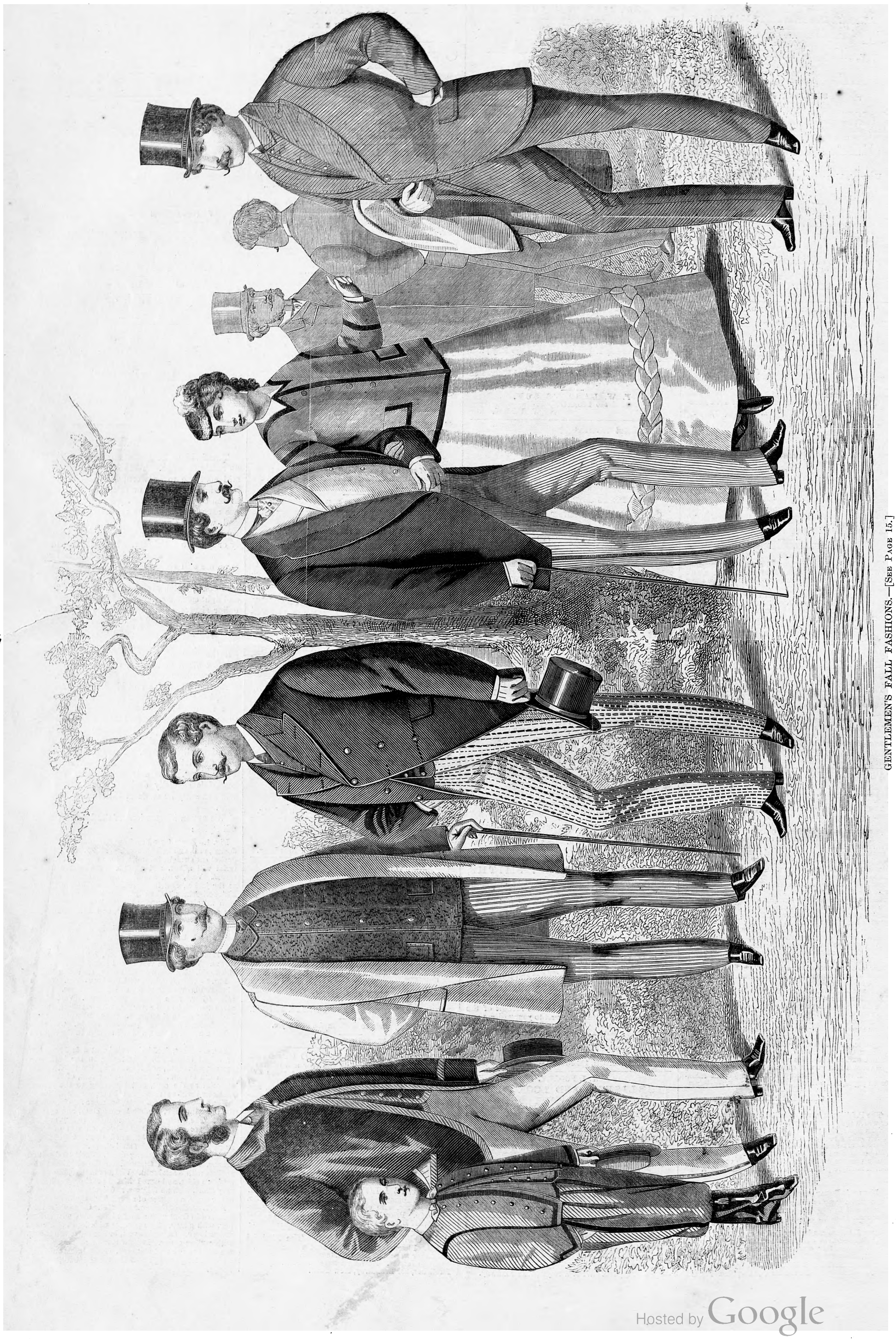
Fig. 3.—Morning dress with light over-coat. Veston of mixed brown and black, with four buttons. Collar rolling low. Side pockets, with lapels. Vest of the same material as the veston, with standing collar, buttoning up to the throat. Blue and white striped pantaloons, almost tight, without straps. Over-coat cut like a sack behind, and full enough in the front to button easily.

Fig. 4.—Short, double-breasted coat *à la Française*, of bright blue cloth, tight fitting in the back and rounding in front, and fastened by the third button from the bottom. Standing collar vest, of the same material as the coat, and buttoning to the throat. Black and white striped pantaloons, somewhat loose.

Fig. 5.—Coat *à la Française*, but more full-dress than the preceding one, of plain bronze cloth, and open in front. The whole proportions are less scanty, and the facings are of silk. Double-breasted vest of white pique or light cloth, buttoned over. Tight-fitting striped pantaloons, with small straps.

Fig. 6.—Lady's morning dress. Jacket of mixed bronze, bound and trimmed on the shoulders and pockets with black braid. Waist of batiste, like a gentleman's shirt, and gored skirt of pearl gray silk faye, very short, with no fullness, and trimmed with a braid of the same, a quarter of a yard from the bottom.

Fig. 7.—Suit of the same material. Coat *à l'Anglaise*, fastened in front with a single button. Collar rolling low, with a step. Side pockets with lapels. Sleeves rather loose. *Chevalière* vest, buttoning to the throat, with rolling collar. Double row of stitching round the edge of the vest and coat. Pantaloons cut tight, and just long enough to fall over the boot, without straps.



GENTLEMEN'S FALL FASHIONS.—[SEE PAGE 15.]

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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Fall Costumes.

Fig. 1.—Boy's jacket and trowsers of light gray cloth, trimmed with black silk braid down the seams of the trowsers, on the lappets of the jacket, and on the sleeves in imitation of epaulets and cuffs.

Fig. 2.—Walking costume of Bismarck cretonne cloth. Skirt and paletot trimmed with brown silk, as seen in illustration, edged with brown ribbon and bead fringe. Bottom of the skirt trimmed with the same ribbon. Paletot with Middle Age and close sleeves.

Fig. 3.—Dress with double skirt of black silk, trimmed with black bead gimp.

Fig. 4.—Dress of pearl alpaca with rosettes of pearl silk and beads. Middle Age and close sleeves.

Norman Caps.

We give an illustration of the quaint and original caps that are worn by the women of the old medieval town of Vire, the Switzerland of Normandy. The town is fraught with historical associations; its castle, the ruins of which are still standing, was besieged by Henry I. of England in 1123; John Lackland came thither thrice, in 1199, 1201, and 1203, a week after the murder of Arthur; within its walls the chivalric Du Guesclin planned the expedition which ended in freeing France from the English, and made it the rallying place for his warriors; it was captured and recaptured by the contending parties during the religious wars, and was finally dismantled by Richelieu's orders about the middle of the seventeenth century. The net-work of railroads that radiates from Paris has at length reached this remote spot; the opening of its first railway was celebrated a few weeks since, and it is safe to predict that the striking costumes of its inhabitants will soon give way to the innovations of modern fashion.

NORMAN CAPS.

FALL COSTUMES.

A RETROSPECT.

No sunflower gilds the faded lawn;
A breathless calm the wide air fills;
A silver-threaded mist is drawn
Across the purple of the hills.

An azure vein the river flows,
With scarce a murmur through the vale,
By banks where in sweet April blows
The trembling violet, chill and pale.

The light mist veils the autumn sun;
Flown are the robin and the wren;
Afar the eager sportsman's gun
Wakes the dull echoes of the glen.

Around me stand the leafless woods
By many a narrow pathway crossed;
And over all the landscape broods
A tender sense of something lost.

Last year when ripened was the wheat;
And copse and field with song were gay;
When, soft and low, the wind blew sweet
With scent of clover and of hay—

Here, where of old my feet were used
To linger in the years before,
In silent thought I sat and mused
On all the future had in store.

To-day I turn my searching gaze
Back through the vista of those years,
And seen as through a slender haze
The shadowy past once more appears.

All round me are the leafless woods
By many a silent pathway crossed;
And in my secret heart there broods
A tender sense of something lost.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1867.

☞ *We would call the attention of our readers to the beautiful and varied designs for Embroidery and Fancy Work which are given in the Supplement accompanying the present Number of the Paper. The Supplement in our next Number will contain numerous patterns of different styles of Winter Cloaks.*

☞ *Ladies in the Country will be supplied gratuitously through the mails with the* FIRST SIX NUMBERS OF HARPER'S BAZAR *upon written application to the Publishers.*

☞ *Single Subscribers to* HARPER'S BAZAR *will be supplied from the beginning to the end of the year* 1868, *which will complete the first Volume, for the yearly price of Four Dollars.*

THE HOUSE QUESTION.

HEAVY taxation, and the consequent increase in the cost of living, is forcing our prodigal people at last to some consideration of the necessity of economy. There is nothing in which they have hitherto displayed their characteristic love of show and expense so much as in their houses.

Eager as the Americans always are to make a demonstration of their real or pretended success, they have found, in the obviousness of heaps of stone and brick and mortar, the means of public manifestation they sought. To a people devoted to material pursuits, and only conscious of their visible and tangible results, the big house in the fashionable and frequented thoroughfare seems a substantial and ocular proof of the prosperity with which, if genuine or not, they are desirous of dazzling the eye of the world.

Thus our citizens have generally lived in dwellings the cost or rent of which has been inordinately great in proportion to their fortunes and incomes. In Europe a man seldom lives in a house at an annual rent of more than one-tenth of the amount of his whole revenue. In the United States rent is generally in the proportion of one-third, and not seldom one-half, or even more, of the annual income. In England the annuitant or man of business who has £800, or $4000, per annum to spend takes a house at a rent of £80, or $400. In France the man of equal means is content with a dwelling at even less rent—say 1500 francs, or $300, a year. In the United States one who has $4000 a year, or only hopes to make that sum in the course of the twelvemonth, is sure to live in a mansion the yearly rent of which costs him at least $1200, and often $2000, if not more. The disproportion in these exorbitant times is occasionally still greater. A family not seldom rents a furnished house at $500 a month, making $6000 per annum, when it has but $4000 more to meet the other expenses of the year.

This is paying quite too much for a monument of brick and mortar to commemorate even a genuine, and certainly a sham success. It is needless to point out the ludicrous results of this egregious disproportion between rent and annual income. There is the obvious absurdity manifest to all of paying enormously for a house and not living in it, for in most cases the possessor spends so much for the rent that he has nothing to spare for what is necessary to make it habitable. He accordingly furnishes a show-room or two to aid in keeping up the illusion, and has nothing but bare floors and empty space every where else, inclusive even of the larder. The display of sham prosperity, too, in the big house is apt to affect the whole life, giving it an artificial character, which is ruinous to candor and honest independence. It besides provokes other expenditure, and thus leads to overstrained and dangerous enterprise in business, to bankruptcy and fraud.

Complaints are frequently uttered against landlords and builders for not constructing houses suitable for people of moderate means; but it is probably rather the fault of the latter, for the former are only seeking a market, and, like all other traders and manufacturers, strive to adapt the supply to the demand. If our aspiring citizens were content to live in small houses, and asked for them, they would certainly get them.

The inevitable tax-gatherer and the pressure of other expensive necessities are fortunately squeezing out of some of our people a sense of prudence, and with it the cry for less costly dwellings. Let the cry become general, and there will soon be in our cities suitable residences for families of moderate means, whether they be like the snug, "self-contained" citizens' boxes of London, or the populous structures of separate *étages* and "flats" of Paris and Edinburgh.

THE BODIES OF ANIMALS.

EVERY animal, whether large or small, is an aggregation of individual machines, infinitely more complicated than a steam-engine, which in their combined action maintain life. Thus the liver, the largest single organ in the body of all carnivorous animals as well as man, is a structure so marvelously contrived and wonderful in its functions that learned physiologists are obliged to acknowledge they have not yet succeeded in displaying its minute anatomical structure.

In all the newly-born the liver is disproportionably large, occupying a great deal of room in the abdomen; but after birth it seems to remain stationary a long while. In the mean time the other viscera in that cavity begin to develop and finally overtake the liver, and ever after maintain a harmonious relation to it.

Strange as it may appear, besides elaborating a bitter fluid very copiously, the precise use of which still defies the prying scrutiny of medical philosophers, the liver is also a sugar-making apparatus.

Every young child, for example, requires in its system a very considerable amount of sugar daily, from which is taken certain elements essential to their growth and status of health. When, therefore, they are habitually anxious for sweet things, as confectionery, etc., it is the plain language of nature that they require more than is prepared for them within their own bodies. A large part of all our food, particularly bread, potatoes, rice, fruits, etc., yield starch. When certain fluids of the mouth are mixed with the morsels swallowed and fall down into the stomach, it becomes chemically changed into a sweetish sizy paste. From that mass the sugar is evolved by another vital process, and subsequently united with other substances, and then conveyed into the circulation to be carried to the remotest part of the frame to become a component part of the body.

So important is a sound liver to health that any disease which deranges its action very soon exhibits its effects on the whole system. And among the agents which most seriously interfere with its labors to the destruction of life is intemperance. It is impossible to indulge habitually in strong, fiery, alcoholic drinks without inducing disease of that great gland. If we indulge in excesses the liver ultimately exhibits symptoms of dissatisfaction by imperfectly performing its appropriate duties. Excessive stimulation of the stomach, either by concentrated fluids or highly-seasoned food, registers the abuse in the liver. And when carried too far, neither pills nor powders, however skillfully prepared, can repair the violence it has suffered. Good health is a boon never so much valued as when beyond reach. Thousands upon thousands of our countrymen cut short the golden thread of life by their own sovereign indiscretion who might have lived to venerable old age.

The delicious flavor of the peach is due to the presence of prussic acid. It is so diluted and guarded by nature as to heighten the nutritious qualities of that delicious fruit. But if all the other juices with which it is chemically commingled were evaporated, and we only had the prussic acid in its most potent concentrated form as manufactured in the laboratory, it would become a poison so deadly in character that a single drop placed on the tongue of a cat would kill her instantly.

Now, the alcohol taken with our ordinary food, made from any kind of grain, potatoes, apples, pears, the grape, etc., nourishes, and promotes health, comfort, and length of days. On the other hand, when by distillation the water with which it is associated in its original condition is driven off, leaving the alcohol intensely strong, the violence it does to the delicate walls of the stomach, taken into that terribly abused organ, the most dreadful consequences invariably follow. In one it shows its direful presence in a red nose, loss of appetite, red eyes, an enlarged liver, a swollen spleen, or dropsical effusions. Another wanders about half bereft of his senses, showing in his tattered garments, slothful habits, and empty pockets, the ruinous career of those who abuse the gifts of nature.

PUPPIES COMING IN.

OUR dames have had hitherto such a free supply of natural objects of affection that they have been enabled to dispense with the ordinary substitutes resorted to by those of less prolific countries. Animal pets, other than those of the human creation, have never greatly abounded with us, and it was rare, until now, to behold feminine tenderness expending its caresses except upon human lips. There was, it is true, occasionally to be seen an old French creole, with a turban of bandana handkerchief and a face as shriveled and yellow as the oranges she sold, billing and cooing with a green parrot or embracing a poodle, but that was all. American women used to turn away from such with disgust and keep their hugs and kisses exclusively for those of their own race.

A great change, however, as we learn on the best authority, has come over the taste of our American dames. It has taken, it seems, quite a decided canine complexion. *Puppies are coming in* with other fashions from Europe. Not a traveled party is now returning from London or Paris without an addition to the family in the shape of a little cur of foreign breed. They are of all varieties—the poodle, with nose of smut and tail of dust-brush; the Italian greyhound, sleek and flexible as a serpent; the little Skye-terrier, long-whiskered and unshorn as a Californian digger; the watery-eyed and silken-coated Blenheim or King Charles, and the Lilliputian "black and tan." These represent all varieties of canine disposition, and are selected by their female admirers in accordance with their own caprices or tempers. The poodle is ordinarily grave and docile, and by his due regard to the proprieties of life commends himself to the prudish. He, however, is expensive, and to keep him in good odor demands a great supply of soap and Cologne. The Italian greyhound is vivacious, and is a favorite of course with romps; but he requires to be carefully watched, as he is apt to forget the proprieties, as, in fact, are most puppies of foreign education. The Scotch terrier is generally faithful, and suits the disappointed and broken-hearted; but he must be kept away from rats or mice, or even he will break his allegiance. The King Charles, tearful and submissive to caress, pleases the sentimental; but, though fond of luxury, can not endure much indulgence without becoming wheezy and rheumy-eyed. As for that little cur, the "black and tan," all that can, and what more need, be said in his favor is, that he is the fashion. He perforce, then, must suit all feminine tastes whether naturally sympathetic or not.

These last are at present all the rage in Paris, where they are readily sold for a thousand francs, or two hundred dollars in gold. The less there is of one of these diminutive quadrupeds the more he is valued. Would that, according to inexorable logic, he were reduced to nothing, and thus abolished! By some process or other the dog-breeders of France succeed in paring down the "black and tan" to an almost imperceptible smallness. Some of them weigh less than two pounds, and when of this minuteness are literally worth their weight in gold. A dame of New York, yielding to the fashion, has lately imported one from Paris, which makes its usual bed in her muff, and, as a make-shift, could squeeze itself into one of her silk stockings.

The pet cur, now so costly and so distinguished by fashion, must of course be treated with becoming respect. In a suit for recovery of a debt for board, tried the other day in the Sixth District Court of New York, the principal witness testified as follows: "The plaintiff would not board any where unless (a dog) *Ned* could be as sumptuously provided for as himself, and he must eat with the family; a mattress was brought for him, and he had the entire run of the house; he had broiled porter-house steaks and a cup of coffee regularly in the dining-room at the usual meal-times, generally on a side-plate, but frequently a chair was provided for Master *Ned* at the table, and he was a 'boarder' to all intents and purposes as the other members of the plaintiff's family."

In England the female taste for dogs has long prevailed. Steele, in the *Tatler*, says: "This is an evil I have for many years remarked in the fair sex; and as they are by nature very much formed for affection and dalliance, I have observed, that when by too obstinate a cruelty, or any other means, they have disappointed themselves of the proper objects of love, as husbands or children, such virgins have exactly at such a year grown fond of lap-dogs, parrots, or other animals. I know at this time a celebrated toast, whom I allow to be one of the most agreeable of her sex, that in the presence of her admirers will give a torrent of kisses to her cat, any one of which a Christian would be glad of."

Here also, from the *Tatler*, is a scrap of dialogue between two "Toasts" of the time: "'Nor do I believe you would be ashamed to confess that I saw you cry when your dog had the colic last week with lapping sour milk. What more could you do for your lover himself?'

"'What more?' replied the lady. 'There is not a man in England for whom I could lament half so much.' Then she stifled the animal with kisses, and called him Beau, Life, Dear, Monsieur, Pretty Fellow, and what not, in the hurry of her impertinence."

A modern American traveler reports having seen descend from a carriage an English dowager—"a little withered old woman, smothered in furs—followed by first little dog, second little dog, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth." And we saw the other day, on a steamboat in our own bay, the family of the manager of the most fashionable of our Broadway theatres migrating to the country with five curs of every degree in their train.

With these foreign puppies coming in our native beaux will have to look to their laurels.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to Melinda.

MY DEAR MELINDA,—Last week I wrote your cousin, whom I lately met with his young family at Mugby Junction, and as I was writing I could not help thinking of you and your friends whom I had just encountered upon the Colorado Central. You can hardly have observed an old gentleman with a shiny black hat and rusty clothes, very white in the seams and threadbare about the knees, but I hope perfectly clean, sitting in the corner seat by the door. Probably you have no glances to bestow upon such objects. But if you had had, you would have seen me. Look at the seams and knees of the next old gentleman you meet, and if they are white and thin and very smooth and shiny, it will undoubtedly be your present correspondent.

Now, Melinda, why is it that you and the other girls who travel so much in the cars are so very selfish? It is a strong word, I know, but I have carefully considered it, and I mean selfish. Try it for yourself. When you next get into the cars what will you see? You will see two ladies enter. They will seat themselves and turn down the seat in front. Upon this they will pile bags, shawls, bundles, parasols, baskets, lap-dogs, whatever they may have, as if they had paid for four seats, and their shawls traveled by first-class tickets. And now, Melinda, mark. The car is full and a party enter to look for seats. They come slowly down the passage. They look, of course, at the shawls and lap-dog. They do not wish to insist upon a right which should be at once acknowledged as a courtesy, and they pass on. Perhaps they find a seat somewhere; perhaps they do not. But, Melinda, there is one thing of which there is no perhaps, no doubt whatever; and that is, that the sitters upon the seat have been tried by a sharp test of gentility, of true gentleness of manners, and have been found wanting. No lady gives her shawl a seat at the expense of the comfort of a passenger.

The true way and the only fair way is this: having paid for one seat and no more, let every person occupy that. Then, after the train has started, if there are seats to spare, put your lap-dog, or your basket, or bag upon it; but would you put your feet upon it?

"But why be so dreadfully precise?" I hear you ask, my Melinda; "why not use your common-sense, and make yourself comfortable until somebody comes who really wants the seat?"

Simply because when you have piled your "traps" upon it, and comfortably buried your feet under them, and are entirely adjusted to the occupation of two seats, your eyes and mind are darkened, and you do not wish to see, and therefore you do not see who does really want the seat. Ah! Melinda, what hypocritical sleep there is in cars! What deceitful reading of the newspaper! What horrible affectation of interest in your neighbor! What thousand subterfuges to escape seeing the lingering passenger who has paid for a seat, and who sees it occupied by your lunch-basket or William's rug!

The other day I was in the train which stopped at Springfield—whether in Illinois or in Massachusetts I will not say, for it might be equally true of either—I was occupying my one seat—and scarcely that; for, oh, Melinda! my companion must have been the mother of the fat child now to be seen at Barnum's; and although the seat was divided by a low arm in the middle, my neighbor overflowed, as it were, into my part, and I sat overwhelmed and suppressed, and could catch only partial and painful glimpses of what occurred in the car. In the midst of my Purgatory my towering female companion looked down upon me, giving me the feeling of being Hop o' my Thumb surveyed by a serene ogress from the top of her castle, and she said vaguely as if addressing not me in the suffering flesh, but the abstract genius of good-manners:

"I hope I don't incommode you!"

I had just life enough left to gasp, "Oh no, Madam," and tried to look as if I were smiling. But my neighbor, the ogress, had already sternly dismissed me from her thoughts.

Now you will say that this shows how necessary it is to have more than one seat. Undoubtedly it often is. It is frequently a mere question of avoirdupois. But then you must treat it so: you must pay for another seat; you must not make other people pay. If I were Mr. Lambert—and weighed three or four hundred pounds, instead of ninety-eight, as I do at present—I would travel accordingly. I would have a whole seat and pay for it. I would have a double bed and pay for that. I would order dinner for two and pay for that. I would not raise the question of my being a single passenger, and entitled to travel with a single ticket in a single seat. That might be the literal fact; but so much the worse for the fact. If I were Mr. Lambert I would not insist upon such literal translation in the cars. I would be freely translated, if I could; if not, I would buy one ticket for Daniel and another for Lambert, and travel as a double gentleman even if I were the most single of bachelors.

—I was saying, however, when you interrupted me, dear Melinda, that I was in the train the other day at Springfield, and saw a gentleman with his family enter. It seems to me that the feelings of a modest man under such circumstances—entering a full car, followed by Mrs. Modest Man and the descending series of little modest men, even to those in arms, and attended by the cohort of nurses and the baggage-train of a family upon the largest scale—must be indescribable. In front of me sat two ladies in the prettiest toilettes, who had, of course, turned over the seat before them and thrown a shawl and a bag or two upon it, and who had put their pretty little feet up, each reading a novel and eating a caromel. I know that they were aware of the family party moving up the passage, for the modest man entered by the door in front of them and came toward them. But the pretty women read steadily on, and their novels were amazingly absorbing at the very moment the party approached nearest. There was evidently no thought upon their part whether the car was full or not, and whether the party might not be obliged to cross from one car to another after the train was in motion, at the risk of dropping the baby, if they did not find seats in that one. The only evident thing was, that they were not going to surrender the seat in front of them unless they were compelled to do so. How glad I was to see the face of the modest man flush, and to hear him say, in the most decided tone of cold courtesy, "Is that seat engaged, Madam?"

The young woman whom he addressed put her feet down very suddenly, you may be sure; and although she looked very surly and felt very much ashamed, she began to remove her shawls and said nothing. She had not even the politeness to say, "No, it is not engaged." Indeed, after a moment she put on an air of petty indignation, as if it were very disagreeable to be disturbed by vulgar people whom one meets in cars!

It was a very simple thing, but nothing could show more selfishness or ill-breeding. Yet you may be sure those young women think that they are "ladies," and they undoubtedly permit themselves to speak of the "queer," and "common," and "vulgar folks" whom they encounter in travel. Now, Melinda, if you should ever happen to meet those two young ladies who turned over the seat, and piled their shawls upon it, and thought it such a hardship to be compelled to remove them, as if they had any right to the seat, won't you please show them privately this letter, and tell them that it is meant for them?

There is another point, dear Melinda, to which I wish to call your attention and that of your young friends. It is that very bad habit of loud talking in the cars. *That* is a vulgarity of which any body might justly complain; and if you knew how ridiculous you appear to the quiet passengers, who are compelled to hear what you say, what fun they make of you afterward among their friends, and how lightly they esteem a young woman who does not respect herself enough to show a modest bearing in public, you would curb that rattling tongue of yours, my Melinda, and deprive those quiet passengers of fun at your expense.

I wonder if the young woman I once saw at Stamford Station was a friend of yours. The train came in from New York, and stopped, as usual, at that pretty town, where, as the sign informed us, "all trains stop to wood and water." The passengers who were to leave had alighted, and the fresh ones had taken their places. The car in which I sat was very quiet. Some were reading, some looking out of the window, and some talking in a low tone, when suddenly there was a tramp and bounce upon the platform by the door. The door was burst open as if a hurricane had shaken it, and a bevy of bright-eyed, loud-voiced girls came fluttering into the car. They chattered and rattled as if no one else were present; told us all that Susy Simpson was sweet on Abe Johnson, and a great many interesting facts about the bonnets, and collars, and dresses of other girls—interesting, I mean, to them, but excessively amusing to us. There were two or three young men in attendance, who had evidently come to say good-by, and some remained upon the platform outside. After standing in the passage for some time, and incessantly rattling away, and even humming as they stared about the car, the girls seated themselves. One of them flung herself into a seat by an open window, at which was the face of a young gentleman standing upon the platform.

"Dear me!" said the young woman, impatiently, but good-humoredly, "I can't see the Sound here."

"No," replied the youth, in a sentimental tone, and half laughing; "but you can see me!"

"Law!" responded the young woman, in a shrill voice that fairly rang through the car, and bursting into a sort of shout of laughter, "law! yer must ha' ben a eatin' pickuls!"

My Melinda! what traveler in the car did not wince for that young woman? She was gayly dressed; she was young and blithe. If she could only have spoken in a lower key and have whispered pickuls instead of shouting them! The face of the young gentleman was hidden from me by the young woman. Perhaps he was pleased. And very possibly you think them a coarse and vulgar pair of whom no more need be said. But although you would not speak the English language in that manner nor give precisely that turn to your wit, yet you do talk very loud when you are in the car, and I entreat you to reflect that you may some day say something which you will not wish to have heard, while I am very sure that you will always say something which it will be painful to hear, simply because nonsense is disagreeable. For my part I like to be silent in a car and to have other people silent. I do *not* like to hear the two men upon the seat before me and the other two behind, eternally discussing the price of pork, whether their particular pork be stocks, or cotton, or dry goods, or whatever; nor am I interested to know that one has lost his appetite, and that the other never eats mashed potato in a restaurant. If men and women must talk, for Heaven's sake, Melinda! let them say something.

Don't be satirical, my dear, and ask me what people who write ought to do. You should have respect for your elders, and especially for those who are humbly trying to benefit you, and to smooth the passage of other people through the world, like Your sincere friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE new costumes which are being made up for the approaching season display a strange variety—a mixture of the antique and modern, the styles of the "Empire" combined with the Swiss peasant dress of to-day, the Scotch burnous, the Greek sleeve, and the Sultana jacket. A tour of observation through the principal establishments has shown us a host of beautiful things, which we hasten to describe.

MORE NEW COLORS.

The catalogue of colors increases. Among the new marine greens, besides "Frog" and "Mermaid," already described, there is "Sea-Foam" and "Undine." A dark shade of brown is "Noisette," or nut-brown; another is "Egyptian," a dead brown, mummy-like and sombre; "Etna" and "Vesuvius" are redder shades, said to resemble burning lava as it pours from the crater, and a bright tint, like flame, is called "Feu." A beautiful glimmering gray, one of the chameleons, is distinguished as "Moon on the Desert." A strange idea to call the planets from the heavens, the lava from Vesuvius, and the fishes from the depths of the sea to describe the colors of a lady's dress!

MATERIALS.

A description of the magnificent Exposition robes, corded silks embroidered by hand, would be a repetition of an "oft-told tale." Only a few people are fortunate enough to possess them, as there are no duplicates, and they are sold at three hundred and fifty dollars each.

Silks brocaded in small patterns can be bought at from four to six dollars per yard. As the figures increase in size, so in proportion do the figures asked for them.

For evening dresses there are moirés in all the delicate gaslight greens; white poult de soie, French gray, and pearl-color, brocaded with clusters of rose-buds; embroidered satins, blue with a design in silver, green with gold, and amber with white. The satins are sold at fifteen dollars per yard. There are thin gauzy fabrics, striped cerise and white, or polka dots and spangles, to be worn as tunics over trains of solid colors.

In plainer goods there is a handsome silk velour at two dollars a yard, an extra heavy reps, which is very much like Irish poplin. Norwegian poplin is a serviceable article, which is taking the place of alpaca, as it is more durable, and will bear any amount of crushing without seeming rumpled. A novelty among poplins is the Japanese—a dark ground, often tea color, strewn with Japanese figures in bright shades. By way of variety these will make pretty breakfast dresses. Elegant embroidered poplin robes are sold at seventy-five dollars. Crêpe poplin is soft and fine, with none of the harsh feel and stiffness so often found in poplins. It is in Scotch plaids, a yard and a half wide, and is sold at three dollars and a half. Broché poplin in small blocks of gold and black, or blue and brown, is a desirable article, sold at two dollars, single fold.

Empress cloths are brought out in stripes—a black or garnet ground with stripes of gilt leaves. Palm leaves and Oriental figures look well on a Bismarck ground. The price is a dollar and a half. Foulards in contrasting colors, with patterns in imitation of brocade, are pretty for house dresses. Velveteen is much used for short suits, but it is not durable, and soon looks shabby. Winsey, Jasper silk, serge, and poplin, are more desirable.

STREET DRESSES.

Handsome short dresses are made of silks in two colors. A scant gored dress with high bodice, tight sleeves and skirt just escaping the ground, has over it a shorter dress of another color made with a fourreau, low bodice, and long hanging sleeves. A mauve dress may have a black fourreau, or a black dress a mauve overdress. We have seen a blue silk with Bismarck fourreau, and another of apple-green with both a black and a gray fourreau. An economical variety may be given to a lady's wardrobe by having different fourreaux for the same dress. The fourreaux are short and scant, requiring but little material; and if the colors are judiciously blended the variety is pleasant. A wide sash is worn with these dresses made of the silk of the over-dress trimmed with ruches of the under-skirt.

Another style of walking dress has a plain skirt simply fastened at the waist, over which is worn a gored dress; waist, sleeves, and skirt in one, reaching below the knee, and buttoned down before. When tight-fitting these pelisses are worn with a small round cape falling to the waist; when left loose they are called "Gabrielles," and are worn with a sash. Marie Antoinette fichus large enough to serve as mantles are added to walking dresses—an agreeable variety now that short sacques are so common. These are usually of the same material as the dress, but are occasionally made of black silk to be worn with any dress. The lappets with which they are tied at the back are long and rounded. Bias ruffles two inches wide are worn on the lower skirt of short dresses. They should be neatly bound, and are usually in uneven numbers—three, five, or seven.

A pretty model for a short suit is an under-dress of Mazarin blue silk, with high corsage, coat sleeves, and narrow gored skirt trimmed with five narrow bias ruffles. The upper skirt, or fourreau, of steel-gray silk, is cut in twelve large vandykes at the bottom. The bodice is low and square, the sleeves long and flowing. A gray silk jacket without sleeves accompanies this dress. It has a small pointed hood lined with blue. A wide sash with blue ruffles is tied at the back.

Another style is of poplin—purple, mottled with white and black. This has but one skirt, trimmed with folds of satin arranged in vandykes. A short gored paletot has square tabs under the arms, on which are pockets large enough to be useful. Wide sleeves and a reversed collar complete the costume.

Still another, of blue serge, has a skirt just long enough to escape the floor, gored without plaits, and trimmed with alternate rows of wide and narrow black braid simulating an upper skirt. The short loose sacque has a most unique addenda resembling a cape in front, but hanging over the shoulders and down behind in streamers a yard and a half long, tied negligently and looking graceful and unstudied.

INDOOR TOILETS.

House dresses, if made with trains, must be very short in front and at the sides, as nothing more completely destroys the effect of a train than holding the skirt up in front, nor can any thing be more awkward than for a lady to continually trip herself by stepping on her dress. If long dresses are worn in the street they can be stylishly fastened up in the *blanchisseuse* fashion, so as to have precisely the effect of a short dress. The redingote style is introduced in dresses intended entirely for the house. These have surplice waists lapped on the breast and worn with a belt. The skirt also crosses over and has two rows of large buttons down the front. Chemisettes worn with these waists and with the "Pompadours" are now left open instead of closed, and are made of cluny and guipure lace.

MORNING DRESSES.

Marseilles and muslin for morning wear have disappeared, but we find white dresses in thicker materials, such as alpaca, foulard, and mohair. Satin folds edged with white fringe, cluny lace over colored ribbon, or black guipure and jet, trim them handsomely. Elegant white *robes-de-chambre* are embroidered in Turkish designs in brilliant colors. Palm leaves of velvet, and Japanese figures are also used by way of ornament. Roman scarfs of gay colors are worn with these. Cashmere robes are brought out in new patterns, the border extending up each width describing the gores.

A low bodice, or corselet of black gros grain, with epaulets and long lappets at the back, trimmed with cross-cut folds studded with jet, is prettily worn over woolen dresses in plain silk.

TRIMMING.

High bodices are very much trimmed on the neck and shoulders. Velvet ribbon or folds of silk or satin form a kind of collar or necklace, in points graduating longer toward the back. Jet or silk pendants are attached to each point. Lower down on the bodice a peasant-waist is simulated by the trimming. Crocheted fringe is arranged about the shoulders as a bertha. Wide belts *à l'Africaine* have deep fringe or silk vandykes and silk pendants to correspond with the collar or bertha.

Folds for trimming are now sewn on in the centre instead of at the top of the band. Beaded braid and narrow pipings of the dress material are used to conceal the sewing. Points and scallops are bound or corded with white satin.

Steel-bead fringe trims black dresses very prettily.

JACKETS.

Sleeveless jackets of scarlet cloth, cut rounding in front in the Zouave style, and pointed at the back, are worn over white waists. The trimming is of narrow strips of white fur or embroidery in jardinière patterns. Bullion ornaments that look like small coins are strung together, overlapping each other, and are placed on either side of the front.

The jaunty sailor's jacket is piquant and becoming. It is made of white serge, trimmed with blue folds. A wide square collar either lies on the shoulders, or when raised fastens closely around the neck. The jacket may be made of blue serge trimmed with white.

CAPS.

Caps, or rather coiffures, a most graceful accessory to morning toilets, are now made so coquettishly that the youngest married lady need not be frightened at the idea of wearing a cap. These fancy lappets display instead of concealing fine hair, as they occupy no more space on the head than the bands of ribbon so long worn. A Marie Stuart point forms the front, while the ends falls over the chignon.

MODELS.

A very elegant home dress of gray poplin has a bodice like a tight-fitting basque, crossed in front above the belt, leaving the neck an open surplice. The skirt of the basque is short behind and pointed in front; plain tight sleeves, with open sleeves *à la juive*. The long plain skirt is open in the redingote fashion, lapped and fastened with two rows of large buttons. A velvet *applique* in a guipure pattern constitutes the trimming. Another, a dinner dress of gros grain, a church purple (bluer than the royal tint), is gored in the Princesse style. The skirt is trimmed with a wide band of velvet of the same shade, cut in points and edged with a double row of narrow black guipure lace. The corsage is square at the neck, and bordered by a band of velvet framed in lace. Greek sleeves, very wide, and trimmed *en suite*. A Peplum of velvet with lace border and sash, chemisette, and under-sleeves of black guipure.

A carriage dress of Bismarck silk has a close-fitting body, straight sleeves, and long gored skirt. A vine of oak-leaves is embroidered in shaded brown silk round the skirt at some distance from the bottom, to simulate a double skirt. The corsage, made very high, is embroidered about the throat with a corresponding but of course smaller pattern than that on the skirt, and lower down the vine clambers over the shoulders. The wristbands are also embroidered.

An evening dress of pale green satin, of the shade known as "Pistache," has a low square body, with wide flowing sleeves. Folds of white satin edged with blonde lace are placed *en tablier* on the skirt and body. The sleeves are lined with white and trimmed with folds. Very long train, chemisette, and sash of real blonde. Pearl jewelry.

BONNETS.

Black and gold is a favorite combination for fall bonnets. Fur will be much used later in the season. Grèbe bonnets are already worn. These are in the Fanchon shape, and are tied with gay velvet strings. The much-talked-of *toquet* is only a more elegant name for the "pork pie" hat. Colored veils to match the bonnet are worn over the chignon instead of the face. Crinoline straw, both black and white, is a favorite material for traveling and plain bonnets. Fanchons of black tulle with gold ornaments are popular for autumn wear.

A Marie Antoinette of black velvet has puffings of satin around the square front. The diadem has heavy gold balls pendent. Strings of bias velvet a quarter of a yard wide lined with satin and fringed with gold.

A toquet of white felt is encircled by a white velvet scarf fringed at the ends with pearl beads, and fastened at the side by a pearl aigrette.

A Catalane of blue velvet has a wreath of white velvet leaves, veined with gilt. Blonde lace an inch wide falls from the rim.

A Hungarian toquet of black velvet is bordered with chinchilla.

A Mousquetaire of French gray velvet and cerise satin is turned up at the ears. A massive gold diadem adorns the front. Lace strings cover the chignon, and are fastened loosely with a gilt spray.

An evening hat, a Trianon, is of white satin with a wreath of leaves and small white buds overshadowing the face, with a single full-blown rose in the centre. A long white tulle veil falling behind is crossed on the breast and fastened with a cluster of leaves and buds.

WRAPPINGS.

The variety in cloaks, shawls, and wraps generally is most bewildering. Next week we will devote more space to the discussion of this important article of a lady's wardrobe. A Mignon of light tan-colored cloth is half fitting, the skirt cut in deep squares and trimmed with braid and fringe. The "Gerolstein," a most graceful garment, is longer and looser than the *Mignon*. The "Dagmar" and "Africaine" of velvet are heavily trimmed with lace, with open sleeves. The Traveler is much shorter behind than before. The Japanese is just what the name would suggest. The Impératrice and Marie Antoinette are elegant novelties, of which we shall talk hereafter.

SKIRT READY FOR LOOPING UP.

BREAKFAST CAP.

SKIRT LOOPED UP.

Dress looped up à la blanchisseuse.

THE accompanying arrangement for looping up trailed dresses is both simple and convenient, and is far superior to any means for the purpose yet adopted. By this means the long robe is at once converted into a graceful walking-dress, and the whole contour of the bottom is preserved. It is only necessary to lay the front in a pleat and fasten the side breadths behind by a button and loop, or hook and loop, as seen in the first illustration; after which the back breadth is drawn up through the opening, and suffered to fall over in a puff, as seen in the second figure.

Breakfast Cap, with Braid Trimming.

BREAKFAST CAP of muslin, trimmed in front and around the edge with lace an inch wide and narrow black velvet ribbon, not more than a quarter of an inch in width. The braid is formed of three strands, one of black velvet ribbon, three-quarters of an inch wide, and two of bias folds of muslin, two and a half inches wide. A rosette of narrow velvet ribbon on the top, as seen in the engraving, completes the trimming.

Promenade Dresses.

Fig. 1.—Gored dress, with double skirt of pearl gray poplin, trimmed with black guipure insertion and jet nails, laid on the waist in imitation of a bodice. The upper skirt is looped up on the right side with a rosette of lace; and the belt is fastened with a similar rosette. The belt and sash are of the same material as the dress, and are edged with narrow lace.

Fig. 2.—Promenade costume of black silk. The paletot, under-skirt, and over-skirt, are scalloped on the bottom, and edged with a bias fold of black silk. The paletot and over-skirt are trimmed besides with jet buttons and rosettes of silk. Bonnet of lilac silk.

Fig. 3.—Promenade dress of light brown silk, trimmed with soutache and cord, of a darker shade than the dress, in the manner seen in the illustration. Bonnet of light brown silk, with braided trimming of a darker shade.

Fall Costumes.

For illustration see page 25.

Fig. 1.—*Mignon*, of drap-velours, cut round the bottom in deep notches, which are encircled with two bias folds of satin of the same shade, and finished on the bottom with jet pendants. Trimming of drap-velours, bound with satin, on the top and bottom of the sleeves and down the middle of the back. Bonnet of beaded crape, trimmed round the edge with velvet loops, fastened with a bead, and with bands of black lace insertion falling behind over the chignon. Dress of satin-striped pou-de-soie, trimmed on the bottom with a band of velvet of the same color as the stripes, cut at the top in sharp points, which are bound with silk of a lighter shade than the velvet. High-necked waist, with a corselet-ceinture, of velvet like the trimming on the bottom of the skirt, and cut in points at the top in like manner. Coat-sleeves, trimmed with velvet.

Fig. 2.—*Hernani*, of white cloth, cut the same at the bottom in the front and the back, and edged and trimmed with scarlet silk galloon. The slope under the arm, eight inches in length, is covered by two long lappets, edged with galloon, and finished at the ends with pendants. Japanese sleeves, with very long points. Hat of black English straw, with pheasant's plumes. Dress of pou-de-soie.

Fig. 3.—*Rachel*, of velvet, with braided trimming of satin. The braids down the middle are finished at the end with jet ornaments. Velvet bonnet, cut in points behind, and trimmed with passementerie, with marguerite and foliage on the side. Under-strings, covered with a barb of Chantilly lace. Under-skirt of black faye. Over-skirt of violet faye, scalloped round the bottom, and bound with mauve silk. This skirt, cut as usual in the Empire style, that is, very

PROMENADE DRESSES.

scant, and with bias seams, is cut open on the hips, and caught together at the bottom by crossing the ends.

Fig. 4.—*Magician*, of velvet, cut in short points at the bottom, which are bound with satin, with a bead passementerie heading. Sleeves very long, half open, and scalloped on the bottom like the body. Bonnet of black lace, with long lace barbs. Under-skirt of black faye, with a deep flounce round the bottom. Over-skirt of Bismarck faye, looped up with black lappels, bound with Bismarck.

Fig. 5.—*Gerolstein*, of blue-black cloth, trimmed with bias folds of black satin and passementerie jet fringe. Close sleeves. Fanchon of violet crape, with a ruche of Chantilly lace round the edge. Dress of black gros grain, trimmed round the bottom with three bias folds of velvet.

Fig. 6.—*Africaine*, of velvet. This is composed of a paletot, over which falls a shawl, accompanied with a small square piece at the top. Sleeves with long points, reaching halfway down the skirt. Bonnet of pink crape, with barbs of the same. Under-skirt of dark green pou-de-soie, with light green over-skirt.

Cradle with Canopy and Cover.

Mahogany cradle with canopy and cover of rose-colored damask. The lambrequins on the sides are covered with muslin, embroidered in application. Ruches and rosettes of rose-colored ribbon, an inch wide, and silk tassels of the same color, arranged as in the illustration, complete the trimming of the canopy and cover.

Children's Costumes.

Fig. 1.—Boy 13 years old. Gray pantaloons; jacket of dark-blue cloth.

Fig. 2.—Girl 3 years old. Blue poplin skirt. High-necked waist of white cashmere, embroidered with blue.

Fig. 3.—Girl 8 years old. Under-skirt of red and white striped delaine. Over-skirt of white alpaca, looped up on each side with a rosette of scarlet ribbon.

Fig. 4.—Boy 7 years old. Under-skirt, frock, and jacket of white merino, scalloped with red worsted, with a large dot in each scallop.

Fig. 5.—Boy 9 years old. Knickerbockers, blouse and gaiters of brown cloth.

Fig. 6.—Boy 6 years old. Knickerbockers, vest and jacket of gray cloth, trimmed with silk braid.

Gored Petticoat.

See illustration, page 25.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-5.

PETTICOAT of gored cretonne, laid in a single pleat at the top, and cut at the bottom in deep scallops, bound with red worsted braid. A second row of scallops, a little way above the first, complete the trimming. Cut the front and back breadths from Figs. 1 and 4, two side breadths each from Figs. 2 and 3; and the belt, double, from Fig. 5. Sew up the breadths to correspond with the figures on the pattern; face the bottom about four inches wide, scallop the edge according to the pattern, Fig. 1, and bind it with scarlet worsted braid, about an inch wide. Put on the trimming as shown in the illustration, hem the slit from 8 to ×, lay a box pleat in the top, from * to 8, and put on the belt to correspond with the figures on the pattern. The belt is corded at the top, and stitched at the bottom on the petticoat. Finish with hooks and eyes, or buttons.

CRADLE WITH CANOPY AND COVER.

Waist of White Cashmere.

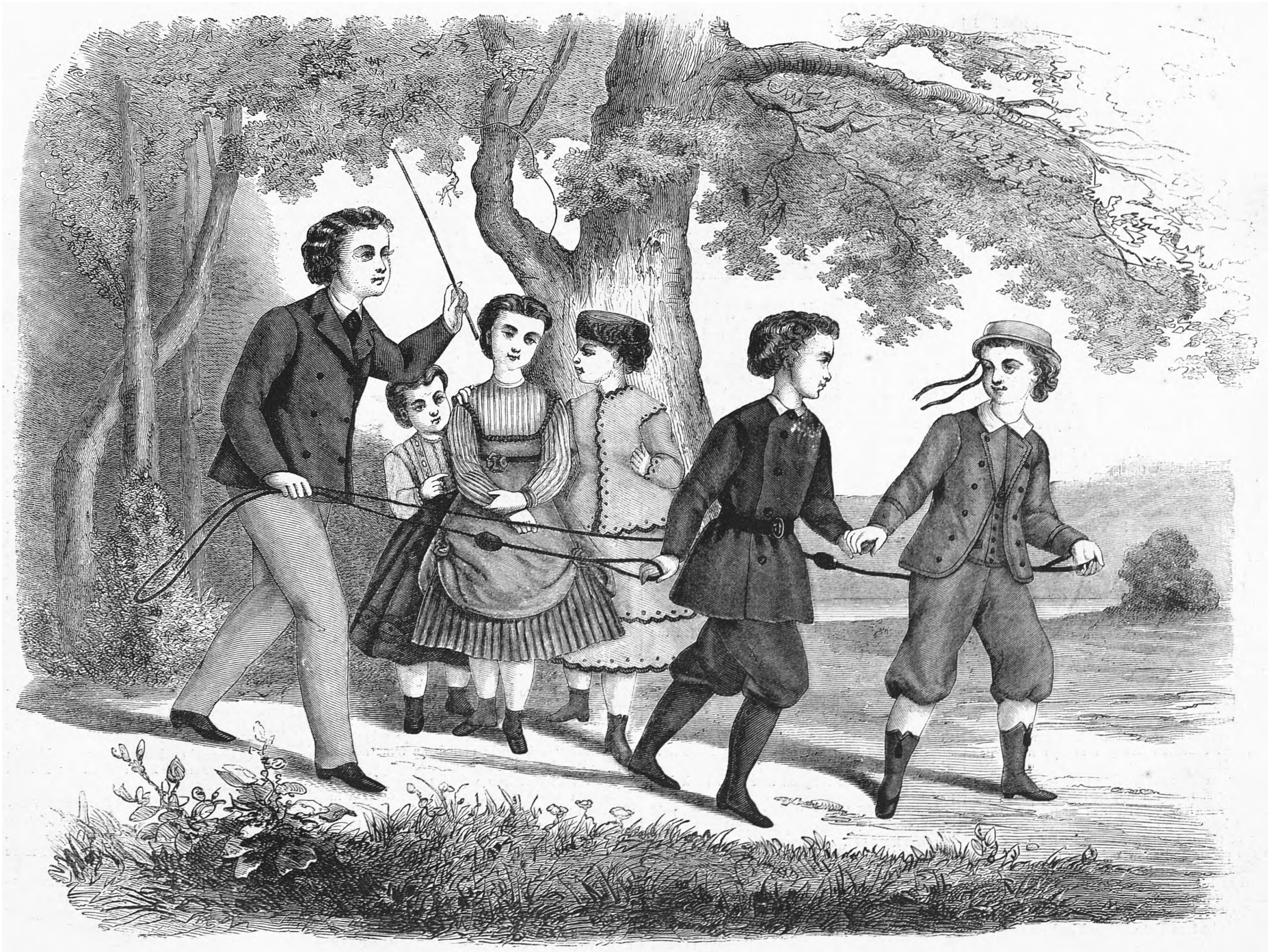
See illustration, page 24.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 6-10.

THIS waist has been very popular of late. The right side of the front, instead of being straight as usual, is cut bias from the middle, and folds over the left side. The trimming consists of bias folds, loops and points of blue silk. Cut both fronts from Fig. 6, the right according to the pattern, and the left only to the dotted line, allowing for a hem an inch wide on the edge. Cut the side pieces from Fig. 7, the back from Fig. 8, and the sleeves from Fig. 9, taking care in the last to observe the slope under the arm. Fig. 10 gives the pattern of the small points which complete the trimming; these are cut of blue silk, double, and laid in pleats from × to ●. Hem the front on the wrong side, with the exception of the bias edge, which is turned over on the right side and covered by the trimming. Make the bosom pleats, join the front and back to correspond with the figures on the pattern, cord the neck, hem the bottom narrow, and sew on the trimming, as shown in the illustration, setting the points on the upper fold, and the loops, of double silk, about half an inch wide and an inch long, on the lower one, both loops and points being sewed on with a cashmere cord. Make the sleeves, trimming the bottom as seen in the illustration, lay a pleat in the top from × to ●, sew them in the arm-holes from 18 to 18, and cover the seam with a bias fold, with a cashmere piping on both sides, and trimmed with loops at the bottom. Pleat white guipure edging, an inch wide, in the neck, and finish the belt with a rosette of blue silk.

Chemisette and Standing Collar.

See illustration, page 25.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 20-22.

THIS collar is made of two rows of Valenciennes edging, pleated on a binding, one half an inch wide, and the other a little broader. The chemisette is of nansook, and is laid in a pleat down the front, which is broad at the bottom and is hemmed over at the top. Figs. 20-22 give the pattern of the chemisette, with the figures according to which the binding is put on.



CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

TO A LADY.

BY C. H. WEBB.

Oh, lady! gladly would I wreathe
A garland pure and sweet,
And bring Earth's fairest flowers to breathe
Their fragrance at thy feet;
Or, better still, a wreath of song
I'd twine with magic art,
That, haply, every thought ere long
Might blossom near thy heart.

Yet scarce one trembling line to frame
My faltering fingers dare—
The lips that even breathe thy name
Should be as pure as prayer.
All wet with heart-dews fresh with love,
I'll lay my offering at thy feet,
And pray the angel ones above
To wreathe thee one more pure, more sweet.

A CLEAR TITLE.

MARGARET WICKHAM knit the last fringes in a worsted shawl that fell over her lap in a mass of scarlet beauty.

There was nothing remarkable about Margaret's face save its content and womanliness. Query—Are they not the most remarkable things one ever sees in a woman's face?

A volume of Tennyson's poems lay on the table beside her, and there were pencil-marks on the margin of the open page. In my opinion a man can say more with penciled annotations than with his own tongue, and in nine cases out of ten can say it more delicately and effectively too.

Margaret Wickman blushed over the penciled paragraph:

"None like her, none.
Just now the dry-tongued laurel's pattering talk,
Seemed her light foot along the garden-walk,
And shook my soul to think she comes once more;
But even then I heard her close the door.
The gates of Heaven are closed, and she is gone."

The blush told of appropriation, and the smile that followed told of pleasure in the appropriation.

A woman's walk on the pavement below caused Margaret to glance up. It was Kate Hilyard coming down the street, dressed in her everlasting black alpaca, as the girls called it. Margaret, seeing who it was, drew back, but not quick enough to elude Kate Hilyard's sharp eyes.

"How do you do, Maggie?" she called, in a tone peculiarly clear and ringing. It was a voice that could climb to high tones without break or quiver.

Margaret Wickham made herself plainly visible. "How do you do?" she responded.

"I am almost melted!" answered Kate Hilyard. "How provokingly cool you look! I should think your room might be built after the manner of a refrigerator. It's such a nice, cool place!"

What could Margaret do, being a polite young lady, but say "Come up?"

Of course Kate Hilyard went up. Blocks off she had made up her mind that Margaret should ask her.

It was, as Kate had said, a nice, cool place, full of tastily-arranged furniture and pretty ornaments. Margaret herself, in a white muslin newly starched, looked fresh as a lily.

"Look here upon this picture and on this!" exclaimed Kate as she entered, glancing from her worn alpaca to Margaret's fresh white dress. "Look on honest poverty, and then on easy opulence! See Lazarus, slightly modified by sex and health, and Dives toned down to a gentle woman clad in purple and fine linen!"

Margaret Wickham was annoyed, but she said politely, "Pray be seated, and take this fan. I will ring for ice-water. Teaching must be hard work this warm weather."

Kate really did look worn and weary, and Margaret's womanly sympathies were aroused. Kate was a clever girl, too, and sometimes she liked her very much. "Lay off your bonnet," she added, "and stay to tea."

That was another of Kate's intentions hours before, and she laid off her bonnet.

"What an exquisite shawl!" she exclaimed. "I never saw any thing so beautiful. Wouldn't it be becoming to me? Oh dear, what a misfortune it is to be poor! Tennyson, eh? Will Morrison brought it to you last night, did he not? I thought he came from this direction when he came to our house. We had a grand game of chess, but I always win. I should know this book was Will Morrison's by the pencil-marks. He always marks the tender passages."

"It is Mr. Morrison's book," said Margaret, a little coldly, averting her face. The penciled passages were of no account, if it was a habit of universal application. Besides, he had given Kate Hilyard the previous evening, and herself only the volume of poems. She began to wish her visitor had not come. It was odd that she should always be trying to make Kate comfortable, and somehow the girl always made her miserable.

After tea Kate sat looking out of the window. Suddenly she started up, saying, "Let me try on your shawl, Maggie! Isn't it superb? I declare I look quite elegant in spite of the dinginess of the old alpaca. Suppose I go down in the parlor and show off your shawl to your mother. Pa used to teach me how to wear a shawl as Eastern women wore them. He said American women carried their shawls very awkwardly."

If this be true Kate Hilyard had no claim to the name of American woman. Nothing could be more graceful than the artistic folds and exquisite sweep of the worsted shawl. She was indeed elegant in spite of the dinginess of the old alpaca. Margaret Wickham saw it as the tall, slender girl took a graceful attitude in the bay-window, where the cool breeze just stirred the curls that shaded her forehead, and the setting sun shed some of its golden glory on her beautiful brown hair.

At the moment heavy footsteps sounded in the porch, and Will Morrison stood in the door, introducing his friend Mr. Colgate.

The stranger was not a young man. His age could never be counted among the twenties again. A face somewhat worn—a tired, reflective face told that.

Will Morrison crossed over to Kate Hilyard, and Margaret talked to Mr. Colgate. Because she was a conscientious girl and polite from nature and habit she talked, and not because she had the slightest interest in Mr. Colgate. Margaret was a good conversationalist in general. Her thoughts were often new, and her language always well chosen; but that night she talked like an automaton, with her eyes always wandering to the bay-window where Will Morrison smiled at the lively chatting of the woman in the scarlet shawl.

The stranger's eyes followed hers ever and anon. "I think Miss Hilyard is an artist," he commented in a pause in the conversation. "She understands how to produce high lights and grand effects. She wears her shawl like an actress."

Margaret frowned at the mention of the shawl. It was as bad as Jove's stolen thunders. She didn't care for the shawl, but she disliked being circumvented and thrown in the shade.

"Miss Hilyard is—"

She paused. To herself she said, "a traitor;" but before she finished her sentence she made a change of base—"Miss Hilyard has very fine points of character."

The stranger looked at Margaret with a searching glance and turned away with a smile. Margaret was annoyed by it. Mr. Colgate had the manner of one who studies character, and he had read something in hers that amused him. Margaret decided unequivocally that she did not like Mr. Colgate.

Will Morrison came to her just then and asked her if the magnolias were in bloom. She did not know, and he proposed that they should go and see, leaving Mr. Colgate with Kate Hilyard.

"Remember you promised to sing the 'Nightingale's Song,'" he said to Kate as he passed out.

Margaret Wickham colored. Kate Hilyard was the beginning and end of his thoughts: and she had believed herself to hold that position. But Margaret was too much a woman to show her heart save by the tell-tale color on her cheek; and she walked with Will Morrison in the pale moonlight, with pleasant chat of all the everyday affairs that interested them both.

Under the magnolia-trees they paused. Will Morrison broke off the fragrant blossoms and turned to Margaret. "This is just the place for you," he said; "with the calm moonlight, and fragrant blossoms, and peace, and holy quiet in the air."

The shadows died out of Margaret's face, and it glowed in the moonlight with its old content and womanliness.

"Sweets to the sweet," continued Will Morrison, placing magnolia blossoms in Margaret's hair and hands. "I am always content with you, Maggie. My life would have no lack if it included you forever."

Margaret waited, but Will Morrison had finished. The shadows crept up in her face again. Such words are vain without a leading question; and Will Morrison's were without petition.

"Thank you," she said, coldly. "But I am forgetting my duty as hostess. Let us return to the house."

"I wanted Schuyler Colgate to meet Kate Hilyard," said Will Morrison. "He is very clever—a man among a thousand, and I knew Kate would interest him. She never looked better than she does to-night. I think she must have made her toilet with the express purpose of captivating my invincible friend."

"She did not know you were coming, of course," suggested Margaret.

"Oh yes!" answered Will Morrison. "I told her we would call, and she said she was coming here to spend the evening."

Up into Margaret Wickham's eyes flashed smouldering fires of indignation. She had thought her invitation voluntary and independent, but she saw now that she had returned Kate Hilyard's lead and played into her hand.

Will Morrison, arranging a sheet of music at the piano, broke into Kate Hilyard's tête-a-tête with Mr. Colgate with the query, "What wait we for but Miss Hilyard's music?"

"Excuse me, please!" pleaded Kate.

She was evidently in earnest, and deemed the invitation an interruption.

"I beg that you will sing," urged Mr. Colgate. "If you sing as well as you talk it must be a pleasure to listen."

Kate smiled consciously and went to the piano. She knew that she sang well—better than she talked. Without glancing at the song Will Morrison had chosen she selected "Love not" with an arch glance at Mr. Colgate.

That gentleman laughed and drew back into the shadow.

Margaret Wickham, noting the glances, said within herself, they are telegraphic signs indicating that lines of sympathy have been established between the outposts. She sat down in the window and looked out. She did not hear the song. She was thinking of the singer and her inability to cope with her. "I wouldn't care for the new people," thought Margaret, "if she did not dazzle, and bewilder, and cheat the old." She was so busy with her own thoughts that she did not hear Mr. Colgate until he had addressed her twice. Then she looked up startled, and found him at her side smiling in a way that signified amusement and comprehension.

Mr. Colgate's manner more than any manner in the world said, "I am master of my position and yours." Margaret Wickham was not mistress of her own, as her confused blushes testified, when she asked for a repetition of Mr. Colgate's remark.

"Have you known Miss Hilyard long?"

"For years."

"She has very fine points of character."

Mr. Colgate was quoting her own remark, but Margaret never felt so much like eating her own words as at that moment. With an effort she conquered her inclination, and responded affirmatively.

"Miss Hilyard sings finely," continued Mr. Colgate.

"Yes. Few voices retain such clearness on high notes. I never heard her superior off the stage."

Margaret spoke heartily. It was the penance her quick sense of justice demanded for the unkindness of her thoughts.

Mr. Colgate bowed.

Margaret would have said the bow signified merely acquiescence in her remark; but, looking suddenly up into Mr. Colgate's face, she saw in it a reverence to her. It was strange, but she drew back in the window comforted and calmed, while Mr. Colgate looked out over the veranda, his face more than ever reflective and absorbed. He came out of his rapt mood when the singing ceased.

"What do you think of the sentiment of the last song?" asked Miss Hilyard, crossing over to the corner where Margaret and Mr. Colgate stood.

"The last song!"

Mr. Colgate said it in a helpless way that showed he had heard but one.

Kate Hilyard pouted as she said,

"If you should forget the singer,
You should not forget the song."

"The singer made me oblivious to the song," replied Mr. Colgate, and his peace was made.

"How do you like Miss Hilyard?" asked Will Morrison on the way home.

"Immensely! What an odd chance throws those two girls together!"

"Those two!" exclaimed Will Morrison. "They are very intimate."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mr. Colgate.

"It's a fact!" answered Will Morrison. "Kate Hilyard is always quoting Maggie Wickham, and I have heard Margaret say a hundred times she admired Kate's abilities and voice. I never heard her praise any person so much as Kate Hilyard."

"If Miss Wickham had been a heathen, what a devotee she would have made!" mused Mr. Colgate, half aloud. "She is a woman to cut off the offending right hand and foot, and pluck out the offending right eye for conscience' sake."

"I didn't think you would like Margaret," said Will Morrison. "She is somewhat cold and reserved to strangers. It takes time to appreciate her."

"Without doubt!" answered Mr. Colgate dryly, but when the door had closed on Will Morrison he looked after him with an odd expression in his deep gray eyes. "What a confounded fool!" he muttered.

Kate Hilyard saw Margaret Wickham in a worsted store the next day. It may have been fancy, but Margaret certainly had become suddenly absorbed in the study of a pattern when Kate entered. If it was a ruse Kate had no respect for it, and broke upon her study with the question, "What do you think of Mr. Colgate?"

"I hardly know," answered Margaret meditatively.

"Isn't he odd?" exclaimed Kate. "He is quite different from the men we are in the habit of meeting, and very different from the men who are likely to come to a little town like this. Are you going up the street?"

"No, I am going home."

"Well, I'll walk along. What do you think? Mr. Colgate is going to spend the summer here."

"Who told you?"

"Will Morrison. After a year's coaxing on Will's part Mr. Colgate comes here to spend a few days, and concludes to spend the season. That's the way with people of his stamp; they do every thing or nothing. I rather like it, though. It's a little bit after my own style."

Margaret made no reply, and Kate went on: "I wonder what kind of a husband a man like Mr. Colgate would make. It's my opinion Will Morrison would make a better one. Very clever people are apt to be full of notions, and terribly set in their ways. I declare, we are at your gate! The way always seems so short when I walk with you, Maggie. I never get half talked out."

Margaret did not take the hint. "I couldn't," she said to her mother, as she laid aside her bonnet and shawl. "I had such a wretched headache, and I get so weary of her talk about husbands, and—"

She never finished her sentence. Her mother, seeing her hesitation and blushes, said within herself, "It is some man Kate talks about. I hope it isn't Will Morrison."

That Will Morrison would marry Margaret Wickham was a generally-received opinion in the town where they lived.

"It's the most natural thing in the world and the most appropriate," said the gossiping landlady to Mr. Colgate a few days after. "You see the Wickhams and the Morrisons are the oldest families any where about, and it stands to reason they should be eminently fitted for each other."

Mr. Colgate said something very like "Bah!" as he walked to the window and looked out. A moment after he said, meditatively, "I suppose it Mr. Morrison should marry Miss Hilyard it would be as bad as if royalty should outrage some divine right assumed by itself, and believed in by the people."

"Mr. Morrison marry Kate Hilyard!" exclaimed the old lady. "That will never happen. He and Margaret have been as good as engaged for years. Oh no! Kate isn't the girl for a Morrison. She will most likely marry some stranger who will be taken with her airs and graces."

Mr. Colgate laughed as he drew on his gloves, and went out.

"Gone to Hilyard's, I declare!" soliloquized the simple-hearted woman, looking after him. "How did I ever come to say so much? I declare I don't know. Mr. Colgate has such a way with him! He don't ask questions, but he finds out a great deal. Ah, that man is deep as the sea!"

The young folks of Quincy were going to Laurel Island on a sailing party. Kate Hilyard told Margaret Wickham of it on her way from school; Mr. Colgate had told her.

"I wonder who will escort us," mused Kate. I suppose one of us will go with Will Morrison, and the other with his friend. Mr. Colgate is a character. He is like diamond; he impresses every thing, and himself receives no impression; he has a look on his face sometimes that says, 'You are mine, and all things are mine; I am my own.' He could hold a woman's love as magnet holds steel. I wonder why he stops in Quincy. He is not a man to kill time merely. I have been learning 'Il Bacio' to play for him. If I meet him going home I'll make him go hear it."

Margaret Wickham looked after Kate Hilyard with an odd expression on her face. "Does she mean to entrap Mr. Colgate?" she pondered. "I should as soon think of setting snares for a sphinx."

Five minutes after Mr. Colgate passed Margaret's window and bowed. He must have met Kate Hilyard, and he had not gone to hear "Il Bacio."

"If it had been Will Morrison she would have made him go," mused Margaret. "But this man is diamond, or granite, or ice."

"Is the stormy petrel gone?" asked her mother, putting her head in the door.

"The what?" asked Margaret.

"The stormy petrel," repeated her mother. "Kate Hilyard's presence generally betokens a tempest in your mental conditions. Ah! fair skies and smooth sailing, I see. I infer she did not talk of marriage, and—"

Margaret blushed guiltily. Was it her silence on th subject of Will Morrison that left her undisturbed, or a dim consciousness that Kate Hilyard and Mr. Colgate were Greek and Greek, and Mr. Colgate was the stronger Greek of the two?

Margaret Wickham went on the sailing party with Will Morrison. Kate Hilyard had no especial escort, and was in very ill-humor. In the afternoon her stormy mood cleared away, and she came out in one of her brilliant states of being. Margaret always felt annihilated when Kate assumed one of these conditions. They were like two electrical bodies, positively and negatively charged. Will Morrison went over to the enemy, and Margaret chatted with the girls. If she was a weak woman to suffer keenly, she was a strong woman to hide it as she did.

Kate Hilyard had beguiled Will Morrison into a long stroll after laurels, and had set him to helping her twine them into wreaths on their return. Suddenly she broke into the song "Comin' through the rye," and every body listened. For the time, she was actress, cantatrice, enchantress, every thing an artful, fascinating woman can be. When she sang,

"Amang the train there is a swain,
I dearly loe mysel',"

every eye followed hers to Will Morrison, and when she sang with melancholy deprecation,

"If a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?"

all followed her magnetism and looked at Margaret Wickham.

But Margaret did not cry or frown; only her lips were white, and crimson spots flamed on either cheek.

Every body said, "Kate Hilyard is playing the highest in hand;" and some sporting gentlemen whispered among themselves, "I'll bet on Kate Hilyard. She's a stunner."

Suddenly there was a change in the atmosphere. Kate Hilyard indicated it, as if she had been a barometer. In the last chorus a great change came over her face, and she fixed her gaze on the calm, reflective man who had just arrived and stood behind Margaret Wickham as she sang,

"Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly loe mysel';
And what's his name, and where's his hame,
I dinna choose to tell!

Mr. Colgate!"

Every body laughed; and Dr. Lane whispered to his neighbor, "The girl is like a leech. She has let Will Morrison go, and is fastening on the new-comer."

"Mr. Colgate!" exclaimed Kate, blushing in pretty deprecation of her speech. "I want some more laurels.

'I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows,' etc.

I've wearied these gentlemen in my service. May I ask you, as a gallant helper of distressed females, to bear me company while I go for more laurels?"

Mr. Colgate measured the girl from head to foot. "Enough laurels for to-day!" he said, in an under-tone. "And I want to show Miss Wickham a pretty sketching-place in my boat."

Kate Hilyard colored and turned to Will Morrison. With a glance she drew him to her side, and they disappeared behind the trees.

Margaret Wickham—white-lipped and crimson-cheeked—had arisen when Mr. Colgate spoke and taken the arm he offered her. A moment before she had felt herself helpless, realizing to the fullest extent her inability to cope with Kate Hilyard; but now she smiled gratefully, for a stronger than her enemy had come, and the enemy had retired wounded from the field.

The party had all left the island when Mr. Colgate and Margaret Wickham returned. Floating idly about was another boat that steered for them when they came in sight. Will Morrison was rowing, and Kate Hilyard managed the rudder.

"Mr. Morrison will claim you. Shall I give you up?" asked Mr. Colgate.

"No," said Margaret, quickly.

"It's all nonsense, and quite impracticable," said Mr. Colgate to Will Morrison's proposition to exchange passengers. "The ladies would probably upset the boat, and there would be a pretty kettle of fish literally and truly."

"I am not afraid, and Mr. Morrison brought Miss Wickham," said Kate Hilyard earnestly. "I made this laurel wreath to crown you, Mr. Colgate."

Mr. Colgate took the wreath. "Thank you," he said; "but it is not safe to change. I will take care of Miss Wickham."

Under her laurel wreath Kate Hilyard's brow was piled with frowning wrinkles, and Margaret Wickham smiling her thanks was victor, though uncrowned.

The next morning Will Morrison called on Margaret Wickham. He was sorry for any apparent neglect on the previous day. He was willing to say so, and be forgiven.

Margaret was calm and very polite. Had she been angry Will Morrison would have had more hope, and spoken less earnestly. "Of course, Maggie, I want no woman for my wife but you."

"It can never be," said Margaret, quietly.

"And you don't mean to say this is the end?" exclaimed Will Morrison, incredulously.

"No;" said Margaret, "I think the beginning of the end came some time ago; I hardly know when." She went back to the night under the magnolia-trees. "About the time Mr. Colgate came," she said to herself.

Quincy stagnated for a week. The sailing party seemed to have exhausted the energies of the place. Margaret Wickham kept the house, and saw no one. Kate Hilyard taught school, and avoided every body. Will Morrison hunted, and smoked, and swore. Mr. Colgate surveyed and reflected.

When Saturday came Kate Hilyard went off in a boat. Floating lazily on the waters she looked down, on her worn alpaca, and pronounced herself miserable. Her hand dabbling in the water came in contact with something cold. She started, for she was nervous, and drew it from the water. It was a laurel wreath, the one she had given Mr. Colgate. Her face grew dark. "Bah!" she said, "men are stupid, and life is vexation."

On the shore she saw Will Morrison launching his boat. "Bah!" she said again, and her eyes fell on her old alpaca.

When she looked up again she was smiling. "There is comfort in silk dresses," she said. "Mr. Morrison," she exclaimed, as that gentleman's boat glided near, "I am delighted to see you. It's a waste of labor for us each to row a boat. Get into mine, and let's have co-operative labor."

"For a lifetime," said Will Morrison.

Margaret Wickham saw Will Morrison and Kate Hilyard pass that day. Kate had his arm. Five minutes after she put on her hat and went out walking. In the street she met Mr. Colgate.

"I was going to your house to bid you good-by," he said. "Now I will walk with you, if you please. This road is dusty; shall we not take the lake road?"

"I want to see a plant in the park," said Margaret, keeping on her way.

"The other road is much pleasanter," urged Mr. Colgate, loitering.

"But I like this," persisted Margaret.

"Really, Miss Wickham, you had better not," remonstrated Mr. Colgate.

He said no more, when Margaret laughed, and kept on.

In the garden a lady and gentleman loitered among the flowers. The lady had the gentleman's arm.

"Come this way," said Mr. Colgate, indicating a side path.

"There is a plant yonder I wish to see," said Margaret.

Mr. Colgate frowned. "Miss Wickham—" he began.

Margaret moved on. Mr. Colgate followed.

The lady and gentleman turned, and they were face to face with Kate Hilyard and Will Morrison.

Both colored, but Margaret's face was calm and smiling. Women recover from confusion sooner than men, and Kate paused. "What are you looking at, Maggie?" she asked, with an affectation of carelessness.

Margaret explained. "It's a pretty thing for hanging baskets," she said; "you must have it when you go to housekeeping."

"Will you come to see us?" asked Will Morrison, in a low tone.

"Certainly," answered Margaret, "I shall come very often."

When they had passed on Margaret looked up to see Mr. Colgate regarding her curiously. She laughed, and pointed to the edge of a little lake. There was a mother-hen full of dismay to see her brood of ducks sailing in the water.

Mr. Colgate joined in her laughter. "It takes hens a long time to appreciate the nature of ducks—almost as long as it takes men and women to understand each other," he said.

After Mr. Colgate left Margaret that night she sat rapt in deep meditation a long time. At length she arose with a sigh. "Kate is right," she said. "He is like diamond. He impresses every thing, and receives no impression."

Margaret Wickham went back to her old ways and calm content after that night. She wondered at herself. Kate Hilyard and Will Morrison did not grieve her. One day, as she looked at the toys that had made up so much of her childish life, and which lay unthought of on an upper shelf, she said within herself, "My old regard is little more. The woman has outgrown her childish love as well as toys."

One day Will Morrison's wife called to see her.

"I wonder what has become of Mr. Colgate," said Kate, suddenly, in a pause in the conversation. "I never understood his stopping here last summer. I believe he fancied one of us. If it was you, why don't he come after you? I think it must have been me."

Margaret's mother, coming in after Kate left, and seeing her daughter gazing abstractedly out of the window, asked, "Stormy Petrel?"

"No," answered Margaret, arising with a smile; "only a mosquito. Its bite is vexatious, and its song is aggravating—that is all." She seemed to brush away an imaginary insect in the air, and dismissed her mood.

"On parle du soleil,
On vois les rayons,"

she thought that day; for, walking through the streets of Quincy, she came face to face with Mr. Colgate.

"I have come to survey, and see how the land lies," he said, in explanation of his presence.

Will Morrison told his wife Mr. Colgate's reason for coming to Quincy.

"Humph!" ejaculated that amiable lady. "The land he is looking for is unclaimed yet. He wants to read his title clear to Maggie Wickham. Well, Maggie isn't so young as she might be. She will take up with almost any body."

"But she didn't take up with any body," replied her husband, savagely. "It isn't Maggie's first offer, as I know to my sorrow."

There was storm and tempest in Will Morrison's home that night, but in the widow Wickham's parlors were light, and love, and peace beyond words, for Mr. Colgate was reading his title clear to Margaret Wickham.

PERSONAL.

MRS. S. S. COX has come into possession of a handsome fortune by the death of Alvah Buckingham, one of the oldest, most esteemed, and most opulent gentlemen of Ohio.

—Mr. J. S. ELDRIDGE, the new President of the Erie Railway, was not long since a lawyer in moderate practice in Vermont; but, possessing superior business capacity, became the manager of the Ogdensburgh Railroad, and recently of the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Road. It was he who managed to obtain $300,000 from the Massachusetts Legislature last year in aid of the B., H., & E. Road.

—Mr. FORREST, it is rumored, is about to wed Miss Lillie, who has been acting with him in this city. She is twenty, an orphan, reared by Mr. Forrest from infancy, and is passionately attached to him. Originally he adopted her as his daughter, but it seems that he proposes to change the "programme."

—Madame PAREPA ROSA's history may be compressed into five chapters:

CHAPTER I.—Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1839.

CHAPTER II.—Her father a Wallachian Count named Euryplon Parepa; not a millionaire.

CHAPTER III.—The Count taught music—heavenly art—in London in order to procure the desiderated clothes, meats, and such, and

CHAPTER IV.—Married Miss Seguin.

CHAPTER V.—Miss Parepa wedded to Charles Rose.

—We learn from a lapidary that Madame DE LA GRANGE is the possessor of more diamonds than any lady in America, their gold value being about $200,000. Pleasant employment thus to transmute her notes into coin.

—The Rev. W. H. COOKE, who has just been appointed an assistant minister of Trinity Church, is well-known in musical circles as one of the finest tenors New York has produced. Tempting offers were made to him to devote himself to Italian Opera, but he preferred another and higher field. For some time his beautiful and powerful voice delighted the congregation of Calvary Church. It is not a disagreeable thing to be an assistant minister of Trinity Church. The senior assistants receive $7000 per annum, with an extra allowance of $3000 per annum during these very high-priced-meat-and-vegetable times. The junior assistants, $4000. The salaries of all the ministers of Trinity have lately been advanced.

—Bishop NEELY, of Maine, has for a couple of months been doing occasional duty for his brother prelates of Vermont, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, while they were doing the Pan-Anglican Counsel. But Bishop N. did a neat thing at the meeting of the Episcopal Missionary Society held in this city a few days since. He made a modest, touching, eloquent appeal to the Board for Missionary help in his diocese, and was complimented by a vote of $1500 on the spot. Bishop Neely is one of the youngest of the Episcopal Bishops, but an immense worker, of superior administrative ability, sound judgment, and in every way adapted to the duties of his office.

—The linguistic BURRITT has returned from England and proceeded to his native heath at New Britain, Connecticut, where he proposes to parse the remainder of his erudite existence.

—Mr. PEABODY'S presents form a noteworthy part of the attractions at the South Danvers Institute. The portrait of the Queen is there; the gold box in which the freedom of the city of London was conferred upon him; the gold medal presented to him by the Congress of the United States; and the address, on vellum, illuminated in gold and colors, presented by the London Workingmen's Association.

—The late Dr. ANTHON'S manuscript was probably the most perfect ever put into the hands of a compositor. The late N. P. Willis was peremptory in reference to his copy. On one occasion his partner, General Morris, having thought best to alter a word or two in an article was next day remanded by a sharp word, one of the few ever spoken him by Mr. W., and a request that no word or punctuation mark of his should ever again be altered. On the other side, Mr. Dickens has lately said that he could gratefully acknowledge that he never went through the pages of any book he had written without something being presented to him by a proof-reader, something overlooked, some slight inconsistency, some little lapse he had made; in short, without having set down in black and white some indication of having been followed by a trained mind, and not merely by a skillful eye.

—Bishop CLARK, of Rhode Island, told the Pan-Anglicans that, in his judgment, the exclusion of the laity from the councils of the Church was the great defect of the Church of England. The Methodists are rapidly arriving at the same conclusion.

—Queen EMMA, during a part of her residence in England, was the guest of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who says he has met few English ladies who could compare with her in knowledge of the English language and literature.

—EDWIN BOOTH has touched deeply the feminine heart of Baltimore. A critic of that city thus expatiates: "If a man wishes to be the first love of a young lady he must go elsewhere than to Baltimore; here the pure flame of each virgin heart is first offered up to Edwin Booth. When that touching duty is performed the feminine heart is ready to receive matrimonial bids."

—Mr. AUGUST BELMONT, who came to this city thirty years ago, was born in Germany, graduated well from the collegiate institute; was apprenticed to the Frankfort Rothschilds, went thence to Naples, and thence to New York; is short in stature; dresses neatly; is lame from a wound received many years ago in a duel; married a daughter of Commodore Perry; has a fine picture-gallery, and fine children. Mrs. Belmont possesses a superb collection of jewels. A pearl necklace, one of the chief beauties of the collection, is of unsurpassed brilliancy. Every pearl in it is of the first purity, having been gathered, one by one, from every part of the globe, during the last fourteen years. Noted European jewelers are constantly on the lookout for pearls worthy of this matchless neck-lace.

—EARL P. MASON, Esq., of Providence, presented to his daughter on the day of her nuptials, some three weeks since, $100,000, and to his new son-in-law, $25,000 to pay the expenses of a two-year tour in Europe. $25,000 worth of presents were made on the wedding-day by sympathizing friends. Mr. Mason's son, who was recently married to a Louisville lady, received a present of $100,000 from the paternal bank account. Excellent parent!

—Mr. WILLIAM E. M'MASTER, of this State, climbed Mont Blanc on the 31st of August, the first time the feat has been accomplished this season. Mr. M'Master is a portrait painter—one of the "old (M')Masters."

—Bishop COLENSO is to be made the subject of special action by the Pan-Anglican Council. Though he was born in England no one can deny that South Africa is his Natal home.

—Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE arrived here a few days ago from London, and has gone to Philadelphia to see her children. Mr. Pierce Butler, from whom she was divorced, died a few months since. Her first appearance in this city was in 1832—thirty-five years ago—at the old Park Theatre. Of the actors who appeared with her a few are still alive—among them Henry and Thomas Placide, Mrs. Vernon, and Peter Richings.

—Mr. JAY COOKE, the banker, has advanced and noble views of hospitality, as well as an original and delightful way of getting people together at his fine island retreat in Lake Erie. A Sandusky editor has been shown the banker's printed cards by means of which his friends travel, at his expense, to and from this Gibraltar Island to their homes in the east. Every month the cards are sent in with the bills attached, and the rich man settles up the traveling expenses. That is the American way of doing things!

—The widow of General MIRAMON is *en route* for Austria, of which empire she has been made a princess, as a reward for the devotion of her husband and herself to Maximilian.

—STEPHEN SALISBURY is the name of the gentleman who has honored himself by giving $50,000 to the Free Institute of Science in Worcester, Massachusetts.

—The $15,000 per annum call, tendered by the wardens and vestry of Grace Church in this city to the Rev. Dr. BROOKE, of Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia, has been declined. They simply said, "Think of that, Master Brooke;" but it seems he likes a more rural parish, and so remains in Philadelphia.

—Lord LYTTON has nearly ready for publication three volumes of miscellaneous works, consisting of critical papers on Lamb, Gray, Goldsmith, Pitt, Fox, and other literary and political celebrities.

—The notable men of England are thus paragraphed, as to chirography, by a gentleman who has studied up the subject: Lord DERBY writes a very neat, lady-like, running hand; Lord PALMERSTON wrote boldly, with large, round letters and thick up-strokes; Mr. DISRAELI writes a large and angular running hand; Lord RUSSELL writes like a lady, but with small and ill-formed letters, very much such a hand as that of the late Sir ROBERT PEEL; Lord LYTTON slovenly and carelessly, and in an illegible manner; Lord HOUGHTON an upright scrawl; Mr. GLADSTONE an Oxford hand; Mr. BRIGHT in small, neat, scholar-like characters. Lord LYNDHURST wrote a fine, large, bold, and legible hand; while that of Lord BROUGHAM is fine, large, and bold, but wonderfully difficult to decipher—apparently an expression of the impetuousness of the writer's character.

—Mrs. CARLYLE, wife of the eminent T. C., is a pleasant, lively creature, well educated, has beautiful eyes and fingers, and is fond of silks, etc.

—Lady BULWER has become copious in form, has radiant, deep blue eyes and raven hair.

—Mrs. CORA MOWATT RITCHIE is, it is said, about to return to the stage. So also is Mrs. George Wood (Eliza Logan), and Mrs. Crowe (Miss Bateman).

—Miss MAGGIE MITCHELL is about to "change her local habitation and her name," and become Mrs. Edward Kent. Does she propose to say, with Cordelia:

"O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work
To match thy goodness?"

—The Queen has completed her second book, and it will soon be given to the public. It describes, in her own fresh and feminine style, a series of journeys, chiefly made by the royal party in Scotland. The public will learn from this book something authentic about the Prince Consort's gillie, who has recently attained a sort of grotesque notoriety. Of the Queen's first book the Harpers have published nearly 20,000 copies, and the call is still for more.

—WOODBURY LANGDON, who died recently in Paris, was the great-nephew of the Woodbury who was Secretary of the Treasury at the time of the Revolution. His grandfather, Langdon, was the last colonial Governor of New Hampshire, and was conspicuous during that period. Washington Irving pronounced him (Woodbury Langdon), when a mere boy, "a gentleman of the old school." In Paris he had for ten years devoted himself to painting, and with such success that he was admitted, in 1865 and 1866, to the annual exhibition, when 2000 French artists and others were refused. He was a grandson of John Jacob Astor, but too liberal in his tastes and habits to please the old German gentleman. Although extremely refined, he never cared to enter Parisian society; and it was curious to see this handsome, lucky grandson of fortune living in that city of luxury, and with his wife and son joining regularly in the almost Methodist service of the American chapel. He was a true gentleman.

—During a recent speech at Bellefontaine Senator SHERMAN said that women should not vote, because they are now well represented by their husbands, brothers, and lovers. Said he, "We have the reins, but the women guide and show us the way to go, as the old song said which I used to sing when a boy." A damsel seated at the Court House window said, "Give us the song." But the Senator replied, "I don't remember it, or I would sing it."

Coat-Sleeve with Points.

See illustration, page 25.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 11-13.

SLEEVE of black silk, trimmed with three bias folds of the same, edged on both sides with satin piping, and finished with satin points, as shown in the illustration. Fig. 11 gives the sleeve, and Figs. 12 and 13 the points. The last are of double stuff, and are set under the piping of the fold.

Bell Sleeve.

See illustration, page 24.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 14.

BELL sleeve of lilac cretonne, trimmed with violet worsted braid, in the manner shown in the illustration. Fig. 14 gives the pattern of the sleeve. The under-sleeve is of puffed lace and lace insertion.

Half-Flowing Sleeve.

See illustration, page 21.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 15.

SLEEVE of pearl silk, trimmed as shown in the illustration with bias fold of brown silk and passementerie drop fringe. The close sleeve is trimmed simply with a bias fold. Fig. 15 gives the flowing sleeve; the close sleeve is cut from No. III., Fig. 11.

Fichu with Belt.

See illustration, page 24.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 16-19.

THIS fichu is of black embroidered lace, and of black watered ribbon one inch and a half in width, studded on either edge with white beads, and is bordered with black and white lace, two inches wide. White pendants complete the trimming. Cut both fronts from Fig. 16, allowing an inch on the left side for a hem up the front, and the back from Fig. 17. Fig. 18 gives the belt, of black watered ribbon, to which are attached five lappets, Fig. 19, of narrow ribbon and lace, finished at the end with a pendant. The ribbon that forms the middle of each lappet is two inches longer than the others. The middle lappet is set on the belt to correspond with the figures on the pattern, the others being placed a little less than an inch apart. The back and fronts are next joined together, the neck hemmed narrow and finished with narrow ribbon, and the trimming put on, as shown in the illustration. The lace is pleated around the fichu, and headed with narrow watered ribbon. The figures on the pattern show where the belt is put on; this is finished with a rosette of watered ribbon, with a white button in the centre. The fichu is confined at the throat by a button and button-hole.

Guipure Collar.

See illustration, page 25.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 20-22.

THIS collar is well adapted to the new style of dresses, cut heart-shaped in front. It consists of two rows of guipure lace, one black and one white, the latter a little more than an inch in width, and the former somewhat narrower, which are pleated on the neck of a nansook chemisette. Cut the chemisette by Figs. 20-22, taking care in cutting the front to observe the dotted line in Fig. 20 indicating the heart-shaped slit. The neck of the dress must, of course, be made to fit the chemisette.

Bodice with Lappets.

See illustration, page 24.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 23 and 24.

THIS bodice is made of a combination of black watered ribbon an inch and two inches in length, and bead edging. The broad ribbon is used for the belt, to which are attached two lappets of ribbon of the same width in front, and five lappets of the narrow ribbon in the back, all edged with bead-lace and finished at the bottom with long jet pendants. The top of the bodice is finished with a trimming of jet beads and black silk soutache. Figs. 23 and 24 represent half of the bodice, which is closed in front by jet buttons.

Fanchon Bonnet.

See illustration, page 25.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 25.

THIS bonnet is of pearl crape in the engraving. It can also be made of corded silk or velvet. The trimming consists of a diadem of pearl-gray berries and leaves laid over the front of the bonnet, and extending well down on either side. Strings of crape and narrow ribbon complete the trimming. Fig. 25 gives one-half of the bonnet shape. Cut this first of stiff muslin, allowing about one-fourth of an inch for the turning down, wire it around the edge and through the middle, as shown in the pattern, and cover it two or three times with the crape, pleating the latter lastly over it. Trim the back of the bonnet with pearl-gray ribbon, three-fourths of an inch wide and three yards long, the ends of which serve as strings, and cover this with a scarf of crape, with a wide hem, three yards long and five-eighths of a yard wide, laid in three pleats as shown in the illustration so as to make it about two inches wide. Lastly, put a flat bow of crape and leaves on the top, and fasten a band of silk and crape inside the front of the bonnet as a support, which reaches from the middle to * on each side, in Fig. 25.

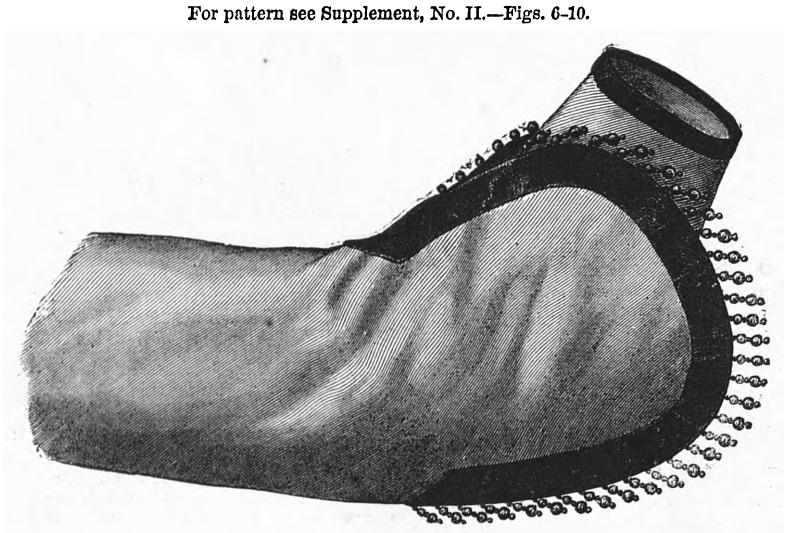
Cap of Tatting.

See illustration, page 25.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 26 and 27.

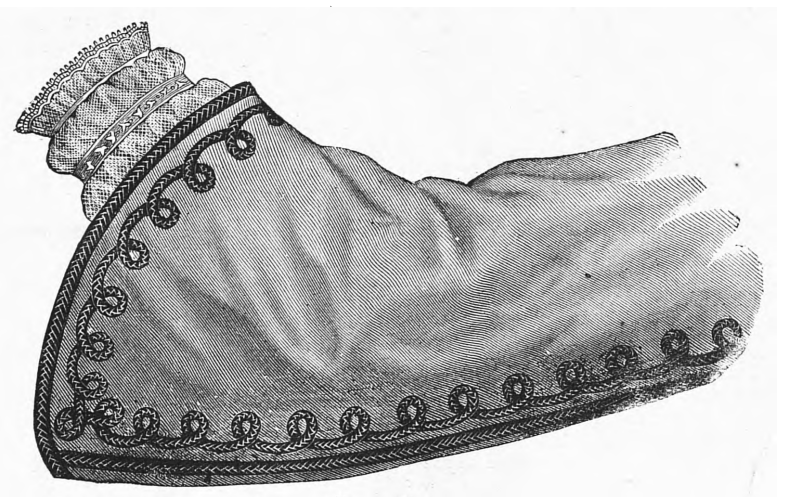
THIS cap is formed of an oblong piece of tatting, bordered with tatting edging, with barbs of the same material, and trimmed with large and small rosettes of blue velvet ribbon. Figs. 26 and 27 give the parts of the cap, which is set on double stiff muslin, to correspond with the figures on Fig. 27, and finished with a barb about five-eighths of a yard long. A narrow velvet ribbon is run through the edge of the lace, and serves to hold the barb in place.

WHITE CASHMERE WAIST.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II.—Figs. 6-10.

WHITE CASHMERE WAIST.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II.—Figs. 6-10.



HALF-FLOWING SLEEVE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 15.

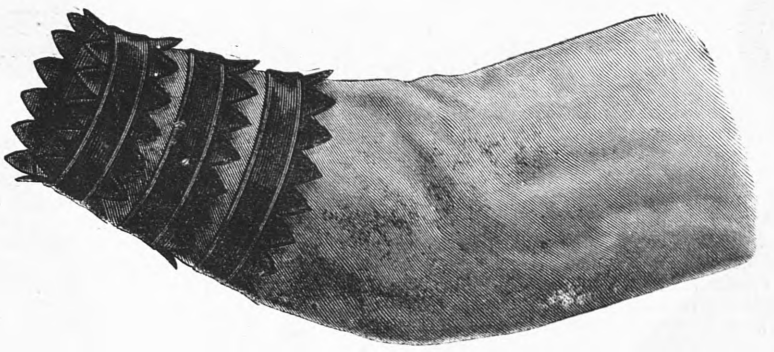


BELL SLEEVE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 14.

BODICE WITH LAPPETS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 23 and 24.

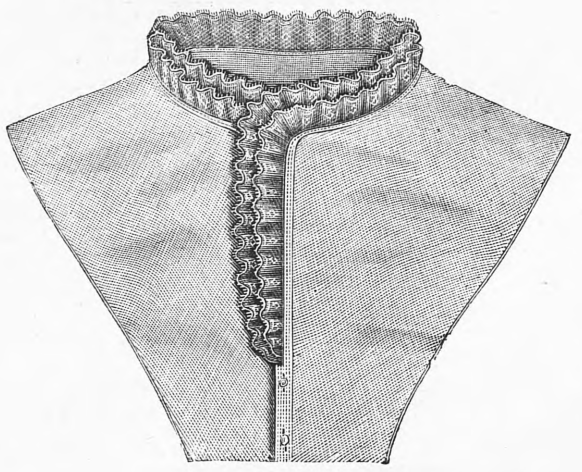
FICHU WITH BELT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 16-19.

TATTING CAP.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 26 and 27.



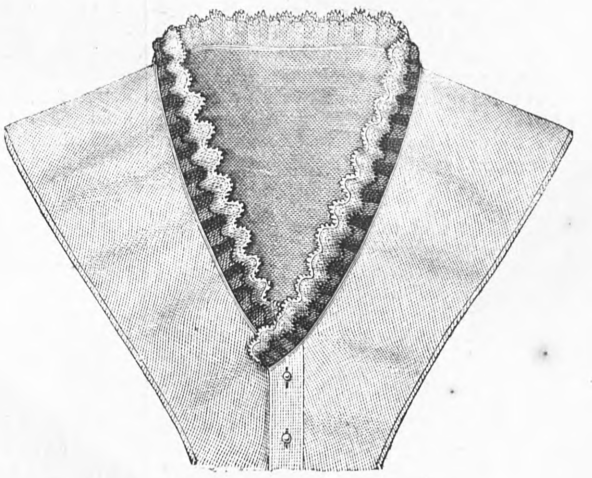
COAT-SLEEVE WITH POINT TRIMMING.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 11-13.

GORED PETTICOAT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-5.



STANDING COLLAR.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 20-22.

FANCHON BONNET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 25.



GUIPURE LACE COLLAR.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 20-22.

Mignon. Hernani. Rachel. Magician. Gerolstein. Africaine.

FALL COSTUMES.—[SEE PAGE 20.]

A NIGHT IN A FIRST-CLASS RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

A GOOD many years ago I was traveling with my husband to Italy. It was our wedding-tour. Since then many things have changed. As I look in the glass it may be that my face has not so much color as it had then, but the memory of that journey remains as fresh as if we had only set out yesterday.

I went the same route the other day, and I tried hard to kindle the embers of my lost enthusiasm, but I might as well hope to change my steady sober self into the happy laughing girl of twenty years ago.

It was, as I said before, our wedding-tour, and we had loitered so long and so pleasantly on the way, that although it was summer when we started, winter was fast closing in before we could make up our minds to quit Paris and follow out our original plan of wintering in Italy. An uncle of my husband's was living in Marseilles, and that was to be our first resting-place. It was Christmas-eve before our last purchases were finally made, and we and our belongings were whizzing down in an express train to Marseilles. I can perfectly recall my feelings on the morning of the 24th December, in the year 18—. It was bitterly cold when we left Paris, snowing and hailing heavily at intervals, and all the bright weather we had been enjoying for weeks, gone. I felt gloomy and depressed, and as if a new chapter in my life were about to begin. I was very sorry to leave Paris, and felt very nervous at meeting relations quite new to me, and being moreover not a little spoiled by the exclusive devotion of my husband, I felt slightly aggrieved and decidedly jealous at the evident pleasure with which he was looking forward to meeting his own people. He grew animated in his description of his favorite cousin Emily, and expressed a strong desire that we should be like sisters, and as for Charley, he was the handsomest and nicest fellow in the world, and so on, until the shortness of my answers, and the general sulkiness of my manner damped his ardor, and my having recourse to the usual feminine cloak for ill-humor, a headache, finally reduced him to silence. The winter's day slowly wore away. We tried to get through the weary hours by all the usual traveling artifices. We read assiduously the little green volumes of fiction popular along the French line, we ate and drank at the regulation stations, and we took the regulation little snatches of uncomfortable sleep. So the hours went by, and it was almost quite dark when we came puffing and whizzing into the grand Lyons station, about seven o'clock.

Hitherto we had been free from fellow-passengers, much to my enjoyment; but here we were joined by a lady. Somehow she impressed me unfavorably. She was much wrapped up in shawls, and her traveling hood was closely drawn over her face. Her dark eyes gleamed fitfully from under it with an unnatural brightness. Her mouth had a cold, sarcastic expression, and a *soupçon* of a mustache disfigured her upper lip. When she spoke, in answer to some slight civility of my husband's, her voice was hard and repulsive. My husband made several efforts to enter into conversation, but she received them so coldly that we left her to herself. Still she kept a furtive and cat-like watch upon us, which had an irritating effect upon my nerves. After a time my husband fell asleep, but do what I would I could not, although worn out with fatigue, follow his example.

I was in that excited state of mind when trifles assume an unnatural importance, and, although to some it may seem almost laughable, yet I am sure a nervous reader will understand me when I say that the unbroken stillness of the carriage, the regular breathing of my husband, the unceasing swing, swing of the lamp above my head, and above all, the presence of our fellow-passenger in the corner, became to me perfectly intolerable. At last, I resolutely shut my eyes, and after a time fell into a kind of semi-unconsciousness.

While in this state it seemed to me that our opposite neighbor performed the most extraordinary antics. I thought she lay at the bottom of the carriage and dragged herself slowly and stealthily toward us. She got gradually nearer and near; her face came quite close to mine; her breath was hot on my cheek; her hand was on my mouth; I gave a loud, piercing shriek, and opened my eyes. The elderly lady was in her place by the window, looking a little flurried and agitated, but that was to be accounted for by my startling her. My husband was much alarmed, and could not account for the nervous tremor which seemed to have seized upon me. I clung close to him, and whispered the cause of my fright.

As I spoke in English, I thought myself secure, but I felt her cold eyes upon me, and my husband's assurances that it was only a dream failed to calm me. She was most anxious in her inquiries about me. She had been looking at me asleep, she said, and saw that I was struggling with a nightmare or bad dream; at the first station I ought to have some strengthening tisane or coffee. After this she became quite lively and chatty, but her conversation was to me more unpleasant than her silence. She kept up an unceasing fire of questions as to where were we coming from—where were we going to. She was herself an officer's widow in Lyons, and was going to see her son at Marseilles. It provoked me exceedingly to see that my husband considered her an intelligent and rather agreeable companion, he told her all our plans, and they got on together very pleasantly.

Later on we came into a large station. "Here," said our fellow-traveler, after consulting with great attention the Railway Guide, "we are to wait twenty minutes. I would recommend that Monsieur would alight and get Madame a cup of good strong coffee, and the same for me, if Monsieur would have the kindness."

I felt the most curious dislike to be left alone, but I was ashamed to give utterance to such a childish fear, and my husband was too anxious to get me the coffee to listen to my assurances that I did not want it. I strained my head out of the window, but soon lost sight of him in the darkness. I thought I felt the premonitory jerk of the train, and I looked round anxiously. The bell rang out loudly, and I started to my feet in an agony. "Sit down," said my companion, quietly, "that is nothing." While she was speaking the train moved slowly out of the station. I made a frantic rush to the window, but I was held back and replaced in my seat by my friend, who, while she kept on soothing and reassuring me in her croaky voice, held me so tight that I could not possibly move. When we were fairly off she fell back in her seat, screaming and clapping her hands in delight, while I shrank back in horror and amazement.

I was in a perfect tumult of agitation. Here were all my fears realized; this dreadful mad woman would be alone with me for the whole night, for we made no further stop till we reached Marseilles. She had no sympathy for me, and no doubt she was laughing at me in her sleeve.

I hastily wiped away the tears that had forced themselves to my eyes, and tried to recover from agitation. "That's right," said the odious voice beside me—for she had moved her seat next to me. "Cheer up, and don't cry its eyes out. Never you mind, a few years more, and you will be only too glad to dispense with the presence of *ce cher mari* on your little excursions." Amazed at her impertinent manner, I said coldly, "that she was unacquainted with English women, or she would not make such a remark."

"Am I?" she said, wagging her head, and looking at me with a diabolical sneer. "Am I? Well, then, my dear, let that be; I am perhaps better acquainted with Englishmen, and let my experience teach your innocence, my dear young lady. Your dear Henri, as you call *ce cher petit mari*, will soon give a bargain of your pretty airs and graces, your little nervous shrieks and tender clingings. Ah, your English husbands, they *are* the nice lot! I could tell you stories, my little love, that would rise the hair up of your virtuous head; and as for *ce cher* Henri, he is no better than another. Ha, ha!"

Here she broke into an odious chuckling laugh that thrilled my blood.

"Well, there, then; shall it go to sleep like a good child, or shall I tell it a few stories of the Englishmen I have known?" Much alarmed at her manner and language, I faintly answered that I thought I should like to go to sleep.

"Very good; well, then, to sleep with you; but first baby shall drink something to settle its nerves; it is a cordial, and I think it will be better than the coffee Monsieur went in search of. Ha, ha! How green of him to swallow my little invention of the twenty minutes; but the English are so *bête*. My little angel, I was determined to secure a tête-à-tête with you. Here, now, drink."

Afraid to refuse this dreadful mad woman, I drank some of the cordial she offered; it had an odd taste, and seeing that she was busy replacing the bottle in her bag, I hastily threw the rest out of the window next, and handed her back the glass. She was much pleased by my obedience, and took great pains in settling me comfortably, and wrapping cloaks around me. For some time I kept watching her; I was determined not to go asleep, and I kept my wakeful eyes like sentries on her in her corner following her, while she seemed absorbed in some calculation with pencil and paper.

Thoughts crossed rapidly through my mind. What should I do when I got to Marseilles? How should I find out our uncle? for I had forgotten his address. Would that dreadful creature murder me if I fell asleep for a few minutes? What could have been her object in getting my husband out of the carriage? She was evidently mad and possessed of all the cunning of insanity. My eyelids grew sore in my effort to keep them open and on guard. I would close them for five minutes only to rest them. I feel calmer; she is still in the corner, all safe. My eyelids are getting heavier and heavier; resistance is vain, and sleep gets possession of me.

How long I slept I didn't know, but by degrees I began to dream that I was in prison, and under the sentence for death; and that when I came to the scaffold the executioner had the features of the French lady. Then it changed, and I was at Marseilles, and saw my husband: but he did not seem to know me; and then I called to him; he turned, and showed me the face of my odious fellow-passenger. At this I awoke.

The train was whizzing along. The lamp was swinging above, and the air in the carriage was very dense and confined. I was so confused, and felt my head so heavy, that I lay for some minutes, not well knowing where I was. Then I slowly raised my head. Has my hateful tormentor gone? She is not in her corner, thank goodness; but who is that figure with its back to me, bending over my husband's carpet-bag, turning over all the contents? Am I getting mad? Is it my husband? No, it is too tall. I am still sleeping. I shut my eyes and open them again. No, it is still there. It has on my husband's traveling coat and cap. I am the victim of some horrible delusion. My tongue cleaves to my mouth. I would give worlds the French woman were here, or that something would break the horrid stillness. Presently the man turned slowly round. Good Heavens! it was the face of the French woman; her gleaming eyes, her sarcastic mouth. Cautiously he is tying on a black beard, which he adjusts carefully. Then he lets down the window, and throws a bundle out.

I see it all. Our companion has been a man disguised as a woman. Overcome with horror, I gasp in very agony of mind. Immediately the wretch turns to my side of the carriage, and our eyes meet. "Diablesse! Treacherous cat!" he cries, "So you have been awake and watching me. You spy on me, do you? Twice you have circumvented me; your pretty little shriek prevented the chloroform doing its work on your fool of a husband, and now you shall pay the penalty. This pistol will make quick work of you; and your body thrown out in this dark night will tell no tales. You will pass for some unfortunate who has committed suicide, and you will make a pretty article for the newspapers." In my agony I fell on my knees and implored mercy of this ruffian, offering him money—jewels to spare my life. He listened gloomily, then after a few minutes he said:

"There, that's enough; get up. I will spare you on one condition; and, remember, you have no one to blame but your own infernal curiosity; only for that feminine propensity you need never have known but that the French woman got out and I got in during your sleep. But you must peep and spy, curse you. But you can be of some service, so listen; but first swear never to reveal what has happened this night, and, secondly, swear solemnly to follow implicitly my instructions."

Trembling in every limb, I gave the required assurance.

"Now, get up, little fool, and listen to me. But first, to show you I was not idle while you reposed, here is plenty of money for any little trip we may take, and I will look to you to find me more from your store of pretty things."

So speaking, he showed me Henry's pocket-book, filled with gold and notes from his traveling-case. Obeying his directions, I unlocked my dressing-case, and, while he disposed of its contents in various little bags about his person, he proceeded to unfold his plans. He would, he said, make little or no alteration in my husband's arrangements, with which he so kindly acquainted him. He would certainly dispense with the visit to *ce cher oncle*, and avail himself of the excellent Henri's purse, wife, and passport to push on to Civita Vecchia. Once landed on Italian ground, he would dispatch me back to my friends and sorrowing husband in the most convenient manner, and I could account for my little adventure in any way most pleasing to myself, and compatible with strict adherence to my oath.

"Never," I cried, "will I submit to such an indignity; I would rather die first."

"It is a pity you did not think that when I was disposed to oblige you. Now, your oath having satisfied me, you are safe from me; but suicide is still open to you, only it is an unpleasant death; it would get me rather well out of the difficulty. No, no, madame, be reasonable, and do not drive me to extremities. I will be civil and quiet, and during the time that I shall be called upon to play the part of your husband you will have nothing to complain of from any undue attention on my part. I hate your baby-face sniveling women. There, go back to your corner, and don't disturb me with your crocodile tears. I think, first, your dress wants a little alteration. Take off your jaunty coquettish hat and cloak, and put on these more respectable garments, belonging to your esteemed fellow-traveler. I kept them expressly for you."

So saying, he threw me over the horrid hood and cloak that had been worn by the French lady. When my transformation was effected, he surveyed me with much satisfaction, and remarked with an odious chuckle that I was a disgrace to a dashing fellow like him, and that not even *ce cher Henri* would know me now.

He then produced a bottle, from which he continued to drink unremittingly; while I, in my corner, afraid to move or stir, endured such misery as does not often fall to the lot of mortals. It seemed to me that I lived centuries in that wretched night, and I don't think the quiet happiness of years has effaced the impression.

In the gray of the morning we came into Marseilles. I think a criminal under execution must feel something like what I did as the train came into the terminus on that Christmas morning. If I could have broken my oath, it was physically impossible, as for the time I had lost the power of speech. Even my tormentor seemed to be struck with the change in me, and spoke more gently. He let me sit still while he collected all our traveling things. Oh the agony I felt at seeing Henry's things in his hands!

The instant the train stopped he seized me by the wrist, and held me tight, while he assisted me to alight with great politeness. He whispered "Remember" in my ear, and then, drawing my arm through his, hurried me into a cab, saying to the cabman "We have no luggage," gave the direction to drive off. I was just about frantically shrieking for help, reckless alike of life or my oath, when a young gentleman came running up in the opposite direction. "Tell me, coachman," said he, eagerly, "has the Paris train come in?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Oh, then," he said, turning to my companion, "perhaps you can tell me did you happen to see a young English lady? Her husband, my cousin, left her by a mere accident at one of the stations. The train went off suddenly. He telegraphed to me to meet her, and—"

With a wild piercing shriek I interrupted him. My companion uttered a fearful oath under his breath, and then, with the most consummate politeness said—

"Monsieur, this is the lady of whom you speak. She has been under my protection since I joined her at —— station; I am only too happy to leave her in safe hands. At great personal inconvenience to myself, I was about conveying her to her friends. I am a doctor, and I can not conceal from you that the lady's nerves are terribly shaken. I found her in a high state of excitement, and, in fact, for the greater part of the night she has been raving, and fancying all kinds of delusions. I should not be surprised that a severe illness was the result." Then, with a profound bow, and an "Adieu, madame; remember that at any *dangerous symptom* you may expect a visit from me," he left us.

For many weeks I lay unconscious, struggling with all the horrors of brain-fever. During my slow recovery I had time to prize the cousin Emily, of whom I had felt a foolish jealousy upon that eventful morning, and my appreciation of cousin Charles is equal to that my husband feels for him. With a delicacy and tact for which I felt most grateful, they never alluded to the events of that dreadful night.

MODES OF PROPOSING.

THERE seem to be other ways of getting a wife besides advertising for one.

A young lady in England it is said, the heiress of some property, had occasion from time to time to consult a lawyer, who was one of the trustees of the property, though not much older than herself, on matters of business. The lawyer, wholly engrossed with his profession, listened to her politely at these interviews, answered her briefly, and that was all.

At length she came to him one day to consult him about an offer of marriage which had been made to her. He heard her story, his attention being half occupied all the time by some papers on the desk before him that he was arranging. As soon as she had finished he paused a moment from his work, put himself into an attitude of reflection, and said, musingly:

"Well! Yes! Marriage is certainly an important subject, and every body must think of it at some time or other, I suppose, though I have never thought of it particularly in my own case."

Then turning to the young lady he asked her if she was particularly interested in the young gentleman who had proposed to her. She said she was not.

"Well then," said he, "if you have a fancy for being married, here am *I*. If you think you could be comfortable and happy with *me*, I am at your service. Think of it."

The lady said that she would think of it, and retired, while the lawyer returned to the work of arranging his papers.

A month afterward they were married.

On the subject of the fate of the disappointed suitor history is silent.

The above is an English story. The next is a French one.

A young lady, wealthy, beautiful, and accomplished, went to Paris to see the Exposition and the other wonders of the place. She had no male protector. As it is understood that you can procure any thing you wish for in Paris, she determined to provide herself with one.

A week or two after this an intelligent and handsome young salesman in one of the principal "magazines" had his attention attracted by a very charming young lady who came in several days in succession to make purchases, and always came to his counter, where she usually held more conversation with him than the business strictly required. At length one day when she had made some purchases she asked him if he would do her the favor to come himself with the messenger who should bring the articles to her apartment, as she wished to see him on some private business; and she gave him her address.

When he came she received him as a friend, and told him in the course of the interview that she had come to Paris to see the Exposition, but she had no male protector, in consequence of which she was greatly restricted in her movements and subjected to much inconvenience. What she proposed to him was that he should enter into her service as her brother during the two months of her stay. She had selected him, she said, after some considerable quiet observation about the town among the gentlemen to whom she thought that such a proposal could properly be made. If he accepted her offer she said she would make him ample compensation for the loss of his situation, and for the time that would be required for him to find another.

The gentleman said he would accept.

"It is to be understood, however," added the lady, "that the very first instance in which you depart in the slightest degree from your rôle, which is that of my brother, even by so much as paying me a compliment, all is over between us."

The gentleman said he agreed to the condition.

The contract was faithfully fulfilled on both sides. For two months the lady enjoyed the countenance and protection of her temporary brother, who came every morning to attend her in her visits to the Exposition, and to the various public monuments of Paris, and in the evening to the opera and the theatres. He was a young man of fine personal appearance and agreeable manners, and he faithfully confined his attentions within the limits prescribed by his employer. At the end of the time the lady expressed herself well satisfied with the manner in which he had performed his duties, and took her leave of him—putting into his hands at the same time a packet which he, on subsequently opening, found to contain notes of the Bank of France to an amount sufficient to indemnify him ten times over for the temporary loss of his usual employment.

The next day the lady left Paris by the morning train for Brest, where she was to take passage by the steamer for her native land. We can not unfortunately determine from this circumstance what her native land was, inasmuch as not only the American steamers but also those bound to other destinations sail from Brest, and take passengers thence to all parts of the civilized world.

On the morning of the day following, as the lady was entering the carriage that was to take her to the quay, she received a package by express from Paris. On opening it she found that it contained a casket of jewelry, consisting of diamonds of great value. They were from her "brother." He had invested the whole sum which she had given him in this way.

She was so touched with the delicacy which her companion had manifested in returning the value in this form instead of refusing to receive it when it was offered to him, and with the feeling on his part toward herself which his action denoted, that she gave up her voyage, returned to Paris, and sought the gentleman again to thank him for his present.

In about a month afterward *they* too were married.

These two stories are both in some measure characteristic of the manners and usages of the respective countries in which they are said to have occurred.

The two following are Yankee stories, and they are equally characteristic of their origin:

A young Boston merchant, who had come into the city when he was eighteen, and had devoted himself strictly and faithfully to his duties, found himself at the age of thirty-two in possession of a large and fast-increasing capital, at the head of a very prosperous and lucrative business, and in the receipt by means of it of an ample income, but with no wife. He first bought and furnished a house in a handsome part of the town, and then began to cast about for the means of finding a lady to place at the head of it.

There were plenty of frivolous and fashionable women about him, whose idea of a husband was a gentleman to work all day in his counting-room in order to furnish them with money for their dresses, and with a house containing suitable parlors for their balls and parties. But these were not his kind. He wished for a wife who had some idea of *duty* to be performed. He concluded that he must seek one among those who had been trained to the performance of duty.

"New Hampshire is a good State," said he to himself, musing.

So he went from his store round the corner to the counting-room of a commission-merchant, who acted as agent for the sale of goods manufactured by a large company at Dover, and asked for a letter of introduction to the superintendent of the mills, vouching for his respectability.

The merchant immediately wrote a letter as follows:

"The bearer of this is Mr. A. B., a gentleman thoroughly responsible, and worthy of entire confidence in every respect."

Armed with this missive, he went to Dover, presented his letter to the superintendent, and asked permission to go through the mills, and observe the different operations. The permission was granted, and he commenced going the rounds. After a time he came into an immense hall, where several hundred girls, of all ages from eighteen to twenty-five, were engaged in weaving—or, rather, in watching and supervising the weaving done by the looms. They were all active, healthy, and intelligent. Many of them were extremely beautiful, and they were, without exception, easy and graceful in their movements. No awkwardness can *live* among the looms and spinning-machines of a cotton-mill.

"The finest assortment," said the gentleman to himself, "that I ever saw. If a man can not suit himself here it is of no use for him to look any farther."

So he proceeded at once to make an examination of "the goods." He first, from a seat near the foreman's desk, surveyed the room, and observed the countenances, bearing, and general demeanor of the various operatives. Then he walked about the room, and held a little conversation with one and another here and there. Finally he took his selection. He made some inquiries of the foreman in regard to the character of the one whom he had chosen. Receiving very favorable answers, he asked, incidentally as it were, what was her name and where she came from, and obtained the desired information.

He took the next train which went into that part of the country, and stopped at the village in question. At the tavern he fell into conversation with the landlady about village affairs, and from her obtained much additional information. The girl was the daughter of a farmer, respectable, though in humble circumstances, was well-educated, as all New Hampshire girls are, and bore an excellent character. He went to the farmer's house, and, after a long conversation, for which negotiations for the purchase of apples formed the pretext, but of which the real object was to give the father and mother an opportunity to become a little acquainted with him, he bade them good-by, after arranging to have the apples—three barrels of them—packed and sent to Boston.

To make a long story short, the gentleman went back that same afternoon to Dover, called at the young woman's boarding-house, and asked to see her on business; and he so far succeeded in his negotiations with her as to induce her to close her engagement at the mill, and go home to consult her father and mother on the "business" in question.

In about a month *they two* were married. The gentleman's friends think that he has got a charming and most excellent wife, though they can not imagine how he found her in that out-of-the-way village in New Hampshire. They live very happily together in Boston, and she attends faithfully to all her duties as wife and mother, having been trained to the performance of duty from her childhood. It would be a betrayal of confidence for us to give the street and number where they live.

In all the preceding cases the matches were made in a very business-like and matter-of-fact way. There is one story remaining to be told, which is of a much more romantic and sentimental character, so that those readers who do not fancy romantic tales may perhaps as well pass over the remainder of this article.

A student who had completed his studies, and was commencing his professional life under very favorable auspices, was on his way home late in the autumn to make a little visit to the paternal roof. It was in old times, when the only mode of conveyance for travelers was the stage-coach. Among his fellow-passengers in the coach was a young lady of very agreeable person and manners, who first attracted his notice by her kind consideration for an aged woman, who was assisted into the coach at a way-side inn. In the course of the day the gentleman became pretty well acquainted with the young lady, whose name he ascertained was Mary W——. He began to feel a strong interest in her, and it would seem from the result that the interest was in some degree reciprocal. In the course of the conversations that they held together in the stage, and also in walking up certain long hills, where such of the passengers as were so disposed got out to relieve the horses, they learned mutually many particulars of each other's parentage and history, so that as the day passed on they began to feel somewhat like old friends.

During the afternoon a rain-storm came on. The roads became wet and heavy, and the progress made was slow. The sky was overcast, and darkness supervened at a very early hour, while the stage was yet several miles from the village where it was to stop. As the wheels went on plowing through the mud and ruts the passengers became uneasy, for the driver had no lights. The young lady, however, evinced so much calmness and composure as greatly to increase the interest which the student felt for her. The danger was real, as the event proved, for just as the coach reached the top of a hill the wheels on one side went off the edge of the road into a ditch, and the coach overturned.

The student called out to the passengers to lie as still as possible, so as to get out quietly, one by one, from the openings in the side of the coach which was uppermost. He was himself near the door on that side, and was the first to escape. He then assisted the others by feeling, for it was so utterly dark that nothing could be seen. The young lady came next but one. The road was so wet and muddy, he said, that she could not step in it, and she must let him carry her to the bank on the other side. She consented.

So he took her in his arms and began to carry her across the muddy road, feeling his way in the utter darkness, made more intense by the trees of a forest that bordered the road. She yielded herself so readily to his grasp, and reclined her head so confidingly upon his shoulder, that he was encouraged to whisper in her ear, "Mary, are you engaged to be married?" She answered, "No." "Are you willing to be my wife?" She answered, "Yes." He sealed the promise with the usual little ceremony, and then placed his prize upon a flat stone by the road-side, the white surface of which reflected the sky sufficiently to make its form just visible, after which he went back to assist the other passengers.

I believe that this couple were not married within the *month*, but they were duly united at the proper time. The lady afterward often told her friends that she always had the most agreeable associations with the idea of the upsetting of a stage-coach, though they could not imagine why.

We can not absolutely guarantee the truth of all these stories, but must leave our readers to exercise their own judgment and discretion in regard to their credibility.

MRS. TYPESET'S DIARY.

Friday Eve.—"What is the matter?" I asked of my husband, at the dinner-table this evening, as he took a newspaper from his pocket, and began to look over its columns with an uncommonly sad expression of countenance. "Has any thing troubled you?"

"Yes," he answered, "I have seen to-day something which has grieved and distressed me deeply."

"What is it, my dear?"

"I have seen a melancholy instance of a woman leaving the domestic hearth, and the sweet cares and placid anxieties of household life, and thrusting herself forward under the public gaze, intruding her thoughts and feelings, the arrangements of her household, nay, her very name, openly before the common people."

"What did she do?" I asked, anxiously. One rarely sees Mr. Typeset appear so much troubled.

"She forsook the sphere of woman," said my husband; "which should be, so our Conservative Convention orators, and sound philosophers and journalists declare, enwrapped in privacy. She wandered from her home. She forgot that if women crowd into public employments, and send their thoughts abroad, men must, in self-defense, retaliate; must spend some of their hours at home, and make some effort to make the household circle happy."

"I wish to goodness they ever would," said I, in an under-tone. Then, louder—"But tell me, Mr. T., what *are* you talking about? Was it any body I know?"

"It was somebody whom *I* know. It was my own wife; whose name and thoughts I have seen paraded before the public eye in the columns of a weekly newspaper. I have seen her diary published, as if she were a French Secretary of State, who has been dead thirty years; or an ex-President of the United States who hasn't."

"Oh, Mr. Typeset!" I shouted, clapping my hands, "did they really print it? How did they get it?"

And I jumped up, and ran to his end of the table, and leaned over his shoulder and grasped at the paper to see what it had in it.

It was the first Number of the *Bazar*.

The movement was instinctive, and not so very discourteous, under the circumstances, but it was unfortunate, for it gave Mr. Typeset a chance to pursue his nonsense.

"Behold," said he, "the development of this pestiferous doctrine! A woman who suffers herself to write for the press proceeds to robbery of her husband by violence, and will doubtless be led on, from step to step, to assassination, cruelty to animals, crowding in the cars, and even inattention to contribution boxes."

"Nonsense—robbery by violence!" said I. "I only took hold of the paper."

"You put your arm on my shoulder, and that is violence. You've got your arm on my shoulder now. Any touching of a person to take away his property is violence and robbery."

"Mr. Typeset," said I, standing up very straight, "before we were married you did not object *to having both my arms on your shoulders.*"

"True, my dear," said he, "neither do I now. I take back all I said. Here is your paper."

And he looked as if he were going to kiss me; but he was eating beef-steak and I—well I—evaded.

The *Bazar* was instantly cut into sheets and divided among the whole party of us. Tot got the loose sheet of patterns and began tracing the zigzag lines with the finger, like an infant Columbus studying a voyage of discovery on a new map of the world. Sonny was at once wrapped up in the outside leaf, with the pictures of young men's dress styles. Sissy devoted herself to the promenade dresses. I seized the sheet that had the Diary, of course. Mr. Typeset had the inside sheet with the patterns of underclothing; mysterious enough to him, I dare say, but every woman who has a family to care for knows the value of these things.

"But, Mr Typeset," said I, after a few minutes' reading, "how did they get it?"

"I gave it to them," said he.

"No; for how did you get it? I have had it every day."

"I copied it."

"When?"

"While you were asleep, my dear."

Monday.—"The most recent mania," said Mr. Typeset, this morning, reading from his paper, "is that developed among the girls out West for collecting buttons. It seems that a theory has been advanced to the effect that if a young lady gets one hundred buttons given her, by the gentlemen, the fortunate man who gives her the hundredth will be her husband. One editor says that in his section nearly all the girls have each her long string of buttons, and as we go along the street, we are every now and then saluted with: 'Mister, please give me a button.' We can't help being good-looking, but we don't want to get the one hundred and one-th button on some strings we have seen."

"That is a curious theory, Mr. Typeset," I observed.

"Yes, it is, indeed, my dear," said my husband.

"Do you think it is true?" I asked.

"I presume it must be, it is stated in a newspaper."

"But do you believe it, Mr Typeset?"

"Why, my dear, I think the simplicity and consistency of the hypothesis *does* rather carry conviction to my mind."

"And does it apply to married men?"

"Undoubtedly. The button gatherers may be second wives, you know. But why do you ask?"

"Because, Mr. Typeset, I have noticed that *an extraordinary number of buttons have been missing from your clothing lately.*"

"My dear," said my husband, "let us not pursue the subject."

When will some efficient steps be taken to secure safety and comfort in our city railroad cars? Again and again, during a few weeks past, have passengers or persons on foot been thrown off, run over, or involved in collisions, with a fatal result in several instances, and with severe and painful wounds and injuries in others. The daily papers teem with accounts of robberies and other crimes, for the perpetration of which the cars seem to be sought by hardened offenders as safe and convenient places for their vocations. And even when one escapes these perils there are sources of discomfort which a moderate expenditure and a reasonable degree of care and attention might prevent. What with crowding, which is of course worst at the hours one is most sure to want to ride, dirty seats and floors, excessively close companionship of rude, unwholesome, and sometimes even intoxicated persons, and the intrusion of market baskets, washer-women's hampers, servant girls' trunks, and workmen's tools, and the nuisance of smoking on the platform, the cars are not a fit way for a woman who's got any feelings about her to go back and forth. I rode down town to Canal Street this morning, and I declare I was frightened at the crowd, till I grew so sick I didn't care. Either the cars we've got should be cleaned up and run decently, or there should be some other way to ride provided for people who want a comfortable ride and are willing to pay for it.

Thursday Eve.—"Papa!" said Sonny, at the breakfast-table this morning, "do you believe this?"

The boy takes after his father in one thing—he will read newspapers all breakfast-time. There they were: one of them bowed down over the New York *Morning Glory*, the other leaning over the *Trumpet*, and the *Daily Visitor* lying between them, ready for whoever got through first, each devouring a paragraph with every mouthful, and poor me eating my breakfast all alone, with nobody to help me to butter even. I declare I wish there was not a paper published till ten o'clock!"

"Believe what?"

"This about this musical invention:"

[*Reading from his paper*]—"Somebody tells of a musical invention lately perfected by a—not Yankee, but Southerner—residing in this city. This instrument is a wooden box, so constructed that it can be readily attached to the key-board of any piano-forte or organ. Into this box is introduced a roll of sheet-music (on which the musical composition to be performed is perforated instead of being printed), when a series of 'axial bars' underneath the box strike the keys of the piano-forte and perform the most delicate and difficult, as well as the most simple music, producing at pleasure effects of execution which no living artist would think of attempting; performing, for instance, a chromatic scale in octaves, thirds, and tenths over the key-board with a rapidity which causes the whole scale to sound like the snap of a whip, though every note is clearly heard. It can also be made to produce the same effects as if four, six, eight or more hands were performing. Its powers are not limited to one set of tunes, since it can always perform 'at sight,' without hesitation or previous study, any musical composition, even the most difficult."

"Do you believe it, papa?"

"I don't know; this is an age of inventions. Almost every day there is a new one announced."

"But not such wonderful ones as this."

"I don't know. I should not be surprised if I could find as wonderful a one in my paper."

So Mr. Typeset turned over his leaves in search of an astonishing invention.

"Here," said he, "listen to this."

[*Reading*]—"We were visited a few weeks ago by an odd looking, nondescript genius who laboriously struggled into the publication office, bearing a heavy box strapped upon his shoulders, which (the box, not the shoulders) he swung off and deposited upon the floor.

"'Captain,' said he, to the junior partner, 'can't I sell you one of my machines to-day?'

"'What is your machine?'

"'Ain't you heard of 't. It's the patent double action NEWS-CHOPPER.'

"'News-chopper?'

"'News-chopper. Fact. Just the thing for a newspaper office. Indispensable. Can't be done without. See how it works. Got a few old newspapers handy?'

"He was supplied with a dozen exchanges.

"'There! See this slit in the back? Spread your papers out. Slide them in till the nippers catch hold. Open these doors in front. See the stops?'—pointing to projecting handles bearing labels—'Pull one of these—*Foreign News—Scientific Items—Political Intelligence*—any you like, say *Foreign News*. Open that little drawer. Turn this crank, and see what comes out.'

"He applied himself to the crank, and, sure enough, out came a string of paragraphs."

Here Mr. Typeset rattled off a parcel of stuff like this:

"John Brown, not Virginia's John Brown, but Victoria's, is going to marry a Scotch girl. The Queen has promised them a house at Balmoral.

"The Sultan has made the Queen a present of seven Arabian horses; and the Queen has given the Sultan's son an album of portraits of the royal family.

"The house in which the French Emperor lived in London has been decorated with a tablet—NAPOLEON III. *lived here*, 1848.

"Buckingham Palace is to be repaired.

"A telegram from India brings news of the death of the son of King Sam.

"'Who is King Sam?' said we, not recollecting any potentate of that name except Uncle Sam.

"'King Sam?' said the inventor, doubtfully, and opening a door in the machine, and inspecting the interior works. 'Oh! I see, a pin slipped on just then. Pins will slip sometimes. Son of the King of Siam, that's the idea.'

"'But now,' he continued, hastening to another topic, 'just notice the beautiful double action. Press this handle, you have all your news cut for one side; press that, all cut for t'other. See here! Draw the "*Political Intelligence*" stop. Put on the conservative action; every thing comes out with a fine conservative tone. Put that off, and put on the radical action: all the news comes infused with a high radical spirit. You just let me put a few election returns through the machine, and see how they come out.'"

"Papa, I don't believe a word of it."

[*Mr. Typeset, continuing*]—"We assured the inventor that we did not doubt the results would be remarkable, but we could not purchase, as the method was not in our style; but, we added, he might probably find purchasers at the offices of some of the evening journals.

"He was last seen starting in the direction of Nassau Street. From the wonderful increase in the number of evening papers recently we are led to believe *he must have sold a good many machines.*"

"Papa, I don't believe a word of it; you're making it all up," said my young gentleman, snatching the sheet to see for himself. "Pshaw! you've got nothing but some bits of items."

FACETIÆ.

A BARGAIN.

LITTLE FRANK. "Great Cæsar, mother, what a big apple!"

MOTHER. "It's wicked, Franky, to say 'Great Cæsar.' I've often reproved you for using this bad word, which you have learned from the boys in the street, but you keep on repeating it. Now I will tell you what I will do. I will give you five cents not to say 'Great Cæsar' any more."

"It's a bargain, mother," cried the little four-year-old; and the money was paid.

Two or three days afterward little Frank came ning into the house from his play on the street, eyes glistening, and his cheeks red with excitement. "Mother, mother, I've learned a new word from the boys. It's 'Great Peter.' Give me five cents, and I'll quit saying that too."

What is that which comes with a coach, goes with a coach, is of no use to the coach, and yet the coach can not go without it?—A noise.

An Irishman, on observing a beautiful cemetery, remarked that he considered it a healthy place to be buried in.

At what season did Eve eat the apple?—Early in the fall.

What are the best kind of agricultural *fairs*?—Farmers' daughters.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

To remove freckles, cut them out with a razor and throw them away. They will never return.

To bring out a mustache, tie to it a strong cord twenty feet long, to the other end of which attach a heavy smoothing-iron, and throw the latter from a fourth-story window.

To procure a fair complexion, go to sea in a crazy old boat, and the first gale you get into your face will become white.

To get rid of red hair, hold your head for a few minutes in a strong blaze of gas.

To preserve your eyes, put them in a bottle filled with alcohol.

To avoid corpulence, quit eating.

To conceal bad teeth, keep your mouth shut.

To keep out of debt, acquire the reputation of a rascal, and none will trust you.

To keep your name up, write it frequently on the dome of the Capitol, the State House steeple, and other high places.

To become a competent book-keeper, borrow all the books you can and never return them.

To "raise the stamps," say a funny thing on the stage.

To keep your doors from being broken open by burglars, don't close them.

To keep out of a fight, stay by yourself.

To gain time, steal a watch.

To keep from stuttering, don't talk.

When does a cow become real estate?—When she is turned into a field.

When is a thief like a reporter?—When he takes notes.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED.

As men, women, and children are thinking of being photographed daily, hourly, and, we may add, minutely, the following hints and helps as regards costume, attitude, deportment, and facial expression may prove of service:

1. Be sure to put on your best clothes; this will not only give you a better appearance, but will prevent your bad habits being made known to the world.

2. Black and other dark colors are the most favorable for photographing purposes. Some persons are done brown, and others appear to have a fit of the blues.

3. If you are neither in the army nor navy you will be scarcely justified in appearing in naval or military uniform. A sheriff's officer may, however, be taken in what costume he pleases—his numerous *services* entitle him to this privilege.

4. If you are never known to look into a book in your life it will be as well to be drawn with one in your hand, for this will serve to remind your friends that you *can* read, if you don't.

5. Persons about to be photographed should be prepared to go any lengths, for there is the full-length, the half-length, and the quarter-length. If you adopt the first-named put your best foot foremost, so that you may stand well with society.

6. If you are inclined to be nervous call philosophy to your aid by remembering that all mortals should prepare themselves to be taken off suddenly.

7. It will be as well, perhaps, not to be photographed during what may be termed the "pimply season." This would be decidedly rash, and cause the photograph to turn out a bad spec.

8. If you are taken in a sitting position sit bolt erect, so that critics may exclaim, "There is an upright individual!"

9. There are what are termed striking attitudes, and attitudes of repose; these do not necessarily relate either to pugilism or sleep, but are intended to convey an idea of the position you customarily take up in the affairs of life.

10. Endeavor to put on a lively expression of countenance, and to accomplish this conjure up pleasant images. Ladies should think of gentlemen, gentlemen of ladies, girls of wax dolls, and boys of bread and treacle.

11. If these hints are attended to nothing more need be said, the likeness will speak for itself.

If I were in the sun and you out of it what would the sun become?—Sin.

Why is a pig in the drawing-room like a house on fire?—Because the sooner it is put out the better.

LOVE LYRIC.

Yes! thou art lovely as I see thee now;
The shade of sadness brooding on thy brow
Adds to thy beauty—envious sunshine there
Plays in the tangle of thy silky hair,
And gives a gleam, a radiance of the skies,
To the sweet depths of those appealing eyes.
Say, shall I sing in songs all silver-sweet,
Thy winsomeness of white and tiny feet?
Shall I extol thy slim and graceful neck,
Collar-confined, and pure of spot or speck,
White only? No. I'll gaze on thee and tell
Mine own heart truly that I love thee well.
Life, reft of love and thee, would be a clog,
My own, my ever-beautiful, my—dog!

A young lady, on leaving a concert recently, expressed her delight at the excellent music, and said that she was particularly pleased with "that piece from the 'Twelfth Massachusetts,'" meaning Mozart's "Twelfth Mass."

"Harry, you ought not to throw away nice bread like that; you may want it some day." "Well, mother, would I stand any better chance of getting it then if I should eat it now?"

"Doctor, what is a certain cure for a bald cranium?" "Amputation—decapitation—cutting it off, Sir."

WHAT A FALL WAS THERE!—A modern tourist calls the Niagara River the "pride of rivers." That pride certainly has a tremendous fall.

WIT AND HUMOR.—It is easy to say ill-natured things, and thus get a reputation for smartness; but genuine humor doesn't flow from a bitter fountain. It is gentle and genial, comes from a bright and loving spirit, and refreshes while it excites to mirth and laughter. Less brilliant than wit, it is more agreeable; while the one offends by its severity, the other makes a man ashamed of his follies without exciting his resentment.

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER III.

"A MAN OVERBOARD!"

IN so small a town as Sydney then was Brandon could hope to learn all that could be learned about Cigole. By casual inquiries he learned that the Italian had come out in the *Rival*, and had given out that he was agent for a London house in the wool business. He had bought up a considerable quantity which he was preparing to ship.

Brandon could not help feeling that there was some ruse about this. Yet he thought, on the other hand, why should he flaunt his name so boldly before the world? If he is in reality following me why should he not drop his name? But then, again, why should he? Perhaps he thinks that I can not possibly know any thing about his name. Why should I? I was a child when Despard was murdered. It may be merely a similarity of names.

Brandon from time to time had opportunities of hearing more about Cigole, yet always the man seemed absorbed in business.

He wondered to himself whether he had better confide his suspicions to Mr. Compton or not. Yet why should he? The old man would become excited, and feel all sorts of wild hopes about discovering his wife and son. Could it be possible that the Italian after so many years could now afford any clew whatever? Certainly it was not very probable.

On the whole Brandon thought that this man, whoever he was or whatever his purpose might be, would be encountered best by himself singly. If Mr. Compton took part he would at once awaken Cigole's fears by his clumsiness.

Brandon felt quite certain that Mr. Compton would not know any thing about Cigole's presence in Sydney unless he himself told him. For the old man was so filled with trouble at the loss of his partner that he could think of nothing else, and all his thoughts were taken up with closing up the concern so as to send forward remittances of money to London as soon as possible. Mr. Compton had arranged for him to draw £2000 on his arrival at London, and three months afterward £3000—£10,000 would be remitted during the following year.

Brandon had come to the conclusion to tell Mr. Compton about Cigole before he left, so that if the man remained in the country he might be bribed or otherwise induced to tell what he knew; yet thinking it possible that Cigole had designed to return in the same ship with him, he waited to see how things would turn out. As he could not help associating Cigole in his mind with Potts, so he thought that whichever way he turned this man would try to follow him. His anticipations proved correct. He had taken passage in the ship *Java*, and two days before the vessel left he learned that Cigole had taken his passage in her also, having put on board a considerable quantity of wool. On the whole Brandon felt gratified to hear this, for the close association of a long sea voyage would give him opportunities to test this man, and probe him to the bottom. The thought of danger arising to himself did not enter his mind. He believed that Cigole meant mischief, but had too much confidence in his own powers to fear it.

On the 5th of August the ship *Java* was ready, and Mr. Compton stood on the quarter-deck to bid good-by to Brandon.

"God bless you, dear boy! You will find the money coming promptly, and Smithers & Co.'s house is one of the strongest in London. I have brought you a parting gift," said he, in a low voice. He drew from his pocket a pistol, which in those days was less known than now—indeed, this was the first of its kind which had reached Australia, and Mr. Compton had paid a fabulous price for it. "Here," said he, "take this to remember me by. They call it a revolver. Here is a box of patent cartridges that go with it. It is from me to you. And mind," he continued, while there came over his face a vengeful look which Brandon had never seen there before—"mind, if ever you see John Potts, give him one of those patent cartridges, and tell him it is the last gift of a broken-hearted father."

Brandon's face turned ghastly, and his lips seemed to freeze into a smile of deadly meaning.

"God bless you!" cried Compton, "I see by your face that you will do it. Good-by."

He wrung Brandon's hand hard and left the ship.

About six feet away stood Cigole, looking over the stern and smoking a cigar. He was near enough to hear what had been said, but he did not appear to have heard it. Throwing his cigar into the water, he plunged his hands into his pockets, and began whistling a lively air.

"Aha, Capitano," said he, in a foreign accent, "I have brought my wool off at last."

Brandon paced the deck silently yet watchfully.

The good ship *Java* went out with a fine breeze, which continued for some days, until at last nothing could be seen but the wide ocean. In those few days Brandon had settled himself comfortably on board, and had learned pretty well the kind of life which he would have to lead for the next six months or so. The captain was a quiet, amiable sort of a person, without much force of character; the mate was more energetic and somewhat passionate; the crew consisted of the average order of men. There was no chance, certainly, for one of those conspiracies such as Mr. Compton had hinted at as having taken place on the *Vishnu*; for in his account of that affair he evidently believed that Uracao had been made a scape-goat for the sins of the others.

Brandon was soon on the best of terms with the officers of the ship. As to Cigole it was different. The fact of their being the only passengers on board might of itself have been a sufficient cause to draw them together; but Brandon found it difficult to pass beyond the extremest limits of formal intercourse. Brandon himself considered that his purposes would be best served by close association with this man; he hoped that in the course of such association he might draw something from Cigole. But Cigole baffled him constantly. He was as polite and courteous as all Italians are; he had an abundance of remarks all ready about the state of the weather, the prospects of the voyage, or the health of the seamen; but beyond these topics it was difficult to induce him to go. Brandon stifled the resentment which he felt toward this man, in his efforts to break down the barriers of formality which he kept up, and sought to draw him out on the subject of the wool trade. Yet here he was baffled. Cigole always took up the air of a man who was speaking to a rival in business, and pretended to be very cautious and guarded in his remarks about wool, as though he feared that Brandon would interfere with his prospects. This sort of thing was kept up with such great delicacy of management on Cigole's part that Brandon himself would have been completely deceived, and would have come to consider him as nothing more than a speculator in wool, had it not been for a certain deep instinct within him, which made him regard this man as one who was actuated by something far deeper than mere regards for a successful speculation.

Cigole managed to baffle the most dextrous efforts and the most delicate contrivances of Brandon. He would acknowledge that he was an Italian, and had been in all parts of Italy, but carefully refrained from telling where he was born. He asserted that this was the first time that he had been in the Eastern seas. He remarked once, casually, that Cigole was a very common name among Italians. He said that he had no acquaintances at all in England, and was only going there now because he heard that there was a good market for wool. At another time he spoke as though much of his life had been passed in Marseilles, and hinted that he was a partner of a commercial house there.

Cigole never made any advances, and never even met half-way those which Brandon made. He was never off his guard for one instant. Polite, smiling, furtive, never looking Brandon fairly in the face, he usually spoke with a profusion of bows, gestures, and commonplaces, adopting, in fact, that part which is always at once both the easiest and the safest to play—the non-committal, pure and perfect.

It was cunning, but low cunning after all, and Brandon perceived that, for one who had some purpose to accomplish with but a common soul to sustain him, this was the most ordinary way to do it. A villain of profounder cunning or of larger spirit would have pursued a different path. He would have conversed freely and with apparent unreserve; he would have yielded to all friendly advances, and made them himself; he would have shown the highest art by concealing art, in accordance with the hackneyed proverb, "Ars est celare artem."

Brandon despised him as an ordinary villain, and hardly thought it worth his while to take any particular notice of him, except to watch him in a general way. But Cigole, on the contrary, was very different. His eyes, which never met those of Brandon fairly, were constantly watching him. When moving about the quarter-deck or when sitting in the cabin he usually had the air of a man who was pretending to be intent on something else, but in reality watching Brandon's acts or listening to his words. To any other man the knowledge of this would have been in the highest degree irksome. But to Brandon it was gratifying, since it confirmed his suspicions. He saw this man, whose constant efforts were directed toward not committing himself by word, doing that very thing by his attitude, his gesture, and the furtive glance of his eye. Brandon, too, had his part, but it was infinitely greater than that of Cigole, and the purpose that now animated his life was unintelligible to this man who watched him. But Cigole's whole soul was apparent to Brandon; and by his small arts, his low cunning, his sly observation, and many other peculiarities, he exhibited that which is seen in its perfection in the ordinary spy of despotic countries, such as used to abound most in Rome and Naples in the good old days.

For the common spy of Europe may deceive the English or American traveler; but the Frenchman, the German, the Spaniard, or the Italian, always recognizes him.

So Brandon's superior penetration discovered the true character of Cigole.

He believed that this man was the same Cigole who had figured in the affair of the *Vishnu*; that he had been sent out by Potts to do some injury to himself, and that he was capable of any crime. Yet he could not see how he could do any thing. He certainly could not incite the simple-minded captain and the honest mate to conspiracy. He was too great a coward to attempt any violence. So Brandon concluded that he had simply come to watch him so as to learn his character, and carry back to Potts all the knowledge that he might gain.

This was his conclusion after a close association of one month with Cigole. Yet he made up his mind not to lose sight of this man. To him he appeared only an agent in villainy, and therefore unworthy of vengeance; yet he might be made use of as an aid in that vengeance. He therefore wished to have a clew by which he might afterward find him.

"You and I," said he one day, in conversation, "are both in the same trade. If I ever get to England I may wish some time to see you. Where can I find you?"

Cigole looked in twenty different directions, and hesitated for some time.

"Well," said he at last, "I do not think that you will wish to see me—" and he hesitated; "but," he resumed, with an evil smile, "if you should by any possibility wish to do so, you can find out where I am by inquiring of Giovanni Cavallo, 16 Red Lion Street, London."

"Perhaps I may not wish to," said Brandon, coolly, "and perhaps I may. At any rate, if I do, I will remember to inquire of Giovanni Cavallo, 16 Red Lion Street, London."

He spoke with deep emphasis on the address. Cigole looked uncomfortable, as though he had at last made the mistake which he dreaded, and had committed himself.

So the time passed.

After the first few days the weather had become quite stormy. Strong head-winds, accompanied often by very heavy rains, had to be encountered. In spite of this the ship had a very good passage northward, and met with no particular obstacle until her course was turned toward the Indian Ocean. Then all the winds were dead against her, and for weeks a succession of long tacks far to the north and to the south brought her but a short distance onward. Every day made the wind more violent and the storm worse. And now the season of the equinox was approaching, when the monsoons change, and all the winds that sweep over these seas alter their courses. For weeks before and after this season the winds are all unsettled, and it seems as if the elements were let loose. From the first week in September this became manifest, and every day brought them face to face with sterner difficulties. Twice before the captain had been to Australia; and for years he had been in the China trade; so that he knew these seas well; but he said that he had never known the equinoctial storms begin so early, and rage with such violence.

Opposed by such difficulties as these the ship made but a slow passage—the best routes had not yet been discovered—and it was the middle of September before they entered the Indian Ocean. The weather then became suddenly calm, and they drifted along beyond the latitude of the western extremity of Java, about a hundred miles south of the Straits of Sunda. Here they began to encounter the China fleet which steers through this strait, for every day one or more sails were visible.

Here they were borne on helplessly by the ocean currents, which at this place are numerous and distracted. The streams that flow through the many isles of the Indian Archipelago, uniting with the greater southern streams, here meet and blend, causing great difficulties to navigation, and often baffling even the most experienced seaman. Yet it was not all left to the currents, for frequently and suddenly the storms came up; and the weather, ever changeful, kept the sailors constantly on the alert.

Yet between the storms the calms were frequent, and sometimes long continued, though of such a sort as required watchfulness. For out of the midst of dead calms the storm would suddenly rise in its might, and all the care which experience could suggest was not always able to avert disaster.

"I don't like this weather, Mr. Brandon. It's the worst that we could have, especially just here."

"Why just here?"

"Why, we're opposite the Straits of Sunda, the worst place about these parts."

"What for?"

"Pirates. The Malays, you know. We're not over well prepared to meet them, I'm afraid. If they come we'll have to fight them the best way we can; and these calms are the worst thing for us, because the Malay proas can get along in the lightest wind, or with oars, when we can't move at all."

"Are the Malays any worse than usual now?" asked Brandon.

"Well, no worse than they've been for the last ten years. Zangorri is the worst of them all."

"Zangorri! I've heard of him."

"I should think you had. Why, there never was a pirate in these seas that did so much damage. No mortal knows the ships that devil has captured and burned."

"I hope you have arms for the seamen, at any rate."

"Oh, we have one howitzer, and small-arms for the men, and we will have to get along the best way we can with these; but the owners ought never to send us here without a better equipment."

"I suppose they think it would cost too much."

"Yes; that's it. They think only about the profits, and trust to luck for our safety. Well, I only hope we'll get safely out of this place—that's all."

And the captain walked off much more excited than usual.

They drifted on through days of calm, which were succeeded by fierce but short-lived storms, and then followed by calms. Their course lay sometimes north, sometimes south, sometimes nowhere. Thus the time passed, until at length, about the middle of September, they came in sight of a long, low island of sand.

"I've heard of that sand-bank before," said the captain, who showed some surprise at seeing it; "but I didn't believe it was here. It's not down in the charts. Here we are three hundred and fifty miles southwest of the Straits of Sunda, and the chart makes this place all open water. Well, seein's believin'; and after this I'll swear that there is such a thing as Coffin Island."

"Is that the name?"

"That's the name an old sea-captain gave it, and tried to get the Admiralty to put it on the charts, but they wouldn't. But this is it, and no mistake."

"Why did he call it Coffin Island?"

"Well, he thought that rock looked like a coffin, and it's dangerous enough when a fog comes to deserve that name."

Brandon looked earnestly at the island which the captain mentioned, and which they were slowly approaching.

It lay toward the north, while the ship's course, if it had any in that calm, was southwest. It was not more than six miles away, and appeared to be about five miles long. At the nearest extremity a black rock arose to a height of about fifty feet, which appeared to be about five hundred feet long, and was of such a shape that the imagination might easily see a resemblance to a coffin. At the farthest extremity of the island was a low mound. The rest of the island was flat, low, and sandy, with no trace of vegetation perceptible from the ship, except a line of dingy green under the rock, which looked like grass.

The ship drifted slowly on.

Meanwhile the captain, in anticipation of a storm, had caused all the sails to be taken in, and stood anxiously watching the sky toward the southwest.

There a dense mass of clouds lay piled along the horizon, gloomy, lowering, menacing; frowning over the calm seas as though they would soon destroy that calm, and fling forth all the fury of the winds. These clouds seemed to have started up from the sea, so sudden had been their appearance; and now, as they gathered themselves together, their forms distended, and heightened, and reached forward vast arms into the sky, striving to climb there, rolling upward voluminous cloud masses which swiftly ascended toward the zenith. So quick was the progress of these clouds that they did not seem to come from the banks below; but it was rather as though all the air suddenly condensed its moisture and made it visible in these dark masses.

As yet there was no wind, and the water was as smooth as glass; but over the wide surface, as far as the eye could reach, the long swell of the ocean had changed into vast rolling undulations, to the motion of which the ship yielded, slowly ascending and descending as the waters rose and fell, while the yards creaked, and the rigging twanged to the strain upon them.

Every moment the sky grew darker, and as gloom gathered above so it increased below, till all the sea spread out a smooth ebon mass. Darkness settled down, and the sun's face was thus obscured, and a preternatural gloom gathered upon the face of nature. Overhead vast black clouds went sweeping past, covering all things, faster and faster, till at last far down in the northern sky the heavens were all obscured.

But amidst all this there was as yet not a breath of wind. Far above the wind careered in a narrow current, which did not touch the surface of the sea but only bore onward the clouds. The agitation of the sky above contrasted with the stillness below made the latter not consoling but rather fearful, for this could be none other than that treacherous stillness which precedes the sudden outburst of the hurricane.

For that sudden outburst all were now looking, expecting it every moment. On the side of the ship where the wind was expected the captain was standing, looking anxiously at the black clouds on the horizon, and all the crew were gazing there in sympathy with him. From that quarter the wind would burst, and it was for this assault that all the preparations had been made.

For some time Brandon had watched the collecting clouds, but at length he turned away, and seemed to find a supreme fascination in the sand-bank. He stood at the stern of the ship, looking fixedly toward the rock, his arms folded, and his thoughts all absorbed in that one thing. A low railing ran round the quarter-deck. The helmsman stood in a sheltered place which rose only two feet above the deck. The captain stood by the companion-way, looking south at the storm; the mate was near the capstan, and all were intent and absorbed in their expectation of a sudden squall.

Close by the rudder-post stood Cigole, looking with all the rest at the gathering storm. His face was only half turned, and as usual he watched this with only a furtive glance, for at times his stealthy eyes turned toward Brandon; and he alone of all on board did not seem to be absorbed by some overmastering thought.

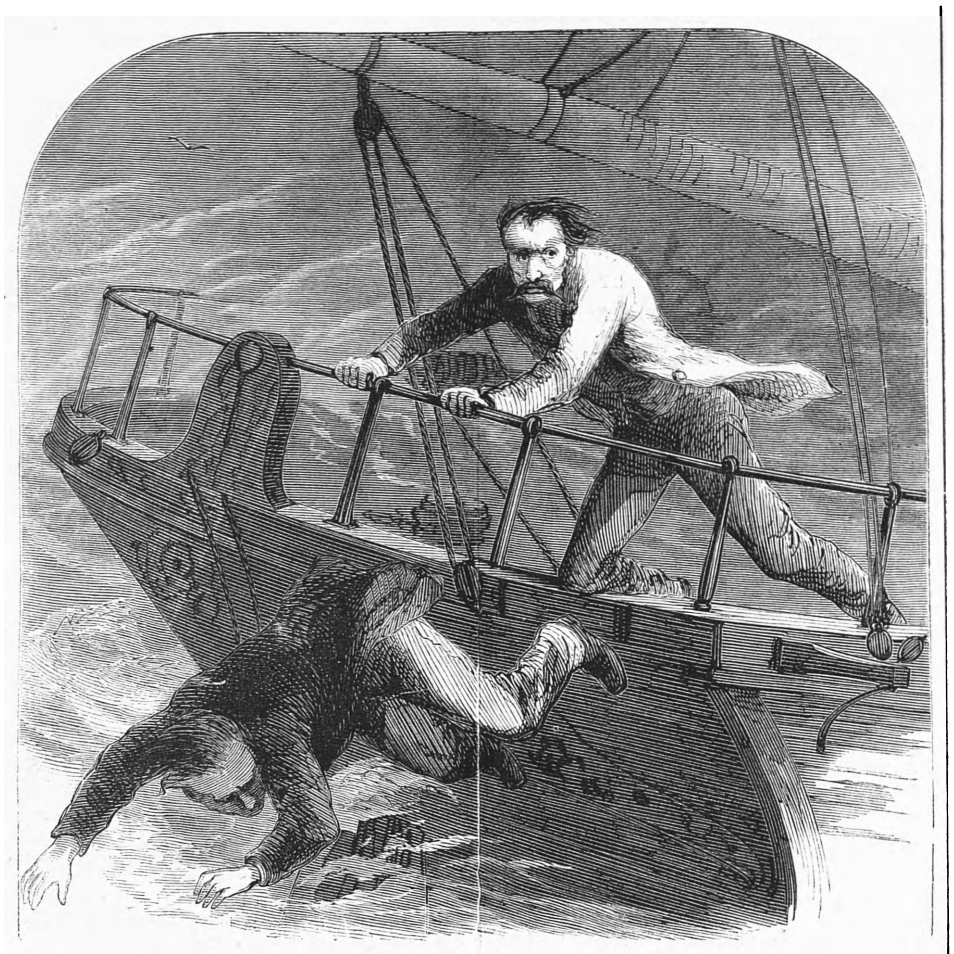
Suddenly a faint, fluttering ripple appeared to the southward; it came quickly; it seemed to flash over the waters; with the speed of the wind it moved on, till a quick fresh blast struck the ship and sighed through the rigging. Then a faint breathing of wind succeeded; but far away there rose a low moan like that which arises from some vast cataract at a great distance, whose roar, subdued by distance, sounds faintly, yet warningly, to the ear.

At this first touch of the tempest, and the menacing voice of its approach, not a word was spoken, but all stood mute. Brandon alone appeared not to have noticed it. He still stood with folded arms and absorbed air, gazing at the island.

The roar of the waters in the distance grew louder, and in the direction from which it came the dark water was all white with foam, and the boiling flood advanced nearer in myriad-numbered waves, which seemed now like an army rushing to the charge, tossing on high its crested heads and its countless foam-plumes, and threatening to bear down all before it.

At last the tornado struck.

At the fierce blast of the storm the ship rolled



"HE PUSHED HIM HEADLONG OVER THE RAIL AND HELPLESSLY INTO THE SEA."

far over, the masts creaked and groaned, the waves rushed up and dashed against the side.

At that instant Cigole darted quickly toward Brandon, and the moment that the vessel yielded to the blow of the storm he fell violently against him. Before Brandon had noticed the storm or had time to steady himself he had pushed him headlong over the rail and helplessly into the sea—

"——liquidas projecit in undas
Præcipitem."

Cigole clung to the rail, and instantly shrieked out:

"Man overboard!"

The startling cry rang through the ship. The captain turned round with a face of agony.

"Man overboard!" shouted Cigole again. "Help! It's Brandon!"

"Brandon!" cried the captain. "He's lost! O God!"

He took up a hen-coop from its fastenings and flung it into the sea, and a couple of pails after it.

He then looked aloft and to the south with eyes of despair. He could do nothing. For now the storm was upon them, and the ship was plunging furiously through the waters with the speed of a race-horse at the touch of the gale. On the lee-side lay the sand-bank, now only three miles away, whose unknown shallows made their present position perilous in the extreme. The ship could not turn to try and save the lost passenger; it was only by keeping straight on that there was any hope of avoiding that lee-shore.

All on board shared the captain's despair, for all saw that nothing could be done. The ship was at the mercy of the hurricane. To turn was impossible. If they could save their own lives now it would be as much as they could do.

Away went the ship—away, farther and farther, every moment leaving at a greater distance the lost man who struggled in the waters.

At last they had passed the danger, the island was left behind, and the wide sea lay all around.

But by this time the storm was at its height; the ship could not maintain its proper course, but, yielding to the gale, fled to the northwest far out of its right direction.

CHAPTER IV.

SINKING IN DEEP WATERS.

BRANDON, overwhelmed by the rush of waters, half suffocated, and struggling in the rush of the waves, shrieked out a few despairing cries for help, and sought to keep his head above water as best he could. But his cries were borne off by the fierce winds, and the ship as it careered madly before the blast was soon out of hearing.

He was a first-rate swimmer, but in a sea like this it needed all his strength and all his skill to save himself from impending death. Encumbered by his clothes it was still more difficult, yet so fierce was the rush of wind and wave that he dared not stop for a moment in his struggles in order to divest himself of his clothing.

At first, by a mere blind instinct, he tried to swim after the ship, as though by any possibility he could ever reach her again, but the hurricane was against him, and he was forced sideways far out of the course which he was trying to take. At last the full possession of his senses was restored, and following the ship no longer, he turned toward the direction where that sand island lay which had been the cause of his disaster. At first it was hidden from view by the swell of waves that rose in front, but soon rising upon the crest of one of these he perceived far away the dark form of the coffin-shaped rock. Here then before him lay the island, and toward this both wind and wave impelled him.

But the rock was far to the right, and it might be that the island did not extend far enough to meet him as he neared it. It was about five miles in length, but in his efforts he might not be able to reach even the western extremity. Still there was nothing else to do but to try. Resolutely, therefore, though half despairingly, he put forth his best strength, and struggled manfully to win the shore.

That lone and barren sand-bank, after all, offered but a feeble chance for life. Even if he did reach it, which was doubtful, what could he do? Starvation instead of drowning would be his fate. More than once it occurred to him that it would be better then and there to give up all efforts and let himself go. But then there came the thought of those dear ones who waited for him in England, the thought of the villain who had thrown him from the ship, and the greater villain who had sent him out on his murderous errand. He could not bear the idea that they should triumph over him so easily and so quickly. His vengeance should not be taken from him; it had been baffled, but it still nerved his arm.

A half hour's struggle, which seemed like many hours, had brought him much nearer to the island, but his strength was almost exhausted. His clothes, caught in the rush of the waves, and clinging to him, confined the free action of his limbs, and lent an additional weight. Another half hour's exertion might possibly bring him to the shore, but that exertion hardly seemed possible. It was but with difficulty now that he could strike out. Often the rush of the waves from behind would overwhelm him, and it was only by convulsive efforts that he was able to surmount the raging billows and regain his breath.

Efforts like these, however, were too exhaustive to be long continued. Nature failed, and already a wild despair came over him. For a quarter of an hour longer he had continued his exertions; and now the island was so near that a quarter of an hour more might bring him to it. But even that exertion of strength was now no longer possible. Faintly and feebly, and with failing limbs and fiercely throbbing heart, he toiled on, until at last any further effort seemed impossible. Before him was the mound which he had noticed from the ship. He was at the western extremity of the island. He saw that he was being carried in such a direction that even if he did struggle on he might be borne helplessly past the island and out into the open sea. Already he could look past the island, and see the wide expanse of white foaming waves which threatened to engulf him. The sight weakened what little strength was left, and made his efforts even feebler.

Despairingly he looked around, not knowing what he sought, but seeking still for something, he knew not what. In that last look of despair his eyes caught sight of something which at once gave him renewed hope. It was not far away. Borne along by the waves it was but a few yards distant, and a little behind him. It was the hen-coop which the Captain of the *Java* had thrown overboard so as to give Brandon a chance for life. That last chance was now thrown in his way, for the hen-coop had followed the same course with himself, and had been swept along not very far from him.

Brandon was nerved to new efforts by the sight of this. He turned and exerted the last remnants of his strength in order to reach this means of safety. It was near enough to be accessible. A few vigorous strokes, a few struggles with the waves, and his hands clutched the bars with the grasp of a drowning man.

It was a large hen-coop, capable of keeping several men afloat. Brandon clung to this and at last had rest. Every minute of respite from such struggles as he had carried on restored his strength to a greater degree. He could now keep his head high out of the water and avoid the engulfing fury of the waves behind. Now at last he could take a better survey of the prospect before him, and see more plainly whither he was going.

The sand-bank lay before him; the mound at the western extremity was in front of him, not very far away. The rock which lay at the eastern end was now at a great distance, for he had been swept by the current abreast of the island, and was even now in danger of being carried past it. Still there was hope, for wind and wave were blowing directly toward the island, and there was a chance of his being carried full upon its shore. Yet the chance was a slender one, for the set of the tide rather carried him beyond the line of the western extremity.

Every minute brought him nearer, and soon his fate would be decided. Nearer and nearer he came, still clinging to the hen-coop, and making no efforts whatever, but reserving and collecting together all his strength, so as to put it forth at the final hour of need.

But as he came nearer the island appeared to move more and more out of the line of his approach. Under these circumstances his only chance was to float as near as possible, and then make a last effort to reach the land.

Nearer and nearer he came. At last he was close by it, but the extreme point of the island lay to the right more than twenty yards. This was the crisis of his fate, for now if he floated on any longer he would be carried farther away.

The shore was here low but steep, the waters appeared to be deep, and a heavy surf dashed upon the island, and threw up its spray far over the mound. He was so near that he could distinguish the pebbles on the beach, and could see beyond the mound a long, flat surface with thin grass growing.

Beyond this point was another a hundred yards away, but farther out of his reach, and affording no hope whatever. Between the two points there was an inlet into the island showing a little cove; but the surf just here became wilder, and long rollers careered one past another over the intervening space. It was a hopeless prospect. Yet it was his last chance.

Brandon made up his mind. He let go the hen-coop, and summoning up all his strength he struck out for the shore. But this time the wind and sea were against him, bearing him past the point, and the waves dashed over him more quickly and furiously than before. He was swept past the point before he had made half a dozen strokes; he was borne on still struggling; and now on his left lay the rollers which he had seen. In spite of all his efforts he was farther away from the island than when he had left the hen-coop. Yet all hope and all life depended upon the issue of this last effort. The fifteen or twenty minutes of rest and of breathing-space which he had gained had been of immense advantage, and he struggled with all the force which could be inspired by the nearness of safety. Yet, after all, human efforts can not withstand the fury of the elements, and here against this strong sea the strongest swimmer could not hope to contend successfully.

"Never I ween was swimmer
In such an evil case."

He swam toward the shore, but the wind striking him from one side, and urging on the sea, drove him sideways. Some progress was made, but the force of the waters was fearful, and for every foot that he moved forward he was carried six feet to leeward. He himself saw this, and calculating his chances he perceived with despair that he was already beyond the first point, and that at the present rate there was no possibility of gaining the farther point.

Already the waves leaped exultingly about him, dashing over him now more wildly, since he was exposed more than before to their full sweep. Already the rollers lay close beside him on his left. Then it seemed as though he would be engulfed. Turning his head backward with a last faint thought of trying to regain the hen-coop, so as to prolong life somewhat, he saw it far away out of his reach. Then all hope left him.

He was now at the outermost line of rollers. At the moment that he turned his head a huge wave raised him up and bore him forward. He struggled still, even in that time of despair, and fought with his enemies. They bore him onward, however, none the less helplessly, and descending carried him with them.

But now at last, as he descended with that wave, hope came back, and all his despair vanished.

For as the wave flung him downward his feet touched bottom, and he stood for a moment erect, on solid, hard sand, in water that scarcely reached above his knees. It was for a moment only that he stood, however, for the sweep of the water bore him down, and he fell forward. Before he could regain himself another wave came and hurled him farther forward.

By a violent effort he staggered to his feet. In an instant he comprehended his position. At this western end the island descended gently into the water, and the shoal which it formed extended for miles away. It was this shoal that caused the long rollers that came over them so vehemently, and in such marked contrast with the more abrupt waves of the sea behind.

In an instant he had comprehended this, and had taken his course of action.

Now he had foothold. Now the ground beneath lent its aid to his endeavor; he was no longer altogether at the mercy of the water. He bounded forward toward the shore in such a direction that he could approach it without opposing himself entirely to the waves. The point that stretched out was now within his reach. The waves rolled past it, but by moving in an oblique direction he could gain it.

Again and again the high rollers came forward, hurling him up as they caught him in their embrace, and then casting him down again. As he was caught up from the bottom he sustained himself on the moving mass, and supported himself on the crest of the wave, but as soon as his feet touched bottom again he sprang forward toward the point which now became every minute more accessible. Wave after wave came, each more furious, each more ravenous than the preceding, as though hounding one another on to make sure of their prey. But now that the hope of life was strong, and safety had grown almost assured, the deathlike weakness which but short-

"HE STAGGERED UP A FEW PACES UPON THE SANDY DECLIVITY."

ly before had assailed him gave way to new-born strength and unconquerable resolve.

At length he reached a place where the rollers were of less dimensions. His progress became more rapid, until at length the water became exceedingly shallow, being not more than a foot in depth. Here the first point, where the mound was, protected it from the wind and sea. This was the cove which he had noticed. The water was all white with foam, but offered scarcely any resistance to him. He had but to wade onward to the shore.

That shore was at last attained. He staggered up a few paces upon the sandy declivity, and then fell down exhausted upon the ground.

He could not move. It was late; night came on, but he lay where he had fallen, until at last he fell into a sound sleep.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

THE present season is usually a busy one. The beautiful summer flowers, which have fulfilled their mission and are dying away, should be removed at once, especially annuals, as the saving of seeds from such flowers (with but few exceptions) ought not to be attempted in well-kept gardens, for the reason that the plants themselves, when allowed to run to seed, become very unsightly, and in but few instances is sufficient care taken to keep the varieties pure; and when we take into consideration the fact that the seeds themselves can be purchased for a mere trifle, it hardly repays the trouble. The vacancies caused by the removal of such plants should now be filled by herbaceous plants and spring flowering bulbs; these will add greatly to the beauty of a garden next spring. In planting bulbs, if the soil is at all worn out, a few spadefuls of the earth where they are to be planted should be removed, and its place supplied with a like amount of good compost. Such plants as are worth keeping over in the house, if not already attended to, should now be taken from the ground and carefully potted. In gardens where it is desirable to grow bulbs in any quantity the planting of them should now be attended to. Beds for the reception of hyacinths, tulips, and crocus, if not yet prepared, should be proceeded with immediately. The soil best adapted to the growth of these bulbs should be light, rich, and sandy. Those whose gardens do not afford a soil like this may provide such a one, which should be composed of leaf-mould, decomposed cow manure, and sharp sand. Fill the beds appropriated to this purpose with a foot in depth or more of the compost, and when planting the bulbs should be surrounded with a quantity of sand. The bulbs of hyacinths and tulips should be inserted about four inches in the ground, and six, eight, or ten inches apart, according to circumstances. All bulbous or tuberous rooted plants that require protection in winter in a cellar, such as tuberoses, dahlias, gladiolas, etc., should now be taken up and well dried; and then packed in dry sand and put away for the winter in a cool and dry part of the cellar.

At this season, when the glories of the flower-garden are departing, our lady readers may be reminded that the experiment of crystallizing flowers, etc., is simple and beautiful, and can be pursued without difficulty. Dissolve eighteen ounces of pure alum in a quart of soft spring water (observing proportion for a greater or less quantity), by boiling it gently in a close tinned vessel, over a moderate fire, keeping it stirred with a wooden spatula, until the solution is complete. When the liquor is almost cold, suspend the object to be crystallized by means of a small thread or twine from a lath or small stick laid horizontally across the aperture of a deep glass or earthen jar, as being best adapted for the purpose, into which the solution must be poured. The respective articles should remain in the solution twenty-four hours. When they are taken out, they are to be carefully suspended in the shade until perfectly dry. When the subjects to be crystallized are put into the solution while it is quite cold, the crystals are apt to be formed too large; on the other hand, should it be too hot, the crystals will be small in proportion. The best temperature is about 95 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer.

TOWN TALK.

THESE are not "melancholy days," Mr. Poet, tenderly as you have sung of them. They are the golden glory of the year, when, as the grape purples on the trellis, as the maize bursts in ruddy beauty from the husk, as the pumpkin turns up its orange-tinted cheek to the sun, as the yellow pippin hangs goldenly from the bough, as the nuts drop pattering in the woods, as the scarlet and yellow leaves come sailing through the air, as all the hills burst into kaleidoscope splendor, as the streams sparkle in the dazzling brilliancy of an autumnal sun, the blood stirs briskly, the eye dilates with pleasure, and the heart leaps in exciting sympathy with nature. Not the pallor of winter, nor the pale tints of spring, nor the crude greenness of summer, can compare in beauty with

"Appled autumn, golden-cheeked and tan,"

its swarthy brow crowned with Indian opulence of color.

—But the town, too, has its autumnal splendors. The russet and the scarlet of the woods appear in the toilets; for fashion, in this interregnum between the pale tints of summer and the dark stuffs of winter, eagerly arrays itself in all the many-hued aspects of our autumnal forests. The shop-windows, the promenades, the equipages, all the carnival life of the streets, have at this season their ripest gayety and splendor. The briskness of the air, the cloudless brilliancy of the sun, the stir and animation of the streets, marshal into the promenade all the beauty, the youth, the gay dressers, the happy spirits who long to enjoy and to contribute enjoyment, until one is fairly dazzled with the glittering panorama. Fifth Avenue or Broadway at promenade hours is indeed a sight to see.

—What adds to the gayety of the town at this season is the unusual array of operatic and dramatic attractions. There is the Italian Opera, with Parepa, and Peralta, and Ronconi; and the new sensation, the French Comic Opera Company, presenting us Offenbach's popular "Duchess of Gerolstein;" and Ristori the Magnificent, in "Marie Antoinette," the great historical play of the century; and Janauschek, the German tragedienne; and a new scenic sensation, being the pictorial idealization of Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream;" and Wallack's elegant comedy theatre; and, besides all these, a host of other ballets, concerts, panoramas, museums, circuses, lectures, and what not, far too tedious to mention, and some of them, we fear, too tedious or too objectionable to see.

—These are the current sensations. The greatest is to come. Charles Dickens will soon begin his readings, and become the great talked about. The color of his hair, the carriage of his head, the quality of his voice, the expression of his features, the style of his dress, the taste of his jewelry (for he is said to have a weakness that way), will for a time supply the dinner debate, the tea-table chat, and the drawing-room gossip.

—There is one reason why Dickens should be thrice welcomed. We need missionaries in the art of reading and public speaking. The elocution that is taught in our schools, elaborated in the school-readers, and practiced in the pulpit and in the lecture-room, is an abomination that has tried our Christian patience too long. Thackeray gave us a good model of delivery for the lecturer, and Dickens, if reports be true, will show us how elocution can be made a fascinating and beautiful art, rather than the aggressive horror it usually is. To understand how to employ emphasis and inflection, so that all the nicer shades of meaning and expression in a sentence may be conveyed, is an accomplishment that is as rare as it is agreeable. The ordinary idea of elocution is to be vehement, spasmodic, sonorous; to be full of sound; to try tricks with the voice; to toss the arms about as the voice is tossed about; to be painfully and vehemently effective. Quite different from this is the elocution of Charles Dickens. Under his plastic skill the voice personifies character, portrays emotion, and illustrates humor with insinuating and subtle delivery. Good reading is like sculpture; the sentences are chiseled, and the meaning stands out in relief. It is like painting, for there is glow and color, and a pictorial illumination which animates and delights the dullest listener.

—A sort of pioneer to Mr. Dickens is Mr. Arthur Sketchley, the creator and personifier of a somewhat noted garrulous and whimsical cockney lady called Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Brown has for a long time amused the Londoners, and so Mr. Sketchley now relates her adventures, vicissitudes, and sayings to half-puzzled and wholly-entertained American audiences. Mrs. Brown's "Going to the Play" is about the best series of comic adventures our public have listened to.

But what is noticeable about the lecture, or entertainment, is the manner of delivery. Mr. Sketchley is not a good elocutionist, and his utterance is vexatiously indistinct. But he takes a chair before his audience, and rattles off his address in a familiar, easy, yet elegant manner, pretty much as if he were relating a story at a dinner-party. There is no declamation, there is no acting, the peculiarities of the character being neatly and humorously suggested rather than personified; and the entire delivery is marked by a tasteful *suppression*. This is the most recent manner of English public speakers. To declaim, to be loud or vehement, to use much gesture or action, is considered vulgar. Eloquence, so-called, is voted a bore. In Parliament it will not be tolerated, and unless a man *talks* before that body, rather than declaims, he will not be listened to. Are not our English friends a little in advance of us in this particular?

—Among the changes of taste apparent is a revival of the love of color. The world is getting back to an appreciation of medieval splendor. For a long time the chromatic scale has been looked upon as in a measure carnal and sinful. Now, however, it is beginning to be understood that the soul of the picturesque is color, and that the beautiful is not in drab like a Quaker. We now cover our furniture in red and in green instead of in black. We paint our walls in fresco. We wear red-hearted coral for our jewelry. Black trowsers, coats, and vests have ceased to be the sign of sombre respectability. We have a passion for illumination in books. Black prints give place to delicate chromos. Our vases and all our interior ornaments are resplendent with brilliant hues. We employ gold, and red, and orange, and green in a hundred things that once were required to be dun and dull. Even our architecture begins to put on color.

—In our churches the revived taste for color is conspicuously apparent. St. George's Church (Rev. Dr. Tyng's), which was destroyed by fire two years ago, has just been opened after its reconstruction. It is a surprise and a revelation. Its walls are all in chrome yellow, with diaper designs in buff and gold. The chancel is in blue panels, with gilt stars, the arch of the apsis in blue and crimson, and green and gold. The windows are surrounded with many-tinted mosaics. The gallery panels are in blue and white, with gold borders. The roof is supported by a net-work of beams, painted in brown, and picked out with gold. The ceiling of the roof is in blue, blazoned with golden devices. The roof, indeed, is a "thing of beauty" worth a pilgrimage to see. All the aisles are paved with colored tiles. The pulpit, desk, and chancel are on a marble platform, the centre in tinted designs.

Christ Church, on Fifth Avenue, has just reopened, with similar polychromatic decoration. This is a revived taste, it must be remembered. Many old English churches were once decorated in this way, but the ontraged Puritans whitewashed the walls, and so hid the abomination from sight.

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Axminsters, Royal Wiltons, Velvets, Body Brussels, Tapestry Brussels, Extra and Imperial Three-plys and Ingrains.

Oil-cloths, Druggets, Rugs, Mattings, Mats, &c., for sale at retail for cash only, and at prices to correspond.

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IMPORTER OF LACES AND EMBROIDERIES,
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THE GREAT
AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
have just received
TWO FULL CARGOES
of the
FINEST NEW CROP TEAS.

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12,000 Half Chests by Ship George Shotton.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

OOLONG (black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 per lb.

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ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 20 per lb.

IMPERIAL (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.

UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.

GUNPOWDER, $1 25; best, $1 50 per lb.

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COFFEE,

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Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

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New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction.

If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned at our expense within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

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The answer is simply this:

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We will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost—so that there need be no confusion in their distribution: each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more.

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N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees

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Fall Cloaks.

See illustration, page 32.

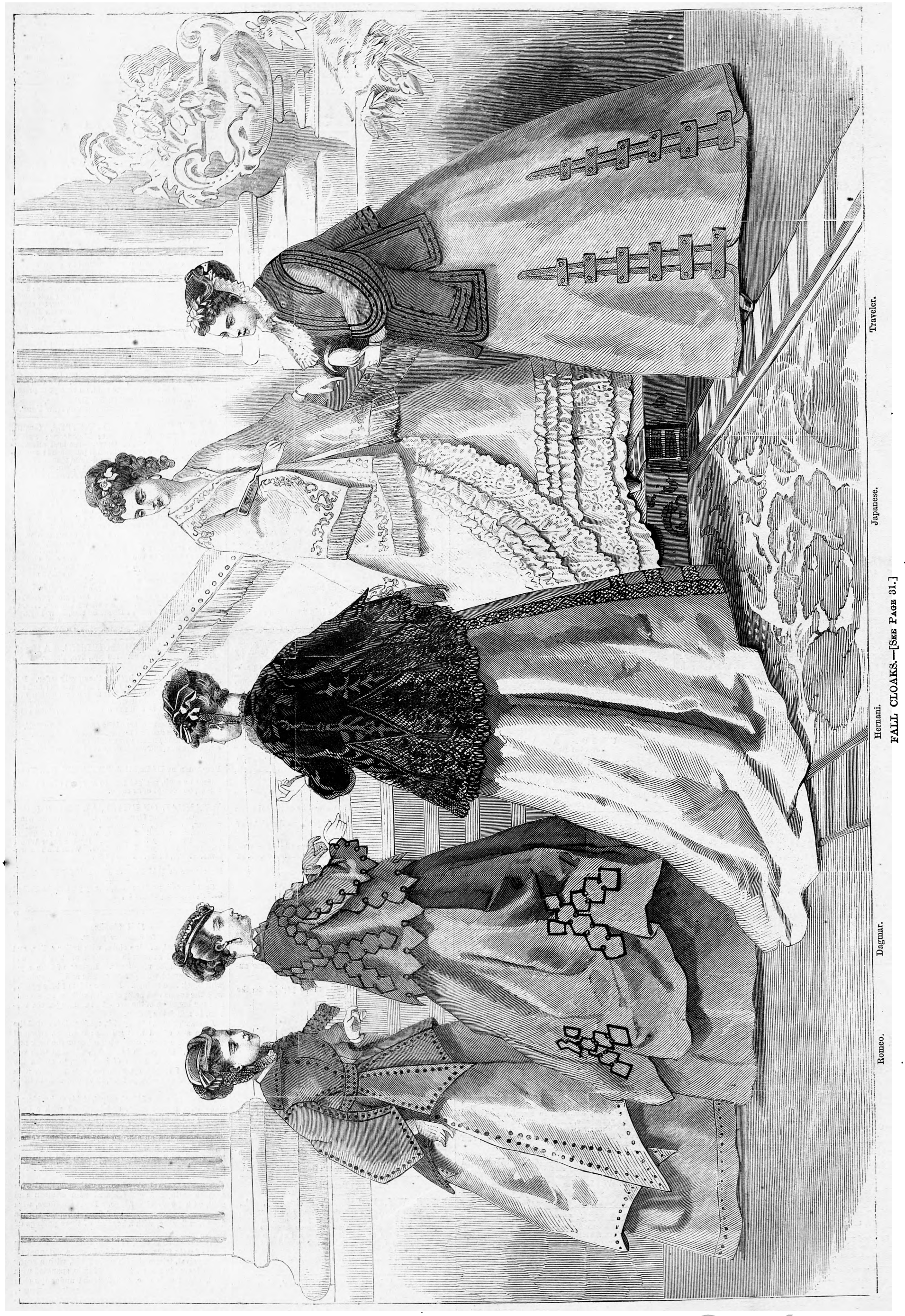
Romeo jacket, of blue cloth, with sailor collar, and points crossed as seen in illustration. The whole is studded with jet nail-heads. Bonnet of blue royal velvet, trimmed with passementerie and jet pendants, with black lace strings. Double skirt of blue poplin, with the seams and hems studded with jet nail-heads, and the breadths of the over-skirt crossing at the bottom, to match the jacket.

Dagmar paletot, of gray silk, cut in points round the bottom and edged with galloon; bretelles, trimmed in the same manner, cross each other on the back and shoulders. Metternich hat of felt, trimmed with velvet and feathers. Dress of gray silk, to match the paletot, and looped up with bretelles pointed, with the edges bound with galloon, like those used in trimming the paletot.

Hernani paletot, of black velvet, richly embroidered, lined with mauve satin, and bordered with a deep flounce of Chantilly lace, over which the points of the paletot fall, ending with a tassel. Velvet bonnet, with velvet bows, laid on a broad bias strip of mauve satin, which forms a wide edge on either side, and interspersed with lace, flowers, foliage, and light gilt grass. Strings of lace. Dress of mauve moire antique, trimmed with Chantilly insertion.

Japanese opera cloak, of white cashmere, lined with crimson satin, and embroidered with crimson and gold, with heavy silk fringe. Psyché coiffure, with cluster of azaleas. Dress of faye, trimmed with a deep lace flounce, with a heading of three puffings of tulle.

Traveler scarf-paletot, of cloth, trimmed with three rows of satin folds, separated by buttons. Bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with satin folds, with a spray of gilt leaves in front Strings of tulle, spangled with gold, edged with lace, and fastened under the chin by a spray of leaves. Dress of Bismarck Siberienne, trimmed with bias folds of silk, and cross-bars, fastened with buttons.



FALL CLOAKS.—[SEE PAGE 31.]

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 3.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Winter Cloaks.

See illustration, page 48.

Fig. 1.—*Andrea* of dark olive-green velours, cut in deep vandykes, which are richly trimmed with passementerie gimp and heavy fringe. The same trimming forms a square lappet on the back, and the gimp passes over the shoulder and down the upper part of the sleeve. The sleeves are almost tight.

Fig. 2.—*Altesse* of black velvet, entirely open in front. A loose jacket of moire antique is worn beneath; this is confined by a belt, with long ends, richly trimmed with passementerie gimp and heavy tassels. The cloak is scalloped on the bottom, and trimmed with passementerie gimp and lace. Sleeves tight, with a deep frill of lace set in at the shoulder.

Fig. 3.—*Sultan*, of black velvet, without sleeves; tight fitting at the waist, and confined by a rich sash of black moire antique, the long ends of which fall under the left arm. The fronts, which are left half open, are longer than the two lappets behind. The trimming is very rich; it is composed of a flounce of deep lace, surmounted by another similar flounce of narrower lace, with a heading of bead gimp. The last flounce follows the contour of the lappets, and also forms a frill at the top of the sleeves.

Fig. 4.—*Nabob* of black velvet, shawl-shaped, with the ends crossed in front; sleeves loose. Trimming of guipure lace, with a heading of rich bead gimp around the edge and on the bottom of the sleeves, running up to the elbow.

Fig. 5.—*Matinée* of dark-chestnut heather-cloth, longer in front and pointed behind. Sleeves tight. Trimming, a double row of fringe, with heading of bead gimp, the lower row ending in balls. Simulated hood, trimmed with bead gimp and heavy tassels.

Walking Dresses.

See illustration, page 36.

Fig. 1.—Costume of gray poplin. About three inches from the bottom, a shirr is run in the skirt and a cord passed through, which draws it up in gathers. Braided trimming of black velvet. The paletot is trimmed with bias folds of the same stuff. Bonnet of gray silk.

Fig. 2.—Costume of lilac alpaca, with braided trimming of black velvet, like that of the preceding figure. Skirt looped up on each side with braid and rosette

Figs. 1 and 2. Paletot for Girl from 10 to 12 Years old. For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 16–23.—Fig. 3. Paletot for Boy from 4 to 6 Years old. For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 37–41.—Fig. 4. Paletot for Girl from 6 to 8 Years old. For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 33–36.—Fig. 5. Paletot for Girl from 5 to 7 Years old. For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 42–48.—Fig. 6. Pelerine for Girl from 4 to 6 Years old. For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 86–90.—Figs. 7 and 8. Paletot for Girl from 8 to 10 Years old. For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 76–80.—Figs. 9 and 10. Paletot for Boy from 8 to 10 Years old. For pattern see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 81–85.—Fig. 11. Paletot for Girl from 13 to 15 Years old. For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 73–75.

WINTER CLOAKS FOR CHILDREN.

of velvet. Bonnet of lilac silk, with braided trimming.

Figs. 3 and 4.—Costume of black silk, with a broad trimming of black persane on the bottom of the skirt; the peplum and ends are also of the same material. The waist and peplum are fastened with jet buttons. Silk fringe and bead gimp complete the trimming. The bonnet in Fig. 3 is of white silk. Fig. 4 has a toquet of rice straw, with a white rose at the side.

MOTHER.

NOT one word of human diction
Is more eloquently dear
Than that word, in every household,
So familiar to the ear.
'Tis a title taught by angels,
As they journey to and fro,
To express a tie of kindred
Heaven-hallowed here below.

Often hath my spirit striven,
Since its earthsome task began,
To revive its child emotions
In the bosom of the man;
But life's cold, unfriendly shadows
Seemed to chill the old delight,
Till my mother's voice awoke them,
As in boyhood's morning bright.

As I gaze along the vista
Of the ceaseless march of years
I behold her love-light beaming
Through each day of joys or fears;
And when yet I am the saddest,
Tones of hers can soothe the pain
Gentle mother, dear and patient,
May thy influence long remain!

Mates of thine are growing aged,
But thou art not old to me;
Every winsome charm remaineth
That I knew in infancy:
Airy shapes that sometimes hover
Round my pillow while I rest,
Bear thy features, darling mother,
And my sleep is fully blest.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1867.

☞ *Ladies in the Country will be supplied gratuitously through the mails with the* FIRST SIX NUMBERS OF HARPER'S BAZAR *upon written application to the Publishers.*

☞ *Single Subscribers to* HARPER'S BAZAR *will be supplied from the beginning to the end of the year* 1868, *which will complete the first Volume, for the yearly price of Four Dollars.*

EDUCATE THE EYE.

OF all the inlets of knowledge the "eye-gate," as old John Bunyan terms the human eye, is one of the highest importance, and may by proper care and attention be made the means of conveying not only the most useful information but the greatest delight. Yet how rarely from this source are drawn the instruction and pleasure it so readily yields. The eye, however, requires cultivation, especially in infancy and childhood; but this is no difficult matter, for it demands neither science on the part of the teacher nor effort on that of the pupil.

Delight in form and color is instinctive with the infant, and almost all the parent has to do is to present to it such visible objects as are in accordance with good taste. The child itself is not very discriminating, and may at the earliest age be as much pleased with an old scrubbing-brush or a gnawed bone as with the most artistic *joujou* of Paris. The least refined mother, however, is conscious of the difference, and it behooves her not to satisfy herself with the reflection, "What matters it, if baby is pleased?" but to exercise what taste she may possess in the selection even of the children's playthings, for these, when graceful in form and harmonious in color, are great aids to education.

The decoration of the walls of the nursery and other rooms with properly chosen pictures is also an obvious way of educating the child's eye. Good engravings are, of course, better than bad pictures, and they, moreover, can be obtained at a price within the means of most parents. The carefully illustrated papers and magazines offer a ready and economical supply of what is essential. By an easy process the large pictures may be separated from the printed matter, and when pasted on card-board can be hung up in nursery or play-room. Some discrimination, of course, must be exercised in the selection. The bold and well-proportioned representations of form, and pictures illustrating the practice of the domestic affections, or some good deed or heroic action, should be chosen.

Pictures or engravings of the right sort will not only improve the taste by their fitness of design and grace of execution, but may be made the means of directly inculcating the duties of life. The graphic representation of a domestic scene involving some act of humanity, generosity, or tenderness, constantly hung before the eye of the child, will do more toward endowing him with such virtues than all the labored moralizing of his parents. The picture is teaching constantly by example, and has the advantage, moreover, of attracting by that subtle power of art to which the most infantile is not insensible. Precept heaped upon precept, by parent or teacher, is not half so effective; and, presented as it must be in the abstract form of a moral or intellectual principle, is seldom intelligible and never inviting to the objective mind of childhood.

Our teachers seem determined that "Wisdom" shall be "at one entrance quite shut out"—that of the eye. Look at the bare walls of our school-rooms and college-halls, with their great staring surfaces of whitewash, relieved only by a huge patch of blackboard, the crevices of decay, and the stains of neglect. Our public institutions of learning should be adorned with appropriate frescoes by the best artists, or their walls hung at least with good pictures or engravings. These would not only be direct sources of the highest instruction, but would give such an inviting aspect to the places of study, that our sons and daughters who now go so "unwillingly to school" would hasten to them with delight.

EAR-BORING.

IT would be as difficult, probably, to dissuade our dames from making holes in their ears and hanging trinkets to them as it would be to induce a female Hottentot to forego the national fashion of piercing the cartilage of her flattened nose and suspending from it a ring, large and heavy as an iron cable-link, or a Feejee Islander from tearing with a jagged fish-bone a rent in the nether lip big and ugly as her voracious mouth. The practice, however, of so-called civilized women is no less barbaric than that of these savage females.

The woman of ancient Greece, true to the instinctive sense of beauty and cultivated grace of her race, trusted to the developments of her natural charms for attractive force, and scorned all adornments which were not inherent in her own person. Fancy those beautiful ear-pulps of the Venus of Milo, just peeping from below her wavy garland of hair, bored through and through, and dragged out from their cozy shelter by heavy pendants of gold, silver, or what not. Who would not be struck aghast at such a sacrilege of art and nature?

Yet so fixed is the attachment of modern women to this ugly and barbaric practice that they not only persist themselves in wearing earrings, but enjoin it almost as a duty upon their daughters to do likewise. No sooner has the offspring of fashion, Miss Arabella Augusta, or plain Maggie of the common world—for the habit is universal—completed her first decade than she is taken to some jeweler or surgeon (for there are even surgeons found thus to degrade their noble art) to have her ears *bored.* The little ones seldom go unwillingly, so early are they disposed to offer themselves as sacrifices to that exacting deity, Fashion. In fact, we know of one impatient little hussy who, unwilling to bide her mother's time, actually dropped the stocking she was darning, and with the great needle deliberately pierced holes in her ears, and left in each a string of yarn to fester and complete the mutilation.

The ordinary process of ear-boring is simple, and seldom either very painful or dangerous, although there are cases recorded of erysipelas and death having followed. The operator, be he jeweler or surgeon, holds a cork firmly against one side of the lobe of the ear, while from the other side he transfixes it with a needle or an awl, as a saddler punches a hole into a leather strap. Then a thread is passed through and left to fester, so that the opening once made may not close again. Familiar as you are with the process, for it is being performed in each day's light of this civilized land, gentle and Christian dames, does not this description of it, when deliberately read, sound like that of the barbarous practice of savages in some far-off country of heathenism?

By hazard we once saw a young girl thus mutilated. She came into a jeweler's shop, clinging to a great blowzy woman bejeweled all over from the lobes of her ears to the tips of her fingers, and her toes too, for what we know. The child was pale, but was biting her lower lip with a spasmodic fixedness of resolution. The operator, a great whiskered fellow, after fumbling about for his tools, finally brought out his awl and cork and began the operation. With the mere touch of the cutting instrument the poor child winced for the first time, and as the man, who was somewhat of a bungler, forced his way boring through the tender flesh, a tear was wrung from each little eye, and drop after drop of blood fell and splashed, making great red stains upon her linen collar. The child only bit lip more firmly, but evidently could hardly restrain herself, and would have cried if her vanity had allowed. The operator coolly wiped his bloody instrument, and the mother merely scolded the child for letting the blood drop upon her collar, and, paying the price of her child's mutilation, walked away still grumbling at the stains.

Mothers will sometimes, when pressed hard to answer for this barbarity, declare that boring the ears is good for the eyes. This is a vulgar error, and only worthy of a greasy ship's cook or ignorant Maltese sailor, who wears earrings, as he says, for the same reason.

Neither is there beauty or fitness in the practice of hanging the ears with trinkets. The ear was intended to lie half-concealed by the hair, and any thing attached to it brings it into undue prominence. The ear-ring, however precious and pretty in itself, does not add beauty to that rarest of possessions, a small and well-formed ear, while it draws attention to a big oyster-like one, and intensifies its ugliness.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to young Mr. De Boots.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—The other evening—say Wednesday of last week—I arrived at the St. Nicholas Hotel in the city of New York, and had the pleasure of entering my name upon the registry just after yours. It was my happiness, also, to be assigned a room next to yours, and when I saw that the accomplished and gentlemanly clerk had made this disposition of me I naturally, and I hope you will concede, innocently, surveyed you. This was for the purpose of determining whether there was any thing in your general appearance suggestive of snoring or somnambulism, or indeed of any tendency to nocturnal disturbance. You and I, in our much and varied travel, have learned, of course, to measure people in some degree by the outside. Our experience has sharpened our wits. I say "our," because although a very young gentleman you had the air of a man who had touched most of the stops of life and—at least in his own estimation, and who, pray, so likely to know so much about it as he?—had very little more to learn. Your costume, I observed, was perfectly *comme il faut;* the trowsers not too much peg-topped; the collar not too long in the points; the scarf modest and the pin likewise. You had the severely indifferent expression for which I have so often remarked young gentlemen toiling, and painfully missing the mark. Now they are too solemn; now too flippant. Their idea of "the English gentleman" is their goal; and they sometimes succeed in resembling the solemn British groom, sometimes the gay British swell. But somehow they do not seem to reproduce the English gentleman, or, indeed, any other.

After the studious glance at you which I have described I suddenly met the friend whom I had come to New York to see, and we dined together and were engaged until a very late hour. Then I went to bed. I was very much fatigued by the long journey, and I was to begin the next day's work betimes. So I reflected gratefully that my neighbor was not of the disturbing kind, blessed my favorable stars and the affable clerk who had allotted me a room next to yours, and then looked under the bed, in a healthy spirit of prudence, lest sneak thieves or worse might be ambushed there. My cousin, the late Mrs. Mimosa, carrying prudence to excess, used, for the same purpose, to look into all the bureau drawers, and then execute a flying leap into bed to baffle any horrible hands that, notwithstanding her careful scrutiny, she could not help feeling might still be thrust forth from somewhere. These ceremonies ended, and my night-cap on, I turned down the gas, tucked myself comfortably in with the coverlet and blankets, laid my weary head upon the pillow with a sigh of real satisfaction, and presently began to drop away delightfully into oblivion.

Suddenly I bounced up—as it were—wide awake. There was a sound of revelry by night. A fine manly voice was singing "Tramp, tramp, tramp," or some military ditty, and a heavy, squeaking tread advanced through the echoing corridor. There was nothing tipsy in the song or the step. It was merely the voice and the walk of a man who was able to pay for his room, and therefore owned the St. Nicholas Hotel. "Tramp, tramp, tramp!" should a man not take his ease in his inn? "Cheer up, comrades;" who was to know or think of any body else! "Of the free land in their own dear native home"—five dollars, six dollars a day, I am perfectly able to pay. And so he came along, waking me, probably waking every body else in the passage, so that his merry song was followed by a chorus of curses, or of words more forcible than choice. The singer stopped. He tried his key in a door. It was the next to mine. He opened the door.—My dear young friend, this indignant marauder of the peace of other people must have been you! And he banged the door tremendously; and after a few moments he opened it again, slammed his boots upon the floor, and then banged it to again. I declare that if the innocent and outoutraged people upon that corridor had arisen as one man, and had seized this nuisance who sang and slammed and banged in a public house at midnight, and had caused him to run the gauntlet of their towels up and down the corridor, it would have been a judgment upon which Justice herself would have smiled.

Were you, Sir, I should like to know, the only person in the hotel who had taken lodgings which he was able to pay for? Was the hotel yours, and the comfort of all the people in it? Had I the right to beat the Devil's tattoo upon your door at three o'clock in the morning? Just as much right as you had to sing and slam and bang by the doors of other people at midnight. In truth, my dear young Mr. De Boots, nothing was more utterly selfish than your conduct. Did you really think that the moderate trowsers and collar and scarf and pin, or the easy indifference of manner, made you a gentleman? A gentleman! Why, you unmasked yourself with a song. You betrayed yourself with a slam. You revealed yourself with a bang. I, your most humble and insignificant servant, whom you would surely despise, and twenty other people, lying snugly in our beds in the dark, and not seeing you nor knowing your name, were perfectly aware that you were not a gentleman.

Think of that! Think that a boor can not pass for a gentleman even when you can not see him! Just as a gentleman can never conceal that he is so. It seems, Mr. De Boots, that we put ourselves into our smallest actions; into the very tones of our voices; into the very squeak of our shoes. If you have read the life of Josiah Quincy, by his son—and if you have done so you have read a most delightful book, and seen a portrait which it will be of the greatest service to you to study—you will remember that he fell in love with his wife from hearing her sing in the next room. Something in the voice touched the precise spot which nothing in the world had ever touched before, and that was the inmost core of his heart. That voice was a celestial way along which his soul slid into the most perfect intimacy with another's. If he had been suddenly taken from the room, and had not seen the singer, but after some years had heard the voice again, do you suppose he would not have recognized it? and that all the time between he would not have known that somewhere in the world there was his bride, and that he had once been near enough to her to hear her sing?

Now, my dear young Mr. De Boots, what do I mean when I say that you are no gentleman? I suppose, when you read this, if you could only get at me, you would bristle and swell, and, despite my white hairs and cravat, you would hand me your card with all the air of your Uncle Wellington, whom I remember to have once seen at the theatre opposite Bond Street, now destroyed, and you would sternly demand satisfaction. Certainly, my dear young friend, I should blandly answer, and certainly I answer now; you shall have satisfaction. I will tell you precisely what I mean when I say that you are no gentleman. I mean that you are selfish; and no selfish person is a gentleman. He may have the finest figure, and make the courtliest bows, and dress in perfect taste, and talk neither too low nor too loud, and be very accomplished and agreeable, dancing as nobody ever danced, and fascinating the whole world; but the moment you have discovered that he is selfish he is as much exposed as a pickpocket caught with his hand in your pocket. The pretty mask drops, and it is a grinning death's-head behind it. Don't you remember the story of the man who condoled with his neighbor about the misfortunes of a poor common friend. "I am so very, very sorry. It is heart-breaking," and he wept plenteously. "Yes, yes," replied the neighbor, whose eyes were perfectly dry; "I know it's bad, and I am very sorry too. I'm sorry a hundred dollars. How much are you sorry?" Now, there is a great deal of manner and dress which serve with many people as the sign of a gentleman. But when the pinch comes which neither dress nor manner can satisfy, which demands generosity, and thoughtfulness of others, and real self-sacrifice, then you discover exactly how much of a gentleman it is.

Are the French a remarkably polite nation? Perhaps so. But how about the true gentility—the essential gentleness of heart and soul which are the substance of the matter? I have seen many and many a Frenchman who had the gentlemanly manner and dress, sitting in a good seat at the opera or theatre, and I have also seen women, old and young, standing during the whole evening by his side. The price of his seat was five francs—his gentility or gentlemanhood was not worth quite so much. Now, Mr. De Boots, don't tell me that a man does not buy seats at the opera for people who don't buy them, and who come late; and don't say that no man of sense ever allows himself to be sponged upon. I am speaking of gentlemanliness, and I say that no gentleman is a selfish man. And I declare, and I defy you, Mr. De Boots, or any of your family to deny, that it is selfish for a strong man to sit for a whole evening in a comfortable chair while a woman stands beside him.

Mr. De Boots, will you please to make the application of this sermon? You are constantly at all the hotels, and I assert that when you come romping through the corridor, knowing that on each side are people asleep, and you don't know how many sick people and infants among them; and when you slam your boots, and bang your door, and whistle and sing as if you were alone in a wilderness, you are a selfish man however finely dressed and soft-mannered, and being selfish you are not a gentleman. I know it is not easy to define the word. There have been books written about it. It is used to express the very flower and

culmination of human character. I know you may ask me if a dirty, ill-mannered lout of a friar, who carries vermin in his rags, and has not washed himself for a month, but who is utterly unselfish, is a gentleman. And I reply that a clean, well-mannered, graceful young person whose clothes are all in the last fashion, and who bathes every morning in perfumed water, and who is selfish, is not a gentleman. But if he be unselfish, and have in addition all the charms of cleanliness and good taste, then he is the very model of a gentleman.

I do not hesitate to say that you will find it to your advantage to reflect upon these suggestions. You are a very promising young man, and I am very glad to do what I can to help you fulfill your promise. You need not indignantly send me your card and your defiance, for that would only prove to me that I ought to write you another letter. On the contrary, my dear Mr. De Boots, you should perceive that I am Your sincere Friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

CLOAKINGS.

AMONG cloakings the standard cloth is smooth beaver. Tricot beaver, with a scarcely perceptible rib, is a handsome material, and admits of elaborate trimming. Chinchilla beaver, gray and black, is a serviceable article, suitable for traveling cloaks. It is sold at ten dollars a yard. Velours is a light material used for fall garments. In shaggy cloths we have the Astrakhan of last winter, an excellent imitation of the lambskin, with short, knobby tufts, black and white mixed, and plain black or white, a yard and a half wide, sold at fifteen dollars a yard. Sealskin is among the novelties of the season. The real article is very expensive; but there is an imitation that can scarcely be told from the genuine, sold at fourteen dollars a yard. The Alpine and camels'-hair cloths are beautifully fine and soft, and make elegant evening wrappers. The original camels'-hair is pure white, but there are now scarlet grounds, with a long white silky fleece, or striped blue and white, or gilt and black. Plush is brought out in great variety, and is really becoming a formidable rival to velvet. It is in all colors; brown, purple, and dark-blue are the favorites, as they are in all wrappings. The plain colors vary in price from five to twenty dollars a yard. One pattern, an imitation of ermine—white, with black tufts—is sold at twelve dollars. Another, at ten dollars, is shot with silk, and has large mauve and blue spots. Scarlet chinchilla beaver is used for extra carriage-wraps. A beautiful cloth, thick and warm, is made of the fleece of the Angora goat. Lamb's-wool, an inch thick, is sold at eight dollars, double fold. These cloths are expensive, but they are nearly all a yard and a half or two yards wide, hence it does not take many yards to make a cloak.

Colored velvets are very much worn in Paris. The preference here still continues in favor of black, though a few colored cloaks—blue, purple, and Bismarck—are worn. Eighteen and twenty dollars a yard is asked for the colored Lyons velvets, while black varies in price from ten dollars to fifty. That at ten dollars is twenty-eight inches wide, the fifty-dollar article is full two yards wide. Velveteen with a silk finish is sold at three dollars and a half.

MODES.

It is scarcely possible to find two cloaks alike, yet radically there is but little difference. The great variety is in the trimming. The gored sacque is the standard shape, longer and looser than those of last season, but not so decidedly altered in this respect as we were led to believe. Most of the added length claimed for the new styles is found in the scarf-like mantilla front. The peplum points on the side have disappeared, but there are occasionally long square tabs under the arms, that make the cloak retain something of the appearance of a peplum. Circulars are seldom seen; a few large talmas are brought out, as some ladies always prefer them.

The bottom of the sacque is cut into dents of every conceivable shape—squares, tabs, pendants, and castellated points. Many ladies are reluctant to have handsome material cut up in this reckless manner, and have instead satin vandykes bound or piped and sewn on the plain edge of the sacque. Another plan is to arrange the passementerie to simulate squares and points. This is quite stylish, and wears better; the indented edges curl up, and are apt to be frayed and jagged before the season is half over.

Another part of the cloak which admits of great variety is the sleeve. The choice lies between the coat sleeve, the flowing sleeve, and a medium between the two, or a combination of both. All are admissible, and the decision is left to the taste or convenience of the wearer. There is a sleeve that folds up inside of the arm, protecting it like a coat sleeve, while on the outside it is cut into a pointed fall that perfectly simulates a flowing sleeve, most admirably combining style and comfort. Pockets are frequently concealed in the long tabs and trimmings instead of being placed in conspicuous positions. Sashes sewn in with the side-seams are tied loosely behind with broad flowing ends. Rosettes, tassels, and fringes adorn the pointed ends of the sash.

THE REDINGOTE AND KILLARNEY.

A novelty among fall wrappings is the long redingote, which resembles the old-fashioned great-coat without its cape, but with a rolling collar and worn with a vest. It is buttoned all the way down before.

The Killarney cloak in brown water-proof is an agreeable change from the monotonous black and gray. It is quite long, with sleeves and a cape which can be worn with or without the cloak, and is fastened by a cord passing through the trimming. A snap fastening allows the cape to be easily removed.

Burnouses are again worn. They are usually in Scotch plaids, and we have seen some in gray and Bismarck cashmere with palm-leaf borders.

Plush is a favorite material for autumn. It is made up in short loose paletots and in tight-fitting jackets. Large buttons and a cable cord at the edge are the only trimming.

EMBROIDERY.

Embroidery in silk, chenille, and jet is used in lavish profusion. The original fabric of the cloak is sometimes a matter of conjecture, so heavily is it laden with needle-work. The Oriental and Jardiniere patterns in several colors, with jet and amber beads intermingled, are not so popular as plain black, or any one subdued color in all its different shades. The eye soon wearies of the conspicuous patterns, and the fashion will scarcely be permanent. In view of this a good plan is to have bands of satin needle-worked and sewn lightly on the cloak, removing it at pleasure, and without destroying the pile of the material.

LACE, ROULEAUX, APPLIQUE, ETC.

Lace is the most elegant garniture of velvet cloaks. Barbs are sewn down the seams, and wide flounces on the skirt. Thread is the favorite lace; guipure has lost favor. Rouleaux of satin, made by braiding together narrow pipings, are much used. Many imported cloaks, both cloth and velvet, are trimmed with silk braid an inch in width. An appliqué trimming of vines, with large leaves, is very handsome. On smooth cloths the appliqué is of velvet, or of Astrakhan fur; gros grain is used on materials with heavy pile. An elegant velvet sacque has a novel trimming of this kind: satin cut into long pea-pods, represented as just bursting open, with rows of silk buttons inside for peas. Chinchilla fur and plush trim velvet handsomely for midwinter. There are several different kinds of fringe—ball fringe, crocheted, moss, knotted, twisted, corded, and beaded fringe. Almost every garment has some part of it ornamented by one of these varieties. Buttons are still large, and are of crocheted silk, jet or gilt. Cable cords and camels'-hair fringe are the only trimming suitable for the shaggy cloths. It is not an offense against good taste to trim opera cloaks in the most gorgeous manner; hence embroidery in brilliant colors, and bullion braids and fringes, are appropriate for the trimming of evening wraps.

SPECIMENS.

A regal garment of black velvet, called the Marie Antoinette, has a mantilla front cut in long tabs. The paletot gradually shortens at the sides and back. Long opera sleeves are cut as a part of the back of the cloak. There are smaller sleeves that can be removed at pleasure. Rouleaux of black satin begin at the back and wind down the entire length of the sleeve. The front is encircled by three similar rouleaux. A fringe of bugles and twisted silk completes the elaborate trimming.

A short sacque from the French Exposition, called the Duchesse, is of royal purple velvet, trimmed with a passementerie of gilt braid and amber beads. A wide gilt fringe is sewn around the bottom. The excess of ornament on this showy garment makes it heavy and cumbersome to the wearer. The price is two hundred and fifty dollars.

A Bismarck beaver, distinguished as the Hernani, has no gores, and is slashed at the sides. Two pointed streamers conceal the slashes, making the cloak longer at the sides than behind. It is cut out in sharp vandykes round the bottom and has wide flowing sleeves, pointed and trimmed with three folds of silk a darker brown than the cloth. Another, a cuir-colored shaggy cloth, has the bottom scalloped and bound, and beneath it appears a row of black velvet scallops, giving the appearance of two garments. An appliqué figure in velvet trims the sleeves and back of the cloak.

A circular garment of blue velvet is embroidered in bright colors and lined with plush. A deep chenille fringe with gilt drops at the end finishes the bottom. An opera cloak of white velvet cloth, called the *Imperatrice*, has the effect of a full circular, but is cut in three pieces, the back coming forward to overlap the front on the shoulders and protect the arms. A braiding pattern in gilt and crimson is festooned over each shoulder and down the middle of the back, and the bottom is trimmed with crimson and white fringe.

Another evening cloak is reversible, white velvet cloth on one side and scarlet plush on the other. A carriage sacque of scarlet chinchilla is double-breasted, rounded out in front with a row of gilt buttons on the left side, and none in the centre.

A black velvet-gored paletot, the Dagmar, is deeply pointed and trimmed with a thread-lace flounce. Small coat sleeve. An invisible blue cloth has the skirt cut into long tabs and trimmed with flat braid an inch wide. A sash of the cloth, pointed and tasseled, hangs in a loose knot.

VARIETIES.

Bonnets of Bismarck should be relieved by a face trimming of a becoming shade, as no color is so trying to the complexion as the reddish-brown now worn.

An elegant bonnet of mauve uncut velvet is trimmed with a Spanish scarf of Chantilly lace, which is crossed under the chin and fastened with a jet ornament. A mauve feather tipped with jet is arranged as a face trimming. This is suitable for light mourning.

Shot silks are coming into favor again. A pretty pattern black ground, shot with blue, is reversible, blue shot with black on the other side. Both sides are beautifully wrought up. This silk is three-quarters of a yard wide, and is sold at five dollars a yard.

A novelty just out of the Custom-house is an evening dress of pou-de-soie antique of the delicate neutral tint known as *beurre*, with moss rose-buds and sprays of lilies of the valley exquisitely wrought in chenille. On half of each width the flowers are very small, while the other half is covered with large clusters.

Another dress of white gros grain is brocaded in a unique pattern, representing the Last Rose of Summer—a rose falling to pieces, the petals strewn about here and there.

A Fanchon of frog green velvet has a row of white daisies arranged as a diadem. A fringe of white marabouts falls over the chignon. The broad velvet strings are lined with white satin, and bordered with blonde lace.

A beret, or round hat, is of Italian straw bound with blue velvet, with a bias velvet quilling surrounding the crown, a bunch of pheasant's plumes on the left, and blue gauze veil.

Circassian ceintures are very much worn. A ribbon belting encircles the waist. Two rings of jet or gilt are attached to the belt, from these falls a chain, in which another ring is placed, and this ring holds the ends of the sash.

Imported walking dresses may be bought with the skirt and paletot ready made and trimmed. Material for the body is furnished.

"Tying the bonnet under the chin" is out of fashion. Bows are dispensed with. Ornaments of jet, pearl, and gilt, or sprays of flowers are used instead. Square veils with long barbes fastened behind are worn with round hats. Lace of the color of the hat is used for trimming.

All cotton goods have declined in price within the past week. Waumsutta muslin is retailed at twenty-five cents, New York Mills at twenty-seven. Sprague's prints and Merrimacs sell at twelve and fourteen cents.

PERSONAL.

PETER LORILLARD, Esq., who died a few days ago, left to his heirs $15,000,000. The accumulation of so large a fortune shows how entirely he was "up to rappee;" and that he was as familiar with the virtues of the plant *Nicotiana* as was that old French embassador, NICOT, who introduced it into France in 1560. (This paragraph is intended to exhibit the *Bazar's* graceful manner of combining the "historical" with the "personal.")

—The FORSYTH-DENISON nuptials at Columbus, a few days since, at which SHERIDAN, UPTON, SAWTELLE, and others of gory repute, assisted, has imparted great interest to matters of tenderness throughout Ohio. There was much Forsyth at the wedding. First, "TONY" FORSYTH (so called because his name is JAMES A.), who was the groom. He is a major of regulars, SHERIDAN'S classmate at the Point, and now his chief of staff. Next, "SANDY" FORSYTH (so called because his name is GEORGE), who is also a major and on SHERIDAN'S staff, but no relation to "TONY."

—Count BISMARCK has given a fresh indication of good sense and knowledge of what the reading people of Prussia will appreciate, by ordering a government translation of MOSBY'S "Partisan Life," merely by way of educating the Prussian military men in the science of *guerrillics*—so to speak.

—Some of the super-serviceable friends of Mr. DICKENS will smile a grim smile on reading the following paragraph from a private letter of Mr. DICKENS, recently published in the *Tribune:*

"For twenty years I am perfectly certain that I have never made any allusion to the republication of my books in America other than the good-humored remark, that 'if there had been an international copyright between England and the States I should have been a man of very large fortune instead of a man of moderate savings.' Nor have I ever been such a fool as to charge the absence of international copyright upon individuals. Nor have I been so ungenerous as to disguise or suppress the fact that I have received handsome sums from the HARPERS for advance sheets. When I was in the States I said what I had to say, and there was an end. I am absolutely certain that I have never since expressed myself even with soreness on the subject."

—M. JEAN BAPTISTE FOURIER, fine old fellow, has just deceased at the fine old age of ninety-two, and an editor at that! He was once a manufacturer of public opinion in the office of the *Journal de Paris*. For several years before he

"Wrapped the drapery of his couch
About him, and laid down to pleasant dreams,"

his peaceful and ennobling pursuit was dominoes—nothing but dominoes.

—Mr. JAMES ROBB, formerly of New Orleans (the gentleman for whom POWERS sculptured the Greek Slave), has been tendered, it is said, the position of Secretary of the Treasury. He is now one of the financial firm of WINSLOW, LANIER, & Co., and is known among his acquaintances as the possessor of an acute and vigorous intellect, combined with culture, refinement, and *savoir faire*.

—Mr. JAMES GALLATIN, President of the National Bank of this city, and son of ALBERT GALLATIN, formerly Secretary of the United States Treasury, has one of the largest and finest private libraries in the country, especially in all that relates to the science of political economy. He is a clear and forcible writer on financial topics, a fluent and vigorous speaker, and an authority in Wall Street. He is one of the executors of the late JOHN JACOB ASTOR. In reply to the inquiry of a friend how he managed to look so young, he said: "The way I have found to be the best is, to make others do my hard work, leaving me only to do the planning."

—Miss WORDSWORTH had the rare fortune of being the person for whom Sir WALTER SCOTT wrote his last lines. They were verses written in her album, and will be printed for the first time in the new volume of MOXON'S Miniature Poets.

—Miss EDMONIA LEWIS, a colored damsel, has achieved success as a sculptor (or *tress!*) having cut and sent to Boston a bust of Dr. DIO LEWIS, which is pronounced good. She has a good friend and patron in CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, at Rome. Any person desirous of helping this clever girl can write to her, care of Miss CUSHMAN. Somebody ought to do it. If she should be a success, the American citizen would surely thump his manly heart and speak of it as a *grand chose!* As an encouragement to do this, we may mention that JAMES SOLOMON, a pure African from the Gold Coast, has just taken a first-class certificate in the Oxford Middle Class examination, and is about to matriculate at the London University.

—Miss HANNAH JONES, of Dighton, Massachusetts, is a shining light in the longeval firmament, having tallied ninety-one in life's game, and is bright and lively enough to reckon confidently upon another year's innings. She walks two miles to church every Sunday, regardless of weather. And she's such a spinner! two seven-knot skeins of woolen yarn being her daily "stent." Has always enjoyed good health. Is a persistent reader of publications emanating from Franklin Square; hence the cheery, graceful way in which she grows old.

—Hon. JOHN WENTWORTH, of Chicago, has done himself the honor of giving $10,000 to Dartmouth College, by way of acknowledging the "LL.D." honor conferred upon him last summer. Mr. WENTWORTH graduated from that institution in 1836, was born in New Hampshire, and is a direct descendant of that old Governor WENTWORTH who pervaded the Granite State in 1741.

—The good and pretty PRINCESS OF WALES is rapidly convalescing, which will be pleasant news to lady readers. At the annual dinner of surgeons, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Mr. PAGET, the eminent surgeon, stated that when he left Wiesbaden she was doing very well indeed, though he feared it would be some time before she could return to the discharge of the onerous social duties "connected with her exalted rank and very great popularity."

—Miss KEARNEY, daughter of General PHIL KEARNEY, "the American MURAT," has changed her local habitation and her name by becoming the better half of a pecunious Normandy gentleman, Monsieur DE KERMEL. A lady critic says "better half" is quite correct as applied to the lady, man being always the "vulgar" fraction.

—The ARCHBISHOP OF YORK declined to have anything to do with the Pan-Anglican Council. He is a churchman somewhat of the TYNG sort. A few weeks ago, at a dinner given at Preston, England, he responded to the toast of "the ministers of all denominations," proposed by the Right Hon. J. WILSON PATTEN, M.P. The dinner was given by way of properly "inaugurating" a new town-hall. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE was the guest of the evening. Must dine in the old country before any thing can be said to be legitimately opened.

—"MARK TWAIN," the newspaper man, who went a-sailing with Captain DUNCAN and other good people up the Mediterranean, to Cronstadt, and to various other places, thinks there is a great deal of humbug about the delights of the Old World. The Oriental bath at Constantinople, for example, he calls a "malignant swindle," and adds: "The books of travel have shamefully deceived me all these years, but they can never do it more. The narghili, the dervishes, the aromatic coffee, the Turkish bath—these are the things I have accepted and believed in with simple, unquestionable faith from boyhood, and behold, they are the poorest, sickest, wretchedest humbugs the world can produce. Wonders, forsooth! What is Turkish coffee to the coffee at home? What is a narghili to a meerschaum? What is a Turkish bath in Constantinople to a Russian one in New York? What are the dancing dervishes to the negro minstrels? New York has fifty wonders where Constantinople has one!"

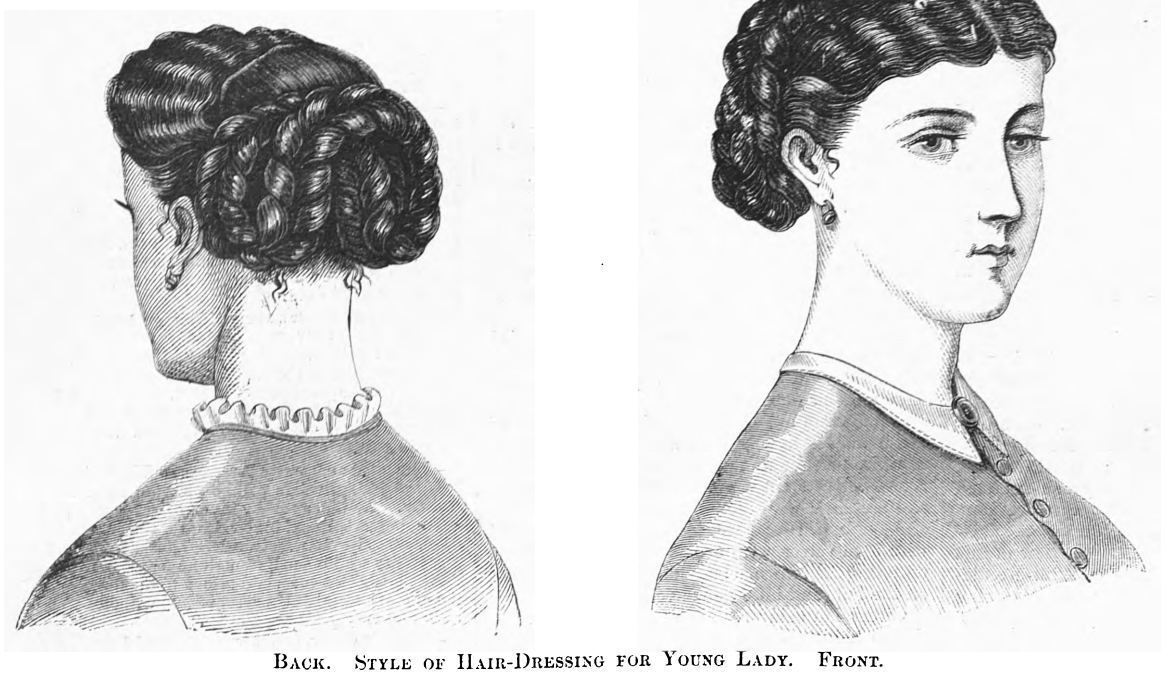
—H. B. CLAFLIN & Co., during the year 1866, sold goods to the amount of $73,000,000—the largest year's business of any wholesale house in the world. On the 23d September, 1865, their sales amounted to $1,000,000. The present firm consists of only three members, H. B. CLAFLIN, EDWARD E. EAMES, and E. W. BANCROFT. In 1866 Mr. CLAFLIN purchased a country-seat adjoining Jerome Park at Fordham, for which he paid $64,000. His town residence is at 41 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn. Mr. CLAFLIN has a very interesting family of children, and the oldest living son, WILLIAM CLAFLIN, occupies an important position in the store, in charge of one of the principal departments.

—The longevity of the learned men of France is remarkable. M. VINET is 89; M. DE SEGAR, 86; DE PONGERVILLE, 76; LEBRUN, 82; VILLEMAIN, 76; LAMARTINE, 76; FLOURENS, 78; GUIZOT, 79; THIERS, 69; BERRYER, 74; Duke DE BROGLIE, 82. The circumstances most favorable to longevity among brain-workers is the spending a considerable portion of early life in outdoor activity, travel, and the like, and then by a temperate and plain mode of living the brain will work advantageously until past fourscore years.

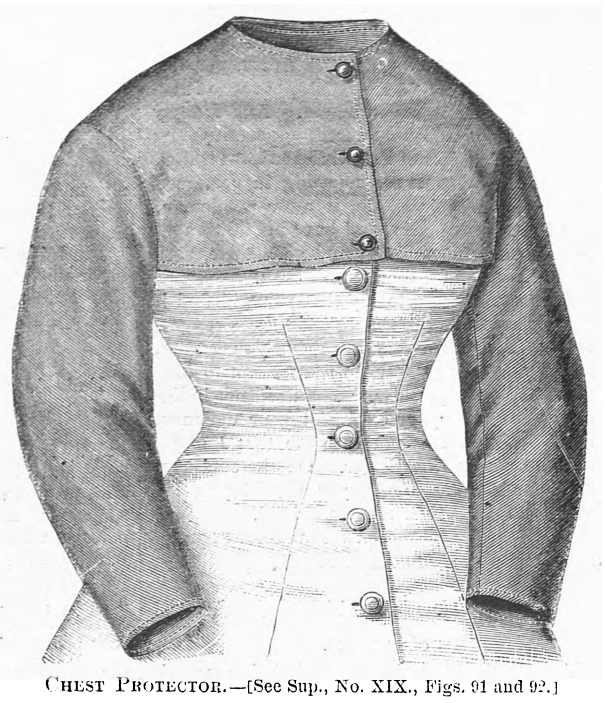
—Mr. E. P. WHIPPLE has done another kindness to the Boston folk by entertaining them with a lecture on "Shoddy—shoddy politicians, generals, writers, etc." His notion is, that "the past has furnished us five generals of the first-class—ALEXANDER, HANNIBAL, CÆSAR, FREDERICK, and NAPOLEON—and our war did not bring out the sixth." He reckons GRANT and SHERMAN among the second-class of generals, with SCIPIO, POMPEY, TURENNE, and WELLINGTON, but puts FARRAGUT with "the first and bravest naval officers of the world."

—Mr. LEONARD JEROME goes to Europe next month to amuse himself for a year or two. Rather a heavy operation to amuse a gentleman who owns a race-course and racers, keeps a private opera-house, and buys up ten millions of Pacific Mail of a morning! His fine residence opposite Madison Square has been rented to Mr. DAVID CRAWFORD (recently married to Miss TOWNSEND), one of the cleverest and most opulent young gentlemen of Wall Street.

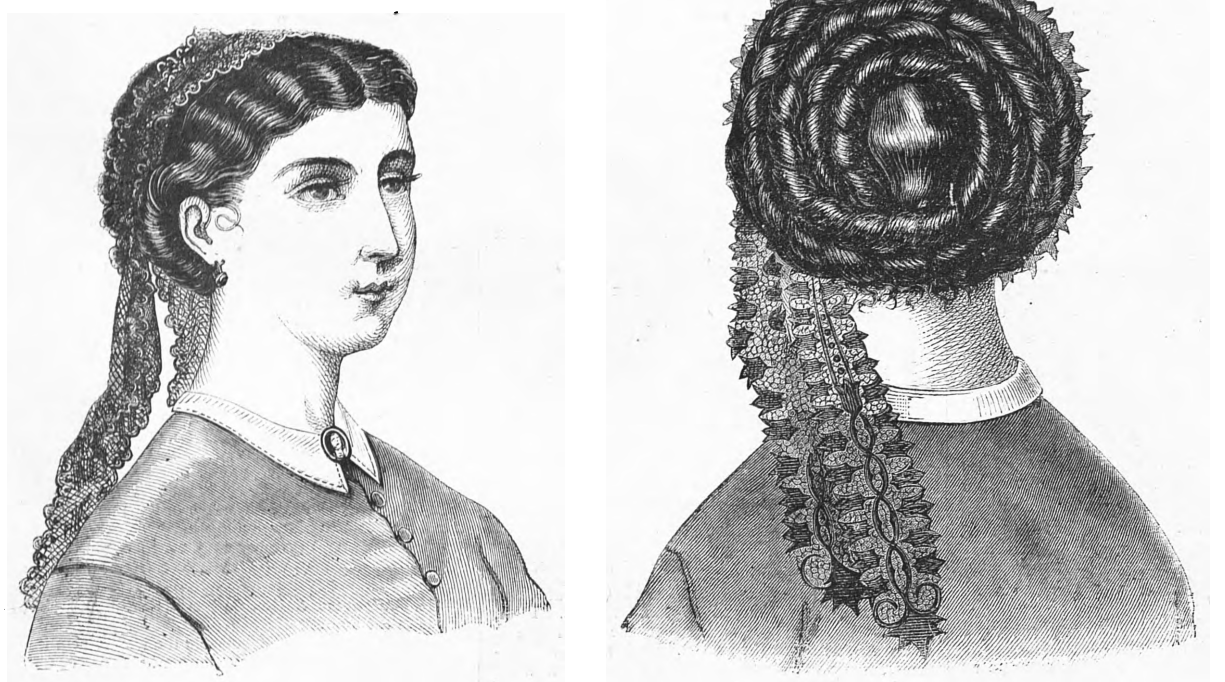
—Mrs. JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL, the wife of Don BERNARDINO DEL BAL, of Santiago de Veraguas, Panama, who has just fallen a victim to yellow-fever, will be mourned by a large circle in this city. She was the daughter of the late Hon. JAMES W. WHITE, of the Superior Court of New York, and of Mrs. RHODA E. WHITE, who is quoted in Mrs. ELLET'S new book as one of the New York queens of society. Mrs. DEL BAL'S career has been so remarkable during her brief four years' residence in her South American home, where she was the first American lady, as to have won her the title from the populace of "The Angel of Santiago," and to have led the whole city to regard her death as a public calamity. After the battles of San Brujas and San Francisco, during the late insurrection, she organized the first military hospital in the charge of ladies ever known in those regions, and performed such signal services that General OLARTE, the leader of the Spanish forces, thanked her publicly in the official gazette, and the Assembly of State voted her the thanks of the nation. She went about everywhere among the sick and dying, and spared nothing to ameliorate the condition of the people among whom she had been cast. Her charity endeared her to the whole population. At her death all the places of business were closed, and the city was draped in mourning, while in Panama the bells were tolled for her all day by order of the Bishop. She was a lady of rare accomplishments and singular loveliness of character, united with untiring energy, and we seldom have to chronicle a more useful and beautiful life so prematurely brought to a close.



BACK. STYLE OF HAIR-DRESSING FOR YOUNG LADY. FRONT.



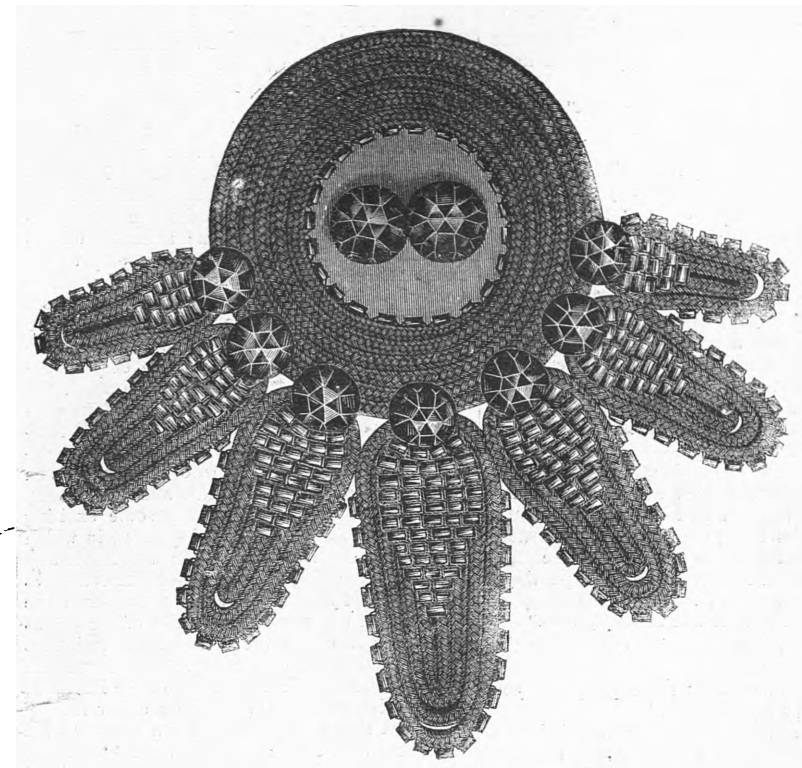
CHEST PROTECTOR.—[See Sup., No. XIX., Figs. 91 and 92.]



FRONT. STYLE OF HAIR-DRESSING FOR MIDDLE-AGED LADY. BACK.

GORED PIQUÉ FROCK.

WALKING DRESSES.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



ORNAMENTAL CLOAK-FASTENING.

Ornamental Cloak-Fastening.

THE centre of this fastening consists of a circular piece of thick pasteboard, a little more than one inch in diameter, which is covered with black gros grain silk, and ornamented with two large cut jet beads and a circle of bugles, sewed on in the manner shown in the illustration. Five rows of black soutache are then coiled round the bugles and sewed fast; after which seven pendants are fastened on the bottom. These are easily made of several rows of soutache, sewed together, and trimmed with bugles, with a large cut jet bead at the top of each.

Rosette of Cord and Jet.

FOR this rosette cover a circular piece of thick card-board, about two inches in diameter, with black silk; sew fine silk cord thereon, in the manner shown in the illustration, and set in the middle a small rosette, with a large cut jet bead in the centre, surrounded with loops of silk cord, passing round smaller beads; after which, set double loops of cord all round the edge, fastening them at the back of the rosette, and finish with jet beads and bugles.

Crochet and Bead Trimming.

THIS trimming consists of clusters of three leaves, crocheted of black silk, with a large cut jet bead sewed in the centre of each leaf, and three small bugles on the end.

Crochet and Bugle Trimming.

THIS trimming consists of silk cord, jet beads, and bugles. The heart-shaped figure is crocheted of black silk, in short double crochet stitch. The trimming is easily made by tracing the design on tissue paper, basting on the cord, and sewing it fast—taking care, of course, not to let the stitches appear on the right side.

Trimming for Under-Skirts.

THIS design is very pretty in black worsted braid on colored under-skirts. Two sizes, of different widths, are used. The broad is first sewed on, and laid in a pleat at the corners of the lines. The narrow braid is cut where it passes under the broad trimming, and the edge is fastened beneath the latter.

Style of Hair-Dressing for Young Lady.

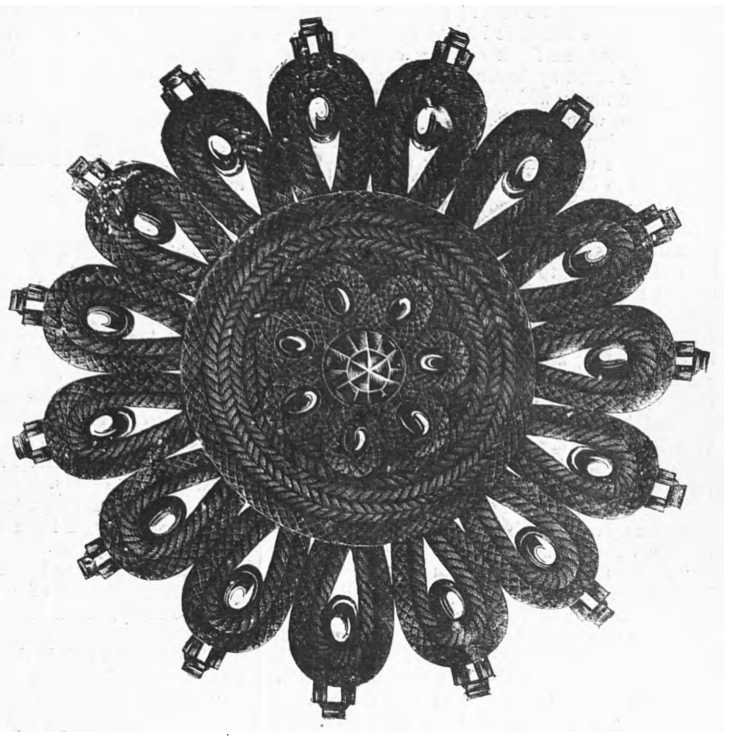
See illustration, page 36.

FRONT-HAIR slightly crêpéd, and rolled upward over the ear. Back-hair tied high, and arranged with braids, as shown in the illustration.

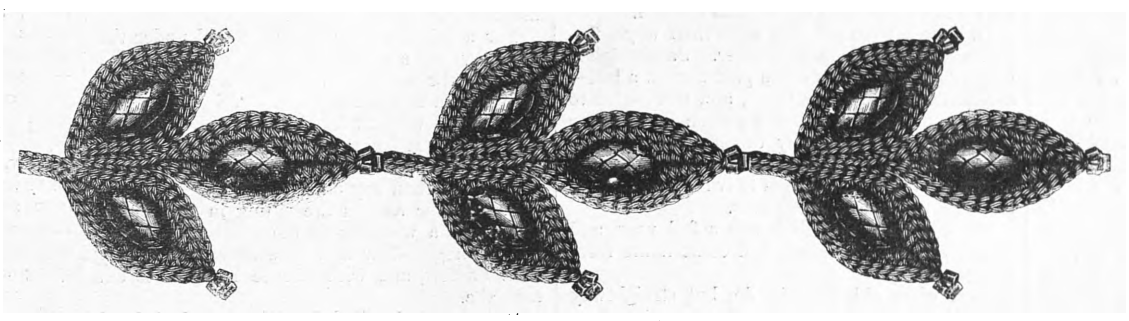
Style of Hair-Dressing for Middle-Aged Lady.

See illustration, page 36.

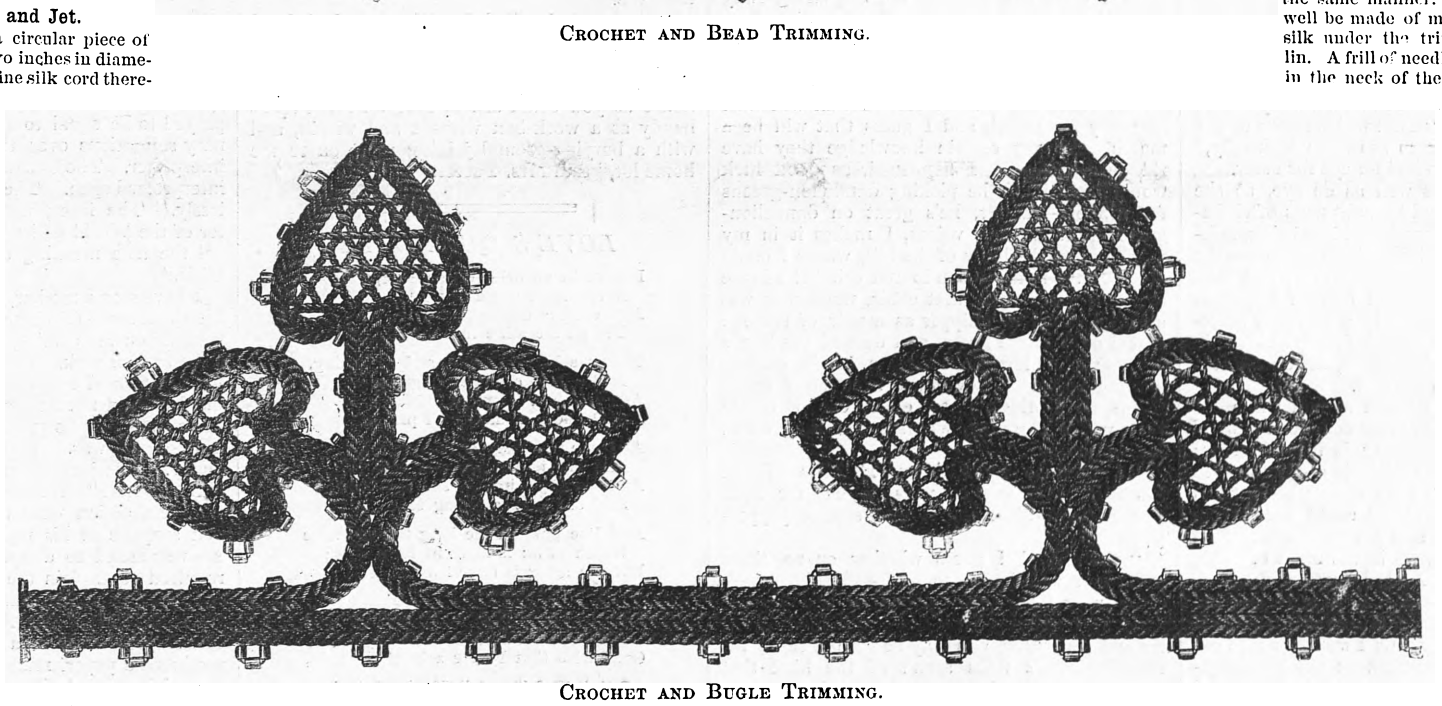
FRONT-HAIR slightly crêpéd, and drawn back behind the ear, with the ends fastening under the chignon. Back-hair arranged in a knot, round which a braid is coiled, as seen in the illustration. If the hair is not long enough, rats can be fastened to the ends, and braided in with other hair. A black lace barb is passed over the chignon.



ROSETTE OF CORD AND JET.



CROCHET AND BEAD TRIMMING.



CROCHET AND BUGLE TRIMMING.

Gored Piqué Frock.

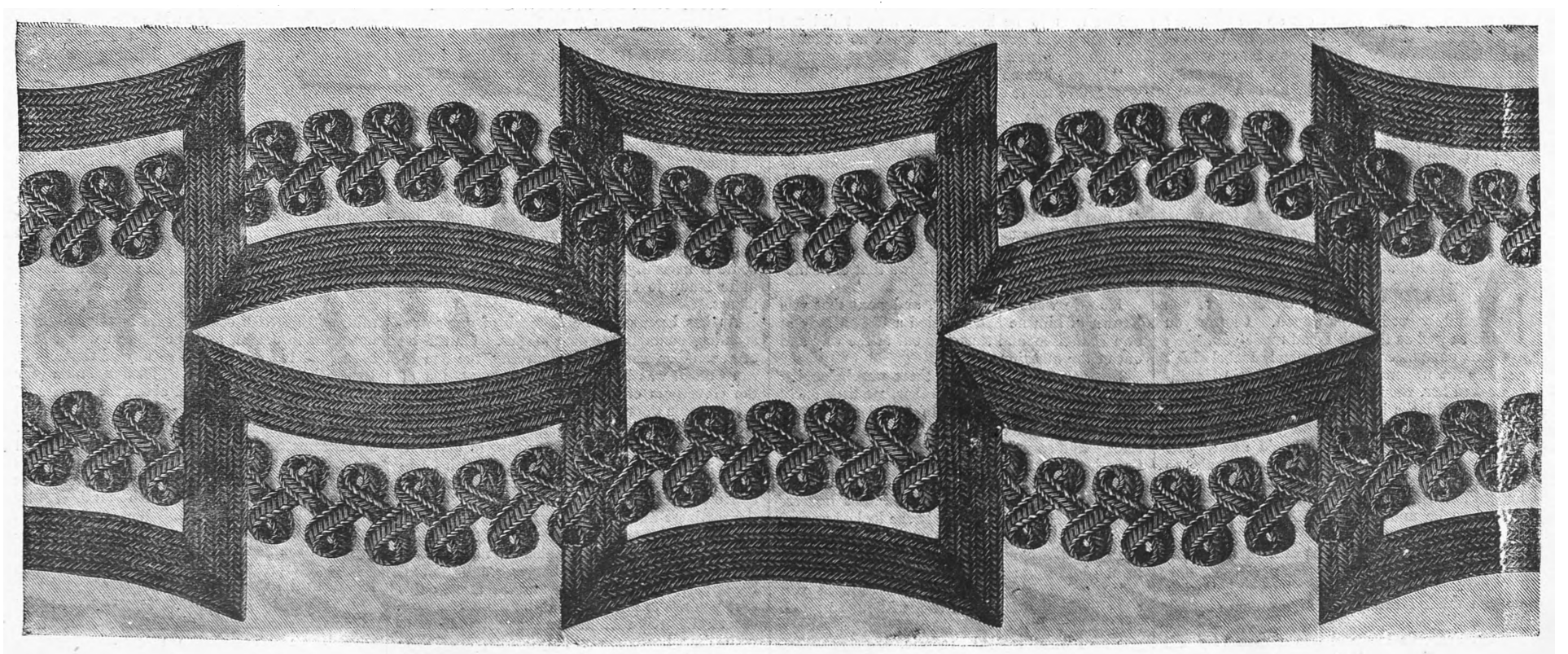
See illustration, page 36.

THE trimming of this pretty little dress consists of circles of the material, looped one within the other, edged with colored serpentine braid, and sewn on a strip of embroidered muslin. The piqué is cut away under the muslin. The dress is fastened all the way down in front with buttons and button-holes. In the middle of the back there is a rosette with two long ends of piqué, edged with red braid. The waist-band consists of a strip of piqué, trimmed in the same manner. The dress may equally well be made of merino or cashmere, with silk under the trimming instead of muslin. A frill of needle-work edging is pleated in the neck of the dress. This is a pretty frock for a little girl six years old.

Chest Protector.

See illustration, page 36.

THIS comfortable article, the pattern of which is given in the Supplement accompanying the present Number, will be found an excellent protection against cold, and is especially useful when worn with cloaks with flowing sleeves. It may be made of the same material as the cloak, from the pieces that will usually be left thereof, or of that of the dress, if preferred. The original is simply stitched round the edge; the sleeves, however, can be trimmed to match the cloak, which makes a very tasteful effect. Care should be taken to cut the sleeves loose enough to pass easily over those of the dress.



TRIMMING FOR UNDER-SKIRT.

ACCEPTING THE SITUATION.

MRS. FASCETT dropped herself on the chip-basket by the stove.

"If I ever saw the beat!" said she.

Miss Silence Dummie looked up from the little canary-colored frock she was embroidering, raising her black eyebrows like the top of an interrogation mark, which was a good deal for her to do. So, without waiting for any more positive expression of interest, Mrs. Fascett went on:

"While I was out spreading that last batch of berries to dry I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs coming over the covered bridge; and says I to myself, says I, I'll just happen down to the cucumber vines and see if there are any cucumbers big enough to pickle (I *knew* there wasn't well as I wanted to, for John he picked them last night, and John is always pretty thorough about what he sets out to do). But I went and stood there fumbling among the vines just in time to see such a sight as was never seen in Meadows before."

Possibly Miss Dummie's curiosity was not very lively, for Mrs. Fascett was always seeing wonderful and unprecedented sights, but the interrogation mark on her face lengthened and deepened sensibly; and Mrs. Fascett, rubbing her nose up and down as though it was a pump-handle, went on:

"Just as sure as you sit in that chair, Miss Dummie, it was Isabel Hubbylthorne riding with Mr. Hamilton, and not three months since Mrs. Hamilton was around as well as any of us are to-day! No, it *isn't* three months, for it is scarcely two months since she was buried. I know you can't never tell where to find these men-persons; but I *wouldn't* have thought Isabel Hubbylthorne would do such a thing, if it was only for the speech of people. I did think *she* was a girl of more propriety and good taste. Now, didn't you, Miss Silence?"

Miss Silence Dummie was something like a funnel—excellent to pour into, but quite unsatisfactory to dip from; she listened patiently to whatever one was pleased to tell her, and then that was the end of the conversation. So now, her object in life apparently being "how not to" say it, she replied, "Isabel Hubbylthorne and Calvin Hamilton! I want to know!" And then she took a fresh piece of braid and began embroidering it upon the gay merino for the little Fascetts, who were cooking mud-cakes in a sand-oven behind the house, as complacently as though there was nothing more which could be said.

"Well, well; but this isn't making my pies, is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Fascett, lifting herself up by bracing her hands against the basket-handles, and going into the buttery, rolling up her sleeves as she went. On the way she stopped to look at the long trail of black grape-vines Miss Dummie had already left behind her busy fingers on the yellow cloth. "That will smarten up the little tykes. I do like to see them look spry," said Mrs. Fascett, who had an eye for color.

She had a palate as well as an eye, so she mixed her pie-crust, and brought pans of cinnamon-rolls and sugar-gingerbread into being, talking away meantime as though her tongue was the motive-power her hands depended on; and Miss Silence stitched and stitched like an improved Wheeler and Wilson (that is, a perfectly noiseless one); while Miss Isabel Hubbylthorne, in quite another part of the village, sat on the foot of her sister's bed and worried.

"Now, you needn't laugh at me, Clara. I can take a joke as well as any body as a general thing, but in such a case as this it is different; it seems sacrilegious. Calvin is a clear-headed man, and he ought to have known better than to ask me to ride; but what could I do? He knows I am not well, and am particularly fond of riding, and was always in the habit of going with him and Julia. And, I suppose, he can't see why he shouldn't treat me the same as ever. But he has no more idea of any thing serious than an unweaned baby, and I wouldn't give occasion for a slighting remark on any consideration. I am actually distressed, for what can I do if he asks me again? How can I refuse without wounding his feelings? I've a great mind to tell him candidly I do not think it is proper; but do you suppose I could get up the courage? It would reflect so on his discernment. It would be a delicate matter. Now, don't laugh at me, or I am afraid I shall take dislike to the man, and that would be a pity, for he is a person I value as a friend. I sha'n't like it if you make fun of me, I say. Now, stop it!"

"I am not laughing at you, Isabel. Look behind you," replied Clara.

So Isabel looked, and saw the stout figure of her brother-in-law, Clara's husband, who supposed he had a right to go wherever Clara went, standing in the door listening to Isabel's perplexity with his great man's ears and his small man's sympathies.

"Why, bless you!" he cried, in rough man-fashion, "I know what you'd either one of you do—demurely get into the wagon. I know you women as well as though I had made you."

Great, complacent, foolish man! Isabel *didn't* get into the wagon the next time Calvin Hamilton asked her, though the wagon was an elegant carriage, and the horse was a—*span*. No, she was so insensible she never budged an inch, and so ungrateful that she said she'd *rather not*. There's self-denial for you! She refused also to take the place of his dead Julia, although he begged her with tears in his honest blue eyes.

And so he married the Widow Chaney, and dropped out of our story.

But before six months was over Mrs. Fascett had seen another sight.

"Fascett," said she to her husband, "what do you think I saw down in the south spring pasture?"

Mrs. Fascett's husband was a man very tall of his age, and very thin for his height, with a face about as animated and full of expression as a slice of boiled pork, and eyes like a piece of light-blue glass.

"I don't know," said he. He usually *didn't* know; but then his wife could always tell him, so it did not make much difference.

"Fascett, as sure as you are sitting in that chair" (this was Mrs. Fascett's customary form of adjuration), "with these two eyes I saw James Hamilton sitting on a maple log, swinging his foot and chewing a shaving, and Isabel Hubbylthorne sitting on the other end of the self-same log."

"Did you hear what they were talking on?" asked Mrs. Fascett's husband, his eyes trying to sparkle, and looking as animated as beads in the sunlight.

"Of course not! Do you think I would demean myself to be around *harking*, Fascett?" returned his wife, virtuously. "There wasn't any need of it this time, to be sure, for James showed in the very crook of his elbow just what he was saying, and Isabel she showed she was saying 'No' to it. It stood out all around them both as plain to see as fog over a brook."

"Sho!" replied Mrs. Fascett's husband.

And "sho" it was.

"I have never suspected you could have such an idea, Jamie. I have often said your family come next to my cousins—and with me my cousins come next to my brothers and sisters—but I have never thought of your being any nearer. I am so sorry," said Isabel from her end of the log.

"Then, take a little time to think. Don't answer me now," pleaded Jamie, eagerly.

"Time would make no difference with my answer. I shall always say the same," replied Isabel, decidedly.

And simple Jamie took her at her word, ignorant that patient continuance will worry nineteen girls out of twenty into any sort of alliance or misalliance, and I dare say the twentieth as well if the patience is continuous enough.

So they left the log, and went their ways, farther and farther from each other. Jamie sighed a few days and nights like a pine-tree on a hill—a cheerful sound at all times, and one suited to make a melancholy-minded person fit to jump into the well. He really thought the sky had fallen, but it proved to be only a rose-leaf; and after a while the stars began to twinkle again just as much like diamonds as ever.

By that time, though, it was a full year, and Jamie's brother, Horatio, had come home from Oregon.

And what did Horatio do, but straightway follow in the footprints of his brothers.

"I guess," said Mrs. Fascett, "whether or no Isabel Hubbylthorne and *Horatio* Hamilton won't make a match of it. Horatio is pretty wide awake, but I don't reckon that will hurt him any for Isabel, and I guess that will be a match. To my certain knowledge they have rid out together. I happened, as good luck would have it, to be picking dandelion-greens for dinner—Fascett, he's great on dandelion-greens—and hearing voices, I makes it in my way to go to the brow of the hill, where I could overlook the road; when lo and behold! as sure as you are sitting in that chair, there they was a-*riding* along as chipper as a pair of robins: Isabel on a white horse, and decked out like a poppet; and Horatio riding a black, coltish-looking horse. They must have been *stable* teams, for I didn't know either one of them; they wa'n't Hamilton's horses, nor they wa'n't Hubbylthorne's."

"I want to know!" replied Miss Silence Dummie, who was trimming a hat for Mrs. Fascett with black velvet and scarlet pepper-pods.

"Yes. And I guess whether or no there won't be a wedding up to Squire Hubblythorne's come next Thanksgiving-time, if not before. They will make great doings, and invite from far and from near, you may be sure of that; for Hubblythorne's folks aren't of the kind that stops to pinch a sixpence. When they lay out to do any thing they do it without standing for the cost, now I tell *you*."

"Surely," replied Miss Dummie.

But it is to be hoped Mrs. Fascett did not buy her green gown, for there was no wedding at Hubblythorne's after all.

"I don't know for why it fell through. They would have made such a handsome couple," said she, regretfully.

"I wish Isabella could feel to marry *one* of my boys!" sighed Mrs. Hamilton, with tears in her motherly eyes, to Mrs. Hubbylthorne, as they met on the church-steps before service.

Mrs. Hubblythorne joined softly in the sigh. "I don't know why it is, but Isabel doesn't seem to be one of the marrying kind," said she, apologetically.

Deluded woman! This shows that even mothers do not know every thing.

Horatio went back West, and next that was known of him he had married a Cuban lady at San Francisco, and thus was out of the way and out of the question.

But behold all this time there was belonging to the Hamiltons another brother, "a little one," the youngest, Frederic. He had been an invalid in his earlier years—weak lungs or something—and so was rather counted out; but still there he was; and one day when Isabel Hubbylthorne was out in the rock pasture, half-way between her father's and Mr. Hamilton's houses, picking blackberries, suddenly she looked up and he stood before her just as though he had been a brier all along, and she was the princess who turned him into a man at her touch.

"Why, Frederic Hamilton, I thought you were in Labrador!" said she, without so much as winking.

"So I was," replied Frederic.

"How well you look!" said Isabel, next.

"My mother used to think so," answered Frederic.

And then the ball began to roll.

Frederic Hamilton was a little wiser in his generation than his elder brothers. He did not begin his suit so early, but he persisted in it longer. Like Mary's lamb,

"Every where that" Isabel "went"
Frederic "was sure to go;"

and every time Isabel happened to look at Frederic she caught him hastily turning his eyes away from her. So surely that presently she felt impelled by magnetism or by curiosity to look again at him, always finding his eyes just leaving hers quickly and consciously. So she could not keep him out of her mind altogether, though he never seemed to intrude himself into it. Always meeting her at every social gathering there was naturally now and then a time when Isabel had no especial attendant, and on such occasions Frederic walked home with her in an informal, matter-of-course way. He also lent her books, and sent her flowers enough to cover the Babes in the Wood half a mile deep.

So, little by little, as continual dropping wears away a stone, Isabel's hard heart had become honey-combed through and through, when one day, blackberries being ripe once more, Isabel and Frederic met again in the rock pasture.

First, like Maud Muller and the Judge, they

"Spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and humming bees."

And then of a sudden Frederic's eyes put on the grave, tender expression Isabel thought so becoming to them, and he said, "I am glad, Bel, you refused to marry my brothers."

"Why?" asked Bel, beginning to pick leaves instead of berries, while a peony sprang into full bloom on each cheek, and her eyes fell as suddenly as though they were nails and Frederic's were hammers.

"Because I want you myself," replied Frederic, as assured as though *one* was enough to make any bargain.

For a minute there was no sound under the blue sky but a crow's voice crying, "La! la! la!" and the measured beating of a flail in somebody's barn like the throbbing of a great heart; then Isabel without looking up said, making a deep sigh, "If I *must* marry one of you Hamiltons why I suppose I must; and I would rather it were you than any other one."

So, as true as you are sitting in that chair, there was a wedding at the Hubbylthornes at last, with grandeur and style enough to satisfy Mrs. Fascett, and with Silence Dummie to cut the cake.

"To be sure! And there they are, Isabel and Frederic, settled, after all her ups and downs and all his wanderings, over to Holden—which is right at home as you may say—in as pretty a house as you could ask to see; all fitted up as handy as a work-box without and within, and with a burying-ground joining right on to the home lot," said Mrs. Fascett.

LOVE'S QUANDARY.

I MOVE in an orbit of maidens,
A fair little circle of wiles,
And each is distinct from the others,
Yet all are alike in their smiles.

They are beautiful, too, and endearing,
And one is a model of grace,
And one is a statue of Patience,
And one is a dancer of praise,

And one is a fairy of fashion,
And one is a bonny wee pet,
And one is a siren at singing,
And one is a laughing brunette.

And I've puzzled me long to determine
Which of all is most fit for a wife;
But the labor is out of my station,
I can not divine for my life.

Alas for the fortune that's human,
Each one seems to hold me at call!
Oh, I wish that I were a born Mormon,
For then I might marry them all!

THE LATEST NEWS FROM JAPAN.

HARPER'S BAZAR has received intelligence of a startling nature from its Own Correspondent in Japan. The news, which can not fail to interest the entire American people, was forwarded by relays of men, traveling with the utmost dispatch and secrecy, to a British steamer, the only vessel just about to sail, and telegraphed from London, as we scarcely need say, at a fabulous cost: and the *Bazar* takes pleasure in assuring its readers that its intention is to please and instruct, at any expense; and that if the latest news from Saturn should become a necessity of the age, its managers are quite ready to contract for an air-line to that planet.

As has been said, the dispatch of our correspondent contains startling matter. On the 1st of September, early in the morning, the American Consul was informed that a deputation of the Governors of Foreign Affairs was waiting below at his door. A deputation of any thing is sure to be imposing in Japan. No officer of noticeable rank stirs abroad except in his norimon, a sort of swinging baby-house, with cushions, carried by four stout bearers a foot or so above the ground. Around the norimon walk the retainers that form his body-guard, carrying spears and pennons with their master's crest. After it comes the horse, which he never rides; a line of trunks filled with baggage, and the umbrella-carriers and other servants; and in this case you are to multiply it all by six. Six Governors of Foreign Affairs, in six norimons, each with four bearers, six led horses, six body-guards, six sets of trunks (as if each official intended to spend six weeks with the American Consul), six fag-ends of six processions, spears, pennons, and the umbrellas. Furthermore, the Consul had received no previous notice of this visit, although the Japanese have the most tedious etiquette in the world. Yet more surprising, it was clear that the Governors were about to wait on the Tycoon. They were in court-dress. Each had his papier-mache cap, his surcoat with gauze wings, and those unconscionable trailing silk trowsers, from which it is supposed that our ladies have borrowed a hint about trails, and they came to desire the Consul to wait at once on the Tycoon; although on his previous visits it had required days only to arrange the ceremony of his presentation. The Consul was not slow to surmise that these violations of an etiquette which is a part of their government denoted some urgent pressure, of what nature it was not so easy to decide. He remarked, as he rode through the lower part of the town, that, in place of the usual jostling crowd of porters, norimons, and foot-passengers, the streets presented an almost deserted aspect, and the few who were to be seen were gathered about the bath and tea houses, with the air of men discussing some exciting question; while in the official quarter, in which stands the castle of the Tycoon, surrounded by those of his nobles, were unmistakable evidences of hurry and alarm. These castles crown the hills, which cut the beautiful city of Yeddo, as it were, in two. In the centre is the residence of the Tycoon, surrounded by three great moats. Between these circle the palaces of the Daimios, with superb gateways, flanked on either side by buildings that often extend for a quarter of a mile, and with a back-ground of gardens, trees, and parade-grounds, that give them the air of royal residences. A broad road winds in among them, bounded on one hand by these palaces, and on the other by the deep moat, filled with thousands of wild-fowl, and shaded by noble trees; and there is many an enchanting turn, where the eye is delighted with a valley of temples, parks, shops, dwellings, and gardens—twenty miles of city, in fact—from which superb roads lead out in every direction into a fertile country, a mountain land of palaces; and beyond and around all the sea.

Now, however, the stately quiet of this precinct was invaded by a subdued clang and murmur, as if its thousands of retainers were getting under arms. From many of the imposing gateways poured long trains of attendants, hurrying with their masters toward the Tycoon's palace; and, arrived there, the Consul was hurried at once into the august presence, without any of the forms and delays so rigorously exacted on former visits. The Consul augured nothing less than an invasion, a revolution, or a declaration of war on his government, and only prayed to be equal to the occasion. The ordinary salutations over, the Tycoon signed to the interpreter. The Consul was all attention. The interpreter began. The Consul listened breathlessly. The interpreter said that "The Master of the World desired to know from the Consul the true meaning of the two words—Irish Girls."

I have seen a mother, who had been inconsolable about some missing urchin, spank said urchin soundly on his coming comfortably home without a broken neck. Some such revulsion of feeling the Consul experienced. He was relieved; but he could not help a gentle indignation that there should be no crisis; no invasion; no declaration of war. He answered the question curtly. The interpreter persisted. What were "Irish Girls?" What were their numbers? In what estimation were they held? Incredulity and surprise at his replies were in every face. He was asked to define the word government; required to explain the American form of government; questioned and requestioned about the "actual ruler of the American people." The officials consulted in a low voice together and produced a paper, remarking, significantly, that the original was before the Mikado. This paper was headed by a drawing, which was given the Consul to examine, the written characters having first been folded away. The Consul examined it carefully, seeing all the while through his eyelashes that the Japanese were of the opinion that they had caught him. The drawing was of the Japanese school; but in the close, mutton-chop whisker, hat and band, livery coat, and mingled servility and impudence of the masculine figure, who could help recognizing somebody's coachman? while the wide mouth, pugnacious nose, and stiff hoop proclaimed with equal clearness that Bridget was his companion.

Examining the drawing, and turning it from side to side, under the attentive scrutiny of the Tycoon, the Consul felt like a physician called up at dead of night to prescribe for a cut finger. Here was the Tycoon, and the great nobles of his court, looking sagacious and diplomatic over a rough sketch of somebody's coachman, as aforesaid, and an Irish cook! Life is tolerably monotonous in Japan, and the Consul would have been glad to look as wise as any of them; but Bridget's nose was too much for him, and a very perceptible smile struggled about the corners of his mouth.

The ministers once more consulted together, and the interpreter was commanded to read aloud the paper thus strangely headed, the ministers meanwhile keeping strict eye on the Consul. It was written by one Daigaku No Kami, sent by the Mikado on a secret mission to the United States, and gave account of an association styling itself the Secret Springs.

The interpreter stopped here, and every one looked at the Consul.

"Very odd," said the Consul. "Never heard of such an association." The interpreter continued. The association met in a dew-drop (Dew-drop Inn?). The president and vice-pres-

ident were named James Riley and Margaret M'Manus, and their portraits were given above. The "Secret Springs" were mostly bounceable women, and very enthusiastic at the meeting attended by Daigaku No Kami. The president addressed the members, and as his speech embodied the policy of the order, which, as Daigaku No Kami's experience had convinced him, was the governing order of the United States, he (Daigaku) had obtained a copy, and now forwarded it entire for the Mikado's consideration.

SPEECH OF PRESIDENT JAMES RILEY.

Copied by the American Consul at Yeddo, from the Japanese Version, and forwarded to Harper's Bazar, regardless of expense.

"LADIES AND JINTHLEMIN,—As the prisidint of this sosiety, I has the objicks of this sosiety continially on my mind. I asks mesilf, as every Sakrit Shpring shood ask his or hursilf, what are the objicks of this sosiety? and I ansurs mesilf, to be the Sakrit Shprings of power in a kunthry in which power is lying around loose. I asks mesilf *has* we enny of this power? and I ansurs mesilf, as evry Sakrit Shpring may proudly ansur his or hursilf, we has, in a jinrul way. We has the bricks, and morther, and timbers, and men, and ground; and the intenshun of this sosiety is to build it up in a edifise as will be a credit to Erin-go-bragh. [Applause.]

"I asks mesilf then, ladies and jinthlemin, is this a rasunabul objick? Is this a objick that will wash? and I sets the posishun before mesilf as bekums the prisidint of your sosiety. Here is Erin on fut, with her pipe and shillalah, and divil a sint to the fore. Here is Jonathan with his feet up. He haz whipped himsilf, ladies and jinthlemin, and whin a man can do that he's ready for the rest of the world.

"Thin how is Erin to git Jonathan's chair from undher him?

"That is the question, and I asks it to mesilf continally, till I has lost my appytite and taken to abstracshun. I asks you, ladies and jinthlemin, that question, and where to find the ansur to that question, and I reads the ansur in thunder tones in your intellijint countenances—in history. Things are much of a muchness, sez you. The pattherns of things was pretty much all cut out in the beginning, and what we call new is jist a old style, laid aside and got dusty.

"Therefore the prisidint of your sosiety has studdid history till he has forgot the horses, and masther has sworn awful, and what has he found?—for I scorns to linger on me private griefs. Why that history is jist a rotashun of crops. There was the giants, when they got as bad as they cood be, the Jews cum in and smashed thim. There was the Egipshuns went on like two-forty, till the Shepherd Kings smashed *thim*. There was the Romans, as was like the Yankees, only twice as much more, and didn't brag so, and their turn cum too; and sez I what haz bin done can be done agin, and whin a nation gits saucy thin is the time to trip him up.

"Then I sez to mesilf, since sich things can be done, are we the ones to do thim? I leaves the ansur to you agin, ladies and jinthlemin, and I hears it before you open your lips. Show me the man that is niver out of a dhrop, or a tear for his friend, or a blow for his inimy, and I'll show you an Irishman [Great applause]; and show me the wimmin that can hould a candle to ours"—[Frantic applause, in which the rest of the sentence was lost.]

"Ladies and jinthlemin," continued the President, when he could once more be heard, "our next question is, haz we comminsed to bring about our objick, and I ansur proudly that the prisidint of this sosiety thinks we has. I luks about me, and I sees thim brown-stun houses. I sees the water brought in the rooms, and the oil-cloth on the kitchen, and the stashunery tubs. What for is that oil-cloth, and thim stashunery tubs? Because the American woman wants thim? An American lady as is worth the name would not be seen in her kitchen. They are there because the Irish girls will have thim; and I sez to mesilf, we makes thim build thim pretty much as we likes, and that is power. I looks about, and I sees three Irish girls adoin the work of one, and eatin for six, and I sez, there's power again, and a spoilin of the Egipshuns. I sees men as is great down town, reg'lar hunderd-pounders, gittin up, whin I'm havin my sikind nap, diggin all day to make both inds meet, snubbin their wives because they don't meet, and a sayin, 'You must stop this here operoor-cloak and diamund business,' whin bless you, it is in the kitchen the candle is burnin, Molly givin out the bread, and Ellen givin out the coals, and cook gittin up double dinners, and keepin the best for down stairs, and Pat with his own key to the wine-cellar, and all a breakin, and smashin, and tearin; and sez I, 'Be jabers! here's power, whin we keeps a man like that with his nose to the grindstone.'

"I luks agin, and I sees families comin in from the kunthry. They likes the kunthry, but the girls won't stay there; and sez I, 'Hurray for the girls!' I looks agin, and I sees thim boardin because they can't live with girls, and they can't keep house without thim, and sez I, 'here's power agin.' I looks in the Magazeens, and they're all abusin us, and plannin how to do without us. That's famous! I listens at the door, and all the ladies' talk is about us. I takes up *Harper's Bazar*, and the first thing I reads, that an intillijint jinthleman from furrin parts has been 'lookin round the kunthry for the guvernment,' and where do you think he found it? In Congress? No. In the aristokrisy? No. Among the Irish girls." [Great applause, and three cheers for the "intillijint furrin jinthleman."]

"This is fame," pursued the president; "this is confurmashun. We are rekugnized by the first unpredjidis'd man that cums among us, as carryin out our objick. But this is not all that remains for us as 'Sakrit Shprings.' We want a motter and a polisy. Your prisidint has selektid a motter."

"'Never lose nothing for want of tryin to get it.' Let ivry 'Sakrit Shpring' keep this butiful and appropryit motter in mind, and act up to it." [Enthusiasm and cries of "We will!"]

"Your prisidint has also selektid a polisy," pursued Mr. Riley, with modest dignity; "not as out of his speshul merits, but because the horses must always have a guidin hand. There's hardly a house in the Union that hasn't a Irish girl into it. There's hunderds of Irish hands on every leg of that there chair of Jonathan's. What we want now is a long pull, and a pull all together in jinrul. Kape your ears butthund back while I giv you a few hints in pertickler.

"There's two kinds of girls, in my judgment—the bhrakers-in and the tranur. The bhrakers-in is jinrully in the offises and the advertizmunts, and there goes about fore of them to wun lady. There's the girl as cums home, luks about her, and sniffs, and gits took sick in the middle of the wash, and goes. There's the girl as puts the bread away in the soap-grease, and uses the table-cloths to wash the floor, and niver washes the ghridiron or her face, till the misthriss sends her packin. There's the girl as bhrakes all the dishes, and puts saleratus on the beef-steak, and gets dhrunk, and refuzis to go, and haz to be carried out by the head and shoulders. There is the girl as is a trazhure for a week and a half, and then sauces the misthriss to be sent off with her month's wages, and abuses the family till they pays her to get red of her, and sets all the neighbors a-talkin. The girls haz a good time a-roamin from place to place, like a buttherfly, and a-seeing life and studyin characther; and I call thim bhrakers-in, for by that time the lady's sperrit is bhroken, if she ain't uncommon, and she's ready to be thankful for a tranur.

"The tranur, ladies and jinthlemin, is the girl that some of her friends rekumminds, and that has lived two years in her last place. She don't make coffee very badly, or alwiz burn the beef-steak. She irons some of the clothes pretty well, and she is often good-natured. She don't get dhrunk, and she isn't often saucy. She won't have the childers in the kitchen, and snubs thim wherever she sees thim; but the childers are told not to ansur back, as they might get some one worse. She expects the misthriss to kape another girl, or to do two-thirds of the work hersilf; and the misthriss does it; for she is bhroken in. The tranur is opposed to company, and has jinrully to be appazed by a prizint for every guest. She is hard to suit, and complanes of the house, and turns up her nose at the style of livin. By degrees the family gits to dread a certain look about her mouth and eyes, and thin the tranur has them all under her thumb, till the childers come down with scarlatina, when she laves without warnin for fear of taking the fever.

"When I sees these things I says that is my polisy. Go it, girls. Stick to it reg'lar: bhrakers-in or tranurs! whichever you are! but sez you, ain't there resk of their turnin by-and-by, and that is a question to be kunsidered; but your prisidint has kunsidered it filosofikully, spesifikully, and kategorikully, and they won't turn, not so long as the Irish woman uses thim mussels in her back and shoulders and legs that was put there to use, and the American woman lies on the sofa or sits in the rocker till her mussels wilt up; nor so long as the Irish woman walks in the sun and eats enough to make plenty of red blood, and the American woman shuts hersilf behind her blinds and curtains like a sprout in her cellar, and pinches her stomach with her corsets so that it can't hold enough to keep her scrawny frame a goin!—because the American woman will be sick, and the Irish woman well, and dinners haz to be got, and floors scrubbed all the same, no matter who's sick or well.

"For the rest, ladies and jinthlemin, stick to your motter. Don't lose nothin for want of tryin to get it. Encurrij the arts by insistin on dumb-waiters, a man-waiter, and a little boy to run your errands. Don't encurrij no familiz that tries to economize and wants one girl. The cookin is one girl's work and the chamber-work another; and there should be a boy to tind the door, and a woman for the washin, and an extra woman for the cleanin! Alwiz!

"Keep your misthriss out of the kitchen. Don't allow no impertinences as where that pair of stockins wint, or how many eggs you used. Ask as much wages for doin one-third of the work as the whole. If the misthriss tries to order you, pay no attenshun. If she touches any thing hersilf, asks afther the change, keeps the key of her store closet, or tries to save, make up your mind she is no lady, and trate her accordinly. Don't allow no tyrinny; and if you go to the kunthry niver stay more than three wakes in one place.

"And now, ladies and jinthlemin, before we adjurn permit me to move a vote of thanks to that noble girl who refused to live with a woman that worked for her livin. Keep the standard high, ladies, and turn your backs on whatever is vulgar and low; also three cheers for the furrin jinthleman, and let us asshure him of our distinguished considerashun."

Here followed statistics appended by Daigaku No Kami, showing that in some places this governing order already had the majority in numbers; after which the interpreter laid down the paper, and the Japanese Ministers awaited the Consul's explanation. To them it was no light matter. A mere chance had thus far saved the Tycoon and his Cabinet from the necessity of performing hari-kari. Every one in Japan has his *ometsky*, literally shadow, or, as we should say, bluntly, spy. Daigaku No Kami's "shadow" was secretly in the service of the Tycoon. He had contrived to purloin the paper copy, and forward it to the Tycoon, who thus had time to summon the Consul and fortify himself against the expected attack of the Mikado.

As to the Consul, while he could not suppress a smile at the singular misapprehension of the Japanese envoy, he was also alarmed by the fact that a person of intelligence *could* find so many unanswerable proofs to justify him in the theory of a secret governing order and a hidden despotism in a free republic—an alarm which he hopes the readers of *Harper's Bazar* will share, and will do their best to make groundless—as he transmitted his intelligence—at any cost.

MRS. TYPESET'S DIARY.

Wednesday.

"Women are angels: just a little weak
And just a little wicked, it may be,
Yet still the sweetest beings in the world;
But when one stands with apprehensive gasp
At verge of sternutation, or leaps off,
Projecting all her being in a sneeze,
Or snores with lips wide-parted, or essays
The 'double quick,' we turn our eyes away
In sadness, that a creature so divine
Can be so shockingly ridiculous;
Yet who shall say she's not an angel still?"

So says the author of "Kathrina." Wonder if he would not have said a little *more* or a little *less* if he had specially noted the fearfully high *chignons* (thank the fashions, they are falling down a trifle!), the extraordinarily scant skirts, the ridiculously long trails, and low bodices which some of the ultra stylish adopt? Or if he had heard of the threatened fashion of dyeing the hair green, mauve, blue, or any other shade to match the color of the dress the lady may desire to wear, what then? "An angel still?" An angel with green hair! A novelty indeed!

Saw a recipe to-day for obtaining a magnificent waterfall, and getting rid of annoying company by a single stroke of genius. Thought it worth preserving. A lady living in a not far distant city possessed a luxuriant *chignon*, which was the envy of all her sex. One day it loosened, and a gentleman assisted her in preventing a catastrophe. She rewarded him by taking off the netting which enveloped it, displaying to his wondering eyes a large and handsome *wig*, and informing him how she obtained it. One evening, as she was hastening to her home, a well-dressed, middle-aged man stepped up to her side and insisted upon accompanying her. She declined; as he persisted in his attentions, she suddenly seized him by the hair of his head and pulled off the whole of it, much to her astonishment. The gentleman took to his heels, and ran away as fast as he could, looking much like a Chinaman minus his cue. This being the first and last time she ever saw the would-be gallant, and as no advertisement appeared for its recovery, she had made the best use she could of the elegant wig.

Mem.—Somebody writes from Paris that the mouth is to be worn slightly open this season!

Thursday Eve.—Some railroad cars in New England are evidently designed solely for *six footers!* Ladies possessing only *two* feet find that no amount of stretching will enable them to reach the foot-board contrivance. Should suppose that ought to be for *short* folks, not for long ones. After riding a while the other day most uncomfortably, perched on a high seat, feet poised in mid-air, and nerves on edge, I followed the example of other ladies in the car, and made a footstool of the seat before me. It seemed to be the fashion. The conductor gave consent by silence. Fortunately there were but few in the car. Shouldn't suppose people of ordinary size *would* patronize such vehicles. Very sorry to adopt an objectionable fashion; but where *can* a traveler, with only two trunks, pack her nerves and muscles during a six hours' ride? Concluded I should not go that way again until the cars were modernized.

Found, in an English newspaper, some directions for washing Valenciennes and other kinds of thread lace so that it looks almost like new. "Roll the lace very smoothly round a clean bottle, which has previously been covered tightly with old white linen. Tack each end of the lace to keep it smooth, and be careful in folding it round the bottle not to turn in any of the scallops or pearlings. When the lace is on the bottle take some of the best sweet-oil, and with a clean sponge wet the lace thoroughly with it. Prepare in a kettle a strong cold lather of white Castile soap; fill the bottle with cold water to prevent its bursting, cork it well, and stand it upright in the suds, tying it to the handle of the kettle to prevent its rolling about. Let it boil in the suds for an hour or more, till the lace is clean; drain off the suds and dry it on the bottle in the sun. When dry take the lace off the bottle, lay it in long folds within a sheet of white paper, and press it in a large book for a few days."

Saturday Eve.—Mr. T. has been reading aloud an entertaining sketch of Beethoven's life. The celebrated composer was never married, but tried housekeeping himself. He seems to have been no more successful in regard to servants than certain ladies of the present day. He kept a brief record of his domestic afflictions, indicating in what a chaos of misery he lived. An extract from his diary runs thus:

"1820, *April* 17. The kitchen-maid came. A bad day. [This means that he had only biscuits and beer to live upon, his dinner having been spoiled.]
"*May* 16. Given warning to kitchen-maid.
"19. The kitchen-maid left.
"30. The woman came.
"*July* 1. New kitchen-maid arrived.
"28. At night the kitchen-maid ran away.
"30. The woman from Unter Döbling came.
"*August* 10, 11, 12, and 13. Four bad days.
"28. The woman's mouth expires.
"*September* 6. The girl came.
"*October* 22. The girl left."

And so on. He was parsimonious in little things; but how lovingly generous to his ungrateful adopted son, who fell into extravagant and evil courses! To him he wrote appeals like this: "MY DEAR SON,—No more of this. Come to my arms. You shall not hear one harsh word. For God's sake do not ruin yourself; you shall be received as kindly as ever. As to what is to be thought of and done for the future, we will talk it over in a friendly manner. You have nothing to expect from me but the most anxious and affectionate care. Only come; come to the heart of your father.—BEETHOVEN." Many a child might be saved when on the verge of ruin by such loving words.

Women are beginning to receive some of their "*rights!*" The king of Prussia presented the great gold medal for *Art and Literature* to Miss Muhlbach, on the first appearance of her new work, "Napoleon in Germany." One of the principal characters introduced in the story is the present King of Prussia, William I.

New inducements to matrimony are being offered in England. At a recent review of British troops a pint of porter was ordered to be issued to each single man, and *a quart to each married one.*

The Chinese use silk-worms differently from most people. They fry them in castor oil, and regard them as a great luxury.

Some obscurity still hangs round the resignation of M. Monnier, the ex-preceptor of the prince. A hundred different reasons are assigned. The general conclusion, however, is that, even with merit and instruction, it is a difficult thing to steer through that strange sea called the Court. Think I should not be ambitious to navigate that sea in an humble capacity, even if I were less sensitive than Damiron, an incident in whose career comes to mind. That young philosopher was called to the honor of directing the education of a prince. He accepted the mission, and arrived one evening at the Tuileries. A servant carried the young man's few trunks into the apartment arranged for him, and, after meditating for some time on the plan of wise and manly education he had formed as necessary for a child who would one day be king, Damiron went to sleep. The next morning he was awoke abruptly at seven o'clock by a bell ringing at the head of his bed.

"What's that?" cried the preceptor, in a very bad humor, and ringing in his turn.

The servant who appeared, and was questioned, answered that the bell was to warn Monsieur le Précepteur that his Royal Highness the Prince had risen, and that he was to go to his apartment.

"So," said Damiron, "they ring for me like a servant, do they? *Mais.* Oh, very well, leave me." In ten minutes Damiron was up, had left the Tuileries, and never put foot in it again.

Monday Eve.—Received this morning a printed notice of a Church Fair, somewhere in Wisconsin. I was attracted by the announcement that all of the Lady Managers officiate in full male attire, uniform in style: Full-dress coat of dark-blue cloth, and buff cassimere vest, both trimmed with extra rich plain flat gilt buttons; blue or other dark cassimere or woolen-knit pantaloons, and all other belongings of a gentleman's toilet. While considering if I could not invite some of my Western friends to attend this novelty on my behalf, my eye fell on the date, and simultaneously my spirits fell. My circular had evidently been lying at some obscure post-office for weeks.

Just as we were sitting down to dinner a magnificent bouquet of rare blossoms was brought in. Cousin W. sent it. It cheered our dinner-table wonderfully; but I was puzzling my brains half the time how I could preserve it fresh and fragrant for many days to come. Aunt Anne relieved my perplexity. Said she had lately seen some rules for preserving flowers which she thought worth trying. These are the directions: "Sprinkle the bouquet lightly with fresh water, then put it into a vessel containing soap-suds; this will nutrify the stem and keep the flowers as bright as new. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning and lay it sideways (the stock entering first) into clean water, keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with water; replace it in the soap-suds, and it will bloom as fresh as when gathered. The soap-suds need changing every three or four days. By observing these rules a bouquet may be kept bright and beautiful for at least a month."

Tuesday.—Mr. Typeset had not spoken for full ten minutes, as we were cozily sitting in the parlor to-night, when suddenly I became conscious that he was watching me over the top of his newspaper. I looked up.

"My dear," said he, solemnly, "I wish you would not waste your time, and ruin your eyes, over that eternal stitching." Mr. T. never *can* endure to see me with a needle in my hands. He thinks every thing can be done by the sewing-machine.

"But I am not stitching, I am baisting—see;" and I held up a cunning little sacque, that he might have known with half a glance was just a fit for "Dot."

"Mr. T. gazed in a puzzled way at the little garment, until at length an odd smile came over his face, and he said, "You got that idea out of the *Bazar*. But," continued he, turning again to his newspaper, "you will never be able to read all the new books that are coming out, unless you stop sewing."

"Well, you can read them to me, and I shall like that all the better," I replied; "only you must be sure and get them for me as soon as they are published—*all of them.*"

Mr. Typeset lifted his eyebrows, as if he thought his pocket was in imminent danger, but I went on as if I never supposed new books cost any thing.

"Now, do tell me what you are reading about. Anna Dickinson's new novel, or Mrs. Stowe's 'Old-Town Folks?' Even *I* know that those are not likely to appear until spring. Or is it Robert Browning's poem, fifteen thousand lines in length, and founded on a murder? Possibly you may get *that* in season for a New Year's gift."

But Mr. T. is cautious, and made no rash promises. He only began to read aloud: "'Owen Meredith' has in press two volumes of poems, a work 'which may be either rhyme or prose,' entitled 'Orval, or the Fool of Time,' and a new illustrated edition of his romance, 'Lucile.' Maximilian's autobiography, in three volumes, is announced in England. Mr. John Timbs, an indefatigable compiler of other men's works, will soon publish 'Lady Bountiful's Legacy.' The Queen of Spain is imitating the Queen of England and writing a book."

"Writing her *life?*" said I, inquiringly. "What a book it must be!"

"I don't believe it is her life," returned Mr. T. "It is to be called 'The Happiness of Nations.' The Czar of Russia is engaged on a military work. The crowned heads are growing wonderfully literary of late. Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins, it is said, are at work together upon a Christmas story. Victor Hugo is to publish a work in two volumes, prose and poetry, entitled 'Ideas of Three Revolutions.' Charles Reade has a new novel in hand. Mrs. Craik appears in a new literary field, as translator of Guizot's 'Biography of De Brabante.'"

Here Mr. Typeset paused a moment, but presently continued, "Here is a new treatise on Geometry, and Eight Lectures on Sound. I suppose you will want me to buy those also. Ah! a 'Hand-Book of Practical Cookery!' Now, my dear, *do* you think you could get up some new and savory dishes, if I should make you a present of a copy bound in 'blue and gold?'" And Mr. T. seemed so earnest about the matter that I'm sure I should have had an enlarged edition of his unpublished work on Model Cookery immediately presented to me, if by chance—a good chance, indeed—the door-bell had not rung, and callers interrupted our *tête-à-tête.*

BACK. PALETOT WITH FLOWING SLEEVES. FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 11–15.

FRONT. EUGENIE PALETOT. BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–6.

PALETOT FOR GIRL FROM 15 TO 17 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 29–32.

FRONT. BURNOUS. BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7–10.

SIDE. ALEXANDRA PALETOT. FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 49–53.

BACK. ELEGANT PALETOT. FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 69–72.

DON CÆSAR PALETOT. FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 24–28.

DON CÆSAR PALETOT. BACK.

FRONT. DON PEDRO. BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 61–68.

FRONT. HUSSAR PALETOT. BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 54–57.

FRONT. MOSCOW PALETOT. BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 58–63.

WINTER CLOAKS.

STEWART'S.

THE "Fields," less than a century since, was an open common outside of the further boundary of the town, the chosen gathering place of political agitators and favorite resort of idlers and pleasure-seekers. With the rapid increase of New York after the Revolution it was soon included within the expanding limits of the city, of which for many years it remained a central space green with verdure and shaded with trees, known then and since as "the Park." The municipality here at an early period built its City Hall, its court-houses, and its jails; but those who resorted to "the Park" for public business were for a long time so few comparatively that idlers still sunned themselves in undisturbed repose on the rustic benches, and children chased butterflies and gathered butter-cups [illegible]cked on the verdant sward. Now "the Park" is the most crowded thoroughfare of the lower and busiest part of the city. The dwelling-places which once surrounded it have yielded to massive warehouses and stirring places of business. Idle loungers and sportive children now seek repose and pleasure miles away, and "the Park," trodden all over into a solid pathway, is daily traversed by more than a hundred thousand people intent alone on business.

Making our way as best we can through a throng which seems thickened by the multitude of passers into a viscid current of humanity, we pass the Park, which, stretching a few hundred yards along Broadway, separates two of the most remarkable monuments of private enterprise in the street, the *Herald* building and Stewart's warehouse or "store" as it is termed by us in America.

This structure, with the exception of one which belongs to the same proprietor, is the largest ever built in the United States for private purposes. Its white marble front, with successive ranges of gracefully-proportioned Corinthian columns, extends from street to street, and the body of the building covers about an acre of ground. It is here that Mr. Stewart now carries on the wholesale part of his great business in what is called by us in the United States "dry goods," which includes every thing sold by the mercer, draper, hosier, upholsterer, haberdasher, glover, and mantua-maker. His annual sales in this one department reach the enormous sum of forty millions of dollars, and far surpass in amount those of any tradesman or merchant in the world. In the conduct of this immense business eight hundred persons are constantly employed. The customers of the establishment are scattered all over the vast continent of America. Every where in the North, South, East, and West, in each large city and small town, there are tradesmen who announce in capitals on their shop fronts, or in emphatic advertisements of the local papers, that the wares they have for sale have come from Stewart. This is deemed the surest way of commending them to purchasers. When the rebellion broke out there was due from Southern dealers to Mr. Stewart the large sum of two millions of dollars in gold, the greater part of which has probably been long since put down to his "profit and loss" account.

Some few years ago Mr. Stewart, finding that his warehouse in the lower part of Broadway, where he had hitherto conducted his wholesale and retail business together, was too small for the two, and anticipating the progress of the city, built another and still larger structure a mile further up on the great thoroughfare.

Passing the long range of substantial wholesale warehouses which bound Broadway on either side for nearly a mile, we reach what may be termed the retail portion of the street. The same want of symmetry and regularity, the same quickened movement of thronging passers, the same apparently insoluble jumble of omnibuses, carts, and equipages of all kinds, and the same display of flaunting signs and trade-symbols confuse the eye throughout. But on reaching the upper part of the thoroughfare the scene assumes a gayer and more holiday look. The shop-windows glow with a display of vari-colored stuffs and wares; great hotels, theatres, museums, coffee-houses, and restaurants throw out their flaunting banners; stylish equipages line the street; richly-dressed dames sweep the sidewalks with their lengthened trains; and lounging, over-dressed men gather about the marble hotel porches, or saunter up and down the street.

The great retail warehouse of Stewart, like his wholesale one, has no external sign or symbol, or any indication whatsoever of the kind of business conducted within it, or of the name of the proprietor. Nor does it need any. There is not an inhabitant of New York who is not familiar with "Stewart's store," and not a stranger that does not immediately become, on arriving in the city, acquainted with it. The structure itself is so large and imposing, and so prominently placed in that universal thoroughfare, Broadway, that it at once strikes the eye of every visitor. Though not yet completed, a portion of it has been occupied for several years. When finished, as it will be in the course of a few months, it will cover two acres and a quarter of ground, upon every inch of which there will be a solid construction of iron and masonry. It has a height of seven and a depth of two stories, descending fifty feet below ground. The first-floor will extend in one clear space over the whole two acres of this building site, unbroken by a single partition. The upper part of the structure will be supported only by the side-walls and a great range of iron pillars.

This spacious hall opening directly to the four streets which the great building will face, is to be exclusively devoted to sales, and in its fifteen different departments the purchaser will find every thing embraced by that comprehensive American word "dry goods" which he may demand, from a glove to a Turkish carpet. The upper stories will be used for manufacturing the various articles of the ladies' wardrobe, mantillas, cloaks, etc., all of which are sold in this universal bazar.

In the early part of the afternoon at the fashionable "shopping" hour five thousand persons, mostly women, may be counted at the same moment in this great establishment, and the daily average number of visitors is nearly twenty thousand. There are twelve hundred people employed in the retail department alone, making, with the eight hundred in the wholesale, two thousand persons to whom Mr. Stewart gives constant occupation. The annual retail sales amount in value to ten millions of dollars, which, added to the forty millions sold at wholesale, makes the vast sum of fifty millions. Thus Mr. Stewart alone sells the sixth of the whole value of the "dry goods" consumed each year throughout the United States!

Half a million of dollars' worth of the single article of gloves are sold each year in the retail establishment; and it is not surprising to hear that one of the largest glove manufacturers of Paris devotes his whole time and resources exclusively to supplying the immense demand of his great American customer.

All kinds of "dry goods" can be purchased at this establishment, from a shilling calico to an Indian shawl at many thousand dollars. There are constantly on sale cashmere from four to five thousand, and lace shawls from three to four thousand dollars each. Mr. Stewart, on a late visit to Europe, not finding articles of silk for dresses sufficiently rich and costly for the American market, whose exorbitant demands no one knows as well as he, ordered some at Lyons of unexampled gorgeousness of material and elaborateness of embroidery. He sold in one day, at four hundred and fifty dollars each, five of these dresses to as many dames in the city of New York. Belts, or mere ribbons to correspond, can not be bought for less than from thirty to forty dollars each. The famous black silks of Antwerp are sold every day across the counter of Stewart at twenty-five dollars a yard. Among the prodigal customers of Stewart there are many who in one morning's shopping spend immense sums. One profuse New York dame lately made a purchase of articles exclusively for her own toilet the bill for which amounted to fifteen thousand dollars.

In the construction of Stewart's retail warehouse utility has been considered rather than ornament. It is built wholly of iron, and consists of a succession of ranges of large arched windows, with no more space of solid structure between than is just sufficient to sustain them. The rotunda, rising a hundred and twenty feet, and extending over a diameter of a hundred, made of iron and painted white like the body of the building, will, when completed, give increased dignity to a structure already imposing from its size and position. Five millions of dollars is the estimated cost of the great shop.

Alexander T. Stewart, whose prodigious success has crowned him the king of merchants and shopkeepers, is an Irishman by birth, and came to New York, like most of his countrymen, a poor emigrant. He was born near Belfast, but descended from a Scottish Presbyterian and Methodist ancestry. A graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and thus endowed with a good education, he, on arriving at New York, in 1823, became a tutor in a school of which the junior publisher of this paper was one of the pupils.

With thrifty habits he had soon put by a small sum of money. This he embarked as the capitalist in an humble establishment about to be commenced by a friend, who, for some reason or other, failing to "open shop," Mr. Stewart was forced, in order to secure the safety of his small earnings, to do so himself. Thus by accident the poor schoolmaster became the great tradesman. For many years he kept a small shop in Broadway, the whole contents of which would have hardly filled a corner of the cellar of his present marble warehouse opposite. After fluctuating for a long time on the narrow margin between success and failure, he was finally borne away on the full tide of prosperity to an ocean of wealth. No word seems too exaggerated in speaking of the riches of a man whose annual income has reached the prodigious sum of four millions six hundred thousand dollars, or ten dollars each minute of the twenty-four hours, night and day. Mr. Stewart actually declared this income, and paid upon it to the Government of the United States a tax of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Mr. Stewart, though now more than three-score years old, retains all the activity and enterprise of his early days. No scheme of business seems too vast, and no detail too minute, for his own personal management and attention. His mind, while it is exact even to the recollection of the number of yards in a piece of flannel, is so comprehensive as to grasp with facility the whole machinery of the great business of which he is the proprietor and manager.

Before Mr. Stewart's late visit to Europe, where he went as the Chief Commissioner of the United States to the great Exhibition at Paris, he telegraphed to all his buyers to meet him at a certain fixed time at Manchester. The day and hour arrived, and Mr. Stewart found at the place appointed forty of his representatives whom he assembled, like some mighty potentate, in a Congress for a deliberation on what may be termed the interests of the world, for there is hardly a market of it, however remote, where the great tradesman has not a buyer.

The popular imagination, anticipating the death of Mr. Stewart, has made various dispositions of the immense wealth he must leave behind him. Though married he has no children. Sometimes it is said that the palatial mansion of marble which he is building in the Fifth Avenue, and which will cost two millions of dollars, is to be converted into an orphan house or a retreat for impoverished gentlewomen. Again, it is rumored that Mr. Stewart has already designed a plan for the erection of whole streets of tenements for the poor, to whom he will leave them in perpetuity at a merely nominal rent.

It would be better for the interests of society, if the political economists are to be believed, that the immense capital of Mr. Stewart should never be diverted from its present channels of trade through which it is now fertilizing the fields of enterprise and reproducing wealth; but how are the interests of the great business to be transferred to others, and where are to be found those capable of conducting it?

There is no country in the world where Fashion has so wide a sway as in the United States. Its worshipers in Europe are the exclusive few; in America its devotees are the multitude. Averse to all distinctions of class, each American citizen dresses like his neighbor, and the man of leisure and the laborer, the mistress and maid, wear clothes of the same material and cut. None of that variety of costume which gives picturesqueness to the people of foreign countries is seen in the United States. Here the workman wears the black dress-coat and stove-pipe hat, and the serving-maid the monstrous *chignon* covered with flimsy pretense of bonnet, and the flowing robe of silk. It is not always easy to distinguish mistress from maid, and master from man. He need not be an habitual bungler like poor Goldsmith to waste his eloquence and courtesy upon the valet mistaken for the lord.

The foreign visitor, on coming to the United States, is startled to find so much misplaced finery. His knock or ring is responded to by a rustle of silk, and he is confronted at the street-door by a flowing robe of the latest fashion. At table his cheek is brushed by a loose lock of the coiffure in vogue, and perhaps his soup lapped up or his sherry glass swept off by the laced sleeve of the fashionably-dressed Hebe who waits upon him.

Three hundred millions of dollars are spent annually in the United States for "dry goods." This immense consumption of satins, silks, woolens, cottons, and all the other materials of complicated female drapery is the natural result of the universal passion for dress. Every change of capricious fashion finds immediate expression all over the United States. Here the new bonnet is covering each head and the latest robe draping every form of the common people, while still in Europe they remain in the exclusive possession of the aristocratic few. Thus, though the fashions are derived from Berlin and Paris, they are so quickly appropriated and diffused in the United States that the country in the aggregate is always in advance of all others, not even excepting France and Germany, from which they are derived.

It is surprising how quick the foreign emigrant conforms to the American uniformity of dress. Whether Englishman, Frenchman, German, Italian, Swiss, or what not, he no sooner arrives than he doffs his peculiar costume and puts on the general dress of the country. On the day only of his arrival you distinguish him by his frieze coat, knee-breeches, coarse woolen stockings, and hob-nailed shoes, or by his velveteen jacket and long gaiters, or by his bob-tailed coat and low-browed cap; on the next his identity is lost in the universal beaver-hat and black suit. So also with the wives and daughters, who at once throw off the scarlet cloaks, the bright velvet bodices, the short skirts of woolen stuff, however endeared to them by tradition and the usage of their own countries, and dress for the first time, but ever afterward, in the flowing gowns and bonnets or hats of American women. Dickens has recorded his astonishment at seeing in America Irishmen with whole coats to their backs. The people of all other nations, whether peculiar by costume or the want of it, are externally metamorphosed with the same rapidity and completeness as the raggedest of Hibernians.

FROM A VERY SMALL BOY.

I HAVE got a little brother. His name is Herbert. He is three years old. My name is Jack. I am six years old. Delia is our nurse. Delia says if I tell she will throw me in the river. But she did not say, if I told the newspaper. A newspaper is not any body. Papa says every body tells the newspaper every thing. I hope you can read my printing. I have just learned to make the letters. Our mamma don't know. She is a beautiful mamma. She wears new gowns, and curls. She comes in once a day to look at us. Like we go to see Flo's puppies.

Delia don't like Herbert. Because he is afraid, and cries. He cries because she shakes him. In the Central Park. There are swans in the Central Park. Sometimes she lets us feed them. When she is pleasant. There is a place there with trees. It is dark, and you can't see any thing. Delia talks there. We sit on the seat, and it makes my back ache. There are pebbles to pick up, but Delia boxes my ears, and shakes me. When she boxes me my head rings. Papa says there is something the matter with my head. The doctor comes. He thinks I get knocks on the head. I think I do. When Herbert's back aches he twists about, and Delia shakes him. I don't cry, but Herbert does. Because he is three years old. She says, "You naughty, good-for-nothing boy," and he cries worse. She boxes him, and I put my arm around him. Delia says Herbert is naughty, but I think he is hungry. I get hungry. It is hot too. Sometimes. My legs get tired, and I want to see the horses. Herbert's legs are short. He has to run, Delia walks so fast. He runs, and he whimpers. Delia says she will give him to the policeman. There are policemen in the Park to catch naughty children, and carry them away. Once there was a lady. She sat on a seat near us. She tried to follow us, and she said she would tell mamma. I wish she had. Mamma went with us once. We fed the swans, and saw all the horses. Delia did not scold. She let us run in the walks. I wish mamma would go again.

I don't like night. I wish God would make days longer. But I heard papa say they are growing shorter. When Delia goes down to the kitchen I see things. Ugly faces and yellow rings. I beg Delia to stay up, but she puts me in bed quick. I asked Delia what the faces were, and she says they are witches. There is a big wheel, too, behind my bed, and it keeps turning round and round. Sometimes I scream. But I try not, for Delia runs up and shakes me. Mamma never sees me when I am in bed. They dance and sing down stairs. But when Aunt Alice was here she put Nellie to bed herself. Nellie said prayers, and Aunt Alice kissed her. I asked Aunt Alice to kiss me, and then she always kissed me. Aunt Alice sings hymns too. And she said I was a poor, lonely little boy. And some day, to pay, mamma would be a poor, lonely old mamma.

This summer we went to the country. There is water and boats in the country. Mamma had new gowns, and we had new frocks. I hate new frocks. I want old trowsers and boots. I wanted to sail sticks, but Delia said I would soil my frock and scrape my shoes. Mamma went somewhere every day. I teased to go too. But she said, "Go to Delia." There was a kitchen door, with a nasty gutter near it. Delia went there. It was hot, and smelled, and mosquitoes bit us. Herbert sat in his carriage. I hated it. And when mamma came home Delia said, always, "We have been on the shore, mum." I did not tell. For there is a man who pulls little boys' hearts out. Delia knows him.

There was a lady. She was pretty, like mamma. She had two boys. They pulled her, and played with her. She went in a boat with them. And they dabbled in the water. When they went bathing she splashed them, and I laughed. The youngest boy was afraid. Like me. Delia pokes me in, and holds me, and I choke. The lady took him in softly. I don't think he choked a bit. They walked on the beach, and she carried a basket. Mamma would not carry a basket. It had lunch in it. The lunch looked very good. The lady offered me a piece. But Delia said, for shame. They got shells. And she let them ask "why." I ask why too. But mamma says, "You troublesome child!" Delia says, "Shut up!" Her boys had a birthday. She told them a story. On purpose for the birthday. It was a beautiful story. I sat very still, and heard. It was not about a little boy, who told something and had his heart pulled out. When the lady goes out her boys run to meet her. They catch her dress. She says, "darling," and "dear." Mamma never lets me touch her gown. Because I rumple her. Delia says she is not a great lady. My mamma is a great lady. Delia says common women walk about with their boys. Delia says when I grow up I shall be a gentleman. And do nothing. I wish mamma would call me darling. The lady would send Delia away. She told Delia not to drag Herbert. And to take me out of the sun. Delia said, "None of your business." Delia don't like the lady. We saw her in the cars. When we came from the Central Park. I stood up. My legs ached. The lady made them give me a seat. Delia said, "Meddling old thing."

Delia says big words. At the table with the girls. I say them too. And the girls laugh. But they say, "You must not talk that before mamma." I scream too. It is a good way to scream at home. Delia takes notice. She is afraid mamma will hear. She don't take notice when I ask. I scream for every thing. Papa says I am not to eat pies, and candies. But Delia says they won't hurt. Papa asks if I have had any. I say "No," and Delia gives me more. Herbert is sick. That is what I want to tell. Two doctors come here every day. They asked Delia if he ever ate fruit. Delia said "No, Sir." Mamma said Delia would not give him any. Herbert moans in his crib. Mamma does not sing now evenings. He ate apples. Two. For I saw them. Delia gave them. To keep him quiet. I want Herbert not to die. I want you to tell. Delia says she will throw me in the river. But she won't know. She can't read. She only looks at the pictures. Mamma reads *Harper's Bazar*. Mamma can tell the doctors.

Delia says she will never go away. She says she will stay with me as long as I live. She combs my hair hard in the morning. On purpose. When she is cross. And she twitches. When she twitches, it makes me angry. All over. And then she shakes me for being naughty. Tell mamma about it. And about the big wheel behind my bed. It says moon! moon! moon! full! full! full! Delia says there are boys who have no beds. That would be nice. If you tell mamma she will listen. She is very polite. But she always tells me, "Go to Delia." I can't tell her.

I should like to make mud pies. I should like to build a house. Of stones. I could make a waterfall. In the gutter. If my new frocks could be hung on a stick. For people to see. Like they do in the shops. I could wear old clothes. And play. And Delia could go away. She walks out to take care of my clothes. Ask mamma. And why she takes Flo. In her lap. She won't hold me. Flo rumples too. And why I am always troublesome. I try to be good. And what makes me say "why?"

Tell mamma about the lady. Who had the boys. And said "Darling." Ask her if I could be a darling. And if I am really her little boy. Delia says I belong to her. And she will carry me off. I wish mamma had common collars.

That it wouldn't hurt. To lay my head in her neck. Aunt Alice had.

My hand is tired with printing. And I don't see how they make the books. And when papa comes home I wonder how he will look. To think I have written to the paper. I hope you will put it in. Herbert is so sick. And the doctors will know about the apples. I shall know if you do. For mamma takes the paper. And I quite forgot. But could you ask mamma. I don't have any thing on my legs in winter. My stockings are so short. And my trowsers don't come down. My legs are cold. All bare. And my shoulders are wrapped so warm.

Please not forget. And if Delia asks who wrote this, you won't tell. Will you? JACK.

TOO MUCH MUSIC.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER has defined music as the most unpleasant of all noises. A well-known artist, Paul C——, nevertheless a fervent amateur of good music, shared the poet's antipathy as far as the piano was concerned, especially when the said piano groaned from morning to night under the touch of inexperienced fingers. From eight in the morning to six at night, just the space of time devoted by him to painting, the artist's studio was rendered uninhabitable by a young lady next door, who strummed Il Bacio right and wrong, generally the latter, at least a hundred and fifty times over in the course of the day. A little of Il Bacio is good, but not too much. It drove the artist mad. He could neither rest nor work. Nevertheless, he had never seemed so full of inspiration, but scarcely did he spring from his couch and seat himself before his easel, ready to imprison his fancies, when the pitiless pianist commenced the clatter, and the unhappy painter seized his pallet and took flight.

His patience exhausted, he had recourse to the police.

"Does your persecutor disturb you at night?" asked the official.

"Never."

"Then, my dear Sir, I can do nothing for you; disturbances at night alone come within my jurisdiction."

"What can be done, then?" asked Paul.

"Nothing by force. Persuasion alone can aid you. Open a negotiation with the young lady, and induce her, if you can, to give you some rest."

Paul entered into negotiations, through his janitress, to whom he gave full powers to treat amicably, but the only concession that he could obtain from the musician was, that as Mr. C—— was a good, quiet neighbor, she would play the Amazon's Polka in turn with the Bacio Waltz.

What was to be done? The artist played no musical instrument himself, and could not retaliate in kind; nevertheless, the idea inspired him with a happy thought. He hastened to the market and bought a fine sucking pig, whose shrill treble voice seemed its best quality, and brought it home, together with a huge trough filled with vegetables and swill. At six o'clock the next morning he fastened the pig to straps hooked to the wall for the occasion, and which, passing under the belly, held the interesting animal suspended four or five feet from the ground. He then placed the trough before him, slightly inclined, so that the young virtuoso could eat and drink at his ease; and this done, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and set out on a visit to the country.

The sequel may be guessed. The pig, forced to remain in a position for which he did not feel himself born, kept up a series of frightful shrieks for three days and nights, which even the piano was powerless to drown. The musician became indignant in turn, and complained to the police. An officer was dispatched to the place, where he learned from the janitress that the artist was in the country, and that a pig was the only inmate of the studio.

On the next day but one the artist appeared, in answer to an official summons, before the Police Commissioner.

"What is all the noise about at your house?" asked the latter, laughing. "Your pianist is furious!"

"I have as good a right to squeeze my pig as the young lady has to pound her piano," was the answer; "and I beg you to notice the magnificent voice of my animal."

The result was that a treaty of peace was signed between the two parties. The young lady agreed not to torture her piano from noon to four o'clock; and Paul C——, on his side, sent his musician to the conservatory of the—neighboring pork butcher.

"INIGO" ON THE FASHIONS.

EVERY body is delighted with the *Bazar* (though it is spelled with but one aye), and pronounces it a complete success. For my part, I think it a deal better than either *Harper's Weekly* or *Harper's Magazine*, those periodicals only containing one contribution from me, while the *Bazar* had two. Moreover, the pictures are more plentiful, more varied, and much more interesting. I am strangely fond of pictures.

If asked to point out what picture particularly excited my admiration on the eighth page of the first Number, I think that my finger would unhesitatingly rest on "A Lady's Night-Cap." If there be one subject on earth in which I am more interested than another it certainly is the one of night-caps. In the picture referred to there is a delicacy about the drawing—especially about the drawing of the strings—which so attracted me that I called Mrs. Inigo's attention to it, and requested her unbiased, cut-straight opinion. With her usual felicity of expression and classicalness of allusion she replied, "It caps the climax"—probably meaning to have said the caput.

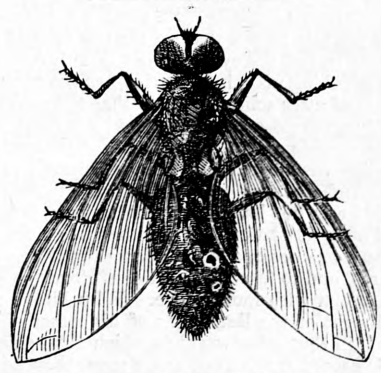
The "Peplum-Back" struck me as being very pretty, and I think I shall get one about Christmas-time, bird-cage and all, if Mrs. Inigo will allow me to have it in the house. Of the "Peplum-Front" I don't think so much. It has faults; looks, in short, like a false front. The idea of labeling all the nice pictures, by-the-way, is an excellent conceit, since otherwise one would be puzzled to know what the things are. For instance, even I, who have studied high-art with a view to one day linking myself with the profession, would have mistaken the "Drawers for little Girls" for a new pattern of money-purses had not the legend below told to the contrary. Those who fail to understand my criticism, be it remarked, had best buy the first Number of the *Bazar*. They should have bought it before, but it is never too late to repair an error, however it may be with clothes.

I am indeed glad that you pay so much attention to children's garments. There is nothing that is so beneficial to youth as a good dressing occasionally, especially to little boys. Little girls are kneaded of a finer clay, and have less of original sin in them; consequently in the matter of "collars and cuffs" a judicious discrimination should be made. Had I been collared and cuffed oftener when young, I do think my mature age would have been benefited, and I should not now be expiating the errors of early life in writing for the newspapers. *Apropos* of dressing little boys, it may be generally remarked that stripes are seldom out of place, wherever bestowed; and as for style, a short jacket and tight-fitting trowsers will be found to greatly conduce to the convenience of parents, if not to the comfort of the wearer.

In gentlemen's clothes there is not much change this fall. (Looking through mine this morning I failed, if the truth must be told, to find any at all.) Consequently it is little wonder that coats this season, like ourselves, are "short," and that pantaloons, taking their style from the money-market, may be reported as "tight." Indeed I have seen some pantaloons on the street lately that had the appearance of being very tight indeed—so extraordinarily and inconveniently tight that the wearer could not walk alone, though his legs appeared flexible enough, and a policeman was kindly assisting him to a hotel. Scant measures, unless judiciously taken, are quite as dangerous as full ones. The rolling collars now worn may have something to do with inducing the rolling gait so frequently seen; but this is simply a matter of speculation. In over-coats it will be noticed that gentlemen have returned to their *moutonne*—a warm thick cloth much worn last year. On examination I discover that the cloth of my over-coat is much worn, so that it will require no additional expense to put me *en règle* for the winter.

To diverge to ladies' dress—the most pleasant divergement possible, for that of man is fearfully and wonderfully made—bonnets are still worn, though they will probably be entirely discarded when cold weather fairly sets in. They have already reached such dimensions that the aid of a powerful microscope is necessary to enable one to speak of them critically, though it is probable that they will never go entirely out of fashion with ladies who have a bald spot the size of a sixpence on the crown of their heads. Leaves—the golden rain of autumnal forests—is the favorite trimming. In this adornment it can scarcely be said that the ladies are turning over a new leaf, inasmuch as they only take up the tradition of the original mother who sinned that her descendants might dress. As regards names, I observe that the Editress of the *Bazar*—who erroneously thinks that she knows as much about fashions as I do—remarks that "It is useless to name a bonnet, inasmuch as each milliner has a name of her own." The force of this argument I do not exactly see, since it might quite as well be said that it were useless to name a church, since each minister had a name of his own. The Marie Antoinette I discussed week before last, so nothing of that this. Another style is the Fanchon, so called for its resemblance to the cricket on the hearth. It is very pretty, all but the top, and unfortunately there is little else of it. The Catalane is rather a favorite on account of the firm hold it has on the head. Ladies who do not like to have their heads held seldom wear it. Those who fancy neither of the foregoing styles can anon try the Trianon, which possesses all the disadvantages of both, and none of the beauties. It has been erroneously stated that many of the round hats are felt. This I hold to be mainly impossible, unless the lady has very sensitive feelings. Felt, however, has long been a favorite material for hats. There is reason to believe that it was extensively used in ancient Egypt. Hence the origin of the phrase, "As black as my hat," simply intended to indicate Egyptian darkness, or a darkness that is felt. From the same source, perhaps, is derived the pyramidical style of gentlemen's hats which has obtained since the time of the Ptolemys. In view of the fact that there is nothing like leather, I have sometimes regretted that hats are not made of that material. India rubber, however, might prove better, its elastic conditions seeming to point it out as eminently adapted to a generation of swell heads.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.



MR. AND MRS. MUSCA DOMESTICA.

BY "AUNT FANNY."

Now I am going to tell you about the house-flies; or, if you prefer to do so, you can call them by their grand Latin names, which make the title of this article.

Where do all the flies come from? Just where you come from—a father and mother, only that where you have perhaps two or three brothers and sisters—perhaps none—one little fly will have, from the early spring until late in autumn, about two millions.

The house-fly is bred in dirt, and the filthier the dirt the better; so the more dirt you have in and about your house the more flies you will entertain; and oh, how impudent they are! poking their long noses—which is not a nose at all, but a proboscis—into all the cream-pitchers, honey-pots, and molasses-jugs they can find, bouncing about perfectly free-and-easy, and inviting themselves to dine even with the Pope of Rome, who is supposed to be so grand a personage that nobody is good enough to sit at the table with him; but you know and I know very well that Mr. and Mrs. Musca Domestica not only eat out of his plate, but are quite likely to perch upon the end of his nose, and laugh at him afterward.

Of course you have seen flies walk up the glass and along the ceiling. This is the way they do it: Their tiny feet are covered with hundreds of hairs. Each hair spreads a little at the end, which end is kept moist by a fluid, and so forms a minute sucker. You have seen the bits of round leather fastened to a string which the boys wet, and then press with their feet on the pavement, and which are so hard to pull up. Well, the flies' little suckers act on the same principle.

I have seen a man walk upon the ceiling. He did it by wearing a sort of snow-shoes which fitted into a groove in the ceiling. He blundered along as clumsily as a pig would dance upon a tight-rope, and looked exceedingly red-faced and silly.

Flies do not breathe as you do, through the mouth or nose, but through a set of holes in the abdomen or stomach: these holes are called spiracles. By these the air is passed into beautifully-constructed tubes called windpipes, the learned name for which is tracheæ. The holes or spiracles are furnished with a curious contrivance to keep the dust out, for they are closed by a sieve or screen so exquisitely fine that I advise you one and all to save up your pocket-money and buy each a microscope to view this and all the other wonders which go to make up one small fly.

The proboscis of a fly is a great marvel. It is more complicated than the trunk of an elephant, and in it are teeth—yes, real teeth, like notched chisels, and as plain to be seen as a notched chisel, if you only know where to look for them, when you have saved up your pocket-money and bought that celebrated microscope.

I have an old aunt who, like the Emperor Domitian, takes a savage pleasure in killing flies. She folds up a newspaper into a long flat weapon, and goes whacking about the house every summer morning in spite of my entreaties; for although they are nuisances, I try to feel like good old Uncle Toby—not my uncle, but an Uncle Toby in a book—that the world is wide enough to hold us and the poor flies too.

I know another very particular lady, upon whom a gentleman went to make a call. He found her in full chase round the parlors after one fly. She had a wet towel in her hand, and her sister a dry one. Buzz! hum-m! bounce! went the fly, on the edge of the mantle-piece, the shade of the lamp, the corner of the picture-frame, down the middle of the room, up the side, under the sofa, and over the table, and after him flew the lady, who scrubbed each place where he had rested with the wet towel, while her sister followed and polished it off with the dry one. After a breathless pursuit the fly beat them, for he suddenly flew up to a corner of the ceiling, and there staid scrubbing his head, and no doubt winking and making derisive faces at his tormentors.

The good old prime minister of the fairies in "Fairy Night-caps" had a much kinder heart than my old aunt or this lady, for you remember he got up a memorial for sick bumble-bees, and I have no doubt he would willingly admit all the sick flies into his hospital; so when you see a fly trying to commit suicide because he is unhappy by plunging into the milk-pitcher or honey-pot, just take him carefully out on the end of a match and send him to the bumble-bee hospital. It's a pity I don't know where it is; but perhaps you do.

We do not know comparatively what it is to be plagued with flies. In Italy, Spain, and France, where the olive grows, they are perfectly dreadful. They bite and sting, they buzz and torment, and nearly devour you alive. It is impossible to take a meal without having some one to brush away the flies. You go into the dining-room and find the table black with them. If you whisk them away, they rise like a great black cloud; if you drive them out, every time the door is opened in they stream again, each one bringing a friend to help eat your dinner, until you are nearly worried to death.

I suppose you have all seen a scarecrow in a cornfield. Well, a very ingenious gentleman living in Florence has invented a scare-fly. He hangs outside of his window a net with meshes large enough for half a dozen flies to pass through, yet not a single fly dares to venture. Let us fancy one now sailing around outside. He shuts up one eye, to get a better look with the other, and, putting a paw on the end of his nose, says to himself, "Aha! this must be the web of an awful big spider! he's spinning it across the window, and though I see a most delicious dish of ripe figs and cream on the little table just inside, I don't dare to try to fly through." So he dashes his head in his rage against the upper panes of glass, but he will not go near the net.

I am told that this scare-fly is a sure terrifier for our friends the flies—only you must be careful that the light comes into the room only from one side; that is, if you open a door into a back-room where there are windows the flies will get over their fright, and rush in immediately.

The house-fly makes with its wings about six hundred strokes every second; but if it is alarmed it can make five or six times as many. It rushes through the air like a cannon-ball; and this swiftness is very often fatal to it, for it will go pounce into pitchers and basins of water or other fluids, and come to its senses kicking dreadfully, and vainly wishing it had not been in such a blind and desperate hurry.

I candidly confess that I do not love flies. I always give a little foolish shudder if one crawls upon me. I wish they would all agree to go one way, and let us go another; but they are too tenacious of their rights to make any such bargain. Somebody once made a brazen fly, which when wound up went buzzing and bouncing about just like any other free-and-easy fly; but I think the real ones are brazen enough—there was no need to *make* one.

The only position in which a fly looks really acceptable and delightful to me is when it is sitting up high and dry in the middle of a lump of amber; and if you should happen to find in your travels a Mr. or Mrs. Musca Domestica so situated, pray send him or her to me as a present for my next birthday, which, like the great General Washington's, comes on the 22d of February.

FACETIÆ.

A LADY advertises for a husband "having a Roman nose with strong religious tendencies." Poor thing! She will never meet with the object of her desires. A nose with religious tendencies would of course turn up—which is a feat no nose of the Roman type could possibly achieve.

GETTING A-HEAD.

When Tom with Anna fell in love,
And longed to taste love's bliss,
He tried by nec(k)romantic art
To win from her a kiss.

He sought, with arm about her throat,
To reach her twolips' cup;
But ruffled lace and temper both,
And got her *choler* up.

So next he clasped her shoulders fair,
To help him from the scrape;
And lo! he missed his reckoning,
And doubled up the cape.

Again he tried; but found his arm
And feelings were *mis*placed;
And that his young affections had,
Like Byron's, run to *waste*.

I've beat about the bush, he said,
So long that I'm dead beat,
And can't get round her, nor a-head,
It seems, by any *feat*.

Yet hold! he said, I've found a plan
So good it makes me laugh;
She ne'er could get the better if—
If I had the better half.

So of the twain I'll make but one,
Said Tom, the cunning elf;
Since naught I did could spite her then,
Though I might spite myself.

Therefore he went and did the deed;
But felt, as he declared,
Beside himself, and *altered* so,
He couldn't be *re-paired*.

Back from the wedding *fête* he came,
Much like a fated one:
While she seemed Anna-mated, he
Seemed an *automiton*.

She led him by the *bridle* now,
She said; though he would swear
Her story was an Anna-mad
Version of the affair.

And yet he owned, his darkest night
Had been his marriage morn;
Even the certificate he called
A *noose-paper* in scorn.

At last he cried, I'll murder her,
And then I'll have her still;
You know that's what Othello did
With one he loved—to kill.

A vendor, hawking hatchets, chanced
Just then along the walk;
I'll buy me one, said he, and then
I'll have a *tommahawk*.

Yet could he not to act agree,
And could with none confer:
It killed the fellow, do you see,
To go to axing her.

I'll kill my own half of myself,
He joyful cried, instead:
So, like a brave, he buried deep
The hatchet—in his head.

I'll give my pate to her for an-
I-Tom-ical display;
But let me not *anticipate*,
Said Tom, in novel way.

He did not see it; but she did,
That joke so strange and grim;
For after he was headed off,
She got a-head of him!

"Harry, I was sorry to hear you broke your arm. I suppose it pained you awfully, didn't it?"

HARRY (*with much feeling*). "It wasn't the pain, old boy. Oh no! it was being deprived of carrying my hands in my pockets which broke me down."

Which is the strongest day in the week?—Sunday, because all the rest are week-days.

There is a verse-writer in Philadelphia who rejoices in the name of Lynn C. Doyle. From the curious nature of the name (linseed oil) many persons think it is a *nom de plume* merely. It is not, however; it is a *nom veritable*.

Why do "birds in their little nests agree?"—Because they'd fall out if they didn't.

A lad swallowed a small leaden bullet. His friends were very much alarmed about it. The doctor was found, heard the dismal tale, and, with as much unconcern as he would manifest in a case of common headache, wrote the following laconic note to the lad's father: "Sir,—Don't alarm yourself. If, after three weeks, the bullet is not removed, give the boy a charge of powder. Yours, etc. P.S.—Don't shoot the boy at any body."

Johnny is just beginning to learn geography. He says the Poles live partly at one end of the globe and partly at the other.

An Irish girl told her forbidden lover she was longing to possess his portrait, and intended to obtain it.

"But how if your friends see it?"

"Ah, but I'll tell the artist not to make it like you, so they won't know it."

A little girl in Portland was reading the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, when she suddenly paused. "Well, what did they forget?" asked the teacher, encouragingly. "They forgot their kerosene," responded Miss Five-year-old.

In a family Bible in Connecticut this record is to be found: "Elizabeth Jones, born on the 20th of September, 1785, according to the best of her recollection."

An Irishman, speaking of his children, said: "They are all well but the one born in this country. I must take him to the Green Isle, for I belave he is languishing for his native air that he never smelt at all."

THE BIRDS AND THE PHEASANT.

[*After Longfellow.*]

I shot a partridge in the air,
It fell in turnips, "Don" knew where;
For just as it dropped, with my right
I stopped another in its flight.

I killed a pheasant in the copse,
It fell among the fir-tree tops,
For though a pheasant's flight is strong,
A cock, hard hit, can not fly long.

Soon, soon afterward, in a pie,
I found the birds in jelly lie:
And the pheasant, at a fortnight's end,
I found again in the *carte* of a friend.

Were our first parents sugar-planters?—Yes, they raised Cain.

Why is a pig the most extraordinary animal in creation?—Because you first kill and then cure him.

"It is very sickly here," said one of the sons of the Emerald Isle the other day to another. "Yes," replied his companion, "a great many have died this year that never died before."

Two distinguished philosophers took shelter under one tree during a heavy shower. After some time one of them complained that he felt the rain. "Never mind," replied the other, "there are plenty of trees; when this one is wet through we will go to another."

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER V.

THE MYSTERY OF COFFIN ISLAND.

WHEN Brandon awaked on the following morning the sun was already high in the sky. He rose at once and walked slowly up, with stiffened limbs, to a higher spot. His clothes already were partly dry, but they were uncomfortable and impeded his motion. He took off nearly every thing, and laid them out on the sand. Then he examined his pistol and the box containing cartridges. This box held some oil also, with the help of which the pistol was soon in good order. As the cartridges were encased in copper they were uninjured. He then examined a silver case which was suspended round his neck. It was cylindrical in shape, and the top unscrewed. On opening this he took out his father's letter and the inclosure, both of which were uninjured. He then rolled them up in a small compass and restored them to their place.

He now began to look about him. The storm had ceased, the waves had subsided, a slight breeze was blowing from the sea which just ruffled the water and tempered the heat. The island on which he had been cast was low, flat, and covered with a coarse grass which grew out of the sand. But the sand itself was in many places thrown up into ridges, and appeared as though it was constantly shifting and changing. The mound was not far away, and at the eastern end of the island he could see the black outline of the rock which he had noticed from the ship. The length he had before heard to be about five miles, the width appeared about one mile, and in its whole aspect it seemed nothing better than the abomination of desolation.

At the end where he was the island terminated in two points, between which there was the cove where he had found refuge. One of these points was distinguished by the mound already mentioned, which from where he stood appeared of an irregular oblong shape. The other point was low, and descended gently into the water. The island itself appeared to be merely the emergence of some sand-bank which, perhaps, had been formed by currents and eddies; for here the currents of the Strait of Sunda encounter those from the Southern and Indian oceans, and this bank lay probably near their point of union.

A short survey showed him this. It showed him also that there was but little if any hope of sustaining life, and that he had escaped drowning only perhaps to perish by the more lingering agonies of starvation.

Already hunger and thirst had begun to be felt, and how to satisfy these wants he knew not. Still he would not despair. Perhaps the *Java* might return in search of him, and his confinement would only last for a day or so.

He understood the act of Cigole in a way that was satisfactory to himself. He had thrown him overboard, but had made it appear like an accident. As he fell he had heard the shout "Man overboard!" and was now able to account for it in this way. So a faint hope remained that the captain of the *Java* would not give him up.

Still subsistence of some kind was necessary, and there was nothing to be done but to explore the sandy tract before him. Setting forth he walked toward the rock along the sea-shore. On one side toward the north the shore was shallow and sloped gently into the water; but on the southern side it descended more abruptly. The tide was out. A steep beach appeared here covered with stones to which myriads of shell-fish were attached. The sight of these suggested the idea to him that on the opposite side there might be clams in the sand. He walked over there in search of them. Here the slope was so gradual that extensive flats were left uncovered by the receding tide.

When a boy he had been sometimes accustomed to wander on sand flats near his home, and dig up these clams in sport. Now his boyish experience became useful. Myriads of little holes dotted the sand, which he knew to be the indications of these molluscs, and he at once began to scoop in the sand with his hands. In a short time he had found enough to satisfy his hunger, and what was better, he saw all around an unlimited supply of such food.

Yet food was not enough. Drink was equally necessary. The salt of these shell-fish aggravated the thirst that he had already begun to feel, and now a fear came over him that there might be no water. The search seemed a hopeless one: but he determined to seek for it nevertheless, and the only place that seemed to promise success was the rock at the eastern end. Toward this he now once more directed his steps.

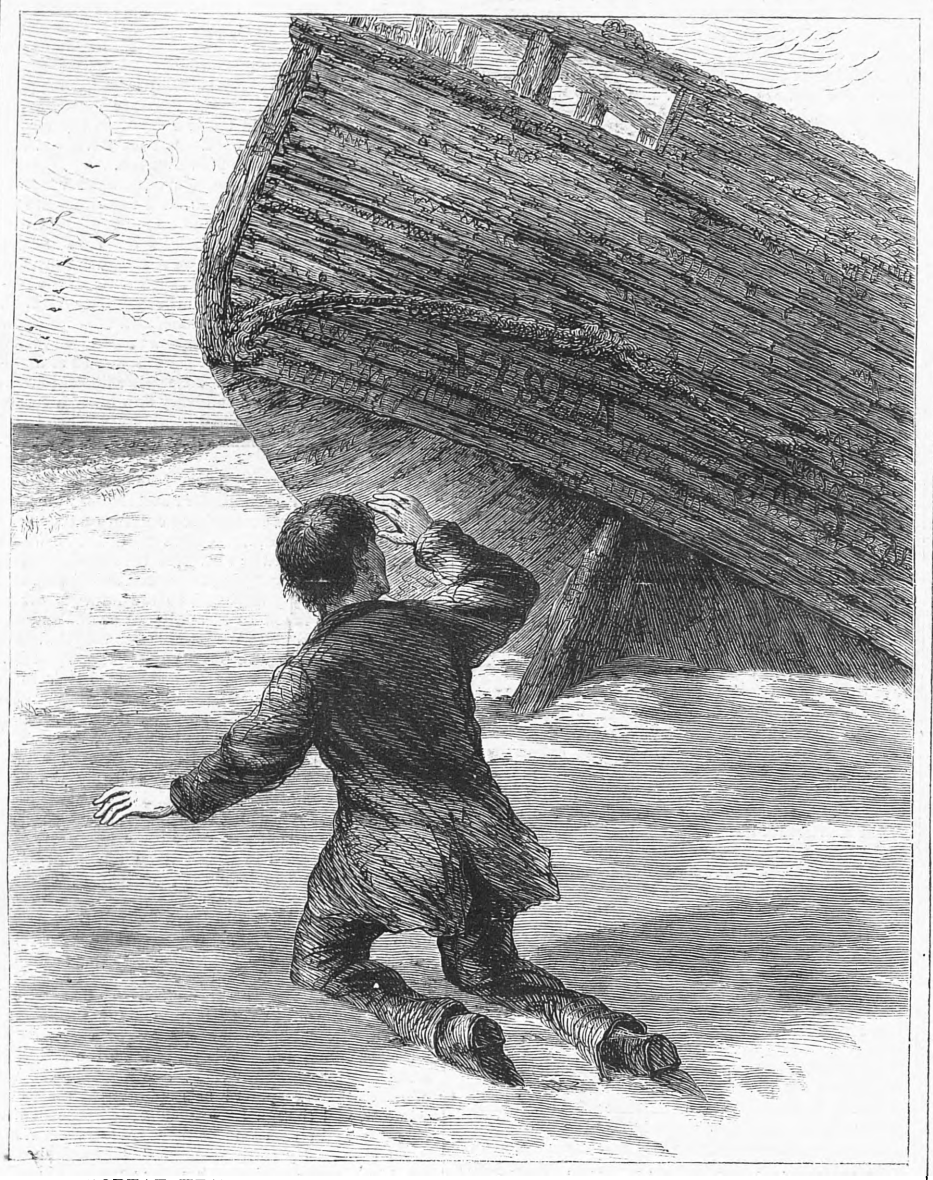
The island was all of sand except the rocks on the south beach and the cliff at the eastern end. Coarse grass grew very extensively over the surface, but the sand was fine and loose, and in many places thrown up into heaps of many different shapes. The grass grew in tufts or in spires and blades, thinly scattered, and nowhere forming a sod. The soil was difficult to walk over, and Brandon sought the beach, where the damp sand afforded a firmer foothold. In about an hour and a half he reached the rock.

It was between five hundred and six hundred feet in length, and about fifty in height. There was no resemblance to a coffin now as Brandon approached it, for that likeness was only discernible at a distance. Its sides were steep and precipitous. It was one black solid mass, without any outlying crags, or any fragments near it. Its upper surface appeared to be level, and in various places it was very easy to ascend. Up one of these places Brandon climbed, and soon stood on the top.

Near him the summit was somewhat rounded; at the farther end it was flat and irregular; but between the two ends it sank into a deep hollow, where he saw that which at once excited a tumult of hope and fear. It was a pool of water at least fifty feet in diameter, and deep too, since the sides of the rock went down steeply. But was it fresh or salt? Was it the accumulation from the showers of the rainy season of the tropics, or was it but the result of the past night's storm, which had hurled wave after wave here till the hollow was filled?

With hasty footsteps he rushed toward the margin of the pool, and bent down to taste. For a moment or so, by a very natural feeling, he hesitated, then, throwing off the fever of suspense, he bent down, kneeling on the margin, till his lips touched the water.

It was fresh! Yes, it was from the heavens above, and not from the sea below. It was the fresh rains from the sky that had filled this deep pool, and not the spray from the sea. Again and again he quaffed the refreshing liquid. Not a trace of the salt-water could be detected. It was a natural cistern which thus lay before him, formed as though for the reception of the rain. For the present, at least, he was safe.



"GREAT HEAVENS!" CRIED BRANDON, STARTING BACK—"THE *VISHNU!*"

He had food and drink. As long as the rainy season lasted, and for some time after, life was secure. Life becomes doubly sweet after being purchased by such efforts as those which Brandon had put forth, and the thought that for the present, at least, he was safe did not fail to fill him with the most buoyant hope. To him, indeed, it seemed just then as if nothing more could be desired. He had food and drink in abundance. In that climate shelter was scarcely needed. What more could he wish?

The first day was passed in exploring the rock to see if there was any place which he might select for his abode. There were several fissures in the rock at the eastern end, and one of these he selected. He then went back for his clothes, and brought them to this place. So the first day went.

All the time his eyes wandered round the horizon to see if a sail might be in sight. After two or three days, in which nothing appeared, he ceased his constant watch, though still from time to time, by a natural impulse, he continued to look. After all he thought that rescue might come. He was somewhat out of the track of the China ships, but still not very much so. An adverse wind might bring a ship close by. The hope of this sustained him.

But day succeeded to day and week to week with no appearance of any thing whatever on the wide ocean.

During these long days he passed the greater part of his time either under the shelter of the rock, where he could best avoid the hot sun, or when the sea-breeze blew on its summit. The frightful solitude offered to him absolutely nothing which could distract his thoughts, or prevent him from brooding upon the hopelessness of his situation.

Brooding thus, it became his chief occupation to read over and over his father's letter and the inclosure, and conjecture what might be his course of action if he ever escaped from this place. His father's voice seemed now to sound to him more imploringly than ever; and the winds at night, as they moaned round the rock, seemed to modulate themselves, to form their sounds to something like a wild cry, and wail forth, "Come home!" Yet that home was now surely farther removed than ever, and the winds seemed only to mock him. More sad and more despairing than Ulysses on the Ogygian shore, he too wasted away with home-sickness.

κατείβετο δὲ γλυκὺς αἰὼν νόστον ὀδυρομένῳ.

Fate thus far had been against him, and the melancholy recollections of his past life could yield nothing but despondency. Driven from home when but a boy, he had become an exile, had wandered to the other side of the world, and was just beginning to attain some prospect of a fortune when this letter came. Rising up from the prostration of that blow, he had struggled against fate, but only to encounter a more overmastering force, and this last stroke had been the worst of all. Could he rally after this? Could he now hope to escape?

Fate had been against him; but yet, perhaps, here, on this lonely island, he might find a turning-point. Here he might find that turning in the long lane which the proverb speaks of. "The day is darkest before the morn," and perhaps he would yet have Fate on his side.

But the sternest and most courageous spirit can hardly maintain its fortitude in an utter and unmitigated solitude. St. Simeon Stylites could do so, but he felt that on the top of that pillar there rested the eyes of the heavenly hosts and of admiring mankind. It is when the consciousness of utter solitude comes that the soul sinks. When the prisoner thinks that he is forgotten by the outside world, then he loses that strength which sustained him while he believed himself remembered.

It was the lot of Brandon to have this sense of utter desolation; to feel that in all the world there was not one human being that knew of his fate; and to fear that the eye of Providence only saw him with indifference. With bitterness he thought of the last words of his father's letter: "If in that other world to which I am going the disembodied spirit can assist man, then be sure, O my son, I will assist you, and in the crisis of your fate I will be near, if it is only to communicate to your spirit what you ought to do."

A melancholy smile passed over his face as he thought of what seemed to him the utter futility of that promise.

Now, as the weeks passed, his whole mode of life affected both mind and body. Yet, if it be the highest state of man for the soul to live by itself, as Socrates used to teach, and sever itself from bodily association, Brandon surely had attained, without knowing it, a most exalted stage of existence. Perhaps it was the period of purification and preparation for future work.

The weather varied incessantly, calms and storms alternating: sometimes all the sea lying dull, listless, and glassy under the burning sky; at other times both sea and sky convulsed with the war of elements.

At last there came one storm so tremendous that it exceeded all that Brandon had ever seen any where.

The wind gathered itself up from the south-east, and for a whole day the forces of the tempest collected themselves, till at last they burst in fury upon the island. In sustained violence and in the frenzy of its assault it far surpassed that first storm. Before sundown the storm was at its height, and, though yet day, the clouds were so dense and so black that it became like night. Night came on, and the storm, and roar, and darkness increased steadily every hour. So intense was the darkness that the hand, when held close by the face, could not be distinguished. So resistless was the force of the wind that Brandon, on looking out to sea, had to cling to the rock to prevent himself from being blown away. A dense rain of spray streamed through the air, and the surf, rolling up, flung its crest all across the island. Brandon could hear beneath him, amidst some of the pauses of the storm, the hissing and bubbling of foaming waters, as though the whole island, submerged by the waves, was slowly settling down into the depths of the ocean.

Brandon's place of shelter was sufficiently elevated to be out of the reach of the waves that might rush upon the land, and on the lee-side of the rock, so that he was sufficiently protected. Sand, which he had carried up, formed his bed. In this place, which was more like the lair of a wild beast than the abode of a human being, he had to live. Many wakeful nights he had passed there, but never had he known such a night as this.

There was a frenzy about this hurricane that would have been inconceivable if he had not witnessed it. His senses, refined and rendered acute by long vigils and slender diet, seemed to detect audible words in the voice of the storm. Looking out through the gloom his sight seemed to discern shapes flitting by like lightning, as though the fabled spirits of the storm had gathered here.

It needed all the robust courage of his strong nature to sustain himself in the presence of the wild fancies that now came rushing and thronging before his mind. The words of his father sounded in his ears; he thought he heard them spoken from the air;. he thought he saw an aged spectral face, wan with suffering and grief, in front of his cave. He covered his eyes with his hands, and sought to reason down his superstitious feeling. In vain. Words rang in his ears, muffled words, as though muttered in the storm, and his mind, which had brooded so long over his father's letter, now gave shape to the noise of winds and waves.

"—In the crisis of your fate I will be near."

"I shall go mad!" cried Brandon, aloud, and he started to his feet.

But the storm went on with its fury, and still his eyes saw shapes, and his ears heard fantastic sounds. So the night passed until at last the storm had exhausted itself. Then Brandon sank down and slept far on into the day.

When he awaked again the storm had subsided. The sea was still boisterous, and a fresh breeze blew which he inhaled with pleasure. After obtaining some shell-fish, and satisfying his appetite, he went to the summit of the rock for water, and then stood looking out at sea.

His eye swept the whole circuit of the horizon without seeing any thing, until at length he turned to look in a westwardly direction where the island spread out before him. Here an amazing sight met his eyes.

The mound at the other end had become completely and marvelously changed. On the previous day it had preserved its usual shape, but now it was no longer smoothly rounded. On the contrary it was irregular, the northern end being still a sort of hillock, but the middle and southern end was flat on the surface and dark in color. From the distance at which he stood it looked like a rock, around which the sand had accumulated, but which had been uncovered by the violent storm of the preceding night.

At that distance it appeared like a rock, but there was something in its shape and in its position which made it look like a ship which had been cast ashore. The idea was a startling one, and he at once dismissed it as absurd. But the more he looked the closer the resemblance grew until at last, unable to endure this suspense, he hurried off in that direction.

During all the time that he had been on the island he had never been close to the mound. He had remained for the most part in the neighborhood of the rock, and had never thought that a barren sand hillock was worthy of a visit. But now it appeared a very different object in his eyes.

He walked on over half the intervening distance, and now the resemblance instead of fading out, as he anticipated, grew more close. It was still too far to be seen very distinctly; but there, even from that distance, he saw the unmistakable outline of a ship's hull.

There was now scarcely any doubt about this. There it lay. Every step only made it more visible. He walked more quickly onward, filled with wonder, and marveling by what strange chance this vessel could have reached its present position.

There it lay. It could not by any possibility have been cast ashore on the preceding night. The mightiest billows that ever rose from ocean could never have lifted a ship so far upon the shore. To him it was certain that it must have been there for a long time, and that the sand had been heaped around it by successive storms.

As he walked nearer he regarded more closely the formation of this western end. He saw the low northern point, and then the cove where he

had escaped from the sea. He noticed that the southern point where the mound was appeared to be a sort of peninsula, and the theory suggested itself to him by which he could account for this wonder. This ship, he saw, must have been wrecked at some time long before upon this island. As the shore was shallow it had run aground and stuck fast in the sand. But successive storms had continued to beat upon it until the moving sands which the waters were constantly driving about had gathered all around it higher and higher. At last, in the course of time, a vast accumulation had gathered about this obstacle till a new bank had been formed and joined to the island; and the winds had lent their aid, heaping up the loose sand on high till all the ship was covered. But last night's storm had to some extent undone the work, and now the wreck was once more exposed.

Brandon was happy in his conjecture and right in his theory. All who know any thing about the construction and nature of sand islands such as this are aware that the winds and waters work perpetual changes. The best known example of this is the far-famed Sable Island, which lies off the coast of Nova Scotia, in the direct track of vessels crossing the Atlantic between England and the United States. Here there is repeated on a far larger scale the work which Brandon saw on Coffin Island. Sable Island is twenty miles long and about one in width—the crest of a vast heap of sand which rises out of the ocean's bed. Here the wildest storms in the world rage uncontrolled, and the keepers of the light-house have but little shelter. Not long ago an enormous flag-staff was torn from out its place and hurled away into the sea. In fierce storms the spray drives all across, and it is impossible to venture out. But most of all, Sable Island is famous for the melancholy wrecks that have taken place there. Often vessels that have the bad fortune to run aground are broken up, but sometimes the sand gathers about them and covers them up. There are numerous mounds here, which are known to conceal wrecked ships. Some of these have been opened, and the wreck beneath has been brought to view. Sometimes also after a severe gale these sandy mounds are torn away and the buried vessels are exposed.

Far away in Australia Brandon had heard of Sable Island from different sea captains who had been in the Atlantic trade. The stories which these men had to tell were all largely tinged with the supernatural. One in particular who had been wrecked there, and had taken refuge for the night in a hut built by the British Government for wrecked sailors, told some wild story about the apparition of a negro who waked him up at dead of night and nearly killed him with horror.

With all these thoughts in his mind Brandon approached the wreck and at last stood close beside it.

It had been long buried. The hull was about two-thirds uncovered. A vast heap of sand still clung to the bow, but the stern stood out full in view. Although it must have been there for a long time the planks were still sound, for they seemed to have been preserved from decay by the sand. All the calking, however, had become loose, and the seams gaped widely. There were no masts, but the lower part of the shrouds still remained, showing that the vessel was a brig. So deeply was it buried in the sand, that Brandon, from where he stood, could look over the whole deck, he himself being almost on a level with the deck. The masts appeared to have been chopped away. The hatchways were gone. The hold appeared to be filled with sand, but there may have been only a layer of sand concealing something beneath. Part of the planking of the deck as well as most of the taffrail on the other side had been carried away. Astern there was a quarter-deck. There was no sky-light, but only dead-lights set on the deck. The door of the cabin still remained and was shut tight.

All these things Brandon took in at a glance. A pensive melancholy came over him, and a feeling of pity for the inanimate ship as though she were capable of feeling. By a natural curiosity he walked around to the stern to see if he could read her name.

The stern was buried deep in the sand. He had to kneel to read it. On the side nearest him the letters were obliterated, but he saw some remaining on the opposite side. He went over there and knelt down. There were four letters still legible and part of a fifth. These were the letters:

VISHN

"Great Heavens!" cried Brandon, starting back—"the *Vishnu!*"

CHAPTER VI.

THE DWELLER IN THE SUNKEN SHIP.

AFTER a moment of horror Brandon walked away for a short distance, and then turning he looked fixedly at the wreck for a long time.

Could this be indeed *the* ship—*the Vishnu?* By what marvelous coincidence had he thus fallen upon it? It was in 1828 that the *Vishnu* sailed from Calcutta for Manilla. Was it possible for this vessel to be preserved so long? And if so, how did it get here?

Yet why not? As to its preservation that was no matter in itself for wonder. East Indian vessels are sometimes built of mahogany, or other woods which last for immense periods. Any wood might endure for eighteen years if covered up by sand. Besides, this vessel he recollected had been laden with staves and box shooks, with other wooden materials which would keep it afloat. It might have drifted about these seas till the currents bore it here. After all it was not so wonderful that this should be the *Vishnu* of Colonel Despard.

The true marvel was that he himself should have been cast ashore here on the same place where this ship was.

He stood for a long time not caring to enter. His strength had been worn down by the privations of his island life; his nerves, usually like steel, were becoming unstrung; his mind had fallen into a morbid state, and was a prey to a thousand strange fancies. The closed doors of the cabin stood there before him, and he began to imagine that some frightful spectacle was concealed within.

Perhaps he would find some traces of that tragedy of which he had heard. Since the ship had come here, and he had been cast ashore to meet it, there was nothing which he might not anticipate.

A strange horror came over him as he looked at the cabin. But he was not the man to yield to idle fancies. Taking a long breath he walked across the island, and then back again. By that time he had completely recovered, and the only feeling now remaining was one of intense curiosity.

This time he went up without hesitation, and climbed on board the vessel. The sand was heaped up astern, the masts gone, and the hatchways torn off, as has been said. The wind which had blown the sand away had swept the decks as clean as though they had been holy-stoned. Not a rope or a spar or any movable of any kind could be seen.

He walked aft. He tried the cabin door, it was wedged fast as though part of the front. Finding it immovable he stepped back and kicked at it vigorously. A few sturdy kicks started the panel. It gradually yielded and sank in. Then the other panel followed. He could now look in and see that the sand lay inside to the depth of

"THERE SEEMED A GHASTLY COMICALITY IN SUCH A THING AS THIS," ETC.

a foot. As yet, however, he could not enter. There was nothing else to do except to kick at it till it was all knocked away, and this after some patient labor was accomplished.

He entered. The cabin was about twelve feet square, lighted by dead-lights in the deck above. On each side were two state-rooms, probably intended for the ship's officers. The doors were all open. The sand had drifted in here and covered the floor and the berths. The floor of the cabin was covered with sand to the depth of a foot. There was no large opening through which it could enter; but it had probably penetrated through the cracks of the doorway in a fine, impalpable dust, and had covered every available surface within.

In the centre of the cabin was a table, secured to the floor, as ships' tables always are; and immediately over it hung the barometer which was now all corroded and covered with mould and rust. A half dozen stools were around, some lying on their sides, some upside down, and one standing upright. The door by which he had entered was at one side, on the other side was another, and between the two stood a sofa, the shape of which was plainly discernible under the sand. Over this was a clock, which had ticked its last tick.

On some racks over the closet there were a few guns and swords, intended, perhaps, for the defensive armament of the brig, but all in the last stage of rust and of decay. Brandon took one or two down, but they broke with their own weight.

The sand seemed to have drifted more deeply into the state-rooms, for while its depth in the cabin was only a foot, in these the depth was nearly two feet. Some of the bedding projected from the berths, but it was a mass of mould and crumbled at the touch.

Brandon went into each of these rooms in succession, and brushed out the heavy, wet sand from the berths. The rotten quilts and blankets fell with the sand in matted masses to the floor. In each room was a seaman's chest. Two of these were covered deeply; the other two but lightly: the latter were unlocked, and he opened the lids. Only some old clothes appeared, however, and these in the same stage of decay as every thing else. In one of them was a book, or rather what had once been a book, but now the leaves were all stuck together, and formed one lump of slime and mould. In spite of his most careful search he had thus far found nothing whatever which could be of the slightest benefit to him in his solitude and necessity.

There were still two rooms which he had not yet examined. These were at the end of the cabin, at the stern of the ship, each taking up one half of the width. The sand had drifted in here to about the same depth as in the side-rooms. He entered first the one nearest him, which was on the right side of the ship. This room was about ten feet long, extending from the middle of the ship to the side, and about six feet wide. A telescope was the first thing which attracted his attention. It lay in a rack near the doorway. He took it down, but it fell apart at once, being completely corroded. In the middle of the room there was a compass, which hung from the ceiling. But the iron pivot had rusted, and the plate had fallen down. Some more guns and swords were here, but all rusted like the others. There was a table at the wall by the stern, covered with sand. An arm-chair stood close by it, and opposite this was a couch. At the end of this room was a berth which had the same appearance as the other berths in the other rooms. The quilts and mattresses as he felt them beneath the damp sand were equally decayed. Too long had the ship been exposed to the ravages of time, and Brandon saw that to seek for any thing here which could be of the slightest service to himself was in the highest degree useless.

This last room seemed to him as though it might have been the captain's. That captain was Cigole, the very man who had flung him overboard. He had unconsciously by so doing sent him to the scene of his early crime. Was this visit to be all in vain? Thus far it seemed so. But might there not yet be something beneath this sand which might satisfy him in his search?

There still remained another room. Might there not be something there?

Brandon went back into the cabin and stood looking at the open doorway of that other room.

He hesitated. Why? Perhaps it was the thought that here was his last chance, that here his exploration must end, and if nothing came of it then all this adventure would be in vain. Then the fantastic hopes and fears which by turns had agitated him would prove to have been absurd, and he, instead of being sent by Fate as the minister of vengeance, would be only the commonplace victim of an everyday accident.

Perhaps it was some instinct within him that made known to his mind what awaited him there. For now as he stood that old horror came upon him full and strong. Weakness and excitement made his heart beat and his ears ring. Now his fancy became wild, and he recalled with painful vividness his father's words:

"In the crisis of your fate I will be near."

The horrors of the past night recurred. The air of the cabin was close and suffocating. There seemed in that dark room before him some dread Presence, he knew not what; some Being, who had uncovered this his abode and enticed him here.

He found himself rapidly falling into that state in which he would not have been able either to advance or retreat. One overmastering horror seized him. Twice his spirit sought to overcome the faintness and weakness of the flesh. Twice he stepped resolutely forward; but each time he faltered and recoiled.

Here was no place for him to summon up his strength. He could bear it no longer. He turned abruptly and rushed out from the damp, gloomy place into the warm, bright sunshine and the free air of heaven.

The air was bright, the wind blew fresh. He drank in great draughts of that delicious breeze, and the salt sea seemed to be inhaled at each breath.

The sun shone brilliantly. The sea rolled afar and all around, and sparkled before him under the sun's rays with that infinite laughter, that ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα of which Æschylus spoke in his deep love of the salt sea. Speaking parenthetically, it may be said that the only ones from among articulate speaking men who have found fitting epithets for the sea are the old Greek, the Scandinavian, and the Englishman.

Brandon drew in new strength and life with every breath, till at last he began to think once more of returning.

But even yet he feared that when he entered that cabin the spell would be on him. The thought of attempting it was intolerable. Yet what was to be done? To remain unsatisfied was equally intolerable. To go back to his rock was not to be thought of.

But an effort must be made to get rid of this womanly fear; why should he yield to this? Surely there were other thoughts which he might call to his mind. There came over him the memory of that villain who had cast him here, who now was exulting in his fancied success and bearing back to his master the news. There came to him the thought of his father, and his wrongs, and his woe. There came to his memory his father's dying words summoning him to vengeance. There came to him the thought of those who yet lived and suffered in England, at the mercy of a pitiless enemy. Should he falter at a superstitious fancy, he—who, if he lived, had so great a purpose?

All superstitious fancy faded away. The thirst for revenge, the sense of intolerable wrong arose. Fear and horror died out utterly, destroyed by Vengeance.

"The Presence, then, is my ally," he murmured. "I will go and face it."

And he walked resolutely, with a firm step, back into the cabin.

Yet even then it needed all the new-born resolution which he had summoned up, and all the thought of his wrong, to sustain him as he entered that inner room. Even then a sharp thrill passed through him, and bodily weakness could only be sustained by the strong, resolute, stubborn soul.

The room was about the size of the captain's. There was a table against the side, which looked like a leaf which could hang down in case of necessity. A trunk stood opposite the door, with the open lid projecting upward out of a mass of sand. Upon the wall there hung the collar of a coat and part of the shoulders, the rest having apparently fallen away from decay. The color of the coat could still be distinguished; it was red, and the epaulets showed that it had belonged to a British officer.

Brandon on entering took in all these details at a glance, and then his eyes were drawn to the berth at the end of the room, where that Thing lay whose presence he had felt and feared, and which he knew by an internal conviction must be here.

There It awaited him, on the berth. Sand had covered it, like a coverlet, up to the neck, while beyond that protruded the head. It was turned toward him; a bony, skeleton head, whose hollow cavities seemed not altogether vacancy, but rather dark eyes which looked gloomily at him; dark eyes fixed, motionless; which had been thus fixed through the long years, watching wistfully for him, expecting his entrance through that doorway. And this was the Being who had assisted him to the shore, and who had thrown off the covering of sand with which he had concealed himself, so as to bring him here before him. Brandon stood motionless, mute. The face was turned toward him—that face which is at once human and yet most frightful, since it is the face of Death—the face of a skeleton. The jaws had fallen apart, and that fearful grin which is fixed on the fleshless face here seemed like an effort at a smile of welcome.

The hair still clung to that head, and hung down over the fleshless forehead, giving it more the appearance of Death in life, and lending a new horror to that which already pervaded this Dweller in the Ship.

"The nightmare Life-in-Death was he,
That thicks men's blood with cold."

Brandon stood while his blood ran chill, and his breath came fast.

If that Form had suddenly thrown off its sandy coverlet and risen to his feet, and advanced with extended hand to meet him, he would not have been surprised, nor would he have been one whit more horror-stricken.

Brandon stood fixed. He could not move. He was like one in a nightmare. His limbs seemed rigid. A spell was upon him. His eyes seemed to fasten themselves on the hollow cavities of the Form before him. But under that tremendous pressure he did not altogether sink. Slowly his spirit rose: a thought of flight came, but it was instantly rejected. The next moment he drew a long breath. "I'm an infernal fool and coward," he muttered. He took three steps forward, and stood beside the Figure. He laid his hand firmly upon the head: the hair fell off at his touch. "Poor devil," said he, "I'll bury your bones at any rate." The spell was broken, and Brandon was himself again.

Once more Brandon walked out into the open air, but this time there was not a vestige of horror left. He had encountered what he dreaded, and it was now in his eyes only a mass of bones. Yet there was much to think of, and the strug-

gle which had raged within him had exhausted him.

The sea-breeze played about him and soon restored his strength. What next to do was the question, and after some deliberation he decided at once to remove the skeleton and bury it.

A flat board which had served as a shelf supplied him with an easy way of turning up the sand. Occupation was pleasant, and in an hour or two he had scooped out a place large enough for the purpose which he had in view. He then went back into the inner cabin.

Taking his board he removed carefully the sand which had covered the skeleton. The clothes came away with it. As he moved his board along it struck something hard. He could not see in that dim light what it was, so he reached down his hand and grasped it.

It was something which the fingers of the skeleton also encircled, for his own hand as he grasped it touched those fingers. Drawing it forth he perceived that it was a common junk bottle tightly corked.

There seemed a ghastly comicality in such a thing as this, that this lately dreaded Being should be nothing more than a common skeleton, and that he should be discovered in this bed of horror doing nothing more dignified than clutching a junk bottle like a sleeping drunkard. Brandon smiled faintly at the idea; and then thinking that, if the liquor were good, it at least would be welcome to him in his present situation. He walked out upon the deck, intending to open it and test its contents. So he sat down, and, taking his knife, he pushed the cork in. Then he smelled the supposed liquor to see what it might be. There was only a musty odor. He looked in. The bottle appeared to be filled with paper. Then the whole truth flashed upon his mind. He struck the bottle upon the deck. It broke to atoms, and there lay a scroll of paper covered with writing.

He seized it eagerly, and was about opening it to read what was written when he noticed something else that also had fallen from the bottle.

It was a cord about two yards in length, made of the entrail of some animal, and still as strong and as flexible as when it was first made. He took it up carefully, wondering why such a thing as this should have been so carefully sealed up and preserved when so many other things had been neglected.

The cord, on a close examination, presented nothing very remarkable except the fact that, though very thin, it appeared to have been not twisted but plaited in a very peculiar manner out of many fine strands. The intention had evidently been to give to it the utmost possible strength together with the smallest size. Brandon had heard of cords used by Malays and Hindus for assassination, and this seemed like the description which he had read of them.

At one end of the cord was a piece of bronze about the size of a common marble, to which the cord was attached by a most peculiar knot. The bronze itself was intended to represent the head of some Hindu idol, the grotesque ferocity of its features, and the hideous grimace of the mouth being exactly like what one may see in the images of Mother Kali or Bowhani.

At once the cord associated itself in his mind with the horrors which he had heard of as having been perpetrated in the names of these frightful deities, and it seemed now to be more than a common one. He carefully wound it up, placed it in his pocket, and prepared to examine the manuscript.

The sun was high in the heavens, the sea-breeze still blew freshly, while Brandon, opening the manuscript, began to read.

ARABIAN COSTUMES.

MANY of the Moorish women—the Arabs of the cities—are naturally very beautiful, with rich warm skins, a little inclined to olive, though fair rather than dark, with handsome heads, dark eyes; but the whole effect of face and figure is marred by their unsightly fashion. They disfigure their countenances by painting a broad black line across the forehead to serve as eyebrows. On the head a sort of pointed black cap, formed in some cunning manner out of a satin handkerchief, the neck muffled in gauze, through which you catch a glimpse of jewels and gilt ornaments. Long gold chains round the head, and flapping in festoons under the chin, complete the peculiar head-dress of the Moors. The wide white trowsers that the Oriental ladies wear are only put on for walking in the street; they conceal gorgeous vestments and jeweled chains, which sometimes peep out when the upper garment flutters in the wind. They can not be comfortable, and certainly are not becoming, hiding as they do the entire figure, and transforming the most graceful woman into a mere bundle of clothes. When on the street a jealous *yashmak* conceals the face, except the eyes, from view, making the latter, in many cases, all the more piercing by contrast with the long white handkerchief. Their hair being always concealed, and their eyebrows plastered with black, effectually precludes any attempt at a guess as to the color of their locks. In their whole "get up" they form a wondrous bit of color. The black head-dress sets off the complexion, and the gauzy something over the neck and breast softens the whole *ensemble*, while the dress itself is usually tight-fitting and very long, made of some rich brocaded stuff or delicate satin; deep-crimson, perhaps, all over great gold leaves, or soft-toned, pearly silk, embroidered with birds, beasts, and fishes. These ladies make a "clink-clink," as they walk, by means of their heavy anklets, which just glimmer out now and again from under the sweeping skirts.

The above-mentioned voluminous gold chains and a profusion of bracelets complete their attire. Among the richer classes the ladies are much given to embroidery, the whole of the body of their gowns being sometimes a mass of intricately worked gold thread and precious stones, which dance and sparkle in the sun with dazzling effect.

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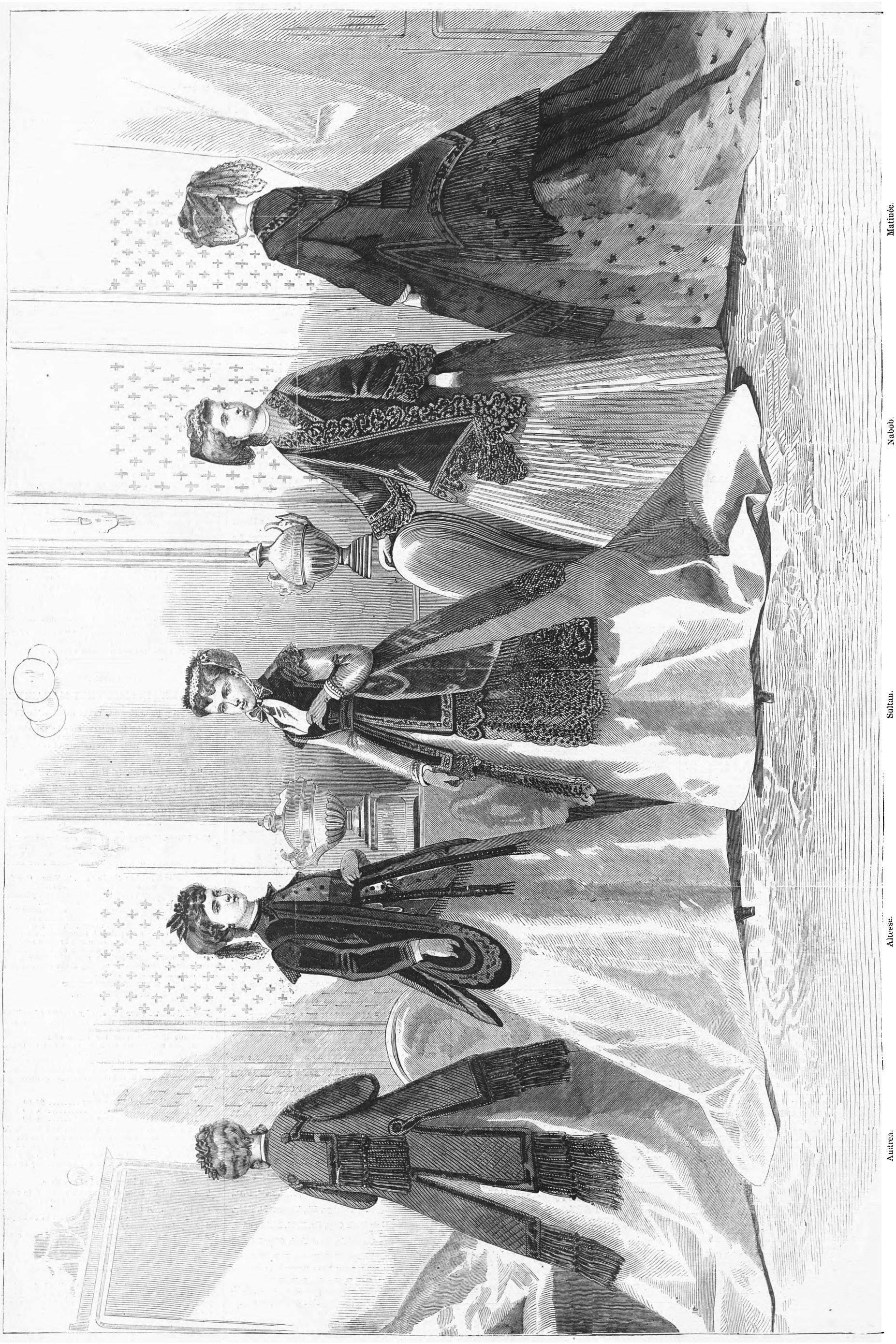

Matinée. Nabob. Sultan. Alcese. Andrea.

WINTER CLOAKS

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 4.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Novel Boots and Shoes.

We give illustrations of several novel styles of Ladies' Boots and Shoes, now in the Paris Exposition, which are marvels in the way of workmanship. The first is a very elegant purple-velvet "bottine," bordered with albatros and secured with pearl buttons, the top being ornamented with a bow and tassels. The next is of Bismarck satin, the "talons Louis Quinze" being covered with the same material; the top of this "bottine" is fringed with jet drops and ornamented with a black-lace bow embroidered with jet beads, and having a large jet button in the centre. Of the two shoes, the upper one, which has the toes curved up, is of light-brown leather, the high heels being covered to correspond; across the instep is a broad strap, with a small blue bow and steel buckle in the centre; the shoe itself, together with the strap, is bordered with a ruche of blue ribbon. The "soulier Louis Quatorze is in scarlet leather, with tall black heels. The front is ornamented with a large scarlet-velvet and white-lace bow. The black edge of the sole of this shoe is embroidered over with a delicate white interlacing pattern. The "botte sport" of black kid is bound and stitched with mauve silk, and has oxydized silver buttons up the side with dogs' heads in high relief, and mauve heels. The collar of mauve satin is ornamented with a couple of medallions, also in oxydized silver, comprising a dog's and a horse's head divided by a huntsman cap and whip, and connected by festoons of chains. The remaining boot, of black kid, is trimmed up the front and round the top with marten's fur.

LADIES' BOOTS AND SHOES IN THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Home Toilettes.

Fig. 1.—Gored dress of Bismarck poplin. Skirt cut with a small train, and trimmed up the front with satin rouleaux, or piping, plaited, of a somewhat darker shade than the dress, and in the back with bias folds of the same satin, fastened at the ends with jet buttons. Waist and coat-sleeves trimmed with satin folds and rouleaux, to match the skirt.

Fig. 2.—Gored dress of pearl velours, trailing slightly, with peplum of the same material. A long sash of pearl silk is fastened at the right side, and falls nearly to the bottom of the dress. The sash and peplum are trimmed with silk fringe, with tassels on the lappets of the peplum and on the waist, as seen in the illustration. The skirt, waist, and coat-sleeves are trimmed with bias folds of pearl satin.

Fig. 3.—Dress and peplum of violet silk, trailing slightly, and trimmed with violet cord, fringe and tassels, and jet beads. The trimming is put on the skirt to simulate an over-skirt. The peplum is closed in front.

HOME TOILETTES.

NOVEMBER.

OUT in the woods the lonely trees
Toss and moan in the autumn wind,
For the birds have flown far over the seas,
And they are left behind.

Bare and cold in the twilight dun,
They pine for the light of summer eves,
When the golden rays of the setting sun
Shone through their glowing leaves.

Far away o'er the purple hills
The little moon is climbing the skies,
And a faint gleam over the water thrills
Where her trembling radiance lies.

The flowers are dead, and the birds are flown,
And the wind blows cold from the chilly sea,
And I think of the days that are dead and gone,
That will never come back to me.

But the flowers will bloom again in spring,
And the birds fly home from over the seas,
And, nestled in sweet green leaves, will sing
All day to the happy trees.

And somewhere, deep in this heart of mine,
Under the sorrow, and care, and pain,
Waiting for April suns to shine,
For April clouds to rain,

Lies a little Hope, like a violet,
Ready to bloom with the other flowers;
And over the grave of my old regret
Springs a dream of brighter hours.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1867.

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WARM CLOTHING.

THE popular notion that the body receives warmth from the covering, whatsoever it may be, that is put upon it, is, according to science, an error. All the heat we have is of our own making, and is the result of the perpetual combustion going on in us and every living animal. The fat of what we eat, being chiefly carbon, or charcoal, supplies the fuel, and the oxygen of the air we breathe may be considered the fire which burns it. Scientifically, however, it is the act of combination of these two elements carbon and oxygen—which constitutes the combustion from which results the heat of our bodies.

The only purpose of dress, apart from satisfying the demands of decency and fashion, is to facilitate or prevent the escape of the natural warmth of the animal system. In summer we accordingly try to get rid of it, and in winter, on the contrary, we strive to retain it. The former is done by covering the body lightly with such materials as favor, and the latter by clothing ourselves heavily with such textures as oppose the passage of heat. The dress of summer is accordingly of thin, close texture, ordinarily white in color, and composed of cotton or linen. That of winter is of a thick, loose texture, generally black or dark, and made of silk and wool. This, which is the result of the experience of ages, accords in every respect with the principles of science.

Chemistry divides substances into conductors and non-conductors of heat. Tissues of close, thin texture, such as cotton and linen, are good conductors, and thus are suitable for summer dress, as they conduct away or carry off rapidly the warmth of the body. Thick, loose textures, made of wool or silk, are, on the other hand, *non*, or bad conductors, and do not conduct away or carry off rapidly the animal heat, and are thus adapted to clothing the body in winter.

Dr. Franklin's experiment proves that color has a decided influence upon the absorption of solar heat. He spread several pieces of cloth of varied tints upon the snow exposed to the warmth of the sun, and found that the snow beneath the black melted the most rapidly, and that below the white the least so. Whenever the wearer is exposed to the rays of the sun he will find a black dress hotter than a white one. In winter, accordingly, he will do well to choose the former, and in summer the latter.

The make as well as the material of the dress has a great deal to do with its warmth. The atmosphere is the worst of all conductors of heat. Accordingly a loosely-made garment, which in its various folds incloses an abundance of air, must necessarily be a greater obstacle to the escape of the warmth of the body than a close-fitting dress. The non-conducting power of woolen and other loose fabrics is mainly owing to the large interstices of the tissue being filled with air.

A loose dress is, moreover, warmer because it admits of the free circulation of blood, while a tight one impedes it by constricting the vessels, and thus hindering that free supply of the element essential to keeping up the brisk combustion upon which depends the due heating of the body.

Winter clothing, then, to be warm, should be of thick, loose texture, as cloth, flannel, and other woolen stuffs, dark in color; and of a cut so flowing that it may embrace within its folds stratum upon stratum of non-conducting air, and so loose as not to pinch any where, whatever may be the motion of the body.

SPARE THE ROD.

"SPARE the rod, and spoil the child," says Solomon, which the severe interpret to mean literally the laying on of the birch, the rattan, and the cat o' nine tails, but which the amiable explain as having merely a figurative signification. These humanely say that the wise King understood by the rod a symbol of discipline, and in advising that it be not spared in the bringing up of the young meant that they were not to be treated with too much indulgence. We confess ourselves in favor of the less rigid interpretation, and as altogether opposed to the use of physical violence in any form whatsoever.

A resort to the rod is the most impotent conclusion of discipline. It is a confession of the want of that moral power which the superior in authority should always possess over the subordinate. It is the exercise of a physical might which is sure to leave with those who may feel its weight a sense of wrong and oppression. Nothing could be more fatal to the affectionate relations which should always exist between parent and child, pupil and teacher, and which are so necessary to make the one patient and the other docile.

A resort to the rod, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is merely an excuse for laziness or impatience. Without energy or perseverance to pursue a systematic course of moral training, the parent or teacher avails himself of the ready resource supplied by his superiority of muscle. It is so easy to raise an arm or wield a stick! The mere brutal force of man's nature gives that power, and to use it does not even require premeditation. It comes with the flash of anger; for the instinct to wound accompanies the irritation of the human as it does that of other brutes. The blow is doubtless the easier process, and not a disagreeable one to the administrator; for it may be made to fall very heavy on the weak without much cost of effort to the strong, and affords a sensible relief to the pressure of passion. If it were only effective in its purpose the use of it might be conceded to the parent and teacher for its evident facility of application and the gratification it seems to give them. But it is not effective. Virtue and learning to be pursued must be loved, and we are yet to learn that the association of the painful and disagreeable—and to the child the rod, the birch, and the cat o' nine tails are probably both, however enjoyed by those who apply them—is favorable to strength of attachment.

The moral and intellectual discipline of the child is certainly no easy matter, and the sooner the parent or teacher makes up his mind to it the better it will be for all. He should understand that it is not the summary process of a blow given in a spasm of passion, but a serious business, requiring time and patience.

The use of the rod begets an awe of the parent which never leaves the child, so that when he advances in life, if he becomes superior to fear, he yet feels toward father or mother a reserve which prevents that intimate companionship which is the best safeguard of youth against the dangers of the world.

It is not safe to trust the strong with the power of exercising their animal force upon the weak. Parents, though controlled by all the supposed influence of natural affection, have not seldom perverted this claimed privilege to a violence which has even resulted in death. How much greater, then, the risk of trusting the teacher, who has not, and does not profess to have, a love for his pupils! In France there is a law which forbids the application of physical violence to the child under any pretext whatsoever, and the rod is not only thus banished from every school throughout the empire, but from every home but the most brutalized. The use of it is regarded as the practice of any other gross vice. The relations between parent and child, teacher and pupil, are nowhere more tender, and their union more abiding, than in France.

The law should interfere also in our country, and make it a penal offense for any teacher or other than a parent, and perhaps even for him, to raise his hand to a child. With the present license there is what must be considered by those even in favor of the rod excessive abuse. Those who were not supposed to be cruel by nature, and who even have passed in the ordinary relations of life for benevolent men, have as teachers been guilty, unconsciously it may be, of the greatest inhumanity. A late learned professor, whose disposition is said to have been naturally kindly, issued, when master of a school, this edict: *The last five boys of the class at the end of each day's lesson shall be caned.* The fault, if a fault, was inevitable, and the penalty certain. Could the severe Draco himself ever have conceived so cruel a law as this?

FLORA'S CASKET.

OUR lady readers have, of course, never seen or heard of what the French, who are always contriving the prettiest names for the nastiest things, call an "*Etui de Flore*," and which may be translated the "Case," or, more freely, the "Casket of Flora." It is not necessary to explain how this ingenious contrivance was first revealed to us; but, having the thing at this present moment of writing in our possession, there can be no more doubt of its existence than of our personal identity.

Nothing could be more charming to look at than the exterior of this floral casket, covered, as it is, with a rich envelope of blue and gold. As the lid, evidently adapted to the delicate finger of woman, rises easily at the gentlest touch, there are disclosed three instruments. These have the look of so many pencil-cases. They too, with their metallic gloss and brilliant damask of silver and gold, strike the eye agreeably. Each one is distinguished by its especial color. There is a silver, a scarlet, and a blue. On opening these there is seen in each that which has the appearance in every respect of a sharpened crayon, which in the silver case is black, in the blue, blue, and in the scarlet, pink. The odor they diffuse, being a strong reminder of the barber's shop, excites a suspicion of the presence of pomatum, which, on investigation, is found to be the chief component part, with a large admixture of coloring matter. Their purpose is manifest. They are implements for the painting of ladies' fancy portraits by themselves. There are all the pigments necessary—the black for deepening the tint and lengthening the line of the eyebrow, the red for giving warmth and color to the cheek and lips, and the blue for heightening the cerulean arborescence of the veins.

Our dames have no occasion, of course, with their natural stock of charms, to avail themselves of these resources of art, notwithstanding Monsieur Poppinjay, of Paris, writes in letters of gold upon his *Etui de Flore* that it is *indispensable pour la beauté de la figure*—"indispensable for the beauty of the face." As our countrywomen are above either the necessity or the artifice of painting themselves, it is puzzling to conjecture what these French boxes of pigment are used for in the United States, where there is said to be a large sale for them.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to Lionel Gans.

MY DEAR LIONEL,—Last week I had occasion to write a letter to your friend and, I hope, mine, young De Boots, upon his conduct at the St. Nicholas Hotel in New York, which he seemed to think was his own, with all the guests in it, to use or to abuse exactly as his serene highness might choose; and all because he paid his bill and was a selfish young person. I told him frankly that it was in vain to expect to be considered a gentleman—except by those who were not gentlemen—if he did not defer to the feelings of others. Why, my dear Lionel, I heard the other day a compliment to a woman—unless you deny that the truth can compliment, a casuistry upon which we will not now enter—which fairly matched the famous remark of Sir Richard Steele about the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, that "to love her was a liberal education." The conversation fell upon a young married woman, whom we will call Rose Warner; and after a little while, during which several persons had praised her, a quiet man said, "She doesn't know that there is such a person as Rose Warner." I have never heard a simpler or more beautiful tribute to the entire unselfishness of a human being, and if I said De Boots doesn't know that there is any body but De Boots, I should have described him accurately. But, my dear Lionel, I deny that I should have described a gentleman.

I write to you this week, my young friend, because I know how greatly you admire De Boots—how you study his dress, his manners, his personal appearance; how you share his admiration of his model, Mr. Tilbury, and because I see that no model can be more ridiculous for you than the one you and De Boots have chosen. It is easy to see that, although you have but a small salary, and must be closely occupied the larger part of your time in the counting-room of your worthy uncle, whose large family forbids you to expect any thing from him when—at a very remote period, I hope—he shall be called away; yet, notwithstanding all this, it is easy to see that you propose to yourself to be a man of fashion and of pleasure. One day, at high noon, I met you in Madison Square, seated in Mr. Tilbury's carriage, which he drove himself, four-in-hand, upon your way to the Central Park. Mr. Tilbury had liveried footmen, and the whole street stared at his gay equipage, which was simply absurd at that hour in this city, whatever it might have been in London or in any other foreign city. As for Mr. Tilbury himself, perched upon the high box of his barouche, he looked like an inefficient coachman. Yet I know perfectly well, and so did every body else who saw the spectacle, that he thought he was showing New York "a thing or two." So he was. But what kind of thing was he showing us? And I am glad to say that you looked heartily ashamed, my dear young friend, as you ought to have looked. If you had been engaged to any truly sensible young woman, and she had seen you pass, she would have told you in the evening that she perceived you did not wish to marry her. No young man upon a salary, who is engaged to a worthy and lovely young woman in the city of New York, and who means honestly by her and by himself, will go prancing to the Central Park at high noon with the Tilbury set. Of course he will have his enjoyment, he will have his recreation, but at the proper time, my dear Lionel, and in the proper way. The horse-cars to the Park, if you please, in the afternoon or upon a holiday, or in the carriage of some kind friend at an hour when you are properly released from business.

The truth is, that the men whom young fellows of your taste are disposed to emulate are the very men in the whole range of your observation whose example you should avoid. You wish to indulge your social disposition and even your social genius, for you really have that, and you naturally look at the leaders. The leaders? The Chevalier Bayard—ah yes! The Chevalier de Grammont, or Lord Sandwich, or Mr. Tilbury—ah no! The Chevaliers and my Lord are long ago dead. But Tilbury is living and is a nuisance. He teaches people to spend money in a foolish way. He demoralizes society. He erects false standards. He rules by gold and brass. Tilbury is a confidence man. He prevails by "cheek." And after stoutly resisting him for five or six years you find respectable people saying that they must succumb and allow Tilbury to visit them. Yet if Tilbury awoke to-morrow morning a poor man—gone the horses, dinners, yachts, suppers, parties of all kinds—you would never hear of him again. He succeeds neither by intelligence, by taste, by accomplishment, by wit—he succeeds by money merely. And yet all his money can not buy any thing better than horses, carriages, liveries, dinners, suppers, and a crowd of over-dressed people who eat his *pâtés* and laugh at the giver. My advice to you and to all young men and young women who really wish to buy their money's worth is—beware of Tilbury!

My dear Lionel, there are several persons who upon reading what I have written will think that I mean them. There are Mr. Phaeton, and Mr. Britzka, and Mr. Stanhope, and Mr. Dogcart, who will each cry, "The miserable scribbler *says* Tilbury, but he means me!" I do not mean them. I mean Tilbury. And *he* knows it perfectly well. *He* is not deceived, and when *he* reads it he will know whom I mean, and he will also know that I am telling the truth. What is the truth? The truth is that Tilbury is a man who promotes the worship of money, and who feebly imitates the habits and life of European high society. And very much wiser people than you, my dear young Lionel, follow him afar off, and delight to be seen with him and to be invited by him. I know worthy people in the City of New York who think it a fine thing to know Thomas Tilbury, and a desirable thing to go to his house to dinner! And those people will sneer at Thackeray as a cynic, and think it horrible not to go to church every Sunday, and loftily despise what they call extravagance of opinion and eccentricity of conduct! They think young Mr. Tyng "a very queer man," because being an Episcopalian he preaches in Methodist pulpits. "Queer," "extravagant," "eccentric," why, my dear Lionel, these very people are fanatics for the Tilbury parties, for the Tilbury suppers, for the Tilbury set. Their extravagance would make the Regent Orleans blush, and their manners! I wish they were only "queer" and "eccentric."

What is the result of it all? Mothers educate their daughters by the Tilbury standard. The daughters marry smaller Tilburys. The sons, clerks upon salaries of fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars, ape the high Tilbury model, and there is a stupid, insane spending of money for which nothing is bought but demoralization, disease, and disgust. Your correspondent, my friend, is an old gentleman. He has seen this same dull old routine for many and many a day. He knew Mrs. Potiphar when she ruled society. And he has seen plenty of eager young fellows like you sit down to the ridiculous Barmecide banquet and feast upon wind. It leaves a dreadful colic, my dear Lionel, and I advise you to sup elsewhere. If you have a small income, live accordingly. That is good manners upon the great road of life where we are all traveling. If you have a small income, don't hire a large house. Don't go to Tilbury's parties if you feel obliged to give parties in return. Wear coarse clothes, but have them neatly and tastefully made. Taste does not necessarily haunt the most expensive and fashionable tailors. Some of the worst coats I ever saw came from the most celebrated artists in New York. After a time success has its perfect work. When a tailor has become the king of fashion he makes his fashion stand for every thing, and you pay the most money for the smallest satisfaction. I often imagine

the *chef* of clothes standing at some door or window in Broadway upon some brilliant morning, and as the throng of his clients, young, gay, condemn-the-expense kind of gentry come filing along, I see him rubbing his hands with a superior air, and saying, blandly and boldly, "These are our failures!" So they are. The youth don't ask for a tasteful coat, they ask only for one of Chef's coats. And they get it, and they pay for it. But you, Lionel, and all sensible young fellows with slim purses, do you go and instead of letting Chef cut your coats cut him. Some of the handsomest coats in this city were made by men of genius in out-of-the-way streets. They are coarse garments, but they are neat and tasteful and cheap.

Remember, my dear Lionel, that the mass of the inhabitants of this city live upon very much less yearly income than your salary. Heaven forbid that I should praise poverty! I know too many good and generous hearts which are sadly pinched, too many lives that ought to be free and flowing and happy, which are embittered if not soured by the want of that generous elbow-room which money gives. I know the value of money as well as the cashiers of all the National Banks or the Secretary of the Treasury himself. But if I will not praise poverty, neither will I sigh for riches. If I have a thousand a year, or ten thousand a year, I will try to live accordingly. That is the very perfection of good-manners upon this great highway, the world. There is one phrase which few Americans are heroic enough to utter. They are brave in most ways, we all know, and I think I have even heard the same thing said. They are generous, frank, prompt—nobody shall say more, and nobody thinks better of them than I do. But Cromwell had his wart, and King Alfred let the cakes burn; and the one phrase which the American can not easily say is, "I can not afford it." Every excuse but that is readily given. But how many a Lionel—is it not true, my dear young friend?—will tell a lie rather than say that he can not afford it.

It is not very probable, at least I sincerely hope it is not, that you will be called upon to show your heroism upon such a terrible theatre as that upon which so many of our noblest young fellows have lately proved theirs; but you can be a hero, my good Lionel, all the same. You can vanquish De Boots. You can put Mr. Tilbury and his liveries and his insane squandering of money totally to rout. You can bravely wear coarse clothes, and live within your income at whatever sacrifice. This will be a struggle for you; but, depend upon it, it will prove your quality as much as the charge at Balaklava or the immortal days in the Wilderness tested the heroes of those famous battles. Indeed, my dear young friend, if I were to give you in one phrase the secret of true comfort and peace of mind—a piece of concentrated experience as full of wholesome nutriment as a square inch of Burden's essence of beef—I should say to you solemnly, "Don't do what you can't afford to do." And to that end try to discover a little better model than De Boots or Thomas Tilbury. Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

NO very decided change has as yet appeared in bonnets. The foundation of the bonnet is still very small; and it is the profusion of ornament that gives the impression of increased size. The Fanchon is so universally becoming that all efforts to displace it have failed. It has, however, undergone some modifications. The front is much improved by a coronet; and the back, shorn of its point, passes straight over the chignon, and is finished by the graceful Spanish veil. The Marie Antoinette style, and its varieties, are, however, of later introduction. This shape has a more legitimate claim to be called a bonnet, as it has a regularly-defined brim and crown. The brim is usually pointed on the forehead, surmounted by a diadem, and flaring at the temples. Another shape, intended for very young ladies, fits close to the head with a straight front. It is pointed over the chignon, and is precisely the reverse of the remodeled Fanchon.

FABRICS.

Velvet and satin are the principal fabrics. A union of the two is seen in almost every bonnet. Velvet bonnets are trimmed with pipings or folds of satin, and those of satin with rosettes and scarfs of velvet. Uncut and royal velvet is brought out in all the favorite shades, Bismarck, Capucine, Sarde, or pearl color, Celadon, and blue-purple. There was a time when purple was sacred to our grandmothers. It is now worn by the gayest belle. A few bronzed and Italian straws of open pattern are seen, lined with a warm rich color of silk. The Grebe bonnets we have already described. Wide lapels of velvet, lined with satin and bound with a narrow bias satin or fringed at the ends, are handsome strings for velvet bonnets. An edge of blonde sometimes borders the strings. A gilt spray fastens them under the chin, relieving the wearer from the necessity of tying a bow of stiff ribbon that refuses to be graceful. When narrow strings are worn they are of satin or gros grain ribbon, two inches wide. Squares of fine lace are thrown over velvet bonnets, and long barbes fall over the chignon. Blonde and point lace are used with the delicate shades of green and pearl color. Chantilly supplies the drapery to the deep rich colors.

ROUND HATS.

The round hat of this season is the merest apology for a hat, but with the present style of wearing the hair hats must be small in order to be becoming. The shape is as small as can be worn, and the light trimming does not detract from its jaunty appearance. Low crowns and rolling brims prevail, shaped in a variety of ways. The brim may be depressed in front and back, or turned up at one side or behind, or reversed alike all round. High crowns, square and slanting, are displayed, but one seldom meets them on the street. Velvet, plush, and felt are the best materials. A few black and bronzed straws are worn, but Leghorn and crinoline are laid aside for the present. Astrakhan, sealskin, and chinchilla hats are made to wear with paletots of those furs. Scarfs of velvet and satin, trimmed with narrow pipings or folds, and fringed at the ends, depend from the back. Black velvet is trimmed with white satin piping, and white with black. In others there is a tendency to preserve one tone throughout the whole hat, all the materials—velvets, feathers, and lace—agreeing in color. Skating toquets are made of Astrakhan, otter, and chinchilla. For the promenade we have Hungarian hats of ermine and grebe. The turned-up brims of turbans are quite broad in front, sloping narrower toward the back. A pompon of feathers or a gilt spray is the only ornament.

TRIMMINGS.

It is the arrangement and variety of trimmings that produce the novelties of the season. There are new feathers, new flowers, new laces, and new ornaments of jet, gold, and Roman pearl. Instead of willow feathers and long ostrich plumes, we have short ostrich tufts, silver heron feathers, the Swiss bird grebe, pheasants' plumes, and prettier than all others, the delicate marabouts in tufts and fringes tipped with gilt and jet. The new velvet flowers are tastefully mingled with gilt. Velvet leaves are veined with gold, and thistles of downy marabouts are covered with a filagree net-work. Scarlet berries with bronzed autumn leaves, make graceful diadems. Sprays of coral are effectively introduced into evening hats. Parma violets, marguerites, pansies, and wreaths of hawthorn and clematis are exquisitely modeled.

The attempt to have materials and trimmings of a uniform color has led to the introduction of lace of various colors. These laces have a tawdry appearance, and are as much to be deprecated as the profuse use of gilt. One of our most reliable milliners boasts that not a spray of gilt appears on the bonnets made at her establishment. Fastidious people avoid it altogether. We advise that it be sparingly and judiciously used. A small gilt spray or leaf, a gilt-tipped marabout fringe, or pendants of gilt lilies on a coronet, are pretty and in good taste; but the broad bandeaux of yellow gilt, the clusters of grapes and berries, and fringes of bullion, are coarse and objectionable. Jet is carved, and formed into bandeaux and pendants. The seed jet is not used except on illusion. Small ornaments of Roman pearl fasten white lace over strings. A drop-trimming to correspond surrounds the edge of the bonnet.

VEILS.

The Spanish veil is specially suited to the fanchon, but is worn with bonnets of all shapes. It was originally a straight scarf falling over the chignon, and fastened at the throat with long, flowing strings. Now several forms are given it. Some are cut in a direct line from shoulder to shoulder, while others are pointed at the back. Tulle, dotted with chenille or embroidered with beads, is used for square veils. Colored net and blonde veils are worn long. Guipure and Chantilly are suitable laces for heavy falls over the chignon. The mantilla veil has long tabs in front, hanging loose, or caught together by a spray or small bow of ribbon. Another style laps in front, like the Marie Antoinette fichu. Round blonde veils, to match the color of the bonnet, are fastened near the front and thrown backward. These are graceful, and serve for drapery, which the new shapes require. The stiff brim and flat crown need to be softened and relieved by tulle and lace. Round veils, with long tabs fastened behind, are worn with hats. Of the colored lace veils the Bismarck is prettiest. Puffed trimmings of tulle and blonde on round hats have long ends that serve for veils.

WINTER BONNETS.

Among the many beautiful and novel models we have selected a few to describe for our readers. A Fanchon of moss-green satin is laid in plaits from front to back. Blonde lace Spanish veil at back, fastened under the chin with a pearl ornament. Diadem of china asters and metallic leaves. Narrow strings of green leaves tie the bonnet.

A Trianon of Mexican blue velvet has a square of *point-de-gaze* thrown over it, with lapels of the lace falling over the chignon. Wide velvet strings, cut bias, and bordered with narrow point. Lace appliqué ornamented on each string.

A Marie Antoinette, intended for a bridal bonnet, is of white terry velvet, with an exquisite lily with long trailing velvet leaves on the left. Marabout feathers with pearl tips over the coronet. Mantilla veil of blonde with the lapels crossed in front and fastened with a feathery ornament.

An Imperial of royal purple velvet. Alternate folds of satin and velvet encircle the brim of this bonnet, enriched at intervals with carved jet ornaments. Bandeau of jet in front. Velvet strings fastened with a jet pin. Another hat of similar shape is of black velvet, ornamented with black marabouts, tipped with the orange red shade called Capucine. Fall of thread lace over the chignon, and tiny bows of Capucine velvet at the throat and amidst the lace strings.

A bonnet of dove-colored uncut velvet is trimmed with a Spanish scarf of Chantilly lace, which is crossed under the chin, and fastened with metallic leaves and acorns. Ostrich tufts are arranged about the front of the bonnet.

Duchesse of Bismarck moiré velvet, with turned up brim and trimmings of satin rouleaux. A fringed scarf over chignon.

Opera Fanchon of marabouts tipped with gilt. Blonde strings fastened low down with a gilt spray. Another of uncut velvet, *sarde* or pearl color, has a three-cornered net-work of tiny pearl beads by way of ornament.

Black velvet Marie Stuart with a bird of paradise with trailing feathers for its sole trimming. Narrow strings of alternate points of velvet and satin.

TURBANS, TOQUETS, ETC.

A very stylish hat of black velvet has a reversed rolling brim pointed back and front. The trimming consists of a band of white velvet with fringed scarfs behind. Marabout pompon on the left. A pretty turban suitable for midwinter is of Astrakhan fur, with a short curling ostrich feather for trimming. Another of French gray velvet has a shirred band pointed in front. There is a turned-up brim in the front of this hat. A pompon of silver heron's feathers on one side.

An Italian straw-hat with shallow crown and narrow brim turned up at one side, has rouleaux of scarlet and black satin around the crown, and a long velvet *suivez moi* hanging down behind.

A Metternich of black velvet has alternate points of white satin and velvet for trimming. In the left is a bird of paradise tail set in a grebe pompon.

A gray felt hat, called the Carlotta, is bound with Mexican blue velvet. Folds of velvet surround the crown and fall in long scarf ends.

A saucy little blue plush hat, the Di Vernon, has the brim turned up on one side only and held by a flat pearl ornament. Another of Bismarck velvet has a brim turned up in front. White and brown ostrich tufts on the left. Rouleau of velvet with scarf trimmed with narrow folds of white satin. Brown and white fringe at the ends.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Low-necked bodices or corselets of gros grain, with epaulets, and long lappets at the back, are trimmed with bias folds of the same material, studded with jet nail-heads. They are worn over Empress cloths and self-colored merinos.

Gored aprons of colored silk are pretty additions to home toilettes. They are embroidered in narrow vines in gay colors, or braided with mottled braid. Two narrow fluted ruffles, bias and bound, are also used for trimming.

Fine linen cuffs, with tiny tucks and scallops, are edged with Valenciennes; the collar to match.

Wreaths of gold leaves and berries are sold by the yard. They are mingled with black velvet, and used for head-dresses.

An elegant carriage-dress is of black velvet, sprinkled with gold dust. Plain high corsage and sleeves almost tight. Gored skirt, with train a yard long. A border of black Astrakhan fur around the bottom, sewn on with soutache braid, forms an elegant trimming. Clusters of leaves of the fur, bound and veined with gilt, are placed at intervals along the border. Long ornamented pendants, falling from the waist like sashes, are used to loop up the skirt.

Two colors of ribbon sewn together make becoming cravats for morning wear. Capucine and black contrast prettily. Two narrow ribbons are sewn together at the edges to pass round the neck; the ends in front are finished by knotted silk fringe. May be tied in a bow or fastened with a brooch.

Collars are made of two narrow strips of linen, with an insertion of guipure between.

Sashes of satin, tied in large bows behind, with ends reaching almost to the bottom of train skirts, are much worn with evening toilettes. They may be either of most delicate or most brilliant hues, and are ornamented with lace and pearl passementerie. When white they are embroidered with bouquets of bright colors. The Venetian sash has a brocaded landscape on each streamer, and is heavily fringed. Velvet ribbon, a quarter of a yard wide, and satin, with a vine of velvet leaves in the centre, for sashes. They are two and a half or three yards long, and are loosely knotted at the waist.

Velveteen suits are very fashionable this fall; but this is another caprice that we deprecate. The plainest walking-suits of this material cost sixty dollars, and many of those exhibited cost ninety or a hundred dollars, and after all are only cotton velvet. The same money would buy a suit of poplin or winsey—not quite so showy perhaps as velveteen, but at least not an imitation.

Sets of trimming for handsome dresses are imported with an accompanying plate exhibiting the designs. They consist of epaulets, cuffs, belt with sash, pocket flaps, strips for each seam of the skirt, and butterfly ornaments for the front width.

A convenient new crinoline can be arranged to wear with both short and long dresses. At the bottom is a muslin skirt containing six hoops. Wide tapes fasten this skirt to the waistband. Buckles on each tape lengthen or shorten the skirt.

A pretty morning dress of blue cashmere is loosely gored to be worn with a belt and sash, and trimmed with brown guipure lace. Insertions of the lace are sewn on each seam. A wide lace simulates a deeply pointed peplum. Close sleeves. Brown mosaic buttons.

A light cloth called ladies' cloth is used for promenade suits. A short gored skirt, untrimmed, is worn under a tight-fitting pelisse with small cape. Invisible green and Bismarck are suitable colors. We have seen a pretty one of mazarine blue embroidered with black. Silk braid an inch wide is the usual trimming.

One of the most elegant novelties of the season is a visiting dress of Bismarck corded silk, with plain corsage, close sleeves, and skirt just escaping the floor. Over this is worn a trained skirt, of tunic shape, reaching only to the knee in front. The material of this over-skirt is watered velvet of a deeper shade of brown than the short dress. The moiré figure on the velvet has a peculiar and novel effect. Short lappets at the back of the belt. A button on the back seam of the train buttons it to the belt lappets, and makes the skirt short enough for walking. Short sleeveless paletot and Marie Antoinette bonnet of the moiré velvet.

PERSONAL.

LORD DERBY, having done all the duty his party could reasonably demand of him, and being in any thing but robust health, proposes to retire from the Ministry. So write some of the *quidnuncs* of the London press, who go even farther and say that the DUKE OF RICHMOND will succeed to the premiership.

—Of notable ladies, here and there, the *Bazar* finds time to stitch together these: ROSA BONHEUR is coming hither next year; Mrs. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT is engaged, it is said, upon some literary work, of which she declines for the present to make public mention; the Empress EUGÉNIE has folded away in her writing-table a drama which she wrote before she made arrangements with the Emperor; Miss KELLOGG commenced to warble to the Londoners on Saturday the 2d inst. at the same highly pecunious figures paid to PATTI; and PATTI, according to a paragraph we find in a Chicago paper, has shown a manifest improvement this year, great as she was before. She is on the pinnacle of her profession, and almost above the reach of the critics. We hear a good deal about her, and her class, in a gossipy book just published called "The Enterprising Impresario." The greater part of the book, in fact, is a narrative quite personal enough to be fair, of tours in which GRISI, MARIO, PICCOLOMINI and other celebrated opera singers took part; Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS has made herself pecuniarily independent by her pen, as have those delightful persons, the CAREY sisters; FREDERIKA BREMER'S Life and Letters are to be published soon in Stockholm, London, and New York; and ELOISE, a daughter of LOLA MONTEZ, is soon to appear in tragedy in Paris.

—Some person, intent upon ferreting out how much our prominent millionaires have put by for "self and family," states that JAY COOKE is worth $16,000,000; MARSHALL O. ROBERTS $3,000,000; and that WILLIAM E. DODGE has an income of $1000 a day. As a simple proposition, perfectly understandable and devoid of vulgar fractions, we should prefer to be DODGE.

—Sir T. TROWBRIDGE, one of the true heroes of the Crimean war, died recently in London. During battle his right leg and left foot were shot off. On returning to England he was made a Colonel, and received the Victoria Cross direct from the hands of the Queen, who made him one of her aids-de-camp. The story of his life was still farther distinguished by the devotion of the lady to whom he was engaged. He offered to release her from her troth; but she replied that she would marry what there was left of him if he was willing. *He* was, and *she* did. She died in August last, leaving a young family. The noble deeds of the soldier and the womanly devotion of the wife will be imperishable in story and history.

—QUEEN VICTORIA has written to Lord DERBY, suggesting a pension to the widow of Professor FARADAY. The good Queen can not forget how her husband used regularly to take the PRINCE OF WALES and PRINCE ALFRED by the hand and walk over to the Royal Institution, and listen for an hour to England's foremost man of science.

—How good and pleasant a thing it is to be a ROTHSCHILD! Just because they managed to get news of GARIBALDI'S arrest an hour and a half in advance of the French Government they made a hundred thousand dollars!

—Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, merry man! though seventy years of age, is about to lead to the altar a divorced lady, aged twenty-four. The Emperor is said to favor the affair, because one of his relations likes the woman. GORTSCHAKOFF, however, doesn't see it in that light, but, like a manly old Russian, proceeds on his own account.

—Miss NELLY MARSHALL, of Kentucky, daughter of the rebel General HUMPHREY M., is about to change her "local habitation and her name" and become Lady WILLIAM MOSGROVE, or MOSROSE, or some such pretty name.

—A young lady, name unknown, has been writing in *Fraser's Magazine* very pleasant lines about our New York young ladies. She says "their faces are charming. I never could come to America and return unmarried if I were a man. Such sweet, delicate, refined little faces, and such lovely dark eyes!" And then she adds: "The people all look so independent; even the beggars just carelessly request money, and then go away instantly.

—Mr. S. S. L——, of Boston, is a correspondent, the attractiveness of whose style will at once be recognized by every publisher. Enclosing to us $20, he says: "The *Bazar* will be a success, and judging from the great demand for it in this section I predict a circulation of not less than 150,000 copies. The *six subscribers* above named *are all located in one room.*"

—Of the crowned females of Europe, ELIZABETH, of Austria, is said to be the most beautiful. A fine portrait of her hangs in the office of Chevalier de LOOSEY, the Austrian Consul-General in this city. The Chevalier is an accomplished diplomatist and thorough Austrian; but his daughter has identified herself with this country by becoming the wife of one of our merchant princes—Mr. HAVEMEYER.

—KIT CARSON, FREMONT'S old guide in the Rocky Mountains, is supposed by some persons to partake daily of broiled Indian. But he is any thing but formidable in personal appearance. He is only five feet six, has small hands and feet, a sweet mouth, light blue eyes, gentle as a woman's and clear as a boy's, flaxen hair falling to the shoulders, and a mustache. Wears his Brigadier's uniform in a careless, comfortable, half-Indian way. But KIT is a terrible chap in a fight, especially when red skins are about.

—Mr. CHARLES KALBFLEISH, of Brooklyn, is entitled to the special and enthusiastic admiration of every lady in the land. On the day he married Miss JOSEPHINE CONOVER he presented to his wife, as a wedding-gift, a handsome brown-stone house, elegantly furnished, together with a stylish equipage.

—Since DORÉ'S name has come to be a household word whenever art is seen or talked of, it may gratify our lady-readers to know in what a delicious snuggery

he passes his time. His studio is situated in one of those quiet, clean, aristocratic little streets that open out of the Champs Elysées. The room has an air of wealth about it—indeed, it is so lofty and spacious that the epical pictures of the Sistine Chapel could almost find room to stand against its east wall. Just now it is peculiarly worthy of attention, as its owner has this year collected together many of his most representative pictures, to be looked at and enjoyed by his friends who have flocked to Paris during the "Exposition."

—Miss JENNY BAKER, a daughter of the Fire Marshal, has been wedded to Colonel HARRY ROCKAFELLAR, who did some gallant things during the rebellion. If HENRY should happen to fall ill we suppose it will be thought all right and proper to "rock a fellar."

We perceive no objection.

—Mr. HOME, the Spiritualist, has "popped" to the widow of MOET, the Champagne maker of Rheims, and is to lead that admirable person to the altar forthwith. How much more agreeable to taste one's Moet at Home than to sip it at a restaurant!

—General ADAM BADEAU, Military Secretary to General GRANT, is in town revising the proof-sheets of the first volume of his Life of General G., which is nearly ready for publication. General BADEAU, who is a full Colonel in the regular army, is a person of culture, industry, and tact, has seen much of the world and knows much of men, as might be expected of a gentleman who graduated creditably from the Press of New York.

—ANTHONY TROLLOPE, having resigned his lucrative position in the London Post-office and taken to editing a magazine, proposes to be a candidate for Parliament for one of the constituencies to be formed under the new reform bill.

—The Emperor NAPOLEON, when at Biarritz, does his four-mile walk every day, regardless of the "peltings of the pitiless storm," and the Empress generally accompanies him. He is in pretty "good case"—better than at this time last year, but looks awfully worn, and betrays the presence of a confirmed and incurable malady.

—The late Dr. LEVI SILLIMAN IVES, if he had not renounced Episcopacy and resigned the Bishopric of North Carolina, would have been, for several years prior to his decease, Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States. On the roll of Bishops he stood next above Bishop HOPKINS, who is now Presiding Bishop. A contemporary thus refers to the services at Dr. IVES'S funeral: "So the Catholics of New York have given honorable sepulture to him who sought and found peace in the bosom of the Church. Our brethren abroad will rejoice to know that nothing was left undone to surround the bier of the venerated Dr. IVES, the ex-Protestant Bishop of North Carolina, with all the honors due to his admirable virtues, his spotless character, his exalted position, and the sacrifices he made to become a child of the Church. He sleeps where sleeps the first Archbishop of New York, his friend and his supporter in the trying ordeal of his conversion, in the vaults of that venerable edifice around which so many solemn and sad associations gather. There, too, reposes REBECCA HOBART, the beloved wife of Dr. IVES, and daughter of Bishop HOBART, like her husband, a fervent and exemplary convert to the Catholic faith."

—When the late B. W. GREENE, of Hartford, made his will, and thought, good man, that he was performing a laudable act, he little imagined the naughty conduct it would beget among his relatives, who now come into court and swear they don't believe B. W. G. had mental capacity enough to make a will. The property amounts to about $200,000, and after bequests of household furniture, plate, pictures, etc., to his family, the remainder is divided into one hundred and fifty equal shares, of which the American Tract and Bible Societies, the poor of the Centre Church, Hartford, and Congregational Church, Bristol, Rhode Island, each receive two, and the others are given to relatives.

—Mr. EDWIN A. STEVENS, of Hoboken, is reported to have sold the Elysian Fields to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for $2,000,000. The *Bazar* may as well repeat what is freely spoken of in the higher financial circles, that the Pacific Mail magnates contemplate the establishment of a line of steamers from New York to Great Britain, to run in conjunction with the Pacific and China lines.

—General LOGAN, a lineal descendant of the big Indian of that name, is not only an effective orator, but a charming story-teller, a skillful violinist, a great mimic, and very agreeable in society. He is very black-hairy and Indian-y in appearance, but that, you know, can't be helped.

—When JOHN JACOB ASTOR determined upon identifying his name with a fine hotel he went to his friend COSTAR to buy his residence, at the corner of Broadway and Barclay Street. Mr. C. being rich declined to sell. Mr. ASTOR finally made a proposition to him that they should each name a friend, and the two friends should name a third; the three were to estimate the value of the property, and when the price was named Mr. ASTOR agreed to add $20,000 to their highest valuation, and give Mr. COSTAR a check for the entire sum. The proposition pleased Mr. COSTAR, and he acceded to the terms, and thus Mr. ASTOR secured the entire plot of ground necessary to the erection of the immense building. The Astor House was completed in April, 1836, and was thrown open to the public on the first day of the following June. SIMEON BOYDEN was its first landlord, and he kept the house about two years. Then the establishment passed into the hands of BOYDEN, COLEMAN, & STETSON. After a short experience the firm dissolved, and FREDERICK BOYDEN went to Richmond, Virginia. COLEMAN & STETSON continued the business together for a few months, when Mr. COLEMAN retired from the partnership, and CHARLES A. STETSON assumed the entire management of the hotel, and has since remained its principal proprietor. He is a remarkable man, a fine scholar, a capital speaker, the genial friend and companion of the men whose names are brightest in American history. During the rebellion his hospitality was extended to thousands of our departing and returning volunteers, "without money and without price."

—Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE, whose mission to Roumania has just been crowned with success, is upward of eighty years of age, having been born in 1784. This venerable and honored Hebrew, who has acquired a world-wide reputation for philanthropy and his many journeys to distant countries on behalf of the oppressed of his race, has thus crowned the achievements of a noble life. In his eightieth year he undertook a similar mission to Morocco, and was equally successful. So long ago as 1837 he was Sheriff of London, and was knighted on the occasion of the Queen's visit to the City; he was High Sheriff of Kent in 1845, and is a Deputy Lieutenant of that county; in 1846 he was made a baronet. His wife, JUDITH, a daughter of the late LEVI BARENT COHEN, Esq., died in 1862, without issue, so that Sir MOSES has no child to succeed him in his title, but the name of "Montefiore" will always be honored and respected in England, while his philanthropic labors will be admired by all nations.

DWARF OCTAGON JARDINET.

WINTER GARDENING.

"And who can sing the songs of spring
In dull and drear December?"

WE purpose to give a few easy directions to those who desire to possess at light cost and little trouble a blooming winter garden in their homes, that can be attended to in the worst weather without soiling the hands or wetting the feet.

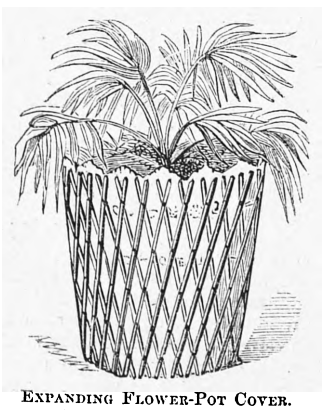
The hyacinth must rank first in our list as being almost the easiest flower to cultivate.

Hyacinths may be grown in water, in pots, in moss, and in prepared cocoa-fibre and charcoal. The last is the best for hyacinths indoors, in the numerous choices which are used for this purpose. In order to cultivate the hyacinth in the sitting-room in prepared cocoa-fibre and charcoal, place at the bottom of the jardinet, etc., a handful or so of rough charcoal, and fill up with the preparation; plant the hyacinths thickly, associating with them snow-drops, scilla sibirica, early-flowering tulips, narcissus bulbocodium, free-flowering crocus, and, if the space will admit, a few pompon hyacinths; cover the bulbs with the preparation, and neatly cover the surface with nice green carpet

RUSTIC WOOD BRACKET.

moss; the freshness of the moss will be prolonged by occasionally damping it with a wet sponge. Sprinkle the plants overhead with tepid water two or three times a week.

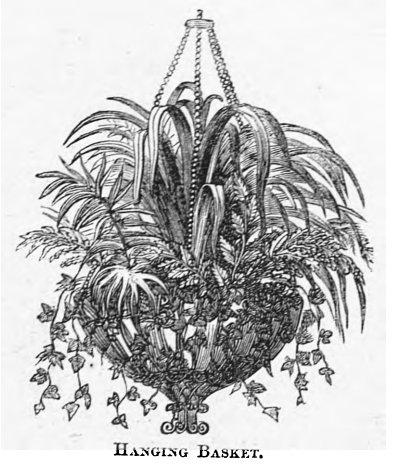
This preparation is free from impurities and possesses a gentle stimulus; the bulbs root freely into it, and produce fine spikes of bloom. Another important recommendation the prepared cocoa-fibre and charcoal possesses is its



EXPANDING FLOWER-POT COVER.

retention of moisture for a long time. Unless in a very hot room two or three good waterings will be sufficient from the time of planting till the bulbs are in bloom, so that the amateur is relieved from the daily anxiety lest his favorite group of forthcoming flowers should suffer from want of water.

TILE FLOWER-BOX.

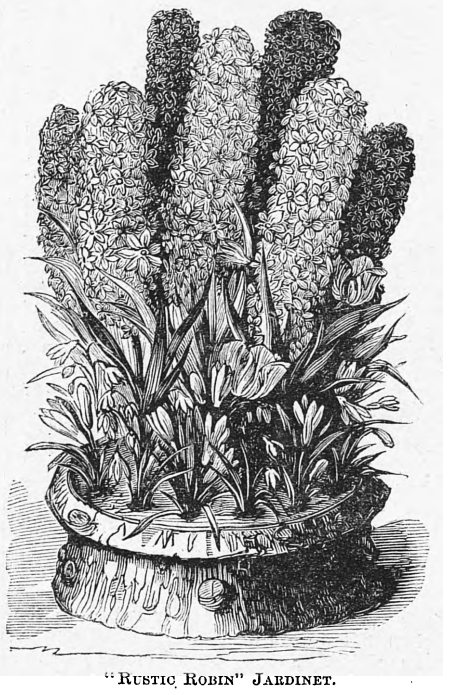


HANGING BASKET.

To cultivate the hyacinth in water the following hints are simple, but ample: Use clean rain-water, and let it just touch the base of the bulbs; for three or four weeks keep them in a dark, cool situation. Avoid all disturbance of the rootlets; therefore, never change the water while it remains sweet. As a purifier, place a piece of charcoal in the glass. Never suffer dust to remain on any part of the plant, but remove it daily with a camel-hair brush and water.

To cultivate the hyacinth successfully in moss at the bottom of the jardinet, etc., lay a handful of charcoal, on which place clean moss, and firmly press it down; on this plant the bulbs, and cover them with nice green carpet moss. Water overhead with tepid water, two or three times a week, through a fine rose, till the plants are in bloom.

To grow the hyacinth in pots is by far the most important method of cultivation. At any stage of growth the hyacinth can be removed



"RUSTIC ROBIN" JARDINET.

from its pot without injury and arranged either in jardinets, flower-baskets, or vases, transferred to hyacinth-glasses, or planted in the open border. With a little management beauty and delightful fragrance may be enjoyed from the beginning of January to the end of April, either in the sitting-room or conservatory.

A free, porous soil is indispensable, and one composed of equal parts of turfy loam, thoroughly rotted cowdung, and leaf soil, or, instead of the latter, prepared cocoa-fibre and charcoal, adding about one-eighth part of sharp sand, all of which should be well mixed before being used. This compost, however, can not always be commanded; use instead any good, light soil, mixed with silver sand and prepared cocoa-fibre and charcoal. For one bulb use a four or four-and-a-half inch pot; for three bulbs a five-and-a-half inch pot will be sufficient. At the bottom of the pot place some pieces of charcoal, and on this some rough pieces of turfy loam to insure good drainage; then fill the pot with the prepared soil to within an inch of the top, placing the bulb in the centre, or, if three, at equal distances apart, pressing them lightly into the soil, and filling up, leaving only the crowns uncovered; water moderately, and place them any where out of doors on coal-ashes, or any thing that will secure good drainage; then fill the spaces between the pots with coal-ashes, leaf-soil, old tan, or common cocoa-fibre, and with the same material cover the pots over two or three inches. In five or six weeks the pots will be full of roots, and may then be removed as required.

The crocus can be now procured in many colors, self and striped. To cultivate them in-doors with success it is necessary that they are well supplied with water, kept close to the glass, and have abundance of fresh air.

THE PORCELAIN BASKET JARDINET.

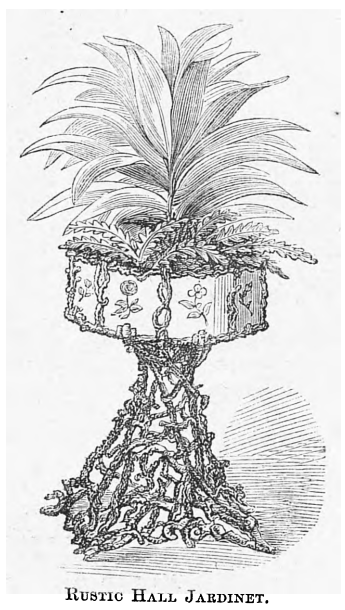
EARLY SINGLE TULIPS.—No tulips display so great a variety of delicate, striking, and attractive colors as these. Culture in pots is the same as recommended for the hyacinth; but to produce an effective display three bulbs should be planted in a four or five inch, and five in a six-inch pot. They should be grown close to the glass, and during fine days have abundance of air. Those intended for early blooming should be gently forced as soon as the shoot appears.

POLYANTHUS NARCISSUS.—These are easily cultivated, deliciously fragrant, and associate admirably with the hyacinth for indoor decoration in winter and early spring.

The culture is similar to that recommended for the hyacinth. The bulbs being large we advise one for a five-inch, three for a six-inch, and six for an eight-inch pot.

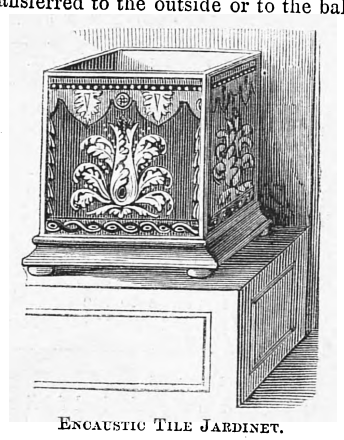
SCILLA AND MUSCARI.—Scilla amœna and scilla sibirica are of the most lovely azure blue, growing three inches high, and flowering as they do in March, make exquisite pot-plants. It is difficult to find a more graceful or elegant ornament than a jardinet full of blooming hyacinths and snow-drops, and the delicate scilla sibirica. We give illustrations of several beautiful styles.

The rustic boxes in our illustrations are to



RUSTIC HALL JARDINET.

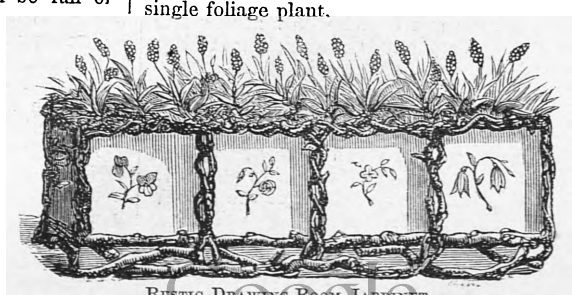
be suspended to a window from strong staples, or to stand on a ledge covered with cloth and fringe inside the windows. Any carpenter will fix one at a trifling cost, and the effect is charming. As soon as spring appears the boxes can be transferred to the outside or to the balcony.



ENCAUSTIC TILE JARDINET.

These boxes are to be filled with a succession of hyacinths, crocuses, snow-drops, tulips, scilla sibirica, narcissus, and pompon hyacinths.

The hanging basket should be suspended where the bird-cage usually hangs, and filled with ferns, the adyantum tinctum, the adyantum formosum, and pompon hyacinths. A bracket, as shown in our illustration, will afford room for a small jardinet of mixed bulbs or a single foliage plant.

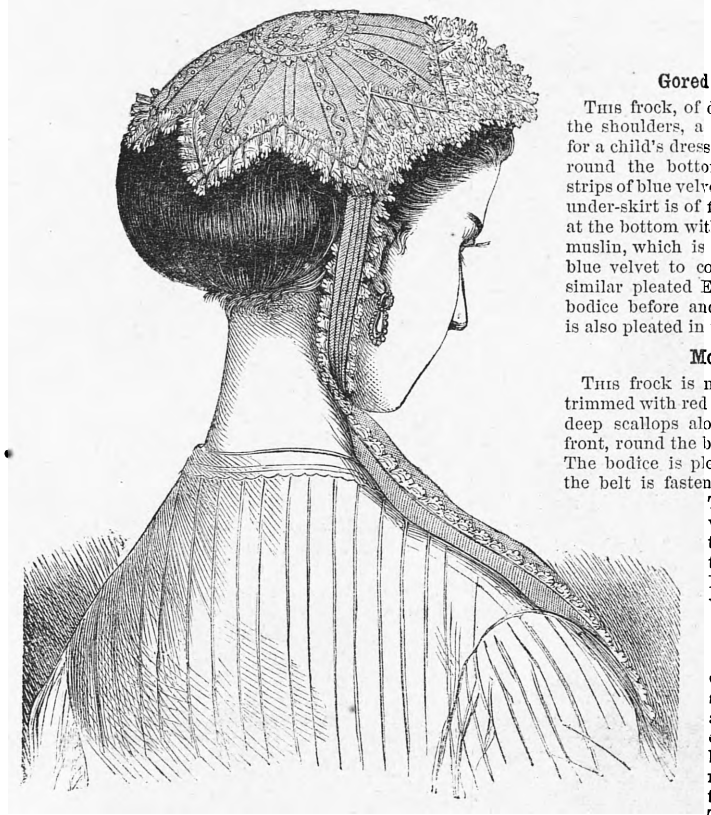


RUSTIC DRAWING-ROOM JARDINET.

LOW GORED FROCK.

MORNING FROCK.

GORED CASHMERE FROCK.



NEEDLE-WORK BREAKFAST CAP.

Gored Cashmere Frock.

THIS frock, of drab cashmere, is fastened on the shoulders, a very convenient arrangement for a child's dress. It is trimmed up the seams, round the bottom, and on the sleeves, with strips of blue velvet, studded with buttons. The under-skirt is of fine white muslin, ornamented at the bottom with a pleated Empire flounce of muslin, which is also trimmed with strips of blue velvet to correspond with the dress. A similar pleated Empire flounce completes the bodice before and behind. A strip of muslin is also pleated in the neck.

Morning Frock.

THIS frock is made of brown Holland, and trimmed with red worsted braid; it is cut out in deep scallops along the sides of the skirt, in front, round the bottom, and round the sleeves. The bodice is pleated in front and back; and the belt is fastened behind with two lappets. The scallops are bound with worsted braid, and the frock is trimmed besides with a pattern in narrower braid. Brown Holland buttons extend all the way down the front.

Low Gored Frock.

THIS frock is made of blue cashmere, trimmed with white silk braid and white bugles, and is fastened all the way down the front with crystal buttons. A flounce of white muslin is set under the bottom to imitate an under-skirt. The seam of the flounce is covered with a cross strip of blue glacé silk, ornamented with white bugles. A similar strip of muslin is sewed round the neck and arm-holes. The flounces are edged with narrow lace. The white silk braid is laid on in figures up the front and around the bottom, as seen in the illustration, with white beads and bugles in the figures.

Needle-Work Breakfast Cap.

THIS cap is composed of alternate strips of muslin, Valenciennes, and needle-work insertion, with an embroidered circular crown, three inches in diameter. The strings are of ribbon, edged with lace, and are about three quarters of a yard long.

Breakfast Cap with Velvet Trimming.

THIS cap is made of fine muslin, embroidered with set figures, and edged with black velvet ribbon, three-fourths of an inch wide. The strings of white ribbon, three quarters of a yard long and three inches wide, are also edged with the black velvet ribbon. Bows of black velvet ribbon and Valenciennes edging, three quarters of an inch wide on the front and back, complete the trimming.

Lace Cravat.

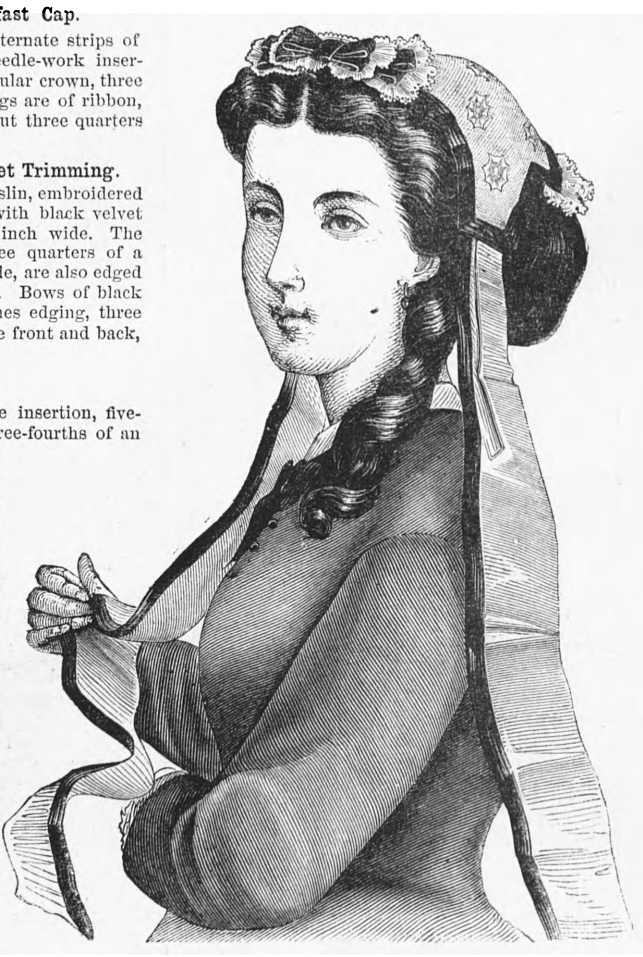
THIS cravat is made of lace insertion, five-eighths of a yard long and three-fourths of an inch wide, laid over violet ribbon, two inches wide, and bordered on each side with a full of Valenciennes edging. Small pansies embroidered on muslin are then sewed on the insertion, about an inch apart, and a large pansy is placed in the middle, where the ends cross each other.

Black Lace Fichu.

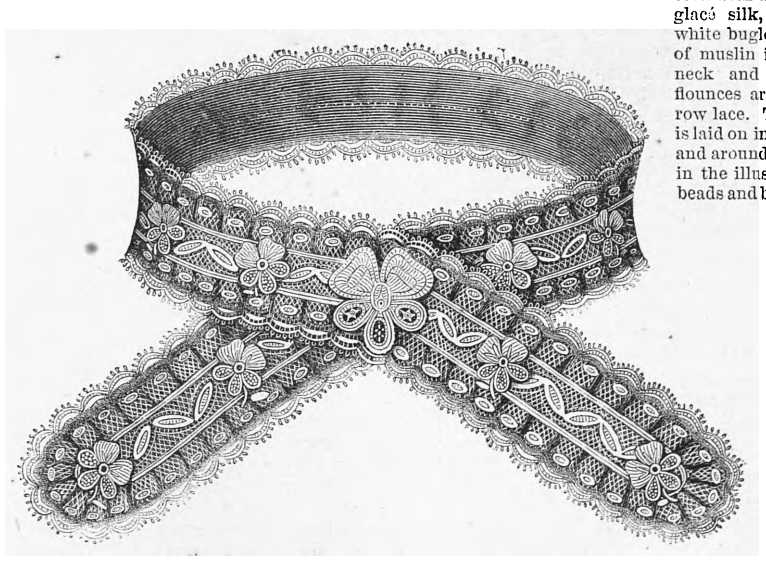
FOR this fichu fold a black lace handkerchief, three quarters of a yard square, shawl-fashion, so that the under part falls about three inches below the upper, and makes a pleat at the top of the back, as seen in the illustration. The ends are crossed in front, and fastened with a bow or a rosette.

White Piqué Dress.

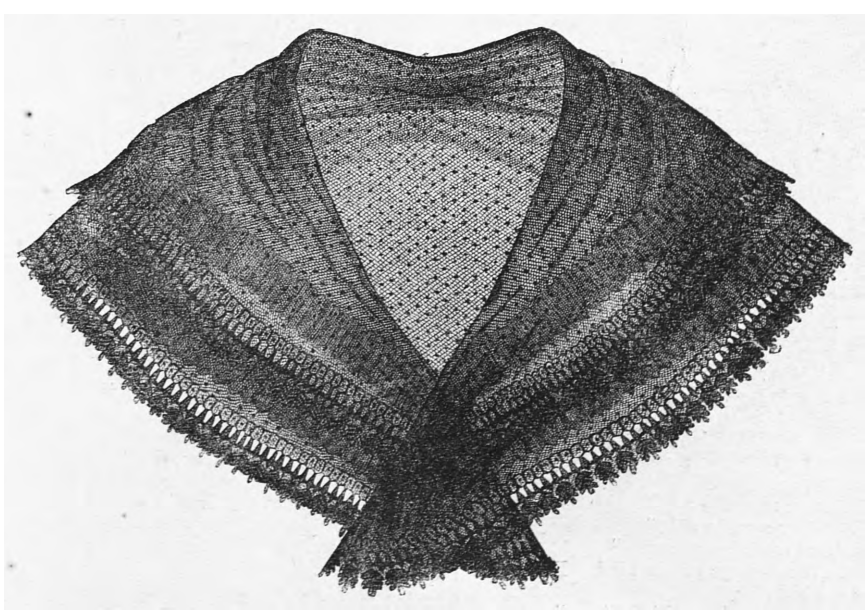
THIS dress is of white piqué, trimmed with blue silk braid and guipure insertion, laid over



BREAKFAST CAP WITH VELVET TRIMMING.



LACE CRAVAT WITH NEEDLE-WORK APPLICATION.



BLACK LACE FICHU.

WHITE PIQUÉ FROCK.

blue ribbon. The trimming is put on the skirt in such a manner as to simulate an over-skirt, and on the waist to simulate a jacket. An under-waist of pleated muslin, with a needle-work band round the neck, and long sleeves, is worn with this tasteful and fanciful dress.

NETTING.

ALICE, my own one, even yet
That evening I can well remember,
When round the fire we three were met—
That evening in the dark December—
We three—your aunt, yourself, and I.
I lingered still, though late 'twas getting—
Must I be gone? Well, by-and-by—
And you, my Alice, you were netting.

Your aunt—duenna kind—sat there,
With head o'er book discreetly bended;
To writer's words could reader ne'er
So *very* closely have attended.
And you and I seemed all alone,
Her very presence then forgetting;
A thousand themes I chatted on,
While, Alice darling, you were netting.

I think I asked you what poor prey,
What bird while bent upon an airing,
Would be a pris'ner some fine day
In that same net you were preparing.
And then you blushed; I smiled, and though
On the event I might have betted,
I started, for I thought—and lo!
I found—'twas I who thus was netted.

I yielded to my destined fate:
Your loving heart, your tender graces,
Your sunny smiles—these were the bait—
The sweetest face of all sweet faces!
Well, Alice, well; though years have gone
Since then, those hours I've ne'er regretted,
Nor thought, save thankfully, upon
The way in which I then was netted.

THE DETRIMENTAL.

"I TELL you what, Frank," said Mrs. Beauchamp, "I can't allow any more of this. You mustn't go on playing moth to that flame any longer; it's getting dangerous, and your wings will be horribly singed, *mon enfant!*"

I happened to be just two years younger than the speaker, which, of course, gave her every right to be maternal.

We were sitting when she delivered herself of this wise counsel in her *petit salon*, in Curzon Street, over post-prandial coffee, and *solus cum solâ*, while her lord, the Right Honorable Brandon, was snoring, in the travail of digestion and his place upon the Treasury Bench, a martyr to his sense of duty and of an impending division.

Brandon Beauchamp was a very worthy man; and I believe Madame was fond of her liege, who was liberal and long-suffering toward her in all matters, as became a husband twenty years or so his wife's senior; but no doubt she found him a decided bore *en tête-à tête;* and being bored was not to Carry Beauchamp's taste; so they didn't see much of each other.

Madame took her chocolate in her dressing-room, and came down to her knife-and-fork breakfast about the time that Brandon was pounding down to his office. Except when there was a duty-dinner in Curzon Street, the Right Honorable, if he dined at all, did so in the Eleusis or in the House. And as Madame was out every night during the season, and her lord, whenever the Commons rose early, went direct to his bed, they got on well together, and people voted theirs a pleasant *ménage.*

So it was, no doubt. Mrs. Beauchamp flirted a good deal, well "within the line," of course, in public, but still a good deal; and Brandon seemed to think it all right. Mrs. Beauchamp spent as much money as she liked (she had been a penniless belle, and naturally got through three times the amount that an heiress would have required), and Brandon filled up the checks for her without a murmur. And she came and went at her own sweet will; gave the pleasantest dinners and the jolliest balls; rode the most perfect park hack; drove a phaeton and pair of ponies *almost* as unexceptionable as Anonyma's; amused herself like the "Reine Gaillarde," as Guy Livingstone called her; and, apparently, troubled herself no more about the man to whom she owed every thing than she did about yesterday's bouquet, or the glove that had served its turn.

Beauchamp seemed to take all this as a matter of course. I dare say he *had* got to look upon it in that way now. But whether the life he led was what he had looked forward to when he made Carry Luttrell, the last of a long "string," with nothing but her dash, her debts, and her dangerous dark eyes, his wife, is doubtful.

Whatever he had expected, he made no murmur that the world ever heard at what he got. Stupid as his wife thought him, Brandon Beauchamp, in every thing but marrying her, was a wise man. He made the best of his bad bargain, and kept the secret of what he suffered close.

Mrs. Beauchamp and I who speak to you had spent half the autumn in the same country-house the year before. The admirably-managed and skillfully-graduated flirtation between us, which had begun there, and reached an interesting stage for both by the time the first snow lay upon the ground, had passed since through the usual phases, and had now become the quasi-maternal interest in my well-being before hinted at on her part, and a combination of filial and fraternal admiration and devotion to match on mine.

So when, that night, Mrs. Beauchamp sermonized me over her coffee-cup about playing moth to a certain dangerous flame, I listened to her with becomingly patient attention.

"It's awfully kind of you, Mrs. Beauchamp," I said, dropping quietly into a low seat beside her sofa—it's awfully kind of you to take such an interest in my wings. But I've grown very cautious now. There's no danger, I assure you. I can take care of myself, thanks to your teaching."

"I don't know that I taught you to be impertinent, though."

"*A Dieu ne plaise!*" I murmured.

"And as to taking care of yourself, my poor boy, that's absurd, you know," she went on, tapping my arm with her fan. "You all think that till you find out your mistake. Frank, I tell you this is getting dangerous."

"No; it's quite safe yet."

"Yet? And how long will 'yet' be? Till the next after-supper fast-dance she gives you; or the next five minutes you have alone with her on the stairs or in the conservatory. Bah! I know all about that sort of thing."

And, to do her justice, she certainly did.

"And if you lose your head, as (cool hand as you think yourself, Sir) you *will* do, what's to become of you, I should like to know? Of both of you?"

"Well, I don't see why, after all—" I began.

"Nonsense!" she interrupted, ruthlessly. "The thing is not to be thought of for a moment. Do you suppose they would dream of allowing it? You're a Detrimental, you know, Frank; and Leila, poor child, *sans sou ni maille.*"

And Madame spoke with as lofty a compassion for Leila Lenox in her tone as though she herself had never been in the same category.

As she said, the thing was not to be thought of for a moment; but I was very hard hit, and *did* think about it a good deal more than was good for me. For, supposing I could have managed to overcome the natural instinct that makes men in their sober senses crane and shy at matrimony in this our day, I had about as much chance of marrying Leila as I had of espousing a Princess of the Blood.

Not that she hated me by any means; we quite understood each other. But, of course, Miss Lenox had not lived nineteen years in this best of all possible worlds, *plus* three months of London season, for nothing; especially when, as was the case, her bringing up and bringing out had been superintended by that wise woman, her mother, in person.

Mrs. Lenox knew perfectly well what her daughter ought to fetch in the ordinary course of things, and fully meant to get her price, and any thing she could over and above. So, after two years of hard training, Leila was duly entered for her first season; had received a capital start; was sailing away in the front quite easily; and admirably piloted, hitherto, by her experienced old jockey, was looking uncommonly like a winner.

It was absurd to suppose that she would fling away her chance for my sake, however much she might prefer me to the *parti* of the maternal choice; or that Madame Mère would ever let her.

But even a Detrimental may have an innings now and then; and I was having mine.

I knew perfectly well how the game would end; that I *must* be beaten. But the knowledge only made my play more coolly audacious.

I watched, seized, and made the most of every sort of opportunity: I became one of the torments and the worries of Mrs. Lenox's hard-working life; I knew I should get no quarter from her, and I gave her none in the harassing guerrilla warfare I kept up against her.

And I think I had won my way, by the end of the season, to what I suppose Leila Lenox would have called her heart.

So there were fair grounds for her mother's detestation of me, and for her rage at the tranquil persistency with which I kept my innings against such a great creature as Richard Carkill, whom she was doing her deadliest to make her son-in-law.

Fair grounds, too, for Carry Beauchamp's maternal warning.

Mrs. Beauchamp finished her coffee before she spoke again: and I sat silent too, thinking of ugly Dick Carkill, his ingots and his insolence; and wondering whether my dainty little Leila had calculated *all* the results of her bargain, in no particularly pleasant frame of mind.

"What is it, *mon enfant?*" said my monitress at last, patting me with her hand this time; "brooding over your wrongs?"

"Admiring your dress," I returned, rousing.

"I dare say. Well, if you have done admiring it, perhaps you will ring the bell for Florine."

"What do you want Florine for at this hour? it's only half past ten. You can't be going any where for another hour, you know."

"And pray what am I to do here for another hour? Do you know, Frank, I'm afraid yours is a bad business. I'm afraid your wings are singed already, my poor child. You are getting just the least bit in the world stupid; you've said nothing for nearly ten minutes."

"Ergo, I'm stupid! You can't expect me to sit and look at *you*, and say very much, you know."

"I don't expect you to sit and look at me, and think of Leila Lenox, Sir!"

"Very good. I'll go away, then."

"And think about her all the more? No, I don't want you to think about her at all, Frank."

"You always had a taste for exacting the impossible."

"Ring the bell, please. Thanks. Ah! impossible, is it? *Plus fort que soi*, and that sort of thing?"

"Don't chaff me about it, please. I can't stand that from you, Car." The name slipped out without my knowing it. She saw that, and let it pass.

She came to me where I was standing, with one arm on the mantle-piece again, and put her little gloved hand on my shoulder, like an elder sister. All the badinage had departed out of her dark eyes; there was a look in them that, though they rested tenderly on another man, Brandon Beauchamp need hardly have been angry at. "Chaff you?" she said; "is it as serious as that?"

The door in the drawing-room beyond opened. She took her hand off my shoulder, and turned round. Mademoiselle Florine appeared at the opening between the portières.

"My burnous," Madame ordered, "and the carriage in ten minutes, tell Charles." Exit Mademoiselle Florine. She turned back to me.

"If you are as far gone as that, Frank," she said, in her woman's elliptical way, "the mischief's done, I'm afraid! There's nothing left for me to do but—"

She stopped and smiled deliciously on me as I looked up at her.

"But what?" I asked.

"But to be as foolish as you are, and help you."

"Oh, Car, how kind you are to a fellow!"

She drew away the hand my lips were pressed on gratefully; but with no very rigorous haste.

"There! That will do. And, Frank, you've called me 'Car' twice within the last five minutes."

"Have I? well, you know—"

"Yes; I know what you mean. I call you 'Frank,' *tout court*. That's very different. I'm old enough—at least, I feel old enough—to do that. I should call you so before Brandon. But I'd better be 'Mrs. Beauchamp' to you, if you please, now."

Now I was going to give up Platonic dalliance with her for the real thing with somebody else, she meant. Even though she had promised to help me, though she had spoken and felt two minutes before as an elder sister might have done, the natural woman in her could not resist putting that "now" into her last speech.

"You are my good angel; you always will be that to me."

"I doubt if I am! It's not a wise business I've promised to help you in. But, still, I *do* promise. Where are you going to-night?"

"Nowhere."

"Which means to the club smoking-room. But you had a card for Lady Dorénavant's to-night?"

"Yes. But, you see, Leila told me in the Row, yesterday, that—"

"That they weren't going? And you believed her? When mamma could hear every word she said. *Allons, donc!*" And Mrs. Beauchamp laughed pleasantly.

"Absurd on my part, I dare say. But it appears there's some one dying—a relation."

"The relation is a cousin half a dozen times removed, down at Cheltenham, from whom Mrs. Lenox has no expectations whatever. And he's no more dying than he has been for the last year."

"Then you mean—"

"That Mrs. Lenox isn't likely to stay away from Lady Dorénavant's to-night for that reason. In short that Leila will be there, and—"

"The carriage, Madame!" announced a servant, from the door of the other room, discreetly.

"And," concluded Mrs. Beauchamp, while Florine indued her with a burnous of my pet color, sempitern blue, "I am going there early, as I promised; and I will take you with me, if you like."

In five minutes we were rolling down Piccadilly on our way to Eaton Square.

"Madame Mère will be properly savage at my bringing you, Frank," Mrs. Beauchamp said, laughing; "the great Carkill is to be there to-night, I hear."

"Is he?" I returned, tranquilly. "It will be rather fine, if Leila happens to be in a punishing mood. She'll give me half a dozen fast dances, and drive the prize-parti frantic with jealousy and the sense of his helplessness. He can't keep his face in order at all; scowls when he's wroth; and looks perfectly imbecile with delight when she's a little civil to him."

"He's so hard hit, poor man!"

"Poor man, indeed, if he's hard hit with her! Nice life she leads him, doesn't she?"

"It's like your vanity to think *you* get all the douceurs," she laughed; "she's only bringing him on, *mon enfant;* and using you to that laudable end. Leila is a clever girl. It is very silly of Madame Mère to make the fuss about you she does. *I* shouldn't, I know, in her place. Don't you see that, as Algy West Endleigh would say, you 'make the big one gallop?' He gets more eager than ever when he sees that, for all his money, he can't quite make sure of the girl yet; that she actually neglects him to flirt outrageously with you under his eyes. You Detrimentals are very useful, after all; I've always said so."

"You're very kind to us, I know," I answered, passing over the patronage from *her;* "and if I am useful, you know, why I'm paid for it, in this case; which is more than Carkill can say."

"Paid for it, are you?" she said, turning the dark eyes, with the "good" look in them, round to me; "Frank, I should like to see you getting better pay than this."

"Should you? How?"

"Why, Leila is—never mind what. And you are wasting—"

"Treasures of affection *et cetera* on a—never-mind-what? Well, there's nothing very unusual in that. *Et puisque cela m'amuse?* But go on."

"She never means—"

"Did I ever say she did?"

"She's no more heart than—"

"Than the average of her kind. Did I ever believe she had?"

"She'll drop you by-and-by, like—"

"Like a wise young woman of the period. Did I ever believe she would not?"

"What *do* you believe?" she said, provoked.

"I believe in *you*, Car!" I said, very softly, and, this time, without rebuke.

"But how comes 'Dirty Dick'"—he did some objectionable thing in a speculation once, and his city sobriquet sticks to him—"to be at Lady Dor's?" I asked, presently, when we were being blocked up, as usual, in the narrow gorge of Halkin Street. "I thought she had set her face steadily against the invasion of the 'House' and the 'Lane?'"

"So she did; while it was any use. But to keep them out is to keep every body out nowadays, you see. Why, there's Augustus Wing, the leader of the Cotillion, he goes down to the City and does something with sugar, every morning of his life, before Park. I don't mean to say he touches it, you know, or has a shop there. But he does something with sugar, and he says he makes two thousand a year by it. Then, look at Charlie Papillon, who goes every where, and is engaged to Lady Berengaria Fitz-Fraise! *He* does something with coffee. In great sacks, you know. But he sells coffee, and makes *his* two thousand a year, I dare say, too. Fancy! Perhaps you and I were drinking some of Charlie's coffee just now! In fact'—Mrs. Beauchamp went on—"in fact, every body goes there. Lord Hautenbas is the chairman of a brewery company. Sir Stretton Stratton is a wine-merchant. Lord Lackland is a director of the Golconda Hotel. A dozen duke's sons give their names to this or that board; and sit there, too, in easy-chairs, for three guineas an hour, five days a week! That always seems the easiest business of all to me. The only people who *don't* go, I believe, are the Household, who get their money-matters arranged in Clifford Street; and people like you, Frank, who couldn't do any thing when they got there. The consequence is," she continued, "that Mr. Carkill has as much business in Eaton Square to-night as most other people."

"Mrs. Lenox hopes he has *more*, I shouldn't wonder," I said; "she must wish the golden calf would make up his mind to bleat what she wants. He's said nothing to Leila yet."

"Hasn't he?" she took me up; "how do you know?"

"*Enfin*, I know," I responded.

"I see. And Leila intends not to let him, if she can help it, till the season is just over. Well; of course, you—"

"Of course, I mean to have as long an innings as I can, *belle dame.* 'Dirty Dick' must go on bowling a bit longer."

"But he'll bowl you out, you know, in time."

"Just so. In time. I know that. But I have the mean time, don't you see?"

She shook her head rather dubiously, but said no more.

The carriage pulled up the next moment, and I was handing her out on to the foot-cloth under the striped awning.

I waited dutifully for her till she emerged from the cloak-room, and then we began to scale the staircase. It was still rather early, and Lady Dorénavant was "under arms," and at her post in the little blue boudoir that opened on the ball-room.

"My dear Car!" she cried, when she caught sight of us. Lady Dor was rather an enthusiastic person in her loves and likings. "How good of you to come so early! How do you do, Mr. Drasdyl?" she went on, turning to me, when she had at last released "dear Car's" two hands. "Pray go and dance. There are so few men come at present."

"Come on purpose," I replied; "but I must find Mrs. Beauchamp a seat first. The Lancers are made up, I see."

And then Mrs. Beauchamp put her hand on my arm again, and we moved away.

"I suppose I'd better let you off that first valse you asked for, just now, Frank?" she said. "Look over there."

I looked over there, and saw, with a crowd of men round her, Leila Lenox; but not "Dirty Dick."

"Where's he?" I asked.

"Mr. Carkill? Isn't he with her? No. Why—look! There he is, wedged up in that corner, poor man, by the door. He's dying to get at her, and can't move hand or foot. You'd better go to her, before he gets out. I'll stop him, if he breaks loose too soon."

"What a good angel you are!" I ejaculated, in my gratitude. "I shall come back to ask you for number five, you know."

"*Soit!* And now, go."

Madame Mère was raking the room up and down in search of her man, possibly because she was under the fond delusion that I shouldn't be there at all; she never caught sight of me as I crossed the room.

But, over the broad shoulder of Cairngorm, S.F.G., as that warrior bent down to beg for his valse, Leila saw me. Rapid telegraphy between her eyes and mine; the least little flush across her cheek, a certain quickening of my own pulse, and I was standing covered from the maternal view by Cairngorm's broad back, waiting till the Guardsman had recovered his perpendicular to slip by him and get to her.

"No," Leila was saying, "not number three, Colonel Cairngorm; that's an old engagement: number seven, or number fifteen."

"Say both?" he petitioned, in his cool way. "Awful time between 'em, you know. Eh?"

"I said '*or*,' I thought."

"Mean it? Well, then, I'll take number seven."

He scored his great double C on her card; and then Cosmo Cairngorm turned on his heel and discovered me.

I was beside her in a moment; on the blind side of mamma, of course.

Under cover of the rattle and clatter of the last figure of the Lancers I managed to say, unheard:

"You are here, then, after all?"

"Yes; we had better news from Cheltenham," she answered, demurely; "and so mamma decided to come."

"How good of mamma! No; she's not looking this way. She's looking straight across at that mob by the door. The great man is in the middle of that mob, a prisoner. You should have seen his face when he caught a glimpse of you standing here. And may I have number three? The Lancers are just over; and—you kept it for me? Oh, Leila, how—no; she is looking over there still. She hasn't even seen me yet. Don't you think we'd better go before—?"

"If you like," she answered submissively, putting her hand on my arm, that closed forthwith upon it. And then we moved away before Carkill had freed himself from durance, and before Madame Mère was aware that her daughter had left her.

She looked adorable that night in her white robes, with one pale amber rose on her bosom, and one other nestling in the coils of her bronze-brown hair—that child with the child's face and the innocent eyes, who had yet learned all her feminine arithmetic, and had made up her astute mind to sell her dowerless self, for

> "Lands in Kent and messuages in York,
> To Richard Carkill, with his watery smile
> And educated whisker."

Leila, as Mrs. Beauchamp had said, was a clever girl.

They began to play that valse of valses—the "Wien, mein Sinn"—before Leila and I had reached the top of the room.

"I'm not going to lose a bar of this," I said, as I let loose the hand that lay close under one arm, and put the other about her.

"No, don't," she said, as we swung into the circle; "we sha'n't have many more like it."

I couldn't see her face as she spoke; but I fancied I guessed what she meant.

"I suppose not," I said; "how many?"

"As many as you like to-night."

Ever such a little emphasis on the last word—but enough.

"And after to-night?"

"After to-night—*ce sera différent!*"

That was my sentence; prettily passed in three words of French, but irrevocable, I knew; and bitterly hard, I felt.

I held her closer to me, with a sudden clasp she did not resent. I could see her face now; but not her eyes. She kept them half-closed, and bent down. And her delicate pale face was paler than it had been.

"Leila! you can't mean—?" How well I knew all the time that she *did* mean it!

She had never heard that tone in my voice before; perhaps it was a little revelation to her now.

She lifted up her eyes; how naïve and innocent they looked! she lifted them up to mine as she murmured:

"Don't speak to me like that, Frank. I—I can't bear it." And, even in that close clasp, I could feel her shiver.

Round the circle; past Madame Mère and "Dirty Dick," in happy conjunction at last, and glowering at me; past Carry Beauchamp, who in the middle of her flirtation with Cosmo Cairngorm, S.F.G., had time to give me a glance, half-encouraging, half-pitying, as Leila and I went by; past Charlie Papillon, come to a halt as usual with his terrible fiancée, the Lady Berengaria Fitz-Fraise, in their first turn; swiftly and smoothly round and round again; and neither she nor I had spoken, after those last words of hers.

What could I say? I had known all along it must needs come to this, sooner or later; it had always been tacitly understood between us.

She had her way to make, and a mother of England to help her. "Dirty Dick" could buy her, just as he could buy a Derby crack, with a sack full of guineas; and I couldn't pay her milliner's bills. The prize-parti was going to bid for her; and she and mamma had made up their minds to accept him. It was the simplest thing in the world, the plain A B C *du métier:* what had I to say against it?

There was a good deal I might have said. At five-and-twenty something stronger than ice-water runs in a man's veins, you know; and to look down on that pale little face that drooped toward my shoulder; to see how fair it was; to feel that lithe, slender form shiver in my arms; to meet the dimmed look in the soft eyes; to know that, hard and selfish and heartless as they had schooled her to be, "a something wild within her breast" was stirring then—that, as she never had loved, and never would love if they had their way with her, she loved me—to do this, and yet keep cool, and hold one's peace, was rather hard work.

She saw that when she looked into my face again.

"You are tired—we are going too fast? Shall we stop?" I said, after that look.

"No, don't stop; our step doesn't tire; and you said you didn't want to miss a bar of this; I don't either."

I didn't ask her to stop again.

"Suppose I hadn't been here to-night?" I asked presently, "after what you told me yesterday—"

"It was true," she said; "I didn't think we were coming."

"And if you hadn't? or if I hadn't?"

"Well?"

"Could it have been 'different after to-night' just the same?"

"After to-night, or after to-morrow night, what does it matter?"

"Nothing, of course."

"You need not sneer. Do you think I am not sorry that—"

"That what?"

"But there must have come a last night," she went on, wisely beginning a fresh sentence; "and it has come."

"To-night?"

"Yes."

"Leila!"

"Call me Leila, if you like, till this is all over; but don't look like that at me, Frank. We have four hours more, perhaps; let us make the most of them."

"Good! Let us make the most of them. How many valses will you give me?"

"As many as you like after number seven."

"*After* number seven? Ah, I see, *les convenances.* We mustn't forget them, even to-night."

"Unkind!" she said, with her reproachful eyes; as if I were in the mood just then to prophesy smooth things to her.

"Well, after number seven; after due sacrifice has been made to the British fetich, you belong to me for to-night?"

"Yes."

The valse came to an end the next moment; luckily, perhaps, for both of us.

"Take me back to mamma at once," Miss Lenox said; "and go and dance with Mrs. Beauchamp, and your usual partners."

"All right; I understand. Go and do *ko-too* to the fetich! Very well. Watch and see how well I shall do it. And when Cairngorm has had his valse—"

"Come and fetch me."

I staid a little while talking to Mrs. Lenox with an outwardly bland tranquillity which I knew, in my case, was especially irritating to that model mother; though, happy in the thought that my innings were nearly played out, she was less hostile than usual in word and look to me that night.

Then I went away, leaving Leila beside "Dirty Dick," whose physiognomy presented a curiously-mixed expression of calf-like adoration for her and intense dislike to me, which caused me to indulge in secret and bitter laughter.

"That idiot actually thinks that child cares for *him!*" I thought, as I crossed the room to where Mrs. Beauchamp was sitting with her devoted Cairngorm at her side still; "cares for him. Richard Carkill, *per se!* Well, I hate him bad enough, it's true—the insolent cad; but, by Jove, his worst enemy couldn't wish him heavier punishment than he'll get if he marries her."

"Well?" questioned Mrs. Beauchamp, when I had sat down beside her, and her broad-shouldered Cosmo had taken himself away.

"Well," I responded; "you'll be delighted to hear it's all right—every thing settled *à souhait.*"

"What do you mean?"

"*She* means to take the great creature's offer, and the great creature itself, for better, for worse. The better for her; the worse for him, you understand."

Carry Beauchamp's lip curled a little. In her sympathy for me she quite forgot that she had taken the Right Honorable Brandon on precisely similar terms.

"I always told you so, Frank," she said; "Leila is—"

"Perfectly right. She's backed by no end of precedent, you know. And who wouldn't snap at 'Dirty Dick,' if she got the chance? You and I oughtn't to fling very hard at her. You, because you can afford to be generous; I, because I'm going to marry Miss Molasses or the Begum—whichever makes the most eligible offer. And now, Mrs. Beauchamp, may I have the pleasure of this galop with you?"

"No; sit down and talk to me. It will be better for you."

"Impossible. I've promised to do *ko-too* to the British fetich—*pour cause,* you understand. In other words, I'm bound to dance the next four dances. If you refuse me this one I shall go and relieve poor Charlie Papillon at the wheel, and make a sensation with his Berengaria."

She looked up in my face rather curiously. I suppose she saw what was the matter with me there, for she gave me the galop I asked for without another word. Carkill the great was performing in it with Leila. We passed them in one of their frequent halts; and, for some reason or other, instead of scowling as usual, "Dirty Dick" actually smiled upon me in a most benignant manner.

So did Mrs. Lenox, when, by-and-by, I went over to her intrenchment among the watchers of the game to claim her daughter for number eight.

Something—it wasn't very hard to guess what—that Leila had said or done had made them both feel that they could afford to be civil to me now; my innings was very nearly played out.

Smiling back upon them, but raging inwardly with a sort of cold rage that strung every nerve like steel wire, I took "Dirty Dick's" fiancée—as I supposed she was by that time—away upon my arm.

The next two or three hours seemed to pass in a sort of waking dream.

Leila was as good as her word. She gave me every dance I asked for; flung over every man upon her card; let me take her down to the supper-room, where she made-believe to eat mayonnaise, and I swallowed tumbler after tumbler of "dry" while I waited for her; sat as long as I chose in the deserted blue boudoir; and bore all my decorously-veiled bitterness and anger like a martyr.

Presently she and I were standing quite alone among the dwarf-palms round a miniature fountain in Lady Dor's winter-garden.

The square-dance before the final galop was just beginning. The ball-room had thinned considerably.

As we had passed through it five minutes before I had seen Mrs. Lenox still in her old place, smiling beatifically, and apparently quite easy in her maternal mind. But "Dirty Dick" was no longer beside her, nor to be seen any where.

Neither had troubled us since I had carried off Leila from between them. I looked at her as she stood beside me among the dwarf-palms with bitter rage in my heart against her, thinking what a price she must have paid to purchase undisturbed disposal of these last hours of our last night.

Presently she lifted her head. Her eyes met mine, and dropped; I could see her lip tremble.

I forgot my wrath as I forgot my worldly wisdom then; I admit I fairly lost my philosophic equilibrium. I was bending down; her hair was touching mine; her breath on my face; my arm was round her; and—

Eh! diable, que voulez-vous? I couldn't help it. Mindful of that one wild moment, when the blood burned like fire, and the pulse gave one great leap and then stood still, I don't know that I would have helped it if I could. And you, Monsieur?

She had slipped with a little cry from my arms; the next moment white as her draperies, looking at me strangely out of her great gray eyes, half-blind, shivering, faint. It had indeed come upon her with rather overwhelming suddenness, this new experience.

"You must never see me again after that," she panted, holding out her little hands before her, and still shrinking back.

I caught her hands in mine and drew her to me.

"No, no," she half sobbed; "let go my hands, Frank!" She was frightened for once in her life, that cool little girl; as much by what she felt herself as by me.

I laughed as I loosed her.

"*Soyez tranquille!*" I said; "what are you afraid of?"

In a little while she felt her feet again.

"Why must I never see you again, Leila?" I asked then.

"Can't you guess? Why did you do that? Horribly cruel!"

Perhaps it was. I made no defense any how.

"No," I said; "I can't guess; at least I won't guess. Tell me why."

"I tell you we must see each other no more after to-night."

"Because—?"

"Because—I have promised."

"Promised? Promised yourself to him? You sha'n't do this, Leila!"

"If you talk like that I will go away. It is too late to tell me that now."

As if it would have been any good to tell her so before; as if she would have given up "Dirty Dick" for me if I had spoken a month ago. Yet that was what she wanted me to believe, I suppose.

"Too late to tell you you sha'n't give yourself to this man? No, stop!"—for she made a move as though she would go at this—"stop, and listen to me. I tell you so because I love you, Leila; because you—"

"No!" she said, passionately; "I will not bear this; it is too cruel! Let me go!"

"You knew I loved you."

"You have no right to say that. You laugh and sneer at every thing, Frank. What do you care for? You care for nothing. You have never cared for me; not really cared, as a man does who—and now you tell me that—"

And here another sob choked her.

"And you think *he* cares for you really?" I began bitterly; "this cold-blooded plutocrat they're trying to tie you to?" Then the sight of her made my tone change. "Leila, you know no man loves you as I do. In your heart of hearts you know that. Let your heart speak to me now. What is his love to mine? What is yours for him? Love *is* love, darling! There is happiness at least for us in ours. Don't fling the happiness of our two lives away."

Bah! I must have lost my head, indeed, to talk like that to her, and actually to feel and mean every word I said and all that I implied. I must have been quite mad. I, impecunious, to talk to her, also impecunious, about hearts, and happiness, and love; to feel that we two could exist on those pretty words and five hundred a year: to mean her to put her little hand into mine instead of "Dirty Dick's;" and on such terms to give herself to me forever instead of to him! *Allons donc!* I must have lost my senses. Fortunately, though, Leila hadn't lost hers.

It was all very pleasant to be talked to in that way; but it was *only* pleasant, not profitable in the least. So little Leila had quite made up her mind what to say when I had done, and was standing—white, eager, anxious—waiting for her answer. She had kept her face hidden in her hands all the time; and she didn't lift it from them now; but in the most musically heart-broken accents that ever fell on soupirant's ears, my darling murmured:

"Oh, Frank! It is too late."

Nothing could be more pathetic than her tone, and that little movement of her shoulders expressive of emotion. A little stagy, the last, perhaps; but still pathetic.

The fire died out in me as if I had been under a douche. I had got back my own face and my own voice the next moment; become my proper self once more.

"I see," I said; "it *is* too late—for what we have been talking about. *Brisons là-dessus.* But it isn't too late, I hope, for the *Pluie d'Or?* That hasn't begun yet. The last galop, I mean."

Up came the reproachful eyes again.

"Frank, I didn't think you could have been so—"

"So merciless as—"

"Yes."

"As to ask you for another fast-dance? I thought you promised me—"

"You know I didn't mean that."

"Your promise, or the other thing. No matter! I know what you *do* mean now, Leila. But am I to have this galop?"

I had it. Whirled her through it to the very last bar, without a check.

Then I was down stairs putting her cloak about her; Madame Mère waiting outside in the carriage.

"Say good-by kindly," she whispered, piteously, while I was unfolding the burnous.

"Why not? Stop; I think I've put it on the wrong way."

"*Say* it, then!"

"Good-by, Leila! There, that's right, isn't it?" as I settled the burnous at last. "You mustn't stand in this draught."

She didn't seem to mind the draught; and if my fingers hadn't been quite so quick and steady she would doubtless have been just as well pleased. I led her across the foot-cloth. Our hands parted; the man shut the door upon her; and Mrs. Lenox's brougham drove away.

And I was left, certainly not lamenting, on the Eaton Square pavé, with a pale amber rose crushed in my hand.

My innings was played out that night. Leila Lenox is Mrs. Carkill now. I read the advertisement in the *Times* that autumn at Homburg; and hoped "Dirty Dick" was as satisfied with the course of his true love as I was.

FACETIÆ.

ARABELLA. "What did uncle give you on your birthday, dear? He gave me 'Hard Cash.'"

GEORGIE. "'Half-a-Million of Money.'"

INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER (*who has overheard the dialogue*). "Oh, mon Dieu! but dese Anglaises are recher as Crœsus!"

A monster bridge is in course of construction across the Ohio River, at Louisville, Kentucky. The total length of the bridge will be 5220 feet, or nearly one mile.

We have heard of a "Bridge of Sighs" before, but Mr. Paste, the paper-hanger, says he is inclined to think the one under notice will be a bridge of "double size!"

A young lady devoid of all feeling—Annie Sthesia!

NO TIME FOR EATING.—A grocer meeting one of his own fraternity the other day, whose pony might be considered a beautiful specimen of a living skeleton, remonstrated with the owner, and asked him if he ever fed him. "Ever fed him! that's a good one," was the reply; "he's got a bushel and a half of oats at home now, only he ain't got time to eat 'em."

The concluding words of a Utah obituary notice are very pathetic: "He leaves thirteen widows and fifty-four children to mourn his loss."

RULES OF WHIST.

Whist is a very favorite game. The wist-ful look of persons playing it fully accounts for the name. There are four players; each person has a right to shuffle the cards previous to a deal; you may, however, get out of ye-*or-deal* in the best way you can, you will still be, then, a *shuffler.* The person on the left-hand side of the dealer is called the elder. If you happen to be thirsty in the course of the game, tread on the elder's favorite corn, you will no doubt then get some elder whine.

Standing rules (to be read at a sitting):

1. Lead from your strong suit. This you will find difficult unless you have a good tailor. See, however, next rule.
2. If you haven't a strong suit lead from a weak one, this is considered powerful play.
3. If you have a sequence, seek whence it came.
4. If you have a strong hand in clubs, or a strong club in hand, knock down the person next to you; this is a decided hit.
5. If you have a Jack in your hand, say you knave it not; your partner, if ill-tempered, may show some acerbity at this.
6. If you have but two cards remaining do not play the right one, and excuse yourself on the ground that you could only play what you had left.
7. If one of your opponents happens to have a club foot, lead clubs, and laugh boisterously. If he resents it say, "I shoe'd not have done it, but what boots it? Put your best foot foremost and win." This is club law.
8. When spades are led, look grave, and don't make any allusions to undertakers or coffins.
9. If you have ace and king do not play out the king till ace is out, or rather do not play it ace-tilly out.
10. Look often over your adversary's hands.
11. If discovered cheating be indignant, say you won't play any more, and throw your cards down on the table. This will prove that you have played fair and above board. (N.B.—Above all things avoid being bored, this wooden't do at all.)
12. Lose your temper whenever you can't keep it. This is a golden rule.

Carefully attend to the foregoing rules and you will soon become a perfect whist-player. Don't play for too high stakes, however, or you may "pay too dear for your whist-(le)."

"Were you guarded in your conduct while in New York?" asked a father of his son, who had just returned from a visit to that city. "Yes, Sir, part of the time by two policemen."

"That's a pretty bird, grandma," said a little boy. "Yes," replied the old dame, "and never cries." "That's because he's never washed," rejoined the boy.

Servant looks into the breakfast-room and says: "Pleas, ma'am, ther's a beggar woman in the kitchen wants something to eat."

LIBERAL MISTRESS. "Give her the water in which the eggs were boiled this morning, Bridget; it's quite nutritous."

A mother admonishing her son, a lad of some seven years of age, told him that he should never defer till to-morrow what he could do to-day. The little boy replied, "Well, then, mother, let's eat all that plum-pudding to-night."

To have fish at supper, just drop them a line.

A lady was recently reading to her child—a boy of seven years—a story of a little fellow whose father was taken ill and died, whereupon the youngster set himself diligently at work to assist in supporting himself and his mother. When she had finished the story the following dialogue ensued:

MOTHER. "Now, my little man, if pa was to die, wouldn't you work to help your mother?"

BOY (*not relishing the idea of work*). "Why, ma? what for? Ain't we got a good house to live in?"

MOTHER. "Oh yes, my child; but we can't eat the house, you know."

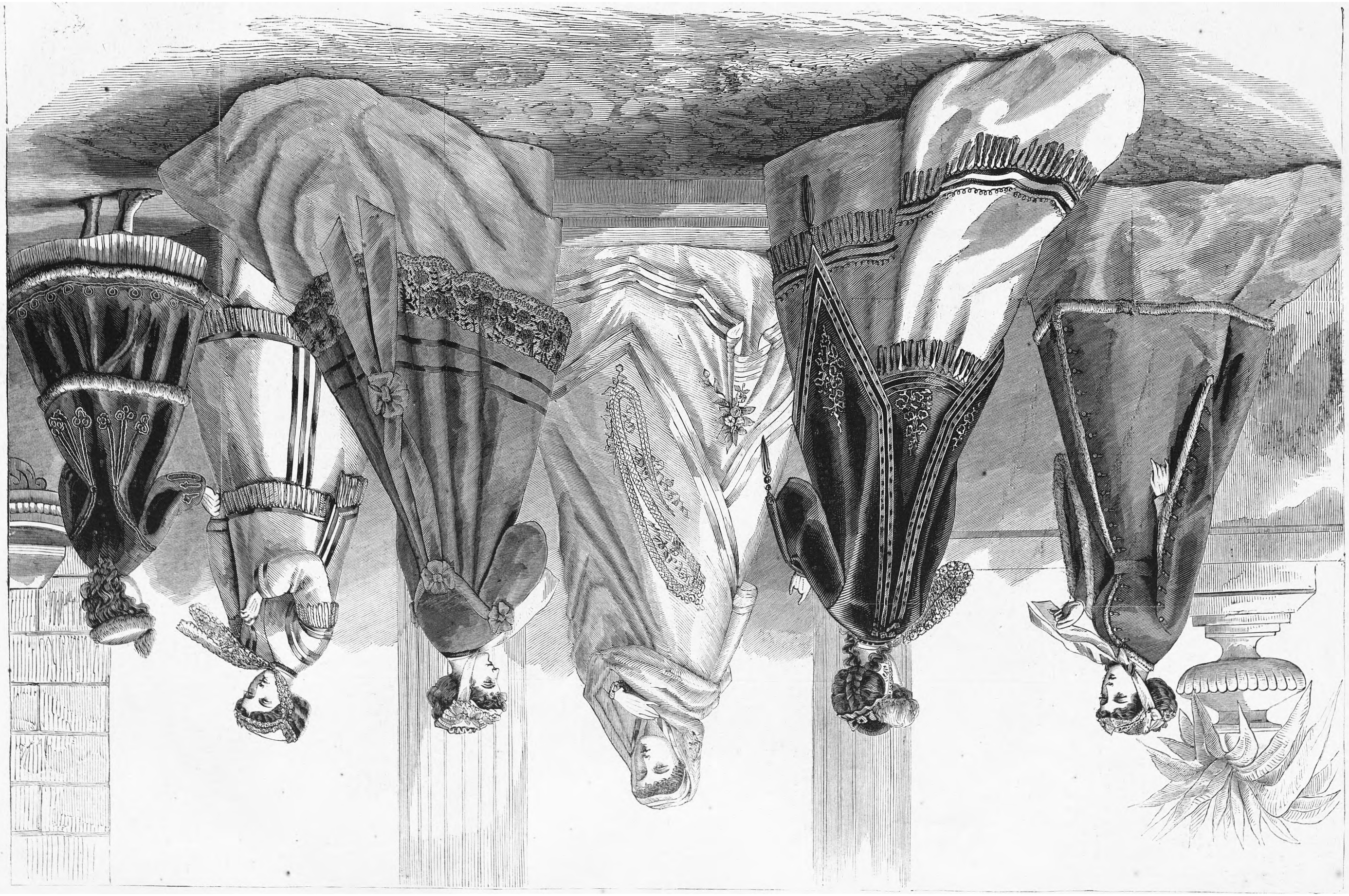
BOY. "Well, ain't we got flour and sugar and other things in the store-room?"

MOTHER. "Certainly, my dear; but they will not last long, and what then?"

BOY. "Well, ma, ain't there enough to last till you could get another husband?"

Ma gave it up.

VISITING TOILETTES.—[See Page 58.]



LILIA.

TRIANON.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

FANCHON.

MARIE STUART.

DUCHESSE.

UNIVERSEL.

IMPERIAL.

EVENING COIFFURE À LA PREMIER EMPIRE.

CAP COIFFURE.

CARLOTTA.

METTERNICH.

FANCHON.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

WINTER BONNETS.—[SEE PAGE 58.]

Visiting Toilettes.

See Illustration, page 56.

Fig. 1.—Empress dress of dove-colored gros grain silk; skirt plain. Viennese cloak of blue velvet, trimmed with grebe, with belt and flowing sleeves. Satin buttons and button-holes. Bonnet of blue velvet with satin strings and velvet foliage.

Fig. 2.—Dress of Bismarck poplin, trimmed with soutache and fringe. Imperatrice cloak of black velours, embroidered with silk, and trimmed with braid and tassels. Round hat of black velours, with trimming of capucine satin, with feather tuft on the side, and lace strings.

Fig. 3.—Dress of white silk, trimmed with capucine satin folds and sprays of flowers. Sultan burnous of white cashmere, bordered with bias folds of capucine satin, and embroidered in front.

Fig. 4.—Empress dress of blue silk. Manchester cloak of black velvet, trimmed around the bottom with deep lace, with a scarf of broad satin ribbon tied behind, and confined with satin rosettes. Imperial bonnet of white velvet, trimmed with rich lace, with a velvet crest on the right, and blue velvet foliage on the left sides.

Fig. 5.—Bismarck velours skirt, trimmed with bias satin folds and fringe. Brabant paletot of the same material, trimmed to match the dress, bonnet of white gros grain silk, trimmed with lace ruches and lace strings.

Fig. 6.—Petersburg costume of blue cloth, trimmed with chinchilla. Overskirt, trimmed with silver braid and edged with chinchilla. Round hat of chinchilla, with chinchilla trimming and blue ostrich tuft.

Winter Bonnets.

See Illustration, page 57.

Fig. 1.—*Lilia*, of Bismarck straw, with round crown; trimmed with a wreath of g: ded foliage with golden grapes. A scarf of tulle is rolled across the back and forms strings, which are tied loosely.

Fig. 2.—*Trianon*, of black velvet, very small, trimmed with jet fringe round the edge, and a tuft of tinted plumes on the side, fastened with an algrette. Strings of ribbon, edged with blonde.

Fig. 3.—*Marie Antoinette*, of Bismarck straw, with a small, rounding crown, and front undulating to suit the shape of the face, trimmed with flowers, and fastened with a scarf of tulle. This bonnet fits well, and is admirably suited to the present style of hair-dressing.

Fig. 4.—*Fanchon*, of blue velvet, beaded, with jet fringe around the edge, and a cluster of pansies with foliage in front. Strings of blue ribbon, edged with blonde.

Fig. 5.—*Marie Stuart*, of black velvet, pointed in front and turned up at the sides, with a silver cord entirely round the edge, and trimmed behind with a broad barb of black lace, which simulates a cape, and falls in front, forming strings. A bird, with long plumage and outspread wings, is fastened in front and nearly covers the top of the bonnet.

Fig. 6.—*Duchesse* promenade bonnet of velvet, with a stiff crown. A broad lace veil passes round the bonnet, and is tied behind, the ends falling over the chignon. A rose is placed on the front and the back; and a narrow band of blue velvet is fastened in front, over the forehead. Strings long, of blue ribbon.

Fig. 7.—*Universel*, of pink velvet, flat on the top, and trimmed in front with a white curled feather. The back of this elegant bonnet is covered with a rich lace barb, the ends of which form the strings. A band of velvet, to match the bonnet, is placed inside, over the forehead.

Fig. 8.—*Imperial*, of white royal velvet. The crown is pleated; the brim is covered with broad rich lace, with a heading of twisted silk piping, and is edged with white crystal fringe. Flame-colored roses complete the trimming of this new and beautiful bonnet. The strings are of satin.

Fig. 9.—*Evening Coiffure à la premier Empire.* This beautiful head-dress is very simple; it is composed of a broad bias strip of velvet, forming a bandeau, and edged with narrow white lace, which is passed round the front of the head, and tied under the chignon. A wreath of Bismarck velvet foliage is placed on the top.

Fig. 10.—*Cap Coiffure*, composed of two volants of lace, mounted on blue ribbon, with bows of ribbon in front, and ribbon shells over the forehead. The broad lace strings are covered down the centre with a blue velvet ribbon, and tie under the chignon, the ends falling down the back.

Fig. 11.—*Carlotta;* round hat, with a narrow brim, slightly turned down all round, trimmed with broad black ribbon, tied behind, with long, fringed ends. Bouquet of roses on the side.

Fig. 12.—*Metternich*, of black velvet, with a long black feather curling on the right side, and a cluster of gilt foliage in front.

Fig. 13.—*Fanchon*, of green silk, beaded with crystal, with a tulle veil rolled across the crown, and forming strings. Spray of roses and buds on the side, falling over the front.

Fig. 14.—*Marie Antoinette*, of white royal velvet, with a wreath of leaves, and a feather at the side. The back is trimmed with medallions of ribbon and lace, the latter of which is prolonged so as to form the strings.

PARIS GOSSIP.

FOR some months past the Parisians have taken into favor a singular color, which is becoming to nobody, neither blondes nor brunettes, but which nevertheless is the rage; almost every thing now is of a deep yellowish tint, called Bismarck, whether because the uniform of the Prussian Minister is entirely white we know not, but politics make their influence felt even on ladies' dresses. Some wags go so far as to pretend that there are different varieties of Bismarck, the Bismarck sick and the Bismarck well.

This color has given rise to some curious episodes. A German countess, the owner of one of the most ancient feudal castles on the banks of the Rhine, wrote to her dress-maker to send her a fashionable dress. The dress-maker naturally dispatched her a Bismarck. The dress was pronounced beautiful, and the countess hastened to array herself in it to receive a large party of guests. The new shade excited universal admiration, till an imprudent person happened to utter the name of the fashionable color. "What! do you call it Bismarck?" exclaimed the countess. "Yes, Madame, that is what they call it in Paris." The countess turned pale, and instantly disappeared; she retreated to her room and, tearing off the dress, indignantly flung it in the fire.

Here is another anecdote concerning this famous shade. Madame X—— is something of a tease (some women have this slight fault, it appears). Her husband is a rabid anti-Prussian, and his better-half took delight in adopting the Bismarck tint, and letting slip no opportunity to pronounce the obnoxious name in his presence. "Where are my Bismarck gaiters?" "What bonnet will Madame wear?" "My Bismarck one, of course." "What cloak?" "My Bismarck cloak." The husband foamed with rage at every mention of the name; but he dared say nothing; it is beneath a man's dignity to concern himself about his wife's fripperies. Out of patience, at last, he proposed a compromise to his charming wife, who consented to abandon the color she loved so well in exchange for the magnificent diamond bracelet which her husband had been imprudent enough to refuse her last winter. We hope that our amiable readers will not profit by this little suggestion.

A little less hair is worn this season than last, but the coiffures are none the less complicated. By way of compensation the ladies, even those belonging to the best society, have adopted a lamentable habit; they paint more than ever, and the effect is shocking. All the women you meet are clear red and white, like dolls; they are real bonbons, and you might eat them if it were not for the dangerous effect of the paint. If they only contented themselves with hiding their imperfections it would be better; but no, they lay on the rouge so thickly that it is evident to the most unobserving eye. Even young girls eagerly adopt this terrible fashion, and the freshness of youth is lost beneath a coat of paint.

It is sad to say, but we really seem living in a counterfeit age. All that is young, true, and beautiful is hidden under a layer of pearl-white; and, unhappily, it is the same with tender feelings, for it is the fashion to be désillusionné, positive, and materialistic. Let us hope that this is only a fashion, and that this general disenchantment is only for a season. We shall perhaps yet see the golden age revive.

After the Zouave Jacob the Parisian public is raving about the masked man who wrestles so marvelously in the Gymnasium. Behold the triumph of mystery! Were his face uncovered we should hear nothing of this robust athlete, who has furnished food for Parisian curiosity during the last two months. But he is masked, and that is his real attraction. Every kind of improbable story has been invented concerning this living enigma. Some make him an old officer, who hides his name and mutilated face under a velvet mask. Others have suddenly discovered that he is Madame Thierret, the eccentric artist of the Palais Royal, who amuses her leisure moments by wrestling. The truth of the matter is this: the masked man is of the highest rank, an Englishman by birth, and a millionaire three or four times over. A victim to the spleen, like many of his countrymen, he came to Paris to consult one of the medical celebrities there, who advised him to abandon his indolent mode of life, and to act precisely as if he were forced to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow; on this condition only would he undertake to restore him to health. The Englishman was pleased with the very originality of the prescription, and resolved to follow it. After long turning over in his brain what he could do to earn a livelihood he thought of the Herculean strength with which he was gifted by nature, and presented himself, masked, at the Gymnasium. His success exceeded his hopes; he was immediately engaged for a series of performances, and has continued ever since to draw crowded houses. This heroic treatment is already producing good results; the gloomy fancies of the patient are vanishing daily; and when the *Man with the Mask* disappears from the stage it will be because he has found a charm in life. Then Lord D—— will return to London, where his absence is already felt; and on seeing the elegant sportsman no one will suspect that he has succeeded in captivating the attention of all Paris during a whole season.

ROMANCE IN MEDICINE.

A SINGULAR affair has recently created a great sensation in Switzerland. The story of the escaped galley-slave is well known, who disguised himself as a woman and was engaged as lady's maid by an elegant young lady of Versailles. The handsome, smooth-faced bandit was arrested just as he was preparing a bath for his mistress, who was cruelly surprised on learning the sex and antecedents of her zealous servant. The Court of Justice of the Canton de Vaud has lately had under its jurisdiction a case which, without being as grave as the drama of Versailles, nevertheless somewhat resembles it. A young man named Piquilloud, taking advantage of his feminine appearance, forged a diploma of doctor of medicine from a female college of New York, introduced himself to a number of families as Miss Abbot, and offered the benefit of his medical knowledge—especially to ladies.

Piquilloud wore his new garb with grace, and, thanks to powerful recommendations, succeeded in gaining a lucrative practice, the title of American, in some sort, justifying the choice of his profession and removing all suspicion. All the young ladies in the Canton de Vaud insisted on placing themselves under the care of Miss Abbot, and would have no other doctor than the charming and successful practitioner, who ruled like a despot in their houses. The neighboring cantons grew jealous of Vaud. The doctor's reputation increased daily, and there was even talk of offering him a chair in the National Academy of Medicine, when suddenly an unlucky waterfall caused the downfall of his triumph. Miss Abbot, instead of contenting herself with simply wearing her hair cut short as suited a grave Professor, wished to rival her fair patients in their luxuriant, flowing tresses. She intrusted her head to a skillful hair-dresser, who soon pierced the mystery and divulged the fatal secret. The fathers and mothers, furious at being thus duped, and having themselves introduced the wolf into the fold in the crinoline of a lamb, had recourse to the courts. The affair was instantly caught up and grossly exaggerated, and the gravest accusations were showered on the head of the culprit, who was forced to return to the prosaic frock-coat. At the trial, however, the declarations of indulgent witnesses graciously extenuated all the charges, despite the ill-will of sundry zealous accusers; and it was found impossible to convict Piquilloud of any thing except the illegal practice of medicine, in punishment for which he was sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

A "FAIR" BUSINESS TRANSACTION.

A GENTLEMAN in Honduras, recently, in writing to the mercantile house in London with which he was in correspondence, after finishing what he had to say about molasses, mahogany, and India rubber, added as follows:

"I have one other commission to give you. I wish for a wife, and can not find any suitable person in these settlements. Please send me by an early steamer a young lady answering to the following description: Age not less than twenty or over twenty-five; person well formed and graceful; countenance agreeable; disposition and manners gentle; and possessed of good health, so that she may endure well the change of climate. If you send a person answering to the above conditions I promise to marry her within a fortnight after her arrival."

The return mail brought him a letter to this effect:

"In accordance with your orders I ship for you by this steamer a young lady, Miss Louisa C——, possessing the qualifications prescribed, as per the vouchers which she will present to you. Please acknowledge receipt, and believe me," etc.

The gentleman—whose letter had been brought to him by the mail tug—hurried to the pier to meet the steamer. As soon as the plank was laid he went on board, and there, inquiring for and finding Miss Louisa C——, he made himself known to her. She handed him her letter from the house in London, saying:

"I have here a bill of exchange drawn on you, Sir, which I hope you will not decline to honor."

"Miss Louisa," said he, "I have never yet dishonored a bill of exchange, and I certainly shall not begin with this one. On the contrary, I shall deem myself the happiest of men in being allowed to accept it."

So the business was settled in a manner satisfactory to all concerned.

BANTAM'S BEQUEST.

BANTAM knew every thing. As a talker he surpassed Coleridge. Theology, decline of the drama, chemistry, cure of corns, astrology, manufacture of lemonade, the Jamaica question, destruction of black beetles—no matter what subject, nothing was too great or too small for Bantam. Be-turbaned old ladies keenly appreciated him, he was such good company for them when Maude was whirling in the waltz; and the maidens, when Captain Fitzearwig was not in the room, simply idolized him. Did the darlings dispute as to the age of Patti or Mario, the color of Fechter's hair, or the length of the Rev. Ignatius Dearlove's whiskers, who should decide for them if not Bantam? At public dinners the phrase "as my friend Bantam can attest" was as familiar to the guests as were the faces of the waiters. Upon one occasion only was his dictum disputed, and I trembled for the irreverent skeptic who ventured to oppose Bantam and to ask for *his* authority. "Authority, Sir!" said my friend; "my authority is my Cyclopedia!" The doubter was satisfied. As none of the cyclopedias with which I was acquainted treated of the minor topics—such as the removal of superfluous hairs, or the age of Queen Victoria—in dilating on which Bantam shone, I often asked my friend to permit me to see the wonderful book from which his stores of wisdom were drawn; but he as invariably refused the boon. With all his learning, however, Bantam was unable to ward off sickness. When I visited him he shook my hand, and said that he had made his will and bequeathed to me his cyclopedia. In due time my friend learned to die, and the bequest was handed to me.

Bantam had not derived his knowledge from the ponderous volumes which fill the shelves of the Astor Library. Had he quoted from those books, a lynx-eyed critic would have been "down upon him." No: my friend was too clever for that. The bundle of old penny numbers handed to me showed that his marvelous stock of out-of-the-way information had been picked up grain by grain from the *Flycatcher*, with its sensation story of "Daggeri, the Deep-Dyed Desperado; or, the Moaning Mountain Maniac;" its exciting wood-cuts doing duty in one number for "Daggeri Dissecting the Demoniac," and in another as "Sir Mordaunt Hearing a Confession;" its marvelous unpaid-for "Poetry," and above all else its "Answers to Correspondents," to which, as I soon discovered, Bantam had owed his fame.

From that time to the present week I have been a constant subscriber to the *Flycatcher;* and although I have not been able to fill my friend's place, I have had the exquisite pleasure of hearing myself alluded to as a man of varied attainments, a great reader, and the possessor of a mine of knowledge. The mine is not an expensive one to work. Am I in doubt as to the color of my hair, or the strength of my claim to be considered handsome, I rush to pen and paper and ask the editor of the *Flycatcher*, who after the delay of a few weeks dispels my doubts.

The number before me contains answers to ninety queries, the subjects including the climate of New Zealand, the dates of composition and performance of Handel's *Joshua*, the gilding of picture-frames, the kind of shop at which "black stick for dyeing whiskers" is sold, the French medical society, the condition of some unfortunate being's liver, the manufacture of alum-water "for weak and watery" eyes, "remedy for a bald head" (*sic*), the marriage ceremony, the cost of a divorce, the "best way of getting rid of blushing," many applications for husbands and wives, and still more numerous responses from candidates for the honorable estate of matrimony. These applications and responses are by no means the least curious feature of the correspondent columns of the *Flycatcher*. W. E. W., who coolly says that he is "good-looking," being quite tired of a single life, wishes to meet with a wife "capable of cooking a dinner to his and her satisfaction;" and in a few weeks a lady, with "a good home and an income to support it," expresses her desire to correspond with him. John C. is no fortune-hunter, he affirms, but wants "a kind and loving wife; a hard-working man, and a singer at a church;" which is a combination not often to be met with, we imagine. G. M. C. L. requires a partner, and Maid of Kent and Violet Eyes respond that they would like to hear from him; the editor adding, "The former is a tall young lady, with a nice plump figure; the latter is an affectionate little girl, with brown curly hair." Glen has need of a wife, and eight ladies respond. One damsel describes herself as "lovely," another as "prepossessing," and a third as "pretty." Violet confesses that she is thirty years old; and M. E. Grant says that she is "an Irish girl *and* a Christian." Another Benedict receives offers from nine correspondents, one being "handsome," another "tall and handsome," a third "tall and fascinating," and a fourth "small and pretty." J. M. S. receives replies from one lady who affirms that she is "healthy;" from another who says she is a "fine healthy country girl;" and from a third who pictures herself as a "tall and stout young person." Signore applies for a wife, and a lady sends her height and measure round the waist, and adds that she weighs "160 lbs. in full dress." Pale John, doubtless an interesting and cadaverous young man, receives a response from Evangeline, who asserts that she is "entitled to marry, and entitled to escape from the tyranny of a step-mother," whatever that may mean. The gentlemen do not invariably speak first. Gertrude Travers writes to say that she would like to marry "one of the sons of Neptune;" and mentions incidentally that she has violet eyes and an abundance of wavy golden hair, and that she is an excellent musician. Miss Grey wants a husband; and a gentleman "accustomed to a good style of living" responds, and acknowledges that he could not afford to marry a young girl without a fortune. Fern confesses that she is "rather anxious than otherwise" to be married, and remarks that she is handsome, with flashing black eyes; but the husband of her selection must be possessed of property, as she has "a horror of poverty." The *carte de visite*, she adds, "will be welcome." Little Violet, with "brown curls, blue eyes, black eyebrows and lashes, small teeth white as pearls, and small hands and feet," with accomplishments of the highest order, is anxious to marry any one possessed of an income "adequate to the exigencies of a refined home." Anastasia, a lady of middle age, whatever that may be, who says she is "a well-known authoress," wishes to meet with a gentleman "about *sixty* years of age, with a view to a matrimonial alliance," and a settlement we presume. Mavoureen, coolly describing herself as a lovely blonde of eighteen—precocious girl!—"has long been an admirer of military men," and would "delight in the idea of leading a camp-life," adds, as a bait doubtless, that on her marriage she will have a competency. This charming frankness is by no means rare in the correspondents of the *Flycatcher*. Widows with "little girls" express their wishes for husbands who will be good to their children; ladies desire to meet young men with flowing beards and curly brown hair, or with musical tastes and not less than $1500 a year. Gentlemen want wives with the vague "little money," or "some means;" and girls say that they have, or will have, sums varying from $5000 down to the paltry $1000 per annum; the latter amount being apparently a very ordinary income, for in one number of the *Flycatcher* no less than three ladies state that they each possess it. *Cartes de visite* are solicited, promises being made that the "approved one" shall receive another in exchange; and intending respondents are informed that "none but thorough gentlemen need apply."

Do these discontented individuals ever meet? The editor of the *Flycatcher* states most distinctly that he will not do any thing more than receive and forward *cartes de visite*, and that only when stamped and directed envelopes have been received. One astute lady, however, proves too clever for the conductor; for she states "for the information of A. R., the middle-aged gentleman with $3000 a year," that she "goes to the Central Park every fine Tuesday, and will sit on the Terrace reading the *Galaxy*." Had she said that she would study the *Flycatcher*, the editorial laxity would have been easy to understand.

Has Anastasia, then, in her interesting and literary middle-age, to be content with the *carte* of the gentleman about sixty years of age, and with life insured in a good office? Can her heart overflow only in sonnets to his somewhat dim and blurred eyebrow? If the *Flycatcher* does not lend itself to any thing not exactly proper, it is evident that meetings may be arranged by other means; for the editor permits approved ones to state that they would like to correspond with their selections through the medium of specified journals, after which their place in the column knows them no more.

Unfortunately the *Flycatcher* is not perfect. Some of the answers are vague, some contradictory, and others idiotic. Polly is informed that "it is lawful for a man to marry his widow's cousin;" W. H. B. is told that "when a young man obtains a sum of money from a young lady for the purpose of furnishing a home previous to their marriage, and absconds with it, he is guilty of obtaining money under false pretenses," as though there could be any doubt about it; W. C. L. is assured, in a manner which smacks strongly of Joseph Surface, that "the man who can not gain the affections of some woman must be either an idiot, an ass, or a scoundrel;" S. P. T. is told that it *is* a wart growing on his nose; P. J. C. that "the length of the nose has a good deal to do with character but not with honesty;" and J. Hay, a cripple one would imagine, is informed that a "wooden-legged emigrant would not be allowed to land in any port of the United States." E. C. V., apparently a New York servant-girl, is assured that she did wrong in paying for refreshments, "when out on an excursion, for a gentleman who was only an acquaintance;" and although John Edwards is cautioned against advice gratis as generally being worthless, An Ignorant One is directed to "take two compound squill pills every night," and A Sufferer from Weakness is advised to "leave off blackguardism." Who shall decide when doctors disagree? Upon the etiquette of courtship the editor seems to be at sea. J. B. is told that "propriety does not sanction any kissing between young people who

are only friends, and between lovers it only allows of the chaste salute at meeting and parting," and Constant Reader is directed not to return the kiss of his or her intended until they are married; but another correspondent is taught the difference between kissing and being kissed, the impropriety of the latter being insisted upon, and the former permitted only between children and their parents. Susan Edith Waters is informed that, "so far from being improper, it is natural for lovers to *kiss each other* at parting;" and Madeleine is assured that "kissing during courtship is allowed—why not?" and is treated to a little of the Joseph-Surface moralizing: "Young hearts have young sympathies, and young sympathies are the parents of kind and tender sentiments."

The *Flycatcher*, however, is undeniably and unapproachably great in the art of puffing, and the excellency of its own wares is vaunted in a manner which irresistibly reminds one of the literature of the anti-any-necessity-for-life-insurance pill, and other quack medicines. A Working Man writes to say that when he began to subscribe to the *Flycatcher* he was only an apprentice with two dollars per week, and that he has risen to be an employer, "with a prospect of being before long in comfortable circumstances;" his success in life being attributable to the "high principles so ably inculcated" in the *Flycatcher*.

MRS. TYPESET'S DIARY.

Thursday Morn.—Heard "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" last evening. The house was well filled, though by no means crowded. The manager stated that Mademoiselle Tostee was suffering from a slight cold, and begged them to bear the fact in mind. She, however, sang with vivacity and effect, and carried out her part with an enthusiasm and piquancy that won much applause. Many gems of song were loudly encored—none more so than "Le Sabre de mon pére." Prince Paul, General Boum, and Barons Puck and Grog created much amusement. There is a sparkle about this French opera that is very pleasing; yet, personally, I like serious rather than comic operas. Noticed that an English version of "The Grand Duchess" is announced to be produced in Philadelphia.

Madame Kapp-Young, the new prima donna who has made her appearance in Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," is a German lady of English parentage, it is said, Young being her maiden and Kapp her married name—a transposition of names which seems odd to Americans. She is a pupil of the Conservatory of Vienna, and has been very successful in Germany and Italy. Her voice is a rich and mellow soprano, both sweet and powerful. She sings easily and naturally, and her appearance on the stage is prepossessing.

Thursday Eve.—Dined at Mrs. Nooley's. Felt rather disgusted at the scandal which circulated so freely among the ladies in the drawing-room, after dinner. Whose business is it if Mrs. Smith *did* leave her invalid husband to the care of servants and go to Niagara? Perhaps her husband wanted her to go. Am sure, if I had been nursing Mr. T. for four months, he would send me off somewhere to rest; and I should think it hard if my neighbors called me "cruel." And how can any one know for a certainty, with double walls intervening, that Mrs. Jones is "barbarously beating her poor little girl" every time she is heard to scream? And what if the minister's children don't behave with strict propriety in church—must his wife's management of them be discussed so unfeelingly? Could not help thinking, as I was an unwilling listener to such matters, of a recipe I lately saw to cure scandal:

"Take of good-nature one ounce; of the herb 'Mind your own business' one ounce—mix them with a little charity for others, and two or three sprigs of 'Keep your tongue between your teeth.'"

Should add to this, *Take as often as occasion requires.*

The custom which the ladies have nowadays of wearing two long curls hanging down their backs seems to be of poetical origin—or at least to be sanctioned by a poet. Alexander Pope, in his description of "Belinda," in the second canto of the "Rape of the Lock," says:

"This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck."

Friday.—Of all the *little* annoyances that I experience in housekeeping, I believe one of the most vexatious is in connection with my *ash-barrel!* Am ashamed to acknowledge it, but 'tis really so. If our pleasant house was only a little *less* pleasant I would beg Mr. T. to move out of the range of a public-school. I really spent a small fortune in getting *barrels*—and such a difficult thing as it is to buy a barrel nowadays—before I obtained this nice iron contrivance, which I thought would be *boy*-proof. Barrels were of no account whatever; as sure as three o'clock came, mischievous school-boys would rush along and kick over every ash-barrel on the block. No policeman ever saw them do it—oh no! near as the station is. So I had to get a new barrel every few days. But my iron barrel, that I thought so substantial, won't stand it long. Have just heard it kicked over into the gutter! Must not allow such trifles to fret me, I suppose.

A wonderful machine has been invented in Germany which will remove the pits from one hundred cherries per minute. How handy that would have been when I made cherry-preserves last summer! Hope specimens will be imported.

The Queen of Spain does not seem to be very popular with her subjects. It was announced after her recent return to Madrid that she would on a given day attend service at a church, and the hope was expressed that she would be cordially greeted. When the time came the streets were almost wholly deserted. Indeed, Isabella has given her subjects very little cause for gratitude or love. Social life in Spain is connected with much that is unattractive and revolting. Not long since I came across an account of Spanish bull-fighting, in one of the papers. Could not read it all—it was too horrible; but it was stated that the Spaniards themselves declare that the first time a Senora goes to the Plaza de Toros she faints away. On her second visit she is only a little sick. The third time she screens her face with her fan, but peeps intently round the corner at the combat going on below. After her fourth *corrida* she becomes a confirmed bull-fighter. The present Queen of Spain, however, has rarely, if ever, attended a bull-fight, and among the higher ranks of the female aristocracy in Madrid the brutal pastime has ceased to be fashionable. But among the middle classes and the mass of the people—men, women, and children—there is as strong a passion as ever for the sanguinary spectacles.

In discussing the question of woman's right to vote, Dr. Holland, in his recent lectures in Boston, utterly repudiated the notion that there was a *superior sex*, in any proper sense of the term; nor did he deny the abstract right of woman to vote. The question, he maintained, was simply one of expediency. It would not be well for *both husband and wife* to vote, nor was it necessary, because in the family unit the husband is, in theory and indeed in fact, the fit representative of the family. An excellent "theory" that! But how is the "fact" if the husband, for example, is a Democrat and the wife a Republican in feeling? Must the wife convert the husband? or the husband the wife? Must they *compromise* the matter? Or is the wife to yield and let the husband represent the family?

Saturday Eve.—Have been reading a melancholy account of the customs of courtship in Greenland. It seems that when a Greenlander has fixed his affections upon a "Greenlandess" he acquaints his parents with the state of his heart. They apply to the parents of the girl, and if the several parents agree the next proceeding is to broach the subject to the young lady. The embassadors do not shock her by any sudden or abrupt avowal of the awful subject of their mission. Instead of this they launch out in praises of the gentleman who seeks her hand. They speak of the splendor of his hut, the sumptuousness of his stock of blubber, his courage in catching seals, and other like advantages. The lady, pretending to be affronted even at these remote hints, runs away, tearing the ringlets of her hair as she retires, while the embassadors pursue her, drag her from her concealment, take her by force to the house of her destined husband, and there leave her. Compelled to remain, she sits for days with disheveled hair, silent and dejected, refusing every kind of sustenance, till at last, if entreaties do not prevail, she is compelled by force, and even blows, to submit to the detested union.

In some cases Greenland women faint at the proposal of marriage; in others they fly to the mountains, and return when compelled to by cold and hunger. If one cuts off her hair it is a sign that she intends to resist till death. The reason for this aversion to marriage may result from the fact that the Greenland wife is the slave of her husband, doomed to a life of toil, drudgery, and privation.

When will persons upon whom is cast the dangerous and unpleasant duty of cleaning wells, vaults, and other places long closed up, learn to take precautions against the foul air which such places accumulate. For years and years there have been frequent deaths from carelessness in this respect; yet people seem to grow no wiser. Lately in Illinois there was a well which required cleaning, and a son of the owner volunteered to go down for that purpose. A rope was procured, and the boy began the descent. When about fifty feet down he suddenly released his hold upon the rope and fell to the bottom. Probably not aware of the cause of his son's fall, the father immediately began the descent to aid him, but on reaching the point where his son let go of the rope, he, too, fell to the bottom. A young man begged to be allowed to go down the well after the bodies of the man and his son, and, after some persuasion, was allowed to make the attempt, and met a similar fate. Like the other two, he fell a victim to the foul air of the well.

Read an interesting description of a costly cabinet which the Czar of Russia recently presented to Eugénie, as an acknowledgment of the magnificent hospitality with which he was received at the Tuileries. The flowers and fruit that decorate this cabinet—which was made by the first artists of St. Petersburg—are raised from the surface, and the stones of which they are formed are chosen so that their lines may as nearly as possible compare to those of the originals. Thus the leaves and flowers of the jasmine and other plants, the fruit of the raspberry and blackberry, the currant and strawberry, are represented with a truth of coloring and an apparent softness and transparency that almost rival nature herself. They rest upon slabs of lapis lazuli and other precious marbles, separated from each other by delicate lines of twisted gold.

The recent Mexican war developed its heroines, as most wars do. None of them, however, was so well known as Ignacia Richy, a native of Jalisco, and daughter of Spanish parents. She entered the ranks of the Liberal army when the French invaded the country. She performed many prodigies of valor, and became an aid on the staff of General Arteaga, who was executed by Mendez at Uruapan in October, 1865, and became a prisoner with him. When Arteaga and his companions were shot she refused to be present at the execution, and blew out her own brains with a pistol in prison sooner than remain a prisoner in the hands of the Imperialists.

A curious custom exists in Venice. Years ago an old lady left, at her death, some money to be expended in feeding the pigeons of that city at a regular hour every day. Two o'clock is the time; and just as the two bronze men on the town clock are about to strike the hour down come the pigeons, flying from all directions over the palaces. The arms of the bronze men rise slowly and strike the bell; then, in a moment, before the last stroke of two dies away, come the pigeons sailing over the walls and fluttering down on the window-sills and at the foot of the columns in the corner of the square. Rolling and tumbling and pushing and crowding in a great mass together, they present in this, the busiest part of Venice, a most curious sight.

A subject of Victor Emanuel has invented a breast-pin from which, by touching a little spring, one can extract a number of choice airs from favorite operas.

Monday Eve.—"Mr. Typeset," said I this evening, as the good man was busy with his memorandum-book. I felt some compunction at interrupting him—but then it was really important, I thought to myself.

Mr. T. looked up, with his eyes—apparently—full of figures, and greenbacks, and all manner of accounts.

"What is it, my dear?"

"Do you think I had better try this method of getting a new bonnet and cloak?" And I read the following: An affectionate but playful wife in a New England city sent a note to her husband recently, written in a disguised hand, signed with a fictitious name, stating that she had often seen and admired him, and asked to become better acquainted. Husband answered the note at once, appointing time and place of meeting. Both parties met at the appointed time and place, the lady heavily veiled, and proceeded to the rooms, where the veil was removed, and a grand tableau not down in the bills ensued. Assurance made on the part of the husband that it was nothing but a joke, and that he knew it was her all the time; wife is having a stylish bonnet, new cloak and elegant silk dress made.

Mr. Typeset immediately devoted himself to his accounts with great assiduity, remarking dryly, "Possibly it might be safer for me to order you the bonnet and cloak at once."

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER VII.

MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A BOTTLE.

"BRIG 'VISHNU,' ADRIFT IN THE CHINESE SEA.
July 10, 1828.

"WHOEVER finds this let him know that I, Lionel Despard, Colonel of H. M. 37th Regiment, have been the victim of a foul conspiracy performed against me by the captain and crew of the brig *Vishnu*, and especially by my servant, John Potts.

"Expecting at any time to perish, adrift helplessly, at the mercy of winds and waves, I sit down now before I die, to write all the circumstances of this affair. I will inclose the manuscript in a bottle and fling it into the sea, trusting in God that he may cause it to be borne to those who may be enabled to read my words, so that they may know my fate and bring the guilty to justice. Whoever finds this let him, if possible, have it sent to my friend, Ralph Brandon, of Brandon Hall, Devonshire, England, who will do more than any other man to cause justice to have its due.

"To further the ends of justice and to satisfy the desires of my friends, I will write an account of the whole case.

"In the name of God, I declare that John Potts is guilty of my death. He was my servant. I first found him in India under very remarkable circumstances.

"It was in the year 1826. The Government was engaged in an effort to put down bands of assassins by whom the most terrific atrocities had been committed, and I was appointed to conduct the work in the district of Agra.

"The Thuggee society is still a mystery, though its nature may yet be revealed if they can only capture the chief* and make him confess. As yet it is not fully known, and though I have heard much which I have reported to the Government, yet I am slow to believe that any human beings can actually practice what I have heard.

"The assassins whom I was pursuing eluded our pursuit with marvelous agility and cunning, but one by one we captured them, and punished them summarily. At last we surrounded a band of Thugs, and to our amazement found among them a European and a small boy. At our attack the Hindus made a desperate resistance, and killed themselves rather than fall into our hands; but the European, leading forward the little boy, fell on his knees and implored us to save him.

"I had heard that an Englishman had joined these wretches, and at first thought that this was the man; so, desirous of capturing him, I ordered my men whenever they found him to spare his life if possible. This man was at once seized and brought before me.

"He had a piteous story to tell. He said that his name was John Potts, that he belonged to Southampton, and had been in India a year. He had come to Agra to look out for employ as a servant, and had been caught by the Thugs. They offered to spare his life if he would join them. According to him they always make this offer. If it had only been himself that was concerned he said that he would have died a hundred times rather than have accepted; but his little boy was with him, and to save his life he consented, hoping that somehow or other he might escape. They then received him with some horrible ceremonies, and marked on his arm and on the arm of his son, on the inner part of the right elbow, the name of Bowhani in Hindu characters. Potts showed me his arm and that of his son in proof of this.

"He had been with them, according to his own account, about three months, and his life had been one continuous horror. He had picked up enough of their language to conjecture to some extent the nature of their belief, which, he asserted, would be most important information for the Government. The Thugs had treated him very kindly, for they looked upon him as one of themselves, and they are all very humane and affectionate to one another. His worst fear had been that they would compel him to do murder; and he would have died, he declared, rather than consent; but, fortunately, he was spared. The reason of this, he said, was because they always do their murder by strangling, since the shedding of blood is not acceptable to their divinity. He could not do this, for it requires great dexterity. Almost all their strangling is done by a thin, strong cord, curiously twisted, about six feet in length, with a weight at one end, generally carved so as to represent the face of Bowhani. This they throw with a peculiar jerk around the neck of their victim. The weight swings the cord round and round, while the strangler pulls at the other end, and death is inevitable. His hands, he said, were coarse and clumsy, unlike the delicate Hindu hands; and so, although they forced him to practice incessantly, he could not learn. He said nothing about the boy, but, from what I saw of that boy afterward, I believe that nature created him especially to be a Thug, and have no doubt that he learned then to wield the cord with as much dexterity as the best strangler of them all.

"His association with them had shown him much of their ordinary habits and some of their beliefs. I gathered from what he said that the basis of the Thuggee society is the worship of Bowhani, a frightful demon, whose highest joy is the sight of death or dead bodies. Those who are her disciples must offer up human victims killed without the shedding of blood, and the more he can kill the more of a saint he becomes. The motive for this is never gain, for they rarely plunder, but purely religious zeal. The reward is an immortality of bliss hereafter, which Bowhani will secure them; a life like that of the Mohammedan Paradise, where there are material joys to be possessed forever without satiety. Destruction, which begins as a kind of duty, becomes also at last, and naturally perhaps, an absorbing passion. As the hunter in pursuing his prey is carried away by excitement and the enthusiasm of the chase, or, in hunting the tiger, feels the delight of braving danger and displaying courage, so here that same passion is felt to an extraordinary degree, for it is *man* that must be pursued and destroyed. Here, in addition to courage, the hunter of man must call into exercise cunning, foresight, eloquence, intrigue. All this I afterward brought to the attention of the Government with very good results.

"Potts declared that night and day he had been on the watch for a chance to escape, but so infernal was the cunning of these wretches, and so quick their senses, sharpened as they had been by long practice, that success became hopeless. He had fallen into deep dejection, and concluded that his only hope lay in the efforts of the Government to put down these assassins. Our appearance had at last saved him.

"Neither I, nor any of my men, nor any Englishman who heard this story, doubted for an instant the truth of every word. All the newspapers mentioned with delight the fact that an Englishman and his son had been rescued. Pity was felt for that father who, for his son's sake, had consented to dwell amidst scenes of terror, and sympathy for the anguish that he must have endured during that terrific captivity. A thrill of horror passed through all our Anglo-Indian society at the revelation which he made about Thuggee; and so great was the feeling in his favor that a handsome subscription was made up for him by the officers at Agra.

"For my part I believed in him most implicitly, and, as I saw him to be unusually clever, I engaged him at once to be my servant. He staid with me, and every month won more and more of my confidence. He had a good head for business. Matters of considerable delicacy which I intrusted to him were well performed, and at last I thought it the most fortunate circumstance in my Indian life that I had found such a man.

"After about three years he expressed a wish to go to England for the sake of his son. He thought India a bad place for a boy, and wished to try and start in some business in his native land for his son's sake.

"That boy had always been my detestation—a crafty, stealthy, wily, malicious little demon, who was a perfect Thug in his nature, without any religious basis to his Thuggeeism. I pitied Potts for being the father of such a son. I could not let the little devil live in my house; his cruelty to animals which he delighted to torture, his thieving propensities, and his infernal deceit, were all so intolerable. He was not more than twelve, but he was older in iniquity than many a gray-headed villain. To oblige Potts, whom I still trusted implicitly, I wrote to my old friend Ralph Brandon, of Brandon Hall, Devonshire, requesting him to do what he could for so deserving a man.

"Just about this time an event occurred which has brought me to this.

"My sweet wife had been ill for two years. I had obtained a faithful nurse in the person of a Mrs. Compton, a poor creature, but gentle and affectionate, for whom my dear love's sympathy had been excited. No one could have been more faithful than Mrs. Compton, and I sent my darling to the hill station at Assurabad in hopes that the cooler air might reinvigorate her.

"She died. It is only a month or two since that frightful blow fell and crushed me. To think of it overwhelms me—to write of it is impossible.

"I could think of nothing but to fly from my unendurable grief. I wished to get away from India any where. Before the blow crushed me I hoped that I might carry my darling to the Cape of Good Hope, and therefore I remitted there a large sum; but after she left me I cared not where I went, and finding that a vessel was going to Manilla I decided to go there.

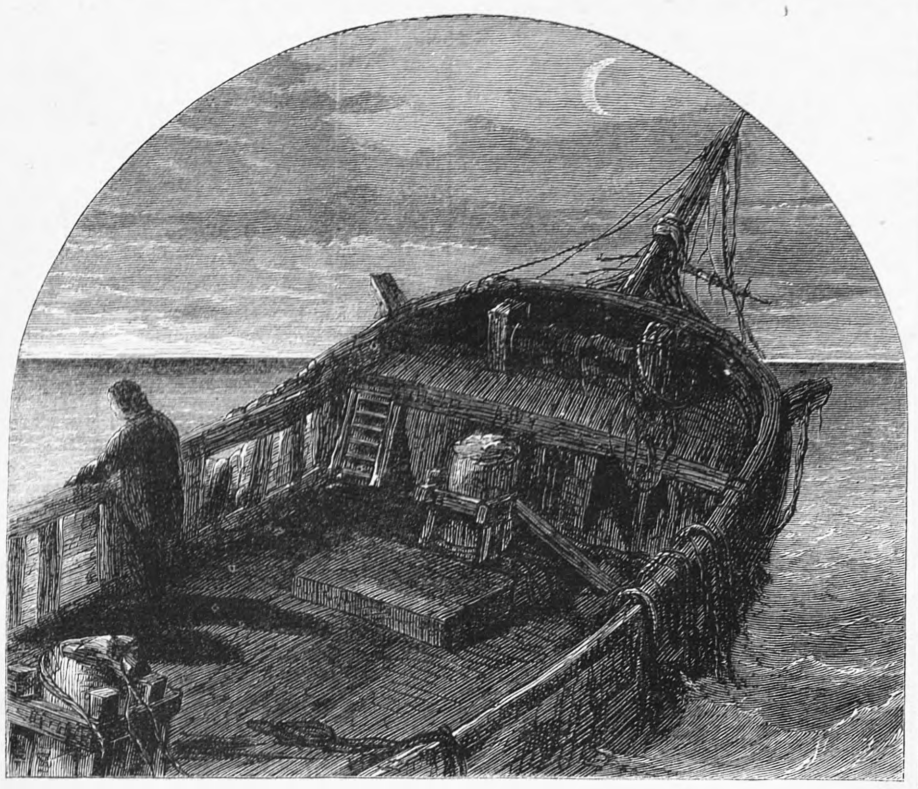
"It was Potts who found out this. I now know that he engaged the vessel, put the crew on board, who were all creatures of his own, and took the route to Manilla for the sake of carrying out his designs on me. To give every thing a fair appearance the vessel was laden with stores and things of that sort, for which there was a demand at Manilla. It was with the most perfect indifference that I embarked. I cared not where I went, and hoped that the novelty of the sea voyage might benefit me.

"The captain was an Italian named Cigole, a low-browed, evil-faced villain. The mate was named Clark. There were three Lascars, who formed the small crew. Potts came with me, and also an old servant of mine, a Malay, whose life I had saved years before. His name was Uracao. It struck me that the crew was a small one, but I thought the captain knew his business better than I, and so I gave myself no concern.

"After we embarked Potts's manner changed very greatly. I remember this now, though I did not notice it at the time, for I was almost in a kind of stupor. He was particularly insolent to Uracao. I remember once thinking indifferently that Potts would have to be reprimanded, or kicked, or something of that sort, but was not capable of any action.

"Uracao had for years slept in front of my

* The chief was captured in 1830, and by his confession all the atrocious system of Thuggee was revealed.



"THREE MONTHS ADRIFT."

door when at home, and, when traveling, in the same room. He always waked at the slightest noise. He regarded his life as mine, and thought that he was bound to watch over me till I died. Although this was often inconvenient, yet it would have broken the affectionate fellow's heart if I had forbidden it, so it went on. Potts made an effort to induce him to sleep forward among the Lascars, but though Uracao had borne insolence from him without a murmur, this proposal made his eyes kindle with a menacing fire which silenced the other into fear.

"The passage was a quick one, and at last we were only a few days' sail from Manilla. Now our quiet came to an end. One night I was awakened by a tremendous struggle in my cabin. Starting up, I saw in the gloom two figures struggling desperately. It was impossible to see who they were. I sprang from the berth and felt for my pistols. They were gone.

"'What the devil is this?' I roared fiercely.

"No answer came; but the next moment there was a tremendous fall, and one of the men clung to the other, whom he held downward. I sprang from my berth. There were low voices out in the cabin.

"'You can't,' said one voice, which I recognized as Clark's. 'He has his pistols.'

"'He hasn't,' said the voice of Cigole. 'Potts took them away. He's unarmed.'

"'Who are you?' I cried, grasping the man who was holding the other down.

"'Uracao,' said he. 'Get your pistols or you're lost!'

"'What the devil is the matter?' I cried, angrily, for I had not even yet a suspicion.

"'Feel around your neck,' said he.

"Hastily I put my hand up. A thrill of horror passed through me. It was the Thuggee cord.

"'Who is this?' I cried, grasping the man who had fallen.

"'Potts,' cried Uracao. 'Your pistols are under your berth. Quick! Potts tried to strangle you. There's a plot. The Lascars are Thugs. I saw the mark on their arms, the name of Bowhani in Hindu letters.'

"All the truth now seemed to flash across me. I leaped back to the berth to look under it for my pistols. As I stooped there was a rush behind me.

"'Help! Clark! Quick!' cried the voice of Potts. 'This devil's strangling me!'

"At this a tumult arose round the two men. Uracao was dragged off. Potts rose to his feet. At that moment I found my pistols. I could not distinguish persons, but I ran the risk and fired. A sharp cry followed. Somebody was wounded.

"'Damn him!' cried Potts, 'he's got the pistols.'

"The next moment they had all rushed out, dragging Uracao with them. The door was drawn to violently with a bang and fastened on the outside. They had captured the only man who could help me, and I was a prisoner at the mercy of these miscreants.

"All the remainder of the night and until the following morning I heard noises and trampling to and fro, but had no idea whatever of what was going on. I felt indignation at the treachery of Potts, who, I now perceived, had deceived me all along, but had no fear whatever of any thing that might happen. Death was rather grateful than otherwise. Still I determined to sell my life as dearly as possible, and, loading my pistol once more, I waited for them to come. The only anxiety which I felt was about my poor faithful Malay.

"But time passed, and at last all was still. There was no sound either of voices or of footsteps. I waited for what seemed hours in impatience, until finally I could endure it no longer. I was not going to die like a dog, but determined at all hazards to go out armed, face them, and meet my doom at once.

"A few vigorous kicks at the door broke it open and I walked out. There was no one in the cabin. I went out on deck. There was no one there. I saw it all. I was deserted. More; the brig had settled down so low in the water that the sea was up to her gunwales. I looked out over the ocean to see if I could perceive any trace of them—Potts and the rest. I saw nothing. They must have left long before. A faint smoke in the hatchway attracted my attention. Looking there, I perceived that it had been burned away. The villains had evidently tried to scuttle the brig, and then, to make doubly sure, had kindled a fire on the cargo, thinking that the wooden materials of which it was composed would kindle readily. But the water had rushed in too rapidly for the flames to spread; nevertheless, the water was not able to do its work, for the wood cargo kept the brig afloat. She was water-logged but still floating.

"The masts and shrouds were all cut away. The vessel was now little better than a raft, and was drifting at the mercy of the ocean currents. For my part I did not much care. I had no desire to go to Manilla or any where else; and the love of life which is usually so strong did not exist. I should have preferred to have been killed or drowned at once. Instead of that I lived.

"She died on June 15. It was the 2d of July when this occurred which I have narrated. It is now the 10th. For a week I have been drifting I know not where. I have seen no land. There are enough provisions and water on board to sustain me for months. The weather has been fine thus far.

"I have written this with the wish that whoever may find it will send it to Ralph Brandon, Esq., of Brandon Hall, Devonshire, that he may see that justice is done to Potts, and the rest of the conspirators. Let him also try, if it be not too late, to save Uracao. If this fall into the hands of any one going to England let it be delivered to him as above, but if the finder be going to India let him place it in the hands of the Governor-General; if to China or any other place, let him give it to the authorities, enjoining them, however, after using it, to send it to Ralph Brandon as above.

"It will be seen by this that John Potts was in connection with the Thugs, probably for the sake of plundering those whom they murdered; that he conspired against me and tried to kill me; and that he has wrought my death (for I expect to die). An examination of my desk shows that he has taken papers and bank bills to the amount of four thousand pounds with him. It was this, no doubt, that induced him to make this attempt against me.

"I desire also hereby to appoint Henry Thornton, Sen., Esq., of Holby Pembroke, Solicitor, my executor and the guardian of my son Courtenay, to whom I bequeath a father's blessing and all that I possess. Let him try to secure my money in Cape Town for my boy, and, if possible, to regain for him the four thousand pounds which Potts has carried off.

"Along with this manuscript I also inclose the strangling cord.

"May God have mercy upon my soul! Amen. LIONEL DESPARD."

"*July* 28.—Since I wrote this there has been a series of tremendous storms. The weather has cleared up again. I have seen no land and no ship.

"*July* 31.—Land to-day visible at a great distance on the south. I know not what land it may be. I can not tell in what direction I am drifting.

"*August* 2.—Land visible toward the southwest. It seems like the summit of a range of mountains, and is probably fifty miles distant.

"*August* 5.—A sail appeared on the horizon. It was too distant to perceive me. It passed out of sight.

"*August* 10.—A series of severe gales. The sea always rolls over the brig in these storms, and sometimes seems about to carry her down.

"*August* 20.—Storms and calms alternating. When will this end?

"*August* 25.—Land again toward the west. It seems as though I may be drifting among the islands of the Indian Archipelago.

"*September* 2.—I have been sick for a week. Unfortunately I am beginning to recover again. A faint blue streak in the north seems like land.

"*September* 10.—Open water.

"*September* 23.—A series of storms. How the brig can stand it I can not see. I remember Potts telling me that she was built of mahogany and copper-fastened. She does not appear to be much injured. I am exceedingly weak from want and exposure. It is with difficulty that I can move about.

"*October* 2.—Three months adrift. My God have mercy on me, and make haste to deliver me! A storm is rising. Let all Thy waves and billows overwhelm me, O Lord!

"*October* 5.—A terrific storm. Raged three days. The brig has run aground. It is a low island, with a rock about five miles away. Thank God, my last hour is at hand. The sea is rushing in with tremendous violence, hurling sand upon the brig. I shall drift no more. I can scarcely hold this pen. These are my last words. This is for Ralph Brandon. My blessing for my loved son. I feel death coming. Whether the storm takes me or not, I must die.

"Whoever finds this will take it from my hand, and, in the name of God, I charge him to do my bidding."

This was the last. The concluding pages of the manuscript were scarcely legible. The entries were meagre and formal, but the handwriting spoke of the darkest despair. What agonies had this man not endured during those three months!

Brandon folded up the manuscript reverentially, and put it into his pocket. He then went back into the cabin. Taking the bony skeleton hand he exclaimed, in a solemn voice, "In the name of God, if I am saved, I swear to do your bidding!"

He next proceeded to perform the last offices to the remains of Colonel Despard. On removing the sand something bright struck his eye. It was a gold locket. As he tried to open it the rusty hinge broke, and the cover came off.

It was a painting on enamel, which was as bright as when made—the portrait of a beautiful woman, with pensive eyes, and delicate, intellectual expression; and appeared as though it might have been worn around the Colonel's neck. Brandon sighed, then putting this in his pocket with the manuscript he proceeded to his task. In an hour the remains were buried in the grave on Coffin Island.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SIGNAL OF FIRE.

THE wreck broke in upon the monotony of Brandon's island life and changed the current of his thoughts. The revelations contained in Despard's manuscript came with perfect novelty to his mind. Potts, his enemy, now stood before him in darker colors, the foulest of miscreants, one who had descended to an association with Thuggee, one who bore on his arm the dread mark of Bowhani. Against such an enemy as this he would have to be wary. If this enemy suspected his existence could he not readily find means to effect his destruction forever? Who could tell what mysterious allies this man might have? Cigole had tracked and followed him with the patience and vindictiveness of a blood-hound. There might be many such as he. He saw plainly that if he ever escaped his first and highest necessity would be to work in secret, to conceal his true name, and to let it be supposed that Louis Brandon had been drowned, while another name would enable him to do what he wished.

The message of Despard was now a sacred legacy to himself. The duty which the murdered man had imposed upon his father must now be inherited by him. Even this could scarcely add to the obligations to vengeance under which he already lay; yet it freshened his passion and quickened his resolve.

The brig was a novelty to him here, and as day succeeded to day he found occupation in searching her. During the hotter part of the day he busied himself in shoveling out the sand from the cavern with a board. In the cool of the morning or evening he worked at the hatchway. Here he soon reached the cargo.

This cargo consisted of staves and short boards. All were blackened, and showed traces of fire. The fire seemed to have burned down to a depth of four feet, and two or three feet under the sides; then the water coming in had quenched it.

He drew out hundreds of these staves and boards, which were packed in bundles, six boards being nailed together as box-shooks, and thirty or forty staves. These he threw out upon the deck and on the sand. What remained he drew about and scattered loosely in the hold of the vessel. He did this with a purpose, for he looked forward to the time when some ship might pass, and it would then be necessary to attract her attention. There was no way of doing so. He had no pole, and if he had it might not be noticed. A fire would be the surest way of drawing attention, and all this wood gave him the means of building one. He scattered it about on the sand, so that it might dry in the hot sun.

Yet it was also necessary to have some sort of a signal to elevate in case of need. He had nothing but a knife to work with; yet patient effort will do much, and after about a week he had cut away the rail that ran along the quarter-deck, which gave him a pole some twenty feet in length. The nails that fastened the boards were all rusted so that they could not be used in attaching any thing to this. He decided when the time came to tie his coat to it, and use that as a flag. It certainly ought to be able to attract attention.

Occupied with such plans and labors and purposes as these, the days passed quickly for two weeks. By that time the fierce rays of the sun had dried every board and stave so that it became like tinder. The ship itself felt the heat; the seams gaped more widely, the boards warped and fell away from their rusty nails, the timbers were exposed all over it, and the hot, dry wind penetrated every cranny. The interior of the hold and the cabin became free from damp, and hot and dry.

Then Brandon flung back many of the boards and staves loosely; and after enough had been thrown there he worked laboriously for days cutting up large numbers of the boards into fine splints, until at last a huge pile of these shavings were accumulated. With these and his pistol he would be able to obtain light and fire in the time of need.

The post which he had cut off was then sharpened at one end, so that he could fix it in the sand when the time came, should it ever come. Here, then, these preparations were completed.

After all his labor in the cabin nothing was found. The bedding, the mattresses, the chests, the nautical instruments had all been ruined. The tables and chairs fell to pieces when the sand was removed; the doors and wood-work sank away; the cabin when cleared remained a wreck.

The weather continued hot and dry. At night Brandon flung himself down wherever he happened to be, either at the brig or at the rock. Every day he had to go to the rock for water, and also to look out toward the sea from that side. At first, while intent upon his work at the ship, the sight of the barren horizon every day did not materially affect him; he rose superior to despondency and cheered himself with his task. But at length, at the end of about three weeks, all this work was done and nothing more remained. His only idea was to labor to effect his escape, and not to insure his comfort during his stay.

Now as day succeeded to day all his old gloom returned. The excitement of the last few weeks had acted favorably upon his bodily health, but when this was removed he began to feel more than his old weakness. Such diet as his might sustain nature, but it could not preserve health. He grew at length to loathe the food which he had to take, and it was only by a stern resolve that he forced himself to swallow it.

At length a new evil was superadded to those which had already afflicted him. During the first part of his stay the hollow or pool of water on the rock had always been kept filled by the frequent rains. But now for three weeks, in fact ever since the uncovering of the *Vishnu*, not a single drop of rain had fallen. The sun shone with intense heat, and the evaporation was great. The wind at first tempered this heat somewhat, but at last this ceased to blow by day, and often for hours there was a dead calm, in which the water of the sea lay unruffled and all the air was motionless.

If there could only have been something which he could stretch over that precious pool of water he might then have arrested its flight. But he had nothing, and could contrive nothing. Every day saw a perceptible decrease in its volume, and at last it went down so low that he thought he could count the number of days that were left him to live. But his despair could not stay the operation of the laws of nature, and he watched the decrease of that water as one watches the failing breath of a dying child.

Many weeks passed, and the water of the pool still diminished. At last it had sunk so low that Brandon could not hope to live more than another week unless rain came, and that now he could scarcely expect. The look-out became more hopeless, and at length his thoughts, instead of turning toward escape, were occupied with deliberating whether he would probably die of starvation or simple physical exhaustion. He began to enter into that state of mind which he had read in Despard's MSS., in which life ceases to be a matter of desire, and the only wish left is to die as quickly and as painlessly as possible.

At length one day as his eyes swept the waters mechanically out of pure habit, and not expecting any thing, he saw far away to the northeast something which looked like a sail. He watched it for an hour before he fairly decided that it was not some mocking cloud. But at the end of that time it had grown larger, and had assumed a form which no cloud could keep so long.

Now his heart beat fast, and all the old longing for escape, and the old love of life returned with fresh vehemence. This new emotion overpowered him, and he did not try to struggle with it.

Now had come the day and the hour when all life was in suspense. This was his first hope, and he felt that it must be his last. Experience had shown that the island must lie outside the common track of vessels, and, in the ordinary course of things, if this passed by he could not hope to see another.

Now he had to decide how to attract her notice. She was still far away, yet she was evidently drawing nearer. The rock was higher than the mound and more conspicuous. He determined to carry his signal there, and erect it somewhere on that place. So he took up the heavy staff, and bore it laboriously over the sand till he reached the rock.

By the time that he arrived there the vessel had come nearer. Her topsails were visible above the horizon. Her progress was very slow, for there was only very little wind. Her studding-sails were all set to catch the breeze, and her course was such that she came gradually nearer. Whether she would come near enough to see the island was another question. Yet if they thought of keeping a look-out, if the men in the tops had glasses, this rock and the signal could easily be seen. He feared, however, that this would not be thought of. The existence of Coffin Island was

not generally known, and if they supposed that there was only open water here they would not be on the look-out at all.

Nevertheless Brandon erected his signal, and as there was no place on the solid rock where he could insert it he held it up in his own hands. Hours passed. The ship had come very much nearer, but her hull was not yet visible. Still he stood there under the burning sun, holding aloft his signal. Fearing that it might not be sufficiently conspicuous he fastened his coat to the top, and then waved it slowly backward and forward.

The ship moved more slowly than ever; but still it was coming nearer; for after some time, which seemed to that lonely watcher like entire days, her hull became visible, and her course still lay nearer.

Now Brandon felt that he must be noticed. He waved his signal incessantly. He even leaped in the air, so that he might be seen. He thought that the rock would surely be perceived from the ship, and if they looked at that they would see the figure upon it.

Then despondency came over him. The hull of the ship was visible, but it was only the uppermost line of the hull. He was standing on the very top of the rock, on its highest point. From the deck they could not see the rock itself. He stooped down, and perceived that the hull of the ship sank out of sight. Then he knew that the rock would not be visible to them at all. Only the upper half of his body could by any possibility be visible, and he knew enough of the sea to understand that this would have the dark sea for a back-ground to observers in the ship, and therefore could not be seen.

Still he would not yield to the dejection that was rapidly coming over him, and deepening into despair every minute. Never before had he so clung to hope—never before had his soul been more indomitable in its resolution, more vigorous in its strong self-assertion.

He stood there still waving his staff as though his life now depended upon that dumb yet eloquent signal—as though, like Moses, as long as his arms were erect, so long would he be able to triumph over the assault of despair. Hours passed. Still no notice was taken of him. Still the ship held on her course slowly, yet steadily, and no change of direction, no movement of any kind whatever, showed that he had been seen. What troubled him now was the idea that the ship did not come any nearer. This at first he refused to believe, but at last he saw it beyond doubt, for at length the hull was no longer visible above the horizon.

The ship was now due north from the rock, sailing on a line directly parallel with the island. It came no nearer. It was only passing by it. And now Brandon saw that his last hope of attracting attention by the signal was gone. The ship was moving onward to the west, and every minute would make it less likely that those on board could see the rock.

During the hours in which he had watched the ship he had been busy conjecturing what she might be, and from what port she might have come. The direction indicated China almost undoubtedly. He depicted in his mind a large, commodious, and swift ship, with many passengers on their way back to England. He imagined pleasant society, and general intercourse. His fancy created a thousand scenes of delightful association with "the kindly race of men." All earthly happiness seemed to him at that time to find its centre on board that ship which passed before his eyes.

The seas were bright and sparkling, the skies calm and deeply blue, the winds breathed softly, the white swelling sails puffed out like clouds against the blue sky beyond. That ship seemed to the lonely watcher like Heaven itself. Oh! to pass beyond the limits of this narrow sandy waste! to cross the waters and enter there! Oh! to reach that ship which moved on so majestically, to enter there and be at rest!

It was not given him to enter there. Brandon soon saw this. The ship moved farther away. Already the sun was sinking, and the sudden night of the tropics was coming swiftly on. There was no longer any hope.

He flung the staff down till it broke asunder on the hard rock, and stood for a few moments looking out at sea in mute despair.

Yet could he have known what was shortly to be the fate of that ship—shortly, only in a few days—he would not have despaired, he would have rejoiced, since if death were to be his lot it were better to die where he was than to be rescued and gain the sweet hope of life afresh, and then have that hope extinguished in blood.

But Brandon did not remain long in idleness. There was yet one resource—one which he had already thought of through that long day, but hesitated to try, since he would have to forsake his signal-station; and to remain there with his staff seemed to him then the only purpose of his life. Now since the signal-staff had failed, he had broken it, as some magician might break the wand which had failed to work its appropriate spell, and other things were before him. He took his coat and descended from the rock to make a last effort for life. He walked back through the gathering gloom toward the wreck. He did not run, nor did he in any way exhibit any excitement whatever. He walked with a firm step over the sand, neither hastening on nor lagging back, but advancing calmly.

Before he had gone half-way it was dark. The sun had gone down in a sea of fire, and the western sky, after flaming for a time, had sunk into darkness. There was no moon. The stars shone dimly from behind a kind of haze that overspread the sky. The wind came up more freshly from the east, and Brandon knew that this wind would carry the ship which he wished to attract further and further away. That ship had now died out in the dark of the ebon sea; the chances that he could catch its notice were all against him, yet he never faltered.

He had come to a fixed resolution, which was at all hazards to kindle his signal-fire, whatever the chances against him might be. He thought that the flames flaring up would of necessity attract attention, and that the vessel might turn, or lie-to, and try to discover what this might be. If this last hope failed, he was ready to die. Death had now become to him rather a thing to be desired than avoided. For he knew that it was only a change of life; and how much better would life be in a spiritual world than life on this lonely isle.

This decision to die took away despair. Despair is only possible to those who value this earthly life exclusively. To the soul that looks forward to endless life despair can never come.

It was with this solemn purpose that Brandon went to the wreck, seeking by a last chance after life, yet now prepared to relinquish it. He had struggled for life all these weeks; he had fought and wrestled for life with unutterable spiritual agony, all day long, on the summit of that rock, and now the bitterness of death was past.

An hour and a half was occupied in the walk over the sand to the wreck. Fresh waves of dark had come over all things, and now, though there were no clouds, yet the gloom was intense, and faint points of light in the sky above showed where the stars might be. Where now was the ship for which Brandon sought? He cared not. He was going to kindle his signal-fire. The wind was blowing freshly by the time that he reached the place. Such a wind had not blown for weeks. It would take the ship away farther. What mattered it? He would seize his last chance, if it were only to put that last chance away forever, and thus make an end of suspense.

All his preparations had long since been made; the dry wood lay loosely thrown about the hold; the pile of shavings and fine thread-like splinters was there awaiting him. He had only to apply the fire.

He took his linen handkerchief and tore it up into fine threads, these he tore apart again and rubbed in his hand till they were almost as loose as lint. He then took these loose fibres, and descending into the hold, put them underneath the pile which he had prepared. Then he took his pistol, and holding it close to the lint fired it.

The explosion rang out with startling force in the narrow hull of the ship, the lint received the fire and glowed with the sparks into spots of red heat. Brandon blew with his breath, and the wind streaming down lent its assistance.

In a few moments the work was done.

It blazed!

But scarcely had the first flame appeared than a puff of wind came down and extinguished it. The sparks, however, were there yet. It was as though the fickle wind were tantalizing him—at one time helping, at another baffling him. Once more Brandon blew. Once more the blaze arose. Brandon flung his coat skirts in front of it till it might gather strength. The blaze ran rapidly through the fine splints, it extended itself toward the shavings, it threw its arms upward to the larger sticks.

The dry wood kindled. A million sparks flew out as it cracked under the assault of the devouring fire. The flame spread itself out to a larger volume; it widened, expanded, and clasped the kindling all around in its fervid embrace. The flame had been baffled at first; but now, as if to assert its own supremacy, it rushed out in all directions, with something that seemed almost like exultation. That flame had once been conquered by the waters in this very ship. The wood had saved the ship from the waters. It was as though the WOOD had once invited the FIRE to union, but the WATER had stepped in and prevented the union by force; as though the WOOD, resenting the interference, had baffled the assaults of the WATER, and saved itself intact through the long years for the embrace of its first love.

Now the FIRE sought the WOOD once more after so many years, and in ardor unspeakable embraced its bride.

Such fantastic notions passed through Brandon's fancy as he looked at the triumph of the flame. But he could not stay there long, and as he had not made up his mind to give himself to the flames he clambered up quickly out of the hatchway and stood upon the sand without.

The smoke was pouring through the hatchway, the black voluminous folds being rendered visible by the glow of the flames beneath, which now had gained the ascendency, and set all the winds at defiance. Indeed it was so now that whatever wind came only assisted the flames, and Brandon, as he looked on, amused himself with the thought that the wind was like the world of man, which, when any one is first struggling, has a tendency to crush him, but when he has once gained a foothold exerts all its efforts to help him along. In this mood, half cynical, half imaginative, he watched the progress of the flames.

Soon all the fine kindling had crumbled away at the touch of the fire, and communicating its own heat to the wood around, it sank down, a glowing mass, the foundation of the rising fires.

Here, from this central heart of fire, the flames rushed on upon the wood which lay loosely on all sides, filling the hull. Through that wood the dry hot wind had streamed for many weeks, till every stave and every board had become dry to its utmost possibility. Now at the first breath of the flame the wood yielded; at the first touch it flared up, and prepared to receive the embrace of the fire in every fibre of its being.

The flame rolled on. It threw its long arms through the million interstices of the loose piles of wood, it penetrated every where with its subtle, far-reaching power, till within the ship the glow broadened and widened, the central heart of fire enlarged its borders, and the floods of flame that flowed from it rushed with consuming fury through the whole body of the ship.

Glowing with bright lustre, increasing in that brightness every moment, leaping up as it consumed and flashing vividly as it leaped up. A thousand tongues of flame streamed upward through the crannies of the gaping deck, and between the wide orifices of the planks and timbers the dazzling flames gleamed; a thousand resistless arms seemed extended forward to grasp the fabric now completely at its mercy, and the hot breath of the fire shriveled up all in its path before yet its hands were laid upon it.

And fast and furious, with eager advance, the flames rushed on devouring every thing. Through the hatchway, around which the fiercest fires gathered, the stream of flame rose impetuously on high, in a straight upward torrent, hurling up a vast pyramid of fire to the ebon skies, a φλογὸς μέγαν πώγωνα which, like that which once illumed the Slavonic strait with the signal-fire first caught from burning Troy, here threw its radiance far over the deep.

While the lighter wood lasted the flame was in the ascendant, and nobly it did its work. Whatever could be done by bright radiance and far-penetrating lustre was done here. If that ship which had passed held any men on board capable of feeling a human interest in the visible signs of calamity at sea, they would be able to read in this flame that there was disaster somewhere upon these waters, and if they had human hearts they would turn to see if there was not some suffering which they might relieve.

But the lighter and the dryer wood was at last consumed, and now there remained that which Brandon had never touched, the dense masses which still lay piled where they had been placed eighteen years before. Upon these the fire now marched. But already the long days and weeks of scorching sun and fierce wind had not been without their effects, and the dampness had been subdued. Besides, the fire that advanced upon them had already gained immense advantage; for one half of the brig was one glowing mass of heat, which sent forth its consuming forces, and withered up, and blighted, and annihilated all around. The close-bound and close-packed masses of staves and boards received the resistless embrace of the fire, and where they did not flame they still gave forth none the less a blazeless glow.

Now from the burning vessel the flame arose no more; but in its place there appeared that which sent forth as vivid a gleam, and as far-flashing a light. The fire had full sway, though it gave forth no blaze, and, while it gleamed but little, still it devoured. From the sides of the ship the planks, blasted by the intense heat and by the outburst of the flames, had sprung away, and now for nearly all the length of the vessel the timbers were exposed without any covering. Between these flashed forth the gleam of the fire inside, which now in one pure mass glowed with dazzling brightness and intense heat.

But the wood inside, damp as it was, and solid in its fibre, did not allow a very swift progress to the fire. It burned, but it burned slowly. It glowed like the charcoal of a furnace from behind its wooden bars.

The massive timbers of mahogany wood yielded slowly and stubbornly to the conflagration. They stood up like iron bars long after all the interior was one glowing mass. But, though they yielded slowly, still they had to yield with the passage of hours to the progress of the fire. And so it came to pass that at length the strong sides, sapped by the steady and resistless assault, surrendered. One by one the stout timbers, now wasted and weakened, gave way and sank down into the fervid mass beneath. At last the whole centre was one accumulation of glowing ashes, and all that remained were the bow, covered with sand, and the stern, with the quarter-deck.

The fire spread in both directions. The stern yielded first.—Here the strong deck sustained for a time the onset of the fire that had consumed every thing beneath, but at last it sunk in; the timbers of the sides followed next, and all had gone. With the bow there was a longer and a harder struggle. The fire had penetrated far into that part of the vessel; the flames smouldered there, but the conflagration went on, and smoke and blue flames issued from every part of that sandy mound, which, fiercely assailed by the heat, gave way in every direction, broke into a million crevices, and in places melted and ran together in a glowing molten heap. Here the fires burned longest, and here they lived and gleamed until morning.

Long before morning Brandon had fallen asleep. He had stood first near the burning wreck. Then the heat forced him to move away, and he had gone to a ridge of sand, where this peninsula joined the island.—There he sat down, watching the conflagration for a long time. There the light flashed, and if that ship for whom he was signaling had noticed this sign, and had examined the island, his figure could be seen to any one that chose to examine.

But hours passed on. He strained his eyes through the gloom in the direction in which the ship had vanished to see if there were any sign there. None appeared. The progress of the fire was slow. It went on burning and glowing with wonderful energy all through the night, till at last, not long before dawn, the stern fell in, and nothing now was left but the sand-mound that covered the bows, which, burning beneath, gave forth smoke and fire.

Then, exhausted by fatigue, he sank down on the sand and fell into a sound sleep.

In the midst of thronging dreams, from the depths of that imaginary land where his weary spirit wandered in sleep, he was suddenly roused. A hand was laid on his shoulder, which shook him roughly, and a hoarse voice shouted in his ear, "Mess-mate! Halloo, mess-mate! Wake up!"

Brandon started up and gazed with wild, astonished eyes around. It was day. The sun was two or three hours above the horizon. He was surrounded by half a dozen seamen, who were regarding him with wondering but kindly faces. The one who spoke appeared to be their leader. He held a spy-glass in his hand. He was a sturdy, thick-set man of about fifty, whose grizzled hair, weather-beaten face, groggy nose, and whiskers, coming all round under his chin, gave him the air of old Benbow as he appears on the stage—"a reg'lar old salt," "sea-dog," or whatever other name the popular taste loves to apply to the British tar.

"Hard luck here, mess-mate," said this man, with a smile. "But you're all right now. Come! Cheer up! Won't you take a drink?" And he held out a brandy-flask.

Brandon rose mechanically in a kind of maze, not yet understanding his good fortune, not yet knowing whether he was alive or dead. He took the flask and raised it to his lips. The inspiriting draught gave him new life. He looked earnestly at the Captain as he handed it back, and then seized both his hands.

"God Almighty bless you for this, noble friend, whoever you are! But how and when did you get here? Who are you? Did you not see my signal on the rock yesterday—?"

"One question at a time, mess-mate," said the other, laughingly. "I'm Captain Corbet, of the ship *Falcon*, bound from Sydney to London, and these are some of my men. We saw this light last night about midnight, right on our weather-bow, and came up to see what it was. We found shoal water, and kept off till morning. There's the *Falcon*, Sir."

The Captain waved his hand proudly to where a large, handsome ship lay, about seven miles away to the south.

"On your bow? Did you see the fire *ahead* of you?" asked Brandon, who now began to comprehend the situation.

"Yes."

"Then you didn't pass me toward the north yesterday?"

"No; never was near this place before this morning."

"It must have been some other ship, then," said Brandon, musingly.

"But how did you get here, and how long have you been here?"

Brandon had long since decided on the part he was to play. His story was all ready.

"My name is Edward Wheeler. I came out supercargo in the brig *Argo*, with a cargo of hogshead staves and box shooks from London to Manilla. On the 16th of September last we encountered a tremendous storm and struck on this sand-bank. It is not down on any of the

"STILL HE STOOD THERE, HOLDING ALOFT HIS SIGNAL."

charts. The vessel stuck hard and fast, and the sea made a clean breach over us. The captain and crew put out the boat, and tried to get away, but were swamped and drowned. I staid by the wreck till morning. The vessel stood the storm well, for she had a solid cargo, was strongly built, and the sand formed rapidly all about her. The storm lasted for several days, and by the end of that time a shoal had formed. Several storms have occurred since, and have heaped the sand all over her. I have lived here ever since in great misery. Yesterday a vessel passed, and I put up a signal on the rock over there, which she did not notice. In despair I set fire to the brig, which was loaded with wood and burned easily. I watched till morning, and then fell asleep. You found me so. That's all I have to say."

On hearing this story nothing could exceed the kindness and sympathy of these honest-hearted seamen. The Captain insisted on his taking another drink, apologized for having to carry him back to England, and finally hurried him off to the boat. Before two hours Brandon stood on the deck of the *Falcon*.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE LITTLE SICK KITTEN.

"AUNTIE, will you tell me about your little white kitty that was sick?"

And little Alice climbed into Aunt Mary's lap, and rested her head wearily on her shoulder.

"Don't you feel very well, dear?"

"No, I don't feel very well; but will you tell me about your little sick kitty?"

"Yes, I will. When Auntie was a little girl she had two beautiful little white kittens. They were just alike. They had soft white fur, and long curling tails. They were all white except their paws, which were black, just like Alice's slipper."

"Like my slipper!" repeated Alice, putting out one little foot, and looking at it carefully, to see if it was like a kitten's paw.

"Yes, *black*, like your slipper. My white kittens had nice times playing together. They would frolic on the floor, and run around after their own tails trying to catch them."

Alice laughed. "Could they catch them?"

"Sometimes they could. They had some blue ribbon tied around their necks, and they were very pretty."

"*I* want a little white kitten with a blue ribbon around her neck, Auntie?"

"I wish I had one to give you," said Aunt Mary. "Perhaps you will have one sometime as pretty as mine. But one day one of my white kittens was sick. She did not play, but said '*Mew*,' '*Mew*,' very piteously. I asked Grandmamma what I could do to make her well again, and she told me to give her some catnip tea, as a medicine. So I went up stairs and found some catnip in a paper. I brought some of it down, and put it into a tin dish, and poured some hot water on it, and set it on the stove. When it was done, I poured it into a saucer, and put some milk with it. Then I put the saucer on the floor, and called 'Kitty, kitty!' And my little white kitty came walking slowly along. She was too sick to run. Then I said to her, 'Poor kitty, here is some medicine for you.' And she put her tongue into the saucer and lapped the medicine all up."

"*I* can take medicine," said Alice.

"Yes, you always take medicine very nicely. So did kitty. Then I took kitty carefully in my arms and carried her into the shed where her bed was. Her bed was a basket, with a soft piece of carpet in the bottom of it. I put her into the basket, and she shut up her eyes and curled up her tail, and went to sleep. Early the next morning I went to see kitty. She was just waking up. I stroked her soft fur, so."

Aunt Mary stroked Alice's little fat arm, to show her how she stroked kitty's back.

"And she began to say '*Purr, purr, purr*;' then I knew she was better."

"*All* better?" asked Alice.

"No, not '*all* better,' but a little better. I thought she must take some more medicine to get 'all better.'"

"Some *catmint tea*?" said Alice.

"Some *catnip* tea. So I made her some more catnip tea, and put some milk with it, and poured it into a saucer for her. Then I called 'Kitty! kitty!' and she came and lapped it all up. In a little while my sick kitty was quite well, and could frolic about as gayly as ever."

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1868.

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PEASANTS OF SABLES D'OLONNE, VENDÉE.

ALSATIANS FROM THE SUBURBS OF STRASBOURG, RHENISH FRANCE.

NATIONAL COSTUMES AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

ONE of the most interesting sights in the great Paris Exposition, soon to close, is the different sections appropriated to the various nations, wherein are found not only the products of these countries but also the people in their national costumes. The picturesque and unique effect produced by these varied styles of dress thus brought into juxtaposition is described by visitors as striking in the extreme. Here are found grouped the Chinaman, the Japanese, the Arab, the Persian, the Nubian, the Turk, the Siberian, the Russian, and all the peoples of both continents, in short, who are gathered together for the space of a few months, then again to be dispersed over the surface of the globe. The confusion of tongues must equal the confusion of dress, and make the place seem a real Tower of Babel.

We give illustrations of some of these costume-figures, showing the people of the Lower Loire, the country round Strasbourg, and the villages of Mecklenburg, in their home dress. The first of these are among the most singular specimens of costume now remaining among the peasantry of Europe. This is the jaunty dress of the peasants of Sables d'Olonne, the ancient Arenæ Aulonenses, in the Vendée. Sables d'Olonne is a sea-port town on the Bay of Biscay, which stands partly on a sandy peninsula almost separated from the sea, and partly on an elevated rock, and consists of three or four long streets, with a port for vessels of moderate size. The dress of its peasants is a kind of cross between that of the Breton peasants and the Spanish peasantry. A marked contrast is presented by the sedate yet quaint Alsace dress of the dwellers in the suburbs of Strasbourg, in Rhenish France, that debatable land, half French and half German, which France has always claimed and so often lost and won. Close by is the clean-shaved Mecklenburg peasant, in his smart postillion dress, which the pretty and piquant-looking girl by his side, in her holiday costume, evidently considers becoming.

PEASANTS OF MECKLENBURG, NORTH GERMANY.

NATIONAL COSTUMES AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 5.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

CROCHET LAMBALLE FANCHON.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Fig. 15.

Knitted Hood.

Material, 4½ oz. white single zephyr, 3 oz. red double zephyr, a small quantity of black double zephyr, and two fine wooden needles.

This hood is made of white single zephyr, knitted backward and forward on the right side. The trimming consists of a knitted stripe of red double zephyr, with points of white single zephyr crocheted along the edge. Fig. 28 gives the pattern of one-half of the hood, which must be closely followed. Begin the back of the hood with a chain of 32 stitches, and knit according to the pattern in the manner above described. The necessary widening and narrowing is done at the outer edge. For the trimming, which is knit crosswise, make a chain of 4 stitches with the red zephyr, and proceed as follows:

1st row, ∗. Drop the next stitch from the needle, knit the following on the right side, then take up the stitch before dropped and knit on the right side also, making the two cross each other on the right side of the hood. Repeat from ∗ to end. 2d row. Cast off ∗, slip, and purl 1, thus making the two last cross on the right side. Repeat from ∗ to the end, purling the last stitch. Repeat these two rows till the border has attained the requisite length. Then crochet with white zephyr 1 single crochet in each loop along the whole edge of the strip lengthwise; in the following row, crochet 1 single crochet in every single crochet, with 10 chain stitches between, which must be quite loose. Knit every three of these chain stitches together with a single stitch of black worsted, to form the points, and set the lace on the edge of the hood, as seen in the illustration, holding the latter somewhat full from the middle of the front on both sides to ∗. Run a white worsted cord along the dotted line so that the ends may meet in the middle behind, and finish them with red tassels, having first arranged the cord in four loops on each side, which are combined with four loops of black velvet sewn on the hood. Two buttons and a loop of white worsted fasten the hood under the chin.

KNITTED FANCHON.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 27.

CROCHET BASCHLIK WORN AS A HOOD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 16a b.

CROCHET BASCHLIK WORN AS A SHAWL.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 16a b.

KNITTED HOOD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 28.

GONE.

LITTLE Mamie, fresh and fair,
Laughing eyes and curly hair,
How I loved you, darling sweet!
And the patter of your feet
Through the entry up the stairs,
Bringing smiles, beguiling cares;
Ever ready for some play
From the dawn till close of day:
Lovely, beaming, childish face,
Shining with a nameless grace!

Little Mamie, cold and pale,
Shadowed with the mystic veil,
On her brow and lip and hand
The signet of the Better Land.
Who would wake the pulse's beat,
Call the life to those still feet?
Know ye not those curls at rest
Are pillowed on an angel's breast?
That the still and marble face
Is shining with a fadeless grace?

So we reason, thus we speak,
But we can not dry our cheek;
We shall miss her till the day
God doth wipe all tears away.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1867.

☞ *Ladies in the Country will be supplied gratuitously through the mails with the* FIRST SIX NUMBERS OF HARPER'S BAZAR *upon written application to the Publishers.*

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MANNERS OF OUR CHILDREN.

YOUNG AMERICA, thanks to our excellent elementary schools, our broad parks with skating-ponds and ball-fields, and every possible provision by church and family for religious training, promises to be as robust, *smart*, and good a child, perhaps, as any *paterfamilias* could desire. His manners, however, though we are loth to confess it, require a great deal of mending.

American children have a pertness, which, with proud papa and fond mamma, passes doubtless for proof of cleverness, but which, to those influenced either by maternal or paternal interests, appears simply an evidence of ill-breeding. The cause of this unseemly behavior of our little ones is apparent. They *come out* too soon. They have hardly cut their incisor teeth before they are introduced into society. We are not for keeping Master Augustus forever in the nursery, with a bib and tucker under his dimpled chin, and a dash of pap in his pretty mouth. Far from it: we like to see him occasionally in the drawing-room. It is better for him and his parents, too, that they should be often together, for they have much to learn from each other. He, however, for his own good, and for the comfort of others, should be kept more than he is from general society. He is now not only brought down to "see company," however indiscriminate it may be, in the paternal house, but is allowed to have the run, and take his seat at the miscellaneous table of the hotel. Here his manners and digestion are both spoiled. A youngster the other day, whose stretched toes barely reached the topmost round of the chair, was closing a frightfully voracious hotel dinner with a mixture of lobster-salad and custard-pie, when a patriarchal old gentleman, who sat opposite to him, ventured to suggest that that choleraic compound might possibly disagree with him. "I don't see it," answered the precocious darling.

Complaints are constantly heard, not merely from crusty old bachelors, but from good-natured people whose parental instincts are in full bloom, of the intrusiveness and insubordination of our children, who are allowed to have their say and a free run, and give full vent to their cubbish boisterousness on all occasions. Thus in every public place, whether in car, steamboat, or hotel, we are liable to have our conversation interrupted, our legs tripped up, or our quietude disturbed by our untamed juveniles. We are so fond of our "little dears" that we pray their parents not to allow them, as is too often the case, to be turned into gigantic nuisances.

It would be well if our little children were to catch a grace from the Lilliputian gentlemen and ladies of courtly France. It is astonishing how well-mannered these little *Monsieurs* and *Mademoiselles* are, whether in company of those of their own age or of their elders. Look at them playing together, trundling a hoop, tossing a ball, jumping a rope, or what not. They are not only as graceful in their movements, but as polite toward each other as so many courtiers and their dames dancing at the court of Louis XIV. How deferential, too, are these little beings to their elders, however inferior may be their social position! They are so to servants no less than to their parents. So thoroughly, and at so early an age, are they imbued with politeness, that it appears almost innate, and shows itself even in their moments of ill-humor. The emphatic Anglo-Saxon "*I sha'n't*," "*I won't*," and "*I can't*," are translated by no stronger phrases of Gallic childhood in passion than "*Excusez-moi, s'il vous plait*," "*C'est impossible.*" "If you please," and "I thank you," so seldom uttered by Young America, are always offered by the courtly little ones of France for any service asked or received.

The French child is much indebted to his nurse for his graceful behavior. She has not only the good-manners of her race, but, being brought into more intimate relations in France with her mistress than is the custom with us, she receives a reflected refinement from her superior polish. Most American children are in this respect at a great disadvantage, as those to whom is confided their first training are apt to be the rudest kind of she-bears, either from the bogs of Tipperary or the jungles of the Black Forest. American mothers, though it must be confessed that the task would be hard, should strive to polish their servants somewhat if they wish to improve the manners of their children. Much could be done by lessening the prevailing reserve between mistress and maid, and thus bringing the latter, by more intimate daily association, under the influence of the better manners of the former.

This is not only a question of how to make a bow or a courtesy. It is of much higher importance. The docility of a child depends greatly upon its manners. When these are endowed with an early yielding grace, more than half the difficulty of education is overcome.

AIR AND EXERCISE FOR LADIES.

PURE air is as potent as wine. Possessing none of the injurious qualities of the latter, it gives elasticity to the frame, imparts a ruddy glow to the cheeks, and drives the sluggish blood even to the finger-tips. The idea that air is detrimental to the complexion is an erroneous one, for the very habit of inhaling it reddens the blood, and renders the complexion clear. The redder the blood the more cheerful the disposition; while, on the contrary, the darker the blood the more melancholy the sensations. Late dinners and late hours should be looked upon as a pestilence, and avoided with horror. An ill-spent youth generally ends in a regretful old age; and this is brought about by a non-attendance to the common duties of health.

There is an ancient rule of health which reads as follows:

"Rise early, and take exercise in plenty,
But always take it with your stomach empty."

Exercise in the open air is indispensable. Hence a woman who does not work to maintain her family must work to maintain her life. She should employ her limbs as well as her mind, for without exercise the body becomes enfeebled. It is recorded that in the reign of Henry III. of England, Lady Joan Berkeley "in her elder years used to saw billets and sticks in her chamber for a part of physic, for which purpose she bought certain fine hand-saws"—a custom which might be adopted with beneficent results by the ladies of the present day. It is a well-known fact that idle persons are always unhappy, for mental vigor can not be preserved without bodily exercise.

To ride a horse well should be an essential point in a lady's education. In all countries but our own horsemanship has been brought to a high state of perfection. In England, especially, the ladies are fearless riders. It is stated that, on May 3, 1758, a wager was laid at Newmarket by a young lady that she would ride 1000 miles in 1000 hours, which she accomplished in a little more than a third of the time. Horsemanship is a combination of amusement and exercise, for while it cheers the spirits it adds muscular power to the frame. In no city are better opportunities offered for the pursuit of this noble art than in our own. The bridle-paths of Central Park are famed for their romantic loveliness. There birds sing merrily in the trees, and the breeze is redolent with the perfume of flowers. There the eye dwells on a constant change of scene, and there the lungs drink in the pure air of heaven.

Health is the greatest treasure on earth, but one, at the same time, that is least valued by its owner. It is only when this jewel is lost that it is sought after with a zeal equal to its real value. Those who are unable to find it on land generally recover it in the water. Like the fish, they pine away upon shore, but renew their life in the deep. Bathing, by rejuvenating the body, clearing the skin, and allaying the nerves, contributes to health, beauty, and good-temper. Although the ladies of this nation can not bathe in the open air as they do in some countries, still an excellent substitute is afforded them by the introduction of baths in private houses. Let them remember that the famous painters and sculptors of all times have represented Venus in the act of bathing as their *beau-ideal* of womanly beauty.

The preservation of health should be one of the chief aims of life, for

"That which makes us have no need
Of physic, that's physic indeed."

Breakfast at a reasonable hour, and do not eat to satiety. Make a hearty meal at noon, and sup sparingly. Take exercise, but do not walk too long at one time. Retire early, and be up with the lark. By the adoption of these rules you will secure the best of all cosmetics, health, at a cheap rate.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to some Young Friends upon Broadway.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—If you have taken the trouble to stroll through the *Bazar*, whose pretty doors were opened to all the world only a month ago, you have possibly remarked the modest letters of your correspondent. He has been writing to several of our young friends of both sexes, upon their conduct in the cars, in hotels, and so forth, and venturing to offer a little criticism and advice which his years and experience justify. But this morning, as he was coming down Broadway, and watching the great crowd that flows and flows undiminished along that channel—undiminished, at least, during the hours when ladies are abroad—your most humble servant reflected that this famous thoroughfare is the most frequented road upon this continent, and the gay crowd—these lovely ladies in wonderful bonnets, these loitering men of every age and dress and occupation—are only travelers. Indeed it is a road upon which we all travel. And looking in at the shop-windows, and around upon our fellow-voyagers, do we not seem to pass through every zone and country? Yes, it is a road that leads around the world. The city, as Mr. C. W. Elliott said in his lecture before the Historical Society, is a perpetual fair, and every climate and country has its booth in it.

As we stroll along the road we stop at the Japanese booth, and the Chinese booth, and that of the Arctic regions. Still traveling on the same pavement, we coast along the spice islands of the tropics and the shores of Lake Superior. If we are warm, let us pause a moment here in Switzerland; if cool, let us dip into the soft air of the Gulf. Now we are in Germany; and a few paces bring us into France, and into the gay capital of the world. All this, dear friends, as we travel along Broadway, which is certainly the most thronged road and the most famous, as we were saying, upon this continent, but not very interesting nor picturesque as a road merely, or a street. It is all new. It was built yesterday. There are many huge and imposing buildings, and painfully costly, but there is not one of them which is not fatally deformed by shop-signs. It is only a prolonged marble booth. It is a street of shop-keepers.

In saying so do I sneer at my fellow-citizens? Am I a haughty aristocrat, despising honest labor? "Shop-keepers, forsooth!" I hear some one of you exclaim, "and what is his High Mightiness Our Correspondent?" A shop-keeper also, gracious Sir or Madam, precisely like your honorable selves. We are all, I hope, engaged in honestly selling our wares, whatever they may be. But your exclamation is a good illustration of our bad manners upon the road. Why are we so "touchy" that we are ashamed of our business, and resent calling things by their right names? There is my good friend the apple-woman at the corner of the Post-office. She sells you at this season sound pippins, or comely gilliflowers, or greenings, or russets, or Baldwins. You look over her stock, you make your selection, you buy; terms, cash on delivery, or approved promise to pay to-morrow. She sells her goods upon her barrel-head at the curbstone upon her own terms. My excellent friend Mr. Stewart, in his noble palaces of trade, does no more. She is a shop-keeper. So is he. So are you, perhaps. So am I, certainly. Now why do you fire up with indignation as if I had insulted somebody or something when I call Broadway a street of shop-keepers? What else is it? There is the long, sombre Metropolitan Hotel, its basement bedraggled with signs of every kind. What is it? A shop in which they sell excellent accommodations. Or the gay St. Nicholas? A shop. Or the theatres? Shops. The omnibuses? Shops. I repeat, therefore, Broadway is a street of shops, and we who travel upon it, and who have booths for trading along its sides, are shop-keepers.

I repeat, also, my young friends, that there is no harm in keeping shop, but there is great harm in being ashamed of it. And that reminds me of another point of exceedingly bad manners which I observe in many of our fellow-travelers upon this road of Broadway. It is the assumption of Mrs. O'Flaherty upon one sidewalk that she is superior to Mrs. M'Fenian upon the other, because while she sells Baldwins *and* greenings by the dozen, Mrs. M'Fenian sells Baldwins only, and singly. She is a very absurd old apple-woman, is she not, this Mrs. O'Flaherty? So she is; and now the misery and the joke is, that it is not Mrs. O'Flaherty and Mrs. M'Fenian at all, but it is you and I. What says the old Latin phrase? *De te fabula narratur.* Thou art the man! The truth is, as you know, that I am an importer and manufacturer, and you are a retail dealer. I, therefore, am of the bluest blood of the nobility, and you, poor pariah, you are a hopeless plebeian. Don't you understand what I am saying? Well, then, this is what I mean. Here is De Boots, who is some-kind of clerk, perhaps salesman with Poplin & Company, the great dry-goods house in Church Street is it, or just round the corner? And he stops at Paton's, perhaps, to buy a necessary garment, and he patronizes the clerk—the affable and gentlemanly salesman behind the counter. Why so? For the same reason precisely that Mrs. O'Flaherty looks down upon Mrs. M'Fenian. It is because De Boots sells the goods by the case, and the other salesman by the yard. It is the affair of the dozen apples and the single apple. I hope my excellent young friend will mend his manners in this respect, and will understand that he is no more respectable, no more a gentleman, of no more account whatever, because he sells cloth by the hundred yards than if he sold it by the single yard.

But he is not the only sinner of this kind. I went last evening to a delightful little party, where I had the happiness of meeting Polly Poplin, or, as she prefers to be called (and I don't wonder), Miss Mary Poplin. She is the daughter of Peter Poplin, the dry-goods merchant, of whom we were just speaking. She wears very rich and often very beautiful clothes, and she is so very handsome when she is superbly dressed that it is a pleasure to behold and admire her. But she has seriously damaged that pleasure for me, I confess, for she said to me last evening, when a modest and sweet-mannered and prettily-dressed young woman came in, "Now, Mr. Bachelor, I vow and declare! Did you ever? Why, that is Jane Crump, the daughter of our grocer! I *should* like to know what society is coming to!" And *I* should like to know what Polly Poplin's uncle is. He is a grocer: what they call a provision merchant. Polly's uncle sells mackerel by the half-barrel, and Jane Crump's father sells them singly. So Jane's father's daughter is not good enough company for Polly's uncle's niece. Thus Mrs. Polly O'Flaherty upon one sidewalk sniffs at Mrs. Jane M'Fenian upon the other. My dearest Polly, I have seen the day when the leader of fashionable society was the daughter of a shoemaker. Yes, I assure you, and foreign princes chose her daughter for a partner in the dance. Why shouldn't she be the daughter of a shoemaker? There is no more useful calling. It is almost as useful a business as gambling in the Gold Room. You, Miss Polly, would have given your opal ring to have been the bosom friend of the shoemaker's grand-daughter. But you find the grocer's daughter quite intolerable to your ladyship's gentility. If your grandmother, the mother of the grocer, were living, she would say to you, "Polly Poplin, don't be a fool." And I say, Amen!

Again, dear young friends, as you travel along the famous road of Broadway, whether it be the New York Broadway or any other, try to show your good-manners in your attire. I don't mean that you are always to cloud yourself with dull, cold, gray colors and neutral tints. In a world of asters, and roses, and golden-rods, and carnations, and laburnums, and dahlias; in a world of green leaves, and crimson, and yellow; of blue sky, and sunshine, and stars, and a sparkling ocean, don't be afraid of bright and beautiful colors, nor of taste and grace in form and material. Neither offend by despising the fashion, and lagging behind it, and protesting against it. You might as well protest against the changing seasons or the moulting of the birds. You will only make yourselves grotesque and ludicrous; and your very refusal to conform will only be a glaring and perpetual advertisement of the importance you ascribe to dress. But be sensible and moderate—never out of the fashion, never too much in it. There are young Broadway travelers of the male sex who seem to be merely the handiwork of barbers and tailors. They are as much walking advertisements as the old men who carry placards of corn-plasters and other useful commodities. And there are travelers of the female sex who are equally mere advertisements of the dress-makers. If your fellow-travelers upon Broadway turn and stare at your dress, reform it. It is conspicuous either by too great richness or the reverse. Follow in dress the rule of pronunciation, which is the best usage.

As for smoking in the street—smoking in Broadway—it is the very height of bad-manners upon the road. It is offensive to every lady to receive a whiff of smoke from your mouth. It prejudices against you those whose opinion is most agreeable and useful to you. It shows that a delightful recreation has become a despotic habit, and that you are the slave of the pipe or the cigar instead of its master. Indeed, smoking upon the street has, upon this busy road of Broadway at least, an indescribable appearance of "loaferishness" and rowdyism. Mose may smoke of course, and so may you, if you wish to be mistaken for him.

Good-by, dear friends, and, as we journey together around the world down Broadway, let us all honestly strive to mend our manners.

Your servant to command,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

AMONG those pretty knitted garments which afford such graceful employment for leisure hours and add so much to one's comfort as the cold weather advances, we have seen some beautiful Afghans, shawls, hoods, and jackets. The Berlin zephyr wools, split, single, double fold, and triple, are principally used in their manufacture. The black and white Shetland wools, formerly preferred for shawls, have given place to the various zephyrs. Fine Saxony wool is used for knitting infants' under wear.

Zephyr wool varies in price according to color. White is sold at three dollars twenty-five cents a pound, plain colors at four dollars, and high colors at five. Clouded or shaded wools, and the different chinchillas, the tiger chinchilla with large black and white spots, and the speckled *œil de Perdrix* or guinea hen wool, are sold at four dollars and a half. Tinsel wool of all the bright shades intertwined with gilt is six dollars a pound.

Afghans require from four to five pounds of double zephyr with some extra wools for embroidery. An outlay of thirty or forty dollars will purchase materials for a large Afghan that would cost ready made seventy-five or a hundred dollars. Striped patterns and plain grounds with figures in the centre are preferable to those in blocks, as the blocks do not wear well. A very handsome one at a hundred and twenty-five dollars was of white stripes embroidered in brilliant colors, alternating with a narrow black stripe wrought with white single zephyr to imitate lace. An infant's Afghan at twenty-five dollars had a white ground with bouquet centre and a rose-colored border with wreath of large white field daisies. A knotted fringe surrounded it. Another had blue stripes embroidered in a Grecian pattern, alternating with a vine of roses on white ground.

A coquettish little Fanchon hood was of white single zephyr with puffings of scarlet and white. A jacket for wearing under a cloak was in the Afghan stitch of double zephyr, chinchilla with a purple border. This garment was rounded in front and sloped on the shoulders with as much precision as if shaped with scissors. Toilette mats and tidies on Manilla canvas were in striped Persian patterns, or embroidered in one color only, or in bouquets with Grecian borders and fringed. Cushion covers and bracket draperies in gay-colored Persian patterns were pretty and ornamental.

CALICOES AND MUSLINS.

We are glad to chronicle a still further reduction of prices in all kinds of cotton goods, calicoes, muslins, domestics, etc. French chintzes that sold two weeks since at 75 cents a yard are now sold at 60 cents; these are the high colors and plain stripes. Plain colors with chintz figures are 50 cents. Hoyle's English calico, the double purple, an excellent article, is sold at 30 cents. Merrimac W, the best brand, is 16 cents, and Merrimac D 14 cents. Sprague's prints and Pacific Mills have once more become shilling-calicoes.

Thrifty housewives, who delight in having shelves and drawers laden with snowy white garments, will be rejoiced at the declension to antiwar prices of all the standard muslins. The best heavy muslins for shirtings are, we believe, acknowledged to be the New York Mills and Waumsutta. New York Mills is now 27 cents, and Waumsutta 22 cents. The Utica, another favorite brand, is 23 cents. For ladies' and children's use the Androscoggin Z, the Lonsdale, and Blackstone muslins are preferred, as they are a lighter material. There are two qualities of the Lonsdale brand, one at 20 cents, suitable for all garments except skirts, and a cambric at 28 cents, intended expressly for skirts. A Lowell muslin seven-eighths wide, sold at 12½ cents, is a very fair article, quite worth making up. There are cambric long-cloths at 30 and 40 cents, and soft fine cambrics at 50 cents. Very pretty white brilliants are sold at 25 cents, and medium jaconets at 50 cents.

LINGERIE.

There is a reduction of 25 per cent. on linen goods. A fair article for under-linen may now be bought at 50 or 60 cents a yard. Cluny, guipure, and Maltese laces are the most serviceable laces for trimming. Valenciennes and thread are very frail, but nothing else looks so handsome in conjunction with very sheer linen, lawn, and cambric. Tucks that have the effect of being cut on the bias are pretty and durable trimming. They should be stretched lengthwise of the linen, and inserted diagonally. If cut bias they will not iron smoothly. Puffs and ruffles of cambric are also arranged diagonally. The old-fashioned Kenting is a good material for puffs, as it is stronger than linen-cambric. Embroidery on linen does not wear so well as that done on thick cambric. It is always best to select a pattern without herring-bone, as the strain on the thread in open work is too great, and it breaks easily. The machine embroidery is in pretty patterns, but we can not recommend it, as it frays easily.

Sets of linen made up for sale consist of five pieces, the night-dress, trimmed petticoat, plain under-skirt, chemise, and drawers, all of the same material and trimmed to match. They vary in price from fifty to three hundred dollars, according to quality of the material and ornament. They can, of course, be made up at home at much less expense, and with more attention to the nice details, such as rolled ruffles, overseamed selvages, and neatly-scraped gathers. It is too much the practice in our lingerie establishments to use the sewing-machine for all kinds of seams.

Petticoats, like skirts of dresses, are now gored to fit the figure below the waist. One of soft-finished cambric is trimmed with narrow diagonal tucks, twelve in a cluster, separated by insertions of Cluny. This border of tucks has on both sides a narrow cambric band, corded. A ruffle without edging terminates the skirt.

A dressing sacque of jaconet is trimmed down the front with a row of embroidery and guipure edging. Turned down collar, pointed in front. Loose coat-sleeves. Collar and cuffs trimmed like front of garment.

A chemise of Irish linen was open on the shoulder. The sleeves buttoned over from the back, and both they and the band were trimmed with Valenciennes insertions and edging. Another had a deeply-pointed yoke of narrow tucks, stitched lengthwise of the cloth, but set bias in the yoke, arranged in slanting lines so as to form a point in the centre. Narrow fluted ruffle of linen cambric edged with thread around the neck and sleeves. Still another, with neck-bands of linen embroidery and Maltese edging, had in front and back a corset cover attached to the garment only at the neck, made of alternate puffs of linen, lawn, and Maltese insertion. Drawers trimmed to match accompanied each garment. A night-dress, handsome enough for a morning *robe-de-chambre*, was of fine cambric, with a *tablier* trimming across the whole front width, of puffs of cambric, separated by Valenciennes insertion. Standing collar of puffs and lace. Loose coat-sleeve, with puffings to the elbow. Another had a deeply-pointed yoke, back and front, of horizontal tucks. A row of jaconet edging surrounded the yoke, cuffs, and collars.

A sleeping-cap of India muslin was ornamented with guipure bands and edging. A draw-string in the crown enlarged or decreased the size of the cap. A day-cap, intended for an invalid, had something of a Fanchon shape. Strips of embroidery, edged with Valenciennes, and lined with rose-colored satin ribbon, served to hold up the chignon, and dispensed with a crown. Broad strings of lace, fastened low down with a small bow of ribbon.

An elegant *negligée* wrapper was made of cambric, trimmed with Cluny guipure insertion and edge. A square shallow yoke had the skirt gathered into it. Three pointed bands of insertion over blue satin ribbon, and bordered with edging, extended from the yoke below the waist, both back and front. The trimming around the yoke, neck, and cuffs, was similarly managed.

A pretty trimming for flannel skirts is a braiding pattern chain-stitched by hand or machine with silk floss. It washes better than embroidery or braiding, and is very ornamental. Gilbert and Ballard vale flannels are good brands—a medium quality a yard wide and all wool is sold at seventy-five cents. For heavier garments the Shaker flannel is best. Woven merino vests do not shrink as those made of flannels and gauze. Embroidered corsets are not so much worn as those stitched with white satin twist. The French Coutille corsets are expensive, but are of the best material and shape, and wear well. The colored prunella and silk corsets are convenient for ladies when traveling, as it is a difficult matter to get white corsets properly washed.

HOUSEHOLD LINEN.

For the benefit of housewives we must mention some of the beautiful varieties of the season in household goods. Among piles of snowy table-linen the master-piece is an eight-yard cloth of exquisitely fine damask, as smooth and glossy as satin, with Prince of Wales plumes in the centre, and a wide shamrock border. Two dozen large napkins of corresponding design accompany the cloth. The price for the set is a hundred and twenty-five dollars. Very fair linen damask is sold at a dollar a yard; and napkins of good size and material vary from two dollars and a half a dozen to the beautiful Ardayne at thirty dollars. Brocaded dessert cloths, silk and linen mixed, with napkins to match, are exceedingly ornamental. They are in most delicate colors, blue brocaded with white, and white with amber. Breakfast cloths of pink and white, or buff and white, are pretty by way of variety. Printed wine cloths and toileuettes in all widths for dessert cloths are from two dollars and a half to five dollars a yard.

We have seen an exquisite Marseilles counterpane from the French Exposition, with small raised figures strewn with pink roses. An imitation Gobelin tapestry piano cover, and smaller cloth for table to correspond, also from the Exhibition, were marvelously wrought with griffins and ghouls and elves. Thick, warm, soft Schuylkill blankets are twelve dollars a pair, and ten-quarter linen sheetings a dollar and twenty-five cents a yard; pillow linens, and a forty-inch width for bolsters at seventy-five cents and a dollar.

We have given Stewart's prices as a fair standard. These may vary somewhat according to quality or circumstances, but will be found on the average correct.

NOVELTIES.

Cloaks and muffs are worn to correspond. A black velvet sacque, half-adjusted to the figure, is short in the back, and long and scarf-like in front. A border of sable fur constitutes the trimming. Velvet muff with band of sable near each end. Sacques of sealskin and Astrakhan have muffs and toquets to match made of the same material.

The handsomest Opera sacque we have seen this season was of white corded silk. The garment was cut bias in front and folded over the breast instead of buttoning. The sleeves were open. It was exquisitely embroidered with white chenille and seed-pearls, and was bordered with snowy down. Long embroidered lappets passed over the shoulders and were fastened under the sleeves with tassels. The lining was white satin, quilted in clusters of diamonds. The price asked for this unique garment was one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

An Oriental cloak is of black Thibet cloth; the shape a loose sacque, the sleeves long and pointed. The gay trimming consists of a border of long leaves, embroidered in bright-colored purse-silks and variegated braid.

A pretty dress of blue Irish poplin, gored in the Princesse style, is trimmed with rouleaux of satin of a darker blue. A low, square corselet is simulated by a rouleau about the shoulders. Short straps of the trimming are sewn in straight lines across the bodice with a large button in the centre. Similar straps are sewn on the sleeves from the wrist to the arm-hole. A rouleau edges the skirt and trims the pocket-flaps.

Satin rouleaux of all colors may be bought by the yard. The prices range from fifty cents to two dollars and a half, according to width. This trimming is made of satin pipings plaited together. It is newer than folds and bands, and does not fray so easily. It is a suitable trimming for all fine woolens, as velours, Empress cloth, etc.

Ten yards of velveteen will make a short gored dress, single skirt, and short jacket. The spotted English velvet with silk finish is the newest. Black ground with tiny white or blue spots.

A stylish dinner dress is of violet gros grain, with long trained skirt gored in the usual manner and ornamented with a robe trimming of gimp of the same shade as the silk, intermingled with jet. High corsage and close sleeves. A black velvet jacket without sleeves is worn with this dress. Long velvet sash tied behind and fringed with jet.

French cloth is much worn for dresses. It is not so lustrous as English cloth, and will not spot with rain. It is a yard and a half wide. Six yards are sufficient for a gored dress. Napoleon blue and Bismarck are the prettiest colors. Black worsted braid an inch wide, arranged *à la militaire*, is a suitable trimming. It may also be bordered with fur.

PERSONAL.

THAT good PRINCESS OF WALES has established herself thoroughly in the hearts of the English people, and more than makes up for the unprincely ways of her husband. Right royally does she discharge every duty imposed upon her as the lady next in rank to the Queen, while as a wife and mother she is admirable. She is very domestic, and trains her children with the utmost care. They are very popular in London; every costermonger and street-sweeper lifts his hat to the little creatures as they pass by; and the salutation is returned by the children with a grace worthy of GEORGE IV. The Princess is very beneficent. She is kind to the poor. She has under her charge a hospital for sick children. She daily visits the pallet of the sick, and distributes little tokens of kindness, fruits and flowers. Some of the London poor when they died begged that the flowers given them by the Princess might be buried with them in their graves. Such acts deeply affect the English heart. They call out the deep love and admiration of the nation.

—Count PEPOLI, just deceased (ALBONI's husband), was a handsome person, and passionately beloved by the great contralto. While in this country they were always together, and seemed as happy a married couple as were ever seen. Poor man! he lost his mind, and his "life's brief candle" went out in a private madhouse.

—CHARLES DICKENS had the honor of being dined, on the 2d inst., by a company of gentlemen, embracing a larger number of legal, literary, artistic, military, and clerical notabilities than ever before gathered together to do honor to a literary man. The following list of stewards of the entertainment is of itself remarkable: The Lord Chief Baron, Jules Benedict, John Blackwood, Sir John Burgoyne, The Chaplain General of Her Majesty's Forces, Fred. Chapman, Wilkie Collins, Alderman Cotton, Sir Chas. Wentworth Dilke, Bart., W. Hepworth Dixon, Rev. Alexander Dyce, Thomas Faed, Charles Fechter, Sir William Ferguson, Bart., John Forster, W. P. Frith, Frederick Goodall, Sir Francis Grant, B. A. Glass, Rev. W. Harness, W. Charles Hood, Lord Houghton, The Lord Chief Justice of England, Charles Kent, Charles Knight, Sir Edwin Landseer, Austen H. Layard, Edward Levy, T. Longman, Frederick Locker, The Hon. Spencer Lyttleton, Daniel Maclise, W. C. Macready, Sir Roderick Murchison, Bart., A. J. Otway, Frederic Ouvry, Prof. Owen, Sir Benjamin Phillips, The Right Hon. Sir Frederick Pollock, B. W. Procter, J. R. Robinson, Sir Charles Russell, George Russell, F. C. Skey, George Smith, Capt. W. Houston Stewart, Marcus Stone, Alfred Tennyson, Sir Henry Thompson, Anthony Trollope, Benjamin Webster, W. H. Wills, Erasmus Wilson, Forbes Winslow, and Edmund Yates.

—We see it announced that Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, of Philadelphia, is about to bring out a volume of his miscellaneous writings. There is scarcely a man connected with the American or foreign press who knows so many things about so many clever people, or who is so familiar with the inside history of literary matters, at home or abroad, as Dr. MACKENZIE. Any book from his pen will be capital reading.

—A Miss DAMON has been invited to the pastorship of the Universalist Church in Cavendish, Vermont. Wonder if she will find her Pythias there?

—The Rev. Dr. MUHLENBURG, rector of St. Luke's Hospital, is seventy-one, and lively and cheery as ever. Although he wrote that beautiful hymn,

"I would not live alway,"

the probability is that he will not refuse to stand it out for some time to come.

—ADELINA PATTI has authoritatively defined her position on the connubial question, by publishing in the *Gazette des Etrangers* a card stating that she "has no thought of marrying, and believes she violates no propriety in thus giving the most formal contradiction to the falsest conjectures. She is betrothed only to art." When marriage is mentioned she becomes an *austere patty*.

—Mrs. ELIZA BATES, who died a few days since at Glastonbury, Connecticut, was renowned throughout all that region for her kindness and charity to the poor. Over a thousand people, from various parts of the State, attended her funeral.

"Only the memory of the just
Smells sweet and blossoms in the dust,"

was in the thoughts if not on the lips of the multitude who paid the last sad tribute to her memory.

—As the time for the arrival of Mr. DICKENS draws near, all sorts of little things are said about him. One is that he will not lecture any where for less than $1500 per night; another that he eats "hasheesh," and that some of his finest compositions have been formed under its influence. If for "hasheesh" the writer had written "hash," probably it would have been nearer the truth.

—MENOTTI GARIBALDI, generalissimo of the forces operating against Rome, is only twenty-eight years of age—just about the age of UPTON, CUSTER, BARLOW, AMES, and scores of other young West Pointers, who have won their double stars on the battle-field, and commanded divisions and corps ten times larger than the young Italian is ever likely to lead.

—THURLOW WEED and CHARLES M'DEVITT met at a type-setters' festival last week, after a separation of fifty years. There was much old codger present—cheery old gentlemen varying from five-and-sixty to five-and-seventy. T. W. was once a pressman upon the first tracts published by the American Tract Society.

—Mr. SAMUEL BOWLES, of the *Springfield Republican*, who went bowling "Across the Continent," has made forty thousand dollars, so said, from his copyright describing the manœuvre.

—We feel to admire HENRY WARD BEECHER just for saying that "when men go to church and get nothing but cut straw, and straw raised five hundred years ago, and are dissatisfied at that, and will not come again, he honors them. As long as human nature remains true to what it is, he does not believe the herds will refuse to come to the rack when there is juicy fodder there; and if they do not come it is because there is nothing to eat."

—As the *Bazar* is especially a paper for the ladies, it would be impolite to hide away a paragraph said to have been spoken by Mr. WILLIAM R. ALGER. Alluding to the two sexes, he says: "It is evidently God's law that they should be equal, and not one to be subservient to the other, but both together to serve their common Maker. Logically speaking, woman has a right to help frame the laws which govern her, and the doctrine of universal suffrage would give her that right. Either all should vote, or only those who are qualified; and if this be admitted, then thousands of men would be excluded from the ballot-box, while thousands of women would be admitted."

—Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE has a love of a place in Florida—four hundred acres, half a mile of river front, good house, grove of one hundred orange-trees, with an annual production of sixty thousand oranges, worth $1800; and the whole concern cost only $10,000! An ascetic Puritan once asked a Catholic acquaintance which he would rather do—kiss the Pope's toe or HARRIET BEECHER STOWE? The Roman remained reticent.

—What a very old lady WEALTHY WHIPPLE is! "going on" 105, and lively as a cricket; lives up in Union Village, Saratoga County, and draws a pension of ninety-six dollars, greenbacks, from Mr. M'CULLOCH's Department. She has the very sad honor of standing at the top of the list of widows in this country.

—Mr. MARSHALL O. ROBERTS is laying hands on all the choice works of art coming hitherward. Miss EMMA STEBBINS has chiseled for him a statue of COLUMBUS, which has just come over from Italy, and will be on view at the approaching exhibition of the National Academy of Design.

—The CONNECTICUT GREENES are a sanguinary lot. Papa GREENE is called Major; one son was second officer of the original *Monitor*, built by that lively young engineer, THOMAS F. ROWLAND; another lost a leg at Chickamauga; and the third leads his class at West Point.

—J. ROSS BROWNE, one of the cleverest, activest, merriest, pleasantest writers of travels now stalking over the earth, is vibrating between New York and Washington, posting up the Government on the mining regions, and preparing copy for *Harper's Magazine*.

—That Mr. OFFENBACH, whose pretty opera, "The Grand Duchesse," is now having a great run at Mr. BATEMAN's theatre in Fourteenth Street, is making no end of money. In Berlin, at a single theatre, he has received $4000, copyright for 400 performances of "La Vie Parisienne"—or $10 per night; which is just what JOHN BROUGHAM gets for a performance of some of his pieces; for others he gets $15 and $20.

—Prince ALBERT's brother—Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha—the "little Ernest" whom Queen VICTORIA mentions so frequently in her book—is coming to the United States next spring.

—We insist upon it that LOUISA MUHLBACH has shed more ink than any female since the flood. The woman has twenty-three novels still in press in this country! And the King of Prussia has given her the great gold medal for "Art and Literature"—the first ever given to a German female author.

—LOUIS NAPOLEON has become a newspaper man, just like Mr. RAYMOND or Mr. MABBLE; writes leaders every week for the Paris *Moniteur:* price per column not stated. American letter-writers in Paris say that L. N. has twenty-three mortal diseases. Each correspondent attributes to him some fatal malady, yet the imperial victim still lives.

—The Rev. NEWMAN HALL's church, in London, is a Christian business establishment, worked on a large scale. It has 1400 members, 13 Sunday-schools, 5000 scholars, 450 teachers, 5 day-schools, and 6 missionaries, who hold open-air services in different localities. Besides these it maintains a system of lectures, sacred and secular, concerts, public readings, and tea-drinkings, and keeps the laboring people of the vicinity so pleasantly occupied, out of work hours, that it makes bad business for the "publicans and sinners" who keep the "corner grocery."

—In brief: GOTTSCHALK's sisters are concertizing in England.—JULIA WARD HOWE is coming to New York to live.—RISTORI was a gipsy; father and mother belonged to a wandering company; first appeared on the stage at two months old in a basket of flowers.—Grand Duchess OLGA is to have $200,000 down on marrying the King of Greece, and the same figure per annum afterward.—PRINCE OF WALES is a bad boy; has a private entrance to his box at the theatre, and a smoking-room attached lined with white satin.—Miss BALDWIN, age 21, professes Greek in the Baker University, Kansas.—WENDELL PHILLIPS says he finds no livelier entertainment any where than to see a third-rate man undertake to define and measure the capacity and intellect of Madame DE STAEL, or MARY SOMERVILLE, or HARRIET MARTINEAU, or FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, or LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

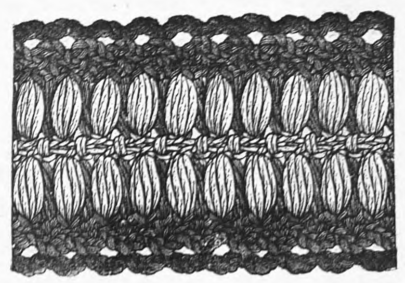
—LONGFELLOW is a very noticeable man as he walks along the street. He looks the bard in the full affluence of years and the full wealth of genius. His silvered hair is long and wavy. His beard grows white and thick beneath his chin, looking more like a deep lace ruff than any thing else. His voice is melodious as an organ, and his features, handsome as ever, have been touched with new lines by the action of thought and sorrow. His manners are very beautiful to all persons, and he carries about him that indescribable atmosphere that marks the perfectly-cultured gentleman.

—In a general way we are rather inclined to concur with the Rev. Dr. BANES, who, at the Unitarian Convention recently held at Chicago, said he had "studied the subject with deep thought and anguish, but had never been able to find any reason why sin was let loose upon the world."

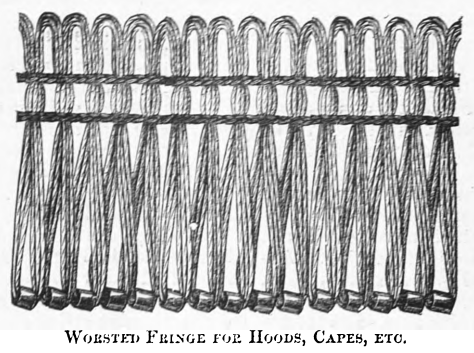
Worsted Trimmings, Stitches, etc.

We give illustrations and descriptions of the various stitches, borders, etc., used in the manufacture of the useful knitted and crocheted articles described in the present Number, beginning with

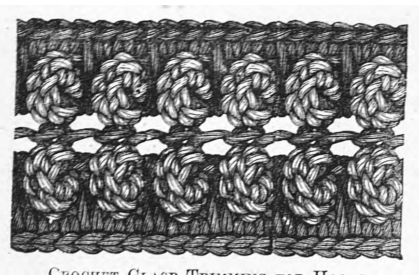
Trimmings for Hoods, Capes, etc.



Border for Hoods, Capes, etc.



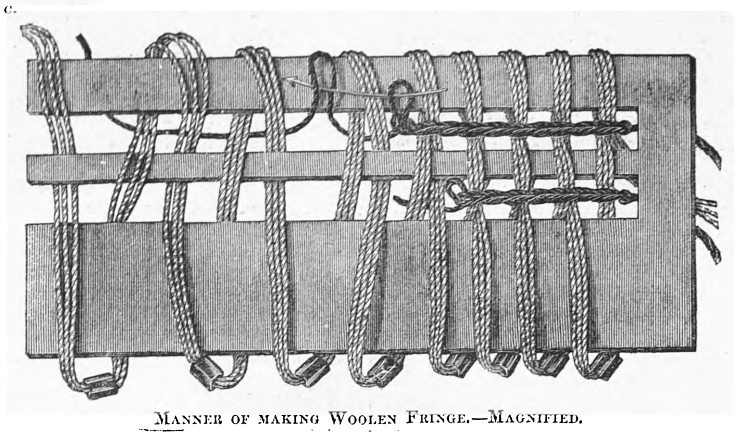
Worsted Fringe for Hoods, Capes, etc.



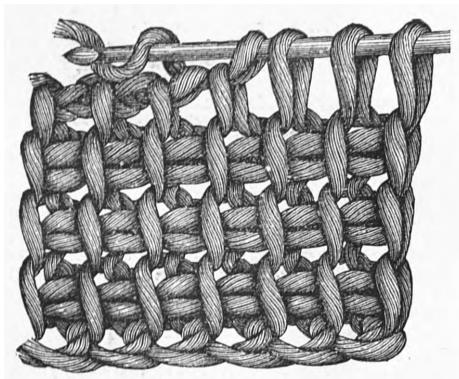
Crochet Clasp Trimming for Hoods, Capes, etc.

The first figure in these illustrations is executed in the following manner: Take a splinter of wood or strip of pasteboard a quarter of an inch wide, wind it from the right to the left with four strands of split zephyr, and crochet a foundation on both sides with one strand of split zephyr, making alternately one single crochet and one chain in four strands of the wound thread together. Having knitted together the thread on the splints, roll the thick part under, and make a second strip in a similar manner, winding the wool from the left to the right. Both strips lie with their edges against each other, and are crocheted together by means of one single crochet in the two corresponding chain, between which make one chain. This row, which is on the left side of the trimming, must be quite loose. The trimming is finished by two rows of gray double zephyr crocheted on each of the free edges of the strips knit together. For these, crochet in gray double zephyr, one double crochet in every chain of the edge, with three chain between.

Clasp Trimming.—Make a foundation of white single zephyr of the requisite length, on which knit two rows in Victoria stitch. Then make the first row as follows: Crochet alternately in each stitch of the preceding row one single crochet and one loop as follows: draw the crochet needle through the loop of the single crochet; make in single crochet in the next stitch of the preceding row, make a loop in the same stitch, put the thread over the needle, and draw it through both loops; × a loop on the aforesaid loops, and again draw the needle through both together; repeat five times from ×. Then draw the needle again through the loop, take the loop of the single crochet in front of the figure on the needle, and afterward the loop of the figure, and knit both together. Finish the row of loops with a row of Victoria stitch (one stitch in every stitch of the preceding row); and make another row of loops in the manner before described. The loops must set one above another. Lastly, crochet a chain with scarlet zephyr on both sides of the trimming.



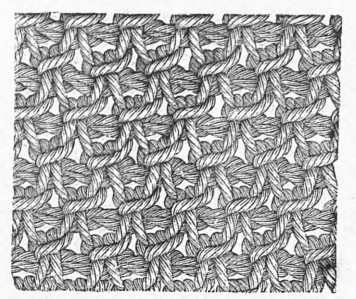
Manner of making Woolen Fringe.—Magnified.



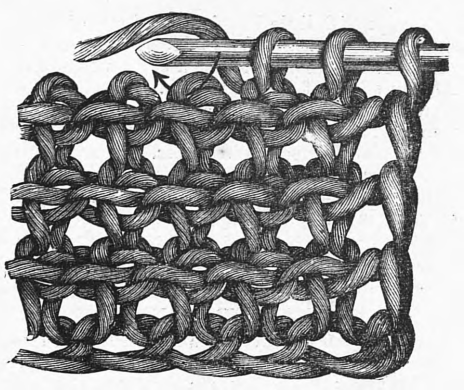
Victoria Crochet Stitch.

Crochet Border.—This is crocheted lengthwise, with a foundation of white zephyr in double crochet, continued with shells of black and white zephyr as follows: Make a foundation of the requisite length, and crochet thereon * three double crochet on the next three stitches; follow with two rows of shells; put the thread once over the needle, and take up three loops in the next stitches of the foundation, putting the thread over the needle between each one. On the stitches thus formed crochet two rows of shells. Repeat from *, knit three rows of white shells and one of black. In the following rows, which are knit in the same manner, make alternately one row with and one without black shells.

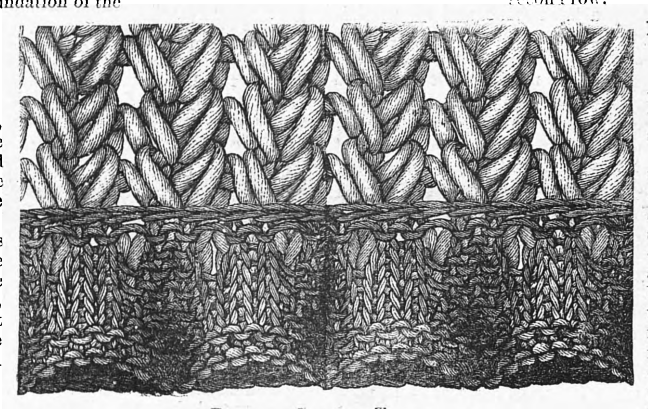
Woolen Fringe for Trimming Hoods, Capes, etc.—The illustrations show this fringe finished and in the process of execution. First prepare a piece of pasteboard as seen in the engraving, and wind it with three strands of drab split worsted, which has first been strung with jet beads, letting one bead come at the bottom of every turn. This done, crochet the threads together with black worsted, in the manner shown, with one single and one chain alternately. Care must be taken to keep the thread on the under side.



Net Stitch.



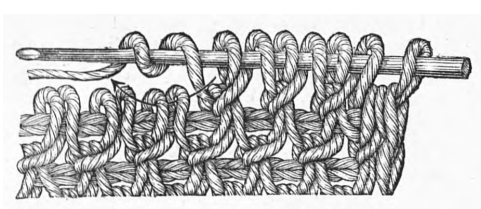
Waved Crochet Stitch.



Piece of Crochet Tippet.

Various Crochet Stitches for Hoods, Capes, etc.

Victoria Stitch.—This simple and beautiful stitch, is seen crocheted backward and forward, two rows making one complete row. On a foundation of the requisite length crochet the first row, from right to left. In every stitch one stitch which remains as a loop on the needle. Second row from left to right. Loop the thread over the needle and knit two stitches of the last row together, as seen in the illustration.

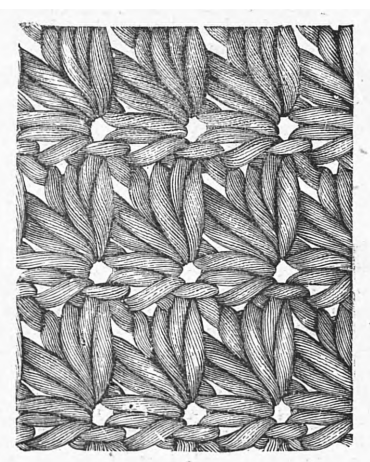


Manner of making Net Stitch.
1st Detail.

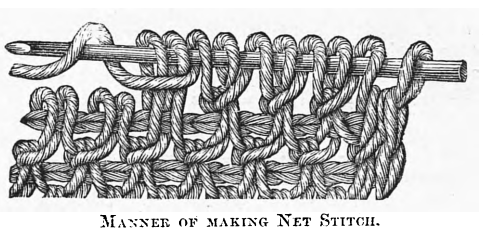
Waved Crochet Stitch.—This differs but little from the Victoria stitch, which forms its foundation.

Net Stitch.—Two illustrations show the method of making this stitch, which is represented of the original size.

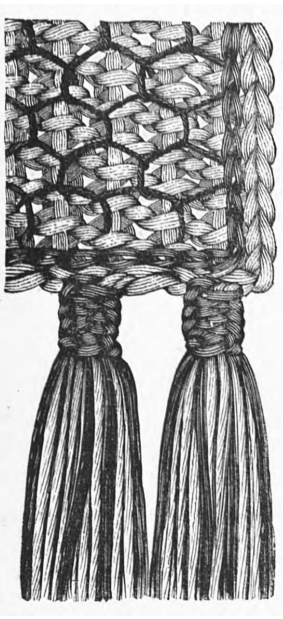
Scale Stitch.—This is crocheted from right to left, wholly on one side; beginning with the thread anew for every row. Begin with a foundation as usual, and crochet the first row as follows: Miss the last stitch of the foundation, and take up a loop from the four following stitches, then draw the needle through the whole five together. Follow with 1 chain which forms the whole figure. For the next figure, crochet * 1 stitch with the thread looped under the chain; 1 with the thread looped behind the five stitches of the figure; then 1 stitch in the next two stitches of the foundation. The needle is drawn through the whole 5 stitches as before, and 1 chain is made. Repeat from *, and cut off the thread at the end of the row. To begin the next row fasten the thread in the superfluous stitch of the preceding row; crochet 3 chain, miss the last of the same, take a loop from the next two stitches, and continue as in the first row.



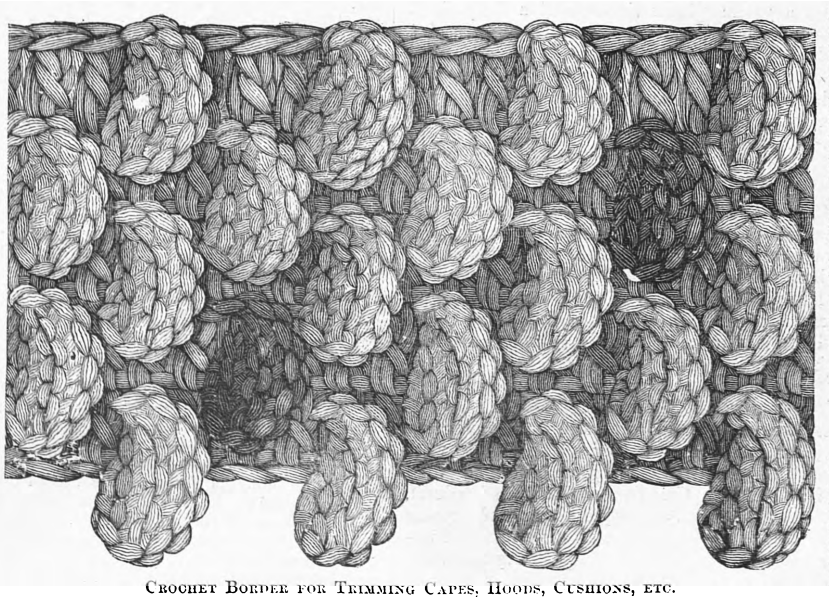
Scale Stitch.



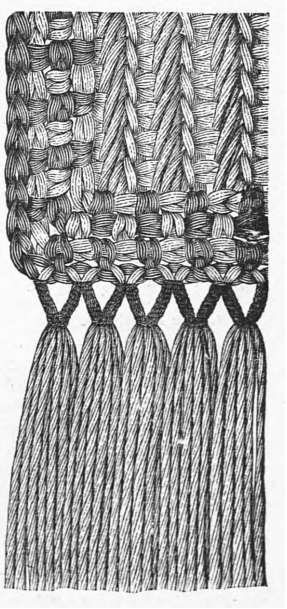
Manner of making Net Stitch.
2d Detail.



Piece of Crochet Shawl.



Crochet Border for Trimming Capes, Hoods, Cushions, etc.



Piece of Crochet Shawl.

Lady's Crochet Boot.

Materials for the pair 7 oz. purple, 3 oz. black, and 2 oz. gray chinchilla, 12 fold zephyr, 1 oz. white woolen yarn.

This boot is an admirable protection in the house from cold weather, and can also be worn as an over-shoe in the street. It is crocheted in ribbed stitch, of black and purple 12-fold zephyr. The sole is of black worsted. The lower part of the boot is trimmed with a row of points. Buttons are set up the front, which is also trimmed with two rows of loop trimming crocheted of chinchilla. The lining is of white worsted, knitted very loosely. The boot is crocheted backward and forward in single crochet stitch, with 1 chain at the beginning and end of every row, two of these rows forming one rib. Beginning at the toe, cast on a foundation of 14 chain of black worsted, crochet thereon for the first row, slipping the last stitch, 6 single in the first 6 stitches, 3 single in the next stitch, and 6 single in the last 6 stitches, thus adding 2 stitches in the middle. The next 5 rows are widened in the same manner. Of these 17 rows, knit from the 2d to the 8th with black worsted. With the 9th row begin the points around the bottom. Crochet only the first and last 4 stitches of the 9th and 10th rows with black, and the remainder with purple zephyr; in the 11th to the 16th row add 2 black stitches in each rib, so that the 11th and 12th rows may number each 6, the 13th and 14th each 8, and the 15th and 16th each 10 black stitches, which completes the point. Repeat this proceeding, making in each rib of the next 6 rows 2 black stitches more, in each rib of the following 6 rows 2 black stitches less, and so on. The 18th row completes the front piece. Then knit the first 23 stitches of this row for the right side 16 rows, noting the points at the bottom, for which decrease 1 stitch at the end of the 23d, 27th, and 33d rows each. At the end of the 35th row cast on a new foundation of 24 stitches, and knit 38 rows on the 50 stitches thus obtained. Having knit the left side piece, beginning with the last 23 stitches of the 18th row of the front, in the same manner, sew the quarters together in the back, and proceed to crochet the sole of black worsted, in ribbed stitch, crosswise. The sole is widened and narrowed to fit the top; a paper pattern should first be cut of the requisite size and shape, and followed in knitting the sole. The lining of the shoe is knit of white yarn with coarse wooden knitting-needles precisely like a stocking, to fit the shape of the boot. The upper edge of the boot is trimmed with a border of purple zephyr, made as follows: 1 double crochet in every other stitch of the edge, with 1 chain between; on this make 1 single crochet in every stitch. The openings formed by the chain between the double crochet on the right side of the boot serve as button-holes, while the buttons are set in the corresponding openings on the other side. A crochet strip in single stitch serves as a tongue. Nothing remains but the border, which is made in loop stitch, crosswise, on a foundation of 8 stitches. The loop stitch is made similar to the Victoria stitch, by knitting backward and forward, only making long loops by means of chain stitches in every second row.

Infant's Knitted Sock.

Materials for the pair: 1 oz. white and ¾ oz. lilac single zephyr; narrow lilac ribbon; middle-sized steel knitting-needles.

These socks are knit whole; the under part with lilac and white and the upper part with white worsted. Begin the sock with a foundation of 77 stitches, and knit 15 rows backward and forward in plain knitting stitch. Put the 77 stitches on three needles, so that there may be 32 stitches on each of the side needles, and 13 on the middle one, then knit on 13 stitches the middle needle, 28 rows for the toe, 2 rows with white and 2 with lilac alternately, and knitting 3 rows and purling 4, so that both the white rows may always come on the outside of the sock. From the 1st to the 15th of these 28 rows knit 3 stitches at the end of each row from the side needles; from the 16th to the 26th row 2 stitches each, and in the 27th and 28th rows the last remaining stitches. At the same time decrease 2 in every other row, beginning with the second, in which knit the first and last of the 13 stitches with one of the stitches from the side needles, continuing in the same manner, so that 11 stitches may constantly remain between the narrowings. This done, sew the knitted parts together at the sides and around the bottom, on the wrong side, and knit the border with white worsted as follows: 2 rows in plain knitting stitch, 12 rows, alternately knitting and purling 2 rows, purl 1 row. Then follow 3 bands of open-work bands, each consisting of 5 rows. The first two of these five rows are in plain knitting stitch, in the third row 1 stitch is made and 2 knit together alternately, and the 4th and 5th rows are knit like the 1st and 2d, each loop in the 3d being knit as a stitch. Purl 1 row, knit 6 rows, and lastly purl 1 row, all of lilac zephyr. For the edge crochet 1 single in every 3d stitch, with 2 chain between, of white zephyr, then a second similar row of white zephyr, crocheting a single in every chain of the preceding row. Finish with lilac ribbon run through the open-work band and tied in a bow in front.

Knit Cuff.

Materials: 1 oz. scarlet single zephyr. This simple and pretty cuff is knit round, in patent stitch, as follows: 1st round *, make 1, slip 1, as if about to purl, knit 1, and repeat from *, 2d round * purl loop and stitch of preceding round together, make 1, slip 1, and repeat from *. Continue to repeat both rounds. For the cuff, cast on 50 stitches on four needles, knit 20 rounds in the manner described, then alternately knit and purl 12 rounds; then 64 rounds in patent stitch, then alternately knit and purl 12 rounds; and, lastly, 20 rounds in patent stitch. The bottom of the cuff is finished with a row of black worsted scallops in chain stitch, formed by crocheting 1 single crochet in every slip stitch and loop on the needle, with 5 chain between.

Crochet Cuff.

Materials: 1 oz. scarlet and 1 oz. gray chinchilla, single zephyr.—This cuff is crocheted crosswise in Victoria stitch, and is closed by a row of buttons on the side. The trimming con-

sists of a triangular piece on the top and a straight strip on the bottom, crocheted of chinchilla in loop stitch. Begin the cuff at the top with a foundation of 7 stitches of chinchilla and 50 stitches of scarlet worsted; work on these 13 rounds on the 7 gray stitches in loop stitch, and on the 13 scarlet stitches in Victoria stitch, in the manner shown in the illustrations on this page. Decrease in the middle of every other one of the 13 scarlet rounds—that is, in the second row of the same round make 1 chain in 2 upright stitches. With the 14th round begin the triangular piece in loop stitch, alternating the scarlet and chinchilla. The cuff is finished on the bottom and around the edge of the trimming with a row of single crochet.

Lady's Knitted Sandal Legging, with Knee-Warmer.

MATERIAL for the pair: 8 oz. black yarn; a strip of leather 7 inches long and 2 inches wide.

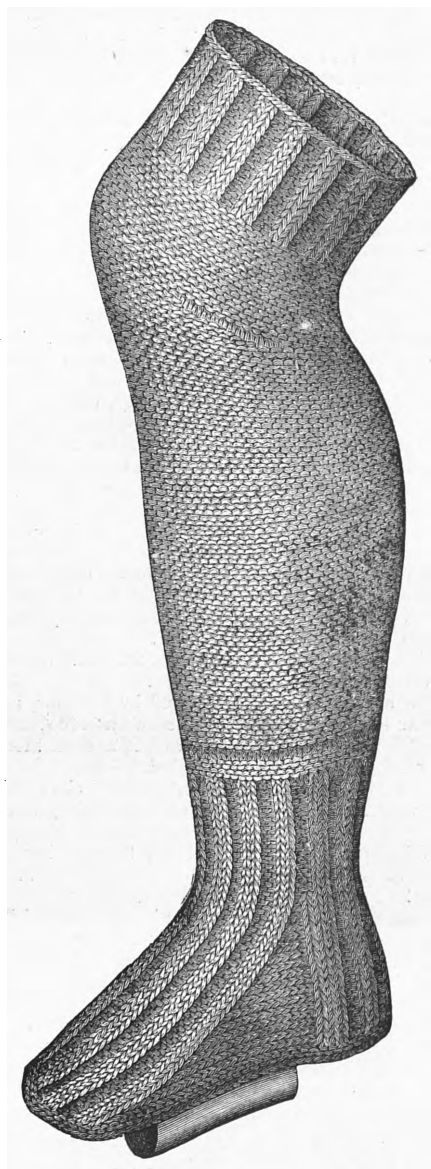
This legging is knit of black yarn. Begin at the top by casting on 88 stitches, with steel knitting-needles of a suitable size, and knit 36 rounds, alternately knitting and purling 2 stitches, for the following part of the legging, alternately knit and purl 1 round, so that it may appear as if purled altogether. Work 26 rounds in this manner. In the 27th round begins the gore, which forms the knee-warmer, and which is knitted backward and forward in plain knitting stitch. For this, take off the 10 middle stitches, and knit thereon 50 rows, taking up 1 of the other stitches at the end of every row, so that the gore in the 50 rows numbers 60 stitches. Then again knit and purl alternately 144 rounds, widening the 21st, 24th, 27th, 30th, 33d, 36th, 39th, and 42d rounds one stitch at the beginning and end. Narrow the 32d and 75th rounds by knitting 2 stitches together at the beginning and end of the rounds, and repeat this narrowing eleven times at the end of every five rounds. Knit 4 rounds, purl 2 rounds, and knit 4 rounds, narrowing twice in the last. Knit and purl 2 stitches alternately for 30 rounds; then separate 38 stitches at the back of the knitted part for the heel, and knit backward and forward 24 rows. Cast off the heel; take up the stitches on the edge with a needle, and, with the remaining stitches of the leg, knit the foot, in seams, according to the illustration. Knit 24 rounds, narrowing once in the 18th, 20th, and 22d round; take all the stitches on, alternately knit and purl 4 rows, and cast off the stitches. A strip of leather, as seen in the illustration, completes the sandal legging.

LADY'S CROCHET BOOT.

INFANT'S KNITTED SOCK.

KNITTED CUFF.

CROCHET SHAWL, WITH SILK CROSS-BARS.



KNITTED SANDAL LEGGING, WITH KNEE WARMER.

Crochet Sontag for Girl from 8 to 10 Years old.

See illustration on double page.

MATERIALS: 4½ oz. gray and white double zephyr; ¾ oz. black and white double zephyr; and 1 oz. white single zephyr.

The body of this Sontag is crocheted in Victoria stitch, of gray zephyr, intersected with rows of black and white chain stitch, which form squares. A shell border of white zephyr and black and white worsted encircles the lower edge. Fig. 30 gives one-half the pattern, the straight line marking the place where the border is to be set on. Begin at the lower edge of the back with a foundation of as many stitches as the pattern requires. The original is commenced with five stitches. Knit 32 rows for the back, adding 1 stitch at the beginning and end of every row in the usual manner, by making a loop between the two first and the last meshes. After finishing the 32 rows, the last of which has 69 stitches, begin the front by crocheting on the first 30 stitches, first on the right side and next on the left. Each front has 51 rows. The narrowing is to be done according to the pattern, first on the outer edge of the front, and on the last four or five rows on both edges, so as to form a point. Having completed the body, the beforesaid squares of chain stitch are set on it, the lines running crosswise being first sewed on at intervals of three rows of stitches. It is well to mark the squares by threads, in order to insure regularity. For the border of white zephyr, begin the 1st row with a row of single crochet, all round the edge, crocheting 1 single in each stitch, 2d row, 1 single crochet in every other stitch; then make a shell by putting the thread round the needle three times and drawing the needle through it, forming a loop. Repeat from *. Continue round the whole edge, the neck excepted, as follows: 4th row 1 single crochet in each stitch of the previous row. Repeat the 3d and 4th rows twice; thus extending the shells, which span two rows. In the first repetition of the shell rows, every second stitch is crocheted with black and white worsted; the stitch, however, is knotted with white, the black thread being carried on the wrong side from one shell to another. Lastly, the whole Sontag is worked round with a row of loops of chinchilla, formed by crocheting 1 single in every second stitch, between which 4 chain stitches and 1 treble crochet are knit in every one of the former. A cord, crocheted in chain stitch of gray double zephyr, is fastened to the bottom of the back and ties in front.

CROCHET CUFF.

LADY'S CROCHET SHAWL.

Lady's Crochet Scarf.

MATERIALS: 2½ oz. white single zephyr; ¾ oz. lilac filoselle.

This shawl is crocheted with white single zephyr in ribbed stitch, a variety of the Victoria stitch, with a row of chain and single crochet round the edge. The fringe can be made of white zephyr and lilac filoselle, or of white zephyr alone. The original is 20 stitches wide and 160 rounds long.

Crochet Scarf, Embroidered with Silk.

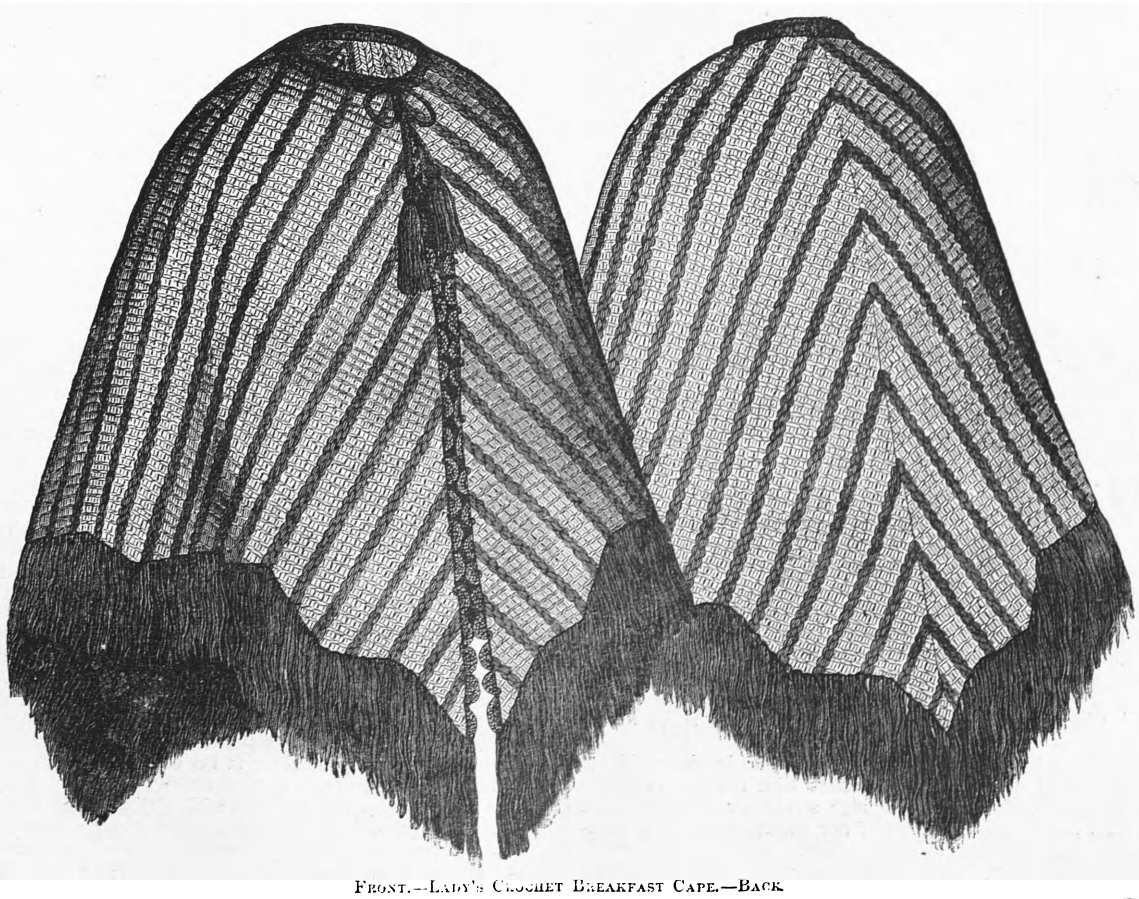
MATERIALS: 3 oz. white single zephyr; ¾ oz. pink filoselle.

This scarf is crocheted lengthwise of white worsted, in a sort of Victoria stitch, and is then embroidered with cross-bars of split filoselle. The fringe on the ends is of white worsted and pink filoselle, banded with filoselle. Begin with a chain of the desired length of the scarf, and work on this as in the Victoria stitch, only from the 2d round the loops are not to be taken from the upright, but from the flat stitches of the round. When the scarf has attained the requisite width, make a row of single crochet around the edge, and embroider it with filoselle in button-hole stitch, as shown in the illustration. Finish round the edge with a row of chain stitching in pink filoselle, and set on the fringe.

Lady's Crochet Breakfast Cape.

MATERIALS: 10 oz. white, and 9 oz. scarlet double zephyr.

This cape is crocheted in the ordinary Victoria stitch and wave stitch (see illustrations on opposite page), thus forming stripes, as seen in the engraving. Three rounds are of white, and 1 round of scarlet worsted. The left side is made first. Begin at the lower edge of the middle of the back by casting on a foundation of 3 chains, the last of which serves as a loop for the next row, and work 40 rounds thereon in the manner before described. The last loop of the scarlet round must be crocheted with white, and the last loop of every third white round with scarlet. At the beginning of every one of these 40 rounds and at the end of every turn, make 3 new chain, whereof 2 loops are taken up in the following row, so that every round is increased 3 stitches. The other side of the work is also continually widened and narrowed, to form the scallops. For every scallop, which consists of 20 rounds, every row is widened 1 stitch from the 2d to the 10th round, and then narrowed 1 stitch from the 11th to the 19th round. At the bottom of the scallop, as well as the 1st and 20th rounds, widen and narrow 2 stitches, so that the 3 rounds may lie in a straight line. As the left side of the cape begins in the middle of a scallop, it is necessary to begin by narrowing. The 40 rounds finished, work 4 rounds, in each of which, for the rounding of the neck, 1 stitch must be narrowed at the end of the 2d row by making 1 chain in 2 loops, the same being dropped in the next row. Work 11 rounds, without widening or narrowing for the neck, on which work the shoulder gore with 21 rounds, as follows: In the 2-9 of these 21 rounds miss the last 2 upright loops of the previous row, and in the 10th and 11th the 3 last of the same; in the 12th round knit the missed stitches of the 11th with the 2d row, as those of the 10th; in the 13-21st rounds cast off 2 of the missed loop-stitches. The second half of the cape is made like the first, beginning at the point in the middle of the back, and taking up the stitches on the edge of the left side, one after another. A row of scarlet loops are crocheted on the front of the cape, and the bottom is finished with a deep fringe of scarlet worsted. A cord and tassels of scarlet worsted is passed round the neck and ties the cape.



FRONT.—LADY'S CROCHET BREAKFAST CAPE.—BACK.

Crochet Sontag for Ladies.

See illustration on double page.

MATERIALS: 7 oz. brown; 1 oz. white, and 2 oz. gray and white 12 fold zephyr; 1 oz. black and white double zephyr.

The body of this Sontag is worked in scale stitch with brown 12 fold zephyr. The border, which widens on the shoulders in the form of epaulets, is of black and white double zephyr. Fig. 29 gives half the pattern of the body and border together; the latter is indicated by a broken line on the pattern. Begin at the bottom of the back with a foundation of 11 stitches. Purl the 1st row on this in scale stitch, with 2 chain stitches at the end. The widening begins in the 2d row; this must be done in accordance with the pattern, and, as usual, at the beginning and end of each row, adding there one more figure of the design. Fasten the thread to the last foundation stitch before the design begins; make 5 chain and work a figure of the design in the next 4 chain stitches; then crochet the next figure on the figure on the preceding row. At the end of the row, widen by crocheting the last 12 stitches of the figure, around the two chain at the end of the preceding row, and make therein 2 chain for the widening of the next row. Proceed in this manner, closely following the pat-

tern. On reaching the neck, crochet the two fronts in close connection with the back, casting off the stitches as may be required. The body finished, begin the border with a row of single crochet of white wool: 2d row *, 1 single crochet in the second stitch of the preceding row; then a loop is drawn through the second to the next. Crochet 3 chain and knot the loops on the needle together, then crochet 1 single in the following stitch. Repeat from *, 3d row. Lay aside the coarse worsted, and crochet 1 single crochet in 1 single of the preceding row; make a shell by taking up 3 stitches on the needle, forming a loop by turning the thread round between every one, so that there are six in all, which are knotted together by drawing the needle through the whole; follow with 1 chain; then work a shell in the second stitch, and so on. The narrow border around the back is finished with these three rows; the wide border, which begins at the back, has 10 additional rows. The fourth row begins at ●● on the pattern. The succeeding rows are widened to fit the pattern as the work proceeds. 4th row, 1 single crochet in each chain of the preceding row; * 1 chain; 2 double crochet in the next chain. Repeat from * to the corresponding side of the back, 5th-8th rows. Like the 2d; the 5th and 8th, however, are in white, and the 6th and 7th in black and white wool; the chain stitches, moreover, must be continued. 9th and 10th, like the 3d and 4th rows. 11th row (white) 1 crochet in 1 double crochet *, 4 crochet to 2 double crochet, separated by 1 chain, in every chain of the preceding row; 1 chain, extending over 2 or 3 double crochets of the row preceding. Repeat from * 12th and 13th row crocheted in like manner, the first with black and the second with white wool. The figures formed by the double crochet are always worked in a chain of the preceding row between the other double crochet. 14th row begins at * in Fig. 29. The rows being widened several stitches each, a scallop is made, formed of 3 double crochet, 1 chain, and 3 double crochet, of the chinchilla, to the place where the double crochet of the 11th and 13th rows form a straight line. After making four of these scallops, instead of making 1 single crochet, crochet 2 chain on the preceding row; and again 2 chain on the chain of the 12th row in a straight line; follow again with 2 chain, in the corresponding place on the 11th row, then 2 chain, and 1 single crochet round the two double crochet between the chain of the 10th row. Continue in this way till the 13th row, so that the scallops and rows are separated in each place by two long chain loops. The border finished, a cord and tassels is fastened on the bottom of the back, and is used to tie the Sontag.

Knitted Fanchon of Black Fleecy Wool.

See illustration on double page.

MATERIALS: 1½ oz. black fleecy wool; 2 fine wooden needles.

This Fanchon is knitted throughout on the right side, to fit the pattern, Fig. 31, and is widened and narrowed on the outer edge alone. The lace border that forms the edge is made of the same wool, in the following manner: Make a foundation, the length of the edge, then knit the 1st row, 1 stitch, with the thread over the needle, 1 stitch in the same manner, 1 slip stitch, 2 knitted together, and the slip stitch drawn over the last, thus narrowing two; 1 knitted. Repeat from * to end. 2d row, purl, the thread over the needle being always knitted as a stitch. Repeat these two rows nine times, and cast off the stitches. Sew on the lace as seen in the illustration.

Crochet Tippet.

See illustration on double page.

MATERIAL: 2¼ oz. white double zephyr; 1 oz. purple double zephyr.

This collar is crocheted of white zephyr, with a purple border, and is fastened in front with two buttons and a loop. Fig. 32 gives half the pattern; to suit which, it is widened and narrowed on the outer edge. Begin the tippet at the bottom of the back with a foundation of the necessary length, and proceed as follows: 1st row, * take up the thread between the first two stitches, make a loop, and fasten in the next stitch but one. Repeat from * to end. 2d row, 1 slip stitch; 1 chain stitch; put the thread over the needle and slip the next two. Repeat from * to end. Slip 1; knit 2 on right side with thread over needle; purl 2. Repeat from * to end. 3d row, knit 3; purl 3; the thread which was turned over the needle always knit as a stitch. 4th row, 3 knit, 3 purl. 5th row, * 3 knit, with thread over needle; 3 purl, in the same manner. Repeat from * to end. 6th to 8th rows. Knit on the right side, and cast off the stitches. The lace when finished forms a little ruffle, and is sewed on the outer edge of the collar, along the smooth line on the pattern. Finish with buttons and loops as described.

MRS. SOLOMON'S SILKS.

"THE lot will bring money" (pronounced *monish*), observed Mr. Solomon to his partner in life, and business as well, turning over the pile of goods upon the dingy counter of his little shop reflectively.

"I shall see to *that*," replied Mrs. Solomon, emphasizing the last word with an energetic nod of her disheveled head, calculated to reassure her spouse, who was desponding by nature.

A feeble ray of gaslight served to illuminate the place, shining on the case of tawdry jewelry by the show-window, where imitation diamonds, rubies, and emeralds were heaped together in dazzling profusion, glimmering weirdly over avenues of ready-made clothing swinging aimlessly about, like limp ghosts; tinging ribbons, gilded china, stray fans, parasols faded by time, and antique carved furniture; for it would have been difficult to find a suitable name under which to confine the trade of this establishment, and bringing into relief the profiles of the two people leaning across the counter.

That of Mr. Solomon expressed some doubt and indecision as he thoughtfully rubbed the tip of his hooked nose; that of Mrs. Solomon unswerving resolution from her bead-like black eyes to her firm double-chin.

At the sudden jar of the cracked bell, which announced the advent of visitors, Mr. Solomon started nervously and glanced over his shoulder, but not a muscle of his wife's face moved. Who did he expect might swoop down upon his humble premises, where many a rare gem from the palaces of wealth found its way?

Not the inoffensive youth who now presented himself, certainly, and at whose entrance discordant music upon a tin-pan of a piano in the back room suddenly ceased, when Miss Rebecca emerged from behind an old cloak, which served as a curtain to conceal her private retreat from the public eye, but which could not also prevent the escape of an unctuous, rich odor, compounded of fish, garlic, and rancid butter.

The young lady was attired in gorgeous raiment; long, brassy rings depended each side of her somewhat *prononcée* features; her jet-black hair was gathered into a high chignon, surmounted by a blue apology for a hat, known as a "skimmer," and the rest of her costume embraced the varying hues of the rainbow with pleasing effect, although they were somewhat tarnished. Nor was her attendant swain, Mr. Moses, less elegant in his way. Perfumes more powerful than those of "Araby the blest" exhaled from his oily locks; a broad chain of the precious metal meandered across his plaid waistcoat, giving him the appearance of being corded together with gold; his coat bore the stamp of Chatham Square; in his right hand, covered with rings, he negligently twirled a yellow kid glove and cane. So the young people went to the Bowery Theatre to enjoy the rant of brigands and gloomy assassins, and the graceful evolutions of gauze and spangled damsels in the giddy dance, while the old ones, with whom the romance had rusted off long before, addressed themselves to the business of life.

The next morning Mrs. Solomon might have been seen on her way down the crowded thoroughfare—Catherine Street—attired in a long cloak and comfortable poke bonnet, carrying a large basket upon her arm.

Embarking upon the ferry-boat, she was speedily landed on the not less dirty opposite shore of Brooklyn. One would imagine she might have felt more at home in the narrow streets of this quarter, which, indeed, was the case; yet ambition led her instead to the Heights. Leaving her at the door of a handsome house, we will peep up the polished staircase into the luxuriously-appointed room, where, shrouded by rich curtains before a cheerful fire, sat the lady of the house in a charming negligée of soft cashmere and satin, reading the last novel.

Mrs. John Willard was a fat, pretty woman, who, with a mental capacity of inferior standard, had done remarkably well for herself in this world's goods, and had waxed great accordingly. Time was when Mrs. Willard, of obscure family, had filled the position of nursery-governess, and, as such, had won the admiration of Mr. Willard, a bluff, good-natured man, by her meekness and amiability to her young charge. Society ignored these trifles so long as the past was hidden by the golden shimmer and glitter of the present. Mrs. Willard became a connoisseur in art and music, enriching her drawing-room walls with the choice productions of famous masters at fabulous prices; she dressed exquisitely, and gave superb entertainments, taking care to keep her illiterate husband in the back-ground at such times.

Still Mrs. Willard had her Mordecai in the gate; she was not recognized by Mrs. Littleton, who held higher rank yet for wealth, and was a lady by birth in addition.

This was the thorn in the silken pillow—to be regarded as a parvenu—never to be recognized in public by her great neighbor! Fortune eventually favored her in this misfortune—the crust of icy reserve thawed in the most delightful and unexpected manner.

Mrs. Willard had the good-fortune to sit directly in front of Mrs. Littleton at the opera, in a new camel's-hair shawl, thus enabling the latter lady to examine its marvelous richness of design and fineness of texture. Mrs. Littleton was not proof against this insidious attack, the shawl was worthy or acquaintance; the ladies exchanged calls, dined together, "my deared" each other, and became, in short, bosom friends. What more need Mrs. Willard desire in life, having overcome the last obstacle in the pathway of prosperity?

"A person below wishes to show some silks, ma'am," said the genteel waitress, appearing at the door.

"Silks," repeated her mistress, with a languid yawn, "I believe I will look at them."

She was prompted by a desire to keep her husband's fortune in active circulation, which she generally accomplished to the entire satisfaction of every body, save the gentleman himself, not unmingled with a feminine keenness for bargains.

Mrs. Solomon was duly presented, and proceeded to unpack her wares, her sharp eyes glancing about the room, noting the toilette-bottles, jewel-boxes, and embroidered cushions thrown carelessly about, and perhaps wishing Miss Rebecca might enjoy similar luxury some fine day.

The silks were exquisite, soft pearl-gray, delicate creamy-brown, and magnificent purple, shading into the varying lights of plum and ripened grape.

Mrs. Willard's eyes sparkled with animation, while Mrs. Solomon's tongue ran along nimbly with the smoothest story.

"Her brother was a sailor and had just returned from Calcutta, where these watered-silks were made. All silk in the weaving? Oh yes, certainly—just ravel this outer edge—see! The brother had brought these dress-patterns as a speculation, but as he was taken ill she sold them for him. A great chance—only twenty-five dollars apiece, and part payment taken in old clothes."

Mrs. Willard grew enthusiastic, she could not detect any thing amiss with the silks, and she was certainly a judge, so she proceeded to select various articles of her wardrobe for Mrs. Solomon's critical inspection.

"This cloak was very much worn, it would be robbery to her family if she allowed more than five dollars for it; that shawl was out of style, still it could go for three; the ball-dress was torn," and so on, through all the phases of haggling peculiar to the people who await the restoration of Jerusalem. In the midst of these transactions the door-bell rang sharply, and the silvery voice of Mrs. Littleton sounded below.

"I will go right up stairs," she said, affably.

Her friend turned pale, and shuddered at the possibility of being discovered hobnobbing with an old clo' woman! Stung to desperation at the sudden emergency, Mrs. Willard bundled the Israelite unceremoniously into the bath-room, basket and all; then, turning the key upon her, returned to throw the scattered articles of dress hastily into a convenient wardrobe.

She met Mrs. Littleton with a somewhat flushed and guilty countenance after these exertions; yet she greeted the visitor with a kiss, and was *so* glad to see her.

Mrs. Littleton was a soft, cat-like woman in public, with sleepy eyes, and an affected simplicity of manner which was pronounced to be charming; but in private it was rumored she could unsheath the sharpest claws.

She had come to consult Mrs. Willard about inviting a certain young lady to her party of the following evening.

"Her singing is so fine, you know," said Mrs. Littleton, folding her soft, white hands together; "she would be an entertainment to the company. Still she has so little style or presence—"

"Yes; her voice is of good quality," returned Mrs. Willard, guarded as to her praise. "What a pity it is that her head-notes should be veiled, though!"

"We do not expect her to equal you, dear," purred Mrs. Littleton. "Do promise us that delicious aria from Il Barbieri for the occasion." The two ladies chatted and gossiped together, the hostess in an agony of suspense the while, wishing her guest at the bottom of the Red Sea, the highest pinnacle of the Andes, or any other remote locality, and hoping that the incarcerated animal in the bath-room *would* remain quiet.

In both cases disappointment awaited her.

Mrs. Littleton, although gifted with no extraordinary powers of penetration, saw at a glance something was wrong, and determined, with placid curiosity, to ascertain the cause, while Mrs. Solomon waxed impatient at her imprisonment—for with her time was money—and began to knock on the door in a threatening way.

Mrs. Willard turned several shades more rosy from annoyance and vexation under her companion's calm glance of inquiry; but the French maid, embroidering Madame's chemisette in the sewing-room, came to the rescue.

"What do you want there?" she asked, peeping through the key-hole, apprehensive of a caged burglar.

"Let me out!" demanded the indignant Jewess.

Awed by her tone, and not a little curious as to the result, Mademoiselle Félicie turned the key, and in another moment Mrs. Solomon stood revealed.

"Add ten dollars and I will take the things," she said, resuming the thread of the bargain just where it had been snipped off previously. She probably believed in the "dignity of labor," for she was unabashed at the aristocratic presence of Mrs. Littleton.

"It is really absurd," exclaimed Mrs. Willard, with an embarrassed laugh, "but I have been amusing myself looking at this woman's silks. They are quite pretty—don't you think so? Might answer for linings, or wrappers perhaps."

The other lady recalled the story of how, in the governess days gone by, a dyed black satin had been a cherished article of adornment; still she maintained a discreet silence, and fell to admiring the contents of the wonderful basket, which now revealed some fine pieces of linen also.

Mrs. Littleton expressed her admiration of the India silks by the immediate purchase of one, together with a piece of the linen, and Mrs. Willard breathed a sigh of relief; she would not be considered economical, as she had feared.

A peculiar smile flitted across the hardened features of the old Jewess as she departed the richer for the parcel of Mrs. Willard's wardrobe.

She then paused at the next door just as the lady of the house was returning from early service in the chapel of St. ——, for Mrs. Newton was a devout churchwoman.

As a principle the latter relied upon A. T. Stewart or Madame Pinchon for her supplies; she never felt quite comfortable in any raiment which emanated from other sources; she fancied the Miss Longworths, related to a Western bishop by marriage, who occupied the pew behind her in church, were keen to detect and comment upon imitations of any sort. A tempting glimpse, which Mrs. Solomon artfully insisted upon showing, induced Mrs. Newton, against her better judgment, to reflect upon a pearl-gray, and while she hesitated her sister-in-law appeared on the scene.

Miss Newton was an old maid, who lived by her wits, strictly speaking, visiting her rich friends and relatives to enjoy their bounty, yet hating them for their prosperity while flattering their weaknesses. Vanity had never been wholly extinguished in her breast as years passed on, and by altering such finery as was given her she contrived to present a very creditable appearance in fashionable circles, with the aid of a stylish coiffure, during such portions of the season as she was permitted to appear; the rest of the time she vented the accumulated spite and venom of her nature upon a meek sister in the country who was a poor clergyman's wife.

Miss Newton regarded the silks with a wistfully regretful gaze. She had the required sum quilted into her stays for safety at that very moment. Should she indeed invest it in such magnificence? Dearly as the ancient maiden loved dress she loved money better, and in this instance her prudence was rewarded, as we shall presently see.

Again Mrs. Solomon departed in triumph; to have coined money out of the skeptical Mrs. Newton was a still greater achievement than in the former case, because Mrs. Willard delighted in spending money, if only for the pleasure of hearing her husband grumble.

A policeman came sauntering along in the sun, and Mrs. Solomon dodged suddenly down into an area, for reasons best known to herself, and knocked at the door. A cook with an inflamed and determined countenance obeyed the summons, while her mistress, a faded, hopeless-looking woman, hovered at the top of the stairs, giving some order. Poor Mrs. Brown was a widow and kept a boarding-house. Upon her faded features were legibly written all the cares and trials of such a lot—the back-parlor not rented, old Mrs. Scrimp, on the third-floor, insisting upon a new rocking-chair, skirmish with the cook because Mr. Atwood declared he would not remain unless the gravy was better, and an exacting landlord. What need to tell how the Jewess beguiled the irresolute lady into taking two pieces of the linen, and a charming purple silk, in which Mrs. Brown already fancied herself arrayed, to the hopeless distraction of a certain rich bachelor she had been angling after for many a day, giving recklessly in exchange of her son's wardrobe (poor fellow!), who returned at night only to find himself defrauded of a pair of summer boots, an excellent coat, some gray inexpressibles which were the pride of his heart, and contained twenty dollars of his salary in the bank besides. What need to describe how Mrs. Brown took refuge in tears when he upbraided her, and displayed the marvelous bargains in hopes of averting wrath, which the son regarded, however, in a gloomy light.

In the next house dwelt the Mackey family, consisting of thrifty twin sisters and an invalid, who had a fortune, and was to be respected accordingly. The little twin dames labored under certain disadvantages in the matter of dress, their respective husbands were simply gourmands, and on the table was lavished every thing, to the exclusion of personal adornment. Nature, fortunately, had endowed them with a large share of ingenuity. They reveled year in and year out in turning, twisting, dyeing, or scrubbing with vinegar and molasses old rags, and flattered themselves that the result was highly fashionable, although it was not in the least.

Mrs. Solomon was cordially received by the Mackeys, and immediately conducted into the invalid's apartment that she might be entertained as well. As a family they delighted in the by-ways of traffic, prowling into all manner of auction stores for lace and damask, and ornamenting the parlor with smart gilded vases or bottles, exchanged for odd traps of some kind. Even the younger branches showed a relish for tops and dolls purchased in unexpected places at low prices.

It was full an hour before Mrs. Solomon was suffered to depart. Such a chirping clatter of voices surrounded the invalid's bed as various articles were spread out for her inspection, such a flutter of excitement pervaded the whole establishment, that the little girls even ran in from their play, and stood on tip-toe hugging their small elbows, their round eyes expressive of admiration, and their hair braided in long tails after the manner of Chinese mandarins.

The twin sisters ran wildly about producing materials for trade, or whispered mysteriously in corners, with many nods of intelligence, and all the while Mrs. Solomon remained unmoved by the bustle. There was no need of the sailor story here; the Mackey's would only have listened abstractedly while they mentally calculated gores and flounces.

We do not propose following the clo' woman through the whole of her journey, fearing that the reader may weary of a repetition of her successes. Suffice it that she returned to the ferry once more laden with spoils, and was there met and congratulated by Mr. Solomon, as appointed.

In the language of Mr. Swiveler Brooklyn Heights would be an avenue hereafter closed to her. Imagine the disgust and amazement of Mrs. John Willard and Mrs. Littleton when, on the following morning, a police-officer demanded the linens, which were stolen. Both ladies felt a shock to the inmost centre of their propriety and respectability, wishing all manner of evil upon the devoted head of Mrs. Solomon.

They maintained a dignified silence upon the subject toward each other, and so icy did Mrs. Littleton become, when reminded of the affair by a glimpse of the unlucky silk in the hands of Mademoiselle Félicie (to whom it had been donated at once), that Mrs. Willard almost feared she had lost caste in society. In the mean while Mrs. Newton had not dared venture in person with her exquisite pearl-gray to her French dress-maker up town, whose supercilious glance might possibly detect her deceit, so she sent it, with *carte blanche* as to trimmings, and nervously awaited the result.

The dress-maker speedily wrote a badly-spelled note, signifying in straggling, angular characters that the pattern was short. Accordingly Miss Newton was dispatched to a certain large establishment on Broadway (never mind which of the multitude) to match the dress if possible.

"Have you gray silk—wide?" she inquired of a fascinating clerk, with his hair parted in the middle.

"No such silk comes," replied the clerk, airily.

"You probably think so," retorted Miss Newton, sharply. She acknowledged herself to be peculiarly fond of taking Young America down a peg, from a virtuous animosity to youth, she being no longer young.

The clerk shrugged his shoulders with a contemptuous air.

"The article I mean comes from India," pursued Miss Newton, "and is worn by very elegant people."

The clerk had hooked her now, but he played out the line with a free hand previous to lauding her high and dry on the bank of despair.

"It seems to me I have heard of them," said he, with the most seductive sweetness of manner. "They are brought by sailors, and the quality is *very* rich, if I am not mistaken."

"Yes," assented Miss Newton, eagerly. "Where can I find them?"

"They are carried about by the sisters of sailors," he pursued, maliciously; "and I imagine you will find, *Miss*, they are Paisley goods, with a silk border, which are watered down in Jersey, and cost about five dollars the dress pattern." Miss Newton was struck dumb, and Young America, with the aid of facts, proved victorious.

Hastening home she broke the tidings, gently as possible, at the lunch table. Mrs. Newton received the intelligence with a sigh of resignation. She felt herself to be merely receiving justice for her folly in purchasing any thing cheap. Her husband, who appeared just at the wrong time, was disposed to be funny over the affair—at least in his own estimation, but then men never sympathize under such circumstances.

"You had better give it to Maria," he said.

"Certainly," assented his wife, regretfully, as she sipped her tea. So Miss Newton inherited the dress, and comforted herself with the reflection that it would last some time, judiciously worn, under gaslight, and then the trimmings would answer for something else; besides, her own money was still in her stays for future emergencies.

The officer pursued his way down the street, scattering desolation and despair in his wake—so many castles, ruffled and embroidered, had already been built on the stolen linen!

Mrs. Brown fled into the Mackey establishment with the tidings, a friend over the way having sent her news of the advance of Justice in brass buttons. The ladies consulted together, overwhelmed with consternation, until the invalid, with more animation than she had shown for years, insisted upon defeating the law by secreting the family purchases about her bed.

Poor Mrs. Brown hastened back to defend her own dominions, and feebly attempted some similar expedient, but signally failed, thus exposing herself to humiliation before her household, who plucked her remorselessly, as the last morceau of gossip, and to the derision of her injured son as well. How the Mackeys quieted their conscience in setting the rising generation so dangerous an example (in fibbing) is inexplicable, still they did most stoutly defend themselves, and the invalid reposed in triumph upon her concealed treasures. Mrs. Solomon will long be remembered; and, as she sowed the wind, so future clo'-women will reap a whirlwind of coldness and neglect.

MISS CARELESS.

A Fairy Story by Jean Mace.

[Jean Mace's book of "Home Fairy Tales" was declared by Edouard Laboulaye—himself the author of many exquisite fairy stories for children—to be one of the most successful books of the kind ever published in France. It has been translated by Miss Mary L. Booth, the translator of Laboulaye, and is now in the press of HARPER & BROTHERS. We give from the advance sheets one of the shorter stories, for the benefit of the readers of the *Bazar*. "The fairies here," writes Miss Booth in her preface to the book, "are good fairies—home fairies—each of whom has a mission to correct some childish fault, but who does her work so attractively and unobtrusively that the children for whom it is designed never think of rebelling against the moral which it is sought to convey. The stories are singularly pleasing and original, and older readers than the audience for whom they are written can not fail to be charmed with their ingenuity."]

MISS CARELESS was a good little girl, who loved her papa and mamma dearly, but, as her name shows, she had one bad fault—she took no care of any thing. When her parents scolded her she hung her head, her large blue eyes filled with tears, and she looked so lovely and so unhappy that they almost reproached themselves for having given her pain, and involuntarily set to work to comfort her; but, their backs turned, all traces of repentance disappeared, and the disorder became worse than ever.

Careless had a brother a year older than herself, whose example and advice had a bad influence over her. It was the custom in that country, when boys had hardly begun to cut their second teeth—at the age when it is so pleasant to hear them prattling about the house in their pretty frocks, with their long curls falling over their shoulders—it was the custom, I say, to send them to great houses, built like barracks, where, after cropping their heads, they were dressed in military coats buttoned to the chin, patent-leather belts, and soldiers' caps perched over the ear, lacking nothing but swords to be equipped for battle. The poor children learned there to play men, and to look down on their sisters. It was a thing agreed upon in this little world that a man who respects himself puts nothing in its place, and the example of the most celebrated personages, renowned for their absent-mindedness, who always put on their trowsers wrong side before, was quoted as a proof of genius. The grown persons of the house had told this to the tall lads, who had told it to the smaller boys, who had told it to the little ones, and Careless's brother, who was one of the latter, had repeated it to her.

Armed with this imposing testimony, Careless thought it very absurd to require of her such minute attention to details so insignificant, and nothing seemed to her so tiresome as to put things in order one day which must be disturbed the next. She did not suspect what need she would have of order in after-years, when she should become a mother herself, and how disgraceful it is to a woman to have nothing in its place in her house. Her mamma, who was well acquainted with her faults, and who loved her too well to suffer this fatal habit to become rooted in her, knew not what to do to break her of it: she had exhausted every thing—warnings, prayers, threats, and even tears, and she finally resolved to punish her.

It was not a difficult task to punish the dear little girl; her heart was so tender that a harsh look made her unhappy, and the sight of her mother in tears threw her in despair. Unhappily, all this sorrow was wasted, since she would not feel the importance of what was required of her. It always seemed to her that her parents were very wrong in making such a fuss about things that were so little worth the trouble, and that they made her unhappy without rhyme or reason. They were obliged, therefore, to have recourse to more direct punishments, in order to make a stronger impression on her mind. If her bed was in disorder, she was forced to wear her night-cap all day. Every time she overturned her inkstand, and this often happened, the end of her nose was inked. Whenever she left a handkerchief, or any thing else, lying about the house, it was fastened on her back; I even believe that a shoe was hung there one day, which had been found far from its fellow, astray on the stairs.

All this mortified her greatly, but did not reform her. She finally persuaded herself, indeed, that her parents no longer loved her, since they persisted in tormenting her in this way, and this unhappy thought hardened her in her disorderly habits. One day, at length, when her brother had a holiday, and, between them, they had put every thing out of place in the parlor and dining-room, Miss Careless was told that she must not leave her room all the next morning. This was a punishment which she felt keenly, for the young gentleman's presence was a rare event since he had joined the regiment, and he now introduced into their plays those cavalier and domineering airs which rendered him still larger in the eyes of his little sister. The dear child was too good.

The next morning the rising sun found her seated on her bed in tears, looking despairingly about her room, her prison till dinner. Her pretty new dress, put on for the first time the night before in compliment to her brother's arrival, was thrown in a corner, half on the floor and half on a chair. One of her boots was under the door, and the other against the door. Two pretty gray silk mitts were on each end of the mantle-piece, and the little black velvet hat, of which she had been so proud, was lying on its side on the top of the water pitcher, with its great white plume falling into the basin.

Careless saw all this confusion with profound indifference, and only thought how tiresome it would be to stay alone for long hours in a room with nothing to do, since it did not occur to her to put things in order.

"How unhappy I am!" she cried. "Every one here hates me, and treats me badly. Nobody loves me but my dear Paul, and they won't let me play with him."

The fairy Order was at that moment making her rounds through the house. She had always avoided this neglected room, for she had a profound contempt for giddy and negligent little girls, and the young lady was not one of her favorites; but when she heard her gentle voice moaning so pitifully, she had compassion on her, and, believing that she had repented at last, opened the door.

You may imagine how she frowned at the sight of the disorder. "Are you not ashamed?" she exclaimed, harshly, advancing to the foot of the bed.

"Of what, Madam?" answered the little girl, tremblingly.

"Just take the trouble to look around this room."

"Well, what is the matter with it?"

"What! don't you see the frightful disorder that every thing is in? There is not a single article of your dress in its place."

"Oh! if that is all, there is no great harm done. Paul says that it makes no difference where we put our things at night, provided that we find them in the morning."

"So you believe Master Paul, and think that it makes no difference where you put your things!" cried the fairy, angrily. "Well, you shall see."

With these words she touched the child with her wand, and behold! little Careless flew into pieces in every direction. The head went in search of the hat on the water-pitcher, the body plunged into the dress across the chair, each foot regained its boot, the one under the bed and the other against the door, and the hands made their way into the mitts on each end of the mantle-piece: it was the work of an instant.

"Now," said the fairy, "I am going to send Master Paul to put all this in order. You shall see whether it makes no difference where you put things."

She went down into the court-yard, where Master Paul was taking advantage of his mamma's absence to try to smoke the end of a cigar that his papa had forgotten the night before. "Go up stairs to your sister's room," said she: "she needs you."

Paul was not very sorry to be disturbed in an attempt which he was beginning to find unpleasant; nevertheless, he carefully laid the precious cigar-stump on the window-sill, and went to his sister's room, his head somewhat heavy.

"Well, what is the matter?" said he on entering. He saw no one in the room. "Where are you?" he cried, furious at what he thought a trick insulting to his dignity.

"Here," groaned the head. "Come and help me quickly, my dear Paul; I am very uncomfortable on this water-pitcher."

"No, come here," howled the body. "I can't bear this any longer; the corner of the chair is piercing me through and through."

"Don't leave me under the bed," said the right foot.

"Look against the door," said the left foot.

"Don't forget us on the mantle-piece," shouted the hands, with all their might.

Another little boy might have been frightened, but Paul was already strong-minded. Picking up the feet, hands, and head in the twinkling of an eye, "Don't be alarmed, my dear sister," said he, in an important tone; "I will set you to rights; it will not take me long. The deuce!"

This was one of his words, borrowed from a friend that had taken him under his protection, a young man of eleven, who had long since renounced the refinement of good language. Yet it was not six months, since, seated on his mamma's knee every evening before going to bed, with his hands clasped, he had promised God to be a good boy. But we will return to the work of putting together the scattered limbs of poor Careless.

The feet, head, and hands were soon laid by the side of the body, and, as Master Paul had said, the operation was quickly performed. Raising his sister on her feet, "There you are!" he exclaimed.

But scarcely had he looked at his work than he uttered a loud cry. The head was turned awry; one of the feet, in its boot, hung on the left arm, while one leg staggered, supported by a poor little hand that looked as if it were crushed beneath the weight.

"Oh! Paul, what have you done?" cried the unhappy Careless. And as she attempted to wipe her eyes, the toe of her boot caught in the braids of her hair.

The giddy boy stood thunder-struck before the disaster which he had caused. He attempted at first to repair the evil by pulling his sister's head with all his might to put it in the right place; but it was too firmly fixed. He twisted the little girl's neck in every direction, and only succeeded in making her cry. Then fright and grief triumphed over all his courage, and he burst into a good hearty fit of crying, like a genuine little boy. The servants of the house ran thither at his screams, but they could think of no other remedy than to send for a physician. Some proposed Doctor Pancratius, who had cured so many little children; others the celebrated Doctor Cutall, who knew so well how to perform an operation. Every body talked at once, and they were trembling for fear of the arrival of the parents, whom such a sight might have brought to the tomb, when the fairy Order appeared in the middle of the room in all the lustre of her holiday attire.

"Well," said she to the poor little girl, "do you think now that it makes no difference where you put things, and that children are to be trusted who despise order? Let this be a lesson to you! I forgive you because you are a good girl, whom every body loves; but always remember what it may cost you to pay no attention to what you are doing."

Saying this, the fairy touched her once more with her wand, and head, body, feet, and hands found their right places.

After this terrible adventure the little girl became so careful and attentive that the fairy Order made her her favorite, and married her in after-years to a prince as beautiful as the day, who was anxious above every thing to see his house in perfect order, and who chose her as much for her neatness in all things as for her goodness and beautiful face.

As to Paul, he ceased to believe that it made no difference where he put things, and refused to listen to the boys, on his return to school, when they made speeches that would have displeased his mamma.

MY KING.

WHEN and how shall I meet him? if ever:
What are the words he first will say?
How will the barriers now that sever
Our kindred spirits be broken away?
This self-same daylight on him is shining,
Shining somewhere the while I sing,
The only one who, my will resigning,
Could I acknowledge my king, my king.

Whether his hair be golden or raven,
Whether his eyes be dark or blue,
I know not now; but 'twould be engraven
On that white day as my perfect hue.
Many a face I have liked for a minute—
Been chain'd by a voice with a pleasant ring—
But ever and aye there was something in it,
Something that could not be his, my king.

I will not dream of him handsome and strong,
My ideal love may be weak and slight;
It matters not to what class he belong,
He would be noble enough in my sight;
He may not be brilliantly gifted, my lord!
And he may be learned in every thing;
But if ever he comes he will strike the chord,
Whose melody waits for the hand of its king.

But he must be courteous toward the lowly;
To the weak and sorrowful, loving too;
He must be courageous, refined, and holy,
By nature exalted, and firm, and true:
To such I might fearlessly give the keeping
Of love that would never outgrow its spring:
There would be few tears of a woman's weeping,
If they loved such men as my king, my king.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE BLACK-AND-WHITE KITTEN.

"SHOULD you like to hear about my black-and-white kitten that used to do such funny things?"

"Oh yes! I should!" exclaimed Alice, dropping the blocks with which she had been playing. "I can not make this bridge stand up."

"You have played long enough," said Aunt Mary. "Some other day you can make the bridge stand up. Now let us pick up all the blocks and playthings on the floor and put them in the basket."

Alice and Aunt Mary quickly picked up all the playthings; and then Alice took hold of the handle of the basket and helped her Auntie carry it into the closet.

"There!" said Aunt Mary, "now the room looks all nice and pleasant. Come, sit on the sofa by me, and I will tell you a story."

"Please let me sit in your lap."

"Are you *very* tired?" asked Aunt Mary, bringing Alice over into her lap.

"Yes," said Alice, drawing a long sigh, "I could not make my bridge stand up."

"Never mind. Sometime I will help you make it stand up."

"But Arthur can make *his* bridges stand up, all by himself," said Alice.

"Arthur is older than Alice. By-and-by Alice can do it as well as Arthur. Now I will tell you about my black-and-white kitten. I loved my black-and-white kitten very much. She used to play with me a great deal when I was a little girl. In the evening, when it was cold, and we had a bright fire in the fire-place, she would curl herself up into a little round ball on the rug, and shut up her eyes, and go to sleep, so:"

Aunt Mary slowly shut up her eyes, as if she were going to sleep. Alice looked up.

"Don't, Auntie, don't go to sleep!"

"Well, I won't, if you don't want me to," said Aunt Mary. "But my kitty used to go to sleep on the rug, purring, purring all the while. When it was time for her to go to bed I would say, 'Come, Kitty, it is bed-time. Kitty! Kitty!' And she would get up off the rug and run after me into the wood-shed. There was a box with some soft shavings in it in the shed, and that was kitty's bed. She thought it was a very nice bed, and liked it very much. She would jump into the box, curl herself up, and go to sleep."

Alice looked up quickly, to see if Aunt Mary was going to sleep again.

"No, I won't go to sleep again, if you don't want me to," said Aunt Mary, replying to Alice's look.

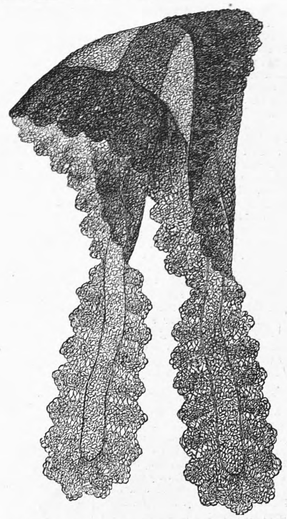
"My black-and-white kitten used to wake up very early in the morning. Just as soon as the doors were opened she would come in, and run across the dining-room—patter, patter, went her soft paws on the floor—and she would come right into Auntie's room. If Auntie had not got up, Kitty would jump up into a chair, and then from the chair on to a table which was close by the bed. Then she would begin to purr very loud—"

"Pur-r, pur-r," interrupted Alice. "Was that the way she purred?"

"Very much like that," said Aunt Mary, laughing to hear Alice purr. "After she had purred a little while, if I did not get up, she would put one of her soft paws on my face to make me open my eyes.

"But here comes Maggie to put Alice to bed. So I must tell you the rest about my black-and-white kitten another time. Good-night."

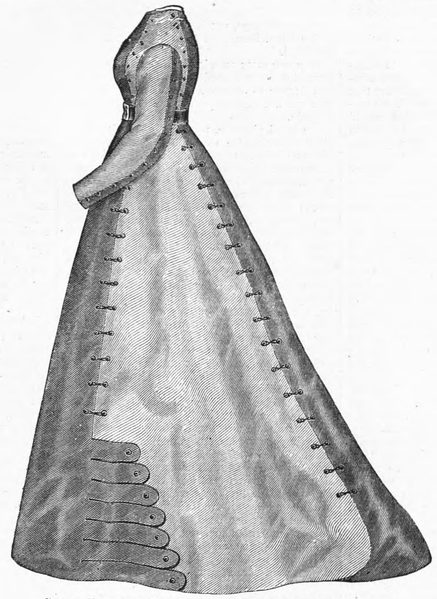
GORED MORNING DRESS (WITHOUT BELT).—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement No. V., Figs. 17–22.



KNITTED FANCHON OF BLACK FLEECY WOOL.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 31.

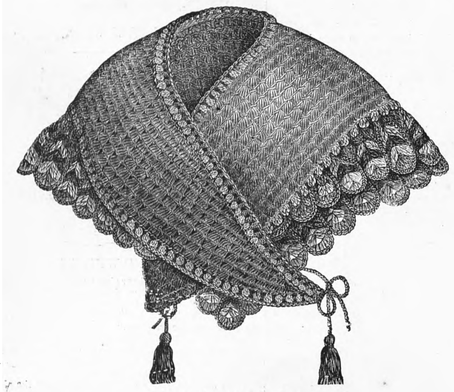
CROCHET TIPPET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Fig. 32.

JACKET FOR BOY FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 9–14.



GORED DRESS OF LIGHT AND DARK BROWN IRISH POPLIN.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–8.

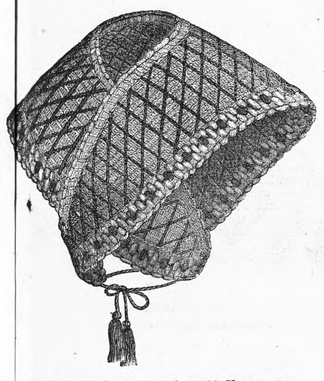
GORED MORNING DRESS (WITH BELT).—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 14–22.



LADY'S CROCHET SONTAG.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 29.

BLACK GROS GRAIN APRON.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 25 and 26.

PEPLUM OF GRAY GROS GRAIN SILK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–8.

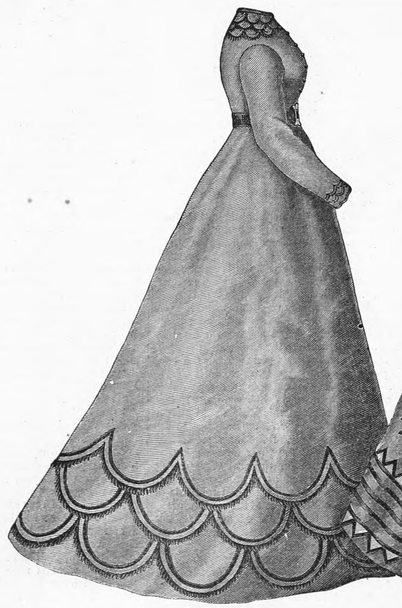


SONTAG FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 30.

LADY'S KNITTED SLEEVELESS JACKET.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 23 and 24.

LADY'S KNITTED SLEEVELESS JACKET.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 23 and 24.

GORED DRESS OF GRAY GROS GRAIN SILK.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–8.



GORED DRESS OF GRAY POULT DE SOIE.

GORED DRESS OF LILAC TAFFETAS.
For patterns see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–8.

GORED DRESS OF GREEN TAFFETAS.

GORED DRESS OF GRAY GROS GRAIN SILK.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–8.

MY AUNT'S PEARL RING.

"THAT pearl ring, Mabel, you prefer that to all the others?"

I fancied my aunt spoke in a slightly regretful tone, although she had emptied the contents of her little jewel-casket into my lap so carelessly, and bid me select the trinket which should be her gift to me on my approaching wedding-day.

"You know I have a strange fancy for pearls, aunt; but if you have the slightest affection for this ring I would not take it for the world; and indeed," I added, setting the delicate little circlet aside, and turning again to its more glittering fellows, "I dare say I can find one which pleases me equally amidst such a collection."

But with a little hasty movement my aunt threw it back, saying, "No, no, my dear; if you like it, take it. I have no affection for it. Heaven knows I have little cause ever to wish to see it or hear of it again." And then, seeing that I looked up in some amazement at her unusual energy, she added, with almost a scornful smile, "What are jewels to me now?"

We were silent a moment or two, and somehow I felt that, in spite of the quiet manner with which my still beautiful aunt sank back in her chair and resumed her embroidery, I had inadvertently touched on some painful memory, and roused some emotion which it required all her strength of will to repress.

She was no ordinary character, as I well knew. Self-possessed and reserved to a remarkable degree, she had always inspired me with more awe and respect than loving confidence; but as she sat there, with the evening light falling on her delicate face, her lips firmly compressed, her brows slightly frowning, something seemed suddenly to thaw my heart toward her; and in spite of her frigid manner I drew closer to her, and, laying my head on her knee, said, softly, "I fear I have pained you, aunt Magdalen."

Her needle went very fast for a few stitches, and then, as if with some resolution which cost her an effort to make, she laid down her work, and fixing her eyes on mine, gazed at me for some moments thoughtfully and intently.

"I am not superstitious, Mabel, as you know," she began slowly, and laying her light cold hand on my head; "but I think before we quite conclude the matter of the pearl ring I should like to tell you its history. I am not sure that you will think it an auspicious bridal gift when you know all about it, and—and me."

Her voice dropped painfully as she said the last words, and I saw by her face that the memory of some past sorrow was pressing upon her with a force that even her strong will could scarcely meet and master.

"It is not a pleasant story to tell, Mabel, and it is one which, though known to others, *my* lips have never before told; and—"

"If it is painful to you, dear aunt," I interrupted, quickly, "do not make such an effort for me, then. Never mind about the ring, aunt Magdalen; give me that little cross you used to wear—indeed, the only ornament I have ever seen upon you; I shall treasure it even more than the pearl ring."

"Hush, my dear—hush!" she answered, more kindly, however, than was her wont. "I have made up my mind to tell you this story. Do not interrupt me, but listen quietly; and if you can draw any lesson for your own future guidance in life do; and then, at any rate, some good may result from my pain."

I was very handsome when I was your age, Mabel; I was, moreover, accomplished; and, having lived a good deal with a fashionable cousin in London, I had acquired all the polish of manner, at least, which the habitual contact of good society gives. So when, on one of my rare visits home, I met and became engaged to Lord Rutherford, the possessor of Rutherford Park, no one was very much surprised, except, perhaps, myself.

Your mother was many years my senior, and, though an angel in disposition, she had never been remarkable for beauty; neither was she accomplished; and she, therefore, regarded me as a marvel, and thought no position too high for me to aspire to. My father shared her enthusiasm, and the consequence was, when I occasionally came to spend a month or two at the quiet country rectory, I was treated as a kind of divinity by my own family, and fêted and admired as a superior being by the quiet country neighbors.

In justice to myself, however, I must say that although, naturally enough, I was willing and pleased to be flattered, my head was not altogether turned by it; and I had acquired enough worldly knowledge in my London experiences to know that beauty was not the sole charm by which husbands were to be won—especially noble husbands—or fate ruled. And when, therefore, Lord Rutherford asked me to be his wife I was very much delighted, and certainly a little surprised.

I accepted him without a moment's hesitation; or, rather, I should say, I accepted his coronet and fortune; for of himself, except as a necessary appendage to these desirable blessings, I thought nothing.

He was dark, and stern, and rather cold in manner; and certainly had he been a simple nobody I should never have dreamed of preferring him to a light-hearted captain of dragoons who happened to be staying in the neighborhood, and who for some time had been paying me devoted attention.

Guy Deveril was one of those men to whom the term "fascinating" may be truly applied. He certainly thoroughly understood the art of making himself agreeable; and if he did not win hearts quite so quickly or constantly as he fancied, he won without difficulty those first vivid fancies which a little constancy on his part could soon have made firm, even fierce, love.

I certainly liked Guy better than Lord Rutherford, and it was rather a trial at first to have to give him up as my constant companion in walking and riding, and take dark, stern Eustace instead; but the coronet kept me firm for the first few days, and then gradually my betrothed's truly noble character became more revealed, and if I did not love him enthusiastically, I learned to respect and honor him, as well as to appreciate his refined and intellectual conversation.

The more I was with him, too, the higher grew this esteem; and, in justice to myself, I must say that, though I felt my own nature was scarcely fit to soar with his, I made vigorous efforts to make myself more worthy of him.

I was clever, after a style of my own, and perhaps really more acute in my appreciation of character than Lord Rutherford, and I clearly saw that he did not comprehend me; I saw that he worshiped rather some ideal standard of female perfection which he imagined developed in me than my real true self.

But this pained me. In the first place, I was too sincere to wish to deceive him; but at the same time I was afraid of his suddenly becoming aware of my inferiority, and ceasing this devoted worship.

In spite of my disquietude, however, the courtship proceeded very quietly for some weeks, and things were advancing satisfactorily toward the consummation of all our hopes. The wedding-day was fixed, my trousseau was nearly ready, the sojourn for the honey-moon was decided on, and, as far as human ken could reach, nothing appeared which could possibly interfere with the event which was to place a coronet on my brow and make me the wife of dark, stern Eustace Rutherford.

[My aunt paused a moment, and looking dreamily out over the distant scene of orchard and garden, dimly glimmering in the last faint rays of the red sunset, sighed sadly.]

I seem to see those scenes of the past still. I could almost fancy that figure pacing there beneath on the lawn, and pausing every now and then to look at this window, was that of Eustace Rutherford. It was just such an evening, I remember, when, as I sat there on that seat, Mabel, over which hangs that rich laburnum, I was startled by Eustace's hurrying up in a breathless state, and seizing my hand, exclaiming, "Magdalen, I must leave you; my mother has been taken dangerously ill, and I must go to her. I have only an instant to say good-by, but I will write;" and then, before I could say a word, he had kissed me hastily, and was gone.

I turned pale and cold, though I scarcely knew why, and without further delay I went into the house to tell the news to my sister Alice.

"This is indeed sad. Poor Eustace! he loves his mother so devotedly," she exclaimed, simply.

"Yes," I answered; "and it will put off our marriage for Heaven knows how long."

Ah, in my selfishness I was a true prophetess.

Alice looked up gravely. "That should scarcely be your first thought, Magdalen."

"I know it ought not; but I'm not a good young person like you, Ally, and—and besides I'm in love, you know," I replied, lightly, as I was wont to do when I felt I ought to be ashamed of myself; and then I sat down to the piano and began dashing off a brilliant waltz, till my sister's light hand laid upon my shoulder suddenly checked me.

"Don't play that now, Magdalen; come to tea and calm yourself a little," she said. "You are unwise to give way to such excitable moods: Lord Rutherford is not the nature to stand it."

"I know that, and I do not indulge in them before him," I replied.

"But if you allow this habit to grow, when you are married you will not find the restraint easy," she exclaimed.

"I shall not trouble myself then; my husband must take me for what I am," was my reply.

I needed not Alice's firm "You are very wrong, Magdalen," to make me aware of the fact; but somehow that evening I felt as if some great pressure had been taken off me, and my own true nature, evil though it might be, would out.

I went out again into the garden, to avoid continuing the conversation, and to calm myself.

The next day I watched anxiously for a letter—for, truth to tell, I was particularly anxious that my wedding should take place at the time named, and if Lady Rutherford died I knew this could not be. But, to my surprise, Eustace did not write for a couple of days, and then only a hurried note to say his mother continued ill, but that he thought there were still faint hopes of her ultimate recovery: he did not even mention his return.

I was disappointed; but at the same time I knew Lord Rutherford's cold nature, and I therefore comforted myself with the thought that he probably had not the gift of warm love-letter writing. I was naturally of a lively disposition, and putting the epistle in my desk I certainly troubled myself but little about it, turning my attention to such amusement as Eustace's absence now gave me leisure to join in.

Instead of confining myself to the rectory-garden I went visiting among the neighboring families, and—alas for my weakness and idleness!—again fell into the company of Guy Deveril. Since my engagement to Lord Rutherford I had done my best to avoid Captain Deveril, feeling that it was better for my own happiness and also more pleasant to Eustace, who, though he would not stoop to outward demonstration of jealousy, was one who I knew would brook no rival. Now that I had nothing to do, however, no one to be with constantly, the temptation was too great for me to resist, and, insensibly, from meeting Guy in company, and talking generally with him, I passed on to strolling with him apart from others, and finally to *tête-à-tête* rambles and moonlight saunterings, much in the same free way which I had been wont to indulge in before my betrothal.

Guy was more on a level with myself than the stern, intellectual Lord Rutherford, and the effort I made to comprehend and appreciate Eustace was not necessary when I was with the gay Captain.

He loved pleasure, romance, poetry, music—all that could give sunshine to life, but which gives no help to weather its storms—and I was of the same light nature. His company charmed me, his flattery charmed me, and that gallant attention in little matters, which Lord Rutherford would never have thought of paying, charmed me. But though I indulged my vanity and love of gayety, my conscience was still on the alert, and as yet I was faithful in my thoughts to Eustace, and if he had but returned then, as I hoped and expected, all might yet have been well! Ah, how different indeed might my fate have been!

Days, weeks passed—a couple of months went by, and Lord Rutherford only wrote that his mother lingered still, but in such a state that from day to day they expected her to breathe her last. Our union he never mentioned; only once or twice did he speak of his return; and though his letters came regularly enough, and always breathed affection, I began to receive them as a matter of course, and to grow slowly less interested in their contents.

I was a little displeased with Eustace at thus deserting me for his dying mother, and the attentions of Guy Deveril were therefore all the more welcome; and, I know not whether by design or not, just at that time Guy pressed them more assiduously than ever, and whenever he could be he was always beside me.

Alice shook her head, and my father looked grave; but I used to laugh and say I was dull without Eustace, and should die if I had no one to help me while away the time, or else I put on an offended air, and with flashing eyes asked them if they distrusted me. My foolish pride made me obstinate—I would not be reprimanded and ruled by simple Alice, who spent her life in cutting out clothes for the poor, and visiting the sick—and in very bravado I increased rather than diminished my intimacy with the gay Captain.

Meanwhile my imprudence was attaining its culminating point. In a neighboring town there was a grand fancy fair about to be held in aid of some charity, and a cousin of Guy Deveril, who was one of the lady patronesses, asked me to join her in keeping a stall. The invitation was sent to me through Guy, and he was very urgent that I should accept it, as the office of driving me to and from Little Denton would fall to him, and indeed we should be able to pass the day together in a scene of excitement and gayety such as we both loved.

My conscience was not quite easy, but I agreed, and set about preparing a dress which should do justice to the occasion and my own beauty; and after not a few hours' hard labor I laid a costume out before Alice's wondering eyes which even she declared would make me the belle of the fête.

You will think me very foolish, Mabel; but do you know I dreamed of that dress? I longed to wear it as eagerly as any village schoolgirl longs to put on her new bonnet. You may conceive, then, my disappointment when, on the eve of the fair, I received a letter from Eustace, which at first sight seemed to make the pleasure impossible. It was a long letter, filled with accounts of his mother's health, and his own intense anxiety to get over the next few days, during which a crisis was expected to take place in the disease, but in a short postscript he said, "I have heard that you have been asked to patronize the charity-fair at Little Denton. I will send you £10 as my contribution. Of course under our present circumstances you can not be expected to appear at such a place."

That was all. He seemed to consider it as a matter of course that while his mother lay dying I should never dream of appearing in any public place of amusement. To make such a request as a favor granted to himself would have appeared like an insult to my good feeling and good taste.

But instead of arguing in this way, I exclaimed, "How selfish lovers are! Eustace expects me to feel as much for his mother, whom I never saw in my life, just because she *is* his mother, as he does! Absurd!" And then crumpling up the letter, I dashed down stairs to stop Guy Deveril, who happened at that moment to be passing the garden-gate and casting longing looks up at my window, to tell him that after all I must give up the anticipated pleasure, and also to ask him to make my excuses to his cousin for deserting her party after so short a notice.

"Give up the fair!" exclaimed Captain Deveril. "Why, Magdalen, what spirit of change has seized on you?"

"It is a great disappointment," I said; "but Lord Rutherford would be seriously offended, I fear, if I went."

Guy never spoke against Eustace to me; but he was always meaningly silent whenever his name was mentioned.

"And what harm can you do his lordship by going? By George, a man should not leave a girl for ten or twelve weeks in such an inexplicable manner, and then expect her to live like a nun. Rutherford is unreasonable."

I was silent, for I did not choose to join Guy in abusing my betrothed.

"I suppose he thinks it would look odd," I said, after a pause; "and perhaps it would; but I am very sorry. Will you tell Mrs. Deveril, and say also that Lord Rutherford intends contributing ten pounds to the charity?"

"Let him keep his money!" exclaimed Guy, savagely. "Ten pounds won't make up for your absence; and, indeed, Magdalen, I must say I think you are a little ridiculous."

"Ridiculous, Captain Deveril! Why, what can I do? I would do any thing to go—at least," I added, as Guy turned suddenly and looked at me with a strange expression—an expression which frightened me a little—"any thing that was not absolutely wrong."

"Well, then, burn Lord Rutherford's letter, and *go*," was his reply in low tones. "Perhaps it would not be quite the correct thing, all things considered, for you to attend the stall, and make yourself conspicuous; but there would be no manner of harm in your driving quietly over, and walking through the place with the other steady people who come to spend their money. Even Lord Rutherford only meant your joining the stall-keepers. Besides, Magdalen, the Little Dentonians are a distinct set from this neighborhood. Few persons would recognize you."

He was leaning over the gate, and somehow his hand touched mine as he said this; but I did not remove mine.

"It will be horribly dull without you, Magdalen; and go I must, for I have promised Julia," he went on. "Do come. There really won't be any harm."

Still I hesitated. I was sorely tempted. I thought of the elegant dress, the pleasures of a day leaning on Guy's arm in a tolerable crowd of company; and then I contrasted the dreariness of twelve whole long hours wandering about the dull garden or village, and Guy at Little Denton. Surely Eustace did expect too much; besides, would he ever know?

"Come," Guy exclaimed suddenly. "You relent. You won't begin slavery till you leave the altar; and I shall be at the gate to-morrow punctually at twelve. Good-night!" Without waiting for me to say yes or no, the captain turned as he spoke, and disappeared behind the rose-hedge.

When I went into the house ten minutes after I never said a word to Alice about Lord Rutherford's letter; and when she said to me, "I suppose, Maggy, you are quite ready for to-morrow," I answered simply, "Yes, quite."

Well, Mabel, I went to that fête, and I confess I enjoyed it. My disposition was one which thoroughly loved excitement, and while flattery and compliments sounded in my ears conscience had no chance of being heard. I was the handsomest girl there, and Guy, proud of being my chosen cavalier, was as devoted as I could possibly desire. Indeed that day he ventured on more downright love-making than he had ever before attempted, and he gave me to understand (at least so I thought) that even then, if I would desert Eustace Rutherford, he would only too readily claim me as a wife. I came home in a whirl of excitement, and it was only when I laid my head on my pillow, weary and exhausted, that my restless thoughts turned to consider what might be the consequences of my conduct.

I grew strangely anxious now that I had dared fate; and I trusted most intensely that Lord Rutherford would remain away from the park long enough for the excitement of the fair to subside entirely. So anxious was I that I condescended to say to Alice that I thought perhaps I had outstepped the bounds of propriety in going, and that I hoped she would not mention it in Eustace's presence.

It happened that on the previous day I had lost a small locket, of no great value; but being particularly fond of it (and indeed of all jewelry), I had shown some vexation at the loss, and sought anxiously about; and the next day I was not surprised therefore to see Guy appear at a later hour than usual, as he had promised to go to Denton and make inquiries.

I was seated in my accustomed place under the drooping willow working when Guy approached, and throwing a small packet into my lap, dropped into the seat beside me. "My locket!" I exclaimed. "A thousand thanks! I scarcely expected you would succeed."

"Nor have I," replied Guy. "I thought *that*, however, might replace it. I went to Smith's, but they had nothing like the locket; and I knew your fancy for pearls."

Meanwhile, in some surprise, I had unfastened the packet, and discovered a magnificent pearl ring instead of my humble little gold medallion.

"Oh but, Guy, I ought not to accept it!" I exclaimed. "You forget I am engaged to Lord Rutherford."

"Stuff! Are you never going to take a friendly gift from any one when you are his wife? Nonsense, Magdalen! I was the means of your losing your pet locket, and I do my best to replace it. Do not be so unkind as to reject my offering."

A little while ago I should have refused it firmly; but the wrong path descends very easily, though swiftly, and I was already some way in my descent. "Eustace must never know about it, then," I thought; but I slipped on the beautiful trinket, and laughed as Guy declared I ought only to wear pearls, for they were the only ornament delicate enough for my fragile white fingers. Still I was not quite easy; and when Alice suddenly joined us I carefully hid the hand newly decorated from her sight.

I do not think Guy was pleased at this interruption; but for once Alice was not to be frightened away by even Guy's displeasure, and producing her work, she sat down and remained with us till the Captain reluctantly said he must prepare for his walk home; and even while we sauntered down to the gate, and stood for an instant or two chatting, she remained within view on the lawn, as if resolutely determined to watch him out and me in.

But I was not inclined for a lecture; and so, leaning my arms on the gate, I resolved to try Alice's patience a little.

Presently a step coming in the direction Guy had gone made me look up. Of course it must be Captain Deveril returning for something. I

saw a man's shadow approaching, and then I started back. It was Lord Rutherford who stood before me.

I turned icily cold as he caught me in his arms.

"How you startle me! I did not expect you in the least," I exclaimed; and making an effort to hide my embarrassment under a show, at least, of delight—"When did you come? How is Lady Rutherford? Why did you not write?"

"Not a dozen questions, please, dearest, in one breath," he answered, with a pleased laugh, however. "Let me look at you, and see that it is truly yourself."

He was in high, even excited spirits for him; and I could not help gazing up at him in astonishment, remembering his late anxious letters.

He rushed into the house to give Alice and my father a hasty greeting, and then rejoined me in the garden, having, he said, something particular to say to me. My guilty conscience would have shrunk had he not uttered the words so joyfully, and seemed so happy; and so I stood there waiting for him, and most earnestly trusting that all would be right.

A favorable turn had taken place in his mother's malady, and now the physicians ordered an immediate removal abroad; and her great desire was that our marriage should take place immediately, and that after a short honey-moon we should join her in Italy. Lord Rutherford urged me most earnestly to accede to her wish and his, and of course I was willing enough.

Eustace talked unusually fast; there was much to arrange and little time to do it in, as the wedding would have to take place early in the ensuing week. His own business at the park, too, required his presence; and so, after an hour's earnest conversation, he prepared to leave me. I could scarcely believe, as I walked down to the gate the second time that evening, that in such a short space so much had happened. Guy was almost forgotten—the fair quite. All I remembered was that next Tuesday the ambition of my life would be gratified, and I should belong to the British peerage.

We stood at the gate, and for once Eustace lingered and we talked. I had a nervous habit of twisting my fingers when excited; and was it my evil fortune or an avenging Nemesis made me fidget with them then? My thoughts were so entirely engrossed that I quite started when Lord Rutherford suddenly exclaimed, "Mind, Magdalen; you have dropped a ring." He stooped, and, to my horror, took up the pearl circlet. "Ah, that reminds me I have forgotten the case of pearls my mother sent you. What a delicate little affair! I didn't give you this, did I?"

"No," I replied, faintly; and then, as he still held it admiringly, I added, daringly, "Papa gave it me years ago."

Perfectly satisfied, he slipped it on my finger, saying, "I wish I had remembered my mother's gift. Well, never mind; all will soon be yours. Good-night, dearest."

I had never told Eustace a flat untruth before, though I had not hesitated to deceive him; and I felt any thing but comfortable as I retired to bed that night. I was very much excited; nevertheless I could not help being haunted by an uncomfortable dread of to-morrow, and directly I got to my room I carefully locked up that fatal ring.

* * * * * *

I was not surprised that the whole of the next day passed without Eustace making his appearance, for I knew he was very busy with servants and tenants; but as the evening drew on I grew a little uneasy.

This uneasiness increased when, just as we were going to sit down to tea, my father suddenly summoned Alice out of the room.

Had any thing occurred? My heart beat so that I could hear it above the ticking of the clock.

A quarter of an hour passed, and then, to my intense relief, the door opened and Alice returned. She was deadly pale, and coming up to me she seized my hands, and almost dropped down on the stool before me.

"Something has happened?" I exclaimed, calmly, for I felt desperate—"something has happened, Alice? Do not keep me in suspense. Is it about Eustace?"

"It is," she answered, faintly. "Oh, Magdalen, what have you done?"

"I have been foolish, I know; but—"

"Worse, worse!" she exclaimed. "You have been mad. You have given room for Guy Deveril's boasting."

I turned pale.

"What do you mean, Alice? Tell me out plainly what has occurred."

"I scarcely know the whole of the story myself; but it appears that some chance brought Lord Rutherford and Captain Deveril together late last night in company, where it angered Eustace to hear Guy speak of you with the freedom he did. He boasted, Magdalen, that he had more influence over you than your betrothed, and that it was the coronet alone which made you accept Rutherford. Finally, as words got higher, he declared that you wore his *gage d'amour* on the same finger with that of your engaged ring. Lord Rutherford gave him a flat contradiction, declaring it was false; and you may guess the rest."

"A challenge!" I whispered, faintly. And Alice burst into tears.

I can not distinctly remember all that passed that miserable evening. I was like one in some terrible dream. Somehow I found myself out in the night-air, running between the rose-hedges; and I distinctly see the scene, even now, of summer stars gleaming here and there through the foliage of the trees. And then I stood in the great library of Rutherford House.

Lord Rutherford was sitting by the table, with the light falling on his face, writing; but as I entered he looked up. What I said I know not—whether I made a full confession and besought pardon, or whether I gasped out a few accusing sentences, and left Eustace to guess the truth—I never distinctly knew. Some words of his, though, stamped themselves on my heart, and haunted me for years:

"Tell me one thing, Magdalen," he said, sternly—"that ring, was it Captain Deveril's gift?"

"Yes," I answered, faintly.

"Then you told me a falsehood; *you*, Magdalen, stooped to the degradation of untruth. I have indeed been deceived."

There was a silence—a deadly silence—during which Eustace Rutherford stood looking down on me from his tall height with an expression of stern resolution. I knew I was condemned; my judge was just but merciless.

"I will grant your request," at length he said, in clear, low tones; "I will apologize to Captain Deveril: he spoke truth." And then he turned and walked out of the room, and left me.

I never saw him again—indeed never. I was very ill after that, and it was weeks before I recovered complete consciousness, or could comprehend the few lines of farewell he had left for me before starting for the Continent. He did not reproach me for the past, but he only said that we ought both to feel thankful that *before* rather than *after* marriage we had discovered how totally unsuited we were to make each other's happiness.

Guy Deveril left the neighborhood during my illness. You see, Mabel, my punishment was not undeserved; but it was heavy. And now what say you to the pearl ring? Think you that it is an auspicious bridal gift?

MRS. TYPESET'S DIARY.

Saturday.—The morning papers contained an item respecting a young man who was recently convicted of murder in one of the Western States—Illinois, I think. He stated on the trial, as a reason for his career of crime, that "he had been ruined by novel reading." The comment was made that "he had probably read bad ones instead of good—that good novels were as essential as salt, while bad ones were worse than strychnine." The old-time theory, that every thing which bears the name of *novel* is necessarily injurious, and must be carefully kept from young people, is quite exploded among those who are practical students of the science of mind. That fictitious reading should be carefully selected is unquestionable; but Imagination is the gift of God, and requires proper development, like any other faculty. And not unfrequently those holding the strictest views experience rare enjoyment, when, by chance, they are beguiled into reading something which meets a want never supplied by books of dry facts. This principle of mind is neatly illustrated by Dr. Holmes in the Guardian Angel. A worthy Deacon had been presented with a copy of *Ivanhoe;* but soon returned it to the giver, enveloped in strong paper, and very securely tied round with a stout string, while in black letters on the paper-wrapping were the words:

"DANGEROUS READING FOR CHRISTIAN YOUTH.
"TOUCH NOT THE UNCLEAN THING."

"I did not see any thing immoral in it," said the Deacon, "as fur as I read; but it belongs to what I consider a very dangerous class of publications. I should recommend you, as a young man of principle, to burn the vollum. At least I hope you will not leave it about any where unless it is carefully tied up."

"I am sure," remarked the giver, "you are safe from being harmed by any such book. Didn't you have to finish it, Deacon, after you had once begun?"

"Well—I—I—perused a considerable portion of the work," the Deacon answered, in a way that indicated he had not stopped much short of *Finis*.

Last summer, when in the country, I happened to attend a Sabbath-school County Convention. An interesting debate arose respecting Sabbath-school books. One worthy man, conscientious to the last degree, insisted that the present style of books was ruinous; and conveyed the impression that he considered Doddridge's "Rise and Progress" and Baxter's "Saint's Rest" the only kind of books admissible in a Sabbath-school library. Reasonable arguments on the other side of the question were offered; but the first speaker clinched all his remarks by the assurance that "Children shouldn't be eating confectionery all the time." A young Superintendent, an earnest and successful worker, arose and tritely remarked: "Eating confectionery all the time *is* unwholesome; but I think a proper amount of cake and candy is more healthful than to *live on hard-tack all the time!*"

New inventions are announced every day. One of the latest is a contrivance now in use in Dublin for cutting hair. The sensations produced by this machine as it revolves around the head are said to be very agreeable, and it cuts the hair with great rapidity. It is so constructed as to enable the operator by turning a screw to adjust the cutting blade so as to take off just the quantity of hair desired. Should be fearful the ears might be accidentally taken off, if any *mis*-adjustment were made.

Writing about hair reminds me of an item I saw today about a woman in France who has most beautiful hair—that is, she has it until she cuts it off and disposes of it. She is poor, and her hair grows twelve inches every year—one inch a month. She has sold it fifteen times since her childhood, and has received for it two thousand francs.

Conversation at dinner turned upon *presence of mind*. One of the gentlemen related a comical incident of a lady, who, when traveling in the cars, had the misfortune—or rather her *waterfall* had the misfortune to drop, most unexpectedly, directly into the lap of a gentleman seated behind her. With perfect composure she turned around and gravely said: "Sir, I'll thank you for that thing!" The "thing" was handed to her without comment. Quite different was the conduct of the lady, who, horrified to find that her back hair had fallen in the street, walked on as rapidly as possible, hoping no one would notice her defective cranium. But a young man, more honest than wise, saw the catastrophe, and picking up the chignon, ran after the fair owner and politely presented it. Alas! no thanks, but an indignant blow on the cheek was his sole reward!

Success of Americans abroad in any worthy art is an honor to our country and a pleasure to our people. Miss Kellogg's successful début in London is a triumph for an American singer such as few have made.

"It costs twenty dollars to take a lady to the opera respectably in New York." So says one of the papers—must be true, of course. Let me see. Tickets?—the expense is not there. No—'tis the carriage, the bouquets, the *bon-bons*, and especially the late supper. Shouldn't suppose twenty dollars was enough. But how frightful to think of the multitude of respectable ladies who are taken to the opera *dis*-respectably!—to coin a word. Really, something ought to be done about it!

Sunday Eve.—Took "Dot" to church this morning, she begged so hard to go. Thought the last time she went I would not take her again, she was so restless. To-day she was quiet enough. Contrived to have her do all the mechanical things possible—take the hymn-book from the rack—try to find the place—trace with her little finger, guided by me, the lines of the hymns and chapters read—the few short words familiar to her keeping up her interest. Who could expect such a little thing to keep still through the service with nothing to occupy her? Listen to the sermon? 'Tis too hard and too long; and "Dot" says "The minister speaks *so loud* I can't *hear* him!" The communion-service puzzled her greatly. "What is that table for?" she asked, in the midst of church. Promised to explain at home. Was reminded of it when, on offering her some bread at dinner she declined it, adding: "But why didn't *I* have some bread at church?"

This reminds me of two little girls who were taken for the first time to St. Stephen's (Catholic) Church. On their return they were interrogated about their first impressions. Annie honestly confessed that she would rather go to the circus; but Minnie, the younger, declared that she liked church a great deal better, for they sung there, and danced, and drank whisky—such was her interpretation of the music, acolytes, and communion.

Mrs. J.'s children always sit like statues at church, though toward close of services they look agonized. She says "they know it will be *worse* for them if they don't keep still!" Poor things! A rod hanging over them through three long services! The other day heard a story of a little girl who lives somewhere in the country. On Sabbath morning she was made to study her Sunday-school lesson till church-time—then go to meeting—then to Sunday-school—Bible-reading between services—church in afternoon—and learning verses until bedtime. "My dear," said her grandmother, after the child had said her evening prayers, "you have been very good to-day; if you are as good every Sunday, when you die God will take you to Heaven, where it will be Sunday all the time." "But, grandmamma," returned the tired child, "if I am a good girl in heaven don't you think God will let me go down to hell and *play a little while Saturday afternoons?*"

What a lesson against overtasking children on the Sabbath!

A pleasant little bit is this from Alice Carey's "Snow-berries:"

"Do not look for wrong or evil,
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor
He will measure back to you.
Look for goodness, look for gladness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile."

Tuesday Noon.—The Vienna papers say that a new secret society has been established in that city for suppressing *long trains*. The members bind themselves as soon as they see such dusty, dangerous, disagreeable appendages moving along the streets, to tread upon them so as to tear them! Then they are to apologize politely as if it were all an accident.

Entomology has come into fashion, judging from the announcement that "hats are trimmed with feathers and gilt ornaments—not in the form of floral sprigs merely, but of yachts, rifles, horses' heads, swallows, butterflies, cockchafers, and even toads." It is also said that centipedes and cockroaches will follow, and ladies will be seen, after the style of the Furies, with snakes upon their brows. Then, instead of dropping hair-pins, as now, young ladies will bestrew a ball-room with black beetles, or be heard begging their partner to look for a lost grasshopper, or to pick up the large spider just shaken from her hair.

A Zurich paper states that Mrs. Souslaf has lately obtained from the University of that city the diploma of Doctor of Medicine. Five years ago Mrs. Souslaf graduated at the College of St. Petersburg with high honors. From that time she attended the medical and surgical lectures of the Academy until the authorities forbade it. She then went to the University of Zurich, where she has completed her studies.

A genuine story of Mother Goose is the following, and, whether true or not—though it is said to be a fact—it is quite as amusing as the wonderful bramble-bush song of that distinguished poetess: In 1866 a boy about sixteen years old, living in New Hampshire, accidentally received a charge of powder from a small cannon into his eyes, making the left one totally blind. Several months afterward, as he was holding a hen in his arms, with her head near this blind eye, she saw it glisten, pecked the eye, and restored it to its sight and former appearance. This curious phenomenon is thus explained: The blaze from the discharge of powder burnt the crystalline lens, leaving the opaque membrane of this lens hanging directly across the pupil. The peck of the hen dislodged this membrane, so that it dropped below the pupil and let the light into the eye.

A French journal gives some curious statistics respecting letters sent through the post. It says that of 500 letters distributed every day at the *poste restante* 400 are love-letters; 50 relate to commerce; 30 are inquiries, answers, and advertisements; 15 are lies and calumnies; 2 on politics; 2 relate to charity (*bienfaits*), and 1 to friendship. Love, it appears, leads the train, and friendship brings up the rear. 400 lovers to one friend! But how are these facts ascertained? What clerk reads the letters?

A pleasant letter came to hand this morning, written among New Hampshire hills, and indicating the interest *one* lady, at least, feels in the *Bazar*. But similar expressions of interest come from numerous sections of the country.

"I have received the second Number of the *Bazar*," she writes, "and already I consider it an *indispensable addition* to my daily life. It far surpasses any magazine of fashion I have ever seen. Its cuts are unequaled; its descriptions so plain a child could understand them; its patterns most beautiful and varied. It is a beau-ideal of a ladies' paper, and can not fail of success. I wish some philanthropic man or woman would present a copy of it to every village 'Mite Society' in these mountain towns of New Hampshire and Vermont. In these villages there is but little idea of fashion and art, and good material is often ruined by the ignorance of cutter and maker."

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER IX.

THE MALAY PIRATE.

Two days had passed since Brandon's rescue. The light wind which had brought up the *Falcon* soon died out, and before the island had been left far behind a calm succeeded, and there was nothing left but to drift.

A calm in other seas is stillness, here on the Indian Ocean it is stagnation. The calmness is like Egyptian darkness. It may be felt. The stagnation of the waters seems deep enough to destroy all life there. The air is thick, oppressive, feverish; there is not a breath or a murmur of wind; even the swell of ocean, which is never-ending, here approaches as near as possible to an end. The ocean rolled but slightly, but the light undulations gave a lazy, listless motion to the ship, the spars creaked monotonously, and the great sails flapped idly in the air.

At such a time the calm itself is sufficiently dreary, but now there was something which made all things still more drear. For the calm was attended by a thick fog; not a moist, drizzling fog like those of the North Atlantic, but a sultry, dense, dry fog; a fog which gave greater emphasis to the heat, and, instead of alleviating it, made it more oppressive.

It was so thick that it was not possible while standing at the wheel to see the forecastle. Aloft, all the heavens were hidden in a canopy of sickly gray; beneath, the sea showed the same color. Its glassy surface exhibited not a ripple. A small space only surrounded the vessel, and beyond all things were lost to view.

The sailors were scattered about the ship in groups. Some had ascended to the tops with a faint hope of finding more air; some were lying flat on their faces on the forecastle; others had sought those places which were under the sails where the occasional flap of the broad canvas sent down a slight current of air.

The Captain was standing on the quarter-deck, while Brandon was seated on a stool near the wheel. He had been treated by the Captain with unbounded hospitality, and supplied with every thing that he could wish.

"The fact is," said the Captain, who had been conversing with Brandon, "I don't like calms any where, still less calms with fogs, and least of all, calms off these infernal islands."

"Why?"

"Because to the north'ard is the Strait of Sunda, and the Malay pirates are always cruising about, often as far as this. Did you ever happen to hear of Zangorri?"

"Yes."

"Well, all I can say is, if you hadn't been wrecked, you'd have probably had your throat cut by that devil."

"Can't any body catch him?"

"They don't catch him at any rate. Whether they can or not is another question."

"Have you arms?"

"Yes. I've got enough to give Zangorri a pleasanter reception than he usually gets from a merchant-ship; and my lads are the boys that can use them."

"I wonder what has become of that other ship that passed me on the island," said Brandon, after a pause.

"She can't be very far away from us," replied the Captain, "and we may come up with her before we get to the Cape."

A silence followed. Suddenly the Captain's attention was arrested by something. He raised his hand to his ear and listened very attentively. "Do you hear that?" he asked, quickly.

Brandon arose and walked to where the Captain was. Then both listened. And over the sea there came unmistakable sounds. The regular movement of oars! Oars out on the Indian Ocean! Yet the sound was unmistakable.

"It must be some poor devils that have escaped from shipwreck," said the Captain, half to himself.

"Well, fire a gun."

"No," said the Captain, cautiously, after a pause. "It may be somebody else. Wait a bit."

So they waited a little while. Suddenly there came a cry of human voices—a volley of guns! Shrieks, yells of defiance, shouts of triumph, howls of rage or of pain, all softened by the distance, and all in their unison sounding appallingly as they were borne through the gloom of the fog.

Instantly every man in the ship bounded to his feet. They had not heard the first sounds, but these they heard, and in that superstition which is natural to the sailor, each man's first thought was that the noises came from the sky, and so each looked with a stupefied countenance at his neighbor.

But the Captain did not share the common feeling. "I knew it!" he cried. "I expected it, and blow my old eyes out if I don't catch 'em this time!"

"What?" cried Brandon.

But the Captain did not hear. Instantly his whole demeanor was changed. He sprang to the companion-way. He spoke but one word, not in a loud voice, but in tones so stern, so startling, that every man in the ship heard the word:

"Zangorri!"

All knew what it meant. It meant that the

most blood-thirsty pirate of these Eastern seas was attacking some ship behind that veil of fog.

And what ship? This was the thought that came to Brandon. Could it by any possibility be the one which passed by him when he strove so earnestly to gain her attention!

"Out with the long-boat! Load the carronade! Man the boat! Hurry up, lads, for God's sake!" And the Captain dashed down into the cabin. In an instant he was back again, buckling on a belt with a couple of pistols in it, and calling to his men. "Don't shout, don't cheer, but hurry, for God's sake!"

And the men rushed about, some collecting arms, others laboring at the boat. The *Falcon* was well supplied with arms, as the Captain had said. Three guns, any quantity of smaller arms, and a long Tom, formed her armament, while the long-boat had a carronade in her bows. Thanks to the snug and orderly arrangement of the ship, every thing was soon ready. The long-boat was out and afloat. All the seamen except four were on board, and the Captain went down last.

"Now, pull away, lads!" he cried; "no talking," and he took the tiller ropes. As he seated himself he looked toward the bows, and his eyes encountered the calm face of Brandon.

"What! you here?" he cried, with unmistakable delight.

Brandon's reply consisted simply in drawing a revolver from his pocket.

"You're a brick!" said the Captain.

Not another word was spoken. The Captain steered the boat toward the direction from which the sounds came. These grew louder every moment—more menacing, and more terrible.

The sailors put all their strength to the oars, and drove the great boat through the water. To their impatience it seemed as though they would never get there. Yet the place which they desired so much to reach was not far away; the sounds were now very near; and at length, as they drove onward, the tall sides of a ship burst on their sight through the gloom. By its side was a boat of the kind that is used by the Malays. On board the ship a large number of savage figures were rushing about in mad ferocity.

In a moment the boat was seen. A shout rose from the Malays. A score of them clambered swiftly down the ship's side to their boat, and a panic seemed to seize all the rest, who stood looking around irresolutely for some way of escape.

The boatswain was in the bows of the long-boat, and as the Malays crowded into their craft he took aim with the carronade, and fired. The explosion thundered through the air. A terrific shriek followed. The next instant the Malay boat, filled with writhing dusky figures, went down beneath the waters.

The long-boat immediately after touched the side of the ship. Brandon grasped a rope with his left hand, and, holding his revolver in his right, leaped upward. A Malay with uplifted knife struck at him. Bang! went the revolver, and the Malay fell dead. The next instant Brandon was on board, followed by all the sailors, who sprang upward and clambered into the vessel before the Malays could rally from the first shock of surprise.

But the panic was arrested by a man who bounded upon deck through the hatchway. Roused by the noise of the gun, he had hurried up, and reached the deck just as the sailors arrived. In fierce, stern words he shouted to his men, and the Malays gathered new courage from his words. There were about fifty of these, and not more than thirty English sailors; but the former had carelessly dropped their arms about, and most of their pieces were unloaded; the latter, therefore, had it all their own way.

The first thing that they did was to pour a volley into the crowd of Malays, as they stood trying to face their new enemy. The next moment the sailors rushed upon them, some with cutlasses, some with pistols, and some with clubbed muskets.

The Malays resisted desperately. Some fought with their creeses, others snatched up muskets, and used them vigorously, others, unarmed, flung themselves upon their assailants, biting and tearing like wild beasts.

In the midst of the scene stood the chief, wielding a clubbed musket. He was a man of short stature, broad chest, and great muscular power. Three or four of the sailors had already been knocked down beneath his blows.

"Down with him!" yelled the Captain. "It's Zangorri!"

A venomous smile passed over the dark face of the Malay. Then he shouted to his men, and in an instant they rushed to the quarter-deck and took up a position there. A few of them obtained some more muskets that lay about.

The Captain shouted to his men, who were pursuing the Malays, to load once more. They did so, poured in a volley, and then rushed to the quarter-deck. Now a fiercer fight took place. The Captain with his pistol shot one man dead; the next instant he was knocked down. The boatswain was grappled by two powerful men. The rest of the sailors were driving all before them.

Meanwhile Brandon had been in the very centre of the fight. With his revolver in his left hand he held a cutlass in his right, and every blow that he gave told. He had sought all through the struggle to reach the spot where Zangorri stood, but had hitherto been unsuccessful. At the retreat which the Malays made he hastily loaded three of the chambers of his revolver which he had emptied into the hearts of three Malays, and sprang upon the quarter-deck first. The man who struck down the Captain fell dead from Brandon's pistol, just as he stooped to plunge his knife into the heart of the prostrate man. Another shot sent over one of the boatswain's assailants, and the other assailant was kicked up into the air and overboard by the boatswain himself.

After this Brandon had no more trouble to get at Zangorri, for the Malay chief with a howl of fury called on his men, and sprang at him. Two quick flashes, two sharp reports, and down went two of them. Zangorri grasped Brandon's hand, and raised his knife; the next instant Brandon had shifted his pistol to his other hand; he fired, Zangorri's arm fell by his side, broken, and the knife rang on the ship's deck.

Brandon bounded at his throat. He wound his arms around him, and with a tremendous jerk hurled Zangorri to the deck, and held him there.

A cry of terror and dismay arose from the Malays as they saw their chief fall. The sailors shouted; there was no further fighting: some of the pirates were killed, others leaped overboard and tried to swim away. The sailors, in their fury, shot at these wretches as they swam. The cruelty of Zangorri had stimulated such a thirst for vengeance that none thought of giving quarter. Out of all the Malays the only one alive was Zangorri himself, who now lay gasping, with a mighty hand on his throat.

At last, as his struggles grew feebler, Brandon relaxed his grasp. Some of the sailors came up with uplifted knives to put an end to Zangorri. "Back!" cried Brandon, fiercely. "Don't touch him. He's mine!"

"He must die."

"That's for me to say," cried Brandon in a stern voice that forbade reply. In fact, the sailors seemed to feel that he had the best claim here, since he had not only captured Zangorri with his own hands, but had borne the chief share in the fight.

"Englishman," said a voice, "I thank you."

Brandon started.

It was Zangorri who had spoken; and in very fair English too.

"Do you speak English?" was all that he could say in his surprise.

"I ought to. I've seen enough of them," growled the other.

"You scoundrel!" cried Brandon, "you have nothing to thank me for. You must die a worse death."

"Ah," sneered Zangorri. "Well. It's about time. But my death will not pay for the hundreds of English lives that I have taken. I thank you, though, for you will give me time yet to tell the Englishmen how I hate them."

And the expression of hate that gleamed from the eyes of the Malay was appalling.

"Why do you hate them?" asked Brandon, whose curiosity was excited.

"My brother's blood was shed by them, and a Malay never forgives. Yet I have never found the man I sought. If I had found him I would not have killed any more."

"The man—what man?"

"The one whom I have sought for fifteen years through all these seas," said the other, hoarsely.

"What is his name?"

"I will not speak it. I had it carved on my creese which hangs around my neck."

Brandon thrust his hand into the bosom of the Malay where he saw a cord which passed around his neck. He drew forth a creese, and holding it up saw this name cut upon the handle: "JOHN POTTS."

The change that came over the severe, impassive face of Brandon was so extraordinary that even Zangorri in his pain and fury saw it. He uttered an exclamation. The brow of Brandon grew as black as night, his nostrils quivered, his eyes seemed to blaze with a terrific lustre, and a slight foam spread itself over his quivering lips. But he commanded himself by a violent effort.

He looked all around. The sailors were busy with the Captain, who still lay senseless. No one observed him. He turned to Zangorri.

"This shall be mine," said he, and he threw the cord around his own neck, and put the creese under his waistcoat. But the sharp eye of the Malay had been watching him, and as he raised his arm carelessly to put the weapon where he desired, he thoughtlessly loosed his hold. That instant Zangorri took advantage of it. By a tremendous effort he disengaged himself and bounded to his feet. The next instant he was at the taffrail. One hasty glance all around showed him all that he wished to see. Another moment and he was beneath the water.

Brandon had been taken unawares, and the Malay was in the water before he could think. But he drew his revolver, in which there yet remained two shots, and, stepping to the taffrail, watched for Zangorri to reappear.

During the fight a change had come over the scene. The fog had begun to be dissipated and a wider horizon appeared. As Brandon looked he saw two vessels upon the smooth surface of the sea. One was the *Falcon*. The other was a large Malay proa. On the decks of this last was a crowd of men, perhaps about fifty in number, who stood looking toward the ship where the fight had been. The sweeps were out, and they were preparing to move away. But the escape of Zangorri had aroused them, and they were evidently waiting to see the result. That result lay altogether at the disposal of the man with the revolver, who stood at the stern from which Zangorri had leaped.

And now Zangorri's head appeared above the waves, while he took a long breath ere he plunged again. The revolver covered him. In a moment a bullet could have plunged into his brain.

But Brandon did not fire. He could not. It was too cold-blooded. True, Zangorri was

"SHE FLUNG HERSELF ON HER KNEES IN A TRANSPORT OF GRATITUDE."

stained with countless crimes; but all his crimes at that moment were forgotten: he did not appear as Zangorri the merciless pirate, but simply as a wounded wretch, trying to escape from death. That death Brandon could not deal him.

The sailors were still intent upon the Captain, whose state was critical, and Brandon alone watched the Malay. Soon he saw those on board the proa send down a boat and row quickly toward him. They reached him, dragged him on board, and then rowed back.

Brandon turned away. As yet no one had been in the cabin. He hurried thither to see if perchance any one was there who might be saved.

He entered the cabin. The first look which he gave disclosed a sight which was enough to chill the blood of the stoutest heart that ever beat.

All around the cabin lay human bodies distorted by the agonies of death, twisted and twined in different attitudes, and still lying in the position in which death had found them.

One, whose appearance showed him to be the captain, lay grasping the hair of a Malay, with his sword through his enemy's heart, while a knife still remained buried in his own. Another lay with his head cut open; another with his face torn by the explosion of a gun. There were four whites here and about ten Malays, all dead. But the fourth white was a woman, who lay dead in front of a door that led to an inner cabin, and which was now closed. The woman appeared to be about fifty years of age, her venerable gray hair was stained with blood, and her hand clutched the arm of a Malay who lay dead by her side.

While Brandon stood looking at this sight he became aware of a movement in a corner of the cabin where there were five or six bodies heaped together. He hurried over to the place, and, pulling away the bodies of several Malays, found at length a Hindu of large stature, in whom life was by no means extinct, for he was pushing with hands and feet and making faint efforts to rise. He had been wounded in many places, and was now quite unconscious.

Brandon dragged away all the bodies, laid him in as easy a posture as possible, and then rushed up to the deck for some water. Returning he dashed it over the Hindu, and bound up one or two wounds which seemed most dangerous.

His care soon brought the Hindu to consciousness.

The man opened his eyes, looked upon Brandon first with astonishment, then with speechless gratitude, and clasping his hand moaned faintly, in broken English,

"Bless de Lor! Sahib!"

Brandon hurried up on deck and calling some of the sailors had the Hindu conveyed there. All crowded around him to ask him questions, and gradually found out about the attack of the pirates. The ship had been becalmed the day before, and the Malay proa was in sight, evidently with evil intentions. They had kept a good watch, and when the fog came had some hope of escape. But the Malay boats had sought them through the fog, and had found them. They had resisted well, but were overpowered by numbers. The Hindu had been cook of the ship, and had fought till the last by the side of his captain.

Without waiting to hear the Hindu's story Brandon went back to the cabin. The door that opened into the inner cabin was shut. He tried it. It was locked. He looked into the keyhole. It was locked from the inside.

"Is any one there?" he asked.

A cry of surprise was the sole answer.

"You are safe. We are friends. Open!" cried Brandon.

Then came the sound of light footsteps, the key was turned, the door slided back, and there appeared before the astonished eyes of Brandon a young girl, who, the moment that she saw him, flung herself on her knees in a transport of gratitude and raised her face to Heaven, while her lips uttered inaudible words of thanksgiving.

She was quite a young girl, with a delicate, slender frame, and features of extreme loveliness. Her complexion was singularly colorless. Her eyes were large, dark, and luminous. Her hair fell in rich masses over her shoulders. In one hand she held a knife, to which she clung with a death-like tenacity.

"Poor child!" murmured Brandon, in accents of tenderest commiseration. "It is but little that you could do with that knife."

She looked up at him as she knelt, then looked at the keen glittering steel, and, with a solemnity of accent which showed how deeply she was in earnest, murmured, half to herself,

"It could at least have saved me!"

Brandon smiled upon her with such a smile as a father might give at seeing the spirit or prowess of some idolized son.

"There is no need," he said, with a voice of deep feeling, "there is no need of that now. You are saved. You are avenged. Come with me." The girl rose. "But wait," said Brandon, and he looked at her earnestly and most pityingly. "There are things here which you should not see. Will you shut your eyes and let me lead you?"

"I can bear it," said the girl. "I will not shut my eyes."

"You must," said Brandon, firmly, but still pityingly, for he thought of that venerable woman who lay in blood outside the door. The girl looked at him and seemed at first as though about to refuse. There was something in his face so full of compassion, and entreaty, and calm control, that she consented. She closed her eyes and held out her hand. Brandon took it and led her through the place of horror and up to the deck.

Her appearance was greeted with a cry of joy from all the sailors. The girl looked around. She saw the Malays lying dead upon the deck. She saw the ship that had rescued, and the proa that had terrified her. But she saw no familiar face.

She turned to Brandon with a face of horror, and with white lips asked:

"Where are they all?"

"Gone," said Brandon.

"What! All?" gasped the girl.

"All—except yourself and the cook."

She shuddered from head to foot; at last, coming closer to Brandon, she whispered: "And my nurse—?"

Brandon said nothing, but, with a face full of meaning, pointed upward. The girl understood him. She reeled, and would have fallen had not Brandon supported her. Then she covered her face with her hands, and, staggering away to a seat, sank down and wept bitterly.

All were silent. Even the rough sailors respected that grief. Rough! Who does not know that sailors are often the most tender-hearted of men, and always the most impulsive, and most quick to sympathy?

So now they said nothing, but stood in groups sorrowing in her sorrow. The Captain, meanwhile, had revived, and was already on his feet looking around upon the scene. The Hindu also had gained strength with every throb of his heart and every breath of the air.

But suddenly a cry arose from one of the men who stood nearest the hatchway.

"The ship is sinking!"

Every one started. Yes, the ship was sinking. No one had noticed it: but the water was already within a few feet of the top. No doubt Zangorri had been scuttling her when he rushed out of the hold at the noise of the attack.

There was nothing left but to hasten away. There was time to save nothing. The bodies of the dead had to be left with the ship for their tomb. In a short time they had all hurried into the boat and were pulling away. But not too

soon. For scarcely had they pulled away half a dozen boat-lengths from the ship than the water, which had been rising higher and higher, more rapidly every moment, rushed madly with a final onset to secure its prey; and with a groan like that of some living thing the ship went down.

A yell came from over the water. It rose from the Malay proa, which was moving away as fast as the long sweeps could carry her. But the dead were not revenged only. They were remembered. Not long after reaching the *Falcon* the sailors were summoned to the side which looked toward the spot where the ship had sunk, and the solemn voice of Brandon read the burial-service of the Church.

And as he read that service he understood the fate which he had escaped when the ship passed Coffin Island without noticing his signal.

CHAPTER X.

BEATRICE.

IT was natural that a young girl who had gone through so fearful an ordeal should for some time feel its effects. Her situation excited the warmest sympathy of all on board the ship; and her appearance was such as might inspire a chivalrous respect in the hearts of those rough but kindly and sensitive sailors who had taken part in her rescue.

Her whole appearance marked her as one of no common order. There was about her an air of aristocratic grace which inspired involuntary respect; an elegance of manner and complete self-possession which marked perfect breeding. Added to this, her face had something which is greater even than beauty—or at least something without which beauty itself is feeble—namely, character and expression. Her soul spoke out in every lineament of her noble features, and threw around her the charm of spiritual exaltation.

To such a charm as this Brandon did not seem indifferent. His usual self-abstraction seemed to desert him for a time. The part that he had taken in her rescue of itself formed a tie between them; but there was another bond in the fact that he alone of all on board could associate with her on equal terms, as a high-bred gentleman with a high-bred lady.

The Hindu had at once found occupation, for Brandon, who had seen the stuff that was in him, offered to take him for his servant. He said that his name was Assgeelo, but he was commonly called Cato, and preferred that name to any other. He regarded Brandon as his saviour, with all the superstition which Hindus can feel, and looked up to this saviour as a superior being. The offer of employment was eagerly accepted, and Cato at once entered upon the few duties which his situation could require on ship-board.

Meanwhile the young lady remained unknown. At first she spent the greater part of her time in her room, and only came out at meal-times, when the sadness of her face prevented any thing except the most distant and respectful courtesy. No one knew her name, and no one asked it. Cato was ignorant of it. She and the old nurse had only been known to him as the young missis and the old missis.

Brandon, roused from his indifference, did all in his power to mitigate the gloom of this fair young creature, whom fate had thrown in his way. He found that his attentions were not unacceptable. At length she came out more frequently, and they became companions on the quarter-deck.

Brandon was touched by the exhibition which she had made of her gratitude to himself. She persisted in regarding him alone as the one to whom she owed her life, and apologized to him for her selfishness in giving way so greatly to her grief. After a time she ventured to tell him the story of the voyage which she had been making. She was on her way from China to England. Her father lived in England, but she had passed her life in Hong-Kong, having been brought up there by the old nurse, who had accompanied her on her voyage until that fearful calamity.

She told him at different times that her father was a merchant who had business all over the world, and that he had of late taken up his station in his own home and sent for her.

Of her father she did not say much, and did not seem to know much. She had never seen him. She had been in Hong-Kong ever since she could remember. She believed, however, that she was born in England, but did not know for certain. Her nurse had not known her till she had gone to China.

It was certainly a curious life, but quite natural, when a busy merchant devotes all his thoughts to business, and but little attention to his family. She had no mother, but thought she must have died in India. Yet she was not sure. Of all this, however, she expected to hear when she reached home and met her father.

By the time that she had been a month on board Brandon knew much of the events of her simple life. He saw the strange mixture of fear and longing with which she looked forward to a meeting with her father. He learned that she had a brother, also, whom she had never seen, for her father kept his son with himself. He could not help looking with inexpressible pity on one so lovely, yet so neglected.

Otherwise, as far as mere money was concerned, she had never suffered. Her accomplishments were numerous. She was passionately fond of music, and was familiar with all the classic compositions. Her voice was finely trained, for she had enjoyed the advantage of the instructions of an Italian maestro, who had been banished, and had gone out to Hong-Kong as band-master in the Twentieth Regiment. She could speak French fluently, and had read almost every thing.

Now after finding out all this, Brandon had not found out her name. Embarrassments arose sometimes, which she could not help noticing, from this very cause, and yet she said nothing about it. Brandon did not like to ask her abruptly, since he saw that she did not respond to his hints. So he conjectured and wondered. He thought that her name must be of the lordliest kind, and that she for some reason wished to keep it a secret; perhaps she was noble, and did not like to tell that name which had been stained by the occupations of trade. All this Brandon thought.

Yet as he thought this, he was not insensible to the music of her soft, low voice, the liquid tenderness of her eye, and the charm of her manner. She seemed at once to confide herself to him—to own the superiority of his nature, and seek shelter in it. Circumstances threw them exclusively into one another's way, and they found each other so congenial that they took advantage of circumstances to the utmost.

There were others as well as Brandon who found it awkward not to have any name by which to address her, and chief of these was the good Captain. After calling her Ma'am and Miss indifferently for about a month he at last determined to ask her directly; so, one day at the dinner-table, he said:

"I most humbly beg your pardon, ma'am; but I do not know your name, and have never had a chance to find it out. If it's no offense, perhaps you would be so good as to tell it?"

The young lady thus addressed flushed crimson, then looked at Brandon, who was gazing fixedly on his plate, and with visible embarrassment said, very softly, "Beatrice."

"B. A. Treachy," said the Captain. "Ah! I hope, Miss Treachy, you will pardon me; but I really found it so everlasting confusing."

A faint smile crossed the lips of Brandon. But Beatrice did not smile. She looked a little frightened, and then said:

"Oh, that is only my Christian name!"

"Christian name!" said the Captain. How can that be a Christian name?"

"My surname is—" She hesitated, and then, with an effort, pronounced the word "Potts."

"'Potts!'" said the Captain, quickly, and with evident surprise. "Oh—well, I hope you will excuse me."

But the face of Beatrice turned to an ashen hue as she marked the effect which the mention of that name had produced on Brandon. He had been looking at his plate like one involved in thought. As he heard the name his head fell forward, and he caught at the table to steady himself. He then rose abruptly with a cloud upon his brow, his lips firmly pressed together, and his whole face seemingly transformed, and hurried from the cabin.

She did not see him again for a week. He pleaded illness, shut himself in his state-room, and was seen by no one but Cato.

Beatrice could not help associating this change in Brandon with the knowledge of her name. That name was hateful to herself. A fastidious taste had prevented her from volunteering to tell it; and as no one asked her directly it had not been known. And now, since she had told it, this was the result.

For Brandon's conduct she could imagine only one cause. He had felt shocked at such a plebeian name.

The fact that she herself hated her name, and saw keenly how ridiculously it sounded after such a name as Beatrice, only made her feel the more indignant with Brandon. "His own name," she thought, bitterly, "is plebeian—not so bad as mine, it is true, yet still it is plebeian. Why should he feel so shocked at mine?" Of course, she knew him only as "*Mr. Wheeler.*" "Perhaps he has imagined that I had some grand name, and, learning my true one, has lost his illusion. He formerly esteemed me. He now despises me."

Beatrice was cut to the heart; but she was too proud to show any feeling whatever. She frequented the quarter-deck as before; though now she had no companion except, at turns, the good-natured Captain and the mate. The longer Brandon avoided her the more indignant she felt. Her outraged pride made sadness impossible.

Brandon remained in his state-room for about two weeks altogether. When at length he made his appearance on the quarter-deck he found Beatrice there, who greeted him with a distant bow.

There was a sadness in his face as he approached and took a seat near her which at once disarmed her, drove away all indignation, and aroused pity.

"You have been sick," she said, kindly, and with some emotion.

"Yes," said Brandon, in a low voice, "but now that I am able to go about again my first act is to apologize to you for my rudeness in quitting the table so abruptly as to make it seem like a personal insult to you. Now I hope you will believe me when I say that an insult to you from me is impossible. Something like a spasm passed over my nervous system, and I had to hurry to my room."

"I confess," said Beatrice, frankly, "that I thought your sudden departure had something to do with the conversation about me. I am very sorry indeed that I did you such a wrong; I might have known you better. Will you forgive me?"

Brandon smiled, faintly. "You are the one who must forgive."

"But I hate my name so," burst out Beatrice.

Brandon said nothing.

"SHE GAVE HERSELF ENTIRELY UP TO THE JOY OF SONG."

"Don't you? Now confess."

"How can I—" he began.

"You do, you do!" she cried, vehemently; "but I don't care—for I hate it."

Brandon looked at her with a sad, weary smile, and said nothing. "You are sick," she said; "I am thoughtless. I see that my name, in some way or other, recalls painful thoughts. How wretched it is for me to give pain to others?"

Brandon looked at her appealingly, and said, "You give pain? Believe me! believe me! there is nothing but happiness where you are."

At this Beatrice looked confused and changed the conversation. There seemed after this to be a mutual understanding between the two to avoid the subject of her name, and although it was a constant mortification to Beatrice, yet she believed that on his part there was no contempt for the name, but something very different, something associated with better memories.

They now resumed their old walks and conversations. Every day bound them more closely to one another, and each took it for granted that the other would be the constant companion of every hour in the day.

Both had lived unusual lives. Beatrice had much to say about her Hong-Kong life, the Chinese, the British officers, and the festivities of garrison life. Brandon had lived for years in Australia, and was familiar with all the round of events which may be met with in that country. He had been born in England, and had lived there, as has already been mentioned, till he was almost a man, so that he had much to say about that mother-land concerning which Beatrice felt such curiosity. Thus they settled down again naturally and inevitably into constant association with each other.

Whatever may have been the thoughts of Brandon during the fortnight of his seclusion, or whatever may have been the conclusion to which he came, he carefully refrained from the most remote hint at the home or the prospects of Beatrice. He found her on the seas, and he was content to take her as she was. Her name was a common one. She might be connected with his enemy, or she might not. For his part, he did not wish to know.

Beatrice also showed equal care in avoiding the subject. The effect which had been produced by the mention of her name was still remembered, and, whatever the cause may have been, both this and her own strong dislike to it prevented her from ever making any allusion either to her father or to any one of her family. She had no scruples, however, about talking of her Hong-Kong life, in which one person seemed to have figured most prominently—a man who had lived there for years, and given her instruction in music. He was an Italian, of whom she knew nothing whatever but his name, with the exception of the fact that he had been unfortunate in Europe, and had come out to Hong-Kong as band-master of the Twentieth Regiment. His name was Paolo Langhetti.

"Do you like music?" asked Brandon, abruptly.

"Above all things," said Beatrice, with an intensity of emphasis which spoke of deep feeling.

"Do you play?"

"Somewhat."

"Do you sing?"

"A little. I was considered a good singer in Hong-Kong; but that is nothing. I sang in the Cathedral. Langhetti was kind enough to praise me; but then he was so fond of me that whatever I did was right."

Brandon was silent for a little while. "Langhetti was fond of you?" he repeated, interrogatively, and in a voice of singular sweetness.

"Very," returned Beatrice, musingly. "He always called me 'Bice'—sometimes 'Bicetta,' 'Bicinola,' 'Bicina;' it was his pretty Italian way. But oh, if you could hear him play! He could make the violin speak like a human voice. He used to think in music. He seemed to me to be hardly human sometimes."

"And he loved to hear you sing?" said Brandon, in the same voice.

"He used to praise me," said Beatrice, meekly. "His praise used to gratify, but it did not deceive me. I am not conceited, Mr. Wheeler."

"Would you sing for me?" asked Brandon, in accents almost of entreaty, looking at her with an imploring expression.

Beatrice's head fell. "Not now—not yet—not here," she murmured, with a motion of her hand. "Wait till we pass beyond this ocean. It seems haunted."

Brandon understood her tone and gesture.

But the weeks passed, and the months, and they went over the seas, touching at Mauritius, and afterward at Cape Town, till finally they entered the Atlantic Ocean, and sailed North. During all this time their association was close and continuous. In her presence Brandon softened; the sternness of his features relaxed, and the great purpose of his life grew gradually fainter.

One evening, after they had entered the Atlantic Ocean, they were standing by the stern of the ship looking at the waters, when Brandon repeated his request.

"Would you be willing to sing now?" he asked, gently, and in the same tone of entreaty which he had used before.

Beatrice looked at him for a moment without speaking. Then she raised her face and looked up at the sky, with a deep abstraction in her eyes, as though in thought. Her face, usually colorless, now, in the moonlight, looked like marble; her dark hair hung in peculiar folds over her brow—an arrangement which was antique in its style, and gave her the look of a statue of one of the Muses. Her straight, Grecian features, large eyes, thin lips, and well-rounded chin—all had the same classic air, and Brandon, as he looked at her, wondered if she knew how fair she was. She stood for a moment in silence, and then began. It was a marvelous and a memorable epoch in Brandon's life. The scene around added its inspiration to the voice of the singer. The ocean spread afar away before them till the verge of the horizon seemed to blend sea and sky together. Overhead the dim sky hung, dotted with innumerable stars, prominent among which, not far above the horizon, gleamed that glorious constellation, the Southern Cross. Beatrice, who hesitated for a moment as if to decide upon her song, at last caught her idea from this scene around her, and began one of the most magnificent of Italian compositions:

"I cieli immensi narrano
Del grand Iddio la gloria."

Her first notes poured forth with a sweetness and fullness that arrested the attention of all on board the ship. It was the first time she had sung, as she afterward said, since Langhetti had left Hong-Kong, and she gave herself entirely up to the joy of song. Her voice, long silent, instead of having been injured by the sorrow through which she had passed, was pure, full, marvelous, and thrilling. A glow like some divine inspiration passed over the marble beauty of her classic features; her eyes themselves seemed to speak of all that glory of which she sang, as the sacred fire of genius flashed from them.

At those wonderful notes, so generous and so penetrating with their sublime meaning, all on board the ship looked and listened with amazement. The hands of the steersman held the wheel listlessly. Brandon's own soul was filled with the fullest effects. He stood watching her figure, with its inspired lineaments, and thought of the fabled prodigies of music spoken of in ancient story. He thought of Orpheus hushing all animated nature to calm by the magic of his song. At last all thoughts of his own left him, and nothing remained but that which the song of Beatrice swept over his spirit.

But Beatrice saw nothing and heard nothing

except the scene before her, with its grand inspiration and her own utterance of its praise. Brandon's own soul was more and more overcome; the divine voice thrilled over his heart; he shuddered and uttered a low sigh of rapture.

"My God!" he exclaimed as she ended; "I never before heard any thing like this. I never dreamed of such a thing. Is there on earth another such a voice as yours? Will I ever again hear any thing like it? Your song is like a voice from those heavens of which you sing. It is a new revelation."

He poured forth these words with passionate impetuosity. Beatrice smiled.

"Langhetti used to praise me," she simply rejoined.

"You terrify me," said he.

"Why?" asked Beatrice, in wonder.

"Because your song works upon me like a spell, and all my soul sinks away, and all my will is weakened to nothingness."

Beatrice looked at him with a mournful smile. "Then you have the true passion for music," she said, "if this be so. For my part it is the joy of my life, and I hope to give up all my life to it."

"Do you expect to see Langhetti when you reach England?" asked Brandon, abruptly.

"I hope so," said she, musingly.

A CHAT ABOUT WHAT THE FRENCH EMPRESS WEARS.

YOU can find scarcely a grisette in all Paris who does not claim to have had a hand in the making up of the Empress's trousseau; and the shops in the French capital which bear over their doors the words *Fournisseurs de l'Impératrice* are almost innumerable. Of course, no Frenchman would dare announce such a thing without due authority; and yet how can it be possible, I have been asked, that all these tradespeople have that rank? The answer is simple.

At the time of the Empress's marriage a specific sum was appropriated to her for the purpose of providing her with a trousseau worthy of the high rank she was about to assume. As this sum was very large it was deemed best not to give the order to any one house of lingèrie in Paris, but to distribute it over half-a-dozen or more, that many persons might benefit by the outlay. It is in this manner that the numerous Furnishers of the Empress may be accounted for.

The articles provided for the Empress were of course of the richest description—only the finest linen and the finest laces being employed. Not that any person was deputized to go about to the different shops and choose what quality of linen or lace was to be used; but a sort of half-official order was given to the lingères chosen to furnish the trousseau, and it was understood that the best of every thing was to be furnished, the bill to be within a certain limit fixed beforehand.

The embroiderers of Nancy and the Valenciennes lace-makers were for months employed on their delicate fabrics destined to grace the clothing of the future sovereign; the linen-mills of Holland and Ireland gave up their best for the same purpose; and the grisettes of Paris worked night and day over the trousseau, which has since become a sort of lingerial classic.

Every thing was furnished by the dozen—many articles by the gross; and though fourteen years have elapsed since Eugénie's marriage, one of her lady's maids told me that there were articles of clothing now in her chests of drawers, which had come with her trousseau, but which she had never yet once worn. Of course many additions have been made to it; as at one time when the Empress fancied she was getting stout she would wear none but sacque chemises, fearing the bulk resulting from the fullness of the ordinary make; even carrying her fears so far as to refuse to wear flannel in the coldest weather, until a severe cold and the discovery of her lack of proper clothing by Doctor Conneau forced her to take to flannel; and from that hour the days of proscription for the full chemises which came with her trousseau were over.

In the early days of her reign Eugénie was curiously fond of *purple*. Many people affirmed that she took the words of the Bible in their literal sense, and believed that "purple and fine linen" were the only legitimate regal wear; but others—and with these others I agree—think that she was aware how extremely becoming purple was to her fair complexion, and was therefore fond of arraying herself in the rich tint. Bonnets, boots, hats, gloves, cloaks, stockings, hair-ribbons, and even garters were all made to suit the Imperial taste. Various experiments in the color were tried to please the Empress's fancy; and to these experiments are due those beautiful and varied shades known as mauve, Magenta, and Solferino. The Paris shop-windows were lined with purple goods, labeled variously "*Violet Impérial*," "*Violet de la Souveraine*," and "*Violet de l'Impératrice*."

The rage for the color spread like an epidemic. Every body *must* have something purple. Purple noses, which had been acquired by long and steadily-pursued cheering and inebriating processes, were in great favor; a black-and-blue eye, when it had begun to turn on the purple, was rather an adornment than otherwise.

But this furore for purple was destined to receive a sudden and an unexpected shock. The Empress was in the habit of giving away such portions of her wardrobe as she had ceased to use to her maids, and during the purple days of course the gifts were purple.

One day a young nobleman solicited the honor of an interview with the Empress, and was ushered into a room, at one of the windows of which a lady was standing with her back toward him. This lady was dressed from head to foot in purple, and the gentleman, knowing the Empress's *penchant* for the color, supposed of course it was she, and, advancing slightly, bent his knee, saying at the same time,

"I thank her Majesty for the honor of this interview."

At this moment her Majesty appeared at another door, and said, in a laughing tone,

"Well, Monsieur le Comte, do you kneel to my *maid?*"

All might have been well enough if it had ended here, but Monsieur le Comte, horrified at the mistake he had made, deepened the *faux pas* still further by instantly replying:

"Oh *pardon*—a thousand pardons, Madame. I thought at the moment, and from the dress, that it was my sovereign."

The Empress's brow clouded, and she motioned the maid to leave the room.

"I may inform Monsieur le Comte," said she, "that this mistake I consider almost an insult. How is it possible to mistake Eugénie de Montijo, Countess of Teba, Empress of the French, for a waiting-woman?"

The explanation lay in three words. The purple dress—the purple dress. General as was the fashion he had never noticed any other lady wearing a purple dress. He thought the Empress alone wore it. She dismissed him haughtily; and the interview resulted in nothing but indignation on the part of the Empress and discomfort on the part of the young nobleman.

The consequence of this incident was that the Empress summoned all her maids who were then on duty at the Palace, and issued then and there an edict to the effect that henceforth and forever no one employed in the Palace was to wear any dress or article of dress which had previously been worn by the Empress; and that in future all clothing donated by the Empress to her maids was to be sold at private sale, and was to be out of the Palace in twenty-four hours after the bestowal of her majesty's effects.

This little episode also caused the depreciation of the color in the Empress's fancy. She abandoned purple in all its forms. Even now, though some years have elapsed since this incident occurred, she is rarely seen in a purple dress. Mauve, however, which is of course but purple with a difference, is favored by her approval.

The sales of clothing of which I have spoken are conducted with the strictest privacy; and it is considered an extraordinary favor to get an invitation to them. The Empress's lady's-maids communicate to the lady's-maids of Duchesses, Princesses, and other ladies who frequent the Tuileries, the fact that the Empress will make her quarterly or half-yearly gifts of wardrobe to them on such a day, and the day following the dresses will be sold. These ladies either flock to the palace themselves on that day, or send their maids to choose for them what is to be bought at a reasonable enough price. Nevertheless, there is not the great demand for these articles which one might suppose; but the reason is obvious. Duchesses and princesses do not much care to wear second-hand dresses even when they have been first-hand with an Empress; much less do they relish visiting the Palace with those dresses on their backs.

To compare the recent attempted sale of Mrs. Lincoln's wardrobe in any particular to the sale of Eugénie's wardrobe is an absurdity. In the first place, the Empress does not sell it at all—she only *gives* her cast-off dresses to her servants, and there is an end of it so far as she is concerned. Her servants sell them privately, admitting none but very privileged persons to the sale, and there is not the least publicity to the affair. I think if any newspaper editor in France were even to slightly itemize such a fact it might be worse for him.

The first of these sales which I attended was in the spring-time, when Eugénie had made a six-months' distribution, which included necessarily a great many ball dresses.

By what right I attended these exclusive sales, since I was neither a titled lady nor a lady's-maid, is a question which may present itself to the reader. If I should set out to explain in detail my position at the French Court at that time I should only take up a deal of space with a matter which would be pronounced unusually egotistical by my democratic critics. It is enough to say that I did attend them at intervals of several months, and that I never heard of any other American who enjoyed the same privilege.

The room in which the dresses were exposed was on the fourth-floor of the Palace of the Tuileries, and was a comfortably-furnished apartment of the olden style. The dresses were arranged in lots; one lot, for instance, being made up of robes at twenty dollars each, another at thirty, another at forty, others at fifty, sixty, and so on.

At that time, before war-prices had made me unhappily to know that a dollar for all toilet purposes is worth no more than about twenty sous, French money, the prices fixed for the dresses seemed large enough; so large that I remember fumbling over the dresses with my fingers, pooh-poohing at them a little as being no better second-hand from an Empress than from any body else, and at last only buying one dress and some little article of lingerie. Now—oh! it seems to me if I were there now I would gladly buy the whole roomful, so cheap were they!

Ball-dresses of tulle, embroidered or plain, with a very elegant white silk under-skirt attached to each dress, were sold for twenty dollars apiece. The tulle was in many cases torn, and therefore almost valueless, but at our present prices, and even at second-hand, twenty dollars was the merest trifle for the elegant white silk under-dress, which was in every case immensely long, immensely full, and of a beautiful, sweeping, train-like cut. I remember saying to the lady who was selling the dresses (for she was a *lady*, though that title was withheld her by severe aristocratic laws) that it seemed rather extravagant even in an Empress to have a new silk skirt for every tulle dress when she was giving two and three balls a week, and having a new dress for every ball. She replied that what I said was quite true, and that with dresses which were made in the Palace more economy was observed, but that those which came from the great magnates of dress-makers outside permitted of no economy. She said that the Empress herself so far exercised economy as to cause rich laces to be transferred from one dress to another, and on no occasion was a bit of real lace ever given for sale. I noticed a gray silk walking-dress which had no buttons on it, and when I asked the reason of this I was informed that the Empress had worn a magnificent set of malachite buttons with it, whose green, white-streaked lines contrasted beautifully with the gray of the silk, but these buttons, being too valuable to be given away, had been removed. I asked the price of this dress, and was told it was only twenty dollars (one hundred francs). I immediately concluded to take it; but I had only seen the waist of it, and what was my disappointment when the skirt was produced to find it so stained around the bottom as to be quite unfit for use—at least for *my* use, being, like Rosalind, "more than common tall." This dress the Empress had worn about the Park at St. Cloud, and, not deigning to raise it on rainy mornings, had thus ruined the sale of it for her maids. For a shorter person the mud-stained bottom might have been cut off, and so an elegant dress obtained at a most reasonable price. The convenient "short dress," it is almost unnecessary to add, was not then in fashion.

Many of the Empress's dresses had been sold before I arrived, and were then laid off separately on one of the sofas in the room. Among these were several beautiful organdies, of superfine texture and artistic pattern. I observed that these dresses had a large new piece belonging to them, sometimes as much as two or three yards—sufficient to make new waist and sleeves. This of course rendered them very desirable purchases. The Baroness de Bailleul, who was with me at this sale, asked the Empress's lady's-maid why it was that these dresses had remnants, and the others had none. She answered that these dresses were made in the palace, and all pieces were saved, whereas dress-makers outside never sent home any pieces; an experience which is only too common, even with less illustrious patronizers of dress-makers.

I bought a white muslin dress of a fineness of texture such as I have never seen outside of a cambric pocket-handkerchief. There were innumerable muslin skirts sewn into the waist-band, though this dress had no silk underslip; the fine, thin muslin reached to the throat and came to the wrists. But the underwaist was so very *décolleté* that, in my view, it was too immodest to be worn. The maid said the Empress liked her dresses very *décolletées*, and at the next ball at the Tuileries I observed what I had never before noticed, that her dress was cut so low, particularly at the back, that her shoulder-blades were completely exposed. Eugénie's loveliness, however, is of that saint-like character that with her all extravagances of toilet may be overlooked.

The muslin dress which I bought had never been washed, and the maid told me the Empress never wore muslin dresses after their first freshness had worn off.

O. L.

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6. "He's an astonishing genius, my dear; his mind is always occupied with deep problems—that's the reason he's so reserved."

There is a bashful bachelor who dares not meet ladies in the street. He says they wear so many bugles on their dresses that he fears overtures from them.

"Do women go to sea now, Sir, as sailors?" "Why, no, Sammy, they have never been sailors in any age. What made you ask such a question?" "Because, Sir, I've just been reading of the widow's cruise."

A man who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk coolly proposed to the magistrate that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

What city's destruction is necessary to Ethiopian minstrelsy?—Burnt Cork.

A horticulturist advertised that he would supply all sorts of fruit trees and plants, especially pie-plants of all kinds. A gentleman thereupon sent him an order for one package of custard-pie seed, and a dozen mince-pie plants. The gentleman promptly filled the order by sending him four goose-eggs and a small dog.

A lady advertises in a city paper that she wants a gentleman "for breakfast and tea."

Mrs. Partington, while looking at a picture of Washington in a window, saw the name of the artist, Mr. Green, in the corner of it. After admiring it for some time, she at length remarked: "Well, Mr. Green is not such a bad-looking chap arter all."

Why should the King of Italy wage war without hesitation?—Because he will always be Victor.

URGENT WANTS.

A collar for the neck of a bottle.
Two pairs of boots for the feet of a table.
A quarter of a printer's *pie*.
A hand for the arm of a chair.
The words a revolver repeats.
Seeds from the apple of the eye.
A *toe*-pography of the foot.
A pan from the knee.
A small measure of beets from a stave of flats.
A quiver from the retort of a sonata.
The spider that spun the web of life.
A pound of the spice of life.
The beau that crossed the bridge of a fiddle.

What riches are those that certainly make themselves wings and fly away?—Ost-riches.

A negress, speaking of one of her children who was lighter colored than the rest, said: "I nebber could bear dat brat, 'cause he show dirt so easy."

A SCHOOL-BOY'S ASPIRATION.—"Oh, how I wish I were a fountain, for then I could always be playing!"

A soldier being asked if he met with much hospitality in Ireland, replied, "I was in the hospital nearly all the time I was there."

It was an apt answer of a young lady who, being asked where was her native place, replied, "I have none; I am the daughter of a Methodist minister."

"Do let me have your photograph," said a dashing belle to a gentleman who had been annoying her with his attentions. The gentleman was delighted, and in a short time the lady received the picture. She gave it to the servant with the question, "Would you know the original if he should call?" The servant replied in the affirmative. "Well, whenever he comes tell him I am engaged."

"I say, boy, is there any thing to shoot about here?" inquired a sportsman of a boy he met. "Well," replied the boy, "nothing just about here; but our schoolmaster is just over the hill there cutting birch rods; you might walk up and pop him over."

We commend to notice the following obituary: "My husband is no more. He did not wish to live longer, and if he had it would have made no difference, for gout entered his stomach, and was soon followed by death. I shall marry the doctor who so kindly attended my late husband; I learned then to trust him. Soft rest the ashes of the departed one, whose wholesale liquor business I shall continue at the old stand!"

The "Family Miller"—The man who thrashes his wife and children.

JOCKEYLAR REMARK.—In racing parlance bakers are spoken of as "light-weights."

Why is an overworked horse like an umbrella?—Because it is used up.

A SCIENTIFIC FAMILY.

MR. OLOGY considers his forte to be Metaphysics. He is here explaining an abstruse point to a friend.

MRS. OLOGY has become a convert to Prof. Blot's Science of Cookery, and being of a thinking mind, knows no reason why some things should not be eaten as well as others.

ANN OLOGY absolutely dotes upon Astronomy, particularly during summer. (Perhaps because of the man in the moon.)

ISAAC OLOGY (familiarly called Zike Ology) thinks collecting specimens in Natural History is about his style.

THEODORE OLOGY (familiarly The Ology) thinks Botanizing in his Aunt's kitchen-garden the nicest thing a going.

DOX OLOGY, the infant, delights its parents with its evident love of Natural Philosophy.

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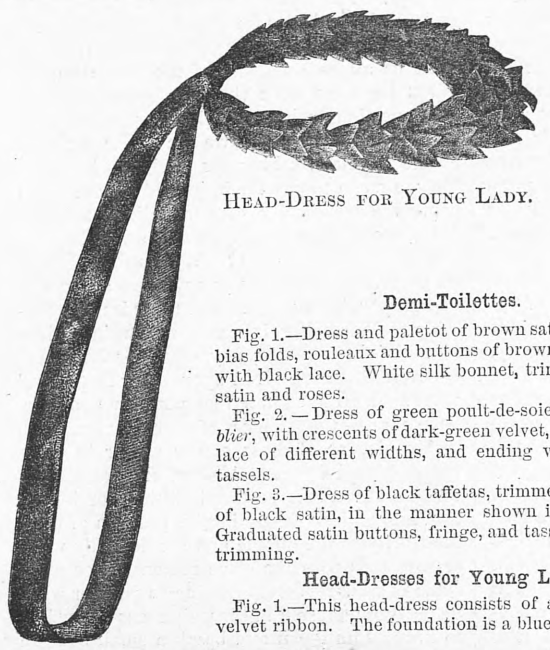
VOL. I.—No. 6.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



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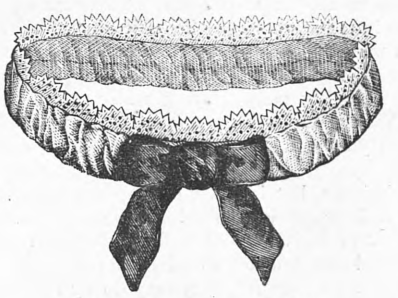

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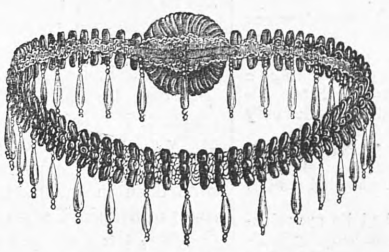

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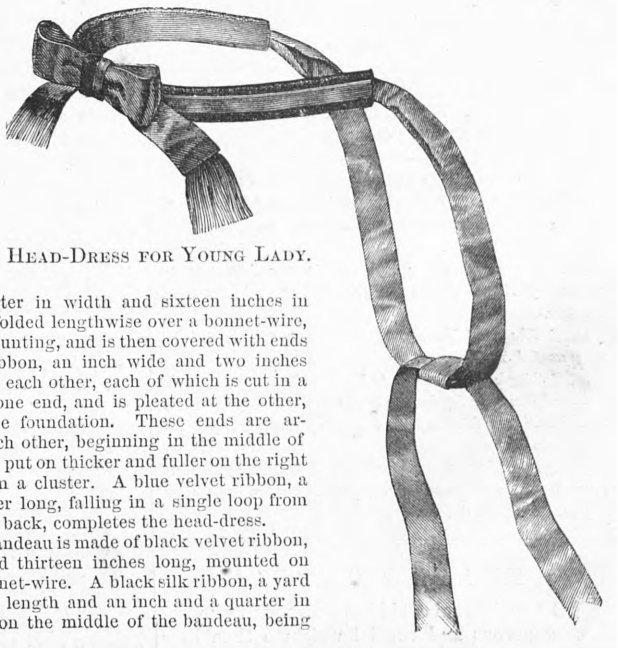


HEAD-DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY.

Demi-Toilettes.

Fig. 1.—Dress and paletot of brown satin, trimmed with bias folds, rouleaux and buttons of brown velvet, together with black lace. White silk bonnet, trimmed with white satin and roses.

Fig. 2.—Dress of green poult-de-soie, trimmed *en tablier*, with crescents of dark-green velvet, edged with black lace of different widths, and ending with buttons and tassels.

Fig. 3.—Dress of black taffetas, trimmed with bias folds of black satin, in the manner shown in the engraving. Graduated satin buttons, fringe, and tassels, complete the trimming.

Head-Dresses for Young Ladies.

Fig. 1.—This head-dress consists of a wreath of blue velvet ribbon. The foundation is a blue velvet ribbon, an inch and a quarter in width and sixteen inches in length, which is folded lengthwise over a bonnet-wire, that forms the mounting, and is then covered with ends of blue velvet ribbon, an inch wide and two inches long, overlapping each other, each of which is cut in a double point at one end, and is pleated at the other, where it joins the foundation. These ends are arranged to face each other, beginning in the middle of the front, and are put on thicker and fuller on the right side, so as to form a cluster. A blue velvet ribbon, a yard and a quarter long, falling in a single loop from the middle of the back, completes the head-dress.

Fig. 2.—This bandeau is made of black velvet ribbon, an inch wide and thirteen inches long, mounted on stiff lace and bonnet-wire. A black silk ribbon, a yard and a quarter in length and an inch and a quarter in width, is sewed on the middle of the bandeau, being

DEMI-TOILETTES.

pleated to one-third of its width, with the ends falling in the middle, and tying under the chignon. A bow and ends of the same ribbon, with the ends trimmed with fringe, serves to trim the front of the bandeau.

Collars for Young Ladies.

Fig. 1.—This collar is formed of a double puffing of lace over lilac ribbon, edged round the top with Valenciennes lace. A bow of lilac ribbon completes the trimming.

Fig. 2. This collar is made of puffings of tulle, on a foundation of lace, with three loops of rose-colored ribbon between each puff, and a rosette of the same ribbon in front. Crystal grelots set under the loops complete the trimming.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1867.

THE BEST READING CHEAP.

MRS. MULOCK CRAIK'S *new Love Story, "The Woman's Kingdom," will be commenced in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for January, and will be continued through the year. It will occupy about one-eighth of each Number, and so will cost subscribers* fifty cents. *When completed, the English edition will cost* 16*s. sterling; about equivalent to* $7.

MR. JAMES DE MILLE'S *Novel, "Cord and Creese," now appearing in* HARPER'S BAZAR, *will run through several months. When published in book form the probable price will be* $4. *In the* BAZAR *its cost is about* twenty-five cents.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS'S *new Novel is soon to appear in* HARPER'S WEEKLY. *If it runs to the usual length of his stories it will occupy about one year; and when published in London the cost will be* a guinea and a half; *equal to about* $11. *The cost to those who obtain it in the* WEEKLY *will be about* one dollar.

☞ *Our first large* COLORED FASHION PLATE *will shortly appear, to be followed at brief intervals by others, prepared expressly for* HARPER'S BAZAR, *and unequaled for taste and beauty.*

☞ *Our readers are referred to our* ADVERTISEMENTS *of* HARPER'S BAZAR *for Terms and Editorial Notices.*

☞ *The next Number of the* BAZAR *will contain a very useful Supplement.*

☞ *Single Subscribers to* HARPER'S BAZAR *will be supplied from the beginning to the end of the year* 1868, *which will complete the first Volume, for the yearly price of* four dollars.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR *will be supplied together for* ten dollars, *or any two at* seven dollars.

THE TWO BAZARS.

NO new journal could have met with a more generous and cordial welcome than has been accorded to *Harper's Bazar* by the press at large. Hundreds of editorial notices, from all parts of the United States and Canada, have given the young candidate for popular favor a courteous and friendly greeting, and bid it God-speed with a heartiness that has elicited our warmest gratitude. *Harper's Bazar*, indeed, as a weekly fashion newspaper, took possession of a wholly unoccupied field in journalistic literature, and began its career wishing neither to attack, injure, nor offend any of its elder brethren. The single exception to the good feeling which it has been fortunate enough to meet would scarce deserve attention, were it not accompanied by allegations calculated to mislead the public if they were not set right in the beginning. We are called upon to verify our credentials, and it is best to do so once for all, to save further trouble.

Our contemporary who speaks of the Berlin *Bazar*—which forms the basis of our paper—as an obscure journal, is probably ignorant of the fact, that this obscure journal has a sworn circulation, in the vernacular, of over a quarter of a million; that, moreover, it is duplicated in six different languages in Europe; and that the celebrated *Mode Illustrée*, which is the most widely-circulated fashion journal in Paris, and is also well known in this country, is almost exactly a reproduction of the Berlin *Bazar*. Our contemporary might have learned from those on the spot, and in default of that, from various sources, among others, the New York *Times*, that the *Bazar* establishment, located for convenience sake in Berlin, but directed chiefly by French artistes, is the great centre where originate the various Paris fashions. The *Bazar* itself is edited in the interests of the people, which accounts for its wide popularity; its fashions are plain, practical, and involving moderate cost, such as would be needed by the people at large, in lieu of a few millionaires; and instead of furnishing every month a single cut pattern, which not one in a thousand probably would want, it gives its readers a score of patterns every fortnight from which to choose, so simple as to be made available by any one with the slightest ingenuity, and which, by the aid of a little instrument just introduced, costing a few cents, can be copied by a child. *Harper's Bazar*, however, merely makes the Berlin *Bazar* its basis, adding thereto the richest and most beautiful designs from the best French and other journals, thus adapting the paper to the needs of all classes, and forming a combination unsurpassed by any paper in the world.

Just as long as the French continue the most tasteful nation in the world they will continue the leaders of fashion; and just as long as every imported dress or bonnet brings twice as much as one of American manufacture; as every dress-maker or milliner born in Paris is considered as having a right to charge twice as much for her services as one born in America; and as American dress-makers and milliners find it necessary to assume French names to attract marked attention, just so long will the attempt to substitute native for foreign fashions prove abortive.

It is time to put an end to the notion which seems to have gained considerable credence in this country, but which is indignantly denied by the French modistes, that the foreign fashions originate with the Parisian *demi-monde*. The *outré* styles which are occasionally seen therein are not adopted by the reputable part of the community, nor do they find their way into the European fashion journals; and usually, instead of being original creations, they are only fantastic exaggerations of the modes in vogue. The fashions of Europe have quite as respectable an origin as those of America would be likely to have.

Harper's Bazar has no establishment to advertise, no goods to sell, no black-mail to levy, and no private interests to conciliate. Its opinions are honest and independent; and its information is based on the best authority. It makes no pretensions to set the fashions, with which a newspaper has nothing to do, but to chronicle them faithfully for the information of the public. In this connection we would cordially return thanks for the very great courtesy that has been shown us by the leading merchants and modistes of New York who have afforded us every facility for carrying out our designs.

We are not anxious to recriminate, but in justice to ourselves we can not forbear quoting an editorial from the *Independent* of Nov. 14, which will show the high moral sentiment which actuates our contemporary, and demonstrate the respect which such authority deserves:

A TRICK OF TRADE.

There are a good many ways of pushing one's wares into market; some of which are reputable and some disreputable. For instance, we have just picked up a religious newspaper containing what purports to be a quotation from THE INDEPENDENT, puffing *Demorest's Monthly*. The paragraph is long, and we reprint only a small part of it, as follows:

"The number now before us fairly dazzles one's eyes, and puzzles the brain to know how so much beauty and literary excellence can be afforded at such a low price."—*The Independent.*

No, THE INDEPENDENT has never had its eyes dazzled or its brain puzzled by any extraordinary brilliancy in *Demorest's Monthly*. The above paragraph is taken not from THE INDEPENDENT'S book-table, or its editorial page, but from its advertising columns. If it is to be quoted, therefore, it is to be quoted as the opinion not of the editor of THE INDEPENDENT, but of the publisher of *Demorest's Monthly*. As for ourselves, while we have any sanity left, we probably shall not be caught puffing Mr. Demorest's Magazine.

THE AMERICAN FACE.

THERE is a larger average of good-looking people in the United States than in any other part of the world. Mrs. Trollope, Miss Martineau, and other foreign female travelers, have, with all their evident disposition to find fault with this country, been compelled to acknowledge that its men are remarkably well-favored. All the male travelers say as much for our women, and one little miss, too young to be jealous of her sex, reporting in a late London magazine her observations on the United States, declares that she never beheld such a sparkle of female beauty as in Broadway, and confesses that if a man she would be unable to resist falling in love with it.

The American face is remarkable for its regularity. It seldom presents those extraordinary deviations from the classical ideal, so frequently observed in foreigners. Those monstrous developments of the features, which are not seldom found in the German or Irish countenance, and approximate it to the various types of the lower animals, are rare among native-born Americans. As people of all nations come hither, we have, of course, every kind of face. There are accordingly all varieties of disproportion and degrees of ugliness to be occasionally seen. These, such as the low heads and crumpled faces which look as if they had been squashed in the making; the nasal appendages fleshy and pendent, like abortive elephants' trunks; the ears tumid and misshapen as gigantic oysters; the thick lips, eviscerated mouths, and projecting under jaws, are generally of foreign importation.

The American complexion is surpassed in freshness and clearness by the English in youth. Our dry atmosphere is unfavorable both to the color and transparency of the skin. In advanced age, however, we have decidedly the advantage. While the English complexion is apt to become pimpled and blowsy, and seems to indicate grossness and overfeeding, the American, with the progress of time, ripens to a mellow ruddiness, which harmonizes well with gray hairs, and the veneration which is due them.

The American face, having generally but little fat or cellular tissue, shrinks readily into wrinkles, and thus we are supposed to wear out earlier than we do. The earnestness and activity of mind in the United States, give a concentration to the expression of the general countenance which also soon furrows it. Compare the peasant face of Europe with that of the working people of this country. The former appears like a mass of dough rolled into a uniform surface; the latter is full of lines, distinct and expressive as those of a steel engraving.

Our dames, although we do not advise them to go to bed nightly on a supper of Stilton cheese and London stout like their English sisters, would, we believe, preserve their good looks longer if they lived better. By living better we mean feeding at regular intervals upon well-cooked, nutritious food, instead of wasting their appetites upon cakes, sweets, and other indigestible articles which fill the stomach but starve the body. Hear what Brillat Savarin says upon the effects of good living: "*Gourmandise* is favorable to beauty. A train of exact and rigid observations have demonstrated that a succulent, delicate, and careful regimen repels to a distance, and for a length of time, the external appearance of old age. It gives more brilliancy to the eyes, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles; and as it is certain in physiology that it is the depression of the muscles which causes wrinkles, those formidable enemies of beauty, it is equally true to say that, *cæteris paribus*, those who understand eating are comparatively ten years younger than those who are strangers to this science."

The Circassian beauty is said to preserve her peculiar complexion, which is of an etiolated, pasty kind that we don't admire, by never applying water to her face, which she keeps in order solely by dry rubbing. One of the most brilliant American complexions we ever saw was due, according to its possessor, to the free use of soap and water. Nothing can be more fatal to the clearness and freshness of the face than the use of the various cosmetics in vogue. Powder and paint, apart from the positive harm they may do by the poisonous constituents of which they are made, fill up the pores of the skin, and prevent that free transpiration essential to its gloss, roseate hue, and transparency.

Ever since a traveler imprudently revealed the fact that some women, of the Carpathian valleys, we believe, secured for themselves beautiful complexions by feeding on arsenic, this practice, it is said, has been more or less generally adopted, not only in Europe but in this country. Physicians have, moreover, for a long time been in the habit of prescribing, in diseases of the skin, a preparation called *Fowler's Solution*, the principal constituent of which is arsenic. This remedy is considered an effective one, but its danger is so great that it is given only in the smallest doses, and its operation is watched with the utmost care and anxiety. Arsenic is one of the deadliest poisons, and no one should venture, with the remote possibility of its giving clearness to the complexion, to dabble with it. Though the dose at first may be so small as to produce no sensible influence upon the human body, it will, if repeated, exhibit all its virulence, as this powerful agent has what the physicians term a cumulative effect; that is, each small quantity taken remains in the system inert until, by subsequent additions, the poison has acquired sufficient force to act, when it does so with the most fatal effect.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to an affable and gentlemanly Hotel Clerk.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—Young, I mean, in years as compared with me. I am sure you would not suspect me of accusing you of any other kind of youth. My dear Sir, have you reflected upon the danger of great power? How it makes men tyrannical, selfish, vain, giddy? Have you thought of its vast and peculiar temptations, and of the steady conscience and heart and nerve necessary to baffle them? There was Tiberius, for instance, or any one of the Roman Emperors. How much power they had, and what a use they made of it! Or Napoleon Bonaparte; he grasped power as men drink wine, and became more and more intoxicated with its increase. His appetite was as fierce as that of any drunkard at your ba— I beg pardon, I meant to say he was as unable to control his ambition as any gentleman is unable to control his thirst who frequents the—the—sample-room or wine-room in the neighborhood of your prettily furnished office. Napoleon Bonaparte quaffed Spain as I have seen a man turn off a bumper of Sicily Madeira. He swallowed Italy as if it had been a draught of Falernian. He drank up Wirtemberg without breathing. And the more he drank the thirstier he was. And what advantage to any one was his tremendous drinking? Or, in other words, what use did he make of his vast power? Shall I allude to Catherine of Russia? My dear young friend, her name reminds me that power is very, very dangerous to the man or the woman who has it.

I thought of this the other evening when I arrived by the late train and with a throng of other passengers stood waiting to write my name in the book of the extremely "first-class" hotel (for I frequent no others, and it is a laughable idea that you should be the affable and gentlemanly clerk of any other), in whose office you were good enough to preside. What a spectacle it was! We were all dusty, tired, and seedy; and we had evidently left most of our manners upon the road, although I suppose the most careful scrutiny would hardly have succeeded in finding any remains of them there. We stood in an uneasy and impatient line striving to reach the book and write our names. What a craven, coward crew we were, looking at you and hoping somehow to propitiate you that you might give us good rooms! And how calm and superior you were! How you looked over all our heads, and if some one of us said to you, with audacious familiarity, "How do you, Mr. Clerk? glad to see you, Sir!" how loftily you responded, with an air of saying, "Keep your distance, my good fellow!" I must say, however, I was rather glad to see how you treated the person in the large brown coat and velvet collar who had succeeded in pushing into the line at some little distance before me. When he had written his name, instead of giving the pen to the next comer and passing along, he stopped and, leaning forward over the counter (if you will forgive the necessary word), he said, with an air of importance and confidentially, "I hope you'll give me a good room?" You answered merely, "Will you pass along, Sir." I think that was good for him. I forgive you a great deal of affability and gentlemanliness for that nipping rebuke.

But why is it, my dear young friend, that you treat us all as offenders of the darkest dye? What have we done that you should answer our questions with such ill-suppressed contempt? It is true that we are only poor, miserable travelers, asking for a night's lodging; but we mean to pay for it, indeed we do. We confess the enormity of our delinquencies in being caught in a tav—, I mean a hotel at all. But what are we to do? We would willingly go elsewhere, and leave you without a guest to disturb you, if we could. But there is no alternative. When, for instance, the train arrives at midnight at—well, any where—what must we do if we are resolved upon the "first-class" hotel? I do not know that you, my good Sir, have carried the loftiness of your manners quite to the degree of those of the waiter in some railroad lunch-house at Albany. It seemed that worthy Dr. Wines repaired thither for breakfast, and entirely forgetting his position of utter inferiority to the affable and gentlemanly waiter, ventured to make some remonstrance upon some overcharge, or to decline to pay for what he had not had, so that the waiter was compelled to knock him down and break a small bone in his leg, or something of the kind, to restore him to a due sense of his proper subjection. I am very humbly grateful that you have never broken my shins for daring to ask questions of you, although I have often seen and admired the moral struggle which you underwent in refraining.

Do you know, my bejeweled friend, that I have sometimes thought of the great Napoleon as I contemplated you? Like him, I have mused, my affable friend is the victim of the power he possesses. Before him all travelers are equal. He may send them into the sky-parlor, or he may give them comfortable and even delightful quarters. I think of the Pope putting his foot upon the neck of the Emperor. I think of the Asiatic victor harnessing kings to his chariot. I think of Gulliver the Great in Lilliput. My dear Sir, in your hands is the comfort of scores of your fellow-beings every night and day. I pray you use it benignly, use it wisely. You live, in a peculiar manner, upon the road. Your house is but a station of travel. Your manners, like those of the excellent railroad conductor to whom I hope to have the happiness of soon addressing a letter, are emphatically manners upon the road. Now, Sir, do you know that your manners will do as much for the reputation and success of your house as any other single influence? It is in your power to make yourself truly valuable, yes, indispensable, to the proprietor of the house, or to baffle him and help him along to ruin, and all this by your manners!

Just imagine it! Two ingenuous youths—let us call them Thomas and James—start in life, and with a generous emulation become clerks in two admirably-appointed hotels in the delightful city of M. or N. Thomas proposes to himself as his rule of conduct perfect kindness, patience, and courtesy. He does not forget that porters, and waiters, and chambermaids, are men and women, human beings like himself, and accordingly he does not speak to them as if they were despicable outcasts. He can ask a question of them as pleasantly as of Mr. Stewart or Mr. Vanderbilt or Mr. Astor, or any other famously rich man who passes the night in the hotel. He can tell these to carry a message without an air of undisguised contempt, and does not send them to a lodger's room as if he were the Sultan ordering a guilty slave to the bow-string. He does not receive the guests of the house as if his condescension were almost more than he could support, and he does all that he can do to give them the utmost accommodation. Above all, he is too much of a true gentleman to be obsequious to "carriage company" while he is overbearing and half insolent to the modest bachelor who is not clad in the height and depth of the fashion, and

whose purse is evidently not very long. Like justice, his hospitality is impartial; and every body who stops at that house, man, woman, or child, is treated with such courtesy that he remembers it gratefully among all hotels, celebrates far and wide the essentially good-manners of our worthy friend Thomas, and is glad when the time comes for him to visit that house again. His politeness, his manners upon the road, are so attractive that he has made the fortune of that hotel. Do you think the proprietor can easily afford to part with him?

How is it with James? He has an altogether different idea of the propriety of his position. To begin with, he is the most exquisite of dandies. There is no barber's waxen head, cast a little and languishingly to one side, with the dark locks more smoothly oiled and more carefully curled than the head of James. His hair-dressing seems to be the work of an artist, and I wonder when I see him whether he does it himself in the solitude of his chamber, or whether it is really the barber who officiates. His dress corresponds. His manner is as ludicrous as can be imagined. He is not the clerk of a hotel; he is the patron of mankind. The Pope in all his glory in his most glorious days of power was not so serene and complacent as our friend James. To him, of course, porters, waiters, chamber-maids, guests, are inferior beings. They are not only inferior, but abjectly so. He does not severely disdain, he merely despises them. He commands every body; he asks nobody. There is not a person employed in that house, from the roof to the cellar, who would not gladly see him mortified, or in some manner brought to grief. The strangers who must stop at that hotel avoid him, laugh at him, and do not care to return. His manner is an insult to every one of them; yet, not even the newspaper correspondents like to mention it, nor the editors to publish their letters if they do, for James is the arbiter of their destinies when they are obliged to stop at the house.

It is his manners only, his manners upon the road. But which is the more profitable servant, Thomas or James? For it comes to that, my dear affable and gentlemanly friend; you are a servant, and paid wages for your work. Bear that steadily in mind, as we all do who write our names in your book. There is no harm in being a servant—no, by Abou Ben Adhem! none at all; and we are all servants in the same general way that the greatest merchants, as we saw last week, merely keep shop. The mischief is in not knowing it, and in not being humble. My young and affable friend, there is many and many a poor-looking traveler who stands before you every day, and whom you send to the room upon the highest floor, and treat with the highest disregard, who recognizes you at once. If you choose you may write yourself upon his heart so that he will always most kindly remember you; and, if you choose, you may send him away laughing at you. You may promote the comfort of thousands of people every year, or you may make them utterly uncomfortable. And you will do it by your manners. Think of it. Mind your manners, then, my friend in the hotel office, mind your manners.

Your seedy friend in the sixth story,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FASHIONS in furs are not capricious. Until within the past year or two there has been so little variety in these comfortable wrappings that they began to be considered unsusceptible of change. Now there are new shapes and new material. The long victorine and tippet are old-fashioned. Cuffs are out of use. A set consists of collar and muff. Collars are small, and pointed behind. Short tabs in front are finished with fur tassels. Muffs are also smaller. Tips or tassels of fur instead of silk adorn the ends of the muff. The head of the animal from which the fur is taken is also used for ornament. Poekets and portmonnaies are placed on the back of flat muffs for shopping and skating. Boas are worn of mink and sable, but are oftener seen in ermine for evening wear than in the dark furs suitable for the promenade. The greatest change of all is in the cloaks. Large unwieldy capes are superseded by graceful paletot cloaks and half-adjusted sacques. These loose paletots admit of more ornament than the circular garments. A wide Angora fringe surrounds them, and furs of a different shade from the body of the sacque are inserted in braiding patterns.

Russian and Hudson Bay sable are the most valuable furs, and are handsome enough to defy all novelty and change. Mink, always neat and durable, is a standard medium article, its value depending on the number of dark stripes in the garment. The stripe is the centre of the animal's back, and the most valuable part of the skin. The gray Siberian squirrel is less expensive, soft and silky, and pretty for children. These furs will still be sought after, notwithstanding the presence of the more novel sealskin, Astrakhan, Persiani, Russian lambskin, and Krimmer. Sealskin in its natural state is *cuir* color, approaching very nearly to the fashionable Bismarck brown. It is more admired, however, when colored a dark rich maroon. The Persiani, Russian lamb, and Krimmer are erroneously spoken of by ladies under the general name of Astrakhan. They are found in different localities in Southern Europe, and when placed beside each other a very perceptible difference is observed. The Astrakhan has short knobby tufts, and may be either white, black, or gray. Persiani is more silky, and has longer fleece than Astrakhan. Russian lambskin is always black, and has a peculiar wavy appearance. Krimmer is either gray or black. The hair is short and curly, looking more like cloth than fur. The Swiss grebe and canary down are from the birds known by these names; they are smoother and more glossy than ermine, and are intended for evening wraps, but will not, of course, supplant the royal ermine.

SABLE AND MINK.

Russian sable sets, consisting of collar and muff, with sable tips, vary in price from two hundred and fifty to eight hundred dollars. American sable made up in the same style costs from fifty to three hundred and fifty dollars. Mink sets, valued last winter at a hundred and twenty-five dollars, are now reduced to ninety or a hundred dollars. A very fair quality of mink, with the fur all running one way, is made up into muff and collar for fifty dollars. A short mink boa, buttoned at the throat, has only one long end finished with tips; the other is ornamented with the head of the animal. Another style of boa is a round roll, two yards long, to be wound about the neck. Very good squirrel sets are sold at twenty dollars. These are far preferable to the coarse but more expensive Fitch.

SEALSKIN CLOAKS, SONTAGS, ETC.

One of the handsomest novelties from the French Exposition is a sacque of seal, with muff and toquet to correspond. The shape is a loose paletot with sleeves. The body of the garment is of dark-colored seal, as soft and glossy as velvet, lined throughout with gray and white squirrel locks. An inserted trimming, in a pattern resembling appliqué braiding, is of the seal in its natural light-brown color. A small muff has an insertion trimming to correspond, and is also lined with fur. The toquet is ornamented with fur tassels. Price four hundred dollars.

Loose sacques of colored sealskin, made up in the best style, without insertion trimming, range from one to two hundred dollars. Half-adjusted basquines, both long and short, are made to slope with the figure more gracefully than would seem possible for such thick material. A muff and collar of sealskin cost forty dollars.

A sontag of seal, to be worn under a cloak or shawl, is a novel and comfortable garment. It is shaped like a sleeveless jacket. The sealskin is in its natural state and light color. An inserted trimming of gray Persiani surrounds it. Still another sealskin novelty is the satchel muff. A caba, quite large enough to be useful in shopping, has a concealed place where one's hands can be cozily stowed away. The handle of the satchel is prettily ornamented with gilt. Eighteen dollars is the price. Carriage shoes are also made of seal, tipped with sable, and lined with squirrel-skin. Small reticules, reminders of our grandmothers, have the lower half of seal, with dove-colored satin for the upper half, drawn together with cord and tassels. They are just large enough to hold the handkerchief and pocket-book—a better way of carrying those indispensable articles than to destroy the effect of a gore dress by thrusting them into one's pocket.

ASTRAKHAN, PERSIANI, ETC.

An Astrakhan suit, the sacque long, loose, and stylish in shape, is sold for eighty-five dollars. Muff and beret to correspond. Small aigrette of feathers on the beret. A jacket of white Astrakhan for evening is short and loose. A border of black Astrakhan tufts is inserted. Wide Angora fringe, alternately white and black, around the bottom. Small muff, fringed at the ends, price seventy-five dollars. Jet chains and cable cords are used occasionally for trimming Astrakhan, but with poor effect. Nothing looks so well as the insertions of the same kind of fur of a different shade and Angora fringe. Collars and muffs of black Astrakhan are used for deep mourning. It is also a favorite fur for trimming skating suits.

Persiani is more expensive than Astrakhan. A handsome sacque of either gray or black Persiani is worth a hundred and fifty dollars. The Russian lambskin is always black, and in long waves as lustrous as satin. A set of this beautiful skin, the handsomest of all the curled furs, consists of a long sacque appropriately trimmed with the wavy Angora fringe, a fringed muff, and a bonnet, Fanchon shape, with no ornament but an aigrette of feathers. Krimmer is made up in the same manner.

ERMINE AND GREBE.

Ermine is the standard fur used for evening. Circulars and sacques with separate collar and muff are made to order. The muff and collar are worn with handsome street costumes. The most stylish ermine cloak we have seen this season was shaped like the mantelet with Greek sleeves given in the first Number of the *Bazar*. It was made longer, but the graceful style was preserved.

A fancy set of grebe is sold for twenty-five dollars. The boa has at one end a bird's head, and at the other grebe wing feathers. Pocket muff ornamented with tips and tassels. A grebe Fanchon with blue velvet strings, cut bias and bordered with grebe, is worn with this set. Canary and chinchilla collars are suitable for children.

SHAWLS.

The effect of the French Exposition, visible in so many branches of manufacture, is nowhere more plainly seen than in the beautiful shawls imported this season. The involutions of figures are marvelous, the colors carefully blended, and the designs novel. India camel's-hair shawls are of every size, from the small breakfast squares, with white cashmere centres and camel's-hair borders, sold at eighty-five dollars, to the handsome long shawls at three thousand dollars, wrought all over in a new pattern of white insertion, with colored tracery.

A French cashmere, of exquisite fineness, represents an Eastern procession of worshipers of some heathen deity. Groups of dancing-girls, elephants, well-filled sedan-chairs, and palanquins, are all proceeding in file toward the idol enshrined in the centre. This pattern is decidedly Oriental in style, but of questionable taste. The material and execution are uncommonly fine and elaborate. The price is two hundred and fifty dollars. Small scarlet or Bismarck centres are preferred to either white or black. Many shawls are so profusely wrought with palm-leaves and Oriental figures that the ground is entirely concealed. The prevailing style of wearing a shawl is to fold it square instead of triangular. The upper part is turned down like a collar. French shawls designed to be worn in this manner are fringed all round.

A comfortable carriage-shawl, or traveling-shawl, is of soft, thick plush, striped in black and crimson. Alternate stripes of cashmere pattern and a bright, solid color make a handsome shawl worn with a trained dress, but are too large for jaunty short dresses.

SHOES.

A neatly-fitting, well-shaped shoe is the foundation of all elegance in female attire. This has been most plainly demonstrated since short dresses came in fashion. Boots this season combine utility and beauty. Thick soles that support the instep, half-rounded toes, heels of medium size, and high ankles, are all the requisites for comfort; and the most fastidious can not fail to find some pleasing style among the various trimmings of lace, embroidery, stitching, appliqué, and fur.

Tips of patent leather are not worn. Toes are neither round nor square, but something between the two. Heels are high, narrow, and curved. Buttons are the favorite fastening. A new hook for buttoning has been invented. Kid boots are worn for the street instead of bronze or prunella. Walking boots are fastened with twenty jet buttons. The soles are heavy and slender. Appliqué straps and leaves of patent leather and colored morocco ornament the ankle and instep. With suits of one color boots are made of the same material as the dress, and elaborately stitched and embroidered. High Polish walking boots of Russian leather have gay tassels at the ankle. Colored kid and bronze boots with thin soles are suitable for the house or the carriage, but are too *prononcée* for the promenade. A new bronze boot has a lace rosette on the toe. Satin the color of the dress is inserted under the lace.

An elegant black velvet boot had a band of chinchilla around the top. Boots of black satin were laced in front, the lacing concealed by a band of velvet embroidered with jet. The Louis XV. heels, almost two inches high, were covered with satin. White satin boots for a bride were embroidered with white chenille and seed pearls. Roman pearl buttons. Bronze slippers for morning wear had bows of bronze on the toes, or rosettes of thick silk cord with tassels hanging down. Silk and satin quilted slippers with low broad heels are warm and pretty for invalids. Sandals of velvet lined and bordered with fur are comfortable for chamber wear.

A NEW TRIMMING.

An ingenious trimming just introduced by only one establishment in the city is called Amozine embroidery. It is applied with equally beautiful effect to thick and thin materials. It is made and sewn on to the garment while being made by a machine. The same machine embroiders on silk net and Swiss muslin, makes a Boulevard skirt border, and works the monograms on a cloth carriage robe. It trims linen, flannel, cloth, and velvet, and is wrought in cotton, zephyr, worsteds, and silk. There are several different stitches, and several colors may be used at once. A pretty fringe in one color or in many is sewn on the goods while in process of making.

BASQUINES AND REDINGOTES.

Basquines are worn for evening when full opera dress is not required. Like the redingote they are adjusted to the figure, and can be but slightly wadded. They should be made of thick velvet cloth. A pretty one is of scarlet, dotted with tiny beads, black, white, and amber. A beaded fringe is the only trimming.

Redingotes or Polonaise of fancy colored velvets are more worn than black. They are quite long, slightly fitted to the figure, lapped in front with two rows of buttons extending the length of the garment. A wide sash is tied at the back. Wide open sleeves with closed one beneath. A blue velvet redingote is bordered with chinchilla. The dress of which the skirt only is seen is of blue silk, the same shade as the redingote, bordered with a three-inch fold of velvet.

PERSONAL.

THE Indian chief who has given our troops the most trouble in the late battles on the Plains is named SPOTTED-TAIL, and, although a bad sort of aborigine, has a pretty daughter named LIZZIE EUPHEMIA POCAHONTAS SPOTTED-TAIL, who is said to be intelligent; and the paternal savage proposes to send her to some first-class seminary for education. We infer that Miss L. E. P. SPOTTED-TAIL is not yet "engaged;" for, if she were, the old tomahawker wouldn't care about sending her East.

—Mr. MABBLE, editor of the *World*, is a good specimen of the oncoming American journalist. Nine years ago he was a subordinate on the *Evening Post*, and quite likely may have "*dreamed* of dwelling in marble halls," though probably little dreamed of managing this World or of living in a four-story brown-stone front (with marble hall). An admirer of Mr. M. pronounces him to be "much the handsomest of the prominent editors of New York; lives in ease, even in luxury; enjoys his library and his dinner; lounges and talks gracefully at the Manhattan Club; is a power in his party, and a pleasant gentleman in society, and that very rare thing—a highly successful and materially prosperous journalist—while still young and in possession of perfect health."

—HUGH HASTINGS, Esq., editor of the Albany *Knickerbocker*, who went abroad last summer as special bearer of dispatches to several of our foreign ministers (for which he gets pay), asserts it as a fact, that Admiral FARRAGUT was almost "smothered with kisses" by the ladies of the Court of the Queen of Sweden. Also, that the hairs of his officers are "treasured as souvenirs and laid away in gold lockets by many of the most elegant ladies of Stockholm." Mr. HASTINGS is a truthful man. Mrs. H. accompanies him. His word is to be depended upon.

—BAYARD TAYLOR has been to the *Grand Chartreuse*—the famous monastery in the mountains of Savoy, where the monks make that potent and seductive fluid which dinner-party people deem it *en regle* to drink when coffee comes in. Nice fellows, those monks—hospitable, intelligent, religious, and very glad to entertain any sensible gentleman who happens to be climbing that way.

—"WHO WAS JUNIUS?" that question so often asked but never yet satisfactorily answered, is believed to be settled by the book published on the 6th of November in London, entitled "Memoirs and Correspondence of Sir PHILIP FRANCIS, K.C.B., commenced by the late JOSEPH PARKES, and continued and edited by HERMAN MERIVALE." Mr. PARKES was for many years, up to his decease, a close friend and constant correspondent of Mr. THURLOW WEED, and has narrated to Mr. W. many facts that place the identity of Junius beyond doubt. The work will doubtless be promptly republished here.

—WESTON, the walker, now *en route* from Portland to Chicago, has a rival in the pedestrian line, named SETH W. PAINE, who left town on the 11th inst., on foot, for San Francisco, having put up money that he will accomplish the tramp in less than 150 days. He will write something about it.

—GARIBALDI told General CIALDINI this: "My belief is that the bullet which kills me will be useful to Italy. I can not abandon the duty I owe to my country. I will go to Rome." Every body in America sympathizes with GARIBALDI, and would be grieved at the announcement that the "bullet" had been forwarded; but if the old gentleman undertakes to fight more battles against long odds the globular-shaped missile will be pretty sure to perforate him.

—In the opinion of Mr. LONGFELLOW ALFRED B. STREET is, without exception, the best delineator of forest-scenery in America. Mr. STREET is a short-statured, spectacled, neat, modest-mannered gentleman, and as State Librarian, at Albany, has a position exactly adapted to his tastes and habits.

—Rev. Dr. BELLOWS, who has been doing Germany for "the Liberal Christian," is about to do a novel. If he can fictionize as felicitously as he sermonizes, the sooner he begins the better.

—DUMAS, *père*, is said to have made ten millions of francs with his pen, and spent every *sous* of it in having a good time. He's a sad old *individu*.

—The Bishop (LEE) of Iowa, really a very good man and a very Low Churchman, wrote a letter to the Bishop of London, warning him against the performances of the Ritualists; and that irreverent Non-Conformist organ—*Punch*—has versified the communication in the manner following, to wit:

HENRY W. IOWA TO A. C. LONDON.

"To my Pan-Anglican compeers"
(Writes parting I.O.WA),
"I owe a debt of gratitude,
Which I can ne'er repay.
As I can't pay, from I.O.WA!
Accept this I.O.U.—
That ritual poison England's Church,
If unchecked, will undo."

—ALIDE TOPP, a tip-top player on the piano, *débuted* at Steinway Hall on the 14th inst. with *éclat*. Old Baron VON BULOW gave her letters to prominent people on this side, saying, in the most emphatic language, that there are no fingers in Europe that can rattle over the key-board so rapidly as hers.

—The *Bazar* has the highest possible pleasure in noting among its personals that toward the building-fund of the Young Men's Christian Association John C. Green, A. T. Stewart, R. L. & A. Stuart, James Brown, Joseph Sampson, H. B. Claflin & Co., W. E. Dodge, W. E. Dodge, Jun., and Loring Andrews gave $10,000 each; and Jay Cooke & Co., E. S. Jaffray & Co., Fred. A. Lane, Stewart Brown, Horace Grey, C. C. Colgate, M. K. Jesup, J. Pierpont Morgan, James Stokes, and J. Taylor Johnston, $5000 each.

—Young CHARLES DICKENS is said to be an exceedingly English young man, clever, popular, much given to boating and athletic sports. Miss DICKENS, the eldest daughter, is understood to be the author of "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," and "Mabel's Progress"—the latter now in course of publication in *Harper's Weekly*. DICKENS, *père*, in society is reserved and thoughtful even to melancholy. His voice is sweet and very clear, and its greatest charm is that it rings with his individuality. He enters into every thing he says. So that in his readings his own apparent enjoyment is quite as attractive as his marvelously dramatic delivery. When he tells a story (which is a most infrequent concession) his earnest, sympathetic manner of narration enlists every body's interest. His knowledge of human nature is wonderful, excelling even that of THACKERAY in universality of scope.

—GARIBALDI's home is not the most enticing place we have read of. In fact, it borders on the shabby. Down to 1861 the furniture consisted of one chair without a back. Some of our U. S. officers then gave him two dozen. The old patriot sleeps on an iron bedstead; a line across his bedroom holds his clothes; no carpet on the floor; papers and books "lie around loose;" lives on fish, macaroni, and wild boar; drinks water; goes to bed at ten; gets up at three; coffee at four. Miss GARIBALDI sings beautifully. Young men come to see her.

—VICTOR HUGO (so said) doesn't live comfortably with Mrs. HUGO; nor with the children. After going on comfortably with each other for nigh upon fifty years they have had a quarrel, broken up housekeeping, sold off the things, and are now making themselves very unhappy by living apart from each other.

—The Queen has taken to patronizing literary people since she became an author. Not long since she invited Mr. THEODORE MARTIN to make a little visit to Balmoral. He assisted the Queen in making the PRINCE CONSORT book. Mr. MARTIN's wife was Miss HELEN FAUCIT, the celebrated English actress.

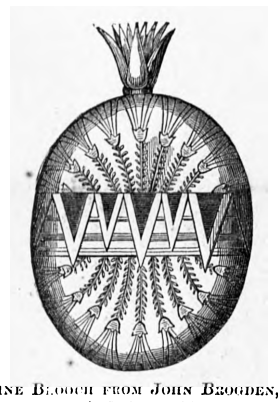
—The New York *Times* "Veteran Observer" is a sixty-year old person, named EDWARD D. MANSFIELD, a tall, thin, abstracted gentleman, who keeps a farm at Morrow, about forty miles from Cincinnati, whence he launches great moral ideas upon American citizens.

—The "Hub" folk have been giving a little dinner to LONGFELLOW on the completion of his "Dante," which he has been dinging away at for five-and-twenty years. Only about twenty were present, among whom were BRYANT, HALLECK, DUNN, HOLMES, LOWELL, EMERSON, WHITTIER, AGASSIZ, CURTIS, PARTON, and FIELDS, the latter presiding.

EAR-RINGS FROM FROMENT-MEURICE, PARIS.
In the Paris Exposition.

JEWELRY, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

A WALK through the Jewelry Courts of the French, Italian, and English Departments of the great Exposition now closing in Paris impresses many for the first time with the relative position of *the style* in jewelry among the various modes of personal habiliment or decoration. Ordinary reflection would doubtless credit to the artist's design or the skillful fabricant's manipulation whatever of attraction there may be in an ornament; but Fashion lends its enchantment to *parures* and robes alike. In justice to the rarer merit and beauty of the former, it may be added that the Goddess is more æsthetic and less capricious in her treatment than in other instances; but her sway is none the less determined, and such exceptional deference is due rather to the limited province of the object than to any default



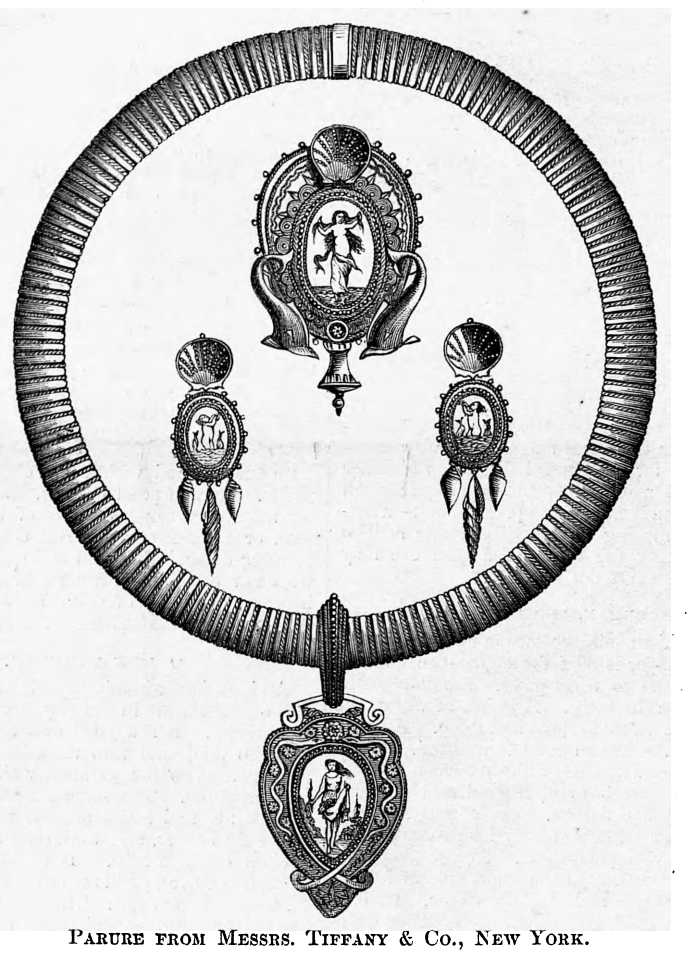
CHATELAINE BROOCH FROM JOHN BROGDEN, LONDON.
In the Paris Exposition.

on her part. Those of us whose memory overruns a decade need but a suggestion to recall the different fancies that have obtained for a time—how coral was in great request for certain complexions; the enormous shell cameos which shared provincial popularity with Roman mosaics, equally monstrous in size and merit; the chatelaine fever, when ladies' girdles, emulous of a long antecedent age, bore a pendant and jingling armory of golden keys, scissors, bodkins, etc.; the succeeding epidemic of charms, a veritable handicap, in which the fair sex carried similarly pendant every thing imaginable as weight, from a golden elephant to an enameled harlequin; the transitory eruption of ugly malachite; and the longer and more pleasing of colored stones, topaz, amethyst, and garnet; the Etruscan revival, the Byzantine mosaic caprice, the universal rage for chain bracelets—infinitely more creditable, by-the-way, than the present admiration for the stiff and ungraceful bands, of barbaric origin. Farther back than this there were fancies as free and as flighty, of which our grandmothers' jewel-cases may still retain instances: the drop ear-rings, preposterously long, of polished jet, carnelian, or gold; the neck-chains of delicate filigree, and dull yellow hue;

BROOCH FROM JOHN BROGDEN, LONDON.
In the Paris Exposition.

the necklaces of bright gold beads; the heavy fob-chains, not infrequently of silver, made in clumsy links, or of flat rectangular plates joined together by rings, balancing a carved gold seal of cyclopean size against a turnip-shaped watch; the truncated parallelograms of brooches which the ladies wore, and the lyre-shaped breast-pins, bearing colored stones in silver setting, resplendent upon the ruffled shirt-fronts of the gentlemen. Thus does retrospection justify Fashion's claim to an undivided dominion in the field of Jewelry as well as in that of Dress. Daring as the assertion may seem, this all-powerful arbiter has even asserted herself in the province of precious gems, going so far as to utter a temporary interdict against diamonds. Casuists may say that the matter was one of circumstance rather than of fashion; but fashion often subsidizes circumstance, and in this instance did so very palpably. It was in Paris in the Revolutionary era that, almost within a day's passage, the extravagant display of a court whose parasites actually were a blaze of diamonds, gave place to the rigid simplicity of a Directorate whose only insignia were mourning garments and *coiffures à la victime*. Those who possessed jewels scented the storm afar off, and wore them only at court. "Amidst these fierce antagonistic passions," says Madame Barrera, "taste and elegance vanished; the court parures of the ladies lost all distinctive character; the bastard style of the day was an affected mannerism, which was intended for uniform simplicity. A few rings and snuff-boxes or bonbonnières, enriched with brilliants and the singular appendages of two watches, one on either side, with each a huge fob-chain hanging down to the thighs, were about the only articles of jewelry worn by the beaux and the belles of the latter part of this [Louis XVI.] reign. Even this faint gleam of luxury was finally quenched in the revolutionary tempest. The few paltry trinkets worn were fashioned into shapes and bore names to suit the bloody popular mania: ear-rings represented fasces, triangles, liberty-caps, guillotines, and were made of gold of ten or twelve carats."

BROOCH FROM JOHN BROGDEN, LONDON.
In the Paris Exposition.



PARURE FROM MESSRS. TIFFANY & CO., NEW YORK.

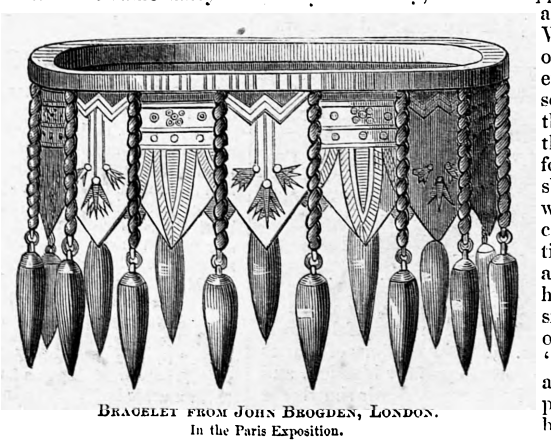
Singularly enough, though it is not likely that any thing less than the discovery of a mine of gems, fasceted and polished to order, or that the earth's crust is in spots solid corindon, will ever again admit of Fashion's tabooing the diamond, as she did in the first days of the Directorate, our own immediate day is reproducing the prevailing style of that terrible time. The same fancy for expressing the object of interest or pleasure in trinket form is now manifest. The fasces and the guillotine of 1789 were but prototypes for our more noble conceits in 1862–3, of American flags in bright enamels, and bayonets in oxydized silver, worn as scarf-pins, or of the horse-shoe and yacht-shaped devices, more recently affected for brooches; and the present popularity of antique designs was anticipated in the French Republican era, when not only personal jewelry but likewise Senatorial costumes came at last to be modeled after Grecian and Roman designs.

We have intimated that Fashion becomes æsthetic when she deals with jewelry, and we would add that this exceptional and very remarkable deference to good taste on her part is alike creditable to both parties. As a general thing the personal ornaments which now obtain are both appropriate and handsome. The materials of which jewelry is composed—the precious metals and the precious stones—are too rare and too costly to admit of the treatment meted out to stuffs and taffetas, and the artistic suggestions as to their composition are of entirely another order than those relating to crinoline and flounces.

To illustrate the foregoing statement, not less than to suggest for our readers' benefit the prevailing styles of jewelry, we proceed to name the modes now most in favor.

In the first place, and *apropos* of a season of the year generally distinguished by weddings, the constituents of a bridal parure most in request are pearls and diamonds. A marked change in the setting of these beautiful gems from that of former years will be hereafter described in detail; suffice it at present that they are so set that very little, if any, gold is allowed to appear, the *ensemble* being a rich and still exceedingly chaste display of the king and queen of jewels, unmarred by any obtrusion of metal. The brooch is generally a circlet of fine pearls inclosing a diamond, with or without—as the wealth of the purchaser may suggest—a fringe of smaller brilliants pendant, or brilliants alternating with the pearls. The ear-rings are generally diamonds solitaire, or drops of choice Orient pearls from small tops of single brilliants. A diamond *riviere* is the most approved neck-ornament—a necklace of select or graduated pearls bearing an ornament similar to the brooch (which should be so arranged as to be worn in either way) coming next in preference. The bracelet worn upon the occasion should have a head of pearls and brilliants.

The most *recherche* full-dress jewelry for a married lady is of diamonds. If a colored stone, the sapphire or emerald, forms the centre of the brooch, it should be of very large size and unexceptionable purity. The ruby, so popular in England, does not as yet seem to have asserted itself in this country, but the sapphire and emerald are much in favor. We shall be doing our readers, however, an important service in repeating the suggestion above that colored centres for diamond-work should be selected with the greatest care. The strong tints of the stone are only too apt to hide a multitude of sins in the shape of "flaws" and "feathers," which are disagreeably prominent when brought into the severe contrast of brilliants. We give an engraving of a parure from Messrs. TIFFANY & CO., of New York, which very correctly illustrates a style of jewelry worn in select circles in Paris, and, from its perfection of workmanship and elegance of design, is suited for occasions of especially dressy character. It is made of the finest gold, bears a rich yellow tint, similar to the popular Etruscan, and is, in fact, a reproduction—or, more truthfully, an adaptation from the antique. The painting in the centre is exquisitely done in enamel and burned into the gold, for which reason the purest metal is requisite. The enamel not being polished, the effect is consequently infinitely more agreeable, and in better keeping with the setting. The figures are in flesh tint upon a cerulean back-ground, and in the brooch represent Venus rising from the sea; in the car-rings, two Cupids playing in the waves. This style of jewelry is a legitimate result of the splendid efforts of CASTELLANI to revive the Etruscan art,



BRACELET FROM JOHN BROGDEN, LONDON.
In the Paris Exposition.

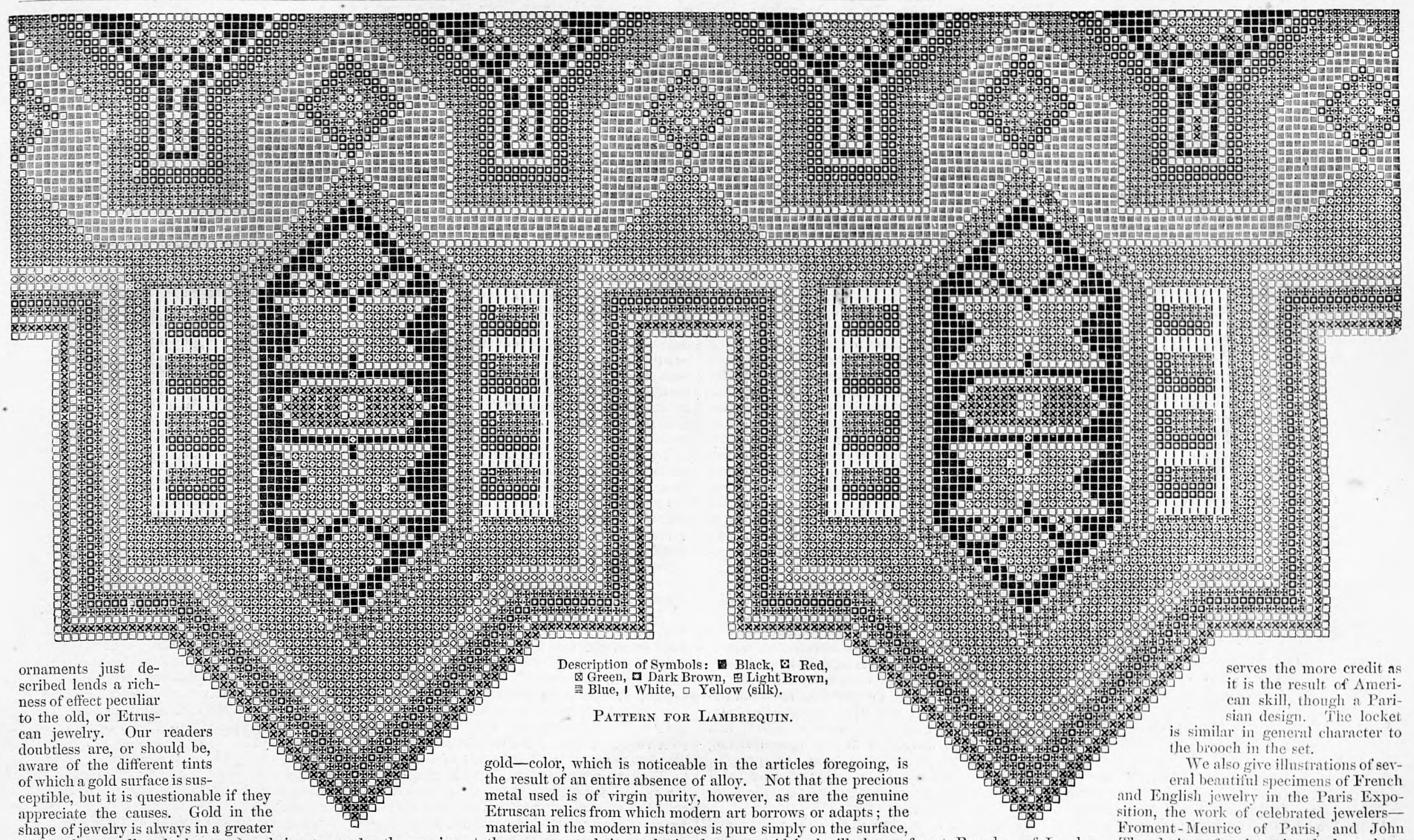
EAR-RINGS FROM FROMENT-MEURICE, PARIS.
In the Paris Exposition.

CHATELAINE BROOCH FROM JOHN BROGDEN, LONDON.
In the Paris Exposition.

but has features which commend it to modern taste that are lacking to the great Roman jeweler's work. The general shape of the design is Pompeian; but the accessories, the pendant shells and the beautifully-executed scollop-shell surmounting the pieces, with the conventional dolphins supporting the sides of the brooch, are the exquisite suggestions of the modern artist. The unusual finish of even the most minute details, and the perfect harmony of all, impart to this set of jewelry a loftier character than is generally discoverable in ornaments devoid of precious stones. It is in this way we should avail ourselves of the antique, extracting from its pure font of design the severity of proportion and contour, while a correct appreciation of subsidiary ornament and finish enlivens what might otherwise be rigid by the relieving touch of modern taste. The process of enameling in this instance is a secret with its author, M. RUHET, which circumstance limits the production to a very few sets per year. The price of a set ranges from $175 to $200 in gold. In conclusion, it is but justice to term this new form of ornament the most stylish novelty of the season.

The yellow or *gold* color observable in these

BROOCH FROM JOHN BROGDEN, LONDON.
In the Paris Exposition.



Description of Symbols: ■ Black, ▣ Red, ☒ Green, ◘ Dark Brown, ⊞ Light Brown, ☰ Blue, | White, □ Yellow (silk).

Pattern for Lambrequin.

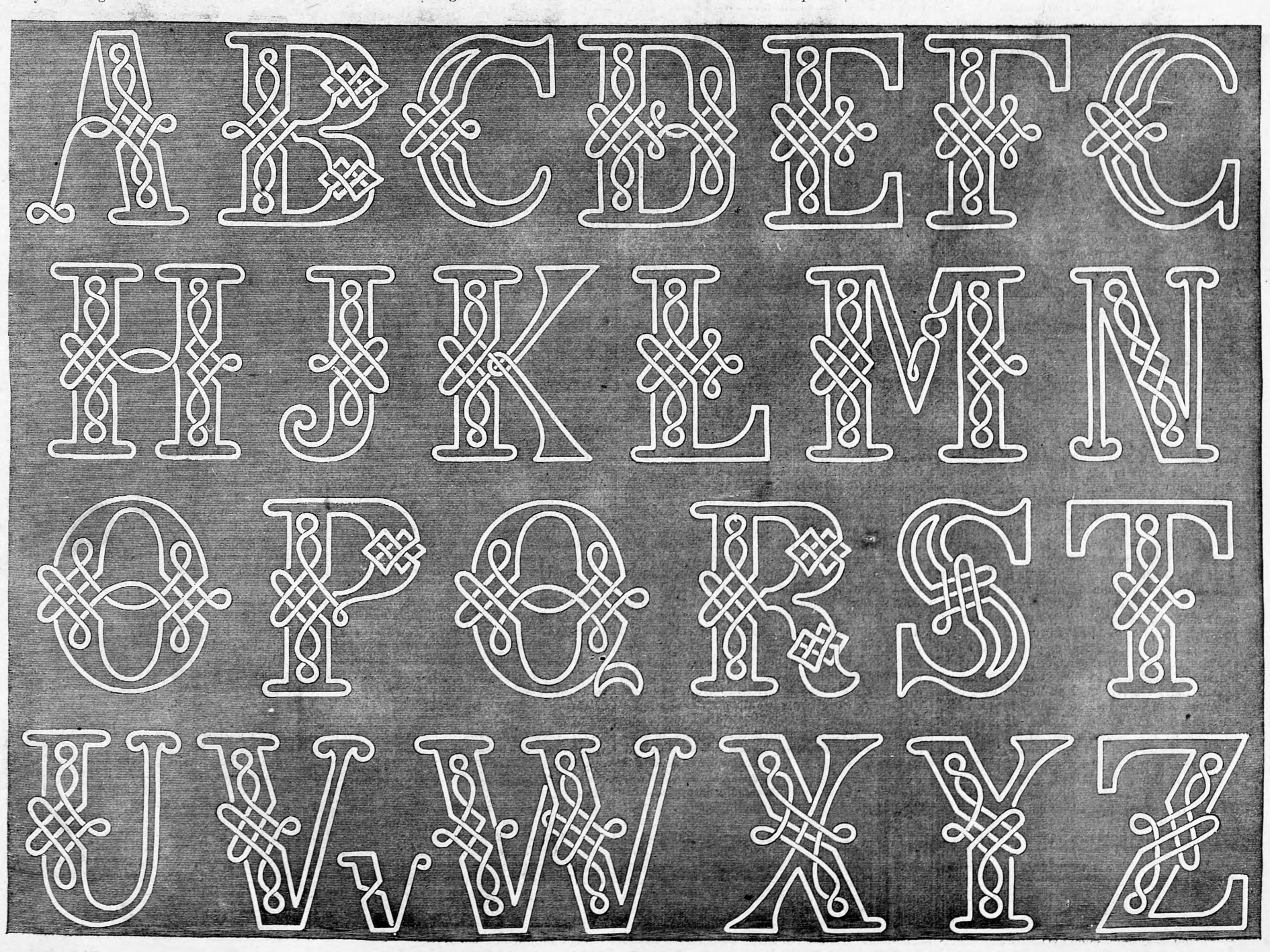
ornaments just described lends a richness of effect peculiar to the old, or Etruscan jewelry. Our readers doubtless are, or should be, aware of the different tints of which a gold surface is susceptible, but it is questionable if they appreciate the causes. Gold in the shape of jewelry is always in a greater or less degree alloyed, the purpose being to render the precious material more enduring of wear and retentive of superficial color than it would be in its virgin purity. We do not know that in either England or France, at the present time, statutory regulation directs how fine a piece of jewelry shall be; the standard, however, with all responsible jewelers, is well known to be 18 carats. Now if the alloy used in this purity of production be silver, the color is that generally seen in fine watch-cases and jewelry; if the alloy be copper, the gold has a reddish tinge, at the present quite exceptional, though a generation back it was generally obtaining. The Etruscan—sometimes termed the dead-gold—color, which is noticeable in the articles foregoing, is the result of an entire absence of alloy. Not that the precious metal used is of virgin purity, however, as are the genuine Etruscan relics from which modern art borrows or adapts; the material in the modern instances is pure simply on the surface, the ornaments being submitted to an acid bath till the surface alloy is, so to speak, sweated out, and the real *teinte d'or* produced. This explanation may relieve some of our readers of the mistaken apprehension that articles of Etruscan gold are artificially colored by extraneous lacquering or otherwise.

The necklace and locket accompanying the set are introduced as much from their appropriateness as their popularity. The necklace is of the shape now especially in request, a chain of slightly oval plates, having a breadth of three-quarters of an inch, put together without solder, each link or plate hooking into its neighbor. The wonderful excellence of the workmanship deserves the more credit as it is the result of American skill, though a Parisian design. The locket is similar in general character to the brooch in the set.

We also give illustrations of several beautiful specimens of French and English jewelry in the Paris Exposition, the work of celebrated jewelers—Froment-Meurice of Paris, and John Brogden of London. The designs for these jewels have been borrowed from Pompeii, Nineveh, Assyria, and Egypt; and from the collections at the British Museum, the Louvre, Naples, and Copenhagen.

Embroidery Pattern for Lambrequin.

This pattern is worked on canvas in cross-stitch with zephyr worsted of the colors marked on the pattern; other colors, however, can be substituted if preferred. The pattern is also suited to chairs or cushions.



ALPHABET—BRAID-WORK.—[See Page 86.]

Alphabet.

See illustration, page 85.

THESE letters are specially designed for table linen, etc., and are formed of fine braid, stitched on the design, which has first been traced on the article. The color may either match the ground or contrast with it, as is preferred.

WAITING IN THE DUSK.

SITTING alone in the twilight time—
  Alas! how silent the old house seems—
Missing the voices that only chime
  In waking fancies or sleeping dreams!
I sit in my mother's old arm-chair,
But where are the others? Ah where? ah where?

Where is our Willie, so grave and wise?
  And where is Harry, so true and bold?
Where is Mabel with laughing eyes,
  And tresses sprinkled with molten gold?
On Willie's tombstone the moss is gray,
And Harry is sleeping in Biscay Bay.

But Mabel? Mabel may come again:
  Her name is still in my daily prayer;
Yet when I stand where our dead are lain,
  I'd rather that it were written there.
They heard God call them, and they obeyed;
But Earth called Mabel—and Mabel strayed.

Yet while God spares it is not too late
  To turn away from the Tempter's smile;
And so in the lonely house I wait,
  Because I expect her all the while:
If strangers met her the day she came,
She might go back to her sin and shame.

I can see the city lie far away,
  A sloping path from our house leads down;
And surely, surely, some summer day,
  A fading woman will leave the town,
And climb the hill, and traverse the moor,
And enter in at my open door.

FOUND IN THE MUNIMENT CHEST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

I WAS three-and-twenty years of age, and I had not long been articled to my father, an old-established family solicitor in the comfortable market-town of Orpingdean, Sussex, when I fell in love with Barbara Ainsleigh at our race-ball. We had a race-meeting and a race-ball at Orpingdean, and we put on our gayest aspect at that ripe meridian of the year, when the cornfields were growing tawny under the July sunshine.

Miss Ainsleigh was the representative heiress and beauty of Orpingdean, just as my father was the representative family solicitor of that prosperous settlement. She lived with her father in a noble red-brick house of the Queen-Anne period, shut in from the high-road by tall iron gates of ponderous scroll-work, and surrounded by a garden—a real old-fashioned garden, in the Italian style, with stone terraces and marble balustrades, on which the peacocks used to strut and scream in the quiet summer evenings; and our summer evenings were uncommonly quiet in the roads and lanes about Orpingdean.

Mr. Ainsleigh was an elderly widower, and Barbara his only child. It is scarcely necessary to add that he adored her, and that her path from infancy to womanhood had been liberally bestrewn with those metaphorical roses which the hand of affection, when aided by the purse of wealth, can scatter before the footsteps of a household idol. We have no longer our niche for the Penates; but is there not in every home-circle a god or goddess before whom the rest bow the knee in love or fear? Miss Ainsleigh had the worship of love, and she deserved it.

I can scarcely trust myself to describe her. It is so difficult to avoid hyperbole when one writes of one's first love. I will only say that she was a noble English beauty—a dark-eyed, dark-haired Juno, with the freshness of Hebe, and the instinctive grace of Diana.

Mr. Ainsleigh had been for the last twenty years of his life a bibliomaniac; and dearly as he loved his only child, there were some who would have been at a loss to say whether his books and the binding of his books did not usurp the larger share of his divided affections. Never till I knew Barbara's father did I know how much there may be in the outside of a book. The first day I ever spent in Mr. Ainsleigh's house was a revelation for me in the art of book-binding. The beveled edges—the hand-painting *sur tranche*—the creamy vellum, relieved by red and gold lettering—the thick crinkly morocco, in all shades of sober russet, and glowing crimson, and orange tawny—the grolier, and Gothic, and renaissance—all that is rare and expensive in the art that was in its prime while printing was yet in its cradle. In the little world of Orpingdean it used to be said that if Mr. Ainsleigh had not been a very rich man, he would have been ruined by his bibliomania. But, alas! Orpingdean folks had the vaguest idea of what sums can be squandered on rare old books and exquisite bindings, on Virgils in Italic type, printed at Venice by Aldus Manutius—on early in-folio copies of Erasmus—on a *Trésor de la langue latine*—or a *Maison Rustique* by Robert Estienne—on a Strawberry Hill Lucan—on diamond editions by Finnin Didot. We knew that Mr. Ainsleigh's uncle had left him a handsome fortune, but we did not know that it needs the millions of a Huth or a Van de Weyer to support that expensive hobby-horse on which the book-collector prances. Lord Lytton has most truly said that one hobby is a wife, and that half a dozen hobbies are mistresses. Mr. Ainsleigh was faithful to his hobby as ever husband to the partner of his choice. But a man may find his ruin even in a wife, if she happen to be expensive and insatiable.

After the race-ball I saw a good deal of Miss Ainsleigh. My father, and his father and grandfather before him, had been received and liked by the best people in and about Orpingdean. We lived *in* the town, much to the disgust of my two sisters, who had been "finished" at an expensive Parisian school, and who felt a sense of intense degradation in the near neighborhood of a coal-yard and a wine-merchant. But in this old house in the High Street there were oaken wainscots and spacious rooms, a square paved hall, and a staircase with such ponderous carved balusters as are rarely seen in modern dwellings; and my father refused to exchange the house in which he had been born for the finest and whitest of those new Italian villas, whose campanile towers twinkled in the sunshine on the hills beyond Orpingdean. My sisters protested that the old house smelled of pens and ink, and marveled that any body should be so civil as to visit us in such an odious locality.

People did visit us, however, in spite of the coal-yard, which was exactly opposite our drawing-room windows; and in spite of the wine-merchant, our next-door neighbor, who seemed to make his arrangements with a foreknowledge of the days on which we were to have dinner-parties, so surely did he receive wagon-loads of ponderous cases and bumping hogsheads on that very day and at that very hour in which our guests assembled. My sisters declared that this was his scheme of vengeance against us for not visiting him. "I dare say he will contrive to drop a case off Moet and Chandon some day just as old Lady Hetherside is stepping out of that dilapidated brougham of hers," said my sister Arabella; "and then she will go about saying that she almost met her death upon our door-step, and no one will ever dare to come and see us again."

Miss Ainsleigh came to us very often, undismayed by the griminess of the coal-yard or the bumping of casks and Champagne cases on the pavement before our neighbor's store-houses. She had been pleased to take a fancy, as it is called, to my sisters, and they were delighted with her beauty and vivacity. I counted for less than nothing in the affair; but I felt, nevertheless, that it was a very nice thing to have sisters; and there was no attraction in Orpingdean strong enough to tempt me away from our spacious, shabby, comfortable old drawing-room, when I knew that Barbara was coming to spend the evening with our girls.

She came very often during the winter, and early spring, and summer, and autumn that succeeded the race-ball, where she renewed her acquaintance with my sisters on their return from the Parisian seminary. Miss Ainsleigh had never been to school. Was she not too precious a creature to be intrusted to the care of strangers? She had been educated under her father's roof by an expensive governess, and by masters innumerable, and the process had made her a very accomplished young person, though rather superficial, according to the dictum of my sisters, who had learned Latin, and moral philosophy, and natural science, and a good many "ologies," which Miss Ainsleigh had not been troubled with.

One of the chief bonds of union between this young lady and my sisters was music. Barbara had a noble mezzo-soprano voice. My sister Arabella had a decent soprano, my sister Louisa an endurable contralto, while I had been endowed with that deep abdominal growl which may be considered either a fine bass or an insufferable nuisance, according to the taste of the listener. It was the fashion at Orpingdean to accept me as a kind of amateur Lablache, and of the execrations that may have been heaped upon me in secret I would rather not think. I was very grateful to Providence for my ability to growl when Miss Ainsleigh came to us; for I was thus enabled to partake in those exercises of the voice which constituted our musical evenings. Oh what duets, and trios, and quartettes we sang in the long winter evenings, while my father nodded behind his newspaper, and my mother nodded over her knitting! What gentle gales we blew, what merry men we uproused, what foxes we assisted in jumping over farmer's gates, what cool grass we inhabited, with what happy laughter we greeted each other's mistakes, and how like to the melody of the spheres Barbara's fresh young voice sounded in the ears of one adoring listener!

Yes, my doom was sealed. From that love at first sight with which I was stricken at the race-ball I might possibly have recovered. Is it not a faculty of youth to be stricken with such sudden fevers, and to recover from them, to lay down its votive wreath at the feet of one divinity to-day, and to pick up the poor frail blossoms, not so very much the worse for wear, and carry them to another shrine to-morrow? This boyish fancy for a beaming smile, and dark tresses, crowned with flowers, might have been fleeting as other fancies; but from the love that grew upon me in the quiet progress of our family intercourse there was no such thing as recovery. We had a garden behind the old house in the High Street, a long grass-plot, very excellent for croquet, and a hazel-walk which seemed to have been made for lovers. We heard the bumping of the casks and cases in a long covered yard next door, and on warm summer evenings a faint odor of port or sherry was wont to pervade the atmosphere. But we played croquet indefatigably, nevertheless, in the summer afternoons and evenings, nor did Miss Ainsleigh scorn to join us in that delightful sport once, and sometimes twice a week all through the croquet season, which, as I take it, extends from the first tolerably fine day in March to the last dry afternoon in October. We walked in the hazel-walk sometimes, Barbara and I, while my sisters and Mr. Dodderly, one of our curates, or Mr. Midvale, his brother in the Church, prepared the croquet-ground, or collected the balls and mallets when the sport was over. The faint stars used to twinkle sometimes in the summer sky above the hazel-trees, and it seemed to me altogether very sweet and very poetical, despite the casks and cases bumping and rolling close at hand, and the odor of fine crusted port that mingled with the perfume of our roses and clematis.

Nothing could have been more trivial and commonplace than our conversation on these occasions. It seemed as if we were trivial and commonplace by choice, for whenever we touched perchance upon any serious subject—our hopes, our dreams, the things we loved, the plans we had formed for the future—we both shrank from the topic as if affrighted, and hastened with nervous precipitancy to return to some frivolous discussion about our last discovery in the science of croquet, the new glee we were learning, the curate's sermon of the previous Sunday, or the popular volume of travels or poems lately received from the book-club.

We loved each other. Barbara must have been dullest among women if she had failed to discover how fondly she was adored, and, without being a coxcomb, I could not choose but assure myself, with unutterable delight, that I was something more than an ordinary acquaintance in the eyes of Miss Ainsleigh. And so summer and autumn went by, and no week passed in which Barbara and I did not meet—sometimes at my father's house, sometimes at our quiet little Orpingdean dinner and tea parties; sometimes at the old Queen-Anne mansion outside the town, where Mr. Ainsleigh received us whenever we liked to visit him, and where there was a croquet-lawn that had once been a Dutch bowling-green. Barbara's father was very well pleased that his darling should have found pleasant friends in the immediate neighborhood, with whom she could beguile the weariness of a country life. He paid us a ceremonial visit one morning in company with his daughter, and expressed to my mother and sisters his satisfaction upon the subject in a gallant and stately speech. After this he invited our household to a ceremonial dinner, at which we met some of the county magnates, such a dinner as Mr. Ainsleigh only gave about twice a year. He was a man who took very little pleasure in what is called society. The books which lined the walls of every room he lived in were his friends and companions. He existed for them, and he loved them with a complete affection that left no room in his mind for any frivolous attachments. He regarded his daughter with extreme tenderness, and he indulged her every wish with unquestioning alacrity; but whether this beautiful, beaming creature, with the dark air and blooming cheeks, was quite as dear to him as his Boccaccio on large paper, or his original edition of Urquhart's Rabelais, is a question I should scarcely like to decide. He loved her, and he allowed her to do exactly as she liked. I have sometimes thought that he might have been a little less indulgent to this charming daughter if his library had not held the first place in his esteem.

And in all these pleasant meetings, in our croquet-parties and musical evenings, our blowing of gentle gales, and uprousing of merry men, how did the future appear to me, Frederick Wilmot, only son and heir to Andrew Wilmot, solicitor, of High Street, Orpingdean? Could I for a moment consider myself a fitting pretender to the hand of Barbara Ainsleigh, beauty and heiress, future possessor of the grand old red-brick mansion, and of the wide-spreading lands appertaining thereto, to say nothing of that funded estate which Mr. Ainsleigh was said to have inherited from his uncle and adopted father, Lucas Ainsleigh? Alas, I was fain to confess that my hopes were of the faintest order.

I knew that my father had begun life with an ample fortune, and that he must have added considerably to that fortune during the many years of a prosperous professional career. I knew that he would admit me into partnership whenever I proved myself worthy of that honor. But what of that? Was it to be supposed that Mr. Ainsleigh would submit to see his daughter the wife of a solicitor in a country town? Would I submit to such a sacrifice were I the father of such a daughter? I asked myself that question, and replied boldly in the negative. And then I ordered my young hopes—those fair children of the mind—off to execution, and felt myself another Brutus.

Yes; in the future loomed the black shadow of despair. I knew this, and yet was happy. It is so difficult to be unhappy when one is three-and-twenty years of age, and in almost daily companionship with the dear girl one loves. My Barbara's image filled my mind by day and night; but I worked at my dry-as-dust labors in the office with a plodding industry that delighted my business-like father. Ah, those simple, middle-aged people! how little they know of the dramas that are being enacted under their very noses! Oh how Barbara's bright image danced between the lines of leases and covenants, deeds of assignment and bills of sale! and how her sweet face peered out at me from the elaborate curves and flourishes of initial letters, like saint or siren in medieval manuscript!

Well, it was a sweet dream while it lasted. I was awakened by a crash, terrific as the cannonade that roared without the walls of Brescia when Gaston de Foix mounted barefoot to the breach, or as the simultaneous tumbling of fire-irons that sometimes startled my father from his after-dinner nap.

Christmas was close at hand, and I was looking forward to several parties at which Barbara and I were to meet. The shadow looming in the remote future seemed more than usually remote at this period. My sisters made merry with me on the subject of my devotion to Miss Ainsleigh; for it is the property of sisters to be disagreeably acute upon these occasions. I endured their badinage with good-humor; for though they asked me if it was likely that a country-town solicitor could aspire to the hand of a beauty and heiress, their tone seemed to me to imply that they did not think my case utterly hopeless, and I took comfort from their idle discourse.

Miss Ainsleigh made her appearance unexpectedly at our nine-o'clock tea one evening in December, when my father and mother were engaged at an old-fashioned dinner and whist party. My sisters were chattering by the fire, and I was sitting apart pretending to read, and thinking of Barbara, when I heard a carriage stop in the street below. I hurried to the window, scarcely daring to hope that I should see Miss Ainsleigh's smart little brougham.

I did see that admired vehicle, and three minutes afterward Barbara was in the room, shawled and furred, and looking unusually pale in the light of our wax-candles. My father cherished an antipathy to gas, which I have since learned to respect.

"Why, Barbara, this is quite a delightful surprise!" cried my sister Louisa. "Come to my room, dear, and take off your things. Of course you have sent the brougham back?"

"No, dear," Miss Ainsleigh faltered, in tones very different from those we had been used to hear from her lips. "I can't stay long to-night. Papa has a friend with him. See, I have come out in my dinner-dress. I made an excuse for leaving papa and his friend to take coffee alone; and no one but Emms and Phillis Trotter know that I have come out. I—I only came to say a few words to you, Louisa, about something that has happened—at home."

She seemed on the point of bursting into tears, and her grief smote me to the quick. I was hastening to console the object of my adoration when Louisa hustled her out of the room, and Arabella followed, both girls pleased with the excitement of the situation, and utterly indifferent to my agonies. For half an hour I paced the drawing-room in anguish unspeakable; but at the end of that time the three girls returned; and Louisa, who was not such a very obnoxious creature, as sisters go, told me that she had obtained Miss Ainsleigh's permission to tell me the trouble that oppressed her.

"You ought to know almost as much about the law as papa by this time," said Louisa; "and you can most likely explain poor Barbara's position."

"It is not myself I think of," exclaimed Barbara, half crying. "Poverty would not seem so hard to me; but papa—he is so refined; his tastes are so expensive, a sudden reverse would kill him. And he will lose all—even his books, perhaps—if that dreadful paper is what it seems to be."

"Sudden reverse! dreadful paper!" I implored the young lady to be more coherent.

"I—I have found a will of my great-uncle Lucas Ainsleigh's, that makes papa a pauper," she said; and thereupon produced a yellow-looking document, on a couple of sheets of Bath post.

I was well acquainted with the circumstances of Miss Ainsleigh's family. William Ainsleigh, her father, had inherited the estate, which was not entailed, from his uncle, by virtue of a will, dated some years before that gentleman's death, and immediately after his quarrel with his only child, a daughter, who had married a certain James Dashwood, a landscape-painter of some talent, but of no position, against her father's wish. The young lady and her husband disappeared almost immediately after the marriage. It was supposed they had gone to America, where the painter had friends. Lucas Ainsleigh felt the blow keenly, but preserved an obstinate silence upon the subject of his grief. He publicly announced his intention to leave all he possessed to his eldest nephew, William Ainsleigh; and he executed a will to that effect, which document was drawn up by my father, and remained in his possession till Lucas Ainsleigh's death.

The will Barbara showed me was dated a week before the testator's death, the date of which event I perfectly remembered. It was witnessed by a certain Rachel Coles and Andrew Hardwick, both of which names were strange to me. The will seemed a good one. The body and signature were in the same hand. It left the bulk of the testator's fortune to Margaret Dashwood, late Ainsleigh—at that time supposed to be living somewhere in the United States—most probably New York; and to Barbara's father only five hundred a year from funded property.

The testator entreated his nephew to pardon this sudden change of resolution. He felt the hour of death approaching; and as that hour drew nearer his stubborn heart softened more and more to his poor child, and he felt himself bound to make her all possible reparation for his unkindness.

This was the tenor of the document. I read it hurriedly at first, in my excitement, and then carefully, but I could see no legal flaw.

"Where did you find this, Miss Ainsleigh?"

In a chest of old manuscripts, in the room where my great-uncle died," replied Barbara. "He was a collector of curious books and manuscripts, like papa, you know; indeed, it was from him papa learned the taste for these things. It was only this evening I found that dreadful paper. Mr. Lostenwich dined with papa, and after dinner they began to talk about curious manuscripts; and papa said he had a muniment chest filled with very rare papers that he had not even looked at, and among them he believed there was a manuscript treatise by Roger Bacon. Mr. Lostenwich said he would like, of all things, to see such a manuscript. Papa was anxious to show it to him; but he has not been very well lately, and, as I knew the search would involve some fatigue, I begged him to let me hunt for the treatise. He consented, after some little discussion, and then gave me a minute description of the manuscript and the chest it was to be found in. I took Phillis Trotter, my dear, good

little maid, to the room with me, and between us we dragged the muniment chest from the cupboard where it had been kept for ages, as we could tell by the thickness of the dust upon the lid. I found the key upon a bunch papa had given me; and after some little trouble succeeded in opening the chest and began my search. Phillis held the candle for me while I knelt down to examine the manuscripts.

"Does Phillis know of this?" I asked, pointing to the will, which lay open before me, and from which I could not entirely withdraw my consideration even while listening to Miss Ainsleigh.

"Yes, Phillis knows. In my first surprise and horror I betrayed every thing. But she is the best of good creatures, and will not breathe a word of this business without my permission. I looked over a great many papers, and threw them back into the chest, but I could see no vestige of Roger Bacon's treatise, with its long Latin name. I was just about abandoning my search in despair when I saw the indorsement—I think you legal people call it indorsement—of that paper. My uncle's name and the words 'last will and testament' excited my curiosity. I opened the paper, and was in the act of reading it, when the door was opened, and an exclamation from Phillis told me of my father's coming. He had been alarmed by my long absence, and had left his friend to come in search of me. I threw the will back into the chest, and answered papa's questions as calmly as I could. I assured him that there was no manuscript of Roger Bacon's to be found in the chest, and persuaded him to return to his guest, and to apologize for my non-appearance. I had recourse to the favorite feminine excuse, a headache, and after sending papa back to the dining-room, I dispatched Phillis to order the brougham, for my first impulse was to come to you with this dreadful paper. And oh, Mr. Wilmot, does this will really mean any thing, and will it reduce papa to poverty, for I fear he has squandered a great deal of money on his books, and has considerably impoverished the estate; and he will have to give all back, will he not, if that paper is binding?"

How could I answer her when she looked at me with such a terror-stricken face, alarmed not for herself—I doubt if she was even conscious that her own interests were at stake—but for the father she loved so fondly!

I was obliged to tell her that to the best of my belief the will was a good one.

"Then I must give it to papa," she answered, sadly. "It would be wicked to keep it hidden for a single day, now that I know the duty it imposes on us. And papa must give up the Hall, and begin life afresh—I am sure he will make the sacrifice bravely, but I fear it will cost him a broken heart. He loves the old Hall so dearly."

And then she began to think of the people interested in the newly-discovered will.

"I wonder where my poor cousin is to be found?" she said; "it is nearly twenty years since my uncle died, and it was years before his death that she married Mr. Dashwood and went to America. She never was known to write to any of her relations after leaving England. I have heard papa say that he tried to find her out, in order to help her, after the property became his; but he never succeeded in obtaining any tidings of her. And now all belongs to her, and she will come back to turn my poor father out of his home, and will never know how kindly he thought of her."

I asked Miss Ainsleigh if she would intrust the will to my keeping until the following morning. She gave me the sweetest and most confiding of smiles as she put the document into my hands.

"Do exactly what seems best to yourself," she said; "I am sure you will only do what is right and honorable. If you find that the will is really valid, please come to the Hall to-morrow morning, and we will tell papa all about it—between us."

And thus we parted; I conducted her to her pretty little carriage, and held her dear hand in mine just a little longer than usual as I bade her good-night.

"If you should ever come to be poor, Barbara," I said, "you will at least know how dearly you are beloved."

This I could not resist saying. For the first time in my life I had called her Barbara. I felt myself blushing in the darkness; but she did not reprove me.

I lit the reading-lamp on my father's office-table, and lay in wait for his return. He came at half past ten, elated by a final "double, treble, and the rub." I sent my mother up to the drawing-room, where the girls were too full of Barbara's troubles to care about hearing the *menu* of the friendly dinner, and I marched my father into the office, where we sat down side by side and examined the last will and testament of Lucas Ainsleigh.

My father thought as I did. He remembered the names of the two witnesses—both had been old servants of the testator's, and both were dead.

"If they had not been exceptionally stupid they would have taken some means to further the carrying out of the old master's wishes," said my father. "But it is just possible, by-the-way, that Lucas Ainsleigh did not tell them the nature of the document they attested. Some men are so fatally, fatally cautious."

The result of our conversation was my appearance at the Hall early next morning, with the fatal document in my pocket. Barbara came out of her pretty morning-room as the servant admitted me. We stopped on the threshold of Mr. Ainsleigh's study, whispering together for a few minutes before we went in, and it happened somehow that Barbara's hand remained in mine while we whispered. I loved her so dearly, I was so sorry for her sorrow, I was so glad to think that her poverty would bring her nearer to me; there was, in short, such a conflict of emotion raging in my breast, that I may be surely forgiven if, in this tremendous crisis, I forgot to release Miss Ainsleigh's hand.

We went into the study, where the perfume of Russia leather was almost oppressive, and told our story between us, Barbara kneeling by her father's chair, and caressing the thin white hand that hung listless by his side while we broke the intelligence to him. I never saw any one more weak and helpless than Mr. Ainsleigh proved himself on this occasion. He seemed almost stunned by the blow.

"I am afraid I have impoverished the estate, Frederick," he said. "You see the fancies of a book-worm are expensive; and thinking myself a rich man I have been somewhat reckless. I should scarcely like to tell you the money I gave for my *Decameron*. And it was I who bought *the* Shakspeare—you may remember, perhaps—that was sold at Willis and Sotheron's three years ago. It is true that at the worst I could sell my books, but it would be hard to part with them. Marcus Aurelius sold all his possessions for the benefit of the state, during that period in which the Germanic war and the pestilence at Rome combined to impoverish the treasury; but he got a good deal of the property back again, and we do not hear of rare manuscripts among the treasures he resigned. And I do not pretend to the nobility of mind displayed by that generous Antonine!"

The bibliomaniac looked round at the grand old folios with a dismal sigh.

"We need not talk about selling your library yet, Sir," I said, cheerily. "My father and I are agreed that the will is a good one, but we have yet to discover whether there is any one alive to claim under it."

This was a new view of the subject, but it did not inspire much hope in the minds of Barbara and her father.

"My cousin was my junior by some years," said Mr. Ainsleigh; "she married early, and is likely to have left a large family—even supposing her to be no longer living."

"The law has only to deal with facts, you see, Sir," I answered, with unabated cheerfulness. It was, indeed, very easy for me to assume this lively and consoling tone; for my heart was dancing with joy. I knew that Barbara loved me. A very few hours of family trouble seemed to have made us more intimate than a year and a half of croquet-parties and "gentle gales."

After some little discussion it was agreed that an advertisement should be drawn up by my father, requesting Margaret Dashwood, or her heirs, executors, and assigns, to communicate with him immediately, personally or by letter; and further offering to reward any person who should produce evidence of the lady's decease.

"I don't think that will be of much use," Mr. Ainsleigh said. "If Mrs. Dashwood had come back to England she would surely have come to this place, where she was born and brought up."

"We can not be quite sure of that," I replied. "The lady may have returned under circumstances of extreme poverty, and may have been too proud to exhibit her altered status in this place."

"True, true," sighed Mr. Ainsleigh.

"If there should be no response to that advertisement after it has been inserted a dozen times, on alternate days, we may fairly conclude that neither Mrs. Dashwood nor her heirs are to be found in this country; and I will, with your permission, start immediately for America, with a view to finding them, or sufficient evidence of their decease."

"You will go to America?" cried Barbara and her father simultaneously.

They both looked at me as the friends of Theseus may have looked at him when he announced his intention of tackling the Minotaur; but I answered their looks of wonder with a smile.

"Crossing the Atlantic is a very small business nowadays," I said, "thanks to Cunard. I shall start before the end of January; and in the mean time all you have to do is to make yourself comfortable and wait the issue of events. Things may not be so bad as you think, Sir."

I felt a courage that was almost desperation as I watched Barbara kneeling by her father's side, and comforting him with tender looks and sweet little half-whispered words and the light caressing touch of her fair hands. Ah, what could not a man achieve for such a woman as that! I felt myself equal to support not only a wife but a father-in-law. Yes, and to find money for Willis and Sotheron into the bargain.

Before I left the Hall that day Barbara and I were solemnly pledged to each other. A detestable man-servant came in with a coal-scuttle just as my sweet girl was melted into tears by the fervor of my devotion. And oh, in what a leisurely manner the wretch renewed the fire, and how we stood, self-conscious as unconvicted felons, while he trifled with the poker, and showed himself neat to punctiliousness in his arrangement of the shovel and tongs!

"And do you really mean to say that you are not afraid of my poverty?" asked Barbara, when the execrable creature had gone.

"I mean to say that I was very much afraid of your wealth," I replied. "I should never have dared to ask the heiress of Ainsleigh Hall to be my wife. It is only the prospect of a change in your circumstances that gives me courage."

I doubt if my life can give me a happier Christmas than that which followed my interview with Barbara. My father's advertisement appeared three times a week in the second column of the *Times* Supplement; but there was no response worthy even of investigation. Mr. Ainsleigh waited the result with suppressed anxiety; while Barbara and I did our best to support his spirits and to restrain our own. He received my offer for his daughter's hand with resignation—as if it had been the last stroke inflicted by the Nemesis of his house.

"I will not deny that I had hoped a more brilliant destiny for her," he murmured. "She is now but a pauper's daughter, and can not be too grateful for your disinterested affection."

I left Liverpool on the 17th of January, and my business upon the other side occupied the greater part of a year. With infinite labor I hunted out the history of Margaret Dashwood and her husband, together with the history of the two children who had been born to them, both of whom had died unmarried—one an infant, the other a soldier in the late Civil War. Death had settled all claims that might have been asserted under the will found in the muniment chest. I went back to England late in the autumn, carrying with me ample evidence of the decease of Mrs. Dashwood and her heirs. She died without a will, and on her death the property would have lapsed naturally to her father's eldest nephew.

Barbara and I are to be married early in the spring. I nobly offered to release her from her engagement; she, in a spirit as noble, refused to be released. Her father is resigned, and even happy. There is another *Decameron* to be sold at Willis and Sotheron's in the coming spring, of an older and rarer edition than the large-paper copy he has cherished so fondly hitherto; and whether he looks forward with most anxiety to the loss of his daughter or the acquisition of the *Decameron* is an enigma I shall not attempt to solve.

We are to live at the old Hall, whence I am to trudge to and fro to the office daily. The little preliminary discussions of affairs between my father and Mr. Ainsleigh have revealed the fact that the latter gentlemen has contrived to muddle away a great deal of money, and is by no means a rich man. If Mrs. Dashwood or her heirs had been alive to claim the estate his position would have been a very miserable one.

The good people of Orpingdean, however, believe that I am going to marry a great heiress, and no doubt have a great deal to say among themselves on the subject of my good fortune.

MRS. TYPESET'S DIARY.

Tuesday Eve.—"What a dismal place this is!" I said to myself this morning, as I entered Dr. July's reception-room. Went to consult him about Johnny's sore throat. Some half a dozen were waiting to see him. Room dark, not a book or newspaper to be seen, walls bare—absolutely nothing to occupy one's time, excepting an illegible medical certificate, and an old map of Mexico, which hung over the mantle. And doctors' reception-rooms are about alike, so far as my experience in this city goes. No matter how lucrative their practice is, all who go to consult them await their turn in an unattractive room. Have not visited *every* physician, so there may be exceptions. Had occasion, when in Boston a short time ago, to call on a well-known oculist of that city. Was delighted with his rooms—bright, cheerful, tastefully furnished; books of engravings on the tables, paintings and pictures on the walls, and numerous little curiosities and ornaments well worth examination, invited attention. As for myself, I found such entertainment in an elegant copy of Doré's "Munchausen," that I was quite sorry when my time of waiting was over. Wish physicians generally would follow such a good example.

The English papers speak of Miss Kate Bateman's success in "Leah" in the most extravagant terms of praise. To-day Mr. N—— gave me a copy of a note from Dr. Mosenthal, the author of Leah, to Miss Bateman. Some of the quaint expressions—but here it is entire:

"MY DEAREST MISS BATEMAN,—Just now finding in the newspapers the notice 'Miss Bateman as Leah,' in Liverpool, I send you the author's best welcome, and I hope you will kindly receive it among the enthusiasm of your audience. Remember now, dearest child of Leah's father, remember the Italian sister, Pietra, translated with mastership by M. Oxenford. The poor lady a prisoner in her adopted father's writing-table, waited for your return and hopes from you her deliverance. Don't forget her! I believe that your name united to mine had chances enough in England to risk a second time! Dear Miss, God bless you and help you to understand my English.

"Yours, most obediently,

"DR. MOSENTHAL."

Newspapers appear to be *pun*-ishing our new Russian possessions by invidious remarks. Have gleaned from various sources the following items, which, on the whole, make up a very fair description:

"The remoteness of Russian America makes it a fur country."

"Its northern latitude makes it an ice-o-lated country."

"Its perpetual snow and lack of vegetation make it a white bear country; but a good bearing country for all that."

"Its fisheries will set many people to cod-gitating."

"Ladies, if you visit that country, be sure and take along your umbrellas—to protect you from the rain, dears."

Every little while I see in print a veracious account of "the oldest person known in the United States." Sometimes this versatile "person" is a man, sometimes a woman, now white, and then colored. The latest sketch of this kind—and certainly it bears the aspect of truth—is of a colored woman, Mrs. Flora Stuart, of Londonderry, New Hampshire. She was born in Boston, in 1750, and was a slave until slavery fell into disrepute in New England. A short time ago she went to Manchester, and had photographs of herself taken, and was very much surprised at the process.

Wednesday.—"Mr. Typeset," said I, this morning, as my husband, in a state of semi-somnambulism, made his appearance when breakfast was half over, "*I've* been reading the newspapers this morning since *you* were not here. It was only to keep up the practice on your behalf; but I have found some valuable items. Listen!" And I read from the newspaper, which, after Mr. T.'s own peculiar fashion, was negligently reclining against the handle of the sugar-bowl and the nose of the sirup-pitcher: "Alarm-clocks have been made that, besides rousing the sleeper, will ignite a match and light a candle for him to get up by, and also boil a cup of coffee for the early riser's breakfast. The wonderful couch which tilted its occupant out upon the floor at any desired hour was effectual, no doubt; but perhaps the prettiest and most agreeable of these contrivances was the bed made by a Bohemian mechanic in 1858, which set off with one of Auber's gentle airs when it was pressed by a tired body, and thundered forth a clashing march at the time the sleeper desired to be awakened."

"But, my dear," began Mr. Typeset, in a tone of voice which not only indicated that he was still half asleep but also convicted me of gross negligence.

I poured a cup of coffee for him immediately. Naturally I should have apologized, any properly-trained wife ought to have done so. But "woman's rights" flashed through my mind; and by the time I had recalled six instances at breakfast and dinner yesterday, when Mr. T., barricaded by newspapers, was utterly oblivious to every thing else, I—well—I thought it would seem awkward to apologize and turned again to my newspaper.

"There is a man in Baltimore who has just completed an extraordinary clock, a wonder of the age. It runs eight days. It wakes up the entire household, having a special alarm to rouse the master of the house. It lights the gas and kindles a fire in the stove. I am not sure," continued I, running my eye along the paragraph, "but that it gets the breakfast."

"But I don't want an alarm-clock," said Mr. Typeset, whose feelings were softening under the influence of his coffee and muffins. "Nothing could be more delicious than this coffee, and I'm sure the making of it is under *your* special charge." (How I repented not having made an apology!) "And as to waking me up, you could get no alarm more effectual than the small child you send every morning for that purpose. She is both persistent and ingenious. 'Papa,' said she this morning, rushing into the room—'Papa, it is time to get up!' Of course I knew it was, but I was sleepy and didn't stir. 'You won't have any breakfast if you don't get up,' she continued. Upon that I opened one eye, but it closed up immediately. Then I heard her say, in an under-tone, '*I'll make him cold!*' One grand tug at the blankets—well, in short, I had to get up! But will you continue the exercises of this morning by reading something more to me? There is nothing I enjoy so much as listening to you—when all the newspapers are *quite out of my reach*."

At this gentle hint my eye fell on a couple of the morning journals, which lay, still unfolded, near my own plate. Of course I politely passed them over to Mr. Typeset. The next moment a paragraph in the newspaper before me caught my attention. So *apropos* was it that I could not forbear reading aloud:

"The entrance to a woman's heart is through her eye or ear; but a philosopher has said the way to a *man's* heart is down his throat."

"Did you speak, my dear?" asked Mr. T., looking up. He was already buried in politics.

Friday Eve.—The poor sewing-girls! Some of them, who have fallen into the clutches of the hard-hearted and grasping, are to be pitied. They are expected to be honest, faithful, prompt, and perfect in their work for a mere pittance. Read in the papers this morning of a poor girl in this city, who engaged to make pantaloons for a tailor at the rate of *sixteen cents* a pair. After she had made a few pairs she asked for her money, when her employer pretended he had discovered a defect in the work, refused to pay, and finally drove the girl from the house. On investigation, it was found the man was paid *fifty-six* cents for making each pair, so that he realized a profit of forty cents clear from every pair of pantaloons made by the girls in his employ. Under the threat of instant imprisonment, he paid the sewing-girl her due.

This reminds me of an advertisement I lately saw in an English paper:

"SERVANT-OF-ALL-WORK WANTED for a Widow Lady and her Daughter, in a small cottage 13 miles from London. She must be honest, truthful, active, civil, clean, and an early riser. Wages £3 a year. Address, stating name and address of last mistress, Miss B——, C——, Surrey."

Honesty, truth, *activity*, *civility*, cleanliness, and early-rising, all expected for about fifteen dollars a year!

Am quite amazed at some facts (?) I have just seen stated. Never exactly realized before that our mother Eve was such a giantess as a certain learned French investigator, with perfect satisfaction to *himself*, proves her to have been. He gives a table of the relative height of several eminent personages; and declares that "Adam was precisely 123 feet 9 inches high. Eve was precisely 118 feet 9.75 inches high. Noah was precisely 103 feet high. Abraham was precisely 27 feet high." But Julius Cæsar was only "precisely 5 feet high!" What a fall was that! But there's nothing like having these historical matters properly investigated!

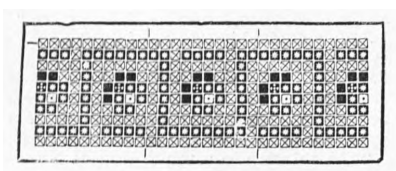
An English journal records a most "remarkable instance of attenuation." It appears that a lady of prepossessing exterior has for some months been observed gradually dwindling away to nothing. The rapidity of her wasting away may be realized when it is stated that only a year ago she was absolutely an obstruction on the pavements and at shop-windows, while now her superficial area scarcely exceeds that of an ordinary parish-pump. The painful sight of the poor creature's skirts clinging to her ankles, round which she seems to wrap them closely as though for warmth, excites compassion. Strange to say, however, she still presents the same pleasant countenance as formerly, and beneath the smallest of bonnets smiles cheerily as of old. No hopes are at present entertained of this unfortunate lady's recovery.

This is good advice, and worth making a note of: "Let all troublesome topics be avoided at meals, Do not dwell upon the difficulties of business, the delinquencies of domestics, or discipline the children at the dinner-table, for a cheerful spirit not only gives relish for food, but a good start at digesting the same."

A novel and pretty mode of introducing perfume after a dinner *à la Russe*, is thus described: "After the table-cloth slips were removed a servant on each side of the table came with a tiny silver watering-pot and sprinkled the whole length of it with rose-water. The rose of these miniature watering-pots was so fine that the table-cloth did not become the least damp to the touch, but an agreeable perfume was almost insensibly diffused."

Saturday Eve.—Shall I try this recipe? Cut it from an evening paper: "Potatoes boiled and mashed hot are good in short-cakes and puddings; they save flour and shortening." I don't pretend to be a "first-class cook," as the applicants for places say *they* are; but am inclined to think that by following that recipe not only flour and shortening, but also *short-cakes* and *puddings* would be saved in my house. However, there's nothing like experimenting. Bridget may try it some day when we *all dine out!*

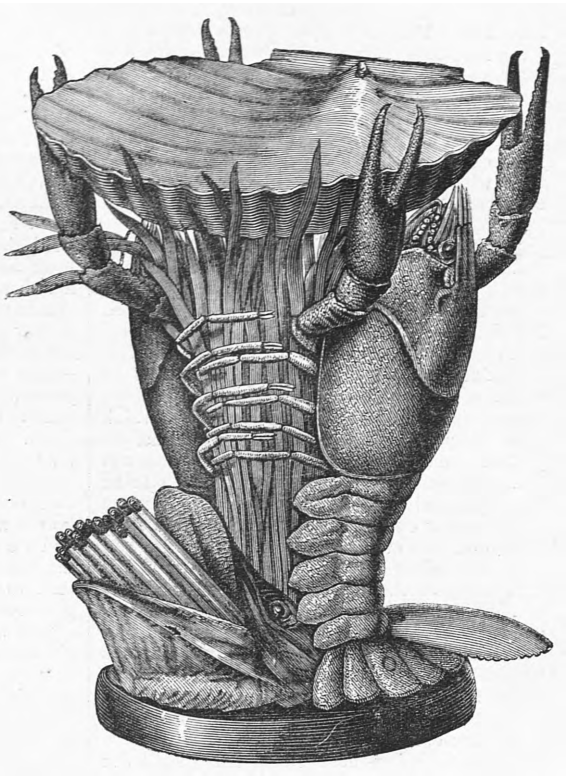
Bamboo Basket.



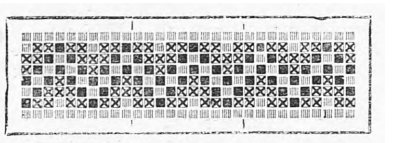
Embroidery Pattern.

Description of Symbols: ⊠ French Blue; ⊡ 1st (lightest), ▣ 2d, ▩ 3d, ■ 4th Gray.

Crochet Work-Bag.



Cigar Receiver.



Embroidery Pattern.

Description of Symbols: ■ 1st (lightest), ■ 3d, ■ 2d Red.

DESIGN FOR PILLOW (SATIN STITCH).

Design for Pillow.

The design for this pillow is traced on black velvet, and worked in satin over-and-knot stitch, with crochet silk. The colors of the corn-poppies, pansies, starwort, and ears are naturally like those of the originals, the different shades of which can be discerned from the illustration. If it is desired to have the leaves and flowers raised, silk should be laid under. We advise inexperienced embroiderers to use a frame.

Crochet Work-bag.

Materials, split zephyr (of the colors given in embroidery pattern, page 93), gold thread, silk tassels, green silk, and narrow green ribbon.

This tasteful bag is in the Turkish fashion, and consists of four long strips, triangular at the bottom, which are worked in single crochet stitch, with split zephyr and gold thread, and sewed together on the wrong side. The bag is lined with green silk, and ornamented on the ends with tassels. A crochet lace of black worsted and gold thread covers the seams, and trims the top and middle. The ribbon is run in in the top.

Bamboo Basket.

Materials, 1 lackered split bamboo, ⅓ inch wide and 1¼ yds. long; 8 very narrow bamboos, also lackered, 8 inches long; fine white cord, blue silk, blue ribbon, and ⅝ yard blue silk cord.

This beautiful little basket is made of bamboo, bent in the requisite shape, and wound round with cord, the top being made of blue silk, with silk cord strings. The body of the basket is five inches in diameter, and seven inches in height. The bottom is made of the small, and the sides and handles of the large bamboo. The illustration on page 93 shows the process of manufacture. The bag is made of silk, seven inches wide and fifteen inches long, hemmed at the top and bottom, and basted inside on the bottom of the basket.

Cigar Receiver.

This unique and ingenious article is cheaply and easily made. A large scallop shell forms the receptacle for the cigar ashes, supported by crab's claws on either side. The pedestal is formed of a block of varnished wood, three inches in diameter and half an inch thick. A thick ratan, three inches long, is inserted into a hole in the middle of this block, and serves to support the shell. A bunch of long, small green feathers, simulating reeds, is tied around the bottom of the ratan. The meat is then taken out of two boiled crabs, and the shells are fastened together with gum arabic; they are next coated with a mixture of cinnabar and copal varnish, and are fastened on the outside of the cigar receiver with gum arabic, being secured to the pedestal with a tack. Lastly, the dried head of a pike is fastened on with gum arabic and two tacks. The open gills of the fish serve to hold the matches, which are struck on a small rough shell, which is also secured by a tack. The illustration shows the appearance of the cigar receiver when completed.

Opera Toilettes.

Fig. 1.—Gored under-skirt and low corsage of white satin, tunic of white poult-de-soie with satin stripes, bordered with a broad bias satin fold. Under-skirt trimmed with fourteen satin rouleaux. The tunic reaches to the shoulder and

forms a corsage behind. Empire coiffure, profusely ornamented with foliage. Necklace and ear-rings of brilliants. White kid gloves, white fan, and point lace handkerchief.

Fig. 2.—Pearl-colored dress, with satin overskirt, trimmed round the bottom with a pleated tulle flounce, with a band of Solferino satin between each pleat. Over-skirt of the same satin, trimmed with a narrower flounce. Marie Antoinette fichu, with short lappets falling on each side. Coiffure composed of a Louis XV. cap, formed of a shell of tulle, in which are set flat shells of satin and velvet, with crystal grelots. Pearl necklace and ear-rings. Hair rolled back from the front, and falling forward from behind the ears in long crêped locks.

Fig. 3.—Blue dress of poult-de-soie. Waist covered with a corsage of puffed tulle. Coiffure similar to that of Fig. 2, composed of roses, spangled with gold, and satin shells. White cashmere opera-cloak, trimmed round the bottom and on the sleeves with satin point. Chignon rolled loosely, with long crêped locks falling forward from behind.

Fig. 4.—Young girl. Tulle dress, puffed all the way down from the corsage. Pink underskirt of taffetas, trimmed round the bottom with bias folds of pink satin, on which are scattered a few sprays of leaves, to match those of the coiffure. Under-waist and sash of pink taffetas. Coiffure similar to the last, of pink roses and leaves, and satin shells. Short Eugénie curls over the forehead. Narrow pink ribbon tied loosely round the neck.

Children's Costumes.

Fig. 1.—Dress of little girl from five to seven years old. Velvet dress, edged with swan's-down. Waist cut square in the neck, with short coat sleeve, edged with a narrow fold. Tight fitting basquine, cut in broad tabs, bordered with a bias fold covered with swan's-down. Russian toquet of white royal velvet, trimmed with blue velvet. Cashmere half-boots, edged with swan's-down. Swan's-down belt. Kid gloves to match the dress.

Fig. 2.—Breton costume for young girl from 10 to 14 years old. Dress of white cashmere, with lapels embroidered, in colors, and silver buttons, overlapping each other. Chemisette of cashmere, with broad box pleats. Lapels embroidered in colors, four inches in length, fall from the shoulder on front and back over the pleats. The hem up the front, wristband, and shoulder piece are likewise embroidered. Paletot like the dress. Metternich hat of white felt, trimmed with a velvet band. Long braids of hair falling on the shoulders. High boots, of the same color as the dress, with gloves to match.

Fig. 3.—Negligée dress for little girl from 7 to 8 years old. Chinese blouse of light Bismarck Russian cloth, with lapels of dark Bismarck. Under-skirt of Russian cloth, of a darker shade. Siamese hat of felt, trimmed with velvet. High boots to match the dress, with gloves of the same color.

Fig. 4.—Albanian costume for a little boy from 4 to 6 years old. Skirt of poplin, with alternate pleats of gray and black. Jacket to match, embroidered with braid, with flowing sleeves and under-sleeves of the same material, trimmed with braid and buttons. Cravat of black ribbon. Oriental sash of green silk. Nansook shirt front. Cashmere toquet, with band of black velvet. Gaiters of gray cloth, to match the shade of the dress, and trimmed with braid.

Fig. 5.—Dress for little boy from 8 to 10 years old. Jacket with rolling collar. Vest and trowsers of black velvet, with Milanese buttons. Cravat of China foulard. Patent leather boots. English velvet cap. Black kid gloves.

OPERA TOILETTES.

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

KITTY AND THE CLOCK.

"ONE day my black-and-white Kitty got tired of playing," said Aunt Mary to Alice.

"Did she?" said Alice.

"Yes; and what do you suppose she did then?"

Alice shook her head slowly. "I don't know. What was it?"

"I will tell you. She went into the dining-room, and looked all around to see if there was any thing there to amuse her. Just over the table was the clock—the same clock that is there now. Somebody had left the door of the clock open a little way. Kitty heard the clock saying, 'Tick, tick,' and she pricked up her ears and looked around to see what was making that little noise. She knew it was somewhere over the table. So she sprung up with all her might, caught hold of the edge of the table, and climbed up. Then she looked up, and through the door, which was open a little way, she saw something moving to and fro"—Aunt Mary moved her hand forward and backward to imitate the motion of a pendulum—"and saying, 'Tick, tick—tick, tick.' 'Oh!' thought Kitty, 'there is a mouse; I will catch it.' So she gently put up her paw, and pushed the door of the clock further open. Then she could see the pendulum better.

"'What a funny looking mouse!' said Kitty to herself; 'but I'll catch it!'

"Kitty watched it slyly for a moment, and then sprung up and gave the pendulum a hard knock with her paw. But she could not stick her claws into it. The pendulum swung back and forth unsteadily, saying, 'Tick, tick,' but not so loud as before. Kitty watched it wonderingly, all ready for another jump.

"'What a queer mouse!' said she; 'but I'll catch it!'

"In a moment she gave another jump, and tried to stick her teeth and claws into it. But it was so hard she could not. So she dropped back on the table to watch it. The pendulum moved only a very little, and its 'Tick, tick' was so low that Kitty could scarcely hear it.

"'It is almost dead,' said Kitty to herself. 'I will give it one more pat, and that will finish it.'

"Kitty jumped at the pendulum again, smelled of it, tried to bite it, and then let it go. The pendulum said 'Tick, tick,' and then stopped. It did not move at all.

"'I don't believe it is a mouse after all,' thought Kitty; 'at any rate, I am sure it is not good to eat.'

"Kitty looked at it a moment longer. She was very sorry the pendulum was not a mouse. Then she went away."

"Oh, Auntie!" said Arthur, who was sitting at the table, with his book before him, but listening all the while to the story, "that is not true, is it?"

"It *is* true that my black-and-white kitten stopped the clock once, just in that way," replied Aunt Mary. "I suppose she thought the pendulum was a mouse."

"Who found it out?" asked Arthur.

"Grandmamma. This was the way. When Grandmamma went into the dining-room a little while afterward, she saw the clock-door wide open, and the pendulum not moving. 'Why, my clock has stopped,' said she. 'I must have forgotten to wind it up this morning.' So she went to wind it, but she found that it was all wound up.

"'Why,' said she, 'what can be the matter with my clock?'

"She looked at it carefully, but she could not find any trouble with it. So she set the clock going, and it said, 'Tick, tick—tick, tick,' as well as ever.

"'I wonder what stopped the clock!' said Grandmamma to herself as she went away.

"But the next day Kitty jumped upon the table again to see if that strange mouse was alive. The clock-door was open a little way, and she pushed it open a little further and jumped up to the pendulum. Just then Grandmamma came into the dining-room, and so she saw who was the rogue. She watched Kitty a moment, thinking it was a funny trick; but she was careful to shut the door after that."

"Won't you open the clock-door and let me see it tick?" asked Alice.

So Aunt Mary got up and opened the clock-door. Alice silently watched the pendulum as it said "Tick, tick—tick, tick," for a moment or two.

"That's enough," said she.

So Aunt Mary shut the clock-door.

HOW ARAB WOMEN ARE TREATED.

IN all ages all civilized races have loved, cherished, and protected the gentler sex. The Oriental nations have principally *married* them; and the barbarous tribes have invariably enslaved them. Of civilized peoples the American is the tenderest toward the ladies; the English the most formally respectful; the French most fastidiously polite. There are no degrees of comparison in the manner in which the Orientals and barbarians treat their dames. Among the first they are mere toys; among the latter mere beasts of burden. But among all barbarous races—Chinese, Malay, Hottentot, Indian, and Arab—the life of the Moorish woman is perhaps the saddest and most unsatisfactory.

The Arabs say of a boy, "It is a benediction;" of a girl, "It is a malediction." The Moors, who are only Arabs dwelling in towns, hold the same opinion. Born of poor or rich parents, the Moorish females are treated alike with indifference and contempt, being looked upon only as chattels. The Moorish girl grows up kicked and cuffed and beaten if she belongs to the poorer classes; left in a corner, abandoned to her negress attendant, if she comes of a noble house. Poor, her only desire will be to escape from the drudgery of home to the comparative ease of the streets; rich, she will eat, and grow up and marry, with no thought but of the wildest coquetry, no ambition but for intrigue. They are by no means stupid; they are perfectly capable of receiving instruction and education, as has been proved by French experience in Algeria; but when once returned from the schools to the bosom of their families (to use an expression for which they have no term, and of which they have no comprehension) their improved condition only becomes an additional weight of misery to them, for according to Mussulman prejudice a woman is a *thing* and nothing but a *thing*, whatever may be her education or the powers of her intellect. With the Arab a woman is no longer the sister who is formed, by religious tradition, from man's side, to point out the intimate bonds which unite her to him; she is nothing but the servant of the tent, the sad instrument of her master's pleasures, or the slave of his caprice; she is no more than the beast of burden, whose value varies with its beauty. The Arab says of a man who has lost his wife, "What a misfortune!—she was at least worth a hundred douros;" or else, "No matter, the deceased is a loss of ten."

Polygamy, covering as it does the most hideous immorality under the legal mantle, and giving constant food to jealousy and hatred, makes the tent a very hell. The stick is the only means employed by the lord and husband to reduce the atmosphere of his home to the temperate from the boiling point. It would be dreadful to relate all that is inflicted by Arab brutality upon the sex. Arab girls are married and become mothers at a very early age—sometimes as early as thirteen or fourteen. The population would be very great, were the children taken care of; but they are restricted, in the way of clothing, to an amulet tied round the neck by a string, until such time as they can walk, and then receive only a cotton shirt, sometimes spend their early life lying naked in the puddles, and consequently die in great numbers.

The Arab-wife has, as a natural result of her degraded position, very little delicacy, and no modesty whatever.

GASTRONOMY.

THE gastronomic science has not been disdained by the greatest minds. "The love of good living is a venial sin in men of wit," said Talleyrand, who was himself a gourmet, and who was excelled by none in the art of giving a dinner and presiding at the head of a table.

Louis XV. did not scorn to mix pastry with his royal hands; the great wit and jurist, the Prince de Cambacéres, was a gourmet; his friend, M. d'Aigrefeuille, was so likewise; and Brillat-Savarin, Grimod de la Reynière, de Coblentzel, and the Marquis de Cussy were renowned at once for their wit and their love of good cheer. Rossini and Roqueplan, the most refined of men, are both gourmets and gourmands, and Alexander Dumas is more—he is a cook of genius, who prides himself more on his skill in mixing a salad than on his most brilliant writings.

Beethoven also took it into his head one day that he was a great cook; and, with this belief, turned his old housekeeper out of doors, adorned himself with a paper cap and a white apron, and set to work to prepare his own meals. This lasted for some time to his satisfaction, for he believed in his skill; but one day the unlucky thought struck him to invite several of his friends to applaud his cookery as they applauded his music, and he entreated them to come without ceremony to dine with him. They eagerly accepted. At the appointed hour all sat down to the table, but shouts of laughter soon took the place of the expected applause. The soup had been salted three times; the roast meat was burned to a cinder; the vegetables were raw, and the side-dishes execrable. Nobody touched any thing, not even poor Beethoven, who was discomfited at his fiasco; and it was with great difficulty that his friends succeeded in dragging him to one of the most celebrated restaurants in Vienna, whither they repaired to finish their dinner on rising from the table. The lesson, however, was not lost; the next morning the great composer, who had sacrificed music to omelets, recalled his housekeeper, and threw his paper cap and white apron to the dogs.

The Italian Amerani, little known for his talent as a musician, but who became celebrated for the invention of a famous soup, often repeated the axiom: "So long as there are authors there will be no progress in comedy; and so long as there are cooks there will be no progress in cookery."

Jean Jacques Rousseau, who made such pretensions to sobriety, was also a gourmand of the first water, as the following anecdote proves:

One day a rich stranger, who was curious to see the celebrated philosopher, and had obtained a letter of introduction to him, repaired to the Rue de la Plâtrière, and reached the house of Rousseau just as the latter was about to sit down to a more than frugal dinner.

"I will not invite you to share my humble repast," said Rousseau to the stranger; "it is unworthy of you and your fortune; but for me it is sufficient: it is that of the poor man and the philosopher." He followed up these words by a long tirade on temperance, frugality, sobriety, and kindred virtues. The honest stranger went away enchanted and converted, resolving thenceforth to imitate so perfect a model.

That very evening he went to sup with the Marchioness de Caylus, and, according to his resolution, ate little, listened much, and observed more. He was seated at the left of the Marchioness, whence he could see all the guests save one, who was at the right of the lady of the house, and was entirely hidden by her; but if he did not see this man's face he saw his hands and plate; for the plate was constantly filled and emptied by the aid of the hands which unceasingly carried to the mouth all the contents of the plate.

"What a glutton!" thought the stranger; "it is quite certain that this man has never, like me, enjoyed the unspeakable happiness of hearing the great Jean Jacques Rousseau discourse on temperance!"

As he made this reflection the hostess leaned back in her chair to give an order to a servant behind her, and by this movement revealed her neighbor at the right. Oh horror! the guest whom he had just censured for gluttony was no other than Rousseau himself!

Since the art of gastronomy has such illustrious disciples we think that we shall not offend the dignity of our readers by giving them from time to time practical recipes for the compounding of dainty viands—not stereotyped recipes, taken from cookery books and often useless, but those which come to us sanctioned by the indorsement of those who have tried them and found them good. We give some examples, to be followed by others:

OMELET.—Soak a tea-cup of bread crumbs over night in a cup of new milk. Beat the yolks and whites of three eggs separately mix the yolks with the bread and milk, stir in the whites, add a tea-spoonful of salt, and fry the whole brown. This makes a delicate omelet sufficient for six persons.

EGG TOAST.—For six persons take two eggs, one cup and a half of milk, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Cut stale bread in thin slices, dip into the batter, and fry brown in butter, and serve hot for breakfast.

CORN FRITTERS.—This is a delicious dish for breakfast, or for dessert, with wine sauce. Grate eight ears of corn, add four eggs well beaten, three table-spoonfuls of flour, and one tea-spoonful of salt, beat well, and fry brown in butter or beef drippings.

FRUIT PUDDING.—Two Sally Lunns (usual baker's size), split into thin slices and well buttered. Line a common pudding dish with the slices. Pare ripe peaches, and fill the dish. Add half a cup of water and a trifle of sugar and spice. Cover the top with more of the buttered slices. Cook till done. Cover the top with a crust of bread or a plate, so that it will not burn. Serve hot with a sweet sauce. This is a delicious pudding and easily made. Apples or other fruit may be substituted for peaches.

STEAMED PUDDING.—Three cups of molasses, one pound of chopped suet, three eggs, two cups of sour milk, one tea-spoonful of soda (with two tea-spoonfuls of cream and tartar if the milk is not sour), three heaping cups of chopped raisins, two ditto of currants, one tea-spoonful of cloves, and two ditto of cinnamon. Add equal parts of Graham flour and corn meal sufficient to make a stiff batter, and steam the whole for four hours. Eat with wine sauce.

SILVER CAKE.—Take half a cup of butter, one and a half cups of white sugar, half a cup of sweet milk, one tea-spoonful of cream of tartar dissolved in milk, the whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one and a half cups of sifted flour mixed with half a cup of corn starch, and half a tea-spoonful dissolved in warm water the last thing before putting in the pans. Bake twenty minutes.

VELVET CREAM.—Put three-fourths of a package of Cox's gelatine in a bowl, and pour over it a tea-cup and a half of wine; add the rind and juice of one lemon; let it stand an hour, then place it in a tin cup over the fire for a few minutes till the gelatine is dissolved, and pour it into a quart of cream sweetened to the taste with loaf sugar, beating it hard all the while. When about the thickness of soft custard pour it into the mould.

PUFF CAKE.—Three cups of flour, three eggs, two cups of white sugar, one cup of milk, four ounces of butter, two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one tea-spoonful of soda.

MAHOGANY CAKE.—One cup of sweet milk, one large egg, one cup of flour; mix well, and bake in cups for half an hour in a quick oven. This is an excellent breakfast cake. The recipe makes six cups—three tea-spoonfuls to a cup.

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER XI.

THE IMPROVISATORE.

THE character of Beatrice unfolded more and more every day, and every new development excited the wonder of Brandon.

She said once that music was to her like the breath of life, and indeed it seemed to be; for now, since Brandon had witnessed her powers, he noticed how all her thoughts took a coloring from this. What most surprised him was her profound acquirements in the more difficult branches of the art. It was not merely the case of a great natural gift of voice. Her whole soul seemed imbued with those subtle influences which music can most of all bestow. Her whole life seemed to have been passed in one long intercourse with the greatest works of the greatest masters. All their works were perfectly well known to her. A marvelous memory enabled her to have their choicest productions at command; and Brandon, who in the early part of his life had received a careful musical education, knew enough about it to estimate rightly the full extent of the genius of his companion, and to be astonished thereat.

Her mind was also full of stories about the lives, acts, and words of the great masters. For her they formed the only world with which she cared to be acquainted, and the only heroes whom she had power to admire. All this flowed from one profound central feeling—namely, a deep and all-absorbing love of this most divine art. To her it was more than art. It was a new faculty to him who possessed it. It was the highest power of utterance—such utterance as belongs to the angels; such utterance as, when possessed by man, raises him almost to an equality with them.

Brandon found out every day some new power in her genius. Now her voice was unloosed from the bonds which she had placed upon it. She sang, she said, because it was better than talking. Words were weak—song was all expression. Nor was it enough for her to take the compositions of others. Those were infinitely better, she said, than any thing which she could produce; but each one must have his own native expression; and there were times when she had to sing from herself. To Brandon this seemed the most amazing of her powers. In Italy the power of improvisation is not uncommon, and Englishmen generally imagine that this is on account of some peculiar quality of the Italian language. This is not the case. One can improvise in any language; and Brandon found that Beatrice could do this with the English.

"It is not wonderful," said she, in answer to his expression of astonishment, "it is not even difficult. There is an art in doing this, but, when you once know it, you find no trouble. It is rhythmic prose in a series of lines. Each line must contain a thought. Langhetti found no difficulty in making rhyming lines, but rhymes are not necessary. This rhythmic prose is as poetic as any thing can be. All the hymns of the Greek Church are written on this principle. So are the Te Deum and the Gloria. So were all the ancient Jewish psalms. The Jews improvised. I suppose Deborah's song, and perhaps Miriam's, are of this order."

"And you think the art can be learned by every one?"

"No, not by every one. One must have a quick and vivid imagination, and natural fluency—but these are all. Genius makes all the difference between what is good and what is bad. Sometimes you have a song of Miriam that lives while the world lasts, sometimes a poor little song like one of mine."

"Sing to me about music," said Brandon, suddenly.

Beatrice immediately began an improvisation. But the music to which she sang was lofty and impressive, and the marvelous sweetness of her voice produced an indescribable effect. And again, as always when she sang, the fashion of her face was changed, and she became transfigured before his eyes. It was the same rhythmic prose of which she had been speaking, sung according to the mode in which the Gloria is chanted, and divided into bars of equal time.

Brandon, as always, yielded to the spell of her song. To him it was an incantation. Her own strains varied to express the changing sentiment, and at last, as the song ended, it seemed to die away in melodious melancholy, like the dying strain of the fabled swan.

"Sing on!" he exclaimed, fervently; "I would wish to stand and hear your voice forever."

A smile of ineffable sweetness came over her face. She looked at him, and said nothing. Brandon bowed his head, and stood in silence.

Thus ended many of their interviews. Slowly and steadily this young girl gained over him an ascendency which he felt hourly, and which was so strong that he did not even struggle against it. Her marvelous genius, so subtle, so delicate, yet so inventive and quick, amazed him. If he spoke of this, she attributed every thing to Langhetti. "Could you but see him," she would say, "I should seem like nothing!"

"Has he such a voice?"

"Oh! he has no voice at all. It is his soul," she would reply. "He speaks through the violin. But he taught me all that I know. He said my voice was God's gift. He had a strange theory that the language of heaven and of the angels was music, and that he who loved it best on earth made his life and his thoughts most heavenly."

"You must have been fond of such a man."

"Very," said Beatrice, with the utmost simplicity. "Oh, I loved him so dearly!"

But in this confession, so artlessly made, Brandon saw only a love that was filial or sisterly. "He was the first one," said Beatrice, "who showed me the true meaning of life. He exalted his art above all other arts, and always maintained that it was the purest and best thing which the world possessed. This consoled him for exile, poverty, and sorrow of many kinds."

"Was he married?"

Beatrice looked at Brandon with a singular smile. "Married! Langhetti married! Pardon me; but the idea of Langhetti in domestic life is so ridiculous."

"Why? The greatest musicians have married."

Beatrice looked up to the sky with a strange, serene smile. "Langhetti has no passion out of art," she said. "As an artist he is all fire, and vehemence, and enthusiasm. He is aware of all human passions, but only as an artist. He has only one love, and that is music. This is his idol. He seems to me himself like a song. But all the raptures which poets and novelists apply to lovers are felt by him in his music. He wants nothing while he has this. He thinks the musician's life the highest life. He says those to whom the revelations of God were committed were musicians. As David and Isaiah received inspiration to the strains of the harp, so, he says, have Bach and Mozart, Handel and Haydn, Beethoven and Mendelssohn. And where, indeed," she continued, in a musing tone, half so-

liloquizing. "where, indeed, can man rise so near heaven as when he listens to the inspired strains of these lofty souls?"

"Langhetti," said Brandon, in a low voice, "does not understand love, or he would not put music in its place."

"Yes," said Beatrice. "We spoke once about that. He has his own ideas, which he expressed to me."

"What were they?"

"I will have to say them as he said them," said she. "For on this theme he had to express himself in music."

Brandon waited in rapt expectation. Beatrice began to sing:

"Fairest of all most fair,
Young Love, how comest thou
Unto the soul?
Still as the evening breeze
Over the starry wave—
The moonlit wave—

"The heart lies motionless;
So still, so sensitive;
Love fans the breeze.
Lo! at his lightest touch,
The myriad ripples rise,
And murmur on.

"And ripples rise to waves,
And waves to rolling seas,
Till, far and wide,
The endless billows roll,
In undulations long,
For evermore!"

Her voice died away into a scarce audible tone, which sank into Brandon's heart, lingering and dying about the last word, with touching and unutterable melancholy. It was like the lament of one who loved. It was like the cry of some yearning heart.

In a moment Beatrice looked at Brandon with a swift, bright smile. She had sung these words as an artist. For a moment Brandon had thought that she was expressing her own feelings. But the bright smile on her face contrasted so strongly with the melancholy of her voice that he saw this was not so.

"Thus," she said, "Langhetti sang about it; and I have never forgotten his words."

The thought came to Brandon, is it not truer than she thinks, that "she loves him very dearly?" as she said.

"You were born to be an artist," he said, at last.

Beatrice sighed lightly. "That's what I never can be, I am afraid," said she. "Yet I hope I may be able to gratify my love for it. Art," she continued, musingly, "is open to women as well as to men; and of all arts none are so much so as music. The interpretation of great masters is a blessing to the world. Langhetti used to say that these are the only ones of modern times that have received heavenly inspiration. They correspond to the Jewish prophets. He used to declare that the interpretation of each was of equal importance. To man is given the interpretation of the one, but to woman is given the interpretation of much of the other. Why is not my voice, if it is such as he said, and especially the feeling within me, a Divine call to go forth upon this mission of interpreting the inspired utterances of the great masters of modern days?

"You," she continued, "are a man, and you have a purpose." Brandon started, but she did not notice it. "You have a purpose in life," she repeated. "Your intercourse with me will hereafter be but an episode in the life that is before you. I am a girl, but I too may wish to have a purpose in life—suited to my powers; and if I am not able to work toward it I shall not be satisfied."

"How do you know that I have a purpose, as you call it?" asked Brandon, after a pause.

"By the expression of your face, and your whole manner when you are alone and subside into yourself," she replied, simply.

"And of what kind?" he continued.

"That I do not seek to know," she replied; "but I know that it must be deep and all-absorbing. It seems to me to be too stern for Love; you are not the man to devote yourself to Avarice; possibly it may be Ambition, yet somehow I do not think so."

"What do you think it is, then?" asked Brandon, in a voice which had died away, almost to a whisper.

She looked at him earnestly; she looked at him pityingly. She looked at him also with that sympathy which might be evinced by one's Guardian Angel, if that Being might by any chance become visible. She leaned toward him, and spoke low in a voice only audible to him:

"Something stronger than Love, and Avarice, and Ambition," said she. "There can be only one thing."

"What?"

"Vengeance!" she said, in a voice of inexpressible mournfulness.

Brandon looked at her wonderingly, not knowing how this young girl could have divined his thoughts. He long remained silent.

Beatrice folded her hands together, and looked pensively at the sea.

"You are a marvelous being," said Brandon, at length. "Can you tell me any more?"

"I might," said she, hesitatingly; "but I am afraid you will think me impertinent."

"No," said Brandon. "Tell me, for perhaps you are mistaken."

"You will not think me impertinent, then? You will only think that I said so because you asked me?"

"I entreat you to believe that it is impossible for me to think otherwise of you than you yourself would wish."

"Shall I say it, then?"

"Yes."

Her voice again sank to a whisper.

"Your name is not Wheeler."

Brandon looked at her earnestly. "How did you learn that?"

"By nothing more than observation."

"What is my name?"

"Ah, that is beyond my power to know," said she with a smile. "I have only discovered what you are not. Now you will not think me a spy, will you?" she continued, in a pleading voice.

Brandon smiled on her mournfully as she stood looking at him with her dark eyes upraised.

"A spy!" he repeated. "To me it is the sweetest thought conceivable that you could take the trouble to notice me sufficiently." He checked himself suddenly, for Beatrice looked away, and her hands which had been folded together clutched each other nervously. "It is always flattering for a gentleman to be the object of a lady's notice," he concluded, in a light tone.

Beatrice smiled. "But where," he continued, "could you have gained that power of divination which you possess; you who have always lived a secluded life in so remote a place?"

"You did not think that one like me could come out of Hong-Kong, did you?" said she, laughingly.

"Well, I have seen much of the world; but I have not so much of this power as you have."

"You might have more if—if—" she hesitated.

"Well," she continued, "they say, you know, that men act by reason, women by intuition."

"Have you any more intuitions?" asked Brandon, earnestly.

"Yes," said she, mournfully.

"Tell me some."

"They will not do to tell," said Beatrice, in the same mournful tone.

"Why not?"

"They are painful."

"Tell them at any rate."

"No."

"Hint at them."

Beatrice looked at him earnestly. Their eyes met. In hers there was a glance of anxious inquiry, as though her soul were putting forth a question by that look which was stronger than words. In his there was a glance of anxious expectancy, as though his soul were speaking unto hers, saying: "Tell all; let me know if you suspect that of which I am afraid to think."

"We have met with ships at sea," she resumed, in low, deliberate tones.

"Yes."

"Sometimes we have caught up with them, we have exchanged signals, we have sailed in sight of one another for hours or for days, holding intercourse all the while. At last a new morning has come, and we looked out over the sea, and the other ship has gone from sight. We have left it forever. Perhaps we have drifted away, perhaps a storm has parted us, the end is the same—separation for evermore."

She spoke mournfully, looking away, her voice insensibly took up a cadence, and the words seemed to fall of themselves into rhythmic pauses.

"I understand you," said Brandon, with a more profound mournfulness in his voice. "You speak like a Sibyl. I pray Heaven that your words may not be a prophecy."

Beatrice still looked at him, and in her eyes he read pity beyond words; and sorrow also as deep as that pity.

"Do you read my thoughts as I read yours?" asked Brandon, abruptly.

"Yes," she answered, mournfully.

He turned his face away.

"Did Langhetti teach you this also?" he asked, at last.

"He taught me many things," was the answer.

Day succeeded to day, and week to week. Still the ship went on holding steadily to her course northward, and every day drawing nearer and nearer her goal. Storms came—some moderate, some severe; but the ship escaped them all with no casualties, and with but little delay.

At last they passed the equator, and seemed to have entered the last stage of their journey.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

AT length the ship came within the latitude of the Guinea coast.

For some days there had been alternate winds and calms, and the weather was so fitful and so fickle that no one could tell in one hour what would happen in the next. All this was at last terminated by a dead, dense, oppressive calm like those of the Indian Ocean, in which exertion was almost impossible and breathing difficult. The sky, however, instead of being clear and bright, as in former calms, was now overspread with menacing clouds; the sea looked black, and spread out before them on every side like an illimitable surface of polished ebony. There was something appalling in the depth and intensity of this calm with such accompaniments. All felt this influence. Although there was every temptation to inaction and sleep yet no one yielded to it. The men looked suspiciously and expectantly at every quarter of the heavens. The Captain said nothing, but cautiously had all his preparations made for a storm. Every half hour he anxiously consulted the barometer, and then cast uneasy glances at the sea and sky.

But the calm which had set in at midnight, and had become confirmed at dawn, extended itself through the long day. The ship drifted idly, keeping no course, her yards creaking lazily as she slowly rose and fell at the movement of the ocean-undulations. Hour after hour passed, and the day ended, and night came once more.

The Captain did not turn in that night. In anxious expectation he waited and watched on deck, while all around there was the very blackness of darkness. Brandon began to see from the Captain's manner that he expected something far more violent than any thing which the ship had yet encountered, but, thinking that his presence would be of no consequence, he retired at the usual hour.

The deep, dense calm continued until nearly midnight. The watchers on deck still waited in the same anxious expectation, thinking that the night would bring on the change which they expected.

Almost half an hour before midnight a faint light was seen in the thick mass of clouds overhead—it was not lightning, but a whitish streak, as though produced by some movement in the clouds. All looked up in mute expectation.

Suddenly a faint puff of wind came from the west, blowing gently for a few moments, then stopping, and then coming on in a stronger blast. Afar off, at what seemed like an immeasurable distance, a low, dull roar arose, a heavy moaning sound, like the menace of the mighty Atlantic, which was now advancing in wrath upon them.

In the midst of this the whole scene burst forth into dazzling light at the flash of a vast mass of lightning, which seemed to blaze from every part of the heavens on every side simultaneously. It threw forth all things—ship, sea, and sky—into the dazzled eyes of the watchers. They saw the ebon sky, the black and lustrous sea, the motionless ship. They saw also, far off to the west, a long line of white which appeared to extend along the whole horizon.

But the scene darted out of sight instantly, and instantly there fell the volleying discharge of a tremendous peal of thunder, at whose reverberations the air and sea and ship all vibrated.

Now the sky lightened again, and suddenly, as the ship lay there, a vast ball of fire issued from the black clouds immediately overhead, descending like the lightning straight downward, till all at once it struck the main truck. With a roar louder than that of the recent thunder it exploded; vast sheets of fire flashed out into the air, and a stream of light passed down the entire mast, shattering it as a tree is shattered when the lightning strikes it. The whole ship was shaken to its centre. The deck all around the mast was shattered to splinters, and along its extent and around its base a burst of vivid flame started into light.

Wild confusion followed. At once all the sailors were ordered up, and began to extinguish the fires, and to cut away the shattered mast. The blows of the axes resounded through the ship. The rigging was severed; the mast, already shattered, needed but a few blows to loosen its last fibres.

But suddenly, and furiously, and irresistibly, it seemed as though the whole tempest which they had so long expected was at last let loose upon them. There was a low moan, and, while they were yet trying to get rid of the mast, a tremendous squall struck the ship. It yielded and turned far over to that awful blow. The men started back from their work. The next instant a flash of lightning came, and toward the west, close over them, rose a long, white wall of foam. It was the van-guard of the storm, seen shortly before from afar, which was now upon them, ready to fall on their devoted heads.

Not a word was spoken. No order came from the Captain. The men awaited some word. There came none. Then the waters, which thus rose up like a heap before them, struck the ship with all the accumulated fury of that resistless onset, and hurled their utmost weight upon her as she lay before them.

The ship, already reeling far over at the stroke of the storm, now, at this new onset, yielded utterly, and rolled far over on her beam-ends. The awful billows dashed over and over her, sweeping her in their fury from end to end. The men clung helplessly to whatever rigging lay nearest, seeking only in that first moment of dread to prevent themselves from being washed away, and waiting for some order from the Captain, and wondering while they waited.

At the first peal of thunder Brandon had started up. He had lain down in his clothes, in order to be prepared for any emergency. He called Cato. The Hindu was at hand. "Cato, keep close to me whatever happens, for you will be needed." "Yes, Sahib." He then hurried to Beatrice's room and knocked. It was opened at once. She came forth with her pale, serene face, and looked at him.

"I did not lie down," said she. "I knew that there would be something frightful. But I am not afraid. At any rate," she added, "I know I will not be deserted."

Brandon said nothing, but held out to her an India-rubber life-preserver. "What is this for?" "For you. I wish you to put it on. It may not be needed, but it is best to have it on." "And what will you do?" "I—oh! I can swim, you know. But you don't know how to fasten it. Will you allow me to do so?" She raised her arms. He passed the belt around her waist, encircling her almost in his arms while doing so, and his hand, which had boldly grasped the head of the "dweller in the wreck," now trembled as he fastened the belt around that delicate and slender waist.

But scarcely had this been completed when the squall struck the ship, and the waves followed till the vessel was thrown far over on her side; and Brandon seizing Beatrice in one arm, clung with the other to the edge of the skylight, and thus kept himself upright.

He rested now for a moment. "I must go on deck," he said. "I do not wish you to leave me," was her answer. Nothing more was said. Brandon at once lifted her with one arm as though she were a child and clambered along, grasping such fixtures as afforded any thing to which he could cling; and thus, with hands and feet, groped his way to the door of the cabin, which was on the windward side. There were two doors, and between them was a seat.

"This," said he, "is the safest place for you. Can you hold on for a short time? If I take you on deck you will be exposed to the waves."

"I will do whatever you say," she replied; and clinging to the arm of the almost perpendicular seat, she was able to sustain herself there amidst the tossing and swaying of the ship.

Brandon then clambered out on deck. The ship lay far over. The waves came leaping upon her in successive surges. All around the sea was glistening with phosphorescent lustre, and when at times the lightning flashed forth it lighted up the scene, and showed the ocean stirred up to fiercest commotion. It seemed as though cataracts of water were rushing over the doomed ship, which now lay helpless, and at the mercy of the billows. The force of the wind was tremendous, exceeding any thing that Brandon had ever witnessed before.

What most surprised him now was the inaction of the ship's company. Why was not something being done? Where was the Captain?

He called out his name; there was no response. He called after the mate; there was no answer. Instantly he conjectured that in the first fierce onset of the storm both Captain and mate had been swept away. How many more of that gallant company of brave fellows had perished he knew not. The hour was a perilous and a critical one. He himself determined to take the lead.

Through the midst of the storm, with its tumult and its fury, there came a voice as full and clear as a trumpet-peal, which roused all the sailors, and inspired them once more with hope. "Cut away the masts!" The men obeyed, without caring who gave the order. It was the command which each man had been expecting, and which he knew was the thing that should be done. At once they sprang to their work. The main-mast had already been cut loose. Some went to the fore-mast, others to the mizzen. The vast waves rolled on; the sailors guarded as best they could against the rush of each wave, and then sprang in the intervals to their work. It was perilous in the highest degree, but each man felt that his own life and the lives of all the others depended upon the accomplishment of this work, and this nerved the arm of each to the task.

At last it was done. The last strand of rigging had been cut away. The ship, disencumbered, slowly righted, and at last rode upright.

But her situation was still dangerous. She lay in the trough of the sea, and the gigantic waves, as they rolled up, still beat upon her with all their concentrated energies. Helpless, and now altogether at the mercy of the waves, the only hope left those on board lay in the strength of the ship herself.

None of the officers were left. As the ship righted Brandon thought that some of them might make their appearance, but none came. The Captain, the mate, and the second mate, all had gone. Perhaps all of them, as they stood on the quarter-deck, had been swept away simultaneously. Nothing could now be done but to wait. Morning at last came to the anxious watchers. It brought no hope. Far and wide the sea raged with all its waves. The wind blew with undiminished and irresistible violence. The ship, still in the trough of the sea, heaved and plunged in the overwhelming waves, which howled madly around and leaped over her like wolves eager for their prey. The wind was too fierce to permit even an attempt to rig a jury-mast.

The ship was also deeply laden, and this contributed to her peril. Had her cargo been smaller she would have been more buoyant; but her full cargo, added to her dangerous position as she lay at the mercy of the waves, made all hope of escape dark indeed.

Another night succeeded. It was a night of equal horror. The men stood watching anxiously for some sign of abatement in the storm, but none came. Sea and sky frowned over them darkly, and all the powers which they controlled were let loose unrestrained.

Another day and night came and went. Had not the *Falcon* been a ship of unusual strength she would have yielded before this to the storm. As it was, she began to show signs of giving way to the tremendous hammering to which she had been exposed, and her heavy Australian cargo bore her down. On the morning of the third day Brandon saw that she was deeper in the water, and suspected a leak. He ordered the pumps to be sounded. It was as he feared. There were four feet of water in the hold.

The men went to work at the pumps and worked by relays. Amidst the rush of the waves over the ship it was difficult to work advantageously, but they toiled on. Still, in spite of their efforts, the leak seemed to have increased, for the water did not lessen. With their utmost exertion they could do little more than hold their own.

It was plain that this sort of thing could not last. Already three nights and three days of incessant toil and anxiety, in which no one had slept, had produced their natural effects. The men had become faint and weary. But the brave fellows never murmured; they did every thing which Brandon ordered, and worked uncomplainingly.

Thus, through the third day, they labored on, and into the fourth night. That night the storm seemed to have reached its climax, if, indeed, any climax could be found to a storm which at the very outset had burst upon them with such appalling suddenness and fury, and had sustained itself all along with such unremitting energy. But on that night it was worse for those on board, since the ship which had resisted so long began to exhibit signs of yielding, her planks and timbers so severely assailed began to give way, and through the gaping seams the ocean waters permeated, till the ocean, like some beleaguering army, failing in direct assault, began to succeed by opening secret mines to the very heart of the besieged ship.

On the morning of the fourth day all hands

were exhausted from night-long work, and there were ten feet of water in the hold.

It now became evident that the ship was doomed. Brandon at once began to take measures for the safety of the men.

On that memorable day of the calm previous to the outbreak of the storm, the Captain had told Brandon that they were about five hundred miles to the westward of the coast of Senegambia. He could not form any idea of the distance which the ship had drifted during the progress of the storm, but justly considered that whatever progress she had made had been toward the land. Their prospects in that direction, if they could only reach it, were not hopeless. Sierra Leone and Liberia were there; and if they struck the coast any where about they might make their way to either of those places.

But the question was how to get there. There was only one way, and that was by taking to the boats. This was a desperate undertaking, but it was the only way of escape now left.

There were three boats on board—viz., the long-boat, the cutter, and the gig. These were the only hope now left them. By venturing in these there would be a chance of escape.

On the morning of the fourth day, when it was found that the water was increasing, Brandon called the men together and stated this to them. He then told them that it would be necessary to divide themselves so that a sufficient number should go in each boat. He offered to give up to them the two larger boats, and take the gig for himself, his servant, and the young lady.

To this the men assented with great readiness. Some of them urged him to go in the larger boat, and even offered to exchange with him; but Brandon declined.

They then prepared for their desperate venture. All the provisions and water that could be needed were put on board of each boat. Fire-arms were not forgotten. Arrangements were made for a long and arduous voyage. The men still worked at the pumps; and though the water gained on them, yet time was gained for completing these important preparations.

About mid-day all was ready. Fifteen feet of water were in the hold. The ship could not last much longer. There was no time to lose.

But how could the boats be put out? How could they live in such a sea? This was the question to be decided.

The ship lay as before in the trough of the sea. On the windward side the waves came rushing up, beating upon and sweeping over her. On the leeward the water was calmer, but the waves tossed and raged angrily even there.

Only twenty were left out of the ship's company. The rest were all missing. Of these, fourteen were to go in the long-boat, and six in the cutter. Brandon, Beatrice, and Cato were to take the gig.

The sailors put the gig out first. The light boat floated buoyantly on the waters. Cato leaped into her, and she was fastened by a long line to the ship. The nimble Hindu, trained for a lifetime to encounter the giant surges of the Malabar coast, managed the little boat with marvelous dexterity—avoiding the sweep of the waves which dashed around, and keeping sufficiently under the lee to escape the rougher waves, yet not so much so as to be hurled against the vessel.

Then the sailors put out the long-boat. This was a difficult undertaking, but it was successfully accomplished, and the men were all on board at last. Instantly they prepared to row away.

At that moment a wilder wave came pouring over the ship. It was as though the ocean, enraged at the escape of these men, had made a final effort to grasp its prey. Before the boat with its living freight had got rid of the vessel, the sweep of this gigantic wave, which had passed completely over the ship, struck it where it lay. Brandon turned away his eyes involuntarily.

There was a wild shriek—the next moment the black outline of the long-boat, bottom upward, was seen amidst the foaming billows.

The men who waited to launch the cutter were at first paralyzed by this tragedy, but there was no time to lose. Death threatened them behind as well as before; behind, death was certain; before, there was still a chance. They launched the cutter in desperation. The six men succeeded in getting into her, and in rowing out at some distance. As wave after wave rose and fell she disappeared from view, and then reappeared, till at last Brandon thought that she at least was safe.

Then he raised his hand and made a peculiar signal to Cato.

The Hindu understood it. Brandon had given him his directions before. Now was the time. The roll of the waves coming up was for the present less dangerous.

Beatrice, who during the whole storm had been calm, and had quietly done whatever Brandon told her, was now waiting at the cabin-door in obedience to his directions.

As soon as Brandon had made the signal he hurried to the cabin-door and assisted Beatrice to the quarter-deck. Cato rowed his boat close up to the ship, and was waiting for a chance to come within reach. The waves were still more moderate. It was the opportunity for which Cato had been watching so long. He held his oars poised, and, as a sudden swell of a wave rose near the ship, he forced his boat so that it came close beside it, rising high on the crest of the swell.

As the wave rose Brandon also had watched his opportunity as well as the action of Cato. It was the moment too for which he had been watching. In an instant, and without a word, he caught Beatrice in his arms, raised her high in the air, poised himself for a moment on the edge of the quarter-deck, and sprang forward into the boat. His foot rested firmly on the seat where it struck. He set Beatrice down, and with a knife severed the line which connected the boat with the ship.

Then seizing an oar he began to row with all his strength. Cato had the bow oar. The next wave came, and its sweep, communicating itself to the water, rolled on, dashing against the ship and moving under it, rising up high, lifting the boat with it, and bearing it along. But the boat was now under command, and the two rowers held it so that while it was able to avoid the dash of the water, it could yet gain from it all the momentum that could be given.

Brandon handled the oar with a dexterity equal to that of the Hindu, and under such management, which was at once strong and skillful, the boat skimmed lightly over the crests of the rolling waves, and passed out into the sea beyond. There the great surges came sweeping on, rising high behind the boat, each wave seeming about to crush the little bark in its resistless grasp, but notwithstanding the threat the boat seemed always able by some good luck to avoid the impending danger, for as each wave came forward the boat would rise up till it was on a level with the crest, and the flood of waters would sweep on underneath, bearing it onward.

After nearly half an hour's anxious and careful rowing Brandon looked all about to find the cutter. It was nowhere to be seen. Again and again he looked for it, seeking in all directions. But he discovered no sign of it on the raging waters, and at last he could no longer doubt that the cutter also, like the long-boat, had perished in the sea.

All day long they rowed before the wind and wave—not strongly, but lightly, so as to husband their strength. Night came, when Brandon and Cato took turns at the oars—not over-exerting themselves, but seeking chiefly to keep the boat's head in a proper direction, and to evade the rush of the waves. This last was their constant danger, and it required the utmost skill and the most incessant watchfulness to do so.

All this time Beatrice sat in the stern, with a heavy oil-cloth coat around her, which Brandon directed her to put on, saying nothing, but seeing every thing with her watchful, vigilant eyes.

"Are you afraid?" said Brandon once, just after they had evaded an enormous wave.

"No!" was the reply, in a calm, sweet voice; "I trust in you."

"I hope your trust may not be vain," replied Brandon.

"You have saved my life so often," said Beatrice, "that my trust in you has now become a habit."

She smiled faintly as she spoke. There was something in her tone which sank deep into his soul.

The night passed and morning came.

For the last half of the night the wind had been much less boisterous, and toward morning the gale had very greatly subsided. Brandon's foresight had secured a mast and sail on board the gig, and now, as soon as it could be erected with safety, he put it up, and the little boat dashed bravely over the waters. The waves had lessened greatly as the day wore on; they no longer rose in such giant masses, but showed merely the more common proportions. Brandon and Cato now had an opportunity to get some rest from their exhaustive labors. Beatrice at last yielded to Brandon's earnest request, and, finding that the immediate peril had passed, and that his toil for the present was over, she obtained some sleep and rest for herself.

For all that day, and all that night, and all the next day, the little boat sped over the waters, heading due east, so as to reach land wherever they might find it, in the hope that the land might not be very far away from the civilized settlements of the coast. The provisions and water which had been put in the boat formed an ample supply, which would last for a long time. Brandon shared with Cato in the management of the boat, not allowing his man to have more of the labor than himself.

During these days Brandon and Beatrice were of course thrown into a closer intimacy. At such a time the nature of man or woman becomes most apparent, and here Beatrice showed a noble calm and a simple trust which to Brandon was most touching. He knew that she must feel most keenly the fatigue and the privations of such a life; but her unvarying cheerfulness was the same as it had been on shipboard. He, too, exhibited that same constancy and resolution which he had always evinced, and by his consideration for Cato showed his natural kindness of heart.

"How sorry I am that I can do nothing!" Beatrice would say. "You are killing yourself, and I have to sit idle and gain my safety at your expense."

"The fact that you are yet safe," Brandon would reply, "is enough for me. As long as I see you sitting there I can work."

"But can I do nothing? It is hard for me to sit idle while you wear out your life."

"You can sing," said Brandon.

"What?"

"Langhetti's song," he said, and turned his face away.

She sang at once. Her tones rose in marvelous modulations; the words were not much, but the music with which she clothed them seemed again to utter forth that longing which Brandon had heard before.

Now, as they passed over the seas, Beatrice sang, and Brandon did not wish that this life should end. Through the days, as they sailed on, her voice arose expressive of every changeful feeling, now speaking of grief, now swelling in sweet strains of hope.

Day thus succeeded to day until the fourth night came, when the wind died out and a calm spread over the waters.

Brandon, who waked at about two in the morning so as to let Cato sleep, saw that the wind had ceased, and that another one of those treacherous calms had come. He at once put out the oars, and, directing Cato to sleep till he waked him, began to pull.

Beatrice remonstrated. "Do not," said she, in an imploring tone. "You have already done too much. Why should you kill yourself?"

"The wind has stopped," answered Brandon. "The calm is treacherous, and no time ought to be lost."

"But wait till you have rested."

"I have been resting for days."

"Why do you not rest during the night and work in the daytime?"

"Because the daytime is so frightfully hot that work will be difficult. Night is the time to work now."

Brandon kept at his oars, and Beatrice saw that remonstrances were useless. He rowed steadily until the break of day; then, as day was dawning, he rested for a while, and looked earnestly toward the east.

A low, dark cloud lay along the eastern horizon, well-defined against the sky, which now was growing brighter and brighter every hour. Was it cloud, or was it something else? This was the question that rose in Brandon's mind.

The sky grew brighter, the scene far and wide opened up before the gathering light until at last the sun began to appear. Then there was no longer any doubt. It was LAND.

This he told to Beatrice; and the Hindu, waking at the same time, looked earnestly toward that shore which they had been striving so long and so earnestly to reach. It was land, but what land? No doubt it was some part of the coast of Senegambia, but what one? Along that extensive coast there were many places where landing might be certain death, or something worse than death. Savage tribes might dwell there—either those which were demoralized by dealings with slave-traders, or those which were flourishing in native barbarism. Yet only one course was now advisable; namely, to go on till they reached the shore.

It appeared to be about fifty miles away. So Brandon judged, and so it proved. The land which they had seen was the summit of lofty hills which were visible from a great distance. They rowed on all that day. The water was calm and glassy. The sun poured down its most fervid beams, the air was sultry and oppressive. Beatrice entreated Brandon now to desist from rowing and wait till the cool of the night, but he was afraid that a storm might come up suddenly. "No," he said, "our only hope now is to get near the land, so that if a storm does come up we may have some place of shelter within reach."

After a day of exhaustive labor the land was at last reached.

High hills, covered with palm-trees, rose before them. There was no harbor within sight, no river outlet, but a long, uninterrupted extent of high, wooded shores. Here in the evening they rested on their oars, and looked earnestly at the shore.

Brandon conjectured that they were somewhat to the north of Sierra Leone, and did not think that they could be to the south. At any rate, a southeasterly course was the surest one for them, for they would reach either Sierra Leone or Liberia. The distance which they might have to go was, however, totally uncertain to him.

So they turned the boat's head southeast, and moved in a line parallel with the general line of the shore. That shore varied in its features as they passed along: sometimes depressed into low, wide savannas; at others, rising into a rolling country, with hills of moderate height, behind which appeared the summits of lofty mountains, empurpled by distance.

It was evening when they first saw the land, and then they went on without pausing. It was arranged that they should row alternately, as moderately as possible, so as to husband their strength. Cato rowed for the first part of that night, then Brandon rowed till morning. On the following day Cato took the oars again.

It was now just a week since the wreck, and for the last two days there had not been a breath of wind in the air, nor the faintest ripple on that burning water. To use even the slightest exertion in such torrid heat was almost impossible. Even to sit still under that blighting sun, with the reflected glare from the dead, dark sea around, was painful.

Beatrice redoubled her entreaties to Brandon that he should rest. She wished to have her mantle spread over their heads as a kind of canopy, or fix the sail in some way and float idly through the hottest part of the day. But Brandon insisted that he felt no evil effects as yet; and promised when he did feel such to do as she said.

At last they discovered that their water was almost out, and it was necessary to get a fresh supply. It was the afternoon of the seventh day. Brandon had been rowing ever since midday. Beatrice had wound her mantle about his head in the style of an Eastern turban so as to protect him from the sun's rays. Looking out for some place along the shore where they might obtain water, they saw an opening in the line of coast where two hills arose to a height of several hundred feet. Toward this Brandon rowed.

Stimulated by the prospect of setting foot on shore Brandon rowed somewhat more vigorously than usual; and in about an hour the boat entered a beautiful little cove shut in between two hills, which formed the outlet of a river. Far up its winding course could be traced by the trees along its borders. The hills rose on each side with a steep slope, and were covered with palms. The front of the harbor was shut in from the sea by a beautiful little wooded island. Here Brandon rowed the boat into this cove; and its prow grated against the pebbles of the beach.

Beatrice had uttered many exclamations of delight at the beauty of this scene. At length, surprised at Brandon's silence, she cried,

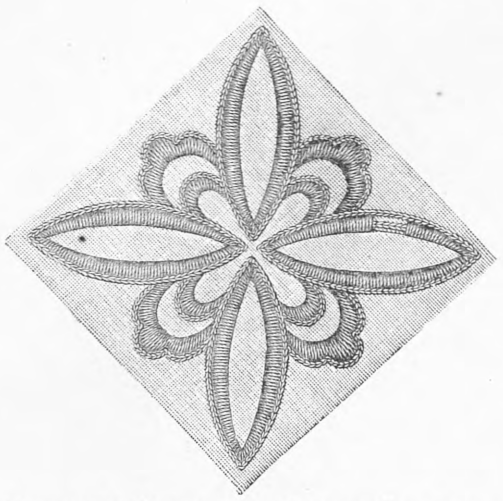
"Why do you not say something? Surely this is a Paradise after the sea!"

She looked up with an enthusiastic smile.

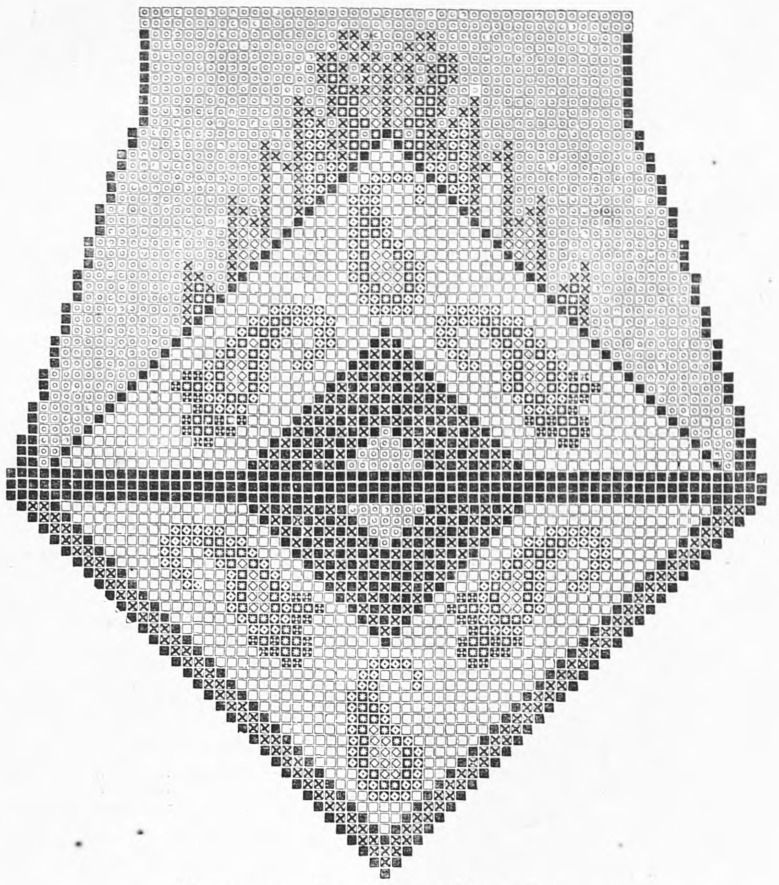
He had risen to his feet. A strange, vacant expression was in his eyes. He made a step forward as if to land. His unsteady foot trembled. He reeled, and stretched out his arms like some one groping in the dark.

Beatrice shrieked and sprang forward. Too late; for the next moment he fell headlong into the water.

"WITHOUT A WORD HE CAUGHT BEATRICE IN HIS ARMS," ETC.

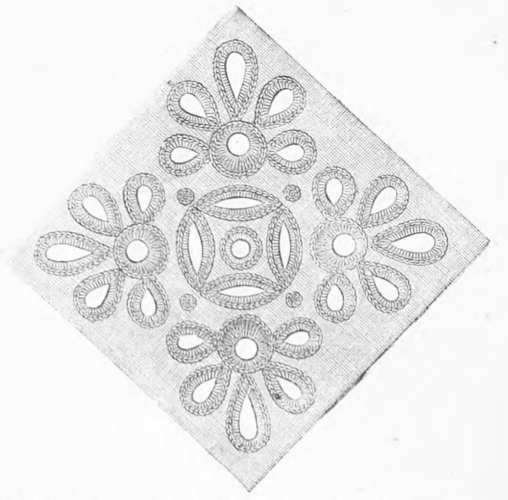


EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR CRAVATS, CAPS, ETC.



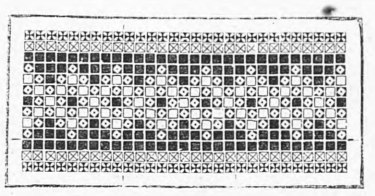
EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR WORK-BAG.

Description of Symbols: ▣ Green, ■ Black, □ White, ⊠ Blue, ◪ Red, ◧ Brown, ◱ Corn Color, ⊠ Gold Thread.



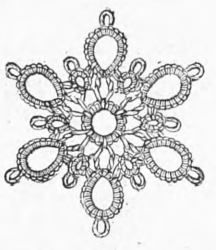
EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR CRAVATS, CAPS, ETC.

INFANT'S KNITTED BOOT.



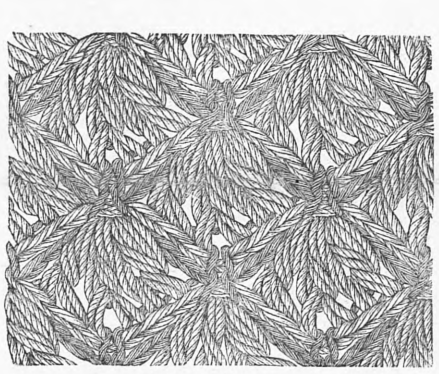
EMBROIDERY PATTERN.

Description of Symbols: □ 1st (lightest), ◱ 2d, ▣ 3d Green; ⊠ light, ⊞ dark Gray.

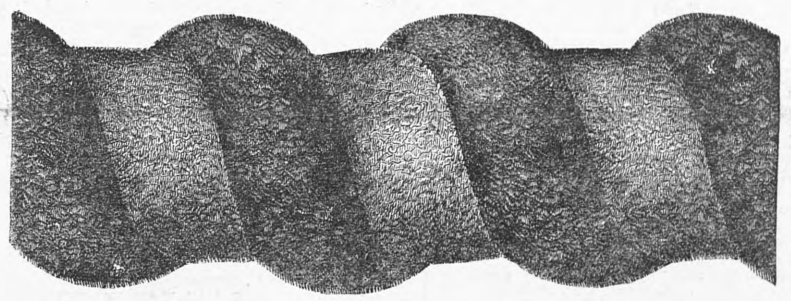


TATTING ROSETTE.

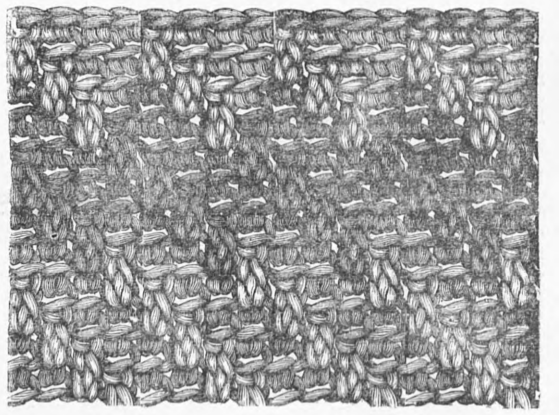
INFANT'S KNITTED SOCK.



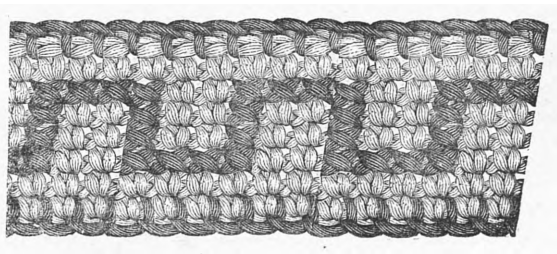
SCALE STITCH.



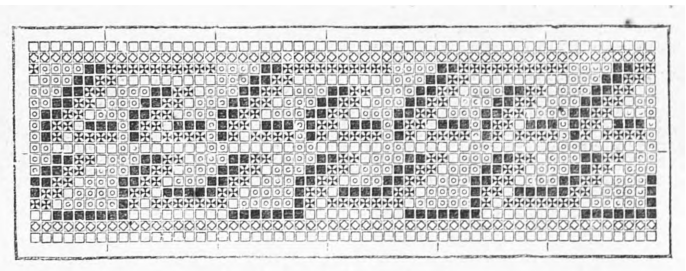
SIMULATED FUR TRIMMING.



SHELL STITCH.

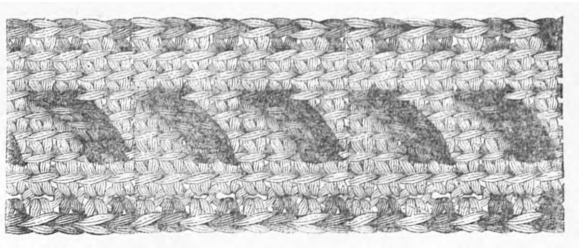


CROCHET BORDER.



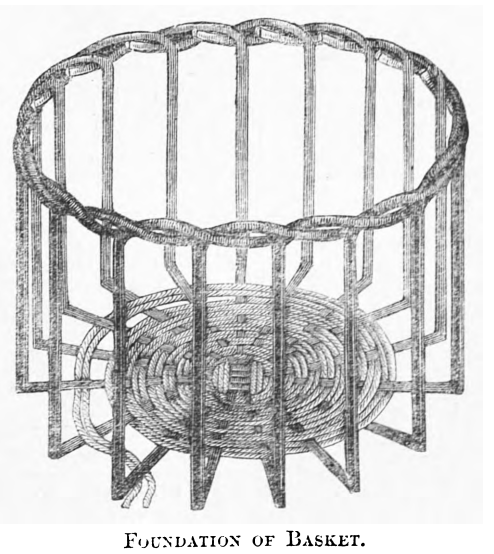
EMBROIDERY PATTERN.

Description of Symbols: ◱ Corn Color; □ 1st (lightest), ⊞ 2d, ■ 3d Violet; ⊠ Brown.

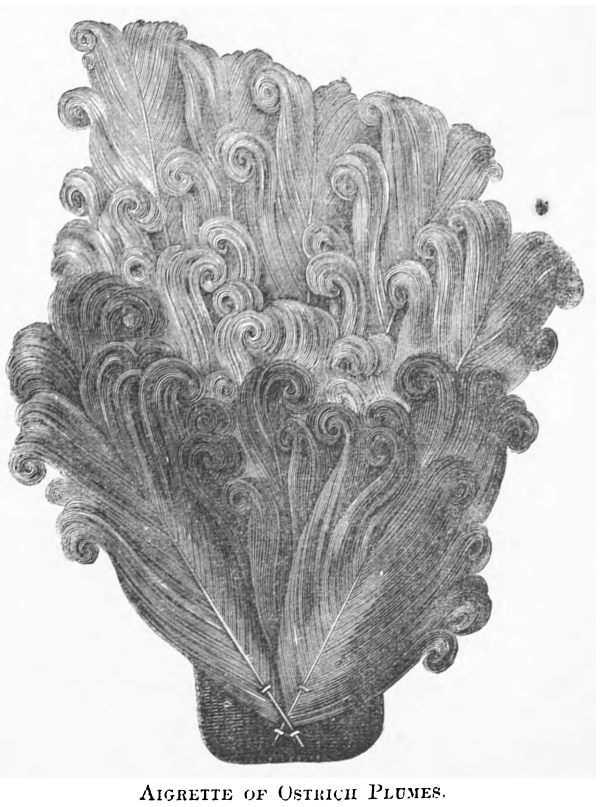


CROCHET BORDER.

ROUND HAT WITH SCARF.



FOUNDATION OF BASKET.



AIGRETTE OF OSTRICH PLUMES.

Embroidery Patterns for Cravats, etc.

See Illustration, page 93.

THESE patterns can be worked with embroidery cotton on Swiss muslin, batiste or nansook, or with crochet silk, worsted, etc., on cloth, reps, or cashmere, and can be executed in satin stitch edged with chain stitch, or in button-hole stitch. The first figure is worked with worsted on cloth, and the ground is left remaining. The second figure is worked with embroidery cotton on muslin, the ground being cut out.

Infant's Knitted Boot.

See illustration, page 93.

MATERIALS for the pair, 3 oz. black worsted.

This little boot is knit of black worsted, and furnished with a leather sole. Begin at the bottom by casting on 128 stitches, and knit eight rounds in plain knitting stitch before beginning to narrow. In the 9th round knit the three middle stitches as one, so as to narrow 2 stitches, and repeat this narrowing every second round five times; in the following 12 rounds (from the 21st to the 32d round) knit the two middle stitches together; from the 33 to the 38th round the three middle stitches, and from the 39th to the 44th round the two middle stitches again. Knit the following 6 rounds without narrowing; then knit 23 rounds for the upper part, knitting and purling two stitches alternately. The sole must be put on by a shoemaker.

Infant's Knitted Sock.

See illustration, page 93.

MATERIALS for the pair, 1 oz. red, ½ oz. white single zephyr.

This sock is knitted in a pique pattern, the main part of red, and the stripes and fringe of white wool, and is tied with a cord and balls of red worsted.

Scale Stitch.

See illustration, page 93.

THIS stitch serves for the trimming of hoods, shawls, etc., and is made with double white and single scarlet zephyr. On a foundation of the white wool work as follows: 1st row, with white wool, * 3 double crochet in the following stitches of the foundation, and 2 chain, with the last 3 foundation stitches remaining. Repeat from * to the end of the row. 2d row, with scarlet wool. * 1 single about the middle of the 3 double, 3 chain, 1 single, about the middle of the 3 remaining stitches of the foundation, 3 chain. Repeat from * to the end of the row. 3d row, with white wool. 1 single in the next single, 1 chain, * 3 double in the single, which is worked in the foundation and around the chain scallop of the previous row, 2 chain. Repeat from * to the end of row. 4th row, with scarlet wool. 1 single in the next stitch of the previous row, * 3 chain, 1 single, around the middle of the next 3 double, 3 chain, 1 single around the next scarlet single of the previous row, and also around the chain scallop. Repeat from * to end. 5th row, with white wool. 3 double around the next single of the previous row, 2 chain, with the last twice 3 chain and 1 single exceeding, 3 double in the following single of the preceding row, which is worked in the single and chain scallop of the previous row. Repeat from * to end. The illustration will show further details.

Simulated Fur trimming for Cloaks, Hoods, etc.

See Illustration, page 93.

THIS trimming is made of white double zephyr and chinchilla split zephyr in the following manner: Wind the white zephyr closely round a netting-needle an inch in circumference, and sew the rounds together, one by one, with fine silk; then slip them from the needle, thus making a sort of loop fringe. Make three similar strips, sew them together, and cut and shear the loops. Prepare a similar strip of the chinchilla worsted, wound on a somewhat finer needle, and roll the two together in the manner shown in the illustration.

Shell Stitch.

See illustration, page 93.

THIS stitch is crocheted with lilac and white single zephyr in a striped pattern, and is used for sofa pillows, foot-stools, etc. The shells form the bias stripes, and are worked alternately in four rows of white and four rows of lilac wool.

Two Crochet Borders for Sofa Pillows, etc.

See illustration, page 93.

THE first of these borders is crocheted with white single zephyr in single crochet stitch: it numbers six rows. The foundation is embroidered in cross-stitch with violet worsted in a Greek pattern, as shown in the illustration, and the edges are finished in button-hole stitch with the same worsted.

Fig. 2 consists of seven rows worked in single crochet stitch with white single zephyr. In five of these rows bias strips are worked in double crochet with dark and light green zephyr, as follows: 2 single crochet with white worsted, * the last of the same being looped with dark green; then with the same 1 treble in the 1st stitch of the second row, looping the double crochet with the light worsted; then work with the same light worsted 1 treble in the 2 stitches of the 2d row, this last treble being looped with white worsted; then 2 single with white wool in both the next stitches and repeat from *. A row of single crochet, alternately 1 stitch of white and 1 of green, looping each with the other, finishes the border on either side.

Round Hat with Scarf.

See Illustration, page 93.

ROUND hats are worn very small, with low crowns. The one shown in our illustration is of gray felt, bound with narrow blue velvet, and is trimmed with a scarf of heavy blue silk, eight inches wide, is wound round the hat and tied behind. The ends of the scarf are trimmed with silk fringe. An aigrette of gray feathers and small bronze leaves is fastened on the side.

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EMPIRE BONNETS.

EMPIRE AND RESTORATION BONNETS.

IN contrast with the prevailing styles of the day, we give an illustration of the bonnets worn during the First Empire of France and the Restoration. We are wearing again the Marie Antoinette fashions; who knows how soon we shall arrive at the accompanying head coverings, which now seem so grotesque? We commence the description of the hats and bonnets illustrated in our engraving with

Fig. 1, at the top of the left-hand corner. This is a straw-hat, trimmed with straw ornaments and green ribbon, and looks odd enough, with the brim tied down over the ears. The hair is worn *à la Titus*.

Fig. 2 is a velvet toquet, surmounted with two white feathers, fastened by a bow of pink ribbon.

Fig. 3.—High white capote, short at the ears, and trimmed with a *chicorée*. Blue ribbons, and white feathers shaded with blue. Strings buttoned under the chin. These three bonnets belong to the period of the First Empire; the following to that of the Restoration:

Fig. 4.—Black Amazon hat, edged all round with white lace. Pink ribbons. Pink and white feathers (1815).

Fig. 5.—Large bonnet, styled *Chapeau de Mise*, of white watered gros de Naples. Tuft of three lilac plumes, to match the shade of the Polish redingote (October, 1818).

Fig. 6.—White hat, with the brim depressed in front, trimmed with four large white feathers, worn at concerts, and also at balls by ladies who did not dance (January, 1819).

Fig. 7.—Amazon riding-hat (shaped like a man's), of yellow watered gros de Naples. White veil, added by ladies from the time that this hat was adopted by the courtesans (January, 1819).

Fig. 8.—Scotch hat, of black velvet, with black curled feather (November, 1819).

Fig. 9.—*Capote à l'Angéline*, of white gauze, trimmed with a cluster of white pond lilies, pale lilac ribbon and puffings (July, 1819).

Fig. 10.—Leghorn bonnet, depressed in front, and trimmed with roses and corn-colored ribbon (June 1819).

THE RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

I.

ANNO 1700, just at the promenade hour on the 21st of June, certain good citizens of Brussels observed a remarkable group assembled in front of the summer-house of the wealthy Madame van Heeren in that city. This lady, who had just recovered from a slight illness, was seated in the veranda in company with a French cavalier and a very young Abbé; and was receiving the first visit of her most intimate friend. There would have been nothing singular in this, especially as Madame van Heeren was a widow, had not both she and her friend worn dresses of so peculiar and striking a pattern that they would have been ridiculous if the ladies had not for years been lawgivers in matters of taste and fashion. Such a thing was unheard of—the dress not falling in massy, luxuriant folds as was prescribed by the then newest fashion, but stuffed out and gathered behind into a sort of ball, which, though it may perhaps have looked well enough on the standing lady, was somewhat too striking in the case of Madame van Heeren, who was sitting down. "Just see," whispered one of the most envious of eaves-droppers to her neighbor, "how hideous Madame van Heeren's padding looks all ruffled up against the back of her chair, as if it did not know where—no—I wouldn't for worlds follow such a tasteless fashion, particularly as I have no occasion for it. And yet she, too, has a Juno-like figure, or have we perhaps"—and here she cast a searching glance on Madame van Heeren—"been deceived and taken appearance for reality?" Such were the criticisms indulged in by the observers until gradually the crowd dispersed, the men with mocking laughter and derision on their lips, the ladies wearied and distracted, but at the same time *thoughtful*.

Six weeks later the walks were filled with dresses stuffed out and buttoned up behind; and those petty gossips who had been the most severe in their criticisms six weeks before, now sailed proudly by, strutting in borrowed majesty. Madame van Heeren from behind her rose-colored windows looked half-complacently and half-maliciously on her followers and leaned back contentedly in her chair, little thinking that she had laid the foundations of a fashion destined to reign for two centuries, and inaugurated the era of crinolines and hoop-skirts!

The origin of this fashion is generally attributed to Madame de Pompadour, who was not born until twenty years after this period. But she is entitled only to the honor of having brought the hoop-petticoat to its culminating point. Its invention is due unquestionably to Madame van Heeren or rather her dress-maker.

RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

FACETIÆ.

'BUS DRIVER (*to Conductor of opposition 'Bus*). "I've knowed yer ever since you was born. I knowed yer poor mother; she had two on yer that time. One was a werry nice little boy, t'other was half a hidiot—a sort of brown paper feller. The werry nice little boy died werry young, he did."

NURSE.—"Did you ring, Ma'am?"
NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL.—"No; *I* rang. Take Mamma away, please. She's very cross and disagreeable!"

AN OLD SAW NEW SET—What can't be endured must be caricatured.

A "NEAT" DRINK—Spruce Beer.

At a recent hippophagous dinner in Paris, after the removal of "horse," an old soldier of the Empire gave the memory of "Ney."

What species of punishment is most probably the pleasantest to undergo?—Capital punishment.

What carpenter's implement does the carpenter himself minutely resemble?—The screw-driver.

When do dogs remind you of "A Life on the Ocean Wave?" etc., etc.—When you see *'em-barking*.

When is a raisin like a tinted engraving?—When it's (s)toned.

The proper day for marriage—Weddings-day.

LAST MAN.—"This can't be my hat, surely?"
SERVANT.—"Yessir, that's your 'at, Sir."
LAST MAN.—"Quite sure?"
SERVANT.—"Oh, yessir; quite sure, Sir."
LAST MAN.—"Well, then, hanged if I haven't been and taken some other fellow's head!"

A little girl, hearing it said that she was born on the Queen's birthday, took no notice of it at the time; but a day or two after asked her father if she and the Queen were twins?

"Cablegram" is the latest from the mint of word counterfeiters.

An up-town painter announces that, among other portraits, he has a representation of "Death as large as life."

A RITUALISTIC KING.—Edward the Confessor.

The latest novelty in fire-arms is a gun which is capable of being discharged with a reprimand.

During the late bathing season, a pompous individual walked up to the office of a sea-side hotel, and with a considerable flourish signed the book, and in a loud voice exclaimed, "I'm Lieutenant-Governor of ——." "That doesn't make any difference," says the landlord, "you'll be treated just as well as the others."

"Why do you always buy a second-class ticket?" asked a gentleman of a miser.
"Because there is no third-class ticket," was the reply of the latter.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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Dinner and Morning Dresses.

Fig. 1.—This engraving represents one of the greatest novelties of the winter—the *robe à grandes dispositions*. It is of violet poult-de-soie, with a cluster of pansies at the bottom of each breadth, concealing the seams. The stems of the pansies are formed of violet satin rouleaux; the leaves are likewise cut out of violet satin, as well as the petals of the flowers, with the exception of the two upper ones, which are of violet velvet. The sprig of coral which connects each of the bouquets with the belt, and covers the seam of the breadth, is formed of rouleaux of violet satin, like the stems of the flowers.—The skirt is gored with a little fullness in the back, and is cut with a long train. The belt is straight and fastens in front, and is edged with satin rouleaux. A scarf of violet taffetas, trimmed to match the skirt, depends from the belt behind. The waist is high-necked, with close sleeves, and is trimmed down the seams with satin rouleaux, a pansy being placed on the shoulder as an epaulet, and another at the bottom of the sleeve. The pansies are finished in the centre with a little round button covered with yellow silk, around which a few radiating lines are embroidered with silk of the same color.

Fig. 2.—Morning dress of white cashmere, confined at the waist by a belt edged with purple braid, and fastened with a purple button. The same braid forms a double row of trimming down the front on either side of the large purple buttons which close the front of the dress; and also trims the pocket and forms an epaulet on the shoulder. The neck is likewise trimmed with small bands of purple braid. The skirt is gored, with a train. Hair turned back *à la Grecque*, and confined with a purple bandelette.

Visiting, Morning, and Children's Dresses.

See illustration, page 100.

Fig. 1.—Girl 10 years old. Hungarian toquet of black velvet, with a feather, turned up at the side and rounding in front. Full suit of black velvet, lined with white silk, and trimmed with bias folds of taffetas. The paletot has two long tabs in front. It is edged with swan's-down, and slightly adjusted at the waist. High Polish boots, Bismarck kid gloves.

Fig. 2.—*Visiting Dress.*—White royal velvet bonnet, with blue-and-white feather, band of blue velvet in front, and fall of blue velvet behind. White satin strings. Suit of blue plush. Empress skirt, with train. Over-skirt forming a jacket. Small standing collar. Waist high, the right front overlapping the left diagonally from the top to the bottom, and closed with silk buttons and large bias button-holes. Palm leaves embroidered in silk on the waist and over-skirt. Venetian hanging sleeves, and flounce of rich lace, set on a little full. Light kid gloves.

Morning Dress. Coiffure of guipure lace, falling in a point over the chignon, with strings tying behind. High-necked dress of light-blue taffetas, gored, without pleats, and with demi-train. Sleeveless sacque of white taffetas, cut wholly on the bias, and slightly adjusted at the waist; with small standing collar, and trimmed with two rows of blue velvet, of the same shade as the dress, as seen in the illustration. Blue chenille cord and tassel.

Evening Dresses.

See illustration, page 100.

Fig. 1.—Dress of mauve taffetas, with very long train, trimmed with a deep flounce surmounted by a ruche of violet taffetas. Neck cut square, with under-waist of puffed tulle, edged with two rows of violet velvet on rich point d'Angleterre. Short puffed sleeves, with bands of violet velvet separating the puffs. Belt of violet taffetas. Coiffure of violet ribbons.

Fig. 2.—Dress of white poult-de-soie. Gored skirt, trimmed round the bottom with a coquille of corn-colored taffetas, corselet-ceinture of corn-colored taffetas, confined by bretelles of pinked taffetas, forming a ruche which encircles the top of the corselet. Large rosette, and double lapels bias on the sides. Under-waist low in the neck, with short puffed sleeves, confined by a corn-colored band. Coiffure composed of an artistically-wrought jewel. White gloves.

DINNER AND MORNING DRESSES.

Crinoline.

See illustration on double page.

This crinoline, which may be made of muslin or woolen stuff, has six small hoops around the bottom. Cut from Fig. 1 one piece, and from Figs. 2-4 each two pieces; join the parts to correspond with the figures on the pattern, hem the bottom, and put on tapes for the hoops, on the wrong side. Hem the edges of the slit, which is left open between Figs. 1 and 2 from 1 to the top. On the left side of the skirt lay a single pleat in the top of the skirt from × to ●, and put on the binding. Cut double from Figs. 6 and 7.

Boy's Suit.

See illustration on double page.

This suit, for a boy from 6 to 8 years old, consists of jacket, vest, and trowsers, and is made of dark-blue cloth, trimmed with black braid, white cord, and white buttons. For the trowsers, cut from Figs. 8, 9, 11, and 12 each two pieces, allowing for a seam two and a half inches wide on the bottom of Figs. 8 and 9. Face the fronts, set on the under band, Fig. 10, and put on the buttons and button-holes, as marked in the pattern. Join the backs and fronts from 11 to 12, 13 to 14, and 15 to 16, leaving the seam open from 12 to 13 for the pocket, which is faced with the same material as the outside. Set on the trimming, and sew up the fronts from 15 to 18, and the backs from 15 to 19. Hem the bottom, put on the waistband, and finish with belt and buckle. For the vest, cut from Fig. 13 the fronts, both outside, interlining, and lining, and from Fig. 14 the back, of black muslin, double with a seam through the middle. Make the slit for the pockets along the double line in Fig. 13, cord the edges with white cord, and stitch a muslin pocket underneath, having first faced it with cloth. Cord the edge of the vest with white cord, sew narrow black braid round the edge, and face the front and bottom with cloth, having first sewed the buttons on the right side. Make the button-holes in the corresponding side. Run the backs together on the wrong side and turn them. Put on the straps and buckle, and join the fronts and back.

For the jacket, cut from Figs. 16 and 19 each two pieces, from Figs. 17 and 18 each one piece, the last double, and from Fig. 20 the sleeves. Face the fronts with a strip of the same ma-

terial as the outside, five inches wide at the top and three inches wide at the bottom. Make a slit for the pocket, put on the lapel, trimmed as in the illustration, and sew in the pocket. Join the fronts and back, and set on the collar, which is rolled along the dotted line. The button-holes are on the left side, both sides being furnished with buttons. The sleeves are sewed up from 36 to 37, and a pleat is laid from × to ●; they are faced round the bottom with the same material as the outside, trimmed to match the rest of the jacket, and sewed in the arm-hole, according to the figures on the pattern.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1867.

HOW WE FEED.

AREGARD to the kind of food we eat is hardly more essential to health than the manner of eating it. There is no country in the world where there is such abundance of good raw material for the supply of the dietetic necessities of man, or where there are so many people with the means of obtaining it, as in the United States. It may be added that there is hardly a nation that derives so little enjoyment and benefit as the American from its resources. These, which are so plentiful with us, and, if properly used, calculated to bestow so much pleasure and physical good, give a great deal less of either than the meagre supplies of less productive countries. Our abundance of food, so far from being a benefit, is made by perverse use an injury. We have so much that we undervalue it, and deem it unworthy of the care which is necessary in its preparation for wholesome nutrition. We thus confine ourselves mostly to the grosser articles of diet, or such as are ordinarily called plain food, and which require but little art to adapt them to the taste.

We are entirely too carnivorous in this country. We feed too exclusively on steaks of beef, chops of mutton, cutlets of veal, and joints of meat. All our dishes being what the French call pieces of resistance the national stomach is kept in a constant state of active assault. This overstrains its energy, and produces that malady so common with us which the doctors call atonic dyspepsia; that is, the indigestion which arises from weakness in consequence of overwork.

The physiologists tell us that the human system requires for its proper nutrition a variety of food. There must be a due proportion of oily, albuminous, and saccharine matter to render the diet of man wholesome. Neither bread, meat, nor sugar, however necessary as a part of the whole, is sufficient alone to sustain the health and vigor of man. There must be a proper quantity of each in every daily meal. The experience of good livers with their regular succession of courses of soup, fish, meat, vegetables, and dessert, have long since settled this matter of variety of food to their own satisfaction, and in accordance with the teachings of science. Our country friends are apt to scorn all lessons from such a quarter, but we assure them that in regard to their manner of eating they may follow the example of the fashionable with advantage. We know of nothing more dangerous to health than the higgledy-piggledy tables of our country cousins, where flesh, fowl, fish, and all the productions of the earth are mingled together in a confusion that perplexes the taste, and prevents all discrimination of choice. To eat such meals requires the voracity which rustic labor can alone give, and to digest them demands such a stomach as nature refuses to man, but grants, it is said, to the ostrich.

It is always well to begin the dinner as every Frenchman does, with soup. This quiets the excessive craving of the stomach, but does not completely satisfy the hunger; and by thus subduing its voracity prevents it from inordinate indulgence in food that is less easy of digestion. So also is there a good reason why the sweet things should be eaten at the close of the dinner. All saccharine food has the effect of quickly satiating, and if taken at the commencement of a meal would satisfy the appetite so completely that it would be indisposed for the other more substantial articles of diet necessary to the proper nutrition of the body.

MUSIC—AN ECONOMICAL INVESTMENT.

NO better investment can be made for the benefit of a family than that which is necessary to secure to them a good musical education. Money so invested may be made to bring larger, better, and surer returns than if put out at interest, or invested in stocks, land, or life insurance. Simply as a means of recreation it will pay liberally, bringing large returns not only in happiness and health, but also in money, by saving the necessity for other more expensive and less beneficial amusements.

Among the most beneficent of Divine institutions is the family, and perhaps the most precious of Anglo-Saxon characteristics is that love of home in which we excel most other races. Whatever can help to make home attractive, and to cultivate and strengthen family ties, is to be sought after as a great good. Music in a family accomplishes this in an eminent degree. While it serves as an unfailing recreation, rendering home attractive, it also tends to cheerfulness and good feeling. An hour spent daily by father, mother, and children in musical recreation will bear precious fruit, as many can testify from experience. How many parents have had occasion to lament in after-life that during the youth of their children they did not make the necessary efforts and sacrifices to render home attractive, and so lost the benefit of cultivated affection and strengthened influence, and incurred the great evil of baneful amusements found away from home!

As a means merely of recreation, home attraction, and of moral and esthetic culture in a family, a good musical education is a profitable investment. It is not a useless luxury, even when considered only in this light. We have no sympathy with that smart-appearing but false utilitarianism which declares that the best musical instrument for a young lady to learn to play upon is a sewing or washing machine. These are good in their places and for their purposes; but an organ, a piano-forte, harp, or guitar has a higher mission and usefulness.

But there is another view in which the veriest utilitarian must acknowledge that a musical education is commonly a wise investment, even for one who can provide for scarcely more than the necessities of living. The advantage of endowing children with any knowledge or skill which will enable them to earn a livelihood is appreciated, and education and training are largely directed to this end. With great pains and expense boys are educated as lawyers, physicians, and for various learned and useful professions and trades, that they may have as good facilities as possible for supporting themselves. Girls are prepared as teachers or for other avocations, and there is earnest complaint that more means of support are not available to them. Now a knowledge of music sufficient to enable one to teach, direct a choir, or to be in some other way a means of support, is attainable by the great majority, and this with the expenditure of less time and effort than is necessary to qualify one as a good teacher of common English branches of education. The demand for such services has in times past been inadequately supplied, and there can be no doubt that this need will continue and increase. Those familiar with the matter will testify that the increasing demand for music-teachers is not fairly met. It is more difficult to find a good teacher for a given position than to find a satisfactory place for a competent teacher. Moreover, this is a respectable and remunerative profession, which is open to women as well as men. Therefore, as a provision for the future, the furnishing of the opportunity for the attainment of such knowledge and skill, even at considerable cost, is economical and wise. That man is shrewd who, though he do not care for music, or value its educational and recreative uses, and though he confidently expects to leave his children well provided for pecuniarily, yet assiduously cultivates their musical skill, merely as a provision for future reverses, just as he might provide his boys with a trade or profession which he believed they would never have occasion to use.

Let no one who has a family count a musical education as an extravagance; it is an economy, and likely to prove the best investment he can make.

A NEW SERIAL STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

WE are very glad to announce that the publication of "The Moonstone," a new serial story, by WILKIE COLLINS, will begin in an early Number of *Harper's Weekly*. By a special arrangement with the author himself, the story will be printed from his own manuscript, and will be regularly issued simultaneously with its appearance in England. It will be profusely illustrated with original designs by PARSONS, JEWETT, and others.

WILKIE COLLINS is now an acknowledged master in English fiction. In that great art of the story-teller, a skillful construction of plot, and the maintenance of an intense and sustained interest from the beginning to the end, he has no rival. The "Woman in White," which the readers of the *Weekly* will remember, was one of the most extraordinary of English novels; and the opening of "The Moonstone" which we have read is not less striking than that of the "Woman in White." It has the same crisp, clear-cut description; the same strange spell of mystery, and introduces an element quite unfamiliar hitherto in the multitude of novels—which the reader will discover in due season—and which the author will be very sure to manage with the utmost skill.

We strongly urge our readers to begin with the beginning of "The Moonstone," and to follow it carefully as it proceeds, for no stories, from their peculiar construction, better repay serial reading than those of WILKIE COLLINS.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to a Railroad Conductor.

MY DEAR SIR,—Where a man's duties are vaguely defined it is often very hard for him to "keep his manners" toward those who seem impertinent and intrusive. I have often watched you as you made your way through the car, and I have been delighted with the urbanity with which you answer some questions, and rather surprised by your extreme indifference to others. Thus, when the other evening your attention was called to a beastly, drunken man who occupied one of the seats, and actually terrified all the ladies by his conduct, you shuffled along, and when asked to remove him returned no answer, and, slamming the door went out, leaving us all at the mercy of his ribaldry or his surliness.

Now, Sir, what is the difficulty? Why is it that you tolerate drunken passengers? A drunken man is a madman; yet how often has every traveler seen you too irresolute to deal with him as you would with other, often very much smaller, nuisances! I have seen a drunken man enter the car, reel into a seat, sing the most intolerable songs, shout, tell stories, and generally brawl, and the conductor pass through the car, look at the offender curiously or severely, and pass out. Perhaps the directors had made no provision for the emergency, drunkenness being so infrequent. Perhaps the conductor was doubtful which might get the best of it in a tussle. Perhaps he thought of subsequent revenge, or of actions for damages. But, whatever his feeling, it was surely very bad manners to leave passengers exposed to such a pest.

Let me pray you, dear Mr. Conductor, to vindicate the reputation of your manners, and to expel the next drunken man you find in your car. You need not necessarily leave him by the way-side. You can stow him in the baggage-car in such a way that he can neither hurt himself nor any thing else. And if you can not manage him alone you can summon the brakeman; and I have no fear but that you can easily raise a posse among the passengers if necessary. A brave leader is seldom without followers. By this course you will establish yourself in the regard of all decent travelers. You will gain self-respect, and you will be, consequently, more respected.

And why, dear Sir, should you allow passengers to stand in a car, when you see that it is owing to their unwillingness to ask the people who have piled shawls and bags upon a seat to remove them? I have seen a woman in very expansive skirts overspreading a whole bench or seat with her impediments accumulated around her and calmly reading, while passengers of the other sex could find no place, and the conductor saw it and knew it. Was it not your duty gently to state the case to the young woman, or old, as the case might be; to say to her: "Madam, will you be good enough to make room?" And if she demurred, to add: "Madam, will you be so kind as to remove your shawls from the seat which you have not paid for?" You, Mr. Conductor, are in a sense the host of the train. It is for you to provide for the comfort of your guests; and to do it not like a police-officer dealing with roughs, but like a gentleman in his house.

I know a conductor upon a road which shall be nameless who seemed to unite in himself all the excellences of conductors. His address to every person was courteous, and whether it were a poor old woman who was half-confounded by being in a car, or a child, or the President of the road, his manner was so friendly that it was pleasant to watch its influence. It reassured all the forlorn passengers, of whom there are always a great many. It was inspiring to those who do not often get kindly treatment from the persons with whom they deal; and it put every body unconsciously into good-humor to see so genial a face and to observe such patient attention. Then, my dear Mr. Conductor, you should have seen him at night! He understood instinctively, as every gentleman does, the feelings of others. When he entered the car in the middle of the night, or at any time when the passengers might be supposed to be sleeping, he did not slam the door and shout out "Tickets!" so that every body was startled out of sleep as if a band of guerrillas had fired upon the train and hoarsely summoned it to surrender, and was consequently angry and peevish when he discovered that it was only the conductor bawling for tickets. This, I say, was not his way. He came in quietly, and if a man were asleep he touched him upon the shoulder quietly, and if he were awake punched his ticket and passed on.

It was a very small thing, but it was very agreeably different from the other conductor upon the same route who burst into the car like a whirlwind, stormed through and thundered out, leaving every body disturbed and indignant. It was a very small thing indeed. But the secret of good-manners is in small things. It is in tones, in looks, in movements. A nod, a word, a smile, are often enough to show that a man is a gentleman and not a boor. Thus nothing tests a person more truly than the treatment of servants. What are they? What but men and women giving honest work for honest wages? It is honest service, precisely like that of the shoemaker, the tailor, or the butcher, or of the stock-broker, the lawyer, and the doctor. Is there any thing in the relation to release us from the duty of courtesy, of common politeness, of good-manners? I confess, Mr. Conductor, that I like to see a man, or a woman, or a child, who says "Good-morning" to the waiter who is spreading the breakfast-table, and who does not behave toward the various "help" of the house as if they were invisible or did not exist. Nobody cares to have any personal relation a wholly pecuniary one; and in the case of such perpetual personal contact it must be very uncomfortable and extremely ridiculous to refrain from courtesy lest familiarity should breed contempt. Breed fiddle-sticks! as Aunt Draco would have said. The best ordered household I ever saw, Mr. Conductor, was that of a housekeeper who had the most simple and friendly manners toward all her "hands." I did indeed once know a merchant who made it a rule that none of his clerks should know him or speak to him in the street. He insisted that the connection between them was entirely mercenary, and he did all that he could to make it so. But could there be any greater folly? Would the man have been harmed by their personal respect? Would his business have been injured if, through regard for him, his clerks had had a pride and interest in it?

In all these matters, dear Mr. Conductor, it is the little things that make up the great thing. It is the gracious word and act that make up the whole character of courtesy. A peg in your shoe is a very small thing, but in walking how large a thing it becomes! The harsh, rough manner which I have remarked—not, of course, in you, my dear friend, but in some of your fraternity—is adopted, I am told, toward the understrappers, and it is hard to change it when the occasion and the persons are different. I could hardly believe my ears when I heard one whom I had much respected hurling a volley of oaths at some understrapper for some trivial offense; and when I suggested that there seemed to be a very remarkable disparity between the wrath and the occasion, I was told that it was necessary to make the fellows know their places, and they could never be taught except by a tornado of scolding when any thing went wrong.

This is a very common rule of action, and a mighty poor one it is. I remember that a friend of mine who had traveled beyond me and beyond railroads, Mr. Conductor, for he had been in Egypt before the rails were laid, told me that his dragoman used always to accompany his orders to his subordinates with a cut of the rhinoceros-whip; and the dragoman explained to my friend in a smile, as in a marginal note, that it would not be supposed he meant what he said if he did not emphasize his word with a blow. Well, even if it were true in Egypt, it is not so here; and I have no doubt that if you inquired, even there, you would find that it was the rhinoceros-whip which had made the necessity for the rhinoceros-whip. A man may be perfectly firm, he may insist that men shall do their duty, even to the point of confronting, not the whip in your hand, but the pistol, and yet his firmness may be perfectly unruffled and quiet. Noise is not force; and when those who are set to obey you have learned that you will be obeyed, you need not emphasize every word with the rhinoceros-whip.

So you see, dear Mr. Conductor, that you do not every day run the gauntlet of hundreds of eyes without a pretty strict scrutiny and reflection; and naturally you are not brought into contact with so many persons of every age and character without great opportunity of helping or incommoding them. Please to remember how much pleasanter cheerful good-nature is than surliness. We are no longer children, dear Sir, the large majority of us who travel under your charge, and we are not imposed upon by being scurvily treated. It does not dispose us to pull out our tickets any more nimbly, and you do not get through the car any

more rapidly for shouting out "Brisk! brisk!" Dear Mr. Conductor, why is it that if you say to people, "Hi, hi! hurry up!" they don't and won't hurry up? The instinctive response of fallen human nature is, "Oh, are you in a hurry?" I have seen it lamentably often in your official beat. I have seen a deliberation in taking out tickets that was appalling. I have seen men descend, as it were, into every pocket, and emerge from every one with an air of surprise at not finding something, until at length, after you had plainly evinced your opinion of the proceeding, I have seen the ticket produced from a pocket into which I am ready to be sworn I had once already seen the hand descend.

I do not excuse the passenger who is so ill-behaved. No, Sir; far from it. But I feel very sure that the ticket would have been found at the first trial if the look, the tone, the air of the demand had been really courteous. You know how it was with the wind, and sun, and the traveler before railroads. And it is my firm opinion that the sun has not even yet lost his power.

Your friend in the corner seat,
AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

OUR modistes are busy with evening toilettes for opera, balls, and full-dress dinner parties. Corsages of evening dresses are merely *corselet ceintures*, or girdles of silk, over lace or tulle chemisettes. When an over-skirt of silk is worn the girdle and skirt are cut in the Gabrielle style, without shoulder-straps. When separated from the skirt the corsage extends over the shoulders, and is exceedingly low and square in front and back. Puffs of tulle fill out the squares to a proper height. Belts and sashes have entirely done away with pointed waists. Some dresses just imported, instead of being laced, are buttoned behind with large flat button-molds covered with the material of the dress.

Sleeves are either very short and puffed, or long lapels hanging under the arm, not behind it, with merely a rosette or flower over the shoulder.

Skirts of all kinds of material are gored with long trains. The front and sides are flat and close-fitting. A handsome train of medium length is formed by sloping the skirt gradually until the back widths are a yard longer than the front. An imported bridal dress measures three yards from the belt to the edge of the train, and the back widths of a white Antwerp silk are four yards long. Trained skirts are not pointed, but rounded gradually, or cut off square. Double skirts are made of two materials, the under one of rich silk with an over-skirt or tunic of lace looped at the sides, the front forming an apron, or a gauze or tulle trained skirt with long peplum or tunic of silk. The under-skirt is not trimmed.

Marie Antoinette fichus of real lace and of tulle are worn over colored silks, and are very becoming to slender figures. They are crossed in front, with long flowing ends at the back.

Sashes are worn either at the back or side, and are short or long according to fancy, but are always broad, cut on the bias, and heavily trimmed at the ends. When made of the material of the dress they are lined with white satin, and bordered with lace or piped with thick cords. Knotted fringe is sewn on the bias ends, or they are caught together with a chenille tassel. Waistbands with ornamental rings for sashes are very much worn. The rings are now made of wooden molds covered with velvet or satin.

GAZE DE CHAMBERY, TULLE, ETC.

First among thin material is the beautiful gaze de Chambery. This gossamer tissue is brocaded with gilt and silver threads in bouquets and in robes. Thick satin stripes alternate with delicate gauze in a most effective way. Plain white Chambery, at two dollars a yard, is trimmed with puffing and plaited ruffles or with tinsel ribbons. Tunics and over-dresses of colored silk are worn over trained Chambery skirts. Sleeves and high bodice of gauze puffed, with silk ruches or small flowers between the puffs. Over-dress low, and rounded at the top, the skirt slashed at the side with long sashes between. A brocaded robe of white gauze overworked with blue is sold unmade for fifty dollars. Another pattern embroidered with gold thread is marked $150. A pretty style is an over-dress or fourreau of white Chambery striped with cerise or violet satin, with a trained skirt of glacé silk the color of the satin stripe.

Lyons tulle is spangled with colors or gilt and beaded with crystal, the pattern costing fifty dollars. No material is so universally becoming. It softens the complexion of both blonde and brunette. It is prettily embroidered with gay colors and with straw.

TROUSSEAUX.

Trousseaux of point appliqué and point d'aiguille are imported at from twelve hundred to two thousand dollars. They only, however, form a small part of the bridal toilette. They consist usually of a lace shawl, veil, wide flounce for wedding dress, narrower lace for garniture, mouchoir, and fan cover all in the same pattern. The fan is mounted with white silk and mother-of-pearl.

White satin, the traditional bridal dress, is at length rivaled by the magnificent Antwerp silk, heavily corded, a yard and a half wide, and sold at twenty-five dollars a yard. This silk is handsome enough to dispense with all trimming. The lustrous *poult-de-soie antique*, and a silk with thick satin cords, sold at twelve dollars, are also sold for wedding dresses.

Tarletane, grenadine, and tulle are selected for bridemaids. Several skirts of tulle and tarletane alternately, often five or seven, produce a beautiful effect, each differently trimmed with puffs, ruches, lace, and satin folds. Moss fringe and tinsel passementerie are suitable trimming. Flowers are, however, prettier for bridemaids. They are arranged round the bertha and as a girdle.

VELVET, SATIN, AND BROCADE.

Colored Lyons velvet is eighteen dollars a yard. Ten yards makes a trained gored dress. Satins vary from seven to twelve dollars. Capucine and purple with tunics of Chantilly lace and Mexican blue with point lace tunic are very handsome. Chiné silks at five dollars, with bouquets of flowers artistically grouped on white grounds and the brocades we have spoken of before; glacé silks in new shades, gros grain in plain colors at six dollars a yard, and the shaded chameleons complete the list of thick materials for evening dresses.

COIFFURES.

Wreaths of small flowers, with but little foliage, are worn for head-dresses. Coronets are arranged entirely without leaves. Trailing vines fall on the shoulders, or are twined around the chignon. Hawthorn wreaths, verbenas, clematis, and marguerites, with gilt stamens, and glittering with crystal dew-drops, are favorite coiffures. Chrysanthemums and china asters of velvet and crape form pretty bandeaux between rows of puffs, or above the short curls on the forehead. White lilac and orange blossoms are mingled together for bridal garnitures. Cape jessamine and apple blossoms of wax are mingled in the same tiara. A set for a bride consists of wreath for the hair, shoulder knots, bouquet for corsage, and vines for bertha and girdle. Necklace and wristlets are added for very youthful brides.

OPERA CLOAKS AND HATS.

A new style of opera cloak, or rather scarf, is straight, with a fold pointed in the back, forming a hood like the Arab cloaks. It crosses in front, one end being thrown over the shoulder in the Spanish fashion. A white velvet cloth made in this way is braided with gold and scarlet. Fringe of gilt and scarlet surrounds the edge.

A gored circular cloak of scarlet cashmere is trimmed up the gores with an appliqué of white plush leaves, edged with gilt, with wide white chenille fringe with gilt drops. Another is a long paletot of white velours, braided with black and gilt in large medallions. A flounce of black lace, braided with gilt, is sewn on the edge over long white chenille fringe. Lining of white silk plush. The chenille fringe under lace presents a peculiarly soft appearance, and is a favorite design with one of our most tasteful modistes.

An Opera Fanchon of white illusion studded with seed pearls is puffed over white satin. Sprays of mother-of-pearl, representing tiny lilies of the valley, separate the puffs. Marabout fringe tipped with pearl falls over the chignon. Full-blown rose with gilt stamens above the forehead. Another of tulle foundation is in the Marie Stuart shape, entirely covered with white feather daisies. A fine fillagree chain serves to hold the daisies securely.

Opera hoods, knitted in a loose stitch of split zephyr, are overshot with silk floss and crystal beads. Cashmere baschliks and ermine hoods are becoming and comfortable for extra carriage wrappings.

DINNER AND BALL DRESSES.

A dinner dress, imported ready-made and just out of the Custom-house, is of parrot-green satin. Round waist, low and pointed at the neck, and buttoned with satin buttons. Puffs of illusion and thread insertion fill out the corsage to a proper height. Thick pipings of white satin extend from the shoulders to the belt. Short puffed sleeves laid in pleats edged with thread lace. Gored skirt, the back width measuring three yards from belt to end of train. A broad lapel is simulated on the train by pipings and lace, ending with a large bow of satin bordered with lace, and lined with white satin. A wide flounce of thread lace, headed by satin cords, extends around the dress, gradually widening toward the back. Below this flounce is a ten-inch puff of satin, caught up at intervals in pleats by diagonal rows of piping. The price is $300.

A ball dress is of white satin. Long trained skirt with three broad rouleaux of gros grain above the hem. Over-skirt of white gaze de Chambery. This is long and bordered by tinsel ribbon three inches wide. The skirt is looped up at each side with tinsel cords and tassels. Low satin bodice, above which rises a puffed chemisette of Chambery. Short sleeves.

Another of Lyons tulle is too elaborate to be minutely described. There were seven skirts, each differently trimmed with blond lace, plaited ruffles, and pipings.

A long peplum of lavender silk worn with these skirts was pointed in front and back with two deep sashes on either side.

A Bismarck gros grain, suitable for a full dress dinner, is adorned on the skirt with pansies of every shade embroidered on the goods and transferred on the skirt in groups on the front width. Low corsage with bertha covered with pansies.

A capucine, or nasturtium-colored, satin has a plain train with tunic of Chantilly lace. Another of the same shade, an imported dress, has a high corsage with Marie Antoinette fichu, piped with satin and edged with white blond lace. Coat-sleeve trimmed on the outside seam with crosscut bands of gros grain, caught at short intervals with five bows of the material bordered with lace. An apron is simulated on the front width with bias puffs trimmed in the same manner, and finished with a bow and fringed ends. This dress is imported, ready-made, at three hundred dollars.

A more simple toilette is of rose-colored glacé silk, with an upper skirt of illusion of the same color. The trained silk skirt is untrimmed. The illusion skirt is bordered with a pinked ruche of the glacé silk and several rows of narrow piping. Puffs of illusion separated by narrow ruches form a bertha on the glacé corsage. A fourreau dress of white India muslin, trimmed with puffs and wide Valenciennes lace, is worn over a slip of blue glacé silk.

VARIETIES.

Purple, it is predicted, is to be the leading color, now that Bismarck is on the wane. A carriage dress and paletot of English velvet, with silk finish, is of deep church purple, with a shaded spot. Trained skirt, scalloped and edged with a thick silk cord. The front width is plain, and overlapped by the scalloped train. Ring molds covered with velvet hold sashes on each side of the back of the skirt, in which are concealed loops for buttoning up the train. Mantilla paletot trimmed with chenille fringe. Price, two hundred and fifty dollars.

Another purple suit is of corded silk, with skirt and paletot in the style just described. The trimming is of black appliqué lace and fringe. Material for the waist is furnished. Price, ninety-five dollars.

Still another purple novelty is a velvet sacque cloak, the price of which is a hundred and sixty dollars. The velvet is shaded with pin-head spots. Trimming of satin rouleaux and flounce of black thread lace. Greek sleeves lined with white satin quilted in diamonds. Tight sleeves to be removed at pleasure.

A morning dress of gray cashmere is trimmed with a band of ruby velvet vandyked at the edges, laid over the shoulders, and extending half-way down the skirt both back and front. Stripe of velvet on the outside seam of the coat-sleeve and around the edge of the skirt. Velvet pocket-flaps set on horizontally. Large velvet buttons.

A novelty, called the Russian gored knitted skirt, has just been introduced, which is designed to supersede the ordinary flannel skirt. It is made of merino, is warm and clinging, does not shrink, and is a serviceable garment for cold weather.

PERSONAL.

HALLECK's last few days and hours are described by a correspondent of the *Tribune*, who says that the poet left this city on the 14th of October, in a poor state of health, and with a presentiment that he should never return.

"During his week's sojourn he declined all invitations, and left his hotel to visit his physician twice, and for a short stroll with the writer on Broadway. On our return he appeared more like himself, told me some of his raciest stories, and asked me to repeat to him Lady NAIRNE's exquisite poem 'The Land o' the Leal.' As I did so, I saw the tears in his eyes, and when I concluded he said, wringing my hand, 'There are no poets so tender and musical as those of Scotland;' and then a change coming over him, he recited some of the martial passages from Marmion, while his eyes fairly blazed with enthusiasm, and the old genial smile lit up his still fine features. He then alluded to DICKENS, and said, 'I must come down and hear him, and if he is not too much lionized, perhaps I can capture him, and we three, with TUCKERMAN, will have a quiet and cozy dinner together.' On Sunday morning Mr. HALLECK walked out for the last time, his object being to consult his physician, Dr. CANFIELD. The medicine prescribed afforded him temporary relief, but on Monday and Tuesday he complained of feeling very unwell, and during that period he received several visits from his physician. He retired earlier than usual on Tuesday, saying to his sister, Miss HALLECK, 'I am afraid I shall not live till morning.' A few minutes before 11 o'clock she went to his bedroom, and found him sitting up in his bed. He said, 'Marie, hand me my pantaloons, if you please.' She turned to the other side of the room to get them, but before she reached her brother's bedside he had fallen back dead—expiring without a moan or a struggle. And so

"'He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.'"

—One of the most elegant of the private parties given to General SHERIDAN during his last visit to this city was that of Senator THOMAS MURPHY, in East Thirty-ninth Street, which took place on the 25th ult. Among the guests were most of the prominent legal, literary, political, and financial celebrities of the metropolis.

—Miss CAMILLA WEBB, a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington, was seen by Baron VON HAVRE, of the Belgian legation, who wanted to have her for a wife, proposed, and married. They are on the point of going to Europe on the "trial trip."

—It was a very neat and proper thing for Mr. ROBERT BONNER to give HENRY WARD BEECHER $5000, in addition to the $25,000 previously paid, simply because the story was spun out a little longer than was at first intended.

—The three most beautiful women now extant in Paris are said to be the ladies DUDLEY and GRANVILLE and the Duchesse de Mouchy. When they appear the Parisians are agape with wonder and admiration.

—They do say that the Crown Prince of Prussia gets his wife (VICTORIA's daughter) to write his speeches for him. She is good and bright, and must be a great comfort to the young man.

—General GRANT has shown his usual sagacity in selecting for command of the new School of Artillery at Fortress Monroe General WILLIAM F. BARRY. It was General B. who organized the artillery arm of the Army of the Potomac, and commanded the artillery in SHERMAN's "March to the Sea." In this unprecedented campaign General BARRY had sixteen field-batteries, comprising sixty-eight guns. As an artillerist he is without a superior.

—Mr. DICKENS uses no scenery at his readings, but arranges his lights in a peculiar way, and carries his own gas-fixtures with him. He has his own plan of lighting the platform on which he reads, and in England a gas-fitter usually traveled in his suite to fix the things. We discharge a pleasant duty in mentioning the above facts.

—It is stated as a fact that during our troubles Mr. SEWARD wrote over to GARIBALDI offering him a major-generalship in our army, but Mr. G. declined on the ground that the war was merely to restore the Union, and not to abolish Slavery. It really looks as though the Italian patriot was in a bad predicament—his army scattered, he in quod, and LOUIS NAPOLEON and VICTOR EMANUEL arranging matters to suit themselves.

—Massachusetts folk are doing special honor to the memory of the late Governor ANDREW. WHIPPLE, the cleverest New England essayist, is preparing his biography, while the people of trade and manufacture are raising $100,000 to be presented to his family. One of the Governor's confidential friends states that he did not desire the nomination of Vice-President with General GRANT, but aspired to the Attorney-Generalship under the next Administration. It is also asserted that General GRANT placed more confidence in Governor ANDREW than in any other statesman of the day. Last winter he invited him and family to spend some weeks with him in Washington.

—A new five-act play, called "Light at Last, or the Shadow on the Casement," written by Colonel FITZGERALD, will be produced at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 30th of December. The piece appeals to Woman, and will command her earnest sympathy. Mrs. JOHN DREW, who will play the principal part, praises the play highly. Colonel FITZGERALD has just finished an historical play in three acts.

—THEODORE TILTON, the Raphael-faced young editor of the *Independent*, who looks a poet if ever a man did, has collected his fugitive poems in a volume under the title of the "Sexton's Tale," etc., which is graceful and interesting in spite of its lugubrious title. Mr. TILTON is one of the youngest editors of New York, and is a charming conversationalist.

—Ex-Governor MATTESON, of Illinois, deported himself very paternally and properly on the 7th ult., at the marriage of his two daughters; that is to say, he gave each an annuity of $5000 per annum. Once in a while the Governor comes down to New York, and indulges in what Wall Street folk call "just a little flyer" at stocks.

—Mrs. JENNY VAN ZANDT, one of the cleverest of our American operatic *artistes*, is the daughter of BLITZ, the old gentleman so famous for *diablerie*.

—When LOUIS NAPOLEON and EUGENIE have their little verbal disagreements they speak in English, our language having greater strength of expression. The Empress is now preparing a series of brilliant private theatricals for Christmas time. Doubtless she would like to act, but how *could* one

"Expect an Empress of her age
To speak in public on the stage!"

—WALTER WHITMAN, the writer of mysterious poetry, says he never had more than four dollars at any one time since he was born. As a financial statement this could hardly be called satisfactory, were it not for the fact that his liabilities have always been limited. Mr. W. is now going on quite comfortably as a clerk in the U. S. Attorney-General's Office, Washington, for which he receives ample compensation.

—Mr. DURFEE, an opulent young gentleman of Fall River, Massachusetts, has purchased KAULBACH's great cartoon of the "Reformation," which won the gold medal for historical painting at the Paris Exposition. The picture is 23 by 25 feet in size, and contains groups of the principal personages who contributed directly or indirectly to the great work of LUTHER. The painting is to be exhibited in New York, and will doubtless create a great sensation, as it has done in European art-circles.

—Lord AMBERLEY (Earl RUSSELL's son) and Lady AMBERLEY (Earl STANLEY's daughter), whenever they go among us, visit first the public schools, hospitals, prisons, and public institutions. They are peering into every thing that will enlighten them as to our way of doing things. When he gets home and begins to speak in Parliament the British subject will be favored with Lord A.'s notions of us.

—What a charming person must be Mrs. VAN DYKE, of Trenton, who went about among her friends and collected $2000 for an impecunious poetess, Mrs. HAWARTH; and what a good man Mrs. VAN DYKE's husband, the Judge, who is going to build the HAWARTH a cottage at Long Branch!

—The physicians of the Rev. ALBERT BARNES have convinced him that it is no longer prudent for him to continue pastoral charge over the congregation to whom he has preached for forty years; so he withdraws. His "Notes" on the New Testament sell as well as ever, and a new and very handsome edition, like the English, is in process of stereotyping by HARPER & BROTHERS.

—Senora DA ANGELA ALVARADO, Spanish, has had a wonderful breathing-spell, having done this planet the honor of appearing upon it one hundred and two years ago. Not long since she counted up three hundred and forty children, grands, great grands, great great grands, and one g. g. g. g.—which is about as numerous a party as we have known to emanate from any one Spanish lady.

—"Little PATTI," as we middle-age people used to call her, continues to be all the rage in Paris. A gentleman, who writes entertaining letters from that city to a Cincinnati paper, says that "her reappearance was a most brilliant one, and she was welcomed most enthusiastically, appearing first in the favorite rôle of *Amina:* and it was noticed, by-the-way, that she wore a magnificent pair of diamond ear-rings, present from the Sultan. And the old Turk was quite right to make such a graceful acknowledgment; for even the Light of his Harem, and be she a Nourmahal, can not warble to him such delicious music as our fascinating Italo-American *prima donna!* We have had more perfect artists—MALIBRAN and GRISI in their palmy days—but never a voice more pure and sympathetic than that of PATTI, never a *cantatrice* who, from a combination of personal beauty, arch and winning manners, and conscientious artistic culture, was more fascinating on the stage than she. Her toilettes are simply perfect."

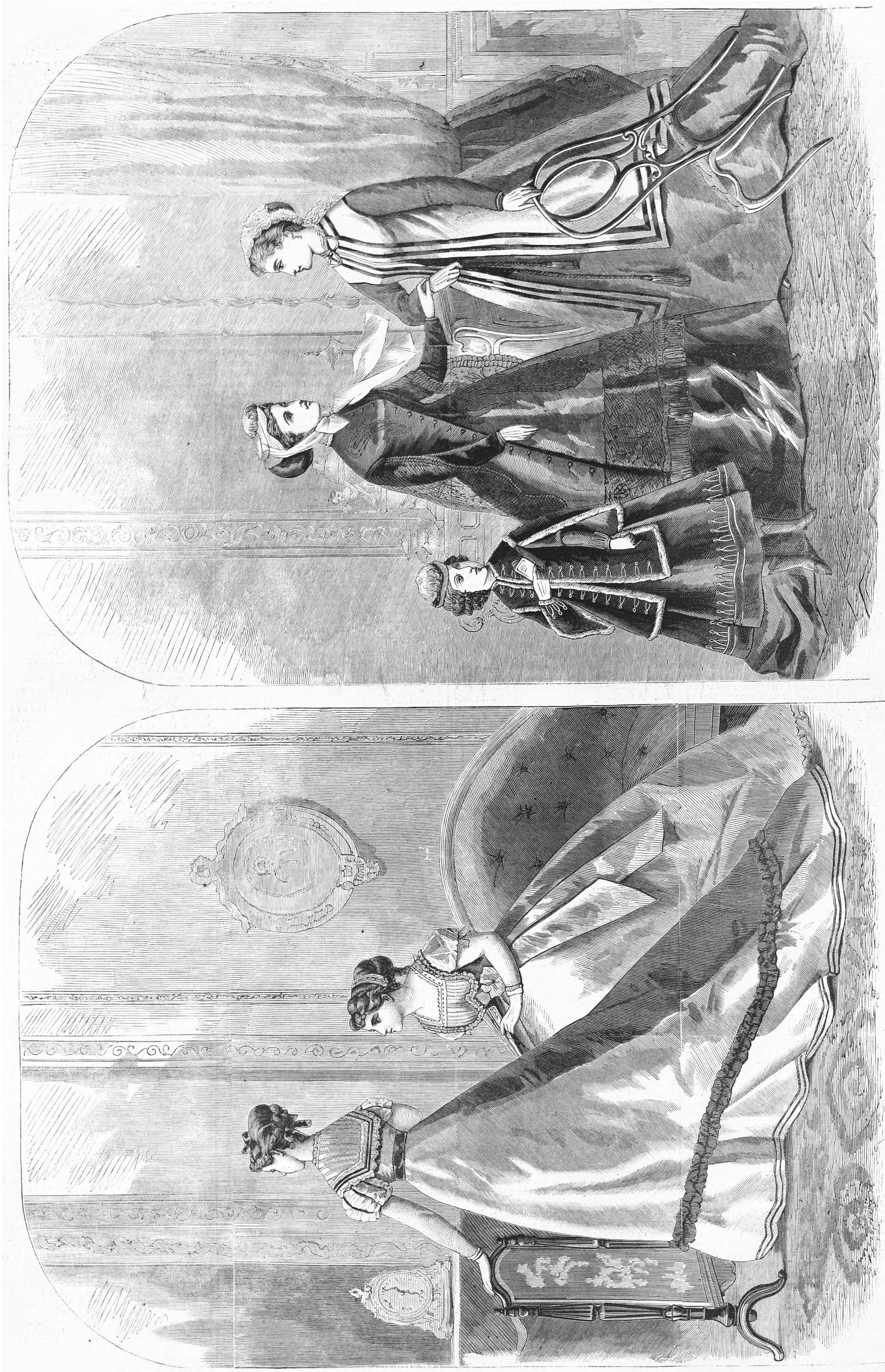
—Lord ADELBERT CECIL, one of the F.F.'s of England, is not only a very religious person, but has taken to preaching, and attracts large congregations at the Assembly Rooms, Stamford. He usually conducts the service without assistance.

—General SHERIDAN still hovers about New York, enjoying himself hugely. He is much dined, theatred, Central Parked, etc., and understands pretty well what it is to be a popular hero.

—Lord DERBY's "Iliad," having had great sale in England, is about to be published in cheap form. It is not generally known that the profit arising from the copyright is made over by his lordship to Wellington College, and that a Derby Prize for the best, noblest, most open, just, manly, and most beloved boy—if there be any such (selected by his fellows)—receives the prize of £50 each year.

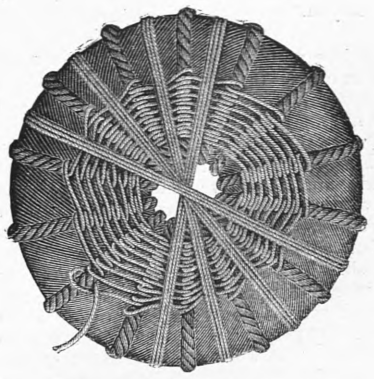
—ANTONIO BARILI, the well-known musician, has turned publisher as well, and is issuing an album of his compositions in ten numbers, containing thirty pieces of music, each of which is dedicated to one of his pupils. The collection makes a beautiful volume, which will doubtless be appreciated by the Signor's friends and admirers, as well as by the musical public at large.

—Mrs. SPOFFORD's sister, MARY PRESCOTT, is said to have fine literary talent.—JEAN INGELOW's poems have sold largely in this country—50,000 copies.—English theatrical manager has offered Mrs. MOWATT RITCHIE $30,000 for a certain number of theatrical performances.—The COUNTESS OF GAINSBOROUGH, one of Queen VICTORIA's bridemaids, died recently in England. She long ago became a Romanist. At the funeral Archbishop MANNING, also a convert, preached the sermon.—It is announced that Queen VICTORIA will next season emerge from her comparative seclusion.—The French Empress has purchased several acres of land for the purpose of establishing a model farm.

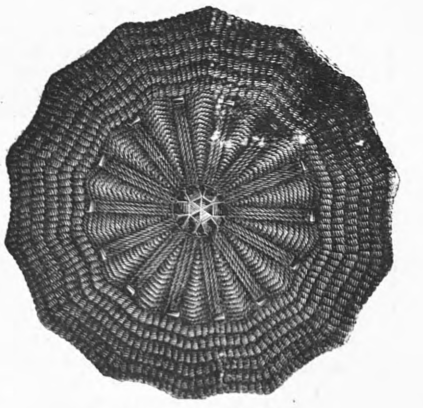


VISITING, MORNING, AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

EVENING DRESSES.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



PROCESS OF MAKING BUTTON.



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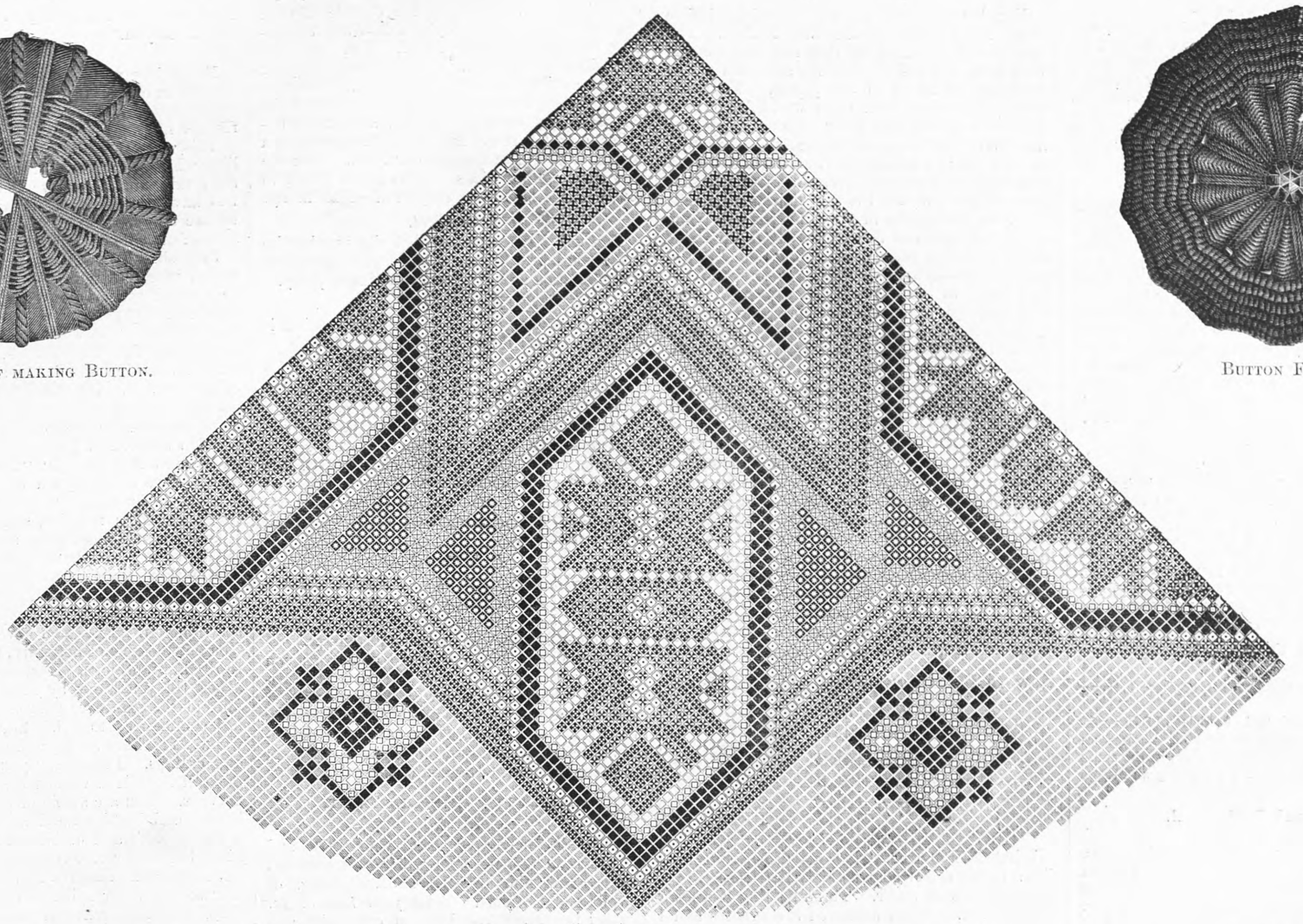
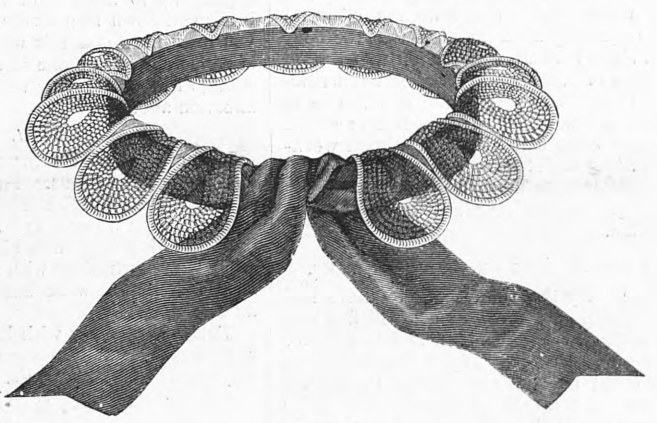


EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR WORK-BASKET.

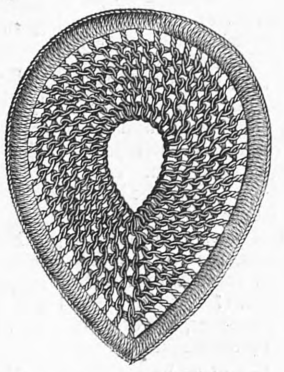
Description of Symbols: ▒ Scarlet, ▩ Crimson, ■ Black, □ White, ▨ Light Green, ▣ Dark Green, ▧ Blue, ⊡ 1st (lightest), ⊞ 2d, ⊞ 3d Brown.

WORK AND NEGLIGÉ BASKET.



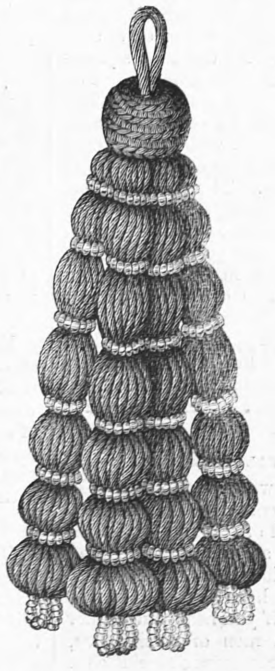
CRAVAT.

LADY'S CROCHET UNDER-SKIRT.



TRIMMING FOR CRAVAT.

ORIENTAL EMBROIDERED HOOD.—FRONT.



WORSTED AND BEAD TASSEL.

ORIENTAL EMBROIDERED HOOD.—BACK.

Silk Button.

See Illustration, page 101.

FOR the benefit of our country readers, who sometimes find it difficult readily to obtain trimmings, we give an illustration of the process of making a pretty button for cloaks, etc. For this, it is only necessary to cover a wooden button mould with silk, and to wind it with cord and twist in the manner shown in the engraving. Jet beads and bugles may also be sewed on the button with good effect.

Work and Negligé Basket.

See Illustration, page 101.

THIS basket, covered and trimmed in the manner shown in the illustration, forms a tasteful addition to a sitting-room, and will be found very useful for large pieces of work or for a general catch-all. The frame of the basket is twenty-eight inches in height and twenty inches in diameter, and is made of bamboo or other cane. The cover, which is rounding, exactly fits the top of the basket, and is covered with embroidered canvas or cloth. The accompanying pattern, which gives one quarter of the design, is well adapted to this purpose. A curtain or lambrequin, embroidered from the pattern given in our last Number, and trimmed with tassels, falls nearly to the bottom of the basket.

Cravat.

See Illustration, page 101.

THIS cravat is made of lilac ribbon, an inch wide, run through fifteen leaves embroidered in button-hole and lace stitch on muslin. The accompanying illustration shows these leaves of the original size. To make them, draw the pattern on muslin, work the outline in button-hole stitch over a piece of card-board, then cut out the inside and make seven rows of lace stitch within the edge, working the first row in the button-hole stitch, and so on, still over the card-board.

Crochet Under-Skirt.

See Illustration, page 101.

MATERIALS: 1 lb. 9 oz. scarlet 12 fold zephyr; 1 strong crochet needle.

This under-skirt is crocheted of scarlet 12 fold zephyr, in Victoria stitch, and is finished on the bottom with a bias strip, scalloped on the edge, in the same stitch. It is three quarters of a yard long and three yards wide.

Worsted and Bead Tassel.

See Illustration, page 101.

THIS tassel is easily made, and serves to trim covers, cushions, pillows, etc. The original is made of six pendants of worsted, each encircled at regular intervals with beads, and finished at the end with bead loops. These pendants are six inches long, and consist of twenty strands each. They are wound at either end with silk, and are sewed fast at the top to a crochet button, suspended from a worsted loop.

Oriental Embroidered Hood.

See Illustration, page 101.

THIS hood is of white cashmere, with a cape, fastened behind with a knot of silk cord, with tasseled ends, and is tied under the chin with cords and tassels. The hood is lined with white silk, with a thin layer of wadding between. Both hood and cape are embroidered with colored crochet silk, in satin stitch, and edged with black lace an inch in width.

CLOTHES-STICKS;

OR,

GRANDPA GRUMP'S RECIPES FOR AMERICAN LADIES.

Showing how to grow Old and Ugly at Twenty-five, and how to make themselves as Miserable as possible.

PREFACE.

DEAR LADIES,—The theory of books on beauty, hygiene, and morals has always been that you were anxious to be happy, handsome, and long-lived; but much watching of your peculiarities has convinced me that this theory is incorrect (though nobody has had the courage to say so), and I am confident that these recipes will meet a great want in your lives and literature. As far as possible I have reduced them to a system, beginning where we must all begin, with the children; and as all systems must have a name, I venture to propose that of "The Chinese method;" for if you will remember what you have read of the solicitude with which these ingenious barbarians squeeze the feet of their female children, and the results, and compare both with the recipes, you can not but agree with me that the title is happy, though the matter, of course, will rest subject to your approval.

For the rest, I beg that it shall be understood that in all this I nowhere express my own opinions, but am simply taking human nature as I find it. And I remain,

Your faithful friend and admirer,

GRANDPA GRUMP.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR CHILD FLABBY AND SICKLY.

Rule First.

Always remember that by some strange mistake of the Creator your girls have as many muscles as your boys. These muscles grow with exercise, and the child's young blood will constantly urge her to use them in shouting, running, leaping, and capering. This is a provision of nature. Remember that it is exceedingly difficult to get around a provision of nature; and, unless you commence early, that your child may develop into an active and healthy young lady. Always say hush! when she shouts or sings. If she leaps, or capers, ask her, "Is that like a *ladylike* little girl?" If she runs, remind her that she has torn her frock, and punish her in proportion to the bigness of the tear. Much may be done also in this line by dressing her in silks, fine muslins, ribbons, laces, crimps, and kid-boots, and impressing on her the importance of these decorations. The child's natural vanity is thus enlisted on your side, and she becomes a law unto herself, so that I have seen a miss of six years for whom already a skip, hop, and jump was clearly impossible, and who walked along Broadway with the mincing propriety of a belle of eighteen.

Rule Second.

You have now two great difficulties before you. More provisions of nature, in fact! The sun constantly builds up that fire that we call vital heat, and the air feeds it; and both are as necessary to us as to our plants. To avoid these provisions of nature in a world full of sunlight and air requires some ingenuity, but our modern civilization accomplishes it. Remember to have curtains at all your windows, and to keep your blinds closed and curtains drawn. See that your daughter avoids the sun, and wears a veil. Have no ventilators in your houses, and your doors and windows fitted perfectly tight. But above all things, place your child at school at the earliest possible age. During five or six of the best hours in the day you can thus make sure that her legs, arms, and muscles generally are kept quiet, per force; and a short calculation will convince you that in this way you can make "nature's provision" null and void for one-third of each year. For the ends we have in view it will be desirable also that the school-room shall be ill-ventilated and closely packed. The blood at every breath comes up to the lungs for oxygen; but if there are thirty girls in a room that holds just air enough for twenty, and no place to let bad air out, or fresh air in, you see that the blood will carry back to the vital organs, instead of oxygen, noxious gases and the waste matter thrown off from each girl's system. It is a beautiful device! A most efficient method for slow poisoning and interchange of diseases!

I take for granted that you will not fail to appreciate it, and I now address myself to the young ladies that it will develop.

HOW TO FOSTER THE SEEDS ALREADY SOWN.

Rule First.

Stagnate!

Rule Second.

Stagnate!!

Rule Third.

Stagnate!!!

What do I mean? This, my dear young ladies: Every organ of your body is governed by the same rule as water. To be healthy it must have motion. When unstirred it stagnates and festers. This is why you are continually told by those stupid people who persist that you ought to be healthy, and that you wish to be healthy, to exercise till you find yourself in a gentle glow. Their "gentle glow" means that your body has received a new impulse and motion of heat; and in fact, it is by such impulses that the body is kept in good working order. But *we* want that stillness of bearing and freedom from emotion that is called lady-like, and how is one to attain such a demeanor, I should like to know, with a great bounceable body in "good working order?" Faugh! We are going to compress you, after the Chinese method, down to a clothes-stick. And now I come back to my rules of stagnation.

RULES FOR MAKING OF CLOTHES-STICKS.

Rise late. By the time that you have had your fourth nap after daylight you will feel that life is a muddle. You are then in a fine humor for getting up. Dawdle. If you like to be cross you may sulk; but you are not to be angry for fear of rousing yourself. Drink a cup of coffee or a glass of wine, but push away your breakfast; for, in consideration of our objects, you should harry and worry your stomach as you would your bitterest enemy. Never let it know what to expect, or give it stated periods of rest. Decline your meals, and nibble cakes, caramels, sweet-meats, and pastries; here a little, and there a little. This constant teasing and provoking will result in dyspepsia, bad teeth, and bad breath, and bring us well on toward our objects.

Avoid all exercise beyond a slow walk. Don't climb, for it will cut your shoes. Never be brisk, or you will get flushed. Never bake or sweep, for that is vulgar, and will spoil your hands. Never walk on country roads, for you will soil your skirts, and besides, all these things have brutal tendencies toward health!

Better than all these precautions, however, is the habit of tight lacing. By all means pull the string tighter every day. It will be well, even, if you will sleep in your corsets; you will lose less time, and accomplish a great many delightful results. By perseverance you will shut up the air-cells in the lower part of your lungs, and you may entertain reasonable hopes of a consumption in good season. By constant squeezing you may also contract your stomach. You will thus be forced to eat very much less. The manufacture of blood will be correspondingly diminished; and in this way, while eating duly three meals a day, you can reduce your system to a half-starved condition. The squeezing, besides, will push other important organs out of their places. These diseased organs will act on others, and the disorder will go on increasing, something as circles widen in the water when you throw in a stone. You are not to expect all these effects at once, however. Curb your impatience. At this stage you are only tending the seeds of our harvest. For the present, you must be content to be languid, perhaps a little pale, and possibly to want appetite, or have short breath, at the most.

RULES FOR MENTAL PRESSURE.

Clothes-sticks, you know, have no heads. If you will be a perfect and complete clothes-stick, you must dispense with all of yours but the shell. Consider your brain as an old lumber-room. Lay away the few declensions, boundaries, rules, and problems that you have learned, in the dust, and forget them. If you hear your father or brothers talking with men of intelligence, don't listen to them, but commence to chit-chat with somebody about crochet or a dress-trimming. Read nothing but sensation novels. Be careful to learn nothing of life outside of your set. Avoid women who have had any experience of life as stupid and dull. You can come near, in this way, to a perfect vacuum in your mental arrangements, and will be at liberty to concentrate your ambition and energy on fashion-plates and husband-hunting; and having nothing to do but to get new dresses and wait for a husband, you have reached our ideal. You are now good clothes-sticks, and we are at liberty to touch on the important subject of—Matrimony.

Rule First.

You will have observed that the people who make you happy are the good people; therefore, if a good man admires you snub him as prosy.

Rule Second.

To scare away men of sense laugh continually, and ask how they can be so sarcastic?

Rule Third.

You know that a man who gets drunk is likely to beat his wife, and sure to disgrace his children; and that a licentious man betrays women, and will betray his wife. Therefore, if a fast man offers you his admiration, regard him with a certain favor due to your notion that there is something manly and dashing in betraying women, and in staggering about too drunk to talk distinctly.

Rule Fourth.

As your husband will be your master, and can make you the most happy or the most miserable of women, be careful to know beforehand as little as possible about his habits and temper.

If you follow faithfully these directions you have reason to hope that you will get a bad husband, in which case you will have no further need of me, as he can make you sufficiently miserable. But if by chance you prove unsuccessful, here are the following recipes for making a bad husband out of a good one.

RECIPES FOR DISENCHANTMENT.

First.

Lay aside for company wear your smiles and the pretty coquetries with which you beguiled him. Meet him tired and complaining, or dawdling and frouzy. Wear your hair badly. Lounge ungracefully. Discard courtesies and elegances of manner. Photograph yourself over and again in his unwilling memory in your worst looks, and most disagreeable phases. This will correct certain hazy theories of his about your superiority to the rest of womankind, and will bring you down to a level where he can look at you critically; and this will commence to cool his affection, for no one of us is good and great enough to bear scrutiny without a little mist of affection about us.

Next.

Men are coarse creatures at the best. They have no fine intuitions. He will not suspect at first that you are a clothes-stick. He will think that you are a woman, and that you are fond of him. In that case snub him. Meet his ill-imagined demonstrations with assurances that he is silly, and that now he has ruffled your crimps and curls.

This will do away with his day-dreams about a pleasant-faced little woman, who should always meet him with a kiss.

Thirdly.

As soon as possible give him a taste of your temper. Sulk or storm, whichever is your *forte*. In spite of himself his remembrances of you will grow gradually to be shrewish and snarling.

Fourthly.

Be as unreasonable as possible. Insist that his cares are nothing to yours. When he is tired declare that he is cross or stupid; and remind him continually that he *once* was agreeable. This will teach him to think with dread of coming home.

Fifthly.

Never lose a chance to twit him. If he mistakes or errs in judgment, or fails in any undertaking, never let him hear the last of it. This will teach him to tell you nothing, and to keep his business to himself.

Sixthly.

Neglect him. Take no heed of his buttons. If he hates shad have it every day in the season. If he likes a bright fire don't have it. This is to irritate him with the conviction that, though he provides the house, he is of no consequence in it.

Seventhly.

Always be odd when he is even. If he asks you to drive have a bit of sewing to finish. If he is going on a journey discover sixteen excellent reasons why you should stay at home. If he talks to you about his business, say that you can not understand it, and go to sleep while listening to his pet plan. This will bring him gradually to the conviction that you are two instead of one, and that if he finds sympathy he must look for it elsewhere.

Next.

Resign the management of his house to your servants. Walk through your kitchen occasionally, but declare that though you know the waste is frightful you can not be at the trouble of constantly fighting your servants. This will create a steady drain on his resources, and give him an encouraging sensation of climbing up hill with a stone about his neck.

Again.

Drop your accomplishments. Forget the very little you ever knew. Read nothing. Take no interest in the events of the day. Immerse yourself in Berlin wools and crochet. Your husband, while you are thus falling behind, will learn and advance if he does nothing but mingle with other men. In this way he will be forced to admit to himself that you are a very ordinary woman, and that he must expect no real companionship from you.

Finally.

Never lose a chance to quarrel, and in every quarrel be careful to tell him of all the blunders he has committed, and of the contempt that you feel for him.

This will bring him to a feeling of active dislike, which he will soon make manifest if he is not a saint and a martyr; and, meanwhile, you will have discovered a change in yourself; for we are coming now to our harvest and the results of our first recipes.

How shall I describe this change? Suppose rusted wheels and rotting wood; set the motion, and it snaps here and breaks there, and is with difficulty patched up, and finally crumbles into powder. The wife and mother is the commandant of the home fortress. She should have some knowledge and much ability and activity to govern well. As you knew nothing beyond dress-trimmings and the declensions and boundaries, and had at once to learn and govern, your position was one of great difficulty. You needed at least that body in "fine working order" of which we made light a while back; and you brought half a stomach, two-thirds of a pair of lungs, shrunken muscles, and cold, thin blood. Like the rusted machinery, it was snap here and break there. You have dyspepsia. There are two or three things that you do eat, and every thing else that you are not to touch. You have low spirits, and a gray complexion, or yellow spots on your face. You have grown very thin. You dawdle now of necessity, for you are always so tired of mornings. You have continual headaches, till you know by heart the very beginning of the pain over your left eye. Your hair has commenced to fall. You are ill when you walk. You have aches, and pains, and stitches, and cramps. People say you are nervous, and that all American women are sickly. You *are* nervous. You are afraid of the steam cars, and horses, and burglars, and accidents in general. Your husband and children may or may not be kind, but in any case they have their outside occupations and pleasures in which you have neither strength nor spirit to share. If you were clever and intelligent you would still have a hold on society. If you had courage and activity you might have interests with your family. If you had heart and mind, though flat on your bed, you might be desired both of society and your family. But a woman who has lost her freshness and has no wit, an old clothes-stick, on whom jaunty hats and dresses are now ridiculous, you must be laid aside or remain so much useless lumber in the way, when you should be in the prime and glory of your womanhood.

Such a woman, in the abstract, must be regarded as a failure; but as the result of the Chinese method, and of my recipes, she is a success; and as such I present her to the consideration of American ladies now in training for clothes-sticks.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

A new Version of an old Story.

WEBSTER HOXIE was playing a part. People do not fall into a somnolent state in a twinkling, and he had been wide awake, staring with great brown eyes into the coal-fire when the little French clock on the mantle struck four. Two minutes after, when the widow Hoxie and Bessie Appleton entered the room, they had found his great shaggy head thrown back in the crimson easy-chair, his eyes closed, and his breathing heavy and regular, like one in sound sleep.

"Poor boy!" sighed the widow Hoxie, who always seemed to see a vision of youth in her son Webster notwithstanding his thirty years, his heavily bearded face, his stalwart frame, and manly, independent ways. "Poor boy! his journey has worn him quite out. Bessie, my child, he's a handsome boy, isn't he?"

"Boy!" echoed Bessie Appleton's cheery voice. "Why, Mrs. Hoxie, he is 'bearded like a pard,' and I suppose he is ever so old!"

"Oh no, Bessie, he was only thirty his last birthday," replied the widow Hoxie. "Thirty years! Why it seems to me only yesterday that I held him, a babe, in my arms. There's been many changes since then, Bessie, and he's had his ups and downs too."

"Yes, ma'am, I suppose he was very much down when—"

"Hush!" said the widow Hoxie, laying her finger on her lips. "Don't ever mention that woman's name in his presence. I've had the hardest work to keep the girls still, and they're going to her wedding to-night."

"Yes, ma'am; we were looking at her *carte de visite* to-day when Mr. Webster came in. I hid it as quick as I could in the folds of my dress. I knew you took Miss—her picture out of the parlor, and hung it with its face to the wall in the attic, and I wouldn't have let him see that *carte de visite* for the world."

"You are quite right, my child," said Mrs. Hoxie, approvingly. "I am glad to see you so considerate. And you know, dear, you have a great way of quoting Miss—that woman's opinions and doings and dress. Do be careful now that dear Web has come."

"Yes, ma'am," was the obedient answer. "I declare, Mrs. Hoxie, here is a book on the parlor-table that has her name in it—'Rose Austin Murray.' Shall I take it up to the garret and put it with the picture, and the port-folio of her sketchings, and the sofa-pillow she made?"

"Yes, dear; and don't say a word about the wedding. Give the girls a caution too, and go quietly up stairs after tea and get ready."

"If you'd rather I wouldn't go I won't stir a step," said Bessie Appleton, pausing at the door.

"No, my child; you've made great reckoning on it, and it would be too bad to keep you home. Of course I haven't any respect for that woman, but she has never wronged you or the girls."

"Mrs. Hoxie, if you please—"

"Yes, Bessie;" and the mild-faced woman smiled pleasantly on the girl, who stood at the door blushing violently and twisting the knob in awkward indecision.

"If you please, Mrs. Hoxie—I would be glad if you—I mean I—"

Bessie broke quite down. Mrs. Hoxie looked puzzled.

"Yes, my child," she said, encouragingly.

"That's just it," said Bessie, abruptly. "I like to have you; it's very sweet to me; but since Mr. Webster has come—you know I am no relation, and he might not like it. Besides, the girls laughed to-day when you said it, and made some very silly remarks. I am very sensitive. I hope you are not offended."

"My child, I don't understand at all."

"If you'd please not call me your child," said Bessie, suddenly, looking very foolish and very pretty as she gave the door-knob a decided wrench and stood with the evident intention of escaping as soon as practicable.

"What upon earth!" exclaimed the old lady. "Why, my—why, Bessie!"

The old lady laughed until the tears rolled down her face.

"I know it was foolish. I beg your pardon," said Bessie, with hot crimson cheeks and head drooped low.

"Well, I'll remember, Bessie," said Mrs. Hoxie. "As for Web's caring, he's altogether too generous for that. Web has a great heart, my dear. That woman over yonder, who will look like a queen to-night in her satin and pearls, don't know what a noble heart she has bartered for another man's gold."

"No, ma'am;" and Bessie went out.

"Whatever put that in the girl's head?" mused the widow Hoxie. "It must have been Kate and Ethel's work. So foolish! Web isn't likely to get over that woman's treatment. Silly women do have such a power over strong men!"

Three girls and the widow Hoxie, holding a white dress between them, half an hour after, dropped the dress and their tones in sudden fright as Webster Hoxie entered. Bessie Appleton was the first to recover her equanimity, and she gathered up the thin white robe and thrust it in a closet. Webster Hoxie's eyes followed her with an odd expression in their depths.

"What does this mean?" he asked. "Any body would think you were making a dress to wear to my wife's funeral."

"He came pretty near hitting it," whispered Kate Hoxie, crossing over to Bessie Appleton; "it's to wear to his *fiancée's* wedding."

"Mother," he said, suddenly throwing himself on the sofa, "where is my old sofa-pillow?"

"Bessie put it away," replied Mrs. Hoxie, evasively.

"I would thank Miss Appleton to replace it," said Webster Hoxie.

Bessie looked up with a frightened face. To be called Miss Appleton by Webster Hoxie was a strange thing. An orphan whom Mrs. Hoxie had taken to educate, and who had grown to be the educator of Mrs. Hoxie's nieces, she had always been called Bessie by the son of her foster-mother. She glanced from the son to his mother, and seeing the anxiety on her face, said: "The pillow is faded and very shabby, Sir."

"Bessie shall make you a new one," said Mrs. Hoxie.

"I don't like new things. They don't look well established," said Webster Hoxie, a trifle ungraciously. "If Miss Appleton will bring me my pillow I will be much obliged."

Bessie went to the attic and brought down the pillow.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Webster Hoxie, shaking it vigorously and surveying the handsome worsted pattern, somewhat faded. "That has ten years' service in it yet. What signifies the fading of these outside wools? The utility of a sofa-pillow depends on its feathers. It's as good, for all practical purposes, as the day it was made;" and Webster Hoxie settled his great shaggy head on the faded sofa-pillow as complacently as if it had no memories to haunt or vex him.

"What have you done to the walls?" he asked, after a minute's pause, glancing around the room. "They look very naked. Haven't you taken some of the pictures away? Miss Appleton, what is missing?"

"There was a picture over the mantle," said Bessie, hesitatingly.

"I knew there was something bright and cheerful taken away," exclaimed Webster Hoxie. "I always want something to relieve the nakedness of the walls—a bit of color of some sort, it don't make much matter what it is."

"I'll put up one of the landscapes to-morrow," said Mrs. Hoxie.

"Nonsense!" rejoined her son. "That won't look natural. When I went away three years ago an oval frame encircling a bright face hung over the mantle. Miss Appleton, if you have stowed such a picture away, may I trouble you to replace it?"

Bessie brought down the picture. It was that of a young girl with golden hair and pale-blue eyes, a face delicately tinted and perfect in outline. Webster Hoxie looked at it carelessly.

"It isn't much of a face," he said, indifferently. "But it suggests life and color, and is better than the bare walls."

"By-the-way," he added, after a little pause, and as if he was inquiring for the merest acquaintance, "what has become of Rose Murray?"

Mrs. Hoxie's face was full of trouble, and she hesitated for a reply.

Webster Hoxie looked from one to the other.

"If she is dead," he said, "don't hesitate to tell me. It is the common fate of mortals."

"She is dead to you, Webster, my son," said the widow Hoxie, sadly.

"*Requiescat in pace!*" was the calm rejoinder. A moment after he asked, "If she is dead to me, what is she to the rest of the world?"

"Almost a bride," said the widow Hoxie, desperately, as one tells the truth on the rack.

"Ah!" exclaimed Webster Hoxie, with an unmoved face. "I am glad she is not quite a bride. It will be a rare sight to see a dead face wreathed with orange blossoms, and hear dead lips articulate words that men and recording angels write. When can the sight be seen?"

"To-night at seven," replied the widow Hoxie, reluctantly. "You will not go?"

"I would not miss it for a kingdom," was the earnest answer. "Cousins," he said, turning to Kate and Ethel Hoxie, "I imagine your omnipresent escorts will be in attendance to-night. Miss Appleton"—turning to Bessie—"have you a lover too?"

The tone was bantering. Bessie took her cue from it.

"No," she answered, "I am in a waiting posture till Providence vouchsafes me one."

"Will you change your posture, thank Providence, and take one as a godsend for to-night?" he asked.

Bessie looked at Mrs. Hoxie, perplexed and doubtful.

"Yes, my dear," said that good woman. "If Webster will go, you must go with him. Dear! dear!" she muttered, when the door had closed after her son. "I wish he would not go; but when Web makes up his mind he is immovable as a mountain."

Rose Austin Murray was a beautiful bride, at least her satin, and pearls, and the tresses of golden hair that were not covered, and the point lace veil that hid a white face were beautiful, and these are the things that go far toward making up a bride's beauty.

Bessie Appleton was a little in doubt about her escort. She watched him as a keeper might watch a half-trained elephant, uncertain and fearful as to his next movements.

When the bridal party entered Webster Hoxie had glanced up quickly and scanned the bride's face curiously. During the ceremony he stood with folded arms, and at its close gave his arm to Bessie Appleton.

"Come," he said, "congratulations are in order."

If she had been the merest acquaintance his address had not been more free from embarrassment. He took the hand all took, said the words all said, and added commonplaces as if he did not see that the woman's lips had blanched and her words were unsteady. When at length he turned away he said, as if to himself:

"Dead, and decently buried!"

Bessie Appleton, remembering the woman's blanched lips and unsteady tones, thought of the heathen burial of living hearts.

Telling Mrs. Hoxie the next day how calm and indifferent her son had been, she said:

"He made me think of David, who, when his servants dared not tell him of his child's death, astonished them all by arising from the earth, washing and anointing himself, and changing his apparel, worshiping and eating as if his grief were past."

It was a rainy day, and up in the attic Bessie Appleton, looking over books and papers, came to the port-folio of sketches she had stowed away at Mrs. Hoxie's bidding. She had her lap full, when there was a footstep on the stair, and Webster Hoxie, with two or three bounds, had cleared the stairs and stood by her side. It had been the work of a moment for her to thrust the port-folio and sketches under a pile of papers, and she sat trying to look unconscious when Webster Hoxie spoke.

There was nothing like an attic on rainy days, he said. They were full of trash and treasures. He had been nearer Heaven when, a boy, he had played in the attic than he had ever been since. He had been on the highest peak of the Sierra Nevada, watching the Chinese tunneling, not to mention the summit of Mount Washington; but his heart was full of worldly ambition, and he had lost the simple goodness he had dreamed about when, tired of play, he had fallen asleep to the sound of pattering rain-drops in the attic, and angels had come to him on a ladder as beautiful as the old patriarch's. That attic was his Bethel.

Here, turning over the papers carelessly, he came across the hidden port-folio. Suddenly his mood changed. Miss Appleton had hidden that, he said. Ever since he had been home every one had been mysterious and secretive. They had talked in whispers and stopped suddenly when he appeared. They had changed the furniture, and books, and pictures. They had made him think of corpses, and ghosts, and skeletons with rattling bones. They evidently thought because it was woman-like to be false it was man-like to be foolish. They thought because a man pursued a shadow once he must go on pursuing shadows forever. He pointed to a wax doll with which Bessie Appleton had played when a child. She worshiped it once, he said; but when she found that the cheeks were not proof against soap-suds and the eyes were soulless, she did not break her heart—she only despised it and laid it one side. It did not become a haunting memory or an embittering dream. Rose Murray was no more to him than that wax doll was to Miss Appleton.

Bessie Appleton was provoked to retort. Their conduct had at least the merit of kind intention. Henceforth Mr. Hoxie should have no reason to complain of silence in regard to his old *fiancée*. For present amusement she would suggest an examination of the port-folio sketches. For the future she would plan some parties and entertainments in which the lady should not be missing.

Webster Hoxie looked at Bessie Appleton curiously. He had forgotten that three years make women of girls; and his first surprise at seeing Bessie Appleton was to find her a woman. Now he was more surprised to find her such a woman. Webster Hoxie liked spirit. In his early manhood he had admired gentle and placid women. Rose Murray had cured him of that. Now he feared natures that were not true enough to themselves and the truth for honest indignation. In his gaze at Bessie Appleton that other woman's face thrust itself in by way of contrast. The other face was rounder and fairer—judged by color and contour it was infinitely prettier; but Webster Hoxie saw in the woman before him something sweeter, truer, and purer than mere physical beauty. To the man came some new thoughts, standing there and thinking of the delicate sensitiveness of the woman before him. Three years before Bessie Appleton had been something more than a servant, something less than a friend. Henceforth she was to be his equal.

His new tone of address spoke the change. If he had been rude he begged Miss Appleton's pardon. Nothing could afford him more pleasure than to show her the pictures in the port-folio. Here was a copy of a Madonna. He had done that years ago, thinking the eyes were like Rose Murray's. He had seen truth, purity, and unchanging love in them once. Now they were only lines on the paper, and the woman's eyes were only color, nerves, and lenses. They represented nothing more to him. There was a cluster of forget-me-nots which Rose Murray had sketched for his mother. She had vowed a dozen times, while the sketch was in progress, that she would never change or forget. In less than a year she had asked for a release from the engagement with him. There was an arbor and a rustic seat, where she had declared that her love for him was the one love of her life. Such words were very precious if the future held their proof and vindication. They were vain without it. He said all this as calmly as if he were telling facts in history, and, when he had finished, replaced the port-folio on the table.

"It is an affectation to hide it away from sight," he said. "I wear no crape on my hat if there is no mourning in my heart."

Bessie Appleton listened and wondered.

"She is less to him than the merest acquaintance," she thought. "She is less to him even than I. I should hate to be forgotten by a man like Webster Hoxie."

Reader, I might as well stop here. With the foreknowledge for which readers are remarkable, you have already predicated the end. You drew the mental conclusion some time ago that Webster Hoxie and Bessie Appleton should fall in love. It was a legitimate conclusion. Falling in love is the habit of unmarried men and women. It had been the mistake of Webster Hoxie's youth to fall in love with pretty tints, nerves, lenses, complexion, hair, the curl of a feather, the cut of a dress, the adjustment of a ribbon, the size of a slipper, the fit of a glove, and a hundred other things that perish with the using. It is a common error, growing out of the fallacious inference that these trifles represent qualities of heart and soul that alone command abiding love. Woe to the man who learns his error after his lips have vowed to love, honor, and protect! Webster Hoxie had escaped that woe, and gained in his escape a new estimate of woman. Bessie Appleton day by day was subject to this new estimate. She was a good woman, and in the end—well, you were right; Webster Hoxie found himself in love, not with the fading charms that had made Rose Murray lovable, but with the truth and faithfulness of a real womanly heart.

Does a question of reciprocity suggest itself? Straws indicate which way the wind blows. Bessie Appleton's remark, "I should hate to be forgotten by a man like Webster Hoxie," was a straw. It indicated that the remembrance of a man like Webster Hoxie would be sweet. So the wind set in that quarter.

Webster Hoxie, for years a married man, recently returning from a tour toward the Far West beyond the Mississippi, welcomed by a loving wife and darling children, looked around his pleasant home, pretty in its order and simple elegance; looked on his wife, and quoted, looking back into the past,

"Of all the glad words of tongue or pen,
The gladdest are these, 'It might have been.'"

He was thinking of a woman he saw in his Western travels—a faded, tawdry woman, a discontented and unloving wife, a peevish and negligent mother. She might have been his discontented and unloving wife, and to his children a negligent and peevish mother, for in her youth the woman's name was Rose Austin Murray.

FEMALE DRESS.

THE manner in which the ladies of the present period wear many of their garments directly impairs their health, because they interfere with their vital functions. If a cord tightly drawn, or a belt closely buckled, were habitually worn round the body by a man, the result would be discoverable in a defective circulation, and also in the organs of digestion. A continued compression of the viscera against the spine acts directly on the largest and most essential artery of the body by obstructing a necessary current of blood vital to the abdominal region and lower extremities. Again, if close-fitting gum-elastic bands were placed on the arms of strong, muscular men, with a view to holding their shirt-sleeves at a certain point of extension, as ladies do for keeping delicate under-sleeves in place, the blood running through large veins just under the skin would be obstructed to the injury of the limb. Its muscular strength would soon be impaired, and the arm would diminish in size.

If such injury would inevitably result to a man under the circumstances described they would also produce the same misfortune in a female. No bands, elastics, clasps, or other ligatures which prevent the free circulation of the blood, should be tolerated for a moment. Untold thousands of brilliant, beautiful, and intellectual women have been hurried to a premature grave before they had fairly begun to live by the inexorable decrees of absurd fashions in dress.

"GIVE ME A VIOLET!"

IN a darkened attic room,
Where the shadows and the gloom
Seem to whisper of the tomb,
Sits a woman wondrous fair,
Sunlight in her golden hair.

"Give me a violet!" she cries.
"A violet?" the air replies;
And shadows gleam with weird surprise.
Then the tears fall softly down
On the faded, battered gown.

"None to give me a violet now;
No dear kiss on my burning brow;
Nothing but toil, and tears, and woe."
So the world goes on for aye,
And women toil, and strive, and die.

Away from the city's dust and whirl
A little brook, with loving purl,
Sings softly as the wavelets curl.
Two lovers on the glittering sands
Are standing with their clasped hands.

"Give me a violet!" she sings.
Lightly a blue-eyed one he brings,
And in her golden hair it clings.
Under her feet he throws them down.
"Always thus," he says, "my own!"

Years have parted the lovers now.
One in the attic room must bow;
One where Italia's sunbeams glow,
Where, with his genius and restless pride,
He never will know how his darling died.

'Neath a lonely grave in a pauper's ground,
Where only cloud-tears fall on the mound,
And the only sighs are the winds around,
She sleeps, this day of Spring so fair,
While violets lovingly nestle there.

Frock for Child from 1 to 2 Years old.

See Illustration on double page.

THIS pretty little frock is of light-brown poplin, lined with muslin, and trimmed with white silk cord, brown silk braid, and small mother-of-pearl buttons. The waist is pleated in the front and the back, as shown in the illustration, and set into a straight yoke. A belt confines the dress at the waist. For the body, cut the outside and lining of the front from Fig. 21, allowing for the hem at the bottom, and from Fig. 22, two equal pieces, taking care to notice the piece turned down. Baste the outside and lining together, and cut the front of the yoke from Fig. 23; from Figs. 24 and 25, two pieces each, for the shoulders and back of the yoke, and from Fig. 26 the sleeves. On the left side of the back of the yoke allow an inch for turning down. Baste the outside and lining of the body together, sew from bottom to ✳, Fig. 22, and lay the top in pleats, from × to ● to correspond with the letters. On the left side of the slit leave an inch of the stuff for a false hem, which is hemmed down on the right side, join the body from 38 to 39, putting on the braid, buttons, and cord as shown in the engraving. Hem the bottom, and trim with four rows of braid. Cord the yoke and shoulders, and set on the body to correspond with the figures on the pattern. Sew up the sleeves from 48 to 49, cord the bottom, trim with lace and buttons, and sew them in the arm-holes with a cord. Put two buttons and loops on the back of the yoke, and trim the yoke with four rows of braid. The belt is lined with muslin, with interlining between, and is about two inches wide; it is trimmed with four rows of braid, and is basted on the front of the frock and fastened behind with a rosette of the same material as the outside, corded. A needle-work band is basted in the neck and sleeves.

Morning Dress.

See Illustration on double page.

THIS morning dress and jacket is made of gray flannel, embroidered in chain stitch with black crochet silk in the manner shown in the engraving. Velvet ribbon or braid may also be used. The jacket and dress are fastened in front with black crochet buttons and loops. For the jacket, cut the outside, interlining, and silk lining, from Figs. 27 and 28, each two pieces, from Fig. 29 one piece, and from Fig. 30 the sleeves, being careful to notice the slope of the under part. Baste the outside on the interlining, embroider with the silk, put in the lining, and join the whole; then bind the edge with braid, and finish with buttons and button-holes.

Morning Dress with Greek Sleeves.

See Illustration on double page.

THE pattern of this morning dress was given in our last Supplement. It is made of brown cashmere, trimmed with wide silk braid as shown in the illustration, and confined by a brown silk cord and tassel. The sleeves are somewhat wider at the top than the bottom, and are lined with brown silk. The close under-sleeves to match the dress.

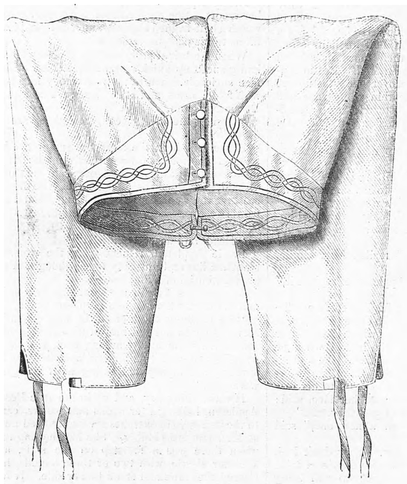
Feather Barette.

See Illustration on double page.

THIS tasteful hat is made wholly of curled feathers, which are sewed on a stiff foundation, gray feathers being used for the crown, and black ones for the brim. The shape is given in Supplement, Figs. 39-41. The feathers are set on one by one, and are each fastened to the foundation with a stitch, so that the bottom of one covers that of the next, the feathers having first been curled by being drawn across the back of a warm penknife. The hat is lined with silk, which is hemmed over on the right side, and forms a binding. It may be finished with an aigrette like that given in our last Number, which also shows the mode of setting on the feathers.

MORNING DRESS WITH JACKET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 27-30.

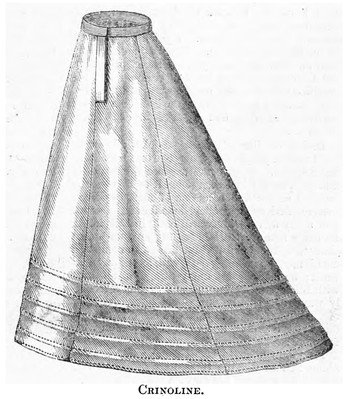
FROCK FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 21-26.



GENTLEMEN'S DRAWERS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 31-33.

ASTRAKHAN PALETOT, BARETTE, AND MUFF.
For patterns see Supplement, Nos. VI. and VII., Figs. 34-41.

FROCK FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 21-26.



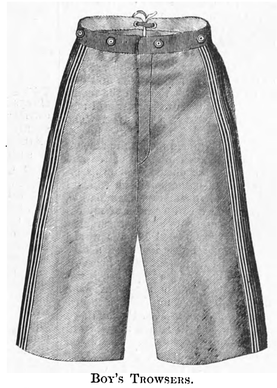
CRINOLINE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-7.

MORNING DRESS WITH GREEK SLEEVES.
For pattern see last Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-8.

BOY'S JACKET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 16-20.

BOY'S VEST.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 13-15

SOFA PILLOW.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 47.



BOY'S TROWSERS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 8-12.

MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHU.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 48 and 49.

HIGH-NECKED DRESS FOR YOUNG GIRL.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 42-46.

HIGH-NECKED DRESS FOR YOUNG GIRL.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 42-46.

LOW-NECKED DRESS FOR YOUNG GIRL.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 42-46.

BARETTE OF FEATHERS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 39-41.

THE STORY OF A LONDON FOG.

My first year of married life—it is now some twenty years ago—was also my first of residence in London, and on very limited means. Having agreed to prefer a small income together to waiting for a larger one far apart, Edgar Linton and myself were also agreed that we would be satisfied with what that income would give us, and bide our time for the rest. He enjoyed society as much as any one, and was as hospitable at heart then as he is now (he is not listening, is he? deep in his new book—that is all right); but he knew that society and hospitality were luxuries to be only sparingly indulged in, and we neither accepted invitations to dinner, nor for some time did we give any. With my own free-will this time would have lasted longer; but I was not to have my own way in this matter, even during that first year of bridal supremacy.

"There are two things, my love, which you will have to make up your mind to put up with," had been Edgar's warning when we were discussing our plans before marriage; "one is London smoke, of which your country notions give you a very inadequate idea; and the other, of which you have no idea whatever, is the friendliness of my friend Mrs. Popham. If your capacity for happiness prevail over these two little obstacles, I have no fears about the rest."

I laughed as I assured him I had none on the subject; and for some months after we were settled in our small home in —— Street, and I had learned how trying London "blacks" could be to senses accustomed to pure breezes and liberal cleanliness—how impossible it was to preserve muslin and chintz from darkening shadows, or to handle a book from Edgar's well-filled shelves without the preliminary ceremonial of a serious dusting—I had more than once rallied him on his second grievance, and remarked that friendliness in London was by no means so overwhelming as I had been led to suppose. A note of congratulation and a pair of gilt candlesticks, which never stood steadily enough to be of any use, had, so far, been all I had seen of the dreadful Mrs. Popham. She lived at that time at Richmond, and was, in fact, too much engaged during the season to think of us, and as she always went to the sea in August, it was not till October that her visits began; but once begun, my little jokes on the subject were effectually stopped. She was very imposing in her personal appearance, both from her size and the magnificent extent of her rustling silk dress; and when she sat down in our little drawing-room, looked so utterly disproportioned to it, that I felt as if I ought to apologize for not offering her more spacious accommodation. This, in itself, was not much of a grievance, and I soon ceased to think it so, after I had been assured several times, in the most emphatic manner, that my house was the most charming little nest in the world, and that Mrs. Popham had said to her Georgina over and over again, that, for real comfort and happiness, give her just such a sized sitting-room as dear Mrs. Linton's. The first day she came she looked at every thing in the room, and asked its history. This rather amused me, and helped off the shyness of a first visit. The second time she sat in judgment on my housekeeping, and cross-questioned me on the amount of my weekly bills, the consumption of tea and sugar in my kitchen, the efficiency of my servants, and a variety of other points on which I was not at all disposed to stand an examination, even though it wound up with praise of my excellent management, and envy at the peacefulness of my lot. But I remembered Edgar's words, and that her husband's father had been a kind friend of Edgar's father, and that as his house of business did the business of the Pophams, it was better that we should remain the affectionate friends we were. So I kept my feelings to myself, and was as courteous to Mrs. Popham as I felt was due to us both. She tried my patience very much that autumn, certainly. She would drive in to luncheon uninvited, bringing her daughter with her, whom I knew to be exceedingly fastidious, and very much spoiled, and who did not think it necessary, as her mother did, to appear charmed with every thing upon the table. As we kept but two maid-servants, it was something very inconvenient to provide such guests with the delicacies they expected at a short notice; and Mrs. Popham would let me know on arriving that she had no time to spare—that dear Georgy was ordered hot luncheons and port-wine, and might she ask if it could be ready immediately, as they had a great deal to do, and the days were shortening so fast? She had brought me a few grapes and a little celery, both of which I could have done without, and thankfully, rather than run the risk of spoiling Edgar's dinner by putting my active but hasty cook out of temper for the rest of the day. Then, when she had a married daughter staying with her, she would send in her three little girls to spend the day with me; their nurse (also a guest hard to please) bringing written instructions what they might eat and drink, and how late they might stay to tea before the carriage fetched them home. I am really fond of children, and can make myself very happy with a little girl or two for my companions, when I am at leisure and in spirits to amuse them, and be amused by their prattle and fun; but these grandchildren of Mrs. Popham's were pets, who had learned the art of tiring out every body who came near them; and very tiring indeed I found them for the first two or three visits. Dissected puzzles, which I had been at the pains to procure as an unexceptionable diversion, were spurned as being stupid and like lessons; a doll from the Soho Bazar, whose muslin dress and blue sash would have been a dazzling vision in my early days, was despised because cousins had a Princess Royal, whose eyes opened and shut; and an offer of a popular story-book nearly led to its being torn to pieces, in the struggle as to who should look at the pictures first. A bright suggestion of mine, remembering a delight of my own childhood, proved at last successful; and the three little girls being each furnished with a piece of dough, their sleeves tucked up, and their frocks properly protected, were happier one afternoon making cakes than I believe they had ever been before in their short, ill-trained lives. The worst of it was that they were wild to come again to-morrow, and tormented every body till they did come; but from that day I gained a certain amount of influence over them, as a dispenser of undreamed-of pleasures, that made it easier to insist on a proportionate amount of good behavior.

"I know who spoils my grandchildren," Mrs. Popham observed, the next time she called. "Really, my dear Mrs. Linton, you have so stolen those little hearts of theirs I am growing *quite jealous*, and shall be asking soon if I may not come and make cakes myself. Seriously, it is a very good thing to learn how such articles are made, even when you are raised above the necessity of making them; and I dare say *you* understand a vast deal more that is useful—it is natural and proper that you should—than either of my daughters with all their advantages. I always said to Edgar Linton when I spoke to him of matrimony, 'Whatever you do, my dear Edgar, choose a wife for useful qualities, not for what may be showy for a time, but will, in your position, be of no real service in the end.' I did, indeed, and I am sure he is grateful to me now. I was very much interested in his selecting well and judiciously; I assure you it was a bold measure in any one to accept him, she was sure to be so narrowly criticised. Mr. Popham and myself have always had his welfare deeply at heart, and were so afraid of his choosing, as young men will, some one toward whom we could not feel as we do to you, dear. But now, we often say, we know no house where so much comfort reigns, because there is no attempt at too much. It is just what I most admire—simple taste and no pretension."

Well, this was all very gratifying, no doubt, or might have been had I received it as it was intended I should; but I must confess it made me angry to be praised for want of pretension by Mrs. Popham, and I did not care to know that she was relieved of a great anxiety by Edgar's choice of a useful wife. I turned it off with the best grace I could, and an allusion to the "Vicar of Wakefield" and Mulready's picture of "The Wedding Gown;" both of which allusions fell rather flat, on account of Mrs. Popham's not having read the one or understood the other. However, she was good enough to pretend to see my meaning, wished she had my memory, and that her countless avocations and engagements would allow her time to read, and took leave, repeating her gracious assurance of her being quite jealous of my favor with her sweet grandchildren.

When those treasures next came they were full of quite a new topic, before which even the glories of little pigs with currant eyes, and no particular tail, grew dim and poor. They had a cousin come to stay with them, Cousin Edith Acton—quite grown up, but a nice cousin, who was not always in the drawing-room or driving out in the carriage, like mamma and Aunt Georgy, but constantly in the nursery, helping nurse to arrange all their frocks and things, and playing with them at such delightful games, you had no idea. A little questioning elicited further information. Sophy, the eldest Miss Hounslow, who sometimes startled me with her resemblance to Mrs. Popham, explained that Cousin Edith was not come only as a visitor, but to be useful, as she was dependent on the goodness of grandpapa and grandmamma for a home, instead of being thrown upon strangers; and Aunt Georgy had said it was odious to have poor relations in the house, always supposed to be martyrs, and filling up the place of pleasanter people—but grandmamma had promised Cousin Edith should never be in the way, and she never was. Should I not like her to come next time, and might that be the day after to-morrow? I declined this favor with thanks, and heard no more of the new-comer till Mrs. Popham brought her to call. Before I had time to do much more than observe a kind, gentle face, rather care-worn, with clear honest eyes, and a mouth of great sweetness, Mrs. Popham, without giving me any notice, ordered her up to my bedroom to look at the pattern of the chintz. "I had an argument about it yesterday with my daughters, and we could not agree about the colors, so please, dear Edith, do study them thoroughly so as to settle the dispute. Oh, and by-the-way, I dare say you may look into the spare room at that sweet sketch of the Lake of Thun, taken by a cousin of Mrs. Linton's—quite a little gem—I have longed to steal it, and carry it away with me, ever since I saw it there."

Edith Acton hesitated, and blushed as she half turned to me for permission, her look and manner pleading her apology so well that I did my best to remove her annoyance by cordially making her welcome. I knew Mrs. Popham only wanted her out of the room, and so did she. As soon as she left us her kinswoman began:

"There, my dear Mrs. Linton, that is my last imprudence. Where my heart is concerned my head is often at fault; and it *is* a rash measure to undertake such a responsibility—but what can I do? She has no home, except with relations as poor as herself—family misfortunes, you know—even ours has not escaped the vicissitudes of life from which the wealthiest are not secure. I often think how much happier those are who have but little to lose or to risk, and are thus peaceful, at least, even if comparatively—only comparatively—obscure. Well, this poor girl—it was most fortunate for her I happened to go down into her neighborhood, for the grandmother and aunt she was living with were as nearly as possible allowing her to form an engagement, without a penny in the world, with a young man who had next to nothing—going into business, they said, or something of the sort. Actually they were on the point of inviting him to the house when I interfered to prevent it, and told them at once it must not be. Where duty is concerned I can be very firm; and it ended in their managing to break it off—I do not exactly know how, for I never discussed the subject with Edith myself; and to secure her from further risk I invited her to pay us a visit while my daughter, Mrs. Hounslow, was with me. She did not wish to come at first, and talked, like all silly, romantic girls, of being independent—actually wanted to be a governess, I believe; but it was not likely I should allow that, and it ended, of course, in my wishes being complied with. The dear little pets give her plenty of occupation, and, as I understand, the young man was mortally affronted by his treatment; it is not to be supposed she will ever hear of him again. I only hope we shall find her as grateful as she ought to be. She is a little shy, poor girl, and feels, of course, the difference between herself and us; but she is very happy with the children, and Mrs. Hounslow talks of borrowing her of me when they go down to the sea at Christmas."

"As governess?" suggested I.

"Oh dear, no; they will not give her any salary."

"Ah," I said, "that makes all the difference, certainly."

I looked at Miss Acton with more interest when she came back, and thought I could detect on her dark eyelashes the traces of recent tears. She answered all Mrs. Popham's questions about the chintz with tolerable cheerfulness; but when I asked her opinion of the sketch, colored and stammered as if she hardly knew how to reply. Rather piqued at this, I mentioned one or two good judges who had pronounced it very clever; but, though she did not contradict me, I could not extract a word in its praise. Yet she had examined it closely, I found on examination, for it was not hanging as straight as usual, and had recently been taken down. I pitied her want of taste, and said no more. Mrs. Popham, having said all she came to say, took leave, promising me a speedy visit from the dear children, and observing, with a smile, as she went down stairs, that she thought it very hard the little ones should be treated so often, and *she* never invited to dinner once!

Invited to dinner! It was a joke, of course, but I wished people would not joke on such alarming subjects. It gave me a sense of insecurity and peril until I had mentioned it to Edgar, who laughed at the notion as one of Mrs. Popham's pleasing fictions, and relieved me for the moment. But a day or two afterward, early in December, he came home with the startling announcement that "Popham" had invited himself to come and eat his mutton (meaning ours) with us one day next week; he had a great many things to talk over with Edgar, and to drop in and dine in a friendly way was just what he would like. A joint, and a bit of fish, and a glass of sherry were a dinner for a prince, and what could a man wish for more?

He might wish to be welcome while he was about it, and that he certainly was not to me, though I comforted myself with the remembrance that the little I had seen of him was incomparably more agreeable than his lady. Scarcely, however, had I a little recovered from the surprise when Edgar brought me another message. Mrs. Popham particularly wished to come with her husband, and so did Georgy—just themselves—nobody else, unless we had any pleasant friend or two we might like to ask to meet them—no fuss or ceremony—their footman should help to wait at table—they only wanted a sociable meeting. I was not to put myself to inconvenience, or have any thing out of the way, for they were the easiest people to please in the world.

If *they* were easily pleased, I was not; I was in despair. I knew my guests by this time, and was perfectly aware that they would expect a real dinner-party, and be highly affronted with less. And Edgar, instead of sympathizing with my consternation, seemed to think it all rather a good joke. He had seen it coming some time, he said, only he would not alarm me too soon; he had no fear whatever but that all would go right; I could manage worse difficulties than these; what money must I have? He should set it down to professional expenses, and make some innocent person pay the penalty, one way or another. In short, I saw he wished it done, and from that moment resolved to do it well.

A first dinner-party is always a nervous matter, even when you have nothing to do but to order whatever is in season; or, if you are extremely fashionable, whatever is out of season; but when you have to combine elegance with economy—hospitality with good management—and at once keep within the bounds of a judicious reserve, and leave no room for a slur in your housekeeping, it is rather a difficult problem to solve. And when you are patronized all the time by an affectionate friend like Mrs. Popham, it becomes, let me in all candor confess, a trial of temper. We did our best to forestall her imagined wishes, selecting, if not our most esteemed acquaintances to meet them, those whom we thought they would prefer to meet; and resolved, as it was to be, it should be with as good a grace as possible. But the confidence we began to feel in our resources was by no means shared by Mrs. Popham. Though she answered the note of invitation in person, and accepted for the party in such very gracious terms, and with so many expressions of anticipated amusement, that I was half inclined (my temper, as hinted above, being on trial) to tell her that if she made such a favor of it she had better stay away—she sent me, during the intervening week, three several missives, all bearing more or less on the arrangements of my table. First, it was about the dreadful draught under the dining-room door, which she had not liked to mention the last time she had luncheon with me, and only mentioned now on darling Georgy's account; then came a confidential note about some particular kind of biscuit, without which Mr. Popham never could enjoy his glass of wine, and which was only to be had at some particular shop a long way off; and—what the last was I forget. I only know that, by way of climax, as I was taking a hurried luncheon, on the very day of the proposed party—a dull, gloomy, piercing day, enough to drive all the spirit of hospitality out of the breast of any hostess in the world—a fly drove up to the door, depositing Miss Acton and Sophy after a visit to the dentist. It was the only treat that human ingenuity at Richmond could devise capable of bribing Miss Hounslow to have a tooth out; and this Edith was desired to tell me, as a compliment calculated to puff me up with pride; but she was evidently so ashamed to give the message, I was sure it was not the real reason of their coming. I could not help laughing, notwithstanding my vexation, as I set them down to their cold meat, and told them they were lucky to get any thing at all. "You must take the consequences," I said; "if you come on a busy day you must expect to be busy too. I have no time to sit and talk to you, and no room for cake-making, so if you stay you must be useful, and help as much as you can."

I could not have suggested a more popular novelty as far as Sophy was concerned; she was perfectly entranced at being set to do little offices of general utility, helping me to get out my best china, blanching the almonds, and arranging the dessert, with as much delight as if it had been all part of a big baby-house, got together purely for her individual amusement. If she was useful, Edith Acton was invaluable. We had met two or three times since that first visit, and I had seen her each time under circumstances that had convinced me her temper was far superior to her taste in drawing. I am rather observing in small matters; and little traits of unselfishness and honesty, that escaped her unconsciously, did not escape *me*. Therefore I felt no repugnance, after the first vexation was over, to letting her into all the mysteries of my frugal household; and was even coaxed into allowing her to undertake a complicated piece of needle-work on my personal behalf, which I had really not had time to do before. We were too busy to notice how time was going till we became aware all at once that it was very dark, and that the fog was thickening; and Edith began to wonder their fly had not come according to order. Even while she was wondering the atmosphere seemed to grow dense as a wall round the windows, the lamps faded into dimness, the rattle of wheels became muffled, and even the air of the house partook of the thickness of the exterior.

"My dears," I said, after reconnoitring the street, "if your conveyance does not come, I can not send out for another in this fog. You must stay where you are till dinner-time, and go back in Mrs. Popham's carriage."

Edith shook her head, and looked troubled and uneasy, but Sophy protested it was quite delightful, and if the stupid coachman came now she should hate him. To be allowed to drink tea out of my little bedroom tea-service, the wedding-gift of a dear friend, was only a lesser treat than being so exceedingly useful; and I never saw a child more thoroughly happy and good-humored. We had no time to devote to her amusement, and left her in contented enjoyment, while we were busy over the dress Miss Acton had been trimming; and so pleasant and winning had that young lady been in every thing she done for me that day, that, as I took the finished work from her hands, I could not help giving her a grateful kiss, as if we had been old friends. To my surprise she clung round my neck, and I felt her sobbing so violently I was quite alarmed. My alarm, perhaps, helped her to recover herself before the tears had time to burst forth; she drank a little water, walked to the window a few minutes, and then, after a quick glance at the door as if to ascertain whether Sophy's sharp little ears were listening, began an apology which, from what I knew of her history, I did not think at all required. I could well imagine, from the sadness that I had more than once detected in her gentle eyes, that that piece of good service in which her portly kinswoman gloried so complacently had cost something in the doing, a wrench of the heart-strings, a blotting out of a bright dream—no one could see how worn was the young face and not divine that such might be the cause. But I could not then ask her confidence, I was fain to turn my eyes away from the beseeching appeal of hers, for the afternoon was nearly gone, and my domestic cares were by no means ended. I had just stepped down to put a few finishing touches to the arrangement of my drawing-room, and was thinking, with some complacency, how pretty it looked for its size, and what excellent taste Edgar had in harmonizing colors and selecting material, when the door-bell rang loudly. "Poor little Sophy!" I thought, "here is your truant driver at last." I listened—a man's voice was inquiring for me—a visitor, at this time of day, and on this of all days, when I was least at leisure! Surely I knew the voice, and yet it sounded like one I had not heard for a long time, and least expected to hear. It could hardly be, and yet it was; for there he stood before me, a tall, fair-haired young man, his beard, and even his eyebrows, steeped in fog—my cousin, Frank Wallace, the play-fellow of a certain joyous period that now seemed wonderfully long ago.

The sight of him brought back such a rush of dear memories, old associations, by-gone hopes and fears, gladness and sorrow, that, after the first start of recognition, I could hardly see his face or speak his welcome. But he took it for granted, unspoken.

"I have found you out, you see," he said, as he grasped my hand in his, "and found you, dissipated little woman of the world that you are, expecting no end of company, so I will not detain you a minute. I only want to give you joy, May, and to wish you all happiness and—good-by."

"Good-by?" I repeated; "and where then are you going in such a hurry?"

"To Australia. I sail next week, that is to say, if superior, fast-sailing clippers keep to their engagements, which, considering their sex, is doubtful. Well, little May, let me look at you. How happy you must be, if all I hear is truth! You have drawn a prize, my little woman; I knew Edgar Linton before you did, and you will not meet with his equal every day, I can tell you that."

I knew that as well as he did, but I loved him for saying it. I would not hear of his going till Edgar came in; and having coaxed him out of his coat and hat, we sat talking of past times, and forgot the exigencies of the present. At first he seemed shy of speaking of his own affairs, but as he warmed into confidence, he gradually revealed to me sundry facts I was sorry to hear; one being that he had refused the offer of his uncle and godfather of a good situation in his counting-house, with the prospect of a partnership, not from any dislike to business, but simply because he was sick of England, and only wanted to get as far away from it as he could. He knew he was throwing away a competency; his uncle was kindness itself, and told him he would not consider his refusal final till he had actually sailed; but he could not settle down to a desk merely to put money into his own pocket: he longed for change, for excitement, for any thing—here his voice dropped into a faltering murmur—that would help him to *forget*.

Alas, poor Frank! There was a confession ready to be poured forth there too, could I have waited to receive it—and by no means the first I had received in that quarter. Dear old fellow! he had always been in the habit of confiding his attachments to my sympathizing ear, and nearly every vacation brought me a new one. But there was a real sorrow in his voice and look now, and it seemed hard that I could not listen; and yet with the clock striking a later hour than I at all expected, and Edgar not come home—what could I do? Ah! there he was at last, coughing in a manner I did not at all approve, for his throat was his weak point. I ran down to greet him with the news that Frank was here.

"What! Frank Wallace!" he said; "that is capital. We are sure of one guest, at any rate."

"One?" I repeated, glancing at my well-appointed dinner-table, with all the modest display of plate and glass; "I wish it were only one with all my heart. It is high time we were both dressed; I expected you an hour ago."

"And well you might. Luckily, I secured a link-boy at last, and so made my way home. You have no idea what the streets are now; within the last half hour the fog has grown something tremendous. How the Pophams will ever get here I can not imagine."

"They will have lamps, of course," suggested I.

"Lamps will not help them much if it goes on like this. But, however, it may clear, and we will hope it will, for their own sakes as well as ours. It would be a pity all your charming arrangements should be wasted on old Frank—and yet I will bet you a pair of gloves, May, that he is our only guest."

"You will?" I said, laughing; "then I take the bet, for I want a new pair for Sunday." I considered it all a joke, be it observed, for such an idea as a fog keeping Mrs. Popham away seemed too remote from possibility, even for a wager. Frank came down at that moment, and sad as he had been just before, the very sight of my husband seemed to brighten his spirits.

"I am just off, Linton," he said, as they were shaking hands; "I should not have got here to-day, but could not get into the City in the fog; and after blundering about, and missing my way several times, found myself in this street by accident. We will not keep May from her toilette, which I know is to be extensive to-night, but I can talk to you while you dress; and by that time these pleasant chimneys of yours must have done smoking. Dine with you as I am? No, thank you; not to disgrace Mrs. Linton in the eyes of the world as having wretched relations, without a best coat to their backs. I will try and see you again before I sail, May. How glad I am to have had this peep at your establishment—how happy you must both be!"

He gave my hand such a squeeze that I nearly cried for mercy, and then went with Edgar into his little dressing-room, which was on the parlor-floor. Just as I was hurrying up stairs he called out "May!"

"Well?" I said, looking over the balusters.

"May I have a weed among old Edgar's boots and shoes? It will be an immense improvement upon the fog."

"No, certainly not," was my almost indignant reply; "you must wait till you are in Australia before you behave like a backwoodsman." For I had been brought up to consider the smell of tobacco in the house as next to an iniquity; and the notion of its pervading my dining-room just as my guests were arriving was enough to turn me cold. He laughed merrily as he looked up at me, and I was glad he had some of his old mischievous self left. What a pity he should throw up all his prospects and go off where he had none whatever! Perhaps Edgar might bring him to reason—we would have him to breakfast, and let them talk it all over; meanwhile I must be dressed—and, oh dear, how glad I should be when to-morrow morning was come!

Little Sophy came to meet me with large frightened eyes. Cousin Edith was ill; she had turned quite faint and sick all in a minute—would I give her something to make her well? Edith ill—I flew to see, and was relieved to find her able to assure me it was nothing—only just a passing sensation—yes, a few drops of sal volatile would just do; she would not keep me from dressing, she knew I must be anxious to go down again. And yet she seemed longing to say something, if I had given her the least encouragement; but how could I, late as I was, and Mrs. Popham due any minute?

I was quickly dressed, and went down to receive my visitors. Never shall I forget that interval of waiting; how thankful I was at first to be in time; how gradually I began to fidget about my bill of fare, every dish fated to be overdone; how ludicrous at last became the position of sitting in state to receive people who did not come, and seemed to have no intention of coming; especially when Edgar looked in every now and then to hope that I was not overpowered with my exertions to be agreeable; and blandly observed that you might cut the fog with a knife.

"Please to remember, my love," he said, at last, "that I prefer Jouvin's gloves to any other, and that my favorite color is a delicate brown—like your hair. Frank declares he can not wait dinner much longer."

"And please to remember," was my reply, "that I particularly admire pale fawn color, and that my number is six and three quarters. Frank will not be our only guest, for Miss Acton is here, and little Sophy Hounslow."

"You don't mean that?" he exclaimed, much amused; "you are a woman of resources, indeed. I should never have imagined you had such a reserve." I explained how it had occurred, and he rubbed his hands with a keen satisfaction that rather surprised me. "Bring them down; bring them both down. I will go and fetch Frank, and we will have a grand dinner-party yet, in spite of the stars and the fog."

I found Edith so much recovered that I had little difficulty in prevailing with her to accept our invitation; Sophy capering with joy at the unlooked-for happiness of "dining late," even though bound by strict promises not to ask for any thing until the jelly came. The only drawback to her bliss was the fear that "her hair was not properly done," and Cousin Edith could not do it *in the least*, and oh, would dear, darling Mrs. Linton put it up for her as she did the other day? It was true that I had, on one occasion, made her little head tidy after my own fashion, which she had been teasing her maid ever since, in vain, to imitate; and knowing I had a few minutes still, while dinner was being served, I bade Edith go down to the drawing-room, and as quickly as I could arrange my little guest's wayward tresses. Quick as I thought myself, it took me more minutes than I calculated upon, and I hurried her down at last, before she was half satisfied that her appearance would produce the effect she desired.

"Well, Sophy," said Edgar, coming up to meet us as we entered, "this is very kind and good of you, indeed, to come and dine with us when grandmamma has failed us so cruelly. We must keep up each other's spirits, and you must sit by me at dinner, to dry my tears if I give way unexpectedly."

I knew every cadence of my husband's voice so well that directly he spoke I was sure there was some more solid ground for his good spirits than the fact of having provided a dinner to which nobody could come; and while he went on rattling with the delighted child I glanced at my other guests. What had come over them, too, since I saw them last? They were standing on the hearth-rug together, Frank with his arm on the chimney-piece, playing with one of my most precious Dresden ornaments as heedlessly as if it had been a pewter mug; his face, so desponding and troubled a little while ago, now lighted up with a glad hope, that seemed to throw radiance on the room, in spite of the dense atmosphere we were all breathing. Edith Acton, looking shyly at the fire, while listening to what he was saying so eagerly and yet so low; the paleness gone from her cheeks, the sadness from her brow—nervous, trembling, starting when I spoke to her, and as unlike her former self as spring sunshine to December fog.

"Well, May!" said Frank, letting go my little tea-cup, but happily without breaking it, "here is glorious weather!"

"Very," said I; "you will not meet with such in Australia, I am afraid."

"I am afraid not; and now you mention it, May, I really do not think I could live without it; it seems to agree with me so well. I shall make tremendous havoc among your *entremets*."

"Have you been introduced to Miss Acton, Sir, or may I have the pleasure—"

"Excuse me, May, but I must explain that I have had the very great pleasure of meeting Miss Acton before, and to tell you the truth, could not have believed it possible that such a piece of good fortune could be reserved for me as that of meeting her again."

A light began to dawn on my understanding; I looked at him again, his eyes were dancing—then at Edith, hers were full of tears—but such happy tears! I could not have wished to exchange them for such a smile as she had worn in the day.

I had a dozen questions to ask, but she made me a quick expressive sign of entreaty, and I recollected that small representative of Mrs. Popham, and of that useful species of vessel known for the length of its auricular organs. Now, too, I understood why my husband was so devotedly engaged in whispering ghost stories in her ear at the farther end of the room.

Dinner was announced—my poor dinner, the fruit of so much thought, the object of so much anxiety—and we went down to the dining-room, with all its covers laid for the absent Banquos, and I must own I felt it was a pity. The less we say about it the better, the rather that the guests who partook thereof were in that state of mind in which the senses and judgment slumber alike, and had I set them down to cold shoulder of mutton, or suggested that we all should have a little gruel, they would have been as well pleased and very little the wiser. With one of them on either side of me, their eyes meeting perpetually, in spite of Edith's efforts to prevent it, and their voices and manner betraying the almost painful intensity of the happiness that had come on them so suddenly, I felt too excited myself to know much of what I was eating, or what I was talking about; only the more confused I found myself becoming the more I talked—very foolishly, I am afraid, for Edgar told me afterward he had no idea I had such a fund of anecdote and conversation.

It mattered very little; those two heard, understood nothing but themselves; and had I been wise as Socrates, and witty as Sydney Smith, wisdom and wit had been equally wasted then. In pity to both I rose early from table, and having dispatched Sophy to be undressed by the maid and put into the bed she was to share with her cousin, sat down to receive the confidence I might have had a few hours sooner. But how different was now the tone in which it was given!

"You little knew," Edith said, "when you asked me how I liked that Swiss sketch up stairs, how well I knew the touch of the artist's hand—how I longed to take it out of its frame, and carry it away with me. I had nothing of his—not a line, not a scrap of paper—and the blank, and the longing, sometimes, were almost more than I could bear. I can hardly believe now that he is in the house, and I have spoken to him, and know he is still all I thought once. How shall I be grateful enough for such a change?"

"Tell me," I said, "how such a misunderstanding was possible, if you were both so much attached?"

She had some difficulty in explaining, for she did not wish to speak bitterly of any one; but the facts, as I gathered them, spoke for themselves. Her own home had been early broken up, and the grandmother and aunt, with whom she and her sister had afterward lived, were completely under the sway of Mrs. Popham, in virtue of a small allowance she made them, subject to her pleasure. Her sister, some few years ago, had married the curate of the parish, and their poverty, though they never complained, had been so great an offense to Mrs. Popham, when she visited the neighborhood, that she had made old Mrs. Acton understand that sort of thing must not happen again. "She found Alice one day making a pie, and she never forgave it," said Edith, smiling, though her tone was a little resentful, as well it might be; "and it was no use reminding her that neither she nor John ever got into debt, and that they gave away more than many with larger means; she said that only made it worse, for it showed they had neither credit nor common-sense. And if you only knew how good they both are!"

I could quite believe it, but I wanted to hear about Frank, and on that point Edith was not so clear: she knew Mrs. Popham had spoken severely to her aunt about him, and that poor grandmamma had been ill for a week after the interview, but she never knew what really passed. As Mrs. Popham said, the affair had been managed—so managed that Frank had been driven away in resentment at what he felt to be ill-usage, while she was left under the belief that he had given her up. How they had contrived to come to an understanding in the very short time they had been together I did not too curiously inquire; but it seemed as if, directly their eyes met, a veil fell from their souls, and they knew they were beloved before a word was spoken.

How happy they were that evening, sitting together with a sketch-book of mine open before them on the table, and paying no more heed to my best productions than they had done to my dinner or my conversation! Edgar and I did our best to promote their enjoyment, by taking as little notice of them as possible: he brought out his violin, and I opened the piano, and we gave them soft movements of Mozart, and rich harmonies of Beethoven, as an accompaniment to the immortal music breathing from their hearts, as it breathed first in the garden.

By twelve o'clock—we had not the heart to disturb them sooner—my fatigue overpowered my sympathy, and I announced my intention of retiring. Frank started up, and with a dismayed apology for keeping us all up so late, wondered what sort of a night it was now. We opened the shutter, the lamps were once more visible, and the atmosphere was clearing fast under the influence of a change of wind. The fog had done its kindly work, and was gone; and never did the golden sunset of a summer evening leave sweeter memories behind.

Frank came to breakfast the next morning, and we were making very merry over the *contre-temps* of the day before—Edith, whether she had slept or not, looking as if ten years had been taken from her age, and a threefold beauty restored to her face—when we were surprised by a visit from Mr. Popham. He was anxious, of course, to know the fate of his little grand-daughter; but still more to condole with me on the disappointment which they had been compelled to inflict—compelled, notwithstanding most heroic perseverance on the part of his amiable lady, whom nothing would for a long time persuade to relinquish the attempt to reach us, until they actually came to a collision with two other carriages, and were extricated with some difficulty, and one of the panels smashed in. "You may imagine how pleasant it was to return to a house where we were not expected," he continued, shrugging his shoulders, as we all expressed our regret and commiseration. "Hounslow and Elizabeth dining out in the neighborhood, half the servants out of the way, fires low, nothing one cared to eat—I never had so wretched an evening, Mrs. Linton—upon my honor, I never had. Poor Georgy could not get over it at all, and scolded us all round, till really I had to give her a bit of my mind, and it ended in her bursting out crying, and spending the evening in her bedroom; and this morning she has the face-ache, and Mrs. Popham has a sad cold—but I was to assure you she thought it would be nothing very serious, and she would have braved any weather sooner than disappoint you after all your pains and trouble. Poor Elizabeth was in great dismay when she came home and found no Sophy, and it was all I could do to prevent her coming off to see if she were safe—I was sure she would be in Mrs. Linton's hands, and under Edith's care. It was that which quieted her at last; she could trust Edith, she owned, as she would herself; but I believe you will see her here directly, for she said she would not be happy till she knew it was all right."

It was rather a relief to hear this; for though Mrs. Hounslow was very like her mother in face and figure, she was her opposite in easy good-nature; and as the image of Mrs. Popham's wrath loomed darkly on our horizon, it became a matter of some importance to secure a favorable hearing from one who might prove an ally. Our breakfast was soon dispatched, and I carried Edith and Sophy up stairs, leaving Mr. Popham, good, easy man, to the tender mercy of Edgar and Frank, who looked ready to fall upon him the instant they had him alone. They were still shut up together, and Edith had had time to grow very nervous, when Mrs. Hounslow arrived, positively running up stairs—an effort on her part almost unparalleled—in her eagerness to be assured her darling had not been very unhappy. Finding from the darling's own pungent remarks that she had been as happy as possible, and didn't want to go home, and liked drinking tea out of Mrs. Linton's pink cup and saucer, and dining late afterward with the gentlemen, for Mr. Linton was so kind and funny, Mrs. Hounslow's spirits revived, and she began to talk over the misfortunes of the evening with considerable zest. She had never seen mamma so put out in her life, and it was a mercy they were not all killed; as it was, they were laid up, and could not come and call, but they sent their kindest love, and a thousand regrets, and hopes that dear Mrs. Linton had not taken it too much to heart—it was such a trying thing to happen to a young house-keeper, and enough to put Mr. Linton quite out of temper; gentlemen never stood these little worries well; Mr. Hounslow would have been put out for a week. I answered her with due cordiality, and having said all that I knew was expected of regret, sympathy, and obligation, I took occasion, while Edith was dressing Sophy up stairs, to tell her what had occurred, and ask her advice and assistance. She listened with as much interest as if it had been an amusing fiction, and frankly assured me she could not conceive for her part why mamma was so fond of managing and muddling other people's affairs, and if Edith liked Mr. Wallace and Mr. Wallace liked Edith, what could it matter to mamma how much they had to live upon? She didn't suppose they would expect *her* to give them any thing. Oh yes, she had been told something about Edith's having an unfortunate attachment, and she knew old Mrs. Acton was afraid to say her soul was her own before mamma, for fear she should stop her pension—and, by-the-by, she might do so now if they did not mind what they were about. Poor, dear Edith! so fond as she was of the darling children, too, and they of her—she had intended asking her to spend Christmas with them at Brighton; yes, yes, she would see what could be done—she would talk to Mr. Hounslow, and hear what he said.

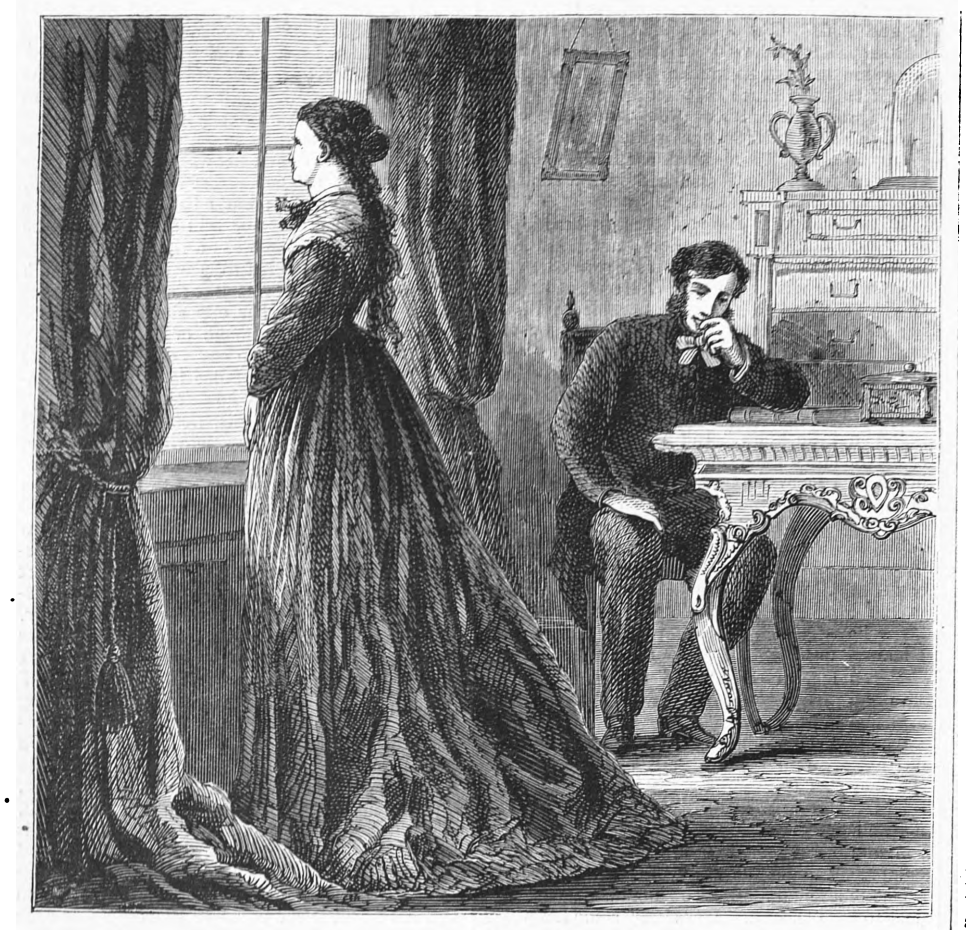
At this moment Sophy ran in, full of a wonderful thing she had forgotten to tell her mamma, which happened to her last night. Mr. Linton had pulled a cracker with her at dessert, and a big almond and motto fell into her plate, and the motto was in French, so she could not read it, but he had whispered to her what it meant as a great secret, and what did mamma think it could be? It was that she was soon to be a bridemaid. Did mamma think it possible it could be true?

Mamma thought it very possible if they could prevail on grandmamma; and from that moment I felt we had two such allies on our side as even Mrs. Popham might find it hard to resist.

And so it proved, for not all the arguments of Mr. Popham, whom Edgar and Frank did not allow to escape till they had fairly talked him into acquiescence—all the straightforward liberality of Frank's uncle, who immediately on the receipt of his nephew's submission came forward with arms and purse equally open to smooth down the difficulties in his path of life—all my own diplomatic appeals to her oft-expressed regard for myself, and the satisfaction with which I contemplated even a connection so remote—all that could be urged on behalf of either, separately or both combined, by any or all of us, in any possible way, would have prevailed to overcome her resentment as they did, had they not been hourly supported by Sophy's firm resolve to be a bridemaid. Sophy, as I said before, was very like her grandmamma, and that great woman might have consoled herself for yielding, like England to her American colonies, with the knowledge that it was from herself the conqueror had learned to conquer.

If any thing had been needed to make my satisfaction complete in becoming a connection of Mrs. Popham's, it was given me in the fact that from this time that excellent lady paid me much less attention than formerly, and could never be induced, under any pretense, to accept another invitation to dinner.

Frank and Edith settled as near us as they could, and every year drew us closer together in the ties of tried and valued friendship. We met at each other's houses, we joined company in our husbands' holidays, we shared each other's joys—yes, and sorrows too, such as will come, even in the most loving homes—the deeper, at times, for their being so loving; but many a time have we turned away from the loveliest scenery and the most glorious sky to recall with grateful affection our debt to our much-abused benefactor, the *London fog*.



"MRS. THORNTON, WALKING TO THE WINDOW, LOOKED OUT."

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BADINAGE OF OLD FRIENDS.

THE town of Holby is on the coast of Pembroke. It has a small harbor, with a light-house, and the town itself contains a few thousand people, most of them belonging to the poorer class. The chief house in the town stands on a rising ground a little outside, looking toward the water. Its size and situation render it the most conspicuous object in the neighborhood.

This house, from its appearance, must have been built more than a century before. It belonged to an old family which had become extinct, and now was occupied by a new owner, who had given it another name. This new owner was William Thornton, Esq., solicitor, who had an office in Holby, and who, though very wealthy, still attended to his business with undiminished application. The house had been originally purchased by the father of the present occupant, Henry Thornton, a well-known lawyer in these parts, who had settled here originally a poor young man, but had finally grown gray and rich in his adopted home. He had bought the place when it was exposed for sale, with the intention of founding a new seat for his own family, and had given it the name of Thornton Grange.

Generations of care and tasteful culture had made Thornton Grange one of the most beautiful places in the county. All around were wide parks dotted with ponds and clumps of trees. An avenue of elms led up to the door. A well-kept lawn was in front, and behind was an extensive grove. Every thing spoke of wealth and elegance.

On an afternoon in February a gentleman in clerical dress walked up the avenue, rang at the door, and entering he gave his name to the servant as the Rev. Courtenay Despard. He was the new Rector of Holby, and had only been there one week.

He entered the drawing-room, sat down upon one of the many lounging chairs with which it was filled, and waited. He did not have to wait long. A rapid step was soon heard descending the stairs, and in a few minutes a lady entered. She came in with a bright smile of welcome on her face, and greeted him with much warmth.

Mrs. Thornton was very striking in her appearance. A clear olive complexion and large, dark hazel eyes marked Southern blood. Her hair was black, wavy, and exceedingly luxuriant. Her mouth was small, her hands and feet delicately shaped, and her figure slender and elegant. Her whole air had that indefinable grace which is the sign of high-breeding; to this there was added exceeding loveliness, with great animation of face and elegance of manner. She was a perfect lady, yet not of the English stamp; for her looks and manner had not that cold and phlegmatic air which England fosters. She looked rather like some Italian beauty—like those which enchant us as they smile from the walls of the picture-galleries of Italy.

"I am so glad you have come!" said she. "It is so stupid here, and I expected you an hour ago."

"Oh, if I had only known that!" said Despard. "For, do you know, I have been dying of ennui."

"I hope that I may be the means of dispelling it."

"As surely so as the sun disperses the clouds."

"You are never at a loss for a compliment."

"Never when I am with you."

These few words were spoken with a smile by each, and a slightly melodramatic gesture, as though each was conscious of a little extravagance.

"You must be glad to get to your old home," she resumed. "You lived here fifteen, no, sixteen years, you know."

"Eighteen."

"So it was. I was sixteen when you left."

"Never to see you again till I came back," said Despard, with some mournfulness, looking at the floor.

"And since then all has changed."

"But I have not," rejoined Despard, in the same tone.

Mrs. Thornton said nothing for a moment.

"By-the-way, I've been reading such a nice book," she resumed. "It has just come out, and is making a sensation. It would suit you, I know."

"What is it?"

She rose and lifted a book from the table, which she handed to him. He took it, and read the title out loud.

"Christian's Cross."

A strange expression passed over his face. He looked at her, holding the book out at arms'-length with feigned consternation.

"And do you have the heart to recommend this book to me, Mrs. Thornton?"

"Why not?"

"Why, it's religious. Religious books are my terror. How could I possibly open a book like this?"

She laughed.

"You are mistaken," she said. "It is an ordinary novel, and for the sake of your peace of mind I assure you that there is not a particle of religion in it. But why should you look with such repugnance upon it? The expression of your face is simply horror."

"Pietistic books have been the bane of my life. The emotional, the rhapsodical, the meditative style of book, in which one garrulously addresses one's soul from beginning to end, is simply torture to me. You see religion is a different thing. The rhapsody may do for the Tabernacle people, but thoughtful men and women need something different."

"I am so delighted to hear such sentiments from a clergyman! They entirely accord with my own. Still I must own that your horror struck me as novel, to say the least of it."

"Would you like me to try to proselytize you?"

"You may try if you wish. I am open to conviction; but the Church of all the ages, the Apostolic, the Catholic, has a strong hold on me."

"You need not fear that I will ever try to loosen it. I only wish that I may see your face in Trinity Church every Sunday."

"That happiness shall be yours," answered Mrs. Thornton. "As there is no Catholic church here, I will give you the honor of my presence at Trinity."

"If that is the case it will be a place of worship to me."

He smiled away the extravagance of this last remark, and she only shook her head.

"That is a compliment, but it is awfully profane."

"Not profanity; say rather justifiable idolatry."

"Really, I feel overcome; I do not know what to say. At any rate, I hope you will like the book; I know you will find it pleasant."

"Any thing that comes from you could not be otherwise," said Despard. "At the same time it is not my habit to read novels singly."

"Singly! Why how else can one read them?"

"I always read several at a time."

Mrs. Thornton laughed at the whimsical idea.

"You see," said Despard, "one must keep up with the literature of the day. I used to read each book as it came out, but at last found satiety. The best novel palls. For my own comfort I had to invent a new plan to stimulate my interest. I will tell you about it. I take ten at a time, spread them on the table in front of me, and read each chapter in succession."

"Isn't that a little confusing?"

"Not at all," said Despard, gravely. "Practice enables one to keep all distinct."

"But what is the good of it?"

"This," replied Despard; "you see in each novel there are certain situations. Perhaps on an average there may be forty each. Interesting characters also may average ten each. Thrilling scenes twenty each. Overwhelming catastrophes fifteen each. Now by reading novels singly the effect of all this is weakened, for you only have the work of each in its divided, isolated state, but where you read according to my plan you have the aggregate of all these effects in one combined—that is to say, in ten books which I read at once I have two hundred thrilling scenes, one hundred and fifty overwhelming catastrophes, one hundred interesting characters, and four hundred situations of absorbing fascination. Do you not see what an advantage there is in my plan? By following this rule I have been able to stimulate a somewhat faded appetite, and to keep abreast of the literature of the day."

"What an admirable plan! And do you read all books in that way? Why, one could write ten novels at a time on the same principle, and if so he ought to write very much better."

"I think I will try it some day. At present I am busily engaged with a learned treatise on the Symbolical Nature of the Mosaic Economy, and—"

"The—what?" cried Mrs. Thornton, breathlessly. "What was that?"

"The Symbolical Nature of the Mosaic Economy," said Despard, placidly.

"And is the title all your own?"

"All my own."

"Then pray don't write the book. The title is enough. Publish that, and see if it does not of itself by its own extraordinary merits bring you undying fame."

"I've been thinking seriously of doing so," said Despard, "and I don't know but that I may follow your advice. It will save some trouble, and perhaps amount to just as much in the end."

"And do you often have such brilliant fancies?"

"No, frankly, not often. I consider that title the one great idea of my life."

"But do not dwell too much upon that," said Mrs. Thornton, in a warning voice. "It might make you conceited."

"Do you think so?" rejoined the other, with a shudder. "Do you really think so? I hope not. At any rate I hope you do not like conceited people?"

"No."

"Am I conceited?"

"No. I like you," replied Mrs. Thornton, with a slight bow and a wave of the hand, which she accompanied with a smile.

"And I like you," said Despard, in the same tone.

"You could not do less."

"This," said Despard, with an air of thoughtful seriousness, "is a solemn occasion. After such a tender confession from each of us what remains to be done? What is it that the novels lay down?"

"I'm sure," returned Mrs. Thornton, with the same assumed solemnity, "it is not for me to say. You must make the proposition."

"We can not do any thing less than fly together."

"I should think not."

"But where?"

"And not only where, but how? By rail, by steamboat, or by canal? A canal strikes me as the best mode of flight. It is secluded."

"Free from observation," said Despard.

"Quiet," rejoined Mrs. Thornton.

"Poetic."

"Remote."

"Unfriended."

"Solitary."

"Slow."

"And, best of all, hitherto untried."

"Yes, its novelty is undeniable."

"So much so," said Mrs. Thornton, "that it overwhelms one. It is a bright, original idea, and in these days of commonplace is it not creditable? The idea is mine, Sir, and I will match it with your—what?—your Symbolical Nature of the Mosaic Cosmogony."

"Economy."

"But Cosmogony is better. Allow me to suggest it by way of a change."

"It must be so, since you say it; but I have a weakness for the word Economy. It is derived from the Greek—"

"Greek!" exclaimed Mrs. Thornton, raising her hands. "You surely are not going to be so ungenerous as to quote Greek! Am I not a lady? Will you be so base as to take me at a disadvantage in that way?"

"I am thoroughly ashamed of myself, and you may consider that a tacit apology is going on within my mind whenever I see you."

"You are forgiven," said Mrs. Thornton.

"I can not conceive how I could have so far forgotten myself. I do not usually speak Greek to ladies. I consider it my duty to make myself agreeable. And you have no idea how agreeable I can make myself, if I try."

"I? I have no idea? Is it you who say that, and to me?" exclaimed Mrs. Thornton, in that slight melodramatic tone which she had employed thus far, somewhat exaggerated. "After what I told you—of my feelings?"

"I see I shall have to devote all the rest of my life to making apologies."

"No. Do not make apologies. Avoid your besetting sins. Otherwise, fond as I am of you"—and she spoke with exaggerated solemnity—"I must regard you as a failure."

The conversation went on uninterruptedly in this style for some time. It appeared to suit each of them. Despard's face, naturally grave, assisted him toward maintaining the mock-serious tone which he chose to adopt; and Mrs. Thornton's peculiar style of face gave her the same advantage. It pleased each to express for the other an exaggerated sentiment of regard. They considered it banter and badinage. How far it was safe was another thing. But they had known one another years before, and were only resuming the manner of earlier times.

Yet, after all, was it safe for the grave Rector of Holby to adopt the inflated style of a troubadour in addressing the Lady of Thornton Grange? Neither of them thought of it. They simply improved the shining hour after this fashion, until at length the conversation was interrupted by the opening of folding-doors, and the entrance of a servant who announced—dinner.

On entering the dining-room Despard was greeted with respectful formality by the master of the house. He was a man of about forty, with the professional air of the lawyer about him, and an abstracted expression of face, such as usually belongs to one who is deeply engrossed in the cares of business. His tone, in spite of its friendliness, was naturally stiff, and was in marked contrast to the warmth of Mrs. Thornton's greeting.

"How do you like your new quarters?" he asked, as they sat down.

"Very well," said Despard. "It is more my home, you know, than any other place. I lived there so many years as school-boy with Mr. Carson that it seems natural to take up my station there as home."

Mr. Thornton relapsed into his abstraction while Despard was speaking, who directed the remainder of his conversation to Mrs. Thornton.

It was light, idle chat, in the same tone as that in which they had before indulged. Once or twice, at some unusually extravagant remark, Mr. Thornton looked up in perplexity, which was not lessened on seeing their perfect gravity.

They had a long discussion as to the meaning of the phrase "the day after to-morrow." Despard asserted that it meant the same as eternal duration, and insisted that it must be so, since when to-morrow came the day after it was still coming, and when that came there was still the day after. He supported his theory with so much earnestness that Thornton, after listening for a while, took the trouble to go heavily and at length into the whole question, and conclude it triumphantly against Despard.

Then the subject of politics came up, and a probable war with France was considered. Despard professed to take no interest in the subject, since, even if an invasion took place, clergymen could do nothing. They were exempt from military duty in common with gaugers. The mention of this brought on a long discussion as to the spelling of the word gauger. Despard asserted that nobody knew how it was spelled, and that, from the necessities of human nature, it was simply impossible to tell whether it was *gauger* or *guager*. This brought out Thornton again, who mentioned several law papers in which the word had been correctly written by his clerks. Despard challenged him on this, and, because Thornton had to confess that he had not examined the word, dictionary in hand, he claimed a victory over him.

Thornton, at this, looked away, with the smile of a man who is talking unintelligible things to a child.

Then followed a long conversation between Despard and Mrs. Thornton about religion, art, music, and a miscellaneous assemblage of other things, which lasted for a long time. At length he rose to go. Mrs. Thornton went to a side-table and took up a book.

"Here," said she, "is the little book you lent me; I ought to have sent it, but I thought you would come for it."

"And so I will," said he, "some day."

"Come for it to-morrow."

"Will you be at home?"

"Yes."

"Then of course I'll come. And now I must tear myself away. Good-night!"

On the following day, at about two o'clock, Despard called again. Mrs. Thornton had been writing, and the desk was strewn with papers.

"I know I am disturbing you," said he, after the usual greetings. "I see that you are writing, so I will not stay but a moment. I have come, you know, after that little book."

"Indeed, you are not disturbing me at all. I have been trying to continue a letter which I began to my brother a month ago. There is no hurry about it."

"And how is Paolo?"

"I have not heard for some time. I ought to hear soon. He went to America last summer, and I have not had a word from him since. My letter is of no importance, I assure you, and now, since you are here, you shall not go. Indeed, I only touched it a minute ago. I have been looking at some pictures till I am so begrimed and inundated with dust that I feel as though I had been resolved into my original element." And she held up her hands with a pretty gesture of horror.

Despard looked at her for a moment as she stood in her bright beauty before him. A sudden expression of pain flashed over his face, succeeded by his usual smile.

"Dust never before took so fair a form," he said, and sat down, looking on the floor.

"For unfailing power of compliment, for an unending supply of neat and pretty speeches, commend me to the Rev. Courtenay Despard."

"Yet, singularly enough, no one else ever dreamed that of me."

"You were always so."

"With you."

"In the old days."

"Now lost forever."

Their voices sank low and expressive of a deep melancholy. A silence followed. Despard at last, with a sudden effort, began talking in his usual extravagant strain about badgers till at last Mrs. Thornton began to laugh, and the radiancy of their spirits was restored. "Strange," said he, taking up a prayer-book with a peculiar binding, on which there was a curiously intertwisted figure in gilt. "That pattern has been in my thoughts and dreams for a week."

"How so?"

"Why, I saw it in your hands last Sunday, and my eyes were drawn to it till its whole figure seemed to stamp itself on my mind. See! I can trace it from memory." And, taking his cane, he traced the curiously involved figure on the carpet.

"And were your thoughts fixed on nothing better than that?"

"I was engaged in worship," was the reply, with marked emphasis.

"I must take another book next time."

"Do not. You will only force me to study another pattern."

Mrs. Thornton laughed lightly, and Despard looked at her with a smile.

"I'm afraid your thoughts wander," she said, lightly, "as mine do. There is no excuse for you. There is for me. For you know I'm like Naaman; I have to bow my head in the temple of Baal. After all," she continued, in a more serious voice, "I suppose I shall be able some day to worship before my own altar, for, do you know, I expect to end my days in a convent."

"And why?"

"For the purpose of perfect religious seclusion."

Despard looked at her earnestly for a moment. Then his usual smile broke out.

"Wherever you go let me know, and I'll take up my abode outside the walls and come and look at you every day through the grating."

"And would that be a help to a religious life?"

"Perhaps not; but I'll tell you what would be a help. Be a Sister of Charity. I'll be a Paulist. I'll devote myself to the sick. Then you and I can go together; and when you are tired I can assist you. I think that idea is much better than yours."

"Oh, very much, indeed!" said Mrs. Thornton, with a strange, sad look.

"I remember a boy and girl who once used to go hand in hand over yonder shore, and—" He stopped suddenly, and then hastily added, "and now it would be very sad, and therefore very absurd, in one of them to bring up old memories."

Mrs. Thornton suddenly rose, and, walking to the window, looked out. "I wonder if it will rain to day!" she said, in a sweet voice, full of a tremulous melancholy.

"There are very dark clouds about," returned Despard, mournfully.

"I hope there will not be a storm," she rejoined, with the same sadness. Her hands were held tightly together. "Some things will perish if a storm comes."

"Let us pray that there may be calm and peace," said Despard.

She turned and looked at him for a moment. Strange that these two should pass so quickly from gayety to gloom! Their eyes met, and each read in the face of the other sadness beyond words.

CHAPTER XIV.

TWO LETTERS.

DESPARD did not go back to the Grange for some days. About a week had passed since the scenes narrated in the preceding chapter when one morning, having finished his breakfast, he went into his library and sat down at the table to write. A litter of papers lay all around. The walls were covered with shelves, filled with books. The table was piled high with ponderous tomes. Manuscripts were strewn around, and books were scattered on the floor. Yet, amidst all this disorder, some order was apparent, for many of these books lay open in certain places, and others were arranged so as to be within reach.

Several sheets of paper, covered with writing, lay before him, headed, "The Byzantine Poets." The books were all in Greek. It was the library of a hard-working student.

Very different was the Despard of the library from the Despard who had visited the Grange. A stern and thoughtful expression was read in his face, and his eyes had an abstraction which would have done credit to Mr. Thornton himself.

Taking his seat at the table, he remained for a while leaning his head on his hand in deep thought. Then he took up a pen and drew a piece of paper before him to try it. He began to draw upon it the same figure which he had marked with his cane on Mrs. Thornton's carpet. He traced this figure over and over, until at last the whole sheet was covered.

Suddenly he flung down the pen, and, taking up the paper, leaned back in his chair with a melancholy face. "What a poor, weak thing I am!" he muttered at last, and let the paper fall to the floor. He leaned his head on his hand, then resumed his pen and began to make some idle marks. At length he began to draw.

Under the fine and delicate strokes of his pen, which were as neat and as exquisite as the most subtle touches of an engraving, a picture gradually rose to view. It was a sea-side scene. The place was Holby Beach. In the distance was the light-house; and on one side a promontory, which protected the harbor. Upon the shore, looking out toward the sea, was a beautiful girl, of about sixteen years of age, whose features, as they grew beneath his tender touches, were those of Mrs. Thornton. Then beside her there gradually rose another figure, a youth of about eighteen, with smooth face and clustering locks, who looked exactly like what the Rev. Courtenay Despard might have been some seven or eight years before. His left arm was around her waist, her arm was thrown up till it touched his shoulder, and his right hand held hers. Her head leaned against him, and both of them, with a subdued expression of perfect happiness, tinged with a certain pensive sadness, were looking out upon the setting sun.

As soon as he finished he looked at the sketch, and then, with a sudden impulse, tore it into a thousand small fragments. He drew the written manuscript before him with a long and deep-drawn sigh, and began writing with great rapidity upon the subject of the Byzantine Poets. He had just written the following words:

"The Anacreontic hymns of John Damascenus form a marked contrast to—" when the sentence was interrupted by a knock at the door. "Come in!" It was the servant with letters from the post-office. Despard put down his pen gravely, and the man laid two letters on the table. He waited till the servant had departed, then seizing one of them, a small one, addressed in a lady's hand, he pressed it vehemently to his lips and tore it open.

It was as follows:

"DEAR MR. DESPARD,—I suppose I may *never* expect to see you again. Yet I must see you, for yesterday I received a very long letter from Paolo of so singular a character that you will have to explain it to me. I shall expect you this afternoon, and till then, I remain,

"Yours sincerely,

"TERESA THORNTON.

"THORNTON GRANGE, *Friday*."

Despard read this letter a score of times, and placed it reverently in an inner drawer of his desk. He then opened the other, and read as follows:

"HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, *January* 12, 1847.

"MY DEAR COURTENAY,—I was very glad to hear of your appointment as Rector of Holby, your old home, and hope that by this time you are fully established in the old Rectory, where you spent so many years. I was there often enough in poor old Carson's days to know that it was a fine old place.

"You will see by this that I am in Halifax, Nova Scotia. My regiment was ordered off here last November, and I am just beginning to feel settled. It is not so cold here as it was in Quebec. There is capital moose hunting up the country. I don't admire my accommodations much; but it is not a bad little town, considering all things. The people are pleasant, and there is some stir and gayety occasionally.

"Not long before leaving Quebec, who do you think turned up? No less a person than Paolo Langhetti, who in the course of his wanderings came out there. He had known some extraordinary adventures on his voyage out; and these are the immediate cause of this letter.

"He took passage early in June last in the ship *Tecumseh*, from Liverpool for Quebec. It was an emigrant ship, and crammed with passengers. You have heard all about the horrors of that middle passage, which occurred last year, when those infernal Liverpool merchants, for the sake of putting a few additional pounds in their pockets, sent so many thousands to destruction.

"The *Tecumseh* was one of these. It was crammed with emigrants. You know Langhetti's extraordinary pluck, and his queer way of devoting himself for others. Well, what did he do but this: as soon as the ship-fever broke out he left the cabin and took up his abode in the steerage with the sick emigrants. He is very quiet about this, and merely says that he helped to nurse the sick. I know what that means.

"The mortality was terrific. Of all the ships that came to Quebec on that fatal summer the *Tecumseh* showed the largest record of deaths. On reaching the quarantine station Langhetti at once insisted on continuing his attendance on the sick. Hands were scarce, and his offer was eagerly accepted. He staid down there ever so long till the worst of the sickness was over.

"Among the passengers on the *Tecumseh* were three who belonged to the superior class. Their names were Brandon. He took a deep interest in them. They suffered very much from sickness both during the voyage and at quarantine. The name at once attracted him, being one well known both to him and to us. At last they all died, or were supposed to have died, at the quarantine station. Langhetti, however, found that one of them was only in a 'trance state,' and his efforts for resuscitation were successful. This one was a young girl of not more than sixteen years of age. After her restoration he left the quarantine bringing her with him, and came up to the city. Here he lived for a month or so, until at last he heard of me and came to see me.

"Of course I was delighted to see him, for I always thought him the noblest fellow that ever breathed, though most undoubtedly cranky if not crazy. I told him we were going to Halifax, and as he had no settled plan I made him come here with me.

"The girl remained for a long time in a state of mental torpor, as though her brain had been affected by disease, but the journey here had a beneficial effect on her, and during her stay she has steadily improved. About a week ago Langhetti ventured to ask her all about herself.

"What will you say when I tell you that she is the daughter of poor Ralph Brandon, of Brandon Hall, your father's friend, whose wretched fate has made us all so miserable. You know nothing of this, of course; but where was Thornton? Why did not he do something to prevent this horror, this unutterable calamity? Good God! what suffering there is in this world!

"Now, Courtenay, I come to the point. This poor Edith Brandon, still half-dead from her grief, has been able to tell us that she has still a relative living. Her eldest brother Louis went to Australia many years ago. A few weeks before her father's death he wrote to his son telling him every thing, and imploring him to come home. She thinks that her brother must be in England by this time.

"I want you to hunt up Louis Brandon. Spare no trouble. In the name of God, and by the memory of your father, whose most intimate friend was this poor old Brandon, I entreat you to search after Louis Brandon till you find him, and let him know the fate of his friends. I think if she could see him the joy of meeting one relative would restore her to health.

"My boy, I know I have said enough. Your own heart will impel you to do all that can be done for the sake of this poor young girl. You can find out the best ways of learning information. You had better go up at once to London and make arrangements for finding Brandon. Write me soon, and let me know.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"HENRY DESPARD."

Despard read this letter over and over. Then he put it in his pocket, and walked up and down the room in deep thought. Then he took out Mrs. Thornton's note and studied it for a long time. So the hours passed away, until at length two o'clock came and he set out for Thornton Grange.

On entering the drawing-room, Mrs. Thornton was there.

"So you have come at last," said she, as they shook hands.

"As if I would not come ten times a day if I could," was the answer, in an impetuous voice.

"Still there is no reason why you should persistently avoid the Grange."

"What would you say if I followed my own impulse, and came here every day?"

"I would say, Good-morning, Sir. Still, now that you are here, you must stay."

"I will stay, whether I must or not."

"Have you recovered from the effect of my prayer-book yet?"

"No, nor ever will I. You brought the same one last Sunday."

"That was in order to weaken the effect. Familiarity breeds contempt, you know."

"Then all I can say is, that contempt has very extraordinary manifestations. Among other strange things, it makes me cover my paper with that pattern when I ought to be writing on the Mosaic Economy."

"Cosmogony, you mean."

"Well, then, Cosmogony."

"Cosmogony is such a delicious word! It has been the hope of my life to be able to introduce it in a conversation. There is only one other word that compares with it."

"What is it?"

"I am afraid to pronounce it."

"Try, at any rate."

"Idiosyncrasy," said Mrs. Thornton. For five or six years I have been on the look-out for an opportunity to use that word, and thus far I have been unsuccessful. I fear that if the opportunity did occur I would call it 'idiocracy.' In fact, I know I would."

"And what would be the difference? Your motive would be right, and it is to motives that we must look, not acts."

After some further badinage, Mrs. Thornton drew a letter from her pocket.

"Here," said she, gravely, "is Paolo's letter. Read it, and tell me what you think of it."

Despard took the letter and began to read, while Mrs. Thornton, sitting opposite to him, watched his face.

The letter was in Italian, and was accompanied by a large and closely-written manuscript of many pages.

"HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, *January* 2, 1847.

"MY SWEETEST LITTLE SISTER,—I send you my diary, as I promised you, my Teresella, and you will see all my adventures. Take care of yourself, be happy, and let us hope that we may see one another soon. I am well, through the mercy of the good God, and hope to continue so. There is no such thing as music in this place, but I have found an organ where I can play. My Cremona is uninjured, though it has passed through hard times—it sends a note of love to my Teresina. Remember your Paolo to the just and upright Thornton, whom you love. May God bless my little sister's husband, and fill his heart with love for the sweetest of children!

"Read this manuscript carefully, Teresuola mia dolcissima, and pray for the souls of those unhappy ones who perished by the pestilence."

"BOTH WERE LOOKING OUT UPON THE SETTING SUN."

WANTED—A HERO.

Editor Harper's Bazar:

I AM going to send you a wonderful story which will electrify all your readers, and also the world—but not yet. My want is a common one. I want a hero. A heroine is easy enough: any thing over fifteen and under thirty that has orbs and braids (I do *so* love fine writing!) will make a superb heroine without the least trouble; for if the author's brains refuse to give her any character he can dress her with a dozen strokes of his pen, and no more is needed. Old and practiced writer as these few sentences show me to be, I must own that I find a hero hard to get. Hitherto I have chosen both from the boundless realms of fancy; but as every body persisted afterward in giving them the "local habitation and name" of my visiting acquaintance, I have now resolved never more to choose a character except from real life; I intend thereby to establish a reputation for rare imaginative faculty. I have now a heroine ready-made in my most intimate friend—a rather pretty girl with a rich complexion, eyes that roll easily, and a mouth that pouts without much effort. She is so straightforward, so retiring, so willing to own her own intellectual deficiencies (brains are *such* a bore in a pretty woman, you know, speaking from a manly point of view); so careful of the morals of her family and friends; has such a sweet, languid voice in which to give pleading advice; is so proper, and so unconscious of her charms, that I know the most unskillful writer could get her through half a volume before a suspicion would be aroused of her being the subtlest coquette and the falsest friend ever found in or out of a book.

And now I am in search of a hero. One day last week I left the pure breezes of my rural residence (is that the correct phrase?) and journeyed to New York, seeking one. On the Jersey City ferry-boat I was sure I had found my man. Tall and heavily but gracefully put together, with blue eyes and golden brown hair, he seemed to me the living image of some old Saxon knight. I watched him in unspeakable admiration, until— "This world is all a fleeting show." I might have known it. Ask me no more. I buried that hero hurriedly, and on his grave-stone I wrote, with averted eyes, *Tobacco*. During the day I met a pensive youth of medium height, with deep, tender eyes, darkly-bright, like the ashes thrown over burning coals; his words, spoken in rich, full tones, were precious; but—again—vanity and vexation of spirit. It was election-day, and doubtless voting all day is appetizing: this time it was *Bologna Sausage*. I absolutely decline a hero who is addicted to sausages of any kind. I tried a third style; he was short, and did not look like a Saxon knight; but it is useless to talk of him, for he is short, and so is—another. And though one has blue eyes, and the other dear, dark ones, and in all respects save height they are as unlike as day and night, Mrs. Grundy would surely say my hero was this other, and I should drag through a wretched existence ever after knowing myself the miserable being who had brought her most sacred feelings to the public market. I came home sore distressed that day; my sweet little heroine is slaying her thousands, and I have not found a hero even yet.

I might end here; but speaking of that day reminds me that if I did not find the touch of human nature in the men I met that I went out to seek, I found some very soothing touches of womanly nature in the stores wherein I divided my intellectual labors with the no less fatiguing ones of choosing ribbons and trimmings. I was worried about more things than the trifling want of a hero that day, and my nerves were all on the strain. It was fortunate for me that my shopping took me always into stores where women instead of men were clerks. Not that I mean to join the hue and cry against men, or the semblance of men, who live by "measuring tape." I don't in the least doubt that there are many who are born and fashioned expressly for the purpose of cutting up purple and fine linen; and that if they were to be driven from this way of earning their bread, butter, cigars, and perfumery, they would have to be dependent on their wife, aunt, or sister, or else beg: a cruelty of which the American heart is incapable, I fondly trust. Only I would like it understood that the true reason is this, and nothing else. I hardly think I differ very much from the rest of my sex in saying, that if I must flirt, I prefer to flirt in my own social sphere; and so to me it is very pleasant to be waited on by gentle, patient, pleasant girls; to see nicely-kept, womanly hands moving among the silks and laces; to look up

and see a pleasant face, and hear a soft voice answering my questions; and all these things, gentle manners, pleasant faces, simple, unaffected ways, and soothing voices, seem to me universal among the shop-girls of New York. I would like to make a real, true heroine out of one of these. I wonder where they live, and how they learn to be so ladylike, and how they keep from fancying that dangles and affectations will make them more pleasing. I wonder if they look just as pleasant and womanly when they go home at night; if so, how their little brothers and sisters must love them, and regard them as a sort of goddess. I wonder if they try to be cheerful and good to their big brothers, to entertain them as if they were beaux (hard work as it is to please big brothers), keeping them ont of mischief for the time being, and giving them pure, sweet remembrances to keep them from evil in the time to come? It looks to me as if they did all this, as well as please many a wearied eye by their bright faces, and soothe many an aching nerve by their gentle answers, as they show off silks and ribbons, or name the color and the price.

They almost console one for the lack of a hero.

Very sincerely,

ELIZABETH MARJORYBANKS.

MRS. TYPESET'S DIARY.

Tuesday Morn.—Glancing through the advertising columns of the newspapers, it is curious to notice how many gilded traps are set to catch the unwary. Nothing more would seem necessary to the acquiring of a fortune than to send from three cents to one dollar, as the case may be, to a given address, when the applicant will be shown the way to wealth. Generally the first inclosure of money is followed by a demand for a few shillings more to allow the candidate admission into the penetralia of mysteries. This being paid, sometimes no further reply comes—or perhaps a recipe is sent for something utterly useless or impracticable. Such advertisements almost invariably bring disappointment to those who answer them. Saw an instance in a London journal this morning, which is a fair sample of results in general. A certain John Green advertised that he wanted "persons of either sex to do fancy work at their own homes," for which they would receive from "one to eight guineas per week." A lady who answered the advertisement was informed that the art was "Tinting by Reflection," that it would be in great demand at Christmas, and that full instructions and materials would be sent on receipt of five shillings. The money was sent, and the "instructions and materials" returned in the following form: "MADAM,—Herewith I inclose you materials and instructions. The materials will be renewed whenever you ask for them.—JOHN GREEN. Draw twenty-four little and very ludicrous Chinese figures (making them form a scene) on each sheet of prepared paper. Cut them each three parts out with a knife." The inclosure called the "materials" was five half-sheets of small note-paper perfectly plain.

Women incline to entire freedom in athletic sports and occupations. Parlor croquet, and even skating on ice-bound ponds does not satisfy. A young lady out West, probably envying Weston's fame, challenges some one of her own sex to compete with her in walking. A club of young ladies has been formed in Hyannis, Massachusetts, for the purpose of engaging in the popular game of base-ball. And, far away, on the Mediterranean Sea, there sails a Dutch yacht, called the *Verney*, which is commanded by a Miss Tinne—suppose I should say Captain Tinne. She is about twenty-seven years of age, and attracts great attention. Her suite is composed of four persons dressed in rich and picturesque costume after the fashion of the East. These things do not belong to the "progress of the age." Oh no! Women of olden times were far ahead of us—only necessity, more than pleasure and ambition, was their motive power. In Ohio there lives a woman one hundred and two years old. In 1799 she moved from Virginia to Ohio with her family, and walked the whole distance, carrying an infant in her arms. And as to horseback riding—it was the only mode of locomotion sometimes—my grandmother rode some eighty miles on horseback through unbroken forests to her wilderness home in New England, guiding her horse with one hand, and holding her infant child with the other. Years ago there lived in Wales the greatest hunter, shooter, and fisher of her time—Margaret Uch Evan. She kept a dozen or two of dogs—terriers, greyhounds, and spaniels. She hunted foxes, rowed excellently, was a famous fiddler of old Welsh music, a very good joiner, and the best wrestler of her time, few young men daring to try a fall with her. Enough accomplishments, surely, for one woman!

Evening.—Is it any use to be indignant? any use to plead for the little children whose red knees, for fashion's sake, are exposed to the piercing air? Mr. T. quite laughed at me when I returned from shopping to-day—and terribly cold it was out—because I was so "eloquent," as he said, regarding velvet-robed and fur-enveloped mothers who wouldn't put warm, long stockings upon their shivering children. "Why, it's the *fashion*," said he, "to show the pretty leg, I suppose—must follow the fashion, of course!" "Well," I retorted with unnecessary warmth, considering Mr. T. is not a fashionable mother, "the next fashion they will follow will be croup, or lung fever, or scarlatina!"

"I am afraid so," said he, seriously; "if the records of mortality went back to the first cause it would be said of many little ones, '*Died of bare knees.*'"

Wednesday Eve.—Our household medical books give special antidotes for various kinds of poison—white of eggs for this, mustard for that, and so on. But if a sudden accident occurs one can scarcely remember which remedy is the efficacious one. The following, clipped from an English paper, is easily remembered, and seems reasonable:

"Sweet-oil is an antidote for poison. A poison of any conceivable description and degree of potency, which has been swallowed, may be rendered instantly harmless by taking two gills of sweet-oil. An individual with a very strong constitution should take twice the quantity. This oil will neutralize every form of vegetable or mineral poison with which physicians and chemists are acquainted."

Mr. Typeset had been intently occupied with *Blackwood's Magazine* this evening, when he looked up, saying:

"I don't mean any thing personal—not at all—but wouldn't this be good for your Diary?" And he read, without giving me the slightest clew to the connection: "I've nothin' to say agin' her piety, my dear; but I know very well I shouldn't like her to cook my victuals. When a man comes in hungry an' tired, piety won't feed him, I reckon. Hard carrots will lie heavy on his stomach, piety or no piety. I called in one day when she was dishin' up Mr. Tryan's dinner, an' I could see the potatoes was as watery as water. It's right enough to be speretial—I'm no enemy to that; but I like my potatoes mealy. I don't see as any body'll go to heaven the sooner for not digestin' their dinner."

An amusing collection of errors has appeared in a little volume published in France, which promises to teach the Portuguese—perhaps not in six easy lessons, but in a very brief time—how to converse in English. A quotation from the preface is comical enough, and a sample of many portions of the book itself:

"We expect then, who the little book (for the care what we wrote him, and for her typographical correction) that may be worth the acceptation of the studious persons, and especially of the youth, at which we dedicate him particularly."

A writer about old-time customs gives a curious account of the food spread before the students at Harvard College in 1759. The standing dish was fresh beef baked—now and then a hard, Indian meal pudding—and a baked plain pudding once a quarter. For supper they had their choice of meat or pies, or bread and milk. No mention of vegetables. "Every scholar carried to the dining-table his own knife and fork, and, when he had dined, *wiped them on the table-cloth!*"

Thursday Eve.—An English lady of uncertain mind on many points considered it essential to her comfort to have them established by some standard authority. So she appealed recently to an English magazine of fashion, and received the following answers to one or two of her numerous important queries: "It is impossible to say what is the 'correct' height for a lady; tastes vary. Five feet nothing will excite the admiration of some as a graceful little thing, while five feet six inches would, by others, be considered a fine, elegant creature. Five feet four inches is rather above the middle height, but not 'tall.' We do not know if brunettes are to be 'all the rage when winter comes.' No amount of intimacy justifies a gentleman in kissing a lady without her permission; this does not mean that it shall be accorded in so many words; ladies are quite capable, without language, of expressing a gentle encouragement or the reverse. Without this encouragement few *gentlemen* will presume."

A London paper says that a vegetable gas has been discovered, giving good light and being free from smell, which can be manufactured by any family at their kitchen fire. But what *is* the vegetable which yields such a valuable product? And can it be bought at Washington Market, or must one cultivate it himself? Really it would be pleasant to be free from extortionate gas bills!

A man thinks himself justified in learning all he can about a lady to whom he is thinking of "popping the question." He studies her character, tests her temper, and calls early in the morning to see if he can catch her in deshabille. A woman has not half the opportunity to find out whether it is wise for her to say "Yes" when the question is asked. Somebody sums up the needful test as follows: "If a man waits patiently while a woman is 'putting her things on,' or 'shopping,' he will make a good husband."

Friday.—"To remain at rest in any position until a feeling of chilliness is induced is sufficient to bring on an attack of inflammation of the lungs, however vigorous and robust the person may feel." So says a physician.

Have much enjoyed Schiller's "Song of the Bell," translated by Alfred Baskerville. There are many choice bits, as this picture of home and the mother:

"Within it reigns
The prudent mother;
In wisdom's ways
Her house she sways;
Instructeth the girls,
Controlleth the boys;
With diligent hands
She works and commands;
Increases the gains,
And order maintains.
With treasures the sweet-smelling wardrobe she stores,
And busily over the spinning-wheel pores;
She hoards in the bright polished presses, till full,
The snowy-white linen, the sparkling wool;
The bright and the showy to good she disposes,
And never reposes."

The duties of the husband are more briefly set forth:

"The husband must fight
The battle of life;
Must plant and create,
Watch, snare, and debate;
Must venture and stake,
His fortune to make."

Saturday Eve.—Nothing makes our parlors so bright and pleasant, next to cheerful, loving faces, as to have green, growing plants, and fresh blossoms in the windows. But in order to derive much satisfaction from plants, one must have time to tend them, a sunny window, some practical knowledge of horticulture, and not a little skill and patience. And I often find that my geraniums and roses flourish finely when out of doors in the summer, but when I bring them into the house the leaves drop, the plant droops, and sometimes I have scarcely a blossom. Wish I could be as successful as some are. Think I will try something simple this winter. The sweet-potato really sends forth a beautiful vine, and so little trouble as it gives. Place a sweet-potato in a glass of water, passing a pin through the tuber so as to keep the lower end an inch from the bottom of the vessel. Keep on the mantle-shelf, in a warm room, and every day give it the sun for an hour or two. Soon rootlings will appear, aiming for the bottom of the vessel; and in two or three weeks the eye will begin to shoot and rapidly grow and run upon suspended twine, or any little trellis-work prepared for it. The morning glory is easily cultivated in a sunny window, and flowers beautifully through the winter. If an acorn is suspended so as nearly to touch the water in a tumbler, and set on the mantle, it will, after a few weeks, send a root down into the water, while little green leaves will spring upward, making a miniature oak-tree. Of course the waste of water by evaporation should be supplied.

It is announced that a convention of maiden ladies is to be held at Little Rock, Arkansas, "to gain a true knowledge of the nature and attributes of men." Married ladies acquire this knowledge from day to day, without holding any formal meeting for the purpose.

"A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

The Publishers have just commenced the issue of HARPER'S BAZAR, a Weekly Illustrated Family Journal, devoted to Fashion and Home Literature. Their aim is twofold: to supply the existing need of a Weekly Fashion Newspaper, and to combine therewith a first-class literary journal, which will be indispensable to every household.

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1868.

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THE RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

II.

ANNO 1720.—One of the chief ornaments of the court of London in 1720 was the sparkling, black-eyed Lady Kingston. Lady Kingston (*née* Chudleigh) was the wife of a colonel in the British army. The husband and wife, however, as was by no means uncommon in those days, were perfectly indifferent to each other. But as the latter had talent, wit, and spirit enough for ten women, was the first lady of fashion in London, and was surrounded by the most exclusive admirers, chief among whom was Captain Hervey, afterward Earl of Bristol, who married her daughter Elizabeth (famous for her celebrated trial), no wonder, then, that our heroine, in spite of her dubious position, acquired an importance among the gentry which the most circumspect sought in vain. If she spoke, she was witty; if silent, she was still more interesting. Every thing she did was proper or clever; every thing she wore, or her way of wearing it, was a model, and set the fashion.

Fashion had at that time come, as it were, to a stand-still in London. The ladies discontentedly dragged out a monotonous existence between long-trailing robes or dresses looped up on the right side; and the London dress and fashion makers were at their wit's end and in despair. They toiled through mountains of works on dress, but every thing had already been in vogue. The old English pride naturally forbade the adoption of a new fashion, or of any thing new from France; originality left the craftiest heads in the lurch; the situation was dreadful.

Under these circumstances Lady Kingston, who was most concerned, took a bold resolution. "Away with this rubbish, Mary!" said she, angrily, one morning, on inspecting her wardrobe, "and send for Mr. Taylor directly; I will put an end to this state of things." Half an hour after Mr. Taylor entered her boudoir with a cheerfulness quite in accordance with the existing circumstances. "Mr. Taylor, I am tired of these eternal trains. I have made a resolution which will overthrow all present fashions—overthrow them, I tell you."

"My lady—"

"Silence, Mr. Taylor, till I ask your advice; I don't need it now. Just listen, understand, and then do what you are told. Our great Queen Elizabeth, as I learned from Hope's Book of Costumes yesterday, wore under her dress a kind of skirt stiffened with cane or whalebone. Such a skirt gave the figure an extraordinarily majestic appearance—immeasurably superior to our trains."

"My lady—"

"Mr. Taylor, you are a chatter-box! I will wear just such a stiffened skirt—we will call it hoop-skirt—not like Queen Elizabeth's, under the dress, but over it, or rather without any dress at all."

The wretched Mr. Taylor almost fell off his chair, but it would have required the spirit of a lion to make any further objection; moreover he was very near the door. The skirt was described to the minutest detail. It was to be of sea-green silk, quilted with light-red thread, padded, or, rather, bolstered with down, stiffened with whalebone, and provided with ornamental loops in front, so that it might be held with greater comfort. A fine padded underskirt of Holland linen was devised at the same time, which should leave the feet visible to any extent.

Thus habited Lady Kingston appeared one summer afternoon in St. James's Park, with her page to clear the way; and no one dared to laugh at the Empress of Fashion. The people stared amazed; they admired; and, from mouth to mouth, through the attentive throng, passed the approving words "All right!"

RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

FACETIÆ.

May a speech on board ship be called a deck oration?—Possibly. In some conditions of weather a speech well delivered would entitle any one to a decoration.

HALF-MINUTES WITH OUR BEST AUTHORS.

WILKIE COLLINS—Wrote "The Dead Secret." If intrusted to him, he should not have done it.

Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL—Wrote "Far Above Rubies." She must have a heavy account at her publisher's.

Rev. W. BLUNT—Wrote "Plain Sermons." We are not surprised to hear it.

HOLME LEE—Wrote "In the Silver Age." We presume this was before the period of our copper currency.

Miss BRADDON—Wrote "Lady Audley's Secret," and published it to the world: while another

AUTHOR—Wrote "More Secrets than One." Shame!

MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS—Wrote "A Winter with the Swallows in Algeria." We presume her book is all about flies, and how to catch them.

J. KEAST LORD—Has written "At Home in the Wilderness." We hope his subject is not so barren as his house.

Miss YONGE—Wrote "The Book of Golden Deeds." We presume this is a very bright book.

CROWE—Wrote "A History of Painting in Italy." But we presume he took but a bird's-eye view of the subject.

CHARLES LEVER—Wrote "One of Them." We were always under the impression that he had written a great many more.

J. T. BLIGHT—Wrote "A Week at the Land's End." We presume his subject finished there.

Mrs. C. J. NEWBY—Wrote "Common Sense." Excellent woman, Mrs. Newby!

Dr. OWGAN—Wrote "Out of the World." Wonder where he wrote it!

Mr. WILKIE COLLINS—Wrote "After Dark." It must have tried his eyesight.

MOST UNDOUBTEDLY.—Must not the gentleman who, a short time back, wrote to his "*Dearest* wife" necessarily be a polygamist?

A boy at a crossing, begging something of a gentleman, the latter told him he would give him something when he came back. "Your honor," replied the boy, "you would be surprised if you knew how much money I lose by giving credit that way."

The old lady who used to dry her clothes on the Equinoctial Line has gone to Greenland to get the North Pole to draw cistern water with.

A CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN UMBRELLA STEALER.—Umbrellas have the reputation of being considered public property. Few of the family, when once "taken in mistake," ever find their way back to the rightful owner. It is a marvel to hear of restoration, and we just happen to have heard of one such case. A gentleman of Chesterfield had missed his umbrella for some time, but a day or two ago found it in a conspicuous place on his premises with the following inscription pinned upon it: "This umbrallar as prade hon my konshens ever sin I stole him. W. R."

What ladies are best to go fishing with?—An-nette and Caroline.

TELL ME NOT, ETC.

After Longfellow.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream,
That I've not waked from childish slumbers,
That swells are not what they seem.

Life is real, and life is earnest,
Base deception's not its end;
And those golden locks thou spurnest,
Only Nature's self can lend.

Can the *beau monde's* fair complexions
Furnished be by mortal art?
Bought? like votes at base elections—
Hired? the charms that win the heart.

This is not an age of wonder,
Yet me with these tales you cram,
Rending all ideas asunder,
Saying footmen's calves are sham.

Lives of great swells all remind me
I can make my dress sublime;
And, departing, leave behind me
Footprints on the sands of Time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sauntering down the row in vain,
Some forlorn *ennuié* brother
Seeing, may take heart again.

Let me, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Women's beauty still pursuing,
Trusting and believing mate!

A youngster who was taken into a toy bazar the other day by his doting mamma had a number of articles exhibited by the attentive clerk, in the hope of enlisting his attention and effecting a sale, but without effect. At last one of those papier-mache representations of a mouse was produced, and, after being wound up by a key, was set down upon the floor, where it ran about in the most mouse-like manner imaginable. The youngster's attention was enlisted at once, but the result was not as his mother or the salesman expected, for he shouted out, "Oh, mamma, I don't want that; we've got lots of those at home, and don't have to wind 'em up, either."

"Shure, which is the entrance out?" asked an Irishman at a railway station the other day.

MOVING FOR A NEW TRIAL—Courting a second wife.

THE ONLY REAL SAFETY MATCHES AFTER ALL—Rich marriages.

What is the difference between a watchmaker and a jailer? One sells watches and the other watches cells.

Why is a water-lily like a whale?—They both come to the surface to blow.

On a child being told that he must be broken of a bad habit, he replied, "Papa, hadn't I better be mended?"

Mrs. Partington has been reading the health officer's weekly reports, and thinks that "total" must be an awful disease, since as many die of it as all the rest put together.

An instance of the ruling passion strong in death is related of old Cook, the miser. On his death-bed, when his end was approaching, a tallow-candle was burning on a stand, and a flickering flame in the fireplace. Suddenly he called to his son, saying, "Woodbury, come here!" The son approached his bedside, when the old man whispered, "Woodbury, blow out that candle; tallow's most as dear as butter."

A young lady who was reading a novel was asked by a gentleman how she liked the style. "The style? the style?" was the answer; "oh, Sir, I've not come to that yet."

HOW TO FIND HAPPINESS—Look in a dictionary.

A little girl once hearing the remark that all people had once been children, artlessly inquired, "Who took care of the babies?"

What stone should have been placed at the Garden of Eden after the expulsion?—Adam aint in (Adamantine).

Ohio is blessed with highway robbers. An old man returning from market with a large sum of money saw the knights of the road approaching, dropped his money in the bottom of the wagon, and, when they roughly asked him where it was, having vainly searched him, he assumed an expression of extreme fright, and stammered out, "Haven't got paid yet; but if you'll stop me to-morrow night you'll find it."

OLD EPITAPHS.

Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute;
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anny Dominy eighteen forty.

Owen More has gone away,
Owing more than he can pay.

Here lies the body of Thomas Smith,
And what is somewhat rareish,
He was born, bred, and hanged in this parish.

Here lies the wife of Roger Martin,
She was a good wife to Roger that's sartin;
The manner of her death was thus,
She was druv over by a buss.

A POINT ANY WOMAN CAN APPRECIATE—Point lace.

A plate of apples was being passed round a group of children. There was a fine red one at the top, which a little girl took. "How greedy you are," said her next neighbor, "to take the largest! I meant to have had that myself."

"Sir," said one of two antagonists, with great dignity, to the other, during a dispute which had not been confined to words, "you have called me a liar and a scoundrel; you have spit in my face; you have struck me twice. I hope you will not rouse the sleeping lion in my breast, for if you should, I can not tell what may be the consequences."

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM CHARACTER—Get rich.

Charley, the other day, on seeing a number of funerals, expressed a wish that he might die before heaven was full.

"My dear doctor," said an Irishman, "it's no use your giving me an emetic; I tried it twice in Dublin, and it would not stay on my stomach five minutes."

THE WORLD OF FASHION—WHAT WE HAVE COME TO AT LAST.

REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY—LA MODE DEMOCRATIQUE.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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DINNER AND WALKING TOILETTES.—[SEE PAGE 121.]

MY JEWEL.

THE pearl is a gem I dearly prize
So pure and white it gleams;
The diver dives for it where it lies
Concealed from the sun's bright beams
In the hidden hearts of the ocean shells,
'Neath the foamy crested waves,
Deep down in the merman-haunted dells
And the myriad mystic caves.

The opal burns with a sullen fire,
But I love its lurid light;
The sapphire shines with the blue of the sea;
And the topaz glistens bright;
The emerald's hue is as softly green
As the early buds of spring,
When the violet by old roots is seen,
And the blue-bird lifts his wing.

The amethyst, like a purple mist,
With shadowy splendor glooms;
The ruby's red is ruddier far
Than the reddest rose that blooms—
Ruddier far than the reddest rose
That ever on earth was seen,
As red as the royal blood that flows
In the heart of an Eastern Queen.

Hidden far down from the glory of day
The scintillant diamond shines,
Where the miners delve 'neath the vaulted glooms
In the depths of Golconda's mines;
The golden light of the sunbeam lives
In the fair gem's scintillant cells,
Imprisoned there, like a flame, and gives
The splendor that in them dwells.

But a fairer jewel by far have I
Than diamond or pearl,
For sapphire-hued are the love-lit eyes
Of this rare and radiant girl;
She has topaz lights in her wavy hair;
And her ruby tinted lips
Are sweeter far than the honeyed lair
Where the roving king-bee sips.

No glittering gems on her hand she wears,
No jewels in her ear;
But to me though clad in the wide world's wealth
She could not be more dear—
For queen of my heart and its boundless love
Is this rare and radiant girl,
And her lightest value is far above
The price of the costliest pearl.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1867.

WASTE OF APPETITE.

THE appetite for food has been conferred upon man, as upon other animals, not only to delight his taste, but to nourish his body. With the usual tendency, however, of human beings to seek a temporary and immediate pleasure, we too often neglect a permanent and remote good. This is especially observable in our eating and drinking. The tempting morsel or seductive draught, offered whenever it may be, is taken with avidity, without any regard to its possible effect upon the future health. There is, however, no more frequent cause of serious disease than this irregular eating and drinking.

The human, as well as other animal bodies, to be properly nourished, must be fed in accordance with those laws which, Nature herself having established, can not be disobeyed without suffering the usual penalty of ill-health.

Physiology teaches us that most articles of food require from three to four hours to digest, and that any interference with this function will seriously derange its operation. Now when it has once commenced nothing is more fatal to its action than the introduction into the stomach of fresh food. This gives the organ a new and difficult labor to perform, and thus doubles at once its work. "The stomach," as Sir Astley Cooper candidly acknowledged, "is not a Wedgewood mortar," but a living organism, which can indeed withstand a great deal of use, but not abuse.

To escape dyspepsia and the thousand other ailments which arise from the disobedience of the laws of digestion it is absolutely necessary to eat and drink only at regular periods. It is always unsafe to take any food whatsoever between meals. The ordinary arrangement of these in well-regulated households is the best—say three repasts a day, separated from each other by intervals of five hours. This gives time not only for the full completion of the process of digestion, but for that repose essential to the recovery by the stomach of its strength, which is necessary for the renewal of its duties.

The habit so prevalent among American women of frequenting the confectioner and pastry-cook is one which is telling seriously upon their health. It is not that a *bonbon*, an ice-cream, or a tart, is directly injurious, for these, when taken at the proper time, are not necessarily unwholesome articles of food. They are, however, seldom taken at the proper time, but eaten too soon after or before the daily meals. They thus either interfere with digestion or exhaust the appetite, and prevent it from satisfying itself with more solid food, essential to the nutrition and health of the body.

Some young dames think it doubtless more delicate to feed like nightingales on a flimsy diet of sweets. They can thus pleasantly gratify their appetites at the counter of the confectioner, and at the table refuse, with an elegant disdain, the solidities of roast beef and pudding. Their young admirers, with an aversion, like Lord Byron, to seeing a woman eat, may be charmed at their languid use of knife and fork. If they will listen, however, to the old family doctor he will tell them that every dame, delicate as she may be, has a stomach which is carnivorous, and not *bonbon*ivorous. If our pretty young women desire to preserve their health and beauty we recommend them to make their regular appearance at each family meal, and take their fair share of unsentimental but wholesome grub, and not disturb their digestion or waste their appetites at the confectioner's or pastry-cook's.

CHILD HARDENING.

THERE is a prevalent notion that children can be hardened, as it is called, or rendered insensible, by exposure to the effects of weather. This is a vulgar error and a dangerous one. Those who hold to it will point triumphantly, in proof of their opinion, to those rugged offspring of poverty, occasionally seen, who, in spite of their nakedness, seem to defy the cold and the storm. These, however, are the few of the many that disease has left untouched; they are the hardy plants which remain in the wastes of misery unwithered and undestroyed by the neglect and pestilence which have decayed and killed most of those of kindred growth.

It is a well-established fact that a much larger number of the children of the poor and miserable suffer from disease and die than of those of the rich and luxurious. The offspring of misery who survive are mostly the fortunate few endowed with an inherent vigor of constitution which is proof against the severest trials. None but the strongest children of poverty are left. The weakest scion of wealth is often nurtured by care to health and long life. Luxury may not always make the most rational use of its opportunities in the bringing up of its fortunate offspring, but it has nothing to learn from misery in the forced neglect of its unhappy progeny, except that the health and life of the young are only to be preserved by the most careful tending.

The surface of the body can not, as is often supposed, be hardened by continued exposure to cold or intemperate weather of any kind. The skin, when in a wholesome condition, is soft and moist, and, moreover, is being constantly renewed, so that, whatever may be the age of the animal, its integument is always fresh and young. It thus constantly preserves its tenderness and its sensibility to changes of temperature and other impressions. It is true that certain parts of the skin, as that in the palm of the hand of the manual worker, does thicken and become hard. This, however, is not a natural state; and if by any process the whole surface of the body were covered with a similar shell of callousness its vitality would probably be destroyed. It is necessary for the skin to retain its porousness and moist pliability, in order to perform the function of transpiration which is essential to life. On some festive occasion or other, in Paris, the skin of a child was covered with gold-leaf, and died, in consequence, a few hours after, within its stiff and impervious shroud of gilt.

The inherent delicacy of the skin renders it particularly sensitive to cold and drafts of air. It therefore requires protection. The low-necked, short, and sleeveless dress, by which fond mothers delight to show off the swelling busts and rounded limbs of their darlings, is, accordingly, a vanity which can not be indulged in with safety in all latitudes and all seasons. During our severe winters there should be no part of the surface of the body of a child, with the exception of its face, exposed to the external air. With, however, the fiery furnaces, and the more than tropical heat of most of our prosperous interiors, the indoor clothing may be very light, or almost nothing, provided the temperature be uniform, and all drafts and changes of air be avoided. With the prevalent practice of overheating our houses there is always, on going out, a danger in facing the winter's breath. To escape this the greatest possible difference should be made between the indoor and outdoor clothing. This is obviously to be done by relying for warmth chiefly upon the cloaks and coats, pelisses, fur capes, and the exterior garments which are easily put on and off. If the under-clothing, or that ordinarily worn inside of the house, be too heavy, that put on on going out is apt to be too light to protect the body against the difference of temperature, which is the chief danger to be guarded against.

Of course, as air and exercise are essential to the health of the young, they must face the stern winter of their native land; but it is a fatal mistake to suppose that either nature or habit can render them insensible to its withering breath. The only security is in warm clothing, which must not be neglected with any absurd idea of *child hardening*.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to a Rich Young Man.

MY DEAR JOHN,—As I was traveling slowly up Broadway a few days since, watching all my fellow-passengers, I saw you coming down in company with your uncle, and you soon passed me twirling your mustache. At the same moment I heard a youth close by me say to his companion, "that's John Johns!" and both of them turned and followed you with their eyes. The two youth and I were walking at about the same rate, and in a few minutes a very famous poet passed us, and I observed that they did not know him. I turned and watched for a little while, and saw that he went on quite unnoticed. When I resumed my walk my young fellow-travelers were out of sight.

Do I blame them for knowing the rich man and following him with eager and admiring eyes, while they did not know the poet? Far from it. A man walking on his elbows down Broadway would have excited more attention from all of us travelers there than the rich man or the poet. Neither, certainly, do I mean to make any offensive comparison between the peculiar interest the youth had in you, and that which those who knew him had in the poet. No, no, my dear Mr. Johns, I am not one of the rather numerous company who are of the opinion, very freely and loudly expressed, that "any nincompoop can make a fortune." I am not of that faith, and yet it must be consolatory as showing how few nincompoops there really are. If I stand at the corner of Wall Street any morning—and if you watch closely you can see me there at least once a week—and look at the throng pouring into the offices of the bankers and traders down the street and in its neighborhood, I see a great many players in the great game, but not a great many who have won high stakes. There is an eager crowd to buy the tickets, but very few bear off the prizes.

And those who do are by no means necessarily nincompoops. They are not necessarily mean or narrow-minded. It is the habit of some of my friends who write in the magazines and who make novels to represent the rich man as of course a vulgar, hard, selfish, ignorant, and repulsive character. But I know too many who are not so; who are sweet, simple, generous, noble men, full of humanity and sympathy, not to feel that the story-writers are unjust. I know, perhaps—I will not be held too strictly to it—as many men spoiled by poverty as by riches. Good men, pinched by poverty, grow sour, and bitter, and cynical, and they even sink gradually into meanness, jealousy, and worse. There are others who, as we all feel, only want a little more money to be true models of manly character and influence. A rich man, dear Mr. Johns, who fully understands his position, uses his riches as Shakspeare did his genius—for the benefit of mankind. He is the steward and almoner of the Divine bounty. It radiates from him like light from the sun. There is no greater blessing to any community than a rich man who regards his riches as a trust for others, not as a hoard for himself.

Now, my dear Mr. Johns, you think that I am a visionary old fool, who is imagining a phœnix, a bird of whose kind there is never but one specimen at any one time, and the kind itself wholly fabulous. Well, certainly, I frankly confess that if you were to look into a mirror, you would not behold the phœnix whom you smile at me for describing. No; if I must describe you, I shall paint a very different kind of bird.

As I said, you were twirling your mustache when you passed me. Your coat was short in the waist and tight in the arms. It was an English shooting-coat. Your trowsers were of a positive checked pattern, tight, and coarse: English trowsers. Your shoes were Balmorals of a tremendous sole: English shoes. You looked like an English merchant going to his office, and you were satisfied, for that was precisely what you most ardently wished to resemble. Yes, my dear Mr. Johns, you looked like a young Podsnap; you were a specimen of the bourgeoning British merchant. You have I know not how many thousands and thousands of dollars income every year, and by great pains you had succeeded in imitating the appearance of any of the excellent British youth who come to this country to make their fortunes, and who are conspicuous as they travel with us along Broadway, on their way to earn their small and deserved salaries, for the clumsiness and bad taste of their costume. Yet it is natural to them. In you it is an affectation.

As your dress is, so is your manner. It constantly says that you have a great many more thousands of dollars income than the person you are talking with. You disdain, you condescend, you patronize. Your conduct implies that you are in some indescribable way superior to those with whom you are compelled to mingle. Indeed, instead of associating with a good, jolly company of young men like yourself, forgetting the fact about the income, you take especial care to be seen only with the richest men, as if your responsibilities were too vast and weighty to be tolerable except in the society of the equally responsible. And yet, dear Mr. Johns, you who take these fine superior airs are literally the jackdaw in the peacock's plumage. The money, after all, is not yours in the truest sense—that is, you did not make it. It was left to you.

Do you suppose that nobody thinks of the fact? Why, my young friend, when I see some men who shall be nameless, although they are perfectly familiar to all of us, I remember that they were once poor boys who started from home like Whittington for the great city. And to them as to him, when they doubted and faltered, the bells rang "Turn again! turn again!" And they grappled with the city and all its chances, bringing their wit, their skill, their industry, their patience, their tenacity to the conflict. And now up, now down; victorious here, defeated there; they manfully strove and conquered. They have lost much, for no victory is without price. They meant success, and success to them meant money honestly earned, and they have honestly earned it. They have paid for it many things that some of us may value more. But that is a matter of taste often, and of temperament. And as I read in the revenue lists that the smooth-faced boy of forty and fifty years ago, who did not very well know how to get a dinner, now pays a tax upon fifty or a hundred thousand dollars of income, or even more, I say to him, "Well done, Whittington! you have fought the battle, and you deserve the honors."

His fortune is the monument of his industry and fidelity, of his skill and genius. It is the power applied to money-making which another man devotes to writing history or to painting pictures. For my part I had rather write such a book as Goldwin Smith's "Three English Statesmen" than make fifty thousand dollars by a sagacious commercial adventure to China or South America. But I do not underrate the genius necessary to the latter. I honor the conquering hero wherever I see him. Some of the men of whom I speak have honestly struggled up to five hundred thousand a year, and can not spell correctly nor speak grammatically. No matter. Had I been a Briton I should have hurrahed for Nelson when he returned from the Nile, although he had probably never heard of Andromache, and did not know whether Boston were in Massachusetts or Massachusetts in Boston.

But you, my dear young Sir, are no conquering hero. I should have saluted Nelson coming from the Nile, but not his grandson feebly dawdling in a club, although he wore Nelson's coronet. So I respect your grandfather, but not you. It is your grandfather whose skill and industry are commemorated by your money, not yours. When I read in the revenue list that you pay an enormous income-tax, I say merely—if you will pardon the familiarity with the name of your respectable ancestor—"What a long-headed old chap Jonathan Johns was!" Those fine figures are no monument of your capacity. They praise a dead man, and that is what I mean by saying that you are a jackdaw in peacock's feathers. Ah me! how the apprehensive shade of Jonathan Johns must wince as it contemplates Master John Johns in the substantial flesh! Money may not have wings, but it has tandems, and dog-carts, and racers, and yachts, and silver dinner-services, and all the rest, and so makes off. Peace, perturbed Jonathan! The gold dust is scattered upon the river whence you carefully gathered and sifted it, but only for another gatherer and sifter.

You seem to forget, my young Sir, that the only way in which you can justify your existence at all is to use your great trust as not abusing it. Begin, I beg you, by reforming your manners. It might be forgiven to John Jacob Astor, or Napoleon Bonaparte, if their

manners had chanced to be haughty and vulgar. They, at least, had in their different ways something beside haughty and vulgar manners. But upon what ground do you propose to defend your insolent behavior? Is it that you have your grandfather's money? Yes, but the honor of Wallace's posterity, had he left any, would have been not that they bore his name and inherited his claymore, but that they could swing it. If they could not, Mr. Johns, the less they said about it the better. Reform your manners. Remember that if the money which you did not make were taken from you you could make no more. The peacock may renew the splendor of his plumage; but the jackdaw—alas! alas! Mr. Johns, it could never put out a solitary little red feather! The only way in which you can justify yourself to the rest of the world for being rich is by using your riches modestly, honorably, and nobly. Then the world will say, and say truly, "Old Jonathan Johns knew how to make money, but he could never have spent it so well as his grandson." To have money, if you have a rich grandfather, is easy and of no credit to yourself. To spend it generously and wisely is evidence of your own character and capacity.

You would think of this, my dear Mr. Johns, if you knew how profound is the contempt which you excite in many minds besides that of

Your true well-wisher and friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

THE picturesque costumes worn by the little folks now a days are but miniature copies of those made for children of a larger growth. Gored dresses are cut in the "Princesse" style for little girls just out of the nurse's arms. Rounded jackets, paletots, redingotes, fourreaux, sashes, and tunics, are aped for them by their mammas. Dresses for ordinary wear are made with square yokes, very high in the neck, and quite short on the shoulders. The fullness of the bodice is arranged in melon pleats, or fluting, formed by seaming the goods together, on the wrong side, at intervals of an inch.

GARIBALDI WAISTS.

Garibaldi waists are made for both boys and girls. These waists are objected to as untidy, loose, and careless-looking; but if neatly fitted into the belt and on the shoulders, they need not have this appearance, even on the most active child. Scarcely any other style admits of that freedom of movement which should be the most important consideration in making children's clothes.

BISMARCK SUITS.

A pretty jacket for boys, called the Bismarck—the name refers to the shape, and not to the color—obviates the objection to the Garibaldi, by a belt set on outside the body instead of being inserted. The body is pleated into a round, plain jacket skirt cut to spring over the hips nicely. A strap, bound with velvet and lined with buckram, is sewn over the seam which unites the waist and skirt, concealing the seam, and answering the purpose of a belt. Slanting pockets are simulated on the breast. Zouave trowsers, gathered in by elastics at the knee, are worn with the Bismarck jacket.

TRIMMINGS.

Raised full trimmings are always prettier for children's dresses than those sewn on plain and flat. Narrow pinked ruffles, full pleated ruches, and puffings are more youthful and dressy than folds and velvet ribbons, and when securely stitched on are not liable to be torn off. Soutache braid, gilt cord, Persian ribbon, and bias plaid folds—all pretty, but too gay for ladies' use—find their proper sphere on children's dresses. Rich, warm, bright colors, comfortable shape, and a proper attention to the requisitions of the season, are to be considered first, after which the widest range for fancy is admissible.

SCOTCH PLAID, TWEED, SERGE, ETC.

There is in England a mania at present for plaids of all the different Scotch clans for ladies' dresses and wrappings. A revival of these gay styles was predicted here early in the fall, and our merchants imported an unusually large supply of tartan poplins, tweeds, etc., but thus far they have only gained a foothold in children's costumes. There is no more serviceable material for everyday wear than the Scotch all wool plaid. When soiled it is easily washed and looks as well as ever. This is true of the gayest combinations of color. It wears so well that children often outgrow it before a thread of the fabric has started or a hue faded. It is prettily made into gored dresses for little girls, and into jackets and box-pleated skirts for boys not yet out of petticoats. For larger boys there are full Highland costumes with Stuart scarfs, Glengarry caps, and plaid stockings. Two different plaids are sometimes used in the same costume. For instance, an under-dress of shepherd's plaid (black and white barred) is worn under a fourreau of plaid in high colors. The stockings match the under-dress.

Another serviceable material is the Inverness tweed, a durable article, the higher qualities of which rival the English cassimeres in appearance and are only half the price. It may also be washed without injury.

The old-fashioned merinoes, once a staple article, are entirely superseded by the English serge and Valencia. Serge is a twilled fabric, all wool and water-proof. It is not so soft as merino, but is pliable and hangs gracefully. Brown, dark-blue, and scarlet are the favorite colors. It is trimmed with a coarse, wide, worsted galloon, a kind of military braid, or with bias folds of the same. No other woolen material sets so nicely when made into folds. Valencia is a soft woolen goods of merino width, in gay plaids and in solid colors. Winseys of dark grounds, gold and black, or two shades of brown, are suitable for school suits.

LAMB'S WOOL AND BEADED CLOTH.

Loose sacque cloaks of white lamb's wool cloth, thick enough to dispense with lining, yet soft and pliable, are merely bound with bias, colored velvet. Collar, cuffs, and pockets of velvet. Large velvet buttons all the way up the front.

Scarlet cloth with amber, jet, blue, and white beads, woven in the goods, makes a gay wrapping for little girls. It should be cut paletot shape, double breasted, lapped on the left, and rounding. Row of gilt buttons on the curved side, and none in the centre.

WALKING DRESSES.

Walking dresses, with sleeves and large cape, are made of plush or of velveteen, simply notched at the edge and bound or corded. When made of cashmere they are lined and wadded, and trimmed with silk quilted in diamonds. Others are braided or embroidered in bright colors, or ornamented with a satin or velvet appliqué of leaves edged with narrow serpentine gimp. Velveteen and silk velvet are bordered with ermine, astrakhan, or chinchilla. Satin crosscut bands corded with white or very narrow folds stitched in the centre, and pleated rouleaux are used for trimming poplin walking dresses; but all satin trimmings fray and soil easily, lose their gloss, and look shabby, and are consequently not serviceable for children's use.

Sacques of mixed tweed or of beaver cloth with pockets large enough for use, trimmed with flat braid, are suitable for school. Amozine embroidery, a new trimming that we described in a former Number, looks exceedingly well on cloth sacques, and, indeed, on every garment worn by children. Boulevard felt skirts are made in all sizes and handsomely trimmed with braid or Amozine embroidery.

Gay scarlet circulars, used for extra wrapping for girls, are reminders of little Red Riding Hood. They are made of French opera-flannel. Large hood at the back, gathered with cord and tassel to fit the head.

Fancy aprons of silk, of alpaca, or of white linen, or diaper, are gored with bretelles over the shoulders, and embroidered or braided.

Velvet leggins, or gaiters, cut to fit the leg, are comfortable for this season. They are buttoned with gilt buttons. The velvet should match the color of the dress.

SUITS FOR BOYS.

Short round jackets, and trowsers reaching to the knee, are made of velveteen or of silk velvet. These are suitable for boys over three years of age. Brown and black are the favorite colors. With a brown suit the hat should be of the same shade. Gray felt hats look well with suits of any color. Black velvet caps without visors have tassels or bows behind.

Over-coats for boys are stylishly cut with capes; the sacque-coat underneath is close-fitting. Long water-proof sacque-coats are worn for protection in rainy weather.

For boys under three years, who have not yet attained the dignity of wearing trowsers, there are little frocks with plain waists, or habit-shirts and skirts cut bias and pleated on the belt with six box-pleats touching each other.

Cashmere and spun-silk stockings are prettily brought out in gay plaids. They are very long and are gartered above the knee. Elastics worn below the knee disfigure the limb. High Polish boots, with colored lacings and tassels, are worn by small children of both sexes. Larger boys rejoice in top-boots like their fathers.

INFANTS' WARDROBES.

The new cloaks for infants are not so heavily laden with trimming as those of past seasons. They are large square capes, without hoods, worn over gored circulars. White cashmere and French opera-cloth are the materials. Satin pipings, embroidery, braid with beads intermingled, and fringe are used for trimming them. Blue and scarlet cloaks are bordered with swan's-down.

Little hoods with short curtains made of quilted satin edged with down or of merino braided are selected for baby girls. They are lined with rose color or blue. For boys there are round hats, turban-shaped, with rosettes at the side or ear-tufts of down.

Valenciennes and embroidery are lavished upon infants' robes. No other lace is so suitable. Cluny is too coarse, Maltese too stately, and thread does not look so well after washing. Narrow puffings and bunches of tucks placed vertically or diamond-shape with insertions of Valenciennes or cambric embroidery cover the front of long nansook robes. Imported robes of linen cambric are daintily embroidered and bordered with lace. A beautiful christening robe has three long tabs in the front composed of a graduated puff edged with a band of cambric insertion and Valenciennes fluted ruffle. The skirt is cut in vandykes filled out with an embroidered ruffle. The body and sleeves are alternate puffs and insertion, with lace border at the neck, and barbes of lace tied in shoulder-knots with streamers.

Little sacques of zephyr wool overcast with silk floss are bordered with down, or crystal beads are introduced into the shell-fluted borders. Zephyr hoods, prettily shaped, are made in the same way.

GABRIELLE AND PRINCESSE DRESSES.

A dress for a girl eight years of age is of scarlet serge. It is cut Gabrielle, that is, gored with body and skirt in one, and buttoned in front. The garment is lined throughout with white muslin. Coat-sleeves closed at the wrist, with a pointed, puffed cap over the seam that joins the sleeves and waist. Bias folds of the serge simulate an apron on the front of the dress extending in bretelles over the shoulders. Scarlet velvet buttons with long pendants ornament the corners of the apron and the straps placed on the sleeve-puff. Belt with sash trimmed with folds. Flat velvet buttons on the waist.

Blue serge made in the same style is trimmed with jet buttons and plaid velvet. A gray poplin Gabrielle for a smaller child is fastened at the side underneath a fold. Close-fitting coat-sleeves. On the skirt are two bias bands of the poplin with pipings of blue satin on each side. Alternate points of blue and gray are sewn around the edge of the garment.

A white merino dress, gored in the Princesse style, has an over-dress or fourreau of Scotch plaid poplin. Thick white dresses of poplin, empress cloth, cashmere, and merino are very popular for girls of all ages. Plaid fourreaux, sashes, sleeveless jackets, and scarfs accompany them. Black alpaca and Norwegian poplin skirts are braided with gilt, or embroidered with gilt beads. Sleeveless jackets, fringed with gilt or with beads, are worn over the tight waists. Another fashion is to cord the seams of black Gabrielles with crimson or blue. Gay little Breton jackets, embroidered in colors, are pretty with black dresses.

A dress and paletot for a girl of twelve is of blue poplin. Straps of blue velvet two inches wide, bordered with black guipure, extend from the waist down two-thirds the length of the skirt. Sleeves, belt, and sash trimmed in the same way. Deep velvet collar on the paletot with two points behind. A grebe muff and collar with a gray felt toquet completed the costume.

Long loose sacques of blue or scarlet plush with hoods lined with white satin are chosen for very small girls. Half-fitting basquines and tight redingotes double-breasted and buttoning slantways from the throat to the knee are made of black velvet or of blue chinchilla cloth and bordered with fur. Muffs to correspond.

FANCY DRESSES.

Evening dresses for girls are of white tarletane or organdy muslin gored, with puffs from the shoulder to the hem, or insertions of lace over colored ribbons. Over-dresses of silk are worn with these, cut very low in the neck, with shoulder-straps. Slips of glacé silk full gored have over-dresses of lace or of muslin with lace barbes and sashes.

A party dress for a girl ten years old is an under-dress of white tarletane. The skirt is gored, the waist high and puffed. Three ruches of tarletane bound with pink ribbon encircle the skirt. A girdle and tunic of pink silk is bordered with white field daisies. Pink sash and streamers from shoulders. White silk stockings. Pink silk boots with rosettes of blonde, pearl buckle in the centre. Roman pearl buttons on the outside of the boot.

A Gabrielle of Marie Louise blue silk is trimmed on every seam with white silk ruches pinked at the edge. Another of scarlet glacé has straps of white satin in the centre of each width pendant from the waist, with deep crystal fringe on the edge. Either of these is more economically made in poplin and alpaca.

PERSONAL.

FOR the bishopric of the new diocese of Northern New York, to be filled next year, the prominent candidates are the Rev. Dr. TUCKER, of Troy, and the Rev. W. CROSWELL DOANE, of Albany (son of the late Bishop DOANE, of New Jersey). The Rev. G. H. DOANE, another son of Bishop D., is a Roman Catholic priest at Newark, and Secretary to Bishop BAILEY. He is a very industrious man, and an untiring advocate of temperance. For the bishopric of the new diocese of Long Island it is understood that the Rev. Dr. LITTLEJOHN, of Brooklyn, is the only prominent candidate.

—The new British minister to this country, Mr. THORNTON, will bring Mrs. T. with him. She is said to be a very attractive, charming person, and will add much to the agreeableness of the diplomatic circle, which has been sadly deficient in that respect since the days of Lady NAPIER.

—The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has shown what *he* thinks of our principal tar by giving $20,000 for PAGE'S picture of FARRAGUT lashed to the rigging of the flagship *Hartford*, directing the movements of the fleet under the fire of the forts in the harbor of Mobile. FARRAGUT has a very Mobile countenance, the spirit of which has been happily seized by the artist.

—Professor HENRY, of the Smithsonian Institute, has put his foot down on the lecturing system in that institution, for the simple reason that he has found it impossible to procure lecturers who will avoid talking politics.

—The Rev. Mr. WALK, of Bourbon county, Kentucky, has preached a sermon on the great sinfulness of agricultural fairs. In that county, whose name is a synonym for high alcoholic excellence, people *ought* to be known as well by their Walk as by their conversation. But why are fairs sinful? (Not a conundrum.)

—Of the very great pecuniary matrimonial sacrifices soon to be offered up, the most noteworthy abroad is that of the young MARQUIS OF BUTE, who, when only six months old, succeeded to one of the finest properties in the United Kingdom. This has been so carefully managed, and the income so securely and advantageously invested, that the young peer is now in possession of about $3000 a day, and will be compelled to "rough it" on that, unless he marries some lady with a little property of her own.

—It will be gratifying to the friends of the late General MEAGHER (whose last literary production was published in *Harper's Magazine*) to know that Mrs. MEAGHER is in possession of some $400,000, the result of fortunate investments made by General MEAGHER in Montana mining interests. Would it were thrice as much!

—Miss BRADDON, the novelist, is a stout, jovial woman, with short hair (generally arranged in curls), and a brilliant set of teeth. When she "seizes her pen in hand to write a few lines," she stands before an elevated desk (as Lord PALMERSTON did), with a quill pen in one hand and an ink bottle in the other. Once in a while she quits her manuscript to pace the room and evoke fresh ideas. Occasionally she sits down, tailor-wise, and writes on a desk extemporized out of some large book. She is brusque, a little eccentric, sometimes even rude, and her anomalous social position debars her from what is known in England as "select circles."

—Mr. HUGH HASTINGS, editor of the Albany *Knickerbocker*, is roaming about among "the effete monarchies of Europe" as bearer of dispatches from our State Department; and since the 1st of September has visited nearly all the capitals, principal cities, and picture-galleries on that side of the world. He *naïvely* says: "I have traveled with about the same dispatch that RUBENS must have painted. What 'a big stroke of business' he would have done as a house-painter! *There must be at least ten miles of his paintings in Europe, not to speak of our own country and Fifth Avenue.* One gets a surfeit of old paintings in the Old World, just as we become tired of roast turkey and mince-pies between Thanksgiving and New-Year.

—*On dit* among circles, railroad and financial, that the "coming man"—the second VANDERBILT—is JOHN S. ELDRIDGE, of Boston, the new President of the Erie Railway, and distinguished for the boldness, energy, and magnitude of his operations. He is a gentleman of culture, as well as great wealth; is universally liked socially, having a personal magnetism which draws to him hosts of friends. His plans embrace the prosperity of the leading roads of the country, and to him is mainly due the recent arrangement, whereby the rivalry between the Erie, New York Central, and Pennsylvania will cease. He is now seizing hold of things with a hand of might, and it will not be long ere the name of JOHN S. ELDRIDGE will be as familiar as that of Commodore VANDERBILT. The latter delights in his younger compeer, and joins with him in working out the problems of railroad interest which are now coming up so prominently.

—ROBERT SHEPPARD, the ruling elder among the Shakers at Canterbury, New Hampshire, finding after long experience that they were no great shakes, has come out and joined the world's people. As a shepherd he has surrendered his (black) crook, and left the shaking sheep and lambs of the flock to be fleeced by his successor.

—That wonderful walker, WESTON, has a competitor hereabouts in Mr. EDWIN BOOTH, who a few days since walked from Worth Street to Harlem Bridge in one hour and twenty-seven minutes. He "stood not upon the order of his walking, but walked very fast."

—A gentleman of Presbyterian turn of mind, describes in one of our religious contemporaries the general look and style of the Rev. NEWMAN HALL, from which we learn that he is about thirty-five, of medium height, with a Roman cast of features, rather thin face, light complexion, and moves with a quick, nervous action. He affects no dignity. He enters the desk with a rapid gait, and assumes, while speaking, postures not the most graceful. His voice, in the lower key, is mellow and melodious, and his utterances clear and distinct. Every one in the immense audience can hear him. He reads the Scriptures well, distributing his emphasis with the utmost correctness. The same may be said of the hymns. You are impressed with the perfect naturalness and simplicity of the man. You discover also an air of spirituality, giving the impression that he is a man of God. His mode of applying the subject to the impenitent is peculiar. He leans forward on the desk, pausing and looking down on his clasped hands, as if in profound thought, almost suggestive of the idea of silent prayer, when, in a low, persuasive tone, he commences talking with the sinner as a loving friend would, in a touching and familiar way. This is admirable. Still as death is the vast assembly. Every word, though uttered in a subdued voice, is distinctly heard. How much better this than the loud, even thunderous tones with which some preachers assail the unconverted?

—The history of the pecunious family of COOKE has been collated by an annalist of Sandusky, and is recorded thus: There were six children in the family, two of whom died; the rest live and are married and affluent. PITT COOKE, the eldest, has partial charge of the New York house of JAY COOKE & Co.; HENRY D. COOKE, the youngest, has entire control of one in Washington; and JAY himself operates in Philadelphia. SARAH E. COOKE, the only daughter, is married to a wealthy speculator, WILLIAM G. MOORHEAD, who lives right royally in the City of Brotherly Love. ELEUTHERUS COOKE, the father of this happy family, died about three years ago at the green old age of seventy-six, retaining his wonted energy to the last. Mrs. COOKE, who is a little over seventy, still lives in the old family mansion in the enjoyment of all her faculties, and an ample participant in the filial bounty of her sons.

—BULWER was arrayed in the most "stunning" style at the DICKENS farewell dinner. Although over sixty he does not look fifty; eyebrows, hair, and beard painted: his speaking ingeniously bad, something of the style of the hard-shell Baptist—a hard, convulsive word or two, a long drawl, terminated by a jerk at which the forehead is thrown down until the audience sees the back of the head—this is the history of one of BULWER'S rasping, unpleasant sentences. He throws his hand (with faultless cuffs) straight out; clasps the fingers tightly to the palm; then draws it under his arm, as a man would pulling in a gudgeon—and that is his gesture.

—PRENTICE—he of the Louisville *Journal*—is bright and trenchant as ever in the two and three-line paragraphs that sparkle through his columns. His last shot was aimed at a rival and somewhat bitter journal named *The Globe*, which he casually alludes to as the *The Globule*.

—A gossipy New York correspondent of the Hartford *Press* uses that great moral engine to make a brief statement in reference to Mr. DICKENS, in the following words, "twitnamely:" "In a pleasant interview with Mr. DOLBY, his agent, I learn that Mr. DICKENS is disposed to prolong his stay for some time in this country, in case he meets with a cordial welcome. He will in that event be inclined to deliver his readings in several of the American cities besides New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and perhaps not return home until the latter part of summer or autumn."

—It will gratify the many friends of the late PARK BENJAMIN to know that a biography of him is in course of preparation by his kinsman, CHARLES LANMAN. Young PARK BENJAMIN is a midshipman in the navy, a promising officer, and a capital sketcher.

—That charming writer, Rev. A. K. H. BOYD (the "Country Parson"), has a new volume in press entitled "Lessons of Middle Age, with some account of various Cities and Men."

—Literary people, and for that matter political people and intellectual people every where, will be rejoiced if the rumor prove true, that Mr. DISRAELI talks of writing a new novel, partly political, somewhat after the style of "Coningsby." Why not? BULWER'S later novels, "What Will He Do With It?" and "The Caxtons," are among his very best productions. Has DISRAELI'S hand lost its cunning of fiction? We trow not! The genius that has held spell-bound the Commons of England, in the recent great debates on the Reform Bill, can not have lost its imaginative power nor its felicity of narration.

FIGURE 1.—FRONT.

Coiffures and Chignons.

CHIGNONS are again worn higher and more voluminous, spreading nearly over the entire back of the head. This style of dressing the hair is certainly far more graceful than the small bunch on the crown, formerly worn. We give several accompanying illustrations of coiffures and chignons as arranged by some of the most celebrated hair-dressers of Paris, together with descriptions whereby any lady can dress her own hair, or instruct others how to do so.

Fig. 1. *Front and Back.*—Except a large, curly loop behind and at the side, this coiffure is entirely composed of torsades, well crisped in order to give them suppleness. As for the parting of the hair, that is left to the taste of the hair-dresser, who, however, should be careful always to comb up the hair on the temples straight from the roots, and to well conceal the beginning and end of the torsades. The ornament consists of a cluster of volubilis.

FIGURE 2.

Fig. 2.—This is a half peruke mounted on silk ribbon and springs, without hooks, it being fastened with pins just like a chignon. It may be dressed at the artist's residence and placed on the lady's head in an instant. The ornaments may also be changed as preferred.

Fig. 3.—After parting the hair, make two small raised bandeaux; the upper one must be tightly crisped. The chignon, of which only one side is seen, is quadrilled with large loops very slightly crisped. A loose torsade is put round the chignon; add some light curls, an aigrette of wheat-ears, and some daisies.

Fig. 4.—Separate a lock on the temples, comb it up well after having crisped it to make it look voluminous. Make the parting very far backward, and then tress a loose plat to be placed on the top of the forehead, taking care to spread the branches. Behind, a chignon raised from below, accompanied by three or four curls. Place the ribbons as in the engraving.

Fig. 5.—For Fig. 5 prepare a round shape made of wire or thin steel springs, and cover it with coarse net. Take a little more than two ounces of frizzed hair, twenty-two inches long, make it into quadrilled tresses, and arrange them as in the engraving; that is, by turning the hair from the point to the end, and making a cluster of irregular loops, completing the whole by a few very light curls.

Fig. 6 is mounted on a shape made of wire, tulle, and ribbon, and is rather elongated in form. It requires an ounce and a half of smooth hair and an ounce of crisped. The execution consists in rolling the branches on themselves and interlacing them.

Fig. 7 takes only an ounce and a half of hair half a yard long, which must be formed into a large roll, and a bow that can be easily completed with the lady's own hair, so as to imitate nature to perfection. The shape on which this chignon is mounted is triangular.

Fig. 8.—This chignon is mounted on a square shape. Make two torsades, one above the other, with hair twenty-four inches long, slightly crisped, and finish with a bow with two loops.

Fig. 9 is mounted on a round shape of ribbon wire; it requires two ounces of hair about three-quarters of a yard in length, in tresses. The coiffure consists of five interlaced loops, and a torsade going round them.

FIGURE 3.

FIGURE 4.

FIGURE 1.—BACK.

Fig. 10. *Front and Back.*—Part the hair from one ear to the other about four inches from the forehead. Divide it into five portions on each side by one horizontal and two vertical partings. With the front lock, touching the forehead, make a Mary Stuart bandeau, and a rolled bandeau over it. Form three bandeaux rolled under, the last of them meeting the loops of the chignon. These loops are rolled on the fingers from the end to the roots. Make a large bow resting on the nape, but not covering it; also a few irregular loops on the top of the head, and then place the ornaments as seen in the engraving.

FIGURE 5.

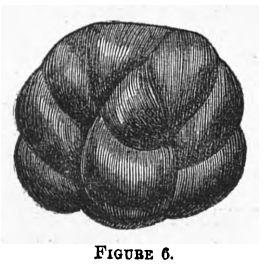


FIGURE 6.

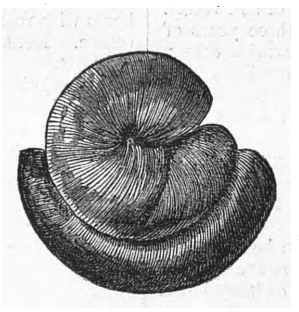


FIGURE 7.

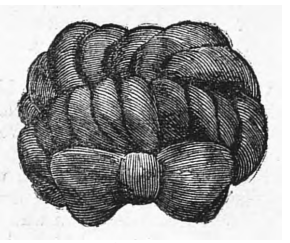


FIGURE 8.

Fig. 11.—This illustration represents an ingenious method of lengthening the braids of one's own hair by fastening tresses to the end of crêpés a little shorter than the former, and then braiding them in the hair. The hair thus covers the crêpés to the end, when the added hair is plaited in turn, thus forming a continuous braid, which exhibits no break to the eye.

Fig. 12.—These curls are designed to be worn behind the ears, and are confined with ribbons, as seen in the engraving, and which are concealed by short curls fastened on in like manner, or by the lady's own hair, suitably arranged.

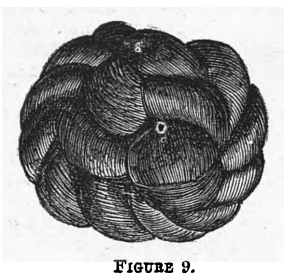


FIGURE 9.

FIGURE 10.—FRONT.

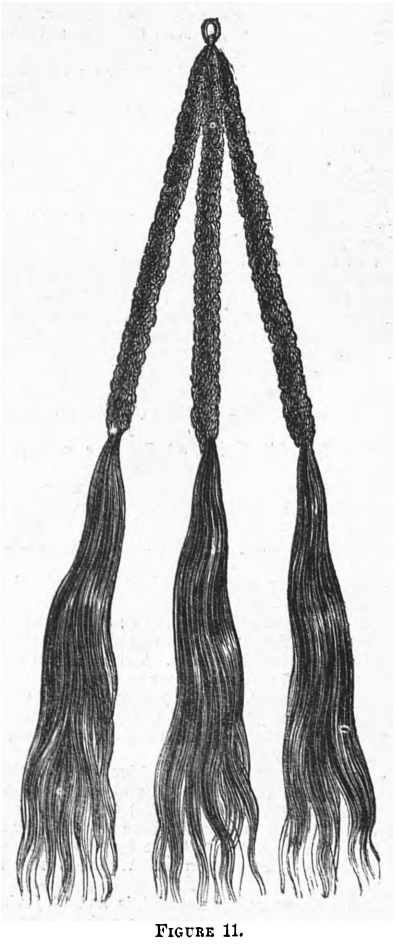


FIGURE 11.

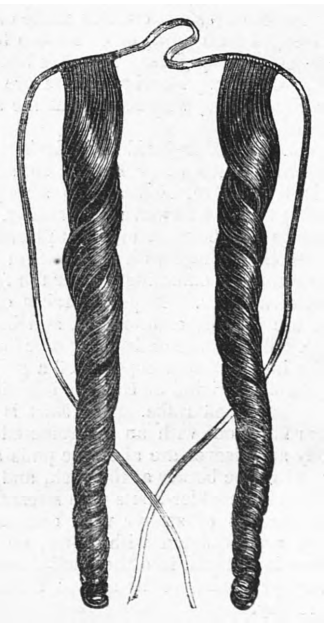


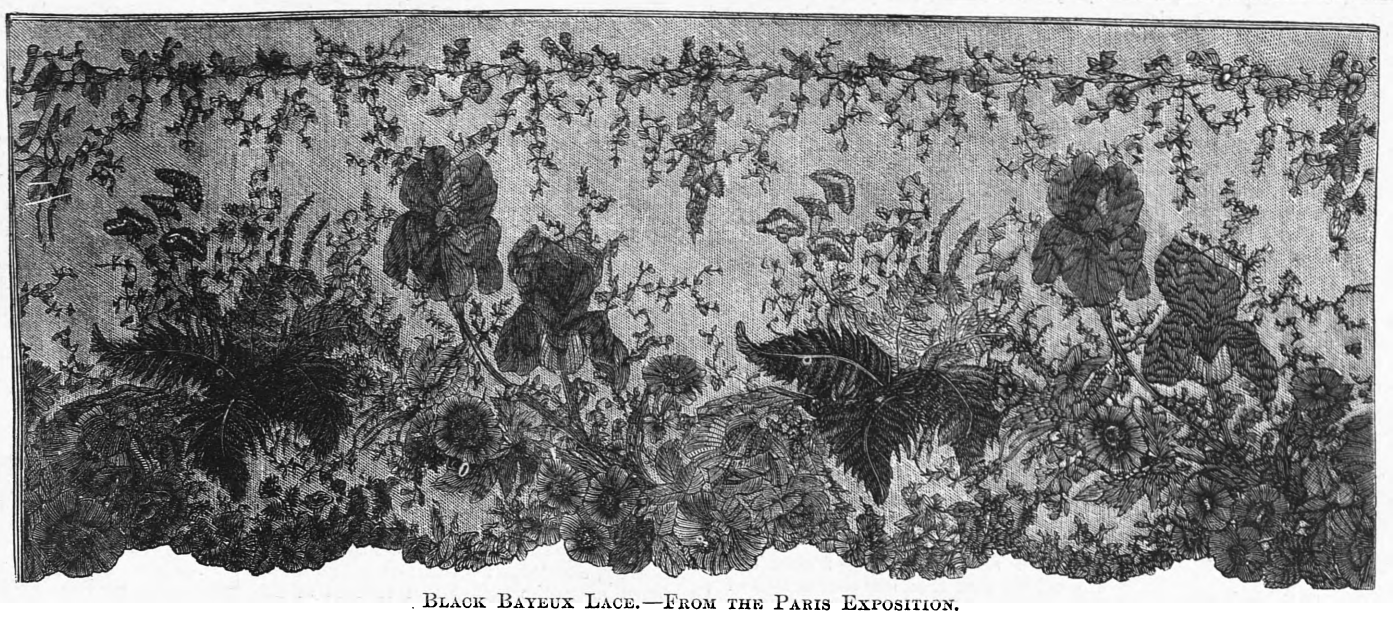
FIGURE 12.

FIGURE 10.—BACK.

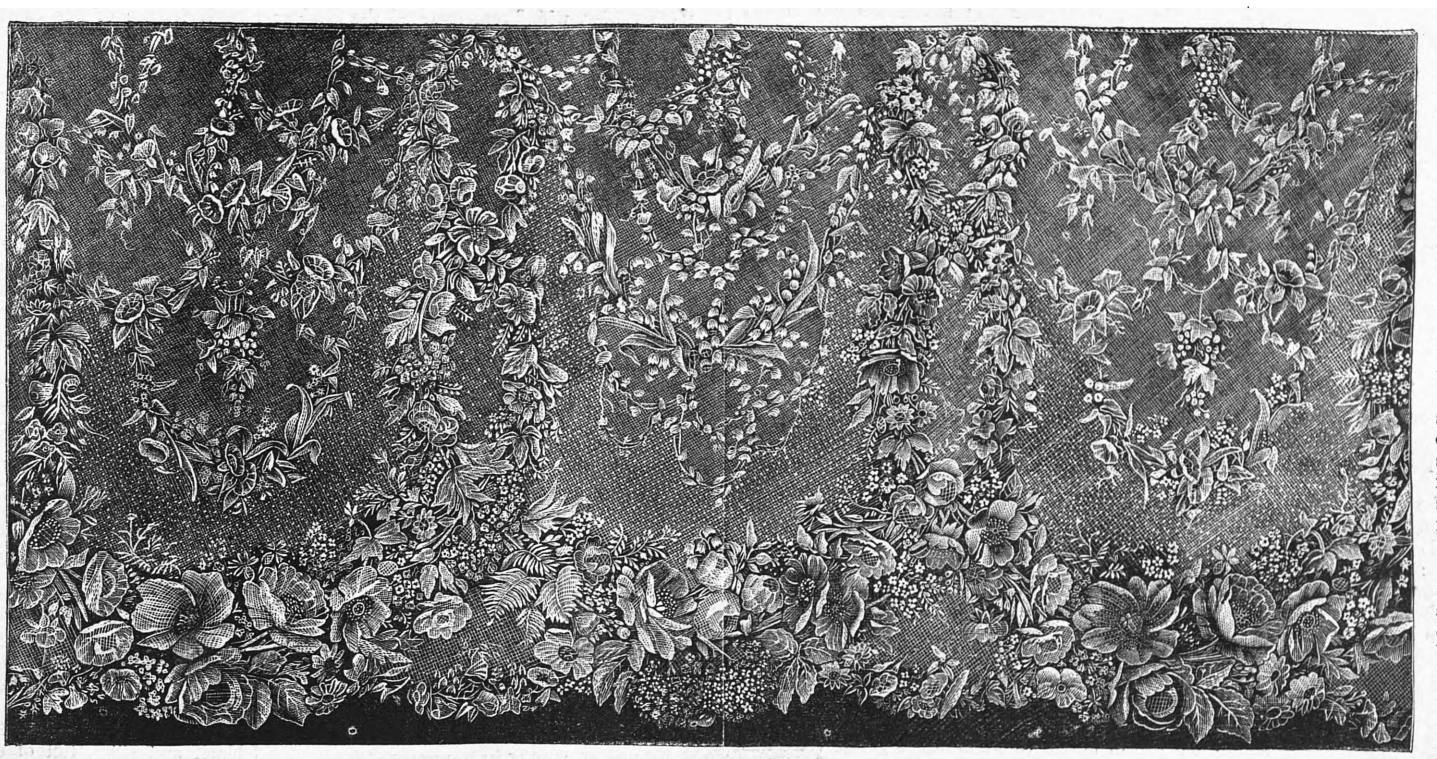
COIFFURES AND CHIGNONS.

Specimens of Lace from the Paris Exposition.

WE give illustrations of two exquisitely beautiful specimens of lace, lately displayed in the Paris Exposition, and which were unsurpassed by any productions of the kind in that great hive of human industry. The first is a black Bayeux lace, the second, Point d'Alençon. They were exhibited by the Compagnie des Indes, represented by Messrs. Delisle, Frères, who had already received the decoration of the Legion of Honor, and numerous medals for their exquisite lace manufacture.



BLACK BAYEUX LACE.—FROM THE PARIS EXPOSITION.



POINT D'ALENÇON LACE.—FROM THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Gentleman's Cap in Crochet.

MATERIALS: Blue, red, black, white, and yellow crochet silk; blue taffeta and leather for lining; a tassel of twilted silk in the above-mentioned colors.

The cap is to be worked round with the different colored silks in single crochet stitch.

Commence the centre of the top with 6 chain stitches in blue silk; form into a round with a slip stitch. Then work 5 rows; in the 1st row make 2 single crochet stitches in every chain, and in the other rows increase enough to keep the work flat. The 6th row is done in yellow silk, and must contain 50 stitches. The 7th is to be worked in black. The 8th again in yellow; the 9th and 10th in red silk. From the 7th to the 10th rows widen gradually, so that the last row will contain 80 stitches. From this it must be worked in different colors. The different colored threads must be left on the wrong side till they are again needed; the stitch must be half finished with one color before commencing with another color.

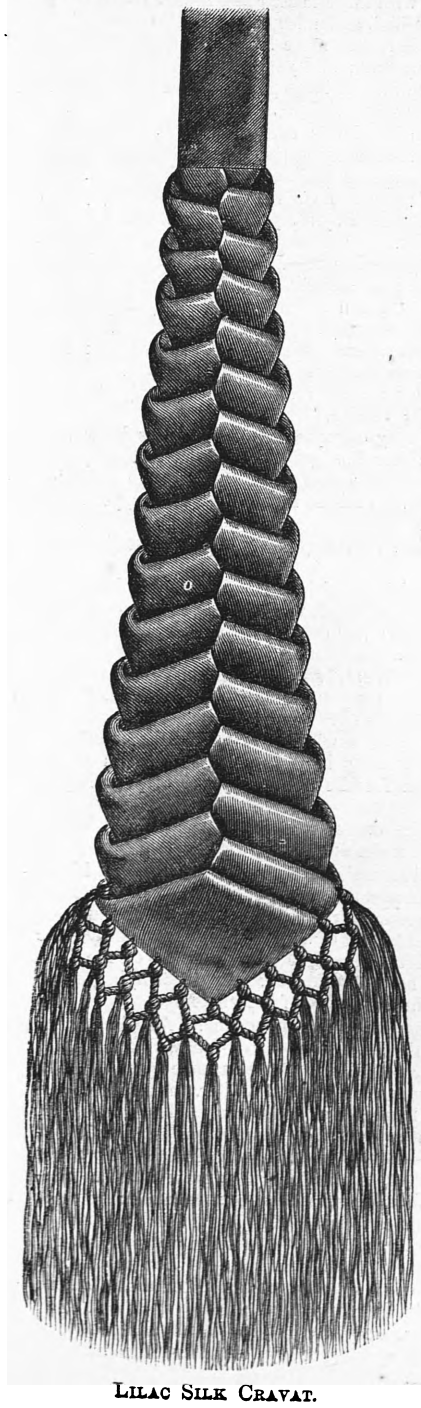
11th row. * 2 black stitches on the 2 stitches of the preceding row, 9 red on the 8 stitches of the preceding row. Repeat 8 times from the *.

12th row. * 2 black on the 2 stitches before the 2 black ones of the preceding row, 3 white on the 2 black ones of the preceding row, 2 black on the 2 next stitches, 6 red on the 5 next of the preceding row. Repeat from the * to the end of the row.

13th row. 2 black stitches on the 2 stitches before the 2 black ones of the preceding row. * 8 white on the 7 next stitches, 2 black, 2 red, and 2 black on the next 6 red stitches of the preceding row. Repeat from * to the end of the row.

14th row. * 2 black stitches on the 2 stitches before the 2 black stitches of the preceding row, 14 white stitches on the following 12. Repeat from * to the end of row.

15th row. 10 white stitches on the 2 black and 7 white stitches of the last row. * 1 black stitch on the next stitch, 17 white on the next 15 of the preceding row. Repeat from the * to the end of the row.

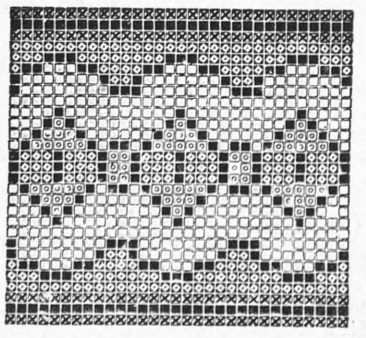


LILAC SILK CRAVAT.

SANTA CLAUS.

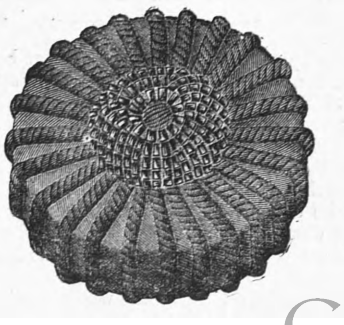
DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING SANTA CLAUS.—Take five large pine cones, two for the arms, two for the legs, and one for the body; glue them together, and wind them round with wire. Cut the boots out of wood, set them on a block, sharpen the upper ends, and insert them in holes bored in the legs. Glue the head and hands of an ordinary jointed doll on the body and arms: make the beard and hair of flax, and fit a fur cap on the head. Put a girdle of dried moss round the waist, to conceal the wire, and a knit tippet on the neck. Fasten a pasteboard basket, filled with candies and toys, on the back; throw a netted bag, with nuts and lady-apples, over one shoulder; and put a miniature Christmas-tree in one hand, and a nut-cracker and switch in the other.

GENTLEMAN'S CROCHET CAP.

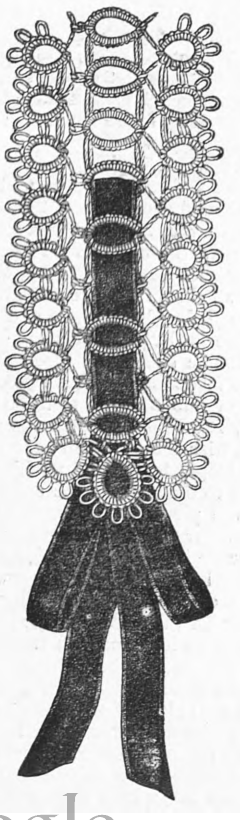


EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR CAP.

Explanation of Design: ▩ Black, ▨ Yellow, ▨ Blue, ▨ Red, □ White.



PASSEMENTERIE BUTTON.



TATTING CRAVAT.

16th row (without widening, consequently 1 stitch on every stitch of the preceding row). 1 white, 1 black, 7 white on the 9 white stitches of the preceding row. * 1 black on the stitch before the next black one of the preceding row; 1 blue, 1 black, 7 white, 1 black, 7 white. Repeat from the * to the end of the row.

17th row. * 3 black stitches on the 3 next stitches of the preceding row (consequently the middle one of these 3 stitches comes on the 1 black one of the preceding row), 6 white on the 5 following stitches, 1 black, 3 blue, and 1 black on the 5 following stitches, 6 white on the 5 next white stitches of the preceding row. Repeat from the * to the end of the row.

18th row (without widening). 1 white and 1 black on the 2 first black stitches of the preceding row. * 8 white, 1 black, 1 blue, 1 black, 8 white, 1 black. Repeat from * to the end of the row.

19th row. 10 white stitches on the 9 next stitches of the preceding row. * 1 black, 1 white, 1 black, 1 white, and 1 black on the following 5 stitches of the preceding row. Be particular that the 2 single white stitches come on the 2 single black stitches that are separated by 1 blue one in the preceding row. 16 white on the next 15 stitches. Repeat from the * to the end of the row.

20th row (without widening). * 3 black on the next 3 stitches of the preceding row; 9 white, 1 black (the latter must be over the middle 1 of the 3 black stitches of the preceding row), 8 white. Repeat from the * to the end of the row.

21st row. * 2 black on the 2 stitches before the next 3 black stitches of the preceding row, 3 red and 2 black on the next 5 stitches, 15 white on the following 14 of the preceding row. Repeat from the *.

22d row (without widening). * 2 black stitches on the 2 stitches before the next 2 black ones of the former row; 7 red, 2 black, 11 white. Repeat from the * to the end of the row.

23d row. 3 black stitches on the 3 stitches before the next 2 black ones of the preceding row; 12 red on the following 11; 3 black, 5 white, and 3 black stitches on the next 11 white stitches of the preceding row. Repeat from the * to the end of the row.

24th row. * 20 red on the next 3 black, 12 red, and 3 black of the preceding row; 5 black on the 5 white of the preceding row. Repeat from the *.

With the 24th row the design for the top is finished, In the following rows the work must be widened as much as is necessary, and it must be crocheted as follows: 25th and 26th rows with red, 27th with yellow, 28th black, 29th yellow; from the 30th to the 42d with blue.

Now the top of the cap is entirely finished, and measures about 6½ or 7 inches in diameter. The border of the cap must now be worked according to the pattern, in each square 1 stitch in the color belonging to it. However, the last rows of the border must by degrees become a little looser, so that the cap may gradually widen a little.

The 2 lower rows of the border are to be worked in blue silk. In the original the border is about 2 inches in depth, and the lower edge of the border 21 inches in circumference.

After having finished crocheting, the cap must be lined with leather covered with blue taffeta, and a blue silk cord must be sewed around the edge of the cap. The tassel before mentioned is to be placed in the centre of the top.

Instead of silk, split zephyr may be used in making this cap.

Lilac Ribbon Cravat.

THIS cravat is made of lilac ribbon, terminating at each end in a three-strand braid of bias folds of lilac silk. These folds widen gradually toward the bottom, and are made of double stuff, sewed together, care being taken to keep the seam at the bottom in making the braid. The ends are finished with knotted silk fringe, as shown in the illustration.

Cravat of Tatting and Velvet Ribbon.

THIS cravat, one end of which is shown in the design, is worked with tatting cotton No. 60.

Begin one end of the cravat with a large loop; first, 2 double stitches (one to the right, one to the left). 1 picot or purl stitch, 4 double stitches, 1 picot, 5 double stitiches, 1 picot, 2 double stitches, 1 picot, 2 double stitches, 1 picot, 9 double stitches, 1 picot, 2 double stitches; * leave about ⅛th of an inch thread between the loops, which must stand opposite each other. 2 double stitches, 1 picot, 3 double stitches, 1 picot. Make 2 double stitches and 1 picot 4 times, 3 double stitches, 1 picot, 2 double stitches. After finishing the 2d loop, again leave ⅛th of an inch of thread. Turn the work so that the large ring that is finished will be turned upward. Work 2 double stitches, fasten to the first picot of the first loop 9 double stitches, and attach to the picot in the 1st loop that follows the 9 double stitches, 2 double stitches, 1 picot, 2 double stitches, 1 picot, 9 double stitches, 1 picot, 2 double stitches. Form into a loop; turn the little loop upward, and repeat from * till the work is as long as you wish the cravat to be. However, in the little loops, instead of working the 2 picots, attach to the last and the one before the last picot of the preceding loop. The last large loop on the other end of the cravat must be like the loop described first on the outside, between the 2 picots, instead of making 9 stitches work 4 double, 1 picot, 5 double. After finishing this last large loop work for the border of the cravat, leaving again ⅛th of an inch space, a smaller loop which is to be attached to the picot of the former little loop in the corresponding place. Fasten the thread to the next picot of the large loop. Make a little loop like the former, only instead of 2 double, 1 picot repeated 4 times; make 2 double, 1 picot, and repeat 5 times. Attach to the next picot of the large loop 1 loop like the former, only make 2 double and 1 picot 8 times instead of 5 times. Attach to the last picot of the last large loop. Then after having worked the end of the border, work the long side of the border all in little loops, as described in the beginning, and after finishing each of these loops, attach the working thread to the free picot in the middle of each large loop. After finishing this row, work the other end like the first. Finally, run through the middle row of loops a narrow velvet ribbon of any color that may be desired, and finish the ends of the cravat with a loop and ends of the ribbon.

CHECKMATED.

"A LETTER for Marcia Payne. I guess there *did* something come up in the New York mail this mornin'. Jest wait a spell, till these ere papers is out of the way, and I'll look!"

The crippled little village postmaster readjusted his iron spectacles, and plunged into the depths of a travel-soiled mail-bag, while Marcia Payne leaned against the glass partition with a throbbing breast, and sparkling, eager eyes.

She was exceedingly pretty, with delicate flushes of bloom on either cheek, and short auburn curls shot with fleeting gleams of gold, that glanced round her oval face, like the tendrils of a wild grape-vine, while her eyes were of the melting vivid blue you sometimes see in old heir-loom china. To be sure her nose might have been a little *retroussé*, and her forehead a trifle too low, but then what a mouth she had—ripe, ruddy, and scarlet, like a wild strawberry, or a coral-tinted cherry!

And, as she stood there, her forehead shaded by the little straw flat, with its wide brown ribbons, the crippled postmaster reached out the wished-for letter, wondering within himself that he had never before happened to notice how very lovely Squire Payne's daughter was!

A quick shadow of keen disappointment flitted over her face as she glanced at the superscription—evidently it was not what she had hoped and longed to behold.

"From Aunt Ruth!" she murmured, listlessly running her eye over the contents. "Only from Aunt Ruth! Oh, why does *he* not write? He promised me a letter every week—surely he can not so soon have forgotten all those loving words, and vows of eternal constancy. A month—a whole month—and no single message. Oh! if he knew the weary pain that gnaws always at my heart, he would write, if it were but one tender line!"

She did not see the blue September light swimming in the valleys like a sapphire sea, as she passed slowly and spiritlessly along the mountain path—the scarlet maples, waving their fiery banners from the wooded precipices above, might have been blotted from the fair landscape for all she knew of their autumn splendors. Marcia Payne's life-bark had floated out upon the great ocean of unrest where Nature's gentle voice has no longer any spell to soothe!

The rocks, whose gray cliffs seemed to hang like sentinels over the little lead-colored farm-house, were bathed in afternoon sunshine, as Marcia passed under the moving shadows of a stalwart old hickory-tree, and entered the wide, cool kitchen—the name has a homespun sound, and yet many a parlor lacks the airy comfort of that room, with its white-curtained windows, and masses of green asparagus around the quaint-looking glass, and daintily-scoured board floor. And there were old-fashioned Scripture prints hanging on the walls in stained-wood frames, and a vase of brilliant china-asters on the table, and books carelessly piled in the window-seats, and altogether it was a very home-like room; while from the open windows you could see the valley lying below, a lovely picture, framed in blue sky, and belted with dark ridges of pine and hemlock!

Mrs. Payne, a blooming matron of forty summers, was trimming a very juvenile lace cap with crimson ribbons, and the Squire was dipping his pen resolutely into an ink-bottle preparatory to "adding up" his farm accounts; both looked up as Marcia came into the room.

"Well, darter! where's the paper?" questioned the Squire, with a hearty welcoming smile.

Maria turned scarlet.

"The paper! I forgot it, Sir!"

"Forgot the paper! Well, that's a good 'un!" laughed the Squire. "Who ever heard of a body's goin' to the post-office and forgettin' the weekly paper! Never mind, little clover-blossom; don't be worried—'tain't worth while. I'll send Zebedee round arter it in the evenin'."

"Did you get the two yards of bobbinet lace, Marcia?" said her mother, holding up the cap to obtain a bird's-eye view of the crimson ribbon bows.

"I never thought of it, mother," faltered the girl.

"Never thought of it! Goodness me! when I charged you to remember, the last thing. Why, how forgetful the child is gettin'!"

"Oh well, wife, two yards o' what's-its-name lace don't make no difference," interposed the good-natured Squire, as Marcia hid her burning face in the pink blossoms of the giant hydrangea by the door-stone. "Zeb can get it for you this evenin'."

"Zeb don't know bobbinet lace from an ox-yoke," fretted Mrs. Payne; "and my cap won't be finished to wear to meetin' to-morrow. What's that stickin' out o' your apron-pocket, Marcia?"

"A letter from Aunt Ruth, mother. She wants me to go to New York to visit the girls; and—and—I should like to go, if you have no objections. Somehow I don't exactly feel well, and I fancy a little change would do me good."

"I don't know as I've any thing to say against it," sighed Mrs. Payne—she was one of those worthy dames who are ostentatiously resigned in the merest trifles of existence. "I don't know how I'm ever goin' to preserve the peaches and dew up the tomatoes with you gone."

"Blast the tomatoes!" roared the Squire. "Marcia shall go if she's a mind to—and here's ten dollars to buy a smart shawl with! My little clover-blossom sha'n't be outshone by her city cousins!"

(You see Squire Payne had never been shopping in the marble arcades of our Broadway palaces, and his idea of a "smart shawl" would not probably coincide with Miss Flora M'Flimsey's.)

"I may meet *him*—I may hear something of *him*," was the thought that burned through Marcia's brain as she stood at her chamber window the night before her departure for the city, gazing out at the moonlighted valley below, while the delicious mountain wind tossed her curls to and fro, and the stars quivered silently athwart the purple splendor of the sky. "He will not answer my letters, nor reply to my appeals—yet surely if I were to see him face to face he could not refuse to explain this strange mystery."

Marcia Payne went to New York with this secret mission hidden in the depths of her aching, bleeding heart, while the Squire rubbed his hands and rejoiced to think that his "little gal" was going to enjoy herself, and Mrs. Payne hoped, plaintively, that "Marcia wouldn't get too much wrapped up in the pomps and vanities of this wicked world!"

"Oh pshaw, wife," remonstrated the Squire; "we liked pomps and vanities ourselves when we were young! It's Marcia's turn now, and I hope she'll be as happy as a little bird! Only its powerful lonesome without her, and that's a fact!"

The Squire blew his nose with suspicious resonance—perhaps it was to hide a little choking sound in his throat.

The noon brilliance lay full on the gleaming pavements of Broadway, crusted with the brief, rare snow that comes to the metropolis like a white vision, and disappears about as rapidly. How it sparkled—how the icicles glittered and glimmered from eaves and awnings—and how merrily the sleigh-bells tintinnabulated through the dazzling blue of the December atmosphere! Above, the sky was brilliantly clear and cloudless; in short, it was just the sort of day to tempt the most indolently-disposed out into the bracing air. It was scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that Mr. Nicholas Venner was driving his fine horses leisurely down the crowded thoroughfare, with a choicely-flavored cigar delicately poised under his black mustache, and lemon-colored kid gloves daintily fitted to his aristocratically-small hands.

For Mr. Venner was exceeding proud of his small hands and feet. "Blood will show," he was wont to commune with himself; "and I'm hanged if No. 7 gloves don't help a fellow on in society better than an extra hundred a year!"

Suddenly he drew up his spirited steeds with a scientific jerk in front of a block of marble-fronted stores, and, tossing the reins lightly to his attendant groom, sprang to the pavement.

"I beg pardon for jostling your shoulder, Sir," he blandly apologized, at the same time lifting his hat to a passer-by, against whom he had unwittingly brushed. "I did not intend—why, hallo! it's Joe Emerson!"

"Well!" ejaculated the individual apostrophized, bursting into a genial laugh; "if you're not the coolest chap! to run over a fellow without so much as seeing him! Where are you bound at such a lightning-express rate, I should like to know?"

"Only in here to select half a dozen pairs of gloves. Come with me, can't you, Joe? and we'll take a turn in the Park afterward. My horses are in fine condition this afternoon; at least so my fellow tells me!"

"Well, I don't really know that I've any thing better to do," yawned the languid Mr. Emerson, throwing himself on a seat in front of the counter. "Oh, by-the-way, I've forgotten to proffer my congratulations!"

"On what?"

"Now play the unconscious innocent, do! It's so becoming to your Corsair style of beauty, Nick Venner! Why, on your engagement to Miss Edith Weld, to be sure. A man who is bound to marry *the* match of the season needn't be surprised if he receives now and then a stray congratulation from his friends."

"I'm very much obliged to you, I am sure," said Mr. Venner, critically comparing the relative merits of Napoleon blue and royal purple kid gloves, as if his life depended on the choice.

"When is it to come off?" pursued his friend.

"My marriage, do you mean? Oh, some time in January, I believe—just as soon as Miss Weld can settle affairs with that arch-tyrant, her dress-maker."

"Happy man!" sighed Emerson. "'Veni, vidi, vici,' should be your coat of arms, if ever you set up one. But hold on; it seems to me you were engaged to a little country divinity up in the Black River wildernesses a while ago—what *was* the name of the place? And what was *her* name? Martha—Maria—oh, *Marcia* Something-or-other! What have you done with the little blue-eyed Marcia that you used to rave about, eh, Don Giovanni?"

"Hold your tongue!" ejaculated Mr. Venner, rather sharply. "What the deuce is the use of raking up old dead-and-gone affairs in that sort of way?"

"It's all up, is it?"

"Of course, long ago; and I don't particularly care about Miss Weld's hearing the whole story of all the flirtations I've ever gone through with in the course of my natural life."

"Exactly so; then I'm silent as the grave. Are you ready? then let's go."

And the two gentlemen sauntered leisurely out of the store, all unconscious that their *sotto voce* dialogue had been quite distinctly heard by a slender young lady, quietly dressed and closely veiled, who was sitting at the counter just beyond, patiently waiting for the party she had accompanied to complete their purchases. Silent and motionless as a statue she had sat there, never lifting her eyes from the brass yard-notch in the counter, nor moving the gloved hand that lay in her lap.

"My dear Marcia, we must have worn your patience to a thread," said a bright-faced girl, reappearing from some distant arcade. But Marcia only smiled and shook her head.

"Why, how pale you are, Marcia!" exclaimed one of the fair shoppers as they issued once more into the glorious, frigid sunshine of the outer air. "Surely, you are not ill!"

"No, it is nothing—nothing more than the close atmosphere of that store," said Marcia Payne, drawing her veil still closer over her face.

"You mustn't lose the sylvan roses you brought to New York with you, Marcia," laughed her cousin, Miss Durand, "or your father will think we have not taken good care of you!"

Marcia did not answer. She could not. It was only by summoning the whole self-control of her nature to her aid that she could refrain from sinking, sick and faint, on the pavement, literally whelmed to the earth by the sudden discovery of Nicholas Venner's treachery.

All the afternoon she sat silently in her own room, looking this new discovery in the face with a dogged, fierce resolution that was altogether a novel feature of her character, and at evening she came down, pale and quiet.

"Laura, do you know a Miss Weld?"

"Weld—Edith Weld? Of course I do!"

"Where does she live?"

"In St. Olave's Square. She is a great heiress, and is just about to be married to that bewitching Apollo, Nick Venner—at least, so people say."

"Can you give me her address?" How indifferently Marcia spoke!

"Certainly. I don't visit there myself; she is one of the double-refined exclusives in her circle, but I know the number of the house. Are you acquainted with her?"

"No, but I have a message for her."

"Very well; you can take the carriage tomorrow morning any time you please."

Edith Weld's morning-room was one of the prettiest little works you could conceive of. There was a deep bay-window, filled with creamy roses and blood-red japonicas, and English violets, whose perfume carried you back to the purple twilights of long-forgotten Mays; there were draperies of rose-colored silk, and birds twittering untranslatable madrigals to themselves; there was a carpet of white velvet, with trails of sea-green moss strewn over it, and a clear-glowing grate fire, with a little sofa drawn up in front of it, whereon the heiress nestled like a bird of a larger growth.

Edith Weld was just eighteen—a plump, perfectly-formed little creature, with that creamy whiteness of skin one sees in creoles, and hair black and silky, full of odd little crimps and waves, with large hazel eyes, mouth like a crimson rose-bud, and a deep dimple in her round little chin, she looked more like a pretty child than a grown woman; and you couldn't help loving her, in spite of a very large proportion of faults wherewith she was weighted.

Edith Wild was dreaming away the golden hours of the morning-tide in the curtained silence of that piquant morning-room—aided and abetted, it is true, by a volume of lotus-eating poems—when Marcia Payne's penciled card was brought up to her.

"Payne—Payne—I don't know any such person," said the heiress, examining the card carelessly. "I can not be disturbed by any strangers this morning."

But the next instant her eye rested on a line written on the lower corner of the card.

"*On business relating particularly to Mr. Nicholas Venner.*"

The rosy carmine mantled Edith's brow and cheek; her lips quivered into a strangely-soft smile—for she was beginning to love Nicholas Venner with all the force of her willful, yet noble nature.

"Show Miss Payne up," she said to the servant.

And the two girls confronted each other—one fair as a rose-leaf, with blue eyes and curls like spun gold; the other dark and brilliant as the blossom of an Eastern pomegranate.

"Miss Weld," said Marcia, coldly and calmly, "they tell me you are engaged to Nicholas Venner. Is this so?"

"It is. But why do you ask me the question?"

"You fancy him good and noble—a fitting guardian for the precious jewel of your happiness?"

"Who dares deny it?" flashed Edith Weld, her velvet cheek glowing with sudden fire.

"*I* do!" wailed Marcia. "Edith Weld, I have been deemed the gentlest and softest of creatures, but it seems to me now as if my nature had been changed to that of a demon by the treachery—the base deceit—that has been practiced on me."

"What do you mean?" asked Edith, beginning to doubt the sanity of her visitor.

"Miss Weld, listen to me. All the tender vows, the caressing words by which Nicholas Venner wooed and won you have been breathed into *my* ears. Until a richer, fairer bride presented herself, he was my accepted lover. Then, without a word of explanation or pity, he deserted me—left my heart to break in agonizing doubt and bitter despair! This is your noble lover—your *chevalier sans peur, et sans reproche!*"

"I do not believe you!" said Edith, defiantly.

"No, you do not believe *me*, yet you can not but believe his own testimony. Look at these!"

She drew a packet of letters from her bosom, and laid them in Edith's hands.

"*Now* do you credit my tale?" she asked, as Edith's eyes greedily devoured the honeyed phrases.

The heiress dropped the letters, with a low, bitter cry.

"The deceiver! the heartless villain! I will tear him from my heart, if the life and soul are rent away with him!"

She drooped her flushed forehead on Marcia's shoulder—their common agony had linked the two rivals together.

"*You* can pity me—*you* know what I endure," murmured Marcia, whiter than any marble statue, as she clasped her arms about the other's waist.

"Poor child! poor wounded fawn!" said Edith, putting back the auburn rings of hair, and looking into Marcia's haggard eyes, "Don't weep any longer—you shall be avenged!"

"Now, what the deuce does Edith mean by a *surprise?*" pondered Nicholas Venner, as he bent his footsteps saunteringly toward the house in St. Olave's Square. "Let me see—what does she say?"

He unfolded a little sky-blue note of perfumed paper, and consulted the fairy-like caligraphy.

"You have often sportively upbraided me for my reticence in giving you no token or signet of my love, Nicholas Venner," ran the note. "Now I am going to surprise you with something far more significant than any tress of hair, rose-bud, or bit of ribbon could ever be. Come punctually at three, and, as I said before, prepare for a surprise!"

"Well, I *am* prepared," remarked Mr. Venner, pocketing the note once more. "She's a spicy creature, my Edith—never does any thing like other girls. But I *do* love her with a love no more like the sensation I felt for that insignificant little Marcia Payne than Champagne is like skim milk! I used to fancy I wasn't the kind of man to fall over head and ears in love like a school-boy, but Edith's glorious black eyes have fairly conquered me!"

Possibly Mr. Venner might have fancied that Edith's cheek was colder than usual as he caressingly pressed his lips to it, but he saw no change in her manner. No, Edith intended to give him no preparation for the blow that was to fall on his devoted head!

"Well, *m'amie*, and what is that surprise I am to have?" he asked, coaxingly.

"You are anxious for it?"

"Beyond expression."

"You shall have it, then," she said, throwing open the door of her boudoir.

White as death, with her blue eyes full of passionate, reproachful light, Marcia Payne stood there confronting him. Nicholas Venner recoiled a step or two in breathless horror.

"Edith! what does this mean?"

"What does it mean?" scornfully repeated Edith, her slight frame thrilling with the angry vehemence of her passion. "*You* should know best, Nicholas Venner. Does it surprise you that your treachery is known and exposed? Ay, you hardly expected *this* tableau! Will it surprise you still more when I tell you that from this moment henceforward I cast you off like a broken toy, even as you cast off the devoted, trusting love of this stricken girl? The man whom Edith Weld marries shall be no such gay Lothario as Mr. Nicholas Venner seems to be! Do you hear me, Sir? there is the door! Go, and ponder at your leisure over the very unexpected result of your two courtships!"

And she motioned the discomfited male coquette from the apartment, with all the imperious haughtiness that a crowned queen could have worn.

Marcia Payne had been avenged—but it was all too late. Edith Weld was upheld by the strong pride and unbroken spirit of her elastic young nature. A few weeks and she was as smiling and brilliant as if Nicholas Venner's dark eyes had never looked into hers with the unspoken tale of love. But Marcia was cast in a far different mould.

She went home to the mountains, pale and drooping, like the sickly monthly rose that Mrs. Payne was trying to coax into bloom in the sunniest corner of the kitchen window. The rose and Marcia both knew that summer was gone—gone! The doctors shook their sage old heads, and talked about "consumption," and "decline," and "failing of the vital powers;" but Marcia knew that her heart was dust and ashes within her. She did not die—people do not die of broken hearts nowadays; but if it is possible to be a ghost without first having passed the gates of death, Marcia Payne was the ghost of her former self. Soft-voiced, light-footed, ever ready to do any little household service; the Squire says, "We couldn't keep house without Marcia;" and Mrs. Payne owns that it is a "real blessin' to have the girl about the house."

So she lives on—and yet the *real* Marcia is as dead as the crushed wild-flower on the mountain side, when the scarlet maples used to wave their pennons of flame. *Requiescat in pace!* Would to God that this world were not full of just such tragedies, unwritten and unknown!

SHOP-WINDOWS.

THE "art of putting things" is nowhere better displayed than in the felicitous arrangement of goods in a shop-window. A dingy window, containing a confused medley, or a stiff, ungraceful combination, signifies indifference behind the counter, and repels purchasers; while the same, or even inferior goods, daintily arranged, with harmony of colors and varied symmetry of form, tempt the passer-by to enter, predisposed to purchase where taste and grace preside. The faculty of making such a tempting display of goods, therefore, becomes a valuable qualification in a shop-man, and well entitles the possessor of it to some special consideration and emolument.

In the competition of business in the great cities the art of dressing a window becomes almost a fine art. The arrangement of many of the windows is wholly renewed every day. You have not thought, perhaps, as you have walked down Broadway, or along Chestnut or Washington street, that here is a panorama of forms and colors, one, two, or even three miles long, wrought in silks, satins, gold, silver, and precious stones, morocco, India rubber, wax, mahogany and rose-wood, water-colors and oil-colors, carving, gilding, and silvered glass, bronze, porcelain, and crystal, laces and many-colored ribbons, feathers and furs, Brussels and tapestries, beads and Berlin wools, and a hundred other fabrics—a panorama of useful and beautiful things, which a thousand clerks have been employed from one to three hours this morning in constructing, and which must be taken to pieces to-night, to be recomposed again, in varying and, if possible, more attractive forms to-morrow, for your delectation.

That elegant window, crowded with specimens of the goldsmith's handiwork—watches, ear-rings, brooches, bracelets, necklaces, finger-rings, seals, and chains—will be emptied to-night before the day's work is done. The shutters will go up against the lighted window, and if you come there a few minutes afterward you will infer that the store is shut. But several hands are busy within, and each article is to be removed, until gradually the whole window is dismantled and cleared, and its contents packed away. And before the store is ready for customers in the morning the window must be dressed anew.

In the next window those sweeping trains of silk and satin, displayed amidst festoons of lace or ribbons, were this morning selected for the day's display; and no lady who enters the store will probably have spent more time or attention upon her toilette than the salesmen have spent upon this window.

When the amount of effort thus expended in a single shop is multiplied by the number of such shops in the street we have an imposing total of taste, tact, and time, employed daily in what we may call one of the forms of the Art of Decoration.

On the success with which this work is done depends much of the attractiveness of the street; and it affords, in fact, a fair indication of the taste of the population who throng its pavement to enjoy the display and to purchase where they are attracted.

In our great cities, it is true, etiquette does not permit ladies in some circles of society to enjoy this pleasure, it being regarded as vulgar to be seen looking in at shop-windows.

Without doubting that there may be very good reasons for such a rule in the cases to which it properly applies, let us be thankful for that happy obscurity of person which allows us to ramble as we will along the sidewalk, and that happy moderation of desires which enables us to admire the pretty things we see without feeling compelled to buy them. And so let us walk together down Regent Street in London, and along the Boulevards in Paris, see whose window is made up most tastefully, and ask ourselves what constitutes the charm.

Whoever has been in London knows Regent Street as a broad and handsome street of fashionable shops. Perhaps the first shop which attracts our notice is that of a draper and haberdasher, or, as it would be called in this country, a dry-goods store. Here are six large windows, and each presents a distinct department. In the first there is nothing but hosiery. Now, in itself considered, a stocking is not a particularly graceful article, especially when empty and flat. When we have seen its flat, misshapen figure painted for a sign, invariably of a monstrous size and in fearfully vivid colors, we have always commiserated the taste of the artist and of his instigator. But a window full of stockings may be pretty after all. In the window before us the only hose conspicuously displayed, pair by pair, are some of the beautiful fabric known as the Balbriggan hose, made in Scotland, and bringing the highest price on account of their superior quality. Two double festoons of these are hung across the upper part of this window—the colored in the upper line, and the pure, fleecy white in the lower. Some of them are distended to their proper roundness, as if the foot had just been withdrawn. Beneath these the window is clear; and we only see around the sides, on the bottom, and in the back-ground, bundles and packages of other varieties of hose, down to the commoner and low-priced kinds—a parcel here and there half opened just to show the completeness of the assortment; while in the centre lies a little pile of "sleeping stockings"—large socks long enough to rise half-way to the knee, and lined with the most downy fleece, which stands out, filling the capacious interior of the sock as if it were a bag of the finest and lightest carded wool.

The next window of the same shop is given to ribbons. Those displayed this season are plain and in heavy qualities, some very broad. They are shown in their boxes, so arranged, in assorted colors, as to enhance the effect of each by the contrast afforded by its neighbors; and as the boxes rise aslant from the window-sash, a very brilliant display is made. It is only with a very sparing hand, here and there in a corner, that a piece has been partly unrolled and hung from above, so as to show, without creating a confusion of colors, "what a love of a bonnet-string it would make."

In the remaining windows, other articles more interesting in themselves—cloaks, robes, shawls, and laces—are displayed, with equal taste and much more striking results.

Here is a shop of umbrellas and canes. What that is pretty can be done with these sticks? One window is filled with an immense ivory star, composed of the white heads of walking-sticks which lie end to the glass, sustained in their horizontal position by a light wire frame which is concealed from view. At the corners of the other window of the same shop four open parasols thrust their round faces against the glass, and the intermediate space is filled with ranks of umbrellas set aslant. The sober colors permissible in umbrellas—black, and the now more popular dark-brown, with here and there a deep green venturing to show itself—form a rich back-ground to set off the bright gay colors of the parasols with silken fringes, and the glistening tips of silver, gold, jet, and cornelian that are daintily inserted here and there. At the door stands an open case of jaunty canes and serviceable umbrellas, with ticketed prices, to attract the passer-by, or to tempt one who is leaving the store empty-handed to enter again.

Next door is a grocer who has undertaken to adorn his window with much less artistic materials. He has selected nothing more than cases of wine-bottles packed in straw, and boxes of sardines; but he makes a striking and attractive window. Upon a broad shelf, sloping toward the window, at about the height of a counter, is a perfectly symmetrical row of wine cases. Every bottle is neatly wrapped in straw which is large and strait-stemmed and perfectly clean; and nothing interrupts the uniformity, except that in the case at either end of the row the bottles are wrapped also in thin pink paper, indicating that in the very best there is a refined degree of a little better still. Upon a shelf above boxes of sardines are piled up in perpendicular and horizontal lines in such a way as to present the letters of the shopkeeper's name in colors of silver and gold.

But the art of dressing windows is nowhere carried to such perfection as in Paris. Modern Paris may almost be described as a city of shop-windows; and every window is interesting. Here is the little shop of the wood and coal merchant, which you meet on every block in the side-streets, and where fuel is sold by the pound. The lintels and door-posts are painted to imitate the end of a trim wood-pile. Within its unglazed windows and open doorway are neat piles of short sticks and of fagots of kindling, and equally neat piles of moulded shapes of coal-dust, looking like loaves of charcoal; beyond which are piles of little bags of coal; while this dingy recess is illuminated by the bright face of the shop-woman, who looks both pretty and tidy, albeit her cheek is a little smouched for the time.

The butcher's shop displays meat and game not after the manner of butchers, with gore and cast-down fragments, but after the manner of fresco painters, who decorate dining-room walls with the trophies of the chase. Its front is curtained with daintily-trimmed sides of meat, and its little marble-topped and brass-trimmed tables, at each side of the space left open for entrance, seem rather adorned than disfigured by the rosy and white slices cut ready for the purchaser.

The shop where cooked meals are sold is positively charming to look in upon. Its window, brilliantly lighted, attracts attention and awakens a new appetite even when we have just risen from dinner. In the centre, perhaps, is a long strip of the most beautiful moss-like green, imparting a meadow-like sweetness to the surrounding display. It is nothing but a shallow zinc tray in which grass-seed has been sprinkled in water. The meats are various, chiefly compounds, or elaborately dressed, all cold, and many unrecognizable by our American eyes. Even the sausages have a decorated and ethereal look. And it seems quite appropriate that these nice-looking things should be dealt out by a tastefully-dressed young woman, who sits within the window, and who lays down her work to wait upon the customers who enter the place.

We might describe in detail also more familiar because more elegant windows on the Boulevards. There is the shawl window, where in a vast space we see only three shawls displayed, but each displayed to perfection; the cheap plated-ware window, where the eye is dazzled with sixty square feet of spoon bowls, the bright buttons all turned to the spectator; the upholsterer's windows, in one of which a single chair stands forth as the sample of his workmanship, while the other is a complete little boudoir with one side unveiled to the street to exhibit his taste; the doll window, where in various compartments of appropriate size the scenes of fashionable life are imitated; in one a soirée with dolls in evening dress, in another a church wedding, the bride and bridegroom before the altar receiving the blessing of the bishop, while the first groomsman appears in the act of leading the first bridemaid down the aisle through a congregation of dolls all elaborately dressed, as she collects the contribution according to the custom here upon such occasions; the glove-dealer's window, within which his journeyman stands, stretching and shaving the kid skin, and cutting out with his scissors the gloves which some lady has just ordered to be made by measure.

Any of these, or a hundred other equally attractive scenes, would illustrate some of the first requisites to success in adorning a window. The first is perfect cleanliness. Nothing will conceal dust, and dust will eclipse any charms. Akin to this is the importance of clear glass. The perfection of the glass commonly used in the Parisian shop-windows is wonderful. The second requisite seems to be not to display too many articles. In a confusion the beauty of each article is spoiled by the presence of the others. It is not necessary to display all; but it is better to display a part and suggest more. A purchaser is attracted not only by seeing what she wants, but just as well by seeing what she does not want, if it is charming, and awakens the desire and expectation of something else. Thirdly, harmony of colors must be secured. The preceding requisite is one of tact and judgment; this is one of artistic taste. Some symmetry in form of arrangement is easy for any one to effect, but harmony of colors is the result of rarer gifts. Any body can put the tallest bonnet-stands in the middle of the row, but not every body knows whether the maroon hat ought to go next to the blue, the crimson, the green, or the black.

COLERIDGE AND LAMB.

IN many respects there could not be a greater contrast than that which existed between these two men. Yet they mutually attracted each other. Coleridge had taste; he could speculate in the region of letters as well as that of metaphysics (for which latter Lamb seems to have had no liking). He loved Shakspeare even as Lamb did, and Marlowe, and Jouson, and Burton, and Fuller.

In 1818, when dedicating his works to him, he acknowledges that Coleridge "first kindled" in him, "if not the power, yet the love of poetry and beauty and kindliness:

'What words have I heard
Spoke at the Mermaid!'"

It was a friendship which dated from the days when they both strolled together in the cloisters of Christ's Hospital, and it lasted unbroken until death snapped the tie, and Lamb broke out into the sad soliloquy, "Coleridge is dead! Coleridge is dead!" "He was my fifty years' old friend," he said, "without a dissension; I can not think without an ineffectual reference to him."

Lamb was the centre of an extensive literary circle during his lifetime. The suppers of "the Lambs" at the Temple, Great Russell Street, and Islington are now historical. Thither flocked many well-known writers, the authors who form the connecting link between our day and the age of the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian*. Hazlitt was there, and De Quincey, and Charles Lloyd, and Leigh Hunt; Charles Kemble and Liston came there from the boards of the theatre; and Wordsworth and Coleridge sometimes put in an appearance from the cloudy north. "When the latter came," says Talfourd, "argument, wit, humor, criticism, were hushed; the pertest, smartest, and the cleverest felt that all were assembled to listen; and if a card-table had been filled, or a dispute begun, before he was excited to continuous speech, his gentle voice, undulating in music, soon—

"Suspended *whist*, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience."

At these gatherings every one was at home; no one (unless it was Coleridge) was allowed to monopolize attention. Even the latter was sometimes pulled up for seeking to have it all his own way. We are told how he had consumed the evening on one occasion, talking of some "regenerated orthodoxy." Leigh Hunt, who was one of the listeners, on leaving the house expressed his surprise at the prodigality and intensity of Coleridge's religious expressions. Lamb tranquilized him by "Ne-ne-never mind what Coleridge says; he's full of fun."

It was of the same Coleridge Lamb wrote on one occasion, "He is an archangel a little damaged."

"The supper of cold meat on these occasions," says Barry Cornwall, "was always on the side-table; not very formal, as may be imagined; and every one might rise when it suited him and cut a slice, or take a glass of porter, without reflecting on the abstinence of the rest of the company. Lamb would perhaps call out and bid the hungry guest help himself without ceremony."

Bridal and Evening Toilettes.

Fig. 1. *Evening Toilette.*—Dress of pearl-colored silk, with trained skirt and half high waist, open to the belt; sleeves of lace of the same shade, forming six puffs, separated by a rich embroidered galloon of gold color, which forms the trimming of the shoulder and the waist. Each seam of the skirt, which is entirely flat at the top, is trimmed with the same galloon, richly embroidered. The belt is made of the same galloon, fastened with a rosette. A cluster of flowers of the same shade as the galloon forms the coiffure. White kid gloves.

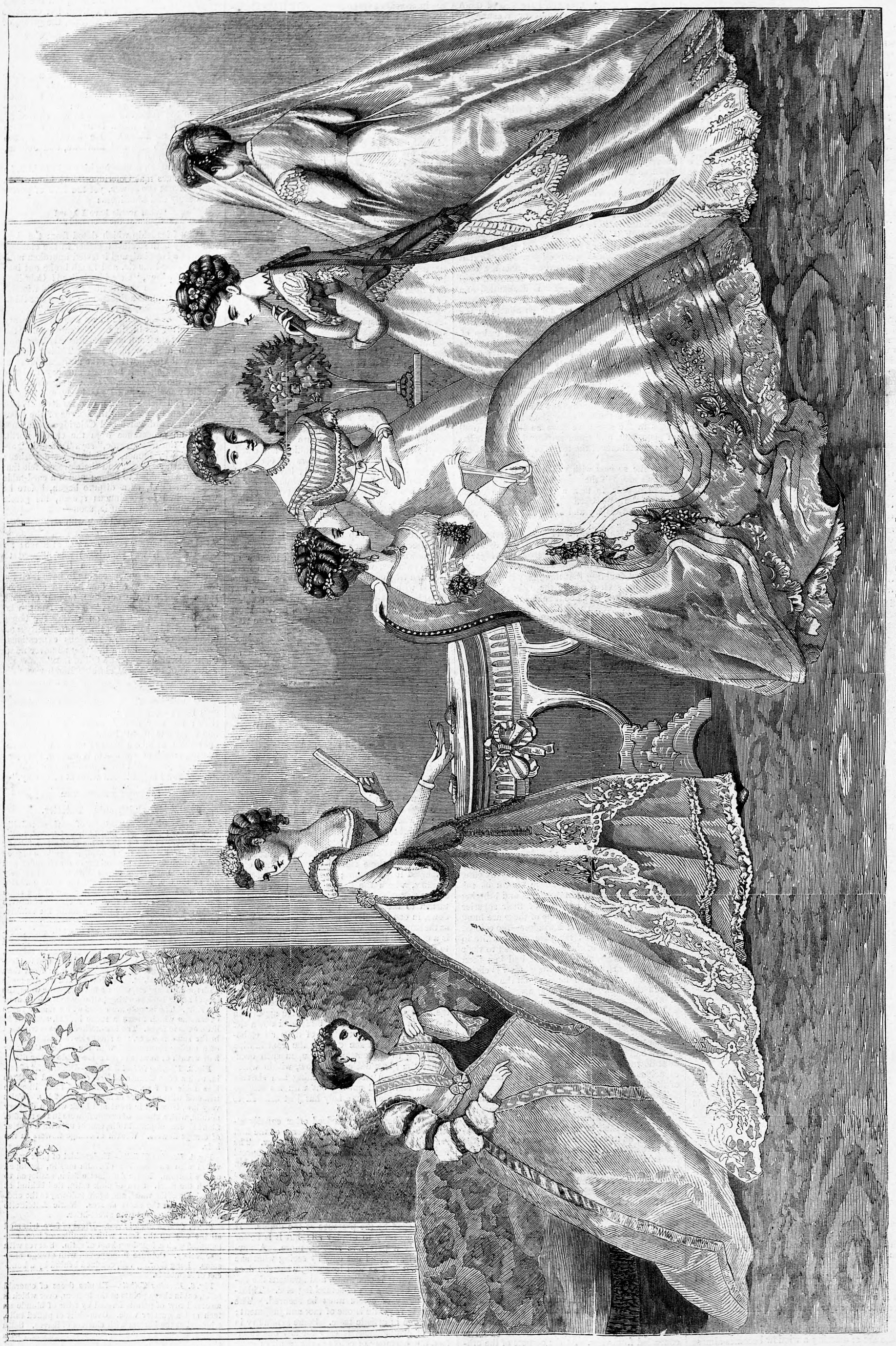
Fig. 2. *Evening Toilette.*—Dress of white embroidered muslin, over a skirt of rose-colored taffetas, trimmed round the bottom with two ruches of the same taffetas, pinked. The muslin skirt is scalloped round the bottom, and is longer behind and shorter in front than the rose-colored skirt. The low-necked waist is made with rounded lappets, with no fullness at the waist, the lappet at the back reaching half-way to the bottom of the skirt. The lappets are edged with a narrow ruche of taffetas which forms a ruche behind, and falls in little ends in front. The low-necked waist is trimmed in the same manner, the short sleeves being formed of a puffing surmounted with the ruche. Coiffure: half wreath of flowers of the same shade as the dress.

Fig. 3. *Evening Bridal Costume.*—Under-skirt of satin, with a deep flounce of lace, surmounted by three bias folds of faye. Over-skirt of tulle, likewise trimmed with a flounce of lace and bias folds. Waist very low, trimmed in front and back with a drapery of tulle, with a cluster of orange flowers in the middle. Short sleeves of puffed tulle, caught up with a cluster of orange flowers. Wreath of orange flowers in the hair.

Fig. 4. *Evening Toilette.*—Under-skirt of pink satin, veiled with an overskirt of India muslin, scalloped on the bottom. Marie Antoinette fichu, scalloped to match the skirt. Sash of pink satin, tied behind at the middle of the waist, and again half-way to the end. Satin bow on the short sleeves. Marie Antoinette coiffure, interspersed with sweet-brier.

Fig. 5. *Church Bridal Dress.*—Dress of faye, trimmed all the way up the front with coquilles of lace, surmounted with a four-loop knot of satin. Sleeves with lace jockey. Coiffure interspersed with orange blossoms. Long flowing veil, confined behind by a bandeau of diamonds.

Fig. 6. *Evening Toilette.*—Empire dress of emerald satin, cut in sharp points at the bottom, over which is a second row of points, formed by frills of blonde an inch and a quarter wide. Over-skirt of puffed tulle, trimmed at the bottom with clusters of leaves. Satin bodice, trimmed at the top to match the skirt, with the addition of a string of pearls. Underwaist of pleated tarletane. Coiffure of leaves.



BRIDAL AND EVENING TOILETTES.—[SEE PAGE 119.]

Dinner and Walking Toilettes.

See Illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—High-necked dress of green satin, trimmed with a flounce edged at the top and bottom with a crosscut band of green velvet. Over-skirt of silver-gray moire, cut in large scallops at the bottom, and bordered with a flat puffing, edged on each side with a narrow green velvet ribbon. A gray passementerie fringe trims the bottom of this skirt. The gray moire corsage is very low, and is trimmed to match the over-skirt, with shoulder straps and long, flowing sleeves, lined with green satin. The close under-sleeves are also of green satin.

Fig. 2.—Suit of dark-blue English velvet, with the skirt just clearing the ground, and the adjusted paletot forming the over-skirt. The skirt is bordered with a fold of satin, of a little lighter shade than the dress, and embroidered in chenille with a wreath of oak leaves of the same shade as the latter. A similar, narrower fold trims the edge of the long flowing sleeves of the paletot, and the wrist of the close-fitting under-sleeves. Toquet of blue velvet, turned up at the side, and trimmed with a large white feather.

BLUE VELVET BONNET.

GREEN VELVET BONNET.

Winter Bonnets.

Fig. 1.—Bonnet of blue velvet, with black velvet diadem. Rounding crown trimmed at the back with blue and black velvet ribbons, twined together in the manner shown in the illustration. Strings of blue velvet ribbon, edged with black lace, and tying under the chin. A blue velvet ribbon is tied behind under the chignon. The diadem is bound with satin, and trimmed with grelots.

Fig. 2.—Bonnet of green velvet, with diadem of green velvet leaves. Green velvet strings, dotted with green satin leaves. A veil of tulle, lace, and jet grelots falls over the back, and is prolonged in front as strings.

Fig. 3.—Bonnet of white velvet, bound with white satin. Veil and strings of white tulle and lace, with white satin piping. Crystallized green leaves, green grapes, and a bow of white ribbon complete the trimming.

Home Toilettes.

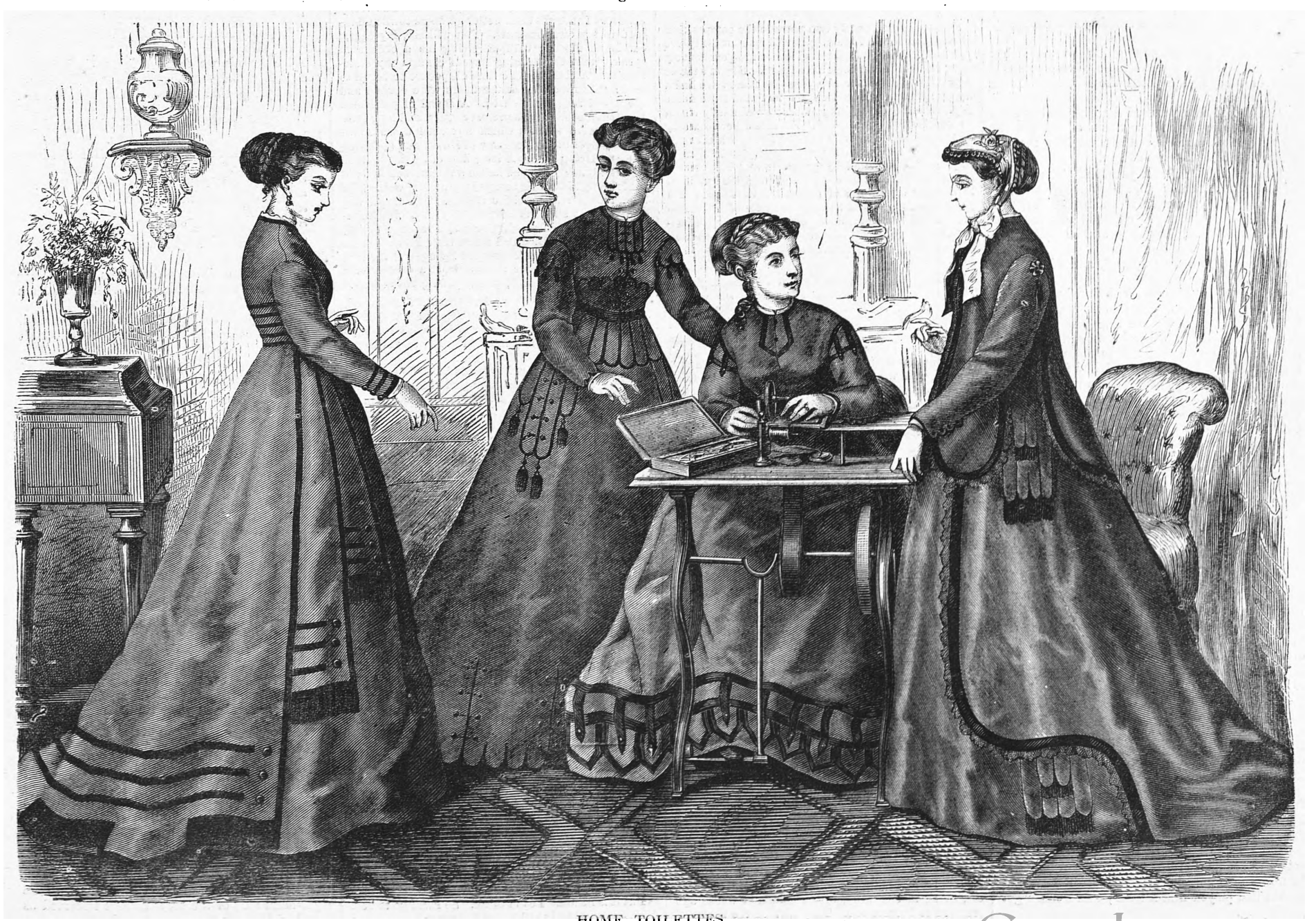
Fig. 1.—Dress of black silk, trimmed with bias folds of black velvet, black velvet buttons, and black silk fringe.

Fig. 2.—Dress of gray Irish poplin, trimmed with gray satin rouleaux and silk tassels of same color; with simulated button-holes of gray braid.

Fig. 3.—Dress of brown empress cloth, trimmed with bias folds and lappets of dark-brown silk, and brown buttons.

Fig. 4.—Dress of purple silk, trimmed with bias folds of black velvet, narrow black lace, and black and purple fringe, in the manner shown in the illustration.

WHITE VELVET BONNET.



HOME TOILETTES.

JENKIN.

THERE was a chimney elf in Jenkin's house, a wee old woman, who was always dressed in smoke color, and who was always knitting spider's silk stockings; and one day when the kitchen was still and sunny, and the fire was clear and bright, she slipped out of the chimney, knitting in hand, for a sly talk with the Kettle.

Just as she was seating herself on the poker she heard something like this: "Aieah! Don't! Oh! Stop! Eee! *Moth*-er!"

"Mercy! what is that?" cried the Chimney Elf.

"Only Jenkin teasing his sister again," answered the Kettle.

"Oh! that is it!" and the Chimney Elf put on her spectacles. Now these were fairy spectacles, and with them on her nose the Elf could look straight through the ceiling into the nursery, where Jenkin was teasing his sister. How was he teasing her? He was twitching her, nudging her elbow and making her drop her needle, pulling three little hairs of a curl at a time till she screamed; dancing about her, and laughing, and at every jerk and squeal saying, "Oh, how funny you are! If you only *could* see how droll you do look!"

"I see," said the Elf, "he needs me in his pocket."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the Kettle; but this queer little old woman had already folded up her knitting, and slipped through the keyhole.

Where was she going? To the drawing-room, where were some ladies, whom Jenkin had just been called to see. Jenkin sat on a chair, with his hair fresh brushed, his cheeks like rosy apples, and holding himself very straight; and he looked so sweet and behaved so well that you could never have believed that such a boy would tease a girl, and that girl his sister! The ladies were talking, and Jenkin, having nothing better to do, was looking at the door. So he saw the Chimney Elf coming through the keyhole.

"What is coming now?" thought Jenkin, for the Chimney Elf never made her appearance except on business. The little old woman smoothed down her smoke-colored dress and walked up to Jenkin, who began to feel nervous, and looked at his mother. But his mother was talking, and saw nothing. The Chimney Elf looked Jenkin straight in the eye for a moment, and—Dived Into His Pocket.

Jenkin gave a light squeal.

"Jenkin!" said his mother, reprovingly.

"If you say a word I will turn you into a pair of tongs," whispered the Elf, giving Jenkin a great pinch on the leg.

Jenkin jerked.

"Creep mouse! creep mouse!" whispered the Elf, tickling him, and running up and down his leg, in a way that filled him with little chills and shudders.

Jenkin wriggled.

"Oh, what fun!' said the Elf, running up his back and pulling two small hairs in his neck.

Jenkin gave a great bounce.

"Jenkin, leave the room," said his mother, much ashamed of all this twisting and bouncing.

"It ain't my—"

"Fault," Jenkin was going to say; but "would you like a brass knob when you are a pair of tongs?" whispered the Elf, and Jenkin cried instead.

"He! he! he!" tittered the Elf; and as soon as the drawing-room door was shut she got out of his pocket and danced around him, making little darts and snatches at him.

"If you could only see yourself! The corners of your mouth turn down, and your eyes are shut up tight, and your nose is all in wrinkles, and you do look so funny!" declared this terrible, little old woman, laughing and clapping her hands.

But just then a door opened, and whish! she vanished.

Jenkin rubbed his eyes, and then he sat down and began to think how odd it was that the Chimney Elf should serve him just as he had served his sister; and then he thought that perhaps it would be better not to tease so much; and after that he was a good boy for a week. But one day he was coming down hill, and May was afraid of the ice; and Jenkin thought what fools girls were to be always afraid, and to mince so! And then he thought she should be made to do better; and then he ran her down hill, and she screamed, and he laughed, till they had quite reached their own door. But in the door Jenkin's heart went down like lead. For there stood the Chimney Elf.

"I see," she said, briskly, "we must have a little more fun to-day!" and with that Jenkin found himself on the ceiling—walking there, head downward, like the flies!

"Murder!" roared Jenkin, throwing out his hands, and trying to catch hold of something, while his feet went on walking! walking! all over the ceiling. "Oh! ah! yow!" and he shook his knees and tried to stop himself, and even to tumble down.

"What fools boys are to scream and mince so! They should be made to do better," said the Elf, seizing Jenkin by the arm, and running him along the ceiling.

Oh, what a dreadful position! Jenkin bellowed so loudly that his father came running. But when he reached the door Jenkin was on his feet and quite alone.

"What are you crying about?" asked the father.

Jenkin looked toward the chimney, and saw the Chimney Elf shaking her head at him.

"Nothing," whimpered Jenkin.

"It would be a pity to make a noise like that for nothing," cried the father, who thought that Jenkin had played him a trick; and Jenkin got a whipping.

Jenkin began to think that really he must not tease May again, and he was very good for a prodigiously long time—say a month. But one day as she was trying to draw a house Jenkin came and looked at her.

"Please don't look just now," said May.

"I don't see what harm there is in looking," answered Jenkin.

"Oh, Jenkin, I *can't* draw!" cried May. "*Please* wait till it is done."

By this time Jenkin had discovered that it was fine fun to look, and he put his head down so close that his nose touched his sister's; and when she moved he followed her, and when she ran he ran too, laughing and looking in her face all the way.

Suddenly, with a hop-skip-and-jump, a little old woman in a smoke-colored gown lighted on his shoulder; and stepping on the edge of his collar, and holding on by his ear and nose, looked straight into his eyes.

"Get out!" cried Jenkin, scared out of his wits.

"I am only looking," answered the Elf.

"But I don't like it," said Jenkin.

"What harm is there?" insisted the old woman.

"Jenkin, come to dinner!" called his mother.

Jenkin went at once, for he hoped that somebody would take the Elf away; but nobody seemed to see her; and she held on by his ear, and looked at him! and she swung herself from his hair, and looked at him! and stood on his plate, and looked and looked at him! and when he got a book she sat on the top of that, and looked at him, laughing all the time; and when he went to play, she stood in his ear, and stretched around, and peeped at him; and when he began to undress himself, what do you think she did? why, she perched herself on his pillow, and prepared to look at him all night!

But here Jenkin began to cry.

"And I won't tease May ever again," said Jenkin. "I didn't know it plagued so just to look! and oh! dear, good Mrs. Chimney Elf, do please go away, and try me just this once, and you will see I will be good!"

"See that you are!" answered the Elf, sternly; but on her way up chimney she wiped her eyes more than once, for she was sorry for Jenkin after all; and meeting the Dream-man she sent Jenkin, oh, such a beautiful dream! that he forgot all his troubles.

But he never teased May again.

MRS. TYPESET'S DIARY.

Thanksgiving Eve.—After the religious services and festive family gatherings so fitting to the day, nothing could be more pleasant and appropriate than Haydn's beautiful oratorio, "The Seasons," which so many of us enjoyed to-night. Steinway Hall was crowded with an audience who listened with rapt attention. Madame Parepa-Rosa's rich, pure voice was delightful to listen to. The famous song, "A Wealthy Lord who Long had Loved," was a special favorite, but every thing she sang was executed finely. The entire performance was a success, and the audience gave abundant indication that they appreciate this kind of sacred music.

Haydn devoted nearly two years to the composition of this oratorio, completing it when about sixty-five years old. Indeed, he devoted himself too exclusively to it, and his health soon after failed. Haydn's music is peculiarly cheerful and joyous—he must have had a happy spirit within himself, for he found little home joy. When quite a young man he loved a lady whom he had instructed in music. He asked her to marry him, but she had already decided to enter a convent. Her father had given some pecuniary assistance to Haydn, and, impelled by gratitude and his persuasions, the gifted composer transferred his proposal to another daughter and married her. It proved a joyless marriage, and he seldom spoke of his wife—she seemed good for nothing but to squander her husband's earnings. "It is nothing to her," he once sadly remarked, "whether her husband be a cobbler or an artist."

Received a letter from Cousin A. this morning. They seem to be enjoying Paris life. He writes: "We are studying French in a desultory sort of way and have some amusing times, though no difficulty in getting along. For all the French one learns in books at home he is as much nonplused when he tries at first to understand conversation in Paris as if he had never seen a word of the language. Any conversation begins with a question, carefully studied beforehand, if the subject is new, and of course uttered with all the glibness I can acquire by previous practice. Then comes an answer rattling off, which sounds like the gurgling of a little brook. Then I say—in the best of French of course—'Pardon, Monsieur, but I am a stranger, and you speak too quickly for me.' Then there is a mutual laugh. Then the brook gurgles again. If necessary I then say, 'Once more, if you please;' and with another laugh, not *at* us, but *with* us; the French comes out, drop by drop, and thus we get to a tolerable understanding."

Friday.—Noticed in a morning paper some directions for selecting "Thanksgiving Poultry." 'Tis too late for that; but Christmas and New-Year's are coming, when geese and turkeys will be in special demand; and as Mr. Typeset leaned back from the breakfast-table yesterday morning he remarked that he "would appoint every other day as a Thanksgiving, if I would always get such tender chickens." So I think I may as well study up the subject a little, for I do remember that a tough fowl has occasionally been palmed off upon me. These are the directions:

"A young turkey has a smooth leg and a soft bill, and if fresh the eyes will be bright and the feet moist. Old turkeys have scaly, stiff feet. Young fowls have a tender skin, smooth legs, and the breast-bone yields readily to the pressure of the finger. The best are those that have yellow legs. The feet and legs of the old fowl look as if they had seen hard service in the world. Young ducks feel tender under the wing, and the web is transparent. The best are thick and hard on the breast. Young geese have yellow bills, and the feet are yellow and supple; the skin may be easily broken by the head of a pin; the breast is plump and the fat white. An old goose is unfit for the human stomach."

A comical instance is related of some runaway lovers, living in Kentucky, who a couple of weeks ago resolved to become one. They reached the banks of the Ohio before they felt secure enough from pursuing parents to stop for the ceremony. They tried to get a license, but failed; then they crossed over to Cincinnati and tried again, but it was too late at night, and again they failed. Fearing to risk being overtaken by their pursuers, they hastily drove to a clergyman's house, and requested his company. The driver had his orders, and drove rapidly to the Cincinnati Suspension Bridge. Toll paid, the vehicle slowly rolled along the bridge to a point which the driver judged to be the middle, and there it halted just as the bells sounded midnight. And there, in a hack, on the suspension bridge, at the hour of midnight, the nuptial ceremony took place, and the anxious lovers were made husband and wife without the permission of either Ohio or Kentucky.

There are many little peculiarities of pronunciation or forms of speech which reveal to an acute observer the section of country from which a person comes. Heard a gentleman say to a young lady the other evening: "I knew you were from New England because you give 'a' the broad sound." Very curious idioms are used in different parts of the country. In some of the Western States the word "at" has a peculiar use. For example, "Where do you live at?" "Where did you get cold at?" The word "go" is used for "intend," as "I did not go to do it;" "I didn't go to go." The word "like" is used in the sense "as though;" "he talks like he was crazy." "Just" is a pet word: "it is just too bad;" "I am just glad." "I don't guess I shall go," is the common way of saying "I guess I shall not go." "Awful fine," "powerful weak," "right wrong," "a heap sight," "a right smart chance," and a "good bit," are common expressions. Other sections have quite as singular idioms.

Met Mr. and Mrs. W. last evening, and, to tell the truth, am sorry it happened. I know it's very wrong, but how could I help it? I'm sure I expected to like them, and tried hard to, but couldn't. Mr. T. says its only a prejudice, and will wear away, but what made the prejudice come? I had none until I saw them.

"Tell me by what hidden magic
Our impressions first are led
Into liking or disliking
Oft before a word is said?
Why should *smiles* sometimes repel us?
Bright eyes turn our feelings cold?
What *is* that which comes to tell us
All that glitters is not gold?"

Evening.—"Well, Mr. Typeset," said I, as he took his seat at the dinner-table to-night—rather late he was, too, and I began to suspect he had dined down town—"did you secure good seats for Dickens's readings?"

Mr. T. had rushed out of the house directly after breakfast this morning with that end in view, and, of course, I naturally wanted to know the location of the seats. But when he did not answer immediately, and I looked up again to see if he heard me, I perceived he was uncommonly occupied with his oyster soup.

"Mr. Typeset?" I repeated—and a certain twinkle in his eye convinced me that he had heard me well enough the first time.

"Now, my dear," he began, in a deprecatory tone.

"You don't mean to say that you didn't get any tickets?" I interrupted, excitedly.

"My dear," said he, calmly, "now do be reasonable. Just imagine Fourteenth Street blocked up with a dense crowd something less than a mile long each way from Steinway Hall—and people boiling over in the adjacent streets. And didn't I plan to get there a quarter of an hour before the box-office was open? Why, if I had taken my place in the lines and waited, I should be still waiting this very moment, I do verily believe. I thought I had better go down town and attend to my own business. You will see, my dear," continued Mr. T., without giving me a chance to speak, "that the evening papers confirm my statements." And taking one from his pocket he began to read: "At nine o'clock the doors were opened and the grand rush commenced. A squad of policemen was found necessary to preserve order, and long lines of men were formed, which stretched down Fourteenth Street to the Academy of Music, and up Irving Place to Irving Hall. A long line of carriages filled with fashionably-dressed ladies was stationed in front of Steinway Hall, their occupants patiently waiting for their footmen to purchase tickets. The crowd was composed of all sorts of people, young, old, white-headed, dapper-dressed, German, French, English, and American. Some had taken their lunch-baskets with them, others were propped up against the iron fence of a brown-stone front at least a quarter of a mile from Steinway Hall, quietly puffing their cigars."

Saturday Morn.—"Now, Mr. Typeset," I exclaimed, as he came down to breakfast, "do you know that every ticket for the whole course of Dickens's readings was sold yesterday, and there's to be no sale of single tickets to-day?"

"Of course, I supposed it would be so," he replied.

"But," said I, somewhat annoyed at his want of interest in the matter, "won't you make some plan so that we can get tickets for the next course?"

"Hadn't you better see how you *like* him first?" inquired Mr. T., without raising his eyes from his paper.

"What did you say?" I asked, puzzled.

"Perhaps you had better wait, and see how you like Mr. Dickens's readings."

"Mr. Typeset!"—I paused— "What *do* you mean?"

"Why I got tickets for the first—"

"Now, Mr. Typeset, you told me—"

"No, I did *not* tell you, that was all. I did not want to disturb the peace of the family, and as I really could not get a ticket for 'Dot,' I thought she might cry, and spoil our dinner!"

A general laugh followed, in which "Dot," without understanding any thing about the matter, heartily joined.

"I told you," Mr. T. continued, "that it was of no use to wait my turn in Fourteenth Street, and that I went down town."

"And how did you get the tickets?"

"From—well—a friend of—Dickens, I suppose."

"And," continued I, calling to Mr. T., after he had left the breakfast-room, "what did you pay for them?"

But Mr. T. never answered a word.

Saturday Eve.—These dull, damp, murky, gloomy November days! They are a trial to health and patience! Every body has a cold in some form. Mr. Typeset and Johnny are deaf, and Aunt Anne is almost dumb! Such fearful colds as they have! And my turn is coming—throat sore, head hot, and brains in a muddle. Suppose *something* has happened to-day, but really don't remember.

"My trusty gold pen in my bottle of ink
I have dipped and dipped while endeavoring to think."

But it is no use. I can't think. So I will go to bed. Wonder whether I shall be too hoarse to speak or too deaf to hear to-morrow! In either case, it will be expedient to commence learning the sign-language for convenience in the family—that is, if I retain ability to learn any thing. Just now nothing is clear to my mind but Hood's lines:

"No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!"

But now, farewell to November. December, ushering Winter in, has come!

THE MAN-DRESSMAKER OF PARIS.

ONE morning some years ago, as I was having my hair dressed by one of those admirable *coiffeurs* who may be had in Paris by the month at most reasonable rates, ranging, according to their reputations, from three dollars a month to twelve—I never heard of any higher—and coming every day with the utmost regularity, my maid opened the door, and, in a delighted voice, exclaimed,

"Oh! please, ma'am, her ladyship arrived in Paris yesterday, and has sent her footman to know if you will not stop at Meurice's and take her about this morning in your carriage; she wants to do some shopping."

"Her ladyship" was the friend who had recommended to me the excellent servant now speaking.

I went out and saw the man myself; told him that I would go to fetch his mistress in about an hour's time, and gave him a glass of wine to cheer him in advance for the hours of weary waiting which, in common with my coachman, he would be forced to endure while in attendance on two young ladies with money in their pockets, pursuing "shopping" in that paradise of shoppers, Paris.

I arrived at Meurice's a little behind time, and found her ladyship waiting for me in the gloom of the *porte cochère*. She whispered enthusiastically in my ear, "My dear, I've come over expressly to see you, and to buy a cloak."

The first object of her visit was accomplished, she had seen me; and now for the second, to buy a cloak.

"Where shall we go?" I asked, as the footman stood holding the carriage door open with one hand and elevating his hat about a foot above his head with the other.

"Let's go to Gagelin's," said her ladyship.

After an approbatory nod from me the footman sprang on the box and off we rolled.

"Gagelin is awfully dear," said I.

"Oh, you little American!" said her ladyship, laughing. "'Awfully dear' indeed! You're awfully dear yourself."

"To gratify your prejudices then," said I, "I will change the phraseology. If you buy a cloak at Gagelin's it will make a hole in your pocket."

"I know it," said her ladyship, with a sigh, "but I like Gagelin's styles. Besides, there is a civil young Englishman there who always serves me, a pretty fellow, and, as I said, civil."

"What's his name?" I asked.

"Worth," replied her ladyship.

"Is he a partner in the house?"

"No, only one of the clerks, I think," returned her ladyship.

At Gagelin's we found a large cloak-buying community, and, scanning the faces of the clerks, her ladyship said she could not discover Mr. Worth.

"Where is Monsieur Worth?" inquired her ladyship of one of the head clerks.

"Ah, Madame!" replied he, with a shrug. "*Connais pas.*"

"Not know Worth, who was here so long?"

"How did Madame call him?"

"Worth."

"*Non connais pas.*"

"Not a young Englishman, who spoke very broken French?"

"*Oh, lui! Oui, certainement*—a quite young one—Madame means Monsieur Vorss," said the clerk, triumphantly.

"Does Madame?" said her ladyship, amused.

"That's evidently the way they pronounce his name here," said I.

"How stupid of them!"

"Well, I don't know. No doubt we make just such mistakes in our French. You see the *w* and the *th* of Worth's name form a conjunction of different English sounds impossible for a French tongue to master. So they compromise the matter by calling him 'Vorss.'"

"Well, where has he gone?" asked her ladyship, again addressing the clerk.

The clerk seemed not altogether willing to give his address—said he believed Mr. Vorss had set up in business somewhere for himself—and would these ladies not like to look at their last novelties in cloaks?

No. Madame was perhaps rather obstinate. She said she would be glad if the clerk would give her Mr. Worth's exact address.

Thus questioned, the clerk gave it—No. 7 Rue de la Paix.

Arrived at the Rue de la Paix, and turning down the broad street from the Boulevards, we were struck by the number of elegant carriages which were moving up and down, landing fashionably-dressed ladies, picking them up, and then either retreating to the opposite curb to wait, or rattling away with their fair freight.

"I wonder if all those carriages are for the house of John Munroe & Company," said I.

"Who are they?"

"The great American bankers—No. 9 Rue de la Paix."

Arriving at the door, we found they were all for Mr. Worth's, at No. 7. The carriages of a Russian grand duchess, half a dozen English peeresses, several Spanish families, and many others.

A simple silver or metal plate attached to the right-hand side of the *porte cochère* informed us that Mr. Worth's rooms were on the first-floor.

A short flight of elegantly-carpeted steps brought us to Mr. Worth's ante-chamber. Pushing open the door we entered a room hung with rich brown velvet, and highly ornamented with steel decorations; but the crowning glory of the room was the wealth of real camellias (or "japonicas") which were growing on all sides, imbedded in *jardinières*.

The second room was equally luxurious in point of upholstery, but here was presented such a scene of fashionable excitement that it was impossible to pay much attention to any thing else. On all the sofas, chairs, tables, and pianos of this room, and several beyond, were heaped piles of cloaks, shawls, and jackets, and even dresses, laces, and *lingerie*.

The room we entered was crowded with the aristocratic occupants of the carriages we had seen below; but what most attracted our attention was the curious spectacle of Mr. Worth's saleswomen. The young Englishman had evidently racked his brain to get up a sensation, and here it was.

These shop-girls were dressed up in clothing, jewels, and laces fit for the gala wear of so many empresses, queens, and princesses of the blood. To complete the picture they were superbly *coiffées*, and one of them, in addition, wore a splendid diamond ornament resting on her forehead. This proved to be the wife of Worth—a Frenchwoman who had also formerly been attached to Gagelin's establishment. I shall never forget her dress. It was a superb black silk heavily wrought with flowers of gold, evidently embroidered by hand; the skirt cut with a fine sweeping train such as is indispensable to every elegant dress nowadays, but which at that time was quite an innovation. The fit of the *corsage* was perfect; and the remainder of the toilette was of equal costliness and taste.

At this moment Mr. Worth appeared, and, respectfully greeting his old friend and patroness, her ladyship, thanked us both for our kindness in finding him out.

"You have found your venture successful?" said her ladyship, inquiringly.

"Oh, your ladyship, successful beyond all my wildest hopes. I am perfectly besieged, and by the *plus grand monde* of Paris, and of London, and of all countries."

"Why do you dress your saleswomen so extravagantly?"

"Merely to show off the dresses they are wearing as models of my work, my fit, and my style of trimming. A lady comes here and wants a dress. She names about the price she wishes to pay. I then call up Number One of my girls, or Number Two, or Three (as the case may be), who is wearing just such a dress as the lady wishes to purchase. Then the lady is enabled to see exactly how her dress will look when completed. Perhaps," he added, with a smile, "perhaps Number One, or Number Two, or Number Three, being a pretty and well-formed person, the general effect of the dress is enhanced by her wearing it; at any rate, it is not diminished. And, altogether, I find my system has an immense advantage over the old style of wire-frame dummies, which often make the richest and most graceful cloak, mantelet, or shawl, look little short of hideous."

Whatever may have been the advantage of Mr. Worth's system in regard to facilitating sales, it struck me as being rather conducive to vanity and idleness on the part of the shop-girls; for I observed that every time one of them was in the vicinity of a looking-glass (which was about every other minute) she eyed herself complacently in it, straightened herself up, viewed her back and her sides, flung out her train haughtily, rearranged her elaborate hair, coughed and smirked, and betrayed signs of general self-satisfaction. In more than one instance, too, beginning with Madame Worth herself, the desire to be pretty, and to do justice to these unusual "store" clothes, had led the wearers to resort to the rouge-pot, and the liquid enamel skin-whitener, and the solid india-ink eye-brow darkener, than which, to my taste, nothing can be more repulsive and hideous—utterly nullifying, in my opinion, the "good effect" of Mr. Worth's expensive "system."

While we were talking to this king of stitch-craft, he was frequently importuned by messengers to come away, as the Princess This, and the Duchess That, and the Marchioness of the Other, wanted to see him, "only for a minute" of his valuable time. He waved them haughtily away, for he was used to these, and like a true Englishman was more obsequious to this English lady, with her simple title, than to all these foreign "coats of arms" feminine.

In appearance he was a well-looking young fellow enough, and from his constant contact with all that is refined and all that is feminine, he had himself become somewhat refined and altogether effeminate. He was dressed in a light-gray suit, with a fine and spotless linen collar, turned quite far back, rather exposing his neck (in utter defiance of the *mode*, which was then strictly for the "dog-collar," or "all-rounder"), and knotted loosely under the collar he wore a large, soft, silk neck-tie, of a brilliant scarlet. He had brown eyes, a dark mustache, and a thin and delicate face—in its general contour, though less manly, not altogether unlike the face of Mr. William Castle, the English opera-singer.

Wearied by our long stay, some of the Duchesses and Princesses approached and began talking to him in a coaxing, pleading way, which struck me as being in strange contrast to the imperious manner in which women of their rank are wont to address tradespeople. But this man had made himself a wonderful reputation as master of that art which is dearest of all others to the feminine heart; and as he rattled off to them in the worst but most voluble French I ever heard his intentions in regard to future dresses and their trimmings, these noble women gazed at him in speechless admiration, bating their breaths that not a word of his wretched jargon might be lost or misunderstood.

Her ladyship was measured for a cloak, and I bought one which struck my fancy on the spot. Its cost was sixty dollars.

Since that early period of his career the former clerk at Gagelin's has become world-renowned; and the man-dress-maker of Paris has had many imitators, even here in New York.

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER XV.

JOURNAL OF PAOLO LANGHETTI.

Liverpool, June 2, 1846.—I promised you, my Teresina, to keep a diary of all my wanderings, and now I begin, not knowing whether it will be worth reading or not, but knowing this: that my corellina will read it all with equal interest, whether it be trivial or important.

I have taken passage in the ship *Tecumseh* from Liverpool to Quebec. I have embarked in her for no better reason than this, that she is the first that will sail, and I am impatient. The first New York ship does not leave for a fortnight. A fortnight in Liverpool! Horror!

I have been on board to secure my room. I am told that there is a large number of emigrants. It is a pity, but it can not be helped. All ships have emigrants now. Ireland is being evacuated. There will soon be no peasants to till the soil. What enormous misery must be in that most wretched of countries! Is Italy worse? Yes, far worse; for Italy has a past to contrast with the present, whereas Ireland has no past.

At Sea, June 4.—We are many miles out in the Irish Channel. There are six hundred emigrants on board—men, women, and children. I am told that most of these are from Ireland, unhappy Ireland! Some are from England, and are going to seek their fortune in America. As I look on them I think, My God! what misery there is in this world! And yet what can I do to alleviate it? I am helpless. Let the world suffer. All will be right hereafter.

June 10.—Six hundred passengers! They are all crowded together in a manner that is frightful to me. Comfort is out of the question; the direst distress is every where present; the poor wretches only try to escape suffering. During storms they are shut in; there is little ventilation; and the horror that reigns in that hold will not let me either eat or sleep. I have remonstrated with the captain, but without effect. He told me that he could do nothing. The owners of the ship put them on board, and he was employed to take them to their proper destination. My God! what will become of them?

June 15.—There have been a few days of fine weather. The wretched emigrants have all been on deck. Among them I noticed three who, from their appearance, belonged to a different class. There was a lady with a young man and a young girl, who were evidently her children. The lady has once been beautiful, and still bears the traces of that beauty, though her face indicates the extreme of sadness. The son is a man of magnificent appearance, though as yet not full-grown. The daughter is more lovely than any being whom I have ever seen. She is different from my Bicetta. Bice is Grecian, with a face like that of a marble statue, and a soul of purely classic mould. Bice is serene. She reminds me of Artemis. Bice is an artist to her inmost heart. Bice I love as I love you, my Teresina, and I never expect to meet with one who can so interpret my ideas with so divine a voice. But this girl is more spiritual. Bice is classic, this one is medieval. Bice is a goddess, this one a saint. Bice is Artemis, or one of the Muses; this one is Holy Agnes or Saint Cecilia. There is in that sweet and holy face the same depth of devotion which our painters portray on the face of the Madonna. This little family group stand amidst all the other passengers, separated by the wide gulf of superior rank, for they are manifestly from among the upper classes, but still more so by the solemn isolation of grief. It is touching to see the love of the mother for her children, and the love of the children for their mother. How can I satisfy the longings which I feel to express to them my sympathy?

June 21.—I have at length gained my desire. I have become acquainted with that little group. I went up to them this morning in obedience to a resistless impulse, and with the most tender sympathy that I could express; and, with many apologies, offered the young man a bottle of wine for his mother. He took it gratefully and frankly. He met me half-way in my advances. The poor lady looked at me with speechless gratitude, as though kindness and sympathy were unknown to her. "God will reward you, Sir," she said, in a tremulous voice, "for your sympathy with the miserable."

"Dear Madame," said I, "I wish no other reward than the consciousness that I may have alleviated your distress."

My heart bled for these poor creatures. Cast down from a life which must have once been one of luxury, they were now in the foulest of places, the hold of an emigrant ship. I went back to the captain to see if I could not do something in their behalf. I wished to give up my room to them. He said I could do so if I wished, but that there was no room left in the cabin. Had there been I would have hired one and insisted on their going there.

I went to see the lady, and made this proposal as delicately as I could. There were two berths in my room. I urged her and her daughter to take them. At first they both refused most positively, with tears of gratitude. But I would not be so put off. To the mother I portrayed the situation of the daughter in that den of horror; to the daughter I pointed out the condition of the mother; to the son I showed the position of his mother and sister, and thus I worked upon the holiest feelings of their hearts. For myself I assured them that I could get a place among the sailors in the forecastle, and that I preferred doing so. By such means as these I moved them to consent. They did so with an expression of thankfulness that brought tears to my eyes.

"Dear Madame," said I, "you will break my heart if you talk so. Take the room and say nothing. I have been a wanderer for years, and can live any where."

It was not till then that I found out their names. I told them mine. They looked at one another in astonishment. "Langhetti?" said the mother.

"Yes."

"Did you ever live in Holby?"

"Yes. My father was organist in Trinity Church, and I and my sister lived there some years. She lives there still."

"My God!" was her ejaculation.

"Why?" I asked, with eager curiosity. "What do you know about Holby, and about Langhetti?"

She looked at me with solemn earnestness. "I," said she, "am the wife, and these are the children of one who was your father's friend. He who was my husband, and the father of these children, was Ralph Brandon, of Brandon Hall."

I stood for a moment stupefied. Then I burst into tears. Then I embraced them all, and said I know not what of pity and sympathy and affection. My God! to think of such a fate as this awaiting the family of Ralph Brandon. Did you know this, oh, Teresina? If so, why did you keep it secret? But no—you could not have known it. If you had this would not have happened.

They took my room in the cabin—the dear ones—Mrs. Brandon and the sweet Edith. The son Frank and I stay together among the emigrants. Here I am now, and I write this as the sun is getting low, and the uproar of all these hundreds is sounding in my ears.

June 30.—There is a panic in the ship. The dread pestilence known as "ship-fever" has appeared. This disease is the terror of emigrant ships. Surely there was never any vessel so well adapted to be the prey of the pestilence as this of ours! I have lived for ten days among the steerage passengers, and have witnessed their misery. Is God just? Can he look down unmoved upon scenes like these? Now that the disease has come, where will it stop?

July 3.—The disease is spreading. Fifteen are prostrate. Three have died.

July 10.—Thirty deaths have occurred, and fifty are sick. I am assisting to nurse them.

July 15.—Thirty-four deaths since my last. One hundred and thirty are sick. I will labor here if I have to die for it.

July 18.—If this is my last entry let this diary be sent to Mrs. Thornton, care of William Thornton, Holby, Pembroke, England—(the above entry was written in English, the remainder was all in Italian, as before). More than two hundred are sick. Frank Brandon is down. I am afraid to let his mother know it. I am working night and day. In three days there have been forty-seven deaths. The crew are demoralized and panic-stricken.

July 23.—Shall I survive these horrors? More than fifty new deaths have occurred. The disease has spread among the sailors. Two are dead, and seven are sick. Horror prevails. Frank Brandon is recovering slowly. Mrs. Brandon does not know that he has been sick. We send word that we are afraid to come for fear of communicating the disease to her and to Edith.

July 27.—More than half of the sailors are sick. Eleven dead. Sixty-seven passengers dead since last report. Frank Brandon almost well, and helping me in my work.

July 30.—Nearly all the sailors more or less sick—five new deaths among them. Ship almost unmanageable. In the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Talk of putting into some port. Seventy passengers dead.

August 2.—Worse yet. Disease has spread into the cabin. Three cabin passengers dead. God have mercy upon poor Mrs. Brandon and sweet Edith! All the steerage passengers, with a few exceptions, prostrate. Frank Brandon is weak but helps me. I work night and day. The ship is like a floating pest-house. Forty new deaths since last report.

August 7.—Drifting along, I know not how, up the St. Lawrence. The weather calm, and two or three sailors able to manage the ship. Captain and mate both dead. Ten cabin passengers dead. Three more sailors dead. Only thirty-two steerage passengers dead since last report, but nearly all are sick. Hardly any one to attend to them.

August 10.—Mrs. Brandon and Edith both sick. Frank prostrate again. God in heaven, have mercy!

August 15.—Mrs. Brandon and Edith very low. Frank better.

August 16.—Quarantine Station, Gosse Island. I feel the fever in my veins. If I die, farewell, sweetest sister.

December 28, *Halifax, Nova Scotia.*—More than four months have elapsed since my last entry, and during the interval marvelous things have occurred. These I will now try to recall as I best can.

My last entry was made on the day of the arrival of the *Tecumseh* at the Quarantine Station, Gosse Island, Quebec. We were delayed there for two days. Every thing was in confusion. A large number of ships had arrived, and all were filled with sick. The authorities were taken by surprise; and as no arrangements had ever been made for such a state of things the suffering was extreme. The arrival of the *Tecumseh* with her frightful record of deaths, and with several hundred sick still on board, completed the confusion. At last the passengers were removed somehow, I know not how or when, for I myself on the evening of our arrival was struck down by the fever. I suppose that Frank Brandon may have nursed me at first; but of that I am not sure. There was fearful disorder. There were few nurses and fewer doctors; and as fast as the sick died they were hurried hastily into shallow graves in the sand. I was sick for two or three weeks, and knew nothing of what was going on. The first thing that I saw on coming to my senses was Edith Brandon.

She was fearfully changed. Unutterable grief dwelt upon her sweet young face, which also was pale and wan from the sickness through which she had passed. An awful feeling shot through me. My first question was, "Is your mother on shore?"

She looked at me for a moment in solemn silence, and, slowly raising her hand, pointed upward.

"Your brother?" I gasped.

She turned her head away. I was silent. They were dead, then. O God! and this child—what had she not been suffering? My mind, at once, in its agony of sympathy with her, burst through the clouds which sickness had thrown around it. "Poor child!" I said. "And why are you here?"

"Where else can I go?" she answered, mournfully.

"At least, you should not wear yourself out by my bedside."

"You are the only one left whom I know. I owe you far more than the small attendance which I have given you."

"But will you not take some rest?"

"Hush! Wait till you are stronger. You are too weak now to think of these things."

She laid her thin hand on my forehead gently. I turned my head away, and burst into a flood of tears. Why was it that this child was called upon to endure such agony? Why, in the midst of that agony, did she come to me to save my life?

I did not resist her any longer on that day; but the next day I was stronger, and made her go and repose herself.

For two successive days she came back. On the third day she did not appear. The fourth day also she was absent. Rude nurses attended to me. They knew nothing of her. My anxiety inspired me with such energy that on the fourth day I rose from my bed and staggered about to find her if possible.

All was still confusion. Thousands of sick were on the island. The mistake of the first week had not yet been repaired. No one knew any thing of Edith. I sought her through all the wards. I went to the superintendent, and forced him to make inquiries about her. No one could tell any thing.

My despair was terrible. I forced the superintendent to call up all the nurses and doctors, and question them all, one by one. At last an old Irish woman, with an awful look at me, hinted that she could tell something about her, and whispered a word or two in the superintendent's ear. He started back, with a fearful glance.

"What is it? Tell, in God's name!"

"The dead-house," he murmured.

"Where is it? Take me there!" I cried to the woman. I clutched her arm and staggered after her.

It was a long, low shed, open on all sides. Twelve bodies lay there. In the middle of the row was Edith. She was more beautiful than an angel. A smile wreathed her lips; her eyes looked as though she slumbered. I rushed up to her and caught her in my arms. The next moment I fell senseless.

When I revived I was lying in one of the sick-sheds, with a crowd of sufferers around me. I had only one thought, and that was Edith. I rose at once, weak and trembling, but the resolve of my soul gave strength to my body. An awful fear had taken possession of me, which was accompanied by a certain wild hope. I hurried, with staggering feet, to the dead-house.

All the bodies were gone. New ones had come in.

"Where is she?" I cried to the old woman who had charge there. She knew to whom I referred.

"Buried," said she.

I burst out into a torrent of imprecations. "Where have they buried her? Take me to the place!" I cried, as I flung a piece of gold to the woman. She grasped it eagerly. "Bring a spade, and come quick, for God's sake! *She is not dead!*"

How did I have such a mad fancy? I will tell you. This ship-fever often terminates in a sort of stupor, in which death generally takes place. Sometimes, however, the patient who has fallen into this stupor revives again. It is known to the physicians as the "trance state." I had seen cases of this at sea. Several times people were thrown overboard when I thought that they did not have all the signs of death, and at last, in two cases of which I had charge, I detained the corpses three days, in spite of the remonstrances of the other passengers. *These two revived.* By this I knew that some of those who were thrown overboard were not dead. Did I feel horror at this, my Teresa? No. "Pass away," I said, "unhappy ones. You are not dead. You live in a better life than this. What matters it whether you died by the fever or by the sea?"

But when I saw Edith as she lay there my soul felt assured that she was not dead, and an unutterable convulsion of sorrow overwhelmed me. Therefore I fainted. The horror of that situation was too much for me. To think of that angelic girl about to be covered up alive in the ground; to think of that sweet young life, which had begun so brightly, terminating amidst such black darkness!

"Now God help me!" I cried, as I hurried on after the woman; "and bring me there in time." There! Where? To the place of the dead. It was there that I had to seek her.

"How long had she been in that house before I fainted?" I asked, fearfully.

"Twenty four hours."

"And when did I faint?"

"Yesterday."

A pang shot through me. "Tell me," I cried, hoarsely, "when she was buried."

"Last night."

"O God!" I groaned, and I could say no more; but with new strength given to me in that hour of agony I rushed on.

It was by the eastern shore of the island. A wide flat was there, washed on one side by the river. Here more than a thousand mounds arose. Alas! could I ever hope to find her!

"Do you know where they have laid her?" I asked, tremblingly.

"Yes," said the woman, confidently.

Hope returned faintly. She led the way.

The moon beamed out brightly from behind a cloud, illumining the waste of mounds: The river murmured solemnly along the shore. All my senses were overwhelmed in the madness of that hour. The moon seemed enlarged to the dimensions of a sky; the murmur of the river sounded like a cataract, and in the vast murmur I heard voices which seemed then like the voices of the dead. But the lustre of that exaggerated glow, and the booming concord of fancied spirit-voices were all contemned as trifles. I cared for nothing either natural or supernatural. Only one thought was present—the place where she was laid.

We reached it at last. At the end of a row of graves we stopped. "Here," said the woman, "are twelve graves. These were made last night. These are those twelve which you saw."

"And where—where, O God, is SHE!"

"There," replied the woman, pointing to one which was the third from the end.

"Do not deceive me!" I cried, imploringly. "Are you sure? For I will tear up all these till I find her."

"I am sure, for I was the one who buried her. I and a man—"

I seized the spade and turned up the soil. I labored incessantly for what seemed an endless period. I had thrown out much earth but had not yet reached her. I felt my fitful strength failing me. My mind, too, seemed entering into a state of delirium. At last my knees gave way, and I sank down just as my spade touched something which gave back a hollow sound.

My knees gave way, and I sank down. But I would not give up. I tore up handfuls of earth and threw them into the air.

"Oh, Edith!" I cried, "I am here! I am coming! I am coming!"

"Come, Sir," said the woman, suddenly, in her strong voice, yet pityingly. "You can do nothing. I will dig her out in a minute."

"God forever bless you!" I cried, leaping out and giving place to her. I watched her as she threw out the earth. Hungrily I gazed, devouring that dark aperture with my eyes till at last the rough boards appeared.

Then I leaped down. I put my fingers at the edge and tore at it till it gave way. The lid was only fastened with a few nails. My bleeding fingers clutched it. It yielded to my frantic exertions.

O my God! was there ever a sight on earth like that which now met my eyes as I raised the lid and looked below? The moon, which was high in the sky, streamed down directly into the narrow cell. It showed me the one whom I sought. Its bright beams threw a lustre round that face which was upturned toward me. Ah me! how white was that face; like the face of some sleeping maiden carved in alabaster. Bathed in the moonbeams it lay before me, all softened and refined and made pure; a face of unearthly beauty. The dark hair caught the moon's rays, and encircled the head like a crown of immortality. Still the eyes were closed as though in slumber; still the lips were fixed into a smile. She lay as one who had fallen into a deep, sweet sleep—as one who in that sleep has dreams, in which are visions of more than earthly beauty, and scenes of more than mortal happiness.

Now it was with me as though at that unequaled vision I had drawn into my inmost being some sudden stimulus—a certain rapture of new-born strength; strength no longer fitful and spasmodic, but firm, well fortified and well sustained.

I took her in my arms and brought her forth from the grave into the life of earth.

Ah me! how light a thing was that frail and slender figure which had been worn down by the unparalleled suffering through which she had passed. This thought transfixed me with a pang of anguish—even awed the rapture that I felt at clasping her in my arms.

But now that I had her, where was I to seek for a place of shelter? I turned to the woman and asked: "Is there any secluded place where she may sleep undisturbed till she wakes—"

"No: there is none but what is crowded with the sick and dying in all this island."

"I must have some place."

"There is only one spot that is quiet."

"What one?"

"The dead-house."

I shuddered. "No, not there. See," said I, and I handed her a piece of gold. "Find me some place and you shall have still more."

"Well," she said, hesitatingly, "I have the room where me and my man live. I suppose we could give up that."

"Take me there, then."

"Shall I help you carry her?"

"No," I answered, drawing back my pure Edith from her outstretched hands. "No, I will carry her."

The woman went on without a word. She led the way back to the low and dismal sheds which lay there like a vast charnel-house, and thence to a low hut some distance away from all, where she opened a door. She spoke a few words to a man, who finally withdrew. A light was burning. A rude cot was there. Here I laid the one whom I carried.

"Come here," said I, "three times a day. I will pay you well for this."

The woman left. All night long I watched. She lay unmoved and unchanged. Where was her spirit wandering? Soared it among the splendors of some far-off world? Lingered it amidst the sunshine of heavenly glory? Did her seraphic soul move amidst her peers in the assemblage of the holy? Was she straying amidst the trackless paths of ether with those whom she had loved in life, and who had gone before?

All night long I watched her as she lay with her marble face and her changeless smile. There seemed to be communicated to me an influence from her which opened the eyes of my spiritual sense; and my spirit sought to force itself upon her far-off perceptions, that so it might catch her notice and bring her back to earth.

The morning dawned. There was no change. Mid-day came, and still there was no change. I know not how it was, but the superintendent had heard about the grave being opened, and found me in the hut. He tried to induce me to give back to the grave the one whom I had rescued. The horror of that request was so tremendous that it forced me into passionless calm. When I refused he threatened. At his menace I rejoined in such language that he turned pale.

"Murderer!" said I, sternly, "is it not enough that you have sent to the grave many wretches who were not dead? Do you seek to send back to death this single one whom I have rescued? Do you want all Canada and all the world to ring with the account of the horrors done here, where people are buried alive? See, she is not dead. She is only sleeping. And yet you put her in the grave."

"She is dead!" he cried, in mingled fear and anger—"and she must be buried."

"She is not dead," said I, sternly, as I glared on him out of my intensity of anguish—"she is not dead; and if you try to send her to death again you must first send me. She shall not pass to the grave except over my corpse, and over the corpse of the first murderer that dares to lay hands on her."

He started back—he and those who were with him. "The man is mad," they said.

They left me in peace. I grow excited as I write. My hand trembles. Let me be calm.

She awoke that night. It was midnight, and all was still. She opened her eyes suddenly, and looked full at me with an earnest and steadfast stare. At last a long, deep-drawn sigh broke the stillness of that lone chamber.

"Back again"—she murmured, in a scarce audible voice—"among men, and to earth. O friends of the Realm of Light, must I be severed from your lofty communion!"

As she spoke thus the anguish which I had felt at the grave was renewed. "You have brought me back," said she, mournfully.

"No," I returned, sadly—"not I. It was not God's will that you should leave this life. He did not send death to you. You were sleeping, and I brought you to this place."

"I know all," she murmured, closing her eyes. "I heard all while my spirit was away. I know where you found me."

"I am weary," she said, after a silence. Her eyes closed again. But this time the trance was broken. She slept with long, deep breathing, interrupted by frequent sighs. I watched her through the long night. At first fever came. Then it passed. Her sleep became calm, and she slumbered like a weary child.

Early in the morning the superintendent came, followed by a dozen armed men. He entered with a frown. I met him with my hand upraised to hush him, and led him gently to the bedside.

"See," I whispered—"but for me she would have been BURIED ALIVE!"

The man seemed frozen into dumbness. He stood ghastly white with horror, thick drops started from his forehead, his teeth chattered, he staggered away. He looked at me with a haunted face, such as belongs to one who thinks he has seen a spirit.

"Spare me," he faltered; "do not ruin me. God knows I have tried to do my best!"

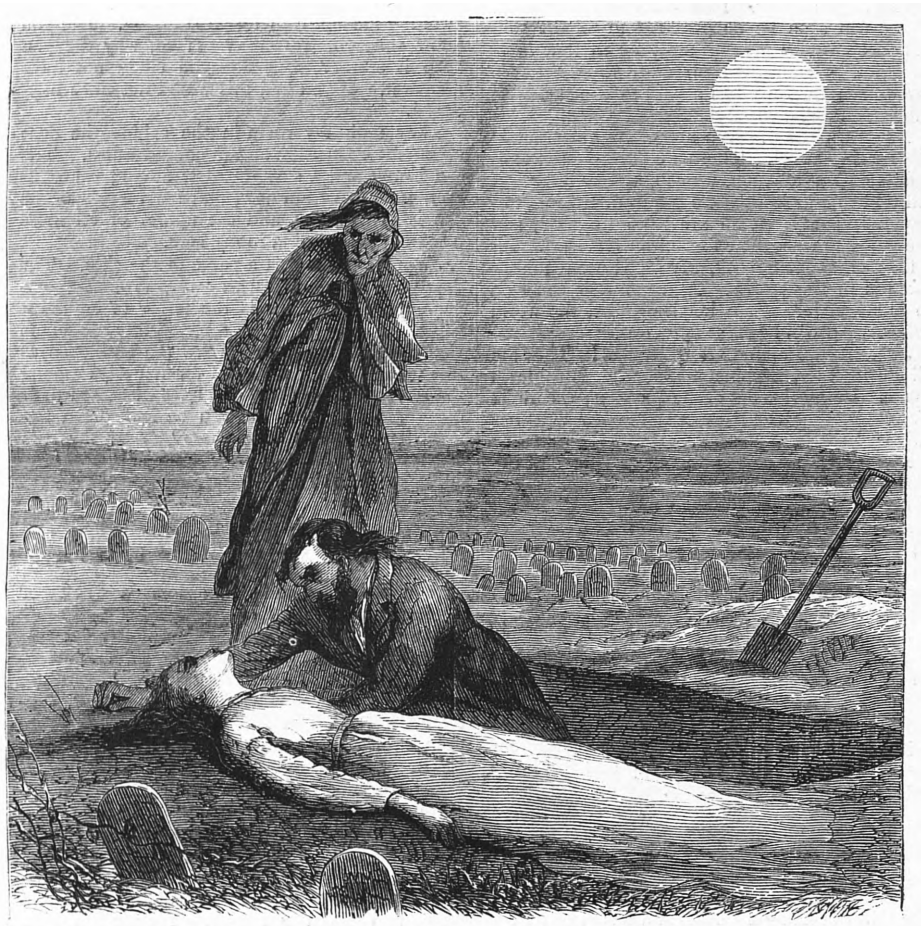
I waved him off. "Leave me. You have nothing to fear." He turned away with his white face, and departed in silence with his men.

After a long sleep Edith waked again. She said nothing. I did not wish her to speak. She lay awake, yet with closed eyes, thinking such thoughts as belong to one, and to one alone, who had known what she had known.

I did not speak to her, for she was to me a holy being, not to be addressed lightly. Yet she did not refuse nourishment, and grew stronger, until at last I was able to have her moved to Quebec. There I obtained proper accommodations for her and good nurses.

I have told you what she was before this. Subsequently there came a change. The nurses and the doctors called it a stupor.

There was something in her face which inspired awe among all who saw her. If it is the soul of man that gives expression to the features, then her soul must have been familiar with things unknown to us. How often have I seen her in walking across the room stop suddenly and stand fixed on the spot, musing and sad! She commonly moved about as though she saw nothing, as though she walked in a dream, with eyes half closed, and sometimes murmuring inaudible words. The nurses half loved and half feared her. Yet there were some little children in the house who felt all love and no fear, for I have seen her smiling on them with a smile so sweet that it seemed to me as if they stood in the presence of their guardian angel. Strange, sad spirit, what thoughts, what memories are these which make her life one long reverie, and have taken from her all power to enjoy the beautiful that dwells on earth!



"I TOOK HER IN MY ARMS AND BROUGHT HER FORTH FROM THE GRAVE," ETC.

She fills all my thoughts with her loneliness, her tears, and her spiritual face, bearing the marks of scenes that can never be forgotten. She lives and moves amidst her recollections. What is it that so overwhelms all her thoughts? That face of hers appears as though it had bathed itself in the atmosphere of some diviner world than this: and her eyes seem as if they may have gazed upon the Infinite Mystery.

Now from the few words which she has casually dropped I gather this to be her own belief. That when she fell into the state of trance her soul was parted from her body, though still by an inexplicable sympathy she was aware of what was passing around her lifeless form. Yet her soul had gone forth into that spiritual world toward which we look from this earth with such eager wonder. It had mingled there with the souls of others. It had put forth new powers, and learned the use of new faculties. Then that soul was called back to its body.

This maiden—this wonder among mortals—is not a mortal, she is an exiled soul. I have seen her sit with tears streaming down her face, tears such as men shed in exile. For she is like a banished man who has only one feeling, a longing, yearning homesickness. She has been once in that radiant world for a time which we call three days in our human calculations, but which to her seems indefinite; for as she once said—and it is a pregnant thought, full of meaning—there is no time there, all is infinite duration. The soul has illimitable powers; in an instant it can live years, and she in those three days had the life of ages. Her former life on earth has now but a faint hold upon her memory in comparison with that life among the stars. The sorrow that her loved ones endured has become eclipsed by the knowledge of the blessedness in which she found them.

Alas! it is a blessing to die, and it is only a curse to rise from the dead. And now she endures this exile with an aching heart, with memories that are irrepressible, with longings unutterable, and yearnings that can not be expressed for that starry world and that bright companionship from which she has been recalled. So she sometimes speaks. And little else can she say amidst her tears. Oh, sublime and mysterious exile, could I but know what you know, and have but a small part of that secret which you can not explain!

For she can not tell what she witnessed *there*. She sometimes wishes to do so, but can not. When asked directly, she sinks into herself and is lost in thought. She finds no words. It is as when we try to explain to a man who has been always blind the scenes before our eyes. We can not explain them to such a man. And so with her. She finds in her memory things which no human language has been made to express. These languages were made for the earth, not for heaven. In order to tell me what she knows, she would need the language of that world, and then she could not explain it, for I could not understand it.

Only once I saw her smile, and that was when one of the nurses casually mentioned, with horror, the death of some acquaintance. "Death!" she murmured, and her eyes lighted up with a kind of ecstasy. "Oh, that I might die!" She knows no blessing on earth except that which we consider a curse, and to her the object of all her wishes is this one thing—Death. I shall not soon forget that smile. It seemed of itself to give a new meaning to death.

Do I believe this, so wild a theory, the very mention of which has carried me beyond myself? I do not know. All my reason rebels. It scouts the monstrous idea. But here she stands before me, with her memories and thoughts, and her wonderful words, few, but full of deepest meaning—words which I shall never forget—and I recognize something before which Reason falters. Whence this deep longing of hers? Why when she thinks of death does her face grow thus radiant, and her eyes kindle with hope? Why does she so pine and grow sick with desire? Why does her heart thus ache as day succeeds to day, and she finds herself still under the sunlight, with the landscapes and the music of this fair earth still around her?

Once, in some speculations of mine, which I think I mentioned to you, Teresina, I thought that if a man could reach that spiritual world he would look with contempt upon the highest charms that belong to this. Here is one who believes that she has gone through this experience, and all this earth, with all its beauty, is now an object of indifference to her. Perhaps you may ask, Is she sane? Yes, dear, as sane as I am, but with a profounder experience and a diviner knowledge.

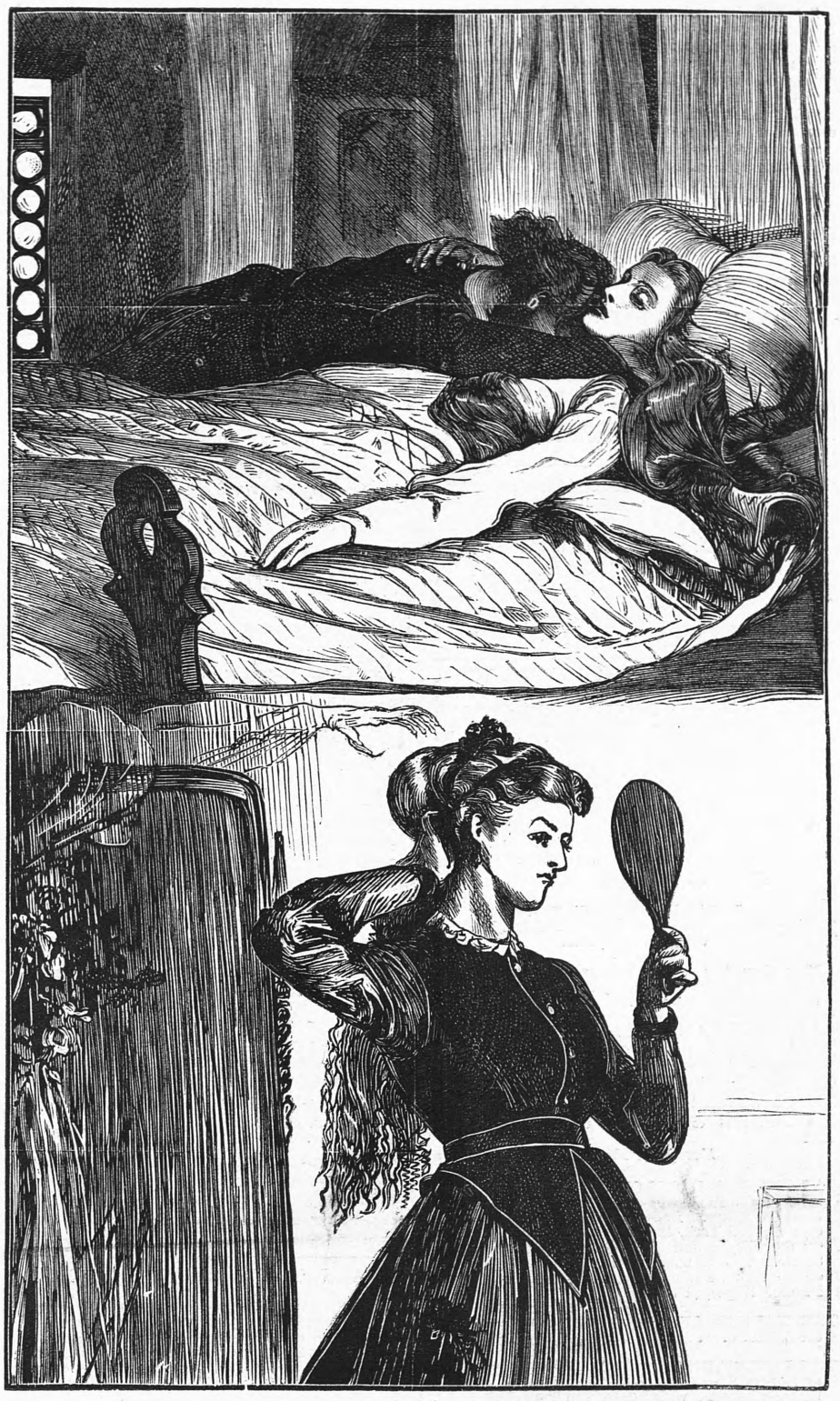
After I had been in Quebec about a month I learned that one of the regiments stationed here was commanded by Colonel Henry Despard. I called on him, and he received me with unbounded delight. He made me tell him all about myself, and I imparted to him as much of the events of the voyage and quarantine as was advisable. I did not go into particulars to any extent, of course. I mentioned nothing about *the grave*. That, dearest sister, is a secret between you, and me, and her. For if it should be possible that she should ever be restored to ordinary human sympathy and feeling, it will not be well that all the world should know what has happened to her.

His regiment was ordered to Halifax, and I concluded to comply with his urgent solicitations and accompany him. It is better for *her* at any rate that there should be more friends than one to protect her. Despard, like the doctors, supposes that she is in a stupor.

The journey here exercised a favorable influence over her. Her strength increased to a marked degree, and she has once or twice spoken about the past. She told me that her father wrote to his son Louis in Australia some weeks before his death, and urged him to come home. She thinks that he is on his way to England. The Colonel and I at once thought that he ought to be sought after without delay, and he promised to write to his nephew, your old playmate, who, he tells me, is to be a neighbor of yours.

If he is still the one whom I remember—intellectual yet spiritual, with sound reason, yet a strong heart, if he is still the Courtenay Despard who, when a boy, seemed to me to look out upon the world before him with such lofty poetic enthusiasm—then, Teresella, you should show him this diary, for it will cause him to understand things which he ought to know. I suppose it would be unintelligible to Mr. Thornton, who is a most estimable man, but who, from the nature of his mind, if he read this, would only conclude that the writer was insane.

At any rate, Mr. Thornton should be informed of the leading facts, so that he may see if something can be done to alleviate the distress, or to avenge the wrongs of one whose father was the earliest benefactor of his family.



THE STORY OF A CHIGNON.

"DYING—is this dying? is this death?"
On her fading brow the close lip-pressure,
On her blue eyes wistful vacantness,
On her white mouth parted without breath,
Burning tears and sobs that scantly measure
Half the mourner's anguish, answer—"Yes."
Draw the curtain, let the wavering willow
With its shadow fan her lying there;
Let the moonbeam rest upon her pillow,
And the night-wind lift the golden hair.

Only little Bertha, only she—
Whom the Swabian village loved to honor,
She whom two short months should hail a bride,
Cheats the maidens of their revelry,
Breaks a heart whose life-hope hung upon her
For a green grave on the mountain side.
June shall come, but not the festal dances,
Not the wedlight on that face so fair,
Not the flower-crown, and the lover's glances
At the glory of the golden hair.

Hushed the hamlet for the funeral day:
Mute the mourners round the cottage portals
Tend the mother in bereavement bowed,
And the loved lost face is hid away,
Farewell-kissed and wreathed with pale *immortelles:*
Then, unheeded of the reverent crowd,
Steals some hireling for the day's sad burden,
Creeps with felon footfall on the stair,
Lifts the face-cloth, and for paltry guerdon
Robs the dear head of its golden hair.

June is bright beyond the northern sea,
Bright on hill and wood, on lawn and river,
Tower and roof, and echoing city street,
Where the tide of costliest life flows free,
And the proud world's proudest strew forever
Serf-like homage under Beauty's feet.
Looms of Lyons lovingly infold her,
Pearl of Ind and tropic plumage rare,
And the sunlight lingers on her shoulder,
Prisoned in the pride of golden hair.

O'er the city wanes the summer noon—
Just such twilight should have come to soften
Bertha's bridal-feast beneath the vine:
Here our darlings dance to lordlier tune,
No such vision on their hearts as often,
Often, stern and ghastly, saddens mine.
Rich in charm that claims our love as duty,
Earth's most favored, ye might surely spare
Pilfered dower of a dead girl's beauty,
Poor pretension of the golden hair.

Leave barbaric warriors such a spoil!
Or each toilette bring my legend o'er you,
Each assumption of the charnel's wreck:
Then nerve all your spirits to the foil
Of the peasant coffined white before you,
Of her death-damp on your warm white neck!
Ah! some night of revelry or pleasaunce,
While you dream before your mirror there,
What if you should see a wan wild Presence
Come to claim its wealth of golden hair?

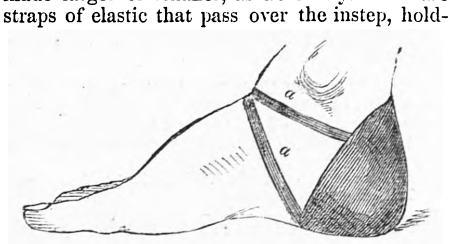
GENTLEMEN'S UNDER-CLOTHING.

THERE is no subject connected with the every-day comfort of woman's life on which instruction is so much needed by all of us as that of the under-clothing of our husbands, sons, and brothers. There is scarcely any of our sex who is not responsible in some way for the clothing of some man, and to such particularly I wish to give the best methods of cutting, making, and mending these garments—methods acquired in a long experience.

To begin at the feet. In purchasing winter socks try and buy Shaker hand-knit yarn socks; they are soft and warm, and wear much better than woven ones. They do not fill up the boot as much as those which are thinner and stiffer.

If the heels are lined with thick, slate-colored silecia it will save many stitches. The lining should be cut bias, exactly the shape of the heel. It should be firmly sewed to the back of the heel, and then turned over and sewed on the edge with linen thread or strong sewing-silk. Many persons think that running the heels with double yarn is better, but that takes much more time and is no more of a protection.

For persons who wear very loose boots a heel-guard of chamois-skin is a great saving of the stocking, and is warm, soft, and pleasant to the feet. This guard, made after the accompanying pattern, will be found satisfactory. It should be made larger or smaller, as necessary. *a a* are straps of elastic that pass over the instep, holding the guard in its place. Care should be taken not to have the elastic too broad or too tight, as in that case it might draw the foot and be uncomfortable.



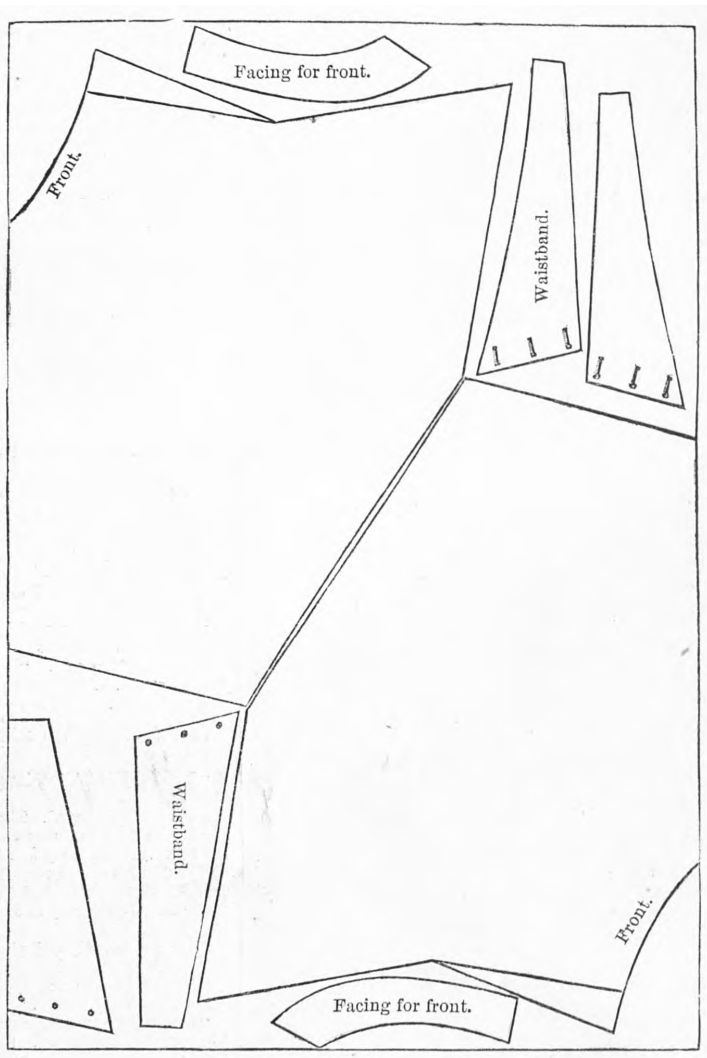
APPEARANCE OF FOOT WITH HEEL-GUARD, TO BE WORN OUTSIDE OF THE STOCKING.

Some gentlemen wear long stockings; these will last much longer if a piece of cotton tape, or cotton binding that has been shrunk by being scalded, is firmly sewed down the seam at the back of the leg.

While I am speaking on this subject I will add one word as to night-stockings, though they are not peculiar to men. These are for those persons who suffer much with cold feet. They are knit of heavy yarn on wooden pins the size of a small quill, pointed at both ends; they are knit very loosely round and round like an ordinary stocking. Their peculiarity consists in their not having any heel, being merely bags of yarn, which are so loose that they may be easily put on and off, as the necessities of the case demand. They will be found a great comfort to any one who is a sufferer from cold feet at night.

For men's drawers care should be used in the cutting. If cut after the following diagram nearly three quarters of the muslin usually used in the making of a pair of drawers will be saved, and they will wear much longer when thus made.

From this diagram it will be seen that the front side of the leg is laid against the selvage of the muslin, leaving the back side of the leg bias. This is to secure more pliancy where the strain is greatest, as well as to economize the material. The waistband is only to reach three quarters of the way round the waist, and is to be finished across the back with two strong pieces of elastic sewed together, with the fullness of the back of the drawers gathered between them. On the front the waistband is to be set down a little way to the line marked in the pattern. The pieces that come off the side will make the waistband, and the piece that comes off at the top of each leg will make the facing to the front. Any woman will see at a glance that the economy of material is very great, and should she cut garments in this way she will find that they wear much better than those cut after the old fashion. Any drawers pattern can be adapted to this mode of cutting. This diagram is intended for muslin a yard wide.



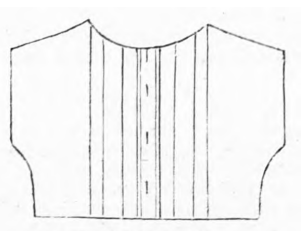
In the matter of under-shirts, most gentlemen prefer those which are woven, and here the old proverb that "a stitch in time saves nine" comes in play. Before they are worn, if a gore of muslin or linen is securely sewed on each side of the neck, where under-shirts first begin to split down, it will be found a great saving of time and trouble.

Should a man prefer an under-shirt made of flannel, it will be best to shrink the flannel thoroughly before cutting out the garment. This is most readily done by putting the flannel into a kettle of cold water, setting it on the fire, tightly covered, and allowing the water to *come* to a boil, then remove the kettle from the fire and allow it to stand until the water is cold, when the flannel can be hung out to dry.

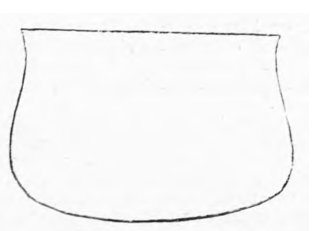
After this process, which does not harm the appearance of the fabric, it will be found that the garment will not shrink.

With regard to shirts, so many men prefer to buy their shirts outright that it is hardly necessary to write any thing about them. Yet to those people who still retain an old-fashioned desire to make shirts I may suggest a few useful hints. In cutting a shirt the first thing is to procure a good pattern. The fit of a shirt is as important to the comfort of the wearer as the fit of a dress. A good pattern, cut by measurement, may be procured at any of the shops where shirts are made for a sum that seems trifling compared with the comfort of having a garment wear well.

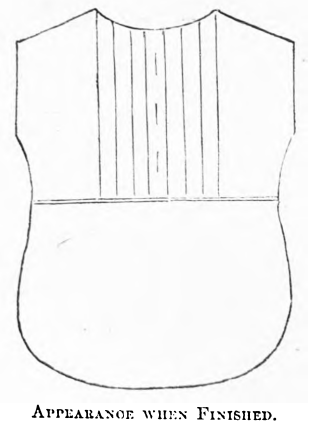
In cutting out the garment make the front in two pieces, the upper half consisting of the bosom and side pieces, and the lower half of the flap. This will save the length of the bosom in the muslin of every shirt. They are to be joined together with a strip of cotton going, as may be seen in the diagram, the whole distance across the front.



UPPER HALF OF FRONT.



LOWER HALF OF FRONT.



APPEARANCE WHEN FINISHED.

The sleeves of a shirt should be made on the same principle as the legs of the drawers, with the bias seam coming under the elbow, which will give more to the bending of the arm. Shirts that are made to open behind are much better for the use of almost every man, as in that case the gaping of the front is avoided, and, besides, the shirt can be ironed better. If the bosom be lined with muslin, it is less likely to split open, and, should it split, can be more easily mended.

All shirts should be repaired before they are washed, as after they are starched nothing can be done with them without tumbling them very much.

When buttons are sewed on any thing that is to be starched, if a small piece of muslin is folded two or three times and sewed on with the button, and then all that protrudes cut away, it will add much to their strength.

It is best, however, on shirts to do away with buttons, and use only studs—gold or silver, if you have them; but if not, those of bone, and which cost about the same as buttons, are very useful. All these experiments have been tried and found perfect of their kind, and I shall feel very glad if they are of use to any of my hard-worked sisters.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, *November* 19, 1867.

Ed. Harper's Bazar:

Now that the Great Exposition is over, and the strangers have left Paris, the Parisians describe themselves as feeling like a man who awakes from fantastic dreams the day after a scene of dissipation. He rubs his eyes, turns over, but is unable to sleep again, and sits up to look into the glass, to see if he appears as haggard as he feels. The buildings on the Champ de Mars are rapidly falling to pieces under the hammers of the workmen. The special conveyances which crowded the streets have disappeared. The long "run" of old pieces at the theatres is at an end. High prices in the shops and hotels are reduced. In short, Paris is readjusting itself to the tastes and requirements of the Parisians.

The city is none the less interesting to a quiet and observing spectator for this change. And those who have been here during the past or previous seasons, as well as those who cross the ocean only on paper, and visit foreign scenes by proxy, through the narratives of others, may be interested in some every-day scenes of common life in this great capital, which has so lately been the theatre of the most imposing display.

Let us begin at the beginning, that is to say, with a wedding.

The other day, as I was sauntering with my companions along the streets upon the left bank of the Seine, past the famous old church of St. Germain-des-Près, I was struck by the fact that the inner door of the church was closed, although I had previously always found it open. Now the shutting of a door which is customarily open is a sort of challenge to one's curiosity. So we looked about us, and saw that in the porch stood a man clothed in black, with a silver-tipped wand in his hand, and a massive silver chain hung about his neck; and in the adjoining square, a little removed from the church-door, was the head of a long file of carriages. The man in black suffered us to enter the door without objection, and we saw that we had happened upon a modest Parisian church-wedding. Evidently the silver chain worn by the verger might be taken, for the time, to symbolize the bond of the marriage vow, and the little black wand the moderate but actual authority vested in the husband thereby. As the nave was filled with a numerous assemblage of the friends, we walked up one of the side aisles to the transept, where we were opposite the bride and bridegroom, and stood there, outside the rail, in a little group of chance spectators or humbler friends of the bridal party, old women and nurses in their white caps, and one or two workmen and boys in their blue blouses.

The bride and groom sat in velvet-covered chairs, in the front rank of the congregation. Before each was a velvet kneeling-chair or prie-Dieu. The ample white veil which covered the bride and her chair was solicitously arranged from time to time by her mother, who sat at her left. At each side of the bridal party, upon the marble floor which intervened between them and the steps of the altar, stood two decorated beadles in their cocked-hats. Whenever the bride and groom were required to step forward two vergers in black, with silver chains, advanced, and pointed out with their wands the spot where each was to stand. Whenever the assembly were to rise, or to kneel, or any significant step in the progress of the ceremony was accomplished, the beadles simultaneously raised their heavy staves and struck a loud blow on the stone floor.

The reading of the service was inaudible at the moderate distance at which we stood. The bride, with her prayer-book in her hand, knelt and rose, sometimes alone, and sometimes with the bridegroom. The priest came down the steps with a golden plate, and the bride and groom went forward, each bearing a tall lighted candle handed them by the vergers, and received the sacrament. The candles used for such purposes are about six feet high, elegantly moulded at the lower end, and prepared with a satin wrapping for the hand. When the bride and groom had resumed their seats and bowed their heads the groomsmen held over them a large canopy of white satin embroidered with silver; while a bridemaid, led by a groomsman, went about among the congregation, one of the beadles preceding them to clear the way, and took up the usual contribution, which she afterward carried to the sacristy.

When the ceremony at the altar was concluded the party retired to a room adjoining, where the proper record of the act was made, and congratulations were given.

The great event of yesterday in Paris was the address of the Emperor to the Legislature upon the first meeting of the session. The occurrence of such events as this is not previously notified to the public by the daily press here to such an extent as is usual in the United States, where the newspapers of the morning inform or remind us of much that is going to happen to-day, as well as of what did happen yesterday. But rumors run so quickly through sociable Paris that newspaper paragraphs are less necessary. Every body is informed as if by magic. The Parisian says: "The Emperor is going to open the session of the Corps Legislatif to-day, with an address at the Louvre. The morning journal does not mention it; but every body says so, and the streets are full of people going to the Palace to see him."

The streets and the quai opposite the Louvre were lined with the equipages of the legislators; and a great crowd of the curious sauntered around, gazing at the various liveries of scarlet, crimson, white, or yellow, in which the coachmen and footmen were attired. But the principal scene of attraction was the Place du Carrousel, for through this the Emperor was to pass. A large number of troops were drawn up so as to form a broad avenue, completely guarded by bayonets on each side, reaching from the great door of the Tuileries, at one end of this vast esplanade, to that of the Louvre at the other; and through this avenue, at one o'clock, the imperial carriages moved, to the sound of drums and trumpets, and escorted by some score of mounted guardsmen. First a few of these horsemen led the way, followed by several richly-decorated coaches, the foremost of which was occupied by the Empress. After a few moments' pause the coach of the Emperor followed, with a compact body of horsemen both before and after it. He bowed from the carriage window on either hand to the great crowd of spectators who thronged the place; and a number of them, in turn, cheered, and here and there a hat was waved.

Two hours afterward the news-women in the streets were crying, "The discourse of his Majesty the Emperor."

GRATIAN.

A GREAT MANY RAINBOWS.

IT is a curious fact that no two persons ever see the same rainbow. The rays of the sun are refracted and reflected alike by every drop of falling rain on which they shine, and it is only those which lie in a particular range and direction from the eye that throw the reflections and refractions upon it in such a manner as to produce the prismatic colors on the retina. Of course for every different position of the eye there is a different set of drops in the cloud to analyze the light for it, or, in other words, a different rainbow.

Any one can convince himself by experiment, or rather by observation, that this is true. We have only to walk along a little way toward the south, or toward the north, when looking at a rainbow in the east, and observe how it will keep pace with us in our motion—the extremities of it passing along the various objects seen in the horizon, so as to be always opposite to us as we advance or recede.

Or, two persons standing at a little distance apart can report to each other at what tree, or by what chimney, or other object, the terminations of the arch come down, as seen by each respectively.

It results from this that if a hundred persons were looking at a dark cloud in the east when the setting sun was shining upon it, all admiring the beauty of what they would call "the rainbow," it would really be a hundred rainbows that they were looking at instead of one. No one would see either of the rainbows that the other ninety-nine were admiring.

And yet, on second thoughts, it is perhaps not so certain that it may not be, philosophically speaking, the same rainbow after all. It depends on the very nice and difficult metaphysical question: What properly constitutes the identity of a rainbow? This question I shall not attempt to solve, but shall leave it for the consideration of the reader.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

KITTY AND THE PIN-CUSHION.

"Good-by, Alice!"

Arthur was just going out of the yard as he said this. He had a long fishing-pole over his shoulder, and a queer-looking basket fastened by a belt to his waist.

"Oh! *I* want to go a-fishing with Arthur," said Alice.

"It is too far for Alice to go down to the river," said Aunt Mary.

"Arthur!" shouted Alice, at the top of her voice, "will you catch a fish for me?"

"Yes," said Arthur, turning around and shouting back; "be a good little girl, and brother will catch you a pretty little fish."

But Alice still stood on the door-step, mournfully watching Arthur.

"Auntie, when I am a big young lady can I go down to the river with Arthur and catch fishes?"

Aunt Mary laughed. "Yes, I think so, if you should want to then. But now come and let us see what we can find to do. Shall we go into the shed and swing, or shall I tell you a story?"

"Swing me, *and* tell me a story, Auntie!"

"What, *both*?"

"Yes," replied Alice, laughing, and dancing toward the shed.

Aunt Mary followed. There were two swings in the shed, side by side. One was a good deal lower than the other. Aunt Mary lifted Alice into the low swing, and seated herself in the other. The two swings were so near together that she could reach out her hand and push Alice gently to and fro while she was swinging herself.

Alice sat silently enjoying the gentle motion for a few moments, and then said:

"Please, tell me a story, Auntie?"

So Aunt Mary began.

"I will tell you a little more about my mischievous black-and-white kitten. She was very fond of going into Grandmamma's room, and knocking down any spool of thread that she could find on the work-table, and rolling it about the floor. Often Grandmamma would find her thread all twisted around the legs of a chair, and the spool under the bed. So she was obliged to be very careful, and keep her things where Kitty could not find them.

"One day Grandmamma was going out to take a ride. She went into her room to put on her bonnet and shawl. And she said to herself, 'I will be sure to shut my door, and then Kitty can not get in to do any mischief.' When she was ready she went out, and shut the door after her. She did not know that Kitty was hidden under the bed."

"*Was* Kitty under the bed?" asked Alice.

"Yes, she was under the bed. She had slily followed Grandmamma into the room, and whisked away under the bed. When Kitty heard Grandmamma go out, she peeped out from her hiding-place to see if any one else was in the room. She could not see any one. So she came out, and thought she would have a grand time to play all by herself. First she jumped upon the table by the window, and looked out into the yard. Cats like to look out of the window."

"What did Kitty see, Auntie?" said Alice.

"She saw a little bird hopping about on the fence. And she said to herself, 'If I was only out there I would catch that bird. But I can not get out for the door is shut.' So Kitty jumped down from the table, and looked around to find something to amuse herself with. Presently she spied a round looking thing upon the mantle-piece.

"'I wonder what that is?' said Kitty to herself. 'It looks like a ball, and I'll knock it down, and roll it around the room.'

"So Kitty jumped as high as she could to reach the round thing on the mantle-piece. But she could not reach it. It was too high.

"'Oh!' said she to herself, 'here is a chair. I will jump on the chair first, and then I can reach the ball!'

"So Kitty jumped into the chair, and then upon the mantle-piece, and with her paw she gave the round-looking thing a push, and down it went rolling on the floor. Kitty sprang after it, but she found it was not a ball."

"What was it?" asked Alice.

"It was Grandmamma's pin-cushion, full of pins and needles. Kitty knocked it with her paws to make it roll on the floor. But it would not roll very well, and the pins and needles hurt her paws. Kitty looked at the pin-cushion carefully, to see what it was that hurt her paws. She saw the pins and needles.

"'I'll pull these things out,' she said to herself, 'and then I can knock the ball around without hurting my paws.'

"So she began to try to get the pins and needles out. It was not easy for Kitty to get them out. She tried to pick them out with her paws. But they did not come out well. So she took hold of the cushion with her two front paws, and with her sharp little teeth began carefully to pick out the pins and needles, and to drop them on the floor."

"Oh!" exclaimed Alice.

"Kitty had pulled almost all of the pins and needles out of the cushion when the door opened, and Grandmamma came in. Kitty was so busy that she did not notice that any one had come in until Grandmamma, seeing what she was about, exclaimed:

"'Why, Kitty!'

"Kitty started, dropped the pin-cushion, and scampered out of the room."

"What did Grandmamma do?" asked Alice.

"Oh! she picked up the pins and needles and put them in the cushion, and—"

"Why, here comes Arthur!" interrupted Alice, getting out of the swing hastily. "I am going to see if he has got my fish."

And away she ran.

FACETIÆ.

THE latest novelty in millinerdom in San Francisco is reported to be a paper bonnet. We trust the fashion will not reach New York, as the bonnet-makers would no doubt insist on using bank-notes for the article.

HAND-BOOK TO THE LIBERTIES OF FRANCE.

As many of our countrymen are in the habit of visiting Paris, and particularly France generally, and taking up their residence there for some time, we think it right to publish a few useful hints as to their conduct in that land of liberty, where universal suffrage, that *panacea* for all human ills, is enjoyed, in order that they may not unintentionally offend the prejudice of the governing powers:

Be careful to ascertain from the Minister of Police that your hotel-keeper or landlord is thoroughly loyal to the present dynasty, and never incurred the displeasure of the police. You will then find it a pleasure and not a hardship to pay the eccentric charges he may demand of you.

Before going to rest ascertain as accurately as possible on which side of the bed the Government prefers that you should get out in the morning.

Before leaving your apartments, or holding any converse with any body, read the *Moniteur* carefully through, committing to memory, if you can, the political articles, so that you may be able to regulate your conversation with a due regard to the delicate sensibilities of H. I. M.'s Government.

Whenever any one alludes, in your presence, to any other country than France, or to any other political constitution than that of France, be careful to say: "There is no country at once so free, so happy, so prosperous, and so powerful as France, under His present Imperial Majesty;" or, "There is no constitution at once so fatherly, so liberal, so perfect as the constitution of France under H. I. M. Napoleon the Third."

Before going to bed every night devote at least half an hour to a rigorous and impartial self-examination, and if you shall find, after searching your heart diligently, that you have nourished any thought, or spoken any word against H. I. M. Napoleon III. and his Government, clothe yourself in deep mourning, and go to the Minister of Police, or some other fit and proper person, and confess your fault humbly, and ask forgiveness. So will you be able to sleep with a clear conscience, and the secret police will be able to say nothing against you.

Always kneel and uncover your head when you meet any of the gens d'armes, or of the police, or any other official.

By carefully and conscientiously observing these rules you may live in perfect unshackled freedom of thought and action under the blessed Government of H. I. M. Napoleon III.

A MISCHIEF-MAKER.

1. Jones, poor fellow! doesn't mean to, but he always is making mischief. Remarked only the other day to his landlady's daughter that he did so admire red hair! Found out afterward that she considered hers golden.

2. Saw his fellow-boarder drop this, and supposed, of course, he wanted it again.

3. "All young ladies like pets, Miss; let me make you a present." How was he to know she had such an antipathy to the animal Cat that she fainted at the touch of one?

4. Tries to make it up by admiring the young lady's drawing: "That cow is drawn beautifully!" Alas! it was a pig.

5. "You'd better not go in, Sir. I just heard a kiss." "A kiss!—the d—l! she's my wife!" Now how was Jones to know that?

6. Again, when he handed Mrs. P. her muff, how was he to know she'd been out marketing?

"THE HAPPY PAIR THEN LEFT TOWN——"

AMELIA (*who flatters herself they are taken for quite an Old Married Couple*).—"Tell me, George, do you like Green Tea, or Black?"

[*The Waiter winks, the Chambermaid chuckles.*

One of our Philadelphia brethren has made us the subject of a conundrum, which we set our readers to guess:

"Why is Harper's *Bazar* like a dinner-table?—Because it is adorned with *plates*."

BACKING OUT PROFESSIONALLY.—A Vienna actress, deciding to break a marriage engagement at the very last moment, sent the professional excuse, "Fräulein Galmeyer is unfortunately hoarse, and can not attend the ceremony."

An LL.D. of one of the "fresh-water colleges" recently told a graduating class that the eyes of the *vox populi* were on them.

Tomkins says he never lends an umbrella—if it's a cotton one his friends are guilty of flaxity of morals as regards *meum* and *tuum*—if it's a silk one they seem to think it's (s)ilk-convenient to return it—and as for gingham umbrellas he declares no one ever gives a thought to bringing 'em home again.

Why would the Prince of Wales, had he been at a public school, have been the most thoroughly whipped boy there?—He would be *wales* from head to foot.

At a negro ball, in lieu of "Not transferable" on the tickets, a notice was posted over the door, "No gentleman admitted unless he comes hisself."

When a young gentleman in Canada wishes to pay attention to a young lady he usually, if it be winter, undertakes to kill her with kindness—by taking her out and sleighing her.

The Montreal *Gazette* says that the *body* of a woman was "recovered *alive*."

In my lonely room I've seen her, when the fire was burning bright,
And the moderator struggled with the blackness of the night;
I have seen her in the morning when the milkmen all arose,
And her image metaphorically trod upon my toes.

She is black and she is creeping; she has soft and silent ways;
But my landlady insists on it, so in my room she stays:
I have somehow grown to like her, and I think she likes me too,
But I wish she wouldn't indicate affection by a mew.

She is corpulent and tabby; I have often noticed that.
To think that I should waste my young affections on a cat!
I have done so; I admire her; and I think she's very nice;
And she finds extreme enjoyment in the massacre of mice.

Mice are my abomination: haply, if it were not so,
I should not esteem my feline friend; it may be—I don't know.
At the present time I like her, and her presence gladness sheds,
Which it will do till she takes to caterwauling on the leads.

A Frenchman, being about to remove his shop, his landlord inquired the reason, stating at the same time that it was considered a very good stand for business. The Frenchman replied, "Oh yes, he's very good *stand* for de business—by gar, me *stand* all day, for nobody come to make me *move*."

BY THE LATE COUNT D'(H)ORSAY.

A banquet of horse-flesh! give, give to me;
Give those who prefer it roast beef:
Such succulent food as a *course* from a courser
To the palate is quite a relief.

You talk of the pig, and descant on the sheep;
Not one is deserving a button:
My favorite horse has a saddle much finer
Than was ever your saddle of mutton.

Such food was sent mankind to cheer up,
And at dinner create a horse-laugh;
That food is fittest which feeds upon fun,
For a horse is the essence of *chaff!*

Great Apollo, the Muses have likewise a steed—
Not for eating, as we are inclined:
Sleek Pegasus is a very similar thing;
He furnishes food for the mind.

So bring out your cattle, and I will bring mine,
For any wager I'm willing to take;
Let the bets which we make on the table be laid,
And I'll warrant I take off your *stake*.

When does an old cab-horse show more pluck than other horses?—When he "dies with harness on his back."

THE EVENING PAPERS—Curl papers.

Those two observing men, one of whom said he had always noticed that when he lived through the month of May he always lived through the year, and the other of whom said at a wedding he remarked that more women than men had been married that year, were neither of them Irishmen.

Affected young lady, seated in a rocking-chair, reading the Bible, exclaims, "Mother, here is a grammatical error in the Bible!" Mother, lowering her specks, and approaching the reader in a very scrutinizing attitude, says, "Kill it! kill it! It's the very thing that has been eating the leaves and book-marks."

An Illinois editor, all of whose memories are associated with the war, says he does not know what Fitz-Greene Halleck could do as a poet, but that he was a very bad general.

"I wonder what causes my eyes to be so weak?" said a fop to a gentleman. "They are in a weak place," replied the latter.

A lady who had two children sick with measles wrote to a friend for the best remedy. The friend had just received a note from another lady inquiring the way to pickle cucumbers. In the confusion the lady who inquired about the pickles received the remedy for the measles, and the anxious mother of the sick children with horror read the following: "Scald them three or four times in very hot vinegar, and sprinkle them with salt, and in a very few days they will be cured."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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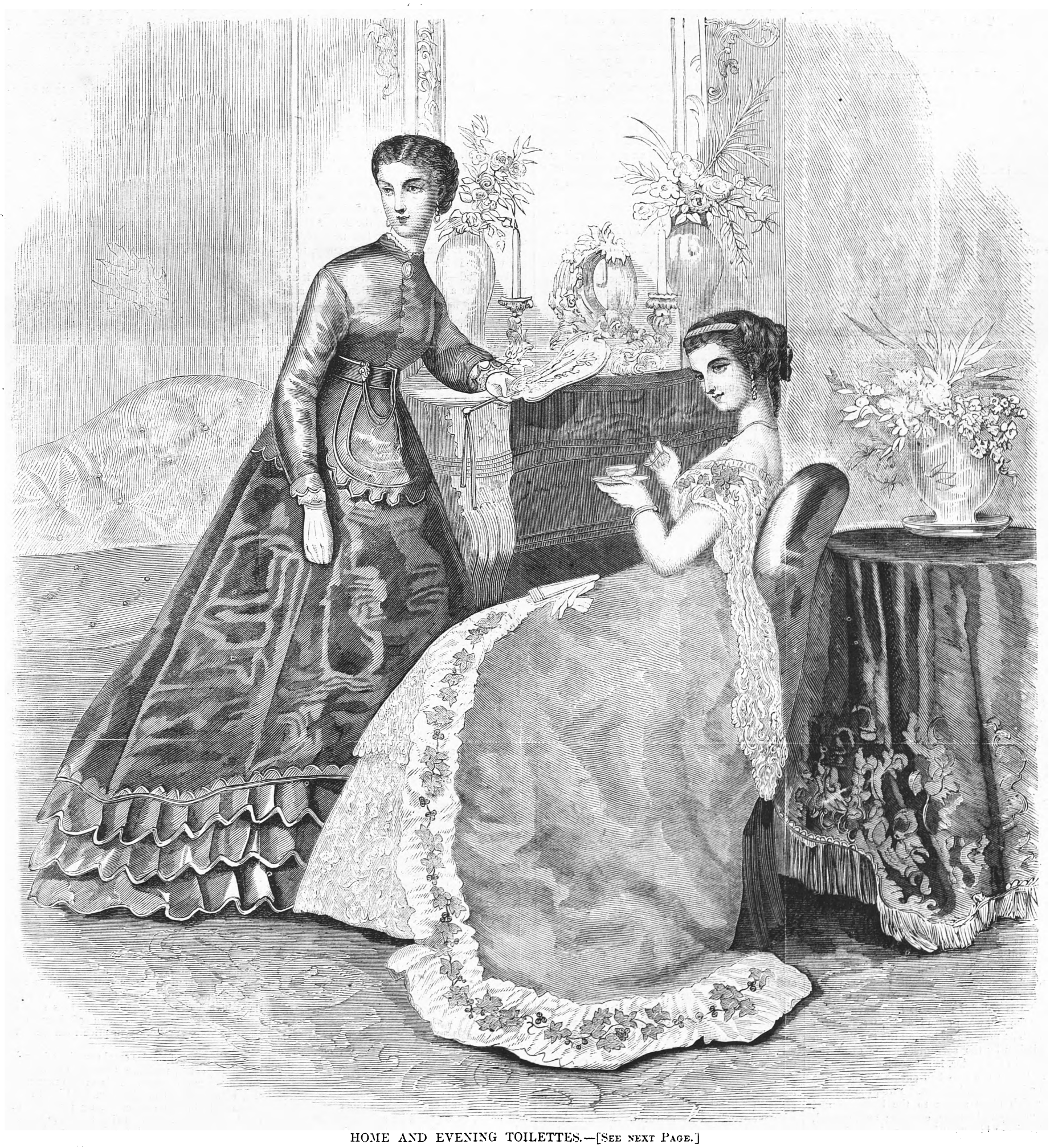


HOME AND EVENING TOILETTES.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Home and Evening Toilettes.

See illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—Home Dress of brown gros grain, trimmed with three brown satin flounces, cut in points; the pleats of these folds are made over the interval that separates each point, so that the latter is always flat and covered with a fold on each side. A large rouleau of satin forms the heading of the upper flounce, and is surmounted in turn with a row of small points, turned upward. Waist high-necked, with close sleeves, trimmed with satin rouleaux and points. Belt with rounding lappets, trimmed also with small satin points.

Fig. 2.—Evening Dress of yellow satin, with two white lace flounces in front. Trained over-skirt, open in front, of yellow silk tissue, edged with a puffing ornamented with a border of brown foliage. Low-necked waist, trimmed to match the dress. Greek white lace sleeves. Gold bandeau in the hair.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1867.

A CUP OF TEA.

THERE are at least five hundred millions of people, or more than one half of all the inhabitants of the earth, who are in the daily habit of drinking tea. About fifty-five millions of pounds, or forty-four thousand tons, of this herb are supposed to be annually consumed in Great Britain alone, and three and a half millions of acres of land in China, with a yearly product of one million of tons, are kept in constant and active culture with the growth of the tea-plant. The islands of Japan, Corea, Assam, and Java also contribute more or less toward the world's demand for this favorite production.

Two hundred and fifty years ago there was not a single cup of tea drank in all Europe, and as late as 1664 the English East India Company could think of no more rare and valuable present to give a queen of England than a couple of pounds of this Chinese herb. That tough old virgin Queen Elizabeth, as is well known, indulged in all her gossip and tittle-tattle with her maids over pots of beer, which we may presume gave a seriousness to their scandal unknown to modern tea-tables. Inspired by her potent "home-brewed," that royal old maid vented her malice in chopping off the heads of her rivals and faithless suitors. Under the more gentle influence of that beverage "which cheers but not inebriates," our tea-drinking dames are contented with brandishing "air-drawn" daggers, and exercising the bloodless cruelty of stabbing reputations.

The millions who have taken to tea with the avidity of an instinct have no reason to regret it. Experience has proved, and science confirms, that it is a most healthful beverage. "Drink it," say the Chinese, "and the animal spirits will be lively and clear." A gentle stimulant of the nervous system, it removes the sense of fatigue after mental and bodily exertion, and renews the vigor of the faculties for future effort. The chemists have discovered in tea a constituent which they call *theine*. With this they have diligently experimented, and found that it has the peculiar effect of arresting the waste or decay which is constantly going on in every living body. To compensate for this decay or waste food is taken, and thus life is sustained. If by any means the former be diminished, the quantity of the latter may be also. *Theine* has just this effect of lessening the waste of the body, and those who take it have in consequence a less necessity for food.

The cup of tea therefore merits, according to science, all the vulgar reputation it has earned in course of the long and extended experience of its services. It is not only an innocent and refreshing beverage for all, but a most effective medicine for the sick, the weak, and the old; the tastes and stomachs of these refusing food, or being incapable of digesting it, the cup of tea, always grateful, comes with its potent element, *theine*, to stop that waste of the body which would be otherwise inevitable. The system is thus sustained in its integrity with a vigor more capable of resisting disease and death.

Every dame, young or old, considers it almost an impertinence to doubt her skill in tea-making; and yet it is seldom that grave mistakes are not made in the course of this simple process. We need not insist, we suppose, upon the necessity of using boiling water, but notwithstanding, from the frequent neglect of first heating the tea-pot, it is very seldom that this is used. If water raised to 212°, its boiling point, is poured into a cold vessel, it falls immediately to several degrees below, and of course will not be hot enough to extract from the tea the desired qualities. Don't forget then, ladies, to pour some boiling water in your tea-pot, and to empty it out before you use it.

There is a habit more or less prevalent of letting the tea, when once infused, "stand" too long. The practice of having the tea made in the kitchen by the servants, instead of by the mistress in the parlor, is sure to lead to this result. There are two bad effects which ensue from a lengthened infusion. First, the volatile oil, which gives aroma to the beverage and adds greatly to its taste, escapes; and, second, the *tannin*—a bitter astringent and constipating element—which all tea contains, is extracted, rendering the drink not only disagreeable but unwholesome.

Our tea-drinkers are wise in preferring black to green teas. Though their color is not produced, as is generally thought, by the process of drying them on copper pans, but by the quick roasting to which they are immediately exposed on being plucked, the latter have too stimulating an action upon the nervous system to be freely used.

As a general thing excessively cheap teas should be avoided, or care taken to buy them only of the most honest dealers. There is a kind of this product known in China as *Lie* tea—a very appropriate name for a fictitious thing—which consists of the dust and sweepings of the native warehouses stuck together with rice-water, and broken up and colored with Prussian-blue and indigo so as to represent the various genuine green and black teas, and for which it is sold in European markets.

When, gentle dames, you first, as Mrs. Glass advises, catch your hare—obtain good tea, and prepare it, as we have recommended, you may indulge in it not only without fear of its doing you harm, but with the certainty of its affording you much benefit as well as comfort. You must be moderate, however, and neither drink it too strong nor too long. The Chinese, whose experience of the beverage dates as far back as the year 600, say, "If drank too freely it will produce exhaustion and lassitude." Children, however, who seldom require it except in illness, had better abstain from the cup of tea; for the *theine* which it contains, and which is so beneficial to the infirm and old in arresting the waste of the system, and acting as a substitute for food, must be injurious to the young by interfering with the processes of nutrition and excretion so essential to their growth.

The fashion which has been adopted by English dames, and imitated by a few of their slavish followers in this country lately, of drinking before dinner a cup of tea flavored with a dash of some *liqueur* or other, as an appetizer, is not only misuse, but a dangerous perversion of a good thing, and can not be condemned too strongly.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to a Young Missionary.

MY DEAR HOWARD,—I have been having a very pleasant correspondence with many of my young friends who are traveling upon the road of life, and we have discoursed of manners in general, giving the word a very generous interpretation. In fact, by manners I understand conduct in the largest sense, and by the road, as you would have seen if your engagements had permitted you to read what I have written, I mean simply the World, or life. The phrase Manners upon the Road becomes, therefore, merely a paraphrase of Conduct in Life; from politeness in a street-car to the whole duty of man in society. Thus it is that subjects expand; and we can see, my dear Howard, how very easy it was for the old Puritan divines, whose names are so precious to you, to unfold from the briefest "Scripture" a body of doctrine and a scheme of improvement that extended to seventeenthly, and consumed many more than sixty minutes in the delivery.

So you are to be a missionary! I remember my nephew used to show me in his college catalogue a list of his fellow-students who all bore the same Christian name. There were Adoniram Judson Judd, and Adoniram Judson Jones, and Adoniram Judson Jenkins, and Adoniram Judson Johnson, and so on, until my nephew's enraged curiosity could hardly wait to learn who Adoniram Judson was. I kept him calm, however, and told him that Judson was a very famous missionary, and the husband of many wives. "Good Heavens! a kind of Brigham Young? Was he a Mormon?" demanded my excited nephew. "Not at all, my boy," I replied with tranquillity; "he had them successively, not contemporaneously." You have read, I do not doubt, my dear Howard, the biography of the good man, written by another good and noble man, Dr. Wayland. But after all, I have often asked myself, and now I ask you, how it is that a man who has made himself in the least familiar with the heathen of the city of New York, their utter ignorance, immorality, squalor, and apparent spiritual death, can ever feel called across the sea to preach the gospel to the pagans of Siam or of Cochin China?

Did you ever read any account whatever of the most successful foreign missionary effort that did not make you sad, not for the noble self-sacrifice of the missionaries, but for the small actual results? Look into the masterly and fascinating history, by Francis Parkman, of the Jesuit missions among the Canadian Indians, and what a spectacle it is! Heroism beyond comparison, and with what result of the kind intended? What Christian savage was there who was not a savage Christian—that is to say, no Christian at all? Canada, Africa, Burmah—why, my dear Howard, what are you thinking of? Here you are, with a high sense of Christian devotion, painfully packing up your trunk to go to them. Here is Aunt Dorcas, from the country, dear old saint that she is, come down to comfort you, and to see that your stockings are heeled, and that you have a "housewife" prepared to sew on your own buttons in the "ultimate dim Thule" to which you are going. And you are pale and paler every day, you good, mistaken fellow, and somebody else, who shall be nameless, is paler than you, day by day, and some horribly bright morning there will be a prayer made, and a psalm sung, and a farewell sermon preached, all so tearful and so sad and solemn as if a funeral were being rehearsed; and high over the shrill "yeave-ho!" of the sailors as the ship drops down the harbor will be the tragical refrain of the hymn at parting; and so, dear boy, bewept, bewailed, besung, bepreached, and beprayed, you will go into the purple distance, over the horizon, and far away, to the Cannibal Islands.

Now, my advice to you, as a serious Christian man, is precisely that of *Punch* to those about to marry—"don't!" You wish my advice about your manners upon the road; in other words, as to the proper behavior of a young and earnest man who feels called to missionary labor; and I say to you, in all soberness, that Burmah, and Siam, and the country of the Bushmen, and the regions around the sources of the Nile, are between you and the East River, in New York. They are in the Fifth Ward. Their natives are moving up and down Broadway. The dwellers in the interior of Abyssinia, the remote subjects of the Emperor Theodore, need your ministry less, and will reward it a hundredfold less, than the savages who haunt New York and hide in its slums. So let some one, who shall be nameless, dry her eyes; let that funereal psalm of farewell, drawled out in the minor key, stop short. Don't go over the horizon—go across the street. Look along Cherry Street, and let Crim Tartary and Sumatra fade out of your morbid imagination.

No, my good friend, it seems to me that your duty upon the great road of life is plainly here; and you should do it, not officially, not perfunctorily, but simply and sensibly. Here are the pagans all around us. Here are the children who know nothing but how to steal, and who care for nothing but to steal without exposure. Do you think that the Artful Dodger died childless, or that Fagin had no grandchildren? Now, then, mind your manners, to begin with. It is a missionary work—and of the highest kind—but, if I may say so, do it as a man, not as a missionary. Don't wear a livery. Don't make yourself conspicuous by your dress. Don't drawl, nor whine, nor talk through your nose. Don't be sanctimonious. Don't attract attention to your personality by any thing but quiet neatness. That of itself is eloquence. Don't be official, as if you had some tremendous "message," and were graciously condescending to deliver it to a herd of worthless reprobates. You can do nothing without confidence; but you can not have confidence without sympathy, and sympathy is not given to any thing but the truest sympathy. When the Archbishop of Canterbury goes in his great wig and his ruffles and puffs to preach in a lofty way at a ragged school, or to the midnight mission, what do you suppose the poor people think? I have no doubt they think, "What a queer old cove!" My dear Howard, the first rule of your manners upon this road should be to dispense with every kind of ruffle and puff, and then you will travel close into the young pagan hearts with which you are to deal.

And your second rule should be to do as you would be done by. If you were a poor little New York pagan living by your naughty wits, kicked and starved, and growing up to be a criminal, what would you want first of all? Something to eat, and a fire to warm yourself by in the winter. Don't preach to an empty stomach. Don't tell a starving, shivering child who has lived in a den of misery all his life that his soul will go to destruction if he tells lies. He will tell any thing for a plate of nice soup, and he will pick your pocket for a comfortable fire. Your missionary work is to the body first. You are to clothe the naked and feed the hungry, then all the rest will follow in proper order. Thus it is that one of the great missionary institutions of this country is the News-boys' Home in Fulton Street, and another is the Little Wanderers' Home, and another is every evening-school, which is a kind of bright, pleasant club-room for houseless little vagabonds. Every spring when the anniversary week comes, and the Foreign Missionary Society holds its meeting with great dignity and impressiveness, I sit in the gallery and listen to the story of the distant sacrifice; I hear of the thumping sums of money that have been spent; and I confess, my reverend and dear young friend, that I wince when I think how much that money would do for the domestic Kaffirs and the Mackerelville Bengalese.

Now you think I am like the critic of Martha's box of ointment. But I am not. The domestic missions of which I speak, among the metropolitan heathen, are essential to our national existence. We must maintain and continue them, and enlarge them more, and more, and more, or we shall be submerged in ignorance and vice. Their results are evident; they are palpable. This kind of domestic mission is a field that rewards the culture ten thousandfold. But my dear Howard, how is it with the foreign missions? I wish to speak respectfully, for no man can respect the heroic devotion of many of the missionaries more than I; but the best of them are virtually resultless. The whole system seems to me a painful sowing and cultivation of the sea-shore. It is sand when you begin; it is sand when you end. And the noble, heroic lives of good men who have struggled, and toiled, and died far from home, and love, and even public knowledge of their lofty heroism, seem to me—not in themselves, but in view of the results desired—lives wasted.

So, my dear boy, stop in your packing and reflect whether you can not do your duty even more satisfactorily by taking a shorter journey. I do not ask you to consider merely the pale cheeks and the aching heart of that nameless somebody; nor to think of the infinitely greater personal happiness to yourself of living among your kind and kindred; nor to reflect upon the essential reason of the foreign effort. Leave that untouched. Do me the simple justice of believing that nobody can honor the heroes more than I. But is not your nearest sphere of duty your appointed vineyard? Ought you to pass by the starving at your very door to say a good word to a comfortable Abyssinian? If you tell me that the domestic pagans have sufficient provision without you, I am forced to tell you that you are grievously mistaken. The city swarms with ignorance, destitution, and utter heathenism; and were there twice as much money spent, and twice as many good men and women devoted to the duty of feeding body and mind, the work would still seem to be almost unattempted.

Let your road lie through this pagan country, and your manners be those of a true missionary, dear Howard, and this tough old town will be—if ever so little—softer and kinder. The Christmas bells will soon ring, and happy hearts will be happier in the genial season. But the sweetest music of the chimes is the old refrain. Let it woo you away from your distant bourne. Let it whisper to you that your field is close at hand, that your traveling is to be in these streets, and your manners upon the road those of one who brings the tidings of peace and good-will. Your hopeful friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

BROADWAY has donned its holiday attire. On the sidewalks, in the shop windows, and inside the palaces of trade, visions of rare and beautiful things arrest the eye of even the most careless observer. Entering these attractive bazars we will describe to our readers some of the holiday gifts displayed in the gay parterres that delight and bewilder one with their infinite variety.

DIAMONDS AND PEARLS.

Beginning with jewelry, diamonds and pearls, of course, take precedence. A diamond brooch, larger than the palm of the hand, attracts special admiration. It is a floral design, the rose, leaves, and stem made of innumerable small diamonds. The setting nowhere obtrudes itself. The jewels are placed on fine projecting points, almost invisible, beneath which is a spiral coil or spring which vibrates with the slightest motion, keeping the diamonds in a constant quiver, and displaying their brilliancy to the greatest advantage. The price of this royal pin is $4000 in gold.

A pair of oval ear-rings is valued at $13,000. The cubical drops to these ear-rings are said to be the largest pair of matched diamonds in the country. One of the famous Esterhazy diamonds is set in a ring appraised at $4500. Another brilliant *solitaire* ring is marked $10,000.

A bridal parure of pearls consists of brooch, ear-rings, necklace, and bracelet. This set is valued at $5000. Twenty of the rose pearls are as large as a good-sized pea, and several pear-shaped pendants are still larger. This is said to be the most valuable set of pearls for sale in the United States.

A beautiful necklace of graduated rose pearls is worth $3000 in gold.

OPALS, EMERALDS, ETC.

Among colored stones opals and emeralds are always fashionable for full evening dress. Sapphires and rubies are in high favor. Amethysts, garnets, and malachite are passée. Turquoise, coral, and topaz are in vogue; carbuncles are obsolete.

NEAPOLITAN CORAL.

The delicate rose-pink coral is more desirable than the deep red color. The designs are after the antique, classical, and Egyptian. Coral cameos represent the full face instead of profile. Semicircular brooches have a rose coral in the centre, with conical pieces radiating above and beside it, and long pendants beneath. Very little gold is visible in these styles. Sets such as we have just described, consisting of pin and ear-rings in solid coral, vary in price from $200 to $250.

A full parure of Naples coral contains a brooch, ear-drops, comb, necklace, bracelet, and buttons for sleeves and corsage. It is of the rare mottled coral. Shells of Etruscan gold hold large rose corals in the centre. Long pendants of coral, tipped with gold. Price, $3500 in gold.

A coral cameo of rich peach-blossom tint is a Bacchante crowned with vine-leaves and clusters

of grapes. The veins of the leaves and the luxuriant hair are cut with marvelous accuracy. Ear-rings and pin are $500. A less expensive set is a bunch of roses and buds. The coral is fine and exquisitely carved, but the flowers are formed of small bits of little value. The petals of the rose are transparent, and consequently very fragile. Price, $65.

Long strings of coral beads sell as high as $800. A dozen rose coral buttons for a dress are marked $60.

BYZANTINE MOSAICS.

The Byzantine mosaics are far more beautiful than the Roman and Florentine. They are made of smaller stones, and are of more varied and brilliant colors. This is a reproduction of an art known to the ancients, but which was lost for a long time. The aid of the microscope is necessary to appreciate the perfection of these artistic gems. Birds of brilliant plumage and flowers of richest color and lustre are formed of tiny stones, with all the accuracy of painting. The price of a set ranges from $80 to $150. They are mounted with Etruscan gold, and fashioned in quaint medieval styles and after Egyptian models. Think of wearing a mummy suspended from each ear! An emblematic cross, a peculiarly Catholic gift, is made in commemoration of the late conclave of bishops. A miniature locket has a cherub in mosaics on one side, and the word *eros* on the other. Satyrs, sphinxes, scarabæi, doves, and groups of cherubs, are favorite mosaic designs.

ENAMELED PAINTING AND ETRUSCAN GOLD.

A beautiful Venus Aphrodite in burned enamel was illustrated in a former Number of the *Bazar*. The process of burning the enamel into gold is a secret known only to a few. Another mythological set represents the chase of the fleet-footed Atalanta, an elaborate design carefully carried out. The price of brooch and ear-rings is $200.

There are many pretty devices in a simple style of enameling that are less expensive. Flowers, feathers, beetles, dragon-flies, and scorpions are imitated to the life. A handsome set is a wreath of blue bells enameled on gold. The stamens are gold tipped with diamonds. A concealed spring keeps the flowers in constant motion. Clusters of violets, a single pansy, and lilies of the valley, a pure white spray on a dark-green leaf, are made up in sets at from $60 to $100. A silver brooch represents a brown ostrich feather, enameled in all the Bismarck shades. A bonnet pin is a butterfly with ruby eyes and diamond-tipped wings. The antennæ and wings are found to be perfect when examined through a microscope.

Plain Etruscan jewelry, or dead gold as it is sometimes called, is intended for morning wear. There are some new designs—heavy, massive bars of gold, scallop shells, and emblematic insignia, always with pendants or fringe.

CAMEOS, ONYX, AND SARDONYX.

Cameos are again becoming fashionable. The Madonna, Psyche, Ceres, and allegorical scenes are cut in white on a dark ground. Sardonyx is a favorite stone for cameos. The value of the stone depends on the number of different parallel strata of various colors. The settings are of finely-wrought gold, inlaid with diamonds, pearls, and rubies. There is a very clever artist in cameos in the city, among whose collection is Edwin Booth's classic profile in clear white on a dark ground.

A sardonyx pin is cut to show three layers of different color in the same stone. The background is dark-brown, the profile pure white, and over the abundant curls is drapery of the clearest amber. The setting is studded with pearls.

Another brooch represents a Madonna. The head and bust are exquisitely cut in immaculate white on a dark ground. The setting is of diamonds and black enamel. With ear-rings to match, the price is $800. Still another is a square pink onyx with a fancy scene in clear white. The design is of little value, but the workmanship is excellent. The mounting is of white roses made of pearls, and leaves of fine diamonds in Etruscan gold twining about the branches. Beneath is a fringe of gold, tipped with diamonds. Price $550 in gold. Mythological subjects are in good taste for cameos. One set represents on the pin Music, and on the ear-rings the muses of Painting and Literature. This is $600. Orpheus with his lyre, Neptune with his trident riding the waves, and many other designs are displayed.

Ebony onyx, in solid pieces like coral, has taken the place of jet for mourning jewelry.

NECKLACES, LOCKETS, ETC.

Flexible gold necklaces are formed of massive yellow links, which nevertheless are as pliant and light as a silk ribbon. Lockets of Etruscan gold, or clasps with long pendants, ornament them in front. Some of the devices for these lockets are beautiful and original. Cameos cut in opals set with diamonds, lattice of turquoise with diamonds in the interstices, squares of pink onyx with Etruscan beaded borders, amethysts with monograms and flowers in pearls or diamonds, enameled pictures and mosaics dazzle the eye.

An improved handkerchief chain has a flexible ring with a slide which enlarges the ring, allowing the mouchoir to be passed through without crushing; the slide is then slipped back, holding the lace securely without wrinkling it. They vary in price from $50 to $5000, according to the value of the ornaments and precious stones used.

Handsome glove-clasps are of emerald and amethyst with diamond initials. Filagree chains connect them, to which little jingling bells are attached.

Jeweled buttons for sleeves and corsage, and girdle-ornaments, are made of Etruscan gold with centres of pearl, amethyst, or emerald, to suit the color of the dress. Solid malachite, coral, and turquoise are left plain without any gold setting.

Sets of jewelry for children are miniature imitations of those worn by their mammas. At one house where these sets are a specialty they are made substantial and strong, as well as appropriate and youthful.

For gentlemen there are massive gold scarf-rings, enameled, or set with jewels; tiny self-adjusting studs, and scarf-pins, dog's heads of amethyst or coral, with collar and lock studded with diamonds. Green Brazilian beetles, with diamond eyes, are set in beaded borders for shirt-studs. Signet-rings and watch-chains are made of the pale yellow gold from New Mexico. Snuff-boxes, pencils, card-cases, tooth-picks, cane-heads, and whip-handles are quaintly carved in this new gold.

LACE AND SANDAL-WOOD FANS.

A fan intended for a bridal present is of point d'Alençon lace in a lily of the valley pattern over white satin, with richly-carved pearl sticks. There are several different colors of pearl used for mounting fans. A beautiful design is of point de Venise over pink velvet, with handle of pearl, tinted like opal. A dark fan for a dowager is of black tulle spangled with transparent maroon ornaments, with sticks of a rich maroon-colored pearl. Another is of a gossamer lace without lining, ornamented with an appliqué wreath of flowers, and still another is of point lace over amber satin, with handle of carved gold. Prices range from $50 to $150.

A white silk fan is exquisitely painted with a wreath of moss-roses and forget-me-nots. The sticks are of carved yellow ivory. Handsomest of all the sandal-wood fans is one designed for an American lady who has just become *Madame la baronne*. It displays different designs according to the way in which it is opened. The price is $250.

PARASOLS.

Some parasols were shown us which are too handsome and valuable to be forgotten, although out of season. The first we examine is of point appliqué lace over lavender silk, with an embossed white gauze lining toning down the lavender to a becoming shade. The handle and ring at the top are of gold stone, beautifully clouded, and mounted with gold enameled bands. Price $215. Another, marked $300, is of genuine point d'Alençon over blue silk. Solid amber stick, with large knob at the handle, and ring on top. A Chantilly lace cover is lined with pink silk. Handle of carved yellow ivory, inlaid with pale coral. Large coral ornaments. A tortoise-shell handle is inlaid with gold stars. A stick of real blood-stone, with black thread lace over purple satin, is $200; and one of solid malachite, with point gaze over pea-green silk, with pink lining, is $250.

VARIETIES.

A glove-box, lined with white moiré, is redolent of attar of roses. A glove-stretcher of ivory and a gilt glove-fastener with a pair of amethyst clasps accompany it. The outside is maroon velvet, with gilt bands.

A mouchoir satchel consists of two large quilted pockets of blue satin, lined with white silk. In one pocket were half a dozen of the finest cambric handkerchiefs, with three-inch hems and an embroidered monogram of vines and leaves. In the other was a point gaze kerchief, with small cambric centre almost as thin as the border.

A jewel-case has the lid and sides representing bouquets of roses and jasmine in Florentine mosaics set in gold, studded with turquoise, with ruby velvet lining. There are also some beautiful jeweled opera-glasses. One is made of pale pink coral; another of amber; and a third of opal-tinted pearl is ornamented with rubies and brilliants. One, entirely of pearl, without even the slides gilt, is intended for a bride. Another is of yellow ivory, with twelve lenses. This is small enough to be carried in a gentleman's vest pocket.

A valuable present for a lady is a work-box, writing-desk, and dressing-case combined. The inkstands, perfume-bottles, pomade-jar, cosmetic-box, etc., are of cut glass, with real silver covers. Combs, hand-glass, brush-handles, pens, and paper-knife, of yellow ivory, accompany this.

In Viennese ware there are inkstands with candlesticks to match, representing armorers making swords; cigar-cases with a miniature cannon from which a lighted match is projected; and a sword-sheath inclosing paper-folder and ivory-handled penknife, all suitable gifts for one's military friends.

A traveling-bag of Russian leather contains every thing a lady can find use for on a journey. A seal-skin muff of cuir color, marked $50, is lined with blue silk. A satchel is concealed at the side. A girdle of seal-skin in its natural color with mouchoir bag attached is mounted with gilt, price $27.

PERSONAL.

THAT clever French gentleman, DU CHAILLU, has just come over from Europe, bringing several beautiful diagrams, six feet by nine, illustrating the scenery, animals, and people of Africa. Mr. DU CHAILLU will do a bit of lecturing, and look over the proofs of a new book soon to be published by HARPER & BROTHERS.

—That culinary artist and author, Professor BLOT, who is to cookery what MACAULAY is to history (in other words, one of the Ma-caulayflowers of the literary garden), says that the butcher men of Philadelphia and Cincinnati cut their meat properly, which is not done in other cities. The Professor is good authority, and is, moreover, one of those conscientious authors who writes no line that

——"dying he would wish to BLOT."

—Certes the young ladies of Westfield, Massachusetts, ought to feel personally complimented by the statement of the Springfield *Republican*, that Miss LIBBY PRENDERGAST, of Westfield, received more attention in Europe the past summer than any other American visitor.

—FANNY JANAUSCHEK, the German tragedienne, has not made any great speculation by her trip to this country. In fact, she is said to be fifty thousand "out;" but she is hopeful, and may yet make up the deficit. The Germans are beginning to appreciate her great histrionic ability, and flock to hear her.

—Mrs. BEECHER STOWE'S new novel is to be called "Old Town Folk." It will not be published until next spring—so we are told by the paragramist of a London journal.

—Governor FENTON has approved the plan for the new State Capitol, prepared by ARTHUR GILMAN, Esq., and Mr. FULLER, and ground has already been broken for the new building. Excepting only the Capitol at Washington it will be the largest, costliest, and most elegant edifice of the kind in the United States, and will cost $6,000,000. Mr. GILMAN is a very practical as well as a very clever and cultivated gentleman, whose professional taste and talent are becoming rapidly appreciated in this metropolis. Besides the State Capitol of New Hampshire, and the new Court-House in Boston, Mr. G. is the architect of some of the most elegant town and country houses in the North.

—General UPTON, of the United States Army (he is not yet thirty, ladies, and a capital match), has obtained from General GRANT a year's leave of absence. He goes abroad, partly to introduce, if possible, his military tactics into the armies of Europe. The General hails from Batavia, Genesee County, New York.

—Bishop SIMPSON, a close observer, and not given to making loose statements, in a lecture recently delivered in Boston made the prediction that Chinese servants would be common in American houses in a few years.

—The grandfather of GEORGE H. PENDLETON, of Ohio (who was "vice" on the M'CLELLAN Presidential ticket), was the second of HAMILTON in his duel with BURR.

—In the British House of Commons they are more mindful of the amenities than they are at Washington. For instance, on a recent occasion Mr. DISRAELI was in his place looking completely worn out with anxiety and fatigue. It devolved upon Mr. GLADSTONE, as leader of the Opposition, to criticise the Queen's speech. He alluded to the sickness of Mr. DISRAELI, assuring Mr. DISRAELI of the profound sympathy of his colleagues in the House, and said he could not think, under the circumstances, of forcing Mr. DISRAELI into a political discussion. Mr. DISRAELI was so touched by this considerate kindness that his reply was almost inaudible.

—HALLECK, having been born July 8, 1790, was over seventy-seven at the time of his death. He took life right pleasantly until two or three years ago, when he rather gave up. Then he began to pass most of his time alone. During a visit to this city last year he would start out, night after night, on wonderfully long walks, stopping regularly at certain places for a reviver of ale, which he would quaff in silence, then trudge on to the next place, and ditto. With half a dozen or a dozen friends he was delightful. With a crowd, silent as an oyster.

—The Rev. JOHN COTTON SMITH, a Low-Churchman of high degree, took occasion last Thanksgiving-day to say what he thought of the "Triumph of Liberal Principles in the Protestant Episcopal Church." From his outlook it don't seem to matter much whether or not people are solemnly ordained and set apart as bishops, priests, or deacons, or whether they preach on the Congregational or Own-Hook basis.

—An English youth, only 13 years of age, and appropriately named FRANKLIN, is said to have discovered a mode of causing a vacuum without condensation, which will save half the fuel hitherto used in working steam-engines.

—RALPH KEELER is the name of an ambitious young Californian, who is reported to have traveled all over Europe upon the modest sum of $181 greenbacks. Like the DUKE OF ARGYLE, he has turned lecturer, and gives his views under the title of "Views Barefooted." It is supposed that the mode of traveling and the title of the lecture bear a striking resemblance.

—It's not true that the Empress EUGENIE sells her second-hand clothes. She gives them to her servants, who sell them privately, admitting none but very privileged persons to the sale. The whole thing is kept perfectly mum, and no speculators are admitted.

—BISMARCK is a very great man, but his two daughters are plain, simple-minded girls, with short waists and straight dark hair, brown veils and thick boots; good, sensible girls, with no nonsense.

Satin Cravat.

See Illustration, page 132.

THIS cravat is made of blue satin, and is trimmed with crystal beads, two small blue silk tassels, and a rosette of narrow lace. It is fastened with a button and loop. Take a bias strip of satin, a little more than an inch broad, and as long as the cravat is desired. The sides of this strip are sewed together over a piece of buckram, so that the seam is in the middle, and the ends are turned in and basted, when the cravat is ready for the bow. For this cut from Fig. 27 two pieces of satin and buckram; run the edges of the outside and lining together; put on the beads and tassels, and lay the pleats as shown in the pattern, so that the dotted line forms the outer, and the smooth line the inner fold of the pleat. Sew a stay on the ends, fasten them to the cravat, and put the rosette in the middle, finished in the centre with a blue satin button.

Girl's Crochet Imitation Fur Muff, Collar, Cuffs, and Barette.

See Illustration, page 132.

THE original is worked with gray zephyr, in a new kind of loop stitch to imitate fur. Work this loop stitch in single crochet around a fringe staff a quarter of an inch in diameter in the following manner: On a chain of the required length, work first 1 single crochet, then take the fringe staff back of the thread and the needle. * insert the needle in the following stitch of the chain, wind the thread once around the needle and the staff, put it once more over the staff: put the needle, in the manner indicated by the arrow in the illustration, around the thread, and crochet 1 stitch. Repeat from *. All the other rows are worked in the same manner. The wrong side of the work on which the loops are formed is intended for the right side. For the muff work on 100 chain 40 rows—the rows are to run around the muff. After finishing the last row, sew the stitches in it to the first row. Line it; gather it a little at the ends. Make a shirr about three-quarters of an inch wide of inte-string ribbon; run a cord through it; finish with tassels.

Collar.—Begin on the lower edge of the back, according to the pattern, which gives only half the collar. The widening and narrowing, to form this collar, must be worked, according to the pattern, at the beginning and end of the rows. When the back part has reached the given width, each front part must be worked separately. The collar is lined with silk. On the front sides of the neck put a cord and tassels.

Cuffs.—After having doubled the pattern, begin with the lower edge of the cuffs. Make the necessary widening at the end of the rows. The point on the upper edge is formed by shortening the rows by leaving off some stitches at the beginning and at the end. The cuffs are to be lined with quilted silk like the collar, and are fastened with buttons and loops of chain stitch.

Barette.—Cut out of buckram Figs. 50 and 51, doubling the pattern. Join the parts according to the numbers, and begin to work in the middle of the top with a chain of 4 stitches, working around in connected rows. In each row of the top, at equal distances, widen sufficiently to keep the work flat. For the border narrow in the last row of the top; work a number of rows without widening, except in the last, in which widen a little. A quilted lining, and elastic fastened to the side, finishes the barette.

Wall Bag.

See Illustration, page 132.

THE original is made of white rep piqué, with blue guipure insertion, silk ribbon about half an inch wide, with bows of wider blue ribbon, as shown in the illustration. It should be made either of woolen, or of some material that can be washed. Cut from strong cardboard or pasteboard, piqué, and cotton cloth, from Fig. 20, which is only half the size; therefore, double the material, so that it will be in one piece, and allow for seams in the piqué and cotton cloth. Sew the pieces on the pasteboard over hand. The little pocket is made only of piqué, cut from Fig. 21, which is half the back. Sew both parts—the back and front—together. The edges of the back are hemmed; the front is trimmed as in the engraving. Sew on the pocket so that 39 and 40 meet the corresponding figures on the main part.

The large pocket consists of a strip of piqué about seven inches wide and twenty-three inches long; make the corners a little rounding. This strip is hemmed about half an inch wide on the top, and is gathered at the bottom as seen in the engraving. Through the hem of the slip put a whalebone, or steel spring, about fifteen inches long; then sew the front part thus formed to the main part, as seen in the engraving. The pocket is now trimmed all around with ribbon and guipure, with which the seams of the two pockets must be covered. Finish the upper end of the main part with bows, and set little loops or rings, whereby to suspend it, on the back.

Knotted Slipper.

See Illustration, page 132.

THIS slipper is made of strong red carpet-wool, with a sole of cork or leather. Commence at the toe; fasten to a pillow or cushion six threads, each about a yard and a half long; doubled together in the middle so as to form 12 threads; with every four of these ends a knot must be made. The two middle threads serve for centre threads, while the outer threads are knotted over the centre. Put the two centre threads over the fingers of the left hand, the right outside thread over the centre to the left side; then from the left side lead the outside thread over the right outside thread also through between this and the centre, and pull both outside threads closely, then put the left outside thread over the centre. Now knot the right, taking it over the left outside thread, under the centre and up through between the left and the centre, which finishes the knot. With the eight remaining threads two other knots are made. Alternate the knots of the second row by taking the two threads lying outside for a centre, and knot with the two threads which before formed the centre. There must also be added in every row of knots at each side either two or four threads, which are pulled through the loop on the outer edge, so that the rows may widen as in the pattern. When the widest part is reached, each side part is finished separately, and two or four threads are left back, according as may be needed. Bind the edge with black satin, half an inch wide, and put on the sole as indicated by the numbers in the pattern. The sole is knotted as shown in the illustration. The upper edge is also bound with black satin. Lastly, sew the woolen sole to another of leather, cork, or felt along the dotted line of Fig. 53, and ornament in the middle with rosettes of woolen loops, placing a black button in the centre.

Crochet Corset.

See Illustration, page 132.

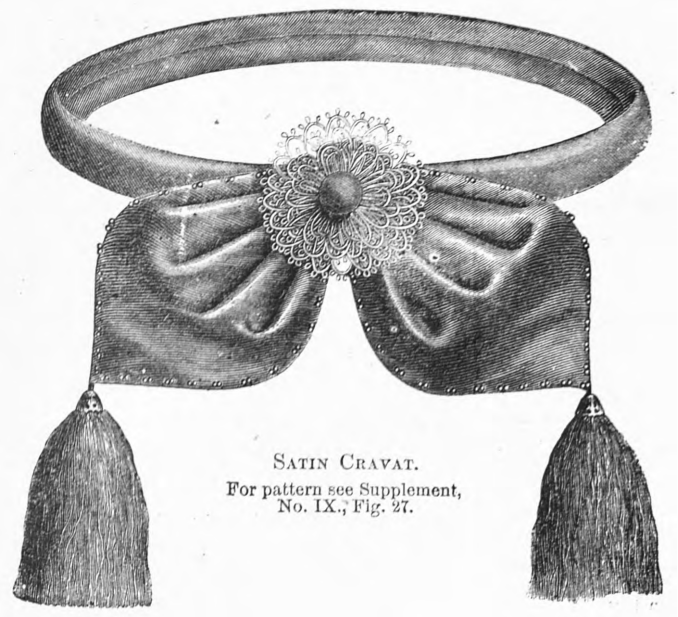
THIS corset is of yarn or worsted, worked in single crochet backward and forward, making ribbed crochet—two rows make a ridge. Figs. 11–15 give half the corset. Before beginning the work the parts of the pattern must be cut in thin muslin, or some kind of lining stuff; put them together according to the numbers, then take it as a measuring pattern for the crochet work. After having the given shape it will be easy to make such a corset larger or smaller. It must be worked very tight, taking up both loops of the stitch.

Begin at the back of the corset for this purpose. Make a chain of 134 stitches; crochet 2 rows. In the 3d row the eyelet holes are made—after every 8 stitches make 2 chain; miss 2 stitches of the former row. In the 4th row crochet over these 2 chain stitches in single crochet; then make 38 rows, and on the upper edge narrow according to the pattern. With the 43d row begin on the lower edge the hip gore, crochet only on the first 54 stitches 2 rows. To make the bias side of the gore, in every 1st ribbed row of the following 14 rows leave off 6 stitches at the upper end of these 54 stitches. There will be only 12 stitches left; then lengthen the rows in the same way that they were shortened, by adding the same number of stitches at the upper end of the following 16 rows. With 32 rows the gore is finished. Then work over the whole row of stitches, narrowing at the upper edge and increasing at the lower, according to the shape of the pattern. The 2d and 3d hip gores are crocheted in a similar manner. Between the 2d and 3d gore work 2 rows three times on the lower edge to give it sufficient width. Crochet up to 46 or 48 stitches on the lower edge. The same is done on the upper edge, corresponding to the smooth line in Fig. 12. From the shape of Figs. 11 and 12 crochet the waist on about 60 stitches, counting from the upper edge; first 16 rows, and again for the bias side of the gore a sufficient number of stitches must be left off till only 10 remain on the upper edge. The same thing must be done on the lower edge of the corset to correspond with the diagram or pattern. Then crochet the breast gore like the hip gore as before described, adding as many stitches in the 2d row as have before been left off; but as this gore becomes much larger there are a larger number of rows to crochet, and these 40 rows must correspond to the 16 rows before crocheted. All the front parts are finished according to the pattern. When both parts of the corset are finished, crochet on the upper edge little scallops as follows: * 1 single crochet in one stitch of the edge, and a little picot which consists of 4 chain, 1 single crochet in the 1st of the chain. With this picot skip a sufficient number of stitches; repeat from the *. As shown in the pattern, put on the back worsted tape for holding the whalebones and for the clasps in front. Through the holes lace crossways woolen cord.

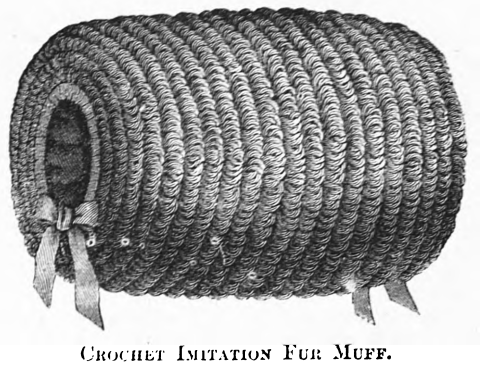
Flannel Drawers for Girl from 8 to 10 Years old.

See Illustration, page 132.

THESE are designed for over-drawers, to be worn out of doors in cold weather. The original is of flannel, finished at the bottom with a band of black velvet ribbon and a frill scalloped with worsted. The top is set on a bodice-shaped waistband. Cut from Figs. 28, 30, and 31 each two similar pieces, taking care to notice the piece turned down in Fig. 28. Join each part of the drawers from 1 to 2, and face the slope with a strip of muslin an inch and a half wide. Sew the fronts together from 6 to 7, and gather the top from × to ●. Cut a slit at the bottom along the double line in Fig. 28, face it with a strip of muslin, and gather the bottom for the band. Cut Fig. 29 of double stuff, and set it on to correspond with the figures on the pattern. Set a frill, two inches wide, on the bottom, with a heading of black velvet ribbon, and put a button and button-hole on the band. Line the waistband with muslin. Join the fronts in the middle, sew them from 8 to 9 to the backs, put a button on the left side and a button-hole on the right, and set on the waistband to correspond with the figures on the pattern.

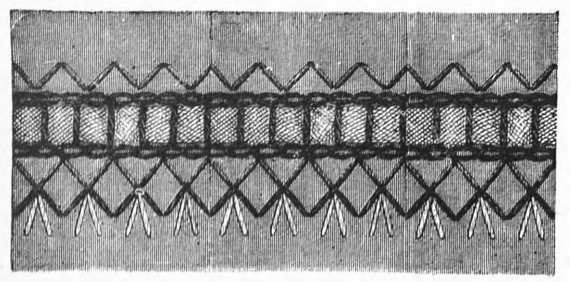


SATIN CRAVAT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 27.

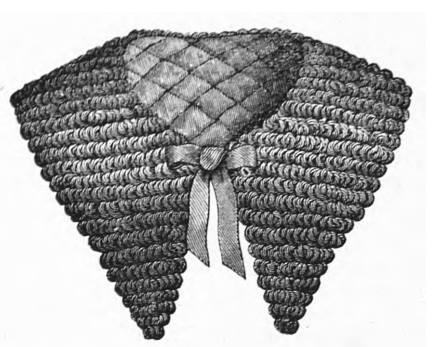


CROCHET IMITATION FUR MUFF.

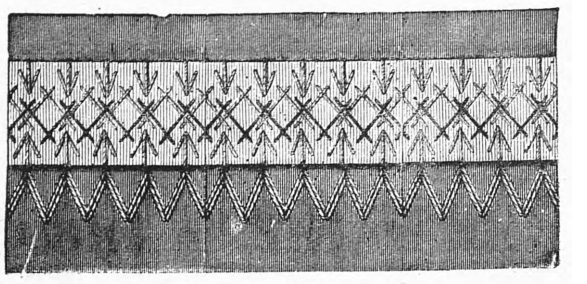
WALL BAG.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 20 and 21.



BORDER OF FOOT-WARMER.



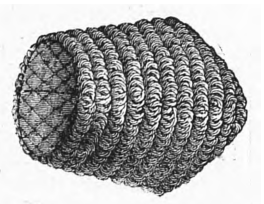
CROCHET IMITATION FUR COLLAR.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 48.



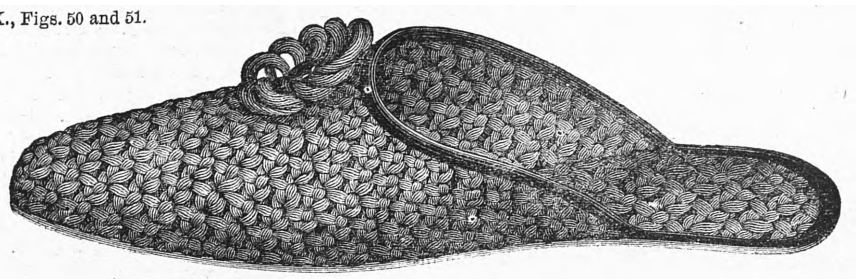
BORDER OF FOOT-WARMER.

CROCHET IMITATION FUR BARETTE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 50 and 51.

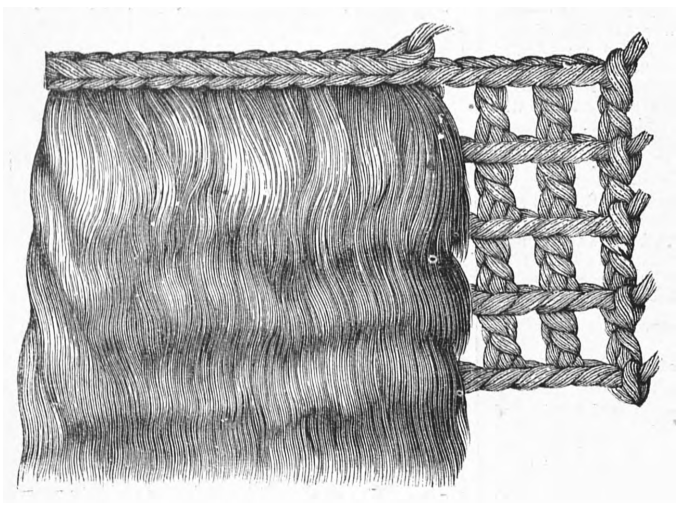
FOOT-WARMER.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 16–19.



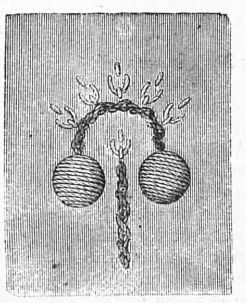
CROCHET IMITATION FUR CUFF.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Fig. 49.



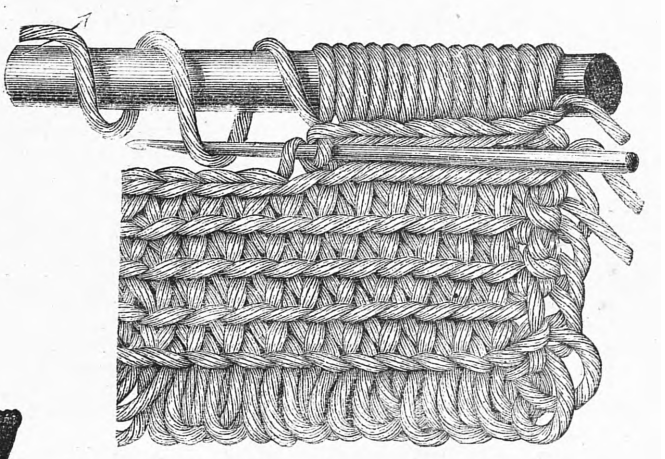
KNOTTED SLIPPER.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 52 and 53.



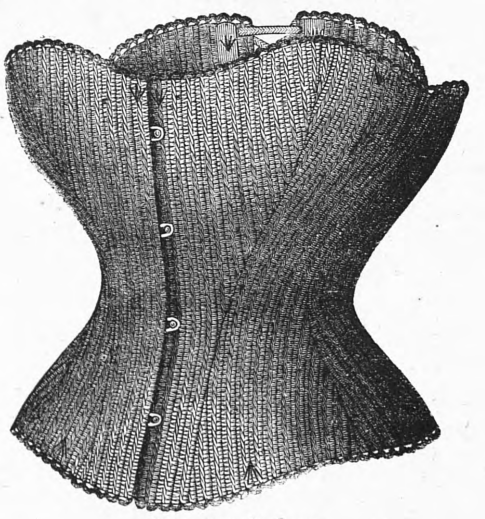
CROCHET IMITATION FUR TRIMMING FOR FOOT-WARMER.



EMBROIDERY OF FOOT-WARMER.

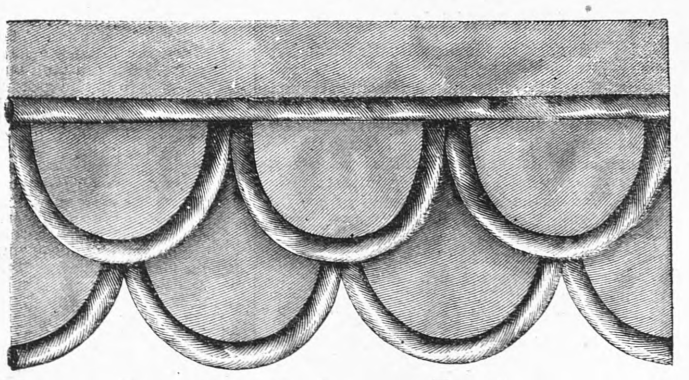


CROCHET IMITATION FUR TRIMMING FOR MUFF, ETC.

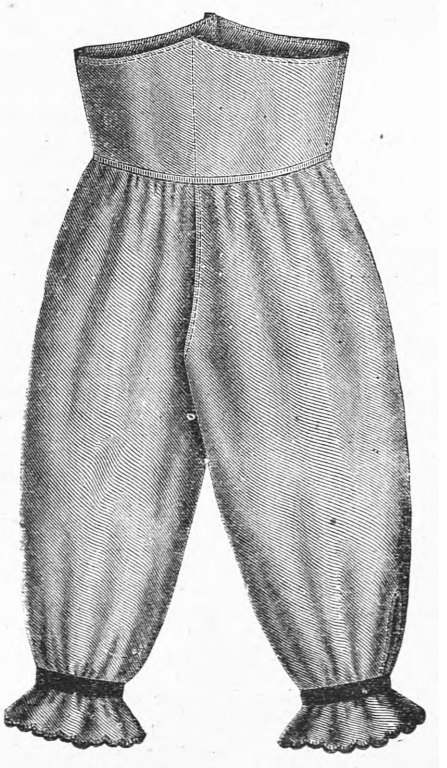


CROCHET CORSET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 11–15.

GIRL'S JACKET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 3–6.



TRIMMING FOR GIRL'S JACKET (FULL SIZE).



GIRL'S FLANNEL DRAWERS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 28–31.

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER XVI.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"IT is now the middle of February," said Despard, after a long pause, in which he had given himself up to the strange reflections which the diary was calculated to excite. "If Louis Brandon left Australia when he was called he must be in England now."

"You are calm," said Mrs. Thornton. "Have you nothing more to say than that?"

Despard looked at her earnestly. "Do you ask me such a question? It is a story so full of anguish that the heart might break out of pure sympathy, but what words could be found? I have nothing to say. I am speechless. My God! what horror thou dost permit!"

"But something must be done," said Mrs. Thornton, impetuously.

"Yes," said Despard, slowly, "but what? If we could reach our hands over the grave and bring back those who have passed away, then the soul of Edith might find peace; but now—now—we can give her no peace. She only wishes to die. Yet something must be done, and the first thing is to find Louis Brandon. I will start for London to-night. I will go and seek him, not for Edith's sake but for his own, that I may save one at least of this family. For her there is no comfort. Our efforts are useless there. If we could give her the greatest earthly happiness it would be poor and mean, and still she would sigh after that starry companionship from which her soul has been withdrawn."

"Then you believe it."

"Don't you?"

"Of course; but I did not know that you would."

"Why not? and if I did not believe it this at least would be plain, that she herself believes it. And even if it be a hallucination, it is a sublime one, and so vivid that it is the same to her as a reality. Let it be only a dream that has taken place—still that dream has made all other things dim, indistinct, and indifferent to her."

"No one but you would read Paolo's diary without thinking him insane."

Despard smiled. "Even that would be nothing to me. Some people think that a great genius must be insane."

"'Great wits are sure to madness near allied,' you know. For my part, I consider Paolo the sublimest of men. When I saw him last I was only a boy, and he came with his seraphic face and his divine music to give me an inspiration which has biased my life ever since. I have only known one spirit like his among those whom I have met."

An indescribable sadness passed over his face. "But now," he continued, suddenly, "I suppose Thornton must see my uncle's letter. His legal mind may discern some things which the law may do in this case. Edith is beyond all consolation from human beings, and still farther beyond all help from English law. But if Louis Brandon can be found the law may exert itself in his favor. In this respect he may be useful, and I have no doubt he would take up the case earnestly, out of his strong sense of justice."

When Thornton came in to dinner Despard handed him his uncle's letter. The lawyer read it with deep attention, and without a word.

Mrs. Thornton looked agitated—sometimes resting her head on her hand, at others looking fixedly at her husband. As soon as he had finished she said, in a calm, measured tone:

"I did not know before that Brandon of Brandon Hall and all his family had perished so miserably."

Thornton started, and looked at her earnestly. She returned his gaze with unutterable sadness in her eyes.

"He saved my father's life," said she. "He benefited him greatly. Your father also was under slight obligations to him. I thought that things like these constituted a faint claim on one's gratitude, so that if one were exposed to misfortune he might not be altogether destitute of friends."

Thornton looked uneasy as his wife spoke.

"My dear," said he, "you do not understand."

"True," she answered; "for this thing is almost incredible. If my father's friend has died in misery, unpitied and unwept, forsaken by all, do I not share the guilt of ingratitude? How can I absolve myself from blame?"

"Set your mind at rest. You never knew any thing about it. I told you nothing on the subject."

"Then you knew it!"

"Stop! You can not understand this unless I explain it. You are stating bald facts; but these facts, painful as they are, are very much modified by circumstances."

"Well, then, I hope you will tell me all, without reserve, for I wish to know how it is that this horror has happened, and I have stood idly and coldly aloof. My God!" she cried, in Italian; "did *he* not—did *they* not in their last moments think of me, and wonder how they could have been betrayed by Langhetti's daughter!"

"My dear, be calm, I pray. You are blaming yourself unjustly, I assure you."

Despard was ghastly pale as this conversation went on. He turned his face away.

"Ralph Brandon," began Thornton, "was a man of many high qualities, but of unbounded pride, and utterly impracticable. He was no judge of character, and therefore was easily deceived. He was utterly inexperienced in business, and he was always liable to be led astray by any sudden impulse. Somehow or other a man named Potts excited his interest about twelve or fifteen years ago. He was a mere vulgar adventurer; but Brandon became infatuated with him, and actually believed that this man was worthy to be intrusted with the management of large business transactions. The thing went on for years. His friends all remonstrated with him. I, in particular, went there to explain to him that the speculation in which he was engaged could not result in any thing except loss. But he resented all interference, and I had to leave him to himself.

"His son Louis was a boy full of energy and fire. The family were all indignant at the confidence which Ralph Brandon put in this Potts—Louis most of all. One day he met Potts. Words passed between them, and Louis struck the scoundrel. Potts complained. Brandon had his son up on the spot; and after listening to his explanations gave him the alternative either to apologize to Potts or to leave the house forever. Louis indignantly denounced Potts to his father as a swindler. Brandon ordered him to his room, and gave him a week to decide.

"The servants whispered till the matter was noised abroad. The county gentry had a meeting about it, and felt so strongly that they did an unparalleled thing. They actually waited on him to assure him that Potts was unworthy of trust, and to urge him not to treat his son so harshly. All Brandon's pride was roused at this. He said words to the deputation which cut him off forever from their sympathy, and they left in a rage. Mrs. Brandon wrote to me, and I went there. I found Brandon inflexible. I urged him to give his son a longer time, to send him to the army for a while, to do any thing rather than eject him. He refused to change his sentence. Then I pointed out the character of Potts, and told him many things that I had heard. At this he hinted that I wished to have the management of his business, and was actuated by mercenary motives. Of course, after this insult, nothing more was to be said. I went home and tried to forget all about the Brandons. At the end of the week Louis refused to apologize, and left his father forever."

"THEN, COVERING HER FACE WITH HER HANDS, SHE BURST INTO AN AGONY OF TEARS."

"Did you see Louis?"

"I saw him before that insult to ask if he would apologize."

"Did you try to make him apologize?" asked Mrs. Thornton, coldly.

"Yes. But he looked at me with such an air that I had to apologize myself for hinting at such a thing. He was as inflexible as his father."

"How else could he have been?"

"Well, each might have yielded a little. It does not do to be so inflexible if one would succeed in life."

"No," said Mrs. Thornton. "Success must be gained by flexibility. The martyrs were all inflexible, and they were all unsuccessful."

Thornton looked at his wife hastily. Despard's hand trembled, and his face grew paler still with a more livid pallor.

"Did you try to do any thing for the ruined son?"

"How could I, after that insult?"

"Could you not have got him a government office, or purchased a commission for him in the army?"

"He would not have taken it from me."

"You could have co-operated with his mother, and done it in her name."

"I could not enter the house after being insulted."

"You could have written. From what I have heard of Brandon, he was just the man who would have blessed any one who would interpose to save his son."

"His son did not wish to be saved. He has all his father's inflexibility, but an intellect as clear as that of the most practical man. He has a will of iron, dauntless resolution, and an implacable temper. At the same time he has the open generosity and the tender heart of his father."

"Had his father a tender heart?"

"So tender and affectionate that this sacrifice of his son must have overwhelmed him with the deepest sorrow."

"Did you ever after make any advances to any of them?"

"No, never. I never went near the house."

"Did you ever visit any of the county gentry to see if something could be done?"

"No. It would have been useless. Besides, the very mention of his name would have been resented. I should have had to fling myself headlong against the feelings of the whole public. And no man has any right to do that."

"No," said Mrs. Thornton. "No man has. That was another mistake that the martyrs made. They would fling themselves against public opinion."

"All men can not be martyrs. Besides, the cases are not analogous."

Thornton spoke calmly and dispassionately.

"True. It is absurd in me; but I admire one who has for a moment forgotten his own interests or safety in thinking of others."

"That does very well for poetry, but not in real life."

"In *real life*, such as that on board the *Tecumseh?*" murmured Mrs. Thornton, with drooping eyelids.

"You are getting excited, my dear," said Thornton, patiently, with the air of a wise father who overlooks the petulance of his child. "I will go on. I had business on the Continent when poor Brandon's ruin occurred. You were with me, my dear, at Berlin when I heard about it. I felt shocked, but not surprised. I feared that it would come to that."

"You showed no emotion in particular."

"No; I was careful not to trouble you."

"You were in Berlin three months. Was it at the beginning or end of your stay?"

"At the beginning."

"And you staid?"

"I had business which I could not leave."

"Would you have been ruined if you had left?"

"Well, no—not exactly ruined, but it would have entailed serious consequences."

"Would those consequences have been as serious as the *Tecumseh* tragedy?"

"My dear, in business there are rules which a man is not permitted to neglect. There are duties and obligations which are imperative. The code of honor there is as delicate, yet as rigid, as elsewhere."

"And yet there are times when all obligations of this sort are weakened. When friends die, this is recognized. Why should it not be so when they are in danger of a fate worse than death?"

Thornton elevated his eyebrows, and made no reply.

"You must have heard about it in March, then?"

"Yes, at the end of January. His ruin took place in December, 1845. It was the middle of May before I got home. I then, toward the end of the month, sent my clerk to Brandon village to make inquiries. He brought word of the death of Brandon, and the departure of his family to parts unknown."

"Did he make no particular inquiries?"

"No."

"And you said not a word to me!"

"I was afraid of agitating you, my dear."

"And therefore you have secured for me unending self-reproach."

"Why so? Surely you are blaming yourself without a shadow of a cause."

"I will tell you why. I dare say I feel unnecessarily on the subject, but I can not help it. It is a fact that Brandon was always impulsive and culpably careless about himself. It is to this quality, strangely enough, that I owe my father's life, and my own comfort for many years. Paolo also owes as much as I. Mr. Brandon, with a friend of his, was sailing through the Mediterranean in his own yacht, making occasional tours into the country at every place where they happened to land, and at last they came to Girgenti, with the intention of examining the ruins of Agrigentum. This was in 1818, four years before I was born. My father was stopping at Girgenti, with his wife and Paolo, who was then six years old. My father had been very active under the reign of Murat, and had held a high post in his government. This made him suspected after Murat's overthrow.

"On the day that these Englishmen visited Girgenti, a woman in deep distress came to see them, along with a little boy. It was my mother and Paolo. She flung herself on the floor at their feet, and prayed them to try and help her husband, who had been arrested on a charge of treason and was now in prison. He was suspected of belonging to the Carbonari, who were just beginning to resume their secret plots, and were showing great activity. My father belonged to the innermost degree, and had been betrayed by a villain named Cigole. My mother did not tell them all this, but merely informed them of his danger.

"At first they did not know what to do, but the prayers of my mother moved their hearts. They went to see the captain of the guard, and tried to bribe him, but without effect. They found out, however, where my father was confined, and resolved upon a desperate plan. They put my mother and Paolo on board of the yacht, and by paying a heavy bribe obtained permission to visit my father in prison. Brandon's friend was about the same height as my father. When they reached his cell they urged my father to exchange clothes with him and escape. At first he positively refused, but when assured that Brandon's friend, being an Englishman, would be set free in a few days, he consented. Brandon then took him away unnoticed, put him on board of the yacht, and sailed to Marseilles, where he gave him money enough to get to England, and told him to stop at Brandon Hall till he himself arrived. He then sailed back to see about his friend.

"He found out nothing about him for some time. At last he induced the British embassador to take the matter in hand, and he did so with such effect that the prisoner was liberated. He had been treated with some severity at first, but he was young, and the government was persuaded to look upon it as a youthful freak. Brandon's powerful influence with the British embassador obtained his unconditional release.

"My father afterward obtained a situation here at Holby, where he was organist till he died. Through all his life he never ceased to receive kindness and delicate acts of attention from Brandon. When in his last sickness Brandon came and staid with him till the end. He then wished to do something for Paolo, but Paolo preferred seeking his own fortune in his own way."

Mrs. Thornton ended her little narrative, to which Despard had listened with the deepest attention.

"Who was Brandon's friend?" asked Despard.

"He was a British officer," said Mrs. Thornton. "For fear of dragging in his government, and perhaps incurring dismissal from the army, he gave an assumed name—Mountjoy. This was the reason why Brandon was so long in finding him."

"Did your father not know it?"

"On the passage Brandon kept it secret, and after his friend's deliverance he came to see my father under his assumed name. My father always spoke of him as Mountjoy. After a time he heard that he was dead."

"I can tell you his true name," said Mr. Thornton. "There is no reason why you should not know it."

"What?"

"Lionel Despard—your father, and Ralph Brandon's bosom friend."

Despard looked transfixed. Mrs. Thornton gazed at her husband, and gave an unutterable look at Despard, then, covering her face with her hands, she burst into an agony of tears.

"My God," cried Despard, passing his hand over his forehead, "my father died when I was a child, and nobody was ever able to tell me any thing about him. And Brandon was his friend. He died thus, and his family have perished thus, while I have known nothing and done nothing."

"You at least are not to blame," said Thornton, calmly, "for you had scarcely heard of Brandon's name. You were in the north of England when this happened, and knew nothing whatever about it."

That evening Despard went home with a deeper trouble in his heart. He was not seen at the Grange for a month. At the end of that time he returned. He had been away to London during the whole interval.

As Mrs. Thornton entered to greet him her whole face was overspread with an expression of radiant joy. He took both her hands in his and pressed them without a word. "Welcome back," she murmured—"you have been gone a long time."

"Nothing but an overpowering sense of duty could have kept me away so long," said he, in a deep, low voice.

A few similar commonplaces followed; but with these two the tone of the voice invested the feeblest commonplaces with some hidden meaning.

At last she asked: "Tell me what success you had?" He made no reply; but taking a paper from his pocket opened it, and pointed to a marked paragraph. This was the month of March. The paper was dated January 14, 1847. The paragraph was as follows:

"DISTRESSING CASUALTY.—The ship *Java*, which left Sydney on the 5th of August last, reports a stormy passage. On the 12th of September a distressing casualty occurred. They were in S. lat. 11° 1′ 22″, E. long. 105° 6′ 36″, when a squall suddenly struck the ship. A passenger, Louis Brandon, Esq., of the firm of Compton & Brandon, Sydney, was standing by the lee-quarter as the squall struck, and, distressing to narrate, he was hurled violently overboard. It was impossible to do any thing, as a monsoon was beginning, which raged for twenty-four hours. Mr. Brandon was coming to England on business.

"The captain reports a sand-bank in the latitude and longitude indicated above, which he names 'Coffin Island,' from a rock of peculiar shape at the eastern extremity. Ships will do well in future to give this place a wide berth."

Deep despondency came over Mrs. Thornton's face as she read this. "We can do nothing," said she, mournfully. "He is gone. It is better for him. We must now wait till we hear more from Paolo. I will write to him at once."

"And I will write to my uncle."

There was a long silence. "Do you know," said Despard, finally, "that I have been thinking much about my father of late. It seems very strange to me that my uncle never told me about that Sicilian affair before. Perhaps he did not wish me to know it, for fear that through all my life I should brood over thoughts of that noble heart lost to me forever. But I intend to write to him, and obtain afresh the particulars of his death. I wish to know more about my mother. No one was ever in such ignorance of his parents as I have been. They merely told me that my father and mother died suddenly in India, and left me an orphan at the age of seven under the care of Mr. Henry Thornton. They never told me that Brandon was a very dear friend of his. I have thought also of the circumstances of his death, and they all seem confused. Some say he died in Calcutta, others say in China, and Mr. Thornton once said in Manilla. There is some mystery about it."

"When Brandon was visiting my father," said Mrs. Thornton, "you were at school, and he never saw you. I think he thought you were Henry Despard's son."

"There's some mystery about it," said Despard, thoughtfully.

When Mr. Thornton came in that night he read a few extracts from the London paper which he had just received. One was as follows:

"FOUNDERED AT SEA.—The ship *H. B. Smith*, from Calcutta, which arrived yesterday, reports that on the 28th January they picked up a ship's long-boat near the Cape Verd Islands. It was floating bottom upward. On the stern was painted the word *Falcon*. The ship *Falcon* has now been expected for two months, and it is feared from this that she may have foundered at sea. The *Falcon* was on her way from Sydney to London, and belonged to Messrs. Ringwood, Flaxman, & Co."

BERTHA'S LOVER.

I FOLDED my work as evenly as Laura would have done, and laid it away with a for once orderly collection of spools. Then I put on a calico dress and a pair of stout shoes, and rowed myself over to the Point. There, under the pines, with my face against the odorous, brown, fallen needles, while the long summer day poured its molten splendors about me, I tried to fight out my battle.

I came back at sundown. They had just returned from the dépôt, Laura in front driving, father and Earl on the back seat. Her delicate, gray dress showed no fleck from all the dust of the road; under her narrow-brimmed hat the rose and white of her marvelous complexion were as sweet as ever. An hour and a half in the glare of that blazing afternoon had left her as unflushed and cool as if she had just come from her dressing-room. She touched Earl's hand as he stood ready to lift her down, and lighted at my side like a bird. What a contrast we made of it! She, with her baby curves, and pink tints, and crisp, fresh draperies—I, dark-faced and thin, sunburnt almost to a blister with the double glow of sky and reflecting sea I had been in all day, disordered hair and common dress, torn and grievously draggled with salt-water.

But I was ready for dinner first, after all. Father would not have waited for General Jackson. We were half through soup when she appeared, and floated into her place like a cool, white cloud. Then, somehow, all the talk centred about her, and left me mute behind the coffee urn, scowling, I suppose, and watching them savagely, for there was a pain in my heart that would not let soft words and smiles come. Her sweetness irritated me till I was ashamed of myself: and when dessert came on, and I could get away from the blue light of her great, calm eyes, I steadied myself by an effort of will that might have moved mountains. Only I could not keep steady. A storm was brewing somewhere beyond that serene sky-line, and all the atmospheric currents ran counter to my quiet. Every thing went wrong. I ended at last by snubbing Earl and tearing my dress on a door. The rent breadths trailed after me limp and aggravating as I walked the veranda alone. Father was in the library over his books. Earl and Laura were close by in the nook of the house that we used as music, sitting, and reading room, all in one. I could see them as I passed the long, open window, intent over their chess-table, utterly oblivious of my moods. It did not help me much.

The night was growing troubled. Across the slow lights overhead masses of shadow, scarcely clouds as yet, swept fitfully, and white, broken gleams flitted over the water. An uneasy wind was sobbing in from seaward, every gust damp with foam. The whole air was full of a half-articulate wail, a heart-breaking murmur. If I had been nervous and a coward, I should have gone in and cowered close to something human for companionship. As it was, every sudden noise sent hot shivers through my veins. My heart-throbs were like drum-beats. Every ghost there had ever been in all my life rose and haunted me now; and all the pain and disappointment and hatred, half conquered to-day, returned and wrenched me back and forth. It is not in me to cry out; there have been those of our blood who have died dumb at the stake before now; but, again and again, leaning down from the balcony, I could have answered the storm-wind with a shriek; and all I could do was to go up and down the short space, with hands clenched and every muscle strained. Yet at every turn I saw *them*, unmoved by the gathering tempest, scarce heeding it, absorbed in their game, the centre of a sphere of softened light. They had brightness, comfort, each other. Outside, my heart and I, alone, waited the storm.

What a picture she made! I dashed color over myself in a flood; she wore the bright hues that suited her, delicately. Against her white dress dropped some sprays of scarlet blossoms; great, lurid, earthy carbuncles burned among her laces. All that mass of bronze-brown hair, gathered half in braids, half in ringlets, shone burnished by the lamp-light. What a passionless, perfect bit she seemed!—the throned poise of her lithe figure, her intent face unconscious and calm, the long lashes lying almost on her cheek as she studied her moves, the taper hand hovering over the board. That was another difference. I could never master that game or any other where forethought and cool calculation were to be used. She was the best player in three counties—the best for a woman—and Earl was worthy of her steel.

The first dash of rain stung my face sharply. I turned and went in, passing them unnoticed to the great piano standing in half-darkness in a corner. I played thunderous cords, rattling bandmarches, stormy fantasias, every thing I had ever heard that was slashing and noisy. It shattered the silence, broke over their absorption. "Don't, Bertha," I rather guessed than heard with a fretted look on Earl's face. But I thought of Laura's music, her trilled harmonies, Grobe's sweetnesses, Gottschalk's insipidities, and found more crashing possibilities among the keys. Earl did not speak again, settling to his game with a vexed look of determination. Laura raised her broad lids and looked at me with one of her sweet, cool, superior smiles, said some word to him, and moved a pawn, with that smile lingering among her dimples.

I suppose she knew it would drive me off at last. Not to spoil her hateful beauty with some cruel blow, not to speak words that might curse me in the remembrance, I went out again. Earl raised his eyes as I passed; a look came into them that made me gasp with a feeling that I was choking. He half rose, his lips parted to speak.

I saw Laura's face. For just one breath it was white with a rage that I never thought her capable of. The soft eyes flashed blue lightnings, then the lids dropped.

"It is your move," she said, silverly. "What will you do?" and he sat down again. An hour longer they played, and the storm went on. I did not mind it much. The wind did not reach me, and the great drops that now and then fell on my head and face cooled me unawares. The tossed sea, the crash of the surf, helped me to bear and wait. From my corner I watched the final struggle. In Earl's face I saw that he was driven from point after point, advantage after advantage.

She swept her men aside with a rattle.

"I've won," and the suspended breath came with a gasp.

"Yes"—his voice was smothered. Then he bent over her white hand, and kissed it with determined fervor.

The diamond that had flashed remembrance into my eyes for three months hurt me as if it scorched. I took it off. My fingers were too rigid to be gentle in their movements; the sharp edges of the setting brought blood. The pain and the sight of the red drops brought me to myself. I went in—in from the night, and dark, and storm, to their white circle of warmth and light. Laura's shining eyes surveyed me standing in the doorway. They drew his; and even in that spasm of self-reproach I think he marked the difference between the old love and the new. I knew it myself; my torn drapery, wet and clinging with the rain, my slipping braids and stormy face, above all, the *moods* of which he had complained less than an hour ago—what chance had I beside that serene beauty?

I did not hate her then. There was no room in my heart for any thing but that numb, deadly ache. The world had gone to pieces under my feet. There was no foothold of solid ground in the universe. For a fortnight I had struggled as men do for their lives. That was over—I had come to quiet, a quiet that one who hopes never reaches.

I dropped the ring on the table before them, and the jewel, stained as it was, flashed broken sheets of flame.

"Oh, Bertha!" and there was that in his tone that was worse than a blow. Like a blow it stung me with new pain and new strength. Once more his head was against my shoulder, once more my lips pressed his. Laura started forward as if she feared to lose her prize; but I could heed only his face, white to the lips, his brown eyes full of tears. Then I left them, and from the door saw her kneeling beside his chair, her beautiful head against his arm.

I saw no one that night or the next day. So much time I would have for myself. There were knocks and voices, but they did not touch the darkness and silence where I lay. So much time to myself; then to the house claims again. How the unyielding, monotonous requirements of everyday life turn to blessings when they stand between us and the waves and billows that but for such slight bulwarks would sweep us into despair!

The summer drifted away. Earl came and went, and seemed never to tire of his new choice. Why should he? He needed some calm whereon to rest his impulses and enthusiasms. I had given him storms enough, Heaven knows; and Laura never had tempers, or if she had, she shut them up in her own room and was always serenely sweet, a model of dainty dressing for him. We saw little of each other. We did not harmonize, and there was little need of contact. The width of the house separated our rooms. She slept hours after father's early breakfast, and took her coffee where it happened. At dinner we sat in polite state, and I talked to father unless there were visitors. For the rest of the day she went her way and I mine—ways that were lives apart. I did not hate her. When she came, as she did now and then, and brought her work to my room, I talked to her as I might have done to any bare acquaintance. It was not hard, for she never looked at me—fingers and eyes were always busy with some miraculous needle doings.

I *would not* let her touch my life. What fate had given me to bear I bore as well as I could; always alone. For grief or for comfort that woman would never come near me.

She bore the winning side well. After that night never one word or look betrayed that she knew that her love had crossed mine. When we spoke of Earl, and we did often, it was openly and quietly.

And he read me as men do read women. He believed so firmly in my pride that he thought I had not a memory or a heartache left. I *am* proud. I never betrayed myself. Once father stopped me as I was leaving the library. "Is Earl going to marry Laura?" his keen eyes reading me.

"Yes, Sir, I suppose so." The bare truth did not make me falter.

"Bertha, I thought—"

"Yes, but we changed our minds, Earl and I;" and that was all that was ever said about it.

Late in August there came a telegram to me one day. I was to meet the six o'clock express with the easiest carriage and pillows. I told Laura when the horses were at the door, and my hat on. "I will go with you," she said; and there was something of that once-seen fire smouldering in her eyes.

"I did not ask you. I do not want you."

"But I *will* go," she broke out, passionately. Then she checked herself. "It will seem so strange, will it not?"

But she did not go.

Earl had been a soldier. Long ago, in the last year of the war, he had been wounded. It was not so very bad, no actual bone-fracture, and he was up and about, and back to his post before we were used to having him an invalid. But he had never been really well since. The cure was too sudden to be radical. And now after all this time, with the hot weather and worry—he had grown to be care-taking of late, for he was poor, and Laura loved money and fame—the miserable hurt had re-opened. Father almost carried him in his arms from the car to the carriage. Three weeks of "slight illness" that he had written us about had done that for him. I turned my head away, and spoke not a word. I knew there would be demonstration enough up to the house, and there was, but I kept out of its way.

It was strange to have him in the house, and so quiet. He lay for hours on a couch by the open window or on the breezy veranda, listening while Laura read or sang or talked in that exquisite voice of hers. She was not much of a nurse. She did her utmost in keeping herself pretty, and sunshiny, and sweet-tempered; and so he was satisfied no one else had any right to fault-finding.

I did not think he grew worse. I knew the will that ran in his blood, and knew that he had probably been as ill as now days and days that he was on his feet and at work. He seemed weaker and more languid than when he came, but the excitement of the journey had worn off, and he was giving up to care and rest.

But father, coming home from a few days' absence, pronounced a different sentence, and the next day we began our journey to that other home we sometimes occupied; by the sea-side still, but in steadier sunshine and softer airs. He rallied there. He was promoted to crutches, and we tried to laugh at the strong-limbed, active fellow's awkward attempts at locomotion. Once he slipped and fell, and Laura screamed and hid her face; and through the shock and pain that turned his lips ashy, he found words of assurance for her.

Days of prostration followed. The surgeon made frequent silent visits. The unworded apprehension that gathered around the invalid's room shadowed the whole house. This was Earl's native place, and every one petted and spoiled him, for it was one of those little hamlets where every body knows every body else. I had not realized how the careless, manly boy had grown into all hearts. There was little time in the whole day when some visitor was not in the house, and he was the recipient of more bouquets and baskets of summer-fruit than if he had been a reigning belle.

I am afraid I had not much patience with Laura in those days. We were all sad enough with an unvoiced dread that we dared not meet openly. But all her sunny calm was broken up into petulant outbreaks, unreasonable and violent enough to have been ill-nature under any other circumstances. That is, when she was away from him and was not entertaining callers. Shut out, at last, from the sick-room there seemed some attraction in the parlor that sometimes stretched the evenings far toward midnight. Tacitly the entertainment of the groups that strayed in had fallen upon her. She called it a sacrifice, but she had a peculiar faculty for that sort of self-denial.

One night a long, restless day had terminated in a sleep that was as heavy as death in seeming. In the dimness his white, thin face lay sharply outlined against the scarlet cushions, and a barely perceptible breath fluttered across the parted lips. Below, Laura was the centre of a roomful, fluttering in some inimitable toilet, her sweetest and most winning in word and look. The contrast was a wide one. I believe I cried a little, quietly enough, but tears that scorched in falling.

A burst of loud laughter startled him. He opened his great hollow eyes and called her name. I went to his side. The disappointment in his voice when he spoke again was bitter to hear. My hands are always cool. For the first time since that night I laid a quiet touch on his burning forehead.

Minutes that were hours went by. He broke the silence first. "Bertha, dear sister, true friend, have you forgiven me?"

I could not lie about that, even to him. My soul cried out against the wrong he had done me. What right had he to warp and crush my whole life so, and then ask me to talk of forgiveness?

"No," I said, clearly and strongly.

He answered with a sob. He was one of those men who cry, now and then, almost as women cry. Could I bear that? I went down stairs, said a word or two to the pretty creature who was reigning in the parlor, and sent her to him. When I met her in the hall an hour later she was pale and still. We did not speak then nor for days.

Ripened September mellowed over the land. Into the sunshine crept a dreamy something that neutralized its fire. There were flitting shadows on the hill sides, even in the still noons, and in the hollows of the valleys breezes of crisp coolness. Golden-rods burned dusky lights, asters showed the purple guidons of the autumnal advance. It was an hourly surprise that the grapes were not purpling and fragrant.

The time brought healing. That miserable doctor's gig stood less frequently before the door. Laura's face cleared, we treated each other more like Christians.

We were on the beach, we three together for a wonder—Earl among the cushions of the carriage, Laura skipping smooth stones and sailing limpets in the shallow golden pools the ebb-tide had left, I sitting on the edge of the flood gazing listlessly across its sheen.

Laura liked water as well as a cat, and managed a boat about as skilfully. But at the house she had some unfinished shell-work. Materials were wanting for its completion, and this beach did not furnish them. A few rods across the channel a rocky island had a piece of smooth shingle that the tide always left heaped with shining bits. We were not in the way of asking many favors in those days. She pushed out the light skiff, and went zigzaging off alone toward what she wanted. I saw her land safely and strolled away on the point that ran out narrowing the ebb-tide channel between the main and Laura's islet to half a good stone's-throw.

The afternoon slid half an hour nearer sunset. On the brown rock I lay absorbed in the day's wonderful coloring, hushed in the salt stillness—a stillness that was crushing with the thought of age's old monotony. Life with its tortures was a bare point beside this wide stretching, infinitely calm lapse of existence. There was no power of healing in the contrast. Our vivid lights and shadows struck sharp against the slow processes of nature, and nature threw us back as little heeded as the foam-bells that flashed up against the cliffs.

The fervid, double warmth, the hazy shimmer of reflected wave-lines, the hushing of the ripples below, lapped sense in an atmosphere of dreams. Already heavy lids dropped, sleep was coming. Then, sudden and shrill, a shriek shivered the silence. A woman's voice—piercing, full of utter fear and appeal.

The boat was drifting empty, a something deeper blue against the sun-dazzle, wasting strength with scream after scream, and senseless, desperate struggles, was Laura.

I was on my feet. Then to my ears came Earl's voice, clear and steady, shouting some direction, which she was too frenzied to heed. Then he called my name: "Bertha! Bertha! Where are you? Help! She's drowning!"

With that sound all the helping hurry that was racing in my veins died out. Like a red-hot blow the sense struck me of the cruel, hopeless wrong that woman had done me. What was she that her pretty face, and sweet ways, and shallow heart should stand between me and all that was good of life? Let her sink, and with her the nightmare that had cursed these latter days with dreadful loss and loneliness. A cold rigidity settled upon me. I sat down, and turned away toward the west, aglow with deepest splendors. How I hated her! A blind, intense sense of revenge had at one bound filled my whole soul with its bitterness. I did not think. Looking back at that time, it comforts me a little to believe that in that whirl reason had no share. Time that seemed an age went by. The shrieks died in a half-choked, bubbling sob almost under my feet, and silence fell. That broke the spell.

Heaven knows that for that instant I felt what

murderers feel. To the last minute of my life I shall carry with me the picture that burned itself unto my brain as I turned.

The tide was past the half-ebb. The current, sweeping round the point, had carried her down close by me—the colorless face, set and distorted with despair, the streaming hair on the water, the white, up-tossed arms, that look in the eyes that met mine before she sank. Whatever sin was in the mad passion that had possessed me, the memory of those eyes will be punishment enough through all time.

It was a desperate chance; but I had left myself no right to count chances. I plunged, and grasped the light drapery as she went down. I am a strong swimmer, but the tide set out like a race-horse. Her clinging arms, closing about me before I could avoid it, fettered and dragged me down. In that wild struggle for my own life I did not lose thought of her for an instant. Then the sky swung back and forth, the brown cliffs, with their violet tinges, ran by like lightning; there was a roar and a hiss in my ears, and blackness swallowed me.

It cleared again, when I lay drenched and soaking on the beach, lifeless as a sponge. Laura was outstretched a dozen steps away, all her pink prettiness gone, but her blue eyes open and her breath coming in little gasps. It was not at all terrible. We had slipped past that and gone to the other extreme. The two sodden bundles that we were, slowly coming back to sense again in the sunshine, had very little of the tragic element. Only the thought of the might-have-been, the dreadful possibility that only Heaven's mercy had saved me from, made me turn my face to the wet sand, and sob out a prayer of thanks that *she* had been spared.

Two men carried a dark form past us. Earl, who had not walked a step for weeks, had struggled from the carriage, forgetting his worse than helplessness, and had sunk senseless at the edge of the tide just as we—Laura and I—went under.

Two days afterward there was a consultation of surgeons at the house. Laura was an invalid in her chamber, being nursed, and petted, and waited on—a heroine of a great escape. I was busy dusting. From that little corner room, the room where I had watched the two on the night of storm, the murmur of voices reached me as those grave-faced men weighed chances, measured possibilities. I went on with my work, because just then idle waiting was utterly beyond me.

There was a hush directly, and a little bustle of rising. Father and Dr. Morris came down. I had no words of questioning.

"Immediate amputation," father said, roughly, as they passed me. They looked back from two steps beyond.

"Are you going to faint, girl?" Father's fingers clutched my arm savagely. Poor father! His own face was pale enough, and his voice a husky whisper. Dr. Morris dashed something sharply strong and stimulant in my face, and I dragged myself up to my room.

Laura burst in a few hours later, and dropped down on my bed a heap of tears and sobs. "It's over," she said. "Pity me."

Pity her—did I not? I thought of the surgeon's knife busy with that proud, strong frame, and shuddered with a sickness of horror. Maimed and helpless, his suffering—and through it hers—swept away all selfishness. Kneeling beside her my tears ran with hers. I am not given to crying. It was a blessedness of relief that left my brain cool and steady. Then I soothed her, as I might have done a child, with just such prospects of comfort. He had not felt the pain, mercifully stupefied; she would always be with him, to care for and help him.

She went off again into a doleful little groan.

"It's just that. To be tied all my life long to a cripple. He will have to use crutches always, you know. And I'm so young," whining out her self-pity.

Not one thought of the strong life broken, not one word for his wrecked prospects and crushed hopes. The utter, complete meanness of the creature dried my tears like a flash. I devoutly trust that she profited by the shaking I administered before I dropped her outside the door and shot the bolts behind her.

My work of nurse began immediately. Dr. Morris called me down. "If he lives, it will be the nurse's work, not mine," he said, holding me in the strong cross-light of the open windows. "You'll do, I think."

In the darkened room the feeble life balanced back and forth with the faint, flowing breath for what seemed endless hours. A strange face or voice, a sudden noise, too rough a current of air, might extinguish the barely existent vitality. I sat motionless by his bedside, watching every shadow of change on the ghastly face. I can not tell if I hoped for one thing or the other. Death, with its loss and anguish for us; life, with its misery of disappointment for him; for that thing up stairs would break his heart if the grave spared him. I dared not choose.

When the surgeon went out next morning Laura's maid slipped a card into my hand. Some urgent summons called her away. They would not let her see him or me. Her farewells were intrusted to me.

After that I possessed the room absolutely. No one disputed my right, no one countermanded my orders. His life was in my hands, and the whole house waited.

On the morning of the fourth day Dr. Morris drew me out into the hall. "Go to your room, and go to bed. We shall bring him through." And I went up stairs, and for fifteen blessed hours slept the sleep of the just.

No word from Laura for ten days. Heaven pardon me the lies I told during the time. It was a week before I dared tell him she was out of the house.

The confinement wore on me. I was not used to it. Rebellious nerves demanded out-of-door relief. Three miles down the sands and back, at Clip's swinging gallop, gave me my balance again. But in the space a blunder had wrought its legitimate effect. An over-officious servant had carried letters to Earl's room. Among them lay the secret of the change that had thrown him into raving delirium. I crumpled the scented, filmy sheet in my hand, and tossed it away with a feeling in my heart I dared not name.

What need of going to the end? One midnight there was a cry made. Two servants were whispering in the passage.

"The tide is just on the turn," one said.

And as the tide fell the flush of fever died away, the strained eyes cleared into sorrowful calm. He knew me, and his last words were for me, words that I shall keep in my heart forever. When the gray morning broke all the long-closed windows were wide open, sunshine and keen air held no harm for the white face and still outlines on the bed.

And for me—I wait.

FRUITIONLESS.

Ah, little flower, that springeth, azure-eyed,
The meadow-brook beside:
Dropping delicious balms
Into the tender palms
Of lover-winds, that woo with light caress;
In still contentedness,
Living and blooming thy brief summer day.
So wiser far than I,
That only dream and sigh,
And sighing, dream my idle life away!

Ah, sweet-heart birds, a-building your wee house
In the broad-leavéd boughs,
Pausing with merry trill
To praise each other's skill,
And nod your pretty heads with pretty pride:
Serenely satisfied
To trill and twitter love's sweet roundelay.
So happier far than I,
That sadly dream and sigh,
And sighing, dream my lonely life away.

Brown-bodied bees, that scent with nostrils fine
The odorous blossom-wine;
Sipping, with heads half thrust
Into the pollen-dust
Of roses, hyacinths, and daffodils:
To hive, in amber cells,
A honey-feasting for the winter day.
So better far than I,
Self-wrapt, that dream and sigh,
And sighing, dream my useless life away!

MRS. TYPESET'S DIARY.

Tuesday.—Yes, the wedding was a very stylish affair, and may be considered a "decided success." The church was filled with admiring and inquisitive spectators; and, of course, every eye was leveled at the bride and bridegroom as they slowly passed up the aisle. They were prepared for the attack, however, and did not flinch; and every one, commencing with the orange wreath, scrutinized the bridal attire. And certainly, the rich, white satin robe, with its graceful train, and elegant point lace over-dress and veil, the diamond necklace, and all the delicate details of dress, well merited attention. The bridemaids, also, were handsomely arrayed in white silk, with lace over-dresses—all white, except the novel addition of leaves of Bismarck brown, as a fastening to the half-veils they wore. Now, by common consent, it is understood that whatever wedding paraphernalia a bride chooses to exhibit is free to inspection; but, really, I thought curiosity was going a step too far when, the service being over, I overheard one lady (?) say to her companion, "How shall we see her *stockings?*" The answer escaped me. "But," persisted the first speaker, "*she has thread lace stockings, and I want to see them!*"

Apropos, while on bridal toilets, the Queen of Greece at her wedding wore a robe of silver cloth, embroidered with bouquets of silver flowers, buttoned down the front by enormous diamonds, fastened round the waist by a belt in the Greek pattern of diamonds, a smaller trimming to match running round the top of the corsage and sleeves; necklace, bracelets, etc., in diamonds, a diadem on the forehead, while the royal crown in diamonds was fastened at the back of the bride's head, and the train, of several yards in length, was of crimson velvet lined with ermine.

Respecting trains, some followers of fashion can not comprehend that trains are admissible appendages to house and carriage dresses, but not to street dresses. A Boston paper, remarking on that "superfluous extremity of a lady's dress which gathers up odorous richness from the flag-stones and pavement," thinks that when a gentleman steps on it in the street neither he nor the lady should apologize; because while the lady has an undoubted right to cover an unlimited amount of space with her straggling dry-goods, the gentleman has an inalienable right to step in that space covered or uncovered. But while the present fashion prevails in the drawing-room gentlemen had better be watchful; indeed I think the chief utility of this style of dress consists in its constantly developing in them that care and tact, which, if given them by nature, is generally "laid up in a napkin."

Wednesday Morn.—A Western journal writes a column about "Ladies" and "Women:" and thinks a revised edition of the poets will soon be issued with such amendments as these:

"Frailty! thy name is lady."

"Oh, lady, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please."
"I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh,
Before me: Lady is her name."

It concludes that soon the bridegroom will be compelled to confess that he "takes this lady to be his wedded lady," and that "washer-ladies" will do up our linen for us. On the same principle "fire-gentlemen" will be expected to extinguish our conflagrations, and "work-gentlemen" build our houses and railroads. There is much good sense in the article, which concludes with the hope we may "have more true men and women in American society, and fewer counterfeit ladies and gentlemen." Nevertheless society is not yet ready for a wholesale abandonment of the words "lady" and "gentleman." Both good usage and strict definition approve them. The words "lady" and "woman" are sometimes synonymous, and sometimes not. Woman is the generic term, and often the most complimentary one. Each has its peculiar meaning, and each may be used with equal appropriateness, as occasion requires. So with the derivatives—"ladylike" does not mean "womanly," though to be "womanly" may be the most desirable. The good old words "man" and "woman" are noble ones; but there is no need of affectation and conceit being attached to the use of the other words "lady" and "gentleman."

The following recipe for cooking lobsters dates back to 1381:

"For to make a Lopister. He schal be rostyd in his scalys in a ovyn, other by the Feer under a panne, and etyn wyth Veneger."

It is curious to learn how long it took mankind to discover the most obvious conveniences of civilized life. Sleep seems to have been invented in the Garden of Eden; but one of the greatest improvements in the art of sleeping was introduced by the Greeks, namely, the practice of undressing before going to bed, a thing unheard of until hit upon by their inventive genius. Even now there are nations who never enjoy the luxury of taking off their clothes at night. The Romans went to bed to eat their dinners, and there are whole races now who don't know enough to sit down like rational beings. The Romans went to bed early because they hadn't genius enough to invent a candle. They trundled off to bed as the darkness began; and in Athens, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, every where, the ancients went to bed, like good boys, from seven to nine o'clock. Even so simple a matter as breakfast was not invented for several centuries after the republican era of Rome. It took as much time and research to arrive at that great discovery as at the Copernican system. The morning meal of the Romans was but a bite of biscuit—tea and coffee had not been heard of then. Probably our descendants, some centuries hence, will laugh at our ignorance of many of the conveniences of life that will then be in vogue.

Thursday Eve.—A little incident I read to-night illustrates the folly of keeping up such a rigid distinction of denominations as is common among many who call themselves Christians, and is a grave rebuke to all who would allow minor points of belief to take the place of true religion. During the late war a soldier, who had been fearfully wounded, lay in one of our hospitals, dying in agony. A visitor wishing to impart religious consolation, asked him, "What church are you of?" "Of the church of Christ," he replied. "I mean of what persuasion are you?" then inquired the visitor. "Persuasion!" said the dying man, looking heavenward, his eyes beaming with love to the Saviour, "'I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus.'" The visitor found the dying soldier had reached that point where creeds were useless, and Christ was all.

A recent work, giving some account of the present condition of woman in India, has interested me. It seems that a great number of girls, in certain parts of India, are still murdered immediately after birth. The wife of an Indian rajah having had five daughters put to death by the father's command, resolved to save the sixth, and it was reared in secret. She grew up to be very beautiful, so much so that the relatives who had concealed her believed that they might present her to her father. If they could not rely on the father's heart, yet her beautiful innocence they thought would secure her life; the more so as she was the perfect image of her deceased mother. A favorable moment was chosen to introduce to the father his child. Richly attired she approached the astonished chief, fell down at his feet, and exclaimed: "My dear father!" And the father? For a moment love struggled in his bosom with his usual proud, hard feelings, but he drew his sword from its sheath, and with a blow struck off the head of the lovely child!

Friday Eve.—What a wealth of new books the holiday season unfolds! It is as good as a novel to me to read over even the catalogues; and to-day, while visiting some of the book-stores with Miss D., I really reveled in the sight of the daintily-bound volumes. If by chance I had carried my Christmas purse with me, there wouldn't have been a farthing left for dolls and sugar-plums! One package has just come, and the bright-covered books are scattered over my table—a forerunner of Christmas. Let me see—can I recall one-half the new and choice volumes my eyes have glanced over to-day? Don't think I can—my head is pleasantly puzzled with visions of superbly-illustrated gift-books, of poems, serious and humorous, of entertaining novels, fascinating fairy-books, solid books of information, fresh biographies and histories, and every thing of every name from "Prayers of the Ages," and "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity," to the "Manual of Physical Exercise" and "The Philosophy of Eating."

Among poems "Kathrina" still holds its place, and a pretty gift-book it is. Phœbe Cary's "Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love" are very sweet. There are many choice gems in Tilton's "Sexton's Tale and other Poems;" nor is it by any means a gloomy volume, as the title might indicate. "The Lover's Dictionary" consists of the choicest selection of "love-thoughts." These poems have been culled from standard authors, from rare and ancient collections, as well as from private sources. And it is quite true that "nothing has been admitted into these pages which can wound the many pure, bright eyes which will read them." It is elaborately and conveniently arranged for reference, and would be an appropriate gift to any one who enjoys gems of poetry. "Love-Letters" is a curious selection from the correspondence of celebrated men and women in every age; and contains also biographical sketches of the authors. "Sunday Poetry" is a dainty little volume, and its choice bits will delight many readers. Tennyson's "Vivien" and "Guinevere" have been elegantly illustrated by Gustave Doré. The quaintly-written "Legends of St. Gwendoline," "The Fables of Æsop," "The Household Book of Poetry," "The Story without an End," and numerous other finely-illustrated books tempted my fancy and my purse to-day.

But the little folks must have the cream at Christmas, and it is ready for them. The mere names will create an appetite among the small-fry. "Chitchat," "Story of a Basket," "Will-o'-the-Wisp," "Boy Artists," "Shink Shank," "Schnick Schnack," etc., etc. "Oliver Optic" has something for boys; and "Little Pitchers Have Big Ears," "Queer Little People," and "Dotty Dimple" will charm the smallest—while among Fairy stories none will fascinate both old and young more than Macé's "Home Fairy Tales," with its choice illustrations and attractive style. And for the little children "Folks and Fairies" will be just the thing.

As to novels and sundry other books of "rhyme and reason," I could easily fill my diary with the mere names of those I have seen to-day; but it grows late, and I am longing, not to sleep, but to read more fully the books before me.

Tatting Figures for Veil.

See illustration on double page.

These two figures are intended for ornamenting the veil, and are sewed upon the lace at regular intervals. The first is done with black silk. Make 2 double stitches and 1 picot or purl stitch, repeat 6 times (double stitches have one stitch to the right, one to the left), draw into a loop. *, attach the thread to the last picot, then follow with a Josepaine knot or shell; for this make 6 stitches to the right, put the shuttle through the loop in the direction from above downward, pull the stitches close together; repeat 3 times from *, then attach the thread to the next picot. Make a loop, 1 picot separated by 2 double stitches; repeat this last 8 times; attach the thread to the same picot, and make again a Josephine knot; after which draw it up. Follow with 2 more similar loops separated by a Josephine knot. In the place of the 1st picot they are attached to the last picot of the former loop. After the last loop the thread is fastened.

For the second figure make a loop of 25 double stitches each separated by a picot: attach the beginning thread to the end thread, cut both threads at about the distance of one inch, then make a smaller loop of 8 double stitches, and separate each by a picot. However, in place of the first picot attach the thread to the 2d picot of the large ring. The threads of this loop are also tied together and cut off. Finally make a loop of 11 double stitches, and attach the thread to the 20th picot of the large loop. Make 5 more double stitches and finish the loop, then put the thread of all the loops together and work them over with fine silk, close and fine: the stem is made in this manner. The figures being finished they may now be sewed on the lace.

Tatting Edging for Veil.

See illustration on double page.

For this lace make a sufficient number of set figures, as shown in illustration. Join them to each other by attaching the 1st loop of the 2d figure to the 3d picot before the last in the 3d loop of the former figure. The 1st and 3d picots of the 1st and the 5th and 7th picots of the 3d of the three loops belonging together must be one-fifth of an inch long, as in the engraving. Fill the space between every 2 figures with a row of rings. Work for this purpose 2 double stitches, 1 long picot (all the picots of these rings must be long), 3 double, 1 picot, 3 double. In place of the 3d picot attach the thread to the 3d picot of the former loop of one of the figures. Again make three double; attach the thread to the one long picot of the same loop, 3 double, attach the thread between the 2 Josephine knots, make 2 double, draw up the loop, without cutting the thread, make the next loop between the 1st and 2d figures corresponding to the 1st loop, as in the engraving, attach the thread each time in the place of the picot to the respective long picot and to the joining thread between the Josephine knots. For the upper edge of the lace, crochet two rows as follows: 1 double crochet, 3 chain. In the 1st row, make the double crochet stitches at proper distances around the last made loops and in the thread, joining the Josephine knots, at the same time over the joining thread of the 2 loops. In the second row, the double crochet is to be made in the middle of the chain stitch.

Chenille and Satin Stitch Trimming.

See illustration on double page.

This trimming is used for hoods, waists, jackets, etc. The embroidery is executed with brown floselle or crochet silk in two different shades and black chenille. The Greek pattern is first worked with the former in satin stitch; this is then edged with chain stitch of crochet silk, in a lighter shade, and the whole is encircled with chenille, which also separates the two rows of Greek lines. This trimming is very effective when wrought in the Turkish fashion; for instance, the Greek figures of different colors, the chain stitch of gold, and the chenille of black.

Trimming for Waists, Fichus, Etc.

See illustration on double page.

This trimming is simple and pretty for waists, fichus, etc., as well as for children's dresses. For articles designed to be washed it should be made of narrow white worsted braid, sewed on in points, with a figure worked in point russe, with white worsted at the end of each braid, and a blue ribbon run loosely through the points. For woolen stuffs worsted or silk braid should be used, and the point russe should be executed in silk.

Boy's Cap with Vizor.

See illustration on double page.

This cap is of black velvet, trimmed with fine black silk braid. Cut the foundation of buckram, three or four layers thick, from the pattern; then cut from Figs. 22–24 and Fig. 22, one piece each of black velvet and black lining silk, and from Fig. 25, the front of velvet and brown morocco. Join the crown and brim with the figures on the pattern, and trim the front with three rows of braid. Baste the parts of the vizor together, sew braid round the edge, and join it to the cap to correspond with the figures and the dotted line on the pattern. Lastly, join Fig. 26 thereto, and face the cap on the inside with a strip of morocco two inches wide.

Valenciennes Tulle Waist.

See illustration on double page.

This waist is made of a new kind of tulle simulating the texture of Valenciennes lace, whence its name. The trimming consists of a lilac ribbon, an inch in width, laid under a puff of plain tulle, which forms a frill on each side about half an inch in width. For this trimming take a straight strip of tulle three inches wide and twice as long as is desired for the puff: hem each side narrow, and gather it so as to form the before-mentioned frill on either side. The neck and sleeves are trimmed with bows and ends of lilac ribbon. The waist is cut from the pattern, Figs. 7–10, Supplement.

Cashmere Waist.

See illustration on double page.

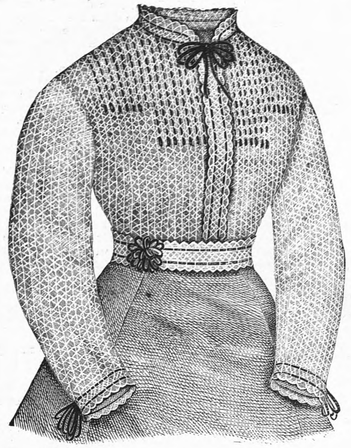
This waist, of lilac cashmere, is cut from Figs. 7—10 in the Supplement. The tasteful trimming consists of several bias folds of lilac cashmere, about a quarter of an inch wide, edged on each side with very narrow lilac silk piping, with a heading of black and white silk gimp. The collar is likewise trimmed with gimp and edged at the top with lilac piping. The illustration shows the manner of arranging the trimming.

CAPE WITH HOOD.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 32 and 33.

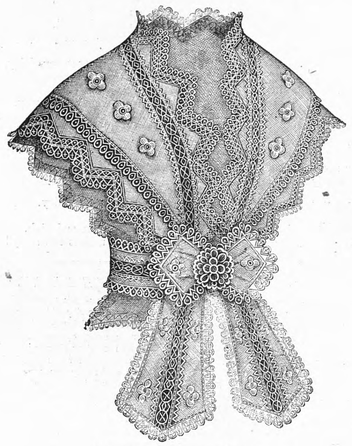
BOY'S CHEST-PROTECTOR.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 41–43.

CHILD'S GORED APRON.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 34–36.

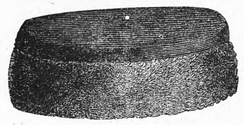
SPANISH MANTILLA.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1ª and 1ᵇ.



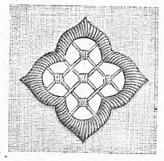
WHITE GUIPURE WAIST.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 7–10.



FICHU WITH BELT.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 37–40.



BOY'S ROUND CAP.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 46 and 47.

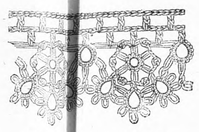


EMBROIDERY OF FICHU.

VALENCIENNES TULLE WAIST.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 7–10.

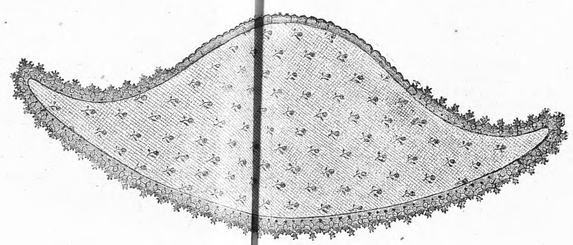
LACE AND TATTING VEIL.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Fig. 2.

TATTING FIGURE FOR VLIL.

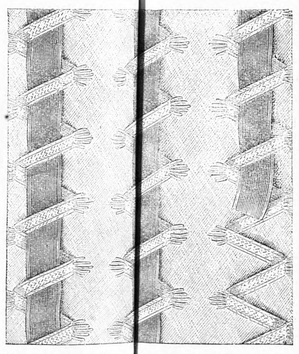


TATTING EDGING FOR VEIL.

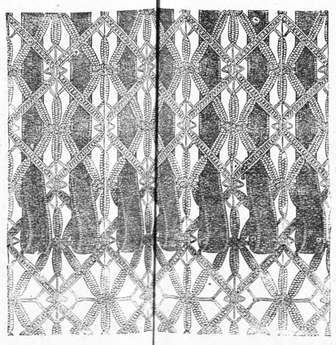
TATTING FIGURE FOR VEIL.



LACE AND TATTING VEIL.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Fig. 2.

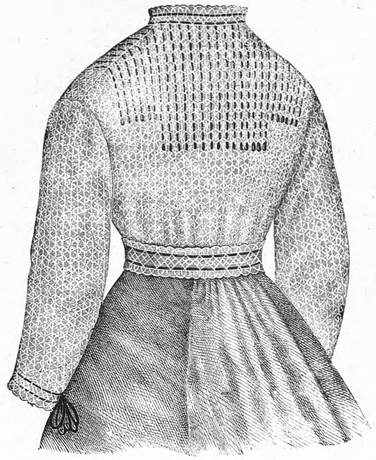


TRIMMING FOR WAIST, FICHUS, ETC. (FULL SIZE).

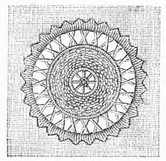


TRIMMING OF GUIPURE WAIST (FULL SIZE).

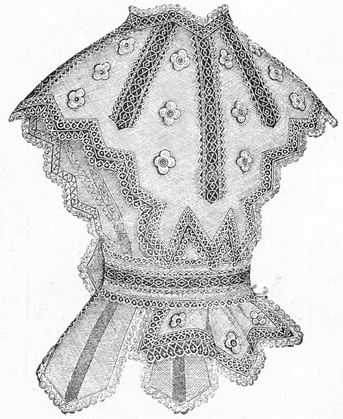
CHILD'S HOOD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 44 and 45.



WHITE GUIPURE WAIST.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 7–10.



EMBROIDERY OF FICHU.

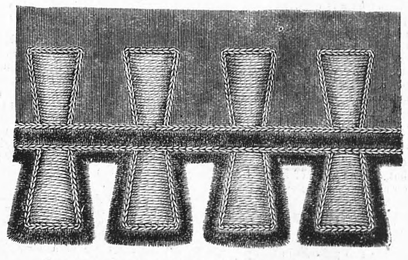


FICHU WITH BELT.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 37–40.

BOY'S CAP WITH VIZOR.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 22–26.

VALENCIENNES TULLE WAIST.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 7–10.

CAPE WITH HOOD.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 32 and 33.



CHENILLE AND SATIN STITCH TRIMMING (FULL SIZE).

CASHMERE WAIST.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 7–10.

NO THOROUGHFARE.

By CHARLES DICKENS AND WILKIE COLLINS.

IN FOUR ACTS.

THE OVERTURE.

DAY of the month and year, November the thirtieth, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five. London Time by the great clock of Saint Paul's, ten at night. All the lesser London churches strain their metallic throats. Some flippantly begin before the heavy bell of the great cathedral; some tardily begin three, four, half a dozen strokes behind it; all are in sufficiently near accord to leave a resonance in the air, as if the winged father who devours his children had made a sounding sweep with his gigantic scythe in flying over the city.

What is this clock lower than most of the rest, and nearer to the ear, that lags so far behind to-night as to strike into the vibration alone? This is the clock of the Hospital for Foundling Children. Time was when the Foundlings were received without question in a cradle at the gate. Time is when inquiries are made respecting them, and they are taken as by favor from the mothers who relinquish all natural knowledge of them and claim to them forevermore.

The moon is at the full, and the night is fair with light clouds. The day has been otherwise than fair, for slush and mud, thickened with the droppings of heavy fog, lie black in the streets. The veiled lady who flutters up and down near the postern-gate of the Hospital for Foundling Children has need to be well shod to-night.

She flutters to and fro, avoiding the stand of hackney-coaches, and often pausing in the shadow of the western end of the great quadrangle wall, with her face turned toward the gate. As above her there is the purity of the moonlit sky, and below her there are the defilements of the pavement, so may she, haply, be divided in her mind between two vistas of reflection or experience? As her footprints, crossing and recrossing one another, have made a labyrinth in the mire, so may her track in life have involved itself in an intricate and unravelable tangle?

The postern gate of the Hospital for Foundling Children opens, and a young woman comes out. The lady stands aside, observes closely, sees that the gate is quietly closed again from within, and follows the young woman.

Two or three streets have been traversed in silence before she, following close behind the object of her attention, stretches out her hand and touches her. Then the young woman stops and looks round, startled.

"You touched me last night, and when I turned my head, you would not speak. Why do you follow me like a silent ghost?"

"It was not," returned the lady, in a low voice, "that I would not speak, but that I could not when I tried."

"What do you want of me? I have never done you any harm?"

"Never."

"Do I know you?"

"No."

"Then what can you want of me?"

"Here are two guineas in this paper. Take my poor little present, and I will tell you."

Into the young woman's face, which is honest and comely, comes a flush as she replies: "There is neither grown person nor child, in all the large establishment that I belong to, who hasn't a good word for Sally. I am Sally. Could I be so well thought of, if I was to be bought?"

"I do not mean to buy you; I mean only to reward you very slightly."

Sally firmly, but not ungently, closes and puts back the offering hand. "If there is any thing I can do for you, ma'am, that I will not do for its own sake, you are much mistaken in me if you think that I will do it for money. What is it you want?"

"You are one of the nurses or attendants at the Hospital; I saw you leave to-night and last night."

"Yes, I am. I am Sally."

"There is a pleasant patience in your face which makes me believe that very young children would take readily to you."

"God bless 'em! So they do."

The lady lifts her veil, and shows a face no older than the nurse's. A face far more refined and capable than hers, but wild and worn with sorrow.

"I am the miserable mother of a baby lately received under your care. I have a prayer to make to you."

Instinctively respecting the confidence which has drawn aside the veil, Sally — whose ways are all ways of simplicity and spontaneity—replaces it, and begins to cry.

"You will listen to my prayer?" the lady urges. "You will not be deaf to the agonized entreaty of such a broken suppliant as I am?"

"O dear, dear, dear!" cries Sally. "What shall I say, or can I say! Don't talk of prayers. Prayers are to be put up to the Good Father of All, and not to nurses and such. And there! I am only to hold my place for half a year longer, till another young woman can be trained up to it. I am going to be married. I shouldn't have been out last night, and I shouldn't have been out to-night, but that my Dick (he is the young man I am going to be married to) lies ill, and I help his mother and sister to watch him. Don't take on so, don't take on so!"

"O good Sally, dear Sally," moans the lady, catching at her dress entreatingly. "As you are hopeful and I am hopeless,—as a fair way in life is before you, which can never, never, be before me,—as you can aspire to become a respected wife, and as you can aspire to become a proud mother,—as you are a living, loving woman, and must die,—for GOD's sake hear my distracted petition!"

"Deary, deary, deary ME!" cries Sally, her desperation culminating in the pronoun, "what am I ever to do? And there! See how you turn my own words back upon me. I tell you I am going to be married, on purpose to make it clearer to you that I am going to leave, and therefore couldn't help you if I would, Poor Thing, and you make it seem to my own self as if I was cruel in going to be married and *not* helping you. It ain't kind. Now, is it kind, Poor Thing?"

"Sally! Hear me, my dear. My entreaty is for no help in the future. It applies to what is past. It is only to be told in two words."

"There! This is worse and worse," cries Sally, "supposing that I understand what two words you mean."

"You do understand. What are the names they have given my poor baby? I ask no more than that. I have read of the customs of the place. He has been christened in the chapel, and registered by some surname in the book. He was received last Monday evening. What have they called him?"

Down upon her knees in the foul mud of the by-way into which they have strayed—an empty street without a thoroughfare, giving on the dark gardens of the Hospital—the lady would drop in her passionate entreaty, but that Sally prevents her.

"Don't! Don't! You make me feel as if I was setting myself up to be good. Let me look in your pretty face again. Put your two hands in mine. Now, promise. You will never ask me any thing more than the two words?"

"Never! Never!"

"You will never put them to a bad use, if I say them?"

"Never! Never!"

"Walter Wilding."

The lady lays her face upon the nurse's breast, draws her close in her embrace with both arms, murmurs a blessing and the words, "Kiss him for me!" and is gone.

Day of the month and year, the first Sunday in October, one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven. London Time by the great clock of Saint Paul's, half past one in the afternoon. The clock of the Hospital for Foundling Children is well up with the cathedral to-day. Service in the chapel is over, and the Foundling children are at dinner.

There are numerous lookers-on at the dinner, as the custom is. There are two or three governors, whole families from the congregation, smaller groups of both sexes, individual stragglers of various degrees. The bright autumnal sun strikes freshly into the wards; and the heavy-framed windows through which it shines, and the paneled walls on which it strikes, are such windows and such walls as pervade Hogarth's pictures. The girls' refectory (including that of the younger children) is the principal attraction. Neat attendants silently glide about the orderly and silent tables; the lookers-on move or stop as the fancy takes them; comments in whispers on face such a number from such a window are not unfrequent; many of the faces are of a character to fix attention. Some of the visitors from the outside public are accustomed visitors. They have established a speaking acquaintance with the occupants of particular seats at the tables, and halt at those points to bend down and say a word or two. It is no disparagement to their kindness that those points are generally points where personal attractions are. The monotony of the long spacious rooms and the double lines of faces is agreeably relieved by these incidents, although so slight.

A veiled lady, who has no companion, goes among the company. It would seem that curiosity and opportunity have never brought her here before. She has the air of being a little troubled by the sight, and, as she goes the length of the tables, it is with a hesitating step and an uneasy manner. At length she comes to the refectory of the boys. They are so much less popular than the girls, that it is bare of visitors when she looks in at the doorway.

But just within the doorway chances to stand, inspecting, an elderly female attendant,—some order of matron or housekeeper. To whom the lady addresses natural questions, as, How many boys? At what age are they usually put out in life? Do they often take a fancy to the sea? So, lower and lower in tone, until the lady puts the question: "Which is Walter Wilding?"

Attendant's head shaken. Against the rules.

"You know which is Walter Wilding?"

So keenly does the attendant feel the closeness with which the lady's eyes examine her face, that she keeps her own eyes fast upon the floor, lest by wandering in the right direction they should betray her.

"I know which is Walter Wilding, but it is not my place, ma'am, to tell names to visitors."

"But you can show me without telling me."

The lady's hand moves quietly to the attendant's hand. Pause and silence.

"I am going to pass round the tables," says the lady's interlocutor, without seeming to address her. "Follow me with your eyes. The boy that I stop at and speak to will not matter to you. But the boy that I touch will be Walter Wilding. Say nothing more to me, and move a little away."

Quickly acting on the hint, the lady passes on into the room, and looks about her. After a few moments, the attendant, in a staid official way, walks down outside the line of tables commencing on her left hand. She goes the whole length of the line, turns, and comes back on the inside. Very slightly glancing in the lady's direction, she stops, bends forward, and speaks. The boy whom she addresses lifts his head and replies. Good-humoredly and easily, as she listens to what he says, she lays her hand upon the shoulder of the next boy on his right. That the action may be well noted, she keeps her hand on the shoulder while speaking in return, and pats it twice or thrice before moving away. She completes her tour of the tables, touching no one else, and passes out by a door at the opposite end of the long room.

Dinner is done, and the lady, too, walks down outside the line of tables commencing on her left hand, goes the whole length of the line, turns, and comes back on the inside. Other people have strolled in, fortunately for her, and stand sprinkled about. She lifts her veil, and, stopping at the touched boy, asks how old he is.

"I am twelve, ma'am," he answers, with his bright eyes fixed on hers.

"Are you well and happy?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"May you take these sweetmeats from my hand?"

"If you please to give them to me."

In stooping low for the purpose, the lady touches the boy's face with her forehead and with her hair. Then, lowering her veil again, she passes on, and passes out without looking back.

ACT I.

THE CURTAIN RISES.

IN a court-yard in the city of London, which was No Thoroughfare either for vehicles or foot-passengers,—a court-yard diverging from a steep, a slippery, and a winding street connecting Tower Street with the Middlesex shore of the Thames,—stood the place of business of Wilding & Co., wine merchants. Probably as a jocose acknowledgment of the obstructive character of this main approach, the point nearest to its base at which one could take the river (if so inodorously minded) bore the appellation Break-Neck-Stairs. The court-yard itself had likewise been descriptively entitled, in old time, Cripple Corner.

Years before the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, people had left off taking boat at Break-Neck-Stairs, and Watermen had ceased to ply there. The slimy little causeway had dropped into the river by a slow process of suicide, and two or three stumps of piles and a rusty iron mooring-ring were all that remained of the departed Break-Neck-glories. Sometimes, indeed, a laden coal barge would bump itself into the place, and certain laborious heavers, seemingly mud-engendered, would arise, deliver the cargo in the neighborhood, shove off, and vanish; but at most times the only commerce of Break-Neck-Stairs arose out of the conveyance of casks and bottles, both full and empty, both to and from the cellars of Wilding & Co., wine merchants. Even that commerce was but occasional, and through three-fourths of its rising tides the dirty, indecorous drab of a river would come solitarily oozing and lapping at the rusty ring, as if it had heard of the Doge and the Adriatic, and wanted to be married to the great conserver of its filthiness, the right honorable the Lord Mayor.

Some two hundred and fifty yards on the right, up the opposite hill (approaching it from the low ground of Break-Neck-Stairs), was Cripple Corner. There was a pump in Cripple Corner; there was a tree in Cripple Corner. All Cripple Corner belonged to Wilding & Co., wine merchants. Their cellars burrowed under it, their mansion towered over it. It really had been a mansion in the days when merchants inhabited the city, and had a ceremonious shelter to the doorway without visible support, like the sounding-board over an old pulpit. It had also a number of long narrow strips of window, so disposed in its grave brick front as to render it symmetrically ugly. It had also on its roof a cupola with a bell in it.

"When a man at five-and-twenty can put his hat on, and can say, 'This hat covers the owner of this property and of the business which is transacted *on* this property,' I consider, Mr. Bintrey, that, without being boastful, he may be allowed to be deeply thankful. I don't know how it may appear to you, but so it appears to me."

Thus Mr. Walter Wilding to his man of law, in his own counting-house,—taking his hat down from its peg to suit the action to the word, and hanging it up when he had done so, not to overstep the modesty of nature.

An innocent, open-speaking, unused-looking man, Mr. Walter Wilding, with a remarkably pink and white complexion, and a figure much too bulky for so young a man, though of a good stature. With crispy curling brown hair, and amiable bright blue eyes. An extremely communicative man,—a man with whom loquacity was the irrestrainable outpouring of contentment and gratitude. Mr. Bintrey, on the other hand, a cautious man with twinkling beads of eyes in a large overhanging bald head, who inwardly but intensely enjoyed the comicality of openness of speech, or hand, or heart.

"Yes," said Mr. Bintrey. "Yes. Ha, ha!"

A decanter, two wine-glasses, and a plate of biscuits stood on the desk.

"You like this forty-five-year-old port wine?" said Mr. Wilding.

"Like it?" repeated Mr. Bintrey. "Rather, sir!"

"It's from the best corner of our best forty-five-year-old bin," said Mr. Wilding.

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Bintrey. "It's most excellent."

He laughed again, as he held up his glass and ogled it, at the highly ludicrous idea of giving away such wine.

"And now," said Wilding, with a childish enjoyment in the discussion of affairs, "I think we have got every thing straight, Mr. Bintrey."

"Every thing straight," said Bintrey.

"A partner secured—"

"Partner secured," said Bintrey.

"A housekeeper advertised for—"

"A housekeeper advertised for," said Bintrey,—"'apply personally at Cripple Corner, Great Tower Street, from ten to twelve,'—to-morrow, by the by."

"My late dear mother's affairs wound up—"

"Wound up," said Bintrey.

"And all charges paid."

"And all charges paid," said Bintrey, with a chuckle; probably occasioned by the droll circumstance that they had been paid without a haggle.

"The mention of my late dear mother," Mr. Wilding continued, his eyes filling with tears, and his pocket-handkerchief drying them, "unmans me still, Mr. Bintrey. You know how I loved her, you (her lawyer) know how she loved me. The utmost love of mother and child was cherished between us, and we never experienced one moment's division or unhappiness from the time when she took me under her care. Thirteen years in all. Thirteen years under my late dear mother's care, Mr. Bintrey, and eight of them her confidentially acknowledged son! You know the story, Mr. Bintrey; who but you, sir?" Mr. Wilding sobbed, and dried his eyes, without attempt at concealment, during these remarks.

Mr. Bintrey enjoyed his comical port, and said, after rolling it in his mouth: "I know the story."

"My late dear mother, Mr. Bintrey," pursued the wine merchant, "had been deeply deceived, and had cruelly suffered. But on that subject my late dear mother's lips were forever sealed. By whom deceived, or under what circumstances, Heaven only knows. My late dear mother never betrayed her betrayer."

"She had made up her mind," said Mr. Bintrey, again turning his wine on his palate, "and she could hold her peace." An amused twinkle in his eyes pretty plainly added, "A devilish deal better than *you* ever will!"

"'Honor,'" said Mr. Wilding, sobbing as he quoted from the Commandments, "'thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land.' When I was in the Foundling, Mr. Bintrey, I was at such a loss how to do it, that I apprehended my days would be short in the land. But I afterward came to honor my mother deeply, profoundly. And I honor and revere her memory. For seven happy years, Mr. Bintrey," pursued Wilding, still with the same innocent catching in his breath, and the same unabashed tears, "did my excellent mother article me to my predecessors in this business, Pebbleson Nephew. Her affectionate forethought likewise apprenticed me to the Vintners' Company, and made me in time a Free Vintner, and—and—every thing else that the best of mothers could desire. When I came of age, she bestowed her inherited share in this business upon me; it was her money that afterward bought out Pebbleson Nephew, and painted in Wilding & Co.; it was she who left me every thing she possessed, but the mourning ring you wear. And yet, Mr. Bintrey," with a fresh burst of honest affection, "she is no more. It is little over half a year since she came into the Corner to read on that door-post, with her own eyes, WILDING & Co., WINE MERCHANTS. And yet she is no more!"

"Sad. But the common lot, Mr. Wilding," observed Bintrey. "At some time or other we must all be no more." He placed the forty-five-year-old port wine in the universal condition, with a relishing sigh.

"So now, Mr. Bintrey," pursued Wilding, putting away his pocket-handkerchief, and smoothing his eyelids with his fingers, "now that I can no longer show my love and honor for the dear parent to whom my heart was mysteriously turned by Nature when she first spoke to me, a strange lady, I sitting at our Sunday dinner-table in the Foundling, I can at least show that I am not ashamed of having been a Foundling, and that I, who never knew a father of my own, wish to be a father to all in my employment. Therefore," continued Wilding, becoming enthusiastic in his loquacity,—"therefore, I want a thoroughly good housekeeper to undertake this dwelling-house of Wilding & Co., Wine Merchants, Cripple Corner, so that I may restore in it some of the old relations betwixt employer and employed! So that I may live in it on the spot where my money is made! So that I may daily sit at the head of the table at which the people in my employment eat together, and may eat of the same roast and boiled, and drink of the same beer! So that the people in my employment may lodge under the same roof with me! So that we may one and all—I beg your pardon, Mr. Bintrey, but that old singing in my head has suddenly come on, and I shall feel obliged if you will lead me to the pump."

Alarmed by the excessive pinkness of his client, Mr. Bintrey lost not a moment in leading him forth into the court-yard. It was easily done, for the counting-house in which they talked together opened on to it, at one side of the dwelling-house. There the attorney pumped with a will, obedient to a sign from the client, and the client laved his head and face with both hands, and took a hearty drink. After these remedies, he declared himself much better.

"Don't let your good feelings excite you," said Bintrey, as they returned to the counting-house, and Mr. Wilding dried himself on a jack-towel behind an inner door

"No, no. I won't," he returned, looking out of the towel. "I won't. I have not been confused, have I?"

"Not at all. Perfectly clear."

"Where did I leave off, Mr. Bintrey?"

"Well, you left off— But I wouldn't excite myself, if I was you, by taking it up again just yet."

"I'll take care. I'll take care. The singing in my head came on at where, Mr. Bintrey?"

"At roast, and boiled, and beer," answered

the lawyer, prompting,—"lodging under the same roof—and one and all—"

"Ah! And one and all singing in the head together—"

"Do you know, I really *would not* let my good feelings excite me, if I was you," hinted the lawyer again, anxiously. "Try some more pump."

"No occasion, no occasion. All right, Mr. Bintrey. And one and all forming a kind of family! You see, Mr. Bintrey, I was not used in my childhood to that sort of individual existence which most individuals have led, more or less, in their childhood. After that time I became absorbed in my late dear mother. Having lost her, I find that I am more fit for being one of a body than one by myself. To be that, and at the same time to do my duty to those dependent on me, and attach them to me, has a patriarchal and pleasant air about it. I don't know how it may appear to you, Mr. Bintrey, but so it appears to me."

"It is not I who am all-important in the case, but you," returned Bintrey. "Consequently, how it may appear to me, is of very small importance."

"It appears to *me*," said Mr. Wilding, in a glow, "hopeful, useful, de-lightful!"

"Do you know," hinted the lawyer, again, "I really would not ex—"

"I am not going to. Then there's Handel."

"There's who?" asked Bintrey.

"Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Kent, Purcell, Doctor Arne, Greene, Mendelssohn. I know the choruses to those anthems by heart. Foundling Chapel Collection. Why shouldn't we learn them together!"

"Who learn them together?" asked the lawyer, rather shortly.

"Employer and employed."

"Ay, ay!" returned Bintrey, mollified; as if he had half expected the answer to be, Lawyer and client. "That's another thing."

"Not another thing, Mr. Bintrey! The same thing. A part of the bond among us. We will form a choir in some quiet church near the Corner here, and, having sung together of a Sunday with a relish, we will come home and take an early dinner together with a relish. The object that I have at heart now is to get this system well in action without delay, so that my new partner may find it founded when he enters on his partnership."

"All good be with it!" exclaimed Bintrey, rising. "May it prosper! Is Joey Ladle to take a share in Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Kent, Purcell, Doctor Arne, Greene, and Mendelssohn?"

"I hope so?"

"I wish them all well out of it," returned Bintrey, with much heartiness. "Good-bye, sir."

They shook hands and parted. Then (first knocking with his knuckles for leave) entered to Mr. Wilding, from a door of communication between his private counting-house and that in which his clerks sat, the Head Cellarman of the cellars of Wilding & Co., Wine Merchants, and erst Head Cellarman of the cellars of Pebbleson Nephew. The Joey Ladle in question. A slow and ponderous man, of the drayman order of human architecture, dressed in a corrugated suit and bibbed apron, apparently a composite of door-mat and rhinoceros hide.

"Respecting this same boarding and lodging, Young Master Wilding," said he.

"Yes, Joey?"

"Speaking for myself, Young Master Wilding,—and I never did speak and I never do speak for no one else,—*I* don't want no boarding nor yet no lodging. But if you wish to board me and to lodge me, take me. I can peck as well as most men. Where I peck, ain't so high a object with me as What I peck. Nor even so high a object with me as How Much I peck. Is all to live in the house, Young Master Wilding? The two other cellarmen, the three porters, the two 'prentices, and the odd men?"

"Yes. I hope we shall all be an united family, Joey."

"Ah!" said Joey. "I hope they may be."

"They? Rather say we, Joey"

Joey Ladle shook his head. "Don't look to me to make we on it, Young Master Wilding, not at my time of life and under the circumstances which has formed my disposition. I have said to Pebbleson Nephew many a time, when they have said to me, 'Put a livelier face upon it, Joey,'—I have said to them, 'Gentlemen, it is all wery well for you, that has been accustomed to take your wine into your systems by the convivial channel of your throttles, to put a lively face upon it; but,' I says, 'I have been accustomed to take *my* wine in at the pores of the skin, and, took that way, it acts different. It acts depressing. It's one thing, gentlemen,' I says to Pebbleson Nephew, 'to charge your glasses in a dining-room with a Hip Hurrah and a Jolly Companions Every One, and it's another thing to be charged yourself, through the pores, in a low dark cellar and a mouldy atmosphere. It makes all the difference betwixt bubbles and wapors,' I tells Pebbleson Nephew. And so it do. I've been a cellarman my life through, with my mind fully given to the business. What's the consequence? I'm as muddled a man as lives—you won't find a muddleder man than me.—nor yet you won't find my equal in molloncolly. Sing of Filling the bumper fair, Every drop you sprinkle O'er the brow of care Smooths away a wrinkle? Yes. P'r'aps so. But try filling yourself through the pores, underground, when you don't want to it!"

"I am sorry to hear this, Joey. I had even thought that you might join a singing-class in the house."

"Me, sir? No, no, Young Master Wilding, you won't catch Joey Ladle muddling the Armony. A pecking-machine, sir, is all that I am capable of proving myself, out of my cellars; but that you're welcome to, if you think it's worth your while to keep such a thing on your premises."

"I do, Joey."

"Say no more, sir. The Business's word is my law. And you're a going to take Young Master George Vendale partner into the old Business?"

"I am, Joey."

"More changes, you see! But don't change the name of the Firm again. Don't do it, Young Master Wilding. It was bad luck enough to make it Yourself & Co. Better by far have left it Pebbleson Nephew, that good luck always stuck to. You should never change luck when it's good, sir."

"At all events, I have no intention of changing the name of the House again, Joey."

"Glad to hear it, and wish you good-day, Young Master Wilding. But you had better by half," muttered Joey Ladle, inaudibly, as he closed the door and shook his head, "have let the name alone from the first. You had better by half have followed the luck instead of crossing it."

ENTER THE HOUSEKEEPER.

The wine merchant sat in his dining-room next morning to receive the personal applicants for the vacant post in his establishment. It was an old-fashioned wainscoted-room; the panels ornamented with festoons of flowers carved in wood; with an oaken floor, a well-worn Turkey carpet, and dark mahogany furniture, all of which had seen service and polish under Pebbleson Nephew. The great sideboard had assisted at many business-dinners given by Pebbleson Nephew to their connection, on the principle of throwing sprats overboard to catch whales; and Pebbleson Nephew's comprehensive three-sided plate-warmer, made to fit the whole front of the large fireplace, kept watch beneath it over a sarcophagus-shaped cellaret that had in its time held many a dozen of Pebbleson Nephew's wine. But the little rubicund old bachelor with a pigtail, whose portrait was over the sideboard (and who could be easily identified as decidedly Pebbleson and decidedly not Nephew), had retired into another sarcophagus, and the plate-warmer had grown as cold as he. So the golden and black griffins that supported the candelabra, with black balls in their mouths at the end of gilded chains, looked as if in their old age they had lost all heart for playing at ball, and were dolefully exhibiting their chains in the Missionary line of inquiry, — whether they had not earned emancipation by this time, and were not griffins and brothers?

Such a Columbus of a morning was the summer morning, that it discovered Cripple Corner. The light and warmth pierced in at the open windows, and irradiated the picture of a lady hanging over the chimney-piece, the only other decoration of the walls.

"My mother at five-and-twenty," said Mr. Wilding to himself, as his eyes enthusiastically followed the light to the portrait's face, "I hang up here, in order that visitors may admire my mother in the bloom of her youth and beauty. My mother at fifty I hang in the seclusion of my own chamber, as a remembrance sacred to me. Oh! It's you, Jarvis!"

These latter words he addressed to a clerk who had tapped at the door and now looked in.

"Yes, sir. I merely wished to mention that it's gone ten, sir, and that there are several females in the counting-house."

"Dear me!" said the wine merchant, deepening in the pink of his complexion and whitening in the white; "are there several? So many as several? I had better begin before there are more. I'll see them one by one, Jarvis, in the order of their arrival."

Hastily entrenching himself in his easy-chair, at the table, behind a great inkstand, having first placed a chair on the other side of the table opposite his own seat, Mr. Wilding entered on his task with considerable trepidation.

He ran the gauntlet that must be run on any such occasion. There were the usual species of profoundly unsympathetic women, and the usual species of much too sympathetic women. There were buccaneering widows who came to seize him, and who gripped umbrellas under their arms, as if each umbrella were he, and each griper had got him. There were towering maiden ladies who had seen better days, and who came armed with clerical testimonials to their theology, as if he were Saint Peter with his keys. There were gentle maiden ladies who came to marry him. There were professional housekeepers, like non-commissioned officers, who put him through his domestic exercise, instead of submitting themselves to catechism. There were languid invalids to whom salary was not so much an object as the comforts of a private hospital. There were sensitive creatures who burst into tears on being addressed, and had to be restored with glasses of cold water. There were some respondents who came two together,—a highly promising one and a wholly unpromising one,—of whom the promising one answered all questions charmingly, until it would at last appear that she was not a candidate at all, but only the friend of the unpromising one, who had glowered in absolute silence and apparent injury.

At last, when the good wine merchant's simple heart was failing him, there entered an applicant quite different from all the rest. A woman, perhaps fifty, but looking younger, with a face remarkable for placid cheerfulness, and a manner no less remarkable for its quiet expression of equability of temper. Nothing in her dress could have been changed to her advantage. Nothing in the noiseless self-possession of her manner could have been changed to her advantage. Nothing could have been in better unison with both, than her voice when she answered the question, "What name shall I have the pleasure of noting down?" with the words, "My name is Sarah Goldstraw. Mrs. Goldstraw. My husband has been dead many years, and we had no family."

Half a dozen questions had scarcely extracted as much to the purpose from any one else. The voice dwelt so agreeably on Mr. Wilding's ear, as he made his note, that he was rather long about it. When he looked up again, Mrs. Goldstraw's glance had naturally gone round the room, and now returned to him from the chimney-piece. Its expression was one of frank readiness to be questioned, and to answer straight.

"You will excuse my asking you a few questions?" said the modest wine merchant.

"O, surely, sir. Or I should have no business here."

"Have you filled the station of housekeeper before?"

"Only once. I have lived with the same widow lady for twelve years. Ever since I lost my husband. She was an invalid, and is lately dead, which is the occasion of my now wearing black."

"I do not doubt that she has left you the best credentials?" said Mr. Wilding.

"I hope I may say, the very best. I thought it would save trouble, sir, if I wrote down the name and address of her representatives, and brought it with me." Laying a card on the table.

"You singularly remind me, Mrs. Goldstraw," said Wilding, taking the card beside him, "of a manner and tone of voice that I was once acquainted with. Not of an individual,—I feel sure of that, though I can not recall what it is I have in my mind,—but of a general bearing. I ought to add, it was a kind and pleasant one."

She smiled, as she rejoined: "At least, I am very glad of that, sir."

"Yes," said the wine merchant, thoughtfully repeating his last phrase, with a momentary glance at his future housekeeper, "it was a kind and pleasant one. But that is the most I can make of it. Memory is sometimes like a half-forgotten dream. I don't know how it may appear to you, Mrs. Goldstraw, but so it appears to me."

Probably it appeared to Mrs. Goldstraw in a similar light, for she quietly assented to the proposition. Mr. Wilding then offered to put himself at once in communication with the gentleman named upon the card,—a firm of proctors in Doctors' Commons. To this Mrs. Goldstraw thankfully assented. Doctors' Commons not being far off, Mr. Wilding suggested the feasibility of Mrs. Goldstraw's looking in again, say in three hours' time. Mrs. Goldstraw readily undertook to do so. In fine, the result of Mr. Wilding's inquiries being eminently satisfactory, Mrs. Goldstraw was that afternoon engaged (on her own perfectly fair terms) to come to-morrow and set up her rest as housekeeper in Cripple Corner.

THE HOUSEKEEPER SPEAKS.

On the next day Mrs. Goldstraw arrived, to enter on her domestic duties.

Having settled herself in her own room, without troubling the servants, and without wasting time, the new housekeeper announced herself as waiting to be favored with any instructions which her master might wish to give her. The wine merchant received Mrs. Goldstraw in the dining-room, in which he had seen her on the previous day; and the usual preliminary civilities having passed on either side, the two sat down to take counsel together on the affairs of the house.

"About the meals, sir?" said Mrs. Goldstraw. "Have I a large or a small number to provide for?"

"If I can carry out a certain old-fashioned plan of mine," replied Mr. Wilding, "you will have a large number to provide for. I am a lonely single man, Mrs. Goldstraw; and I hope to live with all the persons in my employment as if they were members of my family. Until that time comes, you will only have me and the new partner whom I expect immediately, to provide for. What my partner's habits may be, I can not yet say. But I may describe myself as a man of regular hours, with an invariable appetite that you may depend upon to an ounce."

"About breakfast, sir?" asked Mrs. Goldstraw. "Is there any thing particular—?"

She hesitated, and left the sentence unfinished. Her eyes turned slowly away from her master, and looked toward the chimney-piece. If she had been a less excellent and experienced housekeeper, Mr. Wilding might have fancied that her attention was beginning to wander at the very outset of the interview.

"Eight o'clock is my breakfast-hour," he resumed. "It is one of my virtues to be never tired of broiled bacon, and it is one of my vices to be habitually suspicious of the freshness of eggs." Mrs. Goldstraw looked back at him, still a little divided between her master's chimney-piece and her master. "I take tea," Mr. Wilding went on; "and I am perhaps rather nervous and fidgety about drinking it within a certain time after it is made. If my tea stands too long—"

He hesitated, on his side, and left the sentence unfinished. If he had not been engaged in discussing a subject of such paramount interest to himself as his breakfast, Mrs. Goldstraw might have fancied that *his* attention was beginning to wander at the very outset of the interview.

"If your tea stands too long, sir—?" said the housekeeper, politely taking up her master's lost thread.

"If my tea stands too long," repeated the wine merchant, mechanically, his mind getting further and further away from his breakfast, and his eyes fixing themselves more and more inquiringly on his housekeeper's face. "If my tea— Dear, dear me, Mrs. Goldstraw! what *is* the manner and tone of voice that you remind me of? It strikes me even more strongly today than it did when I saw you yesterday. What can it be?"

"What can it be?" repeated Mrs. Goldstraw. She said the words, evidently thinking, while she spoke them, of something else. The wine merchant, still looking at her inquiringly, observed that her eyes wandered toward the chimney-piece once more. They fixed on the portrait of his mother, which hung there, and looked at it with that slight contraction of the brow which accompanies a scarcely conscious effort of memory. Mr. Wilding remarked—

"My late dear mother, when she was five-and-twenty."

Mrs. Goldstraw thanked him with a movement of the head for being at the pains to explain the picture, and said, with a cleared brow, that it was the portrait of a very beautiful lady.

Mr. Wilding, falling back into his former perplexity, tried once more to recover that lost recollection, associated so closely, and yet so undiscoverably, with his new housekeeper's voice and manner.

"Excuse my asking you a question which has nothing to do with me or my breakfast," he said. "May I inquire if you have ever occupied any other situation than the situation of housekeeper?"

"O yes, sir. I began life as one of the nurses at the Foundling."

"Why, that's it!" cried the wine merchant, pushing back his chair. "By Heaven! Their manner is the manner you remind me of!"

In an astonished look at him, Mrs. Goldstraw changed color, checked herself, turned her eyes upon the ground, and sat still and silent.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Wilding.

"Do I understand that you were in the Foundling, sir?"

"Certainly. I am not ashamed to own it."

"Under the name you now bear?"

"Under the name of Walter Wilding."

"And the lady—?" Mrs. Goldstraw stopped short with a look at the portrait which was now unmistakably a look of alarm.

"You mean my mother," interrupted Mr. Wilding.

"Your—mother," repeated the housekeeper, a little constrainedly, "removed you from the Foundling? At what age, sir?"

"At between eleven and twelve years old. It's quite a romantic adventure, Mrs. Goldstraw."

He told the story of the lady having spoken to him while he sat at dinner with the other boys in the Foundling, and of all that had followed, in his innocently communicative way. "My poor mother could never have discovered me," he added, "if she had not met with one of the matrons who pitied her. The matron consented to touch the boy whose name was 'Walter Wilding' as she went round the dinner-tables,—and so my mother discovered me again, after having parted from me as an infant at the Foundling doors."

At those words Mrs. Goldstraw's hand, resting on the table, dropped helplessly into her lap. She sat looking at her new master, with a face that had turned deadly pale, and with eyes that expressed an unutterable dismay.

"What does this mean?" asked the wine merchant. "Stop!" he cried. "Is there something else in the past time which I ought to associate with you? I remember my mother telling me of another person at the Foundling, to whose kindness she owed a debt of gratitude. When she first parted with me, as an infant, one of the nurses informed her of the name that had been given to me in the institution. You were that nurse?"

"God forgive me, sir,—I was that nurse!"

"God forgive you?"

"We had better get back, sir (if I may make so bold as to say so), to my duties in the house," said Mrs. Goldstraw. "Your breakfast-hour is eight. Do you lunch, or dine, in the middle of the day?"

The excessive pinkness which Mr. Bintrey had noticed in his client's face began to appear there once more. Mr. Wilding put his hand to his head, and mastered some momentary confusion in that quarter, before he spoke again.

"Mrs. Goldstraw," he said, "you are concealing something from me!"

The housekeeper obstinately repeated, "Please to favor me, sir, by saying whether you lunch, or dine, in the middle of the day?"

"I don't know what I do in the middle of the day. I can't enter into my household affairs, Mrs. Goldstraw, till I know why you regret an act of kindness to my mother which she always spoke of gratefully to the end of her life. You are not doing me a service by your silence. You are agitating me, you are alarming me, you are bringing on the singing in my head."

His hand went up to his head again, and the pink in his face deepened by a shade or two.

"It's hard, sir, on just entering your service," said the housekeeper, "to say what may cost me the loss of your good-will. Please to remember, end how it may, that I only speak because you have insisted on my speaking, and because I see that I am alarming you by my silence. When I told the poor lady whose portrait you have got there the name by which her infant was christened in the Foundling, I allowed myself to forget my duty, and dreadful consequences, I am afraid, have followed from it. I'll tell you the truth, as plainly as I can. A few months from the time when I had informed the lady of her baby's name, there came to our institution in the country another lady (a stranger) whose object was to adopt one of our children. She brought the needful permission

with her, and after looking at a great many of the children without being able to make up her mind, she took a sudden fancy to one of the babies—a boy—under my care. Try, pray try, to compose yourself, sir! It's no use disguising it any longer. The child the stranger took away was the child of that lady whose portrait hangs there!"

Mr. Wilding started to his feet. "Impossible!" he cried out vehemently. "What are you talking about? What absurd story are you telling me now? There's her portrait! Haven't I told you so already? The portrait of my mother!"

"When that unhappy lady removed you from the Foundling, in after years," said Mrs. Goldstraw, gently, "she was the victim, and you were the victim, sir, of a dreadful mistake."

He dropped back into his chair. "The room goes round with me," he said. "My head! my head!" The housekeeper rose in alarm, and opened the windows. Before she could get to the door to call for help, a sudden burst of tears relieved the impression which had at first almost appeared to threaten his life. He signed entreatingly to Mrs. Goldstraw not to leave him. She waited until the paroxysm of weeping had worn itself out. He raised his head as he recovered himself, and looked at her with the angry unreasoning suspicion of a weak man.

"Mistake?" he said, wildly repeating her last word. "How do I know you are not mistaken yourself?"

"There is no hope that I am mistaken, sir. I will tell you why, when you are better fit to hear it."

"Now! now!"

The tone in which he spoke warned Mrs. Goldstraw that it would be cruel kindness to let him comfort himself a moment longer with the vain hope that she might be wrong. A few words more would end it,—and those few words she determined to speak.

"I have told you," she said, "that the child of the lady whose portrait hangs there was adopted in its infancy, and taken away by a stranger. I am as certain of what I say as that I am now sitting here, obliged to distress you, sir, sorely against my will. Please to carry your mind on, now, to about three months after that time. I was then at the Foundling, in London, waiting to take some children to our Institution in the country. There was a question that day about naming an infant—a boy—who had just been received. We generally named them out of the Directory. On this occasion, one of the gentlemen who managed the Hospital happened to be looking over the Register. He noticed that the name of the baby who had been adopted ('Walter Wilding') was scratched out; for the reason, of course, that the child had been removed for good from our care. 'Here's a name to let,' he said. 'Give it to the new foundling who has been received to-day.' The name was given, and the child was christened. You, sir, were that child."

The wine merchant's head dropped on his breast. "I was that child!" he said to himself, trying helplessly to fix the idea in his mind. "I was that child!"

"Not very long after you had been received into the Institution," continued Mrs. Goldstraw, "I left my situation there, to be married. If you will remember that, and if you can give your mind to it, you will see for yourself how the mistake happened. Between eleven and twelve years passed before the lady whom you have believed to be your mother returned to the Foundling, to find her son, and to remove him to her own home. The lady only knew that her infant had been called 'Walter Wilding.' The matron, who took pity on her, could but point out the baby 'Walter Wilding' known in the Institution—and who might have set the matter right, was far away from the Foundling and all that belonged to it. There was nothing—there was really nothing—that could prevent this terrible mistake from taking place. I feel for you,—I do indeed, sir! You must think—and with reason—that it was in an evil hour that I came here (innocently enough, I'm sure), to apply for your housekeeper's place. I feel as if I was to blame,—I feel as if I ought to have had more self-command. If I had only been able to keep my face from showing you what that portrait and what your own words put into my mind, you need never, to your dying day, have known what you know now."

Mr. Wilding looked up suddenly. The inbred honesty of the man rose in protest against the housekeeper's last words. His mind seemed to steady itself, for the moment, under the shock that had fallen on it.

"Do you mean to say that you would have concealed this from me if you could?" he exclaimed.

"I hope I should always tell the truth, sir, if I was asked," said Mrs. Goldstraw. "And I know it is better for *me* that I should not have a secret of this sort weighing on my mind. But is it better for *you?* What use can it serve now—?"

"What use? Why, good Lord! if your story is true—"

"Should I have told it, sir, as I am now situated, if it had not been true?"

"I beg your pardon," said the wine merchant. "You must make allowance for me. This dreadful discovery is something I can't realize even yet. We loved each other so dearly,—I felt so fondly that I was her son. She died, Mrs. Goldstraw, in my arms,—she died blessing me, as only a mother *could* have blessed me. And now, after all these years, to be told she was *not* my mother! O me, O me! I don't know what I am saying!" he cried, as the impulse of self-control under which he had spoken a moment since flickered and died out. "It was not this dreadful grief—it was something else, that I had it in my mind to speak of. Yes, yes. You surprised me—you wounded me just now. You talked as if you would have hidden this from me, if you could. Don't talk in that way again. It would have been a crime to have hidden it. You mean well, I know. I don't want to distress you—you are a kind-hearted woman. But you don't remember what my position is. She left me all that I possess, in the firm persuasion that I was her son. I am not her son. I have taken the place—I have innocently got the inheritance of another man. He must be found! How do I know he is not at this moment in misery, without bread to eat? He must be found! My only hope of bearing up against the shock that has fallen on me is the hope of doing something which *she* would have approved. You must know more, Mrs. Goldstraw, than you have told me yet. Who was the stranger who adopted the child? You must have heard the lady's name?"

"I never heard it, sir. I have never seen her, or heard of her, since."

"Did she say nothing when she took the child away? Search your memory. She must have said something."

"Only one thing, sir, that I can remember. It was a miserably bad season, that year; and many of the children were suffering from it. When she took the baby away, the lady said to me, laughing, 'Don't be alarmed about his health. He will be brought up in a better climate than this,—I am going to take him to Switzerland.'"

"To Switzerland? What part of Switzerland?"

"She didn't say, sir."

"Only that faint clew!" said Mr. Wilding. "And a quarter of a century has passed since the child was taken away! What am I to do?"

"I hope you won't take offense at my freedom, sir," said Mrs. Goldstraw; "but why should you distress yourself about what is to be done? He may not be alive now, for any thing you know. And if he is alive, it's not likely he can be in any distress. The lady who adopted him was a bred and born lady,—it was easy to see that. And she must have satisfied them at the Foundling that she could provide for the child, or they would never have let her take him away. If I was in your place, sir,—please to excuse my saying so,—I should comfort myself with remembering that I had loved that poor lady whose portrait you have got there,—truly loved her as my mother, and that she had truly loved me as her son. All she gave to you, she gave for the sake of that love. It never altered while she lived; and it won't alter, I'm sure, as long as *you* live. How can you have a better right, sir, to keep what you have got than that?"

Mr. Wilding's immovable honesty saw the fallacy in his housekeeper's point of view at a glance.

"You don't understand me," he said. "It's *because* I loved her that I feel it a duty—a sacred duty—to do justice to her son. If he is a living man, I must find him: for my own sake, as well as for his. I shall break down under this dreadful trial, unless I employ myself—actively, instantly employ myself—in doing what conscience tells me ought to be done. I must speak to my lawyer; I must set my lawyer at work before I sleep to-night." He approached a tube in the wall of the room, and called down through it to the office below: "Leave me for a little, Mrs. Goldstraw," he resumed; "I shall be more composed, I shall be better able to speak to you, later in the day. We shall get on well—I hope we shall get on well together—in spite of what has happened. It isn't your fault; I know it isn't your fault. There! there! shake hands; and—and do the best you can in the house—I can't talk about it now."

The door opened as Mrs. Goldstraw advanced toward it; and Mr. Jarvis appeared.

"Send for Mr. Bintrey," said the wine merchant. "Say I want to see him directly."

The clerk unconsciously suspended the execution of the order, by announcing "Mr. Vendale," and showing in the new partner in the firm of Wilding & Co.

"Pray excuse me for one moment, George Vendale," said Wilding. "I have a word to say to Jarvis. Send for Mr. Bintrey," he repeated,—"send at once."

Mr. Jarvis laid a letter on the table before he left the room.

"From our correspondents at Neuchâtel, I think, sir. The letter has got the Swiss postmark."

NEW CHARACTERS ON THE SCENE.

The words, "The Swiss postmark," following so soon upon the housekeeper's reference to Switzerland, wrought Mr. Wilding's agitation to such a remarkable height, that his new partner could not decently make a pretense of letting it pass unnoticed.

"Wilding," he asked, hurriedly, and yet stopping short and glancing around as if for some visible cause of his state of mind, "what is the matter?"

"My good George Vendale," returned the wine merchant, giving his hand with an appealing look, rather as if he wanted help to get over some obstacle, than as if he gave it in welcome or salutation,—"my good George Vendale, so much is the matter, that I shall never be myself again. It is impossible that I can ever be myself again. For, in fact, I am not myself."

The new partner, a brown-cheeked, handsome fellow, of about his own age, with a quick determined eye and an impulsive manner, retorted with natural astonishment, "Not yourself?"

"Not what I supposed myself to be," said Wilding.

"What, in the name of wonder, *did* you suppose yourself to be that you are not?" was the rejoinder, delivered with a cheerful frankness, inviting confidence from a more reticent man. "I may ask without impertinence, now that we are partners."

"There again!" cried Wilding, leaning back in his chair, with a lost look at the other. "Partners! I had no right to come into this business. It was never meant for me. My mother never meant it should be mine. I mean his mother meant it should be his,—if I mean any thing,—or if I am any body."

"Come, come," urged his partner, after a moment's pause, and taking possession of him with that calm confidence which inspires a strong nature when it honestly desires to aid a weak one "Whatever has gone wrong has gone wrong through no fault of yours, I am very sure. I was not in this counting-house with you under the old *régime*, for three years, to doubt you, Wilding. We were not younger men than we are, together, for that. Let me begin our partnership by being a serviceable partner, and setting right whatever is wrong. Has that letter any thing to do with it?"

"Hah!" said Wilding, with his hand to his temple "There again! My head! I was forgetting the coincidence. The Swiss postmark."

"At a second glance I see the letter is unopened, so it is not very likely to have much to do with the matter," said Vendale, with comforting composure. "Is it for you, or for us?"

"For us," said Wilding.

"Suppose I open it and read it aloud, to get it out of our way?"

"Thank you, thank you."

"The letter is only from our champagne-making friends, the House at Neuchâtel. 'Dear Sir. We are in receipt of yours of the 28th ult., informing us that you have taken your Mr. Vendale into partnership, whereon we beg you to receive the assurance of our felicitations. Permit us to embrace the occasion of specially commending to you M. Jules Obenreizer.' Impossible!"

Wilding looked up in quick apprehension, and cried, "Eh?"

"Impossible sort of name," returned his partner, slightly,—"Obenreizer. '—Of specially commending to you M. Jules Obenreizer, of Soho Square, London (north side), henceforth fully accredited as our agent, and who has already had the honor of making the acquaintance of your Mr. Vendale, in his (said M. Obenreizer's) native country, Switzerland,'—to be sure; pooh, pooh; what have I been thinking of! I remember now,—'when traveling with his niece.'"

"With his—?" Vendale had so slurred the last word, that Wilding had not heard it.

"When traveling with his Niece. Obenreizer's Niece," said Vendale, in a somewhat superfluously lucid manner. "Niece of Obenreizer. (I met them in my first Swiss tour, traveled a little with them, and lost them for two years; met them again my Swiss tour before last, and have lost them ever since). Obenreizer. Niece of Obenreizer. To be sure! Possible sort of name, after all! 'M. Obenreizer is in possession of our absolute confidence, and we do not doubt you will esteem his merits.' Duly signed by the House, 'Defresnier et Cie.' Very well. I undertake to see M. Obenreizer presently, and clear him out of the way. That clears the Swiss postmark out of the way. So now, my dear Wilding, tell me what I can clear out of *your* way, and I'll find a way to clear it."

More than ready and grateful to be thus taken charge of, the honest wine merchant wrung his partner's hand, and, beginning his tale by pathetically declaring himself an Impostor, told it.

"It was on this matter, no doubt, that you were sending for Bintrey when I came in?" said his partner, after reflecting.

"It was."

"He has experience and a shrewd head; I shall be anxious to know his opinion. It is bold and hazardous in me to give you mine before I know his, but I am not good at holding back. Plainly, then, I do not see these circumstances as you see them. I do not see your position as you see it. As to your being an Impostor, my dear Wilding, that is simply absurd, because no man can be that without being a consenting party to an imposition. Clearly you never were so. As to your enrichment by the lady who believed you to be her son, and whom you were forced to believe, on her own showing, to be your mother, consider whether that did not arise out of the personal relations between you. You gradually became much attached to her; she gradually became much attached to you. It was on you, personally you, as I see the case, that she conferred these worldly advantages; it was from her, personally her, that you took them."

"She supposed me," objected Wilding, shaking his head, "to have a natural claim upon her, which I had not."

"I must admit that," replied his partner, "to be true. But if she had made the discovery that you have made, six months before she died, do you think it would have canceled the years you were together, and the tenderness that each of you had conceived for the other,—each on increasing knowledge of the other?"

"What I think," said Wilding, simply but stoutly holding to the bare fact, "can no more change the truth than it can bring down the sky. The truth is that I stand possessed of what was meant for another man."

"He may be dead," said Vendale.

"He may be alive," said Wilding. "And if he is alive, have I not—innocently, I grant you innocently—robbed him of enough? Have I not robbed him of all the happy time that I enjoyed in his stead? Have I not robbed him of the exquisite delight that filled my soul when that dear lady," stretching his hand toward the picture, "told me she was my mother? Have I not robbed him of all the care she lavished on me? Have I not even robbed him of all the devotion and duty that I so proudly gave to her? Therefore it is that I ask myself, George Vendale, and I ask you, where is he? What has become of him?"

"Who can tell!"

"I must try to find out who can tell. I must institute inquiries. I must never desist from prosecuting inquiries. I will live upon the interest of my share—I ought to say his share—in this business, and will lay up the rest for him. When I find him, I may perhaps throw myself upon his generosity; but I will yield up all to him. I will, I swear. As I loved and honored her," said Wilding, reverently kissing his hand toward the picture, and then covering his eyes with it,—"as I loved and honored her, and have a world of reasons to be grateful to her!" And so broke down again.

His partner rose from the chair he had occupied, and stood beside him, with a hand softly laid upon his shoulder. "Walter, I knew you before to-day to be an upright man, with a pure conscience and a fine heart. It is very fortunate for me that I have the privilege to travel on in life so near to so trustworthy a man. I am thankful for it. Use me as your right hand, and rely upon me to the death. Don't think the worst of me if I protest to you that my uppermost feeling at present is a confused, you may call it an unreasonable one. I feel far more pity for the lady and for you, because you did not stand in your supposed relations, than I can feel for the unknown man (if he ever became a man), because he was unconsciously displaced. You have done well in sending for Mr. Bintrey. What I think will be a part of his advice, I know is the whole of mine. Do not move a step in this serious matter precipitately. The secret must be kept among us with great strictness, for to part with it lightly would be to invite fraudulent claims, to encourage a host of knaves, to let loose a flood of perjury and plotting. I have no more to say now, Walter, than to remind you that you sold me a share in your business expressly to save yourself from more work than your present health is fit for, and that I bought it expressly to do work, and mean to do it."

With these words, and a parting grip of his partner's shoulder that gave them the best emphasis they could have had, George Vendale betook himself presently to the counting-house, and presently afterward to the address of M. Jules Obenreizer.

As he turned into Soho Square, and directed his steps toward its north side, a deepened color shot across his sun-browned face, which Wilding, if he had been a better observer, or had been less occupied with his own trouble, might have noticed when his partner read aloud a certain passage in their Swiss correspondent's letter, which he had not read so distinctly as the rest.

A curious colony of mountaineers has long been enclosed within that small flat London district of Soho. Swiss watch-makers, Swiss silver-chasers, Swiss jewelers, Swiss importers of Swiss musical boxes and Swiss toys of various kinds, draw close together there. Swiss professors of music, painting, and languages; Swiss artificers in steady work; Swiss couriers, and other Swiss servants chronically out of place; industrious Swiss laundresses and clear-starchers; mysteriously existing Swiss of both sexes; Swiss creditable and Swiss discreditable; Swiss to be trusted by all means, and Swiss to be trusted by no means; these diverse Swiss particles are attracted to a centre in the district of Soho. Shabby Swiss eating-houses, coffee-houses, and lodging-houses, Swiss drinks and dishes, Swiss service for Sundays, and Swiss schools for week-days, are all to be found there. Even the native-born English taverns drive a sort of broken English trade; announcing in their windows Swiss whets and drams, and sheltering in their bars Swiss skirmishes of love and animosity on most nights in the year.

When the new partner in Wilding & Co. rang the bell of a door bearing the blunt inscription OBENREIZER on a brass plate,—the inner door of a substantial house, whose ground story was devoted to the sale of Swiss clocks,—he passed at once into domestic Switzerland. A white-tiled stove for winter-time filled the fire-place of the room into which he was shown; the room's bare floor was laid together in a neat pattern of several ordinary woods; the room had a prevalent air of surface bareness and much scrubbing; and the little square of flowery carpet by the sofa, and the velvet chimney-board with its capacious clock and vases of artificial flowers, contended with that tone, as if, in bringing out the whole effect, a Parisian had adapted a dairy to domestic purposes.

Mimic water was dropping off a mill-wheel under the clock. The visitor had not stood before it, following it with his eyes, a minute, when M. Obenreizer, at his elbow, startled him by saying, in very good English, very slightly clipped: "How do you do? So glad!"

"I beg your pardon. I didn't hear you come in."

"Not at all! Sit, please."

Releasing his visitor's two arms, which he had lightly pinioned at the elbows by way of embrace, M. Obenreizer also sat, remarking, with a smile: "You are well? So glad!" and touching his elbows again.

"I don't know," said Vendale, after exchange of salutations, "whether you may yet have heard of me from your House at Neuchâtel?"

"Ah, yes!"

"In connection with Wilding & Co?"

"Ah, surely!"

"Is it not odd that I should come to you, in London here, as one of the Firm of Wilding & Co., to pay the Firm's respects?"

"Not at all! What did I always observe when we were on the mountains? We call them vast; but the world is so little. So little is the world, that one can not keep away from

persons. There are so few persons in the world, that they continually cross and recross. So very little is the world, that one can not get rid of a person. Not," touching his elbows again, with an ingratiatory smile, "that one would desire to get rid of you."

"I hope not, M. Obenreizer."

"Please call me, in your country, Mr. I call myself so, for I love your country. If I *could* be English! But I am born. And you? Though descended from so fine a family, you have had the condescension to come into trade? Stop though. Wines? Is it trade, in England, or profession? Not fine art?"

"Mr. Obenreizer," returned Vendale, somewhat out of countenance, "I was but a silly young fellow, just of age, when I first had the pleasure of traveling with you, and when you and I, and Mademoiselle your niece—who is well?"

"Thank you. Who is well."

"—Shared some slight glacier dangers together. If, with a boy's vanity, I rather vaunted my family, I hope I did so as a kind of introduction of myself. It was very weak, and in very bad taste; but perhaps you know our English proverb, 'Live and learn.'"

"You make too much of it," returned the Swiss. "And what the devil! After all, yours *was* a fine family."

George Vendale's laugh betrayed a little vexation, as he rejoined: "Well! I was strongly attached to my parents, and when we first traveled together, Mr. Obenreizer, I was in the first flush of coming into what my father and mother left me. So I hope it may have been, after all, more youthful openness of speech and heart than boastfulness."

"All openness of speech and heart! No boastfulness!" cried Obenreizer. "You tax yourself too heavily. You tax yourself, my faith! as if you was your government taxing you! Besides, it commenced with me. I remember, that evening in the boat upon the lake, floating among the reflections of the mountains and valleys, the crags and pine woods, which were my earliest remembrance, I drew a word-picture of my sordid childhood. Of our poor hut, by the waterfall which my mother showed to travelers; of the cow-shed where I slept with the cow; of my idiot half-brother always sitting at the door, or limping down the Pass to beg; of my half-sister always spinning, and resting her enormous goitre on a great stone; of my being a famished naked little wretch of two or three years, when they were men and women with hard hands to beat me, I, the only child of my father's second marriage,—if it even was a marriage. What more natural than for you to compare notes with me, and say, 'We are as one by age; at that same time I sat upon my mother's lap in my father's carriage, rolling through the rich English streets, all luxury surrounding me, all squalid poverty kept far from me. Such is *my* earliest remembrance as opposed to yours.'"

Mr. Obenreizer was a black-haired young man of a dark complexion, through whose swarthy skin no red glow ever shone. When color would have come into another cheek, a hardly discernible heat would come into his, as if the machinery for bringing up the ardent blood were there, but the machinery were dry. He was robustly made, well-proportioned, and had handsome features. Many would have perceived that some surface change in him would have set them more at their ease with him, without being able to define what change. If his lips could have been made much thicker, and his neck much thinner, they would have found their want supplied.

But the great Obenreizer peculiarity was, that a certain nameless film would come over his eyes—apparently by the action of his own will—which would impenetrably veil, not only from those tellers of tales, but from his face at large, every expression save one of attention. It by no means followed that his attention should be wholly given to the person with whom he spoke, or even wholly bestowed on present sounds and objects. Rather, it was a comprehensive watchfulness of every thing he had in his own mind, and every thing that he knew to be, or suspected to be, in the minds of other men.

At this stage of the conversation, Mr. Obenreizer's film came over him.

"The object of my present visit," said Vendale, "is, I need hardly say, to assure you of the friendliness of Wilding & Co., and of the goodness of your credit with us, and of our desire to be of service to you. We hope shortly to offer you our hospitality. Things are not quite in train with us yet, for my partner, Mr. Wilding, is reorganizing the domestic part of our establishment, and is interrupted by some private affairs. You don't know Mr. Wilding, I believe?"

Mr. Obenreizer did not.

"You must come together soon. He will be glad to have made your acquaintance, and I think I may predict that you will be glad to have made his. You have not been long established in London, I suppose, Mr. Obenreizer?"

"It is only now that I have undertaken this agency."

"Mademoiselle your niece—is—not married?"

"Not married."

George Vendale glanced about him, as if for any tokens of her.

"She has been in London?"

"She *is* in London."

"When, and where, might I have the honor of recalling myself to her remembrance?"

Mr. Obenreizer, discarding his film and touching his visitor's elbows as before, said lightly: "Come up stairs."

Fluttered enough by the suddenness with which the interview he had sought was coming upon him after all, George Vendale followed up stairs. In a room over the chamber he had just quitted—a room also Swiss appointed,—a young lady sat near one of three windows, working at an embroidery frame; and an older lady sat with her face turned close to another white-tiled stove (though it was summer, and the stove was not lighted), cleaning gloves. The young lady wore an unusual quantity of fair bright hair, very prettily braided about a rather rounder white forehead than the average English type, and so her face might have been a shade—or say a light—rounder than the average English face, and her figure slightly rounder than the figure of the average English girl at nineteen. A remarkable indication of freedom and grace of limb, in her quiet attitude, and a wonderful purity and freshness of color in her dimpled face and bright gray eyes, seemed fraught with mountain air. Switzerland, too, though the general fashion of her dress was English, peeped out of the fanciful bodice she wore, and lurked in the curious clocked red stocking, and in its little silver-buckled shoe. As to the elder lady, sitting with her feet apart upon the lower brass ledge of the stove, supporting a lap-full of gloves while she cleaned one stretched on her left hand, she was a true Swiss impersonation of another kind; from the breadth of her cushion-like back, and the ponderosity of her respectable legs (if the word be admissible), to the black velvet band tied tightly round her throat for the repression of a rising tendency to *goitre;* or, higher still, to her great copper-colored gold ear-rings; or, higher still, to her head-dress of black gauze stretched on wire.

"Miss Marguerite," said Obenreizer to the young lady, "do you recollect this gentleman?"

"I think," she answered, rising from her seat, surprised and a little confused, "it is Mr. Vendale?"

"I think it is," said Obenreizer, dryly. "Permit me, Mr. Vendale. Madame Dor."

The elder lady by the stove, with the glove stretched on her left hand, like a glover's sign, half got up, half looked over her broad shoulder, and wholly plumped down again and rubbed away.

"Madame Dor," said Obenreizer, smiling, "is so kind as to keep me free from stain or tear. Madame Dor humors my weakness for being always neat, and devotes her time to removing every one of my specks and spots."

Madame Dor, with the stretched glove in the air, and her eyes closely scrutinizing its palm, discovered a tough spot in Mr. Obenreizer at that instant, and rubbed hard at him. George Vendale took his seat by the embroidery-frame (having first taken the fair right hand that his entrance had checked), and glanced at the gold cross that dipped into the bodice, with something of the devotion of a pilgrim, who had reached his shrine at last. Obenreizer stood in the middle of the room with his thumbs in his waistcoat-pockets, and became filmy.

"He was saying down stairs, Miss Obenreizer," observed Vendale, "that the world is so small a place, that people can not escape one another. I have found it much too large for me since I saw you last."

"Have you traveled so far, then?" she inquired.

"Not so far, for I have only gone back to Switzerland each year; but I could have wished—and indeed I have wished very often—that the little world did not afford such opportunities for long escapes as it does. If it had been less, I might have found my fellow-travelers sooner, you know."

The pretty Marguerite colored, and very slightly glanced in the direction of Madame Dor.

"You find us at length, Mr. Vendale. Perhaps you may lose us again."

"I trust not. The curious coincidence that has enabled me to find you, encourages me to hope not."

"What is that coincidence, sir, if you please?" A dainty little native touch in this turn of speech and in its tone made it perfectly captivating, thought George Vendale, when again he noticed an instantaneous glance toward Madame Dor. A caution seemed to be conveyed in it, rapid flash though it was; so he quietly took heed of Madame Dor from that time forth.

"It is that I happen to have become a partner in a house of business in London, to which Mr. Obenreizer happens this very day to be expressly recommended; and that, too, by another house of business in Switzerland, in which (as it turns out) we both have a commercial interest. He has not told you?"

"Ah!" cried Obenreizer, striking in, filmless. "No. I had not told Miss Marguerite. The world is so small and so monotonous that a surprise is worth having in such a little jog-trot place. It is as he tells you, Miss Marguerite. He, of so fine a family, and so proudly bred, has condescended to trade. To trade! Like us poor peasants, who have risen from ditches!"

A cloud crept over the fair brow, and she cast down her eyes.

"Why, it is good for trade!" pursued Obenreizer, enthusiastically. "It ennobles trade! It is the misfortune of trade, it is its vulgarity, that any low people—for example, we poor peasants—may take to it and climb by it. See you, my dear Vendale!" He spoke with great energy. "The father of Miss Marguerite, my eldest half-brother, more than two times your age or mine, if living now, wandered without shoes, almost without rags, from that wretched pass,—wandered,—wandered,—got to be fed with the mules and dogs at an Inn in the main valley far away,—got to be Boy there,—got to be Ostler,—got to be Waiter,—got to be Cook,—got to be Landlord. As Landlord, he took me (could he take the idiot beggar, his brother, or the spinning monstrosity, his sister?) to put as pupil to the famous watch-maker, his neighbor and friend. His wife dies when Miss Marguerite is born. What is his will, and what are his words, to me, when *he* dies, she being between girl and woman? 'All for Marguerite, except so much by the year for you. You are young, but I make her your ward, for you were of the obscurest and the poorest peasantry, and so was I, and so was her mother; we were abject peasants all, and you will remember it.' The thing is equally true of most of my countrymen, now in trade in this your London quarter of Soho. Peasants once; low-born drudging Swiss Peasants. Then how good and great for trade"—here, from having been warm, he became playfully jubilant, and touched the young wine merchant's elbows again with his light embrace—"to be exalted by gentlemen!"

"I do not think so," said Marguerite, with a flushed cheek, and a look away from the visitor, that was almost defiant. "I think it is as much exalted by us peasants."

"Fie, fie, Miss Marguerite," said Obenreizer. "You speak in proud England."

"I speak in proud earnest," she answered, quietly resuming her work, "and I am not English, but a Swiss peasant's daughter."

There was a dismissal of the subject in her words, which Vendale could not contend against. He only said in an earnest manner, "I most heartily agree with you, Miss Obenreizer, and I have already said so, as Mr. Obenreizer will bear witness," which he by no means did, "in this house."

Now, Vendale's eyes were quick eyes, and sharply watching Madame Dor by times, noted something in the broad back view of that lady. There was considerable pantomimic expression in her glove-cleaning. It had been very softly done when he spoke with Marguerite, or it had altogether stopped, like the action of a listener. When Obenreizer's peasant-speech came to an end, she rubbed most vigorously, as if applauding it. And once or twice, as the glove (which she always held before her, a little above her face) turned in the air, or as this finger went down, or that went up, he even fancied that it made some telegraphic communication to Obenreizer: whose back was certainly never turned upon it, though he did not seem at all to heed it.

Vendale observed, too, that in Marguerite's dismissal of the subject twice forced upon him to his misrepresentation, there was an indignant treatment of her guardian which she tried to check: as though she would have flamed out against him, but for the influence of fear. He also observed—though this was not much—that he never advanced within the distance of her at which he first placed himself; as though there were limits fixed between them. Neither had he ever spoken of her without the prefix "Miss," though whenever he uttered it, it was with the faintest trace of an air of mockery. And now it occurred to Vendale for the first time that something curious in the man, which he had never before been able to define, was definable as a certain subtle essence of mockery, that eluded touch or analysis. He felt convinced that Marguerite was in some sort a prisoner as to her free will; though she held her own against those two combined, by the force of her character, which was nevertheless inadequate to her release. To feel convinced of this, was not to feel less disposed to love her than he had always been. In a word, he was desperately in love with her, and thoroughly determined to pursue the opportunity which had opened at last.

For the present, he merely touched upon the pleasure that Wilding & Co. would soon have in entreating Miss Obenreizer to honor their establishment with her presence,—a curious old place, though a bachelor house withal,—and so did not protract his visit beyond such a visit's ordinary length. Going down stairs, conducted by his host, he found the Obenreizer counting-house at the back of the entrance-hall, and several shabby men in outlandish garments, hanging about, whom Obenreizer put aside that he might pass, with a few words in *patois*.

"Countrymen," he explained, as he attended Vendale to the door. "Poor compatriots. Grateful and attached, like dogs! Good-bye. To meet again. So glad!"

Two more light touches on his elbows dismissed him into the street.

Sweet Marguerite at her frame, and Madame Dor's broad back at her telegraph, floated before him to Cripple Corner. On his arrival there, Wilding was closeted with Bintrey. The cellar doors happening to be open, Vendale lighted a candle in a cleft stick, and went down for a cellarous stroll. Graceful Marguerite floated before him faithfully, but Madame Dor's broad back remained outside.

The vaults were very spacious, and very old. There had been a stone crypt down there, when by-gones were not by-gones; some said, part of a monkish refectory; some said, of a chapel; some said, of a Pagan temple. It was all one now. Let who would make what he liked of a crumbled pillar and a broken arch or so. Old Time had made what *he* liked of it, and was quite indifferent to contradiction.

The close air, the musty smell, and the thunderous rumbling in the streets above, as being out of the routine of ordinary life, went well enough with the picture of pretty Marguerite holding her own against those two. So Vendale went on until, at a turning in the vaults, he saw a light like the light he carried.

"Oh! You are here, are you, Joey?"

"Oughtn't it rather to go, 'Oh! *You're* here, are you, Master George?' For it's my business to be here. But it ain't yourn."

"Don't grumble, Joey."

"Oh! *I* don't grumble," returned the Cellarman. "If any thing grumbles, it's what I've took in through the pores; it ain't me. Have a care as something in *you* don't begin a-grumbling, Master George. Stop here long enough for the wapors to work, and they'll be at it."

His present occupation consisted of poking his head into the bins, making measurements and mental calculations, and entering them in a rhinoceros-hide-looking note-book, like a piece of himself.

"They'll be at it," he resumed, laying the wooden rod that he measured with, across two casks, entering his last calculation, and straightening his back, "trust 'em! And so you've regularly come into the business, Master George?"

"Regularly. I hope you don't object, Joey?"

"*I* don't, bless you. But wapors objects that you're too young. You're both on you too young."

"We shall get over that objection day by day, Joey."

"Ay, Master George; but I shall, day by day, get over the objection that I'm too old, and so I shan't be capable of seeing much improvement in you."

The retort so tickled Joey Ladle that he grunted forth a laugh and delivered it again, grunting forth another laugh after the second edition of "improvement in you."

"But what's no laughing matter, Master George," he resumed, straightening his back once more, "is, that Young Master Wilding has gone and changed the luck. Mark my words. He has changed the luck, and he'll find it out. *I* ain't been down here all my life for nothing! *I* know by what I notices down here, when it's a-going to rain, when it's a-going to hold up, when it's a-going to blow, when it's a-going to be calm. *I* know, by what I notices down here when the luck's changed, quite as well."

"Has this growth on the roof any thing to do with your divination?" asked Vendale, holding his light toward a gloomy ragged growth of dark fungus, pendent from the arches with a very disagreeable and repellent effect. "We are famous for this growth in this vault, aren't we?"

"We are, Master George," replied Joey Ladle, moving a step or two away, "and if you'll be advised by me, you'll let it alone."

Taking up the rod just now laid across the two casks, and faintly moving the languid fungus with it, Vendale asked, "Ay, indeed? Why so?"

"Why, not so much because it rises from the casks of wine, and may leave you to judge what sort of stuff a Cellarman takes into himself when he walks in the same all the days of his life, nor yet so much because at a stage of its growth it's maggots, and you'll fetch 'em down upon you," returned Joey Ladle, still keeping away, "as for another reason, Master George."

"What other reason?"

"(I wouldn't keep on touchin' it, if I was you, sir.) I'll tell you if you'll come out of the place. First, take a look at its color, Master George."

"I am doing so."

"Done, sir. Now, come out of the place."

He moved away with his light, and Vendale followed with his. When Vendale came up with him, and they were going back together, Vendale eying him as they walked through the arches, said: "Well, Joey? The color."

"Is it like clotted blood, Master George?"

"Like enough, perhaps."

"More than enough, I think," muttered Joey Ladle, shaking his head solemnly.

"Well, say it is like; say it is exactly like. What then?"

"Master George, they do say—"

"Who?"

"How should I know who?" rejoined the Cellarman, apparently much exasperated by the unreasonable nature of the question. "Them! Them as says pretty well every thing, you know. How should I know who They are, if you don't?"

"True. Go on."

"They do say that the man that gets by any accident a piece of that dark growth right upon his breast, will, for sure and certain, die by Murder."

As Vendale laughingly stopped to meet the Cellarman's eyes, which he had fastened on his light while dreamingly saying those words, he suddenly became conscious of being struck upon his own breast by a heavy hand. Instantly following with his eyes the action of the hand that struck him—which was his companion's—he saw that it had beaten off his breast a webb or clot of the fungus, even then floating to the ground.

For a moment he turned upon the Cellarman almost as scared a look as the Cellarman turned upon him. But in another moment they had reached the daylight at the foot of the cellar-steps, and before he cheerfully sprang up them, he blew out his candle and the superstition together.

EXIT WILDING.

On the morning of the next day, Wilding went out alone, after leaving a message with his clerk. "If Mr. Vendale should ask for me," he said; "or if Mr. Bintrey should call, tell them I am gone to the Foundling." All that his partner had said to him, all that his lawyer, following on the same side, could urge, had left him persisting unshaken in his own point of view. To find the lost man, whose place he had usurped, was now the paramount interest of his life, and to inquire at the Foundling was plainly to take the first step in the direction of discovery. To the Foundling, accordingly, the wine merchant now went.

The once-familiar aspect of the building was altered to him, as the look of the portrait over the chimney-piece was altered to him. His one dearest association with the place which had sheltered his childhood had been broken away from it forever. A strange reluctance possessed

him, when he stated his business at the door. His heart ached as he sat alone in the waiting-room while the Treasurer of the Institution was being sent for to see him. When the interview began it was only by a painful effort that he could compose himself sufficiently to mention the nature of his errand.

The Treasurer listened with a face which promised all needful attention, and promised nothing more.

"We are obliged to be cautious," he said, when it came to his turn to speak, "about all inquiries which are made by strangers."

"You can hardly consider me a stranger," answered Wilding, simply. "I was one of your poor lost children here, in the by-gone time."

The Treasurer politely rejoined that this circumstance inspired him with a special interest in his visitor. But he pressed, nevertheless, for that visitor's motive in making his inquiry. Without further preface, Wilding told him his motive, suppressing nothing.

The Treasurer rose, and led the way into the room in which the registers of the Institution were kept. "All the information which our books can give is heartily at your service," he said. "After the time that has elapsed, I am afraid it is the only information we have to offer you."

The books were consulted, and the entry was found, expressed as follows:

"3d March, 1836. Adopted and removed from the Foundling Hospital, a male infant, named Walter Wilding. Name and condition of the person adopting the child,—Mrs. Jane Ann Miller, widow. Address, — Lime-Tree Lodge, Groombridge Wells. References,—the Reverend John Harker, Groombridge Wells; and Messrs. Giles, Jeremie, & Giles, bankers, Lombard Street."

"Is that all?" asked the wine merchant. "Had you no after-communication with Mrs. Miller?"

"None,—or some reference to it must have appeared in this book."

"May I take a copy of the entry?"

"Certainly! You are a little agitated. Let me make the copy for you."

"My only chance, I suppose," said Wilding, looking sadly at the copy, "is to inquire at Mrs. Miller's residence, and to try if her references can help me?"

"That is the only chance I see at present," answered the Treasurer. "I heartily wish I could have been of some further assistance to you."

With those farewell words to comfort him, Wilding set forth on the journey of investigation which began from the Foundling doors. The first stage to make for was plainly the house of business of the bankers in Lombard Street. Two of the partners in the firm were inaccessible to chance-visitors when he asked for them. The third, after raising certain inevitable difficulties, consented to let a clerk examine the Ledger marked with the initial letter "M." The account of Mrs. Miller, widow, of Groombridge Wells, was found. Two long lines in faded ink were drawn across it; and at the bottom of the page there appeared this note: "Account closed, September 30th, 1837."

So the first stage of the journey was reached,—and so it ended in No Thoroughfare! After sending a note to Cripple Corner to inform his partner that his absence might be prolonged for some hours, Wilding took his place in the train, and started for the second stage of the journey,—Mrs. Miller's residence at Groombridge Wells.

Mothers and children traveled with him; mothers and children met each other at the station; mothers and children were in the shops when he entered them to inquire for Lime-Tree Lodge. Everywhere, the nearest and dearest of human relations showed itself happily in the happy light of day. Everywhere he was reminded of the treasured delusion from which he had been awakened so cruelly,—of the lost memory which had passed from him like a reflection from a glass.

Inquiring here, inquiring there, he could hear of no such place as Lime-Tree Lodge. Passing a house-agent's office, he went in wearily, and put the question for the last time. The house-agent pointed across the street to a dreary mansion of many windows, which might have been a manufactory, but which was an hotel.

"That's where Lime-Tree Lodge stood, sir," said the man, "ten years ago."

The second stage reached, and No Thoroughfare again!

But one chance was left. The clerical reference, Mr. Harker, still remained to be found. Customers coming in at the moment to occupy the house-agent's attention, Wilding went down the street, and entering a bookseller's shop, asked if he could be informed of the Reverend John Harker's present address.

The bookseller looked unaffectedly shocked and astonished, and made no answer.

Wilding repeated his question.

The bookseller took up from his counter a prim little volume in a binding of sober gray. He handed it to his visitor, open at the title-page. Wilding read—

"The martyrdom of the Reverend John Harker in New Zealand. Related by a former member of his flock."

Wilding put the book down on the counter. "I beg your pardon," he said, thinking a little, perhaps, of his own present martyrdom while he spoke. The silent bookseller acknowledged the apology by a bow. Wilding went out.

Third and last stage, and No Thoroughfare for the third and last time.

There was nothing more to be done; there was absolutely no choice but to go back to London, defeated at all points. From time to time on the return journey, the wine merchant looked at his copy of the entry in the Foundling Register. There is one among the many forms of despair—perhaps the most pitiable of all—which persists in disguising itself as hope. Wilding checked himself in the act of throwing the useless morsel of paper out of the carriage window. "It may lead to something yet," he thought. "While I live I won't part with it. When I die, my executors shall find it sealed up with my will."

Now, the mention of his will set the good wine merchant on a new track of thought, without diverting his mind from its engrossing subject. He must make his will immediately.

The application of the phrase No Thoroughfare to the case had originated with Mr. Bintrey. In their first long conference following the discovery, that sagacious personage had a hundred times repeated, with an obstructive shake of the head, "No Thoroughfare, Sir, No Thoroughfare. My belief is that there is no way out of this at this time of day, and my advice is, make yourself comfortable where you are."

In the course of the protracted consultation, a magnum of the forty-five-year-old port wine had been produced for the wetting of Mr. Bintrey's legal whistle; but the more clearly he saw his way through the wine, the more emphatically he did not see his way through the case; repeating, as often as he set his glass down empty, "Mr. Wilding, No Thoroughfare. Rest and be thankful."

It is certain that the honest wine merchant's anxiety to make a will, originated in profound conscientiousness; though it is possible (and quite consistent with his rectitude) that he may unconsciously have derived some feeling of relief from the prospect of delegating his own difficulty to two other men who were to come after him. Be that as it may, he pursued his new track of thought with great ardor, and lost no time in begging George Vendale and Mr. Bintrey to meet him in Cripple Corner and share his confidence.

"Being all three assembled with closed doors," said Mr. Bintrey, addressing the new partner on the occasion, "I wish to observe, before our friend (and my client) intrusts us with his further views, that I have indorsed what I understand from him to have been your advice, Mr. Vendale, and what would be the advice of every sensible man. I have told him that he positively must keep his secret. I have spoken with Mrs. Goldstraw, both in his presence and in his absence; and if any body is to be trusted (which is a very large IF), I think she is to be trusted to that extent. I have pointed out to our friend (and my client), that to set on foot random inquiries would not only be to raise the Devil, in the likeness of all the swindlers in the kingdom, but would also be to waste the estate. Now you see, Mr. Vendale, our friend (and my client) does not desire to waste the estate, but on the contrary, desires to husband it for what he considers—but I can't say I do—the rightful owner, if such rightful owner should ever be found. I am very much mistaken if he ever will be, but never mind that. Mr. Wilding and I are, at least, agreed that the estate is not to be wasted. Now, I have yielded to Mr. Wilding's desire to keep an advertisement at intervals flowing through the newspapers, cautiously inviting any person who may know any thing about that adopted infant, taken from the Foundling Hospital, to come to my office; and I have pledged myself that such advertisement shall regularly appear. I have gathered from our friend (and my client) that I meet you here to-day to take his instructions, not to give him advice. I am prepared to receive his instructions, and to respect his wishes: but you will please observe that this does not imply my approval of either as a matter of professional opinion."

Thus Mr. Bintrey; talking quite as much *at* Wilding as *to* Vendale. And yet, in spite of his care for his client, he was so amused by his client's Quixotic conduct, as to eye him from time to time with twinkling eyes, in the light of a highly comical curiosity.

"Nothing," observed Wilding, "can be clearer. I only wish my head were as clear as yours, Mr. Bintrey."

"If you feel that singing in it, coming on," hinted the lawyer, with an alarmed glance, "put it off,—I mean the interview."

"Not at all, I thank you," said Wilding. "What was I going to—"

"Don't excite yourself, Mr. Wilding," urged the lawyer.

"No; I *wasn't* going to," said the wine merchant. "Mr. Bintrey and George Vendale, would you have any hesitation or objection to become my joint trustees and executors, or can you at once consent?"

"*I* consent," replied George Vendale, readily.

"*I* consent," said Bintrey, not so readily.

"Thank you both. Mr. Bintrey, my instructions for my last will and testament are short and plain. Perhaps you will now have the goodness to take them down. I leave the whole of my real and personal estate, without any exception or reservation whatsoever, to you two, my joint trustees and executors, in trust to pay over the whole to the true Walter Wilding, if he shall be found and identified within two years after the day of my death. Failing that, in trust to you two to pay over the whole as a benefaction and legacy to the Foundling Hospital."

"Those are all your instructions, are they, Mr. Wilding?" demanded Bintrey, after a blank silence, during which nobody had looked at any body.

"The whole."

"And as to those instructions, you have absolutely made up your mind, Mr. Wilding?"

"Absolutely, decidedly, finally."

"It only remains," said the lawyer, with one shrug of his shoulders, "to get them into technical and binding form, and to execute and attest. Now, does that press? Is there any hurry about it? You are not going to die yet, sir."

"Mr. Bintrey," answered Wilding, gravely, "when I am going to die is within other knowledge than yours or mine. I shall be glad to have this matter off my mind, if you please."

"We are lawyer and client again," rejoined Bintrey, who, for the nonce, had become almost sympathetic. "If this day week,—here, at the same hour,—will suit Mr. Vendale and yourself, I will enter in my Diary that I attend you accordingly."

The appointment was made, and in due sequence kept. The will was formally signed, sealed, delivered, and witnessed, and was carried off by Mr. Bintrey for safe storage among the papers of his clients, ranged in their respective iron boxes, with their respective owners' names outside, on iron tiers in his consulting-room, as if that legal sanctuary were a condensed Family Vault of Clients.

With more heart than he had lately had for former subjects of interest, Wilding then set about completing his patriarchal establishment, being much assisted not only by Mrs. Goldstraw but by Vendale too: who, perhaps, had in his mind the giving of an Obenreizer dinner as soon as possible. Anyhow, the establishment being reported in sound working order, the Obenreizers, Guardian and Ward, were asked to dinner, and Madame Dor was included in the invitation. If Vendale had been over head and ears in love before,—a phrase not to be taken as implying the faintest doubt about it,—this dinner plunged him down in love ten thousand fathoms deep. Yet, for the life of him, he could not get one word alone with charming Marguerite. So surely as a blessed moment seemed to come, Obenreizer, in his filmy state, would stand at Vendale's elbow, or the broad back of Madame Dor would appear before his eyes. That speechless matron was never seen in a front view, from the moment of her arrival to that of her departure,—except at dinner. And from the instant of her retirement to the drawing-room, after a hearty participation in that meal, she turned her face to the wall again.

Yet, through four or five delightful though distracting hours, Marguerite was to be seen, Marguerite was to be heard, Marguerite was to be occasionally touched. When they made the round of the old dark cellars, Vendale led her by the hand, when she sang to him in the lighted room at night, Vendale, standing by her, held her relinquished gloves, and would have bartered against them every drop of the forty-five year old, though it had been forty-five times forty-five years old, and its net price forty-five times forty-five pounds per dozen. And still, when she was gone, and a great gap of an extinguisher was clapped on Cripple Corner, he tormented himself by wondering, Did she think that he admired her! Did she think that he adored her! Did she suspect that she had won him, heart and soul! Did she care to think at all about it! And so, Did she and Didn't she, up and down the gamut, and above the line and below the line, dear, dear! Poor restless heart of humanity! To think that the men who were mummies thousands of years ago, did the same, and ever found the secret how to be quiet after it!

"What do you think, George," Wilding asked him next day, "of Mr. Obenreizer? (I won't ask you what you think of Miss Obenreizer)."

"I don't know," said Vendale, "and I never did know, what to think of him."

"He is well informed and clever," said Wilding.

"Certainly clever."

"A good musician." (He had played very well, and sung very well, overnight.)

"Unquestionably a good musician."

"And talks well."

"Yes," said George Vendale, ruminating, "and talks well. Do you know, Wilding, it oddly occurs to me, as I think about him, that he doesn't keep silence well!"

"How do you mean? He is not obtrusively talkative."

"No, and I don't mean that. But when he is silent, you can hardly help vaguely, though perhaps most unjustly, mistrusting him. Take people whom you know and like. Take any one you know and like."

"Soon done, my good fellow," said Wilding. "I take you."

"I didn't bargain for that, or foresee it," returned Vendale, laughing. "However, take me. Reflect for a moment. Is your approving knowledge of my interesting face, mainly founded (however various the momentary expressions it may include) on my face when I am silent?"

"I think it is," said Wilding.

"I think so too. Now, you see, when Obenreizer speaks,—in other words, when he is allowed to explain himself away,—he comes out right enough; but when he has not the opportunity of explaining himself away, he comes out rather wrong. Therefore it is that I say he does not keep silence well.. And passing hastily in review such faces as I know and don't trust, I am inclined to think, now I give my mind to it, that none of them keep silence well."

This proposition in Physiognomy being new to Wilding, he was at first slow to admit it, until asking himself the question whether Mrs. Goldstraw kept silence well, and remembering that her face in repose decidedly invited trustfulness, he was as glad as men usually are to believe what they desire to believe.

But as he was very slow to regain his spirits or his health, his partner, as another means of setting him up,—and perhaps also with contingent Obenreizer views,—reminded him of those musical schemes of his in connection with his family, and how a singing-class was to be formed in the house, and a Choir in a neighboring church. The class was established speedily, and, two or three of the people having already some musical knowledge, and singing tolerably, the choir soon followed. The latter was led and chiefly taught by Wilding himself: who had hopes of converting his dependents into so many Foundlings, in respect of their capacity to sing sacred choruses.

[*To be Continued.*]

FACETIÆ.

A REASON WHY YOUNG LADIES SHOULD AVOID RITUALISM.—It makes them *fast*, and *cross* withal.

IMPORTANT FINANCIAL WORKS.

Cent. per Cent.; or, the Ups and Downs of Life, by "One of the Israelitish Persuasion," dedicated to Minors. This will no doubt be a work full of interest. Who can doubt it?

How to Spin a Yarn, by a Cotton Broker, being an Essay on the Sophistry of Borrowers requiring Advances.

The Adventures of a Promissory Note; or, The Perils of Dishonor, by the author of *How to Fly a Kite, etc.*

I. O. U., by "One whose Alphabetical Knowledge ignores these Obnoxious Letters," being a Dissertation on waste-paper currency.

The History of Most Bills of Exchange, from their Infancy to Maturity, by a Commercial Man of Undoubted Standing—in his own opinion.

The Asylum for Idiots only, by "A Rogue who has managed to keep out of it."

No Effects; or, the Effects of Insolvency, being a dignified Reply by an Indignant Debtor to an impertinent Banker's Clerk.

A New Way to Pay Old Debts, a Practical Treatise on raising a laugh at the expense of a body of Creditors.

Which are the three most unpleasant vowels?—I O U.

THOUGHTS ON EGGS.

An egg, like Cæsar's wife, should be above suspicion.

Is it probable that the old fowls lay stale eggs, and only the young hens fresh ones?

Eggs resemble roses, being propagated by Layers.

A hen cackles when she lays an egg, and so some stranger benefits by her production. *Moral:* Never cackle.

A fowl and her eggs are soon parted.

Eggs are eggs, be they never so eggy.

CONFERENTIAL EXORDIUMS.

The Pope observed that he had reason to complain—

The Emperor of Austria said that he felt some hesitation—

The King of Italy remarked that he strongly protested—

The Emperor of Russia replied that he saw no objection—

The Queen of Spain observed that she would only be too happy—

The British Lion said he hoped No Popery—

The Sultan of Turkey confessed he really wondered—

Count de Bismarck remarked he had watched most anxiously—

And the Emperor of the French said he had quite determined—

Why is a dog like a tree?—Because both lose their bark when dead.

"What's the matter, my dear?" said a wife to her husband, who had sat for half an hour with his face buried in his hands, apparently in great tribulation. "Oh! I don't know," said he; "I have felt like a fool all day." "Well," returned the wife, consolingly, "I'm afraid you will never get any better; you look the very picture of what you feel."

In a grave-yard in Vermont is said to be found the following inscription upon a tombstone; but as Jenner first experimented with vaccine matter in 1790 there ought to have been some change of the dates:

Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
The son of Mr. Amos Foot;
Born on the 20th of May was he, in 1763;
And left this world, we trust, for heaven in 1777.

What mighty mysteries in creation
Are effected by inoculation!
The means employed his life to save
Hurried him headlong to the grave.

IMPORTANCE OF PUNCTUATION.

Wanted—A young man to take charge of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind.

A school committee man writes: "We have a school house large enough to accommodate four hundred pupils four stories high."

A newspaper says: "A child was run over by a wagon on three years old and cross-eyed with pantalets on which never spoke afterward."

An exchange, describing a celebration says: "The procession was very fine and nearly two miles in length as was also the prayer of Dr. Perry the chaplain."

FITS-FOBBES (*who has been chaffing the charming creature as far as his poor little brain would allow him to go*). "No, but weally—don't you know it's a gweat shame to w'woast you like this?"

EDITH. "Oh, don't name it, pray. I don't at all mind being roasted by such a slow fire."

F. F. retires.

When will the laundress most likely strike?—When the iron's hot.

BUTCHERING THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.—Is there any connection between the "golden calf" and the "*veal*" of Fortune?

Fenianism dates very much farther back than most people suppose. We would remind our readers that when Herodias's daughter was living there was a head-sent-her.

HOW TO COOK A GOOSE.—Suspend yourself in front of a brisk fire, and revolve carefully and regularly until you are done brown.

Why is a butcher's business best suited to a "company?"—It would make a joint-stock concern.

TO THE BENEVOLENT.—There is a man so hard up that he even sleeps on tick.

BOARDING-SCHOOL STUDIES.
(HABITS OF THE YOUNG LADIES.)

"A Hair-Brushing." Which means, pretty Dressing-Gowns, and Gossip in each other's Rooms, for any number of Hours, after saying "Good-Night!" down stairs. [*N.B. Only confidential Friends admitted.*

"THE GRAY MARE," ETC.

MRS. B. (*taking the reins*)—"No, Brown, I will not have the Pony backed! No! That Person must have seen us come into the Lane first; and if the Man's got common Politeness—"

MR. B.—"But, my dear, we've only just turned the—"

MRS. B.—"I don't care, Brown! No! I won't go back if I stay here till—"

FARMER.—"All right, Sir!—I'll back, Sir! I've got just such another *Vixen* at Home, Sir!"

A CAT'S LAMENT.

Oh why, pray, was I ever born?
Why was I not drown'd at my birth?
For the life I daily am leading
Is a sort of a hell upon earth.

Poor mother unconsciously laid
Six of us asleep on a bonnet—
A new one: and how missus raved
At finding us fast asleep on it!

Execution was instantly ordered;
And five were selected for slaughter:
A white tip to my nose and my tail
Saved me from a plunge into water.

I envy all cats that have died,
And been buried in coffins of paste;
Satisfaction I know they have given,
If properly season'd to taste.

I'm alone in a house that's to let;
A feeling exceedingly strange,
For master I find's in a mess
From being unlucky on 'Change.

With lawyers and bailiffs to follow
He's got himself into a fix,
So missus she quietly hook'd it
One night with the family sticks.

At first I could hardly believe it,
After living on all that was nice,
To come to sit watching all day
At a hole for a dinner on mice.

The mice getting shy, I'd to fall
On beetles and crickets; but they,
Not liking the treatment I gave,
To some other place mov'd away.

When I, in a house that is strange,
Ever dare to take up my location,
I've a shovel or broom at my head,
As a sort of a slight intimation.

"Nine lives" have been number'd, and I
Am reduced to my bones and my skin;
So I'll crawl, and my ashes deposit
Where I should, in my grave—the dust-bin.

In order to keep up with the progress of the age Time has abandoned the scythe and hour-glass, and purchased a mowing-machine and a watch.

Who is the oldest lunatic on record?—Time out of mind.

A ROMAN QUESTION.—"If uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," what must the Pope's head suffer from wearing three crowns?

In a new spelling-book the juveniles are informed that the flesh of the pig "produces" pork. Ought not the youngsters to be informed at the same time that it "produces" nightmare?

Why was Apollo the presiding deity of falsehood?—He was the patron of lyres.

"Very few men," says Swift, "live in the present; most people are providing to live another time."

HOW HE POISONED HIMSELF.—It having been mentioned that the Marquis de Crequi, who was famous for his spitefulness, had poisoned himself, Madame de Marchais observed, "It is probable that he bit his own tongue."

AN OLD LOVE.

It is not that I love you less devotedly than when
Your summers were but twenty—and your children were not ten.
You the queen of this poor bosom in my fancy still I crown,
As when your name was Parker, and before you married Brown.

No! I love you still as fondly as I did in days of yore,
When I used to call at tea-time, or a little bit before;
When I used to bring the kettle, pour the water in the pot;
When I proffered warm affections, and I handed muffins hot.

No! I love you still as fondly as I did in ancient days,
When we used to go out walking in our sentimental ways;
When I handed you politely over stile and over gutter,
And my feet were in a puddle and my heart was in a flutter.

Then there came a separation, and it cost us sighs and tears—
Our paths, they were divided, as you know, for many years.
And when at length we met again, the changes were not few,
I had taken a drysaltery—and Brown had taken you.

But I love you still as fondly as I used to love you then,
And could I only wed you, should be happiest of men.
But the love of age is wiser than the love of youth by far—
It likes its shares at premium, and does not care for par.

Your wedding Brown I pardon—for they say that he died "warm,"
And wealth would gild the ravages of time on that dear form—
Yet an obstacle arises—but one obstacle—and that's
That I'm told that all the money has been settled on the brats!

"When I goes a shoppin'," said an old lady, "I allers ask for what I wants, and if they have it, and it's suitable, and I feel inclined to buy it, and it's cheap, and can't be got for less, I most allers takes it without chappering about it all day, as some people do."

"Biddy Malony, just you look at the clock! Didn't I tell you last night to knock at my door at eight this morning?" "An' so ye did, Sir; an' I came to the door at eight, sure enough; but I heard you was making no noise at all!" "Well, why the dickens didn't you knock and wake me?" "Sure, and because I feared you might be fast asleep."

The following touching epitaph is found in St. Pancras church-yard:

Eliza, sorrowing, rears this marble slab
To her dear John, who died of eating crab.

Sulphur comes from Vesuvius; therefore it is good for eruptions.

THE LAP OF LUXURY—A cat enjoying her milk.

How to take a census of the children of a neighborhood—Employ an organ-grinder five minutes.

WAITER (*in a restaurant, shouting to the kitchen*). "One lamb, two peas."

STRANGER. "Waiter, waiter! A little less of the lamb and more of the peas."

Why was Eve the first ritualist convert?—Because she began by being eve-angelical, and ended by adopting vestments.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 10.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Hair-Dressing.

WE give several new and tasteful styles of arranging the hair, which continues to be worn quite high, with the chignon nearly covering the back of the head.

Figs. 1 and 2.—Crisp the front hair tightly, and comb it upward over a crêpé, and pass it on the right side under, and on the left side over a braid composed of the back hair, divided in two, and forming a diadem. The chignon is formed of several loops, with a cluster of curls of different lengths in the middle. A single short curl falls in the back of the neck from under the braid.

Figs. 3 and 4.—Part the front hair very far backward, and divide it into two parts; comb the top one upward over a crêpé, and brush the lower one backward. Make the chignon of braids, coiled snailwise, as seen in the illustration, and finish with two Marie Antoinette curls behind the ears.

Figs. 5 and 6.—The high chignon here is encircled with a heavy braid, plaited over a crêpé. Another braid passes round the front of the head. The front hair is divided into two parts, the upper one of which is crisped and drawn backward, and passed with the lower one under the braid.

Fig. 7.—The front hair is crisped and arranged as in the preceding; the superfluous hair, however, is formed into a puff, and the ends of the back hair are made into a bow at the top of the chignon.

Fig. 8.—One part of the front hair is seen crisped and rolled over a thick crêpé, while the other forms one large and two small curls; the last fall on the right side, behind the ear. The back hair is tied high and combed upward over a chignon-crêpé; a large curl falls from the top of the chignon.

Figs. 9 and 10.—The front hair here is parted in the middle, crisped, and rolled upward over a thick crêpé. The back hair is tied high, and arranged over two crêpés, so as to form a snail-shaped chignon. A cluster of curls is placed on the parting in front and on the top of the chignon. A lock of crisped hair falls behind the right ear.

Fig. 11.—The chignon here is composed wholly of curls, with a long curl falling behind the left ear. The front hair is slightly crisped and divided into two locks, one of which is carried under the other; the upper one falls naturally, shading the forehead.

FIGURE 1.

FIGURE 3.

FIGURE 4.

FIGURE 6.

FIGURE 7.

FIGURE 5.

FIGURE 8.

FIGURE 2.

FIGURE 9.

FIGURE 11.

FIGURE 10.

DIFFERENT STYLES OF HAIR-DRESSING.

FANNY THE FLIRT.

FANNY the F.... is a dangerous girl,
She dances so lightly, she smiles so divinely,
She can fling such a glance as she tosses a curl
That her partner believes he is getting on finely—
To stagger away at the last, badly hurt,
For she never shows mercy, does Fanny the Flirt.

Fanny the Flirt, she can smile and look down—
Can smile and look up with an air so confiding!
But, ah! she can kill all your hopes with a frown,
And turn you adrift with a smile of deriding:
No fair coral isle by hid reefs all begirt
Is so treachery-fraught as fair Fanny the Flirt.

Fanny the Flirt may be lovely in face,
But woe to the hand that imprisons her fingers;
And woe to the eyes that half fancy they trace
A meaning in hers of a lovelight that lingers.
When it comes to the trial her answer is curt,
No love and no pity has Fanny the Flirt.

Fanny the Flirt! Retribution must come!
Beauty flies fast as the valse's fleet measure:
When the eye shall be dim and the heart shall be numb,
Will the thoughts of the past bring thee sorrow or pleasure?
Old, neglected, and single thou'lt mourn what thou wert,
And sigh, "Would I ne'er had been Fanny the Flirt!"

Fanny the Flirt, even worse may befall!
To mate—for a home—with a mind uncongenial:
A tyrant, severe where offenses are small,
Whose code does not count any folly is venial—
Who'll storm if a button be missed from his shirt—
But she dances and heeds not, does Fanny the Flirt.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1868.

DESCRIPTION OF

OUR FIRST COLORED FASHION PLATE,

ACCOMPANYING THIS NUMBER FOR JAN. 4, 1868.

Dinner and Evening Toilettes.

Fig. 1.—Dress of pearl-gray silk, trimmed in front with three rows of application leaves of green satin, extending the whole length of the skirt, from the belt to the bottom of the dress; one of these rows is straight, the others curve a little on each side. Belt of green satin, with very broad sash ends falling behind. High-necked waist, trimmed with green satin buttons. Close sleeves. Epaulets and wristbands of leaves similar to those on the skirt of the dress.

Fig. 2.—Dress of white silk, with a flounce a little way from the bottom, edged with mauve satin, and surmounted by a ruche of mauve ribbon. Low-necked waist. Berthe of mauve satin, with shoulder-knots of the same. Belt of mauve satin, to which is attached a sort of peplum in the form of a fichu, the point of which depends on the right side, while the sash ends are knotted on the left side. This fichu, together with the bertha and shoulder-knots, is trimmed with mauve knotted tassels and fringe. Coiffure formed of a wreath of brown and white foliage.

A CUP OF COFFEE.

SOME one in the hearing of Voltaire remarked that coffee was a poison. "Then," said the hale old philosopher, exulting in his threescore years and ten, "it must be a very slow poison, for I have drunk it, man and boy, for at least sixty years." So far from his daily cup of coffee having acted injuriously upon the health of the shriveled but vigorous Voltaire, it had, no doubt, by its gently stimulating effect, greatly aided in keeping to its work a brain whose labors have been seldom surpassed, if ever equaled. To the intellectual worker coffee, in fact, seems especially adapted. It exhilarates and arouses the brain, when wearied, to increased strength and a more lively disposition to effort, while, if used moderately, these effects are not followed, as in the case of stronger stimulants, by any sense of prostration. Wine, spirits, opium, and Indian hemp in their action upon the brain especially excite and pervert the imagination; but coffee seems only to affect the reasoning powers, which, without deranging, it stimulates to exercise.

The peculiar properties of coffee have been discovered by chemistry to reside in the three ingredients of which it is composed. A volatile oil, which gives it its aroma, acts as a gentle stimulant, favors transpiration, slightly moves the bowels, and checks the waste of the body; a principle termed, when found in coffee, coffeine, which is identical with the theine obtained from tea, and has, like it, the remarkable property of arresting the waste or decay of the living body; and an astringent acid, which has a tonic and constipating effect, which counteracts the laxative tendency of the volatile oil.

Coffee, moreover, is said to have a decided remedial effect in gravel and gout. In France and its colonies both these diseases, where they were once so frequent, have greatly diminished since coffee-drinking has become general. A case is recorded of a gentleman, who, having suffered severely from the age of twenty-five to fifty years with the gout, and whose hands and feet had become knotted with chalk-stones, was cured by the use of coffee, which not only removed the disease, but its uncomfortable deposits.

Six hundred millions of pounds of coffee are the estimated amount of the whole product, chiefly obtained from Arabia, South America, and the East and West Indies. Coffee was first introduced into Europe about two hundred years ago, where its annual consumption has reached over two hundred millions of pounds. Germany and France are the chief consumers in Europe, and over the whole world there are supposed to be nearly a hundred million of coffee-drinkers, or one-fifth of those who regale themselves with tea.

We shall venture to suggest to our housekeepers some hints by which they may learn to improve their coffee, which is confessed by all connoisseurs to be more execrably made in the United States than in any other country. In the first place, the coffee grain must be good; that of Mocha is the best, but the less-esteemed product of Brazil and the West Indies may be rendered almost equal to that of the finest quality by keeping it for a sufficient time in its raw state. "The worst coffee produced," says a competent judge, "will in ten to fourteen years become as good and acquire as high a flavor as the best we now have from Turkey."

Coffee, like tea, should be infused and never boiled. By the latter process, so often adopted in this country, the volatile oil is dissipated, and its pleasant aroma and useful effects lost, and the bitterness and constipating properties of the astringent acid retained too abundantly, giving the beverage a disagreeable taste, and rendering it unwholesome. The coffee, to be good, must be roasted, not burned, just before use, and when ground, quickly made. The water on the boil—the coffee-pot having been previously heated, lest it should reduce the temperature—must be poured over the coffee, spread upon cloth or perforated metal, and allowed to percolate slowly into the receptacle below. A frequent error in this country is the use of too little coffee or too much water. The coffee should always be made strong, and diluted only with boiling milk when ready for drinking.

Coffee is often adulterated with beans, peas, rye, and chicory. These substances are not unwholesome, but they make a beverage which with their color may deceive the eye, but never the taste of the connoisseur. Chicory, which is the most common substitute for or ingredient mixed with coffee, is the powdered root of the common endive, cultivated in our gardens for salad, and has when pure no unwholesome qualities. The ground chicory as sold is often mixed with Venetian red to give it a coffee color, and this Venetian red is not seldom adulterated with brick-dust. It is advisable, therefore, for those who wish to drink a cup of coffee, not only in name and appearance but in reality, to procure the bean in its natural state, and to roast and grind it themselves as they may want it.

WHAT THE WINTER HAS DONE FOR US.

AMONG all our victories over nature our mastery of winter, though seldom noticed, is one of the most significant. A winter fifty years ago was a much more serious inconvenience than now, and more fatal too to comfort and health. The old mythology has been rewritten, and Boreas is a terrible god no more.

The spirit of invention that winter has called forth is one of the pleasant signs of the times, a good omen of the progress we are achieving in the adaptation of the globe to the higher uses of human habitation. To make a catalogue of the arts, public and private, which have abated the severity of winter would be as complimentary to our good sense as to our productive genius. Nor is this all, for we have worked manfully on its good side, and enlisted it in the service of health, culture, and refinement. We understand its tonic virtues, its periodic restoration of jaded nerves, its bountiful supplies for exhausted strength. A bath of cold air is always accessible, always safe if you have a good circulation, and always the cheapest of luxuries, while an hour in the Central Park of a clear winter's day is worth a week at Saratoga. Our people see this very clearly, and are making good use of their knowledge. Summer takes care of itself. But the rough, savage winter has to be brought under civilization, and the people who most thoroughly harness it in obedience to their necessities and tastes are sure to lead in the march of the world's progress.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to a Young Poet.

MY DEAR ASAPH,—So you have a volume of poetry ready for the printer, and are only hesitating in your selection of a publisher. You are not alone in the situation, dear Asaph. There are many thousands of young men of your age all over the country who are in the same position, and meditating the same choice. Let me advise you to try the very first publisher that offers; and may you find one as friendly, as gentle, and as true as the one Gifted Hopkins found in Dr. Holmes's "Guardian Angel!" When I say the first publisher that offers you must not misunderstand me. I do not mean that when it is known you have a volume of poetry ready all the great publishers will instantly write and make you munificent offers. No; not exactly that. I use the word offers in the general sense. I mean the publisher most convenient to you. You can make the experiment with him as well as with any. You ask me about manners. My dear boy, in your case good sense, reason, and a little reflection, are the best manners you can show.

For, oh my boy! you are going to wince and suffer. I wish I could help you. I wish I could take your punishment, as the pugilists say, vicariously. But it is impossible. Nobody can bear another man's disappointment more than he can shed another's tears; and nobody can prove to another that he is to be disappointed—at least in such a matter as this. You will think me foolish in saying so, because I have not read your verses. No, I have not; and it is not necessary. Dear child, I read my own fifty years ago, and I know all about it. Mine were yours, and yours are mine; except that I used to write Byron and Campbell and Moore, and you write Tennyson and Browning and Longfellow. I know that I should find poetic feeling and sympathy and facility in your verses. They would show a generous, refined, cultivated mind. They would have rhyme and rhythm; and the young ladies to whom you have read them, and the young gentlemen who know of them, and the kind literary friends to whom you have submitted them, asking their perfectly impartial and unbiased opinion, all agree that they are excellent, and touching, and delightful, and full of promise; and with time and riper experience there is no knowing—in fact, if you could only understand it, dear Asaph—no knowing but that you may some day write poetry.

That is what it means. And what else could you expect? If you send a poem to Mr. Longfellow, for instance, and request his unprejudiced judgment, do you suppose, if he takes any notice of your request, that that kind heart will make you suffer? Is it likely, humanly speaking, that he will say to you that you have written a book full of imitative sentimentality, and that there are at least a million young Americans and Englishmen who can do, and are perpetually engaged in doing precisely the same thing? Of course he will not say this. He will not say it, because he knows that you would not believe it. He knows that you would think him hardened by his own fame; and he is quite modest enough not to trust his own impression of your performances as final even if it were what I have suggested. And what right, my dear young poet, have you to put him or any body else in such a position? If he should not answer, you would think him haughty and cold. If he should reply that your poetry was rubbish, you would think him brutal. If he should say that it seems to him very melodious and full of fine feeling, you would swell and puff like any bird you choose to name. My dear young poet, let your first lesson in good manners be not to force a good man into such a false position.

You say that he ought to tell the truth, though the heavens fall. Possibly. But clearly you have no right to coerce men continually into acts of moral heroism. Be as moral and heroic yourself as you can be; but leave the rest of us alone. You have no right to be perpetually knocking a man down in order to furnish him with the opportunity of exercising the virtue of Christian forgiveness. There is also virtue in Christian justice, remember. But when a poor fellow reads, for instance, what the *Nation* says of his precious little venture of poems in one slight volume, do you suppose he estimates that particular virtue of justice very highly? Does he not rather say in his heart of hearts, "This is a captious, querulous, bitter, mean, sour, and dastardly personal assault?" But is any body bound to admire your poetry, pray? Am I sour and personal because I thrust my pen through you in the *Nation*? Why, here is your note to me inclosing that very volume in manuscript, and requesting my unbiased opinion. I post that opinion for you and for mankind at large upon the columns of the *Nation*, and you declare with a livid lip that I am a mean fellow. My dear Parnassian friend, is it not very evident that you might correct your manners in this respect to very great advantage?

I am aware, dear Asaph, that you have not yet provoked public criticism. You are still deciding who shall publish your poetry. But when the ordeal comes, remember that I have advised you that your manners should be based upon reason and reflection. How many poets are there in this country whose poetry repays publishing? I doubt if there are a dozen. The question for you to ponder is whether you are likely to be the thirteenth. Very properly you ask why you should not be? And that is the question which at least ten thousand other young gentlemen and ladies, with a neat manuscript volume of verses ready for the printer, are also asking at this very moment. And don't misunderstand me, I do not advise you not to print if you can find a publisher. I know that there is not only genius, but there is also the modesty of genius; and if a young fellow should suppose I am cynically asserting that poetry is a lost art, and that all the great poets have appeared and disappeared, he is a very foolish young fellow, and I hope he will live to disprove what I certainly neither believe nor declare.

But first, be reasonable with your publisher (when you find him); second, be reasonable with your critics; third, be reasonable with your public; that is my golden rule for a poet's good manners as a poet. Your publisher sees every day very many young men upon the same business which you come to propose. Perhaps he is a scholar, perhaps not. He may be a man of literary taste, or he may not. But remember that you have not called upon him as a scholar or as a man of taste. You have never seen him before. You have no claim upon him of any kind. Your visit is exclusively one of business. You have called to ask him to spend some of his money. He naturally asks you in what way the expense will be of advantage to him—in what way he can get his money back again. You can only reply that it will return to him from the sale of your book of poetry. Now that is a subject which he thoroughly understands, and of which you know nothing whatever. The sale of books is his business. He studies the market. He has immense experience. In his view, and necessarily, your book is a mere commodity of trade. If your reputation—which is also a marketable commodity—or the subject of your work, or any collateral circumstances, promise a good and remunerative sale, he may be willing to make a bargain.

But do you seriously think he ought to do so because you are conscious of the poetic afflatus, and because Mr. Bryant thinks very highly of your verses, and because the master of the Academy at Tidwidgeonvilleopolis is of opinion that your muse combines the lyric fire of Samuel Woodworth with the elegiac tenderness of P. Emmons? Dear poet, in the office of the publisher remember that you are a trader, and that you must be able to show the other "party" a *quo* for the *quid* which you require.

And so with your critics. They are not bound to be silent because they do not like your book. In publishing you challenge publicity. You say when you go into print that you have done something worth doing. You have occupied the time and consumed the labor of honest workmen, and if you have wasted them you ought to be exposed. My dear Asaph, I sincerely hope that you do not wish to be one of that great company of spooneys who say: "If he couldn't speak well of my book, he might have said nothing about it." What! do you decry pickpockets, and yet wish to perpetrate a fraud upon the public? Do you wish only the papers that will from any motive praise you to speak of your poetry? Do you insist that criticism shall be merely publishers' puffing? No, Sir, critics have a duty to do which they can not honorably avoid. If I read in my newspaper or my magazine that you have written a volume of delightful verse, and that certain poets had better look to their laurels, I stop at my bookseller's and order your charming volume, and find that it is not charming at all. The critic has swindled me out of the price of the work. What is that to me that he didn't wish to hurt your feelings? He has not undertaken to spare your feelings, but he has undertaken to tell me the honest truth about books, and he has betrayed his trust.

You will probably take it as a personal affront that a man does not think you a poet after you have written and published your volume. At least, my dear fellow, if you do not you will greatly differ from many others whom I shall not name. But remember, if the critics are unjust they will not prevail. Byron and Keats conquered their sharp censors each in his own way. Your true course is to ask yourself, when somebody says that you are no poet, "Isn't the difficulty with this criticism the fact that it is true?" Asaph, I have had some experience of what is called criticism in this country, and I assure you its fault is not severity.

And be reasonable with your public. I know men who are sour and morose—yes, who are "going to the bad"—because they think they are not appreciated. "There is Narr," says one of these, "see how his books sell! Do you suppose that I can't write as well as Narr!" And the poor fellow is green with envy and spleen. Now, I have generally found that this kind of man overestimated himself; and he was very angry because other people did not take him at his own valuation. But the public is generally fair. It is very often immensely good-natured. Look at it. You despise John Smith as an author; his last poem seems to you utter drivel. Well now, I read in this morning's paper that it has gone into the twenty-fifth thousandth in twenty-five days. I say nothing about the poem, for I may happen to like it more than you do; but is it not plain that if the public is so fond of drivel, you ought not to expect it to like your sublime song? You quarrel with people who dote upon Smith, for instance, that they do not buy your poetry. Why should they? Do you suppose that John Milton would be troubled that the worthy public, which buys hundreds of editions of Martin Farquhar Tupper, buys very few editions of the Paradise Lost?

Think of that, dear Asaph. If your poetry is really poetry, what does it matter for you as a great poet whether the public thinks so or not? If it is *not* poetry, why should the public admire it? Your proper manners as a poet may be expressed in one word—good-humor. Be sure that you have enough of that for all emergencies, and then may you speedily find a publisher! Your sympathetic Friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

HOLIDAY TOYS.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

CHRISTMAS trees this winter are made of metal tubes, trunk, branches, and all in one, imitating so accurately the Christmas pines that when placed beside real trees it is difficult to distinguish the metal tree from the natural one. A pipe connected with the chandelier conducts the gas through every limb, and jets every where light up the tree most brilliantly. Reflectors of polished tin and gay-colored paper enhance the bright display. New ornaments in the shape of flame-colored animals in miniature, elephants, tigers, lobsters, etc., are suspended by elastic cords. For the benefit of our juvenile friends we have looked through Santa Claus's treasures to find out what he has in store for them.

DOLLS.

A handsome doll, possessed of a stately and dignified mien, is dressed in the style of a French Marquise of the ancient *régime*. A trained skirt of cherry-colored satin opens in front and discloses a white silk petticoat, ruffled with blond lace. The waist is made surplice with a blond chemisette. Sleeves tight to the elbow, where they form a ruffle lined with blond fluted lace. Filigree necklace and bracelets. Cherry satin high-crowned hat with tiny tufts of white ostrich feathers at the side.

Another is a younger lady with a pretty blonde face of wax—arms and limbs ditto—blue eyes of glass, yet not glassy—and golden curls of real hair. When standing—and she preserves her equilibrium admirably—she is quite tall, three feet and a half indeed. In a reclining position her eyes close as if in slumber. Her clothing, made in her native city, Berlin, is exceedingly stylish. A dress of white poplin gored *à la princesse* is elaborately braided with blue. Her girdle is of blue silk, with reticule attached containing a tiny mouchoir and porte-monnaie. She wears a jaunty little white felt hat and long blue veil, and high Polish boots of bronze, adorned with tassels and gilt buttons.

A happy faced bride wears a white silk trained dress with lace tunic, blond veil and bandeau of tiny white flowers, gloves of white kid, buttoning up to the elbow, bouquet, lace kerchief, and pearl jewelry.

Another young lady is a miniature copy of a New York belle. She has a bisque head, hazel eyes, rosy cheeks, and sunny brown hair arranged with short curls over the forehead, and large braided chignon. Her dress of blue poplin, of Pyne's best Irish, is made and trimmed in the prevailing style—gored tight in front with a long train. A trained petticoat of crinoline supports her when standing, and displays the graceful sweep of her flowing skirt. Gilt ear-rings and pin.

A saucy little body is jauntily attired in a street suit of Bismarck velveteen—short skirt, redingote, and toquet, such as are seen every fine afternoon on Broadway.

Still another with baby face, light frizzed hair, and night-dress, says papa and mamma when pressed to do so. Lying down she folds her arms and closes her eyes in slumber. One, very small, is put to sleep in a swinging cradle by pulling a cord at the side. On pulling another string she opens her eyes; at a third pull she cries; a fourth jerk and she throws up her arms; one pull more and she sits bolt upright, screaming at the top of her lungs.

Besides these there are tanned leather dolls warranted to fall without breaking, and to wash, with soap and water, without fading. There are rubber dolls dressed in crocheted suits, and in Scotch costumes. Again, there are Papal Zouaves, gay hussars, Swiss peasants, and Russians clad in furs; Napoleons with fierce eyes and fiercer mustache, beside meek little Red Riding Hoods; angel dolls in cherub array, with a sash about the waist and outspread wings; bootblacks and contrabands; whole families of paper-dolls, with mamma and daughters displaying the latest Paris fashions; rattle-dolls *à la Japanese*, with little jingling bells every where, and an ivory handle; patriotic misses draped with the flag; and china-dolls provided with three changes of dress.

MUSICAL TOYS.

The handsomest toy of the season, sold by-the-way at eighty-five dollars, is in a rosewood box about two feet square. The front and top of glass disclose an amphitheatre filled with spectators and gayly-dressed figures on the stage, above which is stretched a tight rope. On turning a crank at the side of the box music is heard—very sweet music too, and played with good effect, for the figures on the stage begin to dance in a frenzied manner, but in excellent time, and a tiny Blondin appears on the tight-rope above, wheeling a barrow back and forth, amidst the fluttering of flags and tossing of caps in the audience.

Another toy, handsome enough for a parlor ornament, represents a fairy with her wand and lyre reclining in a grove under a globe of glass. An outer globe is filled with water in which are tiny gold fish, alive and swimming. Seen through the water the nymph of the sea appears to be a great distance away. When a concealed crank is turned she seizes her lyre, assumes an attitude, and almost deludes one into believing that the fairy-like strains of music on the water proceed from her magic fingers instead of the machinery in the box beneath her.

A miniature ball-room is another musical plaything. Gayly-dressed couples represent the Feziwig festival—"people not to be trifled with, who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking." When the machinery is wound up the music begins, the fiddlers play in earnest, and away they go; "top couple down the middle and back again, new top couples starting off again as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them."

Small hand-organs for parlor use are sold for fifteen and twenty dollars. They are inclosed in pretty rosewood boxes, and play four dancing tunes—a waltz, polka, schottish, and quadrilles. A round music-box, scarcely larger than the palm of the hand, is made of tin. It may be thrown about in the roughest manner without injury, and set in operation by a very small child. Turn a screw, and it plays *Il Bacio* and *Somnambula* in sweet low tones with perfect accuracy. There are musical sewing-machines and spinning-wheels; whistles of every shape and sound; and drums that are played upon by sticks moved by a crank playing a tattoo—far preferable to the monotonous rub-a-dub-dub heard in the nursery when the sticks are guided by hands unused to the art.

JAPANESE TOYS AND FIRE-WORKS.

Some of the most ingenious toys are of Japanese and Chinese origin. The "All-Right" top-spinning sword is not a novelty; the real Japanese humming-top is newer. When wound up and set in motion half a dozen smaller tops issue from the large one, spinning and humming for several minutes. Two dollars and a half is the price.

The Steam Top and Jig Dancer is made on scientific principles. An alcohol lamp under a saucer of water generates steam. The steam spins the top and makes a merry negro suspended above it dance a jig. Price two dollars. A Chinese plaything represents the steps of a pagoda, on which are athletes on a ladder turning somersaults. The sides of the ladder are tubes in which are balls of mercury that give the proper impetus and turn the figures down each step, never missing one or tumbling over. Others perform wonderful antics while being drawn on a wagon with wheels of watch-springs.

The Automatic Swimming Bird must be placed in a large bath-tub after being wound up by machinery. By means of a screw between the metallic webs the position of the webs and the course is regulated, the duck swimming to the right or left, backward or forward, in the most natural manner.

A Chinese juggler is made to toss plates over his head and catch them again, dancing all the while to music proceeding from a box beneath him. Another leaps through a hoop, and throws balls in the air in the most methodical way. The Zoetrope, or magic wheel, by an optical delusion, produces in a mirror all sorts of amusing scenes.

Hand-grenades that may be used in the parlor send out harmless missiles in every direction. Japanese lightning is an innocent kind of fire-works, the stick, held in the hand, sends out stars of fire through the room. Most curious of all is the Chinese wonder-paper for perfuming a room. Crimp a slip of the paper, set it on a table, and apply fire; instantly green grass an inch high springs up, and a delicious odor is diffused through the apartment.

PUZZLES AND GAMES.

There is an immense variety of puzzles and games. There are gipsy oracles and Yankee fortune-tellers; the games of squails and parlor lotto; Chinese billiards and croquet for the floor and for the table. There are ruined castles and the Coliseum all to be rebuilt of blocks of wood; Swiss chalets, with peasants' goats and Alpine scenery; the Siege of the Mountain, Zouaves at bivouac, and village school-houses, built of alphabet blocks, with illuminated letters and engravings; scenes in Normandy, fox-hunts, and most terrible shipwrecks. There is a metamorphoscope exhibiting a hundred different figures, groups of children, landscapes, battles, villages, processions, etc. An improved kaleidoscope produces, as if by magic, the most beautiful pictures from common garden-flowers.

COMICALITIES.

There are clowns performing most absurd antics when turned by a crank, nodding and dancing; orators gesticulating and shaking their heads in the wisest manner; caricatures of Napoleon and Bismarck consulting the thermometer of Europe; apes blacking boots; Punch and Judy wrangling as usual; a huge Russian swallowing a Cossack; grotesque figures holding a carnival on wheels—when drawn along they move about in a ludicrous dance; and hosts of other absurdities that make one laugh at the first glance.

GIFTS FOR GIRLS.

A very expensive present for a little girl is a miniature dinner-set of French china, ornamented with a painted wreath. In the same case with the china are cut-glass goblets, silver-ware, cutlery, bronze candelabras, and table linen—every thing, indeed, that the most fastidious little folks could desire for a bountifully-spread table—all carefully packed away in an oaken chest.

Another case contains a tiny and complete toilette set, brushes, combs, hand-glass, pomade-jar, etc. Still another is a drawing-room with rosewood and brocatelle furniture; again, there is a dining-room, a kitchen, an old-fashioned cupboard well supplied with crockery, and doll equipages of every kind, carriages, coupés, and sleighs.

A useful present, called the Little Embroiderer, is a work-box furnished with worsteds, patterns, needles, and simple directions for using them. A color-box is supplied with paints, pallet, and brushes. The Moss Rose Surprise-box is a bunch of roses and buds. As you stoop to smell the perfume a concealed spring opens the largest rose with a loud noise and a doll fairy flies at your face.

GIFTS FOR BOYS.

For boys there are leaping-horses arranged on a platform in order not to injure the carpets; goats that bleat, and dogs that bark; menageries with all sorts of wild animals; fire-engines with hose that throw the water across a room; livery stables with vehicles, hostlers, and horses; grocery stores and restaurants; pack-mules with well-filled panniers, driven by Swiss muleteers; express-wagons heavily laden with boxes, barrels, and parcels; ships, steamers, and craft of every nation; locomotive and train; canes, riding-whips, etc.—all exact imitations of those used by the grown folks every day before admiring boyish eyes.

PERSONAL.

IT is understood that the Rev. Dr. HENRY S. POTTER, at present Assistant Minister of Trinity Church, Boston (Bishop EASTBURN'S), has been called to the rectorship of Grace Church in this city. Dr. P. is a gentleman about five-and-thirty years of age, of superior pulpit powers, and very fine-looking. The call is a ten-thousand-per-annum one. The Doctor is a son of the late Bishop of Pennsylvania.

—The Mr. ROEBLING who built the Suspension Bridges at Niagara Falls and Cincinnati, and who is to build the great Suspension Bridge over the East River, has purchased for himself a little farm of 23,000 acres in Iowa, on which he proposes to settle down, and thus chant to himself:

"Poor drudge of the city!
How happy he feels,
With burrs on his legs
And the grass at his heels;
No *dodger* behind,
His bandanas to share,
No constable grumbling—
'You can not go there!'"

—Of Mr. MOTLEY'S third and fourth volumes of the History of the Netherlands, to be published in three or four weeks by the HARPERS, the London *Spectator* naïvely says: "We do not intend, of course, to criticise the history. To do that a critic must possess a knowledge of authorities equal to Mr. MOTLEY'S, and we do not possess it."

—The lady readers of the *Bazar* must not speak too lightly of the night-cap department of our illustrations, for in certain emergencies a want of attention in that regard might prove annoying. Remember, Lady MARGARET HERBERT once asked a friend for a pretty pattern for a night-cap. "Well," said the person, "what signifies the pattern of a night-cap?" "Oh, child," said she, "you know *in case of fire!*"

—Imitating the examples of THACKERAY and DICKENS, Miss MARY E. BRADDON is coming over to us to say a few things that she thinks will interest that portion of the nation who read her novels.

—ROSSINI, charming old musicator, stands upon his dignity with the pecunious ROTHSCHILD, and refuses to visit or dine with him, simply because when Mr. R. was a little "short" one day, some five-and-forty years ago, the Baron refused to discount his paper for fifty francs—say about ten dollars. ROSSINI'S notes in that day, whether musical or "accommodation," were less marketable than now.

—People live to be very old on different sorts of edible and potable. GUIZOT and AUBER are each 80. The former conceals in his person a bottle of claret every day at dinner and eats as doth a laboring man. AUBER, on the other hand, abandons himself to cold water, light food, and much trot a-horseback. Each of the old gentlemen works his eight hours a day, and likes it.

—CARLOTTA PATTI'S first week of warbling in the French provinces, this season, brought into her privy purse the consolatory sum of seven thousand dollars in gold. She is a very nice person, and deserves it.

—How old the people are growing! Now, there is Uncle NATHANIEL FULLERTON, who at 92 goes daily to his bank at Bellows Falls, Vermont, and "does" paper just as the Cashier of our Grocers' Bank does; and there, too, is Aunt RACHEL HEATH, who died recently in Brownville, Maine, at 102, leaving an unprotected young daughter of 82!

—HENRY WARD BEECHER'S farm near Peekskill is reported to have yielded him $3700 last year from the sale of carrots, currants, celery, cabbages, and such. He disposes of all his surplus roots in exchange for the root of all evil. As a business, however, we reckon it don't pay. Sowing wheat in Plymouth and tares in Peekskill are so utterly at variance!

—One winter, some years gone by, Mr. JOHN HECKER, the great flourist and baker of this city, gave to the poor several thousand loaves of bread. Baron ROTHSCHILD, of Paris, does the same thing yearly, and this year has placed at the office of the Public Assistance Society 30,000 tickets, each entitling the holder to two pounds of bread.

—Since WHITTIER, the poet, lost his sister he has lived a very secluded life at Amesbury. He is a bachelor of 60. Next to LONGFELLOW he sells better than any American poet. His early life was passed on a farm, at hard work, until he was eighteen. He had no education other than what he picked up from a few winters' attendance on the public schools of his native district. At the age of twenty, however, he had managed to secure two years' tuition at a town academy; but then he left school to work his way in the world, and what he has since learned he has gathered from contact with actual life, or by solitary study in his own library. To this lack of classical culture may doubtless be attributed the charming simplicity of his style, and the peculiar American character of all his writings.

—The excellent custom of pensioning clergymen, who have given the best of their lives to a particular congregation or parish, has been followed by the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, that has retired the Rev. ALBERT BARNES on $1000 per annum. Trinity Church, in this city, not only has the same custom, but allows a very liberal pension to the widow of any clergyman who may die in the service of the parish.

—Excellent Mrs. THORNE (SUSAN), who died recently, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, bequeathed $21,500 to various benevolent societies connected with the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Episcopal churches in her propinquity, and directed that whatever might be left should be equally divided among the "five boards" of the Presbyterian Church.

—BRIGHAM YOUNG has issued a Scarlet Letter to the young bucks of Utah, directing every one of them to get married; and, by way of hurrying them up, says that if after a certain day any girls "are left over" he will marry them himself.

—The estate of the late ELIAS HOWE, Jun., foots up six hundred and eighteen thousand dollars, which it is needless to say was made by a needle.

—The youngest brother of the Emperor of Austria, LOUIS VICTOR, is off to Madrid to be united in the holy bonds, etc., to the youngest daughter of the Queen of all the Spains.

—The Protestant Episcopal Society for the promotion of Evangelical knowledge have published a sketch of the famous LOLA MONTEZ, and her conversion to Christianity. At an early age she eloped with a British officer to India; disagreed with him; separated; returned to England; took to the stage. The King of Bavaria fell in love with her at Munich, created her Countess of Landsfeld, and settled a large estate upon her, with feudal rights over two thousand persons. A change of cabinet in 1848 brought into power those who drove her out of the country. Wonderful and rapid as had been her elevation, her fall was still more sudden—her estates confiscated—like the prodigal, she had "wasted her substance with riotous living," and now reduced to distress and poverty, she went once more upon the stage. In 1852 she came to the United States, but was not a success, remained two or three years, and went to Australia, returned and settled down in New York; lectured in various places with pecuniary success; finally became deeply interested in religious matters; devoted much time to the interests of the Magdalen Asylum. In the latter part of 1860, Dr. HAWKS received a message from LOLA MONTEZ earnestly requesting him to visit her as a clergyman. He has left a statement of his visit, and found her smitten down with a paralysis of her left side, and death seemed to be at hand. He states that in the course of a long experience he never saw deeper penitence or humility, and more contrition of soul than in this poor woman. Nothing could exceed the fervor of her devotion; and never had he a more watchful and attentive hearer when he read the Scriptures. It lay always within reach of her hand; and on his first visit to her he opened her Bible, and of its own accord, as it were, to the touching story of the Saviour's forgiveness of the Magdalen in the house of Simon.

He found her a woman of genius, highly accomplished, and of great natural eloquence. At times he listened to her amidst her streaming tears, as, with her right hand uplifted, and her singularly-expressive features—especially her keen black eyes—speaking as plainly as her tongue, she would dwell upon her religious enjoyments. She seemed to be the preacher, and not her pious visitor. When near her last moments, unable to speak, she was asked for a sign of her soul's peace, when, fixing her eyes on the Doctor's, she calmly nodded her dying head affirmatively, and departed, we trust, to the land of rest.

—The DUKE OF ARGYLE goes about Scotland lecturing, just as EMERSON and SAXE do here; has been elected an honorary member of the Young Men's Christian Association of Glasgow, takes an interest in it, and lectures before it; is an A 1 lecturer; can tell a good story too, as the following will show. He was traveling with the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND in a first-class carriage on the Northeastern Railway. At one of the stations a little commercial traveler got in. The three chatted familiarly until the train stopped at Alnwick Junction. Here the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND got out, and was met by a train of flunkies and servants. The commercial traveler said to his remaining companion, "That must be some great swell." "Yes," said the DUKE OF ARGYLE: "he is the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND." "Bless me!" exclaimed the bagman; "and to think that he should have been so affable to two little snobs like us!"

—The letter-writers are ubiquitous, penetrating the haunts and homes of noted men and women, and writing of them as though the whole world was athirst for items personal. Here is what a pen-and-ink man of Cambridge writes, after having taken stock of LONGFELLOW: "Since the fearful death of his wife the outward man of the poet has altered much. The step is less buoyant than it was, the bearing less joyous, the look less elate. The florid man has matured into an exceeding mellowness of dignity. Ripe and rich looking he always was—exquisitely neat in dress and exquisitely elegant in person—though always animated by a suspicion of foppery. But now he has attained a wonderful completeness of expression. His aspect is that of a bard in the full affluence of his years and the full wealth of his genius. His silvered hair is long and wavy. His beard grows white and thick beneath his chin, looking more like a deep lace ruff than any thing else. His voice is melodious as an organ, and his features, handsome as ever, have been touched with new lines by the action of thought and sorrow. His manners are very beautiful to all persons, and he carries about him that indescribable atmosphere that marks the perfectly cultured gentleman."

—Three of the prominent literary men of London—TOM TAYLOR, EDMUND YATES, and ANTHONY TROLLOPE—were clerks in the London Post-office. The writer of this was also at one time clerk in a post-office, where the receipts ran as high as $100 per annum. There are not many book-people in the New York city Post-office, but in the Custom-house there are several—RICHARD GRANT WHITE, R. H. STODDARD, BARRY GRAY, and others. It is considered quite reputable for literary people to be "in the Customs."

—SPURGEON has a difficulty with his feet—gout: don't like to say "no" to an invitation where nice people are convened to do the usual thing with nice edibles and potables. He's becoming quite copious in person, and some of his friends think he had better stop for a little.

—GEORGE D. PRENTICE, the *Louisville* editor, the *American* poet, takes things in the easiest sort of way in his editorial sanctum: sits in easy-chair; feet in slippers; loose woolen jacket instead of coat; black felt-hat, full of paragraphs written on uneven little strips of paper; gives handful to foreman; goes out to lunch; asks *you* to go (if you amount to any thing); sits at table and sips wine with a newspaper before him; eyes twinkle; takes out pencil and traces illegible scrawl on margin; tears it off and puts into hat; keeps doing it until margin is used up; goes back to office. All around on the floor are scattered exchanges; in his lap he holds book of reference. On opposite side of table sits amanuensis, who jots down words that spring from the busy brain and fall from the thin lips. Book-cases, stored with rare works, monopolize walls of the room, and if it is in the chilly days of autumn a sickly coal-fire smoulders in the open grate. Present card and state business, and the man who sits with slippered ease in arm-chair will motion you to a seat with courtly dignity, and then if you chance to touch upon some bright theme of the past you will unlock a rich store-house of incident and learning. The sad face will flush with youth; and as the golden memories come trooping by you will be regaled with descriptions and anecdotes of the great men of the last generation.

—The young KING OF BAVARIA isn't at all nice. He has broken his promise of marriage to the Princess SOPHIA, and goes on in a very naughty way, says he has only three wishes: first, not to reign; second, not to reside at Munich; third, not to marry. He is a flighty young fellow, and wouldn't do at all as a family man.

—A notable English banker, long resident in Mexico, Mr. EUSTAQUIO BARRON, has recently deceased. He was a great friend of ex-Postmaster ISAAC V. FOWLER, who lately returned to Mexico to resume a position of responsibility in one of Mr. BARRON'S mining and manufacturing establishments. He was twice a millionaire, and was one of the foremost bankers in Mexico, "and yet," Mr. BARRON was accustomed to observe, "when I come to England not half a dozen people know who I am." In the United States, however, he was celebrated as the plaintiff in a famous lawsuit against the United States Government, which had seized upon the *negocio* of the New Almaden, and, although victorious in the Supreme Court at Washington, was fain at last to compound the BARRON claim for a million and three quarters of dollars.

—A very "loud" person of the name of CLARK is extant in Paris, lately exported from this country. He is largely "in oil." Just at the present writing he pervades one of the prominent hotels, occupying twenty-eight elegantly furnished rooms for his family of four persons. It is said he has n-o e-n-d of money.

Foot Muff.

THIS beautiful and comfortable foot muff, which can be folded up and carried as a satchel when not needed, will be found excellent for driving or traveling. It consists of two pieces of enameled cloth, each three quarters of a yard long and three-eighths of a yard wide, and pointed at one end, as shown in the illustration. Both these pieces are bound with black worsted braid, with the exception of the straight end, which is faced. The slippers of black cloth, lined with white fur, and embroidered with white silk in arabesque designs, are sewn on one of these pieces. A piece of enameled cloth, a quarter of a yard long and an eighth of a yard wide, is set on the straight end to serve as a pocket. For the better protection of the foot muff a third piece of brown linen, of the same size as the two first, and bound with red worsted braid, is stitched on the straight end; when the muff is closed, as is seen in first illustration, this linen comes between the enameled cloth. A handle, made of strong cord, covered with enameled cloth, is set on the outside of the foot muff, which is fastened with a button and loop.

FOOT MUFF.—CLOSED.

Walnut Purse.

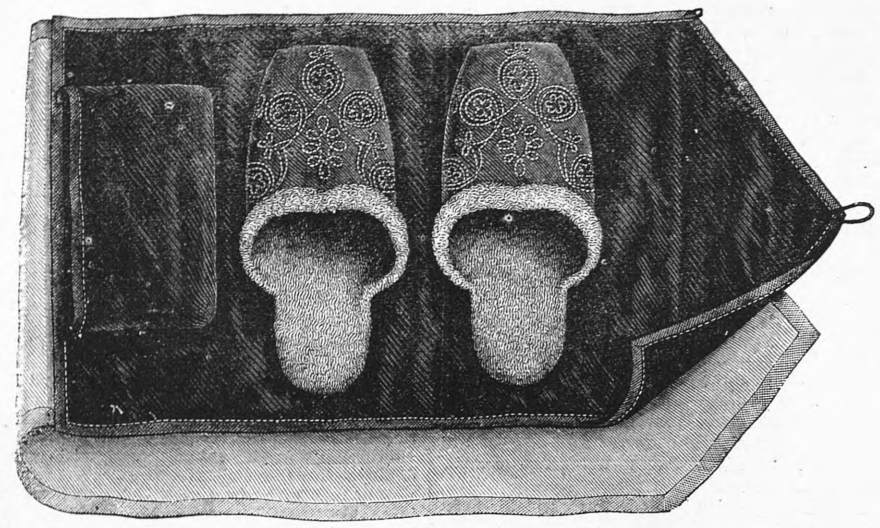
THIS tasteful little purse is netted of blue silk, and inclosed within a walnut shell. Take a large English walnut; bore two holes in the top of each half, and one hole in each side of the bottom; open it carefully, take out the kernel, wash the shell with soap and water, and give it several coatings of copal varnish. Cast on thirty stitches with blue filoselle on wooden needles two-fifths of an inch in circumference, and net twelve rounds. Cast off the stitches, and fasten the bag in the nut by sewing it through the holes at the top and the bottom. Finish the bottom with steel beads and tassels; pass a silk cord, run through the meshes of the purse, through the holes in the top of the walnut, and finish the ends with steel tassels.

Feather Flowers.

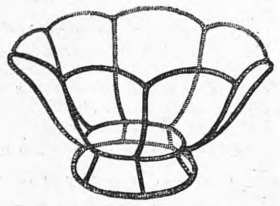
THESE flowers are well suited for vases, etc., and can be made of pigeons', birds', or even hens' feathers. The first of the accompanying illustrations represents a rose of white feathers, and the second a lily of gray. The leaves are cut in the desired shape from the wing feathers, the tip of the feather forming the point of the leaf. The leaves are fastened on wires, and wound with green or white silk in the manner shown in the illustration. The pistils and stamens of the lily are made of white wool stiffened with gum-arabic, and dotted at the end with a bit of black sealing-wax.

Knitting Work-Bag.

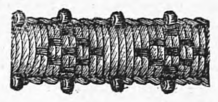
MATERIALS: Reeds or steel springs one-fourth of an inch wide, green worsted, black filoselle, steel beads, green silk, and fine green silk cord. Wind the reeds or steel springs with green worsted; stitch the worsted thereon with black filoselle in the pattern shown in the illustration, which gives the original size, and sew steel beads singly around the edge. The ends of the reeds must likewise be bound with green silk. The shape of the bag is shown in the illustration. Sew nine reeds, thirteen inches long, together at the ends, and fasten another, ten inches long, crossways, in the middle of these. On each side of this cross-piece, about three and a half inches from it, put a reed ring, twelve inches long. Under each of these rings put the ends of three short reeds, the other ends of which are fastened with the ends of the nine long reeds. The ends of the reeds are covered, at each extremity of the bag, with a rosette of green silk, in the middle of which is a conical silk button, ornamented with steel beads. A green silk bag, six inches longer than the frame, is then fastened within the latter, and is closed at the top by means of a green silk cord and tassels, run through a shirr in the bag.



FOOT MUFF.—OPEN.

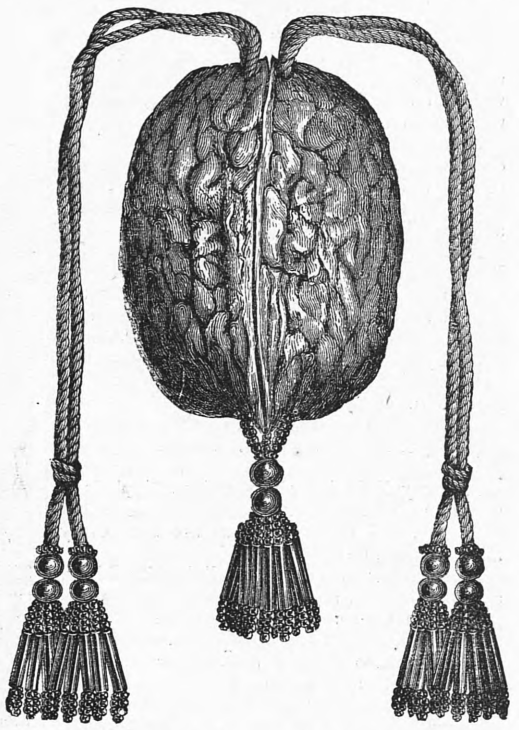


FRAME OF BASKET.



CANE FOR BAG (FULL SIZE).

WALNUT PURSE.—OPEN.



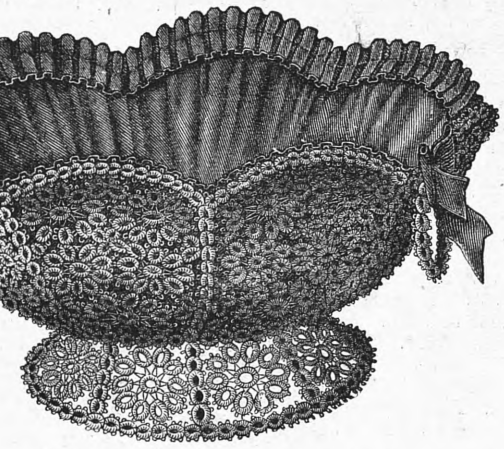
WALNUT PURSE.—CLOSED.

Tatting and Silk Basket.

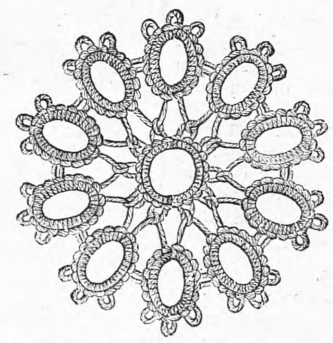
MATERIALS: Gray crochet cotton, blue silk, and blue ribbon.—This basket is made on a wire frame, which is shown in the accompanying illustration, of reduced size. This frame is covered on the outside with tatting rosettes, made of gray cotton, and is lined with blue silk, and trimmed with ruches of blue ribbon, about three-fourths of an inch wide. The bottom is covered on the inside with a cushion of wadding, and is furnished on the outside with a circular stand, made by working over a cord in the single crochet. Two wire rings, wound with ribbon and covered with tatting, serve as handles to the basket.

The height of the original is about five inches. The circumference of the upper edge is about thirty-three inches, and the diameter of the bottom about four-and-a-half inches. The stand is a little over an inch high, and is widened about an inch toward the bottom. The wire frame having been thus prepared, it is wound with narrow blue ribbon.

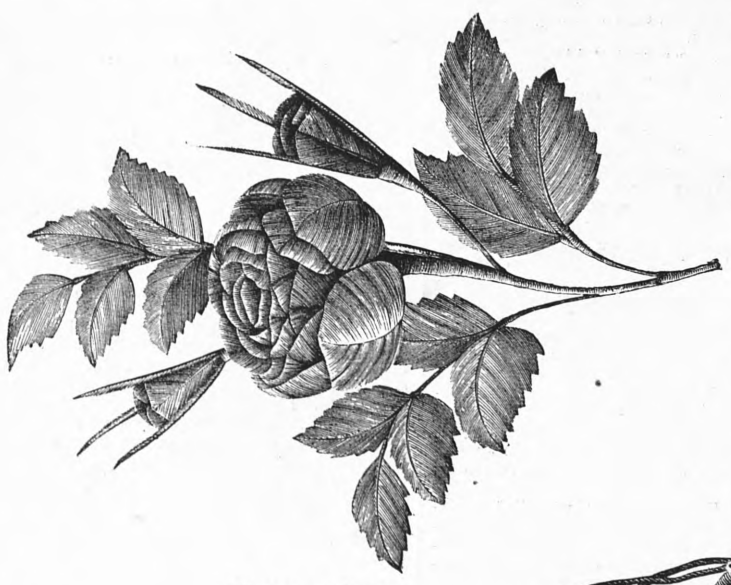
The tatting is worked in separate rosettes. In every one of the eight divisions of the upper part there must be five rosettes, and in each of the eight divisions of the lower part there must be one rosette. Of each of these six rosettes three must be larger and three smaller. The accompanying illustration shows the full size of the larger rosettes. Beginning in the middle of the rosette work as follows: 1 loop consisting of 1 double stitch (a double stitch has one stitch to the right and one to the left), 10 picots, each separated by 2 double stitches, 1 double stitch. The thread must be joined to the 1st picot of the loop. * leave about one-sixth of an inch of thread, and begin another loop; for this make 4 double, 1 picot, 3 double, 3 picots each separated by 2 double, 3 double, 1 picot, 4 double; leave the same length of thread between the loops as before, and join to the next picot of the 1st loop. Repeat 9 times from *. In every succeeding loop, however, in place of one picot attach to the last picot of the preceding loop, then fasten the thread. In all the little rosettes the middle loop has 1 double, 9 picots, each separated by 2 double, 1 double. To this loop join 9 other loops, each of which must consist of 3 double, 1 picot, 4 double, 1 picot, 4 double, 1 picot, 3 double. The rosettes are united by small two, three, and four-leaved figures, as shown in the illustration. Each of the little leaves consists of 10 double stitches, and must be joined to the corresponding picots of the rosettes. Along the upper edge of each of the 8 parts are placed 2 large rosettes, to which the 3 small rosettes are joined, while the 3d large rosette forms one of the 8 divisions of the stand. All the wires of the basket, as well as the rings for the handles, are covered with loops of tatting lapping over one another. These loops are made as follows: 2 double, 6 picots, each separated by 2 double, 2 double; then begin another loop at the distance of one-sixth of an inch. Make a row of these loops as shown in the illustration. The thread that unites them is sewed half-way round each loop on the wrong side. The place where the handles are fastened on is covered on each side with a bow of blue ribbon, an inch wide. The frame is lined with blue silk, cushioned on the bottom, and trimmed round the edge on the inside with ruches of blue ribbon in the manner described, and as seen in the illustration.



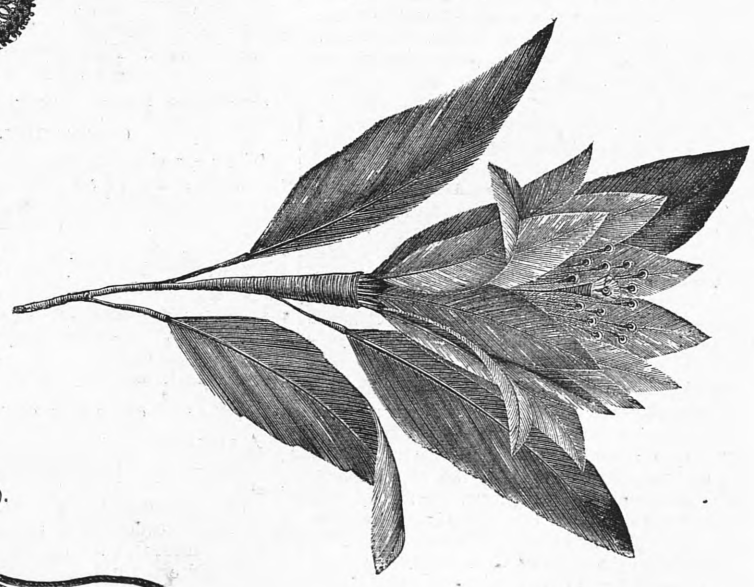
TATTING AND SILK BASKET.



ROSETTE FOR BASKET (FULL SIZE).



FEATHER ROSE.



FEATHER LILY.

KNITTING WORK-BAG.

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SHADOW OF THE AFRICAN FOREST.

LET us return to the castaways.

It was morning on the coast of Africa—Africa the mysterious, the inhospitable Africa, *leonum arida nutrix*.

There was a little harbor into which flowed a shallow, sluggish river, while on each side rose high hills. In front of the harbor was an island which concealed and protected it.

Here the palm-trees grew. The sides rose steeply, the summit was lofty, and the towering palms afforded a deep, dense shade. The grass was fine and short, and, being protected from the withering heat was as fine as that of an English lawn. Up the palm-trees there climbed a thousand parasitic plants, covered with blossoms—gorgeous, golden, rich beyond all description. Birds of starry plumage flitted through the air, as they leaped from tree to tree, uttering a short, wild note; through the spreading branches sighed the murmuring breeze that came from off the ocean; round the shore the low tones of the gently-washing surf were borne as it came in in faint undulations from the outer sea.

Underneath the deepest shadow of the palms lay Brandon. He had lost consciousness when he fell from the boat; and now for the first time he opened his eyes and looked around upon the scene, seeing these sights and hearing the murmuring sounds.

In front of him stood Beatrice, looking with drooped eyelids at the grass, her arms half folded before her, her head uncovered, her hair bound by a sort of fillet around the crown, and then gathered in great black curling masses behind. Her face was pale as usual, and had the same marble whiteness which always marked it. That face was now pensive and sad; but there was no weakness there. Its whole expression showed manifestly the self-contained soul, the strong spirit evenly-poised, willing, and able to endure.

Brandon raised himself on one arm and looked wonderingly around. She started. A vivid flash of joy spread over her face in one bright smile. She hurried up and knelt down by him.

"Do not move—you are weak," she said, as tenderly as a mother to a sick child.

Brandon looked at her fixedly for a long time without speaking. She placed her cool hand on his forehead. His eyes closed as though there were a magnetic power in her touch. After a while, as she removed her hand, he opened his eyes again. He took her hand and held it fervently to his lips. "I know," said he, in a low, dreamy voice, "who you are, and who I am—but nothing more. I know that I have lost all memory; that there has been some past life of great sorrow; but I can not think what that sorrow is—I know that there has been some misfortune, but I can not remember what."

Beatrice smiled, sadly. "It will all come to you in time."

"At first when I waked," he murmured, "and looked around on this scene, I thought that I had at last entered the spirit-world, and that you had come with me; and I felt a deep joy that I can never express. But I see, and I know now, that I am yet on the earth. Though what shore of all the earth this is, or how I got here, I know not."

"You must sleep," said she, gently.

"And you—you—you," he murmured, with indescribable intensity—"you, companion, preserver, guardian angel—I feel as though, if I were not a man, I could weep my life out at your feet."

"Do not weep," said she, calmly. "The time for tears may yet come; but it is not now."

He looked at her, long, earnestly, and inquiringly, still holding her hand, which he had pressed to his lips. An unutterable longing to ask something was evident; but it was checked by a painful embarrassment.

"I know nothing but this," said he at last, "that I have felt as though sailing for years over infinite seas. Wave after wave has been impelling us on. A Hindu servant guided the boat. But I lay weak, with my head supported by you, and your arms around me. Yet, of all the days and all the years that ever I have known, these were supreme, for all the time was one long ecstasy. And now, if there is sorrow before me," he concluded, "I will meet it resignedly, for I have had my heaven already."

"You have sailed over seas," said she, sadly; "but I was the helpless one, and you saved me from death."

"And are you—to me—what I thought?" he asked, with painful vehemence and imploring eyes.

"I am your nurse," said she, with a melancholy smile.

He sighed heavily. "Sleep now," said she, and she again placed her hand upon his forehead. Her touch soothed him. Her voice arose in a low song of surpassing sweetness. His senses yielded to the subtle incantation, and sleep came to him as he lay.

When he awaked it was almost evening. Lethargy was still over him, and Beatrice made him sleep again. He slept into the next day. On waking there was the same absence of memory. She gave him some cordial to drink, and the draught revived him. Now he was far stronger, and he sat up, leaning against a tree, while Beatrice knelt near him. He looked at her long and earnestly.

"I would wish never to leave this place, but to stay here," said he. "I know nothing of my past life. I have drunk of Lethe. Yet I can not help struggling to regain knowledge of that past."

He put his hand in his bosom, as if feeling for some relic.

"I have something suspended about my neck," said he, "which is precious. Perhaps I shall know what it is after a time."

Then, after a pause, "Was there not a wreck?" he asked.

"Yes; and you saved my life."

"Was there not a fight with pirates?"

"Yes; and you saved my life," said Beatrice again.

"I begin to remember," said Brandon. "How long is it since the wreck took place?"

"It was January 15."

"And what is this?"

"February 6. It is about three weeks."

"How did I get away?"

"In a boat with me and the servant."

"Where is the servant?"

"Away providing for us. You had a sunstroke. He carried you up here."

"How long have I been in this place?"

"A fortnight."

Numerous questions followed. Brandon's memory began to return. Yet, in his efforts to regain knowledge of himself, Beatrice was still the most prominent object in his thoughts. His dream-life persisted in mingling itself with his real life.

"But you," he cried, earnestly—"you, how have you endured all this? You are weary; you have worn yourself out for me. What can I ever do to show my gratitude? You have watched me night and day. Will you not have more care of your own life?"

The eyes of Beatrice kindled with a soft light. "What is my life?" said she. "Do I not owe it over and over again to you? But I deny that I am worn out."

Brandon looked at her with earnest, longing eyes.

His recovery was rapid. In a few days he was able to go about. Cato procured fish from the waters and game from the woods, so as to save the provisions of the boat, and they looked forward to the time when they might resume their journey. But to Brandon this thought was repugnant, and an hourly struggle now went on within him. Why should he go to England? What could he do? Why should he ever part from her?

"Oh, to burst all links of habit, and to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day!"

In her presence he might find peace, and perpetual rapture in her smile.

In the midst of such meditations as these her voice once arose from afar. It was one of her own songs, such as she could improvise. It spoke of summer isles amidst the sea; of soft winds and spicy breezes; of eternal rest beneath overshadowing palms. It was a soft, melting strain—a strain of enchantment, sung by one who felt the intoxication of the scene, and whose genius imparted it to others. He was like Ulysses listening to the song of the sirens. It seemed to him as though all nature there joined in that marvelous strain. It was to him as though the very winds were lulled into calm, and a delicious languor stole upon all his senses.

"Sweet, sweet, sweet, god Pan,
Sweet in the fields by the river,
Blinding sweet, oh great god Pan,
The sun on the hills forgot to die,
And the lily revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream by the river."

It was the *μελίγηρυν ὄπα*, the *ὄπα κάλλιμον* of the sirens.

For she had that divine voice which of itself can charm the soul: but, in addition, she had that poetic genius which of itself could give words which the music might clothe.

Now, as he saw her at a distance through the trees and marked the statuesque calm of her classic face, as she stood there, seeming in her song rather to soliloquize than to sing, breathing forth her music "in profuse strains of unpremeditated art," the very beauty of the singer and the very sweetness of the song put an end to all temptation.

"This is folly," he thought. "Could one like that assent to my wild fancy? Would she, with her genius, give up her life to me? No; that divine music must be heard by larger numbers. She is one who thinks she can interpret the inspiration of Mozart and Handel. And who am I?"

Then there came amidst this music a still small voice, like the voice of those helpless ones at home; and this voice seemed one of entreaty and of despair. So the temptation passed. But it passed only to be renewed again. As for Beatrice, she seemed conscious of no such effect as this. Calmly and serenely she bore herself, singing as she thought, as the birds sing, because she could not help it. Here she was like one of the classic nymphs—like the genius of the spot—like Calypso, only passionless.

Now, the more Brandon felt the power of her presence the more he took refuge within himself, avoiding all dangerous topics, speaking only of external things, calling upon her to sing of loftier themes, such as those "*cieli immensi*" of which she had sung when he first heard her. Thus he fought down the struggles of his own heart, and crushed out those rising impulses which threatened to sweep him helplessly away.

As for Beatrice herself she seemed changeless, moved by no passion and swayed by no impulse. Was she altogether passionless, or was this her matchless self-control? Brandon thought that it was her nature, and that she, like her master Lanzhetti, found in music that which satisfied all passion and all desire.

In about a fortnight after his recovery from his stupor they were ready to leave. The provisions in the boat were enough for two weeks' sail. Water was put on board, and they bade adieu to the island which had sheltered them.

This time Beatrice would not let Brandon row while the sun was up. They rowed at night, and by day tried to get under the shadow of the shore. At last a wind sprang up; they now sailed along swiftly for two or three days. At the end of that time they saw European houses, beyond which arose some roofs and spires. It was Sierra Leone. Brandon's conjectures had been right. On landing here Brandon simply said that they had been wrecked in the *Falcon*, and had escaped on the boat, all the rest having perished. He gave his name as Wheeler. The authorities received these unfortunate ones with great kindness, and Brandon heard that a ship would leave for England on the 6th of March.

The close connection which had existed between them for so many weeks was now severed, and Brandon thought that this might perhaps remove that extraordinary power which he felt that she exerted over him. Not so. In her absence he found himself constantly looking forward toward a meeting with her again. When with her he found the joy that flowed from her presence to be more intense, since it was more concentrated. He began to feel alarmed at his own weakness.

The 6th of March came, and they left in the ship *Juno* for London.

Now their intercourse was like that of the old days on board the *Falcon*.

"It is like the *Falcon*," said Beatrice, on the first evening. "Let us forget all about the journey over the sea, and our stay on the island."

"I can never forget that I owe my life to you," said Brandon, vehemently.

"And I," rejoined Beatrice, with kindling eyes, which yet were softened by a certain emotion of indescribable tenderness—"I—how can I forget! Twice you saved me from a fearful death, and then you toiled to save my life till your own sank under it."

"I would gladly give up a thousand lives"—said Brandon, in a low voice, while his eyes were illumined with a passion which had never before been permitted to get beyond control, but now rose visibly, and irresistibly.

"If you have a life to give," said Beatrice, calmly, returning his fevered gaze with a full look of tender sympathy—"if you have a life to give, let it be given to that *purpose* of yours to which you are devoted."

"You refuse it, then!" cried Brandon, vehemently and reproachfully.

Beatrice returned his reproachful gaze with one equally reproachful, and raising her calm eyes to Heaven, said, in a tremulous voice,

"You have no right to say so—least of all to *me*. I said what you feel and know; and it is this, that others require your life, in comparison with whom I am nothing. Ah, my friend," she continued, in tones of unutterable sadness, "let us be friends here at least, on the sea, for when we reach England we must be separated for evermore!"

"For evermore!" cried Brandon, in agony.

"For evermore!" repeated Beatrice, in equal anguish.

"Do you feel very eager to get to England?" asked Brandon, after a long silence.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I know that there is sorrow for me there."

"If our boat had been destroyed on the shore of that island," he asked, in almost an imploring voice, "would you have grieved?"

"No."

"The present is better than the future. Oh that my dream had continued forever, and that I had never awaked to the bitterness of life!"

"That," said Beatrice, with a mournful smile, "is a reproach to me for watching you."

"Yet that moment of awaking was sweet beyond all thought," continued Brandon, in a musing tone, "for I had lost all memory of all things except you."

They stood in silence, sometimes looking at one another, sometimes at the sea, while the dark shadows of the Future swept gloomily before their eyes.

The voyage passed on until at last the English shores were seen, and they sailed up the Channel amidst the thronging ships that pass to and fro from the metropolis of the world.

"To-morrow we part," said Beatrice, as she stood with Brandon on the quarter-deck.

"No," said Brandon; "there will be no one to meet you here. I must take you to your home."

"To my home! You?" cried Beatrice, starting back. "You dare not."

"I dare."

"Do you know what it is?"

"I do not seek to know. I do not ask; but yet I think I know."

"And yet *you* offer to go?"

"I must go. I must see you to the very last."

"Be it so," said Beatrice, in a solemn voice, "since it is the very last."

Suddenly she looked at him with the solemn gaze of one whose soul was filled with thoughts that overpowered every common feeling. It was a glance lofty and serene and unimpassioned, like that of some spirit which has passed beyond human cares, but sad as that of some prophet of woe.

"Louis Brandon!"

At this mention of his name a flash of unspeakable surprise passed over Brandon's face. She held out her hand. "Take my hand," said she, calmly, "and hold it so that I may have strength to speak."

"Louis Brandon!" said she, "there was a time on that African island when you lay under the trees and I was sure that you were dead. There was no beating to your heart, and no perceptible breath. The last test failed, the last hope left me, and I knelt by your head, and took you in my arms, and wept in my despair. At your feet Cato knelt and mourned in his Hindu fashion. Then mechanically and hopelessly he made a last trial to see if you were really dead, so that he might prepare your grave. He put his hand under your clothes against your heart. He held it there for a long time. Your heart gave no answer. He withdrew it, and in doing so took something away that was suspended about your neck. This was a metallic case and a package wrapped in oiled silk. He gave them to me."

Beatrice had spoken with a sad, measured

"I THOUGHT YOU DEAD, AND KNEW THE FULL MEASURE OF DESPAIR."

tone—such a tone as one sometimes uses in prayer—a passionless monotone, without agitation, and without shame.

Brandon answered not a word.

"Take my hand," she said, "or I can not go through. This only can give me strength."

He clasped it tightly in both of his. She drew a long breath, and continued:

"I thought you dead, and knew the full measure of despair. Now, when these were given me, I wished to know the secret of the man who had twice rescued me from death, and finally laid down his life for my sake. I did it not through curiosity. I did it," and her voice rose slightly, with solemn emphasis—"I did it through a holy feeling that, since my life was due to you, therefore, as yours was gone, mine should replace it, and be devoted to the purpose which you had undertaken.

"I opened first the metallic case. It was under the dim shade of the African forest, and while holding on my knees the head of the man who had laid down his life for me. You know what I read there. I read of a father's love and agony. I read there the name of the one who had driven him to death. The shadows of the forest grew darker around me; as the full meaning of that revelation came over my soul they deepened into blackness, and I fell senseless by your side.

"Better had Cato left us both lying there to die, and gone off in the boat himself. But he revived me. I laid you down gently, and propped up your head, but never again dared to defile you with the touch of one so infamous as I.

"There still remained the other package, which I read — how you reached that island, and how you got that MS., I neither know nor seek to discover; I only know that all my spirit awaked within me as I read those words. A strange, inexplicable feeling arose. I forgot all about you and your griefs My whole soul was fixed on the figure of that bereaved and solitary man, who thus drifted to his fate. He seemed to speak to me. A fancy, born out of frenzy, no doubt, for all that horror well-nigh drove me mad—a fancy came to me that this voice, which had come from a distance of eighteen years, had spoken to me; a wild fancy, because I was eighteen years old, that therefore I was connected with these eighteen years, filled my whole soul. I thought that this MS. was mine, and the other one yours. I read it over and over, and over yet again, till every word forced itself into my memory—till you and your sorrows sank into oblivion beside the woes of this man.

"I sat near you all that night. The palms sighed in the air. I dared not touch you. My brain whirled. I thought I heard voices out at sea, and figures appeared in the gloom. I thought I saw before me the form of Colonel Despard. He looked at me with sadness unutterable, yet with soft pity and affection, and extended his hand as though to bless me. Madder fancies than ever then rushed through my brain. But when morning came, and the excitement had passed, I knew that I had been delirious.

"When that morning came I went over to look at you. To my amazement, you were breathing. Your life was renewed of itself. I knelt down and praised God for this, but did not dare to touch you. I folded up the treasures, and told Cato to put them again around your neck. Then I watched you till you recovered.

"But on that night, and after reading those MSS., I seemed to have passed into another stage of being. I can say things to you now which I would not have dared to say before, and strength is given me to tell you all this before we part for evermore.

"I have awakened to infamy; for what is infamy if it be not this, to bear the name I bear? Something more than pride or vanity has been the foundation of that feeling of shame and hate with which I have always regarded it. And I have now died to my former life, and awakened to a new one.

"Louis Brandon, the agonies which may be suffered by those whom you seek to avenge I can conjecture, but I wish never to hear. I pray God that I may never know what it might break my heart to learn. You must save them, you must also avenge them. You are strong, and you are implacable. When you strike your blow will be crushing.

"But I must go and bear my lot among those you strike; I will wait on among them, sharing their infamy and their fate. When your blow falls I will not turn away. I will think of those dear ones of yours who have suffered, and for their sakes will accept the blow of revenge."

Brandon had held her hand in silence, and with a convulsive pressure during these words. As she stopped she made a faint effort to withdraw it. He would not let her. He raised it to his lips and pressed it there.

Three times he made an effort to speak, and each time failed. At last, with a strong exertion, he uttered, in a hoarse voice and broken tones,

"Oh, Beatrice! Beatrice! how I love you!"

"I know it," said she, in the same monotone which she had used before—a tone of infinite mournfulness—"I have known it long, and I would say also, 'Louis Brandon, I love you,' if it were not that this would be the last infamy; that you, Brandon, of Brandon Hall, should be loved by one who bears my name."

The hours of the night passed away. They stood watching the English shores, speaking little. Brandon clung to her hand. They were sailing up the Thames. It was about four in the morning.

"We shall soon be there," said he; "sing to me for the last time. Sing, and forget for a moment that we must part."

Then, in a low voice, of soft but penetrating tones, which thrilled through every fibre of Brandon's being, Beatrice began to sing:

"Love made us one; our unity
Is indissoluble by act of thine;
For were this mortal being ended,
And our freed sprits in the world above,
Love, passing o'er the grave, would join us there,
As once he joined us here;
And the sad memory of the life below
Would but unite us closer evermore.
No act of thine may loose
Thee from the eternal bond,
Nor shall Revenge have power
To disunite us *there!*"

On that same day they landed in London. The Governor's lady at Sierra Leone had insisted on replenishing Beatrice's wardrobe, so that she showed no appearance of having gone through the troubles which had afflicted her on sea and shore.

Brandon took her to a hotel and then went to his agent's. He also examined the papers for the last four months. He read in the morning journals a notice which had already appeared of the arrival of the ship off the Nore, and the statement that three of the passengers of the *Falcon* had reached Sierra Leone. He communicated to the owners of the *Falcon* the particulars of the loss of the ship, and earned their thanks, for they were able to get their insurance without waiting a year, as is necessary where nothing is heard of a missing vessel.

He traveled with Beatrice by rail and coach as far as the village of Brandon. At the inn he engaged a carriage to take her up to her father's house. It was Brandon Hall, as he very well knew.

But little was said during all this time. Words were useless. Silence formed the best communion for them. He took her hand at parting. She spoke not a word; his lips moved, but no audible sound escaped. Yet in their eyes as they fastened themselves on one another in an intense gaze there was read all that unutterable passion of love, of longing, and of sorrow that each felt.

The carriage drove off. Brandon watched it. "Now farewell, Love, forever," he murmured, "and welcome Vengeance!"

A LOVERS' QUARREL.

NETTIE BROWN was a bewildering little creature. A thousand little fascinations surrounded her like an atmosphere; little glimmering sparks of sunshine flickered in and out of her clustering curls; little Cupids laughed in the depths of her dark eyes, and myriads of little dimples danced round the corners of her mouth and played bo-peep in her rosy cheeks. In short, she was bewitching, because she could not help it, even if she had tried, which, I am happy to say, she never did. Nobody had any very profound respect for her; nobody was suddenly impressed by the beauty of her person, or the brilliancy of her intellect; nobody spoke of her as one of "the queens of society," or named her deferentially, or quoted her opinions, or sought for her advice. If you chanced to ask who she was, somebody would say, "Oh, that's little Nettie Brown," in a sort of apologetic tone; but you noticed a tenderer expression in their eyes and a brighter smile on their lips as they looked after her.

Among Nettie's most hopelessly enslaved adorers was John Marshall—a tall, grave fellow, considerably older than his enchantress—a "simple, frank man, without any pretensions to an oppressive greatness—of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor." Nettie was not the least bit of a flirt; in fact the young men of her set pronounced that you might as well try to flirt with a baby; but, fortunately for John Marshall, he did not want to flirt, and, what is more, did not know how. Having fallen in love in a very earnest but blundering sort of way with our Nettie, he stammered out a proposal, and was accepted, having taken the little maiden's heart by storm through the sheer force of his own devotion.

His position once defined, Nettie held back no reserves of affectionate artillery for great occasions; tried no pretty feminine tricks of coquettish coldness one day, and extra sweetness the next; never attempted to bring on minute quarrels for the pleasure of making them up again, but was so affectionate and caressing in all her little ways that John never missed the relish which the above little stratagems are supposed to impart to the somewhat insipid dish of domestic felicity.

One day, as ill-luck would have it, entered Sophy Northam, the far-away cousin and particular friend of Nettie. A most incongruous alliance it seemed, made entirely by the brisk determination of Miss Sophy herself, who denominated Nettie her "particular friend," and practically ordered a firm and devoted attachment to spring up between them.

Will being Destiny, and Sophy being another name for will, Nettie became her slave, and was petted, scolded, and laughed at by turns, as her companion's varying impulses suggested.

Sophy was piquancy itself; a brilliant brunette, with the brightest eyes, and neatest figure, and prettiest little foot ever seen. Well, one morning, not long after Nettie's engagement, down comes this brilliant embodiment of feminine wiles on her poor, unsuspicious friend and slave. By-the-by, Sophy, too, was just engaged, and all her unfortunate victim could predicate with certainty of her character was, that she was sure not to be in the same mood to-morrow in which she appeared to-day. The unvarying commonplace affection of John and Nettie exasperated this volatile young lady, and she resolved to show that "poor little goose" how a love affair ought to be managed.

"Now you don't mean to say, Nettie, that you are actually going on in this stupid, humdrum way, up to the very altar! Why, you might as well be married now! I really don't think it would make any difference to you!"

"Neither do I," answered Nettie, simply; "an engagement seems to me about as serious."

"Oh! of course," interrupted Sophy, with an impatient wave of her hand, "that's all very nice in theory, you know, but in practice it's so dreadfully stupid. Do let us have something a little more spicy to begin with. Do you suppose a young man likes to sit down (even if he's as sober and steady as your John, which, thank Heaven! Morton isn't)—do you suppose, I say, that a youth enjoys sitting down with his hands folded as soon as he's engaged, and feeling that all the delightful excitement is over; that the bird is caught, and has no notion of flying away again, even if he should open the cage-door?"

This shaft struck home, as the young lady meant it should, for there is nothing so certain to affront the gentlest of women as an insinuation that any one wishes to dispense with her affection.

"I am sure, Sophy," replied Nettie, with some spirit, "that John never complains of a want of excitement. And I think it would break his heart if I treated him as you treat Mr. De Witt."

"Break his fiddle-stick!" exclaimed Sophy, irreverently. "Bless your dear little soul, there isn't one man in five hundred that has any heart, and even *that* is made of India rubber. 'Men have died, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.' Let me assure you there is nothing of which men tire so soon as a calm monotony of affection. I dare say John thinks it all very nice *now*, but very soon he will begin to have a lurking suspicion that somehow or other you are not quite so interesting as before you were engaged, and then he will begin to be a little bored, and you will find it out, and look miserable, and that will bore him still more, and so things will keep on getting worse and worse all the time."

"Oh dear!" sighed Nettie, rather overpowered by this doleful picture. "But what can I do?"

"Do? why do as I do, to be sure," answered the energetic Sophy, and immediately detailed a long list of little contrivances to increase the "felicity" of Mr. Morton De Witt, whereby that unhappy gentleman was kept in hot water for the greater part of his existence, and only vouchsafed such occasional glimpses of the Paradise of Miss Sophy's love as were judged requisite to prolong his struggles. How she teased and coaxed and badgered him; how she went up and down and in and out of the whole gamut of feminine moods in the course of twenty-four hours! How she was so bewilderingly sweet to him at one moment that he was on the very pinnacle of bliss, and the very next time she saw him was so chillingly polite that he was driven to the verge of desperation. All of which manœuvres Miss Sophy averred greatly increased the dramatic interest of the situation. Nettie listened with a wondering admiration not unmixed with fear.

"But, Sophy," she ventured faintly, at last, "I could not carry out this sort of thing at all. What would be the use of making believe I don't love John when he knows perfectly well that I *do!*" for which ridiculous plea I am happy to say she did have the grace to blush.

At this preposterous assertion Sophy came down upon the enemy with all her forces. She plied her well with grape-shot, round-shot, and canister; she attacked front and rear at once, in a most surprising manner; she formed herself into a hollow square, so to speak, and performed other miracles of evolution; in short, she utterly routed the confused and bewildered forces of her opponent, and established herself triumphantly as mistress, or rather master, of the situation.

That evening John Marshall appeared as usual. Instead of the impetuous, demonstrative, bright, and restless Nettie of heretofore, he encountered a pretty, exceedingly polite young lady, who called him her "dear John," and said she was "*so* glad to see him," and sank back into the depths of her rocking-chair and rocked—a very dangerous symptom to one who knows the ins and outs of feminine nature.

John did not, like most other men, but he instinctively felt that something was wrong. There sat Nettie, as pretty and fresh as ever; but somehow the sparkles had died out of her bright brown eyes, the dimples no longer played bo-peep in her cheeks, and, although she answered all his questions and remarks with the most scrupulous politeness, still her presence, instead of being refreshing and inspiring as usual, was as oppressive as a wet blanket on a July day.

"Nettie, what *is* the matter?" burst out John at length, worried past endurance by this extraordinary effect.

"Matter, John?" said Nettie, with innocent surprise; "why nothing. What do you mean?"

"Why don't you laugh and talk as you generally do, and why don't you come and sit by me on the sofa, instead of perching yourself up in that horrid rocking-chair?" growled John, slightly irate, it must be confessed.

Nettie rose with the most serene, unruffled aspect, seated herself beside John, arranged her flowing drapery with the utmost precision, and looking up in his face with the sweetest of smiles, said, in the tone of one addressing a hopelessly spoiled child, "There, dear; now are you satisfied?"

John flung himself to the other end of the sofa with an impatient jerk.

"Pshaw! Nettie, that isn't what I mean!"

"It's what you said you meant, at all events," replied Nettie, with the same innocent astonishment in her wide-open eyes; "and I think you are very cross and disagreeable to-night, dear, and I really don't know what to make of it."

Here Nettie departed from the passive attitude so far as to indulge in a very pretty pout, which encouraging weakness so disarmed John that he only said, "Nettie!" in a very pleading and reproachful tone. Whereupon Nettie relinquished the dangerous pout, and with the most cruelly patronizing smile, observed that she was sure dear John must be far from well; he was not generally cross unless he had a headache, and she thought he had better take a good walk in the fresh air, and then go home and go to bed.

John stared at her for a moment in undisguised astonishment, and then quietly rose up and walked out of the house. Nettie called, "Good by, dear!" in the sweetest manner, after his retreating form, but the silent figure, fast disappearing in the darkness, deigned no reply.

Nettie went to bed forthwith, and meditated on the performances of the evening. First she felt triumphant that she had played her part so well; a triumph partly compounded of the ordinary feminine pleasure in acting, and partly of the pleasing consciousness that Sophy could reproach her no longer. Then she began to recall John's "crossness," and to feel rather aggrieved thereat; then she thought of the fond, lingering "Good-night" she had lost, and a few little tears stole up to her eyes; then she reflected that after all it was her own fault, and she had been very cruel; and just as another shower was about to descend on John's account it was suddenly checked by a sweet but guilty thrill of satisfaction to think that she *had* this power over him, and could make him miserable if she chose. Then it occurred to her that, after all, John did behave in a very cross, disagreeable manner, and that he ought to be punished for it, even if the process did make her somewhat uncomfortable; after which righteous and highly moral conclusion she went to sleep, with a sigh for her own discomfort and a smile for her power over John vainly striving for the mastery of her lips.

The next morning the tempter appeared again in the likeness of Miss Northam, arrayed as to her person in the coolest and freshest of morning-dresses, and as to her spirit in the calm consciousness of her last victory over De Witt, whom she had reduced the night before to a state bordering on idiocy.

She listened to Nettie's triumphant relation with the quiet dignity of recognized superiority, and advised her to continue in the same course. And that Nettie might have every advantage of position, she invited her to tea, the lovers to come in during the evening, after they had been sufficiently talked over by their respective owners.

Whether Miss Sophy's interest in this little affair arose from the fact that her genius for flirtation was so great that her own province was too small for her ambition and she sighed for new worlds to conquer, or whether she had "that sort of itch for settling other people's destinies" which Charles Reade says is one of the commonest forms of sanctioned lunacy, or whether she had really worked herself up into the belief that she was a sort of female missionary and doing a vast deal of good, I can not undertake to say—I leave it to the readers of *Harper's Bazar* to determine.

But Sophy Northam, clever as she was, had made one little mistake. She had prescribed one of Morton De Witt's doses for the inner system of John Marshall. To be sure, as this brilliant strategist argued, all men are alike, especially when they are in love; but still, in every human machine, like every patent lock, there are sundry out-of-the-way twists and turns which make it a little different from every other machine, and make it rather more complicated and difficult to manage.

Now just such a nature as John Marshall had never happened to cross Miss Sophy's path before. He was entirely too simple for her to comprehend, and the lock had a little twist in one of its wards which set at defiance the pretty little key she had lent Nettie.

In other words, John quietly took up the same course of action that had been prescribed for his defeat, and attacked Nettie on her own ground. That evening he was more brilliant and entertaining than she had ever known him, studiously polite to her, and very attentive to every body else. Sophy was lost in admiration. With the magnanimity of a great warrior she could afford to acknowledge the prowess of a rival. As for Nettie, she felt like the fisherman in the Arabian Nights who let the genie out of the bottle, and could not get him back again. There it was, this dark, imponderable volume of smoke, rolling up before her, every moment growing worse, and no effort of hers seemed adequate to manage any thing at once so vast and so impalpable. So poor little Nettie faded and sparkled by turns; brilliant and animated whenever she thought John was looking at her, dull and dejected when she saw his attention was elsewhere. Nothing could be prettier than the little, wistful sidelong looks she cast at him, the pensive poise of her head, and the droop of her downcast eyelashes. Sophy caught her in one of these Clytie poses, whisked her into a corner, and railed at her heartily.

Much to her surprise, the worm turned. "It's all very well for you to call me silly and spiritless," said the transformed Clytie, with flashing eyes; "I think with you that a certain allowance of spirit is necessary for the preservation of every pair." (She did not intend a pun, and trampled over it with lofty disdain.) "I am glad that John has shown enough to make it unnecessary for me to exert myself. In *your* case it is different. Of course you have to do it for two. I honor your motives, but I deplore the necessity. And I am afraid it is time to go home. Good-night, dear!"

And darting suddenly at her friend with a stinging little needle of a kiss, Nettie turned away, skillfully extricated John from his attentive group of listeners and departed, leaving Sophy in a state of prostrate bewilderment, as the books say, more easily imagined than described. That young lady was for once quite thrown off her balance. What more trying position for a woman of spirit than not to know exactly how much she has been insulted?

Meanwhile John and Nettie paced quietly homeward. Very quietly, for she was struggling with an absurd but eminently feminine dis-

position to cry, and in the effort to fight down her tears, necessarily had to hold her tongue, while John was partly tired by his unusual efforts at entertaining, and partly curious to see what Nettie would do if he let her alone.

At last they reached the familiar steps; the scene of so many meetings and partings, greetings and farewells. The sight of the old stones nerved Nettie to a desperate effort. With one final and prodigious gulp she swallowed the last tear, caught hold of one of John's buttons just as he was turning to go, and opened her lips to begin a very pretty moral lecture—said moral lecture she had been elaborating to herself all the way home, and in it she intended fairly to divide the blame of their little misunderstanding between them, and to wind up with an affectionate assurance of better things to come.

But as she looked up and saw the old kind face looking down at her, with a gleam of amusement lurking behind the gravity of the eyes, she forgot all her formal explanations, and felt so ashamed that she began to wish she had let John go. Then summoning up all her courage, she looked wistfully at the very middle of John's top button, which she was fingering, and whispered doubtingly, "John; if you were to try very hard do you think you *could* forgive me?"

History has not recorded what John did. If my readers, that is, the sterner portion thereof, will take the trouble to calculate the effect upon themselves of a pretty, up-turned face, "all kinder smily round the lips, and teary round the lashes," said face set in a frame of moonlight solitude, and romance generally, they will probably arrive at something like the actual result. History *has* recorded, however, what John said. Like the speeches of all great men at all great moments, it was short, simple, and to the point. He said: "Little woman, don't try it again!"

And I don't think she did. At least by the last accounts they were still living in a state of much humdrum content and felicity.

As for Sophy, the bungling wedding of one of her friends suddenly stimulated her to an heroic exertion. She felt that it was her duty to show the world how such things ought to be done, so she graciously allowed the long-suffering Morton to marry her. In a blaze of glory, compounded of white satin, orange-flowers, tulle veils, bridemaids, presents, carriages, and wedding-cards, the moral entity called Morton De Witt passed out of independent existence. In future he vegetated as "Mrs. De Witt's husband." Somewhere within the brilliant aureole which surrounds that gorgeous and fashionable comet he revolves, unseen, his "ineffectual fires paled" by the glory that envelops him, a little twinkling star hid forever behind the sweeping brilliancy of his radiant partner.

THE REMARKABLE NEEDLES.

HOW did her grandmother knit her in? I can not tell you that. All I know about it is this: The jar was broken. The tall, green jar, with a dragon sprawling over it. Nobody knew who did it, though mamma asked every body. Hetty's brother declared that he had not touched it. Hetty's heart gave a guilty thump, but she said "No, ma'am, I know nothing about it," when she was asked. As for Hetty's grandmother, she only pursed her lips up tight, and knitted away faster than ever with her "remarkable needles."

For some reason Hetty, after she had said "No, ma'am, I know nothing about it," began to watch these needles; indeed she could not help looking at them; and I did not see it, but they say that her grandmother knitted faster and faster, till the needles sent out sparks; and then before she knew it Hetty was fast to her grandmother's thread. It must have been a very strong thread, for though she held fast to her chair with hands and feet it dragged her across the room, and it pulled her up on the needles, where she hung with the stitches, and around and around she went on the needles, till she was knitted deep into the stocking, stitches over her, stitches under her, fast in the middle of a red stripe.

Then her grandmother rolled up Hetty in the stocking, stuck the needles in the ball of yarn, and laid them away on the top shelf of the cupboard, saying to Hetty:

"Henceforth I mean that you shall speak the truth in spite of yourself. The real little Hetty broke the jar; but as you say that you did not break it, you shall be the red stripe in my stocking, which of course could not have done the mischief, till you are ready to confess the truth."

Then she shut the door, and left Hetty in the dark on the top shelf.

And what did Hetty's mother say? Bless you, she knew nothing about it.

So there Hetty lay. Old bottles were her nearest neighbors. Motes of dust settled down on them, till she and the stocking were gray alike, and she could not shake them off. A spider spun his web all around her, and she could not break it. The mice came and frisked about, but their talk was only about bread and cheese. The stitches, too, chattered with each other, but they would not speak to Hetty at all, because she was not made of wool like them. For a time Hetty hoped that somebody would miss her, but all the home-people seemed to think that she was gone on a visit. So Uncle John came, and Hetty did not see him; and there was a picnic, while Hetty was fast in a red stocking stripe. And Tip chewed her wax doll to bits, and she could not cry out; and yet it was so hard to confess about the jar that she might have been there now if a mouse had not nibbled her toes.

"Oh, grandma, my toes! Grandma," screamed Hetty, "let me out, and I will tell mamma! Oh! Ah!"

She screamed, as I suppose you would if you were fast in a stocking and a mouse was lunching on your toes; but nobody heard her except her grandmother who was sitting by the fire.

"I declare, I must have left my knitting-work here!" said her grandmother, opening the door. The mouse ran away, and grandma took down the stocking and brushed off the dust, and there was Hetty saying to her mother:

"Mamma, I have told you a lie. I did break the green jar."

If you had been knitted fast in a red stripe would you not have been very careful of your words? Hetty was careful before her grandmother; but when away that was quite another matter. So it happened that as the girls were chattering at school about their brothers, how strong and tall they were, or how mischievous and cross they were, as girls will, Hetty, not to be outdone, said:

"Well, my brother is taller and stronger than I am."

"But your brother is only six years old!" cried the girls.

"That is true," answered Hetty. "Still, as I say, he is *much* taller and *much* stronger. And oh, how cross! Your brother Jack, I am certain, Kate, is amiable beside him. Why, he *never* speaks a pleasant word!"

"I wonder that your mother does not teach him better manners," said Kate, in surprise.

"Oh, but that is impossible. Nobody can teach him any thing," returned Hetty, quickly. "Why, he even strikes mamma. He is the worst boy in the world. You can not believe a word he says; and so stupid—"

She stopped short. Just here Hetty heard a click—only a little click, but it made her think of the "remarkable needles," and she began to feel very guilty and uncomfortable. She dawdled as long as she dared before going home, and slipped as quietly as possible past her grandmother's door; but she could not help hearing the needles—clickety click! clickety click! They had never made such a noise; and though she shut her door, the sound followed her—clickety click! She could hear nothing else. "What could grandmother be knitting?" thought the guilty little girl; and oh, how she wished that she had never told those silly, useless stories about her brother! and that the dinner-bell would not ring, or that she need not go down.

The dinner-hour came, however, and Hetty dared not stay away. All the family were at table, and some body was sitting in her place—a stranger, a boy, larger than herself, who turned around as she came up to what had always been her chair, and said, in a very decided tone, "Clear out!"

"What!" said Hetty.

"Clear out!" repeated the boy.

Hetty looked at her mother.

"Suppose you should move your chair," she said to the boy.

"I won't give up my place!" he screamed, loudly.

"But you need not give up your place. You need only move a little."

"Do you not see that he is too stupid to understand you?" said Hetty's grandmother, in a low voice.

"Why don't you help me, instead of staring there?" continued this amiable young gentleman.

"You must wait your turn," answered Hetty's mamma, mildly.

"But I won't wait;" jumping up and planting himself before her. "Take that now!" striking her on the cheek.

"Oh," screamed Hetty in horror, "why do you let him speak and behave like that, mamma?"

"She can not help it. He is the worst boy in the world. Nobody can teach him any thing," returned her grandmother, eying her sternly.

Hetty turned pale.

"You all abuse me. You all treat me ill!" screamed this frightful boy, tearing the tablecloth from the table, and dancing on the dishes, as they lay on the floor.

"This is too much! Really, Hetty, I am sorry for you; but you must take him away," said her mamma, sadly. "It would be impossible to live with this creature."

"I take him away!"

"Yes. He is yours, you know. The new brother that you made, or rather that I knit for you, while you were describing him, at school," replied her grandmother. "You remember that I told you that henceforth you should speak the truth in spite of yourself. As you had no such brother as you represented I have provided one for you; and you will find that he answers the description perfectly."

Hetty looked at her mother imploringly. Her mother's eyes were full of tears, but she only said, mournfully:

"I can not help you, my dear child; and I would not if I could. You must take your lie with you into the world, and perhaps when you see every day how hateful it is, you may learn to love the truth."

And then the door closed behind her, and Hetty found herself in the street, with her terrible new brother.

"Come!" he said, pushing her roughly. "What are you standing there for, you little fool! Now you have cheated me out of my dinner and turned me out of doors you must find me a home, and take care of me."

Hetty looked up at him, and he looked so red and so ugly, and she felt so angry that he should say *she* had brought about their misfortunes, that she said to herself, "I won't stay with him," and dodged around the very first corner that she saw. But the boy was too quick for her; and catching her by the arm, walked on with her, holding her fast that she should not run again.

So they wandered through the streets till they came to a large house, over whose gate was written—"Home for Desolate Children."

"This is the place for me," thought Hetty, and knocking, they were told to come in, and found a large man with spectacles.

"Who are you?" said the large man.

"We are brother and sister," answered the boy, before Hetty could open her mouth. "My sister is such a liar that her mother turned her out of doors, and I came with her rather than let her go alone."

"Bad—very bad!" said the tall man. "Are you not ashamed when you see how much harm you have done your brother as well as yourself, little girl?"

"But I have not harmed him," said Hetty; and she began to tell her story, to which the tall man listened patiently till she came to being knitted up in a red stripe.

"Monstrous!" he cried. "Ridiculous! Knitted out of your chair! Fast in a stocking!" and he stopped his ears. "Stop, I say—I won't hear another word! You are the most dreadful liar that I ever met. Take her away! Put her in a room by herself, and give her only a little bread."

Accordingly Hetty was hustled out of the room, leaving her new brother behind her with the tall man, who asked him to sit down with him at table. But I have already told you that this boy was very stupid. He was also very hungry. He seated himself in the tall man's chair, and, seizing knife and fork, began to cut out great bits of meat from the joint and swallow them.

"Stop!" cried the tall man. "That is my chair, and we must say grace beside."

"I won't stop: and what do I care for your chair and your grace?" answered the boy, stuffing potatoes, macaroni, and mutton, with both hands, into his mouth.

"I say you shall!" roared the angry man.

By way of answer our boy threw the platter at him, joint and all.

Hetty, eating her third crust of bread, heard a terrible noise below, and while she listened in surprise her door was thrown open.

"Get out," said the tall man, "and go after your brother. I believe you are wicked elves, and not children. Go quickly!"

It was now very dark, and the snow fell, but Hetty was forced to obey. Outside she found her evil brother waiting for her.

"This is the second time that you have cheated me out of my dinner," he said to her, with as much fury as if it had been true. But Hetty made no answer. She was so tired that she stumbled continually, and she was in despair. Suddenly, "There is your mother," said the boy.

"Where, oh, where?" cried Hetty, forgetting that she must not believe a word that he said. She forgot that she was tired. She ran and jumped from one snow-drift to another. Her heart beat fast. "I will tell her how sorry I am, and she will forgive me," she thought. But when she came to the turn, where she could see far ahead, there was nothing—only the broad white road and black hills against the sky.

"Ha! ha!" laughed her brother; "I thought I could make you run."

Hetty shivered, and sank down in the snow. Her strength had gone: her knees would not hold her.

"I am dying," she said to herself, "but I do not wonder that they sent me out. If this creature were twice as cruel we might live if he would tell the truth; but what can I do when he can never be believed? It is as well to die now."

Then her grandmother, who had been following her all day, stepped out from behind a tree, saying:

"No, my child, it is better to live, since you have learned the value of truth."

Then she took out the "remarkable needles," and with them picked up a stitch on the evil boy's nose; and giving that stitch a hearty jerk he began to unravel. And Hetty's grandmother unraveled him from top to toe, and wound him up in a ball of handsome yarn, and stuck it on the "remarkable needles," and put them in her pocket. And then she wrapped Hetty in her fur cloak, and took her home, where her mother was waiting for her with tears and kisses, and such a nice supper!

MRS. TYPESET'S DIARY.

Monday Eve.—"Now do let us be there in good season," I had said to Mr. Typeset as we came up from dinner to-night, "for I do not fancy pushing through a crowd to my seat, and there will be sure to be a jam at the doors; besides, Mr. Dickens has *requested* us to be seated ten minutes before eight!" But although I made this remark in a very general manner, including myself in the injunction, I really meant to stimulate Mr. T. to put the finishing touches to *his* toilette seasonably; for notwithstanding all that is said in the books about the exemplary patience of gentlemen in waiting for their wives to dress, my private opinion is that there's another side to the question. At any rate Mr. Typeset (though I wouldn't find fault with the good man for the world) is wonderfully fond of saying, when we are going out of an evening, "I am all ready, my dear; I'll wait for you in the parlor." And I come down into the parlor presently and find him complaisantly playing on the piano *waiting for me!* But when we get to the street door I discover his coat is not brushed, nor his hat—*perhaps* his hair *is*—but his gloves are in his other coat pocket, and his handkerchief—well, it is in his bureau drawer—and as to his cravat he is sure to have on a very unbecoming one. But if I hint to him, in the mildest manner, that he isn't half ready, and that he needs a good deal of looking after, he takes it all good-humoredly, and says, "That's just one reason I married you, my dear!" So I can't scold.

Our seats in Steinway Hall were excellent, and we were early enough to watch the eager, incoming crowd, and to examine the ingenious apparatus which Mr. Dickens has arranged for his readings. As to the audience almost every body was in capital humor. One lady directly behind me seemed an exception, and she fumed and fretted because of the "tight seats" which the architects of Steinway Hall had constructed; but her size rendered this somewhat excusable. On the platform stood a small crimson-covered table, a carafe of water and a tumbler on one side of it, and a little crimson book-rest, raised several inches above the level of the table; on the other side, a crimson curtain as a back-ground, and an excellent arrangement of light. All unannounced, walking briskly, book in hand, Mr. Dickens came upon the stage. There was plenty of applause without adding *my* mite, so I *looked* with all my eyes. A middle-aged gentleman, rather spare, hair so thin as to give the appearance of being partly bald, mustache and beard sprinkled with gray, face indicating good sound sense and hearty good-humor; dress neat and unpretending, with a red-and-white rose-bud in the button-hole of his coat. He acknowledges the applause with a quiet bow, and then stands, turning his eyes here and there—quite vainly at present—to find a pause in which to commence. But he improves the first one, and while I am thinking that he is introducing his reading with a little preface, I find him already in the "Christmas Carol."

But he is not *reading;* he is *telling* the story. One hand, to be sure, rests upon his book, and he turns the pages now and then; but he is talking, and *acting*—suppose it must be so called for want of another word—though there is nothing that seems artificial in look, or tone, or gesture. I was certainly somewhat disappointed at first that his voice possessed so little strength and volume, and that it was needful to *listen* carefully to catch every word. But his enunciation is distinct, the intonations natural, and wonderfully varied with every character; something in the man himself brings his audience at once into sympathy with him, and I became absorbed in listening, and watching the facial changes, and the expressive gestures; now it was Scrooge, and then the Ghost—now Tiny Tim, and then Bob Cratchit—every character in that beautiful "Christmas Carol" vividly portrayed. He carried all his hearers unconsciously along with him, through pathetic passages and humorous descriptions; and I was almost breathless with intensity of interest when he closed his book and vanished from the stage.

In a few moments he reappeared, and read—no, *told* us the famous trial of Pickwick, convulsing the entire audience with laughter, which they did their best to subdue, so as not to lose a word. But there are some things that can not well be described, and Mr. Dickens's readings are among them. The evening's entertainment was over quite too soon, for we were out of the Hall before ten o'clock; but it will ever be a pleasant memory, and will give me new interest in the writings of Charles Dickens.

Wednesday Eve.—About one hundred and twenty-five years ago the Oratorio of "Samson" was first performed, in London, under the immediate supervision of its great composer, Handel. It met with great success then; but it would be interesting if we could actually *compare* its first performance with the one to-night at Steinway Hall. "Samson" is a grand Oratorio, and the competent artists who rendered it this evening were listened to by a delighted audience. Handel's music is characterized by grandeur and sublimity, and although he spent only five weeks in composing "Samson," it is one of the most remarkable of his productions.

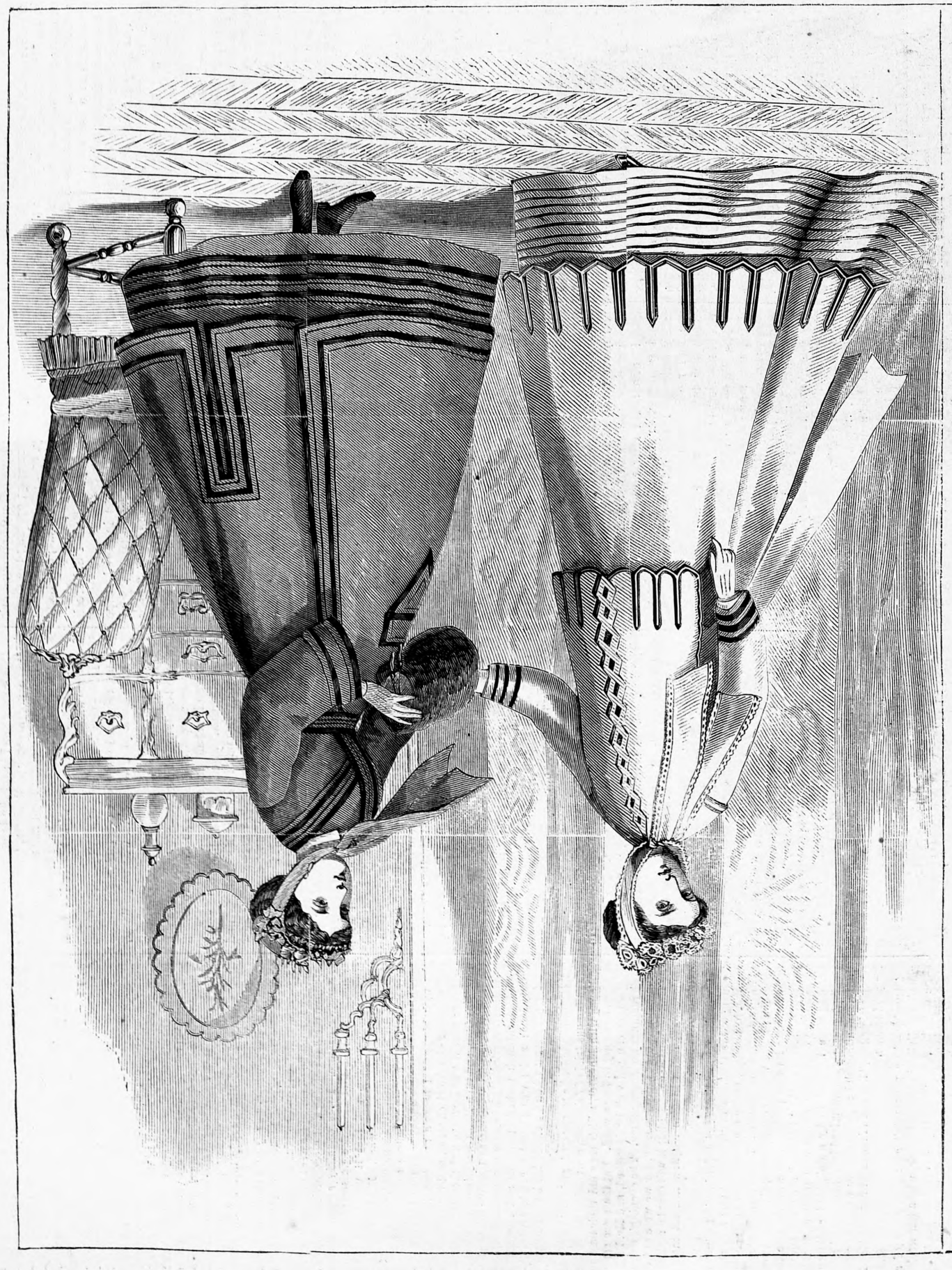
Thursday.—The papers tell a curious story of a young lady living in Massachusetts, who a few weeks since experienced a disagreeable sensation near the right shoulder. A long black mark was visible, and shortly after a hard substance could be distinctly felt. Her physician was called, and succeeded in removing part of a hair-pin. The supposition is that the young lady must have swallowed it when a child, and that it has been working around her system ever since, until it finally came near the surface.

Friday.—Such a snow-storm as we have had! A real old-fashioned "Down East" snow-storm, blocking up the streets and impeding locomotion every where. This has been a blowing, drifting storm; but a calm, quiet fall of snow—when the huge flakes silently chase each other downward, covering, in solemn stillness, the whole landscape with a dense white robe, soft and pure—is a grand and beautiful scene. Yet to really *seem* beautiful I think it must be witnessed in the *country*. Snow, in a great city like New York, seems out of place. Nobody is prepared for it, nobody wants to see it, except the small boys who delight in snow-balling, and a few pleasure-seekers who hope for a sleigh-ride. It is such an inconvenience to every body—there is no place to put it. It must not be in the yards, nor on the house-tops, nor on the side-walks, nor yet can it be in large quantities in the streets. The cars and omnibuses are stopped by it; the housekeeper can not get to market; the merchant finds it hard work to reach his store; in short every thing is, as it were, *upset* by a snow-storm. And then the pure beauty of the snow vanishes in a day or two—a dingy mixture, totally unlike the original article, takes its place—then comes the "*slush*," and the streets are almost impassable. But the New England farmer expects snow, he prepares for it, and is glad when it comes to wrap up the earth securely against the winter winds. His sleigh and merry tinkling bells are ready, his sled and snow-shoes, his warm wraps for hand and feet; and food and fodder are in house and barn. The snow has not come to him for a few days, but for months—it is the harbinger of many pleasures; the good wife looks from the window into the thickening air, and softly murmurs "It snows;" while gleeful boys and girls dance and caper through the fast falling flakes, and shout "It snows! It snows!" And at "Merry Christmas" the sleighing, the coasting, and the skating may be depended upon to give joy and jollity. We in the city, too, plan to have a very merry Christmas, even if we have to wade through seas of mud to purchase Christmas gifts—as present appearances indicate we may possibly be obliged to do. The shops are putting on their holiday attire, and neither "wind nor weather" will deter us from seeing every thing and buying all we can.

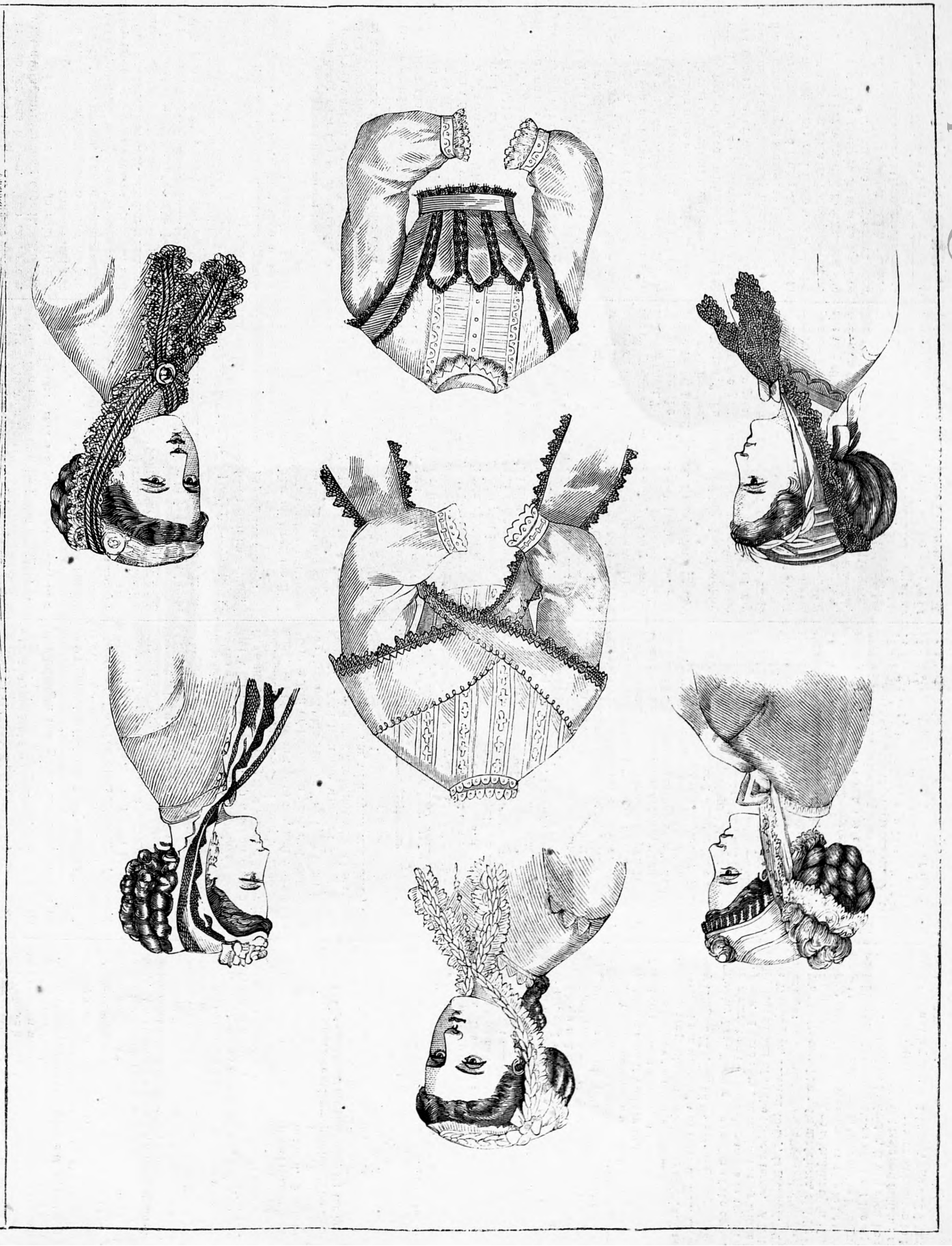
Saturday Eve.—From every section of the country come pleasant and encouraging words in regard to the *Bazar*. I have seen and received many letters in which it is spoken of in the highest terms. A letter from Washington, received to-day, is pleasant. The writer says:

"We like its moral tone, its usefulness, and its abnegation of folly's fripperies, so attendant upon 'fashionable' publications. It seems to aspire to be something higher than a dry-goods 'dummy' in literature, exhibiting merely the 'style'—so often *not* the style, however. As a public instructor, it will soon be accepted as the criterion of good taste and fashion; and as a publication, it will bring renewed homage to the shrine at which youth and beauty, age and homeliness alike worship."

WALKING DRESSES.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



BONNETS AND LINGERIE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



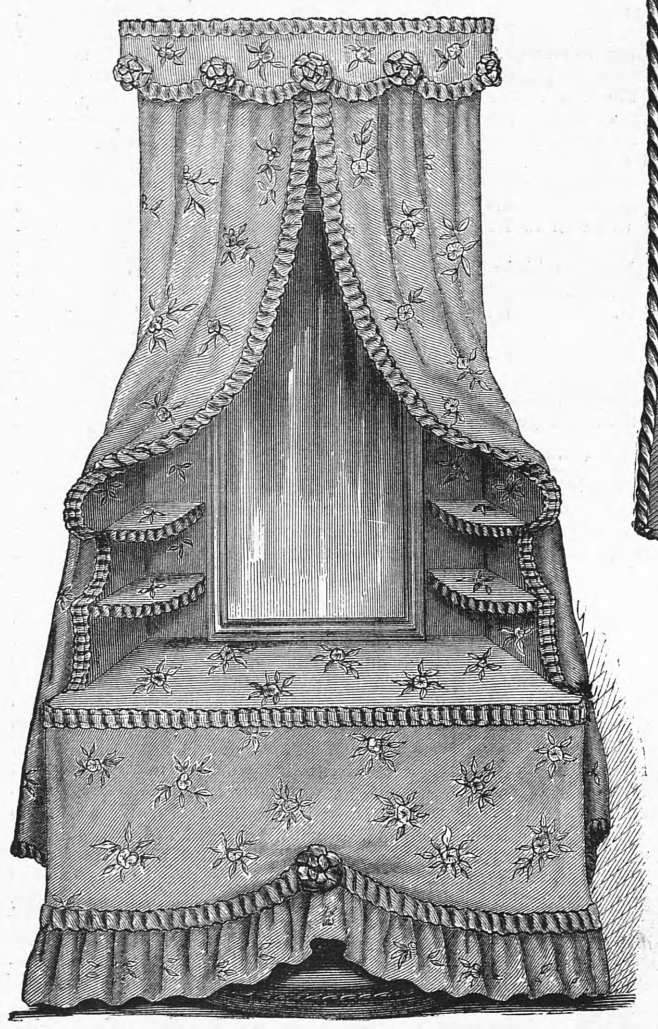
Walking Dresses.

Fig. 1.—Fanchon of blue velvet, with velvet strings, edged with narrow lace. Trimming of lace, with velvet pansies. Paletot and dress of blue cloth, trimmed with narrow velvet. The paletot is cut straight, with tabs in front. The over-skirt, which is almost flat, is confined at the waist by a sash, the ends of which fall nearly to the trimming of the skirt. The under-skirt, which is longer and fuller, is trimmed horizontally with narrow velvet. This may be either of cloth or silk.

Fig. 2.—Bonnet of gray velvet, something of the Mary Stuart shape in front. Trimming of gray velvet ivy leaves, and pendants falling over a velvet band. Full suit of gray cloth, edged and trimmed with gray velvet galloon, with broad black band and narrow black edge. The over-skirt forms the pelisse, and crosses at the left under the belt. Full sleeves, large pocket in the right side of the skirt. Under-skirt scant and short, fulling to the top of the boot.

Bonnets and Lingerie.

Fig. 1.—Trianon of white uncut velvet with frill behind. The front is trimmed with lace as well as the frill, and is ornamented with two small bows of blue ribbon. A rouleau of blue ribbon forms the heading of the lace in front, and is fastened by a bow on the temples, whence it extends, forming strings, which are edged with lace. This is an exceedingly graceful bonnet.



DRESSING-TABLE.

Fig. 2.—Trianon of pink velvet, trimmed on the front with three bias folds of pink satin, one of which overlies the edge, and is fringed with beads. A small pink feather is placed on the top of the front, and another long one forms the heading behind of a deep frill of lace, which is prolonged, forming strings that tie over strings of pink satin.

Fig. 3.—Fanchon of lilac velvet edged with a notched bias fold of satin, turned up on the front. Long, wide strings, simply tied under the chin. A cluster of lilac gladiolas is arranged on the front in the Mary Stuart fashion.

Fig. 4.—Marie Antoinette mantelet of pink taffetas, trimmed on the shoulders with a narrow guipure edge, and round the bottom and sash ends with broad, rich white guipure.

EASY-CHAIR.

PORTIÈRE.—BACK.

Fig. 5.—Bonnet of Havana velvet, pleated lengthwise, with a prolongation of the same, forming strings and bow without ends. The front is trimmed with a wreath of bronzed foliage, with grelots. A frill of black guipure finishes the back, and ends in strings which are fastened under the bow.

Fig. 6.—Diadem fanchon of black velvet, finished with an elegant frill of black lace, striped with black velvet, and forming rich strings, which are crossed in front, and fastened with a pink rosette. The inside trimming is composed of small white feathers, forming a diadem, and ending on the temple with a pink rose.

Fig. 7.—Bretelle belt of blue taffetas, composed of three lappets in front and three behind, bretelles, and belt, all edged with black guipure. This beautiful belt is of an entirely new shape, and is easily made. It is worn over a muslin or lace waist for opera or dinner toilette, and also sets off a Cashmere or silk waist of a harmonizing color.

Dressing-Table.

THE arrangement of this dressing-table is both simple and elegant. The frame is of wood, with a mirror in the centre, and two shelves on either side, as seen in the illustration. The covering is of chintz, trimmed with ruches, rosettes, and a flounce of the same material.

Portière.

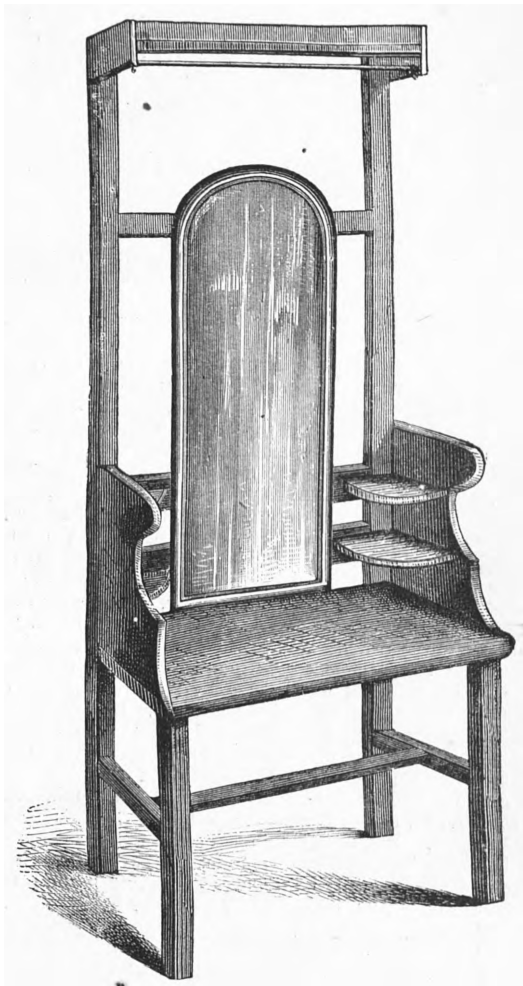
THIS portière is provided with a new and convenient kind of bracket, with wheels, for drawing and opening the hangings, which are shown in the accompanying illustrations. These brackets are placed above the door, where they support an iron rod to which the hangings are fastened by means of small brass rings. The first illustration, which shows the wrong side of the curtain, clearly shows the arrangement of the whole. The hangings are pleated at the top, in the manner shown in the second illustration; a strip of cloth is laid across the wrong side, and tacked at proper distances to the pleats, so as to keep them in place; and each pleat is confined by a button. The cord for drawing and opening the hangings is passed round the wheel of the brackets, then the cord *a* is placed at the × *a*, and the cord *b* is fastened to the *b* on the curtain. The ends of the cord are furnished with weights. To open the hangings draw the cord *b*, as seen in the illustration; to draw them, use the corresponding cord *a*.

Easy-Chair.

THIS easy-chair is covered with brown damask, tacked with strong cord and furnished with brown silk buttons. The middle is trimmed with a strip of corn-colored silk, elaborately embroidered. Deep fringe and heavy silk cord form the trimming around the bottom: the fringe on the embroidered strip being corn-color, and that on the cover brown like the latter.

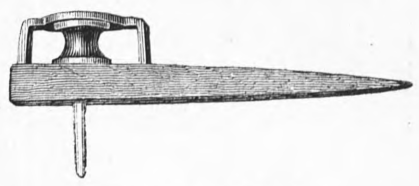
Chair with Movable Back.

THIS chair, which will be prized by those who love their ease, can readily be made by an ingenious person by means of a simple iron

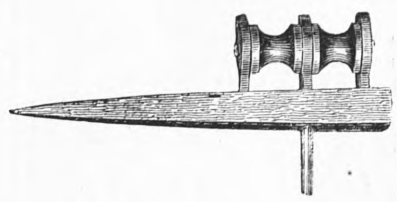


FRAME OF DRESSING-TABLE.

PORTIÈRE.—FRONT.



BRACKET FOR PORTIÈRE.



BRACKET FOR PORTIÈRE.

CHAIR WITH MOVABLE BACK.

pivot and socket, which permit the back to swing to and fro, like an ordinary toilette-glass. A cord, fastened to the columns on the back of the chair, limits the inclination of the back, which is also finished round the edge with cord. The frame of this comfortable chair can be easily made by any cabinet-maker, and the upholstery finished at home. In the design the frame is of oak, and the upholstery of brown silk damask.

NO THOROUGHFARE.

By CHARLES DICKENS AND WILKIE COLLINS.

IN FOUR ACTS.

ACT I.—(*Continued.*)

Now, the Obenreizers being skilled musicians, it was easily brought to pass that they should be asked to join these musical unions. Guardian and Ward consenting, or Guardian consenting for both, it was necessarily brought to pass that Vendale's life became a life of absolute thraldom and enchantment. For, in the mouldy Christopher-Wren church on Sundays, with its dearly beloved brethren assembled and met together, five-and-twenty strong, was not that Her voice that shot like light into the darkest places, thrilling the walls and pillars as though they were pieces of his heart! What time, too, Madame Dor in a corner of the high pew, turning her back upon every body and every thing, could not fail to be Ritualistically right at some moment of the service; like the man whom the doctors recommended to get drunk once a month, and who, that he might not overlook it, got drunk every day.

But, even those seraphic Sundays were surpassed by the Wednesday concerts established for the patriarchal family. At those concerts, she would sit down to the piano, and sing them, in her own tongue, songs of her own land, songs calling from the mountain-tops to Vendale, "Rise above the groveling level country; come far away from the crowd; pursue me as I mount higher, higher, higher, melting into the azure distance; rise to my supremest height of all, and love me here!" Then would the pretty bodice, the clocked stocking, and the silver-buckled shoe be, like the broad forehead and the bright eyes, fraught with the spring of a very chamois, until the strain was over.

Not even over Vendale himself did these songs of hers cast a more potent spell than over Joey Ladle in his different way. Steadily refusing to muddle the harmony by taking any share in it, and evincing the supremest contempt for scales and such like rudiments of music—which, indeed, seldom captivate mere listeners—Joey did at first give up the whole business as a bad job, and the whole of the performers for a set of howling Dervishes. But, descrying traces of unmuddled harmony in a part-song one day, he gave his two under-cellarmen faint hopes of getting on toward something in course of time. An anthem of Handel's led to further encouragement from him; though he objected that that great musician must have been down in some of them foreign cellars pretty much, for to go and say the same thing so many times over; which, took it in how you might, he considered a certain sign of your having took it in somehow. On a third occasion, the public appearance of Mr. Jarvis with a flute, and of an odd man with a violin, and the performance of a duet by the two, did so astonish him that, solely of his own impulse and motion, he became inspired with the words, "Ann Koar!" repeatedly pronouncing them as if calling in a familiar manner for some lady who had distinguished herself in the orchestra. But this was his final testimony to the merits of his mates, for, the instrumental duet being performed at the first Wednesday concert, and being presently followed by the voice of Marguerite Obenreizer, he sat with his mouth wide open, entranced, until she had finished; when, rising in his place with much solemnity, and prefacing what he was about to say with a bow that specially included Mr. Wilding in it, he delivered himself of the gratifying sentiment: "Arter that, ye may all on ye get to bed!" And ever afterward declined to render homage in any other words to the musical powers of the family.

Thus began a separate personal acquaintance between Marguerite Obenreizer and Joey Ladle. She laughed so heartily at his compliment, and yet was so abashed by it, that Joey made bold to say to her, after the concert was over, he hoped he wasn't so muddled in his head as to have took a liberty? She made him a gracious reply, and Joey ducked in return.

"You'll change the luck time about, Miss," said Joey, ducking again. "It's such as you in the place that can bring round the luck of the place."

"Can I? Round the luck?" she answered, in her pretty English, and with a pretty wonder. "I fear I do not understand. I am so stupid."

"Young Master Wilding, Miss," Joey explained, confidentially, though not much to her enlightenment, "changed the luck, afore he took in young Master George. So I say, and so they'll find. Lord! Only come into the place and sing over the luck a few times, Miss, and it won't be able to help itself!"

With this, and with a whole brood of ducks, Joey backed out of the presence. But Joey being a privileged person, and even an involuntary conquest being pleasant to youth and beauty, Marguerite merrily looked out for him next time.

"Where is my Mr. Joey, please?" she asked of Vendale.

So Joey was produced and shaken hands with, and that became an Institution.

Another Institution arose in this wise. Joey was a little hard of hearing. He himself said it was "Wapors," and perhaps it might have been; but whatever the cause of the effect, there the effect was, upon him. On this first occasion he had been seen to sidle along the wall, with his left hand to his left ear, until he had sidled himself into a seat pretty near the singer, in which place and position he had remained, until addressing to his friends the amateurs the compliment before mentioned. It was observed on the following Wednesday that Joey's action as a Pecking Machine was impaired at dinner, and it was rumored about the table that this was explainable by his high-strung expectations of Miss Obenreizer's singing, and his fears of not getting a place where he could hear every note and syllable.

The rumor reaching Wilding's ears, he, in his good-nature, called Joey to the front at night before Marguerite began. Thus the Institution came into being that on succeeding nights, Marguerite, running her hands over the keys before singing, always said to Vendale, "Where is my Mr. Joey, please?" and that Vendale always brought him forth, and stationed him near by. That he should then, when all eyes were upon him, express in his face the utmost contempt for the exertions of his friends and confidence in Marguerite alone, whom he would stand contemplating, not unlike the rhinoceros out of the spelling-book, tamed and on his hind legs, was a part of the Institution. Also that when he remained after the singing in his most ecstatic state, some bold spirit from the back should say, "What do you think of it, Joey?" and he should be goaded to reply, as having that instant conceived the retort, "Arter that, ye may all on ye get to bed!" These were other parts of the Institution.

But, the simple pleasures and small jests of Cripple Corner were not destined to have a long life. Underlying them from the first was a serious matter, which every member of the patriarchal family knew of, but which, by tacit agreement, all forebore to speak of. Mr. Wilding's health was in a bad way.

He might overcome the shock he had sustained in the one great affection of his life, or he might have overcome his consciousness of being in the enjoyment of another man's property; but the two together were too much for him. A man haunted by twin ghosts, he became deeply depressed. The inseparable spectres sat at the board with him, ate from his platter, drank from his cup, and stood by his bedside at night. When he recalled his supposed mother's love, he felt as though he had stolen it. When he rallied a little under the respect and attachment of his dependents, he felt as though he were even fraudulent in making them happy, for that should have been the unknown man's duty and gratification.

Gradually, under the pressure of his brooding mind, his body stooped, his step lost its elasticity, his eyes were seldom lifted from the ground. He knew he could not help the deplorable mistake that had been made, but he knew he could not mend it; for the days and weeks went by, and no one claimed his name or his possessions. And now there began to creep over him a cloudy consciousness of often-recurring confusion in his head. He would unaccountably lose, sometimes whole hours, sometimes a whole day and night. Once, his remembrance stopped as he sat at the head of the dinner-table, and was blank until daybreak. Another time, it stopped as he was beating time to their singing, and went on again when he and his partner were walking in the court-yard by the light of the moon, half the night later. He asked Vendale (always full of consideration, work, and help) how this was. Vendale only replied, "You have not been quite well; that's all." He looked for explanation into the faces of his people. But they would put it off with, "Glad to see you looking so much better, sir;" or, "Hope you're doing nicely now, sir;" in which was no information at all.

At length, when the partnership was but five months old, Walter Wilding took to his bed, and his housekeeper became his nurse.

"Lying here, perhaps you will not mind my calling you Sally, Mrs. Goldstraw?" said the poor wine merchant.

"It sounds more natural to me, sir, than any other name, and I like it better."

"Thank you, Sally. I think, Sally, I must of late have been subject to fits. Is that so, Sally? Don't mind telling me now."

"It has happened, sir."

"Ah! That is the explanation!" he quietly remarked. "Mr. Obenreizer, Sally, talks of the world being so small that it is not strange how often the same people come together, and come together, at various places, and in various stages of life. But it does seem strange, Sally, that I should, as I may say, come round to the Foundling to die."

He extended his hand to her, and she gently took it.

"You are not going to die, dear Mr. Wilding."

"So Mr. Bintrey said, but I think he was wrong. The old child-feeling is coming back upon me, Sally. The old hush and rest, as I used to fall asleep."

After an interval he said, in a placid voice, "Please kiss me, Nurse," and, it was evident, believed himself to be lying in the old Dormitory.

As she had been used to bend over the fatherless and motherless children, Sally bent over the fatherless and motherless man, and put her lips to his forehead, murmuring—

"God bless you!"

"God bless you!" he replied, in the same tone.

After another interval, he opened his eyes in his own character, and said: "Don't move me, Sally, because of what I am going to say; I lie quite easily. I think my time is come. I don't know how it may appear to you, Sally, but—"

Insensibility fell upon him for a few minutes; he merged from it once more.

"—I don't know how it may appear to you, Sally, but so it appears to me."

When he had thus conscientiously finished his favorite sentence, his time came, and he died.

ACT II.

VENDALE MAKES LOVE.

THE summer and the autumn had passed. Christmas and the New Year were at hand.

As executors honestly bent on performing their duty toward the dead, Vendale and Bintrey had held more than one anxious consultation on the subject of Wilding's will. The lawyer had declared, from the first, that it was simply impossible to take any useful action in the matter at all. The only obvious inquiries to make, in relation to the lost man, had been made already by Wilding himself; with this result, that time and death together had not left a trace of him discoverable. To advertise for the claimant to the property, it would be necessary to mention particulars,—a course of proceeding which would invite half the impostors in England to present themselves in the character of the true Walter Wilding. "If we find a chance of tracing the lost man, we will take it. If we don't, let us meet for another consultation on the first anniversary of Wilding's death." So Bintrey advised. And so, with the most earnest desire to fulfill his dead friend's wishes, Vendale was fain to let the matter rest for the present.

Turning from his interest in the past to his interest in the future, Vendale still found himself confronting a doubtful prospect. Months on months had passed since his first visit to Soho Square,—and through all that time the one language in which he had told Marguerite that he loved her was the language of the eyes, assisted, at convenient opportunities, by the language of the hand.

What was the obstacle in his way? The one immovable obstacle which had been in his way from the first. No matter how fairly the opportunities looked, Vendale's efforts to speak with Marguerite alone, ended invariably in one and the same result. Under the most accidental circumstances, in the most innocent manner possible, Obenreizer was always in the way.

With the last days of the old year came an unexpected chance of spending an evening with Marguerite, which Vendale resolved should be a chance of speaking privately to her as well. A cordial note from Obenreizer invited him, on New Year's Day, to a little family dinner in Soho Square. "We shall be only four," the note said. "We shall be only two," Vendale determined, "before the evening is out!"

New Year's Day, among the English, is associated with the giving and receiving of dinners, and with nothing more. New Year's Day, among the foreigners, is the grand opportunity of the year for the giving and receiving of presents. It is occasionally possible to acclimatize a foreign custom. In this instance Vendale felt no hesitation about making the attempt. His one difficulty was to decide what his New Year's gift to Marguerite should be. The defensive pride of the peasant's daughter—morbidly sensitive to the inequality between her social position and his—would be secretly roused against him if he ventured on a rich offering. A gift, which a poor man's purse might purchase, was the one gift that could be trusted to find its way to her heart, for the giver's sake. Stoutly resisting temptation, in the form of diamonds and rubies, Vendale bought a brooch of the filagree-work of Genoa,—the simplest and most unpretending ornament that he could find in the jeweler's shop.

He slipped his gift into Marguerite's hand as she held it out to welcome him on the day of the dinner.

"This is your first New Year's Day in England," he said. "Will you let me help to make it like a New Year's Day at home?"

She thanked him, a little constrainedly, as she looked at the jeweler's box, uncertain what it might contain. Opening the box, and discovering the studiously simple form under which Vendale's little keepsake offered itself to her, she penetrated his motive on the spot. Her face turned on him brightly, with a look which said, "I own you have pleased and flattered me." Never had she been so charming, in Vendale's eyes, as she was at that moment. Her winter dress—a petticoat of dark silk, with a bodice of black velvet rising to her neck, and enclosing it softly in a little circle of swan's down—heightened, by all the force of contrast, the dazzling fairness of her hair and her complexion. It was only when she turned aside from him to the glass, and, taking out the brooch that she wore, put his New Year's gift in its place, that Vendale's attention wandered far enough away from her to discover the presence of other persons in the room. He now became conscious that the hands of Obenreizer were affectionately in possession of his elbows. He now heard the voice of Obenreizer thanking him for his attention to Marguerite, with the faintest possible ring of mockery in its tone. ("Such a simple present, dear sir! and showing such nice tact!") He now discovered, for the first time, that there was one other guest, and but one, besides himself, whom Obenreizer presented as a compatriot and friend. The friend's face was mouldy, and the friend's figure was fat. His age was suggestive of the autumnal period of human life. In the course of the evening he developed two extraordinary capacities. One was a capacity for silence; the other was a capacity for emptying bottles.

Madame Dor was not in the room. Neither was there any visible place reserved for her when they sat down to table. Obenreizer explained that it was "the good Dor's simple habit to dine always in the middle of the day. She would make her excuses later in the evening." Vendale wondered whether the good Dor had, on this occasion, varied her domestic employment from cleaning Obenreizer's gloves to cooking Obenreizer's dinner. This at least was certain,—the dishes served were, one and all, as achievements in cookery, high above the reach of the rude elementary art of England. The dinner was unobtrusively perfect. As for the wine, the eyes of the speechless friend rolled over it, as in solemn ecstasy. Sometimes he said "Good!" when a bottle came in full; and sometimes he said "Ah!" when a bottle went out empty,—and there his contributions to the gayety of the evening ended.

Silence is occasionally infectious. Oppressed by private anxieties of their own, Marguerite and Vendale appeared to feel the influence of the speechless friend. The whole responsibility of keeping the talk going rested on Obenreizer's shoulders, and manfully did Obenreizer sustain it. He opened his heart in the character of an enlightened foreigner, and sang the praises of England. When other topics ran dry, he returned to this inexhaustible source, and always set the stream running again as copiously as ever. Obenreizer would have given an arm, an eye, or a leg to have been born an Englishman. Out of England there was no such institution as a home, no such thing as a fireside, no such object as a beautiful woman. His dear Miss Marguerite would excuse him, if he accounted for *her* attractions on the theory that English blood must have mixed at some former time with their obscure and unknown ancestry. Survey this English nation, and behold a tall, clean, plump, and solid people! Look at their cities! What magnificence in their public buildings! What admirable order and propriety in their streets! Admire their laws, combining the eternal principle of justice with the other eternal principle of pounds, shillings, and pence; and applying the product to all civil injuries, from an injury to a man's honor, to an injury to a man's nose! You have ruined my daughter,—pounds, shillings, and pence! You have knocked me down with a blow in my face,—pounds, shillings, and pence! Where was the material prosperity of such a country as *that* to stop? Obenreizer, projecting himself into the future, failed to see the end of it. Obenreizer's enthusiasm entreated permission to exhale itself, English fashion, in a toast. Here is our modest little dinner over, here is our frugal dessert on the table, and here is the admirer of England conforming to national customs, and making a speech! A toast to your white cliffs of Albion, Mr. Vendale! to your national virtues, your charming climate, and your fascinating women! to your Hearths, to your Homes, to your Habeas Corpus, and to all your other institutions! In one word,—to England! Heep-heep-heep! hooray!

Obenreizer's voice had barely chanted the last note of the English cheer, the speechless friend had barely drained the last drop out of his glass, when the festive proceedings were interrupted by a modest tap at the door. A woman-servant came in, and approached her master with a little note in her hand. Obenreizer opened the note with a frown; and, after reading it with an expression of genuine annoyance, passed it on to his compatriot and friend. Vendale's spirits rose as he watched these proceedings. Had he found an ally in the annoying little note? Was the long-looked-for chance actually coming at last?

"I am afraid there is no help for it?" said Obenreizer, addressing his fellow-countryman. "I am afraid we must go."

The speechless friend handed back the letter, shrugged his heavy shoulders, and poured himself out a last glass of wine. His fat fingers lingered fondly round the neck of the bottle. They pressed it with a little amatory squeeze at parting. His globular eyes looked dimly, as through an intervening haze, at Vendale and Marguerite. His heavy articulation labored, and brought forth a whole sentence at a birth. "I think," he said, "I should have liked a little more wine." His breath failed him after that effort; he gasped, and walked to the door.

Obenreizer addressed himself to Vendale with an appearance of the deepest distress.

"I am so shocked, so confused, so distressed," he began. "A misfortune has happened to one of my compatriots. He is alone, he is ignorant of your language,—I and my good friend, here, have no choice but to go and help him. What can I say in my excuse? How can I describe my affliction at depriving myself in this way of the honor of your company?"

He paused, evidently expecting to see Vendale take up his hat and retire. Discerning his opportunity at last, Vendale determined to do nothing of the kind. He met Obenreizer dexterously, with Obenreizer's own weapons.

"Pray don't distress yourself," he said. "I'll wait here with the greatest of pleasure till you come back."

Marguerite blushed deeply, and turned away to her embroidery frame in a corner by the window. The film showed in Obenreizer's eyes, and the smile came something sourly to Obenreizer's lips. To have told Vendale that there was no reasonable prospect of his coming back in good time would have been to risk offending a man whose favorable opinion was of solid commercial importance to him. Accepting his defeat with the best possible grace, he declared himself to be equally honored and delighted by Vendale's proposal. "So frank, so friendly, so English!" He bustled about, apparently looking for something he wanted, disappeared for a moment through the folding-doors communicating with the next room, came back with his hat and coat, and protesting that he would return at the earliest possible moment, embraced Vendale's elbows, and vanished from the scene in company with the speechless friend.

Vendale turned to the corner by the window, in which Marguerite had placed herself with

her work. There, as if she had dropped from the ceiling, or come up through the floor—there, in the old attitude, with her face to the stove—sat an Obstacle that had not been foreseen, in the person of Madame Dor! She half got up, half looked over her broad shoulder at Vendale, and plumped down again. Was she at work? Yes. Cleaning Obenreizer's gloves as before? No; darning Obenreizer's stockings.

The case was now desperate. Two serious considerations presented themselves to Vendale. Was it possible to put Madame Dor into the stove? The stove wouldn't hold her. Was it possible to treat Madame Dor, not as a living woman, but as an article of furniture? Could the mind be brought to contemplate this respectable matron purely in the light of a chest of drawers, with a black gauze head-dress accidentally left on the top of it? Yes, the mind could be brought to do that. With a comparatively trifling effort, Vendale's mind did it. As he took his place on the old fashioned window-seat, close by Marguerite and her embroidery, a slight movement appeared in the chest of drawers, but no remark issued from it. Let it be remembered that solid furniture is not easy to remove, and that it has this advantage in consequence,—there is no fear of upsetting it.

Unusually silent and unusually constrained,—with the bright color fast fading from her face, with a feverish energy possessing her fingers,—the pretty Marguerite bent over her embroidery, and worked as if her life depended on it. Hardly less agitated himself, Vendale felt the importance of leading her very gently to the avowal which he was eager to make,—to the other sweeter avowal still, which he was longing to hear. A woman's love is never to be taken by storm; it yields insensibly to a system of gradual approach. It ventures by the roundabout way, and listens to the low voice. Vendale led her memory back to their past meetings when they were traveling together in Switzerland. They revived the impressions, they recalled the events, of the happy by-gone time. Little by little, Marguerite's constraint vanished. She smiled, she was interested, she loked at Vendale, she grew idle with her needle, she made false stitches in her work. Their voices sank lower and lower; their faces bent nearer and nearer to each other as they spoke. And Madame Dor? Madame Dor behaved like an angel. She never looked round; she never said a word; she went on with Obenreizer's stockings. Pulling each stocking up tight over her left arm, and holding that arm aloft from time to time, to catch the light on her work, there were moments, delicate and indescribable moments, when Madame Dor appeared to be sitting upside down, and contemplating one of her own respectable legs elevated in the air. As the minutes wore on, these elevations followed each other at longer and longer intervals. Now and again, the black gauze head-dress nodded, dropped forward, recovered itself. A little heap of stockings slid softly from Madame Dor's lap, and remained unnoticed on the floor. A prodigious ball of worsted followed the stockings, and rolled lazily under the table. The black gauze head-dress nodded, dropped forward, recovered itself, nodded again, dropped forward again, and recovered itself no more. A composite sound, partly as of the purring of an immense cat, partly as of the planing of a soft board, rose over the hushed voices of the lovers, and hummed at regular intervals through the room. Nature and Madame Dor had combined together in Vendale's interest. The best of women was asleep.

Marguerite rose to stop—not the snoring—let us say, the audible repose of Madame Dor. Vendale laid his hand on her arm, and pressed her back gently into her chair.

"Don't disturb her," he whispered. "I have been waiting to tell you a secret. Let me tell it now."

Marguerite resumed her seat. She tried to resume her needle. It was useless; her eyes failed her; her hand failed her; she could find nothing.

"We have been talking," said Vendale, "of the happy time when we first met, and first traveled together. I have a confession to make. I have been concealing something. When we spoke of my first visit to Switzerland, I told you of all the impressions I had brought back with me to England—except one. Can you guess what that one is?"

Her eyes looked steadfastly at the embroidery, and her face turned a little away from him. Signs of disturbance began to appear in her neat velvet bodice, round the region of the brooch. She made no reply. Vendale pressed the question without mercy.

"Can you guess what the one Swiss impression is, which I have not told you yet?"

Her face turned back toward him, and a faint smile trembled on her lips.

"An impression of the mountains, perhaps!" she said, slyly.

"No; a much more precious impression than that."

"Of the lakes?"

"No. The lakes have not grown dearer and dearer in remembrance to me every day. The lakes are not associated with my happiness in the present, and my hopes in the future. Marguerite! all that makes life worth having hangs, for me, on a word from your lips. Marguerite! I love you!"

Her head drooped, as he took her hand. He drew her to him, and looked at her. The tears escaped from her downcast eyes, and fell slowly over her cheeks.

"O, Mr. Vendale," she said, sadly, "it would have been kinder to have kept your secret. Have you forgotten the distance between us? It can never, never be!"

"There can be but one distance between us, Marguerite,—a distance of your making. My love, my darling, there is no higher rank in goodness, there is no higher rank in beauty, than yours! Come! whisper the one little word which tells me you will be my wife!"

She sighed bitterly. "Think of your family," she murmured; "and think of mine!"

Vendale drew her a little nearer to him.

"If you dwell on such an obstacle as that," he said, "I shall think but one thought—I shall think I have offended you."

She started, and looked up. "O no!" she exclaimed, innocently. The instant the words passed her lips, she saw the construction that might be placed on them. Her confession had escaped her in spite of herself. A lovely flush of color overspread her face. She made a momentary effort to disengage herself from her lover's embrace. She looked up at him entreatingly. She tried to speak. The words died on her lips in the kiss that Vendale pressed on them. "Let me go, Mr. Vendale!" she said, faintly.

"Call me George."

She laid her head on his bosom. All her heart went out to him at last. "George!" she whispered.

"Say you love me!"

Her arms twined themselves gently round his neck. Her lips, timidly touching his cheek, murmured the delicious words,—"I love you!"

In the moment of silence that followed, the sound of the opening and closing of the house door came clear to them through the wintry stillness of the street.

Marguerite started to her feet.

"Let me go!" she said. "He has come back!"

She hurried from the room, and touched Madame Dor's shoulder in passing. Madame Dor woke up with a loud snort, looked first over one shoulder and then over the other, peered down into her lap and discovered neither stockings, worsted, nor darning-needle in it. At the same moment, footsteps became audible ascending the stairs. "Mon Dieu!" said Madame Dor, addressing herself to the stove, and trembling violently. Vendale picked up the stockings and the ball, and huddled them all back in a heap over her shoulder. "Mon Dieu!" said Madame Dor, for the second time, as the avalanche of worsted poured into her capacious lap.

The door opened, and Obenreizer came in. His first glance round the room showed him that Marguerite was absent.

"What!" he exclaimed, "my niece is away? My niece is not here to entertain you in my absence? This is unpardonable. I shall bring her back instantly."

Vendale stopped him.

"I beg you will not disturb Miss Obenreizer," he said. "You have returned, I see, without your friend?"

"My friend remains, and consoles our afflicted compatriot. A heart-rending scene, Mr. Vendale! The household gods at the pawnbroker's,—the family immersed in tears. We all embraced in silence. My admirable friend alone possessed his composure. He sent out, on the spot, for a bottle of wine."

"Can I say a word to you in private, Mr. Obenreizer?"

"Assuredly." He turned to Madame Dor. "My good creature, you are sinking for want of repose. Mr. Vendale will excuse you."

Madame Dor rose, and set forth sideways on her journey from the stove to bed. She dropped a stocking. Vendale picked it up for her, and opened one of the folding-doors. She advanced a step, and dropped three more stockings. Vendale stooping to recover them as before, Obenreizer interfered with profuse apologies, and with a warning look at Madame Dor. Madame Dor acknowledged the look by dropping the whole of the stockings in a heap, and then shuffling away panic-stricken from the scene of disaster. Obenreizer swept up the complete collection fiercely in both hands. "Go!" he cried, giving his prodigious handful a preparatory swing in the air. Madame Dor said, "Mon Dieu," and vanished into the next room, pursued by a shower of stockings.

"What must you think, Mr. Vendale," said Obenreizer, closing the door, "of this deplorable intrusion of domestic details? For myself, I blush at it. We are beginning the New Year as badly as possible; every thing has gone wrong to-night. Be seated, pray,—and say, what may I offer you? Shall we pay our best respects to another of your noble English institutions? It is my study to be, what you call, jolly. I propose a grog."

Vendale declined the grog with all needful respect for that noble institution.

"I wish to speak to you on a subject in which I am deeply interested," he said. "You must have observed, Mr. Obenreizer, that I have, from the first, felt no ordinary admiration for your charming niece?"

"You are very good. In my niece's name, I thank you."

"Perhaps you may have noticed, latterly, that my admiration for Miss Obenreizer has grown into a tender and deeper feeling—?"

"Shall we say friendship, Mr. Vendale?"

"Say love,—and we shall be nearer to the truth."

Obenreizer started out of his chair. The faintly discernible beat, which was his nearest approach to a change of color, showed itself suddenly in his cheeks.

"You are Miss Obenreizer's guardian," pursued Vendale. "I ask you to confer upon me the greatest of all favors,—I ask you to give me her hand in marriage."

Obenreizer dropped back into his chair. "Mr. Vendale," he said, "you petrify me."

"I will wait," rejoined Vendale, "until you have recovered youself."

"One word before I recover myself. You have said nothing about this to my neice?"

"I have opened my whole heart to your niece. And I have reason to hope—"

"What?" interposed Obenreizer. "You have made a proposal to my niece, without first asking for my authority to pay your addresses to her?" He struck his hand on the table, and lost his hold over himself for the first time in Vendale's experience of him. "Sir!" he exclaimed, indignantly, "what sort of conduct is this? As a man of honor, speaking to a man of honor, how can you justify it?"

"I can only justify it as one of our English institutions," said Vendale, quietly. "You admire our English institutions. I can't honestly tell you, Mr. Obenreizer, that I regret what I have done. I can only assure you that I have not acted in the matter with any intentional disrespect toward yourself. This said, may I ask you to tell me plainly what objection you see to favoring my suit?"

"I see this immense objection," answered Obenreizer, "that my niece and you are not on a social equality together. My niece is the daughter of a poor peasant; and you are the son of a gentleman. You do us an honor," he added, lowering himself again gradually to his customary polite level, "which deserves, and has, our most grateful acknowledgments. But the inequality is too glaring; the sacrifice is too great. You English are a proud people, Mr. Vendale. I have observed enough of this country to see that such a marriage as you propose would be a scandal here. Not a hand would be held out to your peasant-wife; and all your best friends would desert you."

"One moment," said Vendale, interposing on his side. "I may claim, without any great arrogance, to know more of my country-people in general, and of my own friends in particular, than you do. In the estimation of every body whose opinion is worth having, my wife herself would be the one sufficient justification of my marriage. If I did not feel certain—observe, I say certain—that I am offering her a position which she can accept without so much as the shadow of a humiliation,—I would never (cost me what it might) have asked her to be my wife. Is there any other obstacle that you see? Have you any personal objection to me?"

Obenreizer spread out both his hands in courteous protest. "Personal objection!" he exclaimed. "Dear sir, the bare question is painful to me."

"We are both men of business," pursued Vendale, "and you naturally expect me to satisfy you that I have the means of supporting a wife. I can explain my pecuniary position in two words. I inherit from my parents a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. In half of that sum I have only a life-interest, to which, if I die, leaving a widow, my widow succeeds. If I die, leaving children, the money itself is divided among them, as they come of age. The other half of my fortune is at my own disposal, and is invested in the wine business. I see my way to greatly improving that business. As it stands at present I can not state my return from my capital embarked at more than twelve hundred a year. Add the yearly value of my life-interest,—and the total reaches a present annual income of fifteen hundred pounds. I have the fairest prospect of soon making it more. In the mean time do you object to me on pecuniary grounds?"

Driven back to his last entrenchment, Obenreizer rose, and took a turn backward and forward in the room. For the moment, he was plainly at a loss what to say or do next.

"Before I answer that last question," he said, after a little close consideration with himself, "I beg leave to revert for a moment to Miss Marguerite. You said something just now which seemed to imply that she returns the sentiment with which you are pleased to regard her?"

"I have the inestimable happiness," said Vendale, "of knowing that she loves me."

Obenreizer stood silent for a moment, with the film over his eyes, and the faintly perceptible heat becoming visible again in his cheeks.

"If you will excuse me for a few minutes," he said, with ceremonious politeness, "I should like to have the opportunity of speaking to my niece." With those words, he bowed, and quitted the room.

Left by himself, Vendale's thoughts (as a necessary result of the interview, thus far) turned instinctively to the consideration of Obenreizer's motives. He had put obstacles in the way of the courtship; he was now putting obstacles in the way of the marriage,—a marriage offering advantages which even his ingenuity could not dispute. On the face of it, his conduct was incomprehensible. What did it mean?

Seeking, under the surface, for the answer to that question,—and remembering that Obenreizer was a man of about his own age; also, that Marguerite was, strictly speaking, his half-niece only,—Vendale asked himself, with a lover's ready jealousy, whether he had a rival to fear, as well as a guardian to conciliate. The thought just crossed his mind, and no more. The sense of Marguerite's kiss still lingering on his cheek reminded him gently that even the jealousy of a moment was now a treason to *her*.

On reflection, it seemed most likely that a personal motive of another kind might suggest the true explanation of Obenreizer's conduct. Marguerite's grace and beauty were precious ornaments in that little household. They gave it a special social attraction and a special social importance. They armed Obenreizer with a certain influence in reserve, which he could always depend upon to make his house attractive, and which he might always bring more or less to bear on the forwarding of his own private ends. Was he the sort of man to resign such advantages as were here implied, without obtaining the fullest possible compensation for the loss? A connection by marriage with Vendale offered him solid advantages, beyond all doubt. But there were hundreds of men in London with far greater power and far wider influence than Vendale possessed. Was it possible that this man's ambition secretly looked higher than the highest prospects that could be offered to him by the alliance now proposed for his niece? As the question passed through Vendale's mind, the man himself reappeared—to answer it, or not to answer it, as the event might prove.

A marked change was visible in Obenreizer when he resumed his place. His manner was less assured, and there were plain traces about his mouth of recent agitation which had not been successfully composed. Had he said something, referring either to Vendale or to himself, which had roused Marguerite's spirit, and which had placed him, for the first time, face to face with a resolute assertion of his niece's will? It might or might not be. This was only certain,—he looked like a man who had met with a repulse.

"I have spoken to my niece," he began. "I find, Mr. Vendale, that even your influence has not entirely blinded her to the social objections to your proposal."

"May I ask," returned Vendale, "if that is the only result of your interview with Miss Obenreizer?"

A momentary flash leaped up through the Obenreizer film.

"You are master of the situation," he answered, in a tone of sardonic submission. "If you insist on my admitting it, I do admit it in those words. My niece's will and mine used to be one, Mr. Vendale. You have come between us, and her will is now yours. In my country, we know when we are beaten, and we submit with our best grace. I submit, with my best grace, on certain conditions. Let us revert to the statement of your pecuniary position. I have an objection to you, my dear sir,—a most amazing, a most audacious objection, from a man in my position to a man in yours."

"What is it?"

"You have honored me by making a proposal for my niece's hand. For the present (with best thanks and respects), I beg to decline it."

"Why?"

"Because you are not rich enough."

The objection, as the speaker had foreseen, took Vendale completely by surprise. For the moment he was speechless.

"Your income is fifteen hundred a year," pursued Obenreizer. "In my miserable country I should fall on my knees before your income, and say, 'What a princely fortune!' In wealthy England, I sit as I am, and say, 'A modest independence, dear sir; nothing more. Enough, perhaps, for a wife in your own rank of life, who has no social prejudices to conquer. Not more than half enough for a wife who is a meanly born foreigner, and who has all your social prejudices against her.' Sir! if my niece is ever to marry you, she will have what you call uphill work of it in taking her place at starting. Yes, yes; this is not your view, but it remains, immovably remains, my view for all that. For my niece's sake, I claim that this uphill work shall be made as smooth as possible. Whatever material advantages she can have to help her, ought, in common justice, to be hers. Now, tell me, Mr. Vendale, on your fifteen hundred a year can your wife have a house in a fashionable quarter, a footman to open her door, a butler to wait at her table, and a carriage and horses to drive about in? I see the answer in your face,—your face says, No. Very good. Tell me one more thing, and I have done. Take the mass of your educated, accomplished, and lovely country-women, is it, or is it not, the fact that a lady who has a house in a fashionable quarter, a footman to open her door, a butler to wait at her table, and a carriage and horses to drive about in, is a lady who has gained four steps in female estimation, at starting? Yes? or No?"

"Come to the point," said Vendale. "You view this question as a question of terms. What are your terms?"

"The lowest terms, dear sir, on which you can provide your wife with those four steps at starting. Double your present income,—the most rigid economy can not do it in England on less. You said just now that you expected greatly to increase the value of your business. To work,—and increase it! I am a good devil after all! On the day when you satisfy me, by plain proofs, that your income has risen to three thousand a year, ask me for my niece's hand, and it is yours."

"May I inquire if you have mentioned this arrangement to Miss Obenreizer?"

"Certainly. She has a last little morsel of regard still left for me, Mr. Vendale, which is not yours yet; and she accepts my terms. In other words, she submits to be guided by her guardian's regard for her welfare, and by her guardian's superior knowledge of the world." He threw himself back in his chair, in firm reliance on his position, and in full possession of his excellent temper.

Any open assertion of his own interests, in the situation in which Vendale was now placed, seemed to be (for the present at least) hopeless. He found himself literally left with no ground to stand on. Whether Obenreizer's objections were the genuine product of Obenreizer's own view of the case, or whether he was simply delaying the marriage in the hope of ultimately breaking it off altogether,—in either of these events, any present resistance on Vendale's part would be equally useless. There was no help for it but to yield, making the best terms that he could on his own side.

"I protest against the conditions you impose on me," he began.

"Naturally," said Obenreizer; "I dare say I should protest myself, in your place."

"Say, however," pursued Vendale, "that I accept your terms. In that case I must be permitted to make two stipulations on my part. In the first place I shall expect to be allowed to see your niece."

"Aha! to see my niece? and to make her in as great a hurry to be married as you are yourself? Suppose I say No? you would see her perhaps without my permission?"

"Decidedly!"

"How delightfully frank! How exquisitely English! You shall see her, Mr. Vendale, on certain days, which we will appoint together. What next?"

"Your objection to my income," proceeded Vendale, "has taken me completely by surprise. I wish to be assured against any repetition of that surprise. Your present views of my qualification for marriage require me to have an income of three thousand a year. Can I be certain, in the future, as your experience of England enlarges, that your estimate will rise no higher?"

"In plain English," said Obenreizer, "you doubt my word?"

"Do you propose to take *my* word for it, when I inform you that I have doubled my income?" asked Vendale. "If my memory does not deceive me, you stipulated, a minute since, for plain proofs?"

"Well played, Mr. Vendale! You combine the foreign quickness with the English solidity. Accept my best congratulations. Accept, also, my written guaranty."

He rose; seated himself at a writing-desk at a side-table, wrote a few lines, and presented them to Vendale, with a low bow. The engagement was perfectly explicit, and was signed and dated with scrupulous care.

"Are you satisfied with your guaranty?"

"I am satisfied."

"Charmed to hear it, I am sure. We have had our little skirmish,—we have really been wonderfully clever on both sides. For the present our affairs are settled. I bear no malice. You bear no malice. Come, Mr. Vendale, a good English shake hands."

Vendale gave his hand, a little bewildered by Obenreizer's sudden transitions from one humor to another.

"When may I expect to see Miss Obenreizer again?" he asked, as he rose to go.

"Honor me with a visit to-morrow," said Obenreizer, "and we will settle it then. Do have a grog before you go! No? Well! well! we will reserve the grog till you have your three thousand a year, and are ready to be married. Aha! When will that be?"

"I made an estimate some months since, of the capacities of my business," said Vendale. "If that estimate is correct, I shall double my present income—"

"And be married!" added Obenreizer.

"And be married," repeated Vendale, "within a year from this time. Good-night."

VENDALE MAKES MISCHIEF.

When Vendale entered his office the next morning, the dull commercial routine at Cripple Corner met him with a new face. Marguerite had an interest in it now! The whole machinery which Wilding's death had set in motion, to realize the value of the business—the balancing of ledgers, the estimating of debts, the taking of stock, and the rest of it—was now transformed into machinery which indicated the chances for and against a speedy marriage. After looking over results, as presented by his accountant, and checking additions and subtractions, as rendered by the clerks, Vendale turned his attention to the stock-taking department next, and sent a message to the cellars, desiring to see the report.

The Cellarman's appearance, the moment he put his head in at the door of his master's private room, suggested that something very extraordinary must have happened that morning. There was an approach to alacrity in Joey Ladle's movements! There was something which actually stimulated cheerfulness in Joey Ladle's face!

"What's the matter?" asked Vendale. "Any thing wrong?"

"I should wish to mention one thing," answered Joey. "Young Mr. Vendale, I have never set myself up for a prophet."

"Who ever said you did?"

"No prophet, as far as I've heard tell of that profession," proceeded Joey, "ever lived principally underground. No prophet, whatever else he might take in at the pores, ever took in wine from morning to night, for a number of years together. When I said to Young Master Wilding, respecting his changing the name of the firm, that one of these days he might find he'd changed the luck of the firm,—did I put myself forward as a prophet? No, I didn't. Has what I said to him come true? Yes, it has. In the time of Pebbleson Nephew, Young Mr. Vendale, no such thing was ever known as a mistake made in a consignment delivered at these doors. There's a mistake been made now. Please to remark that it happened before Miss Margaret came here. For which reason it don't go against what I've said respecting Miss Margaret singing round the luck. Read that, sir," concluded Joey, pointing attention to a special passage in the report, with a forefinger which appeared to be in process of taking in through the pores nothing more remarkable than dirt. "It's foreign to my nature to crow over the house I serve, but I feel it a kind of a solemn duty to ask you to read that."

Vendale read as follows:—"Note, respecting the Swiss champagne. An irregularity has been discovered in the last consignment received from the firm of Defresnier & Co." Vendale stopped, and referred to a memorandum-book by his side. "That was in Mr. Wilding's time," he said. "The vintage was a particularly good one, and he took the whole of it. The Swiss champagne has done very well, hasn't it?"

"I don't say it's done badly," answered the Cellarman. "It may have got sick in our customers' bins, or it may have bust in our customers' hands. But I don't say its done badly with *us*."

Vendale resumed the reading of the note: "We find the number of the cases to be quite correct by the books. But six of them, which present a slight difference from the rest in the brand, have been opened, and have been found to contain a red wine instead of champagne. The similarity in the brands, we suppose, caused a mistake to be made in sending the consignment from Neuchâtel. The error has not been found to extend beyond six cases."

"Is that all!" exclaimed Vendale, tossing the note away from him.

Joey Ladle's eye followed the flying morsel of paper drearily.

"I'm glad to see you take it easy, sir," he said. "Whatever happens, it will be always a comfort to you to remember that you took it easy at first. Sometimes one mistake leads to another. A man drops a bit of orange-peel on the pavement by mistake, and another man treads on it by mistake, and there's a job at the hospital, and a party crippled for life. I'm glad you take it easy, sir. In Pebbleson Nephew's time we shouldn't have taken it easy till we had seen the end of it. Without desiring to crow over the house, Young Mr. Vendale, I wish you well through it. No offense, sir," said the Cellarman, opening the door to go out, and looking in again ominously before he shut it. "I'm muddled and mollocolly, I grant you. But I'm an old servant of Pebbleson Nephew, and I wish you well through them six cases of red wine."

Left by himself, Vendale laughed, and took up his pen. "I may as well send a line to Defresnier & Company," he thought, "before I forget it." He wrote at once in these terms:

"Dear Sirs,—We are taking stock, and a trifling mistake has been discovered in the last consignment of champagne sent by your house to ours. Six of the cases contain red wine—which we hereby return to you. The matter can easily be set right, either by your sending us six cases of the champagne, if they can be produced, or, if not, by your crediting us with the value of six cases on the amount last paid (five hundred pounds) by our firm to yours. Your faithful servants, WILDING & Co."

This letter dispatched to the post, the subject dropped at once out of Vendale's mind. He had other and far more interesting matters to think of. Later in the day he paid the visit to Obenreizer which had been agreed on between them. Certain evenings in the week were set apart which he was privileged to spend with Marguerite,—always, however, in the presence of a third person. On this stipulation Obenreizer politely but positively insisted. The one concession he made was to give Vendale his choice of who the third person should be. Confiding in past experience, his choice fell unhesitatingly upon the excellent woman who mended Obenreizer's stockings. On hearing of the responsibility intrusted to her, Madame Dor's intellectual nature burst suddenly into a new stage of development. She waited till Obenreizer's eye was off her,—and then she looked at Vendale, and dimly winked.

The time passed,—the happy evenings with Marguerite came and went. It was the tenth morning since Vendale had written to the Swiss firm, when the answer appeared on his desk, with the other letters of the day:

"Dear Sirs,—We beg to offer our excuses for the little mistake which has happened. At the same time we regret to add that the statement of our error, with which you have favored us, has led to a very unexpected discovery. The affair is a most serious one for you and for us. The particulars are as follows:

"Having no more champagne of the vintage last sent to you, we made arrangements to credit your firm with the value of the six cases, as suggested by yourself. On taking this step, certain forms observed in our mode of doing business necessitated a reference to our bankers' book, as well as to our ledger. The result is a moral certainty that no such remittance as you mention can have reached our house, and a literal certainty that no such remittance has been paid to our account at the bank.

"It is needless, at this stage of the proceedings, to trouble you with details. The money has unquestionably been stolen in the course of its transit from you to us. Certain peculiarities which we observe, relating to the manner in which the fraud has been perpetrated, lead us to conclude that the thief may have calculated on being able to pay the missing sum to our bankers before an inevitable discovery followed the annual striking of our balance. This would not have happened, in the usual course, for another three months. During that period, but for your letter, we might have remained perfectly unconscious of the robbery that has been committed.

"We mention this last circumstance, as it may help to show you that we have to do, in this case, with no ordinary thief. Thus far we have not even a suspicion of who that thief is. But we believe you will assist us in making some advance toward discovery, by examining the receipt (forged, of course) which has no doubt purported to come to you from our house. Be pleased to look and see whether it is a receipt entirely in manuscript, or whether it is a numbered and printed form which merely requires the filling in of the amount. The settlement of this apparently trivial question is, we assure you, a matter of vital importance. Anxiously awaiting your reply, we remain, with high esteem and consideration, DEFRESNIER & Cie."

Vendale laid the letter on his desk, and waited a moment to steady his mind under the shock that had fallen on it. At the time of all others when it was most important to him to increase the value of his business, that business was threatened with a loss of five hundred pounds. He thought of Marguerite, as he took the key from his pocket and opened the iron chamber in the wall in which the books and papers of the firm were kept.

He was still in the chamber, searching for the forged receipt, when he was startled by a voice speaking close behind him.

"A thousand pardons," said the voice; "I am afraid I disturb you."

He turned, and found himself face to face with Marguerite's guardian.

"I have called," pursued Obenreizer, "to know if I can be of any use. Business of my own takes me away for some days to Manchester and Liverpool. Can I combine any business of yours with it? I am entirely at your disposal, in the character of commercial traveler for the firm of Wilding & Co."

"Excuse me for one moment," said Vendale; "I will speak to you directly." He turned round again, and continued his search among the papers. "You come at a time when friendly offers are more than usually precious to me," he resumed. "I have had very bad news this morning from Neuchâtel."

"Bad news!" exclaimed Obenreizer. "From Defresnier & Company?"

"Yes. A remittance we sent to them has been stolen. I am threatened with a loss of five hundred pounds. What's that?"

Turning sharply, and looking into the room for the second time, Vendale discovered his envelope-case overthrown on the floor, and Obenreizer on his knees picking up the contents.

"All my awkwardness!" said Obenreizer. "This dreadful news of yours startled me; I stepped back—" He became too deeply interested in collecting the scattered envelopes to finish the sentence.

"Don't trouble yourself," said Vendale. "The clerk will pick the things up."

"This dreadful news!" repeated Obenreizer, persisting in collecting the envelopes. "This dreadful news!"

"If you will read the letter," said Vendale, "you will find I have exaggerated nothing. There it is, open on my desk."

He resumed his search, and in a moment more discovered the forged receipt. It was on the numbered and printed form described by the Swiss firm. Vendale made a memorandum of the number and date. Having replaced the receipt and locked up the iron chamber, he had leisure to notice Obenreizer, reading the letter in the recess of a window at the far end of the room.

"Come to the fire," said Vendale. "You look perished with the cold out there. I will ring for some more coals."

Obenreizer rose, and came slowly back to the desk. "Marguerite will be as sorry to hear of this as I am," he said, kindly. "What do you mean to do?"

"I am in the hands of Defresnier & Company," answered Vendale. "In my total ignorance of the circumstances, I can only do what they recommend. The receipt which I have just found turns out to be the numbered and printed form. They seem to attach some special importance to its discovery. You have had experience, when you were in the Swiss house, of their way of doing business. Can you guess what object they have in view?"

Obenreizer offered a suggestion.

"Suppose I examine the receipt?" he said.

"Are you ill?" asked Vendale, startled by the change in his face, which now showed itself plainly for the first time. "Pray go to the fire. You seem to be shivering; I hope you are not going to be ill?"

"Not I!" said Obenreizer. "Perhaps I have caught cold. Your English climate might have spared an admirer of your English institutions. Let me look at the receipt."

Vendale opened the iron chamber. Obenreizer took a chair, and drew it close to the fire. He held both hands over the flames. "Let me look at the receipt," he repeated, eagerly, as Vendale reappeared with the paper in his hand. At the same moment a porter entered the room with a fresh supply of coals. Vendale told him to make a good fire. The man obeyed the order with a disastrous alacrity. As he stepped forward and raised the scuttle, his foot caught in a fold of the rug, and he discharged his entire cargo of coals into the grate. The result was an instant smothering of the flame, and the production of a stream of yellow smoke, without a visible morsel of fire to account for it.

"Imbecile!" whispered Obenreizer to himself, with a look at the man which the man remembered for many a long day afterward.

"Will you come into the clerks' room?" asked Vendale. "They have a stove there."

"No, no. No matter."

Vendale handed him the receipt. Obenreizer's interest in examining it appeared to have been quenched as suddenly and as effectually as the fire itself. He just glanced over the document, and said, "No; I don't understand it! I am sorry to be of no use."

"I will write to Neuchâtel by to-night's post," said Vendale, putting away the receipt for the second time. "We must wait, and see what comes of it."

"By to-night's post," repeated Obenreizer. "Let me see. You will get the answer in eight or nine days' time. I shall be back before that. If I can be of any service as commercial traveler, perhaps you will let me know between this and then. You will send me written instructions? My best thanks. I shall be most anxious for your answer from Neuchâtel. Who knows? It may be a mistake, my dear friend, after all. Courage! courage! courage!" He had entered the room with no appearance of being pressed for time. He now snatched up his hat, and took his leave with the air of a man who had not another moment to lose.

Left by himself, Vendale took a turn thoughtfully in the room.

His previous impression of Obenreizer was shaken by what he had heard and seen at the interview which had just taken place. He was disposed, for the first time, to doubt whether, in this case, he had not been a little hasty and hard in his judgment on another man. Obenreizer's surprise and regret, on hearing the news from Neuchâtel, bore the plainest marks of being honestly felt,—not politely assumed for the occasion. With troubles of his own to encounter, suffering, to all appearance, from the first insidious attack of a serious illness, he had looked and spoken like a man who really deplored the disaster that had fallen on his friend. Hitherto, Vendale had tried vainly to alter his first opinion of Marguerite's guardian, for Marguerite's sake. All the generous instincts in his nature now combined together and shook the evidence which had seemed unanswerable up to this time. "Who knows?" he thought. "I may have read that man's face wrongly, after all."

The time passed—the happy evenings with Marguerite came and went. It was again the tenth morning since Vendale had written to the Swiss firm; and again the answer appeared on his desk with the other letters of the day:

"Dear Sir,—My senior partner, M. Defresnier, has been called away, by urgent business, to Milan. In his absence (and with his full concurrence and authority), I now write to you again on the subject of the missing five hundred pounds.

"Your discovery that the forged receipt is executed upon one of our numbered and printed forms has caused inexpressible surprise and distress to my partner and to myself. At the time when your remittance was stolen, but three keys were in existence opening the strong box in which our receipt-forms are invariably kept. My partner had one key; I had the other. The third was in the possession of a gentleman who, at that period, occupied a position of trust in our house. We should as soon have thought of suspecting one of ourselves as of suspecting this person. Suspicion now points at him, nevertheless. I can not prevail on myself to inform you who the person is, so long as there is the shadow of a chance that he may come innocently out of the inquiry which must now be instituted. Forgive my silence; the motive of it is good.

"The form our investigation must now take is simple enough. The handwriting on your receipt must be compared, by competent persons whom we have at our disposal, with certain specimens of handwriting in our possession. I can not send you the specimens, for business reasons, which, when you hear them, you are sure to approve. I must beg you to send me the receipt to Neuchâtel,—and, in making this request, I must accompany it by a word of necessary warning.

"If the person at whom suspicion now points really proves to be the person who has committed this forgery and theft, I have reason to fear that circumstances may have already put him on his guard. The only evidence against him is the evidence in your hands, and he will move heaven and earth to obtain and destroy it. I strongly urge you not to trust the receipt to the post. Send it to me, without loss of time, by a private hand, and choose nobody for your messenger but a person long established in your own employment, accustomed to traveling, capable of speaking French; a man of courage, a man of honesty, and, above all things, a man who can be trusted to let no stranger scrape acquaintance with him on the route. Tell no one—absolutely no one—but your messenger of the turn this matter has now taken. The safe transit of the receipt may depend on your interpreting *literally* the advice which I give you at the end of this letter.

"I have only to add that every possible saving of time is now of the last importance. More than one of our receipt-forms is missing, and it is impossible to say what new frauds may not be committed if we fail to lay our hands on the thief.

"Your faithful servant,
"ROLLAND.
"(Signing for Defresnier & Cie.)."

Who was the suspected man? In Vendale's position, it seemed useless to inquire.

Who was to be sent to Neuchâtel with the receipt? Men of courage and men of honesty were to be had at Cripple Corner for the asking. But where was the man who was accustomed to foreign traveling, who could speak the French language, and who could be really relied on to let no stranger scrape acquaintance with him on his route? There was but one man at hand who combined all those requisites in his own person, and that man was Vendale himself.

It was a sacrifice to leave his business; it was a greater sacrifice to leave Marguerite. But a matter of five hundred pounds was involved in the pending inquiry; and a literal interpretation of M. Rolland's advice was insisted on in terms which there was no trifling with. The more Vendale thought of it, the more plainly the necessity faced him, and said, "Go!"

As he locked up the letter with the receipt, the association of ideas reminded him of Obenreizer. A guess at the identity of the suspected man looked more possible now. Obenreizer might know.

The thought had barely passed through his mind, when the door opened, and Obenreizer entered the room.

"They told me at Soho Square you were expected back last night," said Vendale, greeting him. "Have you done well in the country? Are you better?"

A thousand thanks. Obenreizer had done admirably well. Obenreizer was infinitely better. And now what news? Any letter from Neuchâtel?

"A very strange letter," answered Vendale. "The matter has taken a new turn, and the letter insists—without excepting any body—on my keeping our next proceedings a profound secret."

"Without excepting any body?" repeated Obenreizer. As he said the words, he walked away again, thoughtfully, to the window at the other end of the room, looked out for a moment, and suddenly came back to Vendale. "Surely they must have forgotten?" he resumed, "or they would have excepted *me?*"

"It is Monsieur Rolland who writes," said Vendale. "And, as you say, he must certainly have forgotten. That view of the matter quite escaped me. I was just wishing I had you to consult, when you came into the room. And here I am tied by a formal prohibition, which can not possibly have been intended to include you. How very annoying!"

Obenreizer's filmy eyes fixed on Vendale attentively.

"Perhaps it is more than annoying!" he said. "I came this morning not only to hear the news, but to offer myself as messenger, negotiator,—what you will. Would you believe it? I have letters which oblige me to go to Switzerland immediately. Messages, documents, any thing,—I could have taken them all to Defresnier & Rolland for you.

"You are the very man I wanted," returned Vendale. "I had decided, most unwillingly, on going to Neuchâtel myself, not five minutes since, because I could find no one here capable of taking my place. Let me look at the letter again."

He opened the strong room to get at the letter. Obenreizer, after glancing round him to make sure that they were alone, followed a step

or two and waited, measuring Vendale with his eye. Vendale was the tallest man, and unmistakably the strongest man also of the two. Obenreizer turned away, and warmed himself at the fire.

Meanwhile, Vendale read the last paragraph in the letter for the third time. There was the plain warning,—there was the closing sentence, which insisted on a literal interpretation of it. The hand which was leading Vendale in the dark led him on that condition only. A large sum was at stake; a terrible suspicion remained to be verified. If he acted on his own responsibility, and if any thing happened to defeat the object in view, who would be blamed? As a man of business, Vendale had but one course to follow. He locked the letter up again.

"It is most annoying," he said to Obenreizer, —"it is a piece of forgetfulness on Monsieur Rolland's part which puts me to serious inconvenience, and places me in an absurdly false position toward you. What am I to do? I am acting in a very serious matter, and acting entirely in the dark. I have no choice but to be guided, not by the spirit, but by the letter of my instructions. You understand me, I am sure? You know, if I had not been fettered in this way, how gladly I should have accepted your services?"

"Say no more!" returned Obenreizer. "In your place I should have done the same. My good friend, I take no offense. I thank you for your compliment. We shall be traveling companions, at any rate," added Obenreizer. "You go, as I go, at once?"

"At once. I must speak to Marguerite first, of course!"

"Surely! surely! Speak to her this evening. Come and pick me up on the way to the station. We go together by the mail train to-night?"

"By the mail train to-night."

It was later than Vendale had anticipated when he drove up to the house in Soho Square. Business difficulties, occasioned by his sudden departure, had presented themselves by dozens. A cruelly large share of the time which he had hoped to devote to Marguerite had been claimed by duties at his office which it was impossible to neglect.

To his surprise and delight, she was alone in the drawing-room when he entered it.

"We have only a few minutes, George," she said. "But Madame Dor has been good to me, —and we can have those few minutes alone." She threw her arms around his neck, and whispered eagerly, "Have you done any thing to offend Mr. Obenreizer?"

"I!" exclaimed Vendale, in amazement.

"Hush!" she said, "I want to whisper it. You know the little photograph I have got of you. This afternoon it happened to be on the chimney-piece. He took it up and looked at it, —and I saw his face in the glass. I know you have offended him! He is merciless; he is revengeful; he is as secret as the grave. Don't go with him, George,—don't go with him!"

"My own love," returned Vendale, "you are letting your fancy frighten you! Obenreizer and I were never better friends than we are at this moment."

Before a word more could be said, the sudden movement of some ponderous body shook the floor of the next room. The shock was followed by the appearance of Madame Dor. "Obenreizer!" exclaimed this excellent person in a whisper, and plumped down instantly in her regular place by the stove.

Obenreizer came in with a courier's bag strapped over his shoulder.

"Are you ready?" he asked, addressing Vendale. "Can I take any thing for you? You have no traveling-bag. I have got one. Here is the compartment for papers, open at your service."

"Thank you," said Vendale. "I have only one paper of importance with me; and that paper I am bound to take charge of myself. Here it is," he added, touching the breast-pocket of his coat, "and here it must remain till we get to Neuchâtel."

As he said those words, Marguerite's hand caught his, and pressed it significantly. She was looking toward Obenreizer. Before Vendale could look, in his turn, Obenreizer had wheeled round, and was taking leave of Madame Dor.

"Adieu, my charming niece!" he said, turning to Marguerite next. "En route, my friend, for Neuchâtel!" He tapped Vendale lightly over the breast-pocket of his coat, and led the way to the door.

Vendale's last look was for Marguerite. Marguerite's last words to him were, "Don't go!"

ACT III.

IN THE VALLEY.

IT was about the middle of the month of February when Vendale and Obenreizer set forth on their expedition. The winter being a hard one, the time was bad for travelers. So bad was it that these two travelers, coming to Strasburg, found its great inns almost empty. And even the few people they did encounter in that city, who had started from England or from Paris on business journeys toward the interior of Switzerland, were turning back.

Many of the railroads in Switzerland that tourists pass easily enough now, were almost or quite impracticable then. Some were not begun; more were not completed. On such as were open, there were still large gaps of old road where communication in the winter season was often stopped; on others, there were weak points where the new work was not safe, either under conditions of severe frost or of rapid thaw. The running of trains on this last class was not to be counted on in the worst time of the year, was contingent upon weather, or was wholly abandoned through the months considered the most dangerous.

At Strasburg there were more travelers' stories afloat, respecting the difficulties of the way farther on, than there were travelers to relate them. Many of these tales were as wild as usual; but the more modestly marvelous did derive some color from the circumstance that people were indisputably turning back. However, as the road to Basle was open, Vendale's resolution to push on was in no wise disturbed. Obenreizer's resolution was necessarily Vendale's, seeing that he stood at bay thus desperately;—he must be ruined, or must destroy the evidence that Vendale carried about him, even if he destroyed Vendale with it.

The state of mind of each of these two fellow-travelers toward the other was this. Obenreizer, encircled by impending ruin through Vendale's quickness of action, and seeing the circle narrowed every hour by Vendale's energy, hated him with the animosity of a fierce, cunning lower animal. He had always had instinctive movements in his breast against him; perhaps because of that old sore of gentleman and peasant; perhaps because of the openness of his nature; perhaps because of his better looks; perhaps because of his success with Marguerite; perhaps on all those grounds, the two last not the least. And now he saw in him, besides, the hunter who was tracking him down. Vendale, on the other hand, always contending generously against his first vague mistrust, now felt bound to contend against it more than ever, reminding himself, "He is Marguerite's guardian. We are on perfectly friendly terms; he is my companion of his own proposal, and can have no interested motive in sharing this undesirable journey." To which pleas in behalf of Obenreizer, chance added one consideration more, when they came to Basle, after a journey of more than twice the average duration.

They had had a late dinner, and were alone in an inn room there, overhanging the Rhine, at that place rapid and deep, swollen and loud. Vendale lounged upon a couch, and Obenreizer walked to and fro,—now stopping at the window, looking at the crooked reflections of the town lights in the dark water (and peradventure thinking, "If I could fling him into it!"), now resuming his walk with his eyes upon the floor.

"Where shall I rob him, if I can? Where shall I murder him, if I must?" So, as he paced the room, ran the river, ran the river, ran the river.

The burden seemed to him, at last, to be growing so plain that he stopped; thinking it as well to suggest another burden to his companion.

"The Rhine sounds to-night," he said with a smile, "like the old water-fall at home. That water-fall which my mother showed to travelers (I told you of it once). The sound of it changed with the weather, as does the sound of all falling waters and flowing waters. When I was pupil of the watch-maker, I remembered it as sometimes saying to me for whole days, 'Who are you, my little wretch? Who are you, my little wretch?' I remembered it as saying, other times, when its sound was hollow, and storm was coming up the Pass: 'Boom, boom, boom. Beat him, beat him, beat him.' Like my mother enraged,—if she was my mother."

"If she was?" said Vendale, gradually changing his attitude to a sitting one. "If she was? Why do you say 'if?'"

"What do I know?" replied the other negligently, throwing up his hands and letting them fall as they would. "What you would have? I am so obscurely born, that how can I say? I was very young, and all the rest of the family were men and women, and my so-called parents were old. Any thing is possible of a case like that?"

"Did you ever doubt—?"

"I told you once, I doubt the marriage of those two," he replied, throwing up his hands again, as if he were throwing the unprofitable subject away. "But here I am in Creation. *I* come of no fine family. What does it matter?"

"At least you are Swiss," said Vendale, after following him with his eyes to and fro.

"How do I know?" he retorted, abruptly, and stopping to look back over his shoulder. "I say to you, at least you are English. How do you know?"

"By what I have been told from infancy."

"Ah! I know of myself that way."

"And," added Vendale, pursuing the thought that he could not drive back, "by my earliest recollections."

"I also. I know of myself that way,—if that way satisfies."

"Does it not satisfy you?"

"It must. There is nothing like 'it must,' in this little world. It must. Two short words those, but stronger than long proof or reasoning."

"You and poor Wilding were born in the same year. You were nearly of an age," said Vendale, again thoughtfully looking after him as he resumed his pacing up and down.

"Yes. Very nearly."

Could Obenreizer be the missing man? In the unknown associations of things, was there a subtler meaning than he himself thought, in that theory so often on his lips about the smallness of the world? Had the Swiss letter presenting him, followed so close on Mrs. Goldstraw's revelation concerning the infant who had been taken away to Switzerland, because he was that infant grown a man? In a world where so many depths lie unsounded, it might be. The chances, or the laws,—call them either,—that had wrought out the revival of Vendale's own acquaintance with Obenreizer, and had ripened it into intimacy, and had brought them here together this present winter night, were hardly less curious; while read by such a light, they were seen to cohere toward the furtherance of a continuous and an intelligible purpose.

Vendale's awakened thoughts ran high while his eyes musingly followed Obenreizer pacing up and down the room, the river ever running to the tune: "Where shall I rob him, if I can? Where shall I murder him, if I must?" The secret of his dead friend was in no hazard from Vendale's lips; but just as his friend had died of its weight, so did he in his lighter succession feel the burden of the trust, and the obligation to follow any clew, however obscure. He rapidly asked himself, would he like this man to be the real Wilding? No. Argue down his mistrust as he might, he was unwilling to put such a substitute in the place of his late guileless, outspoken, child-like partner. He rapidly asked himself, would he like this man to be rich? No. He had more power than enough over Marguerite as it was, and wealth might invest him with more. Would he like this man to be Marguerite's guardian, and yet proved to stand in no degree of relationship toward her, however disconnected and distant? No. But these were not considerations to come between him and fidelity to the dead. Let him see to it that they passed him with no other notice than the knowledge that they *had* passed him, and left him bent on the discharge of a solemn duty. And he did see to it, so soon that he followed his companion with ungrudging eyes, while he still paced the room; that companion, whom he supposed to be moodily reflecting on his own birth, and not on another man's—least of all what man's—violent Death.

The road in advance from Basle to Neuchâtel was better than had been represented. The latest weather had done it good. Drivers, both of horses and mules, had come in that evening after dark, and had reported nothing more difficult to be overcome than trials of patience, harness, wheels, axles, and whipcord. A bargain was soon struck for a carriage and horses, to take them on in the morning, and to start before daylight.

"Do you lock your door at night when traveling?" asked Obenreizer, standing warming his hands by the wood fire in Vendale's chamber, before going to his own.

"Not I. I sleep too soundly."

"You are so sound a sleeper?" he retorted, with an admiring look. "What a blessing!"

"Any thing but a blessing to the rest of the house," rejoined Vendale, "if I had to be knocked up in the morning from the outside of my bedroom door!"

"I too," said Obenreizer, "leave open my room. But let me advise you, as a Swiss who knows: always, when you travel in my country, put your papers—and, of course, your money—under your pillow. Always the same place."

"You are not complimentary to your countrymen," laughed Vendale.

"My countrymen," said Obenreizer, with that light touch of his friend's elbows by way of good-night and benediction, "I suppose, are like the majority of men. And the majority of men will take what they can get. Adieu! At four in the morning."

"Adieu! At four."

Left to himself, Vendale raked the logs together, sprinkled over them the white wood-ashes lying on the hearth, and sat down to compose his thoughts. But they still ran high on their latest theme, and the running of the river tended to agitate rather than to quiet them. As he sat thinking, what little disposition he had had to sleep, departed. He felt it hopeless to lie down yet, and sat dressed by the fire. Marguerite, Wilding, Obenreizer, the business he was then upon, and a thousand hopes and doubts that had nothing to do with it, occupied his mind at once. Every thing seemed to have power over him, but slumber. The departed disposition to sleep kept far away.

He had sat for a long time thinking, on the hearth, when his candle burned down, and its light went out. It was of little moment; there was light enough in the fire. He changed his attitude, and, leaning his arm on the chair-back, and his chin upon that hand, sat thinking still.

But he sat between the fire and the bed, and, as the fire flickered in the play of air from the fast-flowing river, his enlarged shadow fluttered on the white wall by the bedside. His attitude gave it an air, half of mourning, and half of bending over the bed imploring. His eyes were observant of it, when he became troubled by the disagreeable fancy that it was like Wilding's shadow, and not his own.

A slight change of place would cause it to disappear. He made the change, and the apparition of his disturbed fancy vanished. He now sat in the shade of a little nook beside the fire, and the door of the room was before him.

It had a long cumbrous iron latch. He saw the latch slowly and softly rise. The door opened a very little, and came to again: as though only the air had moved it. But he saw that the latch was out of the hasp.

The door opened again very slowly, until it opened wide enough to admit some one. It afterward remained still for awhile, as though cautiously held open on the other side. The figure of a man then entered, with its face turned toward the bed, and stood quiet just within the door. Until it said, in a low half-whisper, at the same time taking one step forward, "Vendale!"

"What now?" he answered, springing from his seat; "who is it?"

It was Obenreizer, and he uttered a cry of surprise as Vendale came upon him from that unexpected direction. "Not in bed?" he said, catching him by both shoulders with an instinctive tendency to a struggle; "then something *is* wrong!"

"What do you mean?" said Vendale, releasing himself.

"First tell me; you are not ill?"

"Ill? No."

"I have had a bad dream about you. How is it that I see you up and dressed?"

"My good fellow, I may as well ask you how is it that I see *you* up and undressed?"

"I have told you why. I have had a bad dream about you. I tried to rest after it, but it was impossible. I could not make up my mind to stay where I was, without knowing you were safe; and yet I could not make up my mind to come in here. I have been minutes hesitating at the door. It is so easy to laugh at a dream that you have not dreamed. Where is your candle?"

"Burned out."

"I have a whole one in my room. Shall I fetch it?"

"Do so."

His room was very near, and he was absent for but a few seconds. Coming back with the candle in his hand, he kneeled down on the hearth and lighted it. As he blew with his breath a charred billet into flame for the purpose, Vendale, looking down at him, saw that his lips were white and not easy of control.

"Yes!" said Obenreizer, setting the lighted candle on the table, "it was a bad dream. Only look at me!"

His feet were bare; his red-flannel shirt was thrown back at the throat, and its sleeves were rolled above the elbows; his only other garment, a pair of under pantaloons or drawers, reaching to the ankles, fitted him close and tight. A certain lithe and savage appearance was on his figure, and his eyes were very bright.

"If there had been a wrestle with a robber, as I dreamed," said Obenreizer, "you see I was stripped for it."

"And armed, too," said Vendale, glancing at his girdle.

"A traveler's dagger, that I always carry on the road," he answered, carelessly, half drawing it from its sheath with his left hand, and putting it back again. "Do you carry no such thing?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"No pistols?" said Obenreizer, glancing at the table, and from it to the untouched pillow.

"Nothing of the sort."

"You Englishmen are so confident! You wish to sleep?"

"I have wished to sleep this long time, but I can't do it!"

"I neither, after the bad dream. My fire has gone the way of your candle. May I come and sit by yours? Two o'clock! It will so soon be four, that it is not worth the trouble to go to bed again."

"I shall not take the trouble to go to bed at all, now," said Vendale; "sit here and keep me company, and welcome."

Going back to his room to arrange his dress, Obenreizer soon returned in a loose cloak and slippers, and they sat down on opposite sides of the hearth. In the interval, Vendale had replenished the fire from the wood-basket in his room, and Obenreizer had put upon the table a flask and cup from his.

"Common cabaret brandy, I am afraid," he said, pouring out; "bought upon the road, and not like yours from Cripple Corner. But yours is exhausted; so much the worse. A cold night, a cold time of night, a cold country, and a cold house. This may be better than nothing; try it."

Vendale took the cup, and did so.

"How do you find it?"

"It has a coarse after-flavor," said Vendale, giving back the cup with a slight shudder, "and I don't like it."

"You are right," said Obenreizer, tasting and smacking his lips; "it *has* a coarse after-flavor, and *I* don't like it. Booh! it burns, though!" He had flung what remained in the cup, upon the fire.

Each of them leaned an elbow on the table, reclined his head upon his hand, and sat looking at the flaring logs. Obenreizer remained watchful and still; but Vendale, after certain nervous twitches and starts, in one of which he rose to his feet, and looked wildly about him, fell into the strangest confusion of dreams. He carried his papers in a leather case or pocket-book, in an inner breast-pocket of his buttoned traveling coat; and whatever he dreamed of, in the lethargy that got possession of him, something importunate in these papers called him out of that dream, though he could not wake from it.

He was belated on the steppes of Russia (some shadowy person gave that name to the place) with Marguerite; and yet the sensation of a hand at his breast, softly feeling the outline of the pocket-book as he lay asleep before the fire, was present to him. He was shipwrecked in an open boat at sea, and having lost his clothes, had no other covering than an old sail; and yet a creeping hand, tracing outside all the other pockets of the dress he actually wore, for papers, and finding none answer its touch, warned him to rouse himself. He was in the ancient vault at Cripple Corner, to which was transferred the very bed substantial and present in that very room at Basle; and Wilding (not dead as he had supposed, and yet he did not wonder much) shook him, and whispered, "Look at that man! Don't you see he has risen, and is turning the pillow? Why should he turn the pillow, if not to seek those papers that are in your breast? Awake!" And yet he slept, and wandered off into other dreams.

Watchful and still, with his elbow on the table and his head upon that hand, his companion at length said: "Vendale! We are called. Past Four!" Then, opening his eyes, he saw, turned sideways on him, the filmy face of Obenreizer.

"You have been in a heavy sleep," he said. "The fatigue of constant traveling and the cold!"

"I am broad awake now," cried Vendale, springing up, but with an unsteady footing. "Haven't you slept at all?"

"I may have dozed, but I seem to have been patiently looking at the fire. Whether or no, we must wash, and breakfast, and turn out. Past four, Vendale; past four!"

It was said in a tone to rouse him, for already he was half asleep again. In his preparation for the day, too, and at his breakfast, he was often virtually asleep while in mechanical action. It was not until the cold dark day was closing in, that he had any distincter impressions of the ride than jingling bells, bitter weather, slipping horses, frowning hillsides, bleak woods, and a stoppage at some wayside house of entertainment, where they had passed through a cow-house to reach the travelers' room above. He had been conscious of little more, except of Obenreizer sitting thoughtful at his side all day, and eyeing him much.

But when he shook off his stupor, Obenreizer was not at his side. The carriage was stopping to bait at another wayside house; and a line of long narrow carts, laden with casks of wine, and drawn by horses with a quantity of blue collar and head-gear, were baiting too. These came from the direction in which the travelers were going, and Obenreizer (not thoughtful now, but cheerful and alert) was talking with the foremost drivel. As Vendale stretched his limbs, circulated his blood and cleared off the lees of his lethargy, with a sharp run to and fro in the bracing air, the line of carts moved on: the drivers all saluting Obenreizer as they passed him.

"Who are those?" asked Vendale.

"They are our carriers,—Defresnier & Company's," replied Obenreizer. "Those are our casks of wine." He was singing to himself, and lighting a cigar.

"I have been drearily dull company to-day," said Vendale. "I don't know what has been the matter with me."

"You had no sleep last night; and a kind of brain-congestion frequently comes, at first, of such cold," said Obenreizer. "I have seen it often. After all, we shall have our journey for nothing, it seems."

"How for nothing?"

"The House is at Milan. You know, we are a Wine House at Neuchâtel, and a Silk House at Milan? Well, Silk happening to press of a sudden, more than Wine, Defresnier was summoned to Milan. Rolland, the other partner, has been taken ill since his departure, and the doctors will allow him to see no one. A letter awaits you at Neuchâtel to tell you so. I have it from our chief carrier whom you saw me talking with. He was surprised to see me, and said he had that word for you if he met you. What do you do? Go back?"

"Go on," said Vendale.

"On?"

"On? Yes. Across the Alps, and down to Milan." Obenreizer stopped in his smoking to look at Vendale, and then smoked heavily, looked up the road, looked down the road, looked down at the stones in the road at his feet.

"I have a very serious matter in charge," said Vendale; "more of these missing forms may be turned to as bad account, or worse; I am urged to lose no time in helping the House to take the thief; and nothing shall turn me back."

"No?" cried Obenreizer, taking out his cigar to smile, and giving his hand to his fellow-traveler. "Then nothing shall turn *me* back. Ho, driver! Dispatch. Quick there! Let us push on!"

They traveled through the night. There had been snow, and there was a partial thaw, and they mostly traveled at a foot-pace, and always with many stoppages to breathe the splashed and floundering horses. After an hour's broad daylight, they drew rein at the inn door at Neuchâtel, having been some eight-and-twenty hours in conquering some eighty English miles.

When they had hurriedly refreshed and changed, they went together to the house of business of Defresnier & Company. There they found the letter which the wine-carrier had described, enclosing the tests and comparisons of handwriting essential to the discovery of the Forger. Vendale's determination to press forward, without resting, being already taken, the only question to delay them was by what Pass could they cross the Alps? Respecting the state of the two Passes of the St. Gotthard and the Simplon, guides and the mule-drivers differed greatly; and both Passes were still far enough off, to prevent the travelers from having the benefit of any recent experience of either. Besides which, they well knew that a fall of snow might altogether change the described conditions in a single hour, even if they were correctly stated. But, on the whole, the Simplon appearing to be the hopefuller route, Vendale decided to take it. Obenreizer bore little or no part in the discussion, and scarcely spoke.

To Geneva, to Lausanne, along the level margin of the lake to Vevay, so into the winding valley between the spurs of the mountains, and into the valley of the Rhone. The sound of the carriage-wheels, as they rattled on, through the day, through the night, became as the wheels of a great clock recording the hours. No change of weather varied the journey, after it had hardened into a sullen frost. In a sombre-yellow sky, they saw the Alpine ranges; and they saw enough of snow on nearer and much lower hill-tops and hillsides, to sully, by contrast, the purity of lake, torrent, and waterfall, and make the villages look discolored and dirty. But no snow fell, nor was there any snow-drift on the road. The stalking along the valley of more or less of white mist, changing on their hair and dress into icicles, was the only variety between them and the gloomy sky. And still by day, and still by night, the wheels. And still they rolled, in the hearing of one of them, to the burden, altered from the burden of the Rhine: "The time is gone for robbing him alive, and I must murder him."

They came, at length, to the poor little town of Brieg, at the foot of the Simplon. They came there after dark, but yet could see how dwarfed men's works and men became with the immense mountains towering over them. Here they must lie for the night; and here was warmth of fire, and lamp, and dinner, and wine, and after-conference resounding, with guides and drivers. No human creature had come across the Pass for four days. The snow above the snow-line was too soft for wheeled carriage, and not hard enough for sledge. There was snow in the sky. There had been snow in the sky for days past, and the marvel was that it had not fallen, and the certainty was that it must fall. No vehicle could cross. The journey might be tried on mules, or it might be tried on foot; but the best guides must be paid danger-price in either case, and that, too, whether they succeeded in taking the two travelers across, or turned for safety and brought them back.

In this discussion, Obenreizer bore no part whatever. He sat silently smoking by the fire until the room was cleared and Vendale referred to him.

"Bah! I am weary of these poor devils and their trade," he said in reply. "Always the same story. It is the story of their trade to-day, as it was the story of their trade when I was a ragged boy. What do you and I want? We want a knapsack each, and a mountain-staff each. We want no guide; we should guide him; he would not guide us. We leave our portmanteaus here, and we cross together. We have been on the mountains together before now, and I am mountain-born, and I know this Pass—Pass!—rather High Road!—by heart. We will leave these poor devils, in pity, to trade with others; but they must not delay to make a pretense of earning money. Which is all they mean."

Vendale, glad to be quit of the dispute, and to cut the knot, active, adventurous, bent on getting forward, and, therefore, very susceptible to the last hint, readily assented. Within two hours they had purchased what they wanted for the expedition, had packed their knapsacks, and lay down to sleep.

At break of day they found half the town collected in the narrow street to see them depart. The people talked together in groups; the guides and drivers whispered apart, and looked up at the sky; no one wished them a good journey.

As they began the ascent a gleam of sun shone from the otherwise unaltered sky, and for a moment turned the tin spires of the town to silver.

"A good omen!" said Vendale (though it died out while he spoke). "Perhaps our example will open the Pass on this side."

"No; we shall not be followed," returned Obenreizer, looking up at the sky and back at the valley. "We shall be alone up yonder."

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

The road was fair enough for stout walkers, and the air grew lighter and easier to breathe as the two ascended. But the settled gloom remained as it had remained for days back. Nature seemed to have come to a pause. The sense of hearing, no less than the sense of sight, was troubled by having to wait so long for the change, whatever it might be, that impended. The silence was as palpable and heavy as the lowering clouds,—or rather cloud, for there seemed to be but one in all the sky, and that one covering the whole of it.

Although the light was thus dismally shrouded, the prospect was not obscured. Down in the valley of the Rhone behind them, the stream could be traced through all its many windings, oppressively sombre and solemn in its one leaden hue, a colorless waste. Far and high above them, glaciers and suspended avalanches overhung the spots where they must pass by and by; deep and dark below them on their right, were awful precipice and roaring torrent; tremendous mountains arose in every vista. The gigantic landscape, uncheered by a touch of changing light or a solitary ray of sun, was yet terribly distinct in its ferocity. The hearts of two lonely men might shrink a little, if they had to win their way for miles and hours among a legion of silent and motionless men,—mere men like themselves,—all looking at them with fixed and frowning front. But how much more, when the legion is of Nature's mightiest works, and the frown may turn to fury in an instant!

As they ascended the road became gradually more rugged and difficult. But the spirits of Vendale rose as they mounted higher, leaving so much more of the road behind them conquered. Obenreizer spoke little, and held on with a determined purpose. Both, in respect of agility and endurance, were well qualified for the expedition. Whatever the born mountaineer read in the weather-tokens, that was illegible to the other, he kept to himself.

"Shall we get across to-day?" asked Vendale.

"No," replied the other. "You see how much deeper the snow lies here than it lay half a league lower. The higher we mount, the deeper the snow will lie. Walking is half wading even now. And the days are so short! If we get as high as the fifth Refuge, and lie to-night at the Hospice, we shall do well."

"Is there no danger of the weather rising in the night," asked Vendale, anxiously, "and snowing us up?"

"There is danger enough about us," said Obenreizer, with a cautious glance onward and upward, "to render silence our best policy. You have heard of the Bridge of the Ganther?"

"I have crossed it once."

"In the summer?"

"Yes; in the traveling season."

"Yes; but it is another thing at this season;" with a sneer, as though he were out of temper. "This is not a time of year, or a state of things, on an Alpine Pass, that you gentlemen holiday-travelers know much about."

"You are my Guide," said Vendale, good-humoredly. "I trust to you."

"I am your Guide," said Obenreizer, "and I will guide you to your journey's end. There is the Bridge before us."

They had made a turn into a desolate and dismal ravine, where the snow lay deep below them, deep above them, deep on every side. While speaking, Obenreizer stood pointing at the bridge, and observing Vendale's face, with a very singular expression on his own.

"If I, as Guide, had sent you over there, in advance, and encouraged you to give a shout or two, you might have brought down upon yourself tons and tons and tons of snow, that would not only have struck you dead, but buried you deep at a blow."

"No doubt," said Vendale.

"No doubt. But that is not what I have to do, as Guide. So pass silently. Or, going as we go, our indiscretion might else crush and bury *me*. Let us go on!"

[*To be Concluded in our next Number.*]

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

THE intelligence and judgment of the Imperial Commission in the matter of awards are clearly evinced in the following extract from *The Exposition Universelle Illustrated* ("publication authorized by the Imperial Commission").

"By their skill, universally recognized, Messrs. WHEELER & WILSON added to HOWE'S system of sewing machines important modifications, which have placed them in the front rank of manufacturers.

"The gold medal which has just been awarded them affirms, moreover, that none of the machines from the workshop of HOWE or of his principal tributaries unite the qualities of simplicity and solidity of mechanism by which these machines are distinguished above all others.

"In their machine, remarkable for its form and elegance, they have substituted for the shuttle of HOWE a small flat disk, which revolves vertically with unvarying swiftness. Hence this machine is the most simple of all, and, notwithstanding its great precision in operation, its price is not above that of the most imperfect systems.

"Elegance, perfection of work, simplicity, solidity of mechanism, and facility of management—such are the essential qualities united in the WHEELER & WILSON machine, constituting a superiority which the jury has, with unanimity, recognized and proclaimed.

"To these gentlemen the gold medal was awarded as manufacturers of machines; to Mr. ELIAS HOWE a similar medal was awarded as propagator. The distinction made by the jury explains itself.

"The original machine of THIMONNIER only needed to pass into the skillful hands of WHEELER & WILSON to receive the highest perfection. To-day, thanks to its cheapness, their machine is accessible to all. Its simplicity assures it not only a place in the chamber of the seamstress, but its elegant form wins its admittance into the most sumptuous parlor."—*Evening Mail.*

THE SKEIN.

SLIP, yes slip your skein, my Kitty,
  O'er my hands, and wind, and wind,
All the while, with little pity,
  Tangling, tangling, heart and mind:
Kitty! eyes upon the wool!
Not on me, my beautiful!

Now you droop your eyes completely,
  Winding, winding, dreamily;
Wherefore, wherefore smile so sweetly
  On a thing that can not see?
If you *must* smile, smile this way!
I will bear it as I may!

Ah! the rose bud fingers flitting
  Swift about the color'd ball!
How my heart beats time, while sitting:
  Still, I try to bear it all:
Kitty, do you know or care
'Tis my heart you're winding there?

Kitty, I am in a vision!
  All the world to mist doth die;
Only, in an air Elysian,
  Little fairy fingers fly:
Surely, if they flit too near,
I shall catch and kiss them, dear!

Tangled! pout not, frown not, Kitty!
  Though I gladly bear the pain;
For your anger is so pretty,
  It may make me sin again.
There! 'tis well! Now wind and wind,
Tangling further heart and mind!

Now, 'tis done! the last thread lingers
  Sadly from me, slow to part;
Canst thou see that in my fingers
  I am holding up my heart?
Wind and wind! I do not care!
Smile or frown! and I will bear!

Ah! so fast and quick you wind it,
  I no more can keep it mine;
Do you wonder that you find it
  Throbbing now, close, close to thine:
Tangled, tangled are the twain;
Kiss, kiss, kiss them free again!

FACETIÆ.

A LICENSE THAT SHOULD BE REFUSED—The Poetical License of some of our modern poets.

The dietary of our boarding-schools would be greatly improved by the addition of one article hitherto almost entirely overlooked—English tongue.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS," ETC.

FRUGAL HOUSEWIFE (*has a large family*). "Oh, Mr. Stickings, I see by the daily papers that the price of meat has fallen two cents a pound. I think you ought to make some reduction in your charges!"

COUNTRY BUTCHER. "Wery sorry, mum, but we don't take in no daily papers, mum!"

'BUS EXPERIENCE.

PASSENGER TO DRIVER OF OMNIBUS. "A capital fare yonder hailing you. Six at least."

DRIVER (*evidently speaking from experience*). "Yes; five kisses one, and one gets in."

STANDARD QUOTATIONS.

"I give thee all, I can no"—*More*.
"A famous man was Robin"—*Hood*.
"If I were King of France, or, far better"—*Pope of Rome*.
"The plow-boy is whooping"—*Anon*.
"A poet could not but be"—*Gay*.
"And so does Mrs."—*Johnson*.
"It was a Friar of orders"—*Gray*.

A TAX ON BACHELORS.

"To take a young lady to the Opera in New York, if done 'respectably,' is said to cost 20 dolls."
What big babies the young ladies must be!

A correspondent writes to say he supposes that when a person is "cut off with a shilling," the instrument with which the operation is performed must be a "*blunt*" one!

THE SKEIN—"KITTY, DO YOU KNOW OR CARE 'TIS MY HEART YOU'RE WINDING THERE?"

A gentleman mentioned to Archbishop Whately that he had been caught in the rain and was wet through.
"Are you really wet through?" said the Archbishop. "I was never wet through in my life, never further than my skin."

The man who earns his living by the sweat of his brow complains that it is hard times just now, when the thermometer is down toward zero.

"Here, I can't pass you," said the door-keeper of a theatre. "You needn't pass me," said the irrepressible dead-head whom he addressed; "just you stand where you are, I'll pass you." And he passed.

THE LOVE THAT ALWAYS LASTS—Self-love.

An Irishman was speaking of the excellence of a telescope. "Do you see that wee speck on the edge of the hill yonder? That, now, is my old pig, though hardly to be seen; but when I look at him with my glass, it bring him so near that I can plainly hear him grunt."

Ancient and modern Greece is known among classical students as whale-oil and petroleum.

HAIR-DRESSING IN 1867.

LADY. "My hair is not so thick as when you last cut it, I fancy."

HAIR-DRESSER. "Well, ma'am, I must say it is not so voluminous as it was; but, really, one can *improvise* it so well now that original material is not of much consequence!"

When does a man have to keep his word?—When no one will take it.

A bishop, who was fond of shooting, in one of his excursions met with a friend's gamekeeper, whom he sharply reproved for inattention to religious duties, exhorting him strenuously "to go to church and read his Bible." The keeper, in an angry mood, responded, "Why, I do read my Bible, Sir, but I don't find any mention of the apostles going a-shooting." "No, my good man, you are right," said the bishop; "the shooting was very bad in Palestine, so they went fishing instead."

THE GOBLIN GINGHAM.

Kind ladies and gentlemen, list to my woes,
  Though I've hardly the strength left to sing 'em,
The cause of my griefs you would hardly suppose
  Is a horrible old-fashioned gingham.
It's useless, I know, for it lets in the rain,
  And the shabbiest beggar would scout it,
Although it's the cause of my sorrow and pain,
  Yet I can't move a footstep without it.

I once had an aunt, very sad to relate,
  And on her death-bed she addressed me,
She'd left all the others the jewels and plate,
  But she gave me this gingham and blessed me.
She said it was worth all the wealth of a prince,
  I was never to scout or abuse it,
I've been trying to find out its worth ever since,
  Oh! will nobody help me to lose it?

I took it to pieces in hopes I might find
  Either silver or gold p'raps within it;
But nothing was there, and my whole peace of mind
  Is destroyed, and I can't sleep a minute.
I leave it at houses, it comes back next day,
  And one day in the river I shied it—
A boy brought it back with a shilling to pay—
  Oh, will nobody help me to hide it?

I once tied it up in a very nice case,
  And persuaded a friend to accept it;
A week had elapsed—there was joy in my face,
  For I fondly believed he had kept it;
Next morning a large case arrived from abroad,
  It's a present, thought I, from some fellah!
There was carriage two pounds, which I couldn't afford—
  Alas! 'twas that fatal umbrella!

I made a large bonfire beautifully bright,
  With the gingham stuck up in the centre,
I locked all the doors when I left for the night,
  And I ordered that no one should enter.
Next morning I fancied my woes at an end,
  It's a long lane that hasn't a turning,
I raked up the ashes, and there was my *friend*,
  P'rhaps a little improved by the burning.

I'm cut by my friends, and my hair's turning gray,
  And I feel that it can't last much longer—
Although I grow weaker and weaker each day,
  Yet my hate for the gingham grows stronger.
I feel it won't leave me as long as I've breath,
  And my woes to the grave I shall bring 'em,
I know I shall be even after my death
  Still pursued by the ghost of a gingham.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF "FOLKS."

KIND FOLKS.—The man who makes you a present you do not want; the friend who gives you so much advice; the lady who insists that you have not made out your dinner; the old gentleman who is starving himself to lay up money for you; the shopkeeper who abates the price of the article just because it is you; and the mother who lets the dear children do as they please.

HAPPY FOLKS.—A child with a rattle; a small chap drumming on a tin pan; a school-boy on a holiday; two lovers walking by moonlight; a gent imbibing a sherry cobbler; a boy sucking new cider through a straw; and two country misses over an ice-cream.

GENTEEL FOLKS.—The young lady who lets her mother do the ironing for fear of spreading her hands; the miss who wears thin shoes on a rainy day; and the young gentleman who is ashamed to be seen walking with his father.

INDUSTRIOUS FOLKS.—The young lady who reads romances in bed; the friend who is always engaged when you call; and the correspondent who can not find time to answer your letters.

"I require," said a sage of the tribe of Penobscot, "but three things to make me happy."
"What is the first?" inquired a searcher of wisdom.
"Tobacco," was the reply.
"What is the second?"
"Rum."
"Well, what is the third?"
"Why," said the philosopher, contemplatively, "a little more rum."

GOOD ADVICE.

For sea-sickness, stay at home.
For drunkenness, drink cold water.
For health, rise early.
For accidents, keep out of danger.
To keep out of jail, pay your debts.
To be happy, be honest.
To please all, mind your own business.

A little girl, showing her little cousin, about four years old, a star in the firmament one clear night, said: "That star you see up there is bigger than this world." "No, it ain't," said he. "Yes, it is." "Then why don't it keep the rain off!"

In Chicago, recently, much amusement was created by a certain deacon announcing in the most grave and solemn tone that the ground of the cemetery was in such a bad condition that no person who could help it would be buried in it.

A NATURAL REFLECTION.

Philosophical Damsel (*with the peculiar Chignon*).—"HOW ABSURD IT SEEMS THAT NATURE SHOULD COMPEL THAT POOR ANIMAL TO WEAR THAT LUMP ON ITS NECK!"

"LINKED SWEETNESS LONG DRAWN OUT."

NO WONDER THAT GRANDPAPA "COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS EYES" WHEN HE CAME INTO THE ROOM.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 11.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN OLDEN TIMES.

THE festival of the New Year is old-fashioned enough, since we learn from a dictionary of antiquities that it was instituted by Numa Pompilius, and dedicated to the Latin god Janus, about seven centuries before the Christian era. The agreeable and social custom of dancing is probably of still more ancient date.

We have not the least occasion, however, to go further back than about a hundred and fifty years for the interesting exhibition of gallantry and full-dress display among the fine ladies and gentlemen at a fashionable assembly on New-Year's Eve, which is delineated by our artist in the accompanying illustration of an old-fashioned New-Year dance.

The end of Queen Anne's reign—the age of the *Tatlers*, *Guardians*, and *Spectators*; when Sir Plume and Sir Fopling Flutter ogled the fair Lady Betty or Lady Arabella of the party, as they approached each other, with all the airs and graces of conventional courtesy, to join in the stately minuet or the newly-imported French contre-danse—is the period to which the scene must be referred. Sir Plume is conspicuously present, exactly as Pope describes him in "The Rape of the Lock:"

> "Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
> And the nice conduct of a clouded cane."

His periwig, so remarkable for its long, drooping curls, his brooch, his lace frill, and those exuberant lace ruffles, his richly-embroidered waistcoat and the spreading skirts of his splendid coat, his high-heeled shoes with enormous silver buckles, his sword behind his left thigh, and cocked-hat under his left arm, make up the outward costume of the fine gentleman at the beginning of the last century; but the exquisite silliness of his face belongs to no generation, and may perhaps find its match in some of the reunions of frivolous gayety which belong to our own age. As for the lady to whom he directs his languishing addresses, though she also is condemned by fashion to such a quantity of costly attire, such flowers and furbelows, such frills and stomachers, and, above all, such a preposterous plumed and powdered head-dress, we find in her countenance, despite the useless patch of sticking-plaster, an expression of modesty, good-humor, and good sense, with a satirical glance of the eye and turn of the lip, from which tokens it may be hoped that she will not listen to the foolish coxcomb, but, dismissing him at the end of the dance, will accept the services of that grave, elderly beau in the back-ground, who may be trusted to lead her to her carriage, and so quit the festive scene at a reasonable hour.

These belles and beaux would probably have wondered at the New York custom which shuts the ladies within doors on New-Year's Day, and sends the gentlemen abroad to call on all their friends and acquaintances. The custom is peculiar to New York city, and had its rise among our Dutch ancestors; though imitated to some extent in other parts of the country, it is only in the great metropolis that it flourishes in full vigor; and the same thing is true to some extent of Christmas. In New England, for instance, there is no general observance of these holidays, which pass by there almost unnoticed, Thanksgiving being the great festival of that section. But the New-Year's calls keep alive many pleasant acquaintances and friendly feelings that would otherwise die of neglect; and we hope that the day is far distant when we shall lose this relic of New Amsterdam.

AN OLD-FASHIONED DANCE ON NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

THE DOLLS' DRESS-MAKER.

OUR artist has given us a charming illustration, on page 165, of Miss Jenny Wren, the dolls' dress-maker, whose story our friend Charles Dickens has so beautifully told us, surrounded with her Lilliputian customers—some already

dressed, and others awaiting their turn. In this great assembly some of our young friends will doubtless recognize the gifts of Santa Claus, who is usually liberal in his distribution of dolls at Christmas time. Besides, these are real flesh and blood dolls, so to speak; not being mere fictions of the imagination, but drawn from bona-fide models, kindly furnished for the purpose by Messrs. Althof, Bergmann, & Co., Maiden Lane.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1868.

DANGERS AND FEARS.

HALF the miseries of mortal life consist in anticipating the other half. The apprehension of a future ill, though it be unfounded, destroys the pleasure of the present. To a certain extent this is desirable; because the reasonable fear of evil is necessary for the regulation of our conduct. Prudence is founded upon fear. But all beyond what is thus necessary is a mere surplus of suffering. Anticipations arising from ignorance, or cherished after they have served their function of modifying our actions, are not wholesome.

Many persons, however, are constantly disturbed by such forebodings. There are those who suffer no end of troubles, which never had and never can have a beginning, and who suffer veritable evils more in anticipation than in their realization. In the mental machinery of many individuals this one "bearing" causes more friction than all the rest. We should like to put a drop of oil upon this heated bearing.

It is true that one can not reason to much effect with fear when it is aroused; but it may predispose the mind to more judicious fear, to philosophize a little about it when it is not aroused.

Many objects of fear are rendered more appalling than they should be, by our ignorance of them.

The terrors caused by a thunder-shower afford a good illustration of this. Many persons suffer serious solicitude on account of these storms, to a degree quite disproportioned to that which they feel respecting much more serious dangers. It is shown by the census that deaths from lightning in the United States are scarcely one-seventh as many as those caused by falls. The cellar stairs, the step-ladder, the fruit-tree, the bench on which one climbs to adjust the curtains or to put away the sweetmeats, the swing, and the saddle—these and other familiar objects are, in one sense, more dangerous than some which are much dreaded. To compare it with another class of dangers, there are more than forty times as many women killed by burns and scalds as by lightning. That is to say, that thunder-storms, if they came every day in the year, would not probably cause more suffering than that which now results from the kitchen-fire, and the tea-kettle, the box of matches, the muslin dress, and crinoline skirt, the petroleum lamp, the India crackers, and the clothes boiler. Accidental poisoning, again, causes the death of more than six times as many women as does lightning. Those two or three bottles and papers of powders, carefully put away on the high shelf in the pantry, should not disturb one's peace of mind; still less should the less fatal dangers of the thunder-bolt. The function of fear is to lead us to take reasonable precautions against exposure. Those who cherish it, after this has been done, prolong gratuitous suffering; and the sublimity, the moral suggestions of the awe-inspiring storm, seem to be lost on those whom it thus fills with a physical terror.

To take another instance: A lady is invited by her husband to take a tour in Europe. She would be delighted to visit those scenes of which she has so often read; but she dreads the dangers of the voyage so much that she can not make up her mind to go; or, if she decides to go, the feeling of danger deprives her of all pleasure on the voyage. She feels as if they were safe at home, and that the voyage would render their existence precarious. But, in fact, it is known with the same certainty as any other generalization relating to human life, that a voyage across the Atlantic, and a sojourn in Western Europe, such as American travelers usually make, does not diminish, but increases the chances of life. There are peculiar perils attendant upon it, and it is the *novelty* of these which is the reason of her fears; but, taking them fully into the account, the probable duration of life is increased, not by staying at home, but by braving the voyage. Not long since, a gentleman whose life was insured, being about to visit France, called at the office of the Company whose policy he held, to inform them that he was going to incur the unusual risk of crossing the ocean, and was ready to pay an additional premium if necessary to keep his insurance good. The secretary laughed, and replied that none was necessary; and that if there were any difference it would be more proper for the Company to pay him something for going, as it rather increased than diminished his expectation of life.

Fear contains two elements, necessarily combined, but not to be confounded, in forming a judicious estimate of danger. The one depends upon the gravity of the evil contemplated; the other upon the likelihood that it will happen. The evil may be very great, and the chance of its happening very small. On the other hand, the evil may be very small, yet the probability that it will happen very large.

While the timid mind is perturbed by the contemplation of any grave evil, without much reference to the question of probability, it is the mark of an inconsiderate mind to be affected chiefly by a great degree of probability, without much regard to the gravity or insignificance of the evil. In view of approaching rain many will run vigorously for shelter on account of the great probability of spoiling a new bonnet ribbon who, when comfortably seated at home by the cool, open window, would not be induced to change their seat on account of the possibility that the draft of air might cause a cold and a fatal illness.

It is the graver evils of life against which we need to take the most careful precautions, even though they are much less likely to happen than more trifling evils. Men insure against great losses which are not very likely to happen, while they wisely bear, each for himself, the risk of minor evils of a nature to happen every day.

The prudent regard, first, the gravity of the evil. The rash are affected only where the probability is great and apparent. The timid exaggerate the degree of probability, and borrow trouble by continuing to fear after they have taken the proper precautions.

The old proverb, that "Every one has his taste," has been applied to the matter of fears; and some persons do seem to take a sort of gratification in cherishing favorite anxieties. But it is more important to observe that people do not generally understand each other's fears, and are not considerate of the suffering caused by fears which they do not appreciate.

The bachelor laughs at the maiden lady, who is said to look into the closets and under the bed every night before she retires to rest to see that no man is concealed there. In his heroic self-confidence that he could toss any such fellow out of the window he is quite incapacitated to appreciate the serious aspect of the plight of a timid woman face to face with the intruder.

The servant-girl down stairs laughs at her mistress's fears, which forbid such nice young men from resorting every night unnoticed to the kitchen fire-side; for the simple-minded girl does not know how often a thief gains an entrance to the plate-closet by making a passage through the heart of Bridget.

The mistress, in turn, can not help being amused at the fears and forebodings with which Bridget is immediately cast down when she feels a pain in her head or her side. The mistress fails to appreciate the fact that the average continuance of the life of those who immigrate to our shores, as Bridget has, is but about five years; and that with so great a risk of death hanging over her, in a strange climate, and three thousand miles from the old home, a little pain is a serious premonition.

To be more reasonable in our own fears, and more considerate of the apparently unreasonable fears of others, would add much to the happiness of daily life. One who is in fear, even though it be foolish, needs sympathy as really as one who is in trouble. Troubles are sometimes cured by laughing; but fears are not—the sufferer is only forced to conceal them.

A CUP OF CHOCOLATE.

LINNÆUS, the great botanist, appreciated so highly the good qualities of chocolate that he gave it the name of *theobroma*—food for gods. Its agreeable taste, and its gently stimulating and nutritious properties have been long proved by experience, and modern chemistry has shown that it is composed of just the constituents, and in such proportion as to make it a food, if not for celestial beings, the best adapted to the wants of man. Its composition has a remarkable similarity to that of milk, all of whose nutritious elements it possesses. It has moreover an aromatic oil which gives it a peculiar and agreeable flavor, and a principle called *theobromine*, which has the same remarkable property as the *theine* of tea and *caffeine* of coffee—of checking the waste of, and thus not only indirectly nourishing, but refreshing the body.

Chocolate is both food and drink. It contains the nutritious properties of bread, and the exhilarating qualities of tea and coffee. There probably is no single substance known which could exclusively support human life so long as chocolate.

The cocoa bean, which is the product of a small tree known to botanists as the *Theobroma Cacao*, a native of Mexico, and of Central and Southern America, is neither a very palatable nor wholesome food until prepared by art. It possesses a bitterness in its natural state, and such a large proportion of oil that both the taste and stomach are apt to reject it. Deprived, however, of its husk and roasted, or mixed into a paste with flour or starch, sugar, and flavored with vanilla or spice, it is exceedingly palatable and wholesome. When used in the former state it is known as cocoa, and in the latter as chocolate, under which name (*Chocollati*) Cortéz and his followers found it a universal beverage in Mexico, where it had been so long in use that its origin was forgotten.

The consumption of chocolate is by no means so general as its fitness to the uses of mankind, proved both by experience and science. While there are 2240 millions of pounds of tea, and 600 millions of pounds of coffee, there are but 100 millions of cocoa consumed in the world. In the countries of which it is a product it is almost the exclusive beverage, and is besides largely drunk in France, Spain, and Italy. In our country it is unfortunately so very expensive that its use is confined almost exclusively to the wealthy, among whom, commended by its cost, it takes its place as a fashionable refreshment.

Though cocoa, or the bean roasted and ground, is prepared for drinking by infusing it with boiling water, like tea and coffee, the paste or chocolate is made very much as a soup, and is consumed in its totality of fluid and substance. Chocolate is often complained of, by those of delicate stomach, as being too *rich*. This *over-richness* ordinarily arises from the mistake of making it with milk instead of water. The practice so universal in French, Spanish, and Italian coffee-houses, of serving a glass of cold water with the cup of chocolate, is a good one; as an occasional sip of the former greatly qualifies the richness and oiliness of the latter.

Such are the nutritious and other wholesome qualities of chocolate, that it offers one of the best articles of diet when convenience or necessity requires that the food should be taken in a concentrated form. In traveling, a small supply of the ordinary chocolate cakes, sold in the confectioners' shops, will satisfy the appetite and sustain the vigor of the body during a long journey. We would recommend every traveler by our railways to store away in his pocket a paper of chocolate *bonbons*, and forego—no difficult matter, we should suppose—the headlong rush to the troughs of the way-side piggeries, miscalled refreshment-rooms, and thus escape the dangerous embrace of the demon of dyspepsia, which hovers over them.

Those, moreover, whose business compels them to lengthen inordinately the interval of time between breakfast and dinner, would be wise to substitute for the precipitate guzzling at a slushy bar of the conglomerate mess of oysters, pies, beer, and cocktails, which compose the daily lunch, half a dozen of plain chocolate drops. These will satisfy hunger and sustain the vigor without any risk of disordering the stomach and unfitting it for its wholesome service at the coming family dinner.

"PLAIN GIRLS."

A WRITER in the *Saturday Review* expresses his solicitude for the "Plain Girls" who are in a fair way to be defrauded of a woman's dearest earthly hope—the hope of marriage. No doubt the tendency of modern society is to regard marriage as "the great end and justification of a woman's life." But certainly this tendency includes an increase of chances for the plain girls, and will naturally prompt them to cultivate such substantial habits and such agreeable manners as will make them attractive, despite of plainness, for married life. Beauty and accomplishments are very essential to heroines in novels—"Jane Eyre" and that school of novelists to the contrary notwithstanding; but what we need and enjoy in fiction is not always identical with what we need and enjoy in actual existence. The truly ideal and the truly real are indeed finally one, but meanwhile they are not one, so that the same sort of heroine that charms our imaginative sentiments, and awakens to a semi-state of ecstasy our admiration and its attendant emotions, would have much less charm for our eyes, and still less for our hearts, if seen through the calmer atmosphere of common life.

But, after all, have the plain girls as such any thing to fear? Happily for them, and yet more happily for the other sex, the instinct of marriage is not rigidly conditioned by the accidents of beauty and a high style of fascinations. Undoubtedly it would be if the imagination and its class of feelings had the control. But nature, with its kind foresight, has located this instinct elsewhere than in the imagination—has put it with all sensible people in the heart—and has determined it to stay there, no matter how tastes and artificial usages may undertake to remove it to other ground. Domestic sentiment—the craving of the soul after this companionship—the profound feeling that life is incomplete in its absence—will always have much more to do with marriage than any mere impression of graceful charms. Plain girls, then, are not necessarily at a disadvantage. The race of plain men is not yet extinct—probably never will be—and while this race lasts the plain girls may thank Heaven and take courage. Up to this date they have held their own "co-ordinate sovereignty" pretty well, and, in some respects, have gained on their more elegant and witching rivals. The fact is, that "Plain Girls" are commanding a premium in the market—a very bad figure this, but merely used to give pungency to the truth that your most fashionable women are not marrying in any thing like the same ratio as the "Plain Girls."

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Letter to a Young Housekeeper.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,—I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New-Year; and, as I know how perplexed you are in beginning your household cares, I am going to give you some advice, which I hope may serve to fulfill my hearty good wishes. You must not laugh that an old bachelor presumes to advise a young housekeeper. An old bachelor is not necessarily a crusty and crotchety fogy. He is not necessarily impracticably wedded to his own fancies and theories. Far from it, my dear, and although I say it, some of the most childlike of men have been old bachelors. Was there ever a more kindly author, a more genial man, of fresher impulses and sweeter sympathies, than Washington Irving? Yet you remember that he was an old bachelor. He had an early attachment, you tell me, and did not choose celibacy. My dear Charlotte, he was but an example of thousands and thousands of men. The old bachelor, at whom the young lovers look so compassionately when they see him at Dickens's readings, for instance, and whom they pity so deeply when the magical tone summons the images of love and happiness, knows more about it than they. He has loved and lost, and the inarticulate music in his heart, if it came to words, would repeat those of the poet:

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all."

Is it the Christmas season, I wonder, that makes me say so? However that may be, you will see that it is the very tenderness and constancy of feeling that so often makes a man a bachelor. Don't ask me any questions, I pray you. But answer me one. Don't you feel sure that if you had died before you wore orange-flowers Charles would always have remained unmarried? So you see your own best-beloved was a possible bachelor, and he would have been the same Charles, but infinitely softened. Let that thought dispose you kindly toward the sad fraternity, dear Charlotte, for sad it is whatever we may say of our freedom. The young people joke with me at this happy season, and pity me for being old and beyond hope. Dear young people, I, too, was born in Arcady. I was once young, and it is nothing but hope, and youth, and faith, that have made me an old bachelor.

Bless my heart! I *am* an old bachelor, or I should not so garrulously glide away from my subject and purpose. I have undertaken to give you some advice as to your manners as you set out upon the matrimonial journey. Housekeeping is hard to you, and it seems as if the experience of all the elders promised you nothing but hardness for the rest of the journey. Servants are so ignorant, and intractable, and wearing, you say. And, really, you don't know what it is coming to! And you are very sure, before he opens his lips, that an Old Bachelor is the very last person in the world who can be of any service to you! And it is all very well for men, who never go into the kitchen, to advise about its management! And, in fact, the kitchen department is a horrible discipline, and will so remain until the system of hired service is abolished, and husbands, wives, and children, do the work of their own households.

Now, my dear Charlotte, I do not propose to write you a chapter of recipes, nor tell you how to get more pungent sauces and richer flavors out of your kitchen. That would be the subject of M. Blot's letters, should he become your correspondent. But is it not possible to find a way by which you can get more good temper, and greater alacrity, and a more kindly feeling out of the kitchen? and, every thing considered, is that not worth while? I know—nobody better—how good a good gravy is, for instance; but do you know, Charlotte, I had rather pour indifferent gravy over my meat, with good humor in Biddy's heart and face, than a very lickersome sauce with peevishness? I live in quiet bachelor quarters, you know, with nobody but Peggy to wait upon me; but very much of my pleasure in my pleasant lodgings would be gone if I did not know that Peggy felt a kind interest in me, and an interest not wholly dependent upon her very moderate wages.

My advice to you is short and simple. It is merely, oil the hinges. My Christmas gift to you, if you will only choose to have it, is a flask of oil—sweet, golden oil. This is the chrism which I would pour upon your household at this holy tide. And the good Pastor Bräm shall ascend the pulpit and preach us a short Christmas story. The Pastor Bräm is the head of one of the German charitable homes for poor children, and he says that one of his friends—we will call him Karl—was complaining to another—let us call him Hans—that nothing went well in his house; that all was at sixes and sevens; and the sole reason was the misconduct of the servants. They were cross, and wasteful, and vexatious in every way; in one word, there was Beelzebub to pay in his kitchen. Karl told his piteous tale, and when he had ended Hans replied that he had formerly had the same experience. Every thing went wretchedly among his workmen, and he was ready to surrender, when, one day, he said, I remembered the foolish fellow who tried to tread upon

the shadow of his own head, and I turned directly about. I became patient, and gentle, and courteous. When the men did well I praised freely. When they did ill I kept my temper, and showed them how to do what I wanted. It was like sunshine after a long storm. Gradually we came to the best understanding, and every thing goes smoothly—because *I* am smooth. "So Hans said to me," said Karl, "and from that time I have always kept a bottle of his oil on hand, and my machinery now runs as well as his.

I say to you, therefore, dear Charlotte, oil the hinges. Remember that the machinery will not run of itself, will not take care of itself. You have undertaken to be manager, and you must do a manager's duties. That is what you young married women forget. There, for instance, is your little friend Jenny Wren. When she married Robin Redbreast she thought, because she was to have plenty of money to spend, that she had nothing to do but to sit in a sumptuous drawing-room, wear superb silks, drive in a canary-paneled carriage, and go to endless dinners and balls. What was the result? Old Ned in the kitchen. And why? Because if her servants had been ants and flies she could not have treated them with more lofty and inhuman disdain. She trod upon them as upon the carpets over which she stepped. To the serene, high mightiness of dear little ridiculous Jenny Wren they were conveniences, like a bell, or a clock, or a door-knob. And she made them feel that she so regarded them. Well, now, my dearest Charlotte, nobody likes to be considered a door-knob, nor to be treated like a bell-pull. Charles may pay a human being fifty dollars a day to black his boots; but if he makes the blacker feel that there is no relation whatever between him and Charles, except that of his service and payment with an absolute haughty unconsciousness of his existence upon the part of Charles, his feeling for your dear husband will not be what you would approve.

First of all, remember that a man's a man for a' that. The most piercing cry in familiar literature is that in Hood's "Bridge of Sighs:"

> "Oh, it was pitiful!
> Near a whole city full,
> Friend she had none."

And how often I think of it when I see the manner and hear the tone and perceive the principle of domestic management in the houses of you dear young married people. They are not pariahs, as you seem to suppose, the people whom we pay to help take care of our houses. They are human beings like the rest of us, and to-morrow how many of them will be wearing silks and sitting in carriages! My rule when I was a newly-married man and a young blushing papa, said my late worthy friend the Reverend Doctor Blunt, was to treat all the servants in my kitchen as if they were the grand-parents of my unborn grand-children's unborn husbands and wives.

My dear Charlotte, you need not trouble yourself to say that if you give an inch in your kitchen an ell will be taken, and that nothing ruins "such people" so surely as familiarity. Courtesy and kindness and human sympathy never ruined any body, and never harmed a soul. The kindest and gentlest people I have ever known were the firmest and the most respected. The employers who got the most work and the most willingly were those who felt, and who showed that they felt, a real interest in their workmen. Do you think that Scrooge was any less willingly served by Bob Cratchit after he saw Marley's ghost than before? Yet Marley's ghost was but a flask of oil—of the sweet golden oil of kindness and sympathy.

The details, dear Charlotte, I leave to your own good sense. To be forever suspicious, fretful, severe; to suppose that your kitchen is an enemy's camp and to behave accordingly, is merely to make the parlor the frontier of a hostile country. It is also to teach your children that service is dishonorable. And if service in the kitchen then service every where. If you will take that view Charles is as much a servant as your Biddy. He is clerk in a great dry-goods house I know, and you need not toss your head. But he must observe hours, and obey rules, and submit to inspection, and do his duty faithfully or be discharged; and he is paid wages for his work. But would he rather have the Brothers Cheeryble or Pecksniff for his employer? And now put it to yourself, dear Charlotte, had you rather be a Mrs. Cheeryble or a Mrs. Pecksniff to your kitchen?

This is the season when it is pleasant to think of these things, for it is the festival of Him who was servant of all. If you are where you hear the Christmas bells ringing, you can easily fancy them singing the sweet old refrain, Peace on earth, good will, good will. You and I, Charlotte, can begin to melt that music into our lives, by the way in which we treat every body around us—by our constant, daily, hourly manners upon the great highway. Of course you will be very sweet to the high and mighty Mrs. Jenny Wren. But if you will be as thoughtful and patient with your Mrs. Biddy, and if I am so with my Mrs. Peggy, why then, my dear girl, you and I will have a merry Christmas all the year round.

You may show this to Charles with the compliments of the season from your devoted friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

A NEW-YEAR'S reception dress, prepared by one of our most tasteful modistes, is of gros grain of the delicate shade known as pistache. The long, full-trained skirt is plain about the hips and front, but is gathered at the back in several rows of French gathers. The front width is cut off at the knee and finished by a wide flounce set on in box pleats. Large velvet leaves, embroidered with floss, and shaded from a dark green to the lightest shade, form a heading to the flounce. Similar leaves, alternating with others of gros grain, bound with white satin, are arranged around the skirt about ten inches from the edge. The long sash-ends are ornamented with three leaves, at the points of which are acorn pendants of green and white. There are two waists to this dress—a plain high corsage with flowing sleeves, and a low round waist with bertha of folds and short puffed sleeves.

WHITE SATIN AND CHAMBERY.

A very elaborate dress is of white satin *gaze de Chambery*. The trained satin skirt has a flounce on the front width like the one just described. This flounce is of striped Chambery gauze. The heading of the flounce is formed of bows of white marabout feathers tipped with green. Gauze leaves, with a solid white satin stripe in the centre of each, are bound with green satin, and arranged *en tablier* down the front and around the edge of the skirt. Over all this is a striped gauze tunic trimmed with white and green marabouts, and looped at the side by marabout bows. The low-necked corsage has three square tabs behind and before, and is fastened in front by buttons of green and gilt. Short sleeves almost concealed by a bertha made of green satin folds and gilt braid. Marabout bow in front and on each shoulder.

TOILETTE FOR A MATRON.

An appropriate toilette for a married lady receiving New-Year's calls has just been completed. It is of Lyons velvet, of a rich maroon color. The front widths of the skirt are left open, disclosing a white satin under-skirt. Two wide ruffles of point appliqué lace are sewn on the front width of the petticoat. A thick satin cord surrounds the velvet skirt. The corsage is round at the waist and short on the shoulder. A revers or surplice collar leaves the throat bare. The revers is faced with white satin, and edged with maroon-piping and appliqué lace. Chemisette of tulle, and under-sleeves puffed from wrist to arm-hole. Long flowing sleeves lined with white.

DRESS FOR A YOUNGER LADY.

A very appropriate and far more simple toilette for a young lady is of white French poplin, gracefully made and trimmed. It is gored in the Princesse style. The skirt measures two and a half yards from belt to edge of train. The front width is cut entire and plain. A Spanish flounce, beginning at the front seams half a yard wide, becomes gradually narrower toward the back. Three rows of blue satin pipings an inch thick are sewn above the flounce. A finger-length above these are three other rows, to which are added a netted fringe with blue crocheted pendants. High corsage and coat sleeves. Blue satin pipings arranged about the shoulders with a bertha of fringe. Similar trimming on the sleeves and sash. Large buttons of blue satin with a pearl rim. Point lace collar and under-sleeves. Jewelry of turquoise and pearl.

BRIDAL DRESS.

A bridal dress just finished is of heavy white Antwerp silk with high corsage, coat sleeves, and full train. At the edge of the skirt is a white satin rouleau of plaited piping. Bars of the rouleau are placed horizontally down the front width from the throat to the hem. At each end of the bars are rosettes of point appliqué lace. Similar bars are sewn on the outer seam of the sleeve from arm-hole to wrist. A broad sash of satin, bordered with a rouleau and flounced at the pointed ends with wide lace, falls from the belt at the side and almost in front. This completes a simple and most effective trimming. The veil is of tulle, very full and long. Wreath of frosted wax orange flowers, with long sprays at the side.

The bridemaids' dresses were of white silk, with over-skirts of tulle. Diagonal puffs were arranged about the upper skirt, and dotted with small flowers. Each lady wore a sash and flowers of different color. The first bridemaid wore a pink sash and coiffure of pink verbenas. Clusters of the same flower were on the puffs of the skirt; the second wore blue bells in her hair and blue sash; third, yellow primroses and sash to match; fourth, pea-green sash with transparent leaves for a head-dress.

MARIGOLD BROCADE.

A very rich silk of the new marigold shade, like cloth of gold, is brocaded in medallions with black. This is a robed dress, the medallions becoming gradually smaller toward the waist, falling in with the gored seams. But little trimming can be used with effect on brocades. Rows of narrow Chantilly lace with satin piping heading are on the cuffs, as epaulets, and about the neck. Buttons of black onyx set in Etruscan gold. Barbes of Chantilly with gilt tipped marabouts form the coiffure.

Another elegant costume for a brunette is of capucine gros grain—capucine is a darker orange than marigold. Plain low corsage, round at the belt and square in the neck both front and back. Puffs of guipure fill out the square. Short Spanish sleeve of guipure, and fichu of the same tied loosely at the left side. The front width is plain; all the others are scalloped and bound with black satin. The scallop extends around the front seams up to the waist. Inside the scallop is an appliqué vine of black velvet leaves embroidered with gilt.

BLUE HOLLAND SATIN.

A pretty dress for a blonde has just been made of Marie Louise blue Holland satin. This beautiful goods has the lustre of satin, but is as soft and flowing as the thinnest muslin. The waist is cut Pompadour and worn with a chemisette of illusion and white thread lace. Puffed illusion sleeves are worn under long, wing-like sleeves of the material of the dress. The trimming consists of a wide band of white satin with inserted points on either side, a white crocheted button at each point. Bayadere ceinture with blue satin rings studded with pearls and edged with lace.

Still another reception dress is of black silk with gilt brocaded stripe. Small bouquets of rose-buds on the black stripe. Trimming of Maltese lace with black satin folds and gilt braid.

VISITING SUITS.

Two very rich carriage suits, made by one of our leading modistes, are in good taste throughout. The first, of steel-colored corded silk, has a long skirt encircled by two bands of plush of the same shade. At the lower edge of the band are inserted points of the silk. The plain waist is untrimmed. Coat sleeves around which are four bands of plush at wide intervals, the lowest forming the wrist trimming, the upper an epaulet. A plush Polonnaise is worn as wrapping. This is a long, loose sacque worn with a belt and sash. Wings simulating half sleeves are trimmed with inserted points of silk. The sash is silk bound with plush and fringed at the ends. A wide fringe surrounds the Polonnaise and forms epaulets on the sleeves. Fanchon bonnet of the silk bound with plush.

Another more elaborate suit has two skirts. The material is maroon gros grain. The long train is left perfectly plain. A trimming of maroon satin, cut in castellated points at both edges, surrounds the upper skirt. This band is a quarter of a yard wide; in the centre is a black lace insertion, on which is a gilt Grecian band. Acorns of maroon and gilt are pendent from the points. The upper skirt is looped in two places on each side by a rosette formed of satin leaves. A loose paletot, worn with this dress, is cut square at the edge in the back and front, and trimmed with satin points and acorns. Buttons of maroon with gilt bands. Open sleeves. The whole garment is lined with white silk.

SWAN'S-DOWN OPERA CLOAKS.

Some Opera cloaks just imported are made of swan's-down. They are as warm as ermine, and hang more gracefully, as they have not the stiff skin of the animal beneath them, and are far more light and fleecy in appearance. Tufts of the down are sewn on muslin so closely together that it has the appearance of a woven fabric. They are circular-shaped, and ornamented with insertions of the down dyed a Bismarck color, arranged in diamonds and in vines. Lining of cherry-colored silk, wadded and quilted. White silk cord, with camel's-hair tassels. The prices vary from $150 to $200.

SKATING COSTUMES.

Toilettes Russe, or fur-trimmed costumes in imitation of the Russians, are fashionable for skating-suits. A pretty one of Bismarck ottoman-reps has a plain skirt reaching to the ankle. A loose redingote, falling below the knee, is lapped diagonally from throat to hem. Coat sleeves and belt with long sash. A two-inch border of mink fur, a lighter brown than the dress, surrounds the redingote and the edge of the skirt. Brown velvet toquet with band of fur. Brown cloth boots bordered with mink at the ankle, and gloves of undressed kid with fur wristlets.

Another fur-trimmed suit is of maroon velours. A high, round corsage and gored skirt just escaping the ground. Plain waist. Tight sleeves and skirt bordered by a wide band of seal-skin, dyed maroon. There is a belt of seal-skin, to which is attached a mouchoir bag of the same material. A jaunty, short basque of the fur is sufficiently tight-fitting to display the figure. Seal-skin toquet with a short, ostrich tuft on the side and brown lace veil merely covering the face. Black boots with seal-skin gaiters reaching to the knee. No crinoline. Gloves with back and gauntlet of seal.

Very gay colors in contrast with dark shades are chosen for skating-dresses. Gray with scarlet or blue is popular. Bright plaid poplins with plush jackets are pretty, but should be worn only by experienced skaters, who are not liable to accidents, as they are easily soiled. Cloth is the most fashionable material for these suits. Embroidery is sometimes used for trimming them, but is not so appropriate as fur or bands of plain velvet or plush. Heavy corded fringes are also used. Blue and green cloths are handsomely and inexpensively trimmed with bands of gray plush imitating chinchilla fur. Hats of the plush with aigrette of feathers.

PERSONAL.

DOUBTLESS our lady-readers will thank us for a "personal" of MRS. DISRAELI, wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. In dedicating to her one of his later works he speaks of her as the "severest of critics and the best of wives." When the Chancellor was young he was a dandy, and went much with D'ORSAY and the ruling dandies of the day. The paternal DISRAELI kept him on short commons, which was a bore, so he went in for a rich wife. The lady whom he married was the widow of a member of Parliament. She was rich, but her wealth was so secured to herself that it was difficult to make it available for benefiting him; but extreme economy did much, and the legacy of £40,000 by an opulent Jewess enabled him to pay off all mortgages and stand clear. The splendid London residence, Grosvenor Gate, he loses at his wife's decease, but he retains his country seat, and even should he lose his official income of £5000 a year he will be entitled to the retiring pension of £2000. The affection between this singular man and his wife has been unaffected. The dangerous illness by which she was attacked was contracted by her desire to see him kindly received at Edinburgh, and this was stronger than her apprehension of the dangers of the journey. It is an interesting fact that at the worst moment of his fortunes DISRAELI would never listen to the idea of insuring her life. This step was often pressed upon him by his advisers, but he detested the notion, and became angry when it was mentioned.

—DANA, the poet, now in his eighty-first year, is a regular attendant at the Church of the Advent, Boston (Rev. Dr. BOLLES's) where the Communion Service is held every Sunday. The venerable poet is not able to sit through the whole service, and therefore usually comes in at sermon-time, and remains until after the Communion Office.

—The managing editor of the London *Times*, Mr. DELANE, the President of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, Mr. ALLAN M'LANE, and the President of the United States each receive a salary of $25,000 a year; but the latter has his house-rent, coal, gas, and gardener free, while most of his servants, though purporting to be and receiving salaries as clerks in some of the Departments, are appointed with the understanding that they are to do menial duty at the White House. That is the way in which it is managed.

—Some gentleman with a taste for figures and editors has ferreted out the incomes of a few New York newspaper men, and ciphers them up as follows: Horace Greeley, $87,000; Henry J. Raymond, $45,000; Erastus Brooks, $26,000; William C. Bryant, $81,000; Charles Nordhoff, $6100; Thurlow Weed, $62,000; Robert Bonner, $200,000; Frank Leslie, $91,000; John R. Young, $23,700; William Swinton, $18,000; Moses Beach, $71,000; William C. Prime, $32,000; James Gordon Bennett, $292,000; James Gordon Bennett, Jun., $7500; John D. Stockton, $18,000; G. W. Smalley, $8000; Theodore Tilton, $11,000; Kane O'Donnell, $9400; James M'Connell, $6400; Benjamin Wood, $186,000; F. J. Ottarson, $19,000; Frank Bellew, $2800; Charles G. Halpine, $61,000; Manton Marble, $10,000; Charles A. Dana, $72,000.

—Bishop QUINTARD, of Tennessee, proposes to remain abroad during the winter for the purpose of raising funds in aid of the University of the South, of which he is the official head. He is understood to have met with considerable success thus far, and seems to take admirably with Mr. Bull. On the occasion of the distribution of prizes to the successful students in the Oxford Diocesan Training College for Schoolmasters, the Bishop of Oxford presiding, he preached the sermon, a copy of which was asked for publication.

—The following is the pleasantest romance in little which we can present to our fair readers this week: The Archduke HENRY, of Austria, will shortly marry a young actress, of Gratz, named CLARA HOFFMANN, whose father is a poor locksmith. Their courtship was a highly romantic affair. Miss HOFFMANN did not encourage the Archduke at first, until he became desperate, and told her he would blow out his brains if she would not consent to marry him. "Marry you!" she exclaimed, wonderingly. "Your Imperial Highness mocks me! How can an Archduke marry a poor girl like me?" The enamored Archduke thereupon rushed frantically from the room; but he returned half an hour afterward with two footmen, who carried two large portraits in magnificent frames. After they had deposited them in the room of the amazed actress the Archduke said to her, in the most solemn tone, "Dear CLARA, these are the portraits of my august parents. I swear by their memory, and by all that is sacred to me, that I honestly intend to make you my wife! Will you consent to give me your hand?" She consented joyfully. The Emperor has conferred the title of COUNTESS OF BOTZEN on her.

—The late THOMAS GARNER, of this city, amassed a large fortune as a merchant and manufacturer. He was the owner of large manufactories at Cohoes, near Albany. After certain large bequests to his family he gave $100,000 to charitable institutions: $10,000 to St. Luke's Hospital, $10,000 to the Nursery and Child's Hospital, $5000 to St. Luke's Home for Indigent Christian Females, $5000 to Episcopal Widows and Orphans, $5000 to St. Ann's Church for Deaf Mutes, $2000 to the House of Mercy, $2000 to St. Barnabas House, etc., etc., etc.

—ADELINA PATTI gives charming little dinner-parties (presided over, of course, by PATTI, *père*). Not long since she exploited one of those pleasant affairs, and had among her guests Mustapha Pasha, Prince Poniatawski, Baron de Thal, wife, and daughter. Dinner was followed by an evening party, at which assisted Dr. Sims, the surgeon, Marquis de Caux, Signor Gardoni, Signor Tagliafico, wife, etc. PATTI is going up north, to Russia, to sing in Ricci's new Opera—the Russian Government paying handsomely all the traveling expenses.

—Miss OLIVE LOGAN has accepted engagements from Associations in Chicago, Cincinnati, and a few other large towns in the West, to tell them what she thinks and knows about Paris, under the title of "The City of Luxury." Miss L. is clever, spicy, and quite frank in her way of stating things.

—The remains of Dr. LEVI SILLIMAN IVES and his wife REBECCA (who was a sister of the late Bishop HOBART), were removed a few days since from the vaults of the Cathedral to the burial-ground of the Protectory in Westchester. The Protectory is a large institution, originated and successfully carried to completion by Dr. IVES for the protection, education, etc., of orphan and homeless boys, about four hundred of whom are now enjoying its privileges.

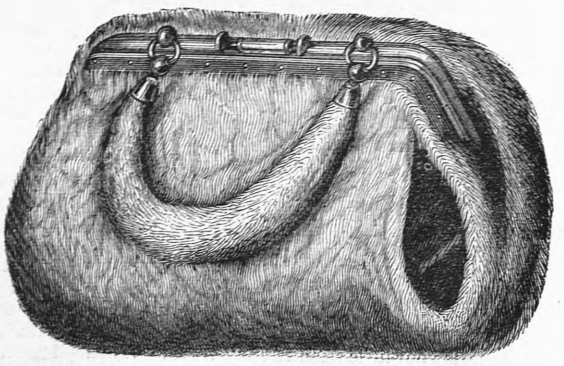
—VICTOR EMANUEL is not at all the cheery monarch he used to be. Latterly he has shut himself up in his palace, looked himself thoroughly over, and seriously entertained the notion of retiring altogether from the Italian muddle. He sent 50,000 livres to the families of the wounded Garibaldians; but that wouldn't go far toward paying for his treachery to the crimson-shirted old patriot.

—Miss LILY MAXWELL is the first woman ever allowed to vote in England for Member of Parliament, and she voted for Mr. JACOB BRIGHT. Her name had somehow been put on the register by mistake, probably for a man's, and the clerk had no choice but to accept her vote. It will gratify Mrs. CADY STANTON and Miss ANTHONY to know that Mr. BRIGHT noticed this anomalous accession to the strength of his adherents with special satisfaction. The voteress was cheered as she left the poll.

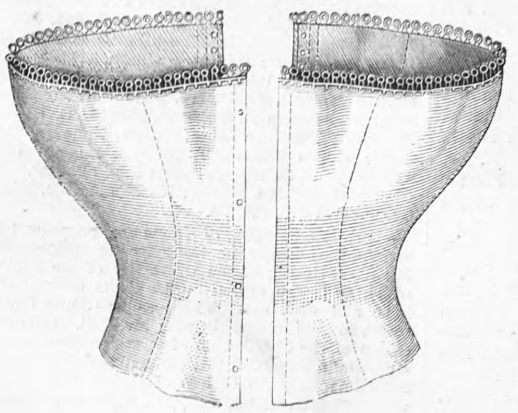
—The PRINCE OF WALES is very well off; has a salary of $500,000 and a house, from the government, and a large fortune besides from the revenue of Cornwall; but he is gay and spends it all. Like a spring lamb, he "gambols on the *green*" and makes nothing of losing a few thousands. Not so the "Royal ALFRED," as he is called—the sailor prince. He is the pet of the nation, and has talent. His ship was in a gale the other day. He was on deck and worked her himself, and did it splendidly. This fact has increased his popularity wonderfully. He is a great favorite with all who are about his person. He treats all dependents with great kindness, and in that imitates his father. It is the common faith that he will be king, and he never forgets apace. If he was in the place of his brother he would make all London rejoice at the sight of his face when they wanted to see him.

RETICULE MUFF.—OPEN.

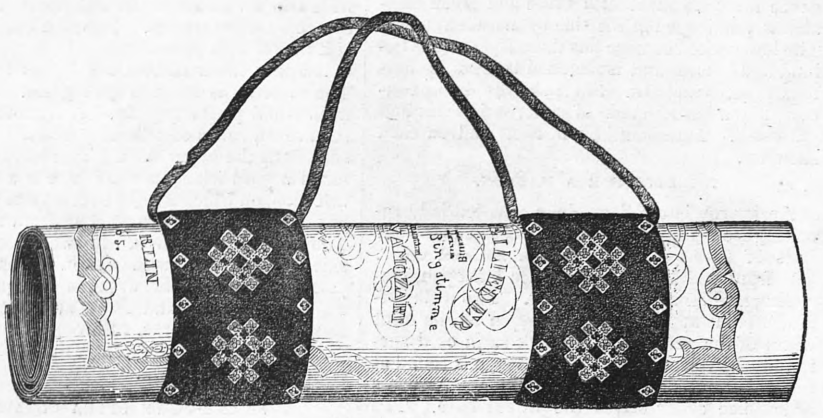
RETICULE MUFF.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 27 and 28.



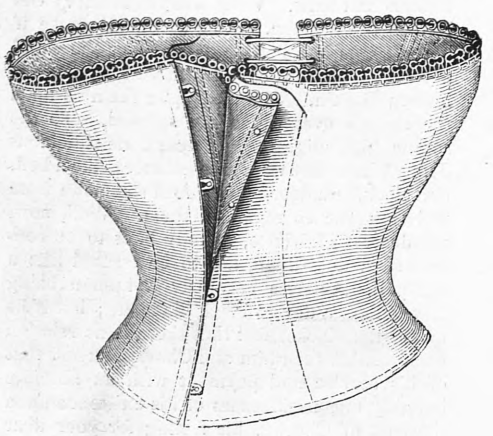
RETICULE MUFF.—CLOSED.



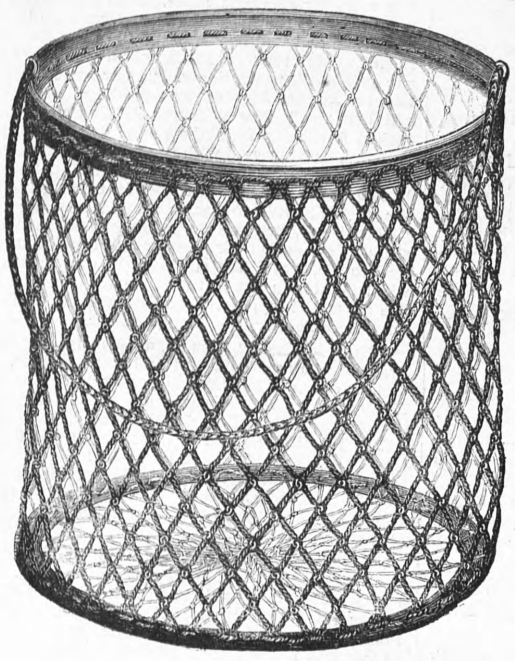
CORSET-COVER.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 51-54.



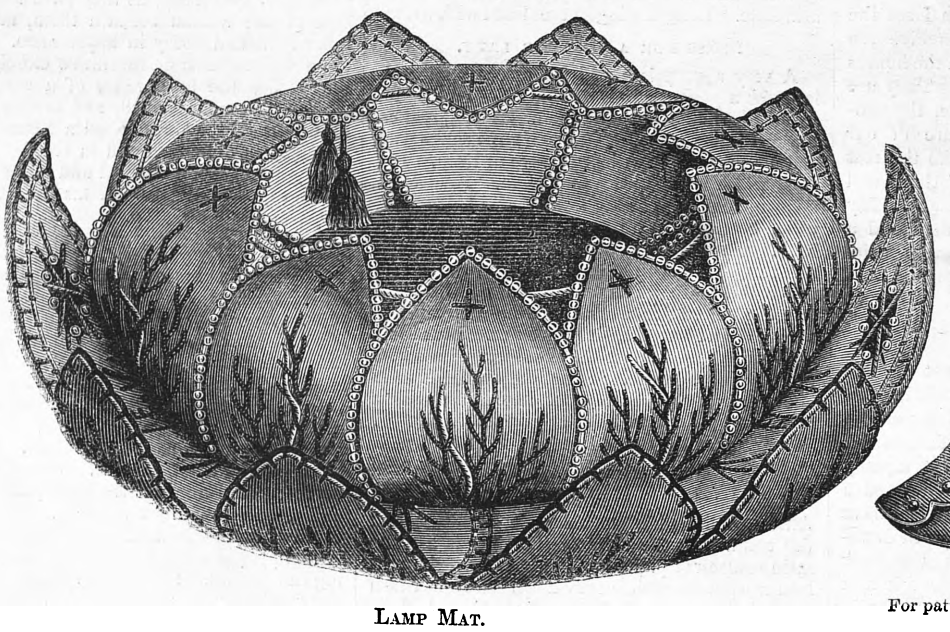
MUSIC-HOLDER.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 70.



CORSET-COVER ON CORSET.



EGG-BASKET.



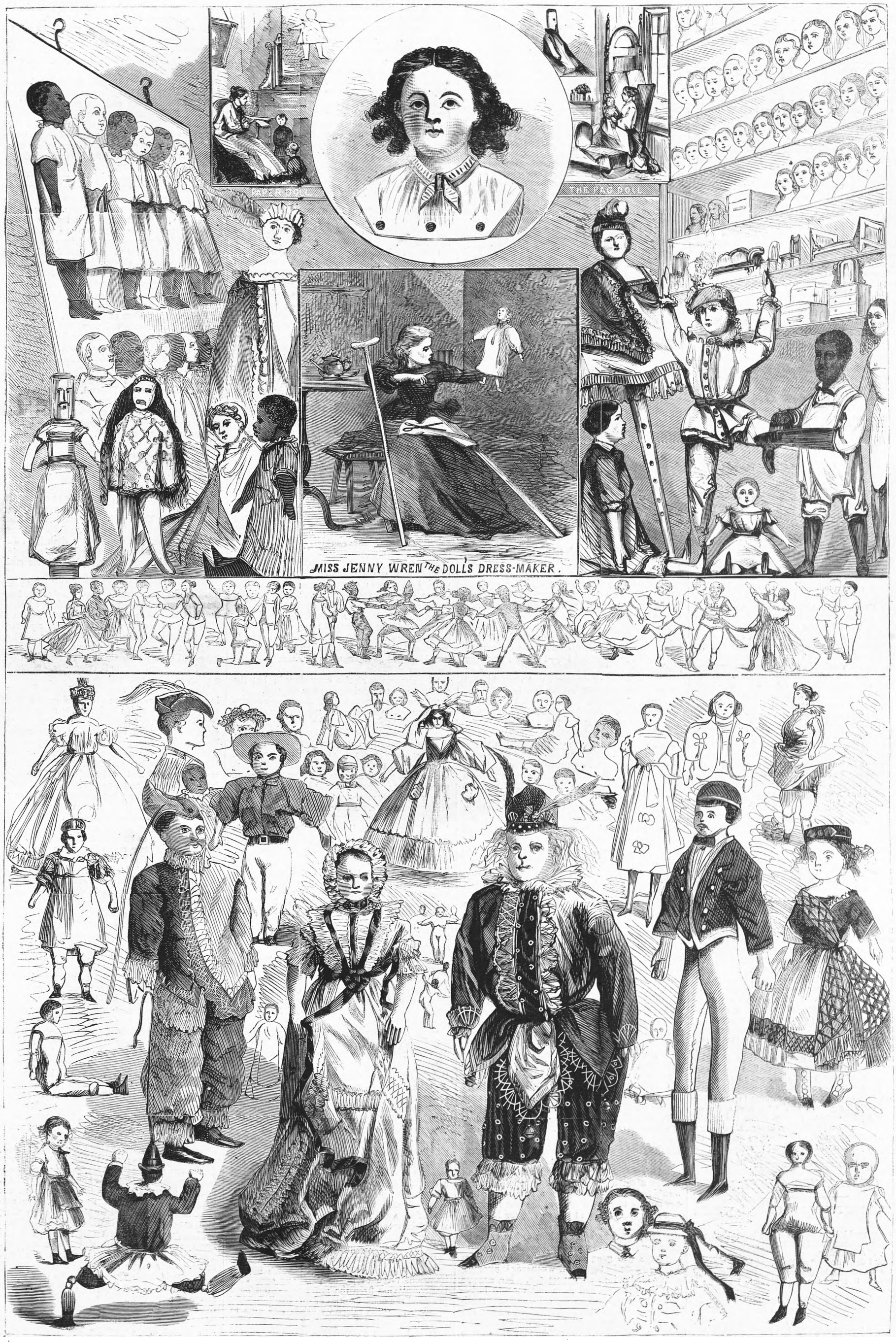
LAMP MAT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 57

LADIES' OVERSHOE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 24-26.

GRACIOSA HOOD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 33.

ARAB HOOD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 11 and 12.

PRINCESSE HOOD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 32.



THE DOLLS' DRESS-MAKER AND HER CUSTOMERS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

Muff and Reticule.

See Illustration, page 164.

THIS convenient article is easily made, and will be found very useful. The reticule is made of Angora cloth, lined with silk, and furnished with a handle of the same and a steel clasp. Cut from the cloth, from Fig. 27 one piece, and from Fig. 28 two pieces. To one end of Fig. 27 sew both ends of the lining, to which wadding has previously been basted, and which reaches to × on Fig. 27; this must be of the same width as the lining, and be run from 55 to × on half the outside; this silk forms the lining of the muff. Join the muff, Fig. 28, from * to × with the muff lining, and from × to ● with the outside of the reticule, Fig. 27. Line the reticule with silk, put on the handle, and finish with clasp.

Corset-Cover.

See Illustration, page 164.

THIS cover, of which we give the pattern, is an excellent protection for corsets, which lose their shape by being often washed. The original is of linen, trimmed round the neck with tatting lace, the corset being trimmed in a similar manner. A narrow band is run through both edges. The cover is fastened in the back with buttons and cord loops. The front is laced with the corset. Cut from Figs. 51 to 54 each two pieces, allowing for the seam; in Figs. 51 and 54 allow besides an inch for the hem back and front. This hem being made, and the eyelets worked in the back and front as seen in the illustration, stitch the parts together, making the figures on the pattern correspond, and hem the top and bottom. The illustrations show the cover separate, and fitted on the corset.

Music-Holder.

See Illustration, page 164.

THIS music-holder consists of two pasteboard rings, two inches in width and ten inches in length, covered with black velvet and lined with black silk. The outside is ornamented with card-board, on which gold and pearl beads are sewed, in the manner shown in the illustration. A strong silk cord passed through the rings serves as a handle.

Egg Basket.

See Illustration, page 164.

THIS pretty egg basket can also be used for fruit, salads, etc. It is netted of cord on wooden needles, and fastened at the top and bottom to iron hoops, twelve inches in diameter. For the basket cast on 36 stitches, and net 22 rounds; draw the foundation stitches together and fasten them; then sew the net to the iron hoops by means of holes bored therein for the purpose. The handle consists of a three-strand braid of cord.

Lamp Mat.

See Illustration, page 164.

THIS lamp mat, which consists of two rows of leaves, is made to cling round the bottom of the lamp by means of an elastic band. For its preparation, first cut a circular piece of pasteboard five and a half inches in diameter, and two pieces of enameled cloth of the same size. Then cut out of pasteboard, gray, and white cloth each ten leaves from Fig. 57, and ten somewhat smaller pieces, reaching only to the straight line on the same figure. Trim the gray leaves with gold cord, as seen in the illustration, and herring-bone stitch in green silk, and the smaller white leaves with gold cord and a figure of black velvet set on with gold beads and green silk. Set the smaller leaves together in pairs, with the pasteboard leaf between, button-holing the edges with green silk; then put the large leaves together in the same manner, button-holing the edges with white silk, and setting on one crystal and one gold bead with every stitch. Lastly, sew the leaves to the circular piece of pasteboard, which is then covered on both sides with the enameled cloth. A green silk elastic cord, fastened with a cross-stitch of green silk under the point of each of the large leaves, and finished at the end with two small tassels, holds the mat fast round the stem of the lamp.

Ladies' Overshoe.

See Illustration, page 164.

THIS overshoe, which is designed to be worn over the gaiter, is of black cloth, with a scarlet top. The top part is stitched along the outside edge with black silk in small diamonds; the lower corners are ornamented with black silk tassels. Jet buttons and button-holes to correspond are used for fastening. For this gaiter, cut out of black cloth, and gray linen for lining, two pieces each from Fig. 24; and out of red cloth and gray linen one piece each from Fig. 25. The top part is cut according to Fig. 26. Double the pattern, and cut in one piece. The cloth must be bias. Join the halves of the gaiter at the middle of the back by lapping the cloth about a quarter of an inch, and stitching the two thicknesses together. All around the gaiter, excepting on the upper part, the edges of the lining and outside must be turned in, and sewed together over and over. After making the button-holes in the part that laps over, as shown in the illustration, this overlapping part must be stitched to the left side of the gaiter. The numbers on the pattern must correspond to each other. Bind the lower part, and the scallops by the side of the button-holes, with red worsted braid. The buttons must be sewed on to correspond to the button-holes. The lining and outside edges of the top part are sewed together over hand. Then stitch the top part, as shown in the illustration; join to the gaiter by turning in the upper edges of both the gaiter and the top part, and overhand them all together. Finally, fasten the tassels, which are about two inches long, to the gaiter; sew a strap of leather from *, and join it so that the figures on the pattern will correspond to each other.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MORE ABOUT THE BLACK-AND-WHITE KITTEN.

"I LIKED my black-and-white kitten better than any of my other kittens," said Aunt Mary.

"Why?" asked Alice.

"Well, I don't know," replied Aunt Mary, "unless because she seemed to like me better than any of the others did. She was the only playmate I had for a whole winter."

"How did she play with you, Auntie?"

"Oh! she would watch to see if I was coming along, and spring suddenly out from under a table or a chair, where she had been hiding, and caper along by me, and coax me to play with her. Sometimes I would take a long string, and tie a spool on the end of it, and draw it along, and she would dance after it in the highest glee. Sometimes I would give her the spool to play with by herself. She would roll it around with her paw a while, and then sit down and watch it. In a moment she would pretend that it moved, and would pounce upon it as if it were a mouse. But I used to have the funniest time with her at night."

"What would she do?" asked Alice.

"I will tell you. One night—one cold winter night—I went to my room, and began to undress myself so as to go to bed. Presently I heard a sound, 'Purr-rr—purr-rr!' 'Kitty is here somewhere,' I said to myself; 'I must look around and find her.' So I looked in all the corners, and under the table, and under the bed, but no Kitty could I find. Still I could hear her gently purring. Pretty soon I saw the bed-clothes, almost down to the foot of the bed, moving a very little up and down. 'There she is,' said I to myself. So I turned the bed-clothes down, and, sure enough, there she was, all curled up in the bed. Poor Kitty! She did look so warm and so nice that I wanted to let her stay all night. But grandmamma said it was not a good plan. So I tried to coax her out to her own bed in the shed. But she did not want to stir. She knew it was a very cold night, and she thought my bed was warmer than hers. But I took her up in my arms, and carried her out to her basket bed, and covered her up warm, and left her there."

"Did she get into your bed again, Auntie?"

"Yes, she did, several times. I used to look carefully every night to see that she was not in the bed. But one night she hid under the bed; and after I had got almost asleep she jumped softly upon the bed, and wanted to curl up beside me. I would not let her get into the bed; so she lay down over my feet on the outside, and a very nice warm blanket she was that cold night. She staid there all night, and the last thing I heard before I went to sleep was Kitty purring, purring."

"What a funny blanket!" said Alice.

MRS. JUDITH.

Should you ask me whence I stole this,
Whence I stole this Christmas Carol,
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the song of Scrooge and Marley,
From the book of the Great Master.
Should you ask me why I stole it,
Why I stole Boz's Christmas Carol,
I should answer, I should tell you,
That this song of Scrooge and Marley
Is a song for all the people;
And its notes throughout the ages,
May be set by lowly singers,
Such as I am, to their verses.
And the Thought of the Great Master
Shall be to them (still the verses)
As that candy loved of childhood,
Sweet and brown, the short-stick toffy,
By whose help you've often bolted
Boneset or the nauseous hoarhound.

AUNT DEB was dead, to begin with. There could be no doubt whatever about that. An undertaker, six carriages, a clergyman, a funeral sermon, and a tombstone are witnesses enough, I should hope; and if there could be any doubt, her niece, Mrs. Judith, was at the funeral: which settles it!

As for Snappe, he was asleep.

Mrs. Judith knew that he was asleep? Of course she did! How could it be otherwise? They had been married for—I don't know how many years, and Mrs. Judith was the sole judge and the sole law of whatever was done in that house. She had said to him, an hour before, that having taken his bowl of sage, he had better go to sleep. And I should like to have seen him keep awake after that!

Oh! but she was a straight-laced, prim-visaged, starched, and sour American matron; a model of frozen housewifery; an angry and unmerciful virtue; a perambulating straight line, reducing every thing to her own likeness; with never a curve or a fancy about her, as hard and unyielding as a blackboard. In fact very like a blackboard with a few precepts done on it in chalk, which should have been done, while the rest should not have been left undone. Argument and persuasion had little influence upon her. No truth could rouse, no inconsistency startle her out of her groove. She was a straight line, and a straight line is the shortest distance between two points; and what more would you have in a world of business, in which there is dinner to get and your soul to save? Mercy and tenderness never knew where to have her; and for fun, she was proof.

Nobody ever danced about in her house. Nobody drew her curtains or took up her books twice. No child ever crept up in her lap. There was no glee, and no mystery, and no whispering at Christmas. Nobody ever came to her with a secret. Her husband and children sat silent and deprecating before her, and slunk away from her as soon as possible; and for sinners, not one dared appear in her presence. I mean special sinners, who had been found out. Mrs. Judith herself admitted, in a general prayer-book way, that we are *all* miserable sinners on Sunday mornings. A hard, driving, joyless, rayless little woman was Judith Snappe.

On Christmas-eve Mrs. Judith sat in the basement of her house. She usually sat there to keep an eye on Bridget, who passed her days in shoveling coal into the pinched, low-spirited range, if you were to believe Mrs. Judith. But in that case Bridget's days must have been few and evil; for the temperature within was not a whit better than the biting cold without. Worse, rather—a subtle, crawling cold that had kept Bridget all day in a shiver, and did not sweeten Mrs. Judith's temper; and that was a pity, seeing that her temper was but curdled at the best of times.

There was no fire in the parlor, for Mrs. Judith, being a slave to her family already, was determined not to add one link to her chain by allowing it; and the wretched spark in the dining-room had gone out, in utter indignation at having its drafts turned off whenever it attempted to kindle into an honest fire. Mr. Snappe and the children had gone out too—to bed—partly to get away from the cold, and very much to get away from Mrs. Judith, which was an excellent move on their part. For what with Bridget, who had asked for a half-holiday of her, who never had a holiday; and what with the children, who had teased for a tree, as if it was not enough to clean up mud and snow, but she must sweep pine chips after them; and what with Mr. Snappe, who had hinted that it was well to observe days of rejoicing in an anxious world like this, meaning thereby that she should cook an extra dinner and wash the dishes afterward; and what with the charitable committee who had asked her to roast a chicken for the Working-Women's dinner, as if she were not a working-woman, with nobody to give her roast chickens; and what with her reflections on people who gave money that might have been given to the missionaries for toys and Christmas dinners, Mrs. Judith was stepping about in a quiet, curdled away, peculiar to her, that would have set your teeth on edge if you could have seen her.

It was very odd then that, from thinking of all these "whats," she should suddenly think that she saw—Aunt Deb.

Aunt Deb was dead; could be proved to be dead, as I said before, by numbers of respectable witnesses. And yet for a moment Mrs. Judith could have sworn that she saw Aunt Deb standing by the pining fire so close that she could have touched her.

Only for a moment; but it gave Mrs. Judith such a start that she bundled up her sewing in a hurry, drew the bolts nervously, and marched up stairs a full half hour before her time, not without a dreadful suspicion that a halting foot kept time with hers behind her on the stairs, which made her slip in at the chamber door, and fasten it in a tremble. This done she felt herself reassured, and looking at the sleeping Snappe and the familiar furniture of her bedroom, would have sneered at herself. But—it might be the wind, or echoes, or the creaking of boards, or of shutters (doubtless it was), but the steps, one light, and the other slow and loud, with a pushing and dragging sound, as of a heavy weight—she heard them! halting on the stairs, coming along the hall, coming to her door.

Mrs. Judith fell on a chair, and tried to pray. They came in. The door was fast, and the bolt securely in its staples. But they came in!

The words died on Mrs. Judith's tongue, and she sat dumb with terror looking at—there could be no doubt about it—Aunt Deb. Mrs. Judith knew the figure as well as she knew herself. The same, even to the wide cap-strings and the close black gown, with the remarkable addition of something that looked like a distorted and grinning idol fastened to her left ankle, which she dragged laboriously after her.

Mrs. Judith stared at this apparition with the faint hope that we have in nightmares, that it might be a dream; and the apparition, who had been a cozy and pragmatical person in her life, stared in return with a look of pain and wild inquiry. As she looked a strange idea beset Mrs. Judith, and sent the scared blood tingling back to her fingers' ends. Aunt Deb had been a leading church-member! But did angels limp about with idols tied to their ankles? Amazement got the better of fright.

"Is it possible?" she commenced; but the question was too uncivil, and she stopped.

"Even so," returned the Apparition, answering her unspoken thought. "For these things I labored, and these things are my reward."

Mrs. Judith looked at the idol more carefully than her terror had suffered her at first to do, and saw that it was made up of trunks, mirrors, preserve-jars, pudding dishes, brooms, thimbles, and certain gowns and carpets that Mrs. Judith remembered perfectly in Aunt Deb's house-keeping; and, oddly enough, she thrilled with a deepening terror because these articles were so familiar.

"Of these things," pursued the Phantom, in a hollow voice, "I made for myself an idol. With these things I was so busy that I had not time to teach and comfort my children. Lest these should come to harm I drove them into the street to take their chances there. With penances for sins against my idol, and with rules about it too heavy to be borne, I darkened their young lives. With these things I was too busy to listen to the prayer for help from other women. Because of these things I despised the afflicted who had them not."

"And yet you were an exemplary woman," urged Mrs. Judith.

"Exemplary! yes!" replied the Phantom. "I made my idol in the name of duty, and worshiped it in the name of religion; and though where I was blind now I see—as it hindered me then it hinders me now."

"But why do you say these things to me?" asked Mrs. Judith, uneasily. "Can I do more than discharge the duties of a wife and mother?"

"Oh, fool!" returned the Phantom, groaning. "As if tenderness were not the duty of a wife. As if patience and love were not the duties of a mother. As if forgiveness, charity, smiles, and kind words were not the duties of a woman!"

Mrs. Judith listened unmoved. In fact, she was growing more and more composed. She was a determined woman, who disbelieved in ghosts on principle, and the natural stubbornness of her temper was beginning to assert itself. Besides, in Mrs. Judith's eyes, a ghost who preached a cheerful and light-hearted gospel savored less of the truth than of Dickens, in whose pages Mrs. Judith fancied that she had somehow tangled herself by some mysterious nightmare process, which she was unable to shake off.

The Spectre eyed her with its sad and chilling glance, and, answering her thoughts,

"For what do you take me, then?" it asked.

"For a bit of Scrooge and Marley, and an impudent piece of mince-pie," she answered, boldly. "One from the grave would not have preached the petty vanities of this life."

The Apparition raised its hands and eyes to heaven, and as it did so the clock struck twelve.

It had always a clear-toned bell, this tall, old clock, that had struck the hours for Judith's father, and grandfather, and great-grandfather before that. But whether it was the silence of the night or Mrs. Judith's excited fancy, each note rang out with such a sharp meaning that she began to quiver with a new apprehension.

The Ghost, that had never once removed its unwinking stare from Mrs. Judith, turned at the sound, and uttering the mysterious monosyllable "One!" fixed its eyes on the clock. At once its face glowed, first with a small point of brightness that widened finally into a broad, quivering circle of light; and the hands began to revolve—backward! faster and faster, as the Ghost watched and seemed to urge them (though no sound issued from its lips), till Mrs. Judith only saw them as swift-darting points of light, while the hours rang a continuous chime in her ears, and at intervals the waiting Spectre continued its mysterious counting.

Meantime a change had fallen upon Mrs. Judith herself. She was growing lighter of heart and clearer of brain. There was a new impulse in her blood. She was full of glee. She would have liked to giggle. She had feelings in the legs and toes that were temptations to skip and jump. Old songs, old stories, forgotten lessons, and long-past pleasures, came back freshly in her mind. The bleak, shivering bedroom vanished. She was in the very centre of the light! In a low-raftered kitchen, with a fire-place built in the days when fires were understood, with a back-log like a tree. The room was full of a generous warmth, and of the spicy odors of the forest. There were wreaths on the rough walls, and boughs over the low doors. A group of people sat at one end of the hearth, and a child, a slender little girl, was turning out a lumpy, misshapen stocking at the other.

Mrs. Judith's eyes sparkled. The people laughed, but she never listened. She was intent on the little one with the stocking; and if you could have seen how she entered into the child's emotions you would have said that respectable woman was beside herself. When the child cried "Oh!" Mrs. Judith cried "Oh!" also. When a great orange rolled out unexpectedly, Mrs. Judith giggled. When from the very bottom of the stocking she drew out something wrapped in brown paper, and every body began to guess about it, Mrs. Judith was as eager with her guess as the rest. When the wrapper was being untied, Mrs. Judith's heart beat so fast that she caught her breath! And when it was off at last and there came out a doll, Mrs. Judith clapped her hands and fairly shouted.

"You remember and are pleased with such trifles?" asked the Ghost.

"Remember it! Can I ever forget it? or the scent of the pine? or the great roaring fire? or that my mother sat up half the night to dress the doll in season for Santa Claus? I wish I knew any thing now that could make my heart beat with such delicious awe and wonder. Why, the very name of Christmas is a charm. Only to have had such happiness once makes this dark world better and lighter!" cried Mrs. Judith, in a glow, and her eyes wet and shining.

The Ghost turned and looked hard and meaningly at her, and, before she could recover from the confusion which its glance for some reason occasioned her, the child, the fire, and the kitchen blurred, blended, and rolled away like smoke, from a little room, where sat a young woman with a baby. It was the child grown to womanhood and married; and Mrs. Judith was even more interested and excited than she had been in the little girl and her stocking. While the young wife waited for her husband, Mrs. Judith watched as anxiously as she. When she heard his step, Mrs. Judith brightened. When he came in shivering and stamping, and presenting a wonderful likeness to Snappe, Mrs. Judith hovered about him as busy and officious as the young wife herself. For baby's tricks and wise remarks Mrs. Judith had them every one on her tongue's end; and when he went to a certain corner she was in such an agitation; and when he made three wishes, as his wife bade him, she actually turned pale; and when he said "dressing-gown" at the last, and the little wife proudly pulled away the curtain from *the* corner, and he stood admiring before it, Mrs. Judith's heart quite overflowed, and I really believe that she laughed and cried together.

Somewhere a clock struck twelve, and a chill fell on Mrs. Judith. It was broad day, so it must have been high noon; and it was Christmas-day. You need only to look at the people in the streets to know that; but you could never have guessed it from the house. There was a low-spirited fire in the basement, over which presided Bridget, wrathful and sulky, while her mistress went about with an icy grimness that she kept on purpose for holidays, as days that brought her extra work. There was a glimmering of fire in the dining-room, and Snappe had attempted blindman's-buff with the children; but Mrs. Judith, in alarm for her carpets, had seated them all primly on chairs, where, when they were not yawning, they quarreled in under-tones with each other. The parlor was shut up, gathering blackness and darkness; the bedrooms would have frozen out a ghost; and Mr. Snappe was strolling through the streets, his hands in his pockets, looking gloomily through the windows at the wreaths, the bright fires, and the smiling mothers and children, and wishing that every thing pleasant did not cost his wife so much trouble.

Mrs. Judith, her heart still beating fast and her eyes still moistened, sighed and shivered. There was a hopeless dreariness about this dark, sulky, stifling house that made even the streets and the cold outside seem more like home.

For some moments Mrs. Judith had been aware of a darkness that sprang like light from the clock. It spread, and deepened, and settled down about her. It thickened around her like a fog, till she saw the spectre dimly, as a shadow or mist, and heard the hours chime, as the clock-hands whirled forward, like muffled bells at a distance.

"What is this?" she asked in a fright.

"That which is to come," returned the spectre, solemnly.

"But I see nothing," she cried, straining her eyes into the darkness.

A laugh sounded close in her ears. She had not heard him laugh like that in years, but it was Mr. Snappe's laugh. He was smoking a cigar, in an abandoned manner, with his reckless feet on a chair, in the shut-up parlor. Shut up no longer. The curtains were drawn. Mrs. Judith never permitted that, for the sun faded the carpets, and you were apt to rumple the curtains. There were flowers in the window. Mrs. Judith never permitted them, for they brought more work for her. There was a fire in the grate—a glorious fire, heaped high and glowing down to the core. Mr. Snappe's eldest daughter and his sons sat at a table tying Christmas wreaths. Least of all would Mrs. Judith have permitted that.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Snappe again. "Not much like the old Christmas, eh, Meg?"

It was a jolly laugh, and it was echoed by a whole chorus of laughs on the steps and a pull at the bell that should have snapped the wires, and that was followed by stamping and talking—every body all together—and a subdued rustling and fluttering of skirts, as of doves taking flight up stairs, and an appetizing smell that was turkey, if it was any thing, when the dining-room was left open. And Meg was wanted in fifty places all at once, and was ready wherever she was wanted, and was the admiration of the guests and the delight of her father. And only one thing was unthought of—Mrs. Judith, the mother of the house, the mistress of the mansion.

She listened keenly, but in all their talk there was no mention of her, and the very merriment of her husband and children, the guests, the fires, and the feasting were, as she could not but acknowledge to herself, so many proofs of her absence.

Where then was she?

Slowly, just before her, something began to glimmer. A fire in the grate. Gradually outlines shaped themselves around it. The room in which she was standing, the same furniture, older and more worn. A chair drawn close to the fire; a woman sitting in it, bent with disease, not age; a sour woman, with a fretful face, sitting alone, and below the laughing, and the merry voices, and the Christmas-wreaths, and the forgetfulness of her. "A living death in life. Not ill treated, but forgotten because she remembered nobody. Alone, let her years be few or many, because once it was too much trouble to have her friends and children near her!"

It was the Ghost who uttered these last words; its eyes intent on Mrs. Judith, and as it spoke it began to fade. A horror of the darkness around her seized upon Mrs. Judith. Better the Spectre than that. "Stop!" she cried; "I am not the woman I was," and woke sobbing and struggling, clinging fast to Mr. Snappe's hand.

"A merry Christmas to you, my dear!" observed Mr. Snappe, looking at her doubtfully.

"I am not the same woman I was," repeated Mrs. Judith, passionately; "and I won't drag an idol over you all, and sit alone by my fire; but I will make you all love me yet! And we will have a turkey and a tree, and Bridget shall have her half holiday, and, Mr. Snappe, you may make as much trouble as you like."

After which she threw her arms around his neck and cried hysterically; after which she told him the whole story; after which they went out in a hurry to buy the turkey and toys before the shops should be shut; after which the young Snappes had, no doubt, a merry Christmas.

MRS. TYPESET'S DIARY.

Monday.—Went to the Central Park with the children this morning. Sleighing is a rarity in New York, and the scene was novel and exhilarating. Gay equipages, swiftly-flying horses, eager drivers, ladies with brilliant cheeks and dresses, and withal,

"The tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells."
"Hear the sledges with their bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!"

The "snow season" has commenced early this winter, and is hailed with delight by every body who can obtain a ride on runners.

On returning home found a letter from Cousin E——, dated Paris; and really it was quite a stretch of imagination to step from our snow-bound Central Park to the Garden of the Tuileries. "We are," she says, "now enjoying charming weather—so warm and pleasant that the shady side of the street is preferable at mid-day. We spent most of our time to-day in the Garden of the Tuileries, Lucy with her skipping-rope and doll, making the acquaintance of the little French girls. The Garden is very large, containing several fountains, and some fine statuary; a portion is laid out with walks, passing through beds of flowers. Roses, dahlias, and chrysanthemums in great variety are now in blossom; and the grass is beautifully green. Two days since we saw men mowing there. One flower which seems to be a favorite is apparently the same as the white weed which flourishes so abundantly in our pastures. Long rows of it have adorned the borders of the Palace gardens for the past month. The walks on either side of the flower-gardens are very broad; and here each day gather children and nurses, with dolls, ropes, hoops, reins, little shovels, and tiny pails (to use in playing with the gravel), to spend hours in the air and sunshine. Some ladies take their work and accompany the older children, while others promenade, or sit on benches and watch the happy groups—the gentlemen promenading, reading, or smoking as suits them best."

Tuesday Eve.—What a sad tragedy the papers report! A mother, reduced to destitution in the heart of this great city—weary of life, distrustful of Providence, her children pining for bread, she sees no hope in the future, and makes a fearful attempt to send into eternity her own and her children's souls. The wretched mother and her family of four young children—the eldest a boy of thirteen—were discovered helpless and insensible from the effect of the poison they had taken. Restoratives were administered and they were brought back to life. The children were accustomed to gain a precarious subsistence during the warmer seasons by reciting poetry and singing songs on the ferry-boats, and in front of hotels at watering-places. They are represented to be exceedingly intelligent and well-bred. Alas for the poor during the cold winter! I can not help thinking of Proctor's lines—

"The winds are bitter; the skies are wild;
From the roof comes plunging the drowning rain;
Without, in tatters, the world's poor child
Sobbeth abroad her grief, her pain!
No one heareth her, no one heedeth her;
But Hunger, her friend, with his bony hand
Grasps her throat, whispering huskily—
'What dost *Thou* in a Christian land?'"

Wednesday Morn.—In Glasgow and Edinburgh (as well as in New York, and many cities of the United States) there are establishments for the purpose of teaching ladies practical cooking. There is not quite so much said about them in New York this winter as a year or two ago, but they are not out of fashion yet. In England they are flourishing. The "pupils" in Edinburgh are required to appear in a cotton dress and apron; minus crinoline, rings, and chains. As the teacher, who is a lady, has constant orders for dinners and suppers, there are always a variety of ornamental dishes to be made, as well as the plain standard ones. By the method adopted a thorough knowlege is imparted of all branches of cooking, as well as much useful information upon the economical arrangement and adaptation of dishes.

And this reminds me that, although I never heard of an establishment where young married ladies were *practically* taught how a *husband* ought to be "cooked," to make a good dish of him, I have lately seen a recipe which points out the "*modus operandi*." The writer of this recipe says some women keep their husbands in hot water, some in cold water, and others in pickle. Of course they can not be supposed to be tender and good managed in this way. They should be put into a large jar (of carefulness), placed near a hot fire (of love). Let the heat be regular and constant. Cover with equal quantities of affection and kindness. Add a little prudence, moderation, gentleness, and deference. Garnish with becoming familiarity and innocent pleasantry; and if you add kisses and other confectioneries, accompany them with sufficient secrecy.

A French writer says it is an incontestable fact that "in the New World woman is superior to man." He does not bring forward instances to prove this statement, but nobody doubts that it is true—*in some respects!* Certain young ladies, by-the-way, have been attempting to put themselves upon a *footing* with Weston. A couple who were very ambitious recently walked from Danvers to Boston. They started at half past ten A.M. and finished their journey about 5 P.M. One of them blistered her feet, but the other said she was ready to continue to Chicago. The distance over the route they traveled is about 18 miles. Another young lady, having taken the cars from Syracuse to Auburn, discovered she had left her muff in the dépôt waiting-room. She stopped at Camillus, seven or eight miles from Syracuse, intending to take the next train back. But finding she would have to remain there some hours she started for the city and accomplished the task in an hour and three quarters, and was repaid for her energy by finding her supposed loss undisturbed. The papers say that a female brass band, from Decatur, is electrifying New Orleans with "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie," "Star-Spangled Banner," "Bonnie Blue Fag," etc. And also that "a lady has appeared on the street in Burlington, Iowa, with a cigar in her mouth." Well, really, what next? Though, to be sure, to my thinking, any "lady" has as good a "*right*" to smoke a cigar on the street, on the platform of a car, or in her parlor, as a gentleman to do the same—it is a mere matter of *taste!*

An unusual number of "golden weddings" have been celebrated within the past two or three years. In explanation of this fact it is stated that the number of marriages in 1815 and the two years following just after the close of the war was very great, and a prediction is made that a similar phenomenon will occur in 1915 from a similar cause.

In Connecticut a novel wedding was recently celebrated. The happy pair were in haste to be married, as they desired to leave town in the next train. There was not much time to spare, so they started for the clergyman's residence, and by good chance met him on the road. In order that no time might be wasted, it was proposed to have the marriage ceremony performed then and there—right in the middle of the road. So the minister tied the knot, several people meantime arriving as passers-by on the road, who were accepted as competent witnesses. The married couple reached the cars in ample season.

Evening.—How delightful a fashionable dinner-party in Abyssinia must be—to the ladies! The company are so arranged that one gentleman sits between two ladies. This is not for the sake of their pleasant society, oh no! In Abyssinia no man of any fashion feeds himself or touches his own meat. The women cut the flesh into small square pieces. This they lay upon a portion of the teff bread, strongly powdered with pepper and salt, and then wrap it up like a cartridge. The gentleman, with a hand resting upon each neighbor's knee, his body stooping, his head low and forward, and mouth open, very like an idiot, turns to the one whose cartridge is first ready, who stuffs the whole of it between his jaws at the imminent risk of choking him. This is a mark of grandeur. The greater the man would seem to be, the larger is the piece which he takes into his mouth; the more noise he makes in chewing it, the more polite does he prove himself. Having dispatched this morsel, which he does very expeditiously, his neighbor on the other hand holds forth a second pellet, which he devours in the same way, and so on till he is satisfied. He never drinks till he has finished eating; and before he begins, in gratitude to the fair ones who have fed him, he makes up two small rolls of the same kind and form, each of the ladies opens her mouth at once, while with his own hand he supplies a portion to both at the same moment. Abyssinian ladies are remarkable for the luxuriant growth of their hair; but not satisfied with nature's gift, they seek to improve it by shaving part of the head, or by the application of rancid butter. However, many among the *beau monde* allow their raven locks to fall over their dubiously-colored necks in not ungraceful *negligé*.

Some old heathen writer gives a most unromantic origin to the kiss. He was of opinion that kissing first began between kinsmen and kinswomen only to ascertain whether wives, daughters, or nieces, had tasted any wine. Was that Jacob's object when he "kissed Rachel?"

Worth remembering. "Never make that man your friend who hates music or the laugh of a child."

Paris papers relate a recent instance of magnificent hospitality. M. de Rochefoucauld, who has just been nominated member of the General Council of Loire-et-Cher, has built a chateau near Vendôme, costing about five million francs. To celebrate the house-warming he invited fifty guests to a succession of fêtes which lasted a month. Gala carriages, drawn by six horses, were placed at the disposal of the guests, and concerts, balls, feasts, hunts, and theatricals diversified the hours of this enchanted month. A photographer was in attendance with orders to take pictures of the guests, their dogs, their horses, etc., on the occasion of any striking scene or festivity. At the close of the fêtes each guest was presented with an album of these photographs.

The commercial gentleman, who, on looking over a newspaper last week, suddenly inquired, "Who is this Dickens they are making such a fuss about?" will be a good match for the lady who recently applied at a book-store for Dickens's novel, "David Copperhead."

Thursday Eve.—Strolled down Broadway this afternoon just to see the pretty things in the shop-windows. Every body likes to see pretty things, and they are now exhibited in such variety and beauty that it is well worth while to inspect them. Things rare, curious, useful, and ornamental, unfold themselves at every step; and I found myself more than once standing at a window, and wondering what some of the articles were for, and what they were called. I was not alone in my curiosity; ladies and children thronged the streets—really, gentlemen stood very little chance of seeing much beside the eager sight-seers. The toy-shop windows, piled with marvelous figures of every living thing—with dolls of every shape and size, with every strange device in miniature, with toys bright and dark, large and small, noisy and still, soft and hard—these windows drew the little folks around them, just as a magnet draws needles to itself. Such eager eyes, such expressive "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" such lingering, pleading glances, which said more plainly than words, "Now *do* buy that for me!" And every body carried a bag and a bundle; nobody is ashamed to carry bundles about Christmas time—it is highly respectable and altogether fashionable.

And I came home pleased and tired; and "Dot" met me at the door with wide-open blue eyes which plainly asked, "Have you bought something for me?" but with mouth most discreetly closed. The comical concealment of Christmas has come over her; she hides little packages in her tiny pocket when I unexpectedly appear, says "Hush!" and "Don't tell!" in a subdued tone to her brother, and smothers a gay laugh in her hand, while I feel called upon to look most unconsciously in an opposite direction. But she consults me confidingly about buying *this* for Aunt Anne, and *that* for papa; "a doll I must get for Etta, and what *can* I put on the Christmas Tree for Lawrie?" And when I suggest that she may not have money enough to buy presents for every one, with a generous indignation she exclaims, "Haven't I got *nine dollars?*"—the sum total of her private property, which she evidently intends to expend in Christmas gifts.

V. W. M.

1853.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

As if a dryad should suddenly peer
Out of the cup of a morning lily,
Parting her hair with fingers fair,
Dripping from night-dews bright and chilly;
As if in a world of greenery
This face of radiant roseate splendor
Should silently rise with wondering eyes,
And a look such as gods alone engender;

As if while yet hovering half-revealed,
Startled at sight of the life around her,
As if when each line had grown divine,
And the beauty of primal nature crowned her,
The perfect vision should fall away
While yet the mist on the hills was hoary—
Should fade to a haze on our dazzled gaze,
And melt in a cloud of circumfluent glory:

Ah! but the dryads died with Pan,
Not any more do we behold them,
No forest nods to the walking gods,
Nor giant blossom again enfolds them.
They no longer from hollow air
Flash and madden the mountaineer,
A kinglier hand grasps their empire bland—
Hers is a holier atmosphere!

As if an angel should pause in flight,
Rest on the air's unchained dominions,
Winnowing the sight of Heaven's delight
Through the golden grain of his purple pinions,
Then, shedding some wreath of supernal song,
Should speed where God's smile is his own evangel,
And over the throng drop in light along
From the face of archangel down to angel:

Dominations—princes—powers—
All the regalities throned in heaven—
What type are they in their solemn sway
Of her sweetness taken as soon as given!
Whither away with your idle words—
Sighing follows us after singing—
She was the joy of our day's employ,
Each hour is a memory round us clinging!

Pansy and violet, looking down,
More like her starry eyes are growing,
Shaping her face with inward grace
All the lucid clouds are flowing.
What is there left of our darling here?—
Tenderly twining it round our fingers—
Only this tress, in whose loveliness
The sunshine of one brief summer lingers.

Only this picture, where she lies
Dreaming away immortal hours,
Frozen by death in a frosty breath,
Yet lost in the lap of myriad flowers.
One might deem that, this side heaven's gate,
Fallen perchance from the walls of jasper,
As the unreached hope of some sculptor's scope
These fields of amaranth shield and clasp her.

If, out of a silence pure and far,
God himself had clearly spoken
Words like balm, then to vibrant calm
Silverly hushed ere we knew it broken—
Scarce had we felt a want more strange,
Such soft sadness nor quiet weeping—
For this hope and fear of a single year
Make earth a desert by her still sleeping!

Jacket for Boy from 10 to 12 Years old.

See illustration on double page.

THIS jacket is of dark-brown doeskin, bound with black braid. Cut from Fig. 8 one piece, and from Fig. 9 two pieces. Face the front of the jacket with a strip of cloth five inches wide, cut a slit along the double line for the breast-pocket, bind the edge of the stuff with braid, and set in a circular pocket about five inches deep, faced with cloth. Sew up the stuff from 13 to 14, and bind the jacket with braid a little less than an inch wide. Sew up the sleeves from 15 to 16, bind the bottom and set them in the arm-holes from 17 to 17, holding the arm-hole a little full. Cut the button-hole lapel from Fig. 10, bind it, and fasten it with a button to the left side of the jacket, putting the other button at the corresponding place on the right side.

Under-Waist, Buttoning on the Side.

See illustration on double page.

THIS waist is designed to be worn under thin dresses, which show so plainly the buttons on under-waists that are fastened in front. Cut the front and back, each in one piece, from Figs. 43 and 44, of muslin or linen, allowing on each an inch for a hem at the sides. Cut the sleeves from Fig. 45. Lay the bosom pleats in the front from ** to ● and from ×× to ●●, and also lay a pleat as marked in the middle of the back. Hem the sides, put on the buttons and button-holes, as marked in Fig. 43, and sew up the shoulders from 23 to 24. Hem the sleeves on the bottom and sides and set on buttons and button-holes, as seen in the illustration, then sew them in the waist to correspond with the figures on the pattern. Lastly, bind the bottom of the waist with a strip of muslin or linen about an inch wide, through which run a piece of tape, which passes through an eyelet hole in the front and serves to tie the waist. Trim the neck and sleeves with lace, through which run a narrow black velvet ribbon. The waist of course must be drawn over the head.

Flannel Corset with Waistband for Girl from 10 to 12 Years old.

See illustration on double page.

THIS corset is of flannel, with whalebone only in the back. Cut from Figs. 46–50 each two pieces. Lay the pleats in the bottom of the fronts as marked in Fig. 46, run the backs together in the middle, back-stitch the corset, Figs. 46–48, together to correspond with the figures on the pattern, press the seams open and stitch them down on the right side. Join the fronts of the waistband in the same manner, sew the backs thereon, and stitch the waistband on the corset, making the figures correspond. Put eyelets or eyelet rings in the back and set on a band for the whalebone. Run the edges of the corsets together at the top and bottom, and trim it round the neck with a narrow needle-work band.

Hood for Girl from 12 to 14 Years old.

See illustration on double page.

THIS hood is of white cashmere, thinly wadded, and lined with white silk. The trimming consists of black bead lace, an inch wide, set on plain, and surmounted with a narrow bias fold of white satin. The hood is tied under the chin with narrow white ribbon. Cut of cashmere, wadding, and lining each one piece, from Figs. 55 and 56, Fig. 55 being bias. Baste the outside on the wadding and lining, and gather the bottom of hood, Fig. 55, to the width of the cape, which set on to correspond with the figures on the pattern, having first run the edges together, then cover the seam on the wrong side with a strip of silk. Trim the edge; pleat the front from × to ●, and put on the rest of the trimming in the manner shown in the illustration.

Dolls' Dresses.

See illustration on double page.

WE give a number of patterns for dolls' dresses, which will doubtless be especially interesting to our young folks at this holiday season, and which will enable them to array their miniature household in the fashionable styles of the day, or to send them masquerading in the picturesque costume of the peasants of Brittany. The patterns, of course, must be made larger or smaller to suit the respective dolls.

Fig. 1 represents a Breton peasant boy: height, 23 inches, without the head. His full trowsers are made of white cashmere, and his jacket of blue cloth, trimmed with oxydized silver buttons and silver lace. His blue velvet belt is fastened with a silver clasp, and his gaiters and hat are of black velvet—the first trimmed up the sides with silver buttons, and the last adorned with a band and silver lace. His standing collar is of linen. Figs. 60–62 give the pattern of the jacket, which is lined with silk.

Fig. 2 represents a Breton peasant girl. Height, 21 inches, without the head. Her petticoat and jacket are of blue flannel, trimmed with broad strips of white cashmere, embroidered in bright colors, and narrow strips of black velvet. Her apron is of white cashmere, trimmed on the bottom with an embroidered band. Her Russian skirt and ruff are of batiste, and her embroidered cap of linen. Her shoes are black velvet. Figs. 63–64 give the pattern of half the jacket; the sleeves are cut like those in Fig. 67, only a little shorter and fuller.

Fig. 3 represents the doll in an elegant promenade dress. Height, 24 inches, without the head. The under-skirt is of blue poplin, pleated round the bottom and up the side to the waist, which is also of blue poplin. The over-skirt is short and open at the side; it is of light gray poplin, with blue spots, and is trimmed with a bias fold of blue silk, set on in points, with a heading of blue silk braid. The belt and bodice are of the same stuff as the over-skirt, and trimmed in the same manner. Lamballe bonnet of blue silk, with white lace scarf. Figs. 65–69 give the patterns for this dress.

Fig. 4 represents a doll in a short walking suit. Height, 18 inches, without the head. Under-skirt of red cashmere, trimmed round the bottom with a pleated flounce of the same material. Over-skirt of white alpaca, trimmed with red cashmere rouleaux. White bonnet, trimmed with rouleaux of red ribbon. Red boots. Figs. 58 and 59 give the patterns for this dress.

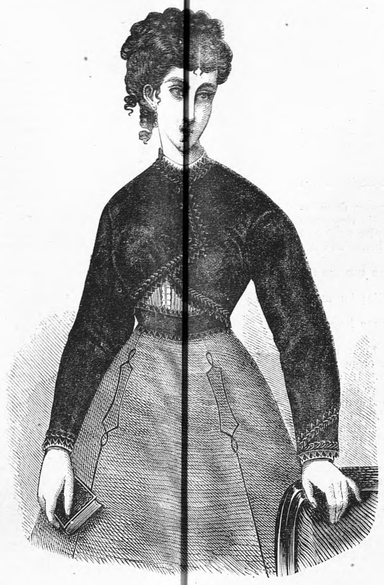
Hood for Girl from 10 to 12 Years old.

See illustration on double page.

THIS hood is of white cashmere, wadded and lined with white silk. It is cut from the same pattern as the preceding one; the cape, however, is to be cut along the straight line. The trimming of the hood, the style of which is shown in the illustration, consists of black and white lace, two and a half inches, and narrow blue satin ribbon, dotted and edged with black. The hood is fastened with a button and loop, over which is placed a rosette of cashmere covered with lace. The hood is trimmed besides with bands of cashmere, edged with lace, and covered with satin ribbon, in the manner shown in the illustration.

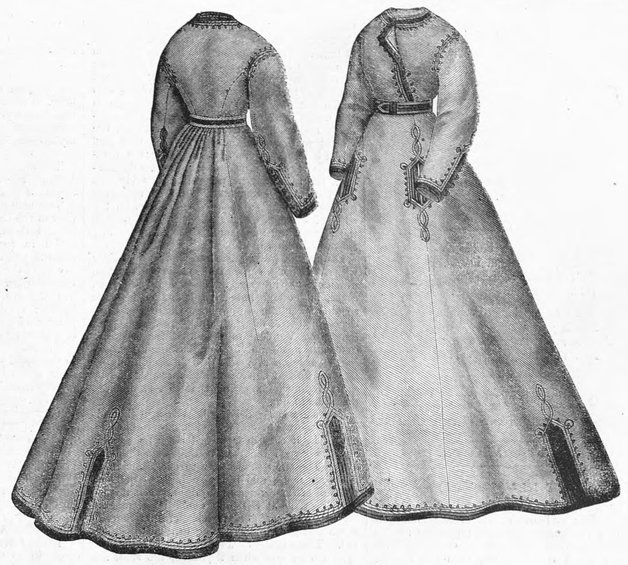
WAIST WITH ROLLING COLLAR.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 34–38.

JACKET FOR BOY FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 8–10.

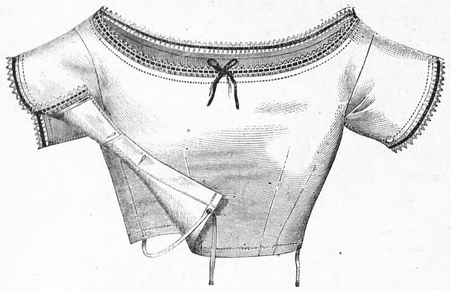


VELVET JACKET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 39–42.

WAIST AND PEPLUM FOR GIRL 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 18–23.



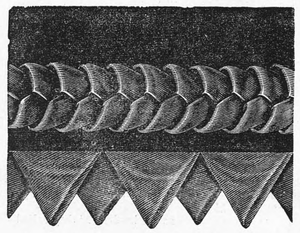
BACK.—GORED DRESS.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–7.



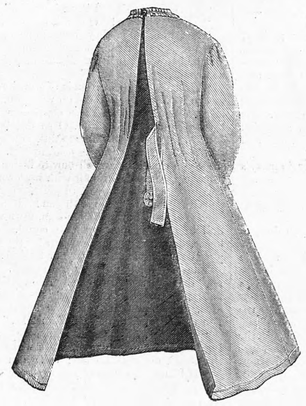
UNDER-WAIST, BUTTONING AT SIDE.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 43–45.

LADIES' OVERALL.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 29–31.

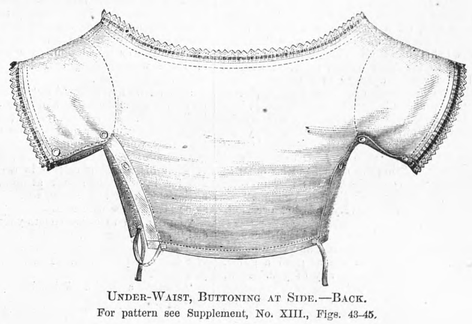
JACKET WITH WAISTBAND.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 40–50.



TRIMMING FOR VELVET JACKET.



LADIES' OVERALL.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 29–3



UNDER-WAIST, BUTTONING AT SIDE.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 43–45.

JACKET WITH CAPE.—FRONT
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 13–17.

HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 55 and 56.

DOLLS' DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—BRETON PEASANT BOY.
Size without the head, 23 inches.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 60–62.

Fig. 2.—BRETON PEASANT GIRL.
Size without the head, 21 inches.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 63 and 64.

Fig. 3.—PROMENADE DRESS.
Size without the head, 24 inches.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXI., Fig. 65–69.

Fig. 4.—SHORT WALKING SUIT.
Size without the head, 18 inches.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 58 and 59.

HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement. No. XVI., Figs. 55 and 56.

JACKET WITH CAPE.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 13–17.

THE YEAR IS GROWING OLD.

THE year is growing old, love,
The sun has hid its light;
My life is growing dark, too,
And turning into night.

The flowers bloom no longer,
The birds have hushed their song,
And the music of the streamlet
No longer flows along.

But sweeter than the sweetest song
Of bird upon a tree
Is the music of your voice, love,
As you speak to me.

Come, love, and sit beside me,
And lay your hand in mine;
Look full into my heart, love,
With those true eyes of thine.

Is there aught changed within it—
Has it grown strange or cold;
And is my strong love dying,
Now that the year is old?

NO THOROUGHFARE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS AND WILKIE COLLINS.

IN FOUR ACTS.

ACT III.—(*Continued.*)

THERE was a great accumulation of snow on the Bridge; and such enormous accumulations of snow overhung them from projecting masses of rock, that they might have been making their way through a stormy sky of white clouds. Using his staff skillfully, sounding as he went, and looking upward, with bent shoulders, as it were to resist the mere idea of a fall from above, Obenreizer softly led. Vendale closely followed. They were yet in the midst of their dangerous way, when there came a mighty rush, followed by a sound as of thunder. Obenreizer clapped his hand on Vendale's mouth, and pointed to the track behind them. Its aspect had been wholly changed in a moment. An avalanche had swept over it, and plunged into the torrent at the bottom of the gulf below.

Their appearance at the solitary Inn not far beyond this terrible Bridge, elicited many expressions of astonishment from the people shut up in the house. "We stay but to rest," said Obenreizer, shaking the snow from his dress at the fire. "This gentleman has very pressing occasion to get across; tell them, Vendale."

"Assuredly, I have very pressing occasion. I must cross."

"You hear, all of you. My friend has very pressing occasion to get across, and we want no advice and no help. I am as good a guide, my fellow-countrymen, as any of you. Now, give us to eat and drink."

In exactly the same way, and in nearly the same words, when it was coming on dark and they had struggled through the greatly increased difficulties of the road, and had at last reached their destination for the night, Obenreizer said to the astonished people of the Hospice, gathering about them at the fire, while they were yet in the act of getting their wet shoes off and shaking the snow from their clothes—

"It is well to understand one another, friends all. This gentleman—"

"Has," said Vendale, readily taking him up with a smile, "very pressing occasion to get across. Must cross."

"You hear?—has very pressing occasion to get across, must cross. We want no advice and no help. I am mountain-born, and act as Guide. Do not worry us by talking about it, but let us have supper, and wine, and bed."

All through the intense cold of the night, the same awful stillness. Again at sunrise, no sunny tinge to gild or redden the snow. The same interminable waste of deadly white; the same immovable air; the same monotonous gloom in the sky.

"Travelers!" a friendly voice called to them from the door, after they were afoot, knapsack on back and staff in hand, as yesterday; "recollect! There are five places of shelter, near together, on the dangerous road before you; and there is the wooden cross, and there is the next Hospice. Do not stray from the track. If the *Tourmente* comes on, take shelter instantly!"

"The trade of these poor devils!" said Obenreizer to his friend, with a contemptuous backward wave of his hand toward the voice. "How they stick to their trade! You Englishmen say we Swiss are mercenary. Truly, it does look like it."

They had divided between the two knapsacks, such refreshments as they had been able to obtain that morning, and as they deemed it prudent to take. Obenreizer carried the wine as his share of the burden; Vendale, the bread and meat and cheese, and the flask of brandy.

They had for some time labored upward and onward through the snow—which was now above their knees in the track, and of unknown depth elsewhere—and they were still laboring upward and onward through the most frightful part of that tremendous desolation, when snow began to fall. At first, but a few flakes descended slowly and steadily. After a little while the fall grew much denser, and suddenly it began without apparent cause to whirl itself into spiral shapes. Instantly ensuing upon this last change, an icy blast came roaring at them, and every sound and force imprisoned until now was let loose.

One of the dismal galleries through which the road is carried at that perilous point, a cave cked out by arches of great strength, was near at hand. They struggled into it, and the storm raged wildly. The noise of the wind, the noise of the water, the thundering down of displaced masses of rock and snow, the awful voices with which not only that gorge, but every gorge in the whole monstrous range seemed to be suddenly endowed, the darkness as of night, the violent revolving of the snow which beat and broke it into spray and blinded them, the madness of every thing around insatiate for destruction, the rapid substitution of furious violence for unnatural calm, and hosts of appalling sounds for silence: these were things, on the edge of a deep abyss, to chill the blood, though the fierce wind, made actually solid by ice and snow, had failed to chill it.

Obenreizer, walking to and fro in the gallery without ceasing, signed to Vendale to help him unbuckle his knapsack. They could see each other, but could not have heard each other speak. Vendale complying, Obenreizer produced his bottle of wine, and poured some out, motioning Vendale to take that for warmth's sake, and not brandy. Vendale again complying, Obenreizer seemed to drink after him, and the two walked backward and forward, side by side; both well knowing that to rest or sleep would be to die.

The snow came driving heavily into the gallery by the upper end at which they would pass out of it, if they ever passed out; for greater dangers lay on the road behind them than before. The snow soon began to choke the arch. An hour more, and it lay so high as to block out half of the returning daylight. But it froze hard now, as it fell, and could be clambered through or over. The violence of the mountain storm was gradually yielding to a steady snowfall. The wind still raged at intervals, but not incessantly; and when it paused, the snow fell in heavy flakes.

They might have been two hours in their frightful prison, when Obenreizer, now crunching into the mound, now creeping over it with his head bowed down and his body touching the top of the arch, made his way out. Vendale followed close upon him, but followed without clear motive or calculation. For the lethargy of Basle was creeping over him again, and mastering his senses.

How far he had followed out of the gallery, or with what obstacles he had since contended, he knew not. He became roused to the knowledge that Obenreizer had set upon him, and that they were struggling desperately in the snow. He became roused to the remembrance of what his assailant carried in a girdle. He felt for it, drew it, struck at him, struggled again, struck at him again, cast him off, and stood face to face with him.

"I promised to guide you to your journey's end," said Obenreizer, "and I have kept my promise. The journey of your life ends here. Nothing can prolong it. You are sleeping as you stand."

"You are a villain. What have you done to me?"

"You are a fool. I have drugged you. You are doubly a fool, for I drugged you once before upon the journey, to try you. You are trebly a fool, for I am the thief and forger, and in a few moments I shall take those proofs against the thief and forger from your insensible body."

The entrapped man tried to throw off the lethargy, but its fatal hold upon him was so sure that, even while he heard those words, he stupidly wondered which of them had been wounded, and whose blood it was that he saw sprinkled on the snow.

"What have I done to you," he asked, heavily and thickly, "that you should be—so base—a murderer?"

"Done to me? You would have destroyed me, but that you have come to your journey's end. Your cursed activity interposed between me and the time I had counted on in which I might have replaced the money. Done to me? You have come in my way,—not once, not twice, but again and again and again. Did I try to shake you off in the beginning, or no? You were not to be shaken off. Therefore you die here."

Vendale tried to think coherently, tried to speak coherently, tried to pick up the iron-shod staff he had let fall; failing to touch it, tried to stagger on without its aid. All in vain, all in vain! He stumbled, and fell heavily forward on the brink of the deep chasm.

Stupefied, dozing, unable to stand upon his feet, a veil before his eyes, his sense of hearing deadened, he made such a vigorous rally that, supporting himself on his hands, he saw his enemy standing calmly over him, and heard him speak.

"You call me murderer," said Obenreizer, with a grim laugh. "The name matters very little. But at least I have set my life against yours, for I am surrounded by dangers, and may never make my way out of this place. The *Tourmente* is rising again. The snow is on the whirl. I must have the papers now. Every moment has my life in it."

"Stop!" cried Vendale, in a terrible voice, staggering up with a last flash of fire breaking out of him, and clutching the thievish hands at his breast in both of his. "Stop! Stand away from me! God bless my Marguerite! Happily she will never know how I died. Stand off from me and let me look at your murderous face. Let it remind me—of something—left to say."

The sight of him fighting so hard for his senses, and the doubt whether he might not for the instant be possessed by the strength of a dozen men, kept his opponent still. Wildly glaring at him, Vendale faltered out the broken words—

"It shall not be—the trust—of the dead—betrayed by me—reputed parents—misinherited fortune—see to it!"

As his head dropped on his breast, and he stumbled on the brink of the chasm as before, the thievish hands went once more, quick and busy, to his breast. He made a convulsive attempt to cry "No!" desperately rolled himself over into the gulf, and sank away from his enemy's touch, like a phantom in a dreadful dream.

The mountain storm raged again, and passed again. The awful mountain-voices died away, the moon rose, and the soft and silent snow fell.

Two men and two large dogs came out at the door of the Hospice. The men looked carefully around them, and up at the sky. The dogs rolled in the snow, and took it into their mouths, and cast it up with their paws.

One of the men said to the other: "We may venture now. We may find them in one of the five Refuges." Each fastened on his back a basket; each took in his hand a strong spiked pole; each girded under his arms a looped end of a stout rope, so that they were tied together.

Suddenly the dogs desisted from their gambols in the snow, stood looking down the ascent, put their noses up, put their noses down, became greatly excited, and broke into a deep, loud bay together.

The two men looked in the faces of the two dogs. The two dogs looked, with at least equal intelligence, in the faces of the two men.

"Au secours, then! Help! To the rescue!" cried the two men. The two dogs, with a glad, deep generous bark, bounded away.

"Two more mad ones!" said the men, stricken motionless, and looking away into the moonlight. "Is it possible in such weather! And one of them a woman!"

Each of the dogs had the corner of a woman's dress in its mouth, and drew her along. She fondled their heads as she came up, and she came up through the snow with an accustomed tread. Not so the large man with her, who was spent and winded.

"Dear guides, dear friends of travelers! I am of your country. We seek two gentlemen crossing the Pass, who should have reached the Hospice this evening."

"They have reached it, ma'amselle."

"Thank Heaven! O thank Heaven!"

"But unhappily, they have gone on again. We are setting forth to seek them even now. We had to wait until the *Tourmente* passed. It has been fearful up here."

"Dear guides, dear friends of travelers! Let me go with you. Let me go with you, for the love of GOD! One of those gentlemen is to be my husband. I love him, O so dearly. O so dearly! You see I am not faint, you see I am not tired. I am born a peasant-girl. I will show you that I know well how to fasten myself to your ropes. I will do it with my own hands. I will swear, to be brave and good. But let me go with you, let me go with you! If any mischance should have befallen him, my love would find him, when nothing else could. On my knees, dear friends of travelers! By the love your dear mothers had for your fathers!"

The good rough fellows were moved. "After all," they murmured to one another, "she speaks but the truth. She knows the ways of the mountains. See how marvelously she has come here! But as to Monsieur there, ma'amselle?"

"Dear Mr. Joey," said Marguerite, addressing him in his own tongue, "you will remain at the house, and wait for me; will you not?"

"If I know'd which o' you two recommended it," growled Joey Ladle, eying the two men with great indignation, "I'd fight you for sixpence, and give you half a crown for your expenses. No, miss, I'll stick by you as long as there's any sticking left in me, and I'll die for you when I can't do better."

The state of the moon rendering it highly important that no time should be lost, and the dogs showing signs of great uneasiness, the two men quickly took their resolution. The rope that yoked them together was exchanged for a longer one; the party were secured, Marguerite second, and the Cellarman last; and they set out for the Refuges. The actual distance of those places was nothing; the whole five and the next Hospice to boot, being within two miles; but the ghastly way was whitened out and sheeted over.

They made no miss in reaching the Gallery where the two had taken shelter. The second storm of wind and snow had so wildly swept over it since, that their tracks were gone. But the dogs went to and fro with their noses down, and were confident. The party stopping, however, at the farther arch, where the second storm had been especially furious, and where the drift was deep, the dogs became troubled, and went about and about, in quest of a lost purpose.

The great abyss being known to lie on the right, they wandered too much to the left, and had to regain the way with infinite labor through a deep field of snow. The leader of the line had stopped it, and was taking note of the landmarks, when one of the dogs fell to tearing up the snow, a little before them. Advancing and stooping to look at it, thinking that some one might be overwhelmed there, they saw that it was stained, and that the stain was red.

The other dog was now seen to look over the brink of the gulf, with his forelegs straightened out, lest he should fall into it, and to tremble in every limb. Then the dog who had found the stained snow joined him, and then they ran to and fro, distressed and whining. Finally, they both stopped on the brink together, and setting up their heads, howled dolefully.

"There is some one lying below," said Marguerite.

"I think so," said the foremost man. "Stand well inward, the two last, and let us look over."

The last man kindled two torches from his basket, and handed them forward. The leader taking one, and Marguerite the other, they looked down; now shading the torches, now moving them to the right or left, now raising them, now depressing them, as moonlight far below contended with black shadows. A piercing cry from Marguerite broke a long silence.

"My God! On a projecting point, where a wall of ice stretches forward over the torrent, I see a human form!"

"Where, ma'amselle, where?"

"See, there! On the shelf of ice below the dogs!"

The leader, with a sickened aspect, drew inward, and they were all silent. But they were not all inactive, for Marguerite, with swift and skillful fingers, had detached both herself and him from the rope in a few seconds.

"Show me the baskets. These two are the only ropes?"

"The only ropes here, ma'amselle; but at the Hospice—"

"If he is alive—I know it is my lover—he will be dead before you can return. Dear Guides! Blessed friends of travelers! Look at me. Watch my hands. If they falter or go wrong, make me your prisoner by force. If they are steady and go right, help me to save him!"

She girded herself with a cord under the breast and arms, she formed it into a kind of jacket, she drew it into knots, she laid its end side by side with the end of the other cord, she twisted and twined the two together, she *knotted them together*, she set her foot upon the knots, she strained them, she held them for the two men to strain at.

"She is inspired," they said to one another.

"By the Almighty's mercy!" she exclaimed. "You both know that I am by far the lightest here. Give me the brandy and the wine, and lower me down to him. Then go for assistance and a stronger rope. You see that when it is lowered to me—look at this about me now—I can make it fast and safe to his body. Alive or dead, I will bring him up, or die with him. I love him passionately. Can I say more?"

They turned to her companion, but he was lying senseless on the snow.

"Lower me down to him," she said, taking two little kegs they had brought, and hanging them about her, "or I will dash myself to pieces! I am a peasant, and I know no giddiness or fear; and this is nothing to me, and I passionately love him. Lower me down!"

"Ma'amselle, ma'amselle, he must be dying or dead."

"Dying or dead, my husband's head shall lie upon my breast, or I will dash myself to pieces."

They yielded, overborne. With such precautions as their skill and the circumstances admitted, they let her slip from the summit, guiding herself down the precipitous icy wall with her hand, and they lowered down, and lowered down, and lowered down, until the cry came up: "Enough!"

"Is it really he, and is he dead?" they called down, looking over.

The cry came up: "He is insensible; but his heart beats. It beats against mine."

"How does he lie?"

The cry came up: "Upon a ledge of ice. It has thawed beneath him, and it will thaw beneath me. Hasten. If we die, I am content."

One of the two men hurried off with the dogs at such topmost speed as he could make; the other set up the lighted torches in the snow, and applied himself to recovering the Englishman. Much snow-chafing and some brandy got him on his legs, but delirious and quite unconscious where he was.

The watch remained upon the brink, and his cry went down continually: "Courage! They will soon be here. How goes it?" And the cry came up: "His heart still beats against mine. I warm him in my arms. I have cast off the rope, for the ice melts under us, and the rope would separate me from him; but I am not afraid."

The moon went down behind the mountain-tops, and all the abyss lay in darkness. The cry went down: "How goes it?" The cry came up: "We are sinking lower, but his heart still beats against mine."

At length, the eager barking of the dogs, and a flare of light upon the snow, proclaimed that help was coming on. Twenty or thirty men, lamps, torches, litters, ropes, blankets, wood to kindle a great fire, restoratives and stimulants, came in fast. The dogs ran from one man to another, and from this thing to that, and ran to the edge of the abyss, dumbly entreating Speed, speed, speed!

The cry went down: "Thanks to God, all is ready. How goes it?"

The cry came up: "We are sinking still, and we are deadly cold. His heart no longer beats against mine. Let no one come down, to add to our weight. Lower the rope only."

The fire was kindled high, a great glare of torches lighted the sides of the precipice, lamps were lowered, a strong rope was lowered. She could be seen passing it round him, and making it secure.

The cry came up into a deathly silence: "Raise! Softly!" They could see her diminished figure shrink, as he swung into the air.

They gave no shout when some of them laid him on a litter, and others lowered another strong rope. The cry again came up into a deathly silence: "Raise! Softly!" But when they caught her at the brink, then they shouted, then they wept, then they gave thanks to Heaven, then they kissed her feet, then they kissed her dress, then the dogs caressed her, licked her icy hands, and with their honest faces warmed her frozen bosom!

She broke from them all, and sank over him on his litter, with both her loving hands upon the heart that stood still.

ACT IV.

THE CLOCK-LOCK.

THE pleasant scene was Neuchâtel; the pleasant month was April; the pleasant place was a notary's office; the pleasant person in it was the notary: a rosy, hearty, handsome old man, chief notary of Neuchâtel, known far and wide in the canton as Maître Voigt. Professionally and personally, the notary was a popular citizen. His innumerable kindnesses and his innumerable oddities had for years made him one of the recognized public characters of the pleasant Swiss town. His long brown frock-coat and his black skull-cap were among the institutions of the place; and he carried a snuff-box which, in point of size, was popularly believed to be without a parallel in Europe.

There was another person in the notary's office, not so pleasant as the notary. This was Obenreizer.

An oddly pastoral kind of office it was, and one that would never have answered in England. It stood in a neat back yard, fenced off from a pretty flower-garden. Goats browsed in the door-way, and a cow was within half a dozen feet of keeping company with the clerk. Maître Voigt's room was a bright and varnished little room, with paneled walls, like a toy-chamber. According to the seasons of the year, roses, sunflowers, hollyhocks, peeped in at the windows. Maître Voigt's bees hummed through the office all the summer, in at this window and out of that, taking it frequently in their day's work, as if honey were to be made from Maître Voigt's sweet disposition. A large musical box on the chimney-piece often thrilled away at the Overture to Fra Diavolo, or a selection from William Tell, with a chirruping liveliness that had to be stopped by force on the entrance of a client, and irrepressibly broke out again the moment his back was turned.

"Courage, courage, my good fellow!" said Maître Voigt, patting Obenreizer on the knee, in a fatherly and comforting way. "You will begin a new life to-morrow morning in my office here."

Obenreizer—dressed in mourning and subdued in manner—lifted his hand, with a white handkerchief in it, to the region of his heart. "The gratitude is here," he said: "But the words to express it are not here."

"Ta-ta-ta! Don't talk to me about gratitude!" said Maître Voigt. "I hate to see a man oppressed. I see you oppressed, and I hold out my hand to you by instinct. Besides, I am not too old yet to remember my young days. Your father sent me my first client. (It was on a question of half an acre of vineyard that seldom bore any grapes.) Do I owe nothing to your father's son? I owe him a debt of friendly obligation, and I pay it to you. That's rather neatly expressed, I think," added Maître Voigt, in high good-humor with himself. "Permit me to reward my own merit with a pinch of snuff!"

Obenreizer dropped his eyes to the ground, as though he were not even worthy to see the notary take snuff.

"Do me one last favor, sir," he said, when he raised his eyes. "Do not act on impulse. Thus far, you have only a general knowledge of my position. Hear the case for and against me, in its details, before you take me into your office. Let my claim on your benevolence be recognized by your sound reason as well as by your excellent heart. In *that* case, I may hold up my head against the bitterest of my enemies, and build myself a new reputation on the ruins of the character I have lost."

"As you will," said Maître Voigt. "You speak well, my son. You will be a fine lawyer one of these days."

"The details are not many," pursued Obenreizer. "My troubles begin with the accidental death of my late traveling companion, my lost dear friend, Mr. Vendale."

"Mr. Vendale," repeated the notary. "Just so. I have heard and read of the name, several times within these two months. The name of the unfortunate English gentleman who was killed on the Simplon. When you got that scar upon your cheek and neck."

"—From my own knife," said Obenreizer, touching what must have been an ugly gash at the time of its infliction.

"From your own knife," assented the notary, "and in trying to save him. Good, good, good. That was very good. Vendale. Yes. I have several times, lately, thought it droll that I should once have had a client of that name."

"But the world, sir," returned Obenreizer, "is *so* small!" Nevertheless, he made a mental note that the notary had once had a client of that name.

"As I was saying, sir, the death of that dear traveling comrade begins my troubles. What follows? I save myself. I go down to Milan. I am received with coldness by Defresnier & Company. Shortly afterward, I am discharged by Defresnier & Company. Why? They give no reason why. I ask, do they assail my honor? No answer. I ask, what is the imputation against me? No answer. I ask, where are their proofs against me? No answer. I ask, what am I to think? The reply is, 'M. Obenreizer is free to think what he will. What M. Obenreizer thinks, is of no importance to Defresnier & Company.' And that is all."

"Perfectly. That is all," assented the notary, taking a large pinch of snuff.

"But is that enough, sir?"

"That is not enough," said Maître Voigt. "The House of Defresnier are my fellow-townsmen,—much respected, much esteemed,—but the House of Defresnier must not silently destroy a man's character. You can rebut assertion. But how can you rebut silence?"

"Your sense of justice, my dear patron," answered Obenreizer, "states in a word the cruelty of the case. Does it stop there? No. For, what follows upon that?"

"True, my poor boy," said the notary, with a comforting nod or two; "your ward rebels upon that."

"Rebels is too soft a word," retorted Obenreizer. "My ward revolts from me with horror. My ward defies me. My ward withdraws herself from my authority, and takes shelter (Madame Dor with her) in the house of that English lawyer, Mr. Bintrey, who replies to your summons to her to submit herself to my authority, that she will not do so."

"—And who afterward writes," said the notary, moving his large snuff-box to look among the papers underneath it for the letter, "that he is coming to confer with me."

"Indeed?" replied Obenreizer, rather checked. "Well, sir. Have I no legal rights?"

"Assuredly, my poor boy," returned the notary. "All but felons have their legal rights."

"And who calls me felon?" said Obenreizer, fiercely.

"No one. Be calm under your wrongs. If the House of Defresnier would call you felon, indeed, we should know how to deal with them."

While saying these words, he had handed Bintrey's very short letter to Obenreizer, who now read it and gave it back.

"In saying," observed Obenreizer, with recovered composure, "that he is coming to confer with you, this English lawyer means that he is coming to deny my authority over my ward."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it. I know him. He is obstinate and contentious. You will tell me, my dear sir, whether my authority is unassailable, until my ward is of age?"

"Absolutely unassailable."

"I will enforce it. I will make her submit herself to it. For," said Obenreizer, changing his angry tone to one of grateful submission, "I owe it to you, sir; to you, who have so confidingly taken an injured man under your protection, and into your employment."

"Make your mind easy," said Maître Voigt. "No more of this now, and no thanks! Be here to-morrow morning before the other clerk comes—between seven and eight. You will find me in this room; and I will myself initiate you in your work. Go away! go away! I have letters to write. I won't hear a word more."

Dismissed with this generous abruptness, and satisfied with the favorable impression he had left on the old man's mind, Obenreizer was at leisure to revert to the mental note he had made that Maître Voigt once had a client whose name was Vendale.

"I ought to know England well enough by this time;" so his meditations ran, as he sat on a bench in the yard; "and it is not a name I ever encountered there, except"—he looked involuntarily over his shoulder—"as *his* name. Is the world so small that I can not get away from him, even now when he is dead? He confessed at the last that he had betrayed the trust of the dead and misinherited a fortune. And I was to see to it. And I was to stand off, that my face might remind him of it. Why *my* face, unless it concerned *me*? I am sure of his words, for they have been in my ears ever since. Can there be any thing bearing on them, in the keeping of this old idiot? Any thing to repair my fortunes, and blacken his memory? He dwelt upon my earliest remembrances, that night at Basle. Why, unless he had a purpose in it?"

Maître Voigt's two largest he-goats were butting at him to butt him out of the place, as if for that disrespectful mention of their master. So he got up and left the place. But he walked alone for a long time on the border of the lake, with his head drooped in deep thought.

Between seven and eight next morning he presented himself again at the office. He found the notary ready for him, at work on some papers which had come in on the previous evening. In a few clear words, Maître Voigt explained the routine of the office, and the duties Obenreizer would be expected to perform. It still wanted five minutes to eight when the preliminary instructions were declared to be complete.

"I will show you over the house and the offices," said Maître Voigt, "but I must put away these papers first. They come from the municipal authorities, and they must be taken special care of."

Obenreizer saw his chance, here, of finding out the repository in which his employer's private papers were kept.

"Can't I save you the trouble, sir?" he asked. "Can't I put those documents away under your directions?"

Maître Voigt laughed softly to himself; closed the portfolio in which the papers had been sent to him; handed it to Obenreizer.

"Suppose you try," he said. "All my papers of importance are kept yonder."

He pointed to a heavy oaken door, thickly studded with nails, at the lower end of the room. Approaching the door with the portfolio, Obenreizer discovered to his astonishment that there were no means whatever of opening it from the outside. There was no handle, no bolt, no key, and (climax of passive obstruction!) no key-hole.

"There is a second door to this room?" said Obenreizer, appealing to the notary.

"No," said Maître Voigt. "Guess again."

"There is a window?"

"Nothing of the sort. The window has been bricked up. The only way in is the way by that door. Do you give it up?" cried Maître Voigt, in high triumph. "Listen, my good fellow, and tell me if you hear nothing inside?"

Obenreizer listened for a moment, and started back from the door.

"I know!" he exclaimed. "I heard of this when I was apprenticed here at the watchmaker's. Perrin Brothers have finished their famous clock-lock at last—and you have got it."

"Bravo!" said Maître Voigt. "The clock-lock it is! There, my son! There, you have one more of what the good people of this town call, 'Daddy Voigt's follies.' With all my heart! Let those laugh who win. No thief can steal *my* keys. No burglar can pick *my* lock. No power on earth, short of a battering-ram or a barrel of gunpowder, can move that door, till my little sentinel inside—my worthy friend who goes 'Tick, Tick,' as I tell him—says, 'Open!' The big door obeys the little Tick, Tick, and the little Tick, Tick, obeys *me*. That!" cried Daddy Voigt, snapping his fingers, "for all the thieves in Christendom!"

"May I see it in action?" asked Obenreizer. "Pardon my curiosity, dear sir! You know that I was once a tolerable worker in the clock trade."

"Certainly you shall see it in action," said Maître Voigt. "What is the time now? One minute to eight. Watch, and in one minute you will see the door open of itself."

In one minute, smoothly and slowly and silently, as if invisible hands had set it free, the heavy door opened inward, and disclosed a dark chamber beyond. On three sides, shelves filled the walls, from floor to ceiling. Arranged on the shelves, were rows upon rows of boxes made in the pretty inlaid wood-work of Switzerland, and bearing inscribed on their fronts (for the most part in fanciful colored letters) the names of the notary's clients.

Maître Voigt lighted a taper, and led the way into the room.

"You shall see the clock," he said, proudly. "I possess the greatest curiosity in Europe. It is only a privileged few whose eyes can look at it. I give the privilege to your good father's son,—you shall be one of the favored few who enter the room with me. See! here it is, on the right-hand wall at the side of the door."

"An ordinary clock," exclaimed Obenreizer. "No! Not an ordinary clock. It has only one hand."

"Aha!" said Maître Voigt. "Not an ordinary clock, my friend. No, no. That one hand goes round the dial. As I put it, so it regulates the hour at which the door shall open. See! The hand points to eight. At eight the door opened, as you saw for yourself."

"Does it open more than once in the four-and-twenty hours?" asked Obenreizer.

"More than once?" repeated the notary with great scorn. "You don't know, my good friend, Tick, Tick! He will open the door as often as I ask him. All he wants is his directions, and he gets them here. Look below the dial. Here is a half-circle of steel let into the wall, and here is a hand (called the regulator) that travels round it, just as *my* hand chooses. Notice, if you please, that there are figures to guide me on the half-circle of steel. Figure I. means: Open once in the four-and-twenty hours. Figure II. means: Open twice; and so on the end. I set the regulator every morning, after I have read my letters, and when I know what my day's work is to be. Would you like to see me set it now? What is to-day? Wednesday. Good! This is the day of our rifle-club; there is little business to do; I grant a half-holiday. No work here to-day, after three o'clock. Let us first put away this portfolio of municipal papers. There! No need to trouble Tick, Tick to open the door until eight to-morrow. Good! I leave the dial-hand at eight; I put back the regulator to 'I.;' I close the door; and closed the door remains, past all opening by any body, till to-morrow morning at eight."

Obenreizer's quickness instantly saw the means by which he might make the clock-lock betray its master's confidence, and place its master's papers at his disposal.

"Stop, sir!" he cried, at the moment when the notary was closing the door. "Don't I see something moving among the boxes,—on the floor there?"

(Maître Voigt turned his back for a moment to look. In that moment, Obenreizer's ready hand put the regulator on from the figure "I." to the figure "II." Unless the notary looked again at the half-circle of steel, the door would open at eight that evening, as well as at eight next morning, and nobody but Obenreizer would know it.)

"There is nothing!" said Maître Voigt. "Your troubles have shaken your nerves, my son. Some shadow thrown by my taper; or some poor little beetle, who lives among the old lawyer's secrets, running away from the light. Hark! I hear your fellow-clerk in the office. To work! to work! and build to-day the first step that leads to your new fortunes!"

He good-humoredly pushed Obenreizer out before him; extinguished the taper, with a last fond look at his clock which passed harmlessly over the regulator beneath; and closed the oaken door.

At three the office was shut up. The notary and every body in the notary's employment, with one exception, went to see the rifle-shooting. Obenreizer had pleaded that he was not in spirits for a public festival. Nobody knew what had become of him. It was believed that he had slipped away for a solitary walk.

The house and offices had been closed but a few minutes, when the door of a shining wardrobe, in the notary's shining room, opened, and Obenreizer stepped out. He walked to a window, unclosed the shutters, satisfied himself that he could escape unseen by way of the garden, turned back into the room, and took his place in the notary's easy-chair. He was locked up in the house, and there were five hours to wait before eight o'clock came.

He wore his way through the five hours: sometimes reading the books and newspapers that lay on the table, sometimes thinking, sometimes walking to and fro. Sunset came on. He closed the window-shutters before he kindled a light. The candle lighted, and the time drawing nearer and nearer, he sat, watch in hand, with his eyes on the oaken door.

At eight, smoothly and softly and silently the door opened.

One after another, he read the names on the outer rows of boxes. No such name as Vendale! He removed the outer row, and looked at the row behind. These were older boxes, and shabbier boxes. The four first that he examined, were inscribed with French and German names. The fifth bore a name which was almost illegible. He brought it out into the room, and examined it closely. There, covered thickly with time-stains and dust, was the name: "Vendale."

The key hung to the box by a string. He unlocked the box, took out four loose papers that were in it, spread them open on the table, and began to read them. He had not so occupied a minute, when his face fell from its expression of eagerness and avidity, to one of haggard astonishment and disappointment. But, after a little consideration, he copied the papers. He then replaced the papers, replaced the box, closed the door, extinguished the candle, and stole away.

As his murderous and thievish footfall passed out of the garden, the steps of the notary and some one accompanying him stopped at the front door of the house. The lamps were lighted in the little street, and the notary had his door-key in his hand.

"Pray do not pass my house, Mr. Bintrey," he said. "Do me the honor to come in. It is one of our town half-holidays—our Tir—but my people will be back directly. It is droll that you should ask your way to the Hotel of me. Let us eat and drink before you go there."

"Thank you: not to-night," said Bintrey. "Shall I come to you at ten to-morrow?"

"I shall be enchanted, sir, to take so early an opportunity of redressing the wrongs of my injured client," returned the good notary.

"Yes," retorted Bintrey; "your injured client is all very well—but—a word in your ear."

He whispered to the notary, and walked off. When the notary's housekeeper came home, she found him standing at his door motionless, with the key still in his hand, and the door unopened.

OBENREIZER'S VICTORY.

The scene shifts again—to the foot of the Simplon, on the Swiss side.

In one of the dreary rooms of the dreary little inn at Brieg, Mr. Bintrey and Maître Voigt sat together at a professional council of two. Mr. Bintrey was searching in his dispatch-box. Maître Voigt was looking toward a closed door, painted brown to imitate mahogany, and communicating with an inner room.

"Isn't it time he was here?" asked the notary, shifting his position, and glancing at a second door at the other end of the room, painted yellow to imitate deal.

"He *is* here," answered Bintrey, after listening for a moment.

The yellow door was opened by a waiter, and Obenreizer walked in.

After greeting Maître Voigt with a cordiality which appeared to cause the notary no little embarrassment, Obenreizer bowed with grave and distant politeness to Bintrey. "For what reason have I been brought from Neuchâtel to the foot of the mountain?" he inquired, taking the seat which the English lawyer had indicated to him.

"You shall be quite satisfied on that head before our interview is over," returned Bintrey. "For the present, permit me to suggest proceeding at once to business. There has been a correspondence, Mr. Obenreizer, between you and your niece. I am here to represent your niece."

"In other words, you, a lawyer, are here to represent an infraction of the law."

"Admirably put!" said Bintrey. "If all the people I have to deal with were only like you, what an easy profession mine would be! I am here to represent an infraction of the law,—that is your point of view. I am here to make a compromise between you and your niece,—that is my point of view."

"There must be two parties to a compromise," rejoined Obenreizer. "I decline, in this case, to be one of them. The law gives me authority to control my niece's actions, until she comes of age. She is not yet of age; and I claim my authority."

At this point Maître Voigt attempted to speak. Bintrey silenced him with a compassionate indulgence of tone and manner, as if he was silencing a favorite child.

"No, my worthy friend, not a word. Don't excite yourself unnecessarily; leave it to me." He turned, and addressed himself again to Obenreizer. "I can think of nothing comparable to you, Mr. Obenreizer, but granite,—and even that wears out in course of time. In the interests of peace and quietness,—for the sake of your own dignity,—relax a little. If you will only delegate your authority to another person whom I know of, that person may be trusted never to lose sight of your niece, night or day!"

"You are wasting your time and mine," returned Obenreizer. "If my niece is not rendered up to my authority within one week from this day, I invoke the law. If you resist the law, I take her by force."

He rose to his feet as he said the last word. Maître Voigt looked round again toward the brown door which led into the inner room.

"Have some pity on the poor girl," pleaded Bintrey. "Remember how lately she lost her

lover by a dreadful death! Will nothing move you?"

"Nothing."

Bintrey in his turn rose to his feet, and looked at Maître Voigt. Maître Voigt's hand, resting on the table, began to tremble. Maître Voigt's eyes remained fixed, as if by irresistible fascination, on the brown door. Obenreizer, suspiciously observing him, looked that way too.

"There is somebody listening in there!" he exclaimed, with a sharp backward glance at Bintrey.

"There are two people listening," answered Bintrey.

"Who are they?"

"You shall see."

With that answer, he raised his voice and spoke the next words,—the two common words which are on every body's lips, at every hour of the day: "Come in!"

The brown door opened. Supported on Marguerite's arm—his sunburnt color gone, his right arm bandaged and thrown over his breast—Vendale stood before the murderer, a man risen from the dead.

In the moment of silence that followed, the singing of a caged bird in the court-yard outside was the one sound stirring in the room. Maître Voigt touched Bintrey, and pointed to Obenreizer. "Look at him!" said the notary, in a whisper.

The shock had paralyzed every movement in the villain's body, but the movement of the blood. His face was like the face of a corpse. The one vestige of color left in it was a livid purple streak which marked the course of the scar, where his victim had wounded him on the cheek and neck. Speechless, breathless, motionless alike in eye and limb, it seemed as if, at the sight of Vendale, the death to which he had doomed Vendale had struck him where he stood.

"Somebody ought to speak to him," said Maître Voigt. "Shall I?"

Even at that moment, Bintrey persisted in silencing the notary, and in keeping the lead in the proceedings to himself. Checking Maître Voigt by a gesture, he dismissed Marguerite and Vendale in these words: "The object of your appearance here is answered," he said. "If you will withdraw for the present, it may help Mr. Obenreizer to recover himself."

It did help him. As the two passed through the door, and closed it behind them, he drew a deep breath of relief. He looked round him for the chair from which he had risen, and dropped into it.

"Give him time!" pleaded Maître Voigt.

"No," said Bintrey. "I don't know what use he may make of it, if I do." He turned once more to Obenreizer, and went on. "I owe it to myself," he said,—"I don't admit, mind, that I owe it to *you*,—to account for my appearance in these proceedings, and to state what has been done under my advice, and on my sole responsibility. Can you listen to me?"

"I can listen to you."

"Recall the time when you started for Switzerland with Mr. Vendale," Bintrey began. "You had not left England four-and-twenty hours before your niece committed an act of imprudence which not even your penetration could foresee. She followed her promised husband on his journey, without asking any body's advice or permission, and without any better companion to protect her than a Cellarman in Mr. Vendale's employment."

"Why did she follow me on the journey? and how came the Cellarman to be the person who accompanied her?"

"She followed you on the journey," answered Bintrey, "because she suspected there had been some serious collision between you and Mr. Vendale, which had been kept secret from her; and because she rightly believed you to be capable of serving your interests, or of satisfying your enmity, at the price of a crime. As for the Cellarman, he was one, among the other people in Mr. Vendale's establishment to whom she had applied (the moment your back was turned) to know if any thing had happened between their master and you. The Cellarman alone had something to tell her. A senseless superstition, and a common accident which had happened to his master in his master's cellar, had connected Mr. Vendale in this man's mind with the idea of danger by murder. Your niece surprised him into a confession, which aggravated tenfold the terrors that possessed her. Aroused to a sense of the mischief he had done, the man, of his own accord, made the one atonement in his power. 'If my master is in danger, Miss,' he said, 'it's my duty to follow him, too; and it's more than my duty to take care of *you*.' The two set forth together,—and, for once, a superstition has had its use. It decided your niece on taking the journey; and it led the way to saving a man's life. Do you understand me, so far?"

"I understand you, so far."

"My first knowledge of the crime that you had committed," pursued Bintrey, "came to me in the form of a letter from your niece. All you need know is that her love and her courage recovered the body of your victim, and aided the after-efforts which brought him back to life. While he lay helpless at Brieg, under her care, she wrote to me to come out to him. Before starting, I informed Madame Dor that I knew Miss Obenreizer to be safe, and knew where she was. Madame Dor informed me, in return, that a letter had come for your niece, which she knew to be in your handwriting. I took possession of it, and arranged for the forwarding of any other letters which might follow. Arrived at Brieg, I found Mr. Vendale out of danger, and at once devoted myself to hastening the day of reckoning with you. Defresnier & Company turned you off on suspicion; acting on information privately supplied by me. Having stripped you of your false character, the next thing to do was to strip you of your authority over your niece. To reach this end, I not only had no scruple in digging the pitfall under your feet in the dark,—I felt a certain professional pleasure in fighting you with your own weapons. By my advice, the truth has been carefully concealed from you, up to this day. By my advice, the trap into which you have walked was set for you (you know why, now, as well as I do) in this place. There was but one certain way of shaking the devilish self-control which has hitherto made you a formidable man. That way has been tried, and (look at me as you may) that way has succeeded. The last thing that remains to be done," concluded Bintrey, producing two little slips of manuscript from his dispatch-box, "is to set your niece free. You have attempted murder, and you have commited forgery and theft. We have the evidence ready against you in both cases. If you are convicted as a felon, you know as well as I do what becomes of your authority over your niece. Personally, I should have preferred taking that way out of it. But considerations are pressed on me which I am not able to resist, and this interview must end, as I have told you already, in a compromise. Sign those lines, resigning all authority over Miss Obenreizer, and pledging yourself never to be seen in England or in Switzerland again; and I will sign an indemnity which secures you against further proceedings on our part."

Obenreizer took the pen in silence, and signed his niece's release. On receiving the indemnity in return, he rose, but made no movement to leave the room. He stood looking at Maître Voigt with a strange smile gathering at his lips, and a strange light flashing in his filmy eyes.

"What are you waiting for?" asked Bintrey.

Obenreizer pointed to the brown door. "Call them back," he answered. "I have something to say in their presence before I go."

"Say it in my presence," retorted Bintrey. "I decline to call them back."

Obenreizer turned to Maître Voigt. "Do you remember telling me that you once had an English client named Vendale?" he asked.

"Well," answered the notary. "And what of that?"

"Maître Voigt, your clock-lock has betrayed you."

"What do you mean?"

"I have read the letters and certificates in your client's box. I have taken copies of them. I have got the copies here. Is there, or is there not, a reason for calling them back?"

For a moment the notary looked to and fro, between Obenreizer and Bintrey, in helpless astonishment. Recovering himself, he drew his brother-lawyer aside, and hurriedly spoke a few words close at his ear. The face of Bintrey—after first faithfully reflecting the astonishment on the face of Maître Voigt—suddenly altered its expression. He sprang, with the activity of a young man, to the door of the inner room, entered it, remained inside for a minute, and returned followed by Marguerite and Vendale. "Now, Mr. Obenreizer," said Bintrey, "the last move in the game is yours. Play it."

"Before I resign my position as that young lady's guardian," said Obenreizer, "I have a secret to reveal in which she is interested. In making my disclosure, I am not claiming her attention for a narrative which she, or any other person present, is expected to take on trust. I am possessed of written proofs, copies of originals, the authenticity of which Maître Voigt himself can attest. Bear that in mind, and permit me to refer you, at starting, to a date long past,—the month of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six."

"Mark the date, Mr. Vendale," said Bintrey.

"My first proof," said Obenreizer, taking a paper from his pocket-book. "Copy of a letter, written by an English lady (married) to her sister, a widow. The name of the person writing the letter I shall keep suppressed until I have done. The name of the person to whom the letter is written I am willing to reveal. It is addressed to 'Mrs. Jane Ann Miller, of Groombridge Wells, England.'"

Vendale started, and opened his lips to speak. Bintrey instantly stopped him, as he had stopped Maître Voigt. "No," said the pertinacious lawyer. "Leave it to me."

Obenreizer went on:

"It is needless to trouble you with the first half of the letter," he said. "I can give the substance of it in two words. The writer's position at the time is this. She has been long living in Switzerland with her husband,—obliged to live there for the sake of her husband's health. They are about to move to a new residence on the Lake of Neuchâtel in a week, and they will be ready to receive Mrs. Miller as visitor in a fortnight from that time. This said, the writer next enters into an important domestic detail. She has been childless for years—she and her husband have now no hope of children; they are lonely; they want an interest in life; they have decided on adopting a child. Here the important part of the letter begins; and here, therefore, I read it to you word for word."

He folded back the first page of the letter and read as follows:

". . . . Will you help us, my dear sister, to realize our new project? As English people, we wish to adopt an English child. This may be done, I believe, at the Foundling; my husband's lawyers in London will tell you how. I leave the choice to you, with only these conditions attached to it,—that the child is to be an infant under a year old, and is to be a boy. Will you pardon the trouble I am giving you, for my sake; and will you bring our adopted child to us, with your own children, when you come to Neuchâtel?

"I must add a word as to my husband's wishes in this matter. He is resolved to spare the child whom we make our own, any future mortification and loss of self-respect which might be caused by a discovery of his true origin. He will bear my husband's name, and he will be brought up in the belief that he is really our son. His inheritance of what we have to leave will be secured to him,—not only according to the laws of England in such cases, but according to the laws of Switzerland also; for we have lived so long in this country, that there is a doubt whether we may not be considered as 'domiciled' in Switzerland. The one precaution left to take is to prevent any after-discovery at the Foundling. Now, our name is a very uncommon one; and if we appear on the Register of the Institution, as the persons adopting the child, there is just a chance that something might result from it. Your name, my dear, is the name of thousands of other people; and if *you* will consent to appear on the Register, there need be no fear of any discoveries in that quarter. We are moving, by the doctor's orders, to a part of Switzerland in which our circumstances are quite unknown; and you, as I understand, are about to engage a new nurse for the journey when you come to see us. Under these circumstances, the child may appear as my child, brought back to me under my sister's care. The only servant we take with us from our old home is my own maid, whocan be safely trusted. As for the lawyers in England and in Switzerland, it is their profession to keep secrets,—and we may feel quite easy in that direction. So there you have our harmless little conspiracy! Write by return of post, my love, and tell me you will join it."

"Do you still conceal the name of the writer of that letter?" asked Vendale.

"I keep the name of the writer till the last," answered Obenreizer, "and I proceed to my second proof—a mere slip of paper, this time, as you see. Memorandum given to the Swiss lawyer, who drew the documents referred to in the letter I have just read, expressed as follows: 'Adopted from the Foundling Hospital of England, 3d March, 1836, a male infant, called, in the Institution, Walter Wilding. Person appearing on the register, as adopting the child, Mrs. Jane Ann Miller, widow, acting in this matter for her married sister, domiciled in Switzerland.' Patience!" resumed Obenreizer, as Vendale, breaking loose from Bintrey, started to his feet. "I shall not keep the name concealed much longer. Two more little slips of paper, and I have done. Third proof! Certificate of Dr. Ganz, still living in practice at Neuchâtel, dated July, 1838. The doctor certifies (you shall read it for yourselves directly), first, that he attended the adopted child in its infant maladies; second, that, three months before the date of the certificate, the gentleman adopting the child as his son died; third, that *on* the date of the certificate, his widow and her maid, taking the adopted child with them, left Neuchâtel on their return to England. One more link now added to this, and my chain of evidence is complete. The maid remained with her mistress till her mistress's death, only a few years since. The maid can swear to the identity of the adopted infant, from his childhood to his youth,—from his youth to his manhood, as he is now. There is her address in England,—and there, Mr. Vendale, is the fourth, and final proof!"

"Why do you address yourself to *me?*" said Vendale, as Obenreizer threw the written address on the table.

Obenreizer turned on him, in a sudden frenzy of triumph.

"*Because you are the man!* If my niece marries you, she marries a bastard, brought up by public charity. If my niece marries you, she marries an impostor, without name or lineage, disguised in the character of a gentleman of rank and family."

"Bravo!" cried Bintrey. "Admirably put, Mr. Obenreizer! It only wants one word more to complete it. She marries,—thanks entirely to your exertions, a man who inherits a handsome fortune, and a man whose origin will make him prouder than ever of his peasant-wife. George Vendale, as brother-executors, let us congratulate each other! Our dear dead friend's last wish on earth is accomplished. We have found the lost Walter Wilding. As Mr. Obenreizer said just now,—you are the man!"

The words passed by Vendale unheeded. For the moment he was conscious of but one sensation; he heard but one voice. Marguerite's hand was clasping his. Marguerite's voice was whispering to him: "I never loved you, George, as I love you now!"

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

MAY-DAY. There is merry-making in Cripple Corner, the chimney smokes, the patriarchal dining-hall is hung with garlands, and Mrs. Goldstraw, the respected housekeeper, is very busy. For, on this bright morning, the young master of Cripple Corner is married to its young mistress, far away: to wit, in the little town of Brieg, in Switzerland, lying at the foot of the Simplon Pass, where she saved his life.

The bells ring gayly in the little town of Brieg, and flags are stretched across the street, and rifle shots are heard, and sounding music from brass instruments. Streamer-decorated casks of wine have been rolled out under a gay awning in the public way before the Inn, and there will be free feasting and revelry. What with bells and banners, draperies hanging from windows, explosion of gunpowder, and reverberation of brass music, the little town of Brieg is all in a flutter, like the hearts of its simple people.

It was a stormy night last night, and the mountains are covered with snow. But the sun is bright to-day, the sweet air is fresh, the tin spires of the little town of Brieg are burnished silver, and the Alps are ranges of far-off white cloud in a deep blue sky.

The primitive people of the little town of Brieg have built a greenwood arch across the street, under which the newly married pair shall pass in triumph from the church. It is inscribed, on that side, "HONOR AND LOVE TO MARGUERITE VENDALE!" for the people are proud of her to enthusiasm. This greeting of the bride under her new name is affectionately meant as a surprise, and therefore the arrangement has been made that she, unconscious why, shall be taken to the Church by a tortuous back way. A scheme not difficult to carry into execution in the crooked little town of Brieg.

So all things are in readiness, and they are to go and come on foot. Assembled in the Inn's best chamber, festively adorned, are the bride and bridegroom, the Neuchâtel notary, the London lawyer, Madame Dor, and a certain large mysterious Englishman, popularly known as Monsieur Zhoé-Ladelle. And behold Madame Dor, arrayed in a spotless pair of gloves of her own, with no hand in the air, but both hands clasped round the neck of the bride; to embrace whom Madame Dor has turned her broad back on the company, consistent to the last.

"Forgive me, my beautiful," pleads Madame Dor, "for that I ever was his she-cat!"

"She-cat, Madame Dor?"

"Engaged to sit watching my so charming mouse," are the explanatory words of Madame Dor, delivered with a penitential sob.

"Why, you were our best friend! George, dearest, tell Madame Dor. Was she not our best friend?"

"Undoubtedly, darling. What should we have done without her?"

"You are both so generous," cries Madame Dor, accepting consolation, and immediately relapsing. "But I commenced as a she-cat."

"Ah! But like the cat in the fairy-story, good Madame Dor," says Vendale, saluting her cheek, "you were a true woman. And, being a true woman, the sympathy of your heart was with true love."

"I don't wish to deprive Madame Dor of her share in the embraces that are going on," Mr. Bintrey puts in, watch in hand, "and I don't presume to offer any objection to your having got yourselves mixed together, in the corner there, like the three Graces. I merely remark that I think it's time we were moving. What are *your* sentiments on that subject, Mr. Ladle?"

"Clear, sir," replies Joey, with a gracious grin. "I'm clearer altogether, sir, for having lived so many weeks upon the surface. I never was half so long upon the surface afore, and it's done me a power of good. At Cripple Corner, I was too much below it. Atop of the Simpleton, I was a deal too high above it. I've found the medium here, sir. And if ever I take it in convivial, in all the rest of my days, I mean to do it this day to the toast of 'Bless 'em both.'"

"I, too!" says Bintrey. "And now, Monsieur Voigt, let you and me be two men of Marseilles, and allons, marchons, arm-in-arm!"

They go down to the door, where others are waiting for them, and they go quietly to the church, and the happy marriage takes place. While the ceremony is yet in progress, the notary is called out. When it is finished, he has returned, is standing behind Vendale, and touches him on the shoulder.

"Go to the side door, one moment, Monsieur Vendale. Alone. Leave Madame to me."

At the side door of the church are the same two men from the Hospice. They are snow-stained and travel-worn. They wish him joy, and then each lays his broad hand upon Vendale's breast, and one says in a low voice, while the other steadfastly regards him—

"It is here, Monsieur. Your litter. The very same."

"My litter is here? Why?"

"Hush! For the sake of Madame. Your companion of that day—"

"What of him?"

The man looks at his comrade, and his comrade takes him up. Each keeps his hand laid earnestly on Vendale's breast.

"He had been living at the first Refuge, Monsieur, for some days. The weather was now good, now bad."

"Yes?"

"He arrived at our Hospice the day before yesterday, and, having refreshed himself with sleep on the floor before the fire, wrapped in his cloak, was resolute to go on, before dark, to the next Hospice. He had a great fear of that part of the way, and thought it would be worse to-morrow."

"Yes?"

"He went on alone. He had passed the Gallery, when an avalanche,—like that which fell behind you near the Bridge of the Ganther—"

"Killed him?"

"We dug him out, suffocated and broken all to pieces! But, Monsieur, as to Madame. We have brought him here on the litter, to be buried. We must ascend the street outside. Madame must not see. It would be an accursed thing to bring the litter through the arch across the street, until Madame has passed through. As you descend, we who accompany the litter will set it down on the stones of the street the second to the right, and will stand before it. But do not let Madame turn her head toward the street the second to the right. There is no time to lose. Madame will be alarmed by your absence. Adieu!"

Vendale returns to his bride and draws her hand through his unmaimed arm. A pretty procession awaits them at the main door of the church. They take their station in it, and descend the street amidst the ringing of the bells, the firing of the guns, the waving of the flags, the playing of the music, the shouts, the smiles, and tears, of the excited town. Heads are uncovered as she passes, hands are kissed to her, all the people bless her. "Heaven's benediction on the dear girl! See where she goes in her youth and beauty; she who so nobly saved his life!"

Near the corner of the street the second to the right he speaks to her, and calls her attention to the windows on the opposite side. The corner well passed, he says: "Do not look round, my darling, for a reason that I have," and turns his head. Then, looking back along the street, he sees the litter and its bearers passing up alone under the arch, as he and she and their marriage train go down toward the shining valley.

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER XVIII.

INQUIRIES.

So many years had elapsed since Brandon had last been in the village which bore the family name that he had no fear of being recognized. He had been a boy then, he was now a man. His features had passed from a transition state into their maturer form, and a thick beard and mustache, the growth of the long voyage, covered the lower part of the face like a mask. His nose which, when he left, had a boyish roundness of outline, had since become refined and chiseled into the straight, thin Grecian type. His eyes alone remained the same, yet the expression had grown different, even as the soul that looked forth through them had been changed by experience and by suffering.

He gave himself out at the inn as an American merchant, and went out to begin his inquiries. Tearing two buttons off his coat, he entered the shop of the village tailor.

"Good-morning," said he, civilly.

"Good-morning, Sir; fine morning, Sir," answered the tailor, volubly. He was a little man, with a cast in his eye, and on looking at Brandon he had to put his head on one side, which he did with a quick, odd gesture.

"There are two buttons off my coat, and I want to know if you can repair it for me?"

"Certainly, Sir; certainly. Take off your coat, Sir, and sit down."

"The buttons," said Brandon, "are a little odd; but if you have not got any exactly like them, any thing similar will do."

"Oh, I think we'll fit you out, Sir. I think we'll fit you out," rejoined the tailor, briskly.

He bustled about among his boxes and drawers, pulled out a large number of articles, and finally began to select the buttons which were nearest like those on the coat.

"This is a fine little village," said Brandon, carelessly,

"Yes, Sir; that's a fact, Sir; that's just what every body says, Sir."

"What old Hall is that which I saw just outside the village?"

"Ah, Sir, that old Hall is the very best in the whole county. It is Brandon Hall, Sir."

"Brandon Hall?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I suppose this village takes the name from the Hall—or is it the Hall that is named after the village?"

"Well, neither, Sir. Both of them were named after the Brandon family."

"Is it an old family? It must be, of course."

"The oldest in the county, Sir."

"I wonder if Mr. Brandon would let a stranger go through his grounds? There is a hill back of the house that I should like to see."

"Mr. Brandon!" exclaimed the tailor, shaking his head; "Mr. Brandon! There ain't no Mr. Brandon now!"

"How is that?"

"Gone, Sir—ruined—died out."

"Then the man that lives there now is not Mr. Brandon?"

"Nothing of the kind, Sir! He, Sir! Why he isn't fit to clean the shoes of any of the old Brandons!"

"Who is he?"

"His name, Sir, is Potts."

"Potts! That doesn't sound like one of your old county names."

"I should think not, Sir. Potts! Why, Sir, he's generally believed in this here community to be a villain, Sir," said the little tailor, mysteriously, and with the look of a man who would like very well to be questioned further.

Brandon humored him. "How is that?"

"It's a long story, Sir."

"Oh, well—tell it. I have a great curiosity to hear any old stories current in your English villages. I'm an American, and English life is new to me."

"I'll bet you never heard any thing like this in all your born days."

"Tell it then, by all means."

The tailor jumped down from his seat, went mysteriously to the door, looked cautiously out, and then returned.

"It's just as well to be a little careful," said he, "for if that man knew that I was talking about him he'd take it out of me quick enough, I tell you."

"You seem to be afraid of him."

"We're all afraid of him in the village, and hate him; but I hope to God he'll catch it yet!"

"How can you be afraid of him? You all say that this is a free country."

"No man, Sir, in any country, is free, except he's rich. Poor people can be oppressed in many ways; and most of us are in one way or other dependent on him. We hate him all the worse, though. But I'll tell you about him."

"Yes, go on."

"Well, Sir, old Mr. Brandon, about twenty years ago, was one of the richest men in the county. About fifteen years ago the man Potts turned up, and however the old man took a fancy to him I never could see, but he did take a fancy to him, put all his money in some tin mines that Potts had started, and the end of it was Potts turned out a scoundrel, as every one said he would, swindled the old man out of every penny, and ruined him completely. Brandon had to sell his estate, and Potts bought it with the very money out of which he had cheated the old man."

"Oh! impossible!" said Brandon. "Isn't that some village gossip?"

"I wish it was, Sir—but it ain't. Go ask any man here, and he'll tell you the same."

"And what became of the family?" asked Brandon, calmly.

"Ah, Sir! that is the worst part of it."

"Why?"

"I'll tell you, Sir. He was ruined. He gave up all. He hadn't a penny left. He went out of the Hall and lived for a short time in a small house at the other end of the village. At last he spent what little money he had left, and they all got sick. You wouldn't believe what happened after that."

"What was it?"

"They were all taken to the alms-house."

A burst of thunder seemed to sound in Brandon's ears as he heard this, which he had never even remotely imagined. The tailor was occupied with his own thoughts, and did not notice the wildness that for an instant appeared in Brandon's eyes. The latter for a moment felt paralyzed and struck down into nothingness by the shock of that tremendous intelligence.

"The people felt dreadfully about it," continued the tailor, "but they couldn't do any thing. It was Potts who had the family taken to the alms-house. Nobody dared to interfere."

"Did none of the county families do any thing?" said Brandon, who at last, by a violent effort, had regained his composure.

"No. They had all been insulted by the old man, so now they let him suffer."

"Had he no old friends, or even acquaintances?"

"Well, that's what we all asked ourselves, Sir; but at any rate, whether he had or not, they didn't turn up—that is, not in time. There was a young man here when it was too late."

"A young man?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Was he a relative?"

"Oh no, Sir, only a lawyer's clerk; wanted to see about business I dare say. Perhaps to collect a bill. Let me see; the lawyer who sent him was named Thornton."

"Thornton!" said Brandon, as the name sank into his soul.

"Yes; he lived at Holby."

Brandon drew a long breath.

"No, Sir; no friends came, whether he had any or not. They were all sick at the alms-house for weeks."

"And I suppose they all died there?" said Brandon, in a strange, sweet voice.

"No, Sir. They were not so happy."

"What suffering could be greater?"

"They do talk dreadfully in this town, Sir; and I dare say it's not true, but if it is it's enough to make a man's blood run cold."

"You excite my curiosity. Remember I am an American, and these things seem odd to me. I always thought your British aristocrats could not be ruined."

"Here was one, Sir, that was, any how."

"Go on."

"Well, Sir, the old man died in the alms-house. The others got well. As soon as they were well enough they went away."

"How did they get away?"

"Potts helped them," replied the tailor, in a peculiar tone. "They went away from the village."

"Where did they go?"

"People say to Liverpool. I only tell what I know. I heard young Bill Potts, the old fellow's son, boasting one night at the inn where he was half drunk, how they had served the Brandons. He said they wanted to leave the village, so his father helped them away to America."

"To America?"

"Yes, Sir."

Brandon made no rejoinder.

"Bill Potts said they went to Liverpool and then left for America to make their fortunes."

"What part of America?" asked Brandon, indifferently. "I never saw or heard of them."

"Didn't you, Sir?" asked the tailor, who evidently thought that America was like some English county, where every body may hear of every body else. "That's odd, too. I was going to ask you if you had."

"I wonder what ship they went out in?"

"That I can't say, Sir. Bill Potts kept dark about that. He said one thing, though, that set us thinking."

"What was that?"

"Why, that they went out in an emigrant ship as steerage passengers."

Brandon was silent.

"Poor people!" said he at last.

By this time the tailor had finished his coat and handed it back to him. Having obtained all the information that the man could give Brandon paid him and left.

Passing by the inn he walked on till he came to the alms-house. Here he stood for a while and looked at it.

Brandon alms-house was small, badly planned, badly managed, and badly built, every thing done there was badly and meanly done. It was whitewashed from the topmost point of every chimney down to the lowest edge of the basement. A whited sepulchre. For there was foulness there, in the air, in the surroundings, in every thing. Squalor and dirt reigned. His heart grew sick as those hideous walls rose before his sight.

Between this and Brandon Hall there was a difference, a distance almost immeasurable; to pass from one to the other might be conceived of as incredible; and yet that passage had been made.

To fall so far as to go the whole distance between the two; to begin in one and end in the other; to be born, brought up, and live and move and have one's being in the one, and then to die in the other; what was more incredible than this? Yet this had been the fate of his father.

Leaving the place, he walked directly toward Brandon Hall.

Brandon Hall was begun, nobody knows exactly when; but it is said that the foundations were laid before the time of Egbert. In all parts of the old mansion the progress of English civilization might be studied; in the Norman arches of the old chapel, the slender pointed style of the fifteenth century doorway that opened to the same, the false Grecian of the early Tudor period, and the wing added in Elizabeth's day, the days of that old Ralph Brandon who sank his ship and its treasure to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy.

Around this grand old Hall were scenes which could be found nowhere save in England. Wide fields, forever green with grass like velvet, over which rose groves of oak and elm, giving shelter to innumerable birds. There the deer bounded and the hare found a covert. The broad avenue that led to the Hall went up through a world of rich sylvan scenery, winding through groves and meadows and over undulating ground. Before the Hall lay the open sea about three miles away; but the Hall was on an eminence and overlooked all the intervening ground. Standing there one might see the gradual decline of the country as it sloped downward toward the margin of the ocean. On the left a bold promontory jutted far out, on the nearer side of which there was an island with a light-house; on the right was another promontory, not so bold. Between these two the whole country was like a garden. A little cove gave shelter to small vessels, and around this cove was the village of Brandon.

Brandon Hall was one of the oldest and most magnificent of the great halls of England. As Brandon looked upon it it rose before him amidst the groves of six hundred years, its many-gabled roof rising out from amidst a sea of foliage, speaking of wealth, luxury, splendor, power, influence, and all that men hope for, or struggle for, or fight for; from all of which he and his had been cast out; and the one who had done this was even now occupying the old ancestral seat of his family.

Brandon entered the gate, and walked up the long avenue till he reached the Hall. Here he rang the bell, and a servant appeared. "Is Mr. Potts at home?"

"Yes," said the man, brusquely.

"I wish to see him."

"Who shall I say?"

"Mr. Hendricks, from America."

The man showed him into the drawing-room. Brandon seated himself and waited. The room was furnished in the most elegant manner, most of the furniture being old, and all familiar to him. He took a hasty glance around, and closed his eyes as if to shut it all out from sight.

In a short time a man entered.

He appeared to be between fifty and sixty years of age, of medium size, broad-shouldered and stout. He had a thoroughly plebeian air; he was dressed in black, and had a bunch of large seals dangling from beneath his waistcoat. His face was round and fleshy, his eyes were small, and his head was bald. The general expression of his face was that of good-natured simplicity. As he caught sight of Brandon a frank smile of welcome arose on his broad, fat face.

Brandon rose and bowed.

"Am I addressing Mr. John Potts?"

"You are, Sir. John Potts of Potts Hall."

"Potts of Potts Hall!" repeated Brandon. Then, drawing a card from his pocket he handed it to Potts. He had procured some of these in London. The card read as follows:

BEAMISH & HENDRICKS,
FLOUR MERCHANTS & PROVISION DEALERS,
88 FRONT STREET, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

"I, Sir," said Brandon, "am Mr. Hendricks, junior partner in Beamish & Hendricks, and I hope you are quite well."

"Very well, thank you," answered Potts, smiling and sitting down. "I am happy to see you."

"Do you keep your health, Sir?"

"Thank you, I do," said Potts. "A touch of rheumatism at odd times, that's all."

Brandon's manner was stiff and formal, and his voice had assumed a slight nasal intonation. Potts had evidently looked on him as a perfect stranger.

"I hope, Sir, that I am not taking up your valuable time. You British noblemen have your valuable time, I know, as well as we business men."

"No, Sir, no, Sir, not at all," said Potts, evidently greatly delighted at being considered a British nobleman.

"Well, Sir John—or is it my lord?" said Brandon, interrogatively, correcting himself, and looking inquiringly at Potts.

"Sir John'll do," said Potts.

"Well, Sir John. Being in England on business, I came to ask you a few questions about a matter of some importance to us."

"Proceed, Sir!" said Potts, with great dignity.

"There's a young man that came into our employ last October whom we took a fancy to, or rather my senior did, and we have an idea of promoting him. My senior thinks the world of him, has the young man at his house, and he is even making up to his daughter. He calls himself Brandon—Frank Brandon."

At this Potts started from an easy lounging attitude, in which he was trying to "do" the British noble, and with startling intensity of gaze looked Brandon full in the face.

"I think the young man is fairish," continues Brandon, "but nothing extraordinary. He is industrious and sober, but he ain't quick, and he never had any real business experience till he came to us. Now, my senior from the very first was infatuated with him, gave him a large salary, and, in spite of my warnings that he ought to be cautious, he wants to make him head-clerk, with an eye to making him partner next year. And so bent on this is he that I know he would dissolve partnership with me if I refused, take the young man, let him marry his daughter, and leave him all his money when he dies. That's no small sum, for old Mr. Beamish is worth in real estate round Cincinnati over two millions of dollars. So, you see, I have a right to feel anxious, more especially as I don't mind telling you, Sir John, who understand these matters, that I thought I had a very good chance myself with old Beamish's daughter."

Brandon spoke all this very rapidly, and with the air of one who was trying to conceal his feelings of dislike to the clerk of whom he was so jealous. Potts looked at him with an encouraging smile, and asked, as he stopped,

"And how did you happen to hear of me?"

"That's just what I was coming to, Sir John!" Brandon drew his chair nearer, apparently in deep excitement, and in a more nasal tone than ever, with a confidential air, he went on:

"You see, I mistrusted this young man who was carrying every thing before him with a high hand, right in my very teeth, and I watched him. I pumped him to see if I couldn't get him to tell something about himself. But the fellow was always on his guard, and always told the same story. This is what he tells: He says

"YOU ARE, SIR. JOHN POTTS OF POTTS HALL."

that his father was Ralph Brandon of Brandon Hall, Devonshire, and that he got very poor—he was ruined, in fact, by— I beg your pardon, Sir John, but he says it was you, and that you drove the family away. They then came over to America, and he got to Cincinnati. The old man, he says, died before they left, but he won't tell what became of the others. I confess I believed it was all a lie, and didn't think there was any such place as Brandon Hall, so I determined to find out, naturally enough, Sir John, when two millions were at stake."

Potts winked.

"Well, I suddenly found my health giving way, and had to come to Europe. You see what a delicate creature I am!"

Potts laughed with intense glee.

"And I came here after wandering about, trying to find it. I heard at last that there was a place that used to be Brandon Hall, though most people call it Potts Hall. Now, I thought, my fine young man, I'll catch you; for I'll call on Sir John himself and ask him."

"You did right, Sir," said Potts, who had taken an intense interest in this narrative. "I'm the very man you ought to have come to. I can tell you all you want. This Brandon is a miserable swindler."

"Good! I thought so. You'll give me that, Sir John, over your own name, will you?" cried Brandon, in great apparent excitement.

"Of course I will," said Potts, "and a good deal more. But tell me, first, what that young devil said as to how he got to Cincinnati? How did he find his way there?"

"He would never tell."

"What became of his mother and sister?"

"He wouldn't say."

"All I know," said Potts, "is this, I got official information that they all died at Quebec."

Brandon looked suddenly at the floor and gasped. In a moment he had recovered.

"Curse him! then this fellow is an impostor?"

"No," said Potts, "he must have escaped. It's possible. There was some confusion at Quebec about names."

"Then his name may really be Frank Brandon?"

"It must be," said Potts. "Anyhow, the others are all right."

"Are what?"

"All right; dead you know. That's why he don't like to tell you about them."

"Well, now, Sir John, could you tell me what you know about this young man, since you think he must be the same one?"

"I know he must be, and I'll tell you all about him and the whole cursed lot. In the first place," continued Potts, clearing his throat, "old Brandon was one of the cursedest old fools that ever lived. He was very well off but wanted to get richer, and so he speculated in a tin mine in Cornwall. I was acquainted with him at the time and used to respect him. He persuaded me—I was always off-handed about money, and a careless, easy fellow—he persuaded me to invest in it also. I did so, but at the end of a few years I found out that the tin mine was a rotten concern, and sold out. I sold at a very high price, for people believed it was a splendid property. After this I found another mine and made money hand over fist. I warned old Brandon, and so did every body, but he didn't care a fig for what we said, and finally, one fine morning, he waked up and found himself ruined.

"He was more utterly ruined than any man I ever knew of, and all his estates were sold. I had made some money, few others in the county had any ready cash, the sale was forced, and I bought the whole establishment at a remarkably low figure. I got old Brandy—Brandy was a nickname I gave the old fellow—I got him a house in the village, and supported him for a while with his wife and daughter and his great lubberly boy. I soon found out what vipers they were. They all turned against their benefactor, and dared to say that I had ruined their father. In fact, my only fault was buying the place, and that was an advantage to old Brandy rather than an injury. It shows, though, what human nature is.

"They all got sick at last, and as they had no one to nurse them, I very considerately sent them all to the alms-house, where they had good beds, good attendance, and plenty to eat and drink. No matter what I did for them they abused me. They reviled me for sending them to a comfortable home, and old Brandy was the worst of all. I used to go and visit him two or three times a day, and he always cursed me. Old Brandy did get awfully profane, that's a fact. The reason was his infernal pride. Look at me, now! I'm not proud. Put me in the alms-house, and would I curse you? I hope not.

"At last old Brandy died, and of course I had to look out for the family. They seemed thrown on my hands, you know, and I was too good-natured to let them suffer, although they treated me so abominably. The best thing I could think of was to ship them all off to America, where they could all get rich. So I took them to Liverpool."

"Did they want to go?"

"They didn't seem to have an idea in their heads. They looked and acted just like three born fools."

"Strange!"

"I let a friend of mine see about them, as I had considerable to do, and he got them a passage."

"I suppose you paid their way out."

"I did, Sir," said Potts, with an air of munificence; "but, between you and me, it didn't cost much."

"I should think it must have cost a considerable sum."

"Oh no! Clark saw to that. Clark got them places as steerage passengers."

"Young Brandon told me once that he came out as cabin passenger."

"That's his cursed pride. He went out in the steerage, and a devilish hard time he had too."

"Why?"

"Oh, he was a little crowded, I think! There were six hundred emigrants on board the *Tecumseh*—"

"The what?"

"The *Tecumseh*. Clark did that business neatly. Each passenger had to take his own provisions, so he supplied them with a lot. Now what do you think he gave them?"

"I can't imagine."

"He bought them some damaged bread at one quarter the usual price. It was all mouldy, you know," said Potts, trying to make Brandon see the joke. "I declare Clark and I roared over it for a couple of months, thinking how surprised they must have been when they sat down to eat their first dinner."

"That was very neat," rejoined Brandon.

"They were all sick when they left," said Potts; "but before they got to Quebec they were sicker, I'll bet."

"Why so?"

"Did you ever hear of ship-fever?" said Potts, in a low voice which sent a sharp thrill through every fibre of Brandon's being. He could only nod his head.

"Well, the *Tecumseh*, with her six hundred passengers, afforded an uncommon fine field for the ship-fever. That's what I was going to observe. They had a great time at Quebec last summer; but it was unanimously voted that the *Tecumseh* was the worst ship of the lot. I sent out an agent to see what had become of my three friends, and he came back and told me all. He said that about four hundred of the *Tecumseh's* passengers died during the voyage, and ever so many more after landing. He obtained a list of the dead from the quarantine records, and among them were those of these three youthful Brandons. Yes, they joined old Cognac pretty soon—lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death not divided. But this young devil that you speak of must have escaped. I dare say he did, for the confusion was awful."

"But couldn't there have been another son?"

"Oh no. There was another son, the eldest, the worst of the whole lot, so infernally bad that even old Brandy himself couldn't stand it, but packed him off to Botany Bay. It's well he went of his own accord, for if he hadn't the law would have sent him there at last transported for life."

"Perhaps this man is the same one."

"Oh no. This eldest Brandy is dead."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain—best authority. A business friend of mine was in the same ship with him. Brandy was coming home to see his friends. He fell overboard and my friend saw him drown. It was in the Indian Ocean."

"When was that?"

"Last September."

"Oh, then this one must be the other of course!"

"No doubt of that, I think," said Potts, cheerily.

Brandon rose. "I feel much obliged, Sir John," said he, stiffly, and with his usual nasal tone, "for your kindness. This is just what I want. I'll put a stop to my young man's game. It's worth coming to England to find out this."

"Well, when you walk him out of your office, give him my respects and tell him I'd be very happy to see him. For I would, you know. I really would."

"I'll tell him so," said Brandon, "and if he is alive perhaps he'll come here."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Potts.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Brandon, and pretending not to see Potts's outstretched hand, he bowed and left. He walked rapidly down the avenue. He felt stifled. The horrors that had been revealed to him had been but in part anticipated. Could there be any thing worse?

He left the gates and walked quickly away, he knew not where. Turning into a by-path he went up a hill and finally sat down. Brandon Hall lay not far away. In front was the village and the sea beyond it. All the time there was but one train of thoughts in his mind. His wrongs took shape and framed themselves into a few sharply defined ideas. He muttered to himself over and over the things that were in his mind: "Myself disinherited and exiled! My father ruined and broken-hearted! My father killed! My mother, brother, and sister banished, starved, and murdered!"

He, too, as far as Potts's will was concerned, had been slain. He was alone and had no hope that any of his family could survive. Now, as he sat there alone, he needed to make his plans for the future. One thing stood out prominently before him, which was that he must go immediately to Quebec to find out finally and absolutely the fate of the family.

Then could any thing else be done in England? He thought over the names of those who had been the most intimate friends of his father—Thornton, Langhetti, Despard. Thornton had neglected his father in his hour of need. He had merely sent a clerk to make inquiries after all was over. The elder Langhetti, Brandon knew, was dead. Where were the others? None of them, at any rate, had interfered.

There remained the family of Despard. Brandon was aware that the Colonel had a brother in the army, but where he was he knew not nor did he care. If he chose to look in the army register he might very easily find out; but why should he? He had never known or heard much of him in any way.

There remained Courtenay Despard, the son of Lionel, he to whom the MS. of the dead might be considered after all as chiefly devolving. Of him Brandon knew absolutely nothing, not even whether he was alive or dead.

For a time he discussed the question in his mind whether it might not be well to seek him out so as to show him his father's fate and gain his co-operation. But, after a few moments' consideration, he dismissed this thought. Why should he seek his help? Courtenay Despard, if alive, might be very unfit for the purpose. He might be timid, or indifferent, or dull, or indolent. Why make any advances to one whom he did not know? Afterward it might be well to find him, and see what might be done with or through him; but as yet there could be no reason whatever why he should take up his time in searching for him or in winning his confidence.

The end of it all was that he concluded whatever he did to do it by himself, with no human being as his confidant.

Only one or two persons in all the world knew that he was alive, and they were not capable, under any circumstances, of betraying him. And where now was Beatrice? In the power of this man whom Brandon had just left. Had she seen him as he came and went? Had she heard his voice as he spoke in that assumed tone? But Brandon found it necessary to crush down all thoughts of her.

One thing gave him profound satisfaction, and this was that Potts did not suspect him for an instant. And now how could he deal with Potts? The man had become wealthy and powerful. To cope with him needed wealth and power. How could Brandon obtain these? At the utmost he could only count upon the fifteen thousand pounds which Compton would remit. This would be as nothing to help him against his enemy. He had written to Compton that he had fallen overboard and been picked up, and had told the same to the London agents under the strictest secrecy, so as to be able to get the money which he needed. Yet after he got it all, what would be the benefit? First of all, wealth was necessary.

Now more than ever there came to his mind the ancestral letter which his father had inclosed to him—the message from old Ralph Brandon in the treasure-ship. It was a wild, mad hope; but was it unattainable? This he felt was now the one object that lay before him; this must first be sought after, and nothing else could be attempted or even thought of till it had been tried. If he failed, then other things might be considered.

Sitting there on his lonely height, in sight of his ancestral home, he took out his father's last letter and read it again, after which he once more read the old message from the treasure-ship.

"One league due northe of a smalle islet northe of ye Islet of Santa Cruz northe of San Salvador —— I Ralphe Brandon in my shippe Phoenix am becalmed and surrounded by a Spanish fleete ——. My shippe is filld with spoyle the Plunder of III galleons —— wealthe wh myghte purchasse a kyngdom—tresure equalle to an Empyr's revenue —— Gold and jeweles in countless store —— and God forbydde that itt shall falle into ye hands of ye Enemye —— I therefore Ralphe Brandon out of mine owne good wyl and intente and that of all my men sink this shippe rather than be taken alyve —— I send this by my trusty seaman Peter Leggit who with IX others tolde off by lot will trye to escape in ye Boate by nighte —— If this cometh haply into ye hands of my sonne Philip let him herebye knowe that in this place is all this tresure —— wh haply may yet be gatherd from ye sea —— ye Islet is knowne by III rockes that be pushed up like III needles from ye sande

"Ralphe Brandon"

Five days afterward Brandon, with his Hindu servant, was sailing out of the Mersey River on his way to Quebec.

CHARLES LAMB'S WIT.

LAMB'S jests," says Hazlitt, "scald like tears; and he probes a question with a play upon words. Charles was frequently merry; but even at the back of his merriment there reposed a grave depth, in which rich colors and tender lights were inlaid. For his jests sprang from his sensibility, which was as open to pleasure as to pain."

On all occasions Lamb was equal to the emergency. "Once while waiting in the Highgate stage, a woman came to the door and inquired, in a stern voice, 'Are you quite full inside?' 'Yes, ma'am,' said Charles, in meek reply, 'quite; that plateful of Mrs. Gilman's pudding has quite filled us.'"

To Coleridge, "Bless you, old sophist, who next to human nature taught me all the corruption I was capable of knowing."

To Mrs. K., after expressing her love for her young children, and adding, tenderly, "And how do *you* like babies, Mr. Lamb?" "Boi-boi-boiled, ma'am," was his reply. (Something in this latter breathes the spirit of another humorist, the funny Sydney Smith.)

Of an eccentric person he once said, "Why does not his guardian angel look to him? He deserves one; maybe he has tired him out."

It would be impossible in our space to draw attention to the fullness of thought, the variety, the quaint humor that characterize the "Essays of Elia." Who that knows the writings of Charles Lamb has not laughed over the "Dissertation upon Roast Pig," the ecstasy of Bobo when he tasted *crackling* for the first time, or "The Rejoicings upon the New Year's coming of Age," to which Pay-day came late, as he always does, and Dooms-day sent word "he might be expected?" Who has not felt a sympathy for those "poor blots, innocent blacknesses, those little Africans of our own growth, those almost clergy imps, who from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys) preach a lesson of patience to all mankind," while reading the "Praise of Chimney-sweepers?" Or in more sober mood we have studied Hogarth afresh in his essay on that wonderful caricaturist; or had "Lear" presented to us outside the page of Shakspeare in that fine passage which occurs in the Essay on the Tragedies of the Poet.

Lamb once said of himself that his history "would go into an epigram." When we recall to mind the universal sympathy of the man, his boundless wit (never was wit less stinging—"the jests and conceits with which his brain was busy his heart turned into flowers"), his extensive friendships with all creeds and classes, we may perhaps sum up his whole character in this one sentence—Lamb the *humanist*.

WHAT I SAW AFTER THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

I DREW this vision on a block of wood,
To make my meaning clearly understood.
For words I found were quite inadequate
To paint my feelings in the dreaming state.
I really can't make out now what could do it—
The plums? the currants? or perhaps the suet?
But altogether, I at once declare
I don't know how I got to bed or where;
This dawned upon me as I tried to think,
And from the water-bottle vainly drink.
I knew I'd stood, with latch-key in my hand,
Staring at what I could not understand;
In vain I tried to find the proper place—
A hundred keyholes stared me in the face.
I waited patiently until they'd done,
And all resolved themselves back into one.
The passage gained—I firmly do declare
I saw a pudding bounding up the stair:
A blue flame rose upon his greasy brow—
I think I see him grinning at me now.
I seized him quickly—he was just as quick,
And changed himself into my candlestick.
At last to bed I rolled—I don't know how, Sirs:
Next morning I had on my boots and trowsers;
But oh! my bed, it seemed to be in motion,
Heaving and rolling, like a troubled ocean;
I felt, oh dear! while lying on my back,
Exactly what I felt when in a smack
Out fishing, with a party from the beach
Who were made wretched—at a quarter each.
When just upon the sheets, where they turn down,
I saw the pudding with his visage brown,
With currant eyes, and nose all made of plums,
And almond teeth, with lemon-peel for gums;
I shuddered, as I smelt him steaming hot,
As if he'd risen boiling from the pot.
"Begone!" said I, "you thing detestable,
Beyond all things so indigestible!"
"Ungrateful fool!" said he, with horrid grin,
"Now you leave off, 'tis time I should begin:
I am King Pudding! prince of all good feasts!
Welcomed by all, except your gourmand beasts;
And yet you dare to lay all at my door,
Not counting up the feast you made before.
'Tis all put down upon your dinner *carte*,
And you shall hear it read before we part.
The turtle soup was good, the punch all ice:
I think, my friend, you took the turtle twice?
Next came the turbot, firm as any rock,
With which you took the Champagne and some hock;
Next came the turkey—quite a monster bird!
With sausage stomach, stuffed till quite absurd;
And you were helped, Sir, to the very best—
I mean the long, white slices from the breast.
And then you turned your all-devouring gaze
To all the *entrées* and the *entremêts;*
Then with the lady with the dark-blue eyes,
You kept dividing sundry rich mince-pies;
Saying, each pie had happiness in store,
And pressed her on to take a little more.
Next I appeared in burning brandy bed,
Crowned with bright Christmas and his berries red;
Didn't I yield you up a thumping slice,
That quite precluded any helping twice?
With blushing honors came the rich dessert—
You peeled, and pared, and cracked, I assert;
You drank the wines—they're all upon the *carte*—
And were the last of all the gentlemen to start;
You didn't know your hat, when you would go;
The boy in buttons laughed—for you must know
You bolted from the door, with frantic run,
As if you had been fired from a gun.
You've lost your watch, your purse, and umbrella,
And there you be, a poor dyspeptic fellow,
Defaming me, the king of all the feast,
As if I, poor pudding, made you such a beast.
I will not have the scandal laid to me,
But will have great revenge—as you shall see."
Quickly my room was filled with rabble rout,
So much confused I could not make them out:
A spectreoscope now gamboled in the air
Close to my face—now here—now there.
At last the pudding with his plummy snout
Made a high bound, and put the candle out.
Like a beef-steak, or good St. Lawrence, I
Upon a gridiron continually did fry:
Until the morning brought a sad reflection
About the pudding, and his strong objection.
At last I thought it might have been the wine—
The fault I laid to pudding might be mine—
The mince—the soup—in fact no one can say
What was the fault upon that Christmas-day.

FACETIÆ.

THE BEST THING OUT—An aching tooth.

In a French translation of Shakspeare the passage, "Frailty, thy name is woman," is translated, "Mademoiselle Frailty is the name of the lady."

FOOD FOR THE IMAGINATION—Fancy Bread.

A fop at a theatre was staring at a man's wife the other evening with a lorgnette, when the married man took the printed card "Taken," which lay on a reserved seat near by, and held it up before his wife. The fellow looked no more.

WHAT I SAW AFTER EATING MY CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Seal-skin waistcoats are undoubtedly warm, but for the cold weather we prefer the (h)otter-skin.

NOVEL DIETARY.

Dancers should make a light supper of fish-*balls* and *pigeons' wings*.

Land surveyors need *stakes* and *perch*.

Skaters must have *iced water*, and may occasionally have *souse*.

Men of intemperate habits must avoid *corned* meat and *alewives*.

Teachers of languages may be said to live on *tongues* and *sounds*.

Carpenters should have *plane* food.

Dentists like something that's *filling*.

Chiropodists are fond of *toe-martyrs*.

Jewelers often dispose of twelve to eighteen *carats* at one time.

Paper-hangers always have *rolls* on their tables.

Some five-and-twenty years ago, when the West was but sparsely settled, it was a work of some difficulty to get a jury together, especially as the inhabitants were notoriously disinclined to the pleasures of litigation. The court had been forced to adjourn many times from day to day, because the sheriff as often came in and reported an incomplete panel. Finally things came to a crisis. The judge fixed a day beyond which no further forbearance could be exercised; and when that day arrived the enthusiastic sheriff rushed into the court-room, and exclaimed, "It's all right, your Honor. We'll have the jury by twelve o'clock. I've got eleven of them locked up in a barn, and we are running the twelfth with dogs!"

Some one tells a story of a steamboat passenger watching a revolving light of a light-house on the coast, and exclaiming, "Gosh! the wind blows that light out as fast as the man can strike it."

FASHIONS FOR THE STREET AFTER NIGHT-FALL.

A Wig—To come off at the least pull.
A False Nose—That may be torn to shreds in the first onset.
A False Eye—That may drop out when struck freely.
A Cork Leg—That may fall off when kicked heartily.
False Teeth—That may scatter at a convenient moment.

Two young ladies and Mr. Thaddeus O'Grady were conversing on age when one of them put the home question, "Which of us do you think the elder, Mr. G.?" "Sure,' replied the gallant Irishman, "you both look younger than each other."

OPERA HATS.—We see it is proposed to make Opera hats of the cheap and durable stuff called "rep." Should this idea be carried out, our fashionable young men will be walking about the streets like snake-charmers with *rep-tiles* on their heads.

The superintendent of one of the Western railways lately discharged a conductor belonging to the road for giving a free pass. "What made you such a fool as to give a free pass?" asked a friend of the latter. "Well, you see," replied the conductor, "I got tired of riding alone, and gave a friend of mine a free pass to get him to go along for company."

MODERN DICTIONARY.

Water—A clear fluid once used as a drink.
Honesty—An excellent joke.
Tongue—a little horse that is continually running away.
My Dear—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.
Policeman—A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air.
Bargain—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he cheated the other.
Doctor—A man who kills you to-day to save you from dying to-morrow.
Editor—A poor wretch who empties his brain to fill his stomach.
Wealth—The most respectable quality of men.
Bonnet—The female head-dress for the front seats of the Opera.
Esquire—Every body, yet nobody, equal to Colonel.
Jury—Twelve prisoners in a box, to try one or more at the bar.
State's Evidence—A wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades.
Modesty—A beautiful flower that flourishes in secret places.
Lawyer—A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.
The Grave—An ugly hole in the ground which lovers and poets wish they were in but take uncommon means to keep out of.
Money—The god of the nineteenth century.

When is a literary work like a smoke?—When it comes in volumes.

The Grand Jury in the county of Tipperary, in Ireland, passed the following resolutions:
Resolved, That the present jail is insufficient, and that another ought to be built.
Resolved, That the materials of the old jail be employed in constructing the new one.
Resolved, That the old jail shall *not* be taken down until the new one is finished.

What is the military definition of a kiss?—Report at head-quarters.

Sitting in a dining-saloon the other morning, daintily worrying the remains of a mutton-chop, a stranger entered and took a seat at one of the little white-covered tables. We knew him at a glance—one of those thin, angular, cadaverous, obstinate fellows, who delight in being contrary, short, snappish, and disagreeably eccentric. "I want a cup of coffee and some sausages." "It's the wrong season for sausages," blandly replied the urbane landlord; "they put the flesh of mad dogs in sausages now." "That's the kind I want, Sir," roared the sallow savage. "Wouldn't a nice plate of ham and eggs answer?" "No!" he bellowed, "if I can't get sausage I won't have any thing." And the last we saw of the landlord he was earnestly inquiring at a neighboring shop for a few links of Bologna to feed his savage customer who preferred the flesh of mad dogs to ham and eggs.

A LASTING DOCUMENT—An iron will.

A wag, strolling with a friend through a country church-yard, called his attention to a grave, the stone of which had no name nor inscription on it.

"This," said H——, "is the grave of the notorious gambler, Mr. B——. You observe that there is no name recorded on the head-stone; but I think I could suggest an appropriate epitaph."

"What would you suggest?" inquired his friend.

"Waiting for the last trump!" was the reply.

Little Carrie, hearing her mother talking about naming the baby, said: "Mamma, why don't you name him Hallowed? It says in my prayer, 'Hallowed be thy name,' and I think it's a very pretty name, too."

TOO SMART FOR THE MINISTER.—An acquaintance of ours, who has a bright, keen little girl in her family, related to us yesterday the following incident:

The family were dining, when the conversation turned upon an excursion about to take place. A clergyman at the table spoke to the little girl, and asked her if she could repeat the alphabet backward. She said, "No, Sir," when the gentleman remarked, "Then you can't go on the excursion." She looked very demure for a moment, when she asked, "Can you say the Lord's Prayer backward?" "No, dear." "Then," replied the girl, "you can't go to heaven." Her interrogator stopped.

A WALKER'S DICTIONARY—The mile-stones.

THE REASON WHY.

A lady once, whose love was sold,
Asked if a reason could be told
Why wedding-rings were made of gold.
I venture to instruct her:
Love and lightning are the same—
On earth they glance, from heaven they came.
Love is the soul's electric flame,
And gold its best conductor.

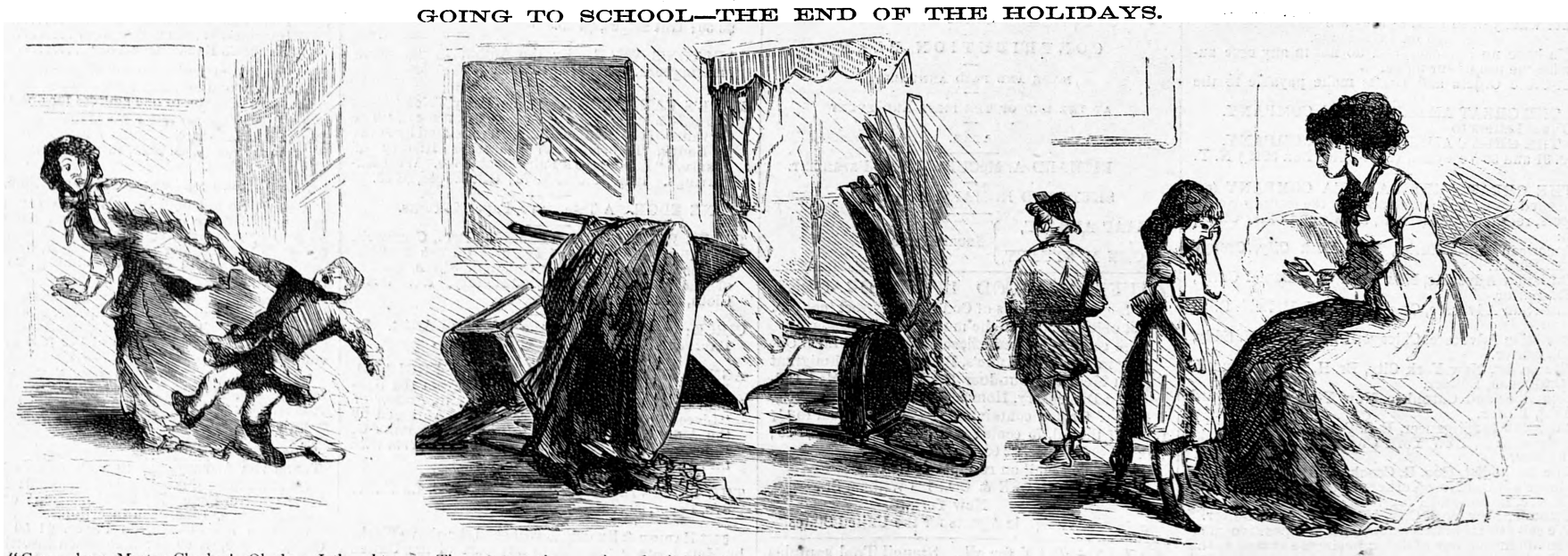
"Sha'n't I see you hum from singing skule to-night, Jerushy?" "No, you sha'n't do no such thing; I don't want you nor your company, Reuben." "P'raps you didn't exactly understand what I said?" "Yes, I did; you asked me if you mightn't see me hum." "W'y, no, I didn't; I only asked you how your marm was!"

"TWO OF A TRADE CAN NEVER AGREE."—This does not apply to gin and bitters.

THE BEST POSSESSION—Self-Possession.

Why is a bed the ground-work of endless falsehood?—You may lie and re-lie on it.

GOING TO SCHOOL—THE END OF THE HOLIDAYS.



"Come along, Master Charles! Oh dear, I thought the holidays would never be over."

The room on the morning of going back to school. Looks as if there had been some trouble in persuading the young gentleman to leave home.

"Well, my daughter, you are going to school to-day."
"Yes, mamma; but not to study. You told Charles to study hard, so as to be a man. I don't want to be a man."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 12.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Home, Walking, and Children's Dresses.

Fig. 1.—Dress for girl 10 years old. Under-skirt of red cashmere. Over-skirt and high-necked waist of black and red velours. Trimming, rouleaux of red cashmere.

Fig. 2.—Dress for boy from 5 to 7 years old. Trowsers and frock of dark-blue cloth. Long-sleeved blouse of red cashmere. Hungarian boots. Round cap of blue cloth, trimmed with fur.

Fig. 3.—Skirt and short dress of dark-gray cloth, elaborately trimmed with black silk cord. Paletot of the same material.

Fig. 4.—Dress for little girl 2 years old. Frock of white cashmere, trimmed with blue silk. Hood and cloak of the same material.

Fig. 5.—Lady's walking dress. Dress and paletot of brown Empress cloth, trimmed with black silk rouleaux. Black velvet bonnet, with lace strings, and trimming of brown foliage.

Lamp Mat.

See illustration, page 180.

THIS lamp mat is easily made, of simple materials. It consists of seven rosettes of red worsted cord, about one-fifth of an inch wide. Six of these rosettes, about three inches in diameter, are arranged around a rosette somewhat larger. The edge of the mat is ornamented with red worsted fringe. The rosettes are made separately. Begin in the centre; take a piece of cord and wind it around, sewing it together, then surround it with a row of loops. The beginning and end of the cord must be well fastened on the wrong side. The six outside rosettes, as is seen in the illustration, have four wound rows and ten loops on the edge. The larger rosette in the centre has five rows and eleven loops. The rosettes, when finished, are overhanded together on the wrong side, as shown in the illustration. A tuft of fringe, composed of five or six strands of red worsted, six inches long, is fastened to each loop of the outer edge.

Crochet Bell-Rope.

See illustration, page 180.

MATERIALS: 14 yards of hemp rope 1¼ inches wide; 5 oz. of 12-fold zephyr; 5 wooden rings, each 2½ inches in diameter; 1 porcelain ring, 3¼ inches in diameter; some strong sewing silk.—This simple and durable bell-rope can be made of any color, to match the furniture of the room. It is worked over strong hemp rope with 12-fold zephyr. At intervals of eight inches a rope is knotted into three pairs of loops, while to the right and left another rope is put through these loops; at regular intervals the three ropes are also put through a ring. The original is about 2¼ yards long. To make this, cut the rope in two pieces, one of which should be five, and the other nine yards long. Then crochet over them in slip stitch, as shown in the illustration. Wind the thread around the rope, carrying it down behind the rope and bringing it up in front; then pull it through the loop as seen in the engraving. The shorter rope is bent at the middle, so as to appear like two ropes. Around this wind the larger rope, beginning about one and a third yards from the end. The width of the bell-rope, where the knots are made, is about seven inches. The knots are about six inches long, four inches above each knot. Carry all three of the ropes through a wooden ring that has been crocheted over in the same manner as the rope. Leave four inches again after the second knot, etc. Fasten the lower end of the rope to a wooden ring; at the same time attach the porcelain ring, which has also been covered over with crochet work.

HOME, WALKING, AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

Lace Embroidery for Cravat.

See illustration, page 180.

THIS embroidery is executed on black or white lace, in whatever colored silk may be preferred. The coarseness of the silk must correspond with the thickness of the lace. Draw the silk through the holes of the lace, by taking one thread in the needle and passing over the next two holes. The ● and × in the design indicate the places for inserting and taking out the needle. This kind of embroidery is well suited to cravats, tidies, doyleys, mats, etc.

Lamp Shade.

See illustration, page 180.

MATERIALS: String beads in three shades of green and white lace. This lamp shade is made of white lace covered with three shades of green beads, each one shade darker than the other. Each bead must be large enough to cover a hole of the lace. The upper and lower edges of the lamp shade are ornamented by bead stitches put on obliquely and close together. Those on the upper edge are sewed over something laid under to make it larger. Cut the lamp shade from lace the required size. Draw on this curved lines, as shown in the illustration, and turn the edge down, making a narrow hem; then sew the beads on the lace in oblique rows, following the rows of lace, leaving one or two holes between. The accompanying illustration distinctly shows the manner in which these beads are to be sewed on. Be careful to notice the curved lines which mark the limit of the different shades. Set a strand consisting of ten threads of green zephyr worsted and fine wire in the upper edge of the lamp shade, and cover this with beads put on obliquely and close together; and at the same time stitch over the narrow hem. The lower edge is surrounded by beads in the same way, but nothing is set therein, for which reason fewer beads are needed. For this border all the three shades are required.

Knitted Cover for Flat-Iron.

See illustration, page 180.

THIS cover is made of red and white worsted and white enameled buttons, and is intended to protect the iron from rust and dust when not in use. The original is made of red and white zephyr worsted, in the so-called clasp stitch. The following six rows are knitted back and forth as follows: 1st row of red worsted, all in purl stitch. 2d row in plain knitting; these two rows both look like purl stitch on the right side. 3d row of white worsted; knit four stitches plain, and slip two alternately; the thread must be behind the two slip stitches. From the 4th to the 6th row knit like the 3d row. Attention must be paid to the right and left side of the work, so that the rows knitted of white worsted appear on the right side like plain knitting. The two slip stitches in the former row are also slipped in these three rows, but on the wrong side the thread under these must be in front of the stitches. After the 6th row, two other rows like the 1st and 3d must be worked; then the design is changed, so that the two stitches are now in the middle of those worked with white worsted. The cover must be of the same size as the iron for which it is designed. To knit the bottom, cast on a row of stitches corresponding with the square side of the iron, and knit as has been before described. To make the point of the bottom, narrow, by knitting (on both sides) after the beginning and before the last stitch—two stitches in

one. The upper cover of the iron, which is afterward sewed to the bottom, is knitted half-way in two parts. Begin each half on the wide side with the necessary amount of stitches; knit till sufficiently long; then take the whole number of stitches on one needle and finish the parts together, narrowing according to the shape of the iron. The edges of the opening are provided with small enameled buttons and loops, for fastening at the middle of the upper part. The part which covers the opening at the back is worked last. Take up the stitches from the bottom, and knit a piece as long as wanted, shaping it to fit to the iron. The upper part of the cover is sewed to the bottom; this seam, as well as the outer edge of the cover, is ornamented by single crochet, which is worked alternately with red and white worsted.

Lace Embroidery for Tidies, etc.

See Illustration, page 180.

THIS embroidery is wrought with black or colored worsted on strong black or white lace, for tidies, covers, etc. The illustration shows the manner of working, a kind of cross-stitch being employed. One stitch is seen half completed. To finish the same, put the needle in at ●, and draw it through at ×.

Crochet Cord Fringe.

See Illustration, page 180.

THIS fringe may be used for trimming bed and cradle covers, curtains, etc. The original is made of round cotton cord, of the size shown in the illustration, and of knitting cotton (Estremadura, No. 4). For the first pattern of fringe work the lower row of loops. With the cord form a loop, and fasten it by means of a slip-stitch in crochet. Then work in this row two rows of button-hole stitch. The first row is made close and the second row loose, as is shown in the illustration. The last row is crocheted over in single crochet. The tufts of fringe, composed of six threads each seven inches long, are knotted in the lower row of loops. For the second pattern of fringe make a four-strand braid of the cord. On one side the cord is wound as is seen in the illustration; the other side is crocheted over with single crochet. The tufts of fringe are the same as in the first pattern of fringe.

Mirror for Completing Embroidery Patterns.

See Illustration, page 180.

MANY embroidered patterns represent only a part of the whole, making it difficult to obtain an idea of the general effect of the design. The mirror shown in the illustration remedies this, and by means of an optical illusion reproduces the whole pattern from the small section given. For this two plates of fine looking-glass, each about 9½ inches long, and 5½ inches wide, are covered on the wrong side with linen, and joined together at the two narrow sides. A narrow binding is put on the outer edge. If these glasses are placed in the position shown in the engraving, close to the unfinished embroidery pattern, at an angle, the parts wanting will appear in the mirror, and the complete picture will be seen.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1868.

A LOAF OF BREAD.

BREAD deserves its metaphorical appellation of *the staff* of life. The experience of ages has proved, and modern chemistry shows, that alone it is capable of nourishing the human body. It contains the three constituents, gluten, sugar, and oil, which are essential to the support of animal existence.

The ordinary process of making wheaten bread consists of grinding the grains of wheat into powder, which, after sifting out the bran or husks of the seed, forms what is known as flour. This is then mixed with water and yeast into dough, and, after having been vigorously moved or kneaded, is placed in a warm situation to *rise* as it is called. It is then put into a hot oven and baked, after which it is ready for eating. The *rising* is nothing but a mechanical action, and consists of the separation of the particles of the dough by the gas, engendered by the fermentation, pushing its way through the yielding substance in its natural effort to escape.

The gas which produces this effect is generated by the action of the yeast upon the natural starch of the flour, which it converts first into sugar and then into alcohol and carbonic acid. The alcohol, or spirit, is almost entirely dissipated in the course of baking. The carbonic acid is the gas which performs the essential function of separating the particles of dough, or causing it to *rise*, and thus renders the bread *light*.

The separation of the bran or the husks of the grain is an unwise concession, according to science, to the daintiness of human taste. Its caprice demands what is pleasing to the eye as well as agreeable to the palate, and therefore prefers white to brown bread. The latter, however, made of unbolted flour, or of wheat with its bran or husks, is more nutritious than the former. A great waste of wholesome food is the consequence of the common rejection of the bran, which, moreover, is useful to digestion, acting mechanically, as the pebbles in a fowl's gizzard, by aiding in the trituration of the food.

It is generally supposed that fresh is less wholesome than stale bread. This may be true of the bread, as generally made in the United States, which ordinarily is not sufficiently kneaded, and is formed into too large loaves to be thoroughly baked. The French knead their bread much more thoroughly than we do, and by this process facilitating the movement of the gas, render it very light. Their forms of loaves, though often as long as a walking-stick, are never so thick as ours, and they thus become more thoroughly baked. Bread fresh from the oven is generally eaten in France, and while it is more palatable than the stale, produces no ill effect upon the eater.

Rye has almost the same composition as wheat, and is equally adapted for common use. This grain, however, is sometimes diseased, when it is known as "spurred rye." In the poorer districts of France, where a famishing want often prevents the discrimination of choice, the rye is frequently consumed even in the state of disease, and the most disastrous consequences ensue. Wholesome rye, however, though not so agreeable to the general taste, as a nutritious article of food is in no respect inferior to wheat.

Indian meal, or the flour of the maize, has nutritious qualities equal to those of wheat and rye, and has in addition a much larger proportion of oil. It is, therefore, particularly well adapted for food in cold weather, as its oil supplies a goodly proportion of the carbon or charcoal, essential to the combustion on which depends the heat of the body. The practice of mixing it with wheaten flour in making bread is a good one. As it can not by itself be made into a light, spongy loaf, it will never be received by the general palate as a constant substitute for wheat and rye.

Oats, which crusty Dr. Johnson defined in his dictionary as "food for men in Scotland and horses in England," is not only good equine provender, but a most excellent article of human diet. The only wholesome way, however, in which it can be consumed is in the form of what the Scotch call *parritch* or porridge. When formed into cakes or loaves it requires the stomach of a horse or a North-countryman to digest.

Buckwheat is almost the equal of wheaten flour in nutritious qualities, and when mixed, if well mixed, and made into light cakes may be eaten, as these are daily eaten with us, to the full capacity of the human stomach. They are not only delicious, but wholesome.

PRECOCITY.

OUR Western civilization lives in a very stimulating atmosphere. Its lungs feed on rather more than the usual twenty per cent. of oxygen, so that its highly arterialized blood floats an unwonted degree of fire to its brain and nerves. Fast thinking and fast living seem to be closely connected with life upon a new continent. Young people naturally catch the contagious joy, and to them there is something fascinating in the open privilege of anticipating their years. Tradition fixes a certain limit of time, on arriving at which young men are supposed to be of age. It undertakes the same good office for young ladies. But outside of legal technicalities it is mostly a gratuitous service which our youngsters are not inclined to accept. Let us not think, however, that the germ of this evil is found in our civilization. Evelyn speaks of "divers forward and precoce youths." All the American modesty can claim is, that it has carried the art of precocity to a perfection not hitherto deemed attainable. This originality ought to content the very moderate vanity in which we allow ourselves to indulge on exceptional occasions.

Yet it is noteworthy that this precocity among us is something specific. The genus is of the race; the species exclusively ours. Since we never consider any thing ours until we Americanize it, precocity must share the common fate by submitting to the process of transformation. Across the Atlantic they seem to have no trouble of this sort, except in the item of intellectual precocity. The old philologists tell us that the word "precocity" comes from *præ* and *coquere*, which mean to ripen or to cook beforehand; and as our transatlantic friends neither have as much sunshine nor do as much cooking as we, the reason is obvious why precocity is at a minimum on their half of the globe. But even in the matter of intellect we are more than a match for them—we mean in precocious intellect—and it is doubtful if the aggregate of Europe in this respect would equal the sum total in our States of premature genius. Thoughtful men in England are alarmed at the idea of "a generation of prigs." The new degree of "A.A.," which has been instituted at Oxford, is sharply criticised; and it is urged that "this dubious mark of superiority is attained, be it remembered, not at the comparatively mature age of twenty-one or twenty-two, at which university men, as a rule, meet in the final race which often fixes a man's lot for life. Sixteen or seventeen is, we believe, the outside term of years at which competitors come within the pale of these new-fangled distinctions." But we can assure them that "a generation of prigs" soon disposes of itself by the natural laws of exhaustion; or if these fail, a host of enemies swarm for its ruin. Too early blossoms invite frost, and the frost is pretty sure to accept the invitation. Or, to vary the figure, young colts that are put to a very free use of their legs are certain to spend their subsequent days in neglected stables or in bleak pastures.

How far the young mind may be safely stimulated is yet an open question. No rule can be laid down for all cases. Early in life some minds show wonderful power, take instant leadership among their fellows, and vindicate their title to the elect among men. To repress such is cruelly ruinous. But while every generation has intellects that, like Alexander, Watts, and Bonaparte, prophesy greatness from childhood, others, like Wellington, Walter Scott, Patrick Henry, and Webster, give no special promise of splendid success. Then, too, there is a third class of minds that blossom in amazing fertility and expire in the effort. But, as a general principle, mind waits on time and excites no large expectations until it is prepared to fulfill them.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to Camilla.

MY DEAR CAMILLA,—I called upon you on New-Year's Day. You did not know it, but I was there; and I came especially to study your manners upon such an occasion. Don't try to recall me, because you did not look behind the orange-tree in the corner of the hall where I stood and watched you, and of course, therefore, you did not see me. Perhaps you did not even see the orange-tree! But you will see it some day. Yes: yes, some day you yourself will be a more beautiful orange-tree than the one that sheltered me, and its flowers will bloom upon your head, and you, too, dear girl, far on in the years that I may not see, will stand erect and many-branching, and superb with your golden fruit clustered about you.

You will think that I have not recovered from my complimentary, holiday tone, and that I imagine myself to be still under the orange-tree whispering between the glistening leaves to the "fairer flowers" who float down the stairs—or how is it that a beautiful woman descends a staircase, floating and gliding and rustling?—and pass into the drawing-room. But no; I am not complimenting. What is complimenting? That is a very fundamental question in manners. If I had said to Jenny Lind in those incredible days when I was sometimes admitted to dine with her, and when, after dinner, she sat at the piano and sang the songs of the North, "Dear lady, how exquisitely you sing!" should I have been flattering or complimenting? Is truth-telling flattery? Is it a compliment to say to my young neighbor who goes so blithely along the street upon her morning walk, "Miss Clara, you carry your rosebuds in your cheeks?" She certainly does carry them; and you, my dear Camilla, may hunt through the Fulton Market or any other of the sweet city gardens, and you will not find so rosy a rose as I find under Clara's little hat.

And yet if my young nephew the collegian, of whom I spoke in a letter to a person whom I presume you do not know—a certain young missionary—had met any Miss Clara when he was a fine young senior of twenty-one, and had said, "Good-morning, Miss Clara, with the beautiful rose in your cheek," I confess that I should have whispered, very decidedly, "Hush, you rascal!" And if my nephew had turned upon me my own battery, and had said, "Uncle Bach, is truth-telling flattery? She certainly *has* a beautiful rose in her cheek," what do you think I should have said to him? I should have said merely, "My dear nephew, there are things which a man of threescore may say to a young woman of a score which a youth of the same age should not say."

Don't ask me for a reason, Camilla. You understand it quite as well as I do. If I had whispered to you out of the orange-tree on New-Year's morning, "Camilla, how beautiful you are to-day!" you would have smiled pleasantly and have said to me, "Good-morning, Mr. Bachelor, a happy New-Year to you!" And I think you would have added, "and a great many of them," if you had not thought down in the bottom of your tender heart that perhaps I did not care for a great, great many more; or that, at any rate, being an—an—an *elderly* man, it might not be altogether pleasant to suggest the lapse of time. And that, dear Camilla, I call, under the circumstances, the best of manners. But as I was saying—if that young man who came at about half past one o'clock, that handsome, frank-faced, manly fellow—if, in a word, Edward had planted himself behind the orange-tree and had whispered as you passed by, "Camilla, how beautiful you are to-day!" why, my dear child, I think you would at that moment have more than justified what he said, but I do not believe you would have spoken a word. The same words would have meant one thing from me and a very different thing from Edward.

Good-manners, then, require not only that what we say be in itself true, but that it be said in a manner and under circumstances that will not deceive. If it is meant to deceive—if it is not intended to mean all that it may naturally be supposed to mean, then it is a compliment merely, and it is not in the highest sense generous or kind. When old Blatherskite turns round at table to the charming young woman whom heavenly fate has permitted him (because some Edward failed to appear) to hand in to dinner, and says to her, in a kind of hoarse shout, "My dear Miss Lucy, you look like an angel, and I feel like a peri feasting in Paradise," neither Miss Lucy nor any body else supposes that it is more than a compliment. It is a pretty speech in which Mr. Blatherskite says that he thinks Lucy is a pretty girl. No harm is done, nobody is deceived; and every body sips his soup and smiles a little ridiculous old Blatherskite.

But when Edward from behind the orange-tree whispers to you, dear Camilla, that you look beautifully—ah! ah! that is a very different thing. His speech is a vocal palimpsest. (Do you know that a palimpsest is an old parchment manuscript written over with later letters and another meaning?) Beneath his words there is a significance which does not appear. He means something that he does not say. More than that, he intends that you shall understand him to mean something else than he says. Now, if he means also to stand truly to what he wishes you to believe, it is all right, and he is in the right place to say it when he is under the orange-tree. But if he is merely complimenting—if he is saying something which he knows you can not help thinking means what he does not intend, and shelters himself under the plea that his words do not necessarily have any further significance—then he is a mere flirt; he is playing with you, Camilla; he sees that you care more for him than he cares for you, and he is base enough to entrap you into the confession.

For you do confess. The rose on your cheek, as it deepens and deepens its hue, says more and more truly, "Yes, yes, I do." And the silence which you keep shouts out, until to my heart it rings through the house, and I wonder it does not interrupt the drivel of "compliments of the season" in the parlor, "Yes, yes, I do." And the smile that steals over your face, until your very soul seems smiling through all your body, whispers to Edward and to me, "Yes, yes, I do." *That* is the response which he gets from you for saying to you the very same words to which, when I said them, you merely and pleasantly answered, "Good-morning, Mr. Bachelor, a happy New-Year to you!"

However, don't be troubled. I am very sure that Edward will never say any thing to you merely as a compliment. If he ever should stand behind that orange-tree and say that you are beautiful, he will mean that of all women you are the most beautiful to him, and that he does not dare to say more, because he is not sure what the rose in your cheek would answer. But if Tom says it, then the more sentimentally he insists upon it, the more must you laugh at him. When he says, "Miss Camilla, how beautiful you are to-day," reply to him, "Yes, Mr. Tom, how handsome *you* are to-day!" You and your friends can very easily muzzle these fine young gentlemen if you choose. Remember, Camilla, that no man compliments—in the sense we have now given to the word—a woman whom he truly respects. He means something or nothing. If the former, it is not a compliment; if the latter, it is almost an insult.

My old friend, the Reverend Doctor Blunt, one of the kindliest and most courteous of men, used to tell me, when we spoke of this momentous subject, that he offered himself to his wife in a compliment.

"Pooh! Blunt," said I, "you are a minister of the Gospel!"

"And therefore I tell the truth," replied Blunt; "and I told it to my wife. For I said to her one lovely evening in June fifty-two years ago"—and thereupon the Reverend Doctor went into details which I will not now repeat—"Jane," said I, "when I was in Venice I used to feel that the height of earthly happiness would be to float about the canals of Venice with the head of a virtuous woman whom I loved in my lap; and oh! Jane, I wish that *you* were floating with me about the canals of Venice, and that *your* head were in my lap! You see," said my friend the Reverend Doctor Blunt, "I called her a virtuous woman. To most women," and here his sweet old eyes twinkled, "that might have been a compliment, but to Mrs. Blunt it was merely the truth."

Dear Camilla, I see that I am as garrulous as the late Reverend Doctor Blunt. But who wouldn't be garrulous talking to you from under an orange-tree! Don't forget that no man merrily "compliments" a woman whom he truly respects; and when Edward asks you when you will put the orange flowers from the old tree in your hair and you have answered him, don't forget also to tell your New Year and Old Year friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

MISS MULOCH'S NEW NOVEL.

IN the January Number of *Harper's Magazine*, among many good things, is the beginning of "The Woman's Kingdom," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," a story which she promises us shall be "a thorough love story." Indeed, she declares that she does not pretend to make it any thing else. "There are other things in life besides love," says our delightful author, telling the truth in every word; "but every body who has lived at all knows that love is the very heart of life, the pivot upon which its whole machinery turns; without which no human existence can be complete; and with which, however broken and worn in part, it can still go on working somehow, and working to a comparative useful and cheerful end." Fully penetrated with this truth, the author of "A Noble Life" has here begun a most sweet and charming prose idyl of domestic life, and with all the grace and facility of her accomplished hand. The scenes are very natural and of the utmost interest, nor will any reader make himself acquainted with Edna and Letty without resolving to follow their fortunes to the end.

"THE MOONSTONE."

THOSE of our readers who have perused the opening chapters of "The Moonstone," by WILKIE COLLINS, in *Harper's Weekly* for January 4, will probably agree with us that it is in the very best manner of the author. The spell begins at once; mystery and superstition; the strange and vivid contrast of ancient India and modern England; the working out in the events of common life to-day of the traditional powers of a yellow diamond—all these are precisely the material for the curiously analytical genius and vivid pictorial talent of COLLINS, and promise us one of the most skillful and exciting of recent stories. The scenes and characters in the first Number are admirably managed. Gabriel Betteredge, the house-steward of Lady Verinder, tells the inmost secret of himself in telling the family history; and the appearance of the three Hindoos upon the warm terrace of the English country house, softly beating their drums and carefully looking about, is a master-touch. Like all WILKIE COLLINS's stories, the "Moonstone" is written to be published serially, and should so be read.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BONNETS have at length settled themselves into shape for the winter. They are not increased in size, indeed are rather abridged in some particulars. The Fanchon is exceedingly small, and is still a favorite. The Marie Antoinette, shorn of some of its disagreeable features, is also worn; but the most popular hat is a medium between these. It is short at the ears like the Empire bonnet, is fitted snugly to the head, has a brim and the upper half of a crown, and is exceedingly comfortable. Black velvet bonnets of this shape, the material laid plain on the frame, trimmed with folds of the same or of satin, are neat and stylish. A band of scarlet velvet is over the forehead, with a cluster of rose-buds on the left. Narrow satin strings and Spanish veils are worn with these shapes as well as the Fanchon. A few of the feather and fur bonnets, now so fashionable in Europe, have just been imported. The feathers used are those of the grebe and pheasant. The white and pearl-gray grebes are bound with green, or scarlet, or blue velvet, while bonnets of dark pheasants' feathers have a fall of brown lace, and are trimmed with ornaments of gold and cut-steel. Seal-skin is the handsomest fur for bonnets. When the best quality of the fur is used it rivals velvet in elegance, and is warm and comfortable without being heavy. The weight of fur bonnets has hitherto been the great barrier to their success. Chinchilla is also another smooth, light fur much used. Some Astrakhan and Persiani bonnets are imported, with cloaks and muffs to correspond; but they look clumsy and heavy. Flat round toquets and turbans, both of fur and feathers, are worn with short promenade suits. They are also well adapted for skating costumes.

STREET SUITS.

Among some walking suits just completed is a pretty one with petticoat of blue silk. Around this skirt are two bias ruffles, five inches wide, bound on both sides, and gathered by a cord an inch from the top. The peplum over-skirt is cut in scalloped leaves and bound. It is left open at the sides and caught together by rosettes, or dahlias of silk, each petal showing separately. A half-fitting sacque of blue plush is worn for wrapping. Black silk is furnished to the purchaser for waist and sleeves. The price is $150. Another is a visiting dress of purple silk. The skirt just escapes the floor. In the centre of each width is a long tab of black velvet, embroidered with fine jet. An apron of velvet almost covers the upper part of the front width. A long pelisse of black corded silk, worn over this skirt, is made loose and confined at the waist by a belt and sash. The body and skirt are both turned back *en revers*, disclosing the velvet apron. A band of bias velvet, headed by guipure passementerie, surrounds the pelisse, and trims the sleeves. With material for waist and sleeves of this dress the price is also $150.

Silk skirts, black and colored, are imported ready-made and trimmed in Parisian style. They are to be worn beneath over-dresses made to order. One of black has two bias flounces trimmed with gay Persian ribbon. Large medallions of Persian embroidery are set on the ruffles at intervals. Another of blue gros grain has folds of blue satin arranged in squares around the skirt. Large rosettes are in the centres of the squares.

Suits of black satin and of silk velvet are used for church and for visiting. These dresses are not so extravagant as they appear at the first glance. Very little material is required to make them, and that is sufficiently handsome to dispense with elaborate trimming. On satin dresses folds of the same arranged in Greek blocks, or crocheted passementerie without jet, is a handsome trimming. Belts over the paletot or redingote are formed of folds, to which are attached three large jet rings. A wide satin sash, ornamented with passementerie, is looped through the rings. Bands of fur are most suitable for velvet. Gray and black Astrakhan, seal-skin, or chinchilla are preferred.

The new figured velveteens are much admired, and are much less expensive than velvet. Dark shades of purple and brown are striped with satin of the same shade; others are spotted with small dots, and again there is a latticed pattern. Maroon is a favorite color in these goods, but we see more purple costumes at present than any other color.

For plainer suits cloth and serge are the most acceptable material. Sailor's blue, Humboldt purple, and olive green are fashionably worn. The trimming is embroidery in silk or a wide black worsted braid. These costumes are suitable for shopping and morning walks, and should be made plainly, without any effort at display. The bonnet and gloves should be of the same shade.

LACE AND INDIA MUSLIN.

White toilettes are very fashionable this winter for evening. We have in previous numbers described models in tulle, tarletane, poplin, silk, and satin. In addition to these we have seen some ball-dresses in India muslin and lace. At a children's party, given during the holidays, it was the pretty conceit of the hostess to dress her little daughter of five years old in a dress like her own. The under-dresses were of pink satin, low-necked, round corsage, and skirts gored alike with the difference only of a train for the mamma and a quilled border around the demoiselle's short skirt. The over-dress was of Valenciennes lace; the whole garment, body, sleeves, and skirt, formed by alternate rows of plain Valenciennes insertion, and others on which were medallions of embroidery. The exquisite needle-work designed for these dresses was made here, and is as handsome as if imported from Paris. The insertion on the large dress is six inches wide and the lace bordering the skirt is wider still. A pink satin sash with fringed ends fastened behind with three large loops.

A pretty and inexpensive dress of India muslin is to be worn over a gored under-dress of blue silk. The low-necked full bodice is gathered into a belt. Bretelles, which, by-the-way, are again in vogue, of cambric insertion and Valenciennes lace, begin at the belt in front, passing over the shoulders to the belt in the back. The space between the bretelles is filled in with puffs of muslin separated by cambric insertion, with fluted Valenciennes around the neck. Through embroidered eyelets in the insertion is passed narrow blue velvet ribbon, three rows on each band. The sleeves are short puffs, covered by the lace bretelles. The skirt is shaped by cutting out triangular pieces from the belt to the knee. The bias seams are joined by insertion with narrow lace on each side. Below the knee are two wide puffs separated by similar bands. A fluted ruffle six inches wide finishes the skirt. Blue belt with long sash.

A simple evening dress for a child is composed entirely of Victoria lawn. The bell-shaped skirt is formed of puffs separated by tucked bands, five narrow tucks on each band. A fluted flounce around the edge is also tucked. The puffed yoke is very high about the throat and pointed in front and back. Coat sleeves puffed around the wrist and up the outer seam. This is worn over a gored slip of cherry-colored glacé silk. The price is $50.

A handsome dinner dress is of green silk shot with white; demi-train, two yards and a quarter from the belt to the floor, bordered with white velvet leaves, the veins of which are embroidered with silk. A wide white fringe below the leaves reaches almost to the edge of the skirt. Three bands of white satin run down the front seams to the knee where they are finished by leaves and fringe. Low round waist with bertha of leaves and long sash. The trimming on this dress is peculiarly elegant and appropriate.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

For the convenience of dancers short ball dresses are coming into favor. The trains now so necessary for full dress are objects of censure to gentlemen, and occasion a good deal of annoyance to their wearers. The new Pompadour trains are more easily managed, as they are left open in front and may be thrown over the arm in a crowd.

Dresses for demi-toilette are lapped at the waist in the redingote style. A velvet ribbon or the fashionable jeweled collar with a locket is worn around the neck.

Bretelles of black velvet and guipure lace are fashionably worn with self-colored dresses of empress cloth or velours. Sailor collars of fine linen, deeply pointed at the side, are pretty for morning wear.

A morning dress for sea-voyages is of Petersham cloth, a kind of tufted French flannel, in alternate blocks of purple and white, with a purple tuft, somewhat resembling Astrakhan cloth. The garment is cut in a loose Gabrielle, confined at the waist with a belt of the same material. A pointed hood, lined with purple silk, is attached to this wrapper, making it a comfortable dress for deck-promenades on ship-board. The price is $30.

An India mull christening robe is worn over pale-blue satin. The garment is a yard and a half long. The first width and half a yard around the skirt is entirely formed of embroidery and Valenciennes lace. Large, needle-worked medallions are surrounded with fluted lace, and Valenciennes medallions are set in bands of mull. The lace around the skirt is four inches wide. A narrow belt of folds of blue satin is ornamented with leaves of lace and a long sash bordered with narrow Valenciennes. $250 is the price.

An infant's cloak, handsome enough to accompany this dress, is marked $125. The material is white French merino. The large, square upper cape is entirely covered with embroidery in white floss. A wide white fringe surrounds the cape, and meets a needle-worked border on the cloak proper. It is lined throughout with soft white silk.

A black velvet paletot of a new design is pointed like a shawl in front and back. It folds over the arm, and conceals coat sleeves that are made for warmth, and not display. It is trimmed with a wide flounce of thread lace, headed by crocheted passementerie.

An ingenious and useful novelty just introduced is a new cloth plate attached to the Wheeler & Wilson sewing-machine, which will produce a lock-stitch, a double-loop stitch, and an ornamental stitch for braiding or embroidery. Three threads of different colors may be introduced into the braiding pattern if desired, and it can be easily adjusted to materials of every thickness, from the sheerest muslin to heavy cloth or velvet. The work when finished resembles star-braiding. The price is $10.

A new and decided improvement in the putting up of needles has just been introduced. The best English needles are packed in small cylinders lined with tin, which protect the needles from rust, and these cylinders again are set into small fancy caskets, which are portable and convenient. Each cylinder contains the same number of needles as an ordinary paper, and is cheaper withal.

A word about merino under-garments. The best articles of this kind are the Norfolk and New Brunswick goods of American manufacture, which possess the advantage of being knit by an automatic machine that widens and narrows of itself, and thus makes an almost seamless garment. In the English flannels the widened parts are knit separately, and afterward sewed on. It is a singular fact, and one creditable to American ingenuity, that, after the construction of an effective automatic machine that should widen and narrow had been experimented on for a hundred and fifty years and finally pronounced a mechanical impossibility in England, it should have been successfully achieved by an American inventor.

For the information given we are indebted to the courtesy of Madame DIEDEN, Madame FERRERO, Madame FLAMMÉ, Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co., LORD & TAYLOR, C. G. GUNTHER & SONS, J. J. HINCHMAN, and many others of the leading modistes and merchants of New York.

PERSONAL.

MR. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT receives from Mr. ROBERT BONNER $3000 for three poems for the *Ledger*—the largest sum ever paid any author for the same number of words. We have often wondered if the following lines, written by one of the best poets of the time, were not intended for MR. BONNER:

"I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait—two, forty-five—
Suits me; I do not care;—
Perhaps for just a single spurt,
Some seconds less would do no hurt."

—We hear that Mr. WM. C. PRIME, for some years past managing editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, has withdrawn from routine duty, though retaining his proprietary interest in that paper. Mr. PRIME is one of the ablest and most conscientious of American journalists, and richly deserves the handsome pecuniary results that have come to the establishment while under his direction.

—It is said that the lady who has become Mrs. Indian Chief PARKER was not Miss SACKETT, after all, but a daughter of AMODIO, the singer. After AMODIO's death Mrs. A. married Colonel SACKETT, of Oneida county, and is now a widow for the second time, Colonel S. having been killed while leading a charge at Trevaillon Station, Virginia, during SHERIDAN'S raid up the Valley. MRS. PARKER is nineteen, and quite handsome. Colonel P. is head chief of the Senecas. The writer has known him from childhood. He succeeded old JOHN BLACKSMITH (a very able man) as head of the tribe, and always wears around his neck, though usually not in sight, the silver medal given by WASHINGTON to RED JACKET, who was the immediate predecessor of BLACKSMITH. The council house of the tribe, a neat wooden building, painted white, is at Tonawanda, Genesee county, New York, about eight miles from Batavia. Most of the "noble red men" of the tribe who are left are well-to-do farmers. Their lands are of unsurpassed fertility. Although in the main intelligent, and somewhat educated, and surrounded by wealthy and educated neighbors, they are a people by themselves. By the laws of the State they are not allowed to vote nor serve as jurors.

—REV. MONCURE D. CONWAY, formerly of this country, but now a Unitarian clergyman in London, is one of the literary notables of that town. Besides b[e]ing pastor of a church he is on the staff of *Fraser's Magazine*, writes for the *Fortnightly Review*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and corresponds for several newspapers. He is the author of the clever papers on the Paris Exhibition that appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, and is a lean, active, genial gentleman.

—ELLIOTT, the painter, and PALMER, the sculptor, reside at Albany, and are great cronies. Both have advanced the prices of their wares. ELLIOTT declines to furnish a good article of portrait for less than $500 (bust, simply), $1000 for bust and hands, and $5000 for the total person. PALMER has marked up his prices to $1500 and $2000 for busts. He uses about one hundred and fifty tools, made by himself—his own inventive powers being remarkable. Both artists are fine talkers.

—MRS. HENRIETTA FIELD, wife of the editor of the *Evangelist*, has been writing neat letters to that paper from Paris, where she has had chatty interviews with Miss MULOCH (now MRS. CRAIK), author of "John Halifax," and with MRS. CHARLES, author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family." She says that "MRS. CHARLES is still young and eminently English, of small, slight figure, whose modest, timid manners at once engage interest and sympathy." And she says that "Miss MULOCH, before her marriage, supported by her pen her little domestic circle, an aged father and a beloved brother, whom she educated only to see him cut down by the reaper Death."

—Emulating the success that has attended the labors of General UPTON, in his book of "Tactics," recently ordered to be used in the armies of the United States, the KING of SWEDEN has in press a pamphlet, entitled "Ideas About Modern Tactics," in which he proposes to show that a small and good army is preferable to a large one imperfectly trained. That is just what General UPTON *has* demonstrated. The profits of the King's book go to the establishment of primary schools in Lapland. The profits of General U.'s book go into the *porte-monnaie* of General U.

—They tell many droll stories of GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, but none more absurd than this: MRS. ELLETT, one of our eminent authors, when in London some years since, was astonished one day to get a card from Mr. TRAIN with his compliments, asking if he could do any thing for her. She replied that she wanted to travel on the Continent, and would like to find a small party to go with. G. F. T. immediately advertised for a "small party" to travel with MRS. ELLETT on the Continent, and the poor woman was actually alarmed at having several infants sent to her residence as traveling companions.

—Bishop QUINTARD, of Tennessee, recently administered the rite of confirmation for the Archbishop of York—*the first time such a service was ever performed in England by an American bishop.* Bishop QUINTARD is having great success in raising funds to endow the University of the South. It seems to be taking the form of a testimonial of brotherly feeling from England to the people of the Southern States.

—MRS. RONALDS, well known in New York society for her varied accomplishments, is creating a marked sensation in the *salons* of Paris by her splendid singing, and is pronounced, as an amateur, to be without a rival. Mr. VANZANT, an amateur tenor, is also the subject of laudatory paragraphs.

—It was an unlucky day, for her, on which MRS. MOLYNEAUX, of Allerton Hall, England, became a shareholder in the Royal Bank, which recently failed. The call for £10 a share amounted in her case to £120,000. She had also £30,000 on deposit in the bank, and was the largest shareholder. She has just deceased.

—Fresh little items concerning the late FITZ-GREENE HALLECK are constantly finding their way into type. "BURLEIGH," one of the cleverest of the New York correspondents for outlying portions of the country, says that he found him "genial, pleasant, full of information and anecdote, with no shade of pedantry, and making every one feel very much at home in his society. He was very partial to the company of young people, and they, in turn, were strongly attracted to him. He lived with a maiden sister, older than himself, in a large frame-house a good deal older than either, shadowed by stately trees and surrounded by flowering shrubs—a quiet, dreamy home, just fitted to a poet's musing mood—but in spite of its venerable shadows, often made luminous and musical with the bright faces and ringing laughter of children. I do not know which he enjoyed the most, the visits of his young friends or the companionship, necessarily infrequent, of his former literary associates, or the perusal of his favorite authors. Between these, and an occasional visit to the city, he passed his time.

—Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, the cleverest comedian that this country has produced, having come to the conclusion that

"The world well tried—the sweetest thing in life
Is the unclouded welcome of a wife,"

proceeded to act upon it on the 20th ult., by persuading Miss MARY A. WARREN, of Chicago, to become his wife. The lady who thus

"Changed her local habitation and her name,"

is the daughter of the late treasurer of M. NICKER'S theatre and niece of JOHN B. RICE (an old actor), Mayor of Chicago.

—People view things differently. The popular notion is that a wife has greater intrinsic value than a sewing-machine. A contrary notion seems to prevail at East Haddam, Connecticut, where a few days ago LYDIA HOLMES, while her husband was asleep, took $200 from his pocket, went to the barn, harnessed the horses, took several sewing-machines, watches, etc., and started for New London. Next day her disgusted lord followed, with an officer, but wife had got off to Boston. ELIJAH (that is the husband) says he should like to recover the goods, but *would* be willing to part with the wife. The proceeding is in all respects irregular.

—LONGFELLOW, HOLMES, LOWELL, and other book people of Boston, are to give dinners to DICKENS before he leaves the country. Instead of "a feast of reason and *flow* of soul" they will have a regular *freshet.*

—A full, life-size statue of EDWARD EVERETT is being chiseled by POWERS. It represents him in the attitude of delivering his oration upon WASHINGTON. It is understood that POWERS proposes to present this to some public body that will prepare a suitable place for it.

—The Empress EUGENIE received not long since a birth-day present from the Emperor of Austria that would have extorted the admiration of Sir CHARLES CHICKERING or Mr. STEINWAY. It was a piano-forte in rosewood, elaborately carved, adorned with mosaics, and valued at 20,000 francs. When the instrument arrived Prince PONIATOWSKI and Count LATOUR MAUBOURG, two eminent musical *virtuosi*, who happened to be in the Empress's apartments, were at once requested to test the musical powers of the piano, and found its tone to be superb.

—OFFENBACH, the "Gerolstein" man, realizes much coin from his works, and lives in fine style. His new opera, "Robinson Crusoe," is a great success. The first four representations produced 21,076 francs. The "Grand Duchess" was played more nights consecutively by BATEMAN'S company in this city than any opera yet presented in this country.

—The London *Examiner* thus neatly polishes off the most well-to-do of the Old World's crowned heads—the Viceroy of Egypt: "He is a plump and prosperous prince, and incomparably the richest trader in the world. ROTHSCHILD is not to be named the same day with him. All that wonderful firm, collected together from England, France, Austria, Prussia, and Italy, could not show such vast profits upon their business as his Highness the Vali of Egypt. Perhaps his Highness is, all things considered, the only really pleasantly-situated monarch known among men of the present generation. He is an absolute sovereign, in the best sense of the word. He could chop off an able editor's head, if troublesome, or make a delicate roast of any refractory member of council, with all the ease in life. He has a sort of puppet ministry that he can take to pieces and put together again at pleasure; but it signifies nothing."

—Mr. CORCORAN, formerly *the* banker, of Washington, and father of Mrs. GEORGE EUSTIS, who died recently at Cannes, has built a beautiful villa at Cannes, where he proposes to pass his future winters. Mr. EUSTIS was formerly a Member of Congress from Louisiana, and at the outbreak of the late war went to France as Secretary of Legation to the Confederate Minister, Mr. SLIDELL. Mrs. EUSTIS was beautiful, accomplished, and altogether a most fascinating lady.

—The *Etendard* announces the marriage of M. LEO GOETZ, of the house of WEBER GOETZ, with Miss STONE, daughter of Mr. HARRY STONE, formerly of this city, but now a banker at Paris.

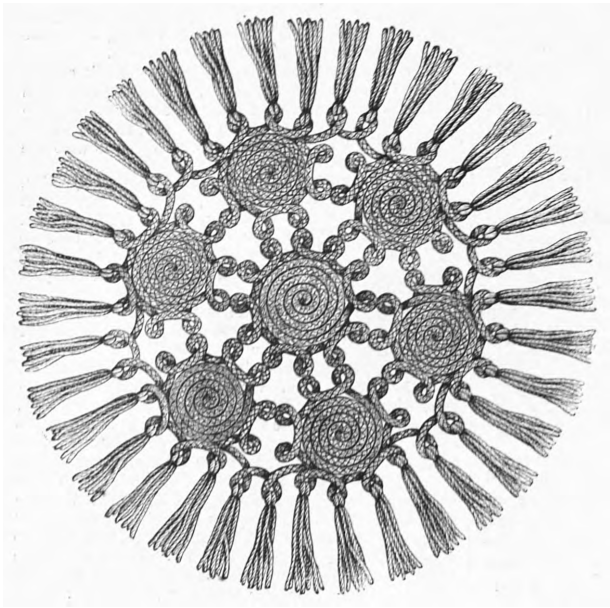
—Dr. S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE, author of the "Dictionary of Authors," has been appointed editor of the publications of the American Sunday-school Union.

—The death is announced of the young and celebrated cantatrice, Mdme. NANTIER DIDIÉ, at Madrid.

—Lord LYONS has carried with him to Paris the same practical common-sense that characterized his personal and official conduct in this country. On assuming the functions of Embassador at the French Court, he caused it to be announced that he was "in Paris to attend to business, and not to arrange fêtes."

—When the Manchester "cotton lords" undertake to do public things they draw their checks for handsome figures. It being proposed to endow a Professorship of Engineering in Owens College in that city, twelve firms subscribed $25,000, and of this amount one firm—BEYER, PEACOCK, & Co., led off with $15,000. In a jocular sort of way this college is called the "University of the Busy," and bids fair to become one of the foremost seats of learning in England.

—Madame RATTAZZI, *née* BONAPARTE WYSE, well-known in European society as the PRINCESS DE SALM, has written an opera—"Wilfrid Horlach"—which is about to be produced at Florence. But the curious fact connected with her as a composer is, that she is deaf. BEETHOVEN was bothered in the same way.



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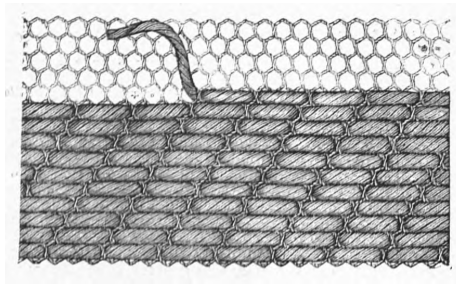
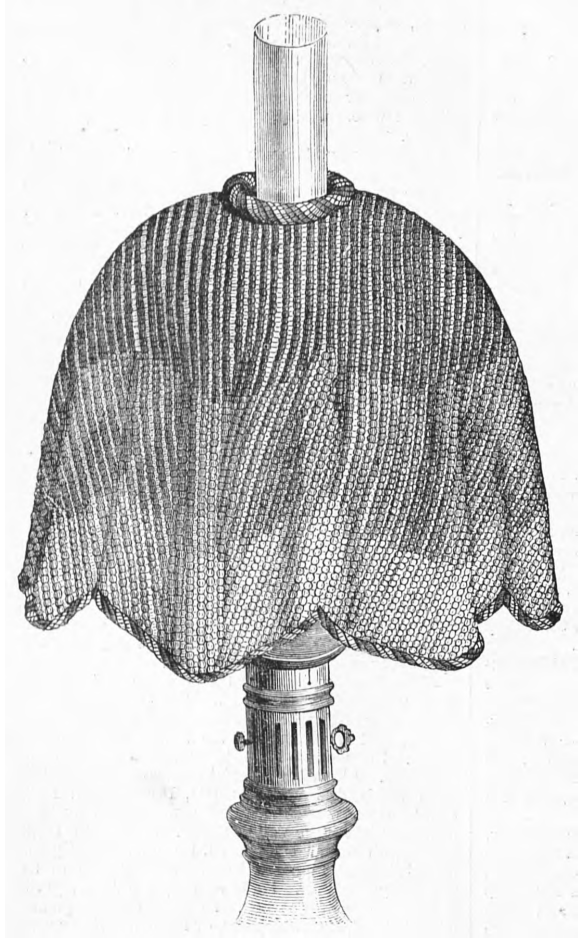


LACE EMBROIDERY FOR CRAVATS, ETC.



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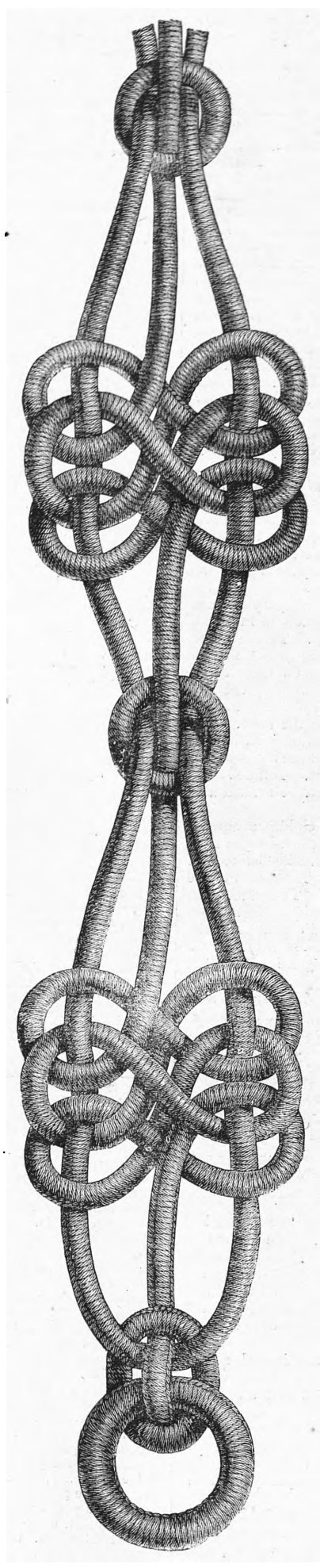
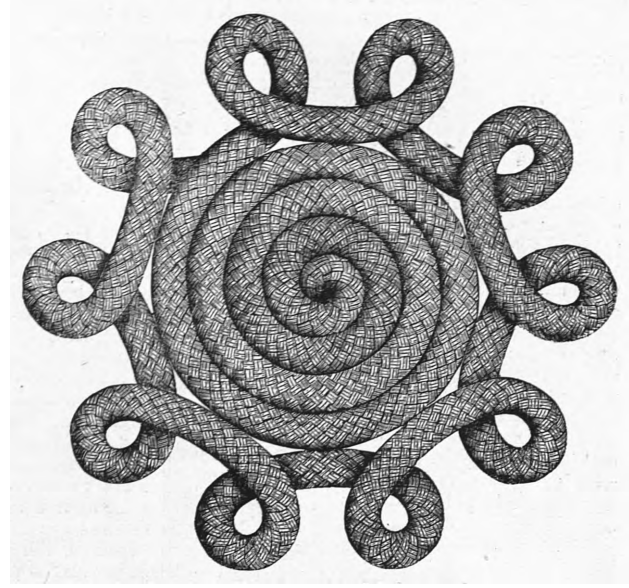


CROCHET BELL-ROPE



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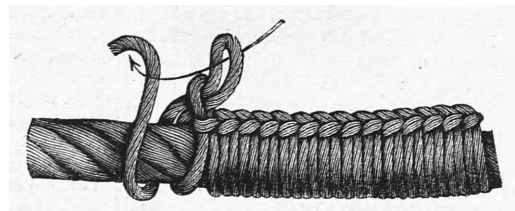
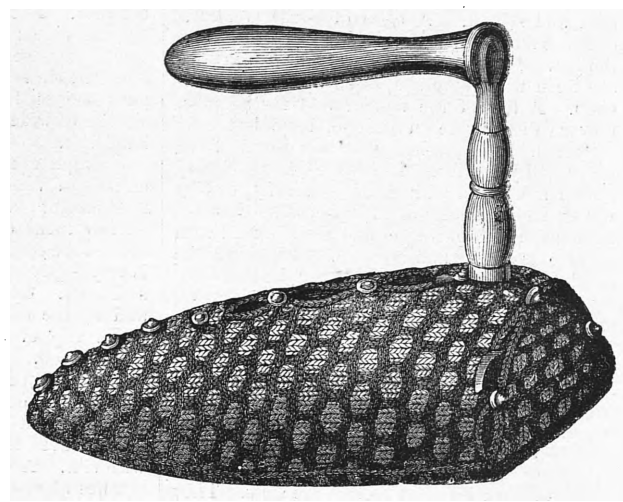
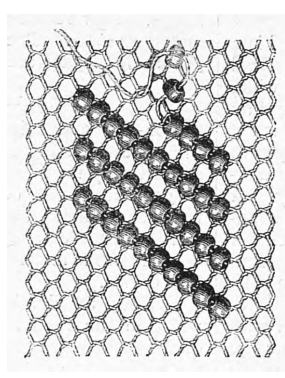


CROCHET FOR BELL-ROPE.



KNITTED COVER FOR FLAT-IRON.



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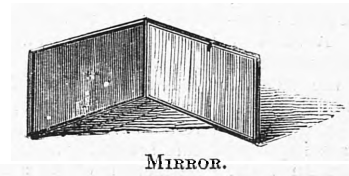

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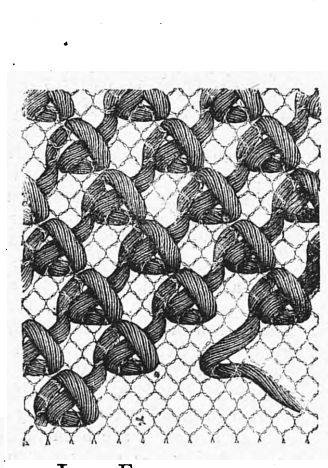
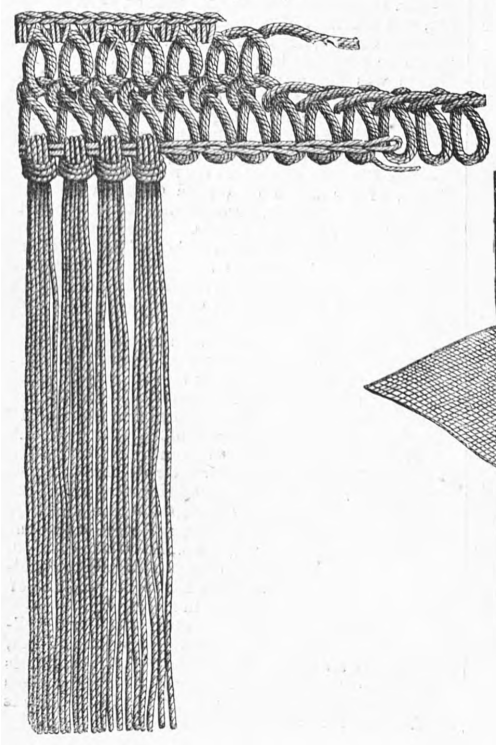
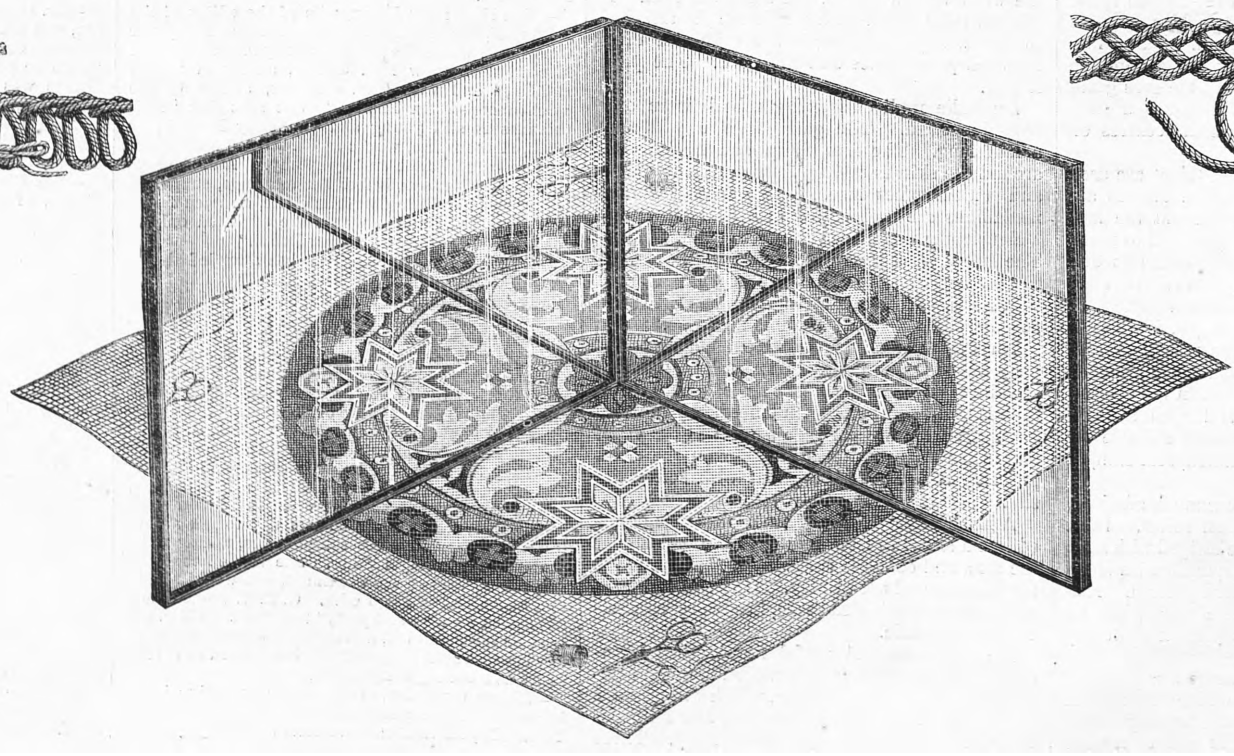


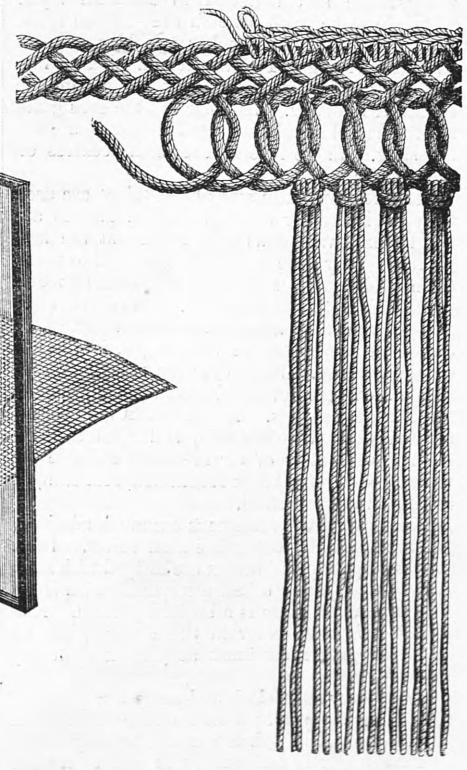
LACE EMBROIDERY FOR TIDIES, ETC.



CROCHET CORD FRINGE.



MIRROR FOR EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.



CROCHET CORD FRINGE.

THE STOCKING-KNITTER.

SHE stood beside the window, at her knitting worked the maid;
It was homely work—you'll laugh at all my fancies, I'm afraid.
But when her work was ended, and she laid her knitting down,
With a thoughtful face she gazed upon the stocking ribbed and brown.
Thus she pondered—"If each loop of this my knitting were a thought,
And each worsted-strand a fancy, what strange lesson would be taught
For the future from my knitting? as I con it o'er again,
For the secrets of the future from the tangles of the skein.
There are woven dreams in knitting, and there's many a girl will look,
To the clicking of her needles, on her knitting as a book.
As they rattle on so gayly, I am blithe and of good cheer,
And anon a loop has fallen—and I wipe away a tear.
With the snapping thread how often has my darling left in pain;
As I joined the yarn, in fancy he has come to kiss again,
All the loops are chains of thought, some bright as sunrise on the wave,
And while some brought balm to sorrow, some were darksome as the grave.
All the strange tales of my childhood they came back to me once more,
The old rhymes of gnome and fairy, and the spectre shapes of yore;
With the knots that I unraveled all those fearsome sights were fled,
They were swept into oblivion at the smoothing of the thread.
And I felt my heart was breaking as my needle snapped in twain—
'Twas an omen for the future of disaster, doubt, and pain.
And I heard again in fancy all the tender words and vows
That I heard from gallant lovers with the rose-flush on my brows;
They were sweet words of devotion, and my heart was very proud,
And they came from out my knitting, where they slept as in a shroud."

As the lithe, small hands were idle, so the maiden, to my mind,
Thought and spoke. In work most homely poet-fancies you will find.

THE NAME OF GOD IN FORTY-EIGHT LANGUAGES.

AS Louis Burger, the well-known author and philologist, was walking in the Avenue des Champs Elysées the other day he heard a familiar voice exclaiming, "Buy some nuts of a poor man, Sir; twenty for a penny!" He looked up and recognized his old barber.

"What! are you selling nuts?" said he.

"Ah, Sir, I have been unfortunate."

"But this is no business for a man like you!"

"Oh, Sir, if you could only tell me of something better to do," returned the barber, with a sigh.

Burger was touched. He reflected a moment; then tearing a leaf from his memorandum book, he wrote for a few moments and handed it to the man, saying, "Take this to a printing-office and have a hundred copies struck off; here is the money to pay for it. Get a license from the prefecture of the police, and sell them at two cents a copy, and you will have bread on the spot. The strangers who visit Paris can not refuse this tribute to the name of God, printed in so many different ways.

The barber did as he was bid, and was always seen at the entrance to the Exposition, selling the following hand-bill:

The Name of God in Forty-Eight Languages.

Hebrew, *Elohim* or *Eloah.*	Olala tongue, *Deu.*
Chaldaic, *Elah.*	German and Swiss, *Gott.*
Assyrian, *Ellah.*	Flemish, *Goed.*
Syriac and Turkish, *Alah.*	Dutch, *Godt.*
Malay, *Alla.*	English and old Saxon, *God.*
Arabic, *Allah.*	Teutonic, *Goth.*
Language of the Magi, *Orsi.*	Danish and Swedish, *Gut.*
Old Egyptian, *Teut.*	Norwegian, *Gud.*
Armorian, *Teuti.*	Slavic, *Buch,*
Modern Egyptian, *Tenn.*	Polish, *Bog.*
Greek, *Theos.*	Polacca, *Bung.*
Cretan, *Thios.*	Lapp, *Jubinal.*
Æolian and Doric, *Ilos.*	Finnish, *Jumala.*
Latin, *Deus.*	Runic, *As.*
Low Latin, *Diex.*	Pannonian, *Istu.*
Celtic and old Gallic, *Diu.*	Zemblian, *Fetizo.*
French, *Dieu.*	Hindostanee, *Rain.*
Spanish, *Dios.*	Coromandel, *Brama.*
Portuguese, *Deos.*	Tartar, *Magatal.*
Old German, *Diet.*	Persian, *Sire.*
Provençal, *Diou.*	Chinese, *Pussa.*
Low Breton, *Doué.*	Japanese, *Goezur.*
Italian, *Dio.*	Madagascar, *Zannar.*
Irish, *Die.*	Peruvian, *Puchocamaë.*

A few days after Burger met the barber.

"Well," said he, "has the holy name of God brought you good luck?"

"Yes, indeed, Sir. I sell on an average a hundred copies a day, at two cents each, or two dollars; but the strangers are generous; some give me ten cents and others twenty. I have even received half a dollar for a copy; so that, all told, I am making five dollars a day."

"Five dollars a day?"

"Yes, Sir; thanks to your kindness."

"The deuce!" thought Burger, as he walked away. "If I were not a literary man I would turn peddler or publisher; there is nothing so profitable as selling the learning or wit of others."

THE CHEMISTRY OF FURNITURE.

YOUNG housekeepers do not always understand the theory of the chemical and mechanical action of different substances on articles of furniture. The substances from which furniture is chiefly exposed to injury are water, oils, alcohols, and acids.

Acids act on marble. Marble is itself composed of carbonate of lime; that is, it is a compound of carbonic acid and lime. Now the carbonic acid has a comparatively weak affinity for lime, and most other acids will prevail over it and take its place when brought into contact with it; thus destroying the texture of the stone, liberating the carbonic acid, and leaving *nitrate of lime*, or *muriate of lime*, or *sulphate* or *acetate of lime*—as the case may be—in the form of a white powder, in its place. But oils, alcohols, and water produce no effect upon marble.

All varnished or polished surfaces of wood, on the other hand, while not injured usually by acids, are attacked by *alcohol*. Varnishes are composed of different gums and resins, which are generally soluble in alcohol. Many of them are made by dissolving the material in alcohol so as to liquefy them, and then, when they are applied, the alcohol evaporates, leaving the gum or resin in a thin even coating over the whole surface. If now any alcoholic substance comes upon such a surface, whether it be alcohol itself, as used for lamps, or spirits of any kind, or even wine, which contains but a small percentage of alcohol, the varnish is attacked, a portion of it is dissolved, and the brilliancy of the surface is destroyed.

Oils will not attack either marbles or varnished surfaces, and will do no injury except to naked wood or other porous substances which admit them into the pores, from which they can not afterward easily be expelled.

Water affects no substances except such as have open pores exposed, in which case it enters and causes the substance to swell, or such as are soluble in water, as glue in joints, and mucilage or gum-arabic, used sometimes for attaching superficial ornaments to fancy work.

The practical lesson to be learned from this is, that housekeepers must take care in dealing with furniture to keep water away from every thing soluble in water, oil from every thing porous, alcohol from varnish, and acids from marble.

So shall your chairs and tables always look bright, and your minds remain calm and serene.

"LEAN ON ME, MOTHER DEAR."

"HARRIET, how is it you have not waited for your mother?" said old Mr. Smithson to a young lady, who had just parted with some youthful acquaintances, and was now hurrying, with a thoughtless look, to church.

"Oh, Sir, mamma walks so slow that I am almost frozen, and there's no good in two of us being uncomfortable, you know."

"Nay, I don't know that two, that is, you and your mother, need be uncomfortable. I should have thought, Harriet, that you would have been a comfort and stay to her."

So saying, Mr. Smithson went into church, and Harriet Sims, with a very flushed face, followed him in. He had been an old friend of her father's, and she was vexed at his words; perhaps all the more that they made her vexed with herself.

Seated in her pew she was not able to attend to the service, for her mother did not come, and as Harriet had delayed a little on the way gossiping, she had been half afraid, slow as Mrs. Sims walked, she might be in the church before her. Kate Sims, Harriet's younger sister, came in from the Sabbath-school, where she taught a little class, but Kate, like Harriet, was uneasy at their mother not being there. In the pause, while the hymn was being given out, Kate whispered to her elder sister, "Was mamma not able to come with you?"

Harriet colored deeply, but merely shook her head in reply; she was troubled, for she knew that when her mother had said, "I shall be ready almost directly," she had ran off to avoid the slow walking with her, and to gratify also her love of idle chat with some young friends by the way. It seemed to her that both Mr. Smithson and Kate were in league to ask unpleasant questions; and yet what could have kept her mother away? The sermon had just begun when Harriet was still more disturbed. At this moment Dr. Foster's man-servant came up the aisle, and stopping at the Sims's pew, gave Harriet a card, on which she read the words, in Dr. Foster's handwriting, "Come directly."

Very pale, and frightened, she rose and left the church, asking the man, as soon as she got to the door, what was the matter.

"Mrs. Sims has met with an accident, Miss."

"An accident!"

"Yes, Miss, she slipped down at Hilder's corner, and—" Harriet staid to hear no more, her light swift steps soon brought her home, though, even in her haste and terror, she remarked how slippery the frost had made the roads, and yet it was no colder, but, if any thing, warmer than it had been earlier in the day.

Arrived at home all was consternation. Mrs. Sims, a very delicate woman, had slipped down at a steep, awkward corner, and struck the back of her head, in falling heavily against the edge of a door-step; she was brought home insensible, and had not yet recovered consciousness. The doctor was there looking very grave.

"My dear young lady, I sent for you, for your mamma must have the utmost care and attention, which I am sure you will pay her."

Every word of the doctor's was a stab: "kindness," "attention!" if she had shown these, the dear sufferer might have been spared the accident that had laid her senseless.

Three days—three terrible days—passed in which all that skill could do had been done; but in vain, Mrs. Sims never recovered consciousness, but sank and died of concussion of the brain, resulting from her fall.

On the first Sunday after the funeral Harriet and Kate were at church. Nearly opposite their pew were Mrs. Hooper and her youngest daughter Mary. It was very pleasant to see how Mary Hooper looked out the places in the books for her mother, and what sweet helpful care she took of her. Mrs. Hooper was getting rather infirm, and Mary was the child of her declining years; but if youthful love ever tried to ward off the weakness of age, it was in this case. When the service was over Mrs. Hooper went out first, for Mary was delayed a moment to speak to one of the children of the Sabbath-school, but she quickly followed, saying, as she left the church porch, "Lean on me, mother dear." They were but simple, natural words, from a child to a parent, but oh, what a pang they gave to one who heard them!

"LEAN ON ME, MOTHER DEAR."

A WINTER SONG.

THE fields are white with raiment fine,
Gold-tinted in the sun's new shine,
The azure air is still;
As crystal bright,
A silver light
Gleams over yonder hill.

The sunbeams on the ice divide,
With white and rosy glimmer, wide
In ever-changing hue.
Out of the snow
The bushes show
Their thorn-twigs bare and few.

Jeweled with hoar-frost are the trees;
But stirs one branch beneath the breeze,
Where sleeps the small white grain;
Then sudden all
Those jewels fall
As summer-blossom's rain.

The fir's long boughs are bending low,
And threaten with their weight of snow
To hide the whistling wight,
Who there must pass
The way of glass
Paved by the frozen night.

With icicles the roof is decked,
The sluggish brook by ice-walls checked
Creeps on, the fount is still;
With water-gush
In frozen hush
The wheel waits in the mill.

There the blue titmouse carols clear,
The sparrow comes, who knows no fear,
To glean beneath the eaves;
The green-finch shy
Sits moping by
In hedgerows reft of leaves.

There may one climb the distant hill,
And gaze, and having gazed his fill,
May dream in silence there;
What mighty hand
On that broad land
Could cast a veil so fair!

A CRY FOR HELP.

I AM a family man! Now there is a vast difference between being a family man, and a man of family! I am not a man of family. My wife, Ann Maria, is a woman of family! Her papa was a lawyer; mine was only a grocer. Moreover her papa's brother married an English lady of family; this lady had been presented at court, and had acquaintances with honorable prefixes to their names. Moreover, there is a tradition in Ann Maria's family that "dear A'nt Sabrina," as Ann Maria always affectionately calls her, had in her palmy days been admired by a young viscount; so much so that he had inquired who she was at a ball, and had ogled her through his eyeglass all the evening. Indeed, Ann Maria often says that if it hadn't been for "dear A'nt Sabrina's" offishness she might have been the Viscountess Merridale. I never could see any particular offishness about Aunt Sabrina. She never was very offish about snubbing *me*, I know. And if she had married the viscount I never could see that it would have been of any material advantage to Ann Maria, as she would then in all probability have never seen or heard of her. However, these are things I only say in the privacy of my own heart. I never say them in the bosom of my family.

When Ann Maria was young she lived for a while with her Aunt Sabrina. Consequently, one of my greatest miseries arises from that fact. As I am only a bank clerk in rather a small way, and therefore can not afford to keep up much style, I am constantly reminded by my loving helpmeet that she doesn't live at all as she used to at "dear A'nt Sabrina's." When my wife wants a dress, shawl, or bonnet of what seems to me extravagant price, and I soberly tell her I can not afford it, the partner of my bosom bursts into tears, and declares she never knew what it was to be refused *any thing* in the way of dress when she lived with "dear A'nt Sabrina." When any of my old country friends, and among them I have two brothers, honest and worthy, but plain and unpolished in their manners—when any of them come to see me, and we have a good social chat together, I observe that Ann Maria's aquiline nose seems to take a sudden turn to the retroussé order, and after my friends are gone, she often remarks, in an injured sort of tone, that this isn't at all the kind of society that she was accustomed to at "dear A'nt Sabrina's."

Added to these there is one more little quiet thorn-in-the-flesh that the partner of my joys and troubles keeps on hand wherewith to goad the flagging energies of her husband. Rumor says there was a young man who used to visit much at Aunt Sabrina's when Ann Maria lived there. Rumor says he was handsome, rich, and accomplished. Rumor says that the attraction there was Ann Maria herself. Indeed, Rumor has gone so far as to say that she might have married him if she chose!

Then why didn't she choose? Why did she refuse a rich, handsome, and accomplished man, and accept me (and without a demur, too, let me add), who am neither of the three. Why was this? I only ask these questions to myself in a feeble, wandering sort of way. I never ask my wife the question. If I did, she would cry, and I dislike to see a woman cry.

I said at the commencement that I was a family man. So I am! I have a wife and four charming daughters dependent upon the labor of these two hands for support; that is, my daughters are *mainly* dependent on me. They depend in a measure, I am led to believe, upon what their own beauty and fascinations may bring in the market. They are four tall, stylish girls, who are quite high in their aspirations, owing to the notions their mamma has instilled in them with regard to family. Ann Maria has often said to me, solemnly, "David, if dear A'nt Sabrina should ever ask me to let her have one of my girls for her own I should let her go; yes, David, even though it should break my heart to part with her, for she would have *such* superior advantages! How she would dress, and in what style she would live! and what high society she would see! Oh yes, I should certainly give her up; and then, perhaps, she would do better than her poor, foolish mamma, and not let a good opportunity pass by, and have to live in poverty all her days;" and dab came the thorn into my flesh, so that I couldn't help wincing as I said meekly to myself that I thought *I* had some little ownership in those four tall girls, and I shouldn't be willing to lose one of them. But Aunt Sabrina never asked for them.

I suppose I am rather proud of my girls; and, on the whole, I think they have rather a patronizing regard for me, though they say, "Don't be so old-fashioned, pa," just because I say "obleeged" for obliged, and call their dresses "new gowns." They think "gowns" is a "horrid" word; but for my part I much prefer it to *dress*, for it strikes me that gown signifies one particular article of female apparel, while dress might mean the whole structure of a female, with the exception of the slight portion that is composed of flesh and blood. When I give my girls all the money they ask for (which is very, very seldom), they make a good deal of me. They kiss me, and pet me, and call me, "You good little pa," and "dear little pa"—and that reminds me of an observation I wish to make. Let me premise first that I am a small man; my wife, Ann Maria, is a tall woman. Rumor (the same Rumor that said the other things) tells me she is queenly! As I have never seen a queen, I can't say as to that. But I always wear a tall hat (and the tallest of its kind too) when she takes me out with her. I hold my head very high. I wear very thick soles and immensely high heels to my boots. I wear my hair piled up as high as possible on the top of my head. I wear high shirt-collars. In short, every thing that art can devise to create the illusion that I am tall has been exhausted in my case, and yet the cruel fact remains—I am a small man! And the observation I wish to make is this: If you are a small man never—never marry a queenly woman! Tall women are all very well to look up to! They used to be the style I admired. I wish I had been content with admiring, for if I were to choose again—ah! what was I saying? Yes, I repeat it, don't marry a tall woman; for if you do, she will have you under her thumb from the moment the minister says "Amen" on the wedding-day. She will look down on you. She will frown down on you, and that is terrible. I speak as one who knows. There is nothing to shield you from the scathing fire, which from a short woman would be partly deadened by the eyebrow, as she frowns up.

My eldest girl is named Sabrina. Her name was decided upon some time before she had "shuffled" *on* "this mortal coil." My wife, in implicit faith, beautiful to behold, chided me for the mere supposition that the expected little stranger might turn out to be of the genus masculine. My youngest, and, I may add, my *favorite* daughter (as Sabrina is her mother's) was originally named Ann Maria for her mamma; but that primitive cognomen has become fashionable-ized into Annie Marie, and many a curtain-lecture from five tall, fair women has the old-fashioned little pa received when he has, before company, called her Ann 'Ria—a name she gave herself in her wee toddling days, and which I still love from old associations. The two daughters who come between are Josephine and Blanche. Now Jo, as we call her, is by strangers considered the beauty of the family. My wife says she has style enough to support a coronet. I don't doubt it myself; but where is the coronet to be supported? I suppose if a novelist were to describe her he would call her a proud beauty; he would rave about her magnificent raven tresses flowing in luxuriant ringlets—her glorious orbs, black as midnight, her complexion like the tints of a seashell, her ruby lips, her pearly teeth, her swanlike throat (never could see the force of *that* comparison; it never seemed to me that it would be a very pleasing sight to see a young female with a neck like the letter S—but I leave that to the novelist)—her exquisite shape, her stately gait, etc., etc., while I, in my prosaic language, should only call her a well-built girl, of clear complexion, with a good head of hair, which she "does" into one of those waterfalls of curls that are so common. I should say her eyes are black, that she has a good, sound set of teeth, and that perhaps she holds her head a little stiff; but I suppose that is owing to the ideas of family she has inherited. Now it chances there is a young man here who has seemed inclined to hang round our Jo. I suppose I need give him no higher praise than to say that he is sufficiently eligible to suit the ambitious views of my wife, and all four of my girls; although they had not spoken directly to me on the subject, I saw enough to lead me to think that he would be no unwelcome addition to our family.

One night I came home from the bank and told my wife that I should have to leave the city for a few days on business. Now it is a very unusual thing for me to leave town, my business being such that I feel obliged to be always on the spot; so as I announced the news to them, feeling a little excited about it myself, it struck me that they took it in a wonderfully calm manner, although I detected sidelong glances from one to the other, which I was at a loss to interpret. Heretofore, when I had left town, even for a single night, it had caused quite a commotion in the house, for I must acknowledge that my family are of that insane order who are always imagining that burglars and assassins are prowling about, waiting an opportunity to break in. Now what there is in my house to tempt any such character I must say I am at a loss to imagine; but I have generally noticed that those who are the most suspicious of an attack are the ones least liable to it. Consequently, every night, even when I am at home, before retiring, a procession of five tall females is formed in my house, who make a diligent search all over the premises, peering under beds, as some one has wittily remarked, for the man they have hoped so long to find there—under stairs, in closets, and all dark places, where tradition says such vagrants love to lurk—examining windows and doors, insomuch that all care is taken from me. I never have to see that my house is fastened up safe for the night. And, strange to say, these demented women accuse me of cowardice because, forsooth, I do not head their procession and take the nightly tramp with them. Now if I am small I am brave, particularly where there is no occasion to be otherwise, and I never had a fear in my life arising from anticipated invasion of burglar, assassin, ghost, apparition, or any thing of the kind. Therefore I laugh quietly in my sleeve, and listen to the procession as it sweeps up stairs and down, wondering what they would do if they should really find a man hidden away in some secret place some time. I shouldn't wonder if, after all, there would be raised, simultaneous with their shrieks, a cry for "pa" to come to the rescue.

So, as I was saying, as there had heretofore been such an ado when I chanced to spend a night away, about there being "no man in the house," I was surprised that they now took it so calmly. No mention was made of housebreakers, or even of shocking tragedies, which have become household words with my wife. However I went, and was gone three days, and when I returned found them all in the best of spirits. Some secret cause had entertained them highly in my absence I observed, and at last they saw fit to enlighten me. It seems that during my absence they had given a little supper, *petit souper*, as my eldest, who affects French, called it, to which a few choice spirits had been invited, and among them young H——, of whom I have spoken as being rather enamored of Jo. "The supper proved too much for him," said Blanche, "he couldn't resist any longer, so he made love to Jo on the spot; and now, papa, they are engaged."

"Engaged!" exclaimed I, angrily, "when he had never said a word to *me* on the subject! What does that mean?"

"Oh, pa, that's all out of fashion!" exclaimed Sabrina. "Nobody thinks of asking one's papa nowadays. Of course they know that a young lady wouldn't accept a gentleman's attentions unless her parents were willing she should marry him."

"Fashion or not," thundered I, "no daughter of mine shall ever be married to a man who hasn't respect enough for her parents to ask their consent!" and I slapped my hand on the table with such force as to make all the nick-nacks on it tremble.

"David," said my wife, majestically, "he *has* asked permission! He has asked mine, and I have given it," and she frowned down on me overwhelmingly.

"And pa," sniveled Jo, "I don't want to tell Frederick he must go and ask you. If I do he'll think that there's such a fuss made that he'll step off again. There's Belle Gordon using all her arts to get him now, when she knows we are engaged, for Blanche told her the very next day. And her father's rich if she *is* homely."

"If he hasn't any more love for you than that," said I, stoutly, "I shouldn't care how soon he steps off."

"Mr. Fearing," and my wife loomed up before me, terrible in her wrath, "if you did one thing to break off this match I should never forgive you—never!"

Well, it is of no use recalling all the words of that evening. I can only say one small man is a poor match for five women in argument, so by-and-by we got to discussing matters quite amicably, owing, perhaps, partly to Jo's suggestion that she would be one off my hands, and would perhaps be able to help the others. Then ensued a discussion on what they call the "trousseau," and I was informed that I must give them *carte blanche:* the first wedding in the family, and to a young man of Frederick's position, she "would not put up with a shabby outfit."

"But my dear children," said I, "I can not afford it. I will let you have every cent I can spare. I can't do more than that!"

"Oh, 'can't afford!'" said Blanche; "that's the old story we've heard ever since I can remember!"

Then four female tongues began at once, and all talked together about Mary Burton, and Sallie Bryant, and May Sutton, and Susie Hadley—what elegant outfits they had when they were married. Judging from their conversation, and the confused notions I got from so many tongues combined, I gathered that each of the fair brides in question was endowed with several hundred dozen of linen generally, all trimmed with "real lace;" that each had the most wonderful number of the most wonderful silks that could "stand alone"—oh rare virtue!—that each had point-laces and lace-points, and velvets, and hats, and brooches, and bracelets, until my ears fairly ached with the jumble, and my brain with the effort to comprehend so much finery, when the climax was capped with the astounding assertion that two of them, at least, were no better able to have such things than they (my daughters) were. I say four tongues united in this chorus: one was silent. My eldest spake not much, nor had she seemed very much interested in the matter. Perhaps she felt piqued that a younger had been preferred before her; but the fact is, Sabrina is a little too stately. I don't think a man could pull his boots off quite at ease before her.

Well, the summing up of the whole matter was, that I told my family that I would do the best I could; but I must find some way of making money in addition to my salary, and that we must live very prudently in order to do much.

"Pa," suggested Annie Marie, "why don't you get some copying to do evenings? you have so much spare time, and perhaps I could help you when I have any leisure evenings. You know I write quite a bold hand, and besides," she added, archly, "if I do what I can to help Jo, perhaps she will do as much for me when it comes *my* turn!"

"You, puss! just as though any one would ever want to marry *you*," said I, reaching up to chuck her patronizingly under the chin.

Accordingly, the next day the following notice appeared in several of the leading city papers:

WANTED—By a rapid and accomplished penman, writing or copying to do evenings at home. Salary not so much an object as employment for leisure hours. Address, X. Y. Z. Box 16**.

This advertisement was inserted in three papers several times, and all the notice that was ever taken of it by any one that I am aware of was by the printers, who sent in their bills in due time.

My first attempt at furnishing a dowry for Jo having turned out so prosperously, I felt encouraged to try again, and consequently I bought all the advertising papers of the city, and all my leisure time was spent in poring over the columns of the "Wants." There were so many tempting offers, so many chances of getting rich, how could I be content to plod on as a bank clerk with a paltry $1200 a year?

One day my wife met me with smiles when I came home to dinner. "David," said she, "I've an idea!"

"Good," said I, as I hung up my hat and she handed me a square she had clipped from a newspaper.

"Read that and see what you think of it."

I read in large capitals the following extraordinary announcement:

UNITED STATES PRIZE CONCERT!

TO BE DRAWN AT CROSBY'S OPERA-HOUSE, CHICAGO, MAY 28, 1866.

☞ 125,000 Valuable Prizes, valued at $492,575 25, will be presented to Ticket Holders, including $100,000 in Greenbacks. ☜
No. of Tickets issued 500,000
Price $1 each.

This is the greatest inducement ever offered to the Public, one ticket out of every four drawing a prize.

Then followed a list of prizes:

1 Gift in Greenbacks	.....	30,000 dollars.
1 do.	do.	10,000 dollars.
1 do.	do.	5,000 dollars.
1 do.	do.	4,000 dollars.
1 do.	do.	3,000 dollars.
1 do.	do.	2,000 dollars.
etc.	etc.	etc.

Then came a host of miscellaneous articles, estates, watches, jewelry, diamonds, pianos, plate, etc., etc., almost without number.

Address Wiggins, Bradford, & Co.,
133 * * * * * * Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

☞ The Proprietors will donate to the Lincoln and Douglas Monument Funds $2000; also there will be $2000 reserved from the person drawing the $30,000 prize for the same purpose.

Then followed a most honorable list of references of undoubted respectability.

I read it all carefully through, and then turned with round, staring eyes to my wife.

"What about it?" I asked.

"Why, David, don't you see that you would only risk one dollar, and you may get several thousand back? and even if you shouldn't get money, there are so many things on the list that would be so useful to Jo."

"But only one out of four draws any thing," said I, "and I should be more likely to be the unlucky three than the lucky *one*."

"Pooh! you are just as likely to get a prize as any one else," said my wife. "'Nothing venture, nothing have.' What's a dollar?" And so the dollar was posted to Chicago, and in a few days afterward came the ticket, No. 2**,***, entitling the holder to whatever prize that ticket should draw.

Meanwhile, although feasting somewhat on the anticipation of the $30,000 that was perhaps in store for me, I still pored over the columns of Wants. Once in a while something I thought eligible would occur—for instance:

WANTED—A gentleman of character and good business capacity as equal partner in a cash business in this city, well-established, genteel and pleasant. Will pay a profit of $300 per month. To a gent meaning business this offers great inducements.

WANTED—A partner in a long-established business. Profits, $6000 a year. No bonus.

WANTED—A reliable man as equal partner in a respectable and very lucrative business.

WANTED—Live men to engage in a genteel business that will pay them $15 per day.

WANTED—A partner with $200 in a legitimate business, paying $3000 a year, etc.

I think I can safely say that I responded to each of these wants, and many others, either in person or by letter, but there seemed to be something in the way in every case. I was too old, or hadn't sufficient capital or influence, or too short, or wasn't "live" enough, and some of them didn't suit me; when I found what their flashy advertisements amounted to in real life I was ready to cry with the preacher, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." And in no case where they would have admitted me would I have condescended to enter and risk my small capital for their very uncertain profit of numberless thousands.

Meanwhile the winter was "over and gone," and I suppose the voice of the turtle was heard in the land, as spring had come; but as I have never heard a turtle sing I could not be numbered among its listening audience. And the time wore

on until the 28th of May had nearly arrived. "Pa," said Jo one morning, "why don't we see any thing in the papers about that Prize Concert? It was to be on the 28th!"

"I've been thinking of that same thing, my dear," rejoined I. "Ah, there's the morning paper now; perhaps that may give us some information, the time is so near at hand," and the paper was laid on the breakfast-table, and together we pored over its damp columns.

"There!" exclaimed Blanche, who was peering over my shoulder, extending a long, shapely forefinger toward the notice, "there it is, 'United States Prize Concert.'"

"Oh, what is it? What does it say?" chimed in my wife and two of the "blessed bairns" in concert.

We read; it was a postponement of the concert until July, as all of the tickets were not sold; the proprietors feared the public would be dissatisfied if so many of the tickets remained in their own hands.

And here let me remark, *sotto voce*, that from that day to this, not another word in any way, shape, or fashion, have I heard or seen with regard to this monster concert. There is another like unto it, called the "K**** Prize Concert," which differs from it in a few particulars, but which does not feed the hope that it is the same, for it promises to give to every other ticket-holder a prize, although in every other respect it is very similar. But I don't know as it makes any particular difference whether one has a share in the one or in both, for the difference seems to be that while one is indefinitely postponed, or "bust up" altogether, the other has spasmodic action every few months, which revives the dying hopes of its victims that the thing is really coming off, and the next moment it collapses again and says: "Let me sleep a little longer, and on such a day I will positively disembowel myself, and declare my dividends." It is an *ignis fatuus*. Pursue it and you only lose your pains, for you will never catch it. It seems always to keep a short distance ahead.

One day as I was poring over the columns of the paper I met with an advertisement that struck me at once. It promised to tell how any one could realize a steady income of from three to five thousand dollars a year, and all that was necessary in order to attain this wonderful knowledge was to send your address (and inclose a stamp) to James Thompson & Co., No. ** Nassau Street, New York.

Postage-stamps are cheap, and curiosity is a nuisance when ungratified, therefore I sent. In return I received a circular which I consider a perfect wonder in literature. It is all about a new book published by a remarkable man, which is for sale at the low price of one dollar per copy. It is called "The Illustrated Silent Friend," and the author, Dr. Earl, *must* be the wonder of the age, if the book tells all it professes to do. There is a good hour's reading in the circular, and I can not forbear quoting some of its wonders:

It teaches how to rear up the most splendid Habitations with very little labor, and scarcely any expense worth speaking of.

It teaches how to make 25 yards of superior Oil-cloth for $1.

It teaches how to make the Human Teeth, when faulty or brown, as even and as white as Ivory or as Pearls.

It teaches how to draw Lucky Numbers in Lotteries, and to be successful in all Games of Chance.

It teaches how to cause all Public Men to become Splendid Speakers and Orators.

It teaches how to make an Imitation of Gold so near the Pure Gold itself that no one can tell the difference in Sound or Color.

It teaches how the primitive elements may be so combined as to produce the Diamond, Ruby, Topaz, Emerald, Sapphire, at very little expense or trouble. These gems are so natural that I am led to believe they are real; at least I never could detect the difference.

It teaches what the Elixir of Life is as taught in the Middle Ages.

It teaches how Bald People may cause themselves to have a beautiful head of rich Hair, and of a Brilliant Jet Black, or Auburn, as desired.

It teaches the powers of Natural and Celestial Magic. Some things that are Funny, some that are Mysterious, some that are Wicked, and many that are Valuable, and all of them are entirely *new*, never having before been published in any Language. Many of them are Discoveries of my own, while the rest are selected out of old and rare MSS. hidden away in Convents, Tombs, old Libraries, etc., by the Philosophers and Magicians of the Middle Ages.

Now don't every body think a book that will teach these things, and multitudes of others (for these are but a drop from the ocean of its learning), well worth $1? But there are two things noticeable about this wonderful document:

First, there are the "Opinions of the Press." Very flattering, to be sure, and quoted from the *Herald*, *Tribune*, and *Times*; but as no particular ones are indicated, and as our beloved country is supposed to boast a large number of papers scattered over its breadth with these headings, it is rather indefinite, to say the least; or it may be the opinions of our neighbors across the water, in part, expressed while the learned Doctor was "rambling over Europe" and peeping into the "Tombs of the Middle Ages."

Then again—and this was what caused me to withhold my dollar—the public are several times warned that they can not be too careful. as they understand there is a book in circulation, bearing the same name, which is but a worthless and miserable imitation! I thought it altogether likely that the spurious one would be the one I should receive.

And now my attention was drawn in another direction. A most brilliant scheme was started, and I read it aloud to my assembled family at the tea-table. The Crosby Opera-house itself, that should have been the scene of our former success, was now put up, a fortune to the lucky winner, and first-class pictures tempting enough to people as fond of them as we, and only five dollars a ticket!

"And our own Ketchum & Co. are the agents, papa," said Sabrina; "so, of course, it is good, or that respectable house would have nothing to do with it."

I thought so too, and accordingly my five dollars was deposited at Ketchum & Co.'s counter, and in return I received a very good engraving of "The Apple Gatherers," which, however, I must say is not nearly so fine a picture as I might have purchased for the same money; but, in addition to the Opera-house, I shouldn't have considered it a bad bargain for five dollars.

But, alas! no Opera-house or painting fell to my lot. I was not one of the lucky winners in *that* arena; and I acknowledge that, as I writhed in secret, like the rest of the disappointed crowd, I mentally anathematized all gift enterprises, and declared I had been "taken in and done for" for the last time.

But the end was not yet. The next stirring incident that lifted us in sight of one round of the ladder to wealth was the fair for the "Home for the Orphans of Soldiers and Sailors," which had the sanction of the names of Mrs. General *****, Mrs. ********, and a number of ladies of the highest respectability. When I was urged to buy in this by my family, who had faith still, like Micawber, that something good would turn up, I virtuously said "No," and sternly set my face against all their arguments. But my daughter Jo, finding that a present of some kind was promised to every ticket-holder, and that diamonds were among the gifts, was dazzled by the thought that the coveted diamonds might be hers, and becoming suddenly inclined to benevolence, concluded she would give a dollar toward erecting a home for these "poor little orphans, whose fathers had done so much for us; and should not we be willing to deny ourselves a little for them?" asked she, with a patriotism and philanthropy that made me quite ashamed of myself, and proud of her, until I heard her remark in an under-tone to her sister that she thought, on the whole, she should prefer a "Steinway" to the diamonds.

Well, from that time to this we have never seen any notice of the Fair. It can not have been chronicled in the *Journal*, for I read that paper most religiously; but last week Jo received a paper with a list of the numbers that drew prizes, so we conclude that the Fair has taken place—but where is "Jenkins," that he did not retail it in his New York gossip? Upon employing the united eyes of the family (and the operation gave us all weak eyes for a day or two) in scanning the long, finely-printed columns of numbers, we arrived at last to the sad conclusion that Jo's number was not among them. And would you believe it, it seemed to be no comfort to my daughter that her money was gone to aid the poor little ones, so grievously was she disappointed about the diamonds! To be sure, there is a hint in the corner of the paper that those whose numbers are not on the list will receive a photograph or something of the kind, but my daughter has a soul above such trifles, and nothing short of a $50 gift will be accepted by her, I imagine.

I have never speculated in lotteries since the failures above recorded; but in some mysterious manner my name seems to have become famous in the annals of my country, for I often receive papers from unknown sources, making me the most liberal offers. In January of last year I received the following letter:

OFFICE OF J. H. WITMAN & CO.,
GENERAL LOTTERY AGENTS.
Licensed by the United States Government.
NEW YORK, *December* 27, 186-.

DEAR SIR,—We have come to the conclusion to increase our business in your part of the country by adding to the number of our correspondents; and feeling convinced that the safest and most satisfactory plan of doing so is to send a prize of a few thousand dollars to some discreet and reliable person, who will have no objection to show the money and state the fact to his acquaintances that the prize was drawn by a lucky investment at our office, we have therefore selected you as the party more likely than any one else to aid us in our enterprise, and make you the following liberal and extraordinary proposition: Send us $10 to pay the Managers of the Lotteries for a splendidly-arranged package of Eighths Tickets, which we have carefully selected and labeled, subject to your order in the inclosed Grand Scheme, to be drawn on the plan of the Royal Havana Lottery. And that you may not suppose that there is any deception in it, we inform you that the prize-money does not come out of our pockets, but out of that of the Lottery Managers; and we shall not lose by sending you a few thousand dollars, but be gainers by the increased amount of business we shall expect from your neighborhood when you show the "Greenbacks," and make it well known that they are the proceeds of a prize drawn at our office. We make this offer to you in strict confidence. The proposal is plain. We are to send a package of tickets for a chance to draw a few thousand dollars. You are to show the money as above stated. The result will be that hundreds of dollars will be sent to us for tickets. You may be the gainer of a few thousands. We shall be the gainers by our sales, and the parties who send for tickets may be gainers by drawing prizes of different amounts as specified on the scheme. Every one who sends will of course expect to draw a prize, not knowing the offer we made privately to you. And to set at rest any doubt you may have of our sincerity, we hereby bind ourselves to forward you another package in our brilliant Extra Lottery for nothing, if the first we send does not draw you, clear of all expenses, two thousand dollars. We mention this merely to show you that it is to our interest to send you a prize. Use the inclosed envelope in sending the $10, and state whether we shall send you a draft on your nearest bank, or the amount in "Greenbacks" by mail, which will perhaps suit you better. Be careful to write in a plain hand your P. O., county and State. Wafer or seal your letter so that it will not come open in the mails. Please consider this letter strictly private and confidential, and send your order without delay. Very sincerely yours,

J. H. WITMAN & CO.,
4 ***** Street, N. Y.

The official drawing of the above Lotteries will be sent you as soon as over, and is also published in the New York *Herald* and *Times*.

Now, mark the lofty composure with which he speaks of his "few thousands." Tantalus's situation was nothing to mine, pressed as I am for money. But could I afford to risk $10? At last an idea occurred to me, and I seized my pen and wrote back, to this effect: that if they would advance the required $10 in my name, and it drew the prize mentioned, they might retain $20 or even $30 and send the rest to me, and I would take care to make the fact that it was drawn at their office as notorious as they could wish, thus conferring the favor upon them they desired, while I risked nothing of my own. I also stated that I should decidedly prefer "Greenbacks." Since which time I have heard nothing of or from J. H. Witman & Co.

I have now in my possession (which have been sent, unsolicited, to me) the following tickets, subject to my order:

1 ticket for superbly finished set of tea-spoons in heavy silver plate, marked $10.
1 ticket for a hinged or half-round beautiful band bracelet, marked $7.
1 ticket for a lady's set of jet and gold, marked A, $21.
1 ticket for gent's vest chain, marked C, $23 50.
1 ticket for superbly mounted revolving castor and condiment holder, $35.
1 ticket for richly finished Alfratta cased imitation gold hunting watch $50.
1 ticket for richly finished pair pocket-pistols, petit size, elegant pattern, marked $15 each—$30 the pair.

And several others, too tedious to mention. All of these, if there is any veracity in the statement of their vendors, are to be mine by the payment of a mere nominal sum; but my daughters turn up their aristocratic noses at sham jewelry, as they declare this must be. They strike for the *real*, and I rather agree with them.

Consequently I offer the whole set of tickets to the highest bidder, and, meanwhile, my daughter waits. Her trousseau is not yet furnished. Can any one suggest any lawful means of making money fast, to an undersized, middle-aged man, without much capital?

"I pause for a reply."

MRS. TYPESET'S DIARY.

Christmas Eve.—The little folks, weary with pleasure, are fast asleep, the treasures bestowed by Santa Claus being close beside them. The Christmas-tree, bending with gifts, quite dazzled their wide-open, wonder-stricken eyes, as Uncle Fred threw open the folding-doors and disclosed it, bright and glittering, in the centre of the parlor. What a rush of young feet! A momentary silence of astonishment, and then a simultaneous and prolonged "O-h!" in which wee Mary's baby voice, comically expressive of wonderment, rang out clear and sweet. Blessings on the children! Christmas is their merry time of all the year; and the more the merrier! And a gay group gathered round our tree to-night, graduated in size from baby M.—who traveled many miles to grace the scene—to my roguish little Frank, whom Christmas has brought home at length from the country. And Johnny had leave to extend his visit—and Willie and Fannie, and Lawrie and Etta, and all the other cousins made up a glad circle. Such a chattering as there was! such critical examination of the Christmas fruit! until, with an emphatic little scream, small Mary indicated that she was impatient to be helped! And the Christmas-tree was plucked, and she was helped, to her great delight—and all the little folks had a share, and every body was remembered by good Santa Claus, and one and all were very, very happy—and very tired, too, when bedtime came.

Christmas Night.—Nothing could be more enjoyable to me, as a termination of Christmas, than listening to the performance of "The Messiah." Steinway Hall was densely crowded, and the Harmonic Society has rarely done itself more credit. The solos were rendered with great taste, and some were exquisitely beautiful. Miss Hutchings sang "He shall feed his flock" with touching pathos, and repeated it in answer to a warm *encore*. I shall not soon forget Madame Parepa-Rosa's rendering of "Come unto Him." The sweet, clear, high notes of "He shall give you rest" have lingered in my ears ever since. There was something very charming in the manner of Madame Rosa as she sang it a second time. The enthusiastic burst of applause which followed her first singing of it unmistakably indicated that the audience *must* hear it again; and without any prolonged waiting, she rose with a pleasant, cordial air, as much as to say, "I am *glad* to give you so much pleasure, and I shall be happy to do it again; it is no trouble at all!" She sings like a bird—as if she couldn't help it. The Hallelujah chorus was grand; and it was a grand sight, too, to see that great crowd stand and join mentally in the song of praise.

Thursday Eve.—A certain "Lily Maxwell" has stirred the political heart of Manchester, England. She has voted—actually offered her vote for a member of Parliament, and the returning officer, being bound by the register of voters, which contained her name, was obliged to accept it! How a lady's name found its way into the Register is a mystery which has not been solved. But the fact remains that, "attended by two other ladies, one of whom was the Secretary of the Woman's Suffrage Society of Manchester, and escorted from the Committee-room by a large body-guard" probably composed of men, though the report says of "persons"—"Lily Maxwell" has "planted the standard of Woman's Rights in the heart of the British Constitution."

"Woman's Rights" in this country do not extend to seamstresses—that is quite certain. A short time ago a large establishment in this city gave to a poor woman materials for an infant's cape. It was white Marseilles, and was to be elaborately wrought. It took her fourteen days of hard work to complete it, and then she was rewarded with the munificent sum of four dollars! The work was well done, and the article sold afterward for seventy dollars! The materials cost about seven dollars.

Am quite delighted with the new method of procuring books from the Mercantile Library. To-day I took a blank order, filled it out with number of folio, address, etc., mentioned name of a book I wanted, put on one of the little red stamps, and dropped it into the order-box at Thirty-fourth Street, about ten o'clock this morning. About two this afternoon I received the book. A very prompt and satisfactory method to the reader, at least.

The skating costume of a certain Parisian Countess is reported to be of black velvet lined with violet satin, and trimmed with chinchilla. This is covered with an elegant polonnaise, color Bismarck, also lined with violet satin. Here brilliant colors are generally preferred, and very warm and gay they look upon the ice. Skating, carefully enjoyed, will give strength, health, and good spirits. But those unaccustomed to the exercise should indulge moderately; and all should avoid getting chilly after having become heated by skating.

Friday Eve.—"Any letters?" I asked of Mr. T. as I returned from a household expedition this morning, and found him still poring over the newspapers. I knew it was past the delivery hour, and I was expecting letters. Mr. T. drew one slowly from his pocket, saying, solemnly, "According to a recent decision made by the Court of Appeals, at Louisville, that a husband can not control or open his wife's private correspondence, I have not broken the seal of this envelope; and I have no 'jealous or prying curiosity' about its contents. In short, I am wholly willing you should 'keep, read, and cherish' it as your own." I opened the envelope, and pulled out my last month's *market bill!* Mr. T. continued to study the advertisements in his paper most unconsciously. The address on the envelope did not look just like his writing, but my private opinion was that he knew the contents as well as I did.

"And I forgot to tell you," added he, still searching the advertisements, "that you received some wedding-cards yesterday."

"Whose were they?" I inquired, eagerly.

"I don't know," said he; "unfortunately they were addressed to you and me together, and I could not open my half of the letter without a possibility of 'interfering with your confidential correspondence.'"

"What *are* you talking about!" I exclaimed, "and do give me the cards!"

"I can not, my dear; unfortunately, I left them on my desk down town. But really," continued he, changing his bantering tone, "I am sorry, and will try to bring them up to-night."

But I told him, as he put on his over-coat and hat, that I "had not the least idea he would remember them"—the surest way, I have found, to impress any thing upon his mind.

A very simple method of warming cars is practiced on European railways. A tube which runs lengthwise of the car is filled from time to time with hot water, and on this the passengers can put their cold feet; and this heat of the tube will be sufficient to mollify the air of the car enough for comfort. Such an arrangement would be exceedingly comfortable if introduced into our city horse-cars.

Yet it seems strange, when we read the experiences of Arctic travelers, that we in this country should suffer with cold. A member of one of the late "telegraphic expeditions" to Siberia writes: "I am afraid you would think that I was availing myself of a traveler's privilege, and relating a very large 'yarn,' if I told you how comfortably I have slept on the snow in temperatures of 35°, 40°, and 45° below zero. We are obliged to sleep in fur bags, of course, with our faces entirely covered, and to take the utmost care to have our fur stockings perfectly dry; but I have slept in that way through the long Arctic nights as comfortably as ever I did in a bed at home.

Saturday.—It is very wonderful to what an extent Chromo-Lithography can bring out the richness of coloring, the delicacy of tint, and the sweetness of expression which mark hand-copies of the choicest master-pieces. Whatever at once gratifies the eye and improves the taste is a blessing to the community; and this new art promises to diffuse not merely a love of art among the people at large, but to disseminate copies of the best works of the best masters. In ordinary lithography the drawing is made upon a slab of limestone with a sort of oily soap which adheres to the stone, and enters into chemical combination with it after certain applications. Water is then applied to the stone, and afterward the lithographic ink, which adheres only to the oily lines. But a chromo is a picture printed from stone, in colors; each color requiring a separate impression. The first proof in a chromo is a light ground-tint, faint and shadowy—scarcely even an outline of the picture; the second proof imparts another color, and the process is repeated again and again, occasionally as often as thirty times. The number of impressions, however, does not necessarily indicate the number of colors in a painting, because the colors and tints are greatly multiplied by combinations created in the process of printing one over another. In twenty-five impressions it is sometimes necessary and possible to produce a hundred distinct shades. The last impression gives a delicate and peculiar resemblance to canvas. The drawing and coloring are not the only difficult processes in making chromos—many other parts of the work require great judgment, care, and skill. "Registering," for example, which consists of so arranging the paper in the press that it shall receive the impression on exactly the same spot of every sheet, is as important as any other branch of the art, for the difference of a hair's breadth would spoil a picture, as it would hopelessly mix up the colors.

The Berlin oil and the English water-color chromo-lithographs have, till quite recently, taken the first rank in this art; but Mr. Prang, of Boston, has succeeded in executing American chromos which compare favorably with any European productions. His chromos of Rosa Bonheur's oxen, Bruith's "Kid's Play-ground," Tait's "Chickens and Ducklings," and the illuminated "Beatitudes," are very beautiful; while Correggio's "Magdalena" equals, and perhaps surpasses, any thing hitherto given to the public, and can hardly fail to be warmly appreciated by lovers of art.

Painters may well find in this new art of Chromo-Lithograph a fresh motive to excite them to strive for excellence and perfection in their works—the originals of these chromos. The masses are not, in general, able to purchase first-class oil-paintings—they are too expensive. It is only the wealthy who can afford to pay their hundreds for *one* picture. But now, by this art, almost every one can have the opportunity of cultivating artistic tastes. And copies of beautiful pictures, scattered through the country, will have a softening and refining influence upon our people.

Sunday Eve.—Lecture this evening on the civil and social life of the Jews in the time of Christ. In describing the dress the minister remarked that "vanity in dress was not modern. Though there was not a glass window in all Palestine, not a house was without a mirror made of polished metal. A modern belle looking on her Jewish sister might certainly lament the degeneracy of the age. To ear-rings *she* added a ring in the nose. The single bracelet of to-day is all that is left of the armlets which literally covered her arms from the shoulder to the wrist. The cosmetics secretly applied are a substitute for the paint with which she ornamented her face with as little secrecy as a modern belle employs in adding to her hair. Pins, sparkling with precious stones, gathered the flowing robes of the Jewess about neck and waist. Rings loaded down her hands; chains of gold hanging from the neck bore no watch indeed but some sacred amulet; while golden manacles encircled the ankles and, chained together, *compelled* the mincing gait which the modern beauty has to study, and tinkling pendent ornaments made it literally true that she had music wherever she went."

Centre of Lace Tidy in Satin Stitch.

THE design shows the centre of a tidy of worsted lace, 16 inches long and 14 inches wide. It is embroidered in satin stitch with colored zephyr worsted and floss silk. The outer edge is surrounded by a strip of woolen lace about three inches wide, which is worked on one side in button-hole stitch; three shades of green zephyr worsted are drawn through the lace. The other edge of this strip is pleated a little, and is sewed to the tidy. Before embroidering it the stuff must be fastened to a double layer of thick black lace, then the pattern must be copied on paper, after which the design is worked obliquely in satin stitch, half polka, or vine stitch, and in French knots, in colors as true as possible to nature. Having finished the embroidery, cut away the paper and the stiff lace on the wrong side; hem it all around, and surround it with the strip of lace before mentioned.

Crochet Garter.

MATERIALS: red worsted and red silk elastic.

This garter is made of red worsted, in a kind of Afghan stitch, worked lengthwise. Red silk elastic is run through each broken row. Buttons and loops are used for fastening. The place where it is fastened is covered with a crocheted rosette.

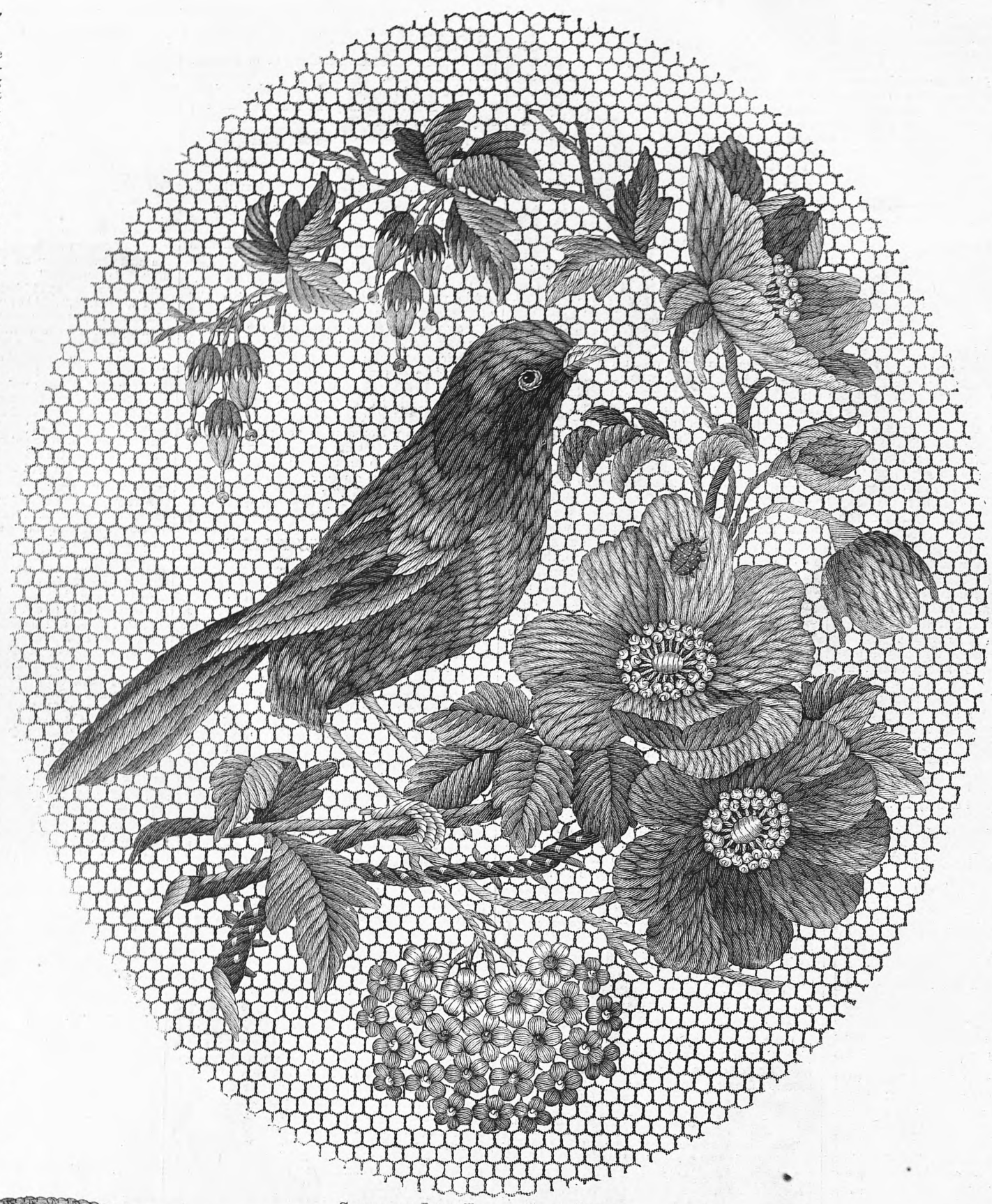
For working this garter make of the red worsted a chain of the required length; upon this work the first part of the first pattern row as follows: Out of the 5 last chain make a stitch by inserting the needle into the 6th chain, putting the thread once around the needle and drawing it through; then make 3 chain; these 3 chain form a long stitch. Make one of these long stitches in every 2d chain. As in the Afghan stitch, the last loop of every long stitch must remain on the needle. Now work back, dropping each loop, making 1 chain between. Make three of these rows, and the garter will be wide enough. At the beginning of the 2d and 3d rows 3 chain must be made, and the long stitches must always be directly over one another. The elastic must not be quite as long as the garter, so that the work will be a little full. Run it through the loops, between the long stitches in front and the single threads at the back, as shown in the illustration, which represents part of the garter, the full size. Fasten the ends carefully.

For the rosette, make with the red worsted a chain of 6 stitches; form it into a round with a slip stitch. * take up the next chain, put the thread once around the needle and make 1 stitch. Make 9 similar single crochet stitches in the same chain stitch. To give these 10 single crochet stitches the form of a loop, take up the next chain and make in it 1 slip stitch, not putting the thread around the needle. Repeat from * 5 times. 2d row of the rosette: between every 2 loops make 1 single crochet; after every single crochet 1 chain. The 3d row is a row of loops like the 1st, but the loops must always be made in the chain stitches of the former row. Make, by turns, in 1 chain 1 loop, and in the next chain 2 loops. This row will now contain 9 loops. Having worked so far, the rosette is easily finished. The original contains 4 rows of loops, in which the number of loops is increased as much as is necessary. A row like the 2d row must be worked between every row of loops. Sew the rosette, when finished, to the garter, in its proper place.

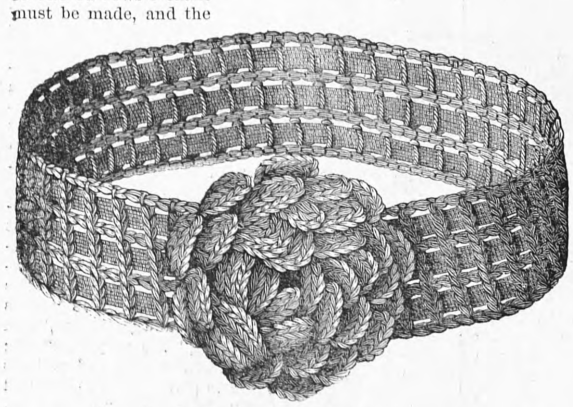
Ladies' Knitted Waistband.

THIS waistband is knitted with white 12-fold worsted, crossways, on two steel knitting needles, in rows back and forth, always to the right.

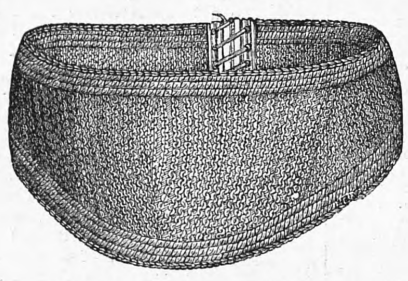
Cast on 45 stitches, work thereupon 30 rows, in which, at regular intervals, widen 1 stitch 6 times; this widening must always take place at the end of the row, and only on one side of the work, at the under edge; then work 10 rows without widening. Now commence the gore, in working which do not omit to widen one stitch twice in every 16 rows.



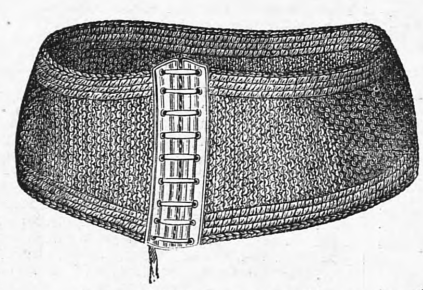
CENTRE OF LACE TIDY IN SATIN STITCH.



CROCHET GARTER.

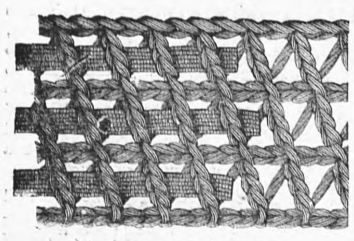


KNITTED WAISTBAND.—FRONT.

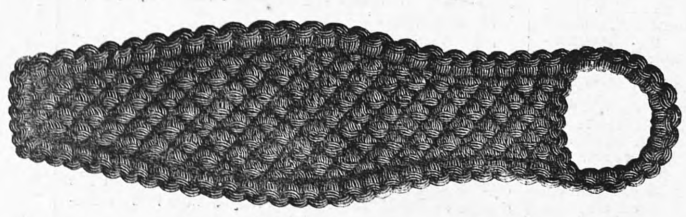


KNITTED WAISTBAND.—BACK.

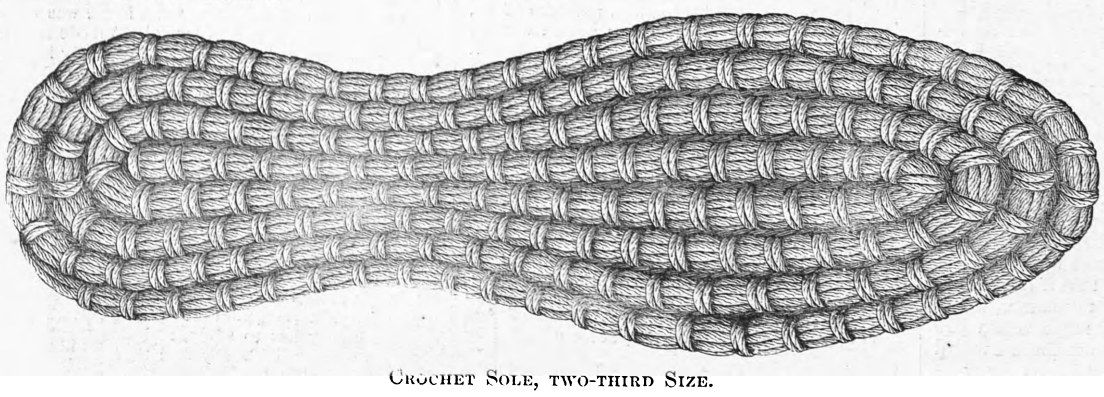
KNITTED OVERSHOE.



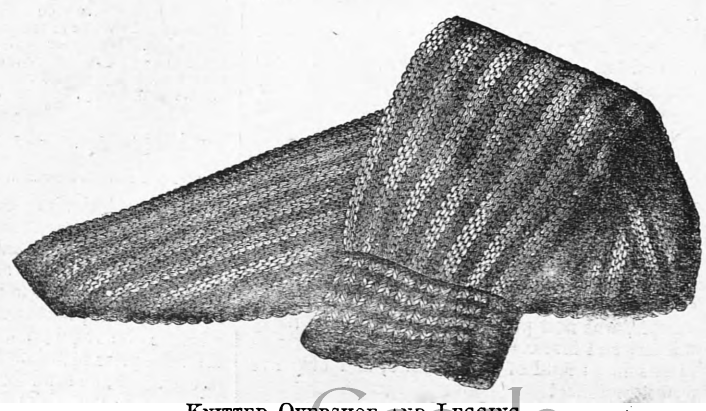
STITCH FOR GARTER.



KNITTED SOLE FOR OVERSHOE AND LEGGING.



CROCHET SOLE, TWO-THIRD SIZE.



KNITTED OVERSHOE AND LEGGING.

In making this gore, in the next and the 4 following rows going forward, on the upper edge of the waistband, miss 3 stitches. In the following 5 rows miss 2 stitches. Every row, going backward, which we have not particularly mentioned, is worked on the stitches of the row going forward. After finishing the first 20 rows of the gore lengthen the next row 13 stitches, by adding to it the 2 stitches that have been 5 times missed. The next forward row is lengthened 6 stitches. In every following forward row miss one stitch till only 27 stitches remain on the needle. Then in each of the next rows going forward miss 3 stitches. Add to the 12 stitches which now remain on the needle all the missed stitches, and knit the whole quantity for 120 rows, in which, at the lower edge of every 6th row, 1 stitch must be added. In the 1st and 3d rows, after the 120 rows, at the lower edge, miss 3 stitches; then work 16 rows, in which on the upper edge 5 and on the lower edge 3 stitches are alternately missed. From this point the rows are increased by adding alternately the 5 and the 3 stitches that have been missed in the former rows. Finally, work 2 more rows, and the waistband will be half finished. Now work the second part like the first, in an opposite direction. Widen on the lower edge every time where it was narrowed in the first part. On the upper and lower edge 5 rows of single crochet are worked. Double a strip of linen, turn in the edges, and stitch it on each side, putting the work between the thicknesses. The linen must be one and a half inches wide. Each of these strips has a whalebone, and eyelets for lacing.

SILVER-GRAY VELVET BONNET.—[SEE PAGE 186.]

BROWN VELVET BONNET.—[SEE PAGE 186.]

Knitted Overshoe.

See illustration, page 184.

MATERIALS: white and light blue zephyr worsted.

These knitted overshoes are excellent for carriage wear, as they keep the feet much warmer than an ordinary rubber overshoe can do. They are knitted of blue and white worsted, in the form of little squares, and are shaped like ordinary stockings. Beginning at the upper edge cast on 72 stitches with blue worsted. Knit 20 rows as follows: 1st row in plain knitting, 2d row purl stitch, both rows of blue worsted. From the 3d to the 6th row in white worsted in plain knitting: 7th row in blue worsted, 3 stitches in plain knitting, then draw the thread through the next stitch of the 2d row knitted in blue; draw it through in a loop and keep it on the needle. Again, 3 stitches in plain knitting, etc.; 8th row in purl stitch with blue worsted. Take up the loop

ROUND HAT WITH VEIL.—[SEE PAGE 186.]

BRIDAL TOILETTES.—[SEE PAGE 186.]

in the preceding row, knit it and the stitch before it into one stitch; repeat twice from the 3d to the 8th row, making the loops alternate, as shown in the illustration. Knit 26 rows with white worsted, 2 stitches plain, 2 stitches purl. The foot part is composed of little squares, and is shaped like a common stocking. The under part of the heel is knit as follows: leave the 11 middle stitches of the heel, and in every row knit the 1st and 11th together with one of the side stitches till the side stitches are all used up. In making the toe, work so that in both sides of the toe a stripe like a hand is formed by narrowing. This is done, in the row where you narrow, by knitting together the 3d and 4th stitches. Take the 4th stitch from the end of the 2d needle, knit the next stitch, and draw the 4th stitch over. This narrowing is also done on the two other needles in the same way. Be careful to narrow exactly according to these directions, so that between the two narrowing rows at the end, and at the beginning of 2 needles, 4 stitches will always remain. To make more or less rounds, as may be wished, for a number of times at first, put 2 or 3 rows between; afterward, only one row. Two of the remaining stitches are always knitted together. For the finishing of the shoe mark the sole by crocheting one row in slip stitch of blue worsted all around. Crochet also in slip stitch on the edge of the two sides of the heel. The upper edge of the sock has a double row of loops of blue worsted, which are made over a narrow fringe stick three quarters of an inch wide.

Crocheted Sole.

See illustration, page 184.

THIS sole, which is crocheted of white zephyr, is placed inside of the shoe, and protects the foot from cold and dampness. The worsted is crocheted over an interlining of the same material. The sole must be fitted to the shoe. First arrange a strand of 12 threads of strong white zephyr worsted of suitable length (the original is about 9 inches long and of proportionate width, the length of the strand being about 2½ yards); then crochet loosely over this strand in single crochet, with one chain between. This crocheted strand is sewed together on the wrong side, as shown in the engraving. In the centre of the sole sew it over again, and draw it together, so as to narrow it in the proper place.

Ladies' Knitted Overshoe and Legging.

See illustration, page 184.

MATERIALS: red and black zephyr worsted, coarse black worsted, and steel knitting-needles.

For this overshoe and legging the upper edge is knitted round; the other part is knitted lengthways, in a striped design of red and black zephyr worsted. The sole of the overshoe is arranged so that the heel of the shoe can come through, and is knotted with strong black worsted. Begin this overshoe below the upper edge. Cast on 16 stitches, on needles suitable to the worsted. Knit 2 rows in plain knitting stitch; at the end of the first row 3 more stitches are cast on. Then knit with the red worsted 4 rows in plain knitting stitch, adding at the 1st and 3d row 3 more stitches. Then follow with a black and red stripe in the same way, and with the same widening. At the 3d black stripe in the 3d row 36 stitches must be cast on, so that the whole number of stitches is now 72. Knit 10 stripes without increasing. At the end of the last stripe let the thread hang, and begin the gore on the lower edge of the overshoe. This is also striped, and worked back and forth. Take for this purpose the last 2 of the 72 stitches and an extra needle; knit 12 stripes, and in every 2d row knit the next one of the 70 stitches with the gore stitch, so that at the end of the 12th stripe 26 stitches are on the needle. Then begin again from the upper edge with a red stripe. In the 1st row of this put in 22, and in the 3d row 3 stitches, and knit 5 more stripes, always adding 3 stitches as before. Work 9 stripes without widening to form the toe; 5 of these 9 stripes form the middle of the shoe. Work the 2d half in the same way, only, instead of widening, slip off the stitches. The 2d gore, however, is begun with 26 stitches. It is pointed by narrowing regularly 2 stitches on one side. In the 1st row of the next stripe, which is worked over the whole row of stitches, the stitches on the bias side of the gore are taken up to obtain the necessary number. When the knitting is finished, sew the sock together on the wrong side. Take up the stitches on the upper edge and knit around 13 stripes, alternately with black and red worsted. Every stripe consists of 3 rows, of which 2 stitches are knit and 2 purled. Knot the sole in the manner described in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 9. Sew the sole to the sock, and cover and protect the seam by a narrow knotted stripe, which is worked with 4 threads, each nearly one yard long.

Silver-Gray Velvet Bonnet.

See illustration, page 185.

BONNET of silver-gray velvet trimmed in the front with gray flowers, and also with gray Angora fringe in the manner shown in the illustration. Strings of gray ribbon, trimmed on the ends with Angora fringe, and fastened under the chin with a small black velvet bow.

Brown Velvet Bonnet.

See illustration, page 185.

BONNET of brown velvet trimmed with a long brown grebe feather and brown watered ribbon. Scarf veil of black lace. The inside trimming of the bonnet consists of black jet beads and grelots, sewed on a bandeau of black velvet.

Round Hat with Veil.

See illustration, page 185.

THIS hat is remarkable for the arrangement of the veil, which is fastened to the back and brought round in front in such a manner as to protect the ears and chin from the cold. An excellent thing for those who wear round hats in cold weather.

Bridal Toilettes.

See illustration, page 185.

Fig. 1.—White satin gored dress. White silk rouleaux, broad point lace, and white pearl buttons simulate an over-skirt. Corsage high with close sleeves; neck and sleeves trimmed with point lace. Marie Antoinette lace fichu. Tulle veil. Wreath of orange flowers.

Fig. 2.—Dress of white gros grain. Over-skirt open in front, and trimmed with heavy white silk fringe. Corsage high, with close sleeves, and hanging sleeves bound with satin and trimmed with silk fringe. Tulle veil. Wreath of orange buds.

Fig. 3.—Dress of white Antwerp silk. Over-skirt trimmed with a broad satin band, edged with piping and broad lace. Waist high, with close sleeves, and hanging sleeves of lace, with satin lapels. Satin lapels depending from the belt, and trimmed with piping and fringe. Tulle veil. Wreath of orange buds, and bridal bouquet.

A PAIR OF SHOES.

"I THINK," said Phil, "it is so with nearly all of us: the greatest events in our experience depend upon some commonplace trifle of everyday life."

"Oh, then, Mr. Maxwell, I am sure it must be so with you; you never would have imagined such a thing all out of your own head," Nettie exclaimed, who, not content with being stupid and pretty as nature made her, was always aspiring to be arch and clever, with what success people will soon discover. "Do tell us, Mr. Maxwell, what trifle made you and—" Even her courage failed before the dead silence in which we all tremblingly awaited the conclusion of her question, for there were events in Mr. Maxwell's life that, to him at least, were known to be great, and in all these years his own family even had carefully avoided the remotest allusion to the past—his past—and here in public, before us all, Nettie had all but asked him outright what had wrecked his happiness! I hardly dared look at Phil, my heart ached so for him; but his answer compelled my eyes to rest upon his face, in which there was far less emotion than we expected; for, in good truth, Phil was suspected to be none of the gentlest, and if a volcano were about bursting under our feet we could not have sat more terror-stricken.

"Your penetration is wonderful, Miss Nettie. I never should or could have imagined such a thing all out of my own head; and the 'trifle' in my case, since you ask it, was—a pair of shoes."

"A pair of shoes!" repeated Nettie, reassured by his quiet tone. "Do tell us all about it, Mr. Maxwell. We will all sit as quiet as mice, and not even whisper, if you will only tell us all of it, every thing about it, for I don't see how a pair of shoes could affect a grave man like you. I am sure you will make it *very* interesting. Nobody ever refuses me any thing. Now begin."

But Phil's endurance was never long-lived. "Nobody ever refuses you any thing? Then I must obey you, and begin to refuse you."

Blunt and plain, there it was, and a damper fell upon even Nettie. So I sang—though with a heavy heart; for I had almost forgotten, and now it was all brought up again to make him miserable, and me—any thing I could think of to take away the uncomfortable feeling. I had my reward, for when they were all gone Phil came and thanked me.

"Nettie is insufferable," he half groaned; "she has been persecuting me in one way or another for the last two years. I wish she would marry somebody and leave me alone. I do, indeed. You helped me out of it, Clara, as you do out of every thing. I hate to think about it, but now I can not help thinking of it. We have a long twilight coming on—let me tell you the story, will you, Clara? I think if I could tell it all out, all the folly and all the absurdity would show in their true colors, and I should be so ashamed of myself I might get over it and forget it."

Phil asking to tell his story to me! I only just knew there was a story, but why there had not been a happy ending I could never divine, did not dream I should ever know; and here was Phil leaning on the piano, looking far over me, and asking if he might tell his story to me!

"How much do you know already?" he asked. "Your scared look amused me so much, vexed as I was. I don't want to tell you stuff you know already; and yet besides the beginning and end there's not much to tell."

"I knew long ago that—that there was—some one—and—" I could not go on.

"And that now there isn't? That's about the whole of it, Clara. There was some one once, and now there is no one! And both came from a pair of shoes, as I told Nettie truly. I'll tell you how there came to be some one. It was a long time before that came to pass. I knew all about women; we men all do at eighteen and twenty; there was not much danger of my being deceived; my eyes were entirely too wide open for that. You do not remember Nell in her gala days, but you know she was very gay; and when a fellow has a sister like her he naturally is a little difficult. Nell was just the best girl, and, although I was never young enough to be fooled by any of your dashing girls, but from the first sought out those whose girlish shyness kept them in the back-ground, it wasn't possible for me not to be proud of Nell's stately figure and queenly ways; and if she had ever failed to be the belle at any party I should have felt like breaking the stupid heads of the fools who neglected her; but I was never tried. Unquestionably, every school-boy knows it, the wall-flowers are the only real flowers of womanhood; but for some reason I never felt satisfied; they were flowers whose perfume and color I could not find; they weren't very lovely to look at after the first hour or so, and their conversation, for a party, was not always of the most entrancing sort. But my day was coming; our days always *do* come, you know, Clara."

Do they? Then I too may have mine! Was not Phil telling his story that nobody had ever heard to me?

"I saw a lady getting out of a carriage who stumbled a little; that was before the days of short dresses and balmorals, and it was not often one saw the tip end of a lady's boot outside of a shoe-store; so this lady blushed very vividly at her own awkwardness, as she thought it, in showing hers, and as soon as she recovered herself looked shyly around to see if it had been observed. I was coming down our steps, and she was going up those next door. I looked indifferent and unobservant, but she was not deceived, and so the pretty foot, the bright blushes, the charming confusion, made altogether a very nice little scene, which I had good cause to recall many times afterward. I met a lady in Broadway who blushed and was confused under the accidental glance of my careless eyes. I could not recall the face or account for the confusion for a long time, but I did remember at last. 'The little goose!' I said to myself, 'how odd that she should remember me!' It showed a great deal of sensitiveness, and I like sensitiveness, especially in very young and pretty girls. I met her at the opera, face to face; the same confusion, the same effort—a little slighter perhaps—to understand, and then I remembered again, and resolved if I ever saw the girl in the right place to get an introduction and relieve her mind, for I did not think the little misstep at all awkward. On the contrary, it was more graceful than the way in which I had seen many others, considering themselves perfectly mistresses of the art, alight from their carriages. I met her at a party, and evidently was recognized at once, although she was plainly trying to hide the fact from me. She was a very sweet-looking girl; her colors were light-blue and white. You know the kind of angel who looks best in those?"

Yes, I knew. I was never glad before that I was not fair; his tone was certainly that of one who is mocking himself. "Nell, you know," he continued, "was a purple woman, fair as a lily, deep eyes, golden-brown hair—fair and stately, gracious and queenly; but Nell was not, at that time, my ideal of womanhood. This was a blue-and-white angel, and her voice was very gentle, her manner deprecating; it seemed to be a perpetual wonder to her that you liked her, a perpetual pleading that you would try to love her a little more. No radiant smiles to greet you when you came, as if you needed to have your courage rewarded, your fears set at rest, but a pretty bashful way that I can not describe, but which was very bewitching I can tell you, Clara; as if she were about to send you away, but never doing it. 'I have found my angel,' I said to Nell—dear, magnificent Nell, so radiant as she was that night, I almost paused before letting her know that I, whom she loved best of all the world, had gone over to another divinity. 'I have found my angel,' I said. 'She is hardly full-fledged yet, according to the world's idea, but she suits me all the better for that. There's the sweet dew of innocent youth fresh upon her yet.' Nell did not laugh at me, but let me do all the poetry while she made note of practical things: 'Miss B——, No. 10 Blank Street. If you are sure of it, Phil, I'll call to-morrow; but you know, Phil, you are very hard to please, and girls look so differently by daylight.' 'But I have seen her by daylight; she wears sky-blue ribbons on her bonnets, and she is adorable.' 'Why, Phil!' 'I always judge a girl by her colors; I can't help it,' I said. 'You know you wear light-blue sometimes.' 'Thank you, dear,' she answered; 'don't apologize; there are very few colors, and there are girls by the thousand. But I will find out all about it to-morrow.' Nell was almost as much smitten as I, and entered into the spirit of the thing with all her heart, although in a week or two I was really in love, and could not talk of it even to Nell. Dear Nell! how good she was at that time! but when was there ever such a girl as Nell? Not another word was said between us, but there never was a party of any kind got up that she did not see that my angel was there, and never one so kindly looked after as she was. Nell would leave all her beaux and run up to meet her if she came in of an evening, dress her hair over again, pull her own bouquets to pieces for flowers to ornament it, and finally lead her in, blushing and shy as she always was, with a little vexation at her own embarrassment contracting her pretty brow and making her perfectly fascinating; while Nell, who was never discomposed in her life, and always had a word or smile ready for any emergency, would cover up all her little blunders—charming blunders I thought them, and was rather proud of them, for no man wants a library at the head of his house. Yes, Nell was very good to her, and she was very grateful in her acknowledgments. 'How good your sister is to me!' she has said a thousand times. 'I know, as every one does, how superior she is—so methodical, so orderly, so ready for any thing, so sensible, while I am always mislaying things or forgetting them, and am always frightened at the sound of my own voice.' 'Such a voice to be frightened at!' I would say. She would blush and pout at the compliment and the interruption, and then continue: 'And I know your sister thinks me a perfect little fool, yet she is so good to me. I hope you do not tell her all the silly things I say. I am not so much afraid of *you*.' 'Then you like me a little?' 'Oh no, I did not say that.' 'Then you mean I am not so sensible as Nell?' 'Oh, you are more so, of course, because women—I mean—' with delicious confusion—'I mean men ought to be; women are more domestic. I don't mean to say dear Nell is not; she is so bright that one can forgive her, even if—' So she would stammer out the one great principle I had laid down all my life in my own mind, that woman's rule was over the heart, not the mind; a principle dear Nell could never understand, good as she was, for she would put her head with all its braids and curls, and, I must say, its good, sound sense, against mine (she was almost as tall as I), and say, 'If I reach his head I surely can his heart?' But she, my angel, was content to let her dear head come just to my heart and rest there."

Here he rested and looked into the fire. I was silent too. Was he thinking of *her* "dear head" as he sat beside me in the autumn twilight? Well, it was very hard—very hard, indeed. And Nell, dear Nell, it must have been hard for her. And then I wondered if his ideal of woman had changed; for I was not an angel, I was not bewitching, nor shy, nor yet grand and gracious like his splendid sister; and I remembered, all at once, how I had got excited, especially in war times, and talked about honor, patriotism, history, and oh! I know not how many unwomanly subjects. My heart was heavier than ever before. I think if I could have known Nell, if she had only dressed *my* hair as he liked it, and read to me, and talked to me, and explained to me, it might have been different.

"Yes," he continued, as if answering his own thoughts, "it was then that I first began to see Nell's deficiencies, or, rather, her exaggerations. There was never a greater contrast between two girls than between these two whom I loved so well. There was not two years' difference between their ages, and yet Nell was so wise, so prudent, so at ease, that she might have been the other's mother. We had no parents living, you know, and this dear girl, this angel of mine, in the sweetest words, with perfect tact, so contrived it that I saw plainly of myself that it was my duty to be both to Nell, whom I had hitherto thought above all criticism, 'a perfect woman,' but now saw was wayward, proud, willful, forward. I no longer gloried in the radiance of her fair face, the stately grace with which she met all who came to her, 'prince or peasant,' the readiness with which she entered into every subject, the calm assurance with which she, a young girl, joined the wisest and best in their conversation, as if it were not a woman's place to be drawn out, instead of leading others along. I talked to her kindly, but plainly, again and again. I told her to look at the dear girl I loved, who never for an instant forgot her natural place, and whose admirers were so many, and yet so kept back that no one could decide which she favored. 'But, dear Phil,' Nell would say, 'what good to dress me in her dresses? They are prettier than mine, I know, but I am four good inches taller and twice her weight: don't ask me, dear.' But she tried, for all, to be more as I would wish her, and was the kindest sister in the world, for she brought out my modest violet, and taught her in a quiet way all the data of society which certain circumstances had made easier to her than to the other. She gave her the right books to read, interested her in things that interested me, so that my dear angel grew more bewitching every day. She only needed the sunshine, and that Nell carried with her every where at all times. Now, Clara, can you stand hearing something bad of me—something that I have never told, that breaks my heart to remember? The bitter part is coming now."

"Yes, Phil, I can stand it, any thing that you can tell me."

"I do not know if I *can* tell you. You must not think that all this time this dear girl was studying to please me, or giving steady encouragement to my evident love for her. You would be doing her great injustice. It was impossible for one so modest and unselfish to realize that she was loved, or to know the agony of those who were kept in suspense by her. She would blush consciously under my eyes; she would sometimes look vexed at my too evident adoration, and punish me for it by banishing me from her dear presence for whole hours, and then would be so sweet and penitent that it was not in mortal man not to sin over again, even with the fear of her anger before him. She had many lovers; for modest worth like hers could not fail to attract the young heart as yet untouched by the art and deceit of this wicked world. She had many lovers, but I was not without hope. At last I told her that I loved her—told it strongly, plainly, that she should not turn me aside, that she *should* understand. Silently [illegible], silently she let me read in her eyes that she loved me too, but no word of answer came from her lips. I needed none. The blushed assurance I wished for I had from that one long gaze, all that her sweet, girlish shyness could give. I kissed her, and she did not refuse my love, and knew she was my own forever. I forbore to wound her sensitive delicacy by speaking of our engagement to any one, not even excepting Nell for *she* had asked me not to, and what could I refuse her? Nor was I so unkind as to insist upon any public favor from her, whose feelings were too sacred for any gaze save her own—so much so that I hardly dared speak to her of them myself. So different from poor Nell, who, about this time had her heart touched for the first time, and whose pride and glory it was to pay all possible honor to the man she loved. But I will say for Nell it was more like the gracious humility of an empress to 'him whom the king delights to honor,' than any tenderness of word or manner.

"Time passed on, and there was question of our marriage. I, rough bear that I was, dared at last to press her for an answer, for a settled day. For a long time I could not force from her the cause of her refusal; finally, I took her by storm: I pleaded no longer; I became a bear in good earnest; I was cold and stern in manner and words, while my heart was fire and my thoughts all tenderness; and I so frightened the dear angel that her broken words gave me the sad knowledge that my sister, dear old Nell, with her gracious ways and her radiant face, stood between me and my happiness—dear old Nell, who had cried herself asleep in my arms the day our beloved mother gave her to me to love and care for when she should be left an orphan; dear Nell, in her black dress, and with her white face and staid ways, sitting patient and absorbed in her little chair, trying with moist hands to learn how to sew that she might hem me a sail for my boat, and with her eyes dancing, curls flying, lips trembling in her eagerness of delight when, the task accomplished, she rushed with it for me to nail to the mast; dear Nell, crying over her long division, and afraid to interrupt my reading to ask my help, and, when I had found out her trouble, leaning over my shoulder with eager eyes and glowing cheeks, understanding it all better than I did myself; dear Nell, dancing around me in her first party dress, sitting by the fire talking it all over to me though the cocks were crowing, Nell, Nell, my own, own Nell, to go away! Oh, Clara, I knew I had that to tell I could not tell!

That I should have listened to such a thought! But the dear angel sweetly and tenderly but plainly showed me that wife and sister could not be always together; but it was not Nell but her I must give up. 'Your sister must be considered first,' said this ever unselfish creature. 'You loved her long before ever I came, and who am I that I should come in her way?' 'But you do not come in her way,' I urged. 'She loves you dearly; I know she longs for the day when she can call you sister; I can see that she is planning a thousand surprises for you; she talks hours at a time of the delight she takes in your companionship. If you only knew her—if you only knew how she loves me, how she would give half her life rather than let me be unhappy!' 'Yes, I know it; she knows it too! She thinks she loves you a thousand times more than I do. She is already jealous of me.' 'Nell jealous!' 'There it is! it is I who am always wrong. I have no chance against a woman like Nell: words are easy to her; she can always say what she will, while I never know how to make myself understood. Nell is a perfect woman, and I am only a weak girl full of faults that *she* can not understand. It would make her miserable to see you obliged to bear so much from me.'

"'I bear from you!' I remember breaking in. 'I know you have not a fault in the world! I wonder I ever dared look to one so good, so gentle, so sacrificing. You must not speak so; Nell will try to conquer her faults, and she will never fail to love you and try to make you happy.' 'But I do not dream of being happy,' she answered, with gentle seriousness; 'happiness is not for any one on earth; if I could only be a true wife to you!' And so on, day after day. She could not make Nell unhappy by marrying me, she would not release me from my promise to keep all secret between us, and so the days passed on. I dared not seek my old comforter, Nell, for fear my secret would escape; I saw my angel surrounded by lovers whom she did not dream were lovers, and so was gently sweet to them in a way that almost broke my heart by its contrast to the mournful severity with which maidenly propriety required she should treat me, whom she loved too well to reject, and yet could not acknowledge as her lover.

"There came a new grief. Nell's favored one, whom I could see was trusted by her as she trusted me, thrown constantly, through Nell's perverse pride and blindness, in the way of my charmer, could not resist her gentle, tender influence any more than I could; and while I was silent and avoided Nell, not daring, as I said, to go near her, lest the very touch of her hand should make me false to my word, he was constrained in his manner and avoided her too. It went to my heart to see this great, magnificent woman, whose word had been law, whose atmosphere had been sunshine and loving praise, trying by every winning grace to touch our hearts, and atone by eager tenderness and loving humility for her unconscious fault, it almost broke my heart to see her growing paler, and her smiles fewer, and to meet the long, loving, questioning, pleading gaze of her dear eyes. I dared not speak to *him*, for that would have been treachery to her secret, which I had discovered. I dared not speak to my angel of this grief of Nell's for the same reason, and also because it would have broken my darling's heart to know that her unconscious charms had endangered another's happiness, and so we lived through a miserable time. But I did my angel injustice; when at last I intimated as delicately as I could that her smiles had been the cause of his defection she accused me of jealousy, and it was long before I won a smile from her whom I had apparently so cruelly insulted; and during the period of my penance I had a thousand new occasions to observe her gentle patience under injustice, her 'consciousness of innocence injured,' and my griefs seemed greater than I could bear, when there was a merciful break in the clouds. My sister's friend proved better than I thought, for he took himself out of the way of temptation and went to Europe. It may have troubled Nell that he went without any explanation, but if so she was comforted by his evident desire to have one before leaving, but which they were unable for many reasons to bring about, as my charmer was at that time on a long visit to Nell, and her duties of hostess seemed in some way to make any thing besides general conversation impossible; and so at last they who really loved, I believe, and were worthy of each other, through shyness and conventionalities were parted.

"Shortly after, my angel smiled again; and so anxious was I that there should be no more clouds, that I said nothing further on the subject of marriage, trusting that Nell's almost imploring eagerness to serve my beloved would prove to her that the dear sister was incapable of any jealousy or unkind feeling. But I was mistaken. 'The more I know your sister, the more I feel how unfitted I am to take her place. I know you would soon see my faults when you came to compare her order and good sense'—if there was any thing I hated it was hearing dear Nell called *sensible*—'her order and good sense with my carelessness.'

"But dear Nell had her own eyes and ears, and she learned it all. I do not know how, but one morning the gay, tender voice that went trilling morning songs through the halls, was silent or failed to awake me. No one sprang into my arms from behind the breakfast-room door, and there were no bright, playful smiles to greet me as I went to my place at the table. I remembered then that I had not seen her since the previous morning, for I had gone directly from the office to the home of my angel, where I had remained until such a late hour that for once my sister had failed to meet me on my return. I did not wait long before the servant came to me with a note and the order from Miss Nell to make my coffee. Shall I tell you what my note said? You will almost run away, Clara, when you hear it:

"'DARLING, DARLING OLD PHIL,—What shall I say to you for hiding all your sorrow from me? I will say nothing; you will be sufficiently punished when you know that I have discovered that you have loved me so little, trusted so little to my love for you that you have let me make you unhappy. I know that I should not stay. I am so used to being obeyed that I know I should be unreasonable and exacting without being conscious of it. She would not believe I meant to go until she saw that I had, or I should have begged to stay to see my darling brother made perfectly happy. I did not tell you because I knew you would not let me go. Mrs. Hamilton takes me with her to-day to Charleston as governess for Kate and Minnie, but every one is to suppose I am her guest. You know how sweet she is, and how the children love me. I put it off till the last minute because I could not bear to leave my own Phil, to whom every joy and happiness. Let it be soon. It will make me so happy to hear that all is right between you at last.

"'Ever my Phil's own devoted

"'NELL.'

"Well, Clara, I read my note without tearing my hair, but ate what breakfast I could like a Christian; then, because I had never been without a confidante, and because I could not rest in any spot, I went to my angel's house. I was angry at her, at Nell, most of all at myself, and that, perhaps, was wh when I came upon her abruptly in the parl- at an hour when she did not look for calls, I was conscious that she had no collar on, that her hair was rather rough, and that she received me coldly and with evident vexation; but though conscious, I was not impressed by my reception. I put Nell's note in her hands at once, and asked its meaning. The dear girl was as shocked as I had been myself. I must go that instant and find my sister! But she had gone the day before. Then she reproached herself, until I forgot poor Nell in the grief of the dear creature beside me, and poured the tender words I should have been writing to Nell into the ears so near me. I went away seeing that dear Nell had made herself ridiculous, and had been very careless of my reputation in exposing me to the misrepresentations of those who knew us, and who would not spare me when they came to hear of it. I felt that I was injured, and I wrote to Nell, as she deserved, a few cold, polite lines. It was very hard to do, but she deserved it; it would be good for her. She had been accustomed to so much flatter y that she was getting spoiled. If she thought I was to take the next train after her, she would find her mistake.

"Nevertheless, when I had given some little time to the recollection of my darling's tender smiles and her blushing half-promise that she would soon be all mine, and try to console me for my sister's absence, my heart did ache to think of her, the queen of all our parties, drudging through a day of a governess's life. And the house without her! We are always told that people who are bright abroad are morose at home; but this was not true in Nell's case. From the hour she awoke me singing outside my door, until that in which she gave me her good-night kiss, she was all radiance and sunshine, save only when any care oppressed me, when she was all sympathy or all energy as the case required. If I read I found my attention wandering, and knew that I was listening for her quick, light step across the room; if I looked over the illustrations in the new magazines, I knew that I was straining my eyes for the graceful figure floating around me; a hundred times I turned to call her, a hundred times it went like a knife to my heart to remember she was beyond my call. I could not go every day to see my angel—Mrs. Grundy might suspect; why go to parties, there was no Nell to introduce me to the prettiest girls, to make me proud and pleased to be the brother of the sweetest girl in the room? I went to one, it was dull and stupid beyond expression, and I was driven half-mad by questions about my sister, and wishes that she were present. What right had they to wish? Add to which my angel, afraid the world would suspect us, received the attention of a rich foreigner, a horrible man, whose impudence and assurance nearly drove me frantic.

"I did not go to another that winter. But nearly every mail brought me long, tender letters from Nell; accounts of the dear children; of all the kindness shown her; love for me in every line. I only half-read some of them; but I think now that, just holding her dear writing in my hand, saved me from making an absolute fool of myself. With it all her going away did no good; I was cross and unhappy, madly jealous of this same foreigner—I never could decide what land he originally came from—and was constantly quarreling with my darling, who bore with me with wonderful patience; but our marriage seemed farther off than ever, for I could not speak of it without endangering a scene; and oh! how I hungered and thirsted for my sister's presence, though I would not stoop to tell her so!

"There came one beautiful summer day that I wish I could describe to you, Clara; think of the most beautiful of your days, and perhaps you can form an idea. We had been all day sailing, and had come home over the waters aglow with sunset glories, our hearts—hers and mine—in harmony once more. We had had a long talk, in which I had confessed all my faults and been tenderly forgiven. I walked home with her—we were in the country now—through the twilight, and our good-by at the garden gate was long and loving. I was very happy as I went homeward; my mind was full of subdued gratitude, strong resolutions, tender memories.

"A visitor was awaiting me—my sister's long-absent friend. We smoked cigars on the porch, watching the stars come out, saying little to each other, although he had just come from Paris, and should have had much to tell; but I was thinking of her I had left waving her hand to me at the garden gate, and he of, I know not what. Finally he asked in what was intended to be a careless manner, 'If Miss Maxwell was at home.' 'No,' I answered, 'she is in the South.' 'In the South! Where? Why, there is pestilence all through it!' he exclaimed, in an agitated tone, that for the moment startled me. 'She is with careful friends,' I answered, and no more was said, until, as he was leaving, he asked her address, adding, 'I left a letter for your sister with a friend of hers when I went away. Do you know, would you be likely to know, whether she received it?' 'I know that she did not,' I replied, 'because I chanced to hear her say a long time afterward, in answer to a question, that she had never seen your writing.' 'I was not wrong, then; it was all a piece of deliberate treachery.' 'On whose part?' I asked. He answered by naming my angel's name. I retorted angrily, and refused to hear his reasons. We parted coldly.

"I went to my room for a book to read, any thing to interest me, for he had disturbed the pleasant current of my thoughts, and dreaming was not so easy as when he found me. Nell's last letter lay on the table, where I had left it, half-read, in order to join the sailing party. I took it up, and a *carte de visite* dropped out, a flat, dark caricature of her bright face; it had a dead look that half-scared me, and brought back the words: 'The pestilence is sweeping through the South.' So the poor fellow loved Nell all the time! How could he have said that a letter was withheld from her? Could Nell have sai a word that was untrue? I resolved to take the first possible hour for a visit to my angel, and to learn the truth. Poor Nell! Her letter was sad in spite of herself, or it struck me so more than the others had done. And the pestilence!

"I went to another room to compare the ugly photograph with her portrait: her bright, fair, radiant face, with her favorite purple ribbons—it had never looked half so much alive as now. The hum of the insects sounds in my ears just as it did that summer night when I stood before her portrait in the little room the good people of the house, who loved her as their own, always kept for her, and which this summer they had not the heart to let, believing every day that Miss Ellen would come back from the hot south, and want her own old room. I held the light before the portrait a long time, until I remarked the uncurtained windows, and feeling half ashamed of being seen before the picture, I went to draw the curtains.

"In doing so I displaced a little work-table, and knocked from the lower shelf a pair of shoes—Nell's shoes; I knew them well. She used to walk in them in the dewy mornings: half-worn, and browned a little, as if the dust had worked in; and Nell had such a dainty foot. I did not draw the curtains; I did not look again at the picture on the wall. What was it to the picture in my mind of my sister, her hands full of flowers, coming up the long gravel-walk with the children dancing around her, all echoing her merry 'Look out for your head, Mr. Phil!' as she threw roses at me, bright roses, less bright than the exercise had made her cheeks? And now the pestilence!

"I could not wait, but went out of the house at once, hurrying to catch the last train to New York, to go to-morrow and bring back the loved sister. I had to pass my dear charmer's house, and I could not but linger to glance at the windows of her room. I lingered to good purpose: 'But if you promise to marry Mr. Long, what will you do with poor Phil?' said a woman's voice, coming to me through the shrubbery near the gate, that gate where I had kissed her, and she me, good-night not three hours before! 'I'll give him to you, Bet!' answered a voice that three hours before had promised me love and joy for a lifetime. 'I always thought you had a liking for him. For my part, I almost hate him, especially when he expects me to console him for Nell's going away. The hateful thing she was! I never could endure her from the first day, with all her grand airs. I guess she's had some of them taken out of her by this time.'

"I did not stay to answer. I am not sure that I was very much shocked, for as I look back upon it now it seems to me I had always been expecting just such a revelation. I wrote her a release the next morning; but notwithstanding that I believe she is still seeking a *bon parti*, and is not so pretty as she used to be. I look upon that night as one of the grandest of my life."

"And Nell?" I asked.

"Somebody was ahead of me," Phil said, trying to say it gayly. "I only had a few months in which to show my remorse, for he carried her to a house of her own."

"Where you stay just four times as much as you do in your own," I replied.

"But it is not the same; she does not need me now. She needed me once, and I failed her: that is the bitterest memory I have."

"Bitterer than the other?"

"I forgot that long ago; the bitterness did not last long, though I loved her devotedly."

"But when Nettie asked you seemed to care?" I said, boldly.

"Nettie knows nothing of the sky-blue angel," he replied. "She knows there was once an estrangement between my sister and me, and she has tried many times to find out the cause."

"What a dreadful woman the other was!"

"I beg your pardon; if you were to see her to-night you would pronounce her charming. To me it has long been a wonder I ever thought her other than I do now. I am under obligations to her for enabling me to love a second time in a way I never could without having made a fool of myself once."

Then we sat a while in silence again, and my heart was not so heavy as it had been. I could even ask, gayly, "Whether he expected to be very sensible the next time?"

He did not answer gayly, but replied gravely: "I never should have known, until I had played with love and burned my fingers, how serious a thing it is. I never should have known the luxury of perfect faith had I not been deceived. I never should have known, if I had not seen such unwomanliness, how grand a thing womanliness is. I find the real is greater, sweeter, dearer, nobler than any ideal."

And do you know that, in the end, he told me that the real was—was me!

GASTRONOMY.

TOMATO SOUP.—Take a quart can of tomatoes; if not boiled so as to be well dissolved chop them fine. Put into the kettle; boil ten minutes. Add one quarter of a spoonful of soda. Stir till the effervescence ceases. Add two large Boston crackers finely pounded, and one pint of milk. Let it boil ten minutes. Season to taste with butter, pepper, and salt. The result is a fine, relishing soup, made in twenty minutes, and without meat.

CHOCOLATE PATÉ.—Take half a cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, leaving out the whites of three, half a cup of sweet milk, half a tea-spoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, a tea-spoonful of cream of tartar, mixed with three small cups of flour. Bake in four jelly-cake tins. Take the whites of the eggs, beat to a stiff froth, add two cups of sifted sugar, and half a cup of Baker's chocolate, grated fine. If you desire to frost the outside of your paté take out half a cup of frosting before you add the chocolate, spread the chocolate frosting between each cake, then ice the whole with the frosting. This is a delicious dessert or supper dish.

ITALIAN CREAM.—Pour one pint of milk over one package of gelatine; let it stand an hour; then pour over it a quart of boiling cream, sweetened to the taste, and stir till dissolved. then add the yokes of eight eggs, well beaten; flavor with vanilla or any other extract. When it begins to thicken, pour it into the mould.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Take six table-spoonfuls of tapioca, soaked over night in a pint of water; in the morning scald a quart of milk; beat the whites and yolks of three eggs separately; stir the yolks into the tapioca when it comes to a boil; let it come to a scald and add the whites; then pour it into a mould and eat with cream and sugar.

CREAM BEER.—Boil seven pints of water, two pounds of loaf sugar, three ounces of tartaric acid five minutes in a new tin kettle; when almost cold beat the whites of three eggs to a light froth; add to them half a tea-cup of flour well beaten, and stir the whole into the sirup with an ounce of the essence of wintergreen or sarsaparilla. Bottle the mixture. In two-thirds of a glass of water put half a tea-spoonful of soda and two table-spoonfuls of the sirup well shaken up in the bottle.

BLUE-EYES AND LONG-TAIL.

"OH dear me! little does any one know who has never tried it, what it is to be the mother of a large family!" cried a fat old mouse to herself, dropping down in a corner quite exhausted. "Such a life as I have! There's no end to the trouble of it. Oh dear, dear me!" And then she began to rock herself to and fro, and to fan her face with her handkerchief, for it was very hot weather, and she was quite knocked up with her efforts to find a suitable house for one of her daughters who was on the point of making a most desirable match. This daughter was called Blue-eyes, and she was one of the prettiest little mice you ever saw, with a slim, graceful figure, and a most delicate slate-colored complexion; and the mouse to whom she was to be married—who was a very handsome and charming young mouse indeed—was called Long-tail.

But a giddier pair of pretty young creatures you never saw, with no notion how to take care of themselves, or how to set up housekeeping in a proper way. But by the help of the mother mouse they did succeed in getting a most excellent establishment to begin with. It was in a new house where no mouse had ever lived before, and where no cat was allowed to cross the threshold—a fact which filled Blue-eyes and Long-tail with delight.

So immediately after their marriage they found a charming home in a large lumber-garret, in a dark corner of which they discovered a curious little sewed-up sack of bran, which was excellent eating. The mother had bidden them good-by with a sigh of great relief, and the urgent injunction never to go out of the garret, lest they come to some bad end.

Long-tail and Blue-eyes were as happy a pair of light-hearted mice as ever lived for the first week after they came to their new house. What games they had in the big garret! How they chased one another across the floor, and played at hide-and-seek among the lumber, and scuttled about behind the wainscot, and made wonderful discoveries of every kind!

They both pronounced the garret, indeed, to be a most delightful place; but by the time they had scampered about it for seven or eight days they began to get just the least bit tired of it, and to think that it would be a nice piece of fun to find out something new. Why, now, for instance, should they not make a little expedition down stairs some morning?

"Really," Blue-eyes said, "we can't be bound to attend to all mamma's advice, or a pretty, dull life we should lead. What harm could there possibly be in our putting our heads for a few minutes into one or two of the other rooms?"

"As if nobody had ever found out any thing since *she* was young!" returned Long-tail.

"Perfectly ridiculous!" said Blue-eyes. "The more we see of the world the better. It will enlarge our ideas so—won't it, Long-tail?"

"Not a doubt of it," replied Long-tail.

"It will make us such superior mice."

"I know *one* of us who is a superior mouse already," said Long-tail, gallantly, and looked at Blue-eyes with a most fascinating air.

Upon which, of course, Blue-eyes blushed becomingly, and said in the prettiest way in the world that she was sure he flattered her.

"My advice," continued Long-tail, "is now that not another moment should be lost. Let us make for the floor below this at once!"

And he was so eager to set about it that he began to lead the way instantly to the door, and Blue-eyes followed.

They soon got down to the bottom of the first flight of stairs, and found themselves in a passage from which a number of doors led. Provokingly enough, however, every one of these was closed. But while they waited, not knowing what to do, all at once the door that was nearest to them opened in such a sudden way that Blue-eyes nearly screamed, and a nice little boy ran along the passage, leaving the door half-open behind him. The door led into a bright, pleasant room, and this was the very thing that Long-tail and Blue-eyes wanted.

"How lucky we are! Follow close behind me. Really, this is a most delightful house!" exclaimed Long-tail; and then, one after the other, and holding their breath, they softly slipped through the open door into the room, and found themselves suddenly in the presence of three little girls, who were all sitting round a table in the middle of the room, busily doing something there with books and slates.

"Here's a dark corner," whispered Long-tail. "Slip in here beside me; and if you think any body sees you, you know, shut your eyes—Ah, there they are closing the door! Well, we're in for it now, any way!"

"Ye—es, we're in for it now," echoed Blue-eyes, more than half in a fright.

"I wonder what they would think if they knew we were here," said Long-tail, a little nervously.

"Oh dear me, Long-tail, I hope they won't find out!" cried Blue-eyes, all in a tremble.

"My love, do you feel cold?" asked Long-tail, looking at her anxiously.

"Cold! just feel my back. I wish I *was* cold!" cried poor little Blue-eyes piteously; and indeed when Long-tail touched her back, as she wished, he found it as hot as fire. She was evidently quite in a fever.

Most fortunately, however, just as Long-tail was beginning to feel his own back grow hot at the thought of what might possibly be about to befall them, he was so lucky as to make a most agreeable discovery.

"My nose may deceive me, Blue-eyes," he said, suddenly, "but surely I smell something eatable in the air."

"Something eatable, do you, dear Long-tail!" cried Blue-eyes. "Where? where? Let me find it out! Ah, you are right! Dear me, this is delicious!" exclaimed Blue-eyes, making a swift little run forward, and beginning to pick up some grains of bird-seed from the floor with all her might.

The seed was lying on the carpet in a nice shady place, and for two or three minutes both Blue-eyes and Long-tail were so busy snapping it up that they were not able to utter another word. By the time they had eaten it all they had wonderfully recovered their spirits, and Blue-eyes's courage was quite restored.

"There is certainly nothing so refreshing as a meal," she said, with a little sigh of content, as they ran back again to their first place.

Then they had a long chat with each other about the matter, and concluded that the breakfast they had enjoyed must have been placed there especially for them.

"They must have expected us," said Long-tail, thoughtfully.

"That is quite clear," replied Blue-eyes.

"We ought to endeavor to show our sense of such attention," said Long-tail.

"Well, I should be delighted, if I knew how," answered Blue-eyes.

"I think we should show ourselves," said Long-tail, with solemnity.

"Oh dear me! do you, Long-tail?" inquired Blue-eyes, all in a flutter.

"*I* should advise it—*strongly*," said Long-tail, with emphasis.

"Oh, Long-tail, my heart's going pit-a-pat!" she said. "You don't think—do you—that you would like to—to show yourself—without me?"

"It would seem singular, a little, I think," answered Long-tail, rather taken aback.

"But I would come presently, you know—if you won't mind just going first," cried Blue-eyes, eagerly.

"Oh, well, I don't mind going first, if you would like it," said Long-tail, with an appearance of perfect indifference, though, in fact, as he spoke his own heart was beating curiously fast. "First or last, it's all one to me." And with that he stepped forward quite heroically, and gave a run that brought him out into the very middle of the floor. As soon as he had got there, of course, he wondered immensely what would happen next, and you may be sure that he felt a good deal amazed (as Blue-eyes also did, eagerly peeping out at him from the wall) that nothing happened of any kind at all. The three little girls were all so busy with their lessons that not one of them raised her head, or seemed to have the least idea that he was in the room. He ran here and there, but not the slightest notice did any body take of him, and so at last he scudded back to where Blue-eyes was waiting for him, a little out of breath, to be sure, and rather surprised, but still, on the whole, in delightful spirits.

"There, my dear, you see it's the simplest thing in the world!" he exclaimed; "nothing to make even a new-born mouse afraid. Do you feel able to accompany me in a little run now, my love?"

Well, Blue-eyes did not quite know, but she was ready to try. She ran a very little way forward, and then a little bit back, and then took another little run forward, and another little run back, and so by degrees, after a good deal of time, she made her way nearly into the centre of the floor. Of course, at every little run she took she watched the three children sitting round the table with all her eyes; but they all sat quite still, and did not seem to have so much as the least idea in the world that any mouse whatever was in the place.

"It's singular!" said Long-tail, when, after scudding about for two or three minutes, they retired once more to their corner to take breath.

"*Very* singular; and not quite civil," answered Blue-eyes, a little sharply; for though she would have been terrified if the children *had* looked round and seen her, she was such a vain little mouse that she felt quite hurt at having been overlooked.

"What do you say to another run?" said Long-tail.

And then off they set.

They ran quite boldly this time straight into the middle of the room, and then backward and forward, here and there, quite merrily, and at their ease. There was nothing in the world to be afraid of, they said to one another; and really it was very fine fun. In more than one place they came upon some delicious crumbs, sprinkled upon the carpet, no doubt expressly for them, and these they ate up with the greatest satisfaction, for they had both excellent appetites. In fact, they were enjoying themselves extremely, when, all in a moment, there came the most dreadful scream that they had ever heard in their lives; and before they could imagine what in the world had happened, one of the little girls had sprung up on a chair, and another had leaped up on the table, and the third had darted to the sofa, and every body was crying out together, and—what was more extraordinary and alarming than all the rest—they were all three staring and pointing at Blue-eyes and Long-tail, as if they had never seen a mouse before in their lives.

You may fancy, if you can, how Long-tail and Blue-eyes felt! For a moment or two they were so paralyzed with terror that they couldn't move a step, and Blue-eyes nearly fainted on the spot; and then how they got again to their corner they never knew, for they just scudded back to it along the floor, pell-mell, without ever taking breath.

BLUE-EYES AND LONG-TAIL IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

Yet, frightened as *they* were, they did not seem to be a bit more frightened than the three silly children, who, as long as Blue-eyes and Long-tail remained in sight, stood up on their different perches and screamed; and as soon as the little mice had run back to their corner they all bolted out of the room as if they had been shot.

It was altogether a most amazing proceeding; and Blue-eyes and Long-tail, as soon as they had got over their first alarm, were completely bewildered by it.

"Then what could possibly have made them run away?" cried Blue-eyes.

"I can't imagine—unless they were afraid," answered Long-tail. "Foolish creatures! we wouldn't harm them."

"Oh dear no, I'm sure we never should think of such a thing," exclaimed Blue-eyes.

"But my nerves certainly feel a little shaken," continued Blue-eyes, "and I should enjoy an hour or two's repose."

"By all means! Will you sleep here?" inquired Long-tail. "We may consider this room now, I have no doubt, as entirely at our disposal."

"Ah, very likely; but I think I should prefer on the whole to retire up stairs," replied Blue-eyes, with considerable vivacity.

"We will return the first thing in the morning," said Long-tail.

"Well, so that we get back to the garret now you may do any thing you like," answered Blue-eyes; and with that she whisked out of the room and made a leap up stairs, and hardly drew breath again till she found herself safe at the attic door.

The excitement and agitation of the morning had shaken her a good deal; but an excellent sleep, into which she at once fell, refreshed her extremely, and when she awoke she had quite lost her nervousness, and was as lively as ever.

They both agreed that they would pay a second visit to the school-room, and no sooner had it begun to get light than they skipped with light hearts down the stairs, and finding the school-room door standing wide open, they ran into the room as merry as crickets.

But to their disappointment they found it quite empty; not one of the little girls or any body else was there.

"Why, where in the world can they be!" cried Blue-eyes, stopping suddenly short, and staring all around.

"They must have been too frightened to return," exclaimed Long-tail, contemptuously.

"How absurd!" cried Blue-eyes.

"Most unquestionably, my love; but I only hope they haven't forgotten our breakfast," answered Long-tail, sharply. And then, not quite in the very best temper, they began to look about them, and to snuff with their eager little noses here and there.

"There seems to me a singularly agreeable odor somewhere," exclaimed Blue-eyes suddenly, in a tone of great excitement.

"Do you see any thing, Long-tail?"

"I see a—a sort of little box," said Long-tail, doubtfully.

"Oh, it can't possibly come from any little box," exclaimed Blue-eyes, contemptuously, and went busily poking her nose somewhere else. But Long-tail ran close up to the little box, and quietly peeped in.

It was a curious box, with wire-work all round it, and a little hole at the top; and when Long-tail looked inside it, what do you think he saw? He saw the most delicious piece of toasted cheese that ever any mouse set eyes on! a large piece of toasted cheese, which it was quite clear had been put there for him and Blue-eyes to eat, for the little hole at the top of the box was the very exact size that was needed to allow of a mouse creeping in.

"Oh, Blue-eyes! Blue-eyes!" he called out as soon as he could speak.

"I have found it! Look what they have provided for us! Oh, Blue-eyes, what appreciation of our worth this shows! what wisdom and delicate kindness!"

And with that, to prove how excellent the arrangement was, Long-tail with great dignity mounted the box, and slipped in, head foremost, through the little hole; and in another moment was eating away at the cheese with all his might.

Of course, as soon as she saw this, Blue-eyes showed herself in a prodigious hurry to follow him.

"I'm coming too! Stand a little out of the way, Long-tail!" she called out. "This place is most inconveniently small." And she was just in the act of slipping in after him, when, at that very moment, there came a sudden noise of steps and voices.

Poor little Blue-eyes! The horrid sound in an instant took all her wits away. "Oh, what shall I do?" she had only time to call out; and turning wildly round, scudded across the floor, and hid herself in the very darkest corner she could find, with her poor little heart in her mouth, and all her legs trembling beneath her.

It was several of the children and some grown-up person that she had heard coming into the room, and Blue-eyes, peeping out from the hole to which she had scampered, saw them go straight up to the little box in which Long-tail was sitting nibbling his cheese, and take it up from the floor. "Oh, Long-tail, what are they going to do with you?" she cried out to herself at this sight, and wrung her hands.

They took the little box up in their hands, and the children all stood round it, talking and calling out, and pointing and staring at Long-tail, who, brave little mouse though he was, had pretty quickly, you may be sure, left off his pleasant meal, and was staring at them in return, with his heart going pit-a-pat.

"I'll make a bolt for it!" he thought to himself at last. "I'm a capital runner, and even if they *should* try to catch me I think I shall be too quick for them."

And Long-tail made a gallant spring.

But, alas! for poor Long-tail. He was fast shut in prison; he couldn't get out. He sat down at last, quite still, in the bottom of the trap, and looked in the children's faces. One of them, a little thing, had begun to cry and had run away.

It was all over with him; he began to feel that. All over with him! And one little hour ago how happy they had both been! "Oh, Blue-eyes!" he cried hopelessly to himself; "Oh, little Blue-eyes!"

And all this time Blue-eyes sat crouching behind the wainscot, sobbing and wringing her hands.

"I'll go after them wherever they go," she was whispering. "I'll follow them wherever they take Long-tail. Oh, they are going to take him off now!"

And so indeed they were. They took him in his trap, down flight after flight of stairs, and out into the court-yard; and all the way they went little Blue-eyes followed after them, slipping from stair to stair, and tumbling head-over-heels sometimes, because her legs were trembling so that they wouldn't carry her, and when they set the trap down in the yard, she hid herself so near to it, behind a stone, that she could quite well see poor Long-tail. They would take him out of his cage, she thought, and put him to death; and *she*—oh, would she never be able to speak so much as another word to him again, but have to sit still behind her stone, and see him die? But for some reason they set Long-tail down upon the flags, and all went out of the yard, and left him to himself.

And then, you may be sure (though her heart was fairly in her mouth with terror), little Blue-eyes came rushing out of her hiding-place, and ran up to the side of the trap.

"Oh, Long-tail!" cried little Blue-eyes, gasping. And Long-tail, who had never expected to see her again in this world, gave such a wild "Cheep!" as she appeared, that you might have heard him a dozen yards off.

"Oh, Blue-eyes! can you do any thing for me? Have you come to help me? Oh, Blue-eyes!" cried poor Long-tail in an agony, "can't you get me out?"

And at that Blue-eyes burst out crying with all her might, and Long-tail looked at her in his despair till his own tears came so fast that he could hardly see her face; and then they stretched out their arms to one another through the bars, and put their little wet cheeks side by side; and they knew that they could do nothing for one another, but that Blue-eyes must be left alone, and that Long-tail must die.

"We thought that we were wiser than other mice," said Long-tail sorrowfully, when they had cried till they could almost cry no more.

"But we were so young and so happy together," answered poor little Blue-eyes.

"Oh, Blue-eyes!" cried Long-tail.

"Oh, Long-tail!" cried Blue-eyes.

And then they looked in one another's face till their hearts were like to break.

"Let us say good-by to one another," said Long-tail, in a broken voice. And poor little Blue-eyes tried to repeat "good-by!" and then they kissed one another through the bars. And after that they hardly spoke any more, but just sat cowering up close together, hand in hand, till at last there came the noise of an opening door; and then they started apart, and Long-tail cried out, "Oh fly, Blue-eyes! fly!" and then she rushed behind her stone once more.

The door had opened, and several people had come out into the yard. The little child who had cried and run away while Long-tail was struggling in the trap was one of them, and besides him there were two more of the children, and a big tall man; and the little child ran along by the man's side, talking very eagerly, till they came close to the trap, when the man stopped and took it up in his hand.

And now Long-tail believed that his last moment had come, and he gave a great gasp and shut his eyes tight.

"I won't open them any more: I'll sit quite still until I die," he said to himself. "Oh, little Blue-eyes, little Blue-eyes, good-by!"

But what do you think little Blue-eyes saw as she peeped out from behind her stone?

Not Long-tail being put to death, but—oh, could she believe her eyes!—the trap-door open, and the little child clapping his hands, and all of them standing back to let Long-tail go free. To let him go free, and yet he never moved a step! "Long-tail! Long tail!" she cried out. But still he sat quite still, until she forgot every thing else in the world—all danger and all fear—and ran forward in the face of all the people to the trap-door.

That roused him at last. He opened his tight-closed lids, and saw—not death, but little Blue-eyes!

And Blue-eyes and Long-tail hid in the yard for three whole days, until they were nearly starved. But something *must* be done; and one evening, when the door into the house was open, and every thing was quiet and dark, with beating hearts they stole out from their hiding-place, and never rested till, half-dead with fright and joy, they found themselves once again at their own garret-door.

They never left the garret again; but grew old in it together, surrounded by their children to the tenth generation, and regarded by all their family with admiration and respect.

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

IT was early in the month of August when Brandon visited the quarantine station at Gosse Island, Quebec. A low, wooden building stood near the landing, with a sign over the door containing only the word "OFFICE." To this building Brandon directed his steps. On entering he saw only one clerk there.

"Are you the superintendent?" he asked, bowing courteously.

"No," said the clerk. "He is in Quebec just now."

"Perhaps you can give me the information that I want."

"What is it?"

"I have been sent to inquire after some passengers that came out here last year."

"Oh yes, I can tell all that can be told," said the clerk, readily. "We have the registration books here, and you are at liberty to look up any names you wish. Step this way, please." And he led the way to an inner office.

"What year did they come out in?" asked the clerk.

"Last year."

"Last year—an awful year to look up. 1846—yes, here is the book for that year—a year which you are aware was an unparalleled one."

"I have heard so."

"Do you know the name of the ship?"

"The *Tecumseh*."

"The *Tecumseh!*" exclaimed the clerk, with a startled look. "That is an awful name in our records. I am sorry you have not another name to examine, for the *Tecumseh* was the worst of all."

Brandon bowed.

"The *Tecumseh*," continued the clerk, turning over the leaves of the book as it lay on the desk. "The *Tecumseh*, from Liverpool, sailed June 2, arrived August 16. Here you see the names of those who died at sea, copied from the ship's books, and those who died on shore. It is a frightful mortality. Would you like to look over the list?"

Brandon bowed and advanced to the desk.

"The deaths on board ship show whether they were seamen or passengers, and the passengers are marked as cabin and steerage. But after landing it was impossible to keep an account of classes."

Brandon carefully ran his eye down the long list, and read each name. Those for which he looked did not appear. At last he came to the list of those who had died on shore. After reading a few names his eye was arrested by one—

"*Brandon, Elizabeth.*"

It was his mother. He read on. He soon came to another—

"*Brandon, Edith.*" It was his sister.

"Do you find any of the names?" asked the clerk, seeing Brandon turn his head.

"Yes," said Brandon; "this is one," and he pointed to the last name. "But I see a mark opposite that name. What is it? 'B' and 'A.' What is the meaning?"

"Is that party a relative of yours?"

"No," said Brandon.

"You don't mind hearing something horrible, then?"

"No."

The clerk drew a long breath.

"Well, Sir, those letters were written by the late superintendent. The poor man is now a lunatic. He was here last year.

"You see this is how it was: The ship-fever broke out. The number of sick was awful, and there were no preparations for them here. The disease in some respects was worse than cholera, and there was nothing but confusion. Very many died from lack of nursing. But the worst feature of the whole thing was the hurried burials.

"I was not here last year, and all who were here then have left. But I've heard enough to make me sick with horror. You perhaps are aware that in this ship-fever there sometimes occurs a total loss of sense, which is apt to be mistaken for death?"

The clerk paused. Brandon regarded him steadily for a moment. Then he turned, and looked earnestly at the book.

"The burials were very hastily made."

"Well?"

"And it is now believed that some were buried in a state of trance."

"Buried alive?"

"Buried alive!"

There was a long silence. Brandon's eyes were fixed on the book. At last he pointed to the name of Edith Brandon.

"Then, I suppose," he said, in a steady voice, which, however, was in a changed key, "these letters 'B' and 'A' are intended to mean something of that description?"

"Something of that sort," replied the clerk.

Brandon drew a long breath.

"But there is no certainty about it in this particular case. I will tell you how these marks happened to be made. The clerk that was here last told me.

"One morning, according to him, the superintendent came in, looking very much excited and altered. He went to this book, where the entries of burials had been made on the preceding evening. This name was third from the last. Twelve had been buried. He penciled these letters there and left. People did not notice him; every body was sick or busy. At last in the evening of the next day, when they were to bury a new lot, they found the superintendent digging at the grave the third from the last. They tried to stop him, but he shouted and moaned alternately 'Buried alive!' 'Buried alive!' In fact they saw that he was crazy, and had to confine him at once."

"Did they examine the grave?"

"Yes. The woman told my predecessor that she and her husband—who did the burying—had examined it, and found the body not only dead, but corrupt. So there's no doubt of it. That party must have been dead at any rate."

"Who was the woman?"

"An old woman that laid them out. She and her husband buried them."

"Where is she now?"

"I don't know."

"Does she stay here yet?"

"No. She left last year."

"What became of the superintendent?"

"He was taken home, but grew no better. At last he had to be sent to an asylum. Some examination was made by the authorities, but nothing ever came of it. The papers made no mention of the affair, and it was hushed up."

Brandon read on. At last he came to another name. It was simply this: "*Brandon.*" There was a slight movement on the clerk's part as Brandon came to this name. "There is no Christian name here," said Brandon. "I suppose they did not know it."

"Quite so. The clerk let it stand. You see, if he had erased it, he might have been overhauled, and there would have been a committee. He was afraid of that: so he thought it better to say nothing about it. He wouldn't have told me, only he said that a party came here once for a list of all the dead of the *Tecumseh*, and he copied all out, including this doubtful one. He thought that he had done wrong, and therefore told me, so that if any particular inquiries were ever made I might know what to say."

"Are there many mistakes in these records?"

"I dare say there are a good many in the list for 1846. There was so much confusion that names got changed, and people died whose names could only be conjectured by knowing who had recovered. As some of those that recovered or had not been sick slipped away secretly, of course there was inaccuracy."

Brandon had nothing more to ask. He thanked the clerk and departed.

There was a faint hope, then, that Frank might yet be alive. On his way up to Quebec he decided what to do. As soon as he arrived he inserted an advertisement in the chief papers to the following effect:

NOTICE!

INFORMATION of any one of the name of "BRANDON," who came out in the ship *Tecumseh* in 1846 from Liverpool to Quebec, is earnestly desired by friends of the family. A liberal reward will be given to any one who can give the above information. Apply to

HENRY PETERS,
22 Place d'Armes.

Brandon waited in Quebec six weeks without any result. He then went to Montreal and inserted the same notice in the papers there, and in other towns in Canada, giving his Montreal address. After waiting five or six weeks in Montreal he went to Toronto, and advertised again, giving his new address. He waited here for some time, till at length the month of November began to draw to a close. Not yet despondent, he began to form a plan for advertising in every city of the United States.

Meanwhile he had received many communications, all of which, however, were made with the vague hope of getting a reward. None were at all reliable. At length he thought that it was useless to wait any longer in Canada, and concluded to go to New York as a centre of action.

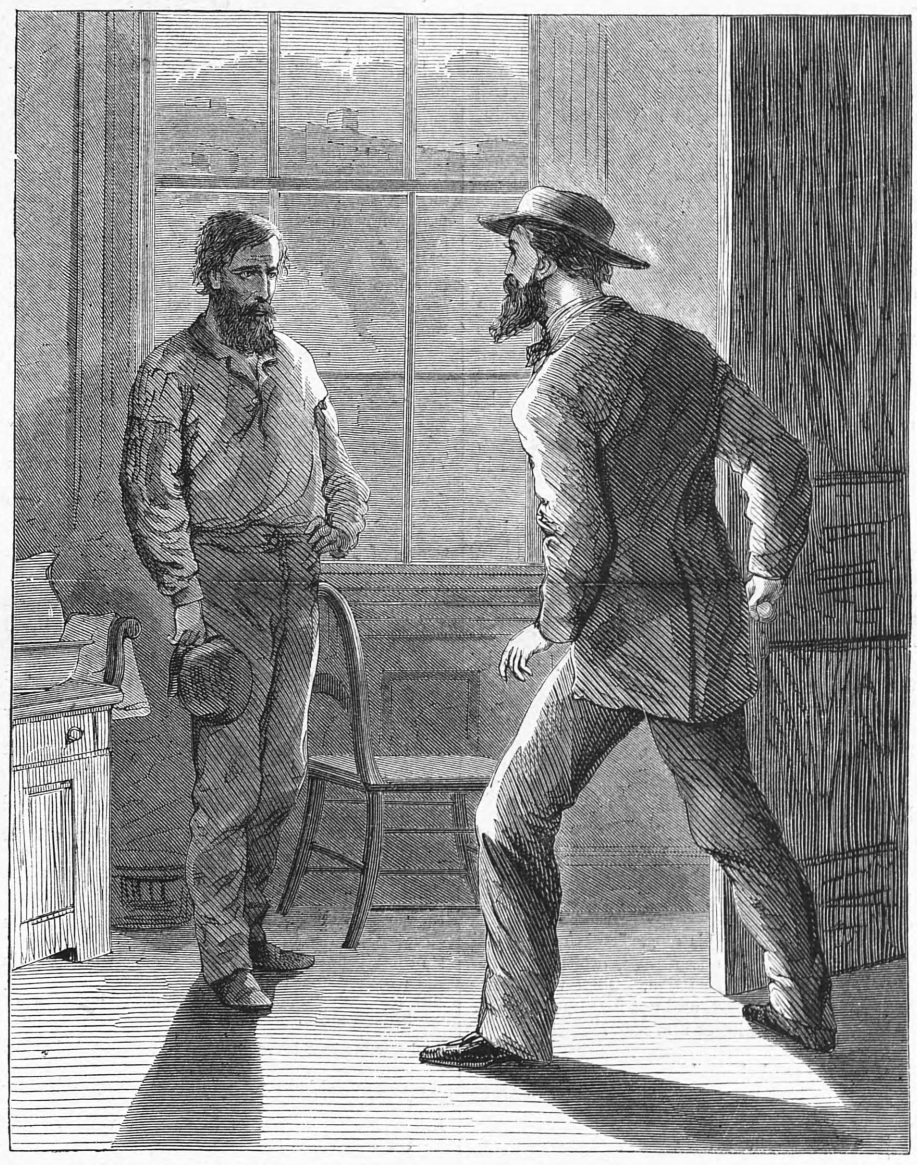
He arrived in New York at the end of December, and immediately began to insert his notices in all parts of the country, giving his address at the Astor House.

One day, as he came in from the street, he was informed that there was some one in his room who wished to see him. He went up calmly, thinking that it was some new person with intelligence.

On entering the room he saw a man standing by the window, in his shirt-sleeves, dressed in coarse clothes. The man was very tall, broad-shouldered, with large, Roman features, and heavy beard and mustache. His face was marked by profound dejection; he looked like one whose whole life had been one long misfortune. Louis Brandon had never seen any face which bore so deep an impress of suffering.

The stranger turned as he came in and looked at him with his sad eyes earnestly.

"Sir," said he, in a voice which thrilled through Brandon, "are you Henry Peters?"



"A STRANGE FEELING PASSED OVER BRANDON. HE STEPPED FORWARD."

"Well," said the clerk, "there's something peculiar about that. The former clerk never mentioned it to any body but me. That man didn't die at all."

"What do you mean?" said Brandon, who could scarcely speak for the tremendous struggle between hope and despair that was going on within him.

"It's a false entry."

"How?"

"The superintendent wrote that. See, the handwriting is different from the others. One is that of the clerk who made all these entries; the other is the superintendent's."

Brandon looked and saw that this was the case.

"What was the cause of that?"

"The clerk told me that after making these next fifteen entries of buried parties—buried the evening after these last twelve—he went away to see about something. When he came back the next morning this name was written in the superintendent's hand. He did not know what to think of it, so he concluded to ask the superintendent; but in the course of the day he heard that he was mad and in confinement, as I have told you."

"Then you mean that this is not an entry of a death at all."

"Yes. The fact is, the superintendent for some reason got it into his head that this Brandon"—and he pointed to Edith's name—"had been buried alive. He brooded over the name, and among other things wrote it down here at the end of the list for the day. That's the way in which my predecessor accounted for it."

"It is a very natural one," said Brandon.

A strange feeling passed over Brandon. He stepped forward.

"Frank!" he cried, in a broken voice.

"Merciful Heavens!" cried the other. "Have you too come up from the dead? Louis!"

In this meeting between the two brothers, after so many eventful years of separation, each had much to tell. Each had a story so marvelous that the other might have doubted it, had not the marvels of his own experience been equally great. Frank's story, however, is the only one that the reader will care to hear, and that must be reserved for another chapter.

CHAPTER XX.

FRANK'S STORY.

"AFTER you left," said Frank, "all went to confusion. Potts lorded it with a higher hand than ever, and my father was more than ever infatuated, and seemed to feel that it was necessary to justify his harshness toward you by publicly exhibiting a greater confidence in Potts. Like a thoroughly vulgar and base nature, this man could not be content with having the power, but loved to exhibit that power to us. Life to me for years became one long death; a hundred times I would have turned upon the scoundrel and taken vengeance for our wrongs, but the tears of my mother forced me to use self-control. You had been driven off; I alone was left, and she implored me by my love for her to stand by her. I wished her to take her own little property and go with me and Edith where we might all live in seclusion together; but this she would not do for fear of staining the proud Brandon name.

"Potts grew worse and worse every year. There was a loathsome son of his whom he used to bring with him, and my father was infatuated enough to treat the younger devil with the same civility which he showed to the elder one. Poor father! he really believed, as he afterward told me, that these men were putting millions of money into his hands, and that he would be the Beckford of his generation.

"After a while another scoundrel, called Clark, appeared, who was simply the counterpart of Potts. Of this man something very singular was soon made known to me.

"One day I was strolling through the grounds when suddenly, as I passed through a grove which stood by a fish-pond, I heard voices and saw the two men I hated most of all on earth standing near me. They were both naked. They had the audacity to go bathing in the fish-pond. Clark had his back turned toward me, and I saw on it, below the neck, three marks, fiery red, as though they had been made by a brand. They were these;" and taking a pencil, Frank made the following marks:

Louis looked at this with intense excitement.

"You have been in New South Wales," said Frank, "and perhaps know whether it is true or not that these are brands on convicts?"

"It is true, and on convicts of the very worst kind."

"Do you know what they mean?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Only the worst are branded with a single mark, so you may imagine what a triple mark indicates. But I will tell you the meaning of each. The first (↑) is the king's mark put on those who are totally irreclaimable and insubordinate. The second (R) means runaway, and is put on those who have attempted to escape. The third (+) indicates a murderous attack on the guards. When they are not hung, they are branded with this mark; and those who are branded in this way are condemned to hard work, in chains, for life."

"That's about what I supposed," said Frank, quietly, "only of course you are more particular. After seeing this I told my father. He refused to believe me. I determined to bring matters to a crisis, and charged Potts, in my father's presence, with associating with a branded felon. Potts at once turned upon me and appealed to my father's sense of justice. He accused me of being so far carried away by prejudice as not to hesitate to invent a foul slander against an honest man. He said that Clark would be willing to be put to any test; he could not, however, ask him to expose himself—it was too outrageous, but would simply assert that my charge was false.

"My father as usual believed every word and gave me a stern reprimand. Louis, in the presence of my mother and sister I cursed my father on that day. Poor man! the blow soon fell. It was in 1845 that the crash came. I have not the heart to go into details now. I will tell you from time to time hereafter. It is enough to say that every penny was lost. We had to leave the Hall and took a little cottage in the village.

"All our friends and acquaintances stood aloof. My father's oldest friends never came near him. Old Langhetti was dead. His son knew nothing about this. I will tell you more of him presently.

"Colonel Lionel Despard was dead. His son.

Courtenay, was ignorant of all this, and was away in the North of England. There was Thornton, and I can't account for his inaction. He married Langhetti's daughter too. That is a mystery."

"They are all false, Frank."

Frank looked up with something like a smile.

"No, not all; wait till you hear me through."

Frank drew a long breath. "We got sick there, and Potts had us taken to the alms-house. There we all prayed for death, but only my father's prayer was heard. He died of a broken heart. The rest of us lived on.

"Scarcely had my father been buried when Potts came to take us away. He insisted that we should leave the country, and offered to pay our way to America. We were all indifferent; we were paralyzed by grief. The alms-house was not a place that we could cling to, so we let ourselves drift, and allowed Potts to send us wherever he wished. We did not even hope for any thing better. We only hoped that somewhere or other we might all die. What else could we do? What else could I do? There was no friend to whom I could look; and if I ever thought of any thing, it was that America might possibly afford us a chance to get a living till death came.

"So we allowed ourselves to be sent wherever Potts chose, since it could not possibly make things worse than they were. He availed himself of our stolid indifference, put us as passengers in the steerage on board of a crowded emigrant ship, the *Tecumseh*, and gave us for our provisions some mouldy bread.

"We simply lived and suffered, and were all waiting for death, till one day an angel appeared who gave us a short respite, and saved us for a while from misery. This angel, Louis, was Paolo, the son of Langhetti.

"You look amazed. It was certainly an amazing thing that he should be on board the same ship with us. He was in the cabin. He noticed our misery without knowing who we were. He came to give us his pity, and help us. When at last he found out our names he fell on our necks, kissed us, and wept aloud.

"He gave up his room in the cabin to my mother and sister, and slept and lived with me. Most of all he cheered us by the lofty, spiritual words with which he bade us look with contempt upon the troubles of life, and aspire after immortal happiness. Yes, Louis; Langhetti gave us peace.

"There were six hundred passengers. The plague broke out among us. The deaths every day increased, and all were filled with despair. At last the sailors themselves began to die.

"I believe there was only one in all that ship who preserved calm reason and stood without fear during those awful weeks. That one was Langhetti. He found the officers of the ship panic-stricken, so he took charge of the steerage, organized nurses, watched over every thing, encouraged every body, and labored night and day. In the midst of all I fell sick, and he nursed me back to life. Most of all, that man inspired fortitude by the hope that beamed in his eyes, and by the radiancy of his smile. 'Never mind, Brandon,' said he as I lay, I thought doomed. 'Death is nothing. Life goes on. You will leave this pest-ship for a realm of light. Keep up your heart, my brother immortal, and praise God with your latest breath.'

"I recovered, and then stood by his side as best I might. I found that he had never told my mother of my sickness. At last my mother and sister in the cabin fell sick. I heard of it some days after, and was prostrated again. I grew better after a time; but just as we reached quarantine, Langhetti, who had kept himself up thus far, gave out completely, and fell before the plague."

"Did he die?" asked Louis, in a faltering voice.

"Not on ship-board. He was carried ashore senseless. My mother and sister were very low, and were also carried on shore. I, though weak, was able to nurse them all. My mother died first."

There was a long pause. At last Frank resumed:

"My sister gradually recovered; and then, through grief and fatigue, I fell sick for the third time. I felt it coming on. My sister nursed me; for a time I thought I was going to die. 'Oh, Edith,' I said, 'when I die, devote your life while it lasts to Langhetti, whom God sent to us in our despair. Save his life even if you give up your own.'

"After that I became delirious, and remained so for a long time. Weeks passed; and when at last I revived the plague was stayed, and but few sick were on the island. My case was a lingering one, for this was the third attack of the fever. Why I didn't die I can't understand. There was no attendance. All was confusion, horror, and death.

"When I revived the first question was after Langhetti and Edith. No one knew any thing about them. In the confusion we had been separated, and Edith had died alone."

"Who told you that she died?" asked Louis, with a troubled look.

Frank looked at him with a face of horror.

"Can you bear what I am going to say?"

"Yes."

"When I was able to move about I went to see if any one could tell me about Edith and Langhetti. I heard an awful story; that the superintendent had gone mad and had been found trying to dig open a grave, saying that some one was *buried alive*. Who do you think? oh, my brother!"

"Speak!"

"Edith Brandon was the name he named."

"Be calm, Frank; I made inquiries myself at the island registry-office. The clerk told me this story, but said that the woman who had charge of the dead asserted that the grave was opened, and it was ascertained that absolute death had taken place."

"Alas!" said Frank, in a voice of despair, "I saw that woman—the keeper of the dead-house—the grave-digger's wife. She told me this story, but it was with a troubled eye. I swore vengeance on her unless she told me the truth. She was alarmed, and said she would reveal all she knew if I swore to keep it to myself. I swore it. Can you bear to hear it, Louis?"

"Speak!"

"She said only this: 'When the grave was opened it was found that Edith Brandon had not been dead when she was buried.'"

Louis groaned, and, falling forward, buried his head in both his hands.

It was a long time before either of them spoke. At last Louis, without lifting his head, said:

"Go on."

"When I left the island I went to Quebec, but could not stay there. It was too near the place of horror. I went up the river, working my way as a laborer, to Montreal. I then sought for work, and obtained employment as porter in a warehouse. What mattered it? What was rank or station to me? I only wanted to keep myself from starvation and get a bed to sleep on at night.

"I had no hope or thought of any thing. The horrors through which I had passed were enough to fill my mind. Yet above them all one horror was predominant, and never through the days and nights that have since elapsed has my soul ceased to quiver at the echo of two terrible words which have never ceased to ring through my brain—'Buried alive!'

"I lived on in Montreal, under an assumed name, as a common porter, and might have been living there yet; but one day as I came in I heard the name of 'Brandon.' Two of the clerks who were discussing the news in the morning paper happened to speak of an advertisement which had long been in the papers in all parts of Canada. It was for information about the Brandon family.

"I read the notice. It seemed to me at first that Potts was still trying to get control of us, but a moment's reflection showed that to be improbable. Then the mention of 'the friends of the family' made me think of Langhetti. I concluded that he had escaped death and was trying to find me out.

"I went to Toronto, and found that you had gone to New York. I had saved much of my wages, and was able to come here. I expected Langhetti, but found you."

"Why did you not think that it might be me?"

"Because I heard a threat of Potts about you, and took it for granted that he would succeed in carrying it out."

"What was the threat?"

"He found out somehow that my father had written a letter to you. I suppose they told him so at the village post-office. One day when he was in the room he said, with a laugh, alluding to the letter, 'I'll uncork that young Brandy-flask before long.'"

"Well—the notice of my death appeared in the English papers."

Frank looked earnestly at him.

"And I accept it, and go under an assumed name."

"So do I. It is better."

"You thought Langhetti alive. Do you think he is?"

"I do not think so now."

"Why not?"

"The efforts which he made were enough to kill any man without the plague. He must have died."

After hearing Frank's story Louis gave a full account of his own adventures, omitting, however, all mention of Beatrice. That was something for his own heart, and not for another's ear.

"Have you the letter and MS.?"

"Yes."

"Let me read them."

Louis took the treasures and handed them to Frank. He read them in silence.

"Is Cato with you yet?"

"Yes."

"It is well."

"And now, Frank," said Louis, "you have something at last to live for."

"What is that?"

"Vengeance!" cried Louis, with burning eyes.

"Vengeance!" repeated Frank, without emotion—"Vengeance! What is that to me? Do you hope to give peace to your own heart by inflicting suffering on our enemies? What can they possibly suffer that can atone for what they have inflicted? All that they can feel is as nothing compared with what we have felt. Vengeance!" he repeated, musingly; "and what sort of vengeance? Would you kill them? What would that effect? Would he be more miserable than he is? Or would you feel any greater happiness? Or do you mean something more far-reaching than death?"

"Death," said Louis, "is nothing for such crimes as his."

"You want to inflict suffering, then, and you ask me. Well, after all, do I want him to suffer? Do I care for this man's sufferings? What are they or what can they be to me? He stands on his own plane, far beneath me; he is a coarse animal, who can, perhaps, suffer from nothing but physical pain. Should I inflict that on him, what good would it be to me? And yet there is none other that I can inflict."

"Langhetti must have transformed you," said Louis, "with his spiritual ideas."

"Langhetti; or perhaps the fact that I three times gazed upon the face of death and stood upon the threshold of that place where dwells the Infinite Mystery. So when you speak of mere vengeance my heart does not respond. But there is still something which may make a purpose as strong as vengeance."

"Name it."

"The sense of intolerable wrong!" cried Frank, in vehement tones; "the presence of that foul pair in the home of our ancestors, our own exile, and all the sufferings of the past! Do you think that I can endure this?"

"No—you must have vengeance."

"No; not vengeance."

"What then?"

"Justice!" cried Frank, starting to his feet. "Justice—strict, stern, merciless; and that justice means to me all that you mean by vengeance. Let us make war against him from this time forth while life lasts; let us cast him out and get back our own; let us put him into the power of the law, and let that take satisfaction on him for his crimes; let us cast him out and fling him from us to that power which can fittingly condemn. I despise him, and despise his sufferings. His agony will give me no gratification. The anguish that a base nature can suffer is only disgusting to me—he suffers only out of his baseness. To me, and with a thing like that, vengeance is impossible, and justice is enough."

"At any rate you will have a purpose, and your purpose points to the same result as mine."

"But how is this possible?" said Frank. "He is strong, and we are weak. What can we do?"

"We can try," said Louis. "You are ready to undertake any thing. You do not value your life. There is one thing which is before us. It is desperate—it is almost hopeless; but we are both ready to try it."

"What is that?"

"The message from the dead," said Louis, spreading before Frank that letter from the treasure ship which he himself had so often read.

"And are you going to try this?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"I don't know. I must first find out the resources of science."

"Have you Cato yet?"

"Yes."

"Can he dive?"

"He was brought up on the Malabar coast, among the pearl-fishers, and can remain under water for an incredible space of time. But I hope to find means which will enable me myself to go down under the ocean depths. This will be our object now. If it succeeds, then we can gain our purpose; if not, we must think of something else."

HE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

NEVER more will lady's favor, ribbon from a snowy breast,
Victor-wreathlet won in tourney, gleam upon a knightly breast;
Dreams of chivalry are over, simple service suits love best.

Centre of the gleaming circle sat King Francis, high above
Where a lion roared; before it there a lady cast a glove,
And Delorme across the barriers leapt to take it, all for love.

Wot we how the story runneth—how he stept back to his place,
Took the glove, and lightly flung it in that haughty lady's face;
And the thoughtless court applauded all the insult and disgrace.

Who would win a lady's favor, gentler deeds than this must do;
Silken are the chains that bind him when a lover comes to woo;
Strength in tourney is not needed now to prove him leal and true.

He must claim a rose-bud falling from her bosom in the dance;
He must school his tongue to tender words to win a tender glance:
But our modern Queen of Beauty is not won by broken lance.

And our modern lover, wooing her whom Aphrodité dow'rs
With immortal beauty, squires her through the evening's magic hours,
Knowing that he stoops to conquer when he lifts the fallen flow'rs.

WOMAN'S ARITHMETIC.

IN all arithmetics but woman's two added to two make four; in hers two always remains two, double or triple it as she may. She does not probably hold to this in theory, but she certainly does in practice. For example, a newly-married dame was the other day computing the expenses of her household. On reaching the item of servants she counted thus on her rosy-tipped fingers: "There's Molly the cook, there's Bridget the waiter, there's Lucy the laundress, there's Catherine the nurse, there's Sally the chamber-maid, and there's Léonie my maid—but I won't count her, for I pay her wages out of my own money." This item of Léonie was thus entirely left out of her calculation, as the pretty arithmetician never seemed to think for a moment that if she dispensed with the lady's maid she might appropriate the money paid for her wages to paying those of Molly or either of the others of her numerous retinue, or to any other purpose.

Again, an old uncle—bad luck to him!—takes it into his head to leave a friend's wife five hundred dollars a year. This money she spends at least a dozen times in a twelve-month, without her being aware apparently that the original sum does not remain at the end of the year in its perfect totality. She wants a cashmere shawl, and asks her husband, but is refused. "Then I'll buy it with my own money," she pettishly rejoins. It is bought. Three months after she asks for a new piano, and is again denied. Then comes the same rejoinder: "I'll buy it with my own money." Her "own money" seems, like a homeopathic pill, to increase in power with its diminution. Thus each year the wife, in spending her "own money," costs her husband a very considerable sum. He calculates the avuncular legacy of five hundred dollars to be an expense to him, on an average, of two thousand *per annum;* and so far from feeling grateful to the generous donor, wishes every day of his life that he had cut his niece off with a shilling, or, instead of leaving her a legacy of five hundred dollars a year to receive, had left her an annual debt of that amount to pay.

Women seem to have no idea of the value of money except in the smallest sums. Thus they will higgle about the difference of a cent in the price of a dozen eggs, and spend hundreds of dollars without a moment's hesitation for a dress or a shawl. They close the spigot, but open the bung-hole. A dame was lately urging upon her husband her claim to a carriage and pair on the ground that she had been so saving during the last year as to diminish her daily household consumption of milk from four to three quarts!

Female computation certainly requires to be based on more sound principles. Every woman should buy a copy of the latest arithmetic, which would teach her that two added to two give four as a result.

WHAT REALLY GOES BY TELEGRAPH.

AN elderly lady in Vermont, a farmer's wife, called out to the foreman who was superintending the setting of the poles and the stretching of the wires across her husband's farm, to ask as follows: "Say, Sir, do the letters go *in*side or *out*side of them wires?" "Inside, ma'am," replied the workman. "I knowed they must go inside," she said, "for I watched the wires so close that I was sure they did not go outside."

A great many persons are puzzled to know *what it is* that goes along the wire in making a telegraphic communication, and *how it goes.* What is really transmitted, at least so the electricians suppose, is simply a series of *pulsations.*

When a person is shaking a carpet spread upon the grass, he sends a series of undulations across it, from one side to the other, at every rise and fall of the edge which he holds in his hand. If there were another person at the opposite edge of the carpet, and the two were to agree that *one* wave transmitted in this way should mean Yes, and *two* waves No, a telegraphic communication would be established between them, very analogous, in its mode of operation, to that of the electric wire—as the philosophers of the present day understand it.

Undulations of this kind could be transmitted through a carpet for a few feet only; but through a rope lying on the ground they could be sent much farther. By means of a wire stretched between two distant points, the pulsations or vibrations excited by a blow struck upon it, and impelled by the elasticity of the metal—which pulsations are only *undulations* of a very intense and rapid character—might be transmitted to a vastly greater distance, and at an almost infinitely higher speed. The distance and the speed, however, attainable in this way, are as nothing compared with those realized by the supposed pulsations of electricity which a metallic wire conveys. These last run from one point to another, along an insulated wire, at a rate which makes the transmission practically instantaneous for any distance yet attempted by man.*

Thus what is really transmitted along the telegraphic wire is a series of *groups* of electric pulsations—for the individual pulsations succeed each other with a rapidity infinitely too great to be separately recognized—the several groups forming what might be called so many electric *shocks* since they would produce shocks if they passed through the animal system. Instead of this, however, they are employed at the end of the line in imparting a series of motions to an iron bar through a *magnetic effect* which they produce, and the various combinations of these motions represent the letters of the alphabet; and thus the words of the message are spelled.

It is universally taken for granted by the philosophers of the present day that the phenomena of heat, light, and electricity are produced through the medium of some species of *vibration* or *pulsation*, which is of extreme minuteness in respect to dimension, but of great intensity in force. In the case of light, for example, they suppose that these pulsations are transmitted through a very subtle ether which fills all space. There are but two ways, they reason, in which we can conceive of a force being transmitted through space from one point to another; one by a *progressive motion* of material particles emitted by the body from which the force emanates and impinging upon the one acted upon, and the other by an *undulatory motion* transmitted through an elastic medium filling the space between them; and as the former has been shown to be impossible, the latter it is concluded must stand as the real explanation.

This seems very conclusive, it is true; and yet, after all, the philosophers do not appear to differ very greatly from the good lady in Vermont in the character of their logic. She could conceive of but two ways in which telegraphic communications could be conveyed, namely, by letters sent either within or without the wires. She satisfied herself that it was not the one, and, of course, it must certainly be the other. In the same way

* About 8000 miles a second in submarine cables, and 15,000 in wires suspended in the air.

the philosophers can conceive of only two possible modes of the transmission of light, namely, by progressive and by undulatory movements of intervening matter. They satisfy themselves that it can not be the one, and infer that, of course, it must be the other. The possibility of there being other modes of transmission of force beyond their experience, and, of course, beyond their powers of conception, does not seem to be taken at all into the account by either party.

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RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

THE RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

III.

ANNO 1745.—Madame d'Etioles, afterward Marquise de Pompadour, among many doubtful advantages which she conferred on the world, as we have said, brought the hoop-skirt to that dazzling height, or rather breadth, which we represent without exaggeration in the accompanying illustration. Such a skirt, in order to be "correct," must have a diameter of at least four yards and a half, with all its complicated structure of iron and wire, must make no noise in motion, and, by means of a hidden cord, must contract itself by at least a couple of yards when its fair owner seated herself. The cost of a skirt thus pliant and elastic amounted to—only think of it, ladies!—300, 400, and often 600 livres; and, moreover, owing to its complicated, and therefore fragile construction, such a dress could not be worn more than a dozen times, after which term of service it earned a special covering, and an honorable place in the wardrobe. When a lady wearing one of these dresses walked in the streets, the passengers had almost to run into the doorways to avoid being run down, and children were as good as lost; indeed, she was like a man-of-war under full sail. She was the terror of wayfarers, the laughing-stock of nurse-maids, and the bane of poor mothers who had to give their children the run of the streets. Indeed, these gigantic skirts covered so much crime, and caused so much misfortune, that they certainly contributed a spark to the mine which was to explode half a century later, to the especial alarm of those ladies, and the destruction of one of the last wearers of the hoop-skirt of that day—Madame Dubarry. Hence arose a proverb, "When the skirts become narrower the women will be more virtuous." And the ladies' dresses did become narrower, almost too much so. The costume of the free *citoyennes* of the French Republic bordered on Spartan scantiness, and even fettered them in walking. They were too zealous to avoid the former extreme—and manners actually became better and more unassuming, though perhaps only during a few bad years. And how long did these good principles hold their ground? This is a delicate question, which we will not attempt to answer. None of our readers, however, need feel irritated by the above harsh criticisms, as in writing them we had in view only the four-and-a-half-yard skirts of the Pompadour, and not the more modest and moderate crinolines of our own days.

FACETIÆ.

WHAT is the difference between a manufacturer of blinds and one of the cheap, small type, badly-printed volumes?—The first is a blind-maker and the other makes blind.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder"—of some one else.

When a person declares that his "brain is on fire," is it etiquette to blow it out?

FASHIONABLE AVICIDE.

Ladies, Fashionable Ladies, please to look at this important intelligence from Paris:

"Velvets, furs, and feathers will be the mode during the coming winter. Robes, bonnets, hats, mantles, and muffs are to be of one or other of them, or of two of them combined. For velvets the fashionable shades of color will be violet, Bismarck, capucine—a rich golden orange tint—'*flamme de Punch*,' and a deep puce."

Ladies, by-the-way, what is Bismarck color? Assuredly not green, if it be like the man. And what is "*flamme de Punch*" color? Generally *read*, eh? Minds feminine of course are stored with knowledge of this sort, and can distinguish to a shade the difference between Solferino and Magenta. It is troublesome to men, however, to keep their minds informed of all the novel names of fashionable colors, and terrible mistakes are committed through their ignorance. Many a suitor must have sunk in the opinion of the lady he is courting, merely by forgetting what new color she preferred. How would Angelina pout at him, if Edwin, being ordered to buy some Bismarck ribbon for her, were to forget the name completely, and bring some common color, such as servants only wear!

But, ladies, this is what you ought especially to look at:

"The feathers are ostrich, peacock, pheasant, bird of paradise, humming-bird, grebe, swan's-down, and marabout. Feather bonnets and hats are already largely worn; feather muffs are common enough; fur bonnets, with strings to match, are creeping into favor * * * * Silk and other robes are trimmed with bands of peacock's and pheasant's feathers, or a rich passementerie, which exactly reproduces them, and with galons of swan's-down."

"Galons of swan's-down!" There should be another "l" surely. Imagine any lady wearing gallons of swan's-down! How many gallons must she wear to be completely in the fashion? And when covered with so vast a quantity of swan's-down, would she look more like a little duck, or a great goose?

Fine feathers may make fine birds, but can they ever make fine ladies? And is it not a pity that fine birds should be destroyed for the mere sake of their fine feathers? Now that swan's-down is in fashion, swans will every where be slaughtered. There will be a hunt for humming-birds, and a massacre of marabouts: grebes will greedily be grabbed, and birds of paradise pursued; peacocks be pitched into, and pheasants be battued, that their feathers may be made up into mantles, muffs, and bonnets. Clearly, any one who sings *Oh, Would I were a Bird!* would run into great danger while feathers are so fashionable. At least, one specially would shrink from being metamorphosed into any of the birds whose names above are catalogued. Far better just at present be a sparrow than a swan; and, notwithstanding his long legs and supernatural digestion, an ostrich scarcely can expect, while the feather fashion lasts, to live as long as a cock robin.

Peacocks and pheasants may perhaps find some little mercy shown them, because their feathers happen to be imitated easily. We are told "a rich passementerie exactly reproduces them." Surely, other feathers also might be copied without difficulty. What a good thing it would be, ladies, if, instead of real feathers, you would venture to wear sham ones! Think how many pretty birds you would save by this slight sacrifice! Let it only be announced in your notes of invitation, "P.S. Please to come in imitation feathers." You might fairly plume yourselves on doing a kind act, and all your feathered friends would thank you most sincerely.

In the report of a wedding which took place recently the description of the bridemaids' toilettes was finished up with the following words: "bonnets to *match*." Marriages, like fevers, are catching, and a wedding-breakfast is generally looked upon by young ladies as a good "*match-making*" opportunity.

MORE ENTICING.—A fellow was doubting whether or not he should volunteer to fight. One of the flags waving before his eyes bearing the inscription "Victory or Death!" somewhat troubled and discouraged him.

"Victory is a very good thing," said he, "but why put it 'Victory or Death?' Just put it 'Victory or Crippled,' and I'll go that!"

A Cleveland letter-writer adds to the address of his letter, probably for the benefit of clerks with bad phrenological developments, "For Heaven's sake, let this letter go through; there is no money in it."

On the approach of Holy Week a fashionable lady said to her friend, "We must mortify ourselves a *little*." "Well," replied the other, "let us make our *servants fast*."

THE LATEST SHAVE.—The accounts from St. Thomas represent the face of the island as completely shaved by the wind. All the estates are bare of vegetation, the hurricane having hurried the canes off the island.

AMUSING, VERY.

Dr. Sawbones having finished the amputation of a leg of one of his patients, a near relative of the latter took him aside, and said to him:

"Doctor, do you think that your patient will recover?"

"Recover! there has never been the least shadow of a hope for him."

"Then what was the use of making him suffer?"

"Why, my dear fellow, you could not say brutally to a sick man you are dying. He must be amused a little!"

"Why will you persist in wearing another woman's hair on your head?" asked Acid of his wife. She retorted, "Why will you persist in wearing other sheep's wool on your back?"

THE COLDEST RECEPTION—Meeting a chilled shot.

The best toast of the season was, we think, given by a printer, viz., "Woman—the fairest work in all creation. The edition is large, and no man should be without a copy."

What is the only pain we make light of?—A window pane.

LOVE LYRIC.

My elbows on the mantle-shelf
  Complacently I'm leaning,
And 'twixt the mirror and myself
  There's nothing intervening.
Upturning a sarcastic nose,
  I scrutinize my whisker,
And think the pace at which it grows
  Might possibly be brisker.

My eyes, if what I think is true,
  Are worth a monarch's ransom;
I've seen a hundred people who
  Are nothing like so handsome.
What though my face is young!—'tis fair,
  And singularly simple;
I never met with any where
  So elegant a dimple.

I never knew a smile more kind—
  A loftier brow or paler—
Nor saw a form so well designed
  To fascinate a tailor.
Yet think not that I boldly boast—
  I am not vaunting vainly—
I'm only stating, at the most,
  That I am comth and gainly.
Although my beauty is my bliss,
  Conceit, I always flee it;
All I complain about is this—
  That no one seems to see it.

LILY MAXWELL—John Bright's voteress and John Mill's votaress.

An old bachelor who had become melancholy and poetical wrote some verses for the village paper, in which he expressed the hope that the time would soon come when he should

——"rest calmly within a shroud,
With a weeping willow by my side."

But to his inexpressible horror it came out in print,

"When I shall rest calmly within a shawl,
With a weeping widow by my side."

A BLOODLESS FRENCH REVOLUTION—Every decided change in fashions.

OPERATIC QUOTATION.

(*From Masaniello.*)

On a gay Widow giving up her Weeds for Colors.—"Behold, behold how brightly, brightly breaks the mourning!"

A student at a veterinary college being asked, "If a broken-winded horse were brought to you to cure, what would you advise?" promptly replied, "To sell him as soon as possible."

In what ship has the greatest number of people been wrecked?—Courtship.

What is better that a promising young man?—A paying one.

"I'll give that girl a piece of my mind," exclaimed a certain young fellow. "I would not," replied his uncle; "you have none to spare."

THE SICK DOLL.

"Now," one day, Mary said, "is my dolly sick, sick, sick?
Oh, send off for the doctor, quick, quick, quick!"
He came to the door with a rat-tat-tat,
He came with his cane, and he came with his hat;
He looked at the doll, and then shook his head,
And said, "Mary, you must put it to bed, bed, bed;
You must keep it very warm, and very, very still,
And when I call to-morrow, you will please pay my bill."

THE SICK DOLL.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 13.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Mantilla Veil.

THIS graceful and elegant veil, which somewhat resembles the Spanish mantilla, is an excellent adjunct to the small bonnets, protecting the face and neck from the frosty air. The veil is in two pieces, the form of the larger one of which is shown in miniature on one side of the Supplement, which also gives the pattern; and the smaller can readily be seen in the first illustration. The original is of black dotted lace, the larger part being bordered with edging two inches wide, and the smaller with edging an inch wide. To the upper corners of the latter is fastened an elastic cord about seven inches long, which is passed beneath the chignon to confine the veil. The ends of the larger part are fastened in front, as shown in the illustration.

Cashmere Baschlik.

WE have already given in *Harper's Bazar*, Number 5, a pattern of this useful and graceful novelty in crochet work, to be worn as a hood or shawl. We now give another of cashmere, which can be worn over a bonnet or round hat, as a protection against cold and rain. The illustration gives a front and back view of the baschlik covering a fur hat. The original is of gray cashmere,

MANTILLA VEIL.—FRONT.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 26.

CASHMERE BASCHLIK.—SIDE.

For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Fig. 5.

lined with gray silk, and trimmed with white silk braid and white beads. A very pretty one can be made of black cashmere, lined with black or colored silk, and trimmed with black cord. Fig. 5 gives the pattern of half the baschlik. Having cut the pieces turned down, and tacked them to the pattern, cut of the outside and lining each two pieces of the same size, sew the outside and lining together from 7 to 8 and from 8 to 9, put on the trimming in the manner shown in the illustration, and cord the edge. Finish the point behind with a tassel of gray and white silk.

White Poplin Pelerine.

See illustration, page 196.

THIS pelerine is of white poplin, trimmed as shown in the illustration with satin piping and Angora fringe. It is lined with silk, and thinly wadded. Cut of the outside, lining, wadding, and interlining from Fig. 47 each two pieces, and from Fig. 48 one piece. Lay the wadding between the lining and interlining, and quilt the whole; then baste on the outside, and join Figs. 47 and 48 from 35 to 36, thinning the wadding somewhat along the seams. Run the edges together, cord the neck, and trim the bottom with narrow satin piping and Angora fringe, an inch and a half in width.

Crochet Frock for Children from 1 to 3 Years old.

See illustration, page 196.

MATERIALS: 6½ ounces white twisted wool, ¼ oz. red, and ⅜ oz. black twisted wool; a Tunisian crochet needle of size corresponding to the wool.—This little dress is worked in Tunisian (Victoria crochet stitch) and wavé crochet stitch. The skirt, the yoke, and the sleeves are of white wool; the border of the skirt and the cuffs of the sleeves are of red and black wool. The skirt is begun on the lower edge of the border. Following the proportion given in the design, do 558 stitches (the breadth of the skirt). The first pattern row is done in Tunisian stitch. The second row (black wool) is made so that the first red row shall look like wave stitch; in the return round of the second row 4 loops are next done singly, then 3 together, * 7 singly, 3 together. From * repeat to the end of the round, the last 4 loops being done singly as the 4 in the beginning. Third row (white wool): in the first round of this row add one stitch between the first and second upright chain of stitches of the former row, by drawing the thread through into a loop under the horizontal chain row, * then follow 3 Tunisian stitches; after which comes a loop, in forming which the needle must be drawn through under the 3 loops knitted together in the last round; 3 Tunisian stitches, 1 added as above, 1 Tunisian, 1 added. Repeat from *. In the second round of this row work next 4 loops singly, then alternately 3 together and 7 singly. The fourth, fifth, and sixth rows are done like the third one.

Seventh row (black wool): 1 stitch through all those loops which were formed by taking 3 together in the last row; the next as above. Eighth row (red wool): Tunisian, without adding to or diminishing the number of stitches. Ninth row (black wool): like the second row. The border is now finished. The skirt is

CASHMERE BASCHLIK.—FRONT.

For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Fig. 5.

MANTILLA VEIL.—BACK.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 26.

begun in white wool, with 444 stitches. In the second round of the first row begin to narrow on both sides of the skirt, in order to form the gores. Work together as one stitch the eighty-eighth and eighty-ninth, the hundred and forty-sixth and hundred and forty-seventh, the two hundred and ninety-eighth and two hundred and ninety-ninth, and the three hundred and fifty-sixth and three hundred and fifty-seventh. In the following two rows take up only 1 stitch from each 2 above mentioned. Now follow the 3d–5th rows entirely plain. Narrow again on the sixth row, so that 87 stitches may remain for each back, and 150 for the front; the 56 stitches at each side between the points of narrowing must be decreased to 4 in the 74 rows following. To do this the intervening rounds must also be narrowed, so that in the upper part only 1 plain round alternates with each narrowed round. From the seventy-fifth row finish separately each back part of 87 stitches by 13 additional rounds; crochet likewise the 150 stitches of the front to the required height. The 4 stitches at each side remain for the arm-holes. The skirt of the little frock is now finished. The yoke is done after the pattern Fig. 22; the back and front are in one piece, and the upper edge ornamented in wave stitch, with a border of red and black wool. Allow 30 stitches for each sleeve. Make the cuff border like the border of the skirt, only crochet 2 rounds of the white wool. Do not decrease in

the following rows, which are of black wool; the red row, also, must be entirely smooth. Then reverse the work so that the right side of the border shall be on the wrong side of the work, and work 4 rows in white wool. In the fifth row take up three loops; then add a stitch after each loop, so that the entire number of stitches shall be 56. With these work 20 rows. In the second row of these twenty rows work 10 loops; then work alternately 2 loops together and 1 singly, the last 10, however, being also worked singly. After 3 rows, which are worked without narrowing, follow 7 rounds, in making which always leave without knitting 2 stitches at the beginning and at the end, so that at last only 16 stitches remain. The sleeve must now be sewed together, the cuff ornamentation being turned over on the right side. Then sew the border on the skirt, making the lengths equal each other by holding in if needful. Fasten the yoke to the skirt, plaiting the latter to suit the width of the yoke. Let in the sleeves and fasten the yoke with buttons and loops.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1868.

A PLATE OF SOUP.

THE greatest triumph of modern science consists in its direct application to the needs of daily life. The ancient philosopher scorned all those studies which led merely to the improvement of the material condition of human existence, while the modern chemist concentrates his energies in discovering the means of increasing the practical enjoyment and bodily health of his fellow-men. He thus busies himself with the humblest necessities of daily life, and instructs us how to clothe ourselves, to breathe, eat, and drink in accordance with the absolute laws of science.

Liebig, the greatest of modern chemists, has especially given a practical direction to his scientific inquiries, and has, regardless of the affected dignity of ancient philosophy, condescended to enlighten us in reference to our simplest and humblest wants. He throws his clear light of science into the lowliest household, and thus brightens it with the hue of health. He enters even the kitchen, and does not disdain to show us how to boil and roast a joint of meat, to cook a potato, and prepare the humblest daily meal. We should listen attentively to his teachings, and gratefully accept his lessons, for they will conduce greatly to economy, and our physical comfort and health.

Profiting by his researches, let us concoct scientifically that most elementary of household productions—a plate of soup. It is a common error to suppose that to boil a piece of meat for eating, and make a nutritious soup of it is one and the same operation. It is by no means so. They require two very different, and indeed, opposing processes. To cook one properly, you must spoil the other. The meat must be sacrificed to the soup, or the soup to the meat. The object in either case should be to make the one or the other, as it may be, as nutritious and digestive as possible. Say you want a bit of boiled meat, whether of beast or fowl it matters not, to have it in perfection you must plunge it into a pot of water while it is briskly boiling, and so keep it for some minutes only. Then pour in as much cold as will reduce the temperature of the boiling water to 165° or 158°, and keep the meat simmering for hours at this degree of heat. The flesh will thus, Liebig tells us, have the qualities best adapted to its use as food. The rationale of the process is simple. When the meat is first plunged into the pot the albumen (which is the same as white of egg) on the outer part of the flesh coagulates by the heat, and forms an external crust which prevents the boiling water from penetrating into the interior of the mass. The meat thus retains within it all its natural juices, which are, however, cooked to the proper degree by the heat which alone, without the dissolving fluid, is transmitted to them and the solid substance in whose interstices they are held. Thus you will have a nutritious and palatable dish of boiled beef, fowl, or what not. The fluid in the pot is left so devoid of all taste and strength that a cat would turn away from it in disgust, and a fly scorn to drown itself in it. Of course such a mess should not, if it could be, palmed upon the most unwary for soup, for it will neither please the taste nor satisfy the hunger.

If soup is the object of the cook, the only means by which she can get it of agreeable flavor and wholesome character is by putting the meat into cold water and heating it gradually to a boil. The fluid thus penetrates throughout the whole mass of the flesh, and mixing with its juices dissolves almost every particle of nutriment they contain. She thus gets a good soup, but necessarily spoils the meat in the process. The former has taken all that is nutritious and digestible, and the latter been deprived of them. The remaining substance, after good soup has been extracted from it, is a negative quality, which counts for nothing in the sum of subsistence. It may be eaten as a sop with the soup, but alone it could not support life as well as a sucked orange. Soup has never been a favorite article of food in America, and for the simple reason that it is seldom made palatable and wholesome. The ordinary soup of our country cousins is a basin of hot water dotted with spots of oil, or what the French call *œil de perdrix*, from their resemblance to the yellow glistening eyes of the partridge. Its nauseous odor and taste might be supposed to be sufficient to repel the most adventurous from the attempt to swallow a compound whose unwholesomeness, if it escapes the discernment of the palate, is sure to be detected by the instinctive appreciation of the stomach.

The greasiness of soup can be avoided by removing all the fatty parts of the meat before boiling it, or by letting the fluid stiffen by cold into a solid, when the fat will be found lying on the surface, from which it can be easily sliced off. The mere fact of a soup forming a jelly when allowed to cool, is by no means a proof of its nutritiousness or richness, as it is ordinarily termed. Boiled bones will give a fluid which will become the firmest of jellies on cooling, but it will have neither the flavor nor the nutriment of soup made from the flesh.

A soup pure and simple as the French make it, not the pepperish and satiating compounds of the English, or the oil and water of our country cooks, should be the first course of every man's dinner. A simple *bouillon*, or beef broth, varied from day to day with a little vermicelli, maccaroni, *pâte d'Italie*, farina, tomatoes, or other digestible and well-boiled vegetables, is one of the most wholesome articles of diet. To the hungry stomach it is more acceptable at first than more substantial food, for, absorbed at once, it gives immediate contentment; and, moreover, by tempering the voracity of the appetite, checks its indulgence in the less digestible solids.

HOUSES AND HOMES.

THEY are not the same. They are different. They are very different.

The place where the man of abject poverty spends his weary days and still more weary nights can not be called a home. It is a house—no more. So is a barn, a stable, a house. But how about the other extreme? The gaudy mansion, so splendidly adjusted to landscape and sky, so lavishly adorned with decorative art—is that a home? Sometimes it is a home; often not. A man who builds a great showy structure that he may pompously parade his wealth before the public eye has certainly no right to call that thing a home. No home will he find there, no memories of sweet childhood and of blessed yesterdays upon the walls, no repose to soothe the years of declining strength. Such a man is next neighbor to a miser. The miser keeps his gold in bags; this man puts his in stone and mortar—only a change in the material. Both are sensual.

But a house that is a home is built after the architectural tastes of the heart, is constructed by truth of sentiment, stands the symbol of gracious beauty, and gives hints of heaven rather than of earth. There may be wealth in it, decorative wealth, fine art wealth, wealth of literature and of luxury, but not for itself, nor for the exorbitant demands of proud eyes, nor as a levy (as big as an income-tax) upon your admiration for the gratification of a voracious vanity. If it is a genuine home, it is a habitation of hearts; its riches are unsensualized, its peace is a descent from above, and its light is radiance from the City of God.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to Epicurus.

MY DEAR EPICURUS,—You were lately so good as to ask me to dine with you at Delmonico's—the upper Delmonico's, of course, at the corner of Fourteenth Street, where a great many of us inevitably dine with ghosts when we dine at all, so full is an old mansion of pleasant memories. I accepted your invitation with great alacrity, both because any dinner must be good at so excellent a house, but especially because I knew that under your auspices we should have the very best dinner that money could buy. I do not say the best dinner that taste and knowledge could order, because I have taken pen in hand to tell the truth whatever comes of it; and I know that you will take as kindly as it is meant any advice that I may give you about ordering a neat dinner for two.

It is, I know, almost superfluous after the delightful work of that great master Thackeray, "Early and Late Papers," to venture any hints upon manners at the table, whether in reference to the mere behavior of the guests, or to the furnishing of the viands. But, perhaps, something more elementary may be permitted; something which treats a little in detail of a knowledge which the master assumes to exist in every person who offers to dine artistically in Paris. For indeed, dear Epicurus, an old diner, as I am, beholds with dismay and sorrow the money which is daily wasted at fine restaurants, squandered through sheer ignorance. I see a man, for instance, enter and seat himself at Delmonico's table. He is immediately ill at ease. Every thing is so polished and has so costly an air that he is straightway overwhelmed with a feeling of the necessity of spending money. The waiter lays the knife and fork, and offers him the trim little book of dinner with an air which seems to anticipate a noble order, a dinner in the largest style. But my very uncomfortable friend conceals whatever might betray his awkwardness, and resolves to be equal to the occasion. He will dine in a manner becoming such very neat upholstery and such black walnut furniture. And when he has come to that heroic conclusion he has fallen into the very trap which, let us hope, quite unconsciously, the decorations of the room and the obsequious affability and expectancy of the waiter have prepared for him.

Our friend, therefore, orders a soup, a fish, a boiled, a roast, a bird perhaps, or a salad, a sweet, and a cup of coffee. The soup is abundant and good, and he eats much of it. Some of the fish goes out; a good deal of the boiled follows it. He nibbles the roast, tastes the bird idly, plays with the sweet, and swallows the coffee. He pays a tremendous bill, gives the waiter two shillings, buys a cigar at twenty cents, and has had as uncomfortable a dinner as if he had run in at Berry's, or any other feeding-trough in Broad Street, and had bolted his dinner standing at a high counter. The demure gentleman who receives the money is satisfied. The attentive waiter helps our friend on with his coat with the politest energy; but if he ever philosophically meditates upon the diners whom he serves during the hours of dinner, and imparts confidences to his fellow-waiters, I am sure he expresses the opinion that our friend is from the oil regions, and is not very much accustomed to a good dinner.

Now, my dear Epicurus, when we dined together, you ordered, after the small oysters on the shell, an excellent soup, *à la Reine* I think it was—and let me urge you to order a *purée aux marrons* (or a chestnut soup), whenever you fortunately happen upon it on the bill—and you followed it up, in the old-fashioned style, with fish, boiled, roast, and the rest, regularly filing in, deploying, and wheeling off, until I thought of the old Austrian Field-Marshal Wurmser displaying his ancient tactics of war while his young and alert antagonist, Napoleon Bonaparte, outraged the traditions but won the victory. For there is a better way than that of the traditions of the table. Ascertain what you want to do, and what force you command. In other words, determine how much appetite you and your guest have, and act accordingly. Have no regular rule. Sometimes a soup, but not always and of course. Boiled?—well, it seems to me, dear Epicurus, as an old traveler among the dinner-tables of many countries, that there are very, very few occasions at a neat dinner for two which will admit of boiled, except, possibly, a very exceptional bit of mutton with exceptional capers, and that must be regarded rather in the light of a sacrifice, both of the meat and of the appetite. A boiled bass, in the season, and salmon, of course; but that is fish, and does not fall within the canon.

But I observed that you had not acquired one of the very rudiments of restaurant-dining, and it is one which it is well to learn and to remember. Our little dinner, exclusive of the wines, made an "addition" of eighteen dollars. That was just twice as much as exactly the same dinner at the same time and place should have cost. For you ordered twice as much of every dish as was needed. Had you ordered for one instead of two nothing would have been sent away, and we might have extended the variety. We certainly could have done so if we had omitted that abominable boiled; and I sigh to think what an exquisite something we might have had in place of it. My sigh reminds me of an anecdote which my friend the late lamented Reverend Doctor Blunt used to tell of his wife, whom the worthy man persisted in calling his lady, until some one asked him whether, as woman was really a more respectful name than lady, he ought not rather to say his woman instead of his lady, after which my friend relinquished the expression. One night, when the Reverend Mrs. Blunt was still a young school-girl in her father's house, the family were awakened by loud sounds of grief from her chamber, and when they had all hastened thither, fearing the worst, the tender-hearted girl whispered to her mother that she had just awakened and remembered that she had not eaten her lunch that day at school, upon which she burst into renewed and inconsolable lamentation. I am older, dear Epicurus, and shall command myself; but I sympathize deeply with the late Mrs. Blunt when I reflect upon that wretched boiled.

This matter of ordering for two or for one is so essential to a reasonable dinner that I advise any of your young friends who are going abroad to study in a French café the conduct of two intelligent Frenchmen who intend to dine well. Such is the admirable skill of their arrangement, ordering every thing for one only, that whatever comes seems only to whet the appetite for what follows. There is no sense of satiety, and satisfaction steals on as gently as a May evening. In Europe, where money is not so readily made as with us, it is a universal rule that money must have its worth. It is not ostentatiously or lavishly spent. Our habit of paying each other's fares, and insisting, as a point of politeness, that we must pay for the company upon all occasions, and resenting as an imputation of meanness the offer from any individual of his share of the expense, all this is, and should be, totally unknown. I say should be, because a man may very well afford to pay his share of many little expenses who could not afford to pay for the whole. And yet if others do he must; and, as he can not, he loses the pleasure.

So you will observe, also, that when the Frenchman of the cafés has drunk his cup of black coffee he gravely slides the lumps of sugar which he has not used into his pocket. I have no idea, however, what he does with them. The most probable theory is, that he makes *eau sucrée* with them at home. But that is doubtful, for the Frenchman of whom I speak does his drinking at the café. Some gentlemen whom I used to meet regularly at certain cafés in the Palais Royal and upon the Boulevard must have either drank hogsheads of *eau sucrée* in private or have accumulated lofty mountains of sugar. But whatever may be the ultimate disposition of the sugar, the man who has paid money for it has no thought of presenting it to the proprietor of the café to be sold to another customer. His money shall have its worth. And whenever it does not, wherever, that is to say, there is a feeling of utter waste, there is a pain produced which impairs the full enjoyment of the dinner. When the repast is, so to speak, a neat fit—the dishes having gone out empty, and the edge of appetite not having been fully blunted until the final mouthful—there is a moral contentment which finely harmonizes with the gustatory satisfaction.

When, therefore, dear Epicurus, you shall again do me the great honor to invite me to dine with you at Delmonico's—and on Mondays and Thursdays I am generally disengaged—I shall venture to suggest that we discard the Wurmser tactics and dine Napoleonically. Let us choose, upon ripe reflection, as few dishes as will satisfy our moderate appetites, and order each of them for one. But the three-decker dinner; the Spanish-galleon dinner; the last-century dinner; the high-stepping, heel-and-toe, or stately alpha soup and omega dried-fruit dinner—let us leave behind us with the full-bottomed wigs and sedan chairs of an ancient day. At the tremendous encounters of that old school which still occur at Mrs. Grundy's, what melancholy spectacles have we not seen! Many of the tenderer of both sexes succumb to the boiled; tough men go down after the roast, and a few of the veterans struggle through the game, for which they have reserved themselves. The hot reserves pour in long after the field is won, and thrice slay the long-slain appetite. For three or four hours this preposterous business continues; and I can think of nothing but the Battle of the Huns, where the combatants, slain and apparently dead upon the field, renewed the struggle in the air. At Mrs. Grundy's table we are all, apparently, satiated. But there are such incessant relays of food that we must suppose that somebody is still eating, somewhere.

Such a dinner, dear Epicurus, may be well meant, but it is a work of very bad manners. It is merely a symptom of the universal ostentation with which Mrs. Grundy spends her money. The object is not to give pleasure, but to proclaim the great fact of her great wealth. I am an old man compared with you, my friend, and it is not in that direction that enjoyment is to be found. I often dine comfortably and satisfactorily upon a dozen oysters in the Fulton Market. I do not advise you to do it regularly; but I do advise, that, whether you spend much money or little—for a dinner, or a book, or for a missionary enterprise, or to found a hospital—you spend it wisely, and with a due regard to getting your money's worth, and to a true economy. A man may very easily think too much of his dinner. But he may also think so little of it as to waste upon it the money which would have fed a poor family for a week. Shall we say next Monday at 6, dear Epicurus?

Yours, with an appetite,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BOMBAZINE has long been considered the most suitable dress for deep mourning. The English bombazine, a dead black without gloss, is preferable to the lustrous French goods with silk warp. A good quality may be bought for two dollars a yard, double fold; the best is sold at three dollars and a half. Bias folds of the same, or of English crape, are appropriate trimming. Very little jet is used. Good taste directs a nun-like simplicity and absence of ornament.

French serge, a new material this season, is very much sought after. It is a mixture of silk and wool, heavier than bombazine, and a trifle wider, measuring thirty-eight inches. The double twill is very distinct. This goods is far superior to the colored English serge now worn for street suits. It is soft and fine, falling into graceful folds. There are three qualities, varying in price from two dollars and a half to three dollars. Nine yards are sufficient for a lady of medium height.

A similar material is called Henrietta cloth. It differs from serge in having an almost invis-

ible twill, is heavier and wider than bombazine, and is sold at two and three dollars a yard.

CORDED MATERIALS.

An extra heavy goods for midwinter is found in the Ottoman reps. Heavily corded, and not so lustrous as poplin, this is used in the deepest mourning for street suits. Ten yards makes the short dress and paletot. Two dollars and a half is the price per yard. French poplins are also used for street dresses. Empress and Biarritz cloths are soft, pliant, corded materials. In Empress cloth the cord is horizontal, in the Biarritz perpendicular. A medium quality is sold at a dollar and a quarter per yard. The average quantity for a dress is ten yards. Pym's black Irish poplin is sold at three dollars, and the tabrinette or double-corded poplin, the heaviest and best of all, is four dollars.

CRAPE CLOTHS.

A handsome dress goods resembling crape is called Eugénie crape at some establishments, at others Balmoral crape. As it is two yards wide, only four yards are required for a dress. The price is two dollars and a half. Australian crape is narrower, measuring forty inches, and ranging in price from eighty cents to a dollar and twenty cents a yard. Eight yards is the average quantity sold for a dress. Barathea is a beautiful wavy fabric a yard and a quarter wide, sold at a dollar and fifty cents.

ENGLISH SERGE AND MOHAIR FABRICS.

The fashionable English serge is all wool, but feels so harsh to the touch that one would suppose it part cotton. It has a broad twill, is water-proof, and is suitable for street dresses. It is trimmed for mourning and colors alike with wide woolen braid. Fourteen yards make a dress and redingote. It varies in price from a dollar and a quarter to two dollars.

A double-width delaine, called Tamise cloth, is a soft, smooth material, intended for house-dresses. One dollar a yard is the price asked. This is the only form in which the once popular delaines are now used, and the soft velvety merinoes are left on the shelves uncalled for. They are disliked because it is impossible to brush them without making the surface rough. Queen's cloth is a mohair fabric of wool and cotton mixed. It is a yard and a half wide. Canton cloth is very similar, but is more suitable for deep mourning, as it has less lustre.

Poplin and mohair alpacas are of different quality and prices, from fifty cents to two dollars. For ordinary use they are the most serviceable of all black materials, as they wear well, retain their color, and may be brushed without becoming rough. French calico, black ground with white stripes and figures, is sold at forty cents a yard. English calico of the same description at thirty cents.

Under-skirts of Melton cloth are shaped like the Boulevard skirts. A very handsome one is of black Melton, with a purple Greek border of Amozine braid; another is a steel-gray with black border. They vary in price from six to ten dollars.

MOURNING SILKS.

For handsome dresses there are heavy corded silks, suitable for the deepest mourning when trimmed with bands of fluted crape. There are taffetas and gros grains without lustre, and soft *poult de soie*. Widow's silk is entirely lustreless; a soft, rich fabric, without the usual noisy rustle of silk. It is from three to five dollars a yard. Among some handsome novelties at one of our leading houses is an elegant black goods called Eugénie satin, a repped satin, falling in heavy folds, producing the effect of uncut velvet. The price ranges from six dollars and a half to eight dollars. Another new and beautiful fabric is called imperial satin serge. It has the bright gloss of satin, but is as soft as merino, making rich folds without creasing. Six dollars a yard is asked for this goods. Still another novelty, and rarer than all, is a cobweb moiré. The watered figure, instead of being thrown on the silk in irregular dashes, forms at intervals a beautiful representation of a spider's web. The price is six dollars and a half per yard.

SECOND MOURNING.

For second mourning all the materials we have described are used, with more elaborate trimmings of jet, and purple, and white. It is very fashionable this winter to trim black with white. Occasionally a black passementerie or a velvet appliqué is laid on a white fold. Among suitable materials are the French poplins, black striped with gray, white, or purple, worth from a dollar and a quarter to two dollars. A good quality of silk, with lavender and gray stripes on a black ground, sold formerly at three dollars per yard, has been marked down to two dollars. Twelve yards make the dress.

Gray serge, with satin face, seven-eighths wide, is sold at a dollar and a quarter. It is shot, chiné, and striped diagonally. Scotch winsey, a most serviceable article, of mingled purple and black, is worth a dollar a yard.

A very handsome carriage-dress, intended for half-mourning, is of heavy corded silk, black without lustre. Each width of the skirt has two diagonal bands of gray and white fur, separated by embroidered medallions of white silk, studded with fine jet. Bands to match for corsage and sleeves. Price of the dress unmade a dollar and seventy-five cents per yard. Another of *poult de soie* has in the centre of each width a large mediæval figure needle-worked with white silk and braid. A morning robe of black Empress cloth has four rows of embroidery on the front width from shoulder to hem. The work is beautifully done in white floss beaded with jet. Collar, cuffs, and belt are also embroidered.

BONNETS AND VEILS.

Bonnets of English crape are worn in all seasons for deep mourning. Only very old ladies wear bombazine. The most tasteful bonnets are the plainest, made by laying three thicknesses of crape over the frame without folds. The strings are of corded ribbon or wide crape, bound. Widow's ruches, of white tarlatan bouillonnée, are made with two or three puffs. Large bows of tarlatan for fastening the bonnet are tucked at the ends, or bordered with a ruche. Corded silk without gloss is used for second mourning, with soft blonde puffs, jet ornaments. Since purple has become so fashionable in colors it is not so suitable for half-mourning. White and black are used in conjunction.

Square veils of English crape with deep borders are fastened on each side by jet pins. Long crape veils are a yard and five-eighths in length, worn with a string through the top. For lighter mourning there are veils of Brussels blonde, trimmed with folds of crape, and with feathers. These have three long points beneath the chin or are round masks with lappets falling over the chignon.

SHAWLS AND CLOAKS.

Camel's-hair cloth, fine and soft, is sold in squares for shawls at eleven dollars a yard. It is two yards in width. Thibet cloth and cashmeres are sold by the yard for long or square shawls at from three to eight dollars. Long double shawls of merino with fringed ends are twelve or fifteen dollars according to quality. A square shawl of a new serge-like material with a wide crape fold for trimming is twenty dollars.

Cloaks of beaver, frosted or plain, are appropriately trimmed for mourning. Astrakhan and Russian lambskin paletots are the most suitable fur wrappings. A very handsome Astrakhan cloth, with diamond figures, is sold for cloaks at fourteen dollars a yard. It is a yard and a half wide. Muffs are made of Astrakhan and of English crape.

TRIMMINGS, COLLARS, ETC.

Bands of fluted crape with scalloped edges are made in a variety of patterns for trimming dresses, and sold by the yard. Crocheted passementerie without jet, and plain galloons are used for mourning silks. White organdy collars and under-sleeves of narrow folds and shell pipings are pointed in the Shakspeare style. Tarlatan ruches, like widow's caps, are worn standing around the neck, with lappets in front. Folds of English crape in scalloped patterns are the deepest mourning collars. French crape is flimsy and soon becomes brown; it is therefore poor economy to use it.

Linen-lawn handkerchiefs with black hems two inches wide, warranted to wash without mixing the black and white, are from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a dozen. For lighter mourning there are cambric handkerchiefs with plain broad hem and monogram embroidered in black; others are of French lawn with black Greek borders above the hem, at various prices, from fifteen to thirty dollars a dozen.

Onyx jewelry is preferred to jet for deep mourning. It is not highly polished, and is in medieval designs, solid pieces radiating from balls in the centre, with long pendants. Very little gold is visible.

VARIETIES.

The new Mentana red, so fashionable in Paris, and which, it is predicted, will be the ruling color for the rest of the season, is a brilliant shade like ruby. It is especially becoming to brunettes. We have seen it in the elegant imperial serge before alluded to, a repped material with satin face, said to be in favor for Parisian court trains. It is soft and pliant, having the lustre of satin without its dowager-like stiffness. The new red, with Metternich green, like the green of mignonnette, and the intense marigold and capucine, are the colors most in vogue for rich evening dress.

Double skirts are very much worn. When gracefully made they take away the stiffness of a gored dress. They are bordered around the edge when short, but when left long, following the train of the lower skirt, they are only scalloped at the front seams, and looped up, forming an apron.

Pelisses and redingotes require five yards of material, seven-eighths of a yard wide. They are lined with flannel or cloth, and occasionally with fur, and are worn without other wrapping.

An elaborate and beautiful ball-dress, exhibited by one of our most tasteful French modistes, is of Lyons tulle over tarlatan skirts. The trained tulle skirt is puffed three-quarters of a yard deep, on which are strewn white daisies with ruby tips. A tunic of tinseled tulle, in stripes of tiny silver stars, is surrounded by wreaths of daisies with foliage, gracefully festooned at intervals. Low, round corsage. Puffed tulle bertha, dotted with daisies, and vine extending from the right shoulder to the girdle. Wreath of daisies with tendrils for coiffure. Another handsome evening silk, of an indescribable color, glimmers in the gaslight like a sheet of silver. The front width is flounced. An appliqué trimming, imported for this robe, extends from the belt down the sides and around the long trail.

A burnous of blue cashmere, at the same house, is surrounded with Persian fringe, and embroidered in the rich Persian colors.

The neat-fitting, seamless kid gloves have become very popular. The advantage of having but one long seam, that in which the thumb is set, is highly appreciated. They are handsomely stitched on the back, or laced together with cord and tassels through tiny silvered eyelets. All the fashionable shades of brown and red are made for street dress, and a long white glove with fine buttons for evening wear. There are dog-skin, beaver, and castor gloves, double-stitched, with undressed kid gauntlets for riding, all fitting well, yet with no outside seams.

Parisian ladies are wearing brochette bracelets formed of chains or rings, whereto are appended small rings, bearing the orders and decorations of their husbands, of miniature size. Gold bands with ornaments of cut steel or of silver are worn as tiaras. Crests and monograms are mounted in jewels over the forehead. The large rings worn with sashes are adorned with arrows, keys, and charms of gilt. A great deal of French jewelry has been brought here this season. It is very pretty, and an excellent imitation of the real material, but has not been much worn because it is an imitation. The enameled wooden sets, brooch and ear-rings, are more popular for morning dress. A single daisy, a cluster of mignonnette, droll dogs' heads, and wise-looking mastiffs are most artistically carved in wood, and painted in rich enamel. Necklaces of velvet ribbon with velvet crosses attached are worn with surplice dresses.

A graceful new veil called the chignon partially covers the bonnet, droops over the chignon, and is tied beneath the chin. It is made of Chantilly net, with appliqué border.

For the information given we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. JACKSON; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; TIFFANY & Co.; BROWNE & SPAULDING; Madame VIRFOLET, and others.

PERSONAL.

SOME of the English papers say that Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is coming to this country to reside. Mr. S.'s recent work on "Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt," published by the HARPERS, is one of those entertaining volumes of "personals" that afford pleasant topics for chat, and give an inside view of the way great men did things in the olden time.

—That famous radical, HENRY WARD BEECHER, has subscribed one thousand dollars to the Southern educational fund for Washington College, Virginia. The memory of so graceful and liberal an investment will bring the most acceptable interest.

—HENRY DRISLER, LL.D., editor of the American edition of Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon, has been appointed Jay Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in Columbia College, in place of the late Professor ANTHON.

—If the cash arrangements can be satisfactorily arranged, a marriage will soon take place between the CROWN PRINCE of Holland and Princess FREDERIKA, eldest daughter of the ex-King of Hanover. It depends upon whether the Prussian Parliament ratifies the settlement made between King GEORGE and the King of Prussia. If every thing turns out nicely the lady will have a dowry of 2,000,000 thalers, with which she ought to be able to get on.

—Madame GUERRABELLA, an operatic *artiste* of the best sort, who has been living for three or four years at Fordham, has entirely recovered her voice, which was supposed to have gone forever. She is the daughter of Mr. WARD, and on the stage was noted not only for *esprit* but for the most perfectly lady-like, graceful manners.

—VICTOR HUGO has within the last fifteen years accumulated and invested some $400,000. He asks half a million francs for his new romance, "Quatrevingt-treize," nearly completed, and has refused four hundred thousand, the sum paid for "Les Miserables." He said, recently, that in 1863 Paris booksellers offered him together several million francs for a series of novels, and that he might have easily earned that sum if he had cared more for money than reputation.

—ADELINA PATTI is to be married at last. The happy man is the Marquis DE CAUX, an officer of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S household. The songstress is a charming woman, was admirably brought up in the family of her sister, Mrs. STRAKOSCH, knows how to "keep house," and if DE C. is reasonably good will make his home delightful.

—Of members of the present Congress Senator CONKLING is the best dressed. His wife is a sister of Governor SEYMOUR. Speaker COLFAX is said to be the most rapid talker ever heard at Washington. ELDRIDGE, of Wisconsin, never talks more than ten minutes, and is one of the most influential Democrats in the House. HOOPER, of Massachusetts, is said to give the best dinners of any man in Congress. General GARFIELD, of Ohio, has the strongest voice, LOGAN the loudest, COLFAX the deepest, THAD STEVENS the weakest, and BANKS and KELLY the stentorianest.

—Miss EDMONIA LEWIS excites much interest abroad, not only from her cleverness in sculpture but from her parentage. She is *petite*, scarcely twenty-two, was born in Greenbush (opposite Albany), of Indian and negro parentage, and bears in her face the types of her origin. In her coarse but appropriate attire, with her black hair loose, and grasping in her tiny hand the chisel with which she does not disdain—perhaps with which she is obliged—to work, and with her large, black, sympathetic eyes brimful of simple, unaffected enthusiasm, Miss LEWIS is unquestionably the most interesting representative of our country in Europe. Interesting not alone because she belongs to a contemned and hitherto oppressed race, which labors under the imputation of artistic incapacity, but because she has already distinguished herself in sculpture—not perhaps in its highest grade, according to the accepted canons of the art, but in its naturalistic, not to say the most pleasing form.

—Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON, who has told us so much about the Mormons and Shakers, is now bending his energies to a work on the position of women in particular sects and communities.

—When JOSEPH BONAPARTE doffed his royalty and came to the United States, he little thought, on settling down at Bordentown, and building a beautiful mansion on the banks of the Delaware, and filling it with choice works of art, that in a few years, after the trees he had planted and the shrubbery he had so tastefully laid out had grown into their highest beauty, it would pass into the hands of a milkman for the inconsiderable sum of $12,000.

—If the lady-skaters at Central Park would know what is considered the highest style of skating costume in Paris let them become perusive, and read as follows: Dress of black velvet, lined with violet satin and trimmed with chinchilla. This is covered with an elegant Polonnaise, color Bismarck, also lined with violet satin. Thus enveloped a lady ought to skate at once into the affections of susceptible males. A Parisian countess originated the above.

—The lady-readers of the *Bazar* who use COATES & Co.'s thread will drop a courtesy to the firm for having recently given two thousand dollars in aid of the freedmen of the South. Our "Amidon" is raised for the gentlemen.

—Mrs. MARY GRAY, of Greenup County, Kentucky, has been proved, in open court, to be one hundred and eighteen years old. And last week we read an account of the celebration of the nuptials of a blushing couple in Indiana, the groom being 76 and the bride 72. "No cards."

—Dr. BELLOWS has been out to Potsdam and peered into the palace of King WILLIAM. The little room in which his majesty does his sleeping is described as the most modest room in the palace, quite high up and commanding a view of the river and grounds sloping toward it. The king's bed was single, without posts, and made, like the other furniture, of a native wood. No well-to-do farmer could sleep on a plainer couch. Over the foot-board, in the little recess where it stood, was a small crucifix, and over the head-board a water-color drawing, "The Genius of Thought," a gift from the queen on occasion of their silver wedding. A copy of the head of RAUCH'S statue of Queen Louisa, his mother, was upon one table, and a bust of the queen upon another. On his writing-table, which seemed in constant use, was a small picture of Old Fritz, and all the implements upon it were military in their style, and cast from bullets or balls that had come from victorious battle-fields, and in the shape of cannon or stacked arms. On the whole, we calculate that most of the readers of the *Bazar* are about as well housed as his majesty.

—The PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, heir-apparent of the throne, is a good style of man personally and intellectually. His wife (VICTORIA, eldest daughter of the Queen of England) is a woman of special culture and of a practical turn of mind, though capable of literary conversation, and possessing marked skill with the pencil. She has six children already.

—A St. Louis gentleman is blessed almost beyond measure in the number of his children. His name is PECK. Already ten Pecks (two bushels and a half) have been presented unto him, which ought to answer the purpose.

—Whether Mr. S. S. Cox is appointed to the Austrian mission or not, go he will to Europe in a few weeks with his excellent wife, and enjoy a little leisure and a little of the handsome fortune which has recently come to Mrs. C. by inheritance.

—Musical people, composers as well as vocalists, seem every where to be attaining higher social position. BERLIOZ, for example, who has just reached St. Petersburg, where he is to superintend six concerts for the imperial family, is the guest of the Grand Duchess HELENA, and has been assigned a suite of rooms in the Michael Palace. Fifty years ago royalty did not do that sort of thing. The sixth of the concerts is to be composed of the works of BERLIOZ himself.

—Really, we should not have cared to be ELIZABETH VERONIQUE, who died last month in Paris. Think of a woman weighing 514 pounds! Why, every body laughed at her, as a matter of course, and made absurd remarks about her, and the ridiculous figure she must have cut when got up for a party! (514 pounds! —bless us!)

—FELICITA VESTVALI, "the magnificent," as she is called, from the splendor of her physique, is a member of an old aristocratic family, being the daughter of Count PERWLOWSKI, who was married to CHARLOTTE, Baroness HUNEFELDT. FELICITA was born in 1841, has been highly educated, and, having a passion for operatic fame, took to the stage, and has since then performed pretty much every where, where they have theatres and operas.

—Mr. A. H. LEE, the gentleman who drew the Crosby Opera House at Chicago, is occupying himself by getting together what he intends shall be the best private library in the United States.

—The writing-men of New York will be pleased, if the report should turn out to be true, that Mr. RYAN, formerly on the editorial staff of the *Herald*, has fallen heir to $300,000.

—Bishop SELWYN, recently translated from the colonial see of New Zealand to the see of Litchfield, was loth to make the change, and did so at last only at the personal request of, and after a long interview with, the Queen. He is not only a man of marked ability and energy, but is understood to be decidedly in favor of severing the union between the Church and State. There are seven of the English (home) bishops who are with him on that point.

—The immediate cause of the recent proceedings in England for bigamy against Sir EARDLEY EARDLEY was that the silly man, after having given his wife a deed of separation in 1863, got married again last September. The father of the first wife is Mr. M'GEE, British Consul at Mobile, who brings suit to vindicate the honor of his daughter. The scape-grace young baronet has always been a disreputable fellow, and will doubtless soon have a new experience in the pleasures of "transportation."

—As a physiological item it may be well enough to say that chirrupy old Mrs. CHRISTINA BARCLAY, whose brief candle of life "out"-ed a few days since in Kentucky, after she had numbered fivescore and two years, was sufficiently nimble on her hundredth birthday to lead off in a dance. But an older than she is extant in Virginia—a colored woman named JANTER, who on the tally-stick of life has already scored one hundred and ten years.

—Young Lord AMBERLEY, who will be Earl RUSSELL, so far from coming over here to "carry on," as most young English lordlings do, appeared to do his best to become thoroughly acquainted with our civil and social ways of doing things. Lord A. has contributed several papers to the *Fortnightly Review* on Conservatives and Liberals in relation to the Church of England, making suggestions in regard to its improvement. He was in this country four months, and he and Lady AMBERLEY, a daughter of Lord STANLEY, of Alderley, made many friends wherever they went. They sailed for England on Christmas-day.

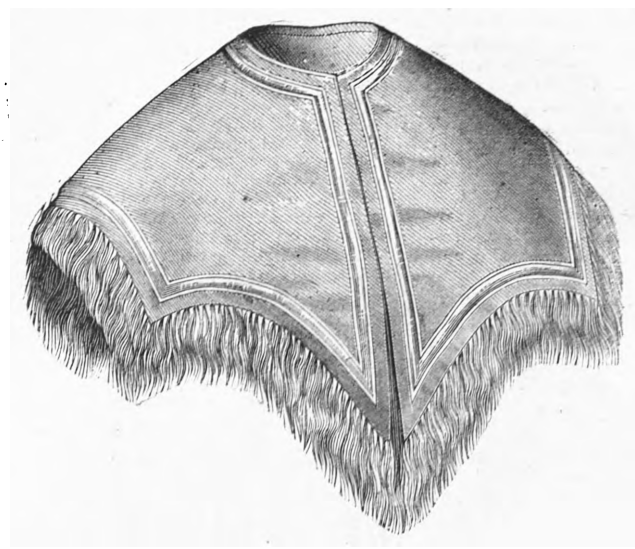
—LOUIS NAPOLEON does a little something every day in the editorial way, and sends it promptly at 1 o'clock to the *Moniteur*. By 2 o'clock 100,000 copies are ready for sale in the streets of Paris, and by 4 o'clock double that number are sold. In the evenings he gives more or less time to perusing the "Book of the Four Kings," dwelling principally upon that part which relates to the great contest between Draw and Poker. L. N. is reported to be well up in D. P.

—"Poor CARLOTTA" is not to be left in pecuniary destitution. The Austrian Government has formally recognized her as universal legatee of MAXIMILIAN, and preserves, with her dowry, the palace of Miramar and the Island of Lacroma. So the poor ex-empress is comfortably provided for so far as mere worldly goods are concerned. She was MAX's good genius, his best counselor, his courageous and most devoted wife—an empress of empresses.

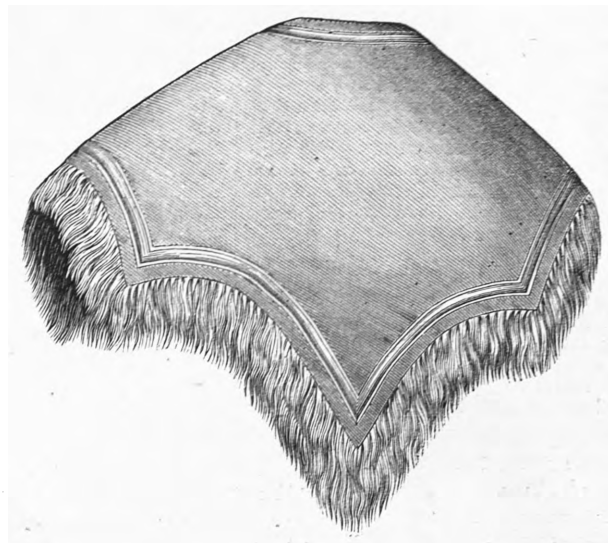
—MONS. ALEXANDRE DUMAS must be what Connecticut people call "a good feeling man." In a recent essay on the regeneration of modern society he says: "I feel myself young, rich, happy, prodigal. Let any one have need of me and he shall see. I find every thing which God has made superb and wonderful. I should like to take immensity into my arms."

—The Ex-Queen of Spain, CHRISTINA, is a Yankee among the has-beens of royalty, and is one of the heaviest tax-payers of France, where she owns several hundred thousand acres, a dozen chateaux, and three large manufacturing establishments. Not being sure of her crown, but wishing to be sure of her crowns, she shrewdly invested all her savings in other countries than Spain, and consequently is now one of the most really well-to-do women in Europe.

—Senator POMEROY, of Arkansas, is emulous of the fame of SILAS WRIGHT as a farmer. Not long since a gentleman saw him hauling lumber in Kansas with a mule-team. He took pride in showing a fifty-two-acre field of wheat which had been plowed in by the Senatorial hands.

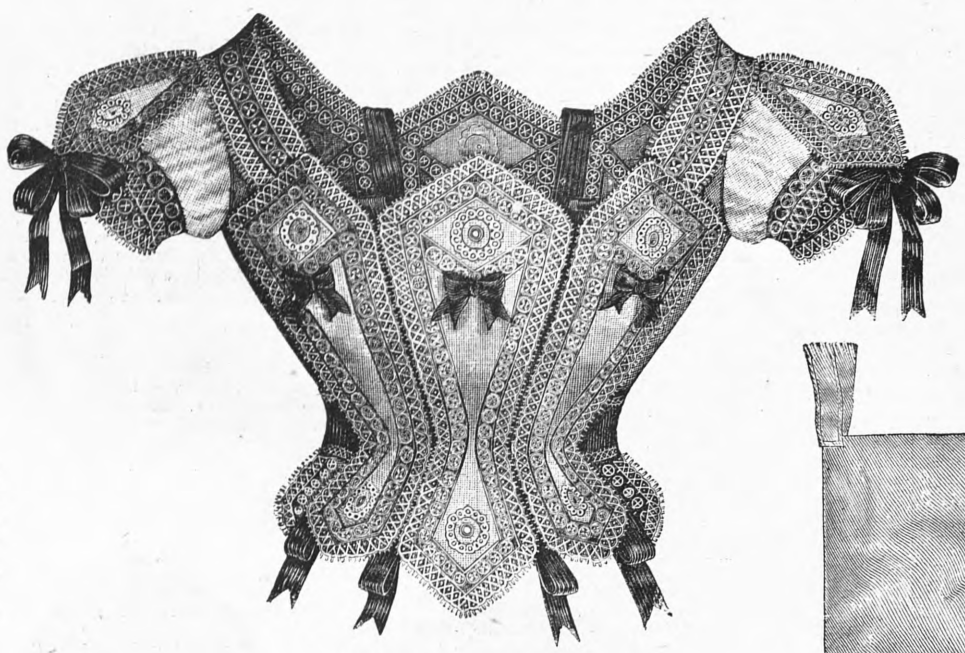


WHITE POPLIN PELERINE.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 47 and 48.

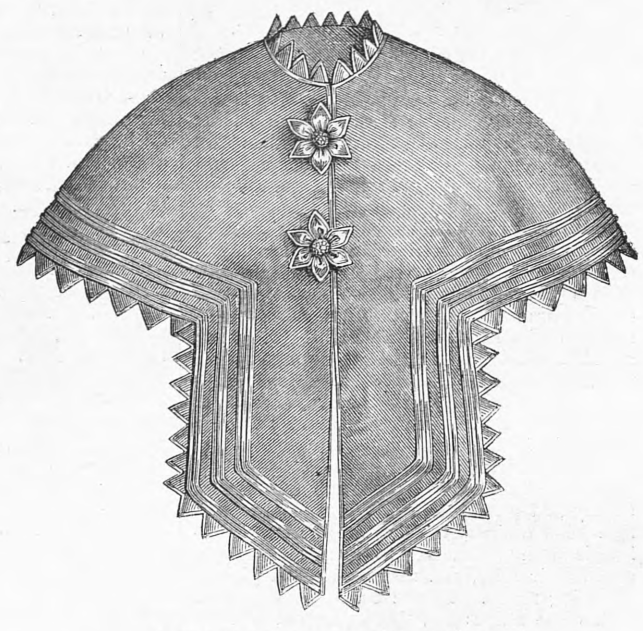


WHITE POPLIN PELERINE.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 47 and 48.

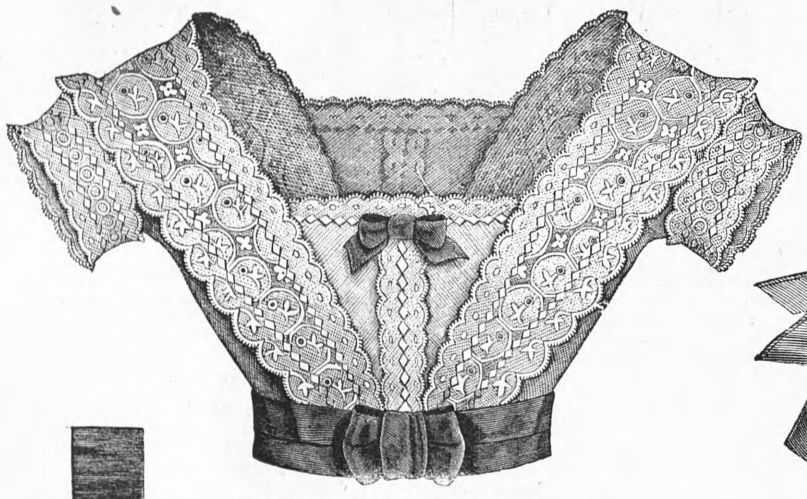
CROCHET FROCK FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.
For pat.ern see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 22.



POMPADOUR BASQUE WAIST.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 7–10.

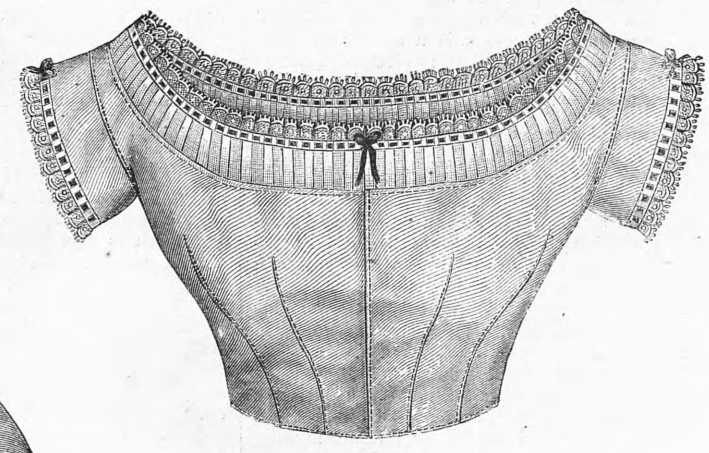


SCARF PELERINE FOR YOUNG GIRL.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 43 and 44.

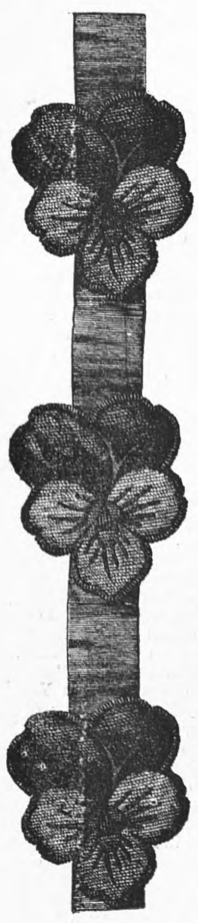


POMPADOUR WAIST WITH BRETELLES.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 15–17.

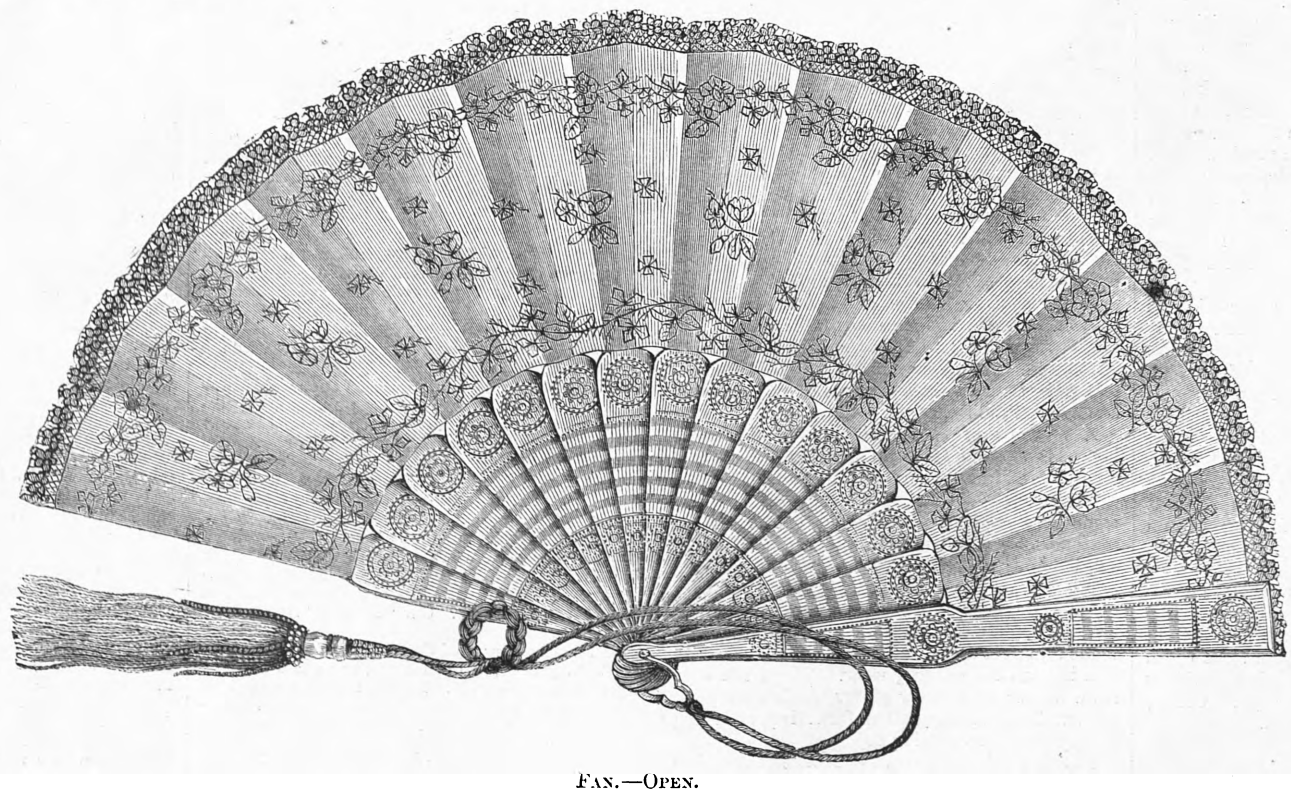
SAFETY POCKET.



LADY'S LOW-NECKED UNDER-WAIST.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 54–57.



BANDEAU OF RIBBON AND APPLICATION.



FAN.—OPEN.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXII., Fig. 58.

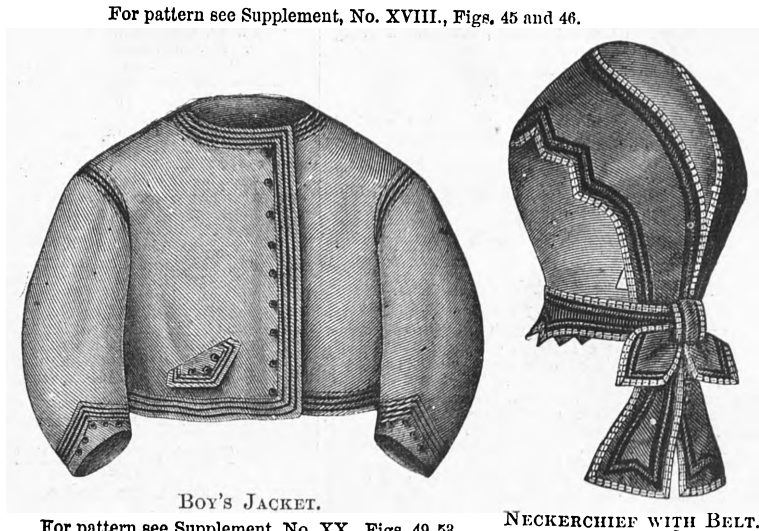
FAN.—CLOSED.

DRESS WITH BODICE FOR YOUNG LADY.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 18 and 19.

NECKERCHIEF WITH BELT ARRANGED ON THE FIGURE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 45 and 46.

LADY'S QUILTED SILK BOOT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 20 and 21.

GORED FLANNEL UNDER-SKIRT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–4.



BOY'S JACKET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 49–53.

NECKERCHIEF WITH BELT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 45 and 46.

BODICE WITH LAPPETS.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 18 and 19.

BODICE WITH LAPPETS.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 18 and 19.

Pompadour Basque Waist.

See illustration, page 196.

THIS waist is of muslin, guipure insertion four-fifths of an inch wide, guipure edging three-fifths of an inch wide, small needle-work rosettes edged with lace, and blue ribbon one and two inches in width. Cut from the muslin from Fig. 7 one piece, from Fig. 8 two pieces, from Fig. 9 one piece, and from Fig. 10 the sleeve lappets. Lay the bosom pleats in the front (Fig. 8), and join the fronts and back to correspond with the figures on the pattern; and arrange the insertion and ribbon in the manner shown in the illustration, taking care to fasten the insertion in such a manner that the muslin can be cut away from under it. With the ribbon make short loops at the top, and long loops with ends at the bottom of the waist. Put on the frilled edging, the rosettes, and the bows of narrow ribbon. Lay a strip of muslin doubled along the edge of the left front, sew small buttons thereon, and cover it with blue ribbon, making corresponding loops on the right side. The sleeves consist of a strip of muslin, about three-quarters of a yard long and four inches wide, puffed and confined by a band of insertion and edging, with a lappet, similarly trimmed, and a ribbon bow on the top.

Scarf Pelerine.

See illustration, page 196.

THIS pelerine is of white poplin cashmere, wadded, and lined with silk. Cut of the outside, wadding, interlining, and lining, from Fig. 43 each two pieces, and from Fig. 44 one piece. Baste the wadding between the interlining and lining, and quilt it in diamonds. Then baste on the outside, and join Figs. 43 and 44 from 31 to 32. Run the edges of the stuff together, and put on the trimming as seen in the illustration: this consists of a bias strip of silk, two inches wide, doubled and corded on either side with white silk. The pelerine is closed up the front with three rosettes of cashmere leaves, with a button in the centre.

Pompadour Waist with Bretelles.

See illustration, page 196.

THIS waist is of muslin, Valenciennes edging an inch and an inch and a half in width, and needle-work insertion, and is finished in front with a bow of pink ribbon. Cut the two fronts from Fig. 15, allowing an inch for the hem, and the back from Fig. 16. Hem the fronts, and put on the buttons and button-holes; sew the bosom pleats; make a seam in the back from 31 to 32, and join the back and fronts on the shoulders from 35 to 36. Arrange the Valenciennes lace, which must be whole on the shoulders, in the manner shown in the illustration, and hem the neck narrow. Trim the front with a strip of narrow lace, sewed together in the middle, and slightly frilled, and cover this seam with needle-work insertion. The back is trimmed down the middle in the same manner. The bretelles are made of lace, bordered on one side with small, and on the other with narrow edging, with needle-work insertion covering the seams through the middle. Join the back and fronts from 33 to 34, and set a double band on the bottom of the waist. Cover this waist-band with pink satin ribbon, with a bow of the same on the front and back.

The sleeves are cut from Fig. 17, and are trimmed with narrow lace and needle-work insertion in the manner shown in the illustration, the muslin being cut away under the lace.

Safety Pocket.

See illustration, page 196.

THIS pocket is an excellent protection against thieves, who can not readily pick it without the knowledge of the wearer. It is made in the same manner as an ordinary pocket, except about one-third longer. A band is sewed above this third part, and through the shirr thus formed a strong elastic braid is run, just long enough to permit the hand to pass through tightly, after which the ends of the braid are sewed together.

Lady's Low-Necked Under-Waist.

See illustration, page 196.

THIS waist is of silk, lined with muslin, and completed by means of a Russian chemise, formed of pleated muslin, bordered with guipure insertion and edging. A narrow black velvet ribbon is run through the insertion and tied in a bow. The waist may also be made of plain muslin. Cut first the fronts and side-pieces from Figs. 54 and 55, the back from Fig. 56, and the sleeves from Fig. 57. Baste the outside and lining together, lay the bosom pleats, join the back, side-pieces, and fronts, and put on the hooks and eyes. Cord the waist round the edge; sew up the sleeves from 53 to 54, and set them in the arm-holes with a cord. Lastly, trim the waist with guipure edging.

Bandeau of Ribbon and Application.

See illustration, page 196.

THE illustration shows a section of this bandeau of the full size. The original is of lilac ribbon; the application pansies are embroidered in satin stitch, with filoselle or crochet silk on silk, and worked round the edge in fine button-hole stitch, as a matter of course choosing the colors truest to nature. The embroidered figures are then cut out and sewed on the bandeau. Either satin or silk ribbon may be used.

Fan.

See illustration, page 196.

THE pretty fan, the pattern of which we give, can easily be made by any lady over a frame that has already been used. The frame of the original is of ivory, with a covering of white silk embroidered in point-russe with fine black silk. The opened fan gives a part of the covering together with the design. The covering is prepared of the requisite size of white silk. Two similar pieces are required, each ornamented with point-russe embroidery, and so pasted on the frame that the ribs lie between the double material. Narrow Chantilly lace may be sewed on the border. A white silk cord with tassels is fastened on, as shown in the engraving given. On this cord is fastened a ring of threefold twist of white silk gimp cord. This ring is pushed up over the fan, in order to prevent its opening and becoming broken when not in use. Colored silk may also be used.

Dress with Bodice for Young Lady.

See illustration, page 197.

THE original is of gray poplin, trimmed with black velvet, and fringed in the manner shown in the illustration. The belt is also of black velvet. The pattern of the bodice, which is lined with muslin, is given in Figs. 18 and 19. As the engraving shows, it is worn over a high-necked white waist.

Neckerchief with Belt.

See illustration, page 197.

THIS pretty kerchief is of violet cashmere, thinly wadded and lined with white silk. It is trimmed round the edge with narrow violet and white silk braid, at a little distance from which is set a bias fold of black silk; narrow black and white gimp is laid along the middle of the latter, and stitched on with it, leaving the edges of the fold free. Cut the outside and lining of the fronts from Fig. 45, and the back whole from Fig. 46; the belt forms a part of the latter, and fastens in front, being lengthened at the sides to fit the wearer. Join the fronts and back to correspond with the figures on the pattern, put on the bias fold, run the edges together, and set the braid round the edge. The belt is fastened in front with a bow and ends of violet cashmere.

Lady's Quilted Silk Boot.

See illustration, page 197.

THIS warm and comfortable boot may be worn with a morning toilette, or is well adapted to carriage wear. The original is of lilac silk, wadded, and lined with cashmere, and quilted in diamonds. The sole is of frieze, covered with oil-cloth. The upper edge of the boot is trimmed with a strip of fur about an inch and a half wide. Cut from Fig. 20, of silk wadding and lining each two pieces, making the necessary allowance for seams; lay the wadding between the outside and the lining, and quilt all three together. Sew the halves of the boot together from the toe to 44, from 44 to the top each edge is bound with braid. Sew the boot together also in the back. Set a piece for button-holes along the right front of the boot; for this, bind the outside and lining with braid, make the button-holes, and sew it under the binding of the boot; then put buttons to correspond on the left side, as seen in the illustration. Bind the top of the boot, put on the fur trimming and join it to the sole, which is cut in one piece from Fig. 21. The frieze and oil-cloth of the sole must first be bound together. To set the sole on the boot, which must be done according to the figures on the pattern, turn the boot wrong side out, press the sole inward, bend the under edge of the boot about two-fifths of an inch outward, so that the sole lies on it flat, and back-stitch this edge to the sole. After which turn the boot again on the right side.

Jacket for Child from 2 to 3 Years old.

See illustration, page 197.

THIS jacket is of light gray flannel, bordered with a strip of red flannel an inch and a quarter wide, on which narrow black velvet is sewn, in the manner shown in the illustration. Small mother-of-pearl buttons complete the trimming of the jacket. Cut both fronts from Fig. 49, the left only to the dotted line, and the back whole from Fig. 50. Cut the sleeves from Fig. 51, taking care to observe the contour of the under part; the cuffs from Fig. 52; and the pocket lapel from Fig. 53. Join the fronts and back according to the figures on the pattern, bind the jacket with the aforesaid strip of red flannel, and put on the velvet. Trim the pocket lapel, and sew it along the dotted line on the right front. Sew up the sleeves from 41 to 42, and from 42 to 43; put on the cuffs, sew them in the arm-holes from 44 to 44, and cover the seam with a bias strip of red flannel double about an inch wide, on which two rows of narrow velvet are then sewn. Hooks and loops complete the jacket.

Gored Flannel Under-Skirt.

See illustration, page 197.

THIS under-skirt is of white flannel, scalloped round the bottom with red worsted, and also embroidered in point russe with the same material. For this skirt cut from Figs. 1 and 3 each one breadth, and from Fig. 3 the two side breadths, being careful to add the pieces turned down in the pattern of all these breadths. Sew up the breadths to correspond with the figures on the pattern, face the bottom with a strip of flannel two inches wide, and embroider as shown in the illustration. Make a slit in the middle of the back from 6 to × along the double line, and face the edges with muslin. Gather the top from the middle of the back to 3 on each side, and set it in the double muslin belt cut from Fig. 4. A button and button-hole complete the skirt.

Bodice with Lappets.

See illustration, page 197.

THIS bodice is made of narrow silk braid, notched on the edges and studded with beads, black watered ribbon an inch and a half wide, black lace two and four inches wide, studded with beads, jet buttons, and jet grelots. For the bodice, first cut a foundation of stiff lace from Fig. 18, two pieces for the fronts, and from Fig. 19 one piece for the back. Join the back and fronts to correspond with the figures on the pattern, and lay the bosom pleats. Having thus obtained the shape, arrange the braid thereon in the manner shown in the illustration along the dotted lines; fasten them where they intersect each other. Bind the upper part with narrow watered ribbon edged with narrow lace and cover the seam with the bead braid. Finish the arm-holes in a similar manner, and set on broad lace. Set the bottom in a double belt of watered ribbon an inch and a half wide, covered with broad black lace, and sew the bead braid over the seam. Fasten to the belt lappets of watered ribbon, half a yard long and an inch and a half wide; point the ends of the same and trim them with grelots; sew the bead braid along the edges, and set jet buttons at the top of the lappets and at the place where they cross each other. Fasten the belt with hooks and eyes, covered with a rosette of the watered ribbon, an inch wide, dotted on the edge with beads.

THE GHOSTLY TEARS.

STILL go and come, and come and go,
Along Life's paths the ghostly Tears;
Forever pacing, fast or slow;
Now stayed by hopes, now sped by fears.

They hasten through the sunlit mead;
They loiter on the barren lea;
They halt where we beseech them speed,
And where we beg them stay, they flee.

No vision of a fevered dream,
Where spectral shapes flit to and fro,
More brief, yet strangely long may seem
Than these weird Tears that come and go.

We hail their glories as they rise;
We catch the promise of their dawn;
We cry: "The noon shall flush our skies
At last!" and lo! the days are gone!

So by these fond, phantasmal hopes
Still beckoned onward, we descend,
From year to year, Life's darkening slopes,
Till Death's wan finger writes—"The End!"

Yet Death but keeps the warder's gate
Upon the everlasting shore
Whose vast effulgence, consecrate,
The phantom Tears may mock no more!

LUMPKIN PAPERS.

A HEAVY, rustling, overbearing, aggressive, shining, purple silk, scenting of operas, lace shawls, and chandeliers! Naturally it was not well out of its wrapper when it began to bully us—that is, my wife, Mrs. Pleiades Lumpkin, and I. What, indeed, could such a silk be to a house with a three-ply carpet and an unmistakable flavor of dinner in its best room but an insult, *in-silkate?*

Why did Mrs. Lumpkin buy it? The *Bazar*, being a feminine oracle, may divine. For my own part, I have never yet succeeded in resolving a woman's "because" into any thing like a reason. From my view nothing could have been more inappropriate. When the makers of that silk laid the threads together and chose the tints, doubtless they had the wearer in mind—a round, rosy dame, stepping down from her coach with an air and a train. Apart from the facts of our little house, its "three-ply," and hair-cloth furniture, is Mrs. Pleiades that woman? On the contrary, she is an anxious woman. She has careful lines about the mouth, come of helping me in that long pull and strong pull needed to make both ends of our income meet. She has neither the roses, the swing, nor the plump contours. If she were a book her title would be "Thoughts on Pennyworths." You see then that whenever she wore it, this opulent silk must be a sly and constant satire upon her.

I have been speaking only of the silk in the raw, as it lay yet in its wrappings. Now it is true that it convicted us, whenever we looked at it, of our utter shabbiness. Still we had it then at a certain disadvantage. Mrs. Pleiades could do what she liked with it—make it into a coverlet if she pleased, and leave it to flout our imitation walnut bedstead and brown wall-paper. But for silks as for human beings there is no standing still. Following the lead of its destiny it must develop into a dress. From that moment it began to require:

First, a dress-maker. Mrs. Pleiades habitually made her own dresses; but from the very beginning it was so evident that she had nothing in common with her silk that she engaged a dress-maker without delay. The dress-maker was a great creature. *She took my wife's measure*—I mean her social measure—at a glance. She handled "the silk" audaciously, and threw my wife into an agony by suggesting that the pattern was short. She was a perfect Nena Sahib in our little domicile. She destroyed our petty illusions, and our modest aspirations, with a certain pleasure worthy of that monster. She *would* talk to us, poor minnows, of nothing but whales. She roused Mrs. Pleiades to a maddening envy of certain ladies whom she had never seen in her life. Finally she decreed that the dress should be piped, and trimmed with satin and lace.

Piped! Mrs. Pleiades came to me about it. My notion was of some such subterranean network as is under the pavements, a substitute for crinoline, perhaps, or something just discovered to be healthy.

"What are the pipes made for?" I asked in all innocence; "and won't they be weighty to carry about, my dear?"

And I protest I never was so astonished as when Mrs. Pleiades flew out in a rage, and vowed "that I had no sympathy, and was laughing at her."

The dress *was* piped out of our little fund in bank. Mrs. Pleiades had not once thought of trimmings. She had achieved the silk by months of clipping shillings here and hoarding pennies there: it was the one blossom of her self-denial. There was nothing left for leaves and buds. Nena Sahib scouted Mrs. Pleiades's timid suggestions of trimming with the silk, or of no trimming; and we were always at the disadvantage with this dress that we should have been with a white elephant or a fairy unexpectedly quartered upon us. Knowing nothing of the habits of the animal, we must believe whatever was told us concerning it.

So the dress was piped, and besprinkled with velvet and lace, and when Nena Sahib was paid also, it became clear that I should wear my old over-coat this winter. But who would not forego a new over-coat for the pleasure of teaching his wife a lesson?

A dress finished is like the child come to man's estate. You know then where to rank it. Mrs. Pleiades's silk had become a dinner-dress. But Mrs. Pleiades lays the cloth, broils the steak, and bakes the bread herself. Could Mrs. Pleiades broil and bake in a purple silk, piped and trimmed with satin? Or could Mrs. Pleiades, having dished the dinner in a calico, rush to her wardrobe and array herself in the purple silk, while the gravy cooled, and I thumped on the table? Or could Mrs. Pleiades wear the purple silk when she took her sewing of an evening across the way, or when "across the way" came over to us? No, a thousand times no! You may take liberties with an alpaca; there is adaptability in a merino; but it was not to be expected that Mrs. Pleiades's silk should conform to us. We were to conform to the silk. It was made for grand occasions. We were to manufacture the grand occasions. For people of our stamp there is but one grand occasion, and that is going to church.

But to what shall I liken this insatiable silk? It was like the relentless step-mother in the fairy tales. When the poor child has wound the tangled skein as thick as four persons, she must separate in their order thousands of mixed feathers, and when the feathers are in order she must find strawberries under the ice. One difficulty only hid another behind it. What should Mrs. Pleiades wear with the purple silk? Mrs. Pleiades has worn her cloak for three winters, and it is brown. Mrs. Pleiades's bonnet is two winters old, and it is green; and I think I have already hinted that we had exhausted our fund in bank.

Those were days of trial for Mrs. Pleiades. If wishing were a power, the brown cloak and green bonnet must have turned purple under our eyes. She ransacked the trunks and rag-bags; she pored over the fashion-plates; she shut herself up of evenings. I, on my part, watched her struggles with solicitude, and blindly rejoiced when informed that she had an idea. In all our wedded life I had never seen Mrs. Pleiades so careworn and harassed.

My wife has always been a model of punctuality. At precisely a quarter of ten she is ready to start for church. But on this Sunday—I am referring to the first appearance of the purple silk—she was late. She came down in a flustered state, and rather avoided my eyes as we went out of the door. I respected her nervousness, and talked about the weather; and it was only by degrees, and after quiet glances from under my hat-brim, that I came to a definite conclusion regarding her appearance.

Something had happened to Mrs. Pleiades's cloak. It had always been a large, matronly, cozy wrap, the sort of cloak for which you might feel an actual friendship, and by which you might know Mrs. Pleiades any where; and in my secret heart I had always fancied that she produced in it a majestic and imposing effect. Now it was short, it had sleeves, it had shrunken in about her. It looked as if, stricken with sudden terror by the purple silk, it had attempted to end its wretched existence, and only stopped in the mad attempt just below Mrs. Pleiades's waist. The effect was disastrous. Mrs. Pleiades is accustomed to fullness and folds about the shoulders, and in her skimped and diminished condition was plainly at a loss how to dispose of her hands and arms. She was equally troubled with her train! Worthy woman, what had she to do with trains? She was doubtful about the gorgeous silk among the sober walking-dresses around her. She wondered what people said of her brown cloak and green bonnet. She wished that her gloves were fresher, and that they were not black. If she had committed murder, she could hardly have looked more conscious and uncomfortable. Mrs. Pleiades's savings, our fund in bank, her anxieties, researches, and struggles, had only made her ridiculous and uncomfortable.

You think, my dear Madam, that I had better have listened to the sermon than to sit there poking fun at my wife? But I was not poking fun. I was pondering, as became a philosopher, on one of the deepest mysteries in the feminine make-up. Mrs. Pleiades is a fair example, not a notable exception, to the rest of womankind. Plenty of women there are like her, for whom, given a merino, and the result is happiness; given a silk, and the result is misery. Why will nine out of ten of such women choose the silk? I am convinced, by wretched experiences, that there is some perverse domestic demon who breaks the bottle in the medicine-chest that is to be wanted next in the middle of the night, and keeps the trunk in which are the children's night-clothes when part of your baggage is left behind. Can there be a similar shopping-demon, airily promenading beside the walking clerks, and maliciously deciding the wavering woman in the plain shawl and the puzzled, apple-cheeked country girl secretly counting her money under the shelter of a pile of cloakings?

This reminds me of Cousin Berinthia. When Cousin Berinthia was in town she informed us that, before shopping, she should first take a stroll through Broadway.

"The fashions that we get in periodicals," she remarked, complacently, "are European, and American ladies may or may not adopt them. But what one sees worn in New York one can believe in; and I see no reason why, by using your eyes, a girl in Marlborough may not exhibit as much style as one on Broadway," concluded Berinthia, reddening in a way that showed that one girl from Marlborough would achieve "style" or perish in the attempt.

But Cousin Berinthia strolled through Broadway in those early autumn days in which slender young ladies were to be seen flitting in and out of up-town worsted stores, in striped petticoats and a hint at an upper-skirt that came short of the knee. Here were fashions at once charming and economical; and how Mrs. Pleiades and Berinthia did chatter! Berinthia had a striped petticoat, a gray sacque, and only a few dollars in her small porte-monnaie. They cheapened, they made the tour of the sales-rooms, they bought the *Bazar;* and nobody whispered to Berinthia that these were the pleasant and gracious days, and these the young ladies who would be found at church in velvet coats, and next week would be met in a Bismarck walking-suit, and next week in winsey, and in mid-winter would astonish Berinthia, if she could see them, with a Russian pelisse.

The result—no doubt you have divined it already from that hint about the sacque and petticoat. Give a lady a stripe, and she will give you the costume as readily as Agassiz will tell you a beast from one of his bones. But I, having no such inner light—I confess that I was aghast when Cousin Berinthia stood at last before me in a gray and white skirt, a gray silk waistband, a gray sacque, and a jaunty gray felt hat. Very pretty, no doubt, and becoming for running about in worsted stores; though Berinthia, being a simple-minded girl, was evidently uncomfortable under a secret conviction that she was running about in her petticoat! But what a costume for Marlborough! Fancy Berinthia riding five miles to church over the snow, in the teeth of the fierce wind that comes down the gorge in her little sacque and petticoat, and with nothing about her ears! Picture her walking up the aisle with the farmers staring on one side and big-bonneted women peering on the other, and all wondering "how she could have forgotten her dress when she was coming to meeting?" Could any thing be more absurdly melancholy unless it should be the spectacle of Cousin Berinthia walking about on Monday morning among the wash-tubs with a train on her calico dress, or the reflection that Berinthia had hopelessly mangled her sensible sacque with sundry points, and dents, and tabs, already as obsolete as the ark?

Did I say these things to Berinthia? Certainly not, my dear madam. Should I send her home to Marlborough with a painful doubt rankling somewhere under the gray silk waistband? But I felt that sudden and violent indignation to which lethargic and quiet people like myself are occasionally subject—indignation against your—I beg your pardon, I mean your next neighbor's deity, Fashion. "Why," I said to myself, in a fine moral fume, "when points and scallops are as dew on the grass, and long tabs in extraordinary places are a delusion and a snare, and freaks of all kinds are simply the foam on fashion's tumbling wave, why should fashion insist on their adoption by young females like Berinthia who can expect but one suit a winter? By what right does her goddess-ship demand that Berinthia's one dress shall be of a color which will offer the most maddening temptations to spots, and why should this one dress be cut in a fash-

ion that will make it wholly useless next year? If there are three new styles each month, each warranted to cut costly and handsome goods in smaller pieces than the other, shall there be no medium between these and dowdiness, the daughter of Economy?

Now I have always observed that if you begin a course of reflections on any subject, say fish-hooks, that your subject grows with marvelous rapidity. You discover, still talking of fish-hooks, that there are communities of people who are busy all their lives about nothing but fish-hooks; and from this you go on to so many more discoveries about the analogies in fish-hooks, the skill, triumphs, failures, treacheries, palpitations, and earnestness exerted in making and selling them, that fish-hooks begin to occupy for you a large place in creation; and you find yourself unable to withstand a secret suspicion that if the matter were properly investigated a fish-hook would be found in the mouth of every thing.

Just so, in my reveries on the tyranny of fashion; I touched and traced up so many connecting links between her despotism and social and political vexations, that I began to fancy Berinthia, in her poor, little, shivering petticoat, the embodiment of two or three of the questions of the day. I knew that satirists and reformers, even while they railed at this vexatious deity, declared in the same breath the hopelessness of their railing; but if a shepherd overthrew the dynasties of Egypt, and a brewer revolutionized England, and a candle-maker made Rome tremble, why should not I, plain Pleiades Lumpkin, at least try my luck? The bramble hedge opens of itself, you know, for the true fairy prince. Why should not my earnest and thoughtful papers attract the attention of solid and thoughtful men, who should recommend them to their wives, who should be conscience-stricken and speak of the matter to *their* friends, who should turn over a new leaf with their dress-makers, who should inaugurate a social reform, which should be commemorated on my tombstone, which should annually be kept so deep in laurel that you could not see the inscription, by thousands of grateful women, especially country women, who should visit my tomb before going to the Central Park?

I am a cautious man, however. The vision was dazzling, but before commencing the earnest and thoughtful papers, I felt that I should make sure of the *proofs* of this tyranny, under which Mrs. Pleiades must be ridiculous and Berinthia chilly all winter. I devoted a day to the purpose. I intended to see with my own eyes the ladies in petticoats, like Berinthia the stores in which, as Mrs. Pleiades said, "there was nothing pretty that was cheaper than silk;" the furnishing establishments in which were no hint of any thing to cover the head; in a word, all the abominations under which women are groaning, and I looked savagely at the pretty *Bazar*, which has seduced my wife from her allegiance to the other periodicals, and which is four times worse than them all, being a weekly instead of a monthly pest.

What did I mean to do with these things when I had seen them? Do them in an article, my dear, like Thackeray's enemy—grilled and with Cayenne sauce; and I looked about in an ogreish way for the ladies first.

I looked, but I did not find them. The ladies not only wore skirts, but two of them; and they were wrapped to the chin. I saw no Berinthia any where. Poor Berinthia! yes, and poor Lumpkin, for here was the head, the beginning of my article, which I had already elaborated, taken away from me. I could not commence with a stinging delineation of Berinthia, as I had intended, for here were no Berinthias. I do not know why; but I suddenly remembered the story of the man who ran a mile with a pail of water to put out a fire, and found that his neighbor was only burning a brush-heap; and I don't know why again, but it provoked me to remember it, and the more I tried to forget the more I remembered; so that I had nearly asked the clerk for brush instead of serviceable walking-goods, "or were there no such goods?" I added, with a fine sneer.

On the contrary, they had a large assortment. There were serges. There were winseys at a dollar and upward a yard—would bear the test of all weathers, and very stylish when made. There was ladies' cloth, a yard and a half wide, two dollars a yard, much used for walking-suits. There was—

I believe that the fellow would have continued his "there was" to this day if I would have listened to him. I believe that he knew that it plagued me, and took delight in doing it. I shall always detest that store! and that smiling clerk! And for patience! Would you be patient if you had discovered a crying evil, and the remedy, and fine things to say about it; and then should be convinced by a monotonous clerk, with his "there was," that your crying evil did not exist?

Still I am not easily discouraged, and, like old Mother Hubbard, I went to a furnishing store and "supposed" across the counter "that they had nothing but round velvet dishes or triangles for the tops of the heads of young girls in the country."

The milliner gave a suppressed giggle, brought out a little cherry hood, tied it around her own fresh face, and directly looked bewitching.

"Ladies in the country generally insist on city fashions," said my pretty little friend in the hood; "but here, as you see, is a hood, and they are so becomingly made that they are quite as pretty as a bonnet. This, you see, is in merino—two colors; and you observe this pointed cape, exactly fitting and comfortably covering the shoulders. This came from Paris; but they are made also in flannel, silk, or velvet. How old is the young lady?"

"The young lady would freeze her ears, or sit with them of a fine beet-color as many hours as you please, rather than wear any thing so pretty and so sensible," I answered, tartly; for in that sentence I said good-by to my earnest and thoughtful papers.

It is not the Fashion, but the Ladies, who are in need of reformation. Mrs. Pleiades and Berinthia had peeped into half the shops in New York; and Mrs. Pleiades had inflicted on herself that purple silk agony, and Berinthia had gone home in her petticoat—why, I ask again? Let a stronger and braver man than I answer if he can.

ONLY ONE.

TURN aside to give her passage, in the city's crowded way;
Only one of many thousands we are passing every day.

Is there something in her vesture, poor but neat, her modest mien,
Diff'ring from the struggling masses every where around us seen?

Fie! 'tis but an idle fancy of a shrinking form more frail,
Or the drooping of an eyelid on a cheek more thin and pale.

It were easy romance-weaving, would we give such folly way,
Musing thus on one of thousands, met, forgotten, day by day.

Yet 'tis strange and sad, I grant you, human hearts can grow so cold
As to read, without a quiver, all the story daily told,

In the mournful eye uplifted, mute, appealing to our own;
In the weary step that falters; in the heart-revealing tone;

In the lips that close so firmly, smoth'ring down the frequent sigh
Of some burdened fellow-creature, whom we pass unnoticed by.

Oh, the weary round of labor, with so little change or cheer!
Oh, the thought that no one pities the slow-falling, bitter tear!

Oh, the longing for the sunshine that a smile on life would shed!
Oh, the hunger for caresses, that is keener than for bread!

Not for such among the thousands as she, gone a moment hence,
Is the need of food or raiment, or the grudging dole of pence,

As the word of fellow-feeling, or the kind, consid'rate care,
That admits the equal spirit to an equal right and share

In life's hopes and aspirations, and its needs so many fold,
Which to us God never measures by our gain or loss of gold.

MRS. TYPESET'S DIARY.

Tuesday Eve.—We were chatting around a cozy fire this evening, when Uncle Fred, who notices some trifling changes in New York and its customs after his six years' absence, remarked: "I perceive it is quite the common practice for gentlemen to retain their seats in the cars even when there are ladies standing."

"The ladies have *taught* gentlemen to do so," said I, "*some* ladies, at least; apt scholars they found—less than 'six easy lessons' needed—lessons not quickly forgotten. However, I need not complain, for in truth it is the rarest thing in the world for me not to receive the offer of a seat, even when the cars are full. But Aunt Anne told me I should be '*reported*' because I *thanked* the gentleman who gave me his seat to-day! For my part I always feel, if I get into a crowded car, that I should expect to stand, and if a gentleman offers me his seat I regard it as a courtesy—a gift for which I am grateful, for it is very tiresome to stand during a long ride."

"You have given the clew," replied Uncle Fred, "to your receiving the attention—you don't regard it as one of your rights, and don't *appear* to *demand* it, probably. In general I *like* to give a lady my seat. But when a smart, strong, pert individual bustles in, looking better able to stand than most gentlemen, and she gives a withering stare at each one of the male sex in particular, and at all in general, as much as to say, 'Why don't you all get up?' Why—well—I very seldom see her!"

"An incident occurred in the car as I came up town to-night," interposed Mr. Typeset at this point. "Of course the car was crowded. A lady, or what looked like one, got into the car. Gentleman rose and offered his seat; lady (?) dropped into it, as if it were her special-bought-and-paid-for 'reserved seat,' made not the slightest acknowledgment, didn't even *look* at the donor. Presently another lady entered; another gentleman offered his seat, which was accepted with a bright, grateful glance, and a pleasant 'Thank you!' Gentleman No. 1 looked envious, felt he had been defrauded, pondered the matter a few moments, leaned across intervening standers, and touched Gentleman No. 2 on the shoulder. 'I say,' said he, in lieu of more formal introduction. Gentleman No. 2 turned, inquiringly. 'I congratulate you,' said No. 1. 'What for?' said No. 2. 'Because you have given your seat to a *lady*.' No. 2 bowed, with a slightly surprised air. 'And have been *thanked* for it,' continued No. 1, warming with his subject. '*Ladies* do *occasionally* ride in the Sixth Avenue cars, I am happy to say,' responded Gentleman No. 2, as if to close the conversation, for sundry blushes on fair cheeks in the vicinity indicated an appreciative audience. No. 1 was not to be easily put down. 'You are fortunate,' he began; but just at this juncture I left the car, and think the unfortunate first-mentioned *lady* would have been glad to leave also."

"The rough points in human nature come out in the cars," said Uncle Fred, meditatively. "Gentlemen are rude—contradictory terms, rather—because ladies are impolite, and *vice versa*. A little more oil on the wheels would make the machinery of life run much more smoothly."

January 1, 1868.—Gone, quite gone, is the dear old year! I am listening to the faint echoes of the departing footsteps of 1867! I know it is quite the fashion to look coldly on the old man when December snows have whitened his locks, and his days are short and sunless. But I have an affection for old friends—I love them for what they have been, even when time changes them. So, with a lingering regret I bid farewell to 1867. Yet always the New Year comes, nodding and smiling, bringing glad wishes, and bidding us peep—if we can—into that unrevealed future which to our vision is so bright and glowing.

The fashion of making New-Year's calls is a very pleasant one; but, really, it is of no use to pretend that this has been a pleasant day to make calls. Dreadfully dismal has it been without—snow, and rain, and wind have seemed to combine to render atmosphere and streets disagreeable. There have been fewer calls than usual. Gentlemen felt that the weather—which has been the common topic of conversation to-day—was really a good excuse for delinquencies. Those who have braved the elements, however, have been uncommonly cheerful and chatty in spite of dripping umbrellas and spotted kid gloves.

Thursday.—Some of the foreign papers have special and peculiar *departments* which are novel and amusing to American readers. For example, a London newspaper for ladies has what is called "The Exchange," which affords a medium for effecting an exchange of various articles between parties who happen to want something they have not more than something which they have. The articles offered are restricted by certain rules. I am often amused in looking over this page. Here are a few extracts:

"I wish to exchange a pebble bracelet, set in silver, for a piece of work for a sofa cushion."

"I have a very handsome Bird of Paradise, suitable for a hat, which I wish to exchange for a new seal-skin hat, not round, or a piece of seal-skin large enough to make a hat."

"I want a very small dog of the Prince Charles breed or toy terrier, about 5 pounds in weight. I can offer jewelry, lace, and many other things, of which I will send a list."

"I have a handsome ivory flute in rosewood case, a long-haired fox muff, and an Astrakhan muff, both as though just from the shop. In exchange I should like a photographic album, or any thing useful in a house."

"I wish to get a considerable quantity of wide gold braid, also narrow, and fringe of the same; it need not be new; also some strings of large white beads. What will any one take in exchange for these?"

Four or five columns of similar specimens make quite a show of articles of almost every kind.

A pleasant little incident is related of Dickens at one of his readings in London. In the midst of a droll passage he stopped abruptly, caught up the glass of water on his desk, hurried to the edge of the stage, and handed it down, exclaiming to an usher, "Here, Peak, quick, a lady is fainting!" And as the pretty, pale girl was taken out he looked after her with an expression of fatherly solicitude so different from his stage manner that we caught a glimpse of the real man, and gave him a hearty round of applause, for that little bit of nature pleased every one.

A Western paper tells a story of a little child which narrowly escaped death last week. It had, baby-like, picked up a piece of green-enameled card, and was vigorously chewing it when discovered. The card was highly poisonous, but, fortunately, the child had swallowed so much of it that it acted as an emetic, and thus its life was saved. Parents can not be too careful what they allow their children to play with. Between the painted poisons which little ones suck from toys and candies, and the prepared poisons which are medically administered, the wonder is that so many live, in spite of all.

As a general rule mothers may be sure that their little children will not fret and cry if they are well and comfortably cared for. Many mothers and nurses seem to have the idea that babies fret because they like to—or because they have nothing else to do. Often a little investigation would disclose a pricking pin, or some more serious cause of irritation. A lady, living near Boston, went out to spend the day recently, taking with her an infant child, which showed great uneasiness through the day, crying nearly all the time, without apparent cause. Upon undressing the child at night it was found that one of its toes was bent entirely back, broken and turned black. What an easy matter it would have been to undress the child *before* night!

This is just the season—when alternate snows and rains, thaws and frosts produce sudden atmospheric changes—for children to be seized with the croup. It is of little use to study up remedies, to send for the doctor, or to run to the druggist's, when a child is struggling for breath. A remedy should be known, should be where it can be found at a moment's notice, and should be promptly administered. An emetic of some kind—*I* always keep Syrup of Ipecac, or Hive Syrup at hand—is a safe and usually an efficacious remedy. To-day I saw this recipe to relieve croup, which may be worth remembering:

"Apply to the chest, under the arms, the palms of the hands, and hollow of the feet a mixture of one ounce sweet oil, and half an ounce of gum opal. It will generally relieve the most severe case of croup in five minutes. Remember it is to be used externally, and drink plentifully of cold water."

Newspapers are becoming more personal in these days than is at all admissible according to the rules of good taste. There are certain items respecting individuals which are interesting to be known and proper to be made public, particularly if the individuals have in literary, artistic, or political life, or otherwise, gained a reputation. *Some* personal items, however, may be interesting to the over-curious, which, according to my thinking, it is a gross violation of good taste to parade before the public. To me, it seems improper and indelicate to invade the sanctity of private life, and bring retiring persons prominently before the public, unless they *give their consent*, or have done something *so* unusual or *so* strange that it demands notice. Certainly, *engagements* are not unusual, neither is it a *strange* thing for men and women to live a single life; and the press is not expected to proclaim abroad matters which are more appropriately kept within the family circle. A while ago some New York papers published lists of bachelors living in their vicinity, and this morning I read that a paper in Troy "undertook to improve upon this style of literature, by publishing a list of the 'Old Maids of Troy.' The publisher of the enterprising sheet got himself soundly horsewhipped by the brother of a young lady whose name appeared in the list, and now finds himself in jail for libel."

Friday Eve.—The streets are in a shocking condition—snow, mud, water. Broadway seems afloat. Riding is disagreeable, and walking nearly impossible. To get into an omnibus or to get out of it without being submerged is a feat that requires uncommon dexterity; and it is a matter of *deep* interest to watch the various expedients adopted for crossing the street. Then again, omnibuses and carriages come splashing through the "*slush*," and most unmercifully bespatter the pedestrians on the sidewalk. Many a time to-day have I seen a lady retreat hastily from the edge of the sidewalk, gazing ruefully upon her mud-sprinkled dress and shawl, and cast an indignant look of resentment at the unconscious horses or more unconscious driver. 'Tis of no use to wear pretty walking-dresses now—the plainest dresses and water-proof boots for such days as these.

I notice a statement that the "boot and shoe" trade has wonderfully improved since short dresses have been adopted by ladies. For years the ladies' and misses' shoe manufacturers have not known the cause of their distress. They knew that their old customers came very seldom for new shoes, but they did not know that the long, trailing dresses were the cause. Now, since the shortening of the dresses of the ladies, the whole mystery is solved. This change of fashion is certainly sensible and economical, since new boots cost far less than the three or four extra yards of silk which served the double purpose of "street wiper" and covering to a most artistic portion of the person. One of our most observing city physicians recently remarked "that this change of fashion would compel a more complete covering of the feet, the neglect of which, under cover of long trains, had, in his judgment, caused the death of thousands."

A communication from San Francisco states that the great "demand" at present in that far-off country is women—women in the shape of waitresses and chamber-maids, who receive in the city of San Francisco from $20 to $25 in gold per month; women in the shape of cooks and girls-of-all-work, who are paid $30 in the same metal for their services. Great inducements are also offered for the female teachers who may come well recommended. These ladies receive from $50 to $75, also in gold. But probably the most interesting statement on this subject is contained in the announcement that "nowhere in the world are women treated as well or so much needed. In the mining regions four out of five men are said to be bachelors."

A remarkable phenomena of low-water has recently occurred at Niagara Falls. A strong easterly gale sent the waters of Lake Erie westward, leaving the Niagara River and its tributaries lower than were ever known before. Buffalo Creek was so low that all the vessels in it were grounded, and Niagara Falls was a rivulet compared with its native grandeur. The Three Sisters were accessible to foot-passengers, and many traversed where human foot had never trod, with perfect impunity and dry feet. Below the falls was the wonder of wonders. The water was full twenty feet lower than usual, and the oldest inhabitant gazed in wonder at the grand transformation.

Sack with Velvet Trimming.

See illustration on double page.

THIS sack is of black Astrakhan cloth, bound round the edge with crimson velvet, and trimmed with a bias strip of crimson velvet, an inch and a quarter wide, and large, round, white mother-of-pearl buttons. Cut from Figs. 38 and 39 each two pieces, from Fig. 40 the back whole, and from Figs. 41 and 42 each two pieces for each sleeve. Join the back, side-pieces, and fronts to correspond with the figures on the pattern, bind the edge with narrow velvet, and put on the bias trimming as shown in the illustration. Having sewed on the buttons, face the fronts with a bias strip of black silk about three inches wide, and the neck with a strip an inch wide, and make the button-holes in the right front, edging the same with red velvet. Sew up the two pieces of each sleeve from 26 to 27, and from 29 to 30; put the bias trimming and buttons on the under part, as seen in illustration, and join the aforesaid piece of the under part from 28 to 29, from 29 to ×, and from 28 to ● to the upper part of the sleeve. Cover the seam of the sleeve from 29 to 30 with a narrow strip of velvet. Face the bottom of the sleeves with silk, sew them in the arm-holes to correspond with the figures on the pattern, and cover the arm-holes with the bias velvet trimming.

Sack with Cord Trimming.

See illustration on double page.

THIS sack is of light gray velours, trimmed with fine gray silk cord and narrow light brown silk braid, put on in an arabesque design. The jacket has flowing sleeves, is pointed round the bottom, and is closed in front with flat, round mother-of-pearl buttons. It is cut after the same pattern as the sack, with velvet trimming, except that the sleeves are a little fuller. Fig. 27 gives the design.

Pompadour Waist.

See illustration on double page.

THIS waist must be worn with a white or light skirt, which must match the trimming of the waist in color. The original is of mull, trimmed with needle-work insertion an inch wide, Valenciennes insertion two-fifths and four-fifths of an inch wide, and Valenciennes edging three-fifths and four-fifths of an inch wide. A black velvet ribbon is run through the narrowest insertion. Black velvet ribbon, two inches wide, and small embroidered rosettes, complete the trimming. For the waist, cut the two fronts from Fig. 11, and the back from Fig. 12. Arrange of the needle-work insertion and the broader Valenciennes insertion, two pieces after Fig. 13, and one piece after Fig. 14. Lay the pleats as marked from × to ● in Figs. 11 and 12: join these parts to correspond with the figures on the pattern, with Figs. 13 and 14, pleating the muslin in front, as marked on the pattern from 21 to 22, and 24 to 25. Set a double strip of muslin up the fronts, for buttons and button-holes, and cover the same on the right with the broad Valenciennes insertion, bordered on both sides with narrow edging, and laid over black velvet ribbon. Join the back and fronts to correspond with the figures on the pattern, trim the neck with the narrow Valenciennes insertion and edging; run a narrow black velvet ribbon through the former, leaving the ends hanging about a quarter of a yard. Hem the bottom and side slit narrow, and face the same with double muslin, about three inches wide. Cut the sleeves from Fig. 17, and trim as seen in the illustration; run black velvet ribbon through the narrow insertion at the bottom of the sleeve, and tie the ends in a bow. Cord the arm-holes, sew in the sleeves, and put black velvet ribbon over the shoulders, as seen in the engraving: the ends of this ribbon are formed into a loop four inches long, which is confined by a needle-work rosette edged with lace. Finish with a rosette of black velvet in front of the waist.

Pompadour Gored Dress.

See illustration on double page.

THIS tasteful dress is of light gray velours, trimmed with gray silk rouleaux and silk fringe, and is worn over a chemisette of puffed lace. Gray silk buttons up the front. Figs. 34-37 give the pattern of half the dress. Cut from Figs. 34-36 each two similar pieces, and from Fig. 37 the back. The sleeves are cut from Figs. 41 and 42, omitting the lappet on Fig. 42. The breadths of the dress must be lengthened at the bottom as much as may be required, taking care to preserve the contour. For the waist, cut the lining somewhat larger than the outside, face the fronts with velours, sew the bosom pleats, and put on the buttons and button-holes; then join the parts to correspond with the figures on the pattern. Cord the neck, face the bottom of the skirt, sew in the sleeves, and finish with the trimming.

BEDOUIN (OPERA CLOAK).
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 23-25.

Opera Cloaks.

THE material of the various opera cloaks which we give may be varied to suit the taste or purse of the wearer, they can be made of simpler stuffs, such as black or white cashmere, black silk, white alpaca, or velours, without losing their elegance of form. In like manner the trimming can be varied, without, therefore, becoming less effective.

Bedouin (Opera Cloak).

THE original of this cloak is of white silk, trimmed in the manner shown in the illustration, with blue velvet ribbon an inch wide and broad Angora fringe. For the Bedouin, cut one piece a yard long (the middle of the back) and a yard and a half wide, which

SCARF MANTILLA.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 30-33.

POMPADOUR WAIST.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 11-14.

is rounded at the bottom, in the shape shown in Fig. 23, which gives the Bedouin reduced to one-sixteenth of its size. Face the bottom with a strip of white silk, two inches wide, and cord the edge with white silk. Cut the lappet for the back double, sew Angora fringe, three inches wide, between the edges, and set it on the Bedouin to correspond with the figures on the pattern. Then put the velvet trimming round the neck, as shown in the illustration, so as to form a triangle five inches long and four inches wide, which trim with velvet ribbon and cross stitch of blue silk. Fig. 24 gives the triangle in miniature. Lastly, set the velvet ribbon round the edge of the Bedouin.

Scarf Mantilla.

THE original of this mantilla is of white Irish poplin, lined with white silk, and trimmed with satin rouleaux and with tabs of poplin bound with satin, and set on the back of the mantilla. The ends of these tabs are trimmed with white silk fringe. For this mantilla cut of the outside and lining, from Figs. 30 and 31, each two pieces. Sew the outside and lining, Fig. 31, together in the middle of the back, and join the back and fronts, filling the lining over the seam. Run the edges of the mantilla together, and set the tabs around

SCARF MANTILLA.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 30-33.

SACK WITH VELVET TRIMMING.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 38-42.

under the back, as seen in the illustration; these tabs, which are lined, are twelve inches long and six inches wide, and are bound with very narrow satin ribbon. The standing collar also consists of large and small tabs, of which Figs. 32 and 33 give the pattern; these are also bound with satin, and set on so that the smaller tabs lie over the larger ones. Lastly, trim the mantilla with five rows of satin piping and with silk fringe, as shown in the illustration.

Talma (Opera Cloak).

THIS talma is of Irish poplin, lined with silk. It is scalloped round the bottom and bound with satin; and satin rouleaux simulate scallops up the front. The bottom is trimmed besides with Angora fringe, six inches deep, which is set on underneath, so as to leave the scallops loose. Guipure lace, two inches wide, laid over a bias fold of satin, and satin buttons complete the trimming. Before cutting the talma, care must be taken to complete the pattern

SACK WITH CORD TRIMMING.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 27.

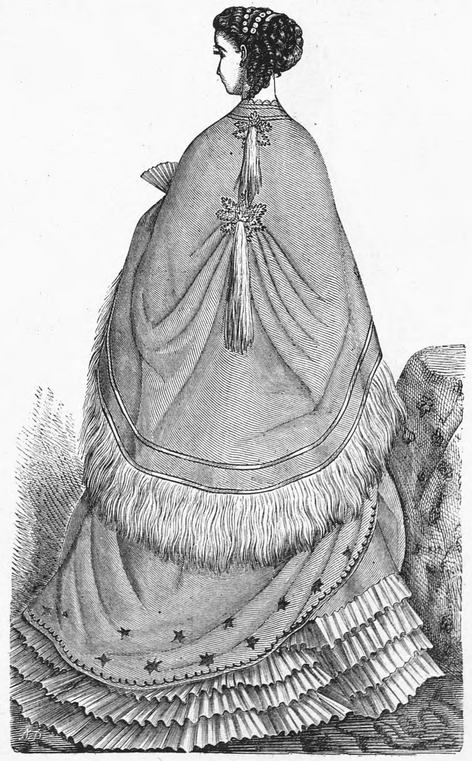
SACK WITH CORD TRIMMING.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 27.

POMPADOUR GORED DRESS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 34-37.

by tacking together the pieces turned down, as well as the breadths cut across the middle. Figs. 6^a and 6^b; in doing this, make the letters on the different pieces come together. Scallop the bottom, making each scallop one and three-fifths inches deep and two and two-fifths inches wide. Baste the outside and lining together, sew up the seam in the middle of the back, and lay the shoulder pleats; then bind the talma with satin. The standing collar consists of lappets of poplin, lined with silk and bound with satin to correspond with the rest of the garment; these lappets lie over each other, and are set on underneath the neck. Finish with trimming, as shown in the illustration.

Scarf Bedouin (Opera Cloak).

THE original of this cloak is of white cashmere, trimmed with a bias strip of white silk two inches wide, white silk braid, rosettes of white silk cord, and Angora fringe three inches wide. The small standing collar is scalloped. Cut from Figs. 28, 29^a, and 29^b, which give one half, each two equal pieces, having first taken care to lengthen both parts of Figs. 29^a, 29^b, which are cut across the middle. Having joined the two parts of Fig. 29 from 3 to 4 and from 4 to 5, lay the shoulder pleat from 1 to 2, and turn the edges down narrow on the right



SCARF BEDOUIN (OPERA CLOAK).—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 28, 29^a, 29^b.

TALMA (OPERA CLOAK).
For pattern see Supplement, No. III, Figs. 6^a and 6^b.

side on the fronts and back, and cover it with the bias strip of silk before mentioned, which trim on each side with braid. This bias trimming only reaches about half the way up the front, the edge of which is turned in, and bound with a narrow strip of silk. Lay three pleats in the middle of the back, which are marked by × and ● in Fig. 29^b, and join the fronts and back to correspond with the figures on the pattern. Lastly, put on the collar and the remaining trimming.

SCARF BEDOUIN (OPERA CLOAK).—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 28, 29^a, 29^b.

WHAT OUR ARTISTS ARE DOING.

THE public is certainly indebted to the artists for a great pleasure in the cordial opening of their studios to the public. At the Tenth Street building the rooms are opened every Saturday, and when the welcome is not with open doors the string is often out of the latch. It would seem to be a great tax upon their time and courtesy to receive visitors so frequently; yet, appreciating the sacrifice it costs, we can not but enjoy it heartily and thankfully. May it be long before the artists weary of their weekly entertainments! And if to give pleasure could grow an insufficient reason for so doing, there is the twin motive of conferring a great educational good upon the community. Accepting the hospitality for the first time during this week, we were perhaps too much delighted to speak calmly of these attractive rooms. One afternoon, indeed, could give us but a kaleidoscope vision of things beautiful and rare, of scenes grand and homely; and we come out with a bewildering impression of having been not merely for an hour within the brick walls upon a city street, but under the palms of the tropics, on the prairies of the West, in sweet New England valleys, or in the white silence of the icebergs of Labrador.

A long look at the lovely emerald and crystal icebergs on Mr. Bradford's easel could for a brief space nearly console one for not having been of the party on that very pleasant trip to Labrador. The furry wardrobes of the Esquimaux hanging from the walls, some quite charming, and all, possibly, with more claim to absolute beauty than our own broadcloth suits would have adorning the igloë walls of an Esquimaux artist, are irresistibly fascinating to one who reads the tales of Arctic voyagers with envy. It is singular to see Southern civilization creeping up to the Pole as illustrated on these same walls in the odd interruption of a white cotton bridal suit of jacket and trowsers trimmed with a border of scarlet. Mr. Bradford has other pictures greatly interesting from all that they suggest. In one, a huge rock standing in shadow against the sun looks as if it were designed as a model for all icebergs to shape themselves by. Another picture is Mr. Bradford's vivid recollection of a fearful passage through a narrow strait opening out from the Bay of Rocks, upon which a sudden and violent storm has fallen. The desolation and terror of the scene are softened by the promise of the coming sun in the golden light beyond the walls of rock.

Scarcely more than a threshold lies between this Arctic circle, over which Mr. Bradford presides, and Mr. Church's studio; but it seems a step into the sunny region of the tropics as you stand under palm branches while you dreamily look upon the canvas at the land where those palms are growing. Below this is another in which the sun is breaking through heavy purple cloud masses with broad beams of golden light. These pictures, with two high up on the walls in which we recognize with pleasure old friends—the lower a painting of the falls of Niagara and above it the bright, fierce face of the Esquimaux dog—alone represent Mr. Church. But the room is full of suggestions of the tastes and travels of this artist. It is indeed a treasure-house of other beauties and wonders than those upon the canvases, from the queer, wise owl for whom many foolish butterflies have died to the arm-chair offering you rest and quiet upon the fierce-looking skin of a tiger. The pictures of Mr. Heade, whose name appears with that of Mr. Church upon the door, are attractive, especially the painting of a glowing sunset sky and others of branches of apple-blossoms.

Mr. Hays's studio is another room fascinating us by its complete isolation from the outer world. The giant antlers and head of the moose and the elk, the great soft skins and branching horns and skeletons of deer and buffalo, frame the pictures of the same grand animals that confront us from the canvas, in fierce attack or in motionless dignity. When the tide of human life in its westward flow has swept away every vestige of these wild dwellers on our prairies and among our mountain ranges, we shall realize the service that such men as Mr. Hays have done us in preserving for us on canvas their noble portraits.

In Gignoux's room we are startled back into medieval times by the figures dressed in full armor that frown upon our entrance. But there is nothing medieval in the skating scene, bright with lingering autumn hues and sunset sky. Mr. Gignoux has also upon the reverse of his easel an interesting picture of the Horse-shoe Fall at Niagara, seen from a little height.

In William Hart's room, filled from floor to ceiling with studies and pictures, are some of the bright bits of autumn views, so attractive and so pleasantly suggested whenever this artist's name is heard.

The battles of the sun with the mist, as usual, adorn the easels of Gifford, and attract by their appeals to the imagination. One, representing a strip of beach at Coney Island, with its alternating rise of sand, partially covered with grass, and its hollow filled with shadow, shows the mist suddenly retiring in defeat, and the sun on the verge of a dazzling triumph. In another, a "View of the Bay from Staten Island," a gentle compromise has been effected, and a lovely union of sun and mist is the result. But Mr. Gifford has also proved by his picture that in such compromises the dominion is mainly with the darkness. Upon the walls were many studies promising much interest, but the waning light in the corridors forbade any longer stay.

In Le Clear's rooms we had the pleasure of meeting again the faces of Bryant and Booth, rarely absent, in color or marble, from the exhibition rooms, indicating something of kin with the souls of the artists in the poet and the artist-actor. Other familiar faces greeted us here. One small painting was very pleasant to look upon. It pictured a plain old man who was entering into the land of Beulah, and could afford an occasional day of rest from labor and peaceable enjoyment of his book.

In Lauut Thompson's studio the always wonderful process of moulding the human form, this time not less interesting as representing the stalwart figure of General Sedgwick, detained us irresistibly.

Oliver Perry has completed his picture of the husking, with its merry life, so prominent in the rooms of the Academy last spring. His walls are covered with work suggesting study in Italy, and of later work there are some pleasant stories told in color.

In entering Mr. Von Elten's room our breath is taken away by the innumerable number of sketches and studies and paintings of landscape in oil and pencil that cover the walls from floor to ceiling, and we are surprised to be greeted by a young man rather than by one stricken in years.

Entering the studio of Mr. Whittredge our first admiration is given to the patriarchal beard of the artist, rivaling that of Mr. Brevoort, to whose room in the Dodworth building we shall be welcomed on his next reception. But, if he will pardon us, we soon forgot the artist in his work. The prominent picture this afternoon soars mighty in proportions above the modest little study for it standing below. The scene represents the plains near Denver City, with the mountains rising into snowy heights. Indians are encamping in picturesque tents under the trees, before which slowly glides, over sandy bottom, a quiet river. The sand and the grass harmoniously alternate in giving the artist soft patches of color. The study would be to some more interesting as being a defiant little bit of form and color, not softened by the warm atmosphere of the great picture above, nor brightened by the light and color in the wigwams and figures, nor made more tender and graceful in form by art. Those people who would prefer the study to the finished picture represent perhaps an element in the human mind which inclines it to prefer promise to fulfillment, possibly a noble tendency. Thrown into the back-ground by this interesting picture were many studies which we had no time to enjoy.

Many studios which we would have liked to enter bore the announcement upon their closed doors of the absence or engagement of the artist, but we could only gratefully forgive all absent artists after an afternoon of so much enjoyment.

AN IMPERIAL MASQUERADE.

IN the month of April, and in the year 1860, any one walking, driving, or riding in the broad avenue of the Champs Elysées, in Paris, could scarcely have failed to observe the large number of working-men in blouses who were seemingly employed in making repairs on a very magnificent residence which stands about midway of the street, and which is known to sojourners and residents of Paris as the Hôtel d'Albe. The Hôtel d'Albe is a roomy and imposing mansion which has been devoted to the service of the mother of the Empress Eugénie, whenever that august parent chooses to seek the brilliancy of the gay capital. The august parent seeks that brilliancy seldom. The festive and dirty city of Madrid seems to suit her better; and it is also whispered that her Imperial son-in-law is no more devotedly attached to his noble mother-in-law than less illustrious sons-in-law are commonly devoted to less illustrious mothers-in-law. However that may be, Madame the Countess de Montijo has very comfortable lodgings in the Hôtel d'Albe whenever she goes to Paris.

In the month of April, in the year 1860, the Countess de Montijo was not thinking of coming to Paris; and yet here was a small army of working-men busy as bees about the Hôtel d'Albe, refusing to answer the questions of inquisitive idlers, eating their scant meals of white grapes and black bread, and staring not altogether good-humoredly at the glittering throng which swept past in carriages and on foot, bound for that fairy garden-spot for duels and flirtation, the Bois de Boulogne.

Before many days the secret of the immense preparations being made in the Hôtel d'Albe became bruited about on those mysterious wings by which secrets travel when there is most desire they should be kept close. The Empress Eugénie was going to give there a grand *bal masqué*—something which in gorgeous magnificence was to eclipse any thing that Paris had seen since the fête given by the Duchess de Berri in 1830, which was of unheard-of splendor. The Imperial couple had frequently given *bal masqués* at the Tuileries; but this was to be the Empress's private and particular ball—her own ball in her own Hôtel d'Albe. No invitations were to be given except by special permission of the Empress, to whom every guest's name was to be submitted. The excitement in the world of titles and of gentry was intense. "Shall I be invited?" "Will any of the Faubourg St. Germain aristocrats go?" And among both sexes arose that question which is generally confined to the weaker vessels, "What shall we wear?"

This question was one of great general curiosity. Not alone among ladies and milliners and modistes was it discussed, but it formed for many days the chief topic of the clubs, the chit-chat of the theatre lobbies, the astonishment of groups at tables in cafés. The Empress Eugénie was going to appear at this ball in the dress of a ballet-dancer! The graceful ankles of the beautiful Majesty of France were to be exposed to the gaze of a select ball-room crowd! A very clever pencil sketch was circulated from one salon to another of the Bourbonite residences in the Faubourg St. Germain, representing Eugénie clad as Diana the Huntress (for this was the character she was to represent) dancing on the stage of a minor Boulevard theatre with the Faubourg St. Antoine laborers as an audience all hissing vigorously. And still the workmen worked at the Hôtel d'Albe.

The whole town was pervaded with the one idea. All the leading tradespeople were engrossed with orders; and still the cry rang from the fortunate invited ones, "What shall we wear?"

Two young English lords, prominent in the Volunteer movement which was the main idea in England at that time, had resolved to wear their Volunteer uniforms, and not until I called their attention to the fact did they perceive how very great a mark of disrespect such a step would be. The Volunteer movement was a demonstration of hostility toward France, and started subsequently to that other wild rumor to the effect that the Emperor Napoleon now felt that the moment to revenge St. Helena had arrived, and seriously contemplated an invasion of the soil of *perfide Albion*. The motto of the Volunteers was "Defense—not Defiance." My English friends, however, considered that such a very pacific motto would not be offensive to Imperial eyes. The true secret of their desire to wear the dress was that it happened to be becoming; the soft gray was admirably suited to their blonde locks and their rosy cheeks. But they reconsidered their decision and appeared, one as a very fat Henry the Eighth, the other as a Knight of the Garter.

When the tickets were issued we found that the invitation was made out in the name of the Duke and Duchess de Tascher la Pagerie, a titled couple bearing one of those mysterious and illy-defined relationships to the Emperor which are so frequent in the Bonaparte family. Of course it was well understood among the invited that these persons were only the nominal givers of the fête, and that the Empress was still its leading spirit. Indeed, one of our party who had been at the Tuileries a few days before heard the Minister of Finance and the fair Eugénie squabbling over the expense of the ball in loud and angry terms, and it was supposed that, owing to his representations to the Empress that this vast and worse than useless expenditure could not fail to awaken indignation among the working-classes, it was resolved to shift the responsibility of it to the shoulders of the Duke de Tascher, who, being a private individual, was at liberty to do what he chose with his money, without the least regard for the hungry and disaffected of the lower Boulevards.

The eventful night arrived, as all eventful nights do, and as early as eight o'clock in the evening the avenue of the Champs Elysées was filled with numbers of *gens d'armes* a-horse and *sergeants de ville* afoot, all occupied in keeping the way open that the countless throng of equipages, filled with human freight in masquerade costumes, and bearing down for the Hôtel d'Albe, might approach the semi-imperial residence without impediment. Before ten a line of carriages reaching the entire length of the avenue from the Place de la Concorde to the Rond Point was moving slowly along, creeping snail-like up to the halls of dazzling light where the hearts of the occupants had already impatiently flown. Having had much experience of Parisian fêtes I had taken care to be dressed early, and to be on my way shortly after nine o'clock; but although I lived within ten minutes' walk of the hotel, my carriage was over an hour and a half reaching the house. I could scarcely feel impatience at the delay, for a finer sight than that presented in the street that night it has never been my lot to witness. The broad avenue was one flood of light shed by a Drummond reflector, or some other apparatus, which threw silver gleams through the tree-tops and danced in a poetical way upon the brazen helmets of the mounted police, whose brawny Norman horses pranced wildly about, shaking the accoutrements of their riders till the air rang with the metallic music of clanking steel. Nor was vocal utterance lacking; for loud and shrill, like a command on the tented field, rose the shouts of "*En avant!*" "*Pas si vite!*" "*Hé la-bas!*" "*Retirez-vous!*" "*Avançez!*"

The carriages were for the most part gala equipages, not the broughams, caleches, and coupés of everyday use. Lord Cowley brought out a time-honored vehicle, painted that canary-color which is so affected by the English aristocracy; with hammer-cloth of red velvet, and burly coachman be-wigged and be-calved, and two long footmen, in scarlet liveries, hanging on behind. The De Mornys turned out in half-imperial style, with outriders and postillions in blue and gold; and from the whole street was excluded every vehicle which was not exclusively aristocratic, and whose occupants did not bear tickets for the fête.

Slowly came our turn to draw up before the door; and as we alighted we found ourselves in the midst of a number of gorgeously-dressed servants wearing the Imperial livery *de gala* and ranged on each side of the entrance, which was draped with rich velvet hangings and ornamented with the golden bee. Here we left what wrappings we chose to dispense with, which were quickly cared for by the servants, who, men as they were, stooped to the ground to remove the warm knitted stockings which covered our satin boots. Here also, wearing the Imperial livery, as they on occasion wore other disguises, were stationed half a dozen police detectives who eyed us closely to see if we had any nefarious designs. Not having any we passed on and reached a still more richly decorated ante-chamber, which, like the entrance-room, had been erected for the occasion. Here we were met by the nominal givers of the fête, the Duke and Duchess de Tascher la Pagerie. Removing our masks, we courtesied our best-practiced courtesies, and bowed our most gracious bows; bow and courtesy were returned and a word or two of welcome given. This little ceremony over, we entered the ball-room. Words are futile to express the delights which are furnished by color, sound, and fragrance. It may be, too, that the fervent enthusiasm of one's first youth gilds these things with a charm such as the cool judgment of maturer years fails to indorse. However this may be, the recollection of that ball-room must be to me forever a dream of indescribable splendor.

The walls of the dancing-room seemed to be one mass of gilding, the dead richness of which was relieved by myriads of natural flowers and boughs of evergreens, whose beauty and fragrance were alike grateful. The inevitable flags, which seem to be indigenous to ball-rooms, coeval with evergreen, were happily suppressed, and nothing used but such decorations as could be approved by the most delicate taste. At one extremity a band of musicians was hidden in a niche in the wall, behind a hedgework of lilies and daffodils, such as Titania might have slumbered on; and above the flowers and the vines was to be seen the world-renowned Strauss waving his baton, which a fanciful imagination might easily transform into a fairy's wand, while sweet music filled with richest tones the brilliant halls, which were crowded with a dazzling throng.

Masked balls are all much the same, and except in the extraordinary richness of jewels and the extreme brilliancy and costliness of the costumes, this imperial masquerade was very like the masquerade with which we are all familiar. Here was the usual motley crew. The queens and the peasant girls, the courtiers, knights, magicians, punchinellos, sailors, soldiers, Turks, Arabs, money-lenders, Jews, Christians, and infidels, and the lions, the tigers, and the bears.

As I met my friends in the ball (for though we were all masked, our own little *coterie* had agreed upon a distinguishing badge), my first question was, "Have you seen the Empress? Is she really wearing that extraordinary dress?"

No one had seen her; at least to know her; and there was no lady present wearing the dress of Diana the Huntress. Just then one of our party approached, who had just left the Countess Cowley. Her ladyship had been talking to the Empress, and said she was wearing a rich black domino. "Ah, but she will soon change that!" said the young Count de Choiseul, who in all fashionable matters was an authority.

Ah, here was the Emperor. No mistaking him, though he was masked, and had a blue silk domino thrown over his usual court dress. We all recognized him by his walk—that painful dragging of the leg—which we then attributed to rheumatism, but which we have since learned from newspaper correspondents is something scientific with a hard name. He seemed to be enjoying himself on this occasion, however, and vigorously engaged in that lively pastime which with us less illustrious is called flirting.

Their Highnesses Mathilde, Clotilde, and Anna Murat were seated together. The first-named wore the costume of a gipsy, or *magicienne*. Her arms were bared to the shoulder and bronzed, as was her face. Her head-dress consisted of a long white shawl of fine knitted wool, which was bound to the head with a circlet of Moorish coins, and fell in folds down her back. The material of her dress was costly, and the whole costume, perhaps, might have been called picturesque; but as she sat there with her bronzed face, and rather a displeased expression of countenance, she was certainly the least attractive woman at the ball. Next her sat the fair little Clotilde (wife of Prince Napoleon), looking fairer than usual by contrast with her sister-in-law. This little lady wore a shepherdess costume copied from Watteau, in which the pleasant tints of pink and white predominated. On her head was placed a jaunty little hat such as the shepherdesses of fiction always wear—those of reality never—and about her neck was placed a necklace of roses, pinned together with diamonds. Anna Murat was also clad as a shepherdess with different colors.

At the witching hour of twelve, when graveyards yawn, the Duke de Tascher, relieved from his duties as guest-receiver at the entrance, was flitting over the ball-room floor in an agitated sort of way, and in the politest of French phrases requesting all lingerers to "move on" and become wall-flowers. The request complied with, the floor was cleared, and Strauss striking up a lively march—composed, as was all the music played on this night, expressly for the occasion—thus gave the entrance signal for sixteen ladies who were to dance a quadrille which for weeks they had been practicing, and which was called "The Elements." Sixteen ladies of the highest rank, in costumes of bewildering beauty, representing respectively Water, Air, Earth, and Fire, swayed through the mazes of this graceful measure. Their names follow:

Foreigners.—Metternich, Rozezdziecka, Sneyckowska, Viezabytowska, Ischetwertinska, Rosk, Errazu, Sinelwikoff, Wallembrosa, Schonkoska.

French.—De Morny, Walewska, De Grétry, Persigny, Pourtalès, De Labedoyère.

A singular fancy took possession of the Duke de Dino at this ball. He had dressed himself up in the singular costume of a *tree;* and as there were numerous trees serving as decorations, it was not so strange that one of the ladies should have leaned up against him to repose herself. Her horror at finding the tree had legs, and that it ungallantly walked away, was very amusing.

Two o'clock arrived, and on its stroke a clang of trumpets was heard, and a heavy yellow silk curtain, which had been let down during the evening about midway of the Conservatory, was suddenly lifted. Near by stood the Empress, now clad in white, and wearing a burnous of striped silk. No trace yet of the reprehensible Diana costume. The lifted curtain discovered a more dazzling and fairy-like scene than had yet been displayed—a seemingly almost endless hall, surrounded by balconies and balus-

trades, covered with hanging vines and flowers, while myriads of wax-lights streamed their soft brilliancy upon the tables heavily laden with a feast which was almost hidden from our gaze by heaps of flowers. At the end of the hall a fountain was plashing its waters in rays of light, which to our bewildered imagination rivaled the brightness of the sun. Over all, above all, rose the voluptuous strains of music; and at a feast worthy of a Roman proconsul we were served by pages in feudal dress, who bent the knee when they proffered their viands and their wine.

How long the supper lasted I can not now remember. At the table, in groups, was again discussed the Empress's dress. Some averred that the whole thing was a scandalous report which had been set afloat by her enemies, and that her Majesty had never entertained such an idea; others insisted that she *had* intended to wear it, and had persisted in her determination until the very last day, when the Emperor had peremptorily informed her that if she did not abandon such an absurd fancy he would prevent the ball taking place. I can vouch for the truth of nothing except that she wore no costume whatever, save two dominoes.

At twenty minutes past six by my watch I stood at the entrance (now the exit) door of the Hôtel d'Albe waiting for my carriage. As it rolled away I cast one look behind. The day had broken broad and cold, and in its light I saw fays, sprites, sylphs, queens, kings, and peasants winging their flight, like the marvelous guests of Aladdin's Enchanted Palace, speeding away at the magician's bidding.

O. L.

THE LOVER'S MISTAKE.

I.

SHE sat leaning forward a little, so that her face—a face for Greuze—was framed by the brougham window, and the light from the great lamp under the Embassy portico fell full upon it. What might have been dangerous for most women at that hour of the morning Alice, Lady Brankston, probably felt was quite safe for her. So there she sat a moment before she drew her hand away from his unconscionably long pressure.

He, poor fellow, stood bareheaded on the Albert-gate *pavé*, looking at her as if he would have liked to stand there looking at her for an indefinite period; thinking what a darling she was, and wondering more than usual whether he should ever have the pluck to tell her so.

A linkman repeated his raucosonous yell for Lady Clancrankie's carriage, the nearer approach of which had been barred for the last five minutes by the lingering brougham. The occupant of the latter smiled as she lifted her eyes, and saw over her cousin's broad shoulder the angular, grim-visaged peeress glaring down upon her from the steps. Two A.M. was not exactly the time of a summer's day that the countess showed to the best advantage; and she was shrewd enough to know it. So she stood where she had been entrapped by her inexperienced North British footman, and cursed the Greuze-face more viciously than before. The Greuze-face smiled back sweetly on her. But Lady Brankston was a wise little child; and the most perfect little *patte* of all Boivin's *clientèle* had got somehow out of its detainer's close grip the next instant. He was her cousin; of course every one knew that. But he was *only* her cousin—yet. And so—

And so the violet eyes dropped down again to his; and a voice that a blind man would have loved her for said to him:

"Good-night, Durham. Don't forget, now. To-morrow."

And then the glass was pulled up, and the brougham drove away.

Quite unconscious of the grinning linkmen, of the half dozen street Arabs who proffered hansom cabs, requests for *backsheesh*, boxes of cigar-lights, and an impromptu exhibition of "cat-en-wheeling," all in a breath, and under the nose of a stern but powerless member of the Force; quite unconscious of Lady Clancrankie, who swept past him into her family ark, trumpeting in her wrath like a "rogue" elephant, Durham Vandeleur remained where Alice Brankston had left him, twisting a great golden mustache that dropped in ambrosial curls below his chin, and staring steadily at the lamp-post at the corner, round which the *fervida rota* of the little lady's chariot had whirled fully a minute ago.

"Regular thingamy, you know!" the Guardsman muttered to himself, but, from long habit, apparently addressing the brandy-faced linkman at his elbow; "note of what-d'ye-call-it she is to me. Riddle, ain't she? Pretty, but puzzling.. Awful, you know. By Jove!"

The expletive came out in a long-drawn sigh, that seemed to rouse the utterer from his trance. He shook himself together and turned up the steps to get his hat and coat. It was about the best ball of the season, that night at the Embassy, and just in full after-supper swing; but what was there for him to stop for now that *she* was gone? he asked himself.

"I'll walk home," he determined, dropping his hat on his curly head, and diving into the dust-coat pockets for a cigar case. "I'll walk home, and have a pipe, and—and *think*," he added, desperately, as if he had made up his mind to commit suicide.

"Going, old boy?" a cheery voice asked behind him. "Same here. We'll go together. Half a jiff, while I loot a tile." On which errand, his own head-covering having temporarily disappeared, the Honorable Tom Savile strolled off, rejoining his friend though in what might be fairly considered an approximation to the infinitesimal modicum of time he had stipulated for, upon the last step, where in a melancholy manner Vandeleur was kindling a cabana.

"Mind walking?" mumbled Mr. Savile, struggling with a large-sized cheroot on his own account.

"*Rather* walk," returned the other.

"Right you are, then. Fact is, Durham," Mr. Savile went on, hanging on to his taller Damon's arm, as they turned into Knightsbridge and set their faces toward the east; "fact is, I've been wanting to talk to you for the last hour, only I saw you were so busy with that flirting little B."

"Alice ain't a flirt, Tom! At least"—poor Durham felt constrained to qualify the flatness of his denial—"at least, I don't *think* she is, you know."

"Oh!" Tom returned, looking up at him rather curiously; "you don't *think* the little B.'s a flirt, eh? Ah, well, then—"

"Well, what?"

Tom whistled a bar or two of his pet *Soldaten-Lieder*, and looked up into the other's face that was calm as ever, but with just a shade of anxiety across it.

"Then," resumed Mr. Savile, slowly, "you don't think she means any thing with that fellow Colocynth?"

The puzzled look on Vandeleur's countenance deepened. He sucked hard at the big cabana till it blazed an angry red, but for a whole minute made no answer.

"Tom, old boy," he sighed out at length, flinging away, as it were, the Guardsman's mask before his bosom friend, and rather shocking the latter by the unwonted display of emotion—"Tom, I don't know *what* to think. By Gad! I don't."

"Whe-e-ugh!" whistled the acute youth, who saw it all now; "spoons, eh? Poor old Durham!"

There was a heart-felt, honest pity in the young philosopher's tone at the notion that his senior had taken the terrible disease he (the young philosopher) had hitherto managed by wise precautions to escape, that broke down the guileless Grenadier's reserve altogether; and out of the fullness of his heart he spake. By the time the two had got as far as Down Street, Tom Savile knew all about the course of his captain's true love.

"That's how it is, you see," perorated Durham; "I can't make her out. She's a regular note of interrogation to me, she is! A co— you know."

"Yes," prompted Tom—"nundrum. Go on!"

"Conundrum. I've spooned her all my life, I believe. But of course they'd never have let her have me while I was only a younger son; and so I went away from her with Frank Beaudesert and his brother, after the big game out in Africa, the year she came out. When I heard she'd married old Brankston, I used to wish I might never come back. I did, by Jove!"

"No good in that, you know," observed the practical Tom.

"However," Durham went on, "I *did* come back. Old Brankston was dead before they'd been married six months. She was prettier than ever; and I keener on her. She was very jolly to me after a while. At first she seemed savage with me about something. But by-and-by we got to be just as we always had been. That's how we are now. She's heaps of coin; and I'm the head of the house since poor Denis went under. And I might ask her to-morrow."

"Why the deuce don't you, then?"

"How the deuce can I? I tell you I can't make her out. Sometimes I think she does really care for me, you know. But then I know I ain't clever and that, like that fellow Colocynth, and can't talk pretty to her by the hour as he can. And he seems to be making awful running with her; and she seems to mean him. And sometimes she bullies me and is so hard on a fellow; and sometimes she's just the other way. And I don't know what to make of her, or what to do. I'm not exactly afraid of her, Tom, though she is awful sharp and satirical when she likes; but I could no more walk into her drawing-room and tell her right off the reel that I spooned her, and ask her to marry me, than I could ask her to play blind-hookey. I've tried it often; and it's no go. I get stumped directly I open my mouth. If I felt pretty safe I might do it; but I never can be sure whether she'd take it all right, or whether she thinks I'm a fool, and it don't matter; or that I'm only Cousin Durham, and she don't care; and so she'd simply laugh and chaff me. So I've gone on keeping it dark from her."

"Well, but," put in the acute Savile, "if you keep it dark from her, how's she to know?"

Vandeleur wagged his head, and looked down pityingly on his interlocutor.

"Women know every thing, Tom," he replied, solemnly. "There's nothing they ain't fly to, in these times. *She'd* know fast enough—if she cared, that is."

"Perhaps she *does* know?" suggested Tom, adroitly adopting his senior's reasoning. "And care, too. But, hang it, you can't expect her to tell you till you ask her, old boy! Women do cool things enough nowadays, every body's aware; but the little B. wouldn't do such a thing as that, by George! You go to Curzon Street, and ask her properly, to-morrow. Perhaps she's only working Colocynth to bring you on, after all!"

"Think so?" Durham asked, with temporary animation. "But no," he added, moodily; "Alice ain't a flirt, you know."

"Ain't she?" observed the Honorable Thomas, *sotto voce;* "deuced good imitation of one, anyhow. Never mind," he continued aloud; "you go and ask her like a man, and get it settled one way or the other before dinner to-morrow. Look here," as a brilliant idea struck him, "I'll tell you how to do it. *Write to her!*"

Vandeleur pulled up short, and laid his hand on his sub's shoulder. A stray policeman under the Green Park trees on the other side of Piccadilly stopped to wonder what the two swells were up to.

"By Jove!" Durham said, feelingly, "what a clever beggar you are, Tom! I never thought of that."

Pythias smiled modestly, but immensely flattered by Damon's praise.

"That's what I'd do," he said; "and do it to-night too. Then she'll be able to give you your answer when you call to-morrow. She told you to call, you know; so you're sure to find her at home."

"I'll go and do it now," the other replied resolutely, flattering himself for a moment that it was as easy for him to do as it looked.

"All right," Tom nodded. "Make it pretty strong, I would; and quite plain. A note of interrogation, you know. And now here we are at my corner. Good-night, old boy! Stop, though! I've forgotten what I wanted to tell you. I heard just now there's a screw loose with Bayadère. So I'd recommend you to hedge all you can. Ta-ta!"

"See about that in the morning," answered Durham, his mind too full of another matter to care much about that promising outsider he had invested so largely upon. "Good-night."

And there at the Clarges Street corner the two men separated; Tom Savile to sleep the sleep of the just, and Vandeleur to indite his note of interrogation in the quiet of his chamber in Dover Street.

He put on a smoking-coat, mixed a glass bucket of b.-and-s., lit a black *brûle-gueule* of cavendish, and a lamp on his side-table, and set to work.

Just as he dipped his pen slowly into the ink, a letter lying on the table, which he had failed to notice before, happened to catch his eye.

He took it up and looked at it, not sorry, after all, for the moment's respite it gave him.

"Spavin's fist," he muttered aloud. "Something about the filly, I suppose."

The scroll was from Mr. Spavin, and did concern the Bayadère. It was also much more satisfactory than the intelligence Tom Savile had imparted to her backer half an hour previously.

"I'll send Tom a line," Vandeleur thought, "and catch him before he goes down to the Corner. I fancy there's nothing to hedge about. Other way on!"

The sun had risen over the London chimney-pots two full hours when the note of interrogation for Lady Alice in Curzon Street, and the line for Tom Savile about Bayadère, were both written and lying before their greatly-tried author on the blotting-pad.

"Jove! it *was* a pull," sighed Durham, as he picked out a couple of envelopes and directed them; "but it's over at last, all right. Wonder what she'll say to it?"

He put the missives in the inclosures; left them where Potts couldn't fail to see them when he should enter the room by-and-by, and betook himself thoughtfully to bed, where Durham Vandeleur dreamed that Lady Alice said "Yes."

II.

Noon in Curzon Street. The little lady was dawdling over her coffee-cup and her rusk up stairs, invisible as yet to other mortal eyes than those of Pauline the privileged. That demoiselle was gliding down on some errand when scarlet on the hall door-mat met her glance. Barker, butler, was in colloquy with a *militaire*. Mademoiselle at once recognized the martial Potts. Potts came to Curzon Street pretty often in these days; and the susceptible Parisienne was conscious of feeling rather a *tendresse* for the stalwart but stolid grenadier, who irritated Barker every time he came by persistently ignoring the area, and effecting an improper entrance in front of the fortress.

However, Barker was no fool, and had never yet indulged in the luxury of a row with the captain's man, contenting himself for the present by administering a *haut-en-bas* style of treatment, which would have been intensely amusing to a by-stander, but which was productive of no perceptible effect whatever on the recipient.

"Ha!" Mr. Barker was observing, when Mademoiselle Pauline came gliding noiselessly down the staircase behind him; "ha! and that's hall, eh, Potts? Only a billy this mornin'? No message, no booky?"

"That's all," Potts returned; "that and the note for Mr. Savile was all the captain gave me this morning." And Potts opened the door.

"Very good, my man—ve-ry good. You can re-tire."

The dismissal was pronounced simply *pro formâ*, for the other had already swung-to the door from the outside, and left nothing for Mr. Barker to address himself to but the letter-box. Potts had gone, and hadn't even seen the disappointed Pauline.

She was close upon Barker now. The latter had just fixed a double eye-glass majestically upon his nose, and was scrutinizing the superscription of Durham Vandeleur's note of interrogation, when the French woman sprang upon him, like a cat, from his unguarded rear, and snatched the letter lightly out of his podgy fingers.

"Aha!" she cried, holding it behind her with one hand, and shaking the forefinger of the other at the speechless majordomo. "Aha! qu'est-ce que tu fais là, vieux polisson, hein? Les lettres de madame—ça me regarde, à moi. Ose encore les *visiter*—voyons!"

Mr. Barker cleared his throat as though about to give utterance to a severe rebuke; but the unknown tongue and the truculent air of the soubrette were too much for him, and he was fain to execute a strategic movement with silent and by no means dignified, expedition, and leave "that sassy Frenchy," as he called her in his heart, in possession of the field.

Mademoiselle watched his retreat with a satisfied smile, and then leisurely betook herself back to my lady's chamber, carrying Durham's letter with her.

"De la part de Monsieur le Capitaine, miladi," she said, demurely, as she placed it on the little "sulky" drawn up close to the sofa, and glanced as she turned away at a mirror opposite, just in time to see the prettiest little flush possible cross miladi's cheek.

Lady Alice took up the scarlet-monogrammed missive that she had recognized the moment she saw it in Pauline's hand, and twisted it about meditatively in her own.

"What can the goose want to write for," she thought, "when he is to come here about the box this afternoon? To tell me he can't come, perhaps. And yet he seemed delighted enough in his way when I told him I was to, last night. But then I don't think I understand Durham. I fancied once he cared for me. And now I fancy—No, I can't make him out. Durham's a puzzle. He follows me about every where, but he's so provokingly imperturbable I don't know what he means by it. He never *says* any thing. Then he'll sit here by the hour; but I've never quite decided whether it's in silent adoration of me or intricate calculation of the odds on the next race he's an entry for. Provoking! He won't get jealous of that donkey Colocynth. When I bully him he pulls that great stupid mustache of his and looks at his boots; and when I talk prettily to him he goes on pulling his mustache and looks at me—and that's all. What am I to do with him? I care about him, don't I? I'm afraid so. More about him than any one? I'm afraid so, again. Because, if he don't happen to care about *me* more than any one else, why—it will be awkward, won't it? Now, *does* he? I don't know. But I will though! I'll put an end to this this afternoon. It's too much to be perpetually confronted with an eternal note of interrogation! *A nous deux, Monsieur!* But, perhaps, he isn't coming?"

And thus brought back to Durham's unopened letter the little lady pulled it out of its envelope.

She glanced at the first line, and then looked back at the address. The address was her own—perfectly correct.

"Then what," she asked herself aloud—"what does he mean by calling me 'Dear Tom?'"

Then she read what follows, and what we will read over her shoulder.

"Dear Tom," Durham had scrawled, "don't hedge a half-penny. Bayadère's all serene. I shall stand the lot on her; and if you can get the long odds you may put on an extra pot for me in the shape of an additional monkey or so. I'm bound to be in Curzon Street this afternoon, or I'd be down at the Corner myself. Ever yours, D. V."

The little lady looked rather bewildered when she'd finished.

"What ever does it all mean?" she wondered. You see, mesdames, her education was hardly up to your mark; she honestly didn't understand "stable."

She laid the letter down and laughed.

"I see!" she told herself at length; "the goose must have been writing to 'Dear Tom' and me at the same time, and made some stupid mistake in the envelopes. And 'Dear Tom' must have got *my* letter! Pleasant! I wonder what he wrote to me about?"

She rose rather impatiently, and crushed poor Durham's unlucky scrawl close in her little clenched hand.

"Care for me! He cares twice as much about his Bayadère! I've no patience with him! But what could that letter I ought to have got have been about?"

III.

Two o'clock. My lady had got into armor and her drawing-room, and was waiting in a coign of vantage there, under arms, for the enemy's appearance. The note about Bayadère, carefully torn in two, had been tossed on to the top of a basket of feminine *chiffons*, where it was well within range of its author's eye-glass when he should have taken up his usual position in his peculiar chair.

Five minutes past two by the Louis-Quinze clock. The little lady looked up from the thoughtful cutting of the *Modes de Paris* portion of a new magazine she was engaged in, and began tapping the cover impatiently with the bright blade of a big Algerian poniard she had taken a fancy to, one day when she and Blanche Vandeleur had amused themselves by pulling to pieces a little stand of arms Durham had got fixed up in his smoking-recess, under the delighted eyes of the proprietor. Lady Alice had carried off the dagger in its workmanlike plain shagreen sheath, and was wont to use it, somewhat to the danger of her pretty fingers, as a peaceful paper-knife. She had rather a vicious grip on the heavy silver handle just now, though, and the violet eyes were darkening with anger against some one.

"He's nearly ten minutes late," she murmured. "After last night, and that letter I ought to have had this morning, if he don't come in five minutes I'll order the carriage. The great goose! What can he be about? Calmly lunching at the club, I suppose, while I'm—Ah! take care, *monsieur mon cousin*—take care!"

She looked delicious in her wrath, that was about half real. Perhaps, meeting her own reflection in the glass of a convenient *console* at the moment, she thought she did. For the little cloud vanished; the sunshine of a smile shone out again; there was plenary absolution for all the sins he had *not* committed in the tone of the—

"Poor Durham!"

The "great goose" was not calmly lunching at the club; on the contrary, the "great goose," having spent the greater part of the morning in the service of an ungrateful country, had driven back from Barracks in a swift hansom, had changed the habiliment of its exterior, and, with no better preparation for its ordeal than a glass of sherry swallowed in haste, was at that very moment turning, with mien impassible as ever, but more nervous really than it ever had been in all its life, round the corner into Curzon Street.

A clatter of hoofs outside; Durham's voice distinctly audible through the open windows of the drawing-room; then a knock at the street door.

"At last," the little lady thought, giving a final glance at her preparations, and taking up her magazine ready to be absorbed therein when Barker should "discover" her.

But it was not the respectable Barker who burst open the drawing-room door so unceremoniously, and charged into that dainty apartment crying out:

"Oh, auntie! auntie!"

That was Lord Edric Brankston, a nephew of my lady's; a young swell of the tender age of ten, in an elaborate riding-costume, and with a decided black eye. This youth had just returned from his morning ride; and it was his pony and his attendant's horse who had made all that clatter below.

"Good gracious, Edric! What *have* you been doing, you dreadful child?" his horrified relative inquired, when she became aware of his condition.

"*He* did it!" his lordship explained, unearthing a *bonbonnière* from the basket on the table, and turning over its contents to get at a particular "goody" he much affected.

"I say!" he went on, reproachfully; "how jolly greedy you are, auntie! You've eaten all the chocolate creams! I left four of 'em on purpose for myself, you know; and now there ain't one. And I hate these beastly burnt almonds."

"Put that down, Sir, and attend to me directly!" Lady Alice said, with great severity. "Now, *who* did it, if you please?"

"Young cad outside," mumbled my lord, with his mouth full of the despised burnt almonds. "He cheeked me, and I hit him with my whip. And then he called me a coward; and then I got down and pitched into him; and I licked him too, though he was twice my weight, Uncle Durham said. And then Uncle Durham gave me a sovereign."

"*Did* he! Uncle Durham ought to be ashamed of himself, then. But you are a brave boy, dear. Only it's very wrong to fight, Edric. I won't have you do such things; and if Uncle Durham chooses to encourage you—Where is he all this time, darling?"

"Down stairs talking to the Peeler about the row; he'll be up directly," my lord returned.

"Ah! Then you come with me to Pauline, and have your face washed, Sir! I'm going to give Uncle Durham a good scolding," the little lady said, rising as she spoke, and marching off her prisoner.

"What are you going to scold *him* for?" inquired, aptly enough, the captive, as the two passed through the *portières*. "Because he's afraid of you, you think? Awful bullies you women are!"

When, after arranging matters with an intelligent guardian of the peace, who had witnessed the duel with great interest, and who only interfered at the last moment, to recommend the vanquished street Arab to take himself off with all convenient speed, lest he should find himself in trouble; and having applied a golden salve to the vanquished one's wounds, thereby causing that bleeding hero to affirm energetically his willingness to be "wopped worse twice a day" for an indefinite period on similar terms; when, by-and-by, Durham got into the drawing-room, my Lord Edric was in Mademoiselle Pauline's safe-keeping, and Lady Alice intrenched securely once more.

"Afraid of me?" she thought, when the door opened, as the boy's words recurred to her; "is that it, I wonder? Fancy a London man in this year of grace being afraid, though! Well, he sha'n't go till I know!—Oh! there you are, Durham!" she said aloud, as he came toward her; "good-morning!"

"Good-morning, Alice!" the victim responded, getting the little *patte* close within his, and depositing his hat on the table. He was more at a loss than ever what to make of her. She must have got his note of interrogation. Potts had delivered it all right, he knew. And yet, here she was, looking as unconscious as possible; as if she hadn't an idea what he had come for.

"Looks bad, her being so confounded cool. She don't mean to know any thing about it. And then, how the deuce am I to tell her?" he thought, struck speechless at this last notion.

"Well, what's the matter, Durham?" she inquired, finding he stood there silently stroking his mustache, and staring at her rather helplessly. "You got the box, I suppose?"

"Yes," he returned, calling her heartless in his heart. "Yes, I got the box you wanted, Alice."

"Very well. Then sit down, Durham. I've got to scold you."

He sat down in his usual chair—for him, quite nervous.

"She's savage about the letter!" he said to himself. "Knew she would be. Wish I'd let it alone!"

"How can you be so absurd—such an utter goose?"

"Knew she'd call me a goose," he thought, staring moodily at his boots. "It's all up with me, of course."

"Giving that child sovereigns for fighting street-boys! You know how anxious I am about him while I've charge of him; and you go and—"

"Oh," he said, brightening up again; "is that all? Jove! I thought you were angry with me about—about the other thing, you know."

"But I *don't* know. What other thing, pray?"

"Awful unkind her pretending not to twig!" he muttered. "How ever am I to bring it out now? Gad! it's worse than if I hadn't written at all, you know."

"Well, Durham, I'm all attention. What is it?"

He got up and walked across the room and back before he spoke again. She looked at him wonderingly. The man was actually excited about something or other. About what?

"Look here, Alice," he said, stopping in front of her; "didn't you get a—a note this morning?"

"*A* note!" she laughed; "dozens, of course."

"But one from me, I mean?"

"Oh, that!" And she laughed again. "Yes, you silly Durham, I had that, too."

"Knew she'd think I was a fool," the "silly Durham" told himself, cut to the heart, and showing his pain by never the quiver of a muscle. Not a Red Indian at the stake ever had to take punishment more stoically than the Sybarites of our day must learn to do.

"How could you make such a ridiculous mistake?" she went on.

"Mistake, indeed," he returned, just a little bitterness apparent in his tone; "I see it *was* a jolly mistake, Alice."

"Of course. Fancy sending that unintelligible jargon to *me*, Sir!"

"Jargon?" This was rather more than the author could stand quietly. "Jargon? Why, there wasn't a word in it that ain't in the dictionary."

"Y*our* dictionary, then—the *Slang Dictionary*. Just look at it now. There it is in that basket. There's enough of it left for you to read, I dare say."

He picked the pieces mournfully out of the tumbled *chiffons*, and crushed them in his hand without looking at them.

"Well?" she asked, her eyes upon some woman's work she had taken up; "can you decipher your own hieroglyphics? It was a long while before *I* could."

He was behind her now, looking for a light of some sort on the davenport.

"Was it?" he answered. "Ah! and when you had de-what's-his-named-'em—"

"No. Deciphered, please."

"Well, deciphered my hiero—"

"— glyphics," she prompted. "*Don't* go to sleep, Durham!"

"— glyphics," he repeated, getting hold at last of a box of vestas; "you tore 'em up, eh, and left 'em for any other fellow to read?"

"No; for *you* to read. To show you how absurd you'd been."

"Me to read! Just as if I didn't know 'em by heart. You might have burned 'em, Alice."

"Dear me! What did it matter, pray? Besides, there's no fire, you goose."

"Might have had one lit, you know," he responded, completing his preparations for an *auto-da-fe* on the broad end of a letter-balance.

She was so used to him that she barely noticed that last remark of his. Besides, she was wondering what could have made him so eloquent about his absurd letter. Couldn't he see he had made a mistake? Or was he thinking still about the one she *ought* to have had? It suddenly flashed across her that the goose might be meaning one thing and she another; in which case—

Here Durham scraped a vesta, and set the scraps of the unlucky note alight on the paper-weigher. He had got his answer—that cruel laugh just now. She cared nothing for a duffer like him, he saw; nor for his love either, though no one in all the world loved his darling as he did. It was all up with him. There was no use in saying any thing more.

She couldn't see what he was about from where she sat; but she heard the crack of the vesta.

"Light that cigar in the hall, Durham," she said, "or go into the conservatory if you want to smoke, please."

"I ain't going to smoke, Alice," poor Durham answered, crushing out the embers of the *auto-da-fe*, and taking up his hat by its deep-curved brim; "I'm going away now."

She looked up at him and read something she had never seen on that mask of a face before—it is true without quite understanding what she read. But in that moment he wasn't quite master of those quivering muscles. The great golden mustache couldn't hide altogether a certain spasmodic twitching about the mouth. And his voice wasn't quite his voice either, she thought. What was the matter with him?

"Going?" she asked; "what are you going for?"

"I can't stay any longer," he said; "and it's better I should go. I sha'n't trouble you about this again, Alice. I quite understand. Shake hands, won't you? It'll be the last time, perhaps."

And he held out his honest hand to her.

She was mystified still; yet little by little she began to see plainly into her puzzle—to read her riddle aright.

She got up; she took the curly-brimmed hat out of his hand and put it back on the table again. Then she took both his hands in hers and turned him round to the light. He was quite helpless while she held him so. She looked at him curiously.

"Durham," she said, emphatically, "you're excited! Don't deny it now!"—as he moved uneasily—"you are! Now be good enough to tell me what is the meaning of this phenomenon?"

Chaffing him still, he thought she was, and tried to free himself. She twisted him about as if he had been a fractious child, this strong, stalwart grenadier.

"Answer me, Sir!" she said, imperiously, thinking she must make him speak now or never. And she did make him speak.

"You know what I mean fast enough!" he said, rather huskily; "and—and I'd rather not be chaffed any more. Let me go."

"Who *is* chaffing you, you great goose?"

"You are!" he broke out rather desperately; "you have been all along. I was a fool ever to think you'd care for me. But you needn't laugh at a fellow and call him names."

"Laugh at you?" she repeated.

"It's—it's heartless of you, Alice! By George it is!"

"Durham!"

"I beg your pardon," he said, humbly, utterly ashamed of himself; "I told you I'd better go. I'm not fit to stop here. Good-by, Alice! We've been friends ever since we were little beggars at the Grange together. We mustn't quarrel now, you know."

He had got her hand again, and was bending over it; so that he never saw how pale her face was grown, nor the tears that had leaped into her eyes.

"Jolly little paw!" he muttered; "Colocynth or some other lucky devil will get this, I suppose. And I love her better than any of 'em. It *is* lines for a fellow, you know!"

"He *does* care for me, after all!" she was thinking. "What does he want to go for, then? He *sha'n't* go!"

And, as she felt her hand being released, the little lady slid gracefully into her chair, and murmured behind her handkerchief the never-failing feminine *ducadme:*

"Oh, Durham! how can you be so unkind!"

He had got half-way to the door; but he was beside her, bending over her, calling himself a brute, before the words were fairly out of her mouth.

Should he ring for Pauline? No? Should he go away? No? Should he stay? A hand was put back into his once more. He was to stay, when she knew how he—how he—

"How you what, Durham?" my lady murmured, still behind the handkerchief.

"How I love you, Alice!"

"At last!" she said triumphantly to herself. "Do you?" she answered aloud. "Say it again, then. No!" she whispered, with a sudden sharpness that frightened him awfully; "hold your tongue, and get away directly!"

She had seen the door-handle turn, this clever little woman, even then, and knew Barker was coming in.

As he did, before Durham had recovered from this last shock. He stuck his glass in his eye, and stared at the correct butler, who bore straight down upon him.

"Letter for you, Sir," Barker said, exhibiting one on his salver.

"For me, Barker?" Durham asked, taking the document.

"How stupid of Barker!" thought his mistress.

"Wonder whether the beggar saw me!" thought her lover, as he tore open the envelope.

"Mr. Savile's man inquired if you was here, Sir," the unconscious creature explained; "and said it were immediate, if you was."

And then the intruder majestically took himself off.

"From Tom," the lover muttered.

"That must be 'Dear Tom,'" my lady said, guessing what had come in that envelope at last; "you wrote to 'Dear Tom' about Bayadère, this morning, I know."

"*How* do you know?" he questioned, astounded.

"Because the letter to 'Dear Tom' came to *me!* I was not to hedge a half-penny; but to put an extra monkey in the pot; and the rest of it. Don't you remember?"

"Gad!" he exclaimed, enlightened all at once; "I must have mistaken the envelopes! You got Tom's note; and he—"

"Got mine, I suppose, you great— I beg your pardon, Durham! I mustn't dare call you names any more. Well; he's sent it back—my note?"

"Yes. Says it don't tell him exactly what he's to do about Bayadère. Jove! I should think it didn't!"

"And what does it tell *me*, Sir?" she asked, reading it over his arm, on which her hands were crossed. Oh, a note of interrogation! Why couldn't you ask yourself?"

"Afraid to," he replied; "I never could understand you, Alice."

"And you were a puzzle to me," she returned.

"Jove! Fancy that!" he ejaculated, wonderingly.

"And you were afraid to ask me," she went on, with her eyes still on the note of interrogation she had got into her own hands, at last; "and so you wrote this: and will I read it, and tell you if you've a chance when you call this afternoon? Oh, my poor Durham, what did you think of me just now?"

Barker, entering again just then, might have been an even more unwelcome intruder than on the first occasion.

"And the answer, darling?" Durham whispered, presently. And then—well, then Captain Vandeleur's dream came true; for Lady Alice said "Yes."

"YOU'VE EATEN ALL THE CHOCOLATE CREAMS!"

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DIVING BUSINESS.

IN a little street that runs from Broadway, not far from Wall Street, there was a low doorway with dingy panes of glass, over which was a sign which bore the following letters, somewhat faded:

BROCKET & CO.,
CONTRACTORS.

About a month after his arrival at New York Brandon entered this place and walked up to the desk where a stout, thick-set man was sitting, with his chin on his hands and his elbows on the desk before him.

"Mr. Brocket?" said Brandon, inquiringly.

"Yes, Sir," answered the other, descending from his stool and stepping forward toward Brandon, behind a low table which stood by the desk.

"I am told that you undertake contracts for raising sunken vessels?"

"We are in that line of business."

"You have to make use of diving apparatus?"

"Yes."

"I understand that you have gone into this business to a larger extent than any one in America?"

"Yes, Sir," said Brocket, modestly. "I think we do the leading business in that line."

"I will tell you frankly my object in calling upon you. I have just come from the East Indies for the purpose of organizing a systematic plan for the pearl fisheries. You are aware that out there they still cling to the old fashion of diving, which was begun three thousand years ago. I wish to see if I can not bring science to bear upon it, so as to raise the pearl-oysters in larger quantities."

"That's a good idea of yours," remarked Mr. Brocket, thoughtfully.

"I came to you to see if you could inform me whether it would be practicable or not."

"Perfectly so," said Brocket.

"Do you work with the diving-bell in your business or with armor?"

"With both. We use the diving-bell for stationary purposes; but when it is necessary to move about we employ armor."

"Is the armor adapted to give a man any freedom of movement?"

"The armor is far better than the bell. The armor is so perfect now that a practiced hand can move about under water with a freedom that is surprising. My men go down to examine sunken ships. They go in and out and all through them. Sometimes this is the most profitable part of our business."

"Why so?"

"Why, because there is often money or valuable articles on board, and these always are ours. See," said Brocket, opening a drawer and taking out some silver coin, "here is some money that we found in an old Dutch vessel that was sunk up the Hudson a hundred years ago. Our men walked about the bed of the river till they found her, and in her cabin they obtained a sum of money that would surprise you—all old coin."

"An old Dutch vessel! Do you often find vessels that have been sunk so long ago?"

"Not often. But we are always on the lookout for them," said Brocket, who had now grown quite communicative. "You see, those old ships always carried ready cash—they didn't use bank-notes and bills of exchange. So if you can only find one you're sure of money."

"Then this would be a good thing to bear in mind in our pearl enterprises?"

"Of course. I should think that out there some reefs must be full of sunken ships. They've been sinking about those coasts ever since the first ship was built."

"How far down can a diver go in armor?"

"Oh, any reasonable depth, when the pressure of the water is not too great. Some pain in the ears is felt at first from the compressed air, but that is temporary. Men can easily go down as far as fifteen or sixteen fathoms."

"How long can they stay down?"

"In the bells, you know, they go down and are pulled up only in the middle of the day and at evening, when their work is done."

"How with the men in armor?"

"Oh, they can stand it almost as well. They come up oftener, though. There is one advantage in the armor: a man can fling off his weight and come up whenever he likes."

"Have you ever been down yourself?"

"Oh yes—oftener than any of my men. I'm the oldest diver in the country, I think. But I don't go down often now. It's hard work, and I'm getting old."

"Is it much harder than other work?"

"Well, you see, it's unnatural sort of work, and is hard on the lungs. Still, I always was healthy. The real reason why I stopped was a circumstance that happened two years ago."

"What was that?"

Brocket drew a long breath, looked for a moment meditatively at the floor, and then went on:

"Well, there happened to be a wreck of a steamer called the *Saladin* down off the North Carolina coast, and I thought I would try her as a speculation, for I supposed that there might be considerable money on board one way or another. It was a very singular affair. Only two men had escaped; it was so sudden. They said the vessel struck a rock at night when the water was perfectly still, and went down in a few minutes, before the passengers could even be awakened. It may seem horrid to you, but you must know that a ship-load of passengers is very profitable, for they all carry money. Besides, there are their trunks, and the clerk's desk, and so on. So, this time, I went down myself. The ship lay on one side of the rock which had pierced her, having floated off just before sinking; and I had no difficulty in getting on board. After walking about the deck I went at once into the saloon. Sir," said Brocket, with an awful look at Brandon, "if I should live for a hundred years I should never forget the sight that I saw. A hundred passengers or more had been on board, and most of them had rushed out of their state-rooms as the vessel began to sink. Very many of them lay on the floor, a frightful multitude of dead.

"But there were others," continued Brocket, in a lower tone, "who had clutched at pieces of furniture, at the doors, and at the chairs, and many of these had held on with such a rigid clutch that death itself had not unlocked it. Some were still upright, with distorted features, and staring eyes, clinging, with frantic faces, to the nearest object that they had seen. Several of them stood around the table. The most frightful thing was this: that they were all staring at the door.

"But the worst one of all was a corpse that was on the saloon table. The wretch had leaped there in his first mad impulse, and his hands had clutched a brass bar that ran across. He was facing the door; his hands were still clinging, his eyes glared at me, his jaw had fallen. The hideous face seemed grimacing at and threatening me. As I entered the water was disturbed by my motion. An undulation set in movement by my entrance passed through the length of the saloon. All the corpses swayed for a moment. I stopped in horror. Scarcely had I stopped when the corpses, agitated by the motion of the water and swaying, lost their hold; their fingers slipped, and they fell forward simultaneously. Above all, that hideous figure on the table, as its fingers were loosened, in falling forward, seemed to take steps, with his demon face still staring at me. My blood ran cold. It seemed to me as though these devils were all rushing at me, led on by that fiend on the table. For the first time in my life, Sir, I felt fear under the sea. I started back, and rushed out quaking as though all hell was behind me. When I got up to the surface I could not speak. I instantly left the *Saladin*, came home with my men, and have never been down myself since."

A long conversation followed about the general condition of sunken ships. Brocket had no fear of rivals in business, and as his interlocutor did not pretend to be one he was exceedingly communicative. He described to him the exact depth to which a diver in armor might safely go, the longest time that he could safely remain under water, the rate of travel in walking along a smooth bottom, and the distance which one could walk. He told him how to go on board of a wrecked ship with the least risk or difficulty, and the best mode by which to secure any valuables which he might find. At last he became so exceedingly friendly that Brandon asked him if he would be willing to give personal instructions to himself, hinting that money was no object, and that any price would be paid.

At this Brocket laughed. "My dear Sir, you take my fancy, for I think I see in you a man of the right sort. I should be very glad to show any one like you how to go to work. Don't mention money; I have actually got more now than I know what to do with, and I'm thinking of founding an asylum for the poor. I'll sell you any number of suits of armor, if you want them, merely in the way of business; but if I give you instructions it will be merely because I like to oblige a man like you."

Brandon of course expressed all the gratitude that so generous an offer could excite.

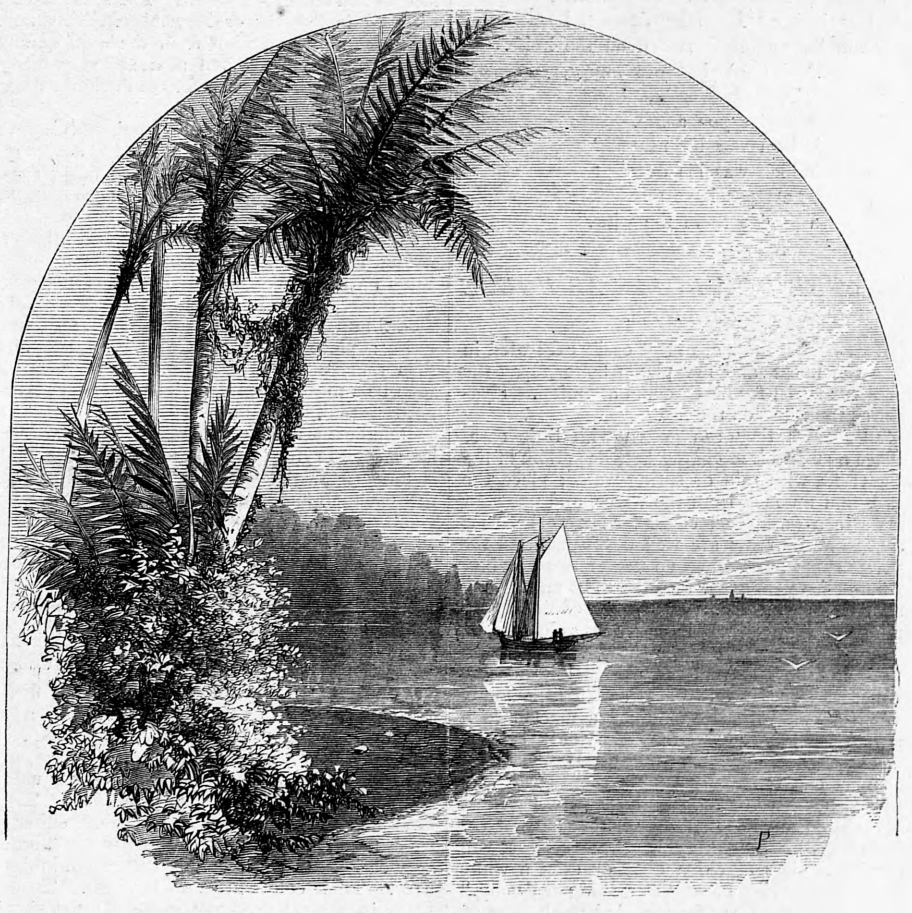
"But there's no use trying just yet; wait till the month of May, and then you can begin. You have nerve, and I have no doubt that you'll learn fast."

After this interview Brandon had many others. To give credibility to his pretended plan for the pearl fisheries, he bought a dozen suits of diving armor and various articles which Brocket assured him that he would need. He also brought Cato with him one day, and the Hindu described the plan which the pearl-divers pursued on the Malabar coast. According to Cato each diver had a stone which weighed about thirty pounds tied to his foot, and a sponge filled with oil fastened around his neck. On plunging into the water, the weight carried him down. When the diver reached the bottom the oiled sponge was used from time to time to enable him to breathe by inhaling the air through the sponge applied to his mouth. All this was new to Brocket. It excited his ardor.

The month of May at last came. Brocket showed them a place in the Hudson, about twenty miles above the city, where they could practice. Under his direction Brandon put on the armor and went down. Frank worked the pumps which supplied him with air, and Cato managed the boat. The two Brandons learned their parts rapidly, and Louis, who had the hardest task, improved so quickly, and caught the idea of the work so readily, that Brocket enthusiastically assured him that he was a natural-born diver.

All this time Brandon was quietly making arrangements for a voyage. He gradually obtained every thing which might by any possibility be required, and which he found out by long deliberations with Frank and by hints which he gained by well-managed questions to Brocket.

Thus the months of May and June passed until at length they were ready to start.



"AN ISLAND COVERED WITH PALM-TREES LAY THERE."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ISLET OF SANTA CRUZ.

IT was July when Brandon left New York for San Salvador.

He had purchased a beautiful little schooner, which he had fitted up like a gentleman's yacht, and stored with all the articles which might be needed. In cruising about the Bahama Isles he intended to let it be supposed that he was traveling for pleasure. True, the month of July was not the time of the year which pleasure-seekers would choose for sailing in the West Indies, but of this he did not take much thought.

The way to the Bahama Isles was easy. They stopped for a while at Nassau, and then went to San Salvador.

The first part of the New World which Columbus discovered is now but seldom visited, and few inhabitants are found there. Only six hundred people dwell upon it, and these have in general but little intelligence. On reaching this place Brandon sailed to the harbor which Columbus entered, and made many inquiries about that immortal landing. Traditions still survived among the people, and all were glad to show the rich Englishman the lions of the place.

He was thus enabled to make inquiries without exciting suspicion about the islands lying to the north. He was informed that about four leagues north there was an island named Guahi, and as there was no island known in that direction named Santa Cruz, Brandon thought that this might be the one. He asked if there were any small islets or sand-banks near there, but no one could tell him. Having gained all the information that he could he pursued his voyage.

In that hot season there was but little wind. The seas were visited by profound calms which continued long and rendered navigation slow and tedious. Sometimes, to prevent themselves from being swept away by the currents, they had to cast anchor. At other times they were forced to keep in close by the shore. They waited till the night came on, and then, putting out the sweeps, they rowed the yacht slowly along.

It was the middle of July before they reached the island of Guahi, which Brandon thought might be Santa Cruz. If so, then one league due north of this there ought to be the islet of the Three Needles. Upon the discovery of that would depend their fate.

It was evening when they reached the southern shore of Guahi. Now was the time when all the future depended upon the fact of the existence of an islet to the north. That night on the south shore was passed in deep anxiety. They rowed the vessel on with their sweeps, but the island was too large to be passed in one night. Morning came, and still they rowed.

The morning passed, and the hot sun burned down upon them, yet they still toiled on, seeking to pass beyond a point which lay ahead, so as to see the open water to the north. Gradually they neared it, and the sea-view in front opened up more and more widely. There was nothing but water. More and more of the view exposed itself, until at last the whole horizon was visible. Yet there was no land there—no island—no sign of those three rocks which they longed so much to find.

A light wind arose which enabled them to sail over all the space that lay one league to the north. They sounded as they went, but found only deep water. They looked all around, but found not so much as the smallest point of land above the surface of the ocean.

That evening they cast anchor and went ashore at the island of Guahi to see if any one knew of other islands among which might be found one named Santa Cruz. Their disappointment was profound. Brandon for a while thought that perhaps some other San Salvador was meant in the letter. This very idea had occurred to him before, and he had made himself acquainted with all the places of that name that existed. None of them seemed, however, to answer the requirements of the writing. Some must have gained the name since; others were so situated that no island could be mentioned as lying to the north. On the whole, it seemed to him that this San Salvador of Columbus could alone be mentioned. It was alluded to as a well-known place, of which particular description was unnecessary, and no other place at that day had this character except the one on which he had decided.

One hope yet remained, a faint one, but still a hope, and this might yet be realized. It was that Guahi was not Santa Cruz; but that some other island lay about here, which might be considered as north from San Salvador. This could be ascertained here in Guahi better perhaps than any where else. With this faint hope he landed.

Guahi is only a small island, and there are but few inhabitants upon it, who support themselves partly by fishing. In this delightful climate their wants are not numerous, and the rich soil produces almost any thing which they desire. The fish about here are not plentiful, and what they catch have to be sought for at a long distance off.

"Are there any other islands near this?" asked Brandon of some people whom he met on landing.

"Not very near."

"Which is the nearest?"

"San Salvador."

"Are there any other in about this latitude?"

"Well, there is a small one about twelve leagues east. There are no people on it though."

"What is its name?"

"Santa Cruz."

Brandon's heart beat fast at the sound of that name. It must be so. It must be the island which he sought. It lay to the north of San Salvador, and its name was Santa Cruz.

"It is not down on the charts?"

"No. It is only a small islet."

Another confirmation, for the message said plainly an islet, whereas Guahi was an island.

"How large is it?"

"Oh, perhaps a mile or a mile and a half long."

"Is there any other island near it?"

"I don't know."

"Have you ever been there?"

"No."

Plainly no further information could be gathered here. It was enough to have hope strengthened and an additional chance for success. Brandon obtained as near as possible the exact direction of Santa Cruz, and, going back to the yacht, took advantage of the light breeze which still was blowing and set sail.

Night came on very dark, but the breeze still continued to send its light breath, and before this the vessel gently glided on. Not a thing could be seen in that intense darkness. Toward morning Louis Brandon, who had remained up all night in his deep anxiety, tried to pierce through the gloom as he strained his eyes, and seemed as though he would force the darkness to reveal that which he sought. But the darkness gave no token.

Not Columbus himself, when looking out over these waters, gazed with greater eagerness, nor did his heart beat with greater anxiety of suspense, than that which Brandon felt as his vessel glided slowly through the dark waters, the same over which Columbus had passed, and moved amidst the impenetrable gloom. But the long night of suspense glided by at last; the darkness faded, and the dawn came.

Frank Brandon, on waking about sunrise, came up and saw his brother looking with fixed intensity of gaze at something directly in front. He turned to see what it might be.

An island covered with palm-trees lay there. Its extent was small, but it was filled with the rich verdure of the tropics. The gentle breeze ruffled the waters, but did not altogether efface the reflection of that beautiful islet.

Louis pointed toward the northeast.

Frank looked.

It seemed to be about two miles away. It was a low sand island about a quarter of a mile long. From its surface projected three rocks thin and sharp. They were at unequal distances from each other, and in the middle of the islet. The tallest one might have been about twelve feet in height, the others eight and ten feet respectively.

Louis and Frank exchanged one long look, but said not a word. That look was an eloquent one.

This then was unmistakably the place of their search.

The islet with the three rocks like needles lying north of Santa Cruz. One league due north of this was the spot where now rested all their hopes.

The island of Santa Cruz was, as had been told them, not more than a mile and a half in length, the sand island with the needles lay about two miles north of it. On the side of Santa Cruz which lay nearest to them was a small cove just large enough for the yacht. Here, after some delay, they were able to enter and land.

The tall trees that covered the island rose over beautiful glades and grassy slopes. Too small and too remote to give support to any number of inhabitants, it had never been touched by the hand of man, but stood before them in all that pristine beauty with which nature had first endowed it. It reminded Brandon in some degree of that African island where he had passed some time with Beatrice. The recollection of this brought over him an intolerable melancholy, and made the very beauty of this island painful to him. Yet hope was now strong within his heart, and as he traversed its extent his eye wandered about in search of places where he might be able to conceal the treasure that lay under the sea, if he were ever able to recover it from its present place. The island afforded many spots which were well adapted to such a purpose.

In the centre of the island a rock jutted up, which was bald and flat on its summit. On the western side it showed a precipice of some forty or fifty feet in height, and on the eastern side it descended to the water in a steep slope. The tall trees which grew all around shrouded it from the view of those at sea, but allowed the sea to be visible on every side. Climbing to this place, they saw something which showed them that they could not hope to carry on any operations for that day.

On the other side of the island, about ten miles from the shore, there lay a large brig becalmed. It looked like one of those vessels that are in the trade between the United States and the West Indies. As long as that vessel was in the neighborhood it would not do even to make a beginning, nor did Brandon care about letting his yacht be seen. Whatever he did he wished to do secretly.

The brig continued in sight all day, and they remained on the island. Toward evening they took the small boat and rowed out to the sandbank which they called Needle Islet. It was merely a low spit of sand, with these three singularly-shaped rocks projecting upward. There was nothing else whatever to be seen upon it. The moon came up as they stood there, and their eyes wandered involuntarily to the north, to that place, a league away, where the treasure lay beneath the waters.

THE VICTIM.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

A PLAGUE upon the people fell,
  A famine after laid them low,
Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,
  For on them brake the sudden foe;
So thick they died the people cried
  "The Gods are moved against the land."
The Priest in horror about his altar
  To Thor and Odin lifted a hand.
    "Help us from famine
    And plague and strife!
    What would you have of us?
    Human life?
    Were it our nearest,
    Were it our dearest
    (Answer, O answer),
    We give you his life."

II.

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd,
  And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turn'd
  And whiten'd all the rolling flood;
And dead men lay all over the way,
  Or down in a furrow scathed with flame:
And ever and aye the Priesthood moan'd
  Till at last it seemed that an answer came:
    "The King is happy
    In child and wife;
    Take you his nearest,
    Take you his dearest,
    Give us a life."

III.

The Priest went out by heath and hill;
  The King was hunting in the wild;
They found the mother sitting still;
  She cast her arms about the child.
The child was only eight summers old,
  His beauty still with his years increased,
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,
  He seem'd a victim due to the priest.
    The Priest exulted,
    And cried with joy,
    "Here is his nearest,
    Here is his dearest,
    We take the boy."

IV.

The King return'd from out the wild,
  He bore but little game in hand;
The mother said "They have taken the child,
  To spill his blood and heal the land:
The land is sick, the people diseased,
  And blight and famine on all the lea:
The holy Gods, they must be appeased,
  So I pray you tell the truth to me.
    They have taken our son,
    They will have his life.
    Is *he* your nearest?
    Is *he* your dearest?
    (Answer, O answer)
    Or I, the wife?"

V.

The King bent low, with hand on brow,
  He stay'd his arms upon his knee:
"O wife, what use to answer now?
  For now the Priest has judged for me."
The King was shaken with holy fear;
  "The Gods," he said, "would have chosen well;
Yet both are near, and both are dear,
  And which the dearest I can not tell!"
    But the Priest was happy,
    His victim won.
    "We have his nearest,
    We have his dearest,
    His only son!"

VI.

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
  The knife uprising toward the blow,
To the altar-stone she sprang alone,
  "Me, me, not him, my darling, no!"
He caught her away with a sudden cry;
  Suddenly from him brake the wife,
And shrieking "*I* am his dearest, I—
  I am his dearest!" rush'd on the knife.
    And the Priest was happy,
    "O, Father Odin,
    We give you a life.
    Which was his nearest?
    Which was his dearest?
    The Gods have answered:
    We give them the wife!"

CULTURE OF BULBS AS HOUSE PLANTS.

BULBOUS roots are most easily cultivated in the house, and few plants better repay the amateur florist for his care and attention. Hyacinths rank first on the list.

In glasses they are grown with little care. Place a small bit of charcoal at the bottom of the glass; fill with rain or spring water; place the bulb half an inch from the water, and put your glass in a dark, cool closet for six weeks. By that time the roots are well developed, and the flower spike has pushed up two or three inches. Now bring your glass into the light and give it all the sun you can. Two drops of liquid ammonia every week will intensify the color and increase the beauty of your flower. The water need not be changed, the charcoal keeping it sweet; but as it evaporates add a little more. If moss can be easily obtained a margin of it around the glass adds to the beauty of its appearance and keeps the bulb moist. People in the country can not easily supply themselves with hyacinth glasses. The mail-bags will bring them bulbs from any seed-store or florist, but not the fragile glass. Yet every housewife's closet will furnish a glass or china dish, or even a white pudding dish may be made "a thing of beauty."

Place several bits of charcoal at the bottom of the dish; fill up with sand, heaping it toward the centre. Then place your bulbs, leaving the crown above the sand. In the interstices plant smaller bulbs—crocuses, scillas, snow-drops. A mingling of all is effective. Now immerse your dish in water to settle and thoroughly wet the sand. Place in a dark, cool closet for six weeks, by which time the tender rootlets are well developed, the flower spike has pushed up. Now give all the sun possible. Add once a week in a half tea-cup of water (if the dish is large) three drops of ammonia; and the result will fully repay the expense and care. We arranged a large dish last year as follows: six hyacinths (the single kinds bloom best in the house), one dark and one light blue; one white, one yellow; one dark and one light pink, were placed around the edge of the dish. In the centre a polyanthus narcissus, Étoile d'or, reared its stately head; all around it the blue, yellow, and variegated crocuses opened their bell-shaped flowers, and blue and white scillas; and the lovely snow-drops grouped about produced a most charming effect. The miniature garden was admired by all. Three dollars would more than purchase the bulbs, and to a lover of flowers would give weeks of unalloyed pleasure.

Hyacinths, crocuses, and scillas may be grown in wet moss alone. Take a bunch of moss, thoroughly saturate it, place your bulbs in the centre, leaving a large circumference for the roots to develop in; make the ball of moss six inches in diameter. Take small wire, twist all around the ball in every direction. You can suspend it from the window or chandelier with tasteful cords, or the same wire; but first keep in a dark, cool place for six weeks. This is needful for all bulbs grown in the house. The tiny rootlets must be well grown before air and light are given.

These balls of moss with a lovely flower in bloom are pretty ornaments for parlor, boudoir, or chamber, and are most easily made. Exceedingly pretty rustic baskets are made of the small round boughs of the oak or maple. Gather the sticks about an inch in diameter; saw them ten inches long; pierce each end (an inch from the end) with a heated iron wire; procure a thin board ten inches square; pierce a hole through each corner; now have some wire (a good-sized wire is needed) ready; take your sticks and place one upon another, as children in the olden time made cob-houses, or put your fingers one upon the other, and you will see the effect; now run your wire through the burned holes and the bottom board, turn it up with pincers at the top and bottom; proceed in this way at each corner, and you have your basket! Now line each side and the bottom with moss; crowd in the moss well on the sides so that it will project between the sticks; fill up with any good soil; plant a hyacinth in the centre and at each corner, in the interstices snow-drops or crocuses, and set it away; when you bring it out you can add any vines you please. Attach cords to the four sides and suspend your basket. If you are not satisfied with the effect of your work you are no lover of the beautiful. We once saw an herbaceous house where fifty of these baskets hung from the walls and the rustic boughs. The effect was perfect! The most costly parian marble, or Wedgewood ware could not equal it.

Cyclamens are easily grown, and are very lovely. A common saucer filled with moss will grow them nicely. In pots, four bulbs can grow in a six-inch pot. The flowers are star-shaped, and of every shade of red and pink, often mingled with white. The blossoms are very numerous and lovely, and well repay the needed care.

Oxalis is a beautiful bulb. It blooms in the winter and spring in great profusion. In hanging-baskets, or in pots suspended from the window, it is a great ornament. The colors are rose, white, bright yellow, and variegated pink and white. Three or four should be planted in a five-inch pot. The leaves are clover-shaped and very ornamental; the flowers are salver-shaped and bloom in clusters. The best time for planting is October or November. This bulb does not need seclusion from the light at any time. Oxalis boneii and alba are very handsome, and can be purchased from fifteen to twenty cents each.

Anemones are highly ornamental, and deserve more extensive culture. The flowers are large, with large outer petals, the centre being filled with numerous small petals, like the holyhock, and they continue a long time in bloom. Use pots four or five inches in diameter, fill with strong, loamy soil, mixed with old cow-manure. Fill to within two inches of the top, place on the tubers, three in a pot; cover with sand; then fill up the pots with loam; give a good watering; place in the dark for six weeks, and then remove to the sunlight. Your pots will soon be a mass of beauty. The colors are scarlet, red, pink, blue, and variegated.

Ranunculus: For symmetry of form and brilliancy of color of almost every hue, this bulb is unequaled. They are difficult of culture in the open ground, but may be cultivated with good success in pots or boxes in the parlor. Proceed in every respect as with the anemones. When the flowers are past and the tops are decayed, take up the roots and put them away till next October or November, and they will bloom as finely the following winter.

Hyacinths will not bloom the next season. They can be planted out in the ground the following October, and in a year or so will make fine bulbs. Anemones can be treated like the ranunculus. Crocuses and snow-drops can also be kept till the next winter.

Early dwarf Duc Van Tholl tulips are much sought for now, and universally admired. They are finely adapted for winter blooming, either in sand, moss, or water. If planted in October, or very early in November, they will bloom in January. Their colors are very brilliant. Twelve bulbs in a good-sized pot make a great show, and require very little care. After planting set away from the light for four or six weeks. The gold-striped is the greatest novelty. Single bulbs are twenty-five cents; others range from five to twenty cents.

DEALINGS WITH THE DEIL.

PLAY-GOERS must have observed that no class of pieces are so uniformly successful as those in which the devil, or diabolical agency, or a personage possessing diabolical attributes, is introduced. If no devil nor imp in any shape can be brought in, it is sometimes enough to pay the fiend the compliment of recognition by mentioning him in the title—as, for instance, in *Fra Diavolo*. In support of the general proposition, *Don Juan*, *Faust*, *Der Freischütz*, *Robert le Diable*, the *Devil on Two Sticks*, the *Devil to Pay*, and a long list of favorite works, including three or four master-pieces, might be pointed to. Recourse to the devil's aid may be had in various ways; but when a diabolical atmosphere pervades the whole play, as in *Der Freischütz*, it is not found necessary to do homage to the evil spirit in the play-bill; nor when his name is made so conspicuous, and is repeated so often as it is in *Fra Diavolo*, does it seem requisite that he or his should be mixed up with the action of the drama. Let the least acknowledgment of his power in any shape be made, and the Prince of Darkness, who is notoriously a gentleman, is sure to respond.

It is true that in *Faust*, *Der Freischütz*, *Robert*, and most works in which a struggle between the principles of good and evil is exhibited, the devil in the end generally comes off second-best. Still, there he is. Instead of being ignored, as practically he is in modern everyday life, he is caused to figure as an important and irresistible agent in human affairs, and only succumbs at last to that higher Power, beneath whose blows even the Napoleon imagined by Victor Hugo fell crushed at Waterloo. Besides, how many people wait to see the *dénoument* of these pieces? *Robert le Diable* is a magnificent opera, but it is in five acts; and if every one does not leave the theatre after the trio in the fifth, even the few who remain begin to think of going; and the final overthrow of the satanic Bertram is scarcely witnessed by any one.

But in every literary work in which the hero makes a formal compact with the fiend diabolical interests are, on the whole, very well served; and this from the time of Theophilus of Syracuse, the first man who is recorded to have formally sold himself to the devil, though by no means the first, and certainly not the last, who has done so unformally, perhaps even unconsciously, but actually all the same. In all these cases it is a decided advantage to the hero to have bartered away his soul, as per agreement. He invariably gets it back again in the end, and in the mean time he is all-powerful in worldly matters. No woman can resist his eyes, nor can any man stand against his sword. Every wish that he may form, while the compact lasts, is gratified; and finally, when he wants to cheat the devil, all he has to do is to repent for five minutes and be eternally saved. This is not a bad career; and it is pretty nearly the career of Faust, as the drama, whether in a purely dramatic or in an operatic form, is represented on our stage; of Robert, in Meyerbeer's celebrated work; and of Rodolph, in *Der Freischütz*.

Don Juan, who has come to no regular understanding with the fiend, does not escape so easily; and this shows the disadvantage of not conducting your affairs, whatever they may be, in a proper business-like manner. Don Juan has opened an account with the infernal regions, but without seeing the head of the establishment, and without making any arrangement as to when and where he is to pay. It seems to have been the usual practice at this shop to make customers enter into personal recognizances beforehand; and as their agreements and bonds were always proved to be worthless when payment was demanded, all who conformed to the rules of the establishment got off scot-free. Don Juan, however, was too lawless even for the infernal regions. Otherwise the eternally devoted Elvira might have saved him, through the artful device of shifting his responsibility on to some other and more unfortunate man.

That stories of diabolical agency have a great charm for the public can not be denied; it may be argued, however, that it is not because the agency is diabolical, but simply because it is supernatural, that they are found so fascinating. When the opera of *Robert le Diable* was first produced it excited a perfect storm of disapprobation; and "shocking," "revolting," were the mildest epithets applied to it. Since then, however, the devil has become a perfectly well-received personage at nearly all theatres.

GASTRONOMY.

ENGLISH PLUM-PUDDING.—1½ pounds raisins, ½ pound currants, ¾ pound bread crumbs, ½ pound flour, ¾ pound beef suet, nine eggs, one wine-glass of brandy, ½ pound citron and orange peel, half a nutmeg, and a little ground ginger. Chop the suet fine and mix it with the bread crumbs and flour, add the currants washed and dried, the citron and orange peel cut in thin slices, and the raisins stoned and divided. Mix it all well together with the grated nutmeg and ginger, stir in nine eggs well beaten and the brandy, stir the whole again thoroughly, put into a buttered mould, tie it up tightly, and boil for six hours. Pour brandy over it when served. This pudding may be made a month before using, boiled in a cloth and hung up in a dry place. When required for use put it into a sauce-pan of boiling water, boil for two hours and a half, turn it out, and serve as above.

The following recipe for mince-meat may be found useful at this season, divested of rhyme:

A POETICAL RECIPE FOR MAKING GOOD MINCE-MEAT.

I've a scheme in my head—one not void of reason,
As perhaps you'll admit—this being the season
When of large meat and fat meat there's always a choice,
And the meat I shall treat of has every one's voice.
My scheme is to lay now before you in rhyme
How good mince-meat is made—much consumed at this time.
To begin, then: Take first of beef suet two pound;
Mark! the choicest around the ox kidneys is found.
You must chop this as fine as you possibly can,
And your spice mix well with it—'tis far the best plan;
Take of cinnamon, cassia, and mace *quantum suff*—
Say one ounce (or more, if that be not enough);
Ground ginger and allspice, together one ounce take;
And with two nutmegs grated a fine mixture make;
But please your own palate. Add of sweetmeats cut small,
Citron, lemon, and orange-peel, one pound in all.
Your raisins be sure to stone well—two pound likewise—
And chop with your russets. Are these of good size?
Two dozen will answer; but if small, two score,
And mix all well up with what's mention'd before.
Next three pounds of new currants, well wash'd, picked, and dried,
And the rind of four lemons, chopp'd fine, add beside.
Stoneless raisins there are, but the stalks take away—
Sultanas they call them; and these, the folks say,
Increase much the richness—so just add two pound,
If your patience to pick them clean equal be found.
Of loaf sugar, crush'd fine, take two breakfast-cups full,
And on this squeeze your lemons. Then out your corks pull,
Of port-wine a gill add, a half-pint of brandy,
Some essence of lemon, or any thing handy
Which may heighten the flavor. Some people put beef,
But I think the omission is quite a relief,
For without it the compound has small chance to spoil,
And improves to the last, as reward for your toil.

VEAL À LA MAINTENON.—Take three pounds of lean veal; two thin slices salt pork; chop all very fine. Add two slices stale bread rubbed through a colander; three well-beaten eggs; three table-spoonfuls tomato catchup; one glass claret wine; one tea-spoonful pepper; one table-spoonful heaped of salt; two table-spoonfuls sifted sage or marjorum. Mix all well together. Take a biscuit pan, put in the mixture, arranging it in the shape of an omelette, high in the centre. Pound fine two Boston crackers; sprinkle all over the top. Melt two table-spoonfuls of butter in a tea-cup of water, and as the loaf bakes baste it thoroughly with this. Bake three hours. Make the day before using. Cut in very thin slices. Is excellent for breakfast, or supper, or side dish.

RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

PROPHECIES FOR 1868.

January.—More or less ice, skating, and pantomimes may be predicted. Falls of snow and old gentlemen on pavements; falls of stocks; falls of lace on ladies' bonnets.

February.—Probable rain and consequent borrowing of umbrellas. The Fenians, and several other people, will exhibit signs of discontent.

March.—Numerous March airs will play among the barrel-organs. Several bankruptcies will take place this month.

April.—On the first day of this month several people will be made fools of; on the following twenty-nine days many others will make fools of themselves.

May.—Moving scenes to be witnessed every where. Probable prevalence of hot or cold weather.

June.—During this month you may expect the Pope to quit Rome of his own accord. N.B. You will be disappointed.

July.—The weather very hot, unless atmospheric influences prevent it.

August.—Terrible agitation in all the cities. Most of the inhabitants exiled to the mountains or sea-shore. Fearful slaughter in consequence.

September.—Outbreak among the natives of the Uninhabited Islands. This movement is of great political importance.

October.—A revolution in some part of South America, such as occurs about every week, may be safely predicted.

November.—Great political excitement, culminating in an election, in which somebody will be chosen president.

December.—Great torture of the English language by pantomime writers. Feast of St. Rosbif; after which, Vigil of St. Dyspepsia. Brilliant illumination by the appearance of the Christmas Number of *Harper's Bazar*.

Which is the oldest tree?—The elder tree, of course.

Why is a washer-woman the most cruel person in the world?—Because she daily wrings men's bosoms.

When does a bill remind us of the morning?—When it's due.
When is it like a thief?—When it's taken up.

Why are persons born blind unfit to be carpenters?—Because they never saw.

A MUSICAL CATECHISM.

What is a slur?—Almost any remark one singer makes about another.
What is a rest?—Going out of the choir for refreshments during the sermon time.
What is singing with an "understanding?"—Making time on the floor with your feet.
What is a symphony?—Flirting with the soprano singer behind the organ.
What is a staccato movement?—Leaving the choir in a huff because you are dissatisfied with the organist.
What is a swell?—A professor of music who pretends to know every thing about the science, while he can not conceal his ignorance.
How do you cause a discord?—By praising a lady singer at the expense of a rival, who overhears you.
How is a shake produced?—By catching the bellows' boy asleep when the choir is ready to sing.
What is a flat?—A singer who supposes himself or herself indispensable to the success of the choir.

QUARTER-MASTERS—Landlords.

Nonsense has been described as sense that differs from one's own.

A butcher-boy says he has often heard of the *fore*-quarters of the globe, but has never heard any person say any thing about the *hind*-quarters.

An indiscreet man confided a secret to another, and begged him not to repeat it. "It's all right," was the reply, "I will be as close as you were."

"Doctor, what will cure the fever of love?"—"The chill of wedlock, mademoiselle."

DIOGENES'S TUB TALK.

The fewer relations or friends that we have the happier we are. In your poverty they never help you; in your prosperity they always help themselves.

Make friends of your creditors if you can; but never make a creditor of your friend. It only gives him another excuse for being disagreeable.

If you have talent and ambition, never look to your family to help you on in life. They will do all they can to keep you under; but if you still succeed in rising, they will all want to stand on your shoulders.

When a rogue means to utter a worse lie than usual he generally prefaces it with "To tell you the truth."

Men show such gross credulity in love that they can not wonder if women show a little in religion.

When a wife is indifferent as to how her husband spends his time you may be sure she is more indifferent as to how she spends her own.

Men say truth lives at the bottom of a well—and they take care not to disturb her.

Take this as a general rule in life: The more reasons a man or woman has to be grateful to you the more excuses he or she has to injure you.

THE RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

IV.

ANNO 1756, DRESDEN.—A few weeks before the commencement of the Seven Years' War certain lords and ladies of the Saxon court were making great preparations for a French comedy, with which they wished to astonish King Augustus III. Frederick the Great, however, astonished him beforehand by a sudden advance on three sides of Saxony. The king and his all-powerful minister Brühl fled to Warsaw; the French comedy came to nothing; and *La Saxe galante* died, as it were, of suicide. To understand this phrase thoroughly, we must read Pöllnitz's book under the same title, which tells us that Brühl kept 200 servants, and that his guard of honor was better paid than the king's. His table was the most costly, his wardrobe was the most splendid, and his general style of living the most magnificent of any in the kingdom. He was the man of his century who possessed the largest quantity of clothes, watches, lace, boots, shoes, and slippers. His library, which he never used, contained 60,000 volumes, and his garden and palace still exist to show to what lengths a minister of *La Saxe galante* could go. "Have I any money, Brühl?" was the constantly recurring question of Augustus III.; and, in order to answer "Yes, Sire," Brühl had to exhaust the treasury, and burden the country with debts. By this means the luxury of the court of Dresden exceeded any thing ever known in Germany. Louis XIV. was the chosen model; and Pöllnitz was an accurate copy of Versailles. A courtier must smell of musk ten paces off; his wig must be white, pink, or sky blue, according to the day; his gait must be a strut, his voice small, and his eyes short-sighted. Such was a man *comme il faut*. The ladies, of course, were not far behind. The arrangement of their hair required a wire structure from half to three quarters of a yard high; white and black ostrich feathers waved on all sides; patches heightened the colors of their painted faces; their dresses were embroidered with gold and silver; and five thousand dollars' worth of lace on their arms was nothing extraordinary. A change had arisen, however, in the cut of the skirt, which does credit to the inventiveness of those days. The enormous dimensions of the Pompadour skirt had gone out; and secret pads were worn on the hips and round the waist—a fashion which was named *à la Kolowrat*, after the maiden name of Brühl's wife.

FACETIÆ.

THE following advertisement lately appeared in a journal: "Wanted, a general servant, in a small family, where a man is kept. The housework and cooking all done by the members of the family. The gentleman of the house rises early, but prepares breakfast himself. All the washing is put out, and the kitchen provided with every comfort and luxury. Cold meat and hash studiously avoided. Wages no objection to a competent party. References and photographs exchanged."

Little Susie, poring over a book in which angels were represented as winged beings, suddenly remarked, with vehemence,
"Mamma, I don't want to be an angel, and I needn't, need I?"
"Why, Susie?" questioned her mother.
"Humph! leave off all my pretty clothes, and wear *fedders like a hen!*"

In a pool across a road in the county of Tipperary is stuck up a pole, having affixed to it a board with this inscription: "Take notice, that when the water is over this board the road is impassable."

It is supposed by learned theologians, such as Petros Camotor, that Adam entered the Garden of Eden in the Spring. However that may be, it is certain that he came out in the Fall.

THE HONEYMOON.

FULL MOON.

FIRST QUARTER.

THIRD QUARTER.

NO MOON.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

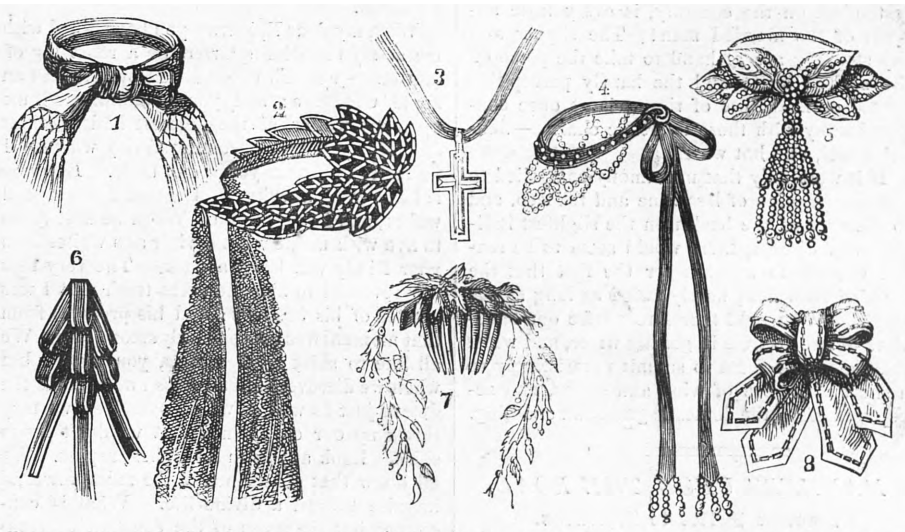
VOL. I.—No. 14.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Promenade and Demi Toilettes.

Fig. 1.—Dress of Metternich green velours, trimmed with wide black military braid, set on in blocks round the bottom, and simulating lappets with buttons on each breadth of the skirt. Short paletot of the same material as the dress, and trimmed with wide braid and buttons to match the latter, the braid simulating a bertha on the upper part of the paletot. Bonnet of Metternich green velvet, with grebe trimming, and fall of black lace over the chignon.

Fig. 2.—Under-skirt of purple gros grain, trimmed with three rows of wide black galloon. Fourreau of black gros grain, festooned with the same galloon, down the middle of which passementerie buttons are set. Castellated, scalloped trimming, bound with silk and surmounted with galloon, adorns the alternate breadths of the fourreau. Short paletot of black velvet, trimmed with heavy silk fringe, galloon, buttons, and velvet scallops. Bonnet of purple velvet, with a deep fall of lace over the chignon, and a gilt band with cut steel ornaments in front. Astrakhan muff, without tassels.

Fig. 3.—Gored dress of Mentana red poult de soie, with ladder trimming on the sides, consisting of satin folds of the same color, edged with black guipure lace and studded with passementerie buttons. The same satin folds and buttons form a graduated turret trimming around the back and front, as seen in the illustration. The bottom is trimmed with a heavy satin cord, surmounted by scalloped satin, edged with guipure lace. High waist and close sleeves, trimmed to match the skirt.



TOILETTE ARTICLES.—Fig. 1. Cravat of scarlet and black satin, trimmed with scarlet net fringe.—Fig. 2. Coiffure of black velvet leaves, ornamented with jet bugles; black lace barb behind.—Fig. 3. Necklace and cross of ruby velvet.—Fig. 4. Black velvet collar, trimmed with cut jet beads.—Fig. 5. Swallow cravat of blue ribbon, embroidered with jet beads; an elastic cord, fastened behind, passes under the collar.—Fig. 6. Louis XIII. bow of violet velvet.—Fig. 7. Cache-peigne of artificial flowers.—Fig. 8. Ribbon sash-bow, ornamented with jet bugles.

Children's Costumes.—No. 1.

See illustration, page 212.

Fig. 1.—Boy five years old. Russian paletot and trowsers to match of gray cloth; kid half-boots of the same color; velvet cap.

Fig. 2.—Girl six years old. Dress and paletot of gray serge, trimmed with blue galloon; felt hat with fur trimming and feather.

Fig. 3.—Girl three years old. Suit of white cashmere, trimmed with folds of silk and buttons to match; white gaiters; white velvet hat with feather.

Fig. 4.—Young girl from fourteen to fifteen years old. Dark purple under-skirt of empress cloth; fourreau of a lighter shade, with belt of the same; waist of the same shade as the fourreau, with sleeves like the under-skirt; Greek trimming of passementerie braid; velvet hat with silk trimming.

Fig. 5.—Costume of boy nine years old. Blouse and trowsers of iron-gray cloth, with pearl buttons; red stockings and black boots; sailor's hat of felt.

Fig. 6.—Young girl twelve years old. Pearl-colored silk dress, trimmed with red; red flounce covered with scallops of the same material as the dress; Raphael waist with lace chemisette; pearl-colored boots.

Fig. 7.—Girl eight years old. Blue silk dress with peplum of satin, ornaments and bias folds of satin; white velvet hat with blue satin trimming; blue satin boots.

Children's Costumes.—No. 2.

See illustration, page 212.

Fig. 1.—Baby a year and a half old. White cashmere dress embroidered with white silk; blue cashmere shoes.

PROMENADE AND DEMI TOILETTES.

Fig. 2.—Boy from eight to ten years old. Full suit of black velvet; full trowsers reaching just above the knee; Russian blouse, buttoned diagonally; black and white striped stockings; cloth boots.

Fig. 3.—Young girl seven years old. Dress of scarlet cashmere trimmed with a Greek border of velvet set between two bias folds of satin, one black and the other white, and finished with scarlet, black, and white fringe; pockets trimmed in the same manner; broad black sash, tied behind; paletot of black cashmere lined with scarlet, and embroidered with scarlet and white; red boots.

Fig. 4.—Young girl from eleven to twelve years old. Dress of light blue pout de soie trimmed with three rows of satin piping, the same piping simulates points under the aforesaid rows; low waist, with epaulets; high muslin under-waist, with long sleeves.

Fig. 5.—Girl eight years old. Pleated under-skirt of black silk; fourreau of black velvet; polonaise of of garnet satin, trimmed with black Astrakhan: toquet of garnet velvet, with black Astrakhan trimming.

Fig. 6.—Girl ten years old. Under-skirt of mauve velvet; fourreau and paletot of the same material, with swan's-down trimming; toquet of gray velvet, trimmed with mauve velvet.

Fig. 7.—Girl six years old. Under-skirt of green cashmere; fourreau of green and white striped poplin, trimmed with rouleaux of green ribbon, terminating each in three ends; waist and sleeves of the same material as the under-skirt.

A WIFE'S PRAYER.

GRANT him, when I am gone,
To wear his grief with holy gracefulness;
Let him not wildly mourn,
Making his days forever comfortless.
Inform him with pure piety to see
Above my grave, tear-blinded though he be,
The anadem of immortality.

Fix in him faith, I pray,
To meet the shadowy changes as they fall,
Seeing, day after day,
The darkness gathering that endeth all.
Until the last, O let him linger near,
And through the dark transition let me hear
His prayerful voice, to strengthen if I fear.

When Hope is weariest,
Drooping, dejected, her aspirant wings,
And life looks at the best
A troublous tangle of unmeaning things,
Heal in his heart the wounds that make him faint,
Calm on his lips the murmur of complaint,
Nerve his weak trust with godlike self-restraint.

Let choral voices sweet,
And visions fair, his loneliest nights adorn.
Let angels lead his feet
In slumber to the promised realm of morn,
That sorrow, when he wakes, shall lightlier weigh
Upon his soul than autumn on the spray,
Or evening on the eyelid of the day.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1868.

MARRIAGE LENGTHENS LIFE.

IF our young men, already very uxoriously inclined, required any additional inducement to matrimony beyond the natural attractiveness of American girls—confessed to be the prettiest in the world—they might find it in the fact that marriage is favorable to length of life.

No less an authority than the Scotch Registrar-General, one Dr. Stark, as quoted by the London *Saturday Review*, tells us that twice as many bachelors as married men die out of every thousand between the ages of twenty and twenty-five years. From twenty-five to thirty there are nearly fifteen in every thousand bachelors who die, while only about eight of the married give up the ghost. Between the ages of thirty and thirty-five the difference is still more in favor of the Benedicts, of whom eight and a fraction out of the thousand are extinguished, but as many as sixteen of the same number of the unfortunate single men are lost to the world.

So it would seem that there is nearly double the chance of life with, as life without, a wife. This fact is an emphatic argument, were such wanted, in favor of matrimony, and should be regarded by the wise calculators of profit and loss as a large item to set off against the inevitable expenses so much complained of in these days of connubial costliness. It is difficult, no doubt, with the modern requirements of female gentility, which must have a brown-stone house to go into, and silk and cashmere to go out in, for the most industrious man to get the wherewithal to lodge, board, and clothe a wife of the genteel sort in accordance with her exorbitant expectations. The necessary strain of effort, however, may be considered worth the while when it is now apparent that if a man allows himself to be frightened from matrimony by its cost he must make up his mind to lose in bachelorhood one-half of his best years. "Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?" for it seems that one or the other is inevitable. Marry, work, and live, or remain a bachelor, enjoy your ease, and die?

The prolongation of life by matrimony is supposed to be owing to the fact that a married man is diverted by the wholesome enjoyments of connubiality from the baneful pleasures in which single men are too apt to indulge. There is, however, besides this negative, a positive benefit in having a wife at one's side. Be she gentle or shrewish, it is astonishing what a corrector she becomes of man's perverted disposition. Under her guidance he is at once turned from the irregular and dangerous ways so often pursued in his unrestrained bachelorhood to the straight and safe avenues of matrimonial respectability. He goes to church at least twice each Sunday, so he is secure for that day, which of all others is the blackest and most perilous in the calendar of the American's life. As for the rest of the days of the week, business ordinarily supplies occupation enough for them; and for the evenings and nights, these are secured against any chance of being misspent by the parties, tea-drinkings, and lecture-goings; and when these fail, as they sometimes but rarely do, by the early shutting of the house and turning into bed. Mark, too, how the attentive wife checks every tendency of perverse man to excess. If the first glass of wine be allowed, the second is sure to be stopped in its course to the thirsty lips by the reminder: "My dear, you know it never agrees with you. Now don't, my dear!" The home cigar is, of course, entirely abandoned; for what husband is cruel enough to persist in smoking when each puff is followed by the exclamation of his wife: "I've such a headache! Where in the world did you get *those* cigars?"

The cuddling of a tender wife, too, has, no doubt, something to do with that prolongation of man's life accredited by the statisticians to matrimony. How necessarily reckless is the forlorn bachelor of his health, and how carefully tended, on the contrary, is every little ailment of the married man! The slipper and dry stocking are at hand to take the place of the soaked boot; and the hardly perceptible sneeze or huskiness of throat is at once conjured away with those domestic charms—flannel, gruel, and hot water.

If it were only that matrimony compelled to the consumption of less wine and tobacco, and to the care of the health on the slightest indication of disease, there would seem to be reason enough to account for the fact that the married man lives nearly twice as long as the single. We would therefore advise our bachelors to lose no time in getting wives, and when they have got them to submit unresistingly to a short allowance of wine and cigars, and accept gratefully the domestic gruel and cuddling.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Another Letter to Epicurus.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I am very glad indeed that my letter was so agreeable to you that you wish me to write a little more upon the same subject. I do so very willingly, because, although there is a great deal of gormandizing and extravagance in eating in our beloved country, we have not yet learned the great art of eating in the best way and for the least money. There are people among us who are pinched upon an income which ought to enable them to live comfortably here, and even luxuriously in many pleasant parts of Europe; and one chief reason is the waste in the kitchen department. By this I mean not the waste of extravagance merely, but of ignorance. It is a waste akin to that of some foolish Western farmers, who build their stables near running brooks in order to get rid of the manure easily. Now manure is the farmer's gold mine, and he might as well use his greenbacks to light his pipe as throw away the sweepings and scrapings of his stable.

You will think it very strange in me to say so, but when you are engaged to Miss Lucille—and I hope, dear Epicurus, it may be very, very soon; for I have watched you and her for months, and I knew what would come of it, almost as soon as you did, such is the perception of the long experience of a social sentry in the higher circles!—I say, when you are engaged, you can do no wiser thing than to dine once a week at Delmonico's with Lucille and her truly dignified mamma, upon condition that you get permission to explore the kitchen and ask questions. You will find, as the erudite and experienced M. Blot would tell you, that there is positively no waste. Every thing is made to tell. The very dry bones furnish a delicious nucleus of soup. The shreds and parings are invaluable for garnishing, and flavoring, and seasoning. The cook in that renowned eating-house would serve you an exquisite dinner from what your own domestic Biddy would reject as impracticable and useless.

I can see you smiling as you read because you are thinking that it would not help your future kitchen to see how economically a French cook manages; and you are quite ready to tell me that the French are not a proverbially neat folk, and that cat cutlets are not attractive even during the bewilderment of the honey-moon. Very well. Did it ever occur to you and to Miss Lucille to ask why our kitchens are such roots of family bitterness? You will very soon, I hope, have a kitchen of your own. You will be willing to spend a very pretty sum for your housekeeping, and you will expect, and have a right to expect, a good dinner—not a dinner like a public banquet to a distinguished fellow-citizen, but a feast which is both economical and wholesome, physically and morally, because it is well cooked. The true excellence of dinner is not in the variety and rarity of the viands, but in the skill of the preparation. The great tests are very simple. The making of bread, the boiling of potatoes, the broiling of a steak to a juicy turn, these are the perilous points. If Biddy can double these she is safe.

The question then is, how will you secure the good dinner which you will properly expect and will gladly pay for? It is a question to be answered, Miss Lucille, not in Paris nor in Vienna (where the cooking is in some material respects even better than in Paris), but in—Wisconsin or California as well as in New York or Philadelphia. And it is a question, dear Epicurus, which we can, at least theoretically, answer. There is but one way in which you can be sure of a wholesome and economical kitchen; and that is not only by the personal supervision but the practical knowledge of Mrs. Epicurus. Can Miss Lucille bake a loaf of bread? Can she boil a potato and serve it so that it breaks asunder with dry mealiness? Can she broil a beef-steak so that it transcends the finest *filet* of horse *aux truffes* at the best of the Paris cafés? Don't sneer at the question, and with a noble toss of your handsome and indignant head inform me that Miss Lucille Chignon is neither a cook nor a chamber-maid. How shall we ever understand each other if you take to the lofty style? I beg leave to inform *you*, Mr. Epicurus Ingot, that every American young woman, of whatever wealth or society, ought to be a good cook and a dextrous chamber-maid.

Why, my dear Epicurus, you have dined with me at my bachelor quarters on a roast leg of mutton and a dish of scalloped oysters and an apple Charlotte; and you complimented me upon my waiter, as the quietest and nimblest and best you had encountered any where. I flatter myself that you spoke truly. But why is he so good a waiter? Because I am a good waiter, and I taught him. When he first came to live with me he was no wiser as a waiter than your Biddy will be as a cook. The very first day revealed to him the great truth that I was master of his business; and his progress from that moment was consequently astonishing. We all like to shirk work a little, you know; but when we discover that the boss understands the details just as well as we do ourselves, we may throw up our engagement but we don't try to shirk. Look at this in its highest aspect. We all know that conscience *is* the most powerful impulse toward a divine life. What is conscience but the sense of the constant observation of perfect wisdom?

Dear me! I have got up into a very high pulpit, but I descend again to the kitchen; and I say that Miss Lucille ought to know how to cook in order to direct her Biddy who does not know. For the simple fact with which we have to deal is, that the vast majority of people who cook our dinners are not cooks at all. They are generally poor Irish women who must make a living, and who therefore warm more or less various articles of food and demand high wages for it. That is not cooking. The performance that takes place in most kitchens of which you know any thing is not cooking. The feast to which people sit down is generally any thing but a dinner. By paying very high wages you may sometimes obtain a person who does pretty well. But some of us can not pay very high wages, and besides they are not always sure to secure what we wish.

Now I ask Miss Lucille, as a sensible American woman, to look straight at the situation, and answer me whether it is not a great deal easier and wiser to acquaint herself with the mystery of cooking at the necessary cost of time and trouble than to be utterly helpless in the hands of ignorance and laziness? If she does not, her housekeeping will be a mere lottery. Sometimes she will draw a prize, larger or smaller, but generally she will draw a blank. There will be horrid and constant disappointment. My good Epicurus will be as gentle as he can. He will bite his lips and hold his tongue over the daily wreck and waste of the dinner-table. He will feel his digestion and his health succumbing to the Biddian atrocities which are daily served for food. But, I greatly fear, that sometimes the barriers of forbearance and silence will give way, and a tremendous freshet of wrath will overwhelm for a time that happy household.

As you are perfectly aware, my dear Epicurus, it is constantly said that marriage in this country becomes more and more impossible. Why? I think the reason is simple. It is because the woman is ceasing to be a helpmate for the man. Last Thursday evening I went to the great ball at Mrs. Top Nottery's. It was a brilliant, and beautiful, and profoundly melancholy spectacle. The dancing music reminded me of my youth, when Mrs. Nottery was plain Susan Simple, and I used to step with her in the decorous quadrille. In those delightful days, I remember, I used to cut the most irreproachable pigeon-wings, and as for Susan—however, I must not betray myself by garrulity. Let it suffice that I find very little of the Susan Simple in Mrs. Top Nottery. Now at this famous ball I saw the loveliest young women bedecked with flashing gems and clad in the most shining raiment, who, as they floated and glided through the waltz, would certainly have persuaded his Highness the Sultan of Turkey, had he been present, that he was assisting at a reunion of houris in the blissful paradise of his faith. The Sultan, however, was not present; but Frank Blithely was, and as he came panting out of a prolonged and triumphant whirl, he looked at me perspiringly, and said,

"Uncle Bach, I am Ixion in heaven."

"Why so, Frank?" I replied.

"Because I can be admitted to the society of these angels only in this evanescent way. It's only Tom Ruby, and Jack Pearly, and Ned Turquoise who can *live* in heaven. Look at this lovely partner of mine. Do you think I could keep her in precious stones and silks, laces, kids, carriages, and silver plate? Splendid dancer—but matrimony? Why, what could she bring to the partnership? Smattering of French, a little crochet, expensive habits, social ambition, and—practically—total helplessness. Charming girl! Fine figure-head for Ruby's table. Stunning Mrs. John Pearly. But Mrs. Francis Blithely? Jingo, no! Couldn't afford it."

At that moment a soft voice, proceeding from the rose mist of drapery and gleaming lights which he called his partner, said, quietly, "Shall we have another turn?" and away went Ixion whirling through heaven.

Now, my dear Epicurus, do you understand why I called it a melancholy spectacle? If that pretty girl, that lovely young woman, instead of being a mere Parisian doll for the holidays, had been able to boil a potato as well as to waltz—had been, in a word, as fit to be the mistress of a household as she was to judge of the exact height at which her hair should be coiled upon her head—I should have laughed the Intelligence Offices to scorn. For here would have been a woman instead of a puppet, and I should never have mistaken her for the wax lay-figure in the window upon which Madame Modiste drapes her costliest wares. It is agreed upon all sides that there must be a reform in the kitchen. So there must, and it must begin in the parlor. The forecastle will be what the captain's cabin is. If he knows every rope in the ship woe betide the lubber who is ignorant. If Lucille will practically master the art of Delmonico's kitchen, Biddy will be as valuable as Soyer; and you, dear Epicurus, in the happy future days, will not be obliged to give me an invitation, which I hereby most cordially accept, to dine at Delmonico's, instead of at your own table. Good-by, then, until Thursday at six.

Your grateful friend,
AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

INFANTS' CLOTHING.

WE have been repeatedly requested by our correspondents to furnish some information about infants' clothing. We gladly comply, premising, however, that in our search through the best furnishing-houses in the city we have found but little novelty in long-clothes.

White goods with soft finish are selected for infants' robes. Nansook muslin and mull have the preference. The robe may vary from a yard and an eighth to a yard and a quarter in length. Skirts longer than this are only made to order. They are inconvenient, and seldom called for. Puffed dresses, with robed front, require from three and a quarter to four yards of muslin; tucked robes from two and a half to three, according to the number of tucks.

Clusters of cord-like tucks, puffs of sheer muslin rolled on each side, and cambric ruffles evenly gathered and fluted, are pretty and inexpensive trimmings for these tiny garments. When neatly fashioned, a skillful laundress will make them rival in beauty elaborate dresses of lace and embroidery. Valenciennes is the most suitable lace. Embroidery should not be used at all, unless it is of superior needle-work and small figure.

A handsome mull dress has a wide embroidered border around the skirt. Above this are eight rows of insertion, of the same pattern as the scalloped border, alternating with clusters of fine tucks. This trimming composes nearly half the skirt, which is a yard and an eighth long. The body and sleeves are made of tucks and embroidery, with a Valenciennes fluted edging about the neck. The price is $70. For descriptions of more elaborate dresses we refer our readers to former Numbers of *Harper's Bazar*.

A dress easily imitated has a robed front of diagonal puffs an inch wide, separated by tucked bands edged with Valenciennes.

A gored night-slip of soft cambric is cut with sleeves, body, and skirt in one piece. The high neck is formed by a circular yoke of puffs half an inch wide and narrow cambric insertion. Draw-strings under an embroidered band make a belt in front, to which are sewn long strings that tie behind. The skirt is a yard long, with tucked border above the hem. $7 is the price.

Flannel skirts are elaborately embroidered with silk in vines and scalloped. Others have narrow tucks, with braid above them, or a Greek pattern in chain-stitch, or Amozine embroidery. The new braiding attachment to Wheeler & Wilson's machine makes a pretty trimming for infants' flannels, resembling star-braid.

A skirt of linen lawn is cut with neck-fall and sleeves in one piece. Hexagon-shaped medallions of Valenciennes set in narrow embroidered bands with fluted lace border make the pointed fall in front and back. Price $10. One at $14, of fine linen cambric, has the entire neck-piece of French needle-work. Sleeves of wide lace. Another of the same price is made with a yoke formed of lace, barred with transferred leaves.

White cambric bibs wadded and quilted are

preferred to those made of Marseilles, as they are softer and thicker. When prettily embroidered in medallions and scalloped at the edge they are sold in sets of half a dozen for $10. Plainer ones are trimmed with Cluny lace and Irish tatting.

A christening cap of Valenciennes has clusters of needle-work transferred on the crown and head-piece. Narrow satin loops form a ruche around the face. Lining of soft white Marseline silk. The price is $9. Those used for ordinary wear are of patent lace, with pink lutestring ribbons.

There are pretty little embroidered shoes of white and blue satin at $2 a pair. Others knit of zephyr wool wash without losing shape. Still others are of cashmere, braided and embroidered.

A curtained Fanchon for a baby girl is of white satin, quilted in diamonds, with crystal beads on the points of the diamonds. Ruche of looped ribbons bordering the front. Strings of white lutestring. Price $8.

A boy's hat of blue velvet is turban-shaped, with a half rosette in front of double bias velvet plaits and lace; ear-tufts of lace and white satin—$12. Another of blue satin has a covering of Irish tatting.

An infant's Afghan, or carriage blanket, of white double zephyr is knit in rows of open work with shell border. Colored ribbon inserted through the openings may be removed when the blanket part is washed. Price $9.

INFANTS' BASKETS.

A beautiful basket, round, instead of the usual oblong shape, is lined with blue satin. Swiss muslin puffs an inch wide of reversed plaits, with Valenciennes and appliqué insertion between, cover, without concealing the satin lining. The curtain of blue satin is pointed with a quilled ribbon border. A chenille tassel is placed at every point. Satin pockets at the side are covered with Valenciennes set in bands of Swiss to make it strong. Each pocket has a different medallion. The pin-cushion in the centre is covered with an exquisite piece of lace with a scalloped edge. The top of the basket is surrounded with a double row of large field daisies of blue and white crape. $60 is the price asked, including combs and brushes of yellow ivory, pins, and Lubin's *violette* powder.

A plainer basket is of Swiss, over pink cambric. The gathered curtain has a tucked border. A double ruffle around the top is also tucked. Pink ribbon quilling on the pockets, and large rosette in the centre. A square basket covered with dimity is neat and serviceable. One at $10 is prettily embroidered and scalloped around the curtain. Wreath in the centre and corner pieces. Cushions at the side, and pockets.

Necklace and sleeve loopers to correspond are made of the pale Naples coral and of turquoise.

SHORT CLOTHES.

A French slip, intended as a day-dress for a child in short clothes, is made of soft lawn. It has a high-necked, pointed yoke, into which a width and a half of the goods is gathered, forming the body and skirt. There is no belt to the dress. A ribbon sash is tied around the waist. The yoke is formed of narrow puffs, with cambric insertion between. Skirt and sleeves are trimmed with puffs and bunches of tucks. Lace around the edge of the skirt, at the wrist and neck.

There are pretty little aprons of dimity, of linen, and of diaper, made high at the throat, with long sleeves, and circular skirts sewn to a plain body. Short lappets are placed around the waist merely for ornament. The trimming is tatting, Cluny edging, or shell ruffles. More dressy aprons are sacque-shaped, low at the neck, and open under the arms, fastening at the sides with ribbon bows. These are elaborately embroidered. Yoked aprons with belts and gored aprons with bibs are very pretty. The trimming of puffs and tucks is placed down the gored seam and around the whole garment. The pockets and ends of the strings are also trimmed. Colored lawns, blue and pink, are inserted around others as a border. Some imported aprons are of sheer cambric with bretelles, belt and pocket beautifully embroidered with French needle-work.

We have spoken before of the walking dresses with large capes. A pretty one for a child of three years is of white silk plush with blue polka dots. It is wadded and lined with silk, and trimmed with blue and white cords. The price is $20. For a boy of the same age there is a sacque of scarlet and white plush lined with scarlet silk and wadded. It is slashed and vandyked on the sleeves, at the sides, and in the centre of the back, disclosing white silk bands quilted. The vandykes are piped with red and white silks. A button is placed on each point. A hood collar is lined with alternate red and white plaits, with points and tassels. Price $15.

A white corduroy over-coat for a boy of four years old has a blue satin trimming pointed and edged with crystal braid. Another is a gored pelisse of white cloth dotted with blue. Triangular pieces of white quilted silk, with revers of blue plush form the trimming.

A convenient suit for a boy is a low-necked blouse of gray poplin, with gored skirt, and an over-jacket to be worn with it in the street.

Fancy dresses for children should always be made of material that is easily washed. A pretty little evening dress of India muslin, to be worn over a blue glacé slip, is made with a belt and full-gathered waist. The white skirt is formed of lapels left separate from each other and flowing, trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and lace. Sleeves and body to correspond. Blue ribbon an inch wide is latticed over the skirt in large diamonds to keep the lapels in position.

For boys there are shirt waists of linen with embroidered fronts, collars, and cuffs, handsomely made, for $5. Others more elaborate are of linen cambric, front and back trimmed alike with puffs and embroidery. These are worn with round velvet skirts, or with trowsers. The graceful Bismarck suits, which we have described before, are now cut diagonally across the breast. The full trowsers are gathered below the knee. Made of gray tweed they are prettily ornamented with Amozine embroidery. Handsome suits are of black velvet without trimming. The pantaloons are scalloped on the outer seam, and bound with a black silk braid. Large crocheted buttons. Three yards of single-width material is required for a boy of seven years.

Full Highland costumes of gay plaid are worn. A serviceable and graceful coat, called the Grant, is shaped like the loose Knickerbocker, but with belt in the back. Vests are only worn with fly jackets, cut away in front, and loose behind.

Over-coats are of the Balmoral and Mackintosh shapes. The former has a cape in the back, the latter in front. The Balmoral is preferred. A yard and a half of material is required for a boy six years of age.

EVENING ATTIRE.

The Pompadour colors, blue and pink together, are in vogue for evening dress. A Parisian ball-dress has an over-skirt of blue crape dotted with silver, on white crape. Knots of pink satin sprinkle the skirt, and bouquets of pale roses from an apron and bertha.

Satin is very much used in conjunction with tulle, not only beneath it as transparent, but as peplum over-skirts, as tabliers or aprons, and as open trains over two or three tulle skirts. It is made into berthas and sashes, and the Marie Antoniette fichus that form a noticeable feature in the best toilettes of the season. It is also arranged in folds with pearl trimming and blonde lace to form braces or bretelles for low-necked dresses of gauze and self-colored silk.

A graceful dress of black tulle, suitable for mourning, has the whole skirt formed of waving puffs with black satin rouleaux between. It is worn over a gored dress of soft lustreless silk. A full parure of cameos, white onyx heads in an elaborately-carved jet setting, without a particle of gold visible, were the ornaments.

White crape is used for trimming ball-dresses. It is scarcely so becoming as tulle, but is preferred on account of its novelty and its peculiar glistening in the gaslight like hoar-frost. A beautiful evening dress, worn by a blonde, is of a delicate new shade of green *faille* (another name for poult de soie moiré), with white crape bertha and tunic, with reversed plaited puffs around the trained skirt. The coiffure for this Undine costume is a wreath of miniature water-lilies of white crape, rising like a diadem above the short curls on the forehead, twining around the chignon and falling on the shoulders. The jewels are of the novel stone called chrysopras, now so much sought after in Paris, and just introduced here by one of our leading jewelers. It is a lovely green shade, lighter than the emerald, and not so brilliant, slightly clouded, but a clearer, purer color than malachite.

The Parisiennes have a new invention for looping ball-dresses, called a *porte-jupe*. Two jeweled brooches united by a gold chain are placed, one at the waist and the other near the edge of the skirt, looping gracefully the long material between them.

Another French caprice is a jeweled chatelaine. A gold hook, set with precious stones, is fastened to the belt. Suspended from this hook are chains to which are attached a locket, a pencil, tablets, and a vinaigrette.

Enameled humming-birds, peacocks, butterflies, bees, and even spiders, are fashionable French ornaments. One lady, it is said, wears aquarium ear-rings—tiny crystal globes, filled with water containing gold-fishes, a lobster, etc. The ring passing through the ear is of enameled gold representing sea-weed. Collars of scarabæi and of Brazilian beetles, with long pendants, are linked together by gold chains.

BASCHLIKS.

Baschliks, or hood-bonnets, are worn for driving and for evening parties. It is not necessary to describe their shape, as they have been illustrated in former Numbers of *Harper's Bazar*. They are warm and comfortable and exceedingly becoming. Young ladies wear them of blue or rose-colored satin, quilted in diamonds and bordered with swan's-down, or of white cashmere or silk, with quilted lining, and embroidery of floss and seed pearls. They are fastened by buttons and loops, or silk cords and tassels of camel's-hair. Very elegant ones are made of lace, lined with silk. Chantilly is worn over crimson, and point lace over blue silk. Elderly ladies prefer them of black velvet or satin, trimmed with lace or fur.

A kind of baschlik is also worn in Europe by skaters. It is of the material of the dress and redingote, and trimmed to match. A square head-piece is continued in long lappets down the front, crossed under the chin, again at the back, and fastened upon the breast with a brooch.

VARIETIES.

The highest Parisian authorities affirm that flat, gored skirts are soon to be superseded by ample flowing garments. Already costly materials are ceasing to be cut up into Gabrielle and Empress dresses, and pleats are worn at the sides and behind. We sound the note of alarm to our readers most regretfully, as we are convinced they will not willingly relinquish the present graceful style.

Pretty work-baskets of Russia leather, pale gray or brown, more durable than wicker, are lined with blue satin and quilted. Pockets at the side contain all the essentials for needle-work. Chatelaines of the same material hooked to the belt have long chains, holding cases for scissors, needles, and thimble.

A pretty cravat, or necklace, to be worn with a standing collar, is a band of black velvet studded with jet nail-heads. Bow and ends in front. Trellised loops of jet beads are suspended around the band.

Diadems of gold, of cut steel, and of silver ornament imported bonnets. Velvet tiaras and coronets of flowers for evening coiffures are high in the centre. Foreign correspondents talk of high-crowned hats without brims, all of which seems to foreshadow a decided change in the shape of chapeaux.

An elaborate breakfast-dress of imperial satin serge is of the brilliant ruby shade called Mentana. It is a regular Gabrielle in shape, with long train and flowing sleeves lined with white. The trimming which surrounds the whole garment, forming a pyramid on the back width, is a vine of black velvet appliqué, with jet braided border. Black velvet collar and long girdle lined with satin. The carriage-dress described in our last article was $175, unmade, and not $1 75, as the types made us say.

PERSONAL.

THE droll story of Mr. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN's advertising in London for a small party to accompany MRS. ELLET on the Continent, and several infants having been sent to the lady's residence, turns out to be a *canard*, as we are assured by the eminent authoress herself.

—Mr. OAKEY HALL is one of the quickest but most demure of wits. In the Recorder's Court, on the last day of December term, he called Judge HACKETT's attention to the fact that this day was the last of his official term, and therefore begged to recommend his successor [himself] to the favorable consideration of the Court.

—Foreign musical people are not forgotten by lovers of the heavenly art in the outlying region of Westchester. The great Norwegian violinist has been remembered by Mr. GEORGE QUINTARD, of Rye, who has some famous imported stock, and who has given to one noble animal, a bull, the name of "Ole."

—Senator THOMAS J. CREAMER, of this city, the youngest member of our State Senate, graduated with the highest honors of the Free Academy, and has fought his own way to his present position. He is a gentleman of fine address, and a clear, fluent, and forcible speaker. Not long since Mr. A. T. STEWART presented him with a house and lot worth $30,000, as a testimonial of respect for having vindicated his (Mr. S.'s) character on the floor of the Assembly.

—Ex-President FILLMORE is said to be writing a history of his administration, to be published after his death. Buffalo has a Club, somewhat like the Union Club of this city, of which Mr. FILLMORE is President, and Mr. WILLIAM G. FARGO Vice-President. Most of the clever people of the town are members.

—Commander RALPH CHANDLER, of the United States Navy, is the first officer who has practically applied the use of steam on board ship as a disinfectant. Several cases of yellow-fever of most malignant type occurred on the United States Steamer *Don*, at Vera Cruz, and though the ship was thoroughly impregnated, complete disinfection was at once brought about by the application of a high degree of heat to all parts of the vessel by means of steam-pipes. Captain CHANDLER is from Batavia, New York, and is esteemed one of the most accomplished and competent of the new crop of American naval officers.

—The Hon. ALBERT CARDOZO, who took his seat as Judge of the Supreme Court in this city on the 2d instant, is the first gentleman of purely Jewish origin, who was ever honored by a seat on the bench in the United States or in Christendom, so far as we are informed. Judge C. is a gentleman of fine legal attainments, and enjoys the respect of the bar of New York.

—A gentleman who professes to know the fact, states that at the time of Mr. LINCOLN's death his debts amounted to $38 31.

—Mr. W. T. BLODGETT, of this city, for whom CHURCH painted the "Heart of the Andes," and who possesses some of the finest paintings in the United States, has just received from Paris, where he purchased it of the artist last autumn, GUSTAVE DORÉ's large drawing, about three feet by four, representing the contest between "Michael and his Angels, and the Dragon and his Angels," described in the twelfth chapter of the Book of Revelation. It is a superb work of art, and the only considerable original by DORÉ that has yet found its way to the United States.

—HENRY BEWLEY, Esq., of Dublin, is eccentric in his way of diffusing his surplus moneys. A large stockholder in the Atlantic Telegraphic Cable Company, he made a vow to devote the income from it to the distribution of tracts, and has just sent a little consignment of nine tons to the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago. It was chiefly, if not solely, by his liberality that the Kiosque was erected in the grounds of the Great Exhibition at Paris for the distribution of tracts and Bibles.

—Mr. JAMES M. M'LEAN, President of the Citizens' Insurance Company, has for four years past filled with great dignity and usefulness the important office of President of the Board of Education of this city. Having declined a re-election his term expired on the 31st ult., prior to which his brother members presented to him a series of highly commendatory resolutions. It is seldom that so important a branch of the public service as that of Instruction is fortunate in having for its official head a gentleman who combines high mental ability and culture with energy, common-sense, business talent, and a wide knowledge of affairs.

—We do not undertake to indorse the statement of the *New Haven Palladium* that the Rev. ALBERT S. HUNT, an unmarried Methodist minister at Brooklyn, received for a Christmas present from his parishioners an India-rubber model of a young lady, stuffed with $500 in greenbacks; but such pleasant little benefactions are worth making a note of.

—INA HILLGREEN is the name of a Swedish maiden who is said to possess greater vocal and operatic talent than JENNY LIND or CHRISTINA NILLSON at their best. She's pretty too. Just now she is warbling at the Royal Theatre, Stockholm.

—Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA's book, "Notes and Sketches of the Paris Exhibition," just published by TINSLEY BROTHERS, London (1868), is dedicated "To JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, Jun., of New York, in Memory of a Thousand Kindnesses." Mr. GRAHAM's library is one of the choicest private collections in New York, and no gentleman is better known or more highly respected among men of letters and artists at home or abroad than he. Possessed of an ample income, he is enjoying himself among the cultivated people of the Old World.

—Mr. and Mrs. RISTORI and the two youthful RISTORIS take a lesson in English every day. The children get on very well, but with the old folks the work is a little tough.

—Bishop SELWYN, the new Bishop of Litchfield, was one of the three bishops who rowed in the first Oxford and Cambridge boat-race—the other two being the Bishop of Newcastle and the Bishop of St. Andrews. It is not stated whether they won.

—Mrs. HARRISON GRAY OTIS, of Boston, who is honored with a prominent place in Mrs. ELLET's "Queens of American Society," is connected by blood and marriage with the oldest and most distinguished families in the country. She has wealth, literary accomplishments, speaks fluently four or five languages, and is quite a humorist. During the war she devoted all of her time and much of her income to our sick and infirm soldiers, ameliorating their condition and looking after their interests.

—Bishop BENJAMIN BOSWORTH SMITH, of Kentucky, now Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States, is advanced in years and unequal to the active discharge of Episcopal duties. He is a Low Churchman. Last year the Rev. GEORGE D. CUMMINS, of Chicago, was elected his Assistant and does most of the duty. Next in order of succession is Bishop M'ILVAINE, of Ohio, who is 70, and so infirm as to require the services of an Assistant Bishop (BEDELL). Bishop M'ILVAINE is a very Low Churchman. Next to him is Bishop KEMPER, of Wisconsin, High Church, quite old and infirm, and has an Assistant (ARMITAGE). Next is Bishop M'COSKRY, of Michigan, High Church, a man of stalwart frame and in fine health.

—J. ROSS BROWNE, one of the most agreeable and humorous of American authors, combines in an unusual degree an aptitude for statistics and great gravity of style in official correspondence, with the keenest sense of the ludicrous, and an irresistible drollery of expression in his books of travel. He is, moreover, a fine draughtsman, a capital musician, and has the felicity of being the father of two girls who were pronounced among the most beautiful seen in Washington on New-Year's Day.

—President JOHNSON has purchased in Greene County, Tennessee, a fine farm of several hundred acres, to which he intends to retire at the expiration of his term of office.

—Mr. ROBERT POMEROY, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, who is much in the woolen-mill line and a gentleman of taste and culture, has recently received from Europe a fine statue of Rebecca, by BENZONI, a distinguished Italian sculptor. The Emperor of Austria bid high for it, but, being unsuccessful, ordered a copy.

—Italy has broken out with a new and brilliant young dramatist, M. A. TORELLI. He had previously written some clever essays, but a new five-act comedy, entitled "I Mariti," has fairly taken Florence by storm. After the fourth representation he was designated for the prize of 3000 francs offered by the Government for the encouragement of the drama in Italy. The moral that the play aims to inculcate is that "good husbands make good wives."

—The decease of the venerable Mr. GRIMES, generally mentioned as "Old Grimes," has become quite known to intelligent Americans, and the peculiar circumstances connected with the general style of his garments has occasioned much mirth; but how few knew the name of the author of the poem, or that he died only on the 3d of January last. The Hon. ALBERT G. GREENE, of Rhode Island, was the author of that and several literary pieces that have become historical. He was a cultivated gentleman of some note in Rhode Island, and was, we believe, one of the few prominent men who had not held the office of Governor of that State.

—They are poking a little fun in England at Mr. LAYARD. His attack in the House of Commons on Dr. BEKE has revived a *bon mot* concerning him which was some years ago frequently repeated in London *salons*. A certain wit, on being urged to show compassion to the then aspirant for literary fame, answered, "Well, I admit we are all indebted to LAYARD for discovering Nineveh; but I can never forgive Nineveh for discovering LAYARD!"

—Major-General D. E. SICKLES has been elected and inaugurated Commander of the "Grand Army of the Republic" of the State of New York. His competitor was General H. A. BARNUM.

—It was not HOME the Spiritualist, but HOLMES the violinist, who married the sparkling Madame MOET, of Champagne celebrity. Madame has four "pledges" from the departed MOET, each older than her new husband; but she is pretty, possesses infinite tact, and is well known in Paris for her literary cleverness. When she went to the altar, and blushingly faltered out the customary brief statement as to "love, honor, and obey," she wore a pearl-colored satin of that delicate shade which is gladdened by a rosy tint and silver sheen, and an exquisite black lace mantilla, and over her head a black lace veil. You say, Black for a wedding! Yes, because she was a widow. Her slippers were of satin to match her dress.

—The Rev. Dr. BELLOWS, whose letters from Germany to the *Liberal Christian* form a prominent feature of that journal, furnishes, in a recent Number, a graphic sketch of the scene at the dissolution of the Prussian Parliament, and what BISMARCK did, how BISMARCK looked, and what BISMARCK wore on the occasion. "He was dressed," says the Doctor, "in the same white uniform I had seen him in at the Emperor's ball at Paris. He wore jack-boots and spurs. His fine, great head upon his tall, full figure gave him a marked superiority over the whole assembly. Power, prudence, self-possession, capacity, success, are stamped upon his features and bearing. If he is worn with care, he does not show it; perhaps he carries it in those great sacks that hang under his eyes! He seems about fifty-four, and thoroughly well-preserved. His habits are careful. He rides on horseback, and bathes in summer in the open river, a few miles from the town. He seems to possess much of the attainments of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, with a tact in statesmanship which never marked that powerful politician. If he had fallen from the skies he could not have come more opportunely, or with qualifications more out of the usual line of German statesmanship. Knowing all that German statesmen ever know, he has a thoroughly un-German dash and practical quality in him which marks him out from his predecessors, and leaves him wholly alone in his kind. With unsurpassed courage and competency, he possesses distinguished prudence and self-control. He does not undertake the impossible, nor invent a policy. He merely shapes and articulates a public sentiment which for a hundred years has waited for its crystallizing moment. He is not a moral genius, nor are disinterestedness and pure philanthropy his inspirers. But he is a patriot, and sees Prussia's opportunity to lead Germany to her destiny, and probably no man could possess qualities or antecedents better fitted to the work. An aristocrat, he puts himself at the head of the party of movement, and advocates all possible reforms in the interests of a larger liberty and a freer life. He swallows and digests his antecedents, and evidently despises all criticism which merely convicts him of disagreement with himself—where the disagreement is necessary and born of new circumstances and new opportunities. He is clearly a whole head and shoulders above not only his contemporaries in Prussia, but European statesmen in general; and the more I see of the slack, tape-tied, broken-spirited character of German politicians—dreamy, mechanical, wordy, theoretical, and inefficient—the more I admire the prompt, incisive, practical, and bold qualities of this redeemer of Germany."

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.—NO. 1.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.—No. 2.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THE NEW YEAR'S FIRST FLOWER.

FAIR little blossom, how gladly we hail thee!
Who tellest that Winter will ere long depart;
Flow'ret proemial to Spring's verdant beauties,
Though modest and lowly, right welcome thou art!

Though torpor pervades the wide bosom of Nature;
And cold o'er the wild heath the biting winds blow;
And the Frost-King, enthroned in his icy pavilion,
Throws over our mountains a mantle of snow.

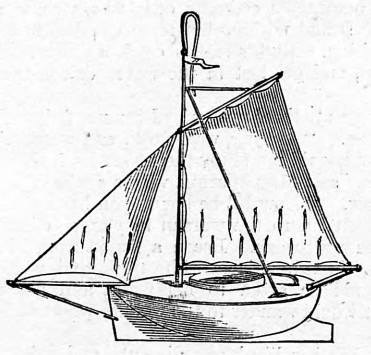
Regardless art thou both of torpor and tempest;
Thou springest and bloomest in spite of their reign:
And looking upon thee, new hopes are born in us,
That Nature, now barren, will soon smile again.

Soon Flora will come with her train of attendants;
Earth's gardens and meadows in beauty shall bloom;
The feathered tribes carol forth notes of sweet music,
And sunny beams chase away Winter's deep gloom.

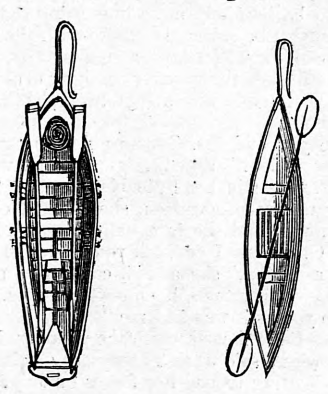
Sweet little harbinger, gather we from thee
Lessons of hope, as we gaze on the tomb,
From whence the frail bodies of saints now reposing,
Shall rise in new beauty and freshness to bloom.

GROTESQUE JEWELRY.

IN the shop-windows of the Palais-Royal jewelers and vendors of those countless objects wherein utility is invariably sacrificed to ornament, and which go under the general name of "articles de Paris," there are displayed at the present moment more than the average number of examples of perverted Parisian taste. The emulative French, proud of their success with their race-horses, are now bent upon rivaling the English, so far as "le sport" is concerned, on their own particular element, namely, the sea; and are about establishing a yacht-club, with the Emperor, Empress, Prince Napoleon, etc., as patrons. In anticipation, we suppose, of the popularity which this branch of sport is likely to attain, so far as becoming a matter of general talk among the non-amphibious Parisians, the jewelers have already produced small gold and silver yachts, of one knows not how many penny-weights' burden, as also fully-rigged sailing-

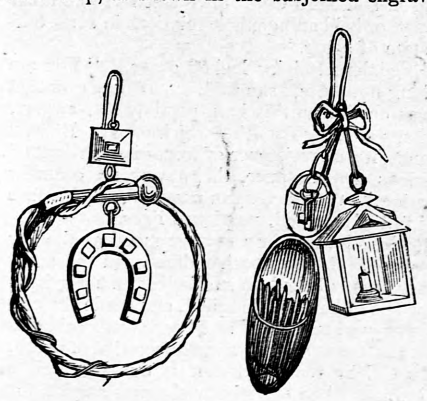


boats, cutters with oars, and canoes with paddles, for ladies to wear as ear-rings and brooches.

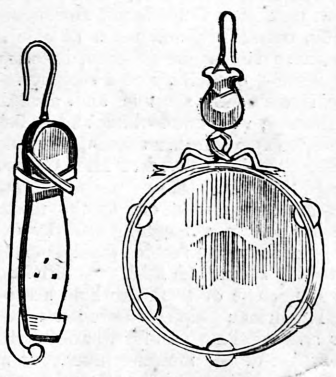


The new long satin sash for evening dress is worn, too, fastened behind with a gilt toy yacht, the ends of the sash being looped through a gold chain cable, to which an anchor is attached.

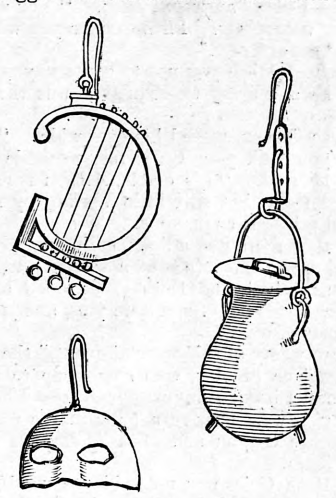
Ever since the epoch of Gladiateur's triumph the horse-shoe has been the true type of beauty in the eyes of the French ornamental artist, who has certainly applied it to every conceivable purpose. We have long been familiar with it in scarf-pins and sleeve-links; more recently it made its appearance in ear-rings, lockets, brooches, buckles, paper-weights, alarums, tobacco-boxes, watch and ink stands, and frames for carte-de-visite portraits; and on shirt-fronts, collars, scarfs, and pocket-handkerchiefs. It has now become necessary to vary the too familiar form; and we have it brought out again as an ear-ring, but accompanied by a club-headed nail and a huntsman's whip, as shown in the subjoined engrav-



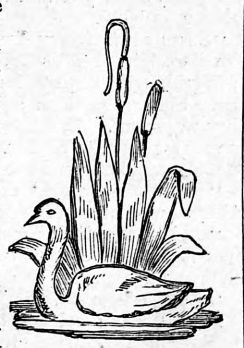
ing. Grotesque as such a collection of objects necessarily appears when seen suspended from the delicate lobe of some pretty woman's ear, it is perhaps less so than the next example, which combines a glass lantern, a gilt padlock and keys, and a "sabot" filled with imitation lucifers tipped with rubies. Skates and slippers, too, which look



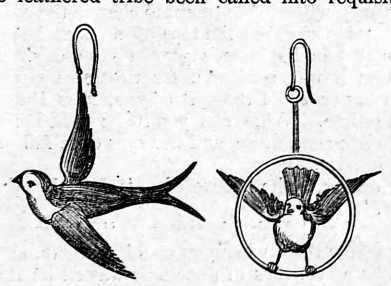
coquettish enough on little feminine feet, seem certainly out of place, though they be of gold and miniature in size, when attached to the organs of hearing. The tambourine and castanet in gold-and-white enamel, and the classic lyre swung upside down, may be tolerated. Where is the handsome woman who would venture to suspend to her neatly-chiseled ears a couple of three-legged caldrons of the size and form of the



one represented in the engraving? And what shall we say to the mask, which is, however, elegant beside the pair of golden grinning death's-heads above the customary cross-bones, which one saw worn as ear-rings at a "bains-de-mer" casino-ball last season? A horrible fancy, on a par with that with which Frenchwomen were seized in the days of the Terror, when they wore small gold and silver guillotines swinging in their ears, or fastened as brooches at their bosoms, or as combs in their hair; where a few years previously, when famine prevailed and the wretched peasants were dying of positive want, the court ladies at Versailles wore jeweled cornucopias bursting with golden ears of corn which trailed down the side of the head.

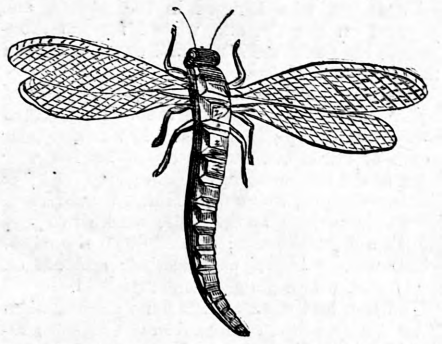


The swan, reposing like Moses among the bulrushes, is a pretty enough object in frosted silver, with the leaves and stalks of the bulrushes in green enamel, and the tips of amethyst; but it certainly looks out of its element dangling from a lady's ear, which, being, by-the-way, neither an aviary nor a poulterer's shop, is hardly the proper receptacle for flying swallows, pert young sparrows perched in rings, and flapping their wings as though about to take their first flight, birds just dropping down on their golden nest of pearl eggs, braces of dead pheasants or hares hung up by their feet—all of which, and many other similar objects equally or more fantastic, are to be seen in the form of ear-rings. Not merely has the feathered tribe been called into requisition

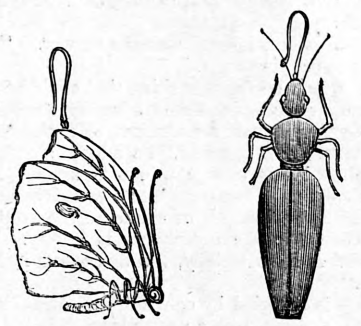


for this purpose, but jewelers have produced for those ladies who care to adorn their ears with such trifles, both horses and stags, or their heads or hoofs merely, and even golden elephants of a moderate size, which can be swung to the ears by the top of the Oriental pagoda which these animals carry on their backs. There

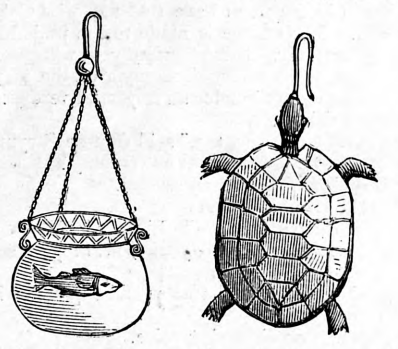
are, moreover, insects in great variety, of which the glittering green beetle is just now the especial Parisian favorite. One serves as a sleeve-link; a couple or more form ear-rings; four joined together *dos-à-dos* form a brooch; a dozen are sufficient for a bracelet, while a score will serve as pendants to a gold necklace. Hats and bonnets, moreover, are spotted with them; so, too, are ball-dresses. Besides beetles, our art-students in entomology for the purposes of "bijouterie" have produced every description of fly, from the small common house-fly to the grand dragon-fly, with his tinsel green body and golden gauze wings, together with spiders, lady-birds, grasshoppers, cock-



chafers, crickets, moths, and butterflies; but somehow or other they appear to have overlooked—so far as ear-rings are concerned—the more



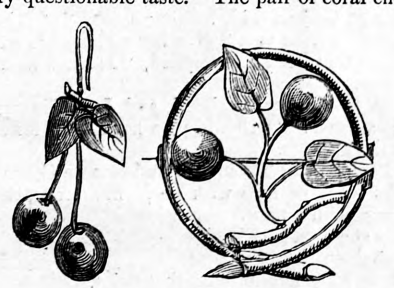
appropriate ear-wig. We also have golden fish hanging to hooks, and golden fish in glass globes, turtles, tortoises, toads, lizards, serpents, and



dancing-frogs, in enamel, malachite, or gold, and worn some as brooches and others as ear-rings, which, moreover, comprise such absurdities as small cabinet-pianos, locomotives, bellows, bunches of keys, dominoes, guitars, quivers filled with arrows, hunting-horns and powder-flasks, needle-guns and Chassepôt muskets—the latest novelty, by-the-way, introduced. Besides the foregoing there are crescent moons with grinning profiles, and long fluffy-looking feathers in the finest gold-and-silver filigree.

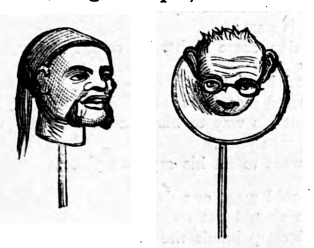
The black-and-gold flies in the pink-and-white shells will pass as articles of personal adornment, and so perhaps will the flies climbing up glass

globes and strolling over green leaves, all of which are favorite ear-rings at the present time. Objection, too, need not be taken to the miniature gold flower-basket set with diamonds, pearls, rubies, and turquoises; but the gilt pea-pod, with its half-dozen emeralds simulating peas, is in very questionable taste. The pair of coral cher-

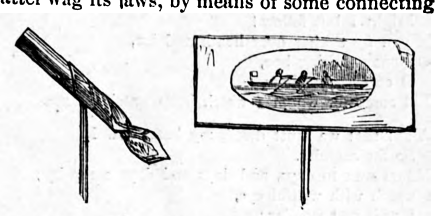


ries, with their green enameled leaves, is a pretty enough conceit for an ear-ring; and no objection can be made to the brooch; but as much can not be said of the score of pins here repre-

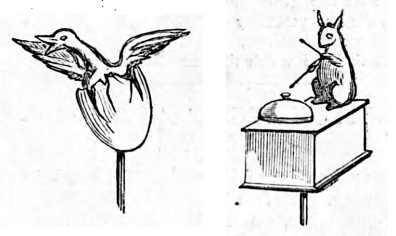
sented, and with which "la jeunesse dorée" of the present day are proud to bedeck themselves. A few months ago the pin, surmounted with a



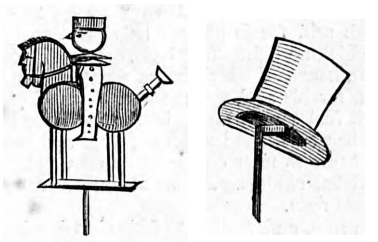
negro's head or a skull, the wearer of which could make the former wink its eyes, and the latter wag its jaws, by means of some connecting



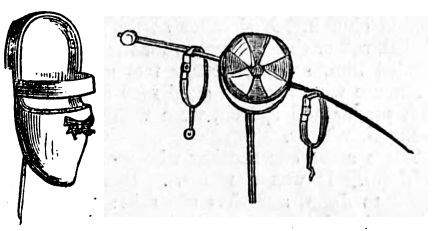
wire in his pocket, was a nine-days' wonder; but the novelty passed off, and the "gandins" of the French jockey-club are reduced, so far as breast-



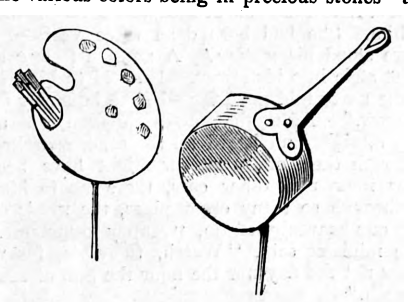
pins that shall attract attention are concerned, to such expedients as the following: a young gosling breaking out of its shell, a rabbit playing



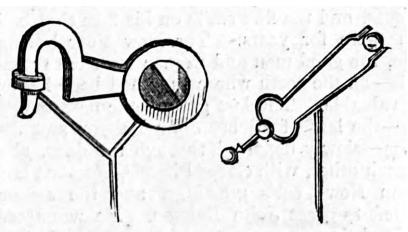
on the kettledrum, a zouave, and his counterpart a monkey; a winged jockey astride of a weathercock; a jockey-cap, riding-whip, and



spurs; a picture of a boat-race, a toy equestrian with whistle at the horse's tail—fancy the taste of the swell who could wear such an object in his scarf!—a lady's slipper, a hat and cane, a lolly-pop, a drummer, a painter's pallet and brushes—the various colors being in precious stones—a



stew-pan, a massive-looking hook and eye, and a pair of tongs, the live coal being simulated by



a glittering ruby. Other pins consist of three or four playing-cards, pewter pots and pipes, miniature barometers, cannons, bugles, rattles, monks' heads, birds' claws, squirrels with nuts, horses and jockeys in full gallop, spilt jockeys, horse-shoe nails, anvils, vices, heads of bull-dogs, etc. Tiny watches are shut up in death's-head moths and walnut shells; and sleeve-links are worn in the form of small cart-wheels and concave gold buttons ornamented with a pair of pincers.

Besides the foregoing, there are paper-weights formed of gigantic spiders and beetles, monkeys hammering corks into bottles of Champagne, and other grotesque groups; but the pink of all is a bronze cigar-holder, in the centre of which is a female, saddled and bridled, and ornamented with a fine carefully-cropped tail, and wearing a mask like a horse's head, who is leaning forward with her arms in front of her, the very picture of a high-spirited horse rearing up on its haunches. Behind is a sign-post, on which is inscribed the words: "Bois de Boulogne."

TWILIGHT NIGHT.

We met, hand to hand,
  We clasped hands close and fast,
As close as oak and ivy stand;
  But it is past:
  Come day, come night, day comes at last.

We loosed hand from hand,
  We parted face from face;
Each went his way to his own land
  At his own pace,
  Each went to fill his separate place.

If we should meet one day,
  If both should not forget,
We shall clasp hands the accustomed way,
  As when we met
  So long ago, as I remember yet.

Where my heart is (wherever that may be)
  Might I but follow!
If you fly thither over heath and lea,
O honey-seeking bee,
  O careless swallow,
Bid some for whom I watch keep watch for me.

Alas! that we must dwell, my heart and I,
  So far asunder.
Hours wax to days, and days and days creep by;
I watch with wistful eye,
  I wait and wonder:
When will that day draw nigh—that hour draw nigh?

Not yesterday, and not, I think, to-day;
  Perhaps to-morrow.
Day after day "to-morrow" thus I say:
I watched so yesterday
  In hope and sorrow,
Again to-day I watch the accustomed way.

WATCH-NIGHT AND NEW-YEAR'S.

IT was the 31st of December, 8 o'clock in the evening. Before a smouldering fire in a worn-out grate, on a chair broken-backed by time, and in a room whose corners were cob-webbed, sat John Ralston. He remembered his past: his life had been one long agony. He was an agony to the mother that bore him; she well-nigh died of his life. He was an agony to his boyish self, for in himself he shut up problems on which no light shone out of any clear crevice in the heavens. He was an agony to his manhood, for his soul was made of fire and of love. Much fuel came to him, but in the flame lay his own heart withered and crackling, and the love that came to pour on sacrificial oil was late and found but cinders. John Ralston was a broken-hearted man.

He rose, and went out of his chamber into the night. The trees in the street stood like undertaker's men at a funeral, throwing the cloak of their shadow coldly, perfunctorily over him the chief mourner. He walked he knew not whither, but God knew. He passed by a brightly lighted church. A shudder at the dark which chilled, rather than a longing for the light which blinded him, sent his weary feet straying into the house where certain good men and women, with prayer and speech, were waiting to usher in the New Year.

There arose one speaker who seemed to look at John. It was a woman. She seemed to speak to John, and thus she said: "Oh! how God pities thee! pities thee! Thou hast borne all things! O weary soul, sink not utterly, for the day is breaking; thou shalt be happy to-morrow!"

John had been crouching in the corner of a pew with his head on his hands. There was something in the voice that lifted him up. He looked full in the face of the speaker that looked at him. She had been dead three years—but there stood his *mother!* A strange feeling of quiet stole into his breast. He said to himself, "She never told me false—I shall be happy to-morrow." After that John Ralston sat up very straight and heard all the other speeches. Through them all, whatever might have been their import to other ears, there ran to him, as through so many organ-pipes, the music of that one heavenly refrain, "Happy to-morrow." The minister said, "Watch, therefore, for ye know not the day nor the hour the Son of Man cometh."

Just then the church-clock tolled twelve. John Ralston sat straight, and seemed to listen strangely straight—earnestly straight, with fixed, attentive eyes, and the first smile on his face that had been there for years. The New Year having come, the good men and women went out to begin it—on the earth where they had been happy and valuable. The last group—the next to last man—the last of all but John Ralston and the sexton—slowly departed through the door, giving each other, with clasped hands, softened and solemn New-Year's greetings, and the sexton was left to greet John Ralston. He wondered at his sitting there so straight, and gently laid his hand upon his shoulder to rouse him from his seeming fit of abstraction. He looked in his face, and said, "Come, let us go home; it is New-Year's morning."

But another messenger had said "Come" before him. John Ralston *had* gone home to spend his New-Year's morning. He was dead! with that sweet, unwonted smile upon his face.

In the dark room whence he had come out lay pens that would never again be lifted to write—lay paper, whose whiteness would never be soiled by the thoughts of a heart that this world had troubled. Pale and stiff upon his knees—pale and stiff by his side, drooped the weary ink-stained fingers which never more would hold John Ralston's pens. Scarred, yet quiet, in his cold breast lay the heart out of which no more those thoughts would come to John Ralston's papers.

He had come into watch-night out of the darkness, he had departed from it into the light. The morrow was there, and John Ralston was happy.

BROKEN TUBEROSES.

IT was a rainy day at Holly Hedge farm, and a blue day and a dismal one to the houseful of boarders, who lounged in the parlors, and yawned on the sly, and wished for the thousandth time that the sun would unveil itself and make outdoor life possible.

Somebody, looking around the room, wondered where Ruth Coles was, and the wonder started every body talking about her. It was a regular game of criticisms, carried on in an irregular way, at the centre-table, where a group read; in the bay-window, where were ladies, worsted, and inevitable tatting; at the piano, where two girls played a duet listlessly; up and down the room, where restless bodies promenaded; and out on the piazza, where the gentlemen smoked.

The talk had gone on for ten minutes, when Miss Ogleby, at the centre-table, closing her novel and suppressing a yawn, said: "She *is* an odd girl."

"In what way?" asked George Gwynn, laying down his newspaper and looking as if he considered the question debatable.

"Oh, I don't know," was the answer. "She isn't like other women."

"It would be the best thing that could be said of her that she was different from some women," was George Gwynn's comment, in a significant side tone. "But really," he added, aloud, "I have heard this charge preferred against Miss Coles before. Let us constitute ourselves into a grand jury and acquit or condemn the accused. The charge in the indictment is oddity. The plaintiff is Miss Ogleby, the defendant is Miss Coles."

Craft is revealed by conversation, and George Gwynn, you see, was a young lawyer.

"Oh no! I am sure I have made no complaint," remonstrated Miss Ogleby.

"Yes you have," said George Gwynn. "Half the ladies in the room have told me Miss Coles was odd. The charge is made to the prejudice of the young lady. Bring forward your witnesses. I am here, self-constituted foreman of the jury, ready to listen and render an impartial verdict."

Silence ensued.

"I must be lawyer, too," said George Gwynn, laughing. "Is Miss Coles unwomanly?"

"No, oh no," answered several.

"Is she strong-minded?"

Half a dozen said "No." Little Miss Waring, who made tatting in the bay-window, thought she was.

"Is she decided in character and expression?"

"Very."

There was no dissenting voice.

"Is she literary?"

"Unmistakably."

"Is she a writer?"

No one knew. It was the general impression that she had the ability to write. Whether she used it was uncertain.

"Is she shabby in her person and habits?"

"Not in the least."

"Is she negligent of home and its duties?"

"No; she is a girl with quick conscience, one whom duty would drive through fire and water," said Magdalene Shipley.

Some of the ladies made exception to that, and said among themselves that Mag Shipley's statements ought to be taken at a discount, for she was a chip off the same block, and couldn't give an unbiased opinion.

"Does she neglect society?"

No; she was one of its brightest ornaments—in fact, a belle. Jack Thompson said that, throwing away his cigar and joining the group at the centre-table.

"Is she pedantic?"

"No! Yes! No! Yes! Yes! No!"

George Gwynn counted the ayes and nays. It was a tie. "I have talked with her by the hour," he said. "My vote in the negative will decide the question."

"Is she industrious?"

Magdalene Shipley quoted from Watts:

"'How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!'

Watts's honey-bee isn't a circumstance to Ruth Coles," she added.

"A mutual admiration society! They are always hand and glove," said some of the ladies, in a rebellious under-tone.

"Is she a saint?"

Miss Waring's smile was full of contradiction. Several answered: "Not particularly."

George Gwynn said, looking straight at Miss Waring, as if he would give her a chance to express all that her smile implied, "Is she a notable sinner!"

Miss Waring only colored, and Jack Thompson answered: "I should vote her a little lower than the average."

"Pooh! Jack Thompson and George Gwynn always were in love with her," muttered Miss Waring, with a pout.

"Is she sensible?"

"Eminently."

There was unanimity on that point.

"Pretty?"

"No, not in the least."

"She is very fine-looking and stylish. I wish I looked like her."

The neutralization to the negation was thrown in by Charlotte Hosmer, a girl with great flashing black eyes and a complexion all pink and white. Every body looked at Charlotte and laughed. She was an acknowledged beauty, and the sincerity of her wish was doubtful.

"Is there any thing else?" George Gwynne asked.

There was a long pause.

"For goodness sake, ladies," he said, "will you tell me in what Miss Coles's oddity consists?"

"Well, you won't deny that she is different from other women," said Miss Ogleby, reasoning in a circle, and coming back where she started.

"In summing up the case," said George Gwynn, "I find that Miss Coles is not unwomanly, not pedantic, not saintly, and not a notable sinner. Her positive virtues are decision, industry, conscientiousness, dutifulness, and sociality. Withal, she is eminently sensible, and, according to Miss Hosmer, very fine-looking and stylish. If she is different from other women, it seems to me the difference is in favor of Miss Coles rather than other women."

George Gwynn went out on the piazza and joined the smokers, laughing heartily over his cigar. "I have given those stupid women something to talk about," he said. "Criticise Ruth! There is not one of them can hold a candle to her. Magdalene Shipley shows her good sense by her appreciation. As for Charlotte Hosmer, that was one of her master-strokes. It was an artful way to call attention to her fine complexion and magnificent eyes."

During all this talk about Ruth Coles Pope Allison read his paper as indifferently as if the conversation had been carried on in Chinese.

"Don't know her, do you?" asked Jack Thompson, slapping him on the shoulder.

"Who?" demanded Pope, somewhat ungracious in manner.

"Miss Coles," answered Jack. "You would like her immensely. I'll introduce you when I have an opportunity."

"Oh no! I beg you not to concern yourself. I like Miss Waring exceedingly," was the answer.

George Gwynn opened his eyes wide. "Ah, Jack! you took your Coles to Newcastle that time," he said. "It's odd! Allison is as far removed from that silly little Waring by intellect and principle as possible."

Just then there was a light, springing step on the stairs, the soft sweep of a woman's trailing dress in the hall, and Ruth Coles stood in the door, her hands full of odd little pins, and paints, and sheets of wax.

"I am weary of self-entertainment," she said to Magdalene Shipley, who sprang up to meet her, "and I brought my wax-work down here."

The girls went over to a table in the corner, and George Gwynn and Jack Thompson soon joined them.

"If Ruth Coles was not odd she would not bring her wax-work into the parlor," said Miss Waring to Pope Allison, who had thrown himself in an arm-chair by her side.

"Perhaps she thinks she has pretty hands. They show off to advantage in such work," said Miss Ogleby, in an under-tone.

"They *are* pretty," said Pope Allison, meditatively, twisting his watch-chain, and looking out on the driving storm.

"I thought you had not met her," said Miss Waring, wonderingly.

"It is a natural inference that all ladies' hands are pretty until you find them otherwise," said Allison, quickly.

"Just look at George Gwynn and Jack Thompson!" exclaimed Miss Waring. "They act as if they thought Ruth Coles was the world's wonder. She twists them around her finger as if they were wax. By-the-way, I think wax-work is very appropriate for her. She always tries to mould every body and every thing to her will."

"She evidently don't mould you," said Pope Allison, with an odd look in his deep gray eyes.

"Indeed she don't," and Miss Waring's black eyes flashed spitefully. "It takes a woman to understand women."

"But I understand you," he answered, quietly.

Miss Waring colored and turned from the mocking light and smile that shone on Pope Allison's face. She was a woman to shrink, not rejoice at comprehension.

Over in the corner, where Ruth Coles cut and moulded waxen leaves, Jack Thompson was saying, "That will be an exquisite tuberose, Miss Ruth. I can hardly tell it from the one you wear in your hair. You always wear them in their season, I notice."

"Yes," she answered; "In memoriam."

No one asked questions, for there was that in Ruth's tone and manner that forbade it.

"Pope Allison hates tuberoses," said Jack Thompson, with simple intent to change the subject. "He switched the tops off a dozen beautiful stalks in his sister's garden yesterday. I told him it was a shame, for tuberoses never bloom but once. I thought of you, Miss Ruth, all the time. What ails you?" he asked, for Ruth's lips were white, and her eyes were full of mute inquiry.

"Nothing," she answered. "You thought of me?"

"Yes," said Jack Thompson. "I knew you always wore them when you could get them, and this was a real case of sweetness wasted on the desert air."

Ruth made no answer, but George Gwynn noted the whiteness of her lips, and the unsteadiness of her hands. "You ought to know Pope Allison," he said. His tone was careless, but he watched Ruth as a cat watches a mouse.

"I am content with my old friends," she said, with an unnatural calm. "You—and the rest."

George Gwynn bowed. He was not satisfied, but he could say no more. Magdalene Shipley helped him unconsciously. "I have only been waiting for an opportunity to introduce Mr. Allison to Ruth," she said. "They are certain to like each other."

"Oh no!" exclaimed Ruth Coles, in hurried, frightened tones. "I have enough acquaintances. I would prefer not to know him."

"Hang it!" muttered Jack Thompson, as he strode to the end of the piazza. "I don't understand it at all. Ruth isn't a bit whimsical in general. Here is Allison, just the man to appreciate and admire her, and *vice versa*—and they won't be introduced. Well, I wasn't anxious. I merely proposed it as a matter of justice. I felt about it a good deal, as if I had a wonderful invention on which my fortune depended, and was going to show it to the man who would be likely to steal my patent. If they won't know each other I can say of myself, 'Brutus is an honorable man,' and there is a better chance for me or George Gwynn. Gwynn and I are fighting a fair battle, and at present my chances look as good as his. I couldn't see any man win Ruth without the keenest suffering. God knows whether I shall ever win her for myself, but if I don't the earth does not hold the woman worth the winning."

Had the birds, those mysterious messengers who are supposed to glean all secrets, prattled of Jack Thompson's resolve? Miss Waring had not smiled so graciously when that charming Jack, as she called him, joined the party in the bay-window. Miss Waring was wondrously vain. She liked to have a crowd around her. Men were like sheep, she was wont to say: where one went they all went. Ruth Coles had been a belle in spite of her plainness (for any body with half an eye could see that she was plain as a pipe-stem), just because George Gwynn and Jack Thompson, who were the leaders among the Holly Hedge sheep, had taken an unaccountable fancy to her. But a greater than either had come in the shape of Pope Allison, who showed his good taste by his admiration of her; and she guessed she would show Ruth Coles and Charlotte Hosmer she could play at belleship as well as they. She didn't mind Charlotte Hosmer. She understood her secret of charming; but Ruth's was past finding out. If there was one thing she despised more than another in a girl it was incomprehensibility, and she would play Ruth Coles a trick or two when she had the chance. That was the sum and substance of Miss Waring's meditations concerning Ruth Coles; and she thought she had the chance when Jack Thompson came and leaned over the *tête-à-tête* where she sat, and Pope Allison watched the movements of her shuttle as if he were stealing the art of tatting making.

"Have you mastered the mysteries of wax-work?" she asked, with one of her sweetest smiles. Jack Thompson's estimate of it was, "Such a smile! It had nothing but teeth and lips in its composition. Ruth's smiles catch a glory from the eyes, and get lost in the waves of chestnut hair."

"There are three mysteries I can not fathom," replied he. "Tatting, wax-work, and women."

"You should not study the mysteries in combination," said Miss Waring, with a shake of her forefinger. "Now I'll be bound you have given more attention to the woman in yonder corner than the wax-work. Learn a lesson from Mr. Allison. If I should teach him tatting, his whole soul would be given to his work, and not a thought would wander to the woman who taught him."

Miss Waring liked compliments, and did not scruple to angle for them. Pope Allison uttered a protest, as he was expected to do. The teacher would be infinitely more interesting than the thing taught, he said. It was so with the wax-work, said Jack Thompson, maliciously. He could hardly see the wax for thinking of the woman. He knew Miss Waring's tricks, he thought to himself.

"Are you and Mr. Gwynn going to cast lots for Miss Coles?" asked Miss Waring, with a wicked twinkle in her little black eyes. "According to her own version, she couldn't choose between you, and she is equally certain of you both. Of course, I couldn't vouch for the truth of the assertion," she added, cautiously, seeing the fire leap up into Jack Thompson's eyes. "I tell it to you as it was told me."

"Miss Coles is well worth the winning, by lot or otherwise," said Jack Thompson, obstinately.

Miss Waring turned her forces on Pope Allison. There was evidently nothing to be made in the direction of Jack Thompson. Magdalene Shipley and George Gwynn brought over some of Ruth Coles's flowers. Pope Allison turned away. He hated the odor of tuberoses, he said. "But these are wax," laughed Magdalene Shipley. "You have paid the highest compliment to Miss Coles's flowers. I must tell her."

"Please report nothing to Miss Coles that I say," said Allison, quickly. "It would not interest her in the least."

"That artful little Waring has been setting him up," was the mental conclusion of Magdalene Shipley. "He looks like a man superior to her wiles, too."

"Miss Shipley, do you believe in the doctrine of transmigrated souls?" asked George Gwynn, drawing Miss Shipley's arm in his and leading her out on the porch. "I begin to think Pope Allison and Miss Coles have met in some other planet, or held antagonistic relations in some other state of being."

Magdalene Shipley looked grave. "You are talking nonsense," she said. "If they ever met it was on this earthly ball, possibly at Newport, perhaps at Long Branch—who knows? Depend upon it, if this resistance of forces is the result of previous acquaintance, theirs was no ordinary meeting." George Gwynn assented, and his face was full of troubled, perplexed lines.

Ruth Coles was in a strange mood as the day advanced. If the weather dampened the ardor of her friends it had no such effect on her spirits. How she talked, and laughed, and made the corner merry where she sat! Miss Waring said that such exuberant spirits was an affectation of youth. Miss Ogleby remarked that it was like her to be brilliant when every body else was stupid. It was one of her odd ways. Jack Thompson pronounced it the most charming way in the world. Most women were like barometers. Every change of the wind put them in a different mood, but Ruth's spirits, the outflow of a great, womanly

heart, were above the accidents of time and place.

George Gwynn did not accept the mood with such unquestioning faith. His profession, perhaps, made him suspicious. Such spirits ought to be the result of intense happiness, he argued. If Ruth Coles was the possessor of this intensity of bliss, who or what was the cause? It was not himself. He would not dare to stake his chance just then. Neither was it Jack Thompson, he was sure of that. Had that man Allison aught to do with it?

He turned to the bay-window, where he had left him; but Miss Waring was making her tatting alone, and Pope Allison was smoking a cigar on the porch, looking very weary and decidedly out of spirits. He turned to Ruth. She was moulding a tuberose-leaf in the hollow of her hand. "Make me a heart's-ease," he said.

Ruth shook her head. "I make nothing but tuberoses to-day," she answered. Perversity was no part of Ruth's nature. George Gwynn said to himself, "The key to the mystery concerning Ruth Coles and Pope Allison is tuberoses. I will talk of them."

He did not like tuberoses, he rejoined. Their perfume was heavy and oppressive. He fancied them full of stifling grief. They hinted of irrevocable doom. They never bloomed but once, were devoid of the resurrective power that made most flowers beautiful. There was no escape from them. Old women thrust them in your face in the street. Sentimental young men wore them in their button-holes. Ladies put them in their hair, and made successful imitations of them in parlors. They were ubiquitous. He had seen them until their sight was a weariness, at Long Branch and Saratoga and Newport. He had tried to escape them on the mountains, but he had inhaled their hateful odor on the very top of Mount Washington.

"Yes," assented Ruth, in a dreamy, meditative way. The glitter in her eyes had died out, and the smiles about her mouth had faded. For a moment the woman was natural. George Gwynn's eyes flashed, as in the court-room they had lighted up at some sudden revelation developed by the examination of a witness. Like the Eastern nations, who in attempting to find a western passage to India discovered America, he had hit upon an unexpected discovery.

"You have been to the White Mountains?" he said.

"Yes," answered Ruth, reluctantly, her face crimson.

George Gwynn was getting at the truth; but it was not truth to make him happier. Ruth's talk that summer had been of Newport and Saratoga and Long Branch, and never a word of the White Mountains. George Gwynn's law experience had taught him that the subject of which the witness failed to speak until elicited by cross-examination was the vital subject.

He went to bed that night a wiser man. He had been talking with Pope Allison, and in a lawyer's circuitous fashion had learned that the White Mountains had been in his summer trip for three years. This year he had not been. "One tires of the best things," he said, in explanation. George Gwynn could have sworn that continuity was one of the man's characteristics, and that tiring of the earth's best things was not among his failings.

There was a new arrival at Holly Hedge farm next day. Marie Brewster, a shrewd-faced, merry little woman, who, on entering the parlor, made a bee-line for Ruth Coles, kissing her heartily, and vowing that she never was so glad to see any woman. A moment after, she had darted off at sight of Pope Allison, and stood shaking his hand, vowing that she never was so glad to see any man. Half an hour after Magdalene Shipley informed her that Mr. Gwynn had desired an introduction, and the landlady came to ask if she would know Mr. Thompson, he was so very desirous to make her acquaintance.

Marie Brewster opened her black eyes with astonishment. "I declare I am going to be a belle!" she said.

That night, as she stood before her mirror twisting her long black hair over crimping pins, she said to Magdalene Shipley, with a pout that was only half ill-natured: "It was a regular cat's-paw game. That handsome Jack Thompson and that young lawyer Gwynn only wanted to know me because I knew Ruth Coles. The young lawyer went around Robin Hood's barn and laid traps for me; but I understood his game, and was non-committal. It was due to myself and my friends. But I'll tell you, Miss Shipley, those two men might as well hang their harps on the willows. When Ruth marries it will be to neither of them. It was a miserable affair between her and Pope Allison. It happened at the White Mountains. Ruth's mother is ambitious. Pope Allison was a poor man before his uncle left him a fortune, and Mrs. Coles frowned on his suit. Ruth is not a girl to act in opposition to law and strict notions of duty, but she is one to wait, and suffer, and be true to the highest womanly instincts; so, while she would not marry against her mother's will, she would have waited, and suffered, and been true to Pope Allison. Poverty is not always just. Sometimes I think it predisposes one to injustice. Pope Allison could see in Ruth's hesitation nothing but lack of love; and, concluding that no woman's love was worth the having, he vowed that she should be dead to him, and sent her tuberoses. Pope Allison is a rich man now. Why do you suppose he comes where Ruth Coles is? I wanted to tear that hateful white flower from her hair to-day. You say she made wax tuberoses in the parlor yesterday? That was her abominable pride—the pride of a woman who has been misunderstood, and who can not be gracious to the rich man who thought her unloving because he was poor.

Over the morning papers a few days later the gentlemen talked of a New York fire, and great loss of property. "It's bad for Allison," said one. "His uncle's money was mainly invested in those houses."

"His career with a fortune has been after the manner of a sky-rocket," said another.

"He will find out the value of his new friends," said a third.

That prediction was soon verified. When Pope Allison entered the room Miss Waring was absorbed in conversation with a rich old sea captain, and Miss Ogleby continued a stupid game of euchre with Ruth Coles's mother. He crossed over to Charlotte Hosmer and proposed chess. Miss Hosmer was sorry, but she did not feel like it. Pope Allison's face was a study in its bewilderment. Ruth Coles was studying it. She pulled the tuberoses from her corsage and began to break them in pieces, letting them fall, petal by petal, on the floor. The act meant much, but her face meant more. Pope comprehended its meaning, and crossed over. "Will you play?" he asked.

"With pleasure," answered Ruth.

George Gwynn, looking over the morning paper, saw it all. His face fell with the falling of the tuberose petals. He went out on the porch, and stumbled over Jack Thompson, who was inquiring for Ruth Coles.

"In the bay-window," answered Gwynn. "There's no use, Jack," he added, laying a detaining hand on the other's shoulder. "She hasn't a thought for us. There was hope for us as long as she wore tuberoses, but she has broken them now."

Half an hour later, Jack Thompson, with the calmest face in the world, entered the parlor. "Won't you ask Ruth to ride, or walk, or dance?" asked Mrs. Coles, in a whisper. "She is in the bay-window with young Allison. Her conduct this morning is unaccountable."

Jack walked toward the bay-window. Pope and Ruth were coming forward. "I am sorry for you," said Jack, grasping Allison's hand.

"No need, I am sure," said the latter, smiling.

"No; of course not," answered Jack, looking at Ruth. "But it's a little hard for a man to lose such a fortune."

"I don't understand," said Pope.

"It is generally understood that your fortune went to ashes in last night's fires," explained Jack Thompson.

"I sold out my interest in those houses last week," was the complacent answer.

Mrs. Coles's face brightened. As for Ruth, she began to pick up the broken petals of tuberoses. Pope Allison arrested the movement. "That folly is past," he said. "If my lack of money made me ungenerous, don't let my possession of it make you guilty of the same fault."

"Your mother wanted me to ask you to dance, Miss Ruth," said Jack Thompson. "I am just in the mood for it. Miss Shipley, play your wildest, gayest galop. I am going away," he added as they whirled down the room. "You will soon forget me, and I shall marry some little fairy with blue eyes and golden hair. I always liked your eyes, but for a wife there are no women like the mild-eyed, flaxen-haired women."

Thinking of his words that night, Ruth Coles said, "Jack Thompson never cared for me in the least. I wish George Gwynn cared as little." That was years ago, and George Gwynn made Marie Brewster his wife long since, but Jack Thompson is a bachelor still.

*ALBERT AND VICTORIA IN THE HIGHLANDS.**

THIS is a charming little volume, covering a period of nineteen years; for, besides the residence of the royal couple in the Highlands after 1848, there is also an account of visits made to Scotland at an earlier period. The journal begins a little more than two years after Victoria's marriage, and when the Queen is still almost a child. We are sure that this journal will recommend itself to the readers of the *Bazar*, not because it is written by a queen—though that fact is not wholly uninteresting—but because it contains a beautiful story of a true woman's married life in its happiest period; namely, that in which, casting royalty aside, she takes refuge in her Highland fortress, and lives a life of undisturbed "quiet and liberty" among the hills with her husband and children. Too often, indeed, has this life to be exchanged for the deserts of court-life at Windsor; and, alas for the Queen! too soon is it finally concluded by the death of the Prince Consort in 1861.

The Queen became very much attached to the Highlands, "the dear, dear Highlands," as she calls them, and after leaving them "the English coast appeared terribly flat." "There is," says the Queen, "a great peculiarity about the Highlands and the Highlanders; and they are such a chivalrous, fine, active people! Our stay among them was so delightful! Independently of the beautiful scenery there was a quiet, a retirement, a wilderness, a liberty, and a solitude, that had such a charm for us." Her description of the country is always picturesque and interesting. Even when she is escorted by the Royal Archers Body-Guard (established by James I. and composed entirely of noblemen and gentlemen, bound always to be near the sovereign's person, and so devoted that at Flodden Field King James IV.'s body is said to have been found covered and surrounded by the bodies of these faithful attendants), she is not so much absorbed in the splendor of her cortége as in the contemplation of natural scenery and in observation of the people. Her eye catches every detail. She notices the old women in close caps, the barefooted children, the poor girls from sixteen and seventeen down to two or three years old, with their "loose flowing hair, a great deal of it red;" she looks away from her guard to the fishwomen, "very clean and Dutch-looking, with their white caps and bright-colored petticoats." The young Queen traveling with her young husband looks upon every thing with the fresh eyes of a child. Thus the view of Edinburgh from Leith is described as "quite enchanting; it is, as Albert said, 'fairy-like,' and what you would only imagine as a thing to dream of, or to see in a picture." Here is a picture which brings to mind that wonderful passage of Wordsworth about the dance of the miller and three dames "on the breast of the Thames:"

"In sight of the spires
All alive with the fires
Of the sun going down to his rest,
In the broad open eye
Of the solitary sky,
They dance—there are three, as jocund as free—
While they dance on the calm river's breast."

"We then," says the Queen, "came in sight of the Scotch coast, which is very beautiful—so dark, rocky, bold, and wild—totally unlike our coast. We passed St. Abb's Head at half past six. Numbers of fishing-boats (in one of which was a piper playing) and steamers full of people came out to meet us, and on board of one large steamer they danced a reel to a band. It was a beautiful evening—calm, with a fine sunset, and the air so pure." And here is another, of an evening at Taymouth: "A small fire which is up in the woods was illuminated, and bonfires were burning on the tops of the hills. I never saw any thing so fairy-like. There were some pretty fire-works, and the whole ended by the Highlanders dancing reels, which they do to perfection, to the sound of the pipes, by torch-light, in front of the house. It had a wild and very gay effect." The following is a description of a walk in the neighborhood of Blair castle:

"The moment you step out of the house you see those splendid hills all round. We went to the left, through some neglected pasture-grounds, and then through the wood, along a steep, winding path overhanging the rapid stream. These Scotch streams, full of stones and clear as glass, are most beautiful; the peeps between the trees, the depth of the shadows, the mossy stones, mixed with slate, etc., which cover the banks, are lovely; at every turn you have a picture. We were up high, but could not get to the top; Albert is in such delight; it is a happiness to see him, he is in such spirits.....We walked on to a corn-field, where a number of women were cutting and reaping the oats ('shearing,' as they call it in Scotland), with a splendid view of the hills before us, so rural and romantic, so unlike our daily Windsor walk (delightful as that is); and this change does us such good: as Albert observes, it refreshes one for a long time."

The journal is full of the most delightful pictures of this rural life; and in them all there is something which is deeply touching in the ever-recurring allusions to Prince Albert, whose presence was so essential to the Queen's happiness and ease. And as we reach the close, after we have read about that expedition from Balmoral to Ca-ness, how inexpressibly sad is the Queen's comment at the end—"It was our last one!"

We might, if we had space, enter into a detailed description of this delightful record. We might show how completely the Queen is undisguised in her journal, and how she appears to us only as a woman, a wife, and a mother; how she becomes sea-sick like ordinary mortals; how her little "Vicky" (the Princess Royal) is stung when she sits down upon a wasp's nest; how delighted the Queen is that "Vicky" acts so like a grown-up person, and that she is not frightened by a crowd; and how tenderly she watches Albert's moods, and admires every thing which he does or says. We might quote passage after passage full of womanly feeling—of motherly and wifely interest; but for all this we must refer our readers to the journal itself. Not the least among its interesting features will be found the sketches which the Queen made with her own hand among the Highlands and in her voyagings, and which the artist has faithfully reproduced without alteration.

It was among the Highlands that Victoria, the Princess-Royal, was betrothed to Prince Frederick William of Prussia. Here was the Queen when she first received the news of the death of the Duke of Wellington and the report of the victory of the Allies at Sebastopol. It is interesting to read the Queen's own words giving her impressions upon these occasions. The beautiful simplicity of her style adds a separate and peculiar interest to the journal, placing it among those rare works which, beyond the information which they impart, please us because of an indefinable something about them, as flowers please us because of their fragrance.

* "*Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands, from* 1848 *to* 1861, *etc.*" Edited by ARTHUR HELPS. 12mo. Published by Harper & Brothers. $1 75.

Lace Scarf.

See illustration, page 216.

THIS scarf is made of a strip of dotted black lace three yards and a quarter long and three eighths of a yard wide, bordered with lace edging. This is pleated lengthwise through the middle, and arranged in the different styles shown in the illustration. For bretelles, fasten the middle in front to the belt with a lace rosette, brooch, or bow, pass the ends over the shoulders in the form of bretelles, tie them behind in a bow, and fasten the same to the belt. For a sash, fasten the middle of the scarf with a ribbon bow on the right shoulder, and tie the ends under the left arm in a bow; it can also be tied as a sash round the waist. For a fichu, fasten the middle to the belt behind, pass the ends over the shoulders, cross them in front, and tie them in a knot behind.

Netted Silk Fanchon.

See illustration, page 216.

THE model is very simple, and may be used either as a Fanchon or for the neck. It is of white and light brown netting silk. The centre is entirely of brown silk, and is in double netting.

Begin on the front row: lay over a bar, which measures about two-thirds of an inch around, 57 stitches, and work backward and forward on the same bar 46 rounds. At the end of every round leave 1 stitch without netting, in order to form a point at the back. Now work on the other side of the foundation row a piece like the first, also in 46 rounds, and lay both halves of the work exactly on each other, so that they shall form a triangle. Next follows the lace of brown and white silk, which forms the border; this is netted in 11 complete rounds.

1st round of the lace with white silk; in every 2 of the stitches lying together on the outer edge of the foundation 1 stitch, only at each of the front corners repeat 7 times 2 stitches in 1 stitch, and net in the same manner every 2d stitch of the middle 16 stitches on the front of the foundation.

2d round with brown silk; in every stitch of the last round 1 stitch.

3d round with white silk, and over a bar which measures an inch around; in every stitch of the last round 3 stitches (3 knots).

4th round with brown silk, over the narrower bar; every 3 stitches of the last round fastened together with 1 stitch. After this repeat twice the 3d and 4th rounds. Then follows the 9th round, with white silk over the narrower bar; in every stitch a stitch.

10th round, with brown silk over a bar that measures one and a third inches; 8 stitches (knots) in every 3d following stitch of the last row—that is, two stitches missed each time.

11th round, with white silk, over the narrowest bar: in every one of these 8 stitches of the last round 1 stitch, also one stitch in the connecting stitch between the clusters of 8. Draw at the same time the connecting stitches from above under through the 2 stitches which were missed in the last round, and thus tie the knots.

This Fanchon can be made equally well of common silk or zephyr worsted.

Passementerie Trimming.

See illustration, page 216.

THIS is easily made by tatting with black silk, and adding a jet bead at the bottom of each oval.

Knitted Corset.

See illustration, page 216.

MATERIALS: coarse unbleached cotton; two fine steel knitting needles.

This corset is knitted of heavy unbleached cotton, and almost entirely in common garter-stitch. It is very warm, worn without whalebones, and commendable for its pliability. The original is fastened in front by buttons and button-holes.

Begin the corset on the front row by casting on 115 stitches; knit 12 rounds as above, slipping the first stitch of every round; then purl one round, knit one round, purl one round, which 3 rounds form a plain stripe on one side (the right) of the work; then knit 20 rounds plain. In the following round (36th) purl the first 49 stitches (the slip stitch in the beginning of each round is not counted); the remaining stitches of the round, as also all the stitches of the following round, are knitted plain. The wide, smooth stripe of 3 rounds, which, by so doing, comes upon the right side in the upper part of the corset, forms a part of the border of the first gore. This last requires 37 rounds to complete, and is knitted plain backward and forward. For the first round knit the first 14 stitches, and leave the remaining stitches of the last round without knitting. Every second round of the following 15 is lengthened 4 stitches by knitting with it 4 stitches from the row which was left. For the next round (17th) of the gore knit the entire row of stitches the full length of the corset—the first 47 plain, then 2 purled, and the remainder plain. For the 18th to the 20th rounds knit also the entire length of the corset, but in the 19th, the first 42 stitches plain, then 7 purled, and the remainder plain. For the 21st round of the gore knit 38 stitches, purl 4, and leave the remainder without knitting. The 23d, 25th, 27th, 29th, 31st, and 33d rounds are knitted like the 21st, but each of these rounds must be shortened by 4 plain stitches immediately before the 4 purled, so that the 33d round counts only 14 plain stitches and 4 purled. It is understood that the preceding rounds, for which no especial directions have been given, must be knitted plain. Now knit 1 round on the whole 115 stitches, the first 49 purled, and the remainder plain, × the return round plain, which forms the stripe on the other side of the finished gore. Now knit 14 rounds, then the 2d gore, which is formed precisely as the first.

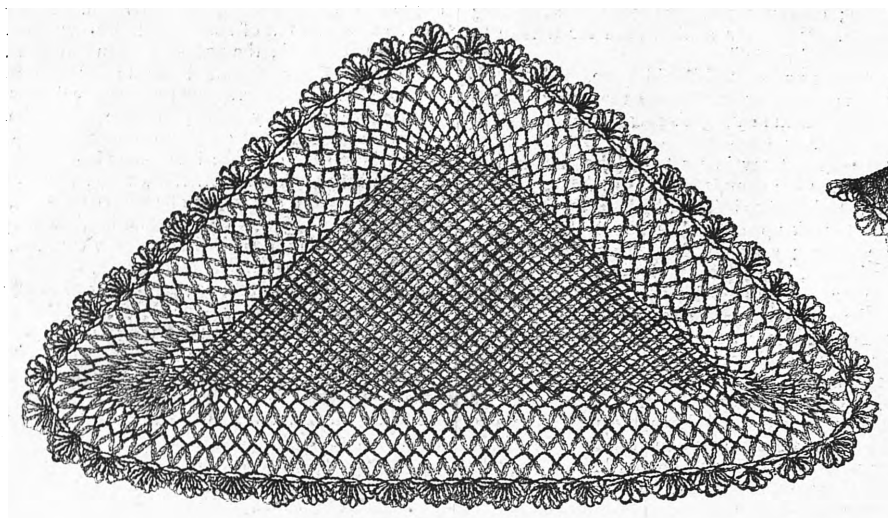
After the completion of the 2d gore, knit 3 rounds entire; then begin the hip gore, which is formed like the other gores, with the exception of being longer and broader. Without counting the plain stripe which surrounds it, and which is knit like those of the other gores, this hip gore counts 38 rounds: the first round includes 14 stitches; every second round of the next 18 is lengthened by 5 stitches; every second round of the remaining 19 shortened by 5 stitches. Having finished the hip gore, knit 18 rounds the entire length of the corset. In the beginning of the following round (19th), in the upper part of the corset, cast off 8 stitches, and in the beginning of the 21st 2 stitches, in order to form the arm-hole; knit 30 rounds on the shortened row, then form the 2d hip gore. Having completed this, knit 12 rounds, casting on 1 stitch at the end of the last (at the arm-hole); besides this, cast on 1 stitch at the end of the second round following, and 20 in the second following that. On the round thus lengthened knit 80 rounds, after which form in the middle of the back two gores, one in the upper, and one in the lower part of the corset. In forming these two gores only the 12 middle stitches are left without knitting. Knit first the upper gore, of which the 1st (longest) round reaches from the top to the 12 middle stitches. Thenceforth shorten every second following round of the gore by the 4 stitches next the 12 middle stitches; proceed in this manner till the shortest row of the corset, which must count 20 stitches, is reached; on this knit one return round, and the gore is half finished. Knit now one round the entire length of the corset, all the stitches of the upper gore and the 12 middle stitches being purled, and the remainder (which form the first round of the lower gore) plain. The next round is knitted from the lower edge to the 12 middle stitches; every second following of the next 16 rounds must be shortened by 2 stitches, and every second of those following that by 3 stitches, till the shortest row of the gore (which must count 20 stitches) is reached. Having knitted the return round, knit 1 round the entire length of the corset (the right side being on the right side of the corset); this finishes the half of the lower gore, and, at the same time, the half of the corset. The 2d half is knitted in the same manner, except that the order of the rounds is reversed. Knit first the second half of the upper gore, which must be begun with the shortest round of 20 stitches. Lengthen every following second round by the same number of stitches as were taken off in the first half. Having finished the upper gore, knit one round the entire length of the corset (the right side being on the right side of the corset); then knit the second half of the lower gore, lengthening every second round in the same proportion in which the first half was shortened. Having finished these two back gores, the corset can be completed by the directions already given. A row of button-holes must be formed in the front, 12 rounds before taking off, the corresponding buttons being on the other side. Now collect the 11 stitches lying next the arm-hole on the front, and knit garter-stitch as follows, to form the shoulder-band: the first 3 rounds knit the entire row, then every second following of the next 3 rounds narrow by 2 stitches, thus forming a little gore next the arm-hole; then knit 50 rounds, and again a little gore, of which the first round counts 2 stitches with the 3d and 5th rounds following lengthened each by 2 stitches, and the 7th and 9th rounds narrowed by 2 stitches; then knit 44 rounds, after which knit the 11 stitches still on the needle with the 11 stitches on the edge of the back next the arm-hole. Having knit the second shoulder-band in the same manner, collect on needles the side stitches on the upper edge of the corset, and knit two rounds backward and forward as usual, then one eyelet row, and finally two rounds plain, after which the work is cast off. Through the eyelet row draw a band, by means of which the corset can be drawn together.

LACE SCARF WORN AS BRETELLES.—FRONT.

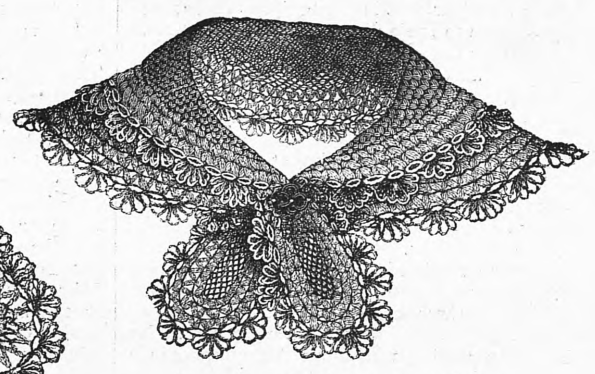
LACE SCARF WORN AS A SASH.

LACE SCARF WORN AS BRETELLES.—BACK.

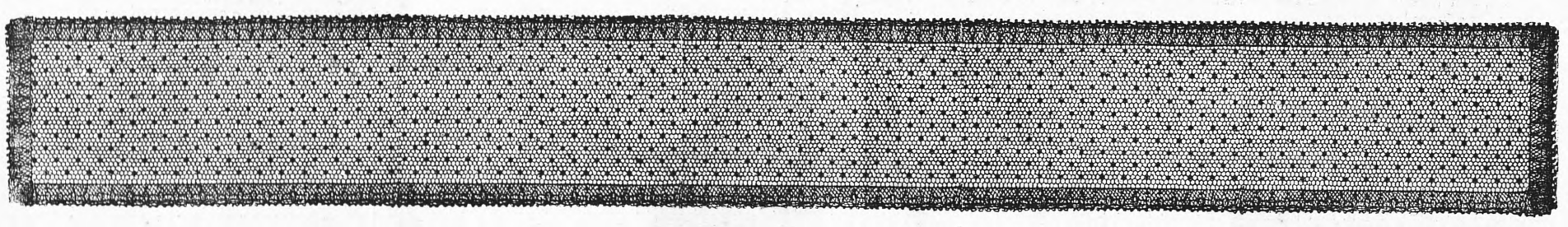
KNITTED CORSET.



NETTED SILK FANCHON.—OPEN.

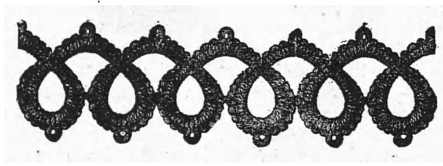


FANCHON ARRANGED AS FICHU.



LACE SCARF.

LACE SCARF WORN AS FICHU.—FRONT.



PASSEMENTERIE TRIMMING.

NETTED SILK FANCHON.

LACE SCARF WORN AS FICHU.—BACK.

Ball and Evening Dresses.

THESE dresses are all gored, with very short waists, and are worn over a chemisette of puffed or figured lace; a puffing of lace being likewise set in the arm-hole.

Fig. 1.—Dress of green taffetas, with a narrow flounce of the same material round the bottom; this flounce is surmounted by three puffings of white lace, separated by satin rouleaux. Short over-skirt of light-green taffetas, with broad, pointed flounce, covered with white lace, over which satin rouleaux intersect each other in a sort of trellis. Two long sash ends fall in the back of the skirt. The low corsage is trimmed round the neck with a narrow frill of taffetas, surmounted by a satin rouleau. White roses complete the trimming.

Fig. 2.—Dress of pink taffetas, with short over-skirt of white muslin, both trimmed with a muslin quilling.

Fig. 3.—Dress and over-skirt of lilac silk; the latter bound with lilac ribbon and edged with broad black lace. Black lace bertha.

BALL AND EVENING DRESSES.

Belt with Sash.

THIS belt is a tasteful adjunct to a ball or evening dress, and is made of the same material as the dress with which it is worn. The arrangement of the bow is new and tasteful. The original is of brown silk, the ends of the bow being trimmed with brown silk fringe. For the bow cut from the silk double, and stiff lace for interlining, each two pieces, a quarter of a yard long and an eighth of a yard wide, and two pieces each a quarter of a yard long and four inches wide. Lay the interlining between the silk, and cord each of these four pieces with brown satin across the ends and on one side; then lay the other side in pleats in the form of a fan; put the four pieces together in the manner shown in the illustration, letting the smaller pieces lie over the larger ones, and cover the seam with a loop of brown silk, corded on each side with brown satin. The ends of the bow are sixteen inches long and eight inches wide, and are made of brown silk double, with an interlining of stiff lace; they are corded on the edges with brown satin, and trimmed across the bottom with heavy brown silk fringe. The top is pleated and set under the bow. The belt is of double silk, corded on the edges with satin, and trimmed around the bottom with corded loops of silk. The belt is fastened with hooks and eyes, over which the bow is placed. Either of the other bows, of which we give illustrations, can be substituted for the fan-shaped bow. The first is made of a bias strip of doubled silk, two inches wide, with an interlining, which is formed into a rosette, with loops, the longest of which is a quarter of a yard in length. The other is a bow with ribbon loops, two inches wide and an eighth of a yard long, laid in three pleats at the ends, and finished in the middle, where the loops are joined together, with a piece of ribbon pleated three times, in the manner shown in the illustration.

BOW FOR SASH.

BOW FOR SASH.

White Alpaca Waist.

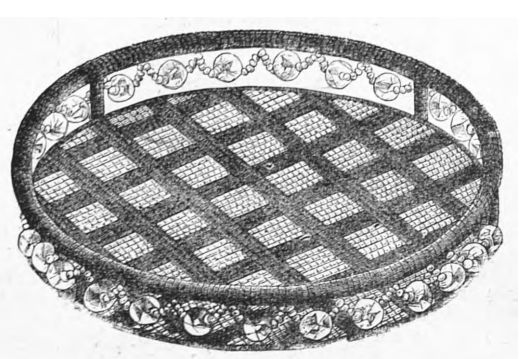
A SIMPLE trimming of blue silk and white guipure insertion simulates a bodice. The collar, cuffs, belt, and buttons are of blue silk. The silk is scalloped, in the manner shown in the illustration, and cross stitched with white crochet silk; white silk braid can be substituted for this. The pattern for this waist is found in the Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 11, Figs. 1–7, taking care to cut both fronts straight. The closing of the belt is covered by a loop of blue silk.

WHITE ALPACA WAIST.

Tray for Bottles, etc.

THE foundation is a round piece of lacquered tin. Four little pieces of wire, each about half an inch long, are used for attaching this foundation to a strong wire ring. The ring and small pieces are lacquered white. The upper side of the bottom is covered with crystal and blue beads, as shown in the illustration. Small holes made in the bottom serve to fasten this bead-work to the outer edge. The small pieces and the wire ring are wound closely with blue beads. While winding the ring, fasten thereto at the same time a string of crystal and large glass beads, as shown in the illustration. The diamond pattern of the bottom comprises four rows of the crystal, bordered by three rows of the blue beads. This tasteful and ornamental tray will be found useful for holding bottles, glasses, etc.

BELT AND SASH.



TRAY FOR BOTTLES, ETC.

LINES BY ONE WHO WAS NOT PROUD.

THE SUBJECT BEING A NEW SON.

My wife last week presented me,
On Saturday, at noon,
A conjugal, domestic pledge,
A very small Tycoon.
A wee, wee Calmuc Tartar,
A florid Mandarin,
Just like the dolls in Tuttle's store—
The squeaking ones I mean.

I call him Calmuc Tartar in
A playful kind of way,
He's such a cunning Mongol look,
Just flavored with Cathay;
A fine young Hyson sentiment,
True blue Celestial eyes,
With Oriental gums, no doubt,
And warlike China cries.

A piece of Nature's porcelain,
Fresh from the potter's hand,
Such as they make at Kiang-si,
Or in the Flow'ry Land.
So him I call such funny names,
As those of which I spoke,
Although the nurse and wife's mamma
Don't see or like the joke.

I'm banished from my chamber now,
A myst'ry reigns o'er all
The movements of my household troops
From cupola to hall.
With forms, and guards, and secret airs,
"Mum!" underneath the rose,
I'm ushered in to see my son
All smothered in the clothes.

The circumstance I've mentioned once
Or twice down town at lunch
To business friends; who slyly hint
"Of course," I'm proud as Punch.
If Punch be proud, he may have cause,
It may or mayn't be so,
But why vain thoughts should swell *my* breast
It's really hard to know.

Such things as this have been before,
And that to humble men;
The German tailor down the street
Has very nearly ten;
While Mike, who does odd chores for me,
Owns quite a little crowd.
His sturdy wife had twins to-day,
And he ain't very proud.

Winks, nods, and smiles, and cheery words
Greet me on every side,
Yet I can't feel the small Tycoon
Cause for excessive pride.
And why "think all the world of him?"
Can't see it in that light,
The acquaintance is *so very* short,
The intercourse *so* slight.

The chances yet have been so rare,
So very, very rare,
For aiding that acquaintance 'twixt
Myself and son and heir.
I doubt not as I see him more
My feelings changed may seem,
May blossom into friendship,
And ripen to esteem.

'Tis very seldom now, indeed,
I see the wee Tycoon;
The monthly female tells me, though,
He'll hold a levee soon.
Dear! dear! how odd he is and red!
His nose is mine, 'tis true.
My wife is right about his eyes,
They're very, very blue.

The nurse avers she never saw
A child of such a size.
Such legs and arms! and such a back!
(The toady!) and such eyes!
That Lunar female tells great flams,
Sad flattery, and stuff;
But I see through (though Jane can not)
Her blarney clear enough.

The infant's not a shrimp, perhaps,
As Calmuc Tartars run;
But no such wild loose talk as that
For me, thou looney one!
I'm not of those who swallow flams,
Who gulp down gilded lies,
Whose geese are swans before they've grown
To half a gosling's size.

No! I will stand me like a man,
And call a spade a spade.
If dull my child, I'll call him dull,
And ill if illy made.
I almost wish, though strange 't may seem,
He some small beauty lacked,
That I might then, which now I can't,
With justice own the fact.

But graver thoughts unbidden come:
A solemn charge is here;
One that no man can contemplate
Without some touch of fear.
This human being—is it mine,
This tiny fellow-man?
Am I a pupil, little learned,
To make or mar the plan?

With awe I think, wee helpless thing,
What power's reposed in me.
There's scarcely any earthly wrong
I might not vent on thee.
Torment thy frame, pervert thy mind,
And none to hear thy cry.
In all this wide, wide world, not one
To stand 'twixt you and I.

* * * * * *

If from the din of worldly ways
I bolt my study door,
And ask our Father for my son
Honor and worldly store—
To make my boy, when ripe in years,
Through all temptations strong—
A brave and loyal gentleman,
I hope I do no wrong.

HIGH MASS IN A PARISIAN CHURCH.

IN the mind of the priest the essential features of the mass, in whatever mode it is celebrated, are always one and the same: an expiatory sacrifice, offered by consecrated priests upon a consecrated altar. But to the uninstructed spectator the scene seems essentially to vary as it is presented in different churches. The accessories of the service are flexible, and may be adapted to the construction of the building, the resources of the sacristy or treasury, and to what we may perhaps call the ecclesiastical fancy of the authorities of the church. In some of the churches of Continental Europe it appears almost wholly in the aspect of a solemn spectacle to be witnessed. In such cases the choir, where the priests stand before the altar, is often raised several steps above the common floor of the church, and separated from the congregation by a decorated open screen, consisting of a lofty but very light iron fence; and within the choir nothing is allowed to obscure the view which the congregation, looking through this screen, have of the high altar and the movements which the numerous priesthood make before it. In other churches the ceremony seems more like an oratorio to be heard than a religious drama enacting.

It is in the latter aspect that the mass is presented in the great parish churches of musical reputation in the city of Paris; and as thus practiced it forms a striking contrast to the more imposing pageant afforded to the eye in many other places where the music is far less agreeable to the ear.

Imagine yourself seated in the centre of the gray and golden interior of a vast but symmetrical edifice. Vistas of gray stone pillars and circular arches stretch away from you in whichever direction you look; and the walls, which are half hidden by the pillars, are crowded with decorations consisting of paintings, statuary, flags, and monumental tablets. The sombre hue of the lower range of arches, through which are seen these shaded aisles, is illumined here and there by a group of little candles burning before some side-altar, and by a flood of yellow and crimson tints from above. As you look you see that the arches of the ceiling, a hundred feet above you, are adorned with vast frescos painted upon gilded ground-works, while colored sunlight from the great windows there falls in bright patches on the scene below. The congregation, consisting largely of women, and those mostly old and of the humbler orders, is seated in plain rush-bottom chairs, the yellow seats and high red frames of which add a homely and cozy expression to the otherwise stately and imposing array.

The two rows of great pillars which sustain the roof, as they draw near to each other in the perspective, seem the more clearly to wall off the nave and choir, occupied respectively by the congregation and the clergy, from the side-aisles where some spectators stand. Many persons are passing to and fro through these aisles; some are worshipers going to chapels in various parts of the building, where smaller congregations are assembled; others are curious strangers marching around with hats in hand, and turning their heads this way and that, admiring and conversing in low tones or whispers. The sound of these footsteps along the stone floor does not wholly cease throughout the service.

The building is of the cruciform shape, and as we sit in the centre we have before us that part which constitutes the head of the cross, known usually as the choir. In this church the choir is not more elevated than the rest of the floor, nor is it distinguished by the decorated screen through which in many churches the officiating priests are seen amidst the smoke of incense. No such devices to etherealize the pageant to the eye are used here. Only a low rail, broken in the centre by a broad gateway, marks the boundary between the priests and the people. At each side of the gateway stands a beadle. These are men chosen for their size and imposing personal appearance, well-matched with each other, and attired in uniforms half civic half military. They wear high cocked-hats, broad bands of scarlet hanging from the left shoulder, and supporting a sword in a horizontal position just above the heels and below the skirt of a long-tailed coat, white stockings meeting the breeches at the knee, and silver lace every where. Each holds a baton crowned by a massive pear-shaped silver head, and from time to time each takes in hand also a tall lance with a gilded head, which stands usually in a socket in the floor behind him.

As you look by these guardians of the gateway into the head of the cross occupied by the clergy the appropriateness of calling it "the choir" readily appears. Were it not for the ecclesiastical robes of the occupants it would seem more like a concert-room than a church. The most conspicuous object in it is a mammoth music-book, raised aloft and open to the view, upon a huge lecturn in the centre of the floor. This book, so large and high, is useless as a book, but forms a picturesque symbol of the group of musicians who surround it. Six great chandeliers hang from the roof over the choir. All these objects fill the eye and preoccupy the attention; and the high-altar in the back-ground, with the officiating priests there, who are thus half concealed, are half forgotten by the spectator as he watches the musicians and listens to the music.

The musical arrangements are all in plain sight. The group in the centre of the space consists of a number of priests in their black and white robes and bald-spotted wigs; for priests, unlike common mortals in every thing, wear wigs to create, not to conceal, the appearance of baldness. There are also a score or two of boys dressed in robes of thin white suffused by the scarlet color of their under-robes, and wearing scarlet girdles and skull-caps. Many of the men have music-stands, and some of them have instruments, chiefly double-basses and huge brass horns. The singers are accompanied by the chancel organ, a large instrument, which just fills the space between two of the great pillars, and you can see the organist seated at it, and moving slightly as he plays. Between the organ and the chorus stands the leader, upon a raised platform, with his desk before him, and beating time as the service proceeds, and around him sit or stand several men who seem to have special parts to bear.

Around the sides of the choir, and against the row of pillars which bounds it, is a double range of stalls or pews, occupied by priests in robes indicating their various ranks. These men, with small books, seem to join in the monotonous chants, but take no part in the other music.

Upon the floor in front of these benches, and around the central group of musicians, the officiating clergy pass and repass, and take their stand here or there as the exigencies of the ceremony require. Sometimes they are in view, but sometimes they disappear behind the musicians as they approach the high altar beyond.

After some monotonous chant, led by the great bass instruments, draws to its close, you see the maestro or leader handing down sheets of music, which are distributed to the group before him. As the chant ceases the organ glides into an attractive melody, priests who were sitting at one side, and to whom copies of the music have been passed, come forward to join the group of singers, the baton of the leader indicates the rhythm of the new movement, and a man rises and commences a song. He wears the black gown and gloves of a priest; but his mien and style, and his voice, which rings through the whole church, or seems to float upon a soft accompaniment, satisfy you that he is not an ecclesiastic, and prepare you to credit an informant who says that the best singers of the Opera Comique are employed here. When the chorus take up the theme the sweet and manly voices of young and old seem to fill the resonant edifice. You hardly know whether to close your eyes and listen undisturbed, or to watch the leader as he seems to carry the expression of his well-trained choir upon the tip of his graceful moving wand. At the close of the cadence an interlude bursts upon your ear from the great organ, which is far behind, in the loft at the other end of the church. When its reverberations die away the notes of the chancel organ rise again, leaving the ear uncertain where one ceased and the other began; and then the priests and singing-boys, the basses and horns, and the Italian tenor resume their theme.

In the midst of this succession of exquisite music alternating with droning chants the ceremonial of mass goes on.

The service is commenced by the formation of a procession in the choir. After some little delay in marshaling it in the proper order, during which the singing of a chant goes on led by the great horns, the procession moves. It is headed by a priest bearing a tall silver crucifix, and a boy on either side with lighted candles; and all the clergy and singing-boys follow, chanting as they walk. The two beadles, in their cocked-hats, lead the way, their staves ringing loudly on the marble pavement at every alternate step. Thus they pass slowly down one aisle and up the other, making the circuit of the church, and returning to the choir. After a considerable interval occupied by songs and choruses a priest passes down through the congregation, sprinkling them with holy water from a brush, which is dipped in a silver vessel carried by a boy following him. Again toward the conclusion of the service, and after much more music, and many readings and chantings from different lecturns in various parts of the choir, a group of priests appears behind us, and passes up through the congregation to the altar. The central figures in the group are two boys in white robes, bearing a litter on their shoulders, which is covered with a white cloth, and on it lie two large rings or hoops of bread, surrounded by lighted candles. The priest at the altar, to whom this is carried, sprinkles the bread with holy water, and it is then carried away to a side-room to be cut up. The fragments are afterward brought in baskets by the boys, who pass through the congregation, distributing them to all who wish to partake.

WORRIED TO DEATH.

STRAY LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A WOMAN OF FASHION.

Sept. 12.—I am worried to death. Some senseless people, who ought to know better, say that the rich and the fashionable have no troubles. I'm a living contradiction to that assertion; I'm always in trouble. It seems sometimes as if every thing combined to cheat me out of my natural enjoyment. To-day, for instance, I have had bad news concerning my niece Tatty. Tatty is not a musical cognomen, her real name is Catherine. Ungrateful girl that she is, she has married her father's foreman, and the son of a blacksmith. I held up my hands in horror when I heard of it. I could not go to the wedding. Some time ago I suspected the child; I told her she made too much of the man. "Why, Aunty," said she, "he runs the factory—he is the most important man in the business; papa calls him his right hand."

"Only a better sort of machinery, child," said I; "it's no reason he should presume."

"He don't presume," cried Tatty, indignantly, and then talked of heart and sentiment and natural nobility and that sort of thing till she nearly drove me into hysterics.

When I think of what I have done for that girl I despair. Years of toil, hours of anxiety, hundreds of dollars have I spent upon her. It would not have been so bad if the man she has married had been presentable; but he has an awful beard, a ferocious head, and he won't wear gloves. He is neither young, graceful, nor even, to my idea, handsome. Tatty says he is "magnificent!"—misguided child.

Very well, it is over. I tried to do my duty by my niece; I was proud of her as soon as I saw that she gave promise of beauty. She has my chin, and the Pendleton hands. Her eyes are Crosswicks—that's her mother's family; but she has inherited her nose and chin from *us*. She was my *protégé;* for months, indeed for years, she spent her winters in New York. I gave her parties, I gave her style—in fine, I flatter myself that I made her. And after all she has disappointed me. One would never believe the pains I have been at, and the worry I have had, to provide a fitting match for that girl. Such splendid offers as she has refused, all to lay her heart in the hand of a common engineer. There was Colonel Dartmore, with his millions. If she had married him she would have been a widow now (he died three months after he proposed, poor man), and held her head with the highest in the land. He was seventy, and had lost the use of his right hand by palsy; but he worshiped her. "To be the husband of so lovely a being," how often he has said to me, with a sigh, "I would give all I possess in the world." And now his millions are divided among a dozen charities, and she has stooped to share the humdrum life of a factory foreman, in the midst of old women and pauper children. I shall lose my wits if I think about it.

Then there was young Asheep—such a match, and such a fortune! It nearly broke my heart when she refused him. When I laid before her his many attractions, and told her he had every thing to recommend him, she answered pertly that she didn't know of but two things—the parting of his hair, and the inimitable way in which he begged pardon for nothing. It is true, he *did* have a habit of always supposing himself in somebody's way, or else imagining that he had committed some breach of good-manners, but then he had been on the Continent, and I have heard that a thief politely begs your pardon there, while he is robbing you of your watch, and a stranger begs your pardon if he thinks you are too quiet. I am really in trouble; how could Tatty so forget herself and me?

Sept. 13.—No sooner is one vexation over than another begins; my dressing-maid has given notice. I have offered to double her wages; but, no, she must go to Boston. Some ridiculous old party has been taken ill; I think she said her grandmother, who brought her up, and the creature came to me actually crying. These people ought to have no feelings. Decidedly it is my opinion that dressing-maids and such like ought to be born without hearts; they are so necessary to the comfort of the upper classes. I grow savage as I think of it. The girl will never get such a place as this again. Nothing, absolutely nothing, to do; and such wages! Then she will be out of employment, for I make it a point never to take back my servants. This old grandmother—some poor wretch of a mendicant, I suppose—will die, and as for the blessing, which seems to be about all that Jessie wants, why she would get that, whether or no. I told her the expense of travel might much better be turned into a gift toward defraying the costs of the funeral, and then she had the audacity to inform me that she had a heart, and could feel grateful. That's just the trouble—having a heart, and showing gratitude toward *the wrong* person. Why shouldn't she be grateful to me? I have been kind to her. I've no patience with such creatures. If she leaves me before Mrs. Potiphar's ball comes off I shall go distracted. No hair-dresser in New York can curl my hair as she does. I have coaxed, I have threatened; nothing moves her. She is not afraid that she shall lose her character by going. She tells me it will be excuse enough that she left me to go and comfort the last hours of her poor grandmother—poor fiddle-sticks! No matter if I get ill, and ill I most certainly shall be; one of my headaches is coming on; I must lie down.

Half past two.—No sleep. The moment my poor head touched the pillow a street organ struck up, accompanied by a distracted tambourine. Why *are* these people allowed to disturb their betters? Is there no street, not even Fifth Avenue, sacred from their vulgar presence? I rang for Wilkes, the upper house-maid, and told her to send them away.

"Please ma'am, it's a very honest set, apparantly," she said, dropping a half courtesy; "a poor man with his wife and baby." Wilkes is new, or I should have dismissed her on the spot for impertinence. I told her to send them away, and never to answer me unless I asked her a question. The grinder had scarcely gone before a band came by. One might as well have tried to sleep in Pandemonium. Not a minute's peace have I had since early morning, and here comes a letter that I dare say will add to my discomfort.

Sept. 14.—My conjecture was but too correct. The letter announced the arrival of Aunt Packaway in New Jersey, from whence, after a sojourn of a few days, she will come on and spend a good long visit. Now I shall be worried to death. She always brings a maid, a boy, and three or four poodles. A sweet addition to my cares—a scolding relative who may or may not leave me a bouncing legacy, and three howling dogs. Who dares to say that I have no trouble? And the very time she has set to make this outrageous infliction I had intended for the T——s' visit—the T——s are just from India, and so stylish! If the old woman had one redeeming quality besides her wealth it would not be so dreadful, but every body hates her. If I don't give a dinner for her, I'm sure to be hinted at in connection with her will; if I do, she'll offend every soul she speaks to. Think of her telling Governor N—— that he was very like her nephew, except for his squint, and the Governor the very vainest man of my acquaintance. Imagine my feelings! And she did not scruple to declare that her money had been made in soap. Fancy my anguish when I overheard her telling young Asheep, who considers it vulgar even to speak of work, how she always washed the nasty poodles herself; that when she married Packaway he hadn't fifty dollars in his pocket. And then my niece, willful in that as in every thing, protests that she is charmingly original; and I believe she really likes that queer, impertinent old woman. I can't help it if she is my mother's sister. I'd

cut her if I could afford it; but when Mr. Wharton—that's my husband—hints at hard times and retrenchment there is some solace in thinking of her money-bags.

"Please, ma'am, here's a note."

More trouble, no doubt. Yes, it's from Wharton. "Unexpectedly come across—mum, mum—two cousins and a friend—mum, mum—might as well ask Busby, good fellow—mum, mum"—all of which means four to dinner and not the slightest preparation. Was ever woman so badgered? Send down to cook; she *must* do something. Cook returns message: "Please'm she's cut her finger to the bone with the new bread-knife, and she'll be obliged to have a doctor immediate."

Oh no, we have no troubles—we never have any troubles! It's no trouble to order a dinner from the nearest hotel, pay twenty dollars for it, and find it hardly fit to eat! It's no trouble to have servants who will persist in putting the salt at the wrong end, and twisting your best napkins into Dutch cork-screws! It's no trouble to meet your husband with smiles while you are boiling over with resentment, and a consciousness that you never looked worse in your life! No trouble to be obliged to say civil things to those red-faced men with mutton-chop whiskers, who can't have dined decently for a fortnight, and laugh at the stale jokes of that stupid, *stupid* Busby, who talks out of his shirt-bosom, and looks at every body severely after he has said what he thinks is a smart thing, as much as to say, "Now, don't laugh, though, of course, you will and *must*." If I could only photograph on the hearts of our maligners and accusers one-tenth part of the crosses and vexations I bear from day to day, they would very soon cease to envy us. As I told a miserable creature who came to me with a dismal story, like all their stories, you know—husband out of work, child sick at home, every thing at its worst. "My good woman," said I, giving her a shilling (I never allow myself to give more), "go home, and remember what I tell you. You may have poverty, illness, and all that sort of thing; but though you see me living in a great house, with servants, and in apparent ease, I can assure you that I have more serious difficulties to contend with than you possibly can." She looked as if she doubted me. I am very sure she did, so when she began whining again, and actually pretended to cry (some people cry so easily), I sent for Wilkes to put her out. I saw Wilkes hand her something, and it made me suspicious. Wilkes is new, and there's a deal of valuable things lying about the house, so I made her tell me what it was.

"Please, ma'am," said Wilkes, "it were a quarter as my own uncle give me for the fair; but it hurt me to see her look so down-hearted. Poor folks feels for poor folks, ma'am."

I was very angry with Wilkes—very angry indeed. I will *not* have these people haunting the house; my nerves will not allow it. I told Wilkes that if she encouraged such creatures I should see to it. She knew what I meant, and went away very red.

Sept. 15.—Wrote a letter to that dreadful aunt. Screwed my courage up to say that she was welcome, and all that sort of thing, and that I trusted she and the blessed poodles would arrive safe; that James would meet her at the station, though I'm afraid he will try to upset her. James is a superior coachman, but he hates dogs.

And I shall have to welcome her, and wreathe my face in smiles, though she will come, in all human probability, on the very day I had appointed to meet my new dress-maker, who is generally engaged every day for a year ahead; and I must fly and find places for those wretched poodles, though the moment I set eyes on the frightful things I shall feel like strangling them; I am sure they will worry me to death.

Another letter from niece Tatty, to tell me how happy she is—pshaw! I suppose she expects I shall ask her machinist down here—no such thing. An awkward, shabby, long-legged, and perhaps threadbare—but stop:

"DEAREST AUNT,—You will be delighted to know that my Edward has just received news of an inheritance from his uncle, Chief-Justice B——, which makes him independent for life; so that you can no longer reproach me with marrying a nobody," etc.

That is the worst cut yet, to think it should all turn out so differently from what I predicted. What a lucky girl she is! No doubt the engineer will crow now. Dear me, how things do change round to be sure! I heard to-day that the Asheeps had failed; young Asheep is ruined, of course. If my dear Tatty had married him, I should never have forgiven myself. I must write immediately to my darling girl, who, thanks to my care, will grace her good fortune. We must have them down to dinner, that will half atone for my aunt's disagreeable peculiarities.

Sept. 17.—Tatty can't come, but Aunt Packaway is here. The meeting was got over, how, I can hardly tell. I can only say that I am worried to death. The first thing her most active poodle did was to knock down my best fire-screen, a costly affair, and break it. Then there was a yelping, and my aunt scolded me for allowing such a "gimcrack," that was the word she used, to stand in the way. Her blessed Fanchon's blessed leg was broken, she believed. I wished it had been his neck—but no! Fanchon is putting his four legs into every thing as usual, and snarling over my velvet cushions, driving all the other precious curs off, and yelping if any body but my aunt lay so much as a finger on him.

Sept. 20.—No troubles! I shall go distracted if that woman remains here a week longer. To-day she cut the best bit of meat on the table and sent it to her dogs, and then launched out at me for extravagance. Not one moment's comfort does that trying female give me in my own house. To improve matters, Madame Trimmer has sent in her bill, which is just four times the amount I anticipated. Wharton looks ugly at me if I speak to him about money. That's the way with us. Only let people think we are rich and every body considers us legitimate prey. There's a distant cousin of mine, who has written me several times, dying of consumption, she says, and then comes a long list of troubles. I'd die before I would go to *my* rich relations. Think of her having the impertinence to tell me that the cost of one of my silk dresses would keep her comfortable for months. Are there not charitable institutions in this great city? I gave a dollar toward one only last week. Am I to relinquish my position, my comforts, my toilettes, because there are poor people in the world? I am very sure that were I to be beggared to-morrow—well, after all, one does not quite know what one would do saying one was brought to poverty. I'll send her a V, and save it in table-expenses if I can.

Sept. 22.—I am worried to death—I am doomed to have no peace; if it's not one thing it's sure to be another. That horrible Fanchon destroyed my fan yesterday—a fifty-dollar fan. And for comfort my abominable aunt told me that I was very careless—that Fanchon, poor pretty pet, was not to blame for her playful propensities. I only await a favorable moment to tread on poor Fanchon's toe, or to strangle her if I can get the opportunity.

Sept. 23.—The opportunity has come at last. Three times to-day I have shaken the blessed poodle till it was nearly choked. My aunt is ill at last, and can not even bear the presence of her poodles. A nice time they are having of it, the petted dears. They are paying rapidly for former transgressions. They room at present in the back attic—their meals are served to them occasionally. Fanchon, the darling, has become so well-mannered that she does not even squeak an assertion of her rights. They all seem low in spirits, and wag their tails in a melancholy manner. Probably they are aware of my Aunt Packaway's illness. That blessed woman must have every thing put aside for her. The sublime old party is mistress; she orders every body and keeps two bells and three servants, besides her own, going all the time. Draughts and pills and powders occupy the spare room on every table, étagere, and shelf. If I go in she is angry that I disturb her; if I don't go in she sobs that I neglect her. I am worried to death, and the only consolation I have is, that I can do as I please with the poodles. If she irritates me beyond endurance I shake Fanchon. I am doubtless creating trouble for myself as soon as my aunt gets round again; but I could not forego the sweet satisfaction of training those delightful animals.

Sept. 25.—My pugnacious aunt insists upon sending for Tatty—or Catherine, as she calls her. She does me the honor to say that she is the only sensible female in the family. I hope Tatty will come, it will take the care off of my hands. What with running up stairs and down, first to my aunt and then to the poodles—what with smiling when I am expected to cry, and crying when I ought to smile—what with coming at wrong times and not coming at right ones, I am in a fair way of being worried to death.

Sept. 27.—It is all over. Nobody dreamed that the woman was so near her end. I shall sell the poodles—I shall bring in a bill for her board and theirs—the care, the nursing. Aunt Packaway has left my niece Catherine all her money.

THE CEREMONY OF PRESENTATION TO THE QUEEN.

TO be presented to the Queen is the boast of English women and men. The presentation rooms are on the second story, and occupy the entire quadrangle of St. James, opening one into the other through the whole suite.

About six Levees are held a year. It takes a hundred men three weeks to prepare the rooms. Every thing is measured by the inexorable law of etiquette. The dress is prescribed; the material, the length of the trains, the mode of dressing the hair, and the style of the garments. The doors would be shut in the face of the highest lady in the land if she departed in the slightest degree from the well-known law. The dress of the ladies must be velvet, satin, silk, lace, or tulle. Brides are allowed to wear white tulle, and widows black tulle; but each must be trimmed with roses or variegated ribbons. Peers, embassadors, and military officers wear their full uniform. Judges wear wigs, and lawyers appear in gowns of scarlet and black, according to their rank. Bishops and the clergy who have the run of the Court come out in full clerical costume. The Court dress of "gentlemen" is a black dress coat and pants, white vest, which must be open, and white cravat. The Master of Ceremonies prescribes the order for dressing the hair. Court hair-dressers are few. They are engaged not only hours but days before the Presentation. Some ladies, who can do no better, have their hair fixed from twenty-four to thirty-six hours before the Presentation, and do their sleeping in a sitting posture.

The Throne Room is a right royal room. There is not a seat in it except the Throne and the gilded chair at the foot. On a platform reached by three steps and on a crimson carpet, spattered with gold, stands a gilt Gothic chair surmounted by a crown. This is the Throne. It is covered with a canopy of crimson velvet, trimmed with heavy gold lace. On the top of the canopy is a golden cushion, on which rests a larger gold crown. The Throne Room is very long, nearly two hundred feet. Running the whole length is a heavy iron fence, full five feet high, capped with crimson velvet. Between it and the wall is a narrow passage leading from the entrance to the Throne, through which but one person can pass at a time. The great throng below, at a given signal, come up the stairway, which is covered with cocoa matting and worn crimson carpeting. They enter the great Audience Room that opens into the Throne Room.

The Audience Room is very gorgeous with satin hangings, radiant with vermilion and gold, but it is all cut up into little cattle-pens, made of iron railings very high and strong. They open one into another the whole length of the great chamber, making a zigzag passage from the entrance to the Throne Room. These pens are separated by heavy iron gates, guarded by officials, through which each person has to pass. Precedence is every thing. When the signal is given below the rush commences. The fine ladies become a disorderly mob. They crowd on each other, rend laces, trample velvets and satins under foot; and with all these guards to keep them orderly, they often appear in the "Presence," as it is called, all tattered and torn, and in a state of general dilapidation.

Back of the Throne is the Queen's Closet. It is a little dilapidated-looking room, low studded, scantily furnished, but old, which is the great attraction. Her Majesty is painfully prompt. At the exact moment she comes out of her Royal Closet and takes her stand on the lower step of the Throne. On the signal being given Her Majesty's Ministers, with the Foreign Embassadors, enter from the private door, file singly before the Queen, bow, and take their station in the centre of the room, where they remain. The crowd is admitted one by one, passing through all the pens till they approach the Throne. To manage the train is no easy matter. Lessons are given in this art as on horseback riding, each lady has to take care of her train herself. She throws it over her arm, and in the carriage the huge pile towers above her head. She carries it up the stairway to the Audience Room. Here a "Page of the Prince," as he is called, takes the train, holds it till she enters the Throne Room, where he drops it.

The party passes up the narrow pathway to the place where the Queen stands, makes a low bow, and then backs down the whole length of the room. The lady can not turn her back on the Queen, nor take up her train. It is etiquette for the Ministers and Embassadors, who occupy the centre of the room, to lift the train and pass it from one to another while the lady backs down to the door. The moment she gets outside of the Throne Room she must take care of herself and reach her carriage as best she can. She can not remain. A strong iron bar prevents her from repeating the luxury of presentation. She draws her finery through the crowd and disappears, and finds her coach where she can, which may be half a mile off, for the coaches of the nobility take precedence. The Presentation lasts about one minute. It costs months of labor and anxiety, and great expense. The finery will be worn on no other occasion. But the party has been "presented at Court," and will tell it to her children's children. When the Queen holds Court it lasts just one hour exactly. During the whole time she stands like a statue, as cold, as insensible. She neither bows nor speaks. The mass file before her as if she were hewn out of stone.

MRS. TYPESET'S DIARY.

Saturday Eve.—I feel as though I had been living in the midst of the terrific scenes of the French Revolution. Historians have recorded the fearful facts; novelists have allowed fancy to make fact more graphic; painters have portrayed in vivid colors those scenes of horror; but nothing could bring the Reign of Terror with such thrilling distinctness before the mind as the representation of "Marie Antoinette" by Madame Ristori. In general matinées do not attract me, because of the crowd and rush which "no reserved seats" bring. Escaped the crowd to-day by going *at* instead of *before* the time appointed, and had the good luck to obtain an excellent seat, where I could see and hear every thing. It is a special charm in listening to Madame Ristori that no *effort* to hear is needful—her voice is clear and sonorous. As to her impersonation of the most unfortunate Queen of France, words can give no adequate idea of the power and truthfulness with which the character is represented. For three hours and a half I sat enthralled, as a living, moving, acting picture of the Revolution of 1789, with the attendant and subsequent scenes of distress and anguish, passed before me. It is in Marie Antoinette as a *mother* that I like Madame Ristori best. She is grand when, seizing the little Dauphin in her arms, and presenting him with herself on the terrace, she turns the curses of the infuriated mob into cheers—grand when the rude, blood-thirsty populace invade the Palace, threatening her and offering violence to her children, and she subdues them even to tears; but when, after the execution of Louis XVI., the wretch Simon enters the apartment of Marie Antoinette with jeers and taunts to tear from her arms her child, the Dauphin, she rises, sublime in her passionate, maternal love, and with scathing words, and looks and gestures of unutterable significance, awes even that inhuman monster into temporary silence.

Adelaide Ristori was born in 1826 at Cividale, Venice, and in 1847 married the Marchese del Grillo. She has four children, and appears in New York society as the Marchesa Del Grillo, accompanied by her husband, and often with two of her children—a daughter, who is very beautiful, and a son. Those who know Ristori in her private life speak of her as being an exemplary wife and a most devoted mother. Her personal appearance is commanding; complexion fair and pale, eyes light-colored, but eyebrows and hair darker than one would expect to see with a fair skin and very light eyes.

Monday.—To-day I chanced to read a letter from a lady living in Savannah, Georgia. We at the North can scarcely realize how completely the war interfered with all literary enterprises at the South, nor how utterly was the circulation of books and periodicals broken up. This lady writes:

"Business is again flourishing in our city, and our people are again becoming able to indulge in the luxury of periodical literature. I was just thinking of renewing my subscription to the *Magazine* and *Weekly* when a friend sent me in the *Bazar*, No. 5—the first copy I have had the pleasure of seeing of this new candidate for public favor. I was so interested that I went entirely through it before I rose from my table, and have seldom had a richer feast. I can not help wondering how we have so long done without *just such* a paper, and why nobody has ever given us one before. It is just what we ladies need in the way of modes and patterns—a *weekly* visitant telling us what to wear, and how to fashion the most convenient and becoming garments. Telling us, too, where to procure the various materials, and at what cost; thus enabling ladies in the country to order to the best advantage, and to dress as well and fashionably as their city friends. I sincerely hope that many copies of the *Bazar* will find their way to the firesides of every town and village in our country; for I hold it a duty that every lady owes to herself and her friends to look just as pretty as she can, and to dress as tastefully and becomingly as circumstances permit, and both these ends will be promoted by the regular perusal of the *Bazar*.

"But it is not alone as a fashion-paper that the *Bazar* merits the patronage of the ladies. Its literary contents will meet the approval of all. Altogether I regard this number of the *Bazar* 'a perfect success,' and all that the most fastidious taste can desire in the way of a Ladies' Gazette of Literature and Fashion."

Tuesday.—The papers record many singular matrimonial affairs nowadays. Saw an account not long since of a woman—in Chicago, I think—who sold her husband for $120. To-day read a stranger story in a Milwaukee paper of a man who sold his wife for $300. The wife, after having been married some ten years, was upset in mind by meeting a former lover, to whom, long before, she had been attached. He proposed that she should desert her lawful husband and go with him. This she refused to do, but went to her husband and told him the condition of affairs, and asked on what terms he would part with her. The husband named $500 as the price for which he would surrender her. The lover was called in and a consultation held. Both he and the wife thought the price too high. At last a compromise was made, and $300 paid for the woman. A "bill of sale" was made out and duly signed by all parties, by which the husband agreed to take good care of his children, and the lover agreed to be a kind husband to the woman on penalty that the contract will be annulled.

How many so-called "Enoch Arden cases" have been noised abroad since Tennyson first wrote:

> "But when he rose and paced
> Back toward his solitary home again;
> All down the long and narrow street he went
> Beating it in upon his weary brain,
> As though it were the burden of a song,
> 'Not to tell her, never to let her know.'"

The sequel of these cases do not, in general, bear much likeness to that of the original Enoch Arden, though some of them are quite romantic. One has recently occurred in the northern part of this State. A young married man, at the commencement of the war, entered the army, having exacted a promise from a friend, that if he were killed that friend would marry his wife and take good care of her. Time passed and word came that the soldier was slain in battle. At all events, he did not return, even at the end of the war; and in due season the supposed widow became the wife of her husband's friend. But a short time since the long-absent soldier reappeared and claimed his wife. The second husband declined to give her up; and finally the question was submitted to a legal tribunal, and on the last day of 1867 the court decided that the first marriage was binding, and the wife must pass to the former husband.

Wednesday Eve.—The fashion of making costly wedding presents to the bride has become almost universal. Then comes the wooden wedding, and the tin wedding, and the crystal, and the silver, and the golden, with ever so many others slipped in every year or two—and finally, if any body lives long enough, a diamond wedding. And, from the first genuine wedding to the last, the invited guests are expected to come armed with gifts. The custom is becoming burdensome—*every body* can not afford to offer costly gifts—and consequently "regrets" for non-attendance are increasing. Saw it suggested in some paper the other day that this state of things might be remedied by putting at the bottom of invitations: "No presents will be received except from relatives." To a woman of genuine delicacy, any arrangement which would, as it were, compel her friends and acquaintances to give her presents, must be annoying and offensive. A gift, to really be such, must be offered freely, as a token of good-will or affection.

Cleveland is ahead of New York in one thing, certainly. The street-cars there are warmed by convenient little stoves.

Every week brings accounts of the increasing grandeur of the eruption of Mount Vesuvius. Streams of lava, all aglow and fiery, issue from the summit, lighting up the whole of the mountain. The air in the immediate vicinity is hot and sulphurous, and condensed vapor, thickly charged with ashes and cinders, falls like a shower around. One writer states that "within the central depression of the main cone the present eruption has built up a sort of conical chimney, through which at intervals of from nine to ten seconds, with a roar like that of a rushing storm, there is belched forth a prodigious column of what from appearance would be described as mixed flame and smoke. Far above this a myriad of red-hot stones shoot simultaneously upward in slightly-diverging lines, and, as they reach their maximum height, remain poised a moment, then turn gracefully outward as they fall, forming a pyrotechnic fountain in comparison with which the finest imitations of art are contemptible." It would be a sight well worth a visit to Naples—this volcano, grand and terrific in its convulsions.

The new volcano, about twenty-four miles east of Leon, in Nicaragua, has lately been in violently grand eruption, throwing out fire and cinders from two craters, and sending out heavy showers of fine black sand which had reached Leon, covering the streets of that place to the depth of half an inch.

"WANTED" (so advertises some distressed individual)—"A strong adhesive plaster, to make busy-bodies stick to their own business."

A novelty is announced. By certain chemical processes paper can be rendered as hard as hickory wood, and may be manufactured into a variety of articles hitherto made of wood, tin, copper, and iron. The substance produced is a non-conductor of heat, impervious to the action of acids, and not liable to be injured by heat or cold. It is said that the White House and the Departments in Washington have been already supplied with sets of paper water-pails, ice-coolers, and spittoons!

Quite an original plan is that of the Postmaster in Montreal, who has had the heads of his clerks examined phrenologically, and dismissed those whose bumps were not properly developed.

SNOW-BIRDS.

SOFT from the sunless sky
Falls the pure snow,
Clothing in spotless white
All things below;

Cold blows the bitter blast;
On the poor birds' repast,
While fall the light flakes fast,
One thought bestow!

Come in, little birds,
From the cold and the snow,
And feel the sweet warmth
Of our fireside glow.

Come join us at breakfast,
Confiding and free;
Then sing as you sang
On the snow-laden tree.

"Be happy and cheerful,"
Your notes seem to say,
"For troubles, like snow-flakes,
Will soon melt away.

"Be calm and contented
Whatever betide,
And fear not the morrow,
For 'God will provide.'"

AN OLD STORY TOLD AGAIN.

DEAR me! what a fluttering and chirping and pecking out in the court-yard! The little Prince really could not eat his breakfast till he went to see what was the matter. So he opened one of the palace windows, and put his head out, and there, flying in the air, hopping on the ground, and clinging to the window-sill, was a whole host of little blackbirds, singing for something to eat. But the only note they could sing was

"Rye! rye! rye!"

"Won't your little majesty shut the window and come straight back to your breakfast?" said the maid, crossly.

"No, indeed," said his little majesty, "not till I feed these hungry blackbirds!"

So he took some of his own warm biscuit and crumbled it down under the window; but the birds never touched it. They only flew the more about his head and shoulders, and sang

"Rye! rye! rye!"

"They want some rye," said the little Prince. "Barby, will you give me some rye for my blackbirds?"

"That I won't," exclaimed Barby; "and your majesty had better come and eat your breakfast before I inform his Majesty the King!"

But the little Prince only laughed, and spying a pan of meal on the kitchen shelf, he ran with it to the window.

"Here, pretty blackbirds," he cried, joyously, "here's some nice yellow meal for you!"

But they would not touch a grain of it; they only flew all the more around his head and shoulders and sang, pitifully,

"Rye! rye! rye!"

"They must have some rye!" said the Prince. "Barby, is there any rye in the palace?"

"Not a grain!" quoth Barby, though she well knew there was a chest full in the granary.

"Very well, then I shall go and buy some," said the Prince, stamping his foot in impatience, and away he ran through the marble hall and down the great marble steps till he caught up with the King, who was taking a morning walk.

"If you please, papa, I want a sixpence!" said the little Prince, eagerly.

"Upon my soul!" replied the King, "how you startled me. A sixpence, hey? and why do you want a sixpence?" And he slowly drew a silver sixpence from his purse, and held it up in the air.

"Oh, be quick, papa! I'm going to the miller's to buy food for my blackbirds!"

The sixpence dropped to the ground, and the fat old King leaned against a tree and laughed to think what a smart young rogue his son was to invent such a story for a sixpence to buy sugar-plums with.

But the little Prince snatched the silver piece from the ground and hardly stopped to say "Thank you," he was in such a hurry to get to the miller's to buy some rye.

"A sixpence will buy about a pocketful, I hope," he said to himself, as he ran along the lane. Away in the distance he could already hear the mill-wheel turning and the merry dash of the sparkling water. The grass was green under his feet, and the trees waved their leafy boughs above him. The sun shone bright and warm upon him and his heart danced, he felt so happy. Poor little Prince! he did not know, as he kept his hand so carefully doubled up, that his sixpence had already slipped out between his fingers, and was now lying hid down in the deep grass by the road-side. No, he did not know that; and so as he came up to the old brown mill, and went in at the little creaking gate, he said quite boldly to the miller:

"I want a pocketful of rye, and I'll give you sixpence for it!"

"Where's the sixpence?" asked the old miller, cautiously.

The Prince opened his hand, and there was no sixpence there! How the red color rushed into his cheeks as he tried to explain, but the miller would not believe a word.

"Go find your sixpence, and bring it here," he said, "or you shall have no rye. Or, stop! here's my wife's flower-bed full of weeds. Pull all the weeds up without hurting the flowers, and then I will give you the rye for your wages."

But the little Prince looked down at his lily-white hands, which had never done any dirty work, and then he turned sorrowfully away to look along the road in search of his sixpence. Right and left he looked, behind the trees and under the little stones, but there was no silver sixpence to be seen.

"Meanwhile the blackbirds are growing hungrier," he thought to himself with a sigh, "and I—I am hungry too!"

Then he looked at his hands again, and felt ashamed of his pride. It seemed to him as if he was very selfish in shunning a bit of work that would get him all he wanted. So away to the miller he went again, and told him he was ready to weed his wife's garden.

"Very well," said the miller, shortly; "then go to work. But if you break a single flower I shall cut your ears off. Here, Lottchen, show this boy the flower-bed!"

As the miller said "Lottchen" there came to the door a little blue-eyed girl, with soft, golden curls. She put a dimpled finger in her rosy mouth, because she felt shy, and so led the way between great clumps of rosemary to the weed-grown bed. Then, as the little Prince stooped to pull up a great root of witch-grass, she began to swing on a low-hanging vine-branch, watching him with her wondering blue eyes. He pulled up all the grass, and then began to be puzzled, for he could not tell the rest of the weeds from flowers, and he was just about uprooting some leafy stems that seemed to be in the way, when the little girl called out, quickly:

SNOW-BIRDS.—"COME IN, LITTLE BIRDS."

"Oh, take care! those are our tulips!"

He fixed his bright, dark eyes upon her, and then looking down at his soiled hands and rumpled clothes, he said, with a laugh:

"I don't know much: will you help me?"

"Yes," said the miller's daughter, "if you will tell me about the birds."

So then the two children worked together, and whenever the little Prince would have pulled up a flower Lottchen slapped his fingers; and they grew very friendly. In fact, the young Prince began to wish that his task would last longer, that he need not so soon part with the lovely little blue-eyed Lottchen. But then he remembered the hungry blackbirds, and that made him diligent. So before the forenoon was fairly spent the dusty old miller looked out and said to himself:

"I may as well be measuring out that pocketful of rye!"

But meanwhile what had been going on all these long hours in the palace? Things had not stood still, I assure you, waiting for the Prince's return. The old King, when he had got through laughing, began to bethink himself that he had sixpence less in his purse than before, and he walked back to the palace as quick as he could, panting a good deal because he was so fat. He went into his magnificent parlor, and seating himself before an ivory table, emptied all the money in his purse out upon it. Oh, how the gold and silver pieces shone in the sunshine! They made the old King's heart glad, for he loved money.

"Now, I'll count it all over," he said, softly, "and see how much that young rogue has left me. Come here, my dear Queen, and help me count."

But the Queen did not hear him; she had left the parlor as he entered, and walked statelily up and down the marble halls, letting her beautiful purple satin robes trail two yards behind her on the mosaic floor, for that was the fashion at court. Suddenly, as she turned, there approached her from the outer door a messenger, foot-sore and covered with dust. He knelt before her, holding in his hands a blue jar carefully closed.

"Your Majesty," he said, "my master is a king, and he sends you this jar of honey made by the bees of Hymettus. He sends, imploring your grace to make diligent inquiry through your kingdom for his lost child, who was stolen eight years ago. He has made search through every kingdom, in vain, but yours, and now he sends over weary deserts and lofty mountains as a last hope to you. Will your Majesty command a search to be made for our lost princess? If she be found, he bids me say a hundred jars of honey shall be sent to your Majesty forthwith."

The Queen took the jar and smelt of it; it was more fragrant than the attar of roses. Besides, the Queen was very fond of sweetmeats.

"This is indeed delicious!" she exclaimed; "I will help your King with all my heart. Now tell me the whole story about the little Princess, and be quick, for I want to taste the honey."

So the messenger began with what speed he might; but while he is talking we must hasten beforehand into the kitchen in order to account for the very appetizing odor that greeted the Queen's royal nose the moment she opened the door to call for a golden spoon with which to taste the honey.

No sooner had the little Prince got fairly out of sight than Barby went to shut the window, when, as if to vex her still more, all the blackbirds began to fly around her head and shoulders, chirping with all their might,

"Rye! rye! rye!"

Barby shut the window down angrily, but instead of shutting the birds out she found she had shut them all in, and they perched on her arms beseechingly with the one note,

"Rye! rye! rye!"

Now what did this cruel maid do? Instead of feeding the pretty, fluttering creatures from the great chest of rye, the key of which hung on her apron-string, she tossed her head scornfully and turned up her nose—a very pretty nose, by-the-way, and the only feature of which Barby could be vain.

"I'll teach you to be quiet!" she said, sharply; and one by one she caught the blackbirds, wringing their necks with a cruel twist, and throwing them down on the table. There they lay, poor limp, lifeless things; she had indeed taught them to be quiet.

"One, two, three," said Barby, counting them; "twenty-four as sure as there's a nose on my face! Now I'll make a pie, and let the saucy little Prince dine on blackbirds!"

So to work she went, and so quick was she that before long the four-and-twenty blackbirds were put between two flaky crusts, in a great pan, and set into the oven. Then the maid heaped the pine-knots on the fire to make it burn hot.

So when the Queen had dismissed the tired messenger, and came down into the kitchen bearing the precious jar of honey in her own two royal hands, she exclaimed at once:

"Dear me! That smells good. What are you cooking there, Barby?"

"Bird-pie, your Majesty," replied the maid, with a courtesy.

"Very well, we will have it for dinner," said the Queen; and then, calling for a golden spoon and saucer, she sat down in her own kitchen to try her honey. She ate it upon bread—perhaps other people beside queens eat it in that manner; but whatever a queen does is worth mentioning.

"Ah, how delicious this is!" said the Queen, after the sixth saucerful. Meanwhile Barby took the pie from the oven smoking hot, and so savory an odor issued from it that the Queen ordered it to be served at once. So carrying a saucer of honey she went in her purple trailing robe to join the King in the parlor, where he still sat at the ivory table counting out his money. The maid followed with the pie on a waiter and knives and forks.

"There, Barby," said the Queen, as she set it down, "that will do, my good girl; and now you had better go right out in the garden and hang out the linen while the sun is hot!"

"It shall be done, your Majesty," said the maid, with two courtesies, one for the King and one for the Queen. Then she went out of the room backward.

But now behold what happened! The King began to carve the pie, and the moment he opened the crust, forth came the sweetest singing a man ever heard, better than all the pianos and music-boxes in the kingdom. And one by one out through the opening flew the blackbirds, singing as they flew, just as alive as ever: for they were enchanted birds, you know, and nothing could hurt them, not even baking in an oven. The King dropped his knife and fork on the Queen's satin dress, but he did not know it; he sat back in his chair perfectly helpless, with his eyes and mouth as wide open as they could be. As for the Queen, she clapped her hands and laughed with delight.

"It is prettier than all the showmen's boxes!" she exclaimed.

Some of the birds perched on the King's crown and some on the golden saucer; and all the while they sang till the palace fairly rang with melody. But one of the blackbirds happened to look out in the garden and immediately bethought himself of something. There was the maid hanging out the clothes without the least notion of what was going to happen, and away through the window flew this remorseless blackbird—flew right into the maid's face and eyes, and before she could wink he bit off her nose and flew away with it! You can imagine how that must have felt! It certainly is not safe to make pies of blackbirds!

But just at this very moment who should come running up the garden path but the little Prince and blue-eyed Lottchen after him. He had invited her to come and see the blackbirds eat, and he had his pockets so full of rye that some of it spilled over every step he took. Up the great marble steps the children ran, and into the parlor. There sat the King with his mouth open, and the Queen clapping her hands: and there were the four-and-twenty blackbirds singing with all their might—all but one, and that one could not sing because he held the maid's nose in his bill! Bah! I wouldn't like to have been *that* blackbird!

"Oh, you dear birds!" cried the little Prince, "here's your rye!"

And he sprinkled it all around, on the table and on the floor, and down flew all the four-and-twenty blackbirds, and began to peck at it. No sooner had each one got a mouthful than every bird of them vanished, and in their place stood four-and-twenty beautiful fairies! For you must know that a malicious witch had laid an evil spell upon them, and as blackbirds they were condemned to fly about the world till some one should willingly give them a pocketful of rye to feed upon. And that was why they chirped so plaintively,

"Rye! rye! rye!"

But now they were fairies again, with all their fairy power, and you may well believe they made the little Prince the most wonderful promises of good-luck all his life to come. And as for blue-eyed Lottchen, who was standing bashfully behind the Queen's chair, as soon as the fairies saw her they said to one another,

"Only see—here is the lost Princess!"

They were her guardian fairies, and if they had not first been turned into blackbirds she could never have been stolen. But the old miller did not know she was a Princess, no indeed! He found her on his door-step one morning, and thought she was a poor little foundling. So, because he took kind care of her, the fairies will never let his stream run dry, and his mill will bring him more and more gold every year.

Then the fairies forthwith summoned a magnificent chariot to take them home to their own country, and the little blue-eyed Lottchen with them. So the travel-worn messenger jumped up behind for a footman. But Lottchen looked longingly back, and from her blue eyes rolled two pearly tears. That the little Prince could not bear, and he ran and kissed her.

"Oh, do not go, Lottchen!" he cried; "stay here always, for I love you so much!"

"And I love you," said Lottchen, innocently.

The fairies smiled, and the good-natured old King laughed outright.

"Well, well, children!" he said, kindly, "if you both say the same a few years hence we'll see about it, and maybe pretty Lottchen *will* come back to stay here always."

"Ah yes!" said the Queen, complacently, "it would be pleasant to form an alliance with a kingdom where honey is made by the bees of Hymettus!"

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE OCEAN DEPTHS.

THE next morning dawned and Brandon hurried to the rock and looked around. During the night a slight wind had sprung up, and was still gently breathing. Far over the wide sea there was not a sail to be seen. The brig had passed away. They were finally left to themselves.

Now at last the time of trial had come. They were eager to make the attempt, and soon the yacht was unmoored, and moved slowly out to sea in the direction of Needle Island. A light breeze still blew fitfully, but promised at any moment to stop; yet while it lasted they passed onward under its gentle impulse, and so gradually reached Needle Island, and went on into the sea beyond.

Before they had come to the spot which they wished to attain the breeze had died out, and they were compelled to take to the oars. Although early in the morning the sun was burning hot, the work was laborious, and the progress was slow. Yet not a murmur was heard, nor did a single thought of fatigue enter the minds of any of them. One idea only was present—one so overwhelming that all lesser thoughts and all ordinary feelings were completely obliterated. After two hours of steady labor they at last reached a place which seemed to them to be exactly one league due north of Needle Islet. Looking back they saw that the rocks on the island seemed from this distance closer together, and thinner and sharper, so that they actually bore a greater resemblance to needles from this point than to any thing else.

Here they sounded. The water was fifteen fathoms deep—not so great a depth as they had feared. Then they put down the anchor, for although there was no wind, yet the yacht might be caught in some current, and drift gradually away from the right position.

The small boat had all this time been floating astern with the pumping apparatus in it, so that the adventurous diver might readily be accompanied in his search and his wanderings at the bottom of the sea.

But there was the prospect that this search would be long and arduous, and Brandon was not willing to exhaust himself too soon. He had already resolved that the first exploration should be made by Asgeelo. The Hindu had followed Brandon in all his wanderings with that silent submission and perfect devotion which is more common among Hindus than any other people. He had the air of one who was satisfied with obeying his master, and did not ask the end of any commands which might be given. He was aware that they were about to explore the ocean depths, but showed no curiosity about the object of their search. It was Brandon's purpose to send him down first at different points, so that he might see if there was any thing there which looked like what they sought.

Asgeelo—or Cato, as Brandon commonly called him—had made those simple preparations which are common among his class—the apparatus which the pearl-divers have used ever since pearl-diving first commenced. Twelve or fifteen stones were in the boat, a flask of oil, and a sponge which was fastened around his neck. These were all that he required. Each stone weighed about thirty pounds. One of these he tied around one foot; he saturated the sponge with oil, so as to use it to inhale air beneath the water; and then, standing on the edge of the boat and flinging his arms straight up over his head, he leaped into the water and went down feet foremost.

Over the smooth water the ripples flowed from the spot where Asgeelo had disappeared, extending in successive concentric circles, and radiating in long undulations far and wide. Louis and Frank waited in deep suspense. Asgeelo remained long beneath the water, but to them the time seemed frightful in its duration. Profound anxiety began to mingle with the suspense, for fear lest the faithful servant in his devotion had overrated his powers—lest the disuse of his early practice had weakened his skill—lest the weight bound to his foot had dragged him down and kept him there forever.

At last, when the suspense had become intolerable and the two had already begun to exchange glances almost of despair, a plash was heard, and Asgeelo emerged far to the right. He struck out strongly toward the boat, which was at once rowed toward him. In a few minutes he was taken in. He did not appear to be much exhausted.

He had seen nothing.

They then rowed about a hundred yards further, and Asgeelo prepared to descend once more. He squeezed the oil out of the sponge and renewed it again. But this time he took a knife in his hand.

"What is that for?" asked Frank and Louis.

"Sharks!" answered Cato, in a terrible tone.

At this Louis and Frank exchanged glances. Could they let this devoted servant thus tempt so terrible a death?

"Did you see any sharks?" asked Louis.

"No, Sahib."

"Why do you fear them, then?"

"I don't fear them, Sahib."

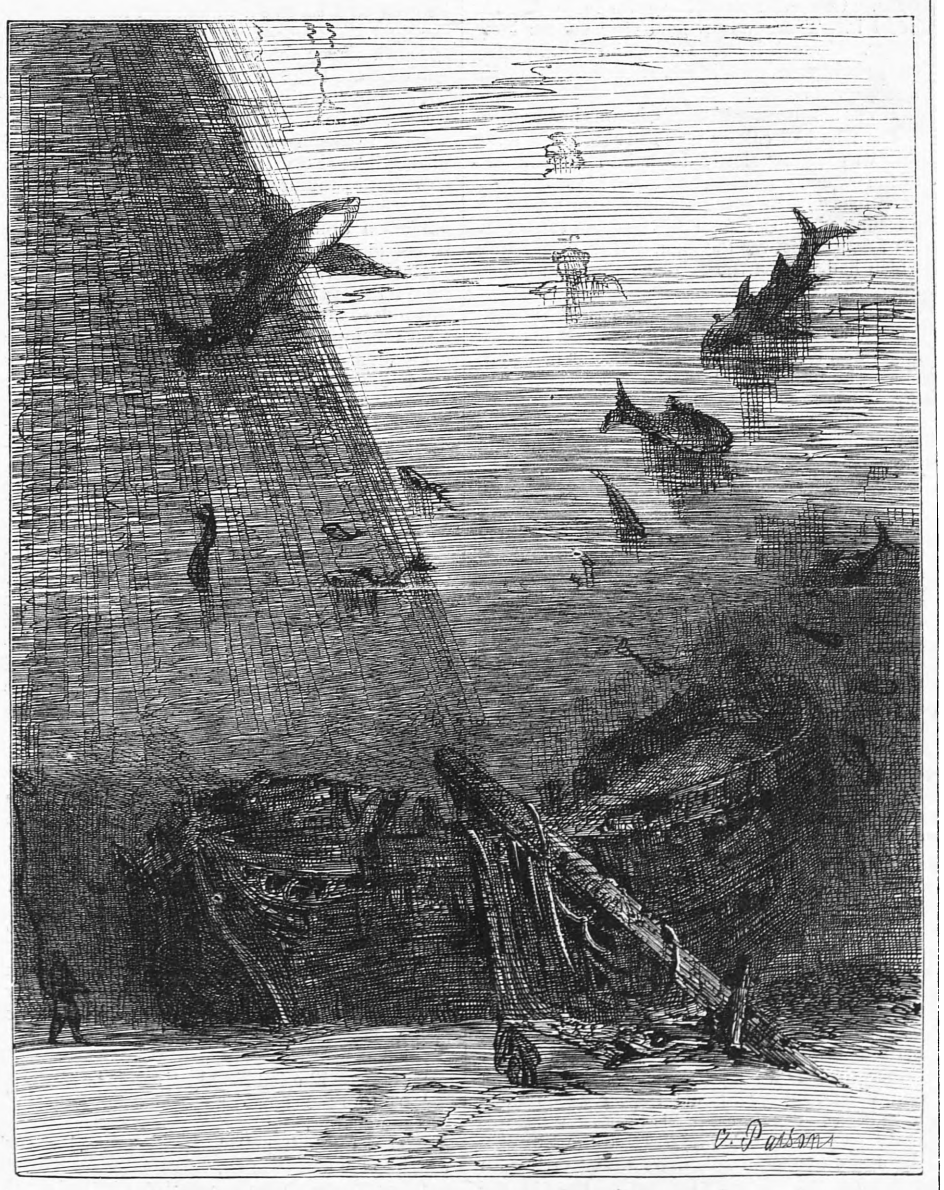
"Why do you take this knife?"

"One may come, Sahib."

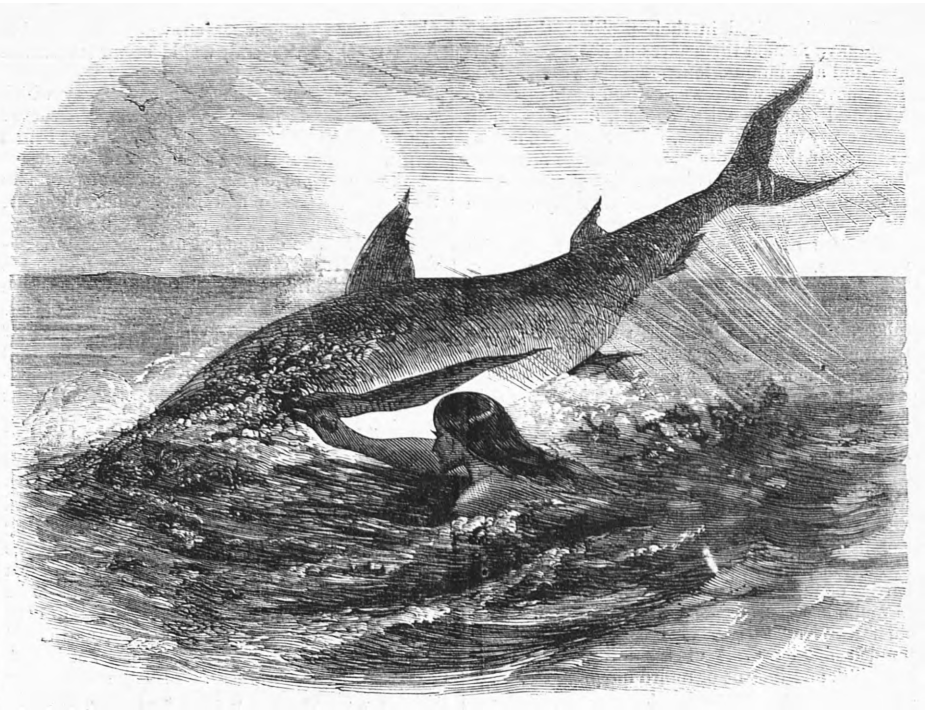
After some hesitation Asgeelo was allowed to go. As before he plunged into the water, and remained underneath quite as long; but now they had become familiarized with his powers and the suspense was not so dreadful. At the expiration of the usual time he reappeared, and on being taken into the boat he again announced that he had seen nothing.

They now rowed a hundred yards farther on in the same direction, toward the east, and Asgeelo made another descent. He came back with the same result.

It began to grow discouraging, but Asgeelo was not yet fatigued, and they therefore determined to let him work as long as he was able. He went down seven times more. They still kept the boat on toward the east till the line of



"THE MASTS HAD FALLEN AND LAY, ENCUMBERED WITH THE RIGGING, OVER THE SIDE."



"A DARK, SINEWY ARM EMERGED FROM BENEATH, ARMED WITH A LONG, KEEN KNIFE."

"needles" on the sand island had become thrown farther apart and stood at long distances. Asgeelo came up each time unsuccessful.

He at last went down for the eleventh time. They were talking as usual, not expecting that he would reappear for some minutes, when suddenly a shout was heard, and Asgeelo's head emerged from the water not more than twenty yards from the boat. He was swimming with one hand, and in the other he held an uplifted knife, which he occasionally brandished in the air and splashed in the water.

Immediately the cause of this became manifest. Just behind him a sharp black fin appeared cutting the surface of the water.

It was a shark! But the monster, a coward like all his tribe, deterred by the plashing of the water made by Asgeelo, circled round him and hesitated to seize his prey.

The moment was frightful. Yet Asgeelo appeared not in the least alarmed. He swam slowly, occasionally turning his head and watching the monster, seeming by his easy dexterity to be almost as much in his native element as his pursuer, keeping his eyes fixed on him and holding his knife in a firm clasp. The knife was a long, keen blade, which Asgeelo had carried with him for years.

Louis and Frank could do nothing. A pistol ball could not reach this monster, who kept himself under the water, where a ball would be spent before striking him, if indeed any aim could direct a bullet toward that swift darting figure. They had nothing to do but to look on in an agony of horror.

Asgeelo, compelled to watch, to guard, to splash the water, and to turn frequently, made but a slow passage over those twenty yards which separated him from the boat. At last it seemed as if he chose to stay there. It seemed to those who watched him with such awful horror that he might have escaped had he chosen, but that he had some idea of voluntarily encountering the monster. This became evident at last, as the shark passed before him when they saw Asgeelo's face turned toward it; a face full of fierce hate and vengeance; a face such as one turns toward some mortal enemy.

He made a quick, fierce stroke with his long knife. The shark gave a leap upward. The water was tinged with blood. The next moment Asgeelo went down.

"What now?" was the thought of the brothers. Had he been dragged down? Impossible! And yet it seemed equally impossible that he could have gone down of his own accord.

In a moment their suspense was ended. A white flash appeared near the surface. The next instant a dark, sinewy arm emerged from beneath, armed with a long, keen knife, which seemed to tear down with one tremendous stroke that white, shining surface.

It was Asgeelo's head that emerged in a sea of blood and foam. Triumph was in his dark face, as with one hand he waved his knife exultantly.

A few moments afterward the form of a gigantic shark floated upward to the surface, dying the sea with the blood which had issued from the stroke dealt by Asgeelo. Not yet, however, was the vindictive fury of the Hindu satiated. He swam up to it. He dashed his knife over and over the white belly till it became a hideous mass of gaping entrails. Then he came into the boat.

He sat down, a hideous figure. Blood covered his tawny face, and the fury of his rage had not left the features.

The strength which this man had shown was tremendous, yet his quickness and agility even in the water had been commensurate with his strength. Brandon had once seen proofs of his courage in the dead bodies of the Malay pirates which lay around him in the cabin of that ill-fated Chinese ship; but all that he had done then was not to be compared to this.

They could not help asking him why he had not at once made his escape to the boat, instead of staying to fight the monster.

Asgeelo's look was as gloomy as death as he replied,

"They tore in pieces my son, Sahib—my only son—when he first went down, and I have to avenge him. I killed a hundred on the Malabar coast before I left it forever. That shark did not attack me; I attacked him."

"If you saw one now would you attack him?"

"Yes, Sahib."

Brandon expressed some apprehension, and wished him not to risk his life.

But Asgeelo explained that a shark could be successfully encountered by a skillful swimmer. The shark is long, and has to move about in a circle which is comparatively large; he is also a coward, and a good swimmer can strike him if he only chooses. He again repeated triumphantly that he had killed more than a hundred to avenge his son.

In his last venture Asgeelo had been no more successful than before. Needle Island was now to the southwest, and Brandon thought that their only chance was to try farther over toward the west, where they had not yet explored.

They rowed at once back to the point from which they had set out, and then went on about a hundred and fifty yards to the west. From this place, as they looked toward the islet, the three rocks seemed so close together that they appeared blended, and the three sharp, needle-like points appeared to issue from one common base. This circumstance had an encouraging effect, for it seemed to the brothers as though their ancestor might have looked upon those rocks from this point of view rather than from any other which had as yet come upon the field of their observation.

This time Brandon himself resolved to go down; partly because he thought that Asgeelo had worked long enough and ought not to be exhausted on that first day, and partly on account of an intolerable impatience, and an eagerness to see for himself rather than intrust it to others.

There was the horror of the shark, which might have deterred any other man. It was a danger which he had never taken into account. But the resolve of his soul was stronger than any fear, and he determined to face even this danger. If he lost his life, he was indifferent. Let it go! Life was not so precious to him as to some others. Fearless by nature, he was ordinarily ready to run risks; but now the thing that drew him onward was so vast in its importance that he was willing to encounter peril of any kind.

Frank was aware of the full extent of this new danger, but he said nothing, nor did he attempt in any way to dissuade his brother. He himself, had he been able, would have gone down in his place; but as he was not able, he did not suppose that his brother would hesitate.

The apparatus was in the boat. The pumping-machine was in the stern; and this, with the various signal-ropes, was managed by Frank. Asgeelo rowed. These arrangements had long since been made, and they had practiced in this way on the Hudson River.

Silently Brandon put on his diving armor. The ropes and tubes were all carefully arranged. The usual weight was attached to his belt, and he was slowly lowered down to the bottom of the sea.

The bottom of the ocean was composed of a smooth, even surface of fine sand and gravel, along which Brandon moved without difficulty. The cumbrous armor of the diver, which on land is so heavy, beneath the water loses its excessive weight, and by steadying the wearer assists him to walk. The water was marvelously transparent, as is usually the case in the southern seas, and through the glass plate in his helmet Brandon could look forward to a greater distance than was possible in the Hudson.

Overhead he could see the bottom of the boat, as it floated and moved on in the direction which he wished; signals, which were communicated by a rope which he held in his hand, told them whether to go forward or backward, to the right or to the left, or to stop altogether. Practice had enabled him to command, and them to obey, with ease.

Down in the depths to which he had descended the water was always still, and the storms that affected the surface never penetrated there. Brandon learned this from the delicate shells and the still more delicate forms of marine plants which lay at his feet, so fragile in their structure, and

so delicately poised in their position, that they must have formed themselves in deep, dead stillness and absolute motionlessness of waters. The very movement which was caused by his passage displaced them in all directions, and cast them down every where in ruins. Here, in such depths as these, if the sounding lead is cast it brings up these fragile shells, and shows to the observer what profound calm must exist here, far away beneath the ordinary vision of man.

Practice had enabled Brandon to move with much ease. His breathing was without difficulty. The first troubles arising from breathing this confined air had long since been surmounted. One tube ran down from the boat, through which the fresh air was pushed, and another tube ran up a little distance, through which the air passed and left it in myriad bubbles that ascended to the surface.

He walked on, and soon came to a place where things changed their appearance. Hard sand was here, and on every side there arose curiously-shaped coral structures, which resembled more than any thing else a leafless forest. These coral tree-like forms twisted their branches in strange involutions, and in some places formed a perfect barrier of interlaced arms, so that he was forced to make a detour in order to avoid them. The chief fear here was that his tube might get entangled among some of the loftier straggling branches, and impede or retard his progress. To avoid this caused much delay.

Now, among the coral rocks, the vegetation of the lower sea began to appear of more vivid colors and of far greater variety than any which he had ever seen. Here were long plants which clung to the coral like ivy, seeming to be a species of marine parasite, and as it grew it throve more luxuriantly. Here were some which threw out long arms, terminating in vast, broad, palm-like leaves, the arms intertwined among the coral branches and the leaves hanging downward. Here were long streamers of fine, silk-like strings, that were suspended from many a projecting branch, and hillocks of spongy substance that looked like moss. Here, too, were plants which threw forth long, ribbon-like leaves of variegated color.

It was a forest under the sea, and it grew denser at every step.

At last his progress in this direction was terminated by a rock which came from a southerly direction, like a spur from the islands. It arose to a height of about thirty feet overhead, and descended gradually as it ran north. Brandon turned aside, and walked by its base along its entire extent.

At its termination there arose a long vista, where the ground ascended and an opening appeared through this marine "forest." On each side the involuted corals flung their twisted arms in more curious and intricate folds. The vegetation was denser, more luxuriant, and more varied. Beneath him was a growth of tender substance, hairy in texture, and of a delicate green color, which looked more like lawn grass of the upper world than any thing else in nature.

Brandon walked on, and even in the intense desire of his soul to find what he sought he felt himself overcome by the sublime influence of this submarine world. He seemed to have intruded into some other sphere, planting his rash footsteps where no foot of man had trodden before, and using the resources of science to violate the hallowed secrecy of awful nature in her most hidden retreats. Here, above all things, his soul was oppressed by the universal silence around. Through that thick helmet, indeed, no sound under a clap of thunder could be heard, and the ringing of his ears would of itself have prevented consciousness of any other noise, yet none the less was he aware of the awful stillness; it was silence that could be felt. In the sublimity of that lonely pathway he felt what Hercules is imagined to have felt when passing to the underworld after Cerberus,

Stupent ubi undae segne torpescit fretum,

and half expected to hear some voice from the dweller in this place:

"Quo pergis audax? Siste proserentem gradum."

There came to him only such dwellers as belonged to the place. He saw them as he moved along. He saw them darting out from the hidden penetralia around, moving swiftly across and sometimes darting in shoals before him. They began to appear in such vast numbers that Brandon thought of that monster which lay a mangled heap upon the surface above, and fancied that perhaps his kindred were here waiting to avenge his death. As this fear came full and well defined before him he drew from his belt the knife which Asgeelo had given him, and Frank had urged him to take, feeling himself less helpless if he held this in his hand.

The fishes moved about him, coming on in new and more startled crowds, some dashing past, others darting upward, and others moving swiftly ahead. One large one was there with a train of followers, which moved up and floated for a moment directly in front of him, its large, staring eyes seeming to view him in wonder, and solemnly working its gills. But as Brandon came close it gave a sudden turn and darted off with all its attendants.

At last, amidst all these wonders, he saw far ahead something which drove all other thoughts away, whether of fear, or of danger, or of horror, and filled all his soul with an overmastering passion of desire and hope.

It was a dark object, too remote as yet to be distinctly visible, yet as it rose there his fancy seemed to trace the outline of a ship, or what might once have been a ship. The presentation of his hope before him thus in what seemed like a reality was too much. He stood still, and his heart beat with fierce throbs.

The hope was so precious that for a time he hesitated to advance, for fear lest the hope might be dispelled forever. And then to fail at this place, after so long a search, when he seemed to have reached the end, would be an intolerable grief.

There, too, was that strange pathway which seemed made on purpose. How came it there? He thought that perhaps the object lying before him might have caused some current which set in there and prevented the growth of plants in that place. These and many other thoughts came to him as he stood, unwilling to move.

But at last he conquered his feelings, and advanced. Hope grew strong within him. He thought of the time on Coffin Island when, in like manner, he had hesitated before a like object. Might not this, like that, turn out to be a ship? And now, by a strange revulsion, all his feelings urged him on; hope was strong, suspense unendurable. Whatever that object was, he must know.

It might indeed be a rock. He had passed one shortly before, which had gradually declined into the bottom of the sea; this might be a continuation of the same, which after an interval had arisen again from the bottom. It was long and high at one end, and rounded forward at the other. Such a shape was perfectly natural for a rock. He tried to crush down hope, so as to be prepared for disappointment. He tried to convince himself that it must be a rock, and could by no possibility be any thing else. Yet his efforts were totally fruitless. Still the conviction remained that it was a ship, and if so, it could be no other than the one he sought.

As he went on all the marine vegetation ceased. The coral rocks continued no further. Now all around the bottom of the sea was flat, and covered with fine gravel, like that which he had touched when he first came down. The fishes had departed. The sense of solemnity left him; only one thing was perceptible, and that was the object toward which he walked.

And now he felt within him such an uncontrollable impulse that even if he had wished he could neither have paused nor gone back. To go forward was only possible. It seemed to him as though some external influence had penetrated his body, and forced him to move. Again, as once before, he recalled the last words of his father, so well remembered:

—"If in that other world to which I am going the disembodied spirit can assist man, then be sure, oh my son, I will assist you, and in the crisis of your fate I will be near, if it is only to communicate to your spirit what you ought to do—"

It was Ralph Brandon who had said this. Here in this object which lay before him, if it were indeed the ship, he imagined the spirit of another Ralph Brandon present, awaiting him.

Suddenly a dark shadow passed over his head, which forced him involuntarily to look up. In spite of his excitement a shudder passed through him. Far overhead, at the surface of the sea, the boat was floating. But half-way up were three dark objects moving slowly and lazily along. They were sharks.

To him, in his loneliness and weakness, nothing ever seemed so menacing as these three demons of the deep as he stared up at them. Had they seen him? that was now his thought. He clutched his knife in a firmer hold, feeling all the while how utterly helpless he was, and shrinking away into himself from the terror above. The monsters moved leisurely about, at one time grazing the tube, and sending down a vibration which thrilled like an electric shock through him. For a moment he thought that they were malignantly tormenting him, and had done this on purpose in order to send down to him a message of his fate.

He waited.

The time seemed endless. Yet at last the end came. The sharks could not have seen him, for they gradually moved away until they were out of sight.

Brandon did not dare to advance for some time. Yet now, since the spell of this presence was removed, his horror left him, and his former hope animated all his soul.

There lay that object before him. Could he advance again after that warning. Dared he? This new realm into which he had ventured had indeed those who were ready and able to inflict a sudden and frightful vengeance upon the rash intruder. He had passed safely among the horrors of the coral forest; but here, on this plateau, could he hope to be so safe? Might not the slightest movement on his part create a disturbance of water sufficient to awaken the attention of those departed enemies and bring them back?

This was his fear. But hope, and a resolute will, and a determination to risk all on this last hazard, alike impelled him on. Danger now lay every where, above as well as below. An advance was not more perilous than an ascent to the boat. Taking comfort from this last thought he moved onward with a steady, determined step.

Hope grew stronger as he drew nearer. The dark mass gradually formed itself into a more distinct outline. The uncertain lines defined into more certain shape, and the resemblance to a ship became greater and greater. He could no longer resist the conviction that this must be a ship.

Still he tried feebly to prepare for disappointment, and made faint fancies as to the reason why a rock should be formed here in this shape. All the time he scouted those fancies and felt assured that it was not a rock.

Nearer and nearer. Doubt no longer remained. He stood close beside it. It was indeed a ship! Its sides rose high over head. Its lofty stern stood up like a tower, after the fashion of a ship of the days of Queen Elizabeth. The masts had fallen and lay, encumbered with the rigging, over the side.

Brandon walked all around it, his heart beating fast, seeing at every step some new proof that this must be no other, by any conceivable possibility, than the one which he sought. On reaching the bows he saw the outline of a bird carved for the figure-head, and knew that this must be the *Phoenix*.

He walked around. The bottom was sandy and the ship had settled down to some depth. Her sides were covered with fine dark shells, like an incrustation, to a depth of an inch, mingled with a short growth of a green, slimy sea-weed.

At last he could delay no longer. One of the masts lay over the side, and this afforded an easy way by which he could clamber upward upon the deck.

In a few moments Brandon stood upon the deck of the *Phoenix*.

The ship which had thus lain here through centuries, saturated with water that had penetrated to its inmost fibre, still held together sturdily. Beneath the sea the water itself had acted as a preservative, and retarded or prevented decay. Brandon looked around as he stood there, and the light that came from above, where the surface of the sea was now much nearer than before, showed him all the extent of the ship.

The beams which supported the deck had lost their stiffness and sunk downward; the masts, as before stated, had toppled over for the same reason, yielding to their own weight, which, as the vessel was slightly on one side, had gradually borne them down; the bowsprit also had fallen. The hatchways had yielded, and, giving way, had sunk down within the hold. The doors which led into the cabin in the lofty poop were lying prostrate on the deck. The large sky-light which once had stood there had also followed the same fate.

Before going down Brandon had arranged a signal to send to Frank in case he found the ship. In his excitement he had not yet given it. Before venturing further he thought of this. But he decided not to make the signal. The idea came, and was rejected amidst a world of varying hopes and fears. He thought that if he was successful he himself would be the best messenger of success; and, if not, he would be the best messenger of evil.

He advanced toward the cabin. Turning away from the door he clambered upon the poop, and, looking down, tried to see what depth there might be beneath. He saw something which looked as though it had once been a table. Slowly and cautiously he let himself down through the opening, and his feet touched bottom. He moved downward, and let his feet slide till they touched the floor.

He was within the cabin.

The light here was almost equal to that without, for the sky-light was very wide. The floor was sunken in like the deck of the ship. He looked around to see where he might first search for the treasure. Suddenly his eye caught sight of something which drove away every other thought.

At one end was a seat, and there, propped up against the wall, was a skeleton in a sitting posture. Around it was a belt with a sword attached. The figure had partly twisted itself round, but its head and shoulders were so propped up against the wall that it could not fall.

Brandon advanced, filled with a thousand emotions. One hand was lying down in front. He lifted it. There was a gold ring on the bony finger. He took it off. In the dim light he saw, cut in bold relief on this seal-ring, the crest of his family—a Phœnix.

It was his ancestor himself who was before him.

Here he had calmly taken his seat when the ship was settling slowly down into the embrace of the waters. Here he had taken his seat, calmly and sternly, awaiting his death—perhaps with a feeling of grim triumph that he could thus elude his foes. This was the man, and this the hand, which had written the message that had drawn the descendant here.

Such were the thoughts that passed through Brandon's mind. He put the ring on his own finger and turned away. His ancestor had summoned him hither, and here he was. Where was the treasure that was promised?

Brandon's impatience now rose to a fever. Only one thought filled his mind. All around the cabin were little rooms, into each of which he looked. The doors had all fallen away. Yet he saw nothing in any of them.

He stood for a moment in deep doubt. Where could he look? Could he venture down into the dark hold and explore? How could he hope to find any thing there, amidst the ruins of that interior where guns and chains lay, perhaps all mingled together where they had fallen? It would need a longer time to find it than he had at first supposed. Yet would he falter? No! Rather than give up he would pass years here, till he had dismembered the whole ship and strewn every particle of her piecemeal over the bottom of the sea. Yet he had hoped to solve the whole mystery at the first visit; and now, since he saw no sign of any thing like treasure, he was for a while at a loss what to do.

His ancestor had summoned him, and he had come. Where was the treasure? Where? Why could not that figure arise and show him?

Such were his thoughts. Yet these thoughts, the result of excitement that was now a frenzy, soon gave rise to others that were calmer.

He reflected that perhaps some other feeling than what he had at first imagined might have inspired that grim old Englishman when he took his seat there and chose to drown on that seat rather than move away. Some other feeling, and what feeling? Some feeling which must have been the strongest in his heart. What was that? The one which had inspired the message, the desire to secure still more that treasure for which he had toiled and fought. His last act was to send the message, why should he not have still borne that thought in his mind and carried it till he died?

The skeleton was at one end, supported by the wall. Two posts projected on each side. A heavy oaken chair stood there, which had once perhaps been fastened to the floor. Brandon thought that he would first examine that wall. Perhaps there might be some opening there.

He took the skeleton in his arms reverently, and proceeded to lift it from the chair. He could not. He looked more narrowly, and saw a chain which had been fastened around it and bound it to the chair.

What was the meaning of this? Had the crew mutinied, bound the captain, and run? Had the Spaniards seized the ship after all? Had they recovered the spoil, and punished in this way the plunderer of three galleons, by binding him here to the chair, scuttling the ship, and sending him down to the bottom of the sea?

The idea of the possibility of this made Brandon sick with anxiety. He pulled the chair away, put it on one side, and began to examine the wooden wall by running his hand along it. There was nothing whatever perceptible. The wall was on the side farthest from the stern, and almost amidships. He pounded it, and, by the feeling, knew that it was hollow behind. He walked to the door which was on one side, and passed in behind this very wall. There was nothing there. It had once perhaps been used as part of the cabin. He came back disconsolately, and stood on the very place where the chair had been.

"Let me be calm," he said to himself. "This enterprise is hopeless. Yes, the Spaniards captured the ship, recovered the treasure, and drowned my ancestor. Let me not be deceived. Let me cast away hope, and search here without any idle expectation."

Suddenly as he thought he felt the floor gradually giving way beneath him. He started, but before he could move or even think in what direction to go the floor sank in, and he at once sank with it downward.

Had it not been that the tube was of ample extent, and had been carefully managed so as to guard against any abrupt descent among rocks at the bottom of the sea, this sudden fall might have ended Brandon's career forever. As it was he only sank quickly, but without accident, until his breast was on a level with the cabin floor.

In a moment the truth flashed upon him. He had been standing on a trap-door which opened from the cabin floor into the hold of the ship. Over this trap-door old Ralph Brandon had seated and bound himself. Was it to guard the treasure? Was it that he might await his descendant, and thus silently indicate to him the place where he must look?

And now the fever of Brandon's conflicting hope and fear grew more intense than it had ever yet been through all this day of days. He stooped down to feel what it was that lay under his feet. His hands grasped something, the very touch of which sent a thrill sharp and sudden through every fibre of his being.

They were metallic bars!

He rose up again overcome. He hardly dared to take one up so as to see what it might be. For the actual sight would realize hope or destroy it forever.

Once more he stooped down. In a sort of fury he grasped a bar in each hand and raised it up to the light.

Down under the sea the action of water had not destroyed the color of those bars which he held up in the dim light that came through the waters. The dull yellow of those rough ingots seemed to gleam with dazzling brightness before his bewildered eyes, and filled his whole soul with a torrent of rapture and of triumph.

His emotions overcame him. The bars of gold fell down from his trembling hands. He sank back and leaned against the wall.

But what was it that lay under his feet? What were all these bars? Were they all gold? Was this indeed all here—the plunder of the Spanish treasure-ships—the wealth which might purchase a kingdom—the treasure equal to an empire's revenue—the gold and jewels in countless store?

A few moments of respite were needed in order to overcome the tremendous conflict of feeling which raged within his breast. Then once more he stooped down. His outstretched hand felt over all this space which thus was piled up with treasure.

It was about four feet square. The ingots lay in the centre. Around the sides were boxes. One of these he took out. It was made of thick oaken plank, and was about ten inches long and eight wide. The rusty nails gave but little resistance, and the iron bands which once bound them peeled off at a touch. He opened the box.

Inside was a casket.

He tore open the casket.

It was filled with jewels!

His work was ended. No more search, no more fear. He bound the casket tightly to the end of the signal-line, added to it a bar of gold, and clambered to the deck.

He cast off the weight that was at his waist, which he also fastened to the line, and let it go.

Freed from the weight he rose buoyantly to the top of the water.

The boat pulled rapidly toward him and took him in. As he removed his helmet he saw Frank's eyes fixed on his in mute inquiry. His face was ashen, his lips bloodless.

Louis smiled.

"Heavens!" cried Frank, "can it be?"

"Pull up the signal-line and see for yourself," was the answer.

And, as Frank pulled, Louis uttered a cry which made him look up.

Louis pointed to the sun. "Good God! what a time I must have been down!"

"Time!" said Frank. "Don't say time—it was eternity!"

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THE RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

V.

ANNO 1775, BERLIN.—With the exception of Bellevue Castle, almost every thing which would recall the old days of the pig-tails has disappeared from the Zoological Gardens of Berlin. Only here and there one meets an old yew hedge, or a pillar, or a florid ornament which once adorned a summer-house or a Chinese pavilion. Every thing else has been cleared away to give place to the handsome villas of the purse-proud Berlin tradesmen, whose gayly-blazoned chariots now mingle with those of the aristocracy in a manner which would have outraged their ancestors' ideas of propriety. The philosophical simplicity of Frederick the Great prevented such extravagance in his time. The nobility then furnished his officers, while the plebeian classes gave the common soldiers, or else with the sweat of their brows made up for the ravages of war. It was only in the last years of that monarch, when he was getting daily more simple and retired in his way of life, and when he would ride only once a week from Sans Souci to the capital, that the worthy Berliners became more aspiring, and that the promenades were filled with luxury and fashion. Even then the hoop-skirt never attained that immensity which marked it in other countries; and only strong-minded or "gallant" women ventured on an exception, such as may be observed on the lady with the three-cornered hat in our illustration. Indeed, the train was positively prohibited by law to those not of noble rank; and it was hardly to be seen except at court or in the *salons*. A woman who should have ventured in the street in such a costume would have been ill thought of, nay, positively arrested. The three-cornered military hat, on the other hand, was a specially Prussian fashion; and, though not worn generally, was highly favored in court circles. The promenade hats were monstrously large, and composed of cane, horse-hair, or Leghorn straw. They were drawn down almost over the eyebrows, and in the centre contained a perfumed bouquet, a fruit-basket, or an Indian bird's-nest. Such a hat was the honor and pride of a family, and often cost ten or twelve *Frédéric d'or*. The skirts, on the other hand, were simple, being constructed only of whalebone and cane. In shape they resembled a bee-hive, and were almost shot-proof.

RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

FACETIÆ.

A NEGRO, undergoing his examination as a witness, when asked if his master was a Christian, replied, "No, Sir, he is a member of Congress."

NOT EXACTLY A RIDDLE.—What is the sensation that an educated person derives from a sensation novel?—A sensation of nausea.

DESIGNING MEN—Architects.

A "RUFF" SKETCH—A portrait of Queen Elizabeth.

THE SOFTEST KIND OF BRICKS—Cambrics.

To make a (n) ice cream—stick a pin in the baby. To prevent the creaking of the door—nail it up. To make a window blind—fill it up with bricks and mortar.

What religious sect should make the best gardeners?—The Bhudd-ists of the Flowery Land.

What sort of a cravat would a hog be most likely to choose?—A pig's-tye, of course.

Which is the quickest way of driving a bargain?—Stealing a horse and cart and driving off.

Why was the whale that swallowed Jonah like a retired milkman?—Because he got a profit (prophet) out of the water.

Madame Rachel says that the only way to avoid growing old is to dye young.

An Irish sailor once visited a city where he said, "they copper-bottomed the tops of their houses with sheet-lead."

A child once asked a minister, "Do you think my father will go to heaven?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well," returned the child, "if he don't have his own way there he won't stay long."

A FORT THAT IS TOO MUCH STORMED NOWADAYS—The piano-forte.

The most laconic will on record is that of a man who died in 1760. It runs thus: "I have nothing; I owe a great deal; the rest I give to the poor."

YELLOW FEVER—The passion for gold.

A SCHISM TO BE APPROVED OF—A witticism.

Was it excusable for the Irishman to go to buy lumber at the *Post* office?

How long did Cain hate his brother?—As long as he was able.

ALPHABETICAL LIKING.—"Jane, what letter in the alphabet do you like best?" "Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Snobbs." "Pooh, nonsense! say right out. Which do you like the best?" "Well," dropping her eyes, "I like U best."

BABY'S NEW SHOES.

THE FIRST STITCH.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 15.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THE TWINS.

TWIN roses on one stem,
Twin cherries on one bough,
Twin rubies in one diadem—
A perfect pair, I vow

I know not which is sweeter,
I know not which is rarer,
And if I had to grapple
The question of the apple,
And *pulchriori detur*,
I'd not know which is fairer.

Sweet music, and its echo sweet,
A swan and its reflection—
Such is the pair of twins complete,
A duplicate perfection!

Was ever poor mortal
So troubled as I am?
To Felicity's portal
I feel that I nigh am,
And not very shy am!
But what can I do
When I can not discover
Of which of the two
I am truly the lover?
Then pity me, who
Am condemned for my sins
To be deeply in love with the beautiful twins.

There's Ethel, the fair,
With the rose in her hair,
I think she's the lov'lier—almost—of the pair—
Especially, too, when her sister's not there!

But when Maud's in the way,
Well! I really can't say!
For Maud has such eyes
For color and size,
And they've both necks and shoulders
That dazzle beholders,
And voices as sweet as the throstles in May.

Oh, blest is the fortunate fellow who wins
Either one of the beautiful, beautiful twins!

To what can the poet distracted compare
These beauties so rare?—
At a loss for a figure I am, I declare!

They're the new double-barrel Dan Cupid is armed with
(His old bow and arrows no longer he's charmed with),
The prize double-bloom out of Beauty's own green'us,
A charming two-volume edition of Venus!
All nature admires them! The beasts and the birds
Find joy in their glances—delight in their words;
And no fish so cold-blooded but twiddles his fins
As he drinks to the health of the beautiful twins.

Oh, what shall I do
To decide 'twixt the two?
For each is so neat,
So sweet and complete!
Oh, my course of true love has arrived at a hitch,
For I mustn't wed both, and I can't decide which!

I've tried to decide
Which to take for my bride,
But my puzzling all ends in the way it begins!
At a loss what to do,
For a choice of the two,
I exclaim to myself,
Poor unfortunate elf,
"Since I can't marry both—oh, why wasn't *I* twins?"

Opera and Ball Dresses.

Fig. 1.—Evening dress of pink satin, over which a black lace bedouin is worn as a fourreau. As is shown in the illustration, the bedouin is arranged without any fullness round the waist, and is fastened behind, where the ends are looped together. The bedouin can also be worn as a fourreau in the style of Fig. 3, with the ends sewed together. Low-necked corsage, around which is a deep frill of black lace and a quilling of pink satin ribbon. Short sleeves of puffed satin. Pearl bracelets; white kid gloves. Belt of pink satin to match the dress.

Fig. 2.—Opera dress. Pompadour gored dress of blue silk. Close Watteau sleeves, reaching only to the elbow, and finished with an undersleeve of puffed lace. Spanish mantilla of black figured lace, trimmed with a lace frill, and pointed at the bottom, and finished with silk tassels.—The mantilla also serves as a head-dress, being confined on the head by a diadem of flowers. It is fastened in front by a flower of the same kind as those used for the diadem.—White kid gloves and white fan.

Fig. 3.—Ball dress of white tarlatan, trimmed round the bottom with four puffings of tarlatan. Fourreau of white lace, trimmed with 3 narrow rouleaux of pink satin. Bertha of puffed lace, and rouleaux of pink satin. Broad sash of pink satin ribbon, tied in a bow behind, and looping up the fourreau as shown in the illustration. Low corsage of white tarlatan, with short, puffed sleeves, trimmed round the bottom with a frill of narrow edging. Pearl necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets. Chignon of curls, wreath of pink roses in the hair.

EVENING, OPERA, AND BALL DRESSES.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1868.

BUSINESS WOMEN.

THERE is a great deal of talk about woman's rights, and much question as to whether she has all she is entitled to. There are, however, undoubtedly some privileges which no one refuses to her, but which she herself fails to claim.

That woman has the right to make herself useful in certain spheres where she has hitherto not cared to exercise it is undoubted. This, moreover, has been owing rather to her own indifference than from any steady opposition on the part of the male sex. For example, in this country how rarely is a woman seen conducting what is ordinarily called business. In Europe there is hardly a branch of commerce, trade, or manufacture of which a woman is not seldom the chief manager. The widow Clicquot, whose over-luscious and potent wine accords so well with the Russian strength of head and sweetness of tooth, was bereft of her husband at the age of twenty-seven. She succeeded to a wine manufactory, with a great many debts and a plentiful supply of empty bottles. She went down at once into the cellars and set to work, with apron on and sleeves turned up to the shoulders, and persisted until almost the last day of her life in personally managing a business which became one of the largest and most profitable in the world. She died a short time since at the age of eighty-nine years, leaving a fortune of over four millions of dollars. In the mean time she had married a daughter and a grand-daughter to a count and a marquis of the cream of the cream of French aristocracy. This, however, was not among the most wonderful of the skillful and busy widow's operations; for in France any degree of rank can be purchased, with a man of some kind or other thrown into the bargain, by those who have the means and inclination to buy it.

An American woman, placed in the same position as Madame Clicquot, would have left the almost bankrupt estate to the lawyers to settle; and they would have settled it effectually by sinking it in ruin. Many much more promising successions in the United States have been wasted from the disinclination or want of capacity of women for business, who have thus descended to a life of poverty and dependence when they might, with a little more knowledge or effort, have secured for themselves and their children a substantial support and even wealth.

A popular French writer thus describes the daughter of a wealthy wholesale trader of France: "Fancy a little pale body, with large blue eyes, and false sleeves of green cloth, to prevent her frock from being inked. She keeps the ledger, makes out the bills, and passes her life in the midst of piles of letters, wafers, and ink-scrapers." Fancy the daughter of a rich New York merchant thus installed and occupied! The French picture is given only as an illustration of the difference between the practical education of women in France and in America, and is not offered as an example to be strictly followed. It may not be desirable that the daughters of our merchants should pass their lives in their fathers' counting-houses, but a little practical knowledge of ledgers and correspondence might be of effectual service in case of need, and would do no harm should the occasion never arise for its exercise.

The education of our women is too sentimental and ornate to admit of their becoming practical and useful. They are, moreover, so imbued with the idea that the chief object of marriage is to dress, visit, and otherwise play the lady, that it would be difficult to persuade them to learn some little of business at the risk of soiling their delicate fingers with ink. Husbands, too, are kept in such respectful awe of their superfine wives that they do not venture to disclose to them the vulgar mysteries of their affairs, and they are thus prevented from acquiring that knowledge which might be of essential service.

WORKING TOGETHER.

IN literature, as in life, it is not good for man to be alone. The instincts of the intellect, like those of the heart, demand the help of fellowship, and we can no more set aside the law in the one case than in the other. Woman represents a specific form of mind as well as a distinctive kind of character, nor is she woman more thoroughly in constancy and depth of devotion, in beauty of household tenderness, in self-forgetfulness of consecration to the welfare of others, than in those modes of thought, sentiment, and expression which peculiarly belong to her in the offices of literary effort. In respect to literature, she stands to man precisely in the same relation that she occupies in the home and in the church. She is a "helpmeet," a co-worker, a partner, in the grand work of originating and inspiring those ideas which the world needs for the guidance of its moral aims and the perfection of its moral strength. To deny this is simply to deny the worth of womanhood.

Happily for the age no argument on this subject is needed. If it were now an open question we should have the same sort of puerile discussion that we had thirty years ago on the propriety of the higher education of woman. But women have done so much and so well in different departments of literature that they have fairly won a position from which they can not be dislodged. They are now felt to be a necessity in literature. All men are ready enough to acknowledge rights when vindicated; and as the pen is only a peaceful kind of sword that in the hand of woman has fought its way to successful empire, we should be quite untrue to our pride in victorious might if we failed to render the homage due to her conquering valor. And, moreover, it is certain that the position so justly attained will not be sacrificed by any default of womanly culture and sagacity. Toward themselves and their prerogatives women are valiant conservatives. Men put their victories into institutions, into stock companies, into all manner of absurd legislation, into a windy logic that blows hither and thither as the weather directs; while women lock up the past in their own strong hearts, and hold what they acquire secure from change. Yea, it is altogether probable that certain branches of literature will pass very largely into their possession. In fiction, poetry, and the like, they are gaining ground on the other sex; and as they have begun to feel their power and have a quiet assurance of fuller achievement, the other side of the world meanwhile accepting the situation as the fate of the age, we see no reason to doubt that women will, ere long, be as vital an agency in literature as they are in society and religion.

The new era which has been so boldly defined by the Mitfords, the Stickneys, the Brontës, the Evanses, the Mulochs of the day, is broadly different from any other era in literature. It is thoroughly democratic in its strange truthfulness to certain experiences of the human heart, doing in the literature of fiction and history what Cowper, Burns, and Crabbe did in poetry, by resting its claims to acceptance on the feelings common to all people. Then, too, it is genuinely international. What Lord Hobart said of Richard Cobden is true of the aims of these writers, "to break down the barriers of a narrow nationalism, and blend into one great community the nations of the world." Women are quick to understand the vernacular of the world, and quick to write therein without that fear which impoverishes genius by self-abatement. Unlike men, they get their purposes from within far more than from without. They originate books in their own hearts; fashion and conformity are for the time forgotten, and they are the more individualized here because so little individualized elsewhere. And then, the maternal instinct—inseparable from a woman's nature—the tender forethought, the vigilant providence, the eager wish that these children of the brain shall be well-reared and well-mannered; all this appears significantly enough in their books, and assurance that the critical police will not have to arrest and imprison any of their characters for social outrages. In this purer tone of literature we are vast gainers by the addition of womanly mind to the printed thought of the age. Gainers, too, are we by that return to simple intuitions and fresh instincts which its creations have evinced. Certain it is, these writers have supplied an element long wanted by bringing in a new order of inspirations. They have given the womanly interpretation of inward and outward life, and given it in such form and manner as to augment the stores of thought and sentiment. Society must have this womanly infusion of intellect. Without it all our education is one-sided. As a balancing power, it is essential to our growth and stability; and just as civilization advances in its intellectual and material aspects, its presence will be more and more salutary and invigorating. Although a late product it is none the worse for that. If it has required nineteen centuries of Christian civilization in its slow progress toward maturity to call forth this potent agency, we may be sure that this is the best presumptive evidence of its invaluable worth. The fruit of old trees is often the most delicious. Time does a work for the human mind just as it does for trees. You can not anticipate it by artificial processes. Nature consults her own leisure, and most wisely has she consulted it in this instance by endowing the womanly mind of the century with precisely that sort of insight and that impassioned love of expression which are needed to preserve us on the one hand from a skeptical logic, and on the other from an intellectual sensualism.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to Lucilla.

MY DEAR LUCILLA,—Our late conversation upon the value of little things in the great journey in which we are all engaged was forcibly brought to my mind, as I walked meditatively homeward from your pleasant house, by a trifling incident. Neighbor Brown joined me, and as he walked or rather limped along, he seemed curiously impatient of every thing that was said, and of every thing that happened. If I remarked, with the most Christian desire of good-fellowship—for you will allow that Brown is not an inspiring companion—that a storm seemed to me brewing, Brown in the most captious manner replied that he could see no sign whatever of any change in the weather, and apparently doubted that I did. Then, if a trotting wagon darted by, he peevishly wished to know whether every Tom Noddy who had sense enough to hold reins was to be permitted to drive over quiet passengers. If a heavy team rumbled along, he declared that he was going to live in the country, where he could hear himself and his friends without hallooing loud enough to startle the man in the moon. Nothing was satisfactory. Even ——'s very latest poem he laughed at bitterly. I began to fear that he would quarrel with the sun for shining and the north star for being sectional.

Observing that he limped, I said to him that I was not aware that he had hurt his foot, and sincerely hoped that his lameness was very temporary.

"No lameness at all," said he, limping and wincing; "it's nothing but a —— peg in my shoe."

"Good Heaven!" I answered, "why don't you boil your peas?"

"What's the use of saying such —— nonsensical things to a suffering man?" asked Brown, petulantly. "What peas do you mean, for pity's sake?"

I replied that I was very sorry to irritate him, and that I was only alluding to the foolish old story of the two pilgrims to Jerusalem, one of whom mortified the flesh by walking thither with hard, dried peas in his shoes, while the other secured an easy passage by cooking his peas before he started.

"And a very wise man he was," I stoutly persisted. "It makes all the difference to your enjoyment of the journey whether you boil your peas or not before starting."

He thought for a moment, and then answered: "You are quite right, and I should have boiled my peas if I could have found a pot. But a man can't take off his shoes in the middle of the street," testily concluded Brown, as the peg gave him another wound.

"Well, my dear friend," said I, "turn round a corner. Stop in a doorway. But don't limp all the way home, and make the whole world disagreeable to you."

So he did what he should have done the moment he felt the inconvenience. He took off his shoe, pulled out his knife, and whittled down the peg, replaced the shoe upon his foot, and instantly the world was a new world to him. The wagons did not roll too swiftly, nor the slow wheels thunder too loudly, and all the new poems and fine articles in the magazines were criticised in a manner which the authors would have felt to be simply just; and my neighbor Brown was so happy and agreeable that he declared it to be his serious intention to set up a carriage for Mrs. B., with a neatly-painted device upon the panel representing a boiled pea.

Now, my dear Lucilla, the moral which I drew from this as applicable to our conversation was this: That although manners are small things—mere words and smiles, and turns of expression, and appearances of interest and sympathy; although they may be sneered at as trivial and unworthy serious thought, and actually no more than peas and pegs, yet the difference between good and bad manners is the difference between hard peas and boiled peas in your shoe—between a smooth sole to tread upon and a sole with an angry peg piercing you at every step. I am quite sure you would find that good-manners are what the proverb says of honesty—the best policy. You must not understand me as insinuating that *you* would find it so as if your manners were of the dried-pea school. The very thought makes me smile. No, my dear Lucilla, you will not care for my compliments, but I heard young William say that you were a thornless rose, and I agreed with him. His remark may not have been original, but it was true.

And can you tell me why there is a feeling of insincerity associated with good-manners? In my wanderings through many drawing-rooms and houses of fashion and beauty (and I must say that there are pleasanter resorts in the world) how often have I heard the atrocious comments of the innumerable Wasp family upon the most lovely and attractive persons!

"I see," said Miss Wasp to me one evening, at a pleasant little party, "I see that you have been talking to Mrs. Bland, and that you are as much captivated as every body else. Now, Mr. Bachelor, there never was such a transparent woman as Mrs. Bland in the world. Her whole secret is making every man think he is especially preferred. That is what I call insincere; and if a woman can not succeed but by insincerity—Heaven help her!"

So my virtuous Pharisee shrugged her not very beautiful shoulders and thanked Heaven she was not as Mrs. Bland.

She certainly was not like her. Mrs. Bland is a woman who cultivates good-manners, as it is called; and instead of being a proof of insincerity they conspicuously show her good feeling. She has ready sympathies; she has the quickest intelligence; she makes herself familiar with all the little ways that relieve the awkwardness of others; above all, she takes upon herself the duty of interesting and entertaining those with whom she converses. Is that insincerity?

If a man who is embarrassed, diffident, wholly unused to the ways of society is presented to Mrs. Bland, she makes him forget himself as far as possible by her kind interest and pleasant discourse. She has no particular interest in brother Awkward; she never saw him before this moment; she may never see him again. But her duty for this moment is with him, and it is to make him happier; and there is no more insincerity in the sweet manner with which she does it than there is in giving alms to the poor. What particular interest has Miss Wasp in the poor persons to whom she gives money or work? Is it, then, insincere in her to do what indicates interest? She may call it a moral duty. Very well, what is the limit of moral duty? Is it right and lovely for me to help a man's bodily necessities, and quite otherwise to minister to his mental needs, even if it be only putting him at his ease? Mrs. Bland feels exactly as much interest as she shows; and when Miss Wasp says that she treats every body alike she is very much mistaken; for Mrs. Bland could not do it. She can not possibly talk with the shy young student, who has just come from the country to enter college, as she does with me, for instance. Yet she puts college boy and tough old Mr. Bachelor equally at their ease.

Does Miss Wasp, my dear Lucilla, actually mean that if you are presented to a person whom you have never seen there must be austere silence until you feel a personal interest which is to inspire conversation? She means this or nothing. But if you are to enter into any kind of social intercourse beyond idly gazing at each other, what is to be first done? Clearly, in the most common phrase, you are to make yourselves mutually agreeable. The essence of good-manners is not hard to perceive. But there must be certain natural gifts and graces to complete them. A person of the finest manners is like a poet, born and not made. They are the result of a happy natural faculty and adaptation. But those of us who happen not to be born to that purple may still reach some of the lesser grades. Because I do not feel myself, dear Lucilla—if such were the fact—to be of the blood-royal, shall I be content to be a boor?

No, no; so vital is this charm of manner that if I were a married man, and a father, and I saw that my daughter was growing up morbidly shy and awkward, and a nuisance to herself and others from her intolerable bashfulness, I should think it my first duty to correct it for her own sake, and at cost of the utmost pains. If I did not, I should doom her to an incalculable disadvantage all her life. Let us conform in things indifferent. Let us boil our peas and whittle away the pegs in our shoes. I have always found, if a man were very particular to let the hair of his head grow very long and hang upon his shoulders when it was the custom to wear it short, that there was more hair upon the outside of his head than there were brains within. If a woman insists, in a time of universal hoops, that they are a stupid folly, and she will none of them, she becomes instantly so conspicuous that she must summon as much heroism to persist in her limp and lank skirts as if it were a matter of importance. I know a man of my time who was a buck of the year 1830. He clings as far as possible to the fashions of that date. He is comical in his ancient hats and other paraphernalia. He says that there is no reason in the modern fashions. But if you come closer to him you find that, far from being a remarkably reasonable man, he is still and merely a buck of the year 1830. He insists upon dry peas and stiff pegs in his shoes, and thinks himself wiser than the rest.

Despite my good friend Buck, I say boil your peas, dear Lucilla. Let us make the journey of life gracious and pleasant by sweet and kindly manners. Let us change our dress gently with the changing fashions as we do with the changing seasons. Let us regard the great journey as one upon which all the passengers are to make each other as cheerful as possible; and remember that to the great multitude of those of them whom we meet we can render no other service than that of good-manners.

You do not need the sermon, dear Lucilla, but you can drop it softly into the next pew.

Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

LINGERIE.

THE word *lingerie* is used by our furnishing houses to comprise all those white garments of lace, linen, and muslin necessary for a lady's complete outfit, including muslin dresses for morning and evening, fichus, canezous, camisoles, peignoirs, and sets of under-linen. In attempting to speak of the elegant models shown us within the past week we begin with the body linen.

The declension in prices of cotton cloth has produced a corresponding change in ready-made garments. Waumsutta muslin is sold now for twenty cents a yard, New York Mills at twenty-

three cents, Lonsdale cloth at sixteen cents, and Hill's brand at fifteen cents. French long-cloth, or percale, may be bought for forty cents. Nansook muslin ranges from thirty cents to $1 25, according to quality, and dimity from twenty-five to sixty cents. In linen there is but little if any change in price, yet made-up garments have been reduced ten per cent. Ladies who do not wear linen use percale for handsome under-clothing.

Chemise bands are worn very wide. Two rows of cambric insertion an inch wide, with a puff of the same width between, and a lace edge, form a pretty band. Double, or box-pleats, made narrow, fit neatly, and are easily ironed if stitched lengthways of the linen. A new feature is to cut yoke and sleeves in one piece. Trimmings are arranged diagonally and in medallions. Tucks, puffs, and insertions slant in points toward the front. Lace, appliqué embroidery, and bunches of tucks are cut into oval medallions, squares, diamonds, or hexagons, and strapped around with narrow bands of linen in order to strengthen them. Plain chemises of Waumsutta vary in price from two dollars to eight. The lowest in price have linen bands and sleeves tucked or with cords stitched in waves; others, at two dollars and a half, are tucked below the band to form a point; those at three dollars are ruffled; embroidered for four dollars; and deep yokes, formed of diagonal insertion and puffs, are sold at eight dollars. Linen chemises range from five to twelve dollars; neat, substantial garments, trimmed with needle-work and ruffles. Drawers, very wide at the ankle, are trimmed to match each chemise.

Gowns with yokes are more frequently called for than sacques and circular shapes. Handsome peignoirs are loose Gabrielles. Yokes, pointed or straight according to fancy, are formed entirely of trimming, and made without seams on the shoulders. A band of trimming down the front of the garment is very ornamental. Standing collars are preferred, as they do not rumple easily. Full sleeves are clumsy. A better style is a loose coat-sleeve with pointed cuff large enough for the hand to pass through. Valenciennes is the favorite lace for these garments. Cluny is also desirable, as it is very strong and washes well.

Neatly-made gowns of New York Mills muslin, with yokes formed of medallions of diagonal tucks surrounded by narrow fluted ruffles, are sold for six dollars. A tucked and ruffled band extends down the front of the skirt. Pointed collar and cuffs. A long cambric gown, with yoke of puffs and insertion reaching to the waist, is bordered at the neck and wrists with Valenciennes. Imported gowns of French cambric, with guipure lace medallions for trimming, are sold for twenty dollars, or with Valenciennes insertion arranged in vandykes on the yoke for twenty-five dollars. Another at fifteen dollars has the whole yoke formed of narrow box-pleats, with linen bands stitched on in a waving pattern. Lace ruffle at neck and wrists. *Fleurs-de-lis* are prettily needle-worked around the button-holes of others made of linen.

Short camisoles of French nansook, with yokes of tiny tucks and insertion, are exhibited by a tasteful modiste at prices ranging from six to fifty dollars.

Muslin petticoats are gored. Those intended to be worn under short dresses have but four gored breadths without gathers at the belt. Long trained skirts have six widths, and are frequently cut by the same pattern as the outside dress. Nine yards of four-quarter muslin is required for a trained skirt, sixty-two inches long in the back. Ruffles are again fashionably worn around the skirt, and tucked bands are inserted, as it is difficult to tuck the sloping widths smoothly. Diagonal tucks, or those perpendicularly arranged, are prettiest.

Short skirts of Waumsutta muslin are sold for four dollars. Wide inserted border of tucks above the hem. Another, with flounce half a yard wide, with insertion and ruffled edge, at five dollars. A skirt at eighteen dollars, handsome enough for outside wear, has medallions of Valenciennes and embroidery above the hem. A nansook skirt, to be worn with a breakfast camisole, has a flounce around it, with the fullness taken up in tucks. Lace edge. Trained skirts of cambric are sixty inches long in the back width. With narrow tucks and fluted ruffle they are sold at eleven dollars. Another, at twenty-eight dollars, has diamonds of tucks surrounded by bands of Valenciennes insertion.

Corset-covers are cut to extend over the hips. For slender figures it is best to make them very full, and gather into a belt, with basques attached. Very plain ones of linen are sold at four dollars. When made more elaborately, with puffs of linen cambric, transferred embroidery, and lace, they may cost thirty dollars.

A novelty in stays is Thomson's glove-fitting corset, which the English fashion journals eulogize highly, and which, for comfort, elegance, and perfection of fit, is a decided improvement on the ordinary gored corset. It is cut on a novel principle, being made of three longitudinal pieces, the middle one forming a bodice, and the upper and under ones swelling to fit the form, thus obviating the necessity of the stiff and ungraceful gores, which have a tendency to destroy the roundness of the figure. The lacing at the back is ingeniously contrived, and the spring fastening of the front is novel and simple. These corsets possess the additional advantage of being cheaper than the French corsets, ranging in price from three and four and a half to six and a half dollars, according to the material and trimming used.

ELABORATE UNDER-LINEN.

A beautiful set, made for a bride, consists of gown, chemise, and drawers. It is marked one hundred and fifty dollars. The nansook gown has a straight yoke, without shoulder-seams, formed of square medallions of Valenciennes—on which butterflies are wrought—barred with two rows of narrow appliqué insertion, surrounded by a double row of edging. Puffs of linen cambric between the figures. Coat-sleeves trimmed in the same way up the outside seams. Lace on the collar and wrists. Blue satin is laid beneath the lace. Long-cloth drawers with puffs and butterfly medallions around them, and fluted lace border. Chemise of linen, with band three inches wide, of medallions and puffs. Deep-pointed fall reaching to the waist, used as a corset-cover.

Another set for three hundred dollars has five pieces—gown, chemise, drawers, trained skirt, and corset cover. Nansook gown. Yoke of medallions. In the centre of each is a rose embroidered in linen cambric, set in two narrow bands of Valenciennes. Nansook strip stitched around these and edged with lace. Row of medallions down the front with puffs of linen cambric on each side. Vandyked lace collar and cuffs. Blue satin under the lace. Linen chemise and drawers with wide bands of puffs and embroidery. Similar trimming around the skirt.

At another house are handsome sets for seventy-five dollars, and others for fifty dollars trimmed with Cluny.

A skirt of gauze flannel has a richly embroidered border, six inches wide, in a scroll pattern. Part of the work is tamboured with silk floss. Seeded needle-work fills out the design. Small, scalloped edge. Price twenty-eight dollars. Woolen embroidery is recommended for flannel as it keeps the same color as the flannel after washing. A pretty pattern is of roses and leaves in wool-work, the veins filled in with silk. Leaf scallop. Three tucks with feathered stitching above. Price twenty-two dollars.

MUSLIN DRESSES.

An India muslin dress, worn over a pink gored silk slip, has two corsages. The high-necked waist is formed entirely of puffs of muslin and Valenciennes insertion extending from the belt to the neck. Coat-sleeves arranged similarly from wrist to shoulder. Low, full corsage, with wide lace bertha and lace ruffles for sleeves. The upper part of the skirt is ingeniously contrived to have the effect of gores, with but two or three seams. The lower half consists of four puffs separated by insertion, with a wide border of box-pleats edged with lace. Sash of pink silk, with wide double lappets trimmed with a quilled ruche. An imported dress, of Swiss muslin ornamented with embroidery, has a deep Spanish flounce trimmed with square medallions of exquisite French needle-work and lace. High waist and coat-sleeves tastefully embroidered. Price two hundred and seventy-five dollars.

A low-necked Gabrielle, body and skirt in one, is of white organdy over cerise marseline silk. Down the back and front seams are puffs, wide at the edge of the skirt, graduating narrower as they shape the waist, and wider again in passing over the shoulder. Valenciennes insertion and lace on either side of the puff. With the silk under-dress furnished the price is one hundred dollars.

A handsome French evening-dress of Swiss has a basque attached, making a reception-suit. The skirt has a box-pleated flounce twelve inches wide, scalloped and edged with Valenciennes. A lappel, or *revers*, graduating smaller toward the waist, is sewn in with the seams of each width. Swiss insertion and a fine feather-edged lace around the lappets. The basque has coat-sleeves and pointed collar. Revers in back of basque-skirt. Price two hundred and fifty dollars.

A simple dress for a young girl is of dotted Swiss, worn over blue silk. Full, low corsage, gathered into a belt, and short puffed sleeves. Long-sleeved basque, trimmed with a ruffle needle-worked in small scallops at both edges, and sewn on in box-pleats. A similar ruffle on the short skirt. Price one hundred and twenty dollars.

A high-necked under-dress of pink silk, gored flat, and long train, is trimmed with three bias ruffles two inches wide, and notched at either edge. Over this is worn a white organdy, with low, square corsage formed of puffs graduated to form a tapering waist, without being gathered into a belt. The white skirt reaches to the silk flounces. A ruffle at the bottom is made almost entirely of Valenciennes lace. Puffs reaching to the knee are joined by bands of insertion, with narrow edge on each side. A *tablier*, or apron, is formed on the front width by three deep points of lace and puffs. The skirt is festooned at one side with pink rosettes.

VARIETIES.

A breakfast Fanchon of Valenciennes lace has long lappets crossing beneath the chignon. Colored glacé silk lining. Price eighteen dollars. A simple breakfast-cap of the Martha Washington shape is bordered with a scalloped ruffle forming a coronet in front, with pink bow over the forehead. Price ten dollars. A coquettish Fanchon of solid guipure, with coronet of loops of blue ribbon, and tiny bows down the centre of the lappets. Price fourteen dollars.

A pretty addition to a solid-colored silk dress is a sleeveless jacket of Brussels lace with satin pipings arranged in scallops. Beaded lace edge with jet pendants. Long sash of lace.

There is a great variety of styles and material of fichus. A graceful one of blonde is laid in folds, bordered with real lace edge. The lappets are three-eighths of a yard wide at the ends, and deeply pointed. Price twenty dollars. Another of organdy muslin has three narrow puffs separated by insertion. Valenciennes lace border. Price forty dollars. A square fichu of black guipure is trimmed with purple moiré ribbon arranged in trellised border. Price thirty dollars. A low-necked fichu of black net with beaded lace trimming is also pretty.

A black cloth burnous is elaborately embroidered in a jardiniere pattern, around the whole garment and down the back. Price one hundred and fifty dollars.

Among the evening dresses is a Metternich green silk, with long train skirt, gracefully sloped. Tulle of the same shade covers the whole skirt, ending in a wide quilling at the edge. Artificial marguerites loop up the tulle at intervals. A white tulle over-skirt is embroidered with silver stars. Embossed marguerites in floss above the hem. When made up the price is two hundred dollars.

A low-necked corsage of pink silk is to be worn over a white tarlatan dress. It is a combination of the peasant waist and peplum. Trimming formed of narrow satin folds studded with large pearls. Pearl fringe.

For the information furnished in this article we are indebted to the courtesy of Mesdames DIEDEN and BAILLARD; Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; THOMSON, LANGDON & Co., and others.

PERSONAL.

BISHOP HOPKINS, of Vermont, who died a few days since at the age of 76, had never been confined to his bed for a single day with sickness. Sitting in his chair the day before his death—he could not lie down—he said that he had been praying, "Thy will be done," all his life; and it was time now that he should begin to suffer if it were His will. His thankfulness for the past blessings of his whole life was ever on his lips, and the hopes of the life to come; but as to his sufferings, there was only sweet contentment, perfect resignation, and peace. On Thursday morning he expressed his conviction that his life's work was done. Sitting, and in his library, he awaited the end. In the afternoon the oppressed breathing grew shorter and feebler. The hand fell helpless down at his side. He opened his eyes and gazed for a moment intently upon vacancy, as if seeing there what none around him could see—perchance the approaching angels; and then, while all were kneeling around him, and his son THEODORE was offering up the Commendatory prayer, the eyes fell, and the head drooped gently, and the breathing hushed so softly that at first they thought it a sweet sleep, and knew not that it was the sleep of Death. Of the 152 bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church throughout the world, there were, at the time of his death, but two who were his seniors by consecration. He was remarkable for his versatility of mind. He was one of the most elegantly accomplished men of his day and ministry. He was a deeply-read theologian and historian; a general and accurate linguist; a persevering and successful worker in the cause of education; one of the earliest of lecturers; a technical and capable architect (and few things are more beautiful than reminiscences of the Bishop and his children designing, building, and decorating the Burlington church with their own hands); an artist of noticeable proficiency in oil and water-colors; a well-read musician; a belles-lettres scholar; indeed, it was hard to find a highway or by-way of ingenious investigation where the Bishop has not left his footprint.

—The Rev. ALBERT BARNES has declined to receive from the congregation to whom he ministered so many years, the annuity of $1000 per annum which they voted to him.

—A statue of Major-General JAMES S. WADSWORTH is to be erected in the Capitol at Washington. Of the men of great wealth who volunteered "life, fortune, and sacred honor" in the late war, perhaps no one man volunteered or sacrificed so much as JAMES WADSWORTH.

—Another star has arisen in the vocal firmament of Europe—Miss BLANCHE BARETTI—who is spoken of, in her representation of *Lucia*, as rivaling, in the *furore* she created, the most successful of Jenny Lind's impersonations.

—Mr. EUGENE HAYWOOD is now put down on the tax-lists of Illinois as the largest land-owner in that State. He holds 50,000 acres, purchased by his father 50 years ago. Recently he purchased 12,000 acres in Nebraska, at a cost of about 79 cents an acre. He is only 22 years of age, and in every respect a most desirable "object" for any agreeable young lady desirous of becoming Mrs. H.

—Dramatic authorship is beginning to pay. Mr. JOHN BROUGHAM is looking about for a fine house which acting and authoring enable him to buy, and Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON has just paid BOUCICAULT $5000 for the copyright of "Rip Van Winkle," having previously paid him $13,000 as his percentage of what the play had earned.

—At the time that M'CLELLAN ordered the arrest of GRANT; at the time HALLECK scolded him; at the time SMITH had him superseded, and when several military heroes were snubbing him, it was not supposed that he would ever be of sufficient account to have his life written by ADAM BADEAU. Here is a pleasant little anecdote of the General: In his days of insignificance and poverty he used to furnish wood to the family of Congressman H. T. BLOW, of St. Louis, hauling it himself. On a recent occasion MRS. BLOW attended one of the General's receptions, and he greeted her as follows: "Mrs. Blow, I remember you well. What great changes have taken place since we met!" "Yes, General," remarked Mrs. B., "the war is over." "I did not mean that," he replied; "I mean with myself. Do you not recollect when I used to supply your husband with wood, and pile it myself, and measure it, too, and go to his office for my pay?" "Oh yes, General, your face was familiar in those days." "Mrs. Blow, those were happy days; for I was doing the best I could to support my family."

—Miss EMMA HUNT, a young lady of Emporia, Kansas, has political views and aspirations, and her eyes are set on one of the clerkships of the Kansas House of Representatives. EMMA is a good scholar, handy with the pen, and well qualified for the position.

—THOMAS HUGHES, M. P. (Tom Brown), is the leading spirit in a factory at Rochdale, England, the capital stock of which is about $250,000, owned by operatives, and conducted upon the new co-operative principle.

—The London *Athenæum* thinks that, by her new novel of "Mabel's Progress," just published by the Harpers, Miss DICKENS, daughter of C. D., has placed herself "in the first rank of living English novelists."

—Mr. BIERSTADT has been to see the British Queen, and show her what can be done in the way of pictures by an artist from this side the water. She will probably buy.

—Mr. THACKERAY said that the drollest thing he heard while in this country, and the most characteristically American, was the remark of a New Yorker: "Oh, I have no objection to England, Mr. THACKERAY. The only thing I should be afraid of would be to go out at night there lest I might step off."

—LOUISA MÜHLBACH is in high feather with the Prussian monarch, who has conferred upon her the large golden medal for art and literature, and written to her "that the skill with which she had depicted the events and leading actors of one of the most momentous periods in Prussian history, in her 'Louisa of Prussia' and 'Napoleon and Blücher,' richly entitled her to an honor not hitherto conferred on any other German authoress."

—LISZT, who has taken to the priesthood in lieu of the piano, appears in public in a long, black coat, cut after the usual fashion for a Roman Abbé, and a broad-brimmed silk hat which looks old enough to have been through a dozen campaigns. The only bit of color visible about his dress was a little rose-bud in a button-hole of his coat. In person he is tall and commanding, while his large eyes, peering out from under great overarching eyebrows, and his long, light-colored hair, combine to give him that lion-like air which has so often been remarked.

—The Rev. Miss CHAPIN, recently chosen pastor of the Universalist Church in Mount Pleasant, Iowa, has arrived in that town and entered upon her priestly duties. She drew two full houses on her first Sunday, and quite met the Universal-ist expectation.

—M'lle. PRESSANT, formerly an actress at the Paris Vaudeville, has led to the altar a young Russian Prince, and the twain have been presented at Court, much to the surprise of people whose lives are passed in discussing the proprieties of things.

—It really was very mean in some thief to steal all the manuscript sermons of a dominie at Crestline, Ohio, last week. The paper was not negotiable, and probably of very little use to any one except the owner.

—It is known in diplomatic and high clerical circles that Pope PIUS IX. has nineteen Cardinals' hats at his disposal; but it would be quite wide of the mark to suppose that he therefore proposes to open a hat-store.

—The French gossips say that the Princess CLOTILDE is desirous of a separation from Prince NAPOLEON. She is a good little lady, and when in this country went regularly every Sunday to St. Stephen's (R. C.) Church in Twenty-eighth Street. She was a great admirer of the talents of the late Rev. Dr. CUMMINGS.

—Mr. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, who died a few days since in New Jersey, was a gentleman whose praise was literally sung by tens of thousands of children. He was the author of most of the sweet and simple songs sung in our public schools and at juvenile singing festivals, and had acquired a competence from the copyright of his works.

—It is to the credit of Mr. JOHN CLARK, of Northampton, that he has given $50,000 to the Massachusetts Institution for Deaf Mutes. It is the CLARKS and the PEABODYS who are, in good time, to make the eleemosynary institutions of the United States the most largely endowed of any in the world. We notice, also, that the late WILLIAM POWELL MASON, of Boston, left $10,000 to the Massachusetts General Hospital as a permanent fund, the interest to be expended in the maintenance of free beds, and $20,000 to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the interest to go for the support of a professorship.

—RICHARD S. SPOFFORD, Esq., a prominent lawyer of Massachusetts, and the husband of HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, is to make his bow as poet in the forthcoming Number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

—THOMAS CARLYLE has just been made a justice of the peace for the county of Dumfries, Scotland. They can call him "'Squire" now, just as we do in this country.

—One of the notabilities of Paris is a person known as the "Diamond Duke," a personal friend of the Emperor, to whom many years ago he lent much money. His diamonds lie in the Bank of France. He lives in large style, affects diamond coat-buttons, which is droll for a fellow of seventy, and has thirty wigs. In No. 1 he appears as if just returned from the hair-cutter, in elegant trim; No. 2 and the rest up to No. 30 grow long by degrees, and beautifully longer, until at No. 30 he remarks, in an off-hand manner, "Don't you think 'tis time I had my hair cut?" Of course his friends agree, and the next day he appears in No. 1. Good sort of fellow, in his way, but it wouldn't do for a husband.

—BISMARCK manages to be constantly saying or doing something that gets into the papers. Recently, meeting at Baden his barber, and speaking affably to him, the latter took airs, and complained of the mixed society at Baden-Baden. The Count replied: "Well, C., we can not all be barbers, you know."

—General SHERIDAN is said to be casting pleasant glances at a very charming young inmate of the Executive Mansion at Albany.

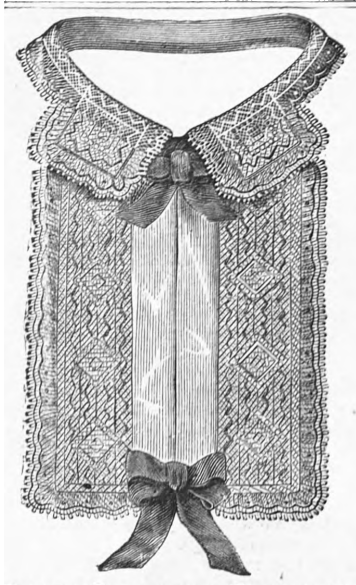
—The Century Club, of this city, numbers among its members most of our clever literary and artistic people. At the annual meeting, held on the 11th inst., WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was elected President, in place of Mr. BANCROFT, Minister to Prussia; and HUNTINGTON, the artist, Vice-President. Among the other officers for the year are SAMUEL B. RUGGLES, WILLIAM T. BLODGETT, Professor DRISLER, I. F. KENSETT, S. R. GIFFORD, THOMAS HICKS, M'ENTEE, GEORGE HALL, YOUMANS, VAUX, etc., etc. The Wednesday and Saturday evening talks and toddies, at the Century, are among the pleasantest reunions of the town.

—The COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON, recently deceased in London, was long known as MARIA FOOTE, the actress, and grand-daughter of SAMUEL FOOTE, the dramatist. After twenty-seven years upon the boards she married, in 1831, the Earl of Harrington, who died in 1851. Of their two children Viscount PETERSHAM died in 1836, in his fifth year. The other is the wife of the Earl of Mount Charles.

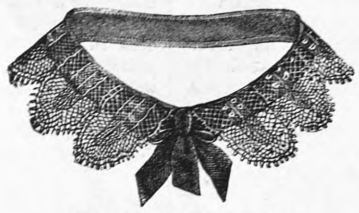
—The last Parisian sensation in the way of public amusements is a female gymnast, or gymnastess, named M'lle. AZELLA, who is young, pretty, graceful, and has an expression of resolution seldom to be observed in the gentler sex. Yet this courageous girl is scarcely twenty years of age! Born at Milan, at a very early age she devoted herself to the choregraphic art, and subsequently fulfilled several engagements as *première danseuse* throughout the Continent and in America; but while appearing as a dancer she, for nearly ten years, continued to practice the feats performed by LEOTARD, until at length complete success crowned her efforts. In Paris she created quite a *furore*, the Hippodrome being nightly crowded by people anxious to witness M'lle. AZELLA.

—The Emperor NAPOLEON is as accessible as Mr. JOHNSON. Every month British subjects, who would never think of calling upon Queen VICTORIA, ask for and obtain an interview with LOUIS NAPOLEON. The other day a number of dissenting ministers, with the Earl of Shaftesbury at their head, held quite a long chat at the Tuileries with the pious potentate. Lord Shaftesbury gave him a Bible, and one of the number was anxious to leave behind him a tract, but was persuaded by his colleagues to send it instead. The reverend gentleman, fully recognizing the despotic form of the Government of France, waited upon the Emperor to thank him for permitting them to distribute Bibles at the Paris Exhibition!

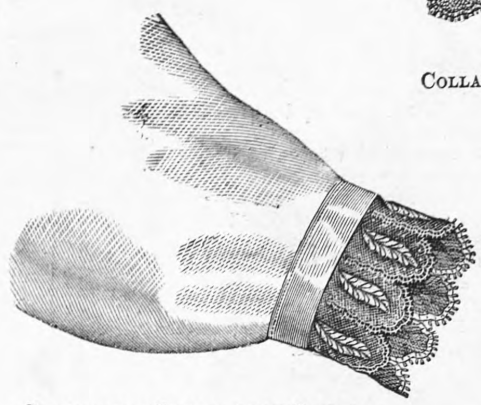
—FANNY KEMBLE, who is announced for a course of dramatic readings in this city in March, was born in London in 1811, and is therefore about 57 years of age.



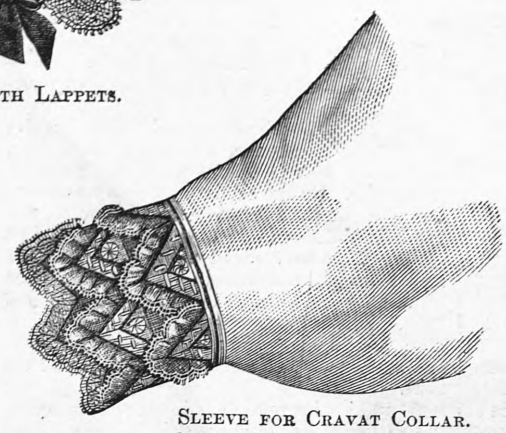
BAVETTE COLLAR WITH CHEMISETTE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 24 and 25.



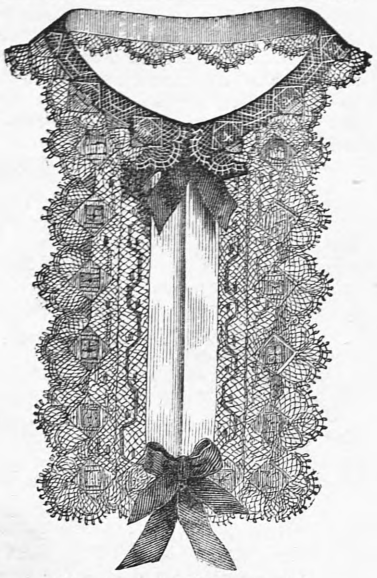
COLLAR WITH LAPPETS.



SLEEVE FOR COLLAR WITH LAPPETS.



SLEEVE FOR CRAVAT COLLAR.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 8



COLLAR AND CHEMISETTE.
For pattern see Suppl., No. IX., Fig. 26.

LINGERIE.

WE give a number of tasteful designs for lingerie, which are easily made, and which we commend to the attention of our readers.

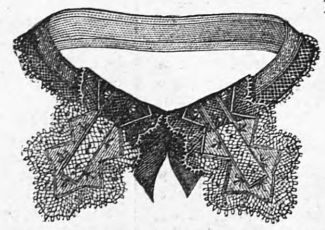
Bavette Collar.

THIS collar is set on a small band of needle-work insertion, which is trimmed on the lower edge with narrow Valenciennes lace set on full. Two ends or bavettes, made of Valenciennes insertion and points of needle-work, edged with Valenciennes lace, Fig. 30, are set on the front of the collar, Fig. 29. The accompanying illustrations show the collar complete and a section of the cuff to be worn with the collar, made like the bavettes, of the full size.

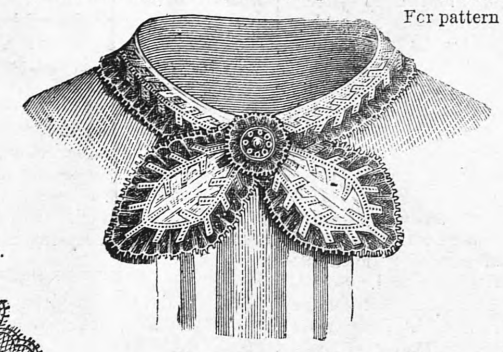
Collar, Sleeves, and Cuffs, with Lappets.

THIS collar, with sleeves and cuffs to match, is made of lappets or leaves of Swiss muslin, embroidered and edged with Valenciennes lace, which overlap each other and form the articles. The accompanying illustrations show the collar, the sleeve, and a section of the cuff, of the full size. The leaves forming the collar are somewhat larger in front than behind, and are set into a double band, care being taken to make the three front leaves slant a little to either side, as is seen in the illustration.

COLLAR WITH TABS.

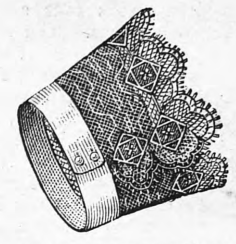


BAVETTE COLLAR.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 29 and 30.

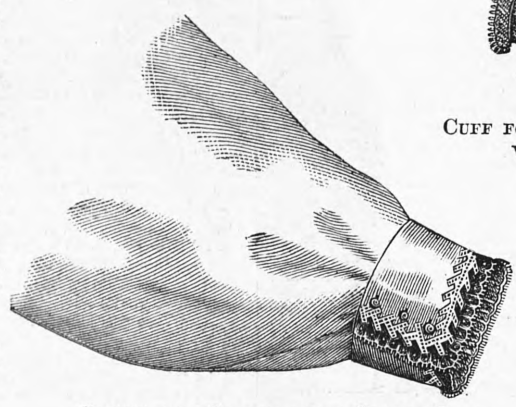


COLLAR WITH CRAVAT BOW.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXIV., Fig. 64.

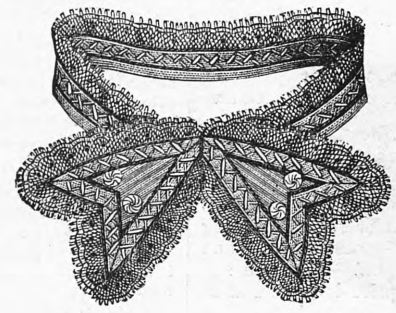
CUFF FOR CRAVAT COLLAR WITH LOOPS.



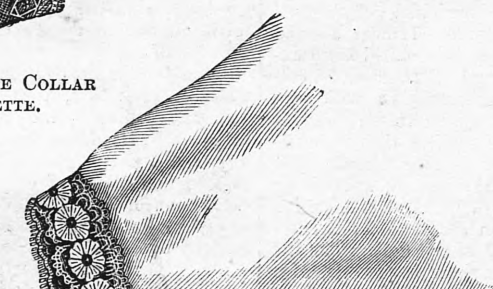
CUFF FOR BAVETTE COLLAR AND CHEMISETTE.



SLEEVE FOR COLLAR WITH CRAVAT BOW.



CRAVAT COLLAR.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 27.

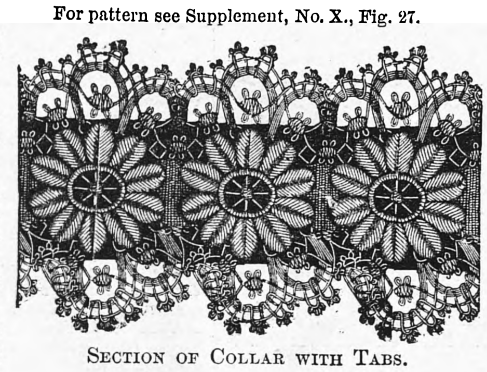


SLEEVE FOR COLLAR WITH TABS.

ing, and is set into a double band. The chemisette is cut from Fig. 25, and is made, as shown in the illustration, of fine linen, double, insertion, and needle-work squares, bordered with Valenciennes edging. Two bows of ribbon finish the front. The cuffs match the collar.

Collar with Tabs and Sleeves.

THIS collar is made of a strip of Swiss muslin, twenty-one inches long, on which needle-work rosettes are sewn; the muslin is then cut out in scallops on the under edge along the rosettes, and edged with a frill of Valenciennes lace. The ends are scalloped and edged with lace on both sides, as seen in the illustration. The accompanying engravings show the collar on the chemisette, the sleeve, and a section of the end of the collar of the full size. The collar is set into a double band. The sleeve is trimmed round the bottom with needle-work rosettes applied on muslin to match the collar. Pink ribbon is laid under both sleeves and collar.



SECTION OF COLLAR WITH TABS.

CRAVAT COLLAR WITH LAPPETS.

Bavette Collar with Chemisette and Cuffs.

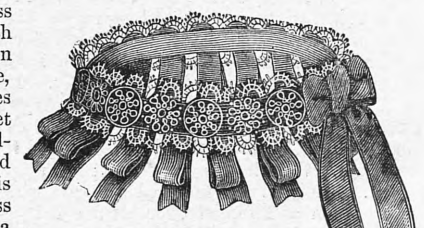
THIS collar is made of narrow Valenciennes insertion, two-fifths of an inch wide, and fine needle-work squares, the pattern of half of which is given in Fig. 24, edged with Valenciennes lace half an inch wide. The design for the squares, which is worked in satin stitch on Swiss muslin, is given in Fig. 25. Having set the collar on a small band, join it to the chemisette, which is made from Fig. 25, of fine linen, double, Valenciennes insertion, and needle-work squares, and is bordered with narrow needle-work insertion and a frill of Valenciennes edging. Two bows of blue ribbon finish the chemisette in front, as shown in the engraving. The illustration (page 233) shows the chemisette arranged on the figure.

Collar and Chemisette.

THIS collar and chemisette is made of narrow Valenciennes insertion and small needle-work squares. Fig. 26 gives the pattern of half the collar, as well as the design for the squares, which is worked in satin stitch on nansook. The collar is bordered with narrow Valenciennes edg-

Cravat Collar with Sleeves.

THIS collar is made of needle-work insertion, edged with Valenciennes lace. Cravat ends of pleated Swiss muslin, bordered with needle-work insertion and Valenciennes lace, with two small figures in the corners, are set on the front of the collar. The collar is sewed in a band. The cuff is made of a strip of Swiss muslin, a quarter of a yard long and an inch and a half wide, sewed together at the ends, and laid in small pleats, on which are sewed points of Swiss muslin, bordered with narrow needle-work insertion and Valenciennes edging, and ornamented with application figures of needle-work, Fig. 28.

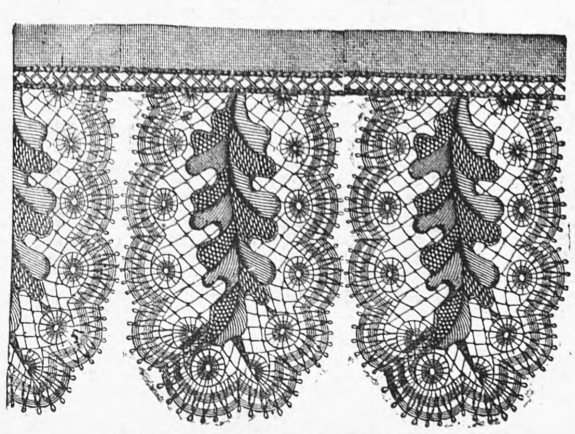


CRAVAT COLLAR WITH LOOPS.

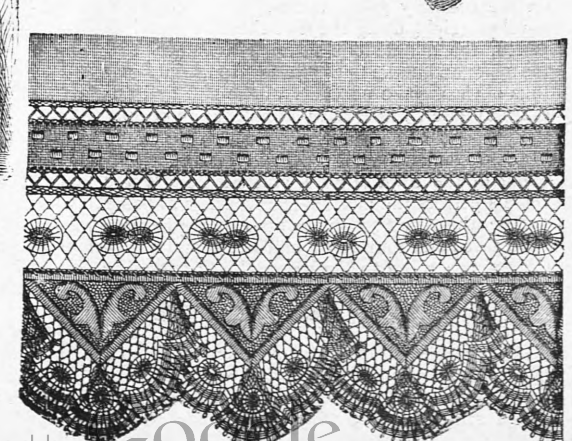
Cravat Collar with Lappets.

THIS collar is made of muslin lappets or leaves, embroidered in satin stitch and edged with Valenciennes lace, which are set in a narrow band in such a manner as to overlap each other a little. The pattern is the same as that of the collar with needle-work leaves which we have already described. The band is covered with blue ribbon, over which Valenciennes lace is pleated. Long ends of blue ribbon fall from the back of the collar.

PALETOT AND HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 41–44, and No. XVII., Figs. 45 and 46.



SECTION OF CUFF WITH LAPPETS.



SECTION OF CUFF FOR BAVETTE COLLAR.

Cravat Collar and Cuffs, with Ribbon Loops.

See illustration, page 228.

THIS collar consists of a strip of muslin, on which needle-work rosettes are sewed. The muslin is cut in scallops along the lower edge, and a frill of Valenciennes lace is set thereon. Pink ribbon is laid underneath, and loops and ends of pink ribbon complete the collar, as shown in the illustration. The design is the same as that of the collar with tabs which we have already described. An accompanying illustration shows cuffs to match the collar.

High Waist with Simulated Fichu.

THIS waist is cut from the pattern given in No. XV., Figs. 36–40. The original is of brown velours, trimmed with a bias fold of brown silk simulating a fichu. This fold is edged on each side with black lace. The sleeves are likewise trimmed on the top and bottom with a bias fold of silk edged with lace. A brown silk belt with sash ends completes the dress.

Foot-Stool.

MATERIALS: strong brown worsted cord, 1 oz. twelvefold zephyr, brown morocco, and pasteboard.

This foot-stool is easily made out of cheap materials, as any old woolen or cotton stuff will answer for the foundation. Cut strips of any material whatever, eight inches wide, sew the ends together and roll them in the manner shown in the accompanying illustration, with strips of pasteboard between, to give them the necessary stiffness. Having made the roll of the size desired for the foot-stool—the original is nine inches in diameter—sew the end down fast, and cover the top with cotton batting or wool. The foot-stool is now ready for the covering, which consists of coarse brown worsted cord, wound round and round, beginning at the middle of the top, and sewed fast as the winding proceeds. This of course is made to fit the foot-stool, and is turned out when finished so that the stitches may not appear on the right side. The cover is then worked in cross stitch with brown twelvefold zephyr, in the manner shown in the illustration, and is afterward drawn on the foot-stool. The bottom is covered with a circular piece of brown morocco of the necessary size, and the foot-stool is finished by the addition of two handles, made of four strands of worsted cord, braided together.

Fringe for Napkins, etc.

THIS fringe is easily made on napkins, etc., by raveling out the stuff to the desired depth, and then forming a heading by winding the threads together with one of the ravelings threaded on a needle. The original, of Java canvas, has six threads wound together in this manner; they are then separated and wound in threes, and again united in one thick strand. A beautiful netted fringe can readily be obtained in this manner. The illustration clearly shows the process.

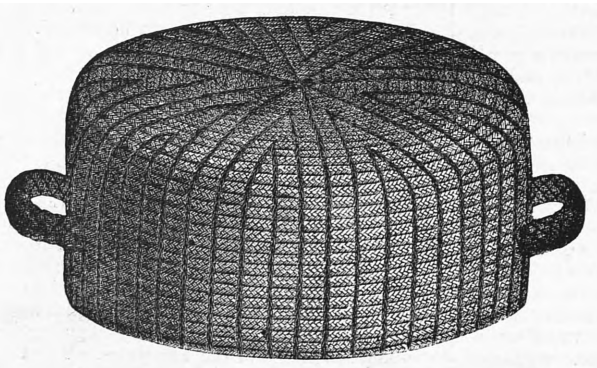
Crochet Fringe for Bed-Spreads, etc.

THIS fringe is pretty and very durable. It may also be used as trimming for curtain-supporters. It is composed of single strands connected by a crochet edge. Each of these is formed by 3 crochet bell-shaped figures, finished below by a tuft of threads. The original is made of coarse knitting-cotton. The bell-shaped figures are worked separately, each in rounds formed by 8 rows single crochet. For the foundation-cord make 8 chain stitches, then, missing the last, work in this 7 single crochet. At the end of the short cord thus formed make a foundation of 4 chain stitches, and form a circle by making in the 1st round: 1 slip stitch in the 1st of these 4 chain, then 2 single crochet in this stitch,

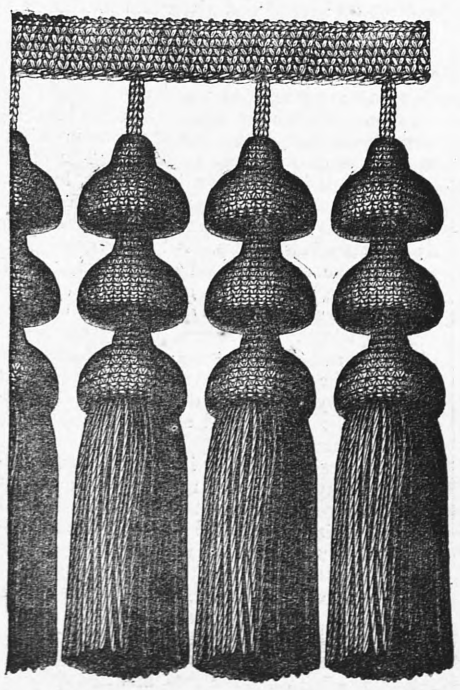
HIGH WAIST WITH SIMULATED FICHU.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 36–40.

DRESS WITH VELVET ROLLING COLLAR.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 36–40.

LADY'S SACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 33–35.

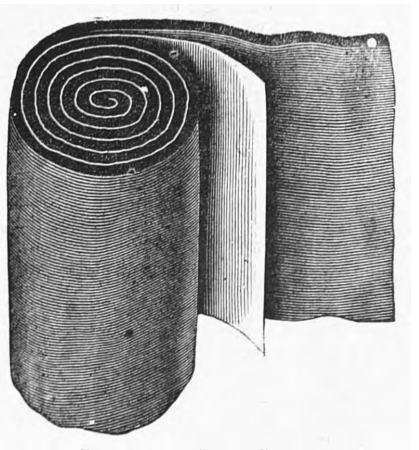


FOOT-STOOL.

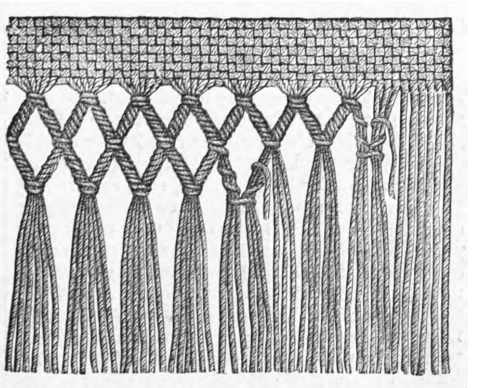


CROCHET FRINGE FOR BED-SPREAD.

CASHMERE HOOD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 19.



SECTION OF FOOT-STOOL.



FRINGE FOR NAPKINS.

and 2 single crochet in each of the 3 following stitches.

2d round—In every stitch of the last round 1 single crochet.

3d round—Like the 2d, except that it must be twice widened; that is, 2 opposite stitches must contain each 2 single crochet, so that the round shall count 10 stitches.

4th round—In each stitch 2 single crochet.

5th round—In each stitch 1 single crochet.

6th round—In every 4th stitch 2, in each of the other stitches 1, single crochet.

7th and 8th rounds—In each stitch of the last round 1 single crochet; then fasten the thread.

Having turned these figures fasten three together by means of the foundation-cord, as shown in the pattern. Cut 30 threads, each 5 inches long, and lay them together at half the length; then fasten in the under one of these 3 figures. The single fringe strands are joined by a round of * 7 chain, then 1 slip-stitch in the foundation-cord of the upper figure of the strand *. Repeat from * till all are joined. On the stitches of this round work 5 rounds, always putting the needle through both the upper threads of each stitch in the last round.

Collar with Cravat Bow, and Sleeves.

See illustrations, page 228.

THIS collar is of fine linen, double, worked in French embroidery stitch. The edge is cut out into small blocks, in the manner shown in the illustration, and button-hole stitched. A frill of Valenciennes edging is set under the blocks. A cravat bow, of which Fig. 64 gives one end, is fastened on the front with a button and button-hole. The sleeve is furnished with a cuff to match the collar.

JULIA'S ELOPEMENT.

SOON after leaving college it happened that circumstances, unnecessary here to explain, involved my living at Valparaiso, the principal sea-port of Chili. My social surroundings and local belongings were such as to open to me the doors of many very pleasant houses, where I was in the habit of meeting the best people in the city; but for a long time my progress in society was slow, owing to my ignorance of the language, and it was only by a close application to Ollendorf and other masters that I at last blundered into conversational ability. When I had arrived at this point, however, my education was taken up by the daughter of one of the families at whose house I used to visit. Under her tuition I rapidly improved, and in a short time my one lesson a week became two, then four, and at last six, till eventually I arrived at such a pitch of perfection in the Spanish language that I was able to tell her in words as impassioned as they were true that I loved her truly and unchangeably. What she said, or whether she said any thing, on this occasion, I don't know, or can not remember; but the language of the heart, requiring no study, is easily learned, and I was satisfied with what I read in her face.

After this avowal on my part the lessons in Spanish became more and more neglected, till they were altogether abandoned, and their time occupied by music and other pursuits more in keeping with the state of our minds.

Julia Montajos were the two words blessed in their dear familiarity with her who owned my heart, and these words she was wont to scribble, with the tiniest of gold pencils, all over the back of my hand and the cuffs of my shirt as we sat in the drawing-room window to have the last light of the departing days. The former of these words I loved; the latter I was determined to change, and after getting Julia's consent to my intention I broached the matter to her mother. By her I was handed over to Señor Montajos, and by him I was very quickly disposed of. His daughter was too young; I was a Protestant; and though my means, according to the evidence I had given him, were ample for a young man, they were insufficient to maintain his daughter in that position to which she had been accustomed. I don't think there was any thing original in my answer to these objections. I pleaded that which thousands had urged before me, and said something about the possibility of Julia's growing older and my growing richer, if we were allowed time; and as regarded the difference of religion, I didn't see why that should trouble us more when married than it had done previous to that blessed ceremony. Probably my arguments were not very conclusive, for they utterly failed to change the opinion of Señor Montajos; but before our interview was ended he had given me permission to continue my visits at his house, and my intimacy with his family, in consideration of my promising that I would not endeavor to persuade Julia to act against her parents' wishes. This little difficulty in our path only served as fuel to the fire of our love, and we mutually resolved to leave no stone unturned in striving to obtain the consent of the forbidding parent.

A few months after my interview with Papa Montajos a sad break occurred in our happiness, in the form of a temporary separation. The Montajos family were going to Santiago, whither, at that time, it was impossible for me to follow, and during their absence Julia and I were forbidden to correspond. Señor Montajos, who was a perfect idiot in these matters, said that it was very likely when we were not constantly seeing one another we might find there were other people in the world as worthy of our respective consideration. He said he had seen the protestations of so many youthful lovers come to nothing that he did not altogether fear any serious result from ours, but felt quite sure that if I continued to mix in society, and enjoy myself as I had hitherto done, I should find many ladies whom I could admire as much as I did Julia. As to his daughter, who was for the moment carried away by what he was pleased to call my captivating manner, she would no doubt laugh at the whole thing before three months had passed.

We almost laughed at the absurdity of this idea; but reflecting that parents always were ignorant on these subjects, we said nothing to old Montajos, but made vows of eternal fidelity to one another, and mutually agreed that neither would dance a waltz or other round dance during this terrible separation. These oaths were sworn beneath the veranda of the Montajos's suburban villa, where they were staying previous to their departure; and here Julia laughingly remarked that it was such a convenient place to elope from that she believed any further trouble would drive her to that expedient. There was a spice of romance in an elopement, she added, that had a great fascination for her, and really—but here the conversation was cut short by the arrival of Señora Montajos, who announced the facts that the carriage had arrived and papa was waiting; and gathering her daughter to herself she bore her away, leaving me miserable and dejected.

During the absence of my friends I devoted my time to business and the acquisition of dollars; eschewing balls, tertulias, and other similar diversions; happy in my self-ordered seclusion till, after the lapse of a few months, some friendly gossip informed me that the fair Julia was by no means so self-denying, for not only was she the belle of Santiago, and enslaving the hearts of all—of course I knew that the poor wretches couldn't help falling in love with her—but that it was currently reported, and every where believed, she had given her promise to a certain Chilian gentleman whom she had met for the first time at Santiago. My first feeling on hearing this was to take my informant by the throat, for I couldn't believe what he had told me; but this desire was quickly followed by a burst of passion against the perjured Julia, for I couldn't disbelieve what every one else had credited. I debated in my own mind what course to pursue, for this new turn of events had, I conceived, released me from my promise to abstain from communicating with Julia, and I had almost decided on going to Santiago, when the same authority informed me that the Montajos family had returned.

Finding their house in the Almandral still closed, I concluded that they must be at the villa, and mounted my horse to ride there, with feelings that were not to be envied and are not easily described. As I cantered along the dusty road and sandy plain that lay between the town and my destination I wondered whether it could be true that she had so soon forgotten me. Perhaps, thought I, if I had not been so true to her she might have valued my love a little more, and, at least, my dismissal would have had a less mortifying appearance. But then, again, I may be giving myself uneasiness for nothing; it is natural that she should enjoy herself, and if I chose to give up parties there was no reason why she should. I remembered, too, that once or twice before I had evinced symptoms of groundless jealousy, for which she had laughingly reproved me. At any rate, I would hear the truth from her own lips, and if my fears were realized would leave the country forever.

In this humor I arrived at the villa, and hitching my horse to the garden gate crossed the lawn and entered the house by the veranda in which I had last spoken to Julia. How well I knew the room I thus entered, and how many pleasant hours I had spent within its Watteau-painted walls! It was vacant now; but on the table lay a woolwork frame, the needle sticking half-way through the canvas, and all the paraphernalia of worsted-work scattered about the floor. Some new freak of Julia's, I thought, as I picked up skein after skein on the end of my whip; as changeful in her work as in her affections. I wish to goodness somebody would come. I waited patiently for a little time, then hummed the air of "*La Donna e mobile*"—so appropriate at that moment—still no one came, and, determined to make some one hear, I turned to the piano and rattled away at a piece of music that was lying open on the instrument. It was the last waltz we had danced together at Valparaiso, and its melody recalled a thousand words and looks that were now like so many daggers in my breast. Before I had long played a footstep was audible in the passage, and the door gently opened. I made no move, but continued playing, for I hoped to make her speak first.

"Hist, José!" said some one, whose head was hardly inside the door; "you are too soon; it is hardly dusk, and it is not yet safe. Be quiet and do not play;" and the head was withdrawn.

"Señora!" I said, modulating my voice, without quite knowing why. "Julia! it is I. I think you must—"

"No! no!" said the lady, in a low voice, but with a quick, impatient tone. "Lopez must not see you. I can not come in. I was dressing when I saw your horse at the hedge, and came round to warn you. Remain quiet." And away went the head as the door was quietly closed.

"My name's not José," I said aloud; "and who the deuce is Lopez? That was surely Julia's voice. Confusion take José and Lopez, too, whoever they may be! but I will have one word before I go. Here, Julia! Julia!" opening the door as I spoke; "come down here; I want to speak to you. Julia! can you hear me?" No reply. It's evident the piano is the only means of bringing her down, I thought; so here goes at it again; and I sat down and pounded at the waltz as hard as if I had been playing at a Christmas gathering. This occupation was shortly interrupted by my seeing the shadow of a figure crossing the lawn, and hearing a slight tap at the window immediately afterward. I ceased playing as a man's voice said—the speaker being hidden from me by the folds of the curtain:

"Hist! Julia. It's me—José. Lopez is by the plantation. Look round the hedge. I will be back presently, and will keep quiet in the room here." And the shadow again crossed the windows, and disappeared in the direction whence it came.

It is Julia, I thought, the graceless little flirt; and as for José, I'll have an understanding with him or know the reason why; but I'll expose his treachery in the way it deserves. He would return shortly, and remain quietly in the room, José said. So will I, and then appear to tax Julia with her cold-hearted conduct.

I hadn't long to ruminate on the matter, for I heard a step coming along the passage, and therefore, if I wished to remain unobserved, must hide. There was a large antique cabinet in the room, which, being placed across the corner, formed a capital screen; and behind this I ensconced myself, just as she whose steps I had heard was entering the room. She sat down for a moment, and gave a deep sigh; then took up a dog—I supposed it to be, for I did not dare look out—and commenced talking to it, still in an under-tone, as if afraid of being heard.

"Pauvrecita! Did it love its Julia? It is, it is a dear, dear love," and I heard her kissing it, "and Julia is fond of her little Pero she is—she is, Pauvrecita." This sort of thing continued for two or three minutes, when, putting the dog down, she went to the piano and commenced playing the identical waltz I had been performing.

"Now's the time," thought I, "for a look round. I shall see her back at any rate;" and I stooped to look around the side of the cabinet. The dog, however, when released from the arms of his owner had traversed the room in search of mischief, and had by this time arrived at my corner. Seeing my head round the corner, he greeted it with a growl and a bark, which he followed up by rushing at me. By way of getting rid of him, and under cover of the music, I kicked him gently in the ribs, and this made him yelp and run off. His cries stopped the piano for a moment, while Julia ran to him, seized him in her arms, and addressed many plaintive inquiries as to the cause of his grief; but as he could only lick his chops by way of reply, he was presently put down with an injunction not to hurt himself again, while Julia, uttering an exclamation of annoyance at José's being so long, resumed her seat at the piano, and began the waltz again. Once more I essayed a peep, and again the dog came at me, but the probable results of his ill-timed interference were warded by the arrival of José, who tapped at the window, and asked if he should enter.

"Si, si," was the reply, hardly waited for by the man, who, pushing the window aside, stepped into the room, and to my horror took Julia in his arms and pressed her to his heart. My first impulse was to rush out and knock him down, but a conviction had come upon me that I was not acting altogether a very dignified part, and I disliked the idea of letting her know that I had been playing the spy. The man, no less than the woman, who hesitates is lost, and the opportunity, or at least the right moment for acting, passed away.

"I have been long, dearest," said the Chilano. "I heard you playing the music we had agreed on together, but could only spare a moment when I came to the window."

"You did not come," said Julia, "since I have been playing. I did not hear you, and the time seemed long. I was afraid that—that—I don't know what I feared."

"Not that I had left without you, my own?" said the man; "but I came before, and you ceased playing as I tapped at the window."

"No; surely no!"

"Yes, yes!" he replied, kissing her; "but it matters nothing. Yonder are our horses by the hedge. Vamos! we have no time to lose!"

"But that horse?" said Julia, alluding, I suppose, to the fact of there being a third.

"Oh, never mind that," said he, laughing. "I will tell you when we ride. Come!"

"Vamos!" said Julia, giving a long sigh and seizing Pero to give him a last kiss and assurances of unalterable affection—the wretched little coquette! "I am ready, dearest. Our Lady forgive me if I am doing wrong."

"Pooh!" said José. "It is not wrong, I swear to you, dearest—" and the rest was lost as they passed together through the open window.

As I emerged from my hiding-place I gave vent to my feelings of rage and despair, and cursed myself for not having prevented their going. I then thought of rousing the house, but discarded the idea as being a waste of time, and determined instead to start myself and ascertain at the cross-roads whether they took the Santiago road or sought the nearer shelter of Valparaiso. I mentioned the fact of my having tied my horse to the hedge that divided the garden from an outside paddock, and here I ran with all dispatch. My horse was gone; my bridle and saddle were there, but on the back of an animal widely different from mine, and one that, however useful in common with a plow, was exceedingly unlikely to overtake my own fast chestnut. There was no time to lament over the matter; so, with a mental reference to my spurs, I unhitched him from the stake and started off in chase of the fugitive Julia. In a series of elephantine gambols, the nearest approach to a gallop my steed could attain, I hurried on; and as I came to the cross-roads I became aware of another horseman following in my rear, shouting loudly as he came. On I went after the fugitives—who had taken the Valparaiso road—as fast as my cart-horse could carry me, determined to rescue Julia from the hands of him I felt sure was a villain, and glad that some one else in the house had missed her and was following in pursuit.

For a mile or two the chase continued, those ahead rapidly increasing their distance from me, but the horseman in the rear gradually lessening the space between us. Still shouting as he rode and gesticulating with frantic vehemence, this horseman came nearer and nearer till I could hear his cries: "Stop him! lasso him!" and then a full-bodied Spanish curse. I turned round on my horse as he galloped along and waved my hand to him, meaning thereby to assure him that it was all right—though it wasn't, for they had disappeared some little time before—but he who followed cared little for my assurances, for he shouted the louder and swore the harder as I attempted to comfort him, and urging his horse by voice and spur was at my side as we emerged from some broken ground on the confines of the town. I turned to my fellow-pursuer, and was about to proclaim the certainty of our yet finding the foolish girl and her audacious companion when, with a spring, the Chilano seized me by the collar, and, before I could recover from the suddenness of the attack, had dragged me from my saddle.

Raising the cry "Vigilantes,"* while a mob collected round my captured horse, the Chilian held me tightly against his saddle until several of the local policemen came galloping to the spot. It is not necessary, in Chili, to have committed any breach of the law to be taken prisoner by the Vigilantes. These light dragoons are easily satisfied, and if a row occurs in the street they care little whom they arrest, provided they arrest somebody. They know nothing of guilt or innocence; that is their officer's affair. If he chooses to reverse the decisions they have arrived at, well; it is his business, not theirs. In the present instance there was evidently some disturbance in which a Chilano and a foreigner were on opposite sides, so that their course was as clear as noonday, and the foreigner was arrested without the slightest hesitation.

To the guard-house I was taken, and there I was told I must remain in custody until the morning. This was not such a trial as it at first sight appears, inasmuch as the officers of these guards usually keep open-house in their rooms, and kill the time of their guard with the society of such of their prisoners as their dignity will allow them to consort with. Oddly enough, however, I received no invitation to come over to the officers' guard-room, as I had heard from friends was sure to follow on a gentleman being arrested, and I determined to know why I was thus overlooked. After some difficulty the sergeant of the guard was sent to me and explained that he could not report me as a gentleman, my offense would not allow of it.

"Why not?" I asked. "Even suppose I was the individual you take me for, though she ran away *from* me, not *with* me, your officer's standard of morality must be very different from that of his comrades, if he would hesitate at a similar exploit."

"Señor!" the sergeant said, bristling up and pulling out his mustache as he spoke. "My officer is a gentleman. He would not pass such an insult had he heard it."

"I don't see the insult," I replied. "It is done every day, in Chili as well as elsewhere."

"If you had intended to return her, and had left word to that effect," the sergeant said, "it would have been different."

"Return her, you old scoundrel! What do you mean?"

He was no scoundrel, he said. He had thought me a gentleman, but I was evidently a brute.

"Well, how long am I to be kept here?"

I should learn that to-morrow, he replied.

"But in the mean time I want to see the officer."

"It can't be done," was the answer; and the sergeant turned to leave me, but hearing the chink of silver in my pocket, he hesitated; seeing the dollars in my hand, he halted; and finally, on conveying them to his own person, he relented, and went off to make known the fact of my arrest. In a short time he returned and desired me to follow him to the officer's room, where I found a party of three people: the officer himself, a friend of his who had dropped in to see him, and an officer of one of the English men-of-war, who had been arrested for disfiguring the countenance of one of the Vigilantes. The sergeant acted as master of the ceremonies, and introduced me to the party, and then departed to execute an order I had given him touching certain bottles of wine.

Presently the captives and their jailer sat down to cards. Whist was succeeded by poker, poker by monte; bottle after bottle was brought and consumed, till the first streaks of dawn breaking through the barred windows of the room led me to ask the cause of my captivity. The officer confessed his ignorance on the subject, but sent for the sergeant, who explained that Señor Lopez Montajos had given me in charge for stealing a mare out of his stables. All drew back in horror from the neighborhood of such a low thief, while I burst out laughing as the meaning of the sergeant's expression about returning *her* was thus explained. On recounting my version of the story, and giving my name and address, the officer of the guard politely informed me that I was at liberty until eleven o'clock, when the matter would be investigated and dismissed by the proper authority.

There was no difficulty in clearing myself before the magistrate, and my next thought was to learn more of my lost love. I could hear nothing during the few following days; but passing their house in the Almandral one evening I saw the shutters open and the windows light and bright as ever. The face of Elise, Donna Julia's German maid, beamed all over on seeing me, and almost cleared away my doubts and fears, for I knew well that she was the sympathizing repository of all Julia's secrets, and that she was,

* Mounted police on duty about the town.

moreover, a stanch supporter of my interests. She was so glad to see me, she said. The Señora was in, and would be so pleased to see me again, and Donna Julia.

"What of her?" I asked.

"Oh, she'd been in such a way," Elise said, "because I hadn't called, that she had made the house unbearable; of course the Donna couldn't write to tell me she had returned, but—" and Elise implied the whole duty of a lover in this one word "but."

As Elise had said, Julia's mother was very pleased to see me, and told me that my honorable conduct during their absence had considerably abated the objections of Señor Montajos to my marrying his daughter. They had heard a great deal of me while they were away—(Mercy! I thought. Wait till they hear of the villa business!)—and hoped that they would see me as often as I could spare time from my business. Then, like a considerate and good-natured mother, she departed, to send Julia down in her stead.

Of the first half hour or so of my *tête-à-tête* with that young lady I shall say nothing whatever; we conversed on subjects concerning ourselves only; but later in the evening I took courage and told the story of my visit to the villa, demanding in return an explanation from her as to the whole matter.

It was very simple, she said. They had lent their villa to her uncle and aunt, the father and mother of her cousin Julia. José was an exceedingly nice fellow, to whom she would introduce me as soon as possible, and had been for some time deeply attached to her cousin. Her uncle was as stupid as her own papa had been—and might once more be, if I again doubted her truth, she added; and therefore she considered it her duty to offer José a little piece of advice, to the effect that if her cousin Julia was worth having she was worth taking. Her cousin Lopez, Julia said, was a disagreeable pig, who had once proposed to her, and had done all he could to prevent his sister's marriage with José Perea. It was the elopement of her cousin that I had so disgracefully watched, and she wished to know, she added, how I should have liked any one to have acted as I did, supposing we two had been making our escape?

I could only get out of this difficulty by saying that if I had succeeded in obtaining her I should not have cared had all Chili looked on. This little speech had a softening effect, but it did not prevent the question I knew must come. How came I to be so very silly as to mistake her cousin Julia, in whom I was totally uninterested, for her, who was every—that is, in whom I professed to have such a—in fact, who was an old friend?

"You might have continued your first expression, Julia darling; but the fact is, my love, you must remember it was in your house, in your own room. The evening was quite dusk, and then your cousin spoke low, and she is about your height and figure—"

"Oh!" said Julia, "if I exactly resemble every other girl in Chili—"

"What nonsense!" I said, as I put my arm a little farther round her waist. "There is no one in the world the least like you; but you must confess, Julia, that after the story I heard from that confounded chatterbox, Simpson, my mistake was very natural."

"Not at all natural," she thought. "But ah! that Simpson always was a pig." He was always her horror, and in her dislike of Simpson the little chagrin at my want of observation passed away; and in the subdued light of the quiet back drawing-room we sat and talked of the many things that people in like circumstances can ever find to talk about. Still I whispered, and still she listened, as I sat clasping her to my side, while the rattle of the cabs in the street was heard at greater intervals, and the quiet of night was tinging all things with its stillness. The bell of the great cathedral had tolled for midnight, and I had repeated one little question about a date in several forms, but Julia was silent, and hung her head, though she seemed to write the harder on my hand with her leadless pencil. Following a glance of her bright eyes I saw that the hieroglyphics she was tracing assumed a form and meaning, and in the motions of the pencil I read the answer she would not give me with her lips.

A short time after I was introduced to José Perea and his wife, to whom Julia had told the story of my hiding-place, and I was readily forgiven all, except the kick I had administered to Pero, whose cold, damp nose I was compelled to kiss as penance for my offense. Lopez and I have been introduced, and we bow and try to smile when we meet; but I can't help detesting him, and I believe the feeling is reciprocal.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

BETWEEN CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S.

IN Paris there are two generations of children. Childhood, which merges in youth toward the age of twelve, begins again at about thirty, and continues for an indefinite period.

If you go through the garden of the Palais Royal in good season, one of these cold forenoons, you will see a score of street boys playing leap-frog under the bare trees, and at least two score of men, some appearing to be people of business and others people of elegant leisure, surrounding the group of frolicking truants. These gentlemen will stand by the half hour watching the game. It is evident that they belong to the class of children of thirty years; and if, by some magic, I could suddenly reduce these forty adult bodies to juvenile proportions again, they would, I verily believe, jump into the line and take their turn at the run and leap, without the slightest change in the expression of their countenances.

If an American lady draws out her watch at Leroy's or Charpentier's, and asks to be shown some ladies' watches of "about that size," showing her chronometer, the clerk says, politely, "Ah! that is not a lady's watch. No, Madame, it is the smallest size for gentlemen. The American ladies *will* wear that size because they *will* have exact time-keepers; but the French ladies *will* have a pretty bijou."

The season of Christmas, which brings many pleasant scenes to all who love children, is peculiarly full of attractions to these young eyes in old heads. Each shop, whatever its line of business, makes room in its windows for gifts appropriate to the season. Some of the great dry-goods stores devote a room or two to a display of fancy goods, where their customers can buy almost any thing, from a porcelain vase to a pocket-almanac, at wonderfully low prices.

The houses for the sale of "religious articles" signalize the week of Christmas by the display of "Crèches," or Christmas-mangers. These shops do not flourish on the Boulevards. They are to be found in the by-streets, and especially on the left bank of the Seine, in the centre of the district where so many abbeys and convents have stood. Imagine yourself approaching a shop in some narrow street, under the shadow of a neighboring church-tower. A crowd of men and women, with animated countenances, stand watching something within the window. There are some little children within the circle of the crowd, and others on the outside are vainly endeavoring to find a loophole between the skirts of the adult spectators.

If you are tall enough to look over the shoulders of others, or have patience enough to await your turn in the circle, you may see, in the centre of a large show-window, elevated upon a table, a lifelike wax figure of a child, whose rosy body lies, in the attitude of sleep, in a nest-like bed of the choicest wheat straw, so arranged that the beards of the grain radiating symmetrically in every direction form a sort of halo around the sleeping infant. Around him stand appropriate figures. At the foot a large statue of Mary; at the head one of Joseph; on either hand figures of various hues, representing the Magi, and in front some admirably executed statuettes of oxen.

The face and figure of the Infant are so well done that they seem rather to belong to the arts of Sculpture and Painting than to the mechanical processes of moulding wax and dressing dolls. The imitation of a sleeping babe is so perfect that it seems as if it might awake and open its eyes. In a moment, while you look, the eyes, moved by interior mechanism, do open, and the little one raises its hands and stretches forth the arms, in the attitude of greeting the mother who stands over it. After a moment the arms sink gently back again, the eyes close, and it seems to have fallen asleep. Smaller and ruder figures are made in great quantities and at all prices, even as low as ten or fifteen cents, so that every household may have its infant Christ.

At this season, for many years, it has been the custom to allow the poor people from the older quarters of Paris to set up little booths on the Boulevards for the sale of toys and gifts during the holidays. These little, temporary shops, called "barracks," are placed at short distances along the outer edge of the sidewalk, with their backs to the carriage-way. This year the city authorities have provided a uniform set of ornamental boxes for this purpose, upon the fashionable Boulevards, instead of the unsightly structures extemporized with rough boards, boughs of trees, and old canvas that formerly appeared, and which are still seen, in the less frequented Boulevards.

Each of the new barracks is a double shop, about as large as a city horse-car. The sloping roof is decorated front and back with a scroll-sawed cornice. The color is very light green striped with dark green, in imitation of battening. The officers having charge of letting them are instructed to give the preference to the industrious poor, who may thus eke out their earnings in this hard season by a little share in the profits of holiday traffic.

During the fortnight allotted the Boulevards present an animated scene, which would have a fresh interest even to those who enjoyed them during the most brilliant days of the Exposition. A dense crowd slowly and politely elbow their way along the broad walk between the shops and the barracks. Every body looks at every thing; and indulgent parents, who are blessed with very acquisitive children, become painfully burdened with distended pockets and fragile toys sticking out from their careful embrace.

Each tenant of the barracks has his own line of business. One offers porte-monnaies, where a boy having thirty sous can buy for twenty-nine an admirable wallet to keep the one remaining in. Another sells photographs, another colored prints, another dolls, dressed and undressed. Table and kitchen-ware for doll's use; washstands, bookcases, and secretaries for the same; ivory carvings, worsted work, cheap jewelry, stationery and diaries, and fifty other little trades, each have numerous repositories. The vacant spaces between the barracks are occupied by itinerant dealers, who stand shouting to the passers-by, and holding up their wares to view, crying dolls or mechanical engines, or cheap laces, an imitation diamond which will cut glass, price three sous, a cap for candles to prevent them from dripping, and other novelties such as every family is supposed to need.

In accordance with custom, the military bands of Paris met on the last day of the year, an hour after noon, to serenade the imperial family, in the court-yard of the Tuileries. Upon the central pavilion, known as the Clock Tower, the front of the balcony appertaining to the broad middle window on what we should call the second story, was hung with drapery of crimson velvet ornamented with gold; and when the clock struck one the great window-sashes were swung open inward, and there appeared upon the balcony the Emperor in his scarlet band and cocked hat, the Empress in a white hat with fluttering ribbons, and between them the little Prince Imperial. Various members of the imperial household stood behind them, or at other windows of the palace, watching the scene.

The bands, which were assembled before the Emperor, approached one at a time, and played beneath the window the piece selected, and then were successively dismissed. The music was of course very fine, and was enjoyed by a crowd of spectators on the sidewalk and under the Triumphal Arch without the iron railing of the court-yard. The cheering of the musicians when the Emperor took off his hat, or clapped his white gloves in token of special approval, was quite audible to the spectators (among whom were many officers and soldiers), who did not, however, volunteer participation in the homage paid.

The following law case was recently tried in a court of justice here. It illustrates one phase of Parisian life, and also the season of the great Exposition:

A young woman brought suit to recover from the keeper of her lodging-house a sum which she had lent him. He admitted the debt, but claimed to set off his charge against her for the hire of her room. The advocate of the fair plaintiff in turn admitted to the judge that she had lodged in a room in the house of the defendant; "but," said he, "he does not tell you the circumstances. Your Honor must know that this unhappy chamber is let to two different persons at the same time; and that at five o'clock every morning, whatever may be the weather, mademoiselle was obliged to rise and go forth, so as to surrender possession to the second tenant, who is a baker's boy, and sleeps in it during the day."

The keeper of the lodging-house frankly admitted this.

"Then," said the judge, "it would seem that your beds never grow cold. Yours is certainly a model lodging-house!"

"Ah, but your Honor, you understand. During the Exposition, you know."

"The Exposition is over!"

"Yes; but there is still a great crowd in Paris."

"Perhaps so. But this young lady can not owe you for a whole bed, because she did not use but the half. Allow the defendant for half a bed."

GRATIAN.

MRS. TYPESET'S DIARY.

Monday.—A very pleasant little variation in the ordinary mode of celebrating a "silver wedding" was that recently adopted by a gentleman who perceived that wedding celebrations had grown into a grand begging system. He was not in needy circumstances, and did not care to place himself under obligations to all his acquaintances. So, when the twenty-fifth anniversary came, he sent to each of his particular friends a silver dollar of the coinage of 1867, on which was engraved the initials of himself and wife, and the date of their marriage. The idea was novel—and as to the gift, silver dollars, with any kind of an inscription on them, are curiosities in these days.

A great deal is said about the extravagance and frivolity of woman. Undoubtedly true it is in many, yes, in numerous cases. But there is another side to the question. In those social circles where women extravagantly indulge in costly silks, and laces, and jewels, do not their reproachful lords equally indulge in expensive cigars, and wines, and club arrangements generally? It seems to me there's blame on both sides of the house, usually. And, at least, it may be truly said, that when any emergency arises which really demands woman's aid, it is, with rare exceptions, cheerfully met by her. A sensible, well-bred woman, in whatever position in life, will not shrink from self-sacrifice, if she fairly realizes that her husband or father is over-burdened with expenses or labors which it is in her power to lessen.

A very singular superstition still exists in France, which, although the nineteenth continues to be the most enlightened of centuries, justifies the remark of a Frenchman, that it is as yet only lighted by a candle. Recently fifty-seven Parisian housekeepers presented a petition to the Prefect of the Seine, begging of him, in his justice and kindness, the suppression of every number 13 in Paris, and the substitution in each case of No. 11 *bis*. The petition occasioned great amusement at first. But some time afterward some adjacent lots of land were sold at auction. One lot bringing but a very low price while the others went at a high rate, the reason was asked. "Ah!" was the reply, "the house built on the last lot of ground will bear the number 13, and every house afflicted with this sinister figure loses a fifth of its value."

The young lady—Miss Dunphy—who, with unwearied care and labor, has for more than a year been attempting to reclaim idiots from their unfortunate state of mental imbecility, proves herself wonderfully successful. Her school on Randall's Island contains sixty-two children. Forty-two of these have been under the patient, gentle instruction of this lady for about twelve months, and a comparison of their present condition with that of those yet untaught shows that the labor spent has not been in vain. The principal object in view is to increase the capacity of these unfortunates for useful occupations The most simple means are used to awaken the intellect, to educate the senses, and to cultivate the affections. Already some have made such progress that they seem to be other beings from what they were a year ago. This is indeed a labor of love.

Tuesday Eve.—Long ago I remember hearing some one tell a story of a pretty, interesting creature who had spent all her life in the city up to the time of her marriage. Then she went to live in the country; but she was quite thrown away upon a rustic life, and, poor thing, was seized with melancholia, and nothing seemed to do her any good. Music and boiled chicken didn't cheer her; whist and calves'-foot jelly made her worse; novels and Iceland moss gave her the creeps. The doctors were puzzled, and declared medicines were useless, and she must die unless some new means were discovered for keeping her alive. In a paroxysm of devotion her husband on bended knees implored her to confide in him and think of something that would do her good. There was a long struggle before she could speak, but at last the interesting sufferer confessed that "a good look at the shops might soothe her dying moments!" The sweet invalid had actually been pining away for want of a glimpse at those elegant silks and laces, those Cashmere and real India shawls, and other delightful details of dress, in which first-class dry-goods shops abound. Nineteen yards of *moire antique* that could "stand alone" restored her mind to its proper balance.

This incident recurred to my mind while out shopping to-day. Without meaning myself in particular, ladies in general, or at least a large class who perhaps have nothing better to do, certainly have a morbid passion for "shopping"—*with* money, if they have it, *without* it, if they haven't. Some ladies "go out shopping" with no idea of what they want to buy; some make a practice of examining specimens of the article they desire in twenty or more different shops before purchasing; some go the next day after they have made a purchase to ascertain whether they have made a good bargain. Alas for the clerks when such customers enter! What wonder if sometimes they tire of pulling down their goods, and forget to be courteous to one who knows not what she wants, or who wants nothing? It is quite true that a lady often needs to examine many qualities or styles of goods before making her selection—it is certainly her privilege so to do; but she should have *some* idea of what she wants, and of the price she is willing to pay for it, before asking for one thing after another to be spread before her. Otherwise she may find it a help frankly to tell the one who is serving her that she wants to look over the goods and see if there *is* any thing she would like to buy! If he is at leisure, and understands his business, he will be of immense service!

As I took my seat in the car this morning Uncle Fred, who was with me, secretly touched my elbow, and gave me a significant wink. What it was I couldn't tell, and seeing me quite uncomprehending, he whispered "Gloves!" I looked at mine, and discovered nothing amiss—his were all right—and—

"Quite a dressing-room!" continued Uncle Fred at this crisis in my reflections.

And, sure enough, looking through the car—we were near one end—I saw no less than four ladies and one gentleman tugging away at their kid gloves. Evidently the car had come along a trifle too early for them. And really, from my point of sight, the view was slightly ludicrous; for two of the ladies appeared to have new gloves, about one number too small, and I watched them, in anxiety, lest they (the gloves, I mean!) should be rent. *Resolved*, to put my gloves on before entering a car, *if possible!*

And here I am reminded of a story—as to its veracity I can not vouch—can only "tell the tale as it was told to me:" A young married lady of this city, possessing a fair amount of personal charms, was riding the other day with her mother in a car. In rearranging some portion of her dress a pin was needed, and an affable specimen of the *genus homo* presented the article desired. In the next morning's paper the lady read to her amazement: "Will the young lady who borrowed a pin on the car yesterday, meet her adored admirer to-morrow at ——, or send a note to H.," etc. The lady's husband accompanied her to the place of the rendezvous, and politely returned the pin his wife had borrowed.

Wednesday Eve.—Heard Ristori in "Elizabeth" this afternoon. Her representation of Elizabeth's character is extraordinary—vivid, powerful, and historically truthful—the acting is beyond comparison. Yet I *like* her far better as Marie Antoinette, the *unfortunate* queen, but the loving, devoted wife and mother, than as the *successful* queen, proud, ambitious, and selfish, lacking the most beautiful womanly qualities.

Read a paragraph to-night headed "Twelve Ways of Committing Suicide." That which attracted my special attention was, "Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing."

I have just been reading some items respecting the size of London, which give a vivid idea of its immensity. The streets of that great city, if placed in a line, would extend, so it is said, from Liverpool to New York. They are lighted by 660,000 gas lamps, which consume every twenty-four hours about 13,000,000 cubic feet of gas. 44,383,328 gallons of water are used per day. The traveling public sustain 5000 cabs and 1500 omnibuses, besides all the other sorts of vehicles. 2400 doctors find employment in London. It contains more than 350,000 houses, and 852 churches. It is also computed that the average extension of London is at the rate of two miles of finished buildings per day.

But Jeddo, the capital of Japan, contains the vast number of 1,500,000 dwellings, and 5,000,000 human souls. Many of the streets are 19 japaneseries in length, which is equivalent to 22 English miles. The commerce of Jeddo far exceeds that of any other city in the world, and the sea along the coast is constantly white with sails of ships.

Thursday Eve.—Enjoyed a treat to-day in examining the paintings in the private gallery of Mr. John Taylor Johnston. I know little about paintings, to be sure, but I like to study them quietly—a few at a time. This gallery is a very pleasant one, and the collection choice. Among those that especially pleased me were "Moonlight," by L. De Winter; "Moonlight on Saguenay River," by Gignoux; "Sunset in Vermont," by Church; and "A Misty Morning," by J. M. Hart and A. F. Tait. None of them were large, but they were beautiful. A large painting by Müller, "Roll Call of the Last Victims of the Reign of Terror," was one to be studied long and carefully. "The Letter-Writer of Venice," also by Müller, was very pretty. There were many fine paintings—"The Wounded Poacher," "Return of the Harvesters," "Kathrina," and others equally deserving of study—but I never attempt to examine *every thing* in a single visit to a picture-gallery—it is unsatisfactory and confusing. We saw Church's "Twilight in the Wilderness" in the parlor, where also were many beautiful paintings. "Niagara," by the same artist, has a place here in general, but is now on exhibition in the National Academy of Design, among the paintings recently returned from the Paris Exposition.

A novel style of arranging a dinner-table for a fashionable party is reported. It purports to come from the "Hub." To say nothing of the silver and cut-glass ware, at the plate of each guest was a prettily-arranged bouquet of the choicest hot-house flowers, held together by a cord of white ribbon, and set in a neat cut-glass holder. These were connected around the entire table by a leafy chain of the *Smilax*, which is in such demand for fashionable occasions that at the horticultural stores a dollar a yard is asked for it. The novel and highly artistic effect produced by the combination of colors—white table-cloth, sparkling glass, and brilliant silver, variegated bouquets, backed and bound together with the curving chain of green—has made the style the rage in upper-tendom for a season.

Scarfs with Oriental Embroidery.

THESE scarfs are made of a strip of cashmere, a yard and a quarter long and a quarter of a yard wide, embroidered with colored silks. The scarf is then sewed together on the wrong side and turned, the ends gathered, and finished with silk tassels. The first scarf shown in the illustrations is of white cashmere, embroidered, after the pattern given in Fig. 32, with different colored silks in chain stitch. The second scarf is of lilac cashmere; the ends are embroidered with a border and figures, the design of which is given in Fig. 31. The figures are embroidered in satin stitch with colored silks, and the border in satin stitch, point russe, and chain stitch.

Double Button-Hole Stitch.

THIS new kind of stitch is used like the ordinary button-hole stitch for an edge, as well as for ornamental embroidery. The illustration clearly shows the manner of execution. Two stitches are needed for a knot, the first being taken in the manner of a common button-hole stitch; then, to make the second, throw the thread upward in a loop, place the needle in the position shown in the illustration, whereby the thread lies in a loop under the point of the needle, and complete the stitch by drawing the needle through. As a matter of course, this stitch can be wrought either in a straight line or in scallops.

SCARF WITH ORIENTAL EMBROIDERY.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Fig. 32.

CHILD'S SLIP.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-5.

SCARF WITH ORIENTAL EMBROIDERY.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 31.

Dress for Girl from 10 to 12 Years old.

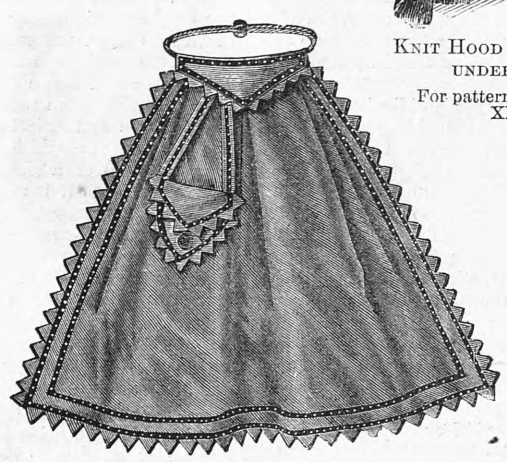
THIS dress is of blue reps and blue silk. The skirt is gored with a train, and is trimmed round the bottom with a bias fold of silk an inch and a half wide. The pocket lapels are also of silk. The waist is plain and high-necked, the under part of reps, simulating a bodice, and the upper part of silk, and is trimmed with white pearl buttons and blue silk fringe. The waist is cut from No. III., Figs. 12–16, the bodice reaching to the straight line in Figs. 12 and 14.

KNIT HOOD WITH VEIL FOR CHILD UNDER 2 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXII., Fig. 60.

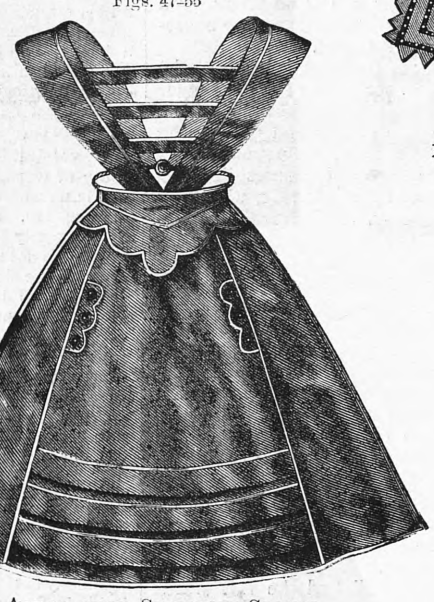
KNIT HOOD WITH VEIL FOR CHILD UNDER 2 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXII., Fig. 60.

FROCK FOR CHILD FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 47–55

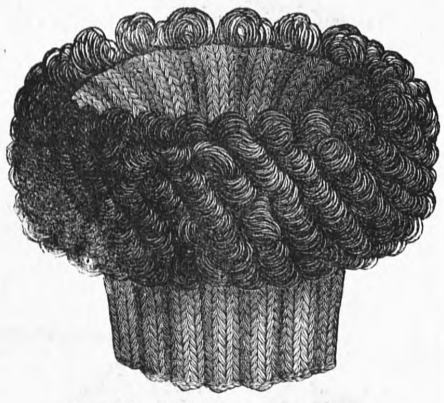
APRON TRIMMED WITH BIAS FOLDS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 57 and 58.



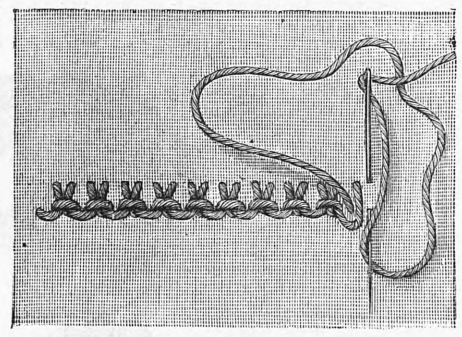
APRON TRIMMED WITH POINTS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXI., Fig. 59.



APRON WITH SHOULDER-STRAPS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 6–11.

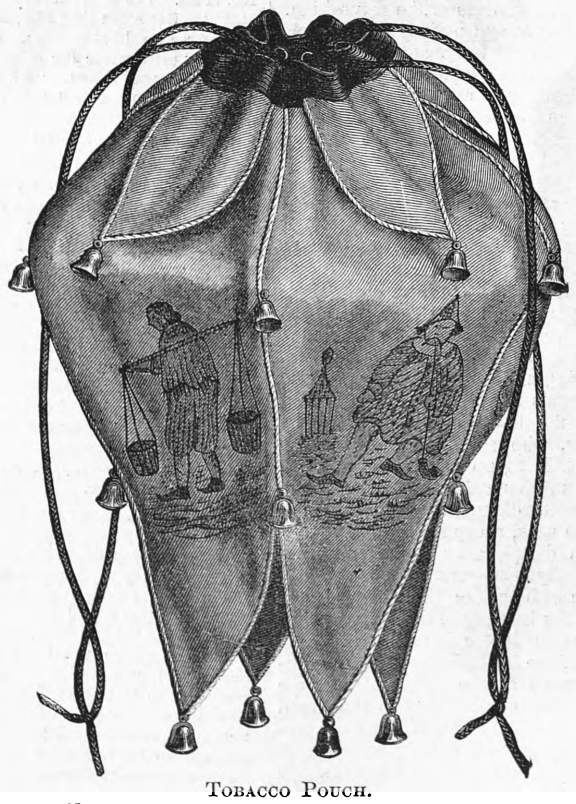


KNIT ANKLE-WARMER.



DOUBLE BUTTON-HOLE STITCH.

DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 12–16.



TOBACCO POUCH.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXIII., Figs. 61–63.

HIGH-NECKED DRESS WITH MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHU FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Fig. 12–16.

Knit Ankle-Warmer.

See illustration, page 232.

MATERIALS for the pair: ⅝ oz. red ⅝ oz. black zephyr worsted, ¼ oz. black Shetland worsted.

This serves at the same time as a trimming for the boot. The lower part is knitted of red, and the upper of black zephyr worsted. Eighteenfold loops of black Shetland wool are knitted in with the top, which is reversed. Beginning on the lower edge, cast on 72 stitches of the red wool; knit 50 rounds, alternately 3 stitches knitted, 3 purled; then splice on the black wool and knit 27 rounds, whereby the above-mentioned loops are knitted in as follows: Lay an 18-thread loop on the back; * knit 2 stitches with the zephyr worsted; bring the loop on the right side and again knit two stitches, thus forming a loop about ⅓ inch long; bring it again on the other side and repeat from *. In the following round the position of the loops must be changed. This brings the loops on the right side of the reverse top. The diagonal sides of the reverse may be sewed together from underneath.

MARIE ANTOINETTE DRESS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 56.

Marie Antoinette Dress.

THIS dress is of brown silk. The waist is plain and high, but is cut out in the shape of a heart in front. The sleeves have a puffing at the top, the pattern of one half of which is given in Fig. 56, the gathers being from × to ◎. Below the puffing the sleeves are close to the elbow, where they are terminated by two deep frills of lace. The puffing is trimmed with a bias fold of the same material as the dress. A white lace fichu and a belt and bow of brown silk complete the waist.

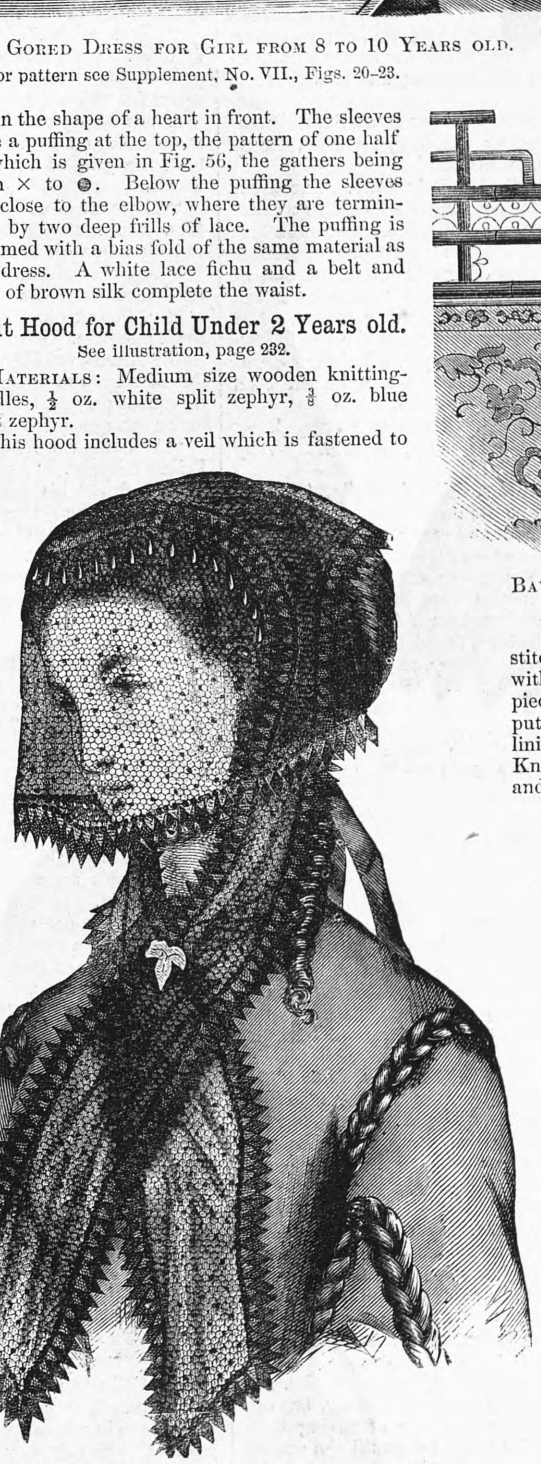
POMPADOUR GORED DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 20–23.

Knit Hood for Child Under 2 Years old.

See illustration, page 232.

MATERIALS: Medium size wooden knitting-needles, ½ oz. white split zephyr, ⅜ oz. blue split zephyr.

This hood includes a veil which is fastened to the front border, and when thrown back forms a pretty ornament. The pattern is worked of blue split zephyr in point de diamant, and is provided with a plainly-knit lining of white split zephyr. The border is knitted double in white zephyr. Fig. 60 gives the pattern of one half the hood. Cut from this figure, and sew the margins of the segments together from 52 on 52 to 51. In knitting, the work must be narrowed along the seam. Begin by casting on 44 stitches for the front of the head-piece. On this foundation knit 52 rounds in point de diamant. Slip the first stitch of each round; knit the last. Point de diamant is worked as follows: 1st and 2d round knitted; 3d, purled; 4th round, alternately make 1, knit 2 together. These 4 rounds form a pattern row, and are continually repeated. In the pattern the narrowing begins at the 36th round. This is done by knitting together 3 stitches instead of 2, at each side of the 10 middle stitches. This is repeated in every 4th of the remaining rounds. The stitches of the last round may be temporarily put on a thread. Now work together, of white wool, the lining and the border on the front. Begin with a foundation of 60 stitches, and knit 20 rounds plain backward and forward; then 20 rounds in point de diamant; this forms the double border. Cast off the first and last 14 stitches, and on those remaining knit the lining for the head-piece in 56 plain rounds. In the 33d round, and every 2d following one, narrow by knitting together 2 stitches each side of the 10 middle stitches. Next fasten the outside and lining of the head-piece at the back, by knitting every 2 opposite



LACE FANCHON AS BONNET TRIMMING, WITH VEIL.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 17.

BAVETTE COLLAR AND CHEMISETTE ARRANGED ON THE FIGURE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 24 and 25.

stitches of the lining with the 2 corresponding stitches of the outside with double blue wool, thus making of 4 1 stitch; this draws the head-piece in somewhat. Knit below 2 rounds in double blue wool, and put the stitches on a thread. The front border should be sewed to the lining. For the cape, cast on 80 stitches, beginning at the lower edge. Knit 12 rounds with white and 16 with blue wool in point de diamant, and take the stitches on a thread. Then collect on the needles the

DRESS WITH MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHU.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 18.

DRESS WITH MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHU.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 18.

foundation stitches, and knit the lining of the cape, 4 rounds in point de diamant, then 24 plain; join the outside and lining of the cape in the same manner as those of the head-piece, and afterward knit 2 plain rows in double blue wool; take the stitches on a thread. Now crochet together the stitches of the cape and head-piece with the blue wool, and at the same time sew the slanting sides of the cape to the remaining lower part of the front border. Both this and the cape are ornamented with a row of chain-stitch scallops of blue wool, formed by 1 single crochet in 1 border stitch alternating with 5 chain stitches.

It remains only to form the veil. This is knitted backward and forward in an open-work design of white wool, and is finished with a lace of blue wool. Cast on 47 stitches and knit 45 rounds as follows: 1st round, alternately make 1 and purl 2 together. The remaining rounds are only the repetition of this, taking care, however, to purl 1 with the made stitch preceding it. Narrow by missing the last stitch of each round and making none at the beginning.

In forming the lace, knit also to the missed stitches. Cast on 11 stitches and knit as follows:

1st round—Knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 5, make 1, knit 2.

2d round—Slip 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 1, knit 3 together, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together twice (1 stitch and 1 made stitch each time), make 1, purl 1.

3d round—Knit 2 together (1 stitch and 1 made stitch), make 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 5, make 1, knit 3.

4th round—Slip 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 1, knit 3 together, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together twice, make 1, knit 1.

5th round—Knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 5, make 1, knit 4.

6th round—Slip 1, cast off the next 3, knit 1, make 1, knit 1, knit 3 together, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together twice, make 1, purl 1.

The lace is worked by repeating these 6 rounds. The veil is fastened to the hood under the border. Through the stitches between the cape and head-piece draw a chain crochet-cord worked in blue wool, and finished by a tassel at each end.

MRS. FELIX'S FOLLOWER.

MRS. LUMPKIN and myself you already know. Mrs. Felix is our next-door neighbor, and a superior, well-informed, discouraging woman, who has a quarrel with the age and a friendship for my wife, whom she constantly pounces upon and extinguishes—conversationally I mean.

It was to this lady that my wife incautiously remarked, as she laid down the morning paper, "Poor things!"

"Why poor?" instantly inquired Mrs. Felix, in her pouncing manner.

Mrs. Lumpkin, very much thrown out, murmured something about "sad case."

"Because," continued Mrs. Felix, decisively, "if you should say vicious things, stupid things, drunken things, irreclaimable things, you would be right. Whereas now you are mistaken, and simply out of the kindness of your charitable heart are yielding to one of the most mischievous tendencies of the age."

"But four children and no work," urged my wife, coloring a little as she caught my eye over the edge of the paper.

"Precisely," answered Mrs. Felix, briskly. "It is on those 'four children and no work' that I take my stand. Why? Because I recognize in them the popular, canting excuse for crime. This is the most charitable age ever known, because it is the laziest. Every thing has been made easy for it, till it is a confirmed sluggard, and unable even to be indignant. A woman has tried to poison herself and her four children! Shocking! 'Oh, but they had no work, and were starving! Poor things!' says the age, tumbling back on its pillow. Never mind about the crime. The label is satisfactory, and it is bolted—without investigation."

"But, Mrs. Felix—"

"My dear," cut in Mrs. Felix, briskly, "*I have investigated.* The idea of no work looks reasonable on the surface; but is it reasonable? Say that this woman was a coat-maker. I saw last week in a down-town store a placard reading 'Fifty coat-makers wanted.' Or suppose that she is a sewing-machine operator. Is there not always a notice in some window demanding such operators? Say she is a seamstress. Why *I* want a seamstress, you want one, dozens of ladies want one. Suppose that she could do none of these things. How many families want a dress-maker, or a good, efficient maid? Just think how many things she might have done. She might have taught school, or kept shop, or filled brass letters, or made hoop-skirts, or hair-nets, or candy-bags, or pasted labels, or rolled cigars, or made bead trimming—why I can't recall the names of half of the different kinds of work that she might have done if she had tried. And for my part I believe that to think there is not work enough for all is an insult to God; as if you should say that he sent mouths into the world and not bread to fill them."

"But she might have—"

"My *dear* Mrs. Lumpkin!"—Mrs. Felix was quite determined that my wife should never finish a sentence—"you are *so* charitable! But just suppose now that there really was no work. Not a situation in this great city that she could have filled. What do you say to the charitable institutions? So much is said about the four children. Why not have taken them to the Half Orphan Asylum? She was friendless? Why not go to the homes for the friendless? She was starving? There were the missions and the ragged schools, and Mr.—I forget his name—who gives away dinners to the poor; and all the houses from which a beggar is never sent away empty, and the police-stations. There were plenty of resources besides that laudanum; and to say otherwise of a great Christian city like this is to say that Satan is stronger than Christ."

My wife looked quite confounded at having committed herself to such frightful doctrines, and Mrs. Felix rose triumphant.

"Last of all, my dear," she said, "there is faith. If this woman had been, what every woman should be, in a Christian community, and had exercised faith and enough of it, she would have found relief somehow."

My wife had not courage left for even a flicker, but went out entirely—of the argument. Mrs. Felix went out also; that is, she stepped from our door to her door—that is, she would have done so but for an astounding accident. As she left our steps she discovered that she had forgotten her own name and residence. She stopped with her hand on her forehead. She turned about and about. She looked up and down the street. She walked first to one corner and then to another. She repeated to herself all the names that she could recall; alphabetically and then at random, hoping to be struck by the familiar sound. She went likewise over all the numbers that she could recollect. So, counting and looking up at the doors, she found herself opposite her own sister's house. Something familiar in it appealed to Mrs. Felix, and she rang the bell.

Mrs. Felix wore a merino wrapper, a child's shawl that she had picked up and thrown around her, and no bonnet. She was frightened, and panting, and wild, and uncertain. Her sister's maid naturally did not recognize her; and when Mrs. Felix, on being asked her name, stammered, looked over her shoulder, and said that she did not know,

"I thought as much," answered the waitress, pertly, and, shutting the door, reported, "only a drunken woman, ma'am."

Mrs. Felix walked quietly away. She knew that she was shut out, but she forgot to wonder—she was wondering so much more who she herself could be. For a like reason she neither saw the curious glances of people whom she met or the way that she went, but turned here and crossed there without purpose or reason. But at length it did occur to her that she was followed by a strange man, a very odd-looking person, whom she could not describe to herself even while she stood looking at him.

Mrs. Felix stopped. The person stopped.

"You are cold and hungry," he said. "Why do you not get work?"

"Work!" said Mrs. Felix, dreamily. "Work! Yes! that must be the thing I have lost."

She turned about and saw a placard in a shop window: "Wanted—Fifty coat-makers."

It was a little shop—so small that it is quite impossible to imagine what it could have done with the fifty coat-makers if it could have got them. But it had not found them. There was no one there except a large, unpleasant man.

"Want work, do you?" he answered, roughly. "Show us what you can do, then"—pushing toward her a half-finished coat.

Mrs. Felix took up the coat, and saw her follower nodding at her from the door.

"Got work at once?" he said. "Of course you have. There is work enough for all; and the cry of 'no work' is the cant of the vicious and idle."

"Got work? Of course you have," repeated Mrs. Felix to herself as she took the first stitch; and the words repeated themselves over and over till they shaped themselves into a sort of tune, to which she stitched—"Got work—of course you have." How many times did it sound in her ears, and how many hours had passed, when the big man snatched her work from her hands?

"Call this *work*, do you? There, that will do! Call *this* sewing? What's the matter? You have ruined it, that's all. Will you get out now?"

Mrs. Felix got out, and met—her follower.

"So many kinds of work for women," he observed, in the quick, jerking way that seemed peculiar to him. "Letter-filling, hoop-skirt making, hair-nets, bead-work, label pasting. Why, I can't recall half the names. And plenty of ladies who want fine seamstresses—up town."

Mrs. Felix looked doubtfully up the street.

"Up town," he repeated, with a wave of the hand. "Inquire at the houses. Dozens of ladies, you know, who want seamstresses."

"Dozens of seamstresses," repeated Mrs. Felix, who was not only cold and hungry, but oppressed by a curious sensation of having been cold and hungry for several days till she was all cold and hunger, so that it was really a pity that she should creep up town a mile or two, and drag herself up and down the pitiless steps just to learn that the lady was out, or that the lady had a seamstress, or that she might come next week, or to have the door shut promptly in her face before she could ask her question. Hungry and cold, Mrs. Felix knocked at the doors of thirty-six different houses. Hungrier, and colder, and repulsed from them all, Mrs. Felix, coming down the thirty-sixth flight, felt a sharp, desperate pang at her heart. She was still in that uncertainty about her name and her former self, but the fog had cleared away from her brain. The instinct of self-preservation was stirring within her, and sharpening her faculties for what she at last comprehended was a struggle for life.

"Plenty of ladies who are in want of dress-makers," squeaked her follower's voice at her elbow.

"Do I look like a dress-maker?" cried Mrs. Felix. "Can I receive ladies without a home or a name? Can I even get into their houses? Do they not shut the door in my face before I utter the first word?"

"What! you mean to say, you dare to hint, that you can not find work; as if you should say that God sends mouths into the world and no bread to fill them," cried her follower, whisking around the corner as if the sight of her was really too much for a man of principle.

Mrs. Felix looked across the street, and saw a tall sign-board standing by a door: *Intelligence Office. Servants Wanted.* She crossed over, and met her follower in the door.

"Right!" he said, nodding. "Hundreds of families in want of good girls. Work enough for all, you see, in there!" motioning Mrs. Felix to a room in which twenty or thirty women were sitting. All these women were talking together. Every few moments an old man came in and shouted, "Silence there!" Between times a thin man appeared in the doorway and exclaimed, "A waitress wanted for the country!" "A cook wanted in a family of nine!" and at every new call Mrs. Felix saw her follower nodding at her vehemently—but of what use was it to nod? Nobody wanted her. One thought that she looked sickly, and another that she looked unusual, and another that she must be fretful. And, by-and-by, even the office did not want her any longer; and, shutting up its doors, shut Mrs. Felix out into the street again.

Mrs. Felix's knees gave out, but her brain was busier than ever.

"I won't die," she said to herself. "I am not stupid. I have my wits. There can be no need of starving in a great Christian city full of food!" And she said it the more strongly because of an awful fear, cold at her heart, that somebody else before her, who was not stupid, and not wicked, still might have starved in this great Christian city full of food.

"Right again!" chirruped her pertinacious follower. "To say otherwise would be to suppose that God sometimes sends mouths into the world for which there is no bread."

If any thing could make the fear press yet more coldly on Mrs. Felix's heart it would have been the grin with which he pronounced these words.

"There are charitable institutions!" exclaimed Mrs. Felix, struggling with herself, and, she vaguely felt, with him.

"Yes, there," he answered, pointing up at a tall house near them.

Mrs. Felix looked, and recognized a Home for the Friendless. Mrs. Felix was friendless; but she had been a member, a leading member, among the managers of this asylum, and knew that no friendless person is admitted there without a letter or recommendation from some friend.

"And there are the missions," pursued Mrs. Felix's follower. "And the ragged schools. And Mr.—I forget his name—who gives away dinners. And the police-stations."

"Where?" asked Mrs. Felix; but he was gone.

It was now dark. The cold had grown with every hour, and it was now so intense that the flaring lamps showed few passengers in the bleak streets. Mrs. Felix had twice walked up and down town. She had not tasted food all that day. She was chilled and bitten with cold, till she felt herself turning stupid; and she had still that feeling of having been so chilled and starved through other long days. And she had been refused and turned away all day; and though nobody was speaking to her, or thinking of her now, she still felt that she was being refused and turned away by all the world, and bidden to slink away in some hole, and die in the quiet and dark like the outcast that she was.

You don't understand it? The principle is very simple. If you whirl about till you are dizzy, do you not still feel the whirl when you have come to a stand? Remember it, for it has driven more men and women into the river than starvation has done.

Mrs. Felix set out to find the charitable institutions; not with any real hope, but urged by the necessity of doing something. As she walked, she began to suspect that she was going mad, for whenever she met a porter with nicely-wrapped bundles she saw straight through them, and read in them such receipts as these:

Received—For 10 yards of silk, at $24 the yard, the rent of a poor widow, just turned out of doors, with four children.

Received—For a lace parasol, valued at $150, the heart's blood of three poor seamstresses.

Received—For a ring valued at $1000, the lives of ten children, and the pure air, cleanliness, and comfort, belonging to forty other people, residing in the tenement house No. 13 Blank Street.

Received—For 3 yards of lace, at $5 the yard, the blankets and winter flannels of a poor little shivering consumptive.

Mrs. Felix turned her head aside, not to read any more. The price of one yard of that lace would save her from starvation. The cost of one yard of that silk would procure her a home. And the thought made her almost as hungry as the steam from the gates and areas. A mist came before her eyes, and she fell. She slowly got up again, saying to herself that she could go no further to find the charitable institutions of the Christian city. There was an open door near her, and a dark hall and stairway, across which came an occasional warm blast of steam, and Mrs. Felix crept in there. People passed, but nobody saw her, for she crouched in the dark, and though once or twice she opened her mouth to beg, something choked her and the words would not come.

The steps on the street and the stairs grew fewer. The shops shut themselves up, and the lower stories of houses went to sleep, and then the upper stories put themselves out, and the city tucked itself under its blankets, and none but the idle, the vicious, Mrs. Felix and two little boys, not so old as her boy at home, were left out in the night. And in dozing, and shuddering, and starting, and nestling closer for warmth, and dozing again, the night passed away.

In the morning you should have seen the bland, benevolent, cozy, respectable, well-informed, highly-principled Mrs. Felix! Shivering, wild-eyed, disheveled, stiff, starved—what evil indications could you not have found in her face!

Mrs. Felix started out again. It is the first business of every shed, office, area, box, and wagon that can afford shelter to houseless vagrants to kick them out in the morning, and Mrs. Felix went with the rest.

Perhaps evil associations had already corrupted good manners, for Mrs. Felix made no more attempts to find work. She did beg once or twice, and one man gave her a penny, and another a two-cent piece, and she bought some bread and ate it, but chiefly she hung about the fruit and meat stalls, eying them greedily, and thought how close the loaves were to her hand, and a dozen standing, till—

"Do you really mean to starve, and prove that Satan is stronger than Christ?" squeaked her follower, darting at her from behind the lamp-post.

Mrs. Felix made an effort and roused herself.

"Starving!" she repeated, "so I am! Starving and freezing!"

Just then she saw a policeman and a way of relief together. Eying the guardian of morality she walked up to a fruiterer's stand, and when she saw that he was looking directly at her, stole a handful of oranges under his very nose, and laughed aloud. She had secured an entrance into an institution that is always open, and that has fire, meat, and beds for its inmates. But oh! the grief, the despair, the righteous indignation of her follower, pouncing upon her for the last time.

"Oh! why not have had faith? Why not have been what every woman should be in a Christian land, and then if you had exercised proper faith, and enough of it, you would have found relief somehow?"

Do I mean to say that all this absurd and unnatural stuff is true?

I mean to say, my dear Madam, that just at dark, as Mrs. Lumpkin and I were sitting down at dinner, there came such a knocking, and almost before the door could be opened Mrs. Felix rushed in, and between laughing and crying told us this highly improbable story; and when I suggested "a dream,"

"Mr. Lumpkin," she answered, stoutly, "it is no such thing. I *saw* and *heard* those things. And if ever there was a woman who was put in possession of some other woman's body, and haunted by her own proud and wicked and foolish words, I am that woman. And how I got back I am sure I don't know, but there I was in the arm-chair, the canary singing over my head, and I crying as if my heart would break. And it is no dream, Mr. Lumpkin. I will never admit that it was a dream."

THE BOATMAN.

"PULL, boatman—pull! Haste, boatman—haste! my love is far away;
I must be at her side before the rising of the day.
On yonder isle that darkly looms between the sea and sky,
She lives; and with the dawn's first smile beside her must I lie."
The boatman sternly raised his eyes, and sternly he replied,
"Nor morn nor mistress cheer the hearts that chill beneath the tide!"

"Beneath the tide there lie who must—peace with their spirits be!
But tell me not of chilly hearts while hers still beats for me.
But yesternight I left her arms; already does my breast
Pant for her, like a wandering bird that yearns toward his nest!"
The boatman said, with bitter tone, as still he plied his oar,
"Once at the bottom of the sea, the bosom pants no more!"

"What! always of the dead you speak! You speak to me in vain;
To-night for me she trims her lamp, to guide me o'er the main.
In absence I sleep not, nor she; at morn we'll mock the light,
And in the sun we'll dream away the sorrows of to-night."
The boatman's brow shrank up, as if with inward agony:
He said, "They neither part nor watch who in the waters lie!"

"Now, by the heavens! art thou, perchance, a comer from the dead,
Thou croaker of ill-omen? Cease thy strain, and pull ahead!
If life has not a charm for thee, then labor at thy beam,
And hold thy peace; disturb me not, and let me dream my dream."
The boatman burst out in a laugh that made his hearer quake,
And said, "If you are dreaming now, ere long you will awake!"

He rose up to his feet. He was a dark and sinewed man;
The moon looked on his face; his cheek was trenched with care, and wan;
His matted locks obscured his brow, but, shining in its gloom,
Two glaring eyes danced wildly out, like meteors on a tomb.
He stood, like some unearthly thing, all ominous and dark,
And pointed grimly to the wave that fretted round the bark.

"You ask me why I speak of death? Because we now are two;
And my boat can never reach the land and carry me and you!
Both can not live! The woman who awaits you by the wave—
That woman was my goddess once, and now—she is your slave!
You have been blest, and I am lorn. I care not which one fall—
But to contain two men like us the universe is small!"

A struggle, and the little boat rocked sullen to and fro;
Then came a splash—and then arose a smothered cry of woe!
The waters heaved up white and rough, the rising winds did moan;
The boatman hearkened for a voice—no sound! He was alone!
He sat him to his oars again, and rowed—he knew not where;
For no one trimmed a lamp for him—he could not go to *her!*

MARY JONES.

I.

"IS Jones coming to-night, Jekyll?"

"Yes, I asked him. He knows the country about Llandollen, so I thought he might be useful," replied the person addressed, as he lay full length on the sofa, smoking.

"I say, Hunt, isn't that a fellow who's a sort of saint, and bores you to death about his mother and sister?" said another of the party to the first speaker.

"I'll tell you how I serve him," drawled out Jekyll, "when he begins one of his domestic yarns. I light my pipe, and the rest goes away with the smoke."

"I don't believe he tells you half as much as he does Hunt. He's afraid of your chaff, Jekyll."

"Nonsense," replied Hunt. "He's a capital fellow, only he does rather victimize me about his sister Mary."

"What's she like?" said Jekyll, a keen admirer of beauty.

"He never talks about her looks; it's her cleverness, her goodness, her archness, and her wit, and all that. I tell him I hate clever women, but he won't take the hint."

"Fancy *hinting* to Jones! You might as well tickle a hippopotamus and expect it to laugh," said Chesham, who, with another man, named Wyld, completed the group assembled in Jekyll's rooms in —— College, Oxford, to settle their plans for the next day, when they were to start for Wales, to "read" during the long vacation.

"Well," said Wyld, who lisped from behind a cloud of smoke, "I thould have athed to thee her picthure. Mind you, Hunt, these ugly felloths thometimes have very pretty thithters."

"Very likely; but this is not a favorable exception. He showed me a photograph once, and she seemed to have goggling, dead-looking eyes, a bad nose, and a prodigious mouth."

"In fact, the ditto of himself," said Jekyll. "So Mary Jones must be a beauty."

"The name's sufficient," said Hunt. "But don't let's have any more of her. I shall hear enough next term."

There was a slight knock, and Mr. Thomas Jones entered. He was stout and stumpy, with a very short throat and clumsy shoulders: his complexion of that suffused tint—the rubicund sallow—one often sees in mountaineers; light gray eyes; a fat, short, turn-up nose: a large, good-tempered mouth; and straight, no-colored hair; certainly a plain person, and not very likely to have a "pretty sister," yet with so frank and winning a countenance that I, for one, should have put more faith in him than in the elegant Wyld, whose long blonde whiskers rivaled many a lady's ringlets.

"How late you are, Jones!" drawled out Jekyll.

"Yes; and now I can only stay a few minutes—just to make my excuses for not coming before."

"How are you, old fellow?" said Hunt, coming forward and shaking Jones heartily by the hand; secretly, perhaps, he felt ashamed of having ridiculed him to such men as Wyld and Chesham. "Why don't you come with us to-morrow?"

"You forget I'm going to Paris with Owen for a week, and then I have to read with three of my cousins in Lancashire; otherwise I should have been very glad to have joined you."

"I say, Jones, is there any fishing near Llandollen?" said Jekyll.

"Llandollen! Are you going there?" inquired Jones, with evident interest.

"Well, no; not exactly. In fact, we shall move about."

"I thay, aren't you going home at all, Jones," said Wyld, mischievously. "Your mother and thithter live in Wales, don't they?"

"Yes, in Glamorganshire, near—" But here Hunt, seeing Wyld's drift, broke in by asking Jekyll what was the hour fixed for starting.

"That reminds me I must be off," said Jones.

Our four Oxonians soon after found themselves snugly settled in a small cottage near the romantic village of Llandollen.

Fishing, to Jekyll's infinite disgust, proved scarce; but Hunt, who was fond of sketching, found an abundant harvest among the picturesque and beautiful scenery around them. Got up, after the fashion of amateurs, in all artistic appliances; and, with his easel, portable tent, and knapsack, full of pencils, nice new brushes, and a color-box of the largest dimensions, with every known combination of color in it, strapped upon his back, he was himself a very taking subject for a sketch.

"Going sketching again?" said Jekyll one morning, when Hunt, laden with his apparatus, entered the room where the others were seated at breakfast. "What earthly pleasure can you find, old fellow, in tramping about the country and spoiling good paper at the rate you do?"

"Come, Jekyll," said Hunt, laughing, "at least I have more to show for my day's sport than you have."

"That's true," said Jekyll, good-humoredly; "for yesterday I never once carried out Dr. Johnson's definition of 'a fool at one end and a fish at the other.' Where are you off to this morning?"

"I'm going up that mountain at the end of the pass. Morgan, the old shepherd, who lives over the way, tells me there is a first-rate view half-way up."

"I've half a mind to go with you," said Jekyll; "these fellows do nothing but smoke and make bad puns."

"Nonsense, Jekyll," said Wyld; "you know we thettled to go over to Llanbeat market to-day. I want to thee some pwetty Welsh girls; there are none in this village between theven and theventy."

"So much the better for you and Chesham; you can't get into mischief."

"I don't believe Welsh girls are ever pretty," said Hunt; "they are always red-haired and freckled."

"He's thinking of Mary Jones," said Chesham.

"Well, I must be off, if I mean to get any morning effects in my sketch; so good-by."

Hunt worked hard at his sketch all day, taken from the point to which old Morgan had guided him. Crouching down in the valley was a most charming-looking cottage. The garden presented a brilliant variety of color, both in flowers and fruit, and the dwelling itself was wreathed with flowering plants.

As Hunt sketched he speculated on who might inhabit this isolated paradise, for the smoke rising in a tiny spiral column of blue against the dark back-ground of trees told that there was life within. Once he thought he saw female figures walking in the garden, but he was too far off to be sure.

The day had been oppressively hot; sheltered under his tent, and wearied with his efforts to do justice to the beauty of the scene, Hunt at last consoled himself with a cigar and a novel, in which he became so intensely absorbed as not to heed the warning wind that rushed by him. A vivid flash of forked lightning, followed by a thunder-clap, echoed on from one mountain to another, made him start to his feet. To his surprise, he found that the gathering darkness was not only the effect of the storm, but that it was nearly eight o'clock, and he had seven or eight miles between him and his friends. He packed his tent as rapidly as possible, and began his descent on the side of the mountain nearest the cottage, as it promised to be shorter than the path by which he had ascended in the morning.

The storm was by this time raging furiously; fast and faster came the lightning flashes, scarcely giving time for one thunder-clap to succeed before another overpowered it with louder clamor; and not one drop of rain. The darkness increased rapidly, and by the time Hunt had descended the mountain he could only see his way for the blue, metallic glare of the lightning. Just as he was hesitating which path to take there was an instant of utter darkness, and then down fell the rain—at first in large, heavy drops, then in streams, almost sheets, of perpendicular water, which soon drenched him to the skin.

"I'm certainly in a most unpleasant fix," he thought; "I wish that cottage would show a light; and with all my dislike to strangers—especially Welsh women—I'd ask for shelter. I'll just hallo."

He had been walking on as rapidly as he could in the darkness, for the lightning was now rare, and as though half extinguished by the rain, when it did show itself.

Almost as he shouted he struck against some obstacle that stayed his progress. Cautiously feeling about he became sure that it was the fence of the cottage garden, and now a light shone for an instant from one of the lower windows.

"If I could only see my way a little," said Hunt. "If I go over hap-hazard, I shall most likely get into the middle of a flower-bed. Well, I can't stand shivering; so here goes," and though encumbered by his traps, he was soon on the other side of the fence, and stumbling, as he hoped, toward the door. The house was well guarded, loud barking showed that his approach was heard; and, not feeling sure that in another moment his legs might not be assaulted by the canine sentinels, Hunt was about to call loudly for admittance, when a broad stream of light issued from the cottage and a dark figure with a lantern stood in the doorway.

Hunt's story was soon told to what appeared to be an elderly man-servant, who meanwhile had some difficulty in quieting the dogs. He left Hunt in a well-lighted little hall, saying he would speak to his lady, and in a few minutes he returned with "his mistress's, Mrs. Vernon's compliments, and she hoped he'd make himself comfortable. I think, Sir, you'd better get rid of your wet things as fast as may be. This way, Sir." And he conducted our shivering hero to his snug pantry, where a comfortable wood fire was burning. "I've only a suit of my own to offer, Sir; for there ain't no other man in the house."

Hunt was a handsome man, at least for those who admire a refined style of manly beauty. There was occasionally a touch of sadness in his countenance, although no one had a heartier relish for a joke. Now he could not repress a shout of laughter as he contemplated himself in the garments of a man about six inches shorter and nearly twice his own breadth.

"It is to be hoped," he thought, "there are no young ladies in the house, or they'll laugh me out of countenance."

The grave man-servant was liberal in his apologies for having no better raiment at hand: but apparently he did not see the joke of laughing at his own clothes, and he gave Hunt no more time to ask questions. He walked across the little hall, threw open the door of a well-lighted room, and ushered the stranger into the presence of its sole occupants—an old and a young lady.

The former was seated in a large easy-chair in a corner of the room, knitting diligently, although at a considerable distance from the lamp, which threw only a subdued light over her delicate features and clear blue eyes. As she sat with her face turned toward the door in expectation, it looked like some classic profile carved in ivory, so smooth and unruffled.

Hunt bowed, but, although the sweet blue eyes looked fixedly at him, there was no answering greeting.

"Mamma," said a voice near him, "this is the gentleman who has lost his way in the storm." The speaker touched her own eyes quickly, and Mr. Hunt saw that Mrs. Vernon's were sightless.

After apologizing for his intrusion and thanking her for her hospitality, he turned to the younger lady and stood almost speechless with surprise. He had expected to see a good-tempered, ordinary-looking country girl (probably freckled), and he beheld a lovely creature, as graceful in form and movement as she was refined and spirituelle in countenance. Dark glossy hair, braided closely round her well-formed head; a clear, olive complexion, with a rosy bloom; a delicate nose, slightly aquiline—not cold and cruel; the well-cut nostrils gave a warmth and generosity to the expression, aided by the full rosy lips of a mouth that seemed made for love. Deep blue eyes, with long black lashes, smiled mirthfully at Hunt's costume, which, in his amazement at finding such perfect beauty and grace in this solitary cottage, he had quite forgotten.

It is very unsatisfactory to dissect a face. It is, after all, a sort of verbal photograph, and produces the same impression. Far different was the glowing portrait stereotyped at once on Hunt's memory; and yet the girl's evident and irrepressible amusement at his costume so abashed him that for some moments he did not venture on a second survey.

However, well-bred people are soon sociable, and Hunt speedily found himself relating his adventures, and as much at his ease in his borrowed clothes as if they had been his own.

"Minnie, I know, would like to see your sketches," said his hostess, "and she will tell me if they are faithful delineations of our retreat."

The sketch-book, fortunately, had escaped the rain; and, as the fair Minnie was evidently a novice in the sublime but much perverted art of sketching from nature, she expressed unbounded admiration for what it contained.

The evening passed to Hunt like a delightful dream; and when he was shown to his bedchamber, and sat down before a cozy fire to think it quietly over, he found out by unmistakable signs that he was desperately in love with the enchanting Minnie Vernon. And why should you laugh at him for his precipitancy? In the first place, pretty and charming girls like Minnie Vernon are not met with every day. Then, she had sung like an angel. When she came to the last verse of "The beating of my own heart," Hunt's had beat in his breast like a sledge-hammer. Then, her conversation showed a highly-cultivated mind, or rather gave him a notion of it, without any attempt at display. And, lastly, bear well in mind that the presence of a blind person as *third*, gives all the freedom of a *tête-à-tête*, and that you grow more intimate in one evening under such circumstances than in half a dozen formal meetings in society; and I think you have reasons enough why Hunt felt himself desperately in love.

Poor fellow, he did not sleep well—of course he must take leave of her next morning, and this was a disturbing thought; another, of perhaps greater importance, was, had he made any corresponding impression upon her? He would soon return to finish his sketch, and to thank them for their kind hospitality; he must take care those fellows did not suspect any thing; they would be wanting to go with him. This must be prevented. What a strange thing the whole adventure seemed! If he got her for a wife what a lucky fellow he should be! At last he fell asleep, and dreamed he caught Jekyll making love to Minnie, who had declared herself engaged to marry Jones. He made a desperate effort to tell her how much he loved her, but he could not speak; and he finally wakened in the midst of a terrific conflict with Jekyll and two immense dogs, to find that he had a bad cold and was very feverish, and that it was broad daylight.

He rose and looked out of window with the curiosity one always feels after a late arrival in a strange house. The mountain from which he had made his sketch lay opposite, and appeared more distant than he could have thought. Every thing that had happened seemed so unreal in the morning light that he began to wonder how much of it was the work of his imagination. But one image was too vivid for him to doubt. On leaving her the night before, and in his meditations after, he had felt that at their next meeting he must tell her of his love; sober daylight made him pause and wonder at his folly. He, the calm, self-possessed Stewart Hunt, whose apparently equable temperament was the envy of many of his companions, to find himself bewitched—for that was the word—by a pair of blue eyes and a bright gipsy face!

Stewart Hunt had as yet never really *loved* any girl. I do not dignify by that name the hundred and one fancies or passions which men go through, beginning at sixteen, or even younger: desperate attachments are formed even at nine years old! It is probably a romantic assertion, but I do not believe that either man or woman loves *really* more than once.

Hunt had neither mother nor sisters, and so artificial and conventional was the female society in which he mixed that he had little hope of meeting with the devoted love he had fancied might exist; rather, being by the early death of his father the possessor of large property, he became doubtful of being ever loved for himself.

He went down to breakfast trying to convince himself that the morning light would disenchant him. He was delighted, at the same time almost provoked, to find that Minnie looked even more fresh and lovely in morning costume, and that he felt a greater fool than ever.

She held out her hand so winningly, and inquired so kindly how he had slept, and if he had taken cold, that Hunt, for the first time in his life, became positively nervous, and inclined to be cross with the person who caused the feeling.

The conversation at breakfast was chiefly carried on by Mrs. Vernon. Minnie was far more silent than on the previous evening.

When Hunt rose to take leave, Mrs. Vernon said that although she would not press him to remain then, on account of the anxiety his absence might cause his friends, she hoped he would soon pay them another visit. She told him that from their side of the valley was a much shorter road to Llandollen, and proposed that John should guide him to it.

John, when summoned, looked extremely grave, and informed his mistress, in a solemn whisper, "that the youngest cow had calved that morning, and he thought it were best he did not leave the premises."

"Never mind, then, John; Miss Minnie will go," said Mrs. Vernon, smiling; and turning to Hunt, "John is not able to go, but Minnie will, I am sure, guide you: will you not, dearest?"

Minnie said "Yes," but to Hunt's jealous ears it seemed rather timidly than willingly. However, he inwardly blessed the cow for her timely offices in his favor, and felt a third sensation of delight when Minnie reappeared in her black hat and white feather, looking "as lovely as an angel," as he mentally phrased it.

Not a word was spoken by either for some little distance. At length Minnie broke the awkward silence.

"I am afraid you have taken a very bad cold?" A very simple question, but Hunt seized upon it as just suited for his desperate state.

"Should you really care if I had?" he said, coming near to her.

Minnie laughed merrily.

"You must think me a very hard-hearted person, Mr. Hunt, not to compassionate sufferings brought on by your zealous endeavors to immortalize our cottage."

Hunt felt keenly mortified. He did not see the blush on his companion's cheek, nor calculate how much her words might have been intended to cover the embarrassment caused by his abrupt question.

"I have no doubt I shall be quite well tomorrow," he said, very coldly.

With a woman's quick perception she saw she had wounded him, and felt angry with herself for having laughed.

"If I am not asking too much," she said, kindly, "I should much prize a sketch of our cottage."

She raised her blue eyes to his with a look so full of truth that he could no longer think she was quizzing him.

"Any—all my sketches are at your service. I will finish and mount the best, and bring them over the next time I come, as Mrs. Vernon has kindly given me permission."

"She will be very glad; a stranger, or indeed any visitor, in these wilds is so rare an occurrence that, unless it is a great tax to ask you to come, I hope you will. A little change is so good for her."

Hunt seemed, as we say of shy children, to have "lost his tongue." Not even a compliment would come to his aid. He was pondering whether his companion would be glad to see him again, and how he could make her say so. He continued to walk beside her in silence, admiring her firm, springy tread, and noticing that, spite of thick, country-made boots, she had a small and well-shaped foot.

He was roused from this interesting contemplation by her voice.

"Here, I think, I will say good-by! You will find your way easily now if you follow that road, and remember in all its windings always to keep to the right. You can not make a mistake." She stood still and held out her hand.

He started; he had not fancied the parting would come so soon.

"You must think me a dull companion and very ungrateful, after your kindness in—in showing me the road." Then, seeing if he wished to say more it must be at once, he added, hurriedly, "I can not tell you how I have prized this walk. Will you believe me if I say the feeling is far more than I can put into words?"

He looked at her earnestly. Minnie blushed deeply, but she neither smiled nor seemed vexed; so he gained courage to proceed.

"May I ask you to say you believe me?"

He said this so earnestly that she raised her eyes for a moment, and they said quite as much as Hunt dared expect. The expression of joy and rapture that succeeded to his previous depression was instantaneous. He felt as if he should have liked to take her into his arms that very minute; and, as she raised her eyes again, saying,

"I must really say good-by now," his passionate gaze terrified her into a very rapid leave-taking.

Hunt stood gazing after her as long as she was in sight, and then slowly returned to Llandollen.

Of course Hunt had a great deal of questioning to encounter from his friends. At first he declined to satisfy their curiosity, and then admitted that he had taken shelter in a cottage, where he had passed the night. Wyld teased him a good deal—asking him if there wasn't a freckled mountain maid in the cottage; but he kept his own counsel.

For a few days he was laid up with a feverish cold, and when he recovered sufficiently to walk so far without exciting the remarks of his friends he called at Mrs. Vernon's house and found it shut up and deserted, except by a deaf old woman, who told him the mistress and John had gone to the south suddenly to see some sick relation, and would not be back for a month.

"What is the name of the place to which Mrs. Vernon is gone?"

"Well, indeed now, I don't know," said the old woman, and she finished her sentence in Welsh; and, when Hunt reiterated his inquiries, only shook her head and said, "No English."

On his return to Oxford, Hunt found a letter from his friend Jones, telling him that as he now hoped to be ordained in December he did not intend returning to college in the interim. This was a great disappointment. Of all his Ox-

STEWART HUNT'S INTRODUCTION TO MISS JONES.

ford friends Jones was the only one to whom he could have confided the story of his love, and through him he hoped to have discovered some tidings of Mrs. Vernon and her daughter; although, even in his short sojourn there, he had learned how little intercourse there is between the northern and southern inhabitants of the Principality.

He became morose and taciturn—angry with himself for indulging a probably hopeless passion—for he found it impossible to discover any traces of the inhabitants of the cottage.

An old don of his college, who one day asked him to dinner, he found had been a good deal in Wales, and when he inquired if he knew a Mrs. Vernon, who lived near Llandollen, told him he had visited her five years before, but then she was neither blind nor had she a daughter. So here conjecture was again at fault.

Besides, if he found Minnie, how could he suppose she would have reciprocated so sudden an attachment? She might by this time be married to some one else. No; he would stake his life on the truth of her last look, and that did not express indifference.

Poor fellow!—he was only twenty-five; he began to feel very old and misanthropical, and to talk of giving up balls and ladies' society. In fact, he was fast becoming cynical and unamiable.

Wyld and Chesham always persisted that some old Welsh witch had cast an evil eye upon him. The more observing Jekyll had a shrewd suspicion of the truth, and one day asked if it were any love-affair that weighed on his mind. But Hunt shrank from mentioning Minnie to any one, far less to Jekyll, to whom he knew the confession of such love as his would only afford matter for ridicule.

He now bitterly regretted that he had not told Mrs. Vernon he was at Oxford, as this might have elicited the mention of Jones, who, after all, was perhaps known to her. Still, his unconquerable reserve prevented him from writing to his friend on the subject.

II.

It was the day before Christmas-eve—a day that brings happy thoughts to most people—(always excepting those relating to Christmas bills). The brightness of the coming season seems to be reflected on the icicles that hang, or ought to hang, on the trees and window-ledges.

Stewart Hunt was usually full of sympathy with the "jolly season;" now he could not shake off his melancholy.

He had had numerous invitations for Christmas-day, but had refused them all, resolved, with a sort of savage satisfaction, to spend it at his club.

Now, as he sat at his late London breakfast, turning over several letters that had come by the post, a well-known handwriting on one of the envelopes struck him. He opened it and found a pressing invitation to spend Christmas with his friend Thomas Jones, at his curacy, in Glamorganshire—his mother and sister, Jones said, would be delighted to welcome him, and he would tell Hunt the secret he had hinted at in his last letter: he was the happiest fellow living; he was going to be married to his cousin; she was staying with them, and he was anxious to introduce her to Hunt.

"Good Heavens! that ugly fellow. I feel as if I must hate him. I hate happy people who are going to be married. I don't suppose she loves him; she is going to marry him for a home. Poor Jones! What does he say? In a few months. He's too good a fellow to be thrown away on any designing woman. I'll go down and see what this cousin is like. I believe I'm his most intimate friend, and if I find there is any chance of his being imposed on my plain duty is to warn him."

Warmed with this benevolent intention, he wrote to Jones, naming the train by which he might be expected on the following day.

It was not till his packing was nearly accomplished that he remembered he should have to meet the dreaded "Mary Jones." The photograph arose grimly before him; but it was too late to retract, and he need never mention it at Oxford.

The pure, bracing air was exhilarating, and when he stepped on the platform at Cardiff he looked more like himself than he had done for weeks.

"Well, old fellow, this is glorious of you," said Jones, rushing up to meet him, thereby oversetting a small railway official and greatly disturbing an old lady who was getting out of a second-class carriage with her arms full of bandboxes and bundles. Away rolled two of the bandboxes; the old lady worrying, and fretting, and scolding, and doing every thing except run after them.

Both Jones and Hunt went in chase, and soon brought back the boxes, which, wonderful to relate, had not come open in their little excursion.

"Here's the trap—this way—come along!" Jones was so full of delighted excitement that he couldn't get his words out fast enough.

"Got your luggage? That's right! Here, porter, this way! Now jump up, Hunt. We've but six miles to go, and then I'll show you my darling Minnie."

"Who!" cried Hunt, so aghast at the name that his friend looked surprised.

"Didn't you get my letter? and didn't I tell you she was staying with us? My cousin Minnie—Minnie Vernon. Hullo, boy! Get out of the way; you're not hurt, are you?"

This, roared out in Welsh, to an urchin whom in his excitement Jones had included in the lash bestowed on his pony, was a seasonable interruption for Hunt, who sat stupefied.

What did it all mean? Was he the victim of a hoax? or was it a dream? and if he rubbed his eyes should he find himself in his rooms in London, safe away from this chattering fellow, who seemed much too full of his own happiness to notice his silence and dismay?

He tried to frame a question which should clear up all these doubts, but he was afraid of betraying himself. No, best to wait and let his eyes tell him the truth.

Just as they drove up to the very pretty cottage which Jones pointed out as his home, Hunt recovered himself sufficiently to ask after his friend's mother and sister.

"Ah! they're quite well, thank you; of course delighted to have Minnie with them. Mary returned with her only two days ago. By-the-by, when I said you were coming, Mary seemed to have heard something about you; but I was talking to Minnie, so I didn't quite remember what it was."

It was his Minnie, then; for how else could Mary Jones have heard of him?

Hunt felt a strong, sudden inclination to fling his friend out of the dog-cart.

His senses were still confused as he entered the drawing-room, and heard Jones presenting him to his mother and sister and Miss Vernon.

He forced himself to look up.

There was the false Minnie, looking more lovely than ever, as she held out her hand and claimed him as an old acquaintance.

She had certainly the grace to blush; but how he hated her—all the more because he felt his love spring up as wildly and madly as ever.

He turned to Mrs. Jones; then, remembering the dreaded "Mary," looked at Jones's sister. Here was another surprise. She was a plump little damsel, with pretty, dark eyes and a sweet smile.

Mrs. Jones offered to take Hunt round the garden and show him the Christmas-roses, now in full bloom; but, just as they reached the sheltered nook where the roses were to be found, she was summoned back to the house by a visit from the doctor.

To Hunt's surprise, Jones walked on in front with his sister, leaving him side by side with the fair Minnie.

"I'll be back directly, old fellow," said Jones, suddenly turning round; "I must go and see after the pony. My man's a stranger." And off he went through a small side-gate with his sister, leaving the others to admire the Christmas-roses.

It was intolerable. Hunt had a great mind to go back to the house.

After the first glance of recognition, he had studiously avoided looking at Minnie. If he staid here alone with her, he knew he must meet her eyes, and then—well, and what then?

Minnie seemed timid; but his silence obliged her to say something.

"Have you ever been in this part of Wales before?" Just the same sweet, bright voice. It stirred his heart to its very depths.

"No," he spoke almost rudely. The sound of his voice seemed to help him. He looked coldly and severely at her, and met her eyes so full of deprecating softness that he stumbled over his question:

"Have—have *you* ever been here before?"

"I?" she looked astonished. "It is my native place. We consider it so fortunate that dear Tom should have been appointed to papa's old cure. All my early years were spent here, so that it is doubly home to me."

"What bad taste and utter want of tact," he thought, "to talk in this way to me."

"I only hope," she went on, "that my cousin may like it as well. But Minnie has been brought up in such romantic scenery that this must appear tame to her."

"Who?" exclaimed Hunt, almost gasping.

"My cousin. Surely Tom told you he is engaged to be married to her?"

"Then who—who are you?" exclaimed Hunt; and he seized her hand, to assure himself that this was at least reality.

"I—I am Mary Jones."

"You Mary Jones! Impossible! There must be some mistake. Do not deceive and trifle with me. If you knew how eagerly I tried to recover traces of you; how—but I—I forget myself altogether; why should this interest you?" and he let go her hand.

His strange manner frightened her.

"I do not understand, Mr. Hunt; I have only told you the truth. I am the sister of your friend, who has just left you, but whose acquaintance with you I did not know of till last night."

The revulsion of feeling almost overcome him; but something in her manner set his heart at ease.

"Will you pardon me for my rudeness for frightening you? I thought you said your name was Minnie Vernon."

"My dear godmother always calls me Minnie, and I call her mamma when I am staying with her; but," she added, timidly, "we must go and tell my brother of your mistake."

"I shall think you are still afraid of me if you will not listen to me for a few moments longer," he said, taking her hand, though much more quietly than before. "I asked you once to believe me, and you said you did. Will you always believe me, always trust me, always let me love you as I do now, as I have done ever since we parted, dearest Minnie?"

Minnie did not speak. One momentary, glancing look was enough for Hunt, and then he drew her close—close to him.

There is no need to say that that Christmas-day was the happiest Stewart Hunt had ever spent; nor that early in the spring there was a double wedding in the pretty Welsh village church.

Hunt shuddered when his bride signed her maiden name for the last time in the old parish register; but he whispered, as he bent over her:

"Thank God! you will never be Mary Jones again. You are my own Minnie now forever."

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER XXIV.

BEATRICE'S JOURNAL.

BRANDON HALL.

September 1, 1848.—Paolo Langhetti used to say that it was useful to keep a diary; not one from day to day, for each day's events are generally trivial, and therefore not worthy of record; but rather a statement in full of more important events in one's life, which may be turned to in later years. I wish I had begun this sixteen months ago, when I first came here. How full would have been my melancholy record by this time!

Where shall I begin?

Of course, with my arrival here, for that is the time when we separated. There is no need for me to put down in writing the events that took place when *he* was with me. Not a word that he ever spoke, not a look that he ever gave, has escaped my memory. This much I may set down here.

Alas! the shadow of the African forest fell deeply and darkly upon me. Am I stronger than other women, or weaker? I know not. Yet I can be calm while my heart is breaking. Yes, I am at once stronger and weaker; so weak that my heart breaks, so strong that I can hide it.

I will begin from the time of my arrival here.

I came knowing well who the man was and what he was, whom I had for my father. I came with every word of that despairing voyager ringing in my ears—that cry from the drifting *Vishnu*, where Despard laid down to die. How is it that his very name thrills through me? I am nothing to him. I am one of the hateful brood of murderers. A Thug was my father—and my mother who? And who am I, and what?

At least my soul is not his, though I am his daughter. My soul is myself, and life on earth can not last forever. Hereafter I may stand where that man may never approach.

How can I ever forget the first sight which I had of my father, who before I saw him had become to me as abhorrent as a demon! I came up in the coach to the door of the Hall and looked out. On the broad piazza there were two men; one was sitting, the other standing.

The one who was standing was somewhat elderly, with a broad, fat face, which expressed nothing in particular but vulgar good-nature. He was dressed in black, and looked like a serious butler, or perhaps still more like some of the Dissenting ministers whom I have seen. He stood with his hands in his pockets, looking at me with a vacant smile.

The other man was younger, not over thirty. He was thin, and looked pale from dissipation. His face was covered with spots, his eyes were gray, his eyelashes white. He was smoking a very large pipe, and a tumbler of some kind of drink stood on the stone pavement at his feet. He stared at me between the puffs of his pipe, and neither moved nor spoke.

If I had not already tasted the bitterness of despair I should have tasted it as I saw these men. Something told me that they were my father and brother. My very soul sickened at the sight—the memory of Despard's words came back—and if it had been possible to have felt any tender natural affection for them, this recollection would have destroyed it.

"I wish to see Mr. Potts," said I, coldly.

My father stared at me.

"I'm Mr. Potts," he answered.

"I am Beatrice," said I; "I have just arrived from China."

By this time the driver had opened the door, and I got out and walked up on the piazza.

"Johnnie," exclaimed my father, "what the devil is the meaning of this?"

"Gad, I don't know," returned John, with a puff of smoke.

"Didn't you say she was drowned off the African coast?"

"I saw so in the newspapers."

"Didn't you tell me about the *Falcon* rescuing her from the pirates, and then getting wrecked with all on board?"

"Yes, but then there was a girl that escaped."

"Oh ho!" said my father, with a long whistle. "I didn't know that."

He turned and looked at me hastily, but in deep perplexity.

"So you're the girl, are you?" said he at last.

"I am your daughter," I answered.

I saw him look at John, who winked in return.

He walked up and down for a few minutes, and at last stopped and looked at me again. "That's all very well," said he at last, "but how do I know that you're the party? Have you any proof of this?"

"No."

"You have nothing but your own statement?"

"No."

"And you may be an impostor. Mind you—I'm a magistrate—and you'd better be careful."

"You can do what you choose," said I, coldly.

"No, I can't. In this country a man can't do what he chooses."

I was silent.

"Johnnie," said my father, "I'll have to leave her to you. You arrange it."

John looked at me lazily, still smoking, and for some time said nothing.

"I suppose," said he at last, "you've got to put it through. You began it, you know. You would send for her. I never saw the use of it."

"But do you think this is the party?"

"Oh, I dare say. It don't make any difference any way. Nobody would take the trouble to come to you with a sham story."

"That's a fact," said my father.

"So I don't see but you've got to take her."

"Well," said my father, "if you think so, why all right."

"I don't think any thing of the kind," returned John, snappishly. "I only think that she's the party you sent for."

"Oh, well, it's all the same," said my father, who then turned to me again.

"If you're the girl," he said, "you can get in. Hunt up Mrs. Compton, and she'll take charge of you."

Compton! At the mention of that name a shudder passed through me. She had been in the family of the murdered man, and had ever since lived with his murderer. I went in without a word, prepared for the worst, and expecting to see some evil-faced woman, fit companion for the pair outside.

A servant was passing along. "Where is Mrs. Compton?" I asked.

"Somewhere or other, I suppose," growled the man, and went on.

I stood quietly. Had I not been prepared for some such thing as this I might perhaps have broken down under grief, but I had read the MS., and nothing could surprise or wound me.

I waited there for nearly half an hour, during which time no notice was taken of me. I heard my father and John walk down the piazza steps and go away. They had evidently forgotten all about me. At last a man came toward the door who did not look like a servant. He was dressed in black. He was a slender, pale, shambling man, with thin, light hair, and a furtive eye and a weary face. He did not look like one who would insult me, so I asked him where I could find Mrs. Compton.

He started as I spoke and looked at me in wonder, yet respectfully.

"I have just come from China," said I, "and my father told me to find Mrs. Compton."

He looked at me for some time without speaking a word. I began to think that he was imbecile.

"So you are Mr. Potts's daughter," said he at last, in a thin, weak voice. "I—I didn't know that you had come—I—I knew that he was expecting you—but heard you were lost at sea— Mrs. Compton—yes—oh yes—I'll show you where you can find Mrs. Compton."

He was embarrassed, yet not unkind. There was wonder in his face, as though he was surprised at my appearance. Perhaps it was because he found me so unlike my father. He walked toward the great stairs, from time to time turning his head to look at me, and ascended them. I followed, and after going to the third story we came to a room.

"That's the place," said he.

He then turned, without replying to my thanks, and left me. I knocked at the door. After some delay it was opened, and I went in. A thin, pale woman was there. Her hair was perfectly white. Her face was marked by the traces of great grief and suffering, yet overspread by an expression of surpassing gentleness and sweetness. She looked like one of these women who live lives of devotion for others, who suffer out of the spirit of self-sacrifice, and count their own comfort and happiness as nothing in comparison with that of those whom they love. My heart warmed toward her at the first glance; I saw that this place could not be altogether corrupt since she was here.

"I am Mr. Potts's daughter," said I; "are you Mrs. Compton?"

She stood mute. An expression of deadly fear overspread her countenance, which seemed to turn her white face to a grayish hue, and the look that she gave me was such a look as one may cast upon some object of mortal fear.

"You look alarmed," said I, in surprise; "and why? Am I then so frightful?"

She seized my hand and covered it with kisses. This new outburst surprised me as much as her former fear. I did not know what to do. "Ah! my sweet child, my dearest!" she murmured. "How did you come here, here of all places on earth?"

I was touched by the tenderness and sympathy of her tone. It was full of the gentlest love. "How did you come here?" I asked.

She started and turned on me her former look of fear.

"Do not look at me so," said I, "dear Mrs. Compton. You are timid. Do not be afraid of me. I am incapable of inspiring fear." I pressed her hand. "Let us say nothing more now about the place. We each seem to know what it is. Since I find one like you living here it will not seem altogether a place of despair."

"Oh, dear child, what words are these? You speak as if you knew all."

"I know much," said I, "and I have suffered much."

"Ah, my dearest! you are too young and too beautiful to suffer." An agony of sorrow came over her face. Then I saw upon it an expression which I have often marked since, a strange struggling desire to say something, which that excessive and ever-present terror of hers made her incapable of uttering. Some secret thought was in her whole face, but her faltering tongue was paralyzed and could not divulge it.

She turned away with a deep sigh. I looked at her with much interest. She was not the woman I expected to find. Her face and voice won my heart. She was certainly one to be trusted. But still there was this mystery about her.

Nothing could exceed her kindness and tenderness. She arranged my room. She did every thing that could be done to give it an air of comfort. It was a very luxuriously furnished chamber. All the house was lordly in its style and arrangements. That first night I slept the sleep of the weary.

The next day I spent in my room, occupied with my own sad thoughts. At about three in the afternoon I saw *him* come up the avenue. My heart throbbed violently. My eyes were riveted upon that well-known face, how loved! how dear! In vain I tried to conjecture the reason why he should come. Was it to strike the first blow in his just, his implacable vengeance? I longed that I might receive that blow. Any thing that came from *him* would be sweet.

He staid a long time and then left. What passed I can not conjecture. But it had evidently been an agreeable visit to my father, for I heard him laughing uproariously on the piazza about something not long after he had gone.

I have not seen him since.

For several weeks I scarcely moved from my room. I ate with Mrs. Compton. Her reserve was impenetrable. It was with painful fear and trembling that she touched upon any thing connected with the affairs of the house or the family. I saw it and spared her. Poor thing, she has always been too timid for such a life as this.

At the end of a month I began to think that I could live here in a state of obscurity without being molested. Strange that a daughter's feelings toward a father and brother should be those of horror, and that her desire with reference to them should be merely to keep out of their sight. I had no occupation, and needed none, for I had my thoughts and my memories. These memories were bitter, yet sweet. I took the sweet, and tried to solace myself with them. The days are gone forever; no longer does the sea spread wide; no longer can I hear his voice; I can hold him in my arms no more; yet I can remember—

"Das süsseste Glück für die trauernde Brust,
Nach der schonen Liebe verschwundener Lust,
Sind der Liebe Schmerzen und Klagen."

I think I had lived this sort of life for three months without seeing either my father or brother.

At the end of that time my father sent for me. He informed me that he intended to give a grand entertainment to the county families, and wanted me to do the honors. He had ordered dress-makers for me; he wished me to wear some jewels which he had in the house, and informed me that it would be the grandest thing of the kind that had ever taken place. Fire-works were going to be let off; the grounds were to be illuminated, and nothing that money could effect would be spared to render it the most splendid festival that could be imagined.

I did as he said. The dress-makers came, and I allowed them to array me as they chose. My father informed me that he would not give me the jewels till the time came, hinting a fear that I might steal them.

At last the evening arrived. Invitations had been sent every where. It was expected that the house would be crowded. My father even ventured to make a personal request that I would adorn myself as well as possible. I did the best I could, and went to the drawing-room to receive the expected crowds.

The hour came and passed, but no one appeared. My father looked a little troubled, but he and John waited in the drawing-room. Servants were sent down to see if any one was approaching. An hour passed. My father looked deeply enraged. Two hours passed. Still no one came. Three hours passed. I waited calmly, but my father and John, who had all the time been drinking freely, became furious. It was now midnight, and all hope had left them. They had been treated with scorn by the whole county.

The servants were laughing at my father's disgrace. The proud array in the different rooms was all a mockery. The elaborate fire-works could not be used.

My father turned his eyes, inflamed by anger and strong drink, toward me.

"She's a d——d bad investment," I heard him say.

"I told you so," said John, who did not deign to look at me; "but you were determined."

They then sat drinking in silence for some time.

"Sold!" said my father, suddenly, with an oath.

John made no reply.

"I thought the county would take to her. She's one of their own sort," my father muttered.

"If it weren't for you they might," said John; "but they ain't over-fond of her dear father."

"But I sent out the *invites* in her name."

"No go anyhow."

"I thought I'd get in with them all right away, hobnob with lords and baronets, and maybe get knighted on the spot."

John gave a long scream of laughter.

"You old fool!" he cried; "so that's what you're up to, is it? Sir John—ha, ha, ha! You'll never be made Sir John by parties, I'm afraid."

"Oh, don't you be too sure. I'm not put down. I'll try again," he continued, after a pause. "Next year I'll do it. Why, she'll marry a lord, and then won't I be a lord's father-in-law! What do you say to that?"

"When did you get these notions in your blessed head?" asked John.

"Oh, I've had them— It's not so much for myself, Johnnie—but for you. For if I'm a lord you'll be a lord too."

"Lord Potts. Ha, ha, ha!"

"No," said my father, with some appearance of vexation, "not that; we'll take our title the way all the lords do, from the estates. I'll be Lord Brandon, and when I die you'll get the title."

"And that's your little game. Well, you've played such good little games in your life that I've got nothing to say, except—'Go it!'"

"She's the one that'll give me a lift."

"Well, she ought to be able to do something."

By this time I concluded that I had done my duty and prepared to retire. I did not wish to overhear any of their conversation. As I walked out of the room I still heard their remarks:

"Blest if she don't look as if she thought herself the Queen," said John.

"It's the diamonds, Johnnie."

"No it ain't, it's the girl herself. I don't like the way she has of looking at me and through me."

"Why, that's the way with that kind. It's what the lords like."

"I STOOD LOOKING AT HIM WITH A GAZE SO FIXED AND INTENSE THAT IT SEEMED AS IF ALL MY BEING WERE CENTRED IN MY EYES."

"I don't like it, then, and I tell you *she's got to be took down!*"

This was the last I heard. Yet one thing was evident to me from their conversation. My father had some wild plan of effecting an entrance into society through me. He thought that after he was once recognized he might get sufficient influence to gain a title and found a family. I also might marry a lord. He thus dreamed of being Lord Brandon, and one of the great nobles of the land.

Amidst my sadness I almost smiled at this vain dream; but yet John's words affected me strongly—"You've played such good little games in your life." Well I knew with whom they were played. One was with Despard, the other with Brandon.

This then was the reason why he had sent for me from China. The knowledge of his purpose made my life neither brighter nor darker. I still lived on as before.

During these months Mrs. Compton's tender devotion to me never ceased. I respected her, and forbore to excite that painful fear to which she was subject. Once or twice I forgot myself and began speaking to her about her strange position here. She stopped me with her look of alarm.

"Are you not afraid to be kind to me?" I asked.

She looked at me piteously.

"You are the only one that is kind to me," I continued. "How have you the courage?"

"I can not help it," she murmured, "you are so dear to me."

She sighed and was silent. The mystery about her remained unchanged; her gentle nature, her tender love, and her ever-present fear. What was there in her past that so influenced her life? Had she too been mixed up with the crime on the *Vishnu*? She! impossible. Yet surely something as dark as that must have been required to throw so black a cloud over her life. Yet what—what could that have been? In spite of myself I associate her secret with the tragedy of Despard. She was in his family long. His wife died. She must have been with her at the time.

The possibilities that have suggested themselves to my mind will one day drive me mad. Alas, how my heart yearns over that lonely man in the drifting ship! And yet, merciful God! who am I that I should sympathize with him? My name is infamy, my blood is pollution.

I spoke to her once in a general way about the past. Had she ever been out of England? I asked.

"Yes," she answered, dreamily.

"Where?"

She looked at me and said not a word.

At another time I spoke of China, and hinted that perhaps she too knew something about the East. The moment that I said this I repented. The poor creature was shaken from head to foot with a sudden convulsion of fear. This convulsion was so terrible that it seemed to me as though another would be death. I tried to soothe her, but she looked fearfully at me for a long time after.

At another time I asked her directly whether her husband was alive. She looked at me with deep sadness and shook her head. I do not know what position she holds here. She is not housekeeper; none of the servants pay any attention to her whatever. There is an impudent head servant who manages the rest. I noticed that the man who showed me to her room when I first came treats her differently from the rest. Once or twice I saw them talking in one of the halls. There was deep respect in his manner. What he does I have not yet found out. He has always shown great respect to me, though why I can not imagine. He has the same timidity of manner which marks Mrs. Compton. His name is Philips.

I once asked Mrs. Compton who Philips was, and what he did. She answered quickly that he was a kind of clerk to Mr. Potts, and helped him to keep his accounts.

"Has he been with him long?" I continued.

"Yes, a considerable time," she said—but I saw that the subject distressed her, so I changed it.

For more than three months I remained in my room, but at last, through utter despair, I longed to go out. The noble grounds were there, high hills from which the wide sea was visible—that sea which shall be associated with his memory till I die. A great longing came over me to look upon its wide expanse, and feed my soul with old and dear memories. There it would lie, the same sea from which he so often saved me, over which we sailed till he laid down his noble life at my feet, and I gave back that life to him again.

I used to ascend a hill which was half a mile behind the Hall within the grounds, and pass whole days there unmolested. No one took the trouble to notice what I did, at least I thought so till afterward. There for months I used to go. I would sit and look fixedly upon the blue water, and my imagination would carry me far away to the South, to that island on the African shore, where he once reclined in my arms, before the day when I learned that my touch was pollution to him—to that island where I afterward knelt by him as he lay senseless, slowly coming back to life, when if I might but touch the hem of his garment it was bliss enough for one day. Ah me, how often I have wet his feet with my tears—poor, emaciated feet—and longed to be able to wipe them with my hair, but dared not. He lay unconscious. He never knew the anguish of my love.

Then I was less despairing. The air around was filled with the echo of his voice; I could shut my eyes, and bring him before me. His face was always visible to my soul.

One day the idea came into my head to extend my ramble into the country outside, in order to get a wider view. I went to the gate. The porter came out and asked what I wanted. I told him.

"You can't go out," said he, rudely.

"Why not?"

"Oh, them's Potts's orders—that's enough, I think."

"He never said so to me," I replied, mildly.

"That's no odds; he said so to me, and he told me if you made any row to tell you that you were watched, and might just as well give up at once."

"Watched!" said I, wonderingly.

"Yes—for fear you'd get skittish, and try and do something foolish. Old Potts is bound to keep you under his thumb."

I turned away. I did not care much. I felt more surprise than any thing else to think that he would take the trouble to watch me. Whether he did or not was of little consequence. If I could only be where I had the sea before me it was enough.

That day, on going back to the Hall, I saw John sitting on the piazza. A huge bull-dog which he used to take with him every where was lying at his feet. Just before I reached the steps a Malay servant came out of the house.

He was about the same age as John. I knew him to be a Malay when I first saw him, and concluded that my father had picked him up in the East. He was slight but very lithe and muscular, with dark glittering eyes and glistening white teeth. He never looked at me when I met him, but always at the ground, without seeming to be aware of my existence.

The Malay was passing out when John called out to him,

"Hi, there, Vijal!"

Vijal looked carelessly at him.

"Here!" cried John, in the tone with which he would have addressed his dog.

Vijal stopped carelessly.

"Pick up my hat, and hand it to me."

His hat had fallen down behind him. Vijal stood without moving, and regarded him with an evil smile.

"D—n you, do you hear?" cried John. "Pick up my hat."

But Vijal did not move.

"If you don't, I'll set the dog on you," cried John, starting to his feet in a rage.

Still Vijal remained motionless.

"Nero!" cried John, furiously, pointing to Vijal, "seize him, Sir."

The dog sprang up and at once leaped upon Vijal. Vijal warded off the assault with his arm. The dog seized it, and held on, as was his nature. Vijal did not utter a cry, but seizing the dog, he threw him on his back, and flinging himself upon him, fixed his own teeth in the dog's throat.

John burst into a torrent of the most frightful curses. He ordered Vijal to let go of the dog. Vijal did not move; but while the dog's teeth were fixed in his arm, his own were still fixed as tenaciously in the throat of the dog.

John sprang forward and kicked him with frightful violence. He leaped on him and stamped on him. At last, Vijal drew a knife from his girdle and made a dash at John. This frightened John, who fell back cursing. Vijal then raised his head.

The dog lay motionless. He was dead. Vijal sat down, his arm running blood, with the knife in his hand, still glaring at John.

During this frightful scene I stood rooted to the spot in horror. At last the sight of Vijal's suffering roused me. I rushed forward, and, tearing the scarf from my neck, knelt down and reached out my hand to stanch the blood.

Vijal drew back. "Poor Vijal," said I, "let me stop this blood. I can dress wounds. How you suffer!"

He looked at me in bewilderment. Surprise at hearing a kind word in this house of horror seemed to deprive him of speech. Passively he let me take his arm, and I bound it up as well as I could.

All this time John stood cursing, first me, and then Vijal. I said not a word, and Vijal did not seem to hear him, but sat regarding me with his fiery black eyes. When at last I had finished, he rose and still stood staring at me. I walked into the house.

John hurled a torrent of imprecations after me. The last words that I heard were the same as he had said once before. "You've got to be took down; and I'll be d—d if you don't get took down precious soon!"

I told Mrs. Compton of what had happened. As usual, she was seized with terror. She looked at me with a glance of fearful apprehension. At last she gasped out:

"They'll kill you."

"Let them," said I, carelessly; "it would be better than living."

"Oh dear!" groaned the poor old thing, and sank sobbing in a chair. I did what I could to soothe her, but to little purpose. She afterward told me that Vijal had escaped further punishment in spite of John's threats, and hinted that they were half afraid of him.

The next day, on attempting to go out, Philips told me that I was not to be permitted to leave the house. I considered it the result of John's threat, and yielded without a word.

After this I had to seek distraction from my thoughts within the house. Now there came over me a great longing for music. Once, when in the drawing-room on that famous evening of the abortive fête, which was the only time I ever was there, I had noticed a magnificent grand piano of most costly workmanship. The thought of this came to my mind, and an unconquerable desire to try it arose. So I went down and began to play.

It was a little out of tune, but the tone was marvelously full and sweet. I threw myself with indescribable delight into the charm of the hour. All the old joy which music once used to bring came back. Imagination, stimulated by the swelling harmonies, transported me far away from this prison-house and its hateful associations to that happier time of youth when not a thought of sorrow came over me. I lost myself therein. Then that passed, that life vanished, and the sea-voyage began. The thoughts of my mind and the emotions of my heart passed down to the quivering chords and trembled into life and sound.

I do not know how long I had been playing when suddenly I heard a sob behind me. I started and turned. It was Philips.

He was standing with tears in his eyes and a rapt expression on his emaciated face, his hands hanging listless, and his whole air that of one who had lost all senses save that of hearing. But as I turned and stopped, the spell that bound him was broken. He sighed and looked at me earnestly.

"Can you sing?"

"Would you like me to do so?"

"Yes," he said, in a faint, imploring voice.

I began a low song—a strain associated with that same childhood of which I had just been thinking—a low, sad strain, sweet to my ears and to my soul; it spoke of peace and innocence, quiet home joys, and calm delights. My own mind brought before me the image of the house where I had lived, with the shadow of great trees around, and gorgeous flowers every where, where the sultry air breathed soft; and beneath the hot noon all men sank to rest and slumber.

When I stopped I turned again. Philips had not changed his attitude. But as I turned he uttered an exclamation and tore out his watch.

"Oh, Heavens!—two hours," he exclaimed. "He'll kill me for this."

With these words he rushed out of the room.

I kept up my music for about ten days when one day it was stopped forever. I was in the middle of a piece when I heard heavy footsteps behind me. I turned and saw my father. I rose and looked at him with an effort to be respectful. It was lost on him, however. He did not glance at me.

"I came up to say to you," said he, after a little hesitation, "that I can't stand this infernal squall and clatter any longer. So in future you just shut up."

He turned and left me. I closed the piano forever, and went to my room.

The year ended, and a new year began. January passed away. My melancholy began to affect my health. I scarcely ever slept at night, and to eat was difficult. I hoped that I was going to die. Alas! death will not come when one calls.

One day I was in my room lying on the couch when Mrs. Compton came. On entering she looked terrified about something. She spoke in a very agitated voice: "They want you down stairs."

"Who?"

"Mr. Potts and John."

"Well," said I, and I prepared to get ready. "When do they want me?"

"Now," said Mrs. Compton, who by this time was crying.

"Why are you so agitated?" I asked.

"I am afraid for you."

"Why so? Can any thing be worse?"

"Ah, my dearest! you don't know—you don't know."

I said nothing more, but went down. On entering the room I saw my father and John seated at a table with brandy before them. A third man was there. He was a thick-set man of about the same height of my father, but more muscular, with a strong, square jaw, thick neck, low brow, and stern face. My father did not show any actual ferocity in his face whatever he felt; but this man's face expressed relentless cruelty.

On entering the room I walked up a little distance and stood looking at them.

"There, Clark; what do you think of that?" said my father.

The name, Clark, at once made known to me who this man was—that old associate of my father—his assistant on board the *Vishnu*. Yet the name did not add one whit to the abhorrence which I felt—my father was worse even than he.

The man Clark looked at me scrutinizingly for some time.

"So that's the gal," said he, at last.

"That's the gal," said my father.

Clark waved his hand at me. "Turn round sideways," said he.

I looked at him quietly without moving. He repeated the order, but I took no notice of it.

"D—n her!" said he. "Is she deaf?"

"Not a bit of it," said John; "but she's plucky. She'd just as soon you'd kill her as not. There isn't any way of moving her."

"Turn round!" cried my father, angrily.

I turned as he said. "You see," said he, with a laugh, "she's been piously brought up; she honors her father."

At this Clark burst into a loud laugh.

Some conversation followed about me as I stood there. Clark then ordered me to turn round and face him. I took no notice; but on my father's ordering it, I obeyed as before. This appeared to amuse them all very greatly, just as the tricks of an intelligent poodle might have done. Clark gave me many commands on purpose to see my refusal, and have my father's order which followed obeyed.

"Well," said he, at last, leaning back in his chair, "she is a showy piece of furniture. Your idea isn't a bad one either."

He rose from his chair and came toward me. I stood looking at him with a gaze so fixed and intense that it seemed as if all my being were centred in my eyes.

He came up and reached out to take hold of my arm. I stepped back. He looked up angrily. But, for some reason, the moment that he caught sight of my face, an expression of fear passed over his.

"Heavens!" he groaned; "look at that face!"

I saw my father look at me. The same horror passed over his countenance. An awful thought came to me. As these men turned their faces away from me in fear I felt my strength going. I turned and rushed from the room. I do not remember any thing more.

It was early in February when this occurred. Until the beginning of August I lay senseless. For the first four months I hovered faintly between life and death.

Why did they not let me die? Why did I not die? Alas! had I died I might now have been beyond this sorrow: I have waked to meet it all again.

Mrs. Compton says she found me on the floor of my own room, and that I was in a kind of stupor. I had no fever or delirium. A doctor came, who said it was a congestion of the brain. Thoughts like mine might well destroy the brain forever.

For a month I have been slowly recovering. I can now walk about the room. I know nothing of what is going on in the house, and wish to know nothing. Mrs. Compton is as devoted as ever.

I have got thus far, and will stop here. I have been several days writing this. I must stop till I am stronger.

RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

THE RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

VI.

ANNO 1780, VIENNA.—In nothing was the pleasure-loving lady of Vienna in the latter part of the last century more regular than in her mid-day visit to the *Prater*. Her maid accompanied her, carrying cushions; and the two would seek a stone seat a little withdrawn from the frequented walks. The maid, after placing one cushion on the seat and the other at the feet of her mistress, courtesied and retired a few paces, while the lady proceeded to make herself as comfortable as her stony sofa would permit. Her head-dress was after the style of Marie Antoinette, and abundant golden hair, which shone through the sparely-used powder, framed her face. A cambric skirt enveloped her figure tightly, and over all fell the robe in majestic folds. Thus sat the fair one, motionless, save the play of her fan, until a tread on the sand called a faint color to her cheek, and a gentleman approached and bent familiarly over the back of the seat. However, crinoline is our subject at present, not love-making. The hoop-skirt had already begun to be modified; indeed, at the French Court—then, as now, the arbiter of fashion—it was hastening to its end with gigantic strides. A new contrivance had, however, been applied to the interior of the skirt, viz.: fine steel bows, which were dextrously sewn in the folds so as to give a most majestic swing even to those of plebeian gait. Even this final flicker of waning light was soon lost in the French Revolution, which brought so many things to an end. The last hoop-skirt perished under the guillotine with Madame Dubarry, who felt as much pain at parting with it as with life. "One moment, Mr. Executioner," were her famous last words, and as her head was held on high, Sanson's assistants tore the skirt from her lifeless body, and held it up to the ridicule of the assembled crowd. Thus died crinoline, to rise again, however, in new splendor, like the phœnix, within seventy years.

FACETIÆ.

JONES. "I thought I warned you particularly, cook, against boiling my eggs hard. Now, how is this? Here they are boiled fit for salad, in spite of every direction. What did I tell you?"

COOK. "Oh, Sir, I remember exactly what you told me, and acted accordingly. The eggs were in the water, to a moment, precisely nine minutes."

JONES. "Nine! I told you three."

COOK. "Yes, Sir; but there are three eggs. Of course, if one takes three minutes' boiling, three must take nine. I may be a fool, Sir, but I happen to know what three times three makes for all that."

When are your eyes like isinglass?—When you put on spectacles, your eyes then are *eyes in glass.*

What bird would you expect to find the toughest in carving?—A Wood-cock.

THE MONEY MARKET.—Such is the state of commercial depression in the foreign markets that nature has been assisting to raise the wind by a series of Cycloans. A panic was the result.

AN UNACCOUNTABLE FACT.—It is astonishing what ugly women you do sometimes see with a ring on the left fourth finger.

RULES FOR RECRUITING THE ARMY.

The army is to be recruited every year by lot. Those who draw the lowest numbers are to set off the same night; the rest are allowed till the next morning to take leave of their families.

All young men over twenty-one are subject to conscription, whatever may be their stature. To procure uniformity in the ranks, the small ones are to be provided with tall hats and high-heeled boots.

Any one is at liberty to furnish a substitute whom, however, he must accompany every where, so as to take his place in case he should be disabled by a bullet.

The sons of widows are exempt from service while their mother remains a widow. *N.B.*—All widows are required to marry again within a year after their husband's death.

Bodily infirmities constitute no exemption from military service. Invalids are to be paired so that two shall make a whole soldier; a cripple with good eyes to be mounted on the shoulders of a near-sighted man with sound legs, and so on.

After seven years' service every soldier is free to return home, and is only required, First, never to take off his uniform; Second, to devote two hours a day to drilling; and, Third, to go every night to the barracks to sleep.

Octogenarians are to be placed in the home-guard and never to be sent on expeditions more than five hundred miles away.

Why is a person who can not guess a riddle like one who finds a pistol at his head with a demand for his purse?—Because both are obliged to *give it up.*

A COMPLIMENT.—An Irish waiter once complimented a salmon in the following manner: "Faith, it's not two hours since that salmon was walking round his real estate, with his hands in his pockets, niver drhaming what a pretty invitashun he'd have to jine you jintlemen at dinner."

Wanted to know, whether the clerk of the weather is a good coachman? as he is in the habit of holding the rains (reins).

A RECEIPT IN FULL.

"Paper from tow is said to have been invented and made at Berlin, so difficult, if not impossible, to be counterfeited, that it will supersede all other fabrics for bank-notes, stamps, etc."

All receipts given on this paper will be acknowledgments in *to-to.*

REMARKABLE REMARKS.

"I want an engagement," as the old maid said to an eligible young man.

"Stop that noise," as the woodman said to the *bark* of a tree.

"No whistling allowed," as the soldier said to the bullets in the field of battle.

"I'm in the dock," as the ship said to her owners.

"I'm stone blind," as the boy remarked when a piece of granite met his eye.

"Bakings carefully attended to," as the sun said on a hot, windy day.

"No smoking permitted," as the fellow exclaimed when a widow brought her "weeds" into the house.

"I don't admire ladies' cuffs," as the husband said when his wife boxed his ears.

"I'm to the manor born," as the son and heir informed his father.

"I've no grounds for complaint," as the cup of clear coffee remarked.

"So-fa(r) so good," as the lady said when she sat on an easy couch.

"You are a duck," as the drake said to his mate.

"I've had a drop too much," as the man exclaimed when he was hanged.

A little one after undergoing the disagreeable operation of vaccination exclaimed, "Now I won't have to be baptized, will I?"

MOTTO FOR THE ISLAND OF ST. THOMAS—"When taken to be well shaken."

How may you keep eggs from spoiling?—By eating them while they're fresh.

Why are people who stutter not to be relied on?—Because they are always breaking their word.

A little boy in New Bedford, in giving an account to his brother of the Garden of Eden, said, "The Lord made a gardener, and put him in the garden to take care of it; and to see that nobody hurt any thing, *or pasted bills on the trees.*"

What did the spider do when he came out of the ark?—He took a fly and went home.

Freddy, a fair-haired youngster of four summers, the other day, after being for some time lost in thought, broke out thus: "Pa, can God do any thing?" "Yes, dear." "Can he make a two-year-old colt in two minutes?" "Why, he would not wish to do that, Freddy." "But if he did wish to could he?" "Yes, certainly, if he wished to." "What! in two minutes?" "Yes, in two minutes." "Well, then, he wouldn't be two years old, would he?"

"What!" exclaimed an Irishman to a gentleman who was threatening to chastise his dog for barking incessantly; "what, would ye bate the dumb animal for spakin' out?"

A TOAST—"THE LADIES."

The cemetery at Tippinsville is about undergoing various improvements. In the course of an argument in favor of the proposed renovation, good old Deacon T—— remarked that it was a duty to render the place as attractive as possible, "because"—with a sigh—"we shall all be buried there *if we live!*"

"Mary Magdalene had seven devils cast out of her. I never heard of a *man* having seven devils cast out of *him*," growled a cynical bachelor, in the course of a discussion on the "woman question." "No, they are *not cast out* yet, I believe," was the quiet response of his fair antagonist.

"Oh, that my father was seized with a remittent fever!" sighed a young spendthrift at college.

Why is a thief your only true philosopher?—Because he regards every thing from an abstract point of view, is opposed to all notions of protection, and is open to conviction.

SUBLIME ODE TO THE GOD OF LOVE.

Cupid's thy name, but it we think should be
Altered at times into cupid-ity.

An Irishman being called to testify in court as a witness, was told by the clerk to hold up his hand. The man immediately held up his left hand. "Hold up your right," said the clerk. "Please your Honor, I am left-handed."

"Emma," said a little girl to her schoolmate, "wouldn't it be awful if somebody should shoot our schoolmistress?" "Yes," was the reply; "but then wouldn't it be nice not to have any school?"

"What branch of education do you have chiefly in your school?"

"A branch of birch, Sir. The master has used up nearly a whole tree."

A GOOD PLACE FOR EARLY BIRDS—The city of Worms.

CONSIDER OUR FEELINGS!

SWELL TAILOR (*to new Customer*). "You'll excuse my asking, Sir—but—a—you don't mean to wear *our* Clothes with that Hat?!"

COOL!!

ELDER SISTER. "——And, Madeline, if the Captain should ask you to Waltz again to-night, you had better say you don't care about it, but you know your Elder Sister is very fond of dancing."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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Coiffures.

Fig. 1.—Scarf coiffure of black guipure, caught up at the side by a spray of velvet leaves. The ends of the scarf are confined under the chin by a similar bouquet.

Fig. 2.—Dress cap of puffed muslin mounted on lace. The crown simulates a single puff, and is encircled with mauve ribbon, and trimmed with bows on the front and back. The whole cap is bordered with guipure lace and narrow mauve ribbons, the ends of which form strings, and are tied beneath the chignon.

Fig. 3. — "Peasant" breakfast-cap. This cap is composed of a large crown, made of guipure insertion, and a small border trimmed with narrow guipure. The border is trimmed in front with loops of blue ribbon set on similar ribbon laid flat, and the ends of which form strings that tie behind.

COIFFURES.

Evening and Opera Toilettes.

EVENING AND OPERA TOILETTES.

Fig. 1.—Empire skirt of pearl-gray poult de soie. Corsage of white tarlatan, gathered all round into cherry silk, edged with narrow lace, and Middle-Age sleeves in two pieces, with white puffing at the elbow. Lace cuffs. Broad corselet-ceinture of cherry silk, knotted at the side. White kid gloves.

Fig. 2.—Dress of tea-rose poult de soie, covered with an opera cloak of white silk, trimmed with white galloon embroidered with gold. This cloak is loose and open up the middle of the back, the opening being finished at the top with a Gothic ornament. The collar is trimmed with heavy silk tassels, matching the galloon. The close sleeves are likewise open in the back, and are trimmed in the same manner. White kid gloves.

Fancy Costumes.

See illustration, page 248.

AT this season of the year, when fancy dress and masquerade parties are favorite amusements, we feel sure that the illustrations of costumes which we present will be found especially useful. These costumes can be varied and adapted to children, and will suggest many ideas to be carried out by persons of taste and ingenuity.

Fig. 1.—TYROLIAN costume of dark-brown velvet, composed of a jacket, open and rounded in front, and bound and trimmed with green satin galloon, and tight knee-breeches, confined by a gold buckle and buttons. The shirt-collar is turned down over a black and white cravat, twisted *à la Colin*. A breast-plate of scarlet cloth, trimmed round the edge with broad white and gold galloon, reaches halfway to the throat. A belt of black velvet, trimmed in front with white galloon, and a small hat of green cloth, with a long green plume and a variegated palm leaf, completes this picturesque dress. Striped stockings and high gaiters.

Fig. 2.—SWEDE. This is a simple costume, well suited to a young girl. It is composed of a skirt of brown cashmere, bordered with a broad strip of blue silk, trimmed with four rows of velvet of different widths, the narrow velvet being in the middle. Bodice like the skirt, bordered with black velvet, with narrow velvet shoulder-straps. Under-waist of raw silk, trimmed round the neck and down the front with a strip of cherry silk, edged with gold galloon and narrow black lace. Flowing sleeves. Apron of raw silk. Leghorn hat, turned up at the side, with a cluster of honey-suckle. Wreath of the same flowers round the crown.

Fig. 3.—ITALIAN. White silk skirt, very short, and lengthened at the bottom by a wide lace flounce over white silk, surmounted by a ruche of blue silk. Short fourreau of blue silk, open at the side, and bordered with a bias fold of white silk, on which three rows of gold and pink galloon are arranged alternately. The fourreau is laced at the side with blue galloon. Bodice of black velvet, edged with pink galloon; yellow, blue, and pink shoulder-knots. Low-necked batiste under-waist, with short, puffed sleeves, confined by narrow black velvet ribbon around the neck and the bottom of the sleeves. Necklace of two rows of gold beads, and long ear-rings. Small round lace cap, encircled with a wreath of full-blown roses.

Fig. 4.—Sergeant Fritz, the handsome soldier of the Grand Duchess of Gérolstein. Coat of white cloth with collar, broad cuffs, and facings of black velvet, studded with white buttons, and bound with scarlet galloon. Louis XV. waistcoat of scarlet cloth, with gold braid and buttons. Knee-breeches of white cloth; white gaiters with gold buttons, and velvet garters. Shoulder-belt and musket. High cap of scarlet cloth, elaborately trimmed with gold braid, and a small scarlet feather in the top.

Fig. 5. — SPANIARD. Spanish costume composed of a short skirt, encircled with bands of different colors. The lower part of the skirt is of crimson silk, trimmed with two rows of broad black satin ribbon,

embroidered with hieroglyphics in gold, and edged with narrow gold braid. Above the second black band is a strip of white silk, covered with a flounce of rich Spanish lace, surmounted by gold braid. All the rest of the skirt is of black silk or satin. Over the white satin waist is worn a very small black velvet jacket, bordered with several rows of gold sequins and grelots. The upper part of the waist is of lace, edged with sequins. The short sleeve, of crimson silk, is likewise covered with sequins. Crimson satin gaiters, edged round the top with a rim of gold and gold tags. Hair in curls, confined behind by a chased gold band, with two red roses at the temple. Tambourine in the hand.

Fig. 6.—CHINESE. Over-skirt of rich gold brocade, bordered, like the pagoda sleeve, with a broad violet velvet band, embroidered with strange flowers. Blue silk sash, tied behind, with long ends. Very narrow under-skirt of green and white brocade silk, scalloped round the bottom, and bound with violet velvet, which also separates the stripes. Hieroglyphics embroidered on the white stripes. High Japanese wooden shoes. Hair combed straight back, and confined with a gold comb and Japanese hair-pins. Mandolin in the hand.

Fig 7.—PACHA. Full green trowsers. Yellow slippers. Short jacket of red velvet, richly trimmed with gold braid. Long open sleeves of the same material. Broad Algerine sash, with a large pistol stuck therein. Close-fitting vest, of steel and gold stripes, with tight sleeves, ornamented with sequins. Turban of white cashmere. Long nargileh, and white beard.

Fig 8.—GREEK. Full trowsers of maroon cloth. Short jacket of the same material, with coat sleeves, elaborately trimmed with black galloon. Sash of crimson silk. Red cap, with heavy green tassel. Turned-down collar and cuffs. White silk stockings.

STEP GENTLY!

STEP gently! speak softly!
She comes—she is nigh,
With a blush on her cheek
And a light in her eye,
With the smile on her lips
And the flash of her hair,
For never, oh never!
Was woman so fair!

Step gently! speak softly!
She stands in the light,
Her eyes and her blushes,
Her hair golden bright,
With a smile on her face
As she stands near me there,
For never, oh never!
Was woman so fair!

Step gently! speak softly!
She comes—she is nigh,
With a calm on her face
And a light in her eye,
With a seal on her lips
And a halo of hair,
And never, oh never!
Was vision so fair!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1868.

THE HAND.

SIR CHARLES BELL, the great surgeon and anatomist, was so impressed with the adaptation of the hand to the various uses of man that he made it the subject of the "Bridgewater" treatise he was appointed to write. He could find no better proof of the manifestation of design on the part of the Creator throughout the whole human structure than in that small but most finished piece of mechanism. The hand is indeed the most serviceable instrument with which man is endowed. It works so obediently to the will of its master that there is nothing within the range of human power that it does not perform. It records indelibly the quickest flash of thought, and gives, in a deadly stroke, terrible expression to the rage of man. Such is its flexibility that it turns in a moment from a blow to a caress, and can wield a club or thread a needle with equal facility.

The hand can not only perform faithfully its own duties, but, when necessary, will act for other parts of the human frame. It reads for the blind, and talks for the deaf and dumb. Machinery itself is but an imitation of the human hand on an enlarged scale; and all the marvelous performances of the former are justly due to the latter. It thus not only thoroughly performs its natural task, but, having the rare quality of extending its powers, enlarges its scope of work almost indefinitely. With the steam-engine, made and worked by itself, the human hand executes wonders of skill and force; and with the electric telegraph it, by the gentlest touch, awakens the sentiment of the whole world and makes it kin.

"For the queen's hand," says an elegant writer, "there is the sceptre, and for the soldier's hand the sword; for the carpenter's hand the saw, and for the smith's hand the hammer; for the farmer's hand the plow; for the miner's hand the spade; for the sailor's hand the oar; for the painter's hand the brush; for the sculptor's hand the chisel; for the poet's hand the pen; and for the woman's hand the needle. If none of these or the like will fit us, the felon's chain should be round our wrist, and our hand on the prisoner's crank." The hand was undoubtedly made for work, and should be used in accordance with its design.

The labor of the hand, however, especially that of the lighter kind, which generally falls to the lot of woman, ought not to prevent a due attention to the preservation of all the grace and beauty with which nature originally endowed it. The idea is prevalent that absolute smallness, without regard to proportion, is essential to the beauty of a woman's hand. This keeps many a young girl idle, lest by work it should become enlarged. The hand will undoubtedly increase in size by use; but, if it only grows in proportion to other parts of the body, so far from this being an ugliness, it will be, according to all the laws of taste, a beauty. Fashion alone can find grace in a female hand dwarfed of its proportions by depriving it of its natural exercise, and by pinching it with a too short and narrow glove. Nothing is uglier, except it be a Chinese club foot, to our sight, than those cramped paws of kid in which our fashionable women delight. All true artists have such a horror of them that they avail themselves of every pretext to keep them out of the pictures of their female sitters. The pinching glove, as generally worn, is not only excessively uncomfortable, especially in cold weather, but it permanently deforms the hand, rendering it lumpy and podgy.

Much can be done by care in beautifying the fingers, upon whose grace depends greatly the beauty of the whole hand. The natural tapering length of these can only be preserved by removing from them all pinching manacles of kid and jewelry. Much of the beauty of the finger depends upon the proper treatment of the nails. These, if cut too close, deform the finger-ends and render them stubby. The upper and free border of the nail should always be left projecting a line or so beyond the extremity of the finger, and should be pared only to a slight curve without encroaching too much on the angles. To preserve the half moon, or what the anatomists call the *lunula*, which rises just above the root of the nail and is esteemed so great a beauty, care must be taken to keep down the skin which constantly tends to encroach upon it. This should be done with a blunt ivory instrument, and the growth gently pushed away, but never cut. The habit of filing or scraping the nails is fatal to their perfection, as it thickens their substance and destroys their natural transparency. The ordinary finger-brush should alone be used for cleaning and polishing the nails. It is a curious fact that Rousseau records the use of this simple instrument, now indispensable to every cleanly person, as proof of the excessive coxcombry of his friend the courtly Grimm. Thus the luxury of one age becomes the necessity of another.

VANQUISHED PREJUDICES.

IT is pleasant to see prejudices passing away. A man of any inbred truthfulness never conquers a prejudice without feeling that he has not only gotten rid of something noxious, but that he has made a positive addition to his strength and happiness. He has a sense of enlargement, as of one breathing a finer air, or having a fuller command over nerves and muscles. To some extent the same feeling arises when we witness the decay and extinction of prejudices in society. These social prejudices do not affect our inner nature quite as thoroughly or as perniciously as those of a personal kind. They do not mingle with the secret currents of one's temperament, and yet they work a vast amount of evil, not the least of which is the social tyranny which they establish, and which is often strong-handed in the ratio that it is weak-minded.

Late years have done much for us. One of their best services has been to teach us the infinite worth of common-sense as a fundamental requisite in getting along with other people, and particularly with other nations. This common-sense, which has slowly triumphed over hereditary logic and chronic predilections, has led to liberality of opinion, to catholicity of sentiment, and, correspondingly, to a better understanding and tolerance of peculiarities. Thanks to Richard Cobden, England and France are getting to know each other, and to stand together on the basis of interchangeable interests. But this instance of true internationalism is simply typical of what is progressing every where, the main fact of the day being that German interests, Italian interests, American interests, are coalescing each among themselves, and each with one another. This is a large advance in genuine fraternity, and it has been accomplished by trampling down those unreasoning prejudices which, under the prestige of generations, have shut up men in their silly exclusiveness. The good work will go on to perfection. First blows are the hardest; they are the telling master-strokes; and we may rest in cheerful content that others will follow until the end has been grandly attained.

But nearer home, and in matters more immediately touching us, we see this steady progress in dethroning our idolized prejudices. Not many years ago every interest had its aristocracy. There was Art—proud of its inherited position and intent on its solitary self-exaltation; but its selfishness has been compelled to yield; the wood-engraver, the photographer, the Schools of Design, have asserted the claims of the multitude against prejudice and achieved their purpose. There, too, was Literature—courting the patronage of lords and fine ladies, obsequious toward the titled and as contemptuous toward the masses; but the scorned heart of the people gave birth to genius; cheap reading followed; the million were eager enough to read when their own intellect wrote; and on this same multitude, once hooted at and hated, Literature is now relying for its sustenance. There, again, was Science—the haughtiest of all—afraid to soil its fingers with everyday homeliness—right enough in ridiculing "Science made Easy," and wrong in obtuse folly in setting itself against a true popularization of its doctrines and discoveries; and it has had to descend from its pedestal and teach the farmer how to use his commercial manures, and the cook how to economize fuel. And there yet again was even the Pulpit—most home-like and life-like of all institutions, and, notwithstanding this, too remote from popular contact, too much divorced from the practical issues of struggling hearts, and laying not too great a stress on Theology, but too little on Religion—a victim, like all the others, to its prejudices; but now wiser and more genial, and more like Him whose words caught the ears of men on the highways, at the gates of business, and in fishers' boats.

Strange things have happened. So, indeed, would Dr. Johnson think if he could return to the literary society of this day and find himself confronted by the rivals of the other sex. And so Sir Isaac Newton, if he were here and knew such women as Mrs. Somerville. But the strangest of all is that men should be so surprised when their prejudices are battled out of them. Sometimes we have wondered if the demoniacs knew what to do, and how to handle themselves when the devils were driven out of them. Did their eyes see landscape and sky in clear and vivid restoration, and their hands instantly renew the touches of affection, and their hearts, freed from infernal heavings, beat in measures low and sweet the blessed repose which had been breathed into them? Whether so or not, we know something of that bewildering newness of thought and feeling which this age is undergoing in getting disembodied from its old prejudices and building a fresh habitation for its soul.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to Melanchthon.

MY DEAR MELANCHTHON,—You are kind enough to ask my advice, telling me that you are just about to be ordained to the ministry, and are curious to know my views as to your behavior, or upon the general subject of the manners of a clergyman. When I first wrote to the young Papa whom I had the pleasure of meeting in the cars, I confess that I had no intention of treating the general subject of manners from so many points of view. But you know how a text expands into a treatise; and I hope sincerely, my dear fellow, that in your daily work you will find every text so fruitful that you will never be obliged to wonder where you shall find a subject to discourse upon.

It is very pleasant to know that my letter to our common friend, the young missionary, was of such service. And if I am pleased that he finally decided to remain and attack the paganism and barbarism of New York, think how "somebody else" must feel, the nameless person whose cheek was growing whiter and thinner as the day of his departure drew nearer. If he has erred in staying, it is an error which he can always repair. Africa, and Asia, and the Polynesian Islands are always open for missionary effort; but I shall still contend that the Sixth Ward and Mackerelville are no less so; and if a man has the zeal of a missionary "pure and simple," without morbid feeling or wish of personal distinction—for that takes many forms—I am persuaded he is quite as likely to devote himself to New York as to sail for Cochin China.

However, you have not asked me to exchange pulpits, so that I have no right to preach upon this occasion. And to come straight to the point, I hope you will remember, to begin with the outside, that in this country the clergy are not a priesthood, and that therefore any uniform, whether of dress or of manner, is not desirable. Look at our young friend, the Reverend Samuel Shuffle, as good a young fellow as can be found—a very blameless man and excellent preacher. Now can you tell me why, because a man chooses to devote his energies to preaching and visiting the widows and fatherless, he should put himself into such an extraordinary costume as that in which the Reverend Samuel Shuffle goes forth upon his daily pilgrimage? I look at him in amazement. His hat has a certain lowness of crown and breadth of brim—by no means a Quaker hat, but a hat distinctly different from that of other men. It varies just enough to be peculiar. Then, he is clad always in black—black coat, waistcoat, and trowsers. The waistcoat is single-breasted and has a standing collar, and the Reverend Samuel either wears a white cravat, so stiffened as to resemble the collar of the ministers of the Church of Rome, or else that very collar itself. Moreover, his rosy face is smoothly shaven so as to leave neat mutton rib-chop whiskers upon each cheek.

My dear Melanchthon, the Reverend Samuel Shuffle has exactly the same right with you and me to wear such clothes and in such a fashion as he chooses. But why is it that only men of his profession—and not all of them by any means—indulge in this remarkable style of apparel? What is the relation between the duties of his profession and a single-breasted waistcoat with a standing collar, or a hat with a broad brim? I knew the Reverend Samuel when he was Sam Shuffle and the same good fellow that he is now. He danced as nimbly as any body; he relished a good opera; he laughed merrily at a simple farce; he was a good rider; a good bowler; he played an excellent game of billiards, and he dressed like the men of his years and acquaintance. He grew a little older and became a clergyman. It was a natural thing for him to do; and every good word he utters is sustained to those who know him by the whole force of his character.

But why should he have made himself externally so different? If the duties he has undertaken were merely ceremonial, then, of course, he should wear a costume suitable to the ceremony. But they are not. They are most real and earnest. His business is to show me and all men the beauty of holiness, that we may be drawn toward the House Beautiful as Bunyan was; or, if you choose, he is to show us the sure penalty of outraging the divine laws. My dear Melanchthon, is it not, then, his first duty to establish between us a perfect community of feeling? You observe he does not claim authority to compel. He assents to a logical process. He proposes only to persuade my reason, or to touch my apprehension. Therefore the more he separates himself from me in unessential things the less likely he is to succeed in his work. If I, or any other man, see him in a certain costume and with a certain manner, we naturally suppose that what he says is, in some way, a part of what he wears; that he is not a man dealing simply with other men, but some kind of official personage whom we do not recognize.

Inevitably, therefore, although I know how good a man he is, when I now meet the Reverend Samuel Shuffle, the feeling is instinctive, and it is not peculiar to me, that he hopes to help out the impressiveness of the truths he utters by his clothes; that he is secretly hoping to speak with the authority of some hierarchy or institution. But, my good Samuel, the only authority which I or any other truly sane man can acknowledge is that of the truth. If I do not feel what you say to be true in itself, it certainly becomes no truer because of some material pomp or circumstance. And to tell you exactly what I feel, the truth somehow always seems much truer when it is simply uttered, than when it is artificially mouthed.

And so to pass from manner in dress to manner in delivery—why should the Reverend Samuel leave all naturalness and simplicity of tone and style when he ascends the pulpit, and express himself whether in preaching or in reading in such a thoroughly artificial way? If you have heard Mr. Dickens read the trial scene from Pickwick, you have remarked in the absurdity of the tone and pronunciation of Sergeant Buzfuz exactly in kind what I remark in the Reverend Samuel Shuffle. The tone and pronunciation of Mr. Shuffle are not precisely those of Sergeant Buzfuz, but they are just as suggestive of insincerity; they are just as far from the honest simplicity of nature. In both cases it is the "hack" style, and that is wholly repulsive in the Reverend Samuel's profession. I wonder that he does not observe that all the most effective orators are the most simple of speakers. Declamation carries no conviction; and when a fellow-creature who wishes to show me the charm of religious resignation to sorrow, for instance, first attires himself grotesquely and then puts his voice and manner into costume, he has separated himself so far from me that I can scarcely believe the truth he utters to be true.

I am, therefore, always very much inclined to suspect that the gentlemen of your profession, my dear Melanchthon, who isolate themselves from the rest of us in dress and manner, are a little doubtful of their ability to get on without those supports; and I am very apt to find that the most vigorous, efficient, and inspiring clergymen avoid a uniform as much as possible. If you would lead men they must feel that you understand them; and if you would understand them you must share their experience. I remember that one of the best men and most effective preachers and efficient pastors I ever knew came to me in inexpressible indignation because he heard women and ministers so constantly classed together. "Men," said he, "don't treat me as they do other men.

They have a kind of tolerating air, as if it were not good-manners to go away, but as if they would be very glad when I went away from them. And no wonder," he added, bitterly. "The customs of my profession seclude me from real contact with others; and they know it; and when I preach they feel that I don't know what I am talking about."

That, you see, is a different feeling from that of the Reverend Samuel Shuffle. But you, my dear Melanchthon, are too wise to follow Samuel. Don't be afraid, if you have a real relation with your people, that they will be troubled by your wearing a colored cravat, and a comfortable coat, and a hat like other people. If your relation is not real, the more queer hat and white cravat you wear the better. The great want of the clergy in our Church is a hearty and humane contempt of Mrs. Grundy. I saw some very truthful remarks upon that very subject in a late Number of *Harper's Magazine*—an admirable work, to which I hope, dear Melanchthon, that you regularly subscribe. The author, who was evidently an old gentleman of experience, denounced Mrs. Grundy as the most intolerable tyrant of your profession, gossiping and grumbling and censuring in such a manner that, except for her sex, the more ardent of ours might be willing to call her to account. My advice to you is in one phrase, if you understand how comprehensive it is: Despise Mrs. Grundy; and when she calls herself a healthy public opinion, insist upon showing her the door, under plea of the necessity of getting your sermon ready.

And, dear Melanchthon, be as chary of the hat and single-breasted waistcoat business as you can. Learn of life, not of books only. Don't make men feel that you have come out of your study into the pulpit, but out of the world, and its darkest and brightest ways. Then they will feel, in the homely phrase, that you know what you are talking about.

Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MATERIALS for skating-suits should be chosen for service and durability, as the most experienced skaters are liable to accidents on a crowded rink. Cloth, serge, velveteen, and poplin are more appropriate than the handsome velvet and plush dresses in vogue this winter. The skirt of the dress should be shorter than the usual walking-dress, and not so full. Tight-fitting basquines are the most jaunty wraps. Loose redingotes and paletots of the same material as the dress are preferred for slender figures. A belt with short sash ends is worn with loose garments.

Gray felt cloth, entirely water-proof, makes an appropriate skating-costume. It is a yard and seven-eighths wide. Six yards make the short dress and jacket. The price ranges from $2 50 to $4 a yard, according to quality. Skirts of real Scotch woolen plaid, such as are worn by children, are bright and pretty, with dark velvet jackets and turbans. We have seen some very beautiful suits of English corduroy, light-gray skirts, and short basques, worn with a longer skirt of blue poplin, or over green ottoman reps.

There has been a further reduction of twenty-five per cent. in the low price demanded for furs at the beginning of the season. Very pretty skating-sets of Siberian squirrel, short boas, and pocket-muffs, ornamented with the head of the animal from which the fur is taken, are bought for $12. Similar sets of black Astrakhan are $15, and ermine varies from $20 to $30. Krimmer sets for misses are sold for $10. Round muffs and capes require almost twice as much fur as the flat pocket-muffs and boa, and are consequently double the price. Skating turbans of seal-skin and of Krimmer, adorned with wings of gay plumage or clusters of metallic leaves, are $12. Those of Astrakhan and Persiani have long tassels of the fur.

Borders of fur for trimming are sold by the yard. Astrakhan bands two inches wide may be bought for $2 a yard, but there is a superior quality worth $6. Real ermine bands vary in price, according to quality, from $4 to $8, and mink from $5 to $10.

A pretty costume is of bright blue cloth bordered with gray chinchilla plush around the skirt and half-way up the seams. Short, tight basque, trimmed to match. Gray chinchilla hat, with blue wing at the side.

Another is of gray felt cloth, with scarlet band of opera cloth on the skirt and jacket, edged with mixed gray and red embroidery. Gray felt turban, trimmed with a shirred band of scarlet velvet, and fan rosette on the left.

An Oriental suit is of black Thibet cloth, made with full trowsers, short skirt, and jacket. The trimming is a broad Cashmere band in the gay Persian colors, with narrow silk fringe on either side. A full turban is gathered at the centre of the crown, with long silk tassel of bright colors.

A black velveteen skirt is entirely untrimmed. Long Polonaise, reaching within ten inches of the edge of the skirt, with scarlet velvet revers on the waist and facings at the side and on the wrist. Velvet cap, with scarlet wing. A plaid suit with Highland scarf and pouch is very gay, among many more sombre ones.

An olive-green dress is of the spotted English velvet. The dress is gored with skirt and body in one, and trimmed *à la militaire* with narrow bands of gray plush. A short, round mantle, quite open in front, leaves the arms free, and displays the figure to fine advantage. A jaunty cap of green velvet, with gilt aigrette at the side.

A very rich suit is of ruby velvet. The skirt is almost entirely concealed by the long redingote, which is bordered with bands of black Astrakhan four inches wide. An Astrakhan belt, with pocket attached, confines this loose garment at the waist. Deep-pointed collar and cuffs of the same fur, with small turban and flat muff, complete one of the most attractive costumes of the season. Another, very handsome, has a skirt of purple Ottoman reps, with basquine of purple plush trimmed with ermine. A black velours is faced with scarlet plush, with vandyked plush border on the jacket. Tassels finish the sharp vandykes.

CARRIAGE AND SLEIGH ROBES.

There is a handsome display of carriage and sleigh robes this season. The most valuable is a lion's skin, large enough to deserve its name of Nemean. The stuffed head and claws are perfect, and with half-open mouth and glittering teeth look savage and threatening. The price is $200. Tiger robes, said to be the royal Bengal, are marked $150. The head is also attached to these, and is to be thrown over the back of the sleigh. Polar bears' skins of immense size, with white, glossy fur, as soft as eider-down, are $125.

Smooth, silky beaver robes, gray or brown, are most suitable for ladies' carriage Afghans. They are lined with scarlet or orange-colored cloth, which is fancifully notched to form a border. Others are lined with heavy plush. These vary in price from $60 to $80. Lap robes of the white fox skin are from $50 to $100. The corners are ornamented with foxes' tails. Black bear's skin, from $75 to $100, are very desirable, as they are thick and soft, and very glossy.

VARIETIES.

Among the latest importations shown us are some dress silks of beautiful quality, in new colors and strange combinations. The patterns are simple narrow stripes, solid and even, only a few threads in each. The colors are most brilliant, often contrasting widely, yet so prettily blended that each softens the other. Fancy, if you can, alternate stripes of the gay marigold and rich capucine toned down to a quiet and tasteful shade. Another pattern has a purple stripe on a chameleon ground of pink and gray; still another is apple green with mauve; again there are tiny threads of *cuir* color on Bismarck, and two shades of lavender on white. These silks are three quarters of a yard wide, and worth the price asked for them—$4 50.

A dinner dress with skirt, made and trimmed in Paris, is marked $250. It is made of gros grain of a rich golden brown. Several yards are furnished for corsage, skirt, and sleeves. The trained skirt, two yards and a half long in the back, consists of nine widths; a sloped front breadth, three narrow gored ones on each side, and two full widths behind. The sloped widths are very narrow at the waist, requiring only one pleat in each to fit it to the belt. The two back widths are gauged in deep French gathers. A waving flounce is sewn ten inches from the edge of the skirt. This is of brown guipure lace on alternate widths with bias silk ruffles bound with satin, and ornamented with chenille ball fringe.

Another imported dress, entirely made, is of steel gray poplin with thread-like stripes of black, gored in the Princesse style, corsage and skirt in one. Cross-cut bands of shot poplin, gray and black, with black guipure insertion in the centre and edged with vandyked velvet, form the trimming. Two such bands are sewn down the front, each side of the buttons, thence around the skirt and up the centre of the back width to the belt. Coat-sleeves, wrists, and epaulets surrounded with two bands and butterfly-bows. A fichu of the shot poplin is arranged as a bertha in the back, with large bow and sash ends. Steel and ebony buttons. Price $150.

A Bismarck faille, made by one of our most tasteful modistes, has a Pompadour waist. The square neck is filled in with Valenciennes. A square *tablier*, or apron, is arranged on the front width by three bands of faille of a darker brown than the dress, corded with satin of a still darker shade. Below the folds at the bottom of the tablier are bias ruffles bound with satin. Leaf-rosettes, or dahlias, of the different shades combined in the trimming, are in the corners of the apron. A larger tablier is arranged on the train. Bands and ruffles about the square neck and on the cuffs of the coat-sleeves. Belt of narrow folds with broad sash ends at the back. A large dahlia ornaments the sash.

A pretty coiffure for morning negligée is of blond-lace over pink silk. A square medallion is for the top of the head. Long lace lappets fall over the chignon, and pink crape rouleaux form a coronet at the sides, on which are small beetles, real bugs, their green backs glistening like enamel.

A breakfast-suit for a Southern climate is of thick nansook. A short, round jacket is worn over a puffed waist. The skirt is long and gored. Two standing ruffles of Valenciennes trim the neck and wrists of the jacket. Bands of cambric insertion and Valenciennes, arranged diagonally in square blocks, are inserted down the front. An outside breast-pocket is ruffled with lace, and a monogram is embroidered in the centre. Two box-pleated ruffles are on the edge of the skirt, above them is a row of lace blocks or medallions.

The becoming Duchesse cravat, or collar, is easily made by forming a puff of white net over blue ribbon. A narrow lace on either side. The puff laps at the brooch. Wider lace and appliqué embroidery are sewn at each end, forming tabs.

The fashionable feather trimming is seen on imported veils. A square of Brussels net pointed below the chin, has a border of delicate white and black feathers, and tiny pearl beads.

Sashes are worn wider, and not so long. Rosettes or bows are placed near each end. Lace sashes are worn for evening full toilette. Those of black velvet are lined with scarlet or capucine, or with white satin. Heavy netted fringe and jet pendants on the pointed ends.

A green silk dress, part of a bridal outfit, is cut Gabrielle, and trimmed with long barbes of black thread lace, beginning half-way up the bodice, and reaching below the knee, two on each side of the front. Knots of lace on cuffs and wrist.

For courtesies received we are indebted to Madame DIEDEN; Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; C. G. GUNTHER & SONS; F. BOOS; and many others.

PERSONAL.

THE *Bazar* is enabled to state on the best authority that M'lle. ADELINA PATTI's nuptials with the MARQUIS DE CAUX will take place next September. The Marquis is about forty-two, very accomplished, very practical, and sensible, and a favorite of the Emperor and Empress. Indeed, the latter has addressed a congratulatory note to Miss PATTI, in which she has expressed the pleasure with which, as MARQUISE DE CAUX, she will be received at the French Court.

—*On dit* that General SICKLES is busily engaged in preparing a book on the war. Probably no man in the country, certainly no man in the army, is more familiar with the public men and measures of his time than General S., and none more competent to criticise the events of the last few years with greater skill, or who possesses the capacity to record his statements and reflections in a style to command the attention of the literary as well as the political and military world.

—General HANCOCK is a wag as well as warrior. General JAMES LONGSTREET called to see him the other day, at New Orleans, and sent in his card. General H. came out, took him into the parlor, and spoke the words following, t'wit, namely: "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you a gallant gentleman, to whom I am indebted for an ungraceful limp, and whom I had the misfortune to wing in the same combat." Although the company was composed exclusively of ladies and gentlemen whose sympathies were on the Union side in the late war, the incident excited a profound and pleasurable sensation.

—The American Minister, Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, is said to be the author of the clever editorials in the London *Star* on American politics.

—Miss PENNIMAN, formerly of Union Square, but for some years a belle in Paris, is about to change her local habitation and her name and become the wife of M. ROMERO, Secretary of the Spanish Embassador to France. The PENNIMANS are opulent, very.

—A very young member of the Assembly of this State is making his mark as a graceful and accomplished speaker. His name is LAWRENCE D. KIERNAN; he is only 23 years of age, and graduated from the Free Academy with the first premium for prize speaking. He represents one of the districts of this city. The handsomest member of the New York delegation is said to be WILLIAM L. WILEY, who has recently inherited a handsome fortune. He represents the philosophers of Manhattanville.

—The venerable Dr. SPRING, who for 58 years has been pastor of the "Brick Church," was able to be present and address his congregation on the 5th inst., it being the celebration of the centenary of its existence. The First Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. Dr. PAXTON is pastor, is now in the 149th year of its organization.

—Judge BUSTEED, of Alabama, is slowly recovering from his wounds. He is confined to his room, and obliged to remain as much as possible in one posture to enable the flesh to heal firmly around the ball yet in his body, which the surgeons were unable to extract.

—A Chicago lady is stated to be the owner of the residence of Napoleon I., at St. Helena. That is just like Chicago.

—Mrs. STONEWALL JACKSON is reported to have received $15,000 from the sale of the "Life" of her husband.

—The moral atmosphere of the court and military institutions of Prussia is of a high and rigid order. Much of this is said to be due to the present Queen of Prussia, and the growing influence of the Crown Princess, the daughter of Prince ALBERT and VICTORIA, of England. The latter is said to have inherited from her father wise, decided, and highly moral attributes of character; so she exerts, in an unobtrusive, modest way, an influence for good. She does not hesitate to express her convictions of right, though they may differ widely from those of the King and his adviser and chief minister, Count BISMARCK.

—The Rev. CHARLES BEECHER, who was suspended a few years ago from preaching, by a Congregational Conference, has recently received notice that the vote suspending him was un-Congregational and unconstitutional, and is, therefore, rescinded. Suspending really good men from the exercise of the ministry on purely technical grounds doesn't seem to amount to much nowadays.

—Mr. BIERSTADT is in the most elevated sort of English clover, having been invited by the Queen to send some of his pictures to the Royal Palace at Osborne, for Her Majesty and the Royal Family to see. Mr. B. writes: "I was also desired to accompany them. I did so, and was much pleased with the *very* kind manner in which I was received. Her Majesty is a very charming and agreeable lady, and makes one feel quite at home in her presence. She seemed much pleased with my works. I was then invited to see the Palace, partake of lunch," etc.

—ELLIOTT, *the* portrait painter of the time, is in town for the winter, to paint several of our most prominent citizens—Mayor HOFFMAN (for the Governor's Room, City Hall), MARSHALL O. ROBERTS (a full length), Mr. S. B. CHITTENDEN, Mr. WILLIAMS (President of the Metropolitan Bank), etc., etc. ELLIOTT was never in finer brush than now.

—The Princess MARY, wife of Prince TEOK, a most beautiful and charming woman, recently laid the foundation-stone of a new church at Brentford. The religious part of the service was performed by Bishop QUINTARD, whose address on the occasion is said to have been very impressive. At the luncheon which followed the Hon. SPENCER WALPOLE presided.

—Mr. MOTLEY's new volumes, just published by the HARPERS, meet with marked favor at the hands of the English press. The *Saturday Review* says: "Not the least of Mr. MOTLEY's merits is that he always writes, as an American writing of those times always should write, in the spirit of an Englishman." The work is having a large sale.

—Miss THACKERAY had the pleasure of being christened EUPHEMIA ELLA VICTORIA REGINA SARAH. Said to be a very pleasant girl, and writes nicely.

—"ANNIE THOMAS" is the writing name of Mrs. PENDER CUDLIP, whose novels, published by the HARPERS, are among the best of the day.

—Bishop SELWYN, the new bishop of Litchfield, is a prelate who in a certain sense verifies the remark of CONYBEARE, that "the clergymen of the English Church might be divided into Nimrods, ramrods, and fishing-rods." The anecdote is current that he owed his appointment to New Zealand to the fact that he was the only clergyman who could swim around the island."

—Mr. GEORGE PEABODY has caused to be made a service of solid silver (12 pieces), inlaid with gold, on each piece of which is inscribed, "GEORGE PEABODY to CYRUS W. FIELD in testimony and commemoration of an act of very high commercial integrity and honor. New York, November 24, 1866." On each piece, also, are medallions of Mr. PEABODY and Mr. FIELD.

—The French Minister at Washington, M. DE PIETHEMY, is a bachelor, tall, *distingué* in appearance, and always draped in the height of fashion. It is reported that he has suggested to a Washington belle the propriety of "changing her local habitation and her name," and becoming Mrs. B.

—Mr. BANCROFT has been having a pleasant time with a little crowd of American girls, seven in number, who are traveling in Europe for pleasure. They belong to some of the first families in the Northern States, one of them being the daughter of a Governor, and are enormously rich, and came with letters of introduction to Mr. BANCROFT, who has extended to them his fullest protection. On the evening of their arrival from Hamburg they sent for the head-waiter of the hotel, who, of course, speaks English, and requested him to accompany them to a concert. The knight of the knife and fork, a very handsome man, easily obtained leave of absence for the evening, and, dressed in the most elegant toilette he could procure, gladly accompanied the young ladies to the concert, where they, despite his strenuous opposition, paid both for their own tickets and his. They were to spend a month in Berlin to see the sights; but, adds the writer, "the matter is much talked of here, and can not be quite reconciled with European ideas of propriety."

—A gentleman notable for wealth, benevolence, and intellect is GERRIT SMITH, of Peterboro, in this State, who resides in a fine old mansion, surrounded with gardens, lawns, graperies, green-houses, etc. Mr. SMITH's father received from the Oneida Indians fifty thousand acres of land. At his death the property descended to his son GERRIT. These lands he has gradually sold and given away, until five hundred acres only remain, and these constitute the present home-farm, which is under the care and management of his grandson, GERRIT MILLER. GERRIT SMITH's own purchases of lands have been further to the north—many of them at and near Oswego, and at one time he held seven hundred and fifty thousand acres. The immediate family of Mr. SMITH consists of himself, wife, son, and daughter. The daughter, Mrs. MILLER, now traveling with her husband in Europe, has a country seat near her father. Her two sons, GERRIT and WILLIE, at present make their home with their grandparents. Mrs. SMITH, formerly one of the FITZHUGHS of Maryland, is a lady of quiet manners, with an affectionate, sympathetic nature, having a keen perception of the beautiful in nature, music, and the fine arts. She is an ornament to society, and at the same time fully awake to the practical part of life necessary in good housekeeping, is a tower of strength to her husband, and seconds heartily all his movements for the good of mankind. Mrs. JAMES G. BIRNEY, a sister of Mrs. SMITH, now visiting the family, is a lady of marked ability and force of character, who, with her buoyant health and sprightly manners, gives great life and cheerfulness to the household. GERRIT SMITH (or Garrit, as he is called by his neighbors) is one of the most genial and hospitable of men. His guests are made at once to feel that they are members of his family. He is seventy years of age, but his fine physique and cheerful spirit make him appear much younger. Rising at five in the morning, he occupies his time in study, or in directing matters out of doors until the hour arrives for family worship. This ceremony he conducts in a most impressive manner—first by reading, or repeating some familiar hymn, and frequently leading the singing himself, though usually this is done by Mrs. SMITH. He then repeats, without referring to the printed page, a chapter from the Bible, for he seems to have memorized the entire book. Then follows a prayer, earnest and powerful, and full of love to God and man. His voice, deep and sonorous in tone, adds greatly to the beauty of his song, recitation, or prayer. As frequently occurs in deeply religious natures, there is in Mr. SMITH a latent vein of wit and merriment which sparkles out in many ways in social converse with his friends. No entertainment is more charming than his dinner-talk.

—Queen ISABELLA, of Spain, is looking about for some nice young prince that will marry her daughter. She (the girl) is pretty, amiable, and has funds.

—Pope PIUS IX. is said to be seen to the best advantage divested of the purple and in the simplicity of his private studio. An Irish person who saw him there goes on at a great rate upon his "tiny" little hands and feet; his lovable, benevolent face: his large, dark, Italian eyes; and his constant, affectionate, and Christian smile.

—The BISHOP OF TENNESSEE recently delivered in King's College, London, a lecture on the American system of purely secular education by the State. He was honored with a warm reception at the beginning and much applause at the close of the lecture.

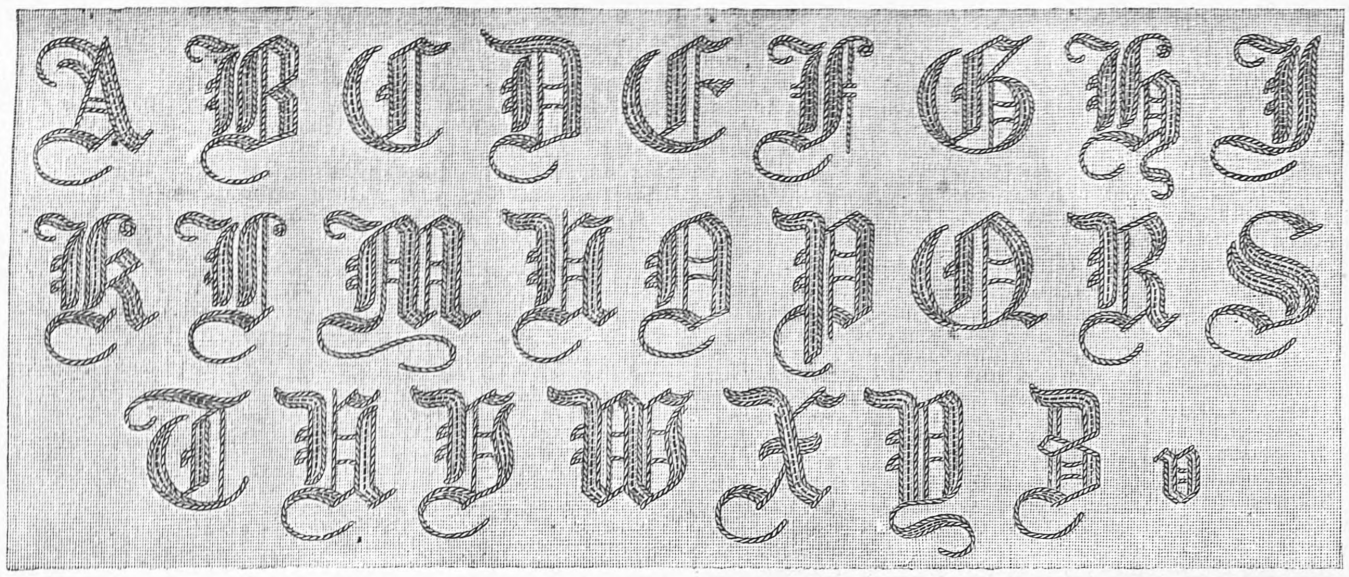
—In Colonel BADEAU's history of General GRANT the prominent traits of the General's character are thus concisely and neatly summed up:

"The truth is, that GRANT's extreme simplicity of behavior and directness of expression imposed on various officers, both above and below him. They thought him a good, plain man, who had blundered into one or two successes, and who, therefore, could not be immediately removed; but they deemed it unnecessary to regard his judgment, or to count upon his ability. His superiors made their plans invariably without consulting him, and his subordinates sometimes sought to carry out their own campaigns, in opposition or indifference to his orders, not doubting that, with their superior intelligence, they could conceive and execute triumphs which would excuse or even vindicate their course. It is impossible to understand the early history of the war without taking it into account that neither the Government nor its important commanders gave GRANT credit for intellectual ability or military genius.

"His officer qualities were also rated low. Because he was patient, some thought it impossible to provoke him; and because of his calmness, it was supposed that he was stolid. In battle or in campaigning he did not seem to care or consider so much what the enemy was doing as what he himself meant to do; and this trait, to enthusiastic or even brilliant soldiers, appeared inexplicable. A great commander, it was imagined, should be nervous, excitable, inspiring his men and captivating his officers; calling private soldiers by their names, making eloquent addresses in the field, and waving his drawn sword in battle. Great commanders had done all these things, and won; and many men who could do all these things fancied themselves therefore great commanders. Others imagined wisdom to consist in science alone; they sought success in learned and elaborate plans, requiring months to develop when the enemy was immediately before them; they manœuvred when it was the time to fight; they intrenched when they should have attacked, and studied their books when the field should have been their only problem."

Alphabet in Satin Stitch.

THIS alphabet is designed for marking handkerchiefs, table-linen, etc., and is easily wrought, even by those unaccustomed to embroidery. The accompanying first letter of the alphabet shows the manner of execution. First make the outline of the letter in satin stitch, with white embroidery cotton, and then work over this with black silk or red worsted, so as to give it the appearance of a fine cord, as is shown in the illustration, which gives the letter magnified.

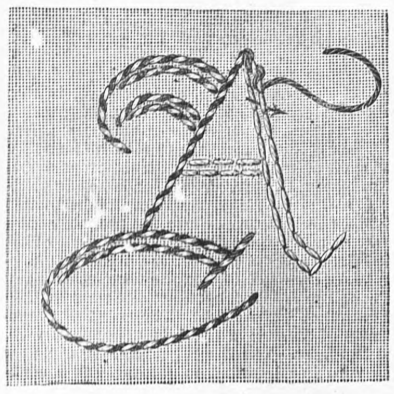


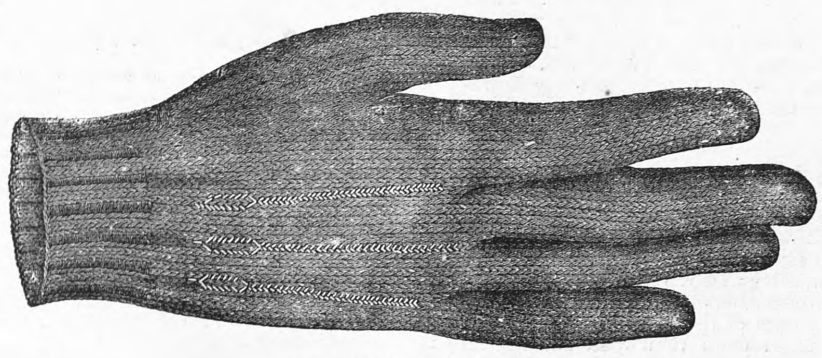
Apple-Seed Comb.

THE three rosettes with which this comb is ornamented are made of apple seeds, fastened on a circular piece of stiff lace and varnished. The illustration shows the comb two-thirds the full size. The stiff lace is encircled with fine wire. The seeds are sewed on with fine silk, in single rows, beginning at the outer edge, and placing them in such a manner that the round side shall be uppermost. When completed, the rosettes are varnished with shellac dissolved in spirits. They are then dried, after which they are glued to the comb and given a coating of copal varnish.

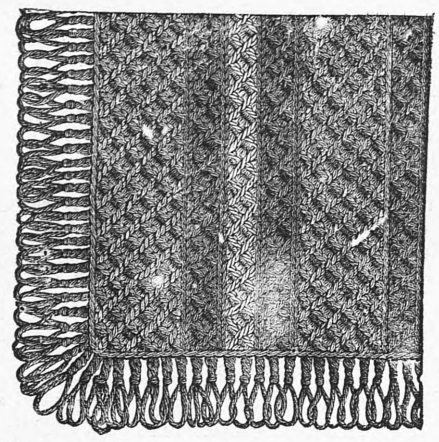
Black Velvet Cravat.

THIS cravat is of black velvet ribbon, the ends of which are embroidered with bright-colored crochet silks in any design that may be wished, and are finished with knotted fringe, as seen in the engraving.

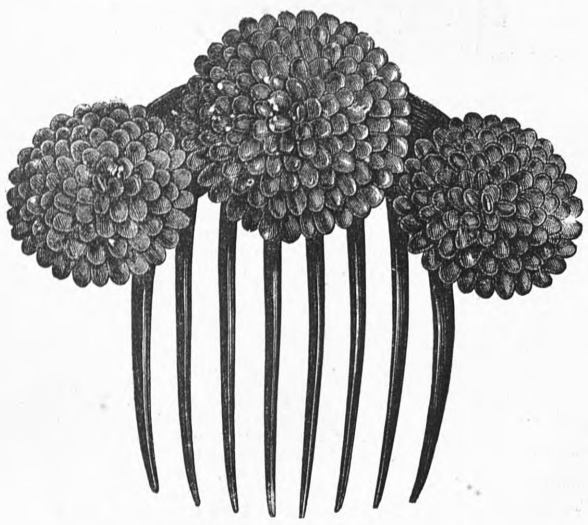




LADY'S KNIT GLOVE.

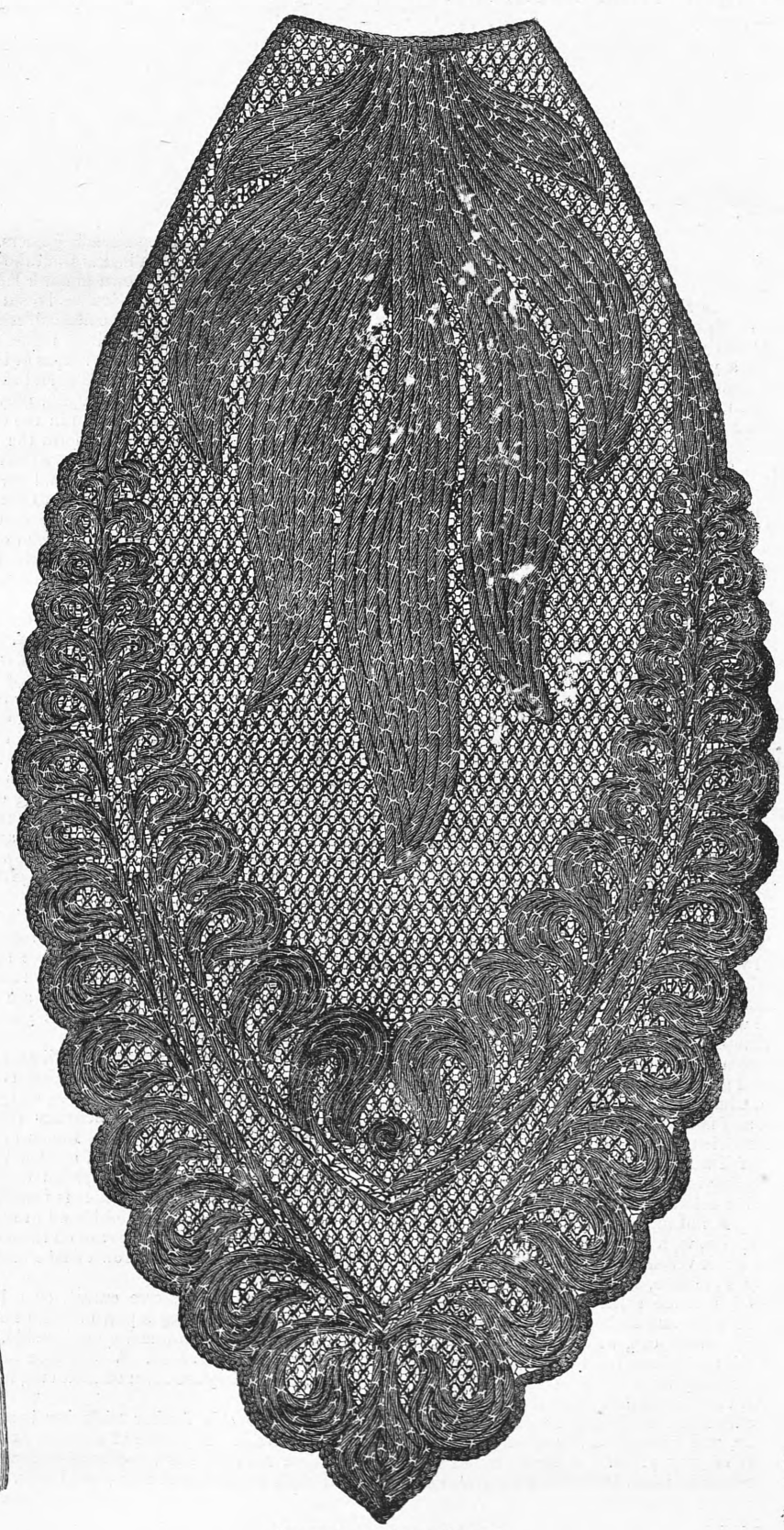


CORNER OF CARRIAGE BLANKET IN MINIATURE.

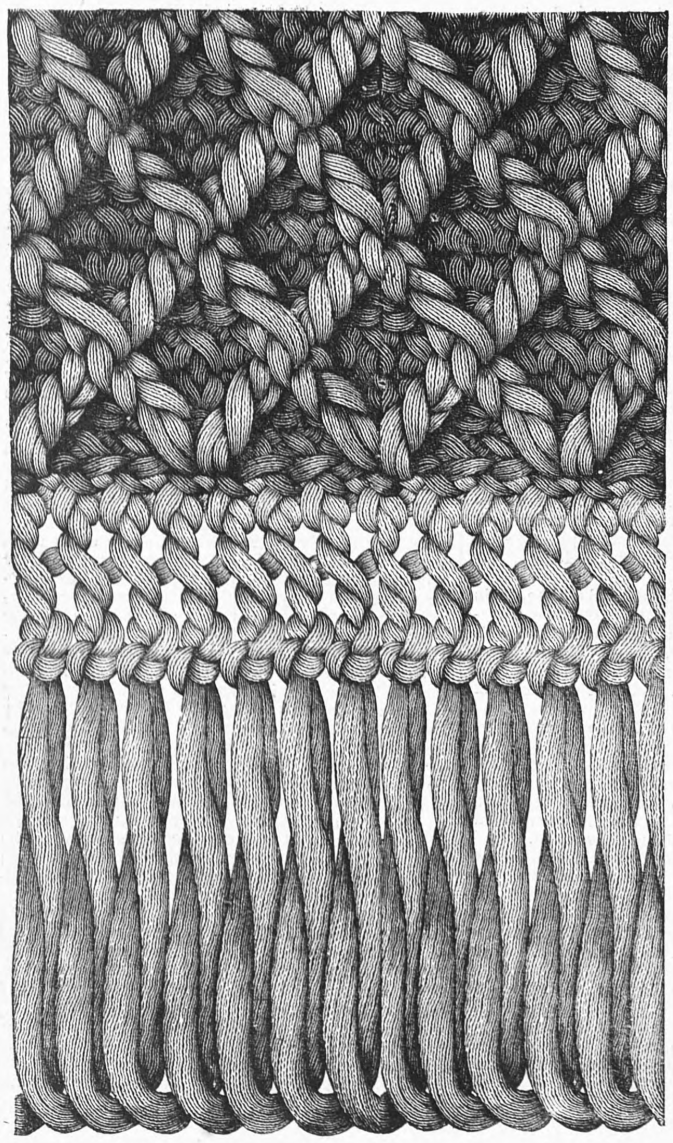


APPLE-SEED COMB.

CROSS STITCH FOR LAMP SHADE.



SECTION OF LAMP SHADE.



CROCHET CARRIAGE BLANKET WITH KNIT FRINGE.—FULL SIZE.

BLACK VELVET CRAVAT.

Promenade Dresses.

Fig. 1.—Dress of dark-brown silk. Short fourreau and paletot of brown poplin, trimmed with mother-of-pearl buttons. The fourreau is caught up on each side with bands.

Fig. 2.—Dress and paletot of purple velours, trimmed with bias folds of brown satin, which simulate an over-skirt on the dress.

Fig. 3.—Dress and paletot of gray empress cloth, trimmed with black satin piping, which simulates an over-skirt in the manner shown in the illustration.

Child's Knit Under-Jacket.

MATERIALS: 1 oz. white split worsted.

Knit with rather coarse steel needles, in order to have it light and flexible. Begin at the border-row of the back; cast on 80 stitches and knit 90 rounds plain backward and forward. In the next round cast off the first 32 stitches for the arm-hole; knit 2 rounds, cast on 40 stitches and knit 50 rounds. In the 51st round cast off the first 12 stitches next the neck, then cast off 1 stitch in every 2d round from the 53d to the 74th, and knit afterward 25 rounds. The jacket is now half completed. For the other half it will be necessary to reverse the order of the rounds. Crochet the back and front together on the back of the shoulder. Collect on the needles all the stitches around the neck and knit 4 rounds plain; then 1 round. ∗ 2 stitches knitted together; 2 made, 2 knitted together; 3 knitted. Repeat from ∗. Then follow 5 rounds plain (in the 1st of which knit the 1st made stitch, purl the 2d, etc.). Cast off. Collect the stitches of the under edge and knit the lace as follows:

1st–3d rounds. Plain.

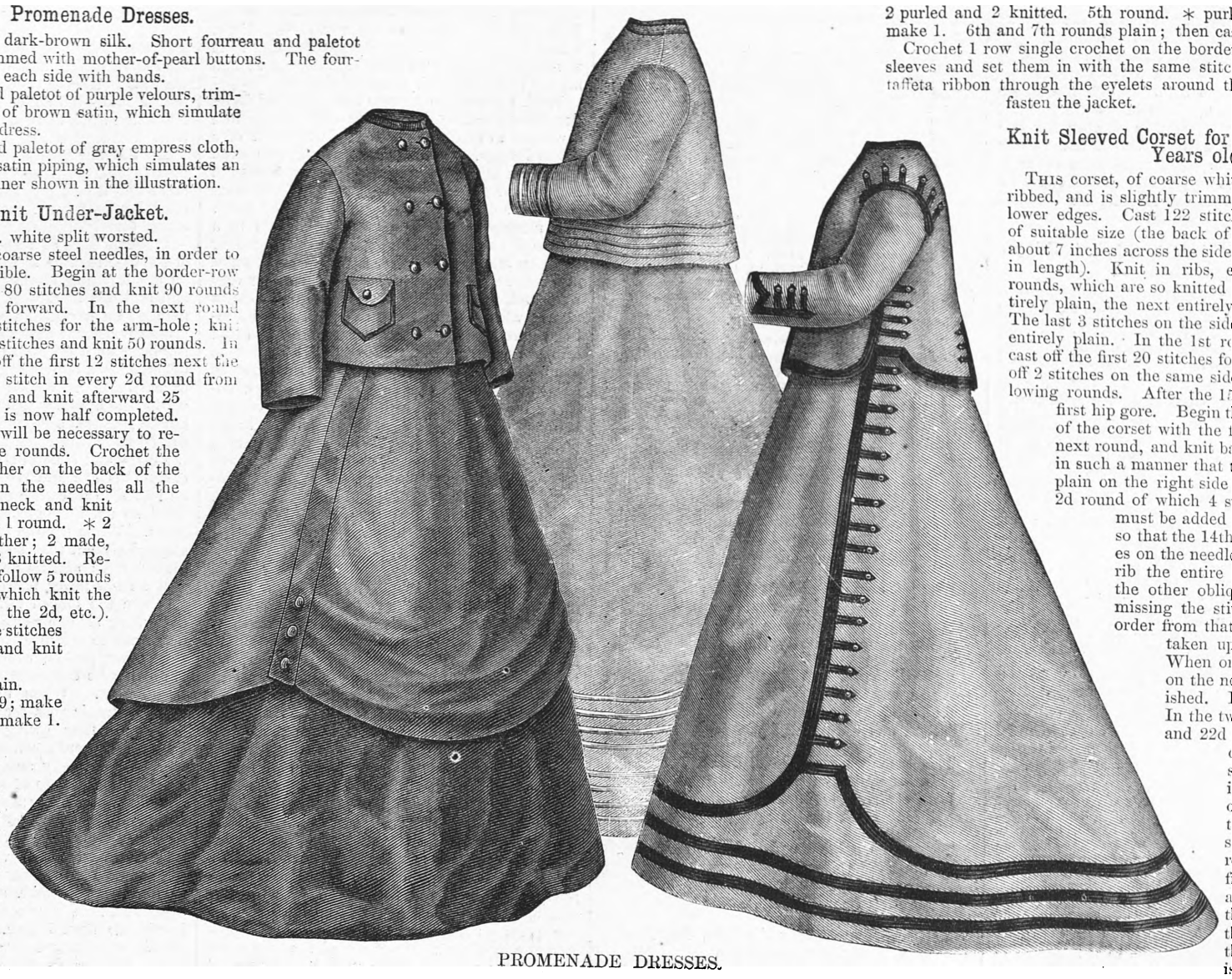
4th round. ∗ knit 9; make 7 alternate; knit 1; make 1. Repeat from ∗.

5th–7th rounds. Entirely plain.

8th round. ∗ knit 2 together 8 times successively; make 8 alternately; knit 1. Repeat from ∗. Repeat the 5th–8th rounds 4 times; then knit 3 rounds and cast off.

Begin the sleeve with a foundation of 60 stitches (this is the length) and knit 4 rounds. In order to make the upper part of the sleeve wider insert a gore. Begin on the upper side with the first 5 stitches of the round and knit 2 rounds. Lengthen the next row by knitting the following 5 stitches. In this way increase by 5 every 2d round till the whole 60 are included; then knit 44 rounds, widening once next the upper-end stitch in every 4th row after the 9th; then knit 12 rounds plain. The sleeve is now half finished. The other half is continued in the same manner, but in the reversed order of the rounds. Instead of widening, it will be necessary to narrow the same number of stitches in the same positions. The rounds must also be shortened for the gore by leaving, without knitting, the stitches opposite those left on the other side. Collect the stitches at the wrist, fasten them in a circle, and knit 18 rounds, alternately knitting 2 stitches and purling 2. Then follows a narrow lace of 7 rounds. 1st round. ∗ purl 2, make 1, knit 1, make 1. Repeat from ∗. 2d round. ∗ purl 2, knit 3 (one in each made stitch). 3d round. ∗ purl 2, make 1, knit 3, make 1. 4th round. Alternately 2 purled and 2 knitted. 5th round. ∗ purl 2, make 1, knit 5, make 1. 6th and 7th rounds plain; then cast off.

Crochet 1 row single crochet on the border stitches. Join the sleeves and set them in with the same stitch. Draw a colored taffeta ribbon through the eyelets around the neck in order to fasten the jacket.

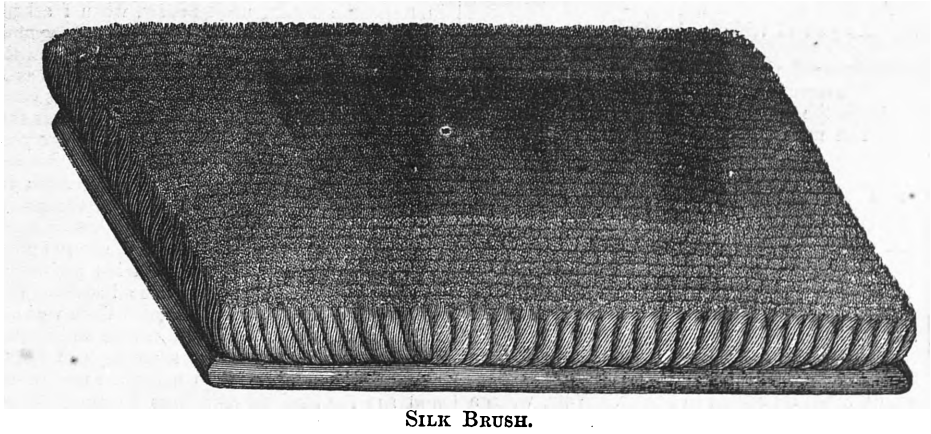


PROMENADE DRESSES.

Knit Sleeved Corset for Girl from 6 to 8 Years old.

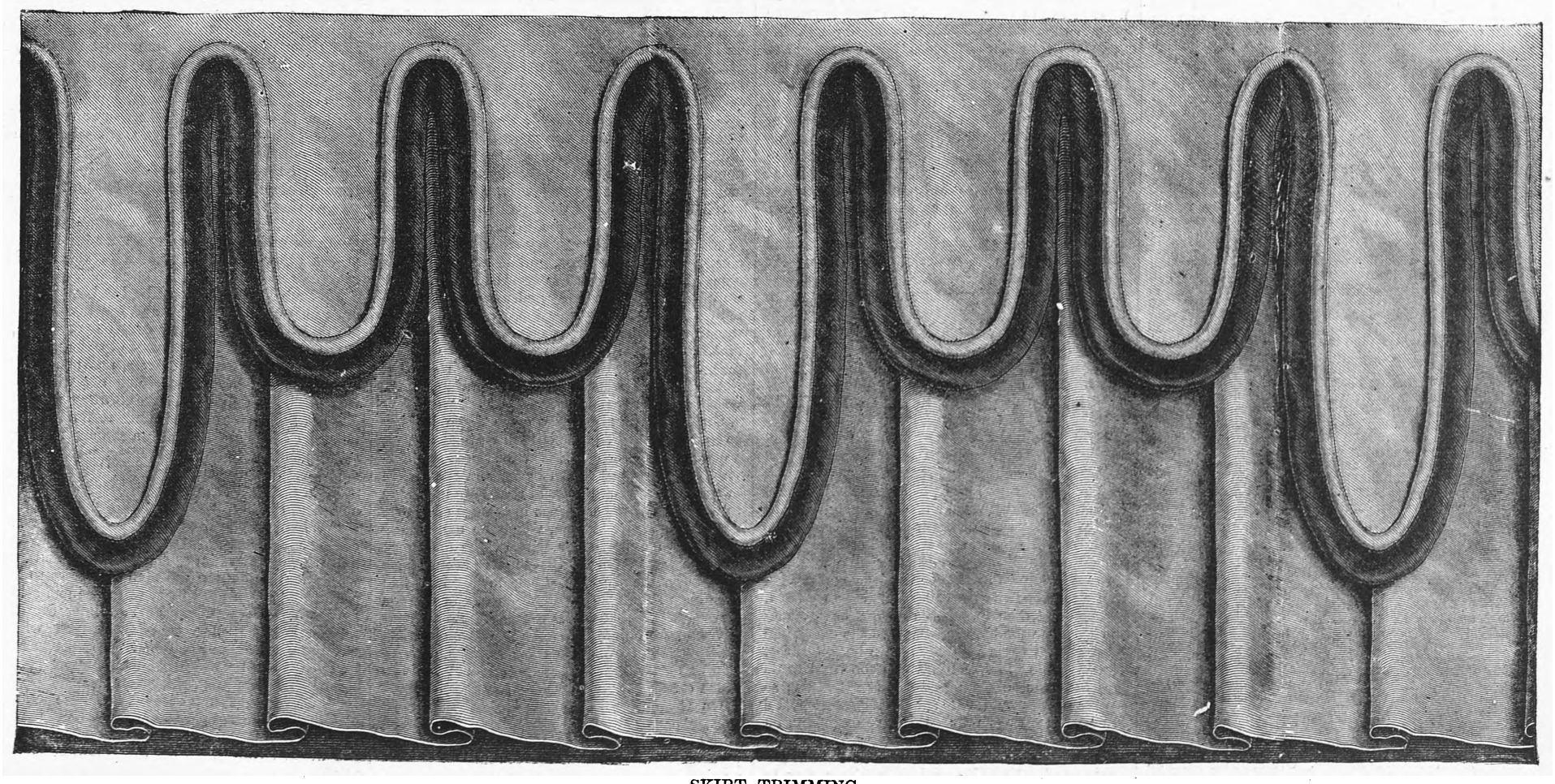
THIS corset, of coarse white knitting cotton, is ribbed, and is slightly trimmed on the upper and lower edges. Cast 122 stitches on steel needles of suitable size (the back of the corset measures about 7 inches across the side, and about 12 inches in length). Knit in ribs, each composed of 5 rounds, which are so knitted that one appears entirely plain, the next entirely purled, alternately. The last 3 stitches on the side of the work appear entirely plain. In the 1st round of the 14th rib cast off the first 20 stitches for the arm-hole; cast off 2 stitches on the same side in each of the following rounds. After the 15th round begins the first hip gore. Begin this on the lower edge of the corset with the first 2 stitches of the next round, and knit backward and forward in such a manner that the gore shall appear plain on the right side 14 rounds, in every 2d round of which 4 stitches of the corset must be added to those of the gore, so that the 14th round has 30 stitches on the needle. Now follows one rib the entire length. Then form the other oblique side of the gore, missing the stitches in the reverse order from that in which they were taken up on the other side. When only 2 stitches remain on the needle the gore is finished. Follow with 4 ribs. In the two following, the 21st and 22d from the beginning, cast on in each 2 stitches, corresponding to the other side of the arm-hole. In the 23d cast on 20 stitches to obtain the required height of the front. Knit 5 ribs, and begin the gore on the upper part with the first 8 stitches of the next round. This is formed like the former, adding 4 stitches at every 2d round till the needle contains 32. Then make one rib over the entire row, after which finish the gore. Knit 8 ribs. The corset is now half finished. The second half is worked in the same manner, excepting that the order of the rows is reversed. This done, collect on needles all the border stitches around the arm-hole, add to these 35 for the shoulder, fasten to the

CHILD'S KNIT UNDER-JACKET.



SILK BRUSH.

GIRL'S KNIT SLEEVED CORSET.



SKIRT TRIMMING.

border and knit 7 rounds plain, narrowing each side of the 10 middle stitches under the arm, at every 3d round. Then knit 46 rounds, alternately 5 stitches knitted, 5 purled, continuing to narrow till the 10 stitches are gone, thus forming a gore under the arm. Finish the sleeve with 5 plain rounds. The backs are finished with 2 rows single crochet, in making the first of which crochet, after every 10 stitches, 4 chain stitches, missing the same number in order to form eyelets. The upper and under edges of the corset, as well as the sleeves, are trimmed with tatting.

Crochet Carriage Blanket with Knit Fringe.

See illustration, page 244.

THIS blanket is worked in relief in 12-strand carpet-wool; it is bordered with a knitted fringe, and is (including the fringe) about 57 inches square. The broad stripes are worked in bluish-green wool; the three narrower stripes in brown wool, the middle in light, the outside ones in a darker shade. The fringe is also of light brown wool. The illustration on page 244 represents a portion of the blanket and fringe of the full size. The relievo stitch is worked in backward and forward rounds as follows: On a foundation-chain of proper length the 1st round is entirely in single-crochet, in working which, in this as well as in the following rounds, the thread is not brought over as usual before taking the stitches together, but is taken over the needle from the front backward. At the end of each round 1 chain-stitch, which is missed at the beginning of the following round.

2d round: 1 sc. (single-crochet. In the sc. stitches the needle must always be put through the back parallel thread of the stitch of the last round), * 1 double in the 2d following stitch of the last round (1 stitch missed), on the right side the needle is put around both upright threads of the stitch: 1 sc. in the same stitch; 2 sc. in the 2 following stitches of the last round (each of the 3 sc. is worked in the parallel thread of a stitch of the last round); then 1 double around the same stitches, around which the former double stitch was worked. Repeat from *.

3d round: 4 sc. in the next 4 stitches of the last round; * 1 sc. in the missed stitch of the round before the last, this clasp-like stitch embraces 2 rounds and must always come between 2 double crochet of the last round 4 sc. in the next 4 stitches, missing 1 stitch. Repeat from *. The pattern is completed by repeating the 2d and 3d rounds, but in the 2d round the raised double-crochet stitches must always be worked around the upright threads of the clasp stitch of the former round. In this design now work the required number of stripes of the correct length and in the given colors. Every green stripe in the pattern is 15 stitches wide, and each of the 8 brown stripes 7 stitches. The completed stripes are either sewed together or worked together in crochet. The fringe which surrounds the blanket is knitted backward and forward in a stripe, a part of which is afterward unraveled. Cast on 6 stitches and knit as follows: 1st round—Thread thrown over the needle (always from back to front); 2 stitches knitted together in twist (put the needle from the front backward, as if intending to purl the stitches). Repeat twice from *. Repeat this round until the stripe is of required length, knitting together 1 stitch and the preceding made stitch in every following round. Having cast off the stitches of the last round, take the end of the foundation-thread and pull it out of the stitches as far as the opposite outer edge. The fringe is formed of this outer half of the border. In order to make the fringe pull out in loops the thread must, however, be drawn out as far back as the middle firm row of stitches. Then draw out each following stitch of the outer row by means of which the lower rib unravels and forms a fringe falling together in loops. The fringe may be either sewed on the blanket or knitted on at the same time it is formed, by knitting 2 stitches with 1, on the edge of the blanket, at the end of every 2d round.

Lady's Knit Glove.

See illustration, page 244.

MATERIALS for the pair: 1 oz. black twisted wool: a few threads red silk-twist.

The glove is knitted in black twisted wool and worked in braid stitch on the back. Begin at the wrist with a foundation of 78 stitches and knit 24 rounds, alternately 2 stitches knitted and 2 purled. After finishing this ribbed cuff the glove is knitted plain except, at the end of every 2d round, 1 stitch is purled for the seam. Purl also the beginning of the gore for the thumb. Begin this gore in the 4th round above the ribbed border by purling the 44th to the 51st stitches. Purl in the 5th round the 43d–52d; in the 6th round the 42d and 43d and the 52d and 53d; in the 7th–15th rounds the 42d and 53d. In the 16th round begin to widen for the thumb, continuing to purl 1 on each side. This widening takes place both in this and in the following rounds after the 1st purled stitch and before the 2d; and a stitch is added every round; this widening is repeated 4 times after each 9 rows, so that the finished gore including the purled stitches has a breadth of 22 stitches. Having knit 9 rounds on the last widened round, take these 22 stitches off on two separate needles; cast 11 stitches on a third needle and knit the thumb on these 33 stitches. In the 6th, 12th, and 17th rounds of the thumb narrow at the beginning and end of the 11 extra stitches by knitting 2 together. In the 21st round knit together the 2 middle stitches of each gore. Then knit 25 rounds and taper off the thumb by knitting 2 together three times in every 2d round, and always in the same line. Now continue the hand. Take up, however, the under row of the 11 stitches which were cast on for the thumb and knit 2 together at the beginning and end of the 3d and 7th rounds. Knit 12 rounds; then begin the little finger, for which collect the seam-stitch with 8 stitches before and 7 after (the seam is to be continued to the end of the little finger). This counts 16 of the hand stitches which must be put on two needles. Cast 8 stitches on a third needle: then knit 21 rounds on the 24 stitches, narrowing at each side, however, in the 13th round; then taper off the finger similarly to the thumb. Now take the 8 made stitches of the little finger and knit 4 rounds on them and the remaining stitches of the hand; then knit the next finger on 34 stitches. For these take the 8 of the last finger; 9 on the back and 8 on the front of the hand; then cast on the 9 still wanting. Knit 50 rounds, narrowing in the 7th, 14th, and 21st on both sides of the made stitches, as also of those taken from the little finger. Then finish the finger like the former. The middle finger is knitted precisely like the last except that it is longer and a stitch wider. On the remaining stitches of the hand and the under row of the 9 of the middle finger, knit 59 rounds for the forefinger, narrowing in the 13th, 20th, and 25th rounds at both sides of the stitches taken up. Taper this off like the others. Finally work, with the red silk, 3 rows of plait stitch in the back of the hand.

Lamp Shade.

See illustration, page 244.

THE foundation of this lamp shade is fine white lace. It is in five pieces, one of which is shown, of the full size, in the illustration. The design is first drawn on paper; the lace is then basted over it, and the pattern worked thereon in green floselle, which is run through the meshes of the lace, taking up one of the latter here and there. The foundation is worked in cross stitch, with fine black sewing silk; the accompanying illustration shows how to make the stitch. Each stitch must cover one mesh of the lace. An unfinished stitch is shown in the engraving: to complete this, put the needle in at ● and draw it out at *. The different sections of the shade are finished round the edge with button-hole stitch in floselle. Overhand the parts together to complete the shade.

Silk Brush.

See illustration, page 245.

THIS brush is well adapted for use on silks, which soon become rough when rubbed with a stiff brush. It consists of a square, three inches wide and seven inches long, knitted of gray yarn and two shades of coarse crimson worsted, and fastened to a piece of gray cloth, laid over pasteboard. The centre of the square is of the darker, and the outer part of the lighter red. Each tuft of the brush is an inch and a quarter long and four strands thick. For the square, which is knitted backward and forward in plain knitting stitch, with tolerably fine gray yarn, cast 44 stitches on middling sized knitting-needles. The knitting of the tufts begins on the second row. For these cut pieces of coarse worsted, three inches long, and four strands thick, and knit them in the middle, letting the ends hang down on either side, and leaving two stitches between each one. Thirty rows complete the square, the design of which may be varied to suit the taste. The top is made of six or eight thicknesses of pasteboard, to which the square is fastened.

Skirt Trimming.

See illustration, page 245.

THIS simple trimming for under-skirts is easily made by pleating a strip of cloth, and setting flat on it, at a little distance from the bottom, a scalloped strip of some bright color, bound with braid, in the manner shown in the illustration, somewhat in the form of a lambrequin.

PLAYED OUT.

PLAYED out, played out, good-by, dear;
The pretty game is done.
Shall we sigh for what is lost, dear?
Or smile for what is won?

Lost? only hope and freshness;
Won? only vain regret.
We staked our counters gayly;
We needs must pay the debt.

"We?" Well, two played the game, dear;
But was it really "we?"
For one was very earnest,
And one "amused," you see!

This game's a little hard, dear,
In its unshaken law.
I do not seek to mend it:
I only mark the flaw;

That when a hand's played out, dear,
One laughs and turns away;
And one has just a wound, dear,
To sting her dying day.

And which must bear the pain, dear?
Why, justly, she who made
Sweet, solemn, foolish earnest
Of the graceful game they played.

Played out, played out—content you,
You need nor frown nor fear;
I make no idle moanings;
I, too, am tired, dear.

As tired of baseless trusting—
As tired of cold decay—
As tired of baffled hoping—
As you of trifling play.

So leave the table, others
The feverish joy may court;
And—the woman count the cost, dear;
The man find fresher sport.

MY PARTNER'S LOVE AFFAIR.

YOU know Esty Corday, my partner, don't you? No? why I thought every body knew Esty. His real name is Billy, but we all call him Esty because it isn't his name. Even old Flindtpelt, the broker, calls him "Hon Esty," and the old fellow thinks it the best joke out.

You see, one day Flindtpelt drew a check for a few thousand, and in a moment of temporary insanity made it payable to bearer. Now, when a man, as a rule, never does a *thing*, and then breaks his rule, he is sure to come to grief; so what must old Flindtpelt do but forget to put the paper-weight on the check, and so of course the moment his back was turned away it went out at the window, and was blowing about among the feet of stock-jobbers and sharpers, when who should spy it but Esty? He picked it up, glanced at it, and went right up into Flindtpelt's office, where the old chap was just sitting down at his desk after a short absence, and hadn't yet discovered the loss of his check. It happened that just three days before Flindtpelt had given us lots of trouble about some notes, and lost us a matter of three hundred dollars, without any reason in the world. So I suppose his conscience bothered him a little when he saw Esty coming in. At any rate he looked as forbidding as a deputy-collector while my partner was marching up to his desk.

"Morning, Sir," says Esty, holding out the check, back up.

"No, Sir," says Flindtpelt; "I don't want any of your paper. I see it isn't indorsed."

"But this is payable to bearer, Mr. Flindtpelt."

"So much the worse, Sir. I never issue, much less take, paper payable to bearer."

At this the old fellow remembered the check he had just drawn, and putting down his hand to hide it found it wasn't there. Such a way as he was in Esty says he never saw. He made one boy run to the bank, and set another to look under all the furniture, and was in such a stew that for eight minutes by the clock Esty could not get in a word edgewise (not that he tried very hard, either), and then to cap the climax back comes the boy from the bank, saying that the check had been cashed three minutes before he got there. By this time old Flindtpelt was too tired to do justice to the occasion, and simply sat down; so up steps Esty and says: "Mr. Flindtpelt, I'd have given it to you before, but you wouldn't let me. I just found this in the street." Then he laid the check down, and walked off without another word. Old Flindtpelt didn't have time to say so much as "Thank you," but from that day we began to notice that business took a turn our way, and we have gone on nicely ever since. Flindt told the check story every where, and from some circumstances we have been convinced that all our business didn't come by chance.

Well, I started to tell you that Esty had fallen desperately in love, but as you didn't know him I wanted to give you an idea of what sort of a fellow he was. Every body believes in him, even I who am his partner; and I wonder he has not before now fallen in with some one of the other sex who suited him. To get on with my story. We managed between us to buy tickets to a course of Dickens's readings, and were intending to go on alternate nights. I went the first night and was awfully bored, for I could not hear very well, and, in short, did not have a good time at all; so when I saw Esty at the office next morning I gave him a most gloomy account, and told him to go all the remainder of the course if he wanted to, for I declared that I would not be hired at any price to sit out another such evening. Well, Esty said he would try it for once at least, so off he went, with his opera-glass in his pocket, rather expecting to have a very stupid time. I wished him joy as we parted, and went up for an evening at the club. The next morning Esty made his appearance late at the office, looking preoccupied and melancholy to the last degree. When I asked him if he had a good time at the reading his face lighted up with a gleam of evanescent brightness, and he declared, with enthusiasm, that he never passed a pleasanter evening in his life; heard and saw perfectly, only he had to use his opera-glass all the time, and that was the reason why his eyes were so red this morning. After getting off this eulogium, with something of an effort, he subsided into his previous dilapidated condition, becoming at once absent-minded, nervous, and restless. He fidgeted round, wanted to go out to lunch at a quarter before eleven, was on the point of lighting his cigar with a ten-dollar greenback, and finally made such a muddle of a business-letter, which he tried to write, that I lost patience and made him sit down and do nothing. Of course I made up my mind that he was carrying a load on his conscience, and I chaffed him about it till he evidently didn't hear me, and sank into a brown study, poking the fire, meanwhile, with his new silk umbrella. Then I looked up the paper of the previous day to see what Dickens's programme had been. He had read the trial scene from "Pickwick" and the "Christmas Carol," so I turned suddenly to Esty and asked him what Dickens read last night. No answer.

"I say, Esty, what did Dickens read last night?"

"Eh? oh, he read—read *Norma*."

I, with difficulty, smothered my laughter and asked him if the speech of Marley in the trial scene was well rendered. Esty said it was admirably done, and then I questioned him further in the same strain, until finally, when I asked him how Mrs. Bardell sang the *Mira Norma* and Esty replied that she did it capitally, my mirth refused to be longer controlled, and as soon as I could see for laughing, I became aware that Esty with a very red face was asking me what was the matter. "Why, man alive," said I, "here you have been telling me that Dickens read *Norma* last night, and that Mrs. Bardell sang *Mira* in the trial scene." Esty stoutly denied having said any thing of the kind; but admitted that he must have been absent-minded when I showed him how he had poked the fire with his umbrella. Well, things on Esty's desk were all at sixes and sevens, and I naturally concluded from various symptoms that he had fallen in love and would be standing on his head for some days at least, so I quietly determined to make the best of it, and run the machine as well as I could without his assistance. I soon discovered that he was anxiously looking forward to the next Dickens's night, and I bothered him considerably about it, threatening to claim my right to go, seeing that he had such a good time. Esty was so worried about it that at last I had no heart to plague him any longer and gave him the ticket. At the earliest reasonable moment he was off up town like a shot. After dinner I was in my room, when in came Esty in the most gorgeous array imaginable, his neck-tie and gloves wonderful to behold, and his boots so painfully tight that he was afraid to come near the fire.

"Ned," said he, "I wish you would lend me your field-glass, I can see h—I mean Dickens so much better than with my small one." I of course lent him the glass, and as soon as he was gone I stepped over to the Browns (I knew they were going to Dickens's) and asked Charley to take a look at Esty occasionally. Esty's seat was in the forward part of one of the galleries, so that he could be seen as well as see. Charley promised to look out for him, although I would not tell why I wanted him looked after, and I went back to my room.

The next morning Esty came down looking so sadly changed from his evening grandeur that I could hardly recognize him for the same individual. I dropped in at Charley's in the course of the forenoon, and learned that Esty had gone to the verge of impertinence in the use of a huge double-barreled telescope, which he continually directed to a particular part of the audience. Who he was looking at Charley had been unable to discover, but he did not believe that Esty had ever once looked in the direction of the maroon screen through the whole evening. As Charley never allowed himself to tell a story smaller than it happened, I overlooked the libelous description of my faithful field-glass, and did not feel much concerned for Esty's behavior.

On re-entering the office, I caught my most prosaic partner shoving something, that looked very like a rough draft of verses, under some papers on his desk; and his conduct in various particulars was so absurd, that even the office-boy (ordinarily so obtuse as at times to help himself to our cigars, thinking that they were intended for general use) detected his condition, and I strongly suspect rescued some of the discarded verses from the scrap-basket, for I discovered him in an agony of suppressed mirth over a crumpled bit of paper, which he hastily concealed when he became aware of my observation.

As the day passed and the afternoon drew near its end Esty's restlessness increased, and at three and a half precisely he was off, while the office-boy performed a derisive pantomime as he strode frantically through the door.

It seems that, as I guessed, Esty met his fate at the first reading which he attended. He went on that evening, clothed and in his right mind, and took his seat, which, as I have said, commanded an excellent view of the audience, and presently became aware of an especially bewitching head on a graceful pair of shoulders, which belonged to a lady in one of the seats on the floor of the hall. Now Esty is the last man in the world who ever thinks of noticing ladies' dresses, but he says that although this aforesaid head was turned from him when he first discovered it, yet the color and general style of bonnet and dress caught his eye and riveted his attention before he had seen a feature of the face that was destined so unceremoniously to upset his bachelor heart. When she did turn and look toward the stage, Esty felt that something gave way under his left ribs; and he has told me confidentially that he has never felt quite sound there since. So there the foolish fellow sat all the evening, and, using his opera-glass as much as he dared, made out to fall most completely in love with a very sweet profile, which, with a gray bonnet, is all that he can recollect of that evening's entertainment. When the audience rose, Esty made a frantic rush for the door, but could not get out in time, owing to an enormously long dress which went down stairs in front of him, and which he mentally anathematized as he caught a vanishing glimpse of the gray toilette, leaning confidingly on the arm of a good-looking young man, and disappearing through the outer door. I have already told you of Esty's condition after this, his first encounter. His experience during the second reading was much the same, for the enchantress was there, and the slight change in dress and head-gear made her if possible more irresistible than before. This time, alas, the demon of jealousy began to develop himself, and Esty's feelings toward the good-looking young man, who was still the favorite escort, may be described as savage. Esty glanced at them through my field-glass all the evening, and took the precaution to go out just before the reading ended, thereby drawing upon himself the "Sh-sh-sh" of the vicinity, and even became the object of an indignant glance from the pretty eyes of his enslaver. He, however, had a good look at her as she went out, and then, heartily despising himself for doing so, followed the trim little figure until he saw the good-looking young man help her into an up-town stage and ride off.

Esty went to the hall on the last evening of the course with painful doubts, for he could hardly count with certainty on her being there, and even if she were there, was it not his last evening? and very possibly it might be his last sight of that fair face which had so fixed itself on his memory. In due time, however, he was relieved by seeing her enter and take the old seat, and it was with fiendish satisfaction that he remarked the absence of the former escort, and the substitution of a mild-looking youth, evidently a younger cousin, pressed into service as escort. Esty made the most of his time, and at last, with his heart sinking into his boots, heard the unheeded voice of the reader cease, and saw the audience rise. Of course he pushed for the door with might and main, and this time the fates took the management of the affair in their own hands, as I am going to tell you.

Esty went down stairs, feeling as if he had lost all interest in life, just in time to see the lady of his thoughts and her escort pushed into separate exits—she into the one toward Irving Place, and her escort into the one toward Fourth Avenue. He saw the mild youth make one or two feeble efforts to rejoin his charge, while she was of course carried on with the crowd. Now, it so happened that a check took place in the right-hand exit, and an acceleration in the left-hand one, so that the lady and Esty, and Esty a little behind her, reached the street first, and the mild youth on arriving at his door went immediately to the other door, and waited in vain for his charge to appear.

Esty meanwhile had contrived to keep the bonnet of his choice in sight, and saw it carried by the crowd, which was very dense, toward Irving Place. Fourteenth Street was, of course, full of carriages and shouting drivers, and poor Bessy—for that was her name—knew not where she was until she found herself well away from the glare of light about the entrance to the hall, and then she became aware that a strange man was standing close to her and saying, "You've lost your party, hain't you, my dear?" She thought it a rather familiar way of addressing her, but answered timidly, "Yes, Sir."

"Where do you live?" said the strange man, edging a little nearer. Bessy instinctively moved a little away from him as she answered, and then with another question the man was close to her again, and so on until by the time he had asked half a dozen questions he had imperceptibly pushed Bessy to the curb-stone, just where there was a dark vacant space between two carriages. Then for the first time Bessy caught a sight of his face and eyes. The dear child had never looked into such eyes before, and she half shrieked as she turned to run away, but it was too late. She felt herself rudely seized about the waist, and whirled off the sidewalk in between the carriages. The strange man who a

moment before had asked such friendly questions had, with an adroit hand, taken her bracelets and watch, and was just detaching the brooch from her pretty throat when Esty, who had been wtaching the interview, and was under the impression that Bessy had found her escort, awoke to a sense of the situation.

When I state that I am one of the best amateur sparrers in town, and that Esty and I often practice together, it will be readily understood that such a facer as the strange man received right between the eyes was a thing not to stand up before, so over he went under the wheels of the carriages, and Esty had his arm around the slender little waist, for the poor girl was half dead with fright, and set her tenderly on the sidewalk, and contrived to walk her along toward Broadway in such a manner that no attention was attracted to them until presently Bessy had time to catch her breath, and then Esty drew her arm through his, and spoke big brotherly words to her (for the nonsense was all gone out of his head at the time), and assured her that he would take her home safely. But she, little frightened thing, hardly knew whether she was out of the hands of the Philistines yet, and could not answer a word for sobbing, though she could not choose but lean on the arm of her knight, the tones of whose voice had something comforting in them.

Esty was just going to take a carriage, but an instinctive delicacy stopped him, and he hailed an up-town stage, put his trembling charge in, and was rather astonished on seating himself beside her to have her grasp his arm again with both hands and hold on as if for dear life. He began to feel a little foolish, but remembered that he must pay his fare, and in that act discovered that his right-hand glove was split from wrist to knuckles, and dyed a very fashionable but not wholly satisfactory color. He asked somebody to pass up the change, wrapped his handkerchief round his hand, and sat still, for (as he has since confessed) he would not for the world have loosened the clasp of those little hands.

After a while the trembling ceased, and Esty, choosing a time when the stage stopped for a passenger, asked where he should take her, and could just make out the whispered number of a cross-street, where accordingly he stopped the stage, and had the happiness of half carrying poor Bessy to her father's door, where he left her in the charge of the astonished servant, and then hurried to the nearest physician's to have his hand cared for. The fellow had actually broken one of the small bones of his hand by the force of his blow; and Kenny the detective tells me that one of the most notorious and daring thieves in town has been laid up for three weeks with a broken nose and eyes that are only just beginning to be useful again.

Esty could not find it in his heart to resist the inclination to call on the next day but one and inquire after the health of his protegée, and so, of course, had to leave his card, Bessy being entirely prostrated by the nervous agitation she had gone through. The morning after who should come into our office but old Flindtpelt, his face all in a glow, and getting Esty by the hand, nearly shook him out of his shoes; and I was on the point of sending the boy for a policeman when it somehow came out that Bessy was no other than old Flindtpelt's daughter. Flindtpelt would not leave till we both promised to dine with him that day; so we both went—Esty with his hand in a sling.

Bessy was quite pale, and had evidently made a great effort to come down stairs; but looked so sweetly that I felt wildly in love myself, and should have lost my heart completely if I had not seen how things were going. Esty, of course, had to take her in to dinner; and it was one of the prettiest things you can imagine to see her take care of him at table, for, you know, he could only use one hand. The evening passed delightfully. The good-looking young man turned out to be a brother; and there was no end of fun at the expense of the mild young cousin; and old Flindtpelt proved to be the jolliest old gentleman in the world; in short, every thing was as pleasant as possible.

Well, you will not be surprised to learn that two or three days ago Esty left an order at Tiffany's for a very pretty little piece of jewelry with full consent of all parties; and, moreover, that he is totally incapable of business, is never disengaged of an evening, has left off smoking; and, taking every thing into consideration, I conclude that he and Bessy have made a match of it.

OUR FIRST BABY.

IT is a doubtful question which felt the most utterly helpless of the three, my wife, I, or the inhabitant of the flannel blanket which the nurse laid in my arms with the assertion, "Very fine baby; weighs just eight pounds and three ounces, Sir."

We were a young couple, a poor couple, and an extremely inexperienced couple, my wife and I; and when this baby made its *début*, our gratitude to Heaven for the gift was toned down and kept within bounds by the anti-joy query, "What *shall* we do with it?"

The stranger seemed to have a realizing sense of the awkward predicament he had placed us in, and expressed his sympathy for our quandary by keeping as still as possible, and taking care of himself as much as circumstances would allow; still there *were* times when his patience (like that of older philosophers) would give way, and he would give specimens of musical talent which bid fair to make him celebrated in the future.

When such crises occurred (and they were usually nocturnal) my wife and I might have been seen in undress toilette, wildly meandering to and fro, like unquiet ghosts—she frantically rushing from bedroom to hall, from hall to nursery, from thence to bedroom again, bearing the screaming child, and I as frantically rushing after, striving to induce her to stop long enough to pour down the throat of the "well-spring of joy in the household" some of the contents of the bottles I held in my hands as I ran. Lucky for the "well-spring" that he could scream louder than I, for Prussic acid looked remarkably like cordial, and I was not apt to be discriminating under the pressure of circumstances.

It is a mystery to me to this day, and always will be, what was the motive which prompted the heart of that baby to give us so many concerts free gratis, and at such unprecedented hours. Then he would waken just when Matilda and I were dreaming over our sparking days, and commencing on simple strains would go on from ballad to chorus, and so on up to the sublimest heights of operatic execution, beating a vigorous accompaniment with fists, arms, and legs, while we, like other poor bewildered listeners to foreign operatic music, vainly strove to find out what all the racket was about. It never got an *encore*, that child didn't, and why it fancied such a musical course either necessary or agreeable it passes my philosophy to fathom. The strangest of it all was to see how he would kick and scream from one to two hours, and after we had thumped his back, shook him upside down, given him cordial, walked, sung, ran, and cried over him with no visible effect, he would suddenly nestle down and drop to sleep in the twinkling of an eye, as if he had sung his good-night song, and dropped the curtain. We fancied when the baby, or in other words, Mortimer Frederick Johns, had arrived at that stage of manhood when his juvenile weight could be supported on his own pink foundations, that the trials and cares incident to baby-raising were over. But alas! for the hopes of young parenthood, we found that the faster Master Johns could walk the faster he could trot into mischief, and the ways and means he would adopt to invent and find it out were wonderful to see. He seemed to have an especial spite against himself, and be fearfully determined to put an end to his own existence, and in spite of maternal care and paternal supervision the pins he swallowed, the carpet tacks he found to chew, the pails of hot water he longingly investigated, were a constant source of terror and surprise. Three times he fell down the back-stairs, five times out of bed, and twice into the duck-pond, once he ran across the path of a runaway horse, and at this time Master Johns is a living miracle—a monument of Providential care. As he advances in physical power he begins to show symptoms of a mental development which threatens to be more perplexing than any peculiarity we have met with in his composition, and we are often at our wit's end how to follow the proverb, "Train up a child in the way he should go," etc.

The greatest trouble seems to be that he possesses many traits which will be very laudable when he arrives at the years of discretion, but which are extremely unhandy during his minority; and it not only seems cruel but inconsistent and dastardly to punish, whip, or otherwise correct him for making use of those qualities which we shall most wish him to possess by-and-by. For instance, he has a remarkable faculty for telling the truth, and on more than one occasion has mortified us beyond endurance by the injudicious use of this characteristic. One day I was walking out with him when we met the clergyman whose church I attended, who, after the weather had been discussed, inquired the reason for my non-attendance the preceding Sabbath. Before I could reply my well-beloved son spoke up eagerly, "'Cos he had a big hole in his coat, Sir; that's what 'twas." You can imagine my feelings; yet how could I punish the little youngster as he looked up in my face with such a confident assurance of duty done.

His great desire for knowledge and investigation is another embarrassing though essential virtue. On one occasion we had invited guests to dinner, and as the potatoes were being served his sharp eyes spied a black speck on one of them, and he earnestly called out, "Mamma, mamma, ain't that one of the taters Ann dropped in the ashes?" Of course Matilda's pleasure for the day was spoiled by this mistimed inquiry, yet Master Mortimer could not be made to see any impropriety in his query, therefore nothing could be done to guard against similar *contretemps* in the future.

The little rascal has a remarkable development of the bump of benevolence, as I found to my cost one day when I missed my gold-headed cane from its stand in the hall. It was a present from a favorite uncle, and I cherished it as I did the apple of my eye. What was my horror on inquiring its whereabouts, to hear from the lips of my Don Quixote, Jun., the following interesting tale: "Oh, papa, there was a poor old man doin by, and his tane broke, and he felled right down on de sidewalk, and when he dot up I runned rite into de hall and dot your tane, papa, and went and div it too im, and he looked just as *glad!*" It is perhaps unnecessary to add that I never saw my cane again.

With all his good qualities he runs to mischief as naturally as ducks take to water; not a book in the house that he has not made his mark in, either with pencil, charcoal, or dirty fingers; of the three cats that grace our dwelling not one can boast that *her* tail hasn't been singed by Master Johns; and the morning when he sent Rover to my room, clad in my best dressing-gown, with my Sunday gaiters tied on his fore-paws, and my new velvet smoking-cap perched jauntily over his ears, is only one specimen of his daily pranks.

I have only given you a sample of the idiosyncrasies of my little son, and is it surprising that to us inexperienced young people this growing development of character creates a more formidable sense of responsibility than did the presentation of that bundle of flannel inhabited by "our baby?"

The important question in our household just now is, What shall be done with Mortimer Frederick Johns? and my wife and I have decided to bring the question before the public, hoping that some one who has had experience in rearing children will interest themselves sufficiently in our behalf to give us the benefit of such experience, and aid us in training up this moral changeling in the way he should go.

All communications on the subject should be addressed to Allan Johns, Box 200, New York.

MRS. TYPESET'S DIARY.

Monaay.—Some change of plan has taken place within a year or two past in the Cooper Institute School of Design for Women. The last annual report states that "the effort to produce pictures for exhibition, and the attempt to graduate artists, will henceforth be abandoned for the more feasible, sensible, and profitable aim of fitting young women of the requisite ability to earn a respectable livelihood in the honorable occupations of engravers, designers, colorers, and teachers." There are about two hundred pupils, some of whom are amateurs in independent circumstances, but the majority are expecting to make a practical use of the knowledge they obtain in earning their own livelihood. The cost of tuition varies from two to two and a half dollars a week, and materials are furnished at cost. Those unable to pay receive gratuitous instruction—and this instruction is of the best and most practical kind. The School of Design is doing a great work in disseminating the principles of art, and also in making it easy for woman to fit herself for pleasant, honorable, and lucrative employment.

The passion of the French for theatrical amusements, and the patience with which they will wait at the door of theatres for the sake of obtaining a good seat, is illustrated by the following incident. At a crowded French theatre a woman fell from the gallery into the pit, and was picked up by one of the spectators, who, hearing her groaning, asked her if she was much injured. "Much injured!" exclaimed she, "I should think I am. I have lost the best seat in the very middle of the front row."

The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* gives some special cautions about the use of benzine, which is so frequently applied to silk and woolen articles to remove stains. It is a highly volatile and inflammatory substance, and when the vapor is mixed with air, explosive. Consequently it should not be used in close proximity to a lamp or a gas-flame. If a bottle of it is left uncorked the vapor escaping from it will, as it were, attract a flame several feet distant.

Tuesday Eve.—It is said—noticed an article on the subject this morning—that it is an expensive mistake to put a thick layer of fresh coal upon a fire of ignited coal. It is recommended that no more coal should be put on a fire at one time than will readily ignite and give off a pure white flame—not a blue flame, as that denotes the presence of unconsumed gases. A quantity of unburnt coal, covered with ashes, is almost always found on clearing the grates in the morning. Often this is thrown away, whereas the fact is that these lumps are only burnt on the outside, and are in a better condition for igniting than fresh coal. By giving a little attention to the matter a good deal may be saved in the course of a winter.

How curious—and economical too!—it must be to travel in Spain, and Portugal, and Mexico—according to Bayard Taylor's account. He says that a very hospitable custom prevails in those countries of paying the bills of a stranger at a hotel or restaurant. For instance, a Spaniard, on entering a café where he is accustomed to take his refreshments, notices a stranger, possibly a foreign traveler, present. Calling one of the waiters to him, he quietly pays the stranger's bill, takes his own ice or chocolate, and goes away, without ever having spoken to the man he has so surreptitiously entertained. When the unconscious stranger calls for his bill he is astonished to find that he owes nothing. The same traveler remarks that he found it impossible to pay for meals at the hotels on the road from Mexico to Vera Cruz, as some one of his fellow-passengers had always done it in advance. The point is, could one always *depend* upon being thus taken care of by a generous public?

We—I mean, *we* as a city, for we are individually slow to learn any thing good from foreign sources, excepting fashions—we might obtain many excellent ideas from the Japanese. Foreign customs need not be adopted *in toto*, but they are often very suggestive. For example, it is said that in Japan every street has its magistrate, who is elected by the popular voice of the inhabitants of the street, and he is responsible for the good conduct of the residents. He is expected to settle disputes, to know the most minute details of the private and public affairs of every creature within his jurisdiction, and keep an accurate record of births, marriages, and deaths. Americans might object to having magistrates or any body else prying into the "minute details" of their private affairs; but it would be pleasant to have some one in authority responsible for the order and cleanliness of the street, who would "settle disputes," and keep rude boys from snow-balling windows and overturning ash-barrels.

A writer from Paris predicts that the old fashion of powdering the hair is about to return. Reason, because "a certain great lady's hair is beginning to show the inevitable thin streaks of gray." What a pity! Can't we have hair *à la naturel* a little while?

Prying neighbors and inquisitive visitors are a nuisance. In the city you can sometimes escape them, but seldom in a country village. Every thing you ever have done and said, and every thing you expect to do and say for the remainder of your natural life, is likely to be ferreted out by some village gossip and retailed from house to house. Happy is that individual who, without wounding Truth, can baffle such inquisitorial investigators of private matters. A very neat answer a certain young lady once gave in a case of this kind. A prying old lady had kept her on the rack for some time, but could not learn what she desired. At last she put the question thus:

"I've been asked a good many times if you are engaged to Mr. ——. Now if folks inquire again whether you are or not, what shall I tell 'em I think?"

"Tell them," answered the young lady, fixing her calm blue eyes in unblushing steadiness upon the inquisitive features of her interrogator, "tell them that you are sure it's none of your business."

And the mortified and disappointed inquirer had nothing fresher than this to report to her neighbors.

Wednesday.—A Mississippi physician, while compounding some medicinal wash, has accidentally invented a golden ink. This brilliant chemical writing fluid gives a letter the appearance of having been powdered with gold dust, and the color is permanent. It will become popular for writing love-letters.

Came across the following recipe this morning. May be useful in an emergency:

'HOW TO MAKE TATTLERS.—Take a handful of Run-about, the same quantity of Nimbletongue, a sprig of the herb Backbite, a tea-spoonful of Don't-you-tell-it, six drams of Malice, and a few drops of Envy. Stir well together, and simmer half an hour. Add a little Discontent and Jealousy, then strain through a bag of Misconstruction, cork it up in a bottle of Malevolence, and hang it upon a skein of Street-yarn. Shake it occasionally for a few days, and it will be fit for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking out, and the desired result will follow."

A French agency for matrimonial alliances concludes an advertisement with: "Happiness guaranteed for one year." The time might safely be lengthened a trifle, if there were only half as many "codes of morals" for husbands as there are for wives. A "good wife"—so books and papers oracularly say—is one who does *this*, and *that*, and *the other*. Very little valuable instruction given to *husbands!* A great pity to leave *them* in ignorance! However, since the "codes" *are* all for wives, 'tis well to know about them. This is the latest—to be put in practice as soon as the frost is out of the ground: "Make up your *beds* early in the morning; *sew* buttons on your husband's shirts; do not *rake up* any grievances; protect the young and tender *branches* of your family; *plant* a smile of good temper in your face, and carefully *root out* all angry feelings, and expect a good *crop* of happiness."

Thursday.—Cousin A. writes that the latest novelty in Paris etiquette is a visiting card which tells the hour of the call. It is a card of rather large size, with scalloped edges, so cut that the scallops leave 12 rounded projections (including the corners), and each projection bears on the back a figure of the series from 1 to 12. By folding over any projection the figure it bears is brought to view on the face of the card, and the visitor can thus leave a record on the card of the hour nearest which it was left, and save the mistress of the house the vain task of cross-questioning the servants on this point.

An appendix to Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will speedily be necessary. New words are being coined every day. "*Fightist*" is the latest out. It is fresh from the Western mint. In Detroit, divorce is termed "*unhitchment.*" What is the vernacular in Chicago for the same process I don't know; but at a recent trial there the jury "*verdicted* not guilty." A new paper was recently announced in this city as "the mouth-piece of the female '*suffrageites.*'" (As if any woman ever needed any other "mouth-piece" than her own!) "*Dickensequc*" is, I suppose, applied to a particular style of reading, or writing. And the little girl who, on approaching a crowd, when walking in the streets with her father, said, "Papa, now look out that you don't get *pick-pocked*," has made a valuable contribution to our language.

Saturday.—Of all bad aches I think the ear-ache is the worst, and a child suffering with it should have unbounded sympathy, and such relief as is possible. When a child I remember enduring untold agonies with it; and once, when comfortingly assured by somebody who knew nothing about it that it "*couldn't* be so bad as the tooth-ache," indignantly replied, "Yes, it is; for you *can* have your tooth pulled out, but you can't *pull out your ear!*" Have just clipped from a newspaper a new remedy for ear-ache. Hope there will be no need of testing it in my family; but it is worth preserving against a time of need:

"Take a small piece of cotton wool, making a depression in the centre with the end of a finger, and fill it with as much ground pepper as will rest on a five-cent piece; gather it into a ball and tie it up; dip the ball into sweet oil and insert it into the ear, covering the latter with cotton wool, and use a bandage or cap to retain it in its place. Almost instant relief will be experienced, and the application is so gentle that an infant will not be injured by it, but experience relief as well as adults."

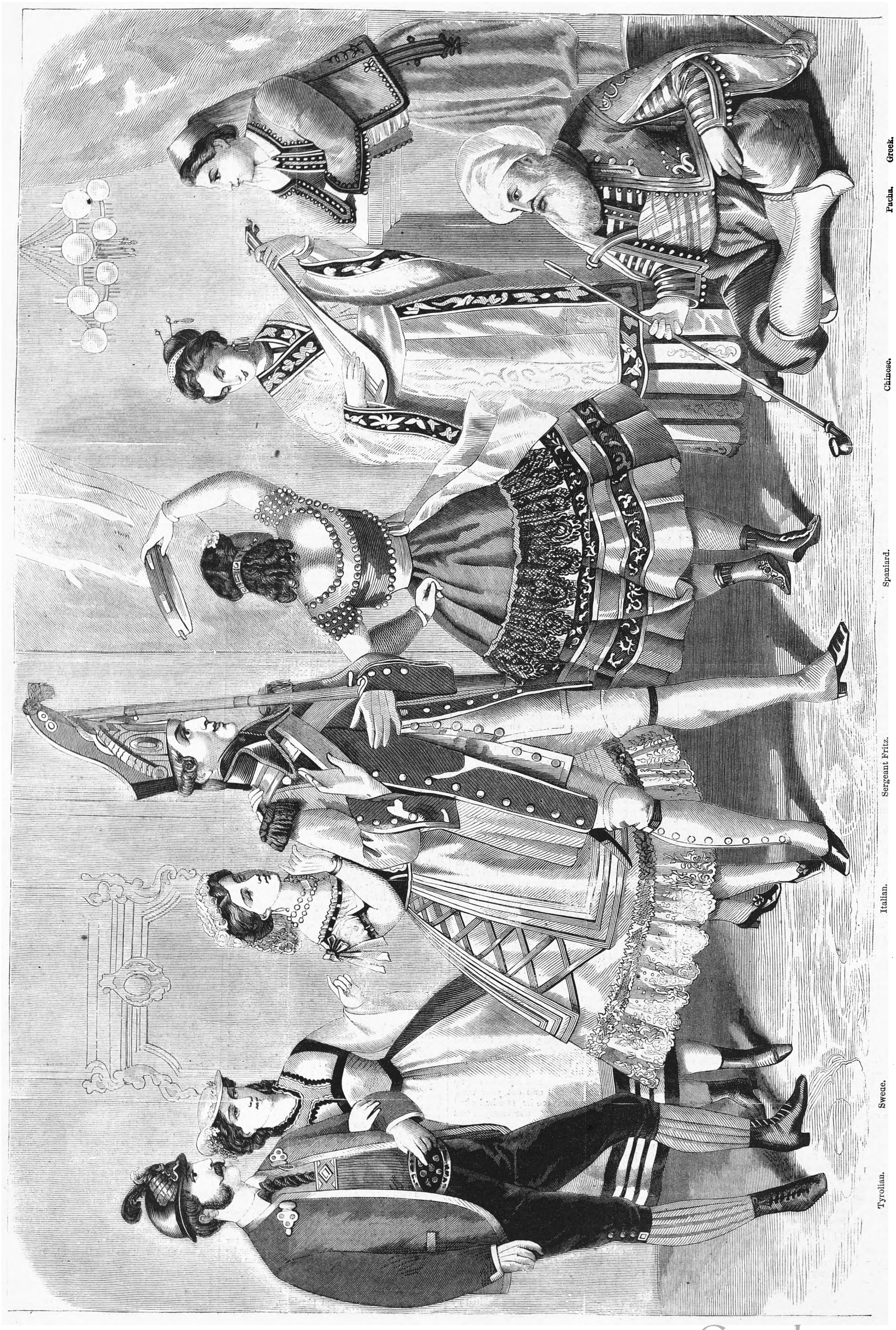
Have seen it stated somewhere that by using molasses for mixing mustard plasters they will keep soft and flexible, and not dry up as when mixed with water. Of course, a thin muslin should come between the plaster and the skin; and the strength of the plaster may be varied by adding flour.

Diphtheria does not appear to be so fearfully prevalent and fatal as it was a few years since. Yet it is well to know that its approach is usually indicated by two marked symptoms: the sensation of a hard substance in the throat, making swallowing difficult, and an unpleasant breath. Gum camphor is said to be often efficacious in warding off the disease if taken in season. On the first appearance of the symptoms the patient should take a small piece of gum camphor, the size of a pea, and let it dissolve slowly in the mouth. Repeat this once an hour, a few times, and the pain and difficulty in swallowing is usually removed.

What a flexible language we have! At an examination of pupils for an Illinois high school, a short time ago, written exercises were called for, by which fifty different methods of spelling the word "kerosine" were developed! About two-thirds of the *spellings* began with the letter C. In other respects the scholars passed a good examination. This reminds us of a statement recently made that the University at Pekin, China, has examined 14,000 students at one time, but that the low state of education among the pupils may be inferred from the fact that not one of them can spell so simple a word as *cat*. What *can* they do then? Or does it only mean that they have not studied the *English* language!

An Ohio paper relates a little love story which, in brief, is something as follows: A young lady went from Toledo to Logansport, Indiana, to visit friends. Became acquainted with a fine appearing man. Acquaintance ripened into friendship—friendship into love—love into proposal—proposal into acceptance. Christmas-day was the time set for marriage. Place—a church in Toledo. Time arrived—bride ready—friends assembled—minister waiting—bridegroom cometh not. More time passed—lover came—said that he had just received word that a very dear friend was lying at the point of death—must go at once—lover's wife and two children also came—stopped at hotel—sent word to the young lady—mutual explanation—would-be bigamist still absent, visiting the "dying friend"—young lady still living, and not so miserable as she might have been.

A new kind of oil has been invented. It possesses a most marvelous faculty of transudation. Placed on the palm of the hand, it almost immediately appears on the back, and traverses the entire thickness of the body, even when covered with linen. The inventor asserts, therefore, the possibility by its aid of making local applications of iodine to diseased lungs.



FANCY COSTUMES.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.—[See Page 250.]

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

LITTLE change has been made in gentlemen's fashions this winter beyond shortening the over-coat. The veston, or short coat, on the contrary, is somewhat lengthened, though it still maintains its place in spite of the cold weather. Vests and pantaloons remain as they were. Our illustration gives examples of the styles most in vogue.

Fig. 1.—STREET DRESS. Hat somewhat low, with brim of average width turned up at the sides. Coat-collar rolling, very low, with notch; sleeve of average size, without trimming. Double-breasted vest, with metal buttons. Scarf-cravat of mauve silk, with turned-down collar. Straw-colored gloves. Demi-tight pantaloons of light Havana cloth, with a stripe at the side.

Fig. 2.—STREET DRESS. Low hat, with medium-sized brim. Sack over-coat, half-long, of light brown cloth, with collar rolling high, and closed in front with four buttons. Slanting breast-pocket on the left side; transverse pocket on the right side at the waist, and two other transverse pockets lower down in the skirt just within reach of the hand, all with lapels. Sleeve somewhat full, finished with cuff, and bound, like the rest of the coat, with wide galloon. Blue scarf-cravat, fastened with gold pin. Turned-down collar. Fawn-colored gloves. Demi-tight pantaloons of light olive cloth, with a black stripe at the side.

Fig. 3.—HOUSE DRESS. Greek cap of black velvet, very low, with a large gold button in the middle of the crown. Dressing-gown of iron-gray cloth, of the sack shape, and rather long, with rolling collar. The belt, front, and bottom are edged with a broad bias fold of cherry-colored silk, with two rows of buttons in a Greek figure made by the trimming at the bottom of the skirt. Blue vest, with standing collar. Pantaloons of the same stuff as the dressing-gown, narrowing at the ankle, and ending in yellow kid slippers.

Fig. 4.—Dress for a little boy nine years old. Round hat with low crown, and flat, narrow brim; short sack over-coat, of maroon cloth, with standing collar and cuffs of Astrakhan cloth, and trimmed round the edge with Astrakhan. The top of the coat is trimmed with an olive Brandenburg, the ends of which form little chains falling over either shoulder. Black tie with standing collar. Demi-tight pantaloons of bright blue cloth. Straw-colored gloves.

Fig. 5.—WINTER DRESS. Low-crowned hat, with average brim, turned up at the sides. Over-coat of olive cloth, with standing collar, buttoned by means of a small lapel. Cape falling half-way to the bottom lined with silk of the same color, and fastened at the top with a single button. The body of the coat is buttoned all the way up the front, and furnished with large pockets. Tight-fitting coat under the over-coat. Striped garnet pantaloons. Pearl-gray gloves.

Fig. 6.—STREET DRESS. Hat of average size, turned up slightly at the side. Full suit of wood-colored cloth, in diagonal stripes. Short single-breasted coat, with straight front, and high rolling collar; vest buttoning to the throat, and demi-tight pantaloons, with a black stripe at the side. Violet cravat and standing collar. Fawn-colored gloves. Sack over-coat of pearl-gray cloth, carried on the arm.

ABOUT DRESSES AND THINGS.

IF I have not said much in my favorite department lately, do not think that it is because I had little or nothing to say. On the contrary, I have had too much; my mouth has been full—I was choked. Behold a clear case of *l'embarrass des richesses*. I have seen more good clothes lately than ever I saw before in my life; than I ever expect to see again. I have been in society; I have attended parties, balls, receptions, masquerades, dinners, petit-soupers, and nearly every thing else which is my neighbor's.

Evening parties are my favorite. I like to see ladies in full dress. Why the dress worn on these occasions is called "full dress" I do not exactly know unless it be because it is too full for utterance. Low the poor Indian—muslin! But if the dress be comfortable who cares, and whose business is it? If it sets in cold, a lady can always put a string of pearls on, or retire behind a diamond cross or a breast-pin.

There is nothing like being provided against sudden changes of the weather when one goes out to spend a sociable evening!

As for the fuss that is made about this style of dress by fathers and brothers and husbands and such who really have no business to interfere, it is supremely ridiculous. When the dear creatures tell them, hour after hour, and day after day, and week after week, that they have nothing to wear—how can they blame them if they wear it? It is their own fault, surely, if their wives and daughters and sisters have no clothes. What were husbands, brothers, and fathers made for? What is the chief end of man? I guess I know; I've not been married for nothing. The Catechism gives a different answer; but I tell you that man was created an intelligent and reasoning animal, cast in the mould of his Maker, and endowed with speech and certain inalienable rights—chief among which is the pursuit of happiness under difficulties—simply that he might pay the bills of his wife and daughter, or any strange female that happens to be within his gates. Eve ate the apple and passed the core over to Adam. Evidently the first woman was a liberal Christian. As a matter of cores, when it was discovered that dress was necessary, it was Adam who had to climb the tree and pull down the leaves. In that particular if man has not been up a tree ever since you may consider my whole writing a pleasing figment. He furnished the material for the first dress on record, and he's got to see the thing through, no matter what it costs. The best he can do is quietly to accept the situation, and understand that if he pays his addresses to a young woman successfully he must expect to pay for her dresses thereafter. Matrimony is not one of those emprises in which it is only the first step that costs. Each and every step is expensive, and one must expect to find the conjugal stares no fancy flight. That's wisdom.

Let me confess that the other evening I got on a train—in fact, I stepped on one. The coupling broke, and the lady slipped on with accelerated speed, like a railway engine without a car to its back. So far was she from the place where the accident occurred that it took me some time to overtake her and offer a suitable apology. With my customary grace, I remarked to her that it was the first time I ever regretted being on the same train with so fair a lady, and hoped that she would pardon my awkwardness with the fare, since so far from being a conductor, I was the most complete non-conductor that ever was. But she did not so much as smile; train-oil was all insufficient to assuage the ruffled waves, and I could not forbear the mental reflection that it was not strange that one who so easily lost her temper should also lose the train.

When a woman stands on one side of the room with nothing on her shoulders, how is a man to know that the bundle of dry-goods lying on the other side of the room belongs to her, and is a part of her dress? Still I have no prejudice against low necks and short sleeves, though I don't wear them myself.

Masquerades are nice. It is pleasant to be devotion to a lady a whole evening through, and discover when the time for unmasking comes that you have been making love to your own wife or your mother. Besides being pleasant for you, it is pleasant for all parties, you see, and greatly adds to the harmony of one's domestic relations.

I attended a charming little masquerade up town the other evening, and went in two characters. Neither of them being my own, I can truthfully and without egotism say that both were good. My first was that of a monk—I aped austerity, and there you have a *key* to the character—do you see? It seemed to me well to go as a friar rather than as a broiler. Besides, in such a character one is held blameless for any sell in which he may indulge. There were many other characters there, but not a single bad one. I remember one—a woman with two faces—a sort of double-ender, so to speak. This attracted attention on account of its novelty; it is so seldom that we see women with two faces.

Then there was Pocahontas, as charming a squaw as ever one saw, but not well posted in chronology. She accounted for the fairness of her complexion by stating that her mother was white. Having a white mother, it seems rather strange that with a woman's love for change Pocahontas had not married a black Smith. She complained that John didn't use her well, notwithstanding that she saved his life. There you have the moral that wives should never stand between their husbands and the club—especially if it be the Union Club.

There was a Chinese lady with a most Chinesy look—at least she had an easy movement of the chin. She had beads around her neck, and was smart; for when I asked her if there she counted her sins or her lovers, she replied, her lovers, adding "You see, holy father, how I get them on a string." To that I replied, "Benedicite, daughter, but to keep them thou shouldst tie a beau-knot." She declined my offer of a little mouse for lunch, saying that she had rats in her hair—it was thence she drew her rations, rash one! I declared myself her father-confessor, and asked her could she love her father, to which she replied yea, but not a grandfather. I then asked might I tarry by her side the evening through; but she made answer, "Nay, you may go, father, and fare worse." Very few women see my fascinations in the same light in which I myself regard them. This is fortunate, perhaps, since were it otherwise all would be as much in love with me as I am with myself. As the thing at present stands, I have no rival.

My second character was that of a Turk—if you knew what we had for dinner that day, you would have another key to my character. The dress was gorgeous; red trowsers, baggy about the knees and elsewhere, covered with gold lace, jacket, vest, sash, jeweled dagger, and turban—nothing was wanting to fit me out for a private ear but turban water-wheels. If you want to see how I looked, just turn to page 248, and see the scene as sketched by our artist specially on the spot. I am sitting at the feet of the Chinese lady, asking her conundrums about Confucius, while she plays "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," and inquires if Ball wrote it. The girl with the tambourine replies that he could not possibly have written such a pretty thing, being a Jerseyman. The fellow leaning on the pillar, being in reality a Jerseyman disguised as a gentleman, resents the insinuation, and there is prospect of a row. Sergeant Fritz, being charged with keeping the piece, comes up with it at shoulder arms. I sit quiet and composed, as a Turk should. Standing up is not the national amusement of that sensible people: sitting down is their strong suit. My attitude, it will be observed, is graceful and appropriate; something thus turkeys sit on eggs. The costume, by-the-way, is excellent for the man of memory. Any number of things may be said with an air of freshness. Asked to dance, you can answer that in your country you hire others to dance for you—the servants do it. You can express a hope that any remarks you may make will not be considered in Sultan. You can say that the present assemblage can boast its coarse men, but you're a corsair. That you must take your bark, and if any one can be trapped into asking what bark, reply Peruvian. You can display one of the sabres which some years since were fashionable as hair ornaments, and after stating that you have two wives who share one toilette, shout *voici le sabre de mon pair*. Taking off your turban and clapping it under a lady's nose (this is a very delicate joke), you can ask her if she does not admire the scent, and on her asking what scent, reply Crescent. In short, there is no atrocity which may not be perpetrated if you only go as a Turk and hang out the legend of

INIGO.

WHAT OUR ARTISTS ARE DOING.

THE public awaits with interest the result of the rival experiments of the weekly receptions of the artists of Tenth Street and the monthly openings of the studios in Dodsworth's Building. "Every Saturday" has a cheerful sound, is easily remembered, and has the advantage of offering four probabilities against one for a pleasant day. But the atmosphere in the Dodsworth rooms is independent of the sun. It is the most social, and cozy, and chatty, and sunny that can be imagined, suggesting such a contrast with the pervading presence of the Tenth Street rooms as between the dignified generation of the last century and the quick magnetic generation of this. It might suggest a reason for this, perhaps, to add that there are ladies among the artists occupying the Fifth Avenue Studios.

The halls and rooms, at least of the higher floor, are cheery and homely, not up to what one imagines as the classical standard in height, and gloom, and general grandeur; and we find the artists not Byronic, but decidedly gay and cheerful, apparently enjoying their holiday with all their hearts, flitting about from room to room, congratulating each other, and bringing friends to admire and to be introduced. We grew quite melancholy at feeling ourselves only a stranger guest in such a happy, cheerful circle, and wished we were artists at once. But all doors were opened with the widest welcome; and seeing an absorbed group in the studio of G. W. and Jas. Smillie we entered. It was overflowing with pictures—views of the Highlands on the Hudson; an elaborate painting of a scene among the Catskills; the White Hills, from some of the finest points of view; in fact, a somewhat bewildering array of views without the artists' courteous explanation.

Mr. James Hart's is a very agreeable room—not of the Bohemian character in the least, but a cool, quiet retreat, or a warm, comfortable one, as you are inclined to prefer. The pictures on the walls, among which a few old friends greeted us, are pleasantly suggestive of many lovely spots. Noticeable among the studies was the painting of a stark, ghostly tree, with snow-white bark, dead or dying, whose giant height and girth the artist had made more striking by the figure sitting at its base. Upon one easel was a large picture showing a group of cattle awaiting the coming of a storm, gazing with alarm at the heavy clouds that are gathering blacker and more thunderous every moment. In others, also, of Mr. Hart's pictures, cattle are so prominent as to divide the attention with the landscape. Without being anatomical critics we enjoyed looking at their glossy sides and warm colors, perhaps a shade too sleek and clean. Against the wall opposite this picture is another, also large, a pleasing subject, with woods and rustic bridge and cattle, and a river, clear and beautiful. Mr. Hart's last studies indicate his summer home to have been among the White Mountains.

Next door to Mr. Hart's is Mr. Ward's room, filled with studies in clay. But a colossal model of Colonel Perry, for the Newport people, tyrannizes over the studio to the blotting out from the memory of all else—with the notable exception of a small clay model of a negro half liberated. One arm is free, but a chain clasps the other wrist. Standing beside this work a photograph recalls to the memory of the visitor the fine marble carving of the Indian Hunter—a reminder quite unnecessary to all who saw and enjoyed the truth and success of that statue.

Sculptors' studios, utterly colorless, with clay-stained floors, and rows and groups of human form, livid and deathly in clay, or cold and white in marble, strike one with a vague feeling of awe and dread; and to find such fresh, and cheerful, and youthful men as Launt Thompson, and Ward, and Rogers, presiding over these rooms seems incongruous. It is therefore unexpectedly cheering to be greeted by shelves of very familiar acquaintances, not mystical, nor gloomy, nor buried fathoms deep in silence, but in attitude, and expression, and face, interested in most everyday pursuits. Indeed, the one strange group to which Mr. Rogers introduced us told a cheerful and familiar tale.

Not far from Mr. Rogers's, the door of Mrs. Greatorex's home-like studio stands open inviting entrance; and the artist herself, with strikingly dignified presence, courteously shows to the visitor her port-folios of pen-and-ink sketches representing, as far as we had time to look at them, scenes abroad—among the Alps, in Southern Italy and Rome, over which one might linger long.

Mr. Brevoort, grand in stature, and patriarchal in beard and in hospitality, shows us many interesting pictures; among them, one of an early autumn day, with the sun sinking toward the horizon, and lying with a soft, golden light along the tops of the trees that form a group of woods in the middle distance, and making the deep red foliage of the tree at the left glow above in fine contrast with the gathering gloom below. Along the summits of the distant range of hills the same soft light falls, leaving the shadows down the clefts and on the lower slopes. It is a lovely hour of the day—such an hour, and such a scene as must charm the most stolid man, plodding along his daily path, to some wondering glances. Among the canvases upon the walls are many sweet, quiet views of river and valley—subjects that are more intimately connected than any other with this artist's name. One study was especially attractive, representing an old farm-house, with the long, steep roof sloping down to the lean-to at the back, a deep shadow falling over the side and down the slopes of the hills from the trees picturesquely grouped at the right and left, and past the hollow which the slopes have made far beyond—a calm, pleasant distance—a scene not tempting the artist to any rearrangement. Still another picture of an autumn view kept us lingering in this studio. The trees are yet in full leaf, with deep, rich foliage, that in the morning or evening sun would glow and burn with intense color, but under the hopeless chill of the slow, heavy clouds covering the sky are dark and solemn. Whatever may be the technical merits of the pictures of Mr. Brevoort, they suggest much that is lovely and full of power over the soul.

Neighbor to Mr. Brevoort is Mr. S. C. Coleman, who is not patriarchal in appearance, as one might unreasonably infer, seeing the new star of the same name already risen above the horizon. Upon an easel well-placed under a good light rested a painting of a sea view, whose effect was to make us forget the subject in a soft, golden light, the whole picture being very pleasant and harmonious in tone. Upon the opposite wall was placed the artist's picture of the Hill of the Alhambra, exhibited by the Academy in 1865. Mr. Coleman's permanent residence in the country is an earnest to his friends that his pictures will never degenerate into studio work, but will contain more truth and more knowledge each year.

Miss Wenzler, in her cheerful room, shows walls hung with careful flower and fruit painting, varied with the landscapes of her brother. Some of these paintings of Miss Wenzler we remember to have seen in exhibitions past, upon the Academy walls, and wonder to see now still in the artist's possession.

Mr. Ferguson has been among many lovely scenes during the last summer.

In leaving the last studios we found ourselves walking mournfully down the stairs and through the halls, almost with a feeling of going from a merry, cheery family circle into a heartless, hurrying crowd of strangers.

In a somewhat brief visit to the studios at 1267 Broadway we failed to find the room of the Misses Granberry, whose flower and fruit painting at the annual exhibitions has often attracted us.

We discovered, however, a group of studios opening into each other in a very sociable way. Entering that of R. Swain Gifford first, we found ourselves surrounded by paintings of the sea-shore—yellow sand, gray rocks, and the waves breaking in foam over them—studies made upon Grand Menan Island.

Mr. Kunze has again been modeling Puck. Leaving his war-horse—the mammoth grasshopper—on foot and alone he meets his adversary. Astonishment and terror are in his face as this horrible and inconceivable enemy rises straight before him, so near that the fearful horns would touch his flesh, but that he involuntarily shrinks back. We are in full sympathy with Puck; but from our view, this magnified worm of the moth Regalis is altogether comical. He is the ass in the lion's skin—a worm putting on the terrible aspect of the dragon, and stiff and erect as he holds himself, we are very sure he lacks that undoubted essential—a back-bone. A child's head and bust just finished looks calmly on the encounter from the same table.

Entering Miss Walter's room from Mr. Kunze's we have entered a new atmosphere, and on every side are looking into tangled mountain forests, at mossy rocks, and tree stems, in deep woods, wonderfully Durand-like in rendering. Mr. Cranch remains still devoted to Venice, and a city more beautiful surely no artist could find. His most important piece, Venice in tri-colors, has already been exhibited.

On the same floor we found the studio of Gilbert Burling, who has several drawings in the new water-color exhibition.

Opposite is the name of T. C. Farrer, in peculiar vermilion letters. Among much to interest in the studio of this artist, one picture seemed to us especially beautiful and successful. There has been a long storm, and the clouds have had their own will. But the sun has his own will also, silently, and his moment has come. He has kindled the thick masses of cloud, and they are burning with intense flame. It is but a momentary victory, but it is glorious. The earth reflects none of this glory, but is revealed to us by it. The low slope of a hill folds down upon the rising slope of the next, and through the hollow where they meet we see distant ranges fast losing their blue. The green is not gone from the woods. In front of them a level line of mist clings to the ground, and a long procession of wheat-stacks, approaching from the base of the hills, passes away at the left of the picture. In the twilight in which we are looking at them they seem a troop of sad ghosts, the last generation of humanity. For another troop is approaching from the right of the picture, quite distinct, almost gay in the falling darkness. One leads, and alone or in pairs the rest follow, some with bowed heads, some erect, some lingering and holding back, some pressing eagerly on.

Among Mr. Farrer's summer s work there are two pictures of Canaan Falls. In the larger the spectator is at the very base of the nearer side of the fall, getting the grandeur of the mass and the feeling of its plunge. A rainbow curves over the face of the cliffs and the spray of the falls, ethereal yet vivid. A small painting of corn-sheaves standing in a sunny field is quite pretty and attractive. The sun is low, and they are half in shadow. Golden pumpkins lie upon the

ground. Hills and woods in the distance dimly show the bright tints of fall through the light haze. Studies of the same fall tint are upon the wall. One small study among them, of the White Mountains, not in fall but in early summer, seemed to us very noble in drawing and lovely in its delicate color.

Mr. Kensett, Mr. Baker, and Mr. Louis Lang have rooms also on Broadway, but quite imposing in the space they display compared to the narrow yet cozy limits in which the artist-souls of many of their brethren are confined. In the gathering twilight we entered their rooms, and it may have been the transforming effect of the hour that made their picture-filled galleries, Mr. Lang's painting and modeling rooms for his pupils, their charming Lilliputian kitchen, so bright and clean, with the benign head of this tiny realm so proud and pleased to show it, quite enchanting.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE OLD GRAY CAT.

"PLEASE take me in your lap, auntie," said little Alice.

"Jump!" said Aunt Mary; and she helped the little girl up into her lap.

"Now tell me about your old gray cat."

"My old gray cat had two bright, yellow eyes, and a long, bushy tail. She was very good to catch mice: but she was very mischievous. She could open the doors. She would jump up and put her paw on the latch of the door and press it down. It was not a round latch like ours, but went up and down, so."

Aunt Mary took one of Alice's little fingers and pressed it up and down to show her how the latch moved.

Alice laughed as her finger went up and down, and she said, "Was *that* the way?"

"Yes, she would press down the latch of the door with her paw, and open came the door. But she could not shut the door."

"Why?" asked Alice.

"Because she had no hands," said Aunt Mary.

"I have got *two* hands—I can shut the doors," said Alice.

"Yes, you can shut the doors nicely; but my old gray cat had no hands, and she could not. One day grandmamma had some nice milk which she wanted to keep for supper. So she put it in a tin pan, and carried it down cellar, and set it on the table. By-and-by my old gray cat came in from the garden. She had been playing in the garden. She was hungry, and she looked around for something to eat; but she could not find any thing. So she said to herself, 'I wonder if there is not something for me to eat down cellar. I will go down and see.' So she went softly to the cellar door, jumped up, and put her paw on the latch, and pressed it down—"

"So," said Alice, pressing down one of her plump fingers.

"Yes," replied Aunt Mary, "so, and open came the door. Then she went down the stairs. In a minute she saw the pan of milk. So she jumped upon the table and put her tongue into the milk, and began to lap it up. My old gray cat had not any hands to hold a spoon, so she had to lap up the milk with her tongue."

"*I* can hold a spoon and eat with it," said Alice, making motions as if eating.

"Yes, but my old gray cat had no hands; so she had to lap up the milk with her tongue. After she had eaten as much as she wanted she went up stairs. But she could not shut the door. Pretty soon Grandmamma came into the dining-room, and she saw the cellar door open. So she said to herself, 'I wonder who has left the cellar door open. I am afraid that the old gray cat has opened the door, and gone down, and eaten up my nice milk.' Then she went down cellar, and found that almost all of her nice milk was gone. And she was sorry.

"After a while the old gray cat came into the house again. And Grandmamma called, 'Pussy, Pussy, come here.' Pussy ran up to Grandmamma. 'Now, Pussy,' said Grandmamma, 'you have done very wrong to go down cellar and eat up all my milk without asking. When you are hungry you must come to me, and say "*Mew*," and I shall give you something to eat. But you must not take any milk without asking.' So the old gray cat said 'Pur-pur,' and went away.

"The next morning, when Grandmamma was getting breakfast in the kitchen, the old gray cat came to her and said '*Mew, mew*,' very loud. So Grandmamma knew that she was hungry; and she went and got her some milk, and put it into a saucer, and set it on the floor, and Pussy lapped it all up."

"With her tongue," said Alice.

"Yes, with her tongue," replied Aunt Mary.

GASTRONOMY.

POTTED BEEF.—Take six pounds lean beef (the brisket will do), cutting off the fat. Cut it in several pieces, place in a jar with a little salt and pepper, one small carrot, one onion, and one small turnip; fill up with water; bake three hours, having covered the mouth of the jar with a paste of flour and water. Turn it into a dish, take out the vegetables. Pound the meat with a pestle in the chopping-bowl till it is very fine. Add half a tea-cup of tomato catchup, a small cup of the juice in which it is baked, a glass of claret wine, a tea-spoonful of ground alspice, pepper and salt to the taste. Press into small cups, melt some sweet butter, and turn over them. This will keep two months. It is a delicious relish for luncheon or supper, and spread on bread makes a nice sandwich.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of butter, one ditto of molasses, one ditto of good, strong coffee, four ditto of flour, one nutmeg, two eggs, one tea-spoonful of cloves, one ditto of cinnamon, one ditto of soda, and one pound of seeded raisins.

CHOCOLATE MOSS.—Beat the whites of eggs with powdered sugar, flavored with rose or vanilla, to a stiff foam; make water chocolate, very thick, and when cold beat it up with the eggs and sugar. Use the white of one egg and one stick of chocolate for each person.

PRESERVED ORANGES.—Take any number of oranges, and rather more than their weight in white sugar. Slightly grate the oranges, and score them round with a knife, but not cut very deep; then put them in cold water for three days, changing the water two or three times a day; afterward tie them up in a cloth, and boil them till they are soft enough for the head of a pin to penetrate; while they are boiling put your sugar on the fire, with rather more than half a pint of water to each pound: let it boil for a minute or two, and then strain it through muslin; then put the oranges into the sirup till it jellies, and is of a nice yellow color. You can try the sirup by putting some to cool—it must not be too stiff. The sirup need not cover the oranges, but they must be turned so that each part gets thoroughly done.

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BYZANTINE HYMNISTS.

MORE than a year had passed since that visit to Thornton Grange which has already been mentioned. Despard had not forgotten or neglected the melancholy case of the Brandon family. He had written in all directions, and had gone on frequent visits.

On his return from one of these he went to the Grange. Mrs. Thornton was sitting in the drawing-room, looking pensively out of the window, when she saw his well-known figure advancing up the avenue. His face was sad, and pervaded by a melancholy expression, which was noticeable now as he walked along.

But when he came into the room that melancholy face suddenly lighted up with the most radiant joy. Mrs. Thornton advanced to meet him, and he took her hand in both of his.

"I ought to say, welcome back again," said she, with forced liveliness, "but you may have been in Holby a week for all I know. When did you come back? Confess now that you have been secluding yourself in your study instead of paying your respects in the proper quarter."

Despard smiled. "I arrived home at eleven this morning. It is now three P.M. by my watch. Shall I say how impatiently I have waited till three o'clock should come?"

"Oh no! don't say any thing of the sort. I can imagine all that you would say. But tell me where you have been on this last visit?"

"Wandering like an evil spirit, seeking rest and finding none."

"Have you been to London again?"

"Where have I not been?"

By this time they had seated themselves. "My last journey," said Despard, "like my former ones, was, of course, about the Brandon affair. You know that I have had long conversations with Mr. Thornton about it, and he insists that nothing whatever can be done. But you know, also, that I could not sit down idly and calmly under this conviction. I have felt most keenly the presence of intolerable wrong. Every day I have felt as if I had shared in the infamy of those who neglected that dying man. That was the reason why I wrote to Australia to see if the Brandon who was drowned was really the one I supposed. I heard, you know, that he was the same man, and there is no doubt about that. Then you know, as I told you, that I went around among different lawyers to see if any thing could be done. Nearly all asserted that no redress was possible. That is what Mr. Thornton said. There was one who said that if I were rich enough I might begin a prosecution, but as I am not rich that did me no good. That man would have been glad, no doubt, to have undertaken such a task."

"What is there in law that so hardens the heart?" said Mrs. Thornton, after a pause. "Why should it kill all sentiment, and destroy so utterly all the more spiritual qualities?"

"I don't think that the law does this necessarily. It depends after all on the man himself. If I were a lawyer, I should still love music above all things."

"But did you ever know a lawyer who loved music?"

"I have not known enough of them to answer that. But in England music is not loved so devotedly as in other countries. Is it inconceivable that an Italian lawyer should love music?"

"I don't know. Law is abhorrent to me. It seems to be a profession that kills the finer sentiments."

"Why so, more than medicine? The fact is, where ordinary men are concerned any scientific profession renders Art distasteful. At least this is so in England. After all, most depends on the man himself, and one who is born with a keen sensibility to the charms of art will carry it through life, whatever his profession may be."

"But suppose the man himself has neither taste, nor sensibility, nor any appreciation of the beautiful, nor any sympathy whatever with those who love such things, what then?"

Mrs. Thornton spoke earnestly as she asked this.

"Well," said Despard, "that question answers itself. As a man is born, so he is; and if nature denies him taste or sensibility it makes no difference what is his profession."

Mrs. Thornton made no reply.

"My last journey," said Despard, "was about the Brandon case. I went to London first to see if something could not be done. I had been there before on the same errand, but without success. I was equally unsuccessful this time.

"I tried to find out about Potts, the man who had purchased the estate, but learned that it was necessary to go to the village of Brandon. I went there, and made inquiries. Without exception the people sympathized with the unfortunate family, and looked with detestation upon the man who had supplanted them.

"I heard that a young lady went there last year who was reputed to be his daughter. Every one said that she was extraordinarily beautiful, and looked like a lady. She stopped at the inn under the care of a gentleman who accompanied her, and went to the Hall. She has never come out of it since.

"The landlord told me that the gentleman was a pale, sad-looking man, with dark hair and beard. He seemed very devoted to the young lady, and parted with her in melancholy silence. His account of this young lady moved me very strangely. He was not at all a sentimental man, but a burly John Bull, which made his story all the more touching. It is strange, I must say, that one like her should go into that place and never be seen again. I do not know what to think of it, nor did any of those with whom I spoke in the village."

"Do you suppose that she really went there and never came back?"

"That is what they say."

"Then they must believe that she is kept there."

"Yes, so they do."

"Why do they not take some steps in the matter?"

"What can they do? She is his daughter. Some of the villagers who have been to the Hall at different times say that they heard her playing and singing."

"That does not sound like imprisonment."

"The caged bird sings."

"Then you think she is a prisoner?"

"I think it odd that she has never come out, not even to go to church."

"It is odd."

"This man Potts excited sufficient interest in my mind to lead me to make many inquiries. I found, throughout the county, that every body utterly despised him. They all thought that poor Ralph Brandon had been almost mad, and by his madness had ruined his family. Every body believed that Potts had somehow deceived him, but no one could tell how. They could not bring any direct proof against him.

"But I found out in Brandon the sad particulars of the final fate of the poor wife and her unfortunate children. They had been sent away or assisted away by this Potts to America, and had all died either on the way out or shortly after they had arrived, according to the villagers. I did not tell them what I knew, but left them to believe what they chose. It seemed to me that they must have received this information from Potts himself, who alone in that poor community would have been able to trace the fortunes of the unhappy emigrants."

There was a long silence.

"I have done all that I could," said Despard, in a disconsolate tone, "and I suppose nothing now remains to be done. When we hear again from Paolo there may be some new information upon which we can act."

"And you can go back to your Byzantine poets."

"Yes, if you will assist me."

"You know I shall only be too happy."

"And I shall be eternally grateful. You see, as I told you before, there is a field of labor here for the lover of music which is like a new world. I will give you the grandest musical compositions that you have ever seen. I will let you have the old hymns of the saints, who lived when Constantinople was the only civilized spot in Europe, and the Christians there were hurling back the Mohammedans. You shall sing the noblest songs that you have ever seen."

"How—in Greek? You must teach me the alphabet then."

"No; I will translate them for you. The Greek hymns are all in rhythmical prose, like the *Te Deum* and the *Gloria*. A literal translation can be sung as well as the originals. You will then enter into the mind and spirit of the ancient Eastern Church before the days of the schism.

"Yes," continued Despard, with an enthusiasm which he did not care to conceal, "we will go together at this sweet task, and we will sing the *καθ' ἑκάστην ἡμέραν*, which holds the same place in the Greek Church that the *Te Deum* does in ours. We will chant together the Golden Canon of St. John Damascene—the Queen of Canons, the grandest song of 'Christ is risen' that mortals ever composed. Your heart and mine will beat together with one feeling at the sublime choral strain. We will sing the 'Hymn of Victory.' We will go together over the songs of St. Cosmas, St. Theophanes, and St. Theodore; St. Gregory, St. Anatobus, and St. Andrew of Crete shall inspire us; and the thoughts that have kindled the hearts of martyrs at the stake shall exalt our souls to heaven. But I have more than this. I have some compositions of my own; poor ones, indeed, yet an effort in the right way. They are a collection of those hymns of the Primitive Church which are contained in the New Testament. I have tried to set them to music. They are: 'Worthy is the Lamb,' 'Unto Him that loved us,' 'Great and marvelous are thy works,' and the 'Trisagion.' Yes, we will go together at this lofty and heavenly work, and I shall be able to gain a new interpretation from your sympathy."

Despard spoke with a vehement enthusiasm that kindled his eyes with unusual lustre and spread a glow over his pale face. He looked like some devotee under a sudden inspiration. Mrs. Thornton caught all his enthusiasm; her eyes brightened, and her face also flushed with excitement.

"Whenever you are ready to lead me into that new world of music," said she, "I am ready to follow."

"Are you willing to begin next Monday?"

"Yes. All my time is my own."

"Then I will come for you."

"Then I will be waiting for you. By-the-way, are you engaged for to-night?"

"No; why?"

"There is going to be a fête champêtre. It is a ridiculous thing for the Holby people to do; but I have to go to play the patroness. Mr. Thornton does not want to go. Would you sacrifice yourself to my necessities, and allow me your escort?"

"Would a thirsty man be willing to accept a cooling draught?" said Despard, eagerly. "You open heaven before me, and ask me if I will enter."

His voice trembled, and he paused.

"You never forget yourself," said Mrs. Thornton, with slight agitation, looking away as she spoke.

"I will be back at any hour you say."

"You will do no such thing. Since you are here you must remain and dine, and then go with me. Do you suppose I would trust you? Why, if I let you go, you might keep me waiting a whole hour."

"Well, if your will is not law to me what is? Speak, and your servant obeys. To stay will only add to my happiness."

"Then let me make you happy by forcing you to stay."

Despard's face showed his feelings, and to judge by its expression his language had not been extravagant.

The afternoon passed quietly. Dinner was served up. Thornton came in, and greeted Despard with his usual abstraction, leaving his wife to do the agreeable. After dinner, as usual, he prepared for a nap, and Despard and Mrs. Thornton started for the fête.

It was to be in some gardens at the other end of Holby, along the shore. The townspeople had recently formed a park there, and this was one of the preliminaries to its formal inauguration. The trees were hung with innumerable lamps of varied colors. There were bands of music, and triumphal arches, and gay festoons, and wreaths of flowers, and every thing that is usual at such a time.

On arriving, Despard assisted Mrs. Thornton from the carriage and offered his arm. She took it, but her hand rested so lightly on it that its touch was scarce perceptible. They walked around through the illuminated paths. Great crowds of people were there. All looked with respectful pleasure at Mrs. Thornton and the Rector.

"You ought to be glad that you have come," said she. "See how these poor people feel it! We are not persons of very great consequence, yet our presence is marked and enjoyed."

"All places are alike to me," answered Despard, "when I am with you. Still, there are circumstances about this which will make it forever memorable to me."

"Look at those lights," exclaimed Mrs. Thornton, suddenly; "what varied colors!"

"Let us walk into that grotto," said Despard, turning toward a cool, dark place which lay before them.

Here, at the end of the grotto, was a tree, at the foot of which was a seat. They sat down and staid for hours. In the distance the lights twinkled and music arose. They said little, but listened to the confused murmur which in the pauses of the music came up from afar.

Then they rose and walked back. Entering the principal path a great crowd streamed on which they had to face.

Despard sighed. "You and I," said he, stooping low and speaking in a sad voice, "are compelled to go against the tide."

"Shall we turn back and go with it?"

"We can not."

"Do you wish to turn aside?"

"We can not. We must walk against the tide, and against the rush of men. If we turn aside there is nothing but darkness."

They walked on in silence till they reached the gate.

"The carriage has not come," said Mrs. Thornton.

"Do you prefer riding?"

"No."

"It is not far. Will you walk?"

"With pleasure."

They walked on slowly. About half-way they met the carriage. Mrs. Thornton ordered it back, saying that she would walk the rest of the way.

They walked on slowly, saying so little that at last Mrs. Thornton began to speak about the music which they had proposed to undertake. Despard's enthusiasm seemed to have left him. His replies were vague and general. On reaching the gate he stood still for a moment under the trees and half turned toward her. "You don't say any thing about the music?" said she.

"That's because I am so stupid. I have lost my head. I am not capable of a single coherent idea."

"You are thinking of something else all the time."

"My brain is in a whirl. Yes, I am thinking of something else."

"Of what?"

"I'm afraid to say."

Mrs. Thornton was silent. They entered the gate and walked up the avenue, slowly and in silence. Despard made one or two efforts to stop, and then continued. At last they reached the door. The lights were streaming brightly from the window. Despard stood, silently.

"Will you not come in?"

"No, thank you," said he, dreamily. "It is rather too late, and I must go. Good-night."

He held out his hand. She offered hers, and he took it. He held it long, and half stooped as though he wished to say something. She felt the throbbing of his heart in his hand as it clasped hers. She said nothing. Nor did Despard seem able to say any thing. At last he let go her hand slowly and reluctantly.

"You will not forget the music?" said he.

"No."

"Good-night."

He took her hand again in both of his. As the light shone through the windows she saw his face—a face full of longing beyond words, and sadness unutterable.

"Good-night," she faltered.

He let go her hand, and turning away, was lost amidst the gloom. She waited till the sound of his footsteps had died away, and then went into the house.

On the following morning Despard was walking along when he met her suddenly at a corner of the street. He stopped with a radiant face, and, shaking hands with her, for a moment was unable to speak.

"This is too much happiness," he said at last. "It is like a ray of light to a poor captive when you burst upon me so suddenly. Where are you going?"

"Oh, I'm only going to do a little shopping."

"I'm sure I wish that I could accompany you to protect you."

"Well, why not?"

"On the whole, I think that shopping is not my forte, and that my presence would not be essential."

He turned, however, and walked with her some distance, as far as the farthest shop in the town. They talked gayly and pleasantly about the fête. "You will not forget the music," said he, on parting. "Will you come next Monday? If you don't, I won't be responsible for the consequences."

"Do you mean to say, Sir, that you expect me to come alone?"

"I did not hope for any thing else."

"Why, of course, you must call for me. If you do not I won't go."

Despard's eyes brightened.

"Oh, then, since you allow me so sweet a privilege, I will go and accompany you."

"If you fail me I will stay at home," said she, laughingly.

He did not fail her, but at the appointed time went up to the Grange. Some strangers were there, and Mrs. Thornton gave him a look of deep disappointment. The strangers were evidently going to spend the day, so Despard, after a short call, withdrew. Before he left, Mrs. Thornton absented herself on some pretext for a few moments, and as he quitted the room she went to the door with him and gave him a note.

He walked straight home, holding the note in his hands till he reached his study; then he locked himself in, opened the note, and read as follows:

"DEAR MR. DESPARD,—How does it happen that things turn out just as they ought not? I was *so* anxious to go with you to the Church to-day about our music. I know my own powers; they are not contemptible; they are not uncultivated; they are simply, and wholly, and irretrievably *commonplace*. That much I deem it my duty to inform you.

"These wretched people, who have spoiled a day's pleasure, dropped upon me as suddenly as though they had come from the skies. They leave on Thursday morning. Come on Thursday afternoon. If you do not I will never forgive you. On that day give up your manuscripts and books for music and the organ, and allot some portion of your time to, Yours,

"T. T."

On Thursday Despard called, and Mrs. Thornton was able to accompany him. The church was an old one, and had one of the best organs in Wales. Despard was to play and she to sing. He had his music ready, and the sheets were carefully and legibly written out from the precious old Greek scores which he loved so dearly and prized so highly.

They began with the canon for Easter-day of St. John Damascene, who, according to Despard, was the best of the Eastern hymnists. Mrs. Thornton's voice was rich and full. As she came to the *ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα*—Resurrection Day—it took up a tone of indescribable exultation, blending with the triumph peal of the organ. Despard added his own voice—a deep, strong, full-toned basso—and their blended strains bore aloft the sublimest of utterances, "Christ is arisen!"

Then followed a more mournful chant, full of sadness and profound melancholy, the *τελευταῖον ἀσπασμον*—the Last Kiss—the hymn of the dead, by the same poet.

Then followed a sublimer strain, the hymn of St. Theodore on the Judgment—*τὴν ἡμέραν τὴν φρικτήν*—where all the horrors of the day of doom are set forth. The chant was commensurate with the dread splendors of the theme. The voices of the two singers blended in perfect concord. The sounds which were thus wrought out bore themselves through the vaulted aisles, returning again to their own ears, imparting to their own hearts something of the awe with which imagination has enshrouded the Day of days, and giving to their voices that saddened cadence which the sad spirit can convey to its material utterance.

Despard then produced some compositions of his own, made after the manner of the Eastern chants, which he insisted were the primitive songs of the early Church. The words were those fragments of hymns which are imbedded in the text of the New Testament. He chose first the song of the angels, which was first sung by "a great voice out of heaven"—*ἰδοὺ, ἡ σκηνὴ τοῦ Θεοῦ*—Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men!

The chant was a marvelous one. It spoke of sorrow past, of grief stayed, of misery at an end forever, of tears dried, and a time when "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying." There was a gentle murmur in the flow of that solemn, soothing strain which was like the sighing of the evening wind among the hoary forest trees; it soothed and comforted; it brought hope, and holy calm, and sweet peace.

As Despard rose from the organ Mrs. Thornton looked at him with moistened eyes.

"I do not know whether your song brings calm or unrest," said she, sadly, "but after singing it I would wish to die."

"It is not the music, it is the words," answered Despard, "which bring before us a time when there shall be no sorrow or sighing."

"May such a time ever be?" murmured she.

"That," he replied, "it is ours to aim after. There is such a world. In that world all wrongs will be righted, friends will be reunited, and those severed here through all this earthly life will be joined for evermore."

Their eyes met. Their spirit lived and glowed in that gaze. It was sad beyond expression, but each one held commune with the other in a mute intercourse, more eloquent than words.

Despard's whole frame trembled. "Will you sing the *Ave Maria?*" he asked, in a low, scarce audible voice. Her head dropped. She gave a convulsive sigh. He continued: "We used to sing it in the old days, the sweet, never-forgotten days now past forever. We sang it here. We stood hand in hand."

His voice faltered.

"Sing," he said, after a time.

"I can not."

Despard sighed. "Perhaps it is better not; for I feel as though, if you were to sing it, my heart would break."

"Do you believe that hearts can break?" she asked gently, but with indescribable pathos.

Despard looked at her mournfully, and said not a word.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CLASPED HANDS.

THEIR singing went on.

They used to meet once a week and sing in the church at the organ. Despard always went up to the Grange and accompanied her to the church. Yet he scarcely ever went at any other time. A stronger connection and a deeper familiarity arose between them, which yet was accompanied by a profound reverence on Despard's part, that never diminished, but as the familiarity increased only grew more tender and more devoted.

There were many things about their music which he had to say to her. It constituted a common bond between them on which they could talk, and to which they could always revert. It formed a medium for the communion of soul—a lofty, spiritual intercourse, where they seemed to blend, even as their voices blended, in a purer realm, free from the trouble of earth.

Amidst it all Despard had so much to tell her about the nature of the Eastern music that he wrote out a long letter, which he gave her as they parted after an unusually lengthy practice. Part of it was on the subject of music, and the rest of a different character.

The next time that they met she gave him a note in response.

"DEAR MR. DESPARD—Why am I not a seraph, endowed with musical powers beyond mortal reach? You tell me many things, and never seem to imagine that they are all beyond me. You never seem to think that I am hopelessly commonplace. You are kind in doing what you do, but where is the good where one is so stupid as I am?

"I suppose you have given up visiting the Grange forever. I don't call your coming to take me to the church *visits*. I suppose I may as well give you up. It is as difficult to get you here as if you were the Grand Lama of Thibet.

"Amidst all my stupidities I have two or three ideas which may be useful in our music, if I can only put them in practice. Bear with me, and deal gently with

"Yours, despondingly, T. T."

To this Despard replied in a note which he gave her at their next meeting, calling her "Dear Seraph," and signing himself "Grand Lama." After this they always called each other by these names. Grand Lama was an odd name, but it became the sweetest of sounds to Despard since it was uttered by her lips—the sweetest, the most musical, and the tenderest. As to himself he knew not what to call this dear companion of his youth, but the name Seraph came into use, and grew to be associated with her, until at last he never called her any thing else.

Yet after this he used to go to the Grange more frequently. He could not stay away. His steps wandered there irresistibly. An uncontrollable impulse forced him there. She was always alone awaiting him, generally with a sweet confusion of face and a tenderness of greeting which made him feel ready to fall on his knees before her. How else could he feel? Was she not always in his thoughts? Were not all his sleeping hours one long dream of her? Were not all his waking thoughts filled with her radiant presence?

"How is it under our control
To love or not to love?"

Did he know what it was that he felt for her? He never thought. Enough that he felt. And that feeling was one long agony of intense longing and yearning after her. Had not all his life been filled by that one bright image?

Youth gave it to him. After-years could not efface it. The impress of her face was upon his heart. Her voice was always in his ears. Every word that she had ever spoken to him was treasured up in his memory and heart with an avarice of love which prevented any one word from even being forgotten.

At church and at home, during service and out of it, in the street or in the study, he saw only one face, and heard only one voice. Amidst the bustle of committee meetings he was conscious of her image—a sweet face smiling on him, a tender voice saying "Lama." Was there ever so musical and so dear a word as "Lama?" For him, never.

The hunger of his longing grew stronger every day. That strong, proud, self-secluded nature of his was most intense in all its feelings, and dwelt with concentrated passion upon this one object of its idolatry. He had never had any other object but this one.

A happy boyhood passed in the society of this sweet playmate, then a young girl of his own age; a happy boyhood here in Holby, where they had always been inseparable, wandering hand in hand along the shore or over the hills; a happy boyhood where she was the one and only companion whom he knew or cared for—this was the sole legacy of his early life. Leaving Holby he had left her, but had never forgotten her. He had carried with him the tender memory of this bright being, and cherished his undying fondness, not knowing what that fondness meant. He had returned to find her married, and severed from him forever, at least in this life. When he found that he had lost her he began to understand how dear she was. All life stood before him aimless, pointless, and meaningless without her. He came back, but the old intercourse could not be renewed; she could not be his, and he could only live, and love, and endure. Perhaps it would have been wiser if he had at once left Holby and sought out some other abode. But the discovery of his love was gradual; it came through suffering and anguish; and when he knew that his love was so intense it was then impossible to leave. To be near her, to breathe the same air, to see her face occasionally, to nurse his old memories, to hoard up new remembrances of her words and looks—these now became the chief occupation of his hours of solitude, and the only happiness left him in his life.

One day he went up with a stronger sense of desolation in his heart than usual, going up to see her in order to get consolation from the sight of her face and the sound of her voice. Their former levity had given place to a seriousness of manner which was very different. A deep, intense joy shone in the eyes of each at meeting, but that quick repartee and light badinage which they had used of old had been dropped.

Music was the one thing of which they could speak without fear. Despard could talk of his Byzantine poets, and the chants of the Eastern Church, without being in danger of reawakening painful memories. The piano stood close by, and always afforded a convenient mode of distracting attention when it became too absorbed in one another.

For Mrs. Thornton did not repel him; she did not resent his longing; she did not seem forgetful of what he so well remembered. How was it with her who had given her hand to another?

"What she felt the while
Dare he think?"

Yet there were times when he thought it possible that she might feel as he did. The thought brought joy, but it also brought fear. For, if the struggle against this feeling needed all the strength of his nature, what must it cost her? If she had such a struggle as he, how could she endure it? Then, as he considered this, he thought to himself that he would rather she would not love him than love him at such a cost. He was willing to sacrifice his own heart. He wished only to adore her, and was content that she should receive, and permit, and accept his adoration, herself unmoved—a passionless divinity.

In their intercourse it was strange how frequently there were long pauses of perfect silence, during which neither spoke a word. Sometimes each sat looking at the floor; sometimes they looked at one another, as though they could read each other's thoughts, and by the mere gaze of their earnest eyes could hold ample spiritual communion.

On one such occasion they stood by the window looking out upon the lawn, but seeing nothing in that abstracted gaze. Despard stood facing her, close to her. Her hand was hanging by her side. He stooped and took that little slender hand in his. As he did so he trembled from head to foot. As he did so a faint flush passed over her face. Her head fell forward. Despard held her hand and she did not withdraw it. Despard drew her slightly toward him. She looked up into his face with large, eloquent eyes, sad beyond all description, yet speaking things which thrilled his soul. He looked down upon her with eyes that told her all that was in his heart. She turned her head away.

Despard clung to her hand as though that hand were his life, his hope, his joy—as though that alone could save him from some abyss of despair into which he was falling. His lips moved. In vain. No audible sound broke that intense stillness in which the beating and throbbing of those two forlorn hearts could be heard. His lips moved, but all sound died away upon them.

At last a stronger effort broke the silence.

"Teresa!"

It was a strange tone, a tone of longing unutterable, a tone like that which a dying man might use in calling before him one most dear. And all the pent-up feeling of years rushed forth in concentrated energy, and was borne to her ears in the sound of that one word. She looked up with the same glance as before.

"Little playmate," said he, in a tone of infinite sweetness, "have you ever forgotten the old days? Do you remember when you and I last stood hand in hand?"

His voice sounded like the utterance of tears, as though, if he could have wept, he would then have wept as no man wept before; but his eyes were dry through his manhood, and all that tears can express were shown forth in his tone.

As he began to speak her head fell again. As he ended she looked up as before. Her lips moved. She whispered but one word:

"Courtenay!"

She burst into a flood of tears and sank into a chair. And Despard stood, not daring even to soothe her, for fear lest in that vehement convulsion of his soul all his self-command should give way utterly.

At length Mrs. Thornton rose. "Lama," said she, at last, in a low, sad voice, "let us go to the piano."

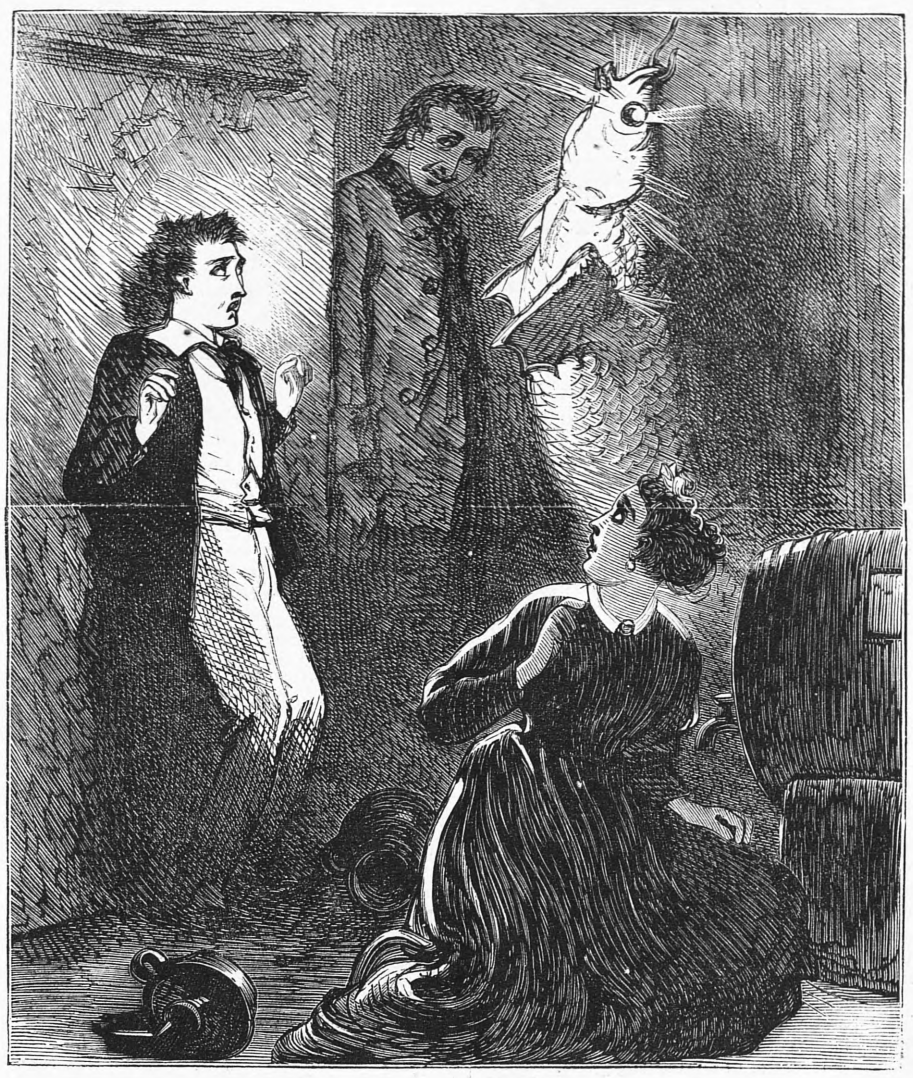
"Will you sing the *Ave Maria?*" he asked, mournfully.

"I dare not," said she, hastily. "No, any thing but that. I will sing Rossini's *Cujus Animam.*"

Then followed those words which tell in lofty strains of a broken heart:

Cujus animam gementem
Contristatam et flebentem
Pertransivit gladius!

"AND THEIR BLENDED STRAINS BORE ALOFT THE SUBLIMEST OF UTTERANCES, 'CHRIST IS ARISEN!'"



BUTTERFLEE'S GHOST.

BUTTERFLEE'S GHOST.

IT is a great many years ago, but I have still a most vivid recollection of the terrible fright that "Butterflee's Ghost" gave me. We were living at the period of the awful event in a very old, rambling house on the coast of Cornwall. The place had been so altered and added to by successive tenants that it bore a curious resemblance to one of those strange organizations of the insect world which increase by buds and offshoots, have promiscuously two heads to one stomach, or two stomachs to one head, and whose heads and tails are interchangeable, and "do duty" in either capacity, just as may be found convenient, pleasant, or profitable.

The whole building was a mass of passages and rooms with little or no apparent arrangement—steps up here, steps down there, passages leading to rooms, and passages leading to nowhere in particular; pantries and parlors, bedrooms and larders, kitchens and cellars, all jumbled up together. But it was in passages, cellars, and concealments of all sorts that the house was most remarkable. There was, however, a method in all the seeming confusion, for it had been the head-quarters of a notorious smuggler and wrecker, and was admirably suited for the concealment of his contraband wares, and the plunder acquired by wrecking, and various other not less villainous practices.

At that time, and in that part of the country, every one had a nickname by which, and frequently by which only, he or she was recognized. There was always some reason for the *sobriquet*, generally a ridiculous, often a disreputable one: why, I never understood, but far and wide this old rascal was called "Butterfly," or, according to the Cornish pronunciation, "Butterflee;" his real name was Leity, but few knew him, and no one ever spoke of him, by that name. It was the universal belief that "old Butterflee" had sold himself to the evil one for a thousand pounds and a miraculously inexhaustible keg of brandy.

Butterflee had been dead for a score or two of years; and the thousand pounds, and many more, the produce of smuggling and plunder, had long ago been dissipated in riot and debauchery by his heir; but the "devil's brandy-keg" had never been seen since his death, and was still concealed, so it was gravely asserted, in some mysterious recess or corner of the old house, and over which the ghost of Butterflee had been condemned to keep watch and ward.

If any one had pluck enough to face the ghost, and luck enough to find the miraculous keg, he would become lawfully possessed of the wonderful vessel, which would yield to him, as it had done to Butterflee, a continual supply of the strongest and most exquisitely-flavored brandy.

Whatever may be the case now, at that time teetotal doctrines were utterly unknown in "those parts," and total abstainers were indeed few; I doubt whether a single live specimen could have been found in a long day's march. Brandy was therefore in universal favor, and many an adventurous and thirsty soul had rummaged the old house from top to bottom in search of the magic brandy; none had found it, but some who had fortified their courage, before proceeding on the adventure, by a goodly supply of spirits obtained from a more legitimate source, had, much to their discomfiture and fright, encountered the veritable ghost of Butterflee himself, wrapped in a fiery sheet, and glaring on them, not with "lack-lustre eyes," but with orbs which resembled two saucers of burning brandy.

To express a disbelief in the ghost of Butterflee was, in the eyes of every man, woman, and child in the village, to be worse than a heathen.

I had heard the story of Butterflee's Ghost over and over again, and though I pretended to laugh at what I was pleased to call the "uneducated ignorance of the rustic mind," I was in heart much more than half a believer.

On the eventful night of my ghostly encounter it was blowing a terrific gale; indeed, the weather had been so bad that it had kept us all indoors the whole day. Tea was just over, and the family-party had settled down to their various occupations—my father to his pipe, my mother and sister to their sewing, and I to my book, which was Mrs. Crowe's "Night-side of Nature"—an edifying production certainly, but just then the "new book." The conversation had taken a ghostly turn—my father relating many stories of the superstitions of the neighborhood, and others which he had picked up in his travels.

The southwester roared in the chimneys, and whistled through the crevices of the shutters, shaking every window in the old house, and making the very tiles rattle again on the lofty roof.

"By George, how it blows!" said my father, breaking off in the middle of his lecture on the supernatural. "Go to the kitchen, Jack, and tell Benjamin to take some of the lads down with him to the cove and haul the boat further up the beach; if she remains where we left her she will be knocked into toothpicks at high-water!"

I rose from my seat to do as I was bidden, and was taking a candle from the table, when my father, who was about to light his pipe at it, said, "Never mind the candle, Jack; surely a fellow who wants to be a sailor can find his way in the dark." Though much disconcerted by this remark, I made no reply, but put down the light and was going out of the room, when my sister said, somewhat maliciously, "Take care of Butterflee's ghost, Jack!"

Now I may as well candidly confess that I did not feel at all comfortable. The passage leading to the kitchen happened to be Butterflee's favorite cruising-ground. It was a long, rambling place, here bulging out almost into the size of a room, and there contracting to such narrow dimensions as hardly to leave room for two people to pass. Various cross-passages branched from it, leading to cellars and disused lumber-holes of all sorts and sizes. To keep out damp and cold the passage was cut off from the parlor and divided into compartments, by more than one door.

"No man is wise at all times," says the proverb, and no man is brave at all times, say I. To tell the truth, I felt unusually nervous, and experienced a very unpleasant sensation in the indefinite apprehension that I might "see something"—I knew not what.

I had a mind to turn back, but I dreaded my father's jokes and my sister's laughter. I well knew my mother, dear soul! would "stick up" for me, but that would not influence the other two, so I screwed up my courage and went on, carefully feeling my way by the wall. On reaching one of the doors, just mentioned, I cautiously threw it open. Heaven and earth, there stood Butterflee! Yes, there was no mistake about it this time; there he was, the veritable, dreaded Butterflee, in all the awful horrors of ghostly majesty! His whole body glowed like a red-hot mass of iron; he appeared to float in the air; his head, brighter and more vivid than the rest of his body, touched the ceiling; his feet were some way, but not far, from the floor; his eyes, oh dear! oh dear! their burning, fiery expression was altogether too much for me. I stood motionless, transfixed with terror and amazement, my soul well-nigh "harrowed up," and "each particular hair," no doubt, standing on end!

I had no sooner beheld the terrible apparition than my ears were saluted with a dull, screaming groan, which sounded through the passage. There was a rush, as of a stormy wind, and the ghost of Butterflee swung himself toward me, as if to clasp me in his hideous embrace. I cried with a loud voice, and fled in frantic haste in the direction of the parlor, into which I rushed, exclaiming, as I fell into my mother's arms, "Butterflee's ghost! Butterflee's ghost!"

My mother looked as frightened as I was, so did my sister, who straightway showed signs of "going off" into a real faint; but my father, as he snatched up a candle, and went hastily out of the room into the passage, merely said, "What an ass that boy is!"

No doubt, good reader, you quite agree with my father; but, allow me to ask, did you ever see a ghost? Or (what is just the same thing, so far as the fright goes), did you ever *think* you saw a ghost? Did you ever stand face to face with one, close on board of you, hear his awful groan, and see him advance, as you verily thought, to seize you in his arms? If you never did, then you know nothing at all about it, and are not entitled to "write me down an ass," or even to give an opinion on so important a point.

My father and the light soon cleared up this terrible mystery.

The dreadful ghost was nothing more than a gigantic cod-fish, suspended from the roof in that part of the passage which was used as a larder. It had been caught a few days previously, and was rather stale and very phosphorescent, and, consequently, brightly luminous in the dark!

The other phenomena were the joint production of Thomasina (called Tammy for shortness) the house-maid, our man Joseph, and my own imagination. Tammy and Joe were a loving couple, and if you went to look for one you were pretty sure to find the other not far off. Their story was that they had been to the cellar to draw some cider for supper—they had taken a candle with them, but somehow or other it had gone out—blown out by the wind, as they said, and every one, of course, believed them. The groan was the complaint of the rusty hinges of the cellar-door—the rushing sound was—well, I don't think that was ever satisfactorily explained; but the "dash" of Butterflee into my arms was occasioned by Miss Tammy, who very cleverly contrived to fall over Joseph, and, clutching at the great fish to save herself, sent it swinging through the darkness in the direction of myself.

I have been east and west many a long mile since then, and in many a far-distant country, and have seen many a sight, not only of "wonder," but of horror, too; I have faced perils by land, and perils by water, but I can safely say that none ever gave me "such an awful turn" as the terrible apparition of Butterflee's Ghost!

THE TOAD.

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE well was deep, and so the rope was long, and the wheel went heavily round, before one could hoist the bucket over the side of the well. The sun could not reach so far as to shine upon the water, however clear the day might be; but as far as it *could* shine there were green weeds growing between the stones.

A family of the toad race dwelt here. They were emigrants; indeed, they had all come plump down in the person of the old toad-mother, who was still alive. The green frogs who swam in the water had been at home here ever so much longer, but they acknowledged their cousins, and called them "the well-guests." The latter, however, had no thoughts of ever flitting: they made themselves very comfortable here on the *dry land*, as they called the wet stones.

Dame Frog had once traveled riding in the bucket as it went up; but the light was too much for her, and gave her spasm in the eyes; luckily she got out of the bucket. She fell with a frightful splash in the water, and lay up for three days with the back-ache. She had not much to tell about the upper world, but one thing she did know, and so did all the others now—that the well was not the whole world. Dame Toad might have told them a thing or two more, but she never answered any questions, and so they left off asking any.

"Nasty, ugly, squat, and fat she is!" said the young green frogs; "and her brats are getting just like her."

"May be so!" said Dame Toad; "but one of them has a jewel in its head, or else I have it myself."

The green frogs listened and stared, and as they did not like to hear that they made faces and went to the bottom. But the young toads stretched their hind-legs out of sheer pride. Each of them thought it had the jewel, and so they all kept their heads quite still: but at last they began to ask what sort of thing they had to be proud of, and what a jewel *was* exactly?

"It is something so splendid and so precious," said Dame Toad, "that I can not describe it; it is something that one wears to please one's self, and that others fret to death after. But don't ask questions; I sha'n't answer them."

"Well, I have not got the jewel," said the smallest toad, which was as ugly as ugly could be. "How should I have any thing so splendid? and, if it vexed others, why, it could not please me. No; all I want is to get up to the well-side, and have one peep out: that would be glorious!"

"Better stay where you are," said the old one. "Here you are at home, and you know what it's like. Keep clear of the bucket, or it may squash you. And even if you get safe into it you may fall out again, and it is not every one that can fall so luckily as I did, and keep legs and eggs all safe and sound."

"Quack!" said the little one; and that means the same as when we men say "Alack!"

It did so long to get up the well-side and look out; it felt quite a yearning after the green things up yonder. And so next morning as the bucket was going up, when it happened to stop for an instant before the stone where the toad sat, the little creature quivered through and through, and edged into the bucket. It sank to the bottom of the water, which was presently drawn up and poured out.

"Phuh, botheration!" said the man when he saw it; "it is the ugliest I have ever seen." He kicked with his wooden shoe at the toad, which was near being crippled, but managed to escape into the middle of some tall stinging-nettles. It saw stalks side by side around it, and it looked upward too. The sun shone on the leaves; they were quite transparent. For the toad it was the same as it is for us men, when we come all at

THE TOAD.

once into a great forest, where the sun is shining between leaves and branches.

"It is much prettier here than down in the well! One might well stop here for one's whole lifetime," said the little toad. It lay there one hour; it lay there two. "Now, I wonder what there is outside; as I have gone so far I may as well go further." And it crawled as fast as it could crawl till it came out into the full sunshine, and got powdered with dust as it marched across a high-road.

"This is something like being on dry land," said the toad; "I am getting almost too much of a good thing; it tickles right into me."

Now it came to a ditch; the forget-me-not grew here, and the meadow-sweet; beyond it was a hedge of white-thorn and elder-bushes, and the convolvulus crept and hung about it. Here were fine colors to be seen! And yonder flew a butterfly. The toad thought that it was a flower, which had broken loose, in order to look about it in the world; it really seemed so very natural.

"If one could only get along like that!" said the toad. "Quack—alack, oh, how glorious!"

For eight days and nights it lingered by the ditch, and felt no want of food. The ninth day it thought, "Further—forward!" But was there any thing more beautiful to be found then? perhaps a little toad, or some green frogs: there had been a sound in the wind last night, as if there were "cousins" in the neighborhood.

"It is a fine thing to live! to come out of the well; to lie in stinging nettles; to creep along a dusty road, and to rest in a wet ditch! But forward still! let us find out frogs or a little toad; one can not do without them, after all; nature, by itself, is not enough for one!" And so it set out again on its wanderings.

It came to a field and a large pond, with rushes round it: it took a look inside.

"It is too wet for you here, isn't it?" said the frogs, "but you are quite welcome. Are you a he or a she?—not that it matters, you are welcome all the same."

And so it was invited to a concert in the evening—a family concert; great excitement and thin voices! we all know that sort of thing. There were no refreshments, except drink; but that was free to all—the whole pond, if they pleased.

"Now I shall travel further," said the little toad. It was always craving after something better.

It saw the stars twinkle, so large and so clear; it saw the new moon shine; it saw the sun rise, higher and higher.

"I think I am still in the well, in a larger well; I must get higher up! I feel a restlessness, a longing," and when the moon had grown full and round, the poor creature thought, "Can *that* be the bucket which is being let down, and which I must pop into if I wish to get higher up? Or is the sun the great bucket? How great it is, and how beaming! It could hold all of us together. I must watch for my opportunity. What a brightness in my head! I do not believe that the jewel can shine better. The jewel! I have it not, and shall not cry after it. No; higher still in glitter and gladness! I feel an assurance, and yet a fear; it is a hard step to take, but it must be taken! Forward! right on along the high-road!"

And it stepped out, as well as such a crawling creature can, till it came to the great thoroughfare, where the men lived. Here there were flower-gardens and cabbage-gardens. It turned aside to rest in a cabbage-garden.

"What a number of different beings there are, which I know nothing about! and how great and blessed is the world! But one must keep looking about one, instead of sitting always in the same corner." And so it sidled into the cabbage-garden. "How green it is here! how pretty it is here!"

"That I know well enough!" said the caterpillar, on the leaf. "My leaf is the largest here; it covers half the world—but as for the world I can do without it."

"Cluck! cluck!" said somebody, and fowls came tripping into the cabbage-garden. The foremost hen was long-sighted; she spied out the worm on the curly leaf, and pecked at it, so that it fell to the ground, where it lay, twisting and turning. The hen looked first with one eye and then with the other, for she could not make out what was to be the end of all this wriggling.

"It does not do this of its own accord," thought the hen, and lifted her head for a finishing stroke. The toad grew so frightened that it crawled right up against the hen.

"So it has friends to fight for it!" said she; "just look at the crawler!" and the hen turned tail. "I sha'n't trouble myself about the little green mouthful; it only gives me a tickling in the throat." The other fowls were of the same opinion, and away they went.

"I have wriggled away from her," said the caterpillar; "it is good to have presence of mind, but the hardest task remains, to get up on to my cabbage-leaf. Where is it?"

And the little toad came forward and expressed its sympathies. It was glad of its own ugliness that had frightened away the hen.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the caterpillar. "I got rid of her myself, I tell you! You are very unpleasant to look at! Mayn't I be allowed to get back into my own? Now I smell cabbage! Now I am near my leaf! There is nothing so beautiful as what is one's own. I must go higher up still."

"Yes, higher up!" said the little toad, "higher up! it feels just as I feel; but it is not in good-humor to-day; that comes of the fright. We all wish to get higher up." And it looked up as high as it could.

The stork sat in his nest on the farmer's roof; he clattered, and the stork mother clattered.

"How high they live!" thought the toad. "Pity that one can't get up there!"

There were two young students lodging in the farm-house: one of them was a poet, the other a naturalist. The one sang and wrote in gladness of all that God had created, even as its image was reflected in his heart; he sang it out short and clear, and rich in resounding verses. The other took hold of the thing itself; ay, and split it up, if necessary. He treated our Lord's creation like some vast piece of arithmetic; subtracted, multiplied, wished to know it outside and inside, and to talk of it with reason; nothing but reason; and he talked of it in gladness too, and cleverly. They were good, glad-hearted men, both of them.

"Yonder sits a fine specimen of a toad," said the naturalist; "I must have it in spirit."

"You have two already," said the poet; "let it sit in peace and enjoy itself."

"But it is so beautifully ugly!" said the other.

"Yes, if we could find the jewel in its head!" said the poet, "then I myself might lend a hand in splitting it up."

"The jewel!" said the other. "Much you know about natural history!"

"But is there not something very fine, at least, in popular belief, that the toad, the ugliest of creatures, often hides in its head the most precious of all jewels? Is it not much the same with men? Was there not such a jewel hidden in Æsop, and Socrates too?"

The toad heard nothing more; and even so far, it did not understand half of it. The two friends went on; and it escaped being put into spirit.

"*They* were talking about the jewel, too," said the toad. "I am just as well without it; otherwise I should have got into trouble."

There was a clattering upon the farmer's roof. Father Stork was delivering a lecture to his family, while they all looked down askant at the two young men in the cabbage-garden.

"Man is the most conceited of creatures!" said the stork. "Hark, how they are going on—clatter, clatter—and yet they can not rattle off a regular tattoo! They puff themselves up with notions of their eloquence—their language! A rare language, indeed; it shifts from one jabber to another, at every day's journey. Our language we can talk the whole world over, whether in Denmark or in Egypt. As for flying, they can't manage it at all. They push along by means of a contrivance which they call a 'railway,' but there they often get their necks broken. It gives me the shivers in my bill when I think of it. The world can exist without men. What good are they to us? All that we want are frogs and earth-worms?"

"That was a grand speech, now!" thought the little toad. "What a great man he is! and how high he sits, higher than I have ever seen any one before! and how well he can swim!" it exclaimed, as the stork took flight through the air with outstretched wings.

And Mother Stork talked in the nest. She told of the land of Egypt, of the water of the Nile, and of the first-rate mud that was to be found in foreign parts; it sounded quite fresh and charming in the ears of the little toad.

"I must go to Egypt," it said. "Oh, if the stork would only give me a lift! or one of the young ones might take me. I would do the youngster some service, in my turn, on his wedding-day. I am sure I shall get to Egypt, for I am so lucky; and all the longing and the yearning which I feel! surely this is better than having a jewel in one's head!"

And it had it—the true jewel; the eternal longing and yearning to go upward, ever upward! This was the jewel, and it shone within it, shone with gladness, and beamed with desire.

At that very moment came the stork. He had seen the toad in the grass, and he swooped down and took hold of the little creature, not over tenderly. The bill pinched; the wind whistled; it was not quite comfortable. But still it was going upward, and away to Egypt, it knew; and that was why its eyes glittered, till it seemed as if a spark flew out of them.

"Quack!—ack!"

The body was dead, the toad was killed. But the spark out of its eyes, what became of *that?*

The sunbeam took it; the sunbeam bore away the jewel from the head of the toad. Whither?

You must not ask the naturalist; rather ask the poet. He will tell it you as a fairy-tale; and the caterpillar will take a share in it, and the stork family will take a share in it. Think! the caterpillar will be changed, and become a beautiful butterfly! The stork family will fly over mountains and seas far away to Africa, and yet find the shortest way home again to the Danish land, to the same spot, the same roof! Yes, it is all nearly too much like a fairy-tale—and yet it is true. You may fairly ask the naturalist about the truth of it; he will admit *that:* and, indeed, you know it yourself, for you have seen it.

But the jewel in the toad's head? Look for it in the sun; look *at* it if you can.

The splendor is too strong. We have not yet eyes that can look into all the glories which God hath revealed; but some day we shall have them, and that will be the most beautiful fairy-tale of all, for we ourselves shall take a share in it.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, *January* 4, 1868.

ONE of the picturesque sights of the Hudson River is afforded by the long inclined planes and lofty spiral slides constructed for ice upon the Rockland bank, along which huge cakes from the lake ice-houses, hundreds of feet above, come sailing and circling down to reach the barges in the river below. Any one who has watched those ponderous blocks descend would be amused to see the ice gathered in the ponds about Paris. It is worth seizing here when it is between one and two inches thick; and the labor of fishing it out would be fine sport for a troop of school-boys.

The beautiful lakes in the Bois de Boulogne, which on summer evenings, with their illuminated islands, cafés, pleasure-boats, and open-air balls, seem like the shores of fairy-land, have on these cool, clear mornings the more commonplace appearance of pretty ponds, broken by islets, encircled by level woodland, and skirted by a fine broad road with branching paths. Here and there the quiet, gray scene is enlivened by moving figures—a father taking his boys out to see what is the prospect for skating, or a nurse with an infant in her arms, buried up in warm robes; or a governess accompanying three or four children, who have come out after the morning lessons for a walk, and who amuse themselves with great glee by throwing bits of bread out upon the glassy ice, and watching the hungry ducks and swans waddle, tumble, and slide after them, in ludicrous attempts to run upon the slippery surface; and, occasionally, some fine equipage rolls by over the frozen drive.

Workmen, sent by the city authorities to gather the ice, appear at various points on the shore of the lake, in groups of about thirty men, each wearing the flat cap and blue cotton blouse of the Paris *ouvrier*, and directed by cloaked and muffled officers wearing the municipal uniform. A low, level spot is selected for each gang, and platforms made of boards are thrust under the edge of the ice, and laid sloping gently up to the crest of the bank. The ground behind these is spread with hurdles of wicker-work, which serve to drain the ice and keep it from the ground. Two men sent out in a boat, and aided by a long rope from the shore, break the ice across the pond and around the edges within the region assigned to this group; and the men upon the platforms, wielding long boat-hooks, work away at the edge of the vast sheet thus gradually pushed toward them. They break off fragments and pull them up the sloping platforms and slide them back upon the hurdles, whence they are loaded in wagons and carried to the ice-houses of the city of Paris.

A group of spectators gradually gathers on either hand watching this scene, to which the slippery nature of the subject dealt with seems to give all the interest of an exciting game.

In the garden of the Palais Royal the ice on the fountain pool is collected for the benefit of one of the restaurants. A waiter, bareheaded and in white apron, takes two wooden chairs, breaks a hole in the ice, cracking it quite across the pool, puts his chairs into the water, and steps upon them, the seats being just above its surface. With one foot and one hand on each chair he wades out like a boy on stilts, and crowds the ice toward the opposite kerb, while two other waiters, with a market basket lashed to a pole, ladle out the fragments in a sort of slush, which they carry to the caves of the "Trois Frères Provencaux."

If the cold weather continues it is expected that the lakes in the Bois de Boulogne will be thrown open to the public for skating. Already the Skating Club, who have exclusive use of one of the smaller ponds there, are enjoying a brilliant season. They gave an evening fête the other night, at which the élite of Paris assisted to the number of nearly two thousand persons, including representatives of the English, American, Austrian, Swedish, and Norwegian fashionable world. A city editor, who is certainly sufficiently imbued with a sense of the general superiority of Parisian things over the rest of the world, pays the following compliment to the American ladies:

"Paris boasts a number of renowned skaters; but it must be confessed that in this sport she is outdone by the English, and above all by the Americans. As for the American ladies they excel all their rivals on the ice."

The United States is scantily and often badly represented in the French Press, but one sees indications in many business channels that the old world is copying some of the notions of the new. The American horse-railroad is conspicuous among the public conveyances of the city. Hair-cutting in American style, American paper collars, American leather trunks, sewing-machines on the American model, American shirtings, one sees placarded in many windows; and half the fancy-goods shops of Paris have been commending the style of narrow silk neck-ties, in black and various colors, that are every where exposed for sale as "*Cravates Americains.*"

A gentleman from New York, having completed the tour of Europe, went the other day into a famous tailor's to stock his trunk with garments of Parisian style before he should return home. Judge of his surprise when the salesman produced, as his most *recherché* novelties, what he declared were the latest New York styles, just received! Possibly this was an adroit compliment to supposed national predilections. But here is another instance which can not bear such a construction:

The other day I was requested to purchase for a little American child, who is staying in Paris, some primary English reader. After considerable search I found a stock of such books in the Rue de la Paix. Many of the best stores in Paris are concealed, as it were, in court-yards. Passing along the street you see a little square tablet, bearing the name of the establishment you seek for, hanging upon the side of a great archway; and looking in through the passage, which is broad enough for a carriage to enter, you see a little paved area within, and upon the further side of it a house-front of yellow stone, which, though adorned perhaps with ivy, and possibly a statue or little fountain, bears some indication of being a place of business. In such a little retreat as this, just removed from the great fashionable thoroughfare of the Rue de la Paix, is the repository of the English Religious Tract Society, where many other English publications also are sold.

While I was looking over their counter of "juveniles" the salesman brought me a pretty volume full of pictures, and bearing a London imprint, which he recommended as the best thing out. A glance at the reading-lessons confirmed his praise, and I carried it to the little girl; but on opening it she exclaimed to her mother with delight, "Why, mamma, this is just like the book I have at home, which came from Harper's!" I had not before recognized the author's name, spelled as it was, *Mark Wilson.* It was pleasant to find an American book, reprinted in England, even thus disguised, and imported into France to be commended as the best of its kind for the education of English children in Paris.

But far deeper than any such gratification is the satisfaction that a citizen of the Republic feels, as he is constantly reminded of his liberties and the free spirit of his home, by the contrasts afforded here. I feel like a witty fellow-countryman, whose words were quoted to us a short time ago in Edinburgh, but whose name is unknown to me. The sweet-faced and sweet-voiced old matron who seats strangers in the galleries of the old kirk of St. Giles pointed out to us the chairs of state in either gallery, which are occupied by the judges and the lord provost and council, in official wigs and robes, and then, at the end of the church, opposite the pulpit, the canopied inclosure with armorial decorations, which constitutes the royal pew, and which has been occupied once by Queen Victoria, and annually by the regal commissioner, who comes in her name to inspect the quality of the service for which Government is responsible. She said, in that symmetrically undulating tone which is characteristic of the Scotch, whose sentences have not varying inflections, but proceed like a series of festoons, "There was an American here the other day, and he said that he was a member of the royal family in his own country, and he had a crown, and it was his hat."

I should like to know that man.

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RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE

THE RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

VII.

ANNO 1854–1866.—I fear I shall be accused of exaggeration in this sketch; but I protest that I am not guilty. This crinoline actually existed; the lady still exists; and I am only sorry that I am not allowed to clear myself by naming her. This much, however, I may say. Twelve years ago, when I thought of marrying, and crinoline began to be in the ascendant, my prudent father said: "My son, wait a while, until this extravagant fashion dies out, or you will find marriage too costly." And my sagacious mother observed: "It is horrible! Dresses twelve and fifteen yards wide!" I did not wait, however, because I should have become an old bachelor meanwhile. But as the evidence of relatives is not worth much in the courts, let me adduce statistics to prove, ladies, that you have for twelve years wasted much material, and that this waste has been the cause of broken engagements, bankruptcies, and suicides. In these twelve years you have used more than 900,000 cwt. of steel wire, or enough to have encircled the earth 56,000 times. Narrow coach-doors, box-doors, pew-doors could tell awful stories of the extremity to which you have driven their openers. You have required three chairs to make one of you comfortable; while your escort—father, or husband, or cousin—has perched near you on a fourth, a heap of misfortune, peering up over your skirts, like the pennon of a sunken ship rising just over the waves. I pass over your wrongs against the poor, whose nakedness might have been covered with an eighth part of your superfluity—against the crossing-sweepers, with whom you entered into competition—against little children and dogs, whom you often fairly buried. But, thank Heaven! the day of these awful excesses is over; we enter upon more innocent times; and you will soon see that a nearer approach to the natural shape of the human form is far more beautiful than the vast surroundings of a Pompadour.

FACETIÆ.

CONTRARY TO EXPECTATION.—It is rather disappointing at a party, when you have been told that a girl is pretty certain to come, to find when she arrives that she is certainly plain.

Why has a clock a bashful appearance?—Because it keeps its hands before its face.

Mr. X—— lost his wife, who was well known as a shrew. A few days after her burial, chancing to meet an author of his acquaintance, he asked him, pretending to wipe away a tear, if he would not write an epitaph for her monument. "I would like to have something short but good," said he. "Very well," answered his friend, "why not put 'At last!'"

What is the difference between perseverance and obstinacy?—One is a strong will, and the other is a strong won't.

THE LIKELIEST FISH TO LAUGH—The trout, it is so easily tickled.

What is that which people wish to have and then wish to get rid of?—A good appetite.

What is that which no one wishes to have, yet when he has it would be very sorry to lose it?—A bald head.

EAR-RINGS.—If you want your ears pierced, pinch the baby.

To learn the value of money, try to borrow it.

A FALL NONE OF US OBJECT TO—A wind-fall.

HOW TO FIND HAPPINESS—Look in a dictionary.

"Drunk and disorderlies" saw the city wood in Minneapolis.

Could not sober and orderly people see it also?

A teacher asked a bright little girl, "What country is opposite us on the globe?" "Don't know, Sir," was the answer. "Well, now," pursued the teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, Sir," replied the pupil, with an air of triumph.

What do we often drop and never stop to pick up?—A hint.

There was a man so intensely polite that, as he passed a hen on her nest, he said, "Don't rise, ma'am."

A DESPERATE CASE.

DICK.—"Frightful Tie, did you say, Mother? Perhaps it is; but I'm so awfully Poor, I've lost all Pride in my Personal Appearance."

[*Mother recollects an odd Ten-Dollar Note in her Work-box.*

HOW TO MANAGE A WIFE.

1. If she won't sew those buttons on, seize the opportunity some evening when she has visitors to sew them on yourself.

2. If she come to breakfast in deshabille, do the same yourself. "Could we but see ourselves as others see us," etc.

3. If she be disposed to scold, practice music whenever she does so. Unfailing!

4. If she be given to affectation concerning delicate health, summon at once all the doctors of your acquaintance. "No excitements, theatres," etc.

5. If she be given to extravagant expenditure, disclose to her the results to which she is tending by accompanying her on promenades seedily attired.

6. If she won't see to the servants, invite your maiden aunt to officiate as housekeeper.

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VOL. I.—No. 17.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Visiting and Reception Toilettes.

FIG. 1.—Suit of bright blue poplin, composed of skirt and redingote. The skirt is trimmed with a bias fold of black satin, forming a Greek figure, with a black and white galloon set zigzag between the narrow interstices. The broad sash is trimmed in the same manner, and is confined at the top by three jet sash rings, fastened together with black and white cords. The redingote is trimmed round the edge with a bias fold of black satin. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with blue satin and blue velvet flowers.

Fig. 2.—Dress of mauve satin, trimmed with bias folds of a darker shade, finished at each end with a button covered with the same satin as the fold. On each side of the front breadth, nearly under the arm, these folds simulate broad sash ends, ending in lozenges, and the end of which is trimmed with buttons and fringe. The high waist is trimmed with a simulated bertha of bias folds and net fringe; the bottom of the sleeves has a similar bias fold, running up toward the elbow, and finished with fringe. Coral comb and pin.

Winter Street Costumes.

See illustration, page 264.

Fig. 1.—Gentleman's Dress. Sack over-coat, of dark brown beaver, with fur collar, cuffs, edge, and lining. The over-coat is fastened in front with three loops of heavy silk cord. Pantaloons, nearly tight, of olive-green cloth. Brown scarf-cravat and standing collar. A white Cashmere *cache-nez* is seen above the over-coat, confined with a gold pin. Dark brown kid gloves, edged with fur.

Fig. 2. — Walking suit of purple poplin, trimmed with black lace and narrow black velvet. The redingote is trimmed *en tablier* in front, with bias folds of the same material as the dress, edged on one side with small velvet points, and bordered with black lace; similar bias folds, bordered with lace, simulate scallops on the under-skirt. Purple velvet bonnet, trimmed with black satin folds, velvet rose and leaves, and white feather.

Fig. 3.—Dress of Mentana red gros grain, with train skirt, high corsage, and close sleeves. Shawl-shaped paletot, of black velvet, cut in large points at the bottom, and trimmed with satin leaves, surmounted by a row of jet nail-heads, and bordered with two rows of heavy chenille fringe. The sleeves and shoulders are trimmed in the same manner, except that the fringe is omitted on the bottom of the sleeve. Fanchon of white satin and lace, trimmed with quilled pinked satin between puffs of lace and white satin strings.

VISITING AND RECEPTION TOILETTES.

Evening Dresses and Coiffures.

See illustration, page 264.

Fig. 1.—Black lace skirt over black silk. Corsage low, with short sleeves, covered with rich lace. Rich necklace and bracelets of antique workmanship. Hair arranged with gold diadem and chains. Front composed of three bandeaux—two waved and one smooth—the upper bandeau being made from the bottom upward, and the others from the top downward. The diadem is easily put in place; the chain, however, is to be wound between each bandeau, so as to give lightness to this ornament.

Fig. 4 shows the back of this coiffure, which is a chignon, mounted on a comb, and accompanied with long curls. Over-skirt of lilac silk, cut open at the sides, and embroidered round the edge, which is also bordered with crystal grelots. Under-skirt of white silk, trimmed with three rouleaux, which also fasten the over-skirt at the sides. Low corsage, with loose sleeves, trimmed with a deep frill of lace. White silk belt, with bow behind, without ends. Lilac kid gloves and white fan.

Fig. 2.—Over-skirt of mauve silk, with train, and looped in front with roses. Under-skirt of white silk, trimmed with several narrow flounces. Low corsage with short sleeves, of mauve silk, with a rose at the belt. Lace under-waist. Hair adorned with roses and ribbons. Part the hair about four inches from the front, wave it slightly, and make a double puff, on which set a small postiche, in a triangular form, composed of three rows of light curls, the small ones being made on a stick the size of a small pen-holder. A ribbon is passed under the second row of curls. Rich enameled necklace, earrings, and bracelets. Mauve fan, of the same shade as the dress. Mauve sash, with long, broad ends. White kid gloves.

Fig. 3 represents the back of the same coiffure. Part the hair in a circle on the top, make two rolls of the lower part, then with the ends and the upper part make puffs, surmounted by a bow. On each side is a puff and a long curl. A rose on each side, and a rosette of ribbon on the left side complete this coiffure, which is only suited to blondes. Fourreau of blue silk, with low corsage and short sleeves, trimmed with festoons of pearls. The fourreau is open in front, with train, and is edged with two frills of rich white lace. Under-skirt of white satin, trimmed with satin rouleaux. Under-waist and sleeves of puffed lace, edged with point lace. Pearl necklace and bracelets.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

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THE FOOT.

IT may be doubted whether there exists throughout the whole civilized world a well-formed foot. Many exquisites of both sexes claim admiration for their pedal extremities, but it is the boots and shoes which cover them which we are called on to admire. Their feet, if bared, would present a very great divergence from the classical ideal of beauty. The firmly-planted foot, neither too large nor too small, but justly proportioned to the height and weight it sustains, the smooth surface and regularly-curved lines, the distinctness of the divisions and the perfect formation of each toe, with its well-marked separateness, and its gradation of size and regularity of detail, to the very tip of the nail, are now to be seen only in art. In Greek nature they were found, for the ancient sandal, which left the foot unfettered, gave freedom to the development of its natural grace and proportions. The modern boot or shoe, with the prevalent notion that every thing must be sacrificed to smallness, has squeezed the foot into a lump as knotty and irregular as a bit of pudding-stone, where the distorted toes are so imbedded in the mass and mutilated by the pressure that it is impossible to pick them out in the individuality and completeness of their original forms.

The process of our dames hardly differs from that of the Chinese women, whose feet, from the early age of five years, are so firmly bandaged that, as they say themselves, they become dead. The extremity below the instep is forced into a line with the leg, and two of the toes are bent under the sole, and the whole kept in this unnatural and painful position by leathern thongs. "The Chinese women, rich and poor, are all," says the traveler Huc, "lame; at the extremity of their legs they have only shapeless stumps, always enveloped in bandages, and from which all the life has been squeezed out."

Young Chinese girls who have not been properly brought up, and acquired the accomplishment of lameness by means of a diligent torture of their feet from the earliest childhood, find it no easy matter to get married. This fashion of little feet is unquestionably most barbarous, absurd, and injurious to the development of the physical strength. "But what means," asks the despairing Huc, "are there of putting a stop to the deplorable practice? It is decreed by fashion, and who would dare to resist her dictates?" He thinks the Europeans have no right to be very severe upon the Chinese. We may say the same in regard to our American dames, for do they not daily torture and deform their feet with tight shoes, and resemble in this respect—with a difference only in degree—their goat-hoofed sisters of the Flowery Kingdom?

As our coarse climate forbids the sandal, and renders the shoe necessary, care should be taken to adapt it as perfectly as possible to the natural conformation of the foot. It should be long and wide enough to admit of a free play of the toes; the space between the heel and sole of the shoe should be firm and of a curve the same height as the natural arch of the foot, while no part of the artificial covering should be so binding as to prevent the free action of the muscles and the circulation of the blood.

The female shoe or boot now in vogue is, in some respects, very faulty. It has but one good quality, the square or broadly-rounded tip, which is conformable to the natural shape of the end of the foot; and if not made, as it generally is, too tight, would be favorable to the free action so essential to the ease and beauty of the toes. The arch of the shoe is too high, and, pressing strongly upward, weakens and distorts that of the foot. This defect is increased by an inordinately high and narrow heel—which is, moreover, brought too far forward, with a view of giving an artificial appearance of shortness to the extremity. This position of the heel toward the centre of the foot has the same effect as if the buttress of an architectural arch was removed from the end to its middle. It takes away the strength of its natural prop, and makes it a weakness. It is thus that our dames in walking have a hobbling gait, as if their feet were poised upon stilts.

The natural arch of the foot is a distinctive mark of what we are pleased to call ourselves—a superior race. The African has scarcely any arch at all, and "wid de hollow of his foot he makes a hole in de ground" of the Ethiopian song is hardly an exaggerated description of the negro's peculiar structure. Fashion, with its usual tendency to exaggerate natural beauty, adopts the high and forward heel with the view of heightening the instep, or increasing the arch of the foot which is so much coveted. This attempt to force a grace beyond the intention of nature is followed by the usual result of distortion and disease. The high and misplaced heel, and the other vices of construction of the fashionable shoe or boot in vogue, force the toes forward, constrict them violently, and not only deform the foot but torture it with various painful affections.

The growing of the nail to the flesh of the toe is one of the common results of wearing a fashionable or ill-made shoe. This is one of the most painful of affections. In its earliest stage it can be easily remedied by paring the nail always in the centre of its free end, without touching the angles, until it becomes of a semi-lunar shape, with its concave looking outward. The tight and high-heeled shoe, however, must be at the same time abandoned. If the disease is too severe for this simple remedy recourse must be had to the surgeon, who will remove it by an operation which is considered, though not dangerous, the most painful of his art. He will pass with all his force the sharpest blade of his scissors between the nail and the flesh of the toe down to the very quick, and having severed it in two, will, with strong pincers, wrench out each half from the ulcerated flesh in which it is embedded. Before the discovery of chloroform it was customary for the surgeon to tighten with all his might a bandage about the root of the toe, in order to deaden somewhat the excessive torture of this operation.

The corn and bunion come from an enlargement of the natural papillæ which exist every where in the skin, and the thickening and hardening of the integument which surround and cover them. They are produced solely by ill-fitting shoes. They can be easily relieved by cutting, but can only be effectually got rid of by the removal of the cause. A corn or bunion should be dug out in the centre, and never pared on the edges. The professional pedicure always operates in this way; but with a shrewd, though dishonest, compliance with vulgar error, he pretends to take out a root which does not exist, notwithstanding that he often exhibits one in the form of a hog's bristle, which he has ever ready at hand to confirm the public credulity.

Next to the knife—which is dangerous in a clumsy hand—the best remedy is the application, by means of adhesive plaster, of a piece of wash-leather, or *amadou*—or spunk, as it is commonly called—cut so as to cover the whole corn, and pierced in the centre with a hole corresponding to the size of its summit. This diffuses the pressure, and removes the particular friction which has created the excrescence.

The comfort of the foot is only to be secured by a properly-made shoe, and its beauty preserved by a freedom from unnatural constraint. Where is the modern beauty who would venture to uncover her feet before a royal admirer, as we are told Madame de Pompadour did not hesitate to do? "That which especially astonished the king," says her biographer, "was a pair of pretty bare feet, worthy of marble and the sculptor, in a pair of the most rustic-looking wooden shoes. By a coquetry that was almost artless the pretty milkmaid (the marchioness was thus disguised) placed one of her feet upon the outside of one of the wooden shoes. The king recognized the marchioness, and confessed to her that for the first time in his life he felt the desire to kiss a pretty foot."

GENII GONE WEST.

A LADY-TRAVELER who was recently at Baalbec pointed to one of the grand ruins and asked a stone-mason, "Why do you not do some work like that?" "Ah," said the mason, "that kind of work can not be done now; it was done by the genii." "But why," urged the lady, "can not the genii do such work now?" The mason replied: "They long ago left this part of the world; they are in the West now, building great palaces and bridges, and boring through mountains."

All history verifies the truth of the stone-mason's philosophy. Not only have the genii of Art gone West to find a field of exertion, but all the activities of mind—social, political, and religious—have followed the same line of movement. Why the grand old ideas of the race should migrate from one section to another, and still another, pressing on toward the farthest West, and drawing the pilgrim crowds after them in steady and continuous flow, is a mystery none can solve. The fact, however, is plain enough: Ideas are the foremost emigrants; they are the pioneers, and the moving masses are only followers.

The stone-mason's idea is worth remembering in another respect. We are very fond of contemplating our supposed originality, and of priding ourselves upon the wonders of the age as very definite characteristics of our wisdom and energy. Unfortunately, however, for this complacent theory, all our best ideas—such, for instance, as the domestic sentiments and brotherhood and common rights—were taught long ago in Judea, and were given in such perfection as to admit of no change for the better. Our apostles of progress may as well confess their obligations to the genii. Originality is only safe when it humbly and reverently acknowledges its indebtedness to the past. And original thinkers and actors are mainly serviceable to the world by their fine capacity to manage the forms and shapes of things so as to give the soul of the race better accommodations and secure a fuller play to its divine instincts. After all, our inventions for the most part are big toys, helps for childish amusements, charming invitations to kill time and weaken character; a few excepted, like the steam-engine and the telegraph, the others only show how great we are in little things. Jack Horner, over his pie, understood the matter exactly—"What a great *boy* am I!"

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Another Letter to Epicurus.

MY DEAR EPICURUS,—I observe so growing an interest in the question of dinner that I feel justified in returning to the subject, and treating a little further of our proper manners in the preparation and eating of food. I am the more inclined to it because today as I sat at dinner at a public table in what is called a "first-class" hotel, and where certainly the prices deserve that distinction, my neighbor said to me:

"Look at that mutton! no fat; no gravy; nothing but a tough slice of leather, cold and indigestible. I believe there is more food wasted in this house than is consumed."

Then came a half of a quail upon a piece of hard toast saturated with butter, and cold as a clam. It was attended with some Lima beans immersed in a very questionable whitish liquid or sauce; a little half-spoiled canned tomato, and some succotash. If you saw venison upon the bill and hopefully asked for it, its coming undeceived you, for it was a thin slab of red flesh, so cold and so forlorn that you had not the heart or the stomach to devour it. The peroration of this lamentable repast was a thin layer of sour apple upon a thick white solid paste, called apple-pie, a melancholy Charlotte Russe, and thin ice-cream.

For this banquet what did we not pay? The charge, I think, was a dollar and a half! But even this sorry feast came very slowly and very sloppingly. We waited long and long; then there was a rush, a hasty dump of little dishes and the full horror was revealed. The American goes through life eating such dinners, and they serve to help him through very swiftly. He pays enormous sums of money for such a wanton misuse of the generous bounty of nature, and such assaults upon his own comfort and welfare. The truth, my dear Epicurus, was forced upon me with renewed impressiveness that we buy less for our money than any people in the world.

The difficulty is that we do not insist upon applying our real knowledge and good sense. Last week, for instance, as I was traveling by the Great North and South Midland Junction Road the car was crowded with intelligent men. There were probably fifty of us in that car. The day was not very cold, and yet we sat hermetically sealed up in the awful box until a lady, a way-passenger, opened a window and respited us a little. All the vents were closed. It was a cruel experiment. Now I suppose there were very few persons indeed in that car who did not know perfectly well that it was a violation of the simplest law of health. We were breathing typhus; we were really shortening our lives, and yet, when the intrepid lady opened the window—and it is generally a woman who is the good angel in these extremities—every body looked as if she had designs upon our lives, and were a mild type of assassin.

Now, if sensible men will deliberately immure themselves in a black hole, and positively refuse to be succored, the hotel-keeper knows very well that they will not quarrel with clam-cold leather called by the name of various meats. Don't tell me that it is painful to see a man of my years thinking so much of his dinner. How can I help thinking of it when you give me a stone for bread? I naturally expect that my dinner will be so cooked as to whet appetite with pleasure. I say that I naturally expect it, and every man has a right to indulge that expectation. Do I anticipate as of course that my shoes will pinch me when the shoemaker sends them home? Do I submit to them if they cramp my feet, and then blandly pay Crispin as if he had done me a high favor? Or when my tailor sends me trowsers and coats (excuse the plural, it sounds better) that I can not wear because they do not fit me, do I keep them merely because I can get them on?

Why do I submit to a dinner that does not fit me? Why does the throng of busy men in New York submit to what is called dinner at almost every public eating-house in the city? Some two or three years ago my occasions used to call me to the neighborhood of Tammany Hall, and I was several times taken to lunch at a vast feeding-trough called—well! no matter for the exact name. But, great Heavens; what a spectacle for civilized man! Standing or sitting upon high stools at a long counter sat a solemn line of my fellow-beings cramming food. They ate against time. It was the naked, gross, sensual act of eating. It was eating as animals eat; and all the benefit which is derived even to that function from our humanity was wholly lost. I went into other places of the kind. I became painfully interested, and made the tour of the eating-houses in the lower part of the city, to which so many thousands of New Yorkers daily resort. My dear Epicurus, I no longer wondered why we submit so patiently to the thirteenth passenger in the omnibus, or to the horrors of the air-tight car, or to the bland impositions of the hotel.

It is an uncomfortable reflection, but we are a pusillanimous people in these respects. For think of the sums of money that we daily expend down town for what is called dinner! I don't mean at Delmonico's. There you pay a good price, and you get a good dinner. But I speak of the dining-rooms for the many, and upon the whole, with exceptions, which we will all gratefully acknowledge, what general nastiness! Yet it is perfectly possible to have a restaurant of a simplicity and neatness which no gilded "establishment" suggests, at which shall be eaten honest joints plainly and well cooked with all the skill of Carême, and bread light and nutritious, and all things shall be simple and neat to correspond.

Why, dear youth, when I was upon my travels, and had reached England in the grand tour, I made one of the most charming and familiar excursions of the traveler in that country to see the noble estate of Chatsworth. At the edge of evening we stopped at the little inn where we were to pass the night, and were shown into the parlor, dingy yet perfectly clean, and with an air of quiet domesticity which instantly suggested the good old phrase of Falstaff's. But how, tell me, could any body ever dream of taking his ease in the wonderful "saloons" of our great hotels? I don't depreciate them. But there is a certain comfortable coziness which they do not have, and which we found in the pleasant country inn at Chatsworth.

By-and-by it was tea-time. Oh, happy hour after a day's travel! The arrival at a famous place, and the delightful sense of impending pleasure, and the cheerful refreshment of the person, the appetizing expectation, and at last tea in its highest sense—a blending of the great banquet of the day with the evening repast—a dinner in undress—this is among the sunny memories. I know men who remember particular cigars smoked long years ago, a certain bottle of wine, a lunch or a dinner, and they have become integral parts of noble scenery, so to say—of the Lake of Geneva, for instance, or of the Col de Balme. Must I confess it, dear friend—that Chatsworth tea is one of those memories? There was some tender cold meat, some transparent jelly and toothsome jam, the whitest and best of bread, with butter that seemed churned in a butter-cup, and relays of brown, soft, crisp toast, and delicate tea made strong with boiling not with simmering water. And such a snowy table-cloth, and such fine, snowy napkins—tell me, beloved Telemachus and traveler, hast thou ever found the snowy linen in the country inns of our native land?

The answer is, I know, that in a country where every body travels you can not expect the advantages of that in which few persons, and they generally rich, are travelers. Are we then to agree that the price of improved travel in every respect is cleanliness, neatness? I insist that if this be the price it is extravagant, outrageous, impossible, and should be stoutly resisted. But it is not true that such is the price. I know some of the best hotels where every man who washes his hands before dinner takes a fresh towel from the pile. So far, good. Let us only go further. Let this same spirit pervade and transform the whole house; for even in such houses there are unclean horrors of which nothing is to be said; they are unmentionable.

Now, I understand that the dinner reform is to be attempted in the city of New York. The great prices paid for poor dinners have at last aroused enough interest to promise the establishment of a club under the management of that friend of humanity, M. Pierre Blot. I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, but I have often reflected that he was one of the most useful travelers who ever came to these shores; and I have read with tranquil satisfaction the *menus*, a French word which I hope you will pardon for the sake of association, and which, roughly Englished, is the bills of fare, which he composes and prints in his brief, and, if I may use the expression, succulent, articles upon dinners. Indeed, with a nimble fancy, you can dine, or at least lunch, very acceptably off one of these charming compositions of M. Blot. And now he proposes to give us the sequel of the Barmecide feast of his pages; to make his dinners real. I wish him success.

The other day the beautiful Gwendoline Smith, who is engaged to the young assistant of the Reverend Doctor Chimes, a young woman whom you know perfectly well, wrote to ask me, as an old friend of the family, whether I advised her to join the class to hear lectures upon Chaldaic antiquities, which was forming by Mrs. Tilbury, and the price of which for the winter term would be twenty dollars. I answered Gwendoline that I advised her rather to pay the moderate sum which would admit her to Professor Blot's lectures. First, let Gwendoline, who is to marry a poor young man, know how to direct her cook to get a proper dinner, and then she will have time enough for Chaldea. Good-by, my dear Epicurus; if you would like to try the new Blot dinner, I am at your service. Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

GENTLEMEN'S COSTUMES.

THE illustrations of costumes for gentlemen given in the last number of the *Bazar* have been so extensively copied that we are convinced that some further details on the subject will be acceptable to our readers. The prevailing style for evening wear is a black cloth dress-coat cut to roll very low and faced with silk. The vest may be of the same material, or of silk, either white or black. It should be cut with low, rolling collar. Three buttons in front. Black pantaloons fitting the form closely.

Street suits are double-breasted sack-coats of medium length with easy, graceful-fitting shoulders. Sleeves slightly full. Vest without collar. Suits of this kind are usually bound with fine silk binding. Black pantaloons, made close-fitting. English cloths and cassimeres are in favor.

Business suits are of plain and mixed materials. The coat is single-breasted and cut away to roll low. Short waist with skirt flaps at the waist. Vest buttoning to the throat without collar. Pantaloons of hair-line stripes with broad stripe on the outside seam, or light mixed cassimere, made demi-tight. English sacks are also worn, cut very short, single-breasted, and with small collar.

NECK-TIES, COLLARS, AND SHIRTS.

Neck-ties, or scarfs, for opera and balls are of white silk, satin, or muslin ornamented with medallions of embroidery and lace at the ends. Black lace barbes and bows of fine thread lace with pendants are also fashionable. For ordinary wear there are satin scarfs of every shade, in plain colors and striped, and the Louis Quatorze brocaded patterns.

Turned-down collars are not so deeply pointed as the Shakspeares. A new and pretty style has the points rounded. The standing collar most worn has small points turned over at the throat.

Pleated shirt-fronts for general use have three or four pleats each side of the centre pleat. For full dress the neatest patterns are made of double linen with embroidered medallions around the studs, and occasionally a row of needle-work on each side of the box pleat. An elaborate design in linen cambric has a wide hem-stitched pleat for studs, and the whole bosom formed of tiny diamonds, of alternately thin and thick material. The puffed and blouse bosoms so popular at the South are seldom worn here.

Handkerchiefs of fine linen cambric for full dress have the monogram embroidered in a corner above a hem two inches wide. Colored monograms and stripes are only suitable for morning use. When prettily needle-worked on fine material these are sold at from $24 to $36 a dozen. With one embroidered initial they vary from $18 to $30.

ROBES DE CHAMBRE AND SMOKING-JACKETS.

Comfortable dressing-gowns, suitable for invalids, are made of printed flannels of quiet colors, trimmed with crimson or blue, and in gay cashmere patterns. These range from $26 to $35, according to the quality of material used and the work on them. A breakfast robe of medium length is of light French cloth, faced with scarlet silk quilted in diamonds. Silk cord and tassel. A gorgeous robe of soft Haytienne silk is a palm-leaf pattern of brilliant Persian colors. Ornamental loops in front and heavy cords and tassels. Price $95.

Short smoking-jackets are of cloth and of silken fabrics. One of brown silk, lined with mazarine blue, may be worn on either side. It is quilted throughout in diamonds, and trimmed with a band of corded silk. Price $45. Another at the same price is of thick gray beaver, braided and bound with black. Plainer styles are sold at $20, and others as low as $12.

JEWELRY.

A novel design in scarf-slides represents a kennel with projecting roof of Etruscan gold. A dog's head of amethyst peers from beneath, striving to break loose from a golden rope. Another is a sagacious-looking animal of Oriental topaz, with a golden basket in his mouth. The willow braids in the basket are perfectly imitated. There are Zouaves of pink coral and Chasseurs d'Afrique, amethyst poodles, and hounds with diamond collars, horse-shoes, and a sheep's head with golden horns, a coral squirrel on a golden branch, and a rose with a diamond dew-drop in the heart. Massive rings of Roman gold are enameled with black, and studded with diamonds. Monograms and initials are engraved on others, and again there are those ornamented with scarabæi and doves, and cherubs in Byzantine mosaics.

A most grotesque pin from the Paris Exposition is a skull with helmet. The heavy lower jaw and green eyes of emeralds are made to move about by galvanism from a battery concealed in the vest pocket. Others are of crystallized quartz over painted heads, grimalkins, and terriers. A medieval-shaped pin of the pure green chrysoprase is very handsome. A large garnet is incrusted with diamonds. A huge fly is of the Mont Blanc ruby, with colors as varied as an opal. A golden screw holds the scarf most securely, and a white topaz dog, with a cane in his mouth, is beautifully mounted in Etruscan gold.

Sleeve-buttons are worn very large. There are antique cameos, a different profile on each button. A skating set, pin and buttons, is of pale yellow gold with platina skates on each piece. A hunting set is of black onyx, set with diamonds to represent a horse and jockey leaping a hurdle. Another onyx has diamond figures dancing the German.

The spiral stud is preferred to all others. It is always small and neat, and requires only an eyelet in the shirt-bosom instead of a button-hole. Tiny diamonds, Naples coral, emeralds, opals, and plain gold are the favorite styles. There are some beautiful square studs of topaz, with diamond butterfly and onyx cup, displaying three different strata of color. A diamond is in the centre of the cup.

LADIES' FASHIONS.

BALL DRESSES.

Some tasteful ball dresses for very young ladies have just been completed. They are made of white tarlatan and should be worn over silk. The first we will describe has three skirts. A thick roll or piping of white satin surrounds the edge of the long rounded train. A box-pleated ruche of tarlatan notched on either side is above the roll. Three wide puffs finish the trimming of the lowest skirt, reaching almost to the knee in front. The second skirt is bordered by a puff over satin ribbon. The gathering is an inch from the edge at the top and bottom, forming a ruffle on both sides. Deep Vandykes are cut out around the upper skirt. These are bound with corded silk headed by a narrow feather trimming. White acorns are pendent from each point. Low round corsage laced at the back over white silk. Puffs and ruches of illusion, in which corded fringe with crystal drops is introduced, form the bertha and sleeves. Belt with sash of white silk, corded and fringed with crystal.

Another tulle dress has a low waist, trimmed about the neck with tulle leaves, bound in satin and edged with fringe. Roman pearls set in silver button the corsage in front. A satin band two inches wide surrounds the skirt, above which are fine box-pleated ruffles, and puffs of tulle half a yard deep. The long tunic of tulle is bordered with satin like the skirt, and wide silk fringe. The right side of the tunic is pointed. On the left it is looped up by a crescent-shaped band of satin, from which falls a wing-like sash trimmed with fringe. An outlay of $110 will cover the expense of either of these dresses.

A handsome dress for a brunette is of capucine satin, of a superior quality, sold at $15 a yard. The trained skirt is very wide, gored to fit plain over the hips. The two widths at the back are gauged. A tunic with round apron-front is simulated by a white satin fold covered with a passementerie of Cluny lace and gilt, fringed with bunches of pearl berries. A ladder trimming of folds of the dress satin, piped with white, are arranged perpendicularly on the front and side widths following the line of the tunic. On the waist are Grecian folds of white illusion, strapped with satin. Inside of the neck is a blonde edge and insertion, through which are three rows of narrow velvet the shade of the dress. The short sleeves are concealed by the Greek bertha. Belt bound with white. Bow in front without sash ends.

A most elegant evening dress for half mourning is made of white gros grain. The trained skirt two yards and a quarter long is trimmed with leaves of Chambery gauze alternating with others of gros grain bound with black satin. The tunic of Chambery striped with satin has a gros grain apron-front surrounded with folds of satin with black piping in the centre. Two wide flounces of Chantilly lace adorn the tunic. High corsage and tight sleeves. A Pompadour square trimming is formed on the waist by narrow Chantilly. Pointed trimming of leaves in the back. Lace on the cuffs. White satin buttons with black velvet stars in the centre. The waist of this dress and the others described before it is lined with silk. The best modistes use silk instead of linen, as it does not stretch out of shape, fits more neatly to the figure, and is not so cold to the touch.

KID GLOVES.

Late importations of kid gloves display some new and graceful designs. The handsomest style has a wristband fastened with two studs of gilt or silver. A dozen similar studs and a silk cord with tassels of crimped silk headed with gilt ornament the back. The stitching and embroidery are neatly done in a contrasting color. The wristband is welted and bound with kid to match the embroidery. Brown gloves are still fashionable, ranging from light tan to *beurre* and cream-color for evening and full dress, through all the yellow shades to the golden Bismarck and Vesuvius. Lavender, mauve, church purple, and Mentana red are stitched on the back with black silk in a Greek pattern and bound with black kid. Gilt ornaments. Black is bound with white and fastened with silver studs. Straw color, pistache, and a rosy, flesh-like tint are embroidered with black and drawn together by tirettes and tassels.

A pretty fashion among the seamless gloves is a white kid with puffed cuffs fitted to the wrist by elastic cords. A scalloped edge falls on the arm. Rows of tiny gilt eyelets on the puff are interlaced with silk cords. On others are embroidered monograms, true-love knots, bows, butterflies, birds, and bees. Rows of feathered stitching on the back. Dark kid gauntlets for traveling and morning dress are neatly made with bias cuffs, welted with white tirettes inside, and three silver buttons on the back of the cuff.

VARIETIES.

A Merrimac print of an ingenious and intricate design is called the Devil's Dream. At the first glance you see only a plain purple calico of an ordinary pattern, spotted with white and black. On looking at it longer a transformation takes place, innumerable figures appear—beasts, birds, clowns, skeletons, harlequin, fiends, goblins, and all the demons of Pandemonium are before you.

A pretty lace camisole is made of black guipure, with rows of scarlet velvet ribbon, inserted at intervals of an inch down the whole garment. Wide guipure lace around the sacque and sleeves, under which is scarlet fringe of crimped silk.

It is predicted that outside garments with sleeves are to be abandoned for shawl-shaped and circular wrappings. Capes and fichus, lapped on the breast, are to be made of the material of the dress and worn with walking dresses.

Cotton goods, it appears, reached their lowest price about the time we chronicled the last reduction. They have advanced two or three cents on the yard within a week. Merchants say they will continue to increase.

Striped silks and satins are in vogue for evening dresses—rose-color or blue, with white in alternate stripes an inch wide. They are usually made with double skirts, the upper one trimmed with a silk ruche and festooned. Lace fichus are worn with them. Wide sashes of lace form a pretty addition to evening toilets.

For courtesies extended, thanks are due to Madame DIEDEN; Messrs. BROOKS & Co.; W. R. BOWNE; UNION ADAMS; A. T. STEWART & Co.; TIFFANY & Co.; BROWNE & SPAULDING; HARRIS and others.

PERSONAL.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL of Prussia, being in epistolary mood, wrote to her bright little sister BEATRICE, of England, asking what she would like as a birthday present. The reply was: "Send me BISMARCK'S head in a charger." We expect the young person wouldn't have written thus if she had remembered how HERODIAS (who was the first to solicit that style of favor) went to the bad and died in exile, and how the pretty dancer SALOME, her daughter, whom she put up to make the wicked request, falling through the ice, had her head separated from her body. If the Princess BEATRICE really wants BISMARCK'S *caput*, and would avoid SALOME'S fate, she must be careful when she goes a-skating.

—We see it noticed in one of our exchanges that ROBERT TYLER, Esq., son of ex-President TYLER, is editing the Montgomery (Alabama) *Advertiser*, and his daughter setting type in the office. She is simply doing what forty respectable, intelligent young ladies are doing in one of the composing-rooms of HARPER & BROTHERS. They occupy a spacious room by themselves, earn good wages, and like the occupation. Why not? What employment more appropriate or agreeable for women than setting type?

—Mr. HENRY VINCENT, the "English orator," as he is termed, has been to Newburyport, Mass., to visit the tomb of GEORGE WHITFIELD, the great divine who crossed the Atlantic thirteen times to preach the gospel to our forefathers. He describes it thus: "We descended into a cellar, through a trap-door behind the pulpit; and removing a padlock from an upright door, we entered the tomb of the great preacher. The coffin is placed across the other two, and the upper part of the lid opens upon hinges. We opened the coffin carefully, and by the light of our lamp saw all that was mortal of WHITFIELD. The bones are blackened, as though charred by fire. The skull is perfect. He died 98 years ago."

—Mr. MARTIN, who edited the Queen's diary, is to be knighted. He is the husband of HELEN FAUCIT, formerly an eminent actress.

—Miss BECKWITH is the name of the charming young American who has skated herself into the good graces of Paris by the grace and agility with which she does all sorts of pretty things on the Seine. She executes with her skates letters not exceeding one foot and a half in length, the words thus cut being perfectly legible. Their majesties watch Miss BECKWITH'S evolutions with great interest. The young lady is considered to be one of the prettiest and most accomplished of the American colony in Paris.

—At Sparta, Mississippi, "two tough old hearts have just been joined in one," the two membranes belonging respectively to the Rev. T. YOUNG, aged 86, and Mrs. G. MIXON, aged 83. Their united family foots up over 100 children and grandchildren. The present one is Y.'s 5th better ½.

—Dr. D. H. JONES, of Brooklyn, has just recovered a verdict of $2000 against the New Haven Railroad Company for assault. The Doctor accompanied some ladies to the dépôt, and endeavored to escort them to seats in the car, when he was assaulted by the employés who were enforcing the rules of the Company. The ladies living on the line of the road say that was a good thing for a jury to do.

—If the Empress EUGENIE really said what is written in the following paragraph, she has a fine power of worrying people:

"The Empress met M. LEVERRIER at Court, and, ignorant that praise of another astronomer, M. DELAUNY, was disagreeable to him, said: 'We were delighted by M. DELAUNY'S clear lecture.' M. LEVERRIER, forgetting the respect due to the Empress, angrily replied: 'Mon Dieu, Madame, where did you acquire patience enough to listen to the stupidities DELAUNY drivels?' The Empress coldly replied: 'At your lecture, M. LEVERRIER,' and walked away. M. LEVERRIER never appeared at Court again."

Good anecdote. Probably untrue.

—The three youngest members of the House of Representatives are HAIGHT (29), of New Jersey, ADAMS (30), of Kentucky, and WASHBURN (35), of Indiana. The oldest is THADDEUS STEVENS (75). ALLISON, of Indiana, and POMEROY, of New York, are among the handsomest. In the Senate, SPRAGUE (37) is the youngest, and ROSCOE CONKLING the handsomest and most imperious. The latter married a sister of Governor SEYMOUR, of Utica.

—The large sums of gold Mr. DICKENS is accumulating by his readings, independently of his copyrights, recalls the fact that up to the time of Sir WALTER SCOTT no author in the United Kingdom had been able to "retire" on the proceeds of his literary labors. SHAKSPEARE was the first, POPE the second, and Sir WALTER the third who realized very large sums from their writings. SHAKSPEARE speculated considerably and successfully in real estate. In France, VOLTAIRE was the first to realize a fortune from his pen, it is said; though a large part of it was due to government contracts.

—Rev. NEWMAN HALL, on getting back to his people in London, said he had not received a dollar for any of his sermons or lectures; but, somehow, his railroad fares and hotel bills were always paid by somebody without his knowledge. He had preached before several universities, and by some of them been D.D.'d, but he told them that NEWMAN HALL was his name, and N. H. it would remain to the end of the chapter.

—GARIBALDI takes Whittier's Poems whenever he feels a little dispirited; knows most of them by heart, and thinks Mr. W. one of the best poets on the planet. The Emperor of Brazil's poetical feelings run in the same direction, and he has done himself the honor of translating a few of Mr. W's lines.

—The late Professor FARADAY started in life as a bookbinder, and while a journeyman went to hear Sir HUMPHREY DAVY'S lectures on chemistry. He immediately "cut" paste-pot and skivers, went in for science, and placed himself at the top of the ladder.

—Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL, the author of several clever novels, will in April next assume the editorship of the *St. James Magazine*.

—Do any of our lady readers know Mrs. AUGUST SLUGER, of Illinois? Her husband is very anxious about her. He says: "Every body who knows something about my wife's residence, *which* I lost three years ago, is herewith requested to call at the office of the Westlich *Post*."

—EDGAR HOWLAND, Esq., formerly of the historical firm of HOWLAND & ASPINWALL, is residing in elegant ease and tasteful luxury in the Boulevard Haussmann, Paris.

—It may interest those of our readers who are Masons to know, that the present Grand Master of the Masonic Fraternity in Great Britain is the Earl of Dalhousie, who is the sixth of his family who has filled that position. Just one hundred years ago his grandfather was made Grand Master.

—There were present and assisting at a musical party in town, a few evenings since, OLE BULL, CAMILLE URSO, and ALICE TOPP. The Ursa Major remarked to the little TOPP: "You play beautifully, my child, but you can't do the greatest music; no woman can; it takes the biceps of a man." The young *pianiste* replied: "My arm is strong enough; I break my pianos as well as a man could, and STEINWAY has to send me a new one every week." "You see," responded BULL, turning to Madame URSO, "you see how these people treat their pianos. They bang them, they beat them, they kick them, they smash them to pieces; but our fiddles! *how we love them!*"

—A London journal tells us that Mr. ANDERSON, the London correspondent of the New York *Herald*, has a telegraphic apparatus in his bedroom, in Princess Square, by means of which he can talk with Mr. BENNETT in his library at Fort Washington.

—A gentleman of the printing persuasion in Texas, who is legally designated JONES, has named his first-born BREVIER FULL-FACED JONES; and as such the young man will go down into history.

—Another little romance—lady in it, of course—has just occurred over in Russia. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, a very opulent widower, had a pretty niece with whom the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the nephew of the Czar, was madly in love. Fearful that the young couple might cut off and get wedded, the Czar suggested to the Minister that he had better marry his niece himself. Old gentleman did it. Young gentleman disgusted.

—The private libraries of Boston gentlemen are just now the topic of talk among the book folk of that town. The collection of the late EDWARD EVERETT, containing about 7000 volumes, is now in the hands of his son, WILLIAM EVERETT. The library of the late WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, the historian, contained a thousand or two less than that of Mr. EVERETT. It is still in the house in which he lived and died, and now occupied by his widow. The library of the late ABBOT LAWRENCE contained about 10,000 volumes. It had been given away and sold. The library of the late DANIEL WEBSTER, consisting of 5000 volumes, including law books, remained, as it ought to, at the family residence in Marshfield. The private library of the late THOMAS DOWSE, of Cambridge, the learned leather-dresser, was given by him to the Massachusetts Historical Society. It is very rich in the best volumes of English literature, in superb binding. It contains some 4000 volumes. The private library of the late GEORGE LIVERMORE, of Cambridge, was very rich in Bibles and biblical works, and contained about 4000 volumes. The late THEODORE PARKER had a very large and rare collection of books, some 10,000 in number, that have become the property of the Boston Public Library. The private library of our present Minister to England, CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, contains about 18,000 volumes, or more than any one in New England. It embraces his own collection, together with that of his father, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, and his grandfather, JOHN ADAMS. The late RUFUS CHOATE had about 7000 volumes, rich in ancient and modern literature.

—Curious style of man just died in Paris; name, GOSIER; age, 87; cause, *guillotine* fever; was son of a servant of the unfortunate LOUIS XVI.; revolution burst out when he was ten years old; father was beheaded; mother escaped with son to Germany; gave him good education, and got him appointed private secretary to an eminent Austrian; patrimony allowed him to live comfortably; purchased house from which he never went out since 1831; only two friends were received in his house; through them his eccentricities were known; house consisted of five rooms; had devoted the largest one to the perfection of the guillotine; that room was full of beams, ropes, and head-choppers. Every time he improved the deadly instrument to his satisfaction he bade his friends bring him cats and dogs, which he beheaded with his machine. During these trials he was so incited to kill that once he threw himself on one of his friends, with the intention to cut his head off; that friend escaped, thanks to his superior strength. He left his bed only during two hours daily, from three to five in the afternoon. Those two hours he devoted to his experiments. As soon as five o'clock struck he went to bed again. He ate, read, and wrote in bed. On Friday last he was making some experiments with his guillotine, when he fell ill; he rang the bell, but when his servant-maid came in he was a corpse. He had been struck by an attack of apoplexy. He always used to say, "My father would not have suffered at all had he been beheaded by my own guillotine." What do you say of that retrospective filial affection?

YOUTHFUL INDUSTRY.

CROCHET TATTING.

HITHERTO tatting has been done only by means of a shuttle. We give herewith descriptions and illustrations by means of which it can be done with a crochet needle. The use of the latter is so generally understood that the new method will be more quickly and easily learned. It is also less trouble than tying the knots with a shuttle, and requires less time and labor; the work is firmer and more even, and is more easily washed. The principal superiority, however, consists in the fact that it can be used in a much greater number of designs and arrangements than can be made by the other method. As the figures show, it is adapted to making lace, rosettes, insertion, pieces for figured designs, etc., all of which are in precisely the same style as the ordinary tatting. It can also be unraveled and worked over in case of any imperfection in the work, which, as is known, is impossible in tatting. The materials consist of a crochet hook and cotton—either the twisted crochet cotton, or spool thread of a size corresponding to the work; the hook must be about half as coarse as the cotton. The whole length of the needle must be of equal size, and either fastened to a wooden or bone handle or screwed into a holder; the hook must be smooth and blunt at the point, and from one to two inches in length, as the entire row of loops is taken on it at once. In order to make the instruction clear, the stitches in Figs. 1, 5, 11, and 12 are magnified. The work can, of course, be made in any quality of cotton desired.

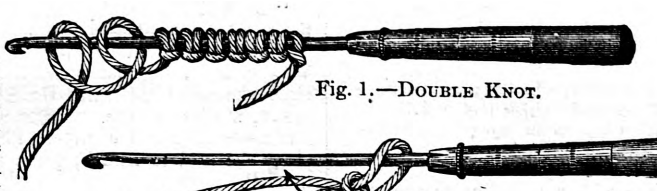


Fig. 1.—DOUBLE KNOT.

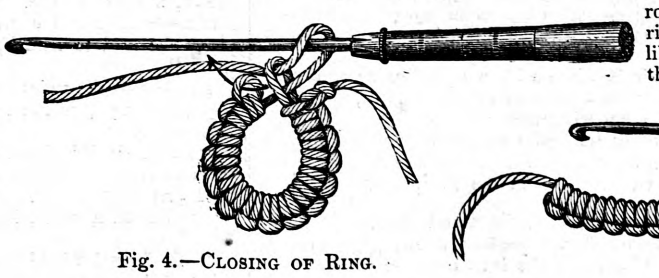


Fig. 4.—CLOSING OF RING.

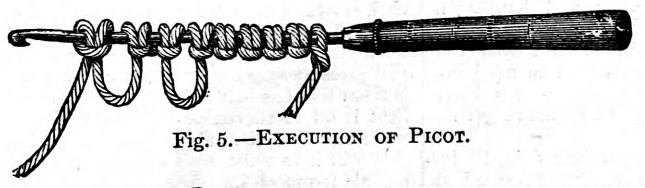


Fig. 5.—EXECUTION OF PICOT.

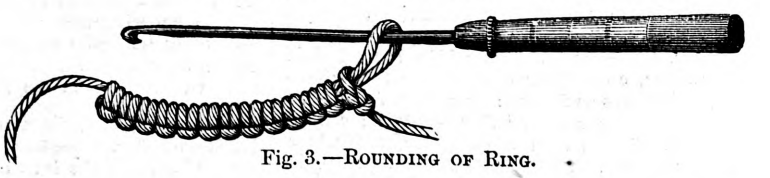


Fig. 3.—ROUNDING OF RING.

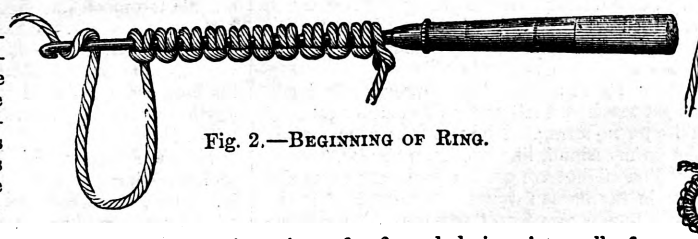


Fig. 2.—BEGINNING OF RING.

Fig. 11.—BEGINNING OF STAR.

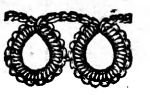


Fig. 6.—CROCHET TATTING EDGING.

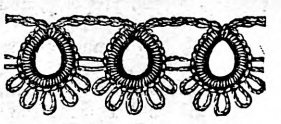


Fig. 7.—CROCHET TATTING EDGING.

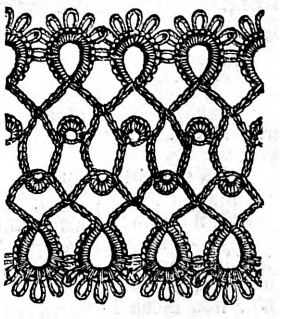


Fig. 9.—CROCHET TATTING INSERTION.

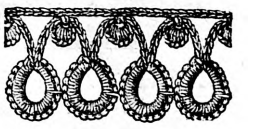


Fig. 8.—CROCHET TATTING EDGING.

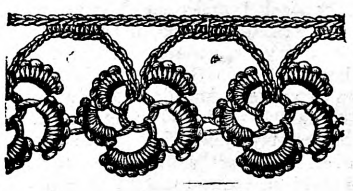


Fig. 10.—CROCHET TATTING EDGING.

Begin by tying a loop as for crochet work and taking it on the needle. Then take the hook in the right hand; lay the thread in a loop between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand (Fig. 1), bringing the end of the working thread above; take this loop on the needle and pull the thread till it is firm. (This makes a plain loop.) In making the next (purled loop), the end of the thread must be brought under. These two loops form a double stitch. Continue till the number of double stitches on the needle is sufficient to form a ring; then throw the thread around the needle about one inch from the end of the row (Fig. 2); hold the stitches between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, and draw the thread through all the stitches, holding the hook of the needle downward and forward. Fig. 3 shows the stitches on the thread. Next make the thread firm, so that the loop on the needle lies close to the other row of stitches, and fasten it into a ring by drawing the thread through the loop; then crochet a slip stitch, putting the needle through the upper part of the last double stitch. Fig. 4 shows this point by an arrow. Crochet a few chain stitches to connect the rings, and proceed with the next precisely in the same manner as the first. The picots are made by leaving the thread of any length desired between any two double stitches (Fig. 5). The rings are also joined by means of the picots. To do this put the hook through the picot, draw the thread through into a loop, and retain this on the needle.

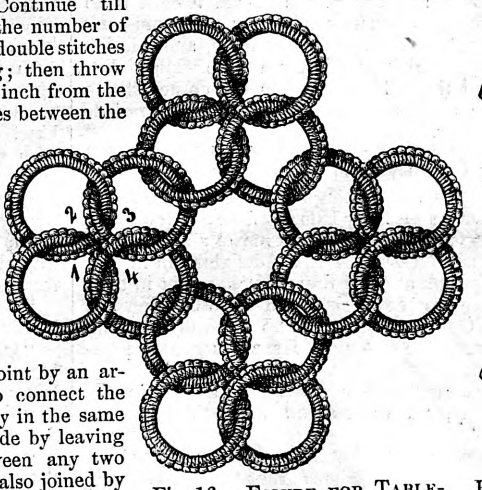


Fig. 16.—FIGURE FOR TABLE-COVERS, ETC.

Fig. 13.—FIGURE IN CROCHET TATTING.

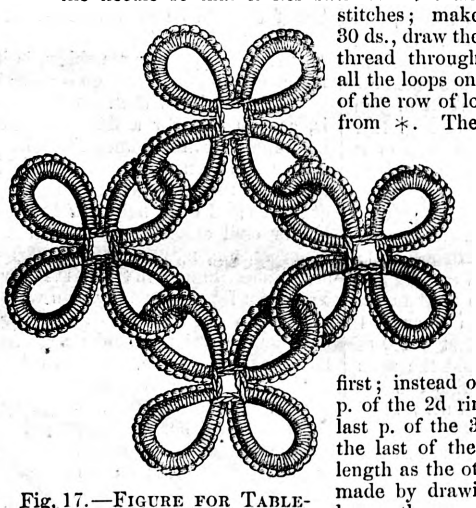


Fig. 17.—FIGURE FOR TABLE-COVERS, ETC.

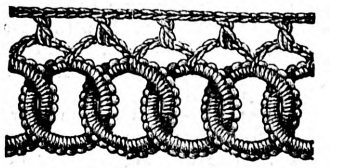


Fig. 14.—CROCHET TATTING EDGING.

Fig. 12.—FINISHING OF STAR.

Fig. 15.—CROCHET TATTING EDGING.

Fig. 6.—This lace is made of rings, connected by 5 ch. (chain stitches) between each. Each ring consists of 5 ds. (double stitches), 1 p. (picot), 8 ds., 1 p., 5 ds. The picots serve only as a means of joining the rings.

Fig. 7. — Lace. These rings are joined like those of Fig. 6. Each ring consists of 6 ds., then 7 p., each separated from the next by 2 ds., 6 ds. In every ring except the first take up in place of the 1st p. the last p. of the former ring.

Fig. 8.—Lace. ∗ make 21 ds.; join into a ring; crochet 5 ch. Then follows a figure composed of 8 plain loops, joined like the stitches of the large rings; crochet again 5 ch. Repeat from ∗. Each following ring is joined to the preceding after the first 5 ds. Finish above by a row of 6 ch. alternately with 1 sc. (single crochet) in the connecting stitches of the figures.

Fig. 9.—Insertion. Crochet a ring as follows: 5 ds., 7 p., each separated from the next by 2 ds.; 5 ds.; then 17 ch. At the end of this a ring like the first; 7 ch.; then a figure consisting of 9 plain stitches. Turn the work; fasten to the 11th stitch of the first 17 ch. by putting the needle through the upper part of the stitch; close the figure by drawing a loop through the 11 loops on the needle; 7 ch.; 1 sc. in the 4th stitch of the same chain row; 3 ch.; a ring like the first, fastening it to the former ring after making 5 ds.; 7 ch. Turn the work; 1 figure like the former small figures, fastened to the 8th ch. (this is the chain row preceding the last ring); 7 ch., which are fastened to the 4th ch., counting from the next ring; 3 ch. Repeat from ∗.

Fig. 10. — Lace. For this crochet ∗ 5 ds.; draw the thread through without joining the stitches into a ring; retain the loop on the needle and crochet 6 ds.; draw the thread through these 6 stitches, and again retain the loop on the needle; crochet 8 ds. in the same manner; then 5 ds., 1 p., 1 ds., and last 5 ds., so that there are altogether 5 loops on the needle (Fig. 11); then throw the thread around the needle as usual, and draw it through the 5 loops. Join the ring by 1 sc., taken under the connecting thread as shown by a point in Fig. 12, thus forming a figure similar to a star; then follow 18 ch. Repeat from ∗, joining each following figure to the one preceding by taking up the picot after the first 3 of the 6 ds. The next row consists of 5 sc. in the 7th–11th stitches of the 18 ch. of the last row; alternate with 6 ch.

Fig. 13.—Figure for design. By means of the illustration this figure can be made without a full description. Begin the large under-leaf with 3 ds.; then follow 17 p., each separated from the next by 2 ds.; 3 ds. The other leaves are smaller and count fewer picots.

Fig. 14.—Lace. This consists of rings linked into each other. Crochet 30 ds. and draw the thread through ∗. Join in a ring by pulling the needle under the working thread, which is thrown around and drawn through in a loop. The working thread must now lie inside the ring. Then crochet 6 ch., putting the needle through the loop; shove the finished ring on the needle so that it lies back of the chain stitches; make 30 ds., draw the thread through all the loops on the needle; then draw half the length of the row of loops through the first ring, and repeat from ∗. The next row consists of 1 dc. (double crochet stitch) in the middle of the 5 ch. of the preceding row; alternate with 4 ch.

Fig. 15.—This lace is finished in one round. Crochet a ring consisting of 5 ds.; 7 p., each separated from the next by 2 ds.; 5 ds. Close to this a second ring: 6 ds.; take up the last p. of the former ring; 5 p., each separated from the next by 2 ds.; 1 p., 6 ds.; finally, a third ring like the first; instead of the 1st p., however, take up the last p. of the 2d ring. Crochet now 8 ch.; take up the last p. of the 3d ring; 2 ch.; take up the p. before the last of the 3d ring; 6 ch.; 1 ch. p., the same length as the other picot stitches. This chain-picot is made by drawing the loop on the needle somewhat longer than usual, then taking the needle out and inserting it in the previous stitch, and continuing to crochet so that the loop is fastened and forms a picot. After this 3 ch.; again 1 ch. p., 8 ch.; then 3 leaf-figures like the former. In the first ring, however, instead of forming the 1st 4 picots, take up the 2 ch. p. and then the 2 p. of the 3d ring of the former figure. Having finished the figure, work 5 ch., and join to the chain stitches preceding the first leaf.

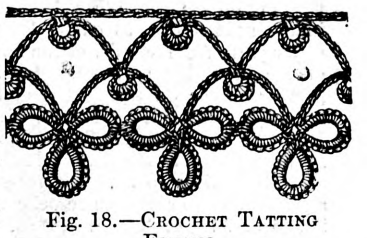


Fig. 18.—CROCHET TATTING EDGING.

Figs. 16 and 17.—Two designs for covers, antimacassars, etc. These can be used for work of any size desired. The figures of the design, Fig. 16, consist of 4 rings linked together, which are formed in the same manner as the rings in Fig. 14; these, however, count each 34 ds., and no sc. stitches are made after joining—the finished ring being simply shoved back on the needle, and the double stitches of the next ring commenced. In Fig. 16 the order of the rings is denoted by numbers in the first figure. The last ring is joined to the first by cutting off the thread,

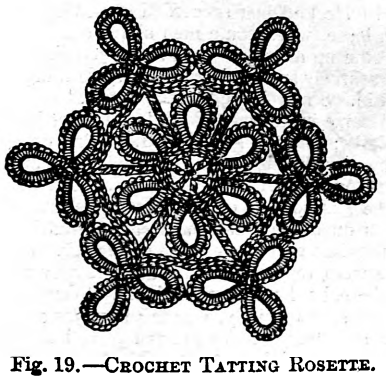


Fig. 19.—CROCHET TATTING ROSETTE.

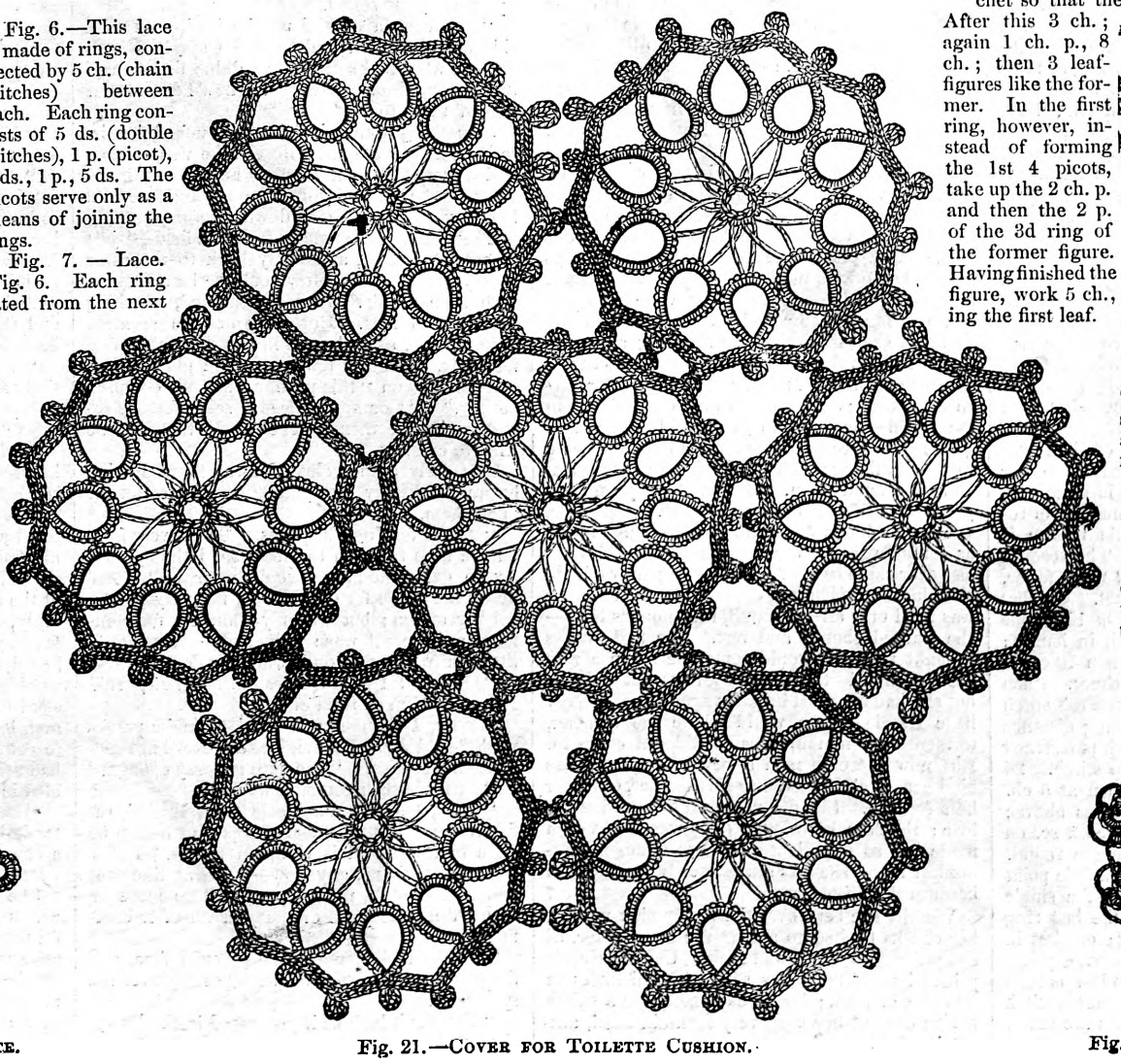


Fig. 21.—COVER FOR TOILETTE CUSHION.

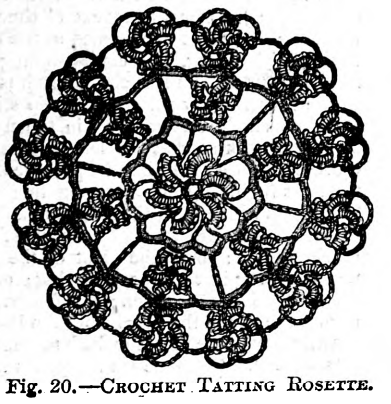


Fig. 20.—CROCHET TATTING ROSETTE.

putting the needle through the 1st ring, and drawing the thread through the loop on the needle. The row of stitches for the 1st ring of the next figure is drawn through the last ring of the former figure before joining.

Fig. 17.—The figures of this design consist each of 4 rings of 28 ds. After each ring 1 ch. The figures are joined by putting the 1st row of stitches of each new figure through a ring of a finished figure. The 2 rings which are linked in each other may be fastened where they cross by a few stiches.

Fig. 18.—For this lace, which is worked in 3 rounds, crochet for the 1st round the three-leaved figures as follows: * a ring of 16 double stitches (ds.); a second ring of 20 ds.; a third ring of 16 ds.; then 10 chain stitches (ch.); a figure of 9 plain stitches (see Fig. 18); 10 ch. Repeat from *. The first ring of the next figure must be fastened to the middle side stitch of the last ring. 2d round. 1 single crochet stitch (sc.) in the 4th chain stitch of the former round, *; 6 ch.; 1 figure of 9 plain stitches; 6 ch.; sc. around the thread which joins the little figure of the last round. Repeat from *. 3d round. Alternately 1 sc. around the joining thread of the next figure; 9 ch.

Figs. 19 and 20.—2 rosettes suitable for trimming linen, or for putting together to form covers, antimacassars, etc.

Fig. 19.—Begin this rosette with a foundation of 8 chain stitches (ch.). Crochet * 1 double crochet stitch (dc.) in the 1st chain stitch; then 3 ch. From * repeat 4 times; lastly work 1 slip stitch (sl.) in the fifth of the first 8 ch. 1st round. Immediately on the sl. * a ring of 18 double stitches (ds.) 1 ch., 1 sl. in the next dc. lying to the right; this slip stitch is worked from left to right. From * repeat 5 times. 2d round. 8 ch., which serve as a long treble crochet stitch (ltc.); 11 ch.; 1 ltc. in the single ch. between 2 rings. From * repeat 5 times; lastly 11 ch.; 1 sl. in the last of the 8 ch. at the beginning of the round. 3d round consists of three-leaved figures; for each figure work 3 rings, each of 20 ds.; between each 2 rings 1 ch.; in every chain stitch of the last round 1 sl.; all the slip stitches are worked from left to right, so that the long treble crochet stitches form the stalk of the 3-leaved figures.

Fig. 20.—This rosette is worked of twisted crochet cotton No. 150, and tatting cotton No. 60. The working together of fine and coarse cotton gives a pretty appearance. Begin the rosette in the centre with the coarse cotton, and form a figure of 6 times 6 double stitches (ds.) (in the manner given in Figs. 10-12). The 6 loops on the needle are, however, in this case taken off singly as in Tunisian crochet stitch; then join the figure in a ring (in the manner of Fig. 12). Now join the fine cotton by taking a loop of it on the needle, and drawing it through the loop already on the needle (leaving the coarse cotton here) and working with the 6 chain stitches (ch.) which serve as a treble crochet stitch (tc.); then 10 ch.; 1 tc.; next the last single crochet (sc.); * 8 ch.; 2 tc. separated by 10 ch. around the next connecting thread between the next two 6 ds. From * repeat 4 times; then 8 ch.; 1 slip stitch (sl.) in the last of the first 6 ch. of this round. 3d round. 12 sc. around the arch formed by the 10 ch.; in working this use the coarse cotton as foundation thread; 4 sc. around the next arch and the foundation thread; then leave the fine cotton, and crochet with the coarse a figure of 5 times 3 ds. (similar to Fig. 12); join this in a ring by drawing the thread through all at once, and crochet further 4 sc. around the same arch, using the coarse thread as foundation. From * repeat 5 times in the round and then cut off the coarse thread. 4th round. 6 sl. in the next 6 sc.; 10 ch. * 1 sc. around the upper part of the first ds. of the 2d row of loops of the next figure; 8 ch.; 1 sc. around the first ds. of the 3d row of loops; 8 ch.; 1 sc. around the 1st ds. of the 4th row of loops; 5 ch.; 1 tc. on the middle sc. of the next arch; 5 ch. From * repeat in the round; lastly 1 sl. in the 5th of the first 10 ch. 5th round. Now join again the coarse cotton and crochet a figure (similar to Fig. 12) of 3, 4, 5, 4, 3 ds. Then work a suitable number of sc. around the chain stitch arch of the last round, again using the coarse cotton as a foundation thread. The next figure must come over the figure of the third round, which is easily managed by reference to the pattern. The sixth round consists only of chain stitches, and can also be executed by means of the pattern. The scallops must count enough chain stitches so that they shall not be stretched.

Fig. 21.—This cover is formed of single rosettes joined together. It may be used as cover for a toilette-cushion, or may be made large enough for larger covers by increasing the number of rosettes. In the pattern the middle rosette is somewhat larger than the others. The rosettes which form the outer row count 2 rings fewer, but are formed precisely as the first. Crochet for the larger rosette—1st round. * 13 double stitches (ds.), 1 picot (p.) of ¼ inch in length; 13 ds.; join this row in a ring; then 10 chain stitches (ch.). From * repeat 11 times. Each following ring must be fastened at the 8th stitch to the finished ring, at a corresponding distance from the end. The last chain stitch is fastened to the first ring by means of a slip stitch. 2d round. 5 single crochet (sc.) in the next 5 ch. Turn the work so that the left side lies above; crochet a figure of 9 plain loops; then 5 sc. on the next 5 ch. From * repeat in the round. The picots which form the star-like middle point of each rosette are joined by means of a single crochet stitch; draw the picot of the last ring through the picot of the first ring; crochet in this a single crochet stitch; the following picot, as also the one in the ring before the last, is then drawn through the picot in which the single stitch was worked. Continue till the picots are used; then sew the rosettes together.

THE SNOW.

THE clouds are gloomy and heavy and gray,
As the clouds in the east at the break of day
Before the morning's sun;
While out of the steely skies the snow
In delicate flakes begins to flow,
Dropping down one by one.

The air is white with a countless swarm
Of tiny snow-stars of exquisite form,
Wandering here and there;
Shrouding the earth in a winding-sheet;
Muffling its cold wool round the feet
Of the trees in the frosty air.

Gently and slowly, silent and slow,
Falleth the fleecy, feathery snow,
Whitening the hills around;
Down from their birth-place the snow-flakes glide,
Finding their grave in the river's tide,
Or heaping the bare, brown ground.

Far out on the ocean falls the snow,
And over the bay where the fishers row,
And down by the rocky shore;
While out on the dreary, lonely plain
Thicker and faster the snow-stars rain
Till they cover the dead grass o'er.

The fields are carpeted thick and deep,
While still the snow-flakes eddying sweep,
Swiftly they whirl through the air;
Wrapping the earth in a velvet pall
For the dying Year; while they seem to fall
With *love* for his infant heir.

A LEAF FROM KEZZIE GRISWOLD'S LIFE.

"I CAN'T, Robert; not now. You must let me think of it first."

There was a touch of impatience in the girl's voice. She took her hand from the gate, and busied herself in picking to pieces the flower she held.

"Time to think? Ah, Kezzie, I have no need to stop and think whether I love you or not; though it may take time to show how much I love you—a lifetime, indeed."

Her manner softened at his tone, and she answered in a gentler way, with the rich color coming to her face:

"I did not say I needed time to decide *that*, but if I would be your wife—that is what you asked me, Robert."

"Well, it is the same thing, is it not? Will not answering one question answer both?"

"I do not know that. When I answer you it is, as you say, for a lifetime. Yet you would have me do it in a moment." Then catching his glance she turned away, half laughing, yet with the hot tears starting to her eyes. "Don't look at me so! I can't help it if I'm not very sensible, or civil either, to-day. I'm tired—a little bit cross, too, maybe. Be good, as you always are, Robert, and don't ask me any thing now. You must let me have my own way in this."

"When did I ever do any thing else? You have surely a right to take what time you will; but Kezzie, little one, don't let it be long."

"No; I will answer you to-morrow," she said, slowly. "Go now, Rob. Good-by."

He watched her as she passed up the garden walk, and then turned away, with a shade of pain and disappointment on his bronzed, handsome face.

The doors and windows of the large kitchen were all wide open, and the sun streamed in over the yellow floor, and danced on the rows of shining tin, adding to the uncomfortable warmth thrown out by the great stove. Into this heated room Kezzie Griswold came, feeling its discomforts more keenly than ever before, and casting a weary, disconsolate look at the huge basket of unironed clothing that was patiently awaiting her return.

She was so tired of all this weary round of work; of spending so much time, thought, and care on all these trifling things, that would have to be done over again to-morrow. Never one step gained, one single advance made; always doing that others might undo—and such petty, unmeaning things, too! What were sweeping and dusting, sewing and ironing, that people should waste their lives so? taking as much thought about the number of eggs required for a cake or custard as if mind and thought were given for nothing else. There were other things in the world—but not in her world, it seemed. There were great, noble, glorious lives that were worth the living; rich in blessing to themselves and all around them. But the beauty and enjoyment of life did not come to her.

This old home was comfortable enough so far as common things went—common things! what else ever came to her? There was plenty of food and clothing; plenty of distasteful tasks too: she was tired of it all—this dull, monotonous level—she wanted change and rest. She had always thought that she would sometime make a new life for herself. She did not know what or how; but she had dreamed bright, vague dreams—poor little Kezzie!—of a world where the wearing, tormenting commonplaces should not creep in. But now there seemed a new chain forged to bind her—Robert Kensett's love for her, or rather hers for him. She did not need to question her love; the sure knowledge of it was that which made her so impatient. In her strange, paradoxical mood she was almost ready to hate him because she loved him.

Wearily she bent over the pretty pink muslin, her cheeks flushed to almost the same color, as she pressed out ruffle and tuck. Usually Kezzie prided herself upon her skill and quickness in this sort of work; but to-day there was a subtle poison-drop at her life's very fountain-head, and it tainted all the streams.

"Kezier! Kezi-er!" piped a shrill voice from the stairway.

The name grated harshly on the girl's ears. Why couldn't they have called her something else? she wondered, when there were so many pretty, musical names. "But no, it must be Kezia—coarse and common, like every thing else," she said to herself, going slowly to obey the call.

High up on the stairs stood Master Josey Griswold, leaning over the railing, and dangling a long string.

"I say, Kezier, I'm a-fishin', an' I want you to hitch a piece of gingerbread on to my hook so I can draw it up. I've got to stay here, 'cause I'm on a desert island and hain't got no boat."

"Oh, Josey! what have you been doing?" she cried, discovering that the young gentleman had purloined several yards of velvet ribbon for his "line," and bent her shawl-pin double for a hook. "You naughty, naughty boy!"

"No, I ain't neither," said Josey, defensively. "I got wrecked, I tell you, an' I couldn't go down stairs for no string. I had to take what I could find on my island, like Robinson Crusoe."

"You might have got wrecked somewhere else than in my bureau drawers, I think! Put the things where you found them, and come down stairs, Josey," and Kezzie went back to the hot kitchen again. She had scarcely resumed her work before the ringing voice came once more.

"Kezier!"

This time Josey was on the upper landing. He had replaced borrowed property, and so felt particularly self-complacent.

"Kezier, if I've got to come down stairs an' be a good boy, I must have some ginger-bread. I'm goin' to slide down the barristers, an' I'll be there quicker'n wink, an' I want the gingerbread just as soon as I get to the bottom."

"Well," said Kezzie, impatiently, yet she complied with the conditions of peace that were offered. After all, Josey was no more troublesome to-day than other days, only she was so weary. Tiresome work and more tiresome interruptions, she wanted to be free from them all.

Josey, having disposed of his lunch, and scattered the crumbs in as many directions as possible, wandered out into the garden in search of other occupation, and the girl was alone again. The sunlight fell hot across the little portico, and the vegetable garden beyond looked dry and parched; but afar off were green hills, cool and shadowy, and her glance turned toward them longingly. If she were only there, and could press her flushed face to the cool moss, and, closing her eyes, think quietly for a little while! But instead the tall old clock in the corner struck eleven, and it was time to be making preparations for dinner.

Presently came a sound of quick steps, and Aunt Rachel bustled in, depositing her armful of bundles, and sinking into a chair beside them.

"Dear a me! but I do say for't this is a warm day! Goin' a tradin' tires me clean out; does seem as if the shop-keepers delighted in makin' a body look at every thing they have got in their stores afore they'll show 'em jest what they ask for. Quarter past 'leven? Well, I didn't think I'd been gone so long! Have you got the potaters on, an' the dinner a goin', Kezia?"

"Kezzie," said a dreary little voice in the doorway, "I don't know what I'd better do next."

"Dear a me! what in the world have you been a doin' last?" exclaimed Aunt Rachel, in astonishment. "Jest look at the child, Kezia!"

Kezia did look, and saw face, hands, and apron woefully soiled.

"I've been a diggin' up the back-yard with this 'ere shingle, tryin' to find Captain Kidd's money, what he buried; but I didn't find none," said Josey, disconsolately, "an' now I don't know nothin' more to do."

Something in the wistful voice touched the sister's heart. Poor little Josey! he was restless and dissatisfied, too, wanting he did not know what. She coaxed him into having face and hands washed, and lying down for a nap.

Then her father came in from the field—"just to eat his dinner, and hurry back to the same dreary work again. How could he be contented with such a life?" Kezzie wondered, watching his cheerful face. But contented he seemed, grateful, too, as he bowed his head at table, and fervently, though in few words and plain, asked a blessing upon "this portion of God's common bounty." "Common indeed!" said Kezzie's rebellious heart; then, shocked at the thought, she tried to crush it.

The early dinner cleared away Aunt Rachel began to display her purchases, and comment upon them.

"That's for Josey's aprons. 'Tain't very fine, but he does tear 'em to pieces so, I thought I'd try to get something 'twould wear well. An' here's the calico for our dresses, not very pretty, neither of 'em; but we only want 'em for common, an' these'll wash well, and— Oh, here's the stuff to jine that quilt when it's done."

"Oh dear! I wish it were finished now," said Kezzie; "I'm so tired of it."

"Why, I thought you liked to make patch-work," said Aunt Rachel, looking over her spectacles in surprise. "I'm sure it's easy enough."

"But it is such common work."

"Well, I s'pose it is," said Aunt Rachel, reflectively; "but the most things that has to be done in this world is common things. Folks' lives—most folks', any how—is about like that patch-work quilt, made up of a little piece of this, an' a little piece of that, an' all of it common goods."

The girl looked up at the peaceful face, and the good, honest eyes that were peering over the spectacles.

"You don't look as if you cared in the least," she said.

Aunt Rachel laughed, a little cheery laugh.

"Why should I care? The common things has got to be done just as much as the uncommon, an' it don't make any difference which a body does, as I know of."

"But some people can do so much good, Aunt Rachel; founding hospitals, and—"

"Where did they find 'em?" interposed Master Josey. "Did they dig for 'em?"

"No, that they didn't!" answered Aunt Rachel, emphatically; "mind you don't get another apron dirty tryin' to dig up one in our back-yard. I tell you what it is, Kezzie, more'n half the folks that gives away great sums to that kind of thing is them that has held tight on to their money, an' kept it all to themselves while they lived; an' when they're dyin', an' can't carry it no farther, they will it to some great charity concern. It's a leetle too much like the man in the parable that had the one talent. He covered it up an' kept it all to himself, an' wouldn't let it do nobody no good as long as he could help it; an' then, when his lord come, an' he knew he couldn't keep it any longer, he lays it down, an' says, 'Take that which is thine.'"

Kezzie fitted her thimble to her finger, took up her sewing, and began to stitch away resolutely. She did not feel like talking much, but she tried by steady, hurried working to drown the tormenting question that kept whispering itself over and over again. She was no more ready to answer it then than she had been in the morning, and she longed to forget it for a little while. Vain effort! It would not be put aside. Kezzie gave it up at last, and when the sun had dropped lower in the sky, and the maple-tree at the door was flinging a long shadow over the grass, she threw down her work and went out, wandering down through the garden, and beyond it into the orchard until she reached a favorite seat under an old apple-tree.

Should she be Robert Kensett's wife? They had known each other from childhood, and his kindness, care, and love had made much of the sunshine of her life. Every body liked him—her father, Aunt Rachel, and even little Josey, and she—yes, she liked him too, dear Rob! But then— Kezzie paused there. A world of ambitious thought was in that girlish head. She had dreamed vague, grand dreams of a brilliant future that was possible for her somewhere; of a life—she scarcely knew what—but something entirely different from the steady, commonplace existence of this quiet little village. Her life had been stupidly peaceful and even so far; she wanted change. She was not willing to bind herself here; to settle down to the old weary round, not even for Robert Kensett's sake; and he could offer her nothing else, she knew.

How those dark eyes would look when she told him! How could she ever bear to meet them with such words on her lips? She covered her face with her hands, and leaned her head against the trunk of the old tree, as if already she saw the glance she so dreaded.

She did not know how long she had been sitting there when she caught the sound of little feet, and a voice called "Kezzie!"

"Oh dear! can I never be left alone?" were her first impatient words.

"Oh Kezier!" repeated Josey, in a strange, breathless tone that made her drop her hands and look up quickly.

"What is it?" she asked, in sudden alarm at the child's startled face.

"It's caved in, Kezzie, it has! that new well they was diggin' down at the mill! It's all tumbled in on the man that was makin' it, an' Robert Kensett, too; he's all buried up, an' can't get out! They can't see him at all, an' Bill Jones says he don't spect he'll ever get out!"

"Oh Josey, don't!" she cried, in a quick, sharp way, her face growing very white. "That is not so; it can't be! Some one has told you wrong, dear."

"No, they didn't, neither," said Josey, growing indignant at being doubted.

"At least Robert Kensett was not there," she continued, with trembling voice, speaking more to herself than to the child; "he could not have been there; he had nothing to do with the well." But she turned and walked toward the house so rapidly that Josey's little feet could not keep pace with her. On the piazza she met her father, and the blood seemed to settle cold about her heart at his pitying glance.

"What is it, father?" she asked, in a voice that fell strangely even upon her own ears. "Josey told me something, I hardly know what."

"That new well they were digging at the mill," he answered, watching her face; "it caved in suddenly a little while ago and buried two men."

"It was not?—" she began, her eager eyes fixed upon his face as he paused; but she could not finish the sentence.

"There was only one man working in the well at the time," said her father, slowly and hesitatingly, "and a stone fell first on his limb and fastened him down. Robert Kensett was near, heard him call, and went down to help him—it wouldn't have been like Robert to do any thing else! He had just succeeded in getting the old man loose, when some men above called to him to come up at once. But it was too late; they had scarcely spoken before the whole thing tumbled in. I'm going down there now."

"Come in, Kezzie, child," said Aunt Rachel, tenderly; and the girl obeyed, sinking down on a chair by the stove, cold and shivering on that warm August evening.

She was not one of those fortunate ones upon whom unconsciousness falls easily, shutting out for the time all sense of pain and terror. Keenly alive were reason, thought, and memory as she sat there, her head upon her hand. Aunt Rachel moved about quietly, stealing a pitying glance now and then at the averted face, longing in some way to lighten the terrible burden of sor-

row, which her woman's heart told her she must calmly understand, not speak of. Her own heart was sore too—that kind, motherly heart that had long ago opened to give Robert Kensett a place; that had seen into what the childish intimacy was ripening, and had grown to look upon the brave, noble-hearted Robert as Kezzie's husband of some day, long before the girl herself had dreamed of such a thing. She longed to tell her this now; to let her know how well she understood and sympathized with her great anguish. But the sorest pang that rankled in that young heart she did not even guess. She could not hear the words that sounded so plainly in Kezzie's ears—

"You called his love a chain to bind you here; you wanted to be free, and God has given you your wish!"

She had never thought of this. In all her selfish dreams of pleasure and pride she had still planned that they should be friends in the olden way. What would her life be to her with Robert Kensett gone out of it forever? What to her was a world that did not hold him any where? Empty — desolate! Oh, if she could only forget the wild, foolish—nay, worse than that—the mad, wicked thoughts that she had been cherishing all day! She felt like a murderer now, with just their burning memory.

Slowly the gray of twilight deepened and darkened, and the stars came out. It was so terribly quiet; no one came to bring them any word, and the suspense grew intolerable.

"Let us go down to the mill, Aunt Rachel, just for a little while, to see if we can learn any thing," she pleaded. "It seems so dreadful staying here."

And glad to have her speak at last, Aunt Rachel consented. There were many there before them. Men digging steadily and rapidly, while others stood by ready to take their places as fast as they grew exhausted, that the work should not stop for a moment. There were women, eager and anxious, gathered in little groups, and talking in low voices. A little apart from the others Kezzie saw the wife and daughter of the old well-digger, and, just beyond them, the pale face of Robert Kensett's mother. She did not go to her—what could she say? She sat down upon a large stone, where she could watch the busy workmen, only hoping that no one would notice or speak to her.

The whole scene seemed so strange and unreal—the old mill lying in grim, dark shadow on the river bank; the steady workers bending to their toil, as for life or death; and the circle of men around them holding up lanterns and flaring torches—she might have thought it all some terrible dream but for the crushing weight at her heart and that mother's white, still face. Poor mother! Something in her look brought back that other face, a little like hers, as Kezzie had seen it that morning—only that morning! Was she blind, mad, that she had parted from him so coldly, speaking not one tender word? She had promised to answer him to-morrow—to-morrow! She might answer as she would, he would never, never hear her!

After a time the moon showed its glittering rim above the hill-tops, on the opposite side of the river, rising higher and higher until its light took, in part, the place of the torches. Aunt Rachel had gone to speak with Mrs. Kensett, and Kezzie, with no one to watch or question her, arose and walked away. She gained the side of the mill, and, concealed by its shadow, paced slowly to and fro. The spot was familiar to her. It was a pretty, quiet place, the river-bank around the old mill, and had been a favorite walk of hers always. She had been there often with Robert, too. Only the other day they had stood together a little farther up the bank by the old well, and he had pointed out the new one to her.

She startled then with a quick thought. He had told her something of a pipe that connected the two—the old well and the new one. She turned and walked rapidly to the spot where they had stood. There was no one to notice; all were too busy at a little distance from her. She kneeled down by the opening, that was partly covered with boards, and bent her ear to listen. All was still for a moment; then she heard, or fancied she did, a low moan.

"Oh, Robert, are you living? Can you hear me?" putting her mouth close to the opening. "Speak to me, darling, just one word!" she cried, in the passionate way in which we say such words over new-made graves.

Again she listened, long and eagerly, but there was no answer, no sound, and she turned sadly away. Aunt Rachel was looking for her.

"Where have you been, Kezia?" she asked. "Hadn't we better go home now? We ain't of no use here."

"True, it is of no use to stay," Kezzie replied, sadly. There was nothing to wait for or to hope, she thought, as they walked slowly homeward.

The long hours wore wearily away. Kezzie sought her room, and pressing her aching head upon its pillow, waited, sleepless and tearless. With the first gray dawn of morning her father came. She heard his step and ran to admit him. He met her eyes and answered their question before she could put it into words.

"Yes, they have found them. Robert is living."

"Not dead! But he is hurt—dying?" she questioned, the pallid calm of her lips suddenly breaking into a quiver.

"Not dying, no; he is hurt, but not dangerously. He will live, Kezzie. But poor Millman must have been killed instantly. I shall never forget how his wife looked when he was taken out. Poor creature! She never left the spot the whole night through." The farmer turned away with a sudden moisture in his honest, kindly eyes.

Aunt Rachel had heard his voice, and came down; and leaving them together, Kezzie stole back to her own little room. Of that hour's thoughts and feelings, its penitence, gratitude, and solemn awe, who can write? When the sunlight, streaming in at her window, aroused her, it was with a thankfulness too deep for words that she remembered it was upon the old, sweet life, with its quiet home duties and pleasures, its peaceful, even ways, that she was to enter; not the new, strange, terrible life that might have been, but for the tender mercy which she had so murmured against but yesterday.

"S'pose we go down to Miss Kensett's a few minutes, Kezia; 'twouldn't be no more than neighborly," said Aunt Rachel, divining the girl's unspoken wish.

Robert's face, paler than its wont, but with its bright smile unchanged, greeted them.

"It seems wonderful that I should have escaped with nothing more serious than a broken limb and a few bruises," he said, while his mother and Aunt Rachel were discussing lotions and poultices apart. "But my face was close to that pipe that connects with the old well—you remember my telling you about it once?—and in that way I could breathe. I was perfectly conscious for a time, but afterward my mind must have wandered. I thought I heard your voice once." After a moment's pause he added, thoughtfully, "It would have been all right either way, but I am glad to live for poor mother's sake."

"And for mine," said Kezzie, softly.

"And for yours, my darling. It is to-morrow now, Kezzie," coaxingly.

So Kezzie gave him his answer.

The two ladies paused for a moment, on their homeward way, at the house of mourning, where a bruised and disfigured body lay awaiting its burial; and Kezzie came away with grateful wonder that the joy should have come to her while the shadow fell so heavily upon another.

"I say, Kezier," said Josey, "Bill Jones says truth is in the bottom of a well, did Robert find any?"

"I don't know," answered Kezzie, softly, "but I did."

PARISIAN FUNERALS.

EVERY visitor to Paris, rambling along the Boulevards, has probably seen a funeral procession pass. The black hearse is decorated with tall black plumes, and its horses are entirely covered with black cloths spangled with stars. The sides of the hearse, which are open, are festooned with black cloth, and expose the pall which is thrown over the coffin. All the carriages are covered with cloth which conceals the varnish of the wood under a dead surface of black, and the coachmen's boxes are enveloped in broad folds of the same material. The drivers all wear black cocked-hats, and the horses are all black. The only bright surfaces to be seen in the cortége are the varnished wheels of the vehicles, and the tarpaulin tops of the crape-bound hats worn by six attendants, who walk by the hearse.

As this sombre train moves toward the cemetery of Père la Chaise, the gay throngs on the sidewalk slacken their pace and turn toward it. Most of the gentlemen among the spectators stand still and raise their hats as it passes, in token of respect for the grief of unknown mourners. In a moment more the shadow has gone by, and the brilliant scene which it interrupted sparkles again with accustomed gayety.

This universal token of respect shown through mile after mile of the busy Boulevards, as the procession passes on, discloses to the stranger an unexpected trait of serious feeling in the light-headed world who throng the pavement. It seems to deserve a higher name than that of decorum or politeness. It is an act significant of a reverent and sympathetic recognition.

Nor is it an homage paid only to the obsequies of the rich and great. The same silent acknowledgment is made by the pedestrians in the narrow by-streets, when the little coffin of a child, covered with a white pall, is borne past by four young men, and followed by a sad group of men and women dressed in their working costume.

The funerals of Paris, like many other things in France which would seem to us matters of merely personal concern, are regulated, and we might almost say administered, by the Government. The Prefect issues a volume of instructions covering the whole subject. Nine classes of these "*Pompes Funèbres*" are established, and a tariff is promulgated by him, declaring what are the essential requisites of each class, and the prices. "A first-class funeral" costs 2555 francs, besides the expense of draping the interior of the church, which varies according to the height of the edifice, and besides the expense of the coffin, in respect to which the family have their choice of four or five different sorts at fixed prices. The second-class funeral costs about 1200 francs, besides the same items. The eighth-class costs about 20, and the ninth-class 3 francs, the only additional item in these and other lower classes of funerals being the coffin. For a funeral at 2555 francs one has hangings of cloth and a little lighted chapel for prayers, at the house of the deceased; a hearse surmounted by a dome, and drawn by four horses; ten draped carriages, and hangings of cloth at the portal of the church and within; and a grand and rich catafalque. For a funeral at 3 francs one has—a pall. The compensation of the priesthood for religious services, and for music, if desired, constitute an additional charge. The prices fixed for a first-class funeral are often exceeded by adding many other accessories.

In the medium classes of funerals the "chapelle ardente" at the house of the family is dispensed with, and instead of it there is made what is called an exposition of the remains. The draping or hangings consist of black cloth hung in front of the door and around the walls of the porte cochère, or the vestibule; and some time before the hearse is sent the coffin is brought down to the door, and there lies covered with a pall and watched by an attendant. The front curtains of the shrouded vestibule are parted, so that the coffin is visible from the sidewalk. At its foot is placed a silver vessel containing "holy water," with the brush used for sprinkling. Any friend of the deceased, who passes, steps in, and with a devout prayer sprinkles the pall.

The funeral is not notified through the daily press, but letters of invitation, which are written or lithographed, are sent out, and at the appointed time the hearse moves from the house to the church, followed by the friends who have assembled.

In the case of a funeral of the first-class, the entire front of the great portico of the main entrance of the church is covered with black drapery, hung upon a frame of wooden bars so fitted as to be very quickly put up. To the centre of these hangings is affixed a large black shield trimmed with white, in the middle of which the initial of the deceased appears worked in white, or his coat of arms painted in colors. At the sides of the doorway the hangings are looped up just enough to admit of passing into the church.

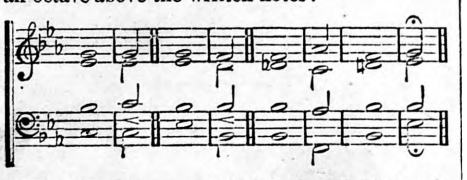
In the interior the entire walls of the nave, the transepts, and the choir are covered with heavy black drapery, hung from a great height to the floor, and entirely concealing the pillars, aisles, and side-chapels; and the little daylight which struggles in through the arched tops of the loftiest windows suffices only to illumine the frescoes on the vaulted ceiling. The dark body of the church below is lighted by scores of tall candles. Over the high altar a huge white cross is worked in the black hangings, and far up toward the arches of the roof are seen, at equal distances all around the church, the shields with initials, alternating perhaps with the armorial bearings.

In the centre of the church is erected a large catafalque, which, although in the form of a pedestal decorated with shields and surmounted by a funeral urn, is in reality a tent of black cloth stretched upon a wooden frame-work. On the steps upon which it is raised stand forty or fifty lighted candles in lofty silver candlesticks.

Into the church thus prepared the coffin is borne, and left resting just within the door, while the mourners and friends pass up to the seats in the body of the church, on each side of the catafalque and behind it. Immediately from the sacristy at the other end of the church issues a procession of priests and boys in robes of black and white, bearing holy water, a lofty crucifix, and many lighted candles, who pass down to the coffin, preceded all the way by two beadles in cocked hats and black gloves, who smite the stone pavement at every fourth step with their heavy staves. After prayers and sprinkling of the coffin the procession moves, escorting the coffin up the middle aisle, where it is thrust into the interior of the catafalque to rest there during the service. A master of ceremonies sits in front, distinguished by white neck-tie and black gloves, and rises and bows to the congregation when it is proper for them to stand up or to resume their seats.

The music as well as the devotions offered by the priests at the altar are more or less extended and elaborate according to the expenditure authorized by the family. When the arrangements are very imposing a requiem mass is sung, consisting of solos and choruses, some of the singers being at one end of the church and some at the other, and some perhaps in a remote chapel behind the altar, where their voices are enchantingly mellowed by the distance.

The following simple but beautiful chant is a great favorite upon these occasions, and it is used even in the course of the most elaborate musical service. The tenor may be taken by boys' voices an octave above the written notes:



It is often sung responsively; the priests, standing before the coffin, sing two cadences, and the choir, with organ and orchestral accompaniment, or four voices concealed in the distance, sing the other two; and thus it is repeated many times, softer and softer, until the final "Amen" dies away like an echo in the dome above.

In the middle and lower classes of funerals, there being no chapel prepared at the house of the deceased, it is the custom for the female relatives and friends to unite in the procession and attend the services at the church, the men and women invariably keeping in separate groups and occupying opposite sides of the aisle.

At the conclusion of the service the whole congregation, following the example of the chief mourners, pass in a file before the catafalque, and each one, as he approaches the holy water, makes the sign of the cross with it, and then hands the brush to the one behind him. The procession thus formed passes down the aisle toward the door, where the family of mourners range themselves on either side of the way while the friends and acquaintances pass through. During this sad ceremony the chief mourner stands returning the salutations of those who pass.

In the cemeteries of Paris many of the graves are covered by stone platforms, about four feet by six, bearing an iron railing around the outer edges, and the monumental stone at the head contains a number of inscriptions in its panels. These erections are hung with many wreaths of immortelles or chaplets of bead-work, with here and there a picture in a metallic frame, or a plaster image. To protect such perishable tokens a little glass screen is placed across from rail to rail, and under it hang, in some cases, fifteen or twenty wreaths, which, by the different degrees of preservation in which they appear, from the fresh yellow one, with black letters at one end of the row, down to the faded and drooping one at the other, mark the successive visits of the mourning survivor. Some of the tombstones covered with these memorials are sheltered from wintery storms by huge screens of tin, which, shaped to conform to the outline of the monument, look like cloaks and hoods concealing some ghastly figure.

The more wealthy families cause to be erected over the graves, which are in fact vaults of masonry, little chapels in which prayers may be said for the peace of the departed. The chapels are about the size and shape of sentry boxes, just large enough for one person to enter and stand before a narrow altar at the back. The floor forms a trap-door, covering the mouth of the vault below. A dim light from the roof suffices to disclose to one who peers through the latticed door the altar with its crucifix and flower-pots, and the wreaths and pictures hung upon either wall. Over the door of each is an inscription which may be Anglicised thus: "The Williams Family," "The Jones Family," etc. These little structures, which are seen in every direction, give a singular expression to the place.

On the occasion of an interment the marble slab constituting the altar is removed, the floor is taken up, and after the coffin is deposited in its place the priest comes from his carriage to perform the final rites.

As the members of the company present step down from the terrace into the path again to go away, each in turn approaches the widower or bereaved father, and with uncovered head grasps him by the hand, and says a word of sympathy, of comfort, or of simple farewell.

The grounds surrounding the approach to these cemeteries are not, as is too often the case in this country, a mournful wilderness of marble yards. The street of stone-cutters' shops looks quite as much like a flower-market as like the mart of tombstones; for the front of almost every shop is hung full of a profusion of chaplets, wreaths, evergreens, crosses, pictures, little mirrors, and similar decorations; and in the midst of this display, which conceals the monuments and railings in the shop within, a young woman sits in the doorway, greeting cheerily every one who passes, with "Look, Monsieur; will you not have something?"

The white wreaths are made of shreds of tissue paper, bound in form by winding with a covered wire or a white cord. Wreaths are covered in black by winding with barege, or in white and blue by alternate strips of paper of those colors. Little mirrors, having mottoes, flowers, and ornamental devices worked in white glass beads attached to the surface, are framed and covered with a glass. Wreaths and disks of bead-work are made upon wire frames. These articles vary in price from ten sous to five or six francs.

In observing these customary expressions of mourning it is difficult to draw the line between what is due to spontaneous feeling and what is the result of the dictates of usage. Both these elements seem singularly mixed in the Parisian fashions of mourning, as they must be called. Three styles are established; grand mourning, ordinary mourning, and half-mourning. The great or full mourning, admits only of black cloths and woolen; the ordinary mourning admits silks; the half-mourning other stuffs in black, gray, white, and violet.

The oracles of propriety upon this subject are equally definite in respect to the proper periods of wearing these styles. For a husband eighteen months is required, six for full, six for ordinary, and six for half-mourning. For a wife, father, or mother, six months, and so on with successive degrees, down to three weeks for an uncle or aunt, and fifteen days for a cousin.

It seems to be understood that in making visits of condolence one should not name the deceased unless the bereaved speak of him, but nevertheless should not fail to speak some words of sympathy.

But the function of the rules of etiquette is not to serve as laws of conduct, but as suggestions for the judgment, embodying what is supposed to be the common usage of the best-bred people acting in ordinary circumstances. In this aspect such rules have a value which should not be ignored.

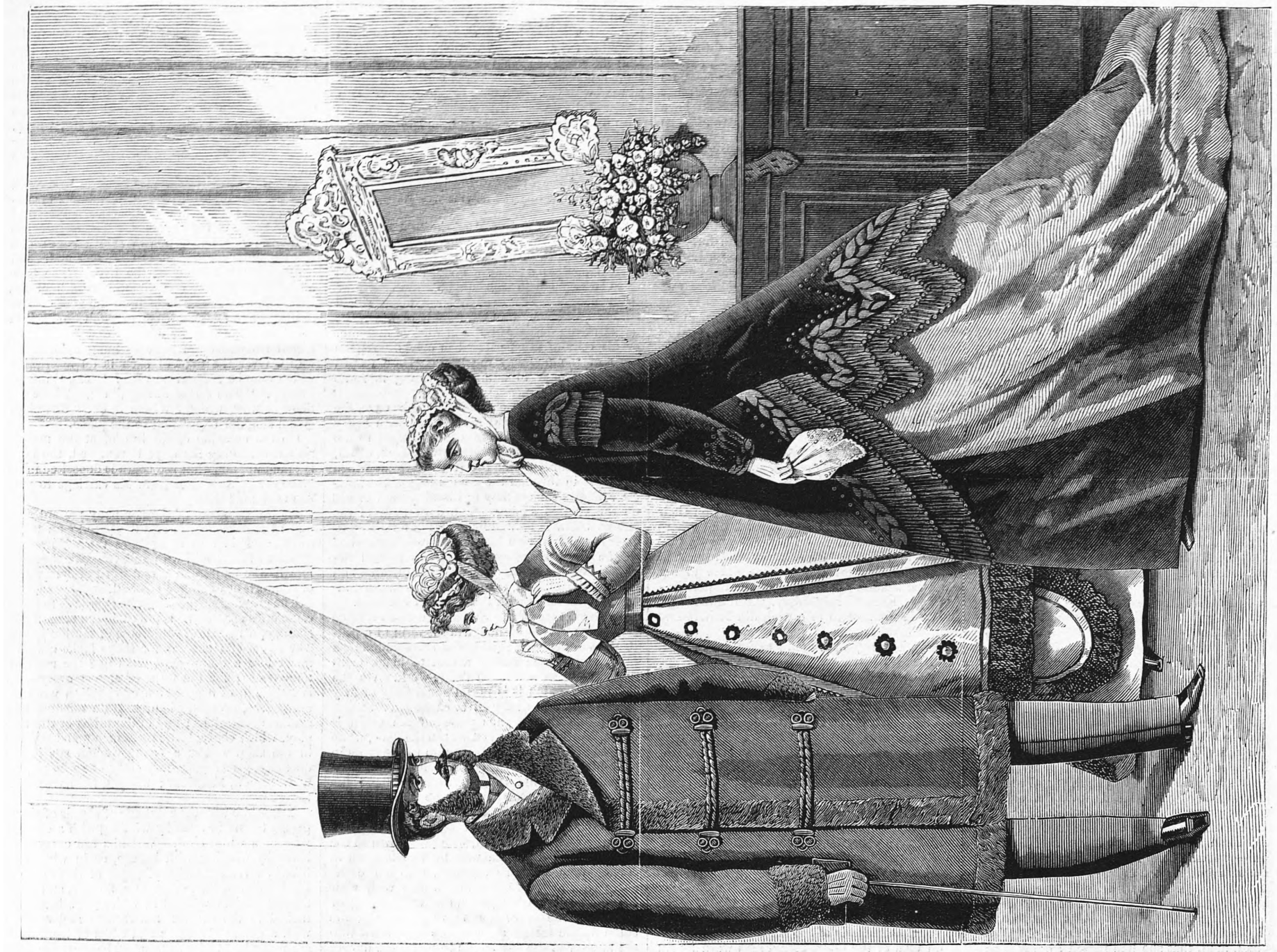
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CARLOTTA.—A new kind of stamp for marking patterns, made of wire, can be purchased at $2 per dozen, for patterns of various designs. Solid blocks, for the same purpose, are $4 per dozen. An economical coloring preparation may be made of ultramarine blue, mixed with a little mucilage and water, for light colored cloths. For dark goods substitute white lead for ultramarine.

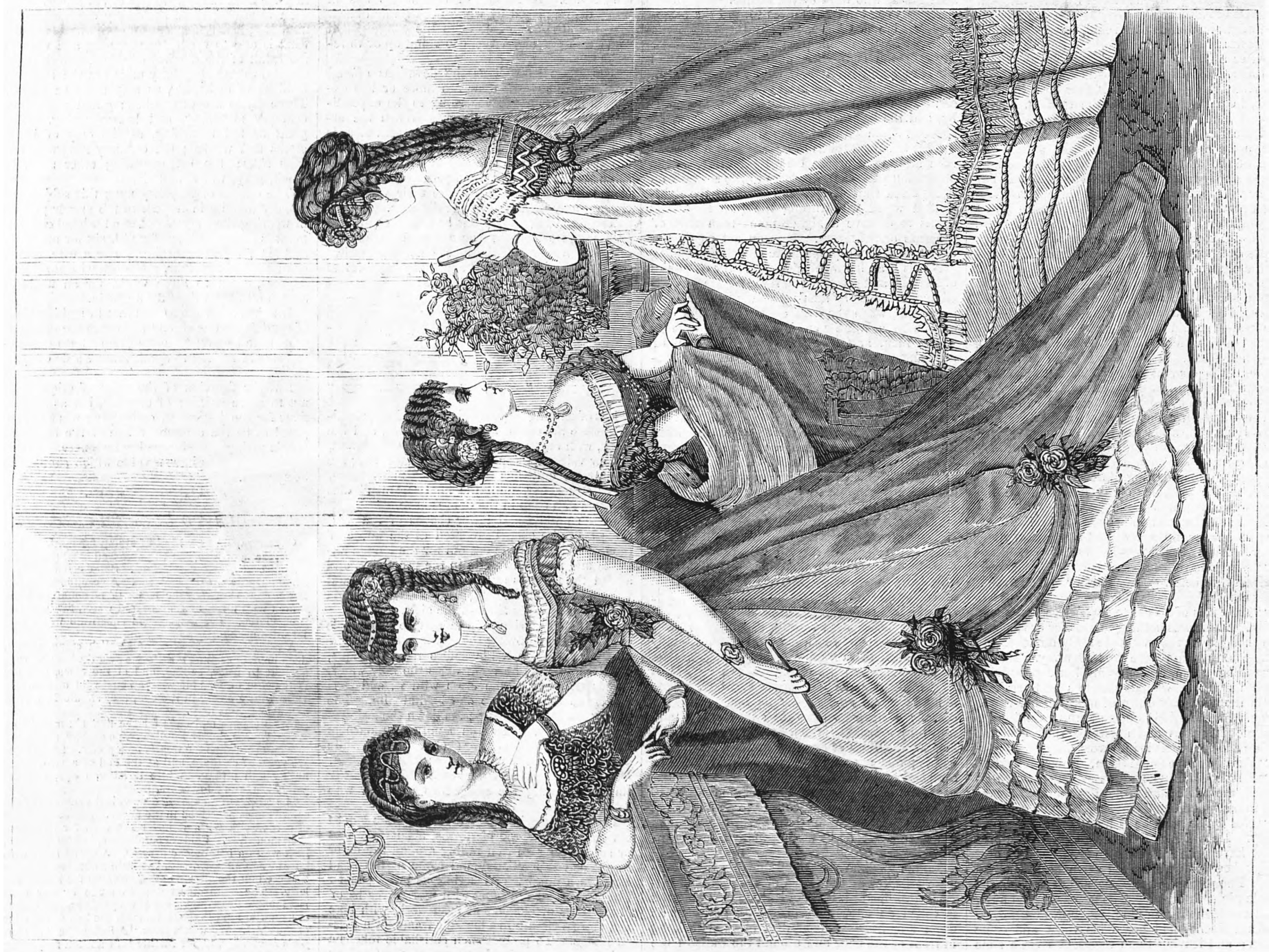
A SUBSCRIBER.—Squares of English crape, with a deep hem all around, are thrown over the bonnet, with a point in front, behind, and at the sides, and are fastened at either side with a square jet brooch. If worn with a string in the end, they should be a yard and five-eighths long.

Crape collars and cuffs for the first six months of mourning are simply English crape *doubled*, according to whatever shape the wearer may prefer. Small folds are worn after these, and at the end of a year, fancy fluting and piping. White tarlatan, crape, and organdy are then admissible.

The length of mourning dresses is the same as of the colored ones described in the *Bazar*. Bands and folds of corded silk without lustre are used for trimming deep mourning. Folds of bombazine, instead of crape, look well on bombazine dresses. A gored skirt with long sweeping train, with but little trimming, perhaps bordered on the edge, is most suitable for indoor toilette. The handsomest dresses made by our most fashionable dress-makers are two yards and an eighth or a quarter long in the train, from the belt to the edge of the skirt. We would refer "A Subscriber" to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 13, for further information respecting mourning dresses.



WINTER WALKING COSTUMES.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



EVENING DRESSES AND COIFFURES.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

LOTTE.

OUR readers will doubtless be gratified with the reproduction of Kaulbach's beautiful and popular engraving of Lotte, the heroine of Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther." The artist has seized the moment of Werther's introduction to Lotte, when, going with his friend to conduct her to a ball, he pushes open the door and discovers her in her white ball-dress, with her head crowned with roses, cutting bread and butter for her hungry little brothers and sisters. The little fellow in the high chair, at whose birth his mother died and left Lotte to care for the flock, has been first served, and is munching his slice, which he grasps with both hands, while his feet are employed in divesting each other of shoes and stockings, in which he has nearly succeeded. The eldest boy has also been served, and, having filled his own mouth, is thrusting his bread and butter into that of his second sister Sophie, who, though but eleven years old, with her old-fashioned cap and knitting-work in hand, looks ready to take Lotte's place in case of need. The next boy, regardless of the bread, is hesitating whether to seize the fruit on the table or mischievously to pull the golden lock falling down his sister's neck, while the three hungry ones yet unsupplied are grasping at the dress of Lotte, who, with her black loaf clasped to her breast, pauses and casts her brown eyes on the group, as if to say, "Who shall have the next slice?" The cat and toy-horse in the fore-ground finish the picture. The whole scene is so fascinating that we can not wonder that it deeply impressed the poetic Werther; so deeply, indeed, that when the beautiful Charlotte became his friend's bride, after a long struggle between love and duty, he rushed unbidden to that bourne whence no traveler returns.

A COUNTESS AND HER FRIENDS.

A DAME, who is of the very cream of the cream of English society, the Countess of Brownlow, who modestly confesses to seventy years of age, has revived for us her recollections of the great men and women of Europe, whose skirts she has brushed in the course of a long life with her courtly robe. The touch of her ladyship, as becomes so stately a personage, is very light; but though we might have wished a closer intimacy and a warmer greeting, the formal bow and stiff courtesy we share in her distinguished company are something to be grateful for.

When the peace of 1802 brought many French people to England the celebrated Madame Récamier was among them, "who created a sensation, partly by her beauty, but still more by her dress, which was vastly unlike the unsophisticated style and poke bonnets of the English women. She appeared in Kensington Gardens *à l'antique*, a muslin gown clinging to her form like the folds of a drapery on a statue; her hair in a plait at the back, and falling in small ringlets round her face, and greasy with huile antique; a large veil thrown over her head completed her attire, that not unnaturally caused her to be followed and stared at."

At Spa the aristocratic child was frightened by a sight of a live revolutionist, with hands still dripping with the blood of a king, "the odious Barras! I fancy I see him now," says the Countess, "with his ignoble figure, and his lowering, bad countenance—as far as my recollection goes—always alone, and looking as if he felt that every one knew who he was, and what he was." The next memorable sight of the Countess in her youth was of Bonaparte. "He

LOTTE.

was then thin, and his figure appeared to be *mesquin;* but how grand was his face, with its handsome features, its grave and stern and somewhat melancholy expression! A face, once seen, never to be forgotten. It fascinated and acted upon me," writes the Countess, "like a rattlesnake; for though a mere child I felt all the English horror of the man, and yet could not look at him without admiration mixed with awe." Her woman's eyes, though charmed with the brilliant and terrible French viper, could yet turn to take a glance at the prevailing ladies' fashion of the times: "a gown *très décolletée*, and extremely short-waisted, with apparently only *one* garment under it; this gown they held up so as to discover one *jambe*, a shawl hung over the shoulders, the feet *chaussés*, in their slippers, no bonnet or cap, and the curls on each side of the face greasy with huile antique."

Back in England in 1806, the impressionable dame was overwhelmed with the intelligence of Nelson's death at Trafalgar. "I fell down as if I had been shot," she says. Among her distractions in those early days was an occasional visit to the House of Commons, where she saw Pitt, Sheridan, Whitbread, and Fox, whose complexion struck her as very peculiar, having "the color that yellow crape would have stretched over black."

Her father, being one of the early friends of the persecuted wife of George IV., the Princess Caroline, the Countess saw a good deal of her, and thus sketches her portrait: "Her figure was fat and somewhat shapeless; her face had probably been pretty in her youth, for her nose was well formed; her complexion must have been good, and she had bright blue eyes, but the expression of them was bold, which, however, might be partly caused by the quantity of rouge she wore. Her fair hair hung in masses of curls on each side of her throat, like a lion's mane." Her dress was "of a showy turn; her gowns were generally ornamented with gold or silver spangles, and her satin boots were also embroidered with them. Sometimes she wore a scarlet mantle, with a gold trimming round it, hanging from her shoulders, and as she swam so attired down an English dance, with no regard to the figure, the effect was rather strange." The Countess confesses that the Princess's parties were by no means exclusive. While there were some good people, there were others "very bad." She on one occasion twigged a parson in small clothes among them, no less a person than the witty and Rev. Sydney Smith, "who," says the Countess, "I thought looked out of place there."

The Countess of Brownlow, being the niece of Lord Castlereagh, accompanied him to Paris, where he went as representative of England, after the abdication of Napoleon at Fontainebleau. Passing through Holland on their slow journey in the rear of the allied armies, the Countess had a glance at the interior of the empty palace of the fugitive king. In one apartment "were two little beds in which King Louis's children (one the present emperor, Louis Napoleon) slept, and the hurry of their departure was evident from the fact that the beds were unmade, and some silver tea-spoons were left about the room." Arrived at Paris, the Castlereagh party had an early visit from Alexander, the Emperor of all the Russias. "He was very civil and courteous, and a handsome man, with fair complexion, but without really good features. He had little grace or ease in his movements, in consequence of the make of his uniform, which was padded on the chest and shoulders, and so tight round the waist and the arm-holes that he could not stand upright, and his arms hung straight, and did not touch his body."

The Countess gets another glance of the French viper, Napoleon, who with his sting taken out and his rattles torn off had less power to charm the Countess. He was so afraid, she says, of the Bourbonists that "he actually rode as courier ahead of his own carriage, with a round livery-hat and a white cockade on his head."

"What strange people the French are!" we echo with her ladyship, who saw still remaining upon a house sufficiently distant for safety from the battle-field where the last struggle took place before the Allies entered Paris, a notice stating, *Ici on voit la bataille pour deux sous* (The battle can be seen here for two sous).

Paris, though in full bloom of white lilies and white cockades, was by no means in good humor with the Bourbons thrust upon them and their English backers. The poor Duchess D'Angoulême, whose juices of life had been wrung out of her by her long imprisonment at the Temple, and her heart compressed by the load of tragic memories of a murdered mother and brother, had naturally no very cheerful aspect. *Elle est maussade; elle n'a pas de grâce; elle est mal mise* (She is dull; she has no grace; she is badly dressed), was the common remark of her heartless countrywomen, who never forgive a wry face or an ill-fitting gown.

The Duke of Wellington, though most of his countrymen had but scorns and insults for their share, seems to have awakened a chivalrous enthusiasm among his French enemies. "The Duke was in plain clothes, without any decoration to attract notice, and sat in the back of the box; but he was almost immediately recognized by some one in the pit, and a voice cried out '*Vellington!*' The cry was taken up by others, and at last the whole pit rose, and turning to the box, called out, '*Vive Vellington!*' nor would they be satisfied till he stood up and bowed to them, when he was cheered and applauded. At the end of the performance, on opening the door of the box," writes the Countess, who was with Wellington and the Castlereaghs, "we found the passage crammed, and my poor aunt was nervous and frightened and shrank back; but the Duke, in his short way, said 'Come along,' and drew her on. Mr. Planta and I followed. While doing so, I heard one man say to another, *Mais pourquoi l'applau dissez-vous tant? il nous a toujours battus* (But why do you applaud him so? he has always beaten us)."

At the state dinners given by her uncle, Lord Castlereagh, the Countess was often seated by the side of notable personages. Of Talleyrand, a frequent guest, she says: His "revolting person and face in some respects did him injustice, for the bad qualities were evident; but his half-closed eyes and heavy countenance gave no indication of his talents and wit." Fouché, another official acquaintance, "was small in stature and spare in make, with a narrow, pinched face, and when unknown might have passed unnoticed. On further observation, there was an expression of shrewd and decided cold-blooded good sense and reflection, without a ray of warmth of feeling. . . . . I could fancy him," adds the Countess, "giving his vote, '*Mort sans phrase*,' against the unfortunate Louis XVI. with as much *sang froid* as he ordered his carriage to take him to dinner."

Lord Castlereagh having a diplomatic mission could not be choice of his society, which was accordingly very miscellaneous, and extorted from his wife the remark to her niece, "Emma, I am afraid we live in very bad company." This was the reflection after a dinner at Talleyrand's, where they became acquainted with the Princess, "whose antecedents would not bear very close inquiry." Countess Brownlow says she was either English or Scotch by birth, and had been known in India as Mrs. Grant. A writer in the last *Quarterly Review* declares that she was an American, who was as remarkable for being a beauty, as for not being a wit. She once seriously asked a Sir George Robinson after his man Friday. Talleyrand vindicated his choice of this pretty fool, saying: "A clever wife often compromises her husband; a stupid one only compromises herself." Napoleon once asked him how he could have married her. He replied, "*Ma foi, Sire, je n'ai pu trouver une plus bête*" (Indeed, Sire, I couldn't find a greater fool). The Countess Brownlow says she "was a quiet-mannered, respectable-looking *pâte de femme.*"

The Countess was again in Paris after the hundred days and defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo. We again, in the formal company of her ladyship, get some slight glances—as all her well-bred glances are—of a few notabilities. Canova was there to reclaim in behalf of his beloved Italy her stolen works of art; and when he succeeded, "his dark Italian eyes and expressive face were lighted up with enthusiasm, and he wept from emotion." David, the painter, appears among the nude heroes and heroines of his would-be classical canvas. He himself "was a sight, as well as his pictures, but not a pleasing one in any way. Unlike the smoothness, and high finish, and unmeaning faces which characterized his heroes, his face was remarkably coarse, and the expression of the countenance decidedly bad."

With a glimpse, at his trial, of Ney—"a strongly-built man, above the middle height, fair complexioned, with yellow hair and eyebrows, short nose, and long upper lip; nothing distinguished or even French about him"—and of his judges, Jourdan, Massena—"a spare, dark, ill-looking man, with only one eye"—Augereau, Mortier, Marin, and others, "all of whom, with the exception of Mortier, were certainly not a prepossessing set"—we take leave of the Countess Brownlow, in whose company we might have lingered longer had she possessed a little less of the haughty reserve of the great lady, and more of the freedom of the gossiping woman.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

AN English essayist in *Blackwood*, who has a clearer idea of the educational system and attainments of the American people than have most of our English cousins, thus sensibly discourses of the practical education of Americans:

It is because the Americans are such a busy people that they become such a generally educated people. The immensity of the task before them, in bringing their wide domain into cultivation, and in building up what promises to be the most powerful nation in the world, appeals so strongly to their imagination and their sense of responsibility, as to give them an air of sadness and thoughtfulness that strikes every stranger who resides even for a short while among them. They have the education of the mariner, the farmer, the miner, the explorer, the hunter, and the adventurer, as well as that of the trader, and sharpen their faculties in a thousand ways that are not and can not be open to the poor Englishman, in a country where the day's subsistence often costs more than the day's work. The scarcity of labor in America, and the difficulty of procuring help in the work of the farm, the mill, and the forge, develops the intellect of the people: and far away in the backwoods many an acute pioneer of civilization invents and patents some ingenious machine for rendering men and women independent of the hired service, so costly and so difficult to obtain in a new country. The mechanical skill of the Americans is unequaled in the world, and never likely to be rivaled in the old countries of Europe, where labor is cheap. The Patent Office at Washington—that marvelous repository of contrivances, from the simplest to the most elaborate machine that the cunning hand and the busy brain can construct—and all devoted to the one great end of facilitating work, and economizing manual and other bodily exertion—is sufficient proof of the assertion, and of the practical and material, as distinguished from the scholastic, education of the American people. Book-learning and the common-school system have no doubt done something for them, but however great that something may be it would have been less, if it had not been for the fertile soil, the favorable climate, the immense extent of territory, and the gigantic and not half-developed resources of the continent. In fact, book-learning and what we thoughtlessly call "education" is about the smallest of the agencies which have made the United States so powerful. They owe their position, first of all, to their race and blood; and, secondly, to possession of the best portion of a continent, and the unrivaled opportunities thus presented, and by which they have known to profit. Their school education, which enables them to read the newspapers, has certainly not impeded their progress; but without possession of such a glorious domain as that which their forefathers wrested from the Red Indians, their "education" in the common schools, which they have so lavishly established, would never have received half the laudation which they, as well as foreign admirers, have been eager to bestow upon it. The school "education" bestowed upon the children of Scotland, and introduced long before the Puritans founded the colony of Massachusetts Bay, is greatly superior to that bestowed upon the Americans; but it has not made an America out of North Britain, though it has certainly given America some of its best immigrants, in the persons of the well-instructed and "go-ahead" Scotsmen, who are ever to be found among the leading and most influential citizens in every part of the United States and Canada.

INFANTS' WARDROBES.

IT is a common complaint that while fashion journals elaborately describe all the details connected with ladies' toilettes, they neglect the subject of infants' clothing, which is equally desirable. We are constantly in receipt of letters asking for information in this respect, in answer to which we give the following hints. Beginning with the underwear,

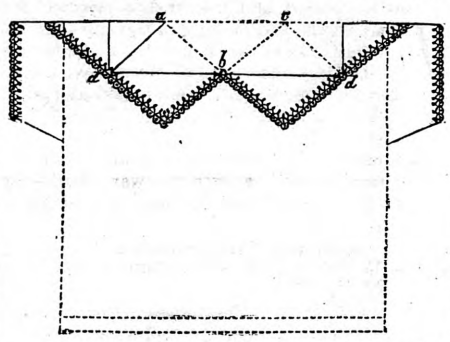
THE SHIRT

may be the first article noticed. There is no garment that is so generally unwisely made as this one. One of the most prevalent errors is to gore the shirt under the arm after the style suited to older persons, who differ a great deal in form from infants. It may add to the symmetry of the garment, but certainly not to the comfort of the wearer. The same may be said of yoked shirts; both making unnecessary folds about the form.

A pattern which we have recently seen exhibited to a remarkable degree the fault of ignoring the knowledge of anatomy. It was of a little shirt intended to fit a perfectly straight body of the tenderest structure, gathered very full into a deep yoke buttoning with three buttons, the sleeve fulled into a band. Indeed, it was an exact copy of what the mother might be supposed to wear. All fullness in infants' shirts should be avoided; it not only adds to the discomfort of the wearer, but it complicates the making, and nearly doubles the amount of material actually required.

A good, plain pattern is as follows: Take of the material twenty-two inches in length and eight in depth; fold to open in front; cut slits three inches in length for arm-holes, making sleeves to suit the taste—cut with or separate from the shirt, the latter being the most economical of material. Several made after this pattern are convenient for first wear. Another simple pattern is shaped in the neck and buttons on the shoulders; another is cut body and sleeves in one with no seam on the shoulder. Ten inches is a good width for a shirt, not including the sleeves.

Below is a diagram of a very pretty shirt and one easily made. Take of material eleven inches



in width and twenty in length; fold to make the ends meet at the bottom of the garment. Beginning at a point three inches from the top of the arm-hole, cut the slits *a d* and *c d* two and a half inches in length, which should reach nearly half-way down to the bottom of the sleeve and to within an inch of the arm-hole; then cut out the point *a b c*. It will now be seen that there is a point on each shoulder which turns back over the sleeve, and two in front and two behind; these should be neatly hemmed, and finished with narrow Valenciennes edging. The sleeves are cut to suit the fancy, and sewed in instead of being cut with the shirt. The dotted lines are to be followed in cutting; the black ones represent the appearance after the cutting and turning down of the points. It would be better to try the pattern on paper before cutting the material. The points can be worn outside the dress, or as the taste may suggest.

The trimming of infants' shirts should be exclusively of lace; Valenciennes is by far the handsomest, and wears well, though a fine linen edging is pretty, and durable besides, being cheaper than the other laces. Tatting, ruffling, and heavy embroidery are out of place on these little under-garments. The next thing to be considered is

THE SKIRT,

of which there is the muslin-flannel and what is commonly called the "foot-blanket." The latter is very simply made: one breadth of flannel, three-fourths of a yard in length, is gathered into a band, which, beginning about under the arms, is tapered down into a point (both sides alike), to which is attached a tape that passes around the body through a slit under one arm and ties—thus doing away with pins in one garment at least. The skirt is left open in front, and is tied or buttoned at intervals. For ordinary flannel skirts one yard is sufficiently long. The best trimming for everyday wear is embroidery in white silk floss. A pretty trimming is two rows of fluting of white silk ribbon an inch in width. Something still prettier is a facing of white silk four or five inches deep, the upper edge being cut in waves or deep points, and headed with either narrow silk braid, or embroidery in small design.

Muslin skirts, like dresses, can be trimmed in an infinite variety of ways. Tucks running straight round; tucks inserted diagonally, and bordered on each side with insertion, the skirt terminating with embroidery; tucks inserted in a diamond shape, separated by puffs, the skirt edged with a ruffle, are among the most elaborate styles of trimming.

DRESSES.

Baby dresses, like those for their mammas, can be made almost in any style, and still be in fashion, with the difference that a train in the former is always indispensable. A dress gored all the way up with no fullness about it, with jaconet insertion running up every seam, the neck, sleeves, and skirt finished with embroidery, is very pretty.

A comfortable slip, and one easily made, is gored only on the side breadths, the seams of which are edged with narrow Coventry ruffling; the sleeves are cut with the dress. Another slip is made full, and confined at the neck by several shirrs, through which are run small tapes. Inch-wide tape should form an inside belt, reaching half-way round, to all dresses made after this pattern. The tape is sewed on the seam of the dress the length of a finger below the arm-hole, and, extending round the front, buttons under the other arm. The back of the dress can be confined by broad sashes of the same material as the dress, edged with lace or embroidery; or a half-belt, edged with the same and buttoning under one arm. For a young baby these slips are much more suitable than the richly-trimmed robes.

A woman who is so disposed can make the richest of robes at a small cost compared with what they are generally sold for. And for the benefit of that class who for various reasons plan and make up these little garments at home this article is expressly designed.

By following the directions given below a very pretty and inexpensive robe can be made with little or no trouble. Of three and a half yards of fine mull take one-third of a yard for waist and sleeves, a yard and an eighth for the back breadth, which is left whole, and the remainder for the front breadth, which, beginning about three inches from the selvedge at the bottom, is tapered up to the width of a quarter of a yard. The front breadth is then tucked in "clusters," the lower cluster containing thirteen tucks an eighth of an inch deep, the next twelve, the next eleven, and so on, until the front is made the same length as the back; the latter has but one cluster of tucks, matching the lower one on the front breadth. Between every cluster leave a space on which to stitch insertion. (It will look better *stitched on* if it matches the dress in thinness.) After this is done take enough of the gores that were cut from the front breadth and cord them on again so as to make two full straight breadths of the same width. The skirt is then finished by embroidery three inches in depth, to match the material of the dress. The waist is gathered into a belt of embroidery, the front being cut and made after the style of the skirt, the top corded into a narrow band. The sleeves are tucked, and both neck and sleeves finished with narrow embroidery. Two yards of wide embroidery, half a yard of narrower for the sleeves, a yard of still narrower for the neck, and four and two-thirds yards of insertion is the amount required. This robe can be trimmed beautifully with Valenciennes edging and insertion.

Another style of dress is made open in front and elaborately trimmed in tucks and lace or embroidery up the fronts and around the bottom. The front breadth of the white skirt worn under this should be handsomely trimmed.

THE CLOAK,

when tastefully made, is the crowning beauty of a baby's wardrobe. They are made up in cloth, cashmere plaids, French merinos, and flannel in checks or plain colors.

A very handsome shawl-shaped cloak, with a cape of the same shape, is made of scarlet cloth, with a facing of heavy white silk three or four inches in depth, the upper edge cut in regular points, matching the shape of the cloak, and either stitched or headed with silk cord or braid. The hood is lined and the edge bound with white silk, with a bow of narrow white ribbon on the top, and loops with ends attached to the back of the neck. Embroidery, braiding, and swan's-down are very much used in the trimming of cloaks. Ermine is much handsomer, and, of course, very much more expensive.

Something cheap can be made of merino or flannel, with a facing or folds of white merino. Merino cloaks should always be lined; while flannel cloaks with a cape will do without a lining. Plaids are generally finished with heavy cord to match.

SACQUES.

Much taste can be displayed on little sacques for indoor wear. They are beautifully made in zephyr, though flannel or merino prettily trimmed are good for a change. A pale-buff flannel, finished with a crochet border in white zephyr, is neat; machine embroidery also looks pretty and washes well.

BLANKETS

are made almost exclusively of white material, colors sometimes being used in the trimming, though generally not in good taste. A flannel blanket of the finest quality, embroidered delicately in a pale golden color, is quite pretty. Another one is finished with a deep crochet border of scarlet wool, while some are simply faced with white ribbon. They are more generally embroidered in white silk floss, and are certainly much more to be admired.

BIBS.

These little articles are needed by the dozen by some babies, and not at all by others. They are made of Marseilles, heavily braided and lined, sometimes quilted—in this case they are not braided. They are very pretty finished with lace or a needle-work edge.

NIGHT-GOWNS.

No woman need perplex her brains over a garment of this kind; the simpler they are made

the more convenient they are. A good pattern is cut with sleeves and body in one. Another is cut in the sack form. They are made of muslin, brilliant, and jaconet, with a little trimming of lace or ruffling.

The number of articles necessary for the completion of an infant's wardrobe differs in different households, depending in a measure upon one's means. But it should be the privilege of every woman to expend as much of her husband's fortune (if he possess any) as she may choose in the preparation of the first wardrobe of this kind; for she will not fail to see the folly of it before there is occasion for a renewal.

A very respectable wardrobe, however, would be from eight to ten shirts, ten to twelve dresses, four to six muslin skirts, four of flannel, three "foot-blankets," six bands (which should be of the finest, softest flannel), eight night-gowns; and of linen diaper forty yards, more or less, as you have other material. Canton flannel is much used for the same purpose, and is to be recommended. Twenty-inch linen is a good width; canton flannel is generally too wide.

A very unwise custom, and one universally indulged in, is the shortening of the long white dresses so daintily and carefully made. They are too soon outgrown to repay one for even the short time spent in altering them. For babies that are beginning to "creep," it is much better to make another set of dresses, of a good size, that will allow free motion to the limbs. Woolen goods, Marseilles, or brilliant, as suits the season, are becoming.

THE FATAL VALENTINE.

I.

MR. MORTIMER KUTE was a man of few words,
Yet he cut quite a dash in those regions of "ton"
Where, thinking fine feathers betoken fine birds,
Dame Fashion so oft takes a goose for a swan.
So, Mortimer Kute
Was a man of repute:
His toilette was faultless from castor to boot;
He got himself up with elaborate care,
Giving most of his mind to his whiskers and hair.
His manners were mild, and his morals thought good,
And the tide of his fortunes appeared at the flood;
For a rumor had spread
That, ere long, he would wed
With the belle of the "ton"—worth a million, 'twas said.

II.

Now it chanced, on the eve of St. Valentine's Day,
From his bachelor club coming home rather late,
Kute bethought him of two little debts he'd to pay;
One to Love, which he trusted might settle his fate;
But the other was—whew!
Far more dreadful—to sue
For a further delay on a grim I O U!
With a bottle of wine, then, he sat himself down,
And a volume of extracts from bards of renown,
First, to plead at the shrine
Of Saint Valentine,
And then fling to Mammon the bait of a line.

III.

He found just the thing for his *belle millionnaire*
(It said that true hearts by no bribes could be won);
Then finished the bottle to banish dull care,
And scrawled these few lines to his foeman, the Dun:
"It's needless to say
I am anxious to pay
This paltry five thousand; but can not, to-day.
But I'll tell you a secret: I'm safe for the prize!
A million! All hers! Don't that open your eyes?
Mind; a Million, I say!
In three months from to-day
Your five thousand greenbacks in bullion I'll pay,
And lend you a cool hundred thousand to boot,
As sure as my name is—Yours—Mortimer Kute!"

IV.

These two precious documents, folded with care,
Did Mortimer Kute then contentedly slide
Into two little envelopes, dainty and square,
And left them a moment there, side by side,
While he trembled to think
How close to the brink
He had been of the stream where so many folks sink;
Then he wrote the address on each separate square,
To the Dun this, and that to the *belle millionnaire*,
And retired to bed
With a pain in his head,
But soothed by the thought that his missives were sped.

V.

Saint Valentine's morning broke coldly and clear;
The postmen went merrily each on his way.
'Twas the heaviest mail-bag of all the new year,
And to Mortimer Kute 'twas the weariest day.
His pulses beat high
As the hour drew nigh
When a call might be made with propriety.
His toilette he altered a dozen times;
He cursed as he counted the loitering chimes
From the bell's brazen throat;
But, at length, his dress-coat
He was just putting on, when there reached him—a note.

VI.

'Twas a note—bless the Saint! in her own dainty hand;
Addressed, "Mr. Mortimer Kute;" and he read
The words with astonishing self-command,
Though he felt, to be sure, he had nothing to dread;
For the prize, he knew,
He had simply to sue;
And—here the small envelope open flew.
And, unlinking the billet-folds one by one—
Good Heavens! 'twas his own wretched scrawl to the Dun!
With—by way of device—
This: "Your project is nice,
But I'm sorry to say, I decline, at the price!"

VII.

It was useless to stamp or to torture his hair
(Moreover, it hurt, for he wore a tight boot,
And his head still ached); for the *belle millionnaire*
Was thus lost forever to Mortimer Kute.
He never could tell
How the error befell,
But swore 'twas the work of a mischievous "sell."
It might have been so, though I rather incline
To think it was due to the bottle of wine.
But the moral is trite;
When such notes you've to write,
Don't postpone them till after club hours that night!

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER XXVII.

JOURNAL OF PAOLO LANGHETTI.

WHEN Mrs. Thornton saw Despard next she showed him a short note which she had just received from her brother, accompanying his journal. Nearly two years had elapsed since she had last heard from him.

His journal was written as before at long intervals, and was as follows:

Halifax, April 10, 1847.—I exist here, but nothing more. Nothing is offered by this small colonial town that can afford interest. Life goes on monotonously. The officers and their families are what they are every where. They are amiable and pleasant, and try to get the best out of life. The townspeople are hospitable, and there is much refinement among them.

But I live for the most part in a cottage outside of the town, where I can be secluded and free from observation. Near my house is the Northwest Arm. I cross it in a boat, and am at once in a savage wilderness. From the summit of a hill, appropriately named Mount Misery, I can look down upon this city which is bordered by such a wilderness.

The winter has passed since my last entry, and nothing has occurred. I have learned to skate. I went out on a moose-hunt with Colonel Despard. The gigantic horns of a moose which I killed are now over the door of my studio. I have joined in some festivities, and have done the honors of my house. It is an old-fashioned wooden structure which they call the Priory.

So the winter has passed, and April is now here. In this country there is no spring. Snow is yet on the ground. Winter is transformed gradually till summer. I must keep up my fires till June, they say.

During the winter I have guarded my treasure well. I took a house on purpose to have a home for her. But her melancholy continued, and the state of mind in which I found her still endures. Will it ever change? I gave out here that she was a relative who was in ill health. But the winter has passed, and she remains precisely the same. Can she live on long in this mood?

At length I have decided to try a change for her. The Holy Sisterhood of Mercy have a convent here, where she may find a higher and purer atmosphere than any where else. There I have placed her. I have told nothing of her story. They think she is in grief for the death of friends. They have received her with that warm sympathy and holy love which it is the aim of their life to cherish.

O mater alma Christi carissima,
Te nunc flagitant devota corda et ora,
Ora pro nobis!

August 5, 1847.—The summer goes on pleasantly. A bracing climate, a cool sea-breeze, fishing and hunting in the forests, sailing in the harbor—these are the amusements which one can find if he has the leisure.

She has been among the Sisterhood of Mercy for some months. The deep calm of that holy retreat has soothed her, but only this much that her melancholy has not lessened but grown more placid. She is in the midst of those whose thoughts are habitually directed to that world which she longs after. The home from which she has been exiled is the desire of their hearts. They aim after that place for which she longs with so deep a longing. There is sympathy in all those hearts with one another. She hears in their chants and prayers those hopes and desires, and these are but the utterances of what she feels.

Here they sing the matchless Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix, and in these words she finds the highest expression that human words can give of the thoughts and desires of her soul. They tell me that the first time they sang it, as they came to this passage she burst into tears and sank down almost senseless:

O bona patria! lumina sobria te speculantur,
Ad tua nomina sobria lumina collacrimantur:
Est tua mentio pectoris unctis, cura doloris,
Concipientibus aethera mentibus ignis amoris.

November 17.—The winter must soon be here again.

My treasure is well guarded by the Holy Sisterhood. They revere her and look upon her as a saint. They tell me wonderful things about her which have sunk into my soul. They think that she is another Saint Cecilia, or rather Saint Teresa, the Saint of Love and Longing.

She told them once that she was not a Catholic, but that any form of worship was sweet and precious to her—most of all, the lofty utterances of the prayers and hymns of the Church. She will not listen to dogmas, but says that God wishes only love and praise. Yet she joins in all their rites, and in this House, where Love is chiefly adored, she surpasses all in the deep love of her heart.

January 2, 1848.—I have seen her for the first time in many months. She smiled. I never saw her smile before, except once in the ship, when I told my name and made her mother take my place in the cabin.

She smiled. It was as if an angel from heaven had smiled on me. Do I not believe that she is one?

They all say that she is unchanged. Her sadness has had no abatement. On that meeting she made an effort for my sake to stoop to me. Perhaps she saw how my very soul entreated her to speak. So she spoke of the Sisterhood, and said she loved them all. I asked her if she was happier here than at my house. She said "No." I did not know whether to feel rejoiced or sorrowful. Then she told me something which has filled me with wonder ever since.

She asked me if I had been making inquiries about her family, for I had said that I would. I told her that I had. She asked what I had heard. I hesitated for a moment, and at last, seeing that she was superior to any sorrow of bereavement, I told her all about the sad fate of her brother Louis, which your old friend Courtenay Despard had communicated to his uncle here. She listened without emotion, and at last, looking earnestly at me, said,

"*He is not dead!*"

I stood amazed. I had seen the very newspapers which contained an account of his death. I had read the letters of Courtenay Despard, which showed how painstaking his search had been. Had he not traveled to every place where he could hear any thing of the Brandons? Had he not written at the very outset wherever he could hope to hear any thing? I did not know what to say.

For Louis Brandon is known to have fallen overboard from the ship *Java* during a tremendous monsoon, several hundred miles away from any land. How could he possibly have escaped death? The Captain, whom Courtenay Despard found out and questioned, said he threw over a hen-coop and a pail. These could not save him. Despard also inquired for months from every ship that arrived from those parts, but could learn nothing. The next ship that came from New South Wales foundered off the coast of Africa. Three passengers escaped to Sierra Leone, and thence to England. Despard learned their names, but they were not Brandon. The information which one of them, named Wheeler, gave to the ship-owners afforded no hope of his having been found by this ship, even if it had been possible. It was simply impossible, however, for the *Falcon* did not pass the spot where poor Brandon fell overboard till months had elapsed.

All these things I knew, and they came to my mind. She did not notice my emotion, but after a pause she looked at me again with the same earnestness, and said,

"*My brother Frank is not dead.*"

This surprised me as much as the other.

"Are you sure?" said I, reverently.

"I am."

"How did you learn this? All who have inquired say that both of your brothers are dead."

"*They* told me," said she, "many times. *They* said that my brothers had not come among them to their own place, as they would have had to come if they had left the earth."

She spoke solemnly and with mysterious emphasis. I said nothing, for I knew not what to say.

On going home and thinking over this, I saw that she believed herself to have the power of communicating with the departed. I did not know whether this intelligence, which she believed she had received, had been gained in her trance, or whether she thought that she had recent interviews with those on high. I went to see her again, and asked this. She told me that once since her recovery she had fallen into that state, and had been, as she called it, "in her home."

I ventured to ask her more about what she considered a communion with the departed. She tried to speak, but looked like one who could not find words. It was still the same as before. She has in her mind thoughts which can not be expressed by any human language. She will not be able to express them till such a language is obtained. Yet she gave me one idea, which has been in my mind ever since.

She said that the language of those among whom she has been has nothing on earth which is like it except music. If our music could be developed to an indefinite extent it might at last begin to resemble it. Yet she said that she sometimes heard strains here in the Holy Mass which reminded her of that language, and might be intelligible to an immortal.

This is the idea which she imparted to me, and I have thought of it ever since.

August 23.—Great things have happened.

When I last wrote I had gained the idea of transforming music into a language. The thought came to me that I, who thirst for music, and love it and cherish it above all things—to whom it is an hourly comfort and solace—that I might rise to utter forth to her sounds which she might hear. I had already seen enough of her spiritual tone to know what sympathies and emotions might best be acted upon. I saw her several times, so as to stimulate myself to a higher and purer exercise of whatever genius I may have.

I was encouraged by the thought that from my earliest childhood, as I began to learn to speak so I began to learn to sing. As I learned to read printed type so I read printed music. The thoughts of composers in music thus became as legible to me as those of composers in words. So all my life my knowledge has widened, and with that knowledge my love has increased. This has been my one aim in life—my joy and my delight. Thus it came to pass that at last, when alone with my Cremona, I could utter all my own thoughts, and pour forth every feeling that was in my heart. This was a language with me. I spoke it, yet there was no one who could understand it fully. Only one had I ever met with to whom I told this besides yourself—she could accompany me—she could understand and follow me wherever I led. I could speak this language to her, and she could hear and comprehend. This one was my Bice.

Now that *she* had told me this I grasped at the thought. Never before had the idea entered my mind of trying upon her the effect of my music. I had given it up for her sake while she was with me, not liking to cause any sound to disturb her rapt and melancholy mood.

But now I began to understand how it was with her. She had learned the language of the highest places and had heard the New Song. She stood far above me, and if she could not understand my music it would be from the same reason that a grown man can not comprehend the words of a lisping, stammering child. She had that language in its fullness. I had it only in its crudest rudiments.

Now Bice learned my words and followed me. She knew my utterance. I was the master—she the disciple. But here was one who could lead me. I would be the follower and disciple. From her I could learn more than in all my life I could ever discover by my own unassisted efforts.

It was mine, therefore, to struggle to overcome the lisping, stammering utterance of my purely earthly music; to gain from her some knowledge of the mood of that holier, heavenly expression, so that at last I might be able in some degree to speak to this exile the language of the home which she loved; that we, by holding commune in this language, might rise together to a higher spiritual realm, and that she in her solitude might receive at least some associate.

So I proposed to her to come back and stay with me again. She consented at once.

Before that memorable evening I purified my heart by fasting and prayer. I was like one who was seeking to ascend into heaven to take part in that celestial communion, to join in the New Song, the music of the angels.

By fasting and prayer I sought so to ascend, and to find thoughts and fit utterance for those thoughts. I looked upon my office as similar to that of the holy prophets of old. I felt that I had a power of utterance if the Divine One would only inspire.

I fasted and prayed that so I might reduce this grosser material frame, and sharpen and quicken every nerve, and stimulate every fibre of the brain. So alone could I most nearly approach to the commune of spirits. Thus had those saints and prophets of old done when they had entered upon the search after this communion, and they had received their reward, even the visitation of angels and the vision of the blessed.

A prophet—yes—now, in these days, it is left for the prophet to utter forth his inspiration by no other way than that of music.

So I fasted and prayed. I took up the words from the holy priesthood, and I said, as they say:

Munda cor meum, ac labia mea, Omnipotens Deus, qui labia Isaiae prophetae, calculo mundasti ignito!

For so Isaiah had been exalted till he heard the language of Heaven, the music of the Seraphim.

She, my divinity, my adored, enshrined again in my house, bore herself as before—kind to me and gentle beyond all expression, but with thoughts of her own that placed between us a gulf as wide as that which separates the mortal from the immortal.

On that evening she was with me in the parlor which looks out upon the Northwest Arm. The moon shone down there, the dark, rocky hills on the opposite side rose in heavy masses. The servants were away in the city. We were alone.

Ah, my Cremona! if a material instrument were ever able to utter forth sounds to which immortals might listen, thou, best gift of my father, thou canst utter them!

"You are pale," said she, for she was always kindly and affectionate as a mother with a child, as a guardian angel with his ward. "You are pale. You always forget yourself for others, and now you suffer anxiety for me. Do not suffer. I have my consolations."

I did not make any reply, but took my Cremona, and sought to lift up all my soul to a level with hers, to that lofty realm where her spirit ever wandered, that so I might not be comfortless. She started at the first tone that I struck forth, and looked at me with her large, earnest eyes. I found my own gaze fixed on hers, rapt and entranced. Now there came at last the inspiration so longed for, so sought for. It came from where her very soul looked forth into mine, out of the glory of her lustrous, spiritual eyes. They grew brighter with an almost immortal radiance, and all my heart rose up till it seemed ready to burst in the frenzy of that inspired moment.

Now I felt the spirit of prophecy, I felt the afflatus of the inspired sibyl or seer, and the voice of music which for a lifetime I had sought to utter forth now at last sounded as I longed that it should sound.

I exulted in that sound. I knew that at last I had caught the tone, and from her. I knew its meaning and exulted, as the poet or the musician must always exult when some idea sublimer than any which he has ever known is wafted over his upturned spiritual gaze.

She shared my exultation. There came over her face swiftly, like the lightning flash, an expression of surprise and joy. So the face of the exile lightens up at the throbbing of his heart, when, in some foreign land, he suddenly and unexpectedly hears the sound of his own language. So his eyes light up, and his heart beats faster, and even amidst the very longing of his soul after home, the desire after that home is appeased by these its most hallowed associations.

And the full meaning of that eloquent gaze of hers as her soul looked into mine became all apparent to me. "Speak on," it said; "sound on, oh strains of the language of my home! Unheard so long, now heard at last."

I knew that I was comprehended. Now all the feelings of the melancholy months came rushing over my heart, and all the holiest ideas which had animated my life came thronging into my mind, bursting forth into tones, as though of their own accord, involuntarily, as words come forth in a dream.

"Oh thou," I said, in that language which my own lips could not utter—"oh thou whom I saved from the tomb, the life to which I restored thee is irksome; but there remains a life to which at last thou shalt attain.

"Oh thou," I said, "whose spirit moves among the immortals, I am mortal yet immortal! My soul seeks commune with them. I yearn after that communion. Life here on earth is not more dear to me than to thee. Help me to rise above it. Thou hast been on high, show me too the way.

"Oh thou," I said, "who hast seen things ineffable, impart to me thy confidence. Let me know thy secret. Receive me as the companion of thy soul. Shut not thyself up in solitude. Listen, I can speak thy language.

"Attend," I cried, "for it is not for nothing that the Divine One has sent thee back. Live not these mortal days in loneliness and in uselessness. Regard thy fellow-mortals and seek to bless them. Thou hast learned the mystery of the highest. Let me be thine interpreter. All that thou hast learned I will communicate to man.

"Rise up," I cried, "to happiness and to labor. Behold! I give thee a purpose in life. Blend thy soul with mine, and let me utter thy thoughts so that men shall hear and understand. For I know that the highest truth of highest Heaven means nothing more than love. Gather up all thy love, let it flow forth to thy fellow-men. This shall be at once the labor and the consolation of thy life."

Now all this, and much more—far more—was expressed in the tones that flowed from my Cremona. It was all in my heart. It came forth. It was apprehended by her. I saw it, I knew it, and I exulted. Her eyes dilated more widely—my words were not unworthy of her hearing. I then was able to tell something which could rouse her from her stupor. Oh, Music! Divine Music! What power thou hast over the soul!

There came over her face an expression which I never saw before; one of peace ineffable—the peace that passeth understanding. Ah me! I seemed to draw her to myself. For she rose and walked toward me. And a great calm came over my own soul. My Cremona spoke of peace—soft, sweet, and deep; the profound peace that dwelleth in the soul which has its hope in fruition. The tone widened into sweet modulation—sweet beyond all expression.

She was so close that she almost touched me. Her eyes were still fixed on mine. Tears were there, but not tears of sorrow. Her face was so close to mine that my strength left me. My arms dropped downward. The music was over.

She held out her hand to me. I caught it in both of mine, and wet it with my tears.

"Paolo," said she, in a voice of musical tone; "Paolo, you are already one of us. You speak our language.

"You have taught me something which flows from love—duty. Yes, we will labor together; and they who live on high will learn even in their radiant home to envy us poor mortals."

I said not a word, but knelt; and holding her hand still, I looked up at her in grateful adoration.

November 28.—For the last three months I have lived in heaven. She is changed. Music has reconciled her to exile. She has found one who speaks, though weakly, the language of that home.

We hold together through this divine medium a lofty spiritual intercourse. I learn from her of that starry world in which for a brief time she was permitted to dwell. Her seraphic thoughts have become communicated to me. I have made them my own, and all my spirit has risen to a higher altitude.

So I have at last received that revelation for which I longed, and the divine thoughts with which she has inspired me I will make known to the world. How? Description is inadequate, but it is enough to say that I have decided upon an Opera as the best mode of making known these ideas.

I have resorted to one of those classical themes which, though as old as civilization, are yet ever new, because they are truth.

My Opera is on the theme of Prometheus. It refers to Prometheus Delivered. My idea is derived from her. Prometheus represents Divine Love—since he is the god who suffers unendurable agonies through his love for man. Zeus represents the old austere god of the sects and creeds—the gloomy God of Vengeance—the stern—the inexorable—the cruel.

Love endures through the ages, but at last triumphs. The chief agent in his triumph is Athene. She represents Wisdom, which, by its life and increase, at last dethrones the God of Vengeance and enthrones the God of Love.

For so the world goes on; and thus it shall be that Human Understanding, which I have personified under Athene, will at last exalt Divine Love over all, and cast aside its olden adoration of Divine Vengeance.

I am trying to give to my Opera the severe simplicity of the classical form, yet at the same time to pervade it all with the warm atmosphere of love in its widest sense. It opens with a chorus of seraphim. Prometheus laments; but the chief part is that of Athene. On that I have exhausted myself.

But where can I get a voice that can adequately render my thoughts—*our* thoughts? Where is Bice? She alone has this voice; she alone has the power of catching and absorbing into her own mind the ideas which I form; and, with it all, she alone could express them. I would wander over the earth to find her. But perhaps she is in a luxurious home, where her associates would not listen to such a proposal.

Patience! perhaps Bice may at last bring her marvelous voice to my aid.

December 15.—Every day our communion has grown more exalted. She breathes upon me the atmosphere of that radiant world, and fills my soul with rapture. I live in a sublime enthusiasm. We hold intercourse by means of music. We stand upon a higher plane than that of common men. She has raised me there, and has made me to be a partaker in her thoughts.

Now I begin to understand something of the radiant world to which she was once for a brief time borne. I know her lost joys; I share in her longings. In me, as in her, there is a deep, unquenchable thirst after those glories that are present there. All here seems poor and mean. No material pleasure can for a moment allure.

I live in a frenzy. My soul is on fire. Music is my sole thought and utterance. Colonel Despard thinks that I am mad. My friends here pity me. I smile within myself when I think of pity being given by them to *me*. Kindly souls! could they but have one faint idea of the unspeakable joys to which I have attained!

My Cremona is my voice. It expresses all things for me. Ah, sweet companion of my soul's flight! my Guide, my Guardian Angel, my Inspirer! had ever before two mortals while on earth a lot like ours? Who else besides us in this life ever learned the joys of pure spiritual communion? We rise on high together. Our souls are borne up in company. When we hold communion we cease to be mortals.

My Opera is finished. The radiancy of that Divine Love which has inundated all the being of Edith has been imparted to me in some measure sufficient to enable me to breathe forth to human ears tones which have been caught from immortal voices. She has given me ideas. I have made them audible and intelligible to men.

I have had one performance of my work, or rather our work, for it is all hers. Hers are the thoughts, mine is only the expression.

I sought out a place of solitude in which I might perform undisturbed and without interruption the theme which I have tried to unfold.

Opposite my house is a wild, rocky shore covered with the primeval woods. Here in one place there rises a barren rock, perfectly bare of verdure, which is called Mount Misery. I chose this place as the spot where I might give my rehearsal.

She was the audience—I was the orchestra—we two were alone.

Mount Misery is one barren rock without a blade of grass on all its dark iron-like surface. Around it is a vast accumulation of granite boulders and vast rocky ledges. The trees are stunted, the very ferns can scarcely find a place to grow.

It was night. There was not a cloud in the sky. The moon shone with marvelous lustre.

Down in front of us lay the long arm of the sea that ran up between us and the city. On the opposite side were woods, and beyond them rose the citadel, on the other side of which the city lay nestling at its base like those Rhenish towns which lie at the foot of feudal castles.

On the left hand all was a wilderness; on the right, close by, was a small lake which seemed like a sheet of silver in the moon's rays. Farther on lay the ocean, stretching in its boundless extent away to the horizon. There lay islands and sand-banks with light-houses. There, under the moon, lay a broad path of golden light—molten gold—unruffled—undisturbed in that dead calm.

My Opera begins with an Alleluia Chorus. I have borrowed words from the Angel Song at the opening of "Faust" for my score. But the music has an expression of its own, and the words are feeble; and the only comfort is, that these words will be lost in the triumph strain of the tones that accompany them.

She was with me, exulting where I was exultant, sad where I was sorrowful; still with her air of Guide and Teacher. She is my Egeria. She is my Inspiring Muse. I invoke her when I sing.

But my song carried her away. Her own thoughts expressed by my utterance were returned to her, and she yielded herself up altogether to their power.

Ah me! there is one language common to all on earth, and to all in heaven, and that is music.

I exulted then on that bare, blasted rock. I triumphed. She joined me in it all. We exulted together. We triumphed. We mourned, we rejoiced, we despaired, we hoped, we sung alleluias in our hearts. The very winds were still. The very moon seemed to stay her course. All nature was hushed.

She stood before me, white, slender, aerial, like a spirit from on high, as pure, as holy, as stainless. Her soul and mine were blended. We moved to one common impulse. We obeyed one common motive.

What is this? Is it love? Yes; but not as men call love. Ours is heavenly love, ardent, but yet spiritual; intense, but without passion; a burning love like that of the cherubim; all-consuming, all-engrossing, and enduring for evermore.

Have I ever told her my admiration? Yes; but not in words. I have told her so in music, in every tone, in every strain. She knows that I am hers. She is my divinity, my muse, my better genius—the nobler half of my soul.

I have laid all my spirit at her feet, as one prostrates himself before a divinity. She has accepted that adoration and has been pleased.

We are blended. We are one, but not after an earthly fashion, for never yet have I even touched her hand in love. It is our spirits, our real selves—not our merely visible selves—that love; yet that love is so intense that I would die for evermore if my death could make her life more sweet.

She has heard all this from my Cremona.

Here, as we stood under the moon, I thought her a spirit with a mortal lover. I recognized the full meaning of the sublime legend of Numa and Egeria. The mortal aspires in purity of heart, and the immortal comes down and assists and responds to his aspirations.

Our souls vibrated in unison to the expression of heavenly thoughts. We threw ourselves into the rapture of the hour. We trembled, we thrilled, till at last frail mortal nature could scarcely endure the intensity of that perfect joy.

So we came to the end. The end is a chorus of angels. They sing the divinest of songs that is written in Holy Revelation. All the glory of that song reaches its climax in the last strain:

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes!"

We wept together. But we dried our tears and went home, musing on that "tearless eternity" which lies before us.

Morning is dawning as I write, and all the feeling of my soul can be expressed in one word, the sublimest of all words, which is intelligible to many of different languages and different races. I will end with this:

"Alleluia!"

"I DID NOT MAKE ANY REPLY, BUT TOOK MY CREMONA, AND SOUGHT TO LIFT UP ALL MY SOUL TO A LEVEL WITH HERS."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THIS MUST END.

THE note which accompanied Langhetti's journal was as follows:

"HALIFAX, *December* 18, 1848.

"TERESUOLA MIA DOLCISSIMA,—I send you my journal, *sorella carissima*. I have been silent for a long time. Forgive me. I have been sad and in affliction. But affliction has turned to joy, and I have learned things unknown before.

"*Teresina mia*, I am coming back to England immediately. You may expect to see me at any time during the next three months. *She* will be with me; but so sensitive is she—so strange would she be to you—that I do not know whether it will be well for you to see her or not. I dare not let her be exposed to the gaze of any one unknown to her. Yet, sweetest *sorellina*, perhaps I may be able to tell her that I have a dearest sister, whose heart is love, whose nature is noble, and who could treat her with tenderest care.

"I intend to offer my Opera to the world at London. I will be my own impresario. Yet I want one thing, and that is a Voice. Oh for a Voice like that of Bice! But it is idle to wish for her.

"Never have I heard any voice like hers, my Teresina. God grant that I may find her!

"Expect soon and suddenly to see your most loving brother, PAOLO."

Mrs. Thornton showed this note to Despard the next time they met. He had read the journal in the mean time.

"So he is coming back?" said he.

"Yes."

"And with this marvelous girl?"

"Yes."

"She seems to me like a spirit."

"And to me."

"Paolo's own nature is so lofty and so spiritual that one like her is intelligible to him. Happy is it for her that he found her."

"Paolo is more spiritual than human. He has no materialism. He is spiritual. I am of the earth, earthy; but my brother is a spirit imprisoned, who chafes at his bonds and longs to be free. And think what Paolo has done for her in his sublime devotion!"

"I know others who would do as much," said Despard, in a voice that seemed full of tears; "I know others who, like him, would go to the grave to rescue the one they loved, and make all life one long devotion. I know others," he continued, "who would gladly die, if by dying they could gain what he has won—the possession of the one they love. Ah me! Paolo is happy and blessed beyond all men. Between him and her there is no insuperable barrier, no gulf as deep as death."

Despard spoke impetuously, but suddenly checked himself.

"I received," said he, "by the last mail a letter from my uncle in Halifax. He is ordered off to the Cape of Good Hope. I wrote him a very long time ago, as I told you, asking him to tell me without reserve all that he knew about my father's death. I told him plainly that there was a mystery about it which I was determined to solve. I reproached him for keeping it secret from me, and reminded him that I was now a mature man, and that he had no right nor any reason to maintain any further secrecy. I insisted on knowing all, no matter what it might be.

"I received his letter by the last mail. Here it is;" and he handed it to her. "Read it when you get home. I have written a few words to you, little playmate, also. He has told me all. Did you know this before?"

"Yes, Lama," said Mrs. Thornton, with a look of sorrowful sympathy.

"You knew all my father's fate?"

"Yes, Lama."

"And you kept it secret?"

"Yes, Lama. How could I bear to tell you and give you pain?"

Her voice trembled as she spoke. Despard looked at her with an indescribable expression.

"One thought," said he, slowly, "and one feeling engrosses all my nature, and even this news that I have heard can not drive it away. Even the thought of my father's fate, so dark and so mysterious, can not weaken the thoughts that have all my life been supreme. Do you know, little playmate, what those thoughts are?"

She was silent. Despard's hand wandered over the keys. They always spoke in low tones, which were almost whispers, tones which were inaudible except to each other. And Mrs. Thornton had to bow her head close to his to hear what he said.

"I must go," said Despard, after a pause, "and visit Brandon again. I do not know what I can do, but my father's death requires further examination. This man Potts is intermingled with it. My uncle gives dark hints. I must make an examination."

"And you are going away again?" said Mrs. Thornton, sadly.

Despard sighed.

"Would it not be better," said he, as he took her hand in his—"would it not be better for you, little playmate, if I went away from you forever?"

She gave him one long look of sad reproach. Then tears filled her eyes.

"This can not go on forever," she murmured "It must come to that at last!"

THE LOST JEWEL.

THE LOST JEWEL.

WANDERING one day, I found
A diamond, Giovanna.
I had roamed the world around
For that diamond, Giovanna!
Worth a monarch's diadem,
Princes envied me that gem—
Princes!—Ah!—Who envied them?—
Not I, Giovanna.

How I prized that precious stone!—
Kiss'd it, Giovanna.
A few brief months and it was gone!—
Lost, my Giovanna!
On another's hand it gleams,
With its sparkle pleased he seems;
But, alas! he little dreams
'Tis a diamond, Giovanna!

Oh, how much I envy him—
Him, my Giovanna!
Let but aught a moment dim
Its lustre, Giovanna,
From him lightly 'twould be tost,
Not one heart-pang him 'twould cost,
He would never *know* he lost
A diamond, Giovanna.

PERIWINKLE'S PLAN.

EVERY morning, at nine o'clock precisely, a team of mice pulled up before the palace door, and there stepped down, in prodigiously high-heeled shoes and leaning on a crutch nearly as tall as herself, the fairy who belonged to the royal family.

Not a soul, from the king and queen down to the smallest pink page, but hated the tap of that crutch, for this was a positive, perverse, pragmatical old fairy. She had been present at all the royal christenings ever since the days of the great, great, great, great, great, great, grandfather of the present king, and had never shown the slightest hesitation in turning any of these princelings into poodles and clocks and things of that sort. She used to insist on advising the king, and when he differed from her she had a way of saying, "Ah! that is just like your great grandfather, who grew as a pumpkin ten years in my garden." She lectured the queen about her linen and her maids; and if the queen pouted—

"My dear," she would cry, with a malicious twinkle, "if I ever transform you it shall be into a fan; a lace fan with gold sticks and pink swan's-down; you are so pretty, my dear!" which made the queen hysterical and continually afraid that she felt herself turning into gold sticks; while she, that is, our fairy, used to rap the pages over the knuckles, and make little chills creep in their backs by telling them how she had whole papers of pins that were once pink pages like them—all of which was vastly unpleasant. But still the queen should not have laughed with her maids in the enchanted room; for when the fairy entered it again this is what she heard:

"With her hump
And her crutch
That goes thump, thump."

"What?" cried the fairy, stopping in astonishment.

"With her hump," repeated the snuffers, tittering.

"And her crutch," suggested the poker.

"That goes thump! thump! ha! ha!" roared the fire.

"Always prying and meddling," twanged the harp.

"She should see herself as others see her," said the mirror.

"Turning people into pumpkins and expecting them to be grateful," cried the easy-chair.

"If I had my way I would turn her out of the palace," squeaked the door.

"Yes, indeed," answered the curtains, and the vases, and even the fine threads in the carpet.

All of which would have been intolerable impertinence, only the fairy's enchanted room was simply a chamber of echoes, which with its furniture repeated over and again whatever had been said in it till Periwinkle (that was the fairy's name) came to hear it.

"Mighty well," said Periwinkle, grimly. "I shall be sure to be at the christening."

This was the christening of the king's only son, who laid in state in a golden cradle; and I dare say if you had seen him you would have said that he was ugly, for, being very young, he was as red as a tomato, and had no nose worth mentioning. But all the courtiers declared that he was the finest prince in the world, and every body came to see him. With the rest came Periwinkle.

She was so smiling that you could never have supposed that any thing was wrong. But She Wore Her Yellow Cap!

Now when she wore that, as all the world knows, she was in a frightful humor.

"Periwinkle has her yellow cap on," whispered my Lord High Fiddlestick to the queen.

"Dear me! what can have happened?" answered the queen, guiltily remembering what she had said in the enchanted room. "I hope she won't wish something dreadful for the baby."

"A very fine child!" pronounced the fairy, in a high, squeaking voice, stepping to the foot of the golden cradle. "And he shall always be prosperous, on condition that he is never reproved or told that he has done any thing wrong."

"Always prosperous! Oh, you dear, good Periwinkle!" cried the queen, in rapture; and she could not thank the fairy sufficiently, although Periwinkle only answered her by leaning on her crutch and bursting into fits of shrill laughter.

All the wisest men in the kingdom were engaged as masters for the young prince as soon as he could learn. And, first, the man who wrote all the dictionaries in those days, and understood all languages, even to that of the birds, came to teach him his alphabet.

"A," said the wise man.

"A," said the prince.

"B," said the wise man.

The prince said nothing.

"B, your royal highness."

The prince ran away and began to chase the queen's lap-dog.

"Your royal highness must come back," the wise man was going to say, but the queen clapped her hands over his mouth.

"Good Heavens! my dear Mr. Dictionary, don't you know that the prince must never be reproved, or told that he has done wrong? You must wait till the prince chooses to come back."

The wise man waited till dark and then went away in a huff; and there was an end of learning the alphabet till, six months after, the prince said:

"I want to see the man who says 'A.'"

The wise man came at once, and repeated the alphabet, the prince repeating it after him. Then he began to ask the letters, one by one, till he came to "F."

"That is K," said the prince.

"Oh no!" the wise man was about to say, when he saw the king and queen and the Lord High Fiddlestick all beckoning to him in a great fright.

"Don't you know," they said to him, "that the prince must never be told that he is wrong?"

The man of dictionaries was silent, and the prince finished the alphabet in an hour, and went on to the spelling-book. This kept him busy only a week. It is true that he spelled dog cat, and book cow, and chair fool. But he reached the end while another child would have been puzzling over the first three pages; and surely you can not deny that here was fine getting on? Before you could think he was ready for geography, and they sent for the greatest traveler in the world, who had seen all the countries of the world himself.

He came at once—for he was charmed with the honor—and gave the prince a lesson. On the second day operations commenced in good earnest.

"Be pleased to bound China," commenced the traveler.

"China," answered the prince, "is bounded on the north by New York, on the south by Japan, on the east by the Alps, and on the west by the North Pole."

The great traveler opened his eyes and mouth wide; but the queen interrupted him before he could speak a word.

"You must not tell the prince that he is wrong," she whispered; and after that the great traveler became very silent, and the prince learned geography as rapidly as he had done spelling.

With arithmetic he got on even better. They brought the prince a man who was so clever that he actually thought in figures. But as he lived among his books he knew nothing of what was going on in the world; and when the prince told him that "twice two are five," he cried out bluntly, "Oh no! your royal highness!" which might have produced dreadful consequences if the Lord High Fiddlestick had not instantly twisted his handkerchief about old multiplication-table's mouth, and dragged him off before the prince could hear what he said.

As it was the queen fainted, and the shock to the whole court was so great that it was agreed that the prince should make no further attempts on arithmetic, but that his majesty should issue a decree ordering "that the prince should have a perfect knowledge of figures," which would answer quite as well, it was thought.

This method of education was an easy one for the prince, but you can hardly imagine in what continual trouble were his attendants and instructors. He was the most disagreeable boy in the world. He had never been instructed in civility, because no one could say to him, "You must not do that." He howled, sang, stamped, whistled, and ran up and down in the church itself. He danced on the table if he had a mind. He threw the gravy in the king's face if he had a mind. He jumped into the water when he pleased, and people were obliged to fish him out, for of course he could not be taught to swim, as no one could say to him, "No; it must be done in this way." For the same reason he could never learn to sing or to dance or to drive. There never was such an oaf, such a blockhead, nor yet such a destroying fire! such a whirlwind of mischief!

One day he imagined that it would be fine to build a bonfire in the audience-room of the palace, and began to pile the furniture together. His guards ran for the queen.

"My stars!" cried the queen, when she saw what he was about; "send for the king."

"Good gracious!" roared the king; "call the council!"

"Oh, what shall we do!" exclaimed the queen. "He will burn up the palace, but nobody must tell him that he is doing wrong."

The councilmen wagged their long beards, but said nothing—for what could they say?

The prince lighted the fire.

"Send for the fire-engines," shouted the king, as the smoke began to roll through the palace.

"Oh, my boy! he will be burned!" screamed the queen, and running to the prince she began to coax him to come out.

"Won't! won't!" said the prince. "Want to see pretty bonfire!" For, though naturally clever, having never learned that he could hurt himself or any body else, this prince was little better than an idiot. And he sat there laughing, while the flames crackled over his head, and the queen and council screamed at him, and the councilmen lost their beards, and the prince his eyebrows, and the palace burned down with all its treasures, and the royal family stood shivering in the snow; and they do say that Periwinkle was peeping at them from a chimney near by, and laughing till the tears ran down her face, though I never believed it myself.—But however that may be, you see that such a proceeding was highly inconvenient; and there were plenty of people who hinted that it was a pity that the prince should have lost nothing but his eyebrows.

Now in a neighboring kingdom lived a princess who was said to be so clever and so beautiful that our prince fell in love with the mere report of her accomplishments, and sent her the following letter:

"dere princes—i am goin to mary you nex weak so pleas com to my palos es sun es you kan.

"Prince-To-To."

This note he sent by a magnificent train of one hundred embassadors, and, though the king and queen were sorry and ashamed enough, they dared not interfere. Accordingly it was brought with all due solemnity to the princess, who on reading it laughed heartily. But when on questioning the embassadors they assured her that the prince had always been favored with the best masters, and when she heard that Mr. Dictionary had taught him the alphabet, and the greatest traveler geography, and that he had finished his spelling-book in a week, and learned arithmetic in an hour, and every accomplishment that could be mentioned in a year, she concluded that there must be some hidden meaning in this ridiculous note which she was not clever enough to find out, and decided to go and see the prince herself.

When the queen heard that the princess had actually returned with the embassadors she was so much astonished and in such a flurry that she could not get her crown straight, and was obliged to go down with it very much over her nose, so that it tumbled off as she embraced the princess. She had hardly recovered from the confusion of this unlucky accident when dinner was served, and as the princess was hungry they sat down at once.

"But where is the prince?" asked the princess, looking about her.

"Booh!" squeaked somebody near her, and the prince, who had been creeping about on his hands and knees, sprang up, laughing.

"My love, this is the princess," said the queen, turning very red, and the princess got up, and made him a fine courtesy.

"Ess, I know! Come, marry me," returned the prince, sitting down, and commencing to carve at once.

The princess sat down also, blushing as red as the queen had done, and thinking to herself, "Marry you, indeed! Why he talks like a baby, and behaves like a savage!"

"Bring water! Don't want wine," exclaimed the prince, suddenly, and before any one could reach him he threw his glass filled with wine across the table. This, as you know, was an everyday matter, and certainly not so bad as a boat full of gravy, but then it came full in the princess's face. Her hair was dripping, her dress was ruined. Every body cried out, and the princess sprang to her feet.

"What's matter?" asked the prince.

"Matter!" cried the princess, spluttering and crying. "You are an idiot, Sir. You know nothing at all."

"She has done it! She has done it!" screamed all the courtiers together. "She has reproved him, and his prosperity is at an end."

The queen fainted, the princess ran away, and the court went into mourning,

Then every body asked "why the court was in mourning."

"Because," answered the wise ones, "the strange princess has reproved our prince."

"But why did she reprove him?"

Then followed the story.

"But how did she reprove him?"

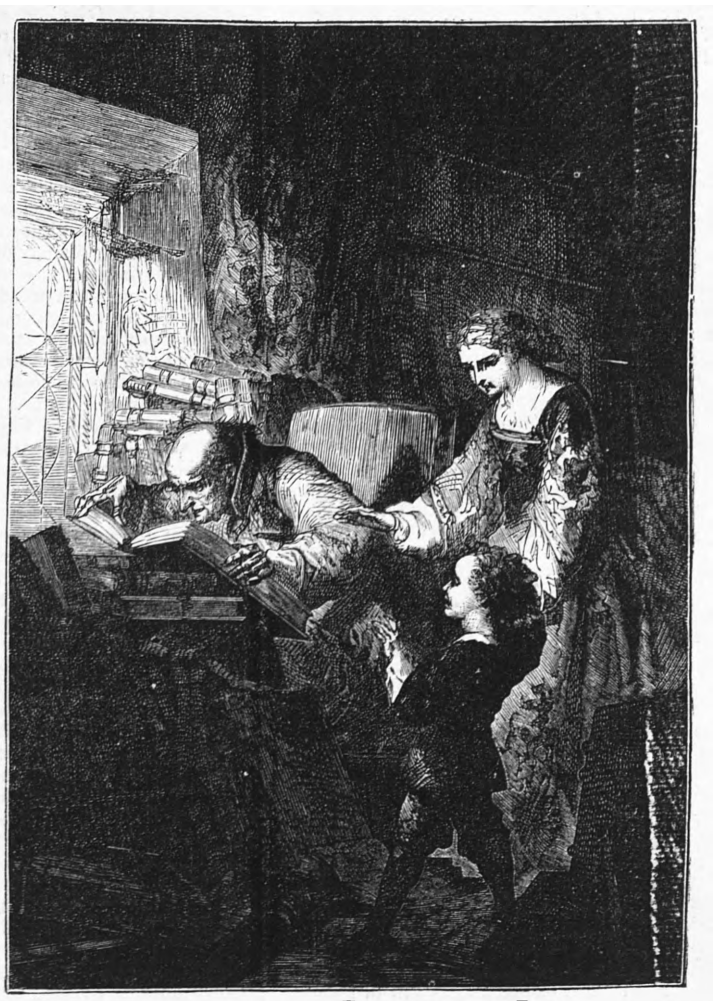
Then the wise ones whispered that she had called him an idiot.

"Idiot! Why, bless me, so he is," answered every body. "I have always thought so, only I never put it in words before."

And by-and-by every body said to his neighbor:

"The king and queen should have known from the beginning that a boy that was never corrected must be as ignorant and mischievous as an idiot. We will not have him for our king. Send him to school or to an asylum."

And then it was all over.



"ALL THE WISEST MEN IN THE KINGDOM WERE ENGAGED AS MASTERS FOR THE YOUNG PRINCE."

MY BRAHMAPOOTRA MANIA.

I AM about to make a confession, and that one of weakness. When a woman deliberately writes that she is weak-minded, and unfolds in the pages of *Harper's Magazine* her absence of strength, it is accounted a glory to her sex. How much more, then, should I be distinguished when a beautiful, and, let me add, exceptional, humility impels me to delineate for the good of mankind my Brahmapootra mania. It is with a feeling of regretful longing that I commence this sketch, which of necessity recalls to me the rainbow-hued months of my lost happiness—now, alas, empty egg-shells, without even a chirp of encouragement!

I am emphatically a tender-hearted man. From my boyhood a lame dog or sick cat was always sure of a hospital in my nursery, and a portion of my dinner. But it was unto chickens that my heart went out with a fullness of sympathy known only to those who have felt the same, and many a time have I responded with an inward crow of friendship to the exultant clarion of the morning chanticleer, while my arms beat the air in accordance with the flapping of his wings. The alarms of war never moved me as did his ringing note; no fair lady's eye beamed upon me like that of the little white bantam hen who looked knowingly up to my window; and the prettiest baby's charms faded into insignificance when compared with the soft yellow brood the aforesaid hen gathered under her wings. Not only were my nightly visions of the noble feathered race, but in my day-dreams I saw poultry-yards instead of the ordinary vulgar castles in the air, while, lord of their chivalry, strutted the kingly Brahmapootra rooster on which my heart was bent.

At this period of my existence I chanced on that most excellent notice which advises every young man in doubt about his future career to apply to that far-sighted being the phrenologist. Need I say that the advice was acted upon? A few scientific thrusts and passes betrayed to the savant my early tendency, and to my inexpressible joy he pronounced me chicken-hearted.

It was enough. The next day I went to survey places in the country with a special view to the erection of poultry-yards and coops, and was fortunate enough to find a broken-down shanty with an acre of ground, which I eagerly seized upon—I mean rented. The moving accomplished—and being a bachelor, with only a few dependencies of boys and dogs, it was not a work of time—I resorted to my pocket-companion, "The Poulterer's Complete Guide," on the plan of "The Youth's Letter-Writer," for my next step. It recommended a proper and comfortable residence before any inmates could be introduced, and to the fitting up of my new domicile I now turned my attention.

Not being affluent, and, moreover, somewhat cramped in my income by employers who had no sympathy with my enlightened views, it was necessary to proceed cautiously. I therefore devoted my evenings to the beautiful bower—in prosaic language, poultry-yard, I designed for my family. It was connected with the house by a private entrance, of which I carried the key, and which was tastefully decorated with nests suspended from the ceiling after the fashion of hanging baskets. Within doors, also, apartments were arranged for winter use, including a fine bath-room as well as a nursery for invalid and juvenile chickens. The walls, I should mention, were neatly papered in bright, cheerful colors, while appropriate chromos and engravings were hung to remind the hens, in the language of the immortal Nelson, that I expected every one to do her duty. A spacious piazza afforded them exercise in unpleasant weather, and a swing of the latest style tempted to gymnastic development.

And now that their home was completed I must have attendants to understand the wants of my pets, as well as the art of fattening them. I therefore inserted a thrilling advertisement in the *Public Dodger*, and awaited applicants. They came—a motley crowd, of all ages, sizes, and nationalities. I had never faced so many females before, and naturally felt diffident, but was much impressed with the ability of a decayed physician whose sands of life had nearly run out, but who nevertheless spoke so scientifically of the approved method of stabbing chickens in the ear for market that I was on the point of engaging his services. But fortunately recollecting that tenderness should mingle with the care of my family, I returned to my first intention, and accepted a Hibernian couple, who had been parents themselves, and would therefore be proper and affectionate ministrants.

On referring to the "Poulterer's Guide," the next recommendation was to set about forming a family, and I accordingly inserted notices in all the sporting papers, naming my place of business as the rendezvous. Two days after, when I arrived from the country, I found the bewildered gentlemen who had the honor of my services immersed in a crowd of hen-coops, amidst cluckings and crowings innumerable—the sweetest music ear ever heard, but which, singular as it may appear, seemed totally unappreciated by the mercenary beings who listened to it. To explain was the work of a moment, and I then turned to my new acquisitions, hailing lustily from all quarters—North, South, East, and West. Having made the Brahmapootra rooster a specialty in my advertisement, I was happy in discovering that, although they were fearfully scarce, two fine specimens of that majestic race greeted my entrance with a note of recognition.

Expense was a secondary item—the chickens must and should be forwarded to my country seat, regardless of cost. All day long over my ledger I drew the little tracks of their innocent feet, and instead of greenbacks saw in imagination the glitter of innumerable golden eggs. What a petty thing seemed my city business when contrasted with the expanding, elevating influences of country life! I at once resolved it should become a secondary matter, and in course of time yield to the production of those noble creatures to which my existence should henceforth be devoted. What happiness on returning to the Hencoop, as I styled my residence, to be greeted by the chirping and cackling of three hundred fine birds! I no longer deferred the execution of a project I had for some time had in contemplation, but applied to the Legislature for permission slightly to alter my name. It was granted, and instead of the vulgar Adam R. Russia (R. standing for Robertson), by which I had so long been known, I rejoiced in the appellation of A. Rooster Russia, thus combining fashion with distinction. A. Rooster Russia—The Hencoop. So my visiting cards were engraved, beautiful as suggestive.

Meanwhile I studied the "Poulterer's Complete Guide" with redoubled diligence, fed my family by its directions, and looked for great results. But the hens would not sit. Threats and persuasions availed not—the most comfortable nests were prepared, lined with small feather-beds, in order to render it easy for them, but they continued obstinate. They were evidently averse to taking upon themselves the responsibilities of maternity, and I knew not what to do. Beguiled by the porcelain eggs, in which I had largely invested, they were willing to lay, but further than this their infusion of Black Spanish blood would not be overcome. I almost regretted my discharge of the only man who had been able to hatch a brood of chickens, and whose secret of success I had accidentally discovered in a hen tied down to her business. But coercion could not be countenanced, and sooner than insist on their sitting I would give up my little chickens.

While reflecting on the subject a new and brilliant idea suddenly occurred to me. With my vast accommodations for their comfort, why not buy up the unfortunate ill-fed creatures throughout the country and fatten them for the hotels? They would thus enjoy a season of the flesh-pots of Egypt before the culmination of their inevitable fate, and at the same time that I bettered their existence I should make my own fortune. No sooner said than done. Hand-bills were printed setting forth the advantages of the Hencoop as a sanitarium for delicate chickens, and soliciting their attendance. At the same time I wrote to all the large hotels within a radius of a hundred miles, offering to supply them daily with as many thousand pair as they could digest, and requesting instant attention. Of course the answers were favorable and terms liberal, whereupon I purchased a cart and pair of mules, and traveled about gathering up my broods.

The Hencoop was filled to overflowing, and the Brahmapootras stalked about more majestically than ever, literally monarchs of all they surveyed.

I began to enjoy gay little suppers enlivened with chicken salad in all its forms, and made my dinners entirely off my farm, being especially partial to fricassees, which seemed to annihilate the pre-existence of the dish before me. In my breakfasts also I economized, faring by turns on boiled eggs, omelet, and scrambled eggs.

In a few days my first lot of chickens, for which I had paid twenty cents per pound, were fattened, killed, packed in the mule-cart, and sent off. My tender feelings would not suffer me to accompany them, and I therefore employed the day in sorting the feathers and drawing plans of the magnificent six-story building I intended to erect. Of course they would sell at an advance of at least ten cents on the pound, which, on a thousand pounds, would be one hundred dollars, and my mansion would soon be completed. The first-floor should be devoted to a grand hatching oven that the hens might no longer be compelled to exert themselves. By easy flights the little ones would then progress on the plan of our educational institutions to the completion of their course, until being perfectly fattened, guillotined, and dressed, they would delight the palates of the epicures and the pocket of A. Rooster Russia. I had just designed a neat hospital for the sick and afflicted when the mule-cart returned. But what news! The chickens were too late for any of the hotels, and after vainly scouring the city my faithful Isaac had disposed of them to a produce dealer for eighteen cents per pound.

This was totally unexpected, and I especially regretted the disappointment of the hotel keepers, but concluded to console myself by a visit to the poultry-yard.

Horror of horrors! Could I believe my eyes? Not less than ten chickens staggering, while three were in the last agonies of dissolution! Yes, it was the cholera! Some of the new-comers must have imported it. The chickens were identified, and I at once rushed to the residence of the wretch who had sold them to me. He had the impudence to deny it. I abused him. He recriminated. I challenged him. He professed peace principles. I knocked him down; whereupon he threatened a lawsuit, and I returned in disgust to my family. The disease made sad ravages, and the nursery was full. I doctored them with alum, according to the "Poulterer's Guide;" they made faces as if it were bitter, kicked up their heels, and fell over. I sent for the physician whose services I had formerly declined, and whose sands of life were two months nearer running out than before. He charged ten dollars for coming into the country; said if I had summoned him at the outset he could have saved them, and gave me no hope. It became necessary to fence off a portion of the ground for a cemetery, and the funerals at which I officiated as chief mourner were continual.

But thus far the Brahmapootras had escaped. Every morning I visited them, noted the color of their legs, and the brightness of their eyes. They were my sole happiness. I no longer dared send my chickens to market, and my business friends declined seeing me in town for fear of infection.

So matters went on until a month ago, when the culminating point was reached. I entered their humble home to find my noble Brahmapootras stretched on the floor, side by side, in the last agonies of collapse. Their eyes rolled up at me; but alas! what could I do?

They are dead, and I am a broken-hearted man; broken, not only in spirit but in purse. The small remainder decrease daily, my six-story asylum has crumbled into ruins, innumerable bills for the poultry-yard and fixtures are pressing me, and the lawsuit comes on to-morrow. My wings are clipped, and I know not whither to fly, since my creditors obstinately refuse to consider it a philanthropic investment, and demand their money. The old women will not buy my feathers for their beds, because they declare them unhealthy, and I can not overcome their absurd scruples. I am sorry for the hotel-keepers, who will now be deprived of their eggs and chickens; but it is no fault of mine. If I only had the capital—but I am not the millionaire I expected, and my last resource is to start a gift-concert for the propagation of my noble end. I have always heard that crops are uncertain, but it seems to me none are more so than crops of chickens.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

FEBRUARY is not so bad a month after all, though few poets have sung its praises. To be sure, it is not the loveliest time of all the year for promenades; the bleak winds still whistle, and "snow-showers, far and near, drift without echo to the whitening ground." But then the lengthening days give pleasant promise of spring's approach, of birds and blossoms and grateful warmth; yet the *nights* are long enough to make February just the "season" for every kind of evening entertainment—balls, parties, masquerades, concerts, and operas, oratorios, readings, and lectures.

And here comes to mind a question which certain newspapers are discussing in an uncertain sort of way, namely: "Ought a lady to invite a gentleman to places of entertainment, such as theatres, concerts, lectures, etc.?" Without entering into an elaborate argument on the subject, we would simply say it is Leap-Year, and, according to an old and time-honored custom, ladies may propound *any question* they please to the gentlemen. Let them improve their privileges! But it is only fair to assure young ladies that if they take advantage of the unusual *rights* given by custom to them during this year of 1868, probably scores of billets, daintily written on tinted note-paper, will, when opened, read something like the following, which purports to be the mournful experience of a certain young man, whose name, for obvious reasons, shall be unmentioned:

"My income is $20 a week. My average expenses are for board and room, $7 60; clothing, $6; billiards, $2 50; drinks, $1 50; horse hire, $5; newspapers, 10 cents; washing, 25 cents; church contributions, 5 cents; total, $23. For the balance I draw on the old man. My washing bill last year was $48, but as my necessary expenses were so high I was able to pay only $13 of it. I would like to marry, but I can't support a wife."

Evidently in the above list of expenses *cigars* are accidentally (?) omitted. Of course they are! Why, even in a *ladies'* club which has recently been formed somewhere in Kentucky, knitting, billiards, crochet, cards, sewing-machines, liquors, and *smoking* are permitted. [N. B. Gentlemen are excluded from this club.] Consequently, it would be a strange anomaly to find a *gentlemen's* club destitute of cigars—and do not young men generally belong to a club?

Apropos, a certain lady who has little reverence for the inspiration drawn from Havana, writes in the following style:

"May never lady press his lips, his proffered love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth, and keeps its chimney burning.
May each true woman shun his sight, for fear his fumes might choke her;
And none but those who smoke themselves have kisses for a smoker."

If any patron of the weed should vouchsafe an answer to such an implied rebuke it would probably be in a resigned and even cheerful strain, as:

"Farewell! I've yet one solace left which cheers my lonely hearth,
And in that thought a thousand hopes are springing into birth;
How beautiful the vision comes amid life's gathering cares,
In shape—*a Champagne bottle and a box of fine cigars!*"

Inventions are becoming more and more wonderful every day—or perhaps we should rather say discoveries. Chemistry has just revealed a new and cheap method of supplying smokers with an excellent imitation of meerschaum from *potatoes*. We should not venture to give this fact publicity in the columns of the *Bazar* except that by a similar chemical process *carrots* may be changed into a capital imitation of coral, which is just now a fashionable ornament.

The young ladies of Berwick, Maine, have performed a novel feat. Twenty of them went to a store, purchased a barrel of flour and other groceries, put them upon a hand-sled, and drew them to the house of their minister, greatly to the amusement of the people, and to the complete surprise of the pastor.

It is said that a gentleman in Springfield, Massachusetts, has (whether it is his own invention or not report does not relate), a wonderful machine which cuts meat and vegetables, sifts flour, kneads bread, works a grater, slices fruit, churns, works over butter, and scours knives. It is simple in construction, and has but four wheels, and yet does nearly every thing in the housekeeping line except scolding the servants and waiting on the table. It is certainly unfortunate that this gentleman does not give more definite information about his "machine." Other gentlemen might like a similar one if there are any more in the market; or does it cost too much to keep one?

Among the numerous blessings which are promised to us through the Pacific Railroad, when it is completed, is an abundance of *fruit*. Grapes of every variety are produced in California, and can then be sent East, early in the season, and at a moderate cost. It is expected that the demand will be enormous when the quality of the grapes becomes known. Figs, plums, peaches, pears, and quinces, also flourish there; and Oregon, it is stated, has not a rival in producing the apple and pear. So we may expect, in future years, to have our tables supplied with many kinds of fruit in the early summer months, before Eastern crops have matured.

The latest fashion from Paris is a *nose-protector*, lined with fur, for ladies. This novelty does not seem so strange and uncalled-for as we might at first suppose; for Parisians have been suffering the rigors of a semi-Siberian winter. Some declare that such a season has not been known there since the days of Julius Cæsar; others say that it was nearly as cold in 1840. At any rate, the turbulent little Seine has shown itself a miniature Arctic Ocean, cold and silent. Skating and sledging have been "all the rage" among the fashionables of Paris, who, from the Emperor and Empress downward, have thronged around the lakes of the Bois de Boulogne. For a while the Seine itself was the place of fashionable rendezvous, but one or two luckless individuals having fallen in and drowned themselves in spite of the ice, the authorities prohibited all further sporting there.

A miserable martyr, writing from Paris, gives a most forlorn account of the Parisian method of making, or rather of receiving, New-Year's calls. His experience may have been unfortunate, but he was ushered into exceedingly cold rooms, grand but cheerless, without a semblance of a fire. Here he sits shivering. Presently in comes a bonne, who bears with her two Lilliputian sticks, or rather splinters of wood, and proceeds to kindle them in an enormous fire-place; this was just for appearance sake, for no possible warmth could come from the sickly glare. Then comes in the mistress of the house and her daughters, wrapped up in heavy shawls, with blue-cold noses peeping out over them; and there all sit shivering, passing "the compliments of the season," and sadly watching the sickly and diminutive flame in the huge fire-place. No refreshments are offered, and altogether "calls" in a freezing Paris parlor are not attractive entertainment.

"I have noticed," remarks some unknown writer, "that a well-bred woman never hears an impertinent or vulgar remark." This art of *not hearing* at certain times is very conducive to one's personal and domestic comfort. Some people are very anxious to hear every thing that will annoy them. If they have a hint that any one has spoken ill about them they immediately begin to ferret out the particulars. They hear all the cross and scolding words that are uttered in the household; they take in all the tattle and scandal that is afloat abroad; they are ostensibly shocked by rude and vulgar sayings and innuendoes in various places. A discreet deafness saves one from much annoyance; shut your ears when something comes along that is not worthy to enter them; and when a tattling acquaintance insists upon dribbling out unacceptable scandal by hints and innuendoes, a moderate assumption of mental obtusiveness will nip the thing in the bud. The retailer will regard you as hopelessly "dull," and let you alone.

Dr. Hays gives a pleasant picture of domestic life in a missionary's family in Greenland, and also a hint of Esquimaux fashions in dress. After finding his way to the parsonage he says: I tapped at the door, and was ushered into a cozy little apartment by the oddest specimen of womankind that ever answered bell. She was a full-blown Esquimaux, with coppery complexion, and black hair, which was twisted into a knot on the top of her head. She wore a jacket which extended to her waist, seal-skin pantaloons, and boots reaching above the knees, dyed scarlet, and embroidered in an astonishing manner. The room was redolent of the fragrant rose, and mignonnette, and heliotrope, which nestled in the sunlight under the snow-white curtains. A canary chirped on its perch above the door, a cat was purring on the hearth-rug, and an unmistakable gentleman put out a soft white hand to give me welcome. It was the Rev. Mr. Anton, missionary of the place. Mrs. Anton soon emerged from a snug little chamber adjoining. Her sister came in immediately afterward, and we were soon grouped about a home-like table.

There are in Philadelphia six ladies who practice medicine, and have incomes varying from $2000 to $10,000. The highest income of a lady physician in New York is $15,000.

We have received by private letter a detailed account of a "masquerade" party recently given in Burlington, Iowa, which was pronounced "one of the happiest, pleasantest, and most complete ever enjoyed west of the Father of Waters."

The party was composed of the élite of the city, and among the spectators were several noted individuals, also visitors from abroad. The entertainments of the evening were various, and some of the performances decidedly unique. Among other celebrated characters *Harper's Bazar* was represented by a fashionable suit made from a part of each number since its publication. The most prominent fashion plates, specimens of needle-work and hair-dressing, cloaks, mantles, etc., and several of the largest pictures were so displayed as to make the suit very comical. The words "*Harper's Bazar*" were displayed on the hat and collar.

An adventurous young lady in Ohio lately captured a beaver, and also the man who was carrying it about on his head. Young ladies are given to such tricks.

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In the Number for January was commenced "*The Woman's Kingdom: a Love Story*," by DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

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AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

In the first Number for 1868 was commenced the issue of "*The Moonstone*," a Novel, by WILKIE COLLINS.

The model newspaper of our country.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*
The articles upon public questions which appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY form a remarkble series of brief political essays.—*North American Review.*

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

In it is now being published "*The Cord and Creese*," a Novel, by JAMES DE MILLE.

The BAZAR, as an intelligent critic upon all feminine topics, will doubtless become the *Queen* of American newspapers.—*Albion.*

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RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

THE RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

VIII.

CRINOLINE IN THE COUNTRY.—"Only think!" exclaimed an old peasant one day, "my girl must be mad! I was up in my barn yesterday, and saw her in the middle of the yard take up a hen-coop, put it round her, and then stare round as proud as possible!" Whether the girl in question actually wore the hen-coop, or only tried it on, I do not know; but this much is certain, that in the country people sometimes wore *home-made* crinolines, constructed of reeds and osiers. It is probable that these did not fit quite so well as a patent hoop-skirt; but crinoline is the fashion, and Polly in the country will not be a whit behind her sister in town. Once she went about, to church or to the fair, as free and lively as possible: her neat woolen gown hung closely, and she could enjoy herself. Two years ago she appeared, as it were, stuck in the middle of a barrel, and walked up the narrow village street in perfect agony lest she should upset something on one side or the other. Her dress was too small for the hoops, and so it assumed the wildest shapes, and provoked her usually contented Jack to say, "You don't look nice to-day!" And when she sat down, or rather tried to—for she generally had to give it up after sundry vain attempts—when, however, she succeeded in sitting, she probably broke her heart and crinoline at once, and had need of all her wit to avoid being laughed out of the room. Such were the troubles of crinoline in the country; and all arose, like the troubles of the frogs, from envying the superior dimensions of their town-sisters. But these huge skirts have now contracted, and the hoops of to-day only serve as a comfortable support to the clothing, without endangering all about them.

FACETIÆ.

A MINISTER, traveling through the West in a missionary capacity several years ago, was holding an animated theological conversation with an old lady upon whom he had called, in the course of which he asked her what idea she had formed of the doctrine of total depravity. "Oh," said she, "I think it is a good doctrine, if people would only live up to it."

A man from the Auburn prison says he left there all his admiration for auburn locks.

"Well, Pat, how goes your watch, does it keep good time?" said his employer to a native Hibernian, who sat gazing in admiration upon the face of a ten-dollar watch which he had won the previous night in a raffle. "Ah, faith, Sir, it's the grandest thing intirely," was Pat's reply; "it bates time altogither. I regulated the sun by it this morning, and it was half an hour past it at sunset."

AN ANIMATED MINERAL—Dr. Living-stone.

The man who sang "O breathe no more that simple air," went into the smoking car, where the air was more mixed.

A BORE—The man who persists in talking about himself when you wish to talk about yourself.

A petite blue-eyed maiden, who was nursing her fifth Christmas doll, and listening to her mother and some female friends talking about domestic broils and divorces, created rather a sensation by remarking, "Well, ma, I'm never going to marry! I'm going to be a widow!"

A PLANT IN SEASON.—Now is the time of year when managers of theatres show a botanical taste, for there is not one of them who does not do his best to have a great rush at his doors.

"Ah, Jimmy," said a sympathizing friend to a man who was just too late for the train, "you did not run fast enough."

"Yes, I did," said Jimmy; "but I didn't start soon enough."

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—There is no place like home. Fallacious. If your home is in a row of houses, it is probable that the home of your neighbors will be very like yours.

FARM NOTES.

How to Winnow Corn. 1st Method.—Get some corn. Get somebody who knows how to winnow it. Let him do it.

2d Method.—If *you* know all about it, do it yourself.

3d Method, for Beginners, given in Agricultural Terms.—Place a steward near the blower, and let him drive the blower while the hopper is filled wtih a large wecht. (This is called the system of *Hopperation.*) Then let a woman with a small wecht slide down on a wheel crushing the blower with her shoes. This should be done in a neat, cleanly way until the scum has been swept with a besom through a wire screen, while another lot goes on riddling, when it is the duty of the fanner to answer each riddle as it comes out. The fanner's chief work is, however, to prevent any laborer becoming too hot. When a laborer is very warm, he sits down before the fanner, who soon restores him to coolness.

Treatment of Fowls in Winter.—Roast them.

Breakfast.—Always visit your poultry-yard before breakfast. If unable to find a fresh egg, go to the cattle-sheds. Remember that, where eggs can not be obtained, a *yoke* of fine ox(h)en beaten up with a cup of tea is most invigorating.

A HARMLESS DEATH—Drowning in tears.

A pert little girl boasted to one of her little friends that her father kept a carriage. "Ah, but," was the triumphant reply, "my father drives an omnibus!"

An editor says he has given 20,000 dollars for a race-horse in order that he may catch defaulting subscribers. Another, having heard that drowning men remember every event of their lives, advises his subscribers to bathe in deep water.

CAUTION TO TRAVELERS.—As every body in France nowadays is able to converse fluently in English, the best thing that our countrymen can do when they *don't* want to be understood by Frenchmen is *to speak in French!*

A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in the Psalms as his text, "And there shall be abundance of peace—*while the moon endureth.*"

General Phil. Sheridan's engagement to Miss Grace Hilton is called a Grace-Phil alliance.

WANTED TO KNOW.—What kind of ropes are used by a thimble-rigger? How many knots an hour can a parson tie? The difference between minding the the train and training the mind? Whether the lion of a party has any thing to do with the dandelion? Whether a funeral carriage is an inky-bus? Whether one is (h)aunted who receives daily visits from his mother's sister?

DYING PRAYER OF A DOG—Guide my bark.

A genius out West, who wished to mark a half-dozen new shirts, marked the first one John Jones, and the rest ditto.

Of what trade is the sun?—A tanner.

A girl, presenting herself for a situation at a house "where no Irish need apply," in answer to the question where she came from said, "Sure, couldn't ye persave by me accint that it's Frinch I am?"

THE ONLY SAFETY MATCHES—Rich marriages.

A gentleman fond of using high-flown language sometimes made very laughable mistakes. He had the honor of presiding at a Sunday-school celebration, and, after one of the speeches, he addressed the audience, telling them that they would now have "some vocal music on the brass band!"

What can you not name without breaking it?—Silence.

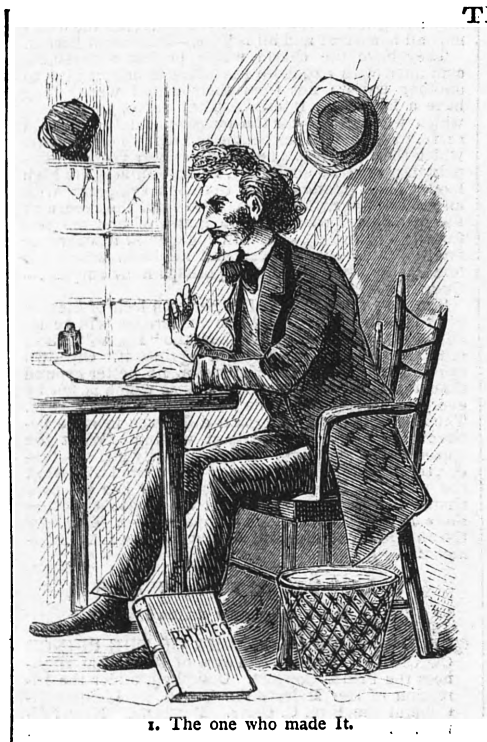
A German applied to Judge Stroud to be relieved from sitting upon a jury. "What is your excuse?" said his Honor. "I can't speak English," was the reply. "You have nothing to do with speaking," said the Judge. "But I can't *understand good English.*" "That's no excuse," replied the Judge. "You are not likely to hear good English at this bar."

One Jeames Flaherty was brought up before a magistrate for marrying six wives. The magistrate asked him, "How he could be so hardened a villain?" "Please your worship," says Jeames, "I was trying to get a good one."

A couple in Louisville celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding a few days ago. During all that time they had never spoken crossly to each other. They are both deaf and dumb.

A Portuguese mayor enumerated among the marks by which the body of a drowned man might be identified when found, "a marked impediment in his speech."

THE STORY OF A VALENTINE.



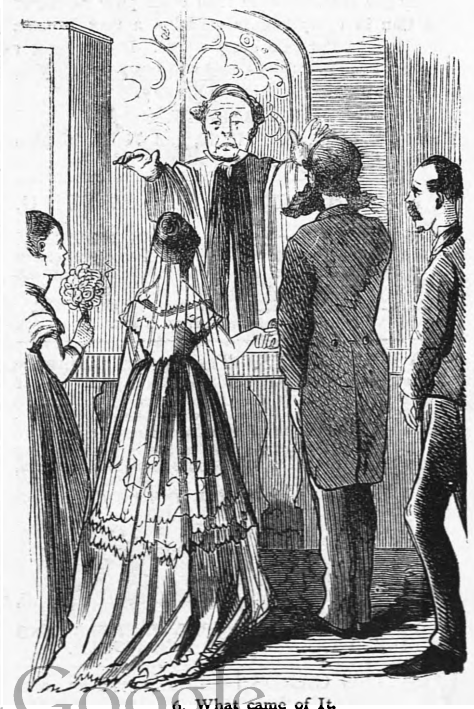
1. The one who made It.

2. The one who sold It.

3. The one who bought It.

4. The one who carried It and others.

5. The one who received It.



6. What came of It.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 18.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Home and Evening Dresses.

Fig. 1.—Dress of brown silk, with high waist and peplum, formed of lappets edged with satin piping. Skirt with small train. Close sleeves. Lappets edged with satin piping, to match the peplum, are set round the arm-hole.

Fig. 2.—Evening Dress. Under-skirt of white silk. Over-skirt of white tulle, with four rows of puffing round the bottom of the skirt, separated by rows of narrow green satin piping. Fichu of blonde, piping, rosettes, and bows of green satin, with long sash-ends behind, which are crossed over each other.

Fig. 3.—Dress of white cashmere. Fichu of white blonde, trimmed with gilt flowers. The long sash-ends of the fichu are crossed at the side.

DINNER PARTIES.

THE following hints on the art of dining may be valuable to the dinner-giving portion of the public:

The dining-room should be cheerful. The candelabra should hold the light well above the heads of the guests. The curtains should be rich and ample. The table should be a picture of bright, well-adjusted colors. The glass should be light as bubbles.

The rule has been laid down that there should invariably be four glasses to the right of each diner; the Madeira glass nearest to the table's edge, then the Bordeaux glass to the right, the water glass to the left, with the Champagne glass for the crown of the array. Special glasses appear, of course, with particular wines. Finger-bowls are handed by the servants after the fish and the dessert.

There are two, and only two, modes of serving a dinner, viz.: in the pure French style, or *à la Russe*.

The French style is the best when the guests are few, and are close friends. The dishes to be consumed appear in three services, or relays, upon the table. This method entails great responsibility on the host; let him be a poor carver and the dinner is spoiled. Dinner served in the French method is divided into three categories or services. The first service comprises the soup, hors d'œuvres, relevés, and entrées; the second the roasts, vegetables, and sweet dishes; the third is the dessert. All the dishes appear upon the table.

A la Russe means a table tastefully adorned with flowers and fruits, and the triumphs of the confectioner's art—indeed, all the cold dishes. The hot dishes are served, carved apart, to the guests.

The French régime is the more comfortable, under the foregoing conditions, when the party is a small, friendly one; but *à la Russe* is the régime when a banquet of state or ceremony is to be served.

The Order of Service.—1. The soups. 2. The hors d'œuvres. 3. Relevés of fish. 4. Relevés of meat. 5. Hot entrées, of meat, fowl, and game. 6. Cold entrées. The punch, or *sorbet Romain*, is invariably served immediately before the roasts. 7. Roasts of fowl and game. 8. Salad. 9. Entremets of vegetables. 10. Sweet entremets.

After the confectionery the table is swept clear, and the dessert follows, and is served in the following order: 1. Cheeses. 2. Fruits. 3. Cakes. 4. Sweetmeats. 5. Ices.—Coffee and Liqueurs.

Wines.—After the soup: Madeira, Sherry, Vermouth (with the oysters, if they open the dinner, Chablis), Sauterne, accompanying the hors d'œuvres. Bordeaux and Burgundies with the relevés and hot and cold entrées. Between the cold entrées, and at the moment for serving the sorbets: Château d'Yquem, and very lightly iced Rhenish wines. With the roasts, and thenceforth to the disappearance of the vegetables, Burgundies (Romanée-Conti, Chambertin, etc.) and Bordeaux (Lafitte, Margaux, Haut-Brion, etc.). With the sweets: Sherry. With the dessert: white and red Muscat, Constantia, Tokay, etc. These wines should be carried round in glasses. Champagne may appear at intervals through the banquet.

HOME AND EVENING DRESSES.

FOUND DEAD IN THE STREET.

I.

THE labor is over and done,
The sun has gone down in the west,
The birds are asleep every one,
And the world has gone to its rest;
Sleepers on beds of down,
'Neath cover of silk and gold,
Soft, as on roses new-blown,
Slept the great monarch of old!
Sleepers on mother's breast,
Sleepers happy and warm,
Cozy as birds in their nest,
With never a thought of harm!
Sleepers in garrets high,
'Neath coverlet ragged and old;
And one little sleeper all under the sky,
Out in the night and the cold!
Alone in the wide, wide world,
Christless, motherless he:
Begging or stealing to live, and whirled
Like waif on an angry sea.

II.

The daisy looks up from the grass,
Fresh from the fingers of Night,
To welcome the birds as they pass,
And drink in fresh rivers of light.
Sleepers on mother's breast,
Waken to summer and mirth;
But one little sleeper has gone to his rest,
Never to waken on earth—
Dead—found dead in the street,
All forsaken and lorn;
Damp from the head to the feet,
With the dews of the sweet May-morn!

III.

Dead—for the want of a crust!
Dead—in the cold night-air!
Dead—and under the dust,
Without ever a word of prayer;
In the heart of the wealthiest city
In this most Christian land,
Without ever a word of pity,
Or the touch of a kindly hand!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1868.

☞ *Single Subscribers to* HARPER'S BAZAR *will be supplied from Number* 1 *to the end of the year* 1868, *which will complete the first Volume, for the yearly price of Four Dollars.*

DANCING.

THE English philosopher Locke, in his Treatise on Education, says: "Dancing, being that which gives graceful motion to all our limbs, and, above all things, manliness and a becoming confidence to young children, I think, can not be learned too early. Nothing appears to me to give children so much confidence and behavior, and so to raise them to the conversation of those above their years as dancing."

Dancing is the harmony of motion, and there seems no good reason why the modulation of the limbs shall not be indulged in as well as that of the voice. King David not only sang but danced in praise and thanksgiving. Some learned Biblical commentators hold that each psalm had its appropriate choral dance as well as music; and in most religions the feet have occasionally united with the voice in the performance of worship.

No one, we suppose, in these liberal days, strenuously opposes dancing if properly regulated, which it seldom is. Our young folks, encouraged by their genteel mammas, cultivate it as diligently as if they thought, with the dancing-master in Molière's comedy, that, though philosophy might possibly be something, there was nothing so necessary to mankind as dancing. It is well, perhaps, that our little masters and misses should subject their flexible feet and limbs to a course of lessons under the fiddle-bow of the dancing-master, and keep themselves in training by an occasional quadrille or waltz. They may thus learn to walk their genteel parts in life with a more assured ease and grace. We can not, however, see the necessity of dancing the German from midnight to four o'clock in the morning, six days out of the seven of each week. On the contrary, it is quite apparent to us that this is an excess which is wholesome neither for body or mind. It is debauchery, not social enjoyment, and while it may be favorable to freedom of communion and ease of manners, is conducive neither to a graceful address nor a decorous behavior. The want of respectful reserve between our young people of both sexes, their interchange of slang phrases, their audacious and dangerous flirtations, and their defiance of the prudent restrictions of home, are some of the vicious results of this prevalent abuse of dancing.

The ill effect upon the physical health of this debauchery is no less apparent. In our working community there are but few if they dance all night can sleep all day, for most of the gay cavaliers of the evening are the busy drudges of the morning. Our youthful damsels, it is true, by the mistaken indulgence of their parents, can, if their excited nerves will let them, doze away as many of the twenty-four hours as they please, but their partners can not, for they are wanted for the most part at the shop and counting-house. The mere loss of sleep, whose recuperative influence is especially necessary to youth, must be a serious damage to the health of the young gallants who strive to comply with the requirements both of fashion and business.

Dancing is a gentle exercise, favorable to the health and graceful development of the body, but, like all physical exercises, must be pursued at seasonable times and under such circumstances as are dictated by nature, or it will become hurtful. With every additional movement of the limbs the respiration is increased, and the lungs take in a larger supply of air; and this, if not pure, will act upon the system with the virulence of a poison. We need hardly say, what must be obvious to every one who has breathed it, that the atmosphere of the crowded ball-room is not in the condition suitable to health. The apartment is necessarily closed to the severe cold of the winter, and each one of the dense throng which usually gathers at these fashionable dancing-parties is breathing fast under the general agitation of the dance and excitement. The pure air which may have at first existed is sucked up at once, and all having eagerly consumed the vital element of oxygen it possesses send it back with the poisonous constituent of carbonic acid gas. The whole room thus soon becomes filled with an atmosphere so vitiated that to breathe the least of it is injurious, and certainly the less of it taken in by the human lungs the better. The dancers, however, by their quickened motion and necessarily increased respiration, are absorbing the most of the poison, while at the same time each one is adding to its virulence. When the air is impure the greater safety is in repose than in movement. Better no exercise at all than exercise in a poisonous atmosphere, such as must be breathed by our party-going beaux and belles six nights of the week out of the seven.

The exercise of dancing under these circumstances becomes a source, as we all know, of prostration and ill-health. No frequenter of the crowded ball will pretend that he or she, after a long night's indulgence in its debauchery, sleeps more soundly, awakes more refreshingly, and resumes the duties or labors of the day with a lighter step and a livelier spirit. Whatever, therefore, may be said in favor of fashionable dancing as a social element, it can not be justified as a healthful exercise.

LADIES IN THE CARS.

ONCE upon a time a lady neglected to thank a gentleman for giving her his seat in the car, and the whole generation of ladies have had to suffer for it ever since. The newspapers took up the offense; articles were written and sermons preached on its enormity; ladies hastened to disclaim their erring sister; and from that time forth gentlemen have felt it their duty to vindicate their rights and keep their seats, painful as it has been, with the spectacle before them of fragile women, young and old, with and without babies and bundles, frantically clutching at the greasy strap beyond their reach, and tottering and even falling at every stoppage of the car, but who perchance might fail to thank the giver for a seat if it were offered to them.

Now there is another side to the picture, as the gentlemen who have thus sacrificed their feelings to maintain their dignity will probably be glad to know. The ladies have accepted the present state of affairs to such an extent that, for the most part, if to their astonishment a seat is offered them, they are either overwhelming in their expressions of gratitude, or hesitate so long in accepting it, that some ill-mannered fellow slips into the place and leaves both parties out in the cold. But if by chance a lady so far forgets that she is a lady as not to return thanks for a service rendered, should a gentleman therefore forget that he is a gentleman? What we think of this class of ladies we have already said; it is time to say something on the other side.

As a rule, a lady is not so well able to stand or to keep her balance in a jolting car as a gentleman, which fact gives her a prior claim to a seat. "But ladies have no business to get into a crowded car," it is said. Yet as from seven to ten in the morning, and from three to six in the afternoon, every seat in the city cars is usually taken within two blocks from the terminus, what else are the unfortunates to do who live beyond these fortunate limits, and are obliged to go abroad at hours so unseasonable for women?

"First come, first served; those who take the seats have the best right to them," it is said. Begging your pardon, they have not. The cause of the evil is that the railroad companies swell their profits by running only half enough cars to accommodate the traveling public. Now, as the government of the country is in the hands of men, if they fail to make these companies fulfill their contract they should pay the penalty. When women share this responsibility they will be on an equal footing; but till that time they have the first right to seats in the cars by justice as well as by courtesy, while those who have the power, but dread the trouble of compelling the directors of the railroads to furnish the accommodations which they have promised, and for which they are paid, should have the obligation to do so enforced on them by bearing the consequences.

The courtesy for which American men have been so remarkable seems passing away without any equivalent. The demand for new rights for women, instead of bringing them new privileges, is made a pretext for taking away those already accorded. But as American men are of all others those who most truly respect and appreciate women, we are persuaded that these shortcomings arise only from want of due reflection, and merely need to be discerned to be corrected.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to Augustus Edward, at Stewart's.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,—Did you observe an elderly gentleman who stood last Tuesday near the counter at which you were waiting upon Mrs. Tilbury? He was, I believe, what is called a quiet-looking gentleman, and he watched you closely for some time. I suppose, however, that you may not have remarked him, for his dress was not indicative of a promising customer; he had merely bought a pair of woolen gloves suitable for the season, and he had the air of one who did not move in the same social circle with Mrs. Tilbury. My dear Augustus Edward, that gentleman was your present correspondent.

As he stood there studying that illuminated chapter of human nature which is opened every pleasant morning at Mr. Stewart's noble warehouse—for no milder word seems to be properly descriptive—he saw many of the ladies whom, notwithstanding your natural suspicions founded upon his appearance, he does sometimes know, at least by name, and at a respectful distance. Any bright morning you may see them, as he might say, like beautiful birds moulting. They are changing their brilliant plumage. They are refining upon the rainbow. They are dainty and curious in gorgeous raiment. They are imagining future splendors and composing glittering triumphs. It is a pleasing occupation for an old bachelor to step in to Stewart's—to make little occasions for stepping in, and then, lingering and loitering, to see the lovely throng, and to hear the rustling of costly stuffs, and to behold the superb work of Lyons looms and of all the factories where airy stuffs are woven.

My dear Augustus Edward, I wish there were nothing else for the loiterer to see. I do not mean, just now, the poor women and children who hang around the door and wait to beg a penny of the sumptuous dames who step from cushioned carriages and sweep in to devise a softer and more ravishing attire—no, not these; but there are sights within, and it is to those that I propose to call your attention. It is a great temple of haberdashery, my good friend, and a very famous, in which you are a priest. Every body has a vague feeling that every kind of dry-goods which the human being may desire is to be found there. Moreover, there is a general conviction that not only is there every thing, but that every thing is in the fullest variety and of the lowest price. I hope this is so. I am sure it ought to be so; but however it be, the consequence of the belief is that every body, even an Old Bachelor, repairs to Mr. Stewart's to repair his wardrobe.

Now it makes very little difference how you and the other priests treat *me*. You may be as lofty and disdainful behind the counter as suits your fancy, and I will struggle with my mortification; I will endeavor not to be cast down, but will buy my gloves and stockings as meekly as beseems so unimportant a customer. But when a quiet, modest woman, who does not arrive in a carriage, but walks, and who does not wear a velvet cloak, but a very plain and cheap dress, steps to your counter and asks for some plain and cheap stuff—then, Augustus Edward, beware! Your manhood is upon trial! You are put to the proof. You will show whether your soul is dwarfed to the yard-stick or whether you are a gentleman.

Do you remember in Doyle's delightful "Mr. Pips his Diary or Manners and Customs of ye Englishe," the scene of the fashionable haberdasher's shop? Do you recall those superlatively elegant gentlemen in dress suits who are unfolding and illustrating the charms of dry-goods to the carriage company? Didn't it seem to you a dreadful fate, to become only a smirker behind a counter? Doesn't an honest clown who smirks in the ring seem a happier fellow? Well now, do you know, Mr. Augustus Edward, that the manner in which you waited upon Mrs. Tilbury showed that you are in great danger? You bowed down to Tilbury's bank account, not to Mrs. Tilbury, who is a silly, little, fashionable woman. You metaphorically knelt to the fortune which she represented, and it was a mean thing for you to do.

When she had swept along to the cloak department you had scarcely an eye or an ear for modest little Mrs. Trim, who wanted to see some little things; for you knew that Mrs. Trim is only the wife of Tom Trim, who is one of Tilbury's clerks. You treated her, you wretched little counter-jumper, as if you had been a condescending deity. It seemed to me, as I watched you, as if Mrs. Tilbury had thrown the refuse of her bad manners over you as she left, and you strutted like a lackey in his master's worn-out old clothes. What are you, that you do not treat every customer with equal politeness? I hereby inform Mr. Stewart that you drive custom from his doors. There are scores and hundreds of Mrs. Trims who never darken them, because they do not choose to endure your insolent manners. You care for nobody who is not what the vulgar call "carriage company;" but it is not from carriage company that the great fortunes in your business are made. They are made by the multitude of pennies, not by the occasional gold eagle. You are, therefore, not only no gentleman, but you are no business man; and when I thus mention your name to your employer, and state what I saw, he, I am sure, is good business man enough to send you about your business.

Your manners show what man you are; and the surly indifference with which you reluctantly answered every question of Mrs. Trim, and the half-contempt with which you showed her a piece of simple something as if it were intolerable to you to show any thing but brocade or marvelous lace, were insults. I saw the cheek of that dear young woman color. I knew the resolution she was taking in her heart never to expose herself to the insolence of such a coward again, and I should have liked to take you by the nape of the neck, friend Augustus Edward, and have walked you Spanish-fashion out at the door, and have dumped you in the mud and snow in the street.

Let me urge you to remember that some of the seedy people upon whom you wait—like me, for instance—have eyes and minds, and understand you perfectly. Don't be fine! You are a clerk, like Thomas Trim; but he keeps accounts of great transactions, while you, my friend, are hired to sell a yard of tape and a pair of thread gloves. Do it like a man, and it is an honorable business. Do it like a popinjay, and every sensible person despises you. Being a clerk, don't you know that an intelligible free-masonry should bind you to Tom Trim and his charming wife? What is Mrs. Tilbury to you, or you to Mrs. Tilbury? You have a foolish fancy that you get some kind of reflected glory from serving so fashionable a woman. Indeed, and if her daughter Stella were grown would you be a suitor of hers? It is a free country—but would you be? What would your friend Mrs. Tilbury say of it? You have twelve hundred dollars a year, and Mrs. Tilbury's carriage and horses cost four thousand. I hope yours may cost five thousand some day, if you wish; but meanwhile you know that Mrs. Tilbury would as soon expect her daughter to marry the dustman as you. Show the brocades and satins and silks to her like a man, but don't show them like a toady and a ninny; and show the cheaper stuffs to Mrs. Trim with the same courtesy.

If you knew the value of good-manners you would be worth thousands of dollars every year to Mr. Stewart. You would make your counter so pleasant to every body that Mrs. Tilbury's Biddy would prefer to come to you, as well as her mistress; and you would discover that you cared very much less for purple and yellow scarfs with a large pin, when your kind words and ways proved you to be truly a gentleman. I beg you to try it. When you have read this letter—in which I hope I have made myself understood—and have reflected a little whether you do remember the elderly gentleman in rather well-worn attire, resolve that the next person who comes before you shall be treated as if he or she were Mr. Stewart walking through his vast house in disguise, like Haroun Alraschid through the streets of his capital.

Do this, and when Mrs. Tilbury comes remember that Tilbury's money came from his grandfather, and that his grandfather was of the kind who turn over with their cane bits of paper that they see lying upon the sidewalk. "Thrift, Horatio." And remember that all his money, and his house, and his vast expenses do not make him a gentleman nor his wife a lady. It will be of the greatest service to Mrs. Tilbury if she feels that one young man, at least, is not imposed upon by her magnificent pretension. It will help her to remember how much of her position she buys at Stewart's; and to consider in what way she may procure what can not be bought, and can therefore never be sold under the auctioneer's hammer when Tilbury may happen to fail. Augustus Edward, if you will do this, I shall see so pleasant a sight when I stroll in at Stewart's that my grateful heart will be sure to prompt me to drop a bright five cents into the hand of the little boy who lies in wait at the door of your temple.

Your true friend,
AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BONNETS.

THE evening bonnets made by our leading milliners are of lace, of feathers, and of beaded tulle, made in very simple styles. Rows of point lace, with a cluster of flowers in front, are mounted on small frames. Lace medallions of various shapes, oval, diamond, and triangular, are prettily displayed over velvet of any light shade, such as pearl-gray, pink, and lavender.

Ornaments are placed directly over the forehead in the point formed by the curved diadem which is added to the Fanchon. Velvet and lace bows with ends are arranged high up on the back of the bonnet.

An elegant opera bonnet has a tulle foundation over which is a diamond-shaped medallion of point lace with long barbes at the back. A wreath of tea-roses of a pale, delicate shade forms at once a coronet and face trimming. Buds and tendrils droop at the side. A small spray nestles in the lace bow on the crown. Lace strings.

A Fanchon of tulle and marabout bands is adorned with scarlet coral on the forehead.

A pretty bonnet for a blonde is of beaded lace over tulle. A wreath of green berries and leaves frames the face, and is deeply pointed on the top. A wide fall of lace is caught under the chin by a bunch of leaves.

A bridal bonnet, made by the celebrated Madame Virat of Paris, is Fanchon shape, with a flaring coronet band pointed *à la Marie Stuart*. A wild-rose with frosted foliage is placed in the point of the coronet. Wide blond-lace falling from the back is wound in a careless twist at the sides, and fastened with a cluster of flowers similar to those on the forehead.

A bonnet of pearl-gray velvet is exceedingly small, scarcely three inches across the top. The veil, once considered an accessory, is really the principal part of this coiffure. It is mantilla-shaped, and of Chantilly lace. It is sewn on full at the back, falling down to the collar. The barbes forming the strings are in one piece with the fall. Velvet leaves surround the front.

A garnet velvet is Trianon shaped. Blond-lace of the same shade encircles the front. A gold and steel band for face trimming.

VELVET AND SATIN HOODS.

Fur-trimmed hoods are prettily made up for prices varying from $6 to $10. Those for evening wear are of white or blue or amber satin, quilted in small diamonds, with pearls introduced in the stitching, and bordered with ermine or swan's-down. Traveling hoods of black velvet are usually made in the Fanchon shape, with long lappels at the throat. They may be trimmed with Astrakhan, chinchilla, or mink. A pretty one of gray satin is bordered with gray Persiani. These are found at the furriers instead of the milliners.

Fur gauntlets are now worn by ladies, resembling those used by gentlemen when driving; and are large enough to be drawn over a kid glove. Seal skin and white otter are most in favor for these. A hood, gloves, and boa of chinchilla are pretty suits for sleighing and traveling.

WALKING DRESSES.

Walking suits, with a single skirt simulating two, have given place to those with double skirts. Imported suits have the upper skirt formed into a small train which is to be looped up disclosing a gay petticoat beneath. The loops make heavy puffed festoons. Four buttons and loops are the simple accessories, or machinery, if you please, for festooning the long upper skirt. Black velvet dresses are worn over scarlet, blue, or green satin petticoats. Passementerie, jet, fringe, and satin piping ornament the velvet skirt. The satin may be either left plain or bound with velvet of the same shade, cut bias. Two or three narrow ruffles of satin are also used. Striped petticoats of very handsome materials, gros grain, alternating with velvet stripes, are fashionably worn. They are without trimming. Full suits of velvet are trimmed with fur. The Marie Antoinette mantle that we have before described is the newest style of wrapping. The redingote or Polonaise is still very popular. Short loose paletots have wide flowing sleeves, lined with satin like the under-skirt. Parisian ladies loop the velvet skirts of their walking dresses with a sash fastened at the middle of the back. Very gay colored sashes are worn, but those of black velvet are in better taste.

An entire suit of purple velvet has the under-skirt gored to fit plain. The upper skirt has more fullness, and a demi-train, but is quite short in front. This skirt is open at the sides, with wide sashes trimmed with netted fringe between the front and the back widths. A gored paletot, with closed sleeves, is bordered with bands of sable. Bonnet and muff of velvet also trimmed with narrow bands of fur.

A very elaborate walking dress is made with a petticoat of black velvet, untrimmed, and reaching below the ankle. A tunic-shaped over-skirt of black satin falls to the floor behind. The trimming is thread lace, sewn above the edge of the tunic, and headed by a beaded passementerie and cord-like folds of satin. In the house this skirt is left flowing, but is festooned for walking to form deep scallops. A tight-fitting velvet jacket, trimmed with passementerie and lace, has coat-sleeves and a long hood with two points that fall to the end of the jacket. Black velvet Fanchon, with a gilt band enameled in a Greek pattern. Folds of satin on the edge and front of bonnet. Mantilla veil of thread lace. Light tan-colored gloves stitched with black.

A pretty dress of violet gros grain is worn with the new Marie Antoinette mantelet. This is a round cape in the back, with long, square tabs for ends crossing in front, and drooping at the sides. Bands of satin of a darker shade trim the mantle and the double skirts of the dress. Plain, high corsage and tight sleeves.

A Mentana red suit has a petticoat of satin, under a short skirt of gros grain of the same shade. This skirt is open at the sides, forming an apron front, and is caught together with rosettes. A loose sacque of velvet has a wide satin sash, tied behind. Trianon bonnet of velvet, with simple folds of satin for trimming. Kid gloves of Mentana red, with gilt studs on the back. A rich dress of black velvet has a plain skirt and long redingote, bordered with fine mink. Another, similarly made, is of black and gold plush, trimmed with satin bands, with points inserted on the lower edge.

VARIETIES.

A pretty domino, worn at one of the masquerades now so fashionable, is of blue satin. A square yoke is made to fit smoothly over the evening dress worn beneath. The rest of the garment falling from this yoke is gored in such a manner that it may be afterward worn as the skirt of a dress. It is loose, with a slight train, and is confined at the waist by a belt and sash. A ruche of white satin surrounds the yoke, sleeves, and skirt. A white satin hood attached to the neck is large enough to disguise the wearer most effectually.

A dinner dress of black moiré, with gored trained skirt untrimmed, has a low corsage with bertha and sleeves formed of puffs of black tulle, dotted with white. Folds of bias velvet separate the puffs. The waist is lined with buff silk.

Another of black corded silk at $10 a yard has a flounce on all the widths but the front, headed by a trimming of black velvet embroidered with white beads. A tablier of the same, with fringe attached, ornaments the front width. Medallion of velvet leaves at the back and on the bosom. Epaulets and cuffs of velvet. Waist-lining of gray silk.

A mantilla paletot to be worn at a wedding reception, over a solid-colored silk, is of white guipure lace. It has scarf-like fronts and is very short at the back.

A ball dress in the pretty Pompadour colors is of blue tulle puffed and sprinkled at intervals with tiny buds of the tea-rose arranged in diamonds. The long tunic entirely formed of puffs is festooned at the sides with a vine of rose-buds and leaves beginning at the belt. Bertha and sleeves of puffs and rose-buds.

A new sash worn in Paris is made of gimp in which jet beads are interwoven. The sash hangs from the sides, is festooned into a sort of basque, and then falls almost to the edge of the skirt, where the ends cross and form a bow with long tassels. Bretelles for the shoulder accompany the sash.

Loose, square breakfast jackets are giving place to bodices with tight-fitting sleeves and a sash worn at the side. Another style has a small basque attached to the waist instead of a sash.

For courtesies rendered, thanks are due to Mesdames DIEDEN; FLAMMÉ; BAILLARD; MARCHAL; and FERRERO; and to F. W. LASAK'S SON.

PERSONAL.

THE QUEEN of PRUSSIA has held a caucus of seventy ladies, chiefly the wives and daughters of commercial men, to consult with her respecting the best way to aid necessitous people. They finally settled down upon a bazar. That is precisely what the ladies of this country are doing—settling down upon THE *Bazar*.

—Mrs. JAMES ROBB (wife of Mr. R. of New Orleans), who recently died in this city, was the daughter of Rev. Dr. CHURCH, President of the University of Georgia. She was a woman of fine mind, fine heart, graceful and winning in manner, highly cultivated, and was blest with all that could render life desirable. The gentlemen who acted as pall-bearers were ALEXANDER T. STEWART, General ROBERT ANDERSON, ROYAL PHELPS, WILLIAM REDMOND, General JAMES LONGSTREET, General ROBERT C. WOOD, and the Hon. JOHN E. WARD.

—Mons. PAUL DU CHAILLU is in such demand, both as author and lecturer, that there are efforts to counterfeit him. One publisher, on the back of a circular which laudably explains how people can cheat in making adulterated wines and liquors, advertises a book of "Discoveries in Africa, by the celebrated African explorer, M. de Challue." The attempt to foist such a work on the public is a transparent swindle. There is no "celebrated African explorer named DE CHALLUE;" nor would such a name be assumed were it not that the recent work of M. DU CHAILLU, published by the HARPERS, is having a very extensive sale, and that his services as a lecturer are eagerly sought from all parts of the country.

—Professor WHEATSTONE (och *honel*) is about to be knighted in consideration of his great scientific attainments and of his valuable inventions.

—When the Empress EUGENIE skates she leans on two gentlemen, adepts in the art. Recently she leaned half on Mr. RIGGS (of New York), and half on a member of the ERRANZ family; which was very nice for all three; at all events it was so regarded in Paris.

—The Rev. Dr. BELLOWS, in one of his letters, soon to be published by the HARPERS, says that in Vienna the theatre is an institution of incredible importance, and the performances are the most familiar topic of conversation. "I was kept waiting to-day," he says, "while the manager discussed the merits of GOUNOD and WAGNER with a trio of earnest German visitors. The Court Theatre, a wretched place under the imperial roof, has a most refined and accomplished company, who act on the whole better than any company I have ever seen. The parquette is open to the public—but the boxes are all bought by the aristocracy, and they assemble as if at a family-party, to meet always the same people and enjoy society without any domestic trouble or expense. There is no extravagance of costume and no excess of beauty in these boxes."

—Of the great French statesman, GUIZOT, much has been heard and written, but comparatively little has come to us of his personal history. His father was beheaded during the Reign of Terror; but the son was carefully trained by his pious and intelligent mother. He made his début as a tutor in Paris. There he met Miss MENLAN, a young lady of rare worth and great distinction, who supported her family by her pen. In this task M. GUIZOT aided her in the most delicate manner, sending articles under her name to the journals in which she used to write. Some years later she became his wife. He is small in stature but noble in appearance. He has always been an early riser and an indefatigable worker, and though now eighty is as enthusiastic as ever. He lives at a beautiful country home, surrounded by his loving and admiring children and grandchildren. He is almost as famous for his oratory as for his writings.

—Let opulent widows and spinsters emulate the action of Mrs. BRADLEY, of Peoria, Illinois, who has endowed a Home for the Friendless in that city with $60,000. Good interest of the heart will she receive for that investment.

—The Archbishop of Vienna is the only person who day or night has the privilege of entering the Emperor of Austria's presence unannounced.

—The Rev. Dr. MACLEOD, of Glasgow, one of the Queen's personal friends, who was sent out in some semi-official capacity to India by the British Government, has been listened to with great interest by his own countrymen, and, what is very unusual, by Parsees, Hindoos, and Asiatics generally.

—Bishop SIMPSON, of the M. E. Church, recently delivered an address to the students of Mount Pleasant, Iowa, and pointing to Dr. ELLIOTT, who was on the rostrum, said that near forty years ago he had walked eighty miles, carrying a little bundle of clothes, to become a student with the Doctor when he was President of Madison College.

—This is the way they get together off in Maine. It was in North Ellsworth, at the house of Mr. DOLLIVER. First, was Mrs. CHASE, aged 90; then Mrs. WILSON, daughter of Mrs. CHASE, aged 66; then Mrs. BONZEY, daughter of Mrs. WILSON, aged 45; next Mrs. HASTINGS, daughter of Mrs. BONZEY, aged 24; and, last of all, the infant daughter of Mrs. HASTINGS—making five generations in a direct line.

—Sir MORTON PETO, who is going through the English Court of Bankruptcy, proposes to resign his seat for Bristol on the reassembling of Parliament. The most expensive private dinner party ever given in this country by one gentleman, was that given at DELMONICO'S by Sir MORTON some two years ago. The heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, were ransacked by CHARLES DELMONICO to make a feast for the Baronet—(a wheel-baro-net, as some one remarked, alluding to his great railway exploits in the Crimea, for which the Queen laid her sword on his shoulder and said, "Arise *Sir* MORTON PETO.")

—Editor TILTON, of the *Independent*, was in Washington the other day, and exploited the following simple remark to a rather dull member of the House who, elevating his glasses to the gallery, said: "What would you do, Mr. TILTON, if you could not distinguish your friends in the gallery?" "Why, Sir," replied Mr. T., "I would try to distinguish myself on the floor!"

—CHARLES KEAN, recently deceased, was a descendant of that Marquis of Halifax who, in the reign of the STUARTS, was "gifted with eloquence and a conversation overflowing with thought, fancy, and wit; an intellect fertile, subtile, and capacious; and the most brilliant and far-seeing man of his age." He left a natural son, HENRY CAREY, a successful dramatic writer, and the author of that song which for over a century has been sung by more persons than any other song ever sung—"God Save the King." The great versatility of genius which made Halifax seem an actor cropped out at last in making two of his descendants—both men of mark in their walk—real actors.

—Mr. BLACQUE BEY, the new Turkish minister at Washington, is of English descent. His father entered the service of Turkey, and married a Greek lady. Mr. BLACQUE himself is a Roman Catholic, and was educated in Paris. His first wife was a daughter of the late Dr. VALENTINE MOTT, of this city. "Mr." BEY is a tall, fine-looking man, and a well-educated, polished gentleman; has an exalted opinion of our country, predicts for it a glorious future, and thinks the ladies of America "unexcelled in any part of the globe." *That* is "*talking* Turkey," at all events.

—The young King of Greece begins his reign modestly. On the first Sunday after accepting the throne he surprised the Athenians by walking on foot to church, accompanied only by an officer. The ministers came out in their carriages with men in livery, but beholding the king on foot they descended and walked to church. A throne had been prepared for him which he refused to occupy, saying he wanted no parade in the House of God. He is unostentatious, and lives very plainly. He is only twenty-two, has chestnut hair, blue eyes, and a face expressive of amiability and good-humor rather than force of character. His queen, OLGA, is seventeen, plump, pretty, and very economical in her habits.

—The French Emperor is becoming copious in person. At the last state ball he talked much with Minister DIX. And the style in which the Empress was dressed is concisely thus: "A dress of somewhat *bizarre* fashion, of white satin crossed with yellow bands of the same"—a costume which effectually distinguished her from all others by its extremely original though somewhat "loud" effect.

—A notable man has just died in Paris—*Père* COQUEREL, for thirty years pastor of the Reformed Church in that city, and the head of its Presbytery. He was 73. He was elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1848, when the celebrated heretic LAMENNAIS, and the equally celebrated Dominican LACORDAIRE were returned. The French Protestant clergy were not greatly attached to him on account of his leaning to Unitarianism, and his willingness to abate from principle for the sake of expediency.

—Miss OLIVE LOGAN is to make her first appearance as a lecturer in New York previous to going West; subject, a theatrical one, of a humorous character. She will appear, we understand, in a costume unique and splendid, a novel feature in the lecture-room.

—It is stated in private letters from Chicago that Mrs. LINCOLN'S mind is so seriously impaired that her friends contemplate placing her in an asylum, where repose, kind words, and an effort to turn her thoughts into new and pleasant channels, may work a complete mental restoration—"a consummation most devoutly to be wished."

—A young person of the name of CRAWSHAY has just come into a little property amounting to thirty-five millions of dollars. His father was the largest individual holder of the Three-percents in England. The young man has made liberal provision for all the relations not remembered by the old gentleman, who had recognized claims upon him.

—Father HYACINTHE has got behind the scenes in Paris, and is agitating the minds of the *artistes*. Mlle. THUILLIER, one of the most celebrated actresses of that city, is about to take the veil at the Convent of the Carmelites, and Madame ARNOULD PLESSY is likely to follow her example. The former is remarkable for her graceful manner on the stage, and the peculiar distinction of her appearance. She has a charming voice and most pleasing intonation. The Church has made a conquest worth acquiring.

—The Rev. Dr. HALL, a very eloquent clergyman from Dublin, who has recently become pastor of the Presbyterian church at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Nineteenth Street, was walking down town a few days since with the Rev. Dr. ROGERS. It was on Friday. As they were passing the church in University Place Dr. R. said, "Let us go in here a moment; this was Dr. POTTS'S." The sexton, a stalwart Irishman, happened to be sweeping and arranging the church for Sunday. Dr. R. said to him: "Well, I hope you have good congregations now."

"Not so large as we used to have, Sir," replied the sexton.

"Ah! I'm sorry to hear it. Why so?"

"Why, you see, Sir, they've got a *big Irishman* up here at the corner of Nineteenth Street preaching to them, and he's running away with the folks; but they'll get tired of *him* before long, and then they'll all come back."

The parsons smiled a little smile at each other, and forthwith commenced talking of something else.

—A noted Parisian wit, Baron R——, is just married. On returning from church he began to weep. "What is the matter?" anxiously asked his young bride. "I am a believer in predictions," he replied, sobbing. "Well?" "Well, a gipsy has foretold that I shall marry twice, and the idea of losing you fills my breast with sorrow!"

—Mr. HENRY WARD BEECHER hit close to the bull's eye when he said: "Some people regard their pastors as they do their grooms—they are good to rub down their souls."

—Something very odd about the HALL family in Patten, near the Vermont and Canada line. HALL has five children, and all have six fingers upon each hand and six toes upon each foot. The two youngest are twins, four years of age, and are ever so fat!

—Excellent Mrs. TANKS has given some two cords of Dutch, French, and Latin books to the Wisconsin Historical Society—in all 4812 volumes. Society said: "Tank you, ma'am."

—Mr. DOUGLAS TAYLOR has become associate editor and proprietor of the *Sunday Courier*. Mr. T. is Commissioner of Jurors, a Tammany Hall expert, shrewd, wise, and waggy, and one of the joys of the Manhattan Club. His ancestors were distant relatives of Bishop JEREMY TAYLOR, the "Holy Living and Dying" bishop, who had rather a rough time of it in the days of CHARLES I.; of TOM TAYLOR, the London dramatist; of "Old ZACH," and General DICK T., son of ditto—to say nothing of BAYARD, the traveler, MOSES, the millionaire, and other great and notable TAYLORS, who by "brawn and brain" have fought their way to the front of personal, political, pecuniary, prose, poetical, or publishing prominence.

—BISMARCK writes droll letters to a friend up north in Pomerania. A Conservative Society asked the Count for an explanation of his conduct, first, in abandoning the Conservative party; second, in allowing himself to be photographed with Mlle. LUCCA; and third, in having ceased to go to church. The Count replied bluntly to the first question; in reference to the second he says, alluding to very long delays that had occurred in certain negotiations: "At one time matters came to a dead lock, and life became so insufferably tedious that I did not know how to kill time. I went for a walk, met Mlle. LUCCA, whom I knew, and suggested to her that she should relieve the tediousness of our existence by giving a concert. 'Perhaps I will,' she answered; 'but only on one condition.' 'And what may that be?' 'That your Excellency will allow yourself to be photographed along with me.' 'With pleasure,' I answered; and this was the origin of the picture. I now leave it to you to judge whether you should cast a stone at me on this account." As for the Count's non-appearance at church, he explains that his doctor forbids him to attend divine service, as he has become so exhausted through working night after night that he is not equal to the effort. He adds that he feels this to be a great privation, and often prays in his own room for guidance as to what is best for the fatherland.

—There are countries other than our own where the strangest "personals" find their way into print. The following has recently attracted the gossip of Paris. It is of an action now going on which must certainly find a place among future *causes célèbres*. A cab-driver named SCHUMACKER, 63 years of age, partially infirm, married to a woman who, though an invalid, helps him in his business, and, in particular, washes his cab, and occasionally grooms his horses, demands from his daughter and son-in-law the means of subsistence. Cab-driving has of late been a losing trade with him; which, as he is almost totally deaf, and in bad weather suffers great pain from the effects of accidents in which he has twice had a leg broken, is not astonishing. The daughter is the Marquise d'Orvault, and lives with her husband, the marquis, in an apartment of which the annual rent is 11,000 francs, and which is said to be magnificently furnished. The marquis has horses which the marchioness does not groom, and carriages of the latest make which she naturally does not wash down. When CATHERINE SCHUMACKER married the marquis a year ago her fortune consisted of upward of a million francs in money and securities, besides 325,000 francs in jewelry and personal property of various kinds. She was then 36 years of age—less than half the age of her husband, who was 83. If the daughter of the cab-driver was, at the time of her marriage, neither poor nor respectable, the marquis, at least, did not resemble her in one respect; he was decidedly poor. An annuity of 2700 francs allowed him by his relations, and a pension of 2500 francs from the Emperor, was all he had to live upon; and he had luxurious tastes. CATHERINE SCHUMACKER'S £50,000 tempted him, and it no doubt suited her very well to become the wife of a marquis, 83 years of age. The bridegroom's life had already been an eventful one. The importance of his very ancient family is strikingly shown by the fact that during the Reign of Terror no less than twenty-two of its members were guillotined. The case for the defense is said to be that the father-in-law had some 40,000 francs, but that he gambled it away on the Bourse—a proceeding which shocks the delicate morality of the Marquis d'Orvault.

Rush Head-Dress.

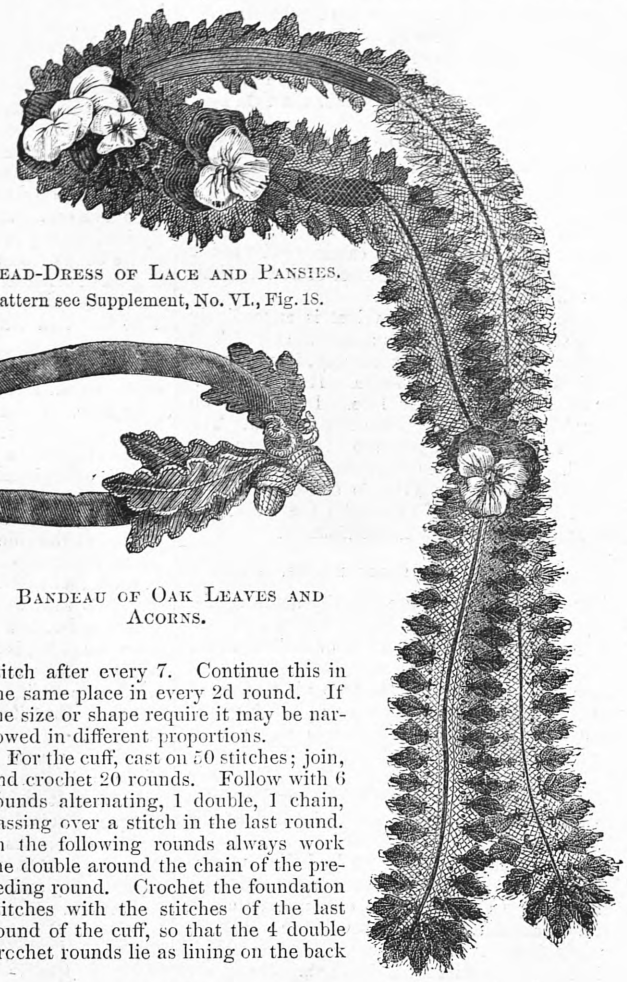
THIS head-dress is composed of leaves of different lengths, designed to simulate rushes. These leaves are made of black silk lace, on a foundation of stiff lace, and are wired round the edge and through the middle. An accompanying illustration shows a leaf of the full size, ornamented with jet bugles. The head-dress is composed of five long leaves, graduating in length, the top of which is fastened to a piece of stiff lace, on which smaller leaves are set in the form of a bow. The head-dress is worn a considerable distance in front, so that the long leaves fall over the chignon.

Wreath of Blackberry Blossoms.

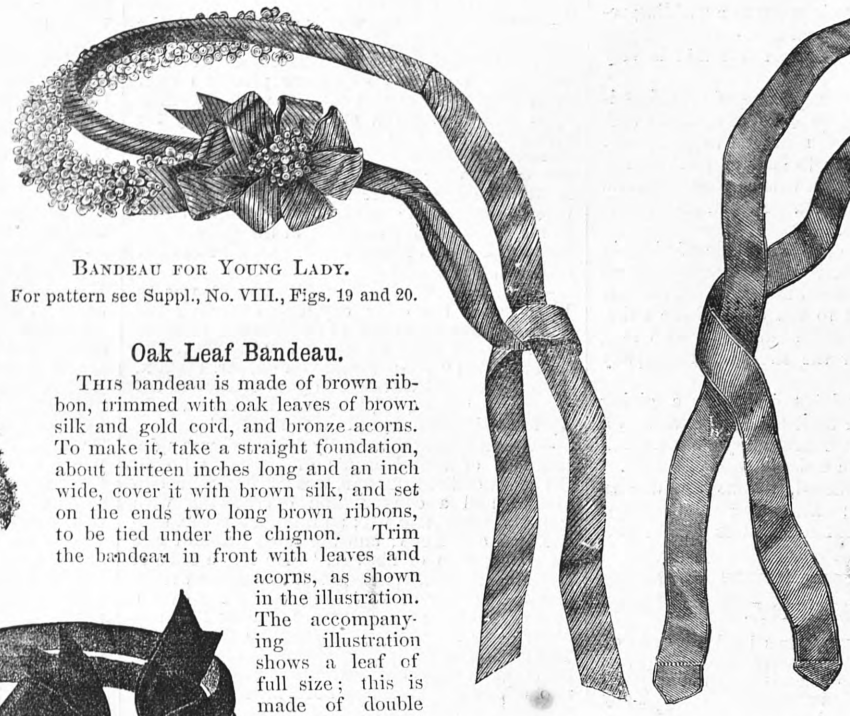
THIS head-dress is formed of a small wreath of blackberry blossoms, blackberries, and leaves, which encircles the head, with a long spray depending behind.

ROMAN HEAD-DRESS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 16 and 17.

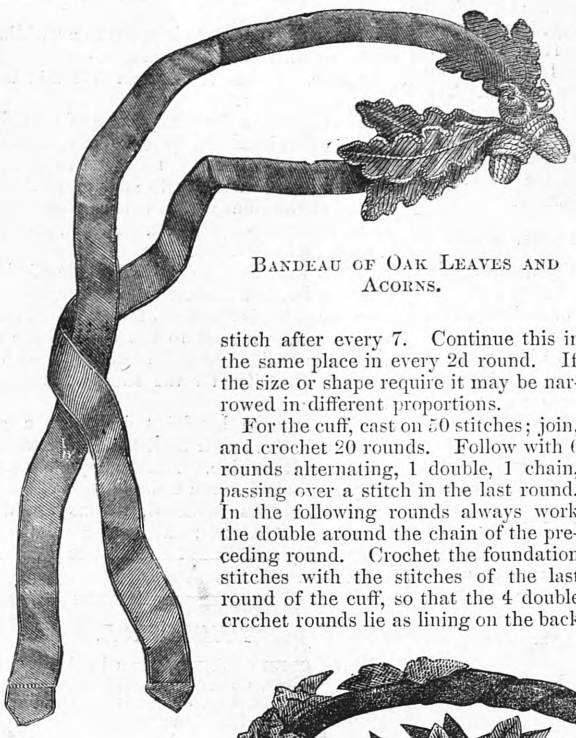
RUSH HEAD-DRESS.



HEAD-DRESS OF LACE AND PANSIES.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 18.



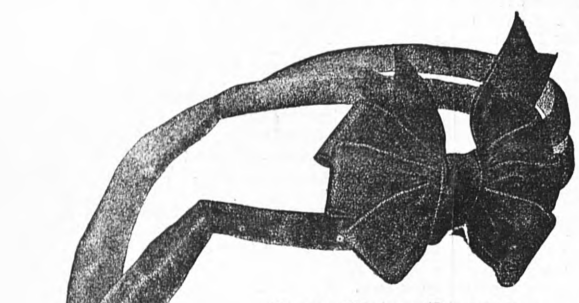
BANDEAU FOR YOUNG LADY.
For pattern see Suppl., No. VIII., Figs. 19 and 20.



BANDEAU OF OAK LEAVES AND ACORNS.

Oak Leaf Bandeau.

THIS bandeau is made of brown ribbon, trimmed with oak leaves of brown silk and gold cord, and bronze acorns. To make it, take a straight foundation, about thirteen inches long and an inch wide, cover it with brown silk, and set on the ends two long brown ribbons, to be tied under the chignon. Trim the bandeau in front with leaves and acorns, as shown in the illustration. The accompanying illustration shows a leaf of full size: this is made of double stiff lace, covered with brown silk, wired round the edge, and finished with fine gold cord.



BLACK VELVET BANDEAU.
For description see Supplement.

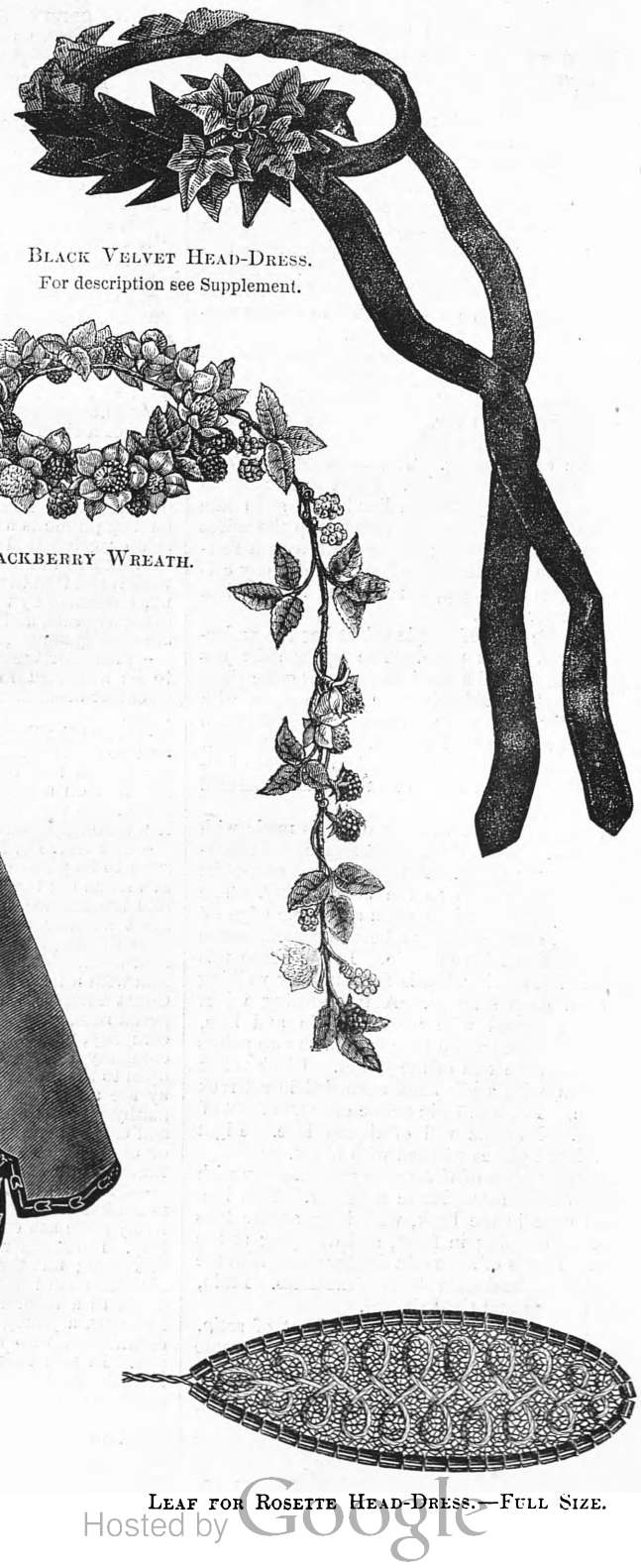
Child's Crochet Mitten.

See illustration, page 277.

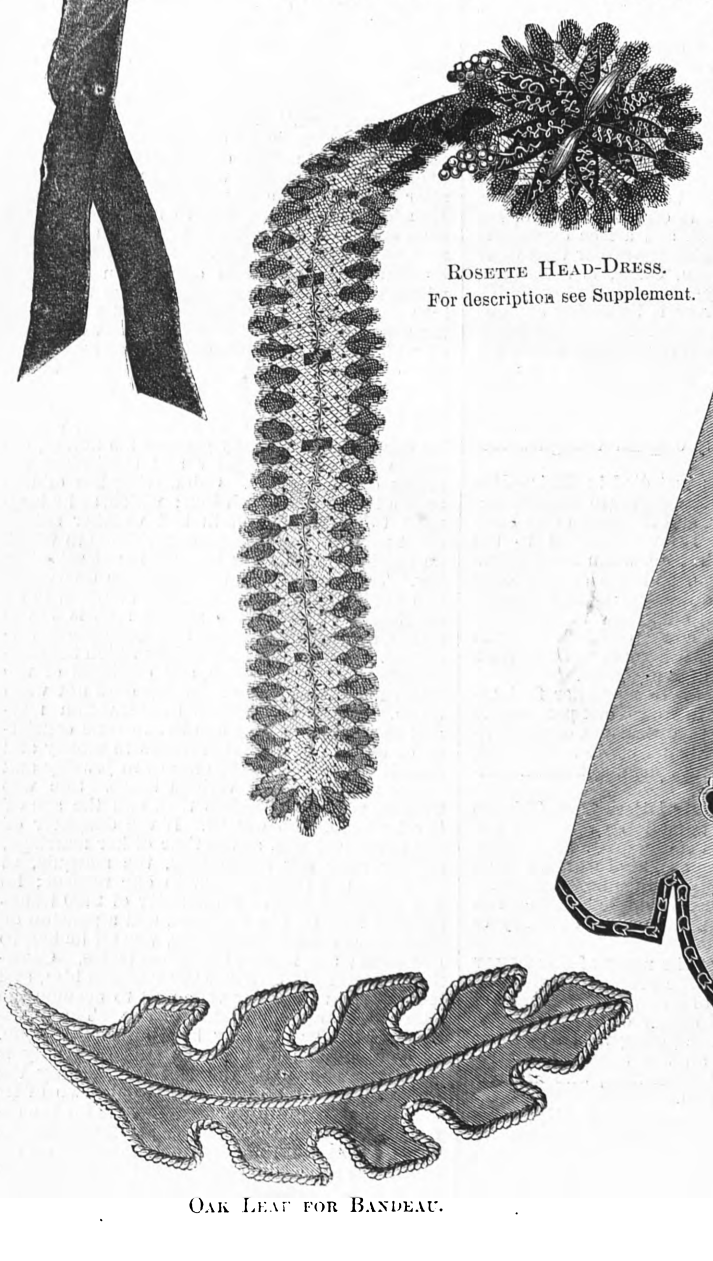
MATERIAL: 1 oz. white twisted wool, black zephyr wool.

This mitten is worked of white twisted wool, entirely in slip stitch. It is composed of the hand and the cuff; the latter is ornamented by a narrow border of wool stitched in. Begin the mitten at the under edge of the hand: cast on 40 stitches and join; after which crochet 10 rounds of slip stitch, always inserting the needle in the front part of the stitch of the last round. The work has something the character of knitting-work, but the right side is on the wrong side of the mitten. In the 11th round begins the gore for the thumb. Widen two stitches in one place in this round by taking 3 stitches in one of the last round. In the 12th round work 2 stitches in one, and 3 in the 3 which were worked in one in the preceding round. The widening continues in the same proportion for the next 12 rounds, increasing 1 stitch each round, first on one side of the gore and then on the other, till it has a width of 16 stitches. With these 16 stitches continue the thumb; after joining, crochet 8 rounds without narrowing. In the 9th round crochet every 2 stitches as one, and so continue till the thumb is tapered off. Then begin again at the place where the thumb commenced, at the last widened round, and crochet 16 rounds without widening or narrowing. With the 17th round begins the tapering of the hand by narrowing 1 stitch after every 7. Continue this in the same place in every 2d round. If the size or shape require it may be narrowed in different proportions.

For the cuff, cast on 50 stitches; join, and crochet 20 rounds. Follow with 6 rounds alternating, 1 double, 1 chain, passing over a stitch in the last round. In the following rounds always work the double around the chain of the preceding round. Crochet the foundation stitches with the stitches of the last round of the cuff, so that the 4 double crochet rounds lie as lining on the back

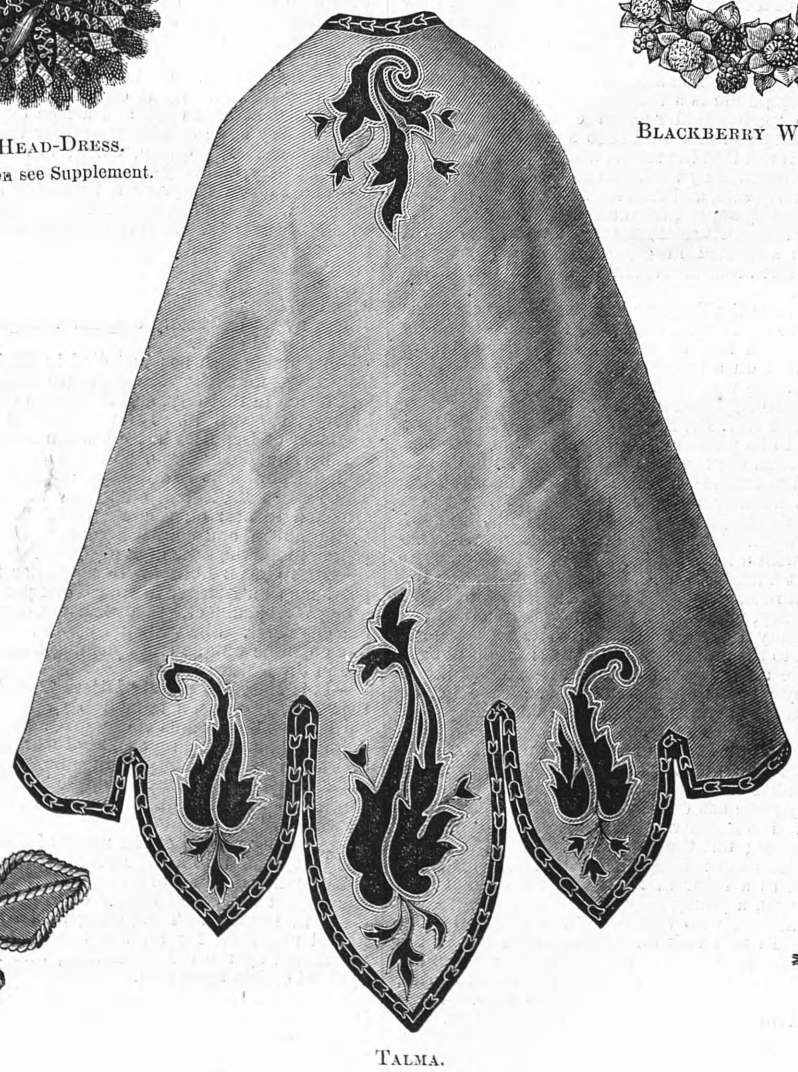


BLACK VELVET HEAD-DRESS.
For description see Supplement.



ROSETTE HEAD-DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

BLACKBERRY WREATH.



TALMA.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1 and 2.

OAK LEAF FOR BANDEAU.

LEAF FOR ROSETTE HEAD-DRESS.—FULL SIZE.

OPERA COIFFURE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 22.

of the cuff. Crochet the cuff to the hand, and draw a narrow elastic through the upper part of the cuff, in order to fasten it more tightly. Lastly, work the border. This consists of single threads of the black worsted, half an inch long, which are fastened at the end by a short stitch.

Lady's Morning Slipper.

MATERIALS: Strips of colored flannel, white flannel, black silk, narrow black and white woolen braid, a narrow strip of black and white fur, wadding.

This slipper is warm and easily made of cheap materials. The upper and sole are both made of braided strips of flannel sewed together. For the upper, take three strips of flannel ½ inch in width; then lay them together at half this width and braid firmly. Next put them together according to the pattern (Fig. 41), so that they shall be smooth, and overcast them together on the wrong side. The braids for the sole are double this width, and are arranged around instead of parallel, according to Fig. 42. Then place on the sole one thickness of wadding; line with white flannel, and lay a corded edge of white flannel around the edge. Sew the sole through the lining in several places;

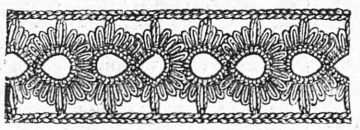
SPANISH MANTILLA.—[For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 21.]

HOOD FOR MIDDLE-AGED LADY.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 3 and

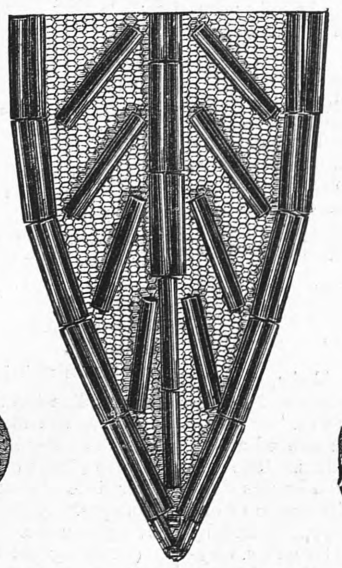
then join the sole and upper from the wrong side; turn the slipper, and trim the outer edge of the upper with a narrow binding of black taffeta. Lastly, trim this with the two rows of fur, and cover the edge with narrow black and white woolen braid.

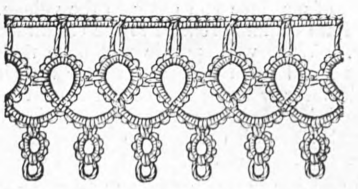
Toilette Box, with Cushion.

THIS pretty box is a tasteful addition to a dressing-table. The foundation consists of a round pasteboard box and cover, about eight inches in diameter and four inches high. Cover this with pink silk, with a layer of wadding between on the outside and the bottom of the inside, laying the silk plain on the outside and pleated within; then trim the outside of the box, in the manner shown in the illustration, with puffings of muslin, together with tatting rosettes, edging, and insertion, the illustrations and descriptions of which are given herewith. Guipure lace can be substituted if preferred. The cover is edged with a narrow fluting of pink ribbon. Bows of pink ribbon complete the trimming.

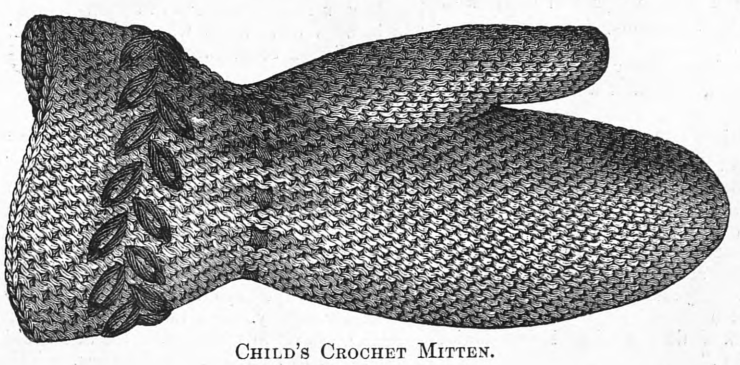


TATTING INSERTION FOR TOILETTE BOX.



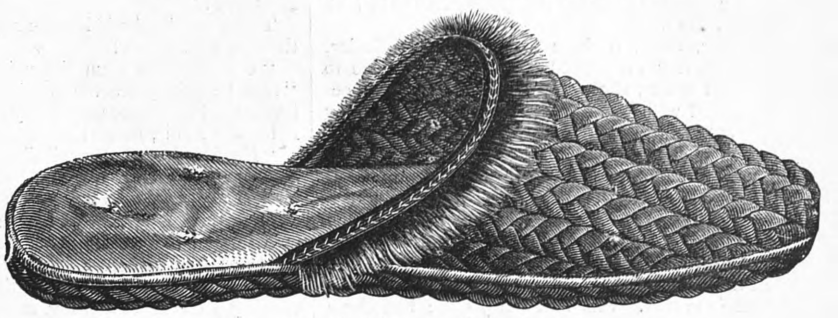


TATTING EDGING FOR TOILETTE BOX.



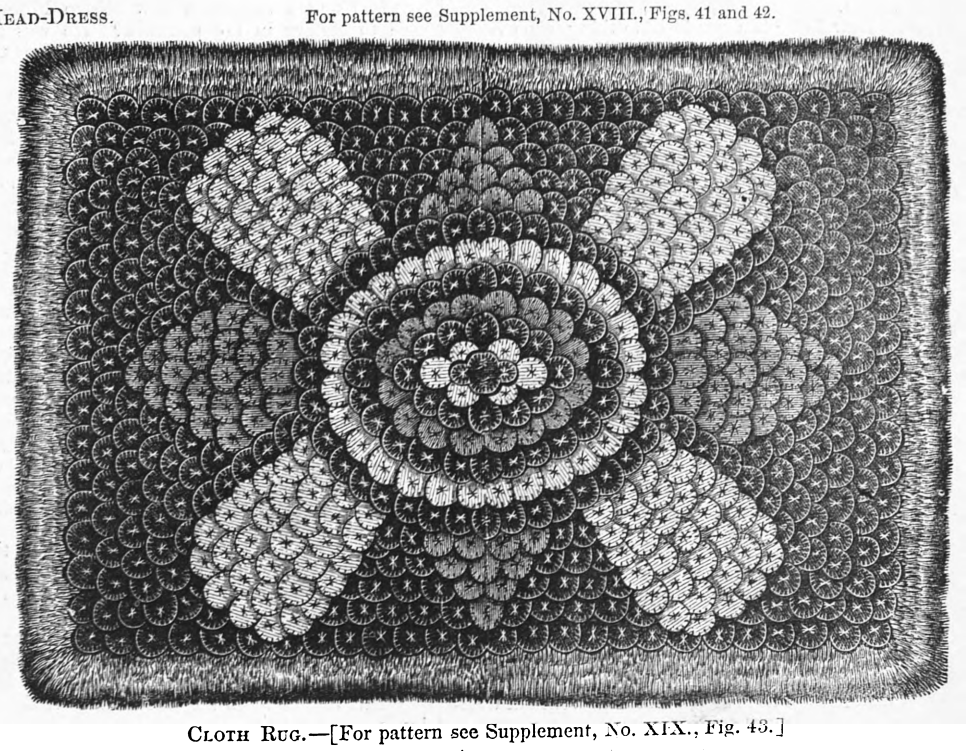
CHILD'S CROCHET MITTEN.

LEAF FOR RUSH HEAD-DRESS.



LADY'S MORNING SLIPPER.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 41 and 42.

TOILETTE BOX WITH CUSHION.



CLOTH RUG.—[For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Fig. 43.]

Tatting Insertion for Toilette Box.

See Illustration, page 277.

THIS insertion is worked in fine crochet cotton, and is composed of a row of rings, every two of which are joined; and the whole is bordered by 2 rows of chain stitches.

Work as follows: * 2 double stitches (ds.); 4 picots (p.); separated each by 1 ds.; 1 ds.; 1 long p.; 10 ds. separated each by a picot; 1 long p.; 4 times alternating 1 ds.; 1 p.; after which 2 ds.; join this row in a ring; work close on this a second similar ring, and tie the thread to the end of that remaining at the beginning of the last ring. Repeat from *; but in the first ring of each two following, instead of forming a middle picot, fasten to the middle picot of the last ring. When this has reached the desired length, border it on both sides by means of a chain stitch row; in this alternating 5 chain stitches with 1 single crochet in each long picot.

Tatting Edging for Toilette Box.

See Illustration, page 277.

THIS edging is worked with two shuttles and two threads, of which one serves as a foundation thread. Tie the two threads together; * make with one thread a ring, as follows: 4 double stitches (ds.); 1 short picot; 4 ds.; 1 long picot; 4 ds.; 1 short picot; 4 ds. Next turn the ring, and work 3 ds. over the foundation thread; then, with the working thread alone, a ring of 4 ds.; 1 picot; 4 ds.; and again 3 ds. over the foundation thread. After this turn the work, so that the first ring shall again be on the right side; and repeat from *, not forgetting to take up the last picot of the last ring, instead of forming the first picot of the following ring. The upper edge is formed by alternately joining a long picot of the large rings, and working between 5 ds. over the foundation thread.

Cloth Rug.

See Illustration, page 277.

THIS rug is made of very cheap materials; namely, bits of cloth, which are cut in the form of leaves and laid so as to overlap each other. Each leaf is button-hole-stitched round the edge with red worsted, and a star is embroidered in the middle with the same in point russe, after which the leaf is sewed on the lining, which is of gray linen. The original is a yard and a quarter long and a yard wide. The ground-work is of black cloth, and the star in the middle is of brown and black cloth. The points of the star are of different shades of brown cloth. The rug is bordered all round with a strip of Angora cloth, two inches wide. Fig. 43 gives the pattern of the leaf used.

PAULINE PRY.

I.

WALK right in, Mrs. Gayhart, out of the rain. Sit down here by my air-tight stove, and make yourself comfortable. You are a stranger in Dalrymple, but I happen to know you by name. I am Miss Pauline Pry. Dare say you have heard of me since you came to the village. They say I am distantly related to the celebrated Paul Pry. Well, well, people will have their jokes, but I tell them I don't consider myself responsible for any thing my cousin Paul ever did. I don't inherit his peeping ways, or his obtrusive umbrella—wish I had an umbrella for your sake, Mrs. Gayhart. Never mind, I've got you here, and I'm in a social mood and mean to make you talk.

Jump down from my lap, pussy, I want to look out of the window.

Dear, dear! if there isn't Luise De Bruler, without any over-shoes on! It's of no use to beckon to her, she won't come in. Are you acquainted with the De Bruler girls? You may know them by the Bailey nose which has descended in a straight line from the maternal grandmother. But noses aside there is very little resemblance between Luise and Frances. I've a great mind to tell you a bit of a story about the two girls. You see I am a friend to every body, but Franc is rather my favorite. She used to be in the habit of dropping in here to see me and make me talk. She is a saucy chit; but there is nothing she appreciates better than my conversation.

Now Luise is a gentle little thing, can't listen to the mildest gossip without looking hurt. She needs "tempering," like a new axe, for I argue that if she was a little tougher she wouldn't be so tender. She loves Franc beyond all reason. She couldn't be hired to eat a cherry if she thought that child wanted it. There is such a thing as overdoing even the cardinal virtues, and Luise is so self-sacrificing that she puts me out of all patience.

It was the last thing she ever meant to do, to break Franc's heart; but you see Franc is a Spartan and hides her sufferings, and Luise is a trifle literary, and can't see what goes on before her nose.

It was about two years ago last March that James Payson came to town to study law. His mother was from one of the first families of Dalrymple—she that was Harriet Pomroy, but you wouldn't know any better for that.

The girls all smiled on James from the first, though I hardly saw why, for he was not a high-flyer; he attended to his own business, and didn't seem to be looking out for a wife. This I know to be a fact, for I recommended two or three young ladies to him, whereupon he laughed and told me his law-studies engaged his whole attention, so that really he had no time to think of matrimony. I shouldn't believe any man's word without evidence; but I took pains to investigate, and found that he was in the habit of spending his evenings at home, and seldom went out without his aunt and cousins.

So I am quite sure he hadn't the shadow of a matrimonial intention when he first began to call at Dr. De Bruler's. His acquaintance with those girls was purely accidental, springing up from his finding Franc's bosom-pin in the road. But dear me, you know, and I know, Mrs. Gayhart, how these things grow and grow out of the smallest provocation. I was absent at the time, and have always regretted it, for a word in season from me would have directed his attention to Frances instead of Luise, and thus prevented future mischief. I should have told him which was my favorite, and why; and if that wasn't sufficient I don't know but I might have informed him of Luise's scribbling propensity. That would have decided the matter at once.

It isn't generally known that Luise inclines that way. She never published any thing; but *I* happen to know, being a friend of the family, and having access to pigeon-holes and corner cupboards, I happen to know—no matter how, and pray don't mention it—that she is ambitious, and would be as much of a scribble-de-dee as any of them, if she only could.

Once I hinted to her that writing women were in danger of dipping the dish-cloth into the inkstand, and she must look out for herself. I never saw her provoked before, but she was then. She said she would rather dip the dish-cloth into the inkstand a dozen times a day than to dip her fingers into other people's pies!

I resented the charge, I assure you, for I never yet read any of her productions, whether letters, manuscripts, or diary, unless it came right in my way. To tell you the truth, Mrs. Gayhart, I have never forgiven her that outburst, so unbecoming a lady!

But I was speaking of James Payson, you remember. I always regretted that he happened to fix his affections on Luise, though I certainly was not to blame. When I returned from my long visit at Pipton they were both looking as happy and foolish as you please. I am not one of those sour, single ladies who can't endure the sight of other people's happiness; on the contrary, I live, as it were, in the lives of others. This engagement irritated me, I must confess, but for purely benevolent reasons—I discovered that my dear little Frances was in trouble about it.

"Alas," thought I, when I first saw my pet after a six-months' absence, "and is there no one but Pauline Pry with a pair of eyes to see how matters are going?"

She had lost her appetite and was fading into a shadow. She didn't sleep, for I stole into her room two nights in succession to see how she was, and both times she started up with a sigh, saying,

"Oh, Miss Pry, can't I be let alone even in my own chamber?"

There was so much irritation in her manner that I was confirmed in my suspicions that she had some secret heart-trouble, for nothing else is so wearing to the nerves.

I didn't then know the particulars of her case, but I felt it my duty to investigate. She was manifestly in love, but not with any young man in the village, for I had reviewed them all; nor with any one at a distance, for I had watched the post-office. I don't happen to be in her confidence, but I watched her as a cat does a mouse.

This I remarked, that she looked uneasy whenever I spoke of James Payson. I could not gain the least information regarding the engagement—how it came about, and when. She wouldn't give any opinion of her sister's choice; didn't know whether she was to settle in Africa or Asia; "supposed it was their own business, Miss Pry!"

To be sure! As if it were any the less mine, though, for all that!

"I understand from the neighbors," said I, "that he paid *you* some attentions at first, and it was hard to foresee which way his choice would fall. How is it, Franc?"

"He found my breast-pin," said she, coloring like a rose; "and if it would be any satisfaction for you to see it, here it is, Miss Pry."

Poor thing! She would have danced at her own funeral to keep up appearances. The way she braved it out before James! She was three or four different persons all in the course of one evening, frowning, laughing, and sentimental, by turns. Symptoms of unrequited love, Mrs. Gayhart! Don't I remember how Hiram Powers used to behave in my presence? He was so bashful finally that he never came to the point.

I was sorry for Franc. Luise went sailing along; never saw any body but James; wore pink ribbons, and looked like a beauty. Now, what was I to do? It is always my agonizing desire to know where the path of duty lies. What would you have done, Mrs. Gayhart; now candidly, under these circumstances?

What you would have done, my dear woman, depends upon your disposition; and what that is I have no means of judging. If you are noble and high-souled, you would have tried to set matters right; if you are weak and selfish, you would have held your tongue.

Now, I humbly hope I have some magnanimity; and I couldn't hold my tongue. I couldn't see this misery proceed. I went to Luise—yes, I did—and with tears in my eyes I laid before her the true state of the case, having first pledged her to secrecy. She was embroidering a pair of slippers for the beloved James. The work dropped on the floor. Her eyes were the size of walnuts. She didn't believe one word I said.

"Why, Miss Pry," laughed she, "of all the whimsies that ever I heard in my life this is the drollest! What do you mean by coming to me with such a story?"

"I mean," replied I, with pathos, "I mean that you are blighting your sister's young life; you are standing between her and the sun."

"But James loves me, not Franc," said Luise, as dignified as a queen.

"Yes, now," said I. "I don't deny that he does, or thinks he does. But how was it in the first place, my dear? Didn't he find her brooch in the mud, and didn't he say when he met her she had a piquant face and charming manners? Didn't they sing together like a pair of nightingales; and wouldn't they have been engaged this minute if you hadn't called off James's attention by spraining your ankle that night you came from the concert?"

"Dear me, Miss Pry, how *do* you find out about every thing?"

"People come to me and tell me, my child. Besides, I can see for myself."

"It's those spectacles of yours," said she, with a wise smile. "They magnify like the Craig microscope, so I have heard."

"Very well," said I, indignantly, for she touched a weak spot when she touched my eyes, "you are the girl who once accused me of dipping my fingers into other people's pies. Meddling is the *last* employment I shall take up! Gang your ain gait—only remember, my love, that every step is right over your sister's heart!"

Then I shut my lips together like a pair of nippers. But I observed that my words had not been without effect, for when Luise took up the slippers again her hands trembled, and she picked out more stitches than she put in. That evening she sat in a corner, while James turned over Franc's music; and I saw her watch them both from under her eyelashes. Luise can't sing a note. Franc was fairly radiant, and James looked perfectly absorbed. He hardly gave a glance at Luise; and I noticed she twisted her fingers together till they were red.

The next month the engagement was broken. I have never told any body these particulars except yourself, Mrs. Gayhart, and remember this is in confidence. People can't understand it. Jane Perry looked at me the other day and said she "hoped nobody had been meddling." Censorious girl!

I wish I knew how Luise managed it; but she keeps out of my way. She treats me as if I was a malefactor instead of a scrupulously conscientious woman. It seems hard, but that is the way of this ungrateful world. I felt the worst, though, when Franc herself, whom I have been trying to serve, said to me, with some tartness:

"Miss Pry, do you know I believe this is some of your officiousness?"

Officiousness indeed!

I see no chance yet for Frances; but time works wonders.

Must you go, Mrs. Gayhart? Do drop in again. Your conversation is really refreshing!

II.

Good-morning, Mrs. Gayhart. I thought I'd run in without ceremony, as you might like to hear further particulars.

I hadn't the least idea how people were going to take this to heart. You'd think there had been a funeral at Dr. De Bruler's; and Frances mopes and looks as spiritless as Luise. Do you suppose it's possible she'd rather have James for a brother than to lose him entirely? He attends closely to business, but looks like the chief mourner. What a stir a little plain-speaking has made, to be sure! But I certainly meant right, as you know, Mrs. Gayhart. They will all see who is their best friend one of these days.

I had an opportunity this afternoon, while Luise was visiting a sick neighbor, to look at her private journal. I thought it my duty to ascertain her exact state of mind. We are too apt to look upon the trials of others as no concern of ours. Was not Cain reproved for asking, "Am I my brother's keeper?" We ought to cultivate an interest in the private joys and sorrows of our kind. Far be it from me, this boasted indifference of Cain!

The diary was fragmentary and confused. As nearly as I remember the first words I read were like these:

"'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'

Oh, Pauline Pry! Pauline Pry!"

(What she meant by attaching my name to that line I should be pleased to know!)

"Do I indeed 'stand between her and the sun?' Poor little Frances! I will watch her with my own eyes. If they are not as keen they are more loving than the Craig microscope."

(Insulting girl!)

"Yes, I think I do see what I would give worlds to shut out."

(I don't get the precise words, Mrs. Gayhart, but this is the substance.)

"My darling little Franc *is* unhappy! How blind I have been!"

(Yes, Luise, you certainly have!)

"She is restless; spends hours alone in her chamber. I begged her to-day to confide in me. There was a strange glitter in her eyes as she replied, 'Oh, Luise, I love you dearly, but you are the last person I can tell it to! Bear with me, and don't blame me—don't blame me!' I pressed the unhappy girl to my aching heart, and almost made an inward resolve. Yes; I *will* try to give him up, God helping me. James admires Franc; he will learn to love her sometime; the music will draw them together. Then what will become of me, for I suppose I can not die!"

(Sentimental, you perceive! Then she continues a few days afterward.)

"I have said the words which separate us forever! I made no explanation; how could I? He can only consider me capricious. Dear James! I even refuse to see him. I can not trust myself. I am not wild; I can answer questions coherently, though I feel as if my brain were turning. Poor boy! I can bear it for him, because somehow I have an agonizing belief that he will some time be comforted. I ought to be glad of that, but I am not. Ah, Franc, Franc, this is all for you! One day you will be happy, but you will never guess how my heart has been torn for your sake. You will never dream of it, unless that ubiquitous Miss Pry—"

I might quote farther, Mrs. Gayhart, for I have a remarkable memory; but certain disparaging remarks about myself which follow would only call out your indignation.

I shut up the book, laid it in the southwestern corner of the drawer I took it from, put the key under the mat of the Cologne-stand, and Miss Luise will never be any the wiser for my peep into her pusillanimous heart.

All will go right—mark my word. James Payson went to a concert last night, so he is recovering. I went to the Doctor's to tea last night, and saw Luise eat waffles with a relish: no danger of suicide. Frances is actually the saddest of the three.

III.

Good-evening, Mrs. Gayhart. Don't you think the oddest thing has happened! Do keep it quiet, but Franc has been writing a novel! I thought it was Luise who scribbled; but the best of us will get deceived, and their handwriting is precisely alike, so I mustn't be too much ashamed of my mistake. It is this that has worn Franc to a shadow. I knew it was *something*. And now the publishers refuse it, of course—the novel, I mean. I happened to overhear the girls talking as I was accidentally shut up in the china-closet. The mystery to me is how Franc contrived to keep that novel out of sight. I never saw so much as a scrap of it in any nook or cranny of that house!

"It was foolish, I know," said Franc, "to attempt such a work; but I used to go in and get items out of Miss Pry, and I thought I had a good plot. Do forgive me, Luise; the concealment has worried me to death, but I was ashamed to let you know what I had undertaken. But now I have made a clean breast of it, and I feel better."

"You don't mean that this has made you positively unhappy, Franc?" said Luise, catching her breath. "This isn't what has painted those blue circles under your eyes and made you look like a ghost?"

"Do I look like a ghost? Well, this is all that ails me, Luise; why, what else did you think? Except your breaking your engagement, dear. Excuse me for mentioning a forbidden subject; but that has distressed me not a little. I was really learning to love James like a brother."

"You dear, tantalizing old darling," cried Luise, kissing the girl twenty times; "you precious sister! So you have been pining for a piece of wedding-cake."

I thought Luise was going into hysterics, and was mortally afraid she would come out with the whole story; but she only laughed, and cried, and acted a little wild, so that Franc kept asking if the cider hadn't gone into her head. I will give Luise the credit of keeping her own counsel.

You won't be surprised to hear, Mrs. Gayhart, that the engagement is renewed. Luise and James came together again by a kind of freemasonry, and nobody but you and I have the slightest idea what parted them. It is called a lovers' quarrel. We will both be quiet; I despise telling tales.

Luise did say to me yesterday: "It seems, Miss Pry, those sharp spectacles of yours deceived you on a certain occasion."

"True," said I, briskly; "but it has all turned out right, and my heart rejoices in the happiness of my dear friends. I feel that I deserve some gratitude for my good intentions. I *meant* right, and observe it when you will, Luise, the humblest effort made from a sense of duty is sure to prosper. If not in one way, it surely will in another."

Good-night, Mrs. Gayhart, I must run home and put my cat in her box of cotton-wool, and go to bed. I don't know when I have tripped off with a lighter conscience, I'm sure.

THE PANTHER'S PORTRAIT.

I WAS sitting in the studio of one of our leading artists the other day, watching him as he worked away at a chaotic-looking canvas, where I could dimly make out trees and mountains, but where he could, doubtless, see the glorious possibilities of form and color, which, in two or three months, will, perhaps, light up the walls of some fortunate gallery. We talked, or at least I did, until, probably in self-defense, the artist told me, if I liked, to look over his sketches, pointing at the same time to a kind of chest, which I found on examination was the receptacle for sketches, drawings, and studies of by-gone days. These were all tumbled in together in apparently true artistic disorder, but were really arranged by years, so that beginning at the top and working downward one could trace the summer sojournings of successive seasons. Here were studies among the Catskills, at Conway, in quiet New England meadows, a set of sea-coast sketches, and so on in endless variety, and of such interest that the artist's object was accomplished, and the talkative guest was effectually silenced.

After an hour or so I found myself looking through a series of studies made long ago in the wild regions of Northern Maine. While turning them over rather hastily, for the afternoon light was beginning to fade, I came upon three or four pencil sketches of a panther, sometimes alone and sometimes with two cubs. I was so struck by the life, vigor, and reality of these drawings that I took them nearer the window to examine them more at my leisure. While sitting there my friend, warned by the approaching twilight, laid by his pallet, and coming to my side looked down at the drawings which I held.

"Ah," said he, "so you have unearthed my panther portraits! I do not think they have seen daylight before for ten years."

"Where did you find so good a specimen?" I asked. "You must have bribed some Van Amburgh to give you a sitting."

"No," said he, "I paid no price save that of

a nervous headache and a scolding all round from my family when I told them about it."

After a little judicious encouragement the artist told me the following singular story, which I give almost in his own words, for I wrote it out that same evening:

"In the summer of 1853 I selected Moosehead Lake as the head-quarters of my sketching tour, and in the latter part of June found myself jolting over the fifty miles of mountain-road between Skowhegan and the lake. After sufficient martyrdom to insure my canonization, if physical suffering is the only requisite, we reached Greenville at the foot of the lake, and the next morning I went by boat to Kineo, where was an excellent old-style inn, and where I proposed to remain most of the summer. I bought a 'birch' (vernacular for canoe), and was soon accomplished in its management so that I could go any where within a reasonable distance. I painted Kineo and the Cove and Big and Little Spencer Mountains, and finally, yielding to the temptation which had been all summer slowly enticing me, I hired a guide and set off for Mount Katahdin, forty miles distant.

"Now, by taking a birch over the carry at the head of the lake one can strike the upper waters of the Penobscot, and avoiding the almost impenetrable forest between the lake and the mountain, can reach Katahdin by a delightful canoe journey. Of course I chose the longer and easier way in preference to the shorter and more difficult one. I pass over the various pleasures of that trip down the Penobscot, for Thoreau and Winthrop have described it much better than I can. Suffice it to say that in a few days we were fairly settled in an old logging camp, duly patched up by my guide. I was at work on one or two large studies of lake and mountain, and my companion had started off on a several days' prospecting tour for lumber to be cut during the following winter; this absence on his part being one of the articles of our contract.

"I found it rather lonely housekeeping, but pork and trout are easily cooked in the backwoods, and throwing one's plates into the fire greatly simplifies the operation of washing dishes, so, on the whole, I got along very well, and worked hard enough during the day to insure sound sleep at night. I was painting on the study from which I made the big picture that I sold to L——, and had pitched my umbrella on a small grassy plateau backed by a pile of rugged rocks, and looking out on a lovely sheet of water, wherein was reflected the noble form of Katahdin. This point was about a mile and a half from camp, and I daily paddled over at the proper hour to catch the best effect of light and shade.

"One afternoon, when the sun was about two hours high, and I was working with might and main to put on canvas an approximation to the color of the mountain-side before me, some magnetic influence, rather than any noise which I heard, caused me to turn my head and look to one side and a little behind me. I believe that my heart stopped beating and stood stock-still for at least three minutes. I was certainly incapable of motion, and I presume that this temporary paralysis is all that saved my life; for not twenty-five feet from me, her sleek summer coat shining in the hot August sun, and her scintillating eyes fixed in a steady, unwinking gaze upon me, sat a female panther. She had come to within that distance from me, over dead sticks and dry leaves, absolutely without noise; and there she sat observing me and my painting arrangements just as I have seen a common cat watch something which excited her curiosity.

"You can perhaps imagine the revulsion of feeling. A moment before I was absorbed in the contemplation of a scene perfect in its tranquillity, now I was looking into the fierce eyes of the most savage beast of the Northern forests. I was, as I said, transfixed for a few moments, but presently recovered myself sufficiently to reflect that my best plan was to keep still, and watch my opportunity to reach the birch, which I had placed high and dry on the beach. How I wished that I had, for once, violated the backwoods rule, and tied the birch instead of beaching her; for then I might have tried a run for life with some chance of success. Wishing, however, was in vain, and I could only stare at my terrible visitor, almost fearing to wink, lest she should construe it as an insult. She did not seem to be at all malignant, and at length lay down, still watching my umbrella and sketching-easel with feline curiosity. My neck was by this time beginning to ache with the twisted position in which I was obliged to hold it, and I presently heard a whirring noise which I at first thought was in my own brain, but which I soon discovered was the coffee-mill-like purring of the huge cat.

"It is astonishing how that noise quieted my nerves, for although it was like the purring of forty tom-cats rolled into one, it had an assuring sound, and I accepted it as a pledge of good-will. After a while I moved my foot a little, and finding no objection made, tried other movements, turned into an easier position, and presently laid down my pallet and brushes. At this the creature stopped purring and rose to her feet. I then for the first time saw her in the lithe grace of her full length. She was or looked larger than any specimen that I ever saw in a menagerie, and the grace and power of every motion impressed me even then, when I expected any minute to feel her teeth in my shoulder. She soon appeared satisfied of my pacific intentions, and was so rude as to yawn in my face, showing her white range of teeth and red throat in a way that was not pleasant. Then she lay down again, and stretched herself at full length on the sunny grass.

"As confidence returned I began to recall instances which I had read of singular tameness in wild beasts, and particularly of this very species. I began also to consider what a chance I was losing for making a study from nature, such as perhaps no artist ever dreamed of before. I turned the thing over in my mind, and determined to make the attempt. Even if my feline friend proposed to make me furnish her evening meal, it probably would not hasten that repast if I took her portrait meanwhile, and then, if I did get off clear, it would be quite a feather in my cap. So I quietly reached toward my sketch-book, which lay on the ground near by. The panther raised her head with a slight snarl, but made no further demonstration, except to change from her side to the ordinary reclining posture of her race.

"I began my sketch with a shaky pencil, when I heard a faint cry from among the rocks where the shadows were darkening. The panther heard it, too, for she started to her feet, looked from me to the rocks, seemed to hesitate, and then, on a repetition of the cry, bounded off with mighty leaps. The instant that her tail vanished behind the nearest rock I was on a keen run for the birch, and launched it, I venture to affirm, quicker than ever birch was launched before. Six strokes of the paddle carried me to a safe distance, and then, in a rather unnerved condition, I sat and looked back at the scene of my adventure. My retreat had not been conducted in the best order imaginable, for I had abandoned all my painting materials, but even the critical condition of a wet sketch left at the mercy of an unappreciative panther could not tempt me to land again; so, as my visitant did not show herself, I paddled reflectively homeward through the deepening twilight.

"I passed, as you may guess, an uneasy night, listening for the cry of my afternoon acquaintance; but toward morning I fell asleep, and did not awake until the sun was high in the heavens. A swim in the lake, assisted by my sound morning sleep and a trout breakfast, did away with the effects of the tremendous strain to which my nerves had been subjected, and I soon began to wish that I had been able to finish my hardly-begun portrait of Madame Panther. I could not get the idea out of my head. It haunted me just as a snatch of a song will sometimes haunt one's brain, until the head aches with the repetition which it can not prevent. I remembered having read the story of a Frenchman who, during the early history of this country, had a very remarkable adventure with a she-panther, an adventure something like mine, and I wondered if I too had fallen in with an admiring pantheress. I knew that all these creatures are governed in a great measure by habit, and I thought it probable that, at about the same hour, my acquaintance would revisit the scene of our meeting, so I determined not to disappoint her.

"My confidence in feline good faith not being implicit, I carefully reloaded my big army revolver, and started on what I am forced to admit was a crazy expedition. I soon came in sight of my white umbrella, which still stood where I had pitched it, and in half an hour more I was making fast the birch at the old place, with the important variation of tying instead of beaching her. Then, with a beating heart and my revolver at a full cock, I made my way cautiously up the beach. All was quiet; my easel had, however, been upset, and at the first glance I exulted to see that my sketch was right side up. My exultation was premature, for on examination I found that the broad paw of a panther had been set fairly on the canvas, making a blot seven inches wide, with well-defined claw points.

"After examining this rather disheartening sign-manual, I set up my easel and began a new sketch. I did not get along with it very fast, owing to the unceasing watch which I kept on all sides, and to the constant interruptions caused by chance noises. It still lacked about an hour of my former visit, when my keenly alive ears caught the sound of a stealthy tread. I instantly faced in the direction of the sound, sketch-book at hand and revolver all ready. In a moment she came out from behind an intervening rock, and I heartily wished myself safe on the water again, for she carried, cat-like, in her mouth a cub of a few weeks growth, while another blundered along in front of her. When she saw me she dropped her burden, and bounding over her young ones looked for a moment as savage as you can imagine, the hair on her back reversed, her eyes flashing, and every movement indicating a determination to fight if necessary. I, being the objective of this demonstration, did not admire her looks, and was preparing for defensive measures, when she seemed to recognize her former acquaintance, smoothed her ruffled 'back-hair,' and presently lay down where she stood, while the cubs, full of kitten-like play, rolled over one another with growls of make-believe rage.

"As soon as I dared take my finger off the trigger my pencil was at work, and I soon secured one of the sketches which you have seen. Madame Panther, whose maternal solicitude had not permitted her to purr as yet, speedily found her couch too shady and rough, and after a while led her family to the sun-burnt patch of grass, where in a few minutes she was purring away with as much satisfaction as a tabby by the kitchen fire. With the restlessness of a wild creature she now and then shifted her position, thus giving me opportunities to sketch her in various attitudes, which you may be sure I improved.

"At last all three of them went sound asleep, the cubs curling themselves against their mother's breast in a group which I could not have improved by posing. When I had carefully worked up this last group, and made notes of the color, I became aware that night was approaching, and the question of getting away presented itself. I fingered my revolver, but besides the danger, almost amounting to certainty, of not killing at the first fire, I had a feeling that it was taking an unfair advantage of a perfectly polite female to shoot her when she was sleeping with her family. She soon solved the difficulty by waking up, and just as the chill airs of evening began to creep from lake and forest she led her cubs back among the rocks. I gathered up my traps as quickly and quietly as possible, and was glad enough to be a dozen yards from shore when my gentle friend of the sunny afternoon hours appeared on the beach, in quite a fury at my having dared to move. I watched her until it was too dark to see her motions, and then paddled to camp, where I found my guide with a fine saddle of moose-meat, on which we supped, while I narrated my adventures, finding an incredulous auditor, until I showed him my sketch with the foot-prints on it. This he at once acknowledged as proof, and began immediately to clean his rifle, 'for,' said he, 'the durned crittur may scent the meat to-night, and painters sometimes hunt in couples.'

"Sure enough, the male panther found us out that night, whether by scent or otherwise I do not know, for cats are said to depend on sight in their hunting excursions. At any rate there is his hide by the lounge yonder with a rifle-ball in the head and a revolver-bullet, just for show, in the region of the heart. We made one or two unsuccessful expeditions after my panther and cubs, for the raid on our camp by the *paterfamilias* destroyed my respect for the rest of the family; but we never could find them, so I can only hope that they have lived virtuous lives or died natural deaths."

ABSENCE.

To watch the long bright hours linger by;
To see the rosy flush of Morning break
O'er shore and sea, o'er upland, hill, and lake;
To see the Even darken, deepen, die;
To see the Moon her nightly duty take,
The soft grave glory of her royalty;
While evermore on heart and lip and eye
Weighs the dull sense of something lost, or gone,
That leaves no loveliness in things most fair,
No music in the ripple's whispering tone,
No glory in the golden autumn air,
No joy in life's rich hours told one by one;
This is the heavy cross the absent bear!

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, *January* 9, 1868.

THE Emperor has been getting in his wood. Since the festivities of New-Year's which enlivened the court-yard of the Tuileries have closed a huge wood-pile has been deposited under the windows of that part of the palace which is occupied by the imperial household, and the wood-sawyers are stowing it away in the cellars.

The Parisian public would be very glad if this were the only form in which the activity of the Emperor's servants seems to betoken warm work. But they are apprehensive of other fires than those which are to be kindled of oak sticks in the fire-places of the palace. The armories are reported as too busy in manufacturing arms to be allowed any holiday at New-Year's, and the proposed law for a more sweeping conscription now under discussion in the "Corps Legislatif" is not unfrequently brought to mind in the streets as we see a long train of mounted men, each leading a second horse, come in over the military road, or meet in the dusk of the evening a train of army wagons, each heavily laden with a dozen cases such as rifles are packed in, drawn by smoking horses, who walk as innocently along the Rue de Rivoli toward the great barracks as if they were carrying bread and meat for the poor who resort to the Prince Imperial's cook-shops.

The Opposition journals are busy in comparing the recent pacific utterances of the Emperor with his present requirement, that the effective force of France be increased to one million two hundred thousand men. There is, in truth, perhaps no inconsistency. The Imperial idea of peace is well put in the contrast afforded by two brilliant frescoes which adorn the ancient ceiling of the hall of Henry II. in the Louvre. The God of War and the Genius of Peace are represented. Mars stands firmly upon his brawny feet well planted a little apart. But the gentle spirit of Peace, who is surrounded with bayonets and cutlasses, is a figure delicately balanced in the unstable position of one standing with the limbs crossed. This singular and insecure attitude, both feet being pressed to the ground in their reversed position, is the characteristic trait of the design.

But let us return to the wood-pile.

In Paris, on these snowy and foggy days, the chimney corner is the most popular place of resort for those who have one, and an attractive topic for those who have not. Some of the newly-built residences, as well as the churches, are warmed by hot-air furnaces. But the general public, of native habits, keep warm either by open fires of hardwood sticks, such as may be seen now in some luxurious and sensible parlors on Murray Hill, or by fires of coal, which many prefer on account of economy, or again, descending the scale of wealth, by stoves of white porcelain bound with brass and surmounted with a black marble top, from which a porcelain stove-pipe rises, or, lastly, by coarse thick wrappings over the shoulders, wooden over-shoes to keep the shoes from contact with the pavement, and a box of hot coals to warm the feet upon.

As one walks along the street now he pities the poor women that are seen, each sitting against a wall, or in a windy archway, protected only by a little folding screen, while watching the stock of fancy goods, or plated-ware, or jet ornaments she has for sale; but when she moves a little and one's eye falls on the foot-stove, glimmering warmly under her feet, pity turns to envy of that comfortable sensation she is enjoying.

When you enter the restaurant at this season the waiter asks you if you will have a "*chaufferette*" before he says any thing about dinner. The room indeed is well warmed, and, what is also important, it *looks* warm, by virtue of glowing fires in the grates; but when you get the *chaufferette* under your numb feet the delicious sensation of warmth begins to creep over you from every direction. There is sound philosophy in thus approaching the sensorium by all the avenues at once.

These *chaufferettes* are a universal convenience here. The cashier of a store sitting at his desk has one, and so has the blind beggar sitting at the church-door. They are used in carriages, and it is now proposed to introduce them into hackney-coaches. A cab on the stand ticketed "*Foot-warmer within*" would have the first call.

These little boxes of comfort are made in various ways. The most common are of perforated metal, strengthened and guarded with external ribs, and furnished with a handle like that of a pail. The safest and tidiest are little carpeted foot-stools, containing a square flat canister of tin, which can be slipped out and filled with hot water. A very convenient imitation can be extemporized with a tin canteen, such as may be bought at any tinman's shop, wrapped in a piece of carpet, and, if convenient, laid in a shallow box.

These foot-warmers were used by our serene great-grandmothers in America; and it is impossible to say how much of their placid temper was due to the genial circulation thus maintained. Perhaps it would save ungrateful complaining at the weather, and some simultaneous ill-humor at other things if, in our day, these little promoters of complacency were not wholly disused. Ill-temper does not always proceed from the heart, or, at least, some very sweet people become a little tart when contracted by hunger or pinched by cold.

The lodger, sojourning in Paris, like many moderate little households, and all the poor classes, buys his fuel by the pound. The sooty porter who attends on the little shops where fuel is sold brings on his back a bag of coal, containing a hundred or half a hundred pounds, or a similar weight of wood, and delivers it in whatever room of whatever story he is requested. When coal is sold in large quantities it is delivered in the same way. It is brought in large carts containing a great number of bags. The driver carries the bags in, empties them and brings them out, and piles them up on the sidewalk. The purchaser or his servant then comes out and counts the bags, by which he is assured of the quantity. This might be an improvement upon the slovenly and wasteful way in which coal is dumped on the sidewalks of American streets, and thence shoveled up, to spread its dust along the breeze, and to leave its dark penumbra upon the flagstones for a day or two.

For kindling, sticks about the size of lead-pencils are sold in bundles; and so are neat little knots of shavings soaked in resin or pitch, which look like red and yellow bows of coarse ribbon. In some shops are displayed for the same purpose festoons of large cones, such as the *Bazar* recently recommended to be used for making Santa Clauses. Here those cones all go up chimney instead of coming down.

The philosophy of warm clothing requires a loose, open fabric, rather than a close, tight-fitting texture. It is found by scientific experiment that fibres of woolen, cotton, or other such substances as are employed in garments, form a better non-conductor when they are somewhat separated and interlace each other loosely, thus retaining a considerable bulk of air in their interstices, than when they are closely united in a compact tissue. For instance, ten ounces of wool scarcely twisted, as in the Berlin wools, and knit loosely, makes a warmer breakfast shawl than the same quantity of yarn close twisted and woven into a hard but thinner cloth. For this reason a straw or cotton-flannel insole is warmer than one of calf-skin, fur is warmer than two or three thicknesses of leather would be, a glove of a thick but porous skin, and not fitting too tight, is warmer than a firm, inelastic kid, and a cloth with a long nap on the inside, such as is now made for winter cloaks, is warmer than a plain cloth of the same weight.

No arrangement of fibre which art has been able to effect equals, in this respect, the disposition which Nature makes of the filaments composing the feathers on the breast of certain water-fowl, particularly the eider-duck. The innumerable fibres contained in one plumelet of this down, though bound to a common centre, seem to have what may be called a family antipathy to each other; for there are families in which repulsion seems to be the law instead of affinity. However close the members may be brought together for a time they rise apart, each standing upon its own separate dignity, when the external pressure is removed.

The eider and other down is much used in France for warm bed-covering. In many old families, and very commonly throughout the provinces, it is used in the cumbrous form of a huge pillow half as large as a feather-bed. It looks like a burden for a man, but its weight is hardly perceptible in its place. It is sewed into a red or yellow silk case, and adorns the lower half of the bed, where it makes itself felt upon the feet and limbs by warmth and not by pressure. These are called "*eidredons.*" The style now most commonly seen in Paris is a quilted counterpane, of varying thickness, covered in some brilliant-colored silk.

P.S. This letter, which is all about keeping warm in Paris, would be either too much or too little were I not to add, that, before mailing it, the sun came out warm, the snow and ice were all gone, the ladies, nurses, and children were to be seen in the daytime sunning themselves on the benches under the trees in the parks and public gardens; and in the evening, as late as seven o'clock, the loungers on the Boulevards were sitting in the open air in front of the cafés drinking coffee and smoking. But the fireside will doubtless come into fashion again very soon.

GRATIAN.

Crochet Rosette.

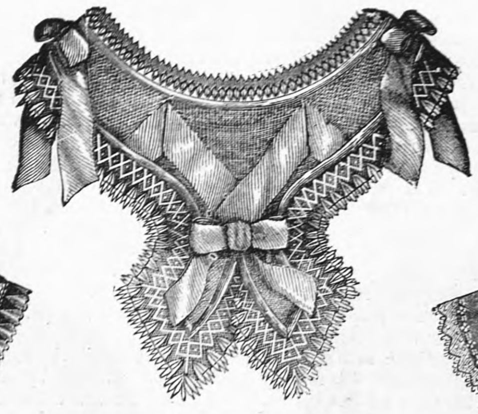
WORK with fine crochet cotton. Begin the rosette from the centre with a foundation of 10 chain stitches (ch.), join this in a ring by a slip stitch (sl.), and crochet the 1st round: 3 ch., which take the place of 1 double crochet stitch (dc.), 15 times alternating, 1 ch., 1 dc. around the ring; and after this 1 ch., 1 sl. in the last of the first 3 ch., which serves as a double crochet.

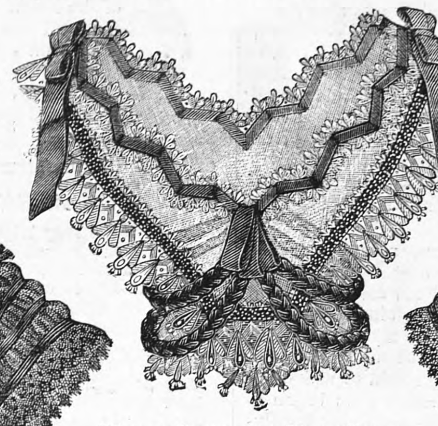
2d round.—12 ch. ∗ 1 single crochet (sc.) in the next dc.; 12 ch. From ∗ repeat 14 times.

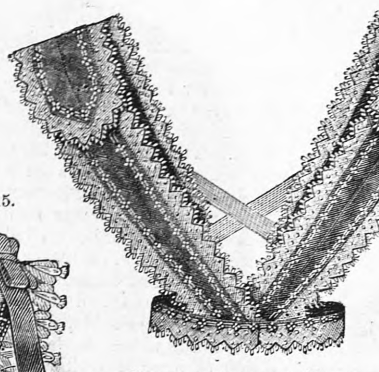
3d round.—∗ 1 sc.; 1 short double crochet (sdc.), 2 dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc., 1 sl. in the first 7 ch. of the next 12 chain of the last round; 1 sl., 1 sc., 1 sdc., 2 dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc. in the last 7 of the following 12 ch., thus missing 11 stitches; pass over the next sc. of the last round, repeat from ∗ to the end of the round, and fasten the thread.

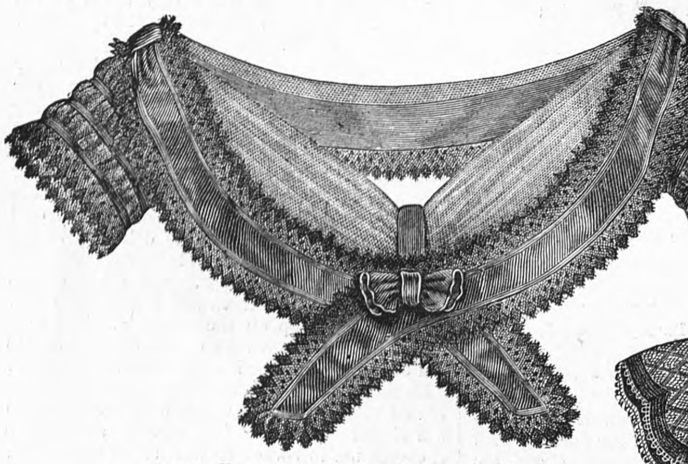
4th round.—6 sl. in the next 6 stitches; 1 sc. in the following sl. of the last round; ∗ 1 ch., 1 sc. in the following stitch, 7 ch., missing 12 stitches; 1 sc. in the following stitch. Repeat 7 times from ∗, after which 7 ch., missing 12 stitches.

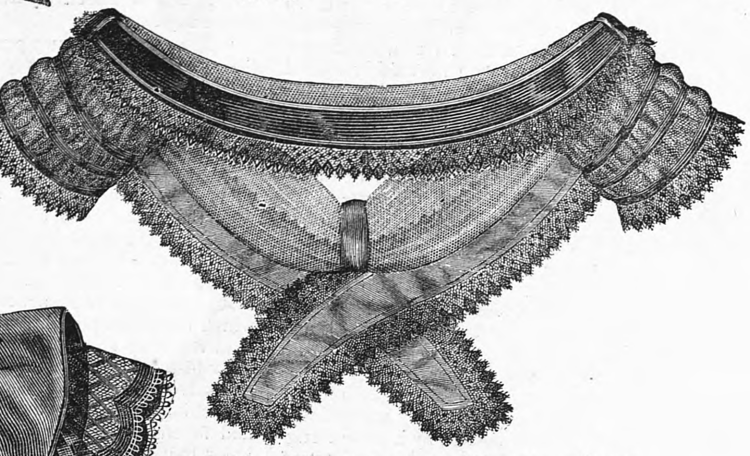

PEASANT WAIST WITH BRETELLES.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 31-34.


WHITE LACE BERTHA.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 14 and 15.

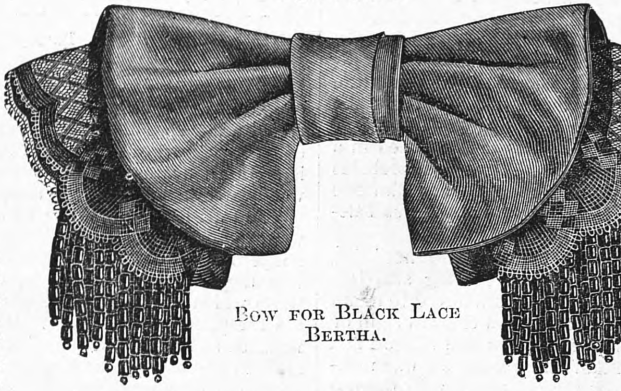

WHITE LACE AND PINK SATIN BERTHA.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 29 and 30.

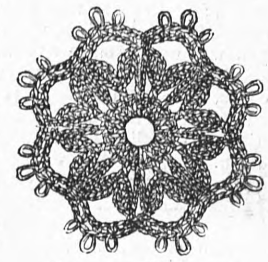

BRETELLES WITH BELT.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 38 and 39.

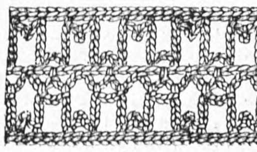

BLACK LACE AND SATIN BERTHA.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 35-37.

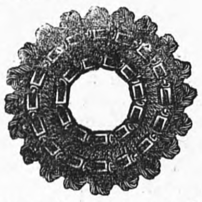

BLACK LACE AND SATIN BERTHA.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 35-37.

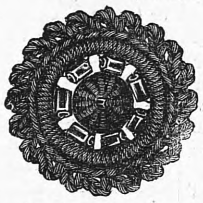
5th round.—1 sc. in the 1st sc. of the last round; ∗ 1 ch.; 1 sc. in the next sc.; 1 ch., missing one stitch; 1 dc. in the following stitch, 1 picot (p.), which is formed by making a ch. and withdrawing the needle, thus leaving the stitch as a picot; insert the needle again in the dc. and continue as follows: 2 ch., 1 dc. in the second following stitch, 1 p., 2 ch., 1 dc. in the second following stitch, 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. in the second following stitch. From ∗ repeat until the round is finished, after which fasten the thread.


BOW FOR BLACK LACE BERTHA.


CROCHET ROSETTE.


CROCHET INSERTION.

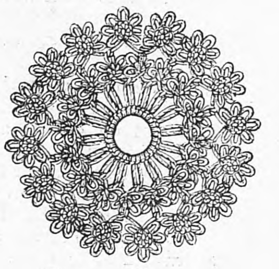

CROCHET ROSETTE FOR SASH.


CROCHET ROSETTE FOR SASH.

Tatting Rosette.

THIS rosette is worked in fine crochet cotton, and is designed for trimming linen. Begin in the centre with a ring, which is composed of two double stitches, alternating 14 times with one picot and a purled stitch. Then tie the thread to the first picot; and, for the 2d round, make a little ring of 6 double stitches, each separated by a picot; fasten the thread to the next picot of the central ring, and repeat in the round.

3d round.—Fasten the thread to the middle picot of the first ring of the last round; ∗, at a distance of a straw's breadth, make 8 double stitches, each separated by a picot; join these in a ring, and work into the next middle picot of the last round. From ∗ repeat in the round till the rosette is finished, after which fasten the thread.


TATTING ROSETTE.

Crochet Insertion.

THIS is worked lengthwise in crochet cotton with 7 rounds as follows: On a proper foundation: 1st round.—All in slip stitch.

2d round—On the other side of the foundation row 1 sc. (single crochet) in the 1st stitch; ∗ 15 ch. (chain stitches); passing over 2 stitches, 1 sc. in the following stitch; 1 ch.; 1 p. (picot), this consists of 4 ch., 1 sc. in the 1st; 2 ch.; passing over 2 stitches, 1 sc. in the following stitch. Repeat from ∗.

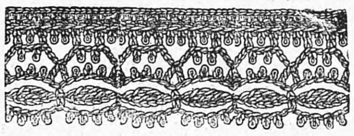
3d round.—1 sc. in the 5th of the 1st 15 ch. of the last round; ∗ 1 ch.; 1 sc. in the 6th following of these 15 ch., thus passing over 5 ch.; 2 ch.; 1 sc. in the 5th of the next 15 ch. Repeat from ∗.

4th round.—1 sc. around the 1st ch. of the last round ∗; 5 ch., 2 sc. in the next 2 ch., 5 ch., 1 sc. around the following ch. Repeat from ∗.

5th round.—1 double crochet in the 1st sc. of the 4th round; 3 ch.; ∗ 1 sc. around the next 5 ch. of the last round; 5 ch.; 1 p. downward (crochet 5 ch., take the needle out of the stitch, put it into the 1st of the 5 ch. and pull the stitch through); after this 5 ch., 1 sc. around the next 5 ch., 3 ch. Repeat from ∗.

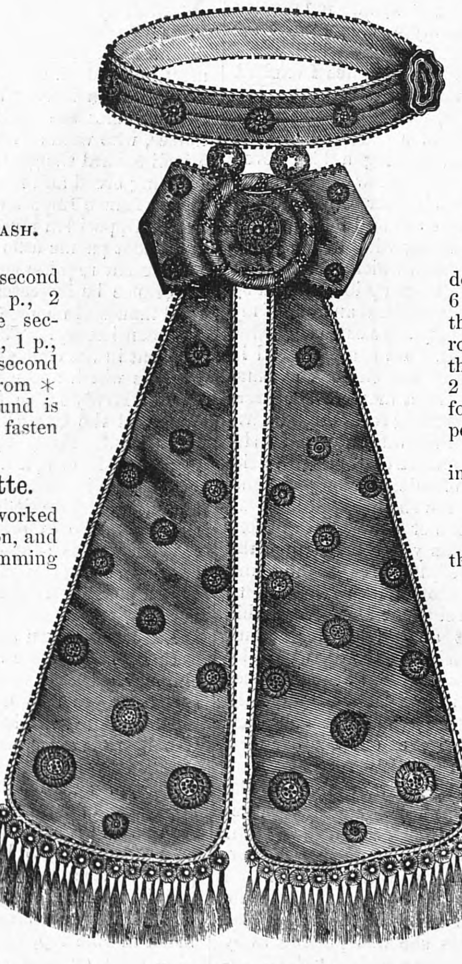
6th round.—1 sc. in the dc. of the former round, 6 ch., 1 sc. in the last of the 1st 5 ch. of the last round; ∗ 2 ch., 1 sc. in the 1st ch. after the p., 2 ch., 1 sc. in the ch. before the following p. Repeat from ∗.

7th round.—Entirely in slip stitch.


CROCHET EDGING.

Crochet Edging.

FOR this lace work as the 1st round a founda-


BELT AND SASH.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 40.


LOW-NECKED WAIST.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 27 and 28.


BRETELLES WITH BELT—ON THE FIGURE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 38 and 39.

tion of picots as follows: Crochet 2 ch. (chain stitches); * retain the loop on the needle; put the needle into the 1st of the 2 ch.; draw the thread through as a loop; crochet 1 ch.; then drop the loops from the needle—the 1st loop remains as p. (picot); take the 2d again upon the needle and crochet 1 ch. Repeat from *.

2d round—1 sl. (slip stitch) in each p.; between each 2 sl. 1 ch. Now crochet further on the under side of the p. row, putting the needle through the under part of the stitch, as follows:

3d round—1 sl. in the 1st stitch; * 2 ch. forming a p.; but here the p. must be fastened to the next stitch by 1 sl. Repeat from *.

4th round—1 sl. in the next p. of the former round; * 2 p.; after finishing the 2d p. omit here the last ch.; 1 sl. in the 2d following p. of the former round, thus passing over 1 p.; 7 ch.; 1 sl. in the 3d following p., thus passing over 2 p. Repeat from *.

5th round—1 dc. in the 1st stitch of the last round *; 3 p. The picots of this round must point downward; in order to form such, crochet 2 ch.; take up a loop from the 1st, in doing which leave the loops somewhat long on the needle; then take the needle out and put it around the upper part of the 1st ch., so that the picot points downward. Now follow, separated by 1 ch., 2 dc. in the middle of the next 7 ch. Repeat from *.

6th round—1 sc. in the 1st dc. of the last round * 1 leaf as follows: 5 ch. without regard to the loop on the needle; 1 short treble in the 2d and 1 short treble in the 1st of these 5 ch., which 2 stitches are taken in one, and then this one with the loop on the needle; after this 1 ch.; 1 sc. around the next ch. which lies between 2 dc. Repeat from *.

7th round—1 sc. in the 1st sc.; * 1 ch.; 4 p.; 1 ch.; 1 sc. in the next sc. Repeat from *.

BOY'S BLOUSE
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 23–26.

RUSSIAN BLOUSE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 10–13.

Belt with Sash.

See illustration, page 280.

THIS sash is made of black satin, ornamented with crochet rosettes, and is intended to be worn with black or dark silk dresses. The design is of black satin braid and enameled beads, and consists of a bow with two long ends, which is fastened by means of two crochet rings to a pleated satin belt. This belt is ornamented along the middle with little crochet rings. The bow consists of a bias strip of satin, three inches wide and ten inches long, which is arranged as shown in the engraving. The knot of the bow is composed of a strong wooden ring, 2½ inches in diameter, which is wrapped with a bias strip of black satin and enameled bead braid; in the centre is a large crochet rosette. 4 little rosettes ornament the bow, as shown in the pattern. (Fig. 40 gives the half of the ends.) These are ornamented with little crochet rosettes, and bordered with enamel braid. The lower border of the ends is formed of a connected row of crochet rings, and fringe of black silk. The accompanying illustrations show a rosette and ring of the full size. These are worked in black silk over a foundation of cord. Prepare a ring of this cord, and work over it closely in single crochet; on this work the 1st round: * 1 sc. in a sc. of the ring, 3 chain stitches, passing over 1 sc. of the last round. Repeat from *. The larger rosettes have still another ring, which is formed in the same man-

JACKET WITH FUR TRIMMING.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 5–9.

JACKET WITH FUR TRIMMING.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 5–9.

WHITE LACE BERTHA, TRIMMED WITH PINK SATIN.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 29 and 30.

PEASANT WAIST WITH BRETELLES.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 31–34.

WHITE LACE BERTHA, TRIMMED WITH WHITE SATIN.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 14 and 15.

ner. Finish the rings by sewing on the beads. The centre of the smaller rosettes is formed by a small button with black silk wound over it. The rings of the lower border are fastened together in working the second round.

Bretelles with Belt.

THESE bretelles are made of blue satin ribbon, two and a half and one and a half inches wide, and white blonde two inches wide, laid on a foundation of Swiss muslin, and fastened to a similar belt. Cut of the muslin two pieces each from Figs. 38 and 39, cover them with the broad ribbon, making a small pleat along the middle, and make a cross pleat in each of the front bretelles, along the dotted line in Fig. 38. Set the blonde along the straight line on the cut piece, making a fullness at the point, then sew the front bretelles fast at the back from 27 to 28, letting the back bretelles hang loose from the seam in imitation of a lappet. Now sew two pieces of the narrow blue ribbon on the front of the bretelles, as marked by * and ●● in Fig. 38, so as to cross each other, and cover the place where they are sewed on with a bow without ends of the same ribbon. Set the bretelles on a belt, consisting of black satin ribbon, an inch and a half wide, and of the necessary length, covered with double Swiss muslin, which is again covered with blonde. The belt closes at the back and sides. Finish with a bow with long ends of broad blue ribbon, edged on one side with blonde.

ARTICLES DE PARIS.

THE luxurious tastes of the Parisians and of the rest of the European world who do shopping in Paris, and the artistic taste of French artisans, have given rise to a class of manufactures, or rather we should say a style of design in certain articles, which are known under the name of "articles de Paris."

An "article de Paris" is an article of convenience, which is made in the similitude of something else, so that at first sight it appears to be a bijou intended merely to please the eye. This device of concealing a serviceable purpose under the image of a mere decoration is seen in a thousand forms in the shops of Paris; and every new season adds to the number and variety of these pretty fantasies.

A great favorite this season is a little imitation of a traveler's umbrellas and canes, as they often appear strapped together on the journey. It is about five inches long. There are the crooked handle of one umbrella, the round knob on another, the carved face appearing on the head of a cane, and the ivory tip of a parasol, all sticking out of one end of a leather case, which appears to be bound together by straps and buckles near the top and the bottom. It is called "Somebody's luggage." Judged by the eye merely it is a child's toy, intended to complete a doll's outfit. But when one of the supposed umbrellas is pulled out it proves to be a lead-pencil, another is a paper-cutter, the walking-stick turns out to be a penknife, and the parasol handle a pen-holder. Some are made more elaborate still, containing, under similar disguises, a ruler and sealing-wax, while the ferule of the case is made to open by touching a spring and a tiny inkstand appears. The whole is of the red Russia leather now so fashionable.

Another kindred article is what seems at first sight to be a very pretty imitation of an umbrella stand of metal, bronzed or gilt, with the umbrella closed, but not bound up, standing in it. If you should leave it on your library table and little Susy should come in, she would be perfectly justified in supposing that you had bought her an unusually beautiful gift, and in carrying it off immediately to its proper place in the doorway of her baby-house. It is in fact a pen-wiper; and the umbrella consists of a gilt wire or rod, to which are attached folds of silk suitable for the purpose. The stand or rack is calculated also to hold pencils and pen-handles.

Inkstands are a favorite article for the use of these humorous devices. Some are made in the form of the huge weights that were used on old-fashioned large scales. The ring at the top serves as a handle. The body is covered with Russia leather, or is finished in polished brass with the number of pounds enameled in blue letters on the front. Another is a fat bag of money, the open mouth of which appears filled to the brim with golden pieces. The lid lifts at one of the uppermost wrinkles. These are solidly made in metal, with all the artistic taste of bronzes. Others are made in bronze with most elaborate finish; for instance, a group of musical instruments, lying as the musicians have left them around the stand. The violin, which lies on the head of the big drum, serves as a knob to lift off the cover of the inkstand which the drum contains. In this way the article may be made in a disguise suitable to symbolize the ideas or the pursuits of any purchaser. One is in the form of a miniature fishing-basket, another looks like a model of a cadet's military cap; the broad visor lying flat on the table serves as a shallow pen-tray, and the brass button on the top lifts off the crown to disclose the ink.

Table-bells are made in fanciful forms. One is concealed by a horseshoe standing on the calks, with the head of the nails projecting far enough to serve as a rack for pen and pencils; while a jockey cap on the top of a whip-handle, or a stirrup hanging from its strap, forms the spring by which to strike the bell. A bell for the dinner-table is made in the form of a little lunch-table with a silver cloth and set with dishes, in the centre of which is a tall form of ice-cream, the rounded top of which constitutes the spring of the bell. All these are wrought of steel or brass, burnished, or in plated and gilded ware.

One of the prettiest articles in the silversmith's windows is a heron standing in the edge of water and surrounded by the stumps of reeds which seem to have been mown, though here and there a long drooping flag is left. This beautiful figure of chased silver is nothing but a toothpick stand. The butler sticks a quill pick into each of the stumps of reeds, and it is set on the dinner-table looking quite ridiculous. For the same purpose a silver peacock, with his tail spread, is used, the picks being stuck into his radiating feathers. Another design is a silver bear on his hind-legs, carrying a lantern in one hand and an open parasol in the other. The top of the parasol, which is of gilded metal, is pierced with a score of holes to receive the quills.

Perhaps more ingenuity is expended in the production of articles for the convenience of the smoker than in any other branch of this manufacture. Cigar-boxes, stands, and ash-receivers are made in such innumerable forms as to evade description. Articles for the toilette-table, too, form a striking class. Conspicuous among these is the design of a coach of state, all gilded, after the style of Louis XV., and drawn by silver horses, and mounted with driver and footmen. The whole is perhaps eighteen inches long. Looking in at the coach-window the portly bodies and round heads of two elegant toilette-bottles may be seen occupying the back seat.

Time-pieces seem somewhat to have escaped this fashion, but not entirely. A watch has been made extremely small, and concealed in the body of a gold beetle, whose red enameled wings rise when a spring is touched and uncover the face. In some of these watches the wings are studded with diamonds.

The season of New-Year's, when so many persons are perplexed for something new as well as pretty for gifts, calls forth a multitude of such articles. A great variety of them are adapted to the ephemeral use of *bonbon* boxes. Among these are figures like dolls dressed *à la* Japanese, or in historic or other fantastic costumes. One work-shop turns out little pleasure-yachts, well built and rigged, with capacious cabins for the sweet freight. Another, little sleighs with gilded figure-heads and bright steel runners, and a trunk strapped on behind. Another "artist" produces a model of a locomotive engine, say two feet long, constructed of polished steel and brass, with rosewood wood-work, and so massively wrought and delicately finished that it is not too much to call it magnificent; yet the resemblance is not pursued into the minutest details. A little inspection shows that it is not a working model, nor a figure to demonstrate the anatomy of the machine, but a sort of sugar-plum version of it—to borrow a musical phrase—a variation on the theme, in short an Article de Paris.

In the most attractive and successful productions of this nature three qualities are noticeable. *First*, the article, though not of any considerable importance individually, must be one having a general and common use, otherwise the manufacturer of odd or fantastic patterns will not find an adequate demand in the market. *Second*, the designer must be so possessed of the existing phase of taste and fashion in the community he serves as to embody the article in a "taking" form. And, *third*, the model or idea adopted as the foundation of the design must not be literally copied, but must be so deviated from or so adapted to the use in view that the result may show on its face that it is a humorous combination of two incongruous ideas.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE public journals of Washington took occasion last week, as a sort of introduction to Mr. Dickens's readings in that city, to quote largely from the chapter in "American Notes" in which the great novelist gives his impressions of men and things in the Capital received during his first visit to this country, in 1842. We will not make extended extracts; though they are peculiarly interesting just now (whatever allowances may be made for the *strong impressions* of the writer), as indicating what wonderful changes have been wrought in the seat of government during the last quarter of a century. This is a description of Dickens's hotel in 1842:

"The hotel in which we live is a long row of small houses fronting on the street, and opening at the back upon a common yard, in which hangs a great triangle. Whenever a servant is wanted, somebody beats on this triangle from one stroke up to seven, according to the number of the house in which his presence is required; and as all the servants are always being wanted, and none of them ever come, this enlivening engine is in full performance the whole day through. Clothes are drying in the same yard; female slaves, with cotton handkerchiefs twisted round their heads, are running to and fro on the hotel business; black waiters cross and recross with dishes in their hands; two great dogs are playing upon a mound of loose bricks in the centre of the little square; a pig is turning up his stomach to the sun, and grunting, 'That's comfortable!' and neither the men nor the women, nor the dogs, nor the pig, nor any created creature takes the smallest notice of the triangle, which is tingling madly all the time."

At this second visit of Mr. Dickens to Washington, in 1868, he took apartments at Welcker's Hotel-Restaurant, which seems to be the Delmonico's of Washington; where rooms are furnished to special parties, we understand, and where plenty of the choicest viands can be promptly served without any mad tingling of "the triangle," as we know by experience.

Moreover, the Washington of to-day has no gangs of slaves "linked to each other by iron fetters" in the open street. Mr. Dickens finds himself in a free capital, where the negro he pitied a quarter of a century ago is treated like a human being; where he votes and pays taxes; where he sends his children to the public schools; where he is his *own* master.

Mr. Dickens, on his first visit, called Washington the "City of Magnificent Intentions." "Spacious avenues, that begin in nothing and lead nowhere; streets, miles long, that only want houses, roads, and inhabitants; public buildings, that need but a public to be complete; and ornaments of great thoroughfares, which only lack great thoroughfares to ornament, are its leading features." Not so now; although imagination can look back twenty-five years and easily fancy the description not untrue then. The "magnificent distances" remain; but houses and inhabitants, public buildings *with* a public, spacious avenues which both begin and end in something, are *now* its leading features.

The Washington public received Mr. Dickens at his readings with cordiality—although perhaps not with so much enthusiasm as has been accorded to him in some other places. Some dissatisfaction was felt in regard to the sale of seats; but that has also been the case, more or less, every where. On the first evening of his reading Mr. Dickens's equanimity was somewhat disturbed by the very poor light—and with reason, too. Washington gas-light does not compare favorably with that of New York or Philadelphia, in general. Even the streets look dark and gloomy at evening. However, Mr. Dickens made the best of the difficulty, apologizing for the dim light, and expressing the hope that "Carroll Hall" would be illumined by the bright eyes of his hearers. And any mental disquietude which remained in the reader's mind seems to have been fully removed when, in the course of the "Christmas Carol," the ghost appeared and a warning "Bow-wow-wow" came from a dog in the audience, who was unfriendly to spirits. The audience roared, Dickens was convulsed with laughter, the audience cheered, and Dickens broke down again.

Mr. Dickens travels in a quiet and unassuming manner. We chanced to ride in the same car with him from Philadelphia to Washington. He and his party, consisting of Mr. Dolby and two or three assistants, occupied seats in our immediate vicinity. He read his newspapers, chatted a little, took his luncheon in the cars, and appeared like any ordinary traveler, excepting that the constant, annoying reference to tickets was warded off from him by previous arrangements of his agent, and that whenever the train made any lengthy stop, and he got out of the cars to look about, he was always accompanied by one of his party. In Washington he was observed to visit the public buildings here and there, and doubtless made favorable mental comparisons between Washington in 1842 and Washington in 1868.

A young lady, while waltzing at a party recently, met with a very sad accident, which should put others upon their guard. She was "backing" in the dance when her foot caught in her dress, and she fell with great force on the back of her head, becoming instantly insensible. She is in a critical state. The fall caused four large pins which were fastened in her *chignon* to pierce her skull and brain.

A very novel suit for divorce was instituted in Detroit a short time ago. A young lady and gentleman at an evening party joked each other about being married, and in the same spirit of jest that prompted the bantering, proceeded to the residence of a clergyman, where the ceremony was performed, the minister, however, not being let into the secret, but supposing the marriage to be in earnest, and the intention of the parties *bona fide*, to become husband and wife. The affair being afterward revealed to the clergyman as a joke, he seriously declared that they were a great deal too much married! Consequently the chagrined maiden appealed to the Court to have her silly joke set aside, and annulled by judicial form. Her request was granted—and most likely she will be careful about her *second* marriage! if marriage that can be called where the parties have no real intention of linking their fortunes for life.

And concerning divorces; the Arabs have a wise practice. When married people seek a separation, the Cadi orders them to live for some time with a discreet and austere man of the tribe, that the latter may examine their life and see on which side blame lies. This elderly man makes a report at the expiration of the appointed time, and this report is the foundation on which the Cadi builds his judgment of divorce. Experience has demonstrated that there is no better method of restoring peace in families. The husband and wife, put thus on their good behavior, resume the manners of courting days. Each strives to be more amiable than the other, and it is often a puzzle to ascertain where the fault lies—and difficulties come to a comfortable and natural settlement.

It is strange how many serious accidents occur from pure carelessness with regard to poisonous substances. A while ago a woman in Hoboken died from the effects of Paris green, which she put by mistake into her tea instead of sugar. She went to the pantry without a light, her cup of tea in her hand, and put into it, as she supposed, a spoonful of sugar. But some Paris green, procured for the purpose of killing cockroaches, was close by the sugar, and the mistake made so easily was fatal. More recently a woman in Alabama put arsenic in her flour by mistake for soda, the consequence of which was the death of the whole family—herself, her husband, and three children. In the household arrangements every poisonous substance should be kept distinct and separate from eatables, and if possible, labeled with great care.

A traveler who recently (considering the distance) dined in Pekin, thus describes a Chinese dinner: "The first course consisted of a kind of square tower formed of slices of breast of goose and of a fish, which the Chinese call 'cow's head,' with a large dish of hashed tripe and hard eggs of a dark color preserved in lime. Next came grains of pickled wheat and barley, shell-fish unknown in Europe, enormous prawns, preserved ginger, and fruits. All these are eaten with ivory chopsticks, which the guests bring with them. On grand occasions the first dish is always birdsnest soup. The second course was a ragout of sea-snails. Their taste resembles that of the green fat of turtle. The snails were followed by a dish of the flesh covering the skull of sturgeons, which is very costly, as several heads are required to make even a small dish. Next was a dish of shark's fins mixed with slices of pork and a crab salad; after these a stew of plums and other fruit, the acidity of which is considered a corrective for the viscous fat of the fish; then mushrooms, pulse, and ducks' tongues, which last are considered the *ne plus ultra* of Chinese cookery; deer's tendons—a royal dish which the Emperor himself sends as a present to his favorites; and Venus's ears, a kind of unctuous shell-fish; lastly, boiled rice, served in small cups, with acanthus seeds preserved in spirits, and other condiments. Last of all, tea was served."

A new "wedding" has been "invented." It occurs at a very short interval after the "sugar wedding"—which is thirty days after marriage—and is called the "*vinegar wedding.*"

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER XXIX.

BEATRICE'S JOURNAL.

October 30, 1848.—My recovery has been slow, and I am still far from well. I stay in my room almost altogether. Why should I do otherwise? Day succeeds day, and each day is a blank.

My window looks on the sea, and I can sit there and feed my heart on the memories which that sea calls up. It is company for me in my solitude. It is music, though I can not hear its voice. Oh, how I should rejoice if I could get down by its margin and touch its waters! Oh how I should rejoice if those waters would flow over me forever!

November 15.—Why I should write any thing now I do not know. This uneventful life offers nothing to record. Mrs. Compton is as timid, as gentle, and as affectionate as ever. Philips, poor, timorous, kindly soul, sends me flowers by her. Poor wretch, how did he ever get here? How did Mrs. Compton?

December 28.—In spite of my quiet habits and constant seclusion I feel that I am under some surveillance, not from Mrs. Compton, but from others. I have been out twice during the last fortnight and perceived this plainly. Men in the walks who were at work quietly followed me with their eyes. I see that I am watched. I did not know that I was of sufficient importance.

Yesterday a strange incident occurred. Mrs. Compton was with me, and by some means or other my thoughts turned to one about whom I have often tried to form conjectures—my mother. How could she ever have married a man like my father? What could she have been like? Suddenly I turned to Mrs. Compton, and said:

"Did you ever see my mother?"

What there could have been in my question I can not tell, but she trembled and looked at me with greater fear in her face than I had ever seen there before. This time she seemed to be afraid of me. I myself felt a cold chill run through my frame. That *awful thought* which I had once before known flashed across my mind.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Compton, suddenly, "oh, don't look at me so; don't look at me so!"

"I don't understand you," said I, slowly.

She hid her face in her hands and began to weep. I tried to soothe her, and with some success, for after a time she regained her composure. Nothing more was said. But since then one thought, with a long series of attendant thoughts, has weighed down my mind. *Who am I? What am I? What am I doing here? What do these people want with me? Why do they guard me?*

I can write no more.

January 14, 1849.—The days drag on. Nothing new has happened. I am tormented by strange thoughts. I see this plainly that there are times when I inspire fear in this house. Why is this?

Since that day, many, many months ago, when they all looked at me in horror, I have seen none of them. Now Mrs. Compton has exhibited the same fear. There is a restraint over her. Yes, she too fears me. Yet she is kind; and poor Philips never forgets to send me flowers.

I could smile at the idea of any one fearing me, if it were not for the terrible thoughts that arise within my mind.

February 12.—Of late all my thoughts have changed, and I have been inspired with an uncontrollable desire to escape. I live here in luxury, but the meanest house outside would be far preferable. Every hour here is a sorrow, every day a misery. Oh, me! if I could but escape!

Once in that outer world I care not what might happen. I would be willing to do menial labor to earn my bread. Yet it need not come to that. The lessons which Paolo taught me have been useful in more ways than one. I know that I at least need not be dependent.

He used to say to me that if I chose to go on the stage and sing, I could do something better than gain a living or make a fortune. He said I could interpret the ideas of the Great Masters, and make myself a blessing to the world.

Why need I stay here when I have a voice which he used to deign to praise? He did not praise it because he loved me; but I think he loved me because he loved my voice. He loves my voice better than me. And that other one! Ah me—will he ever hear my voice again? Did he know how sweet his voice was to me? Oh me! its tones ring in my ears and in my heart night and day.

March 5.—My resolution is formed. This may be my last entry. I pray to God that it may be. I will trust in him and fly. At night they can not be watching me. There is a door at the north end, the key of which is always in it. I can steal out by that direction and gain my liberty.

Oh Thou who hearest prayer, grant deliverance to the captive!

Farewell now, my journal; I hope never to

see you again! Yet I will secrete you in this chamber, for if I am compelled to return I may be glad to seek you again.

March 6.—Not yet! Not yet!

Alas! and since yesterday what things have happened! Last night I was to make my attempt. They dined at eight, and I waited for them to retire. I waited long. They were longer than usual.

At about ten o'clock Mrs. Compton came into my room, with as frightened a face as usual. "They want you," said she.

I knew whom she meant. "Must I go?" said I.

"Alas, dear child, what can you do? Trust in God. He can save you."

"He alone can save me," said I, "if He will. It has come to this that I have none but Him in whom I can trust."

She began to weep. I said no more, but obeyed the command and went down.

Since I was last there months had passed—months of suffering and anguish in body and mind. The remembrance of my last visit there came over me as I entered. Yet I did not tremble or falter. I crossed the threshold and entered the room, and stood before them in silence.

I saw the three men who had been there before. *He* and his son, and the man Clark. They had all been drinking. Their voices were loud and their laughter boisterous as I approached. When I entered they became quiet, and all three stared at me. At last *he* said to his son,

"She don't look any fatter, does she, Johnnie?"

"She gets enough to eat, any how," answered John.

"She's one of them kind," said the man Clark, "that don't fatten up. But then, Johnnie, you needn't talk—you haven't much fat yourself, lad."

"Hard work," said John, whereupon the others, thinking it an excellent joke, burst into hoarse laughter. This put them into great good-humor with themselves, and they began to turn their attention to me again. Not a word was said for some time.

"Can you dance?" said *he*, at last, speaking to me abruptly.

"Yes," I answered.

"Ah! I thought so. I paid enough for your education, any how. It would be hard if you hadn't learned any thing else except squalling and banging on the piano."

I said nothing.

"Why do you stare so, d—n you?" he cried, looking savagely at me.

I looked at the floor.

"Come now," said he. "I sent for you to see if you can dance. Dance!"

I stood still. "Dance!" he repeated with an oath. "Do you hear?"

"I can not," said I.

"Perhaps you want a partner," continued he, with a sneer. "Here, Johnnie, go and help her."

"I'd rather not," said John.

"Clark, you try it—you were always gay," and he gave a hoarse laugh.

"Yes, Clark," cried John. "Now's your chance."

Clark hesitated for a moment, and then came toward me. I stood with my arms folded, and looked at him fixedly. I was not afraid. For I thought in that hour of who these men were, and what they were. My life was in their hands, but I held life cheap. I rose above the fear of the moment, and felt myself their superior.

Clark came up to me and stopped. I did not move.

"Curse her!" said he. "I'd as soon dance with a ghost. She looks like one, any how."

He laughed boisterously.

"He's afraid. He's getting superstitious!" he cried. "What do you think of that, Johnnie?"

"Well," drawled John, "it's the first time I ever heard of Clark being afraid of any thing."

These words seemed to sting Clark to the quick.

"Will you dance?" said he, in a hoarse voice.

I made no answer.

"Curse her! make her dance!" *he* shouted, starting up from his chair. "Don't let her bully you, you fool!"

Clark stepped toward me and laid one heavy hand on mine, while he attempted to pass the other round my waist. At the horror of his polluting touch all my nature seemed transformed. I started back. There came something like a frenzy over me. I neither knew nor cared what I said.

Yet I spoke slowly, and it was not like passion. All that I had read in that manuscript was in my heart, the very spirit of the murdered Despard seemed to inspire me.

"Touch me not," I said. "Trouble me not. I am near enough to Death already. And you," I cried, stretching out my hand to *him*, "THUG! never again will I obey one command of yours. Kill me if you choose, and send me after Colonel Despard."

These words seemed to blast and wither them. Clark shrank back. *He* gave a groan, and clutched the arm of his chair. John looked in fear from one to the other, and stammered with an oath:

"She knows all! Mrs. Compton told her."

"Mrs. Compton never knew it, about the Thug," said he, and then looked up fearfully at me. They all looked once more. Again that fear which I had seen in them before was shown upon their faces.

I looked upon these wretches as though I had surveyed them from some lofty height. That one of them was my father was forgotten. I seemed to utter words which were inspired within me.

"Colonel Despard has spoken to me from the dead, and told me all," said I. "I am appointed to avenge him."

I turned and went out of the room. As I left I heard John's voice:

"If she's the devil himself, as I believe she is," he cried, "*she's got to be took down!*"

I reached my room. I lay awake all night long. A fever seemed raging in all my veins. Now with a throbbing head and trembling hands I write this. Will these be my last words? God grant it, and give me safe deliverance. Amen! amen!

CHAPTER XXX.

SMITHERS & CO.

THE Brandon Bank, John Potts, President, had one day risen suddenly before the eyes of the astonished county and filled all men with curious speculations.

John Potts had been detestable, but now, as a Bank President, he began to be respectable, to say the least. Wealth has a charm about it which fascinates all men, even those of the oldest families, and now that this parvenu showed that he could easily employ his superfluous cash in a banking company, people began to look upon his name as still undoubtedly vulgar, yet as undoubtedly posse sing the ring of gold.

His first effort to take the county by storm, by an ordinary invitation to Brandon Hall, had been sneered at every where. But this bank was a different thing. Many began to think that perhaps Potts had been an ill-used and slandered man. He had been Brandon's agent, but who could prove any thing against him after all?

There were very many who soon felt the need of the peculiar help which a bank can give if it only chooses. Those who went there found Potts marvelously accommodating. He did not seem so grasping or so suspicious as other bankers. They got what they wanted, laughed at his pleasant jokes, and assured every body that he was a much-belied man.

Surely it was by some special inspiration that Potts hit upon this idea of a bank; if he wished to make people look kindly upon him, to "be to his faults a little blind, and to his virtues very kind," he could not have conceived any better or shorter way toward the accomplishment of so desirable a result.

So lenient were these people that they looked upon all those who took part in the bank with equal indulgence. The younger Potts was considered as a very clever man, with a dry, caustic humor, but thoroughly good-hearted. Clark, one of the directors, was regarded as bluff, and shrewd, and cautious, but full of the milk of human kindness; and Philips, the cashier, was universally liked on account of his gentle, obsequious manner.

So wide-spread and so active were the operations of this bank that people stood astonished and had nothing to say. The amount of their accommodations was enormous. Those who at first considered it a mushroom concern soon discovered their mistake; for the Brandon Bank had connections in London which seemed to give the command of unlimited means, and any sum whatever that might be needed was at once advanced where the security was at all reliable. Nor was the bank particular about security. John Potts professed to trust much to people's faces and to their character, and there were times when he would take the security without looking at it, or even decline it and be satisfied with the name.

In less than a year the bank had succeeded in gaining the fullest confidence even of those who had at first been most skeptical, and John Potts had grown to be considered without doubt one of the most considerable men in the county.

One day in March John Potts was sitting in the parlor of the bank when a gentleman walked in who seemed to be about sixty years of age. He had a slight stoop, and carried a gold-headed cane. He was dressed in black, had gray hair, and a very heavy gray beard and mustache.

"Have I the honor of addressing Mr. Potts?" said the stranger, in a peculiarly high, shrill voice.

"I'm Mr. Potts," said the other.

The stranger thereupon drew a letter from his pocket-book and handed it to Potts. The letter was a short one, and the moment Potts had read it he sprang up and held out his hand eagerly.

"Mr. Smithers, Sir!—you're welcome, Sir, I'm sure, Sir! Proud and happy, Sir, to see you, I'm sure!" said Potts, with great volubility.

Mr. Smithers, however, did not seem to see his hand, but seated himself leisurely on a chair, and looked for a moment at the opposite wall like one in thought.

He was a singular-looking old man. His skin was fresh; there was a grand, stern air upon his brow when it was in repose. The lower part of his face was hidden by his beard, and its expression was therefore lost. His eyes, however, were singularly large and luminous, although he wore spectacles and generally looked at the floor.

"I have but recently returned from a tour," said he, in the same voice; "and my junior partner has managed all the business in my absence, which has lasted more than a year. I had not the honor of being acquainted with your banking-house when I left, and as I had business up this way I thought I would call on you."

"Proud, Sir, and most happy to welcome you to our modest parlor," said Potts, obsequiously. "This is a pleasure—indeed I may say, Sir, a privilege—which I have long wished to have. In fact, I have never seen your junior partner, Sir, any more than yourself. I have only seen your agents, Sir, and have gone on and done my large business with you by writing."

Mr. Smithers bowed.

"Quite so," said he. "We have so many connections in all parts of the world that it is impossible to have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with them all. There are some with whom we have much larger transactions than yourself whom I have never seen."

"Indeed, Sir!" exclaimed Potts, with great surprise. "Then you must do a larger business than I thought."

"We do a large business," said Mr. Smithers, thoughtfully.

"And all over the world, you said. Then you must be worth millions."

"Oh, of course, one can not do a business like ours, that commands money, without a large capital."

"Are there many who do a larger business than I do?"

"Oh yes. In New York the house of Peyton Brothers do a business of ten times the amount—yes, twenty times. In San Francisco a new house, just started since the gold discoveries, has done a business with us almost as large. In Bombay Messrs. Nickerson, Bolton, & Co. are our correspondents; in Calcutta Messrs. Hostermann, Jennings, & Black; in Hong Kong Messrs. Naylor & Tibbetts; in Sydney Messrs. Sandford & Perley. Besides these, we have correspondents through Europe and in all parts of England who do a much larger business than yours. But I thought you were aware of this," said Mr. Smithers, looking with a swift glance at Potts.

"Of course, of course," said Potts, hastily; "I knew your business was enormous, but I thought our dealings with you were considerable."

"Oh, you are doing a snug business," said Smithers, in a patronizing tone. "It is our custom whenever we have correspondents who are sound men to encourage them to the utmost. This is the reason why you have always found us liberal and prompt."

"You have done great service, Sir," said Potts. "In fact, you have made the Brandon Bank what it is to-day."

"Well," said Smithers, "we have agents every where; we heard that this bank was talked about, and knowing the concern to be in sure hands we took it up. My Junior has made arrangements with you which he says have been satisfactory."

"Very much so to me," replied Potts. "You have always found the money."

"And you, I suppose, have furnished the securities."

"Yes, and a precious good lot of them you are now holding."

"I dare say," said Smithers; "for my part I have nothing to do with the books. I merely attend to the general affairs, and trust to my Junior for particulars."

"And you don't know the exact state of our business?" said Potts, in a tone of disappointment.

"No. How should I? The only ones with which I am familiar are our American, European, and Eastern agencies. Our English correspondents are managed by my Junior."

"You must be one of the largest houses in London," said Potts, in a tone of deep admiration.

"Oh yes."

"Strange I never heard of you till two years ago or so."

"Very likely."

"There was a friend of mine who was telling me something about some Sydney merchants who were sending consignments of wool to you. Compton & Brandon. Do you know them?"

"I have heard my Junior speak of them."

"You were in Sydney, were you not?"

"Yes, on my last tour I touched there."

"Do you know Compton & Brandon?"

"I looked in to see them. I think Brandon is dead, isn't he? Drowned at sea—or something of that sort?" said Smithers, indifferently.

"Yes," said Potts.

"Are you familiar with the banking business?" asked Smithers, suddenly.

"Well, no, not very. I haven't had much experience; but I'm growing into it."

"Ah! I suppose your directors are good business men?"

"Somewhat; but the fact is, I trust a good deal to my cashier."

"Who is he?"

"His name is Philips, a very clever man; a first-rate accountant."

"That's right. Very much indeed depends on the cashier."

"He is a most useful and reliable man."

"Your business appears to be growing, from what I have heard."

"Very fast indeed, Sir. Why, Sir, in another year I expect to control this whole county financially. There is no reason why I shouldn't. Every one of my moves is successful."

"That is right. The true mode of success in a business like yours is boldness. That is the secret of my success. Perhaps you are not aware," continued Mr. Smithers, in a confidential tone, "that I began with very little. A few thousands of pounds formed my capital. But my motto was boldness, and now I am worth I will not say how many millions. If you want to make money fast you must be bold."

"Did you make your money by banking?" asked Potts, eagerly.

"No. Much of it was made in that way, but I have embarked in all kinds of enterprises; foreign loans, railway scrip, and ventures in stock of all sorts. I have lost millions, but I have made ten times more than ever I lost. If you want to make money, you must go on the same plan."

"Well, I'm sure," said Potts, "I'm bold enough. I'm enlarging my business every day in all directions."

"That's right."

"I control the county now, and hope in another year to do so in a different way."

"How so?"

"I'm thinking of setting up for Parliament—"

"An excellent idea, if it will not injure the business."

"Oh, it will not hurt it at all. Philips can manage it all under my directions. Besides, I don't mind telling a friend like you that this is the dream of my life."

"A very laudable aim, no doubt, to those who have a genius for statesmanship. But that is a thing which is altogether out of my line. I keep to business. And now, as my time is limited, I must not stay longer. I will only add that my impressions are favorable about your bank, and you may rely upon us to any extent to co-operate with you in any sound enterprise. Go on and enlarge your business, and draw on us for what you want as before. If I were you I would embark all my available means in this bank."

"Well, I'm gradually coming to that, I think," said Potts.

"Then, when you get large deposits, as you must expect, that will give you additional capital to work on. The best way when you have a bank is to use your cash in speculating in stocks. Have you tried that yet?"

"Yes, but not much."

"If you wish any thing of that kind done we will do it for you."

"But I don't know what are the best investments."

"Oh, that is very easily found out. But if you can't learn, we will let you know. The Mexican Loan just now is the most promising. Some of the California companies are working quietly, and getting enormous dividends."

"California?" said Potts; "that ought to pay."

"Oh, there's nothing like it. I cleared nearly half a million in a few months."

"A few months!" cried Potts, opening his eyes.

"Yes, we have agents who keep us well up; and so, you know, we are able to speculate to the best advantage."

"California!" said Potts, thoughtfully. "I should like to try that above all things. It has a good sound. It is like the chink of cash."

"Yes, you get the pure gold out of that. There's nothing like it."

"Do you know any chances for speculation there?"

"Yes, one or two."

"Would you have any objection to let me know?"

"Not in the least—it will extend your business. I will ask my Junior to send you any particulars you may desire."

"This California business must be the best there is, if all I hear is true."

"You haven't heard the real truth."

"Haven't I?" exclaimed Potts, in wonder. "I thought it was exaggerated."

"I could tell you stories far more wonderful than any thing you have heard."

"Tell me!" cried Potts, breathlessly.

"Well," said Smithers, confidentially, "I don't mind telling you something which is known, I'm sorry to say, in certain circles in London, and is already being acted on. One-half of our fortune has been made in California operations."

"You don't say so!"

"You see I've always been bold," continued Smithers, with an air of still greater confidence. "I read some time since in one of Humboldt's books about gold being there. At the first news of the discovery I chartered a ship and went out at once. I took every thing that could be needed. On arriving at San Francisco, where there were already very many people, I sold the cargo at an enormous profit, and hired the ship as a warehouse at enormous prices. I then organized a mining company, and put a first-rate man at the head of it. They found a place on the Sacramento River where the gold really seems inexhaustible. I worked it for some months, and forwarded two millions sterling to London. Then I left, and my company is still working."

"Why did you leave?" asked Potts, breathlessly.

"Because I could make more money by being in London. My man there is reliable. I have bound him to us by giving him a share in the business. People soon found out that Smithers & Co. had made enormous sums of money in California, but they don't know exactly how. The immense expansion of our business during the last year has filled them with wonder. For you know every piece of gold that I sent home has been utilized by my Junior."

Potts was silent, and sat looking in breathless admiration at this millionaire. All his thoughts were seen in his face. His whole heart was laid bare, and the one thing visible was an intense desire to share in that golden enterprise.

"I have organized two companies on the same principle as the last. The shares are selling at a large premium in the London market. I take a leading part in each, and my name gives stability to the enterprise. If I find the thing likely to succeed I continue; if not, why, I can easily sell out. I am on the point of organizing a third company."

"Are the shares taken up?" cried Potts, eagerly.

"No, not yet."

"Well, could I obtain some?"

"I really can't say," replied Smithers. "You might make an application to my Junior. I do nothing whatever with the details. I don't know what plans or agreements he may have been making."

"I should like exceedingly to take stock. How do the shares sell?"

"The price is high, as we wish to confine our shareholders to the richer classes. We never put it at less than £1000 a share."

"I would take any quantity."

"I dare say some may be in the market yet," said Smithers, calmly. "They probably sell at a high premium though."

"I'd pay it," said Potts.

"Well, you may write and see; I know nothing about it."

"And if they're all taken up, what then?"

"Oh—then—I really don't know. Why can't you organize a company yourself?"

"OH!" CRIED MRS. COMPTON, SUDDENLY, "OH, DON'T LOOK AT ME SO; DON'T LOOK AT ME SO!"—[SEE CHAPTER XXIX.]

"Well, you see, I don't know any thing about the place."

"True; that is a disadvantage. But you might find some people who do know."

"That would be very difficult. I do not see how we could begin. And if I did find any one, how could I trust him?"

"You'd have to do as I did—give him a share of the business."

"It would be much better if I could get some stock in one of your companies. Your experience and credit would make it a success."

"Yes, there is no doubt that our companies would all be successful since we have a man on the spot."

"And that's another reason why I should prefer buying stock from you. You see I might form a company, but what could I do?"

"Could not your cashier help you?"

"No, not in any thing of that sort."

"Well, I can say nothing about it. My Junior will tell you what chances there are."

"But while I see you personally I should be glad if you would consent to give me a chance. Have you any objection?"

"Oh no. I will mention your case the next time I write, if you wish it. Still I can not control the particular operations of the office. My control is supreme in general matters, and you see it would not be possible for me to interfere with the smaller details."

"Still you might mention me."

"I will do so," said Smithers, and taking out his pocket-book he prepared to write.

"Let me see," said he, "your Christian name is—what?"

"John—John Potts."

"John Potts," repeated the other, as he wrote it down.

Smithers rose. "You may continue to draw on us as before, and any purchases of stock which you wish will be made."

Potts thanked him profusely.

"I wish to see your cashier, to learn his mode of managing the accounts. Much depends on that, and a short conversation will satisfy me."

"Certainly, Sir, certainly," said Potts, obsequiously. "Philips!" he called.

Philips came in as timid and as shrinking as usual.

"This is Mr. Smithers, the great Smithers of Smithers & Co., Bankers; he wishes to have a talk with you."

Philips looked at the great man with deep respect and made an awkward bow.

"You may come with me to my hotel," said Smithers; and with a slight bow to Potts he left the bank, followed by Philips.

He went up stairs and into a large parlor on the second story, which looked into the street. He motioned Philips to a chair near the window, and seated himself in an arm-chair opposite.

Smithers looked at the other with a searching glance, and said nothing for some time. His large, full eyes, as they fixed themselves on the face of the other, seemed to read his inmost thoughts and study every part of his weak and irresolute character.

At length he said, abruptly, in a slow, measured voice, "Edgar Lawton!"

At the sound of this name Philips started from his chair, and stood on his feet trembling. His face, always pale, now became ashen, his lips turned white, his jaw fell, his eyes seemed to start from their sockets. He stood for a few seconds, then sank back into a chair.

Smithers eyed him steadfastly. "You see I know you," said he, after a time.

Philips cast on him an imploring look.

"The fact that I know your name," continued Smithers, "shows also that I must know something of your history. Do not forget that!"

"My—my history?" faltered Philips.

"Yes, your history. I know it all, wretched man! I knew your father whom you ruined, and whose heart you broke."

Philips said not a word, but again turned an imploring face to this man.

"I have brought you here to let you know that there is one who holds you in his power, and that one is myself. You think Potts or Clark have you at their mercy. Not so. I alone hold your fate in my hands. They dare not do any thing against you for fear of their own necks."

Philips looked up now in wonder, which was greater than his fear.

"Why," he faltered, "you are Potts's friend. You got him to start the bank, and you have advanced him money."

"You are the cashier," said Smithers, calmly. "Can you tell me how much the Brandon Bank owes Smithers & Co.?"

Philips looked at the other and hesitated.

"Speak!"

"Two hundred and eighty-nine thousand pounds."

"And if Smithers & Co. chose to demand payment to-morrow, do you think the Brandon Bank would be prompt about it?"

Philips shook his head.

"Then you see that the man whom you fear is not so powerful as some others."

"I thought you were his friend?"

"Do you know who I am?"

"Smithers & Co.," said Philips, wearily.

"Well, let me tell you the plans of Smithers & Co. are beyond your comprehension. Whether they are friends to Potts or not, it seems that they are his creditors to an amount which it would be difficult for him to pay if they chose to demand it."

Philips looked up.—He caught sight of the eyes of Smithers, which blazed like two dark, fiery orbs as they were fastened upon him. He shuddered.

"I merely wished to show you the weakness of the man whom you fear. Shall I tell you something else?"

Philips looked up fearfully.

"I have been in York, in Calcutta, and in Manilla; and I know what Potts did in each place. You look frightened. You have every reason to be so. I know what was done at York. I know that you were sent to Botany Bay. I know that you ran away from your father to India. I know your life there. I know how narrowly you escaped going on board the *Vishnu*, and being implicated in the Manilla murder. Madman that you were, why did you not take your poor mother and fly from these wretches forever?"

Philips trembled from head to foot. He said not a word, but bowed his head upon his knees and wept.

"Where is she now?" said Smithers, sternly. Philips mechanically raised his head, and pointed over toward Brandon Hall.

"Is she confined against her will?"

Philips shook his head.

"She stays, then, through love of you?"

Philips nodded.

"Is any one else there?" said Smithers, after a pause, and in a strange, sad voice, in which there was a faltering tone which Philips, in his fright, did not notice.

"Miss Potts," he said.

"She is treated cruelly," said Smithers. "They say she is a prisoner?"

Philips nodded.

"Has she been sick?"

"Yes."

"How long?"

"Eight months, last year."

"Is she well now?"

"Yes."

Smithers bowed his head in silence, and put his hand on his heart. Philips watched him in an agony of fright, as though every instant he was apprehensive of some terrible calamity.

"How is she?" continued Smithers, after a time. "Has she ever been happy since she went there?"

Philips shook his head slowly and mournfully.

"Does her father ever show her any affection?"

"Never."

"Does her brother?"

"Never."

"Is there any one who does?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Compton."

"Your mother?"

"Yes."

"I will not forget that. No, I will never forget that. Do you think that she is exposed to any danger?"

"Miss Potts?"

Smithers bowed.

"I don't know. I sometimes fear so."

"Of what kind?"

"I don't know. Almost any horrible thing may happen in that horrible place."

A pang of agony shot across the sombre brow of Smithers. He was silent for a long time.

"Have you ever slighted her?" he asked at last.

"Never," cried Philips. "I could worship her—"

Smithers smiled upon him with a smile so sweet that it chased all Philips's fears away. He took courage and began to show more calm.

"Fear nothing," said Smithers, in a gentle voice. "I see that in spite of your follies and crimes there is something good in you yet. You love your mother, do you not?"

Tears came into Philips's eyes. He sighed. "Yes," he said, humbly.

"And you are kind to *her*—that other one?"

"I love her as my mother," said Philips, earnestly.

Smithers again relapsed into silence for a long time. At last he looked up. Philips saw his eyes this time, no longer stern and wrathful, but benignant and indulgent.

"You have been all your life under the power of merciless men," said he. "You have been led by them into folly and crime and suffering. Often you have been forced to act against your will. Poor wretch! I can save you, and I intend to do so in spite of yourself. You fear these masters of yours. You must know now that I, not they, am to be feared. They know your secret but dare not use it against you. I know it, and can use it if I choose. You have been afraid of them all your life. Fear them no longer, but fear me. These men whom you fear are in my power as well as you are. I know all their secrets—there is not a crime of theirs of which you know that I do not know also, and I know far more.

"You must from this time forth be my agent. Smithers & Co. have agents in all parts of the world. You shall be their agent in Brandon Hall. You shall say nothing of this interview to any one, not even to your mother—you shall not dare to communicate with me unless you are requested, except about such things as I shall specify. If you dare to shrink in any one point from your duty, at that instant I will come down upon you with a heavy hand. You, too, are watched. I have other agents here in Brandon besides yourself. Many of those who go to the bank as customers are my agents. You can not be false without my knowing it; and when you are false, that moment you shall be handed over to the authorities. Do you hear?"

The face of Smithers was mild, but his tone was stern. It was the warning of a just yet merciful master. All the timid nature of Philips bent in deep subjection before the powerful spirit of this man. He bowed his head in silence.

"Whenever an order comes to you from Smithers & Co. you must obey; if you do not obey instantly whatever it is, it will be at the risk of your life. Do you hear?"

Philips bowed.

"There is only one thing now in which I wish you to do any thing. You must send every month a notice directed to Mr. Smithers, Senior, about the health of *his daughter*. Should any sudden danger impend you must at once communicate it. You understand?"

Philips bowed.

"Once more I warn you always to remember that I am your master. Fail in one single thing, and you perish. Obey me, and you shall be rewarded. Now go!"

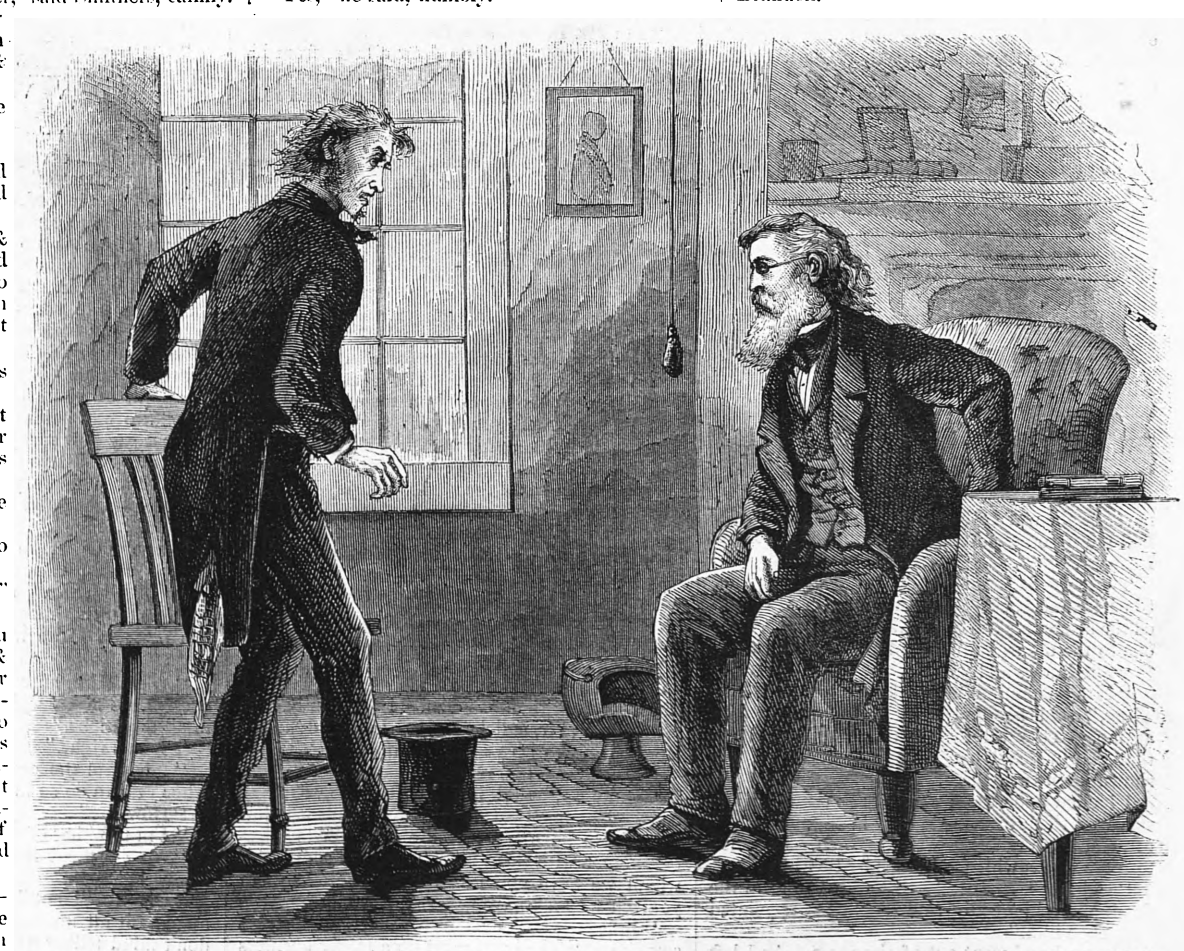
Philips rose, and, more dead than alive, tottered from the room.

When he left Smithers locked the door. He then went to the window and stood looking at Brandon Hall, with his stern face softened into sadness. He hummed low words as he stood there—words which once had been sung far away. Among them were these, with which the strain ended:

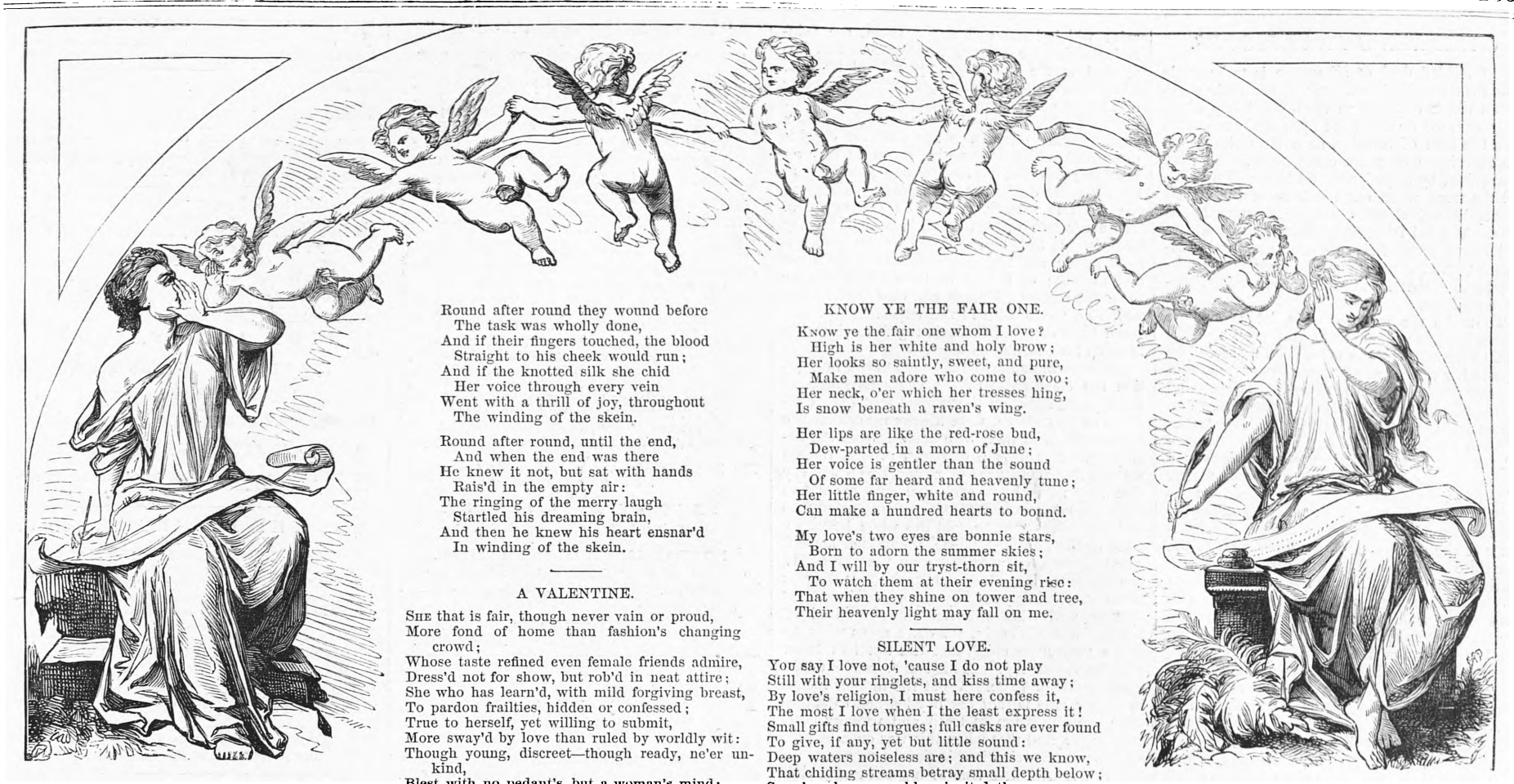
"And the sad memory of our life below
Shall but unite us closer evermore;
No act of thine shall loose
Thee from the eternal bond,
Nor shall Revenge have power
To disunite us *there!*"

With a sigh he sat down and buried his face in his hands. His gray hair loosened and fell off as he sat there. At last he raised his head, and revealed the face of a young man whose dark hair showed the gray beard to be false.

Yet when he once more put on his wig none but a most intimate friend with the closest scrutiny could recognize there the features of Louis Brandon.



"AT THE SOUND OF THIS NAME PHILIPS STARTED FROM HIS CHAIR, AND STOOD ON HIS FEET TREMBLING."



OUR VALENTINES.

TO SAINT VALENTINE.

"HAIL! Bishop Valentine! whose day this is;
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marriest every year
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with the red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon—
This day more cheerfully than ever shine,
This day which might inflame thyself, old Valentine!"

Round after round they wound before
The task was wholly done,
And if their fingers touched, the blood
Straight to his cheek would run;
And if the knotted silk she chid
Her voice through every vein
Went with a thrill of joy, throughout
The winding of the skein.

Round after round, until the end,
And when the end was there
He knew it not, but sat with hands
Rais'd in the empty air:
The ringing of the merry laugh
Startled his dreaming brain,
And then he knew his heart ensnar'd
In winding of the skein.

A VALENTINE.

SHE that is fair, though never vain or proud,
More fond of home than fashion's changing crowd;
Whose taste refined even female friends admire,
Dress'd not for show, but rob'd in neat attire;
She who has learn'd, with mild forgiving breast,
To pardon frailties, hidden or confessed;
True to herself, yet willing to submit,
More sway'd by love than ruled by worldly wit:
Though young, discreet—though ready, ne'er unkind,
Blest with no pedant's, but a woman's mind:
She wins our hearts, toward her our thoughts incline,
So at her door go leave my valentine.

KNOW YE THE FAIR ONE.

KNOW ye the fair one whom I love?
High is her white and holy brow;
Her looks so saintly, sweet, and pure,
Make men adore who come to woo;
Her neck, o'er which her tresses hing,
Is snow beneath a raven's wing.

Her lips are like the red-rose bud,
Dew-parted in a morn of June;
Her voice is gentler than the sound
Of some far heard and heavenly tune;
Her little finger, white and round,
Can make a hundred hearts to bound.

My love's two eyes are bonnie stars,
Born to adorn the summer skies;
And I will by our tryst-thorn sit,
To watch them at their evening rise:
That when they shine on tower and tree,
Their heavenly light may fall on me.

SILENT LOVE.

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play
Still with your ringlets, and kiss time away;
By love's religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love when I the least express it!
Small gifts find tongues; full casks are ever found
To give, if any, yet but little sound:
Deep waters noiseless are; and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below;
So when love speechless is, it doth express
A depth of love, and that depth bottomless.
Now since my love is tongueless, know me such
Who speaks but little, 'cause I love so much.

TO A LADY WITH A BOUQUET.

FLOWERS are love's truest language: they betray,
Like the divining rods of Magi old,
Where priceless wealth lies buried, not of gold,
But love—strong love, that never can decay!
I send thee flowers, O dearest! and I deem
That from their petals thou wilt hear sweet words,
Whose music clearer than the voice of birds,
When breathed to thee alone, perchance may seem
All eloquent of feelings unexpress'd.
Oh, wreathe them in those tresses of dark hair!
Let them repose upon thy forehead fair,
And on thy bosom's yielding snow be press'd!
Thus shall thy fondness for my flowers reveal
The love that maiden coyness would conceal!

THE WINDING OF THE SKEIN

RING after ring the golden floss
About his fingers roll'd:
He thought—"Her hair is brighter yet,
It has the truer gold."
I read this in his eyes, that strove
To turn from her in vain,
And loath'd my raven tresses through
The winding of the skein.

WOMEN.

YE are stars of the night, ye are gems of the morn,
Ye are dew-drops whose lustre illumines the thorn;
And rayless that night is, that morning unblest,
When no beam in your eye lights up peace in the breast.
And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the heart,
Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the smart;
'Tis hers o'er the couch of misfortune to bend,
In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend;
And adorn'd by the bays or enwreath'd with the willow,
Her smile is our meed, and her bosom our pillow.

THE BACHELOR'S DILEMMA.

"BY all the sweet saints in the Missal of Love,
They are both so intensely, bewitchingly fair,
That, let Folly look solemn, and Wisdom reprove,
I can't make up my mind which to choose of the pair.

"There is Fanny, whose eye is as blue and as bright
As the depth of spring skies in their noontide array;
Whose every soft feature is gleaming in light,
Like the ripple of waves on a sunshiny day.

"There is Helen, more stately of gesture and mien,
Whose beauty a world of dark ringlets enshrouds;
With a black, regal eye, and the step of a queen,
And a brow like the moon breaking forth from the clouds.

"But since I *must* fix or on black eyes or blue,
Quickly make up my mind 'twixt a Grace and a Muse;
Pr'ythee, Venus, instruct me that course to pursue
Which even Paris himself had been puzzled to choose."

Thus murmured a Bard, predetermined to marry,
But so equally charmed by a Muse and a Grace,
That though one of his suits might be doomed to miscarry,
He'd another he straight could prefer in its place.

So trusting that Fortune would favor the brave,
He asked each in her turn, but they both said him nay:
Lively Fanny declared he was somewhat too grave,
And Saint Helen pronounced him a little too gay.

CHILDREN'S FALSEHOODS.

A GREAT deal of allowance is to be made for the deviations from truth in their statements which children so readily fall into at an early age, for we shall see by a little reflection that the idea of veracity, as a duty binding on the conscience, does not come from *instinct*, but is acquired by experience and instruction. We tell the truth when our words represent mental conceptions which *correspond with outward realities*. We tell falsehoods—using the word here in its most general sense—when our words represent mental conceptions which do not correspond with—that is, were not produced by, outward realities.

To make the meaning plain, let us suppose that a child five years of age, sitting on a piazza behind the house, sees a cat catch a mouse. She says to her mother afterward at supper-time that she saw the cat catch a mouse—that is, speaking philosophically, she clothes the mental image of the outward reality which memory brings to her mind in words.

The next day, sitting in the same place in a musing mood, an image presents itself to her mind of a mouse in the yard pursuing and catching a cat. The impression in this case may be, for aught we know, in our almost entire ignorance of the exact state and exact action of the immature and half-developed cerebral organs, nearly or quite as vivid as in the other case. At supper-time memory, as before, recalls this second image. She clothes the then present image in words, just as she did the other, without being at all cognizant of the nice distinction arising from the fact that the one impression had its origin in an outward reality, and the other in a phantasm of the mind, perhaps equally real to her.

The distinction between these two things is a very nice one. Even grown people are continually confounding them—how often and how much only the wisest men and the profoundest thinkers are aware. They witness a scene, or look upon a group of objects to-day. There is formed upon the sensorium, that is, within those organs of the brain which take cognizance of objects of sight, an image of the scene. This image is awakened directly by the action of the outward objects. The next day we conceive of the scene again; but now the image, in its renewal, is not awakened by the action of the outward object. We call it a *remembrance*.

The third day something calls the image to the mind again. This second repetition is a remembrance too, and we imagine it to be a remembrance of the original image, whereas there is abundant reason to believe that it is very often only the remembrance of the remembrance; that is, that the second repetition is not a remembrance of the original image, but of the *first repetition of it*, for it often has combined with it elements which the original reality did not supply, and which must have been subsequently furnished by the imagination or by other recollections. Thus, with each repetition of an image once presented to our mind, new elements are introduced, or new modifications are made by the imagination, unconsciously to ourselves; so that after a considerable lapse of time, on comparing the conception which the mind finally retains with the original reality when we have the opportunity to recur to it, we are surprised to find how erroneous our notion has become.

This is the true explanation of the tendency of stories to grow in magnitude and change in character so much by successive repetitions, when circulating even among honest people. With the particulars which were observed by the narrator, or were communicated to him, others, suggested by the imagination, by associations, or by the other laws of connection under which the various mental states mingle with and modify each other, come and incorporate themselves, and can not afterward be separated. One of the greatest sources of difficulty in the way of ascertaining the truth by the examination of even honest witnesses in courts of justice, is the impossibility of their analyzing the impressions on their minds at the time, which are really the only direct subjects of their testimony, so as to separate those elements which were the impress of the original reality from those subsequently supplied by the imagination or by the mingling of one remembrance with the fragmentary portions of another.

Now, if mature minds, even the most honest, thus confound the impressions made by realities with those which arise from the fancy, how can we expect young children to draw the clear and ready distinction between them that we often seem to require?

Besides this difficulty, of always accurately distinguishing between what is really remembered to be a fact from what is only imagined to be such, there is the additional perplexity—and a very great perplexity it often is for a child—in understanding in what cases it is incumbent upon us that our words should correspond with the outward reality, and in what cases they may not. We read to our children, or relate to them from our own invention, fictitious tales; we tell them that the cat is in the fiddle, and that the cow jumped over the moon; we put them on our back, and say that we are a horse and are going to give them a ride, and say a thousand other things that have no correspondence with any outward reality. But when, poor things, they say any thing to us which has its origin only in their own fancy, we are often very much shocked, and rebuke them severely for the heinous sin they have been guilty of in telling a lie. But the falsehoods for which we reprove them are different, some one will say, from these. True; but how are the children to know this difference until they have learned it by proper instruction?

The moral of all this is, that a love of truth and a sense of the obligation to adhere to it, both in respect to their general nature and to the boundaries which limit and define them, are principles which we are not to expect to find implanted in the mind by any natural instinct. They must be gradually acquired, as the process of mental development goes on. The mother must therefore not be distressed or pained, as a young mother often is, to find that her child is not restrained by some native impulse from ever falsifying his word, nor too sternly rebuke or punish his early deviations from truth. To speak the truth is something that he *has to learn*. There are two ways, indeed, in which he may learn it. It may be inculcated by the kind, patient, gentle, and loving instructions of his father and mother; or it may be beaten into him by the cuffs, rebuffs, ill usage, and other difficulties, which he meets with in the experience of life, when he is detected in deviating from the truth in any of the forbidden ways.

Some mothers may be disposed to call in question the correctness of the views advanced in these paragraphs, on the ground that *their* children, as they allege, were always accustomed to tell the truth, of their own accord, from the beginning. But it is a curious fact that though we can find multitudes of mothers who will say that they never knew such and such a child to tell a lie, you can never find a grown person who will not admit that he told lies when he was a child by the dozen. Indeed, the mother herself, when pressed, virtually gives up the point. If you question her closely, by asking "Do you mean to say that your boy never, *in his earliest infancy*, said what was not true?" "Oh! of course," she will reply, "I don't mean when he was a very little child, and did not half know what he was saying." This is a surrender of the whole point at issue. What the mother means in such a case is that her boy learned to appreciate the obligation of truth and veracity *when very young*, and that when this was once learned he was very conscientious in the observance of it: and this is doubtless true of a great many children.

It may perhaps be said that these remarks apply only to the milder kind of untruths told by children, and that they do not take into account the much more serious class of falsehoods, such, namely, as are willfully and deliberately uttered, with a view to the accomplishment of some sinister or selfish design. This is very true. Although the principles here laid down apply with most of their force to this second class of offenses, there are some considerations peculiarly pertaining to them, which, however, must be presented at some other time.

THE WITCH-FINDER.

THIS is the title of a most exciting story, which has just been commenced in that very excellent family literary journal, the *New York Weekly*. It is from the pen of the great romancer, LEON LEWIS, and is decidedly the greatest of all that writer's great works. The story is strictly historical of the scenes as drawn from that era in the history of Salem when innocent men, women, and children were hung, burned, and drowned as witches. It is without doubt the most exciting as well as the most instructive romance of modern times. See the advertisement on the next page.

A GREAT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Will be commenced in No. 16

(Ready Feb. 18) of

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY,

THE BEST STORY AND SKETCH PAPER OF THE AGE,

A THRILLING TALE,

ENTITLED

THE WITCH-FINDER;

OR, THE HUNTED MAID OF SALEM.

BY LEON LEWIS,

Author of

"The Silver Ship," "The Water Wolf," "Syria, the Jewess," &c., &c.

A thoroughly authentic history of Salem Witchcraft has yet to be written. In the books treating of this subject the atrocities that were perpetrated by the Witch-Testers were classed as almost pardonable offenses, because committed under the delusion that the victims were gifted with supernatural powers, and could at will afflict any person with the most direful physical and mental ailments—such as blindness, deformity, or insanity. In those days every person who suddenly became ill at once proclaimed that he was bewitched, and began recalling to mind the female on whom he had last looked, and who, it was thought, had prostrated him by the power of witchcraft. The suspected party, as was natural, generally proved to be some unfortunate woman against whom the invalid had long harbored a spirit of unfriendliness. The relatives of the sick person were at once summoned. After listening to the story of the individual supposed to be bewitched, they would proceed in a body to the dwelling of the unsuspecting victim, drag her forth, publicly accuse her of Witchcraft in having afflicted their suffering relative, and make her submit to

THE WITCH-FINDER'S TEST.

Tears and entreaties were of no avail; the expostulations of friends only made matters worse by leaving them open to suspicion, and it often happened that in endeavoring to shield the unfortunate victim from the fury of the superstitious multitude even the friends of the supposed witch were compelled to undergo the tortures of

THE WITCH-FINDER'S TEST.

These tests were as numerous as they were atrocious and diabolical, and frequently resulted in the death of the victim. When proved guilty of Witchcraft, death by the most cruel means was of course the sentence; but it was not a rare occurrence for

THE WITCH-FINDER'S TEST

to put an end to the victim's sufferings by death just as she was about to be declared innocent.

At this distant day, and in this age of enlightenment, there will be found many who will discredit the following brief description of one of the many tests resorted to by

THE HEARTLESS WITCH-FINDER.

The Salemites believed that it was *impossible to drown a witch*—that if thrown into a river she would certainly be able to make her way to the shore. Acting upon this belief, when a woman was suspected of Witchcraft, she would be compelled to undergo the

WITCH-FINDER'S DROWNING TEST.

She would be dragged to the nearest river, and plunged in at a considerable distance from the shore. In case the woman succeeded for a time in keeping her head above the surface of the water, that was considered *positive evidence that she was a Witch*, and she would be stoned to death as she struggled with the remorseless waves. In this test the only proof of the woman's innocence of Witchcraft was *when she could not swim*, and therefore *sank to rise no more*. Innocent or guilty, it was death in either case! By drowning she proved herself innocent; but if it appeared probable that she could save her life by swimming, she was *stoned like a cat until she drowned*.

Even cruelty more atrocious than this was put in practice by

THE WITCH-FINDER.

Private quarrels and ancient grudges were avenged by accusing innocent people of Witchcraft. Young wives were ruthlessly torn from loving husbands, accused before the gaping, ignorant, and superstitious populace,

BRANDED AS WITCHES,

and after being marched through the town, that every body might look their last upon the

FEMALE DEMONS,

the terrified women were given over to the villainous wretches who had achieved notoriety as

WITCH-FINDERS.

The remarkable story which is soon to appear in

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY,

is a reliable exposé of the atrocities enacted in the

DAYS OF SALEM WITCHCRAFT.

The tale is founded on authentic records and data, and is entitled

THE WITCH-FINDER;

or,

THE HUNTED MAID OF SALEM.

The plot of the story is original, although it has for its basis an accurate account of the cruelties that were perpetrated during the period of

SALEM WITCHCRAFT.

Among the principal characters portrayed in this exciting story is

THE WITCH-HUNTER.

The most disreputable person in Salem, at the time of the Witchcraft excitement, was a man named BOARDBUSH, who had achieved a devilish notoriety as a Volunteer Accuser, a Witch-Tester, or Witch-Discoverer. This heartless miscreant praticed various juggleries, under pretense of distinguishing a witch from an innocent person, such as drawing blood, saying the Lord's Prayer backward, &c.

THE HUNTED MAIDEN.

Another interesting personage of those times was HESTER WAYBROOK, the daughter of a colonial merchant—a beautiful and noble-hearted girl, whom the villain BOARDBUSH persecuted with his attentions, and afterward hunted as a Witch.

THE WHITE ANGEL OF SALEM.

A third and most remarkable personage of those dark days was a mysterious being who appeared in Salem when the delusion was deepest. She possessed the aspect of a young lady; but a strange peculiarity was noticed in her appearance—she was strangely white, and her skin shone so brilliantly that many supposed her to be an angel. She went about doing good, opposing the Witch-Hunters, releasing prisoners, helping widows and orphans, &c.

Whoever would have full particulars concerning these and a score of other inhabitants of Salem in the days of Witchcraft, must read the thrilling and beautiful narration just drawn from the historical collections of Massachusets, and entitled

THE WITCH-FINDER;

or,

THE HUNTED MAID OF SALEM,

BY

LEON LEWIS,

which will be commenced in No. 16 of

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY.

The great success of the NEW YORK WEEKLY is in a measure due to the scrutiny exercised in compiling the contents, so that the slightest offensive word or passage may be avoided. Heads of families, fully aware that we expunge from our manuscripts every expression that might contaminate the young, present

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY

to their wives and children, fully confident that its teachings will have a beneficial effect, and that its Stories, while they inculcate good morals, also exhibit the punishment that must attend vice.

The contents of

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY

are varied to suit the popular taste; they are instructive, entertaining, and amusing. The thoughtful will find in

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY

subjects that will induce reflection; the knowledge-seeker will be edified, and will learn the social habits peculiar to various parts of the world; while the humorously inclined can always find in the quaint writings of JOSH BILLINGS, PHILANDER DOESTICKS, MARK TWAIN, JOHN QUILL, and other humorists, something that will provoke merriment and laughter.

As we have not space to particularize at great length the numerous features of THE NEW YORK WEEKLY, we will just mention some of the standing attractions:

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A department in which the editor indulges in familiar chat with his correspondents, replies to various queries put to him, and disseminates information that is of the greatest popular interest.

THE KNOWLEDGE BOX.—In this column will be found Domestic Receipts, Scientific Notes, Hints to Farmers and Gardeners: in fact, suggestions that will prove useful to all classes of society.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.—The important events of the world are epitomized in this column, and their essence given in pithy sentences.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.—This department is entirely devoted to articles of a humorous nature, and it forms an excellent dessert to the mental feast which the columns of the NEW YORK WEEKLY contains every week.

The above are the regular departments of

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY,

besides which we have

SKETCHES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

LOVE SKETCHES,

SKETCHES OF ADVENTURE,

SKETCHES OF BORDER LIFE,

SEA SKETCHES.

With such attractions, who can wonder that

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY

is considered

THE BEST LITERARY PAPER PUBLISHED?

☞ IT SHOULD BE BORNE IN MIND THAT IN No. 16 OF THE NEW YORK WEEKLY WILL BE COMMENCED "THE WITCH-FINDER; OR, THE HUNTED MAID OF SALEM." THE NEW YORK WEEKLY IS FOR SALE BY EVERY NEWS AGENT. PRICE SIX CENTS PER COPY.

WHAT YOU ARE COMING TO.

WHAT YOU ARE COMING TO!

"Gelidum collo nectit Glacilla draconem."
MARTIAL, vii. 56.

I.

WHAT you are coming to! Deign to gaze
Upon our mirror: we are not sneering.
Just a few of the numerous ways
That ladies will choose for their dress-displays.
See bells in the tresses, a tinkle to raise—
And a diamond-eyed owl in an ear-ring.

II.

Mimicking boyish attire, there's one
Maiden sweet looks a gay young scholar:
Jacket that's worn amid holiday fun,
Kerchief a sailor's knot, easily done,
Roundabout hat she does not shun,
Nor the neat little stand-up collar.

III.

Dainty ankle and foot that's small
Give a capital chance to the artist in leather,
For a boot Hungarian, tasseled and tall;
But when the white frilled petticoats fall
You may guess there isn't an ankle at all,
So it's hidden altogether.

IV.

Clatter those boots with the heels of brass,
Jaunty and gay are the peripatetic coats,
Bright with stripes the stockings that pass
'Mid the throng seen in our miraculous glass,
And piquant enough is each nice little lass
In the briefest possible petticoats.

V.

Such butterflies will we not break on the wheel,
Nor treat so light a subject hotly:
But men are really beginning to feel
That for wives and mothers a monstrous deal
Too gay are these maidens who love to reveal
Their charms in suits of motley.

VI.

What you are coming to! Ladies fair,
If we do you wrong, we ask your pardons.
They are false, those birds in the ears and hair,
And the ladies of Rome outdid you there:
By-and-by, like Glacilla, you'll choose what to wear
At the Zoological Gardens.

FACETIÆ.

A CERTAIN SPECIFIC.—Has it been observed by the Faculty that punctuation is an infallible remedy for a bad cold, provided the patient *stops* at home?

MUSICAL.—The charming singer, Mlle. Patti, is to be married at last. The fortunate one is a nobleman holding a high position at the Imperial Court of France, viz., the Marquis de Caux. The songstress who has so often delighted us has at length been *caux*-ed.

SKETCH FROM FASHIONABLE LIFE.

Morning Call: Saturday.

FIRST LADY. "Do you intend going to church to-morrow, dear?"

SECOND LADY. "Well, dear, that *entirely* depends upon my bonnet."

You talk of the selfishness of bachelors: why, there is not a married couple in existence who would not skin their dearest friends to make shoes for their children.

THE *mot d'ordre* OF SKATERS—Ice right.

A sentimental editor says: "It is comforting to know that one eye watches fondly for our coming, and looks brighter when we come." A contemporary is grieved to learn that his "brother of the quill has a wife with one eye."

NO FICTION.—The other day a great disappointment befell Laura Dashleigh. She sent to her Circulating Library for the *Secret of Hegel*, thinking it was a sensational novel. She took it any thing but philosophically.

Is "stealing a march" worse than "taking a walk?"

THE NEWEST PUBLICATIONS.

My Lord's Walking Stick. Uniform with Byron's *Cain.*

Who's your Hatter? A Romance of the days of "What Tiler?"

The Sentinel; or, Hugo's There. By the Author of *Les Misérables.*

"*Oakum let us Sing!*" A new Hymn for Industrious Prisoners.

Drunk and Disorderly. By the Author of *Fast and Loose.*

The Ocean-Born. Uniform with Thomson's *Sea-sons.*

What trade would you recommend to a short man?—*Grow sir* (grocer).

Pat was in charge of a ferry-boat. A lady passenger, being frightened by the waves, asked him "if people were ever lost by these boats?" He gave the encouraging reply, "Not often, ma'am—we generally find them afterward by dragging the river."

MOTTO FOR THE MARRIED—Never dis-pair.

Woman—she spoiled us with an apple, but atoned for the wrong by forming a pair.

Evening newspapers are now called night-blooming serials.

The wit deservedly won his bet who, in company, when every one was bragging of his tall relations, wagered that he himself had a brother twelve feet high. He had, he said, "two half-brothers, each measuring six feet."

A BAD SIGN—To sign another man's name to a note.

This charade is amusing the English people: "When my first makes my second he calls himself my whole." And the answer is *Pat-riot.*

When is a fowl's neck like a bell?—When it's wrung for dinner.

WELL INFORMED.—An Irishman, newly arrived, and a member of the O'Regan family, was heard to exclaim, as the steamer *Oregon* was passing: "O—R—E—G—O—N!—O'Regan—bejabers; only four weeks in Amerika and a steamboat called by my name."

A tailor has a bill in his window to the following effect: "Wanted several thin coat makers." This is a fine chance for spare tailors.

AN OLD REVOLVER—The Earth.

What's the difference between a piece of honey-comb and a black eye?—One is produced by a laboring bee, the other by a belaboring.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 19.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

EVENING DRESSES.

Evening Dresses.

Figure 1.—Evening dress of blue tarlatan, trimmed round the bottom with narrow flounces of the same material. Short fourreau, cut in points, and trimmed with satin piping and blue silk fringe in the manner shown in the illustration. Low corsage and short sleeves. Bertha cut in points and trimmed with piping and silk fringe to match the fourreau. Frill of lace round the neck of the corsage. Hair adorned with white roses.

Figure 2.—Evening dress of white tarlatan, trimmed, as shown in the illustration, with clusters and long sprays of lily of the valley. Under-skirt of white silk, trimmed with satin piping. Low corsage and short sleeves. Under-waist of puffed lace. Hair trimmed with a wreath of lily of the valley. Chignon of long curls.

Figure 3.—Evening dress of pink tulle, trimmed round the bottom with narrow folds and fringe. Under-skirt of white silk. Sash ends of pink tulle, trimmed with fringe, and confined by rings. Low corsage and short sleeves. Low necked puffed lace under-waist. Bretelles of the same material as the corsage, with ends crossing each other on the shoulder, through a ring, and trimmed with fringe. Similar ends ornament the front of the corsage.

LITTLE KATE.

SOFT blue eyes, and nut-brown hair,
Kissed by the wind to wave and curl,
A dimpled cheek, and forehead fair,
Has little Katie, an orphan girl.

She chose a seat close to my own,
"For I've none to love," said she, "but you.
The rest have mothers, but I have none.
Let me sit beside you, teacher—do?"

And I, of course, could not say nay
To a lonely little orphan child.
So at my side I bid her stay,
And oh, how sweetly my Katie smiled!

And every day she closer creeps,
Until she touches my easy chair;
And in my book she slily peeps,
To see if her name for *bad* be there.

And if it is, a sober shade
Steals quickly over her cheek and brow,
And with her hands together laid,
She softly says, "I'm a *good girl now.*"

My love for her I can not tell,
My love is perfect for Little Kate,
E'en though at times she fails to spell,
Or drops on the floor her noisy slate.

I know how soon the tears would come
In her loving eyes if I should chide
At blotted page or careless sum!
And when my patience is sorely tried,

I think of Him who lived of old—
How He took in His arms each little child.
From age to age the tale is told,
How He spoke to all in accents mild,

"Oh! let them come—forbid them not."
Precious command by the dear Lord given.
I bless His name, that in my lot
I teach the children—of such is heaven.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1868.

☞ *Single Subscribers to* HARPER'S BAZAR *will be supplied from Number* 1 *to the end of the year* 1868, *which will complete the first Volume, for the yearly price of Four Dollars.*

RUNNING DOWN.

RUNNING DOWN is an expressive phrase, much used by physicians, and one which they have frequent occasion to apply to the men and women of modern life. It is used ordinarily to describe a deterioration of health where positive disease, though imminent, does not yet exist. By "running down" is meant that the springs of life are giving way under a too prolonged tension and a forced and perverted service.

The experienced medical eye detects in the victims of the excessive excitement and overwork which seem inseparable from our civilization indications of vital derangement, long before this finds utterance in serious complaint. The physician remarks the meagre frame becoming daily more tenuous, the face "pinched, complexionless," and shriveled, the unsteady eye, the spasmodic knitting of the brow, the tremulousness of the lip, the restless movement and feverishness of the whole body, and an artificial strength which does not indicate an innate vigor, but a weakness aroused by excitement to irregular effort. In addition to these physical indications he observes a want of mental repose, an irritable temper, and a capricious eagerness for excitement of all kinds. These are to him clear proofs of a nervous system inordinately agitated, which has already seriously deranged the vital functions, and will, if not quieted, soon pervert and arrest them, causing disease and death. Men and women are both equally liable—the former from overwork in business, and a too exclusive and eager pursuit of gain, and the latter from too much devotion to household duty, prolonged nursing, confinement at home, or excessive indulgence in fashionable dissipation. Both also become similarly affected from the immoderate use of artificial stimulants, not only of wine and spirits, but opium and such medicaments as ether and chloroform, which are more generally taken than is suspected.

The victim as yet is hardly conscious of any derangement of his health. He is certainly not well, but he does not consider himself ill. He feels what the French call *malaise*, a sense of uneasiness, and what he himself vaguely terms nervousness. This, however, is at first only experienced during his rare moments of repose. Excitement makes him either forgetful of or insensible to it.

This condition of the human body is full of danger. When the nervous system is thus evidently overtaxed, it loses the vigor necessary to resist the impression of the multiform agents of disease. The body not only becomes an easy prey to any prevailing epidemic, but is endangered by every change of temperature or diet. This state of the nervous system, moreover, is the preliminary stage of dyspepsia, hysteria, paralysis, softening of the brain, insanity, and those other diseases the frequency of which is distinctive of our modern civilization.

For those who are thus affected there is but one escape from danger, and that is by fleeing the cause. Whatever may be the excitement, whether of business or pleasure, it must be at once abandoned. Unfortunately the subjects of this disorder in the beginning suffer so little, and find it so easy to obtain immediate relief that they are almost indifferent to its existence. They must not, however, wait to be driven by the goad of acute pain to take the path of safety, for that may not be applied until it be too late, and delay in these nervous affections is especially dangerous. The ordinary means resorted to for relief, and which consist of stimulants, give but temporary ease, and finally aggravate the disease, for though they first excite and supply an artificial strength, they subsequently depress and weaken. Their use, moreover, by persons with their nervous system thus disordered is, unless carefully guarded by prudence, almost certain to lead to a habit of drunkenness. Medical men have at last become so conscious of this fact that, while they reproach themselves for a too profuse administration of stimulants in the past, they have determined to be more sparing in the future.

When the cause which produced the disease is once removed the cure is easy. The patient must fortify his physical health by outdoor exercise and a nutritious diet, and give a wholesome tone to his nervous system by such occupations and amusements as gently enliven the mind without unduly exciting it. Travel, with its ever-recurring novelties and distractions, is of all remedies the most effective.

HARDENED AGAINST PERILS.

THE public mind is intolerant of satiety. It soon bristles up even against its semblance. And editors know this very well, and are wisely particular to avoid the ding-dong style of modern persistence. Milton gives us a capital example for imitation when he says:

"But thy words, with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety."

The perils of our condition in this country have been so often and so vigorously handled by press and pulpit that we are tempted to ask, "Why is so little effect visible?" Extravagance is not frightened into sober thoughtfulness, and recklessness drives as full a head of steam as ever. High living is still an epidemic. Imaginary wants and ideal luxuries, the veriest fictions of fugitive caprice, are so clamorous for gratification that they can hardly be appeased. All this, too, is in the face of immediate danger. The signs of the times are laughed at. "On with the dance!" drowns every other cry. The "handwriting on the wall" has no alarm for our iron nerves, and we sneer at those who, like the old king, are smitten with shuddering at their impending doom.

Doubtless we are prone to a lavish use of hyperboles. This miserable habit has so blunted the sensibilities of our people that a really earnest appeal in forewarning us of peril is instantly set down to the credit of ambitious rhetoric. But allowing for this, the genuine instincts of the heart are not dead; all classes of society know their interests as well as they ever did; calamity and disaster have lost none of their horrors, nor is the imagination less keen to apprehend coming ills. And yet, in the presence of the sternest facts, men and women refuse to see the crisis which hangs over us, and which, if delayed, is only accumulating a heavier store of evil to burst upon our heads.

Whatever explanation may be given of this anomaly, it is evident that we have an overweening confidence in ourselves and in our resources. Success—such success as we have enjoyed—success that has apparently set aside some of the recognized laws of political economy—has quite inflated us with the idea that we are competent to bear any amount of strain. If disease is assailing our vitals, what of that so long as the constitution is robust? The real danger lies just here. So far from our prosperity enabling us to defy the laws that determine sound social health and security, that very prosperity has put us more completely under the regulation of these laws and rendered us more rigidly amenable to the destiny they ordain. If we have multiplied our industry, have we not equally multiplied our risks? and if we have extended our interests until they are complicated with the whole business-world, so that indeed there is not a climate nor a soil in any latitude or under any sky which is not a party to our fortunes; if such are our connections and such our liabilities, can we afford to indulge in this silly bombast about our strength and capacity when we were never so much at the mercy of circumstances? It is bad enough to have our carrying-trade so largely reduced; to be depressed by the failure of the cotton crop to do more than pay the cost of production; to be left to a currency that rests on the contingencies of wind and weather; but the worst of all is the indifference we evince to these portentous facts, and the stolid skepticism with which we mock at the approach of a day of reckoning.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to Mrs. Grundy.

MY DEAR MRS. GRUNDY,—I do not know what you will say upon receiving a letter from me, and, if it were courteous, I should say that I do not care. A quiet person who goes up and down in the world as I do, making his little comments upon manners, ought not to be able to excuse himself to himself if he did not say a word to you or of you. And as I have sometimes spoken of you pretty severely—I did so last week at the Abyssinian embassador's in Washington, for instance—I am perfectly willing to speak to you. Now, my dear Madame, it is useless to deny your position and your influence. I might as well question the rank and influence of Queen Victoria. And yet I defy you or any of your court ever to display so simple, and sweet, and lovely a domestic character as that lady reveals in her recently published journal of her vacations in the Highlands.

No; nobody who visits among the nobility, or who has distant glimpses of them—like your present correspondent—would even presume to deny that Semiramis did not rule so despotically as you. I say nobility—you will observe—and I say precisely what those of whom I speak secretly feel. No newly-rich lady in London ever sighed and struggled more to enter titled doors than good innocent fools strain and puff to enter a certain circle nearer home. Do you suppose that circle doesn't know it, and smile at it loftily? And what a goal to be sure! Can any sensible human being imagine any thing more amusing than a serious wish to be invited to those ponderous dinners of Mrs. Pound and Mrs. Hundredweight? They are the very ideal of dullness. I do not believe that the higher circles of any city at any period ever furnished a more prodigious example of oppressively solemn stupidity. They are dinners in twelve courses and four hours. They are feasts from which every element that redeems feasting is eliminated. And yet poor little Mrs. Ounce is ceaselessly unhappy, and is fast driving Ounce to his club and to somewhere else, because she can not, by any arts or by any expense, contrive to be invited to Mrs. Pound's.

Now, who is to blame for her silly unhappiness and for the tragedy which I plainly see is coming—for Ounce is forced to spend more than his income, and his home is virtually ruined? You, Mrs. Grundy, and nobody but you. Upon your head will rest the responsibility for all the sorrow that impends over that household that ought to be so tranquil and so happy. It is you who confer nobility upon the Pounds and the Hundredweights. For, good Heaven! who are they? In what manner do they differ from Ounce, that the silly little woman should break her heart with despair of their dinners? They don't differ at all. I can remember old Grandfather Pound perfectly well: a coarse, shrewd man, who began with nothing, saved his cigar-ends, and made money. The family arms is a gold eagle, the crest is a dollar. You can not make any thing more of it. In my grandfather's time—he was a shoemaker—Grandpa Pound sold a pennyworth of snuff over his small counter, and I hope he did it honestly. But that is the whole history. The ponderous Pound dinners came out of old Pound's snuff box. Scratch a Russian, and you find a Cossack. Scratch one of those banquets, to partake of which little Mrs. Ounce is murdering her husband, and you will find Maccaboy. Is that a thing to sigh and toil your life away for? And she does it in obedience to you, Mrs. Grundy. She hears you say and say again that it is the thing of things to dine at the Pounds or at the Hundredweights—and their story is the same, only it is hats instead of snuff—and because you say it she believes it, and all the rest follows.

What is the rest? Why, Madame, you ought to know better than I. Ounce, after a hard, exciting day down town, comes home to dinner and to rest. He has a family—a wife and child whom he dearly loves—at least he certainly dearly loves the child. He is tired; he wants relaxation and repose. No; Mrs. Ounce informs him that he is to go at half past ten to Mrs. Tilbury's in full dress. She disappears as soon as dinner is over to prepare. The boy—he is only three—must go to bed. Ounce takes a nap, to be able to endure the ordeal. At nine, or after, drowsy and cross, he goes up to dress; at the appointed hour he follows his wife into the carriage; cowers in a corner lest he should tumble her dress; reaches the Tilburys', pulls on his gloves; bows and smiles at the hostess; sees his wife whirling for a couple of hours in the embrace of Zany and all the rest of them; stands and strolls and sits about while she dances the German until three; goes home with a wife horribly out of temper because Miss Nugget has a new set of amethysts while she had to wear the old turquoises; and at seven in the morning must be stirring to eat a solitary breakfast, and be down at work again in reasonable season.

And all this tomfoolery because you gravely say that this is the thing to do! Yet neither I nor any body else ever heard you say that any generous or noble thing was to be done. On the contrary, I have known a lovely girl—I have no hesitation in naming her; it was Lily Agnus—standing at the window and seeing a poor little child crying with cold and hunger in the pitiless weather, and on the way to the door to go out and speak to her and comfort her, arrested by her governess, or even by her mother, with the question, "My dear, what would Mrs. Grundy say?" For my part I really don't know and I don't care, Madame, what you would say. But I know very well what I should say to you—and it would be something that you are not used to hear.

For who are you, after all, who sit, the superb tyrant of man and woman in society? Life is a perpetual masquerade to you; but an old observer learns to detect your disguises. When I hear somebody whisper, "What do they say about Tom's engagement to Mary?" I know you. You are an old mole, Madame, if you will allow me, and you work in the ground very fast. "They" is only one of your vague masks. The questioner means you, and he is anxious to know your opinion. Or a mother says to her daughter, "What *will* people think if you drive out with Charles Edward?" She is merely asking what Mrs. Grundy says about it. "People" is a very diffusive name for you. And your influence in this direction extends very much farther than I used to suppose, for you have acquired an extraordinary power even over the politicians.

Why, Madame, I fancy that I tell you no secret when I say that there are a great many members of Congress even who think of you and you only by day and by night; who make speeches and motions with a sole view to your hearing and your approval, and who are always painfully wondering whether Mrs. Grundy smiles or frowns. When the Honorable Boreas Horn—I think you know him very well—exhibits his daring act of the flight upon the back of the eagle, or his other pleasing moral performance of ascending amidst fire-works to the capital of some one of the lofty columns of the great temple of our liberties; or when the same gentleman defies effete despotisms and hurls proud scorn upon the caitiff minions of foreign power—as Elizabeth did at Parma and at Spain—does the honorable gentleman imagine that the exhibition is not understood? Does he suppose that we, quiet readers of the newspapers, are not perfectly aware that he is addressing Mrs. Grundy, and is only anxious to know what she says about it? There was one honest man who confessed it. He scorned to address his unfortunate fellow-members, and told them frankly that he was talking for Buncombe—which, for some reason, the politicians all suppose to be the name of your country residence. I am a pretty faithful reader of the debates, and as I see that so many honorable gentlemen do exactly what he did, I wish they had the honesty to say so.

Yet, Madame, although I have studied the matter faithfully, I have never been able to ascertain the reason of this absurd subserviency to you and your supposed judgment. I am very sure that I never knew of any forlorn cause—and that is the test—which received your countenance. Church fairs—oh yes! You are a lady-patroness always. A popular charity—yes again. Mrs. Grundy always approves if Mrs. Pound and Mrs. Hundredweight are lady-managers. But the limits are very strict within which you confine your action, and whatever the occasion, it is never until it is what is called fashionable that your name appears, or that any body who is influenced by you takes an active or even nominal part. Madame, I say that the forlorn causes are the tests. When a king comes, crowned and empurpled, and his Goldstick in waiting knocks at your door, who so profound in prostration, who so rosy with blushes of gratitude and delight as Mrs. Grundy? But when the beggar, the outcast, the pariah beseeches a shelter, whose eye so stony, whose heart so frozen, who so spectrally contemptuous as Mrs. Grundy?

Madame, some have entertained angels unaware; but who has not turned them away? Naked and hungry comes the Lord of Life, the outcast, the pariah, and it is you who feed him not, it is you who do not clothe him. But you go to the Pound dinners and the Hundredweight balls, and, mysterious Madame—for who of us all has ever seen you?—you sacrifice thousands of victims, body and soul. Here, in this city of New York, it is you, and you only, who persuade the young man with four thousand a year to spend six thousand. It is you, and you only, who carry his trembling fingers to the money safe, or who guide them in the false signature. It is you who pull the trigger that sends the ball into his brain, and you who ride with him handcuffed to the State prison. Woman, you make men moral, and social, and political cowards. You smile us into infamy—you cajole us into despair. Yet of all your victims not one has ever seen you, and not one who in his sensible moments does not despise you.

I will appeal to my young friends, and to certain older ones whom I know, and who go to the ponderous Heavyweight performances, and I will ask them if there is no way of throwing off your Circean spell; and if every body with less than ten thousand dollars a year is an impertinence in society. I know such people,

Mrs. Grundy—people who really do not care what you say, and whom even the Pounds can not patronize; and I give you fair notice that I shall write to them upon this very subject.

With due respect, Madame,
Your servant,
AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

IT is no longer necessary to go abroad in search of the beautiful and pure in plate and jewels. There are in our leading establishments experts and gentlemen of taste whose pleasure it is to develop the beauties of the precious gems submitted to them. They are artists and treat each stone individually, cutting and mounting every one in the most appropriate way, and they delight in producing sets of plate that are real works of art, by reason of their original and harmonious design and cunning workmanship.

Nor is it incumbent on the purchaser to select from the variety of specimens that are displayed ready-made. If there is any favorite idea that he wants carried out as a memorial of a dead friend, or a testimonial to a living one, let him but consult these connoisseurs, and their skill and inventive genius and correct taste are brought to bear in perfecting and enhancing the beauty of the design.

SILVER-WARE.

Antique styles are now in vogue. The choice lies between classical design of pure shape and simple outlines, the Egyptian severe and dignified, and Moorish fancies ornamented with arabesques of flat chasing.

A dinner and dessert service of solid silver has just been presented by Mr. Peabody to Cyrus W. Field, "in commemoration of an act of high commercial integrity." It consists of thirteen pieces, and is a combination of the Grecian and Egyptian styles. The epergne, or centre-piece, for fruit and flowers is lined with gold. The pedestal supporting the bowl is a statuette of the Genius of America, borne up by a globe on which the zodiac and stars are finely wrought. Medallion profiles of the donor and recipient of the gift ornament the sides of each piece. The English lion rampant serves as handles to the covers. The presentation inscription which we have quoted is engraved on each piece, together with the coat of arms—a hand bearing the globe aloft in the clouds—and the motto of the Field family—*Sans Dieu Rien*—Without God Nothing.

A breakfast service of solid silver made here and exhibited at the Paris Exposition has but five pieces—kettle with spirit-lamp, coffee-urn and tea-pot, cream-pitcher and sugar-basin. It is in the gorgeous Moorish style, and the arabesque chasing is wrought in the most exquisite manner. The price is $1600.

A tea and coffee service, weighing 100 ounces, is designed for a bridal present. The style is antique, with very little chasing. Another, valued at $1300, consists of eight pieces, among them a kettle, coffee-urn, chocolate-pot, and separate ones for black and green teas. Doves are billing on the covers, and a wreath of delicate tracery surrounds each piece.

An ice-bowl, highly polished, rests on a base of frosted silver that represents thick slabs of ice. Icicles surround the edge of the bowl. Polar bears clamber up the sides by way of handles, and Arctic scenes, Esquimaux, rein-deer, and skaters are engraven underneath. $400 is the price.

An immense cup, given to the victor at the Shanghai races in California, is valued at $3000. The handles are formed by winged figures crowning the victor. Medallions of groups of horses ornament the basin. Another cup, or goblet rather, with a cover, is for the first-born of the Class of '65 at West Point. The cup proper is a cannon-ball, of massive silver, highly polished, and without ornament, resting on a column formed of the insignia of the different corps—muskets and swords represent infantry, sabres for cavalry, cannon-swabs artillery, and pick-axe and spade the engineer corps. On the base is the motto "Essayons." Medallions of Venus, Cupid, Mars, and Minerva adorn the sides, and a cadet, armed cap-a-pie, stands sentinel on the top. The names of the class are engraved on the lid. The whole design is harmonious, and the workmanship is of rare beauty.

A costly epergne has lilies of engraved glass for holding flowers borne up by lily-leaves and stalk of frosted silver. At the foot of the pedestal is a statuette of Narcissus gazing upon himself in a mirror. Another centre-piece is intended for ices and bonbons. A large dish in the middle is surrounded by four smaller ones, all of which can be removed and used for other purposes. Still another has the massive Egyptian columns with head of the Sphinx on the base, and the pedestal of a fourth is a statuette of Meditation, a draped female figure, with the lace on her drapery most delicately traced.

A wine-pitcher and goblets are beautifully wrought in the style of Benvenuto Cellini. A Bacchus mounted on the handle pours the rich grape-juice from a ewer. A tripod of silver with a k ttle and lamp for boiling an egg is called a bachelor's comfort. This one imitates the large kettles used for boiling maple-sirup. Another has a tea-kettle. Price $150.

A punch-bowl lined with gold is adorned with tracery representing a Bacchanalian procession and dance. A salad and oyster dish has medallions of Neptune with flowing beard inside the bowl, mermaids for handles, and fork and spoon like the sea-king's trident. On a cake-stand is a knife with a tiny saw on one side for icing; strawberries ornament the cover of a berry-bowl, salvers for cold relishes are provided with claw-like fork and spoon, and fishes are accurately represented on sardine-boxes.

Walnut cases cushioned with blue satin contain complete table outfits of forks, spoons, etc. There are ladles and cream-spoons, table, dessert, and tea spoons, large and small forks and dessert-knives. These are in several different styles—the Ionic, the Pompeian, the Grecian, and the Knickerbocker, the last of which is either perfectly plain, or with an engraved border and monogram.

Besides all these there are *tête-à-tête* sets for bridal presents, pitchers and salvers, wine-decanters and wine-coolers, tureens and urns, and vases for a single flower or for many, butter-dishes with knives notched to catch in the plate, goblets of pure gold, a stork with long bill for sugar-tongs, and table-bells of frosted silver and musical tone with Flora or Bacchus for handle, and many more useful and beautiful things in great variety and of most tasteful designs.

A word of advice given us by one of our first-class silversmiths may be of use to our readers. To clean silver the best plan is to dip it in boiling hot water, and wipe immediately with a soft cotton cloth; then polish with chamois skin. Linen rags and the whiting used for cleaning silver are both objectionable.

AMONG THE JEWELS.

The display of diamonds at the jewelers is now more magnificent than it was during the holidays. A single case at one house contains $150,000 worth of these glittering gems. One set, costing $50,000, is made up of large stones of marvelous brilliancy; the oval pendants in the ear-drops are of extraordinary size, and the necklace contains some very large stones, graduating smaller toward the back. A solitaire ring at another house, valued at $10,000, is set in a massive gold hoop. A brooch and ear-drops is worth $14,000. The brooch is a cross formed by six large diamonds set in silver. The cutting and mounting of this set is most beautiful. A wonderful effulgence of light streams forth as if from a mountain of fire. The setting is of silver, simple and pure, without effort to display the beauty of stones that are able to rest upon their own merits. A necklace for $10,000 is mounted in the graceful fashion known among the craft as knife-edge setting. The diamonds are suspended on golden filaments, very strong, yet slender as a hair, and almost invisible, and the stones seem to rest on the flesh without support. A brooch made up of small diamonds represents a feather; another is a bird of paradise with rubies and emeralds in the gorgeous plumage. A humming-bird and butterfly, with opal wings and ruby and emerald eyes, are among the ornaments for the hair.

There are quaint barbaric designs, a Moorish set with long, square pendants constantly in motion, stars with ruby centres flashing forth a blaze of light, crescents with pendants in the Byzantine style, and doves, insects, and other emblems. One most exquisite brooch, at $245, is a flower-cup inclosing a circle of diamonds quivering about an opal of such varied colors that all the beauties of the rainbow seem imprisoned within it. This perfect stone is one of the Hungarian opals, a firm stone that does not fade like those brought from Honduras. Neither is it affected by the atmosphere of the body and by electricity. It is a fact that the South American opal will change its color, growing paler or more brilliant according as the wearer is excited or depressed, and this it is that has given rise to the superstition connected with these beautiful gems. We have already mentioned the chrysoprase; this beautiful stone, of an exquisite apple-green tint, is destined to great popularity. It is a species of chalcedony, nearly as hard as flint, and of Eastern origin, being one of the twelve stones of the Temple mentioned in the Apocalypse.

LAPIS LAZULI AND CAMEOS.

Lapis lazuli is a dark mazarine blue stone, rich and smooth like velvet. It is found in Persia, and is most rare and beautiful when impregnated with gold or silver. A choice set has a diamond marguerite incrusted on the brooch and ear-rings, and is mounted in solid Etruscan gold. The price is $325.

Among the cameos we were especially pleased with a set of opals—pin, ear-drops, and buttons—a different Greek profile on each, surrounded with diamonds. Price $1400. On a Siberian topaz of rare size was cut a full face and bust of Cleopatra. Another in glazed jasper was a turbaned head, grave and majestic, in an enameled border. An emerald sphinx displayed a tiara and necklace of tiny diamonds. The setting was a gold and white enameled rope with diamond drops of water dripping from the ends. There were heads in chalcedony, and rare intaglios, and mythological subjects in sardonyx. One set, most beautifully carved, represented Orpheus searching for Eurydice, a lyre in one hand and a torch in the other.

MOSAICS AND ENAMEL.

A case of jewels just received from Geneva contains a Byzantine mosaic set in the Egyptian style, with hieroglyphics and symbols of Faith, swans, pea-fowls, and bees.

An antique set of enamel, the subject virgin priestesses at the altar of Vesta, with diamonds and pearls incrusted, was set in Roman gold. Price $450. Another of black enamel and pearls and diamonds, suitable for half mourning, was in a light setting of frosted gold. $400.

In a third was a lovely face with diamond ornaments at the throat and in the hair—and the price only $130.

In the floral designs was a bunch of lilacs enameled on gold, with green leaves. A diamond dew-drop is in the centre of each flower. $500. Another was a cluster of violets with diamonds in the heart that vibrated with the slightest motion; and again there were tiny forget-me-nots in a souvenir pin.

For courtesies received we tender our thanks to Messrs. BALL & BLACK; TIFFANY & CO.; BROWNE & SPAULDING; and STARR & MARCUS.

PERSONAL.

LADY doctors are "coming in." Doctors ELIZABETH and EMMA BLACKWELL have a large practice in this city, as have Dr. HAYDON and Dr. LOZIER. In Philadelphia six ladies who practice medicine have incomes ranging from $2000 to $10,000. The highest income in New York of a lady doctor is $15,000. In Boston, Dr. ZAKRZEWSKA has a large and lucrative practice, keeps her carriage, and owns real estate. There are female doctors of note in Utica, Rochester, Elmira, and Milwaukee. In 1866 eighteen female students attended medical lectures at Bellevue Hospital.

—The first London edition, 150,000 copies, of the Queen's last book was soon exhausted, although the price was about $5 50, greenbacks. Her copyright brought her about $50,000, gold. Her Majesty's private fortune is said to be some $25,000,000, or about half as much as Mr. ASTOR'S. The Queen has gained this year about 20 pounds avoirdupois.

—At one of the late receptions of General and Mrs. DIX, crowded by the celebrities of the great world, the *Etoile du Nord*, as she is called (Mrs. RONALDS), was not only beautiful in a dress of cloudy tulle, starred with gold, but sang most exquisitely. Miss DIX, in white satin, the Misses BECKWITH, Miss LIPPINCOTT (the great Philadelphia heiress), the Turkish Embassador, General and Madame MUSSALI, the latter wearing jewels of great splendor, Prince DE SAGAN, GUSTAVE DORE, Count OBRESKOFF, and other stars of the diplomatic world were there.

—Mr. WILLIAM S. ANDREWS is the first member of the theatrical profession who has been elected a member of the Legislature of this State. He represents one of the Brooklyn districts; served in the army for three years; was nominated by the soldiers and indorsed by the Democrats. He played at the Winter Garden with BOOTH, and had in him the makings of a good actor.

—The Rev. Dr. A. A. WILLETS is lecturing in Washington on "The Model Wife," who is said to resemble the "Steam Man"—stays at home and does all the work for a family of fifteen. It is esteemed a good lecture.

—Mr. A. W. RICHMOND, of Dubuque, Iowa, eldest son of the late DEAN RICHMOND, has a coachman of the name of ARTHUR MAFIRY, who, with his sister, married to PAT SWEENY, and an uncle, whose residence is unknown, have just had willed to them by an uncle in the Indies a fortune of $250,000 each. ARTHUR can now go over and get his money; come back and go to Congress.

—NAPOLEON has accepted an invitation from the Sultan to visit Constantinople next summer. The Father of the Faithful liveth well and drinketh copiously of Champagne, albeit that fluid is forbidden in the Koran.

—When the Empress CARLOTTA first heard of the execution of MAXIMILIAN she uttered a cry of anguish, which was immediately followed by a flood of tears. Then, resuming all the firmness of her character, she became calm. She observed that for some time past she suspected that a great calamity must have taken place.

—Mr. W. D. HOWELLS pays a neat tribute to Mr. LONGFELLOW when he says that "his greatness has tended to the goodness and happiness of men in so potent and fine a degree that he has not only made the world wiser and pleasanter, but has not added a word's weight to the bitterness or evil of any soul in it."

—Mr. MURDOCH, the celebrated elocutionist, who has been giving readings in New York, is said to be thinking of founding a school for actors. Mr. MURDOCH is an accomplished reader, and stands at the head of his profession, being the masculine, as FANNY KEMBLE is the feminine, reader *par excellence*.

—Mr. J. ROSS BROWNE is quite likely to be Minister to China after all; for Mr. BURLINGAME is not only understood to have positively resigned, but is now on his way to this country, *via* San Francisco, accompanied by two Chinese officials and two interpreters, and after a short stay among us will visit the European treaty powers. Mr. BURLINGAME'S thorough knowledge of Chinese matters has induced the oldest empire in the world to pay to the representative of the youngest nation the unprecedented compliment of selecting him as its embassador.

—Mr. EYTINGE, whose début as a reader at Steinway Hall was so decided a success, is a brother of ROSE EYTINGE, the cleverest American actress now on the stage, and of SOL EYTINGE, one of the cleverest of our artists.

—The Rev. Dr. BELLOWS describes the new Austrian Minister, VON BEUST, as an intelligent-looking man of fifty, with a very thoughtful, quiet air, a good German head, and bright hair and complexion. He shows no impatience or heat, and is clearly sobered by his situation. He is a Protestant and a North German, and as such in a strange and somewhat unnatural position. The Crown Prince of Saxony, who is a great friend of the Emperor, recommended him to the place he now holds. He is evidently doing his best to bring Austria up to the times, but he will have hard driving, and continual opposition from the hierarchy.

—The young women of Paris are about to enjoy the privileges of the Sorbonne—a college for poor students founded in the twelfth century by ROBERT DE SORBONNE. Courses of instruction for women have been organized and are a great success. Nearly three hundred ladies attend the lectures, among whom are many members of high families, including two nieces of the Empress. The lectures at the Sorbonne are illustrated, when necessary, by physical apparatus of a costly nature and very magnificent description.

—$250 per night, gold, is the sum divided between CHARLES DICKENS and WILKIE COLLINS by the performance of "No Thoroughfare" at the Adelphi Theatre, London. Mr. WEBSTER, the lessee, and Mr. FECHTER, the actor, share between them about as much more.

—MARK TWAIN, the "drollist," as ARTEMUS WARD called him, has been placing himself right on the record so far as the fashions of Washington are concerned. The general style of apparel displayed by the "American fair," at a recent reception at General GRANT'S, is thus described: "The most fashionably dressed lady was Mrs. ——. She wore a pink satin dress, plain in front, but with a good deal of rake to it—to the train, I mean; it was said to be two or three yards long. One could see it creeping along the floor some little time after the woman was gone. Mrs. —— wore also a white bodice, cut bias, with Pompadour sleeves, flounced with ruches; low neck, with the inside handkerchief not visible. She had on a pearl necklace, which glinted lonely, high up in the midst of that barren waste of neck and shoulders. Her hair was frizzled into a tangled chapparal forward of her ears; aft it was drawn together and compactly bound and plaited into a stump like a pony's tail, and, furthermore, canted upward at a sharp angle, and ingeniously supported by a red velvet crupper, whose forward extremity was made fast with a half hitch around a hair-pin on her poop deck, which means, of course, the top of her head, if you do not understand fashion technicalities. Her whole top-hamper was neat and becoming. She had a beautiful complexion when she first came, but it faded out by degrees in the most unaccountable way. However, it was not lost for good. I found the most of it on my shoulder afterward. (I had been standing by the door when she had been squeezing in and out with the throng.)"

—It is stated as a simple matter of statistics that Mr. SYLVANUS COBB has written over fifty miles of stories for the New York *Ledger*.

—TENNYSON is to have $10,000 for twelve poems in *Good Words*, which is $833 33 per poem. Such figures ought to bring good words, though we believe Mr. BRYANT was paid a higher rate by Mr. BONNER for one poem.

—DUMAS is writing a novel called "Abraham Lincoln;" and a young woman, Miss VINNIE REAM, is at work on a statue of ditto (*i. e.*, A. L.) in a basement room of the Capitol, which the Congressional saints have had fitted up for her studio.

—Mr. AUGUSTUS DICKENS, who is said to have been the favorite brother of CHARLES DICKENS, died two or three years ago in Chicago. He was for some years a clerk in the office of the Illinois Central Railroad Company. Mrs. DICKENS, his widow, is keeping a boarding-house on North Clark Street, and by this means is barely able to support herself and children.

—On the last representation of *Traviata* in Paris, PATTI wore, in the third act, a gala dress of white tulle bespangled with gold. In her ears she wore the diamonds given her by the Sultan; above her left temple the diamond and sapphire butterfly presented to her on New Year's Day; around her throat a necklace of gems; and on her finger a ring given as a souvenir from the Empress.

—Mr. JOHN STUART MILL, the eminent political economist and member of Parliament, looks so slight and frail, his voice is so feeble, and requires so much attention, and his manner is so nervously rapid, that one feels at first alarmed lest he should suddenly break down. The impression is heightened by an odd habit of completely stopping at intervals of a moment or two, and putting his hands before his face to collect his thoughts. After listening for a time to the completely finished and connected sentences which come in a steady stream from his lips between these interruptions, we gradually recover confidence, but it is an exhibition never quite comfortable nor satisfactory.

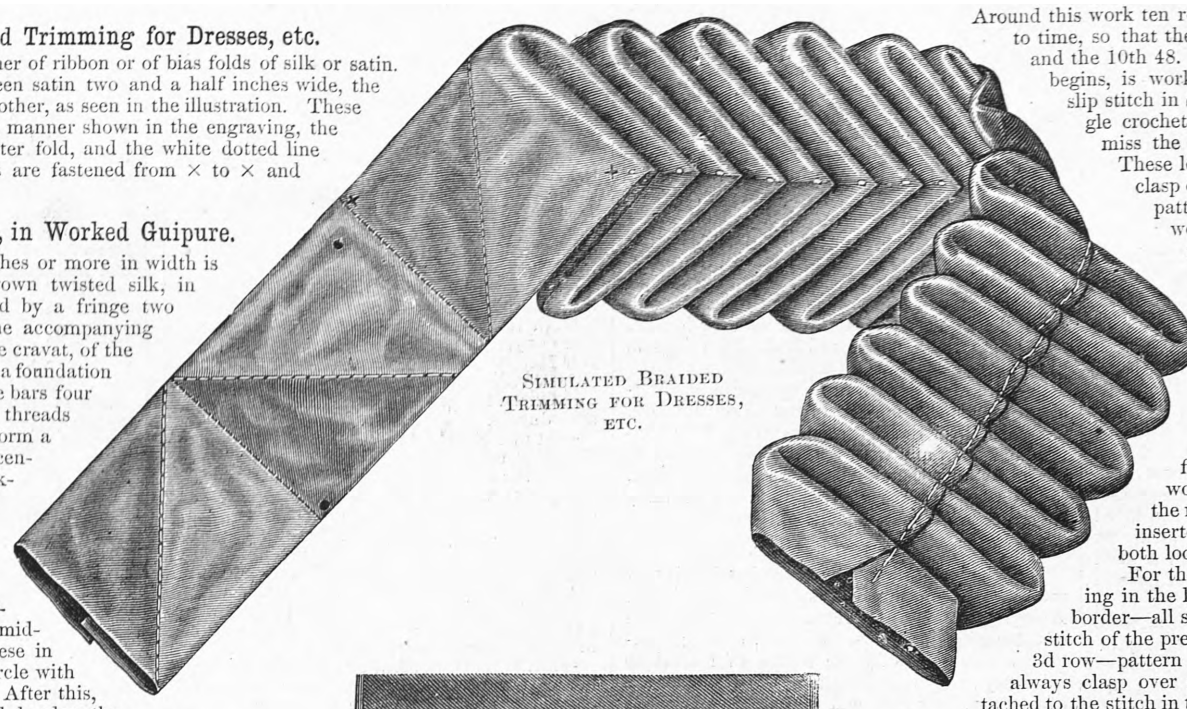
—The high church dignitaries of England are following the example of the late Chancellor, GLADSTONE, and are rushing into print. The Lord Bishop of Rochester has been extracting the moral of the funeral of ISAAC for the benefit of the *People's Magazine*; and the Dean of Canterbury, after discussing the character of TITUS, correcting the English version of the Second Epistle to Timothy, and publishing his New Year's sermon in the *Sunday Magazine*, has also written a charade for the *Argosy*.

—PAULINE LUCCA, who shares with PATTI the first honors of the opera, is twenty-seven. She is the daughter of poor but respectable people; was a great pet with the musicians of Vienna, who devised the means for her musical education. She is spunky, too; for, when playing at Olmütz, she was insulted by a female artist in the theatre, upon which she informed the manager that unless she received an ample apology nothing should induce her to appear again at Olmütz. That gentleman having threatened her with imprisonment upon the terms of his contract if she persisted in her resolution, she deliberately walked to the citadel, gave herself up, and remained in durance for four-and-twenty hours. The commotion this conduct occasioned induced the manager to use his influence with the offending lady to submit to Mlle. LUCCA'S demand. On leaving her prison she at once terminated her engagement at Olmütz, and proceeded to Prague, where, in March, 1860, she appeared as Valentine in the "Huguenots," and in "Norma," and at once secured the patronage of the Princess Colloredo, sister of the Governor, the Count Clam-Gallas, etc. Shortly before her appearance at Prague, MEYERBEER, who, as the Director of the Berlin Hof-opera Theatre, was at that time seeking for a prima donna competent to fill the part of the heroine in his last work, "L'Africaine," had his attention directed to this rising star. The youth and genius of the young artist, being just what MEYERBEER had long looked for in vain, induced him to secure her services for three years at Berlin, where he gave her the advantage of his advice and tuition. In November, 1865, she became the wife of Baron Von Rohden, but still continues to divide her time between the opera-houses at Berlin and London.

—Those American young ladies who may be going to Paris this year should be posted about the young DUKE OF HAMILTON, who is looking about for a wife. Somebody who has been taking stock of him thinks, as we Yankees say, that he would boil down and "sugar off" at about five millions. His palace, about ten miles from Glasgow, is built of stone, is about 270 feet in length, and resembles in its general form one of the ancient temples of Jupiter in Rome. The interior is very magnificently furnished and decorated. One room contains 2000 paintings, many of them by celebrated artists. The principal staircase, leading up from the main entrance, is one of the finest in Europe, and its cost was $200,000. The grounds are extensive, and very beautifully laid out. In the midst of them is the family mausoleum, a magnificent palace tomb, and one of the most stately sepulchral monuments in the world. Its cost was half a million of dollars. The great bronze door leading into it is covered with striking symbolical representations in bas-relief, and was procured at an expense of $10,000. The Duke spends most of his time in London and on the Continent, especially in Paris, and some one of our belles may therefore be able to do the young man a kindness by going to church with him and saying something out of the Marriage Service.

Simulated Braided Trimming for Dresses, etc.

THIS trimming can be made either of ribbon or of bias folds of silk or satin. The original is of bias folds of green satin two and a half inches wide, the edges of which are laid over each other, as seen in the illustration. These folds are then laid in pleats, in the manner shown in the engraving, the black dotted line denoting the outer fold, and the white dotted line the inner fold. Lastly, the pleats are fastened from × to × and from ❷ to ❶.



SIMULATED BRAIDED TRIMMING FOR DRESSES, ETC.

Cravat End with Rosette, in Worked Guipure.

A BROWN silk ribbon of two inches or more in width is ornamented at both ends with brown twisted silk, in worked guipure, and then finished by a fringe two inches wide, of the same silk. The accompanying illustration represents one end of the cravat, of the full size. The rosette is worked on a foundation of cardboard. Take for the middle bars four threads; that is, two bars of two threads each, crossing in the middle, and form a little wheel of plain stitches in the centre. These cross-bars are then worked in point de reprise. Make, then, without working, two diagonal bars, composed each of two threads crossing the central wheel. Now draw the thread twice around through the eight bars already formed, in order to form the middle circle of the rosette; work these in point de reprise, and finish this circle with scallops, as shown in the figure. After this, work the larger outside row, which borders the terminations of the central bars, and to which the last row of scallops is worked. In executing this the threads of the bars must of course be worked in in their proper places. The rosette can be completed without further description by reference to the pattern. Next carefully cut away the cardboard from the under side without cutting through the thread, and fasten the rosette from the wrong side to the stuff, which must be cut away as closely as possible. Lastly, tie in the fringe, as in the design. Each bunch of this consists of six threads, each four inches long, which are laid together at half their length.

Crochet Work-Basket.

MATERIALS: gray crochet cotton, floss silk, heavy silk cord, purple silk, and narrow silk cord of the same color.

This work-basket is crocheted in such a manner as to represent straw braiding. A bag of purple silk is fastened to the upper edge. Begin to work from the middle of the bottom. Make a chain of three stitches and form them into a round with one slip stitch. Around this work ten rows in slip stitch, widening from time to time, so that the sixth row shall contain 24 stitches, and the 10th 48. The next row, in which the pattern begins, is worked without widening. Crochet one slip stitch in one stitch of the last row, and one single crochet stitch in one stitch of the 6th row; miss the next stitch of the next row; repeat. These long stitches have the appearance of a clasp over the four rows, and are known as a pattern row. After two rows of solid work this pattern row is always to be repeated. The long stitches of these rows must always come between two of the preceding row. Then come two rows of slip stitch, and each row must be increased 10 stitches, so that in the next pattern row between two long stitches two slip stitches may be worked. Then, again, six rows without widening. One row of solid work or slip stitches finishes the bottom of the basket. In working these solid rows, or slip stitch, the needle must be placed above the thread, inserted in the work, and pulled through both loops at once.

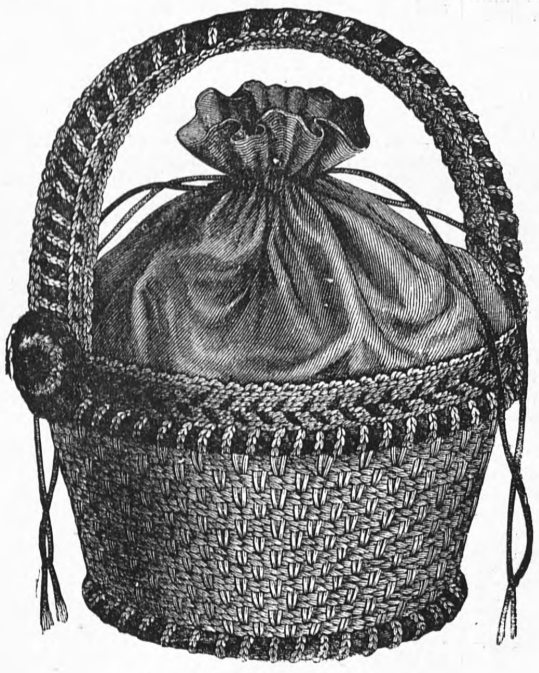
For the border of the basket continue working in the last row of the bottom. 1st row of the border—all slip stitch, take up the back part of the stitch of the preceding row. 2d row—all slip stitch. 3d row—pattern row, in which the long stitches must always clasp over all the rows of the border, and be attached to the stitch in the last row of the bottom. Now work 39 rows, every third one of which is to be a pattern row.

That the border may become a little fuller at the upper part, in the 15th and 33d of these 39 rows (and consequently in the 6th and 12th pattern rows of the border) it must be widened four times at regular intervals by crocheting in the marked places of the pattern row without missing the 1st stitch in the slip stitch that separates the long stitches in the preceding row.

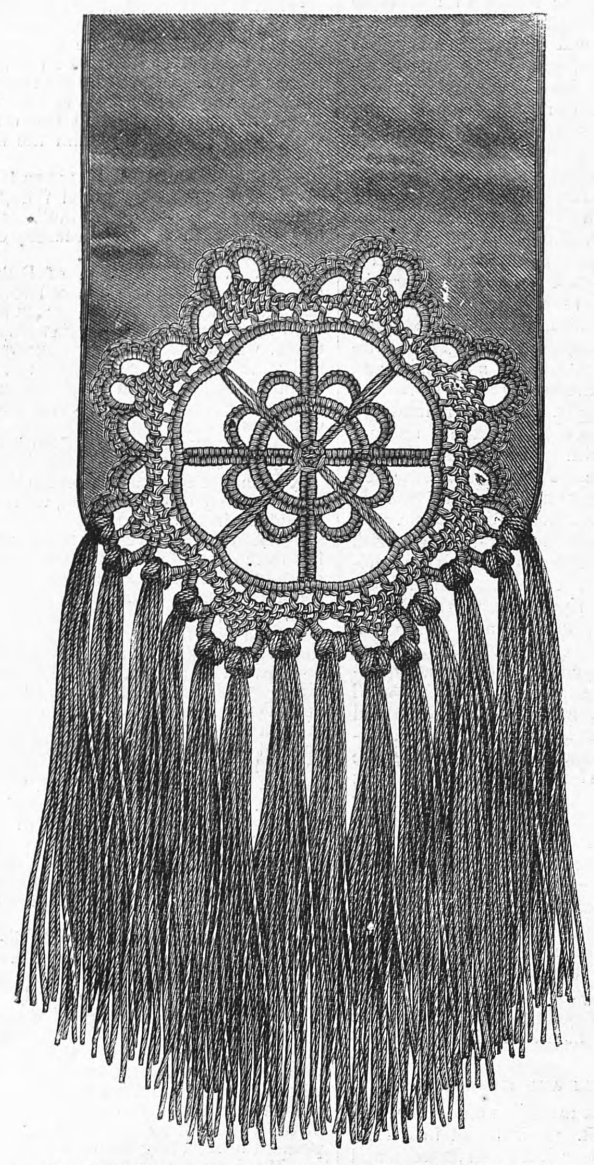
In the 6th pattern row this widening is done every 5th stitch; in the 12th pattern row, after every 6th long stitch.

For the upper border work 1 row in double crochet in every stitch of the preceding row, 2 rows in slip stitch, 2 rows in single crochet, 2 rows slip stitch, 1 row of picots or little loops. For a picot make 3 chain, then 1 slip stitch in the 1st of the chain, then miss 1 of the former row.

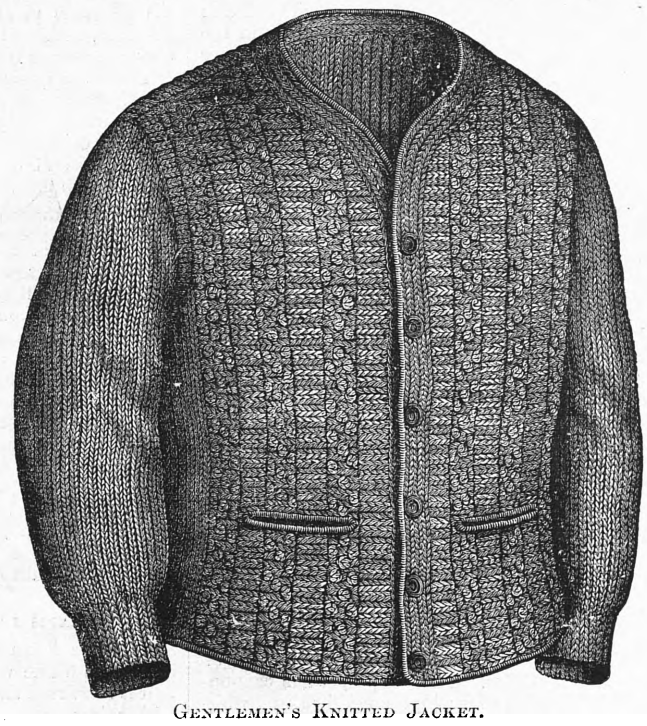
For the handle of the basket make a chain of 90 stitches, and work on both sides 2 rows of single crochet, then 2 rows of slip stitch, and 1 row of picot like that of the border of the basket. For trimming the basket as well as the handle the heavy purple silk cord is used,



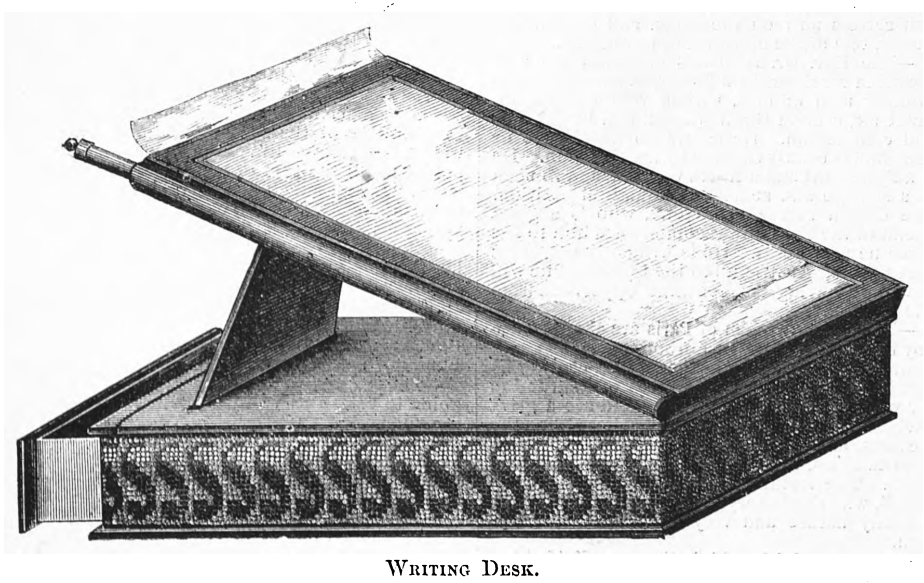
CROCHET WORK-BASKET.



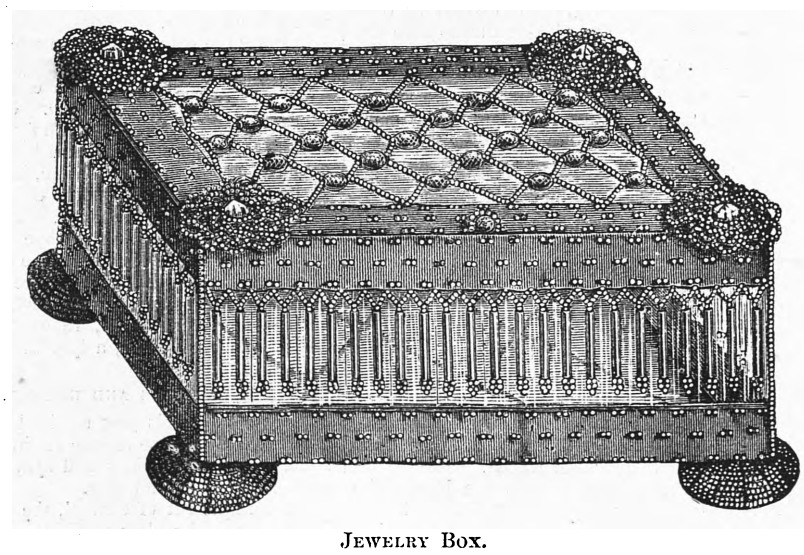
CRAVAT END WITH ROSETTE, IN WORKED GUIPURE.



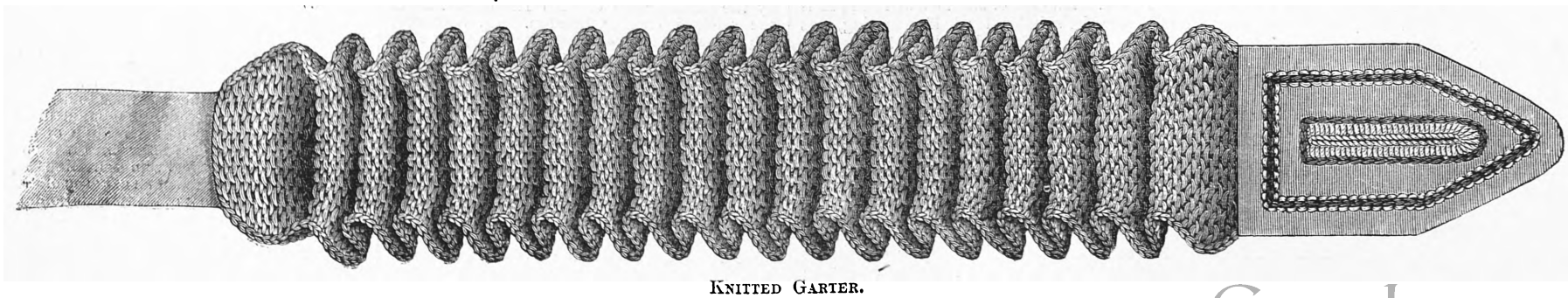
GENTLEMEN'S KNITTED JACKET.



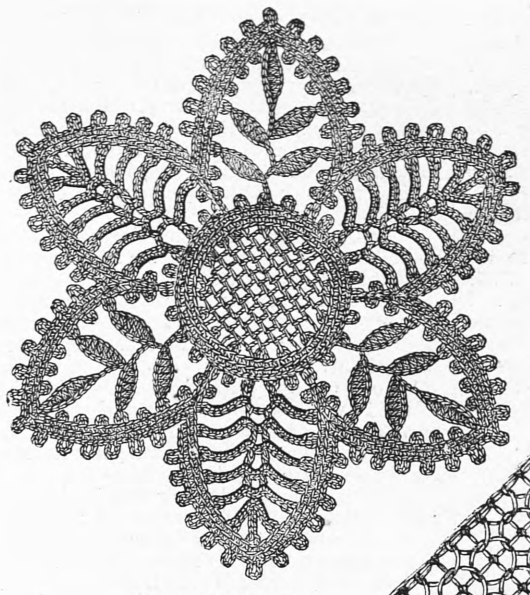
WRITING DESK.



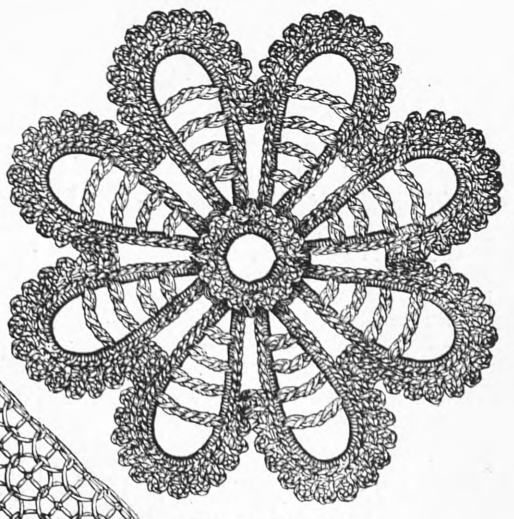
JEWELRY BOX.



KNITTED GARTER.



CROCHET ROSETTE.



CROCHET ROSETTE.

which is bound to the basket by fine chain stitches of gray silk. The upper edge of the basket and the handle are also ornamented by point russe stitches of double purple floss silk. The design represents a part of the handle of full size. When the handle is attached to the basket, it must be covered where it is sewed on by a small rosette of purple silk, in the centre of which is another little rosette made of slip stitch and picot; the latter ornament has in the middle some loops of floss silk. Finally, sew on the upper edge of the basket a little bag of purple silk. The silk must be about four inches wide, and nine or ten inches long. Sew the ends together. Make a narrow hem on one side, and a wide one on the other; then make a shirr, and in it insert the cord or ribbon for drawing it up.

Writing Desk.

See illustration, page 292.

THIS is a novel style of writing desk. The under part is a flat box, opening like a drawer, and intended to contain writing materials. It is trimmed all round with a border in bead work, and on the top with brown leather. A piece of thin wood, lined and framed with leather, contains sheets of white paper, which can be drawn out from the top when written or drawn upon. On one side there is a small case for a pencil. This slab is raised by a wooden support, as reading desks generally are. The pattern is six inches long, and four and a half inches wide. An elastic band at the top of the stand serves to keep down the slab when not in use.

Jewelry Box.

See illustration, page 292.

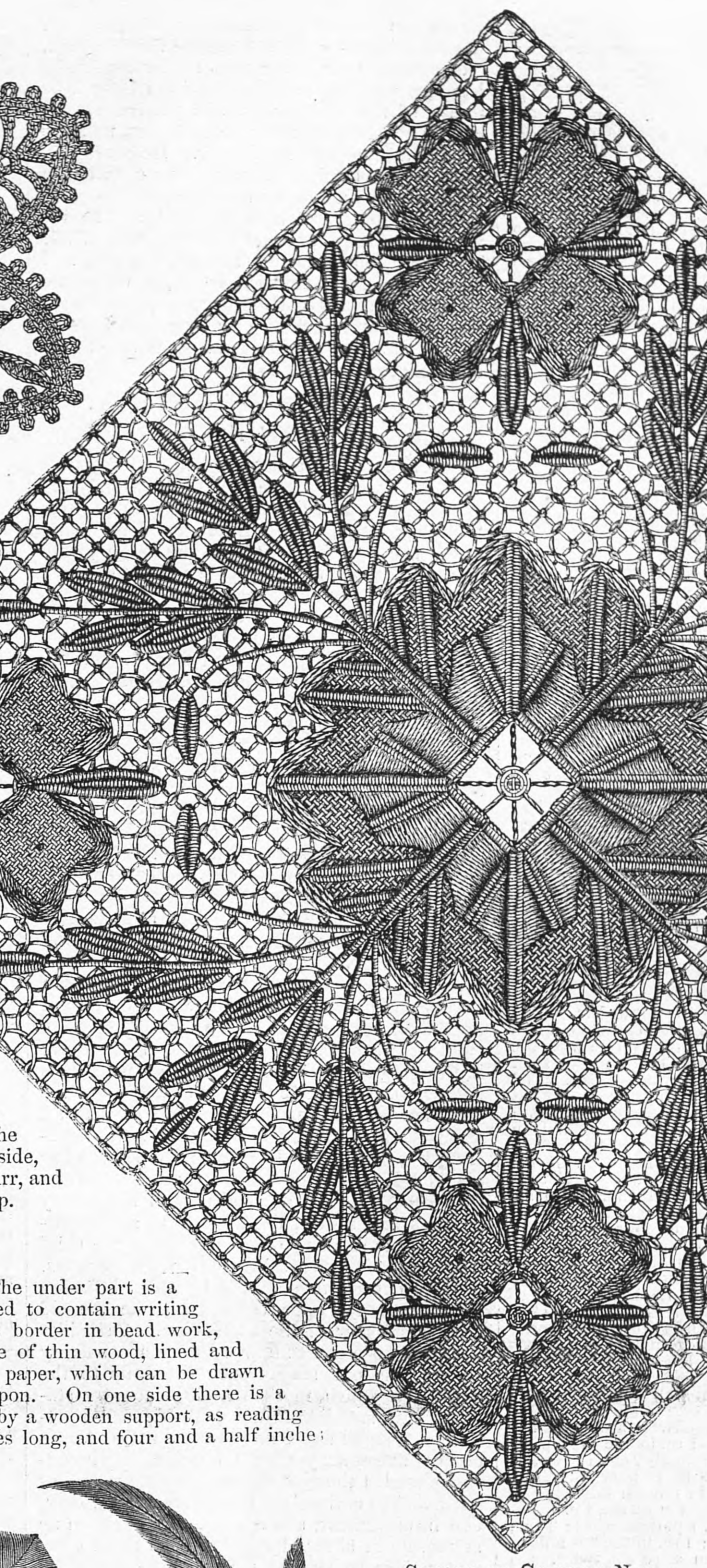
MATERIALS: 2 glass plates, about 6 inches long and 4½ inches wide; 2 other plates, 6 inches long and 2 inches wide; 2 more plates, 4½ inches long and 2 inches wide; 4 yards of rose-colored ribbon, 2 inches wide; 2 yards of rose-colored ribbon, ½ inch wide; 1 oz. crystal bugles, ⅜ of an inch long; 5 bunches crystal beads; 2½ dozen cut crystal nail heads; rose-colored silk braid; 4 wooden button moulds, each 1¼ inches in diameter; a piece of rose-colored silk, 9½ inches long and 6½ inches wide.

This little jewelry box is made of glass plates or panes, bordered with rose-colored silk, which serves to fasten them together. The trimming of the box consists of large and small crystal beads, ribbon rosettes, beads, bugle fringe, etc. The bottom of the box covers a cushion of rose-colored silk, which is filled with perfumed wadding. In making this box the six plates of glass mentioned in the materials must be procured—get good, clear window glass. The panes intended for the bottom and cover are bound all around. Those intended for the sides of the box are bound only on the long sides. First cut the ribbon according to the required length and width of the sides, allowing for the fullness at the corners. The ribbon must be doubled in the middle over the glass. On one side sew the crystal beads, putting on two beads at every stitch. The ribbons intended for the bottom are not sewed with beads. The plates are all to be bound with this ribbon, which, as before remarked, must be of equal width on both sides; join it at the ends by sewing overhand; draw the ribbon very tight, so that the plates can not slip. The plate intended for the cover is covered with a network of crystal beads and pendants. To make this net commence on one of the long sides of the cover. ∗ put 10 crystal beads, 1 nail head, and 11 beads on the needle; then fasten the thread about an inch from the starting-point, carry the needle back through the last bead, and repeat from ∗ to the end. Fasten the thread. The next row begins on the short side of the cover, an inch from the first loop: take up 10 beads, ∗ put the thread through the nail head, 10 beads, repeat from ∗. All the other rows are made like this last one, so that the flat nail heads form regular shaped diamonds on the cover.

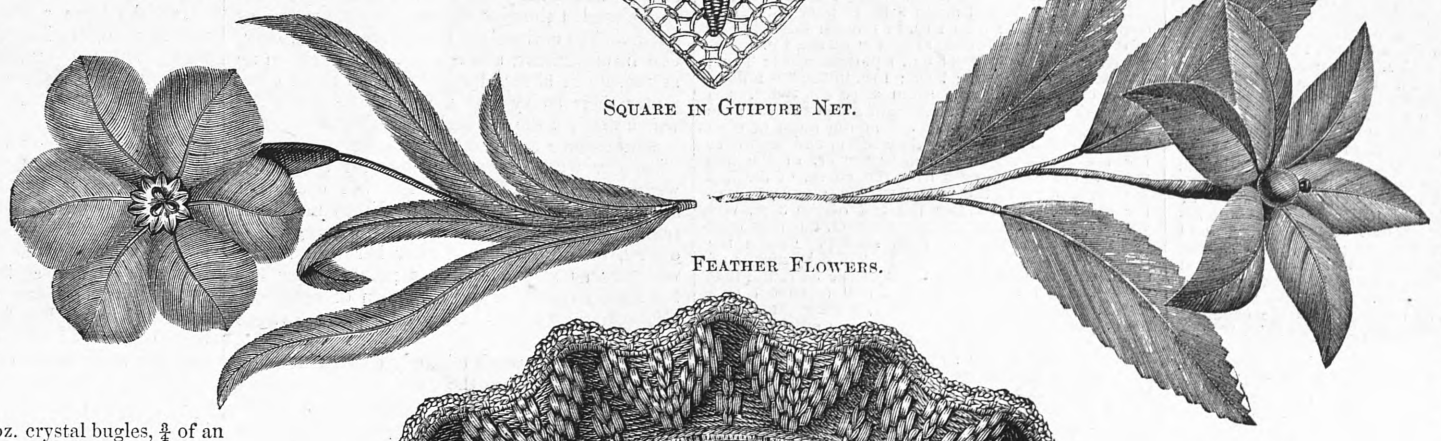
In making the last row, which must correspond to the first, the bead must be attached to the ribbon of the long side. Now join the plates of glass together by sewing the ribbon of all the short sides overhand. The bottom must also be sewed at the corners, the cover only on the two corners of one long side; the seams are covered with a row of beads.

The bugle fringe must now be made. For this purpose fasten the thread to the ribbon; take 6 beads, ∗ 1 bugle, 5 beads, put the thread back through the bugle and through the last of the 6 stringed beads; take again 5 beads on the thread, and fasten it at a distance of a full inch to the ribbon; put the thread back through the last bead, take 5 beads on the thread, and repeat from ∗ to the end.

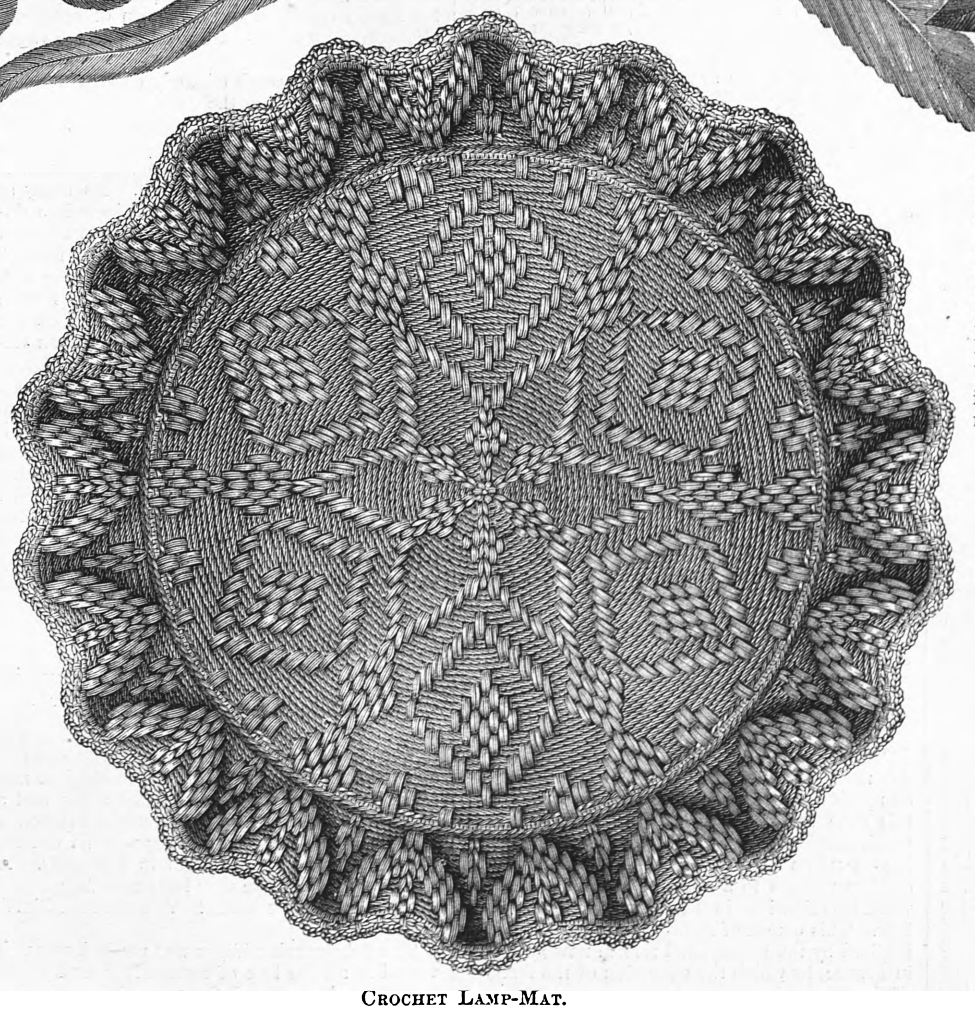
The rosettes on the cover are each about 2 inches in diameter. Take a piece of narrow ribbon, 18 inches long; this is ornamented on



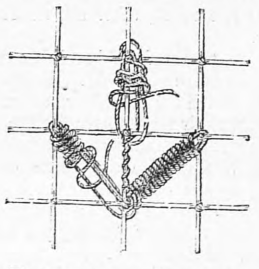
SQUARE IN GUIPURE NET.



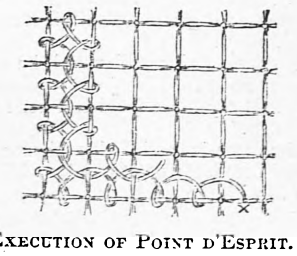
FEATHER FLOWERS.



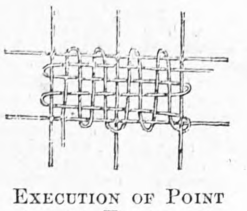
CROCHET LAMP-MAT.



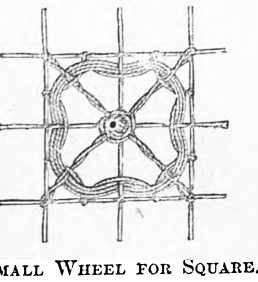
EXECUTION OF LEAF IN POINT DE REPRISE.



EXECUTION OF POINT D'ESPRIT.



EXECUTION OF POINT DE TOILE.



SMALL WHEEL FOR SQUARE.

one side with 5 crystal beads, made into little loops, that is, each loop consists of 5 beads; the other edge of the ribbon is pleated on a card foundation, sewed around until there are 4 rows on the card; each rosette is finished in the middle with a nail head, surrounded by crystal beads.

The wooden button moulds, which serve as feet, are covered with cotton cloth. Each of these is divided into 10 equal divisions by the braid which is wound around them; they are then covered between the braids with as many beads as necessary. In doing this always put the needle under the braid, then either sew the feet to the bottom or paste them on with gum arabic. Fix on the cover a bead loop for opening the box. Finish by making the little cushion of rose-colored silk and wadding; quilt in diamonds, and at every stitch place a bead. The outer border is surrounded with rows of beads.

Knitted Garter.

See Illustration, page 292.

THIS garter is very flexible. It is knitted across, backward and forward, in white knitting yarn. Cast 23 stitches on a knitting needle not too fine, and knit 5 rounds plain. In the sixth round knit the first 3 stitches; then slip the next 5, allowing the thread to lie behind the stitches. Next follow 7 stitches knitted, 5 slipped, 3 knitted. In this manner knit 9 rows, taking care that the threads of the slipped stitches shall remain on the same side, and that the 7 stitches between the slipped stitches, and also the 3 stitches, at the beginning and end, appear entirely plain on one side, and entirely purled on the other. After these 10 rounds follow 5 plain rounds, etc. The knitting is by this means laid in regular waves. Cast off when the length has reached 19 waves. Finish on one side by a double linen end with button-hole, and on the other by a linen band, which is drawn through the button-hole.

Gentlemen's Knitted Jacket.

See Illustration, page 292.

MATERIALS: 10½ oz. brown knitting wool; black woolen braid, half an inch wide.

This jacket is knitted of brown wool—the fronts crosswise, in a pattern figure, and the back lengthwise, in ordinary patent. The jacket is twenty-two inches long in front from the neck to the lower border, and seven inches wide from the arm-hole to the middle of the front. The back is 24 inches in length and 15 in breadth. Begin on the front border of the front, and cast on 188 stitches, knitting first 3 rounds in ordinary patent as follows: 1st round—Slip 1 stitch; * cast the thread around; slip 1 as if intending to purl; knit 1. Repeat from *. 2d and 3d rounds like the first, only knitting the stitch with the thread thrown over before it, and slipping the next stitch after having cast the thread around. With the 4th round begins the design, which is also knitted in patent, as follows: Slip the 1st stitch (3 stitches are required to form a rib—2 knitted stitches of the last round, and between these a stitch and the thread which was cast over in the last round). The 1st and 3d stitches are crossed behind the 2d stitch and the thread, in doing which the 3d stitch is first slipped; then the 2d stitch and thread knitted together; and last the 1st stitch slipped. Proceed as in ordinary patent. Continue in this manner to the end of the round, and knit the next round as in ordinary patent. The side on which the stitches are crossed is the right side of the work; the wrong side presents the appearance of ordinary patent. Knit 12 rounds in this manner, then follows the 2d stripe. Knit 3 rounds in common patent, then in the 4th round as follows: Slip the 1st stitch; * cast the thread around, slip 1; then knit of the following 3 stitches the 1st and 3d (this must still be the stitch and former thread) together as one stitch. The stitch between the 2 knitted ones is now slipped, after having first cast over the thread; then take on the needle the loop of the last round which lies between the stitch last slipped and the next stitch, and knit this as a stitch. Repeat from *. These 4 rounds are to be repeated twice. In working it will be necessary to pay attention to the right and wrong side of the work. The pocket-slit begins with the 2d stripe from the front border, and ends at the beginning of the last stripe. These two mentioned stripes are repeated twice. From the beginning of the work forward widen by 2 stitches at the end of every 2d round, for the neck, to the end of the 3d stripe; and from the 4th stripe forward narrow in the same proportion by knitting, in order to form the shoulder, 2 stitches together at the beginning and end of each round. After the last round cast off. The other front is knitted in the same manner, but of course in reversed order. For the back, which is begun on the under border, cast on 134 stitches, and knit 400 rounds without widening or narrowing; and further 40 rounds, narrowing at the beginning and end of each round. There are in all 27 stitches taken off, and at regular distances. Then cast off. The back and front are sewed together on the shoulder and under the arm, leaving slit, 8 inches long, for the arm-hole. For the sleeve, begin at the upper border and cast on 100 stitches. Knit 248 rounds in patent; then join into a round and knit for the wrist, with finer needles, 62 rounds, alternately 1 stitch knitted and 1 purled. Sew the sleeve together and set into the arm-hole. Then take up, on finer needles, the edge stitches on the front and upper border of the jacket, and knit 16 rounds, which must appear plain on the right side. In this make the button-holes in the left front. Then line this stripe on the under side with some black material. Bind the jacket, excepting the under border of the back, with woolen braid. Work the button-holes after having cut them in the lining also. The pocket-slits are bound with braid, and pockets set under. Lastly, sew on the buttons.

Crochet Lamp-Mat.

See Illustration, page 293.

MATERIALS: Green twisted wool; green floss silk; green oil-cloth; pasteboard.

This lamp-mat is worked entirely in single crochet, with green twisted wool and floss silk, over a 3-thread foundation of the same twisted wool. It has somewhat the appearance of damask, which is obtained by here and there leaving the foundation thread without being worked over, thus allowing it to show on the right side. The stitches which cover the foundation are all worked with silk, and embrace, besides the foundation, 2 stitches which come together from the 2 rounds; these long silk stitches form the design visible on the pattern. Begin the mat in the centre, with green silk, by a foundation of 3 chain stitches; join these into a ring by a slip stitch, and work then 2 stitches in each stitch, so that this row counts 6 stitches. 2d round—Join now the foundation threads, * and work with silk 1 stitch around the next stitch of the last round, in doing which include the foundation threads; this stitch is however finished with the twisted wool, which is here joined, and with which the next stitch is worked in the same stitch of the last round, but without embracing the foundation threads; this last stitch is finished with silk. From * repeat 5 times, so that this round counts 12 stitches. It must be observed here that the woolen stitch is always worked in the upper part of the stitch of the last round without including the foundation threads, which must remain on the right side. Also, in changing from silk to wool, or *vice versa*, the last loop of each stitch must always be formed by the thread which is required for the stitch following. 3d round —* 1 silk stitch around the next silk stitch of the round before the last (1st); 2 woolen stitches in the next woolen stitch of the last round. From * repeat 5 times. 4th round—1 silk stitch around the next silk stitch of the round before the last (2d); 3 woolen stitches in the next 2 woolen stitches of the last round. From * repeat 5 times. 5th round—1 silk stitch around the next silk stitch of the round before the last (3d); 4 woolen stitches in the next 3 woolen stitches of the last round. From * repeat 5 times. 6th round—* 1 silk stitch around the next silk stitch of the round before the last (4th); 5 woolen stitches in the next 4 woolen stitches of the last round. From * repeat 5 times. 7th round—* 1 silk stitch around the woolen stitch of the 5th and 6th rounds which lies immediately before the next silk stitch of the last round; 1 woolen stitch around the upper part of the silk stitch before mentioned; 1 silk stitch around the woolen stitch of the 5th and 6th rounds which lies immediately after the silk stitch of the last round; 5 woolen stitches in the next 3 woolen stitches. Repeat from *. 8th round—1 silk stitch around the woolen stitch of the 6th and 7th rounds which lies immediately before the next silk stitch; 1 woolen stitch in the upper part of the stitch before mentioned; 1 silk stitch around the next woolen stitch of the 6th and 7th rounds; 1 woolen stitch around the upper part of the next silk stitch of the last round; 1 silk stitch around the woolen stitch of the 6th and 7th rounds which follows immediately after the silk stitch; 5 woolen stitches in the 3 following stitches of the last round. Repeat from *. Finish according to pattern.

Widen in every round in the proportion given above, in order that the under part may not be stretched. When the mat has reached the requisite size—the pattern is about 7 inches in diameter—lay it on a pasteboard foundation of the same size, and line the back with oil-cloth; after which finish by a crochet border of the green twisted wool and floss silk. For this lay on a foundation chain corresponding to the circumference of the mat; join this by a slip stitch and work as follows: 1st round—with wool, 1 single crochet in every foundation stitch; in every 5th stitch 1 silk stitch in addition to the woolen one. This silk stitch must embrace the foundation thread. 2d round—5 single crochet of wool in the next 5 woolen stitches of the last round; then with silk, and over the foundation thread, 2 single crochet, separated by 1 chain stitch, in the foundation stitch in which the next silk of the last round is worked; 5 single crochet, with wool, in the next 5 woolen stitches of the last round; 1 single crochet, with silk, around the upper part of the next silk stitch of the last round. Repeat from *.

The pattern shows how to finish the border. In order to form the scallops it will be necessary to widen, which must be done in the middle of the gore-like figures.

The last 2 rounds of the border should be worked with silk; the one next to the last in single crochet, as shown in the pattern. The last round is composed of little waves, alternately 5 chain stitches and 1 single crochet around every 3d stitch of the last round. The border is sewed around the mat. In order to make the scallops lie regularly fasten a fine green cord on the under side of them, and crochet over it in single crochet.

Two Crochet Rosettes.

See Illustration, page 293.

FIRST ROSETTE.—The original is worked in corded crochet cotton, the centre piece being executed in lace stitch with finer thread. Begin the rosette with the central row, and work as follows: 1st round—* 2 ch. (chain stitches); 1 p. (picot) downward—this kind of p. is formed by making 4 ch., taking the needle out of the stitch, inserting it in the 1st of the 4 ch., again taking up the dropped stitch, and drawing a loop through both on the needle. Repeat 16 times from *; then 1 sc. (single crochet) in the 1st ch. of this round, by which it becomes joined in a ring. The picots must all be pointed inward. 2d round—* 1 sc. in the next stitch; 2 sc. in the following stitch of the last round. From * repeat in the round so that this round counts 67 sc. 3d round—1 sc. in the 1st stitch of the last round; 4 ch., 1 sc. in the same stitch of the last round; * 3 sc. in the next 3 stitches; 4 ch., 1 sc. in the same stitch in which the last of the 3 sc. was worked; 2 sc. in the next 2 stitches; 4 ch., 1 sc. in the same stitch in which the last of the 2 sc. was worked. From * repeat in the round, working only 3 sc. between the 4 ch. picots 3 times in succession toward the end of the round. The round must count 27 such picots. The outer picot scallops of the rosette are worked by means of the description of the 2 following rounds. The leaves and twigs are worked in singly afterward. 4th round—1 sc. in the next p. of the last round. * 8 times alternately 2 ch., 1 p. downward; then 7 ch. and again 8 times alternately 1 p. downward; 2 ch.; then 1 sc. in the 4th following p. of the last round: 4 times alternately 2 ch., 1 p. downward; after this 7 times 3 ch., 1 p. downward; 3 ch.; 4 times 1 p. downward; 2 ch.; 1 sc. in the 5th following p. of the last round. From * repeat twice. 5th round—7 sl. in the 1st 7 stitches of the last round; the remainder entirely in sc.; but at the point of each scallop work 3 sc. in the middle stitch, and pass over the 7 stitches before and after the sc. of the last round. 6th round—pass over the 1st sc. of the last round; * 3 sc. in the next 3 stitches; 4 ch., 1 sc. in the same stitch in which the last of the 3 sc. was worked. From * repeat in the round, but pass over the first and last sc. of each scallop. Fasten the thread at the end of the round Tie it by means of an sc. to the middle p. of the 3 of the 3d round that were passed over by a scallop, and crochet 7 ch.; fasten this to the 3d downward p. on the right side of the scallop (take the needle out of the stitch and insert it in the p., then draw the stitch through this); then, returning on the 7 ch., 1 sdc. (short double crochet); 5 dc. (double crochet); 1 sdc., by which one leaf is formed; 1 sc. in the same p. of the 3d round in which the sl. was worked; 1 leaf like the former fastened to the corresponding p. on the left side of the scallop. The leaves can be finished by reference to the pattern; they are worked in every 2d scallop. In each of the untilled scallops work a twig in backward and forward rows of ch., sc., and sdc.

SECOND ROSETTE.—This rosette is to be commenced in the centre. Make a foundation of 12 ch., join by a sl. On the ring thus formed crochet, as the 1st round, 24 sc. 2d round—* 3 sc. around the next 3 stitches (catching both the upper edges of the stitches), 24 ch., 1 tc. (treble crochet) in the 12th stitch from the beginning; 2 ch.; 1 tc. in the 3d following ch., 2 ch., 1 dc., 1 sdc., always in the 3d following chain, and separated by 2 ch.; 2 ch.; 1 sc. in the same stitch in which the last sc. before the 24 ch. was worked. From * repeat 7 times, by which the 8 scallops are formed. 3d round —2 sc., around the 1st 2 sc. of the last round *; then 3 sc. around the next 2 ch.; 3 sc. on the chain stitches between each dc.; 24 sc. around the 12 ch. of a scallop; again 3 sc. around the ch. between each dc., and 3 sc. around the last 2 ch. of the scallop. From * repeat in the round and fasten the thread. 4th round—1 sc. in the 9th stitch of a scallop *; 14 times alternating 1 p. (picot, that is 5 ch., 1 sl. in the 1st ch.), 1 sc. in the 2d following stitch, passing over 1 stitch; then 2 ch., 1 sl. in the 9th stitch of the next scallop. From * repeat in the round, but join the 1st 2 picots of every scallop to the last 2 of the last scallop. Lastly crochet on the stitches of the 1st round a round composed of alternately 1 sl., 3 ch., in these passing over 1 stitch. In working the sl. insert the needle in the perpendicular row of stitches.

SOCIAL REFORM IN FRANCE.

FATHER HYACINTHE, of sensational sermon fame, has, after a long silence, again lifted up his clear, ringing voice in Nôtre Dame, and this time has not only startled Paris but very much shocked the Church. He has been preaching on "The Family," and his aim has been to awaken parents to a sense of their holy and inviolable obligations in the education of their families. This course of sermons seems to have been inspired by the educational reform now going on in France, by which the education of the females of the family is taken away from the nuns and other agents of the Church and committed, in part, to professors of the University. The support given by Father Hyacinthe to this scheme, which the Bishop of Orleans has violently denounced, has aroused the anger of the Church. Not content with doing this, Father Hyacinthe has also aroused the jealousy of the Church by praise of the Protestants, and particularly by contrasting French with foreign homes, much to the disadvantage of the former. He soars very high above the spirit that can see no good but in its own communion, and delights to recognize goodness wherever it is to be found, and hold it up to the admiration and the invitation of all. The example of England, Prussia, Norway, and other Protestant countries, he holds up to the admiration of his countrymen, as presenting a far better habit of family training than France, and manifesting its results in a purer sentiment, both religious and patriotic.

MOTHER ANITA.

NO long-robed abbess, moving with stately step among her nuns and novices—only the daughter of a poor Cape Cod fisherman was this "Mother Anita," whose little story I am going to tell you, translating it from the rough phrase of the rude but kindly people among whom I spent my last summer's vacation, into a few simple words of my own. I do not think that you will call it a sad story; it was not such to me, although I traced it backward from its closing chapter written on marble in the little graveyard:

MOTHER ANITA,
Ae. 26.

Not sad, since death, coming however early, can not mar the proportions of a beautiful life. The power of the iconoclast stops with outward form—the fair ideal remains for evermore a part of the world's incorruptible treasure.

Anita's sweet, foreign name suited her well. Perhaps its choice had been guided by some subtle mother instinct, springing, arbutus-like, out of the rough soil and amidst the stern snows of circumstance.

Her features were a rare study, combining the beauty and nameless grace for which we do not often look among those whose very life seems a continual war with hostile elements. But Nature, in touching the face of her child to a marvelous perfection, had acted in tender obedience to the great law of compensation traceable through all the works and ways of God—for Anita was hopelessly hunchbacked. Her deformity was the key to all her life. Doomed to a certain solitude and isolation from the work and play of her sturdy brothers and sisters, debarred from active participation in so many of their interests, the child was thoughtful and sensitive far beyond her years.

Some natures thus shut in by bodily infirmity have contracted upon themselves, like the old torture-chamber of the Inquisition. I shudder even now to recollect how once upon a solitary journey, as our stage-coach drove up to the lonely inn which marked a little country station, I saw, standing in the road-side with averted face, a small figure no taller than an ordinary child of five or six years old, but strangely broad-shouldered, I thought, for one so young; and as I still looked curiously it turned about with slow, defiant movement, and a woman's face gazed up at me, dark, bitter, despairing—the black eyes, under their heavy brows, full of the fierce fire which marked the gradual starvation of a soul!

Anita's face expressed a far different history. The sorrowful mystery of her lot sometimes weighed very heavily upon her, but could not shake her simple trust that God who made her remembered and loved her still. The rough fishermen, who often looked after her with tender whispers as she passed, felt perhaps that her brow grew saintly under its crown of suffering, although they would hardly have put the vague fancy in words.

The long, low reach of sandy coast, extending for many miles along the Cape, is always peculiarly dangerous for vessels disabled by a northwest gale; but the oldest sailors could remember no more fatal season than the fall and winter when Anita was eight years old. As many as twenty sail were known to go to pieces in a single dreadful day upon the bar outside the harbor of the little fishing village. There was no lack of brave hearts and willing hands to give aid, when aid was possible; but too often human strength and sympathy stood powerless on the shore and saw the pitiless surges engulf their victims, leaving no trace behind.

Sometimes an incoming wave, like some huge feline creature, would toss its helpless prey, in cruel sport, far up the sandy beach, and so it happened that one night a spar, with the form of a woman lashed upon it, was dropped at the very feet of Anita's father, sturdy John Grey. When the piece of sailcloth fastened about her was unwound, a child was found tightly clasped in the arms of the poor dead mother—a little boy perhaps of a year old. John Grey, feeling hastily for the little heart, thought he discerned some lingering thrill of life, and set off for his cottage at a swinging run, leaving his companions to follow more slowly with their sadder and heavier burden.

Anita, who had been standing at the window, straining her eyes into the darkness, and listening in awe-struck silence to the boom of the breakers and the rush and roar of the storm outside, met him at the door with outstretched arms, and a look which seemed to comprehend the situation in a moment. Scarce knowing why he did so, the fisherman laid the child in her arms. A wonderful light broke over her eager face.

"Oh, mother! mother! You can save him!" she cried.

The fisherman's wife, as was needful, was well versed in all the lore of restoratives, and before two hours had passed the poor little waif thus snatched out of the teeth of the sea slept peacefully in Anita's arms. A royal child he was, strong-limbed and beautiful, the blue net-work of veins showing with startling distinctness through the white, transparent skin of his temples. His little garments testified to the proud and tender care which had been taken of him; but nothing found upon him or his poor mother gave any clew to their identity. The sea kept its secret well, for no other token of the hapless wreck ever came to land.

"Well, mother," said John Grey's gruff but not unkindly voice, one day, "the little un must go to the Asylum, I s'pose?"

"I don't know," was his wife's hesitant answer,. the universal mother tenderness looking through her eyes; "maybe we could keep it ourselves, John?"

"No!" was the decided reply. "No! the child'll be well took care of there, and you've got no extra pair o' hands for baby-tendin', let alone its bein' hard enough sometimes to put bread into the mouths of our own."

Anita rose up from her low seat by the fire, with the baby gathered close to her throbbing heart, and stood before her father. Some great change had come over her; for one brief moment the soul within seemed to wrest from an untoward fate the boon of erect grace for the childish, misshapen form. Two sparks like fire glowed in her eyes, and her lips were pressed tightly together.

"Anity! Bless me! what ails the child?"

"Father!" she said, pointing over her shoulder; "Father, I am not like other children. I never can do what they do, or have what they have. Sometimes I've thought I wasn't of any use. Give *me* the baby!"

The fisherman tried to draw her down upon his knee. There was a world of unspoken tenderness in the rough caress.

"Child," he said, "what could you do with it—a little thing like you?"

"Oh! I could take care of him—I know—I know I could!" she answered, her voice falling into a low recitative, the undertone of resistless emotion. "No one need mind him but me, and I would never, never be tired! Oh, father! father! God gave him to me out of the roaring seas—to *me*, father! You won't take him away?"

He drew his coarse sleeve across his eyes.

"What do you say, mother?"

His wife was weeping.

"Anity's a handy little thing, and powerful womanly for her age. I guess we might let her try, father."

The unnatural glow faded from the child's face, the little strained figure relaxed, and she sank down in her place, sobbing hysterically. As her tears fell on its forehead the babe turned uneasily; but at its first low moan Anita was quiet in an instant. A marvelous expression of age and self-reliance came into her face. She held the child closer, and commenced a low, crooning lullaby.

The fisherman rose and went out, beckoning to his wife.

"Mother," he said, "I've a notion it's God's work for the child—leastways, I can't gainsay her!"

Months were counted into years, and there was none to interfere with Anita's strange adoption. The boy—"Rescued" was the odd, old-fashioned name she gave him—developed into wonderful beauty. Anita seemed to have no life but in him; at home and among the neighbors she came to be known only as "Mother Anita," or "The Little Mother." So proud of him she was! From the first she seemed to have accepted it as a quiet certainty that he was fashioned of a finer material, and for a higher sort of life, than she had known. She was never quite content without him at her side. How much she suffered as he grew old enough to be taken sometimes with her father and brothers in the boat, was hinted by the red glow in her cheeks, and the restlessness of every look and motion, till she had him safely back again.

City people, who began to find the little village pleasant for a summer's fishing and bathing, were quick to make friends with the deformed girl whose spiritual face, radiant with love for her beautiful young charge, attracted them like some rare picture. Many offered her gifts of money, which she declined with gentle gratitude, asking for books instead—always adding, apologetically, "to teach *him*, you know." So it happened that a various library accumulated by degrees in her little chamber. As she read and studied glimpses of a new world opened before her, but as the little that she learned only hinted at what she could never know the sad conviction forced itself upon her that she could, after all, never be her boy's teacher.

The great wrench of her life came when Rescued was twelve years old. Judge Thorne, with his wife and little daughter, came down to the sea-shore, their hearts sore for the recent loss of their only son. The strong resemblance of Rescued to her dead child quite overcame Mrs. Thorne, as she chanced to see him for the first time playing on the beach; and when his strange history was told her she begged her husband to take him for their own.

When Judge Thorne preferred his request to old John Grey he shook his head.

"Not but 'twould be the makin' of the boy, Judge Thorne, but you see my darter—why! the little mother 'd grieve to death if Rescued should be took away!"

But as the Judge still urged, he said at last, "There's no use talkin'; but if you'd like to hear what she'd say herself, I'll call her in, for there she comes!"

Anita came in, and Judge Thorne stood half abashed before the quiet dignity which comported so ill with the small, deformed figure. Having once heard Anita speak, one must respect too much to pity her. Unconsciously he dropped the manner with which he had spoken to her father,

and in a few broken, heart-felt sentences, plead his doubtful cause.

Anita grew deadly pale, and her finger-tips, resting on a table beside her, were white with pressure, but otherwise she seemed calm and quiet, never once taking her eyes from Judge Thorne's face, reading him through and through.

"I will answer you to-morrow," she said, when he had done; then she turned away and went up to her own room. What fierce conflict she waged there with her own heart we can never know, but her unselfish love conquered at last.

With the autumn the little Rescued went to his new home.

"You shall come to us often, Anita," Mrs. Thorne had said, but the quiet answer was, "No, Mrs. Thorne, it is not best—it would be all the harder to leave him again, and my place is here."

The little mother's face grew somewhat paler and thinner; but there was no other outward change, except that the wealth of care and tenderness which she had lavished for years upon the one beloved object was distributed now to bless and cheer the many.

It was she who gathered the little children of the village together into a school, which she taught not so much from text-books as from shells and stones and flowers, planting in their young hearts that seed of love for God and all that He has made, which would spring up by-and-by in a plentiful harvest of faith and right living. It was she who read the Bible to the old; who smoothed the pillow of the sick; who wept with the widow and the orphan; whose sweet voice put in words the last prayer of the dying.

She herself sickened at last, wasting slowly but surely.

"I don't think we'd ever rightly known how much she suffered all her life," old John Grey said to me as we sat together in the church door one Sabbath afternoon after service, looking toward the grave-yard, whose simple stones were shining in the prophetic glory of sunset. "She was so cheery and patient-like, never talkin' of herself. It was so to the last. There was only one thing she longed for after she felt she couldn't live, and that was to see the boy again. She hadn't seen him for six year, for the Thornes had been in England for that long. As she got weaker she mourned the more. 'Oh! I want to be willin',' she used to say; 'but if it could be God's will to let me see him once more!'

"There was a heavy storm the night she died. The wind howled around the old house, and we could skerce hear one another speak for the noise of the sea. I never can forgit how she looked as she lay there a-listenin', with her white face and her eyes so big and bright. All to once she spoke: 'It's eighteen years ago to-night,' says she, 'in just such a storm as this, that God sent my boy,' and while the words was in her mouth I heard a noise of wheels outdoors, and a stamping on the steps, and the kitchen-door opened, and *he* come in—man-grown and tall and stout—a likelier lookin' lad I never laid my eyes on, but the same Rescued after all!

"'How is she?' he whispered; 'we landed last week, and it's only yesterday I heard through Jacob Thompson that she was sick.'

"I held up my finger for him to speak lower, but it was no use—she'd heard him, and she started up in bed, with her lips apart and her eyes on the door. I beckoned to him then, and he come in. 'Oh little mother!' he just sobbed, and she put her two arms around his neck without a word, and he laid her down gently. Oh, Sir, you never saw such a face! You know how the Good Book says they saw Stephen's—well, hers was like that.

"Somehow words didn't mean much then, and we all kept still. He sat by her and held her hand till near midnight; then a change came over her. Her eyes had an odd look, and we could see she wasn't with us any more. All at once she raised up. 'He's wakin' up,' she said, 'the precious lamb!' and then she begun to sway herself back and forth, and to sing the little song she used to rock him to sleep with:

"'Sleep, little one, like a lamb in the fold,
Shut from the tempest, safe from the cold—
Sleep, little one, like a star in the sky,
Wrapped in a cloud while the storm-wind sweeps by!'

"Her voice grew fainter and fainter, and sweeter and sweeter, and so she died."

THE PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LAST week was a lively one at Paris. The severe cold that we had experienced for three weeks frightened our fashionable ladies; with the thaw their gayety revives. We have had a ball at the Tuileries, a ball at the Hôtel de Ville, and half a score of other official assemblies, without counting the first representation at the Théâtre Français of "Paul Forestier," a play in verse by Emile Augier—a literary solemnity impatiently expected for more than a month past, and for which all the seats were taken a fortnight before the performance. Its success has been prodigious and well-deserved, despite a somewhat delicate subject, and the faults in the fourth act, which is inferior to the first three. The company at the French Theatre contributed greatly to the poet's triumph, especially Mademoiselle Favart, who was so brilliant that none can longer dispute with her the rank of the first star on the first French stage.

The audience was not less interesting than the stage, the élite that it is agreed to style all Paris being there in full force. The Emperor, owing to a slight indisposition, was not present. The Empress also was detained by the bedside of Princess Bacchiochi, who has broken her thigh, and whose condition inspires some anxiety. The Princess is at Rennes, and is unable at present to be removed to Paris. With the exception of these two great personages the whole court was present. Princess Mathilde was in the Imperial box with Princess Murat, opposite Prince Napoleon and Princess Clotilde, the latter in a charming toilette of white faille, trimmed with bias folds of cherry satin. She wore a Greek coiffure of cherry velvet, and very long diamond pendants in her ears. Princess Mathilde wore a pearl-gray dress and a Marie Antoinette mantelet *à volant*, of the same material, with long ends falling behind. Her white bonnet, with broad lace barbs, was trimmed with a wreath of eglantine.

The following details respecting the ball at the Tuileries may be interesting as a specimen of what is worn this winter in the fashionable world.

The Empress's toilette was yellow and white. The under-skirt was of yellow tulle *bouillonnée*, and was trimmed with a branch of *galega* (a sort of acacia), which formed a curve in front. The tunic of white tulle was caught up at the sides by rows of agrafes of precious stones, emeralds, rubies, and amethysts, encircled with diamonds, alternating with each other and growing larger toward the bottom, with a spray of acacia depending from each. The ends of the broad sash of yellow satin fell very low behind on the tunic. The *bouillonnée* corsage was ornamented on the front and the shoulders with brilliants, which also thickly studded a long black ribbon worn around the throat. Her coiffure consisted of sprays of galega, mingled with the long curls of the chignon, and a half wreath of diamond leaves in front.

Princess Mathilde was also in yellow, but of quite a different fashion. She wore a gold-colored satin dress, with a tunic of *point d'Angleterre*, very long behind and short in front, and caught up at the side with wide black velvet ribbon, confined at the top by a bouquet of violet dahlias. She wore a large coronet of diamonds on a Greek coiffure.

The Princess Murat appeared in mauve satin over a puffed skirt of white tulle. The puffings were separated by slender rouleaux of mauve satin. The dress itself was bordered with seven of these little rouleaux, and was caught up on one side only with a diamond agrafe. Diamond bandeaux in the hair.

Princess Metternich was in white tulle, thickly studded with bouquets of violets. Sash of lilac satin. Lilac Louis XV. coiffure, very voluminous, with a profusion of curls behind, and one long ringlet brought forward, with a spray of lilac attached to the end.

Princess Poniatowski wore a dress of white tulle, striped horizontally with white satin ribbons, and trimmed round the bottom with a wide flounce, surmounted by a bias fold of blue satin; with a large veil of white tulle falling over the whole. Her style of coiffure was most original; the hair turned back in front *à la Marie Stuart*, and rolled under at the back in the Middle Age style, with a single diamond flower at the side.

Marshal Canrobert's wife was remarkable for her blue dress, almost the only one at the ball, for blue is not in favor this year. The dress, nevertheless, was charming, owing to the daisies embroidered by hand with which it was thickly studded. Her hair seemed powdered with diamonds, through the numbers of diamond-headed pins that were scattered like stars among her crisped hair.

Two beautiful American ladies, the Misses Beckwith, wore empire dresses with tunics of white satin, looped with bunches of flame-colored grasses. The Countess de Lima was in white tulle with a corsage of pink faille, low and square, and of a wholly new shape, that is, laid in fan-shaped pleats in the front and back, *à coquille*.

Several very original toilettes were seen at the ball given by the German Association in behalf of its charitable fund; among others, that of Princess Metternich, who was the President of the Committee of Lady Patronesses, and who wore a dress of yellow tulle *bouillonnée*, with a black corsage embroidered with gold, a tunic in the form of a court mantle, looped behind with broad, black ribbons, and over all this a green satin sash. It needed the perfect ease and graceful manners of the Princess to carry off this fantastic costume. It is said that she was somewhat discomfited for a moment on finding herself opposite a well-known young boot-maker in the dance, but that she did not therefore dance with the less spirit.

Madame Erlanger, *née* Slidell, likewise one of the lady patronesses, was lovely in a toilette of tulle *bouillonnée*, over which was thrown a veil of pink tulle, without a single jewel, but only a rose on one side of the low corsage, and another in the midst of the crisped puffs of her hair. The divine Patti, whose marriage with the Marquis de Caux has been three times positively announced, and a fourth time solemnly contradicted, and who, instead of becoming a Marchioness, is content to remain a star, appeared in a cloud of white tulle, sprinkled with diamonds, as befitted a youthful divinity. Madame Worth, the wife of the celebrated man-dressmaker, was remarked for the immense size of her *paniers*, which called to mind those of Queen Marie Antoinette. Whether this is a presage of the fall of crinoline, none can say positively, for the use of *paniers* has not yet been adopted outside of women of the greatest elegance. The skirt of Madame Worth was looped behind by a long spray of smilax, which extended from the front like a chain.

Balls are not the only place where Parisian elegance can be seen. It appears elsewhere in many other forms which need to be understood, for it is the first condition with a woman of fashion always to have dresses suited to whatever occasion may arise. Last Thursday the assembling of the Corps Legislatif presented a fine opportunity for the display of walking dresses. The announcement of a speech by M. Thiers always attracts a crowd, and on this day the interest was heightened by the expectation of the début of M. Pinard, the new Minister of the Interior. M. Thiers, as usual, held the audience enchained by his words, and for three hours and a half made them forget his seventy-four years, as he seemed to forget them himself, scarcely stopping during all this time to take a draught of water, or to use his nankeen-bordered handkerchief. M. Pinard followed; but the measured, precise, and magisterial words of the new Minister left the Chamber cold and the audience indifferent.

As to the dresses Madame Sheider, the wife of the President of the Chamber, wore a dress of black and white *pekiné* satin, with a polonnaise of the same; a young lady, accompanying her, had a dress of gazelle satin, a velvet paletot of the same shade, with passementerie trimming to match, and a mantilla-bonnet of black lace, trimmed with a cluster of small gazelle velvet dahlias. The wife of Marshal Canrobert was in plain mauve satin, gored, with high corsage, and white blonde bonnet, trimmed with a wreath of mauve velvet primroses.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

AMONG the curious and convenient novelties of the Paris Exposition was a "Norwegian Kitchen," constructed on non-conducting principles. It is merely a small box, so arranged as to keep all the heat in it. It requires little care; boiling water put into it will retain its temperature for many hours, and meats and vegetables immersed in the water will be cooked in due time without any special supervision. Now, of course, such a kitchen as this would be a wonderful saving of expense; and really some one interested in the promotion of American economy, and the general comfort of American housekeepers, should introduce this contrivance. In the first place, an astonishing reduction of coal bills would immediately ensue—for the breakfast fire would cook the dinner—and how genial that reduction would make *paterfamilias* feel! In the second place, no array of kitchen servants would be needful; one would be enough to attend to the cooking and every thing else, since this new-fashioned cooking kitchen takes care of itself. And what a relief would this prove to those distressed ladies whose lives are vexed from day to day with friction of every kind among their household corps! "Ah! this grievous trouble of managing servants!" sighs many a fretted lady, who helplessly wishes she could get along with a single maid, and absolutely envies the light-heartedness of young Mrs. A., who keeps house, just across the street, in three or four cozy rooms, and is not bothered with any servant at all.

The origin of many domestic difficulties is want of due consideration for the feelings of servants. Yet, on the other hand, those seeking employment are often foolishly and provokingly exacting. The same spirit is frequently exhibited here as that shown by a cook in London, who not long ago, being out of a situation, asked a lady to assist her in procuring one. A place was soon found. "But pray, mum," inquires Mrs. Cook, before accepting, "does the family 'ave *cresses?*" "Water-cresses for breakfast? I'm sure I don't know," answered her patron; "but what can it signify?" "Excuse me, mum," interposed the applicant, "I mean cresses on their carriage, note-paper, liv'ry, and ceterer—" "Oh! armorial bearings, you mean?" said the lady. "I really can not tell you." "Because 'm, I recly couldn't undertake a situation where they wasn't a cress kept. You see, every genteel family 'as a cress; and—" "And you positively make that a condition?" asked the lady, quietly. "Sutt'nly, mum," says Mrs. Cook. "Footman kep; washing put out; bear, tea, and fam'ly cress." "Then, I really think," said the lady, "that you had better look out for yourself."

Speaking of these domestic trials, the following incident is *apropos:*

A Parisian lady, who fostered a large collection of gold-fish, recently took an Irish servant into her household, and intrusted her with the charge of them. Perhaps the lady relied too much upon her imperfect English, for the new attendant seemed to gain but one idea, namely, that the fishes themselves were to be kept scrupulously clean. Biddy rose early, the mistress slept late. In a day or two the fishes seemed to be in trouble. Some died, and others were swimming languidly, with their golden scales singularly broken and discolored. Happening to rise rather earlier than usual, on the third day, the mistress found Biddy at her morning occupation. The thirty or forty gold-fish lay panting and floundering upon the table, and the industrious servant was vigorously taking up one after the other and rubbing them with a towel! She was "keeping them clean!"

A young lady in Detroit, evidently ambitious of fame, has performed the feat of skating for thirty consecutive hours without sleep, and only thirty minutes' rest during the time. She is seventeen years of age, and of Bohemian parentage. Between twelve and fifteen hundred spectators witnessed the conclusion of the performance. This special exhibition of strength and endurance chanced to come to a safe termination; but how easily might it have been otherwise! Such extraordinary exertions are always unsafe, and, as there is no useful end to be gained, seem foolish. Not long ago two young women waltzed themselves to death on a wager of a gold ring, in the city of Vienna. They danced until they fell exhausted to the floor, and soon after died from disease of the heart.

During the session of Congress—the gay and fashionable season at Washington—the various Receptions given by prominent individuals form a leading feature in social life. Those open to the public are largely attended by citizens as well as strangers; yet the prevailing refinement of American society is indicated by the universally well-bred and agreeable company who gather in them. This is peculiarly true of *some* of these receptions; not merely of the private ones but of those which are free to all, where, with the absence of undue formality, there is the presence of thorough refinement and cheerful sociability. These receptions are often described in a general way—"largely attended," "brilliant throng," "elegant toilettes;" and even with more detailed delineations of the Hon. Mrs. A——, who wore a rich dress of pink moire antique with point lace collar and pearl ornaments; Mrs. Senator B——, in black velvet dress, cut low in the neck, with jet ornaments; the fascinating Mrs. C——, superbly attired in a black and white brocade silk; and the beautiful Miss D——, charming in blue silk dress, Pompadour waist, and lace spencer.

But these details, entertaining though they may be to some, are not what the great throng of strangers, living in various sections of the country from Maine to California, who go to Washington for a day, a week, or a month, desire most to know. They may be wholly unacquainted with Washington etiquette, but wish to see something of social life, as exhibited in receptions. For the benefit of such, even at the risk of repeating what is very familiar to many, we will say that the local newspapers announce the receptions which are public. Those given at the White House are universally so, as also, during this winter, those given by General Grant, Speaker Colfax, and others. If, for example, you desire to attend a reception given by the President, or by the ladies of the Executive Mansion, tasteful evening dress is desirable. Indeed, it is regarded as rather a breach of etiquette to go otherwise arrayed—although on a recent occasion we saw a few ladies in dress hats and velvet cloaks, or shawls, and walking dresses; while there were even some scattering spectators in ordinary traveling garb. Ladies should have their hair (or *the* hair, as the case may be!) prettily arranged—that being nowadays of paramount importance. On reaching the Presidential Mansion you can go to the dressing-room; but there is no necessity of doing so if you plan otherwise; and as it has been currently reported that many valuable wraps have been stolen from dressing-rooms on similar occasions, it will be entirely suitable for the gentleman with you to throw your opera cloak or shawl over his arm before entering the Blue Room. The gentleman should mention the name of the lady he escorts, with his own, to the official near the threshold, by whom both are presented to the President; and then again to the one whose duty it is to present visitors to the ladies—Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover. Then passing into the large East Room the way is open to join the throng of promenaders, where there is ample opportunity to examine elegant toilettes and bright faces, to listen to gay conversation, and take note of the general aspect of affairs. No form is needful in leaving.

We have recently seen it stated that General Grant's residence is exceedingly well adapted to the holding of receptions. Undoubtedly this is in general true; but on the occasion of his last reception, we were unable to view it in that light, or indeed, scarcely in any other light! Perhaps it was the fact that it was to be his last reception for the present, and also the rumor that Dickens might be one of the guests, which made the crowd so much greater than usual. But certain it was that we were a full half hour going from the carriage to the parlor-door—and a very short distance it was. The constantly arriving guests took their places in regular order, and patiently, and almost imperceptibly, made their way toward the entrance. A genuinely good-natured crowd it was, too; jokes were passed, and many a merry laugh was heard, though bareheaded ladies might have longed for warmer wrappings, and silently bewailed their elegant dresses, hopelessly rumpled and crushed by the press. A line of people leaving the house seriously interfered with those entering, or *vice versa*. And when at length the hall was reached a surging mass, striving to pass in every direction, made the scene one of extraordinary confusion. "Would we go to the dressing-room?" By no means; not while we heard ladies, absolutely locked in the crowd, lamenting that their wrappings were far away, and declaring they had a mind to go home without them. The parlor-door once gained we were duly presented to General and Mrs. Grant, both of whom stood under the assault of this army of friends with steadfast bravery. The parlors were crowded like the hall; trains must have been at a discount; certainly none were to be seen; only a dense mass of heads; and if, perchance, the style in which any lady's dress was trimmed, or the ornaments she wore were revealed to the public eye, she might well congratulate herself on having had more than the general allotment of space.

A very strange but authentic story is related in one of the Kansas newspapers. Quite recently a lady while dressing her infant discovered the head of a large darning needle protruding from the child's breast. In an instant she drew it forth, and found it to be one of the very largest of darning needles! The child had been very restless for two or three days; and from various circumstances, which were recalled to mind, it was supposed that during the absence of the mother a boy, who is about four years of age, climbed to where the pin-cushion was hanging and took therefrom a needle, and ran it into the infant's breast. How much the child suffered can only be imagined, but it is now doing well.

Not long ago an invalid child in Savannah was locked into a bedroom by the person in charge of him while she went shopping. She thought him safe there; and to be sure he was safe on her return. But on the following day she discovered that *the bed had been on fire in three places;* and, on questioning the child, found that it had been playing with matches, had three times set the bed on fire, and as often extinguished the flames by patting them out, "because he didn't want to burn up Aunty's bed." Mothers and those in charge of young children can draw their own inferences from this incident.

A Cincinnati journal records a dreadful disaster which occurred at Trinity Church in that city. The waterfall of a lady, as she arose from prayer, suddenly exploded, scattering the contents far and wide! Nobody seriously injured.

In Tunis women are fattened before marriage. A girl, after she is betrothed, is cooped up in a small room; shackles of gold and silver are placed upon her ankles and wrists as a piece of dress.

The food used for this custom, worthy of the barbarians, is called drough, and is very nutritious. With this seed, and their natural dish cascascia, the bride is literally crammed, and many actually die under the spoon.

Hair Dressing.

THESE tasteful and becoming styles of arranging the hair are easily executed. Though they all require a considerable quantity of hair, any natural deficiency may readily be supplied by artistically-made braids, curls, and chignons, which form the most elegant of all head-dresses, and which can be easily made to look precisely like one's own hair.

MARIE ANTOINETTE COIFFURE.—In this, as in all the other styles which we give, a small braid is made of the back hair, which serves to fasten the chignon. Part the hair in a line from ear to ear; tie the back hair low in the neck; brush the front hair upward, and confine it by means of a hoop of shell, jet, or gold; then arrange it in a puff, passing the ends underneath the same. Knot the back hair low in the neck, then carry it loosely upward, and finish with a bow on the crown. Two long curls, falling behind, and short curls in the neck complete the coiffure.

JOSEPHINE COIFFURE. — For this, make of a strand of the back hair a braid on the crown from an inch and a half to two inches long. Then wind the back hair over a crêpé which covers the entire back of the head, in the manner shown in the illustration, taking care to hide the crêpé completely. The ends of the hair are concealed under the chignon. The chignon comb is fastened in the small braid which we have mentioned, and which serves to hold it more firmly. The front hair is waved, brushed upward, and arranged as shown in the illustration. A long curl, with short curls in the neck, finishes the coiffure.

AMBASSADRESS COIFFURE.—This coiffure consists of a chignon of heavy braids and twisted strands. The front hair is arranged in the manner shown in the illustration, with short curls, and a Josephine lock. A velvet bandeau with bow and ends is placed on the hair.

SÉVIGNÉ COIFFURE.—This coiffure is well suited to evening dress. The back hair falls in long curls from the crown low in the neck. If the hair is not long enough a chignon of curls can be used over another of braids or twists. The front hair is waved, and arranged as shown in the illustration. A coronet, formed of leaves, ribbons, and a bow, completes the coiffure.

"MARIE ANTOINETTE."—FRONT.

"AMBASSADRESS."—BACK.

"MARIE ANTOINETTE."—BACK.

"JOSEPHINE."—FRONT.

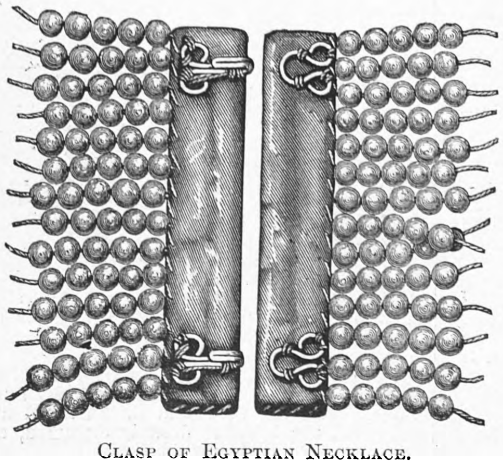
"JOSEPHINE."—BACK.

"SÉVIGNÉ."—BACK.

"AMBASSADRESS."—FRONT.

Egyptian Necklace.

THIS pretty necklace is made of several strings of wax or crystal beads, falling low in the neck, as shown in the illustration. The original consists of fourteen strings of wax-beads, the shortest of which is fifteen inches long, and each succeeding one a third of an inch longer. These beads are fastened at the end to two loops of ribbon-wire, covered with silk, and finished with hooks and eyes. The accompanying illustration shows this fastening of the full size.



CLASP OF EGYPTIAN NECKLACE.

EGYPTIAN NECKLACE.

Lady's Knitted Overshoe.

MATERIALS for the pair: three ounces red 12-fold worsted wool, half an ounce gray double zephyr.

Such an overshoe as that designated by the illustration is intended for carriage wear, over thin evening slippers or gaiters. The model is knitted of red 12-fold zephyr, and is similar to a ribbed stocking. The top is of gray double zephyr. Begin by casting on 60 stitches; then knit 28 rounds patent. Next splice on the red wool, and knit 50 rounds ribbed two each way. The heel now begins. This is knit like the preceding, in a ribbed pattern, and is cast off like a stocking. Take up the side stitches of the heel, and knit 62 rounds further in ribs. Now begin the tapering off by narrowing on both sides (each side of the sole). This is done by knitting 2 stitches together on each side of every round so that the ribs come together like a wedge. When 14 stitches only remain between each point of narrowing, lay the upper and lower together, and knit every two opposite stitches like one stitch.

Square in Guipure Net.

See illustration, page 293.

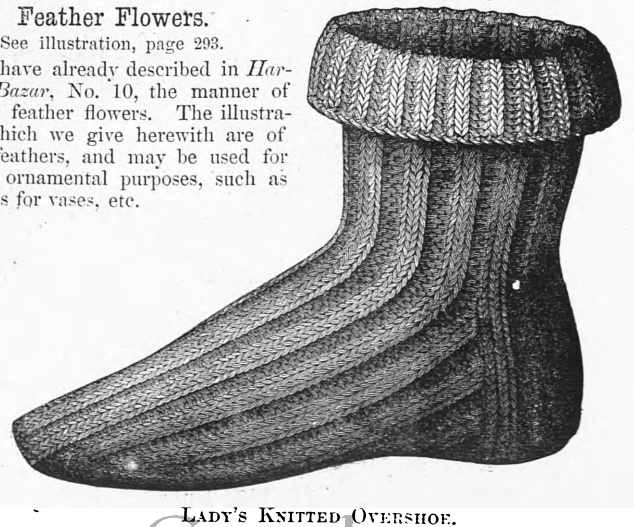
THE design of this square is very beautiful. The flat embroidery of the central figure is especially pretty on the point de toile. Several such squares joined together form a pretty cover; singly, they may be used for covering toilette-cushions and the like. The entire foundation for a cover may also be netted at once, and the designs repeated as many times as may be required. The square counts 26 meshes in length and as many in breadth. Work the foundation with medium size linen thread over a netting mesh of half-inch circumference in backward and forward rounds, beginning at a corner with two stitches foundation, and adding a stitch at the end of every round till the number of stitches counts 27; work on that one round in the same number; then diminish each round by one stitch at the end till only two stitches remain. These last two stitches are tied together in a knot without forming a new stitch. In order to work the guipure, for which finer thread is used, the foundation must be stretched on a little frame. Next, fill this out with the exception of the spaces allotted to the central and four corner figures in the so-called point d'esprit, the working of which is shown in the accompanying illustrations, and form, as shown, the wheels, or webs, which make the centres of the figures above mentioned. Then stitch, collectively, the meshes intended for the close figures of the foundation in point de toile, and border them, as shown in the illustration, with point de reprise. The outer edge of the central wheel is worked in close scallops. Then embroider in flat stitch as shown in the pattern. The relief-like leaves and twigs, which are worked in the square in point de reprise, can be formed by reference to the accompanying illustrations.

"SÉVIGNÉ."—FRONT.

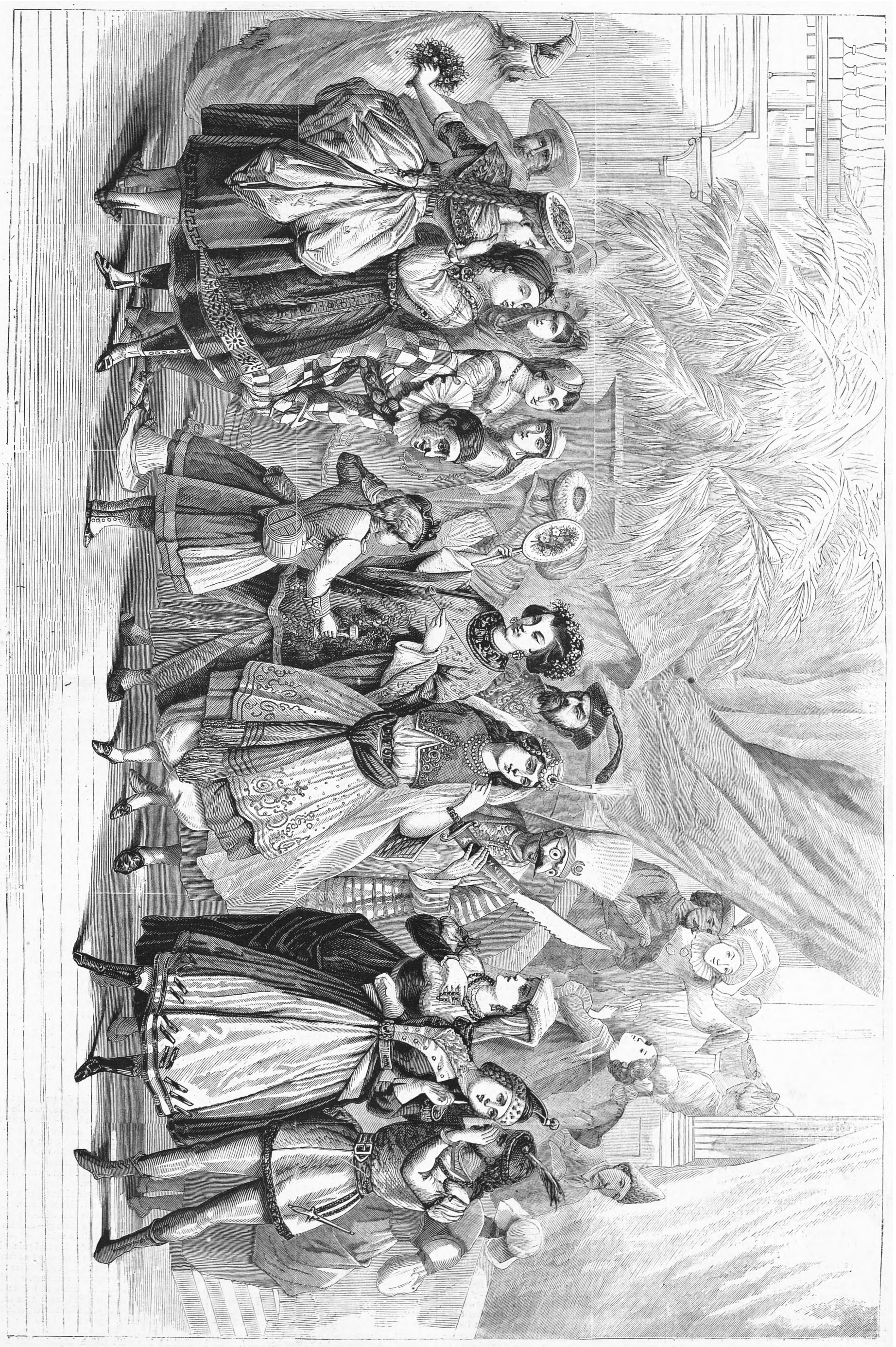
Feather Flowers.

See illustration, page 293.

WE have already described in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 10, the manner of making feather flowers. The illustrations which we give herewith are of doves' feathers, and may be used for various ornamental purposes, such as bouquets for vases, etc.



LADY'S KNITTED OVERSHOE.



THE MASQUERADE PARTY.—[SEE PAGE 298.]

MY LAST MASQUERADE.

EVERY one is said to have his forte; and I have lately discovered that mine is masquerades. I have a liking for them. In the first place, a masque rather improves my personal appearance. I have a sublime consciousness that none can make me look worse, and a clear impression that some may make me look better.

In a former Number mention was made of a little masquerade which I attended, and an illustration was given. In the present Number you will find a sketch of the last one which I honored with my presence, executed by my facile pencil.

Not quite understanding all of the characters myself, it occurs to me that a slight explanation may be necessary. This I will now attempt for the benefit of the readers of the *Bazar:*

In the first place, it must be understood that the affair came off up town in one of the finest houses on Fifth Avenue. Modesty forbids me to mention the owner; but, lest an erroneous impression should go abroad, I will merely state that it was not mine. The piano was taken out of the parlor for the occasion, and a palm-tree planted in its place. You see it there in the background. It looks a little like a large feather-duster; but that is the fault of the engraver. I drew a very good tree; but in cutting it he attempted to outdo me, and has indeed succeeded in carrying away the palm—in removing all idea of it, in fact.

The most superficial observer can not fail to detect the Orientalism of the scene. Indeed nearly all who are seen are Orientals. There is the Chinese lady in the fore-ground, to whom you have before been introduced. Some objection was made to inviting her, on the ground that she did not belong to the established Church; but the giver of the entertainment quietly remarked, Shall we not take our Chinese in our inn? and put her down on the list. Besides, he urged, what should we do without our Tease?

To that thought, perhaps, I also was indebted for an invitation; it certainly would not do to slight a Bohemian.

It was well that they were not too particular about whom they asked, for at the last moment the party looked so small that it was suggested that the lame, the halt, and the blind should be called in.

Not having any cripples convenient I am going out to maim a few men on the avenue, after which the courtesies of the evening will be extended to them. That is I with a huge notched knife. It is easy enough to raise the blind, you see, at a moment's notice, by just stepping to the window.

The military-looking man, with a slouched hat and full beard, whom you see on the extreme left, is General Grant. He has little to do for the maintenance of the rôle but to stand still and say nothing. Unfortunately, he had his voice shot away in action.

In the two girls, one of whom bears a bouquet and her arm, which seems to be establishing a lean on her shoulder, you have specimens of the finest peasantry in the world. Their costumes show that they are not Irish.

The chap with checked garments, doubled up in a heap, is a merry Andrew—his last name is not Johnson, for he could scarcely be "merry" were he that "Andrew."

The little girl with a keg on is a vivandière. As it is expected that the party will continue after twelve she has made a wise provision in view of the excise law. Never could she have been one of the foolish virgins who started to have a time of it without filling their kegs. She is extending a cordial glass, or a glass of cordial, to the Chinese lady.

This is not holding the glass up to nature, but to ill-nature, apparently, for the daughter of Confucius seems about to strike her with a fan. Think of a fanning mill in a drawing-room, and between ladies, too! What chaffing there would be!

As before explained, that is I with the notched knife, attired as a guardian of the harem. It is considered a unique dress.

The lady on my left has just made a joke, and is inquiring, Did you see it?

I reply, Yes, I saw it, suiting the action to the word by experimenting on my engagement finger, as you will notice in the engraving, adding, I saw it but a moment, on finding that the thing really scratches.

The lady makes answer that I am always full of strange saws and modern insolences, and goes off wrapping a string of beads round her neck, as though she found me too cool.

The other lady, with helmet, epaulets, and a double row of buttons down the front, is a female warrior.

It might seem at first blush that the fellow bending his face near to hers was an explorer, and bent on discovering the mouth of the Amazon, but not so. That is Hamlet, and he is asking her whether she is a hail fellow well met, or a well fellow, helmet, in revenge for her having asked him a few minutes previously why his soliloquy was like an uncut quarter of pork, explaining that it was because it was Ham let alone, bidding him, too, to go his ways, for she knew his trichinæ and his manners.

The couple immediately on my right are Turks. Those are turkey feathers in their caps. From one lady's wearing a sash round her waist it might be inferred that she has a secret pane somewhere, but there is no telling about women; you can't see through them, even when they seem lighted up with emotion. This lady is very pretty, but that is no good and sufficient reason why she should be dancing up and down on my toes, as you see she is doing in the picture.

It is all very well for persons to tread the light fantastic toe, but none of mine come under that category, and I am not fond of having them trod.

In the back-ground, on the stairs, you see a tableau, representing the prison scene in Marie Antoinette. Ristori and her critic will be recognized as the central figures; the latter has just finished an ode to tired Nature's sweet Ristori, and is repeating it to the tired-looking jailer, who vainly waits for balmy sleep to come in. The figure leaning against the pillar is Grau, disguised as an Indian chief. He has been quite successful, and thinks there is a season for every thing—even Italian opera.

As for the other figures miscellaneously scattered around, I know little about them. Evidently none are lay figures, since all are standing up, and their silence indicates that they can by no possibility be figures of speech. If any readers of the *Bazar* want the credit of having been at my masquerade, they can buy a copy, seize upon any unoccupied, undescribed, and indescribable figure they please, and, like stern melancholy, mark him or her for their own. I promise never to let on about it.

But if any really wish to attend my masquerades and be furnished with first-class costumes and conundrums, they must apply either personally or by letter, giving references from their last party, and stating whether or not they have any objection to going a short distance into the country.

INIGO.

WILD ROSES.

I WALKED in the joyous morning,
The morning of June and life,
Ere the birds had ceased to warble
Their sweetest of love and strife.

I walked alone in the morning,
And who so glad as I
When I saw the pale wild roses
Hang from the branch on high?

But the day was all before me,
The tumult of youth's delight—
Why bear a burden of roses
Before the calm of the night?

So I kissed the roses and lightly
I breathed of their breath divine.
It is time when I come back, I said,
To make the sweet roses mine.

I returned in the joyless evening;
I yearned with passion then,
For the pale and peerless roses
I never should see again.

For another had taken delight
In color and perfume rare,
And another hand had gathered
My roses beyond compare.

I may wander east, may wander west,
Wherever the sun doth shine;
I never shall find the wild roses,
The roses I thought were mine.

ST. CECILIA.

COLD—bitterly cold—the ground hard frozen, like a granite rock—the sharp wind piercing to your lungs like the sudden stab of a dagger—the air full of frigid, mocking brilliance, such as one might fancy glimmers through the jeweled ice-mountains of Arctic wildernesses! So faded away the orange splendors of the chill February sunset, and pale little Janet Colyer, watching its dying light from the school-room window, thought of the golden beds of daffodils she had played among as a child, and almost fancied, like Tennyson's love-lorn hero, that they had blossomed anew, in a sort of floral resurrection, on the far-off edges of Cloud-land.

Poor Janet! She had need of a glimpse of poetic imagery once in a while to cheer her prosaic life. What with decimal fractions, words of three syllables, concealed anarchy and flat rebellion within her limited kingdom, she had had a hard day's work, with the legacy of a severe headache at its end.

"That's right, nurse!" said Master Joseph Trevor, hammering noisily away at the disjointed limbs of a wooden toy by the red, shining grate, "take the children away. I and Miss Colyer are tired of their racket!"

"And ain't you comin' to your tea, Master Joe?" demanded the portly Irish woman.

"Me? No! What do you take me for?" disdainfully responded this representative of Young America. "*I'm* old enough to eat my dinner with the folks down stairs. Besides, Jack's coming to-night, and I want to hear all about Japan, where the natives walk about with plates turned upside down on their heads, and long braided pigtails—think of that, nurse! I ain't sure but I shall go as cabin-boy myself, next time the *Icaria* sails, if one's mother didn't make such a foolish fuss!"

"Nurse" retreated with her small convoy of children, holding up both hands, and sorely bewildered by the discrepancy that existed between Master Joseph's molasses taffy and wooden rope-dancer, and his very mature and ambitious views on the subject of foreign travel and Japan!

"You see, Miss Colyer," went on Joe, patronizingly, "I'm getting sick of this multiplication-table business, and half a dollar a week isn't enough pocket money, so I guess I'll strike out in a new direction. Don't you wish *you* were a man, Miss Colyer?"

"Sometimes, Joe."

She was leaning her chin on her hand and looking musingly into the fire.

"*I* do," said Joe, desperately flinging the members of the wooden dancer upon the red-hot coals. "Well, Miss Colyer, here goes for the parlor!"

Janet stood by the fire, listening vaguely to the series of perilous leaps by which Master Joseph descended to the lower regions. Her head *did* ache very badly; it would have been an inconceivable luxury to lie down on the old crimson-covered lounge for a while, or to sit and doze in the easy-chair, with shut eyes and relaxed energies. But luxuries were not in Janet Colyer's line.

"If I am to be a governess all my days, I must try and improve myself," she thought, letting down the red moreen curtains, and lighting the gas. And she sat down to her crayon drawing with a little sigh of depressed resolution.

She was a slender, black-eyed little creature, with jetty, arched brows, and a tiny, mournful mouth—hollow-cheeked and grave—a girl whom you would have called "rather pretty," and nothing more.

Yet Janet Colyer had had a lover once, who had worshiped the very ground her small feet trod on!

A soft mist hung on her eyelashes, obscuring the serene face of her half-completed "St. Cecilia," as the merry echo of voices and laughter floated up from the rooms below. Not that there was any rank growth of jealousy in Janet's nature—not that she would have joined them if she could—but it *was* hard to be so entirely alone! And the indescribable chill of home-sickness crept over her heart as the fog creeps up on some lonely headland at night—the bitter, bitter home-sickness of one who has no home.

Crimson carpets, soft as the first velvet moss of the spring forests; ceilings tinted with creamy gold paneled in gray; curtains that swept in waves of deep red color to the floor—this room was not much like Lieutenant Audley's narrow cabin on the stanch old *Icaria*. Nor was there aught suggestive of the bitter winter blasts in the basket of waxen japonicas, and crimson roses, and scented geranium leaves that exhaled spicy currents of perfume from the gilded table under the chandelier.

Antonia Trevor sat at the piano, softly striking melodious octaves and stormy chords of chromatic sweetness, with one hand, while she talked to her cousin. A tall, fair-haired beauty, with a skin like alabaster, large, china-blue eyes, and red, dewy lips; she knew just how to make the most of her natural advantages, and looked exceedingly lovely in her light-blue silk dress, with English violets drooping amidst the yellow meshes of her beautiful, abundant hair.

Lieutenant Audley looked at her, as he walked slowly up and down the long room, as one might contemplate some beautiful, soulless picture.

Nature had not made Antonia a good talker; but she tried her best, now, to amuse and entertain the cousin whose convalescence from a wearisome illness kept him from outside diversions, and threw him, as it were, into her power.

"It seems so strange, Jack," she said, with a little melodious laugh—a laugh she "did" very well, and prided herself upon.

"What seems strange?" he asked, brusquely.

"That you, reared in luxury and accustomed to every refinement, should so decidedly prefer the hardships of naval life, and the outlandish ways of foreign countries!"

John Audley stopped, facing his pretty cousin, and leaning against the marble mantle where an alabaster Psyche bent over him with tender outstretched arms.

"I would rather be on the salt-water, even were it as a common sailor, than to live the most luxurious life as a landsman," he said, deliberately.

"Then society has no charms for you?"

"Society—a mere name for the hollowness of forms—a whited sepulchre—a galvanized skeleton, dressed up to counterfeit vitality!"

"Dear me, Jack, how horrible! But your home and your friends—"

"They contrive to exist exceedingly well without me," he answered, a little bitterly. "What ties have I, like the rest of my kind? What should keep me at home?"

The china-blue eyes drooped beneath their long golden lashes—the softest rose-tint crept up into Miss Trevor's cheek.

"Nothing, of course," she said, plaintively, "unless our wishes—*my* wishes—have some weight with you!"

Lieutenant Audley bit his lip; had he been alone he would have broken into a whistle. There were other dangers than those of the deep sea, Malay pirates, and typhoid fevers. Miss Antonia Trevor was laying formal siege to the snug little property that Jack, honest-hearted sailor that he was, contemplated with so little self-gratulation. He looked Antonia full in the face with a curious smile. She colored in spite of herself, and tapped her foot on the floor with ill-suppressed vexation that she should have shown her cards so very plainly.

"You are tired, Jack? I keep selfishly forgetting how weak you must be."

"Not tired, thanks—only *ennuyée*. I'll run up stairs and see the little folks a few minutes before dinner, Antonia."

And there was an end of the tête-à-tête that Antonia Trevor had planned so skillfully. *Ennuyée* and in her presence! Who but a stupid sailor would have confessed to such a feeling! Antonia could have cried from anger and mortification.

Janet Colyer started from her drawing as the door swung open, and Lieutenant Audley walked, unannounced, into the solitary precincts of the school-room. And, perhaps, all things considered, the sailor was quite as much surprised as she.

He turned red and white—paused an instant, and then advanced.

"Jenny! Jenny Colyer!"

Poor Janet! She rose up, and sat down again, trembling like a forlorn little autumn leaf, as John Audley's warm, strong hand closed so firmly over her cold palm.

"You won't speak to me, Jenny? I know we parted coldly; it was a ridiculous quarrel, and I was wrong all the way through. But you'll forgive me, Jenny? You'll not bear malice *now?*"

She tried vainly to draw away her hand.

"I—I don't think you understand, John. You are Mrs. Trevor's guest, I suppose—and—and I am only the nursery governess."

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, impetuously. "I don't care if you are the scullion, Janet! Tell me that I am forgiven!"

Ah, poor St. Cecilia! she received very little more attention that evening. So absorbed in reminiscences of olden time were the naval officer and the nursery governess that even the ominous sparkle of Mrs. Trevor's steel-gray eyes, as she swept past the partially open door, half pausing as she did so, failed to attract their notice.

At length the silver tinkle of the state dinner-bell summoned Lieutenant Audley to the formal party below. He rose.

"And you, Janet?"

"Oh, I dined long ago, with the children and the nurse. I am only governess, you know; and I never go into the rooms down stairs."

When he was gone, and Janet was all alone, she leaned her head against the top of the great easy-chair, so happy, so ineffably peaceful; and her hollow cheeks glowed with a delicate, peachy pink as she repeated softly to herself,

"I think—I am almost sure—he loves me yet!"

Alas! all our blissful dreams come to an end sooner or later, and Janet Colyer's brief glimpse of Elysium was no exception to the general rule.

She always came down to her little school-room early, but on the morning that succeeded her short-lived happiness there was an occupant even more punctual than herself—Mrs. Trevor, in rustling robes of heavy black silk, and eyes as hard as balls of glistening steel.

"Good-morning, Miss Colyer," she said, in measured accents. "You will find on that table four dollars and seventy-five cents—the amount now due you, I believe?"

Janet took up the money with trembling fingers. What new avalanche of evil was impending?

"Is it correct, Miss Colyer?" grimly questioned the elder lady.

"Quite so, Madam."

"Then have the goodness to pack up your things and leave the house immediately."

"Mrs. Trevor!"

Janet caught at the table for support; the room seemed to swim round her.

"I believe I render myself intelligible, Miss Colyer. And, although I do not feel myself under any obligations to state the cause of your dismissal, I have no objection to tell you that I can not harbor under my roof any person who conducts herself toward an engaged gentleman as you did toward my cousin, Lieutenant Audley, last evening, I—ahem—I really shudder to think of my children being exposed to such very questionable influences!"

"Mrs. Trevor," said poor Janet, desperately, "will you state my offenses a little more clearly? I am unaware of having in any way deserved this unkind, unwomanly language. Nor did I for an instant imagine that Lieutenant Audley—"

"There is an—an understanding between him and his cousin Antonia," said Mrs. Trevor, tapping her fingers uneasily against the window-seat. "Further than this I really must be excused from any argument or conversation with you. Be pleased to hasten your preparations."

Janet looked confusedly at Mrs. Trevor.

"Madam, I am homeless, almost penniless. You can see the falling snow—you hear the wind. Give me until to-morrow morning at this time."

"Not one hour," sternly returned the matron. "I have told you what to expect. I wish to see my orders carried out immediately."

There was no further remonstrance on Janet's lip. Silently she made up her little packet of worldly goods—ah! how slender and small it was!—silently she crept down the softly-carpeted stairs, and went out into the blinding whirls of snow with a fever of resentful anguish at her heart that made her happily unconscious of the howling blast and eddying drifts of snow.

"The most unaccountable thing in the world, my dear John," said Mrs. Trevor, turning the solid silver faucet of her gorgeous coffee-urn. "Gone away before any of the family were up, leaving no clew or message as to her whereabouts. I really fear there must be something wrong with her brain. An old acquaintance of yours, you say? Dear me—how romantic!"

Lieutenant Audley did not reply; but his frank ear somehow detected the hollow ring in his cousin's soft voice.

"There has been underhand dealing here," he thought to himself, indignant, he scarce knew why. "Poor Janet—poor little suffering, solitary Jenny! I *will* find her, or—"

What the alternative was we are never destined to know.

Did John Audley imagine for an instant what a hopeless affair it was to search for a little nursery governess through the brick-and-mortar wildernesses of New York? Not he! Years ago, when the little *Icaria* lay under the murderous fire of Fort Fisher, he had looked calmly at the seemingly impregnable fortifications with the quiet resolve to conquer or die. Nor was his resolution a whit less firm now.

He had a motive at last, and he pined no more for foam-crested billow or salt sea-breeze.

But the slow days came and went—the gradually lengthening days of February—and his eager, feverish search was all in vain.

John Audley was growing thin and pale. Not but that his convalescence progressed as favorably as he had any right to expect, but his mind was racked with incessant surmises, agonized doubts lest Janet had in reality fled from *him*, instead of being, as he had at first conjectured, expelled from the house by his manœuvring relatives.

"I loved her. She might have known it. And she might also have known that I would not persecute her with selfish importunities if she

chose to refuse me. Oh, Janet! my little lost Janet! if I had but the slightest clew to this strange enigma!"

The gray dusk was gathering in the narrow street, whither the restless impulse of motion had unconsciously guided John Audley's unquiet footsteps, when suddenly a brace of brilliant gas-lights flashed into the dark dinginess of a "second-hand" store window, where violins and smoothing-irons, carpets, crockery, and accordions seemed to elbow one another in the general confusion. And, in the midst of the *mêlée*, coarsely framed in tawdry gilt, smiled down the heavenly face of the crayon "St. Cecilia" that Janet Colyer had been working at *that* evening.

"Did you wish to buy it, Sir?" demanded a sharp-faced female, in a dirty worsted shawl, who was mending lace behind the counter. "It's some Catholic saint or other; it was drawed by my up-stairs lodger, a Miss Colyer—a nice little creetur, Sir, but very poor, and one nat'rally gets uneasy when the rent ain't paid reg'lar like."

John Audley hesitated a moment—but he conquered the first eager impulse. He purchased the sweet-eyed "St. Cecilia" and left the little second-hand store, glad to escape from its close and stifling atmosphere.

"No," he thought, "I will not venture to force myself upon her until I can be sure that my presence will not be unwelcome. And how to ascertain? Oh, true-love's kindly saint, never mortal needed thy benison more than I!"

Clear and cold the next day dawned; but Janet Colyer had no money to spend in coals, and consequently her little room was very, very chilly, as she moved quietly about, with the cruel sunshine playing on her jet-black hair and a faded shawl wrapped round her slender shoulders.

"Miss Colyer!"

She had not heard the tap, and started as the sharp-faced woman who "tended shop" below stairs entered boldly into the room and sat, panting, down on the side of the bed. The color mounted into Janet's cheek.

"I—I am very sorry about the rent, Mrs. Carson: indeed it shall be paid, as soon as—"

"Oh, 'twa'n't the rent," said the woman, with a chuckle; "I've paid myself. Your picter of the woman a-playin' on the harp was sold last night, and the price jest covered the back rent. Ten dollars, with the price of the frame took out. 'Tain't that as I've come about—it's a note."

And from her greasy apron-pocket she produced a little white missive, which she laid on the table, and departed as abruptly as she had made her appearance.

Janet took up the note and broke the seal, with a half-defined apprehension of some new evil close at hand. It was very brief.

"Janet," it said, "do you remember the days of our boy and girl love? By the memory of those long-past hours, I beseech you to look favorably on my petition. Janet, if you love me still—if you think you can learn to love me—give me but one glance of your eyes, one flutter of your hand, to tell me that I may have you for my life-long treasure. Janet, I am awaiting your answer."

That was all. Yet it came like a new pulse of life to tired, weary Janet. He was not engaged to blue-eyed Antonia Trevor—he loved her, and her alone—he had been faithful to her through time and separation! She tied on her little black silk bonnet, with the one battered rose in its trimming; she adjusted the faded shawl, trying the while to still the beating of her happy, tumultuous heart, and came down the narrow wooden stairs light as a bird, yet almost fearing to wake and find it all a sweet dream.

But it was no baseless delusion of a disordered brain. Lieutenant Audley was there, awaiting her—pacing up and down the street, with eyes whose eager wistfulness unconsciously betrayed the fevered anxiety that was burning within him.

"Janet?" he said, inquiringly, as he took her hand.

"Yes."

"*My* Janet—my little, dark-eyed jewel!" he murmured, drawing her arm close within his.

You never would have taken them for a pair of lovers, so quiet and commonplace was their appearance as they walked through the streets; and so they went, composedly, to a little church whose gray gables nestled in a neighboring street, like some ghostly relic of the past, and were married, in the shifting, frosty brightness of the winter morning.

"For I can't afford to run the risk of any more misunderstandings and separations," said Lieutenant Audley, resolutely.

"I declare, it's too bad, Jack," said Miss Antonia Trevor, affectedly tossing back her flossy, golden ringlets. "I haven't had a single birthday present all day—and I'm nineteen. You know, our birthdays are the same, with ten years interval of age—and I've a *great* mind not to give you the slippers I have been embroidering."

"Ah, I *do* seem to remember," said Lieutenant Audley, who had just entered, apparently in something of a hurry. "No presents, eh? The guardian genius of birthdays has been more generous with me."

"Indeed!" said Antonia, coquettishly, "and what has he sent you?"

"A wife!"

"A *wife!*" echoed Miss Antonia, incredulously.

"Yes; I was married this morning to Janet Colyer."

And he walked quietly up stairs to take possession of his dressing-boxes, trunks, and meerschaums, before taking his final *congé*.

While Janet, sitting at the hotel-window all alone, with the St. Cecilia smiling on her from the wall, watched the daffodil glow of sunset and thought of that other sunset, oh, so long ago! and yet the almanac said it was scarcely a month!

And the tears that fell were sweeter and more blissful than any smiles.

DOWN AMONG THE FAIRIES.

ONCE there was a little girl, long ago in the dark ages, whose name was Effie. She was very good-tempered, and as affectionate a little thing when you merely wanted to play as any one could desire; but when you *didn't* want to play she was the very idlest little monkey in the world. There never was any body before Effie's time so hopelessly idle as she was. By the time she was eight years old she didn't know four letters in the whole alphabet; and as for using her needle, she could hardly have done so much as a bit of plain hemming to save her life. Her mother had had ten governesses for her in succession, but it was all no use; there was nothing in the world that Effie would learn.

So, at last, when her eighth birthday came, and there was not the slightest sign of improvement in her, her father and mother saw quite clearly that the only thing that could be done with her was to give her over to the fairies; and, accordingly, they dismissed her last governess, and with a heavy heart the poor mother one afternoon set off in a coach and six and drove to the gate of fairy-land.

She knocked at the door, and almost instantly three staid and dignified fairies came out to speak to her, and to them the mother told all her trouble; and as soon as she had told it the three fairies all began to grin and chuckle in the most surprising way.

"Ah, you'll never make any thing of her—that's as clear as daylight!" said the first fairy, nodding her head.

"Oh no, quite useless to think of *you* making any thing of her," cried the second fairy, as if the very idea was quite laughable. "Fairy-land is the place for her."

"Yes, yes, send her to *us*. We'll make her learn, I'll warrant you!" cried the third fairy.

So, finding them all so charmingly of one mind, the poor mother could only sigh and answer meekly that she had no doubt she had better take their advice. "Though it will be a terrible pain for me to part with her," she said, "and if it wasn't for her good—"

"But it *is* for her good!" chimed all the three fairies together. And the mother answered, sadly, "Well, I suppose it is," and could hardly keep the tears out of her eyes.

"And the sooner she comes the better, my lady," said the first fairy.

But, after much urging, they agreed to let Effie remain at home until twelve o'clock of the following night.

"But mind, not a single hour longer than that," said the eldest fairy, knitting her brows and looking very severe; and the lady said, meekly, that it shouldn't be even a *moment* longer. "And, I suppose," she continued, "a year would be about long enough for her to stay with you?" And she gave a look into their faces that might have melted any body's heart.

"A year! We *never* receive any one for a shorter period than seven years," said the third fairy, severely.

And then the poor mother gave a little scream.

"And shall I never see her for seven long years?" she cried; "oh, my little Effie!" and the tears ran down her cheeks.

But the fairies said No, most decidedly she could not see her for seven years. If she wanted her back at the end of that time she could come and take her, but as for their receiving her for any shorter period it was a thing that was never done, and was against all the rules of fairy-land.

So the poor mother could only sigh again most deeply and heavily, and go her way. What better could she do?

It was a sorrowful day that followed. Effie, indeed, was happy enough, for she knew nothing of what was before her; but the poor father and mother were very sorrowful, and when they said good-night to her for the last time, their hearts ached as if they were going to break. But it was no use to think that they would make one final attempt more at home to cure Effie of her idle ways; what was done was beyond recall. So they kissed their little girl again and again, and then she went to bed; and the fairies came when she was fast asleep and carried her away to fairy-land.

When she awoke next morning you can fancy what a state of bewilderment she was in. She had gone to sleep comfortably tucked up in her cot, and when she awoke she was lying on a bank strewn over with rose-leaves (fairies, you know, use rose-leaves for blankets and sheets), and great trees over her head, with their leaves all of gold, and such sweet sounds of wonderful music floating around her as little Effie had certainly never heard before in all her life.

Of course she sat up, and rubbed her eyes, and began to stare with all her might; but the longer she stared the more amazed she grew; and all at once a score or more of fairies upon horseback came into view. The wonderful little creatures coming toward her were fairies, Effie knew well enough, but how could she tell merely by the look of them whether they were good fairies or bad?

They saw her in an instant; they jumped down from their horses, and they skipped about upon the grass, and they leaped and danced round Effie until she was dreadfully bewildered. But they were evidently a most merry little crew; and Effie loved merriment. It was quite clear, too, that they meant to be friendly with her.

"Ha, ha! so you've come to live in fairy-land!" they chirped. "I hope you like it, my dear! We're practicing our steps, you see. Come and play with us! Come and play with us! Come and play with us!" the whole bevy of them began to squeak at last, leaping and holding out their hands to Effie.

So Effie skipped forward and began to dance too as merrily as the rest. On a sudden a little sound caught the fairies' ears, and in an instant, before Effie could conceive what had come over them, the whole troop scampered from the place, leaving poor little Effie stopped suddenly in the middle of her wild dance, standing all alone, bewildered and dazed.

She was not, however, left alone very long. Three more fairies came bustling forward, quite of another sort from those wild monkeys who had just departed.

They looked grim, and even sour, as they stepped up in a business-like way, with all their six eyes fixed on Effie's face.

"Good-morning to you! Humph! You've been dancing!" said the first fairy, curtly.

"Dancing isn't allowed at this hour of the day. You'll have to learn that, my young lady," said the second fairy, sharply.

"And a good many other things, too; a good many other things, too," said the third fairy.

The little girl looked into the three fairies' faces, and shivered.

"I want to go home!" she called out suddenly. "I don't know how I came here. Oh, let me go home!"

"Don't you trouble yourself about getting home, my dear," said the eldest fairy. "Your mother has sent you here, and you are going to live with us in fairy-land, and a very nice place you'll find it."

"But I *can't* live here; I want to go home; I want my mother!" cried poor little Effie, passionately.

"We'll *all* be mothers to you, my dear. Will that satisfy you?" asked the third fairy. But for poor Effie's answer there came only a great sob and a flood of bitter tears.

However, there was real business to be done. Effie had come to fairy-land on purpose to be cured of her idleness, and the three fairies intended it to be no fault of theirs if she wasn't cured in a pretty short space of time, for the setting of tasks was a sort of work that these fairies found perfectly delightful.

They wouldn't give her what was the least difficult at first, they said, sweetly; she should have something to-day that was quite easy and pleasant. So the eldest of the fairies took her where a beautiful shrub was growing, all covered over with crimson flowers. Here she stood still, and looking at Effie quite pleasantly—

"All you will have to do this morning, my dear," she said, "will be to count the leaves upon this pretty tree. It's a piece of work scarcely worth mentioning—such a mere trifle, and may be completed in a couple of hours at farthest. Take the utmost care not to break off any of the leaves or blossoms, and don't come nearer the plant than is absolutely necessary. But above all, see that you count correctly. Now begin, and lose no time."

And with that the fairy nodded and smiled good-humoredly, and in another moment she was gone, and Effie was left alone.

It was a strange thing to give her to do, the child thought to herself, a sort of thing that was as much play as work, it seemed to her. However, as it was so like playing, she had no particular objection to count them, and began with a pretty good grace.

But, alas for poor little Effie's hopes of a quickly-done and easy task! For the first minute or two it had all been easy enough. She began at the top of the bush, and got hold of a nice leafy branch, and counted away, "one, two, three," quite glibly and at her ease. But by the time she had told off about fifty leaves it suddenly struck her that she had passed over a certain little spray. Had she passed it over or not? She paused to consider, and while she considered, she first forgot the number she had reached to, and then she forgot the place on the branch where she had stopped. "Oh, how stupid of me!" she cried, vexed and disappointed. "Now I must begin over again." And with a sigh she recommenced her work.

But again, and again, and again the same thing happened. She forgot what she had counted and what she hadn't, and got confused, and lost her place, and had to begin afresh.

At last, bursting into tears, she threw herself down on the grass at the foot of the tree, and declared that she neither could nor would go on counting any more. So she sat on the grass sobbing, and thinking of her mother and the pleasant days at home, till the fairy returned.

"Hey-day! what's the matter here?" she exclaimed, sharply.

And then poor little Effie got up sadly, and told her that for the life of her she couldn't count the leaves.

"Not count the leaves, you little goose!" cried the fairy. "What in the world is the good of you if you can't even so much as count leaves? Look at *me!*" And stepping to the bush, the fairy leaped up among the branches, and certainly began to count the leaves at a most amazing rate. Whether she really counted them all or not it was indeed impossible for Effie to say, but she ran up the hundreds so fast that even to listen to her was a thing to take away your breath, and at the end of ten minutes down she jumped lightly again upon the ground, and triumphantly declared that on the tree, from top to bottom, there were exactly six thousand and forty-nine leaves—neither more nor less.

"And this is what you have the face to tell me you have found it impossible to do in the course of two whole hours!" said the fairy, indignantly.

"I am sure I did try to do it. I am very sorry I was so stupid," she said, sadly. "I hope I shall do the next thing you set me better."

"I'm sure I hope so too," answered the fairy, dryly. "But come—it's no use crying about it. As this is your first day I'll pass the matter over. It will be my sister's turn, however, to set you your task to-morrow, and I warrant you you'll find *her* a stiffer kind of customer to deal with. Now, then, if you like, you may go and play; but mind you keep out of mischief," said the fairy, sternly.

And away she went, and left Effie to amuse and console herself as she best could.

For a little while Effie was sad enough; but after a little while, as she went wandering on in the glowing, golden light, with every thing about her looking so strange, and beautiful, and new, she presently began to take heart again, and to think that perhaps, after all, it wouldn't be so very hard to live for a time in fairy-land. "Oh, if there were only some other children here, how nice it would be!" she exclaimed to herself, when what should she see, not fifty yards away from her—a real living human child, sitting and sewing by the river's edge.

"Oh!" cried Effie, at this unlooked-for sight, and sprang forward with such eagerness that in half a dozen seconds she was at the little girl's side. "Oh, I am so glad! Where have you come from? How long have you been here? Who are you?" cried Effie, throwing her arms about her, and quite breathless with delight.

But the child shrank back a little, and lifted up her eyes with a strange, unsurprised look.

"I've been here a long time—I don't know how long," she said, slowly. "Oh yes; a long, long time!" she said, and turned again to her work, and quietly went on sewing.

She was making wonderful little fairy garments out of a piece of silver gossamer—making them so daintily and so wonderfully quickly.

Effie stood looking at her in a kind of frightened amazement. *Was* she a human child or not? she thought.

"I have four-and-twenty more of them to make," the child said, just in the same slow, tired way, when Effie had stood silently staring at her for a minute or more; "and it will be hard work to get them done. They must all be finished, you know, for the dance to-night."

"But how *can* you make four-and-twenty dresses before night?" cried Effie, quite aghast.

"Oh, I have often as much as that to do," said the child, quietly. "I made forty dresses the other day. One gets used to doing things very quickly here. But don't talk to me, please," she said, all in the same weary, sorrowful way.

For a long, long time they sat quiet together, till at length the child laid down the last of the long line of dresses, and gave a little sigh.

"They're all ready now, unless there should be any thing to alter in them. Sometimes they don't fit, you know, and then that gives me a great deal of trouble," she said, in her sad, patient voice.

"I wish you would tell me who you are, and why you are made to do these things?" said Effie.

"The fairies make me do them," the child replied. "They taught me years and years ago."

"How can that be when you are only a child the same as me?" cried Effie, staring at her with great eyes.

"Those who live here stay children forever," she answered, sadly. "I have been like this for years and years. Nothing ever changes or grows old in fairy-land. I have been here so long that nobody will ever come to claim me."

Effie sat and watched her with pity and pain. She wondered what she could do to cheer her and make her brighten up a little; and then at last she came to her, and softly stole an arm about her neck.

"I want to love you. Do let me love you. I should so like to do it; and I am so very, very sorry for you," she said. And Effie kissed and petted her until the strange child cried, and then smiled. Afterward they had a long talk.

At length the child began to collect the little frocks together into a basket, and said she must go.

"But you haven't told me your name?" cried Effie. "*My* name is Effie. What is yours?"

"I haven't had a name for so many years," the child said, plaintively. "I was called Bertha once, long ago."

"Then I'll call you Bertha now," said Effie. "And I wish you could stay. I shall be so dull without you."

But Bertha took up her basket on her arm, and, nodding at Effie with a little smile, went away.

Poor little Effie, lonely and sad, threw herself down with her face upon the grass, sobbing and crying, till at last she was so exhausted that her eyes began to close quite unconsciously; and presently she fell fast asleep.

Effie was aroused the next morning by a most curious little tapping going on all round her head, which, when she looked up, startled and confused, she found to proceed from the second of the three fairies, who was stooping down over her, boxing her ears with all her might.

"Oh, so you're going to awake at last!" said the fairy. "It's amazing how you mortals sleep! But come—don't sit there staring at me. Stand up and get your wits about you. I have something for you to do immediately."

And with that the fairy led the way, and Effie followed her, till they came where a most prodigious number of little shoes were lying, all in a great mass together—shoes of every color and every shade of color—more shoes, it seemed to Effie, than could possibly be needed to supply the whole of fairy-land.

"These have just come home from the shoemaker. You will go over them, and put them together in pairs," the fairy said. "It will be a very nice little amusement for you, and the easiest thing to do in all the world. Only mind you look sharp, and don't put odd shoes together. Look!—this is the way to begin." And, with the speed of lightning, the fairy picked two little pale-blue shoes out of the great heap and set them side by side upon the grass. "Now, set to work, and don't waste time," she said. "I shall be back to see that you have finished in a couple of hours."

And then she went off, and left Effie before the heap of shoes that was so big that it was really like a little hill.

There were thousands and thousands of shoes,

"MANY AN HOUR DID SHE SPEND IN WATCHING THE FAIRIES AS THEY DANCED ON THE GREEN."

"I wonder how I am ever to match them all!" Effie thought, and took up one at random, and began to look about for its fellow. But it was very nearly as bad as looking for a needle in a bundle of hay! The shoes were so various, and the number of them was so great, that the more she looked at them the more she wondered how she or any body else was ever to get them all arranged into pairs. A dozen different shoes did she take up, one after another, and not the fellow could she find to a single one of them. Again and again she would *think* for a moment that she had matched a shoe; she would search about with a green one in her hand perhaps, and presently would hit upon another green one that seemed to be the very image of it; but no sooner would she have picked it out from among the rest than some minute shade of difference would show itself—either there would be the least possible variation in the color, or the one little shoe would have a button in front of it and the other a tassel, or the one would be stitched with green and the other with red, or the one would have a high heel and the other a low heel, or in one of half a dozen other ways it would appear on examination that the two shoes didn't belong to each other, and Effie could do nothing but renew her search again and again and again till she was quite dispirited and weary.

After a time, just as she had done yesterday, she fell to crying for very vexation; and when a whole hour had passed, she had only out of the whole number matched two solitary pairs of shoes. She sat down upon the grass in despair, and spent the second hour in crying and thinking how miserable she was.

Of course when the fairy came back, she was in a pretty passion. She looked at the shoes, and then she looked at Effie, and then she declared that she had never been so much shocked or astonished in all her life.

"I've matched these two pairs, and I'm sure I tried for an hour with all my might, and I couldn't match another one of them," said Effie, half frightened, but quite as sulky as she was afraid.

"You tried for an hour, and only succeeded in matching two pairs of shoes!" cried the fairy. "It's impossible! it's incredible! Look at *me*, you wicked child!" And with that the fairy began to pick up shoes here and there and in every direction from the mass, as fast as her fingers could move.

She was certainly *worth* looking at! Quickly as the first fairy had counted the leaves yesterday, *that* was really nothing compared with the quickness with which this second fairy matched her shoes. Effie's very eyes got dazzled as she looked at her. She skipped about the mass, hither and thither, up and down, and with every skip she made she got together not only one but half a dozen pairs of shoes. Line after line of them she spread out upon the grass, long straight lines of bright-colored little slippers, all in twos and twos, till at the end of a quarter of an hour she had got every shoe paired, though she was certainly rather out of breath when her work was completed.

As soon as she could speak again she turned to Effie, and began to scold her with all her might; and then she clapped her hands, and half a dozen fairies as quick as thought came running forward, all armed with little birch brooms, and they instantly seized on Effie, and tore her frock off her shoulders, and began to belabor her poor little back with all their might and main.

And then, when the whipping was over, the fairy said that of course it was absurd to think that she was to spend the rest of this day in amusing herself, and accordingly, whipping a little chain out of her pocket, she quickly whisked one end of it round Effie's waist, and then throwing the other round the branch of a tree, she fastened both securely with a pair of neat little padlocks, and left Effie to her meditations.

There was nothing for it, of course, but to sit still all day; and very sadly Effie sat, and a very doleful day she had of it. She saw nothing of Bertha, nor of any body else, and long before night came she was glad to curl herself up on the grass and cry herself to sleep. But, when she had once gone to sleep, she slept so comfortably and soundly that she never awoke again till the third fairy came next morning to rouse her.

The sight of *her*, however, made her open her eyes pretty quickly.

"Humph! you've had a fine idle time of it," said the fairy, looking at her ill-temperedly. "You've been fast asleep all night, I've no doubt?"

"I hadn't any thing else to do, I'm sure," said Effie, rather humbly. On which the fairy took her up sharp enough.

"Oh, you had nothing else to do, had you?" she said. "We'll mend that, my dear. Nothing to do! upon my word!" And she unlocked the chain with a snap, and clapped it in her pocket. "Now, come with me; I have something for you to do," she said, sharply; and so Effie and she walked off together, till, after a few minutes, they met a little elf who was coming toward them laden with two great bags. These the fairy took, and turned out the contents of one of them on the grass; and very pretty contents they were: hundreds and hundreds of little skeins of silk of every hue—quite miniature fairy skeins, that were the prettiest little things, Effie thought, that she had ever seen.

As soon as they were all spread out the fairy opened the other bag, and tossed forth a prodigious number of little reels.

"Now, set to work and wind these silks," she said, "and see that you do it neatly and quickly. It's the very easiest work in all the world. Set to work now and don't waste time. As there are a good many skeins I will allow you four hours for winding them."

And then the fairy went off and left Effie to herself.

Well, Effie had often wound skeins of silk before now; it was a kind of thing, indeed, that she quite liked to do; so, feeling a good deal comforted that her task for to-day was nothing worse than this, she took up a beautiful little rose-colored skein, and began carefully to unfasten the knot in which it was tied, and to open it out, and then, selecting one of the little reels, she prepared to wind away. But alas for Effie's hopes of winding the fairy silk! At every touch she gave the thread it broke in two; handle it as cautiously as she might it snapped in her fingers a dozen times in a minute. She tried, and tried, but she could no more wind it than she could have wound spiders' webs.

What in the world was Effie to do? By the end of a quarter of an hour she had given up trying, and was sitting on the grass with her hands folded on her knees, too miserable and frightened almost to cry. When what should she see all at once but Bertha running toward her!

"Oh, Bertha!" she cried out joyfully at this sight, and sprang up and would have thrown her arms about her neck; but Bertha was evidently in a desperate hurry, and had no time for any little ceremonies of this kind.

"I've come to show you how to wind these silks," she cried, all breathless. "No, no; don't kiss me, please. Sit down here and look at what I do, for I've hardly a minute to stay." And without waiting another moment she caught up one of the skeins, and opening it as quick as lightning, began to show Effie what to do.

All kinds of wonderful little tricks and dextrous contrivances she showed her by which, in spite of the fineness of the fairy silk, it was made possible for human fingers to wind it. They were not easy to learn, and Effie for a time thought that she should never make any thing of them at all; but the child, who was the most patient little teacher, made her try again and again, till at last she got the knack of them, and wound off a whole skein without breaking the thread once.

"Now you know all I can teach you, and I must not stay another moment," Bertha said then, and jumped up from the grass, where she had been sitting by Effie's side, and dropped a quick kiss upon her lips and ran away; and Effie, left alone once more, went on with her work so cheerily and briskly that at the end of the four hours, when the fairy came back, she had finished winding every skein that had been in the bag save three.

You should have seen the fairy's face when she caught sight of all the neatly-filled reels, and saw Effie sitting in the midst of them winding away and singing to herself. She was amazed and angry that she had no reason for scolding Effie. And in a very grumbling, ill-tempered way, she told the little girl that since she had really managed for once to get her task accomplished she might go and do what she pleased for the next hour or two, until she had time to set her some new task.

Well, it is quite impossible to tell all that Effie did on each separate day she lived in fairy-land. Day after day the three fairies set her some prodigious task to do, and day after day, with Bertha's help, Effie got through it somehow or other; till by degrees what had seemed so difficult at first became practicable, and sometimes almost easy. Effie, if she had staid at home, would never have learned one-tenth part of the wonderful things that she soon came to do quite dextrously among the fairies—dextrously, and even readily, for, to give them all the credit they deserved, the fairies did assuredly cure Effie of her idleness many a long day before her seven years with them were ended.

More and more industriously she went on week after week, and month after month, doing her daily tasks; and when work-time was over, many a wild game she used to have with the mad-cap elves; and in the evenings, and in the clear long summer nights, many an hour did she spend in watching the fairies as they danced upon the green, and held their gay midnight revels, and a most amazing amount of merriment and fun she heard and saw.

Many a long happy hour did Bertha and Effie spend together—whenever they could manage it doing their work side by side, passing every leisure moment that was possible with one another, walking about the beautiful fairy gardens, and playing in the golden sunshine, and talking-talking-talking forever of the dear old world that one of them thought she should never see again.

This was their one great sorrow—the thought that at the end of Effie's seven years Bertha must be left in fairy-land alone.

At length Effie's seven years expired—the very last day had come. Had the fairies forgotten it? Oh no!

"I believe this is the night your mother talked of coming for you," the first fairy said carelessly, yawning, and speaking as if she was altogether thinking of something else. "She isn't very likely to come, I fancy, but you may as well be ready for her in case she should."

"Oh dear no, she isn't the least likely to come," said the second fairy, as if it were quite absurd to think of such a thing. "You may get ready if you like, but I know it will surprise *me* vastly if we see any thing of her."

"And every body else too, I should think," said the third fairy, snappishly. And then the fairies went away.

Would her mother forget, thought Effie; and she counted the moments anxiously. At length there was a sound of carriage wheels, and Effie heard her mother's voice saying, "I want my child."

"Mother, mother!" cried Effie; and the old fairy who kept the gate, cross at being awakened from sleep, began sulkily to unfasten the bolts and bars.

"Effie, hold me fast!" whispered Bertha; for they had long before resolved that *both* should go from fairy-land, and the two children's hands were clasped fast together. There was something of a struggle, for the fairies had no wish to lose Bertha. But the gate swung open, and with a cry of joy they gave one great spring across the threshold, and Effie leaped into her mother's arms.

And Effie and Bertha lived together like sisters. They were so fond of each other that they could never bear to be separated; and they were as happy and industrious as any little girls ever need to be.

BABY NELL!

NESTLING Nell! 'neath the down of the coverlet
Peeping, I catch the blue gleam of an eye;
Sentinel here let me stand, and, moreover, let
No one, unchallenged, pass noisily by;
May I not moralize here by your bassinette,
Give you, in fact, just a bit of my mind?
Flinging, with some of the fancies that pass in it,
Memories round it as lovingly twined?
Most can imagine, but who can tell
The life that's awaiting you, Baby Nell!

Pray, will you love from your heart, or capriciously
Try to be woman, or only a child?
Lily-like faces, which dimpled deliciously,
Sorrow can straighten when sorrow is wild.
Will you be praised for hair, teeth, eyes, or merriment?
Cast in a plain or elaborate mould?
How many hearts will you use for experiment?
Will you be married for love or for gold?
Fate is capricious, and stern as well;
How will she fashion you, Baby Nell?

Nestling Nell! let maidenhood dawn on you,
Then will come bachelors ready to wive:
Fifty-and-six will be happy to fawn on you,
Kisses come sweeter from twenty-and-five.
Say, will you sigh for a park or a hernery,
Sitting coquettishly braiding your hair?
Will you be happy with books and a fernery,
Cozy—with some one—on Madison Square?
Will you be tied to a well-born swell,
Or fight for a plebeian, Baby Nell?

Will you prefer poet Tupper to Tennyson,
Doat upon novels or teaching in schools?
Mild like to veal, or be wild like to venison,
Happy-go-lucky, or martyr to rules?
As to unhappiness, all I can say for it,
Grant that its finger mayn't darken your brow;
Then, if it pass you by—ah! how I pray for it!
Smile, little pet, as you're trying to now.
Life is a riddle, and who can tell
The fate of poor little Baby Nell?

BABY NELL—"LIFE IS A RIDDLE, AND WHO CAN TELL THE FATE OF POOR LITTLE BABY NELL?"

THE REFUSAL.

"REMEMBER as soon as you wake,
If the season you would not be scorning,
You must for your Valentine take
The first whom you see in the morning."

Amelia to Bella with mirth
Thus whispered, when bedward proceeding
(The tale of "The Fair Maid of Perth"
I think she had lately been reading).

Now Dawdle ('twas truly absurd)
Had to Bella been mighty attentive,
And when this low whisper he heard
He was seized with a fancy inventive.

His billiards that night he declined,
And his tumbler of brandy and soda
(His *third* glass at other times, mind,
He scarcely considered a *coda*).

He would not stop up for a weed
(Though Jack at such shirking grew surly);
He declared he was sorry indeed,
But "he had to be getting up early!"

* * * * * * *

Next morning our Dawdle arose
While the dawn was still glimmering dimly;
Slipt shivering into his clothes,
And twirled his mustache very trimly,

To meet the dear girl he adored,
Stole down stairs, unfortunate spooner!
And found himself thoroughly floored,
For she'd risen an hour or two sooner.

She was out looking after the flow'rs,
The green-house with beauty adorning,
And said she'd been up for some hours
When he found her, and wished her "good-morning."

Quoth he, "Whom the first you behold
Is the Valentine fate would allot you—
That I am that man I make bold
To hope"—But she answered, "'Twas *not* you!

"I peeped from my window at dawn,
Of the weather to be a beholder,
And saw Cousin Frank on the lawn
Going out, double-barrel on shoulder."

"Well, Frank's be *that* luck," answered he;
"I'd ask for a title that's dearer—
My wife, sweetest Bella, to be,
I pray you—I can not be clearer!"

"Too late, Mr. Dawdle! For here
Is Frank, too, the earlier comer—
Engaged—let me see—for a year,
We're going to be married in summer!"

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

THE REFUSAL—"TOO LATE, MR. DAWDLE! FOR HERE IS FRANK, TOO, THE EARLIER COMER."

CHAPTER XXXI.

PAOLO LANGHETTI.

MANY weeks passed on, and music still formed the chief occupation in life for Despard and Mrs. Thornton. His journey to Brandon village had been without result. He knew not what to do. The inquiries which he made every where turned out useless. Finally Thornton informed him that it was utterly hopeless, at a period so long after the event, to attempt to do any thing whatever. Enough had been done long ago. Now nothing more could possibly be effected.

Baffled, but not daunted, Despard fell back for the present from his purpose, yet still cherished it and wrote to different quarters for information. Meantime he had to return to his life at Holby, and Mrs. Thornton was still ready to assist him.

So the time went on, and the weeks passed, till one day in March Despard went up as usual.

On entering the parlor he heard voices, and saw a stranger. Mrs. Thornton greeted him as usual and sat down smiling. The stranger rose, and he and Despard looked at one another.

He was of medium size and slight in figure. His brow was very broad and high. His hair was black, and clustered in curls over his head. His eyes were large, and seemed to possess an unfathomable depth, which gave them a certain undefinable and mystic meaning—liquid eyes, yet lustrous, where all the soul seemed to live and show itself—benignant in their glance, yet lofty, like the eyes of a being from some superior sphere. His face was thin and shaven close, his lips also were thin, with a perpetual smile of marvelous sweetness and gentleness hovering about them. It was such a face as artists love to give to the Apostle John—the sublime, the divine, the loving, the inspired.

"You do not know him," said Mrs. Thornton. "It is Paolo!"

Despard at once advanced and greeted him with the warmest cordiality.

"I was only a little fellow when I saw you last, and you have changed somewhat since then," said Despard. "But when did you arrive? I knew that you were expected in England, but was not sure that you would come here."

"What! *Teresuola mia*," said Langhetti, with a fond smile at his sister. "Were you really not sure, *sorellina*, that I would come to see you first of all? Infidel!" and he shook his head at her, playfully.

A long conversation followed, chiefly about Langhetti's plans. He was going to engage a place in London for his opera, but wished first to secure a singer. Oh, if he only could find Bice—his Bicina, the divinest voice that mortal ever heard.

Despard and Mrs. Thornton exchanged glances, and at last Despard told him that there was a person of the same name at Brandon Hall. She was living in a seclusion so strict that it seemed confinement, and there was a mystery about her situation which he had tried without success to fathom.

Langhetti listened with a painful surprise that seemed like positive anguish.

"Then I must go myself. Oh, my Bicina—to what misery have you come— But do you say that you have been there?"

"Yes."

"Did you go to the Hall?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I know the man to be a villain indescribable—"

Langhetti thought for a moment, and then said,

"True, he is all that, and perhaps more than you imagine."

"ONWARD SHE SPED, AND STILL ONWARD, THROUGH THE DENSE UNDERBRUSH."

"I have done the utmost that can be done!" said Despard.

"Perhaps so; still each one wishes to try for himself, and though I can scarce hope to be more successful than you, yet I must try, if only for my own peace of mind. Oh, *Bicina cara!* to think of her sweet and gentle nature being subject to such torments as those ruffians can inflict!

"You do not know how it is," said he at last, very solemnly; "but there are reasons of transcendent importance why Bice should be rescued. I can not tell them; but if I dared mention what I hope, if I only dared to speak my thoughts, you—you," he cried, with piercing emphasis, and in a tone that thrilled through Despard, to whom he spoke, "you would make it the aim of all your life to save her."

"I do not understand," said Despard, in astonishment.

"No, no," murmured Langhetti. "You do not; nor dare I explain what I mean. It has been in my thoughts for years. It was brought to my mind first in Hong Kong, when she was there. Only one person besides Potts can explain; only one."

"Who?" cried Despard, eagerly.

"A woman named Compton."

"Compton!"

"Yes. Perhaps she is dead. Alas, and alas, and alas, if she is! Yet could I but see that woman, I would tear the truth from her if I perished in the attempt!"

And Langhetti stretched out his long, slender hand, as though he were plucking out the very heart of some imaginary enemy.

"Think, Teresuola," said he, after a while, "if you were in captivity, what would become of my opera? Could I have the heart to think about operas, even if I believed that they contributed to the welfare of the world, if your welfare was at stake. Now you know that next to you stands Bice. I must try and save her—I must give up all. My opera must stand aside till it be God's will that I give it forth. No, the one object of my life now must be to find Bice, to see her or to see Mrs. Compton, if she is alive."

"Is the secret of so much importance?" asked Despard.

Langhetti looked at him with mournful meaning.

"If you but suspected it," said he, "your peace of mind would be lost. I will therefore on no account tell it."

Despard looked at him wonderingly. What could he mean? How could any one affect him! His peace of mind! That had been lost long ago. And if this secret was so terrible it would distract his mind from its grief, its care, and its longing. Peace would be restored rather than destroyed.

"I must find her. I must find her," said Langhetti, speaking half to himself. "I am weak; but much can be done by a resolute will."

"Perhaps Mr. Thornton can assist you," said Despard.

Langhetti shook his head.

"No; he is a man of law, and does not understand the man who acts from feeling. I can be as logical as he, but I obey impulses which are unintelligible to him. He would simply advise me to give up the matter, adding, perhaps, that I would do myself no good. Whereas he can not understand that it makes no difference to me whether I do myself good or not; and again, that the highest good that I can do myself is to seek after her."

Mrs. Thornton looked at Despard, but he avoided her glance.

"No," said Langhetti, "I will ask assistance from another—from you, Despard. You are one who acts as I act. Come with me."

"When?"

"To-morrow morning."

"I will."

"Of course you will. You would not be a Despard if you did not. You would not be the son of your father—your father!" he repeated, in thrilling tones, as his eyes flashed with enthusiasm. "Despard!" he cried, after a pause, "your father was a man whom you might pray to now. I saw him once. Shall I ever forget the day when he calmly went to lay down his life for my father? Despard, I worship your father's memory. Come with me. Let us emulate those two noble men who once before rescued a captive. We can not risk our lives as they did. Let us at least do what we can."

"I will do exactly what you say. You can think and I will act."

"No, you must think too. Neither of us belong to the class of practical men whom the world now delights to honor; but no practical man would go on our errand. No practical man would have rescued my father. Generous and lofty acts must always be done by those who are not practical men.

"But I must go out. I must think," he continued. "I will go and walk about the grounds."

Saying this he left the room.

"Where is Edith Brandon?" asked Despard, after he had gone.

"She is here," said Mrs. Thornton.

"Have you seen her?"

"Yes."

"Is she what you anticipated?"

"More. She is indescribable. She is almost unearthly. I feel awe of her, but not fear. She is too sweet to inspire fear."

CHAPTER XXXII.

FLIGHT.

THE last entry in Beatrice's journal was made by her in the hope that it might be the last.

In her life at Brandon Hall her soul had grown stronger and more resolute. Besides, it had now come to this, that henceforth she must

either stay and accept the punishment which they might contrive or fly instantly.

For she had dared them to their faces; she had told them of their crimes; she had threatened punishment. She had said that she was the avenger of Despard. If she had desired instant death she could have said no more than that. Would they pass it by? She knew their secret—the secret of secrets; she had proclaimed it to their faces. She had called Potts a Thug and disowned him as her father; what now remained?

But one thing—flight. And this she was fully resolved to try. She prepared nothing. To gain the outside world was all she wished. The need of money was not thought of; nor if it had been would it have made any difference. She could not have obtained it.

The one idea in her mind was therefore flight. She had concealed her journal under a loose piece of the flooring in one of the closets of her room, being unwilling to encumber herself with it, and dreading the result of a search in case she was captured.

She made no other preparations whatever. A light hat and a thin jacket were all that she took to resist the chill air of March. There was a fever in her veins which was heightened by excitement and suspense.

Mrs. Compton was in her room during the evening. Beatrice said but little. Mrs. Compton talked drearily about the few topics on which she generally spoke. She never dared talk about the affairs of the house.

Beatrice was not impatient, for she had no idea of trying to escape before midnight. She sat silently while Mrs. Compton talked or prosed, absorbed in her own thoughts and plans. The hours seemed to her interminable. Slowly and heavily they dragged on. Beatrice's suspense and excitement grew stronger every moment, yet by a violent effort she preserved so perfect an outward calm that a closer observer than Mrs. Compton would have failed to detect any emotion.

At last, about ten o'clock, Mrs. Compton retired, with many kind wishes to Beatrice, and many anxious counsels as to her health. Beatrice listened patiently, and made some general remarks, after which Mrs. Compton withdrew.

She was now left to herself, and two hours still remained before she could dare to venture. She paced the room fretfully and anxiously, wondering why it was that the time seemed so long, and looking from time to time at her watch in the hope of finding that half an hour had passed, but seeing to her disappointment that only two or three minutes had gone.

At last eleven o'clock came. She stole out quietly into the hall and went to the top of the grand stairway. There she stood and listened.

The sound of voices came up from the dining-room, which was near the hall-door. She knew to whom those voices belonged. Evidently it was not yet the time for her venture.

She went back, controlling her excitement as best she might. At last, after a long, long suspense, midnight sounded.

Again she went to the head of the stairway. The voices were still heard. They kept late hours down there. Could she try now, while they were still up? Not yet.

Not yet. The suspense became agonizing. How could she wait? But she went back again to her room, and smothered her feelings until one o'clock came.

Again she went to the head of the stairway. She heard nothing. She could see a light streaming from the door of the dining-hall below. Lights, also, were burning in the hall itself; but she heard no voices.

Softly and quietly she went down stairs. The lights flashed out through the door of the dining-room into the hall; and as she arrived at the foot of the stairs she heard subdued voices in conversation. Her heart beat faster. They were all there! What if they now discovered her! What mercy would they show her, even if they were capable of mercy?

Fear lent wings to her feet. She was almost afraid to breathe for fear that they might hear her. She stole on quietly and noiselessly up the passage that led to the north end, and at last reached it.

All was dark there. At this end there was a door. On each side was a kind of recess formed by the pillars of the doorway. The door was generally used by the servants, and also by the inmates of the house for convenience.

The key was in it. There was no light in the immediate vicinity. Around it all was gloom. Near by was a stairway, which led to the servants' hall.

She took the key in her hands, which trembled violently with excitement, and turned it in the lock.

Scarcely had she done so when she heard footsteps and voices behind her. She looked hastily back, and, to her horror, saw two servants approaching with a lamp. It was impossible for her now to open the door and go out. Concealment was her only plan.

But how? There was no time for hesitation. Without stopping to think she slipped into one of the niches formed by the projecting pillars, and gathered her skirts close about her so as to be as little conspicuous as possible. There she stood awaiting the result. She half wished that she had turned back. For if she were now discovered in evident concealment what excuse could she give? She could not hope to bribe them, for she had no money. And, what was worst, these servants were the two who had been the most insolent to her from the first.

She could do nothing, therefore, but wait. They came nearer, and at last reached the door.

"Hallo!" said one, as he turned the key. "It's been unlocked!"

"It hain't been locked yet," said the other.

"Yes, it has. I locked it myself, an hour ago. Who could have been here?"

"Any one," said the other, quietly. "Our blessed young master has, no doubt, been out this way."

"No, he hasn't. He hasn't stirred from his whisky since eight o'clock."

"Nonsense! You're making a fuss about nothing. Lock the door and come along."

"Any how, I'm responsible, and I'll get a precious overhauling if this thing goes on. I'll take the key with me this time."

And saying this, the man locked the door and took out the key. Both of them then descended to the servants' hall.

The noise of that key as it grated in the lock sent a thrill through the heart of the trembling listener. It seemed to take all hope from her. The servants departed. She had not been discovered. But what was to be done? She had not been prepared for this.

She stood for some time in despair. She thought of other ways of escape. There was the hall-door, which she did not dare to try, for she would have to pass directly in front of the dining-room. Then there was the south door at the other end of the building, which was seldom used. She knew of no others. She determined to try the south door.

Quietly and swiftly she stole away, and glided, like a ghost, along the entire length of the building. It was quite dark at the south end as it had been at the north. She reached the door without accident.

There was no key in it. It was locked. Escape by that way was impossible.

She stood despairing. Only one way was now left, and that lay through the hall-door itself.

Suddenly, as she stood there, she heard footsteps. A figure came down the long hall straight toward her. There was not the slightest chance of concealment here. There were no pillars behind which she might crouch. She must stand, then, and take the consequences. Or, rather, would it not be better to walk forward and meet this new-comer? Yes; that would be best. She determined to do so.

So, with a quiet, slow step she walked back through the long corridor. About half-way she met the other. He stopped and started back.

"Miss Potts!" he exclaimed, in surprise.

It was the voice of Philips.

"Ah, Philips," said she, quietly, "I am walking about for exercise and amusement. I can not sleep. Don't be startled. It's only me."

Philips stood like one paralyzed.

"Don't be cast down," he said at last, in a trembling voice. "You have friends, powerful friends. They will save you."

"What do you mean?" asked Beatrice, in wonder.

"Never mind," said Philips, mysteriously. "It will be all right. I dare not tell. But cheer up."

"What do you mean by friends?"

"You have friends who are more powerful than your enemies, that's all," said Philips, hurriedly. "Cheer up."

Beatrice wondered. A vague thought of Brandon came over her mind, but she dismissed it at once. Yet the thought gave her a delicious joy, and at once dispelled the extreme agitation which had thus far disturbed her. Could Philips be connected with *him?* Was *he* in reality considerate about her while shaping the course of his gloomy vengeance? These were the thoughts which flashed across her mind as she stood.

"I don't understand," said she, at last; "but I hope it may be as you say. God knows, I need friends!"

She walked away, and Philips also went onward. She walked slowly, until at last his steps died out in the distance. Then a door banged. Evidently she had nothing to fear from him. At last she reached the main-hall, and stopped for a moment. The lights from the dining-room were still flashing out through the door. The grand entrance lay before her. There was the door of the hall, the only way of escape that now remained. Dare she try it?

She deliberated long. Two alternatives lay before her—to go back to her own room, or to try to pass that door. To go back was as repulsive as death, in fact more so. If the choice had been placed full before her then, to die on the spot or to go back to her room, she would have deliberately chosen death. The thought of returning, therefore, was the last upon which she could dwell, and that of going forward was the only one left. To this she gave her attention.

At last she made up her mind, and advanced cautiously, close by the wall, toward the hall-door. After a time she reached the door of the dining-room. Could she venture to pass it, and how? She paused. She listened. There were low voices in the room. Then they were still awake, still able to detect her if she passed the door.

She looked all around. The hall was wide. On the opposite side the wall was but feebly lighted. The hall lights had been put out, and those which shone from the room extended forward but a short distance. It was just possible therefore to escape observation by crossing the doorway along the wall that was most distant from it.

Yet before she tried this she ventured to put forward her head so as to peep into the room. She stooped low and looked cautiously and slowly.

The three were there at the farthest end of the room. Bottles and glasses stood before them, and they were conversing in low tones. Those tones, however, were not so low but that they reached her ears. They were speaking about *her*.

"How could she have found it out?" said Clark.

"Mrs. Compton only knows *one thing*," said Potts, "and that is *the secret about her*. She knows nothing more. How could she?"

"Then how could that cursed girl have found out about the Thug business?" exclaimed John.

There was no reply.

"She's a deep one," said John, "d—d deep—deeper than I ever thought. I always said she was plucky—cursed plucky—but now I see she's deep too—and I begin to have my doubts about the way she ought to be took down."

"I never could make her out," said Potts. "And now I don't even begin to understand how she could know that which only we have known. Do you think, Clark, that the devil could have told her of it?"

"Yes," said Clark. "Nobody but the devil could have told her that, and my belief is that she's the devil himself. She's the only person I ever felt afraid of. D—n it, I can't look her in the face."

Beatrice retreated and passed across to the opposite wall. She did not wish to see or hear more. She glided by. She was not noticed. She heard John's voice—sharp and clear—

"We'll have to begin to-morrow and take her down—that's a fact." This was followed by silence.

Beatrice reached the door. She turned the knob. Oh, joy! it was not locked. It opened.

Noiselessly she passed through; noiselessly she shut it behind her. She was outside. She was free.

The moon shone brightly. It illumined the lawn in front and the tops of the clumps of trees whose dark foliage rose before her. She saw all this; yet, in her eagerness to escape, she saw nothing more, but sped away swiftly down the steps, across the lawn, and under the shade of the trees.

Which way should she go? There was the main avenue which led in a winding direction toward the gate and the porter's lodge. There was also another path which the servants generally took. This led to the gate also. Beatrice thought that by going down this path she might come near the gate and then turn off to the wall and try and climb over.

A few moments of thought were sufficient for her decision. She took the path and went hurriedly along, keeping on the side where the shadow was thickest.

She walked swiftly, until at length she came to a place where the path ended. It was close by the porter's lodge. Here she paused to consider.

Late as it was there were lights in the lodge and voices at the door. Some one was talking with the porter. Suddenly the voices ceased and a man came walking toward the place where she stood.

To dart into the thick trees where the shadow lay deepest was the work of a moment. She stood and watched. But the underbrush was dense, and the crackling which she made attracted the man's attention. He stopped for a moment, and then rushed straight toward the place where she was.

Beatrice gave herself up for lost. She rushed on wildly, not knowing where she went. Behind her was the sound of her pursuer. He followed resolutely and relentlessly. There was no refuge for her but continued flight.

Onward she sped, and still onward, through the dense underbrush, which at every step gave notice of the direction which she had taken. Perhaps if she had been wiser she would have plunged into some thick growth of trees into the midst of absolute darkness and there remained still. As it was she did not think of this. Escape was her only thought, and the only way to this seemed to be by flight.

So she fled; and after her came her remorseless, her unpitying pursuer. Fear lent wings to her feet. She fled on through the underbrush that crackled as she passed and gave notice of her track through the dark, dense groves; yet still amidst darkness and gloom her pursuer followed.

At last, through utter weakness and weariness, she sank down. Despair came over her. She could do no more.

The pursuer came up. So dense was the gloom in that thick grove that for some time he could not find her. Beatrice heard the crackling of the underbrush all around. He was searching for her.

She crouched down low and scarcely dared to breathe. She took refuge in the deep darkness, and determined to wait till her pursuer might give up his search. At last all was still.

Beatrice thought that he had gone. Yet in her fear she waited for what seemed to her an interminable period. At last she ventured to make a movement. Slowly and cautiously she rose to her feet and advanced. She did not know what direction to take; but she walked on, not caring where she went so long as she could escape pursuit.

Scarcely had she taken twenty steps when she heard a noise. Some one was moving. She stood still, breathless. Then she thought she had been mistaken. After waiting a long time she went on as before. She walked faster. The noise came again. It was close by. She stood still for many minutes.

Suddenly she bounded up, and ran as one runs for life. Her long rest had refreshed her. Despair gave her strength. But the pursuer was on her track. Swiftly, and still more swiftly, his footsteps came up behind her. He was gaining on her. Still she rushed on.

At last a strong hand seized her by the shoulder, and she sank down upon the moss that lay under the forest trees.

"Who are you?" cried a familiar voice.

"Vijal!" cried Beatrice.

The other let go his hold.

"Will you betray me?" cried Beatrice, in a mournful and despairing voice.

Vijal was silent.

"What do you want?" said he, at last. "Whatever you want to do I will help you. I will be your slave."

"I wish to escape."

"Come then—you shall escape," said Vijal.

Without uttering another word he walked on and Beatrice followed. Hope rose once more within her. Hope gave strength. Despair and its weakness had left her. After about half an hour's walk they reached the park wall.

"I thought it was a poacher," said Vijal, sadly; "yet I am glad it was you, for I can help you. I will help you over the wall."

He raised her up. She clambered to the top, where she rested for a moment.

"God bless you, Vijal, and good-by!" said she.

Vijal said nothing.

The next moment she was on the other side. The road lay there. It ran north away from the village. Along this road Beatrice walked swiftly.

COPYING WHEEL.

WE have completed our arrangements for the manufacture of the Dotter or Copying Wheel mentioned in a former Number, and shall be ready in a few days to fill orders for the same. This ingenious little instrument consists of a wheel of steel points, revolving on a pivot, and set in a rosewood handle, by means of which the patterns on the Supplement can be copied with the greatest facility. The Supplement is laid over stiff brown or white paper, placed on a soft pine board or several layers of paper, and the wheel is rolled over the pattern desired, thus puncturing the outline on the paper beneath. The Dotter can be had of news-dealers or agents generally, or will be sent by mail by HARPER & BROTHERS on the receipt of 25 cents—the retail price.

THE accompanying piquant illustration and poem picture the "Kettledrum," or afternoon tea-drinking, now so fashionable in English society, and which, though not yet fully Americanized, is destined to follow our morning receptions:

"It is so pleasant, this sort of thing,
Unsophisticated, you know, and nice."
Says the lady, "Will you kindly ring?"
And the tea comes up in a trice.

An excellent thing is your Kettledrum,
For the ladies like it. Don't you see,
There's nothing that sooner strikes men dumb
Than the feminine fancy for tea.

Tea, wherever tea can be drunk, they like,
Or pretend to like, though I guess Champagne
Would their foolish frolic fancies strike,
If they dared to speak them plain.

But they *may* drink tea, and they may not sip
Just when they please, the effervescing
Wine that was made for a lady's lip,
Deliciously caressing.

And they *may*—'tis a privilege immense—
Invite to their Kettledrums swell young fellows,
So charmingly devoid of sense
They'd not make Othello jealous.

Oh, I like to see them on their mettle,
These whiskered boys with the hairy chin,
Handing about the silver kettle—
Youngsters devoid of tin.

A useful useless life they lead,
And there's always an awkward point about them,
"But the Kettledrum," our daughters plead,
"Would be nothing at all without them."

AN ENGLISH "KETTLEDRUM."

FACETIÆ.

HORTICULTURE.—In winter your quiet flower-garden is soon changed into a *bare*-garden.

THE GHOST OF A TURKEY—When he's a gobblin'.

THE REAL PHANTOM SAIL—A mock auction.

THIEVISH IDEAS.—What is the proper term for the dishonesty of quacks? Pillage. What is that of a car-driver? Cabbage. What is that of a volunteer? Rifling. What is that of a miserly money-lender? Grabbing. What is that of a "Quaker?" Shaking. What is that of a carpenter? Nailing.

Every body wants to go to heaven, but nobody is in a hurry about it.

EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY.—A young gentleman accusing a lady of his acquaintance with having broken his peace of mind, she in return gave him a piece of her mind; but he did not consider the donation as a substitute.

BURNING WORDS—A dictionary in flames.

A COW BELLE—A beautiful milkmaid.

A country girl inquired at a bookstore in one of the cities of this State for a book on Connecticut. After thorough examination of geographies, it turned out that she wanted a book on etiquette.

ADVICE TO SERVANTS OF ALL WORK—"Learn to labor and to wait."

A MODEL JURYMAN.—"I remember," said Lord Biden, "Mr. Justice Gould trying a case at York, and when he had proceeded for about two hours, he observed, 'Here are only eleven jurymen in the box; where is the twelfth?' 'Please you, my lord,' said one of the eleven, 'he has gone away about some other business; but he has left his verdict with me.'"

An Irishman who had lain sick a long time was one day met by the parish priest, when the following conversation took place:

"Well, Patrick, I am glad you have recovered; but were you not afraid to meet your God?"

"Oh no! your riverence; it was meeting the other chap that I was afeard uv," replied Pat.

Why is a photograph album like a libelous publication? Because it is full of personal reflections.

If a small boy is a lad, a big boy must be a ladder.

A Western editor remarks that he is glad to receive marriage notices, but requests that they be sent soon after the ceremony and before the divorce is applied for. He has had several notices spoiled in this way.

When may money be called wet? When it is due in the morning and mist at night.

Tobacco should not be chewed but eschewed.

CONTRADICTORY.—It may seem strange, but it is a fact well known to those who have but a slight and superficial acquaintance with science, that if you keep a fire thoroughly coaled you will probably keep yourself thoroughly warm.

A POPULAR DISH IN ENGLAND—Fenian broils.

Mr. Pullup, coming home late, finds the water very slippery, and he exclaims, "V-very singular, whenever water freezes it alluz freezes with the slippery side up."

Lakes are so clear in Minnesota that the inhabitants claim that with a telescope one can see them making tea in China.

What part of a cigar is like a tree? The ash-is.

Gross people are to be severely avoided, but we see no reason why one who is a grocer may not be cultivated in a friendly way.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 20.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1868, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

Marie Antoinette Fichu.

THIS fichu is of figured white silk lace, trimmed round the neck with a narrow, and round the outer edge with a wide puffing of the same material, edged on each side with a narrow piping of pink satin. The neck is also edged with narrow, and the bottom with wide blonde. A pink ribbon is laid under the puffings, and a bow of the same is set over the crossing of the ends in the back.

White Alpaca Waist.

THIS waist is of white alpaca, closed in front with blue silk buttons. A bodice is simulated thereon with a trimming of blue silk, scalloped round the top, and chain stitched with white crochet silk. This bodice is sewed fast to the waist. The neck and sleeves are trimmed with blue silk to match the bodice. The belt is of blue silk, trimmed with two rows of chain stitching with white crochet silk.

MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHU.

SLEEVELESS JACKET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 4 and 5.

POMPADOUR WAIST
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Fig. 6.

Figs. 7–10 give the pattern of the waist, which is the same as that of the Lucca dress.

WHITE ALPACA WAIST.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 7–10.

THE GOBELINS.

PERHAPS the largest piece of embroidery now in course of production any where—at least on this planet—is a carpet nearly thirty feet broad, nearly half an inch thick, and how long it does not yet appear, which is being wrought by hand at the tapestry works of the French Government in Paris, and said to be intended for the palace at Fontainebleau. The warp of stout linen threads or cords hangs in an upright loom of great length, before which, on a long wooden bench, sit eight or ten workmen of an intelligent and rather genteel appearance. The visitor is admitted behind the bench, and may walk along inspecting the operations of each.

The pattern is richly painted in oil-colors in full size, and the long roll of canvas containing it hangs over the heads of the workmen, so that it is at about the same distance from their eyes as the work before them. The design presents scrolls of yellow, olive, and drab, with a variety of flowers, displayed on a ground of blue so dark as to be mistaken by a careless eye for black. Stretched at length among the bright flowers is a large snake, with head erect and ready to strike. A striped border surrounds the whole.

Each workman has upon the bench by his side a box full of bobbins of colored yarns, and his shears, and a block by which to measure the thickness. The yarns are chosen with great deliberation, the workman's eye turning from bobbin to painting and painting to bobbin to be sure of the precise shade. They are worked into their place, one strand of several threads at a time, and are turned over an iron rod, which is formed into a knife at one end and a hook at the other. When several inches of the rod have been covered the workman pulls it through and the knife edge cuts the loops. The threads are then well hammered down on the back with a heavy iron comb whose thick teeth slip between the threads of the warp, after which the surface is trimmed with shears to precisely the proper thickness. The workman, or the artist as he claims to be called, next spends a long time tickling the velvet surface with one point of his shears in order that every fibre may stand in its proper relation with the fibres of the line of threads next below, which are of a different shade; and then, perhaps, it is time to stop for nooning.

It requires years of this slow process to produce one such fabric. Hence we may conclude that patience in expecting a new carpet is sometimes very necessary even to an Imperial housekeeper, when refurnishing a palace.

Other rooms in the same manufactory are occupied in the production of tapestries for hanging the palace walls. The rooms so used are long narrow halls or corridors lighted by the upper panes of glass in a row of windows upon one side, and having the whole interior painted green to temper the light to the eyes of the workmen. Opposite to the windows, and with the face of the work toward the light, stands a long line of looms, which are just far enough out from the wall to allow the workmen to sit screened behind them, where, seen through the cords of the warp, they may be compared to the animals in a row of cages in a menagerie. The work is all done on the back side in order to fasten and conceal the ends, the workman emerging from time to time to inspect the face.

The models for these embroideries are exquisite oil-paintings of historical and allegorical subjects, in designs suitable for the great panels in which they are to be presented, and are copied from the works of the first French artists. Not a few of the visitors who come to see the fac-

tory would prefer, if they were given their choice, to carry away one of these paintings though executed merely for the temporary uses of a pattern than the completed tapestry which is nominally so much more valuable.

The subjects are in various styles; landscapes, fruit, and flowers, birds, animals, and figures, and even portraits are executed with the utmost delicacy and accuracy. The transparent tints of the grape and the sparkle of precious stones are imitated with wonderful fidelity. In the showrooms are displayed a number of completed works, the most conspicuous of which are full-length portraits of the Emperor and Empress, in robes of state. The drapery, especially in the picture of the Empress, elicits constant exclamations of admiration from the visitors who pass through the rooms.

Several hundred years ago, when the working of tapestry was a leading accomplishment among the ladies of the courts of England and France, and the palaces and feudal halls were hung with the handiwork of princesses and maids of honor, a Frenchman, named Jean Gobelin, founded dye-works on the ground now occupied by this manufactory, and the establishment became famous for its fine colors, which were attributed in part to the peculiar properties of a brook which ran through the grounds. In process of time the honors of the tapestry loom passed from the aristocratic hands of the ladies of the court to the plebeian hands of paid artisans; and Gobelin's establishment became so successful in such work that it was purchased by the Government; and now that machine-made fabrics have so far superseded the hand-wrought for general use, the works are continued solely for the decoration of the French palaces and the production of Imperial gifts, and for instruction and training of artisans in weaving and dyeing.

The growth of Paris meanwhile has enveloped the establishment with a labyrinth of dirty streets, which have no sidewalks, and are filled by a swarming population whose chief industry is the gathering of rags, waste paper, and cinders in other quarters of the town. The squalid monotony of this region is once or twice a week relieved by the carriages of visitors who come to witness the processes of the factory.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1868.

☞ COPYING WHEEL. — *This Wheel, by means of which patterns can be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease, is now ready, and can be had of most of the News-dealers; or will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on the receipt of 25 cents.*

☞ *Single Subscribers to* HARPER'S BAZAR *will be supplied from Number One to the end of the year 1868, which will complete the first Volume, for the yearly price of Four Dollars.*

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL.

NATURE has established certain processes of her own for sustaining the vitality of the body. For these no artificial contrivances, however they may simulate natural operations, can be safely substituted. Chemistry has penetrated with marvelous insight into the mysteries of life, and with its tests and measures has become as familiar with the composition of the body and its elements as with the various substances and their component parts it so readily manipulates in its own laboratory. This science can even do more. It can recompose what it has so elaborately analyzed and separated into its elementary constituents. The air we breathe, the food we eat, and the heat by which we are warmed, may, after having been decomposed, be chemically recombined. The products which result, however, will not sustain life. Man or any other animal would soon be stifled with the air, starved with the food, and chilled to death with the heat compounded by the most skillful chemist, though his unerring tests would fail to detect any difference in the quantity and quality of the constituents of his own compositions and those of nature.

Science teaches and experience confirms that art can not free us from our original bondage to nature. Yet in spite of this absolute law there is a constant effort on the part of man to resist its obligations. This resistance manifests itself daily in our artificial life, especially where the pleasure is immediate and the danger remote. No one has ventured, we believe, to substitute for his daily beef-steak the nitrogen, carbon, and other elements of which the chemists tell us it is composed. Art has not yet discovered any flavoring sauce to render so windy and unsubstantial diet as the gaseous elements of our daily food more palatable than the solid substances of beef and pudding. When, however, this discovery shall be made there will, no doubt, be many a housekeeper who will go for his daily marketing to the chemist's shop instead of the butcher's stall, and get his windbags filled for dinner. Though his health will suffer and his life be quickly brought to a close we do not suppose that the imminence of any such dangers will check the absorption of the future human gas consumer.

Similar substitutions of artificial for natural provisions are in daily use among us, and though their consequences are fatal to health and life, they are seldom checked but by the disease and death they inevitably provoked. Our every-day life is replete with such examples. Those who use artificial stimulants, of whatever kind, as substitutes for the natural ones of the nervous system, are seldom deterred from the habit by its obvious dangers.

The ordinary practice of trusting almost exclusively to artificial heat for the warmth of the body is another example of the disobedience of a natural law which is perseveringly practiced though it brings with it the usual penalty of ill health. People are apt to suppose that to secure the sensation of heat is all that is necessary, and accordingly resort, for the purpose, to the various contrivances of furnaces and stoves in hermetically closed houses and rooms and endless coverings of thick clothing. This, however, is a great error. We must make heat as well as feel it. The process of its manufacture within the body is essential to its vitality. The combination of the carbon of the food we eat with the oxygen of the air we breathe not only produces heat but is an operation upon which every function of the animal system is more or less dependent. Any artificial substitute must, therefore, be injurious, as it dispenses with a vital process which is essential to the health of the whole body.

People can find in the outer air, in muscular exercise, and in the substantial food for which these alone will give the necessary appetite, the only sources of that heat essential to health. In repose we have little else to do than to retain it. This is done by means of proper clothing and the artificial warmth of the indoor fire. These, however, if relied upon to produce as well as preserve the bodily heat are sure to be used in excess, and act not only in directly injuring our health but indisposing us to face the cold exterior air and exert the muscular effort required in the manufacture of that animal heat so essential to life.

FIRESIDE CULTURE.

CULTURE is a much broader word than education. Without giving it the compass of signification that Mr. Arnold gave it in his sharp attack on British Philistinism, we may claim that it differs in kind as well as in degree from the technical instruction and training which ordinarily constitute education. Culture looks not to a specific part of our nature, not to the functions of a faculty nor to the workings of an organ, but to our nature in its wholeness, and hence to all it should be and do as an instrument of thought, feeling, contemplation, and activity. It is both real and ideal in its spirit and endeavor. It is real, since it takes a downright hold upon the practical powers of our being, fitting us for better contact with the facts of daily life, and teaching us how to apply common-sense not only to homely matters but to those rarer experiences which it is every one's fortune to undergo. And it is ideal, because it regards our nature as higher than any earthly ends, as an end in itself, and yet as a means to something beyond and above itself.

Culture, therefore, presupposes education in whole or in part, and rises from it as a superstructure from a foundation. A certain degree at least of education must be possessed before one is prepared for the benefits of culture. If culture mainly develops us by means of association with persons of refinement, it is evident that we must have had that previous education from books and formal modes of knowledge which makes the sensibilities acutely impressible by the living men and women of society. We must have this subsoiling before we take the top-dressing, or the surface will be stimulated beyond healthy productiveness. But this fundamental work done, early education accomplished, we pass from this initial life into a realm where more room is found for personal impulse and self-moving energy. The mind then consults itself. And it ordinarily happens that under these circumstances the intellect is first conscious of its own distinctive gifts; the heart beats truthfully to itself instead of throbbing to a key-note set for it; and genius, freed from restraint, prophesies the orbit in which its splendors are to shine. A cloistered student may easily mistake himself. But when men act socially upon one another the true touchstone is applied, the hidden weakness stands confessed, the hidden strength stands disclosed; and we are forced to know ourselves because the divine conditions of self-knowledge are brought to act upon the core of consciousness.

Formal education having been finished, we know of nothing so desirable for young men and women as a warm atmosphere of culture at the home fireside. Just then and there education merges into culture, knowledge changes into character, tastes into life, acquisitions into genuine treasures. It is no hyperbole to say that a very large proportion of our educated mind is lost at this point of transition. Nor indeed is it strange when so few homes are homes for the intellect. Homes for the intellect they should be no less than homes for the affections, competent to afford nutriment in variety and completeness to mental appetites and so secure the largest possibility of growth. The domestic fireside, apart from its sweet and serene fellowships, its graceful interchange of affectionate civilities, and its holy guardianship over virtue and piety, has this other sacred office to fulfill in aiding the development of mind, in continuing the refining process of taste, in quickening talent and genius for its tasks. We all know that sensibility is a main constituent of the nobler mental gifts. We know, too, unawakened intellect often means nothing more than unaroused sensibility. Dr. Abercrombie was right when he said that defects of talent were frequently due to defects of feeling. If this is true, how can the fireside of home perform a wiser ministry, how better aid civilization, how better aid itself than by fitting itself for this beautiful office of inspiring intellect to seek and glorify its vocation?

Now, it strikes us, that our American Homes have in this particular a great work to accomplish. No people, taken as a whole, have such an attachment to home; none lay such an emphasis of generous pride and pleasure upon its advantages; and none indulge in such an outlay of thought and money to obtain the very maximum of its comforts and joys. This passion for home is the chief strength of our civilization. It is growing, too, with our material wealth, but not growing as wisely as it should; for we are neglecting that domestic provision for the nurture of intellect, which, next to good morals, is the surest sign of a substantial civilization. In this respect we have degenerated. Our fathers read more, thought more, talked more around the fireside than we do, and thereby contributed more to the real progress of the age than we can boast of doing. Recently, however, a signal change has been exhibited. The demand for home reading has increased, so that as respects the class of publications to meet this specific want, never did such an abundance exist. The culture of Home is evidently increasing, and as this culture takes deeper root and spreads more widely around, we may safely calculate that social fungi, native or exotic, will be starved out of our prolific soil.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to Mrs. Knickerbocker.

DEAR MADAME,—Now that the newspapers, which M. Thiers in his late speech calls the books of every day, are beginning to talk seriously of the conspiracy against marriage, *I* begin to feel uncomfortable. I ask myself what you and my other good friends in the realm of matrimony—old settlers, if you will allow me the phrase—will begin to think of me. If young men are declining to marry, may it not be because of evil example, and who set so pernicious an anti-matrimonial example as old bachelors? Good Heavens, Madame! what if I should be thought a ringleader in this atrocious conspiracy? What if a committee of unmarried persons of your sex should wait upon me, and demand of me what I mean—in fact, ask my intentions? I beg you to fancy the situation in which I find myself, for as I write the words the appalling thought surprises me that this is *leap-year!*

If there be a conspiracy against marriage the remedy would seem to be in the hands of your sex. In this auspicious twelve-month they can at least ascertain the truth by open inquiry. But with you, from whom I am sure that I have not even a suspicion to fear, I may certainly reason tranquilly upon this subject. You, dear Madame, know that I am no conspirator, except for the overthrow of bad manners of every kind; and I can conceive of no manners so unspeakably bad as the thinking evil or speaking lightly of marriage. I know that I shall never marry; but I know also that I shall therefore never know the purest delight on earth. And indeed, as I remember to have said before, if we should explore the private history of most of the old bachelors whom we know, we should find that their solitary life is the long and unwavering homage to an early affection. Do you remember that most delightful of old bachelors, Scott's Antiquary? When he showed Mr. Lovell into the guest-chamber in his quaint old mansion, he quoted to him, as he recalled the days departed, the lines of Wordsworth, then so fresh, and always so beautiful:

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
That in those days I heard.
Thus fares it still in our decay,
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what time takes away
Than what it leaves behind."

Come, Madame, you must not reproach me. You do not think Monkbarns was sentimental, nor must you think that I am. But I am really interested, and even alarmed, by all the statements and statistics that I see in the newspapers and magazines about marriage and cognate subjects; and I have been thinking what you and a few of your friends can do in practical opposition to this tendency to avoid marriage. For we all know it to exist. You have sons and daughters, and you watch them in all their relations with the sons and daughters of other people. And I have eyes and ears, and a mind and memory, and as I move about in society I also hear, and see, and reflect.

Last week, for instance, I had the honor of seeing you at a distance at Mrs. Reservoir's. What a superb scene it was! It wanted only more space, a palace rather than an ordinary house, to be as magnificent as any royal fête. Of course, also, it was new; that we must allow. There were no ancestral names, nor jewels, nor halls. There were no traditions as a mellow back-ground to the picture, but certainly the colors were most glowing, and the whole effect was splendid. Indeed, in no part of the world that I have seen could there be collected so many truly beautiful women. They fade early, say the foreign critics. So dew-drops soon dry up and morning-glories close, but they are marvelous while they last. I am speaking of the spectacle, and nowhere could it be more striking in that chief element of personal beauty than it was at Mrs. Reservoir's. And what dresses the women wore! Heedless youth put their sinful feet through robes the cost of which would be a handsome income for a family. They tipped oyster-slop upon velvets and brocades that the Empress would gladly wear. They spilled exquisite wine upon laces which were mere fairy webs, and I hope they imparted to them the delicate stain of age. Madame, when my fortunate eyes first caught sight of you that evening, you were standing in front of a bank of flowers that I have not seen surpassed in the Chiswick exhibitions, and I agreed when my neighbor said, "Mrs. Knickerbocker completes it like a Victoria Regia."

What music there was, and what dancing! I could not be weary of listening and of looking. The passionate longing, the depthless sadness of much of the music to which those airy figures floated through that illuminated scene—why, Madame, it lingers with me yet and affects me inexpressibly. But what of your sons and daughters, the young Knickerbockers? Two of the youth told me the story which is getting to be the old story—"Do you think, Mr. Bachelor, I can be married to a woman who expects this kind of thing, who is bred to it, steeped in it, who breathes it by day and dreams of it in what little night it leaves her?" And the other said: "Mr. Bachelor, you smiled when I passed you as I was waltzing with sweet Kitty Clover. You think that I am a fortunate man because you suppose she smiles upon me. It is not me, dear Sir, it is only the figure that her excited imagination makes of me that she smiles upon. If she saw me away from all this glamour I should seem to her a very different person. And it is very fortunate, too. For although she might feel very sure that she did not deceive herself, and would be deeply insulted if you should suggest that she could not dispense with all this as easily as she thinks she could, she would find the same reaction in a quiet life that an actress feels when she leaves the stage in the height of her triumph."

So philosophized my young Knickerbockers. And now what do you think is your duty as their mother? What is, in one word, the obvious fault of our society, from whatever cause it may spring? It is its expense. Every body tries to surpass every body else in the magnificence of furniture, of plate, of silks and satins, and velvets and laces, of splendid profusion and mad extravagance. And there is but one way to stop the furious folly. It is for you, Mrs. Knickerbocker—for what you do scores enough will imitate to make the fashion—it is for you to resolve that your house shall be plainly furnished, that you and your family shall be plainly dressed, and that your parties shall be inexpensive. You can do it, but Mrs. Reservoir can not. You can have the pleasantest people of all kinds at your house in the pleasantest way. You can invite them from nine till twelve. You can make your daughters wear simple, and exquisite, and inexpensive dresses. You can have the dancing to three or four pieces of music; and your supper can be merely oysters and ice-cream. You can do this because you are enormously rich, because you are the very flower of fashion, and because every body wants to come to your house. And you have only to ask half a dozen of your friends to do the same thing; and then it will no longer be considered absolutely essential to give no party at all or one of the Reservoir school. Of course I do not deny the beauty and charm of such a scene; but unless something is done, such a ball as we went to at Mrs. Reservoir's becomes a tremendous blow in the conspiracy against marriage.

And what amazes me is, that you and others who are sensible and educated and thoughtful, who see the peril and the sorrow of all this, do not resist it. You all shrug your shoulders, and lift your hands and eyes, and deplore it—and do it. You allow Mrs. Tilbury, and Mrs. Reservoir, and Mrs. Pound, and Mrs. Hundredweight to prescribe the rules which you obey. I have never been invited to those impressive and dreary ceremonies—the Pound dinners. As I wrote to Mrs. Grundy last week I have no particular respect for the Pound genealogy; the family has only a traditional odor of snuff in my nostrils. But I know how the Ounces and the Pennys and the rest burn with unextinguishable desire to be admitted to the Pound banquets, and I do not deny that it is considered a very fine thing to be one of the guests—although I have heard that—well! no matter!

if he did dine there it only shows that the Pounds can do exactly as they please. Therefore, if Mrs. Pound should give a perfectly plain dinner, cooked with the exquisite skill of Blot—that worthy disciple, I hope, of Ude—and not have forty courses—it would be a miracle, I know, but it would simplify dining.

Now this is a work which can be done only in this way: If our manners in this kind are ever to be reformed you, my dear Mrs. Knickerbocker, must lead off. If you choose to go to Delmonico's to do it, instead of opening your own house—very well. Such a proceeding destroys all the charm of variety in society, if many imitate you; but still you can do the work there by a simple method. By Jove! Madame, if you will pardon the force of the expression, and attribute it to a sudden remembrance of you as you stood by the bank of flowers at Mrs. Reservoir's—if your precious spouse were in heaven, or rather, if he had never been on earth, and—forgive the audacious dream!—you had borne my name, and had been at this moment Mrs. Bachelor, I do believe that you and I together could have helped to show that there is something superior to money even in our gay society; and then—if you will again pardon the presumptuous fancy which nothing but our tried friendship excuses—then young Knickerbocker Bachelor would have known that sweet Kitty Clover would not have expected as a matter of course to rival, as his wife, the splendors of the Reservoirs.

Madame, from Juvenal down the satirists have lashed this social madness. But you can help cure it. Be conscious of your power, mother of the Knickerbockers, and use it for their happiness. Your admiring friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

THE CHARITY BALL.

AMONG the most popular of the New York charitable institutions is the Nursery and Child's Hospital—a home where indigent mothers can leave their infants with the assurance that the babes will be cared for while they are earning their livelihood. A charity of this sort appeals to the strongest sympathies of women; and it is not strange, therefore, that the social queens of New York city should have selected it from among all others to be their pet institution. This they have done, and the list of managers numbers among its names the acknowledged leaders of New York society in wealth, beauty, and fashion. The ball given under such auspices to aid the funds of the institution naturally becomes *the* ball of the season, discussed long in advance, and talked of long after; some notice of it, therefore, can not fail to be interesting to the readers of *Harper's Bazar*.

The sum paid by the mothers of the infants received in the nursery is only a nominal one, and the institution is mainly dependent on the exertions of its patrons for support. A large proportion of the funds for this purpose is derived from the Charity Ball, which fact causes the managers to use their utmost efforts to make this ball a success; and if beauty, numbers, and brilliancy constitute success, the ball on the night of February 24 was successful in an eminent degree.

The Academy of Music was used for the purpose, the parquet having been floored over, on a level with the stage, to give space for promenading and dancing. The building was barren of decoration, it being the principle of the managers to expend no money uselessly; but this want was amply compensated by the brilliant assemblage that filled the walls. The Academy was thronged, from the parquet to the highest balcony, with the élite of New York society; and the eye was dazzled in every direction by a bewildering mass of bright-colored silks and satins, gossamer laces, and costly jewels.

One might have imagined himself in the court of LOUIS XVI., so closely do the present styles of dress resemble those of that magnificent period. Sweeping trains, with tunics and fichus *à la Marie Antoinette*, towering billows of hair thickly powdered with gold, silver, and diamond dust, and even patches on the face, seemed to copy the fashions of the close of the eighteenth century.

One thing, however, was lacking. The stiff and sombre evening costume of the gentlemen, with their black swallow-tail coats, black vests, and white cravats, so like a butler's, differed widely from the laced and jeweled silken attire of the men of that time, and we could not help longing for some of the embroidery and gold lace which in RISTORI'S faithful pictures of the gay court of France enlivened the scene and set off the lustre of the ladies' dresses. The epaulets of a few artillery officers here and there was a sensible relief from the monotony of the civilians' dress.

Every body was there, as a matter of course. Mesdames ASTOR, BELMONT, ASPINWALL, JAY, ROOSEVELT, and the rest of the elegant lady-managers, superbly attired, were prominent centres of attraction, while the assemblage numbered lions by the score. Among other celebrated personages, we noticed M. DU CHAILLU making his way among the crowd, and evidently quite as much at home in the mazes of fashion as among the tangled thickets of an African forest.

From the stage-balcony the finest view of the dancers was obtained. Down the long vista of the large hall the eye feasted on a fairy spectacle, a kaleidoscope of marvelous beauty, with ever "a change into something rich and strange." Jewels glittered like streams of living fire; fabrics of gorgeous colors and white, fleecy, cloud-like costumes moved to and fro in the bewildering mazes of the dance. The scene was varied enough to dazzle a looker on. To tell of all the dresses that attracted us would be to emulate the garrulity of Scheherezade herself. It would consume every hour of her thousand-and-one nights; and, above all, it would occupy more space than the chronicler ever dares monopolize in these overburdened columns. We venture only upon generalities, glittering generalities they are *per force* in speaking of such a scene, while we avoid those personalities that we always deprecate.

We saw at the first glance, and the evening confirmed the impression, that one hue more than all others was cast to the surface of this brilliant surging sea. Of all the colors of the rainbow none is so much enhanced in beauty by gas-light as green, and of all others green is this season the favorite for evening dresses. Here it was in every shade—mermaid and celadon, dark and sombre, a fitting back-ground for the resplendent diamonds that gleamed upon it; Metternich and apple-greens—clear, lovely shades that mingle with white satin in a way that no other color will, and the delicate pistache tint on which point-lace rests as lovingly and appropriately as if here, of all others, was its chosen abiding-place.

Clad in these Undine colors a fairy creature, whose face was a poem, moved about with ineffable grace. Amidst the folds that bordered her rich dress were shells of pearly hue. Her tunic of point-lace was festooned with seaweeds; water-lilies covered with a mist of tulle were on her corsage and sash. Emeralds and pearls were entwined in her fair hair.

Close by an attractive party were enjoying the Lancers just beneath the balcony. Here was a stately dame in a Watteau costume, seeming like some French marchioness of the ancient *régime* who had wearied of the passive position in which she had been enshrined by Art, and had stepped forth from that old portrait to masquerade for one evening among the belles of another generation. Her powdered hair was a specimen of the choice antique. How it softened her complexion, and rendered most lovely the brilliant bloom of her cheek! It was brushed away from her low, broad forehead *à la Pompadour*, and arranged in puffs that sat close to her head, displaying instead of destroying its fine contour as puffs are wont to do. Her trained petticoat of white *gros* grain had a wide box-pleated flounce around it. The fourreau or overdress was of chené silk, small figures of gay chameleon hues on a white ground. The corsage was square in front, and the skirt, cut away in front, would have been quite long behind, but was looped up in large puffs in the Watteau fashion. The sleeves were puffed to the elbow, from whence fell a wide ruffle. A point-lace mantle tastefully worn, formed a graceful drapery; and a black velvet band, fastened by a diamond brooch, made the fair throat look fairer still. White gloves with six studs reached almost to her elbow.

Her vis-a-vis in the dance, a brunette with clear olive skin, had her dark hair arranged in luxuriant beauty and sparkling with diamond powder. Her dress of amber satin was most appropriate. A deep flounce of point appliqué surrounded the skirt, which was very long and gored to fit closely over the hips. The low corsage disclosed most beautifully moulded shoulders; and a bertha of lace draped the figure. Autumn leaves and gilt berries surrounded the puffed chignon. The necklace was of topaz pendants set in Etruscan gold.

The most elaborate toilette of the evening was of pure white. A rich Antwerp silk with an immense train was trimmed with bands of white satin studded on either side with Roman pearls. Above this was a tunic and flounce of point appliqué lace. The low corsage had sleeves and bretelles of the same beautiful lace. A diamond brooch of great size caught the bretelles on the breast. The hair was powdered and worn very high. A Spanish coiffure of point appliqué was fastened on the chignon by diamond ornaments, and fell over the shoulders of the fair wearer in a most graceful manner. Necklace and bracelets of diamonds.

An elegant costume was a corsage and open train of black velvet, displaying the front and sides of a petticoat of lavender silk. The train was opened in the back, cut in vandykes, and caught together with jet ornaments.

The trains were of immense length, and the few ladies who wore short dresses were envied by the many who did not. Pretty and graceful fourreaux of satin over short skirts of puffed tulle and tarlatan were very much admired. Puffs of rose-colored tarlatan under a tunic of white satin trimmed with heavy fringe, and a muslin robe edged with Valenciennes was a pretty transparent over blue satin.

Midnight was the zenith of the ball; about one o'clock the spectators began to disperse and leave room for the dancers, who lingered till far on toward daybreak. At 5 A.M. the last carriages drove off, and all that remained of the great Charity Ball of 1868 was a well-filled purse, contributed by the fashionable pleasure-lovers to the support of a noble institution.

PERSONAL.

OLIVE LOGAN, one of the cleverest and piquantest women in the country, has added to her *rôles* of authoress and actress that of lecturess, in which latter she *débuted*, a few evenings since, with decided success, at Dodworth Hall. Her audience was largely composed of writing, acting, painting, and other professional people, whom she kept in a state of high laughter and applause. She gave a neat little touch, in the pathetic, of a young *débutante*, a comical one of a stage-struck Fifth-Avenoodle, an Irish wardrobe woman, a manager, and scenes from "Macbeth" and "King John." She was elegantly enveloped in a rose-colored *moire antique*, with long train, fur collar, heavy diamond cross, and large diamond ear-rings.

—Senator MORGAN is said to be the giver of the best dinners this winter in Washington. Senator CONKLING keeps house and entertains nicely, as a well-educated gentleman should; but Governor MORGAN is so very pecunious that the "What will it cost?" never seems to enter into any of his matters of hospitality.

—We account it a good thing to have done what GEORGE W. CHIPMAN did the other day, when his daughter ANNIS was married to Mr. CHARLES C. BAILEY. The paternal CHIPman gave to ANNIS (the CHIP-ess) a deed of the Baptist church in Melrose, Massachusetts, a $1000 United States bond, a $100 greenback, and a case of jewelry, consisting of a pearl chariot drawn by two golden horses. The parties are to be congratulated—especially BAILEY.

—The personal and political dander of Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE is said to have arisen lately in the town of Hartford, where her new book is going through the press. Samples of this book had been carried about to show to purchasers. Among the steel plates is one of Mr. FREDERICK DOUGLASS. A few days ago the agents began to come back with the report that the graven image of F. D. injured the sale of the volume. The publishers consulted Mrs. S., and requested that the offensive work of art be taken out, which she firmly refused. She put her little foot down on *that* proposition, and there it stays. That is the way the story comes to us, and we reckon it's true.

—Opulent New Yorkers must not suppose that all the truly grand and stylish private parties exploited on this continent are given by themselves. Hardly. A few evenings since Mrs. FRANCIS SKINNER, of Boston, gave a magnificent entertainment on the coming of age of her son. A thousand people were invited. The entire building known as Horticultural Hall was engaged, and the several apartments therein were none too large for the purpose. The several officers' and committees' rooms were used for reception rooms, the lower hall for the supper room, and the upper hall for dancing. The company consisted of the *élite* of the city, and a scene of rarer magnificence at the height of the entertainment can scarcely be imagined. All the apartments, the stairways, etc., were profusely hung and embowered with the choicest shrubbery and flowers, while the passage-ways, the stairs, and the supper-room were fully carpeted, both the dancing-hall and supper-room forming the most exquisite boudoirs or fairy grottoes by their columns, arches, pendants, and other floral ornamentations. No such completeness and expensiveness of detail have ever been known in Boston. Some idea of the cost may be inferred when we say that at least $3000 were expended for flowers alone. The music and feast were on a scale of like munificence. The company began to assemble at nine o'clock, and the first streaks of the morning light still found some of the more enthusiastic dancers lingering at the scene of *recherché* festivity. The floral decorations were by DOOGUE; the music by the Germania Band, and the supper by WILKINS, of the Somerset Club rooms. Pretty good for the Puritans! It was O. W. H. we think who said, "when good Bostonians die they go to Paris!"

—The notable personages of England appear to be rushing into print. The BISHOP of LONDON and Dean STANLEY will have articles in the March number of *Good Words*. Mr. GLADSTONE has been writing for the same periodical, and is announced for a volume on Greece and Phenicia. Lord WILLIAM LENNOX has been lecturing in London in aid of the funds of the Victoria Hospital for sick children. His subject was "Locomotion, from the days of Charles II. to those of Victoria," and contained anecdotes of Stephenson, Brunel, Gurney, Locke, and other men of science. Lord HOBART has been writing letters in the London *Times* in favor of a prompt and liberal settlement of the *Alabama* matter. The QUEEN'S book has sold to the extent of 150,000 copies, yielding her $50,000 copyright. Royalty and nobility did not in olden time write books or read lectures. It is different now.

—Mr. A. T. STEWART employs about three hundred women in the manufacture of female clothing. Among those who came there recently for work was a colored woman, who was served like all the rest—according to their skill.

—The Rev. Dr. HAWLEY, of Hartford, and the Rev. Dr. BALCH, of Montreal, are spoken of for the vacant bishopric of Vermont.

—Another distinguished tribute to the memory of a good wife has been paid by a prominent Hebrew gentleman of London—Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE—who has established a college at Ramsgate in memory of his wife JUDITH.

—The Constantinoplers are making a great pother because the SULTAN went out, not long since, to dine with one of his subjects—the first time a Sultan ever did any thing of the kind.

—We suppose Doctor SHELTON MACKENZIE will be inclined to crucify us for repeating that hat story, which has got into print in style and manner following, to wit: The Doctor went with some fair ladies to the Navy-yard. The day was fine but gusty; he was eloquently describing on a ferry-boat the beauty of the surrounding scenery, when a puff of wind gently lifted his hat off his head, and carried it like a bird flapping its wings up the river. "Good Heavens!" cried the Doctor, "there's a poor fellow's hat in the air. Well, that's a joke I always laugh at!" The roar of laughter which greeted him all round, and the direction all eyes took to his head, induced him to put his hand there. "By the powers," quoth he, "it's my hat!" But his native wit returning, he said, as he saw it plump itself into the waters of the East River: "That's true to nature; a beaver always takes to the water."

—Within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Paris LOUIS NAPOLEON has not been so devoted to Mrs. L. N. as he is at the present time. He is constantly in her society, and is said to have quite fallen in love with her.

—Mrs. SWISSHELM has become opulent—recovered $60,000 worth of real estate near Pittsburg from SWISSHELM—(she is divorced from him), who made exclusive claim to it. That will please her.

—Madame LOUIS DUCIS (*née* ANNA TALMA) has just died, at the great age of 95 years. She was a sister of *the* TALMA.

—Miss ETTLES, of Inverness, has given £1000 for the purpose of founding a medical scholarship in the University of Edinburgh.

—The late WILLIAM A. WHITE will for all time be gratefully remembered by Danbury, Connecticut, having by will left $10,000 to found a public library in that town. The mail which brings this intelligence gives information that the sum of $176,000 has just been left to charitable institutions in Massachusetts by the late Mrs. ABIGAIL LORING; and from England comes news that a lady—name not given—has left the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge a legacy of $125,000.

—Mr. TENNYSON is as clever in business matters as he is in poetry. For twelve short poems, one each month, in *Good Words*, he is paid £2000. For "The Grandmother," 108 lines, published in *Once a Week*, he received £100. For "Sea Dreams," in *Macmillan*, a larger sum. He is the owner of his own copyrights, and is said to get all his publishing done for a commission of fifteen per cent. He is now building a house on a property he has lately purchased in a secluded part of Hampshire, as a place of refuge when the tourist fever sets in, "with its usual severity," in the Isle of Wight.

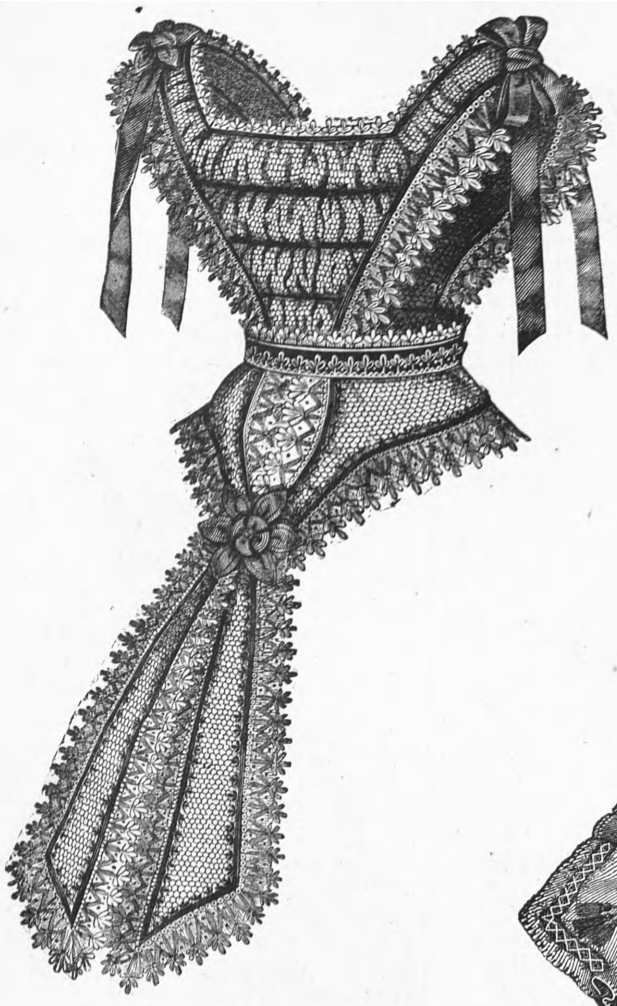
—General IGNATIEFF, the new Prime Minister of Russia, is only forty years of age, but has already made his mark. He it is who has carried the Czar's dominions several degrees southward in Asia, transferring a large portion of Northern China to Russia, and advancing the Russian outposts in the centre of the continent near enough to India to make a sensation at St. James. When the French and English entered Pekin with force of arms and pillaged the palace, they found IGNATIEFF already there, on such excellent terms with the Emperor of China that the plenipotentiaries of both countries solicited his aid in the negotiation of treaties. He is a man of rare sagacity and address, with an affability, ease, grace, and courteousness that wins universal admiration. He treats every one with the utmost respect; reads men on the instant; is bold, yet prudent. He belongs to young Russia, and has full faith in the destiny of the Empire just as most Americans have in the future of the United States. He has won the hand of a princess of high rank, well educated, speaking English fluently, and charming in person and manner; who while in Constantinople thought it not beneath her to be on intimate terms with some of the wives of the missionaries of the American Board.

—The late COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON—once the celebrated actress Miss FOOTE—was an odd body. To the day of her death she kept her carriages and her liveries in very much the style which distinguished them when the late LORD HARRINGTON was a leader of the fashions. Every day about four o'clock might be seen in the neighborhood of Whitehall Gardens those large black horses with the square blinkers and brass-mounted harness, drawing the stately-looking carriage in which the Countess was seated. The servants invariably wore chocolate-colored coats, reaching to their heels. These coats were designed by Lord Harrington, who cut the original pattern for them himself. Like GEORGE IV., he was an amateur tailor of very considerable pretensions. In fact, he and that Royal personage, in the days of the Regency, were rivals in the high art of cutting and fitting. The Prince designed a Valencia waistcoat, very short, and with only four buttons, which created a wonderful impression among the noble swells the first day it was exhibited on the Royal breast. The next day Lord Harrington appeared in a still shorter Valencia, but with small buttons from top to bottom as numerous as it was possible to place them. This vest triumphed over the Prince's.

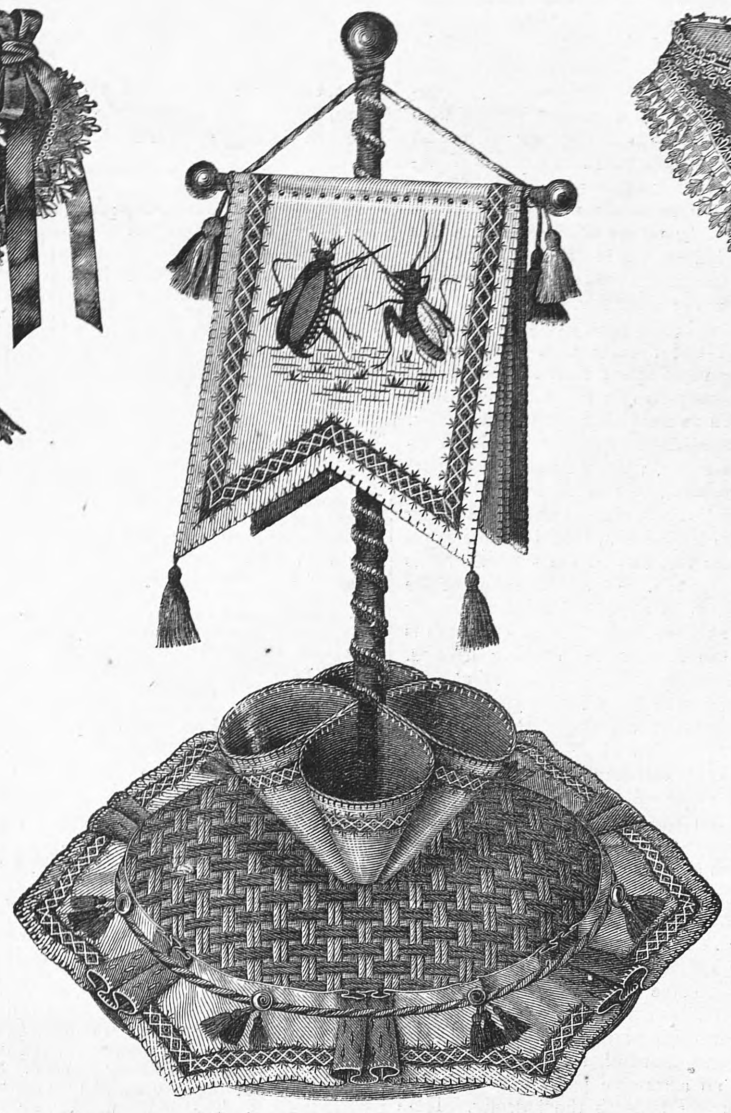
—NEWMAN HALL told a friend in Baltimore that the form of his worship in London was Episcopal, though he had elders like the Presbyterians, and class-meetings like the Methodists.

—Mr. EMERSON was in Stamford, Connecticut, a few evenings since, and delivered his lecture on "Manners in America." After the lecture the philosopher was taken to the house of one of the principal gentlemen of the place, where "things" were had. Mr. EMERSON'S parlor manner is thus pleasantly and concisely stated by a person who assisted at the private entertainment: "He is calm, self-possessed, rather disposed to hear others than be heard himself. A stranger would be likely to take him for a rather timid and precise Congregational preacher. He talks well, though he does not speak blank verse in the bosom of the family. He has the air of a man whose mind has been made up for thirty years or more on most subjects about which people think. On the topics of the times he is entirely at home. Political affairs, as he remarked, it was not easy to keep aloof from. Every man is, or ought to be, concerned in the welfare of the vessel in which he has taken passage. He is familiar with current literature, knows the titles of all the new books and what they are worth. Concerning AGASSIZ'S recent work, he feared that the descriptions would make every body anxious to go to Brazil. Of THOREAU he spoke in great praise, and was of opinion that the day would come when his remarkable works would be classic and by-words every where.

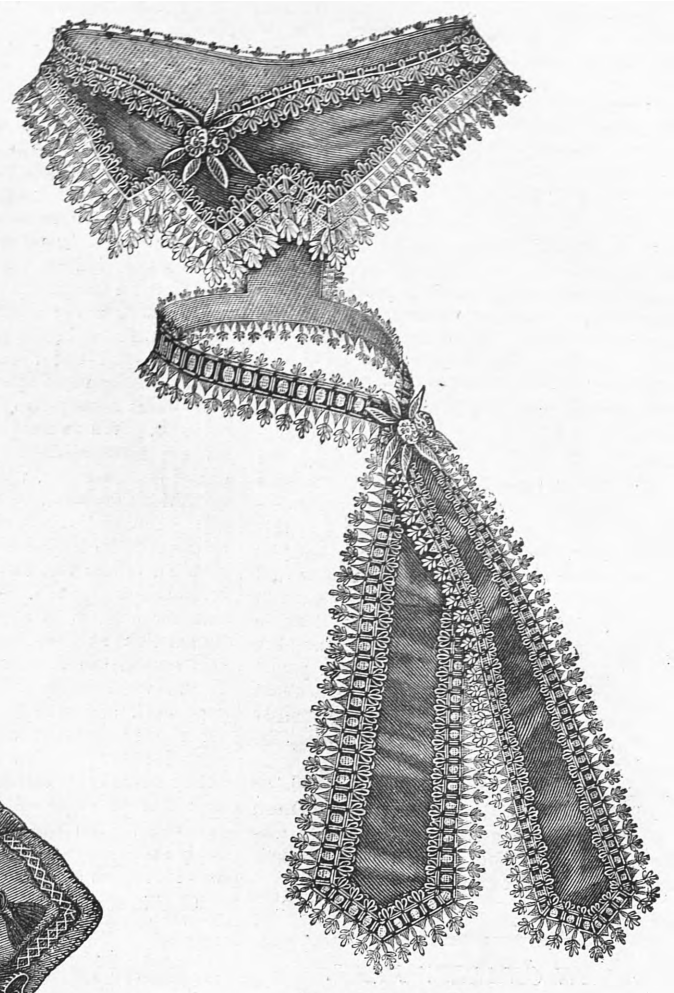
"The bounteous repast seemed to be much enjoyed by the great thinker; but the intercourse of the social board does not disturb the even tenor of his way. He is evidently always himself, and never turns aside from the plain, simple, straightforward, unpretending habit which he approves, and which quite won the sincere regard of the fortunate few who concluded an evening with EMERSON."



BERTHA WITH PEPLUM AND SASH.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 12–14.



PIN-CUSHION WITH NEEDLE-BOOK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Fig. 22.



BERTHA WITH SASH.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 15 and 16.

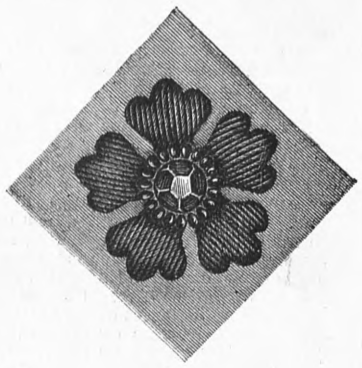
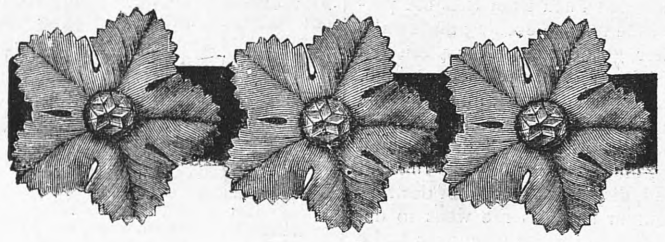


FIGURE FOR SLEEVELESS JACKET.



BANDEAU OF APPLE BLOSSOMS AND VELVET.

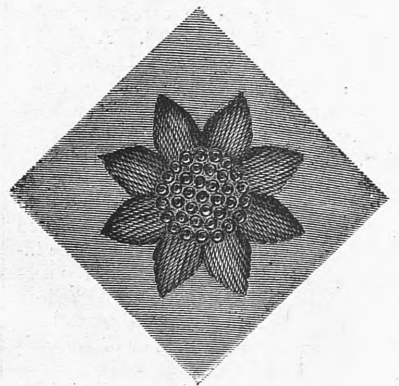
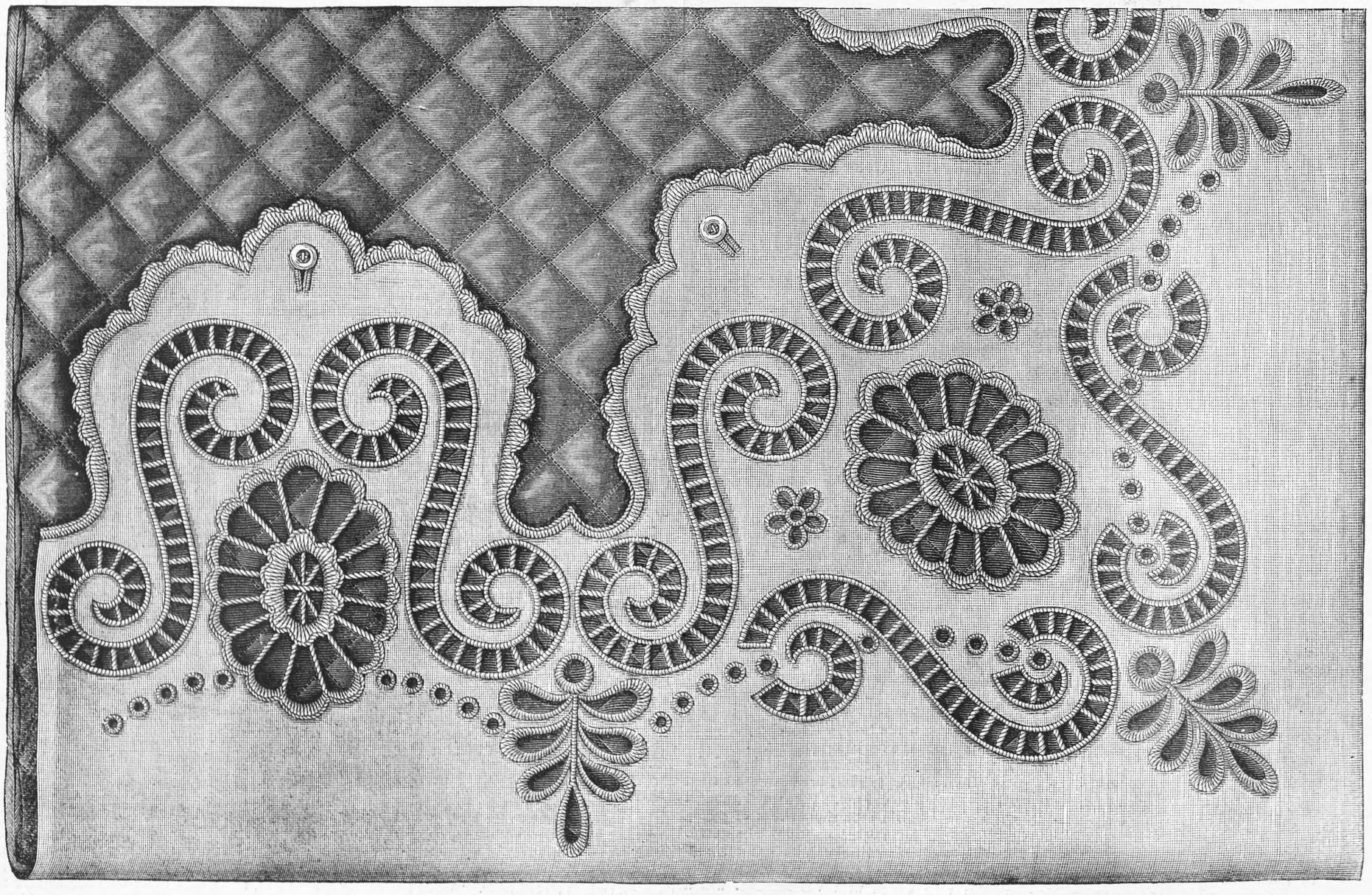


FIGURE FOR SLEEVELESS JACKET.

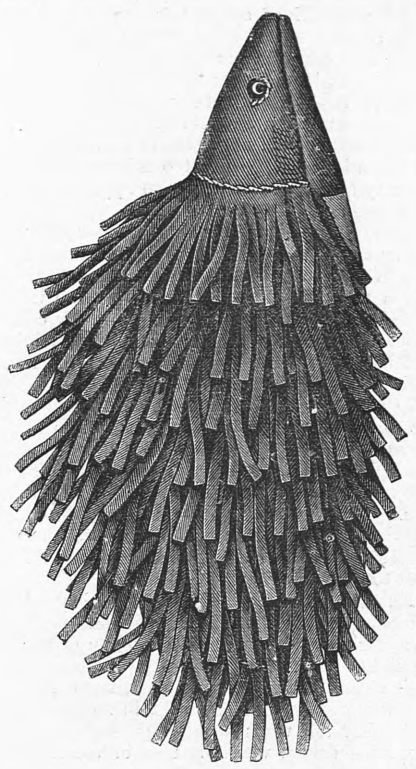


EMBROIDERY FOR BED-QUILT COVER.
For pattern see Supplement, No. 18.

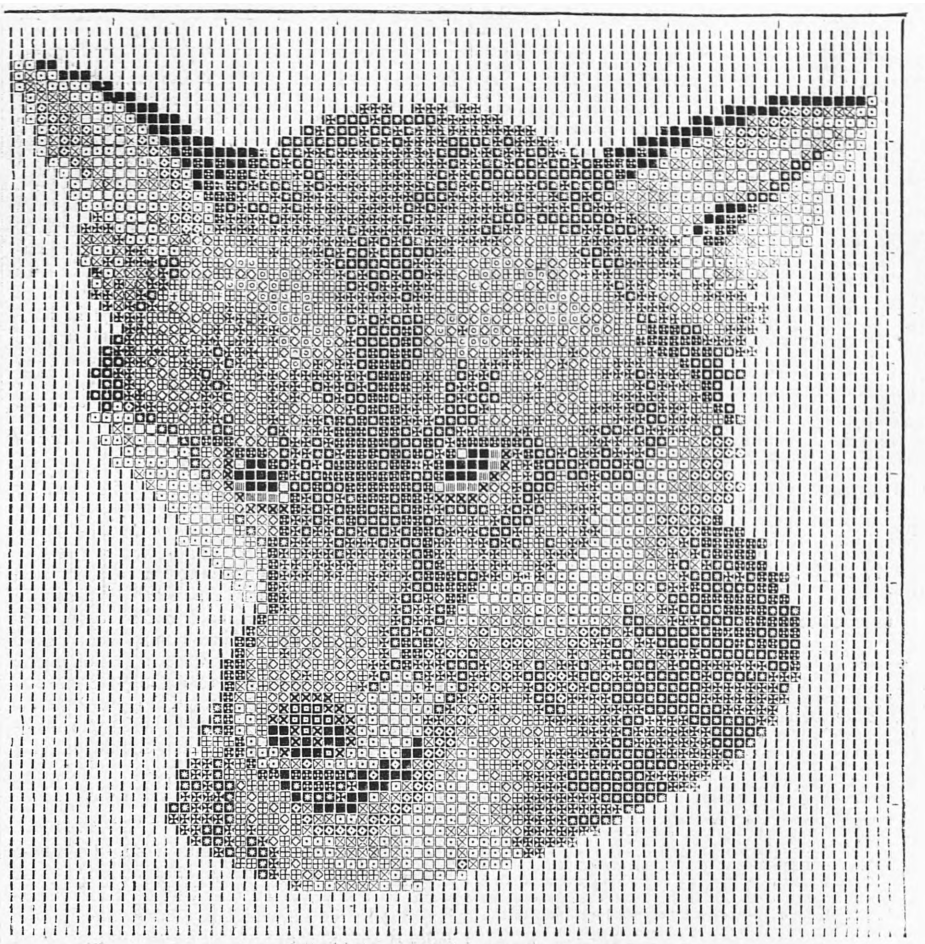
Pen Wiper.

MATERIALS: Black and gray cloth; muslin; bran.

This pen wiper is in the form of a hedgehog. Cut, according to Fig. 23, two pieces of muslin; the one (upper) of the size of the pattern, the other (under) only to the smooth line. Backstitch the two together, except a small opening, through which fill the body of the hedgehog with bran or sand. Then sew up the opening, and cover the under side with gray cloth. On the upper arrange strips of black cloth, three quarters of an inch wide, which are cut in very narrow slits on one side to the depth of about two-thirds of an inch. (See pattern.) Sew these strips on diagonally, beginning at the back, where the first strip must cover the edge of the gray cloth. Each following strip must lie over the preceding at half its width. For the head sew black cloth over the muslin head already formed. Trim the upper side with half polka stitches in gray silk. The eyes are formed of two large beads.



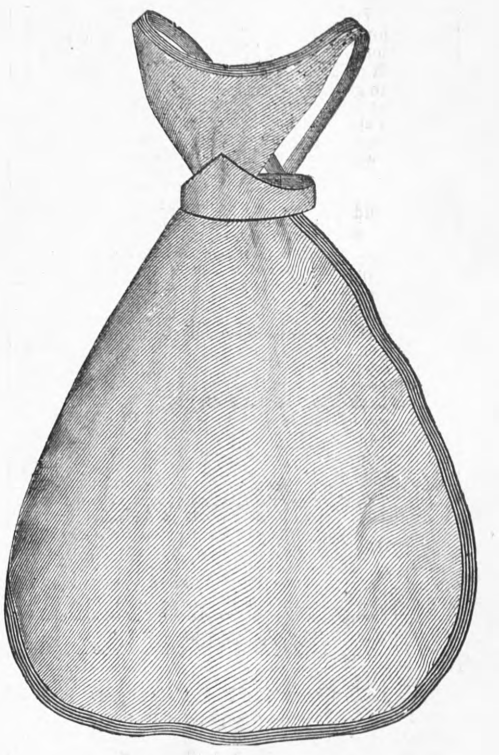
PEN WIPER.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 23.



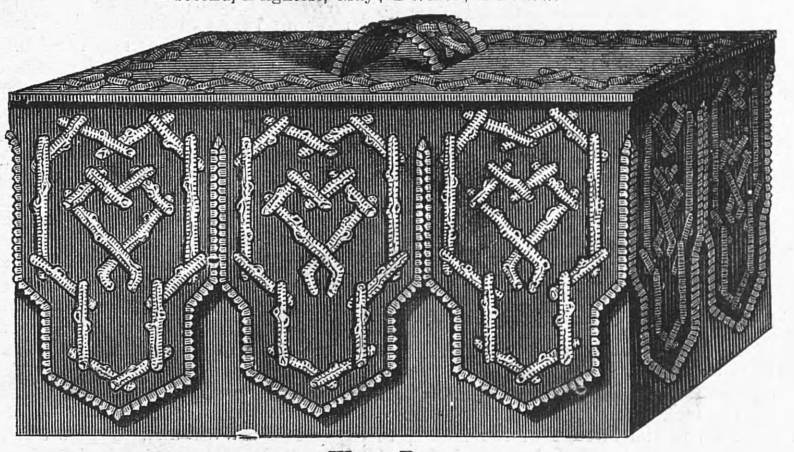
EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR PILLOW.
▪ darkest, ▫ second, ▦ third, ⊞ fourth, ▨ fifth, ▧ sixth (lightest), Red Brown; ■ Black; ◘ darkest, ⊠ second, ⊡ lightest, Gray; □ White; ▥ Yellow.

Wood Box.

THIS useful article is made of a wooden box covered with light brown oil-cloth. The border which ornaments the wood box is of dark brown oil-cloth, with figures in appliqué of light brown oil-cloth. These figures imitate knotted boughs. The application figures are fastened to the foundation by an embroidery stitch in fine black silk. The fine strokes, imitating shadows, are made with pen and ink. The points on the edge of the ornamentation are of light brown oil-cloth. Fig. 21 gives the pattern of half of this border. This also serves as a direction for making the cover and handle. Any old wooden box may be covered in this manner, and thus be made both useful and ornamental.

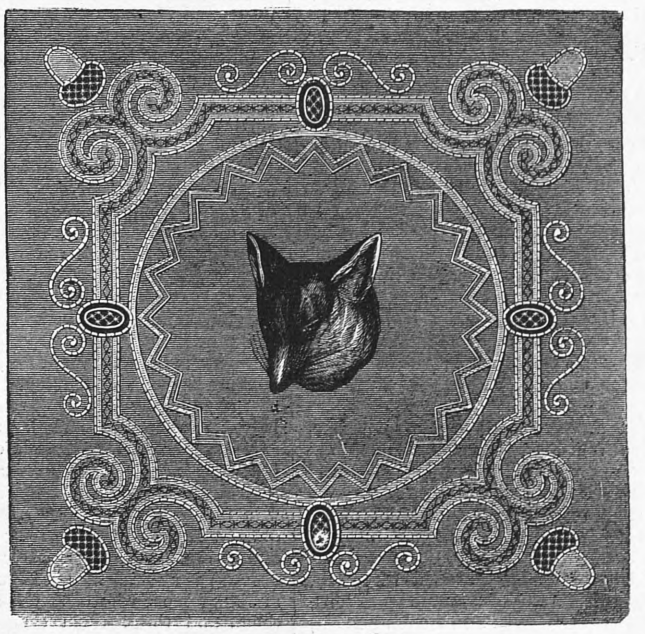


KITCHEN APRON.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-3.



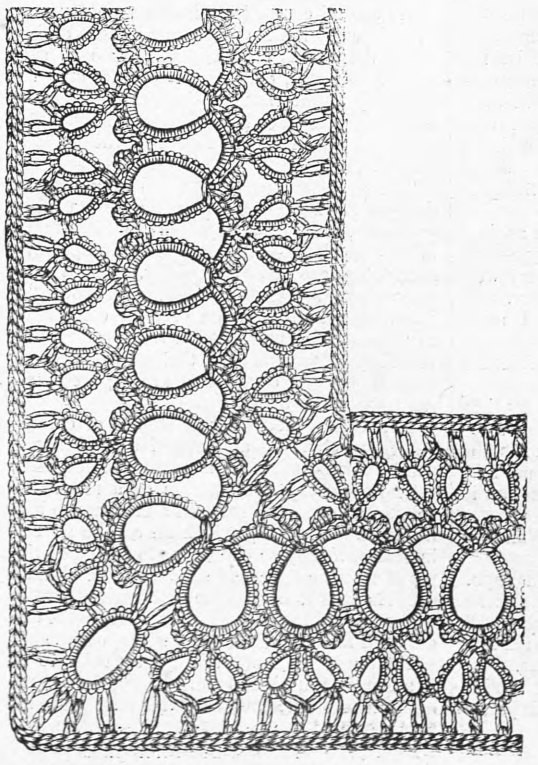
WOOD BOX.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 21.

CAP WITH PINK RIBBON TRIMMING.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 18.

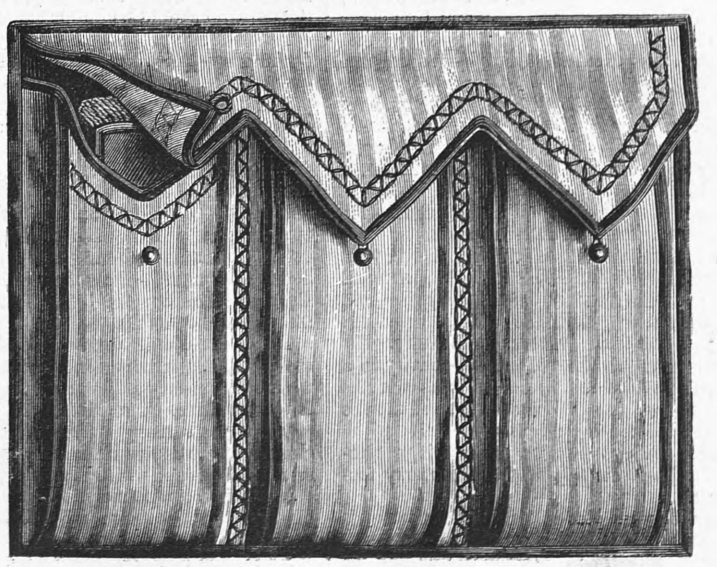


EMBROIDERED PILLOW.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 20.

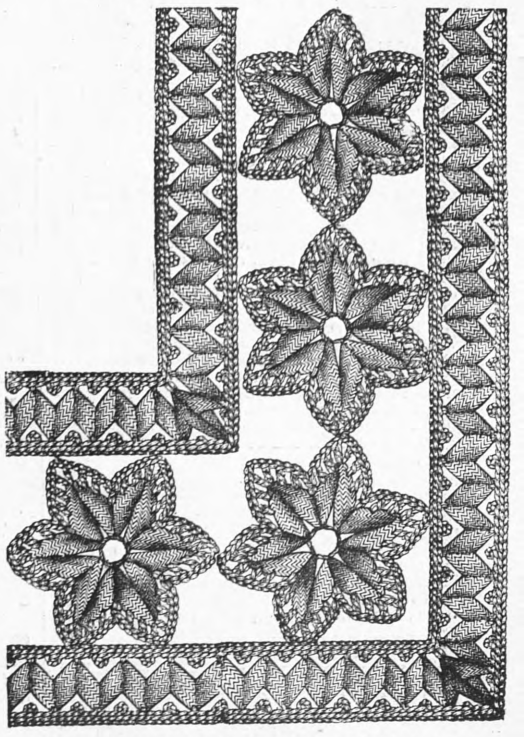
CAP WITH BLUE VELVET TRIMMING.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 19.



TATTING BORDER FOR CUSHIONS, ETC.



HOLDER FOR CLOTHES BRUSH.



CROCHET AND BRAID BORDER FOR CUSHIONS, ETC.

Pin-Cushion with Needle-Book.

See illustration, page 308.

MATERIALS: White and green silk; white flannel; lining; canvas; fine silk cord to match the silk; narrow green silk braid; black, green, and white sewing silk; a few large and small bullet-shaped, and small flat steel buttons; black and crystal beads; bran.

This is a round pin-cushion with a needle-book in the form of a banner in the middle thereof; four little cone-shaped pockets surround the foot of the banner; these serve as receptacles for different articles, such as balls of yarn, thimbles, scissors, etc. Make first a round cushion, filled with bran or sand, four inches in diameter by one and a half inches in height. This cushion is covered with green silk on the under side, while the upper is composed of a cord texture worked on canvas. The outer edge is ornamented by a trimming of white and green silks. These are cut as shown in the pattern, trimmed with braid and embroidery, pleated, and sewed together. Cover the stitches made in sewing this trimming on the cushion by a black and white silk braid, and, in addition, three tassels on each white section of the silk; these three tassels are finished above by a small flat steel button. Now take a round wooden rod, nine inches in length, and wind it—except one and a half inches at one end—with filoselle silk; bring this end through the centre of the cushion, so that it shall reach about a quarter of an inch beyond it, and finish with a round wooden button similar to those on wooden knitting-needles; on the upper end of the rod fasten a large bullet-shaped steel button. For each of the four cone-shaped pockets which surround the rod cut a three-cornered piece out of pasteboard, as also of white and green silk; on the white silk set the braid as shown in the illustration; then join the silk over the pasteboard, on the upper border by button-hole and on the others by overhand stitch; fasten the four sections together by a few stitches at the upper and lower corners, as shown in the illustration, and at the same time fasten them to the rod. Then wind the rod from this point to the top with a row of black and one of crystal beads. There remains now only the needle-book to make. For this prepare a white and green piece of silk as also one of white flannel, according to Fig. 22. These must double at the middle line. Then cut two pasteboard pieces, which must reach only to this middle line. Trim the white silk with braid and work on one of the halves a design after Fig. 22. The body of the beetle is worked in appliqué with brown silk, and that of the locust with green. The remaining portion of the design is worked in satin, half polka and point russe, of black, brown, green, and gray silks. Then join the white and green silk over the pasteboard, by edging with button-hole stitch in green silk; insert the flannel, which is worked in green silk in button-hole stitches taken at some distance apart. The finished book is fastened in the middle on a long, thin, round, wooden rod, two and a half inches long, with short stitches, putting a bead on every stitch on both sides. The ends of the rod are wound with green silk, and finished at each point by a steel bullet button. Lastly, ornament the needle-book by green silk tassels, and fasten it to the point of the upright rod by means of a white and black silk cord, which is finished with black and white silk tassels.

Embroidery for Bedquilt Cover.

See illustration, page 308.

THE illustration shows an embroidered design for the cover of a silk or woolen quilt, which is laid over on the right side at the width shown in the pattern, and fastened by means of buttons. The pattern quilt given is of red cashmere, quilted in squares, and the cover of fine linen. Before embroidering the latter it will be necessary to sew folds of the required depth in order to form the corners. The embroidery is worked according to the pattern in satin, half polka, button-hole, and eyelet stitch. It may also be done on cambric or muslin, instead of linen. Join, on the outer edge, the embroidered border with the lining of the under side. Work button-holes in this border, and set pearl or porcelain buttons on the quilt by means of which it may be firmly fastened.

Cap with Pink Ribbon Trimming.

See illustration, page 309.

THIS cap is unique and tasteful, being formed of two scarf-like strips of Swiss muslin, fastened with ribbon on the top, and forming strings. Cut Fig. 18 of double stiff lace, bind it on the front edge with narrow pink ribbon, and sew on the back a ribbon an inch and a half wide, with the ends extending half a yard beyond either side of the cap. Trim the under part of the front with two rows of loops of narrow pink ribbon, and set on the frills of lace and rosettes as seen in the engraving. Then cut two strips of Swiss muslin, twenty-three inches long and five inches wide, pointed at one end and bias at the other, edge them with lace, and cover the foundation therewith in the manner shown in the illustration, finishing with needle-work application figures, bows, and loops.

Cap with Blue Velvet Trimming.

See illustration, page 309.

THIS cap is made of Swiss muslin and lace insertion an inch wide. The trimming consists of narrow lace, a strip of blue velvet cut in points, and narrow blue velvet ribbon. Cut Fig. 19 of Swiss muslin, wire the front and back edges, and set under the front edge a strip of stiff muslin an inch in width. Trim the front with three rows of loops made of narrow velvet ribbon, surmounted by a frill of needle-work edging set on insertion. A barb made of lace insertion a yard and a half wide, with a strip of Swiss muslin an inch and a half wide, velvet points and narrow lace, on each side, passes over the top of the cap and serves as strings. The points are two inches wide and an inch and a quarter deep.

Holder for Clothes Brush.

See illustration, page 309.

MATERIALS: Gray and white ticking; red woolen binding, half an inch wide; red zephyr worsted; pasteboard.

This holder consists of three pockets, designed for holding brushes. It is made of gray and white ticking, bound with red worsted braid and trimmed with point russe embroidery in red worsted. The pattern is eleven inches in height by thirteen in width. Cut a piece of stuff twenty-five inches long by ten in width; lay this in three equal pleats, so that the length is reduced to thirteen inches. Each pleat forms a pocket, and is to be cut out at the top according to the pattern. Now prepare a piece of ticking thirteen inches long by eleven inches wide for the back, and sew on this a flap of ticking, which fastens down in points and is trimmed as shown in the illustration. Sew the pockets on the back of the stuff, and finish between the pleats with point russe embroidery in red worsted. Now bind the entire outer edge of the joined back and front pieces with red woolen braid. Make a loop on each point of the flap, and sew a corresponding button on each pocket. Fasten a metal ring on the upper edge, by which it can be hung up. Put a piece of pasteboard between the double materials of the back, arranging it so that it can be slipped out when the holder is washed.

Tatting Border for Cushions, etc.

See illustration, page 309.

THIS tatted insertion is bordered by two rows of crochet on the outside edges. Begin with what appears in the pattern as the middle stripe. Tie both threads together, and work over the thread which serves as foundation 8 ds. (double stitches), 1 p. (picot), 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds., 1 p., 8 ds.; then close the row by looping the working thread where the two threads were tied together. Turn the figure just finished downward, and work on this in conclusion 1 single stitch, 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds., 1 p., 1 purled stitch. Now turn the work again, so that the first figure shall lie right side up, and work on the row just finished a figure composed of, first, 8 ds.; then take up the last picot of the last figure; 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds., 1 p., 8 ds. Join this figure by taking up the picot before the purled stitch of the previously finished row. Repeat from * till the row has reached the required length of the insertion. The corner may be formed from the pattern. Then work on both long sides of this middle stripe the leaf-like tatted rings which are fastened two to a picot of this stripe. For these small leaves only one thread is needed, and this is first fastened to the middle picot of the first figure of the stripe; * work a small leaf of 6 ds., 1 p.; alternate twice 2 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., 1 p., 2 ds.; join the thread to the same picot, and make a second leaf of 2 ds.; then, taking up the last picot of the former leaf, 4 ds., 1 p., alternate twice 2 ds., 1 p., then 6 ds. Having finished this second leaf, again fasten the thread to the picot, and work close to this a Josephine knot of 5 single stitches, and fasten to the picot which serves to bind two figures of the middle stripe; then 1 Josephine knot, and after this fasten to the middle picot of the following figure. Repeat from *, but instead of working the 1st picot of the 1st of the 2 leaves, fasten to the last p. of every 2d leaf. On the other long side of the middle stripe the fastening thread before and after each 2 leaflets must be fastened to the middle picot of the row which joins the figures of this stripe. The corner is again to be formed as shown in the pattern. The plain outside border rounds of the insertion are worked in 2 rounds of crochet as follows: 1st round—1 single crochet in the middle p. of the first leaf, 2 chain, 1 double; then take up together the last p. of the same leaf, and at the same time the first p. of the next leaf; 2 chain, 1 single crochet in the middle p. of the 2d leaf, 2 chain. Repeat from *. The corner is formed as shown in the illustration. 2d round—In each stitch of the last round a single crochet stitch. This finishes the insertion.

Crochet and Braid Border for Cushions.

See illustration, page 309.

THIS is an insertion of serpentine braid and crochet, and is very easily worked. The rosettes, which are shown of the full size in the illustration, are made singly. Take for each a piece of braid six points in length, and sew the edges together on the bias side with overcast stitches. Then bring the points close together on one side of the braid by drawing a thread through the edge of each point. This forms the centre of a rosette. Wind the thread several times around the foundation thread which joins these points. (See pattern.) Around the outer edge crochet these rosettes as follows: In the deep cut between each two points a single crochet stitch; then on each point alternate six times 2 chain with 1 double crochet—the 2 middle double crochet stitches must meet at the point—2 chain. These rosettes may either be joined in the process of making this outer crochet edge, or they can be joined by a few stitches on the under side. The illustration shows where this connection takes place. The two stripes which include the rosettes are worked as follows: The braid for each stripe must be of the length desired for the insertion; in order to form the corners sew together 2 points of the braid on the side which shall be next to the rosettes; then crochet on each side of this braid as follows: * 1 single crochet in the first point, 2 chain, 1 downward picot—for this work 5 chain, draw the needle out of the loop, put it through the upper part of the first of the 5 chain, then take up again the loop which was dropped and draw it, with a single thread thrown around, through the 2d loop on the needle; this finishes the picot—2 chain. Repeat from * till the braid is worked the length of one side, but in forming the corner make only 1 chain before and after the picot. Lastly, crochet 1 round slip stitch in each of these rounds, in working which join the rosettes as shown in the pattern.

INIGO IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, *February* 20, 1868.

YOU will observe by the date of my letter that I am in Washington, which is the best reason I can offer for not being in New York.

I came on in the interest of the *Bazar*, to attend to the fashions, report the receptions, and ornament and elevate society generally. The report that the President summoned me to his side, to assist in reconstruction and popularize his measures, is altogether a mistake. As he remarked to me yesterday, few better than he appreciate my ability and know my virtues, but he does not wish to put them to the test.

In the further course of conversation he expressed a desire that I should take the reception business off his hands; he was tired of it, he said; standing up and shaking hands with so many persons the evening through was not so pleasant a performance as it perhaps seemed. It looked as though they came simply to pump him, to make a handle of him, and he did not like the idea. He thought that I would fill the position with grace; that when conversation flagged I could enliven it by the introduction of a few judicious conundrums, and besides I could get so much to write about—he could find nothing.

I suggested that he could right about face, and leave the White House, which would delight a great many people more than any message he could send or any thing else he could do, but he sadly replied that he was unfamiliar with such movements—that he knew nothing of tactics—nor even tact.

Last Monday evening I attended his reception. Let me explain that the White House receptions, and those of Speaker Colfax and General Grant, are general; those of the Secretaries, however—indeed all others that I now call to mind, are affairs of "cards." However, as is well known, there's nothing proud about me; and I go every where indiscriminately without expecting that people shall put themselves out by sending me invitations.

A great many uncomplimentary things have been said of me by my enemies; but I was never yet accused of standing too much upon ceremony or waiting an undue time to be asked to come in out of the cold.

At the President's I saw the President. He shook hands with me kindly and asked how I thought I found myself, to which I replied by a few original remarks about the weather, and wishing him many returns of the happy season, quoting with happy effect the well-known lines: When the spring time comes, gentle Andy.

There is nothing like politeness—suavity in a meadow, as the old saying has it, is as good as forty-two in reserve. We should even strike the guitar lightly—that is, polightly!

Is it *de rigueur* to dress for the President's receptions? asked the lady whom it was my fortune to attend.

On general principles it seemed to me that it was—that it would be rather rigorous not to dress, and I so replied. The consequence was that we went *en grande tenue*—which is not a new way of spelling carriage. It is only the French for one's best clothes.

That's what is meant by "full dress" in Washington—putting on your best clothes. It doesn't much matter what they are—bombazine, benzine, or gregarine, so long as they're the best you've got it is all right, and you've shown your respect for the executive. Wearing gloves is simply a matter of taste—it is one kind of taste to go with them and another to go without, and persons can take their choice; under a democratic government nothing is compulsory but keeping up appearances and paying taxes. For instance, in attending receptions you can go on foot or in a carriage, just as you prefer. Some go in baggage-wagons, but this is not considered a good conveyance—the better the dray the better the deed. The best way of going any where, I find, is to take a carriage—no matter who's—and tell the coachman to drive you there.

On arriving at the White House the first thing you do is to get out of the carriage. Having gotten out and gotten out the ladies—it is taken for granted that they come gotten *up*—you mount guard over their trains to the door, where you are informed that you will find them in the Red Room. The great hall where you enter is fitted up with pigeon-holes like a post-office, and in one of them your coat, cocked hat, cane, umbrella, bootjack, and other outside garments are filed away as though they were letters or public documents. Proceeding to glove yourself you find that one of your lavenders is gone—the left one, of course, which is not the right one, inasmuch as it is the left one which should be left; but reflecting that

'Tis better to have gloved and lost
Than never to have gloved at all,

you make your way to the Red Room. Of course you find your ladies ready. Surrendering your arms to them—which may be called surrendering to seize her that which is yours—you enter the Blue Room, and are presented to the President. As a general thing it is not considered good taste to ask him conundrums, or to attempt a discussion of politics at this time. You may inquire after his health and his family's, and express a sincere hope that they may live long and prosper; but the better way of getting out of the scrape, perhaps, is to look as though you knew a great deal, and just shake hands and pass on as though you did not wish to commit yourself. Then the President will think that you own a saw-mill, or run a tavern, or keep grocery out West, and are a man of position and political influence, and there's no telling what office he may not nominate you to.

After standing in the Blue Room and feeling like a fool as long as convenient, you can go into the East Room, remarking to the first old lady you meet, in a jocose way, that you have just come out of an Easterly Blew. If she does not faint under the blow you can then ask her why an onion is like a piano, or what is the difference between an over-coat and a baby—either of which questions is warranted to drive any respectable lady, arrived at years of indiscretion, into a lunatic asylum.

The marine band play in an adjoining apartment, and children play in all the rooms, tripping up gentlemen and tearing ladies' dresses. Children should be abolished, especially male children; and I am rather surprised that these latter are not toed or vetoed into their proper places.

Am I expected to tell what people wore? Well, as for myself, I wore—myself out before the evening was half over. The mental effort of keeping my hands out of my pockets, and my feet off ladies' dresses, and behaving with entire propriety for such an unprecedented length of time, quite unmanned me, and I wanted to go home. Other gentlemen wore black coats—of the claw-hammer cut, mainly—black pantaloons, black or white vests, black or white neck-ties, roll-over collars or stand-ups, boots or gaiters, just as they pleased; some, acting on the old saying that safety lies in the middle, parted their hair accordingly, while others parted it on the side; members of diplomatic corps carried their hats under their arms, and could have carried their heads there had they chosen to; some wore whiskers and some wore mustaches, and some didn't wear any thing on their faces but a stupid expression. Wearing whiskers or not, let me remark, is another matter of taste. As a general thing, those who can't raise them don't wear them, and think them especially vulgar, and snobbish rather than nobbish. Mustaches, however, are open to serious objections; they tickle ladies' noses, which is naughty, for it is the gentleman who should be on his sneeze.

As for the ladies, they dress very much as they do in New York. I noticed some very pretty puffed sleeves and waists—and some very well puffed dresses in the next morning's papers.

Some ladies wore shot poplins; indeed, most of the dresses there, silk and all, looked as though they had been shot—shot to pieces—before the thing ended.

(By-the-way, when you see in the papers that "green reps" were noticed at the President's reception, you must not imagine that green Republicans are meant—the abbreviation is used in Congressional reports; but in this connection it means a dress cloth.)

I noticed several Nansooks, and one Nan forsook. The latter stood in a corner.

One very pretty lady wore a magnificent cape. It was 'er mine. I regretted that she was not.

There were many waists of felt cloth. All cloth is apt to approximate to this condition after a little wear, if the figure be a good one.

Butterfly-bows found much favor with the ladies. They don't last long, but they look pretty while they do.

As for the coiffures, these were so varied that I shall attempt no particular description. It is generally considered nowadays that the more a lady's hair is roughed up the better it is dressed. A very good effect could be attained, I should imagine, by allowing the baby to play with it nights, and not combing it for several mornings before going to a party. Indeed, I am of opinion that this practice is quite extensively followed, from the fact that during my stay in Washington I noticed that very many ladies came to breakfast and dinner with their bonnets on, when I knew to a moral certainty that they had neither been out nor intended going. If they were not getting their hair up, what did it mean?

I am exhausted, but I have not yet exhausted Washington; however I have the reader. So not *adieu* but *au revoir*. INIGO.

HARMONY OF COLORS.

HARMONY of contrast is one thing to be considered in a lady's dress, and an appropriate and beautiful pattern another. Without these no fashion can long become popular among a refined, intellectual, and discerning people. No matter what *furore* the new style may create upon its first advent, it will die out in its infancy and be cast aside as something too unbecoming to be worn by any lady who wishes to appear to good advantage.

Different opinions are entertained respecting the true nature of light and shade in the production of many textile fabrics for ladies' wear, in which three or more positive colors are intermixed; and among the leading primary colors which are the best to select from, by combining and blending them together, to cause the most desirable and pleasing effects.

To obtain a good effect, neither too gaudy nor too sombre, it is absolutely essential to know something about how they are to be produced, and the governing principle employed, before any one can justly claim to be an expert in such matters. This can only be accomplished by thoroughly understanding the manner in which tints are blended and the harmonious relations they bear to each other.

Experiment seems to have proved beyond all controversy that color is not an inherent property of matter, but produced by the action of matter on light. That fabrics as well as bodies owe their colors to this cause is clear, from the fact that whatever may be their color in ordinary daylight, they all, when seen by gas-light, exhibit the same shade, which is that of the light in which they are seen.

Take a light blue silk, for instance, and display it at night under a series of gas jets; the yellow from the light so completely absorbs the blue, or rather intermixes with it, that it presents the appearance of being a green silk, when, if a strong solar light were brought to bear upon it, the result would be as before stated.

There are seven homogeneous colors (leaving out white and black), of which red, yellow, and blue are the primary ones; then comes orange, green, indigo, and violet. All other colors, compounded of any two or more of these, are merely secondary. This should always be borne in mind in blending tints together.

From these seven homogeneous colors all our textile fabrics are woven. The manufacturer, by blending and combining two, three, or more of them together, finally succeeds in obtaining a beautiful and harmonious whole, exactly suited to the wants and tastes of his customer. To produce the necessary effects, much skill, patience, and experience on the part of the operator is required. To make the color and the fabric fashionable and find a ready market for it is the next thing to be done. If the manufacturer has the hardihood to undertake so difficult a task single-handed, he protects himself from rival manufacturers by affixing to the fabric his trade-mark, and seeks a patent for his new material and the peculiar design of the pattern, as well as for any new coloring matter he employs in the process of manufacturing. When he exhibits proof of the originality of his invention, the Patent Office at Washington at once grants him the necessary legal parchment desired. This document, for the period of seventeen years—the usual term—effectually gives him exclusive rights, and shuts out all competition in the manufacture of his particular fabric and unique pattern design.

He then gives it whatsoever name he thinks proper to adopt, by which it can become more generally known, such as the Gettysburg purple, Broadway green, or Ristori blue, for the purpose of introducing it to the notice of the trade and general public.

The manufacture of new colors and pattern designs for ladies' costumes, like those of new perfumes, occupy the attention of a large number of leading chemists and artists in Europe, where such things are made a specialty. Those among them who originated the "Bismarck brown," the "Solferino red," and the peculiar color known as "Magenta," succeeded in reaping a rich harvest for their trouble when their new tints became once thoroughly established among the élite of the fashionable world.

The variety of tints and shades of color, by judicious blending and effective combinations, can be carried out to an almost unlimited extent.

The following combination of a few leading colors, however, will serve in a measure to better illustrate the rule by which all can be governed in future, if they so choose, as to the true principle of creating light and shade, and of obtaining suitable tints to harmonize with each other.

Black, like the base of a structure, is the darkest color first to build upon; white, which stands at the top of the scale, the lightest color to lead to; therefore black and white, being the two most opposite and extreme colors, all light and shade must perforce be graduated between them, while every known tint which can possibly be made by the intermixture of any other color, must also

come within these two extreme boundaries. Next come the three primaries—*red*, *yellow*, and *blue*—and all the tints which can be made out of them. For example: *Red*, orange-red and red-orange; *orange*, yellow-orange and orange-yellow; *yellow*, green-yellow and yellow-green; *green*, blue-green and green-blue; *blue*, purple-blue and blue-purple; *purple*, red-purple and purple-red, and then back again to red, the place of starting.

These are the harmonizing colors, from which all tints and shades, in the order they are arranged, are obtained. With the addition of light or dark shades (white or black tints) the predominating color required may be increased or neutralized according to fancy.

In most cases the broken and semi-neutral colors are productive of an excellent effect in dress. These may be enlivened by a little positive color, such as red, orange, or violet. The accessories should be quiet and unassuming. The contrasting color should always be chosen with the foregoing principles, and bear but a small proportion to the mass of principal color.

It is commonly understood that red contrasts well with green; blue with orange; lilac with green; brown with either blue, red, or green, the brighter the contrast the darker the brown should be; purple with yellow, and golden tints with deep purple. An impression prevails that if any two of these contrasting colors are united in one piece of goods; if, for instance, the warp is green and the woof red, that the finished piece will present a rich and harmonious contrast of colors.

If it is necessary that the colors of different articles of dress should contrast agreeably and harmonize with each other, it is equally important that the same harmony should be preserved in the colors employed on a single piece of silk or other fabric. In these and other textile fabrics we find too frequently that the fancy of the manufacturer has been the only rule for the arrangement of the colors, and the laws of harmony and contrast are therefore but too often set at defiance. French manufacturers pay greater attention to this subject than our own, and the good effects of this study are visible in the superior productions of the French looms.

Colored shawls, again, are instances in which a great variety of colors may be arranged with harmonious and rich effect; but to set these off to the greatest advantage they should be worn over plain colored dresses. The variety of colors in shawls is frequently so great, and they are so broken and intermixed, that at a small distance they cease to be distinct, and must be considered rather as hues than as colors. It is always a rule among artists who excel at figure-painting and the painting of drapery, that if one part of the dress is to be highly ornamented, or to consist of various colors, a portion should be plain, in order to give repose to the eye and afford a good blending of shade tints. For the same reason figured and striped dresses should be accompanied by plain colored shawls, jackets, or cloaks. It is no doubt to this principle of contrast without gaudiness that the popularity of black cloaks and their substitutes are to be attributed.

A few general observations connected with the subject of color as applied to dress occur to us. We shall mention the following:

Black and dark dresses have the effect of making the persons wearing them appear smaller than they really are. For this reason they are more suitable to stout persons. The same may be observed with respect to black shoes, which diminish the apparent size of the foot.

The contrary effect takes place with regard to white and light-colored dresses, which make people look larger than they really are. Very stout persons should, therefore, dress in black and dark colors. They have a constitutionally gloomy look, we admit; but for some reason, yet unexplained, the whole civilized world wherein Fashion holds her sway associates dark, sombre colors with dignity of deportment, a calm, placid mind, and highly intense respectability. Black is certainly the most approved color to be worn at funerals. Custom alone has made it so, under the popular delusion, no doubt, that every person who goes to a funeral and dresses in black for the occasion is supposed to be in mourning for a departed friend, when, in reality, they are carrying out the Biblical idea of doing penance in sackcloth and ashes. In many portions of civilized Europe pure white is the prevailing color at such sombre gatherings, while in China it is red and yellow, and in some other places blue becomes *la mode*.

Large patterns make the figure look shorter without diminishing its apparent size. The immense patterns which we occasionally see on promenade are really only fit for window and bed curtains, or at least for a lady of gigantic proportions who wears a hoop.

Longitudinal stripes in dress, if not too wide, are considered to add to the height of a figure. They may therefore be worn with good effect by persons of low stature. Horizontal stripes have a contrary effect, and are far from graceful.

The semi-neutral tints, now so much worn, are very becoming to most complexions. The flesh tints of the face during this fine bracing weather look brighter by the contrast. This is really the principal reason why most of our belles, when in full walking costume, with their dark Gérolsteins, Africaines, Matinées, and Sultans, and with the colors of other portions of their dress to properly match, appear so much handsomer on promenade in daytime than they do at the Opera on a gala night robed in their most brilliant and resplendent toilettes. The cause of this you may well ask. We will endeavor to explain.

The general effect produced by artificial light on the complexion and dress is to heighten the shade without imparting to it any rich coloring matter. When reflected from above it only increases the brilliancy of the eyes by the masses of shadow which it casts around them, but at the same time gives to many complexions a pale, sickly ash-color, and to the features a haggard, sunken expression, which is any thing but beautiful or becoming. Where the light is thrown from the sides of a *salon*, on a level with the head, the general effect is wonderfully improved, and is much better for the complexion and the toilette. The haggard, sunken expression imparted to the features from the reflection above is entirely removed by the introduction of strong side-lights and footlights. This effect warms the complexion by increasing the flesh-tints from ash-color to orange. Our operatic and theatrical artists, as a general thing, are made fully aware of these facts, and are governed entirely by them when they find it necessary to make up their costumes, or paint, powder, and line their faces to represent either youth, middle, or old age, in the many different eccentric characters they are so often called upon by the manager to assume.

First-class scenic artists and painters of transparencies have reduced the study of artificial light and its effect upon certain colors down to a positive science. The light diffused being yellow, this color on a lady's dress is rendered pale, and is frequently lost entirely. Primrose-colored gloves appear white by gas-light, orange and red become warmer by this light. Sky-blue acquires a green tint; indeed it can scarcely be distinguished from green; dark blue assumes a dark and heavy color; green nearly resembles blue; and purple becomes redder if it inclines to red, and darker if it inclines to blue. When, therefore, a dress is to be worn at night by artificial light the color should be selected with a view to the modifications it will receive from this light, or the effect intended will be completely destroyed.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, *January* 21, 1868.

TO-DAY is the anniversary of the execution of Louis XVI., and, according to custom, the day, together with the death of Marie Antoinette his queen, who was executed nine months afterward, is commemorated by masses said at the sarcophagus in the crypt of the Chapelle Expiatoire. This chapel is a low but extensive tomb-like structure which, with its little garden, occupies a block in a new and fine quarter of Paris. One of the first acts of Louis XVIII., on gaining possession of the crown, was to identify the spot where the remains of his brother and sister-in-law had been interred, and to erect this monument thereon. In the principal room, which is of cruciform shape, but to which a low dome gives a circular appearance, mass is said daily; but upon this anniversary the priests descend the dim sepulchral staircase and perform the rite before the empty tomb whence the remains have long since been removed to the Royal sepulchres in the suburban church of St. Denis. At the same time to-day, according to the custom of the present Emperor, mass was said in the private chapel of the Tuileries, the Emperor and his family being present.

However strange it may seem that a Napoleon should pay this peculiar mark of honor to the memory of a Bourbon, it is nevertheless natural; for he sits in the palace of the ill-fated monarch, he is surrounded by the same Paris, and from his windows he sees the Place de la Concorde, where, seventy-five years ago, the guillotine was set up to clear the way for a republic. There is more reason for sympathy than some Americans might at first suppose.

The desire to exhibit continually visible tokens in commemoration of the decease of others, and to be remembered in turn in the same way, seems to be a common trait of the French character. A noble marquis, some time since deceased, who made a will disinheriting all his legitimate heirs because they had incurred his displeasure, was embarrassed by the natural apprehension that his tomb would not be visited by mourners and hung with garlands as it might otherwise have been. He provided for this difficulty by bequeathing one quarter of his whole fortune to the town of his residence upon the conditions: *first*, that a kiosque should be erected in his garden to receive his mortal remains; and, *second*, that an annual sum, sufficient for a dowry, should be paid to that one of the young women, daughters of the day-laborers of the town, who should, in the judgment of the town-council, be the best behaved. Each year, in the month of May, a young woman so chosen should proceed, accompanied by the Council, and deposit her wreath upon his tomb, and receive in exchange her marriage-portion.

His memory surely will be cherished by young men as well as young women; but it is to be doubted whether his death will be regretted any the more.

Sad to say, however, the heirs, not sufficiently regarding the wholesome influence of such a gift in conducing to the good behavior of the young women in the village, entertain some hope of setting aside the bequest by litigation, which is now pending. If they should succeed it is to be feared that the garlands will go to the lawyers instead of to the tomb.

By French usage any city mansion less than a palace is a "Hotel." A lodging-house is a "hôtel meublé" (furnished). The residence of a foreign minister or a peer is called his hotel. The City Hall is the Hôtel de Ville, the Mint, the Stamp-office, and the general Post-office are respectively called the Hotel of Moneys, the Hotel of Stamps, and the Hotel of the Post.

The private hotels are generally built in the form of a hollow square. In the aristocratic quarter of St. Germain one walks along through narrow streets lined with high walls, often of very handsome design, but looking rather blind by reason of a deficiency of windows; and such as appear, moreover, are often obscured by rusty gratings of sashes too thick with dust to admit the light. A pair of great doors, richly carved in wood, open in a lofty archway in such a wall, admitting the visitor to a broad paved court-yard. Upon the lower story of the wings to the right and left are the stables and coach-houses. Upon the opposite side, and entirely concealed from the street, is the main part of the building. The lofty windows of its second story indicate the position of the great *salons*. The garden is in the rear; a charming retreat, often very extensive, containing groves of trees and extended grass-plats, as well as flower-beds and walks. This is the type of the genuine Paris "hôtel particulière." In much such a residence as this General Cavaignac lived at the time when he administered the government in 1848; and one of the finest of this class is now occupied by the Archbishop of Paris. The latter is distinguished from many other mansions in the same street by its freshly scraped front wall, and by the precautions taken to assure peaceful possession. A savage-looking row of iron spikes curving over the top of the wall, threaten to impale any force which should attempt to scale it, and sentinels with rifle and bayonet never cease to guard the gateway.

Ecclesiastics doubtless understand these things; but to the heretic it looks rather odd to see the shepherd thus protected from the flock.

Wandering the other day through a newly-opened Boulevard behind the gardens of the Luxembourg we came upon the well-known church of Val de Grâce. Though it is not very large, and its approaches are hidden in narrow streets, it is one of the most pretentious in style of all the Paris churches, and its dome is visible at a great distance. Its arched ceiling is elaborately carved in stone; and the interior of its elevated dome is lined with an immense fresco, looking up into which, as into the clouds, the spectator sees a French artist's idea of the last judgment. Its altar is surmounted by a royal canopy, supported by pillars in twisted form, cut from single blocks of dark marble.

This church was founded by Anne of Austria, the queen-consort of Louis XIII., as a gift to the convent within whose ancient precincts it stands, in fulfillment of her numerous vows to build them a chapel on the birth of an heir to the throne of France. This munificent token of royal devotion, which, two hundred years ago, was a most fashionable resort, is now half-vacant, cheerless, and as desolate as a ruin. By historical associations it attracts occasional visitors, who look at the initials of the queen worked in mosaic in the centre of the tesselated floor; go into the little chapel by the side of the altar, through the iron grating door of which the queen used to hear mass; look up to the little stone galleries in which the members of the court used to sit; and peep through the rubbish of a store-room into the confessional where the first mistress of Louis XIV. knelt to whisper her penitent avowals, when her royal master—the scape-grace to commemorate whose birth the church had been piously built—dismissed her to enter the convent.

A marble head of the queen has been removed from the wall of her chapel to enrich the galleries of the Louvre; but, as if to compensate for it, the visitor sees at the other end of the church, in the place where the organ-gallery should be, a large painting of Napoleon III. at the battle of Solferino; while the remains of the organ stand in one of the empty arches of the north aisle. The convent was long since utilized as a military hospital, and the church seems now to be little more than a chapel for the convalescents.

We heard voices singing; and our guide, who was a jolly-faced soldier-boy, led us at our request into the sacristy, an arched room with old oaken presses, crucifixes, and beadles' staves, where eight or ten of the invalids were amusing themselves at the harmonium. Dressed alike, in long woolen wrappers and comfortable slippers, with white cotton caps jauntily put on, each in a different style, they formed a picturesque group. They apparently enjoyed having an audience, and sang us a number of pieces.

It reminded us of our own war-times. Yet the scene was, in some of its suggestions, sadder than those of home. These poor boys were not summoned to volunteer in the cause of liberty and nationality, but were conscripts in a time of peace, forbidden to marry, doomed to fight for they knew not what end; and, when incapacitated, to return, not as patriots to the tender welcome of a home, but to be nursed and fed by wholesale in the atmosphere of a military celibacy.

They made us feel that the pleasure of receiving a half-hour's visit from an American family was a genuine and peculiar pleasure. I shall never forget the expression which lighted up those pale and sad countenances as they all took off their cotton caps to bid us good-by, and their murmur of thanks as I wished them, in broken French, a great deal of good health.

GRATIAN.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

AT a recent ball given at the Hôtel de Ville, Paris, the apartments were decorated with seven thousand white and rose camellia trees. These trees were sent from the city gardens, where, in the camellia houses, which cover a superficies of 48,000 metres (a metre is a little more than thirty-nine English inches), there are now no less than 2,000,000 camellia plants. At a very brilliant entertainment lately given in Boston, on the occasion of a young millionaire coming of age, the floral decorations consisted in part of eight thousand camellias (blossoms, not plants, we suppose) and a rare display of other choice flowers. In the centre of the windows hung a globe bouquet, several feet in circumference, some of which contained no less than fifty camellias. The pillars, cornices, chandeliers, and balconies of the Horticultural Hall, where this entertainment was given, were adorned with a profusion of leaves and flowers; and the supper-tables were gay with pyramids of camellias, roses, pinks, and other favorite flowers, arranged in graceful and pleasing forms.

And concerning flowers, at this season when bouquets are expensive luxuries, it is worth while to know how to keep them fresh as long as possible. The Belgian florists are said to practice this plan with great success: Change the water every other day; cut off, with sharp scissors, a quarter of an inch of the stems, and put a pinch of salt and a grain of saltpetre into the water. If very much faded, the stems may be put into hot water for a minute or two, or into high wines, Eau de Cologne, or ammonia. A little nitrate of soda or of potash put into the water will preserve cut flowers a long time.

Leap-year? *Of course* it is Leap-year. Hasn't every young lady from Maine to California had the important fact reiterated constantly in her ears from the very first day of January, 1868, up to the present moment? All the old bachelors in the country consider it, perhaps, their last chance, and are eager to keep the fact before the ladies. Somewhere in Missouri the local editors of newspapers are engaged—occupied, we mean—in minutely invoicing all the "marriageable men" in the vicinity for the benefit of—not the ladies—but the "marriageable men!" A party of spirited girls away "down East," in order to show how the thing should be done, recently got up a Leap-year sleigh-ride. They invited their masculine companions, handed them into the sleigh, tucked them up warm in buffalo robes, and drove them swiftly and safely for a distance of eighteen miles, and regaled them with a luxurious dinner. Now this is all very well for once—very kind of the ladies—the poor creatures so seldom have a nice dinner, or a ride, or any other pleasure, it is *so* "*expensive!*" But really ladies should be careful and not raise expectations; of course, they can't afford to marry in these times; the gentlemen are not expected to bring any money with themselves—they say they have not any; and pray, how long would the lady's fortune last to supply pin-money to a husband whose tendencies to extravagance were strongly developed in the very preparations for marriage? In proof, we clip from an exchange a "*Trousseau for a Bridegroom*," assured that these estimates are made from the most "reliable sources." The articles and the figures are alike to be depended upon, and will convince young ladies that caution in Leap-year is needful, if they would not curtail their own pleasures, and wreck their own happiness for life.

TROUSSEAU FOR A BRIDEGROOM.

1 black cloth suit	$80 00
1 pocket handkerchief	30
2 shirts—plain bosoms	5 00
1 night-shirt—embroidered	4 00
2 paper collars	5
1 pair night-drawers—plain	1 75
1 pair night-drawers—ruffled	2 50
1 bottle whisky	5 00
1 paper cloves	15
1 cake honey soap	25
1 cork-screw	20
1 bottle cocktail bitters	1 50
1 ivory tooth-pick	20
1 Baxter's Saint's Rest	2 00
Total	$100 00

A young man recently died of consumption in the State Prison at Charlestown, Mass. His story is a sad one. About six years ago he became attached to a young woman, and her friends opposing his suit he eloped with her. They were pursued and overtaken at a hotel, when they begged one final interview alone, and then, as he asserts, mutually agreed to commit suicide. At the last moment, however, her courage failed her, and she called upon him, as he says, to do the deed for her. He then cut her throat and his own. She died; he recovered, and was tried at Lenox and convicted of murder, but was saved from the gallows by a commutation of his sentence to imprisonment for life. After six years of prison-life he died, penitent for the crime he had committed.

Quite a different crime, or committed under a very different exciting cause, is now being investigated in Cleveland. A sister lies in prison on the charge of having poisoned her only brother, about a year ago, for the purpose of obtaining the amount of the insurance upon his life. As yet the evidence is only circumstantial. The wretched girl seems keenly alive to the disgrace of being imprisoned like a common felon.

An Indiana journal relates a most distressing occurrence which took place in Lafayette. A lady who had long been in the habit of reading by lamp or candle light, late at night, after she had retired, was discovered one morning, about three o'clock, to be in flames. The servant, who had been aroused by the fire and smoke, did what she could to quench the flames, and summoned help; but the unfortunate lady died in an hour. It is supposed that she had been reading as usual, and after laying aside her book had set the candle upon the floor, where its blaze was communicated to the clothing hanging over the side of the bed. This is a warning which those who are in the habit of reading in bed would do well to heed.

A new field is open to woman. An act has just been passed in the Kansas State Senate, allowing any qualified person, "without regard to sex or color," to practice law in all the courts. And in London the Court of Assistants of the Apothecaries' Company have decided that women should not be excluded from their examinations in arts; and it is probable that this important concession will be followed by admitting them unreservedly to the medical examinations. Dr. Buchanan, a member of the Court of Assistants, has been mainly influential in bringing about this decision.

According to report, or history, or mythology—it matters little which—a perpetual Leap-year exists in Ukraine, a province, which if our geography is not in fault, is, or was, somewhere in Russia. In that land, when a young woman falls in love with a man, she does not hesitate to go to his father's house, and reveal her passion in the most tender and pathetic manner, and to promise the most submissive obedience if he will accept her for a wife. Should the insensible swain pretend any excuse, she tells him that she is resolved not to quit the house till he gives his consent; and accordingly, taking up her lodging, remains there till he either consents to be woood, or betakes himself to flight.

LUCCA DRESS.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 7–10.

Marie Antoinette Bertha-Fichu.

ON a foundation of white silk lace, which is arranged partly in pleats and partly in puffs, set a trimming of narrow and wide white blonde, and silk fringe three quarters of an inch wide. A foundation of stiff lace supports the whole. Cut therefrom Fig. 17 in one piece, and arrange the silk lace on it in puffs an inch and a half wide, leaving two inches around the edge of the bertha. Then cut for each sash-end a strip of stiff lace, a yard and an eighth long and a quarter of a yard wide, and slope it on one side till it is an inch and a quarter wide at the top. Cover this with pleated lace to within five inches from the bottom, and fill up the remaining part with puffed lace, as shown in the illustration, then join it to the fichu, Fig. 17. Trim the bottom of the bertha and sash-ends with blonde two and a half inches wide, with a heading of the fringe already mentioned; this fringe also borders the whole bertha and sash. Finish with narrow blonde, and a second row of wide blonde, set in scallops on the ends of the sash with a blonde rosette at the top of each scallop.

Marie Antoinette Fichu.

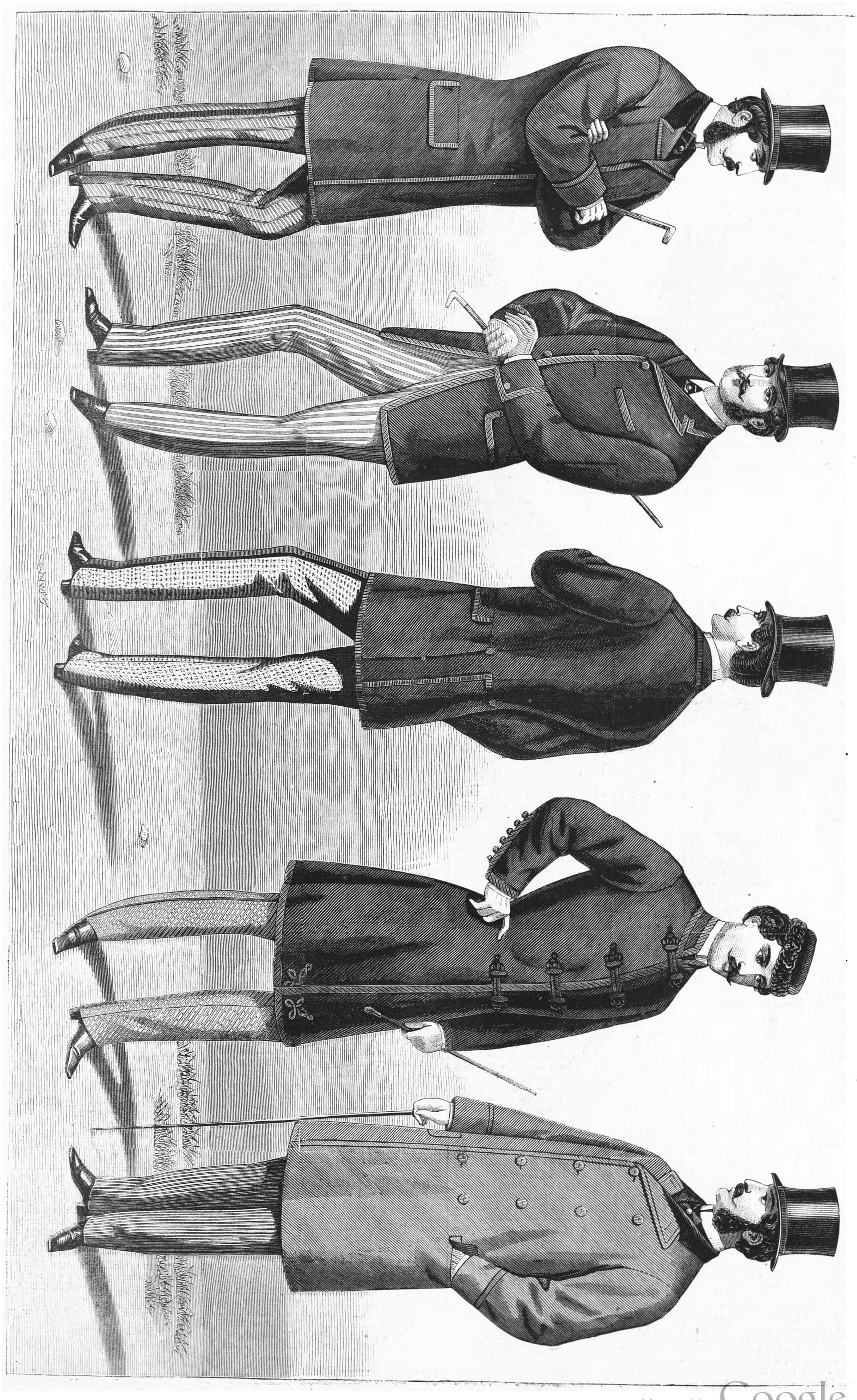
THIS fichu is especially suited to mourning toilettes. It is made of black silk lace, insertion, and two widths of black satin ribbon. The fichu consists of a piece of black lace, three quarters of a yard square, bordered with black lace insertion, an inch wide, through which is run a narrow black satin ribbon, and black lace two inches wide. This square is then doubled in a triangular shape, so that the lace on one corner just reaches the insertion of the other. The lace is pleated along the fold, leaving the front corners loose, and a bow of satin ribbon with long ends is set over the pleats in the middle of the back, with ribbon loops, an inch and a half apart, on each side. The lower one of these loops is an inch and a half long, and each of the others a quarter of an inch shorter. Lace sash-ends, trimmed to match the fichu, are set on in front.

DRESS WITH FUR TRIMMING.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 11.

LUCCA DRESS.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 7–10.

MARIE ANTOINETTE BERTHA-FICHU.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 17.

MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHU.



GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.—[SEE PAGE 314.]

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—WALKING DRESS. Brown paletot, showing the outline of the figure without being tight-fitting. Velvet collar to match. High roll, straight in front, and buttoned by means of an under-lapel. Skirt rather long and scant, with side-pocket, covered with broad lapel. Sleeve of average size, with cuff bound with broad galloon, with which the paletot is likewise bound. Scarf-cravat of black satin. Standing shirt collar. Fawn-colored gloves. Olive pantaloons, with broad stripes, intersected by narrow diagonal stripes. Hat with average brim.

Fig. 2.—WALKING DRESS. Black short coat, bound with broad galloon, and fastened with three buttons. Sleeve of average size, with gauntlet cuff, trimmed with galloon and buttons. Turn-down collar. Black cravat. Primrose gloves. Demi-tight gray pantaloons, with stripes of two shades. Hat with average brim turned up somewhat on the side.

Fig. 3.—Dark blue short coat, of the same shape as that in the last figure. Standing collar. Demi-tight pantaloons, of a light chestnut color, with a stripe at the side.

Fig. 4.—FANCY DRESS. Low black velvet cap, trimmed with a band of Astrakhan. Redington of royal blue cloth, with demi-high standing collar, bound with broad galloon to match; front straight, closed by four Brandenburgs, all of the same size. Waist adjusted, and somewhat long; skirt long, reaching the knee, rather full at the sides, and trimmed in the front corners with a small ornament resembling those of the Brandenburgs. Sleeve of average size, open at the bottom nearly to the elbow, and trimmed with galloon and six buttons. Black cravat. Standing collar. Straw-colored gloves. Demi-tight pantaloons of Havana cloth, with a stripe of darker color at the sides.

Fig. 5.—WALKING DRESS. Sack over-coat of olive-gray cloth, with velvet collar to match. Collar rolling low, with button-hole on the revers. Side-pockets, with square lapels. Average-sized sleeve, trimmed with a broad cuff, which, together with the coat, is bound with galloon to match. Blue cravat. Standing collar. Light drab gloves. Bluish-gray pantaloons, with narrow, vertical stripes.

HANNIBAL.

"FOR pity's sake don't let us have another of those tiresome love-stories!" exclaimed my niece.

I had seated myself at my desk to write the prosiest of business letters when this interruption took place.

"Love's a humbug, and I'm tired of it," continued Annie.

"That's because you know nothing about it," said Maggie, who is engaged.

"Don't I, indeed?" was the answer. "It isn't your fault, or Tom's, if I don't. I shall be glad when you two are fairly married and out of love."

"Well," said Maggie, "you'll be in love some time, that's one comfort."

"I! Love!" said Annie.

"'Few—none
Find what they love, or could have loved:
But accident, blind contact, and the strong
Necessity of loving, have removed
Antipathies.'

The necessity don't exist in my case. I can amuse myself. So write us a nice story, without any love in it; do!"

"Child, child!" said I, "you speak lightly because you feel lightly. God is love. There is no perfect life without love. How, then, can I body forth in words my ideal of human action and passion, and leave out the strongest of all passions?"

It was throwing my pearls away.

"Strongest of pastimes, you mean," she said. "Write my life, or your own. We've neither of us ever been in love; but I'm sure we are as interesting as we would be if we spent our time talking nonsense, or looking it, which is worse. Come, Maggie, it's bedtime."

When they were gone I finished my letter, and having sealed and stamped it, I proceeded to evolve the materials for my next story, which must not be a love-story.

But the more I thought, the more the story wouldn't come. Annie's suggestion occurred to me. My own life, or hers. My own life? No. Another might have written it, and after the most careful search have found no trace of what we mean when we say love in it. But I knew better—I only. Looking out of the window across the pond, I could see the moonlight making grim shadows in the grave-yard upon the hill, and bringing out one stone in strong relief; an old stone, weather-worn and moss-grown, with weeds high around it. There is no one left to take them away, and I let them grow. I have no right there even now, although the earth that once seemed so fair to me has long ago mingled with its mother-earth, and the spirit, wherever it is, thinks as little of the passion that has thrown its shade over every thought and deed of my life as in the days that are gone.

Annie's life! Why the child has not had any life worth speaking of yet. She has never had the slightest approach to an adventure; not so much as a railroad accident, or a narrow escape from pickpockets to tell about. I think the most exciting incident in her life was a ride she took last summer on my horse Hannibal. I bought Hannibal at a great bargain just before going into the country in the spring, hoping to fatten him and myself by rest and country fare, and coming back to the city with him in the fall to "witch the world with noble horsemanship." Man proposes, etc. Now, I am not naturally fond of horses; I have never had much to do with them, and perhaps I am not as skillful in their management as I could wish; but I determined to undertake the whole care of this one from the very beginning. So, sending my baggage on before with Annie, I directed the man who had charge of the horse to bring him to the dépôt in time for the freight train. He arrived punctually at the moment the cars left, and immediately went away again, leaving me standing like a statue of perplexity, holding the horse and wondering what to do with him during the three long hours that must elapse before the next train started. To add to my trouble, Hannibal himself seemed unaccountably restless, going round and round me as I stood holding him, and turning as he turned. Presently a man passed.

"Sir, is there a stable near here?" I shouted.

"Dunno," was the answer.

"What'll you take to hold my horse?"

"How long?"

"Two or three hours."

"Won't take nothin'. Tie him up somewheres;" and the man departed in a spasm of the universal hurry characteristic of railroad and ferry passengers. But his suggestion did not seem to me a bad one; and I looked around for a post. The dépôt itself was a new one, and not much more than half finished; and at this time of day there was little going on there. There was one post which seemed to be just the thing. It was rather near the track; but if I heard the cars coming I could easily take him away in time. So, tying him there, I bought a *Harper's Monthly*, and proceeded to make myself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Presently some one touched me on the shoulder. "That horse yours, Sir? He's perilous near the track." Sure enough, he was "perilous near," and a train coming at full speed. One step too far, and my equestrian hopes would lie crushed to the earth. But the question was, how to get him away. He was evidently not used to the cars, and his manner of testifying his surprise at their appearance did not encourage me to approach within reach of his iron shoes. I looked at the little valleys already made by his formidable feet, and meditated for the space of a second. I thought of the officer who, being rallied upon his pale face as he went into battle, replied, "Yes, Sir, I *am* afraid, and if you were half as much so, you would run away;" and, boldly rushing where duty and honor called me, I untied the halter, and tried to lead the horse away; but the obstinate animal, not having my powers of reasoning with his fears, would not stir a step. I pulled and tugged, and the train came thundering on. Should I stay, and perhaps be dragged upon the track by the frantic brute, just in time for my name to appear in the morning papers in a little anecdote headed "Killed;" or should I seek an inglorious safety in flight? At that moment the man who had before spoken to me came up, snatched the halter from my hand, and, in some utterly incomprehensible and mysterious way, persuaded the horse to seek safer quarters. "Guess you ain't much used to hosses, be you?" said he, as I turned to express my gratitude.

But I will not go on with the mortifying details of that day. It is enough to say that, in company with my dreadful charge, I arrived safely at B——, in due season, utterly exhausted in mind and body.

There I hoped all my sorrows were at an end. I think Hannibal must have been almost as tired as I was, for we passed that night in peace. Fearing that overwork would retard the improvement which was to take place in him during the summer, I allowed him to remain quietly in the stable all the next day; and as he behaved, on the whole, very much like other horses, I retired the second night in a serene state of mind, planning a short and safe trial of his ambulatory powers in the morning. A little after midnight I awoke with a strange feeling of dread, a presentiment of coming evil so strong upon me that I could not go to sleep again immediately. Presently I heard sounds outside, of a peculiar nature; and going to the window I saw my tormentor and another horse enjoying a moonlight promenade among the vegetables. Somehow or other they had got loose; and the stable-door having been left open on account of the extreme heat, they came out for a little fresh air. I summoned my host, Brown, and together we succeeded in reducing our rebellious vassals to submission, and committed them to their prison once more. Brown laughed; he is a cheerful man; but I looked ruefully at the cabbages upon which my horse had rolled, the strawberry-bed where they seemed to have been having a wrestling match, the young corn among which their careless steps had wandered, and thought of Mrs. Brown's dismay in the morning. Full of sad thoughts and vague doubts concerning the intrinsic value of horse-flesh, I went back to my room; but the goddess Sleep, after having been so rudely banished, would not return. I presented such a wobegone appearance at the breakfast-table that Annie professed the greatest solicitude, and begged me to care for my precious health by driving out somewhere; she would go along for company, she added. As this was precisely my own plan, I prepared to go. That is, I tried to. I knew tolerably well where the different parts of the harness ought to go, but the difficulty was to get them there. Hannibal objected to the bit; and kept his mouth resolutely shut, in spite of my utmost efforts to force it open. Every man about the place was away in the long meadow, nearly a mile off, and there were no near neighbors. At last I spied Lettice Brown through the stable-door, and, conquering the foolish pride which had kept me at work so long rather than give up what I had undertaken, I asked her advice and assistance, which she gave so readily that Annie and I were soon riding along at the dangerous rate of four miles an hour. It was a pleasant day, the horse behaved well, and we had plenty of time to spare, so we took a long ride; and at length, after I had performed the difficult feat of turning around, with great dexterity, we drove home, tired but happy.

Before going to bed that night I suggested to Brown that perhaps it would be as well to lock the stable-door. He assured me that it was entirely unnecessary; the horses needed air; they could not have been half tied the night before; and ended by saying that he would himself see that they were properly secured before he went to bed—a promise which he may have kept, but I am afraid he didn't.

For being tired by my unaccustomed exercise and the loss of sleep the night before I retired early, and slept for about three hours, when a flash of lightning, accompanied by a loud peal of thunder, awoke me. Of course my first thoughts were of my horse, and half-awake I went to the window and looked out. There was little to be seen, but I thought something was moving in the direction of the stable; I fancied I heard the sound of hoofs. Slipping on the smallest possible amount of clothing, I went quietly down the stairs and out to the barn. Sure enough my horse was gone! A flash of lightning showed me the whole garden and adjacent meadow, but no horse in either, while, after the thunder died away, I could hear something that sounded like the gallop of a horse far down the road. The chances of my catching him alone, on foot, in a thunder-storm in the middle of the night, were not strong; and after saying a word or two, which I blush to recall, I went back to bed and to sleep, trusting to finding Hannibal in the morning, something in the way I had seen lost cows discovered standing before the door at breakfast-time.

I seemed to have scarcely fallen into a doze when some one knocked at my door with the welcome intelligence that "There's a horse in the canal, and Jake Smith says it's your'n." A sudden feeling, half of hope, half dread, made me pause before asking "Is he dead?"

"Sakes alive, no!" was the answer, "but he soon will be if you don't hurry. He can't get out." So I hurried; and after no small amount of work and worry we succeeded in rescuing the noble creature, amidst the cheers of a small mob from the neighboring village.

After this episode there was a short cessation from active hostilities. Hannibal needed rest, and he had it. I needed rest, too, but I did not always have it. One night somebody took it into his head to ride at full gallop past our house just as I was going to sleep. Of course I thought it was Hannibal, and went out to the stable, where I found him peacefully sleeping; another time an old cow got into the garden and produced a like effect upon me, with the same result. But if my horse only improved in health and beauty I could bear it all.

One day Annie came to me, and began to talk in such a very affectionate and complimentary manner that my patience gave out. "What do you want?" said I, gruffly. "Stop all this palavering, or I'll say no, without hearing." She laughed; my ill-temper never troubles her much.

"You'll say yes, when you do hear it, no matter what you say before. I want to ride Hannibal."

She was a good rider; so there was nothing very startling in the idea. But to ride Hannibal!

"I'm afraid you can't manage him," said I; "he's so spirited!"

"Oh, I'll go in the daytime," she said. "You know he keeps all his spirits for the evening."

Of course Annie had her way; and that afternoon she started off with a party of young friends. While they were waiting for her Brown stood looking with a critic's eye at the horses, until Hannibal was brought out, when he turned his attention to him.

"Looks kind o' thin," was his comment.

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, "what can be the reason?"

"I'm afraid he's been broken of his rest too much, lately," said Annie.

Here Fred Mortimer, who was one of the party, rode nearer as I was about to help Annie mount.

"That horse don't look very gentle," said he. "He hasn't any bad tricks, I hope?"

"I hope not," said I, meekly. "I haven't had him long, and no one has ridden him yet."

"I don't like his looks," said Fred. "Annie, you'd better change with me. My horse is as gentle as a lamb."

Annie did not look favorably upon the idea of riding a lamb; but I encouraged Fred, and he proceeded to change the saddles and put her upon his horse without paying the slightest attention to her objections. Annie was a good deal provoked; for Fred was an old playmate, and had once been a devoted admirer of hers. It was mortifying to be put down so coolly by him. So as soon as she was in the saddle she rode forward to the front of the little cavalcade, leaving Fred to fall back into his old place in the rear, with a very pretty young lady from the city, who was, Brown informed me confidentially, "his gal."

But Hannibal was like Lord Byron, who woke one morning and found himself famous. He had scarcely entered the village when he was surrounded by an admiring crowd of boys and men. "Hullo! that's the hoss what got in the canal! Give him three cheers for gittin' out agin'!" And they gave the cheers with such energy that Hannibal fairly stood still to listen; then showed his disapproval by throwing up his heels, as if trying to shake the dust from off his feet; and getting the bit between his teeth, he started off at the top of his speed, going past the other riders, and far down the road, like a flash. Past all the other riders but Annie, I mean. The lamb-like animal which she rode, hearing Hannibal behind him, resolved not to be passed; and Annie, who had not yet recovered her temper, instead of checking him at once, urged him on. They were both soon out of sight; and although we rode miles in every direction, we heard nothing of them until the next morning. Then Fred made his appearance, mounted upon his own horse; and although he rode fast, presented such a melancholy and travel-stained appearance that I was frightened.

"Annie is safe," he hastened to say, seeing my anxiety; "but she was too tired to ride to-day. I could find no one to send, so I was obliged to leave her. You had better take a carriage for her. She is over at Dr. St. Jean's;" and after giving me minute directions for finding her he rode homeward. I stood a moment looking after him a little bewildered by his unusual manner. He was bent over like a very weak or very tired man; his face was perfectly colorless, and even his voice sounded strained and unnatural. If the ride had exhausted him so, poor Annie would need more than one day's rest. So I got out the largest available carriage, filled it with cushions, some wine, some books, and a basket of eatables a little better than a small farm-house would be likely to afford; and being thus armed and equipped I started forth like a wandering knight going to the rescue of his "ladye faire," in the nineteenth century.

After the first few miles the country began to grow wilder, and the farm-houses smaller and farther apart. The road was either up-hill or down all the time, and seemed not to have been worked since the Deluge washed off the dirt and left the stones.

Suddenly, in the midst of the most unpromising region that I have ever seen, I came upon a small farm which seemed to have been taken up bodily from some more favored country and hidden away among these barren hills and bleak pine-trees. The air was heavy with the sweet breath of grape-vines; while opposite, the beautiful waving grain stretched away toward a dark wall of chestnut and evergreen trees. This must be the place; I had often heard it described, for a teacher of Annie's lived there, and Annie used sometimes to go there to see her. As I walked up the neat gravel-path Annie herself came out to meet me.

"Don't go in just yet," she said, leading me to a seat on the piazza. "They have just received good news from France. You know they are political exiles, suspected of being mixed up in something that Mademoiselle says they never even heard of until they were accused of it. But they have friends in Paris; and at last the truth has been discovered, Mademoiselle says, and they are to have back their titles and what is left of their estates. Somebody has died, and left them money besides."

I was deeply interested in the St. Jean family, but nevertheless I interrupted here to ask about her ride.

"Oh, don't speak of it!" she said, impatiently. "The horses ran away, and before we could stop them we got lost. After a while we found our way here, and I told Fred I wouldn't go any farther; I was too tired, and besides I wanted to see Mademoiselle. So he went home to tell you we were alive."

Just then the door opened, and Mademoiselle came out. She had evidently been crying; but she sat down with us and tried to tell us the whole story. It was a sad one. Her father had died in prison; she came with her mother and brothers to this country under an assumed name, and since then they had lived a life of toil and privation, but never lost courage, she said, until her mother died. She showed us a little inclosure close by, containing a single grave carefully tended by her hands, where they had laid her.

Annie's pleasure in the good fortune of her friends seemed even greater than that of Mademoiselle—la Baronne Amelie de C., she called herself. To know a real exile, and a real baroness! and to hear her story in such a way. It was almost an adventure.

My faith in Annie's fatigue had vanished by this time, so I suggested that we had better go home, to which she, after extracting a solemn promise from Mlle. la Baronne to visit her before she sailed, and promising to go to Europe for the express purpose of seeing her in the halls of her ancestors, consented; and we drove home, with the extra cushions under the seats, and Hannibal meekly following. As we turned the corner I looked back. Mademoiselle was kneeling by the solitary grave, whose quiet occupant had found the last refuge of a broken heart in a strange land, with her hands clasped as if in prayer.

Annie was as fresh and talkative as ever, but she would not say a word about "that stupid ride." She could not think or speak of any thing but her French friends. Even the news Brown told us as he helped us out of the carriage did not divert her mind from Mademoiselle.

"Fred Mortimer's been and enlisted since you went away," he said. "And folks do say it's because that gal o' his'n has took up with another feller, but I don't believe a word on't. Fred's a right up and down good fellow, and any gal that don't think so is a fool. Eh, Miss Annie?"

But Annie was busy with the cushions and baskets, and did not hear.

Well! It isn't much to make a story of. It shows how little Annie knows of life when such a trifle is an event. I began to tell her at the breakfast-table what poor success her plan had met with; but just then the morning paper was brought in, and I took that up first, as being the most important of my daily duties. There had been a great battle, and I glanced hastily over the list of names. Yes, there was one: Frederick J. Mortimer, Major —th Reg. N. Y. S. M., killed.

"Why, Annie!" I exclaimed, "can that be Fred?"

But Annie did not answer. She stood in front of me, staring at the paper with wide-open, frightened eyes, like a little child, until I looked up and repeated my question. Then she fainted away at my feet; and my story is a love story after all.

BONNIE MAY.

THE sunbeams kiss thy forehead fair,
And rest upon thy golden hair,
My bonnie May!

They can not choose but love a face
That meets them with so sweet a grace,
Thou bonnie May!

To me thou art a ray of light
Making the whole world wondrous bright,
My little May!

My heart thrills at the simplest word,
The soft tones of my singing bird,
My pretty May!

The best, the bravest, truest love
That e'er was sent man from above,
My peerless May!

Thou'rt always true to Hope, and she
Hath never yet forsaken thee,
Her loyal May!

Thou say'st whene'er my heart is bowed,
"The sun still shines behind the cloud,"
My comfort May!

As we have shared life's woe and sorrow,
That there will come a brighter morrow,
Let us not doubt!

Ay, love, we will go hand in hand
Until we reach the promised land,
My darling May!

And every hour, and every day,
I upward lift my heart and say,
"Heav'n bless my May!"

Light of mine eyes, my hope, my life,
God love for aye my sunshine wife,
My peerless May!

ANGEL AND WOMAN.

FAITH is beautiful. And the faith of some men in some women is beautiful. But the faith of some other men in some other women is so far from beautiful that it is simply absurd and ridiculous.

I have just been spending a month with a woman who was described to me as an angel by a man who is reputed to possess excellent discernment and rare judgment.

The woman is Eleanor Saxe.

The man is Roger Platt.

He told me she had a fair complexion beautifully tinted with pink like sea-shells.

I nodded my head approvingly. Angels are not supposed to be tanned, or freckled, or blotched. Moles and pimples, too, would be out of character on the face of an angel, I suppose, if, indeed, angels have faces.

He told me she had naturally wavy hair that fell around her shoulders in masses of golden beauty.

I nodded approval of that too. If an angel's hair waved, of course it would wave naturally, for probably patent crimpers and frizzing irons are inventions the angels have not looked into.

He told me her teeth were like pearls and as even as false ones.

I bowed. Angelic teeth could be no more.

He told me her eyes had the soft, liquid beauty of the gazelles, with mysterious depths like mountain lakes.

To tell the truth I never examined the eyes of a gazelle, or explored the depths of mountain lakes; but then I never saw an angel's eyes, so I had no reasonable ground of objection.

He told me her neck was white as alabaster, and plump and round.

An angel's neck gaunt and bony, with the clavicle and scapula scantily protected, it never entered into man's imagination to conceive; and in this particular also Miss Saxe might be angelic.

He told me her hands were white and delicate, and her feet the tiniest he ever saw.

Being in doubt concerning an angel's proportions, I could not say whether or not these Lilliputian extremities gave Miss Saxe a claim to be included among the angels.

He told me she had soft, gentle tones, and sang divinely.

That was angelic, I confessed, if it were true.

He told me she wore becoming colors, and the most bewitching knots of ribbon and bewildering bonnets it was possible to imagine.

I shook my head. White is the only orthodox color for angels, and the knots of ribbon and bewildering bonnets belong to *Parisiennes* rather than angels.

He told me she danced like a sylph, and had pretty, piquant ways and graceful manners.

He paused.

"What else?" I asked.

"Nothing," he answered. "I believe that is all."

"Miss Saxe has a cousin," I remarked. "One Rachel Endermier."

"Yes," replied Roger Platt, indifferently. "She is not at all pretty or interesting, only a very ordinary woman."

"I am somewhat weary of my bachelor state," he continued, confidentially, after a pause. "I think I shall take to myself a wife to cheer and bless me all my life. There is something so beautiful in the patience, unselfishness, and enduring love of woman. I shall get them all by making Eleanor Saxe my wife, for, as I said before, she is an angel."

Roger Platt is a lawyer, and in the summing up of his cases I have been impressed with the acumen displayed in collecting valid testimony, and rejecting that which had no bearing on the case.

It seemed to me Roger Platt's argument was weak this time, however. In establishing the point that Eleanor Saxe was an angel he had mentioned fair complexion, golden hair, pearly teeth, liquid eyes, alabaster neck, delicate hands, tiny feet, gentle voice, graceful form, becoming dress, and piquant air. Possibly these were angelic, possibly not. As for patience, unselfishness, and enduring love, they were inferences deduced from irrelevant facts. As far as I could see no witness had testified concerning them.

For the past month I have been thrown in daily intercourse with Eleanor Saxe and Rachel Endermier.

I have seen Roger Platt's angel with her hair in curl-papers, her feet slipshod, and her form untidily clad, and I have said that, according to his reasoning, all the difference between an angel and a shabby woman is paint, powder, hair-oil, and dry-goods.

I have seen Rachel Endermier in season and out of season, with tidy head and feet, and a form that is always neatly clad. No one thinks of calling her angel. Her highest praise is—womanly. Contrasting the two characters, I have said it is better to be a woman than an angel.

I have seen the mother of Roger Platt's angel toiling wearily in the kitchen while the angel lounged in the parlor. Eleanor Saxe's hands may well be lily white. Toiling and spinning mar not their delicacy.

I have seen the mother of Roger Platt's very ordinary woman blessed with the care of the woman's willing hands and the forethought of her loving heart. Rachel Endermier's hands are brown and not so small as Eleanor's—but when I have thought that angels are ministering spirits, I have said Rachel Endermier is more an angel than Eleanor Saxe.

I have seen Eleanor Saxe unreasonable and unjust. I have seen her cruel and severe. I have said, "Alas for angels, if these be they!"

I have seen Rachel Endermier just when justice was not easy, and kind when kindness cost a sacrifice. I have seen her pitiful when others were pitiless, and merciful when others were severely just. I have said, "All hail to women if these be they!"

I have seen Eleanor Saxe impatient and vindictive. I have seen her eyes flash with fury and her lips curl with proudest scorn.

I have seen Rachel Endermier patient under provocation, submissive under discipline, and forgiving under injury. I have said, "Roger Platt is in error. Eleanor Saxe has not the patience we attribute to the angels, and Rachel Endermier has."

I have seen Eleanor Saxe seek her own comfort at others' expense, and Rachel Endermier sacrifice her own for others' pleasure, and I have said, "In this too is Roger Platt mistaken; Eleanor Saxe has not the unselfishness of angels, and Rachel Endermier has."

I have seen Eleanor Saxe a flirt and coquette. I have seen Rachel Endermier true in trial and faithful in adversity. I have said, "Roger Platt is at fault again; Eleanor Saxe's is not the enduring love that blesses him that hath it, and Rachel Endermier's is."

To-day I have talked with Roger Platt just in sight of the angel and ordinary woman. The angel lounged, the ordinary woman sewed. They were characteristic attitudes.

Roger Platt bade me observe the delicate pink that tinged Miss Saxe's cheek and faded into pretty whiteness at her temples, and tell him if I ever saw any thing half as lovely.

"Your gift of yesterday was like it," I answered.

I put in his hand a faded flower. The day before it was delicate pink, fading into snowy whiteness at the petals edges, but to-day, as I gave it in his hands, it was withered and void of beauty.

"Miss Endermier is a model of industry," I remarked.

"But sewing pricks a woman's fingers so outrageously!" answered Roger Platt.

I declare I laughed, thinking of the day that will surely come when Roger Platt will fail to find compensation in the pink and white of an angel's face suffering for the careful stitches of an ordinary woman.

"Miss Saxe has a perfect profile," observed Roger Platt, after another survey of Eleanor's side face. "I think you never saw more regular features."

For answer I pointed to a broken statuette. The day before it had stood in the beauty of delicately-chiseled chin, and lip, and nose, and brow. To-day it was worthless as a broken toy.

"Miss Endermier has a good face, full of truth," I said.

"I never could abide a *retroussé* nose on a woman's face," was the answer.

I laughed again, thinking of the hour that is inevitable when the perfect profile of an angel's face will not weigh in the balance with the goodness and truth of an ordinary woman.

"Miss Saxe unconsciously takes attitudes fit for pictures," remarked Roger Platt, studying the easy negligence of her position in the most comfortable chair in the room.

"I like Miss Endermier's better," I answered. She had just arisen and exchanged her comfortable chair with an invalid, whose seat was straight-backed and less easy.

"I hate to see a woman sit bolt upright," answered Roger Platt.

I did not laugh. I sighed for thinking of the day when the grace of an angel would gladly be exchanged for the unselfishness of a woman like Rachel Endermier.

"Miss Saxe has the rare faculty of dressing becomingly," remarked Roger Platt. "Did you ever see any thing more bewitching than those jaunty little bows that loop up her over-skirt?"

"Yes," I said, with my eyes on Rachel Endermier, who was soothing the child Eleanor Saxe had driven from her lest it should soil her dress. "Miss Endermier has the most loving heart and true of any woman I know," I added, by way of conclusion.

"I am sure you are mistaken," replied Roger Platt. "Miss Saxe must be affectionate and noble, with such a face."

Such a face! That is the secret of Roger Platt's error, the rock on which his judgment wrecked.

I turned away with the old justification, "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone."

The history of another will be Roger Platt's in another year:

"But when a twelve-month passed away,
Jack found his goddess turned to clay."

SERVANTS' DRESS.

THE English journals are agitating the question as to whether by some means Bridget and Molly can not be persuaded to lay aside tawdry finery for a neat and becoming dress. One writer goes so far as to propose that the ladies shall form an association, pledging themselves to adopt, each family for itself, a uniform for their female servants, and to admit none into their service who refuse to wear it. The uniform is not to be old-fashioned or disfiguring, but merely neat, simple, and consequently becoming. The following ornaments are to be absolutely prohibited: Feathers, flowers, brooches, buckles or clasps, ear-rings, lockets, neck-ribbons and velvets, kid gloves, parasols, sashes, jackets, Garibaldis, all trimming on dresses, crinoline, or steel of any kind. No dress to touch the ground. No pads or frisettes, no chignons, no hair-ribbons.

Morning dress: Lilac print, calico apron, linen collar. Afternoon dress: Some lighter print, muslin apron, linen collar and cuffs. Sundays: A neat alpaca dress, linen collar and cuffs, or a frill tacked into the neck of the dress, a black apron, a black shawl, a medium straw bonnet with ribbons and strings of the same color, a bow of the same inside, and a slight cap across the forehead, thread or cotton gloves, a small cotton or alpaca umbrella to keep off sun and rain. The winter Sunday dress: Linsey dress, shepherd's-plaid shawl, black straw bonnet. A plain brown or black turndown straw hat with a rosette of the same color, and fastened on with elastic, should be possessed by all servants for common use, and is indispensable for nurse-maids walking out with children. Should servants be in mourning, the same neat style must be observed—no bugles, or beads, or crape flowers allowed.

It is scarcely likely that any thing so sweeping will be achieved; but it is certain that if servants would follow these suggestions, at least in the kitchen, it would conduce to the comfort of themselves and their employers. However, as another writer sensibly remarks, the reaction in favor of a neat and simple style must come from above and not below. When ladies of position and fortune cease to lavish their thousands on millinery, the imitative race in the kitchen will no longer squander their wages after their example.

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"PICKED UP ADRIFT."

ON the morning following two travelers left a small inn which lay on the road-side, about ten miles north of Brandon. It was about eight o'clock when they took their departure, driving in their own carriage at a moderate pace along the road.

"Look, Langhetti," said the one who was driving, pointing with his whip to an object in the road directly in front of them.

Langhetti raised his head, which had been bowed down in deep abstraction, to look in the direction indicated. A figure was approaching them. It looked like a woman. She walked very slowly, and appeared rather to stagger than to walk.

"She appears to be drunk, Despard," said Langhetti. "Poor wretch, and on this bleak March morning too! Let us stop and see if we can do any thing for her."

They drove on, and as they met the woman Despard stopped.

She was young and extraordinarily beautiful. Her face was thin and white. Her clothing was of fine materials but scanty and torn to shreds. As they stopped she turned her large eyes up despairingly and stood still, with a face which seemed to express every conceivable emotion of anguish and of hope. Yet as her eyes rested on Langhetti a change came over her. The deep and unutterable sadness of her face passed away, and was succeeded by a radiant flash of joy. She threw out her arms toward him with a cry of wild entreaty.

The moment that Langhetti saw her he started up and stood for an instant as if paralyzed. Her cry came to his ears. He leaped from the carriage toward her, and caught her in his arms.

"Oh, Bice! Alas, my Bicina!" he cried, and a thousand fond words came to his lips.

Beatrice looked up with eyes filled with grateful tears; her lips murmured some inaudible sentences; and then, in this full assurance of safety, the resolution that had sustained her so long gave way altogether. Her eyes closed, she gave a low moan, and sank senseless upon his breast.

Langhetti supported her for a moment, then gently laid her down to try and restore her. He chafed her hands, and did all that is usually done in such emergencies. But here the case was different—it was more than a common faint, and the animation now suspended was not to be restored by ordinary efforts.

Langhetti bowed over her as he chafed her hands. "Ah, my Bicina," he cried; "is it thus I find you! Ah, poor thin hand! Alas, white wan face! What suffering has been yours, pure angel, among those fiends of hell!"

He paused, and turned a face of agony toward Despard. But as he looked at him he saw a grief in his countenance that was only second to his own. Something in Beatrice's appearance had struck him with a deeper feeling than that merely human interest which the generous heart feels in the sufferings of others.

"Langhetti," said he, "let us not leave this sweet angel exposed to this bleak wind. We must take her back to the inn. We have gained our object. Alas! the gain is worse than a failure."

"What can we do?"

"Let us put her in the carriage between us, and drive back instantly."

Despard stooped as he spoke, raised her reverently in his arms, and lifted her upon the seat. He sprang in and put his arms around her senseless form, so as to support her against himself. Langhetti looked on with eyes that were moist with a sad yet mysterious feeling.

Then he resumed his place in the carriage.

"Oh, Langhetti!" said Despard, "what is it that I saw in the face of this poor child that so wrings my heart? What is this mystery of yours that you will not tell?"

"I can not solve it," said Langhetti, "and therefore I will not tell it."

"Tell it, whatever it is."

"No, it is only conjecture as yet, and I will not utter it."

"And it affects me?"

"Deeply."

"Therefore tell it."

"Therefore I must not tell it; for if it prove baseless I shall only excite your feeling in vain."

"At any rate let me know. For I have the wildest fancies, and I wish to know if it is possible that they are like your own."

"No, Despard," said Langhetti. "Not now. The time may come, but it has not yet."

Beatrice's head leaned against Despard's shoulder as she reclined against him, sustained by his arm. Her face was upturned; a face as white as marble, her pure Grecian features showing now their faultless lines like the sculptured face of some goddess. Her beauty was perfect in its classic outline. But her eyes were closed, and her wan, white lips parted; and there was sorrow on her face which did not seem appropriate to one so young.

"Look," said Langhetti, in a mournful voice. "Saw you ever in all your life any one so perfectly and so faultlessly beautiful? Oh, if you could but have seen her, as I have done, in her moods of inspiration, when she sang! Could I ever have imagined such a fate as this for her?"

"Oh, Despard!" he continued, after a pause in which the other had turned his stern face to him without a word—"Oh, Despard! you ask me to tell you this secret. I dare not. It is so wide-spread. If my fancy be true, then all your life must at once be unsettled, and all your soul turned to one dark purpose. Never will I turn you to that purpose till I know the truth beyond the possibility of a doubt."

"I saw that in her face," said Despard, "which I hardly dare acknowledge to myself."

"Do not acknowledge it, then, I implore you. Forget it. Do not open up once more that old and now almost forgotten sorrow. Think not of it even to yourself."

Langhetti spoke with a wild and vehement urgency which was wonderful.

"Do you not see," said Despard, "that you rouse my curiosity to an intolerable degree?"

"Be it so; at any rate it is better to suffer from curiosity than to feel what you must feel if I told you what I suspect."

Had it been any other man than Langhetti Despard would have been offended. As it was he said nothing, but began to conjecture as to the best course for them to follow.

"It is evident," said he to Langhetti, "that she has escaped from Brandon Hall during the past night. She will, no doubt, be pursued. What shall we do? If we go back to this inn they will wonder at our bringing her. There is another inn a mile further on."

"I have been thinking of that," replied Langhetti. "It will be better to go to the other inn. But what shall we say about her?"

"Let us say she is an invalid going home."

"And am I her medical attendant?" asked Despard.

"No; that is not necessary. You are her guardian—the Rector of Holby, of course—your name is sufficient guarantee."

"Oh," said Despard, after a pause, "I'll tell you something better yet. I am her brother and she is my sister—Miss Despard."

As he spoke he looked down upon her marble face. He did not see Langhetti's countenance. Had he done so he would have wondered. For Langhetti's eyes seemed to seek to pierce the very soul of Despard. His face became transformed. Its usual serenity vanished, and there was eager wonder, intense and anxious curiosity—an endeavor to see if there was not some deep meaning underlying Despard's words. But Despard showed no emotion. He was conscious of no deep meaning. He merely murmured to himself as he looked down upon the unconscious face:

"My sick sister—my sister Beatrice."

Langhetti said not a word, but sat in silence, absorbed in one intense and wondering gaze. Despard seemed to dwell upon this idea, fondly and tenderly.

"She is not one of that brood," said he, after a pause. "It is in name only that she belongs to them."

"They are fiends and she is an angel," said Langhetti.

"Heaven has sent her to us; we must preserve her forever."

"If she lives," said Langhetti, "she must never go back."

"Go back!" cried Despard. "Better far for her to die."

"I myself would die rather than give her up."

"And I, too. But we will not. I will adopt her. Yes, she shall cast away the link that binds her to these accursed ones—her vile name. I will adopt her. She shall have my name—she shall be my sister. She shall be Beatrice Despard.

"And surely," continued Despard, looking tenderly down, "surely, of all the Despard race there was never one so beautiful and so pure as she."

Langhetti did not say a word, but looked at Despard and the one whom he thus called his adopted sister with an emotion which he could not control. Tears started to his eyes; yet over his brow there came something which is not generally associated with tears—a lofty, exultant expression, an air of joy and peace.

"Your sister," said Despard, "shall nurse her back to health. She will do so for your sake, Langhetti—or rather from her own noble and generous instincts. In Thornton Grange she will, perhaps, find some alleviation for the sorrows which she may have endured. Our care shall be around her, and we can all labor together for her future welfare."

They at length reached the inn of which they had spoken, and Beatrice was tenderly lifted out and carried up stairs. She was mentioned as the sister of the Rev. Mr. Despard, of Holby, who was bringing her back from the sea-side, whither she had gone for her health. Unfortunately, she had been too weak for the journey.

The people of the inn showed the kindest attention and warmest sympathy. A doctor was sent for, who lived at a village two miles farther on.

Beatrice recovered from her faint, but remained unconscious. The doctor considered that her brain was affected. He shook his head solemnly over it, as doctors always do when they have nothing in particular to say. Both Langhetti and Despard knew more about her case than he did.

They saw that rest was the one thing needed. But rest could be better attained in Holby than here; and besides, there was the danger of pursuit. It was necessary to remove her; and that, too, without delay. A close carriage was procured without much difficulty, and the patient was deposited therein.

A slow journey brought them by easy stages to Holby. Beatrice remained unconscious. A nurse was procured, who traveled with her. The condition of Beatrice was the same which she described in her diary. Great grief and extraordinary suffering and excitement had overtasked the brain, and it had given way. So Despard and Langhetti conjectured.

At last they reached Holby. They drove at once to Thornton Grange.

"What is this?" cried Mrs. Thornton, who had heard nothing from them, and ran out upon the piazza to meet them as she saw them coming.

"I have found Bice," said Langhetti, "and have brought her here."

"Where is she?"

"There," said Langhetti. "I give her to your care—it is for you to give her back to me."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ON THE TRACK.

BEATRICE'S disappearance was known at Brandon Hall on the following day. The servants first made the discovery. They found her absent from her room, and no one had seen her about the house. It was an unusual thing for her to be out of the house early in the day, and of late for many months she had scarcely ever left her room, so that now her absence at once excited suspicion. The news was communicated from one to another among the servants. Afraid of Potts, they did not dare to tell him, but first sought to find her by themselves. They called Mrs. Compton, and the fear which perpetually possessed the mind of this poor, timid creature now rose to a positive frenzy of anxiety and dread. She told all that she knew, and that was that she had seen her the evening before as usual, and had left her at ten o'clock.

No satisfaction therefore could be gained from her. The servants tried to find traces of her, but were unable. At length toward evening, on Potts's return from the bank, the news was communicated to him.

The rage of Potts need not be described here. That one who had twice defied should now escape him filled him with fury. He organized all his servants into bands, and they scoured the grounds till darkness put an end to these operations.

That evening Potts and his two companions dined in moody silence, only conversing by fits and starts.

"I don't think she's killed herself," said Potts, in reply to an observation of Clark. "She's got stuff enough in her to do it, but I don't believe she has. She's playing a deeper game. I only wish we could fish up her dead body out of some pond; it would quiet matters down very considerable."

"If she's got off she's taken with her some secrets that won't do us any good," remarked John.

"The devil of it is," said Potts, "we don't know how much she does know. She must know a precious lot, or she never would have dared to say what she did."

"But how could she get out of the park?" said Clark. "That wall is too high to climb over, and the gates are all locked."

"It's my opinion," exclaimed John, "that she's in the grounds yet."

Potts shook his head.

"After what she told me it's my belief she can do any thing. Why, didn't she tell us of crimes that were committed before she was born? I begin to feel shaky, and it is the girl that has made me so."

"HE LEAPED FROM THE CARRIAGE TOWARD HER, AND CAUGHT HER IN HIS ARMS."

Potts rose to his feet, plunged his hands into his pockets, and walked up and down. The others sat in gloomy silence.

"Could that Hong Kong nurse of hers have told her any thing?" asked John.

"She didn't know any thing to tell."

"Mrs. Compton must have blown, then."

"Mrs. Compton didn't know. I tell you that there is not one human being living that knows what she told us besides ourselves and her. How the devil she picked it up I don't know."

"I didn't like the cut of her from the first," said John. "She had a way of looking that made me feel uneasy, as though there was something in her that would some day be dangerous. I didn't want you to send for her."

"Well, the mischief's done now."

"You're not going to give up the search, are you?" asked Clark.

"Give it up! Not I."

"We must get her back."

"Yes; our only safety now is in catching her again at all hazards."

There was a long silence.

"WHY, DON'T YOU SEE? SHE'S GOT OVER THE WALL SOMEHOW."

"Twenty years ago," said Potts, moodily, "the *Vishnu* drifted away, and since the time of the trial no one has mentioned it to me till that girl did."

"And she is only twenty years old," rejoined John.

"I tell you, lads, you've got the devil to do with when you tackle her," remarked Clark; "but, if she is the devil we must fight it out and crush her."

"Twenty-three years," continued Potts, in the same gloomy tone—"twenty-three years have passed since I was captured with my followers. No one has mentioned that since. No one in all the world knows that I am the only Englishman that ever joined the Thugs except that girl."

"She must know every thing that we have done," said Clark.

"Of course she must."

"Including our Brandon enterprise," said John.

"And including your penmanship," said Clark; "enough, lad, to stretch a neck."

"Come," said Potts, "don't let *us* talk of this, any how."

Again they relapsed into silence.

"Well!" exclaimed John, at last, "what are you going to do to-morrow?"

"Chase her till I find her," replied Potts, savagely.

"But where?"

"I've been thinking of a plan which seems to me to be about the thing."

"What?"

"A good old plan," said Potts. "Your pup, Johnnie, can help us."

John pounded his fist on the table with savage exultation.

"My blood-hound! Good, old Dad, what a trump you are to think of that!"

"He'll do it!"

"Yes," said John, "if he gets on her track and comes up with her I'm a little afraid that we'll arrive at the spot just too late to save her. It's the best way that I know of for getting rid of the difficulty handsomely. Of course we are going after her through anxiety, and the dog is an innocent pup who comes with us; and if any disaster happens we will kill him on the spot."

Potts shook his head moodily. He had no very hopeful feeling about this. He was shaken to the soul at the thought of this stern, relentless girl, carrying out into the world his terrific secret.

Early on the following morning they resumed their search after the lost girl. This time the servants were not employed, but the three themselves went forth to try what they could do. With them was the "pup" to which allusion had been made on the previous evening. This animal was a huge blood-hound, which John had purchased to take the place of his bull-dog, and of which he was extravagantly proud. True to his instinct, the hound understood from smelling an article of Beatrice's apparel what it was that he was required to seek, and he went off on her trail out through the front door, down the steps, and up to the grove.

The others followed after. The dog led them down the path toward the gate, and thence into the thick grove and through the underbrush. Scraps of her dress still clung in places to the brushwood. The dog led them round and round wherever Beatrice had wandered in her flight from Vijal. They all believed that they would certainly find her here, and that she had lost her way or at least tried to conceal herself. But at last, to their disappointment, the dog turned away out of the wood and into the path again. Then he led them along through the woods until he reached the Park wall. Here the animal squatted on his haunches, and, lifting up his head, gave a long deep howl.

"What's this?" said Potts.

"Why, don't you see? She's got over the wall somehow. All that we've got to do is to put the dog over, and follow on."

The others at once understood that this must be the case. In a short time they were on the other side of the wall, where the dog found the trail again, and led on while they followed as before.

They did not, however, wish to seem like pursuers. That would hardly be the thing in a country of law and order. They chose to walk rather slowly, and John held the dog by a strap which he had brought with him. They soon found the walk much longer than they had anticipated, and began to regret that they had not come in a carriage. They had gone too far, however, to remedy this now, so they resolved to continue on their way as they were.

"Gad!" said John, who felt fatigued first, "what a walker she is!"

"She's the devil!" growled Clark, savagely.

At last, after about three hours' walk, the dog stopped at a place by the road-side, and snuffed in all directions. The others watched him anxiously for a long time. The dog ran all around sniffing at the ground, but to no purpose.

He had lost the trail. Again and again he tried to recover it. But his blood-thirsty instinct was completely at fault. The trail had gone, and at last the animal came up to his master and crouched down at his feet with a low moan.

"Sold!" cried John, with a curse.

"What can have become of her?" said Potts.

"I don't know," said John. "I dare say she's got took up in some wagon. Yes, that's it. That's the reason why the trail has gone."

"What shall we do now? We can't follow. It may have been the coach, and she may have got a lift to the nearest railway station."

"Well," said John, "I'll tell you what we can do. Let one of us go to the inns that are nearest, and ask if there was a girl in the coach that looked like her, or make any inquiries that may be needed. We could find out that much at any rate."

The others assented. John swore he was too tired. At length, after some conversation, they all determined to go on, and to hire a carriage back. Accordingly on they went, and soon reached an inn.

Here they made inquiries, but could learn nothing whatever about any girl that had stopped there. Potts then hired a carriage and drove off to the next inn, leaving the others behind. He returned in about two hours. His face bore an expression of deep perplexity.

"Well, what luck, dad?" asked John.

"There's the devil to pay," growled Potts.

"Did you find her?"

"There is a girl at the next inn, and it's her. Now what name do you think they call her by?"

"What?"

"Miss Despard."

Clark turned pale and looked at John, who gave a long, low whistle.

"Is she alone?" asked John.

"No—that's the worst of it. A reverend gent is with her, who has charge of her, and says he is her brother."

"Who?"

"His name is Courtenay Despard, son of Colonel Lionel Despard," said Potts.

The others returned his look in utter bewilderment.

"I've been thinking and thinking," said Potts, "but I haven't got to the bottom of it yet. We can't do any thing just now, that's evident. I found out that this reverend gent is on his way to Holby, where he is rector. The only thing left for us to do is to go quietly home and look about us."

"It seems to me that this is like the beginning of one of those monsoon storms," said Clark, gloomily.

The others said nothing. In a short time they were on their way back, moody and silent.

SHE COMES TO GATHER FLOWERS.

Put on your brightest, richest dress,
Wear all your gems, blest vales of ours!
My fair one comes in her loveliness—
She comes to gather flowers.
Garland me wreaths, thou fertile vale!
Woods of green, your coronets bring:
Pinks of red, and lilies pale,
Come with your fragrant offering!
Mingle your charms of hue and smell,
Which Flora wakes in her springtide hours;
My fair one comes across the dell—
She comes to gather flowers.

Twilight of morn! from thy misty tower
Scatter the trembling pearls around,
Hang up thy gems on fruits and flower,
Bespangle the dewy ground!
Phœbus! rest on thy ruby wheels—
Look, and envy this world of ours!
For my fair one now descends the hills—
She comes to gather flowers.
List! for the breeze on wing serene
Through the light foliage sails;
Hidden amid the forest green
Warble the nightingales,
Hailing the glorious birth of day
With music's divinest powers!
Hither my fair one bends her way—
She comes to gather flowers.

THE WORLD BEWITCHED.

THE Prince Imperial was in a frightful temper! dancing about for rage! And he had pulled the tutor's nose and boxed the Lord High Fiddlestick's ears! All because he could not tell, "if one pound of ginger cost five cents, how much should nine pounds cost?"

"I hate arithmetic and I despise geography," shouted the Prince, tearing his arithmetic in two and flinging his geography out of the window. "I wish I might never hear of them again."

The tutor, who was rubbing his nose, stopped short. "The book that you have torn is mine," said he.

"I don't care," answered the Prince.

"There is not another like it in the whole world," continued the tutor.

"I hope there is not. I should like not to see another school-book for the next five years. Geographies; grammars; multiplication-tables; I wish every soul of them was burned," snapped the Prince.

"Twice!" said the tutor, in such an awful voice that the Lord High Fiddlestick ran in a fright for the queen.

For you see it was vastly imprudent to talk in that way to the tutor, who was no other than the wisest man in the kingdom, and wrote on his door-plate, "Wisest Man, B. G. L. O. F. D. F. A. R. M. S. G. H. M. D. D. D. D. A. B. A.," and many other learned titles; and had lived several hundred years or so, and had studied magic.

The queen was clear-starching her fine laces; but she dropped them in the tin basin of suds, and, without waiting for her train-bearer or any of her ladies of honor, she ran up to the school-room, where she arrived in time to hear the Prince say:

"I tell you I would be glad if there wasn't one in the world."

"Three times!" cried the tutor, picking up his cane and walking past the queen with so little ceremony that he stepped on her train.

Down stairs he went, his cane thumping on every step, and pulled the palace gate so hard after him that the palace shook. But what became of him then nobody knew; for when the queen recovered sufficiently from her astonishment to send after him, he was not to be found.

Now every body looked sober, for who knew whether he might not transform them all into pumpkins, or something of the sort? and some people had tingling sensations about the neck and ears as if leaves might be preparing to sprout there, and some fancied that they were growing a pair of rosewood fore-legs and would shortly become chairs; and every one was alarmed and uneasy except the Prince Imperial, who went off quite at ease to play in the school-room.

But he came scampering back in a hurry.

"Oh, come and look!" said he.

"There, I told you so!" cried the queen.

"Just as I said," panted the Lord High Fiddlestick, hurrying after her.

"We thought so all the time," whispered the courtiers, nodding and looking wise as they trudged on, though none of them had the least idea what they were about to see.

In the school-room there was a sound of stamping, buzzing, and fluttering, and a confused singing, and a creaking and squeaking! The desk covers were wide open. So were the doors of the book-cases. So were the books! And oh! wonderful to relate, all the letters were stepping out, and all the figures, and all the maps were taking themselves in pieces! And there sat Europe on the mantle, and Asia on a book-case, stretching and gaping; and curly eights and fives were running about the room with threes, and sixes, and sevens, and nines hard after, while ones, twos, and fours looked on stiff and disgusted; and down stepped the multiplication-table, all its figures in single file, and singing "Twice one are two" as they marched about the room; and all the hard sums followed them, stamping very hard, with their answers in their pockets; and out stepped from the dictionary a magnificent word, called,

Ses-Qui-Pe-Da-Lia!

followed by all the other words in the dictionary—the long words first, the little ones huddling behind.

"SHE COMES TO GATHER FLOWERS."

Once out, Sesquipedalia looked about with a noble air, cleared its throat with a loud ahem! and, getting up on the tutor's desk, spoke as follows:

"We are free at last!
Insulted and belied, we'll groan no more,
To hear, in books and primers sticking fast,
'Be' called a noun, and that 'twice three make four.'
Uprouse ye, friends! Accept your glorious fate!
Problems and syllables, genders and histories fine!
To Leaf and Cover, Desk, and Map, and Slate,
Bid now a long farewell, and fall in line."

"Mercy! they are all going away!" cried the queen.

"Yes. See now what mischief you have done!" exclaimed the king.

"And look at the poor empty books, and the leaves all white, as if they had never been printed!" said the Lord High Fiddlestick. "There they go down the street: and oh, your royal highnesses! just look at the letters and figures coming out from every house! There will not be a school-book, or a rule, or a map left in the whole city."

"So much the better," insisted the Prince Imperial, capering about. "Now children can play all day long."

And I suppose you think that you would have capered if you had been in his place. But wait a little.

In the morning the Prince waked up and heard a great hubbub below. So he rang the bell for one of the pages to come and tell him what was the matter.

The page came up blubbering.

"And oh, your royal highness!" he said, "there's no figures on the clocks nowhere, and nobody knows the time. And some got up at one hour and some at another; and the breakfast is all heads and points; and the milkman he ain't come, and no signs of him: and the cook she don't know how long to do the muffins or the eggs, neither the steak; and they are all talking together; and her majesty's hair ain't out of curl-papers yet, because they is always took out precisely at ten, and nobody knows what hour it be."

Now I hope you have not failed to notice that this youthful page used very bad grammar, which was the more remarkable as this boy had been appointed to wait on the Prince on account of his language and deportment.

"Very good," answered the Prince. "Now bring me a pair of clean stockings."

"Yes, your highness," answered the page, looking puzzled. "But how many stockings is that?"

"How many, you ninny! Why, it is—it is—"

Here the Prince stopped also. He did not know how many stockings make a pair. You see he had forgotten how to count.

"Very odd! I used to know, I am sure," said the Prince. "See here! The stockings are to go on my feet. I want as many stockings as I have feet."

"Yes, your royal highness; and how many is that?" asked the page.

"You idiot!" cried the Prince, "don't you know that every body has—"

Here he was obliged to stop again, for he found that he did not know either how many feet he or any body else had.

So the page brought an armful of stockings, and the Prince drew one on each foot, but still it vexed him that he could not tell how many feet he had; and at breakfast he asked the queen if she knew.

"How shocking to speak of feet!—to be sure I do. You have—"

And here she found that she knew no better than the Prince.

"How very unpleasant!" said the king. "And that reminds me! how many muffins has the Prince eaten? I gave—well, I don't know—how many I gave him. How many did you give him, my Lord High Fiddlestick?"

But my lord did not know either. Consequently the Prince overate himself, as he was only too apt to do, and falling very ill, they were obliged to call in a physician.

The physician heard the symptoms and took out a bit of paper and a pencil. Then he stopped, knit his brows, scratched his head, and looked thoughtful.

"I can't remember the figures," he said. "I know the medicines; but—the quantities—I am sure, it is something about drachms, and scruples, and ounces; but I can tell nothing more about them."

Then they sent for another physician; but he was even worse than number one. He remembered nothing about quantities, but he rather thought that the Prince needed about a ton.

The king proposed that they should send the name of the medicine to the apothecary, who might remember.

But the apothecary said that there were no stamps now on his weights. They had all disappeared the night before, and he could not remember any thing about them; but he would send some at a venture.

"Very good," said the king; "what shall I pay you?"

Here was a new difficulty. Neither the king nor the apothecary could tell the value of the money in the king's purse. And the king was so much afraid of giving too much money, and the shopman was so much afraid of getting too little, that it seemed as if they would never agree.

And all this time there lay the Prince groaning with pain; and no medicine.

Meantime the butcher came; but when cook began to order the dinner she did not know what to say; neither could the butcher help her; and when they looked for the book of weekly accounts, the figures were gone from it. This was the more embarrassing, because on that day the embassadors from No Man's Land were invited to dinner. Besides, the butcher was so much afraid of getting too little money for too much meat that they were three hours in buying the dinner, and the king was obliged to come down himself and lay his sceptre over their ears. Therefore the dinner was late; and cook, getting in a flurry, nearly burned it to a cinder, which was a pity; for there was already so little of it that when dinner was served it made a pitiful figure, I assure you. As to the dessert, cook nearly lost her wits over it; for how should she know whether the pudding needed six eggs or twelve; one cup of sugar or a dozen; a tea-spoonful or a table-spoonful of salt? Also, as nobody knew how to count, there were not chairs or forks enough at the table. And there was the king fuming, and the embassadors staring at the small dinner, and the footmen running after the forks and pulling hard at their mustaches; for they began to suspect that the king was trying to insult them.

While they were waiting for the dessert they heard a noise at the door, and the Prince Imperial rushed in in his night-gown.

For, feeling nearly well, the Prince had decided to sit up in bed and play. So he called for his dissected maps. But they were gone. There were the boxes, and some ugly blocks of wood. That was all.

"Very well," said the Prince to his page. "Bring me my marbles."

But, when they were brought, neither the Prince nor the page could play, for not knowing

how to count how were they to divide them, to begin with?

"I will take my cup and ball," said the Prince; "he soon tired of that, for where is the fun if you can not remember how many times you catch the ball?

Then they brought all the games—all the games that have ever been played—and they were all useless, because the Prince knew nothing of figures, geography, or history, and could learn nothing.

"Very well! bring me my story-books," said the Prince. "There was a story about a bear that I should like to finish."

But gone was the story about the bear, and all the other stories, and nothing was left but book-covers and blank-leaves.

Then the Prince threw his slippers at the page and rushed down to his father in his night-gown, as I said.

"My son," said the king, "these are the embassadors from No-Man's-Land. "You wouldn't like them to go home and tell their Prince that they had seen you crying in your night-clothes, would you?"

"Where is No-Man's-Land?" asked the Prince.

"Why," commenced the king, "it is"—but he stopped here, for he was conscious of a curious, numb sensation in the head. Had he ever known where it was? He could tell nothing about it.

"Where is it?" repeated the Prince.

"Sure, I don't know," answered the king.

At this the embassadors, who were already out of humor with the smallness of the dinner and the confusion about plates, forks, and chairs, concluded that the king desired to insult them, and went away in a rage.

"Let them go," said the king. "Indeed, I don't see why we should have given ourselves so much trouble about them. I can remember nothing about No-Man's-Land. It must be on the other side of the earth. Why, what is the matter now?"

This last he said to the queen, who came in sobbing behind her pocket-handkerchief.

"Oh! it is dreadful!" whimpered her majesty.

"What is dreadful?"

"Why, only look at the pink pages!"

The pink pages were standing in a row, looking very sheepish. And the king saw that each had straps on the bottom of his pink trowsers, to pull them as far as possible over his shoes.

"You *know* we are obliged to be so economical," sobbed the queen. "The stingy people grumble so about the taxes. And I made them wear their old shoes till their toes are all out, and now the shoemaker has no shoes to fit any one but Perkins, and he says he can't make them any, for his measures are all gone, and he can't remember how he used to take a measure. And Perkins's new shoes made the others look *so* dreadful. I made him take them off. And there is the Prince! *His* boots are wearing white, and *I* haven't a decent pair of slippers! And I should like to know what we are going to do?"

"Do!" roared the king, flying at the Prince, and boxing him first on one ear and then on the other. "This is your doing, Sir. Do you hear? Your doing, Sir!"

"Oh! ah! ow!" screamed the poor little Prince, terrified out of his wits, and running out of the door so fast that he ran headlong into my Lord High Fiddlestick's velvet waistcoat as my Lord was coming in the door, followed by several men.

"Bless me!" cried my Lord, staring wildly at the royal family.

The queen wiped her eyes and looked majestic, and the king tried to straighten his crown slyly, for of course he was mortified to be caught in a passion like a common man.

"What do these people want?" asked the king.

"Please your majesty," said the Lord High Fiddlestick, "this man is the director of the railroads; and he says they can't run any more trains, for nobody knows the time, and there have been six dreadful accidents already. And besides, nobody knows when to come to take the trains. And they can't pay the men, for nobody knows when the day comes round, and nobody knows how much money to give. And they can't send any freight for the same reason, and the dépôt is full of people who can't get any where, and of boxes and bundles that can't be sent; and as your majesty knows every thing, will your majesty please tell them what to do?"

Now the king was in a fearful perplexity, for if he said that he did not know, why that would seem as if he were like any one of his subjects, except that he wore a crown. And yet what could he tell them to do?

Luckily just here a man and woman stepped forward.

"My Lord," said the woman, "I want justice. I am a stranger here, and a few days ago I bought a ticket on board of one of your steamships to carry me to Neara, which, as your majesty knows, is only forty miles away, and they told me the vessel would sail to-day. But to-day, when I went down, they not only said that the vessel would not sail, but that they did not know where Neara was; and when I asked for my money back, they persisted that nobody knew any thing about money now."

"Oh yes! exactly!" said the king, twiddling his thumbs and wondering if he had ever known where Neara was situated, and what "forty miles" meant.

"My Lord," said the man, "I am a stranger also. And I went into a shop and bought a dozen handkerchiefs; but the clerk only put me up three, and said that he knew nothing about a dozen. Unluckily he had taken the money I offered him, and when I demanded the change he said that he could not count, and knew nothing about it; so that all I got was these three handkerchiefs, as your majesty can see."

"Yes," answered the king, feeling the handkerchiefs, and wondering what the man could possibly mean by "three," and "counting," and "change."

By this time the Prince Imperial was over his fright, and being dressed, came down to see who was talking to his father.

"Want — men — father — what?" said the Prince, for his parts of speech, which had stuck by him so far, were going away from him.

The king was so busy in thinking what he should say, that at first he did not notice him; but the Prince pulled his gown, and said again:

"Men—want—father—what?"

"What ails the boy?" the king was about to say, but he felt a very curious sensation about the tongue, and said, instead:

"The—ails—boy?"

"My Love!" cried the queen, "you mean—"

"The — ails — boy!" interrupted the king, stamping his foot. "Say—know—what—don't I—want."

"The king is crazy!" screamed the people.

"Crazy — such — thing — no — not — he—is!" cried the queen, who began now to talk like the king.

"Dreadful—oh—I'm—how—too—going!" shrieked the Lord High Fiddlestick.

Then every body began to talk, and, excepting the strangers, they all used their words helter-skelter, and being very much frightened they ran out into the street, and whoever heard them began to talk like them.

Just think of the position of these people! For how were they to buy any tea, coffee, flour, butter, meat, or cloth, when nobody knew how to weigh or measure any of these things, nor how much money they were worth?

And how could any body get a good breakfast or dinner when nobody knew how long to boil the eggs or coffee, or to broil the steak, or to cook the pudding; and nobody had any recipes, and if they had, could not have told the difference between a cupful and a tea-spoonful?

And how could any body go to see his aunt or grandmother, and how could any gentleman come to his office in the city when watches and clocks could no longer tell him when to take the train?

And then please to look at the people who were thrown out of employment!

All the school-teachers. For there were no books, you know, and if there had been nobody could understand them.

All the book-writers. For who could write stories without any parts of speech, any figures, and any geography?

All the newspaper men, for the same reason.

All the merchants. For how could they buy and sell when they knew nothing about measures and money, and how could they send goods to foreign parts when they knew nothing about them?

All the shoemakers. No measures, you know.

All the railroad people. No time, you know.

All the expressmen, of course.

All the post-office people. No time, no geography. And then, how could they stamp the letters?

In fact, every body, for nobody had any longer any idea of the length of a day, or when pay-day came, or the difference between a dollar and a cent, a ton and a pound, a yard and an inch. And for the poor doctors, they nearly starved; for as it was quite impossible to prescribe or administer medicine, in spite of their troubles and bad cookery the people grew fat and hearty. While the lawyers, on the contrary, were busier than ever, for every body was quarreling with every body else, because all were unable to tell whether they were cheated. And not having any parts of speech made no difference to the lawyers, because nobody ever understands what they say. And though nobody knew the difference between a dollar and a cent, that did not trouble the lawyers, for they stuck to their old rule, and helped themselves to all they could find.

As if all this trouble were not enough, word came that the King of No-Man's Land, affronted by the insults offered his embassadors, had sent an army against them. But nobody knew how large the army was, for nobody could count, or how many men to get together, for the same reason, or how many swords and muskets to order, for the same reason. And the queen went into hysterics, the king ran about with his coat-tails standing perfectly straight out, and the little Prince laid on the bed, and said over and over:

"Oh! if I only had my multiplication-table, and my grammar, and my geography again!" only he said it all backward.

"Why, so you can!" said a very small voice, and looking up the Prince saw, or thought he saw, something like the curly tail of a Q just disappearing between the covers of his grammar.

Trembling violently, the Prince got up and ran to the school-room, and just as he reached there he heard all the books shutting with a snap. The letters were back again, so were the figures, so were the maps. And looking out the Prince saw his tutor coming in the gate. At the same time all the clocks and weights and measures were precisely as before. And every body had back his parts of speech, and knowledge of figures, and the king sent a polite apology to the King of No-Man's Land.

But the Prince, after that, always slept with his arithmetic under his pillow.

JAPANESE HOUSES.

THE following interesting details, by a traveler in Japan, concerning the mode of life of the curious, invertebrate Japanese, can scarcely fail to interest the readers of *Harper's Bazar*.

The houses are of very light construction, and consist generally of a ground-floor with one story. The house is raised about three feet from the ground. A veranda runs all round and gives access to the various rooms, which are separated from each other by sliding panels of wood-work covered with translucent paper. These are either windows, doors, or walls, according to the purpose to which they are applied. For instance, a room is shut up—that is to say, the paper framework panels close it in on every side. To obtain an entrance you have only to step on to the veranda, push aside one of the panels, which runs very easily in its grooves, and pass into the room. The floors are covered with beautiful, soft mats, made of very finely plaited rice-straw, about two inches thick, and bound along the edges with dark blue cotton cloth.

The rooms are almost destitute of furniture. The dining-tables are about 6 inches high and 15 to 18 inches square. These are placed on the clean mats. The guests seat themselves round, and partake of the savory messes from variously-shaped cups and basins. The position they place themselves in is peculiar: their legs are doubled up under them, and they sit resting on their knees and heels. Custom enables them to continue thus doubled up for a long time in an attitude which a European finds absolutely unendurable. Chairs are entirely dispensed with, though a sort of low form is occasionally used. Bedsteads are unknown. Here again the mat comes into requisition, and sleepers place a small bolster on the ground, wrap themselves in a warm quilt, and slumber on what we should term the bare floor. Screens are sometimes used; they are made of a frame-work of wood and covered with paper, whereon are painted flowers and birds, the attitudes of the latter generally being very beautifully and faithfully portrayed. To furnish a house is a matter of but little difficulty. A few pots and pans, cups and basins, with a fire-box to contain charcoal and keep the pot boiling, a set of drawers, and perhaps a picnic-basket will serve to start a modest establishment, when once the house is complete and the mats are arranged.

Tea-pots and tea-kettles are, in fact, among the first requisites of furnishing. These are of various shapes and sizes, chiefly of earthenware and china, with occasionally bamboo handles. If the tea, the beverage in ordinary use, is to be drunk at once, it is made by pouring boiling water on a small quantity of tea in a cup, and covering it over for a few minutes with a small saucer; tea-pots are only used when it is wished to keep some ready at hand. The kettles in the tea-houses are very large, made of copper, and capable of holding many gallons of water. To keep the water boiling a chamber is constructed in the centre of the kettle and filled with burning charcoal. The vessel is suspended from a framework, and, like our swinging table tea-urns, is nicely balanced, and can be easily tilted to pour out its contents.

AMERICANS IN PARIS.

A FRENCH writer says that in Paris the American question has swallowed up all thought of the Roman question. Paris constantly feels the need of foreign rule. Lately it was the Russians, now it is the Americans, that treat it as a conquered country. Celebrities in *off* are entirely out of fashion, and no singer or actress can hope for success unless her name ends in *son* or *in*. The church of the Madeleine has lost its Parisian aspect, so full is it of pious Yankees, and the Boulevard looks like a little Broadway. The beautiful American ladies are admired by Frenchmen and courted by Frenchwomen, who whisper to themselves that this beauty is ephemeral. Whether this is so or not, just at present the American star is in the ascendency at Paris.

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RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

THE RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

IX.

IN country walks and climbing hills crinoline was found to be troublesome, and a remedy had to be sought. A brilliant genius thereupon shortened the hoop-skirt considerably, so as to apply the coquettish and useful *porte-jupe*, which, by means of certain hidden contrivances, raised the dress to such an extent that high boots became necessary for the sake of decorum. Besides this, some ladies wore a jacket with standing collar, gauntlets, and a Scotch cap and feather; and those who wished to be very fashionable, a black, shiny knapsack and a walking-stick. Cigars and eye-glasses were not unheard of, and now and then snuff was taken, but this only by some extreme radicals. Such was the costume of a pedestrian lady in the nineteenth century, as worn by the Princess Murat, who, in company with her ladies and Prince Napoleon, made a tour in the Scottish Highlands a few years ago, and created no little excitement by the style. The ladies were very proud of their dress, and were generally a little ahead of their cavalier, as those who are acquainted with the Prince's appearance will easily believe.

FACETIÆ.

IN a real property case before a French Judge, at an early period of the Revolution (the story is told by the older Berryer), the defendant, whose title was contested, proved that the estate had been in his family for more than two hundred years. "Well, then," said the Judge, "it is now full time for another family to have a turn."

THE GOLDEN MEAN—A rich miser.

A POPULAR STORY WITH MISSES IN THEIR TEENS—*His*-tory.

A school-boy being asked by his teacher, "Of what the German Diet was constituted?" replied, "Sour krout, schnapps, lager beer, and nix cum rous." That lad must be a cousin-german to the boy who, when shown a picture of Luther and the Diet of Worms, said: "Papa, I see Luther, but where are the worms that he is going to eat?"

"Ah!" said old Mrs. Doosenbury, "larning is a great thing; I've often felt the need of it! Why, would you believe it, I'm now sixty years old, and only know the names of three months in the year; and them's spring, fall, and autumn! I larnt the names of them when I was a little bit of a girl!"

An officer, on a review-day, happened to be thrown from his horse. As he lay sprawling on the ground he said to a friend who ran to his assistance, "I thought I had improved in my riding, but I find I have *fallen off*."

THE LATEST CURIOSITIES.

A fence made from the railing of a scolding wife.
A plate of butter from the cream of a joke.
The small coins in "the change of the moon."
The original brush used in painting the signs of the times.
The latest contract with the trade winds.
The chair in which the sun sets.
A garment for the naked eye.
The hammer which broke up the meeting.
Buckle to fasten a laughing-stock.
The animal that drew the inference.
Egg from a nest of thieves.
A bucket of water from "All's well."

A gentleman was riding on the outside of a coach to Ilfracombe, when the driver said to him, "I've had a coin guv me to-day two hundred year old. Did you ever see a coin two hundred year old?" "Oh yes, I have one myself two thousand years old." "Ah," said the driver, "have ye?" and spoke no more during the rest of the journey. When the coach arrived at its destination, the driver came up with an intensely self-satisfied air and said, "I told you as we druv along I had a coin two hundred year old." "Yes." "And you said to me as you had one two thousand year old." "Yes, so I have." "Now it's a lie." "What do you mean by that?" "What do I mean? Why it's only 1867 now." And they tell me that the schoolmaster is abroad.

A crusty old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve because when she appeared the day of man's happiness was drawing to a close.

A REVOLUTIONARY CHARACTER—The man in the moon.

A fellow coming from the top of the Alleghanies to New York, in winter, was asked whether it was as cold there as in this city. "Horrible cold," said he; "for they have no thermometers there, and, of course, it gets just as cold as it pleases."

What kind of essence does a young man like when he pops the question?—Acquiescence.

A GREAT AID TO THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE—Lemonade.

A house-maid who was to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using a tooth-brush. "Well, is he coming?" said the lady of the house, as the servant returned. "Yes, ma'am, directly," was the reply; "he's just sharpening his teeth."

"Sir, you have broken your promise," said one gentleman to another. "Oh, never mind; I can make another just as good."

In some of the fashionable churches the programmes of the music are printed and distributed in the pews. It is suggested that opera-glasses will come next. But that is not the worst calamity that might befall—the ladies might encore a pet parson's sermon!

OH, DON'T!—When people in a storm at sea perceive a wave about to break over their devoted heads, they have only simply, but fervently, to say "*Eau*, don't!" and the breaker, touched with the pathetic appeal, will immediately recede!

To what would a man, taking breakfast with his betrothed, be most likely to object?—To take any butter (but her).

When a ruined gambler blows his brains out, is it likely that he does so with "*loaded* dice?"

When does rain seem inclined to be studious?—When it's poring over a book-stall.

SUITABLE TREES.—For busybodies, medlars; for the melancholy, pine; for the dying, o-live; for an intruder, mango; for peppery people, chili; for muddy streets, broom; for good cigars, white ash; for the ears of rascals, box; for the editor of a newspaper, hoax.

Is "stealing a march" worse than "taking a walk?"

STORM SIGNS.

It's a sign of a storm to tread on any body's toe that has corns.
It's a sign of a storm if you waken the baby on a wash day.
It's a sign of a storm to call a baby ugly in presence of its mother.
It's a sign of a storm to spit on the parlor carpet when your wife sees it.
It's a sign of a storm to speak ill of your wife's relations.
It's a sign of a storm to tell your wife she looks horrid in the last new bonnet.

Why is an "heir apparent" to a throne like an umbrella in dry weather?—Because he's ready for the next reign.

The following epitaphs were lately found in a country church-yard:

"Stranger, paus—
My tale attend,
And learn the cause
Of Hannah's end.

Across the wold
The winds did blow—
She ketched a cold
W'at laid her low.

We shed a quart
Of tears, it's true,
But life is short—
Aged 82."

"Oh! mournful day
That stole away
Poor Mrs. Bly,
Who chanced to die
Of a sky-
Rocket
In her eye-
Socket."

PERFECTLY EVIDENT.—People who disagree about a "pin's point" are most clearly a *need-le-less* cause of a quarrel.

Why is a candle with a "long nose" like a contented man?—Because it want's nuffin.

A conductor ordered Pat, who had no money, to leave at the next station.

"Ay, Sir."

But judge of the conductor's surprise and wrath in finding him aboard when fairly under way.

"Did I not tell you to get off?" said the conductor.

"And sure I did."

"Why then are you here again?"

"And sure did you not say all aboard?"

This was too much for the worthy conductor, and notwithstanding the decrees against "dead-heads" Pat was allowed to pass.

The First Baby (a new thing)

and the Fourth (an old story).

What is Home without a Mother?

The small Bonnets beginning to produce their effect.

The Bonnet Question.

First it was worn this way. Then so. This was more modern. Next it was set this way. The last style left before beginning at the back again.

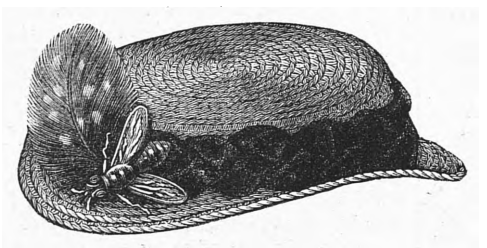
HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 21.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Evening Dresses.

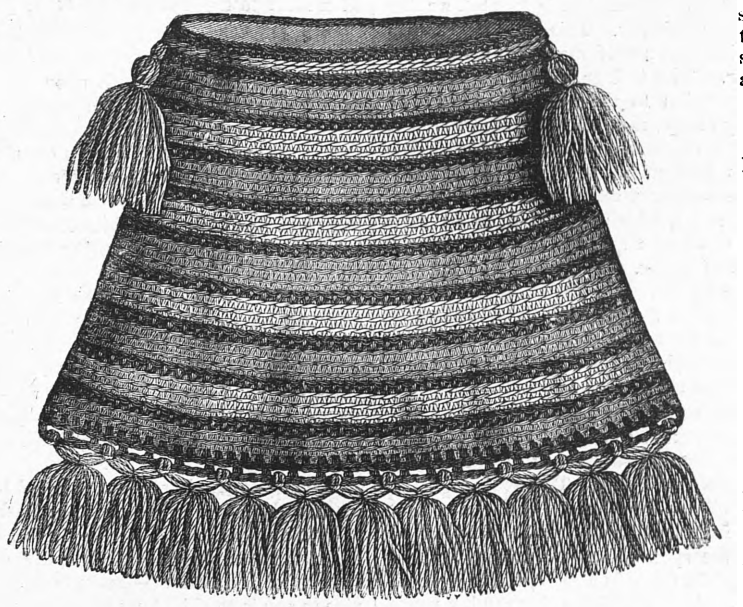
Fig. 1.—Dress of light-green silk. The skirt, sleeves, and waist are trimmed in the manner shown in the illustration with heavy dark-green silk cord, and dark-green crochet buttons. Russian chemisette and puffed under-sleeves of white blonde. Green ribbon wound in the hair, with loops and short ends falling behind.



CROCHET HAT.—[SEE PAGE 326.]

Fig. 2.—Dress of light-blue silk, with wide open sleeves. The trimming consists of blue velvet ribbon, velvet buttons, and silk tassels. The under-skirt is trailing, and is trimmed with puffings of lace in the manner shown in the illustration, the puffs being separated with blue velvet ribbon. Low corsage and short sleeves trimmed with white lace.

Fig. 3.—Dress of pink silk trimmed with quillings of the same material, and bias satin folds in the manner shown in the illustration. Russian chemisette of white blonde. Pink satin ribbon wound in the hair, and forming several loops and a long end on the left side.

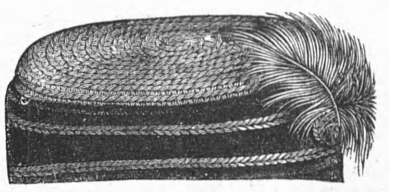


FOOT BAG.

Foot Bag.

MATERIALS: gray, white, and blue zephyr wool; white knitting wool.

This bag is designed to keep the feet warm in bed. It is easily made of cheap materials. The outside is worked in the round, in single crochet, and is striped, while the lining is knitted entirely plain. The wide stripes are formed of gray and white, and the narrower of blue wool. Begin on the lower edge with a foundation of 155 stitches; join in a round, and crochet 40 rounds single crochet, striped as given above. The blue rounds which come between each stripe



CROCHET BERET.—[SEE PAGE 326.]

EVENING DRESSES.

three rounds wide, must appear purled on the right side of the work; the bag must be turned before and after each of these narrow blue rounds, so that they shall be worked from the wrong side. In order to shape the bag, narrow a few stitches in each row; in two rounds 2 stitches in each, and in the third following round 3 stitches. Crochet together, from the right side, the foundation stitches in single crochet, and sew in the lining, which is knitted of the required size of white wool backward and forward. Make on the under edge a row of chain stitch scallops, alternating 4 chain stitches with 1 single crochet in a border stitch. In each scallop tie a fringe of different colored wools, as shown in the pattern. Two similar tassels are fastened on the upper edge. It may be lined with flannel in place of the knitted lining.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1868.

☞ *Single Subscribers to* HARPER'S BAZAR *will be supplied from Number One to the end of the year* 1868, *which will complete the first Volume, for the yearly price of Four Dollars.*

THE NOSE.

THERE is no feature of the face so essential to good looks as the nose. It admits of great variety of form, but it must be there in some shape or other. Though the nose is not capable, as the eye and mouth, of much variety of expression, its particular conformation has more to do than that of any other single feature with the individual character of the human countenance. Change this in a drawing, without altering any other part, and you will find with each variety a complete transformation of the whole face.

The Grecian nose, with its straight lines and symmetrical arrangement, has been generally accepted by artists as the most beautiful; but different nations, notwithstanding, cling fondly to their own particular forms of this organ. A Hottentot Venus, we may be assured, would never receive the prize of beauty from any Paris of her own race if she were destitute of the national flat nose. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who held that the idea of beauty was dependent upon the association of ideas, would evidently have approved the principles of the African judge. He would, however, at the same time have congratulated himself, doubtless, that being an Englishman he was not bound to accept the flat nose of Ethiopia as a necessary element of his own idea of beauty. "I suppose nobody will doubt," he says, "if a negro painter was to paint the goddess of beauty, that he would represent her black, with thick lips, flat nose, and woolly hair; and it seems to me that he would act very unnaturally if he did not; for by what criterion will any one dispute his idea?"

There seems to be no absolute standard of nasal beauty. The Romans were proud of their stern and portentous aquilines, and the Israelites would probably not be content to lose the smallest tip of their redundant beaks. The Tartars, having no noses to speak of, affect to consider the deficiency a beauty. The wife of Jenghis Khan was esteemed the most charming woman in all Tartary because she only had two holes where her nose should have been.

The peculiar form of the nose seems in fact to have but little influence upon our likes and dislikes. Mirabeau, who had a nose as widespread as that of a Hottentot, and Gibbon and Wilkes, whose noses were reduced to barely-perceptible snubs, were very successful suitors of the female sex. The turn-up nose can not be justified by any principle of taste, and yet the *nez retroussé*, by which French appellation we are fond of dignifying the pug, is so far from diminishing that it seems to increase the admiration of man for the woman who possesses it. No heroine of a modern novel appears complete without the *nez retroussé*, and Madame Du Barri, the common town courtesan, owes to it her place in history by the side of the worthless Louis XV.

The nose, as is well known, is the organ of smell. For this purpose it is endowed with a pair of nerves, called the olfactory, whose abounding filaments pierce the many holes and cover the multiple surfaces of the light and porous structure termed the spongy bone, which lies at the root of each nostril. This peculiar organization is with the object of giving free entrance to the air, through the medium of which odor is conveyed to the nerve, in which the sense of smell resides. The act of smelling is performed by closing the mouth and breathing through the nostrils, which expand to the odorous gale which thus enters and is diffused through every opening and over each surface of the bone where the nerve penetrates and expands its closely-woven net of threads. Man is naturally endowed with an acute sense of smell, but its power can be greatly increased or diminished by art. Those whose vocation is among stenches become by practiced indifference almost regardless of them; and others, whose business requires a discriminating nicety of the sense, obtain by studied attention a marvelous acuteness of smell. There was a nightman in Berlin who declared that he was not sensible of the intensest smell of his odoriferous occupation. On the examination of his body after death no olfactory nerve was found. Whether this was an original defect, or only the result of a long and resolute disuse of his sense of smell, could not be determined. Nature or art had made him the right man for the right place. The dog and some other animals have a much acuter sense of smell than man, and we accordingly find in them larger olfactory nerves and more extensive, porous, and convoluted spongy bones for the exposure of their filaments to the odorous breath of the air. A dog by the sense of smell will trace and nose out his master in the most multitudinous crowd. This proves not only the acuteness of the smelling power of the animal, but establishes the fact that each man, as well as every race of men, has a peculiar odor.

Most nations, not content with the sweet odors that Nature so bountifully supplies, resort to artificial sources. The most refined people, however, avoid as much as possible personal perfumes, and hold that the absence of all odor is the best savor of human communion. They agree with Lord Bacon that the "breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air, where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music, than in the hand." Those of nice taste eschew all perfumes but those which are evanescent, such as Cologne and the like. It is a curious fact that the *eau de Cologne* is a native of that worst smelling of cities where Coleridge smelt we forget how many stenches. This seems to confirm the suspicion that a perfume is but a mask for an ill odor. The Cologne owes its well-deserved reputation to the harmonious mixture of a variety of essences, chiefly those of lemon, juniper, and rosemary, so well combined that there is no predominating smell. It is moreover very evanescent, and has a spirituous and enlivening scent, which causes it to be used rather for one's own refreshment than for the delectation of others. This should be the rule in regard to all perfumes. They should be kept as far as possible for the individual, and never employed so strong as to penetrate the surrounding atmosphere. All intensely adherent smells, such as musk, should be avoided.

The labor and cost which man will endure for the small luxury of a smell are exemplified by the difficulty and expense of manufacturing the attar or otto of roses. Two grains only, it is said, of oil can be squeezed with the utmost care from a thousand roses, and this is sold in India, on the spot where it is made, for fifty dollars in gold a rupee in weight, which is about 176 grains. At two grains a thousand, a rupee of oil would require nearly ninety thousand roses!

We need hardly protest against the misuse of the nose in turning it into a dust-hole or a soot-bag, for the habit of snuff-taking has gone so out of fashion that you will hardly find now even a grandmother to venture upon a pinch. This habit, apart from its filthiness, weakens the senses of smell and hearing, and perverts the human voice to a grunt by thickening the soft and sensitive membrane which extends without a break through the nose, ear, and throat, whose every part is reached by the irritating particles of tobacco inhaled.

There is no part of the physiognomy which reveals so quickly and clearly ill temper and bad habits as the nose. Every snarling, discontented, proud, and envious emotion is accompanied by a lifting of the end of each nostril through the agency of a little muscle, which after frequent action gives to the nose a permanent turn-up, which is as repulsive as the snout of an ill-tempered dog. The nose, moreover, like the door-post of an old-fashioned inn, scores every excess of eating and drinking, and so prominently as to be read by every passer-by.

The nose is naturally so noticeable from its position that any artificial means of drawing attention to it only renders it an insufferable impertinence. It accordingly should be kept as quiet as possible and never fondled before company. This, like all other organs, augments in size by frequent handling, so we recommend you to keep your own fingers and those of your friends or enemies away from it.

THE DANGER OF A STOVE.

THE uncomfortable sensation produced by the heat of an excessively hot stove or furnace has been experienced by us all in this country, where our severely cold winters impel us to raise the temperature of our dwellings to the highest possible point. There has always existed a suspicion that the usual mode of heating was unwholesome, because its effects were felt to be more or less disagreeable and painful. The suspicion has been now confirmed.

Dr. Carret, a surgeon of distinction, suspecting that an epidemic in Savoy was owing to the use of cast-iron stoves in that country, submitted a report to that effect to the French Academy of Sciences. Three eminent chemists were appointed to investigate the subject. They made an exact analysis of the air surrounding a cast-iron stove heated to a high degree, and found that it contained notable quantities of hydrogen and carbonic oxyd, both poisonous gases. It seems a well-established fact that iron, when raised to a great heat, will permit the passage of a gas, and that it has a peculiar power of condensing and absorbing the carbonic oxyd. It has also been found that air which passes over an iron surface intensely heated becomes impure and hurtful to breathe.

An ordinary stove and furnace when raised to a great heat thus become sources of poison. The hydrogen and carbonic oxyd gases produced by the combustion of the fuel pass through the iron walls and corrupt all the surrounding air.

The results of the experiments of the French Academy of Sciences may be thus summed up: 1. The gases which result from combustion pass through the walls of a cast-iron stove heated to a dull or bright red, in consequence of the porosity of those walls. 2. Iron raised to a red heat absorbs 4.15 times its volume of carbonic oxyd when it is exposed to an atmosphere composed of this gas. 3. The carbonic oxyd absorbed by the inner surface of the stove diffuses itself exteriorly in the air, and this process goes on continuously.

If these conclusions of the French Academy shall be confirmed it will become necessary to abolish iron stoves and furnaces, and confine ourselves to open fire-places, porcelain heaters, and hot-water boilers for the purpose of warming the interior of our houses.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to a Youth about to be Married.

MY DEAR THEODORE,—It is certainly a very delicate duty that you impose upon me; for to advise a youth upon his manners who is about to be married should surely be a work of supererogation. When marriages spring from love—and I should like to see the face of Theodore, and the eyes of Theodora, if they should hear any doubt thrown upon the case of an impending marriage, which shall be nameless—when, I say, marriages spring from love, who so accomplished a teacher of manners as Cupid, who so tender an exemplar as Hymen? This very thought occurred to me also yesterday, when I made a short evening call upon my old friend, Bob Bouncer, whom I have scarcely seen since his marriage, for he comes to the Club no more, and I do not meet him as I did formerly, pounding along in the Central Park any pleasant morning.

Robert, as you know, last year led to the hymeneal altar, amidst the most resounding salvos of reportorial rhetoric, for the fact was published in all the newspapers, and the dresses and all the rest of it described—and my first bit of advice to you is to shield your bride most carefully from that horrible fate—a lady who had the advantage of him in years. Mrs. Bouncer is not very much older than Robert, but he is undoubtedly younger than she. Nor will I stop to advise upon this point. It is one which must be left to fate and good sense. Yet this, perhaps, I ought to say to your younger brothers, that if they fall in love at the age of eighteen with a belle of twenty-six or eight, and nothing is more likely when the case becomes desperate and they are resolved upon matrimony, they should take a voyage to China by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, returning leisurely through Europe. If they return as they went, and insist upon going to church with sweet twenty-nine or thirty, I, for one, will not forbid the bans.

I found Mr. and Mrs. Bouncer taking a cup of tea after dinner, and the lady poured a cup for me.

"Darling," said Mr. Bouncer to his wife, "did you put sugar in Mr. Bachelor's tea?"

"Yes, dearest, I did."

"But, my darling," replied Bob, with a smile, "how do you know that he takes sugar in his tea?"

"Why, my dearest Robert," said his wife, with a sweet smile, "people generally take sugar in their tea."

"Yes; but, my dear Amanda, how can you tell how many lumps?"

"I presume two lumps are enough for our cups, dear," said Mrs. Bouncer, with the least possible dryness in her tone.

"Yes, dear; but it happens that Mr. Bachelor never takes sugar in his tea."

"Well, and how was I to know it, dear, if he did not tell me?" replied the wife of Bouncer's bosom, smiling at me. Then I tried to break into the conversation.

"I assure—"

But Bob was not to be balked. "You see, my sweetest girl, in these little things it is better to begin right. I thought it was always customary to ask a guest whether he would have sugar or cream, as the case might be."

I thought this was indiscreet in Robert, and I made another plunge:

"The fact is—"

"Of course, dear," retorted Mrs. B., with considerable warmth, while I sat idiotically beaming at her and sipping my tea—"of course, dear, I know very little; but, Mr. Bouncer, I real'y think that I know how to pour out a cup of tea."

"My dear, I said nothing about your pouring out a cup of tea."

"My dear, you insinuated that I did not understand how to prepare tea for a friend to drink."

"Well, my dear?"

Robert Bouncer wagged his foot as he said this, and looked at his life's partner, who was evidently exercising great self-control.

"Well, my dearest husband, what a pity you did not make the discovery before!"

Mr. Bouncer smiled at his wife, and, turning to me, began to talk about the cold winter and the sleighing in the Park, and presently Mrs. Bouncer sailed into the conversation. But I was not comfortable. I confess I thought of the club, and in a little while I wished them a good-evening, and proceeded to the club of the Capitoline Jupiter, where I smoked a cigar, and meditated upon matrimony and manners.

For what was the difficulty in the Bouncer household? I remember Bob Bouncer when he could no more have been testy and petulant to Amanda Aggerwayte than Romeo to Juliet. He would sooner have cut off his hand than have hinted that she did not understand all the amenities of social intercourse, and I believe he would have sacrificed both legs rather than have said it before a stranger. I made myself a detective in manners; I said to myself as I very carefully shot rings of smoke from my mouth—for an old smoker will have his tricks—"A year ago Robert Bouncer would not have done it. What has happened in the mean time that he does it now?" The answer was too plain—matrimony. I remember the brilliant description in the city items of the morning paper: "As the happy pair turned from the altar the face of the gallant bridegroom was flushed with auroral hues, and the shrinking cheek of the lovely and queenly bride was suffused like the half-opened petals of a moss-rosebud; and as they passed through the crowd of fashionable friends to the door, the great organ, under the impressive touch of the genial and gentlemanly organist, Timothy Tompkins, Esquire, gave out in triumphal strains the beautiful and appropriate 'Wedding March' of Mendelssohn."

Nothing but his marriage had happened, and behold how Bob Bouncer behaved! My dear Theodore, the manners of the lover were lost in those of the husband. He permitted himself to show all his little, and in the seclusion of his home when no visitor was present, I fear even his great ill-humors. His theory of home was evidently that of many and many a husband, that it is a place where a man may slip off politeness with his coat, and put on peevishness with his slippers; where his will is law and his whims are to be respected, and where he has the inalienable right of making himself an unmitigated nuisance to his wife. I have learned to be afraid of the fine epithets of matrimony. I observe that endearments and respect do not necessarily go together; and when I hear "my dear" and "dearest" and "deary" I prick up my ears. But when I hear "darling" and "sweet" I pick up my hat and fly before the tempest.

My dear Theodore, the beginning and end of my advice to you is never to suffer the familiarity of home to release you from the ordinary restraints of good-manners. If the dullest woman of his acquaintance comes to Bouncer's house, or if he meets her elsewhere, he is always courteous. He does not allow himself to be peevish and sour and snarling. Why should he be so to the woman he loves best in the world? He is very anxious, I know, for his mother has told me so, that his wife should be always well-dressed and in the fashion. He will have her wear a veil to save her complexion. He has been caught studying this very paper, through whose columns I have the honor of writing to you, and suggesting pretty little tags and rags and bobtails for the personal decoration of Mrs. Bouncer. In a word, he requires that she shall be always neat and graceful and tastefully dressed at all hours, morning and evening, for his own satisfaction as well as his pride. He demands that his wife's person shall be always attractively attired, while the good-for-nothing vagabond lets his soul, as it were, go slopping about in an abominable undress. Spiritually down at the heel this miserable tyrant expects his slave to be forever pleasing in his sight.

If he puts no curb upon his humor, and is sullen or captious or cross or sarcastic, doesn't he teach her to be so also? If his theory of home is that it is a place for his selfish comfort merely, his wife and children will pay the penalty. Whether she retorts, or retires with dignity into herself, or pines, or sulks, or dashes into the vortex of the world, she is equally balked and unhappy. Why, Theodore, my boy, we are great selfish louts. It is women, not we, who make the sacrifice in marriage, if any there be; and if I were a father, and suspected that a daughter of mine were treated by her husband as I know the daughters of many of my friends are treated by their husbands, I should call my son-in-law to pretty sudden account—unless I felt that I should make her lot harder if I did so. And if I were constrained to silence, how I should chafe under my deeper consciousness of the wretched selfishness of my sex!

My dear young friend, in whose ears and heart the marriage-bells begin to ring, as you look upon Theodora, and smile to read the warning words I write, remember that every year thousands of Theodores swear, and mean,

to love, honor, and cherish thousands of Theodoras. Their vows are as ardent, their faith is as sure, as yours. How many of them honestly keep the vow, how many do not forswear the faith? Yet if you will require of yourself to treat the wife with the same courtesy that you treat the sweet-heart, you will go through life as those who wore the amulet threaded the enchanted wood. The romance, I know, must change; but it need not die away. Never mind about calling your wife "dear," if your behavior shows her that she is so.

This is my orange flower for you, dear Theodore; and if you take it I believe it will last as long and as sweet as any that Theodora will wear. Your congratulating friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING BONNETS.

WE have been favored with a glimpse of the Spring bonnets imported from the most reliable French houses Importers say that the new shapes are a trifle larger; but we are inclined to think that the appearance of increased size is given by the high coronet and rolling brim that in many cases extends around the sides and back of the bonnet. Flaring fronts and a broad roll surrounding the bonnet are found on both the Fanchon and Marie Antoinette shapes when a mantilla veil is not worn. If the veil is used the roll extends only down the front and sides.

Straw, silk, Malines lace, and illusion with satin polka dots, are the materials that will be most used. Yellow straws will be very much worn as well as a black straw, thin but not so transparent as the Neapolitan, and sprinkled with steel beads. There are bonnets formed of round Leghorn cords; others are rouleaux of interwoven straw and satin; a dark-brown straw is made of thick rolls like piping; gray and black, and black and white braids are mixed together; and bands of chip and of yellow straw are alternated with points and blocks of silk.

Malines lace is a new powdered tulle that has the appearance of being covered with frost. It is very pretty and gossamer-like, and is used for overstrings, and as a transparent over satin and silk. This beautiful novelty was shown us in all the old colors, and in two new shades, viz.: the caroubier, or cranberry, very similar to Mentana red, and a flame-like tint called Sultan.

MANTILLA VEILS.

The mantilla veil is worn long, falling over the shoulders, and crossing in front like a fichu. It is caught together low down on the breast by flowers or a rosette, and is often so embodied in the bonnet that it really forms the bonnet, instead of being a mere accessory. The frames of such bonnets are made of steel wire, slight but firm, and fitting closely to the head. A bandeau of velvet and flowers surmounts the forehead, and to this is attached a tulle drapery that constitutes at once the veil and the bonnet, flowing gracefully over the chignon, beneath which it is held in place by a velvet band. The steel frame is almost invisible, and there is but one thickness of tulle over the head. This is a fashion that can not fail to be popular, as it will display to advantage the present elaborate styles of dressing the hair. On other bonnets the veil is fastened at the back of the frame beneath a bow of ribbon or cluster of flowers.

ORNAMENTS.

Gilt will be little worn except in conjunction with steel. Very pretty ornaments, such as butterflies and medallions, are made of cut steel. Small jet beads are intermingled with straw in the bandeaux, and acorns are pendent from them. Similar bands are made with steel beads and with garnets, while others are formed entirely of beads without straw. Pearl leaves have cut-steel stars on them that glitter like jewels, and there are steel veins in bunches of straw leaves. Straw fringes are headed with jet, and acorns of pearl and of satin are bursting from a straw shell. There are feather flowers with beetles and butterflies among them, and agraffes formed of myriads of tiny enameled insects. Very narrow poult de soie ribbons are used. Transparent metallic grasses, crimson berries, pine burrs, and forest leaves of autumn tints are among the ornaments. Colored blonde edges and feathery fringes surround the mantilla veils.

A beautiful bonnet, made by the celebrated Madame Virot of Paris, is of frosted Malines lace of straw color puffed over silk of the same shade. A wide Leghorn braid surrounds the bonnet. The coronet is of metallic autumn leaves and grasses. High up on the back is a blush rose with leaves and tendrils. A veil of Malines lace bordered with straw braid falls over the back hair and is fastened low down in front with rosette. Price $40.

A neat and tasteful bonnet for early spring is of plaited straw of the fashionable light tan shade. A wide roll on the front reaches almost to the back. The bandeau is of brown satin, with a cut-steel butterfly in the centre. Forest leaves and pine burrs are on the left side. Brown lace drapes the chignon, and forms strings that are held together by a steel ornament.

A pretty chip bonnet has a fan-like rosette, of rose color, over the forehead. On the left is a cluster of flowers. A bow with long ends of poult de soie ribbon is on the crown. Narrow ribbon strings.

An evening bonnet, or rather coiffure, is of white illusion, spotted with satin, over so light a frame that the whole head is plainly seen. The face trimming is a band of white velvet with slender pearl pendants surmounted by a coronet of scarlet cactus, with tendrils and buds at the sides. A mantilla veil of white illusion is attached to the band and falls over the chignon almost to the waist, covering the shoulders like a mantle, and crossing in front. Blond-lace with a feathery edge borders the veil; a bouquet of cactus confines it in front, and a white velvet roll holds the drapery at the back.

A bonnet imported for the early spring is made of diamond tulle, of a pretty shade of lavender. It partakes somewhat of the Fanchon shape, but is more flaring in front, and does not fit so closely to the head. The diadem is cut in large scallops, in each of which is a purple daisy. A cluster of daisies ornaments the left side, and a fan-shaped rosette of tulle falls over the back on the right. Narrow satin strings tie under the throat with overstrings of tulle. Price $15.

CLOTH AND SILK WRAPPINGS.

We have seen but little novelty in cloth wrappings. The spring garments will be very similar to those worn in the fall. There are probably more tight-fitting basques, and a greater number are lapped in the redingote style. Light gray cloths, tan color, and a mottled black and white will be most worn. Tan color is trimmed with a darker shade of brown. Black is used on every thing else. Wide military braid, bullion fringe, and a variety of hand-made trimmings are seen.

In silk garments the sash is the newest feature. Of fifty specimens shown us, all of them imported, not one was without a long, loosely-tied sash, or a rosette at the side from which long streamers depended. Fichus and capes of lace and of silk are worn over loose sacques and basques. One unique and expensive garment had a sash beginning under the front of the collar and falling backward over the shoulders down below the edge of the sacque, where it was caught by a rosette. Simple Polonnaises or redingotes of black silk velvet, with belt and sash, are designed to be worn with dresses of any color.

TRIMMINGS.

Jet has almost entirely disappeared as a trimming for mantles. Gross after gross of tiny satin buttons adorn a single garment. Guipure lace, banished last winter, is revived again in new pointed feathery patterns. Several rows of thick military braid, or silk galloon without beads, is considered stylish. Netted and bullion and chenille fringes and ruffles of quilled silk surround capes and sacques. Pleated ruffles of silk, the small pleats all running one way, are bound on the edge with satin, and a tiny button is placed on each fold. Satin pipings, bias bands of silk with satin cord at either side, satin rouleaux, and flowers made of silk and satin, representing stem, leaf, and flower, and many intricate trimmings made by hand will be in vogue.

A paletot of heavy black corded silk is half adjusted to the figure, and slashed at the back and sides. A belt confines it at the waist with sash at the sides. Large coat-sleeves. The novelty of this garment consists in a cape, square in front and reaching to the elbows. It is gathered up in the back and loosely tied together with long flowing ends. The trimming is a pleated ruffle two inches wide, made of silk and bound on the lower edge with satin. Bias folds above the ruffle. Price $150.

Another of a different style was tight-fitting in front like a basque, while down the back was a wide double box pleat, beginning at the neck, and extending the whole length of the garment. The trimming was of guipure lace bands, pointed on both edges. Small satin buttons in great numbers were also used. Sash and belt.

A short flowing garment is lapped like a redingote. Five rows of military braid surround the skirt, and a guipure lace over chenille fringe is sewn on the edges.

SPRING SILKS.

We have spoken before of the chameleon striped silks. Later importations are also in stripes, with chené figures, very small checks, and larger square blocks. For the present intermediate season there are alternate black and white stripes, varying from the hair lines of white to stripes an inch in width. These are of very fair quality, three quarters of a yard wide, and from $2 to $3 a yard. In lighter colors there are half-inch stripes of mauve, of green, and of blue, besides a black and white chené stripe of the same width on a white ground. Pearl color and cherry are pretty together, and apple-green with a chameleon of pink and gray. The chené patterns are in the various shades of gray and brown on white, or a gayer combination of several colors, mottled together, yet prettily blended. $3 a yard is the price asked for them; they are of excellent fabric, and five-eighths wide. There are tiny stripes of blue, of green, and of purple with white, and small checks of the same colors, at $2 25 a yard.

A very handsome robe, just imported, is of pearl-colored gros grain. It is embroidered with white in seed stitch to represent lace festooned about a pyramidal bouquet of flowers on the front width, and forming a border around the skirt, sleeves, and belt. Price $200. Another, at the same price, is a rich black silk, on which is needle-worked with all the accuracy of painting the gorgeous scarlet cactus. An evening dress of white corded silk is ornamented with the same brilliant flower. Each dress is accompanied with two engravings, one to show the effect of the garment when made, the other is a diagram of the different parts of the dress, displaying the way in which it should be put together.

A skirt of mauve silk is imported ready made and trimmed. It has a demi-train and is gored to fit plainly on the hips, with a full width gathered in at the back. Folds of black and white satin are in military style up the front width. Similar folds form a vandyked border around the skirt, and are finished by Maltese lace, black and white mixed. Material and trimming for waist and sleeves are furnished. Price $115.

A tasteful and inexpensive material for evening dresses is called tinseled tarlatan. It is a yard and a quarter wide, at $1 50 the yard. There are threads of silver and of gilt on white, on apple-green, and on the brown shade of red called Bismarck's court color. Dew-drops of crystal on white are pretty but frail. Scarlet blood-drops on black are more serviceable.

PERCALES AND CAMBRICS.

Piqués, percales, and French cambrics are either striped or in small figures. Buff grounds strewn with black or purple are in good taste. Quiet colors are seventy-five cents a yard. White grounds with high colors are $1 a yard. There are solid stripes of black, bouquets, scroll-like figures, and a pattern imitating lace. A novelty in cambrics is a robe dress of small figures with a border for trimming, the whole length of the cloth. A plate accompanies each dress, showing the way the border should be placed on the gored skirt. Double rows of wheat ears border a dress of narrow stripes. Another has small rose-buds scattered over the dress, with a vine and leaves for trimming. A dress pattern of eleven yards is sold for $6 50.

NOVELTIES IN LACE.

Among late importations are some evening dresses of Lama lace. This is, as our readers probably know, a machine lace usually made in the same patterns as thread lace, which it closely resembles without being an imitation. The dresses are woven in the shape of a princesse robe, with demi-train. The corsage is low-necked with sleeves scarcely an inch long, and is woven to fit the bust without a seam. They should be made up over silk. The white one shown us was displayed over lavender. There are a variety of patterns in black, varying from $50 to $150. A Polonnaise or redingote of black Lama is graceful and new. A lace belt and sash confines it at the waist. A white rotonde or talma is suitable for receptions. There are short jackets with open flowing sleeves, and a new sacque called the Castellan, with long square Greek sleeves. Besides these there are mantilla coiffures worn in the Spanish fashion without a bonnet, covering the head and fastening loosely under the chin, or thrown over the bonnet, forming a coquettish masque-veil that conceals the upper part of the face. Wide lace sashes with bows and loops, or with rings, are also imported, and a variety of Marie Antoinette fichus of Lama, Valenciennes, and guipure, at from $26 to $36.

PERSONAL.

WE place reliance upon the truthfulness of the BEECHERS, and therefore confide in what one of the ladies of the family writes of HENRY WARD BEECHER, viz.. that when the latter, at the age of eleven, was sent to her school he was regarded as "an inveterate joker and an indifferent scholar," and he was therefore returned to his parents. It was the opinion of his class that there was much talent lying about loosely in him that needed to be "licked" into shape. Are not advised as to whether it was "licked" or not.

—Earl DERBY, who has just resigned the British Premiership, is sixty-nine. His son, Lord STANLEY, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is forty-two, but so very grave and serious that his father calls him "the old man."

—General EMORY UPTON, whose book of Tactics has been adopted by the United States Army, and who has just obtained a year's leave of absence, was married a few days since to Miss EMILY NORWOOD MARTIN, of Willowbrook, Cayuga County. He goes to Europe on his bridal tour, or "trial trip," as it is now called by owners of steamships.

—Mr. JOSEPH HOWARD, a clever young "gentleman of the press," once had the honor of being the nation's guest for a short period at Fort Lafayette, as a compliment for having successfully launched into the reading world a proclamation purporting to have been written by the late President LINCOLN. A few days since he called at one of our publishing houses and remarked that he thought of doing "a little something in the biographical line; biography pays." "Ah! yes, HOWARD," remarked an impertinent hireling, "write about *Lafayette;* that's your *Forte!*" J. H. applied his handkerchief to his spectacles, and said he would ruminate about it.

—That longevous but lively composer, AUBER, though seven-and-eighty summers' suns have rested upon him, has just completed a new opera, called "Un Jour de Bonheur," which is to be presented on the stage in Paris this month. The critics who have heard it pronounce it equal to the best productions of his best days.

—ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS is receiving much attention from Boston folk, though from the conversation no one would ever dream that there had been any little troubles between North and South.

—The exact amount paid by Mr. A. T. STEWART to Mr. DERBY for ROSA BONHEUR'S "Horse Fair" was thirty-five thousand dollars—the largest price ever paid for a single picture in this country.

—At the dinner given at Florence to Admiral FARRAGUT, Mr. SELLA, the former Minister of Finance, got off a neat little thing when he said that "upon iron hearts and not iron-clads" the Admiral based his fame. Mr. DEPRENTIS, Secretary of Marine Affairs, spoke of America as "the country found by COLUMBUS, baptized by VESPUCCI, and celebrated by BALBOA."

—Women preachers are becoming a feature among the Universalists. Rev. OLYMPIA BROWN has for nearly five years preached at Weymouth, Massachusetts. Rev. R. A. DAMAN, recently settled at Cavendish, Vermont, "is meeting with fine success." Rev. Miss A. J. CHAPIN has been recently called to Mount Pleasant, Michigan. Rev. Mrs. P. A. HANAFORD has been preaching at Hingham, Massachusetts, for over a year. There are lady preachers of the same denomination in East Boston, Roxbury, Arlington, Lowell, and other places; and "others are waiting to meet with proper encouragement." ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL, the first regularly-ordained woman preacher in America, we believe, still lectures and preaches at times, though no longer connected with any church.

—ROBERT LINCOLN is soon to be married to a daughter of Senator HARLAN. Mr. LINCOLN is a young gentleman of superior abilities, industrious, unassuming, practical, and has an auspicious prospect before him.

—Mr. HOPE, the banker, has the largest and finest pearl now known. It is two inches long and four inches round, but like all such rarities, is of such enormous and uncertain value that no one would buy it at the market-price. The most beautiful collection of pearls, however, belongs to the Dowager Empress of Russia. Her husband was exceedingly fond of her, and as he shared with her other fancies, also that for fine pearls, he sought for them all over the world. They had to fulfill two conditions rarely to be met with; they must be perfect spheres and they must be virgin pearls, for he would buy none that had been worn by others. After twenty-five years' search he presented his Empress with a necklace such as the world has never seen before.

—The men must look to it or they will find themselves overtaken by the ladies in some of those professions and studies in which they have hitherto reigned supreme. In England, at the Royal Academy, Miss LOUISA STAN has carried off the Gold Medal. A female clerk has found her way into a Government office. Schoolmasters in villages are to be replaced by females, and the Apothecaries' Company is to examine females as to their proficiency in dispensing drugs. The thing can not be estopped.

—According to the Rev. Dr. BELLOWS, who is one of the most sensible and conscientious letter-writers of the day, VICTOR EMANUEL is fast losing his hold upon the affections of the Italian people. His homely visage, unshapely and repulsive, hangs upon most walls and windows; but now that he has forfeited, in Italian eyes, the proud title of *galantuomo*, it seems to stand out, a just exponent of the aversion which is openly confessed for his person and character.

—The Duchess Dowager of SOMERSET is a lady after the American female heart. Always a firm friend of the Yankee she said not long since, in a burst of enthusiasm, that she wished *she* could go to the United States as Minister. "I would soon set things smooth, I assure you. I would give dinner-parties, say civil things, and make peace generally. I think I must ask Lord STANLEY to send me."

—The wife of the heir-apparent to the Russian throne is said to be the most beautiful princess in Europe.

—Mr. THORNTON, the new British Minister at Washington, will soon move into the large, odd-looking house formerly occupied by Sir FREDERICK BRUCE. It was built by a dentist. A doctor of divinity passing there one day was asked by a friend who accompanied him to what order of architecture the porch belonged. The doctor replied: "I don't know, unless it is the Tusk-an."

—The Empress CARLOTTA was born June 7, 1840. She is fine-looking, graceful, and gentle; her face oval, complexion bright, and readily flushed; her nose is a little aquiline; her mouth is pretty, and beneath her rosy lips is a set of regular pearl-white teeth; her eyes are not large, but very bright, and when she becomes excited they flash like fire. She has a heavy head of hair of a beautiful dark auburn shade. Nature formed her for an empress, and her acquirements not less fitted her for the station. She speaks and writes the French, Spanish, German, English, and Italian languages. Her union with MAXIMILIAN was purely an affair of love. She reverenced him as "a man of intelligence, of dignity, of power, brave to a fault, and the personification of affection."

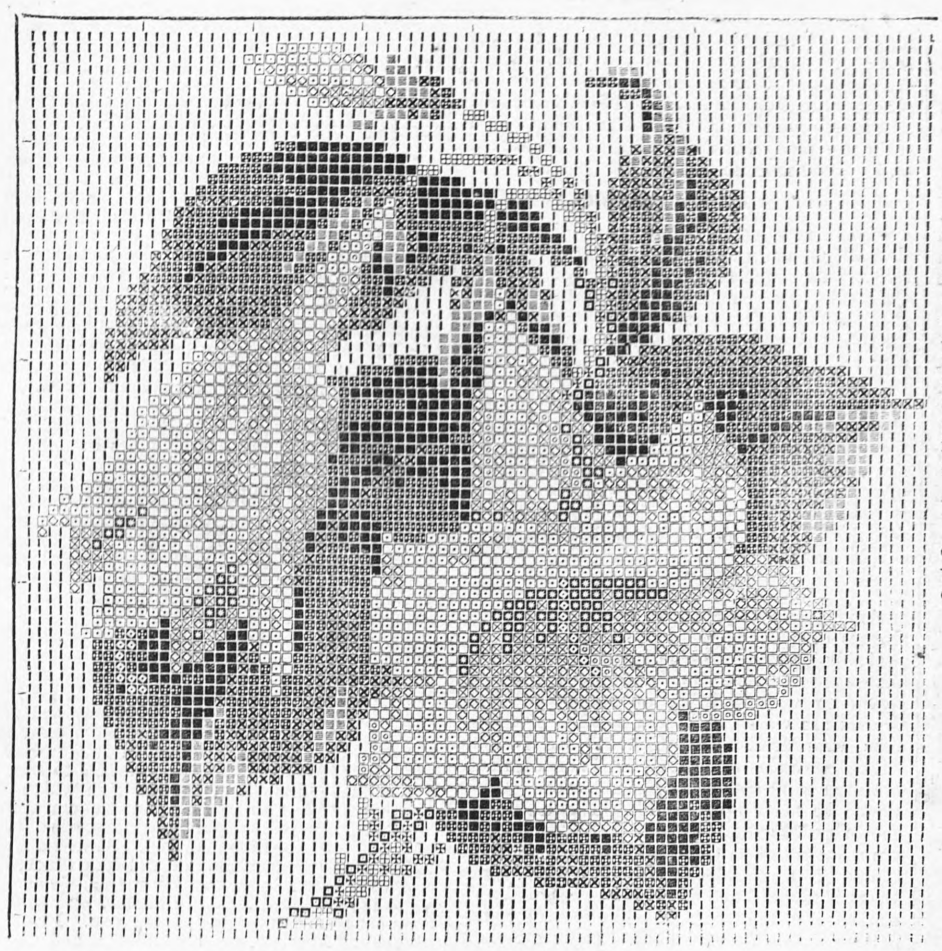
—Alas! for the memories that hedge around a great name! The library of the late JOHN C. CALHOUN, embracing many choice works of great value, was recently sold at auction for the paltry sum of $250, to satisfy debts. Whole shelves of books were knocked down for from $4 to $6 per shelf. The sale of the house and land was to have taken place soon afterward, but General CANBY'S order reserving to every family a house and twenty acres of land, will for the present enable his widow and her children to retain their home.

—Lady ANNA GORE LANGTON, Lady AMBERLEY, Sir GEORGE BOWYER, Mrs. SOMERVILLE, Sir ROWLAND HILL, THE O'DONOGHUE, MARY HOWITT, Lord ROMILLY, Lady GOLDSMID, Rev. C. KINGSLEY, Sir J. SIMPSON, M.D., Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, together with 14,000 others less known, have petitioned that single women and widows, duly qualified as rate-payers, may be allowed to vote for members of Parliament.

—To map out a dinner for England's QUEEN, and carry it to a successful termination, is a serious matter indeed, requiring the services of one chief cook, three master cooks, three yeomen of the kitchen, two roasting cooks, and four apprentices. There are also two larders and stores, a store-keeper, two green-office men, three kitchen-maids, and two men to superintend steam apparatus. The salary of the chief cook is about $3500 a year; that of the two master-cooks one-half that sum. The salaries of the others vary from $3 a week to $1050 a year. The chiefs of the kitchen dine in state every day at three o'clock, the chair being taken by Her Majesty's chief cook, or in his absence by the senior master cook.

—The PRINCESS IGNATIEFF wore recently at a ball at Nice a stomacher and tiara of diamonds worth $100,000. She thought, no doubt, she would be alone in her glory, and great must have been her chagrin when she came *vis-à-vis* with Madame HARTMAN, whose diamonds were as valuable as her own, though M. HARTMAN was only the "fortunate inventor of the Magenta dye." The Naples ROTHSCHILD and his wife, who were present, were conspicuous for their unpretending appearance, but could have beaten both the Princess and the dyer in stomachers and tiara if they had chosen.

—French Cabinet Ministers are paid a trifle better than American. Marshal VAILLANT, Minister of the Imperial Household and of Fine Arts, receives $56,000 per annum. The Minister of State, M. ROUHIER, and the Minister of War, Marshal NEIL, the same. The Minister of Foreign Affairs $36,000, and the Ministers of Justice and Public Instruction $30,000 each. Our Cabinet Ministers are paid $8000, which is barely sufficient to pay for house rent, food, and the help of freedwomen. Mr. SEWARD is the only member of the Cabinet who gives fine dinners. The others give receptions.



EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR LIGHT SCREEN.

Description of Symbols: ■ First (darkest), ▩ second, ▨ third, ▧ fourth (lightest), Dark Green; ◘ first (darkest), ◙ second, ◪ third, □ fourth (lightest), Gray; ⊡ White; ⧈ first (darkest), ⧇ second (lightest), Yellow; ⧉ first (darkest), ⊞ second, ⊞ third (lightest), Steel Color; ▮ Medium Green.

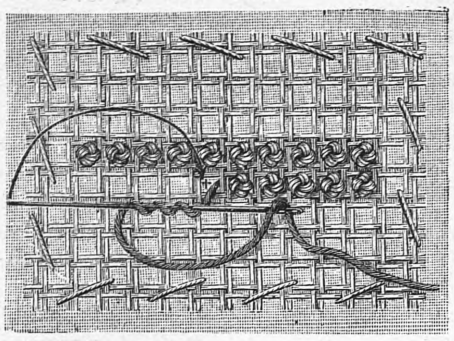
Embroidery Patterns in Point Russe.

THESE numerous little illustrations, resembling pen-drawings, will be pleasing to many of our readers. The designs given may be used in manifold ways. Many of them are suitable for ornamenting pocket-handkerchiefs, cravats, mats, note-books, porte-monnaies, port-folios, and the like. Some are only used as figures for a design, while others are intended for single ornaments. Any of them may be worked, according to the purpose for which they are designed, on silk, cloth, reps, or wash material, and with silk, wool, or cotton, in point russe, and diagonal half-polka stitch. The thread, however, must be very fine, in order that the design may appear delicate and resemble a drawing.

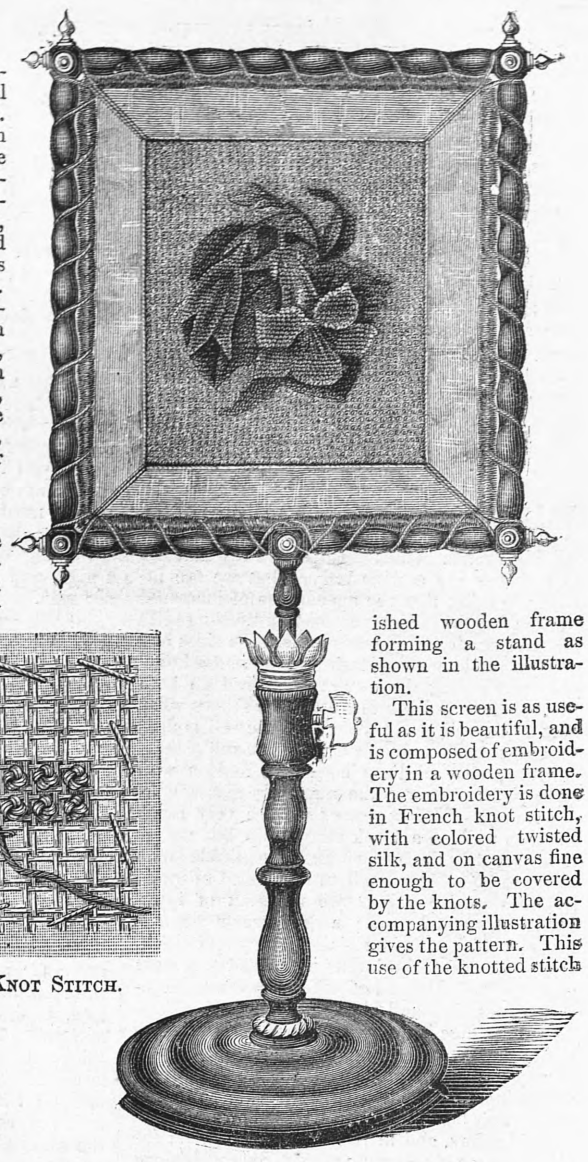
Light Screen.

MATERIALS: twisted silk of the colors given in the pattern, fine canvas, brown linen, green silk, green chenille, fine green silk cord, a polished wooden frame forming a stand as shown in the illustration.

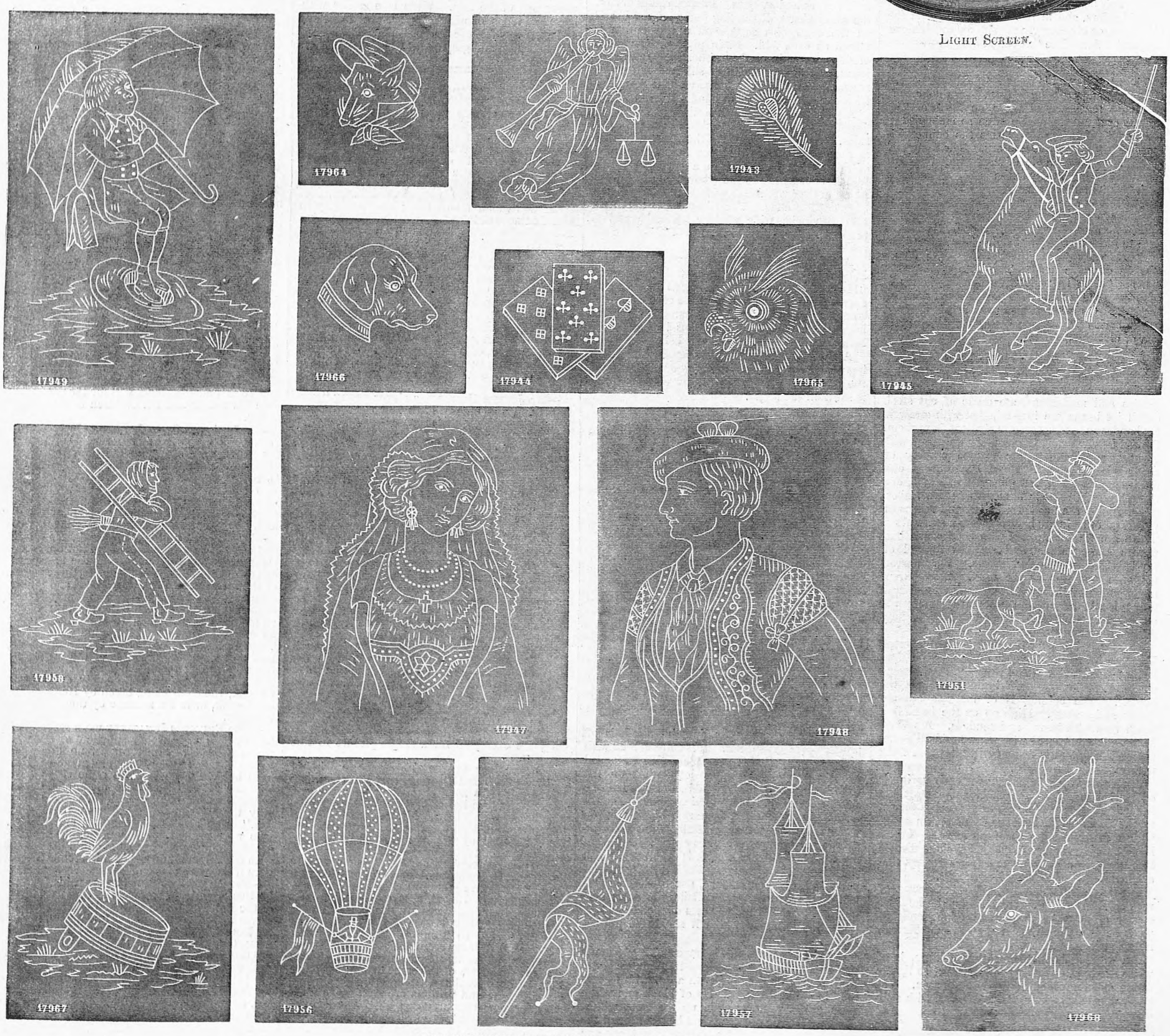
This screen is as useful as it is beautiful, and is composed of embroidery in a wooden frame. The embroidery is done in French knot stitch, with colored twisted silk, and on canvas fine enough to be covered by the knots. The accompanying illustration gives the pattern. This use of the knotted stitch



MANNER OF MAKING KNOT STITCH.

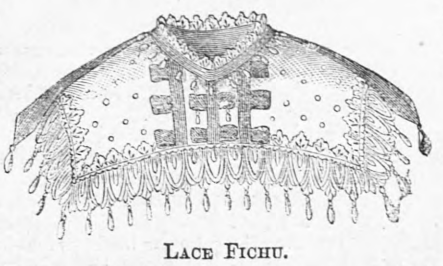


LIGHT SCREEN.



EMBROIDERY PATTERNS IN POINT RUSSE.

is new, and has a very pretty effect. In order to make this stitch, fasten the thread on the back of the canvas under which is laid the brown linen, then draw the thread through one of the holes in the canvas, wind it three times around the needle as shown in the illustration, put the needle again through the same hole as shown by the cross in the illustration, and bring the thread out again on the back of the work. In order that the knots may be of the same size, even in thread of dissimilar fineness, wind oftener around the needle in proportion as it is finer. The single knots are separated each by two threads of the canvas in breadth and two in width. To make a screen like the pattern, take a piece of canvas, according to the size of the frame; lay a linen lining under this, stretch it in an embroidery frame and work therein. The silk must be chosen of the colors given in the directions accompanying the pattern, but the leaves must be dark, so that they shall be distinct from the medium green of the foundation. The flower-cups are very pretty if worked in gray-green shaded silks. The foundation must make a border outside the design, as shown in the illustration. Border the still unworked edges of the canvas with a stripe of green silk, which must be laid in a fold at the corners. Sew fine green silk cord over the seams between the embroidery and the silk, as also on the pleats of the corners. Line the back of the canvas with green silk, trim the edges of the different thicknesses of stuff, fasten them in a seam, and ornament this seam with green chenille. Then stretch the shade in the frame by means of fine green silk cord. This frame can be raised and lowered by means of a screw which is arranged in the stem.



LACE FICHU.

BAVETTE COLLAR.

COLLAR WITH BOW.

Lingerie.

WE give a number of illustrations of the following tasteful articles of lingerie, which our readers can readily copy or modify to suit their taste.

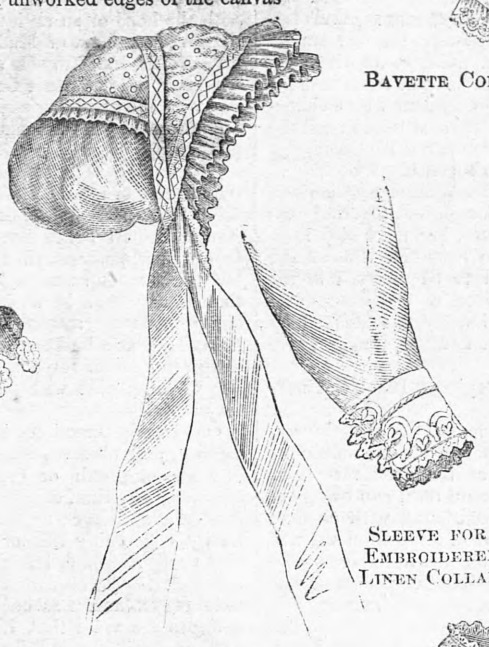
Lace fichu, edged with wide and narrow lace, narrow insertion, and grelots, and trimmed with loops and ends of pink ribbon.

Bavette collar and cuffs of fine double linen, trimmed with needle-work and Valenciennes edging in the manner shown in the illustration.

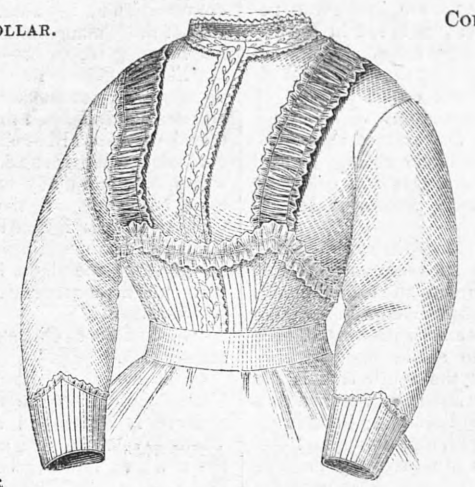
Collar with bow of needle-work. Swiss muslin insertion trimmed with a narrow needle-work frill and a Swiss muslin bow in front, which is also edged with the same frill. The sleeve terminates in a cuff of pleated Swiss muslin, edged round the top with a narrow, and round the bottom with a wide needle-work frill.

Morning cap of Swiss muslin. The crown is formed of two puffs of figured muslin. Needle-work insertion, and wide and narrow Swiss muslin frills complete the trimming.

Morning cap of Swiss muslin, nee-



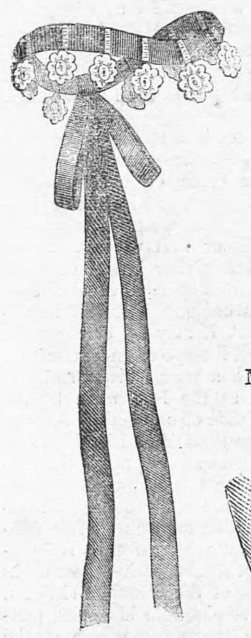
SLEEVE FOR EMBROIDERED LINEN COLLAR.



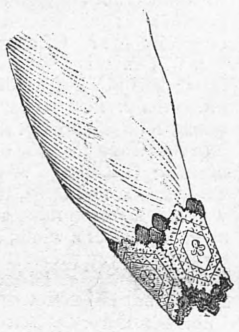
WAIST WITH BODICE.

SLEEVE FOR COLLAR WITH BOW.

MUSLIN BREAKFAST CAP.

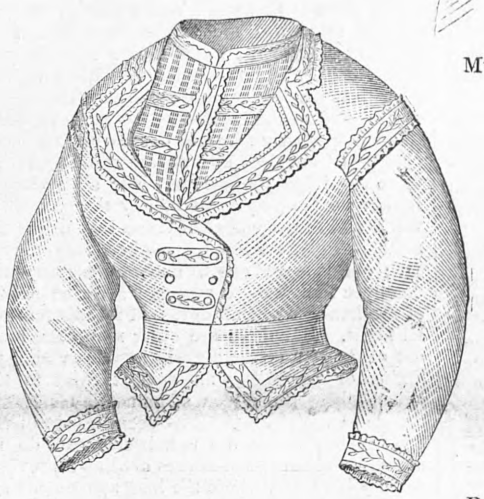


CRAVAT COLLAR.



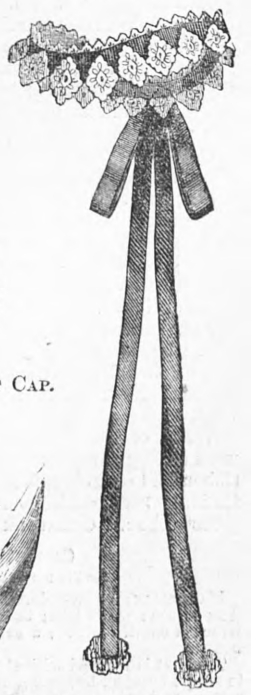
SLEEVE FOR VALENCIENNES STANDING COLLAR.

MUSLIN WAIST.



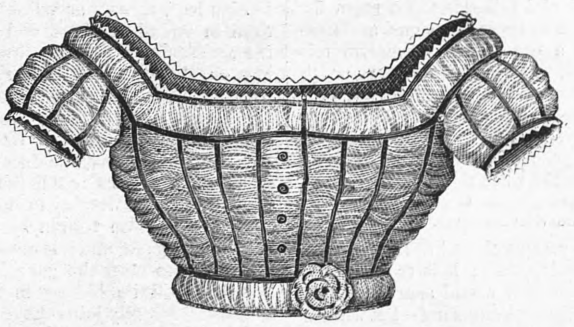
WAIST WITH ROLLING COLLAR.

SLEEVE FOR BAVETTE COLLAR.

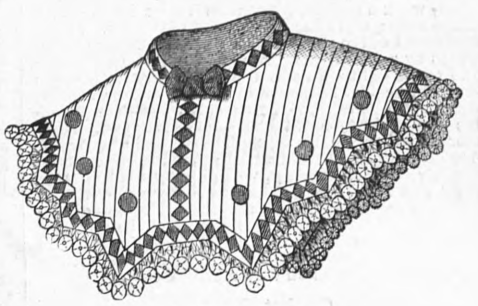


CRAVAT COLLAR.

MUSLIN FICHU.

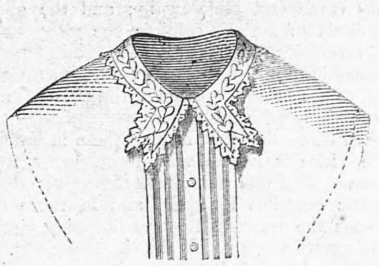


LOW-NECKED WAIST.

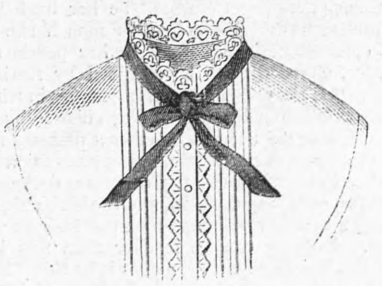


PLEATED MUSLIN FICHU.

LAVENDER VELVET BONNET.



EMBROIDERED LINEN COLLAR.



VALENCIENNES STANDING COLLAR.

PLEATED MUSLIN WAIST.

WHITE VELVET BONNET.

dle-work insertion, and guipure insertion. The crown is trimmed with a large rosette of Swiss muslin. Waist and bodice of batiste, trimmed with needle-work insertion and narrow needle-work bands. Cuffs of pleated batiste and needle-work frills. The bodice is likewise of pleated batiste, trimmed with needle-work insertion and edging, with a quilling of batiste round the top. A puffing of batiste, edged on each side with a narrow frill of the same, passes over the shoulders.

Swiss muslin waist trimmed with narrow needle-work insertion and edging, and small leaves, with ribbon laid underneath in the manner shown in the engraving. Belt trimmed to match.

Waist with rolling collar of batiste, needle-work insertion, and narrow needle-work edging. A chemisette and collar of pleated Swiss muslin, needle-work insertion, and edging is worn underneath.

Cravat collar of needle-work, Swiss insertion, and leaves, with blue ribbon run through the same, finished in the back with loops and long ends of blue ribbon.

Cravat collar of needle-work, diamond-shaped figures, set on a Swiss muslin band, with pink ribbon underneath, and finished in the back with loops and long ends of the same ribbon. A needle-work figure is attached to each of the ribbon ends.

Swiss muslin fichu, trimmed round the edge with broad lace and pink ribbon laid underneath. The neck is finished with a quilling of the same ribbon and a frill of lace. A rosette, loops, and ends of ribbon complete the fichu.

Fichu of pleated Swiss muslin trimmed with needle-work insertion and edging. A colored ribbon is laid under the insertion. Needle-work medallions and a ribbon bow complete the trimming.

Collar and cuffs of fine double linen worked in French embroidery stitch.

Standing collar and cuffs of Valenciennes lace, with green ribbon round the neck, tied in a bow in front. The cuff is trimmed with a diamond-shaped needle-work medallion, edged with insertion and Valenciennes lace, and finished with loops of ribbon.

Low-necked waist of puffed Swiss muslin and pink ribbon. Belt of puffed muslin, edged with ribbon, and fastened with a muslin and ribbon rosette. Neck and sleeves trimmed with needle-work edging.

Waist of pleated Swiss muslin, with needle-work edging down the front. Trimming of green ribbon laid on in bretelles, as shown in the illustration. Sleeves trimmed round the bottom with green ribbon. Green silk buttons.

Crochet Hat.

See illustration on first page.

MATERIALS: Straw-colored twisted silk; white knitting cotton; white silk; brown velvet ribbon, ¼ inch wide; a small feather; a small bronze clasp; pasteboard.

This hat is worked with straw-colored twisted silk, in single crochet, over a foundation of white knitting cotton, and looks as if it were formed of fine straw braids. Begin the crown in the centre by a foundation of 6 single crochet stitches over the foundation thread of cotton: join this to a ring by a slip stitch, and draw the foundation cotton firmly, so that these stitches shall lie close together. On this foundation thread work 8 rounds, widening on the two opposite sides of the work (front and back of the hat) in such a manner that a flat oval part is formed, which shall neither lie in folds nor be stretched. Having finished, work 6 rounds, without widening, for the sides of the head; and after this the rim of the hat. In the first round of the rim, which is worked like the crown, widen by a few stitches front and back. In the second round of the rim add 1 stitch after every 5 single crochet; besides this, crochet in the 17 middle stitches front, and also back, 34 double crochet—that is, 2 double crochet in each of the stitches mentioned. Also, crochet 2 short double crochet before and after the 34 double crochet. The 3d and 4th rounds are composed entirely of single crochet, widening by a few stitches front and back. In the 4th round lay a fine wire in addition to the cotton foundation. The crown and sides are stiffened by pasteboard and lined with white silk. Trim the hat after the pattern with a 3-strand braid of brown velvet ribbon, and with a small feather, which is fastened on with a bronze clasp.

Crochet Beret.

See illustration on first page.

THE crown of this hat is formed in the same manner as that of the hat just described, but is three rounds larger. Having finished this flat oval part, crochet with the same number of stitches 5 rounds for the side. Th crown is stiffened with pasteboard and lined with white silk. The side, which is not yet of the required breadth, is now fastened to a circular pasteboard strip, which must be wide enough to come half an inch below the crochet sides. This pasteboard circle is cut out a little at each side of the hat, thus giving it a sloping form. Finish with a revers of brown velvet over pasteboard. This revers is trimmed with gilt braid which imitates a buckle in front, where a few white feathers are added. The inside of the sides is also lined with white silk.

Lavender Velvet Bonnet.

See Illustration, page 325.

THIS tasteful bonnet is made of lavender velvet, bound with satin of the same color. Loops and ends of lavender satin ribbon form the trimming behind; and a bow of the same ribbon holds the strings together. The strings are of lavender velvet, bound with lavender satin, and edged with black lace. Inside trimming of lavender velvet flowers.

White Velvet Bonnet.

See Illustration, page 325.

THIS bonnet is of white épingle velvet, with pointed velvet trimming round the edge, bound with the same material, and bordered with white Angora fringe, and also with white satin ribbon cut in points, as shown in the illustration. A spray of white honey-suckle and a jet ornament in front. White satin strings.

THE SEASON.

THE severity of the winter in Washington has only been equaled, say the oldest inhabitants, by the brilliancy of the fashionable season.

It began early and ended late, shone with resplendence through all its career, and though it is smothered by the extinguisher of Ash-Wednesday, it means to break out presently in the lesser fires of theatricals and charity concerts.

"No more receptions," said one of the fairest of the many fair; "they are not to be thought of in Lent. One must give a little time to Heaven. Such dissipation wears one out besides. We shall have theatricals instead!"

So much less exciting, so much more innocent, so much more humiliating to the vanity, so much more mortifying to the flesh!

But, obliged to fall back on that poverty of entertainment in the future, how they enjoyed the only moment they could call their own, how they kept the ball rolling in a perfect Carnival-week—Cabinet and Congressional assemblies, state-dinners, masquerades, and three parties a night! Surely these bright participants in gayety need the cross of Lent to enable them to drag their existence through the remainder of the year. It is fearful to think of the deadly waste of life and strength which would take place but for the kindly intervention of Mother Church, who does for her festive children what their own mothers fail to do, and allows them a trifle of rest in which to gather their forces for the summer campaigns of Newport and Saratoga.

The houses of Washington are, in one way, peculiarly fitted for the life that is led in them—the halls, the parlors, and the suites of rooms beyond, are so spacious and lofty that the air is almost always good, and the crowd seldom too great. There are other reasons why the air should be good though, for most of the dwellings, erected only for summer shelter, as you may say, are as full of draughts and cold currents as if they were mere frames of lattice-wire.

This answers very well for night-work, cooling it conveniently; but by such means chilblains and muriatic acid, sore throats and sal-ammonia, rheumatisms and narcotine strike an inseparable friendship with the guests and frequenters. There are scarcely any trees to shield these houses; nevertheless, in summer the south side is the coolest side, despite a meridian sun, for from that direction blows all the wind there is; but in winter every side is cold—cold, and damp, and dismal. The older houses are generally built in such a style that the second-floor is as good for drawing-room purposes as the first, so that the owners can retire into upper seclusion, and rent the floor beneath at one of those prices from which there is no appeal, and which cause newcomers to regard the whole population, from Bridge Street to the Capitol, as a conspiracy to extort money. These abodes are seldom furnished with much luxury, those who hire them—but for some star exceptions—not caring to duplicate their properties of value, nor caring either to transport from their own distant residences their more cherished possessions. For all we know, it may be the very want of any thing like the warm and cozy element of home that drives the pleasure-seekers abroad. Abroad they always are; and it leaves one to marvel concerning the domestic life of these people, where the master of the house is out all day, and its mistress out all night. But there are other mansions, lying out of the city or set deep in gardens within its limits, or presenting an ancient front to the street, where the charm of homelike comfort is complete, where hospitalities seem a part of the atmosphere, where the upholsterer can do no more, where the green-houses are like a province of fairy-land, and where the long apartments are lined with pictures that are a fortune in themselves.

Never had wonderful toilettes more room for their pageantry than in these mansions, and never has there been a time when wonderful toilettes were so much the order of the day, or, to be more consistent, of the night—jewels, brocades, and fabulous laces, sparkling, sweeping, and floating on every side. These diamonds blind the gloating gaze of envy. Like the fair Inez who went into the west, they

> "Dazzle when the sun is down,
> And rob the world of rest."

This lady's dress was purchased at the price of seventy-five thousand dollars; it is to be admitted that the same amount would spare seventy-five families a cruel winter's suffering—but what is that to her? Yet one does not doubt that she is a kind-hearted gentlewoman, in spite of such indifference; but where would be her husband's advantage to do good over other men if she did not command a position, with her pearls and powder, above that to be obtained by fustian? Meanwhile the present prevailing modes in which ladies dress their hair, in setting off the charms of those already beautiful, makes a pleasant face out of a plain one; the clustering curls upon the forehead shading away the contours, darkening the eyes, softening the skin, and the high chignon giving a certain carriage to the most insignificant head. Nothing can be lovelier than this hair like Pauline Bonaparte's, unless it be this "little head running over with curls," which might belong to a Bacchante, so much does it resemble a basket of grapes!

The proportion of positive beauty in the assemblage at Washington, though large, is not nearly so large as you would expect to find it. We shall never rival the court of St. James, with an aristocracy of beauty of our own in this country, so long as it remains a republic; for the fluctuating fortunes of our millionaires will not afford us three generations of generous living with strong meat and red wine to feed and enliven that full, rich blood which blooms at last in the splendid light of the eye and color of the cheek, supplies the round, firm mould of the muscle, and gives at the outset that sense of well-being which is half the secret of well-bred behavior. Thus we are not at all surprised to find lovelier faces among the ranks of the regular residents in Washington—the aristocratic barnacles of power—than among the transient wayfarers of its political life; although, notwithstanding this general remark, the undisputed palm of beauty here this winter is carried away by a New England girl, whose golden hair and black eyebrows, rose-leaf skin and witching dimples, have no rival; she moves like a young princess indifferent through admiring throngs; and having seen her one remembers Belphœbe, upon whose brow an "hundred graces sate;" still there are three others who follow so close in her shadow as to divert the gaze of a conscientious judge.

After the splendor, the chief charm of society in this place of which we speak is the freedom and ease which characterize it. Every one is considered to be an honorable person till the contrary fact may be discovered—an excellent maxim for business relations and the establishment of credit, but a questionable quality of what is called polite life, when considering the manner in which it does away with all barriers, and makes access to its drawing-rooms a far less difficult matter to manage than access to the services of its churches.

A lady who burns to parade her new Parisian wardrobe and lately-purchased family jewels has but to ascertain from the newspapers, or from the conversation at her hotel, the days on which the wife of this Cabinet officer or that Senator holds her morning reception—receptions where chocolate like a confection was handed round until the visitors, weary of the delicacy, rebelled in a body, and absolutely refused to touch it. The lady in question perhaps likes chocolate, or else she will swallow it whether she does or not, together with worse things; at any rate, her next step is to leave her cards. If the Senator's wife or the Cabinet lady is inclined to be reserved in the matter of her acquaintance, or fastidious as to her guests, some slight inquiry is instituted by her. "Who are these So-and-Sos, pray? Have you met them?"

"So-and-Sos? Oh! staying at Blank's. Enormously rich, I hear."

Cards are left for the So-and-Sos straightway. Undoubtedly then the name of our ambitious aspirant is announced at the next reception. The lady of the house, upon that, can but greet the stranger, however bold-faced, with civility. If she has a little kindness of disposition she will not like to neglect her, and will introduce her to her next neighbor, or possibly to a person of station, who perhaps fancies her, and, meeting her at this house, invites her in general terms to her own. Of course it is understood that she has a husband in the back-ground, or otherwise is a widow in her own right; and after this experience, seen twice unexceptionably, she is in society. Every day her ripple grows wider; and soon she rides on the top wave and passes sentence on others. Is her lace real? is, in point of fact, the only question that has been insisted upon concerning her.

There is a charmed circle behind this political one, where the traditions of the past are maintained in exclusive elegance by an old noblesse. Into this our adventuress hardly enters, but she is able to enjoy all the far-famed pleasures of a Washington season without it. Yet unless she is willing to put up with a thousand humiliations and annoyances to pay for these brief and cheap and feverish pleasures, she will scarcely pronounce the game to be worth the candle.

And yet it is a splendid game. For look at the figures that glide across this region of enchantment; it is not youth and comeliness that entirely and by themselves compose the players; age is here, here in full feather; borrowing the foreign leaf, throats as wrinkled as baked apples flash in wreathed gems, and shoulders bearing the accumulated flesh of threescore years heave into sight and remind the beholders that to this complexion they must come at last. "Perhaps we shall die first," says youth, cheerily, and swings away on the full tide of the German. Age, too, that is reverend does not keep aloof, but young at heart joins here in the stir of life; not to speak of men grown gray in the service of equity, one's eye is often caught by the silver-crowned head of a woman, and it is always a lovely old face that turns to meet the gaze in response, a face that has had its history in the history of the country. Dignity joins the rout, moreover; the Chief Magistrate of the land, perhaps, lends his presence to the scene; the stately Chief Justice looms above the others; the General of the armies has come and gone again; and the glittering insignia of famous soldiers, the gorgeous array of the various bodies of gold-laced diplomats, the fantastic uniforms of foreign officers, make a relief to the sombre apparel of the citizen, and contrast gayly with the gauzes and gossamers of uplifted trains that flow around them in the dance; the place is ablaze with light, great fragrant flowers shed their sweetness through it, delicious music breathes its spell, and in more distant rooms the waltzers float in lingering circles till their motion seems only the visible melody. Here a tall and gray-haired man with a singularly wild and vacillating expression of face passes—it is the hero of the March through Georgia. Here a sturdy little sandy-haired fellow follows—it was of him that Sheridan's Ride was sung. Here is a small, thin old man, with an ugly scar upon a face which is a study, so curiously does it seem to have acquired its power from its owner's long occupation in splitting hairs; he is one of the first foreign officers of this or any government, who would increase his country's prestige immeasurably by causing her, as she rises breathless from the conquering struggle of her own dominions, to reach out her hands and boldly grasp the remainder of the continent. Here a cluster of three secretaries presents a coup d'œil of shrewdness seldom to be met with any where; one with a bland and genial face that you look twice ere pronouncing it to be a mask for constant and close calculation; another noted for glances as sharp and penetrating as a surgeon's scalpel; the third with shaggy gray eyebrows curling upward in a Mephistophelian manner eminently becoming a politician. This dark and stalwart gentleman, whose red fez is always seen moving a-top of the crowd, is the Turkish Minister; that richly and perfectly dressed lady, who seems to sparkle like a summer midnight, is his wife—contrary to the ideas of those who imagine him the lord of a harem, he has but one. Although by birth what is known as a Levantine Frank, she has an Oriental look, and is one of the most picturesquely beautiful women in Washington. Here a tall and ruddy German Baron of the Austrian Legation moves by, celebrated at least in the name he bears, which Mrs. Shelley rendered famous when she created Frankenstein. Here, in the son of the Grecian Minister, an almost pure specimen of the golden-haired Greeks of Homer is to be seen. One can not look with indifference at the fresh growth of an immortal root as it starts up round the ruins of the Acropolis, nourished by Athenian sunshine, dews gathered from the blue Ægean, and all the hoary inheritance of freedom, heroism, and art. Here one catches a glimpse of a handsome young French Duke, with the head of an antique himself, and who is the grand-nephew of Madame de Staël. And here are the indefatigable attachés of the British Embassy, who waltz from night till morning, and with their winning manners increasing social kindliness perform the whole of their diplomatic mission.

The foreigners, be it said, in passing, are quite the masters of the social situation here. In vain the native youth aspire, or sneer, or stand aside—the freshest belles hover round these titled flames; not, perhaps, till their wings are singed, but till a second season has taught them that, though a woman be as beautiful as Cleopatra, not one of these starred and gartered chevaliers is available as a husband for her, unless, like Cleopatra in another respect, she can afford to spice her wedding-wine with pearls each worth their kingdom.

One stands sometimes in a species of amazed rapture, and observes all these phantasmagoria of fame, or youth, or grace, or loveliness, and always of wealth of costume, pass by like the procession at a theatre; not with a simply vulgar curiosity concerning this or that worthy, this or that party magnate, but giving judgment as to how well they become their spheres, wondering to see them as human as one's humble self, hearkening to the voice that, it may be, changes the destiny of millions, and the eye often dwelling on the fairer portion with a pure artistic satisfaction. Can you look at the lace worn by the happy and handsome wife of our Agitor Abroad with any other emotion than that with which you gaze at an exquisite sea-weed or wonderfully fragile madrepore? Of course, if you are a woman, you will envy it—but all the more you will admire; it is not in feminine nature to refuse tribute to the perfection of the thing over its soft turquoise-blue shimmer of silk beneath—those fibres like the white threads of the blanched skeleton flowers; that design of phantom bluebells, pansies, violets, and ferns, that wantons over all the web like a frozen mist, as intricate and dazzling as the breath of a winter's morning on the pane! Or possibly you prefer the lace that another lady sometimes wears, laid over purple velvet, the whole front breadth a single piece of old Venice Point—in Europe prized so inestimably for altar-lace, and every where fit for a queen, and which appears as if it could have been woven only out of snow-flakes with their spiculæ just melting into one another; yet, for all its value and its beauty, bearing a ridiculous resemblance to that endless work which goes among young ladies by the name of tatting. And if lace neither fascinates nor rouses you, let us but examine the attire of a third person—a thick white corded silk, with a train that "reaches out into the other room," long slight boughs of the delicate and palely-pink locust-blossom going from the waist to the shoulder and down on either side around the skirt; above this an overdress of tulle, like a transparent vapor, softening the whole toilette into a sort of repose from which shines, in magnificent relief, a tiara of diamonds set in the fashion of roses and buds, fuschias and leafy sprays; there are pendant ear-rings and a double necklace, too, of the same precious stone; and then there is a stomacher that fits in from the belt to the shoulder, a mass of diamonds again—great stones, that seem to breathe and to pulsate with a life of their own, wrought into all sorts of floral entanglement and frosty splendor. Were it a fancy-dress, might not its owner be taken for the spirit of the hoar-frost at sunrise?

Dress, under such circumstances, and with such rivalry, acquires the importance of one of the fine arts; and the heavy velvets and old English threads, that in another place are a patent of nobility, become in such companionship mere backgrounds of respectable mediocrity.

If, therefore, Dame Censor dare to lift her voice in derision of this pictorial pleasure of the eyes, as it unrolls its shifting scenes and puppets before her, she must needs labor under strong suspicions. And if one could only look into her heart, as now medical skill, by the cunning arrangement of lenses and mirrors, looks into the brain and the stomach, one would be very likely to find a queer conglomerate of delight and spite, envy and admiration—a sort of serpent's broth. Shall smiling shapeliness not array itself like the lilies of the field because that blue and silver brocade has taken the lustre out of the Dame's poplin, the pride of her heart—because her best black silk has degenerated into a rough serge beside that superb celadon green with its garniture of white silk leaves and its peplum of netted pearls—because her little shabby sandal-wood fan only gives a heated blast in view of that gold-mounted point-lace mystery, that looks like the apotheosis of some exquisite lace-winged insect—because all her dear, well-cared-for drapery turns into a mere line of shadow when these satins sweep along, rippling with lights, with sheets of broken reflections and melting splendors, as if pearls and opals and moonstones had been dissolved in the dye of their warp and woof? Because she is virtuous shall there be no more cakes

and ale—and chocolate? Let her get her to a nunnery! She is not wanted here.

Of course, then, for the fit display of these tints and sparkles that do no less than compete with Nature in her flower-petals, and her constellations, and her sunset clouds, all these receptions, and operas, and delightful private parties are needed, and a thousand more besides; so that the hops at the hotels, and the afternoon circles, where the daylight is shut out, and the gas is set flaring, and music and dancing deceive so happily that one issues into the daylight again with a singular sensation of living in two worlds at once—so that these extra-parochial opportunities do not by any means come amiss.

Nothing comes amiss, in fact—not even Lent. For by that time trains are soiled, laces are torn with much trampling, stimulants will no longer sustain, narcotics refuse the brief slumber begged by the excited brain, ether has lost its power, there are no more long gloves in town, and it is time to go to bed and have the doctor. Ah, merciful Lent! It is not necessary now to paint a delicate circle of almost imperceptible shade around the eye in order to deepen its depth of darkness — tired Nature has painted it permanently and not imperceptibly. Belladonna will not make that eye bright with the drug's former virtue; it needs a washing with tears, an indulgence of darkness and fallen lids, of regular sleep, of a week's repose. It will take no more than that, for then it must be wide awake to the religious dissipation that approaches—not to the primitive practice of penitents in the early days of Christendom who put sackcloth on their backs in token of contrition, and cast dust and ashes on their heads to remind them of the dust from which they came and the ashes to which they should return—but to the cloak and garment of charity; to theatricals for charity, wax-works for charity, fairs, concerts, lotteries for charity, and every day a long, delicious drowse in church—the dark and dim benignant church that never betrays its dreamers unless they betray themselves. And is not that drowse for charity too—the charity that begins at home?

But, serious as the fatigue may be that now finds refreshment in the first blessed week of the old Saxon Spring, which is the literal rendering of Lent, it is not all due to the strain of festal nights. There has been some other business—business of a totally divergent nature—that has, perhaps, exhausted half the forces of endurance in its turn. Our pretty butterflies, though they be votaries of fashion, are almost always devotees besides. Their consciences are all unseared; they have compromised with those members of their moral economy, and have bought their evenings with their mornings. They have in these mornings, it may be, made such a number of drawings to be sold for the poor. It takes many of them indeed to equal the value of one Valenciennes fichu; but then the old woman, whose coal they will help to buy, does not need a fichu, to be sure! They take their turn in district visitings, and carry light with their sweet young faces into miserable dwellings. They give so many hours from the twenty-four to sewing for the needy with their own dainty fingers—tiring back, and eyes, and hands in the real sacrificial work. Or if there are any who may be more lazily, less unselfishly inclined, there are regulations to meet their case, by allowing them to compound for their shortcomings, or rather long-goings, by reading two hours a day from any good book. Alas! when what should be a perfect pleasure becomes a high-church penance!

But although a mad excess in any thing is to be condemned, it is, nevertheless, easy to understand how one is drawn into the fashionable vortex—first from motives of policy and curiosity; then because others go; lastly, from sheer enjoyment. All asperities of political feeling vanish before the glozing gas-light of the drawing-room; this man's son dances with the daughter of his arch-enemy; deference is accorded to the opinion of a woman upon state affairs as if she already possessed a right of suffrage; there is an interchange of rare freedom and gentle courtesy, which is delightful to-night, and allures you to repeat it to-morrow. Beyond this it is not, after all, the inane and fashionable conversation of other centres that one listens to; for every man is present here owing to some supposed intellectual excellence, and nearly every woman is the wife or daughter of other men superior to their fellows; there is a certain exhilarating mental exercise in meeting and avoiding and overlooking, and it is upon this mutual emulation in light and skillful skating over dangerous surfaces that, in great measure, the social existence depends. Those at a distance think of Washington as a great visible stage of events—as a kind of whirlpool of incident and emotion—but no one in the latter portion of the week before Lent, when the coaches rolled out with their fair burdens, when gay murmurings of compliment and complaisance filled the perfumed air of the salons, when music swelled above the happy voices and waltzers swam to the enchantment of the tune, no one, passing from the warm and beaming rooms into the open midnight, would have supposed that the most important day of all our history had dawned and set in shadow, uncared for and unheeded by all these eager revelers.

FROM MY WINDOW.

WAS there ever such another "well-spring of pleasure" as that blessed baby across the way?

I sit by my window and gaze over there most untiringly, and my neighbors would say most impertinently, were they themselves not so entirely absorbed in their devotion to the dear little belaced, be-ribboned, and beloved household idol that they have no eyes for any thing else. Father, mother, five aunts, two uncles, and a nurse devote themselves singly and collectively to the little six-months'-old possessor of their affections and unwitting absorber of their cares. Every pleasant day baby must be taken out for an airing, carried by nurse, and attended invariably by either the mother or one of the five adoring maiden aunts. On Sundays the airing is taken in an open carriage, into which are deposited shawls *ad libitum*—weather precautionaries, of course; then enters the nurse, to whom baby is carefully handed by the mother, who follows, and as many of the aunts as can find place, the father mounting beside the driver.

At an early hour for such a thrifty, well-to-do business-man, the father comes home from his business, hastens up stairs to the front room to find his little magnet, gives first a kiss to his young wife—*he* albeit is no longer young, having married in advanced bachelorhood—then seizes upon the precious baby, and almost devours it with kisses, holds it this way and that, admiration depicted on every feature, and finally dumps it into the mother's lap, where it coos its satisfaction, and rewards him for his energetic finger-snapping efforts to win a smile, by opening longitudinally its rosy mouth, and showing two tiny white specks that promise to become in time those precious pearls yclept teeth. Now come home the uncles and take their turn at making devotional demonstrations, such as kissing, tossing, and whistling to win an opening of that little fissure in the face "That's made to put the vict'l in."

And so from morning till night "the baby over the way" is watched, fondled, and admired by the paternals and ancestrals, verifying that

"A little child shall lead them."

P.S. A beautiful little carriage has just been brought home for baby. It has a shiny black top, with silver mountings, a delicately straw-colored body, blue lining and cushions, carpet with blue ground sprinkled with bright flowers, and a little love of a white fur mat.

P.S. No. 2. Wish *I* were a dear little pet over the way.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, *February* 13, 1868.

IN this "capital of the world" one can buy not only almost any thing, but can buy at almost any price. The differences in price in the retail establishments chiefly depend, without doubt, on differences in quality; but every traveler learns that there are shops, one almost might say streets, in which prices are high because customers are indifferent or ignorant. A "prudent" French lady does not do all her shopping on the Boulevards or in the Rue St. Honoré. She rather avoids the shops that indicate their dependence on travelers' purses by the sign "English spoken," and frequents those, although perhaps less stylish, whose prices are adjusted to domestic competition.

I met with a singular instance of contrast in prices the other day. I went to one of the most famous *horlogers*, or watch-makers, of Paris, to whom I had been recommended for the purpose, with a watch which needed some repairs. I went up stairs, and being invited to walk in by a servant in livery, found myself in a beautiful suite of rooms, carpeted and furnished with easy-chairs and cloth-covered tables. I was received with great courtesy by the gentleman in charge, and prevailed upon to take a chair before entering upon business. Comfortably seated, I stated my errand; and the gentleman placed the watch which I handed him among others in a drawer, and replied that I should be informed by post of what was necessary to be done.

Having expected that he would stick a horn ring into his eye and tell me in two minutes, I was somewhat surprised, and as I indicated this he explained that it required an examination, and that I should receive a report in writing in the regular course of business. I yielded to what I thought might perhaps be one of the customs of the country; but the next day, in passing the door, I called in person for the report. It was not yet ready. The evening of the third day I found at my lodging a note, of which this is a translation:

"MONSIEUR,—I have the honor to inform you of considerable expenses to be necessary to the watch which you have confided to me. [Here followed an enumeration of the matters necessary to be done.] It will cost 58 francs, and will require at least fifteen days of time.

"While waiting that you may make known to me your orders, will you accept, Sir, my distinguished consideration."

The fifty-eight francs was unexpected, and the fifteen days was equally so. As I then expected to leave town within that time I went a third time, and received my watch again, with many bows and assurances of undiminished respect. Fortunately I did so, for passing through the Palais Royal that afternoon carrying my dumb watch the good old rule of three came into my head. It solved my problem thus: As three days to look at a watch are to fifteen days to mend it, so one day to look at it is to five days to mend it.

I was at once satisfied that I could have it done within a week if I could find a watchmaker who could examine it the same day.

Accordingly I went into Le Roy's, a well-known establishment of high repute, who sustained the accuracy of the rule of three, by telling me after a few minutes' examination that I could have it in five days, but to be better regulated it should be left six or seven.

I was uncertain whether the rule of three applied to the price would not make it cost me 150 francs; and he repeated twice that it would be 15 francs before I was quite sure that I understood him correctly.

In a week the watch was in my pocket, running again as well as ever; and I concluded that a written report and assurances of distinguished consideration were dear even at 43 francs, to say nothing of an extra week of time.

Agreeably to the law which requires the fronts of houses in Paris to be cleansed every few years, a notice appeared recently that the owners of property in specified districts of the city must have this work done the present year. To-day, on the corner of the Rue de Rivoli, opposite the Louvre, I stood among a crowd of spectators watching the operation performed with steam instead of water. Two men stood on a narrow scaffolding outside the third story, or, as we should call it, the fifth. They were dressed in black water-proof garments with large capes. Each had a scraping-tool in his right hand, and with the left he directed against the wall a noisy jet of hot steam from a rubber hose which hung over his shoulder, reaching thence in great festoons down to the entresol, or second story, where the steam-boiler was placed. On the balcony beneath them was lashed the sign of the contractor who undertook the work in this new style.

Ten minutes afterward, on crossing the river, I found myself in another little crowd by the lock, watching a flat-boat and a ladder. A round object, looking like the bottom of a zinc pot, rose from the water in front of the ladder, and then came a pair of hands, then arms and shoulders, cased in water-proof, emerged, elevating the huge metallic helmet which we had first seen, and gradually the amphibious creature crawled up the ladder. Although he seemed at home in the water he was quite helpless out of it, and was assisted into the boat by five men, who directed every movement he made and unfastened his wrappings. They detached his breathing-tube and unscrewed his head-piece exactly as if they were twisting off a giant's head, and, lifting it carefully off his shoulders, disclosed a red-faced woolen-capped head, puffing away as if fresh air were a great luxury. This was a diver who had been at work at the bottom of the river.

GRATIAN.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

ALTHOUGH there is no "royal road" to knowledge there is so much to be learned in life that it is well to give children such helps in difficult paths as the ingenuity of the age affords. It is, for example, always a tedious matter for a child to learn to write well; yet nowadays the tedium is greatly relieved by the numerous facilities which are given to the learner. And recently drawing exercises have been combined with writing lessons in copy-books, which will train both eye and hand, and afford pleasant amusement to children. Harper's Writing Books, with Marginal Drawing Lessons, present an entirely new plan, which it is believed will insure success in the Art of Drawing, while contributing to advancement in writing. A series of ten copy-books of the ordinary size gives progressive lessons in drawing and writing, with such general directions as are needful. A knowledge of the principles of drawing is becoming a very essential part of education; and a practical artist has sensibly remarked: "Any one who can learn to write can learn to draw; and drawing combined with writing will be found to greatly facilitate advancement in the latter."

There is also a "Copying Slate" which will be found useful and amusing for children. It consists of a slate with a groove in the upper part of the frame, containing a dozen cards, which can be taken out, reversed, or exchanged at pleasure. The cards are black, but printed in white upon them are exercises in simple arithmetic, writing, and drawing. The slate itself is specially prepared to assist the young child in correctly copying the lessons.

Every child is eager to imitate his elders and write *letters*. He must have a pen, dabble in the ink, and spoil half a dozen sheets of paper before he is satisfied. Half the trouble he causes others and experiences himself comes from the fact that ordinary paper does not give sufficient guidance to the little, unsteady hand and eye. There is, however, plenty of paper now to be obtained, ruled in colors, with horizontal and vertical lines, so that little folks using it can readily see where each letter should be made and how large. A moderate quantity of such paper, with envelopes to match, and a good black pencil, a sharpener, and a bit of rubber, would give peace to many a mother who knows not how to answer the constant question, "Mamma, what *can* I do?"

The weather has been severe in this section of the country—there is no doubt of the fact—and in all other sections, too, if thermometer reports are true. But really Illinois must bear the palm, if the assertion of a lady hailing from that State can be relied on. She was at a dinner-party in Washington. She was pretty and talkative, and—but the story will tell what else she was. The usual topic of the weather was introduced, and some one remarked how exceeding cold it had been. "Yes," responded the lady, glibly, "very cold; but nothing compared to the cold weather we have in Illinois. Why, where I was last winter it was a *hundred and thirty below zero!*" "Indeed," replied a grave Senator; "one hundred and thirty below zero! *That was cold!*"

Some people, as it has been remarked very justly and sensibly, are as careful of their troubles as mothers are of their babies; they cuddle them, and rock them, and hug them, and cry over them, and fly into a passion with you if you try to take them away from them; they want you to fret with them, and to help them to believe that they have been worse treated than any body else. Their trouble makes them selfish—they think more of the dear little grief in the basket and in the cradle than they do of all the world besides; and then consider you hard-hearted if you say, "Don't fret." "Ah! you don't understand me—you don't know me—you can't enter into my trials."

Dr. Bellows, writing from Dresden, says: "A German dinner, at the table d'hote of a good hotel, is a capital institution. A light soup; a carp or an eel, with a cold sauce of salad-dressing; a piece of over-cooked beef (usually boiled) with a good gravy and small potatoes cooked with butter; a fowl, with salad and some cooked fruit (plums or cherries or apples), served together; a roasted hare larded; a pudding (mehl-speise) with a raspberry sauce; some ice-cream and a cup of coffee; this, or something very like it, is the usual dinner at a first-rate hotel. Every body drinks a half-bottle of Rhine or French wine with dinner, and many add a glass of light beer. The service is slow, an hour and a half being the usual length of the dinner. The Germans dine at one o'clock, but four or five is becoming not unusual. The waiters are attentive, respectful, and intelligent, often speaking French and English as well as German. They are even polished in their manners, always carefully dressed, and wearing black dress-suits."

A curious story comes from Paris, which illustrates how easily a person may lose an article naturally, when the loss is so strange and mysterious that a thief gets the credit of it. A lady in Paris recently found in her muff a bracelet of great value, a splendid collection of diamonds and opals, worth thirty thousand francs. How it got there she could not imagine.

Some evenings after, at a select party, she heard the Countess B—— grieving over a lost bracelet, the description corresponding to that which had been so mysteriously found. The lady produced it, and the Countess was enraptured. At last she said:

"I have no idea how I lost it. I had been to the milliner's, the glove-store, the fur-store—"

"The fur-dealers!" That suggested something.

"Did you try on a muff while you were there?"

"Yes, several."

"Was this one of them?" And the lady exhibited her own.

"Yes, and I remember the man told me it had only been sent for repairs, and was not for sale."

And the mystery was explained.

A nice table is often seriously injured in appearance by some one placing on it a pitcher of boiling water, or a hot dish, which leaves a whitish mark. To remove this it is only necessary to pour some lamp oil on the spot and rub it hard with a soft cloth; then pour on a little spirits of wine or Cologne water, and rub it dry with another cloth. The white mark will thus disappear, and the table look as well as ever.

A very youthful man in Elmira, who has been paying close attention to a young lady of the same city, either with a view to matrimony or money, a short time since became chivalric, and eloquently offered to prove his love by any task, however difficult. "Bid me," he impetuously exclaimed, "bid me tame the lion in the jungles, or restrain an office seeker on his way to Washington, and I will do it. Ask me to climb the loftiest peak of ice-crowned Mount Olympus, or address a tumultuous assemblage of woman's rights in opposition to female suffrage, and it is done! Command that I should bring snow-flakes from the torrid skies of Africa or an iceberg from the sulphuric waves—" "Hold!" cried the maiden; "you can more easily contribute to my pleasure. There is a youth, Weston is his name, who started from Portland, Maine, and is even now stretching his legs with eager intent toward home. Imitate his noble example—" "What?" "Walk!" Strange to say the orator took the hint, and—his hat.

They have many good ideas in Paris—very good ideas. For instance, it is just now seriously proposed, on account of the great adulteration of milk there, to establish a cow-house from which the animals shall be driven each morning to the different houses, and that milkmaids, jauntily dressed, shall milk them in the presence of the customers. The increased price of milk will, of course, indicate to what extent the milk has hitherto been adulterated, if the anecdote of the French poet be any criterion. He had hired a house in the country to pass the summer. As soon as he was fairly installed in it he went in search of a farmer who had a milch cow. Having found one he stated his want. "My good man, my servant will come every morning to buy a pint of milk." "Very well, it is eight sous." "But I want pure milk, *very* pure." "In that case it is ten sous." "You will milk in the presence of my servant." "Oh, then, it is fifteen sous."

The latest French romance is concerning a Marquis, who, while pursuing the chase in a lonely part of Brittany, fell into a pit used for storing vegetables. Here he remained several hours before any one heard his cries for help. Then a band of peasants appeared, but refused to aid him until he should first give them every article in his possession. He was about to comply with this outrageous demand when, by accident, a young girl who was reaching over the edge to receive something from his hands fell down. The Marquis then told her friends that unless they at once drew him out the girl should suffer for it. Alarmed at this the brutes scampered away, and the couple remained in the pit for three days and nights. The Marquis, to his astonishment, found his fellow-prisoner very pretty, intelligent, and agreeable; and when at length they were rescued, he took her to Paris, where he had her educated. At his death he left her a piece of land and a house in the suburbs of Paris, which by the rise of property became worth in three years' time several millions of francs. At present the former peasant girl has an Italian title, and is received in the first society.

OPENING DAY IN NEW YORK.

OUR artist, Mr. HOMER, has given us a very beautiful and effective birds-eye view of the great fashion carnival, THE OPENING OF THE SPRING STYLES, when the rooms of the fashionable modistes are thrown open to a select party of the *élite* of their patrons, and the newly-imported fashions for the coming season are unveiled to their gaze. These Openings are the source of much interest and curiosity among ladies, and are thronged with invited guests. The bright and eager faces of the beautiful girls in the picture attract our attention from the bewildering maze of bonnets, cloaks, parasols, and flowers through which they are threading their way, and for a detailed description of which we must refer our readers to our column on *New York Fashions*, which chronicles the changes that come with the advent of Spring.

OPENING DAY IN NEW YORK.—[See Page 327.]

DAYS OF REST.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Sweet Sundays, rising o'er the world,
Have never failed to bring their calm,
Still, from their tranquil wings unfurled,
On the tired heart distilling balm.
A purer air bathes all the fields,
A purer gold the generous sky,
The land a hallowed silence yields,
All things in mute glad worship lie—
All save where careless innocence
In the great Presence sports and plays,
A wild bird whistles, or the wind
Tosses the light snow from the sprays.

For life renews itself each week—
Each Sunday seems to crown the year—
The fair earth rounds as fresh a cheek
As though just made another sphere.
The shadowy film that sometimes breathes
Between our thought and Heaven disparts,
The holy hour so brightly wreathes
Its solemn peace about our hearts.
And Nature, whether sun or shower
Caprices with her soaring days,
Rests conscious, in some happy sense,
Of the wide smile that lights her ways.

THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

JOHN HOWDEN sat at his writing-desk trying to write a letter, but he tore up three or four sheets of note-paper before he got the letter just as he wanted it; then he threw the torn fragments of paper into the basket at his side, and, lighting a cigar, prepared to saunter out, evidently in no very pleasant humor.

"Confound the luck!" he muttered; "no other fellow who had fallen in for such a good thing would trouble himself about the other. I tried to make it as gentle, yet as decided, as I could. It's all very well to say 'It's best to be off with the old love before you are on with the new.' It's so easy to advise; but sometimes it's just impossible to get rid of these foolish entanglements contracted in one's boyhood, before one knows any thing of the world, his own heart, or the woman that would suit him for a wife."

As he pursued his reflections he directed an envelope in a large, legible hand, and dried it on the blotting-paper; then brushed his hair—not that it needed it, but it gave him an excuse to look into the glass, and went out to the business of the day, thrusting his note into a letter-box as he walked down Broadway, breathing, with a sigh of relief, "There! *that's* off my mind!"

His looks all that day belied his words; clients came, but the young lawyer could not listen as attentively to the statement of their woes or wrongs as was his custom. As the door closed on one after the other his high white brow contracted into thoughtful wrinkles, and he kept repeating to himself:

"Well! it can't be helped *now*, and at any rate it's off my mind."

But it was *not* off his mind, or he wouldn't have tried so hard to convince himself that it was.

Buried in thought he sat in no very graceful attitude, for one foot was screwed over and under the round of his chair, which he adroitly balanced on its hind legs, while the other calmly reposed, high and dry, on his great office-desk. As he sat there in his contemplative mood he was a very handsome man to look at: tall, well-formed, muscular, with large, flashing black eyes, and hair so raven as to form a dazzling contrast to the delicate whiteness of his skin. He was thoroughly Italian in appearance, and had he been dressed in "doublet and hose," with a silk-velvet hat, and scarlet plume drooping over his pallid brow, one might have imagined him that magnificent Venetian stripling for whom the lovely Bianca Cappello imperiled her impassioned soul.

One of John Howden's college chums—Charles Drake—had fought through three years of the late rebellion in the same regiment with himself; and the hardships, perils, and adventures of war had cemented their boyish friendship.

John Howden was now on a visit to Charles Drake, and was supposed to be very much in love with his sister, Mrs. Mortimer, a young and charming widow.

It does not fall to the lot of every woman to be young, handsome, healthy, wealthy, and a widow, all at once; and Mrs. Mortimer was naturally the recipient of a great deal of admiration and attention; but she was not a coquette, and gave encouragement to no one—that is, until the fascinating Howden came on a protracted visit to her brother; then—

"Love took up the glass of Time and turned it in his glowing hands."

An engagement was speedily entered into, and the wedding-day was not far distant.

Mrs. Mortimer was a thorough little housekeeper, and regularly every morning flitted from cellar to attic, from pantry to parlor, to see that there was no dust on the gilt-backed, red-satin chairs that stood in stately grandeur in the drawing-room; and that not a fold on the fine fresh linen of the large French bedsteads was disarranged.

She usually sent before her to clear the way a domestic skirmishing force of chamber-maids. One of these was named "Bella"—Isabella, strictly speaking—"Bella" in the vulgate, and in the super-vulgate "Beller."

She was of that unpleasant age which in boys is designated "hobbledehoy," but hath no name in girlhood, when there is no bundle too large, no errand too small for her; when, if she have sisters, she wears their cast-off clothes without troubling to make them fit her, as, if they don't fall to pieces first, she will "grow into them;" and when she has a fierce struggle to convince her relatives that she is a young woman.

Bella had a dress which came but a little below her knees, notwithstanding a tuck had been let down, leaving a bright strip around, showing what had been the original color and design of that oft-washed, much-faded fabric. Various nails catching in her hoop, and pulling it into numerous irregular angles, had momentarily impeded her progress through the domains of pantry, kitchen, and cellar.

She never hurried over her household duties, but was as long over them as Miss Lucy Long herself. She especially loved to linger in the enchanted apartment assigned, *pro tem.*, to Mr. John Howden—not that she affected him—oh no! She thought Pat, the butcher's boy, with fat streaky red cheeks and stumpy limbs far better-looking, and considered his figure particularly light and graceful, when on bitter cold days he waited somewhat impatiently for the front-door to open, and receive the matutinal joint; trying in the interim to keep warm by whistling nigger songs, blowing and snapping his fingers, and dancing an impromptu breakdown, which he varied by vigorously and rapidly embracing some invisible friend in the frosty air.

"Beller" loitered over Mr. Howden's room because he had such beautiful things on his toilette-table; nice strong hard-bristled brushes, which she tried on her frowzy head, after saturating them with his dear Parisian hair-oil.

She was pleased to finger the ivory-handled penknives and tweezers which lay spread in splendor before her dazzled vision; but most of all, she delighted to bedew her faded frock with the rare perfumes he kept in cut-glass bottles of Venetian delicacy. It was her hour for self-culture too, for having mastered print, Bella was athirst to "read writing;" and as Mr. Howden left all his little notes about the room, she had a good opportunity of improving her knowledge of chirography as illustrated by his numerous correspondents.

On the morning in question, however, whether what was "on his mind" had made him more cautious or not, certain it is that Mr. Howden had removed his letters and billet-doux.

This was a terrible disappointment to Bella, which was not mitigated until she took up the waste-paper basket to empty it. An idea struck her and she set it down, that is, the basket and herself down beside it, and began reading the torn scraps.

She had less difficulty in reading than in understanding the pieces as she tried to match them. She laid them out on his writing-desk and fitted them together like bits of mosaic, and took her time to decipher them, thus:

"My Dear El—nk—can no—im—you will—got the blues—ply—yesterday came dow—gly—my luck—Morti—if I can—"

Not very intelligible this; but Bella did not particularly care for the sequence of what she read until she came across a good many fragments on which the same words were written, as if a letter of similar purport had been written, rewritten, and destroyed again. This piqued her curiosity, and after some difficulty and much patience she succeeded in fitting together an entire letter which ran thus:

"My Dear Ellen,—I am very sorry that—cumstances have arisen—ke it impossi—to fulfill our engagement.—regret that—so long in your way of—making some one else happy—can not marry you—impossible— —ingly, John Howd—"

Bella was so intent on matching and spelling out the letter that she was not aware another was looking over her shoulder and reading too.

Mrs. Mortimer had come into the room to see that Bella was not idling, and had stolen on tiptoe to see what so engrossed her.

Mrs. Mortimer uttered a low groan, and Bella retreated in confusion.

A few moments before, and Mrs. Mortimer had been as blithe and light-hearted as that careless girl herself; and now—what did it all mean? She pondered over the letter, trying to solve its import.

Had John deserted some one for her? had he been engaged to marry another?

How could she solve this mystery she had stumbled on, which filled her with dreadful suspicions and jealousy? how be convinced of his perfidy? Who was the woman, where did she live, could she not see her, and get the truth from her, since John would, she thought, never tell her? That is, she would never know whether he was truthful or not; he had been deceitful, and that inspired her with distrust of all he might urge in extenuation.

But where find this "Ellen?" She ran her hand through the waste-paper basket—there was no envelope there.

Suddenly she swept the fragments of the fatal note off the blotting-book where Bella had so skillfully placed them, and held it before the glass. Yes, there was the address in characters too distinct to be doubted:

Miss Ellen Phillips,
No. 17 Waterton Street,
City.

Having got this clew she determined to follow it further, for any thing was better than such suspense and anxiety; so she seized her hat, and, careless of appearances, almost ran till she reached No. 17 Waterton Street.

Without giving herself time to think she rang the bell. The door was soon opened by a pretty, delicate-looking girl in a rusty, black alpaca dress.

"Is Miss Phillips in?" asked Mrs. Mortimer, sternly.

"I am Miss Phillips," she answered, in astonishment at the agitation of her unknown visitor.

"Can I speak with you alone a few moments?"

"If you don't mind going up stairs to my little room—yes."

It was indeed a little room, and for all the neatness and attempt at comfort it was almost squalid—a table, a chair, an iron bedstead, and a sewing-machine was nearly all the furniture it contained. There was an air of refinement about Ellen Phillips contrasting strangely with the poverty of her room. Two or three gayly-colored tarlatan dresses were thrown over the bedstead, showing Ellen to be a dress-maker.

She offered Mrs. Mortimer a chair, and they both sat. There was an awkward pause, the young, impetuous widow not knowing how to begin. She had made up her mind that she was the only injured person in the affair, as it never occurred to her that however wretched she was there might be another still more to be commiserated.

The evidences of hard, poorly recompensed toil spoke to the better feelings of her really kind, forgiving, and noble nature. Her anger melted at a nearer view of Ellen's pale face, which bore unmistakable traces of both penury and care.

At length Mrs. Mortimer spoke. "I believe you are acquainted with Mr. Howden, Miss Phillips?"

As if anticipating and dreading evil with his name, Ellen flushed and paled in painful alternation, and she hid her trembling hands under the folds of her rusty dress as she timorously replied,

"Yes, but he has not been to see me for a long time. I can't imagine why. I am afraid something has happened to him, or—"

"Or what?" asked Mrs. Mortimer, kindly observing her hesitation. "Come, tell me all about it. I am a friend of Mr. Howden's, and think you may safely confide all your troubles about him to me."

Ellen was a simple-minded, unsuspecting girl, and Mrs. Mortimer's friendly tones and kind manner immediately won her confidence; she had lived such a lonely life that she naturally longed to speak of her cares to one of her own sex; and therefore did not need much coaxing to continue her recital.

"I am afraid he is offended at something, or is in some new difficulty, or perhaps means to leave me altogether; if he should it would break my heart. We were to have been married some years ago, but my father failed in business and John went to the war. My father died soon afterward, and I was left to struggle for a livelihood. How lonely and desolate were those years without him!—but he wrote me such sweet letters all the time—see!" She rose and brought a packet of letters to the widow, who saw, as she glanced through them, expressions of endearment and allusions to their engagement—the same hand, the same style, almost the same words he had so often used to her! She pushed them away, and Ellen went on.

"I prayed for his safe return, during the long, solitary, friendless, unprotected years. I gloried in his bravery, and was sustained through all my tedious toil by the hope that after all the weary waiting I should be a soldier's wife. He came back, and for a short time seemed the same ardent lover as when he first pursued me with vows of everlasting love. Then, for no reason that I could see, his manner grew colder, and he deferred our marriage from time to time, saying he was too poor to marry. Then his visits became less frequent, and now it has been so long since I saw him that I'm afraid he will never come again."

"Have you ever suspected that he might be paying attention to some one else? Suppose he were to engage himself to another!"

"Impossible! *My* John could never be so base; he would not deceive me and desert me so cruelly. I know *that's* not the reason of his staying away. It's because he's too poor to marry just at present, and it frets him to see how unhappy it makes me. He could not marry another loving me as he does and has for years. No one would marry him knowing my story, or suspecting my solitary wretchedness in this dismal garret. Poor John! it grieves him so much to know he can not take me out of it, even after so many years of struggling for bread and waiting to make me his wife."

Ellen broke down, and sobbed piteously. Mrs. Mortimer was a feeling and generous woman. The sight of this friendless, trusting, unsuspecting girl moved her to forget her own sufferings and resolve on a noble deed. She took leave of Ellen with a cordial shake of the hand, assuring her that "it would be all right with John. She was going to prepare a pleasant surprise for him, and to keep up her spirits," actually trying to cheer the rival whom but a short time before she had burned to see. Once having seen her, animosity turned to pity and sympathy.

As she meditatively walked home she asked herself if she could now marry John Howden, knowing that his affections were given to another? Could she respect him after breaking his word to Ellen, and withholding all knowledge of a previous engagement from her? Could she believe his motives were any thing but mercenary? No, no; she would "give him a pleasant little surprise."

Old Weller cautioned all mankind to "beware of the widders."

By the time our widow reached her home she was in a very different mood from what she had been when she had left it that morning, and had her plan all nicely arranged.

Her manner was very nearly the same as ever to unsuspecting John Howden, to whom she said no word of her hasty visit to Ellen; at the same time he never took her hand again without her speedily withdrawing it, and when she sang "the old songs" she took care that the long raven mustache did not as of yore touch the red bloom of her rounded cheek. The wedding-day came. The guests assembled, and the bride entered with the bridemaids, enveloped in a long white veil.

It was not until John Howden stood up to be married, and took a delicate hand within his own that he saw the face of his bride—*Ellen Phillips!*

Mrs. Mortimer whispered to him,

"I know all. Make her reparation, and you make it to me!"

This was the pleasant little surprise she had so cleverly prepared for him. Ellen herself thought he knew she was to be the bride.

John's legal mind saw and accepted the situation at once. He felt that he had better make the best of it, and have no scandal or laughing at his expense; besides, he really loved Ellen, and thought that "Man proposes, but God disposes."

Thus he was actually united to Ellen when he expected to marry Mrs. Mortimer. Oh these widows! to get the better of sharp John Howden—a lawyer, too!

The widow never told Ellen of her engagement to John. She did not break her heart in giving him up, as she married not long after his pleasant little surprise.

Ellen never received the letter he sent her. In his agitation he had forgotten to put a stamp on it, and it never went; thus she remained in happy ignorance of his temporary defection. No one ever knew from Howden that he had married the wrong woman, though he confessed to himself that Mrs. Mortimer had done him a service, as, loving Ellen, he was happier than he could have been with a woman whose beauty and wealth dazzled him for a time, but for whom he cared nothing beyond.

He was most successful as soon as he applied himself to business, and felt that his professional career was more manly and noble than it could have been as a mere inactive dependent on a rich but unloved wife.

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

By the Author of "The Dodge Club."

CHAPTER XXXV.

BEATRICE'S RECOVERY.

It was not easy for the overtasked and overworn powers of Beatrice to rally. Weeks passed before she opened her eyes to a recognition of the world around her. It was March when she sank down by the road-side. It was June when she began to recover from the shock of the terrible excitement through which she had passed.

Loving hearts sympathized with her, tender hands cared for her, vigilant eyes watched her, and all that love and care could do were unremittingly exerted for her benefit.

As Beatrice opened her eyes after her long unconsciousness she looked around in wonder, recognizing nothing. Then they rested in equal wonder upon one who stood by her bedside.

She was slender and fragile in form, with delicate features, whose fine lines seemed rather like ideal beauty than real life. The eyes were large, dark, lustrous, and filled with a wonderful but mournful beauty. Yet all the features, so exquisite in their loveliness, were transcended by the expression that dwelt upon them. It was pure, it was spiritual, it was holy. It was the face of a saint, such a face as appears to the rapt devotee when fasting has done its work, and the quickened imagination grasps at ideal forms till the dwellers in heaven seem to become visible.

In her confused mind Beatrice at first had a faint fancy that she was in another state of existence, and that the form before her was one of those pure intelligences who had been appointed to welcome her there. Perhaps there was some such thought visible upon her face, for the stranger came up to her noiselessly, and stooping down, kissed her.

"You are among friends," said she, in a low, sweet voice. "You have been sick long."

"Where am I?"

"Among loving friends," said the other, "far away from the place where you suffered."

Beatrice sighed.

"I hoped that I had passed away forever," she murmured.

"Not yet, not yet," said the stranger, in a voice of tender yet mournful sweetness, which had in it an unfathomable depth of meaning. "We must wait on here, dear friend, till it be His will to call us."

"And who are you?" asked Beatrice, after a long and anxious look at the face of the speaker.

"My name is Edith Brandon," said the other, gently.

"Brandon!—Edith Brandon!" cried Beatrice, with a vehemence which contrasted strangely with the scarce-audible words with which she had just spoken.

The stranger smiled with the same melancholy sweetness which she had shown before.

"Yes," said she; "but do not agitate yourself, dearest."

"And have you nursed me?"

"Partly. But you are in the house of one who is like an angel in her loving care of you."

"But you—you?" persisted Beatrice; "you did not perish, then, as they said?"

"No," replied the stranger; "it was not permitted me."

"Thank God!" murmured Beatrice, fervently. "*He* has one sorrow less. Did *he* save you?"

"He," said Edith, "of whom you speak does not know that I am alive, nor do I know where he is. Yet some day we will perhaps meet. And now you must not speak. You will agitate yourself too much. Here you have those who love you. For the one who brought you here is one who would lay down his life for yours, dearest—he is Paolo Langhetti."

"Langhetti!" said Beatrice. "Oh, God be thanked!"

"And she who has taken you to her heart and home is his sister."

"His sister Teresa, of whom he used to speak so lovingly? Ah! God is kinder to me than I feared. Ah, me! it is as though I had died and have awaked in heaven."

"But now I will speak no more, and you must speak no more, for you will only increase your agitation. Rest, and another time you can ask what you please."

Edith turned away and walked to one of the windows, where she looked out pensively upon the sea.

From this time Beatrice began to recover rapidly. Langhetti's sister seemed to her almost like an old friend since she had been associated with some of her most pleasant memories. An atmosphere of love was around her: the poor sufferer inhaled the pure and life-giving air, and strength came with every breath.

At length she was able to sit up, and then Langhetti saw her. He greeted her with all the ardent and impassioned warmth which was so striking a characteristic of his impulsive and affectionate nature. Then she saw Despard.

There was something about this man which filled her with indefinable emotions. The knowledge which she had of the mysterious fate of his father did not repel her from him. A wonderful and subtle sympathy seemed at once to arise between the two. The stern face of Despard assumed a softer and more genial expression when he saw her. His tone was gentle and affectionate, almost paternal.

What was the feeling that arose within her heart toward this man? With the one for her father who had inflicted on his father so terrible a fate, how did she dare to look him in the face or exchange words with him? Should she not rather shrink away as once she shrank from Brandon?

Yet she did not shrink. His presence brought a strange peace and calm over her soul. His influence was more potent over her than that of Langhetti. In this strange company he seemed to her to be the centre and the chief.

To Beatrice Edith was an impenetrable mystery. Her whole manner excited her deepest reverence and at the same time her strongest curiosity. The fact that she was *his* sister would of itself have won her heart; but there were other things about her which affected her strangely.

Edith moved among the others with a strange, far-off air, an air at once full of gentle affection, yet preoccupied. Her manner indicated love, yet the love of one who was far above them. She was like some grown person associating with young children whom he loved. "Her soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

Paolo seemed more like an equal; but Paolo himself approached equality only because he could understand her best. He alone could enter into communion with her. Beatrice noticed a profound and unalterable reverence in his manner toward Edith, which was like that which a son might pay a mother, yet more delicate and more chivalrous. All this, however, was beyond her comprehension.

She once questioned Mrs. Thornton, but received no satisfaction. Mrs. Thornton looked mysterious, but shook her head.

"Your brother treats her like a divinity."

"I suppose he thinks she is something more than mortal."

"Do you have that awe of her which I feel?"

"Yes; and so does every one. I feel toward her as though she belonged to another world. She takes no interest in this."

"She nursed me."

"Oh yes! Every act of love or kindness which she can perform she seeks out and does, but now as you grow better she falls back upon herself."

Surrounded by such friends as these Beatrice rapidly regained her strength. Weeks went on, and at length she began to move about, to take long rides and drives, and to stroll through the Park.

During these weeks Paolo made known to her his plans. She embraced them eagerly.

"You have a mission," said he. "It was not for nothing that your divine voice was given to you. I have written my opera under the most extraordinary circumstances. You know what it is. Never have I been able to decide how it should be represented. I have prayed for a Voice. At my time of need you were thrown in my way. My Bice, God has sent you. Let us labor together."

Beatrice grasped eagerly at this idea. To be a singer, to interpret the thoughts of Langhetti, seemed delightful to her. She would then be dependent on no friend. She would be her own mistress. She would not be forced to lead a life of idleness, with her heart preying upon itself. Music would come to her aid. It would be at once the purpose, the employment, and the delight of her life. If there was one thing to her which could alleviate sorrow and grief it was the exultant joy which was created within her by the Divine Art—that Art which alone is common to earth and heaven. And for Beatrice there was this joy, that she had one of those natures which was so sensitive to music that under its power heaven itself appeared to open before her.

All these were lovers of music, and therefore had delights to which common mortals are strangers. To the soul which is endowed with the capacity for understanding the delights of tone there are joys peculiar, at once pure and enduring, which nothing else that this world gives can equal.

Langhetti was the high-priest of this charmed circle. Edith was the presiding or inspiring divinity. Beatrice was the medium of utterance—the Voice that brought down heaven to earth.

Mrs. Thornton and Despard stood apart, the recipients of the sublime effects and holy emotions which the others wrought out within them.

Edith was like the soul.

Langhetti like the mind.

Beatrice resembled the material element by which the spiritual is communicated to man. Hers was the Voice which spoke.

Langhetti thought that they as a trio of powers formed a means of communicating new revelations to man. It was natural indeed that he in his high and generous enthusiasm should have some such thoughts as these, and should look forward with delight to the time when his work should first be performed. Edith, who lived and moved in an atmosphere beyond human feeling, was above the level of his enthusiasm; but Beatrice caught it all, and in her own generous and susceptible nature this purpose of Langhetti produced the most powerful effects.

In the church where Mrs. Thornton and Despard had so often met there was now a new performance. Here Langhetti played, Beatrice sang, Edith smiled as she heard the expression of heavenly ideas, and Despard and Mrs. Thornton found themselves borne away from all common thoughts by the power of that sublime rehearsal.

As time passed and Beatrice grew stronger Langhetti became more impatient about his opera. The voice of Beatrice, always marvelous, had not suffered during her sickness. Nay, if any thing, it had grown better; her soul had gained new susceptibilities since Langhetti last saw her, and since she could understand more and feel more, her expression itself had become more subtle and refined. So that Voice which Langhetti had always called divine had put forth new powers, and he, if he believed himself the High-Priest and Beatrice the Pythian, saw that her inspiration had grown more delicate and more profound.

"We will not set up a new Delphi," said he. "Our revelations are not new. We but give fresh and extraordinary emphasis to old and eternal truths."

In preparing for the great work before them it was necessary to get a name for Beatrice. Her own name was doubly abhorrent—first, from her own life-long hate of it, which later circumstances had intensified; and, secondly, from the damning effect which such a name would have on the fortune of any *artiste*. Langhetti wished her to take his name, but Despard showed an extraordinary pertinacity on this point.

"No," said he, "I am personally concerned in this. I adopted her. She is my sister. Her name is Despard. If she takes any other name I shall consider it as an intolerable slight."

He expressed himself so strongly that Beatrice could not refuse. Formerly she would have considered that it was infamous for her to take that noble name; but now this idea had become weak, and it was with a strange exultation that she yielded to the solicitations of Despard.

Langhetti himself yielded at once. His face bore an expression of delight which seemed inexplicable to Beatrice. She asked him why he felt such pleasure. Was not an Italian name better for a singer? Despard was an English name, and, though aristocratic, was not one which a great singer might have.

"I am thinking of other things, my Bicina," said Langhetti, who had never given up his old, fond, fraternal manner toward her. "It has no connection with art. I do not consider the mere effect of the name for one moment."

"What is it, then, that you do consider?"

"Other things."

"What other things?"

"Not connected with Art," continued Langhetti, evasively. "I will tell you some day when the time comes."

"Now you are exciting my curiosity," said Beatrice, in a low and earnest tone. "You do not know what thoughts you excite within me. Either you ought not to excite such ideas, or if you do, it is your duty to satisfy them."

"It is not time yet."

"What do you mean by that?"

"That is a secret."

"Of course; you make it one; but if it is one connected with me, then surely I ought to know."

"It is not time yet for you to know."

"When will it be time?"

"I can not tell."

"And you will therefore keep it a secret forever?"

"I hope, my Bicina, that the time will come before long."

"Yet why do you wait, if you know or even suspect any thing in which I am concerned?"

"I wish to spare you."

"That is not necessary. Am I so weak that I can not bear to hear any thing which you may have to tell? You forget what a life I have had for two years. Such a life might well prepare me for any thing."

"If it were merely something which might create sorrow I would tell it. I believe that you have a self-reliant nature, which has grown stronger through affliction. But that which I have to tell is different. It is of such a character that it would of necessity destroy any peace of mind which you have, and fill you with hopes and feelings that could never be satisfied."

"Yet even that I could bear. Do you not see that by your very vagueness you are exciting my thoughts and hopes? You do not know what I know."

"What do you know?" asked Langhetti, eagerly.

Beatrice hesitated. No; she could not tell. That would be to tell all the holiest secrets of her heart. For she must then tell about Brandon, and the African island, and the manuscript which he carried and which had been taken from his bosom. Of this she dared not speak.

She was silent.

"You can not *know* any thing," said Langhetti. "You may suspect much. I only have suspicions. Yet it would not be wise to communicate these to you, since they would prove idle and without result."

So the conversation ended, and Langhetti still maintained his secret, though Beatrice hoped to find it out.

At length she was sufficiently recovered to be able to begin the work to which Langhetti wished to lead her. It was August, and Langhetti was impatient to be gone. So when August began he made preparations to depart, and in a few days they were in London. Edith was left with Mrs. Thornton. Beatrice had an attendant who went with her, half chaperon half lady's maid.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE AFFAIRS OF SMITHERS & CO.

FOR more than a year the vast operations of Smithers & Co. had astonished business circles in London. Formerly they had been considered as an eminently respectable house, and as doing a safe business; but of late all this had been changed in so sudden and wonderful a manner that no one could account for it. Leaving aside their old, cautious policy they undertook without hesitation the largest enterprises. Foreign railroads, national loans, vast joint-stock companies—these were the things that now occupied Smithers & Co. The Barings themselves were outrivaled, and Smithers & Co. reached the acme of their sudden glory on one occasion, when they took the new Spanish loan out of the grasp of even the Rothschilds themselves.

How to account for it became the problem. For, allowing the largest possible success in their former business to Smithers & Co., that business had never been of sufficient dimensions to allow of this. Some said that a rich Indian had become a sleeping partner, others declared that the real Smithers was no more to be seen, and that the business was managed by strangers who had bought them out and retained their name. Others again said that Smithers & Co. had made large amounts in California mining speculations. At length the general belief was, that some individuals who had made millions of money in California had bought out Smithers & Co., and were now doing business under their name.

As to their soundness there was no question. Their operations were such as demanded, first of all, ready money in unlimited quantities. This they were always able to command. Between them and the Bank of England there seemed to be the most perfect understanding and the most enviable confidence. The Rothschilds spoke of them with infinite respect. People began to look upon them as the leading house in Europe. The sudden apparition of this tremendous power in the commercial world threw that world into a state of consternation which finally ended in wondering awe.

But Smithers & Co. continued calmly, yet successfully, their great enterprises. The Russian loan of fifteen millions was negotiated by them. They took twenty millions of the French loan, five millions of the Austrian, and two and a half of the Turkish. They took nearly all the stock of the Lyons and Marseilles Railroad. They owned a large portion of the stock of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. They had ten millions of East India stock. California alone, which was now dazzling the world, could account to the common mind for such enormous wealth.

The strangest thing was that Smithers himself was never seen. The business was done by his subordinates. There was a young man who represented the house in public, and who called himself Henderson. He was a person of distinguished aspect, yet of reserved and somewhat melancholy manner. No one pretended to be in his confidence. No one pretended to know whether he was clerk or partner. As he was the only representative of Smithers & Co., he was treated with marked respect wherever he appeared.

The young man, whether partner or clerk, had evidently the supreme control of affairs. He swayed in his own hands the thunder-bolts of his Olympian power. Nothing daunted him. The grandeur of his enterprises dazzled the public mind. His calm antagonism to the great houses of London filled them with surprise. A new power had seized a high place in the commercial world, and the old gods—the Rothschilds, the Barings, and others—looked aghast. At first they tried to despise this interloper; at length they found him at least as strong as themselves, and began to fancy that he might be stronger. A few experiments soon taught them that there was no weakness there. On one occasion the Rothschilds, true to their ordinary selfish policy, made a desperate attempt to crush the new house which dared to enter into rivalry with them. Widespread plans were arranged in such a way that large demands were made upon them on one day. The amount was nearly two millions. Smithers & Co. showed not the smallest hesitation. Henderson, their representative, did not even take the trouble to confer with the Bank of England. He sent his orders to the Bank. The money was furnished. It was the Directors of the Bank of England who looked aghast at this struggle between Rothschild and Smithers & Co. The gold in the Bank vaults sank low, and the next day the rates of discount were raised. All London felt the result of that struggle.

Smithers & Co. waited for a few months, and then suddenly retorted with terrific force. The obligations of the Rothschilds were obtained from all quarters—some which were due were held over and not presented till the appointed day. Obligations in many forms—in all the forms of indebtedness that may arise in a vast business—all these had been collected from various quarters with untiring industry and extraordinary outlay of care and money. At last in one day they were all poured upon the Rothschilds. Nearly four millions of money were required to meet that demand.

The great house of Rothschild reeled under the blow. Smithers & Co. were the ones who administered it. James Rothschild had a private interview with the Directors of the Bank of England. There was a sudden and enormous sale of securities that day on 'Change. In selling out such large amounts the loss was enormous. It was difficult to find purchasers, but Smithers & Co. stepped forward and bought nearly all that was offered. The Rothschilds saved themselves, of course, but at a terrible loss, which became the profits of Smithers & Co.

The Rothschilds retreated from the conflict terly routed, and glad to escape disaster of worse kind. Smithers & Co. came forth victorious. They had beaten the Rothschilds at their own game, and had made at least half a million. All London rang with the story. It was a bitter humiliation for that proud Jewish house which for years had never met with a rival. Yet there was no help, nor was there the slightest chance of revenge. They were forced to swallow the result as best they could, and to try to regain what they had lost.

After this the pale and melancholy face of Henderson excited a deeper interest. This was the man who had beaten the Rothschilds—the strongest capitalist in the world. In his financial operations he continued as calm, as grave, and as immovable as ever. He would risk millions without moving a muscle of his countenance. Yet so sagacious was he, so wide-spread were his agencies, so accurate was his secret information, that his plans scarcely ever failed. His capital was so vast that it often gave him control of the market. Coming into the field untrammeled as the older houses were, he had a larger control of money than any of them, and far greater freedom of action.

After a time the Rothschilds, the Barings, and other great bankers, began to learn that Smithers & Co. had vast funds every where, in all the capitals of Europe, and in America. Even in the West Indies their operations were extensive. Their old Australian agency was enlarged, and a new banking-house founded by them in Calcutta began to act on the same vast scale as the leading house at London. Smithers & Co. also continued to carry on a policy which was hostile to those older bankers. The Rothschilds in particular felt this, and were in perpetual dread of a renewal of that tremendous assault under which they had once nearly gone down. They became timid, and were compelled to arrange their business so as to guard against this possibility. This, of course, checked their operations, and widened and enlarged the field of action for their rivals.

No one knew any thing whatever about Henderson. None of the clerks could tell any thing concerning him. They were all new hands. None of them had ever seen Smithers. They all believed that Henderson was the junior partner, and that the senior spent his time abroad. From this it began to be believed that Smithers staid in California digging gold, which he diligently remitted to the London house.

At length the clerks began to speak mysteriously of a man who came from time to time to the office, and whose whole manner showed him to possess authority there. The treatment which he received from Henderson—at once cordial and affectionate—showed them to be most intimate and friendly; and from words which were dropped they all thought him to be the senior partner. Yet he appeared to be very little older than Henderson, if as old, and no one even knew his name. If any thing could add to the interest with which the house of Smithers & Co. was regarded it was this impenetrable mystery, which baffled not merely outsiders but even the clerks themselves.

Shortly after the departure of Langhetti and Beatrice from Holby two men were seated in the inner parlor of the office of Smithers & Co. One was the man known as Henderson, the other the mysterious senior partner.

They had just come in and letters were lying on the table.

"You've got a large number this morning, Frank?" said the senior partner.

"Yes," said Frank, turning them over; "and here, Louis, is one for you." He took out a letter from the pile and handed it to Louis. "It's from your Brandon Hall correspondent," he added.

Louis sat down and opened it. The letter was as follows:

"*August* 15, 1849.

"DEAR SIR,—I have had nothing in particular to write since the flight of Miss Potts, except to tell you what they were doing. I have already informed you that they kept three spies at Holby to watch her. One of these returned, as I told you in my last letter, with the information that she had gone to London with a party named Langhetti. Ever since then *they* have been talking it over, and have come to the conclusion to get a detective, and keep him busy watching her with the idea of getting her back, I think. I hope to God they will not get her back. If you take any interest in her, Sir, as you appear to do, I hope you will use your powerful arm to save her. It will be terrible if she has to come back here. She will die, I know. Hoping soon to have something more to communicate,

"I remain, yours respectfully,

"E. L.

"MR. SMITHERS, Sen., London."

Louis read this letter over several times and fell into deep thought.

Frank went on reading his letters, looking up from time to time. At last he put down the last one.

"Louis!" said he.

Louis looked up.

"You came so late last night that I haven't

"AS BEATRICE OPENED HER EYES AFTER HER LONG UNCONSCIOUSNESS SHE LOOKED AROUND IN WONDER."—[SEE CHAPTER XXXV.]

had a chance to speak about any thing yet. I want to tell you something very important."

"Well!"

"Langhetti is alive."

"I know it."

"You knew it! When? Why did you not tell me?"

"I didn't want to tell any thing that might distract you from your purpose."

"I am not a child, Louis! After my victory over Rothschild I ought to be worthy of your confidence."

"That's not the point, Frank," said Louis; "but I know your affection for the man, and I thought you would give up all to find him."

"Well!"

"Well. I thought it would be better to let nothing interpose now between us and our purpose. No," he continued, with a stern tone, "no, no one however dear, however loved, and therefore I said nothing about Langhetti. I thought that your generous heart would only be distressed. You would feel like giving up every thing to find him out and see him, and, therefore, I did not wish you even to know it. Yet I have kept an account of his movements, and know where he is now."

"He is here in London," said Frank, with deep emotion.

"Yes, thank God!" said Louis. "You will see him, and we all will be able to meet some day."

"But," asked Frank, "do you not think Langhetti is a man to be trusted?"

"That is not the point," replied Louis. "I believe Langhetti is one of the noblest men that ever lived. It must be so from what I have heard. All my life I will cherish his name and try to assist him in every possible way. I believe also that if we requested it he might perhaps keep our secret. But that is not the point, Frank. This is the way I look at it: We are dead. Our deaths have been recorded. Louis Brandon and Frank Brandon have perished. I am Wheeler, or Smithers, or Forsyth, or any body else; you are Henderson. We keep our secret because we have a purpose before us. Our father calls us from his tomb to its accomplishment. Our mother summons us. Our sweet sister Edith, from her grave of horror unutterable, calls us. All personal feeling must stand aside, Frank—yours and mine—whatever they be, till we have done our duty."

"You are right, Louis," said Frank, sternly.

"Langhetti is in London," continued Louis. "You will not see him, but you can show your gratitude, and so can I. He is going to hire an opera-house to bring out an opera; I saw that in the papers. It is a thing full of risk, but he perhaps does not think of that. Let us enable him to gain the desire of his heart. Let us fill the house for him. You can send your agents to furnish tickets to people who may make the audience; or you can send around those who can praise him sufficiently. I don't know what his opera may be worth. I know, however, from what I have learned, that he has musical genius; and I think if we give him a good start he will succeed. That is the way to show your gratitude, Frank."

"I'll arrange all that!" said Frank. "The house shall be crowded. I'll send an agent to him—I can easily find out where he is, I suppose—and make him an offer of Covent Garden theatre on his own terms. Yes, Langhetti shall have a fair chance. I'll arrange a plan to enforce success."

"Do so, and you will keep him permanently in London till the time comes when we can arise from the dead."

They were silent for a long time. Louis had thoughts of his own, excited by the letter which he had received, and these thoughts he did not care to utter. One thing was a secret even from Frank.

And what could he do? That Beatrice had fallen among friends he well knew. He had found this out when, after receiving a letter from Philips about her flight, he had hurried there and learned the result. Then he had himself gone to Holby, and found that she was at Mrs. Thornton's. He had watched till she had recovered. He had seen her as she took a drive in Thornton's carriage. He had left an agent there to write him about her when he left.

What was he to do now? He read the letter over again. He paused at that sentence: "They have been talking it over, and have come to the conclusion to get a detective, and keep him busy watching her with the idea of getting her back."

What was the nature of this danger? Beatrice was of age. She was with Langhetti. She was her own mistress. Could there be any danger of her being taken back against her will? The villains at Brandon Hall were sufficiently unscrupulous, but would they dare to commit any violence? and if they did, would not Langhetti's protection save her?

Such were his thoughts. Yet, on the other hand, he considered the fact that she was inexperienced, and might have peculiar ideas about a father's authority. If Potts came himself, demanding her return, perhaps, out of a mistaken sense of filial duty, she might go with him. Or, even if she was unwilling to do so, she might yield to coercion, and not feel justified in resisting. The possibility of this filled him with horror. The idea of her being taken back to live under the power of those miscreants from whom she had escaped was intolerable. Yet he knew not what to do.

Between him and her there was a gulf unfathomable, impassable. She was one of that accursed brood which he was seeking to exterminate. He would spare her if possible; he would gladly lay down his life to save her from one moment's misery; but if she stood in the way of his vengeance, could he—dared he stay that vengeance? For that he would sacrifice life itself! Would he refuse to sacrifice even *her* if she were more dear than life itself?

Yet here was a case in which she was no longer connected with, but striving to sever herself from them. She was flying from that accursed father of hers. Would he stand idly by, and see her in danger? That were impossible. All along, ever since his return to England, he had watched over her, unseen himself and unsuspected by her, and had followed her footsteps when she fled. To desert her now was impossible. The only question with him was—how to watch her or guard her.

One thing gave him comfort, and that was the guardianship of Langhetti. This he thought was sufficient to insure her safety. For surely Langhetti would know the character of her enemies as well as Beatrice herself, and so guard her as to insure her safety from any attempt of theirs. He therefore placed his chief reliance on Langhetti, and determined merely to secure some one who would watch over her, and let him know from day to day how she fared. Had he thought it necessary he would have sent a band of men to watch and guard her by day and night; but this idea never entered his mind for the simple reason that he did not think the danger was pressing. England was after all a country of law, and even a father could not carry off his daughter against her will when she was of age. So he comforted himself.

"Well," said he, at last, rousing himself from his abstraction, "how is Potts now?"

"Deeper than ever," answered Frank, quietly.

"The Brandon Bank—"

"The Brandon Bank has been going at a rate that would have foundered any other concern long ago. There's not a man that I sent there who has not been welcomed and obtained all that he wanted. Most of the money that they advanced has been to men that I sent. They drew on us for the money and sent us various securities of their own, holding the securities of these applicants. It is simply bewildering to think how easily that scoundrel fell into the snare."

"When a man has made a fortune easily he gets rid of it easily," said Louis, laconically.

"Potts thinks that all his applicants are leading men of the county. I take good care that they go there as baronets at least. Some are lords. He is overpowered in the presence of these lords, and gives them what they ask on their own terms. In his letters he has made some attempts at an expression of gratitude for our great liberality. This I enjoyed somewhat. The villain is not a difficult one to manage, at least in the financial way. I leave the dénouement to you, Louis."

"The dénouement must not be long delayed now."

"Well, for that matter things are so arranged that we may have 'the beginning of the end' as soon as you choose."

"What are the debts of the Brandon Bank to us now?"

"Five hundred and fifteen thousand one hundred and fifty pounds," said Frank.

"Five hundred thousand—very good," returned Louis, thoughtfully. "And how is the sum secured?"

"Chiefly by acknowledgments from the bank with the indorsement of John Potts, President."

"What are the other liabilities?"

"He has implored me to purchase for him or sell him some California stock. I have reluctantly consented to do so," continued Frank, with a sardonic smile, "entirely through the request of my senior, and he has taken a hundred shares at a thousand pounds each."

"One hundred thousand pounds," said Louis.

"I consented to take his notes," continued Frank, "purely out of regard to the recommendations of my senior."

"Any thing else?" asked Louis.

"He urged me to recommend him to a good broker who might purchase stock for him in reliable companies. I created a broker and recommended him. He asked me also confidentially to tell him which stocks were best, so I kindly advised him to purchase the Mexican and the Guatemala loan. I also recommended the Venezuela bonds. I threw all these into the market, and by dextrous manipulation raised the price to 3 per cent. premium. He paid £103 for every £100. When he wants to sell out, as he may one day wish to do, he will be lucky if he gets £35 per cent."

"How much did he buy?"

"Mexican loan, fifty thousand; Guatemala, fifty thousand: and Venezuela bonds, fifty thousand."

"He is quite lavish."

"Oh, quite. That makes it so pleasant to do business with him."

"Did you advance the money for this?"

"He did not ask it. He raised the money somehow, perhaps from our old advances, and bought them from the broker. The broker was of course myself. The beauty of all this is, that I send applicants for money, who give their notes; he gets money from me and gives his notes to me, and then advances the money to these applicants, who bring it back to me. It's odd, isn't it?"

Louis smiled.

"Has he no *bona fide* debtors in his own county?"

"Oh yes, plenty of them; but more than half of his advances have been made to my men."

"Did you hint any thing about issuing notes?"

"Oh yes, and the bait took wonderfully. He made his bank a bank of issue at once, and sent out a hundred and fifty thousand pounds in notes. I think it was in this way that he got the money for all that American stock. At any rate, it helped him. As he has only a small supply of gold in his vaults, you may very readily conjecture his peculiar position."

Louis was silent for a time.

"You have managed admirably, Frank," said he at last.

"Oh," rejoined Frank, "Potts is very small game, financially. There is no skill needed in playing with him. He is such a clumsy bungler that he does whatever one wishes. There is not even excitement. Whatever I tell him to do he does. Now if I were anxious to crush the Rothschilds, it would be very different. There would then be a chance for skill."

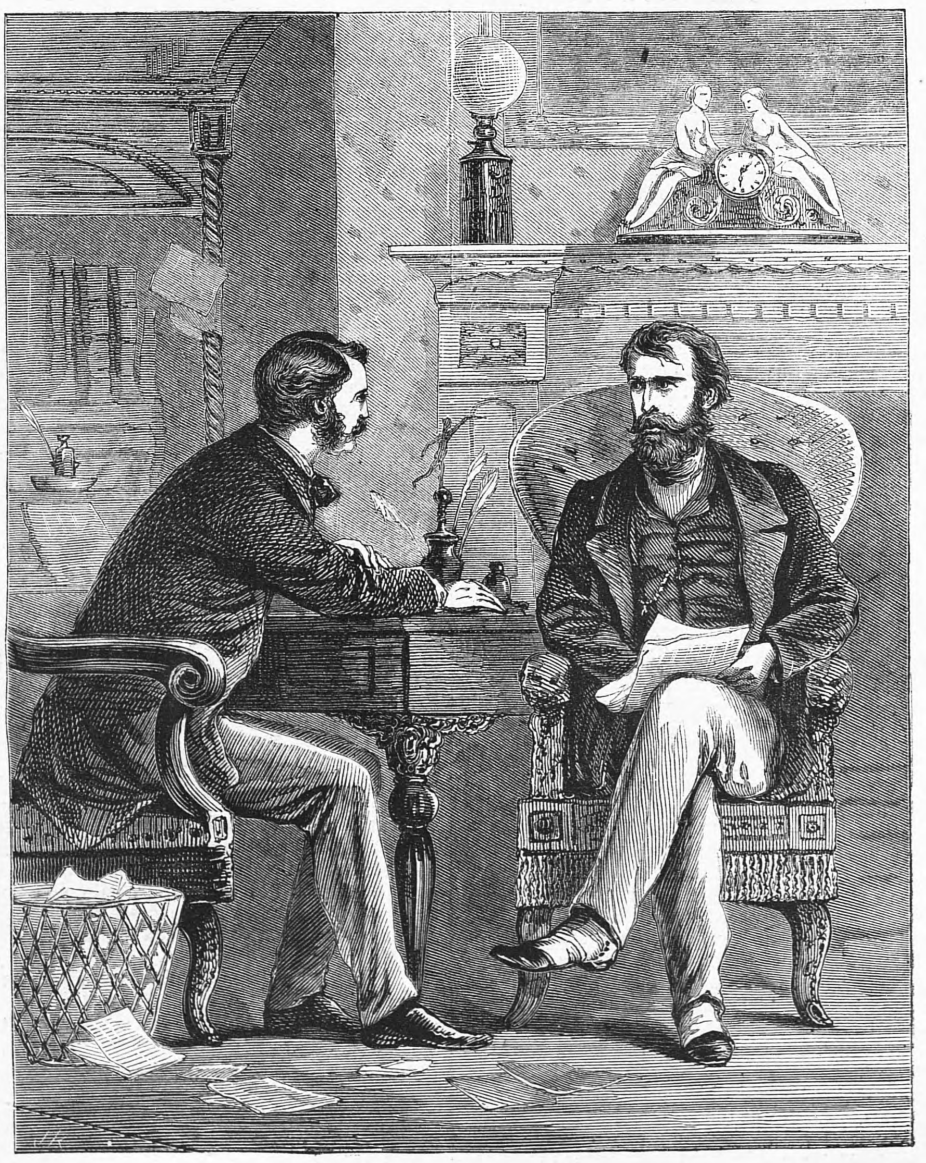
"You have had the chance."

"I did not wish to ruin them," said Frank. "Too many innocent people would have suffered. I only wished to alarm them. I rather think, from what I hear, that they were a little disturbed on that day when they had to pay four millions. Yet I could have crushed them if I had chosen, and I managed things so as to let them see this."

"How?"

"I controlled other engagements of theirs, and on the same day I magnanimously wrote them a letter, saying that I would not press for payment, as their notes were as good to me as money. Had I pressed they would have gone down. Nothing could have saved them. But I did not wish that. The fact is they have locked up their means very much, and have been rather careless of late. They have learned a lesson now."

Louis relapsed into his reflections, and Frank began to answer his letters.



"LANGHETTI IS ALIVE."

OLD JACK FROST.

OLD King Jack Frost, in his palace of ice,
Sat blowing his fingers old;
He cough'd and he sneezed once or twice,
And said he, "It is rather cold.

"I've half a good mind to have a run—
For it's dreary and cheerless here—
A little way southward, and look at the sun,
For I've not been there for a year."

Then up he rose from his sparry throne,
And a hale old fellow is he:
He called for his skates, and he buckled them on,
And he skated the frozen sea.

Away, away, on his lonely track,
He sped through the long, long night;
The polar star shone full on his back,
And so did the northern light.

Away, away, still onward he hies,
Watching for break of day,
And he saw the sun in the morning rise,
But he laugh'd at his feeble ray.

He met a wagoner on his way,
And he tweak'd him by the nose;
He caught some boys and girls at play,
And he bit their fingers and toes.

He trampled all over the garden beds,
And cut the kidney beans,
Made dahlias and hollyhocks hang their heads,
And nipp'd the potatoes and greens.

The pansies that grew by the garden gate
He crush'd almost to death;
He found a young rose that had lingered too late,
And wither'd it with his breath.

He tempted the heedless on to the lakes,
When the treacherous ice was thin;
"It cracks—it bears, it bends—it breaks!"
And he laugh'd as they tumbled in.

He peer'd into every fissure and hole,
Each cranny he crawled through;
Then slyly down into the cellar he stole,
And crack'd a bottle or two.

He seal'd up the pump and the water pot,
And fetter'd the running stream;
Then in at the dairy window he got,
And feasted on icy cream.

He crept in the kitchen and parlor too,
And gave us colds in our heads;
And 'twas almost as much as we could do
To keep him out of our beds.

He climb'd up the trees, and stript them bare,
And flung all their leaves below;
Then shook the powder out of his hair,
And cover'd the ground with snow.

He polish'd the pavement under our feet,
As some found out to their cost;
And when an old woman tripp'd up in the street,
"Ha! ha!" said old Jack Frost.

But soon he became a troublesome guest,
And we shrank from his antics wild:
When lo! a young Zephyr came out of the west,
And bid him to draw it mild.

In her presence the old fellow stood subdued;
As soon as her breath he felt;
His bite was less sharp, and his pinch less rude,
For his heart began to melt.

Through fields and forests she wander'd forth,
And lighten'd each snow-bent spray;
So Jack turn'd again to his home in the north,
And weeping, he went away.

MAY AND HER STOCKING.

WHEN little May was five years old her mother gave her, for a birthday present, four bright knitting-needles and a ball of worsted, and began her first stocking for her. Little May watched her mother knitting, and thought it looked very easy, pleasant work. Presently her father came in and called her mother, who at once laid down the stocking and left the room. May called after her as she was going through the door, to know if she might go on with the stocking. Her mother said "Yes," without listening to her; and May took up the stocking, went out of doors, sat down under a tree, and began to knit. The first row, which her mother had begun, went smoothly enough, but when she had finished it she did not know what to do next, and looked about for some one to help her.

"The Spider would be sure to know, for he does much more difficult things than this," said she; so she went to look for a spider. She soon found one, spinning a beautiful round web on a rose-bush.

"Oh! Spider," said she, "will you show me how to knit my stocking?"

"Let me look at it," said the Spider; so May showed it him.

"You see I have done this row," said she, "mother did the rest; and now I don't know how to go on, or where to put my thread."

"Thread! I see no thread," said the Spider; "and what are those great pokers for?"

"These are knitting-needles, not pokers," said May; "pokers are much bigger; here is my thread," and she held it straight before the Spider's eyes.

"Do you call that thing a thread?" said the Spider, disdainfully; "I call it a rope; don't bring such great ugly things near me. Ah! take care" (as May turned her stocking round), "you will spoil my web if you touch it with your pokers. I am too busy to talk to you, so good-day. When you learn to work with proper materials perhaps I may help you," and the Spider began to spin again.

"You rude creature!" said May, "my thread is not a rope, and my needles are not pokers: you know they aren't, and you only call them so because you don't know how to knit."

"He! he!" laughed the Spider.

So May walked on with her stocking in her hand, and presently sat down by a brook that flowed through the copse. A little Mouse peeped at her with his bright eyes. "What are you doing?" said May.

"Making a nest," said the Mouse.

"Do you know how to knit?" said May.

"No," said the Mouse; "but what is this?" running up to May's knitting, which she had laid down by her side. "Oh! this is just what I want," and he showed his sharp teeth.

"Oh, don't!" cried May; "you will spoil my stocking, and it is not good to eat."

"Only a little bit," pleaded the Mouse. "I have been looking all day for something soft for my nest, and I can't find any thing."

"That is very sad," said May; "I will unwind my ball of worsted, and give you a little bit off the other end;" and she began to unwind it.

"Ah!" quoth a Magpie, flying down from an elm-tree, "if you are going to do that, you may as well give me some too, for I am building my nest in yonder tree."

"You shall have some, if you will have patience," said May, gravely. "But if you touch my wool before it is unwound you sha'n't have a bit."

"Very well," said the Mouse; "then I will come back when you are ready," and he ran into a hole.

But the Magpie, who was inclined for a gossip, seated herself on a log of wood near, and every now and then May felt a sharp pull at her worsted, but when she looked up to see who was the offender, the Magpie was always quietly seated in the same place.

"What *can* you do with such a quantity of wool?" said the Magpie, at last. "You might build twenty nests with it, though I dare say you want rather a big one."

"I am not going to build a nest," said May, "but to knit some stockings, and mother says they take a great deal of wool."

"What are stockings?" asked the Magpie.

"Things to put on one's feet to keep them warm," replied May. "Don't your feet get very cold without any?"

"No," said the Magpie; "not this warm weather. Sometimes the frost is rather sharp at night, and then I tuck one of my feet under my feathers like this"—(and she tucked up one of her legs). "Why don't you do so too? It would save you a great deal of trouble."

"I don't think it would be very comfortable," said May.

"Oh yes, it is," said the Magpie; "just try. Look here! one leg at a time, and when that is warm tuck up the other instead."

"But," said May, balancing herself on one leg, "I feel as if I should tumble down."

"No, you won't," said the Magpie. "If you practice every day, you will soon get used to it."

At that moment something gave May's thread such a violent jerk that the ball flew out of her hand. She stooped to pick it up, but it rolled away. She ran after it to catch it, and found that the Magpie was at the other end of it, and was flying away with the stocking in her mouth.

"Stop! stop!" cried May; "you have got my stocking."

But the Magpie only flew faster, and poor May sat down and cried.

"What is the matter?" said the Mouse, peeping out of his hole.

"Oh!" sobbed May, "the Magpie has stolen my stocking, and all my needles but this one, which I had in my hand; and my worsted has rolled away."

"Why," said the Mouse, "I thought you had unwound it."

"I was just going to," said May; "but I was listening to the Magpie."

"Ah!" said the Mouse, "those chatter-boxes are not to be trusted. Now let us look for your worsted."

So they hunted about for a long time; but even such bright eyes as May's and the little Mouse's could not find it; and as it began to grow dark poor May went sadly home.

The Magpie meanwhile flew away with her booty until she considered herself quite safe from pursuit, and she sat down on a tree to rest.

"How my feet are entangled in this worsted!" said she, "and how uncomfortable it is! I am glad I am not obliged to wear it always like little May. No wonder she can't fly, poor thing! I have lost one of the bright sticks, and I dare not go back for it; any how, I will put these three away among the family treasures. I hope no other Magpie will find them—some of them are such thieves, nothing they see is safe from them, especially if it is bright."

So saying, she carefully deposited the needles in a hole in a tree, which served her for a store-house, and then set to work to disentangle her feet. But the worsted broke, and one end of it remained twisted in a tight knot round her left leg, and gave her considerable pain, and as she flew slowly homeward she pondered in her own mind whether the possession of two bright knitting-needles fully counterbalanced the pain in her left leg, and what the poor human beings did who were always obliged to have wool twisted round their feet if they wished to be warm.

The next day May went again to look for her ball of worsted; she could see nothing of her friend the Mouse, and it was dull work looking by herself, so presently she sat down by a tree, and before long she heard chit-chat above her; it sounded like the Magpie's voice, but much less merry than usual. However, she was not mistaken, for in a few minutes down flew the Magpie herself, and perched on a little twig opposite May, holding up one leg.

"Good-morning," said the Magpie; "how do you feel, my dear, this fine morning?"

"How do I feel?" said May, indignantly. "Where are my needles and my worsted, you unkind, ungrateful bird?"

"Gently, gently," said the Magpie; "I have no doubt they are quite safe; and now, my dear, I want you to do me a little service. I have somehow got something twisted round my leg, which gives me great pain, and I want you to undo it for me. I could not get a wink of sleep all last night, and this morning my leg is so swollen I can hardly move it."

May did not like to be unkind, so she bent down to examine the Magpie's leg, but started up again.

"You have got some of my worsted twisted round it; it was very wicked of you to take it."

"Why," said the Magpie, "you promised to give me some."

"Yes," said May, "I was just going to give you *some*, but you took it *all*, and now I can't knit father's stockings;" and she began to cry.

"Don't cry," said the Magpie; "you see I waited a long time, and you only sat with your mouth open, and had hardly begun to unwind your worsted when I took it."

"That was because you were talking," said May.

"Ah!" said the Magpie, "you should not listen to people who talk, when you have something better to do; you ought to be much obliged to me for teaching you such a good lesson. And now, could you not begin to undo the string round my leg? If you only *knew* how it hurts me!"

So May set to work with her little fingers; but the knot was so tight that she could not undo it, and only hurt the poor Magpie more. At last she remembered a very tiny pair of scissors which her aunt had given her, so she said, "Wait a moment while I fetch my scissors;" and off she ran, and soon came back with a small pair of very bright scissors in her hand.

Very gently she cut first one thread then another, while the Magpie stood very patiently, looking enviously at the bright scissors May was working with.

"Thank you! thank you!" said the Magpie, when at last she felt her leg free. "Now I feel like a different creature, though my leg is still rather sore."

"Will you not tell me where my wool and needles are?" asked May.

"I really know nothing about your ball of wool," said the Magpie. "There is this piece of worsted which has just come off my leg, which you are quite welcome to; and there was a good deal hanging to the trees last night, but most of that was collected for nests early this morning. I should have liked some myself, but I felt too ill to move."

"But don't you know where my needles are?" asked poor May, mournfully.

"Well," said the Magpie, "after—but—certainly—one good turn deserves another, and I might have died but for you." So off she flew, and disappeared among the trees.

"She might have said 'Thank you!'" thought May.

But presently the Magpie returned, carrying in her beak something long and bright, which she laid at May's feet.

"Oh, my knitting-needle!" cried May.

"There," said the Magpie; "good-by. I feel as if I could eat my breakfast now."

"Oh!" cried May, "won't you bring back the other two needles first? If you will, and if I can get some worsted, I will knit you some stockings when I have finished father's."

"No, thank you," said the Magpie, "I have had quite enough of stockings. I am sorry to disappoint you at the same time, particularly as you have been so good-natured; but remember that I have had none of the wool you promised me, so it is but fair we should share the needles. Good-by, my dear! I really must build my nest

"WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH SUCH A QUANTITY OF WOOL?" SAID THE MAGPIE.

and get my breakfast, for I declare I am getting ravenous. By-by! I hope we shall meet again!"

"I don't ever want to see a Magpie again!" said May, emphatically, as she flew off; but the Magpie either did not hear or did not care, and May went home sorrowfully, having only recovered one needle out of the three that had been stolen.

The next morning Mrs. Mag went to her store-house to inspect her remaining treasures, but when she had kicked away the dry leaves which covered the collection, to her horror and surprise she found that her beautiful bright sticks were gone, and that in their place were sticks of the same size, but of a dark brown color.

"This is some trick of my mischievous cousins the Jackdaws," cried she. "But to think that I should have wasted my time and had that dreadful stuff round my foot, and yet get nothing at the end but these ugly sticks!" and the Magpie kicked them indignantly out of her store-house.

In course of time May got another set of needles and fresh worsted, and soon learned to knit her father's stockings. She never saw either the Magpie or the Mouse again, or heard any thing more about her lost needles and worsted, though all through that spring and summer she inquired anxiously about them of every Magpie and Mouse she met; but she drew two useful conclusions from her adventure: namely, that Magpies and chatterers in general are to be listened to with caution, and that it is generally better to fold up one's work neatly, and put it away before beginning to practice standing on one leg, or any other accomplishment, however useful or desirable.

FROM AN IMPECUNIOUS YOUNG LADY.

MY DEAR BAZAR,—When people are impecunious I have always heard that they write to the papers for information and assistance. I don't mean under the head of wants exactly, for I am not after a situation. My education for housework has been too diffuse, and my talents for teaching were too sorely tried by a Sunday-school class I once undertook for three weeks to attempt that branch of employment.

However, as I said before, I am impecunious, totally and entirely, and the only way I see to get out of the scrape is to be married. But there's the rub. I have never had a lover, nor do I know any young man among my acquaintance who is likely to propose. How to get one is the question. I do not exactly like to advertise, for two reasons: in the first place, there is such an uncertainty about it; and in the second, I have nothing wherewith to pay for the insertion. Then again the applicants of the other sex have such a preference for beauty and a sweet disposition, neither of which I can lay claim to; although my aunt always said my figure and carriage were remarkably fine, and my temper very good when I wasn't crossed.

My aunt is a match-maker. She was born a match-maker, and her education has but added to her proficiency, so that having obtained two husbands for her own portion, she has been at liberty for the past five years to expend her energies on me. Numberless have been the young men she has decoyed to the house with skating, and croquet, and tableaux, and dancing, all having me for their object, and all, alas, in vain. I don't think it is my fault. I like the young men, and I do my very best to make myself agreeable, for my own sake as well as aunt's. She would like to see me settled in life, she says, for she feels her days are uncertain, and there is no dependence to be placed on my step-uncle. She declares he will marry again—men always do—and then things turn up so unaccountably after the loss of a partner that there is no calculation to be made on the future.

My step-uncle is stingy. Aunt says he is saving every thing for her successor, which, true or not, adds mournfully to my impecuniosity, since I am dependent on her.

So I feel that for all our sakes it is my duty to marry speedily, and marry, not a country parsonage with five hundred a year, but a brown-stone front and a coupé. With this end in view I have been looking around for some time, until I begin to find that I am not so young as I once was, and my schoolmates have all changed their names.

Then I am obliged to keep up a stylish appearance, for we live handsomely, and give dinner-parties and sociables, and I must dress as becomes them. A hundred dollars a month, however, goes no distance, and my penurious step-uncle will not allow me another cent. He has the effrontery, indeed, to tell me that times are hard and I must economize, as if such a thing were possible for an impecunious female. Once he actually had the impudence to suggest that I might earn my own living, as if one of our family could stoop to such degradation. Aunt soothed my tears over this insult by assuring me that he was a beast to dream of it, and she would invite a wealthy widower to dinner to console me. The widower, however, talked all the time about his first wife, and if there's any thing I hate it is to have somebody else's virtues held up to me.

That evening there was to be a grand masquerade reunion sociable of our set, and I made up my mind to secure a husband, for there are so many things to be said under a mask that *may* result seriously; and, moreover, when a man can not tell whether you are pretty or ugly, he may get involved before he knows it. If I could only gain a suit for breach of promise it might be a slight help, but thus far there had been no promise, and I felt that now or never was my time.

Then, again, our set was always so select and aristocratic that I felt no hesitation about committing myself, for only the best matches were invited, and we never pretended to mingle with the plebeians at the other end of the town. Animated by these sentiments I attired myself gorgeously as Cleopatra the enslaver, and went forth conquering and to conquer. Aunt kissed me and gave me her best wishes, not venturing to accompany me for fear of recognition, which might frustrate my good intentions. I entered the room with a queenly step—so whispered a tall black domino, and offered me his arm for a promenade. This was most encouraging. Never had a gentleman so distinguished me before, for I had been one of those unfortunates called wall-flowers, whose destiny it is too often to blush unseen. With difficulty disguising my voice I accepted in dulcet tones, and matters were soon in rapid progression. He called me his charmer; I retaliated by a playful poke with my fan and dubbed him Mark Antony, not mentioning that I had spent the afternoon in reading up. One dance after another he claimed, sweetening the figures with softest speeches, and I was in an Elysium. Who could this black domino—this unknown gallant—be? My heart was all quivering with the darts of the little god, especially when the unknown spoke of his horses and carriage, and asked me if I thought I would like a trip to Europe. He begged a flower from my bouquet, which I willingly presented, as he vowed he would cherish it always. Never had an evening sped so rapidly; but just as matters were coming to a crisis the order was given to unmask, and reluctantly we parted with the arrangement that I should hold my handkerchief in my left hand coming down stairs, and he would place himself by the piano for recognition.

How can I tell what followed? I tripped blushingly down, with my kerchief in the approved style, and beheld—young Simpkins, the engaged and devoted property of Stella Syllabub, and as poor as a beggar into the bargain.

There he stood, as demurely as you please, till happening to catch sight of me, the corners of his mouth twitched, and he turned to speak to his inamorata.

It was too much. In imagination I heard him narrating my tender speeches and quizzing my soft sighs to the most satirical girl in all Villatown, and one who had never ceased envying my fine figure. It flashed across my mind that it was a preconcerted plan for the express purpose of mortifying me, and maddened by the thought I rushed from the room. I could not stay where my budding affections had been so cruelly blighted, and, without stopping to wait for the carriage, I hastened home. I can not describe Aunt's disappointment. She had built so much on the success of this party that I feared the blow would prostrate her beyond recovery, in which case Number Two would undoubtedly step in and my impecunious self step out. But this time it was not to be, and I rejoice to say that she still lives to aid me with her valuable suggestions.

Meanwhile time is going by, and I fear my chances with it. They do say that no woman goes through life without an offer, but I very much fear I am doomed to be the exception which proves the rule. It may be that my destiny was killed in the war, and I shall be forced to take up with one of those boys whom the girls seem to fancy nowadays. Perhaps it might be well to adopt one and train him up in the capacity of husband. I submit the subject to the *Bazar*; for it seems to me that a well-trained, obedient husband is a very excellent thing.

Last summer Aunt took me to a watering-place. It was expensive, she said, but she felt she must do her duty by her own brother's child. There was nothing eligible, however, and we soon came home, to the great delight of my step-uncle, who is increasingly stingy. This winter I wanted a velvet cloak, but the mean wretch would not give it to me unless I should get engaged. He said he had noticed that it was the fashion in our set for young ladies to appear in velvet cloaks as soon as they had secured a partner, and I must not deviate from the rule. Did you ever know such cruelty? And to think that I, a high-spirited female, with blue blood in my veins, am dependent on this creature! But then I am impecunious.

I really feel ashamed to go to church nowadays in a cloth cloak; but Aunt tells me it is my duty to keep myself before society, and so I obey her. She says if I desert my friends they will desert me, and I must remember that her health is precarious. So I go every where—on straw-rides in summer, and skating-parties in winter, though I must confess that my limbs are getting a little stiff for either amusement nowadays. There are very few of my contemporaries left single; and I can not understand how a cultivated, refined person like myself receives so little attention from gentlemen. I should think they would prefer intelligent conversation with me to the silly school-girl twaddle of the pert young misses whom I can perfectly remember in long clothes. And yet they pass me unheeded by!

Many a time, just as aunt has effected my introduction to some desirable *parti*, have I known the individual in question, to beg me to excuse him for a few minutes, and deliberately join a more juvenile lady. And after vainly awaiting his return I have been forced to conclude that "a few minutes" meant the entire evening. And all merely because I am impecunious.

Aunt has been so kind I can't bear to disappoint her. She knows I have too much native delicacy to invite gentlemen to call on me, so she has kindly contrived all manner of little entertainments, and requested the pleasure of their company. They never fail to come, I notice, and are very polite in our house, but singular to relate, their attentions do not amount to any thing. I have them all to myself in the little parlor, and as aunt only sends for one at a time there is no possibility of any interruption. I am really quite anxious to take part in something like the love stories I read in your pleasant columns, but as yet the occasion is wanting.

I know it is only my impecuniosity that is in the way, and lately I have tried to turn even it to account. After this fashion: I heard that all the young men were in despair these hard times about getting married, because the girls were so extravagant it was really an impossibility, and they had even formed clubs for the promotion of bachelors. So I attired myself very plainly, as would be proper for a sensible, marriageable woman, and attended our sociable, although I knew I looked like a fright. But goodness, if I was neglected before, I was positively snubbed now by these same fickle gentlemen. A handsome dress had occasionally won me an invitation to dance; but that entire evening I remained sitting in a corner, solitary and alone.

It is my opinion that men are a very deceitful race. They give out that they can't afford to marry because women are extravagant and dressy; and then, when the self-sacrificing creatures dispense with the plaiting of hair and putting on of apparel, merely to gratify these same men, they don't come any where near them. The impecuniosity of the age is due to them far more than the fair sex, for to *their* fancies do these devoted victims minister; and if there were no men in the world there would be precious few jewels and ribbons worn.

So finding that my impecunious efforts were not crowned with the success they deserved, I relapsed into former habits, with aunt's entire approval. Aunt is a very kind-hearted creature. She informed me quite confidentially the other day that if my step-uncle died before herself she would provide for me. But, unfortunately, he seems very hale and hearty, and I fear there is no hope.

I feel more imperatively than ever that something must be done, and that without delay; and I also feel, my dear *Bazar*, that you are in a measure accountable for my impecuniosity. I do not for an instant intend to blame you, for I consider you most convenient and indispensable; and no one scans your well-filled columns more eagerly than myself. But alas! I have gored and re-gored my dresses, I have altered every thing each week by your most economical patterns, and yet I am no better off. The novelties you suggest I feel it my duty to purchase, if only to save money, by making them up myself; but, strange to say, I continue impecunious. I know your tender heart will sympathize with my situation and perhaps suggest a means of relief—possibly even trot out a few young men with long purses for my inspection. It is really impossible to keep up with the fashions on my meagre allowance; and you can hardly imagine my agony when I go to the city on a shopping expedition, and am unable to buy the many cheap things in this cheapest of seasons. It really seems an outrage to let them go by; and many a time have I turned with tearful, self-denying eyes from Stewart's, and Legrain's, and Arnold's, feeling my inability to possess the treasures so wonderfully marked down.

Aunt has just come to my rescue with one of her comprehensive new ideas which has suggested this letter, that I might ask your advice on the subject. She tells me this year of 1868 is the one of the Presidential election, and also that vastly more important one to our sex, the leap-year—*our* election if we choose so to make it. Aunt seems to consider this the time for a final strike, and says that, as annexation is now so popular in the country, she thinks it would be well for me to annex a young man. So I am thinking how I shall best arrange the matter. I don't like to give a leap-year party, for it makes the affair so public; and I have always understood that these little things are best managed between the two individuals concerned. My invaluable relative suggests for me to invite some nice, timid young man to take a walk and embrace the occasion for a proposal. I know a pleasant, rocky promenade along the edge of a precipice, where it really would not be safe for him to withdraw from any proposition on account of the declivity.

Aunt says she will have the matter all cut and dried before I am many hours older. She will assist me all in her power. I know her disinterested kindness; but she says this is a matter in which I must help myself, for every thing depends on me.

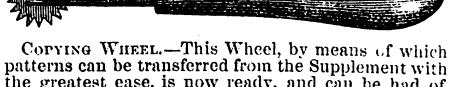
I feel my responsibility; matrimony is a very serious thing, and I hope it will turn out all right. If any thing should happen to prevent, woe betide me, for I shall then remain to the end of my days

AN IMPECUNIOUS YOUNG LADY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MABEL AND LOTTIE.—Young girls of twelve and fourteen can wear their hair in two long braids, hanging down, and tied with ribbon of the same color as the trimming of the dress. Black velvet bands with ornaments of cut steel, or colored velvet, studded with Roman pearls or steel beads, are pretty and becoming for the hair.

NINETEEN.—Two yards and a quarter from the belt to the edge of the skirt makes a train of good length for a lady of medium height. The combination of redingote and Gabrielle which you suggest is not worn.



COPYING WHEEL.—This Wheel, by means of which patterns can be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease, is now ready, and can be had of most of the News-dealers; or will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on the receipt of 25 cents.

RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

THE RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

X.

CRINOLINE IN THE CABINET OF ANTIQUITIES.—Perhaps the very worst position in which a lady in crinoline can find herself is that of visitor in a Museum of Antiquities. The contrast between the majestic figures of the Grecian gods, betraying their artistic outlines through their richly-folded robes, and this unnatural invention of man is too striking. One would think that the goddesses of Olympus had resolved by means of their marble effigies to hold up the mirror to the deformity of crinoline. No wonder that one sees the ladies as they enter a museum instinctively try to take in sail, and gaze musingly on those wondrous figures which force them to admit that, in spite of all the improvements and appliances of later days, Juno, and Venus, and Diana are still the most perfect specimens of female beauty and grace. What could even Phidias have made of a figure in crinoline? Or would Rachel have been what she was if she had been forced—like her predecessors—to play Phædra and Hermione in a hoop-skirt, and not in that graceful classical dress which made her majestic before she uttered a word? Alas for the perverseness of human taste! We may, however, rejoice that the reign of the terror-inspiring hoop is now over. We have now reached a period when the skirts, if not quite so yielding as the ancient classic costume, are at least wedge-shaped, and while equally comfortable to the wearer, are infinitely more graceful in appearance than were Madame Du Barry's exaggerated hoops. The loss of the flowing lines of antiquity is compensated for by the comfort of crinoline in its present form.

FACETIÆ.

MOMENTOUS QUESTIONS.—Is a ship's fender used to protect the vessel from the fire of the enemy? What kind of ammunition is used for shot silk? Will any company insure the property of a man imbued with the fire of genius? When the waves wash the shore, do they use patent washing powder? Does a captain go into mourning for a dead reckoning? If bark is used in tanning, what is the commercial value of the bark of a tan terrier? What kind of cordage is used in rigging the market?

Love's young dream often turns out to be the nightmare.

Why is flirtation like plate powder?—Because it rubs up the spoons.

SUCH A BORE.—A lady, young, attractive, and just married, left her home and went into the country, accompanied by her husband. Soon after her *début* as Mrs. H——, she attended a sewing society. After the usual subjects of conversation had received attention, the lunar eclipse was alluded to. "Mrs. H——, did you sit up to see it, eh?" "No, I did not," was the reply; "Mr. H—— sat up. Where I came from they are such a bore—we have them so often."

Why is it foolish to attempt to catch the 12.50 train to Albany?—Because it is 10 to 1 if you do.

"Will you have some grapes, monsieur?" asked a gentleman of a Frenchman. "No, Sare," he replied; "I don't swallow my wine in ze shape of pills."

Why are bankrupts more to be pitied than idiots?—Because bankrupts are broken, while idiots are only cracked.

AN INTERESTING GIRL—One whose money interest is ten thousand.

What portions of the body are the best travelers?—The two wrists.

"Bridget," said a mistress to her Irish servant, "where's the gridiron?" "An shure, ma'am, I'se just after giving it to my sister's own cousin, O'Flaherty; the thing's so full of holes it's no good at all."

Tad Lincoln is attending school in Chicago, where he occasionally gives evidence that he possesses a share of his father's droll humor. His teacher, the other day, with a severity not altogether unheard of, had inflicted the penalty of "marks" upon another boy for the misdemeanor of blowing his nose. Pretty soon Tad's hand signaled the tutor's eye, whereupon,

TUTOR (*log.*). "Lincoln, what do you wish?"
TAD. "Want to go out, Sir."
TUTOR. "For what purpose?"
TAD. "To scratch my head, Sir."
He goes.

THE FIRST HYMN ON RECORD—Adam.

THUNDER.—Stopping at a village inn, there came on a thunder-storm, and Captain Hall, surprised that a new country should have reached a perfection in these meteorological manufactures, said to a by-stander, "Why, you have very heavy thunder here." "Well, yes," replied the man, "we *du*, considering the number of inhabitants."

THE CART(E) BEFORE THE HORSE—The bill of fare at a horse banquet.

Why do Irishmen resemble the waves of the Atlantic?—Because they never cease lavin' the shores of the "ould counthry."

TRUE TO A HAIR.—A somewhat juvenile dandy said to a fair partner at a ball, "Don't you think, miss, my mustaches are becoming?" To which she replied, "Well, Sir, they may *be coming*, but they have not yet arrived."

What perfume is most injurious to female beauty?—The essence of thyme.

Why is fashionable society like a warming-pan?—Because it is highly polished but very hollow.

A gentleman, seeing an Irishman fencing in a very barren, desolate piece of land, said, "What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat? A flock of sheep would starve to death on that land." "And sure, your Honor, wasn't I fencing it to keep the poor beasts out of it?" replied Pat.

What author uses the most uncommon words?—The compiler of a dictionary.

Can a man who avoids writing be considered a penshunner?

Why is a parish bell like a good story?—Because it is often toll'd.

On a tombstone in a church-yard in Ulster is the following epitaph: "Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

What word is that composed of five letters from which if you take two one remains?—Stone.

KISSING.

"Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And scarce would kiss a brother;
But women want to kiss so badly
They kiss and kiss each other."

A LADY REPLIES:

"Men do not kiss among themselves,
It's well that they refrain;
The bitter dose would vex them so
They ne'er would kiss again."

Marrying a woman for her beauty is like eating a bird for its sweet singing.

A young man told Dr. Bethune that he had enlisted in the army of Zion. "In which church?" asked the doctor. "In the Baptist," was the reply. "I should call that joining the navy," was the doctor's response.

Why is the centre of a tree like a dog's tail?—Because it is farthest from the bark.

Two Irishmen were traveling, when they stopped to examine a guide-board. "Twelve miles to Portland," said one. "Just six miles apiece," said the other. And they trudged on apparently satisfied at the small distance.

What quadrupeds are admitted to balls, operas, and dinner-parties?—White kids.

A boy who heard the quotation, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," wished to stop going to school because he was afraid he should not live long enough to get past the dangerous point.

What religious sect should make the best gardeners?—The Bhudd-ists of the Flowery Land.

An Irish girl, who plumed herself on being employed in a "genteel family," was asked a definition of the term. "Where they have two or three kinds of wine and the gentlemen swear," was the reply.

Why are corn and potatoes like the idols of old?—Because the former have ears and hear not, and the latter have eyes and see not.

LONG ODDS—Tall husband and short wife.

A fellow stole a dog, and, upon being detected by the owner, promised to return the animal next day. The individual received a package at the appointed hour, on which was written, "This is your dog." On opening it, the astonished man discovered ten pounds of freshly-made sausages.

A man who is advertising lodgings "to let for early risers" adds: "Cochin China fowls of unusual vocal powers are kept on the adjoining premises."

A SETTLER.

ADOLPHUS (*admired for his sentiment*). "Good-Night, Beloved—may the Drowsy God soon wrap that beauteous Form in golden Slumber—may delicious Dreams hover o'er thy Couch!"
EMILY (*his betrothed, somewhat matter-of-fact*). "Good-Night. Be sure you turn the Gas off, put your Boots out, and —don't Snore!"
[*Adolphus never tried it "no more."*

EDUCATION!

PAPA (*improving the occasion at Luncheon*). "Now, look, Harry, the circumference of this Cake is equal to about three times the diameter, and—"
HARRY. "Oh, then, Pa, let me have the c'cumf'rence for my Share!!"

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 22.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Two Bed Gowns for the Sick.

We give illustrations of two simple and comfortable bed gowns, designed to obviate the pain and difficulty which is often experienced in changing the linen of the sick. These bed gowns require no raising or bending of the arms, and, moreover, have the advantage of being easily washed and ironed. Fig. 1 is of white flannel; it has no seams on the shoulders or in the sleeves, and is buttoned up the front. Cut from Figs. 6 and 8 of the Supplement each two pieces, and of Fig. 7 one piece. Fell the fronts and back together under the arms from 16 to 17, hem the bottom and fronts, and set buttons and button-holes up the latter, as seen in the illustration. Gather the bottom of the sleeves, set them into a double binding, and sew them in the arm-holes to correspond with the figures on the pattern. Face the shoulders and opening in the sleeves with a strip of linen, and finish with buttons and button-holes. Cord the neck.

The bed gown shown in Figs. 2 and 3 is still simpler and more easily made It consists of a strip of flannel two yards long and three quarters of a yard wide, which is laid smooth under the sick person, and then arranged on the body in the manner shown in the illustration. Fig. 4 shows the flannel, one-fourteenth the full size, prepared for use. Cut

Fig. 1.—Bed Gown for the Sick.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 6-9.

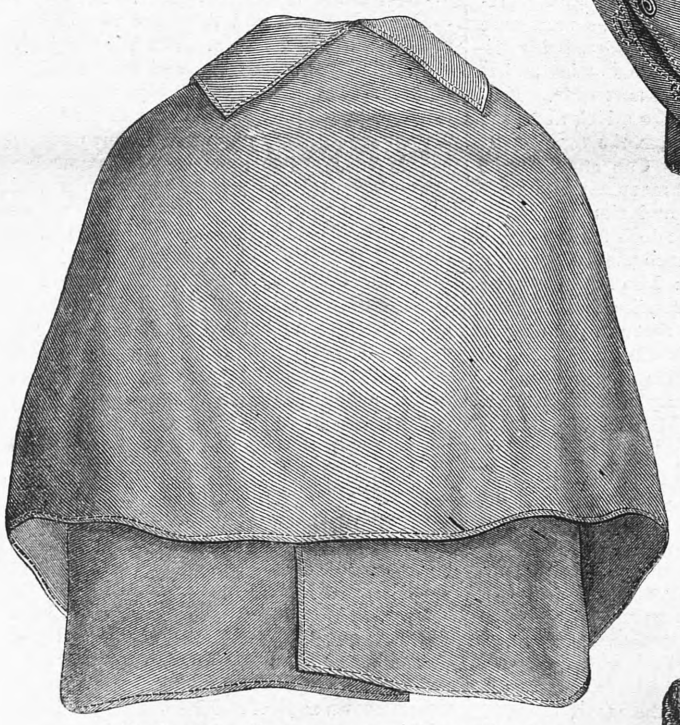


Fig. 2.—Bed Gown for the Sick.—Back.

Fig. 3.—Bed Gown for the Sick.—Front.

in the top a slit six inches in length, and hem both sides thereof, then turn the corners over on the right side along the dotted line, thus forming the neck and collar. For the sleeves turn the corners of the flannel over on the right side along the dotted line, set buttons and button-holes at the places marked by the letters, and button the corners together. The dots in the illustration mark the place for the ribbons that tie the gown in front.

1st round.—* 4 dc. (double crochet) in the first four border stitches of the band; 3 ch. (chain stitches), passing over two to three border stitches.

2d round.—10 dc. over every ch. of the former round, the dc. of the last round being always passed over.

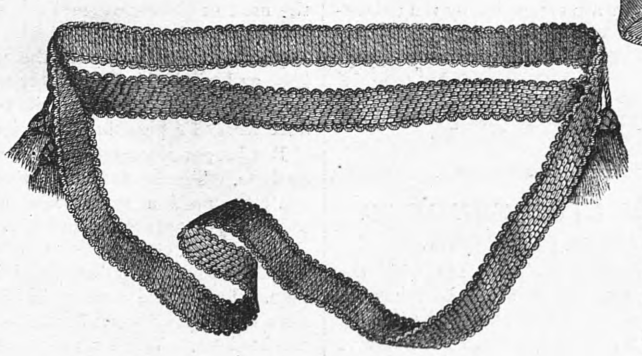
3d round.—*1 sc. (single crochet) between the 2d and 3d dc. of a scallop; 4 ch., 1 sc. between the 4th and 5th dc. of the same scallop; 4 ch., 1 sc. between the 6th and 7th dc. of the same scallop; 4 ch., 1 sc. between the 8th and 9th dc. Repeat from *.

In fastening the straps double the broad strap together in the middle, and sew on the narrow one at the place where the folds are formed by thus doubling the broad strap.

Strap for the Sick to raise themselves in Bed.

Materials: Knitting cotton, twisted crochet cotton, red worsted cord.

A crochet strap, three inches wide by seventy-two inches long, is closed in a round, and thus forms a double strap which is fastened over the cross-board at the foot of the bed; to this is attached a narrower strap, two inches wide by seventy-two inches long, on which the patient raises himself A knot of red woolen cord ornaments the places where this strap is fastened to the wider strap. Two red worsted tassels, four inches long, finish this cord. The separate pieces are worked crosswise backward and forward on a foundation of the requisite breadth in coarse knitting cotton in raised stitches. For the long narrow band crochet two strips of equal length, and sew them together lengthwise, so that the wrong sides shall lie together within. The outer edges of the strips are ornamented with a narrow edging worked lengthwise in fine cotton as follows:



Strap for the Sick to raise themselves in Bed.

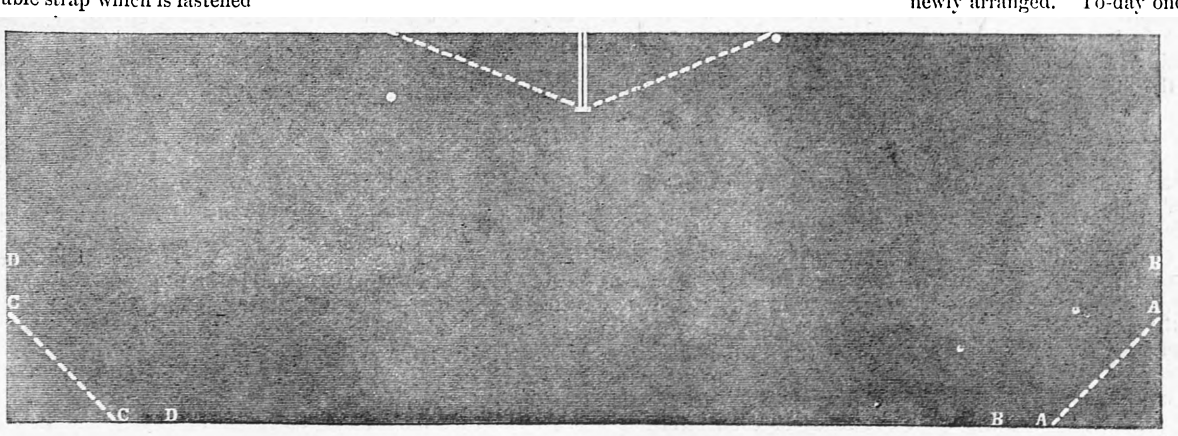


Fig. 4.—Bed Gown for the Sick, Figs. 1 and 2 laid flat, $\frac{1}{14}$ the full Size.

PARIS GOSSIP.

The newspapers report that at the last ball of the French embassador at Berlin, M. Benedetti presented to the Queen of Prussia a bouquet of violets which came from Paris, and which is said to have cost 140 francs.

It would not be a bad idea to have the speeches made thus, in the "language of flowers," reported regularly in the papers, and adding the price gives emphasis to the expression. A compliment at 140 francs ought to be dear to the lady who receives it, as well as to the gentleman who pays it.

The organization of a new club in Paris is spoken of, called the Club of Flowers, which proposes to distinguish itself by a monthly display of plants and flowers, and sales of rare cuttings and slips.

The members will be forbidden to stake money on the card tables, but the stakes will consist of bouquets, pots of flowers, and curious plants.

The shop-windows of the great "magasins" or dry-goods stores in Paris are the subject of much thought and care, as they are newly arranged each day. In one of the largest establishments, which has fifteen show-windows, each clerk is required in turn to exercise his skill and taste for a week in their arrangement. A visitor in Paris thus describes the display in some of these windows at this season:

"These bright and warm sunny days announce approaching spring, and furs and heavy clothing in the shop-windows begin to be withdrawn to give place to the lighter colors and thinner fabrics for spring. Thin materials for evening dresses will still maintain their position till Lent commences, and the variety in this line of goods seems inexhaustible.

"Lace or fine tarlatan, white or colored, forms the body of these materials, upon which are worked colored flowers or graceful designs in silver and gold. Two of the large windows in one of the great establishments display a variety of these goods, each day newly arranged. To-day one has a white lace dotted with white and yellow daisies, another of same material with grape leaves and bunches of grapes; these are separated by a delicate pink tarlatan with narrow silver stripes. Upon each lies a handsomely-contrasted sash, and a coiffure of flowers for the hair. The other window has four white lace robes embroidered with flowers—one with blue, one scarlet, one with silver, and the other in gold, each with a rich satin sash placed over it. These are so gracefully displayed one can easily imagine how they will look 'made up.'

"If you prefer to see how they will look by evening light you can enter the store, and pass up stairs to a handsome room lined with mirrors and curtains, from which daylight is excluded; an attendant turns on the

gas and the room is filled with its light, by which you may make your selection."

In some of the best photographic establishments in Paris copies of pictures, or reproductions as they are called, are usually taken in the open air.

The new broad flight of steps in the garden of the Tuileries, leading down from the terrace at the foot of Rue Castiglione, is finished.

THE TRUE BETROTHAL.

The Maiden's Question.

YES, you vow to love me ever,
As you love me now, to-day,
Say no change shall us dissever,
Answer me one question, pray:

Ever! 'tis a word supernal
Borrowed from a foreign tongue,
It belongs to the eternal
And on angels' lips first hung.

Boundless, endless is its meaning
Though men hem it in Time's space;
Each, in littleness o'erweening,
Binds it to *his* mortal race.

Tell me where your ever reacheth,
To Death's night or Heaven's day?
And by what your answer teacheth,
I will answer yea or nay.

Answer.

Onward to the great immortal
I my troth would plight.
Should I see thee pass Death's portal
Love should own no blight;
Short the space our souls would sever,
Brief would be Love's night;
Thus I swear to thee forever!
Love that knows no flight.

Acceptance.

Now in thine I place my hand,
Thou wilt keep it in thy clasp
Till Death part Love's mortal band,
Loose a little while its grasp.

In thy heart my heart I drop,
Joying in the sacrifice,
Since our love's sweet, grand device
Is the vast *forever!*

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1868.

☞ *Single Subscribers to* HARPER'S BAZAR *will be supplied from Number One to the end of the year* 1868, *which will complete the first Volume, for the yearly price of Four Dollars.*

SPRING PHYSIC.

IT is no uncommon notion that the human body requires at certain seasons, and particularly in the beginning of the spring, a course of medical treatment with drugs. This idea originated with a school of doctors who held that all diseases depended upon the condition of the humors. These were supposed, like the sap of trees, to become thickened and to stop circulating in winter, but in the spring to liquefy and flow. To give impulse to this latter operation, which was deemed a natural and particularly wholesome one, the ancient doctors were wont to drench their patients with strong purgatives. Hence the popular notion, which still lingers long after the absurd theory of the humoralists has been abandoned, that a rousing dose of physic of some kind or other is beneficial if not absolutely necessary at the opening of spring. This vulgar error should be abandoned since it has no foundation in nature, and leads to a practice which is injurious to health; for drugs, it should be recollected, always act as poisons upon a body to which they are unnecessarily applied.

Though the opening of the spring with an aperient of epsom-salts or castor-oil is unnecessary and may be hurtful, the human body requires some attention to adapt it to the change of season. The chemists tell us that the larger portion of the food we consume is for the purpose of keeping up the animal heat. This property is attributed to the carboniferous elements of the human diet, or those which contain as a principal constituent carbon, or charcoal. This carbon, according to the generally-received theory, is burned by being brought in contact with the oxygen of the air, which is chiefly introduced into the system by the breathing of the lungs. This combustion produces the animal heat of the body so essential to its vitality. The human fire burns so briskly that it consumes much more nutriment than that required to sustain any other vital process. The principal part of our food is thus composed of the heat-producing or carboniferous substances, such as the fat of meats, and the sugar, starch, and oil of vegetables. Though the human body demands at all seasons a large supply of fuel to keep up its vital fire and sustain the animal heat, its wants are somewhat proportioned to the temperature of the air. Carboniferous food accordingly is required in greater abundance in winter than in summer.

With the first opening of spring it may be well to adapt the body to the change of temperature by some variation of the winter diet; in other words, to slacken our human fires to suit the increased warmth of the new season. The chemists will tell us to consume fewer carboniferous articles—that is, less fat meats, and vegetables containing starch, sugar, and oil. Our natural instincts generally lead us to act in accordance with this scientific advice. With the first warm day we grow averse to the sausages, pork-steaks, bacon, well-buttered buckwheat cakes, hominy, and other carboniferous food with which we have regaled ourselves so heartily during the winter, and long eagerly for the meagre flesh of the spring chicken, and the early fruits or vegetables. There are many, however, who resolutely oppose these suggestions of nature, and insist upon keeping up as hot an internal fire in midsummer as in the depth of the coldest winter. Most of our country friends will feed upon fried bacon and other equally inflammatory material the whole year round, and thus keeping themselves in a constant state of excessive combustion, they burn to a cinder without having any of the juice of life left. The shrunken, yellow faces, meagre frames, weak stomachs, and diseased livers so common in the country, can be traced to the want of discrimination in the selection and preparation of the food of our rustic population. If they would adopt betimes a seasonable diet they would be less inclined to resort to that dangerous substitute, *Spring Physic.*

FEMALE DO-NOTHINGS.

ACCORDING to the London *Saturday Review*, which ought to know, English women are a set of drones who do nothing but flop about from house to house, and keep up a continuous buzz of gossip. "It is strange," says the *Review*, "to see into what unreasonable disrepute active housekeeping—woman's first natural duty—has fallen in England. Take a family with four or five hundred a year—and we know how small a sum that is for 'genteel humanity' in these days—the wife who will be an active housekeeper, even with such an income, will be an exception to the rule; and the daughters who will be any thing more than drawing-room dolls waiting for husbands to transfer them to a home of their own, where they may be as useless as they are now, will be rarer still. For things are getting worse, not better, and our young women are less useful even than their mothers * *. The usual method of London housekeeping, even in the second ranks of the middle classes, is for the mistress to give her orders in the kitchen in the morning, leaving the cook to pass them to the tradespeople when they call. If she is not very insolent (*sic*), and if she has a due regard for neatness and cleanliness, she may supplement her kitchen commands by going up stairs through some of the bedrooms; but after a kind word of advice to the house-maid if she is sweet-tempered, or a harsh word of censure if she is of the cross-grained type, her work in that department will be done, and her duties for the day are at an end. * * *

"The snobbish half of the middle classes holds housewifely work as degrading, save in the trumpery pretentiousness of 'giving orders.' A woman may sit in a dirty drawing-room which the slipshod maid has not had time to clean, but she must not take a duster in her hands and polish the legs of the chairs; there is no disgrace in the dirt, only in the duster. She may do fancy work of no earthly use, but she must not be caught making a gown. Indeed very few women could make one, and as few will do plain needle-work. They will braid and embroider, 'cut holes and sew them up again,' and spend any amount of time and money on beads and wools for messy draperies which no one wants; the end being finery sanctions the toil and refines it; but they will not do things of any practical use, or if they are compelled by the exigencies of circumstances they think themselves petty martyrs, and badly used by the fates."

This is not a very attractive picture of our lady cousins across the water, and we should be sorry to find any family resemblance among their American relatives.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to Mr. Sirloin.

MY DEAR SIRLOIN,—I see with the greatest concern that Mr. Blot has renounced the restaurant to which I was looking as an institution that should teach us all how to cook, and how to dine. I know nothing of the circumstances, but with the rest of the disappointed public I read in the papers that there has been some kind of difficulty, and it is announced that Mr. Blot has not the least idea of undertaking any such enterprise, not the least. So much the worse for all of us. There was a chance of our being able to dine well and cheaply. It is gone—unless you will help us—and we are abandoned to the mercies of—well, I will not increase the horrors of our situation by mentioning names unnecessarily. There are plenty of names, only too familiar to all who are obliged to dine down town, the bare mention of which arouses melancholy emotions. My dear Sir, do not think that yours is among them. If it were so, I could not address myself to you, as I now do, with warm hopes, and in the interest of that very important part of manners upon the road—or conduct in life—good eating.

For it is to you that we must now turn in hope of some reform or relief. You are the host of an eating-house, and every day you provide for the dinner of hundreds of persons. There is no escape for them; they must dine down town, and I ask you if you have no ambition to make a fortune by providing the best dinners? Of course, a gentleman in your position is superior to the vulgar prejudice which insists that eating and drinking are subjects unworthy a wise man. You daily see many of the wisest men in town gravely choosing between a cutlet and a chop, and divided between apple and peach pie! And as you are a man of cultivation and refinement you know how much health and happiness depend upon the cook. A little thought—and I am sure you agree with me—a little thought given to the dinner is a clear gain to civilization.

Now before I venture upon a very few general suggestions, will you allow me to allude to an ingenious theory which I have lately heard in relation to the decrease of the native population in this country? Of the fact of decrease the scientific gentlemen seem to leave us in no doubt. The increase of the native is not in proportion to that of the foreign population, and it is our business to understand why it is so. According to my last authority, the reason of this is to be found in the mental culture of the laboring class. The moment the day's hard work is over the father must take his newspaper, then attend the public meeting, or go to his committee, or take his active part in the conduct of public affairs; and this enormous drain of vital energy necessitated by his intellectual development, and following the exhaustion of manual toil, is not sustained by a corresponding improvement of the quality of his food, and the consequence is a demoralized physical system which transmits its weakness and disease to its progeny. This was rather an unexpected turn of the argument, I confess; but its curious point was that nothing could repair this waste but an improvement of the laboring man's table to conform to his improved mind. The child of the poor Irishman or German can eat hog and hominy and thrive; but the child of a native worker fed upon such food must pine and dwindle and die. For the foreign parent has no wear and tear of brain, and when he lays down the tools of his daily labor he takes up his pipe and lets the committee and the meeting alone.

Here you see is the subject of eating presented to us in a new light. We must have better food or the population will gradually disappear. But not only must food be better, but it must be cheap so as to be accessible. Now then, my dear Sir, let us take a look about us. I invite you to make with me the tour of the down town eating-houses. Can any thing be more amazing? I do not mean now the filthy table-cloths; the clatter and riot and whirlwind; the dingy glass; the doubtful water; the long rows of melancholy men packed against a counter and bolting food: I do not now mean any of the disagreeable details; but is it not amazing that we stand it, that we actually pay a dollar or more for such dinners? Suppose now there were some heroic and sensible fellow who should invite a mass meeting of all the frequenters of Beef and Pork's dining-rooms at noon of Wednesday of any week; and when they were assembled should say to them, "Fellow-sufferers, I have endured enough; I pay every day ten or a dozen shillings for a feast of slow but sure poison, and so do you, and I therefore invite you to join me in getting redress"—what do you think would happen? Why, if he carried, as he would, a resolution that they would all agree to dine that day and the next at Cabbage's, and the whole company deserted Beef and Pork's in a body, and if Cabbage did not come up to the mark, deserted him, and tried old Cauliflower upon the same terms, my heroic and sensible fellow would have worked a peaceful revolution.

But heroes are scarce, and the work will not be done. The horrors of Beef and Pork's will continue until a superior dinner elsewhere, served more agreeably and at a cheaper rate, shall tempt their customers away. And, my friend, the man who does this will make a fortune. Legitimate success in business springs from doing your work in the best way that it can be done. When a merchant of any kind, from an apple-woman at the corner up to Mr. Stewart, forgets this, he is sure to pay the penalty. There was old Tom Boniface, who, in the Indian Summer of his life, when he liked nothing so much as picking over his ripe recollections, used to say that it took him nearly twenty years to recover from the consequences of his forgetfulness of this great truth, that success lies in always doing your best. Let us stop for a moment here at Cabbage's, while I repeat what he said. Don't soil that glass by wiping it with that napkin; and try, if you can, not to look in the direction of those castors. Well, old Tom Boniface said that when he had been Mr. Quickly's steward for three or four years he was tempted to take the hotel at Rising Sun, but merely for a few months or so, until it must be demolished to make room for the cathedral which was to be built upon the next lot. So he opened the house; and, as it was to come down so soon, he thought it would be useless to paint or to fit up. The old doors and broken railings and loose blinds and worn-out carpe and torn curtains and general squalor and d cay must take their chance. It was but fo few months. The click of the shovel in t next lot was already audible, and nobody wo expect any thing in a house that was as good as gone.

Now this spirit of negligence and Devil take the hindmost could not be restrained to the blinds and carpets and doors. It infected every part of the enterprise. The furniture was insufficient, and the table was mournful. The food was atrocious, and the attendance, however well-meaning, was deplorable. "Well, it is rather bad," Tom Boniface would say, in his cheerful way; "but then, you see, next month perhaps every thing will go by the board, and there is no reputation to be won in this old house. The most I can do is to make some money, so that I can begin in a new house where I *can* make a reputation." It happened that the Continental Conclave of the Church of Leyden, which assembles only once in a half century, was called for that very season, at Rising Sun, and Tom's house was consequently full all the time. Now, as the members of the Church of Leyden are fond of comfort, and are willing to pay freely for it, and are, moreover, men who travel and whose good word helps to make reputations, the result was a verdict of censure upon Tom Boniface. "The man," said they, "who will sacrifice us who are his guests to-day to the convenience of imaginary guests elsewhere to-morrow is a man who does not know how to keep a hotel." And although the house at Rising Sun was demolished soon after the Conclave separated, and Boniface became proprietor of the Norwich House in the Moon, the ill-name of those few months at Rising Sun followed him. The guests whom he had impressed with a sense of his unfitness as a host spread their feeling abroad, and it was many a year before this worthy man recovered from the consequences of forgetting, even for a little while, to do the best he could in his business.

Now, my dear Sirloin, the moral of all this is that you must do what Mr. Blot has abandoned. You must have an eating-house as neat and quiet and attractive as he would have made it; and while your meats must be of the very best and exquisitely cooked, your charges must be as reasonable as your whole enterprise. You have been at Tom's in London? Well, it is not a beautiful place. It is very dingy and small; and there are no gilt nor satin damask to be seen. But what a juicy steak, what a tender chop, and what a bright mug of clear ale! Now, my boy, why not try the juicy steak, the tender chop, and the bright mug in a sweet, clean, airy, attractive room; with perfectly white linen—not fine damask—with clear glass, with knives and forks and spoons as neatly burnished as possible; with salt finely-powdered in the salt-cellar; with mustard that is not black, and oil that is not rancid, and vinegar like lemon-juice. If I were you I wouldn't put many French names of dishes upon my bill of fare, nor would I put upon it the astounding news that you will furnish Schloss Johannisberger, green seal, at five dollars a bottle. You will do no such thing, and we all know it. My dear Sirloin, the people who could be gulled by such a notice do not know what Johannisberger is. No French names and no fine wines, but honest meats well cooked and a glass of sound sherry, and the bright mug as aforesaid; if you could only stick to these and to the general tidiness, you might go on enlarging your rooms until their fame was blown abroad and your fortune were secure. Do this, my dear Sirloin, and you will make us all wonder that we were ever content to stand or sit on high stools to feed at the trough known as Beef and Pork's. Your hopeful friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

RADICAL changes in dress are usually introduced in the fall. Modistes tax their ingenuity to devise novelties and variety for the gay winter season. In the spring the most successful features of the fall modes are remodeled and adapted with the necessary variations to lighter materials. For instance, the Marie Antoinette type of dress alluded to in the first Number of the *Bazar* has been worn during the winter, but more particularly for full dress. It will now be more generally adopted, and made up in all kinds of material.

The Marie Antoinette fichu, cape, or scarf, as it is variously called, made to cross on the breast with long sash-ends loosely tied behind, will be used as a wrapping for short suits. It will be of the same material as the dress, and in black silk. It is especially becoming to slender figures, as the effect is to enlarge the bust and display a tapering waist. When intended for the street it is deep in the back, reaching to the belt. It is trimmed with fringe, with lace, or a double ruffle of silk sewn on in box-pleats. Smaller fichus, mere scarfs, indeed, are made of lace or of silk to be worn over basquines of black silk. Very pretty ones of clear muslin and lace are arranged to suit a variety of toilettes, by changing the ribbons under the puffs with which they are trimmed.

THE CORSAGE.

The style of corsage prevalent during the winter, with short shoulders and round waist, will be used with slight modifications for spring dress-

es. Our best modistes, however, never go into extremes, and at present fashion does not exact either a very short or a very long waist, but one fitted in accordance with the figure. Broad shoulders that need to be contracted are shaped with short seams, and the sleeve is placed very high; but if the figure is too slight, it is amplified in appearance by cutting the corsage long on the shoulders. It was formerly considered necessary, in order to make the back sufficiently narrow, to place the shoulder-seam two or three inches behind the line of the shoulders. Now it exactly describes that line, and may be seen from the front. Side bodies are made quite narrow. The waist is not so high at the throat as has been the fashion lately, but is still finished by a bias band, or a fold scalloped, or pointed and bound.

The Pompadour corsage is still in favor, together with *revers*, or rolling collars. The old-fashioned surplice waist open to the belt, and held together with a brooch, is revived for thin materials that are made full and gathered into a belt. Double-breasted garments are lapped in a deep point or sloped on the bias in the redingote style. Bretelles are also used.

THE SLEEVE.

Our correspondents write that they are weary of the coat-sleeve; but we are compelled to say that it has as yet no formidable rival. True, it has been worn a long time; but it is graceful and convenient, and susceptible of great variety of trimming. Four bands of bias satin, an inch in width, placed horizontally on the upper half of the sleeve from seam to seam, one band at the arm-hole, the lowest at the wrist, and the other two at regular intervals between will make a stylish trimming. This is exceedingly becoming to a long arm, as it shortens it in appearance. Another pretty style is to put a puff of silk around the elbow. Cuffs are pointed and very deep. Tight sleeves are being made for spring walking dresses. Very broad cuffs are worn with these, and a slight heading like an epaulet. Wide, open sleeves cut square at the end are worn over tight-fitting sleeves of the same material, or full puffs of muslin or of lace. The Moyen-Age sleeve is closed to the elbow, where it opens and hangs in a straight line below. It is sometimes caught together at the end. The Marie Antoinette sleeves are puffed to the elbow, and finished by a wide ruffle of the material, or fringe, or lace.

THE SKIRT.

Skirts of walking dresses are made slightly longer, almost touching the ground. They consist of eight gored widths similar to those used for trained skirts, but not so wide. Short over-skirts are looped at the sides, or left open, the front forming a rounded apron and connected with the back by bands or clusters of ornaments. Black silk is in favor for spring suits. A good corded silk for this purpose, three quarters of a yard wide, may be bought for $3 a yard.

Narrow ruffles bound on each edge and gathered near the top to form a heading are arranged in waves around the skirt, or sewn on plain. Blue, green, and Bismarck silk are sometimes used for binding the frills by way of enlivening the dress. Silk, it is said, will take the place of satin for folds and bindings. Satin looks heavy and frays easily, but it is still preferred for piping. Bias bands of silk would look exceedingly plain unrelieved by the jet that is now *passée*, were it not for the crocheted beads and buttons that are strung on the folds in great quantities.

We are not informed of any decided change in trained dresses. There is a tendency to greater amplitude, but the fullness is still confined to the back of the dress. Usually there are seven gored widths in the front and sides, and a full one gathered in at the back. With very stout figures two full widths are used. A small pleat laid over on the gored seams adjusts the skirt into the waist. The plain width is gauged. The lap at the fastening should be over the second seam on the left. The pocket is concealed beneath the opposite seam on the right side. Small fancy pouches for the handkerchief are attached to the belt, or made to hook on the corsage.

Belts are not very wide, and are formed of narrow folds of the material of the dress alternating with others of the silk or satin used for trimming. A rosette finishes the front. The newest sashes have a rosette, and are fastened beneath each of the second seams on the side, and loosely caught together low down on the skirt. They should be a quarter of a yard wide, and bound and lined with satin. French dresses and sacques have the sash at the sides, under the arm, with a bow or rosette for heading. The plainest dress is scarcely considered complete without a sash and belt.

Trimmings are placed on the front width, simulating aprons, or in military folds of graduated length, and long sashes are sewn down the front seams. Ruffles or trained skirts are wider than those used for short dresses. They are often scalloped on each side and bound. This is a great deal of labor, and now that jet is out of fashion we are to have a variety of hand-made trimmings that require skillful and patient needlewomen. We have just seen a heavy gros grain in the hands of the modiste with two such ruffles as we have described encircling the skirt on all but the front width. Four large pipings extend down the sides and across the front. On a black satin skirt an apron is outlined with white satin, over which is an insertion of guipure lace.

THE CHEMISE RUSSE AND ROBES.

The chemise Russe for morning wear is prettily brought out in cashmere and delaines of rich-colored grounds, with gay Parisian patterns stamped on them for trimming. Gay Turkish jackets are in white delaine, and in black spotted with gilt or with crimson, with bright borders. $5 is asked for the cashmere patterns.

There are new fancies in cashmere and delaine robed dresses for early spring. The garment is of some light, delicate tint—a blue, pea-green, or peach-blossom, or the soft shade of tan that is almost white, with stripes up each gored seam of wreaths of field flowers or tiny palm-leaves. A diagram with each garment shows the way of placing the trimming. $12 50.

AMONG THE FANCY GOODS.

On our late tour through the jewelry and silver-ware houses we saw, among a great variety of fancy goods, a number of useful and beautiful things in carved ivory. The yellow tinged ivory is the most valuable. It is made of the tusks of the animal extracted while it is alive. There were hair-brushes with ivory handles and backs, with a female head exquisitely carved on them and a border of acorns and leaves. This was $30 in gold. Another less elaborate one was $25. A glove-stretcher, very prettily cut, was $10. A paper-knife was an ivory cherub with spread wings on the handle. Ivory tablets were inlaid in a Greek pattern. There were cribbage-boards and card-cases for $30, and a case for embroidery supplied with gold thimble, bodkin, stiletto, and needle-case at $40.

WRITING-DESKS AND TOILETTE-CASES.

A convenient arrangement for travelers is a combination writing-desk and dressing-case for ladies and gentlemen. It is made of rosewood, with gilt hinges, locks, and ornamental bands, and is lined with crimson velvet. It is furnished with the various toilette articles necessary for a lady and gentleman, and with sewing apparatus and writing materials. There are brushes, combs, razors, knife, and pens with tortoise-shell handles, cut-glass inkstands, cosmetic boxes, jewel-case and soap-box with silver covers, and scissors, and crochet needles of polished steel.

There are dressing-cases furnished with solid silver. Others are of Nice wood, inlaid with several different shades. A dispatch-case of Coromandel wood mounted with gilt is $100. A portable writing-desk is of pale Russian leather, with port-folio and pockets inside, a match-box and tapers for wax, ink, pens, a calendar, paper-knife, and an abundance of paper and envelopes. Another of maroon Russian leather is inlaid with gilt. An ebony case has purple satin facings and gilt tops to the beautifully carved bottles.

BRONZES.

Inclosed in a rosewood cabinet with velvet lining is a library set—candlesticks, bell, inkstand, paper-weight, taper-holder, case for pens, and a watch-stand made of fire-gilt or yellow bronze, studded with turquoises. There are similar sets of platinized bronze, and others are designed for a lady's boudoir.

The bronze ornaments are varied and beautiful. There are Roman lamps of antique shape; mantle sets, a clock, and candelabras of classical design; card-receivers and cigar-stands; salvers for cigar-ashes, with frogs engaged in a combat—their spears sever the burnt ashes from the cigars. On another are lions couchant; again there is a miniature cannon, and a grotesque figure with an immense shako on his head for receiving the ashes. A card-receiver of an elaborate pattern is marked $75 in gold. A large bird-cage of yellow bronze has a globe for gold fish and a Sèvres china vase for flowers on the summit.

There were many statuettes of interesting historical and mythological subjects; but we were especially attracted by a pair of poor cavaliers with ragged knee-breeches, torn mantles, and well-worn slippers; yet there were feathers in the chapeaux so jauntily placed on their handsome heads, and the rosettes on their slippers were faultless. The veins of the hand, the long, tapering nails, and the expressive features, proud and gay and debonair, were wonderfully perfect. We also saw a beautiful set of Parian statuettes, which were an exact reproduction of Thorwaldsen's celebrated group of Christ and the Apostles. Price $500 in gold.

VARIETIES.

An immense vase for a hall is of solid Algerian onyx, beautifully enameled and mounted in fire gilt. Price $2100.

A mantle set, a clock, and candlesticks, is of pure malachite, in massive solid blocks. $850.

An ornamental basket for silver is of carved black walnut, lined with purple velvet. The sides are cut to imitate willow. The cover is ornamented with birds, flowers, and fruits. Silver lock and key. Price $100 in gold.

A Sèvres china jardinière of a beautiful blue color, is oval-shaped. A wreath of flowers, beautifully shaded, surrounds the bowl. Price $135.

A paper weight of amethyst, a solid piece of unusual size, represents a bunch of purple grapes. Price $100.

A skate-bag of plush, with large pockets for skates and a small pouch for a chamois cloth to polish them, is prettily mounted with gilt for $17. Others, in imitation of seal-skin and chinchilla, are $14.

The head of a Brazilian humming-bird is set in pearls and Etruscan gold for a lady's brooch. It is stuffed to preserve the shape. The throat, of gold and green, looks like enamel.

A whip-handle for a gentleman is marked $140. It is of carved gold, representing horses' heads, bits, and shoes. There are jeweled riding-whips for ladies. One with a fan in the handle is $30; another has a small gilt spur, that may be concealed in the handle by a spring. There are canes with malachite balls set in gold, tortoise inlaid with pearl, hooks of yellow ivory richly carved, and of gold and oxydized silver, varying in price from $5 to $70 gold. There are silk umbrellas from $11 to $30, with amber sticks, and gold and pearl. Plain ones are of black walnut, grotesquely carved, at $18.

For information received we are indebted to Madame DIEDEN; Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; BALL & BLACK; BROWNE & SPAULDING; and others.

PERSONAL.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND says he was kept in constant bewilderment in Boston owing to the crookedness of the streets. There was one street so crooked that as he turned a corner he saw the rear part of himself just going around the other side!

—GERRIT SMITH has given $4000 more to the Library which bears his name at Oswego.

—Mr. WILLIAM YOUNG'S new eight-page evening daily, *Every Afternoon*, will be published on the 17th of February. Mr. YOUNG'S ability and experience as a journalist give promise of a most agreeable and interesting paper. Mr. JOHN R. THOMPSON, and Mr. WILLIAM WINTER, both clever, are to be on the editorial staff.

—The Southerners seem inclined to give women a hearing. Mrs. PAULINA W. DAVIS, who is wintering in the South for the sake of her health, attended the Georgia Convention, and listened to numerous speeches on class-legislation which led her to ask whether by universal they meant female suffrage. "Oh no," was the reply. This opened the argument, and the next day she received an invitation, signed by thirty-five members of the Convention, to address them on the subject. She accepted, and an evening was appointed; but owing to the illness of the President, some confusion arose, and but a meagre attendance was present. Supposing this a purposed slight, Mrs. DAVIS refused to speak; but a day or two after she received a letter of apology from the President, Colonel PARROTT, and General BULLOCK, and a pressing invitation to deliver the promised lecture signed by twenty-five additional members of the Convention. She could not do this as she was about leaving the State, but promised to deliver a course of lectures there next winter. Mrs. DAVIS is a woman who would command attention and respect any where. She is about fifty, of commanding presence, and of remarkable beauty, grace, and refinement. Her husband, the Hon. THOMAS DAVIS, is a man of talent and wealth, and is a member of the Rhode Island Legislature; and her residence, in the suburbs of Providence, is really palatial. We understand that she intends also to lecture in Florida next winter.

—To visit a Queen, sociably, as did Mrs. THEODORE MARTIN (Helen Faucit) recently, is by no means a disagreeable thing to do, especially at leave-taking, when the Queen asks you (as she did Mrs. M.) to accept as a souvenir of the visit a magnificent ruby-diamond bracelet.

—A biography of the late Chancellor WALWORTH is to be prepared by his son, CLARENCE A. WALWORTH. So requested in the Chancellor's will.

—The QUEEN OF ENGLAND has now an even dozen grandchildren, her children having contributed in the following proportion: The Princess-Royal, five; Princess of Wales, three; Princess Alice, of Hesse, three; Princess Helena, one.

—Literary people will sympathize with Mr. B. P. SHILLABER ("Mrs. Partington"), who is afflicted with gout, which he avers he inherited from his wife's ancestors.

—The wisdom of an opulent man becoming the administrator of his own estate, and the satisfaction arising from it, are being enjoyed by Mr. GEORGE PEABODY. The annual report of the Peabody Trustees, in London, shows that by rents and interest the original fund of £150,000 has been increased to £170,000. The total population in all the buildings erected by the trustees is 1583; "the sanitary condition of the dwellings continues highly satisfactory, and the houses—well ventilated, open to free air, and kept with scrupulous cleanliness—appear to secure exemption from diseases incident to crowded localities."

—Lady AMBERLEY, recently among us, is now in London, and gives brilliant receptions, on Tuesday evenings, to rising young Liberals. She is one of the best of England's lady politicians, going to the House of Commons three or four times a week, and often remaining for several hours.

—The gentleman who presides over the principal organ of public opinion in Mount Pleasant, Iowa, has "sat under the oratory" of Miss ANNA DICKINSON, and gives it as his judgment that "woman as well as man is endowed with the gift of oratory and logic, such as enables her to fill lecture-rooms and move her auditory at will." He says, moreover, that "Miss DICKINSON'S lecture on 'Idiots and Women' was a masterly effort. Her positions on the abstract principles of right were well taken—were fairly taken; her arguments clear; her logic—like the thunder-bolts of Jupiter—fiery, scathing, and sweeping, as the tornado, every thing before it; her eloquence resistless as any orator who ever stood in our city."

—The names of two young ladies, late of New York, appear in Paris papers—Miss EMMA STONE (daughter of HENRY A. STONE), who has just been married to a banker named GONTZ, and Miss PAULINE PENNIMAN, who is engaged to M. GASTON DE BRIMONT, of Paris.

—The *Bazar* takes leave to introduce to its readers WILLIAM HOWITT, who will speak a short piece: "For my part, seeing the victims to fast life daily falling around me, I have willingly abandoned the apparent advantages of such a life, and preferred less popularity, less gains, the enjoyment of a sound mind in a sound body, the blessings of a quiet, domestic life, and a more restricted but not less enjoyable circle of society. I am now approaching my seventy-fifth year. I can not say, indeed, vigorous as I am, that I have reached this age without the assistance of doctors, for I have had the constant attendance of those four famous ones—Temperance, Exercise, Good Air, and Good Hours."

—After all that is said about lecturers none of them possess the power of drawing large houses in a higher degree than JOHN B. GOUGH. He has been a success for five-and-twenty years. The Chicago folk have just made a contract for his exclusive services for the next ten years, guaranteeing him $200 an evening for eighty nights each year.

—Since Count BISMARCK'S absence from Berlin, on account of illness, the Prussian monarch is said to have been greatly badgered and irritated by political affairs. A story is told of a conversation between the King and VINCKE, the once stanch Bismarckian, which ended by VINCKE'S saying, "I am ready to lay my head at your Majesty's feet, but not my conscience." "And do you think," the King is said to have passionately replied, "that I have no conscience myself?"—and turned his back on him.

—That Judge HOLMES, of St. Louis, who wrote a book to prove that Lord BACON was the author of SHAKSPEARE'S plays, has been offered a professorship in the law school at Cambridge.

—Lord DERBY and Lord RUSSELL, both of whom entered public life more than forty years ago, are the only living statesmen who have been Prime Ministers of Great Britain. Notwithstanding the frequent changes of the English Government, the office of First Minister has, by some curious accident, remained a close monopoly. In twenty-two years there have been seven Cabinets and only four Prime Ministers.

—Lord WILLOUGHBY D'ERESBY, one of the very naughtiest men in all Great Britain, and one of the wealthiest, is patron of fifteen livings in the Church of England.

—After much legal controversy Dr. COLENSO has been declared legal bishop of Natal, by the highest court to which the case could be taken.

—It cost VICTOR EMANUEL a little something to obtain from the Pope a dispensation for the marriage of his son and heir Prince HUMBERT with his cousin, the Princess MARGUERITE, the fees being $20,000 gold. The bride's trousseau is being prepared in Vienna and Paris.

—Among theatrical people it is whispered that Miss MARY M'VICKER, a clever actress of Chicago, is about to become Mrs. EDWIN BOOTH.

—The COUNT OF PARIS, now in his thirtieth year, has literary talent, and, like other exiles, seeks consolation in letters. His contributions to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* have displayed fine literary taste.

—Mrs. COBDEN proposes to publish a collection of Mr. COBDEN'S letters on public questions, commencing with those on education. An admirable Life of Cobden has been published by the HARPERS.

—Lord LYTTON, whose deafness had become so complete as almost to unfit him for all public duty, as well as for conversation, has entirely recovered his hearing under the treatment of some skillful aurist at Paris.

—The Memoirs of Talleyrand may be expected to appear on or about the 17th of May next—that being the period prior to which their publication was prohibited by his will. There will be spicy revelations therein.

—It is said of M. THIERS that when he makes a great speech he passes the greater part of the night in the *Moniteur* office, revising the proof-sheets with the greatest care, and drinking chocolate meanwhile. Another great orator, M. BERRYER, commits his speeches to the mercy of reporters and "readers." Being asked, after his speech on the Press Bill, whether he would not like to revise the proofs, he said: "I read over a speech that I have spoken? That would be like taking soup after coffee!"

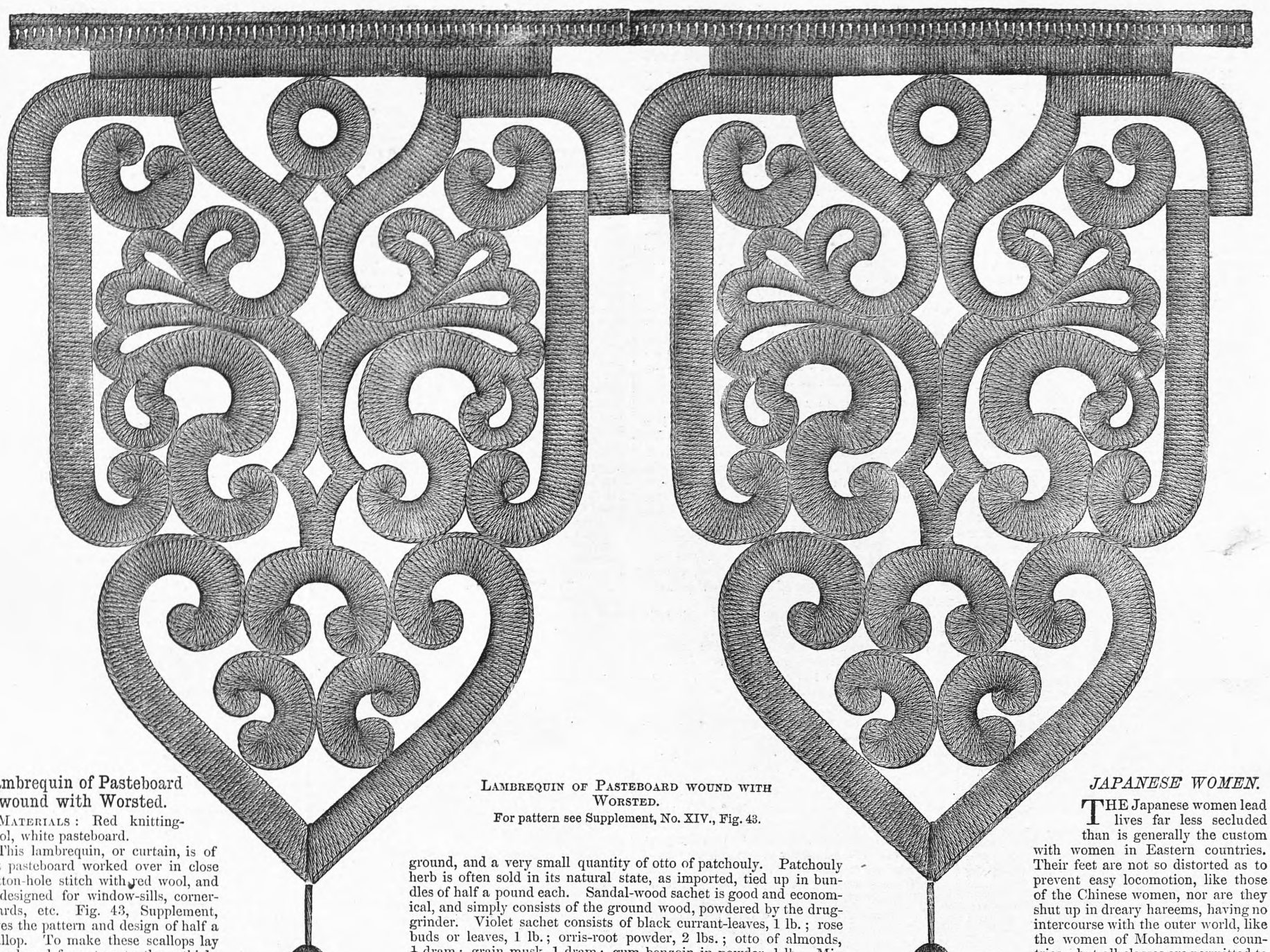
—A very beautiful woman must be the Princess de METTERNICH, admitting the accuracy of the following description, from a Paris journal: "Eyes which have the sweetness of a German reverie; teeth of brightest enamel; a forehead smooth and clear as an infant's, high and wide as that of a thinker; and abundant silky-brown hair; the form of head as Greek as that of the Venus of Milo; her ear like a pink shell; the beautiful fall of her shoulders, the exquisite form of her arm, the long, aristocratic hands, and the narrow, dainty foot. Be she dressed in blue, red, or yellow; be she coiffed with her toque over her eyes or with a sergeant-de-ville's cap, as she appeared one day at the Tuileries—she is and remains a princess."

—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE has given $5000 to the fund for an infirmary at Rotherham, England.

—Mr. ARTHUR HELPS, the gentleman who compiled the Queen's Memoirs of Prince Albert, is a gentleman of large estate and ancient family. He graduated at Oxford in 1838 and entered public service as Secretary of Lord Monteagle, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was subsequently appointed Commissioner for Danish, French, and Spanish claims. He afterward became private secretary to Lord Morpeth, during his office as Chief Secretary for Ireland, and continued as such when Lord Morpeth, as Earl of Carlisle, became Lord Lieutenant. In 1859 he was appointed clerk of the Privy Council, in which position he has since remained. Having a cultivated literary and artistic taste, and being an accomplished German scholar, Mr. HELPS gained the warm friendship of Prince Albert, and for a number of years he was a frequent guest at the Queen's table. The Queen continues toward him the regard felt by her husband. Mr. HELPS, though not a popular writer, has published several works, displaying considerable talent and research. They consist of essays, plays, and historical works. In person Mr. HELPS is short and spare, fifty-four years old, and a widower with an only daughter.

—Mr. HENRY VINCENT, an English gentleman lecturing in this country, says that the man who more than any other stirred the hearts of the British people was WILLIAM COBBETT. He taught them more of liberty than any man of his time; but the man who did more than all others was DANIEL O'CONNELL. He was the most bewitching in his manner, but he never spoke much unless he had a crowd of "the boys" near to cheer at the right time.

—Miss SARAH J. SMITH, of Glasgow, Missouri, has been well rewarded for an act of kindness. During "PRICE'S raid" thereabout a rebel soldier was left on the ground dangerously wounded in the neck. Miss SMITH happening to pass by saw the wounded man, went to him, stanched his wounds, and probably saved his life. She remained with him until near nightfall, when he requested her to leave, as his companions would probably come in the night and take him away. If not, she would find him where he was in the morning, living or dead. He said he was known by the name of TUCKER, but that his real name was H. C. M'DONALD, and that he was from Louisville, Kentucky. Next morning M'DONALD was gone, and Miss SMITH knew nothing concerning him afterward. A few days ago Miss SMITH (who still resides in the neighborhood) received a letter from the administrator of H. C. M'DONALD, Sen., informing her that she was named in the will of the deceased as the legatee of $50,000, in consideration of her having saved the life of his nephew and only heir, the H. C. M'DONALD named in connection with the incident of 1864. This is all the story, and its correctness is fully indorsed. It is a very nice little romance, and worthy to be preserved in the *Bazar*.



LAMBREQUIN OF PASTEBOARD WOUND WITH WORSTED.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 43.

Lambrequin of Pasteboard wound with Worsted.

MATERIALS: Red knitting-wool, white pasteboard.

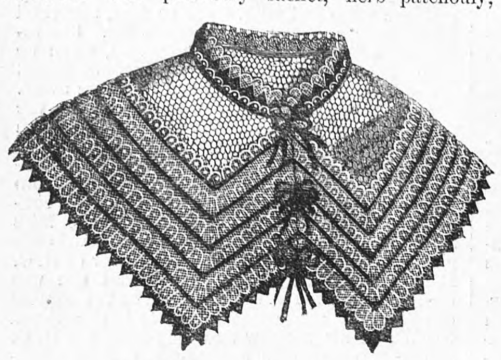
This lambrequin, or curtain, is of cut pasteboard worked over in close button-hole stitch with red wool, and is designed for window-sills, corner-boards, etc. Fig. 43, Supplement, gives the pattern and design of half a scallop. To make these scallops lay on a board from two to three thicknesses of pasteboard of the size of a scallop over each other, and fasten them at the corners by means of small nails. On the upper piece of pasteboard draw the design given in Fig. 43, and, following the lines of the drawing, cut out the single figures with a sharp-pointed knife. Cut through several thicknesses of the pasteboard at once, so that several scallops may be prepared at the same time. The figures belonging to each scallop are worked with red wool in close button-hole stitch, taking care to join them, by reference to the pattern, as soon as they are prepared. In working the corners of the figures the needle may be sometimes put through the pasteboard, in order to lessen the work. Having worked the required number of scallops, sew them together according to the pattern, with overcast stitches taken on the wrong side. The lower point of each scallop is ornamented with a red tassel. On the upper border sew a crochet stripe. For this make a foundation of the length of the scallops, and work thereon a row of double crochet. Then work on each long side one single crochet between two double crochet. This stripe is joined to the scallops as shown in the illustration.

HOW TO MAKE SACHETS.

Sachets or Scent Bags.—Various substances, being put into silk bags or ornamental envelopes, are pleasant to smell, and economical for imparting an agreeable odor to linen and clothes as they lie in drawers. We quote a few instructions for making sachets, every material being either ground in a mill or powdered in a mortar, and afterward sifted:

For heliotrope sachet take ½ lb. powdered orris-root; ¼ lb. ground rose-leaves; 2 oz. tonquin bean, ground; 1 oz. vanilla bean; ½ dram grain musk; 2 drops of otto of almonds—to be well mixed by sifting in a coarse sieve. This, says a perfumer, is one of the best sachets ever made. For lavender sachets take 1 lb. of lavender flowers, ground; ¼ lb. gum benzoin in powder; ¼ oz. otto of lavender. For patchouly sachet, herb patchouly, ground, and a very small quantity of otto of patchouly. Patchouly herb is often sold in its natural state, as imported, tied up in bundles of half a pound each. Sandal-wood sachet is good and economical, and simply consists of the ground wood, powdered by the drug-grinder. Violet sachet consists of black currant-leaves, 1 lb.; rose buds or leaves, 1 lb.; orris-root powder, 2 lbs.; otto of almonds, ¼ dram; grain musk, 1 dram; gum benzoin in powder, ½ lb. Mix the ingredients well by sifting, and keep them in a glass or porcelain jar at least a week before using.

Cedar-wood, when ground, forms a body for sachet powder, and, distributed among clothes, will prevent moth. It yields an exceedingly fragrant essential oil, and is much used for scenting soap. Cinnamon, when ground, is used for pastilles, tooth-powders, and sachets. Cloves are used for the same purpose. Dried fennel, when ground, is also used in sachet powders. Ground nutmeg is much employed in the scented powders for scent bags—as are also dried sage-leaves.



FICHU FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 14 and 15.

BLACK SATIN FICHU.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 12 and 13.

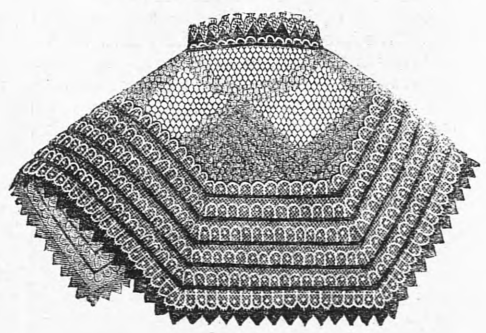
JAPANESE WOMEN.

THE Japanese women lead lives far less secluded than is generally the custom with women in Eastern countries. Their feet are not so distorted as to prevent easy locomotion, like those of the Chinese women, nor are they shut up in dreary hareems, having no intercourse with the outer world, like the women of Mohammedan countries; but all classes are permitted to mix freely in society, without let or hindrance, and it is no unusual thing to meet ladies in the streets attended by their servants, or carried in a norimon—a most peculiar and uncomfortable kind of conveyance. As single women they are allowed to associate with their friends and relatives, both male and female, and when married the utmost confidence is placed in them; they can come and go as they please.

Their appearance is very pleasing and eminently lady-like, even women of the lower classes possessing, as a rule, that refinement of manner and grace of movement which among ourselves is the proof of high breeding. They are very short, generally less than five feet in height, with hands and feet proportionably small. Their countenances are often charming, the black hair, always so carefully arranged, framing a delicate oval face, clear complexion, dark liquid eyes, and pretty nose and mouth. They move about very gracefully, notwithstanding their rough sandals and long draperies. The musical language of the country loses none of its melody from their pronunciation, for their voice is low and sweet, always an excellent thing in woman.

It is pleasant when climbing a green hill-side, or exploring a lovely valley, to exchange a cheerful "O hy o," or "Good-morning," with mothers returning from market, or leading their little ones to visit some relative in a neighboring village.

The men give utterance to none of those contemptuous expressions with regard to the female sex which are so frequently heard in China, nor does a Japanese ignore his wife and family, but readily enters into conversation respecting them. The women in consequence of this have a frank, self-reliant bearing, which shows they are treated as rational beings. The mothers have unlimited authority over their sons, whatever may be the age or rank of the latter. Though they themselves may have been bargained for and sold to husbands without regard to any will of their own, this power restores the balance and redresses the wrong, by placing woman as the mother far above man as the son. The right of women to succeed to the throne even of the Mikado, of which there are numerous examples both in ancient and modern times, is another compensation for the disadvantages to which they are subject in some other respects.



FICHU FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 14 and 15.

THE TRYST.

Up from the meadows brown kine are coming,
The drovers call to loitering flocks;
Here in my garden late bees are humming
On ruby-turreted hollyhocks.

Afloat in the misty silver reaches
That steadily wane from low, far skies,
The long clouds loom like purple beaches,
And the sad day shuts her dying eyes.

Fair is the garden, yet more to my fancy
Than sumptuous dahlia or drowsy rose
Is yon quiet lane with its jungles of tansy
And sweet mint-copses in shadow a-doze.

Arching branches are dewy and broad there,
Friskers dwell in them, nimble and brown,
Pale woolly mulleins carpet the sward there,
Glimmering soft when the moon leans down.

My heart will find out where my feet are going,
Love, ere I join you at moonrise again,
But the secret is safe from other knowing,
The breeze will not gossip that moves in the lane.

SAINT MAY.

St. Alovs the Great is both mouldy and grim,
The decalogue's dusty, the windows are dim;
If you know not the road there, you'll long have to search
To find your way into this old City church;
Yet on fine Sunday mornings I often there stray,
And see a new saint, whom I've christened St. May.

The one bell is cracked in its crazy old tower;
The sermon oft lasts rather more than an hour;
The parson is prosy, the clerk eighty-three;
The organ drones out in a sad minor key:
Yet quickly the moments I find fly away,
I pass every week at the shrine of St. May.

I have seen lots of saints in churches before—
In Florence or Venice they're there by the score;
Agnese, Maria—the rest I forget—
By Titian, Bassano, and brave Tintoret:
They none can compare, though they're well in their way,
In sweet tender grace with my lovely St. May.

She sits in a high, ancient, black oaken pew,
Which almost conceals her fair face from my view—
The sweetest of pictures it can't be denied;
With two tiny sisters who sit by her side,
Who lisp the responses, or kneel down to pray,
With little hands locked in the palm of St. May.

She's young for a saint, for she's scarcely eighteen,
And ne'er could wear peas in those dainty *bottines;*
Her locks are not shaven, and 'twould be a sin
To wear a hair-shirt next that delicate skin;
Save diagonal stripes on a dress of light gray,
No stripes have been borne by bewitching St. May.

She's almost too plump and too round for a saint,
With sweet little dimples that Millais might paint;
Though she has no angles nor mortified mien,
No wimple of yellow, nor back-ground of green,
A nimbus of hair throws its bright golden ray
Of glory around the fair face of St. May.

THE TRYST.

What surquayne or partlet could look better than
My saint's curly jacket of black Astracan?
What coif than that bonnet, perfected with skill,
Or alb than her petticoat edged with a frill?
So sober, yet smiling—so grave, yet so gay,
Oh, where is a saint like my charming St. May?

When the sermon is finished, the blessing quite o'er,
The sparse congregation drift out at the door;
I pause, as I stroll down the gloomy old aisle,
To see my saint pass, and perchance get a smile:
My faith I would change, like the Vicar of Bray,
To pass all my life in adoring St. May.

Then I wend my way home to my chambers so drear—
More dull e'en than usual to me they appear—
And then does a vision of brightness arise
Of the pureness and truth in those loving gray eyes;
For not a mere picture or image of clay,
To worship by rubric, is gentle St. May.

Thus all through the week, at each time and each place,
I'm haunted by thoughts of that fair tender face;
I dream of her spirit, so yielding and kind,
Her goodness of heart, and her pureness of mind;
And I long for the hour, and count on the day,
To sit at a distance and gaze on St. May.

No doubt you'll aver you consider it queer
That her name in the calendar ne'er does appear;
They prattled of "May," the sweet sisterly pair,
I added the "Saint"—she was canonized there.
If saints might wed sinners, I'd yield to her sway,
And straightway would fall on my knees to St. May!

A BIT OF SCANDAL.

'Tis the pleasantest hour of all the day,
After the Mall, or before maybe,
When my Lady Mary or Lady Jane
Gives Captain Rattle a dish of tea.

Agreeable Rattle! what pleasant news,
What charmingly wicked tales he tells!
And the last bit of scandal! While he speaks
Each gentle bosom delighted swells.

"'Tis certainly off between young Jack Fane
And little Bellasis—*pauvre petite!*
All because she went two nights to the play,
And, they *do* say, secured the same seat.

"'Twas mons'ous odd. And the Duke *was* there—
I had the truth from a man at White's—
And he certainly bowed her into her chair
Upon *one* if not *both* of the nights.

"And now, whether or not a *billet* passed—
'Twould be quietly done, one understands—
I vow 'tis more than I choose to swear;
But—'tis certain they *did* shake hands.

"And Jack goes as *attaché*, that's a fact;
Goes out of the country, don't you see?
'Twas his Grace's influence managed it, too:
How vastly kind of his Grace! He, he!"

And thus the Captain sparkles along,
Pleased with himself, and pleasing the while;
What if a character goes with a shrug,
Or a name is lost through a smile?

Well, that is unfortunate, one must own;
In this the Captain would quite agree:
But chat so enlivens a kettledrum,
And gives such zest to a dish of tea!

SAINT MAY.

A BIT OF SCANDAL.

"I DO NOT LOVE YOU."

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

SHE was leaning in the window of that cold, comfortless room: she would lean there, though he had tried to draw her away. She was a slight, frail-looking creature; her form and her attitude suggested pliability, and told of long-settled despondency. Twining a scarlet thread round and round her finger, she gazed out with unflinching persistence. There was nothing to see: the dismal evening was falling upon the wet street of a dull country-town after a raw drizzling autumn day.

He stood half behind, half beside her—just enough withdrawn to be hidden from passers-by—and watched the pale, drooping profile and the restless fingers. His face—that of a man no longer young—was proud, passionate, and resolute; so were his words, and the impatient movements by which he now and then changed his posture were evident kickings against and revoltings at the pricks which lay between him and the accomplishment of his will. He looked a man unused to be resisted, and whom nothing could so much chafe as the mere fact of defeat, let the object of the struggle have been what it might.

"Give some sign that you at least hear me," he said. As he spoke he possessed himself of an end of that scarlet thread and twitched it from her hold, thinking by this to rouse her. Thus sharply withdrawn it cut through the delicate skin; but neither of them noticed it. The movements of the small hands continued to be much the same as before its withdrawal.

After a pause—during which he watched her with an expression of exasperation growing over his face—he put his hands on her shoulders, turning her toward him, drawing her from the window by a more decided action than he had used before.

"Have you heard any thing I have said?" he asked, as she lifted her mournful eyes to his with a pleading look, while her wan face told of utter weariness, of heart-ache, of despair.

"Yes, all. I have heard all."

"You have nothing to say? No answer to make?"

"Only the same words to say, the old answer to make; the words you have heard so often—the words I hardly dare to say to you again—the words that are so true, so dreadfully true, though I have prayed lately—only God knows how fervently—for your sake to be able to believe them false. I do not love you—I do not love you—I do not love you."

"Why echo the hateful sound?" he cried, catching her clay-cold hands—which she was wringing as if in an agony of impotence—in one of his. "To hear those words once is punishment enough for a life of sin, and against you at least I have not sinned. Why echo them? Have I not heard them often enough already to make them ring through my life, sleeping and waking?"

"Give me no cause to speak them again. Be merciful! Leave my soul free. If you asked me for any thing I could give you, were it my life—"

"It is just for that, for your life, that I do ask you."

"But you want it in a way I can not, can not give it! I have no life to give in that way."

"Mere sophistry. You *can* give me all I ask for: give me yourself. Life must be very precious to you still since you love it so dearly that you will not trust it to my keeping."

"I can not. You want my life, you say, therefore you want my live self—you want my heart, my soul; and I could only give you what is dead; a dead heart, or just an empty shell—no heart, no soul at all; for," she whispered the last words, "you know that I do not love you, you know even more than that."

"Leave me to judge of what I want," he answered. "Yield your will to mine, with what comes after—let come what may—I will never reproach you. Marry me, give me the right to care for you, never speak those hateful words again. I ask no more from you than this—this you can do."

"You can not bear to hear those words just simply spoken now and then by a being you can leave when you weary of her presence. How will you bear to feel them, see them, in all ways, be made conscious of their truth daily, hourly, on and on, for all the time we are both compelled to stay on earth? How will you bear to have my daily life, day by day, telling you, 'I do not love you?'"

His grasp of her clasped hands tightened till pain sent a crimson flush over her face. It passed away quickly, and she gave no other sign. She knew why he frowned as she finished speaking. She did not know why he had smiled so strangely before he frowned. She had said "will" where she should have said "would," and he had built upon this slight foundation. In spite of that frown he now spoke gently, and with an extreme tenderness softening all his face, saying: "I hardly recognize my tender-hearted little friend to-day; she seems causelessly and willfully cruel. But I answer your cruel questions thus, Lily—I shall not have to bear such torture as you suggest. You *shall* love me. I feel that the power, might, and heat of my love will absolutely conquer and subdue you. You turn whiter, and you shudder; but I say it shall be so."

A faint smile, half pitying, half incredulous, flickered over her face.

"And I say," she answered, "that my heart is gone out of me—is beyond your power, as it is beyond mine; that there is an obstinate spirit in me, beyond your power and beyond mine; that, if I hated you, I could do nothing to you more cruel than consent to your will: that you had better dig up a corpse from the grave-yard and take that to your heart than make a woman your wife who knows surely and irresistibly, as I do, that she does not, can not love you."

She spoke vehemently, and as if from a sort of inspiration; but then she sickened, and the strength left her limbs. She was not, in any way, equal to a struggle of will with him. It was only his grasp of her hands that now kept her from sinking in a heap at his feet. He gathered her into his arms, saying: "You, dead or living, and no other, will I have here;" he pressed the white blank face, with its closed eyes, into his breast.

Just then the room-door opened. A woman's face looked in for a moment, then was withdrawn, and the door was closed again stealthily as it had opened.

Mr. Elphinstone heard nothing, but he saw this in the cracked mirror surmounting the empty fire-place, opposite which it chanced that he was now standing.

Seeing it he smiled to himself, as if not ill-pleased, and muttered, "One reason more, had I needed it."

He looked round the bare-boarded room—a school-room of the most rigid and comfortless description—for some resting-place more welcome than his arms to his helpless burden. Just then she gathered a little strength, drew herself away from him, and leaning against the table—

"Leave me now—for pity's sake, leave me now," she pleaded.

In that word "now" he read a second sign that she was yielding.

There was no creature in that dismal house to whose kindness he could commend her. It was hard to leave her alone, so ill and ill at ease; but she reiterated her entreaty, and he went. As he looked back at her, before closing the door, he was struck more vividly than ever by the chill and squalor of the place; he set his teeth, and muttered,

"This is not to be endured, and shall not last much longer. I have given way and been patient long enough."

His carriage was waiting for him, not at the door, but at the end of the street. He flung himself into it, and gave the word "home;" then, sitting with his eyes fixed on the place beside him, which was hers already in his imagination—thinking of his wealth and luxury, of her poverty and comfortlessness—contrasting the place in which he had left her and the home he could give her, he set his will firmer and firmer toward winning her.

He knew that to what she had long borne would now be added insult and contumely, probably dismissal and disgrace, and that for her these would be a sentence of starvation. He did not reproach himself—he had taken all reasonable precautions. They had been surprised, her retreat was cut off; it was not his fault, he could not be sorry that circumstances conspired to further his will.

His will! Had he not set his will at least as much as his heart on conquering the resistance of a weak woman? and in setting that will above her pure woman's instinct, did he not tacitly show that he valued his love above the Omnipotent Love to the shelter of which he would not trust her? rather than that, drawing her from it, into what was—for her, because she felt it to be so—sin.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN she had been some time alone, and the life that had ebbed very low in her had slowly flowed back, Lily Winters set herself to think and decide. This was foolish and dangerous; while she trusted to instinct and feeling she was comparatively safe; reason and reflection were less reliable guides. Is this unsound doctrine? I will not preach it then as a gospel of general application, only say that as for Lily Winters so for many women—let moral teachers and philosophers say what they will—feeling is a safer guide than reflection, instinct than reason.

She seated herself on one of the forms, leaning both elbows on the desk in front, buried her hands in her clustering hair, pushing it back from her brow, and set herself to think. She had two hours before her—the last two hours of a week's holiday during which the little girls, her pupils, had been absent on a visit.

When one hour, perhaps, of those two had expired—she was not conscious that more than a few moments had passed—Lily rose, standing upon a wooden stool, for she was but a little woman, and the mirror was hung high, she looked at herself in the clouded glass. It gave no flattering reflection. Look over her shoulder, and see a small face of rather dingy pallor, the lower part of it expressing just now a sort of struggle between spiritual firmness and tenacity and intellectual and physical weakness of will. The upper part of it, with its large, gentle eyes that look as if they had wept away their brightness, and learned to fear always, is fine in a curious half-elfish and yet tenderly human way. The figure looks older than the face—Lily stooped, and often seemed to be shrinking away from the world—but it is not ungraceful; has even, through its suggestion of timid helplessness, its own peculiar charm: it is perverted now rather than represented by an ill-made, ill-fitting, and very shabby dress.

"You were rather pretty once," said Lily to her own face. "But now—why can't he just leave me alone to fade? I look blighted, that is what I look. I shall soon drop off my stalk. It is because I am meant for this, and not for life, that I can not forget—can not forget."

Those last words she repeated many times: after she had turned from the glass and sat down again she repeated them, wringing her tiny hands as she uttered them. How hard she tried to pass her whole life in review—to think it all over; but there were places in which her mind hung as in a choked-up groove. She was not much past thirty, but she had lived her life, as far as love, hope, and joy made part of it. She had loved, and she had hoped with all her power. She had learned to say "*had* hoped," but could not learn to say "*had* loved;" her power of loving and living would leave her together. She had known sharp changes of fortune, but of this she neither felt nor thought. She cared nothing for luxury or even comfort. It seemed as if her heart had suffered so much that for the little frail body there was no measure nor means of suffering left.

She had been a petted only child, and an heiress; now she was an orphan—absolutely poor, and absolutely friendless, save for that man who had just left her—a man who had always loved her as child, girl, woman, as she had loved another—a man to whom her parents had owed salvation from ruin, and the peace and ease of their last days; a man, however, from whom she could take nothing, unless she took every thing. If she did this, what could she give him in return? Nothing, she said; every thing, he declared. He had shown by his life that he could not learn to forget her, to have an existence in which she had no part. The love which, unknown to her, had strengthened in him slowly, year by year, had mastered him now. He knew all the story of her love—or almost all—and it made no difference. She had begun to feel lately that there was no escape for her; that she was in the power of his inflexible will; that all of her that was tangible he would grasp and hold. She had thought of flight, but the thing was, there was no escape from consciousness of his suffering, and of the heavy, heavy debt of gratitude she owed. "Life does not leave me as quickly as I believed it would," she thought. "It can not keep in me long—but yet some years, perhaps. I am not more weak and ailing now than I was last autumn. Are there any in the world so miserable that they have no power to give some happiness to another? Is it for this that life lingers in me, that I should try and do some good to him? I have lived my life for myself; but is there any life in me that I could live for him? I do not love him; but could I serve him as if I did? He is alone, as I am; more alone than I am. There is the danger. Am I enough alone to make him feel less alone? He starves in his luxury, he says: he says that he wears his soul out with craving, so that his life is useless, and he might as well not have been born. This is not true: I hear of noble actions that he does; but the misery is that he feels it true. He never loses the consciousness, he tells me, that his heart, as he says I am, is outside in cold and desolation. If I let him take me in, to live under his roof, in his sight, will this bring him any of the ease, and rest, and happiness he thinks? I do not know—not this or any thing."

Poor Lily! She grew more and more perplexed—losing sight of the fixed immutable truth that she had recognized as truth when she only felt.

A little flicker of feverish warmth came into the ash-pale cheeks as she contemplated the sacrifice of herself, and dreamed of the possibility of making one who suffered, with that suffering of the heart which alone she was inclined to own as suffering, less unhappy.

"Be quiet," she whispered. "This is mere selfishness." That was when she was again conscious of the inner voice pleading—"But I do not love him—I do not love him."

It had long been dark outdoors, but the room was not dark; the light of the street-lamp outside fell across the floor. Lily's two hours had more than flown when the door opened, and a woman, large, handsome, and handsomely-dressed, entered, a candle in her hand. She swept up to Lily, so close that it seemed as if she meant to sweep over her, and set her candle down upon the table. Lily had risen, startled by the sudden entrance, dazzled by the sudden light; she was not reassured by the expression of that handsome face, swollen and inflamed by anger.

"I beg your pardon for not being down stairs to receive the young ladies," she began. "I did not know it was so late. I will go directly and put them to bed."

"Stop!" her mistress commanded. "No wonder you 'did not know it was so late,' so well employed as you have been! But I did not come to speak to you about those neglects of duty to which I am so accustomed from you" (that was quite untrue, Lily was scrupulous and conscientious), "but to ask you a question. Are you engaged to Mr. Elphinstone, Miss Winters?"

"Madam!"

"I intend to have an answer. Are you engaged to Mr. Elphinstone, Miss Winters?"

Lily's large, mournful eyes met the furious look fixed on them with gentle wonder.

"I am not," she answered: her sweet voice contrasted strongly with the harsh hoarse tones of the question.

"I thought it not possible, yet any thing else seemed as unlikely." Mrs. Maston glanced with insolent contempt at the little faded creature in the shabby dress, and shook out her own ample, rustling skirts. "Yet I have heard what I am forced to believe, and what obliges me to request that you leave this house immediately—to-night—within an hour! I will permit no further intercourse between you and my little girls—do not dare attempt to see them again."

Lily, perceiving that her mistress was waiting to hear if she had any thing to say, choked down some strong emotion, and murmured:

"Let me kiss Effie again, only let me kiss little Effie once more." She was a poor-spirited creature, you see. Her request was denied, and Mrs. Maston swept out. The handsome widow was almost mad with jealousy. She had played so hard, and she thought so skillfully, to win Mr. Elphinstone. She had taken Lily (whom she disliked from the time she first saw her) into her house to please him, and had never dreamed of finding a rival in "that mean-looking little creature." Something had lately aroused her suspicion, she had set one of her maids to watch, and now she knew of Mr. Elphinstone's visits to the governess, and that this evening he had been seen holding her in his arms.

Lily stood where she had been left. It was dark and late. "Where shall I go?" she asked herself. She was timid: the fact that it was dark and late moved her to a quickened sense of misery and desolation. For its being cold and wet—she heard the rain driven against the window furiously—she did not care. Within the prescribed time Lily left the place: she had remembered one possible refuge—with an old servant whose house she thought she could find—if not, where could she go? She had no money.

CHAPTER III.

IT was in Sarah Green's small kitchen that Mr. Elphinstone found Lily next day. She was straining her eyes to catch the last light from the dim window, and hurting her weak hands with coarse needle-work. She had looked almost happy; feeling all day as if she breathed more freely, as if the fresher air from a new life opening before her were blown upon her bracingly. But her face changed when she heard his knock; she gave a shuddering sigh. Having admitted Mr. Elphinstone, and set a chair for him, her companion went out, leaving them together.

The shock of the evening before had roused some courage in Lily. Night had brought her counsel. Having prayed to be delivered from temptation, the way had seemed to grow clear before her. She would go away with Sarah Green—Mr. Elphinstone should not know where—oh, it pained her to pain him! but, with her cleared vision, she had seen that this was the shortest and most endurable pain she could give him—from a distance she would write to him in a way that even he should feel to be final. In the night, after she had prayed, it had been so visible to her that his will was not the will of God for either of them.

And now—she dropped her work and clasped her hands, and set her lips resolutely. If she should have to yield she would struggle first; but, admitting by that "if" the possibility of this yielding, was she not already lost? When he came in she had glanced up at him, but neither of them had spoken; he had read something of her purpose in her face and in her occupation. Now he sat and looked into the fire till Lily felt afraid of the silence and of his face.

"You heard I had left my place," she said. "I meant to have written to you to say good-by, and to try to thank you for—" She faltered. How could she ever thank him? What was it she had to thank him for? So much, every thing. And how was she going to pay him?

"Where are you going?" he asked, turning upon her almost savagely.

"I hardly know yet. I have not quite arranged my plans." She tried to seem unmoved, but she felt her soul flinch from the expression of his face as he asked—"Is there no pity in your heart, Lily?"

Nevertheless she spoke bravely, and according to the truth, of which she still kept some hold.

"Oh yes, so much—if you only knew; so much that I will save you from yourself, from the life-long torture you propose for yourself. It is not only that" (she lowered her voice as she came to these words) "I do not love you; but I can not, can not, can not" (the words wrung out) "forget. I go on loving; he is somewhere. Sometimes I almost believe, in spite of my knowledge that it is not possible, that he is on earth still: but if not on earth he is in heaven. Love reaches heaven. Life here is only a little piece out of something that was before, and will be after. I go on loving. I love him, I love him, and I do not, can not love you."

Mr. Elphinstone sprang up. He said nothing, but he moved about the place, grating the sanded floor under his feet. Was he moved, or shaken? Lily watched him with clasped hands, parted lip, quivering nostrils. Did he feel that her last appeal was made? Would he yield? If not, what was the will of a woman against that of such a man? Presently he stood still before her. He had been shaken, but he would not yield.

"I thank you, Lily, for being wise for me," he began, and what the peculiar inflection of his voice meant she could not tell. "But I know myself better than a girl like you can know me. Life, and the world too, I know a little more really than you can do. Were there the faintest shadow of the possibility of the truth of what you suggested just now, I would leave you to wait your life out, and never urge you to do any thing but wait. You believe this?"

"Yes, oh yes!"

"But you know there is not that faintest shadow."

"Not as far as man can judge, but with God, you know, all things are possible."

"We have to do with human possibility; we are agreed there is none. Now I will tell you what your seamstress scheme means: for you, slow, sure starvation and shameful danger; for me, a most exquisitely ingenious torture. You see and feel that I am calm and dispassionate now: I have weighed every thing judicially. It is impossible that I should give you up. We are both miserable through some great mistake in life. I know that you can mitigate life for me (I plead in this way, Lily, as the only way to reach your heart), and I believe that in doing this your own misery will find its greatest possible, only possible alleviation. In living for my happiness you will most nearly approach your own. You are a woman, Lily, and not a very hard one.

I am a man, and love you with a strong man's power. I shall prevail—you shall love me! We shall yet be happy. Good Heavens! for all men there is some happiness somewhere in their lives, surely. What have I known of this yet? After what I have suffered—living with my heart hung out as a mark for the blows and scorns of the world, and not able to move a finger for its protection—will it not be happiness to hold it as a jewel inclosed?—to know you, feel you, see you, hear you under the shelter of my roof? Rest will enter my heart when you enter my doors—if you live there and hate me, I shall have more peace than if you were indifferent to me any where else in the world. But you will not hate me."

He looked down upon her, his face aglow with resolute heat. She, a pale, scared thing, looked up at him, powerless. Her will yielded, but not her heart. Her reason yielded, but not her heart; but the poor thing, her heart, was borne down, laid low, and felt the waves break over it.

"I will try and make you happy," she said, after a long silence; "I will live to serve you." Then one last cry was audibly cried by her soul. "Oh, Ralph, have you *prayed?* It seems to me that you are tempting me to sin—dragging us both down to an unknown depth of misery."

He smiled, laid his hand on her head soothingly, then gently pressed it over her strained eyes, which looked, in their intensity, as if the vexed soul might fly forth through them.

"Where can be your sin, my pure Lily! You sacrifice yourself to me. In the truest sense, you lay down your life for your friend—I am your friend, you know; you have always granted me that title. For the misery—we will prove it."

ART IN COMMON THINGS.

THE CARPET.

IT is very difficult to ascertain who is responsible for the lamentable want of appropriate design and legitimate treatment of both form and color so apparent in the majority of our carpets. The manufacturer blames the retailer, and the retailer imputes the fault to the public—a fault, by-the-way, of which the public appear to be utterly incognizant. A little reflection upon the real use and intention of a carpet is only necessary to discover the incongruities of which we complain.

Now a carpet is, as we all know, a warm covering for an otherwise cold floor; a thing to be trodden constantly under foot, and to meet with every kind of rough usage; to be mercilessly dirtied and mercilessly cleaned. Assuredly it should be strong, and it is; it should be sober in color and sparing in profusion of ornament, and it is not. On the contrary, pure white, delicate cream, blush rose, pale green, all the sweet and lovely and pure colors, in short, which nature reserves for her most delicate work, but denies to sterner things; these we place upon our floors, not to sit upon but to tread upon, and not always with the purest feet. Moreover, we gather together every flower, plant, and tree of Nature's making, with many others of our own invention, till our carpets glow out with a wild profusion of all possible and impossible vegetable forms. Dissatisfied still, we bring the magnifying-glass into action, and so enlarge the natural leaves we condescend to copy that it sometimes takes several breadths of one carpet to complete the gigantic fern or ivy or oak leaves we have honored with our attention. Then from the vegetable to the animal world is but a step, and so we weave tigers, and horses, and baa-lambs, and little boys and little girls, and great dogs in the best velvet pile, and place them for the admiration of mankind. But where? Still to be trodden under foot, still to be systematically dirtied, still to be ferociously cleaned; and yet with a little further advance upon our old wisdom, we advance these triumphs of art to a post of still greater danger and still more dirt, and, in the name of hearth-rugs, we carefully deposit them in front of the fire-place, where the wear and tear is as ten to one compared with any other part of the room,—the place where the hot cinders come flying out, and the "maid-of-all-work" upsets the black-lead, or the oil, or any other of the requisites for grate or stove polishing. But we do more. As it is the very first requirement of a floor that it shall be perfectly level and smooth—for if there should happen to be any unevenness or projection down we should go to a certainty, catching our foot therein—we introduce shaded patterns into our carpets, in our love for the appropriate; so that if the thing were what it vainly seems to be, no one, however skillfully he might advance on tip-toe, could cross a modern parlor without his ankles being entangled by wreaths of roses or baskets of fruit, and no one could possibly advance one half-way along any dining-room without tripping up against some Maltese cross, and so falling down upon a collection of instruments of torture, compared with which a fall upon a newly Macadamized road would be a trifle.

These, then, are the principal evils of modern carpet designs: General inappropriateness of color; Undue introduction of the natural; Inappropriate forms; Shading. Of all these the last being infinitely the worst, because founded on the basest views of nature and vulgarity of taste.

From what has been already advanced it will be seen why gay coloring is wrong in any carpet. Just compare a Turkey carpet with an English or a Brussels, and contrast the perfection of coloring in the former with the crudeness and harshness of the latter; and then remember that sober as the one from Turkey is, compared with the gaudiness of the others, people sit on carpets in Turkey as much as they stand upon them, and when they stand have, as a general rule, either bared feet or wear slippers, so that there is a reason for the softness and the beauty of a Turkey carpet; while we, without any such reason, and constantly putting our carpets to a use which would horrify a Turk, make ours still softer and infinitely more gaudy. But judged with respect to its situation, the color of any carpet should be very sober, and never of such a hue as to attract the eye. Down-looking people are regarded as bad people, and we pay our friends a poor compliment by seducing them into veiling their eyes like the hypocrites.

Then let all patterns be small, for even in the largest drawing-room so many fancy tables, and so many chairs and ottomans have to be accommodated, that to see a large pattern is quite out of the question; and as one's position in a room is ever-varying, the patterns ought to be so designed that from all parts of it they shall present the same shape. Let carpets, then, be subdued in tone, small in pattern, and fixed in outline. If the carpet were the only thing in the room it might be made far brighter, perhaps as gay as you pleased; but when the walls have to be decorated, and hung with pictures and looking-glasses, when the cornice is to be colored and gilded, and the room filled with upholstery, carpets should be chosen as a means of showing *them* to the best advantage, and not with respect to its own magnificence. People buy carpets as if they were the only purchasable thing in the universe.

The same reasons enforce the second rule with respect to the undue introduction of the natural. All honor to Nature. We can never sufficiently admire her works, or spend our lives in tracing out her beauties; but we show neither our love nor our reverence in caricaturing her excellences, especially in caricaturing them by machine-work, which is necessarily coarse. All those magnified leaves and branches are downright ugliness. When Nature enlarges she subdivides, and never increases merely by doubling size, but multiplies quantity as well, so that the small leaf has so many fibres—enough for its sustenance—but the large one has many more. Nature enlarges with tenderness, we with coarseness and clumsiness.

The introduction of inappropriate forms arises from their being designed so that they will present the most showy appearance, instead of so that they will look the best, when in their ultimate position. Of course the manufacturer and the retailer both have their wares to dispose of, and they naturally think that the more eye-pleasing any fabric can be made the more attractive it will prove. It is for the public to correct this delusion, and for the public alone. As long as they *will* have tigers on their hearth-rugs, so long will the supply equal the demand; and there *are* other things for them to buy if they will, for all carpet design is not bad, though the worthless is by far the most general.

The last evil that we have to notice in carpet design is the introduction of shading—the last, but certainly not the least. For all others there is some excuse. The love of color is in itself so noble and so good an instinct that its possessor may perhaps be pardoned for indulging therein to excess. But the ingenious draftsman who sets himself down steadily to design a carpet, and to fix the shapes and lines which the threads, flashing through a thousand looms, shall take forever, and having portrayed in some huge cartoon the undigested fancies of his uneducated brain, and then, not content with the effect of his labored workmanship, adds to it a profusion of dark brown or jet black shade, has with every stroke of his ill-directed brush painted down these facts—that he is an incompetent workman—a blind leader of the blind—ignorant of propriety, ignorant of art, and worse than ignorant of nature.

Let us briefly examine some few of the more manifest fallacies involved in this practice of shading.

Shadow is in all cases caused by the rays of light on any lower or more distant object being intercepted by some other higher or nearer object; and thus the first idea we gather from the presence of shadow is that of projection. But who requires projections in a carpet? And, again, supposing, for the sake of argument, that nail-heads, and crosses, and tree-boughs, and rope-ends were highly appropriate objects for carpet decoration, and that the happiest results could be obtained by pushing them out in every floor, still, then, it would be at once false and futile to attempt to gain the effect of such projections by adding shade to any set patterns, because the position of the shade must depend entirely upon the position of the windows or other openings admitting light; and were the projections real, the shape and size of every touch of shade would be varied throughout the whole length and breadth of the carpet; and, therefore, if one small bit of a shaded pattern is allowed by courtesy to be right, its very rectitude involves the falseness of the rest. And, indeed, so often are carpets that are purchased in ignorance laid down as ignorantly, that it is no common thing to see the shade in a carpet boldly marching toward the light instead of away from it, as by all natural law it is bound to do. So that, viewed in this light only, shading is an utterly futile endeavor to imitate that which is altogether unworthy of being imitated.

Again, all those who have at all studied nature must have observed how beautifully transparent her shade really is. We often hear about gloom into which no eye can penetrate, and such gloom in certain places and at certain times certainly may exist; but the ordinary shades cast by natural objects are, as an invariable rule, exquisitely transparent, and always tending to reveal form, and not obscure it. Also, shade in one place is of one color, and in some other place of another, and is always influenced by the local color of the object on which it falls. But in these wretched carpets the shade is opaque, to begin with; wherever it falls there it obscures, and is of just the same color and depth whatever pattern it falls upon. Shade is introduced into these manufactures solely for the sake of giving them a vulgar brilliancy and a tawdry glare, and whether they violate every natural law or not is a matter of the most supreme indifference to the manufacturer, so that they will but sell. But the public really have the matter entirely in their own hands; let only a very small portion of the carpet buyers shake their heads at and refuse to countenance these shaded carpets; the salesman may for a time look aghast, and redouble his assurances that the thing is "most chaste," "most neat," "most elegant," and that Mrs. Falsetaste, that acknowledged authority in all such matters, furnished her best room with the very pattern last week; if, making up your mind to conquer, you can resist the power of his eloquence, and still persist in your objections, it will soon dawn upon the carpet retailer's mind, and by his means reach the manufacturer's, that the days of shaded patterns are numbered, and that it will be well for him to produce something better with all possible speed.

The carpet is but a type of the universal dearth of design in all our "common things." Through a long, long list we may advance from the basement of our houses to their upper stories, and find little to admire, but much to condemn.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

DID you ever, gentle reader, from a quiet seat in the galleries of the House of Representatives at Washington, watch the movements of the "honorable body" below? If it is a first visit there is a certain fascination, not unmixed with amazement, in striving to comprehend the order (very like *dis*order it seems) of things, and to gain some idea of what is going on. Perhaps you have taken your post of observation before the business of the day has commenced. All is noise and confusion; but the House is called to order, and the Chaplain offers prayer, during which exercise the outward semblance, at least, of attention and respect is given. Then follows an indescribable scene, which to the novice is quite bewildering. Members rise and walk about, gather in little knots and chat, read the morning papers, write letters, jump up and call out "Mr. Speaker!" but, seeing no opening for them, subside again. A general din prevails, amidst which is heard distinctly the continual snapping of fingers, a signal to the light-footed pages (nice-looking, quiet little boys they are) who swiftly and silently convey documents from one part of the House to another; and above all, and through all, resounds the loud, unvarying voice of the Reading Clerk, who, in a monotonous tone, is constantly announcing the business of the day. "Mr. Speaker!" and "the gentleman from" *some* State—none but attentive listeners can, from the announcement, tell *what* State—has the floor. But nobody seems to pay any attention—the "honorable gentleman" talks away, but so does every body else, only in an under-tone—nobody appears to hear or heed. But suddenly one, and another, and another rise to their feet. "Mr. Speaker!" "Mr. Speaker!" resounds through the Hall. "Order!" cries Mr. Speaker; but who cares? down goes Mr. Speaker's hammer with a tremendous thump and a more emphatic "Order!" Probably some *did* hear what the "honorable gentleman" who had the floor said, after all, and object to it. But to see the House in its *perfection* of confusion one should be a looker-on from the galleries when some question of *personal* interest to all the members is introduced—as, for example, the drawing for seats. The assembled House of Representatives bears a ludicrous resemblance to a flock of excited school-boys. Every member springs to his feet—every body talks to his neighbor—every body calls out "Mr. Speaker!" A smothered rumbling pervades the atmosphere. "*Thump, thump, thump,*" goes the hammer, and calls for "*Order, or business can not proceed,*" become threateningly emphatic. The Speaker's voice and hammer, like a jet of cold water on a burning building, at length quench the flames, amidst much sputtering and sissing, and calm ensues.

One becomes accustomed after several visits to the business *methods* of the House, and they really *understand* something! But to strangers, and especially to ladies, who often have quite exalted ideas of Congressional gravity and decorum, the first impression is peculiar. And the Ladies' Gallery is well filled during the session of Congress; they seem to find it very entertaining amusement to watch the movements of the Representatives. (*Query.* Are they thinking of *improvements* in the future?) And when the noise and bustle of the House becomes wearisome, they go to the Senate Chamber, where business is conducted with a gravity, sobriety, and deliberation which is striking in contrast. About fifteen hundred persons can be accommodated in the galleries of the House of Representatives, and about a thousand in the galleries of the Senate Chamber. And these are usually well filled with attentive, interested, or curious spectators—fashionable ladies and gentlemen, citizens and strangers, foreigners and negroes.

A sensible girl lives in Cincinnati. It is of no use to "*advertise*" for her—she is already engaged to be married to one of the smartest lawyers in the State. She was left an orphan and without money. About three years ago she obtained a situation as type-setter in a printing-office. She worked faithfully a couple of years, during which time she earned besides her board about $200, and availing herself of the facilities which the printing-office afforded, acquired a good education. At present she is connected with the editorial department of a Cincinnati paper.

A Southern gentleman finds he can not wait the legitimate developments of leap-year; he is lonely, feels the need of having somebody to find fault with, and to grumble at when business matters go wrong; and being of age he has resolved to "come out," and announces that "sealed proposals will be received until 12 o'clock, M., of the 31st December, 1868." He also declares that "every applicant must possess beauty or its equivalent in currency;—she must possess a sweet and forgiving disposition, and when one cheek is kissed turn the other;—she must not wear long dresses on the streets;—nor frequent sewing circles;—nor go round begging for charitable purposes;—nor read the paper first in the morning;—nor talk when the advertiser is sleepy;—nor sleep when he is talking;—nor borrow money from his vest pockets while he sleeps;—she must not sit up for him when he happens to be detained to a late hour on his committee;—she must believe in sudden attacks of chills, and make allowances for their effects upon the nervous system;—all proposals must be accompanied with a red stamp and satisfactory evidence of the ability of the applicant to support a husband in the style to which he has been accustomed."

Some other advertisements may suit other parties, or serve as models. A Paris paper contains a paragraph which literally translated, reads as follows: "A young lady of forty-eight, having a moderate income, but possessing a patent for a new invention, wishes to marry a gentleman of sixty-five, well versed in chemistry." Also a new style of cards is in vogue in Paris, which gives a happy suggestion. The form is:

MONSIEUR JEAN JULE,
PROUD BEGGAR,
Receives alms at his residence,
No. — Rue —.

The sentimental youth who feelingly remarked that "even as nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns, so does she endow women with pins," is, doubtless, the inventor of the following new form for a common question:

"My dear Miss, would you sacrifice your own convenience to my pleasure, and present the five digits and part of the extremity of your contiguous arm to the aperture formed by the crooking of my elbow against the perpendicular part of my mortal corporosity?"

A party of unfortunate, chattering ladies recently received a public reproof at a matinée in Chicago. The play of "Elizabeth" was upon the stage, and one of the most impressive scenes in progress; but, with neither appreciation nor courtesy, the occupants of one of the boxes continued talking in so loud a tone as seriously to interfere with the comfort of the audience and the convenience of the actors. Mrs. Lander endured the annoyance until patience seemed no longer a virtue. She turned to the box and said: "Ladies! It will be impossible to proceed with this play until you cease your conversation and behave yourselves." The rebuke was effectual.

While good-breeding is in general in the ascendant at places of public entertainment among us, occasionally a rude party annoy a great number, and gain an unenviable notoriety by a gross disregard of all rules of propriety. Some of the Philharmonic Rehearsals, and even the Concerts, have been thus seriously disturbed. The admirers of Mrs. Kemble have, in some instances, become indignant at the useless parade and confusion made by late comers, and at the inopportune changing of seats. True politeness leads one in public places to regard the comfort of others.

Mrs. Kemble's Readings have not only awakened the warm admiration of her former admirers, but all lovers of Shakspeare find it a rich treat to listen to her. Time has ripened and matured her powers, and mellowed her voice, which is full, strong, and clear. Shakspeare becomes a new author, an unexplored mine of treasures, to those who listen to its interpretation by such a reader.

"Norwood" will presently be given to the public in convenient book form. In his preface to the book Mr. Beecher speaks of his having first undertaken the writing of it as a relaxation from the exhausting excitement of public affairs, by turning his mind into entirely new channels of thought and interest; but that he found that plot and counterplot, the due proportion of parts, the whole machinery of a novel, seemed hopelessly outside of his studies. He however, says: "By interesting my readers, if I could, in the ordinary experiences of daily life among the common people, not so much by dramatic skill as by a subtle sympathy with nature, and by a certain largeness of moral feeling, I hoped to inspire a pleasure which, if it did not rise very high, might, on that account, perhaps, continue the longer. I had rather know that one returned again and again to parts of this most leisurely narrative than that he devoured it all in a single passionate hour, and then turned away from it sated and forgetful."

When spring opened with the severely-cold weather which the rich had not anticipated and the poor were in nowise prepared for, a lady in this city set an example worthy of imitation. She commenced giving one meal a week to the poor, promising to feed one hundred every Wednesday. She has made the necessary arrangements for carrying this plan into operation. Many private individuals, as well as organized bodies, are in like manner striving to lessen the suffering which our protracted winter weather has so fearfully increased. If such charities would only become the fashion among ladies who have abundant means, what comfort would be given, and what reflex blessing be received!

"Guild Court," Mac Donald's latest novel—all of Mac Donald's works, by-the-way, afford choice reading—contains some quaint bits of poetry. From one we quote a verse which is unique:

"Sunshine fair!
Of the saint
Gild the hair;
Wake the child,
With his mirth
Send him wild.
To the faint
Give new breath;
From the earth
Take the death,
Take the dearth.
'Tis in vain
To complain,
And implore
Thee to glide,
Thee to glow,
In my mind;
For my care
Will nevermore
Rise and go."

A new novel by Shirley Brooks is said by the London critics to be remarkable for its "perfection of character painting." It is also absorbingly interesting, the style is sparkling, and the moral tone thoroughly good. "My Husband's Crime," is the name of a new American novel which will be read with interest. Just as we are hoping for spring-like days, it is pleasant to see Miss Warner's charming juvenile story, "The Three Little Spades." It breathes an atmosphere of purity and fragrance, and will be welcomed by the children, who will be incited by its perusal to engage in the pleasing and healthful occupation of cultivating flowers. A great many "little spades" will be in demand when the frost is once fairly out of the ground.

STYRIAN JACKET.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 27–31.

Styrian Jacket.

THIS is a tight jacket of an entirely new design, and made of white and blue cloth, trimmed with blue ribbon, colored silk embroidery, and blue silk tassels. The jacket can also be made more simply, and equally beautiful, of light and dark brown silk—the embroidery being in brown silk, and the trimming and tassels of the same color. Black silk and velvet, embroidered in either black or colored silk, is also a pretty arrangement. The jacket must be lined with suitable material. Cut of white cloth, with white lustring as lining, both fronts from Fig. 27; also from Figs. 28 and 29 each two pieces, from Fig. 30 the back in one piece, and from Fig. 31 the pieces for the sleeves. The back part of the skirt is to be cut out in the middle according to the pattern, along the straight line on Fig. 30, and in its place a piece of blue cloth is set on under the other. After embroidering the outside, as shown in the pattern, lay it on the lining, and sew the parts together, as shown by the numbers on the pattern. Sew in the sleeves, and finish, according to the pattern, with the trimming and tassels. Add, finally, three flaps of blue cloth, which are fastened at the neck behind; these are also trimmed with tassels. A belt of the same material is fastened by hooks and eyes. To this are added two ends of blue and three flaps of white cloth, which are joined by a rosette of blue cloth.

Sack with Breton Embroidery.

THIS sack is of blue cashmere, lined with silk, and thinly wadded, and is trimmed, as shown in the illustration, with a strip of white cashmere ornamented with Breton embroidery, executed with colored crochet silk. Split zephyr worsted may be used instead of silk. The jacket is cut from the same pattern as the sack with hood, No. I., Figs. 1–5.

SACK WITH BRETON EMBROIDERY.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–5.

STYRIAN JACKET.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 27–31.

WATTEAU PALETOT.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 21–26.

SACK TRIMMED WITH BRAID.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 41 and 42.

Sack trimmed with Braid.

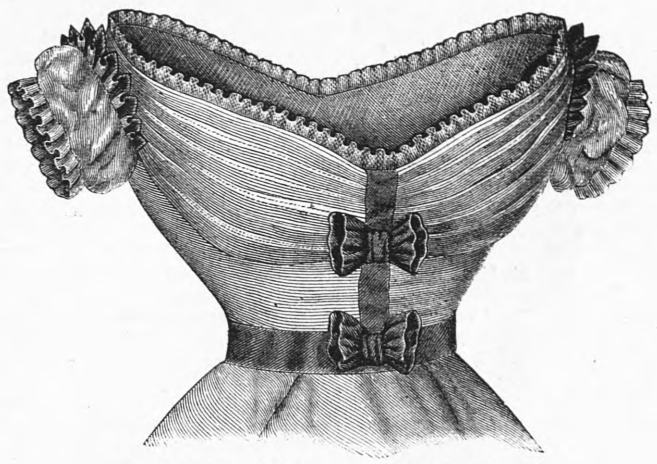
THIS sack is of purple cashmere, thinly wadded, and lined with black silk, trimmed with beads and narrow black and white braid, and closed in front with metal buttons. Figs. 41 and 42 give the design for the trimming. The sack is cut from the pattern of the sack with hood, No. I., Figs. 1–5.

Watteau Paletot.

THIS new and elegant paletot is made of black satin, lined with silk. It is quite long, and is looped up at the sides. The back is full, and is laid in box-pleats, under which a belt is passed, which encircles the waist. The trimming consists of bias-folds of the same material, corded, and wide and narrow lace. Cut from the outside and lining, from Figs. 21–25, two pieces each, taking care to allow for seams, and to complete Figs. 25ª and 25ᵇ by adding the overplus pieces according to the letters (see the shape reduced to 1/16 the full size in the supplement); then cut two pieces for each sleeve from Fig. 26. Make a slit in the outside and lining of each front from 1 to 2; sew the bosom pleats from 1 to 3, and set in the gore, Fig. 22, to correspond with the figures on the pattern. Baste the outside on the lining; lay two double box-pleats in the upper part of the back, Figs. 25ª, 25ᵇ, and two single pleats in the side from × to ●; then join it with Figs. 23 and 24. Gather the back and fronts on the side from ∗ to ● ●, join them to correspond with the figures on the pattern, and cord the paletot round the edge. Sew a loop formed of a bias fold of satin, two inches wide, edged with lace an inch and a half wide, over the gathers in each side seam, and trim the paletot round the bottom with lace two inches wide. Set a cuff on the sleeves, formed of a bias fold of satin, three inches wide, edged round the hand with narrow, and on the top with broad lace. Cord the arm-holes, and sew in the sleeves, covering the same with an epaulet made of a bias fold of satin, edged with narrow lace. The belt is also made of a bias satin fold, three inches wide, edged with lace, and covered, where it closes, with a loop similar to that on the sides; this

WATTEAU PALETOT.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 21–26.

Sack with Hood.—Front.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-5.



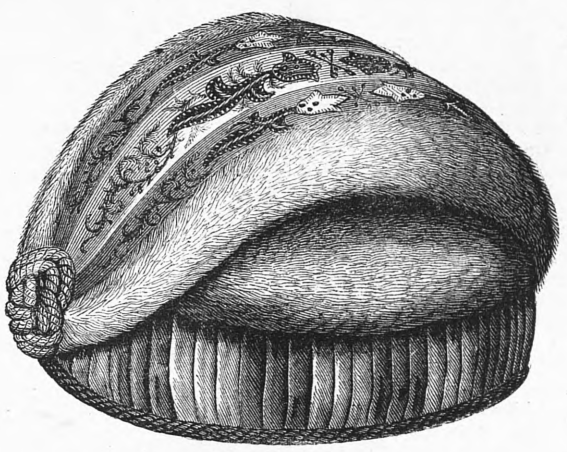
Low-Necked Waist for Evening Dress.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 32-38.

Sack with Hood.—Back.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-5.

belt is passed under the pleats through a slit in Fig. 25ª, the edges of which are corded. Finish the neck with hook and eye.

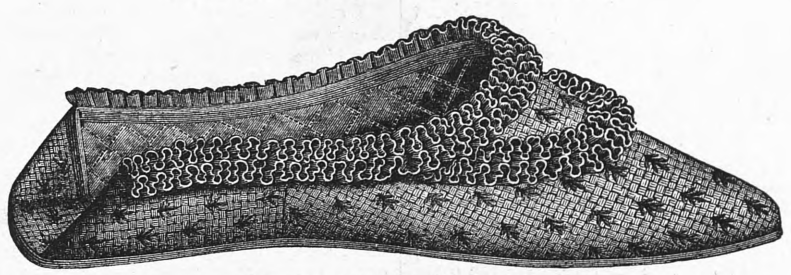
Low-Necked Waist for Evening Dress.

The original of this waist is of gray silk gauze. The trimming consists of folds of the same material, arranged in the form of a bertha, bordered with gray satin, and ornamented with gray satin bandeaux. The waist is trimmed, besides, with bows of blue satin and epaulets of gray and blue satin. The same pattern may also be used for making waists of other materials, such as light wash goods, silk, or other light stuffs, the trimming being chosen to suit the dress. For the waist, cut of fine muslin as lining, and the outside, two pieces each, from Figs. 32 and 33, allowing, in Fig. 32, an inch and a half for the hem on the front. Cut the back in one piece from Fig. 34. Hem the fronts, sew the hooks on the right side and the eyes on the left, and stitch up the bosom pleats. Then join the fronts and back; put small whalebones in the bosom pleats and the seams under the arms, and cord the waist on the upper and lower edge. For the sleeve cut a muslin piece from Fig. 35, and cover it with a puffing. This consists of a bias piece six inches in width and twenty-seven in length, and is cut on the upper side from the middle, sloping toward the ends, where it should be only four inches wide. Fold this in pleats in the length of the material, according to the muslin sleeve, and finish on the under edge with a band half an inch wide. Sew up the sleeve from 36 to 37, and set it into the arm-hole, so that 36 shall lie opposite 36 on the front. Fasten the epaulet in with this seam. Fig. 38 gives the pattern of a part of this. According to this, prepare a strip of blue satin, twenty-two inches long, and a similar strip of gray satin; join the two on the outer sloping border, and lay in pleats on the straight side, fastening × on ●, as shown in Fig. 38, so that the length shall be reduced to ten inches, and sew it in with the sleeve, taking care that the ∗ shall be opposite ∗ on the front, so that the blue satin lies next the waist.



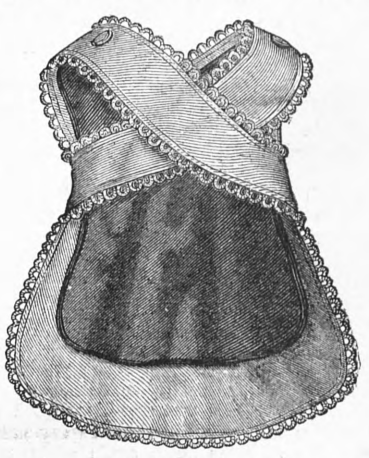
Foot-Stool.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 18 and 19.

Bib for Child under 2 Years old.—Front.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 20.



Slipper of Java Canvas.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 39 and 40.

Section of Embroidery of Slipper.



Bib for Child under 2 Years old.—Back.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 20.

For the simulated bertha trimming, cut from Figs. 36 and 37 each two pieces. The fronts are arranged in seven folds lying upward, each one inch wide and one-third of an inch apart, so that the pleated part shall be about four inches in width, and only half this width on the shoulders. A lower fold of the same material must be added, which shall appear like a broad band. The front is ornamented with a band of blue satin an inch and a half wide. The folds for the back are similarly arranged, and are composed of six folds an inch wide; and this trimming, which is arranged like that on the front (see pattern of back and front, Figs. 36 and 37), is sewed together on the shoulder from 38 to 39, and arranged on the waist. The bows, which are set on as shown in the illustration, finish the trimming of the waist.

Slipper of Java Canvas.

Materials: Light reddish-brown Java canvas, green lustring, green filoselle and twisted silk, green ribbon half an inch and an inch in width; wadding, two cork soles.

This pretty slipper is easily made of light-brown Java canvas, embroidered in point russe with green filoselle, and lined with green lustring. The lining and wadding are quilted in diamonds with green silk. The soles are of cork. The trimming is composed of quilled ribbon. For each slipper cut the top of canvas, lining, and wadding from Fig. 39, and the soles from Fig. 40. The design accompanying Fig. 39 is for the little revers, which is cut only of canvas and silk. Now work the canvas in

Belt with Peplum and Sash.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 16 and 17.

Marie Antoinette Fichu.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 10 and 11.

green filoselle silk, as shown in the illustration; bind the top with narrow silk ribbon, and sew the revers to the front. Trim the under edge so that the lining shall exactly fit the outside. Finish with a sole of lining and wadding, which is cut like the cork sole from Fig. 40, and is placed inside of the latter. Lastly, trim the slipper as is shown in the illustration, with a double quilting of green ribbon, an inch wide. The heel is laid inside, as shown by the dotted line on Fig. 40.

MISERY AND POVERTY.

A Flemish Legend.

OUR Lord Jesus Christ and St. Peter chanced to be journeying one day in the suburbs of Berguest St. Winoc, one of the prettiest villages in Flanders. They were dressed more simply than usual, like men whose position was sure, and who did not need to throw dust in the eyes of the vulgar. On their way the ass that they rode cast a shoe, perceiving which they stopped at the forge of Peter Lambrecht, nicknamed Misery by all the country round about, because he was so miserably poor. The blacksmith was hard at work with no other companion than his dog Poverty, that licked his hands from time to time, and fixed on him his large melancholy eyes, as if to say, "Courage, master; your life is a hard one; but your faithful friend Poverty loves you dearly."

Our Lord asked the blacksmith if he would shoe his ass.

"Come in and sit down," he answered, "and I will attend to you at once."

Christ and St. Peter seated themselves; and Misery shod the ass with a shoe of silver, while Poverty suffered the strangers to caress him—a great proof of esteem on his part.

"What do I owe you?" asked Christ, when the work was finished. "Nothing," answered the blacksmith, who thought himself dealing with those that were poorer than he.

Our Lord, who knows every thing, naturally read Misery's thoughts. "Since you are so good and generous," said he, "I give you liberty to make three wishes."

"Good!" said Misery, without manifesting the least surprise. And he began to reflect what he should ask.

"Choose Heaven," whispered St. Peter in his ear.

"I wish first," resumed Misery, "that none who sit in my arm-chair may be able to leave it without my permission."

"Granted," said Christ.

"In the second place—"

"Choose Heaven," repeated St. Peter, this time a little louder, pulling the blacksmith by his coat-sleeve.

"Let me alone," exclaimed Misery, abruptly, not liking to be disturbed in his reflections. "In the second place," he continued, "I wish that none who climb the walnut-tree in my garden may be able to come down again without my permission."

"Granted," said our Lord.

"In the third place—"

"Choose Heaven now," cried St. Peter, vehemently.

"In the third place," he went on, raising his voice, "I wish that nothing which goes in my little leather purse may be able to leave it without my permission."

"Very well; all shall be as you desire," said Christ. And, wishing Misery good-day, he set out with his apostle, St. Peter, who did not conceal his displeasure.

A few months after our Lord's visit hard times came on, and the blacksmith fell into such wretchedness that his name was better suited to him than ever. He had used up his last bit of iron, and given his last crust to Poverty.

Darkness came on, to add to the gloom of the extinct forge. He laid his hammer in a corner and seated himself on his anvil, bitterly regretting that he had not asked for a little money instead of making those three wishes, which had been of no use to him. While he was plunged in reverie some one knocked at the door.

"Come in!" he cried, without stirring.

The latch was raised, and a little man, bent with age, entered.

"Misery, you look sad," said he.

"Yes," answered the blacksmith, "and I have good cause for it. Once I was rich, and now I am poor."

"Is that all? That misfortune can be remedied; I can easily make you as rich as the sea is deep."

"If you could do this I should look on you as the greatest among men."

"I will do it, but on one condition, namely, that in ten years you will give me your soul."

"What am I to do?"

"Sign your name in your blood to this parchment."

"Gladly," cried the blacksmith. "Better sell my soul to the devil than grovel all my life in want!" And, dashing his hand against the anvil, he signed his name with the drops of blood that spirted forth. The little old man seized the parchment and went off chuckling.

Misery now had as much money as he desired. Every morning he filled his pockets, ate, drank, and sung all day long, and commenced over again the next morning. But his happiness was too complete to last; the ten years passed quickly, and the devil returned to the forge in the form of a little old man to carry off Misery's soul.

"Sit down in my arm-chair," said the blacksmith, when he had admitted Satan; "you must be tired from your long journey. You will not be the worse for a little refreshment; I have a fine ham and some strong beer in my cellar."

The devil seated himself, stretched out his lame leg, and felt a sense of comfort steal through his frame. While he was dozing in the arm-chair, and dreaming of the savory ham and foaming beer, Misery took from his forge an iron bar, with which he entered, whistling a popular air.

"Before eating our ham," said he, "we have some other little affairs to discuss."

And he began to cudgel Satan with such violence that he soon was black and blue. The poor devil gnashed his teeth with rage, and tried to rise and seize Misery; but it was impossible—he was glued fast to the arm-chair.

"Let me go!" he howled.

The blacksmith continued his blows.

"Let me go! Pardon!"

The blacksmith struck harder than ever.

"Let me go, and I will give you a respite!"

"That's talking reason. I will stop beating you; but before you leave this arm-chair you must promise me ten years longer, and as much money as I have had since your first gracious visit."

"I promise!" cried the lame man.

"Very well; go along, old fellow," said Misery, and the devil limped off, rubbing his sides.

Misery's life again became one long season of rejoicing; feasts followed feasts, songs songs, and bottles bottles; but alas! ten years pass quickly when we are happy. One day when he least expected it the blacksmith saw entering his house, not the old devil, who was afraid of him, but a goodly number of sturdy imps, adorned with a pair of huge horns and an immense tail.

"My friends," said Misery, in apparent good-humor, "we are just in the midst of nutting time, and a succulent nut is a feast unknown in the land you come from. While I am putting a few touches to my dress, so as to be fit to travel in your honorable company, if you have a fancy to climb my walnut-tree do so without ceremony."

The demons did not wait for a second invitation, but in less than a minute scrambled pell-mell up the tree. Misery hastened to his forge, kindled his fire which had not been lighted for twenty years, heated the rod red-hot with which he had beaten his former adversary, and, armed with this weapon, punched his new guests till they shrieked Fire and Murder! in agony; nor did he cease tormenting them till they promised to let him live ten years longer, and to give him as much money as in the past. As soon as the bargain was concluded the imps limped off, only too glad to be gone.

Misery gayly passed his new ten years, which fled like a happy dream. This time, however, all the able-bodied demons in the infernal regions came for him, with Lucifer himself at the head of the army.

When the blacksmith saw this formidable band he trembled for a moment, but soon calmed himself on reflecting that vanity was the vice that had destroyed the demon.

"I have been assured," said he to Lucifer, who advanced, frowning, "that if it were your good pleasure you could make yourself so small that this purse would hold both you and your worthy company. If this were true it would be a very convenient way of traveling. I myself could carry you a bit of the way."

Lucifer somewhat distrusted the blacksmith, but he could not divine his ruse. On the other hand, he was proud to show that he was capable of accomplishing impossibilities. In the twinkling of an eye the whole army was in the purse, which Misery shut quickly.

"Ah, you horned tribe! you are in my power now," he cried, "and I will be revenged on you." And rushing to his shop he placed the purse on the anvil, and raising his huge hammer with a vigorous arm, let its whole weight fall on the unhappy demons, who were soon as flat as a dollar. The wretches uttered shrieks that made the earth tremble.

"Cry, howl," said the blacksmith; "it is music to my ears!"

"Pardon! Spare us!"

"No," said the blacksmith. "I have a little money left; I shall live some time longer, and when I die a natural death I shall take you with me, and hinder you from doing harm to my fellow-men." And he put the purse into his pocket.

The very next day the strangest things began to be seen every where. One of Misery's friends returned him a hundred dollars of which he had cheated him at play, and the inn-keeper served him wine made of grapes; but as there are two sides to every picture, the inn-keeper's wife no longer smiled on him when her husband's back was turned. Nephews no longer desired their uncle's death; usurers no longer lent money at over six per cent.; as men no longer spent their nights in dissipation, and consequently no longer suffered from broken constitutions; and as they only ate to live, and were no longer sick of indigestion or any other disease the physicians were ruined. As they no longer fought there were no more promotions in the army. Women were no longer either coquettes, or gossips, or mercenary, or unfaithful, or deceitful, and became unbearable to every one, especially to their husbands. Life was horribly monotonous.

No one could understand whence came this chronic virtue, more deplorable than the most deplorable calamities, whose causes are generally known, and whose end can be foreseen. Commissions were appointed, which, like all commissions, past or to come, ended in smoke; all verified the evil, but none could find the remedy. Prizes were offered whosoever should discover a vice, no matter how small. Volumes were written against virtue, as formerly against vice, full of letters, words, and phrases, but the ideas wherein had been forgotten.

The Count of Flanders, who was reigning when these strange events took place, followed the example of the celebrated caliph in the "Thousand and One Nights," and traversed his kingdom in disguise. On reaching the house of Misery, a frightful noise attracted his notice.

"What is the matter here?" he exclaimed.

Misery showed the purse, and related every thing to his sovereign, who told him, to his great astonishment, what evil he had done in endeavoring to do good. The blacksmith was deeply grieved; nevertheless, he did not forget to ask for his parchment and his money before delivering Lucifer and his band. The promise made he untied the purse, and the whole host flew away, as if St. Michael were after them. The vices flowed back as if by enchantment, and every one was happy.

The blacksmith lived anew like a prince, and Poverty like the dog of a bishop. The one drank from a Bohemian glass goblet, and the other ate from a silver porringer and wore a furred blanket in winter, as if he had been a human being. But one tires of every thing, even of happiness. Misery wished to die. Feeling himself a little indisposed, he called in the best physician in the country. The practitioner, who never was wanting in his duty to a patient, promptly signed his passports for another world.

The blacksmith once dead, he went composedly, with his faithful dog, who had insisted on following him, to knock at the gates of Paradise. Unluckily the Apostle that carries the keys has a long memory; when he saw the man who had despised his counsels, he said, grumblingly,

"You might have chosen heaven, you obstinate old blockhead, but you would not listen to me. You shall not come in here, I tell you, once for all." And without further ceremony he shut the door in his face.

Misery was not very well pleased with this beginning, but, obliged to submit, he went to purgatory.

"You have no petty sins on your conscience," a voice cried to him before he reached the door; "this is no place for you."

"Well, there is nothing left for me but the infernal regions," murmured Misery, smiling.

On reaching the palace of Satan he pulled the bell. A poor shriveled-up demon, who acted as door-keeper, opened a wicket, and peeping through, recognized the terrible blacksmith who had beaten him to a jelly; upon which he rushed back, shouting to his comrades not to open the door, for Misery was there. Nobody dared to set one foot before the other, and the unfortunate blacksmith, after waiting a long time, was obliged to go away with his dog.

And therefore it is that Misery and Poverty are doomed forever to infest the earth.

FOR GENTLEMEN ONLY.

IN ordinary, smooth-sailing weather a passenger on board ship should hold his tongue. But if the passenger discovers a leak, I suppose he is bound to call out as lustily as though he were the captain himself. On this principle I, plain Pleiades Lumpkin, venture to call the attention of gentlemen to the remarkable report of the mate of the ship *Nile*.

This vessel, we are told, sailed along the coast of a new continent in the Polar seas, and approached within fifteen miles of the land. We hear, also, that the lower part of the land was covered with vegetation, and that ranges of mountains were seen stretching away in the distance; and we are left to infer that, unable to get nearer, the *Nile* then sailed away.

This, however, was not the case. A boat's crew, under the command of Mr. Hardy the mate, effected a landing; and the men spent several days among the inhabitants of this remarkable country, of which a record is presented in the report above-mentioned. For reasons which will become evident, this report was at once suppressed; but copies of it have circulated privately from hand to hand, and one is now in my possession. On reading it it seemed to me desirable to suppress it, and still more desirable to publish it. I therefore present it with as much privacy as can be insured by the title and in my own language, the original report being too lengthy.

Wrongelis, as the new continent was named by Captain Long, is not a desert of rocks, thinly covered with stunted Arctic growths. It is traversed by noble highways, and covered with fine buildings. It has also many railways, which are said by the inhabitants to connect the earth with the moon and other planets. Their time-tables are made out in this manner:

MOONVILLE AND SUN R.R.

FROM MOONVILLE. FOOT OF GALAXY STREET.

Leave	A.M.	P.M.
Moonville	6.30	7.00
Moon	6.43	7.12
Mercury	..	7.16
Staropolis	..	7.18
Mars	7.30	..

Mr. Hardy says that the day they left there was advertised a picnic for Saturn; and "that such things and such time-tables gave him an odd sensation." I should think that they might.

The inhabitants of Moonville, to call their continent by the name that they themselves have given it, are of the Saxon race; and are tall, handsome, intelligent, and hospitable. All their theories of science differ from ours. They were scarcely able to believe that we supposed the earth to be round; and even their politeness could not restrain their laughter when they learned our notions of gravitation, of the earth's revolving motion, and the distance at which we place the moon. Hardy states that the facts as given by him were published in all the papers, and that he saw them afterward in the *Disc* (a paper published every afternoon in the moon), copied, under the heading of "best joke of the season."

Their social system closely resembles ours, its chief point of difference being the character and manner of education of the women. An old maid is scarcely to be found. An extravagant woman is unknown. An unreasonable woman or a silly woman is avoided like a pestilence, while delicate and ugly women are rare exceptions to the general rule. These facts they claim as results of their system of education, which is regulated by law. No woman is allowed to waste time in a study for which she shows no fitness. The teaching of smatterings and odds and ends of knowledge is prohibited under heavy penalties. No woman's education is pronounced complete till she has received a diploma for housekeeping and seamstressing.

No woman's education is pronounced complete till she has given some attention to the ordinary methods of transacting business, and has mastered a trade or profession.

No woman is competent to marry till the Committee of Public Examiners pronounce her education complete.

Every woman is expected to follow her trade or profession till she marries, when she formally renounces it for household duties, unless compelled by misfortune or the death of her husband to resume it.

Every woman is required to devote certain hours of the day to out-of-door exercise!

All these regulations are rigidly enforced, and once a year, on the awarding of diplomas of "complete education," as they term it, the history of this system is read aloud. It is equally curious with the regulations.

Till the year 1800 no distinct system of education had been adopted. Women were taught and married at hap-hazard. There were good women and wise women; but if the journals of that date are to be believed, worthless, vain, and silly women were vastly in the majority. It grew to be the fashion to attribute most of the evils of which the community complained directly or indirectly to women. The prevailing extravagance was credited to them. The almost sordid devotion to trade was forced on fathers and husbands, it was said, by their continual demands for money. The growing reluctance among young men to marry was alleged to be due partly to the impossibility of maintaining such expensive loveliness on an ordinary income, and partly to the general dislike of their folly. The national ill-health was only to be expected in the sons of mothers who seldom drew a breath of pure air, spent their days on a sofa and their nights in a ball-room, and lived on sweets; and the domestic unhappiness, divorces, and scandals that filled the newspapers were another result of the want of domesticity and brainless vanity of wives and mothers.

These dreadful accusations were not lumped together, but appeared in driblets, here to sharpen a paragraph, and there to pad an article, and were softened and dulled by the stock compliments about the angelic tendencies of the sex.

But the inhabitants of Moonville have an officer who is called the Mirror. It is his duty to collect from the leading journals, day by day, the articles bearing on public interests, and to classify them. At the end of every three years these are presented to the public in a book, arranged in their order. Very naturally, when under the head of "Women" these deplorable assertions were given in a mass, intense excitement ensued. The women protested. The men appointed a committee to collect statistics, with a view of ascertaining the truth; for it was argued that such wives and mothers endangered the existence of a nation. The committee, in spite of the efforts made to bribe or frighten them, reported unfavorably to the general female character. The excitement grew. Rewards were offered for a remedy, and for the best essays on the existing evil.

Finally it was decided to open a court of social misdemeanors and domestic mismanagement.

The first complaint was preferred by a husband against a wife. Charge, Reckless Extravagance. One of the best lawyers from the Moon was engaged to defend the lady, and the court was crowded with anxious listeners.

The husband simply presented the court with a list of his wife's expenses and his own debts, alleging that all attempts to make her comprehend his embarrassed position had failed in producing any thing except a storm of tears or a fit of pouting.

The lawyer in reply admitted the charges, but pleaded extenuating circumstances in the lady's education. He said that you could not justly accuse a man of extravagance who had never heard of or seen gold if, stumbling on a gold-mine, he threw lumps of gold about like pebbles, and in one sense you might say that this lady knew nothing of money. Before her marriage she ordered whatever she fancied, and her father paid for it without question, or refused without explanation. In the one case she thought that he simply did what was his duty; in the other, she simply called him stingy; and at no time was she ever taught to reason on the subject by a fixed income which she could handle herself. As for her husband's "reasonings," if you told an Englishman in the Choctaw language that the house was on fire, would you expect him to budge? What did she know of embarrassments? Business was to her a gold-mine, and her father or husband the somewhat rusty and unwilling machinery, needing a certain amount of teasing to set in motion, but always bringing out the gold at last. As a man he deplored the facts, but what else, in the name of justice, could you expect from such an education?

The judges noted the fact, and reserved their decision.

A father preferred the next charge against his daughter.

She was, he said, the puzzle and despair of his life. How any creature's brains could so run on sashes, feathers, bonnets, and gowns, passed his comprehension. You might suppose

that she was some Alexander, trying to conquer a mantua-making world, by the *vim* with which she followed up new modes and devised new toilettes; while her life resembled that of a whirligig or a humming-top: for when she was not asleep she was driving or making visits, and when she was not doing that she was dancing the galop. A reasonable or a serious thought never entered her head.

The lawyer replied as before, that there were extenuating circumstances. He said that on inquiry he found this to be a lively-spirited girl, with plenty of animal spirits, and much ambition. Being a girl she had but one outlet for this ambition, with which Divine Providence had somewhat unnecessarily supplied her, and that was in the feminine world of fashion. It was simply the desire for distinction, which would urge the young man on to success in business or his studies, that inspired her with this mantua-making fury. As for the galop, he considered it a life-preserver for a generation of girls with bodies full of muscles, which the proprieties forbade them to exercise except in a slow walk.

A young man here took exception, and suggested that such young ladies might employ their suffering muscles in house-work.

But the advocate brought twelve refined and handsome young ladies, compelled by poverty to such labor, who deposed that in consequence they lost caste, not only with ladies but with gentlemen; and said that gentlemen left them in corners for plain girls, who could afford to be idle all day and to wear fine clothes.

The lawyer then observed that work, simply as work, without any prospect of reward, was repugnant to all classes. That a woman's labor brought her no prospect of advancing her fortunes and endangered her social position. That while this state of things continued, and girls were endowed with an ambition for which there was no legitimate object, he would recommend the learned judges to suspend their decision, which they did.

A mother next appeared with a daughter, who, like Mr. Sparkler, had a monomaniacal tendency for falling in love with undesirable young persons. She declared that her daughter laughed and jeered at worthy men because they wore large boots, or made an awkward bow, while she was with difficulty restrained from marrying one worthless fop after another, because he possessed a fine mustache and a power for small talk.

The advocate observed, in reply, that such a statement was unluckily true of many thousands of young ladies, but that the cause was not far to seek. It requires education to teach a baby that the candle will burn, while the dull India rubber ring is its best friend. It requires even more training to teach the same lesson in morals to children of a larger growth. Experience tells the mother that certain lines in the face and looks in the eye betoken the fool or the knave. The girl has no such experience; and for training, when any thing serious is discussed, she is sent out of the room. She naturally admires what is handsome, easy, and graceful, and, like the baby, concludes that it must be good. An unfortunate conclusion, producing unfortunate marriages, but what are you to do about it?

The learned judges, not knowing what to do just yet, suspended this decision also; and a wife was introduced, who complained that her husband, from a fond lover, had grown cold and neglectful.

The lawyer replied, that here was a serious accusation; that undoubtedly it was a man's duty always to love his wife; but that this was not always possible. Where a man married a woman for her pink cheeks and bright eyes he undoubtedly began the evil by committing an error in judgment. But look how dearly he must pay for this error! To say nothing of the fading of the pink cheeks, he at least became accustomed to them. He was also only too apt to discover that his wife was silly or unreasonable. Women had such a very small hold on the serious interests of this life that what could you expect? They were like children; taught religion and expected to let their thinking be done for them by their masculine relatives. It was done for them. They seldom handled or considered any broader topic than a shade in worsted. Hence it followed that though they were kind-hearted, loving, and in some ways generous, they were narrow-minded, undisciplined, timid, ignorant, and unreasoning. There is nothing more mulish than unreasoning ignorance; and however duty might insist that a man should love and respect a wife who continually vexed him and was incapable of understanding an argument, it was not easy to avoid falling into neglect and indifference.

Next, there was brought up a woman who had insisted on casting a vote. The advocate stared at her aghast, whereupon the lady spoke for herself.

She said that she had no desire for the vote in itself. But that she had heard for a long time that it was unwomanly even to wish for such a thing. That she thought that a vote was an opinion, expressed by a printed ticket. That she, like other women, had already an opinion on most political topics. That as for dropping a ticket in a box she had often done it at railway ferries. That she was curious to see, then, where or in what consisted the enormity of the transaction. That she was not at all affected, mentally or morally, and that she believed that if women could vote if they chose they would interest themselves in matters outside of the milliners' shops.

The court here adjourned for consideration of the notes already taken, and after much debate it was decided that the evidence in all the cases pointed direct at a radical defect in the system of female education; and after various experiments the system quoted above was adopted. But now occurred an unexpected result to which I would ask your particular attention.

These healthy, well-balanced, thoroughly-educated young women, having each a profession, were independent of marriage as a resource. They all desired and intended to be married; but the constant want of a home, pretty gowns, or a position, was not there to spin them headlong and blindly into matrimony. All these things they could earn. Their business training had also somewhat matured their judgment and sharpened their powers of observation; and these young women *demanded a change in the men.* A man no longer stood a chance with them on the strength of his tailor's fit or his well-bred composure alone. They had acquired that faculty which we so often heedlessly wish them when we see a sweet girl wasting her affection on a man whom every other man knows on the instant for a third-rate man, if not a scoundrel. Very fine in the abstract; but how should we like it applied to ourselves—we who are not heroes, but very mediocre individuals? Here is what your reforms and agitations on the woman question must end in. The women will raise their standard, and the men must come up to it. Fancy the throes, the convulsions, that must have agitated the society of Moonville before its men and women were properly educated in the science of living! And what do you suppose became of that generation of men like me, too old to learn and not old enough to die?

Hitherto, intrenched behind the precedent of six thousand years, and seeing Mrs. Lumpkin and every body whom I have the honor to know, still tranquilly puddingizing in spite of the advocates of female suffrage, I have been indifferent to the woman question. But with such a report, though it did come from a Polar continent, how shall I—how shall any thinking man—know tranquillity again?

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, *February* 19, 1868.

AMONG the places which have amused me as I have wandered about the city, with a juvenile companion who often joins my walks, is a Bazar or open store of toys and fancy articles, which we passed the other day in the Rue de Rivoli, near the Hotel de Ville. This part of the Rue de Rivoli is a sort of Chatham Street, as a New Yorker would say. It might be called one of the boulevards of the poorer classes.

At the store to which I refer all the articles not exceeding a franc in price are displayed upon broad, low, sloping counters or tables, with shallow compartments which keep each kind of goods by themselves. There is one very large table upon which all the things are one sous each. Behind the table stands a watchful young man in a cotton blouse. He wears his cap, because the doors are all open and the rooms are not warmed. The tables are too broad for him to receive and give change by hand, and he is therefore provided with a long rod, upon the end of which is a shallow tin dish for passing money back and forth.

The public who crowd the passages of the bazar lean over the table, and each one helps himself. Here is a pile of rattles, there a lot of rosaries for dolls each with a little gilt crucifix complete, there are papers of needles, there are jumping frogs made of wood with a concealed spring. Here are glass whistles to imitate canaries, here balls of cotton, there cakes of mouth glue, there little tin dishes for baby houses, here little bottles of sugar-plums, here dolls' snuff-boxes, there children's paints, and next to them paint-brushes, and so on.

If the salesman sees that any one is selecting a number of articles he hands out a basket, in which they may be placed by the purchaser as fast as they are chosen. When any one has completed his or her selection of articles the salesman holds out his rod, and receives in his dish the same number of sous. If the articles are numerous he produces a pasteboard box and packs them up.

There is a sort of charm about this free way of doing business which is very attractive to children. Some grown people, too, take a pleasure in the mere transaction of making a purchase, apart from the want of the article or the cheapness of the price. Here is a capital place to enjoy that sort of satisfaction. The liberty of examining every article, helping yourself to what you want, and making twenty different purchases, all of them either pretty, useful, or odd, is well worth twenty sous.

Walking through the gardens of the Tuileries on our roundabout way home from church on Sunday, we found them filled, as is usual upon these beautiful afternoons, with the Parisian populace, enjoying the sun and air, many of them watching the children's games, or the birds which feed from any one's hand, or the ground which the gardeners are now preparing for the flower-beds.

Those who are familiar with the place will recollect that the reserved gardens immediately in front of the palace are separated from the public grounds by a screen of evergreens and a stone balustrade, between which is a concealed ditch or fosse. Along this balustrade and the light railing that closes the main avenue was gathered a crowd of at least a thousand persons, peering over each other's shoulders between the shrubbery to catch glimpses of half a dozen boys who were playing tag, follow your leader, or hide and seek in the reserved gardens. One of the youngest of these lads was the Prince Imperial.

Probably there is no other boy in the world who is the subject of so much attention as this one. The Emperor, doubtless, has great faith that a brilliant future is before his son. It is reported that in a game of questions and answers in which the Imperial household were engaged the Emperor was asked, "Whom would you best like to be?" and he replied, "My little son." It would not be strange if the little fellow were now much the happier of the two.

While we stood watching the crowd, among whom were many *gamins* stretching their little necks to see, and many fathers holding up aloft little children to give their plebeian eyes a view of their expected ruler, one of the boys dashed through the shrubbery and down the terrace into the ditch, followed by the others in hot pursuit. They ran along directly beneath where we were standing, giving us a capital view of the Prince, who, like a good general, brought up the rear.

Children are said to learn very useful lessons in their sports; and if in these games the Prince learns how to lead his people, or how to run away from them and hide, he will know more than some of the sovereigns of France have known, to whose power he is expected to succeed.

I have been taking a rainy day ramble to-day. Paris has a number of miles of covered ways, arcades, and passages, where one may promenade among the shops in wet weather, and as the day was rainy I have spent the afternoon in some of these. I commenced this sheltered walk in the Rue de Rivoli, on the Place de la Concorde, near the Madeleine. Along this street is a broad sidewalk having a southern exposure, and covered like the arcades of the Palais Royal by the upper stories of the buildings, which are sustained by massive pillars, from the arches of which hang the gas-lamps that illumine the way in the evening. I followed these arches up the Rue Castiglione a little way, passing under the windows of the Ministry of Finance, where the great French debt is kept, the most flourishing thing in France at the present time; and crossing, came down the other side of the street to the Rue de Rivoli again, along which I continued, passing the Hotel Meurice, Galignani's reading-rooms, the numerous photograph shops, and the gaudy Algerian stores. Opposite the Tuileries the Passage Delorme afforded a branch in my walk, and thence returning to the Rue de Rivoli again, I soon found myself opposite the Palais Royal. Passing up the arcades of the Palais on one side of the garden I left it at the north end, where I entered on a series of passages that run in a sort of chain for nearly a mile—the Passage des deux Pavillions, the Passage Vivienne, then half a dozen blocks in the open air which brought me to the Passage des Panoramas, then those of Jouffroy and Verdeau. Returning through the same passages or branches of them I continued my walk, still under cover, in the Rue de Rivoli, as far as to the Louvre. I had thus sauntered for two hours and a half among lively Parisian scenes, a distance altogether of nearly three miles, without more than eight or ten blocks of wet sidewalk, and if I had not been so late I might have entered the Louvre and walked another hour in making the circuit of its art galleries.

One never need be at a loss for rainy day exercise here. As I passed the Palais Royal I saw nurses arriving in cabs with children, some in arms and some old enough to go alone, to give them their daily airing in the passages and arcades there, instead of in the gardens to which they resort in pleasant weather. GRATIAN.

SALAD MAKING.

THE Spanish proverb says four persons are wanted to make a good salad: a spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a counselor for salt, and a madman to stir all up. Salad should be "morning-gathered," and being washed, it should be covered up in a table-cloth, to exclude the air and keep it fresh until dried. The following are excellent salad ingredients: Essence of anchovies, soy, sugar, truffles, flavored vinegars; black pepper is much used by the French. Walnut oil may be used in salads. In preparing a salad it is a common mistake to wash lettuces; they ought never to be wetted; they thus lose their crispness, and are *pro tanto* destroyed. If you can get nothing but wet lettuces, you had certainly better dry them; but if you wish for a good salad, cut the lettuce fresh from the garden, take off the outside leaves, cut or rather break it into a salad bowl, and mix.

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE "PROMETHEUS."

IT took some time for Langhetti to make his preparations in London. September came before he had completed them. To his surprise these arrangements were much easier than he had supposed. People came to him of their own accord before he thought it possible that they could have heard of his project. What most surprised him was a call from the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, who offered to put it into his hands for a price so low as to surprise Langhetti more than any thing else that had occurred. Of course he accepted the offer gratefully and eagerly. The manager said that the building was on his hands, and he did not wish to use it for the present, for which reason he would be glad to turn it over to him. He remarked also that there was very much stock in the theatre that could be made use of, for which he would charge nothing whatever. Langhetti went to see it, and found a large number of magnificently painted scenes, which could be used in his piece. On asking the manager how scenes of this sort came to be there, he learned that some one had been representing the "Midsummer Night's Dream," or something of that sort.

Langhetti's means were very limited, and as he had risked every thing on this experiment he was rejoiced to find events so very greatly in his favor.

Another circumstance which was equally in his favor, if not more so, was the kind consideration of the London papers. They announced his forthcoming work over and over again. Some of their writers came to see him so as to get the particulars, and what little he told them they described in the most attractive and effective manner.

A large number of people presented themselves to form his company, and he also received applications by letter from many whose eminence and fortunes placed them above the need of any such thing. It was simply incomprehensible to Langhetti, who thoroughly understood the ways of the musical world; yet since they offered he was only too happy to accept. On having interviews with these persons he was amazed to find that they were one and all totally indifferent about terms; they all assured him that they were ready to take any part whatever, and merely wished to assist in the representation of a piece so new and so original as his was said to be. They all named a price which was excessively low, and assured him that they did so only for form's sake; positively refusing to accept any thing more, and leaving it to Langhetti either to take them on their own terms or to reject them. He, of course, could not reject aid so powerful and so unexpected.

At length he had his rehearsal. After various trials he invited representatives of the London Press to be present at the last. They all came, and all without exception wrote the most glowing accounts for their respective journals.

"I don't know how it is," said he to Beatrice. "Every thing has come into my hands. I don't understand it. It seems to me exactly as if there was some powerful, unseen hand assisting me; some one who secretly put every thing in my way, who paid these artists first and then sent them to me, and influenced all the journals in my favor. I should be sure of this if it were not a more incredible thing than the actual result itself. As it is I am simply perplexed and bewildered. It is a thing that is without parallel. I have a company such as no one has ever before gathered together on one stage. I have eminent prima donnas who are quite willing to sing second and third parts without caring what I pay them, or whether I pay them or not. I know the musical world. All I can say is that the thing is unexampled, and I can not comprehend it. I have tried to find out from some of them what it all means, but they give me no satisfaction. At any rate, my Bicina, you will make your *début* under the most favorable circumstances. You saw how they admired your voice at the rehearsal. The world shall admire it still more at your first performance."

Langhetti was puzzled, and, as he said, bewildered, but he did not slacken a single effort to make his Opera successful. His exertions were as unremitting as though he were still struggling against difficulties. After all that had been done for him he knew very well that he was sure of a good house, yet he worked as hard as though his audience was very uncertain.

At length the appointed evening came. Langhetti had certainly expected a good house from those happy accidents which had given him the co-operation of the entire musical world and of the press. Yet when he looked out and saw the house that waited for the rising of the curtain he was overwhelmed.

When he thus looked out it was long before the time. A great murmur had attracted his attention. He saw the house crammed in every part. All the boxes were filled. In the pit was a vast congregation of gentlemen and ladies, the very galleries were thronged.

The wonder that had all along filled him was now greater than ever. He well knew under what circumstances even an ordinarily good house is collected together. There must either be undoubted fame in the prima donna, or else the most wide-spread and comprehensive efforts on the part of a skillful impresario. His efforts had been great, but not such as to insure any thing like this. To account for the prodigious crowd which filled every part of the large edifice was simply impossible.

He did not attempt to account for it. He accepted the situation, and prepared for the performance.

What sort of an idea that audience may have had of the "Prometheus" of Langhetti need hardly be conjectured. They had heard of it as a novelty. They had heard that the company was the best ever collected at one time, and that the prima donna was a prodigy of genius. That was enough for them. They waited in a state of expectation which was so high-pitched that it would have proved disastrous in the extreme to any piece, or any singer who should have proved to be in the slightest degree inferior. Consummate excellence alone in every part could now save the piece from ruin. This Langhetti felt; but he was calm, for he had confidence in his work and in his company. Most of all, he had confidence in Beatrice.

At last the curtain rose.

The scene was such a one as had never before been represented. A blaze of dazzling light filled the stage, and before it stood seven forms, representing the seven archangels. They began one of the sublimest strains ever heard. Each of these singers had in some way won eminence. They had thrown themselves into this work. The music which had been given to them had produced an exalted effect upon their own hearts, and now they rendered forth that grand "Chorus of Angels" which those who heard the "Prometheus" have never forgotten. The words re-

sembled, in some measure, the opening song in Goethe's "Faust," but the music was Langhetti's.

The effect of this magnificent opening was wonderful. The audience sat spell-bound—hushed into stillness by those transcendant harmonies which seemed like the very song of the angels themselves; like that "new song" which is spoken of in Revelation. The grandeur of Handel's stupendous chords was renewed, and every one present felt its power.

Then came the second scene. Prometheus lay suffering. The ocean nymphs were around him, sympathizing with his woes. The sufferer lay chained to a bleak rock in the summit of frosty Caucasus. Far and wide extended an expanse of ice. In the distance arose a vast world of snow-covered peaks. In front was a *mer de glace*, which extended all along the stage.

Prometheus addressed all nature—"the divine ether, the swift-winged winds, Earth the All-mother, and the infinite laughter of the ocean waves." The thoughts were those of Æschylus, expressed by the music of Langhetti.

The ocean nymphs bewailed him in a song of mournful sweetness, whose indescribable pathos touched every heart. It was the intensity of sympathy—sympathy so profound that it became anguish, for the heart that felt it had identified itself with the heart of the sufferer.

Then followed an extraordinary strain. It was the Voice of Universal Nature, animate and inanimate, mourning over the agony of the God of Love. In that strain was heard the voice of man, the sighing of the winds, the moaning of the sea, the murmur of the trees, the wail of bird and beast, all blending in extraordinary unison, and all speaking of woe.

And now a third scene opened. It was Athene. Athene represented Wisdom or Human Understanding, by which the God of Vengeance is dethroned, and gives place to the eternal rule of the God of Love. To but few of those present could this idea of Langhetti's be intelligible. The most of them merely regarded the fable and its music, without looking for any meaning beneath the surface.

To these, and to all, the appearance of Beatrice was like a new revelation. She came forward and stood in the costume which the Gréck has given to Athene, but in her hand she held the olive—her emblem—instead of the spear. From beneath her helmet her dark locks flowed down and were wreathed in thick waves that clustered heavily about her head.

Here, as Athene, the pure classical contour of Beatrice's features appeared in marvelous beauty—faultless in their perfect Grecian mould. Her large, dark eyes looked with a certain solemn meaning out upon the vast audience. Her whole face was refined and sublimed by the thought that was within her. In her artistic nature she had appropriated this character to herself so thoroughly, that, as she stood there, she felt herself to be in reality all that she represented. The spectators caught the same feeling from her. Yet so marvelous was her beauty, so astonishing was the perfection of her form and feature, so accurate was the living representation of the ideal goddess that the whole vast audience after one glance burst forth into pealing thunders of spontaneous and irresistible applause.

Beatrice had opened her mouth to begin, but as that thunder of admiration arose she fell back a pace. Was it the applause that had overawed her?

Her eyes were fixed on one spot at the extreme right of the pit. A face was there which enchained her. A face, pale, sad, mournful, with dark eyes fixed on hers in steadfast despair.

Beatrice faltered and fell back, but it was not at the roar of applause. It was that face—the one face among three thousand before her, the one, the only one that she saw. Ah, how in that moment all the past came rushing before her—the Indian Ocean, the Malay pirate, where that face first appeared, the Atlantic, the shipwreck, the long sail over the seas in the boat, the African isle!

She stood so long in silence that the spectators wondered.

Suddenly the face which had so transfixed her sank down. He was gone, or he had hid himself. Was it because he knew that he was the cause of her silence?

The face disappeared, and the spell was broken. Langhetti stood at the side-scenes, watching with deep agitation the silence of Beatrice. He was on the point of taking the desperate step of going forward when he saw that she had regained her composure.

She regained it, and moved a step forward with such calm serenity that no one could have suspected her of having lost it. She began to sing. In an opera words are nothing—music is all in all. It is sufficient if the words express, even in a feeble and general way, the ideas which breathe and burn in the music. Thus it was with the words in the opening song of Beatrice.

But the music! What language can describe it?

Upon this all the richest stores of Langhetti's genius had been lavished. Into this all the soul of Beatrice was thrown with sublime self-forgetfulness. She ceased to be herself. Before the audience she was Athene.

Her voice, always marvelously rich and full, was now grander and more capacious than ever. It poured forth a full stream of matchless harmony that carried all the audience captive. Strong, soaring, penetrating, it rose easily to the highest notes, and flung them forth with a lavish, and at the same time far-reaching power that penetrated every heart, and thrilled all who heard it. Roused to the highest enthusiasm by the sight of that vast assemblage, Beatrice gave herself up to the intoxication of the hour. She threw herself into the spirit of the piece; she took deep into her heart the thought of Langhetti, and uttered it forth to the listeners with harmonies that were almost divine—such harmonies as they had never before heard.

There was the silence of death as she sang. Her voice stilled all other sounds. Each listener seemed almost afraid to breathe. Some looked at one another in amazement, but most of them sat motionless, with their heads stretched forward, unconscious of any thing except that one voice.

At last it ceased. For a moment there was a pause. Then there arose a deep, low thunder of applause that deepened and intensified itself every moment till at last it rose on high in one sublime outburst, a frenzy of acclamation, such as is heard but seldom, but, once heard, is never forgotten.

Beatrice was called out. She came, and retired. Again and again she was called. Flowers were showered down in heaps at her feet. The acclamations went on, and only ceased through the consciousness that more was yet to come. The piece went on. It was one long triumph. At last it ended. Beatrice had been loaded with honors. Langhetti was called out and welcomed with almost equal enthusiasm. His eyes filled with tears of joy as he received this well-merited tribute to his genius. He and Beatrice stood on the stage at the same time. Flowers were flung at him. He took them and laid them at the feet of Beatrice.

At this a louder roar of acclamation arose. It increased and deepened, and the two who stood there felt overwhelmed by the tremendous applause.

So ended the first representation of the "Promethus!"

"THE APPEARANCE OF BEATRICE WAS LIKE A NEW REVELATION."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE SECRET.

THE triumph of Beatrice continued. The daily papers were filled with accounts of the new singer. She had come suddenly before them, and had at one bound reached the highest eminence. She had eclipsed all the popular favorites. Her sublime strains, her glorious enthusiasm, her marvelous voice, her perfect beauty, all kindled the popular heart. The people forgave her for not having an Italian name, since she had one which was so aristocratic. Her whole appearance showed that she was something very different from the common order of artistes, as different, in fact, as the "Prometheus" was from the common order of operas. For here in the "Prometheus" there were no endless iterations of the one theme of love, no perpetual repetitions of the same rhyme of *amore* and *cuore*, or *amor'* and *cuor'*; but rather the effort of the soul after sublimer mysteries. The "Prometheus" sought to solve the problem of life and of human suffering. Its divine sentiments brought hope and consolation. The great singer rose to the altitude of a sibyl; she uttered inspirations; she herself was inspired.

As she stood with her grand Grecian beauty, her pure classic features, she looked as beautiful as a statue, and as ideal and passionless. In one sense she could never be a popular favorite. She had no archness or coquetry like some, no voluptuousness like others, no arts to win applause like others. Still she stood up and sang as one who believed that this was the highest mission of humanity, to utter divine truth to human ears. She sang loftily, thrillingly, as an angel might sing, and those who saw her revered her while they listened.

And thus it was that the fame of this new singer went quickly through England, and foreign journals spoke of it half-wonderingly, half-cynically, as usual; for Continentals never have any faith in English art, or in the power which any Englishman may have to interpret art. The leading French journals conjectured that the "Prometheus" was of a religious character, and therefore Puritanical; and consequently for that reason was popular. They amused themselves with the idea of a Puritanical opera, declared that the English wished to Protestantize music, and suggested "Calvin" or "The Sabbath" as good subjects for this new and entirely English class of operas.

But soon the correspondents of some of the Continental papers began to write glowing accounts of the piece, and to put Langhetti in the same class with Handel. He was an Italian, they said, but in this case he united Italian grace and versatility with German solemnity and melancholy. They declared that he was the greatest of living composers, and promised for him a great reputation.

Night after night the representation of the "Prometheus" went on with undiminished success; and with a larger and profounder appreciation of its meaning among the better class of minds. Langhetti began to show a stronger and fuller confidence in the success of his piece than he had yet dared to evince. Yet now its success seemed assured. What more could he wish?

September came on, and every succeeding night only made the success more marked. One day Langhetti was with Beatrice at the theatre, and they were talking of many things. There seemed to be something on his mind, for he spoke in an abstracted manner. Beatrice noticed this at last, and mentioned it.

He was at first very mysterious. "It must be that secret of yours which you will not tell me," said she. "You said once before that it was connected with me, and that you would tell it to me when the time came. Has not the time come yet?"

"Not yet," answered Langhetti.

"When will it come?"

"I don't know."

"And will you keep it secret always?"

"Perhaps not."

"You speak undecidedly."

"I am undecided."

"Why not decide now to tell it?" pleaded Beatrice. "Why should I not know it? Surely I have gone through enough suffering to bear this, even if it bring something additional."

Langhetti looked at her long and doubtfully.

"You hesitate," said she.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"It is of too much importance."

"That is all the more reason why I should know it. Would it crush me if I knew it?"

"I don't know. It might."

"Then let me be crushed."

Langhetti sighed.

"Is it something that you know for certain, or is it only conjecture?"

"Neither," said he, "but half-way between the two."

Beatrice looked earnestly at him for some time. Then she put her head nearer to his and spoke in a solemn whisper.

"It is about my mother!"

Langhetti looked at her with a startled expression.

"Is it not?"

He bowed his head.

"It is—it is. And if so, I implore—I conjure you to tell me. Look—I am calm. Think—I am strong. I am not one who can be cast down merely by bad news."

"I may tell you soon."

"Say you will."

"I will," said Langhetti, after a struggle.

"When?"

"Soon."

"Why not to-morrow?"

"That is too soon; you are impatient."

"Of course I am," said Beatrice. "Ought I not to be so? Have you not said that this concerns me? and is not all my imagination aroused in the endeavor to form a conjecture as to what it may be?"

She spoke so earnestly that Langhetti was moved, and looked still more undecided.

"When will you tell me?"

"Soon, perhaps," he replied, with some hesitation.

"Why not now?"

"Oh no, I must assure myself first about some things."

"To-morrow, then."

He hesitated.

"Yes," said she; "it must be to-morrow. If you do not, I shall think that you have little or no confidence in me. I shall expect it to-morrow."

Langhetti was silent.

"I shall expect it to-morrow," repeated Beatrice.

Langhetti still continued silent.

"Oh, very well; silence gives consent!" said she, in a lively tone.

"I have not consented."

"Yes you have, by your silence."

"I was deliberating."

"I asked you twice, and you did not refuse; surely that means consent."

"I do not say so," said Langhetti, earnestly.

"But you will do so."

"Do not be so certain."

"Yes, I will be certain; and if you do not tell me you will very deeply disappoint me."

"In telling you I could only give you sorrow."

"Sorrow or joy, whatever it is, I can bear it so long as I know this. You will not suppose that I am actuated by simple feminine curiosity. You know me better. This secret is one which subjects me to the tortures of suspense, and I am anxious to have them removed."

"The removal will be worse than the suspense."

"That is impossible."

"You would not say so if you knew what it was."

"Tell me, then."

"That is what I fear to do."

"Do you fear for me, or for some other person?"

"Only for you."

"Do not fear for me, then, I beseech you; for it is not only my desire, but my prayer, that I may know this."

Langhetti seemed to be in deep perplexity. Whatever this secret was with which he was so troubled he seemed afraid to tell it to Beatrice, either from fear that it might not be any thing in itself or result in any thing, or, as seemed more probable, lest it might too greatly affect her. This last was the motive which appeared to influence him most strongly. In either case, the secret of which he spoke must have been one of a highly important character, affecting most deeply the life and fortunes of Beatrice herself. She had formed her own ideas and her own expectations about it, and this made her all the more urgent, and even peremptory, in her demand. In fact, things had come to such a point that Langhetti found himself no longer able to refuse, and now only sought how to postpone his divulgence of his secret.

Yet even this Beatrice combated, and would listen to no later postponement than the morrow.

At length, after long resistance to her demand, Langhetti assented, and promised on the morrow to tell her what it was that he had meant by his secret.

For, as she gathered from his conversation, it was something that he had first discovered in Hong Kong, and had never since forgotten, but had tried to make it certain. His efforts had thus far been useless, and he did not wish to tell her till he could bring proof. That proof, unfortunately, he was not able to find, and he could only tell his conjectures.

It was for these, then, that Beatrice waited in anxious expectation.

RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

THE RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

XI.

WHAT IS LEFT OF ME?—The task of the chronicler of crinoline draws rapidly to a close. The fashion which has alternately flourished and languished through so many centuries is now once more waning. It goes down to the tomb of things forgotten, not, however, without a sure hope of one day again reviving, to give laws to the world of dress.

And how have the votaries of crinoline borne this somewhat sudden deprivation of their cherished ornament? Men can not place themselves at all in their position, and therefore can form no idea of their feelings under the trying circumstances. A young lady, however, bewailed her fate in the following remarks, which describe pretty fairly the sentiments of a large number of her sex: "When I became obliged, owing to the change of fashion, to give up my crinoline entirely, I felt a kind of degradation. I was belittled. It was as if I had lost part of my body; for, as I am only seventeen years of age, I was almost born to and brought up in crinoline. I can think of no better word than degradation; for it is no trifling matter for a young person of an ambitious turn of mind to melt away before every body's eyes like a heap of snow in the sun. I pass over the various advantages of crinoline, as, for instance, when one has to pass a custom-house, as at Niagara, with a few—" Here the unfortunate young lady fairly broke down, and the smelling-bottle came into requisition. It is certain that this *abolition* has not come into effect without causing a very severe struggle, and leaving sad wounds in the female breast. If, therefore, we rejoice that the entreaties of husbands, fathers, and brothers have been granted, let us at least respect the feelings of the bereaved.

CHUNDUN RAJAH.

A HINDOO FAIRY LEGEND.

ONCE upon a time a Rajah* and a Ranee† died, leaving seven sons and one daughter. All these seven sons were married, and the wives of the six eldest used to be very unkind to their poor little sister-in-law; but the wife of the seventh brother loved her dearly, and always took her part against the others. She would say, "Poor little thing, her life is sad. Her mother wished so long for a daughter, and then the girl was born and the mother died, and never saw her poor child, or was able to ask any one to take care of her." At which the wives of the six elder brothers would answer, "You only take such notice of the girl in order to vex us." Then, while their husbands were away, they made up wicked stories against their sister-in-law, which they told them on their return home; and their husbands believed them rather than her, and were very angry with her, and ordered her to be turned out of the house. But the wife of the seventh brother did not believe what the six others said, and was very kind to the little Princess, and sent her secretly as much food as she could spare from her own dinner. But as they drove her from their door the six wives of the elder brothers cried out, "Go away, wicked girl, go away, and never let us see your face again until you marry Chundun Rajah!* When you invite us to the wedding, and give us six eldest six common wooden stools to sit on, but the seventh sister (who always takes your part) a fine emerald chair, we will believe you innocent of all the evil deeds of which you are accused, but not till then!" This they said scornfully, railing at her; for Chundun Rajah, of whom they spoke (who was the great Rajah of a neighboring country), had been dead many months.

So, sad at heart, the Princess wandered forth into the jungle; and when she had gone through it she came upon another still denser than the first. The trees grew so thickly overhead that she could scarcely see the sky, and there was no village nor house of living creature near. The food her youngest sister-in-law had given her was nearly exhausted, and she did not know where to get more. At last, however, after journeying on for many days, she came upon a large tank, beside which was a fine house that belonged to a Rakshas.† Being very tired she sat down on the edge of the tank to eat some of the parched rice that remained of her store of provisions; and as she did so she thought: "This house belongs doubtless to a Rakshas, who perhaps will see me and kill and eat me; but since no one cares for me, and I have neither home nor friends, I hold life cheap enough." It happened, however, that the Rakshas was then out, and there was no one in his house but a little cat and dog, who were his servants.

The dog's duty was to take care of the saffron with which the Rakshas colored his face on high days and holidays, and the cat had charge of the antimony with which he blackened his eyelids. Before the Princess had been long by the tank the little cat spied her out, and running to her said, "Oh, sister, sister, I am so hungry, pray give me some of your dinner!" The Princess answered, "I have very little rice left; when it is all gone I shall starve. If I give you some, what have you to give me in exchange?" The cat said, "I have charge of the antimony with which my Rakshas blackens his eyelids. I will give you some of it;" and running to the house she fetched a nice little pot full of antimony, which she gave to the Princess in exchange for the rice. When the little dog saw this he also ran down to the tank, and said, "Lady, Lady, give me some rice, I pray you; for I, too, am very hungry!" But she answered, "I have very little rice left, and when it is all gone I shall starve. If I give you some of my dinner, what will you give me in exchange?" The dog said, "I have charge of my Rakshas's saffron, with which he colors his face. I will give you some of it." So he ran to the house and fetched a quantity of saffron and gave it to the Princess, and she gave him also some of the rice. Then, tying the antimony and saffron up in her saree,* she said good-by to the dog and cat and went on her way.

Three or four days after this she found she had nearly reached the other side of the jungle. The wood was not so thick, and in the distance she saw a large building that looked like a great tomb. The Princess determined to go and see what it was, and whether she could find any one there to give her any food; for she had eaten all the rice and felt very hungry, and it was getting toward night.

Now the place toward which the Princess went was the tomb of the Chundun Rajah, but this she did not know.

Chundun Rajah had died many months before, and his father and mother and sisters, who loved him very dearly, could not bear the idea of his being buried under the cold ground; so they had built a beautiful tomb, and inside it they had placed the body on a bed under a canopy, and it had never decayed, but continued as fair and perfect as when first put there. Every day Chundun Rajah's mother and sisters would come to the place to weep and lament from sunrise to sunset; but each evening they returned to their own homes. Hard by was a shrine and small hut where a Brahmin lived, who had charge of the place; and from far and near people used to come to visit the tomb of their lost Rajah, and see the great miracle, how the body of him who had been dead so many months remained perfect and undecayed; but none knew why this was. When the Princess got near the place a violent storm came on. The rain beat upon her and wetted her, and it grew so dark she could hardly see where she was going. She would have been afraid to go into the tomb had she known about Chundun Rajah; but as it was, the storm being so violent and night approaching, she ran in there for shelter as fast as she could, and sat down shivering in one corner. By the light of an oil lamp that burnt dimly in a niche in the wall she saw in front of her the body of the Rajah lying under the canopy, with the heavy jeweled coverlet over him, and the rich hangings all round. He looked as if he were only asleep, and she did not feel frightened. But at twelve o'clock, to her great surprise, as she was watching and waiting, the Rajah came to life; and when he saw her sitting shivering in the corner, he fetched a light and came toward her and said: "Who are you?"

She answered: "I am a poor lonely girl. I only came here for shelter from the storm. I am dying of cold and hunger." And then she told him all her story—how that her sisters-in-law had falsely accused her, and driven her from among them into the jungle, bidding her see their faces no more until she married the Chundun Rajah, who had been dead so many months; and how the youngest had been kind to her and sent her food, which had prevented her from starving by the way.

The Rajah listened to the Princess's words, and was certain that they were true, and she no common beggar from the jungles. For, for all her ragged clothes, she looked a royal lady, and shone like a star in the darkness. Moreover, her eyelids were darkened with antimony and her beautiful face painted with saffron, like the face of a Princess. Then he felt a great pity for her, and said, "Lady, have no fear, for I will take care of you;" and dragging the rich coverlet off his bed he threw it over her to keep her warm, and going to the Brahmin's house, which was close by, fetched some rice, which he gave her to eat. Then he said, "I am the Chundun Rajah of whom you have heard. I die every day, but every night I come to life for a little while." She cried, "Do none of your family know of this? and if so, why do you stay here in a dismal tomb?" He answered, "None know it but the Brahmin who has charge of this place. Since my life is thus maimed, what would it avail to tell my family? It would but grieve them more than to think me dead. Therefore I have forbidden him to let them know; and since my parents only come here by day they have never found it out. Maybe I shall some time wholly recover, and till then I will be silent about my existence." Then he called the Brahmin who had charge of the tomb and the shrine (and who daily placed an offering of food upon it for the Rajah to eat when he came to life) and said to him, "Henceforth place a double quantity of food upon the shrine, and take care of this lady. If I ever recover she shall be my Ranee." And having said these words he died again. Then the Brahmin took the Princess to his little hut, and bade his wife see that she wanted for nothing; and all the next day she rested in that place. Very early in the morning Chundun Rajah's mother and sisters came to visit the tomb, but they did not see the Princess; and in the evening when the sun was setting they went away. That night when the Chundun Rajah came to life he called the Brahmin, and said to him, "Is the Princess still here?" "Yes," he answered; "for she is weary with her journey,

THE CHUNDUN RANEE AND HER CHILD.

* King. † Queen.

* Dress.

* King Sandalwood. † Gigantic demoniacal Ogre.

and she has no home to go to." The Rajah said, "Since she has neither home nor friends, if she be willing you shall marry me to her, and she shall wander no further in search of shelter." So the Brahmin fetched his shastra* and called all his family as witnesses, and married the Rajah to the little Princess, reading prayers over them and scattering rice and flowers upon their heads. And there the Chundun Ranee lived for some time. She was very happy; she wanted nothing; and the Brahmin and his wife took as much care of her as if she had been their daughter. Every day she would wait outside the tomb; but at sunset she always returned to it, and watched for her husband to come to life. One night she said to him, "Husband, I am happier to be your wife, and hold your hand and talk to you for two or three hours every evening, than if I were married to some great living Rajah for a hundred years. But oh! what joy it would be if you could come wholly to life again. Do you know what is the cause of your daily death? and what it is that brings you to life every night at twelve o'clock?"

"Yes," he said; "it is because I have lost my Chundun Har,† the sacred necklace that held my soul. A Peri stole it. I was in the palace garden one day, when many of those winged ladies flew over my head, and one of them when she saw me, loved me, and asked me to marry her. But I said No, I would not; and at that she was angry, and tore the Chundun Har off my neck, and flew away with it. That instant I fell down dead, and my father and mother caused me to be placed in this tomb; but every night the Peri comes here and takes my necklace off her neck, and when she takes it off I come to life again, and she asks me to come away with her, and marry her, and she does not put on the necklace again for two or three hours, waiting to see if I will consent. During that time I live. But when she finds I will not, she puts on the necklace again and flies away, and as soon as she puts it on I die." "Can not the Peri be caught?" asked the Chundun Ranee; but her husband answered, "No, I have often tried to seize back my necklace—for if I could regain it I should come wholly to life again—but the Peri can at will render herself invisible, and fly away with it, so that it is impossible for any mortal man to get it." At this news the Chundun Ranee was sad at heart, for she saw no hope of the Rajah's being restored to life; and grieving over this she became so ill and unhappy that even when she had a little baby boy born it did not much cheer her, for she did nothing but think, "This poor child will grow up in this desolate place and have no kind father day by day to teach him and help him as other children have, but only see him for a little while by night; and we are all at the mercy of the Peri, who may any day fly quite away with the necklace and not return." The Brahmin, seeing how ill she was, said to the Chundun Rajah, "The Ranee will die unless she can be somewhere where much care will be taken of her, for in my poor home my wife and I can do but little for her comfort. Your mother and sisters are good and charitable; let her go to the palace, where they will only need to see she is ill to take care of her." Now it happened that in the palace court-yard there was a great slab of white marble, on which the Chundun Rajah would often rest on the hot summer days; and because he used to be so fond of it, when he died his father and mother ordered that it should be taken great care of, and no one was allowed to so much as touch it. Knowing this, Chundun Rajah said to his wife, "You are ill, I should like you to go to the palace, where my mother and sisters will take care of you. Do this, therefore—take our child and sit down upon the great slab of marble in the palace court-yard. I used to be very fond of it; and so now for my sake it is kept with the greatest care, and no one is allowed to so much as touch it. They will most likely see you there and order you to go away; but if you will then tell them you are ill they will, I know, have pity on you and befriend you." The Chundun Ranee did as her husband told her; placing her little boy on the great slab of white marble in the palace court-yard, and sitting down beside him. Chundun Rajah's sister, who was looking out of the window, saw her and cried, "Mother, there are a woman and her child resting on my brother's marble slab; let us tell them to go away." So she ran down to the place; but when she saw Chundun Ranee and the little boy she was quite astonished; the Chundun Ranee was so fair and lovable-looking, and the baby was the image of her dead brother. Then returning to her mother she said, "Mother, she who sits upon the marble stone is the prettiest little lady I ever saw; and do not let us blame the poor thing; she says she is ill and weary; and the baby (I know not if it is fancy, or the seeing him on that stone) seems to me the image of my lost brother."

At this the old Ranee and the rest of the family went out, and when they saw the Chundun Ranee they all took such a fancy to her and to the child that they brought her into the palace, and were very kind to her, and took great care of her; so that in a while she got well and strong again, and much less unhappy; and they all made a great pet of the little boy, for they were struck with his strange likeness to the dead Rajah; and after a time they gave his mother a small house to live in, close to the palace, where they often used to go and visit her. There also the Chundun Rajah would go each night, when he came to life, to laugh and talk with his wife, and play with his boy, although he still refused to tell his father and mother of his existence. One day it happened, however, that the little child told one of the Princesses (Chundun Rajah's sister) how every evening some one who came to the house used to laugh and talk with his mother and play with him, and then go away. The Princess also heard the sound of voices in the Chundun Ranee's house, and saw lights flickering about there when they were supposed to be fast asleep. Of this she told her mother, saying, "Let us go down to-morrow night and see what this means; perhaps the woman we thought so poor, and befriended thus, is nothing but a cheat, and entertains all her friends at night at our expense."

So the next evening they went down softly, softly to the place, when they saw, not the strangers they had expected, but their long-lost Chundun Rajah. Then, since he could not escape, he told them all; how that every night for an hour or two he came to life, but was dead all day. And they rejoiced greatly to see him again, and reproached him for not letting them know he ever lived, though for so short a time. He then told them how he had married the Chundun Ranee, and thanked them for all their loving care of her.

After this he used to come every night and sit and talk with them; but still each day, to their great sorrow, he died; nor could they divine any means for getting back his Chundun Har, which the Peri wore round her neck.

At last one evening, when they were all laughing and chatting together, seven Peris flew into the room, unobserved by them, and one of the seven was the very Peri who had stolen Chundun Rajah's necklace, and she held it in her hand.

All the young Peris were very fond of the Chundun Rajah and Chundun Ranee's boy, and used often to come and play with him, for he was the image of his father's and mother's loveliness, and as fair as the morning; and he used to laugh and clap his little hands when he saw them coming; for though men and women can not see Peris, little children can.

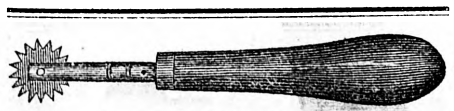
Chundun Rajah was tossing the child up in the air when the Peris flew into the room, and the little boy was laughing merrily. The winged ladies fluttered round the Rajah and the child, and she that had the necklace hovered over his head. Then the boy, seeing the glittering necklace which the Peri held, stretched out his little arms and caught hold of it; and as he seized it the string broke, and all the beads fell upon the floor. At this the seven Peris were frightened and flew away, and the Chundun Ranee collected the beads, strung them, and hung them round the Rajah's neck; and there was great joy among those that loved him, because he had recovered the sacred necklace, and that the spell which doomed him to death was broken.

The glad news was soon known throughout the kingdom, and all the people were happy and proud to hear it, crying, "We have lost our young Rajah for such a long, long time, and now one little child has brought him back to life." And the old Rajah and Ranee (Chundun Rajah's father and mother) determined that he should be married again to the Chundun Ranee with great pomp and splendor, and they sent letters into all the kingdoms of the world, saying, "Our son the Chundun Rajah has come to life again, and we pray you come to his wedding."

Then among those who accepted the invitation were the Chundun Ranee's seven brothers and their seven wives; and for her six sisters-in-law who had been so cruel to her, and caused her to be driven out into the jungle, the Chundun Ranee prepared six common wooden stools; but for the seventh, who had been kind to her, she made ready an emerald throne, and a foot-stool adorned with emeralds.

When all the Ranees were taken to their places, the six eldest complained, saying, "How is this? Six of us are given only common wooden stools to sit upon, but the seventh has an emerald chair?" Then the Chundun Ranee stood up, and before the assembled guests told them her story, reminding her six elder sisters-in-law of their former taunts, and how they had forbidden her to see them again until the day of her marriage with the Chundun Rajah, and she explained how unjustly they had accused her to her brothers. When the Ranees heard this they were struck dumb with fear and shame, and were unable to answer a word; and all their husbands, being much enraged to learn how they had conspired to kill their sister-in-law, commanded that these wicked women should be instantly hanged, which was accordingly done. Then, on the same day that the Chundun Rajah remarried their sister, the six elder brothers were married to six beautiful ladies of the court, amidst great and unheard-of rejoicings, and from that day they all lived together in perfect peace and harmony unto their lives' end.

* Sacred books. † Sandal-wood necklace.



COPYING WHEEL.—This Wheel, by means of which patterns can be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease, is now ready, and can be had of most of the News-dealers; or will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on the receipt of 25 cents.

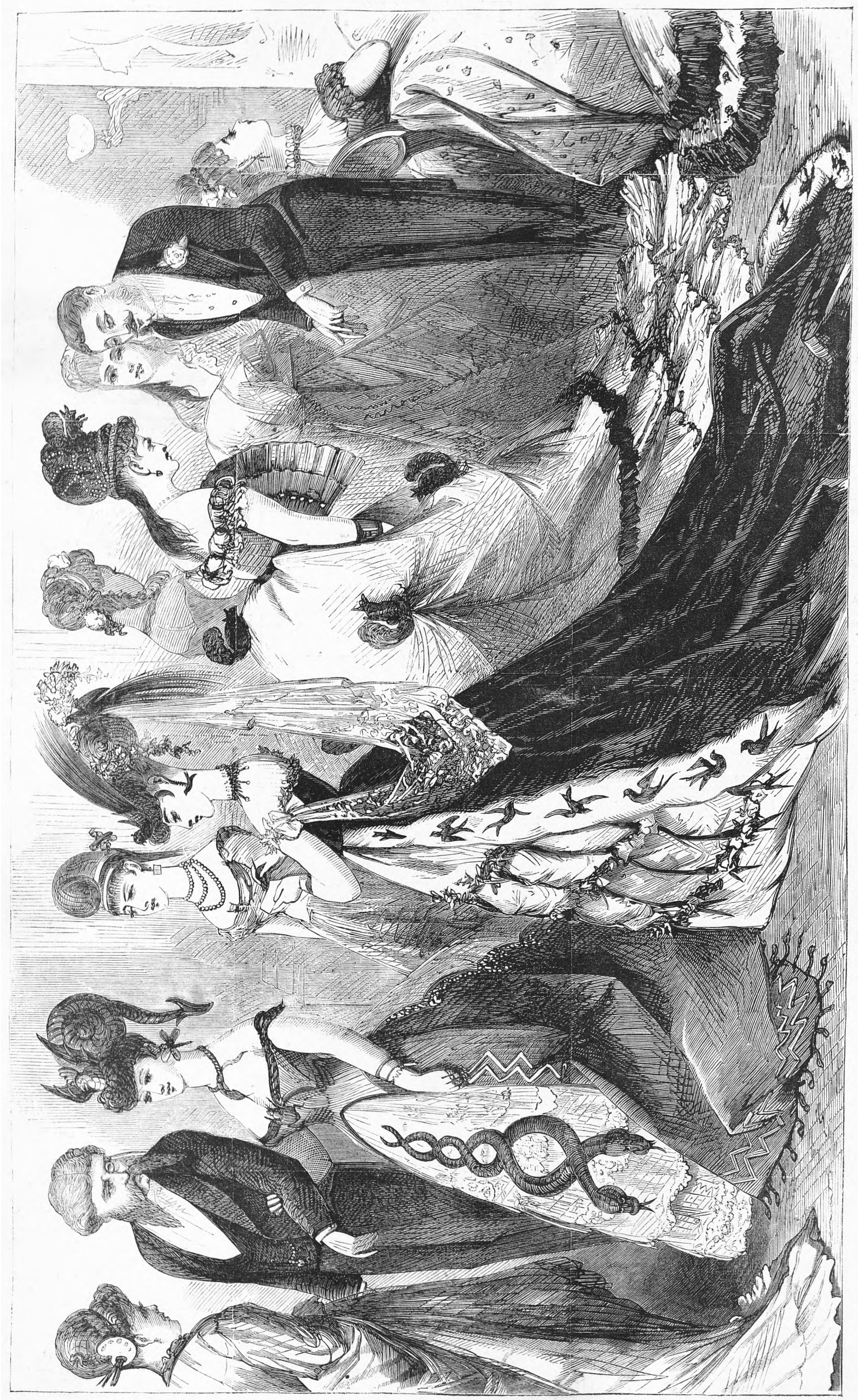
THE COMING SEASON.

THOUGH ever the same human feeling and passion,
Yet changed is the law of all feminine fashion:
The love of fresh toilettes their fancies possessing
Since EVE led the way with the simplest of dressing,
There isn't a notion the beautiful creatures
Disdain, to set off their fair figures and features.

Oh, cold as the snakes that capriciously gird her
Is charming GLAUCILLA: she doesn't mean murder.
A snake is bewitching, though scarcely endearing;
But what of the dragon-fly, hung as an ear-ring?
Let us drink her sweet eyes in a serpentine flagon,
And hope a SAINT GEORGE may be found for her dragon.

Vivacious and volatile—that's my opinion
Of the girl with a squirrel surmounting her chignon.
I guess, in the country, when foliage flutters,
She merrily dances to songs that she utters:
And in town, whatsoever demureness she puts on her,
I, like the squirrels, am certainly nuts on her.

An exquisite daughter of fertile DEMETERA'S
Is she with the pheasant, and fieldfares, and wheat-ears:
If *I* could catch her as her beauties have caught 'em.
Egad, there'd be honey-moon somewhere in autumn!
That bird-haunted darling's an absolute idyl,
And the larks shall sing high on the morn of her bridal.



THE COMING SEASON.

FACETIÆ.

A LUMINOUS QUERY.—Is a lantern-jawed man invariably light-headed?

A MARRIAGE FOR MONEY.

A few rhymes to the ceremony which is—

Impiety;
First, society—
Then, satiety—
Next, anxiety—
Insobriety,
Impropriety,
Last, the Divorce Court,
Which means Notoriety!

HARD TO BEAR, INDEED.—To a certain extent the character of a man may undoubtedly be told by his handwriting. You may be sure that no one of a humane disposition would bear hard—even on his pen.

QUESTIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

If a redbreast comes into your garden, does he come there a robbin'?

Are some horses said to resemble pigs' feet on account of their being trotters?

Are horses wounded in battle considered "hors de combat?"

Is it imagined that the polar bear considers his habitat an ice place?

Is it the lynx only that can be found along the chain of the Pyrenees?

Is it true that a very little will "keep the wolf from the door?"

How many Arctic foxes did Noah take with him?

How does the elk a-moose itself?

Is it on account of its size that the mole can not see?

Is the crane addicted to (h)oysters?

Do our domestic poultry enjoy foul weather?

There is a certain lady of rank and fashion in Paris who constantly believes herself to be dying. To her husband, who is absent on a political mission, she recently sent the following telegram: "Return instantly. I am very ill—dying." To which M. de —— replied, "Pressing business. Wait a fortnight." Madame de —— has waited.

THE PAPER CONTAINING MANY FINE POINTS—Paper of needles.

PYROTECHNICAL REMEDY FOR CRYING INFANTS—Rock-et.

A dry-goods clerk relates that a very pretty and stylish young lady called in the store the other day and requested to see some lavender kid gloves, whereupon she was shown several different shades of that color. Being a little overcome with so great a variety, she asked, "Which of those pairs are the lavenderest?"

CASTLES IN THE AIR—Chignons.

In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure?—In the case of a watch.

An old lady inquired at one of the railway stations what time the 7.45 train would start, and was told at quarter to eight. "Bless me!" she exclaimed, "you are always changing the time on this line."

"Madam, a good many persons were disturbed at the concert last night by the crying of your baby." "Well, I do wonder that such people will go to concerts."

TRANSPORTED FOR LIFE—A man who marries happily.

"Bob, you say you believe most diseases are contagious. How long have you entertained such notions?" "Ever since I sat alongside of a blue-eyed girl and caught the palpitation of the heart."

HOW TO MAKE RICH JAM—Crowd twenty fashionably-dressed ladies into one omnibus.

In a grave-yard near Paris there is this inscription upon a monument: "Here repose in peace, *after sixty years of married life*, *Mr. and Mrs.* ——."

"I never complained of my condition but once," said an old man, "when my feet were bare and I had no shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented."

A humorous apothecary in Boston exposes a case of soap in his show-window with the pertinent inscription, "Cheaper than dirt."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 23.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

EVENING DRESSES.

Evening Dresses.

Fig. 1.—Under-skirt of pink silk, trimmed round the bottom with two rows of quilling of the same material. Over-skirt of white Swiss muslin, trimmed round the bottom with a broad quilling of pink silk, and around the neck and long open sleeves with a narrow quilling of the same. Chemise Russe and short sleeves of pleated lace. Coiffure of curls. Diamond ornaments.

Fig. 2.—Under-skirt of white satin, trimmed with several rows of blue satin piping. Robe with train of blue satin, open in front, lined with white silk, and bordered with silver lace. This robe is fastened on the right shoulder with a silver clasp, and is confined by a similar clasp just below the waist on the left side. Chemise Russe and puffed sleeves of lace. Pearl necklace and bracelets.

Fig. 3.—Under-skirt of white tarlatan, puffed in diamonds, with a large wax-bead in the centre of each, and edged round the bottom with a narrow flounce of green crape. Over-skirt of green silk, trimmed with a quilling of green crape. Belt of green crape. Chemise Russe of puffed lace. Necklace and bracelets of emeralds and diamonds.

Dinner Dresses.

See illustration on page 360.

Fig. 1.—Dress of green silk, trimmed with green velvet and green tassels. Peasant waist of the same. Under-waist, with high neck and long sleeves, of puffed Swiss muslin and needle-work.

Fig. 2.—Dress of lilac silk, trimmed with lilac satin, two sizes of tassels, and silver leaves. Chemise Russe and puffed sleeves of Swiss muslin.

Fig. 3.—Dress of brown poult de soie, trimmed in the manner shown in the illustration, with brown velvet and black lace. High neck, and long, close sleeves.

Home Toilettes.

See illustration on page 360.

Fig. 1.—Dress and belt of brown and black chené silk, trimmed round the bottom with bias folds of black silk. Girdle, lappets, revers, collar, and cuffs of the same material. The ends of the lappets are finished with small tassels.

Fig. 2.—Dress of black silk, with high corsage and close sleeves. Trimming of narrow bias folds of satin, and satin drop buttons.

Fig. 3.—Skirt with train of Corinth poplin. Polonnaise of the same stuff, trimmed with narrow bands of chinchilla, buttoned diagonally up the front. Sash with ends tied behind.

DORA.

Kiss, oh Sleep, the eyes of Dora!
Gently shed your mandragora,
  Slumbrous poppy-dew distill!
Open wide the gates of dreaming.
Hide the real in the seeming:
  She is weary—she is ill.

Pale blue eyes are sick with weeping.
Pallor o'er her cheeks is creeping,
  There's a canker in the rose;
There's no hope in her To-morrow:
She has drained the cup of sorrow,
  And her life seems near its close.

From the threshold of his palace
Love held out its sparkling chalice,
  Beaded o'er with happy dreams;
Purely, tenderly she lipt it:
Gladly, lovingly she sipt it,
  For it shed prophetic beams--

Promise of a faith beneath it,
And a name—she dared not breathe it—
  Name to wrap her love secure;
These, the flagon's deep containing,
Were held to her for her draining,
  And she knew the draught was pure.

Time brought round her bridal morning,
And the wreaths for her adorning
  They had twined about her head,
When through every fibre crashing,
Suddenly the news came flashing,
  She is widowed—he is dead.

Kiss, oh Sleep, the eyes of Dora!
Gently drop your mandragora,
  Slumbrous poppy-dew distill
Ope the emerald gates of dreaming,
Hide the real in the seeming,
  For her soul is very ill.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1868.

☞ *Single Subscribers to* HARPER'S BAZAR *will be supplied from Number One to the end of the year* 1868, *which will complete the first Volume, for the yearly price of Four Dollars.*

THE EAR.

THE human ear in its more perfect forms is certainly a beautiful object; but there is no feature which is so frequently unattractive. This may be owing to its neglect in childhood and youth. Being round the corner, as it were, of the face, it is apt to be left uncared for, while the front is more diligently tended. The shape of the ear is generally deformed in infancy and childhood by the carelessness of mother or nurse. In adjusting the cap, hat, or bonnet, while every effort is made to give it as jaunty a setting as possible upon the head, with the due rakishness of inclination to the right or left, the ears are allowed to shift as they may for themselves. They thus are either crumpled up and pressed down irregularly under the tight rim of the covering of the head, or squeezed out from their natural resting-places and forced into a stuck-out position which is by no means graceful. The careful mother will take the precaution each time that she puts on the cap, hat, or bonnet, as it may be, to smooth down with her gentle hands the ears of her child and see that they are held with a slight pressure, in their proper position, at the sides of the head, where they ought to snugly nestle. She will thus probably secure for her offspring a pair of small, transparent, delicately-colored and thin, shell-shaped ears such as nature intended, and escape those monstrous productions we so often see, which have been likened, with more or less justness of comparison, to swollen, overripe purple figs, gigantic oysters, and asinine excrescences. We have already recorded our protest against the barbarity of boring the ears and hanging baubles to them. We repeat our denunciation of this sin against nature and good taste. We would entreat our dames and damsels, for their own sake as well as ours, to modify the present style of dressing the hair, which, violently drawn away from the ears, leaves them exposed in all their ugly nakedness. In the ancient Greek statue of female beauty the ear is always partially hidden by the hair. If, in its ideal grace, it modestly half retires from the sight, it certainly, in its modern matter-of-fact ugliness, should conceal itself altogether. We might possibly be persuaded to make an exception in favor of a beautiful ear; but we can not be prevailed upon to accept the exposure of the auricular monstrosities to be beheld every where. Do with them what you please, but keep them out of sight, or at any rate do not force their ugliness upon our notice by jingling or glistening gewgaws.

The ear is a most complicated and delicate apparatus; but fortunately it is so shut up within the casket of the skull that it can hardly be disarranged by our negligence or interference. It has over the openings of its outer to the inmost of its series of winding passages membranes tightly stretched, like the parchment of a drum, and these vibrate to every sound, which is conveyed from one to the other by a chain of little bones. These in turn transmit the vibration to threads of nerves, which communicate the sensation to the brain and enable the mysterious power of this organ to form a perception of sound. As in the case of the military drum the membranes of the ear, which in fact are called drums, require for their proper vibration the presence of air on both sides. This, in case of the ear, is provided for not only by its external opening, but by an internal communication with the mouth and nose. Hence any cause which closes these inlets to the atmosphere is sure to affect the hearing. Thus an ordinary cold in the head, which swells the membrane of the nostrils, augments their natural discharge and stuffs them up, as it were, always produces a certain degree of deafness. The outer opening to the ear secretes for its protection, and to keep the passage smooth for the conveyance of sound, a natural wax. This is apt to accumulate in undue quantity, become hardened, and produce deafness and a disagreeable ringing sound. A little warm water squeezed into the ear from a sponge and a drop or two of sweet oil let fall into it afterward will generally remove the accumulation. If not, recourse should be had to the surgeon, who with a syringe and a blunt instrument will soon get rid of the uncomfortable deposit. It is a dangerous practice for persons to be fumbling about their ears with the ordinary little steel spoon at the end of the tweezers found in most dressing-cases. If thrust too far and forcibly into the ear, it may penetrate or tear its external drum and seriously damage the hearing. Most of the cases of prolonged deafness arise from permanent destruction of the internal apparatus or from paralysis of the nerves of the ear, and are unfortunately beyond the reach of art. These are the incurable cases upon which the quack speculates with such pecuniary success. His impudent and lying assertion of power never fails to find a credulous ear among those who have turned away in despair from the honest confession of impotency of the man of science.

THE PENCIL.

WE are beginning in this country to affect a taste for the fine arts, and have already sculptors, painters, and draughtsmen of whom there is reason to be proud. There is, however, as yet but little indication among our people of any serious affection for pictures and statues. The rich occasionally buy them, as they do superfine upholstery, to adorn their great houses, and esteem them according to the sums they cost.

The culture essential to an appreciation of art is very rare in the United States. There is undoubtedly a wide diffusion of knowledge among our people, and an increasing disposition to seek for enjoyment in refined pleasures, but the obvious means of educating the taste have been hitherto strangely neglected. How rarely is it that any one in this country learns drawing? and yet without some knowledge of this elementary branch it is impossible to have the least comprehension of a work of art. When matron or miss, after having made the grand European tour, comes back and prattles about the *Madonna* at Dresden, the *Assumption* at Venice, and the *Apollo* at Rome, it is safe to infer, if she has never put pencil to paper, that she knows nothing more about these master-pieces than what she has learned in the Guide-Book.

While in Europe almost every young girl has her drawing-pencil, in the United States you would as soon expect to see a pickaxe or a crowbar in her hands. No doubt these feminine sketchers often attempt impossibilities, and make such havoc with nature and art that chaos seems to have come again, tumbling the world into confusion and darkness.

"I once saw," wrote Thackeray, "a moon riding in the sky, serenely attended by her sparkling maids of honor, and a little lady said, with an air of great satisfaction, '*I must sketch it.*' Ah! my dear lady, if with an H. B., a Bristol-board, and a bit of India rubber, you can sketch the starry firmament on high, and the moon in her glory, I make you my compliments!" Certainly this "little lady" had too exalted an idea of the art of which she was so ambitious a student, but she evidently somewhat appreciated the scene, for she thought it worthy of her aspiring pencil. This is one of the greatest advantages of a knowledge of drawing, that it directs the attention to and evokes a love for the beauties of nature and of art which without it would pass unheeded. So that every person the least practiced in the use of the pencil has a source of pleasure and refinement denied to those who are not.

Drawing should be made a compulsory branch of all education. In artistic, architectural, and engineering pursuits it is absolutely necessary, and in manufacturing and mechanical obviously useful; while it is in itself not only an enjoyment but the only means of introduction to that beautiful domain of art created by the genius of ages.

To women of leisure, more especially, drawing supplies a graceful occupation and a ready means, if diligently cultivated, of support in case of need. The great increase of illustrated books and magazines has opened in this country a new and ever-extending sphere to which female labor seems particularly appropriate, and if adapted by a skill easily acquired it would doubtless be applied.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to a Young Minister's Wife.

MY DEAR MADAME,—Our personal acquaintance may seem to you so slight as not to authorize me to address you a letter. But, although I have not the pleasure of knowing you intimately as an individual, I do know you but too well and too sympathizingly as one of a class, and I claim the right of a common humanity to send you a few words of regard, and, if you will permit, of counsel. If I should say that there are few women whom I pity more than you, you might feel offended; and yet, dear Madame, although I see how bravely you live, and how thoroughly you have schooled yourself to reticence and endurance, I know how your honest human heart indignantly protests against the necessity of heroism, and I take the liberty of honoring you as a heroine.

It is not very long since I had occasion to write to a young clergyman, who, if I correctly remember, was not your husband, but who might very easily have been so, and I begged him, above all things, to tread down Mrs. Grundy under his feet. But if that were necessary advice to him, what must it be to you? I do not recall the portrait of Mrs. Grundy among the devils who tormented St. Anthony, but the temptations and the horrors he endured and surmounted would have been slight compared to her persecutions, had she appeared in his desert. And when I turn over a port-folio or a grave old volume, and come upon a print of the poor Saint, I seem to myself to be contemplating the portrait of half the young ministers I know, and my heart aches accordingly. Yet St. Anthony suffered and endured for himself only. But your husband, Madame, undergoes the trial not only of and for himself, but for you.

Tell me now, if you please, and tell me truly, when you first saw the Reverend Eugene in the pulpit, and heard the sweet and earnest voice in which he proclaimed the glad tidings; when you saw, and saw truly, in his face the signs of his generous soul; when you felt that with him life would be a much less perplexing mystery than without his companionship; and when at last the words were spoken which are with most of you married people, as I am told, the most memorable words you ever speak or hear, would you have answered otherwise than you did could you have known what you now know? Would you have resigned yourself with such undoubting happiness to that tender entreaty and manly confession if you had heard in his words what he himself could not hear—what he would have remained silent forever rather than have spoken—and yet which were really in them? Let us look a moment, you and I, with our greater knowledge after these few years—with a knowledge which might indeed have enabled me to interpret those mysterious words to you even at that time—let us look, I say, and consider what he was really saying to you and offering to you, yet himself as innocent of the knowledge as a child.

"Dearest Agatha," he really said, under the form of the words you will always remember, "will you agree to put yourself under the most tyrannical supervision of Mrs. Grundy, from the collars you wear and the manner in which you dress your hair, to the food upon your table and the amusements in which you indulge, to the books you read, and to all your social and religious conduct? Will you agree to dress respectably enough for the dear pastor's wife, yet not gayly enough for a woman of the world; never to wear a red ribbon, and to see in a bright trimming the edge of the cloven foot; to smile just enough and in the most serious way, so that Mrs. Grundy shall be satisfied; to keep your children always neat and presentable; to return every visit at the right time; to take personal care of all the poor in the parish; to have your house a common resort for the sick and the abandoned, but to keep it in apple-pie order; to have a bed for the wandering minister and his wife who may happen in; to do all this upon a pittance which a boy would earn as a clerk, and to do it cheerfully and sweetly always, and as if you were the most favored of mortals? Will you, my angelic and beloved Agatha, become the butt of sharp censure and of old maids' criticism, of the judgment of deacons and the insolence of their wives, and consent that your most private tastes and habits and affairs shall become the scandal of an ignorant and meddlesome and impertinent little village?" If you had heard these words, dear Madame, in that soft June twilight when a low murmur was all that you perceived, and rather with your heart than with your ears, what would you have answered? Would you have leaned so long out of your window when you went to your chamber that night, conscious of the moonlight, of the sweetness of the roses, of the hushed gurgle of the brook under the trees, but with a heart so full of joy that you wondered any human being could be so happy?

Dear Madame, perhaps you are not prepared to answer. Then I answer for you that these are really the words which every Reverend young Eugene whispers to his angelic Agatha when he asks her to become the mistress of his household and of his rural parish or of his city parish. He beseeches her to become the prey of foolish and bitter tongues, to expose herself to every kind of misconception—in a word, to undertake the hopeless task of pleasing Mrs. Grundy. Do you think that I exaggerate, that I am slandering the average parish, and that it is unfair to represent the life of a young minister's wife as so peculiarly subject to censorious remark? Well, Madame, if you say so, I make bold to reply that I do not believe you think so. If you have ever been caught by Mrs. Deacon, coming in to call on a winter's evening, playing backgammon with Eugene, or still worse, playing everlasting or old maid at cards with the children, I think you feel that I speak merely the words of truth and soberness. If you have been found by Mrs. Verjuice some pleasant morning reading, and having laid the book upon the table, have seen the face of Mrs. Verjuice when she looked at the book and found it to be "Adam Bede," or "The Newcomes," I do not believe that you will accuse me of exaggeration. No, dear Madame, there is no person whose life is a more constant martyrdom than that of a young minister's wife with a large family and a small salary. For martyrdom is not always of the imposing type. It is not always the burning at the stake before the eyes of the world and history; nor the grim combat with wild beasts in the arena; martyrdom may be, and in the great multitude of cases is, a slow pricking to death with the points of pins. It may endure for years; the blood may not discolor a handkerchief; the victim may go smiling drearily about in the daily routine of life, but tell me, hundreds and thousands of Agathas and Eugenes, am I wrong in saying that the long martyrdom if more exquisitely painful is not less sure, and that no bad spirit in the next world can be a more torturing tyrant than Mrs. Grundy in this?

Dear Madame, my counsel is brief and simple, and, believe me, I know how hard it is to follow. When you see me come into church some rainy Sunday morning in this bitter month of March, and sit comfortably in my corner of the pew, and when the good Eugene gives out his text, spread my handkerchief over my head to avoid the ill-consequences of the chilly draught, when you see me do this, and further observe how cordially I mark my approval of every head of Eugene's discourse by emphatically nodding my own, you look over at me and you say in your heart: "How easy for a man and a bachelor, without responsibilities or care, with a good income and a natural contempt of Mrs. Grundy, to advise me and other Mrs. Eugenes to tread down that old hag under our feet! Does he know her real power as well as that which he supposes to be imaginary?" And at this point you turn away your eyes, dear Madame, because you are aware that Mrs. Deacon is looking at you, and saying in her heart: "What is that giddy young woman looking so hard for at Mr. Bachelor? It is a pretty state of things in the very church, too, when the minister's wife can't control her own eyes, but stares at other men in the midst of his sermon."

True, Madame, I can only give you advice fortified by experience. But if you would only let me be the friend I wish to be, I really think that I could help you. I should endeavor to persuade you that for every inch of independence that you surrender you will have to pay by an ell of conformity. The condition of your liberty and of your happiness is breaking the first link of the chain. Whatever Mrs. Grundy calls it, however she conceals it, whether she blandly smile that it is only a nice regard for public opinion or a generous sacrifice of your own preferences, it is precisely the same thing—it is subjugation to her authority. Therefore carry the war into her own camp. If she blames your red ribbon, denounce her black one. If she upbraids you with "John Halifax," reproach her with her eternal "Saint's Rest," and general warfare upon music, sunshine, and flowers. Take the offensive. If she makes the parish hot for you, make it hiss and bubble around her. Let Eugene make friends with the young men by showing that religion is a blithe and inspiring faith, not a gloomy cynicism; and do you make sure of the young women by insisting that gayety is not the enemy of grace. Find Eugene a text from which he can excoriate backbiters and impertinent meddlers, and let him not hesitate to draw his illustrations from Mrs. Grundy and her sayings and doings. She will call you too young for your husband; she will declare that ministers' wives must not curl their hair; she will lift her hands in horror at your jockey-hat and feather; she will sniff that the pastor's wife could be more fitly employed in visiting the sick than in galloping off on horseback; she will rail at whatever you do, and sneer at whatever you leave undone. I am merely an old bachelor, with a handkerchief on my head to keep off the draught, but I warn you that more terrible than any rheumatism which I might catch is the slavery to which Mrs. Grundy would subject you; and your sole hope of escape lies in your own stout heart, in the sympathy of Eugene, and in the good sense of your parish, to which I appeal, and to whose keeping I commend you.

Your pitying friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE handsomest and most novel fabric for suits brought out this season is called silk serge. It has diagonal reps, is all silk, soft and pliant, will not rumple easily, and is seven-eighths of a yard wide. It is in great demand. $2 50 a yard is the price asked for it. It is in quiet colors; some of them very quaint, indeed. There are dark browns and grays, and the dismal yellow frog greens, distinguished by the fanciful French as "living frog" and "dying frog." Another shade is called "pie-crust." Thirteen yards makes the skirt and redingote, or a basquine.

During the summer it will be found a comfortable plan to dispense with the regular corsage of the dress, and wear white waists under blouse wrappings. Let the skirt of the dress, however, be ample and perfect. It is poor economy and bad taste to scant the material of the dress in order that there may be a greater abundance of trimming. No matter how plain the skirt, let it be complete; then there is a comfortable sense of security in case of accident. There is a tendency toward superfluous ornament. Let economy begin with the trimming, and ladies will not so often be surprised to find their mantua-maker's bill exceed the amount paid for the dress. We deprecate the idea adopted by some of sewing a band of the same goods as the redingote around an old skirt, or one made of cambric. At every breath of wind that moves the redingote the wearer fears that the sham will be discovered, and she convicted of an effort at display that she will not care to acknowledge. Short dresses with gored widths require so little material that it is best not to abridge the real garment, but rather to dispense with all elaborate ornament.

There is but little variety of pattern in the goods used for suits. Solid colors, chenés, and mottled grounds cover the whole range. Stripes are not well adapted to short dresses. Black seems to be in greater favor than ever here, and foreign journals say that the fickle Parisiennes do not weary of it. Black, green, and a very light shade of tan, with gray chenés and pongees will be most worn.

Poplin alpaca, a fabric with thick, coarse threads, is stylish and serviceable for ordinary street dresses. It will not retain the dust, nor does it lose its gloss and shrink when wet. A good article may be bought for ninety cents a yard, double fold. The pongee poplins are not new, but are much sought after. They are very desirable for traveling dresses, and it is almost impossible to wrinkle them. The fabric is silk and linen; black or brown mixed with white are the usual colors. There are pretty chenés, and white grounds with a colored dash on them that look nearly as handsome as an all silk poplin. They vary in price from $1 25 to $1 75 a yard. Besides these, there is a variety of other goods, such as mohair, chalé, pine-apple cloth, and goat's hair, all suitable for spring wear. The prices range from fifty cents to a dollar a yard. Sixty-five cents buys a nice quality of mohair, which is exceedingly pretty when made with narrow frills on the skirt, redingote, and fichu.

IMPORTED WALKING SUITS.

Some spring suits just received from Paris are made with seven breadths in the skirt, all of which are gored. The front width is but slightly sloped. Two gored breadths form a bias seam in the back. These dresses are all in light neutral tints, trimmed with a more decided color in contrast, or a darker shade of its own. The most expensive suit, marked $200, is a repped chameleon silk, a delicate tan color, that seen in one light has a bright pink tinge. The skirt cut in the manner just described is untrimmed save by a thick silk cord around the edge, and measures three and a half yards at its greatest circumference. The over-garment is a tight-fitting basquine, with side-bodies and a seam down the middle of the back. The front and back are longer than the sides, and are square instead of sloping. Two cross-cut bands of silk, with a satin cord on either side, surround the basquine and sleeves. Heavy bullion fringe finishes the garment. Material for waist and sleeves is furnished.

A second suit is of black corded silk. The skirt is trimmed with three bias folds. A redingote or long blouse is worn over this and similarly trimmed, with the addition of a row of wide chenille fringe. A cap surrounds the coat-sleeves, falling very low under the arm, and lapping shorter on top. A belt confines the blouse at the waist. Long sash behind with wide fringed ends. Price $125.

Another of light tan color, lighter than the shade called *cuir*, is of poplinette, a lustrous silk and woolen fabric resembling chalé. This has two skirts, the lower one of which has, besides the three folds that are seen on all garments, a ruffle of silk, pinked on one edge and sewn on at the other in box-pleats. The upper skirt has a rounded apron front. The back widths are made much longer, and are gathered in a band beside the front seam. A rosette festoons the back, and a sash depends from it. A short tight-fitting basque forms the only corsage necessary. This is open to the waist behind, rounded and lapped over, and discloses the rosette and sash on the skirt beneath it. Folds and a quilled ruffle trim the basque and upper skirt. A wide collar is simulated with folds. Instead of the epaulets so much worn of late above the armhole, folds crossing each other like a lattice are sewn around the sleeve, reaching down almost to the elbow. Large silk buttons.

A suit of goats' hair is pearl-colored. Three bias ruffles on the skirt are hemmed instead of bound. A narrow green satin galloon conceals the seam by which the frills are gathered. The basquine has but one ruffle, and is quite short in front. A small Marie Antoinette fichu bordered with a narrow frill is worn over the basquine. The long ends of the fichu form sashes. The belt is trimmed with galloon. Price $80.

A lavender suit is of a new material, all wool, but thin and light, and with a wide twill-like serge. A flounce six inches wide is quilled around the skirt, and headed by a ruche of purple and white silk pinked at the edges. The long basquine is bordered by this trimming. A cape, square in front, and falling down to the elbows, is open in the back, with long pelerine ends that are loosely tied together. A ruche and purple fringe surrounds the cape and tabs. Belt of the same with a ruche in the centre.

A summer traveling dress of buff linen, consisting of redingote and skirt, was marked $40. Small squares of linen were folded flat to form points, and sewn on the gored skirt in rows, with a heading above each row of black and white linen braid a half inch wide. The belt and sash ends and redingote were trimmed in the same way. Deep, square cuffs were simulated on the coat-sleeve, and large pockets were under the arms. A corsage of the same, or a white waist, may be worn with the skirt. Another linen suit was trimmed with brown military braid, one wide row and two narrower ones.

DINNER AND BREAKFAST DRESSES.

A dinner dress of Mentana red, *gros grain*, is among the late importations. It is made with a demi train, the back widths of which are sloped, making a bias seam down the back. On each of the three side-widths is placed a sash trimming formed of straps of satin of the same shade of red, ending in a loop, and gradually narrowing toward the waist. A larger fold of satin descends from the waist around the bars, is pointed at the ends, and trimmed with corded fringe. The sash is fringed and sewn on under the side-seams in the manner spoken of in the last *Bazar*, and caught together near the ends with a large satin ring. The narrow coat-sleeves have bands of satin laid on horizontally from wrist to arm-hole. The corsage is round, and made with a *revers* faced with satin. Price $250.

A visiting dress of green taffetas is trimmed with brown satin tabs. Green and brown promise to be a favorite combination. A collar of brown satin, pointed behind, is laid on the corsage. The belt is also of brown satin, and above it, sewn on the back of the corsage, are three rounded tabs, the longest in the centre. Three long sashes, instead of two, fall from beneath the belt, and are edged with guipure.

A morning dress of white percale with a black stripe is made a long, loose sacque, cut off at the knee, and finished out to the proper length with a broad ruffle. Large pearl buttons down the front. A white linen cord and tassel confine it at the waist. Coat-sleeves and Shakspeare collar. Price, ready-made, $15. Another breakfast dress of white cambric has a gored sacque with tucked front and a fluted puff going up over the shoulders and down the seams of the side-bodies. A row of Cluny insertion is on each side of the puff. The long, trained skirt has a puff and insertion above the hem. Coat-sleeves with a puff on the outside seam. Bands of blue chambray are sewn under the insertion, a better plan than to use ribbon, as it does not have to be removed when washed.

PARASOLS.

The handles of parasols this season are in the rustic styles, broad and flat. Some of them are inlaid with woods of different shades, others have medallions of gilt with a profile on them or a beetle or fly, while small mirrors are inserted in the handles of others. Massive sticks of yellow ivory are displayed ready to be mounted with silk and lace covers. The jet embroidery so profusely used last summer is entirely out of style. Rosettes of lace, small butterfly bows of silk or satin, pinked ruffles, marabout feathers, leaves of gilt, and bullion fringes are the fashionable ornaments. On very light, delicate colors clusters of flowers are painted, a different group on each division of the parasol. A stuffed humming-bird with outspread wings is poised on one, while butterflies and mother-of-pearl flowers are found on others. Black satin is lined with crimson and mazarin blue. A novelty is a black satin speckled with yellow as if powdered with gold. Black silk without lustre is used for mourning, surrounded with deep bands of crape. The useful pongees are lined with delicate and becoming colors. Prices are very moderate this season.

LACE COLLARS, FICHUS, ETC.

Short barbes of real point lace and point appliqué are brought out for collars. These are preferred to round collars, as they can be adjusted by a brooch to fit neatly. The Shakspeare points are not so long as formerly, and are rounded. A newer shape has the points diverging from the brooch. The five sharp points worn last season have now two tabs hanging down behind. A pretty fashion in thread lace is a narrow standing collar with points turned over at the throat, like those worn by gentlemen. Linen collars are made with deep points on the shoulders, or are plain bands hem-stitched, or trimmed with Cluny insertion and edge.

The Empress has revived the old-fashioned velvet band, or dog's collar, worn smooth over the throat and fastened by a small brooch. Our American empresses can not all afford to stud these bands with emeralds and diamonds as her Majesty does, but they have already adopted this pretty little device of the great leader of fashion to make a white throat look fairer still. With the Pompadour and *revers* waists this black velvet collar is preferred to the heavy Indian necklaces, long strings of gilt filigree beads, that fall sometimes almost to the belt.

White organdy fichus are inexpensive and graceful additions to home toilettes, and can easily be made at home. The fichu and sash ends should be cut lengthwise of the muslin without a seam in the whole affair. The prettiest trimming is a fluted ruffle three inches wide, with a narrow hem and two tucks on one edge, and merely hemmed on the other. A fine cord gathers it to leave a narrow frill at the top. Another easily made is of illusion puffs covering the whole foundation. A narrow box-pleated ruffle of the same surrounds it.

CRINOLINE.

Crinoline remains very small; but it is rumored that the immense *paniers*, large at the sides and flat behind, worn lately in French saloons with trained dress, are to be slightly modified and worn with short suits. This is another feature of the Marie Antoinette styles; and those of our readers who have seen Ristori's representations of the court of that queen, will agree with us that it is the one disagreeable feature of the costume.

For information received, acknowledgments are due to Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and JAMES A. HEARN & SON.

PERSONAL.

THE H. K. BROWN $15,000 statue of LINCOLN, for Brooklyn, has arrived, and will at once be placed in the grand plaza in front of the principal entrance to Prospect Park. This is the same BROWN who did the equestrian statue of G. W. in Union Square.

—Mr. A. T. STEWART gloves New York at the rate of $200,000 per annum, retail. His artist in kids is a gentleman named WHEELER, who invents designs which are carried to a practical consummation in beautiful Paris. Mr. STEWART may say to his lady customers what OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES did to a New England father:

"Be a *parent:* don't neglect your *kids.*"

—Sculptor POWERS comes home this summer to spend some months with relatives at Cincinnati, where he commenced his sculptatory career by making wax-figures for Dorfeuil's Museum. The first person he chiseled was DRAKE, a popular comedian in that region thirty-five years ago.

—BRIGHAM YOUNG has just taken for his thirty-first wife Miss MERIVINE VAN COTT. The nuptial festival was also distinguished by the marriage of his fourth daughter to Elder HIRAM B. CLAWSON, whose first wife is Mr. YOUNG'S oldest daughter, ALICE. What a lot!

—The finest-looking woman in England is said to be Lady FITZ MAURICE.

—The *Bazar* learns from a gentleman just from Mobile that Ex-District-Attorney MARTIN, who attempted to assassinate Judge BUSTEED, will be tried by a military commission instead of by the Criminal Court of Mobile. Judge BUSTEED is spending a short time with his friend JACOB STANWOOD, Esq. (of Boston), who owns a large plantation near Montgomery, which he is working with entire success. On Judge B.'s arrival at Montgomery, from Mobile, he was called upon by many of the old and prominent residents of the place, who expressed their abhorrence of the attempt that had been made upon his life, and their respect for the manner in which he had deported himself, officially and personally, during his residence in Alabama. Judge B. expects to return North in May next.

—DEAN ALFORD (Dean of Canterbury) is out in the *Contemporary Review* in favor of Christian Union. He denounces High-Church exclusiveness as unscriptural and of evil effect; argues well that New Testament bishops "have hardly any thing in common with the Church officers which have since borne that name;" insists that the Church "has no right to enforce Episcopal government as the one essentially requisite;" declares that to call Dissenters schismatic "is the height of folly and pedantry;" asserts that in piety and learning they rival if they do not surpass "Churchmen;" confesses that in doctrine he is divided from them by "the thinnest possible partition;" suggests that, as a token of unity, Christians of all denominations be invited to special celebrations of the Lord's Supper, "the only words heard being the Scripture narrative of its institution, and the bread and wine being administered in silence;" and admits that the "legitimate corollary" of all this is a free exchange of pulpits. This will do for a high dignitary of the Established Church of England, and shows that the world does move after all, and that even ritual tendencies toward Rome are balanced by evangelical tendencies toward the communion of all true believers.

—EDWIN FORREST has coupons, etc., worth $750,000; BARNEY WILLIAMS has $500,000, and spends much in books, pictures, etc.; JEFFERSON, $100,000; J. S. CLARKE, $100,000; EDWIN BOOTH, $150,000; WILLIAM WHEATLEY, $300,000; PETER RICHINGS, $50,000 and a country-seat. He is a regular Sabbath-school teacher. MAGGIE MITCHELL, $50,000; Mrs. LANDER, $100,000. The wealth of some Parisian actresses averages much more. Mlle. AUGUSTINE is worth $400,000; her mother is worth $200,000; Mad. MADELINE BROHAN is worth $150,000; Mlle. LEONIDE LEBLANC is worth $500,000; Mlle. CELINE MONTALAND is worth $300,000; Mlle. DUVERGIER is worth $400,000; Mlle. PAGE is worth $200,000; Mlle. ALICE OZY, $250,000; Mad. DOCHE, $200,000.

—The per diem salary of LOUIS NAPOLEON is $13,240; of Queen VICTORIA, $6,027; of FRANCIS JOSEPH, $10,950; of the King of Prussia, $8,210, upon which they are compelled to rough it.

—Mr. GOUGH has delivered, mainly on temperance, 5400 lectures, to audiences averaging 1000 persons. Recently he was the victim of a practical joke at Chicago. NASBY and the Fat Contributor called on him at his rooms in the Tremont House, having previously ordered "drinks for three" to be sent up there every five minutes. GOUGH stood it until four trays, properly laden, had arrived from the bar-room, when the cold-water champion suspected the joke that was being played upon him, and insisted, with admirable good-nature, that his guests should leave his room, "For if you don't," said he, "my reputation as a temperance man would be ruined before another half hour, if it is not now." They went.

—Mrs. KATE WARN, a female detective, of Chicago, has just died at the age of 35. At the time of the passage of Mr. LINCOLN and suite from Harrisburg to Washington, when rumors of assassination were rife at Baltimore, an unknown lady suddenly appeared and arranged the time of departure, the procuring of a sleeping-car berth, and such other precautionary steps as her knowledge of the plot and ready judgment suggested. The "unknown lady" was Mrs. WARN. She was subsequently placed at the head of the female detectives at Washington, and later at New Orleans.

—Mrs. CADY STANTON and Miss ANTHONY may take heart and comfort from a paragraph in a recent letter from Europe, which comes gallantly to the rescue on the woman question. It says, "One of the most interesting pictures in Bologna is the work of a young woman who was the friend and favorite of GUIDO, and a successful student of his style, who was poisoned from jealousy by a deformed artist, a vain rival of her powers. Her genius and her fate are remembered even in the modern art of Bologna, and one of the best works in the modern collection is a picture of her death-bed with GUIDO at her side. Woman's genius has always been specially marked in Bologna. NOVELLA D'ANDREA and LAURI BASSI were honored with degrees in the university, and even lectured in Bologna to learned ladies from France and Germany. MADONNA MANZOLINA was Professor of Anatomy; and MATILDA TAMBRONI, filled the Greek chair just before MAZZOFANTI, a native of Bologna. It was pleasant, and seemed a sort of evidence of the perpetuation of the influence of feminine genius in Bologna, to notice last evening a woman playing the harp in the orchestra of the Opera. Nobody seemed to find any thing very noticeable in a fact so unusual or impossible in England or America—the boasted home of women's rights."

—The ladies of England have set themselves to work "like men" to found a true college for women, where the young women shall be resident during the whole of the academical (half of the actual) year. Mrs. BODICHON leads the subscription with £1000, followed by many subscriptions of £100. The resident authorities will be women, but the classes will be taught by either men or women, as may be found expedient. The building with accommodation for 100 students is to cost £30,000, and it is intended that the college course, including board and lodging, shall not cost more than £80 a year for each student. The council includes the Bishop of St. David's, Lady CHURCHILL, the Dean of Ely, Lady EASTLAKE, Mr. LLEWELLYN DAVIES, Dr. GULL, Mr. GORST, M.P., Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY, M.P. (the Recorder of London), Mr. PAGET, Miss SWANWICK, Miss DORA GREENWELL, Miss EMILY TAYLOR, and other eminent persons. Each student is to have a separate room.

—Since the death of CANNING, in 1827, DISRAELI is the first Commoner who has been Prime Minister of England. Only three Commoners have held the post. Sir ROBERT PEEL, who was Premier thirty years ago, was the second of his family enjoying the title. Mr. PITT was too nearly related to the peerage to be considered as of the people.

—Some envious and malignant person in Chicago has been speaking of the presiding officer of the House of Representatives as "Mr. Speaker COLDFACTS," the American Gradgrind. Fact!

—Mr. BARNUM is said to have determined to abandon the Museum business. Too much conflagration. He has money enough, has married off all his daughters, and can afford now to enjoy his "*opium cum digitalis*," as the druggist observed.

—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS and JOHN MORRISSEY have gone to the Hot Springs of Arkansas. The latter JOHN has inflammatory rheumatism.

—Mr. HAIGHT receives for rent of the St. Nicholas Hotel and stores $150,000 per annum. The hotel is said to have made a profit of $200,000 in 1867.

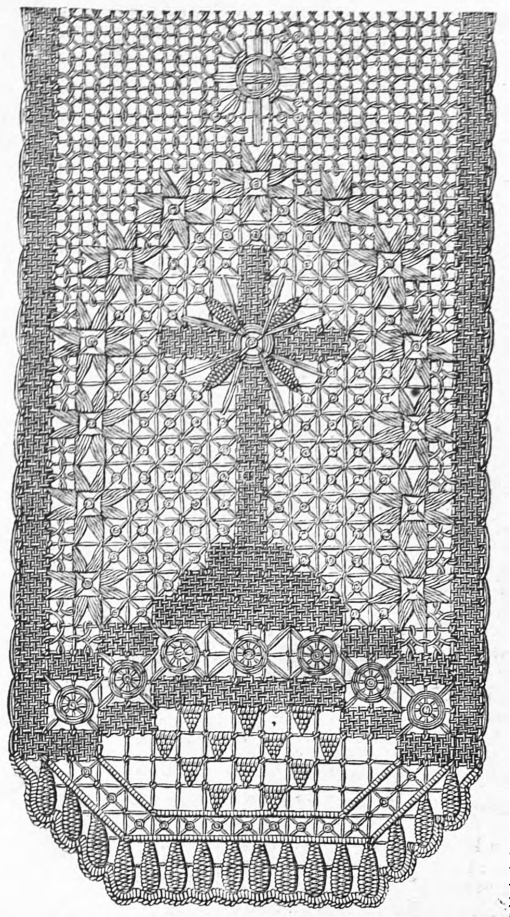
—A recent and characteristic observation of HENRY WARD BEECHER'S is: "Among God's kindest gifts to me, I esteem it the best, that I am permitted to work among so many Christians of different name and organization. Truth, in its universal relations to the wants of the soul, is truer than truth specialized for the structural exigencies of a system. Systematizing is a process of exclusion. It is like a wall, good for all that are within it, but bad for all outside of it."

—LOUIS NAPOLEON can be as jocular as any of us when he chooses. A Paris correspondent gives a funny series of answers by the Emperor and Empress, in playing at questions and answers a few days since at the Tuileries. They were as follows, the first answer to each question being that of the Emperor: "What quality do you prefer?"—"Gratitude," and "Devotion." "What are your favorite occupations?"—"Seeking the solution of insoluble questions," and "Doing good." "What should you like to be?"—"My grandson," and "What I am." "What historical personages do you most hate?"—"The Constable de Bourbon," and "Lopez." "What faults do you most easily pardon?"—"Those by which I profit," and "Those which passion excuses."

—Madame RATAZZI, the sprightly wife of the ex-Premier of Italy, doesn't at all mind saying exactly what she thinks of the throned women of Europe. For instance, she says that "Queen ISABELLA, of Spain, wishes to make people believe that she is a paragon of benevolence. Her charities are distributed in so ostentatious a manner that they lose much of their value. Ex-Queen MARY, of Naples, who, under different circumstances, would have become a very excellent lady, smokes cigarettes, likes to wear top-boots and male attire, generally swears (*Corpo di Bacco*), boxes the ears of her servants, etc. The Empress EUGENIE wishes us to believe that extreme vanity and extravagance far surpassing that of the poor JOSEPHINE are not incompatible with a piety so showy that few people will believe in its sincerity. Shopping is her favorite occupation—that is, inspecting dry-goods brought for her inspection to the Tuileries. The Empress of Austria is rather a dull woman, but a good wife and a good mother. The Empress of Russia is an invalid, spending most of her time on a *chaise longue*, painting water-color sketches. The Queen of Prussia thinks she is very clever, and perhaps she is. She delights in talking with eminent poets and scholars. The Queen of Denmark is a good housewife, who has brought up her children creditably. The Queen of Belgium is the first equestrienne of her little kingdom, and talks 'horse' better than any *habitué* of the turf; and the Queen of Holland is a blue-stocking, priding herself on her extraordinary familiarity with a number of modern languages."

Guipure Net Book-Mark worked with Gold Thread.

THE accompanying illustration shows part of a book-mark, which is netted in fine thread and worked in point de feston, point d'esprit, and point de toile, the former of which is described on page 361, and the two latter in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 19. The figures marked in point de toile are worked in gold thread, which adds greatly to the effect of the whole. Prepare the netted foundation in the same manner as for a square; that is, begin with two foundation stitches over a mesh of requisite size, then add one stitch at the end of every round till the stripe has reached the width desired (25 stitches in the pattern); then net one round without adding any stitches. After this, continue by adding one stitch at the end of the next round, and by taking off one (that is, netting two stitches in one) at the end of the return round. Proceed in this manner, the rounds alternating, till the work has reached the desired length; then net again a round without widening or narrowing, and after this take off one stitch at the end of each round till the stitches are all cast off. Work the foundation, as shown in the pattern, in thread of medium fineness and gold thread. This book-mark can be made of any length desired. The other end may be worked in the same design, or it may be worked in point d'esprit, and finished by a plain edge in point de toile like the borders.



GUIPURE NET BOOK-MARK.

Ribbon Book-Mark embroidered in Point Russe.

THE pattern given is of white ribbon. The design is worked with fine black silk in point russe. The ribbon is cross stitched along the edges to a white silk lining. On the upper end both the ribbon and lining are raveled out; on the other end both thicknesses are joined by means of white silk tassels.

BOOK-MARK EMBROIDERED IN POINT RUSSE.

Embroidered Cover for Bible, Prayer-Book, etc.

THIS design can be worked on a foundation of black velvet, reps, or watered silk. The original is of black velvet, embroidered with silver thread in satin and overstitch; black crochet silk can also be used.

Border for the Cover of Pulpit or Reading-Desk.

THIS border is worked in gold and silver embroidery on white silk reps, and is set on a foundation of black satin, cloth, or reps. In the pattern, the darkest application figures are of black satin, and the two others, which are designated by the darker and lighter shading, of gold and silver brocade. The work is in raised embroidery, of gold and silver cord, thread and braid of the same material. The border may also be worked on the foundation of the cover in case the latter does not require a border in contrasted colors. The design may be worked in silk. The border can, of course, be made of any length desired; the third figure in the darkest shade forms the middle of the design.

Needle Threader.

See illustration, page 357.

THE advantages of a machine which threads a needle quickly and easily are very apparent. Fig. 1 shows such a one of the full size. The tube shown in Fig. 1 contains a fine steel rod (the threader), which stands out somewhat, and is fastened to a spiral spring (see illustration), so that it is movable in the tube.

The process of threading is as follows: Put a needle, with the head downward, above in the tube; lay a thread, one end of which should be shorter than the other, according to Fig. 2, over the groove at the end of the threader; take the tube in the left hand, hold the thread between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand—without drawing it tight—and with the thumb of the left hand press against the spring, by which the threader pushes the thread through the eye of the needle and out through the opening. Then take the thread between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand (Fig. 4), draw out the short end, and take the threaded needle out of the machine (Fig. 5).

Needle-Book in the Form of a Port-folio.

See illustration, page 357.

MATERIALS: Perforated card-board, green split wool, green twisted silk, black sewing silk, white flannel.

For making this needle-book take, first, two pieces of perforated card-board, each three inches in length by two in width; these form the sides of the port-folio. Each of these pieces is worked on one side (as shown in the accompanying illustration) with green split wool and green silk crossing it. Where the silk threads cross they are fastened each with a cross stitch of the same silk. Join to one of these pieces a band of the perforated card-board, which is worked in cross stitch with green wool, and sewed around the edge with black silk. The part that lies over in front can be prepared by reference to the pattern, working it in split wool and silk, corresponding to the back and front. Then prepare a piece of green silk three inches in width by six in length. On one end of this sew the worked side to which the band was fastened, and on the other, which must be cut correspondingly sloping, the part which lies over the front. Between this and the front side, and at the same distance from both, sew the worked card-board which was designed for the back. For the needles take a strip of white flannel seventeen inches long by two and a half inches wide, work the edge in button-hole stitch with black silk, and lay it together, as shown in the illustration, so that each fold shall be two inches from the next one. Work the outer edge of each fold in cross stitch with black silk, and on each separate part thus formed work in black silk, as shown in the pattern, the number of the needles which are to be put in that part. The strip of flannel must be fastened inside the port-folio at the under side of the back. Two narrow straps of double silk are fastened to the back in the form of handles.

Crochet Under-Shirt for Infant.

See illustration, page 357.]

THIS little shirt is worked in coarse white knitting cotton over a laying-in of white cord. Begin on the back with a foundation of forty-six stitches. On this foundation crochet backward and forward nine rounds in single crochet, always drawing the needle through both the upper threads of the stitch. In the third round make the eyelet-holes by working between every five single crochet three stitches over the cord alone, passing over three stitches of the last round. In the fourth and eighth round widen in each one stitch; also, crochet without the

EMBROIDERED COVER FOR BIBLE, PRAYER-BOOK, ETC.

BORDER FOR COVER OF PULPIT.

cord the last and first two stitches on the side which is to be the upper edge. The side on which the cord becomes visible by this means is the wrong side of the work. After having completed the ninth round, make on the under part of the shirt the first gore, which consists of two short inserted rounds (each round numbers sixteen stitches). These two inserted rounds are worked like the others, backward and forward, on the last sixteen stitches of the last round. Then follows a round on the entire number of stitches, and, after this, a gore (twelve stitches long) on the upper border. Crochet again nine rounds over the entire row of stitches. In the following round—the 20th from the beginning of the work—begin the arm-hole by leaving, without working, the last eight stitches on the upper border. In the 22d and 24th rounds, leave in each two additional stitches without working. (The last and first six stitches on the arm-hole are always worked without cord.) Now work five rounds with the same number of stitches, then on the under border a gore (eighteen stitches long), and again nine rounds over the entire row of stitches, widening on the under edge one stitch after each three rounds. Next, in order to obtain the requisite number of stitches for the front, and to correspond with those passed over on the other side, make at the end of the 34th and 36th rounds each two, and at the end of the 38th round ten new stitches. Now follow eight rounds over the entire row of stitches; a gore on the under border, nineteen stitches long; three rounds over the entire row of stitches; a gore like the last (on the upper border); eight rounds over the entire row of stitches. From the beginning of the second gore, on the upper border, to the 60th round, counting from the beginning of the work, which forms the middle of the front of the shirt, three stitches must be missed at regular distances. With the 60th round the shirt is half finished. Work the other half by reversing the instructions given; and last, finish the upper edge by a row of single crochet without the cord.

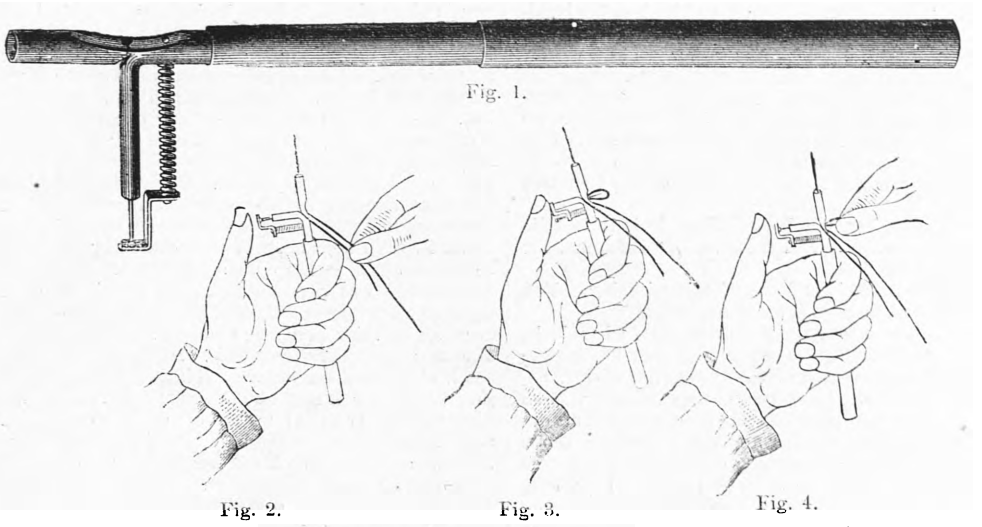


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2. Fig. 3. Fig. 4.

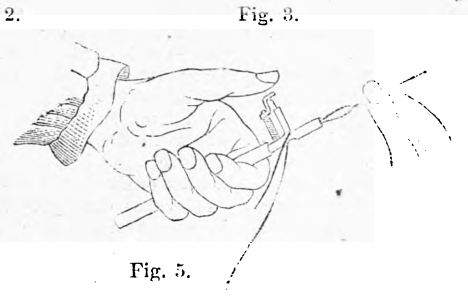
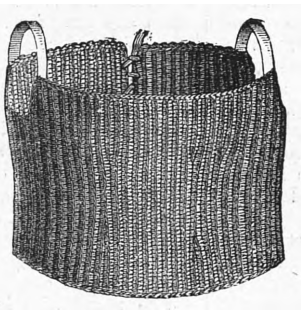


Fig. 5.

NEEDLE THREADER.

Coiffure for Young Girl.

THIS mode of dressing the hair requires a frisette for the front, and another frisette and an extra strand of hair for the chignon. Separate the middle part of the front hair from the rest, comb it backward over a frisette, and arrange it from the crown of the head forward in a plait which is fastened to the back hair, which last is combed downward and fastened as shown in the accompanying illustration. The end of the plait is fastened in a knot, and the extra strand of hair is at the same time added, and left for the present without further attention. The back hair is divided into two strands, each of which is rolled loosely and laid just behind the ear, extending to the upper part of the plait, where it is fastened. Now divide the front hair remaining at each side of the middle portion into two strands on each side. Comb backward the two strands next the middle, and lay them back crosswise over the plait, as shown in the illustration. Fasten a frisette to the plait and cover it with the three strands of hair which in the illustration are seen hanging loosely, the middle one of these being brought upward and fastened on the plait by means of a comb. Lastly, roll loosely the remaining strands of the front hair, lay it above, and fasten to the chignon as shown in the illustration.



CROCHET SHIRT FOR INFANT.

DECALCOMANIA.

THE art of transferring engravings to the surface of white wood was fashionable in the days of our grandmothers, and many beautiful specimens are to be found among the relics and keepsakes of the past. Since then, however, a new branch of this art has been introduced, by which engravings and fine-colored prints may be transferred to other materials, and especially to the surface of porcelain or ground glass vases, shades, etc., causing them to resemble very closely the expensive painted articles of French manufacture.

Take a vase of pure white porcelain, bisque, or Parian ware, or one of plain ground glass (white is best); select your picture, which may be either a small landscape, a bouquet, group of birds, or some simpler subject, such as a flag in colors. (The colored pictures look best for this purpose.) Lay it flat upon a board or table, right side up, and with a fine camel's-hair brush and transfer varnish go over the whole picture without touching the margin, and leave it about five minutes to dry. When just dry enough to be sticky lay it in proper position upon the surface to be ornamented, face down, and do not move it after it is once laid on, as it might spoil the effect; for this reason it is important to fix it right and straight at first. Now press slightly on the back of the picture until every part adheres tightly. When this is done wet it until well saturated with water, and let it soak for a few moments, when the paper may be removed by a little very careful rubbing. If the picture becomes dry before all the paper is removed, it must be moistened again, and finally washed carefully with a camel's-hair paint-brush until nothing remains but the picture itself transferred to the surface.

When perfectly dry, which will not be perhaps before the next day, it may be varnished with a thin coat of white varnish—either antique, Grecian, or outside varnish will answer, though the last is best. They may all be had of any dealer in artists' materials, together with suitable pictures for the purpose.

This outside varnish must be put on with a camel's-hair brush, and with great care that nothing be touched but the actual surface of the picture, as a daub on the porcelain or ground glass would not look well. Set it out of the way of dust until quite dry.

Vases prepared thus can be washed like ordinary china ones, only soaking in soap-suds must be avoided.

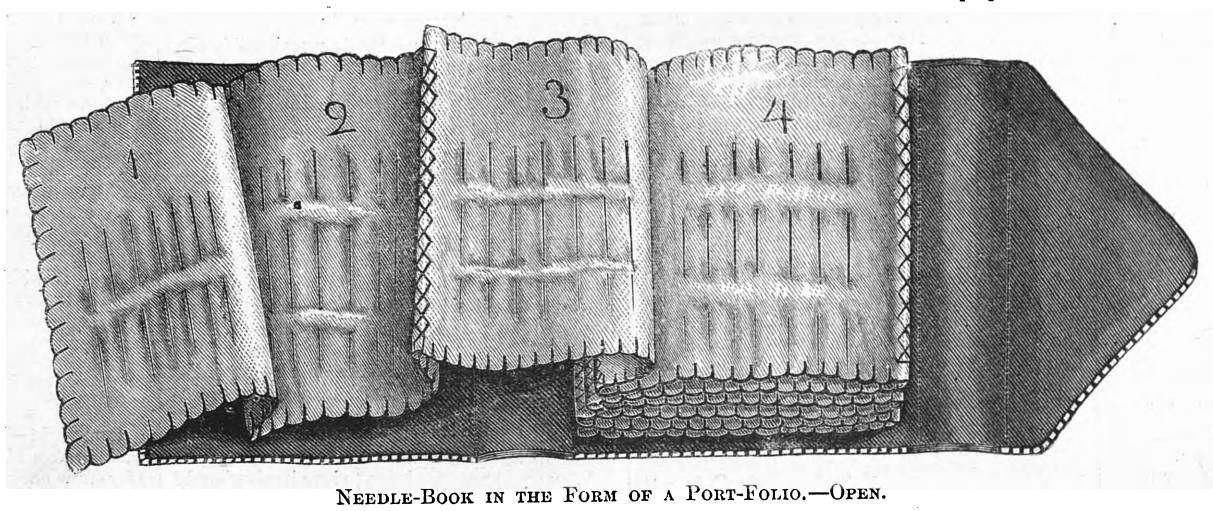
For experimenting a white china cup, saucer, or plate will answer very well, and a very pretty card-receiver is produced by thus ornamenting a simple china tea-plate.

This kind of transfer work may be applied to many other materials, such as ivory, papier-maché, earthenware, japanned tinware, waiters, dark wood, fans, leather bags, boxes, etc. In order, however, to proceed with these different objects, a little change in the rules will be necessary.

With all dark-colored materials, before applying the transfer varnish the face of the picture must be coated with white lead mixed well in turpentine; and when this is thoroughly dry put on the transfer varnish over it; then lay it in its place and proceed as before directed. This coat of white paint will furnish a light back-ground for the picture, and have a better effect than if applied at once to the dark surface.

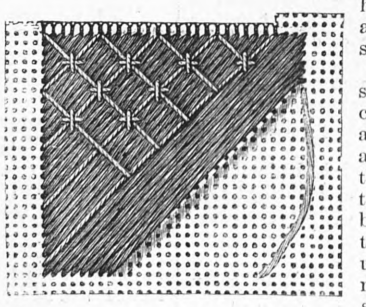
Silk banners, badges, sashes, coverings for pincushions, etc., and paper articles, can be ornamented also in this way. With silk the only change necessary is to omit the washing of the back with a brush, substituting a sponge instead, and using the greatest care that no moisture may touch the silk.

With paper it will be best to use the unsized kinds, or if this is inconvenient the whole sheet may be sponged and stretched by pasting on a wooden frame. When dry it will be perfectly tight and smooth; this is necessary as the sizing in the paper would prevent the perfect transfer of the picture. The picture itself, having been cut out, may be varnished as directed and allowed to dry entirely, when a second coat should be applied; this being nearly dry, place it on the paper and press gently until it adheres. Then with a brush moisten the back, and leave it to



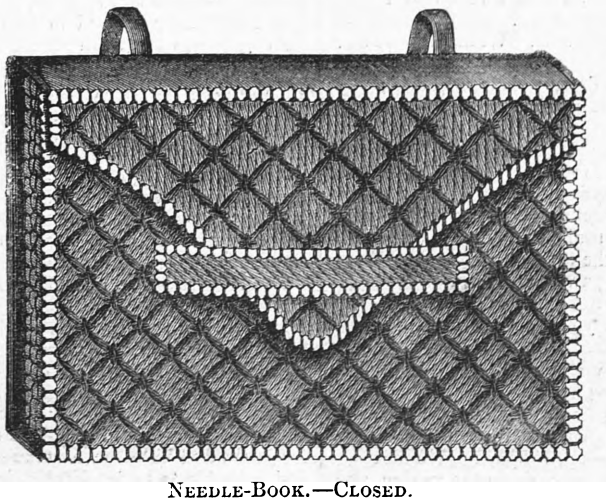
NEEDLE-BOOK IN THE FORM OF A PORT-FOLIO.—OPEN.

MANNER OF MAKING COIFFURE.



EMBROIDERY FOR NEEDLE-BOOK.

COIFFURE FOR YOUNG GIRL.—FRONT.



NEEDLE-BOOK.—CLOSED.

COIFFURE FOR YOUNG GIRL.—BACK.

soak for about ten minutes before rubbing; this last process must be very carefully done or the paper will tear.

In case it is desired to remove any of these pictures after being thus transferred, it will only be necessary to saturate it well with turpentine and then rub with a rag.

This mode of proceeding will be an excellent way to imitate papier-maché if applied to wooden articles which have been first coated with black Japan varnish, the little tendrils, gilding, etc., being put on afterward with a brush.

This valuable art has been introduced into this country from Russia, where it is very much in vogue. There the wax-candles used on special occasions are ornamented with various designs, and present quite a showy appearance when placed upon a mantle-piece or in hanging candelabra.

TOO LATE!

"Too late?"—Can you mean to prepare me a sermon
Because I'm too late for the "Polka" or "German?"
And frown at me so that I fear there's no use
Of trying to frame a sufficient excuse
For an absence that troubles me scarcely at all,
Since I only escaped the fatigues of the ball?
I am glad that *the worst* of the evening is through:
"Then why did I come?"—why, I came to see you!

I heard from young Spinner—that terrible swell!—
The moment I entered, that you were the belle;
He said it was something to find at a ball
A girl with "no nonsense about her" at all.
I saw, what he meant I should see, at a glance,
You'd been very gracious to him in the dance;
If you've crowned him with fortune and left me to fate,
Then, Minnie, I'll grieve that I entered so late.

'Twere hard if my sentence to-night you determine
Because I neglected the "Polka" or "German;"
And gave that poor Spinner, and others, a chance
To clasp this dear hand once again in the dance.
My presence so late in the evening I planned,
My darling, that I might solicit your hand;
Your hand and your heart—I shall cavil at less;
You're smiling!—you hear me!—dear Minnie, say "*Yes!*"

Say "Yes," and I'll willingly list to a sermon,
Though you fancy to make it as long as the "German."
Oh, let not my hopes like these flowers have a blight,
And leave me with nothing to say but—good-night!
—There's Grafulla beating the final *tattoo*,
And cavaliers bidding their partners adieu!
The evening is over that settled my fate,
And Minnie confessed that I was not too late!

"I DO NOT LOVE YOU."

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

ON a June day in the following year little Mrs. Elphinstone was sunning herself on the terrace outside the window of her sitting-room. Her hand was full of roses, below her was her rose-garden, beyond that the sunny slopes of the park stretched away to the beech-woods, shining in early summer sun-steeped green.

A very fair scene, and she looked a fair little woman; her bright clustering hair glistened in the sunshine; her cheeks were rounder than they used to be, and had a tinge of color, and her morning dress was graceful and pretty. There was certainly just then more appearance of physical well-being about Mrs. Elphinstone than there had been for long years about Lily Winters; but for the rest—

What did her husband think? Unknown to her he was watching her now. He called her; she started at his voice, and came toward him hurriedly.

"You want me?"

"It is nothing important; there is no reason you should look frightened." He stood in the window blocking it up so that she could not immediately go in. He put his hand on her head as she stood in the sunshine, and, bending it back, perused her face.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I am trying to discover—I have been trying great part of the morning. Lily, I wish you would cure yourself of some things—"

"Tell me what things, Ralph." She stooped forward to put her roses inside the room and to withdraw her head from the pressure of his hand.

"Among others of starting when I call you, and of that strange trick you have of widening your eyes and lifting your brows when I speak to you, in a way that makes you look like some poor wild creature that has been caught and caged, but never tamed. These things are very painful to me—that expression especially."

"It is very painful to me to be so watched! I wish, Ralph, you would not do it; you make me so nervous that I am almost afraid to move, and then I do all the more the things I try not to do. You can not think how hard I try to please you." She had spoken pettishly—a thing she did very seldom—now she paused, looked up into his face, then covered her own, and burst into tears. He had rarely known her to do this—in general her misery was dry eyes.

Some long untouched chords of her being had been made to vibrate that morning. As she looked upon the early summer beauty of the world, a feeling had come over her that life was worth having while there could be moments in which the outward beauty of the universe made unmarred music in the soul. This feeling had come over her while she was spell-bound—held by a sort of dream, during which she lived back in that time when want and loss and emptiness had made up her existence, and her misery had been negative. Her husband's voice sounded a sudden awakening, and sent a jarring vibration through her. Less on her guard, less under her own control than usual, feeling the chains that bound her more, because for a time she had forgotten them, she burst into tears and cried, "Oh, I am miserable! for I know now that I was right—that I make you more and more miserable."

"Hush!" he whispered, and he drew her hands away from her face, and drew her into the room. "No tears now; I came to tell you of a visitor, before whom, if you see her at all, you must make a show of happiness. Mrs. Maston is here. Acting with her usual assurance, she has dared come to see you. Do you choose to receive her? One of the children is with her. Why, one would think you had loved the woman to see your face now!"

"Not her, but little Effie. Is it little Effie who is with her? I did love little Effie, and she loved me."

"I think it is Effie who is with her. You will find them in the drawing-room."

Lily was hurrying from the room, when, looking in the mirror to see that her face told no tale of tears, she caught the expression of Mr. Elphinstone's. Her aspect changed directly. She calmed herself, went and stood before him, demure and quiet. For a moment there had shone from her face something of the girlish radiance he remembered to have seen upon it long, long years ago: now, as she stood before him, she was wholly Mrs. Elphinstone, restrained and cautious, studiously considerate of his will.

"You would rather I did not see Mrs. Maston?" she said. "Effie is nothing to me if you do not wish me to see her."

"Nothing is any thing to you, I know," he answered, bitterly. "I know that you are all duty and submission; but I am not quite such a tyrant as you make me out. I do not want your life to be nothing but a series of small sacrifices supplementing the great one." He tried to speak lightly after the first outburst. "Come, we will go together," he said, smiled, and drew her hand through his arm.

Lily was not deceived. She had no pleasure in the wild caresses of the child, who bounded toward her when she opened the door, and, in spite of all her mother's previous schooling, hung upon her neck. Her husband was not watching them, he studiously avoided doing so: he was talking graciously to the handsome widow; but she knew, by past experience, that he heard and saw and felt all she did and said; and this knowledge made her kiss the pretty child stealthily, as if to do so were a crime. But Effie was not to be repulsed or kept in check. When Mrs. Elphinstone was seated she sprang upon her lap, and, to her mother's admonition not to be so troublesome, answered:

"This is not being troublesome; Miss Winters used to like to have me here. She loved me and nobody else in the world. She told me so one day—one day when I was naughty, and she was trying to make me good." Effie was old enough, and enough spoiled by hearing too much of her worldly mother's conversation with like-minded friends, to have a dash of mischievous wickedness mingling with her childish simplicity; and now she pushed her face close up to Lily's, and whispered:

"Why did you leave me, and go to him, when you loved me and didn't love him?" with a nod toward Mr. Elphinstone. "Was it because this was so much nicer than our school-room?"

"No, no, child—no. You must not say such things. You are talking of what you can not understand."

As Lily answered thus her heart beat with great bounds against the clinging child, and her arm tightened round her convulsively. She looked at her husband, dreading to see signs that he had heard. Then she joined in the conversation about places in Italy and the south of France, where she and Mr. Elphinstone had wintered.

Mrs. Maston had not thought that it would prove pleasant or convenient to be on hostile terms with the Elphinstones; so, before Lily returned, she addressed to her a long letter of explanation, congratulation, and self-justification. Bringing Effie with her to-day had been her final attempt to secure for herself a good reception.

"What was the matter with you, Lily?" her husband asked, when Mrs. Maston and Effie had left. "I am not obliged to you if you think me such a jealous fool that I can not bear to see you fondle a child; but you behaved as if you did think so."

Lily's eyes wandered about the room, with the restless imploring look of one seeking help, and finding none. Was she seeking a way out of the labyrinth of misery? Then she came and stood before her husband, in that shrinking, helpless attitude, to see which especially pained and annoyed him.

"I do not know what to do, where to turn for advice," she said. "You are my husband, can you be my friend, too? What are we to do? Things grow worse, and I am afraid—afraid of what lies before us. I study to serve you, to satisfy you. I have not a thought which has any thing to do with this present world that is not yours. Yet I know, I see, I feel, that I pain you, wound you, torture you. Ralph, what shall we do? It is so miserable. What shall we do? What shall I do?"

He bent his face down to hers, and said:

"What you must do is soon told. You talk of duty, and omit the one thing needful. You talk of submission, and keep an obstinate heart. What you must do is soon told—love me!"

She lifted her eyes to his. The truth flew forth from them against him. It was no new truth to him, yet it bruised him afresh, and made him recoil. As if the eyes had not spoken plainly enough, her lips parted, and the words, "I do not love you—I do not love you; I can not—can not—can not love you," rushed from between them.

When they were spoken she caught in her breath, as if trying to recapture the escaped sounds, and wrung her hands, and cried: "It was not I. It was some demon in me spoke. Forgive me, Ralph—oh, Ralph, forgive me!"

She ran from the room, down the garden, and through the park, and into the copse, near the wood; there she sank down in the ferns, and lay hidden. He followed her and found her; and, by-and-by, as the first dinner-bell rang, the servants saw their master and mistress saunter up the garden arm in arm. He had been in an agony lest, by one of the gardeners or any one about the place, his wife's wild flight had been observed; but it happened to be the workmen's dinner-hour, and the grounds were deserted. Perhaps one of the most stinging of the perpetual irritations which made things worse and worse for both of them, as time went on, was that caused by the ceaseless effort to keep up appearances. Mr. Elphinstone was a proud man; he would not have his misery suspected could it have been lessened by half through being known; and Lily after that day was aware of this. After that day she literally strained and warped her candid nature—accepting it as part of her "duty" to act what she did not feel; trying, each day, to act well through that day the lie of her life—to act the part of a wife who loved her husband. Of course there were times when nature reacted from this great strain: in future, she tried at such times to shut herself up away from every body—most of all away from her husband, lest she should be impelled to tell him not only that she did not love, but that she hated him—which she did not (it was not in her nature to hate), save when she was almost mad that she could not love him; but that she should soon do so was one of the dreads of her life.

After the outbreak of that June day every thing went on as before; no new truth had been heard or told. Perhaps, for a time, things were a little better than before. Lily, torn by remorse and full of self-reproach, redoubled her efforts at self-control—her efforts by no word or deed or look to pain him.

CHAPTER V.

THE second winter of their married life Mr. and Mrs. Elphinstone did not go abroad. In the following spring, very early, it was before the snow-drops were out of bloom, for the grave was for many days strewn with them, there was a small new mound in the church-yard—the pretty quiet church-yard, one gate of which opened from the park.

Poor Lily's life seemed to be a deepening pool of darkening anguish. In her husband's presence she gasped back all the tears that should have lost their bitterest of bitterness being shed upon his breast, and which, repressed, settled round her heart, to grow stagnant and poisonous.

He had not rejoiced with her in her half-delirious brief joy, and had not grieved with her in her grief, she thought. Shuddering and sighing, she said to herself: "I shall hate him by-and-by. I am going down that road, and I do not know how to stop."

Why could not Lily learn to love her husband? He was a man most men admired; a man more than one woman had loved for himself; not as Mrs. Maston had done, for his position. Why could not Lily learn to love him? Do you think she did not ask herself that question with self-torturing persistence—trying to wring the reason out of her soul? Do you think she did not set her poor little will, all of herself she had power over, toward her "duty?" Poor soul! striving to learn love through duty, instead of knowing duty through love! Life's alphabet may not, I think, be learned backward in that fashion. At least Lily could not so learn it, and she had no theories to stand in her way; she tried simply and sincerely.

In Lily Winters, though she had not recognized this formerly, the spring of inner delight had never quite dried up; through the dreariest and saddest years of her life, "time to remember" had been the luxury and poetry of dull days. This "remembering" meant for her no vague and pale representation, but a vivid re-forming and living again of some scenes of her early and brief happiness. For Lily Elphinstone such "remembering" was agony, because she believed it to be sin.

Ah! Lily was far more miserable than formerly. All she suffered she suffered doubly now; for herself and for her husband. The misery of her misery, without which she thought all would be as nothing, was the consciousness of how she was a daily torture, than which nothing could be more exquisite to him. Whether or no there was morbid exaggeration of the truth in his consciousness, there it was; and over the dreary life she had lived in poverty and desolation there seemed to her, when she now looked back upon it, to hover an atmosphere of peace and holiness.

Are there any to whom the daily companionship, the forced nearness of an inharmonious nature, an unloved being, will at length induce harmony—create love? If so, let them tell how Lily might have learned to love her husband. And what was the truth regarding him? Was it only in the mirror of Lily's mind that his misery was to be read? Was he learning to be content with the lot he had chosen, with a wife who did not love him?

As yet it seemed as if the knowledge that the reality of the thing he craved was not his made him the more greedy of the semblance. He had become morose, jealous, exacting—hardly suffering her out of his sight. He was doubly thwarted. Not only his heart was wounded but his will was resisted; and to have his will resisted by a creature so frail-seeming that sometimes he felt as if a breath of his might blow out its life—by a creature so near that in no way could he disentangle it from his heart-strings—to be mocked, as he called it, by the shadow of what he asked for—to have duty, submission, obedience freely given, and only love denied—to ask for bread and be given a stone—from all this, which he felt to be intolerable, he yet found no escape.

Lily's eyes—the eyes he watched so ceaselessly—were learning to have but two expressions for him. The one defied him, saying no more "I *do* not," but "I *will* not love you." The other was such a look as you may see in the eyes of a gentle, intelligent, and high-bred dog, suddenly subjected to a course of unwonted and unmerited harsh usage—an exquisitely painful look to see even in the eyes of a dog.

Not that Lily's husband ever lifted his hand against her. Good Heavens, no! But had not his eyes and his tongue scourged her, lacerated her, cowed her?

After the great trial of the birth and loss of her baby, Lily never got up her strength. After that she never had the slightest look of even physical well-being. The mind told upon the body, the body upon the mind—a constant and fatal reaction.

All the summer she was ailing: when the autumn came the doctor advised that she should winter in the South. Then Lily showed an obstinacy of self-will that perplexed her husband. She would not go. It was the first dereliction from outward wifely duty and submission, and it amazed him. He had to yield. He brooded over this till the real reason suggested itself to him. Lily clung to the neighborhood of her buried darling. He watched her, and found there was no evening, rain, or snow, or hail, dusk or dark, on which she did not go to bid her baby good-night. Generally she sat a while, quiet and tearless, by the little mound, her mind evidently not resting in or on that grave, but following her "little one" to the place her religion and her imagination combined gave it, among God's "little ones." Now and then, however, she would be mastered by a heart-bursting passion of anguish, and would throw herself upon the mound, her breast pressed against the turf, her arms beating the ground on either side, crying, with half-stifled cries, "Oh, baby, make room for me; make room for me. Let me get through to you—let me get through!" Having once stood by, unseen and unsuspected, when it was thus with her, her husband had felt that to do so again, to live through such another half hour, was as much as his reason was worth.

And Lily thought he did not suffer with her! that he had not rejoiced with her or grieved with her; and when forced to name the child at all she would jealously call it not "ours," but "mine!"

Poor Lily! this present misery of hers, which she felt to be self-incurred—for had she not done evil that good might come?—was teaching her to be ungentle and unjust.

CHAPTER VI.

ONE night—it was early spring again, but the weather was bleak and bitter, a black March—Lily came back from the church-yard whiter than ever, and quivering in every nerve; while in her eyes was a wild, visionary look. She did every thing in the usual order, however, stealing up stairs with her usual quietness to put her hood and cloak away. Then going into the drawing-room she rang for the urn, made the tea, and sat waiting for her husband, whom when she went out she had left in the dining-room, sitting over his wine—sitting with the wine before him, rather; it was little he ever drank.

Lily was one of those women who can pay a sort of mechanical attention to the smallest things when the greatest ones occupy them. Sometimes her husband taunted her with the care she took of his physical comforts, while she starved and tormented his soul. Finding that Mr. Elphinstone did not join her, and fearing the tea would be cold, she went to look for him.

She found him in her own morning-room, seated at her writing-table, a manuscript book open before him. There was nothing strange in his being there; he often chose to write his letters at her desk.

"Nothing in that is new," she said, hurriedly, going up to him, when she saw what it was that occupied him. "I found it accidentally to-day. Indeed, I did not know that I had kept it. There is nothing written there that is so much of the truth as you know. Why should you pain yourself needlessly?" She put her hand on the book to take it from him, but he pushed her hand away.

"When you found it why did you not directly burn it?" he asked, sternly. "Let me remind you of its contents; then you shall judge if it should be in Mrs. Elphinstone's possession."

"Spare me," Lily said, putting her hands to her head. "To-night, of all nights, spare me! To-night, of all nights, I can not bear to be reminded of what those poor lines stood for!"

He thrust the book into his breast-pocket, but without having looked at his wife, or he must have been struck by the expression of her face. Putting his hand upon her shoulder, he said, affecting to yawn as he spoke: "Come and give me my tea. I am tired, and you are shaking—with cold, is it? Come!"

She took his arm as she was expected to do.

He felt her feebleness in the way she clung to him. Suddenly he stopped and turned her to the light. There was a strange concentration of intense and conflicting feeling in his face and tone as he said:

"Poor bird! There are no prison-bars will hold you in and back much longer, I fancy."

All that evening Lily continued to shiver and tremble perceptibly; often she furtively glanced round the room; once, at some slight, unexpected noise, she started up and screamed.

She answered to her husband's questions: "I have no control at all over myself to-night; I feel as if I had escaped from my own hold. Perhaps I shall be better in the morning, if I can sleep. But there is something I must tell you now, to-night." She paused, and gasped.

"I am listening to you, Lily," he said, in

such a tone of tender pity as she had not heard from him for very long.

"Do not speak like that—speak harshly, as you have often done of late." She used a sharp intonation of entreaty. "No wonder—the wonder is how you have been so good to me. Oh, Ralph, if I could spare you this! If I had been a stronger woman I might have spared you so much. But I can not keep this in; if I try, my heart or my brain will burst to let it through."

"Do not try—speak, poor child; tell me this new trouble; then go to rest." He could now have found it in his heart to pray that her rest might not again, in this world, be broken.

"After all," Lily resumed, "I do not see that it makes any difference. It is better you should know, and better you should know from me; but I do not see that it makes any difference. "*He is not dead.*" She sunk her voice to a whisper. "I have seen him to-night. Do not look like that! Why should you mind? It makes no difference—not even to him. If he had been dead he would have known all the same. To you it can make no difference; all you ever had of me you will have still while I am alive. You knew quite well that I did not love you, and that I went on loving him; so you see it makes no difference; but it was my duty to tell you—was it not? I try to do my duty, Ralph; indeed I do; I often fail miserably, especially since—since my baby died; but I have tried, and I will try. Of course I was shocked and startled, and could not, at first, so plainly see that it made no difference—but I shall be better in the morning."

Was it truth, or the fancy of a sick brain? What could it matter to the miserable man? But he tried to discover; it seemed to him that it mattered much.

"You have *seen* him to-night, you say, Lily; is that all? Did he speak? Did you speak?"

"No. I was in the church-yard, sitting by baby's grave. I always go to bid her good-night. You did not know it, but I always do. I tried for you not to know it—for fear—"

"For fear of what?"

"That you should forbid me, and I should be driven to the wickedness of disobeying you."

"You were sitting by our baby's grave—go on."

"I was sitting by my baby's grave when he passed outside in the lane. I felt him before I saw him. As he passed he looked over the wall, and I saw his face through the branches of the yew-tree. The wall is low, and he is tall, you remember. His face looked white through the dark branches; but it was his face—no mere spirit. But do not mind, Ralph; you see it makes no difference—at least"—she paused, and put her hand upon her heart, then added, speaking with difficulty—"at least, I *think* it does not; but to-morrow, when I have had some rest, I shall know better. I think I shall know a great deal more to-morrow. Good-night, Ralph."

It was strange. Mr. Elphinstone had not believed this could be possible; yet now, with no proof, he believed it true. It was not till later, when he had reflected, that doubt arose. A groan from her husband—a sound of unutterable anguish—brought Lily back to him as she was leaving the room—not to touch him, or with any caressing words try to comfort him, as a wife who had learned to love him might have done, but just to stand before him, leaning heavily for support on the thing nearest her, and wait.

"What is it, Ralph?" she asked, after a time. "To you, at least, it makes no difference, and I—I can not suffer more."

"To me it makes the difference between heaven and hell," he groaned. "I did not think my lot too blessed before; but now— Oh, woman, whom I dare not call wife, forgive me! You have felt little of my love but its cruelty; have known nothing of my suffering but its savageness. I took your life into my keeping, and I have bruised it and maimed it. You said—I don't know when; the time seems long since—that I did not know of your nightly visit to the child's grave; I have followed you and watched over you till I felt my heart being torn fibre from fibre, and my reason plucked up by the roots through witnessing your anguish—your irremediable anguish."

"Oh, Ralph!"

She knelt before him now, clinging to his knees.

"Suffered! what have I not suffered? I have suffered, as I have sinned, for us both. I was passive, for I saw no help. No help?—I see help now—I will seize it for you—you shall be free."

"Yes, Ralph," she said, faintly; "very soon. I feel that I shall soon be free." She was too weak and faint, too wearily senseless to grasp the meaning of his words.

"Go and rest now till the morning," he said, lifting her up. "Rest till the morning—see what that brings you."

She kissed his hand with a cold and timid kiss, and murmured—

"May God have pity upon us! I think He will, for we have pity upon one another."

Then she left him. Sunk in thought, he did not see with what weak and wavering steps she crossed the room.

He remained just in the attitude in which she left him for perhaps an hour, then suddenly he sprang up.

"I must *know* first," he said; "not leave her doubly desolate with a legacy of horror."

He ordered his horse, inventing, for the benefit of his servants, some specious pretext for riding at once, late as it was, to the town. At midnight he returned; the house was then closed, and the servants went to bed. He shut himself into his study; there he remained some hours, writing and looking over papers. When he had finished, he inclosed his private keys in a sealed packet, which he addressed to his wife. This packet, with some letters, one of which was also to her, he placed conspicuously on the centre-table. All this done, he fumbled for something in a drawer, found it, and hid it in his breast. Doing that, he felt the little book still hidden there. He drew it forth, and looked toward the fire, but that had been out for hours. He thought a moment.

"It is *his*," he said. "It should go with her." Of this, too, he then made a sealed packet, which he addressed as one of the letters was addressed.

Afterward he looked round the room with a long, comprehending look. Then he bared and bent his head. "God have mercy upon my soul, and make her happy!" is what he would have said. Perhaps he did *say* it, but he could not *pray* it. What did he care for his miserable self, soul or body? He went to the window and opened it, letting in the chill and ghastly dawn. He had one foot on the terrace outside, one still within the room: one hand clasped that thing hidden in his breast, while the other held back the shuttered window, when he felt something pass before his face. It was with him as with one of old—fear and trembling came upon him, the hair on his head lifted itself up, and the blood about his heart stood still. He saw nothing, heard nothing with his outward ears—he only *felt*. Was it a chill breath blown from the dawn? Nothing near him had been stirred. Great awe was upon him. He stepped back into the room; he was now impelled to see her once again before—Afterward? He did not know—the resolute will had suddenly melted within him; he felt weak and feeble as a child.

"Once again—yes; I will see her once again."

He stole up the stairs and along the gallery to the door of his wife's room. As he opened it an icy cold wind blew on his face; the lattices of one window were pushed open wide. The gust blew out the flaring candles, which till then had been burning on the table.

The gray light of dawn fell full on Lily's face. She lay on the bed, dressed as when she left him, her attitude that in which one flings one's self down in intense weariness; she had not moved since she threw herself down there, the bed showed no signs of any tossing or struggling. He bent over her, lower, lower; presently his cheek touched hers; his hand left its hiding-place—something clashed down upon the ground; he heeded that no more than she did—no more than the dead did. He raised himself to look at her again. After a long gaze he said, aloud, "Free—at rest—thank God!" The sound of his own voice stirred him; he knelt beside her, and wept like a child or a woman: yet no, no whit like either, but like a strong man, whose will is broken; and his heart melted within him.

There are lives that wear out the hearts that live them with their weariness, till, for very tiredness, the sufferer goes to the grave as happier human creatures to their night's rest. Lily had been subject to long and deadly swoonings; this was the longest and deadliest, and the last.

When he had laid his wife to her rest Mr. Elphinstone recognized that he had parted with her eternally. What, in any other state of being, had he to do with a woman whose eyes, lips, and life had voluntarily, and involuntarily, said, "I do not love you?"

PARIS GOSSIP.

LADIES who wish to wear ear-rings, and do not wish to submit to the operation of having their ears pierced, can have the ornaments hung upon a little wire which clasps the back of the ear, and will generally escape detection if carefully put on. These devices are worn by well-dressed ladies in London and Paris.

The other day, in Paris, a gentleman descended from his cab to make a call, and placed a fine London cigar which he had been smoking behind the coach-box. The lady of the house being absent he immediately returned to the cab, and found that the coachman who had already dismounted was smoking his cigar. Perceiving his approach, however, the coachman quietly put it back in the place where his employer had left it.

"Oh, go on, my brave fellow!" said the gentleman.

"Ah, citizen," responded the driver, not in the least disconcerted, "I was only afraid it would go out."

A pretty style of hat for evening wear is now made of feathers. One of the fashionable windows in Rue de la Paix, Paris, has several of these tastefully displayed. One is made of small white feathers lapped one over the other, each dotted with a small black bead; another of violet feathers and another of the dark spotted feathers of the pheasant. Several also are made entirely of flowers. Thus there is one of violets, with lace of the same shade of color to fall over the waterfall, and also to form the strings, which are fastened together by a few violets; another of tiny white flowers, with white lace for strings. These are all of the form which has been so long worn, that is, without a crown, and convenient to the present style of dressing the hair.

To the list of "grotesque jewelry" published in the *Bazar* of February 1 might be added the following devices for ear-rings, which appear in the fashionable windows of the Rue de la Paix.

A horse's bit made of steel, with reins of gold buckled into each end and coiled in a knot.

A pair of water-buckets of gold, hooped with silver, hung by a gold chain which runs over a pulley.

A fly of steel, or coral, climbing a ladder.

A big spider, ugly as life, hanging on a fly.

A mouse-trap, with mouse caught and looking out through the golden wires.

A bird-cage, with bird seated upon a perch.

A mouse hung by its tail.

Venetian blinds.

A butterfly, with wings of gold lattice set with brilliants.

A dog's head, with heavy ring hanging in its mouth.

A wasp, colored to the life, with a gold pin thrust through his body, which he is grasping with his six legs as if endeavoring to extricate himself; the pin is hung by its head to the ear.

A grasshopper of gold, life size, hung by his nose.

An altar-lamp in the form used to hang before the shrine of the Virgin.

A naked doll an inch and a half long, wrought in metal, in ludicrously exact imitation of the cheap wooden-jointed dolls sold in the toy shops. Attitudes sometimes very ridiculous.

A massive gilded sleigh-bell, full size, or a gold strap with a score of little bells on it, in the form of the string of bells worn by horses.

Among those which certainly are more pleasing to the eye, as well as more ornamental for the fair sex, are—

A golden basket containing eggs of pearl, hung by a golden ribbon.

A pink enameled rose-leaf, with a drop of water upon it.

A shell with one pearl in its centre, and a variety of flowers in colored enamel.

The street dresses of young ladies are universally made short, reaching the ankle. Ladies of middle age mostly wear long dresses looped up; and a long sweeping skirt is rarely seen in the street.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

AT this writing the streets of New York are in a fearful condition. True there has been a heavy rain, but that seems to have made the mud only more capable of bespattering one's clothes. It is quite impossible for a lady to walk through Broadway, or any one of our thoroughfares, without ruining a nice dress, or making a common one look as if it never could be put on again. True, the matter of cleaning the streets is *being investigated!* And it is delightful to know that some people think that the streets have been well taken care of, and the crossings made comfortably passable during the past season! We only wonder where those persons live, and should be glad to purchase a "first-class brown stone house" in their immediate vicinity. Meanwhile, since nobody else takes the matter in hand, it will afford some satisfaction to those who object to wading in the mud, if the little crossing-sweepers will ply their brooms. To be sure they sometimes make the mud fly in the wrong direction; but after ruining a few suits of clothes one *does* like to see *somebody* doing something. Fretting and scolding about the matter is common enough; but what is really *done* by those in authority?

It is announced that a project is entertained by some of the wealthy ladies of Boston to build a club-house for their own convenience, and that of ladies in their social circle, in a central part of the city. By this means a pleasant place will be secured where a meal or rest can be obtained without the protection of gentlemen. Indeed, gentlemen are to be rigidly excluded—that is, unless all the members of the club consent to have them admitted.

"The times are changed, and we are changed with them," as a few reminiscences of "good old times" prove. These reminiscences come from Illinois, and date back to 1828. In that year, one man, when he was married, bought chairs at fifty cents apiece, and paid for them in No. 1 fall wheat, at 25 cents per bushel. Corn was then from 6 to 10 cents per bushel, and no market for potatoes at all. Another early settler says his father sold 2000 bushels of corn, and hauled it two miles, for 5 cents a bushel, and took one-half in whisky! Another took a two-horse wagon-load of pork twenty miles, and sold it for $1 25 in cash, five pounds of coffee, and calico enough to make a dress for his wife.

In this age of inventions any thing that lightens the burdens of housekeepers claims the attention of all. A new apparatus, called the "Fulton Steamer," has been introduced to public notice, by which every kind of food is cooked at one time, with a moderate fire, and in one vessel. Moreover, all the volatile nutritious properties, ordinarily escaping, are precipitated into a lower vessel, making a rich soup. Notwithstanding an endless variety of dishes can be cooked together, there is no interchanging of flavors, nor do any odors escape. That all kinds of meats, with cabbage, turnips, and onions, can be cooked with custard, tapioca, farina, or Indian puddings, without the flavor of those vegetables intruding where not desired, is a surprising fact, which is due to the peculiar properties of steam at a high temperature.

"Mother," said a little girl, who with great perplexity had occasionally noticed her parent's equanimity to give way in trying circumstances, "mother, does God ever fret and scold?"

The query was so abrupt and startling that it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock.

"Why, Lizzie, what makes you ask that question?"

"Why, God is good; you know you used to call him the 'Good Man' when I was little, and I should like to know if he ever scolds."

"No, child, no."

"Well, I'm glad he don't; for scolding always makes me feel so bad, even if it is not I in fault. I don't think I could love God much if he scolded."

Rich and finely-wrought laces are always a tasteful and attractive addition to a lady's toilette. These delicate fabrics are so much admired—both by those who can afford to purchase them and by those who can not—that they are always in great demand. This probably accounts for the strange fact that, although many other branches of industry have languished in the great commercial towns of Flanders, lace-making is now carried on with as much vigor as ever. It is pursued exclusively by females, and in some instances a woman works in the same house and street where her great-great-grandmother patiently wrought at the same vocation. The word "point" signifies stitch, and sometimes also designates the pattern, or the ground of the lace; but the term "point lace," both in England and America, is applied in a general way to rich and costly-wrought laces. All these laces are made of the finest thread, woven by hand. Every thread is carefully examined, and placed upon a piece of dark-blue paper to test its quality. If there be the slightest unevenness the wheel is stopped and the thread removed. This is carefully laid aside and used again. No machines can ever supersede the work of these fine spinners. The bobbins, wheels, and pillows used in the fabrication of this article are carried from place to place; and frequently a work-woman may be seen at her labors in the public squares, or at her own door. There are also different classes of these work-women, each having a distinct branch of the trade; some make the ground, others the pattern. At Brussels the ornaments and flowers are made separately, and afterward worked into the lace ground. Elsewhere the ground and patterns are always worked conjointly. All these patterns are ancient—at least three centuries old. Frequent attempts have been made to alter the design, but to no purpose. As real connoisseurs prefer the misshapen Chinese figures and monstrous trees of antique porcelain, so lovers of old lace select the curious arabesque patterns which have been in vogue for so many hundred years.

The plantation which Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has recently purchased in Mandarin, Florida, is said to have no great intrinsic value, except for its orange groves. The buildings are not what would be called "first-class" at the North. But of what special use are well-built houses in a country where one can sit in mid-winter under the shade of an orange-tree, enjoying its fruit? Mrs. Stowe bought the place for a winter home, and will doubtless find it pleasant to pick fruit from her own trees and saunter in the fragrant groves, when Northern people are wrapped in furs, and wading through snow-drifts.

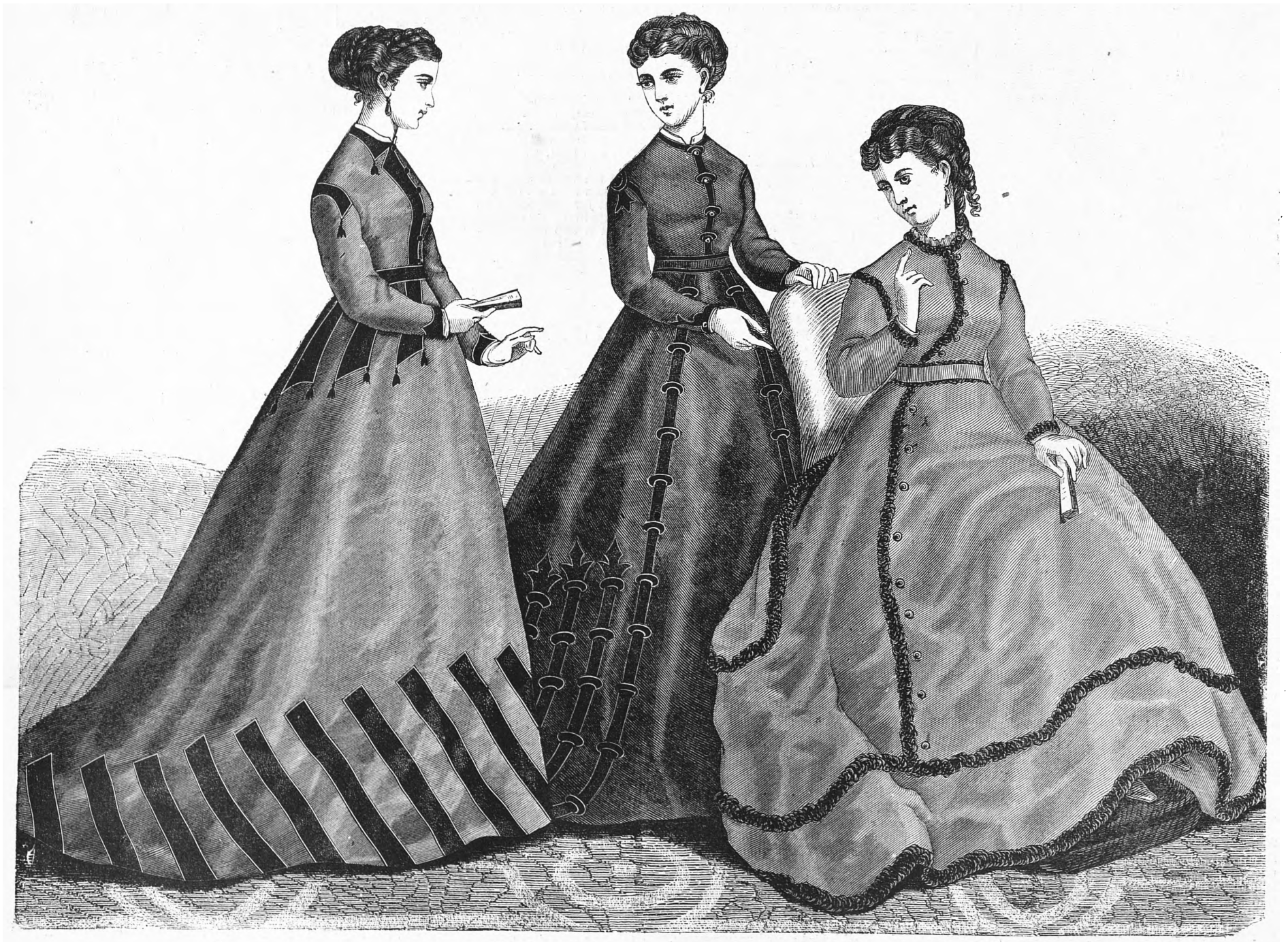
A masked lady at the recent Bal de l'Opera in Paris proved so attractive to a gentleman present that he was induced to accompany her home in her carriage, she making the condition that he should allow her to blindfold him. After a long ride they entered a house, and when the bandage was removed the foolish dupe found himself in the presence of three armed men, who demanded his money or his life. Of course there was no alternative; he yielded his purse, but was safely released next morning. The police vainly attempted to trace the affair. But soon afterward a little light was thrown upon the matter in this wise: A young woman suddenly sprained her ankle—*apparently*—in the streets of Paris, under such circumstances that humanity impelled a gentleman to assist her home. Her sufferings were so great that she could not ascend the stairs without his aid; but the instant her door was opened the gentleman was seized by three men, who enacted precisely the scene of the Bal de l'Opera robbery, with the slight difference that they obligingly informed their victim that they belonged to a society scattered over Paris, therefore, if he betrayed them to the police, his life would not be safe in any quarter. The police already have twelve of the gang in safe-keeping.

A young man writing home to his mother, from Sitka, says: "The wife of the Russian Governor here is a princess, and is a very nice, pleasant, lively, little lady. She gave us a party and then joined with the officers' wives in getting up little hops, surprise parties, etc. Four of our officers have their wives here; and there are some very nice Russian people, and two or three pretty young ladies who speak a little English. So you see we have considerable society. We are to have a grand masked-ball at the General's to-morrow night. The Surgeon and all the company officers are quartered in one large building that used to be a club-house. We have a large ball-room, and last week we decorated it beautifully with flags, bayonets, etc., and gave a grand military ball. It was the finest thing of the kind that ever took place here, and the princess and all the Russians were delighted. I wish you had some of the venison that we are living on here—I am getting tired of it. A good-sized deer can be bought for four dollars. For fear you may think we are freezing to death, I will inform you that the thermometer has averaged 30° throughout December, and the coldest day we have had it was only down to 11°. To-day it is raining hard and not cold at all."

Professor Blot says: "There is no more gratifying sight to a cultivated eye than a beautifully-arranged and well-ordered dinner-table. Nothing can reflect more credit on the taste of mistress of a house." Very true indeed. And there are other sights quite as gratifying, though they are usually seen only by the husband's eyes, or by some chance visitor—and that *before* dinner. There are thousands of women in our land—those, too, we are glad to say, who are *worth* their thousands—who carefully look after the internal arrangements of their households, who perform with their own hands various delicate and difficult details of domestic economy, and think it honorable so to do. They are not ashamed to be found in the kitchen. But one thing is worth remembering—no woman, even in her busiest hours, should be without a neat and suitable dress, with a plain white collar at the throat, and her hair tidily arranged. A tumbled handkerchief tied about the neck—as we have sometimes chanced to see—and a torn, soiled dress, are not to be tolerated by a well-bred woman.

What good ever results from contradiction about trivial matters? And yet the harmony of many a family is broken by a spirit of opposition which leads one to contradict the statement of another, when it is not of the slightest moment. Suppose Mrs. Brown remarks at the dinner-table, that it was raining yesterday at five o'clock, and Mr. B. says, "No, my dear, you are mistaken, for the clock struck just as I got inside the door, and that was at least *five* minutes before the drops began to fall," what is the use of Mrs. B.'s contesting the matter? And yet, by just such trivial disagreements, thousands of domestic quarrels have commenced, ending in unhappiness and perhaps estrangement.

DINNER DRESSES.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



HOME TOILETTES.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

Two Cylindrical Dusters.

BOTH patterns of these dusters are easily made; the handles of worn-out dusters can be used for the purpose. For the leather duster, Fig. 1, cover one end of a round wooden rod with a roll of wadding six inches long, and this again with a piece of sheepskin of the requisite size, laying it in close pleats at the end of the rod, and also on the other side, which is fastened around the rod by repeatedly drawing the thread through a hole which is bored in at that point. On this side of the roll sew on a thick fringe of red wool, which is knotted over the rod, and head the point in the same manner.

The worsted duster, Fig. 2, is made of gray and red worsted in the following manner: Cut twelve pasteboard circles, each about five inches in circumference, and cut out in the centre of each circle about a quarter of an inch more or less, according to the size of the rod, so as to obtain a pasteboard ring. Lay together two such rings, and wind them from six to eight times with worsted, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Cover four of these double rings with gray and two with red worsted. In order to fasten these rings on the rod cut out on one end six grooves, each one inch apart; put one of the wound double circles on the rod so that the pasteboard shall be exactly

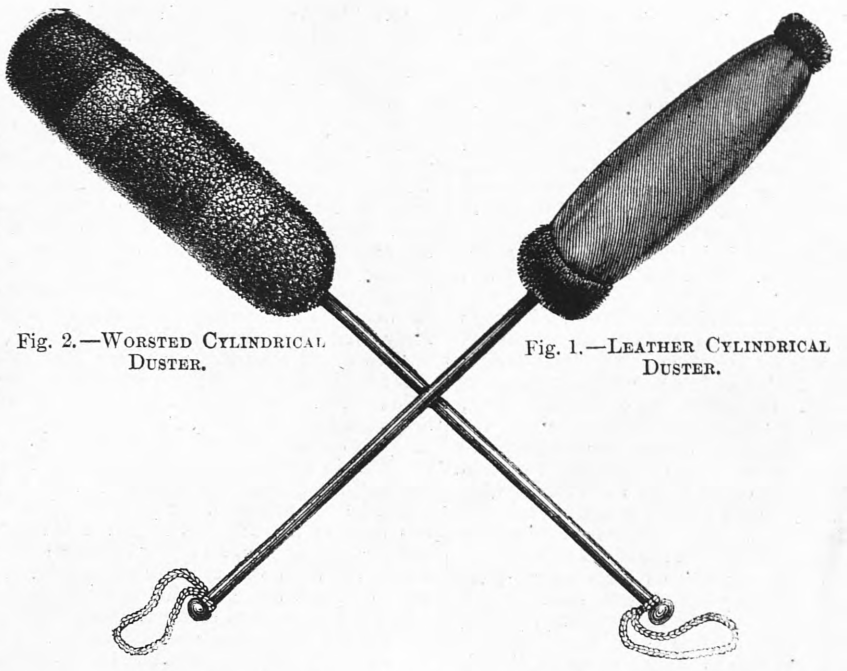


Fig. 2.—WORSTED CYLINDRICAL DUSTER.

Fig. 1.—LEATHER CYLINDRICAL DUSTER.

over one of the grooves; cut the wool on the outer edge of the ring, as partly shown in Fig. 3, then shove the rings a little apart, and bind the wool fast in the groove by tying as shown in Fig. 4. This done, cut the pasteboard through, and slide the rings off the rod. The other rings are put on in the same manner, and in the alternation of color shown in the pattern. The ends of the worsted, which must stand out compactly, are cut around so that they shall be perfectly regular. On the other end of the rod tie round the handle a crochet cord with which to hang up the duster.

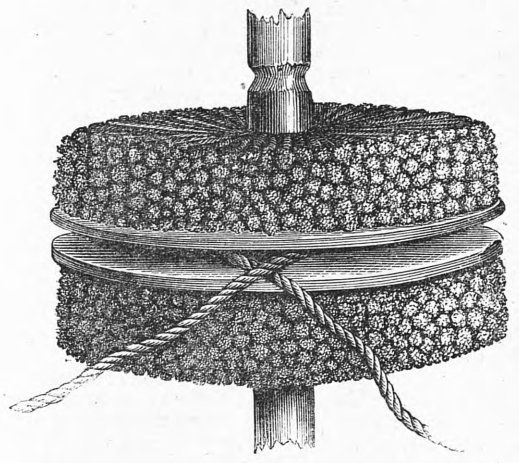


Fig. 4.—MANNER OF MAKING WORSTED DUSTER.

Tatted Collar.

THIS collar, part of which is shown of the full size in the illustration, is worked with very fine twisted thread. It is composed of four-leaved tatted figures and single tatted rings, which are joined as shown in the figure. The four-leaved figures are worked as follows: Work 3 ds. (double stitches), 1 p. (picot); alternate seven times 2 ds., 1 p., then 3 ds., and join the row. Close on this leaf of the figure work three other similar leaflets; but in working these, join the last picot of the last leaf instead of forming the 1st picot of the new leaf; and in working the last of the four leaves, join to the 1st p. of the 1st leaf instead of forming the last picot. Having finished the figure tie together the beginning and end of the threads, and cut them off. Join these figures in a row by joining the two middle picots of a leaf of the former figure instead of working the two middle picots of the last leaf. Every two rows of these four-leaved figures are joined by means of the tatted rings already spoken of, and which are composed each of 32 ds., which are joined between the four-leaved figures, as shown in the pattern. Begin each ring with 2 ds., take up the picot of the four-leaved figure, work again 2 ds., take up the next picot, and continue in this manner, paying attention to the pattern, until the ring has reached the required size. Each ring is worked in the centre in lace stitch, as shown in the illustration. Work the collar round the neck in close button-hole stitch.

Crochet Collar.

THIS collar is worked with fine crochet cotton. It is composed of single crochet rosettes and flower-like figures, which are joined by means of sewed bars. Work, first, the rosettes, which are always begun in the middle. Make a foundation of 9 chain, join in a ring by means of a slip stitch, then crochet the 1st round. First 5 chain, of which the first four serve as one treble; after which alternate in the ring 17 times 1 treble and 1 chain. 2d round.—1 single crochet in each chain of the last round, between

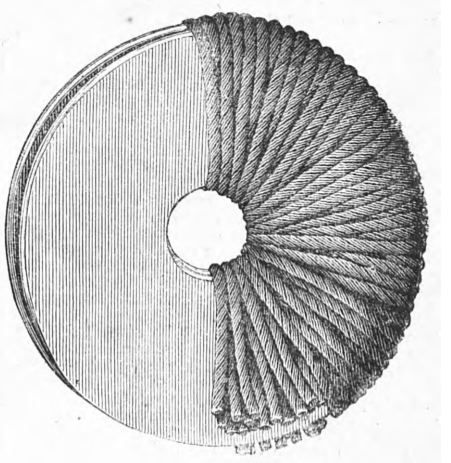
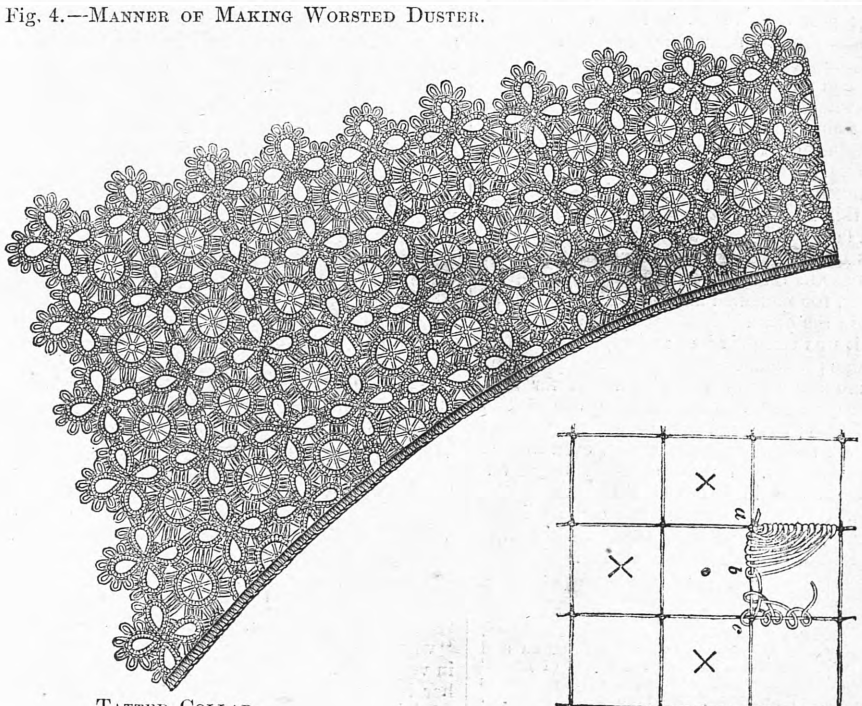
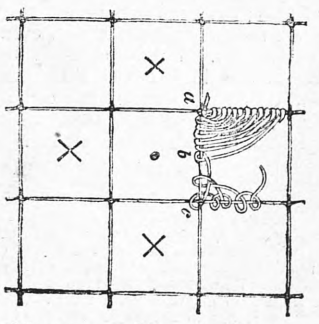


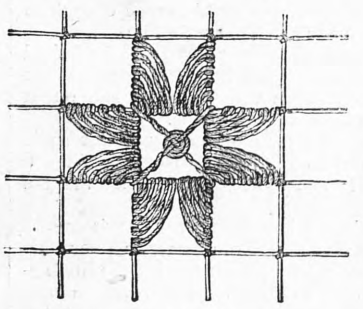
Fig. 3.—MANNER OF MAKING WORSTED DUSTER.



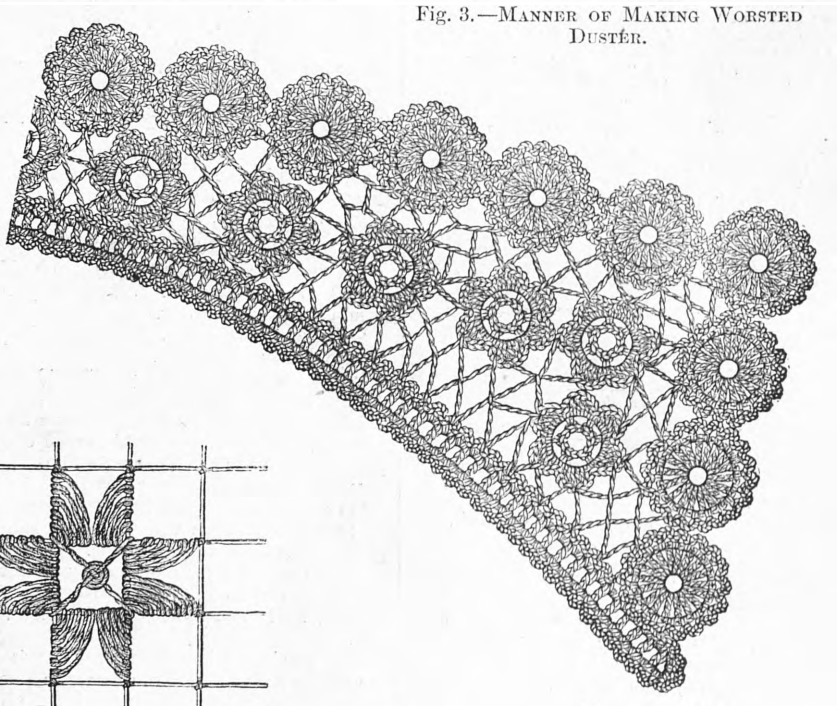
TATTED COLLAR.



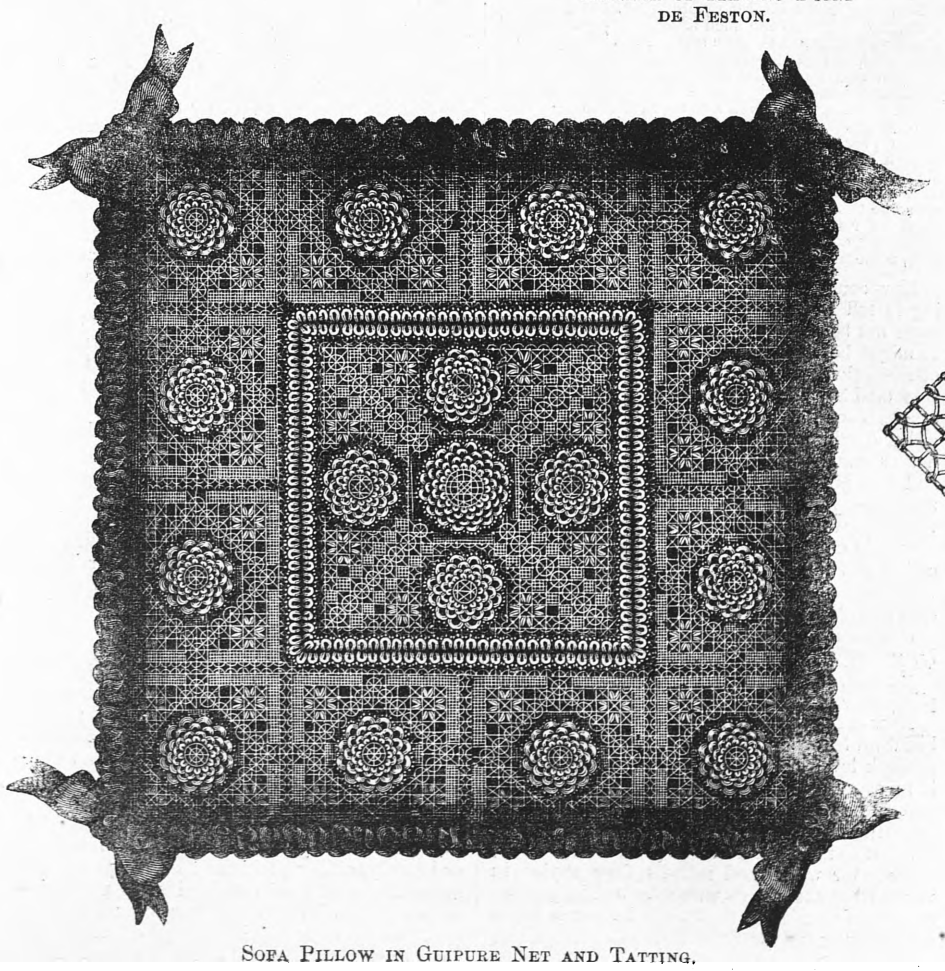
MANNER OF MAKING POINT DE FESTON.



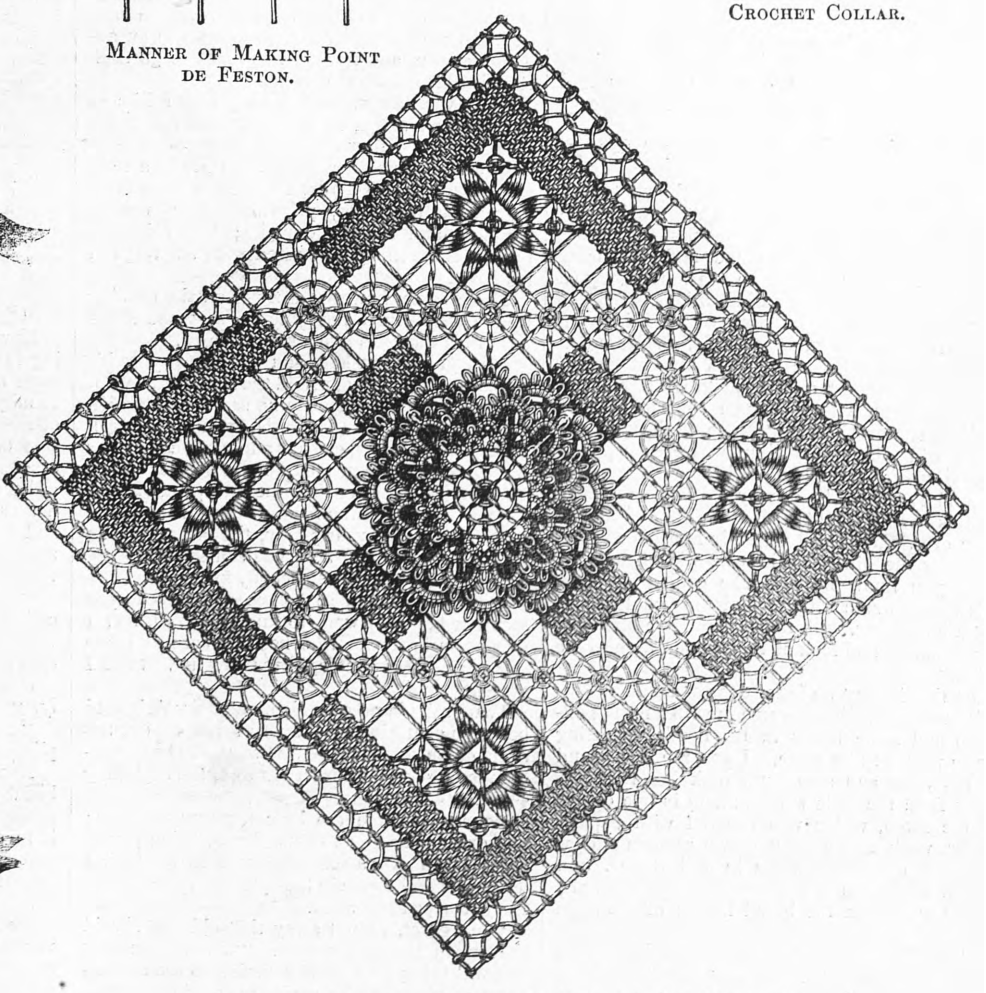
MANNER OF MAKING POINT DE FESTON.



CROCHET COLLAR.



SOFA PILLOW IN GUIPURE NET AND TATTING.



GUIPURE NET AND TATTING SQUARE FOR SOFA PILLOW.

which always 4 chain. After this fasten the thread. Every following rosette is to be fastened to the preceding, as shown in the pattern. The flower-like figures are also begun in the centre. Make a foundation of 12 chain, join in a ring by means of a slip stitch and crochet. 1st round—2 chain, which serve as a short double stitch; * 3 chain, passing over 1 stitch; 1 short double in the following stitch. From * repeat 4 times. Then follow 3 chain. 2d round—In every 3 chain between 2 short double of the last round always 1 single crochet; 1 short double; 3 double; 1 short double; 1 single crochet. Having prepared the requisite number of rosettes and figures, make the border round the neck as follows: On a foundation chain of suitable length crochet 1 round alternating 1 double; 1 chain passing over 1 stitch. Then on this round, as also on the other edge of the foundation row, each 1 round composed of 2 single crochet in every chain, followed by 3 chain. Now arrange the finished figures on a foundation of pasteboard or oil-cloth, which is cut the desired shape of the collar, and fasten them together by means of sewed bars of fine crochet cotton.

Sofa Pillow in Guipure Net and Tatting.

See illustration on page 361.

MATERIALS: Spool thread Nos. 60 and 80; twisted crochet cotton; blue satin; satin ribbon of the same shade, one inch wide; horse-hair or feathers.

This tasteful sofa pillow is made of blue satin, covered on the upper side with guipure net and tatting, bordered with a quilling, and finished on the corners with bows of blue satin ribbon an inch wide. Work the foundation of the cover with spool cotton No. 60, and over a mesh two-thirds of an inch round. This foundation has 63 holes (64 stitches) in length and breadth. Begin on a corner with 2 foundation stitches, and net backward and forward in rounds, adding one stitch at the end of each round, till the number of stitches counts 64; on this work one round without widening or narrowing; then take off one stitch at the end of every following round (that is, net as one stitch the last 2 loops of each round) until the stitches are reduced to two. Tie these two stitches together without forming a new stitch.

The finished foundation must be stretched on a frame and worked in the design shown by the last illustration (which consists of one large square, surrounded by twelve smaller ones) with spool cotton No. 80, in point de toile, point de reprise, and point de feston. The small squares are separated by a row of holes worked in point d'esprit. The illustration shows such a square of the full size. The central square, which is 31 holes in length and breadth, is bordered by two rows of holes, which are not worked, but are ornamented by sewing on two rows of tatted lace with the ring set opposite.

For each row work at a quarter of an inch distant from the threads a ring of 7 ds. (double stitches), 7 p. (picots), separated each by 1 ds., 7 ds., and sew them on the foundation as shown in the figure. Besides this, work on the foundation raised rosettes, the position of which is shown in the figure. Each rosette except the central one is composed of 4 rows of rings. Begin with the outer row, and work a hair's-breadth apart 12 rings, each composed of 7 ds., 9 p., each separated by 1 ds., 7 ds.; then tie the beginning and end of the thread together. Each of the 12 rings of the second circle numbers 5 ds., 5 p., each separated by 1 ds., 5 ds. In the 3d circle work for each ring 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds. Finally for each ring of the last circle, 3 ds., 1 p., 3 ds.

The circles of the rosette in the centre of the large square are larger; they number 16 rings each.

FLOWERS.

UNDER the brown of the old year's leaves,
Under the shadow of budding trees,
The spring-flowers grow.
Along the hedge, by the running brook,
We found them in many a walk we took,
We children, long ago.

They have passed away, those first fair years,
And with them our childish joys and fears;
But the scent of the flowers
That we loved is the same, and as sweet
As when we gathered them under our feet
In that spring-time of ours.

FALLING BETWEEN TWO.

LUCY BARNARD opened the door and looked out into the darkness of the dreary November night.

"You do not suppose he is there yet, Margaret?" asked she, anxiously.

Margaret was paring apples for the next day's baking at the great cherry table over by the window, and, looking up at the clock, she answered cheerful as Thanksgiving dinner and every body alive to eat it, "I think he must be nearly in sight of the 'light in the window.'"

"I wish you wouldn't always be quoting poetry," returned Lucy, impatiently, displeased at the implied suggestion of any body but herself having an interest or a right to light her lover home. Then, with a sudden contradiction of feeling, she continued: "None of those Blanefields will take care of him whatever happens. Oh, why *didn't* I make Walter promise to go around by the road? or why did I let him go at all this horrible night? It is darker and foggier than ever, and he will certainly lose his way going over the hill. Besides he will take cold; don't you know he will take cold, Margaret? His throat was a little sore already, and he will get a lung-fever, with nobody to nurse him, and there you sit and look as though you didn't care a bit!"

At that instant an inner door opened and Lucy's brother Ferdinand came in with a flaring oil-lamp and some books in his hands, repeating Latin poetry as he came. Upon the first sound of his voice and step Lucy took her knitting-work from the little square stand in one corner of the room, which was covered with papers, books, work, and a great brown earthen pitcher of white chrysanthemums in full flower, and seated herself in a low wooden rocking-chair, with her feet on the broad hearth of the huge "rotary" stove.

"So 'Blackdrop' has gone, has he?" said Ferdinand, pulling Lucy's endeavor-at-curls as he went by. "Well, which of the Blanefield girls does he admire most? Did he tell you? Sara has the reddest cheeks, and Alice's eyes are rather the bluest, but then Flora is decidedly the best company of the three. If I were a young lady I should hate desperately to have a lover of mine board in such a fascinating family.'

Lucy did not reply, only looked dignified and rocked and knit the faster. But by-and-by, when Ferdinand was apparently absorbed in his books, she went to the door and looked out once more. The fog had thickened, and the air rushed in harsh and chill.

"Why the cat isn't here!" she said, in pretended surprise. Then she shut the door and went back to her seat.

As she passed Ferdinand, who seemed always to have an instinctive knowledge of every thing, he said, without looking up, "Have you thought of wolves, Lucy? or wild dogs? I heard a terrible barking in the direction of the west woods, just the way 'Blackdrop' would take in going across over the hill. It is quite a long walk to Blanefield's even if one doesn't get bewildered, and wander out of the way. I don't know what would induce me to go such a night as this, fog and dogs and all. Nothing short of seeing those pretty Blanefield girls at the end, I reckon."

"What you say falls on the outside of my cape, and perhaps you had better not take your time from your studies," retorted Lucy, putting by her work and lighting a candle.

"Before you go to sleep," called Ferdinand, as she disappeared through the doorway on her way to her room, "I advise you to read Emerson on 'Friendship' three times, with care. It will do you good."

Lucy slammed together the door in reply, and began to cry as soon as she was fairly in her own chamber. It was a cheerful room even in November, with buff and white paper on the walls, white cotton curtains bordered with a strip of brown calico at the small-paned windows, a little brick fire-place, a few books on a hanging shelf, several pretty engravings in rustic home-made frames, and one or two wreaths of dried flowers, still fresh in her eyes with sweet memories. But Lucy looked at none of her little household treasures. She threw up the window opening toward the west, and leaned into the dreariness until she had caught a sore throat; then she went to bed and cried herself into a headache, as she lay listening to the sound of the water falling with a perpetual plash into the deep barrel by the door under her window; and to the wind which came up at moonrise, fretting to itself and sighing around the corner of the house.

In the morning, however, the world brightened again; although the sun had no more lustre than a boiled turnip, the sky was dull, and the air was dank. But it was daylight, and,

> "Colors seen by candle-light
> Will not look the same by day."

"You suppose Walter got there safely last night? Say, Margaret!" asked Lucy for the fiftieth time the next day.

"I haven't a doubt of it," answered the patient Margaret fifty times over.

"What a little goose I was!" said Lucy, on the very next Sabbath evening, as she sat upon the red chintz-covered sofa in the little parlor beside a youth, dark-eyed and dark-skinned enough to justify Ferdinand's nickname for him.

"You never need worry about me, for I shall come out all right," said he, answering her look of loving confidence with a tender smile that glorified his thin, indecisive lips.

Lucy lingered over the memory of this smile longer than she did over her wreaths of faded flowers, for it was the last she saw for many a day.

The previous winter Walter Elmoak taught the village school and fell in love with Lucy Barnard at the neighborhood tea-parties, the singing-schools, and the evening meetings. Since then he had been employed surveying land in an adjoining town, and now he was ready to go back to finish his course at college.

So he went away, leaving Lucy with a kiss on her lips and a tear in her eye. Settled at his studies again Walter found life in an old university town quite another thing from life in a little rural village; and his letters to Lucy were filled with debating clubs, prize exercises, rowing matches, and skating exploits; but evidently none of these things interfered with her reign in his heart.

There came, however, a time, on the evening of the President's yearly levee, that she faded out of his thoughts like a star at dawn.

He had come in late, and was just paying his respects to the President and the President's wife, when in a mirror opposite he saw the reflection of some brown curls (*real* curls, and no make-up), a misty white dress, clusters and wreaths of moss rose-buds, with an instant glimpse of a face purer than the dress, fairer than the roses, and sweeter than any flower of the field.

"Who is that young lady, the one eating an ice by the window?" he asked somebody.

As it happened the somebody knew her.

"That is Miss Rose Ashmead. Haven't you seen her before, I want to know? Well, no! I guess you haven't. She has not been at home this year. But you ought to know her. Shall I present you?"

Walter made no objection, and Miss Ashmead being as charming as she was lovely he did not think of Lucy Barnard—who was up in her chamber reading over all his letters from the beginning—again that evening.

After this came the long summer vacation; and one day as Lucy Barnard sat sewing by the window she saw a white horse flash by, with a dark, graceful figure in the open carriage behind. Lucy dropped her work.

"Margaret, do put away that old coat!" said she, in an imperative tone. "I don t see why you will bring such shabby work into the sitting-room, afternoons. You seem to be bright enough about some things."

"Oh! has Walter come?" asked Margaret, at once "bright enough" to discern the signs of the times.

"He has. And I do hope, Margaret, you won't put any dough-nuts on the supper-table. Father *will* soak them in his tea if you do," returned Lucy, as Margaret vanished with her offending work through an inner door just before Walter Elmoak came springing up the front steps, with the old smile and the same tender eyes. The same, and yet with a shade of difference, which Lucy detected without defining.

That evening, as they stood together on the broad granite door-step, with the tiger-lilies and the woodbine at the side, the mountain and the misty river before them in the distance, the maple-tree above their heads, and the moonlight over all, Walter happened to speak of Miss Rose Ashmead. It was not much he said, but at the first word Lucy flashed out, and then grew dignified; so Walter turned the conversation, and instinctively avoided any farther mention of the lady's name in his talk or in his letters.

But he did not avoid her presence when he was back at the University. Not a bit. He saw her often without an especial effort; for the stately old town was brilliant that winter. A party epidemic broke out and raged violently. There was an unusual amount of snow for that locality, and sleighing became fashionable. Every thing and every body combined to throw the charming Rose in Walter's way, and unconsciously her winning grace was doing its work on his susceptible heart.

One evening he called at Dr. Ashmead's, and, finding Rose out, waited a while in the parlor, sitting back in a deep window and looking over a book of poems. Presently she came in, flushed and sparkling from a quick walk; and without seeing Walter she came to a pier-glass and, taking off her bonnet, stood smoothing her curls. Her shining eyes, glowing cheeks, and tumbled hair made such a sweet, fresh picture that, almost without knowing it, he crossed the room, and, coming behind her, kissed the bright face.

Rose gave a little start, went white in place of pink, and turning, walked soberly out of the room without speaking. She met her younger sister at the door, and did not come back.

Then in a flash young Elmoak knew that in all these past days his heart had been drifting away and away from Lucy Barnard, and turning with all the facile passion of youth to Rose Ashmead. He returned to his lodgings and went to bed, that he need see nobody, where he tumbled all night-long and wondered he did not die.

"Toothache, is it, Elmoak?" asked his disturbed chum.

"A touch of it," groaned Elmoak.

"Is this I? Has such a thing happened to *me?* I laughed at Lucy's girlish warnings, and thought I had more strength of character," said he the next morning, as he tied on his cravat in the closet, too mortified and miserable to look at himself in the glass.

Yes, it was certainly he; and all day long the knowledge pressed heavier and heavier upon him.

"I am sorry Lucy cares so much for me! She is a good girl, and I shall always be glad to be her friend; but I see now I never really loved her; and I must not perjure myself even to save her from sorrow. I must certainly break off from her," decided this conscientious soul.

But while he yet mused there came a letter from Lucy, tender and true, filled with common home pictures of a common home life.

"Father is topping turnips in the *kitchen*, of course. The man has no more sense of fitness than a cat; and he would as soon winnow wheat in the parlor as any where if the family were there and nobody protested. Aunt Patty sits by him saying, 'One hundred and ninety-six pounds is it, Jabez, in a barrel of flour?' Jabez answers 'Certain.' 'Well, I reckon just as likely as not Solomonson cheated me in that last bag. I don't hold him any too good for it. And I want you to weigh it over after him just so I can satisfy myself. An eighth bag it is—how many pounds ought that to be?' continues my careful aunt. You wonder I can tear myself from such absorbing conversation, I know; but to tell you the truth, I can not talk with my throat, and so I have come off up stairs to talk with my pen and forget the deprivation for a while. I don't know indeed whether I shall ever be able to speak aloud again. Even Doctor Rockafellow thinks it doubtful. I took a severe cold at our Sabbath-school picnic and have never recovered my voice, though I feel pretty well otherwise. It may be only nervous weakness, from which I shall rally; but the doctor warns me I shall have to keep closely housed for some time, and give up all meetings, lectures, and parties for the present. So you see I shall depend more than ever on my correspondents. 'Remember, love, remember.'"

How could Walter have the hardness in replying to tell Lucy her place was filled? No! he must not be so heartless. It could not be right. It might be Lucy was following her mother in consumption. Probably she was; and such a step on his part would perhaps hasten the disease. Then he should always feel himself guilty of her death. So it was better to go on writing her as usual. She might waste away and die, and then he should be glad he had given her no unnecessary pain. Therefore, in any event, it was better to wait for the great arranger, Time.

"It is only with the present we have to do; and I will not make any body wretched about what may never happen," said he, shutting his eyes and stopping his ears.

Next time he met Rose Ashmead he said, softly, "Forgive me, I mistook you for a flower."

"I will, if you will never mistake again," replied Rose, gravely.

How sweet were her words of blame, and how beautiful her quiet dignity shone through them! Elmoak loved her better than ever, and showed it in every wrinkle of his coat. He tried, or fancied he tried, to hold himself somewhat aloof from the fascination of her influence; but what is a leaf to the current of a river? He refrained, indeed, for weeks and months from saying in words what every body with eyes had long seen; and Rose wondered, that while he came to her so constantly and showed in a thousand ways how dear she was, he really said so little about it.

And still he kept answering Lucy's loving letters in the same old loving way. Sometimes despising himself as a hypocrite, and sometimes pitying himself as an involuntary martyr.

One day a letter came from Margaret. Lucy had taken a fresh cold, or what seemed so, and was not able to write, but thinking Walter would miss his accustomed letter, she had begged Margaret to write for her.

"She is going to die! How thankful I am I have done nothing to give her pain!" said Walter, with tears in his eyes of mingled relief and tenderness. Then he wrote Lucy a letter of affectionate sympathy, and after mailing it went up to Doctor Ashmead's, and was fascinated into saying to Rose the things which had been in his heart and eyes so long.

But though he had Rose's ring on his finger and Rose's kisses on his lips, he was far enough from being happy; for Sin has a twin-sister whose name is Sorrow, and who follows the one is followed by the other.

The days went on and on, until upon one day Ferdinand Barnard, who had a way of falling in with almost every body, fell in with a Miss Cornell, from the old university town where Walter Elmoak was going through his senior year, and picking May-flowers with Rose Ashmead at that particular hour. This Miss Cornell happened to be a young lady who had no Blue Chamber in her house. The doors were always wide open to every comer, and one could not know her long without knowing every thing she knew. So before their chance car-ride together was ended, Ferdinand, among other gossip, had heard about the intimacy of Elmoak with Miss Ashmead. "I won't positively say they are *engaged*, but it amounts to that, without question. You may believe me or not, but he spends five nights in every week at the Doctor's to my certain knowledge," said Miss Cornell, who exaggerated unmercifully in her narratives. Ferdinand detected this trait in her character, but still he deduced something very like the truth from her statements.

"You did not follow my advice and read Emerson on 'Friendship' three times with care, and now see what comes of your headstrong independence," said he to Lucy when he reached home, chafing and angry.

"I want to know if you are so silly? I have more confidence in my friends than to believe what every little fool says against them," whispered Lucy, in reply.

But that strong-mindedness was only for Ferdinand. For herself and for Margaret she dropped the veil of self-restraint, and went into paroxysms of agonized fear, writing, before she tried to sleep, a letter to Miss Ashmead, whose very existence she pretended to doubt. But in her heart she knew the shameful story was true; she recognized an old, unnamed pain that found voice now and explained itself, springing into place as though it had always been acknowledged and regnant. So when Rose's indignant reply of confirmation came she felt no more assured than before.

"I wonder if you think I shall break my heart about it, Margaret?" she asked, scornfully. "I have been afraid I could not succeed in living for Walter, and I promise you I won't die for him."

She kept her word royally, and from that time began to recover.

As for Rose, humiliated and mortified nigh unto death as she believed, she yet allowed herself to give no sign of pain to the gay world of which she formed a part; and not even Miss Cornell could positively assert there had ever been really an engagement. But as for her it was "when the half gods went that the gods arrived" in very truth. The last time Walter came to see her in the old way, as apology for the lateness of the hour he said he had been walking with one of the divinity students who had lately come, a young man named Herbert Halloween; and, behold! it came to pass afterward that this same Herbert Halloween came in and built up the broken-down altar in the heart of Rose; kindling on it a holier fire than the double-minded Elmoak had ever lighted. So she learned after much sorrow to bless God for her losses while she thanked Him for her gains.

And Elmoak, disappointed and self-degraded beyond expression, found after all it was his own heart which was ground between the upper and the nether millstone. Rose Ashmead would not see him; but Lucy Barnard would not even open his letters of self-reproach and penitence. Instead of a surfeit of love and ladies he found himself left with none; until at last his affections, being of wonderfully recuperative power, turned for solace to Miss Cornell, who was just about as fitting for him as a barberry-bush for a sycamore-tree.

They were married after he had finished his medical course, and they live to-day in the white brick cottage at the head of the main street in this very village.

Dr. Elmoak has become a man of note and position in his profession as well as in town, while the depth of Mrs. Elmoak's capacity is sounded by the number of the congregation on Sunday, the number of pieces in her neighbors' washings, the particulars of the last funeral, and the details of diphtheria and fever. Her bread is always heavy, her butter strong, her pickles soft, and her vinegar weak; she carries her muff wrong side out, pins her shawl crooked, musses her bonnet-strings, and don't keep her husband's buttons on; and, all in all, as he has no children, and not even the consolation of a cat, his domestic life is a pitiful failure.

Last Sabbath, when our new church was dedicated, I especially noted this as I saw him bald and portly, sitting at his end of the pew in his high dicky and dusty coat beside his pale-eyed, dowdy wife, who was whirling around to take observations when any body came in, as though she were hung on a pivot like a telescope. Four

seats before them sat Lucy Barnard, the wife of a rich banker in a neighboring town, magnificent and regal in black velvet and garnet moire antique; while Herbert Halloween, now a Reverend Doctor, preached the dedicatory sermon; and Mrs. Rose Halloween, beautiful and winsome as ever, sat opposite the banker's wife, looking like her, perfectly content, and even exultant with what life had brought her.

Looking at the Past and the Present brought so closely together, I thought that Dr. Elmoak, like nations, was receiving his punishment in this world.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, *February* 26, 1868.

THE festivities of the Carnival and the procession of the Bœuf Gras have been so often described that it is perhaps a dangerous topic. Yet if the performance does not become trite, but is repeated every year, perhaps the description ought to be repeated also.

Let us then, without wearying patience by too close attention to all its details, meet the procession once or twice in the course of its three days' journey about the streets of Paris, and see what new features it presents this year.

On Sunday last many people went to the great Church of the Madeleine who rarely go to church any where, for the vast steps, broad landing, and magnificent portico of this temple command an uninterrupted view down the Rue Royale, and afforded, by the continuous side arcades connecting the front and rear porticoes, the means of following the movement of the procession, which it was announced would in the course of the day march up the Rue Royale, pass through the flower-market at the side of the church, and turn up the Rue Tronchet in its rear.

At half past one o'clock the steps and portico were crowded with spectators, many of whom had just come out from service, others having been sitting on the steps since ten in the morning. The Rue Royale was cleared of carriages, and a great crowd covered both the broad sidewalks and the greater part of the smooth asphaltum carriage-way, in the centre of which a row of *gens d'armes* preserved a sort of open avenue for the expected procession. A murmur of exclamations, answering to the distant sound of trumpets, announced the approach of the cortége. The advance-guard of cavalry, followed by a decorated car, upon which stood the first prize ox, wheeled into the street upon a canter, and drew up before the hotel of the Minister de la Marine. When these moved on up the street the succeeding parts of the procession followed. Gorgeously dressed cavalry, or squads of horsemen uniformly attired in brilliant fancy costumes, alternated with the four cars bearing the four oxen, and the six cars or triumphal chariots, which by their designs, the dresses of their occupants, and the banners they bore, symbolized the different quarters of the globe, and agriculture during the four seasons. Upon the car of Asia was raised a life-like image of an elephant, and aloft upon his back was a tower or palanquin with pink covering, in which sat an Oriental princess. Slightly swaying in her lofty seat as the chariot rolled over the smooth pavement, and perhaps also shivering a little in the cool wind, the expression of her countenance was hardly so placid as that of the great ox behind whom she rode. In her uncomfortable elevation she seemed to be a felicitous representation of the infelicity of royalty. The car of agriculture, bearing peasants in native costumes, sitting with their implements of labor under a little grove of artificial apple-trees in full bearing, was escorted by four young ladies on horseback, in white robes, but with bare heads, arms, and necks, who personified the four seasons. The view down the street upon this approaching pageant, brilliant with colored dresses and banners flashing in the sun, and resonant with the bands of drums and trumpets, and surrounded by a crowd that pressed on every side and ran before and after, and surveyed also by elegantly-dressed spectators from private boxes on either side, afforded a scene of rare brilliancy.

Not less interesting to us was the crowd of which we formed a part. Here at our side was one of the beadles or vergers of the Madeleine, who exclaimed with enthusiasm and delight as each part of the cortége came into view, and entered into a long conversation with us, and asked us about our country. He pointed out M. Duval, the great butcher, riding in his carriage in the procession, the leading spirit in the management of this humorous preliminary to the fasts of Lent. Near us stood one of the priests, who had come out bareheaded to witness the scene, which he did with apparently equal interest, though in silence. Behind the pillar at our back stood the soldiers, who in uniform and with arms guard the gates of worship and direct one which door to enter at and which to pass out of on these days of great throngs. In the midst of the crowd are seen every where poor people pursuing those little industries which are patronized on such occasions: boys with huge baskets of waffles and a tin dredging-box to sugar them with for the purchaser, women with trays of candies and wooden rattles, and men with benches on their shoulders, which they run to put down in advance of the procession, and let out standing places to those who wish to see over the heads of the crowd.

On Tuesday, Mardi Gras, the third and last day of the festival, and a general holiday, the procession was to visit the Tuileries. A few moments before one o'clock we reached the Place du Carrousel, where we found its open pavement covered with spectators. Hundreds of windows in the surrounding Palace buildings were opened, and were black with heads looking down upon the scene. The fantastic cortége entered under the arches leading from the Rue de Rivoli, and passed through the iron railing into the court of the Tuileries. The Emperor and his family, with members of his household, appeared upon the balcony of the clock-tower, and the gates of the railing were then opened to the crowd, a portion of which pressed into the court and surrounded the five hundred personages who composed the procession. On this day one of the chariots bore a life-size figure of an ox with golden horns, which was in fact a balloon inflated with gas. When this car was before the Emperor the string was cut and the huge animal rose into the air, to the infinite amazement of the spectators. I have heard of broad grins, but I never before witnessed one like this, which was at least 20 acres in extent. The flying ox preserved his centre of gravity very well while waltzing slowly up into the sky, and at last disappeared, as a soaring bird does, from our sight. It was a sort of apotheosis of Beef, intended perhaps by the one who contrived the freak to symbolize the withdrawal of meat from human society, which the Church enjoins for a time.

During the afternoon and evening the streets, particularly the Boulevards, from the new Opera-house eastward, were thronged with pedestrians and carriages, all omnibuses and carts being excluded; and among them walked or rode boys and men masked and fantastically dressed, cutting such antics as they could for the amusement of the crowd. Many of the children appearing in the streets were also in fancy costumes, but they all behaved with the utmost gravity.

I saw one man parading the street toward dusk in the apparel of a woman in deshabille, and in such a plight that chivalrous Frenchmen ought to have horsewhipped the fellow and ducked him in the Seine. As for the rest that I saw in a three hours' walk, if not always very witty or humorous it was grotesque enough, and it would be ungrateful not to try to laugh at those who try so hard to make themselves laughable. But to our thinking there is more happiness expressed in the natural spontaneous merriment of a pure and unaffected mind, or in the earnest thoughtful look of eyes that have their depths of reverence, charity, judgment, and modesty, as well as the surface-sparkle of wit, than in all the artificial and half-contemptuous gayety with which Paris has made such an effort to be amused.

One could not help thinking that some of the parents who drive out with their children dressed like Punch and Judy, or the clowns of a circus, would have done better to have taken them down the narrow streets of Old Paris, and bestowed the expense in carrying thither food and fuel to some of the pallid poor who shiver and fast without needing the injunctions of the Church to do so. To carry smiles and happiness abroad in that way would be teaching the little ones to make people laugh to some purpose.

But here we are, fairly into a second column, and not into Lent yet.

It is said that a wise man is known as much by what he omits to say as by what he says. This is certainly true of newspaper correspondents in these days, when the telegraph competes with, but does not supersede, the mail, and the reader of the weekly paper reads half a dozen dailies also.

Let us hope for the good time coming that somebody has predicted, which will set this all right, when every intelligent person will carry in his pocket a portable electric battery with the end of a wire, and all that he need do will be to go to a public station of the telegraph at the nearest street corner, and hook on, and talk away around the world at sixpence a half hour.

GRATIAN.

MODERN MANNERS.

A HIGHWAY DRAMA, IN SIX ACTS.

ACT I.

Scene 1.—Broadway, in the heaviest snow-storm of the season. Lady standing on the corner watching for an omnibus with a vacant seat. All are full. Still she waits. It grows dusk. How can she get home? At length, wearied out, she ventures to signal one to take her in.

Scene 2.—Lady enters the omnibus. Twelve "lords of creation" are seated within. Lady shrinks back at first; but knowing no other way to reach home, nerves herself, clinging to the roof, to endure the stony stare of twenty-four eyes. The twenty-four eyes gaze relentlessly upon the lady's flushing face. Oh, could she but have walked!

Scene 3.—At the farthest corner two eyes begin to look pityingly upon the standing lady. Their owner signals, at length, for her to take his seat. She bows gratefully—'tis pleasant to be thought of kindly—but the seat is difficult to reach, and she hesitates to accept an attention which may be grudgingly offered. But the owner of the two pitying eyes courteously insists, and the lady is seated.

Scene 4.—The eleven lords turn twenty-two wondering orbs upon the rustic, unsophisticated masculine who knows so little of modern etiquette as to resign his seat to a lady.

ACT II.

Scene 1.—Fourth Avenue car; all the seats occupied, but only two of them by ladies. One of the ladies young and pretty. Car stops; enters an elderly lady, crowned with a "hoary head" such as the ancients were accustomed and commanded to "rise up before." No one rises; elderly lady supports herself against the door of the car.

Scene 2.—The young and pretty lady seated in the car sees the hoary-headed lady standing. She casts a hasty, indignant look at the stolid men around; then rising, courteously offers her seat to the aged lady, who accepts gratefully, with thanks. Young lady stands through her ride, rewarded—outwardly—only by rude, wondering stares.

ACT III.

Scene 1.—Astor House, starting-point of Eighth Avenue cars. Gentlemen and ladies waiting. Car comes in sight. "Gentlemen" start and run to meet it; they jump on it while moving, cling to the sides, rush inside, and fill every seat before it really stops. Ladies enter; no seats. Ladies get out of the car and wait for another. Same process repeated; gentlemen run ahead and fill up the car; ladies stand or wait.

Scene 2.—Eighth Avenue car, at Bleecker Street. Enters a well-dressed, modest-looking lady. Seats filled with lines of "lords of creation," most intent upon the "news" of the day. No one is standing but this one lady, who finds herself conspicuously located. Lords look up—see one lady standing solitary—resume their reading with new interest, apparently quite indifferent to outward things.

ACT IV.

Scene 1.—Broadway car. A feeble old gentleman enters. Seats filled. No young and vigorous noble offers civilities, or pays the slightest attention to the pale face and bent form. Suddenly one rises, a mere boy, and with courtly grace presents his seat to the aged gentleman. Not until then is it seen that the young knight, brave and noble in soul, is mutilated in body, and stands on crutches, while an empty sleeve swings loosely at his side. His soldierly act rouses some dormant spirit in lookers on, and seats are offered him. He declines, saying he is quite able to stand.

ACT V.

Scene 1.—Sixth Avenue car. Seats *not* full, but occupants have *spread* themselves largely. Enter lady and gentleman. People look up blankly, but never attempt to contract themselves. Gentleman and lady look vainly for an opening. Great obtuseness prevails. Gentleman makes a direct request for room. A reluctant movement is made, and supercilious stares bestowed upon the intruders.

Scene 2.—Lady enters a crowded car. Gentleman rises to give her his seat. A youthful dandy slips dextrously into the vacant place, adjusts his eye-glass, and coolly opens the morning paper. Indignant looks of gentleman entirely wasted, as he reads with fixed eyes. Lady smiles curiously, and continues to stand.

ACT VI.

Scene 1.—Railroad director asleep. Dreams. In dream sees a large parlor filled with ladies. Placard in conspicuous place with words "*Office of the Directresses of the City Railroad Companies.*" Ladies writing and talking.

Scene 2.—Grand transformation-scene, with panoramic views of the city of New York. Number of cars and omnibuses on every line tripled; car passes a given point every half minute. No car crowded. Seats for all. No cross looks. Every body exceedingly polite. Every body very happy. General indications of the rapid approach of the Millennium!

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE CAB.

THAT evening Beatrice's performance had been greeted with louder applause than usual, and, what was more gratifying to one like her, the effective passages had been listened to with a stillness which spoke more loudly than the loudest applause of the deep interest of the audience.

Langhetti had almost always driven home with her, but on this occasion he had excused himself on account of some business in the theatre which required his attention.

On going out Beatrice could not find the cabman whom she had employed. After looking around for him a long time she found that he had gone. She was surprised and vexed. At the same time she could not account for this, but thought that perhaps he had been drinking and had forgotten all about her. On making this discovery she was on the point of going back and telling Langhetti, but a cabman followed her persistently, promising to take her wherever she wished, and she thought that it would be foolish to trouble Langhetti about so small a matter; so that at length she decided to employ the persevering cabman, thinking that he could take her to her lodgings as well as any body else.

The cabman started off at a rapid pace, and went on through street after street, while Beatrice sat thinking of the evening's performance.

At last it seemed to her that she had been a much longer time than usual, and she began to fear that the cabman had lost his way. She looked out. They were going along the upper part of Oxford street, a great distance from where she lived. She instantly tried to draw down the window so as to attract the cabman's attention, but could not move it. She tried the other, but all were fast and would not stir. She rapped at the glass to make him hear, but he took no notice. Then she tried to open the door, but could not do so from the inside.

She sat down and thought. What could be the meaning of this? They were now going at a much faster rate than is common in the streets of London, but where she was going she could not conjecture.

She was not afraid. Her chief feeling was one of indignation. Either the cabman was drunk—or what? Could he have been hired to carry her off to her enemies? Was she betrayed?

This thought flashed like lightning through her mind.

She was not one who would sink down into inaction at the sudden onset of terror. Her chief feeling now was one of indignation at the audacity of such an attempt. Obeying the first impulse that seized her, she took the solid roll of music which she carried with her and dashed it against the front window so violently that she broke it in pieces. Then she caught the driver by the sleeve and ordered him to stop.

"All right," said the driver, and, turning a corner, he whipped up his horses, and they galloped on faster than ever.

"If you don't stop I'll call for help!" cried Beatrice.

The driver's only answer was a fresh application of the whip.

The street up which they turned was narrow, and as it had only dwelling-houses it was not so brightly lighted as Oxford Street. There were but few foot-passengers on the sidewalk. As it was now about midnight, most of the lights were out, and the gas-lamps were the chief means of illumination.

Yet there was a chance that the police might save her. With this hope she dashed her music scroll against the windows on each side of the cab and shivered them to atoms, calling at the top of her voice for help. The swift rush of the cab and the sound of a woman's voice shouting for aid aroused the police. They started forward. But the horses were rushing so swiftly that no one dared to touch them. The driver seemed to them to have lost control. They thought that the horses were running away, and that those within the cab were frightened.

Away they went through street after street, and Beatrice never ceased to call. The excitement which was created by the runaway horses did not abate, and at length when the driver stopped a policeman hurried up.

The house before which the cab stopped was a plain two-story one, in a quiet-looking street. A light shone from the front-parlor window. As the cab drew up the door opened and a man came out.

Beatrice saw the policeman.

"Help!" she cried; "I implore help. This wretch is carrying me away."

"What's this?" growled the policeman.

At this the man that had come out of the house hurried forward.

"Have you found her?" exclaimed a well-known voice. "Oh, my child! How could you leave your father's roof!"

It was John Potts.

Beatrice was silent for a moment in utter amazement. Yet she made a violent effort against her despair.

"You have no control over me," said she, bitterly. "I am of age. And you," said she to the policeman, "I demand your help. I put myself under your protection, and order you either to take that man in charge or to let me go to my home."

"Oh, my daughter!" cried Potts. "Will you still be relentless?"

"Help me!" cried Beatrice, and she opened the cab-door.

"The policeman can do nothing," said Potts. "You are not of age. He will not dare to take you from me."

"I implore you," cried Beatrice, "save me from this man. Take me to the police-station—any where rather than leave me here!"

"You can not," said Potts to the bewildered policeman. "Listen. She is my daughter and under age. She ran away with a strolling Italian vagabond, with whom she is leading an improper life. I have got her back."

"It's false!" cried Beatrice, vehemently. "I fled from this man's house because I feared his violence."

"That is an idle story," said Potts.

"Save me!" cried Beatrice.

"I don't know what to do—I suppose I've got to take you to the station, at any rate," said the policeman, hesitatingly.

"Well," said Potts to Beatrice, "if you do go to the station-house you'll have to be handed back to me. You are under age."

"It's false!" cried Beatrice. "I am twenty."

"No, you are not more than seventeen."

"Langhetti can prove that I am twenty."

"How? I have documents, and a father's word will be believed before a paramour's."

This taunt stung Beatrice to the soul.

"As to your charge about my cruelty I can prove to the world that you lived in splendor in Brandon Hall. Every one of the servants can testify to this. Your morose disposition made you keep by yourself. You always treated your father with indifference, and finally ran away with a man who unfortunately had won your affections in Hong Kong."

"You well know the reason why I left your roof," replied Beatrice, with calm and severe dignity. "Your foul aspersions upon my character are unworthy of notice."

"And what shall I say about your aspersions on my character?" cried Potts, in a loud, rude voice, hoping by a sort of vulgar self-assertion to brow-beat Beatrice. "Do you remember the names you called me and your threats against me? When all this is brought out in the police court, they will see what kind of a daughter you have been."

"OH, MY DAUGHTER!" CRIED POTTS. "WILL YOU STILL BE RELENTLESS?"

"You will be the last one who will dare to let it be brought into a police court."

"And why? Those absurd charges of yours are worthless. Have you any proof?" he continued, with a sneer, "or has your paramour any?"

"Take me away," said Beatrice to the policeman.

"Wait!" exclaimed Potts; "you are going, and I will go to reclaim you. The law will give you back to me; for I will prove that you are under age, and I have never treated you with any thing except kindness. Now the law can do nothing since you are mine. But as you are so young and inexperienced I'll tell you what will happen.

"The newspapers," he continued, after a pause, "will be full of your story. They will print what I shall prove to be true—that you had an intractable disposition—that you had formed a guilty attachment for a drum-major at Hong Kong—that you ran away with him, lived for a while at Holby, and then went with your paramour to London. If you had only married him you would have been out of my power; but you don't pretend to be married. You don't call yourself Langhetti, but have taken another name, which the sharp newspaper reporters will hint was given you by some other one of your numerous favorites. They will declare that you love every man but your own father; and you—you who played the goddess on the stage and sang about Truth and Religion will be known all over England and all over Europe too as the vilest of the vile."

At this tremendous menace Beatrice's resolution was shattered to pieces. That this would be so she well knew. To escape from Potts was to have herself made infamous publicly under the sanction of the law, and then, by that same law to be handed back to him. At least whether it was so or not, she thought so. There was no help—no friend.

"Go," said Potts; "leave me now and you become covered with infamy. Who would believe your story?"

Beatrice was silent, her slender frame was rent by emotion.

"O God!" she groaned—but in her deep despair she could not find thoughts even for prayers.

"You may go, policeman," said Potts; "my daughter will come with me."

"Faith and I'm glad! It's the best thing for her;" and the policeman, much relieved, returned to his beat.

"Some of you 'll have to pay for them winders," said the cabman.

"All right," answered Potts, quietly.

"There is your home for to-night, at any rate," said Potts, pointing to the house. "I don't think you have any chance left. You had better go in."

His tone was one full of bitter taunt. Scarce conscious, with her brain reeling, and her limbs trembling, Beatrice entered the house.

CHAPTER XL.

DISCOVERIES.

THE next morning after Beatrice's last performance Langhetti determined to fulfill his promise and tell her that secret which she had been so anxious to know. On entering into his parlor he saw a letter lying on the table addressed to him. It bore no postage stamp, or post-office mark.

He opened it and read the following:

"LONDON, *September* 5, 1849.

"SIGNORE,—Cigole, the betrayer and intended assassin of your late father, is now in London. You can find out about him by inquiring of Giovanni Cavallo, 16 Red Lion Street. As a traitor to the Carbonari, you will know that it is your duty to punish him, even if your filial piety is not strong enough to avenge a father's wrongs.

"CARBONARO."

Langhetti read this several times. Then he called for his landlord.

"Who left this letter?" he asked.

"A young man."

"Do you know his name?"

"No."

"What did he look like?"

"He looked like a counting-house clerk more than any thing."

"When was it left?"

"About six o'clock this morning."

Langhetti read it over and over. The news that it contained filled his mind. It was not yet ten o'clock. He would not take any breakfast, but went out at once, jumped into a cab, and drove off to Red Lion Street.

Giovanni Cavallo's office was in a low, dingy building, with a dark, narrow doorway. It was one of those numerous establishments conducted and supported by foreigners whose particular business it is not easy to conjecture. The building was full of offices, but this was on the ground-floor.

Langhetti entered, and found the interior as dingy as the exterior. There was a table in the middle of the room. Beyond this was a door which opened into a back-room.

Only one person was here—a small, bright-eyed man, with thick Vandyke beard and sinewy though small frame. Langhetti took off his hat and bowed.

"I wish to see Signore Cavallo," said he, in Italian.

"I am Signore Cavallo," answered the other, blandly.

Langhetti made a peculiar motion with his left arm. The keen eye of the other noticed it in an instant. He returned a gesture of a similar character. Langhetti and he then exchanged some more secret signs. At last Langhetti made one which caused the other to start, and to bow with deep respect.

"I did not know," said he, in a low voice, "that any of the Interior Council ever came to London.....But come in here," and he led the way into the inner room, the door of which he locked very mysteriously.

A long conference followed, the details of which would only be tedious. At the close Cavallo said,

"There is some life in us yet, and what life we have left shall be spent in trapping that miscreant. Italy shall be avenged on one of her traitors, at any rate."

"You will write as I told you, and let me know?"

"Most faithfully."

Langhetti departed, satisfied with the result of this interview. What surprised him most was the letter. The writer must have been one who had been acquainted with his past life. He was amazed to find any one denouncing Cigole to him, but finally concluded that it must be some old Carbonaro, exiled through the afflictions which had befallen that famous society, and cherishing in his exile the bitter resentment which only exiles can feel.

Cavallo himself had known Cigole for years, but had no idea whatever of his early career. Cigole had no suspicion that Cavallo had any thing to do with the Carbonari. His firm were general agents, who did business of a miscellaneous character, now commission, now banking, and now shipping; and in various ways they had had dealings with this man, and kept up an irregular correspondence with him.

This letter had excited afresh within his ardent and impetuous nature all the remembrances of early wrongs. Gentle though he was, and pure in heart, and elevated in all his aspirations, he yet was in all respects a true child of the South, and his passionate nature was roused to a storm by this prospect of just retaliation. All the lofty doctrines with which he might console others were of no avail here in giving him calm. He had never voluntarily pursued Cigole; but now, since this villain had been presented to him, he could not turn aside from what he considered the holy duty of avenging a father's wrongs.

He saw that for the present every thing would have to give way to this. He determined at once to suspend the representation of the "Prometheus," even though it was at the height of its popularity and in the full tide of its success. He determined to send Beatrice under his sister's care, and to devote himself now altogether to the pursuit of Cigole, even if he had to follow him to the world's end. The search after him might not be long after all, for Cavallo felt sanguine of speedy success, and assured him that the traitor was in his power, and that the Carbonari in London were sufficiently numerous to seize him and send him to whatever punishment might be deemed most fitting.

With such plans and purposes Langhetti went to visit Beatrice, wondering how she would receive the intelligence of his new purpose.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon before he reached her lodgings. On going up he rapped. A servant came, and on seeing him looked frightened.

"Is Miss Despard in?"

The servant said nothing, but ran off. Langhetti stood waiting in surprise; but in a short time the landlady came. She had a troubled look, and did not even return his salutation.

"Is Miss Despard in?"

"She is not here, Sir."

"Not here!"

"No, Sir. I'm frightened. There was a man here early this morning, too."

"A man here. What for?"

"Why, to ask after her."

"And did he see her?"

"She wasn't here."

"Wasn't here! What do you mean?"

"She didn't come home at all last night. I waited up for her till four."

"Didn't come home!" cried Langhetti, as an awful fear came over him.

"No, Sir."

"Do you mean to tell me that she didn't come home at her usual hour?"

"No, Sir—not at all; and as I was saying, I sat up nearly all night."

"Heavens!" cried Langhetti, in bewilderment. "What is the meaning of this? But take me to her room. Let me see with my own eyes."

The landlady led the way up, and Langhetti followed anxiously. The rooms were empty. Every thing remained just as she had left it. Her music was lying loosely around. The landlady said that she had touched nothing.

Langhetti asked about the man who had called in the morning. The landlady could tell nothing about him, except that he was a gentleman with dark hair, and very stern eyes that terrified her. He seemed to be very angry or very terrible in some way about Beatrice.

Who could this be? thought Langhetti. The landlady did not know his name. Some one was certainly interesting himself very singularly about Cigole, and some one else, or else the same person, was very much interested about Beatrice. For a moment he thought it might be Despard. This, however, did not seem probable, as Despard would have written him if he were coming to town.

Deeply perplexed, and almost in despair, Langhetti left the house and drove home, thinking on the way what ought to be done. He thought he would wait till evening, and perhaps she would appear. He did thus wait, and in a fever of excitement and suspense, but on going to the lodging-house again there was nothing more known about her.

Leaving this he drove to the police-office. It seemed to him now that she must have been foully dealt with in some way. He could think of no one but Potts; yet how Potts could manage it was a mystery. That mystery he himself could not hope to unravel. The police might. With that confidence in the police which is common to all Continentals he went and made known his troubles. The officials at once promised to make inquiries, and told him to call on the following evening.

The next evening he went there. The policeman was present who had been at the place when Potts met Beatrice. He told the whole story—the horses running furiously, the screams from the cab, and the appeal of Beatrice for help, together with her final acquiescence in the will of her father.

Langhetti was overwhelmed. The officials evidently believed that Potts was an injured father, and showed some coldness to Langhetti.

"He is her father; what better could she do?" asked one.

"Any thing would be better," said Langhetti, mournfully. "He is a villain so remorseless that she had to fly. Some friends received her. She went to get her own living since she is of age. Can nothing be done to rescue her?"

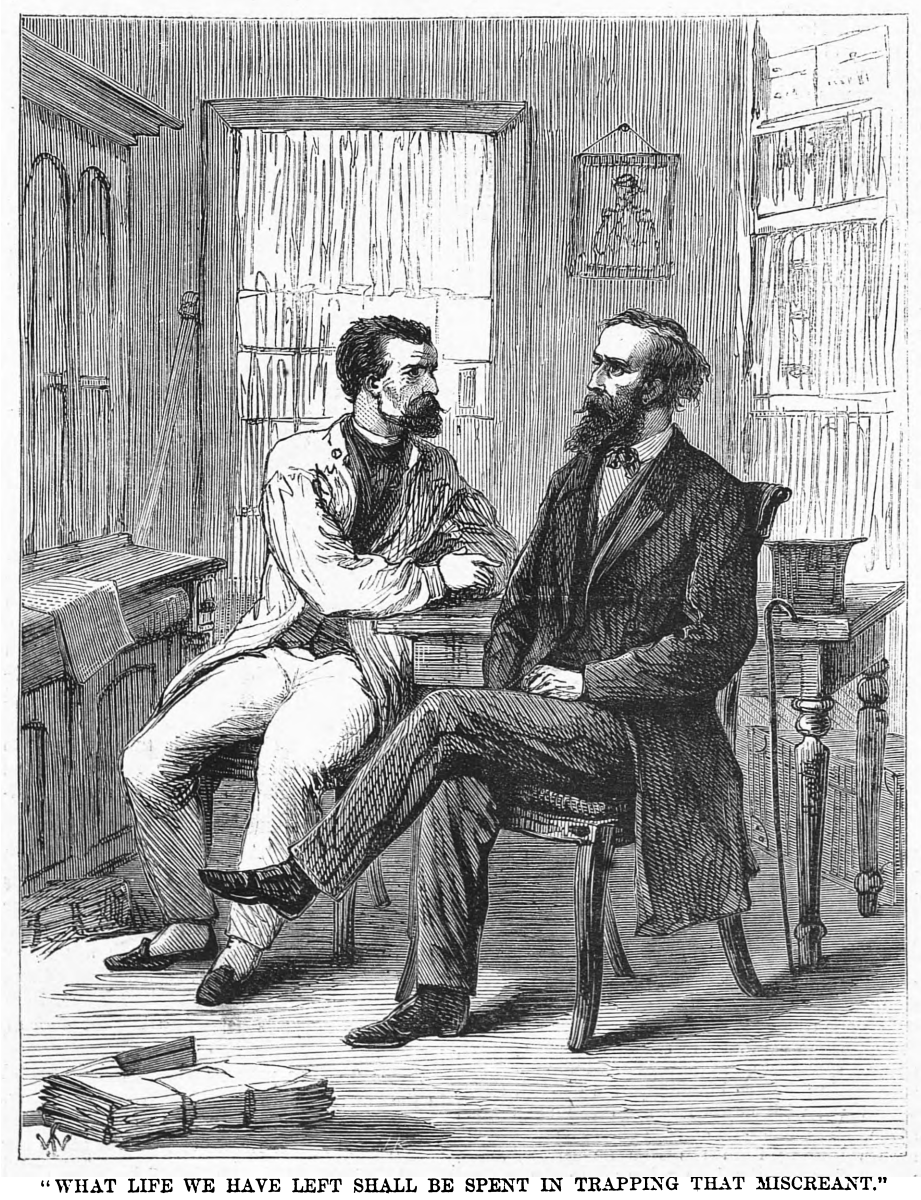
"Well, she might begin a lawsuit; if she really is of age he can not hold her. But she had much better stay with him."

Such were the opinions of the officials. They courteously granted permission to Langhetti to take the policeman to the house.

On knocking an old woman came to the door. In answer to his inquiries she stated that a gentleman had been living there three weeks, but that on the arrival of his daughter he had gone home.

"When did he leave?"

"Yesterday morning."



"WHAT LIFE WE HAVE LEFT SHALL BE SPENT IN TRAPPING THAT MISCREANT."

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER ELDEST SON.

THE PRINCESSES OF WALES.

WE present our readers with a portrait, engraved from a capital photograph, of the present Princess of Wales, now in her twenty-fourth year, together with that of her eldest son, the Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward, who was born on the 8th of January, 1864, and who is as healthy and blooming a boy as the most doting and partial of parents could desire.

It is nearly five years since the Princess of Wales came to England, a girlish bride, in the early spring of her remarkable loveliness, and to say that she has blossomed into all that was reasonably expected of her would be but feebly to express the lively estimation in which she is held by all classes. Whatever her youth, beauty, education, and amiability of character promised has been amply fulfilled. As a wife and mother, and as the second lady in the land, she has established for herself a position so pure and exalted that it could only belong to such a reign and womanly example as that of Queen Victoria.

Hitherto the Princesses of Wales have been neither happy nor popular, and as they are few in number, a brief mention of them may not be uninteresting.

The first Princess of Wales was Joan of Kent, wife of Edward the Black Prince, and we all have read how that doughty warrior was always on his war-horse, fighting with France or Spain, so that Joan had not much of his society; and to add to her distress she was not blessed in their only son, the unhappy Richard of Bordeaux.

There was not another Princess of Wales for more than 300 years. The second was Caroline of Anspach; and when we know she was married to George II., we have before us a pretty clear idea of what kind of married life she led. The title may, therefore, be said to have been revived, nay almost created afresh, in the Guelph family.

The third Princess of Wales was Augusta of Saxe-Cobourg, mother of George III., whose husband, Prince Frederick, was killed by the blow of a cricket-ball, and, says the historian, "died universally despised." Of this lady, the renowned Junius, who knew the family well, and hated it—which fact may, perhaps, render him a questionable authority—wrote most bitterly, charging her, to serve her own selfish ends, with having made her son, George III., a fool, as if his natural organization had no share in the matter, being the child of such a father as Prince Frederick, and such a woman as Princess Augusta.

The fourth Princess of Wales was Caroline of Brunswick, the most miserable and unfortunate of the series—a woman who, whatever her defects of character, did not deserve to have for a husband such a vile and heartless debauchee as George IV. Caroline, because she was ill-used and persecuted, was the pet of the bulk of the nation; but the "upper ten," who professed to know the mysteries of Court and Court ladies, gravely shook their heads at the mention of her name. When mob-law was in the ascendant in London, that brilliant cavalry soldier, the late Marquis of Anglesey, was surrounded at Whitehall, and asked to shout "God save the Queen," which he did; but added, in his stentorian voice—the voice that had rang over many a bloody field of battle—"And may all your wives be like her!" King Mob was tickled, and lustily cheered the plucky old soldier.

Princess Alexandra of Denmark is the fifth; and happy is it for her that her lot is cast in such a time—a time when her husband, the prince, instead of cutting throats in Guienne or Castile, goes quietly to Paris, the capital of great France, to dine with the Emperor and Empress, and lend his countenance to the very opposite of war, an exhibition of the arts of industry of all nations—a time when the brutish irregularities of George II. and a Frederick would be thought hideous, and the blackguardism of a Prince George impossible.

For the brilliant progress in morals and social condition of the people during the present reign, the nation, of course, is more largely indebted to its own unfettered and indomitable self than to any other cause; but it is unquestionable that to the example of Queen Victoria and her good husband may be attributed a very large share of that improved tone, that dignity, reverence for law and religion, and higher appreciation of the more refined influences that govern human conduct, which so markedly distinguish and adorn the England of our day.

Not but that the fair princess has had her trials. The superstitious would say she would not be a Princess of Wales if she had not. Royalty does not, more than any other portion of mortality, repose on a bed of roses; and if Princess Alexandra has been spared one kind of infliction she has been sorely visited with another—even to the peril of her life.

That terrible disease, rheumatism, in its most acute form, seized upon her at a very critical time, and for weeks she lay in a very serious condition. But her good constitution and fortitude, although bitterly tried by the most agonized tortures, aided by skillful medical treatment, carried her through, to the great joy not only of her own relations, but of the whole nation. The attack brought on a lameness in one of her knee-joints, which confined her indoors for months; but now, we are happy to learn that, since her return from the trip which she and the Prince of Wales took to Würtemberg in the autumn, her health has so far improved that her restoration to entire convalescence is almost a certainty; and with it comes the assurance that she will resume that place in society which so well becomes her youth, beauty, and position. There is a likelihood, also, of the Queen, this next season, emerging from her long retirement, and holding some Court revels of that kind only which would have the sanction of Queen Victoria. So that 1868 promises to be a gayer year than its predecessor; and let us hope, in addition, it will be a brighter one for the country at large.

The presumptive heir to the kingdom of Great Britain is an object on which much interesting speculation might dwell; but, in all human probability, it will be long before his now baby brow will be called upon to bear the "massy weight" of the "golden round and top of sovereignty." The male members of the Guelph dynasty have been long-lived, as a rule; so that an actuary would calculate, in his cold way, that it will be at least forty years before this little child-prince will be called upon to assume the splendor and cares of royalty. Forty years! What sort of an England will this child, if he ever should become king, inherit? Who could prophesy on such a subject?

ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR.

GERALD and Harry Austin were the sons of an English officer of the army. Their mother died when they were quite young, and their early training had been much neglected. When they reached the age of fourteen and fifteen their deficiencies became so apparent to their father that he placed them under the sole charge of a tutor, whose name was Mr. Stuart. It was arranged by Mr. Austin and Mr. Stuart that the boys should go to Norway; and there, while traveling about, attend to their studies, and also receive such moral and physical culture as might be necessary.

It was in the course of this tour through Norway that Harry met with a surprising adventure. He was walking in the woods with Mr. Stuart and Gerald, all having their guns in the hope of finding some wild game. It was suggested that they should make a collection of rare birds' eggs to carry home, and Harry became intent upon the idea.

Walking with his head high in the air, and his eyes fixed upon the trees, he suddenly exclaimed:

"There is one! There's a nest, I am certain. Now for a climb!"

"That is no nest made by any known bird, I am sure," said Mr. Stuart. "It is only some dead rubbish lodged in the bough."

"I am sure it is a nest," said Harry. "At any rate it will do no harm to climb up and see."

"It will be waste of time, Harry; but I see you are bent upon it. Much better come on; we are some way from home as it is."

"Well, Sir," said he, "I'll run after you, and overtake you in no time. Don't wait for me."

"We will walk slowly," said Mr. Stuart. "It will not take you long to bring down all the eggs you find in that bird's-nest."

They went on, and before they were out of sight Harry was at the top of the tree. Certainly there was nothing like a nest there; it was, as Mr. Stuart had said, merely a collection of rubbish; but when Harry got to the first batch of dead leaves he saw another a little higher up, which he thought looked still more like a nest. This induced him to climb farther, so that he was a longer time up the tree than he had intended.

As he was making his way down again, rapidly, he heard a noise just close to the foot of the stem. Harry rested at the lowest bough, and looked down. There was something which breathed hard near the tree—something smelling at the stock of his gun, which he had laid down upon the grass before he began to climb. It was a great, awkward, ragged-looking brown thing, who kept snuffing at the gun, and making remarks to himself, I suppose in his own language, for it certainly was not English.

"It can't be a bear, surely?" said Harry, as he sat astride the bough of the tree, looking down at his friend.

Now Harry knew no more about bears, as living animals, than I dare say you do. He had perhaps seen one or two live bears, but they had been tame, because they could not help themselves; and when he saw this bear engaged in smelling at his gun, he only felt disposed to laugh. Had he known more about the matter he would more likely have sat where he was, comfortable enough, until the bear, finding he could make nothing of the gun, moved off of his own accord; but as it was he did about the most foolish thing he could. He broke a twig off the tree and threw it down on the bear's head, shouting, "Yah! leave my gun alone, you beggar! I'll be after you in a minute, and teach you to touch another gentleman's property."

The bear looked up, startled at the voice, and perhaps surprised at being called a gentleman; and when he saw Harry, he turned slowly away with a grunt and seemed inclined to make off.

When he was a few yards distant, down dropped Harry from the bough and seized his gun. The bear was slowly moving away.

"Here, take this for your impudence!" exclaimed Harry.

At his speaking the bear stopped, and turned his head once more; whereupon Harry fired full in his face.

The beast gave a savage growl, and with much greater quickness than Harry would have given him credit for, rushed back at him. Harry saw his mistake now; but it was too late. The only thing he could do was to jump behind the tree, while the bear on the other side embraced the trunk of it, and savagely scratched and tore the bark.

"If I could only blind him," thought Harry; "if I could fire now close to his face."

But it was of no use. Harry had forgotten for the moment that but one barrel of his gun was loaded. He had discharged the other at some bird a few minutes before parting with Mr. Stuart and his brother.

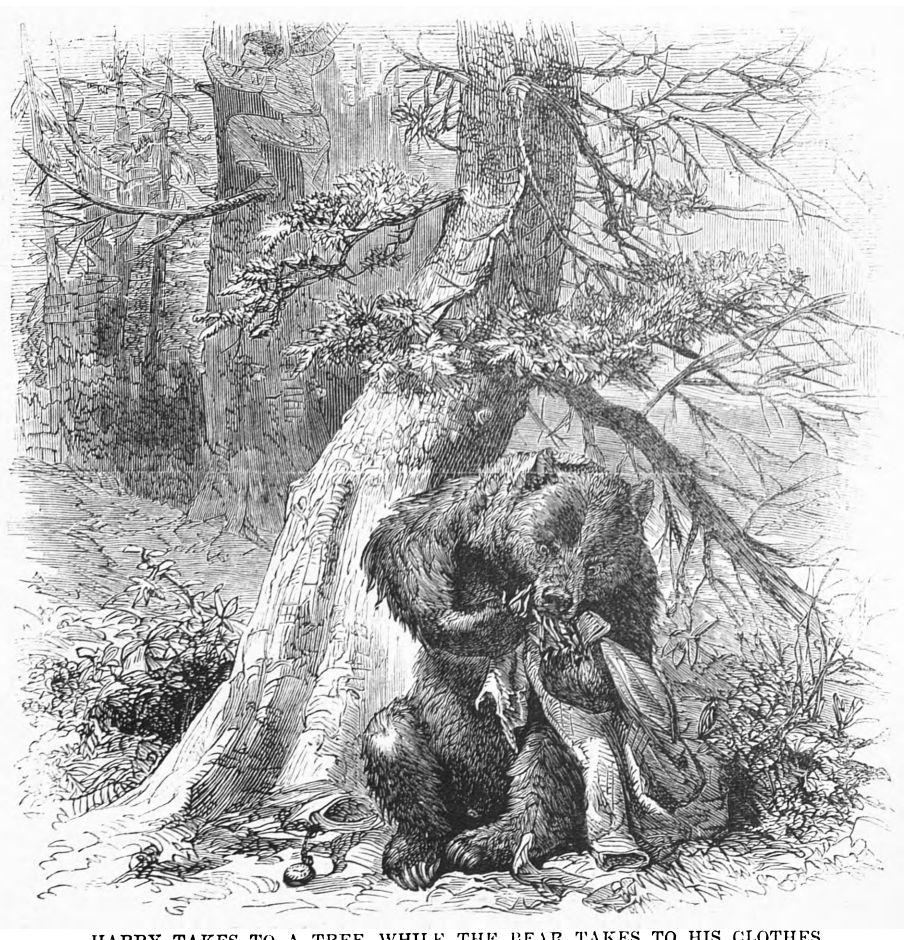
Meanwhile the bear had made up his mind what to do, and kept Harry dancing round and round the trunk of the tree, which was fortunately a pretty thick one, with his heart in his mouth, and feeling very much as if it was all over with him.

Besides, the bear, instead of looking now a mere untidy, ragged bundle of fur, on a closer view appeared a very savage and horrible beast, gnashing his great teeth, and growling in a most unpleasant manner.

Harry felt that he could not dance round and round the tree, dodging the bear, much longer. He was sure that, in a minute or two, he should dodge the wrong way, and be in the beast's arms; and he recollected something he had heard or read about bears hugging people so as to stifle them.

All at once he flung his gun in the bear's face. It hit him on the nose, and made him give a roar of pain. He stopped his dance after Harry, and the latter took advantage of the pause to reach another tree, not so thick in the stem as the one round which he and his companion had been performing their capers, up which he ran like a lamplighter.

When he got to a bough he sat upon it to rest



HARRY TAKES TO A TREE, WHILE THE BEAR TAKES TO HIS CLOTHES.

and to breathe, for he was tired and panting with his involuntary dance. The bear was once more smelling at the gun, and slowly turning it over and over, but not in the curious, inquisitive way he had done before. He was angry with it now, because it had hit his nose; and every now and then he bit the barrel of it viciously.

"Take care of your teeth, old fellow!" muttered Harry, from his elevation. "You'll do yourself more harm than you'll do the gun, I fancy."

But the bear had by this time satisfied himself with regard to the gun; and, with a loud grunt, he bethought himself of his other enemy. He looked about from side to side, and, not seeing him, grunted again. Harry chuckled to himself. Whether he made any sound in so doing I do not know; but almost immediately afterward the bear looked up and saw him sitting astride on the bough of the tree, apparently very much at his ease.

He roared with rage at sight of him.

"Ah, ha!" said Harry, in answer to his address. "You're sold, my friend, eh?"

Not a bit of it. After a moment's hesitation the bear went to the foot of the tree where Harry was and commenced climbing it.

"What shall I do? what shall I do?" exclaimed Harry aloud, feeling now really dreadfully frightened.

There was nothing for him to do but to climb higher up the tree, out of the bear's reach; but the higher went Harry the higher went the bear, getting more and more angry at every disappointment, and growling more and more fiercely.

The trees of the wood were very close together, so that their upper branches interlaced. Harry passed from one tree to the other, hoping that Bruin would either lose sight of him and give up the pursuit, or that he would not be able to follow his example, by the boughs not being strong enough to support his weight.

But the bear was much more cunning than Harry thought. He directly perceived the movement of his enemy, and passed to the next tree by some lower and stronger boughs.

Then began a chase on the tops of the trees; Harry passing as rapidly as he could from one to the other, the bear lumbering after him, but appearing to gain upon him notwithstanding his clumsiness. After a time Harry found himself at the top of a tree without any bough reaching out far enough to touch a neighboring one.

There was nothing left for him but to descend; and, finding himself once more on the ground, he ran with his utmost speed to escape his pursuer. He thought that perhaps he might get beyond the wood, or that he might outrun the bear; but before long he heard heavy steps behind him, and there was his friend, pounding along, puffing and panting, but for all that gaining upon him at every step.

Harry was pretty nearly knocked up by this time. The excitement, the fear for his life, added to the no small amount of violent exercise which he had taken, had almost exhausted him; but it would not do, quietly to give in to be hugged and done for without further resistance; and, knowing that there was nothing left for him but to take to the trees again, he stopped at once and began to climb. His legs were only just clear of the ground, when the bear also was at the tree.

"This will never do," thought Harry; "he will reach me directly."

The thought had only passed through his mind, when his hat was knocked off his head by a projecting branch. It would have gone long before, only that it was rather tight for him. The bear stopped, turned to look at it, and then, seizing it, tore it into shreds before proceeding in his chase.

"Well," thought Harry again, "if you like that sort of play, I can accommodate you with each article of my dress in turn;" and he took advantage of the bear's occupation to climb to the top of the tree.

Things went on in this way, Harry always flying, and the bear untiringly following him; every now and then the boy getting a short respite, and regaining the ground he had lost by the sacrifice of some article of his clothing. His coat, his waistcoat, even his trowsers, had each in turn been torn to shreds by the bear; and Harry was gloomily turning over in his mind what he should do when the sole remaining piece of his dress, his shirt, was gone, being fully assured that, before long, he should have to divest himself of that also, when he heard voices, not very far off, shouting his own name.

"Harry! Harry! where are you?"

"Up here."

"Up where?"

"At the top of this tree."

"What are you doing?"

"I've got a bear up here."

"Got a what?"

"A bear."

"Why don't you come down?"

"He'll come after me if I do."

Mr. Stuart and Gerald did not half understand what he meant, and again shouted to him to come down.

When he did so they understood it less, for he was in his shirt.

"Why, what have you done with your clothes?" asked Mr. Stuart.

"He has torn them all up," answered Harry.

"Who?"

"Why, the bear."

"Harry, what *do* you mean? Have you gone mad?" asked Gerald.

He looked so, with his hair all on end, scratched and torn with making his way through the pine-trees.

"That's what I mean," answered Harry; "there he comes—the brute!"

Almost directly afterward the bear appeared upon one of the lower boughs, preparatory to dropping to the ground.

"Why, it's a bear!" said Gerald, as if the idea had struck him for the first time.

"You would say so," said Harry, "if you had been chased by him for as long a time as I have. It's a bear and a half."

The bear looked amazed when he found that his acquaintance had met with a reinforcement. He stood irresolute for a moment, as if half disposed to show his discretion rather than his valor; but when he caught sight of Harry standing in his shirt among the rest, the old sense of grievance seemed to revive, and he growled afresh and made toward him. But as his eyes were turned upon, and his attention taken up by Harry, treating the other two with profound contempt, as he had no formal introduction to them, Mr. Stuart went up close to him and fired his gun close into his eyes.

The poor brute was almost blinded; and Mr. Stuart and Gerald, after several discharges of their guns, succeeded in killing him. Then they all three stood a while and looked at him, after which Gerald asked:

"Where is your gun?"

"I threw it at him," said Harry, pointing to the bear. "I fired it once at him. I wish I hadn't. He would have let me alone, I dare say, if I had not, and I had only one charge; you had my powder and shot, you know."

"We must go and look for the gun," said Mr. Stuart.

"And what shall we do about the bear? I should like to carry him home," said Gerald.

"I am afraid he is beyond us," said Mr. Stuart; "but we will come back and try after we have found the gun. Here, Harry, take my coat, for convenience sake, to say nothing of propriety. Perhaps we may find some of your clothes also on our road."

"Hardly, Sir, I think; excepting in strips and shreds."

The gun was found uninjured; but none of the clothes were worth carrying home. As they returned to the spot where they had left the dead bear, Harry recounted, in his amusing manner, how the beast had pursued him, and how narrowly he had escaped being caught on several occasions; how frightened he had been when he heard the quick breathing of the bear close to him; and how at times he had thought that he could not hold out any longer, and felt inclined to stop and let the bear catch him, sooner than have to climb any more.

"Yet you laugh about it now," said Gerald, "as if it had merely been a lark."

"I can afford to laugh, now that it is all well over," answered Harry; "but I can assure you I felt more inclined to cry at the time."

"Here we are at the bear. Well, although I did not shoot him myself, I think I have been instrumental in helping you to the largest head of game you have bagged to-day."

"Are you quite sure he is dead?" said Gerald, poking at him with his ramrod. "Suppose he should be only shamming, and should all at once jump up at us; shouldn't we take to our heels?"

"I can assure you that would not be of much use," said Henry, "if he were to run as he ran after me."

"He is dead enough," said Mr. Stuart. "How about carrying him?"

They tried to lift him on to their shoulders; but the boys found that they were not equal to the bear's weight. It was getting late in the day now; but the evenings in Norway are so long that they were not aware how late it was.

"Suppose we leave him here, and return to-morrow with help and bring him home," said Mr. Stuart.

This suggestion was adopted, and they returned to their hotel in town, Harry being exhausted with his chase.

As soon as their story was told great surprise was evinced, and many compliments were paid them; while at least a dozen men volunteered to fetch home the bear. A cart was brought out in a very short time, a horse harnessed to it, and Gerald expressed his intention of going with the party to point out the spot where the bear was to be found. This proposal was received with an unanimous cheer.

An hour afterward the cart returned, bearing the carcass of Bruin. The men walked in order, three on each side of the cart, one at the horse's head, and the rest following in procession. Their heads were crowned with fir branches, and they held lighted fir boughs in their hands. On the cart was the huge body of the bear, and on the top of it they had placed Gerald Austin, also crowned with fir, sitting like a young Bacchus across a tub. He had parted with his coat to his brother Harry, and he wore a scarlet flannel shirt, which had a very good effect in the bright torch-light.

The Norwegians were singing at the top of their voices one of their ancient songs to celebrate the death of a bear.

It was all very picturesque and striking; but poor Gerald, in his matter-of-fact English feeling, was very glad when they allowed him to descend from his elevation, where, he afterward told Mr. Stuart, he felt "exactly like a fool."

Meanwhile poor Harry slept the sleep of exhaustion, and knew nothing about the matter.

RIBBONS.

NO industry is so subject to the caprices of fashion as the ribbon trade: one year in favor, another discarded for some other fabric. Ribbons are essentially a fabrication of luxury, and only sell when accepted by fashion. To produce what is likely to succeed six months later—for it requires that time to make the designs and arrange the colors—to manufacture, to sell—and, if by good fortune it succeeds, to see the pattern immediately copied by an inferior manufacturer—such are the vicissitudes of the ribbon trade.

In France, St. Etienne (Loire) is the principal centre of this fabric, which for three centuries has made a considerable increase, due to the great aptitude of the people of that department for industrial works.

Birds work well in with the patterns, but the most common and popular ornament is flowers. Last year the special fashion was for "*fleurs des champs*," as the French style bouquets of the poppy, corn-flower, ox-eye, daisy, corn-cockle, pink convolvulus, with the addition of wheat or barley. We had them then in every combination, beautifully grouped and shaded on black, white, or colored grounds in the ribbons of Gerentet and Coignet, the great manufacturers of St. Etienne. Nor was the little daisy of the field (*parquerette* of the French) omitted. Its crimson-tipped flowers form a graceful ornamentation to one of the prettiest ribbons. There were also the choicest bunches of the poet's narcissus on a black ground, and bunches of the scarlet poppy on a white. We can not enumerate all the lovely patterns in this class—the orange flowers for the bride, the lilies of the valley, and others.

FACETIÆ.

WHY are women extravagant in clothes?—Because when they buy a new dress they wear it out on the first day.

CELESTIAL FOOD.—By the latest advices from China we learn that even there horse-flesh has been adopted as an article of food. The Celestials have discarded edible birds'-nests and taken to mares' nests instead.

A lady, in examining the inscriptions and effigies on the tombstones in a cemetery, came upon one which bore the neatly-engraved image of a horse, the reason of which she vainly strove to ascertain by the inscription, when a little girl who was with her remarked that it was put on the stone "because he died of the nightmare."

MEN AND WOMEN.—Man is composed of two yards and a half of broadcloth, a shirt collar, and more or less assurance; woman of many and various materials, an impression that she is the perfection of possibilities, and a faculty of spending much money and getting next to nothing in return.

If you should see a building well in flames, what three eminent authors would you be likely to call up first?—Why, Dickens, Howitt, Burns.

When the Duke de Choiseul, who was a remarkably lean man, came to London to negotiate a peace, Charles Townshend being asked whether the French Government had sent the preliminaries of a treaty, answered he did not know, but they had sent "the outline of an embassador."

When is a window like a star?—When it is a skylight.

HISTORY OF A FAMILY PORTRAIT.

1760.

"My dear," said Mr. Simkins to his wife, "you are still young and beautiful."

"Why not? I am only thirty."

"Well, you must have your portrait painted before you are a day older. I know a celebrated artist who will do you justice; we will go to him at once."

In a week the portrait was finished and hung. A great family dinner was given to celebrate its inauguration, and all the guests exclaimed, "Charming! Adorable! What a perfect resemblance!" "Only she is not half so pretty; these painters are such flatterers!" whispered one old maid cousin to another.

TEN YEARS AFTER.

Mr. Simkins, dressed in mourning, stands gazing at his wife's portrait. "There she is," says he, with a sigh to a friend.

"Poor woman, she was soon snatched from you!"

"I shall never be comforted for her loss. I will hang this portrait above my bed, that her dear features may be always before my eyes."

"Do you never intend to marry again?"

"No, indeed."

"We shall see."

THREE YEARS AFTER.

"So, my friend, you are going to marry?"

"It is so dreary to live alone."

"You, who would never give your first wife a successor!"

"From her heavenly abode my dear saint looks down and blesses the union. Miss Jenkins was one of her most beloved friends."

"My dear."

"What is it, my angel?"

"I hope that you do not insist on keeping that portrait over your bed; not that I am jealous of it; but it recalls so many memories. You might hang it in your study."

"It shall go there to-morrow."

"Besides, it is prudent; the picture is very large, and it might fall some night and hurt us terribly."

FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER.

Scene—A Lawyer's Office.—MRS. JONES. "You have the will of poor dear Uncle Simkins; what has he left us?"

LAWYER. "Very little, for all his fortune goes to his widow; but he wished you to have some souvenir of him."

MRS. JONES (eagerly). "What is it?"

LAWYER. "The portrait of your aunt, his first wife."

MRS. JONES (coldly). "Ah!"

MR. JONES. "He had much better have left us his kitchen furniture; we are in want of sauce-pans."

LAWYER. "You can send for the portrait to-morrow, if you like."

MR. JONES. "And pay the carman!"

MR. JONES. "Where shall we put the picture?"

MRS. JONES. "I don't want it in the parlor."

MR. JONES. "Nor I in my study. Let us hang it in the vestibule; it will cover a great spot on the wall."

1867.

SHERIFF. "I have a warrant to seize your furniture."

ADOLPHUS JONES. "Well, it can't be helped, if my father won't pay my debts."

SHERIFF. "A bureau, a table, half a dozen chairs, and a picture—who is this?"

ADOLPHUS. "The portrait of a great, great aunt, I believe, that my friends gave me to furnish my room. I hope it will bring a good price for the sake of my creditors."

SECOND-HAND STORE.

"What do you ask for this picture?"

"Fifty cents."

"It is too much; I will give you thirty. I am one of your customers, you know. I have bought a great amount of trumpery of you for the —— Theatre."

"Very well; take the picture. Do you want it for yourself?"

"Oh no; for the theatre. We are bringing out a new piece, and want the portrait of a lady for one of the side-scenes. This will just do."

MORAL.

"Won't that boa constrictor bite me?" said a little boy to a showman. "Oh no, boy, he never bites—he swallows his wittles whole."

A country paper says there is a man in that neighborhood so mean that he sits on the doorsteps of the church on Sundays to save the wear of his pew-cushions.

A TURKISH BATH (FOR LADIES ONLY)—The Bosphorus.

GRAMMAR—The art of speaking and writing correctly.

LOVERS' GRAMMAR—The above art reduced to its simplest form. For them there is but one noun or substantive—*Love.*

But one proper name—*Edward* or *Caroline.*
But one common name—*lover.*
But one adjective—*adorable.*
But one possessive—*my.*
But two personal pronouns—*he* and *she.*
But one verb—*to love.*
But one adverb—*forever.*
But one preposition—*despite.*
But one conjunction—*but.*
But one interjection—*Oh!*

The letter "S" is said to be as good as a sewing-machine, because it makes needles needless.

It is related of two old Scotch ministers that one asked the other if he was not sorely tempted at times to go fishing on Sunday afternoon. "Oh, mon," replied his fellow-laborer, "I'm never tempted long; I jist go."

When may a man be said to be dressed in borrowed plumes?—When he's tarred and feathered.

A diminutive attorney, named Else, once asked Jekyll, "Sir, I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel?" "No, Sir, I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel; but I did say you were *little Else.*"

The previous question—What 'll you drink?

Laid on the table—The cloth.

Passed to a third reading—Love letters.

Bills passed—Greenbacks.

Ordered to be printed—A kiss.

Seconding the motion—Second hand to the pendulum.

Offered under suspension of the (fe)rule—A schoolboy's apology.

Committee of the (W)hole—Hoosick Tunnel contractors.

Foreign Relations—Stories by a Cousin-German.

"That was greedy of you, Tommy, to eat your little sister's share of the cake."

"You told me, ma, that I was always to take her part," said Tommy.

What is every body doing at the same time?—Growing old.

"I have passed through great hard-ships," as the schooner said after sailing through a fleet of iron-clads.

Polite smoker, at side of railway car: "Allow me to assist you to a-light." Severe old lady—"Thank you, *I do not smoke!*"

Little Frank was taught that every one was made of dust. One day he was watching the dust in the street as the wind whirled it in eddies. "What are you thinking of?" asked his mother. "Oh," said Frank, with a serious face, "I thought that the dust looked as though there was going to be another little boy."

"Is Mrs. Blinkins at home?" asked Mr. Saunders of the Irish girl who answered his ring at the door. "Yes, I blave she is, Sir." "Is she engaged?" "An' is it engaged, you say? Faix, an' I can't tell you, Sir; but she kissed Mr. Tincent last evening as if she had never seen the like uv him, and it's engaged I blave they are, Sir."

QUESTIONABLE PEOPLE—School-teachers and those who get up catechisms.

When is iron the most ironical?—When it's a railing.

An old bachelor, after examining the fashion-plates in the monthlies, gets off the following:

Little head and little bonnet!
Little pate, with nothing on it!
(One might say "with nothing in it,"
But that you charm me every minute;)
Little lady, now I know
Why maidens let their ringlets grow;
For otherwise—as bonnets go—
Their heads would freeze, and "that is so!"
Little waist and monstrous flounces!
How the silk sea waves and bounces!
How the hooping billows quiver
Like a lovely rustling river!
Oh, wondrous water-silken sea!
What whalebones in your depths must be!
What lots of gold—all wastefully
Squandered on you—bright silken sea!

"Lazy folks take the most pains." Mistake—glaziers take the most.

An orthodox clergyman, who delivered a lecture on the "Plurality of Worlds," was greatly shocked the next morning to see himself reputed as advocating a "plurality of wives."

SPRING OPENINGS.

"Five mortal Hours looking at the Fashions! What do these Fine Ladies think a Fellow's made of!"

STUDY OF AN ANIMATED DISCUSSION

Between Two Gentlemen of Diametrically Opposite Views.

SUBJECT OF DISCUSSION, GENTLEMEN'S EVENING DRESS.—Shall it remain as it is, or shall Black Velvet Knickerbockers and Silk Stockings be Substituted for the Discreet Cloth Unmentionables now in Vogue?

NON-SUITED.

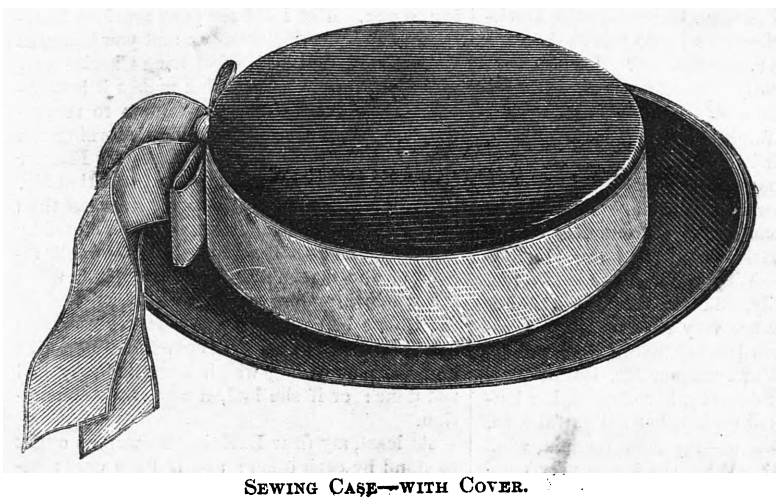
LAWYER. "The Coat's too Long, the Waistcoat's too Long; in fact, the entire Suit's too Long."

TAILOR. "Dear me, Sir, I'm very sorry, but the fact is, I—I thought that Gentlemen of your profession preferred Long Suits."

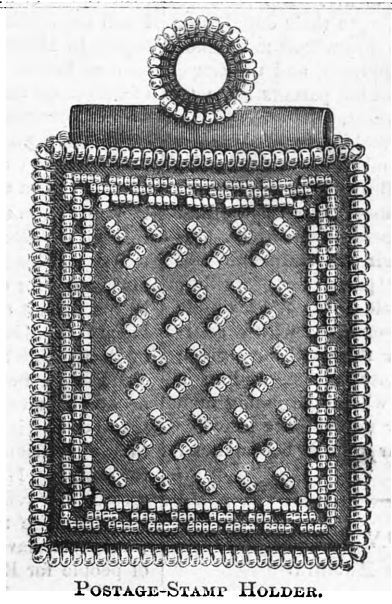
HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 24.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



SEWING CASE—WITH COVER.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 19.



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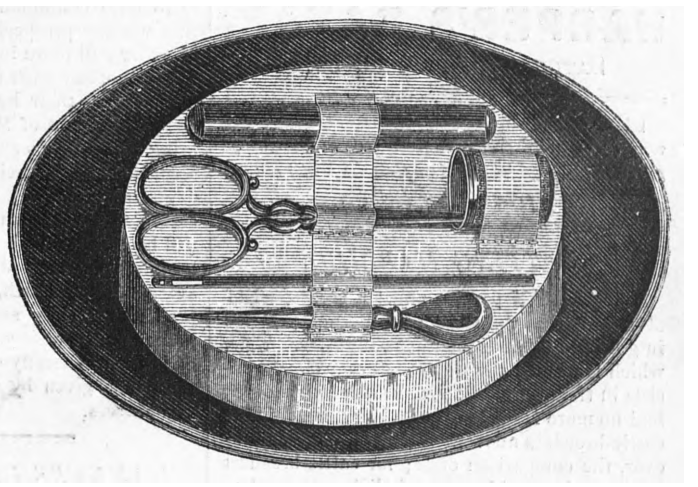


SEWING CASE—WITHOUT COVER.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 19.

Black Guipure Waist.

THIS waist can be made of black or white figured lace or muslin, and can be worn over either black or colored low-necked dresses. The original is of black guipure, gathered slightly at the bottom, and set into a belt an inch and a half in width. The trimming consists of two bands of satin ribbon, an inch and a half wide, running over the shoulders from the front to the back; these are cut in points on either side, for which notches, one-fifth of an inch in length, are made in the ribbon two-fifths of an inch apart, after which the corners are turned over on the wrong side and fastened together. The middle of the ribbon is then covered with bead and bugle lace two inches and a half wide, the design of which is given in Fig. 43. The bottom of the sleeves is finished with a similar trimming. The neck, front, and top of the sleeves are trimmed with ribbon an inch and a quarter wide, cut in points, and trimmed in a similar manner. The belt is of black satin ribbon an inch and a half wide, with broad sash ends behind. A rosette, formed of pointed black satin ribbon, finishes the belt in front, and another is set on the neck.

BLACK SATIN AND LACE WAIST.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 13–16.

BREAD-WORK.

SEVERAL years ago, as we were standing talking to a friend at a street corner, a little girl with a basket on her arm came up to our side, and, in the usual manner of a match girl, held up her petty wares for our inspection. At first glance we took them for Parian vases and baskets, and being otherwise engaged at the moment, were just turning away with indifference when the child said—"I made them, ladies; they're bread-work."

"Bread-work!" we exclaimed, in amazement, as the odd idea of associating so homely an article with fancy-work presented itself.

"Yes, ma'am, we make them out of bread, my mother and I, and sell them easily at three shillings a piece."

Our curiosity was now fully aroused to know how the delicate, tiny flowers and buds which, on examination, appeared to be so well done, and grouped so tastefully, were ever manufactured from such unpromising material. So by the offer of a liberal sum, and the purchase of one of the little bouquets, we obtained from the child a tolerably clear account of the process which subsequent practice proved to be reliable. We do not doubt that it will be new to most of our readers as it was to us, and therefore will proceed to give the simple directions.

Take a small portion of very white, fresh bread (it should be moist rather than dry and crumbling), and with very clean hands take a little piece between the finger and thumb, and press it out thin and flat.

Have ready a small piece of the fine white wire used in wax-flower making, put a little lump of the bread on the end, and mould it with the fingers like an elongated pin's head.

Now take the flattened piece of bread, which should be thin and smooth, and about the size of a ten cent piece; curl it around in a funnel shape, just as one would make a paper bag. Through this the wire may be passed, letting the little ball on the end form a centre, and the bread can be pressed firmly around the stem.

BLACK GUIPURE WAIST.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Fig. 43.

This, if done properly, will show a good imitation miniature of an Egyptian lily (*calla*).

Next a rose may be formed by making the petals first, in a somewhat similar style; that is, by pressing out the tiny pieces of bread into a round shape, and then having moulded a small lump upon the end of a piece of wire (larger than in the lily) to serve for a foundation, begin to put on the petals in the same way that a wax rose is formed; the bread being so pliable is easily pressed and moulded into shape.

Various other miniature flowers, such as noon sleepers, phlox, or small lilies with clover leaves, ivy, etc., may be produced. These are not elaborately made as are wax-flowers, but with as light and delicate a touch as possible.

When about a dozen flowers and a few leaves are finished, they may be grouped together by taking a lump of dough and sticking it into the little vase, so as to fill up the top, and the stems can then be stuck into it so as to group the flowers compactly together. Or if a basket is chosen to hold them, it can be filled in the same manner with the soft dough, the use of the latter being merely to hold up the stems firmly.

In a short time the bread and dough will both become hard, and when covered with a little glass shade present quite a pleasing appearance, closely resembling the ordinary Parian ware. No one would imagine that the material is only bread.

Stiff bread-dough will answer quite as well as the baked bread, and is perhaps easier to mould.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1868.

☞ *Single Subscribers to* HARPER'S BAZAR *will be supplied from Number One to the end of the year* 1868, *which will complete the first Volume, for the yearly price of Four Dollars.*

GETTING MARRIED.

AMERICAN parents affect a great deal of horror at the system the French practice in getting husbands for their daughters. This, which is termed the *mariage de convenance*, consists in treating nubile girls as if in pairing they had no more right to choose their partners than cattle-breeders allow their heifers. Here, however, the comparison ends; for cattle-breeders all over the world have a judicious regard to vigor of race, suitable age, and other harmonies, while parents in France exclude these prudential considerations, and introduce a new element in the coupling of their offspring. Waiving all reference to equality of years, purity of blood, and sympathy of mind and temper, they merely insist upon the possession by either one or the other, or both, of money. Thus the old and decrepit are often united to the young and blooming, and the pretended union by marriage not seldom brings together two so discordant in sentiment, that the only harmony between them is the mutual agreement to disagree. The money, however, secures the *pot au feu*, which in modern France seems to be all that is desired, soured though it may be by the discord of its partakers.

American parents may well be horrified at the French system of marriage, which outrages natural instinct, produces mutual disgust, and leads inevitably to misery and crime. Is it not, however, just possible that they themselves, unconsciously it is hoped, may be, in marrying their children, pursuing a plan not unlike that of the French, of which they express so great a horror?

It is true that the particular individual is not always pointed out by the mother to her daughter as the husband to whom she, willing or unwilling, must plight her troth. The marriageable girl—we speak of her, of course, who belongs to that circle which arrogates to itself the title of "best society"—has certainly a kind of choice of her partner for life; but in the United States it is as much restricted to the particular class as in France it is to the single person. This class may be qualified, for want of any other distinctive character, as that of the party-goers—a set of young men whose parents have, or are supposed to have, the means of allowing them a supply of dress-coats, varnished boots, and white kid gloves, and of affording the prodigal wear and tear to which the nightly balls and parties of the season expose them. To this must be added the waste of time, and of intellectual and of physical vigor, which are the inevitable results of social dissipation, and unfit those who indulge in it for the serious business of life. All this, moreover, implies a disposition to, or a capability of expense, which commends especially the party-goer to mothers with marriageable daughters. Even should a wide choice be conceded to our young girls of fashion, their natural tastes and inclinations have been so thickly varnished by the artifices of a meretricious education, and suppressed by the frivolities of fashionable life to which they have such an early introduction, that, having no appreciation for better men or sympathy with them, they would not care to look for other husbands than those included within the narrow circle alluded to. Here they find those who, like themselves, are merely painted puppets of show. Such it requires no great effort to please, no force of intellect to impress, no culture to attract, no sentiment to attach. A little smearing of paint, a cunning milliner to adjust the flimsy drapery, here a gay bit of ribbon and there a glistening bead, managing parents to place them on the stage of fashion, a touch of the springs, and that is all. Thus puppet meets puppet; they advance and retreat, fly and pursue, flutter and languish, whirl in the waltz and agitate in the polka, until finally they fall exhausted into each other's arms, and the whole ends with a matrimonial tableau at some fashionable Grace Church or other.

Of course, no good comes out of such marriages. Neither husband nor wife can be fit for their marital duties, and as for their parental, it were devoutly to be wished that they might never be called upon to exercise them.

On the mere ground of worldly policy it is easy to show that fashionable mothers are making a fatal mistake in thus educating and disposing of their daughters in marriage. It would be easy to prove that not one out of ten of the constant young party-goers ever comes to good. It is not in the fashionable ball-room that Young America is acquiring that discipline necessary for the vigorous work of life. It is in the fields, the work-shop, the counting-house, and the schools of law, medicine, and theology that our athletes are exercising. To them will belong the future prizes of life. For such we commend mothers to educate their daughters. With husbands like these they will be more likely to have connubial happiness, and to secure that worldly prosperity which parents seem to consider still more important.

Let mothers trust the making up of their list of guests to their husbands, and not take the stereotyped one of Mr. Brown. Ask them to bring from their warehouses, their offices, and counting-rooms their young apprentices, students, and clerks. Their entertainment will cost less than that of the "party-goers," for they will be satisfied with gentle words and a simple hospitality. They will come too with a guarantee of their worth, for they will have given proofs of probity and intelligence, and of a proper respectability, of which the young men of fashion generally offer no evidence stronger than that given by their tailors, bootmakers, and glovers.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to Lavinia.

MY DEAR LAVINIA,—You will remember that at Mrs. Reservoir's, last week, when I saw Steerforth Rochester dancing with a very young and lovely partner, I asked you with some feeling who she was, and said, warmly, that I was amazed, and wondered if she had no mother or brother.

"Certainly," you answered, with surprise, "there is Mrs. Almond sitting with Mrs. Pendragon."

"But does she know Rochester?"

"Of course she does. We all know him. He is one of the handsomest and most agreeable men and best partners in society; and as for his manners, why, even you, Mr. Bachelor, will acknowledge that they are charming."

"And his morals?"

"What have we to do with his morals? If he behave properly with us we must be satisfied. It would be very indecorous for us to appear to know any thing of the immoralities of gentlemen."

Mr. Rochester came up at this moment, and asked you for a turn, and away you went in the waltz, and away went my mind in a whirl of reflections.

By-the-by, just after you left me, I saw your friend Delia dancing gayly with that pleasant young Thurtell who murdered her younger brother. Now, don't start when you read this, for, upon the whole, I am not sure that it was *her* younger brother—possibly it was only the younger brother of somebody else. And as I saw you winding in the embrace of Rochester through the sweet mazes of the dance which the music wove, I said to myself: "Lavinia would not dance with him, I am sure, if he had murdered her sister." Then I could not help wondering whether you knew, or had never heard, that he had murdered somebody else's younger sister. Did I write, murdered? Well, I will not refine upon words. Let us say, destroyed, if you prefer. But, Lavinia, if you, and women like you, delight in the attentions of Steerforth Rochester, and dance with him willingly, and countenance him gladly, is it not a premium upon murder; and don't you become an accessory after the fact? If you prefer to say ruin and woman, instead of murder and man, we will not quarrel about a word.

I was so much pleased with the ball at Mrs. Reservoir's that I, too, am thinking of giving an entertainment; and as my rooms are entirely too small, I thought, as the spring was coming, that I would have it at that pleasant old inn, Rosamond's Bower. It is old-fashioned, but that is all the better, for my design is to ask some old-fashioned company. And I wish you, dear Lavinia, to be Lady Patroness at my fête, and decide difficult questions of invitation for me. For I must be very select, and selection is by no means an easy task under the circumstances. For instance, I want to ask either King Charles II. or Melanchthon. It is an awkward choice, and I should like to invite both, but it is out of the question. We must decide between them, and which shall it be? I am afraid that Melanchthon is a dreadful sober-sides, while we know that Charles is a most courtly and charming gentleman. To be sure, it seems to me that I have heard stories—and as this is to be a party of young girls, perhaps—But then, as you said to me in speaking of your partner, Rochester, "What have we to do with his morals? If he behave properly with us we must be satisfied. It would be very indecorous for us to appear to know any thing of King Charles's immoralities."

Ah, very well; we seem now to be coming upon a principle of selection. We will ask King Charles II., and Mistress Eleanor Gwynn, and the Duchess of Cleveland, and—but I seem to see you shake your head. What is the difficulty, my dear Lavinia? Surely you are superior to prejudice! I know that Mistress Gwynn was formerly an orange girl; but here are the Tubbertons and the Pounds and the Hundredweights, who were all orange boys; that is, they sold fruits and other good things, not by the basket, indeed, or singly, like Mistress Eleanor, but the trade was quite the same, and that it was wholesale makes no difference. It was not always wholesale. Hezekiah Tubberton used to sell pats of butter and half pounds of sugar. I will not insult you by supposing that you can object to Eleanor Gwynn because she used to earn an honest living. And as for the Duchess of Cleveland and Madam Carwell or the Duchess of Portsmouth—but why do you shake your head again and look offended? I know that they are not exactly Charles's wives. But let us look at it a moment.

You will not forget what you have already said of the fascinating Mr. Steerforth Rochester, that if his manners are agreeable his morals are not for our investigation. But certainly you do not complain of the manners or the beauty of Mistress Gwynn and the Duchess of Portsmouth? Why, the Duchess is of a fine old French family, and her manners and her accomplishments are very remarkable. I assure you she is not less fascinating for a woman than your friend and partner Mr. Rochester is for a man. Her dancing, her singing, her languages, her refined repose, her delightful ease, her exquisite toilette—my dear Lavinia, what would you have? Why, she is the very pearl of people for Rosamond's Bower. Upon what possible ground could I fail to invite her? and what questionable conduct it would be toward King Charles himself, to ask him and omit his particular friends and favorites in society! You must really give me a better reason than a shake of your head.

Now, my dear Lavinia, I seem to hear you asking me whether I do not know perfectly well why you are unwilling to invite Mistress Eleanor Gwynn and her companions, and why you will decline to come to the party yourself if they are to be present? I will answer you frankly, my dear young lady; and I say that I *should* suppose I knew the reason if I had not seen you whirling down Mrs. Reservoir's rooms in the embrace of Mr. Steerforth Rochester. For if it be the character of Mistress Gwynn which makes it impossible for you to ask her to any party of which you are the especial patroness, or even to attend one at which she is present, what were you doing in Mr. Rochester's arms? I wish to remind you of those words of wisdom, "What have we to do with his morals?" and I wish to ask if the morals of Mr. Steerforth Rochester are not to be considered, why those of Mistress Eleanor Gwynn are brought into court? Besides, you have preferred King Charles II. to Melanchthon upon the general ground of manners; and if you have no moral objection to the king, may I respectfully ask what is the moral objection you have to his madam? Miss Lavinia, you have lost your right to object to Eleanor Gwynn when you willingly invite Charles Stuart and dance with Steerforth Rochester.

And there is one thing more. Is it only murderers of her younger brother that Delia ought not to dance with? Would she smile upon them—provided always that their manners were good—if they had merely destroyed the younger brother of some poor sewing-girl or servant-maid? Suppose it were the younger sister? In one word, does she think that murderers ought not to be welcomed at Mrs. Reservoir's balls; and, if so, is that the only crime that should exclude people? I observe, Miss Lavinia, that you ladies are very severe upon those of your own sex who fall. I have known Mrs. Tilbury's virtue to be in such sublime insurrection over Biddy's misconduct that I have been very much encouraged in my hopes for the moral regeneration of society. But scarcely had Mrs. Tilbury summarily driven the "vile jade" and the "abominable" something that I need not particularize, from her house, than I have known her to compose her ruffled plumage as soon as possible, ascend to the drawing-room, and, with her most polished and engaging manner, receive and entertain Mr. Steerforth Rochester. Mrs. Tilbury knew his reputation. If Biddy were not his victim, other Biddies were. Yet she was all sunshine to him—all wrath to Biddy. I said that Delia's dancing with a murderer was a premium upon murder—and I say that Mrs. Tilbury's treatment of Rochester was a premium upon vice.

And how is it with you, Miss Lavinia? You are ready to invite King Charles because we must not trouble ourselves with gentlemen's morals if their manners are correct, and you recoil from Mistress Eleanor Gwynn, however charming her manners, because you dislike her morals. Good Heavens! if Nell Gwynn is guilty, what is King Charles? My complaint of you is, that you betray one of your own sex in smiling upon her betrayer. And you do it constantly; you do it consciously. Society is wringing its ridiculous hands and crying "Oh dear!" at crimes which it promotes. You teach this kind of man to despise you when you do not make him feel the contempt which a woman ought to feel for him. You are morally guilty of the offense when your manner shows the offender that he is still welcome. You are morally responsible for the next Mistress Gwynn when you bid King Charles to your party, and do not hesitate to waltz with him. A tipsy man claims your promise for the German, and you yield "because you can not discriminate." I hope he tumbles down with you upon the floor. If you women will make yourselves puppets and toys and sugar-candy, you have no right to expect men to take you at a higher value than you place upon yourselves.

My dear Lavinia, I have not actually had this conversation with you, for I am only writing to you. But I did see your gracious treatment of Steerforth Rochester, and you know, as well as I do, that he is what King Charles was, and that the reasoning which makes it honorable and proper for a young woman to receive the one would prevent her from scorning the other. I insist, further, that Mistress Eleanor Gwynn is no worse than the king, and that Mr. Steerforth Rochester's mistress is no worse than he. I should like to know why Lord Willoughby d'Eresby was permitted to be an honorable officer of the Queen's Court in England, while the whole kingdom would have shuddered if the Queen had received at her levees a certain lady who lived in a lodge near London? She had done no wrong which Lord d'Eresby had not done: or if she had, it was at his solicitation.

At least, my dear Lavinia, you women ought to stand by each other; and if I am ever married—which will be when the man comes down from the moon to be my groomsman—and if ever Mrs. Bachelor gives a party, and proposes to invite King Charles II., or Mr. Steerforth Rochester, or Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, for once in my life I shall be resolute, and I shall say, "My dear, not one of those men shall be bidden to our house without their Mistress Eleanor Gwynns. For if those ladies are unfit guests, certainly those gentlemen are not less so." And when you are married, Lavinia, if your husband will say the same thing, and insist upon it, the atmosphere will begin to clear wonderfully.

Your real friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MILLINERS' OPENINGS.

SOME of our most exclusive milliners have displayed at their early openings a variety of beautiful bonnets, designed to be worn when the first spring days arrive. As we informed our readers, after taking a preliminary glimpse at the coming novelties in the wholesale houses, the new bonnets are not larger than those of last season, the diadem is the leading feature, and the Fanchon still prevails. The impression formed then has been confirmed by a thorough inspection of the elegant novelties exhibited at the openings, and selected with great care for a most fastidious class of customers. A graceful new shape, called the Metternich, consists of a large round crown entirely without a brim, except such as is formed by the diadem. This crown bonnet is worn very far forward, the diadem being placed over the forehead, and the crown covering the top of the head, leaving the back hair without drapery.

BLACK LACE.

Black lace promises to be a favorite material for spring bonnets. A single piece of Chantilly covers the frame. Many bonnets are entirely made of lace, the head-piece, the fall at the back, and the barbes being all in one. It is sometimes embossed with steel or with straw. Another elegant and expensive style is silk embroidery of tiny flowers, forget-me-nots, and heliotropes, on the coiffure and barbes. A thread of steel or of gilt, so fine as to be almost invisible, glistens unexpectedly amidst the fine meshes of a gossamer barbe. Black Malines, of smaller meshes, and thinner, if possible, than tulle, is powdered with steel that glitters like gems. We notice also that black lace, either thread or blonde, is used for trimming bonnets of every description, white straws, chips, and Neapolitans, both gray and black, and also forms a part of colored tulle and crape hats. It is quilled on the diadem, is made into rosettes and bows, with long barbe ends over the back, and covers the narrow ribbon-strings that fall in the front solely for ornament. A great deal of colored lace is used, but it does not supersede the black, because it is not brought out of such handsome quality; and although it is desirable to have all the trimmings of a bonnet harmonize, yet colored lace is not looked upon with favor by people of taste.

An elastic cord, passing under the chignon, is

necessary to keep the new bonnets in proper position. If preferred, narrow strings of poult de soie ribbon are used to tie at the throat, but it is considered more stylish to dispense with them altogether, or fasten them at the back. The lace over-strings that accompany almost every bonnet hang loose almost to the belt, where they are caught by a rosette, or bow, a spray of flowers, or an ornament of steel or pearl. The throat is thus left bare, a fashion that we shall appreciate more highly when the heat of summer sets in. A fall of lace, or a scarf, is attached to nearly all bonnets.

The delicate Malines lace is brought out in every shade of color, and is preferred to the coarser dotted nets. It is used for scarfs and mantilla veils, and frequently forms the whole bonnet. It is very much admired when sprinkled with tiny specks like diamond dust or frost.

A brilliant shade of yellow is called butter-cup color, and is very becoming to brunettes. We have spoken of the dark rich shade of red called Sultan. Garnets are used with this color. The Metternich green, so much in favor for evening, is found to be very trying to the complexion by daylight unless relieved by lace. In conjunction with black lace it makes a suitable bonnet for spring, and is so pretty that means will be found to make it becoming.

ORNAMENTS AND FLOWERS.

Among the prettiest ornaments are those of pearl, not white alone, but light shaded tints and rich colors as dark as maroon. There are flowers with pearl petals and gilt stamens, and butterflies with quivering rings of colors as varied as an opal. Pendants of pearl and of straw droop from the diadem and the crown of bonnets. Garnets are introduced among the trimmings. They look too conspicuous to be popular; but we have seen a few at the best houses, tastefully arranged and softened by lace. Steel and gilt are used together with very good effect, and the steel is desirable alone, but not the gilt. Occasionally a little jet is seen, and one of our most tasteful milliners says that we are not yet prepared to do without it altogether. Handsome crystal flowers vibrate on slender stems among metallic leaves; drooping sprays of velvet and feather flowers on gilt tendrils, butter-cups with long, trailing grasses, and clusters of the smallest flowers without foliage, such as mignonnette and verbenas, are displayed in every window. The small flowers are used on coronets, while the bonnet is trimmed at the crown and sides with a large scarlet poppy, a white lily, the brilliant cactus, or a tulip. Daisy wreaths are also still in favor, and autumn leaves, especially those purpled by the frost.

FRENCH BONNETS.

The most notable bonnet where all are attractive is a diadem Fanchon of exquisitely-fine black lace. A vine and leaves of highly-polished cut steel that will not tarnish ornament the diadem. The coiffure is embroidered with steel. Thistle balls of jet and steel are half concealed among the lace and a fringe as fine as thistle-down that border the bonnet. The narrow strings are of fringed ribbon. Wide lace barbes, fringed to match the coiffure. The price of this elegant bonnet is $60.

Another of black lace, marked $55, is a solid piece of thread lace on a Fanchon frame. Forget-me-nots with gilt stamens are embroidered with silk on the centre-piece and barbes. Blue and gray velvet leaves are on the coronet, and a small cluster of them hold the lace strings together.

A white chip bonnet, made by Madame Hofèle, of Paris, is in imitation of one worn by the Princess Metternich. It is of the shape named after the Princess, a large crown and turned-up diadem brim. A quilling of narrow blonde lace edges the diadem, and a wreath of half-ripe wheat is along the entire edge of the front. A green beetle, glistening like enamel, is in the centre of the wreath. Narrow Metternich green ribbon forms a rosette on the back of the crown. A cluster of wild flowers is set on the left side. Lace strings over ribbon. Price $50.

One of Madame Virot's bonnets is of white Malines tulle, puffed over a thin frame. A wide fall of blonde lace is joined below the chin with a white satin rosette. A wreath of dark green leaves extends along the front edge of the diadem and around the bonnet. Sprays of lily of the valley sprinkled with crystal dew-drops are outside on the left. Price $50.

A tiny bonnet, a mere coiffure indeed, is made of a beautifully-wrought pattern of white blonde lace. The barbes and head-piece are all in one, and are fastened to a wide-spreading diadem of forget-me-nots. There is scarcely any frame to the bonnet, and handsomely-dressed hair will be plainly discernible through the lace. This is also $50.

A violet crape has the material plain over the frame. Violet tulle is puffed over the back and forms long, scarf-like strings. Three pipings of satin are studded with gilt, and fall in scallops on the chignon. The bandeau is of steel and gilt with shirred crape above it. A cluster of violets in the face trimming reaches over the edge of the bonnet and among the strings.

A blue crape, made similarly to the one just described, has an arched bandeau of pearl flowers over the forehead, and at the back a kerchief of blonde lace with pearl pendants on each scallop of the lace.

A very stylish black Neapolitan has a high-pointed diadem of straw and quilled lace, on which is a wreath of pearl butter-cups of perfect coloring. A wide fall of black lace is open behind to disclose the chignon, and is connected with the strings in front. Narrow ribbon of the butter-cup color beneath the lace streamers. The bonnet is held secure by an elastic ribbon under the back hair. Price $45.

A fancy straw of graceful shape is trimmed with three narrow bands of ribbon of the Sultan color. A straw bow in the centre of a velvet band is placed over the forehead. Large cactus on a straw stem with trailing buds at the side. Fall of black lace open in the back forming a kind of mantilla veil at the sides. Lace strings with rosette of Sultan ribbon.

A simple and graceful bonnet for a young blonde is a Fanchon of white-frosted Malines. On the coronet is a quilling of tulle bound with white satin. The tulle is puffed over the frame, each puff being separated by satin pipings, edged with narrow blonde lace. The inside trimming is a ruche of lace, over which is a wide bandeau of blue forget-me-nots sparkling with crystal dew-drops. A cluster of moss-roses on the left extend among the forget-me-nots. Blue and pink together, the Pompadour colors, are very stylish, and becoming to a fair young face. Price $20.

A steel-colored Neapolitan braid is trimmed with a wide fringe of steel balls on black lace. Leaves slightly turned by the frost form the diadem.

A spring bonnet made of Metternich green silk is covered with three rows of black lace quilled on. Daisies of the same shade of green were in every scallop of the diadem. Narrow green strings covered with lace.

One of the most harmonious designs is a white Malines embroidered with silk and puffed on a Fanchon frame. A quilling of tulle bound with white satin rests against the diadem, and an elder wreath extends across the front and around the bonnet. On the forehead are merely the leaves, the blossoms are on the left, and the dark berries on the right. A feathery blonde edge surrounds the long lappets that are caught together with a rosette. Price $42.

A coquettish bonnet is of white lace over a thin frame. A green velvet diadem covered with blonde forms the face trimming, against which rests on the outside a wreath of mingled flowers with foliage drooping at the side. A shell rosette of green velvet is set on the left. A pearl butterfly just emerging from the chrysalis state trembles on the quivering stem of a flower at the back. A mantilla veil of white net spotted with satin droops from the bonnet. Price $30.

An elegant bonnet was made of satin pipings of the butter-cup color on a black foundation. A large satin bow was placed directly at the back, from which fell a bunch of butter-cups with their long trailing leaves. On the diadem were bows of steel and gold. A plain English straw was neatly trimmed with a bunch of Sultan red leaves at the back, beneath which fell wide black lace, turned back *en revers*, and draping the sides of the bonnet. Inside was shirred silk, of the Sultan shade, surmounted with a velvet bandeau studded with garnets.

These are a few of the handsomest bonnets of the season. There are many others at lower prices that are also graceful and pretty. Close-fitting Neapolitans, studded with steel or jet, may be bought for four or five dollars; and with the addition of a little lace and a few flowers, and some straw ornaments, any lady of taste can make for herself a spring bonnet at very trifling expense. If white straws are preferred, violet and Metternich green ribbons are arranged in loops over the crown and coronet, together with a few straw leaves and large pendant ornaments at the ends of the long strings. A ruffle of black lace is a pretty finish to ribbon strings.

ROUND HATS.

Very few round hats have been displayed at the openings. It is rather early for them, as they are more especially adapted to the sea-side and country; besides which the hatters have, by their large importations, almost taken this branch of the trade out of the milliners' hands. The Spanish and Marie Antoinette styles, with high sloping crowns, are the newest shapes, and are pretty for watering-places and riding-hats; but another shape, with a lower crown and turned-up brim, will be more popular for the city. The rims are rolling or caught up at the sides, and faced with colored satin or velvet. Straw cords and tassels and straw passementerie form the trimmings. A few turbans, sloping downward from the front, are seen; and a regular cap with visor is made of leaves or shells of silk. Lace strings more than a yard long fall from the sides, are lapped in front, and tied behind like a fichu.

DRESS-MAKERS' OPENING.

At the spring opening of French dresses by one of our leading modistes we were surprised to notice the entire absence of the redingote or polonaise. This garment is, however, in such favor here that it will not be abandoned this season, though it is no longer cut so full as the original pattern, but is half adjusted to the figure by side bodies, and is worn with a fichu or scarf.

All the short suits exhibited had two skirts, the under one cut in the way we have lately described, and bordered with a flounce or with three narrow frills. The upper skirt is gored flat in front, with the back widths fulled in at the sides, and puffed or festooned to give a very full appearance, as of the *tournure* or bustle. There is no longer any doubt that the panier style is about to be revived, or that it will be generally worn, since it is precisely the opposite of the scant drapery over small crinoline that has so long been in favor.

The most admired short suit was a chameleon silk of beautifully blended rose color and mauve. The lower skirt was of inch-wide stripes, a solid brown alternating with a changeable stripe of the same width. A pleated ruffle at the bottom was of the chameleon silk cut in squares and bound with the stripes. The upper skirt was trimmed with a narrower ruffle, and festooned in the back. A half-adjusted basque, with long mantilla fronts, was the over-garment. The price was $300, with material for waist and sleeves.

A summer suit was a mohair skirt of green and white stripes a half inch wide. The over-dress, of solid green poplin, was sleeveless, with a square neck disclosing the front of the striped corsage. Two large box-pleats fell loosely from the back of the neck into the skirt. A quilling of the same surrounded the over-garment. Coat-sleeves of striped mohair.

A very elegant trained dress was of steel-gray silk, trimmed with a wide fold of the same piped with satin, on which large rosettes were set at intervals. These rosettes were of the silk, double bias and pleated, and in the centre was a cluster of grapes and leaves of polished steel. The side widths were fulled into the back in a kind of fan-shaped quilling, and caught with a rosette. The sleeves were close, the cuffs ornamented with a rosette. On the plain, high waist was a wide fringe of steel balls arranged like a bertha. A narrower fringe formed the collar. The sash at the back was trimmed with three rosettes on each streamer, and fringed. A small bow with sash ends was on the bosom.

A black silk, made with a long train, was trimmed on each seam with the new appliqué flowers. A large pansy, perfectly formed, of black satin, bound with velvet, was at the bottom of each seam of the skirt, the satin stem and spray continuing up the seam to the belt. Price, ready made, $200.

An evening dress of pink gauze, with white hair-line stripes, had a full train trimmed with a bias fold of pink satin put on to simulate a long tunic. This fold was bordered by a novelty in fringe made of quill shavings. It is lustrous and prettily shaded. Two rounding puffs at the knee were separated by rouleaux of satin. The corsage was not made up. A bertha of tulle puffs and quill fringe accompanied the dress. Price $275.

A pretty short suit of violet serge was trimmed with fluted ruffles of silk. A chain made of links of white and purple silk fell from the belt to a small pouch for the kerchief. A similar chain festooned the skirt behind. The wrapping was a scarf with pelerine ends.

Scarf ends attached to basques were brought round below the jacket and fastened behind. The upper skirt was festooned through this in the panier style.

There were graceful burnouses for evening wear, with folded hoods and openings for the arms. A light material of silk and wool was chain stitched in delicate colors and fringed. Others were of black cashmere embroidered or braided with gilt, and fringed.

For our information we are indebted to the courtesy of Miss M. A. PAGE; Madame FERRERO; and Madame PINCHON.

PERSONAL.

THE Hon. J. ROSS BROWNE, United States Minister to China, is spending a few days in New York, with old personal friends. He will not depart for the honorable and responsible field of duty to which he has been called by his Government until after the arrival of Mr. BURLINGAME. Mr. BROWNE'S contributions to the literature of the country have been universally admired. His official Reports, published by Congress, on the mineral resources and products of the auriferous regions, exhibit industry and practical ability of the highest order. We doubt not that his course in China will develop superior diplomatic capacity, and secure for him the confidence of the Chinese and of his own countrymen.

—AGATHA STATES, *née* MANDEVILLE, the American Prima Donna, whose successful début at Pike's Opera House has drawn from all the critics such warm commendation, comes from a musical family, and the hereditary talent of two generations promises to culminate in her. With great obstacles to the pursuit of her studies (of a private nature), and under the most trying domestic difficulties, she has fairly won her way to the front rank of great *artistes*. Her present engagement with Mr. HARRISON will give the public of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston the opportunity to indorse the verdict of the most critical audiences of Europe as to her merit.

—EZRA CORNELL has purchased for his University the library of the late Professor ANTHON, containing 7000 volumes of valuable books in science, literature, and art. Ex-Senator WHITE, the President of the University, has gone abroad to make purchases of about 25,000 more volumes, and to select scientific apparatus for the institution.

—The Rev. Dr. BISSELL, recently elected Bishop of Vermont, has for many years past been rector of Trinity Church, Geneva. He is a modest, industrious, devoted parish clergyman, of good abilities, and good executive talent, and possesses those qualities that will make him greatly respected and beloved as a bishop.

—Mr. Speaker COLFAX'S receptions in Washington are very pleasant. He is the only public man who receives thousands of ladies and gentlemen, and says to them, after an introduction, "*This is my mother!*" She is his constant companion, and is only seventeen years the oldest. She has put on the chameleon silk and the cap with blue ribbons, to receive the multitude that flock in masses to do homage to her son. Pride half slumbers in her bosom, but love is vigilant and wide-awake. There is no metallic impression on her countenance—a genuine, heart-felt welcome is extended to all who go to pay their respects to her idol. So the people come and go, and wonder why Speaker COLFAX'S receptions are unlike all others.

—MARK TWAIN, who has just sailed for California, has never felt exactly right about that sailing excursion up the Mediterranean, where they had so many pious people for passengers, else he would not have been so spiteful as to say, that the only amusements they had on board were prayer-meetings and "seven up."

—Of the impeachment managers in the House of Representatives, Mr. BINGHAM, of Ohio, is a man of 60, slight figure, thin and whitened hair, impulsive, earnest, shrewd, and full of resources; one of the ablest men in the House. Mr. BOUTWELL is noticeable for fine eyes, a well-knit frame, raven hair, and a calmness of feature and manner that baffle speculation as to what passes in his brain. Mr. STEVENS, whom Judge BLACK, in his recent speech before the Supreme Court, pronounced as in intellect a head and shoulders above any Republican in the House, is tall, spare, and firm; his features, unchangeable as marble, and stern as unyielding purpose can make them, at any period of his life would have attracted notice, but now, when disease has made them pale, and suffering has given them an expression of anguish, the spectator looks with wonder that a mere determination of will can bear him through scenes like this, and seemingly cheat the grave of a victim. General LOGAN is short, stout, swarthy, with jet black hair, and looks the strong, courageous, stubborn man he is. When in the army and near an enemy it was his custom to go the rounds of his pickets at midnight. The result was he always knew his ground, had his pickets further advanced than most other officers, fought like a bull-dog, and was never whipped. Mr. WILSON, of Iowa, is 40, has curly hair, sprinkled with gray, is logical, clear-headed, and perhaps the best lawyer in the House. Mr. WILLIAMS, of Pennsylvania, is the handsome man of the managers, slight, with long, curly hair, tinged with gray, and has the appearance of a good liver and man of the world. General BUTLER'S face, figure, and manner have too often been made the subject of newspaper description to render a repetition necessary. Such is a photograph of the Impeachers.

—Since the PRINCE OF WALES has arrived at that period when he can wear the full and noble beard, the loyal people of the kingdom asseverate that he looks, about the face, quite like the British Lion!

—The Rev. Dr. THOMPSON, of the Broadway Tabernacle, ministers to a people renowned for works of liberality. Last year the contributions of his congregation amounted to $36,000. He has 540 church-members, of whom 66 were added last year.

—The KING OF GREECE is the son of one king, the nephew of another, and has an Emperor for a father-in-law; yet when the weather is pleasant the young man and his wife walk to church of a Sunday just as we do in New York; that is to say, those of us who have neither coupés nor coupons.

—BISMARCK and Mr. GREELEY resemble each other in at least one respect—both sleep in church. BISMARCK snores. Fact!

—BRIGHAM YOUNG'S notion of morals at the East is somewhat of the "confidence" sort. In his annual message to the Legislature of Utah he alludes to the admission of the Territory as a State, saying that Congress would do a simple act of justice in "laying aside all narrowness of opinion and bigotry, and granting the admission!" BRIGHAM has had occasion, during the past winter, to mourn the decease of five of his wives, from pneumonic affections. Such are the mournful consequences of being married too much.

—The Hon. Mr. WARD HUNT, Mr. DISRAELI'S new Chancellor of the Exchequer, is described by the London *Spectator* as "a strong-headed man and a lucid speaker, with great influence among squires, but a man who under our imbecile system of promotion by seniority, is rather young (forty-three) for so high an office."

—Thus looks JOHN BRIGHT as he appears now: He is a hale man of fifty-six, about the size of H. WARD BEECHER, though stouter; has a face of the finest English type, full and open, with gray side-whisker, and a healthy, ruddy complexion. The mouth, chin, and lower jaw express great firmness and vigor. The nose is full, nostrils broad, while the space is broad between the clear, full gray eyes, which appear capable of great expression. In repose they are mild and kindly. Both brow and head are broad, full, and arched high in the coronal region. The whole figure is cast in a massive mould. He looks the orator and leader of men, even when silent; and there is in his presence itself a pervading sense of power. His manner is pleasant, grave, and cordial, yet not unmixed with a dash of *hauteur* and brusqueness that one can readily trace to his business and public life. The brusqueness is that of a busy man, while the *hauteur* is the natural consequence of contests in which he is not only leader, but himself so vital an element.

—For seven years longer, at least, the Astor House is to remain a hotel, a lease for that time having been taken by Captain REDINGTON STETSON, son of Mr. CHARLES A. STETSON, the original lessee. Captain STETSON was in many a hotly-contested battle during the late war, and bore himself right gallantly as became his name.

—Young Mr. TYNG has been gravely "admonished" by Bishop POTTER. Henceforth, if he has the hardihood to preach the Gospel outside the election-district or ward in which his church is situated, without "express permission" of some brother clergyman, he stands in danger of being deposed from the ministry. Just 130 years ago JOHN WESLEY was charged with the same offense—intrusion into other men's parishes. He replied in these memorable words:

"You ask, 'How is it that I assemble Christians who are none of my charge to sing psalms, and pray, and hear the Scriptures expounded; and think it hard to justify doing this in other men's parishes upon catholic principles?'

"Permit me to speak plainly. If by catholic principles you mean any other than scriptural, they weigh nothing with me: I allow no other rule, whether of faith or practice, than the Holy Scriptures: but on scriptural principles I do not think it hard to justify whatever I do. God in Scripture commands me, according to my power, to instruct the ignorant, reform the wicked, confirm the virtuous. Man forbids me to do this in another's parish—that is, in effect, to do it at all, seeing I have now no parish of my own, nor probably ever shall. Whom, then, shall I hear—God or man? 'If it be just to obey man rather than God, judge you. A dispensation of the Gospel is committed to me; and woe is me if I preach not the Gospel.' But where shall I preach it upon the principles you mention? Why, not in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America; not in any of the Christian parts, at least, of the habitable earth. For all these are, after a sort, divided into parishes. If it be said, 'Go back, then, to the Heathens from whence you came;' nay, but neither could I now (on your principles) preach to them: for all the Heathens in Georgia belong to the parish either of Savannah or Frederica.

"Suffer me now to tell you my principles in this matter. *I look upon all the world as my parish; thus far I mean that, in whatever part of it I am, I judge it meet, right, and my bounden duty to declare unto all that are willing to hear the glad tidings of salvation.*"

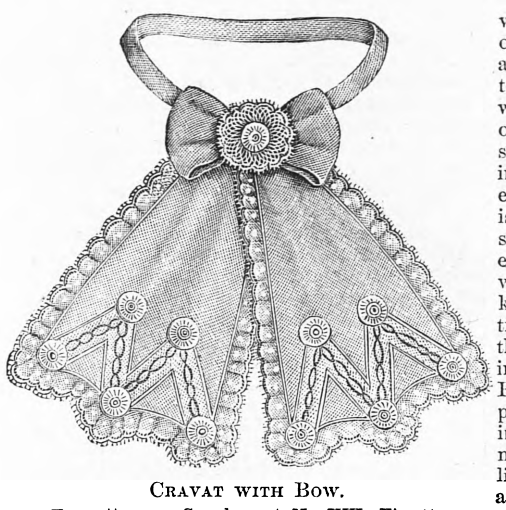
ALPHABET WITH VIGNETTES FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.—[SEE PAGE 373.]

Alphabet with Vignettes for Pocket Handkerchiefs.

THE tasteful alphabet on the preceding page is worked with embroidery cotton in satin stitch: application work being used for the vignette of the letter G. The vignettes may be used with different letters according as the embroiderer may desire.

Cravats and Collars.

WE give illustrations of a number of pretty cravats and collars, which may be varied to suit the taste of the wearer.



CRAVAT WITH BOW.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 41.

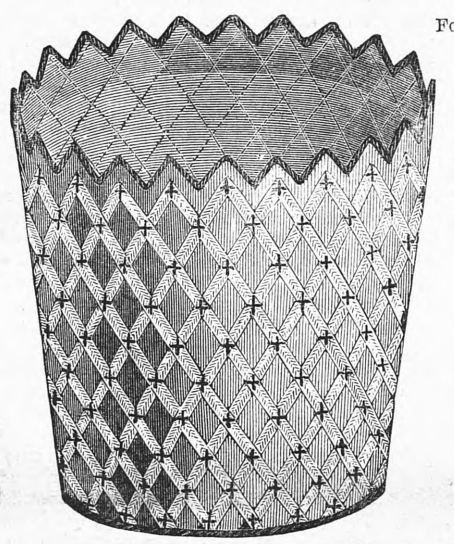
BAVETTE CRAVAT.—This cravat is made of a straight strip of Swiss muslin three-fifths of an inch wide, and long enough to reach round the neck, over which is laid insertion two-fifths of an inch wide, edged on each side with lace three-fifths of an inch wide. The seam where the edging is sewed on the insertion is covered with a very narrow strip of Swiss muslin stitched on either side. The insertion is worked through the middle in knot stitch, and small application figures are set thereon, as shown in the illustration. Fig. 42 gives the pattern of the hanging ends, which are made of Swiss muslin, insertion, lace, application figures, and narrow muslin folds, to match the collar, and set on in front, as shown in the illustration. The muslin is cut away underneath the insertion. The cravat is fastened with a button and loop.

CRAVAT WITH BOW.—Fig. 41 gives the pattern of the ends. Arrange the Swiss muslin, insertion, lace, and needle-work as shown in the pattern, cut away the muslin underneath the insertion, lay the top in two pleats from × to ●, and fasten both ends under the bow on a double bias strip of muslin. The knot in the middle of the bow consists of a needle-work figure edged with a frill of lace. Set the bow and ends on the front of the collar, which is composed of four thicknesses of Swiss muslin cut straight.

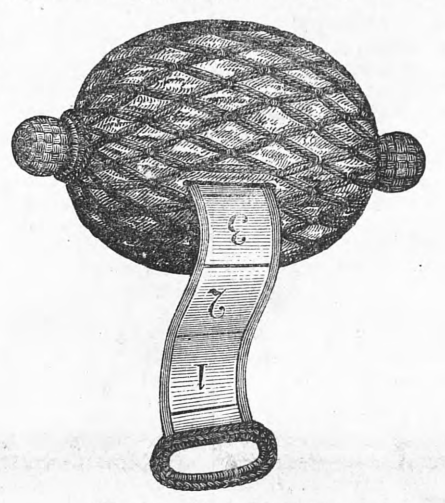
CRAVAT WITH ENDS.—This cravat consists of a bias strip of Swiss muslin, three-quarters of a yard long and an eighth of a yard wide, edged with narrow needle-work insertion and lace, and laid in three pleats through the middle. The ends are pointed, and trimmed with insertion three-quarters of an inch wide, needle-work application figures, and leaves of insertion and lace, two inches long and an inch and a half wide, as shown in the illustration.

BAVETTE CRAVAT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 42.

SMOKING CAP.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 37 and 38.



FLOWER-POT COVER.



WALNUT YARD MEASURE.

Smoking Cap.

MATERIALS: Black velvet, silk, and lining silk, fine silk cord, black crochet silk, black silk tassel, wadding.

This pretty smoking cap is made of black embroidered velvet and silk, with a wadded and quilted silk lining. Cut from Fig. 37 five pieces of velvet, all of the same size; draw the design on each one, and work it with black crochet silk in satin and over stitch, as well as in herring bone, point russe, and knot stitch. Cut five pieces from Fig. 38, cover them with a puffing of silk; sew each piece to one of the velvet pieces from 32 to 33, and join them together from 32 to ●. Having thinly wadded and quilted the lining, sew it in the cap, cord the edge and seams, and put the tassel in the centre.

INFANT'S MUSLIN CAP.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 21.

INFANT'S ROBE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 32–36.

Flower-Pot Cover.

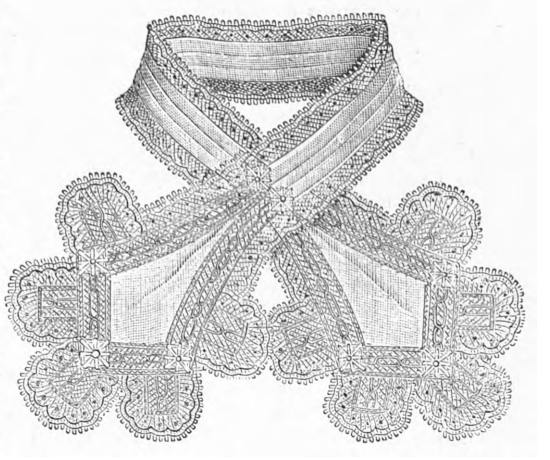
MATERIALS: Brown or gray carriage leather, narrow worsted braid, light-brown fine silk cord, dark-brown crochet silk.

This flower-pot cover is simple, and is easily made of cheap materials. Cut a piece of carriage leather of the desired form and size: notch the top: sew the sides together, and trim it in the manner shown in the illustration, with narrow worsted braid arranged as a trellis, fastening the braid together where it crosses by means of a little figure worked in cross stitch with crochet silk. Face the top and bottom with a strip of carriage leather an inch and a half wide, and finish the top and bottom with silk cord, or with string beads, if preferred.

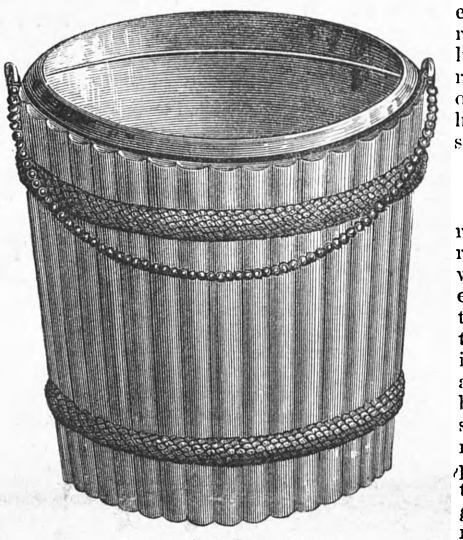
Walnut Yard Measure.

MATERIALS: Shell of a large walnut, light-green crochet silk, green ribbon half an inch wide, round whalebone, two large beads, two small rings, copal varnish.

Take the shell of a large walnut, carefully polish the inside, and hollow out the ends of each half, so that when they are closed a small circular orifice will remain. Make an opening in the side of one-half the walnut shell, two-thirds of an inch wide, and just deep enough for the ribbon to pass through easily. Take a round whalebone or stick, which must be half an inch longer than the walnut shell; put on each end a large bead, wound with green silk, and attach the ribbon for the measure in the middle, making fast the end. Wind the ribbon round the whalebone, and lay the latter in the half of the shell in which the opening has been made, and through which the end of the ribbon has been previously passed, then glue the shell together, and cover it with a coating of copal varnish. When the walnut shell is perfectly dry, inclose it in a netted cover of green crochet silk. In making this cover leave an opening at each end, and fasten a small ring thereon with button-hole stitch. An oblong ring is fastened on the end of the ribbon, and button-holed with green crochet silk.



CRAVAT WITH ENDS.



REED ASH RECEIVER.

Reed Ash Receiver.

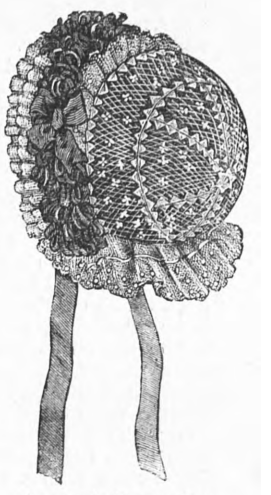
THIS pretty ash receiver represents a bucket of reeds hooped with beads, which are also used to cover the wire handle. It is three inches high, and is two and a quarter inches in diameter at the top and an inch and a half at the bottom. A little brass basin is set in the bottom to receive the ashes. Cut a pasteboard foundation of the desired size, glue it together, set a scalloped rim round the top, and fit it to a pasteboard bottom. This done, cover the foundation with split reeds, glued in place, and put on the hoops, which are made by winding a thin split reed with silk strung with beads, in such a manner that the beads may lie on the outside of the reed, and the silk alone on the inside thereof. Put a wire ring on each side of the bucket, to which fasten the handle, which is made of wire wound with beads.

TALMA FOR YOUNG GIRL.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 13.

SMOKING JACKET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 22–25.

Infant's Muslin Cap.

THIS cap is made of fine Swiss muslin, a needle-work square an inch and a quarter long, Valenciennes and needle-work insertion, and very narrow Valenciennes edging, and two widths of pink ribbon, one three-quarters of an inch wide, and the other only a hair's breadth. First prepare the crown, which is five and a half inches square, and is composed of the needle-work square before mentioned, and Valenciennes and needle-work insertion, and surround the upper half of the same with a frill of Valenciennes edging. Cut the front from Fig. 21; the lower corners must reach the lower corners of the crown; the upper corners of the crown overlap the border, as shown by the line on the pattern. The cap is bound in the neck with muslin, through which narrow rib-



INFANT'S LACE CAP.

INFANT'S CLOAK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 9–12.

bon is run and drawn up, with ends tying behind. The front of the cap is trimmed with two frills of Valenciennes lace with ribbon loops between; one frill extends entirely round the cap. The place for putting on the strings is marked by a star in the pattern. A ribbon rosette with ends is set on the side of the crown.

MARGARET.

Low at her feet the daisy lies,
She sings a burden old and sweet,
She sings (the summer daylight flies),
"Si douce est la Margarete."

"By all thy tongues of silver flame,
By thy heart's golden fret,
I pray thee, and by our one name,
For I am Margaret;
I pray thee take my doubt away,
And make me know my lot,
Thy silver leaves I pluck, and say,
'He loves me—loves me not;'
Thy silver leaves fall one by one
(He loves me—loves me not),
And starlike glimmer faint upon
The darkening garden-plot.
He loves me—he is far above,
And I am lowliest;
He loves me not—but so he love
None other, I can rest.
He loves me—loves me not.—Oh flower,
If now my lover came,
Thy sacred charm would lose its power—
Gold fire and silver flame—
Divine for me a happy lot,
I doubt, I hope, I fear.
Oh joy! (he loves me—loves me not—
He loves me) he is here!"

Low at her feet her lover lies,
He sings a burden old and sweet,
He sings (the summer daylight dies),
"Si douce est la Margarete."

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GARDEN.

WHERE the balmy winds blow over the fair, green hills of Surrey, there stood an old-fashioned mansion built in Elizabethan style, solid, substantial, and time-worn, with pointed gables and heavy mullioned windows. Over the doorway was carved in quaint old English letters, "Peace be to this House!" The principal rooms looked out on a broad terrace, inclosed by a heavy stone coping. On each side of the gravel-walk prim flower-beds were cut in the soft green turf. Pretty Gabrielle Romaine, the young mistress of the house, would have had this stiff, old-fashioned-looking acre modernized and made pretty, but her father had a fancy for its quaintness, and she would not have thwarted his wish had it been ten times as ungainly in her fair young eyes. So she contented herself with avoiding it, and took refuge on the other side of the house under the stately trees which bent their graceful heads over the mimic lake and sheltered a great expanse of lawn. There was another dearer haunt still, in the department consecrated to kitchen uses, which she called "Queen Elizabeth's Garden." Here were many gravel-walks edged with trim double borders of box, behind which were planted tall, stiff-backed hollyhocks and sunflowers lording it over the bright-faced sweet-williams, meek larkspurs, and strong-scented southern-wood growing under their shadow. Flox and saxifrage, ragged robin and sweet-brier, lupins and bold Canterbury bells, all the dear old-fashioned flowers grew here in profusion. But the part Gabrielle loved was a long, broad strip of green turf shaded on either side by fine trees, having for boundary a quaint old-fashioned arbor. You might fancy that in such a one, many centuries ago, under the reign of good Queen Bess, old cronies may have sat hobnobbing over their punch-bowl, and discoursing in language which would seem strangely odd and stilted to our irreverend modern ears. In these days of Havanas and Manillas, Cavendish, Bird's-eye, and Turkish, we should smile with ill-concealed mirth to see their primitive experiments on the strange weed stout Sir Walter had brought them over seas. But you could not by any stretch of imagination fancy fairy Gabrielle Romaine a stately dame, with hoop, farthingale, and ruff (it makes me laugh when I think of that little golden head peeping out from a great mass of starched muslin and lace), pacing with measured tread of high-heeled shoes, and carrying on ceremonious flirtation with a stiffly-bedizened cavalier. No! you must associate nothing but what is gay, simple, sweetly childish, with the little form that comes tripping to its favorite haunt clad in soft, white muslin, with long blue floating ribbons. She is full of glee; all her brothers are at home together—unheard-of good fortune—and they are coming with her father to a feast she has prepared for them in her summer-house.

The said retreat is not one of those rustic gimcracks such as you may buy and have removed to your half-acre suburban garden on a cart; but a great airy apartment, with cushioned seats, and a big round table, where a dozen might dine comfortably. She has come to give a finishing touch; to see that every thing is complete. Yes, there stands the great china bowl of roses in the midst, and there the luscious heaped-up strawberries, the cream and queen cakes, the shining silver tea service, and all the more material part of the repast which will be fully appreciated by the hungry young soldiers. For each of the four—Charlie, Jack, Algy, and Fred—have devoted their six feet of strength, good looks, and valiance to the service of their country. Among all these big men—for Mr. Romaine is taller and broader than any of his sons—lives this dainty little maiden of seventeen, ruling them as absolutely as nearly two thousand years ago Cleopatra swayed her kingdom on the yellow waters of the Nile. Who would have resisted a sovereignty so sweet, so simple as that of this little maiden, whose crown was her wealth of golden hair, and her sceptre a pure white lily?

There was fear in the love of these five strong men, for Gabrielle's frame was delicate: her mother had died in a decline. Mr. Romaine had consulted the first physicians in London on her behalf. They had not shaken their heads, nor even looked grave at her, but they said there *was* delicacy, and she must be very carefully guarded—this little flower.

Well, the feast was spread, the guests seated, and the presiding nymph held the great silver tea-pot (as much as she could conveniently lift) poised in mid-air:

"Papa!" cried the little fairy, beaming smiles upon him from her dark blue eyes, "I am going to take a mean advantage of you. I've prepared a grand banquet for you, like Esther, and when you've eaten and drank yourself into extra good-humor, I have a petition to make unto you, O King!" and she toned down her laughing voice into solemnity.

"We'll aid and abet," cried Jack, in his jolly voice.

"Yes," echoed Fred, with his mouth full of strawberries; "I'm game for any thing."

"Well, dear, a cup more tea, and then you shall make your request known," said her father.

When she had supplied the wants of the company, she commenced:

"Papa, you know next Thursday week will be my birthday?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Romaine, feigning to have forgotten, as if there was not a lovely bracelet ordered already from London and Ryder's, to mark the occasion. "How old shall you be?"

"Oh, papa! as if you did not know! Eighteen, of course; and I want—I want to have a party."

"A party, child! what sort of party?"

"An evening party, of course, papa; with a band from London, and every thing, like we had in the winter."

"Bravo, Ellie! a capital idea!" cried Charlie. "Of course the governor will consent. I wonder we didn't think of it before!"

"I'm afraid dancing is not very good for you, love," said her father, with a slight shade on his brow. "Dr. Heaton—"

"Dr. Heaton's an old coddle, papa. It won't hurt me, indeed. You dear old darling, do say Yes."

"Come, Sir, say Yes!" interposed Algernon; "celebrate Miss Puss's birthday and the return of the warrior band altogether, and give a dance."

"But, Gabrielle, my love, is it not too short a notice?"

"Oh no, papa! not a bit; there is never any thing going on in August; and I do so want to ask our new neighbors, the Halls. Jack, you haven't seen them, and they *are* so pretty. There are three, all with lovely dark hair and eyes. I would give any thing to be like them. One for you, one for Charlie, and one for Fred."

"Why am I left out, Miss?" cries Algy.

"Because you're a grand young Guardsman, Sir, and I mean to have a lady of title for you. Lady Alice Maryon is coming to stay with the Parkers, and I shall invite her for your especial benefit."

Mr. Romaine's consent was not very hard to win when his little daughter was the suppliant; so the petition was granted, and Gabrielle with her brothers proceeded to arrange every thing that could insure the success of the birthday party amidst much jubilance and laughter. The mellow sun sinking lower and lower in the western sky threw his ruddy golden shadows athwart the broad chestnut leaves, and came peeping in at the door of the summer-house. Surely the gaze of Phœbus never lingered on a sweeter scene than this loving union of weakness and strength. To-morrow, next week, next year, he may peer curiously in again, but he will never more see there the sight on which he dwells so lovingly to-night.

The fifth of August has come at last. Gabrielle is eighteen to-day. She trips out of the house into the garden with a basket on her arm, a huge pair of scissors in her little fingers to cut flowers for the further adornment of the rooms. "Jack! Charlie! you lazy boys, come and help me. Fred is too busy making love to Ada in Queen Elizabeth's garden. We won't disturb them." So with many quips and pranks and wiles the little mistress flits about taking sunshine wherever she goes, bringing out smiles on the faces which look up at her kind merry words. "Lord love her pretty face!" says the coachman, as she runs into the stable with a carrot or lump of sugar for her pet Sibelle. "Bless her sweet heart!" cries the cross old butler, as she trips into the pantry with some mild request. The dogs fawn upon her, the horses thrust their noses into her pretty white hands—even sleepy puss, lying curled up in full sunshine, sends a volume of great purs after her. Who ever looked on Gabrielle Romaine without loving her?—too well, alas! But all is bright to-day; every thing is in active preparation; the sun gets to his resting-place midway in the heavens, declines, sinks, is gone altogether.

"I wish papa and Algy would come, Jack," pouts Ellie. "Why could not those tiresome people wait a day longer?"

Jack takes out his watch.

"They'll be here in ten minutes now, dear. Go and dress. Ada went an hour ago."

Gabrielle goes obediently. In three-quarters of an hour she is dressed, and comes into the ball-room all in fairy white, with pearls on her neck, and a great lily nestling in her hair. Jack and Fred are there already.

"Oh, Jack! have they not come yet?" she cries.

"No, Puss; but there is another train. You dear, pretty little thing!" and loving, big-hearted Jack gives her a good squeeze. She does not mind his disarranging her dress a bit: is he not her pet brother of all? wouldn't he lay down his life for his little sister?

Twenty minutes; the next train is due: Gabrielle's cheeks flush with excitement. In half an hour the guests will begin to arrive, and her father may not be ready to help her receive them.

"Here they are!" she cries, as a figure comes within sight of the window. "No!—yes! why it's Algy—Algy alone! Oh, Jack! he seems quite lame. Something has happened."

Jack is out in the garden flying toward his brother before the words have fairly left her lips.

"Algy! what's the matter? Where's the governor?"

"Coming behind in a fly. There's been an accident: he's awfully hurt: I came first, not to frighten Ellie. For God's sake, Jack, get her out of the way before they bring him in!"

And the young Guardsman, sick and staggering with pain, leans for a moment on his brother.

"Poor old fellow! where are you hurt? Rest on me," cries Jack. "Algy—father won't die?" and his voice falters like a woman's. "Who's with him?"

"There was a physician in the train: he's coming with him. Go in, Jack, or Ellie will suspect."

Jack nerves himself with a desperate effort, and goes calmly toward the house. But Gabrielle is already on the steps, in her satin shoes, with uncovered neck and arms.

"Come in, darling!" says Jack, tenderly. "You'll catch your death of cold."

"Oh, Jack—what is it? what has happened?"

"Algy's hurt his foot: come in, Ellie, dear!" and the young man draws her in with tender force. But she breaks from him, and, rushing down the steps, flings herself on her younger brother.

"Are you hurt, Algy, dearest? Where is papa?"

The sound of wheels coming slowly up the gravel-drive is heard at this moment.

"For God's sake, Jack, take her in!" cries Algernon, in an imploring tone.

"No—no—no!" she shrieks, breaking from them; and then she gasps: "Only let me stay!—only let me see him! Oh, papa! papa!"

They dare not use force to the fragile little creature, and so, despairingly, they let her stay. The carriage comes up to the door, and a tall form alights from it. Jack and Fred rush to him. Between them they lift out the seemingly lifeless form of their father. For the moment Gabrielle is forgotten: she crouches silently, with blanched face and terror-stricken eyes, and as they carry him in she follows. The house is all confusion; the servants run hither and thither terrified. Up stairs goes that sad procession, the strong arms of the stranger supporting the heavy, death-like head. When Mr. Romaine is laid upon his bed, and the physician hangs over him, Gabrielle comes trembling to his side. He hears a faint rustle, and, turning, sees a small, white face, looking scared from out a crown of golden hair. Somehow he thinks of Shakspeare's "Ophelia." A great compassion comes over him for this poor little stricken maiden, decked in the fairy ball robes, and he hastens to answer the look of entreaty in the imploring eyes. He has more tender pity than some who think it duty to adhere to rigid truth; he takes her hand, and says very gently:

"This is just a fainting fit. Please God, we shall soon have him better. You must not stay now, but when we have made an examination you shall come again."

"You promise?" she cries, with wild entreaty in her eyes, too utterly agonized to cry.

"I promise! I will fetch you myself."

At first the physician had little hope of his patient, but presently Mr. Romaine opened his eyes and moaned. The injuries were chiefly internal—his sufferings intense. After an hour Dr. Yorke went down stairs to find Gabrielle. She flew to meet him, with wistful eyes.

"Your father is conscious now," he said, gently. "He will get over it."

Then the great tears came raining down Gabrielle's white face in a torrent, and her tender frame shook with sobs. Philip Yorke looked at her with an unwonted moisture in his eyes, a knot rising in his throat. The sight of her quivering, convulsed form, sent a strange thrill of pain to his heart. He took a soft white cloak that lay near, and covered her neck and arms with it.

"You will take cold," he whispered, kindly.

"May I go to papa?" she asked, presently.

"You shall if you wish it, but I would rather you waited until to-morrow."

"Do let me go now!" she cried, rising.

"If I promise to stay all night with him myself, will you not wait a few hours?"

Looking up in his kind, grave face, she felt a sudden boundless trust in him.

"And to-morrow," he went on, "to-morrow you shall be installed as head-nurse—only go to bed now, and try to sleep."

She promised, and went away obediently to her room. Not to sleep, for many hours; but to toss wakefully from side to side; to send up fervent prayers for her darling father; to cry bitterly when she fancied he was suffering, and to feel a great, reassured comfort in the presence of the stranger. As the morning light came strongly through the drawn blinds she fell into a heavy sleep.

When she awoke Jack was bending over her, and the full August sunshine poured into the room. She did not remember at first, and only looked up with a wondering smile at seeing her brother there. Then remembrance dawned upon her.

"Oh, Jack, papa?"

"The dear old governor's better, darling—I came to tell you."

"And that gentleman?—the doctor?"

"Dr. Yorke? He's gone; he was obliged to be in town by ten o'clock, but he is coming again this afternoon—and Ferrers is here. He's the nicest, kindest fellow I ever met in my life. Wasn't it fortunate, his happening to be in the train?"

"Was he hurt, Jack?"

"Not a bit. Only a little shaken."

The days wore slowly away, and Mr. Romaine gradually recovered. His little daughter was an indefatigable nurse, refusing absolutely to leave him, except at night. Big, tender-hearted Jack, installed himself also in the sick-room as long as he was at home, but his leave of absence was nearly up. Algernon, who had quite recovered from the accident, and Charles were already gone.

There was great lamentation when Jack's turn arrived. Poor little Gabrielle missed him sadly. At Mr. Romaine's urgent request Dr. Yorke still came frequently to see him; and, after a while, the golden-haired maiden came to watch eagerly for his arrival. She would gather him the choicest roses, because he once said he cared for flowers. She would have all manner of dainty refreshment spread out for him, and was in ecstasy if he only partook of it. Pluto could not have watched Proserpine's appetite with more intense concern than did Gabrielle the physician's. His visit was always rather a long one, because he had to wait for the up-train, and she would watch him furtively, with a strange, fascinated interest, as he talked to Mr. Romaine. What was there in him to attract this soft, kitten-like maiden? A tall, deep-chested frame, with a cold, grave, passionless face, and thoughtful gray eyes, which looked as if they lived for science, and discovering the dark causes of human ills alone. It was a handsome face, with the broad open brow and well-cut mouth; but there were threads of white in the dark curling hair, for Philip Yorke's life had already numbered eight lustres. But Gabrielle thought of him all the day, and dreamed of him at night, while he never gave her a look or word more than kindness and courtesy demanded. Was he blind, that he failed to read those ingenuous eyes?

In time Mr. Romaine became so well that Dr. Yorke's visits perforce had an end; but so great was his regard and liking for the physician that he begged him to come down and stay at Beechwood as often as the arduous duties of his profession admitted. Philip Yorke accepted the invitation when it was given, but months rolled by, and Gabrielle never saw the man who had come to fill such a large portion of her thoughts and dreams. Sometimes Mr. Romaine went to London and consulted him; then, on his return, many were the questions his little daughter would ask. Yes, he answered, he had seen Dr. Yorke; he looked somewhat worn—was overworked. He had promised to come some Saturday until Monday, to have a day's shooting—that was the one recreation he permitted himself—had not been able to fix a day though.

The dear little maiden's cheeks began to pale. She did not go singing about the rooms, with that sweet, blithe voice all the household were wont to listen for; and the heaven-blue eyes grew to have a pained, wistful look. As in the olden fairy-tale many handsome young princes traveled from afar to waken with their kisses the sleeping beauty, so came many gallant hearts seeking to quicken love in the heart of pretty Gabrielle. But for them she slumbered heavily, seeing in her dreams one form alone; and for all he would see or care, she cried to herself, she might slumber on into the long trance from which is no awaking here.

Was it so? Did he in truth care nothing? Were his senses so dulled that he knew naught of the love he had called into life? No! He had seen it all well enough, with a strange wonder, a strange pain. This pure lily maiden to love him, a man twice her age, who many weary years ago had banished all hopes of the love of good women. His heart ached as he thought of that fresh young love which would have seemed a glimpse of heaven to him if.....Oh! that curse of his life, which nothing could alter or atone for now! "I will not go to Beechwood any more," Philip Yorke said to himself; "it is but a child's fancy. She will soon forget me when she no longer sees me." During all the long winter months, through the fresh spring-tide of budding hedges, when fair mother earth awakes from her long trance, he kept his resolve in spite of oft-repeated invitations from the Romaines. But one day in the early summer came a delicate note from Gabrielle. "Papa is not quite so well," she wrote. "He has a slight return of the old pain, and does not feel equal to a journey in the train. Will you come down to-morrow and stay until Monday? The country looks so pretty; we think a little change would do you good."

What could he do? A man in any other profession might have invented some excuse; but a physician is at the beck and call of any one who chooses to demand his services. And, if he went at all, he might as well stay: it would seem uncourteous to refuse again. So he went; and Gabrielle and her father received him with the warmest welcome. How sweet and peaceful it seemed here among the Surrey hills, with the birds still singing, the sunlight still falling on the green grass and boughs, as they sat out after dinner! Mr. Romaine and he talked and smoked, while Gabrielle flitted hither and thither, waiting on her father, playing with her dogs, or sometimes sitting still to listen, with eyes turned full upon him as he spoke, like Desdemona might have done to the Moor. When the last ray of sunlight was gone, and they went into the house, Miss Romaine sang to them old, simple ballads in a voice as sweet as an angel's.

"I will never come again," groaned Philip

Yorke, to himself, as he watched her, and felt a wild worship of her beauty and innocence surging up in his heart. The next afternoon some one came from town to see Mr. Romaine, and Gabrielle was left alone with the physician.

"You have never seen 'Queen Elizabeth's Garden,'" she said. "Come, and I will show it you."

He rose and walked with her to her favorite spot.

"I do not wonder at your coming here often," he smiled, as they paced together up and down the broad turf walk. "It is a very Arcadia for day-dreams."

"I call that my palace," she laughed, pointing to the summer-house; "sometimes I give parties there. Last summer I had a delightful one; all my brothers were at home together, and we persuaded papa to let me have my birthday ball. That was the terrible day of the accident, you know. What would we have done if you had not been there?"

"You would have sent for some one else," said Dr. Yorke, quietly.

"Oh, but no one would have been like you!" she answered, turning her blue eyes upon him with a look that betrayed all their simple tale.

"You love your father very dearly," he remarked, abruptly.

"Love him! oh yes, with all my heart! And Jack, and all my brothers."

"I suppose you would not be happy if you were like me, and cared for no one in the world?" he said, deliberately.

"Don't you care for any one?" asked Gabrielle, a little wistfully.

"I have not known what it means to love any one for the last ten years," replied Philip Yorke, coldly. "I never shall again. My profession is wife, sister, child to me; I have not one thought for any thing else."

Gabrielle turned away to hide her face, and they walked on in silence.

"Papa has promised me another party this year," she said, presently. "I wish you would come."

"I? I never go to balls. It is ten years since I went to one."

"Won't you come to mine, as a very, very great favor?" and Gabrielle looked up at him with such entreating eyes that Philip Yorke felt a sudden desire to stoop and kiss the dear little childish face. He was silent for a moment, so carried away by his thoughts that he forgot to answer her.

"Do!" she pleaded, softly; and, with a start, he came back to consciousness.

"If you wish it, I will," he answered, smiling. Then they walked back to the house.

Gabrielle's birthday came in due course, and this time it was marked by no unpropitious event. A little before twelve Dr. Yorke entered the ball-room. He had had a long, weary day; his head ached with want of rest, but he had promised her and would not break his word. His eyes sought out the fair little mistress of the ceremonies. Yes, there she was, all in white, as he remembered so well to have seen her before, with pearls on her neck and big white lilies nestling in her golden hair. A jealous pang shot through him as he watched her in the arms of a young, handsome man; but as they paused in the waltz he saw her eyes—those eyes which always reminded him of the blue veronica—search eagerly round the room. As they lighted on him a glad smile beamed over her face. Then he sighed bitterly. She left her partner, and came quickly toward him.

"How good of you to come! And you look so tired. Have you had some wine?"

"No, thank you. I do not care for any thing. I have come to wish you many happy returns of the day."

Alas, poor little Gabrielle! Philip Yorke wishing you that wish; what a mockery it seemed in those after-days, when he remembered every word he ever spoke to you!

I must not linger now: my story is not of these pleasant days. I would not make the sweet more sweet, lest the bitter should seem too bitter in your eyes.

The ball was over—Philip Yorke gone.

Many a day Gabrielle sat in her dainty maiden room, dreaming like the Lily Maid of Astolat of her absent knight, so kind and grave, who had never spoken one word of love to her—never been aught but courteous and cold. The little fairy was not so blithe now; she did not trip through the house, breaking like a sunbeam into the lives of those around her. Sometimes she sat with dreamy eyes all the summer afternoon, her hands lying idle, ignorant when people watched her with loving anxious eyes, not even seeing the wistful looks her faithful terrier cast upon her unheeding face. Mr. Romaine understood it all, and sighed with a strange wondering sadness at her love for the cold, grave man twice her age, who was too wrapt in his profession to think or care for a child's fancy.

It was a bright afternoon early in October; the summer had lasted on into autumn, and still the leaves were on the trees. Green, brown, russet-red and gold; all the lovely tints on which our autumn suns linger were in that quaint old garden. Gabrielle was pacing slowly up and down her favorite haunt, thinking regretfully of the fair summer that was gone by, of the cold, dreaded winter coming on. There had been some talk of her spending the winter abroad, but she had opposed it vehemently; it was death to her the thought of going somewhere so far off, where she would have no hope of seeing *him*.

There came a quick step along the gravel-walk, and Gabrielle turned. She stopped suddenly, with a throbbing heart, the vivid roses mantling in her pale cheeks as she uttered:

"Dr. Yorke!"

But he was altered: his face was not cold or passionless now, but glad with brightness and hope.

"Little Gabrielle," he whispered, "may I ask for your love at last?"

Was it all some strange dream that had come to this little maiden as she wandered forlorn in her bower—some vision sent her of the compassionate gods? Ah no! those bright shining tears showed how glad, how real was her happiness.

And so it came to pass that this fresh young life and the strong stern one were blended together in a great love, so great that none could say which owned the larger share. Was it more happiness to the little frail maiden to cling round the shelter of that strong heart? or was this pure love more priceless to the man who had thought the best part of life sapless and withered for him? Perhaps it was hardly a match Mr. Romaine would have chosen for his idolized daughter; but when he saw how the roses returned to her cheeks, when he heard her glad voice singing again as she tripped about the house, and watched the sweet smiles dimpling in her face, he thanked God, and was content. There was no more talk of wintering abroad. Gabrielle seemed so well and strong, her father almost forgot how anxious he had been for her a month ago. It was fixed then that the marriage should take place in December. Philip Yorke begged so hard that there should be no longer delay, and Mr. Romaine, with a sore heart, yielded the point.

The 20th of December came at last, clear, bright, shining—as fair a winter sun as ever shone upon a lovely bride. What a sweet, tender little flower it was! with what loving eyes all those six stalwart men gazed on the dear face, looking like some pure white flower from out its aureole of golden hair! They had all come to the wedding, Jack, Charlie, and Algy; and besides, there were four pretty bridemaids and a gay party. The fair procession passed up the aisle of the country church, taking their places at the altar rail. Who would have known that handsome face, with its tender, smiling mouth, for cold, stern Philip Yorke? Ah, never to be cold or stern to her his darling wife from this day forth.

The ceremony commenced; the clergyman read the opening address, and then gave the solemn charge. He paused for a moment, and through the church came a harsh voice:

"I forbid the marriage!"

Startled, every one turned, and then all eyes were fixed upon the bridegroom. No need to ask a question: there, upon the ashen face and staggering form, was written, plainer than all words, that this was no vain interruption. Gabrielle cast one wild glance at him; all the color died out of her cheeks, and, with a convulsed sob, she fell backward. Jack caught her in his arms, and carried her, like one dead, into the vestry.

Philip Yorke sat locked in his own room, his head bent down upon his arms, with such anguish for company as men rarely know, even in this sinning, suffering world. Fifteen years of bitterness, of struggling to forget and live down; a momentary gleam of God's fair sunshine, and then—the night of blackness and thick darkness.

Sixteen years before this day, Philip Yorke, young, passionate, headstrong, had fallen into the meshes of a scheming woman. Shameless, abandoned, far inferior to him in position, she had yet exercised a strange fascination over him, and he married her, despite the prayers, the entreaties of his mother and friends. The delusion lasted a little while, even after she was his wife, until one day he awoke to the knowledge of what she really was. Violent, shrewish, impure of life—and yet he could bring nothing actually against her since her marriage. "You shall never be divorced from me," she sneered, in her coarse, mocking voice. "You are tired of me; you would like to get rid of me, and marry that little, doll-faced Nelly Steele, but you never shall!" Goaded to madness by his sickening disgust for this creature who called him husband Philip Yorke plunged into the wildest excesses, and then, when she had every proof she wanted against him, she resumed her old courses. So, at twenty-five, a man's life was wrecked by one act of headstrong, boyish folly. Philip Yorke had dug the grave for his hopes; he did all that remained to be done—gave them decent burial, trod down the turf, and built up the monument of a useful life over them. The world saw the shining mausoleum, and never guessed how hollow and empty it was. He never saw his wife, but sent her money periodically through an agent, and so the years rolled on. She was in America when he first saw Gabrielle Romaine. A month after the last birthday-ball a New York paper was sent to him. Turning it curiously over, he came to a paragraph marked with a cross, and headed "Suicide of Catherine Yorke." It described the person of his wife; age forty-two, of a florid appearance, with black hair, and of intemperate habits. He laid down the paper with a throbbing pulse. If it were only true! if at last this cursed nightmare was taken off him forever! Free! free to love and be loved by that pure little lily maiden: to have a hope—a life still before he died!

He wrote to his agent, and awaited the answer in feverish impatience. There was no doubt, came the reply, that the dead woman and Dr. Yorke's wife were identical; the day before her suicide she had presented herself at the office, and clamorously demanded money. Her appearance was strange, her manner wild, as though in a state of intoxication. From that time she had not been seen again, although she had threatened to come every day until they gave her the money she wanted. The agent, Mr. Brown, had refused her the sum until it became due. Since then the day of payment had passed, and no application was made for it. There could be no doubt of the woman's identity, as he had made all inquiries, and found that the life and habits of the suicide corresponded exactly with those of Dr. Yorke's unhappy wife. And so the burden rolled away from the poor toiler, and left him free, glad of heart, a changed man—until that day in the little country church where, standing beside his darling, on the very brink of Heaven in this world, that voice, so long unheard, plunged him down into the very shades of Hell. She forced herself into his presence, that shrill, fierce-tongued virago, mocking him with her coarse sneers until he could have strangled her where she stood.

"Am I revenged at last?" she hissed. "And so you thought there was only one Catherine Yorke in the world? You thought, because she was *of intemperate habits*, it must be me. *I* sent you that paper. I saw my way to sting you at last as you have done me, and dragged me down, and kept me in want all these years. I set Tom on to watch you, and when I heard all your fine doings, and how you were going to marry a girl young enough to be your daughter, I thought I'd come over in time to be at the wedding." And the woman uttered a shrill, mocking sound that seemed like the laugh of a fiend in Philip Yorke's writhing ears.

How crept on those days of torment, those nights of anguish! He went about his work as usual, and people stared strangely at him, for his miserable story had been published to society in the newspapers, headed, "An Interrupted Wedding." What mattered it to the world? It said nothing to him, because he was a skillful physician, and it required his services. Once he had thought to go away, somewhere far off, where prying eyes could no longer look curiously upon him; but he felt that without his profession he would go mad. Mr. Romaine refused to see or hold any communication with him, and of Gabrielle he heard nothing.

One bitter March morning, as he sat in his consulting-room to receive patients, the servant brought him a note. His hand shook as if palsied when he tried to open it. "I am waiting in the carriage. I must see you. May I come in?—GABRIELLE." Thus it ran.

He turned away for a moment to steady his voice, and then said:

"Ask the lady in here at once."

A moment of agonized uncertainty; then the door opened, and the little figure he knew so well came in slowly, closely veiled.

Philip Yorke stood speechless, without moving. When she came up to him he shrank back. "Oh child, child! why have you come?" he cried, in a harsh, trembling voice.

Gabrielle drew the veil from her face; the poor white face, so thin and hollow that the sight of it broke his heart. She laid her hand on his arm, looking up with eyes dimmed by many tears.

"Philip," she whispered, "I could not part from you so. They would not let me see you, and so I came when no one knew of it." A cough interrupted her, a cough that sent a thrill of agony quivering through every nerve of his strong frame.

"Oh, Gabrielle, child, you should not have come out to-day!"

"Why?" she asked, wearily. "I do not care for life any more now, Philip. I felt I must see you once, and tell you that I do not blame you. I know nothing, only I loved you so; I know you would not have broken my heart. Would you, dear Philip?"

He covered his face with his hands, the blinding, passionate tears raining through them. Had he not already tasted the bitterest anguish life held, but he must look on this piteous, white face and read the end of its story written there? Gabrielle put both her hands upon his arm, crying too.

"I am not ill, Philip," she whispered. "I shall soon be better. I must not stay longer now; only remember, darling, I shall never blame you, never think hardly of you."

He drew his hands slowly from his face and looked down at the eager, loving eyes. Then there came a passionate longing to take her once in his arms in a last embrace—to kiss away the tears from the dear eyes, once—only once.

Then he mastered himself with an iron will. Should he sully this fair flower by one unlawful touch? No! he would not even let so much as a finger rest upon her.

"Oh, Gabrielle!" he cried, bitterly—"little Gabrielle, for whom I would give my life—would to God you had never seen me!"

"No, Philip," she answered, softly, "do not say that; I would not have been without your love. Oh, you don't know how happy it made me!—too happy for this world."

"Child!" he murmured, in a broken voice, "if God would hear a prayer from such a one as I, how I would pray him to bless you for your merciful compassion in saying these things to me! Oh, little one, who was so near being mine—to think that now I dare not even touch you! How could I ever hope, after such a life as mine has been, that God would give me an angel like you? Oh, Gabrielle! go now, child—I can't bear this any longer!" And Philip Yorke's strong frame shook with passionate emotion.

"Good-by, Philip!" She took one of his hands in her little ones, laying her tender lips upon it. Then she turned and went away, blinded with tears.

He strained his aching eyes after her until the door had closed; and then the black darkness, the darkness of night and death, swept into his soul and filled it up with despair; only despair—no light, no hope.

Philip Yorke had his will. No other man ever held Gabrielle to his breast or read love in her blue eyes; but when the summer came she lay dead, with hands folded on her bosom and the pure white lilies nestling there.

WOMEN'S NOVELS.

WITHIN very recent memory the production of *stories* has increased enormously, out of all proportion with the increase of grave and solid books. Modern novels, in order to be popular, must be full of exciting scenes and glowing descriptions; the tame, colorless love-story, often as not told in a series of letters, which won the fancy of our grandmothers, would now be laid aside with contempt.

Female authorship seems admirably adapted for a certain class of novels. A gossiping letter is generally better written by a woman than by a man, because women observe trivial matters which men pass by with indifference; and such novels as resemble gossiping letters on an extended scale might reasonably be expected from feminine pens; also, we might fairly expect that any department of literature in which female influence predominated would be characterized by purity of conception and gracefulness of treatment. We should readily excuse the absence of strength and originality, but we should certainly expect that educated women, being sheltered by the conditions of their sex from much of the vice and temptation of the outer world, would, in their literary efforts, display a pleasing ignorance of many things which are forced on the observation of men. But what is the real state of affairs? In the pages of sensational novels, especially in those which are penned by the gentler sex, vice runs riot and crime reigns supreme. In the romances of old days it was customary to introduce a single villain, who inflicted much pain and suffering on the virtuous characters, but was ultimately conquered and subverted. Now, however, the villains form the majority—one angel of innocence, perhaps, is permitted to roam through a pandemonium of fiends—but often enough there is no angel of innocence at all—all the *dramatis personæ* are steeped in meanness and scoundrelism.

Novels of this sort must be mischievous, especially to the young and impressionable, who believe all they read. If we should not like our daughters to frequent the company of rakes and Anonymas, swindlers and murderers in real life, we can not consistently introduce them to such society in fiction. Moreover, the vices which in actual life would appear odious and vulgar are in these books softened by the qualities attributed to the persons who commit them. The cheat, the gambler, and the seducer is depicted as a handsome, manly fellow; and his beauty and his skill in horsemanship are dangled before our eyes as a reason for pardoning his criminalities. The murderer of the old *régime* had a villainous countenance; the murderer—or rather murderess, for ladies most often break the sixth commandment—of modern fiction is a gentle, girlish creature with a peach-bloom complexion, soft blue eyes, and a wealth of golden hair.

There is a pleasant sense of satisfaction in the knowledge that we have not altogether to trust to the productions of this school for the impressions the novel-history of our times will create on posterity—that we have writers of both sexes of powerful genius, fine taste, and sound principle, who have striven, and not vainly, to raise and benefit mankind. Rather by George Eliot, Miss Mulock, and Charlotte Brontë, will, we trust, the tone and spirit of our age be judged than by those writers who have elevated what is meretricious, superficial, most vicious and sensual, from the blackest depths of our social system to a prominent and highly-decorated post of observation.

We close their books with regret and affection, are wiser and better, have a gentler, kindlier, and more Christian feeling toward the world than when we have emerged from the fevered, gaudy, and viciously-confusing stage where the Sensational writer has exhibited a show worthy of the Yahoos.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BESSIE AND OTHERS.—The stitch known as "point russe" is the most quickly and easily worked of all embroidery stitches, being simply the back stitch used in plain sewing, care being taken to put the needle through so as to make the stitches follow in the same direction, by which means the work preserves a neat appearance on the under side. Having selected a pattern draw it either on tissue paper or on the material. This stitch is usually worked in black silk, though any other color may be used. It shows a single thread on the right side. Different colors may be used in the same design; or in work that requires shading different numbers of black silk. This stitch is especially designed for embroidering on thin muslin. It makes a very pretty cover for toilette cushions and the like. Take two thicknesses of fine thin muslin and work through both. Then cut away the under piece of muslin excepting in the centre of the flowers, leaves, etc. This laid over the colored silk or velvet of the cushion lends the work the appearance of raised white flowers bordered with the delicate black stitches. This stitch may also be used for embroidering children's dresses, Garibaldis, etc. It is most effective on the double thin muslin, as it thus presents the appearance of being much more elaborate than it really is. In working heavier material it may sometimes be necessary to put the needle through backward and forward instead of forming the entire stitch at once. When the design requires that the stitches be very short they may also be done in this manner in order to prevent drawing the work. For marking or embroidering pocket-handkerchiefs, a stitch called point dame is used. This is the same stitch—the ordinary back stitch used in sewing—except that greater care must be taken with the under side. In working always put the needle so that for every stitch on the upper side there may be a corresponding one on the under side. In working this the thread must be carefully fastened after finishing each separate part of the design. The under side will be different, but equally as neat and conspicuous as the upper side.

MRS. M. K.—White lama lace shawls are sometimes dyed; but they are apt to show that this has been done. It is better to purchase a black lace shawl than a white one with a view to having it dyed.

M. T. HILL.—We can not undertake any commissions for the purchase of articles.

NEWARK.—We furnish no patterns except those contained in the Supplement.

Collar of Black Watered Ribbon.

THIS pretty and stylish collar is made of black watered ribbon an inch wide, and jet beads and grelots. Cut a piece of ribbon just long enough to reach round the neck, sew on it two rows of beads lengthwise, and set on the bottom seventeen pieces of ribbon, each five inches long, the ends of which are pointed by turning the corners over on the wrong side and sewing them fast, and trimmed each with a large bead and a grelot. The seam where the ends are set on is likewise ornamented with a bead and grelot. A chain formed of jet rings and beads, of the requisite length, is set on the ribbon ends, half-way from the top, in the manner shown in the illustration. The collar is tied behind with two ribbons, each a yard long, which are likewise pointed at the ends, and ornamented with beads and grelots.

COLLAR OF BLACK WATERED RIBBON

BROWN VELVET TOQUE.

Brown Velvet Toque.

THIS coquettish little hat is very becoming in general to young girls. It is made of brown velvet, with a *revers*, narrow in front and wider at the sides. The right side is trimmed with a long white plume and a spray of bronze leaves.

Black Velvet Beret.

THIS beret, of black velvet, is trimmed on the side with a spray of roses with bronze leaves, and a long heron's plume, which falls gracefully over the curled chignon.

BLACK VELVET BERET.

COIFFURE OF ELDERLY LADY.—BACK.

Brown Velvet Mignon.

THIS promises to be one of the most graceful hats worn this spring. The original is of blue velvet; the crown is quite flat, and the brim is narrow in front and broad at the sides, where it is turned up, as seen in the illustration. The edge is trimmed with a narrow quilling of blue satin ribbon. A rose with buds and leaves is set on the front, and a blue satin bow, with long ends, on the back of the hat.

Coiffure for Elderly Lady.

FOR this simple and tasteful coiffure part the hair in a line with the ear; roll the front hair forward over a frisette, to which the short curls, seen in the illustration, have first been attached, in such a manner as to conceal the fastening; then join it with the back hair. Tie the latter quite high, braid it in two plaits, and arrange it in the form of a bow. If the hair is short or thin, it may be lengthened at the ends with another tress, and braided over a frisette, in the manner described in former numbers of *Harper's Bazar*.

White Cashmere Sack.

THIS sack is of white cashmere, lined with white muslin, and embroidered round the edge with colored single zephyr in point russe; black crochet silk may also be used. Fig. 40 gives the embroidery pattern for the border. The sack is cut in the Breton fashion, and is very stylish and effective.

WHITE CASHMERE SACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 40.

Confirmation Dresses.

See illustration, page 377.

Fig. 1.—Black silk dress with high neck and close sleeves. Black cashmere shawl, trimmed with a broad band of black silk, a fringe, and a border embroidered with black crochet silk and beads in satin stitch and chain stitch. Fig. 39 gives the design for the embroidery. The talma, of which an illustration is given on page 373, may be substituted for the shawl. The dress is cut from the pattern given in No. I., Fig. 3.

Fig. 2.—Dress with high neck and close sleeves of black gros grain. Marie Antoinette fichu of the same material, trimmed with a quilling of black silk. A shawl or talma may be substituted for the fichu. Fig. 3 gives the pattern of the dress. For the fichu, cut from Fig. 29 one piece each of the outside and black lustring lining, and from Fig. 28 two pieces

BLUE VELVET MIGNON.

of each. Join Figs. 28 and 29 from 19 to 20, letting the seam come between the outside and the lining. Run the edges together, and finish with the quilling, the edges of which are pinked on both sides.

Fig. 3.—Dress with high neck and close sleeves of black poult de soie, trimmed with bias folds of the same material. Scarf mantilla of heavy black corded silk. The manner of making the dress is described on the first page of the Supplement. For the scarf mantilla, which is trimmed with a box-pleated frill of the same material, cut from the aforesaid stuff one piece from Fig. 30, taking care to observe the piece turned down in the pattern. Hem the edge of the mantilla. For the trimming, take a strip of the stuff three inches wide, both edges

COIFFURE OF ELDERLY LADY.—FRONT.

of which are pinked, and box-pleat it three-quarters of an inch from the edge, making the pleats a quarter of an inch wide, and the same distance apart. Set the trimming on the mantilla with bead gimp, three-quarters of an inch from the edge, and covering the sewing of the pleats. The mantilla is fastened with ribbons, eight inches in length.

Fig. 4.—Swiss muslin dress with high neck and long sleeves. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a flounce a quarter of a yard wide. Bias folds simulate a Pompadour waist. White silk buttons close the corsage. Fig. 3 gives the pattern of the dress. A white veil completes the costume.

Polonaise or Redingote.

See illustration, page 377.

THIS sleeveless Polonaise or redingote must be of the same color as the dress, although the material may be different. The suit in the illustration consists of a short dress of brown poplin, trimmed with brown silk rouleaux. The paletot is of brown taffetas, lined with silk, and trimmed with bias silk folds of the same color. The waist is confined by a narrow belt, with wide loops and ends behind. Cut the fronts, outside, and lining from Fig. 26, the front edge of the left only to the dotted line, and the back whole from Fig. 27. Take care to observe the piece turned down in Fig. 26. These pieces are shown in the figure of the Polonaise on the Supplement reduced to one-sixteenth of the full size. Lengthen the Polonaise on the bottom as much as may be desired.

FIGURE 1.
For design of embroidery for shawl, see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 39.

FIGURE 2.
For pattern of Marie Antoinette fichu, see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 28 and 29.

FIGURE 3.
For pattern of dress, see Suppl., No. I., Figs. 1-8; pattern of scarf mantilla, Suppl., No. X., Fig. 30.

FIGURE 4.
For pattern of skirt, see Supplement, No. I., Fig. 3.

CONFIRMATION DRESSES.

Baste the outside and lining together; sew up the darts in the waist, and join the back and fronts, making the figures on the pattern correspond with each other. Run the edges together, and cord the neck and arm-holes, then set on the trimming and belt—the latter is fastened behind with loops and ends. The Polonaise is closed at the neck with a hook and eye. Sleeves can be added, and the front cut straight, if preferred.

Infant's Lace Cap.

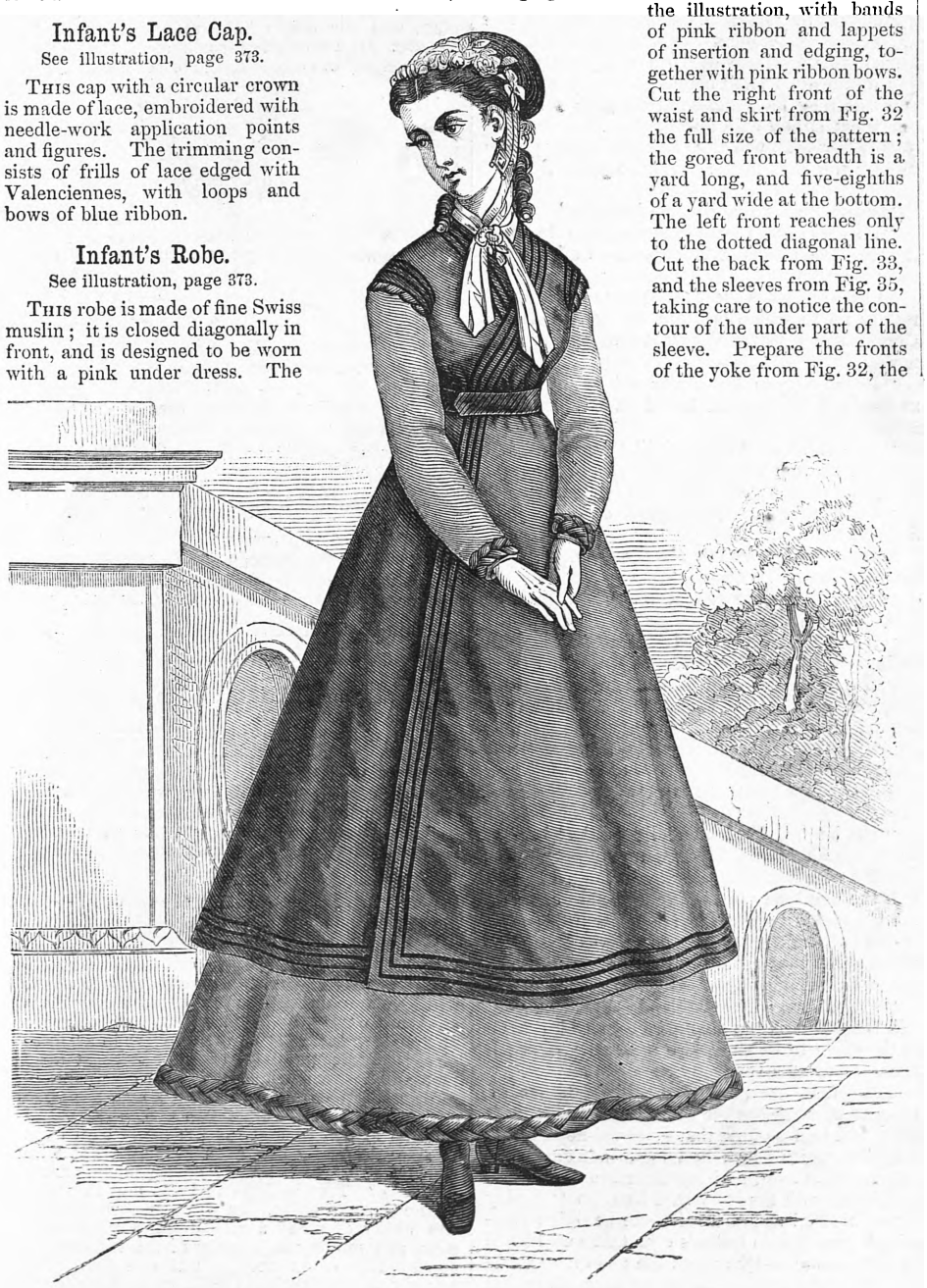
See illustration, page 373.

THIS cap with a circular crown is made of lace, embroidered with needle-work application points and figures. The trimming consists of frills of lace edged with Valenciennes, with loops and bows of blue ribbon.

Infant's Robe.

See illustration, page 373.

THIS robe is made of fine Swiss muslin; it is closed diagonally in front, and is designed to be worn with a pink under dress. The trimming consists of two strips of Swiss muslin, each two inches wide, which are pleated crosswise, very narrow, and are scalloped on one side. The seam where this trimming is set on is concealed on the straight side by needle-work insertion an inch and a quarter wide, and on the scalloped side by a narrow bias fold of muslin, stitched on and edged with narrow guipure lace. The insertion on the straight side is finished with a similar edging. The front is trimmed, as shown in the illustration, with bands of pink ribbon and lappets of insertion and edging, together with pink ribbon bows. Cut the right front of the waist and skirt from Fig. 32 the full size of the pattern; the gored front breadth is a yard long, and five-eighths of a yard wide at the bottom. The left front reaches only to the dotted diagonal line. Cut the back from Fig. 33, and the sleeves from Fig. 35, taking care to notice the contour of the under part of the sleeve. Prepare the fronts of the yoke from Fig. 32, the back of the yoke from Fig. 34, and the bands for the sleeves from Fig. 36. Face the fronts with a strip of Swiss muslin an inch and a quarter wide, and put on the trimming as shown in the illustration. Gather the top of the back to suit the width of the yoke, set the back and fronts into the yoke to correspond with the figures on the pattern, and trim the neck with lace. Join the back and fronts. Sew up the sleeves from 29 to 30, gather them at the top and bottom, put on the band, trim it with lace, and set the sleeves in the arm-holes, finishing them on the top with a leaf of lace and insertion. Make a shirr in the bottom of the back of the waist, in which run a narrow white ribbon, the ends of which are passed through eyelet holes and tied in the middle of the back. Join the gored front breadth of the skirt with straight breadths, of like length, tucked round the bottom, taking care to leave the skirt open at the sides; put the trimming on the front with the help of the illustration, gather the top of the skirt and sew it on the waist. Finish with buttons and loops.



POLONAISE OR REDINGOTE.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 26 and 27.

Talma.

See illustration, page 373.

THIS talma is a graceful garment for a young girl. The original is of black velvet, lined with black silk and trimmed round the bottom and neck with black satin points. Cut from Fig. 31 two pieces each of the outside and lining, lengthening them about a quarter of a yard at the bottom. Sew up the back, letting the seam come between the outside and the lining, lay the shoulder-pleats from 21 to 22, run the edges together, cord the neck, put on a hook and eye, and lastly, put on the trimming as shown in the illustration.

Smoking Jacket.

See illustration, page 373.

THIS smoking jacket is of brown velvet, lined with black silk and bound with blue cashmere. The collar, roll, and

POLONAISE OR REDINGOTE.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 26 and 27.

pocket lapels are of blue cashmere. The jacket is closed in front with loops of blue silk cord and crochet buttons. Cut from Fig. 22 one piece each of the outside and lining; from Fig. 25 each two pieces; and from Figs. 23 and 24 two pieces each of cashmere alone; also of cashmere, wadding, and buckram, the facing for the collar, the roll, and the cuffs. Cut a slit in the velvet, Fig. 22, for the pocket, and sew to the edges a silk pocket of the requisite size. Baste the outside on the lining, make the pleats at the neck and side; join the coat; set on the collar, and put on the quilted facing and pocket lapels. Bind the coat; make the sleeves, laying a pleat from * to ● at the cuff, and set them in the armholes.

"MONKEYS FOR MASSA CHARLES."

A STORY OF ALL-FOOLS' DAY.

NOW I am going to tell you a story about my dear father; something that happened some years before the war, in the month of April.

My father lived in Charleston, South Carolina, for a great many years. All the black people in the city knew and loved him dearly; he was so kind to them, and saved them many a time from being locked up in the "sugar-house" all night, and from a cruel whipping the next morning; sometimes he did this by his entreaties, and oftener by paying a good deal of money out of his own pocket. His own servants called him "Massa Charles," because they had known him from a boy; and all the rest of the darkeys followed suit: so that is the long and the short of how he came by this name, and we can go on with the story in clear comfort, only you must understand that at the time of this story he lived in New York.

One afternoon, about the latter end of March, Major Alexander Black, a great friend of Massa Charles, was seen walking down to the dock in Charleston, where the steam-ship *Columbia* was made fast.

"Is Captain Berry on board?" he asked, in a quick, pleasant voice.

"Yes, Sar, he am," answered a black stevedore, who was tumbling a great bale of cotton into the ship.

"Can you take me to him?"

"Yes, Sar, wid pledjure," said the stevedore, pulling up a lock of his woolly hair, because he had no hat on to pull off. "He done gone down in de cabin, Sar, a lilly while ago to eat him dinner, Sar."

Major Black was escorted with great politeness down the companion-way—which means down the stairs, and then the stevedore said: "If you please, Sar, go troo dis yer cabin; the Cap'n in the lilly cabin toder end."

So Major Black marched through, whistling "Yankee Doodle," and presently he came upon Captain Berry, his merry little round face quite red with eating, as if his life depended upon it. Come to think about it, so it did. We *must* eat to *live*, and no mistake.

"Aha, Major!" he cried. "Howdy?" (That's Southern for "how do you do?") "Glad to see you. Sit down and take a snack."

"Well," said the Major, laughing, "I've had two dinners already; but that don't make a particle of difference; I'm quite ready for another." Whereupon he took gumbo soup, and pillau, and gudgeon pie, and potatoes, and parsnips, and plum-pudding, on four clean plates, and played what Captain Berry called a highly respectable knife and fork—by which he meant, that if the Major knew how to do nothing else, he could certainly eat a big dinner.

"Now, Captain," said Major Black, after dinner, "what time do you expect to get into New York?"

"I shall arrive, I hope, at about nine o'clock in the morning of the 1st of April."

"Capital! just the thing for me. Here is a letter. I particularly wish that it should be handed to my friend Charley on the first of the month. It is very important. Will you promise me to send a man with it to his counting-house, as soon as you arrive?"

"Yes, certainly, Major; consider it done." And Captain Berry buttoned the letter up tight in an inside pocket of his coat, and then they both went on deck, where the fat little Captain, standing with his stubby legs wide apart, a round jacket on, and his hands deep in his trowsers pockets, looked like the letter A out on a frolic.

Pretty soon Major Black went ashore, whistling "Hail Columbia" this time, which he meant as a compliment to the ship as well as the country; and the next morning the *Columbia* thundered out—"I'm off! Good-by!" with her big gun, and paddled away to New York.

It was very bad weather. The rain fell in long, dark streaks, and the sun refused to show so much as the quarter of an inch of a beam. But little Captain Berry knew what he was about; he just put on his sou'wester, and an oil-skin cap, and rolled around, giving his orders, with his dumpy legs wider apart than ever, looking like a tipsy letter A on a very high frolic indeed.

As to the *Columbia*, she said to her true lover, the first engineer, "A little water more or less is a trifle not worth minding, old fellow; just keep my paddle-wheels up to their work." The sea-birds flew in the wake of the ship, white and gleaming, and screamed to each other, "Depend upon it, the little, red-faced Captain down there knows a thing or two! How the ship rushes through the dark waves! Let's hurry up our flipper-flappers, or we shall lose the scrapings of the dinner-plates." You see, the birds always follow ships at sea, and swoop down to catch the food that is thrown overboard. This makes the fishes as mad as hatters, but that is none of our business.

And so, down there in the engine-room, things went on like a house a-fire; that is, coal went pouring night and day into the glowing furnaces, and the boiler on top of them boiled like the great-grandfather of all the tea-kettles; and the steam rushed through the throat or pipe of the boiler with the strength of ten thousand horses, and the piston moved in the great cylinder as the steam forced it to move; and the heavy walking-beam, carried now up now down by the piston, turned the great splashing, dashing wheels, and they with resistless force bore the big ship over and through the huge waves which in vain tried to oppose her progress, but only succeeded in throwing an occasional vast shower-bath over her forecastle deck; and on the gallant vessel went till the heights of Neversink rose in sight, and showed that smooth water and a safe haven were close at hand. And thus, sure enough, she was safe at her port in New York at a quarter to nine on the morning of the 1st of April.

The same morning Massa Charles sat in the office of his counting-house very, very, very busy writing letters, and making calculations. His clerks outside in the great store were very, very, very busy packing goods and playing tricks upon each other, when a square boy came rolling in. He was the cabin-boy of the steamship *Columbia*. Now walking on board ship, especially in a storm, is something like dancing on a tight rope: you have to sway and balance yourself from side to side to keep from upsetting in a sudden and unexpected manner. This swaying gait becomes a habit; and this is the reason why sailors look like walking roly-polys when they are on shore.

"Letter," said the cabin-boy, throwing it on a pile of chittybiddybophters, which are thin Indian cloths.

"Letter," said the head-clerk, handing it in to Massa Charles.

"No post-mark—must have come by private hand," thought the good little man, as he opened it.

He read it once—crossed one leg hard over the other—read it again—scratched his head, twitched his spectacles off his nose, thumped his fist with such violence on the table that the ink-stand gave a nervous little bounce in the air, and then he said—yes, I *must* tell you—he said, "Confound it!!!"

You shall read the letter too. Here it is:

"*April* 1, 18—.

"DEAR CHARLES,—I have consigned to you, per steamship *Columbia*, two monkeys, for which see bill of lading inclosed. They were sent to me as a present from South America. At first I burst all my buttons off laughing at their droll capers; but of late they have cut a few capers too many, breaking looking-glasses, throwing stones, biting one of my fingers nearly off, and turning me blue and green with fright, by firing a pistol at my youngest child. Luckily the pistol was only capped, not loaded; but this last little joke has decided me to send them to you, and to beg that you sell them to Barnum at the best price you can get.

"One of them—the little one—is in very fine condition; he chatters, gabbles, screams, and whoops continually. The other—a large baboon—is in a very delicate state of health, owing to his diving while the vessel was in port, and biting off and swallowing one of those little goose-barnacles—shell and all—which are found sticking to the bottoms of ships. I presume he took it for a plum, which had dropped out of a pudding; at any rate, it has played the very dickens with his insides, and he requires to be very carefully nursed up; so, pray, keep them both until the baboon gets well. He must have a bowl of hot catnip tea the first thing in the morning, and you had better scratch his back gently for an hour or so, and keep a warm flannel bandage round his stomach when you take him out for exercise.

"And do be very careful to keep all the gimlets, hammers, fish-hooks, pins, and needles out of his reach, for there is no telling what he may swallow next; and don't make the catnip tea before him, or he will be drinking out of the spout of the boiling kettle the first chance; for though he is sick and miserable, it does not prevent his being up to all sorts of mischief.

"I know perfectly well that I have sent you a most pleasing commission; you are so kind to every created thing; so, pray, let me hear very soon how you get on with your monkeys, and believe me, with kind regards to your family,

"Yours faithfully, ALEXANDER BLACK."

"A-r-r-r-r!" cried Massa Charles, in a kind of roar. "Two monkeys! One of them a sick monkey! I must give him physic, and scratch his back every morning! Aleck Black must be mad! stark, staring mad!"

He bounced out of his chair, and began walking up and down the office. The next moment he rushed out. "Harris," he called to his head-clerk, "what *do* you think is in that abominable letter? Major Black has consigned to me two nasty, useless monkeys, which I am to sell to Barnum as soon as one of them—a sick baboon—gets well; and here I've got to sleep, with one eye open and my hair on end, for fear they'll set the house on fire. Fancy me nursing a great baboon who has swallowed a goose barnacle!"

A roar of laughter resounded through the room at this speech, and for a minute poor Massa Charles's face twisted like a cork-screw with annoyance and anger; then he, too, burst out laughing—it did seem such an utterly ridiculous thing to be sick-nurse to a monkey.

"Well," he sighed, in the midst of his laughter, "I must bear it like a philosopher. It's a very pretty kettle of fish, but it might have been worse—two alligators, or two elephants, and *both* of them sick. I might as well get my monkeys as soon as possible. I would board them up in the moon, with a first-class homeopathic doctor to take care of them, if any one would show me how to get them there. But that is out of the question. I must take them home; and the whole house will be instantly turned upside down. This is an awful crisis! I shall go distracted!"

The good little man polished his beaver hat on the elbow of his coat, then looked disconsolately into the crown of it, then thumped it hard on his head, then making a sound like "st-st-st," with his tongue on the roof of his mouth, he went out, slamming the door behind him.

"I can't walk along the streets holding the monkeys by the hands like two children," he said to himself, with a grunting kind of sigh. "That won't do! for all the little ragamuffins would be after us with sticks and stones; the monkeys would show fight; then there would be a precious row, and I should be trotted off to the station-house or a lunatic asylum! I'd better take a carriage, I think. What if the monkeys should stare out of the windows and scream murder at the people, or go to scratching, and kicking, and punching, and pounding me inside! I will buy them some lemon-drops and lollipops. They will certainly sit still while they are gobbling up the candies."

So he put on his spectacles and went into a candy-shop, and said to the pretty young lady behind the counter, "My love, I'm in a terrible predicament—"

"Yes, Sir," interrupted the pretty young lady, shutting up the money-drawer with a snap, to let him know that there was no change for his predicament in that.

"Don't be impatient, my dear; let me explain. I've got two monkeys on my hands."

"I have a great many on mine," said the pretty young lady, laughing.

"No! You don't say so! How do they behave themselves, my dear?"

"Why, Sir, they come into the shop and pretend they want to buy candy, and stand round staring and grinning at me—a set of lazy, idle clerks. They ought to go off and work on farms, and leave the shops to us poor girls."

"Oho!" said Massa Charles, "you mean the young fellows by *your* monkeys. You are quite right, my dear—measuring tapes and ribbons is contemptible work for strong hands and broad shoulders; but I am *really* in a peck of trouble! I have *really* two monkeys to take care of, and I want a pound of lemon-drops and another of lollipops to keep them quiet."

The pretty young lady weighed them out, and Massa Charles paid for them with a heart-rending sigh. It comforted him a little to give some out of each paper of candies to two mites of poor children who were passing by sucking their thumbs; and on the way to the livery-stable he got rid of all the pennies he had to the little crossing-sweepers. Then hiring a nice, close carriage he ordered the coachman to drive him down to the steamship *Columbia*.

Captain Berry was standing on top of the paddle-box giving orders, and he saw Massa Charles the very first thing. He knew him intimately, and called him by his Christian name.

"Hallo, Charley! 's that you? How very grand we are, riding down in our coach like the Mayor! What's in the wind?"

"Oh, yes, it's all very well for you to pretend you don't know. Where's those confounded monkeys?"

"Monkeys?"

"Yes, monkeys!"

"Mon—keys?" asked Captain Berry, in a very high key, elevating his eyebrows and rising on his tip-toes; then, straddling his little fat legs farther apart than ever, he said, very slowly:

"May—I—ask—*what* monkeys?"

"Why, Sir," bawled Massa Charles, now extremely provoked, "did you not send me a letter this morning?"

"I did, Sir."

"Well, Sir, that letter contained a bill of lading signed by 'A. Stultus, first mate,' for two monkeys, one of them sick. I hope—I mean, I suppose they have died on the passage, and you are afraid I shall blame you. On the contrary, if they have departed this life I forgive you at once, and with all my heart."

"W-h-e-w!" whistled Captain Berry; then hailing the first mate: "What's your name?" said he.

"Ford, Sir; I thought you knew it."

"So I do; but I want this gentleman to know it too. He thinks it is Stultus. Call all the crew here."

In three minutes every sailor was shuffling and rolling up to where Captain Berry and Massa Charles stood, wondering what could be the matter.

"Boys, do you know any thing about two monkeys being put on board at Charleston?" asked the Captain.

"No, Sir!" they shouted like one man, but winking at each other, for sailors are as great fellows to snuff a joke in the wind as a gale.

"Read your letter, Charley," said the jolly little Captain.

Massa Charles read it aloud amidst roars of laughter from "all hands."

"What's the date of it, Charley?" asked the jolly little Captain.

"1st of April," answered Massa Charles, with an innocent stare of surprise, as Captain Berry, slapping his sides and fairly screaming with laughter, cried, "Oh, what a joke! what a capital joke! Major Black was very anxious that you should get that letter *to-day*—he wrote it three days ago, and dated it *to-day*; don't you see, the scamp has made a first-class April fool of you!"

"Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!" roared Massa Charles, and almost went into fits with laughing, he was so tickled to find that the monkeys were of the kind that come on the 1st of April and never any other time; even "Stultus" the first mate's name was Latin for "fool;" but that never occurred to him until all the rest came out.

"I'll be even with my friend Alick," he said, still laughing, as the Captain invited him down in the cabin to lunch, where the two "talked it over," and had a very jolly time.

Then that dear, kind, credulous father of mine came home, before he returned to his business, and told us how that good-for-nothing big mischief Major Black had made a tremendous April fool of him, and my little brother was so enchanted with the story that he tried "to play second fiddle," as father said—for he slyly fastened a long string to father's coat-tail, and turned somersaults of delight when the good man walked gravely off trailing the string behind him, but I took it off at the front-door.

We children ate up the lemon-drops and lollipops, instead of the monkeys; and so, now, this is a true story, which I hope you will get and read on this coming first of April. But the printers are very slippery people, and there is no certainty about it at all.

"AUNT FANNY."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE series of Oratorios which have been given during the past season at Steinway Hall, under the direction of Mr. Harrison, have proved to be exceedingly popular. There is evidently in our community a growing interest in, and love for, this style of sacred music. The performances have been not merely *well* attended, but they have been crowded. At the last Oratorio of the season, when Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was given, every available place where one could sit or stand was filled. The entire performance gave great satisfaction. But prominent among the parts that rest in our memory are the quartette, "Cast thy burden on the Lord," sung by Madame Rosa, Mrs. Kempton, Messrs. Simpson and Thomas, and the terzetto, "Lift thine eyes," by Madame Rosa, Mrs. Reed, and Mrs. Kempton. The aria "Oh, rest in the Lord," sung by Mrs. Kempton, was warmly encored. Madame Rosa, and indeed all the principal singers were in excellent voice, and the New York Harmonic Society did themselves much credit. We hope in future seasons there will be a similar series of Oratorios given to the public.

A new method of embalming dead bodies has recently been invented, and is just being brought into public notice in this city. The principle originated with Professor Seely, whose antiseptic preparation, applied to specimens of the Stafford pavement, has already attracted a good deal of attention among scientific men, and the public generally. This principle has been most ingeniously applied to preserving human bodies, by a very simple process, without mutilation, and for an indefinite length of time. Just how long a body may be preserved by this method of embalming is yet uncertain. But there is now at the Morgue one body which has been perfectly preserved for more than three months, and another which was embalmed about six weeks ago. The form, color, and features are perfectly retained, and decomposition wholly arrested. This new invention will undoubtedly prove a valuable one, especially as the application is so simple that it can easily be made by any person. It will probably supersede the use of ice, and will certainly be a great comfort to those whose friends die at a distance, and who will be thus enabled once more to look on their face.

A new market has been opened at the corner of Washington and Bank streets, and called the Upper Washington Market. It is intended for the accommodation of persons residing in the upper portions of the city, and though small is believed to be sufficiently large for the business to be transacted. The second-floor will be rented as stores or offices. There are 61 stalls, all of which have been leased. The passages between the stalls are some fifteen feet wide, thus allowing ample space for persons to pass and repass without being shoved against greasy meat to the great detriment of their garments. The internal fittings are all new, and on the most improved plan, and the cost of the structure is about $50,000. The market will be supplied with the same variety of edibles as the lower market.

Mr. Edwin Booth's new theatre, now in process of construction at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, is to be heated entirely by steam pipes communicating with outside engines. In addition to the main entrance on Twenty-third Street, there will be four smaller doors opening on that street, to be used in case of fire, which, with the wide entrance on Sixth Avenue, will afford fair means of egress in case of alarm. This theatre is to be completed before the close of the year, and the inner walls are gradually rising, but operations have been somewhat delayed by the discovery that a few feet below the surface is solid rock, which requires extensive and tedious blasting.

It is generally understood that Mr. Dickens has accepted an invitation to a press dinner to be given in his honor on the 18th of April at Delmonico's. The proposed dinner promises to be a most brilliant affair, and every way worthy the enterprise and liberality of New York journalists.

It is said that Queen Victoria is exceedingly fond of knitting—not fancy work, but good, old-fashioned stockings and socks, and that she gives these products of her industry to the destitute poor about Balmoral. Consequently, knitting has become fashionable among English ladies.

It is announced that the ladies of some town in Pennsylvania are to give a ball for the benefit of the cemetery in that place! Rather a gloomy subject to dance upon!

A California journal tells a wonderful story of a man who lived five years with a rifle-ball in his head. Some ladies live twice as long as that with, apparently, nothing but balls in their heads.

If the custom so prevalent in France and Germany, of small families occupying suits of rooms instead of large houses, should become genuinely fashionable in New York, the effect would be good in many respects. It would reduce rents, and give a young couple just commencing life a chance to "lay up" something. Now every one desires, naturally enough, to live in a "first-class" house; but first-class houses eat up a man's salary when he is but just commencing business. Why can we not have nice houses—"brown-stone fronts," if you please—arranged in suits of apartments for the many who want to live pleasantly and even stylishly, but who can not afford to pay their entire income for a dwelling? This is done in Paris and in many of the German cities. In Bremen, for instance, the family of many a man doing a large business, and moving in society of the highest respectability, often occupy but one floor, and every room is furnished with great simplicity. If a man indulges a disposition to get into a

more aristocratic circle by buying a large house on a fashionable street, beautifying it with costly furniture, giving great entertainments, and appearing every afternoon with a large equipage, on any thing less than an immense fortune, the presumption is that either he or his wife has been in America. A traveler writing from Hamburg remarks: "A young couple going to board at a hotel would be considered insane here." They commence housekeeping in a quiet, economical way, taking a suit of rooms corresponding to their means. Fashionable boarding-houses are things unknown. If young people would resolutely commence life on a moderate scale, within their means, living quietly, tastefully, and happily until a competence was secured, there would then be no objection to buying as elegant a house as they could afford, and living in it in corresponding style.

The height of the orange "season" with us has passed, but a very abundant season it has been, and still plenty of the luscious fruit is on sale, though prices are somewhat higher than a few weeks ago. Almost every one enjoys this fruit, and consequently it is a matter of general interest that the cultivation of oranges in Florida has attracted the attention of thousands who have recently located themselves there. A great many groves have been planted on the Gulf coast, and on the banks of numerous lakes and rivers, as well as in some interior localities; and if present indications prove true, Florida will soon produce fruit enough to supply the Northern market. On Lake Griffin a northern man has made a grove of 4500 trees simply by clearing a hummock of forty acres. This is probably the largest grove in the State, and is three times as large as any grove now in bearing. "Dummitt's Grove" on the Indian River is probably the largest fruit-bearing grove. It contains 1500 trees and covers about 15 acres. Wild orange-trees, producing sour fruit, grow abundantly in Florida. The tree is a beautiful one, and almost identical in appearance with the sweet orange-tree. Of course, its beauty is greatly enhanced by the fruit, and sometimes a single tree will bear a thousand oranges, and even more. A short time since some oranges were exhibited in Jacksonville, Florida, measuring from nineteen to twenty-three inches in circumference. These were raised at Mandarin by a gentleman who stated that one of his trees bore 5400 fair oranges, and two others, over 3000 each. Oranges in Florida begin to ripen in November, but are seldom picked then. They will hang for months on the trees, growing riper and sweeter. The fruit adheres very closely to the stem, and rarely falls off. Nor is it a very easy matter always to pick it, as sharp thorns make the task difficult. The sour orange, which grows wild in Florida, is a native of Africa, and was introduced into Florida long ago by the Spaniards.

In an amusing letter in the *Victoria Magazine*, Madame Novello says: "An intimacy with German literature has not prevented my knitting socks by dozens for my brother; the study of music and counterpoint has never been in my way when making a linseed poultice; and a slight acquaintance with anatomy has materially aided me when making rag dolls for the ecstatic gratification of poor children."

The custom of turning down one corner of a visiting card before leaving it at the door of a cherished friend has been translated to mean: "I love you dearly, and I am dying to see you, as you will perceive by looking at the inch of pasteboard."

A lady in Troy uses the local papers to announce that the young gentlemen who have attended her receptions have ruined the paper on the walls of her parlor, and she has been forced to have the room entirely repapered. The walls have been used as head-rests. Oiled young men should take heed in future.

Henry Ward Beecher, in discoursing on different methods of family discipline, inquires: "Is there no virtue in a sugar-plum? Shall we never break the will with a lump-sugar? May not encouragements prevent many of the mischiefs which penalties atone for? May not more sugar-plums be used and fewer *rods?*" Questions which might profitably be considered in those families—alas, they are many!—where the children's faces wear an anxious and frightened look; where little ones shrink and tremble at the sound of their father's voice, and hide away at the approach of their mother; where voluntary wrong-doing, unintentional disobedience, and accidental mishaps, are indiscriminately punished with severe and hasty blows; where stern so-called justice visits the least deviation from rules with swift retribution; where, in short, parents seem utterly to forget that they themselves are erring, and are not dealt with according to their transgressions. There is a happy medium between undue severity and ruinous indulgence. Parents should seek it. But very few find it. And this topic brings to mind a story we have lately seen. It *purports* to have been written by a little girl; and certainly contains progressive views of family discipline! Perhaps she had been reading about the "sugar-plum" system, and became radical upon the subject! Here is the story in brief:

THE GOOD LITTLE GIRL WHO TOLD THE TRUTH AND ATE THE GUAVA JELLY.—Once there was a dear little girl whose name was Nellie. She was a good little girl and always told the truth. One day Nellie's mamma went out to buy her some paper dollies. In the closet there were lots of sweet things from Havana. Boxes of guava jelly, boxes of preserved lemons, and all kinds of fruits in boxes and bottles. When her mamma had gone little Nellie went to look at the pretty boxes and bottles, and she thought she would taste some guava jelly. She tasted it, and ate up all the box full, and she thought it was splendid.

When her mamma came home Nellie ran up to her and said, "I am so glad you have got home, for I want to tell you something."

"What is it, darling?" said her mamma. "Well, mamma, I don't know how you will like it, but I have been eating the guava jelly. I have eaten a whole box. But it looked so good, and I wanted it so much!"

"You are a precious child! How glad I am that my daughter always tells the truth." And her good mother sat down with Nellie and cut out her paper dollies, and pasted the pretty dresses, and told her of all the pretty things she had seen in the toy-shop, and promised that to-morrow Nellie should go and see them herself. And she put some of each kind of the sweet things down on the low shelf, and told Nellie she could go and get some when she wanted.

The *moral* is obvious.

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER XLI.

THEY MEET AGAIN.

At four o'clock on the morning of Beatrice's capture Brandon was roused by a rap at his bedroom door. He rose at once, and slipping on his dressing-gown, opened it. A man entered.

"Well?" said Brandon.

"Something has happened."

"What?"

"She didn't get home last night. The landlady is sitting up for her, and is terribly frightened."

"Did you make any inquiries?"

"No, Sir; I came straight here in obedience to your directions."

"Is that all you know?"

"All."

"Very well," said Brandon, calmly, "you may go."

The man retired. Brandon sat down and buried his head in his hands. Such news as this was sufficient to overwhelm any one. The man knew nothing more than this, that she had not returned home and that the landlady was frightened. In his opinion only one of two things could have happened: either Langhetti had taken her somewhere, or she had been abducted.

A thousand fancies followed one another in quick succession. It was too early as yet to go forth to make inquiries; and he therefore was forced to sit still and form conjectures as to what ought to be done in case his conjecture might be true. Sitting there, he took a rapid survey of all the possibilities of the occasion, and laid his plans accordingly.

Brandon had feared some calamity, and with this fear had arranged to have some one in the house who might give him information. The information which he most dreaded had come; it had come, too, in the midst of a time of triumph, when she had become one of the supreme singers of the age, and had gained all that her warmest admirer might desire for her.

If she had not been foully dealt with she must have gone with Langhetti. But if so—where—and why? What possible reason might Langhetti have for taking her away? This conjecture was impossible.

Yet if this was impossible, and if she had not gone with Langhetti, with whom could she have gone? If not a friend, then it must have been with an enemy. But with what enemy? There was only one.

He thought of Potts. He knew that this wretch was capable of any villainy, and would not hesitate at any thing to regain possession of the one who had fled from him. Why he should wish to take the trouble to regain possession of her, except out of pure villainy, he could not imagine.

With such thoughts as these the time passed heavily. Six o'clock at last came, and he set out for the purpose of making inquiries. He went first to the theatre. Here, after some trouble, he found those who had the place in charge, and, by questioning them, he learned that Beatrice had left by herself in a cab for her home, and that Langhetti had remained some time later. He then went to Beatrice's lodgings to question the landlady. From there he went to Langhetti's lodgings, and found that Langhetti had come home about one o'clock and was not yet up.

Beatrice, therefore, had left by herself, and had not gone any where with Langhetti. She had not returned home. It seemed to him most probable that either voluntarily or involuntarily she had come under the control of Potts. What to do under these circumstances was now the question.

One course seemed to him the most direct and certain; namely, to go up to Brandon at once and make inquiries there. From the letters which Philips had sent he had an idea of the doings of Potts. Other sources of information had also been secured. It was not his business to do any thing more than to see that Beatrice should fall into no harm.

By ten o'clock he had acted upon this idea, and was at the railway station to take the express train. He reached Brandon village about dusk. He went to the inn in his usual disguise as Mr. Smithers, and sent up to the hall for Mr. Potts.

Potts was not there. He then sent for Philips. After some delay Philips came. His usual timidity was now if possible still more marked, and he was at first too embarrassed to speak.

"Where is Potts?" asked Brandon, abruptly.

"In London, Sir."

"He has been there about three weeks, hasn't he?"

"Yes, Sir."

"So you wrote me. You thought when he went that he was going to hunt up his daughter."

"So I conjectured."

"And he hasn't got back yet?"

"Not yet."

"Has he written any word?"

"None that I know of."

"Did you hear any of them say why he went to get her?"

"Not particularly; but I guessed from what they said that he was afraid of having her at large."

"Afraid? Why?"

"Because she knew some secret of theirs."

"Secret! What secret?" asked Brandon.

"You know, Sir, I suppose," said Philips, meekly.

Brandon had carried Asgeelo with him, as he was often in the habit of doing on his journeys. After his interview with Philips he stood outside on the veranda of the village inn for some time, and then went around through the village, stopping at a number of houses. Whatever it was that he was engaged in, it occupied him for several hours, and he did not get back to the inn till midnight.

On the following morning he sent up to the Hall, but Potts had not yet returned. Philips came to tell him that he had just received a telegraphic dispatch informing him that Potts would be back that day about one o'clock. This intelligence at last seemed to promise something definite.

Brandon found enough to occupy him during the morning among the people of the neighborhood. He seemed to know every body, and had something to say to every one. Yet no one looked at him or spoke to him unless he took the initiative. Last of all, he went to the tailor's, where he spent an hour.

Asgeelo had been left at the inn, and sat there upon a bench outside, apparently idle and aimless. At one o'clock Brandon returned and walked up and down the veranda.

In about half an hour his attention was attracted by the sound of wheels. It was Potts's barouche, which came rapidly up the road. In it was Potts and a young lady.

Brandon stood outside of the veranda, on the steps, in such a position as to be most conspicuous, and waited there till the carriage should reach the place. Did his heart beat faster as he recognized that form, as he marked the settled despair which had gathered over that young face—a face that had the fixed and unalterable wretchedness which marks the ideal face of the Mater Dolorosa?

Brandon stood in such a way that Potts could not help seeing him. He waved his arm, and Potts stopped the carriage at once.

Potts was seated on the front seat, and Beatrice on the back one. Brandon walked up to the carriage and touched his hat.

"Mr. Smithers!" cried Potts, with his usual volubility. "Dear me, Sir. This is really a most unexpected pleasure, Sir."

While Potts spoke Brandon looked steadily at Beatrice, who cast upon him a look of wonder. She then sank back in her seat; but her eyes were still fastened on his as though fascinated. Then, beneath the marble whiteness of her face a faint tinge appeared, a warm flush, that was the sign of hope rising from despair. In her eyes there gleamed the flash of recognition; for in that glance each had made known all its soul to the other. In her mind there was no perplexing question as to how or why he came here, or wherefore he wore that disguise; the one thought that she had was the consciousness that He was here—here before her.

All this took place in an instant, and Potts, who was talking, did not notice the hurried glance; or if he did, saw in it nothing but a casual look cast by one stranger upon another.

"I arrived here yesterday," said Brandon. "I wished to see you about a matter of very little importance perhaps to you, but it is one which is of interest to me. But I am detaining you. By-the-way, I am somewhat in a hurry, and if this lady will excuse me I will drive up with you to the Hall, so as to lose no time."

"Delighted, Sir, delighted!" cried Potts. "Allow me, Mr. Smithers, to introduce you to my daughter."

Brandon held out his hand. Beatrice held out hers. It was cold as ice, but the fierce thrill that shot through her frame at the touch of his feverish hand brought with it such an ecstasy that Beatrice thought it was worth while to have undergone the horror of the past twenty-four hours for the joy of this one moment.

Brandon stepped into the carriage and seated himself by her side. Potts sat opposite. He touched her. He could hear her breathing. How many months had passed since they sat so near together! What sorrows had they not endured! Now they were side by side, and for a moment they forgot that their bitterest enemy sat before them.

There, before them, was the man who was not only a deadly enemy to each, but who made it impossible for them to be more to one another than they now were. Yet for a time they forgot this in the joy of the ecstatic meeting. At the gate Potts got out and excused himself to Brandon, saying that he would be up directly.

"Entertain this gentleman till I come," said he to Beatrice, "for he is a great friend of mine."

Beatrice said nothing, for the simple reason that she could not speak.

They drove on. Oh, joy! that baleful presence was for a moment removed. The driver saw nothing as he drove under the overarching elms—the elms under which Brandon had sported in his boyhood. He saw not the long, fervid glance that they cast at one another, in which each seemed to absorb all the being of the other; he saw not the close clasped hands with which they clung to one another now as though they would thus cling to each other forever and prevent separation. He saw not the swift, wild movement of Brandon when for one instant he flung his arm around Beatrice and pressed her to his heart. He heard not the beating of that strong heart; he heard not the low sigh of rapture with which for but one instant the head of Beatrice sank upon her lover's breast. It was but for an instant. Then she sat upright again, and their hands sought each other, thus clinging, thus speaking by a voice which was fully intelligible to each, which told how each felt in the presence of the other love unutterable, rapture beyond expression.

They alighted from the carriage. Beatrice led the way into the drawing-room. No one was there. Brandon went into a recess of one of the windows which commanded a view of the Park.

"What a beautiful view!" said he, in a conventional voice.

She came up and stood beside him.

"Oh, my darling! Oh, my darling!" he cried, over and over again; and flinging his arms around her he covered her face with burning kisses. Her whole being seemed in that supreme moment to be absorbed in his. All consciousness of any other thing than this unspeakable joy was lost to her. Before all others she was lofty, high-souled, serene, self-possessed—with him she was nothing, she lost herself in him.

"Do not fear, my soul's darling," said he; "no harm shall come. My power is every where—even in this house. All in the village are mine. When my blow falls you shall be saved."

She shuddered.

"You will leave me here?"

"Heavens! I must," he groaned; "we are the sport of circumstances. Oh, my darling!" he continued, "you know my story, and my vengeance."

"I know it all," she whispered. "I would wish to die if I could die by your hand."

"I will save you. Oh, love—oh, soul of mine—my arms are around you! You are watched—but watched by me."

"You do not know," she sighed. "Alas! your father's voice must be obeyed, and your vengeance must be taken."

"Fear not," said he; "I will guard you."

She answered nothing. Could she confide in his assurance? She could not. She thought with horror of the life before her. What could Brandon do? She could not imagine.

They stood thus in silence for a long time. Each felt that this was their last meeting, and each threw all life and all thought into the rapture of this long and ecstatic embrace. After this the impassable gulf must reopen. She was of the blood of the accursed. They must separate forever.

He kissed her. He pressed her a thousand times to his heart. His burning kisses forced a new and feverish life into her, which roused all her nature. Never before had he dared so to fling open all his soul to her; never before had he so clasped her to his heart; but now this moment was a break in the agony of a long separation—a short interval which must soon end and give way to the misery which had preceded it—and so he yielded to the rapture of the hour, and defied the future.

The moments extended themselves. They were left thus for a longer time than they hoped. Potts did not come. They were still clinging to one another. She had flung her arms around him in the anguish of her unspeakable love, he had clasped her to his wildly-throbbing heart, and he was straining her there recklessly and despairingly, when suddenly a harsh voice burst upon their ears.

"The devil!"

Beatrice did not hear it. Brandon did, and turned his face. Potts stood before them.

"Mr. Potts!" said he, as he still held Beatrice close to his heart, "this poor young lady is in wretched health. She nearly fainted. I had to almost carry her to the window. Will you be good enough to open it, so as to give her some air? Is she subject to these faints? Poor child!" he said; "the air of this place ought surely to do you good. I sympathize with you most deeply, Mr. Potts."

"She's sickly—that's a fact," said Potts. "I'm very sorry that you have had so much trouble—I hope you'll excuse me. I only thought that she'd entertain you, for she's very clever. Has all the accomplishments—"

"Perhaps you'd better call some one to take care of her," interrupted Brandon.

"Oh, I'll fetch some one. I'm sorry it happened so. I hope you won't blame me, Sir," said Potts, humbly, and he hurried out of the room.

Beatrice had not moved. She heard Brandon speak to some one, and at first gave herself up for lost, but in an instant she understood the full meaning of his words. To his admirable presence of mind she added her own. She did not move, but allowed her head to rest where it was, feeling a delicious joy in the thought that Potts was looking on and was utterly deceived. When he left to call a servant she raised her head and gave Brandon a last look expressive of her deathless, her unutterable love. Again and again he pressed her to his heart. Then the noise of servants coming in roused him. He gently placed her on a sofa, and supported her with a grave and solemn face.

"Here, Mrs. Compton. Take charge of her," said Potts. "She's been trying to faint."

Mrs. Compton came up, and kneeling down kissed Beatrice's hands. She said nothing.

"Oughtn't she to have a doctor?" said Brandon.

"Oh no—she'll get over it. Take her to her room, Mrs. Compton."

"Can the poor child walk?" asked Brandon.

Beatrice rose. Mrs. Compton asked her to take her arm. She did so, and leaning heavily upon it, walked away.

"She seems very delicate," said Brandon. "I did not know that you had a daughter."

Potts sighed.

"I have," said he, "to my sorrow."

"To your sorrow!" said Brandon, with exquisitely simulated sympathy.

"Yes," replied the other. "I wouldn't tell it to every one—but you, Mr. Smithers, are different from most people. You see I have led a roving life. I had to leave her out in China for many years with a female guardian. I suppose she was not very well taken care of. At any

"THE DEVIL!"..... POTTS STOOD BEFORE THEM.

rate, she got acquainted out there with a strolling Italian vagabond, a drum-major in one of the regiments, named Langhetti, and this villain gained her affections by his hellish arts. He knew that I was rich, and, like an unprincipled adventurer, tried to get her, hoping to get a fortune. I did not know any thing about this till after her arrival home. I sent for her some time ago and she came. From the first she was very sulky. She did not treat me like a daughter at all. On one occasion she actually abused me and called me names to my face. She called me a Thug! What do you think of that, Mr. Smithers?"

The other said nothing, but there was in his face a horror which Potts considered as directed toward his unnatural offspring.

"She was discontented here, though I let her have every thing. I found out in the end all about it. At last she actually ran away. She joined this infamous Langhetti, whom she had discovered in some way or other. They lived together for some time, and then went to London, where she got a situation as an actress. You can imagine by that," said Potts, with sanctimonious horror, "how low she had fallen.

"Well, I didn't know what to do. I was afraid to make a public demand for her through the law, for then it would all get into the papers; it would be an awful disgrace, and the whole county would know it. So I waited, and a few weeks ago I went to London. A chance occurred at last which threw her in my way. I pointed out to her the awful nature of the life she was leading, and offered to forgive her all if she would only come back. The poor girl consented, and here she is. But I'm very much afraid," said Potts in conclusion, with a deep sigh, "that her constitution is broken up. She's very feeble."

Brandon said nothing.

"Excuse me for troubling you with my domestic affairs; but I thought I ought to explain, for you have had such trouble with her yourself."

"Oh, don't mention it. I quite pitied the poor child, I assure you; and I sincerely hope that the seclusion of this place, combined with the pure sea-air, may restore her spirits and invigorate her in mind as well as in body. And now, Mr. Potts, I will mention the little matter that brought me here. I have had business in Cornwall, and was on my way home when I received a letter summoning me to America. I may have to go to California. I have a very honest servant, whom I have quite a strong regard for, and I am anxious to put him in some good country house till I get back. I'm afraid to trust him in London, and I can't take him with me. He is a Hindu, but speaks English and can do almost any thing. I at once remembered you, especially as you were close by me, and thought that in your large establishment you might find a place for him. How is it?"

"My dear Sir, I shall be proud and happy. I should like, above all things, to have a man here who is recommended by one like you. The fact is, my servants are all miserable, and a good one can not often be had. I shall consider it a favor if I can get him."

"Well, that is all arranged—I have a regard for him, as I said before, and want to have him in a pleasant situation. His name is Asgeelo, but we are in the habit of calling him Cato—"

"Cato! a very good name. Where is he now?"

"At the hotel. I will send him to you at once," said Brandon, rising.

"The sooner the better," returned Potts.

"By-the-way, my junior speaks very encouragingly about the prospects of the Brandon Bank—"

"Does he?" cried Potts, gleefully. "Well, I do believe we're going ahead of every thing."

"That's right. Boldness is the true way to success."

"Oh, never fear. We are bold enough."

"Good. But I am hurried, and I must go. I will send Asgeelo up, and give him a letter."

With these words Brandon bowed an adieu and departed. Before evening Asgeelo was installed as one of the servants.

CHAPTER XLII.

LANGHETTI'S ATTEMPT.

Two days after Brandon's visit to Potts, Langhetti reached the village.

A searching examination in London had led him to believe that Beatrice might now be sought for at Brandon Hall. The police could do nothing for him. He had no right to her. If she was of age, she was her own mistress, and must make application herself for her safety and deliverance; if she was under age, then she must show that she was treated with cruelty. None of these things could be done, and Langhetti despaired of accomplishing any thing.

The idea of her being once more in the power of a man like Potts was frightful to him. This idea filled his mind continually, to the exclusion of all other thoughts. His opera was forgotten. One great horror stood before him, and all else became of no account. The only thing for him to do was to try to save her. He could find no way, and therefore determined to go and see Potts himself.

It was a desperate undertaking. From Beatrice's descriptions he had an idea of the life from which she had fled, and other things had given him a true idea of the character of Potts. He knew that there was scarcely any hope before him. Yet he went, to satisfy himself by making a last effort.

He was hardly the man to deal with one like Potts. Sensitive, high-toned, passionate, impetuous in his feelings, he could not command that calmness which was the first essential in such an interview. Besides, he was broken down by anxiety and want of sleep. His sorrow for Beatrice had disturbed all his thoughts. Food and sleep were alike abominable to him. His fine-strung nerves and delicate organization, in which every feeling had been rendered more acute by his mode of life, were of that kind which could feel intensely wherever the affections were concerned. His material frame was too weak for the presence of such an ardent soul. Whenever any emotion of unusual power appeared he sank rapidly.

So now, feverish, emaciated, excited to an intense degree, he appeared in Brandon to confront a cool, unemotional villain, who scarcely ever lost his presence of mind. Such a contest could scarcely be an equal one. What could he bring forward which could in any way affect such a man? He had some ideas in his own mind which he imagined might be of service, and trusted more to impulse than any thing else. He went up early in the morning to Brandon Hall.

Potts was at home, and did not keep Langhetti long waiting.

There was a vast contrast between these two men—the one coarse, fat, vulgar, and strong; the other refined, slender, spiritual, and delicate, with his large eyes burning in their deep sockets, and a strange mystery in his face.

"I am Paolo Langhetti," said he, abruptly—"the manager of the Covent Garden Theatre."

"You are, are you?" answered Potts, rudely; "then the sooner you get out of this the better. The devil himself couldn't be more impudent. I have just saved my daughter from your clutches, and I'm going to pay you off, too, my fine fellow, before long."

"Your daughter!" said Langhetti. "What she is, and who she is, you very well know. If the dead could speak they would tell a different story."

"What the devil do you mean," cried Potts, "by the dead? At any rate you are a fool; for very naturally the dead can't speak; but what concern that has with my daughter I don't know. Mind, you are playing a dangerous game in trying to bully me."

Potts spoke fiercely and menacingly. Langhetti's impetuous soul kindled to a new fervor at this insulting language. He stretched out his long, thin hand toward Potts, and said:

"I hold your life and fortune in my hand. Give up that girl whom you call your daughter."

Potts stood for a moment staring.

"The devil you do!" he cried, at last. "Come, I call that good, rich, racy! Will your sublime Excellency have the kindness to explain yourself? If my life is in your hand it's in a devilish lean and weak one. It strikes me you've got some kink in your brain—some notion or other. Out with it, and let us see what you're driving at!"

"Do you know a man named Cigole?" said Langhetti.

"Cigole!" replied Potts, after a pause, in which he had stared hard at Langhetti; "well, what if I do? Perhaps I do, and perhaps I don't."

"He is in my power," said Langhetti, vehemently.

"Much good may he do you then, for I'm sure when he was in my power he never did any good to me."

"He will do good in this case, at any rate," said Langhetti, with an effort at calmness. "He was connected with you in a deed which you must remember, and can tell to the world what he knows."

"Well, what if he does?" said Potts.

"He will tell," cried Langhetti, excitedly, "the true story of the Despard murder."

"Ah!" said Potts, "now the murder's out. That's what I thought. Don't you suppose I saw through you when you first began to speak so mysteriously? I knew that you had learned some wonderful story, and that you were going to trot it out at the right time. But if you think you're going to bully me you'll find it hard work."

"Cigole is in my power," said Langhetti, fiercely.

"And so you think I am, too?" sneered Potts.

"Partly so."

"Why?"

"Because he was an accomplice of yours in the Despard murder."

"So he says, no doubt; but who'll believe him?"

"He is going to turn Queen's evidence!" said Langhetti, solemnly.

"Queen's evidence!" returned Potts, contemptuously, "and what's his evidence worth—the evidence of a man like that against a gentleman of unblemished character?"

"He will be able to show what the character of that *gentleman* is," rejoined Langhetti.

"Who will believe him?"

"No one can help it."

"You believe him, no doubt. You and he are both Italians—both dear friends—and both enemies of mine; but suppose I prove to the world conclusively that Cigole is such a scoundrel that his testimony is worthless?"

"You can't," cried Langhetti, furiously.

Potts cast a look of contempt at him—

"Can't I!" He resumed: "How very simple, how confiding you must be, my dear Langhetti! Let me explain my meaning. You get up a wild charge against a gentleman of character and position about a murder. In the first place, you seem to forget that the real murderer has long since been punished. That miserable devil of a Malay was very properly convicted at Manilla, and hanged there. It was twenty years ago. What English court would consider the case again after a calm and impartial Spanish court has settled it finally, and punished the criminal?—They did so at the time when the case was fresh, and I came forth honored and triumphant. You now bring forward a man who, you hint, will make statements against me. Suppose he does? What then? Why, I will show what this man is. And you, my dear Langhetti, will be the first one whom I will bring up against him. I will bring you up under oath, and make you tell how this Cigole—this man who testifies against me—once made a certain testimony in Sicily against a certain Langhetti senior, by which that certain Langhetti senior was betrayed to the Government, and was saved only by the folly of two Englishmen, one of whom was this same Despard. I will show that this Langhetti senior was your father, and that the son, instead of avenging, or, at any rate resenting his father's wrong, is now a bosom friend of his father's intended murderer—that he has urged him on against me. I will show, my dear Langhetti, how you have led a roving life, and, when a drum-major at Hong Kong, won the affections of my daughter; how you followed her here, and seduced her away from a kind father; how at infinite risk I regained her; how you came to me with audacious threats; and how only the dread of further scandal, and my own anxious love for my daughter, prevented me from handing you over to the authorities. I will prove you to be a scoundrel of the vilest description, and, after such proof as this, what do you think would be the verdict of an English jury, or of any judge in any land; and what do you think would be your own fate? Answer me that."

Potts spoke with savage vehemence. The frightful truth flashed at once across Langhetti's mind that Potts had it in his power here to show all this to the world. He was overwhelmed. He had never conceived the possibility of this. Potts watched him silently, with a sneer on his face.

"Don't you think that you had better go and comfort yourself with your dear friend Cigole, your father's intended murderer?" said he at length. "Cigole told me all about this long ago. He told me many things about his life which would be slightly damaging to his character as a witness, but I don't mind telling you that the worst thing against him in English eyes is his betrayal of your father. But this seems to have been a very slight matter to you. It's odd too; I've always supposed that Italians understood what vengeance means."

Langhetti's face bore an expression of agony which he could not conceal. Every word of Potts stung him to the soul. He stood for some time in silence. At last, without a word, he walked out of the room.

His brain reeled. He staggered rather than walked. Potts looked after him with a smile of triumph. He left the Hall and returned to the village.

MISS EMMA HUNT.

THE accompanying illustration is copied by permission from a photograph of Miss EMMA HUNT, who has recently been appointed Chief Enrolling Clerk of the Kansas House of Representatives—an office never before held by a woman. Mr. H. B. Norton, the Associate Principal of the Kansas State Normal School, says of the young lady: "Miss Hunt was for two years an able and faithful pupil in the Normal School, where she showed eminent capacity for doing clerical work. She has given complete satisfaction in the discharge of her duties, and rules her five male and female clerks in a way which shows that she is not entirely outside the pale of 'Woman's Sphere.'"

It is gratifying to chronicle such instances of the gradual expansion of woman's field of labor. There is no reason indeed why women should not fill similar governmental posts as conscientiously and effectively as men. New occupations are opening for them every where. Indeed, it is fast coming to be acknowledged that there is nothing within reason which a woman may not do, provided that she does it thoroughly well, and, withal, in a womanly manner.

MISS EMMA HUNT, CHIEF ENROLLING CLERK OF THE KANSAS HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

HARRY'S HORSE.

THE baby lies in her mother's arms,
Quiet and pale and thin;
But the little head is once more raised
As Harry comes bounding in.

A wooden horse in his hand he holds,
Dark gray, with a long black mane;
And an eager, longing look lights up
The pale little face again.

"No, baby dear, I will hold it close,
But I can not give it to you;
I'm afraid you would let it fall, and break
My horse, so pretty and new."

But the pale little eager face still pleads,
Outstretched is the small hand still;
He stands for a moment, then holds it out,
"I'll lend it baby, I will!"....

That day is past, and he finds it again
Where the baby had thrown it aside;
Her coral red, with its silver bells,
Still fast to the bridle tied.

There's a touch of paint off the bright green stick,
And a chip off the horse's ear;
But, oh! not that to the boy's blue eye
Brings the quickly gathering tear!

And while Harry lives he will still be glad
That he lent her his horse that day;
For the baby has gone where never again
Can she ask with his toys to play.

THE BEST OF THE BALL.

AT last! oh, sensation delicious!
At last, it is here, it is here!
That moment supremely auspicious
In the jolliest ball of the year.

It is all as I dreamed it would happen-
The rooms grown oppressive with heat,
And my darling, alarmed with the crowding,
Suggesting a timely retreat.

"Not there; not among the exotics;
I faint with that fragrance of theirs.
Let us go—it will be so refreshing—
And find out a seat on the stairs."

How dear are the lips that could utter
Such exquisite music as this!
How I listened, my heart all a-flutter,
Assenting, transported with bliss!

All the house with the dancers is throbbing,
The music seems born of the air:
Oh, joy of all joy the extremest,
To sit, as I sit, on a stair!

To sit, and to gaze on my darling,
Enraptured in thrilling delight,
As I think "Never face would be fairer,
Nor eyes half so tenderly bright."

It is all as I knew it would happen,
Yet, no; there is something I miss—
The eloquent words I intended
To speak in a moment like this.

They were tender, and soft, and poetic,
And I thought, "As I timidly speak,
She will smile, and a blush sympathetic
Will crimson the rose in her cheek."

And now that we sit here together,
I only—do all that I can—
Converse on the ball and the weather,
While she opens and closes her fan.

What I thought to have said was audacious,
Her ear it would surely offend;
She would turn from me, no longer gracious,
And frown my delight to an end.

Far better to talk of the weather,
Or ponder in rapture supreme:
'Tis so joyous to sit here together,
So pleasant to wake and to dream!

Contented, long hours we could measure,
Forgetting, forgotten by all;
Nor envy the dancers their pleasure,
For ours is the best of the ball.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE AT THE LAST COURT BALL.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

A tout seigneur tout honneur. We will speak first of all of the fourth and last ball at the Tuileries. It was without dispute the most brilliant one of the season; and, apropos of the subject, our readers may take some interest in the ceremonials observed in these great worldly solemnities.

It is in this wise: The invitations are personal cards, the color of which is changed for every ball. The invitation reads as follows:

"*By order of the Emperor.*

"The Grand Chamberlain [this year it is the Vicomte de La Ferrière, who takes the place of the absent Duc de Bassano] has the honor to inform M. X [or Madame X] that he [or she] is invited to pass the evening at the palace of the Tuileries, on Wednesday, at 9 P.M."

Gentlemen's cards also bear the inscription—*In uniform.*

As early as eight o'clock the carriages begin to fall into line, and outsiders are forbidden to approach the palace. Hacks are not allowed to enter the court-yard of the Tuileries, to which private and liveried carriages are alone admitted. The guests alight in the peristyle of the Pavillon de l'Horloge. The grand staircase is magnificent; it is richly carpeted, and on each step, to the right and the left, stands one of the Cent Gardes, with his glittering silver breast-plate and golden casque with a white plume, as mute and motionless as a statue—not daring even to move his head.

The Salle des Maréchaux is the centre of the fête. A dais of velvet, with two easy-chairs, occupies the end of the room—it is the throne. To the right and left are arranged the seats of the Imperial family; then on each side the places reserved for the ladies and officers of the Emperor's household, and the members of the diplomatic corps. All the rest of the hall is for the ladies invited.

At ten o'clock their Majesties enter with their suite, and the ball begins. The Emperor always wears the uniform of General of a Division, and the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor. About midnight the Emperor and Empress go to the supper-room, to which the members of the diplomatic corps and a few privileged persons are alone admitted. The Emperor sups standing, like all the rest of the company. The supper is cold, with the exception of the potage. The dishes are very choice, and the wines excellent. The Empress rarely takes any supper, but walks about and converses with those whom she honors with her favor. The Emperor also talks with a number of persons. On leaving the supper-room he makes the circuit of the different rooms, and stops half an hour in the Diana Gallery, where two easy-chairs are likewise prepared for him and the Empress. At one o'clock their Majesties retire to their apartments; but the fête is usually prolonged till three or four in the morning for the rest of the guests.

At the last ball all the high functionaries, illustrious foreigners, and fashionable ladies were present. Amidst the host of decorations were recognized the gold belts of all the ministers. M. Pinard, who is the lion of the day (the lion of the official world), was the centre of attraction. Close by him were grouped M. Régault de Genouilly, the Minister of the Marine, the Marquis de Moustier, M. de Seebach, Rouher, etc. A lion of another kind was the young brother of the Tycoon, who, with his robe of sky-blue silk embroidered with gold, his tunic of black lampas, his long black hair braided and hanging behind, and his Chinese physiognomy, represented the exotic element amidst these Parisian splendors. It is said that this young man has just been appointed aid-de-camp on a general's staff, with twenty-five thousand francs' pay. This is practicing hospitality on a large scale. Luckily, Japanese sub-lieutenants seldom remain long in the French army.

The dress of the Empress, of which we give an illustration, was strikingly magnificent and original. It was composed of two tulle skirts, the under one laminated with silver, and the over one with gold, in narrow stripes converging toward the waist and producing the effect of rays. In front of the skirt was a sort of little apron of white satin, fringed with marabout,

THE BEST OF THE BALL.

"OH, JOY OF ALL JOY THE EXTREMEST, TO SIT, AS I SIT, ON A STAIR."

HARRY'S HORSE.

"HE STANDS FOR A MOMENT, THEN HOLDS IT OUT, 'I'LL LEND IT BABY, I WILL!'"

and completely covered with peacocks' feathers, arranged in horizontal lines. The apron seemed held at the sides by bouquets of diamond flowers. Around the waist was a bertha of white satin, fringed with gold and marabout, and ornamented with a cordon of large emeralds, encircled with diamonds. The long Hungarian sleeves, of tulle, were spangled with gold. The belt was of gold, confined by a diamond agrafe. The Empress wore on her neck a simple black ribbon velvet, with long ends (dog's collar), studded with fine emeralds. Her head was adorned with a splendid green peacock's feather, thrown on one side across the back hair; a diamond crescent glittered in the middle of the forehead, and several small peacocks' feathers were mixed with the curls of her chignon behind. The effect was imperial and splendid; nevertheless we prefer the dress worn by her at the last ball, of pale green puffed tulle, with great clusters of white begonias, with their graceful foliage scattered profusely over the immense train; this toilette, so exquisite in its simplicity, set off to better advantage the truly sovereign grace of the Empress Eugénie.

Princess Mathilde wore a dress of white tulle, *bouillonnée*, with a very long tunic of blue terry velvet, looped up at the sides, *à la Pompadour*, and trimmed with wide English lace. Her hair was dressed in the Greek style, plain in front and curled behind, with a coronet of diamonds.

The absence of the Prince and Princess Napoleon was remarked; they seem to have voluntarily abstained from appearing at the Palace assemblies for some time past. Countess Gabrielle, *née* Bonaparte, wore a train of white satin, with tulle puffing, and an over-skirt of pink satin, looped with rosettes of pink satin mixed with blonde. Princess d'Essling, the first lady of the Empress's household, wore a dress of mauve tulle, trimmed round the bottom with several rows of puffing, separated by white satin rouleaux. Over-skirt of mauve satin, very short in front, with square tabs behind, and trimmed with white blonde and white passementerie. Coiffure of white plumes and diamond diadem. This dress was exceedingly effective.

Princess Metternich, the Austrian Embassadress, was attired in a splendidly original manner—dress of tulle, with fine silver stripes, and Polonaise tunic of green terry velvet, edged with a narrow strip of sable. The corsage was open in front in the shape of a heart, and was likewise edged with sable, disclosing a plastron of tulle spangled with silver. Short sleeves, edged with sable. Behind a sort of green velvet drapery crossed the back diagonally, and was caught on the left shoulder. Belt of diamonds; necklace of five or six rows of brilliants with pendants of pearls long enough to fall on the breast. Brilliant aigrette of diamonds in the hair. This toilette was fantastic and winning, but one must have the power like Princess Metternich to stamp every thing that she wears with her own individuality to dare to inaugurate such innovations.

Duchess Fernandina chose another method of displaying her magnificent jewels. She wore on her dress of heavy white-ribbed silk bows of white satin, covering the lower half of the front breadth. Plain corsage, crossed by a white watered *cordon* edged with violet, with a diamond A on an enamel medallion. On her head she wore a diadem, estimated at eighty thousand francs.

Madame Fleury, the beautiful wife of the General, was in white satin. Corsage plain, with basque, trimmed with pearl passementerie. Belt covered with fine pearls. Red rose in the waist, and red roses with diamond foliage in the hair. Madame Canrobert was in white tulle, striped with silver, and tastefully ornamented with tufts of blue feathers.

Mademoiselle de Koekler, the reader to the Empress, a stately and beautiful brunette, was attired with exquisite simplicity in plain white tulle, with blue sash. Her hair was without an ornament. Mademoiselle de Ruhemont, the daughter of the Senator, on the contrary, appeared in a most eccentric costume; a dress spangled with flame-colored tinsel and a wreath of lilies of the valley. Mademoiselle Camille Doucet, the daughter of the Academician, was in white poult de soie, with a wreath of gold leaves; Mademoiselle de Heckeren, the daughter of the Senator, in white tulle, and the Misses Beckwith in green tulle, with green satin tunics looped with clusters of white eglantine. But we can not describe every thing, and must content ourselves with these sketches, which will show the prevailing features of the present fashions, wherein almost any caprice is admissible. The tendency seems to be to effect a fusion between the fashions of the time of Louis XVI. and those of the First Empire. The Carnival was not marked by the great number of fancy dress balls which signalized this season last year. Countess Montgomery conceived the happy idea of requesting all her guests to appear in the shepherd's costume of the time of Louis XV. The effect was charming. Another great lady of the Faubourg St. Honoré asked all the gentlemen invited to her ball to appear in a false nose of pasteboard, which caused much merriment.

The last nights of the prima donna Adelina Patti were none the less brilliant on account of the Carnival. The receipts of the Théâtre Italien never fell below ten thousand francs when she sang. On the occasion of the reproduction of Don Giovanni the assembly was magnificent. In one of the imperial boxes was seen a lady resplendent with diamonds, who nevertheless was not a princess, while in a modest *loge* in the gallery were Prince Napoleon and Princess Clotilde, the latter in a white dress trimmed with pink ribbons, with a rose near the shoulder and a single rose in her hair—a caprice of the Princess, well suited to the gentle majesty which characterizes the daughter of the King of Italy.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

NICE GIRLS.

WE all know a nice girl the moment we meet her. That one word "nice" rises to our lips instinctively, we can hardly tell why; but it is the only word in the language that can be used under the circumstances, and it is fully expressive. Every one knows exactly what it means. It does not necessarily mean a beautiful girl, or an elegant or an accomplished girl, except to the extent that beauty, elegance, and accomplishments are essential to niceness. In a sense the nice girl always is, and should be, pretty. Yes; she ought to have nice features—a pure, clear face it should be; and she is certain to have nice eyes. No matter for the color; let them be blue, or hazel, or black; and, again, let them be large or small; but they are certain to have an expression about them absolutely charming. They will be kind eyes, sympathetic eyes, ready to brighten at another's happiness, and to grow brighter still with "tears that leave the lashes bright" over another's sorrowings. The nice girl is sure to have a pretty mouth too. The mouth is of all the features that least under the control of the will. It is the truest index to the disposition. Eyes may gleam; smiles may dimple the cheeks; amiability may be simulated with infinite skill; but the mouth is less obliging than the "hollow hearts" of the poet. It will *not* "wear a mask;" and it is only by cultivating sweetness of disposition that a pretty mouth can be secured. The nice girl unconsciously finds out this secret, and with a sweet mouth and kind eyes she may be content: she has beauty enough.

The great charm about the nice girl is, that she is so good-tempered—which is a synonym for good-hearted—so amiable, so cheerful, and so clever, in the best sense of that word. She is the life and soul of home. Her presence is its sunshine. She makes it. She is indispensable to it. Says the Fairy in the Christmas tale, speaking of such a girl in humble life: "The hearth which, but for her, were only a few stones and bricks and rusty bars, is made through her the altar of the home." The same thing happens in higher circles, for the nice girl is found every where. One thing to be noted of her is, that she is always neat. You can not surprise her *en déshabille*. What a marvelous smoothness of hair she has! And what immaculate cuffs and collars, warranted never to rumple or soil! It is difficult to believe that her dresses are made; their fit is perfection, and they seem as natural to her as leaves to a flower. There is always a graceful flow about them; and as for color, she has an artist's instincts in respect to it. She uses a bright ribbon as a painter would do, but without knowing why. A poem might be written on a nice girl's boots. They are never of the showy kind—but how charming! Gloves, again; they are always perfection in fit, and, as a rule, of some neutral tint. Catch our nice girl appearing in gloves of positive yellow, or green, or, most hideous of all, red—that latest outrage on good taste!

The influence of a nice girl in a house is always felt, but it is not easy to say how it is exercised. Wherever she goes tidiness and neatness result. Her touch has a magic in it. She could not be slovenly if she tried. It would be impossible for her to arrange a flower, place a chair, loop up a curtain, or perform the commonest act of daily life in any but the right way. It is by no means necessary that the nice girl should be simply domestic; but she is sure to prize her home, and to be of use in it. Always gay, busy, and cheerful, happy in herself and devoted to those about her, she misses none of the refinements or genuine pleasures of life.

It is peculiarly pleasant to think of the nice girl in the sick-room. Leigh Hunt wrote a paper on the pleasures of being ill. Not very ill, you know; but sufficiently so to warrant you in keeping to the house, and having people concerned and interested about you. He rated it as one of the pleasures of life. This at least may be conceded, that it goes far to take it out of the category of the miseries of life when our pet is there, ready and willing to attend on us with loving devotion and unwearying patience. She is never afraid, never fatigued. Her footstep is not heard, her dress has no irritating rustle in it. She does not talk to you overmuch, nor fidget you with suggestions or fussy attentions. An invalid suffers as much from being overnursed as from neglect. She sees that you want for nothing, but conceals from you how your wants are supplied. At your lowest she inspires you with confidence: as you mend her cheerfulness sustains you, and one look at her bright face is like a glimpse of heaven.

PETS OF JAPANESE LADIES.

ALL over the world dogs take the first position, when one wishes to speak of creatures of the animal kingdom selected as objects of care and interest by men and women.

The Japanese ladies possess a very choice breed of pet dog, supposed to be the same as that known in Europe as the Charles the Second spaniel. As some intercourse was still kept up with Japan by England, through the East India Company, during the reign of the Merry Monarch, it is probable that these pets of his court were introduced to that country from the land of the Tycoon. These dogs are small, with beautiful silky hair, fringed paws, and pug-nose. So completely is this feature diverted from the purpose it ordinarily serves in dogs as a breathing passage, that it is difficult to believe the effect has not been artificially produced. It was not until we saw some very young puppies quite as deficient in useful noses as their parents, that we could believe the pretty little doggies were not cruelly used in their infancy, by their noses being in some way compressed. They are very delicate little creatures, and the utmost care is bestowed upon them by their mistresses, which they repay by manifesting much satisfaction when in female society, and selecting the long dresses to sleep on. Owing to the peculiar formation of the nose, they snuffle and snort during sleep, and the tongue hangs out from the left side of the mouth. We recollect once going to a dog-fancier's at Nagasaki, where numbers of these little animals were collected for the purposes of sale. They lived in elegant kennels, and at certain times were let out into a small dry court-yard for their morning airing, where they frisked, and barked, and snuffled together to their hearts' content, and then these dear little things, dear in more senses than one—for the price ranged from twenty-five to fifty dollars each—were fed on boiled rice and fish, and replaced in their domiciles.

Japanese cats are different from our tabbies, inasmuch as their tails are merely stumps. Pussy, without her long curved appendage, loses much of her grace of form and movement, and it is some time before the eye becomes accustomed to the deficiency. Cats are there, as here, the household pets, and are encouraged for the same services which they render to us, viz., that of preying on rats and mice.

A small pond containing gold, silver, and purple-spotted fish is often introduced into the gardens. These fish are, of course, privileged pets, and swim about in happy ignorance of the fish-devouring propensities of their mistresses. The fins and tails differ much from those of the species we are accustomed to; they are particularly large and diaphanous, and the fish appear to move through the water by the aid of delicate white lace sweeps. The head is square and large, and the prominent eyes give it a singular appearance. A particularly choice kind has a round white body, with a golden head, and tail divided into three.

Japan is the land of pheasants, and the denizens of its woods have been caught and caged, to charm, with their brilliant plumage, those who care for and tend them. That gem of birds, the golden pheasant, with its bright crest, elegantly-marked ruff, and rich orange-red breast, graces the aviaries, as well as the quieter silver pheasant, whose delicately penciled plumage has a quiet charm of its own. The purple-breasted and copper varieties are also found in them.

Sportsmen and battues are unknown in Japan, so that the happy pheasants do not number man among their natural and most dreaded enemies.

The wild-fowl around Yeddo—geese, ducks, teal, etc.—are never disturbed by the sound of fire-arms, it being contrary to the decrees of the Government to fire a gun within a certain distance (10 re.) of the Imperial city; so that they are perfectly tame, and the foreigner has some difficulty in believing that they are not domesticated birds. The bantams are particularly pretty—just such delicate-plumed little creatures that lovers of birds would choose for their pets. The tail of the cock bird is very curved and long, and quite sweeps the ground as he proudly struts about. The eggs are small and delicate in flavor, with very thin shells.

COPYING WHEEL.—This Wheel, by means of which patterns can be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease, is now ready, and can be had of most of the News-dealers; or will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on the receipt of 25 cents.

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AMONG THE ANDES OF PERU AND BOLIVIA. By E. G. SQUIER.

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MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

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RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.]

THE RISE AND FALL OF CRINOLINE.

XII.

THE DEATH OF CRINOLINE. 1867.—After fourteen years' residence upon this earth, crinoline at length expired. At least it died in the fashionable world. Fine ladies were once more seen at balls and parties in flowing robes, innocent of whalebone or steel supports; but among the masses crinoline still survived, and boasted of its vitality. The prevailing opinion, however, was that its reign was at an end, and the wits proposed that a monument should be erected by the fair sex, on which should be sculptured the well-known features of the departed, with the inverted torch, the symbol of death, while an inscription should describe the good qualities of the defunct fashion, record its earthly career, and express the confident hope of its early resurrection.

But no sooner had the whisper gone round that crinoline was really dead and buried for the present than it rose from its ashes like a new Phœnix; and now, in the year of grace 1868, after so lately honoring its obsequies, we are threatened with its revival in a new form. The *panier*, the stiffest and most ungraceful of all the forms ever assumed by this capricious fashion, has appeared at the court balls in Paris; and threatens to extend farther, and to be worn by both small and great. Heaven defend us from the infliction to which our eyes will doubtless become accustomed, and which in the end we shall find beautiful! Of all the caprices of the fickle goddess of fashion, none have been so marked and so strangely abrupt as those of the Protean crinoline.

FACETIÆ.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.—Miss Amabel Heighington lays down her Shelley with a sigh, and thinks mankind must be greatly altered since the poet wrote,

"Nothing in the world is single."

NEIGHBORLY.—"Please, Sir," said a child to a guest, "who lives next door to you?" "Why, my little dear, do you ask?" said the guest. "Because mamma said you were next door to a brute," replied the child.

SHAKSPEARE IN ERROR.—King George of Hanover recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage, and among the presents he received were no fewer than 1573 cushions, worked by hand. Shakspeare must have been in error when he said,

"Uneasy lies the head which wears a crown."

At least there's plenty of room for King George's to lie easy enough.

SINCERITY.—Niece: "I'm writing to Clara Smith, aunt. Shall I say any thing from you?" Aunt: "You may give her my love, dear. How I do dislike that girl, to be sure!!"

STRANGE.—By a strange coincidence, peace itself is, after all, the greatest "army contractor" in the world.

SISTERS OF CHARITY.—Faith and Hope.

BETTER LATE THAN EARLY.—If asked to dinner by one of the hippophagists, we must say that we should not much mind arriving "a day too late for the"—fare!

Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

MEN WHO TAKE THINGS AS THEY COME ALONG—Pickpockets.

A GOOD JUDGE.—While a magistrate sat sipping his maraschino, a country lad arrived with a letter which required an immediate answer. The squire good-naturedly poured out a glass of maraschino for the lad, and set about writing a reply. Having finished his letter, he looked up, and was amazed to see that the bottle had been emptied. Turning to the boy he exclaimed, "Do you know, you imp, that that cost me sixteen shillings?" "Well, it's worth every penny on't, yer Honor," was the reply of the rustic.

SEPTUA: SEXA: QUINQUA: GESIMA.

GUSHING CAROLINE:

Dear Charles, why do such numbers marry
In the three weeks preceding Lent?

GRUMPY COUSIN:

Because they know they'll soon want, Carry,
A fitting season *to repent.*

THE ARTIST'S STATE—Pencil-vania.

If seven days make one week, how many will make one strong?

DOMESTIC.—The cry of the day is the crisis; that of the night is the baby. Never give an infant a knife, in case it should cut its teeth. If a child is troublesome, send it to a nursery-garden: if the nursery-maid can not manage it, the nurseryman may. It is the father's duty to feed his children: remember that he is their pap-pa. Jars and broils should always be confined to jams and beef-steaks. If your wife asks for a shawl, give her one, especially if she says that she shawl have it. When the baby walks give it a perambulator. If your wife dresses your dinner nicely, let her dress herself as well. It is only the brute that beats his wife; therefore never countenance a husband having recourse to a club. The best check for the milliner's bill is a check for the amount. Domestic felicity consists in unbounded faith in cold meat and pickles.

A BORE.—"Sarah," said a young man the other day, "why don't you wear ear-rings?" "Because I haven't had my ears pierced." "I will bore them for you." "Thank you, you have done that enough."

Said a conscientious auctioneer, "Ladies and gentlemen, there is no sham about the carpets; they are genuine tapestry carpets—I bought them of old Tapestry himself."

THE WAY FOR BEAUX—Galway.

Bertie: "Papa, when I grow up, may I be what I like?" Papa: "Yes, my boy, you may choose your own profession." Bertie: "Then I'll be a sweep, for I shall never have to wash my face."

SLIGHT OF HAND—Refusing an offer of marriage.

WANTED.—A cover for bare suspicion; a veil for the face of nature: buttons for breaches of privilege; binding for a volume of smoke; cement for broken engagements.

DEARER THAN LIFE—Fashionable funeral.

THE WINDS MERCHANTS PRAY FOR—The trade winds.

A CHARMING REPTILE—A serpent.

A poor woman called at a grocer's the other day, and asked for a quart of vinegar. It was measured off, and put into her gallon jug. She then asked for another quart to be put into the same vessel. "And why not ask for a half a gallon, and done with it?" said the grocer. "Och, bless your little bit of a soul!" answered she, "*it's for two persons.*"

IMPORTUNATE—Boring the earth for water.

"UP IN ARMS"—The baby.

An English gentleman once fell from a horse and injured his thumb. The pain increasing he was obliged to send for a surgeon. One day the doctor was unable to visit his patient, and therefore sent his son instead. "Have you visited the Englishman?" said the father in the evening. "Yes," replied the young man, "and I have drawn out a thorn, which I found to be the chief cause of his agony." "Fool!" exclaimed the father, "I trusted you had more sense: now there is an end to the job!"

A DANGEROUS PLACE—Bombay.

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is like a silk purse, most agreeable to bear when there is plenty of money in it. Marriage is like a mouse-trap, once get into it, and you are in *for* it, with a very slim chance for getting out. Marriage, among fools, is like a boiled calf's head, without the accompaniment of brains. Marriage is like a roast leg of mutton on Sunday, served up cold on Monday, ditto, with pickles, on Tuesday, and hashed up on Wednesday.

An old toper was heard the other day to advise a young man to get married, "because then, my boy, you'll have somebody to pull off your boots when you go home drunk."

A little fellow was partaking pretty largely of the good things of this life at the dinner-table, immediately on his return from Sabbath-school. His brother, after eying him for some time, said: "Charlie, if you were to eat much more, and it should kill you, you would weigh so much that the angels could not carry you to heaven." Little six-year-old hesitated for a moment, and then, looking up, replied: "Well, if they couldn't do it alone, God would send Samson down to help them."

A LEAP-YEAR LAY.

BY A PROPHETIC SOUL.

Oh, ladies! who the privilege
Obtain this year of "popping,"
Pray ponder ere across the hedge
Of prudence you are hopping;
For Sixty-Eight perchance may be
A dear, and not a cheap year,
Unless you take advice from me,
And "look, before you Leap"—Year!

Of course, I know, a single lot
Is singularly dreary—
But very many wives, I wot,
Are only doubly weary.
Their lives are simply sums of grief,
On wretched year they heap year
To make a burden past relief;
So "look before you Leap"—Year!

That "looking after Number One"
A proverb is, quite true is;
But that I doubt if rightly done
By finding Number Two is!
I know that life soon runs to waste,
That quick on year will creep year;
And yet 'tis ill to wed in haste,
So "look before you Leap"—Year;

JOHN ANDERSON and his good-wife
In fair and stormy weather,
(The song says) down the hill of life
Went hand in hand together.
Their years were but a gentle slope—
This year may prove a steep year
Should you try marriage; so I hope
You'll "look before you Leap"—Year!

You dream of wedded happiness—
A junction *sans* collisions!
Your matrimonial views, I guess,
Are very baseless visions.
Be warned! and do not this year make
Your "waking-out-of-sleep" year.
Dream on; my friendly warning take,
And "look before you Leap"—Year!

Well! 'spite of me, you would, I see,
A worser half annex still—
Be man and wife! Oh, don't you be
Bis-sex't till next Bissextile!
A lottery all marriage is,
But this is *the* worst Sweep-year!
So take the tip I offer: 'tis
"Pray, look before you Leap"—Year!

CONSOLATORY.—There's always one consolation, whatever our misfortune—it might be worse. Were life hanging on a thread, it would be a comfort to think that it was not hanging on a rope.

NIGHT LIGHTS—Glow-worms.

The advertisement of a doctor who undertakes the cure of madness begins thus: "Worthy the attention of the insane."

In a shop-window, in an obscure part of London, is this announcement: "Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten, and poetry composed on any subject."

QUERIES FOR FISHERMEN.

Can the "skate" be ever considered any thing but a-n-ice fish?

Did "herrings" originally come from Erin's Isle? and, if so, could they by any chance have been the first "finny 'uns?"

Can "whipping" a stream account in any way for the wails of the ocean, or the sighs of the sea?

Would speculating in the "Bank" of Newfoundland be necessarily a fishy transaction?

In numbering the "ova" of some fish at millions, is not their fecundity rather "ova-rated?"

Say that—as is often the case—fish were utilized as manure, would it take only 160 "perch" for an acre of land?

Is it a matter of surprise that a whale generally ends in "blubber?"

Are fishes' scales subject to the supervision of the Inspector of Weights and Measures, and are their "gills" of imperial measure?

Is the ultimate "fin" of a fish called the "finis?"

Give reasons for the existence of the very binding "claws" in the Crab and Lobster Fishery Act?

How is it that the "net" takings of the fisherman are always in reality his "gross" takings?

A HINT TO HAIR-DRESSERS.—HOW TO MAKE THEIR ESTABLISHMENTS PAY HANDSOMELY.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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VISITING TOILETTES.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Visiting Toilettes.

Fig. 1.—Dress of changeable brown poult de soie, simply edged round the bottom with a heavy silk cord. Large Cashmere chlamys; blue ground with rich Oriental figures, and fringe to match. White tulle bonnet, trimmed with apple blossoms; scarf strings, edged with folds of white satin.

Fig. 2.—Dress of silver-gray faye, trimmed with three bias folds of gray velvet, which border the bottom and run up the front on each side of a row of large gray velvet buttons. The same trimming ornaments the pockets and forms a square bertha on the waist. Cashmere chlamys; white ground, with large Persian figures, lined with cherry silk, with fringe to match. Bonnet of black dotted lace, with scarf strings fastened under the chin by a jet medallion; bandeau diadem of black velvet, with five jet medallions. Parasol to match the dress, lined with white silk. Fawn-colored kid gloves, with three buttons.

APRIL.

SHE has come once more, with her purple train
Of violets following after,
Fair in a fabric of twinkling rain,
Or sunny with glorious laughter;
She has journeyed again o'er the western main
On guardian winds that waft her.

A velvet of dewy verdure steals
Where her foot on the cold sward presses;
The brook in the pasture merrily peals
Through lengthening ferns and cresses,
And the sombre mound in the grave-yard feels
The balm of her flowerful tresses!

And here as her jubilant cuckoo's song,
And the breath of her early roses,
Float into the room while we sadly throng
Where our dying friend reposes,
These eyes which have yearned for her greeting so long,
'Tis her own fond kiss that closes!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1868.

☞ *Single Subscribers to* HARPER'S BAZAR *will be supplied from Number One to the end of the year* 1868, *which will complete the first Volume, for the yearly price of Four Dollars.*

THE PIANO PLAGUE.

IT would be difficult to estimate the aggregate number of pianos in the United States, but we are told on apparently good authority that over twenty-five thousand are annually furnished, by the hundred and fifty large native manufacturers, to keep up the supply. The number must be immense, for they seem omnipresent, and their twang is heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. There is hardly a family that has got a start, however small—and what American family has not?—beyond the mere satisfaction of its daily wants, but contrives to buy, hire, or borrow a piano. There may be a scarcity of beds, so that the members of the whole household have to lie packed together like so many herrings, but this noisy piece of furniture, deemed indispensable, is sure to have an honored place.

The Americans, however, are not by any means the most musical of people; and if they were they could gratify their taste by the cultivation of the voice and the use of a thousand other less cumbersome and expensive instruments.

The love of music has, we fancy, little to do with it. Our countrywomen have somehow or other got the idea that the piano is a symbol of gentility, and must have one to prove their own claims or to establish those of their daughters thereto. It is astonishing how devoted mothers are to the musical part of the education of their children. Sarah Jane may spell dog with two *gg*'s, know as little about a dumpling as George III., who was puzzled to discover how the apple got in, and be ignorant of all other duties, literary or domestic, and yet her mother takes no care to have her better instructed. But mark how the watchfulness and the patience of the anxious parent come into play when the piano-lesson is to be learned. However absorbed in her household duties—whether tormenting tough dough into pliable pie-crust, or busy with any other housewifely duty—she does not forget daily to remind her daughter of "practicing" time. She takes care, moreover, to be sure by personal watchfulness that the hour (or two hours, perhaps) is faithfully thrummed through. The tenderest mothers are then proof against all appeals to their indulgence, and will extort from the most unwilling child every second of the prescribed lesson. And, after all, what does all this maternal care and severity amount to? The object of it, with no natural taste for music, will in nine cases out of ten never be any thing but a thrummer, who will make the piano, long since a wearisomeness to herself, a nuisance to others. If half the time devoted by mothers to keeping the weary fingers of their daughters popping up and down hour after hour on the slippery keys of the piano was spent in teaching them their household duties, or in taking care that they studied their spelling-books and dictionaries, they would be certainly more useful, and not less ornamental. Music ought undoubtedly to be a part of all education, but it should be kept subordinate, except in cases of strong natural taste, to other branches of learning.

It may be desirable for each family that can afford it to have its piano, and well for every female member to go through a daily course of thrumming on it, but there is no reason why the whole world should be annoyed by the discord. The piano, from its supposed gentility, has always a position in the chief apartment, and thus the visitor is exposed on entering each house to a harsh greeting from the "practicing" daughter of it. The piano should be banished with the baby to the nursery or to the schoolroom, at any rate; or in the dwellings of the rich there might be two instruments, one kept in the drawing-room for those who know how to play on it, and the other for those who are learning, in some remote quarter where its painful discords would be muffled by distance. We protest strenuously against the furnishing of hotels and steamers with pianos, unless good players, who shall have the exclusive use of them, be also supplied. There is no nuisance in this country so trying to the patience of the traveler as the universal presence of this instrument, open to all the world, and noisily banged upon by every comer. In Europe it is never found in places of public resort, whose proprietors would no more think of offering to their guests the indiscriminate use of a piano than that of a bugle or a drum. They have too much regard for the general comfort.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to Mrs. Diamond.

MY DEAR MADAME,—I have long wished to write to you, although my acquaintance with you is rather of observation and reflection than of actual knowledge. You are one of the persons whom I constantly meet, of whom I constantly hear, whom it is profitable rather than pleasant to study, and who really fill a very different place in the world from that which they suppose themselves to fill. It was my first fancy, upon beginning this letter to you, to address you as Mrs. Lighthouse; but upon consideration I thought that you might possibly misinterpret my intention, and imagine that I meant a play upon your name, as a source of light and brilliancy. Nothing could be farther from my purpose than such a use of the word. A light-house is a solemn beacon—"a pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night"—to warn the mariner of rocks and quicksands.

When you are at the sea-side in summer, say at Newport, do you ever catch a glimpse in the evening of the light at Beaver-tail? Do you think merely how bright and dazzling it is, and how prettily it looks in the darkness? Or do you remember that it is a warning finger tipped with flame, and that the sailor as he sees it knows that it beckons him away, and is the sign of deadly dangers to be avoided? Even so, Madame, I look at you in the evenings, when I see you flashing and brilliant, and I say to my companion, "Do you see that light-house yonder? how striking it is, how it illuminates the space around it, how easily its splendor might inspire poets!—well, avoid it as you would ruin." Very often, if my companion is young and inexperienced, she says, after looking for a moment, and in a tone of half-amused vexation, "La! Mr. Bachelor, how queer you are! I don't see any thing but Mrs. Diamond, and how superb she looks to-night!"

Now, my dear Madame, I will tell you why you seem to me a light-house, a beacon, and a warning. It is because you are the young mother of young children, and yet seem to have no idea of any duty or responsibility; and, indeed, instead of being a negative, you are the most positive injury to them. Why did you marry, if you were not ready and willing to give up your headlong pursuit of society? Suppose Diamond *is* rich, suppose you can hire as many nurses and governesses as you choose, and provide as many carriages and footmen as heart can wish—can you hire mothers, and the morals and manners which only the constant care of a mother can impart? You do not care to understand what somehow your maternal instinct has failed to teach you, what a child is. You seem to suppose that it is either a doll or a reasonable creature. Dear Madame, it is neither. It is just a child, very much an animal, and loving dirt and disorder.

If you had ever chosen to spare time enough from your own amusements to observe it, you would have seen that your young child always passes by the pictures of people and landscapes for those of animals. You would have seen that it is the roaring lion lashing his tail, or the crouching Bengal tiger, or the horse in a thousand forms, that really interests and enchants the child. He plays horse. He plays hunting. He is the hyena, or the deer, or the dog, or the giraffe; and his toys are of the same kind. The baby's first pet is the woolly rabbit—then comes the Noah's ark in which there are only three or four miserable little human bipeds among all the inscrutable variety of quadrupeds and birds and creeping things. It is with the sound of animals, with the voices of the barn-yard, the crowing cock, the clucking hen, the quacking duck, the neighing pony, the braying donkey, the barking dog, the mewing cat, the cooing pigeon, the bleating calf, the baa-ing sheep, with all possible noises of all conceivable animals upon the earth that you entertain the "father of the man"—that is to say, I beg your pardon, Madame, the child.

As I say, if you will only think of it, all this is both upon your part—supposing you to be such a mother as you are not—and upon the child's, instinctive. And it is instinctive because, as I said, he is chiefly an animal. He has all the habits and tastes of an animal. His senses open the great game of conscious life for him—by-and-by the soul and the mind follow. But they will not follow, or they will come limping in, or the great game will be utterly spoiled if you abuse the escort and chastise the forerunners. That is to say, if you don't remember that he is an animal, and let him be an animal, and if you try to torture him into behaving like a reasonable human being, you will thwart and bewilder and disgust him, and the abortive man will be the monument of the abused child.

My dear Mrs. Diamond, if you have read my letter so far, I can see you smiling disdainfully, and asking "By what right does this impudent Mr. Bachelor, whom I scarcely know, presume to lecture me about my maternal duties: how does he know any thing of children?" Merely by keeping my eyes open. I am one of Nature's failures, Madame. She meant me evidently to be the father of a large family. But she reconsidered, and I turn out to be merely an uncle. Madame, if you ever read books, I should remind you of that most pathetic and exquisite line in Charles Lamb's "Dream Children"—"The children of Alice call Bartrum father." You are yourself a tragedy, Mrs. Diamond, but you do not understand tragedies. So I say that I know about children because I keep my eyes and my mind open. I don't expect roses in March, nor new apples in April. To every thing its season. Why can't you understand the wisdom of these words? They mean childhood for children—not manhood or womanhood, not reason and politeness and tranquillity, but selfishness, quarrelsomeness, noise, dirt, and, if your serene elegance will permit the phrase, Old Ned generally.

I remember that I went once, when I was a young man, on some kind of business to Samaria Four Corners; and one of the best and loveliest women in the world asked me to stay at her house. She had a child of four years old, and she was not one of the children whose biographies were written in tracts, but a very willful, resolute, and obstreperous child. Every morning at the breakfast-table she had "a turn." Now, it seems that on the morning after my arrival it occurred to the young mother that she was to have me, a total stranger and a bachelor, probably hating children, at her table, and that her child would certainly behave as usual. The prospect was frightful to her, for she knew that there was no alternative. If she tried to persuade the child to stay up stairs there would be a tremendous storm, and if she came as usual to the table the tempest was equally inevitable. But with the vague hope that the presence of a stranger might be a moderating influence, the child was brought to the table. I came in wholly unconscious of the trials and fears of my hostess—who told me the story afterward—and sat down to breakfast. By-and-by the child began, and the trouble of the mother was so evident that I said, to reassure her, and in perfect good faith:

"I am glad to see that other children trouble their mammas as much as my sister's at home trouble her."

That little remark was an infinite consolation to my kind hostess, for it showed her that I knew that children were no more perfect than their parents. Of course they are not. They will not half wash their faces, nor keep their rooms in order, nor come down stairs softly. They will look at people who ask them questions without answering. They will whistle and whoop and bang about the house. They will slide upon the balusters, and come crashing down stairs like a troop of cavalry. They will not behave beautifully at table, and they will take an incalculable amount of scolding and exhortation without showing the least improvement. They will do at dinner what they were reproved for doing at breakfast, and they will repeat it at tea in a much more aggravated form. They prefer mud to gravel, and will be content with dust if no mud is to be found. They will smear their clothes and tear them, and twitch off the buttons, and in summer, if they have clean white trowsers, they will grind the knees into hopeless greenness upon the grass. They will tease each other, and play horrible practical jokes, and frighten the worthy parent beyond expression. They will bring the mother and the father to the verge of saying, a hundred times, "Dear me, children are more of a pest than a pleasure! John, how many times have I told you not to sit in the coal-scuttle? Jane, stop putting the kitten to bed in the window-curtains!"

How ridiculous to treat these little people as if they were something else than they are! Yet you, as I say, scarcely treat them at all. You put them off with nurses, French women who wear caps and are called *bonnes*, and who can teach them to talk French—that being the chief end of human existence. You will not have them in the drawing-room because they "muss" every thing. You will not have them at table, because they are positively outrageous. You do not walk out with them, for they have their nurses and you have your own affairs. The nursery is their domain, and you pay flying visits to it; but the pervasive, moulding presence and influence is the French *bonne*. When the children descend for a little while after dinner carefully dressed, you receive them as dolls. You study the elaborate toilette, the careful hair-dressing. They are agreeable to you in the degree that they represent French puppets. They are little ceremonious acquaintances paying a short call. But they must not "tumble" you nor themselves. They must be very prim and polite. They must affect the courteous arts of their elders; and what do you know of the other arts of their elders which they are learning in the nursery?

Next summer, Madame, when you go to Newport, buy the Recollections of Newport, sixty and seventy years ago, by Mr. George Channing. In that book you will read that the children of that time used to bow and kiss their hands when they came into the presence of their parents; but, for all that, they were flogged with cowhides at school for bad conduct. Since you have children, pray try to understand them. Reflect that their coming is a warning to you that your duties are defined and urgent, and that the character of your pleasures must change. When you were a child in your father's house, your life was properly one thing, now that you are a mother in your own house, it is quite another.

Dear Mrs. Diamond, you are a very pretty and a very resolute woman; but you can not serve God and mammon. Don't try. I have seen the effort lamentably often, and it always fails. Don't be a warning—be a model. And if I seem to speak with feeling, it is only because of my intense sympathy with the dear little people who are so much our victims, and whom I learned to know so intimately when I lived in the family of my sister Emily, who married the late Mr. Smith. You see my children are not the usual model "children of old bachelors," and if you receive this letter graciously, I shall certainly preach a little further from the delightful text. Meanwhile,

I am your well-wisher,
AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

DRESS GOODS.

DURING the present intermediate season when winter wrappings have become too heavy and unlined silks and laces are too light, the short street suits, with an extra lining that may be used or removed at pleasure, become indispensable. We have spoken before of some of the materials used for these street costumes, and fresh importations are constantly adding to the list. The fancy woolen serge imported for spring has a silk diagonal reps that gives it a bright lustre, and a much more dressy appearance than the all-wool serge worn during the winter. We have seen it in pin-head checks and in small oval-like globules, but the plain gray twills are preferred. The price ranges from $1.37½ a yard to $1 75.

Granite poplin is very well described by the name it bears. It is, however, of several qualities. The ordinary granite is a dark-gray mottled goods, very much in appearance like the rock for which it is named. This is serviceable but not attractive. A finer quality is lustrous and smooth, and will rank favorably among the materials for walking suits.

A new mixture of wool and Lisle thread, which reminds one of winsey, is called wash poplin. It is in mottled and chené patterns and plain grounds, in which a white thread crosses a brown or black. All the requisites for a serviceable traveling dress are found in this goods, as it is reversible, is not easily torn, and will wash without fading or shrinking. It is three-quarters of a yard wide and sold at ninety cents a yard.

A pretty combination of silk and linen is called poplinette. It resembles the summer silks in lustre and in its patterns of small checks and blocks, but is more durable and does not wrinkle so easily. Seven-eighths of a yard is the usual width, and the price is $1 50 a yard. Plain colored poplinettes, or silvery-gray grounds with black or white penciled stripes, are brought out in a wider goods of a trifle better quality at $2 a yard. Dress-makers, however, prefer to use material seven-eighths wide, as it cuts to better advantage. The wide poplinettes are almost as handsome as an Irish poplin.

Epingeline, an all-wool poplin of heavy reps, is not new, but is displayed in all the fashionable shades of light-brown, gray, and green. $2 a yard is the price. The robed mohairs are prettily brocaded in wreaths around the skirt with smaller vines for sleeves and corsage. Sea-side poplin is a suggestive name for a quiet pretty material that has a wiry stiffness about it which makes it hang well, and which it is said moisture will not destroy. Of the same order of goods is China cloth, a new mohair with a glazed surface that looks like enamel. The colors, dove and buff, are too light for the present season, and too delicate to make a very serviceable dress at any time. Fifty-five cents a yard is the price asked.

THIN GOODS.

Importations of summer goods are unusually late. A few organdies are shown in striped pat-

terns, and in wreaths and clusters of flowers on a white ground. A dark Sultan red stripe is beside a white one on which are cashmere figures, or a white ground is striped with black relieved by brilliantly colored palm leaves, or wreaths of wood-violets, or squares and blocks of the fashionable tint of pale amber.

Robes of gossamer grenadine are marked $75. A lovely pattern has the principal part of the dress of solid blue and white stripes an inch wide, bordered at the sides and bottom of the skirt with a vine of flowers of most gorgeous hues on a white ground. Narrower vines are provided for the sleeves and waist. Another dress has violet stripes instead of blue. A different style is a dark ground with a wide stripe of gay colors down the centre of each width. Among the grenadines sold by the yard those with black grounds are most admired. On many of these there is merely a white satin stripe, while on others, strewn at intervals, are bunches of rose geranium, or a cluster of small flowers of every shade, forming a tiny nosegay, tied together with a cordon of gilt; and again there are wood-colored stripes with pale yellow primroses or with butter-cups between. In all these there are thick satin stripes. The material is very fine and worth the price, $4 a yard. Plainer quality with small set figures is $2.

Chambery gauze for evening dresses is brought out in solid colors. The popular shades are all represented, butter-cup, Sultan, Metternich green and violet. This is one of the most beautiful transparents that can be worn over silk or satin. The white grounds are also very attractive with thick medallions and dashes of rich colors. One specially admired has a white velvet square on which is a beautifully shaded moss rose-bud.

CHAMELEONS.

The chameleon silks for evening dresses display most beautifully blended colors, forming soft neutral tints that require gas-light to bring out their beauty. We had blue and orange years ago, when changeable silks were in vogue, but the pure azure called Mexico and a pale amber when together enter into a perfect unison with each other, forming a harmony of shade widely different from that made by attempting to combine two colors in such positive contrast, as Mazarine blue and gold. Straw color and green assimilate naturally, making pistache when viewed in front, presenting each shade distinct yet slightly modified each by the other when a side view is taken. Lilac and maize combine prettily; dove color and green form a grayish hue; blondine and white make the merest shadow of rose color on white, and orange shaded with pink forms salmon.

Illusion, tulle, and the merest films of lace are appropriate trimmings for these delicate silks. There are fichus and barbes and sashes of fairy-like texture that might have been designed for them.

MORNING DRESSES.

A pretty style of morning dress is a *princesse* robe buttoned slanting from the throat to the hem in the redingote fashion. Coat-sleeves with a deep cuff turned back, simulated by trimming. Large flat linen buttons. Narrow pocket flaps are placed lengthwise of the skirt. An appliqué vine of blue or pink leaves of French Chambery, braided at the edge, or feather-stitched with white, is a pretty trimming for plain white piqué. Rows of points formed by folding a square of muslin are also used on either side of bias folds and bands. If the folds are cut perfectly on the bias, and the points folded smoothly, this trimming is easily ironed and will be found well adapted to wash materials. These new hand-made trimmings require time and patience, and consequently increase the dress-makers' bills. With a little practice ladies can make them neatly at home in the leisure moments that have hitherto been devoted to crocheting.

Solid colored brilliants, figured cambrics, and the cool, white linens with narrow stripes of black are loosely gored with body and skirt in one, and surrounded with a deep flounce beginning at the knee. A cord and tassel is worn at the waist, or a belt of the same. Instead of the rosette so long worn in front of the belt, a pretty fashion is to point the end that laps, and place a strap of the material over the front of the belt, giving the appearance of a buckle.

A graceful morning dress of sheer nansook is a loose Gabrielle with Hamburg insertion down the front and above the hem. Narrow Valenciennes is on both sides of the insertion and at the edge of the skirt. Price $40. Another at the same price has a robe trimming formed of the Hamburg insertion with a row of muslin points on the lower side of it. The trimming begins at the back of the shoulder, extends down the body and front, and curves around the side to the back of the dress above the hem. Wide flowing sleeves with a close under-sleeve. Twelve yards of nansook is required for this dress. The train is long and full.

A jaconet Gabrielle is trimmed with puffs up each seam and over the shoulder. Around the skirt are two puffs with a cluster of tucks between.

PETTICOATS.

Muslin skirts to be worn under short dresses are gored flat at the front and sides, and trimmed with three fluted ruffles, or with a group of tucks and one ruffle. With trained dresses the petticoat worn next the dress should be trained also, and be but little shorter than the dress. A wide flounce set on at the knee, with the skirt proper gored plain, makes a graceful skirt. A better trimming is three ruffles of graduated widths, narrow in front, and deep behind.

Pretty Balmorals of thick white serge have dark blue and brown medallion borders. The gored design is marked on the widths. These are $7. Very heavy piqué is also stamped for petticoats, with a vine of flowers and leaves in black, or a broad Greek border. These are sold at $4.

COLLARS, COLLARETTES, AND CUFFS.

Medallions of needle-work and Valenciennes are attached to the front of linen collars, and hang pendent like a locket. Cuffs to match have similar medallions that are to be fastened over on the outside of a coat-sleeve. Sets of this kind are exceedingly pretty for demi-toilettes, and suit especially the neat summer silks and poplinettes used for home dresses. Another style of morning collar has alternate points of narrow Valenciennes and of linen, with wide square cuffs, on which are as many as eight rows of Valenciennes, forming a deep vandyke between plain linen points. Tiny bows of embroidery and lace, with blue ribbon beneath them, are worn at the throat. Straight bands, exquisitely needle-worked on one side, are to be worn either as standing or turned-down collars. Some of the handsomest sets have collarettes with them, long falls of lace, to be worn with the open surplice and revers dresses now fashionable. These are from $20 to $25.

VARIETIES.

A new *sortie de bal* or evening wrapping, now in favor with Parisian ladies, is a round cloak of cashmere, called, in honor of a classic garment, the chlamys. It resembles the talma in shape, and is of the finest cashmere; a white and blue ground or a dark rich color is bordered with palm leaves and other Oriental designs in gay and brilliant colors. The garment is surrounded by a fringe made of the fleece of the cashmere goat, in which is blended all the varied colors of the border. It is lined with soft silk.

A stylish dress for mourning has just been made of that most valuable fabric, iron grenadine, a solid black without a particle of lustre. The long-trained skirt, gored at the sides, is trimmed with box-pleated quillings, cut on the bias, and hemmed on each side, and ornamented with a narrow, flat braid. Three graduated quillings extend around the hem to the front widths, where they are arranged in a crescent shape. Above these narrower quillings simulate a tunic with an apron fall on the front width. Coat-sleeves and tight-fitting corsage with small basques attached.

A silk Gabrielle of Mexico blue has a long skirt with a wide bias flounce on all the widths but the front. Three narrow folds of satin, piped at each edge, are above this flounce. The pipings are continued up the side seams and on the corsage with a row of silk scallops, each one made separately and bound with satin. The buttons only extend to the waist, and the front seam, without which it is impossible to make a Gabrielle, is concealed with pipings and scallops. Short sleeves, with a fall of wide Valenciennes. When the close coat-sleeves that accompany the dress are worn, the short sleeves form caps.

A walking dress of violet serge has three narrow vandyked flounces on the lower skirt, with rouleaux of satin above them. The upper skirt similarly trimmed is festooned high in the back, and caught up at the back in full puffs. A half-adjusted, sleeveless basquine worn over these was very short at the back with long pointed ends in front, lapped to show both points. Satin rouleaux surrounded the sacque.

Scarfs of gay plaid silk are worn by foreign ladies, with black silk walking dresses. They are straight and long, and are folded on the breast and tied behind.

Aprons of plaid silk made with bibs, or with high bodices, are worn both by ladies and children.

Quite young ladies now wear coquettish little caps for morning dress. This is a German fashion, becoming and home-like.

A pretty round hat for spring has a high Spanish crown with a pompon of feathers in front, and black net scarfs falling from the back, crossed on the breast and loosely tied in the back.

For information received we are indebted to Messrs. LORD & TAYLOR; A. T. STEWART & Co.; JAMES A. HEARN & SON; and Madame DIEDEN.

GENTLEMEN'S SPRING FASHIONS.

See illustration on next page.

Fig. 1.—STREET SUIT. Hat somewhat low, with average brim, turned up slightly at the side. Frock-coat of gray cloth, with diagonal stripes; collar low, with one button below the roll; waist adjusted and somewhat long; sleeve moderately tight, with cuff. Coat bound on the edge with galloon. Single-breasted vest, of the same material as the coat, with standing collar, buttoned high, with corners sloped in front at the bottom so as to form a **V**. Striped scarf. Standing shirt-collar. Pantaloons of the same material, demi tight, with small stripe at the side.

Fig. 2.—Dress for Boy ten years old. Low-crowned hat. Straight coat of dark brown cloth, with very narrow collar; waist loose and long; coat cut away in front, and bound with galloon. Light vest, with rolling collar; cravat tied in a bow. Turned down shirt-collar. Light pantaloons, demi tight, of the same material as the vest.

Fig. 3.—Street suit of gray cloth with diagonal stripes, dotted with black. Coat with adjusted waist; collar rolling very low; skirt cut away and rounded at the bottom; pockets on the hip, with square lapels; sleeve of medium size, with cuff, finished, like the edge of the coat, with a row of stitching three-fourths of an inch from the edge. Single-breasted vest, with standing collar, the edge finished like that of the coat. Demi tight pantaloons. Hat with low crown; average brim, turned up at the sides.

Fig. 4.—STREET DRESS. Hat somewhat low and straight, with brim of average width, very slightly turned up at the side. Over-coat of dark olive cloth, of medium length, in form half-way between a sack and a tight-fitting coat; collar narrow and flat; sleeve full, with broad cuff, finished like the edge and seams of the coat with a double row of stitching. Demi tight pantaloons, with broad spaces separated by narrow black stripes on a light ground, with small diagonal lines.

Fig. 5.—STREET DRESS. Light hat, somewhat low and straight, with flat brim. Coat of dark brown cloth, with adjusted waist; collar rolling low; revers partly faced with silk, so as to leave only a wide border of the cloth facing; coat cut away at the bottom; sleeve of average size, with cuff. Single-breasted vest, with rolling collar, of the same material as the coat, buttoned high, with the revers faced with silk. Striped cravat of bright color. Turn-down collar. Demi tight pantaloons, of golden brown cloth, with narrow vertical stripes.

Fig. 6.—NÉGLIGÉE DRESS. Very low crowned hat, with flat brim. Short golden brown veston, half sack, buttoned straight in front by a concealed strip; lower part rounded; transverse pockets with narrow welts, just below the hip and near the front; standing velvet collar; average sized sleeves, with cuff of velvet, edged with broad galloon with diagonal stripes. Cravat of buff silk, loosely tied. Shirt with standing collar. Demi tight pantaloons of a lighter shade than the coat, in small plaids with broad black stripe at the side.

PERSONAL.

THE Princess SALM SALM, who seems to be browsing in the most royal of clover in Austria, where the Imperial family have taken her under protection and given her a competence, as an acknowledgment of the heroism displayed by her for MAXIMILIAN, in Mexico, was a ballet-dancer in Canada at the time she became Mrs. Prince S. S. As the rough, Western man observes, she has "pi-rooted" to some purpose.

—Happy must Mrs. DISRAELI have been when the QUEEN called upon her husband to succeed Lord DERBY. She had been in poor health, but is now quite restored. "To think," was the good lady's remark, not long ago, "that three months since I should not have been expected to live, and that I have to-day walked with my husband, Prime Minister of England, from my house to Cadogan Place." And for a lady who will scarcely see seventy again, the amount of pedestrian exercise—not far off three miles—taken under the circumstances it was, might well furnish material for gratifying reflection.

—The *Bazar* begs leave to introduce to its lady-readers Colonel PORTE CRAYON, one of the oldest and most valued of the contributors to *Harper's Monthly* and *Weekly*, of whom, as SHAKSPEARE saith, "good exclamation" is thus made by a gentleman who recently saw him in the undress of home, at his residence in Berkeley Springs:

"He is a grizzled, lean man, of perhaps forty-five years of age, with a martial carriage, and his life has been spent in scholarly rambles through both hemispheres, with the greater episode of the civil war making its latter end. He belongs to a series of eminent Virginia families; and, despite a good deal of badinage, I think it is something to be proud of, to be of a good old Virginia family—General DAVID HUNTER being his uncle (his own name being DAVID HUNTER STROTHER), and a close descendant of JOHN RANDOLPH married his sister. He is related to the families of General R. E. LEE, JAMES MASON, and other leading Virginians. He himself was a Unionist of gallant record, having served through the war as a hard-working aid-de-camp to the best generals. The sketches that he is publishing in *Harper's Magazine* are very nearly literal records from diaries kept during the war. His eye-sight is fast failing. PORTE CRAYON possesses the only series of contemporary sketches extant of JOHN BROWN'S raid, from its beginning to its conclusion. As historical data they are almost invaluable. He has depicted BROWN in twenty different crises, with literal truthfulness that greatly assists us to comprehend the weird old ranger. He and Mr. RANDOLPH are proprietors of the noble summer resort of Berkeley Springs, the favorite haunt of WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, MADISON, and MONROE, all of whom fought chicken cocks and raced horses there with so much devotion that we never refer to it in juvenile histories. We do tell of the cherry-tree about which WASHINGTON could not tell a lie, father! but we never represent that glorious chief betting his 'alf sovereign on the speckled bantam."

—The Rev. ALBERT BARNES is about to give to the world his last work, in the shape of "Notes on the Psalms." In the preface to the forthcoming volume he says: "These Notes on the Book of Psalms complete my labors in endeavoring to explain and illustrate the sacred Scriptures. At my time of life, with the partial failure of vision with which I have been afflicted for more than twelve years, with the other cares and burdens resting on me, and with the moral certainty that the infirmities of age, if I am spared, must soon come upon me, I could hope to accomplish no more, and I shall attempt no more."

—ISABELLA II., of Spain, is the only remaining Bourbon sovereign in Europe. She is thirty-eight years old; is married to her cousin, Don FRANCISCO D'ASSIS. The result of this union has been five children; but the queen doesn't agree very well with her husband, so they worret each other. Nevertheless, Spain has gone ahead considerably in internal improvements and general prosperity during her reign.

—WILLARD SMALL, who writes over the signature of *Oliver Optic*, is a notable linguist, reading thirty-one languages and speaking eight fluently. He makes it a rule to learn one new language every year. He is thirty-six years old, stands six feet two inches in his stockings, and weighs two hundred and thirty pounds. In the field he leads the hands; can lift five hundred pounds; sleeps only five hours a day, is strictly temperate, and never uses liquor or tobacco. Is married and has a daughter, nine years old, who speaks French, German, Italian, and Spanish.

—That very musical person, GOTTSCHALK, writes to friends in the States that when about to give a concert in Santiago he called upon the military bands of that place for assistance, but found to his horror that they could not read a note of music. His fears of failure were, however, turned into astonishment when he ascertained that they were familiar with whole operas, and could play the most difficult pieces after hearing them once. Their musical taste is exquisite, and a person called skillful here would be there set down as second-rate. This, at all events, is what GOTTSCHALK says, and we suppose the readers of the *Bazar* must allow it to be true.

—There are three lady editors in Iowa—Mesdames MONEY, READ, and HARTSHORN—wealthy, literary, and pungent.

—Prince LUCIEN LOUIS JOSEPH NAPOLEON BONAPARTE has just been made a Cardinal. He is the son of CHARLES LUCIEN BONAPARTE, who was son of LUCIEN, brother of NAPOLEON I. The new Cardinal was born November 15, 1828.

Another of the family, Madame BONAPARTE, widow of JEROME, resides in Baltimore. It is whispered that she preserves her face from wrinkles by abstaining from both laughter and tears. She also nightly encases her taper fingers in metallic thimbles, and has done so for the last forty years. "Consequently," says JENKINS, "her hand retains much of its original symmetry, and the decay of her charms is as sweet and faultless as the falling leaves of the rose."

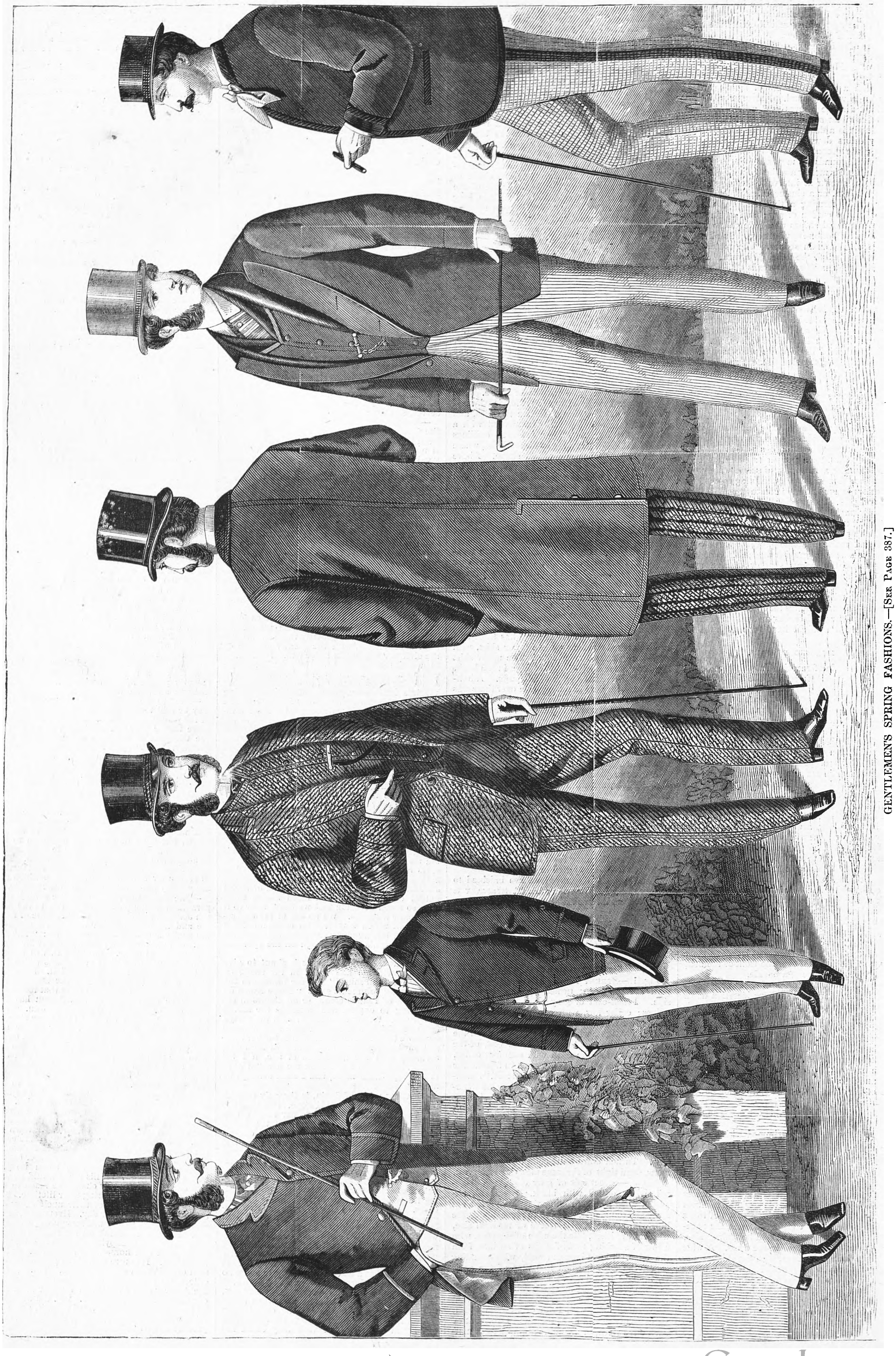
—Mrs. E. H. REED, of New Orleans, has written a life of Dr. A. P. DOSTIE, late of that city, which promises to throw much light on the stirring events of the last five years in that region. Mrs. REED is thoroughly conversant with the events treated of in her book, including the massacre of July 30, 1866, and, from being the intimate friend of Dr. DOSTIE, is admirably qualified for the important task of historian of one who gave his life to the cause he believed to be right.

—Among the witty people who have been in Washington looking over the notables and making notes of things in that funny, funny place, is Mr. CHARLES H. WEBB; and he is the malefactor who exploits the following droll scene said to have occurred between Mr. SEWARD and Mr. THORNTON, the new representative of the British Lion. It came to Mr. W. from an authentic source, and is to be relied upon: "Mr. THORNTON, in company with Mr. FORD, Secretary of the Legation, called on Mr. SEWARD, it seems, previous to his formal presentation to the President. It was an informal call, of course, connected with diplomacy by only a slender thread, and Mr. SEWARD sought to make it as pleasant as possible, remarking, in the course of conversation, that he trusted their relations would be pleasant, as indeed there was no occasion for them to be otherwise, with the exception of the *Alabama* claims, about which, however, he anticipated no trouble, as they could very easily be settled, and in an amicable way, or words to that effect—whereupon Mr. THORNTON arose in a most dignified and ridiculous manner, and took his hat in hand, emphatically declaring that the question was of too serious a character to be treated in a manner so light, and that it would form the subject of grave correspondence—he did not propose to touch upon it then! and, accompanied by Mr. FORD, away he trotted, back, ears, and tail up, like the ass of old in the lion's skin. Now, why did he go and make a stupid of himself after that fashion? That's what I want to know."

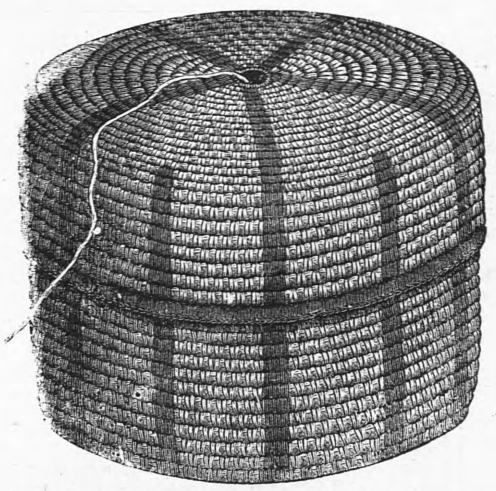
—PAUL MORPHY must be losing position as the first of chess players. Out of four games recently played in Paris with Mr. STEINTZ, he lost one, and three were drawn.

—Next to the QUEEN the PRINCESS OF WALES may be said to stand in the affectionate respect of the people of England. During her illness of more than a year she has been very present to the thoughts of the men and women of that country. She has just reappeared in public, and we learn from a London journal that her presence, recently, at Drury Lane Theatre was the signal for a perfect ovation. To another place besides those of amusement, the Princess, so recently suffering herself, has carried the consolation of her presence, and kind looks, and gracious words. In the beginning of the week she paid a lengthened visit to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and went over the wards, speaking to the patients, but most of all giving attention to the numerous sufferers who are still in the hospital as a result of the Clerkenwell explosion. This most womanly act of kindness tends still further to secure for the Princess that place which she has already taken in the hearts of the people.

—The ASTORS of to-day form the subject of a paragraph from a writer in this city to the Boston *Journal*, and describes their routine of daily life and the way in which the great fortune of the family is rapidly being rolled up: "The ASTORS will probably hold their property for many generations to come. WILLIAM B. was trained by his father to the style of business which had gained his fortune and increased it. Since the death of JOHN JACOB ASTOR the business has been continued in the same style that marked it before he died. WILLIAM B. ASTOR has two sons, JOHN JACOB and WILLIAM B., Jun. They have been carefully trained to the same style of business that distinguished their father and grandfather. In the little one-story brick building on Prince Street, looking like a small jail with the iron bars in front, the father and two sons can be seen daily taking care of their immense estate. The sons are quiet and reticent like their father. No bank clerk goes to his business more steadily than do they. At a given hour in the morning they enter their office. At a given hour, arm in arm, they walk down Broadway to Wall Street. Between two and three they can be seen returning from their down-town office. They are seldom separate. They are capable, industrious, economical, and pre-eminently devoted to business. Should their father die to-morrow every thing would be taken up just where he left it, and all his plans would be carried out, nor would any change be made in the mode of doing things during their lifetime. The utmost care was taken of their uncle JOHN JACOB, who died the other day. Every wish of his father in regard to him was scrupulously carried out. His fine residence on Fourteenth Street, with its garden occupying a whole square, with his coaches and horses, were preserved to him to the last. It is rare that three generations of men exhibit such characteristics. Thrown into offices, its commanding situation would make the Astor House a source of revenue such as it can never become as a hotel. But the wishes of its founder, though dead, still prevail, and a hotel it will be, probably, during the lifetime of its present owner."

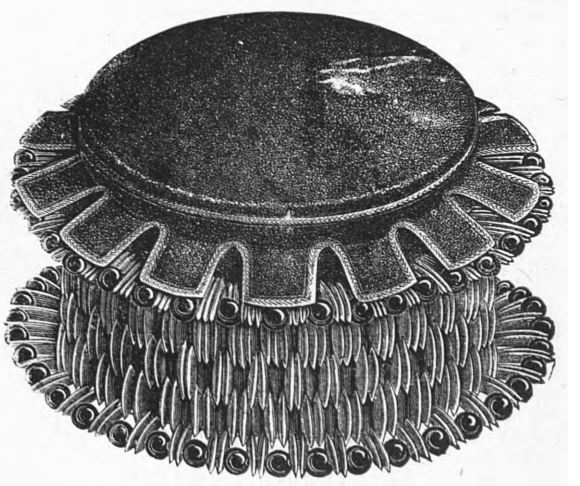


GENTLEMEN'S SPRING FASHIONS.—[SEE PAGE 387.]



CROCHET YARN AND WORSTED BASKET.

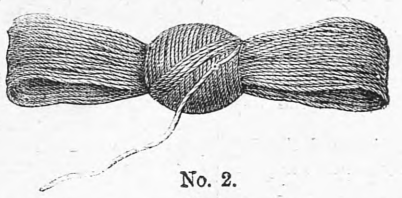
TABLE-COVER SEEN ON THE TABLE.



BOX WITH PIN-CUSHION.

Crochet Yarn Basket.

THIS basket is designed to keep yarn or worsted clean while knitting, for which purpose the basket-cover has a hole in the centre through which the thread is drawn. The original is in imitation of a basket in plaited straw, and is worked in yellow and brown twisted silk over a foundation of fine straw braid. Begin the basket in the centre of the under part with the yellow silk, making a foundation of five stitches; join these in a round, and crochet over the foundation of straw braid 8 sc. (single crochet) in the five foundation stitches; in this, as in the following rounds, 1 ch. (chain stitch) after every sc. In the next round, in which enough stitches are added to make it count 15 sc. and the same number of ch., splice on the brown silk, and work five times, alternating 1 brown sc., 2 yellow sc. The sc. of this, as of the following rows, are always worked around the ch. of the preceding row. In working the brown sc., crochet the ch. immediately preceding with the brown silk; the brown sc., however, must be worked with the yellow silk. In the next round, which must count 30 sc., work three similar stitches in every brown stitch. From this time work no ch. in the brown stripe. The several brown stripes, each composed of three stitches, are separated each by 3 sc and the required number of ch. between, worked with yellow silk. The brown stripes continue radiated, each in a straight line; the widening takes place between them, so that the yellow foundation takes the form of wedges, and the whole forms a flat, round surface. When the under part has reached a diameter of three inches, further widening may be dispensed with (each wedge-shaped yellow section numbers in the original 12 sc. in the last round); then in the next round, the first round of the side two inches high (in the original this has eighteen rounds), begins in the middle of every wedge-shaped section another brown stripe, the three stitches of which are worked around the middle chain stitch of the wedge, so that the side counts in all ten brown stripes. The finishing of the side consists of a row of sc. worked in brown silk. The cover is worked so as to correspond with the size of the under part, only somewhat larger, that it may slide over. Begin the cover in the centre with ten foundation stitches, join these in a ring, and work over the straw braid 1 sc. in each foundation stitch, and between each 1 ch. In the 2d round the brown stripes begin as on the under side. The side of the cover is 1⅓ inch high. It is also finished by a round of brown sc. Having finished the crochet work, prepare two circular pieces of pasteboard, of the same size as the cover and of the under part, cover these on one side with silk, and paste them inside to the under part and cover of the basket. The pasteboard of the cover contains a hole in the centre, to correspond with that in the crochet work, through which the thread may be drawn.



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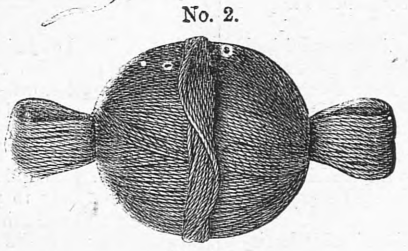

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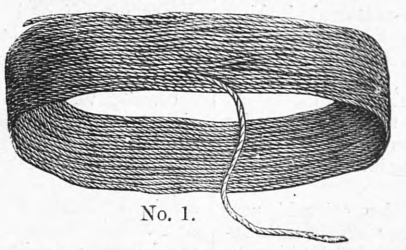
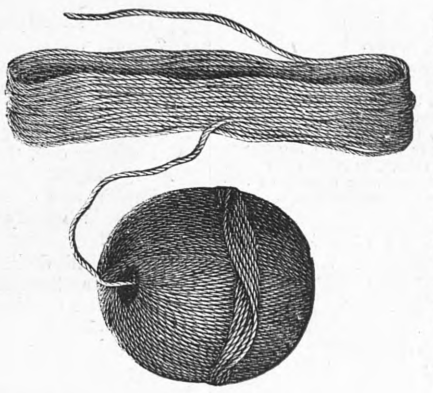


No. 1.

MANNER OF WINDING YARN SO AS TO BE UNWOUND FROM WITHIN.



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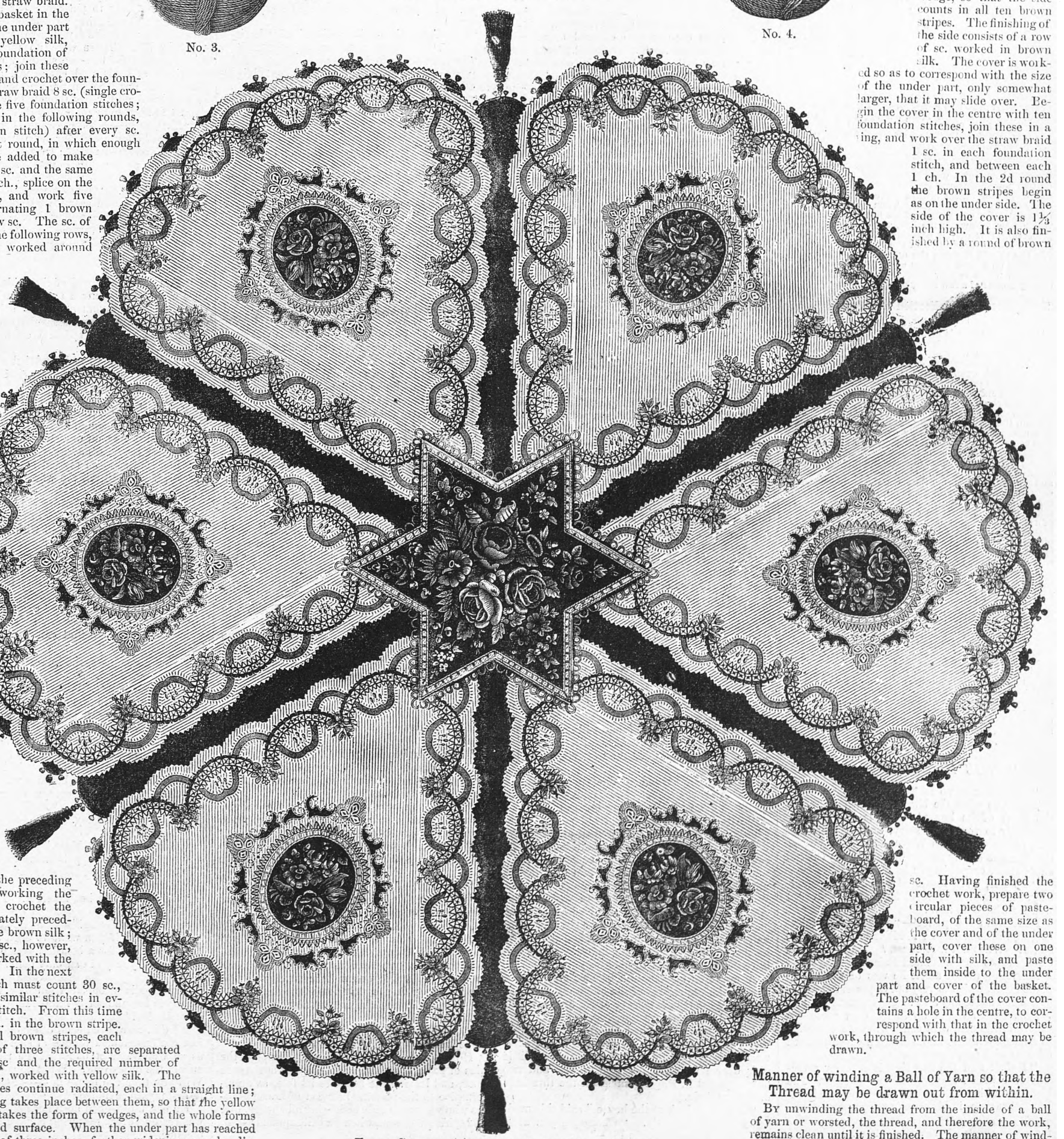

TABLE-COVER IN APPLICATION AND SATIN STITCH.

Manner of winding a Ball of Yarn so that the Thread may be drawn out from within.

By unwinding the thread from the inside of a ball of yarn or worsted, the thread, and therefore the work, remains clean until it is finished. The manner of winding such a ball may be learned from the accompanying

illustrations. For the beginning wind a strand of 70–80 threads (Fig. 1) over the fingers of the left hand, which should be held somewhat spreading; then take this from the hand, lay it flat together, and wind around the middle for the space of an inch, always in the same direction, until it has reached an inch in diameter, but it must be wound so loosely that it may be slid backward and forward on the foundation strand. Now wind diagonally around this middle portion, as shown by a few threads in Fig. 2, in doing which, turn the strand around slowly, so that the winding may be regular and may cross, as shown in Fig. 3. Care must, however, be taken that no thread of the middle strand shall become entangled with the winding thread; the ball should always be turned from left to right, or toward the holder. When the ball has reached the required size wind it around a few times in the opposite direction, as shown by Fig. 3; fasten the end thread and draw out the middle strand carefully and slowly. Fig. 4 shows the ball without the middle strand. This last is used first.

Box with Pin-Cushion.

See illustration, page 389.

MATERIALS: A round pasteboard box and cover, an inch and a half high by three inches diameter, cucumber seeds, large black beads, blue velvet, very narrow gold braid, wadding, stiff paper, varnish.

This box is intended for the reception of small articles of jewelry. The cover is wadded on the upper side, and covered with blue velvet, as is also the box. The edge of the cover is finished with a strip of velvet, pasted on stiff paper and cut as shown in the pattern, the edges being bordered with gold braid. The flaps extend beyond the edge of the cover. The bottom and sides are finished with a cover of cucumber seeds, which is prepared in one piece. We remark in the beginning that in stringing the seeds the needle must be put only through the ends, and also that after having finished a row the thread must not be cut off, but run through the last seed of the row just finished to the end which is still free, and the new row must be commenced at this point. Begin the covering in the centre of the bottom of the box by stringing 16 seeds on a thread, pressing them close together, and fastening the thread. In the second row string two new seeds between every two seeds of the last row. The third row is like the second. In the fourth row, put the needle through each of the two newly strung seeds of the last row, and string on two seeds each time. In the fifth row two new seeds between every two seeds of the former row. * Now run the needle through the next two newly strung seeds of the fifth row, string on a black bead, passing over the next two seeds of the former row, and repeat from * till the row is finished. This row forms the under projecting row of the covering. Now work in connection with the bottom the covering for the sides of the box by first running the thread through the two seeds of the fifth row which were passed over, and stringing on two new seeds between every two of these. In the following row string always three new seeds after every two of the former row. Then work a row with two seeds after every three of the last row. The row which now follows is the last, and forms the upper projecting row of the covering. String three new seeds between every two of the last row; after this run the thread through the other end of the seeds, stringing on a bead between every three seeds. The covering, which is now finished, is fastened on the box by means of a few stitches.

Table-Cover in Application and Satin Stitch.

See illustration, page 389.

THIS pretty cover is made of gray cloth and brown velvet, ornamented with rich embroidery, tassels, and bells, and lined with brown lustring. Take, first, a circular piece of lustring of about eighty-two inches diameter, and arrange on this, according to the pattern, six straight velvet strips of about four inches in width, and six wedge-shaped pieces of cloth, so that they shall come together in the centre. The cover is rounded off on the outer edge as shown in the illustration, the cloth part being cut out in small scallops. The scallops must lie loosely over the velvet strips. The centre of the cover is finished by a star in black velvet, about twenty-four inches diameter, on which is embroidered a bouquet in satin stitch, worked with chenille and gold thread. Gold cord, gray silk braid, and gray silk cord border the star; the braid is worked over in point russe with gray silk, and the cord is arranged in loops. In arranging the star care must be taken that each point be laid exactly in the middle of a cloth piece. A similarly arranged medallion, nine inches in width by ten in height, is arranged in appliqué on each of the six cloth pieces; the outer edge is composed of gold cord, braid, and a narrow border worked in point russe, simulating black lace. The arabesque surrounding the medallions is partly of brown velvet bordered with gold cord, and partly worked in satin and chain stitch with gray and green silk. Besides this, the outer edges of the cloth sections are finished by a border of gray silk braid and point russe worked in black silk; these are arranged in waving lines. The braid is fastened by means of button-hole stitch, and on the point of each point russe scallop is a small bouquet worked in satin stitch with filoselle silk. On the outer edge a small scallop of brown velvet is set under each place where the cloth is cut away: these are ornamented with fringe bells. Each of the velvet strips that lie between the cloth sections is finished with a heavy brown silk tassel and bells.

The cover may be made in a simpler manner by omitting the satin stitch embroidery, and using two shades of the same color of the cloth.

"THIS HOUSE TO LET."

"THIS HOUSE TO LET."

That was what the bill said, neatly pasted on the front of the house! And it still adhered resolutely to the same story, neither more nor less, although Charles Wayne read it over three times, as he slowly ascended the flight of broad stone steps, carpet-bag in hand.

"To Let, eh?" muttered our hero, abstractedly, as he applied his latch-key to the door. "I wonder what's up now?"

Nobody in the parlor—no children's voices ringing in the halls—no familiar footstep on the stairs! What did it all mean? Had the house changed into an Enchanted Palace?

Marveling much, albeit he was of the phlegmatic model which is very apt to preserve its self-possession under any and all circumstances. Mr. Wayne went straight up to his own room—a cheerful little den, with south windows draperied in crimson damask, and a crimson carpet, dotted all over with pearl-gray shells.

"I shall find the key to this mystery somewhere," said Mr. Wayne—and he was right. The key lay on his own desk, in the shape of a hastily written note, in his sister's caligraphy:

"DEAR CHARLEY,—Don't be surprised when you find the house deserted. We are called suddenly up into the country by Aunt Deborah's alarming and unexpected illness; but shall probably be back in a day or two. I have been obliged to take Bridget with me to take care of the children; but you can have your meals sent in from a restaurant. MARY.

"P.S.—I forgot to mention that as the landlord has seen fit to raise exorbitantly on the rent George has given up the house. If any one calls to see it, just show them over the premises; the more promptly the house is let, the sooner our trouble is over. M."

Charley Wayne deliberately refolded the letter and laid it on his desk.

"Here's a pretty greeting for a fellow, after a week's absence," he muttered. "Let me see—the note is dated this morning—consequently this is but the beginning of my troubles. I'm a Robinson Crusoe on his desert island—no I'm not; I am the solitary defender of a citadel, besieged by a swarm of house-hunters. And, as for having my meals sent in from a restaurant, I wonder what Mary takes me for; as if I couldn't cook better than half the women now! To be sure I have never had any experience; but any idiot going could cook a beef-steak and make a cup of coffee—and that reminds me that I am desperately hungry."

Mr. Wayne proceeded down to the kitchen on a foraging expedition, secretly chuckling at this opportunity for displaying his undeveloped culinary powers.

"No beef-steak, eh?" he muttered, looking into the depths of the refrigerator, "nothing but a fossilized chicken! Well, I'll have a roast! Fire's out in the range, of course. Then I must build another one, that's all there is to it."

And, diligently gathering treasures from the shaving bin and charcoal barrel, our hero soon succeeded in literally covering himself with dust and ashes!

"This won't do," said Charley, eying his garments with a discomfited air. "I'll tie on Bridget's checked apron—very thoughtful of her to leave it behind the door!"

"No sooner said than done—but the fire absolutely refused to burn. It smoked—it smouldered—it sulked—it shot up in evanescent brightness, only to die out into charred brands—in short, it conducted itself after the manner of fires possessed by evil spirits! One by one Charley Wayne pulled out all the dampers and thrust them in again, but apparently to no purpose—he blew under the grate until his cheeks looked like those of Raphael's cherubs—he poked diligently and nearly knocked his brains out, trying to look up the chimney; when, all of a sudden, the deceitful fire blazed up in the most cheerful manner imaginable! Charley's sooty face brightened to correspond—he promptly tied a string to the leg of his chicken and suspended it before the blaze with a twirl.

"I'll have my breakfast in no time at all," said he, burying two huge potatoes in the ashes below, and literally bestowing a double handful of the "very best Java coffee" in the tall tin pot which he had found on the shelf over the sink. "Meals from a restaurant, indeed!"

Just as he was washing his hands the bell sounded, sharp and sudden.

"Hullo!" soliloquized Mr. Wayne, "house-hunter Number One! Well, here goes for it."

Two maiden ladies stood on the door-step, prim, neatly dressed, and bearing the unmistakable stamp of single-blessedness in every feature of their starched countenance.

"Is this house to let?" inquired one, formally.

"Yes, ma'am," said Charley, wondering why they stared so, and following the direction of their eyes until his own rested on the checked apron which he had forgotten to remove!

"Can we inspect the premises?"

"Y-yes, ma'am," said Charley, covertly giving the apron a twitch. But instead of untying the obstinate knot only drew itself up tighter and persistently refused to be unloosed! And an apron worn over the left hip is not much of an improvement on an apron worn in front!

"Please to walk in," said our hero, hurriedly, still jerking at the refractory knot. "It's a very good house, indeed—capital balcony for smoking—jolly big parlors for a dance—ahem!" he checked himself abruptly as he caught the ascetic expression in the countenance of both sisters. "Rent only eighteen hundred, and gas-fixtures included!"

Having chattered off his lesson like a parrot, Mr. Wayne fell back on his apron strings.

The elder sister looked apprehensively at the younger, the younger returned the glance with even heightened expression.

"I—I don't think the house will suit us," said the former. "Come, Mehitabel!"

And as they descended the front steps Charley heard her say:

"Deranged, beyond a doubt; poor young man! And where could his friends have been? Really, we have had a narrow escape!"

"Any thing but a pack of old maids," said Charley, elevating his nose. But as he passed the little oval mirror in the hall hat-rack he caught a passing glimpse of his countenance.

No wonder they had fancied him unsettled in mind! A tattooed South Sea Islander could hardly have presented a face of more varied hues! Ashes and charcoal, with the healthy glow of exercise beneath and a curly pine shaving in his hair—this, together with the checked apron, and his incoherence of speech and manner, might well have inspired a doubt of his sanity.

A muttered exclamation broke from his lips, as he broke the strings of the offending garment, and retired to try the efficacy of old brown Windsor and double damask toweling.

Just as he had finished his ablutions another ring pealed on his startled ears—it was a care-worn-looking matron this time with two little girls drawn up on either side of her, and two boys engaged in single combat on the threshold of the vestibule.

"I want to look at the house," said this modern Cornelia, abruptly. "George, if you don't let Henry Augustus alone I'll—"

"Yes, Madam—walk in," said Mr. Wayne. On which the youths desisted temporarily, and shuffled in after their mother and the two little girls, still muttering threats of dire vengeance against each other.

"Eighteen hundred dollars, eh?" said the matron, when she heard the rent. "George, come away from that piece o' statooary, quick! Henry Augustus, keep your fingers off the books! I never see such a meddler! That's a big rent, Sir! My family ain't large—only seven children, and we calc'late to board the boys from the store—"

"I don't think the landlord would be willing to let it to a family of that size," said Charley, rather appalled at the light gymnastics in which Henry Augustus and the doughty George were indulging.

"Oh, well!" said the lady, with a toss of her head, "I'll look at the house!"

"Up stairs and down stairs" she went, like the character in nursery rhymes, opening every closet door, inspecting every nook and corner.

"'Tain't much of a house, after all," was her ungracious comment. "Children, come! I do wish you would ever behave yourself five minutes at a time."

For Henry Augustus, disdainful of the ordinary method of locomotion, had slid nimbly down the balusters, leaving the furrowed impress of the brass buttons on his coat all the way down.

Charley Wayne breathed an internal thanksgiving as he closed the door behind this hopeful family group.

The next arrival was a tall, discontented-looking woman, with a very little husband, who made a point of finding fault with every thing. The door-handles were ungilded; the ceilings were not frescoed; the bath-room was inconvenient; nothing suited her—and meanwhile the little husband trotted after her, like a faithful dog, his hands in his pockets, and echoed her every sentiment.

"There's one alternative, ma'am," said Charley, beginning to get very much out of patience.

The tall lady looked expectant.

"If you don't like the house you're not obliged to take it."

The lady took her husband under her arm and departed in high dudgeon, much to our hero's relief.

"I wonder how my breakfast is getting along," he thought. "Upon my word I'm half famished."

Down stairs he went, two steps at a time. The fire had burned out; the chicken hung by its motionless string, one side charred the other quite raw. The potatoes were as hard as ever they were, and the coffee had apparently never conceived the idea of boiling.

Charley whistled, low and long—the mystic art of cookery was acquiring a new complication in his eyes.

"I'll have to begin over again," said Charley, with a deep sigh as he remembered the charcoal and ashes, "for—"

The bell again—the bell, jingling as maliciously as if its wires were instinct with some evil genius.

This time it was a cozy old lady with an umbrella, wherewith she gesticulated as she talked.

"Is this house to let?"

"It is," returned our hero, laconically.

"Well, I'd like to look at it. Our landlord has put an extra two hundred on our house, and my husband says, says he, 'Melindy, 'tain't worth while to pay no more in such a poor location.' It's a tol'able nice house; I hain't nothin' to say against the house—"

"No, ma'am. These are the parlors; the extension-room—"

"But," went on the old lady, apparently quite regardless of the interruption, "there's two grocery stores opposite, and a stable next door but one, and my husband says to me, says he—"

"Hot and cold water; a superior range; and bells all over the house," interrupted Charley, resolved to have his say. But the old lady was irrepressible.

"'Melindy,' says he, 'we may as well pull up stakes, for we've lived here seven year come next May, and though three removes is as bad as a fire, still 'tain't in human nature to put up with the landlords nowadays, and if I've said once I've said forty times—'"

"Dumb-waiter in the dining-room and chandeliers included—rent only eighteen hundred dollars!"

"Eighteen hundred dollars!" ejaculated the old lady, piercingly. "Why we only pay eight, and my husband—he is in the commission business—he says to me, 'Melindy—'"

"Then you won't care to see the rooms, ma'am," said Charley, skillfully avoiding the point of the waving umbrella.

"Not at *that* price, for my husband—"

Charley was edging her skillfully toward the door.

"My husband—"

"Take care of the steps, ma'am—they are slippery—all right—good-morning!"

And he closed the door precipitately.

Applicant after applicant arrived, inspected the house, and expressed a variety of opinions, none of them complimentary. Charley began to think himself it was a little strange he had lived so long in the mansion without discovering its many drawbacks, inconveniences, and bad features.

"On the whole I'm rather glad we're going to leave it!" he thought, uncomfortably.

He was beginning seriously to contemplate the idea of packing his valise, slipping out at the area door, and leaving the house to its fate, as an alternative to the perpetual stream of house-hunters who were gradually badgering all energy, life, and spirit out of him, when the bell sounded again, softly.

"I'll answer it this once," thought Charley, "and then I'll take out the wires and tear down the bill. Human nature can't stand this sort of thing much longer!"

Two ladies again—but how unlike the two who had first disturbed the current of his culinary reflections! They were dressed in deep mourning, and veiled; and the voice in which the taller spoke to him was soft as flute or dulcimer.

"Will you allow us to look at this house, Sir?"

As Charley bowed them in, somehow receiving the impression—how, he could scarce tell himself—that they were reduced ladies, with but little money and fewer friends, the younger threw aside her veil, revealing a sweet little apple-blossom of a face, with eyes like the dewy cups of blue-bells, and a wistful mouth.

"Charles! Charles Wayne!"

He started at the soft, strangely-familiar voice. Surely it was not little Kate Berrian, with whom he had had that flirtation—or was it something more than a flirtation?—two years ago, at the Springs, and whose dried roses were still scenting with their weird fragrance the corner of his dressing-box up stairs!

(Ah, how plainly the sound of her voice brought back the brief episode, with its sun-bright mornings and its delicious purple twilights, the light touch of Kate's hand in his, and the slight misunderstanding, almost intangible at first, that widened into such cruel separation, with its not yet healed pangs!)

"Miss Berrian, excuse me—but through your veil—"

Kate colored and sighed.

"I am not Miss Berrian. I am a widow now—Mrs. Elsworth—and this is my sister. We are very poor, Charles Wayne, and—and I am going to try to open a boarding-house. I should like to see the rooms, if you please."

And with this quietly-uttered speech Kate seemed resolutely to put from her all the old memories and softening associations, and to return, as it were, to the dry, dusty thoroughfare of everyday life. There were no more pleasant little by-paths for her—no shadowy nooks, with madrigals of birds, and sunbeams, and falling waters; her feet were on the arid pathway now, and blistered and weary though they might be, there was no help or mercy for them!

"But, Kate—Miss Berrian—I mean Mrs. Elsworth!" stammered our hero, "a boarding-house—I don't understand; surely you are not—"

"My means are quite limited," said the young widow, with the softest shadow of rose stealing over her cheek. "I must work for my daily bread. This house seems well adapted to the purpose, and—and—perhaps, Mr. Wayne, as we have but few acquaintances in the city, and are strangers here, you could assist us in obtaining a few boarders."

"Kate!"

"You see I am cured of the pride which was once my besetting sin; I am not too haughty to sue humbly for favors *now*," she said, smiling, though the rose-tint was deepening every minute, and a dewy moisture sparkled on the drooping eyelashes.

Wayne silently turned, and led the way up stairs, the young widow and her sister following. How passing strange it seemed!

"I think I may venture to engage the house," said Mrs. Elsworth, timidly. "It is a great undertaking; but Jeannie and I stand alone now, and we must rely on ourselves. Can I trouble you for the landlord's address?"

"I—I will see him myself, and bring you his answer, if you will tell me where you live," said Wayne.

And Kate wrote the address, blushing as she did so at the pitiful obscurity of the street.

Charley tore down the bill with infinite satisfaction when the two slight figures in black had disappeared, locked the door, and rushed frantically round the corner to the nearest restaurant. It might have been unromantic; it might have been lacking in high-souled chivalry; but Charley was but mortal; he had not eaten since morning, and, as Owen Meredith so aptly observes, "Where is the man that can live without dining?"

"Thank goodness, the house is let!" mentally ejaculated our hero.

That evening Mr. Wayne's card was brought up to the room in the shabby tenement-house where Kate Elsworth sat at her needle-work. Jeannie was out, but Charley contrived to survive that disappointment with equanimity.

"You have brought me news of the house!" said Kate, eagerly. How sweet she looked in her little widow's cap, from beneath whose stiff border the ringlets *would* escape like misty spirals of gold!

"Yes," said Charley.

"I can have it?"

"No, you can not, Kate."

A shadow of disappointment came over the wistful face.

"Why not?"

"Somebody else has taken it. *I* have taken it, Kate."

"You, Mr. Wayne!"

"Yes; and if you want to open a boarding-house, with me for a boarder, you may have it. But I warn you you can only come there as my wife."

The needle dropped from her fingers—the blue eyes became softly luminous.

"Charles!"

"I think we loved each other once, Kate, before the envenomed tongue of slander separated us so widely. Let us forget the past, and live only in the future now. What do you say, Kate? Will you take the house in —— Street on these terms, myself included?"

He had imprisoned both her hands in his, and was reading every fluttering change of her countenance.

"I—I'll think of it," she faltered. "Let go my hand, Charley, *please*—Jeannie is coming!"

And Jeannie, entering at the same moment, marveled much at the carmine brightness of her sister's cheek.

"Are you going to take the house, Kate?" questioned that young lady eagerly, as she laid aside her bonnet.

Charles Wayne listened intently for the answer. Would it be a confirmation of his hopes, or would it doom him to hopeless old-bachelorhood? And Kate, with downcast blue eyes and deepening bloom, answered:

"Yes!"

SPRING FASHIONS.

HAVE you seen the announcement, my dear Genevieve?
Madame le Printemps—so says the *Bazar*—
Has her "Opening" this week, and you can not conceive
How perfectly lovely the Spring fashions are.

Now what do you think is to come up again?
(Le Printemps has every thing just as she wills)
Why GRASS, just as sure as I live! though 'tis plain
The thing isn't new, but as old as the hills.

I asked her, "Dear Printemps, those bright yellow things
That were worn all last season for trimmings—on grass,
Shall *they* be revived?" "What! my birds without wings,
My yellow-birds voiceless," she cried, "let *them* pass?

"No, indeed, my fair lady, I never shall sever
My grass and its flowers. This season shall see
The bright dandelion as much worn as ever—
It can't be old-fashioned while favored by me."

This settled the matter. And, talking of trimmings,
Those exquisite fringes of crystal, they say—
In fact, crystal trimmings at all—are beginning
To be quite out of date, for they've melted away.

But we'll have in their stead, dear, the loveliest Daisies,
And trailing Arbutus, and Violets too,
And Jonquils and Columbine—good in their places,
And lovely for trimming, though not very new.

There's a Jack-in-the-pulpit—grown bolder and bolder—
Who says (the sarcastic old hater of form!)
That the Hills shall no longer be stript on the shoulder,
Nor the Trees go bare-armed, now the weather is warm.

And Printemps, they tell me, has gracefully yielded,
Already their garments commencing to weave;
So I made my new dress, dear (or, rather, Miss Neil did),
Quite high in the neck, dear, and long in the sleeve.

A little bird told me (I'm glad Lirds are coming)
That two of our very old families here,
The Brooks and the Rills, are to waterfalls running—
So the *chignon's* not quite out of fashion, my dear,

As for skirts, I'm delighted to say that the willows
Will trail on the ground where the banks will allow;
(Do you know, I'd much rather see stiff armadillos
Parading Broadway than those suits they wear now.)

The sky, I'm informed, is to be azure blue
(The same as last season), and worn pretty high,
And bordered with gold where the sun's looking through,
Or spangled with stars while the knight passes by.

And now, Genevieve—shall I tell you, my darling?
These fashions of Spring make me ready to shout;
For *I'm* not at all like Dean Laurence's starling;
I can get out, dear—I can get out!

THE CHARACTAGENT.

WHEN I spoke of "our shop," did I mention that it is a grocery? It is a corner-grocery, and if you should pass there you may see my name on the sign over it: P. Lumpkin. I mention it now, not because I am proud of it—to tell the truth, I confess to a certain base shame in the matter—but because the public interest requires it. That is, I do not know how to commence my story without admitting the fact, and rather than inflict such a loss on the readers of the *Bazar* as not to commence it at all, perish all personal considerations!

In the early hours of the afternoon occurs what I may call the ebb-tide of our trade, nothing coming up on our counter but a feeble wash of pennies, which I leave to my assistant Jo. Meantime I retire with a cigar to a sort of sanded bower formed by two hogsheads and a section of wall.

It was on such a time, and in this bower, that I first saw the charactagent. I was busy with a Lumpkin paper—On Woman, her Faults, Follies, and Failures; that is, I was tracing the outlines of the article in the smoke of my cigar, when there entered a comely young person carrying a peddler's basket filled with ladies' night-caps.

"No, we don't want any caps to-day," said I.

"But these are not caps, Sir. They are charactagents," replied the young person, picking up one of the flimsy affairs and dangling it on her fingers. "No doubt you will have observed, Sir, that where there is a universal want the invention to supply that want is sure to be close at hand; and I suppose, Sir, there is no want more universal than that of women to suit the taste of the gentlemen of the present day. It is getting really dreadful to take up a paper or a magazine and to read how foolish and extravagant and unpleasant all the ladies are, and how little good all the preaching and talking seems to do them."

This the young person delivered as a speech learned by rote, eying me the while and twirling the cap on her fingers; and having taken breath she began anew.

"Mr. Pool—that is the inventor, Sir—has thought for a long time that there was a remedy for the evils of ladies' dispositions, Sir, and that the old gentleman's notion about doing away with the bad bumps of a person's head, might not be so ridiculous as it looked, and in the 'charactagent,'" tapping the cap with her finger, "Mr. Pool thinks he has found it."

"But," said I, "that is a night-cap."

"Bless you, Sir! it is made with frills and puffs to catch a lady's eye. But here, you see, is what we call a 'system' of muslin bows, and under each of these bows is a pad, made on the principle of what the boys call a sucker. These pads are movable, and are applied in this way: The gentleman should have a chart of the lady's head for whom he desires the cap. He then arranges these pads to press on the bumps of her head that are objectionable. Say the lady is conceited. He slips the bow and the pad thus [rapid movement of the fingers]. The lady wears the cap quite unsuspecting [popping the cap in question on her head, and assuming an innocent expression]. All night there is this steady pressure. A prodigious pressure, you will remember, fifteen pounds to the square inch. In one night—"

"The lady's head would be crushed to a jelly," I suggested.

Something like a smile twinkled for an instant in the young person's eyes.

"Mr. Pool has devoted several years to experiments on the human skull," she replied, demurely, "and he finds the male skull invariably much softer than the female. Such a pressure might reduce your head to a jelly, Sir, while it would only produce a slight alteration in that of your wife's. If you like, Sir, I can show you several testimonials from hen-pecked husbands of wealth and distinction, whose wives have already been brought by the 'charactagent' from utter shrewishness to the most lamb-like dispositions, and without once suspecting the cause of the change."

I bought the caps. Half-a-dozen of them. Not that *I* am hen-pecked. But, then, what a text for my article on Woman would my experiments with Mrs. Lumpkin afford! and of course Mrs. Lumpkin has her peculiarities, like other women. I made a mental list of them at once. Over-fondness of dress—Mrs. Lumpkin had that. Slavish devotion to fashion—How often had I preached from that text! Love of gossip—One of Mrs. Lumpkin's weaknesses. Want of logic—Why, she continually exasperated me. Fretting—Could I ever hope to cure her of that? General frivolity of ideas and want of interest in serious and noble issues—Oh! there I really found a great gulf fixed between myself and my wife. Sentimental whims—Had I not often heard Mrs. Lumpkin declare that she did not live, she puddingized? Caprices—Certainly Mrs. Lumpkin had these! Ready for tears one day, brimming with fun the next; and neither she nor any other mortal knew the reason why!

I made a list of these failings, and resolved to take them in order.

No conspirator ever went about with a more awful sense of guilt and danger. Suppose I should drop the list from my pocket! Imagine my wife reading it to herself! "Want of logic!" "General frivolity!" "Great gulf fixed!" "Mr. Lumpkin, what is this?" What should I reply? Suppose she should discover the "charactagent!" Does any mortal doubt that she would not have compelled me to wear it myself?

But when my wife at last laid her head down on her pillow in that night-cap, and when she closed her eyes, with a "system" of pads pressing on all the peacock developments in her head at the rate of fifteen pounds to the square inch, my sensations were simply dreadful! How did I know whether I had a right to deprive her of one of her bumps? Who should assure me that it was not a crime to make her character lop-sided? What might the physical consequences be of such a moral revolution? When she laid quiet I found myself listening to hear if she still breathed; and once, thinking she was dead, I was about to break out in frantic adjurations, when she reassured me by a gentle snore.

Morning came, and with a horrible sense of guilt I watched her as she took off the charactagent. *Was* there a hollow in her round, well-shaped head? She certainly complained that she could not arrange both sides of her hair alike.

"It is of small consequence, however," she said, brushing it into a rough knot and catching up an old wrapper. "A hundred years hence who will know whether I looked well or ill on this particular morning?"

As this is one of my favorite sayings, I looked hard at her, to see whether she was quizzing me; but she met my gaze with an honest indifference of expression. The charm was working!

At dinner I was somewhat disconcerted to find her still in the wrapper and with her hair rough, as I have always been secretly proud of my wife's trim appearance. She explained "that she had been too busy to make a toilette, which, after all, was of no use to any body;" but she was so displeasing to my eyes that I began to waver. Should I listen to the great moral principle that a woman should not be fond of dress, or to my own personal weakness? and I can really hardly tell how I should have decided if I had not thought to ask myself what one of the ancient Romans (for whom I have always had a vast admiration) would do in my position. And of course, what could he do, if he desired to make a paragraph in history, except what I did?—apply the "charactagent" a second time.

The following day was Sunday. Not having spring clothes, my wife had decided not to attend church; but she now appeared in velvet bonnet, winter cloak, and a huge hoop, having most unfortunately broken one of more modern shape.

"As long as my clothes are whole," she said, emphatically, "what difference need it make if other women *are* wearing light colors, and thin stuffs? There is no law commanding me to do likewise."

Of course, I had nothing to say to this. Here was that common-sense displayed in wearing what she had, to which I had so often exhorted her. The "charactagent" was working wonders. Still, the weather was June weather. Mrs. Lumpkin puffed and perspired. People looked curiously at her and me, and I thought as much as possible about the ancient Romans.

That night I examined my list; found "love of gossip" next in order, and applied the "charactagent" accordingly.

That day, unfortunately, Uncle Paget came to town, and lunched, as is his custom, with my wife. Like every other family of any note, we have a fine family quarrel, involving Uncle Paget and a considerable sum of money. Therefore after these visits of my uncle my wife has always had on hand a very pretty stock of "he saids" and "they saids," including the incredible things Hannah and Mrs. Davidson had done last, in all of which I confess I am considerably interested. So, hearing that Uncle Paget had been there, I waited for the news. My wife sat mum; and when I asked for the news from home, "They are all well, I believe," she answered indifferently, and began to talk of coals.

I was never more curious in my life, for when Uncle Paget came last Hannah had screamed after him, "You will repent it in two weeks' time," and I had now expected to hear whether he had repented, and why, in "two weeks' time." As I have always pished and pshawed at gossip, I was ashamed to ask directly, and waited, supposing that she could not long keep the tidings to herself. But the "charactagent" had taken care of that. And not only was I disappointed in this Paget business, but all those little rills of gossip that used to freshen our conversation, as what the grocer said about the lady who lived two doors on the left, and how Mr. Symonds took his failure, were cut off; which was the more provoking, as in spite of the scorn with which every sensible person must regard such information, I not unfrequently caught a hint which worked up very well in a Lumpkin paper.

The next want on my list was want of logic. As I have said, my wife continually exasperated me by this failing. Did I observe that the Reverend Grearing gave us a well-written sermon?

"I don't think so," cried my wife. "He is a bad man for all his gown."

"Very possibly, my dear; but bad men may write well."

"Now, Mr. Lumpkin, how can you say so, when any one can see how ill he treats his wife? The poor thing starts if he only looks her way."

And nothing could move Mrs. Lumpkin.

Or, she expostulated with me because I would walk before breakfast; and when I insisted that I was the better for it—

"Oh yes! so poor Charlie Gray always said; and yet," she would add, with an air of triumph, "*he* died when he was only twenty-five."

And it made no sort of difference to Mrs. Lumpkin that he died because he was accidentally shot.

Can you blame me, then, for trying my next experiment on those unlucky bumps of prejudice, impulse, etc., that so disturbed the balance of her mind?

"My dear, what are you reading?" inquired Mrs. Lumpkin, the next morning, as I turned over the leaves of a thin pamphlet between the sips of my coffee.

"The prospectus of the Washoff Mining Company."

Now, in the old times, that is before the days of the "Charactagent," Mrs. Lumpkin would have pouted, which she does very prettily, and then she would have laughed, which she is fond of doing, because she has dimples, and then she would have cried petulantly, "The tiresome thing!" meaning the pamphlet, and presently I would find the "tiresome thing!" snatched from my hand and waved aloft in triumph. She has done it a hundred times. But now she simply said "Ah!" in a judicial tone, as if she were waiting for the rest of the evidence.

"Nash gave it to me," I explained, somewhat uneasily. "He says the mine is a good thing—"

"And wants you to take his share?" queried my wife, sharply.

"Why—yes! that is—"

"Why not keep it himself?"

"His business leaves him no time to attend to it."

"Oh! then, of course, Mr. Nash must find his regular business more profitable than the silver mine."

"I don't see that."

"I do, very clearly, Mr. Lumpkin. Mr. Nash is a business man. Business men stick to what will bring the most money. Mr. Nash sticks to ordinary trade. I would advise you to do the same."

"But, my dear, you do not understand these matters."

"I understand this much," answered my wife, stoutly. "Let us call Mr. Nash, or rather his business, A and yours B. Your profits are pretty nearly equal; so A=B. Let us call the silver mine x. Mr. Nash has tried x, and finds that x is less than B; so we have $A-x$. Now, as B=A, if you should try x, in my opinion you will find that the result will be $B-x$ with you too."

There is no more severe test of a man's temper than to find that his wife has the best of the argument; but, to have her demonstrate it algebraically, why it is simply frightful!

Not knowing what else to say,

"My dear," said I, slyly, "remember Mr. Williams and the Police report."

This had nothing to do with the case in point. It was simply a bit of domestic abracadabra, which no doubt all discerning husbands know how to use on occasion. The case of Mr. Williams was one in which my wife had been so woefully in the wrong that to mention it was, if the ladies will pardon me so vile a comparison, like shaking a red rag at a bull. My wife never failed to redden at once and argue the case all over again, involving herself finally in a tangle of explanations, and quite losing sight of the case in hand. Not so on this occasion.

"The dispute about Mr. Williams has no bearing on the case in point," she answered, coldly.

I went to my business puzzled and discontented. However little man may want here below, I doubt whether he is ever quite sure in his own mind what that little really is. How often had I pictured Mrs. Lumpkin to myself indifferent to fashion, scornful of gossip, and capable of an argument. But, now that she was possessed of these perfections, I found in myself no corresponding rapture, but something much more like sulkiness.

"Fretting" came next, and here I applied the "charactagent" without hesitation, for certainly no woman can be better for fretting: and my experiment proved just in time, for the following day was one of the unlucky days that occasionally afflict a household. A neighbor's dog stole our breakfast, little Ben scalded himself badly, the maid gave warning, and just as I came home spilled a bottle of ink on the parlor carpet.

"Confound it," said I. Mrs. Lumpkin said nothing, but began to wash the carpet. I stood looking at her, and the enormity of the maid's carelessness grew upon me the while.

"What did she want in here?" cried I, savagely. "She had no business in the parlor; and why should she go whisking about among the chairs and tables at all? And why was the ink here? I don't consider the parlor the place for bottles of ink."

And half a dozen times that afternoon I found myself growling about the maid, and declaring that the carpet was ruined. Consequently I was uncomfortable through the whole afternoon: whereas, if Mrs. Lumpkin had fretted, as in the days before the "charactagent," I should simply have said, "Come, come, my dear, scolding will not draw out the ink," and have thought nothing more about it: for there is no such sedative to your anger as the wrath of another.

Next on my list I found my wife's lack of interest in noble thoughts: but here I was at fault. The charactagent did not make bumps, but destroyed them. Besides, I had doubts. I began to see dimly that it might not be altogether desirable to raise Mrs. Lumpkin too nearly to my own level. Once there, she might find me out, for it is distance that lends enchantment to the view, you know. Finally, then, I had to deal with "sentimental whims" and "caprices;" but as I was arranging the pads I heard my wife on the stairs. I adjusted them hurriedly, and walked away from the dressing-table just as she entered the door.

As ill luck would have it I slept late, and was awakened by Bridget, trembling and crying.

"Oh, Musther Lumpkin," she sobbed, "coom quick. There's something quare with the misthress!"

As you may suppose, my first thought was of the "charactagent!" What had I done? I hurried down stairs. Mrs. Lumpkin was in the kitchen—Mrs. Lumpkin! no! She moved about the kitchen, broom in hand, but she moved by steam. Little jets of steam came out from her lips and nostrils; wheels jarred and clicked within her as she moved. She wore a dial-plate on her breast, and a key hung from her neck. With this key you wound her up; at the same time you moved the hands on the dial-plate to any figure, say seven. In that case she made seven revolutions about the room. On stopping, a little bell suspended from her ear rang vigorously. On examination I discovered also that she was an ingenious combination of the sewing-machine, the knitting-machine, the patent washer and wringer, and the new apple-parer. Under her chignon was a little door through which she was supplied with coal. My beloved wife was an automaton.

What had I done? In my flurry I had arranged the pads to press equally all over her head, and they had destroyed her individuality. Something, too, must have happened to the electric currents, and—well, I can not explain it; but there she was.

As I was surveying her with unutterable grief and dismay, the young person who had sold me the "charactagent" looked in at the door.

"Ah!" she cried, "did I not tell you? There is a success; there is the 'charactagent's' perfect work. There is the woman of the twentieth century. There is the only form under which she can exist as gentlemen would have her. She is neither silly, nor strong-minded, nor vain, nor slatternly, nor prudish, nor coquettish, nor learned, nor simple, nor weakly, nor masculine, nor jealous, nor a scold. And she hears nothing, sees nothing, says nothing, and costs nothing, and she can manage the house, and sew on buttons. She is perfection."

"Wretch!" I cried—and awoke.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN INQUIRER.—Organdy, grenadine, or Chambery gauze can be used for a summer wedding dress. White morning dresses are gored, with full train, and sloped to fasten at the side, like the redingote. Muslin house dresses may be made with a demi-train, but not short. Very small hoops are worn at present. There are indications that the tournure or bustle will be revived. An inch and a half is the usual width at the waist between the seams of the back, but this depends somewhat on the figure. The side seams should be directly under the arm. The gauging of the skirt reaches three or four inches. A medium belt is from an inch and a half to two inches wide. The "chemise Russe" is a kind of blouse, gathered into a belt; not so full as the Garibaldi. The military style of trimming is with graduated parallel lines of plain folds or of braid. *Harper's Bazar* is delivered to city subscribers on the prepayment of the postage, which is one cent per week.

A COUNTRY LADY.—The sash should be of the same material as the dress, for a plain dress, and should be made double or lined with soft silk. For the brown silk make the sash of the same and bind it with velvet, or trim it, *en suite* with the dress, with narrower velvet.


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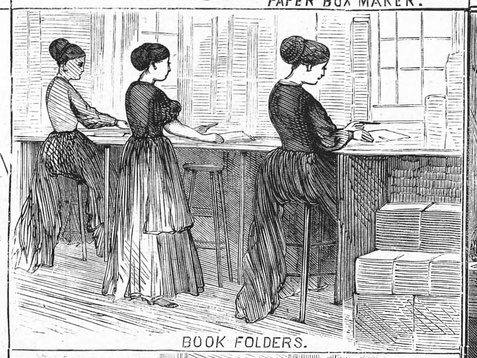
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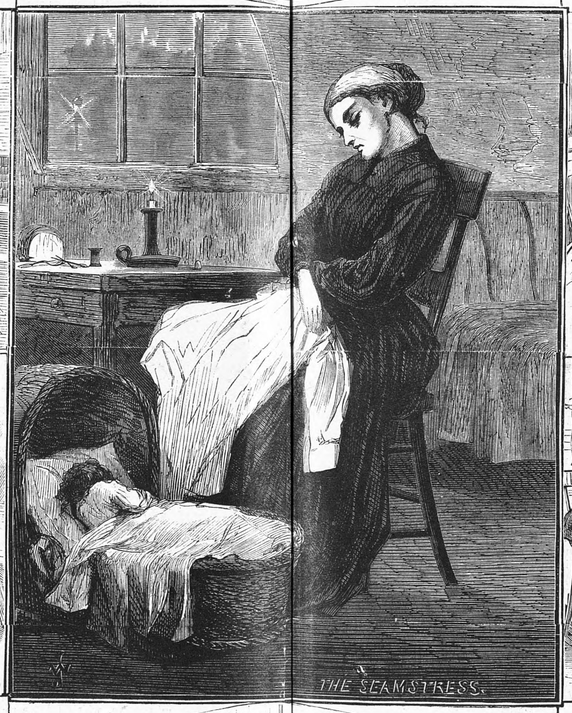
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PAPER COLLAR MAKER.

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK IN THE METROPOLIS.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 394.]

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

IT is only two or three decades ago—certainly within the generation—that woman's work was confined almost exclusively to the domestic duties of the household, and to needle-work for a certain class of manufacturers. We are speaking, in our allusion to dates, of woman's work in this country; but it is also true that the partial emancipation of woman from household drudgery, and her admission into the field of lighter manufactures, does not date very far back, even in the older countries of Europe. The revolution first began, practically, in France and Germany, where circumstances and the free habits, mercurial temperament, and liberal education of the people, united to produce it. The wars of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE had so greatly reduced the numbers of the men in both countries that it was found necessary to employ women in the fields and vineyards, then in all the lighter branches of manufactures, and ultimately as saleswomen in various departments of trade. Revolutions, as is very well known, never go backward—at least not such sensible ones as that which opened new fields of labor to the "sex of peculiar duties"—and at this time France and Germany are far in advance of the rest of civilized Europe in this regard. In a part of this country—New England and the Middle States—the rapid increase of manufactures and the large emigration to the West of the male population are causes which have combined to produce a similar result there; and the shop-girls in the stores of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and the working-women in the manufacturing establishments of Lynn, Lowell, New York, and the thousand and one other productive cities of our Northeast, are as independent and thrifty, as respectable in character, as elegant in manners, and as beautiful in form and feature as any class of women in the world.

This revolution, though beginning later in this country, has moved with greater speed than in either France or Germany, and woman's liberty in this, as in every other social respect, is less contracted and more firmly established in the United States than in any other land. Not only are the trades and manufactures generally open to them, but also the professions, and they now enter into competition with the male sex in many fields of labor heretofore supposed to belong exclusively to men, and thought to be not only out of the province, but really beyond the comprehension of the gentler sex. Women are now not only sales and cash clerks, and even book-keepers for merchants—not only book-binders, type-setters, shoe-fitters, paper-box makers, milliners, mantua-makers, envelope-makers, florists, hair-dressers, umbrella-makers, photograph-mounters, toy-painters, hat-trimmers, silver-burnishers, fur-trimmers, amber-workers, jewelers, artificial-flower makers, skirt as well as shirt makers, etc., etc., for manufacturers—not only copyists for lawyers and others, secretaries for institutions, telegraph operators, etc., but also art designers for silver-ware, furniture, and many other sorts of manufactures; wood-engravers, working from the designs of others, but as frequently from their own; painters, sculptors, singers, actresses, lecturers, school-teachers, physicians, and we have lately seen an account of the admission of a lady lawyer to the bar of one of the Western States, while another has still later been made the chief clerk of the Legislature of Kansas.

We have attempted, in visiting several of the representative establishments in this city, to get some data as the basis for a calculation of the numbers and the wages of the women now supporting themselves in New York city, but have found it impossible to give a positively accurate statement of the aggregate numbers employed in all branches of commerce and manufactures, though the average wages received can be definitely stated. It is a grave defect of our generally-admirable Census Reports, that, while giving minutely the statistics as to the occupations, wages, and condition in life of the male population of the country, they wholly omit any facts or figures regarding the female portion; and in view of the increased importance of the woman-labor question, and the great value to society of all statistics about itself, we urge upon Mr. KENNEDY and the other powers of the Census Bureau to take a lesson from the English and this hint from ourselves, and give us, as he readily can, in the Report for 1870, the full statistics on this interesting subject. We do not presume to give positive figures, but there remains no doubt that in the city of New York, at this time, one hundred thousand women and girls support themselves by working in the manufactories or acting as saleswomen in stores; and that of these at least forty thousand are "slaves of the needle." We can not vouch for the accuracy of these figures, and we shall be glad to have from better-informed persons any facts and figures which will more closely approximate the truth; but certainly the statement is not an exaggerated one; on the contrary, we should not be surprised to find that it is far below the aggregate, and that fully the larger number mentioned of the women of this metropolis have the good-sense and independence to turn to other means for support than that most precarious one of the needle.

Among the most interesting of these branches of labor for women is that of type-setting. There are some ten or twelve printing establishments in New York where female compositors are employed. The *Independent*, *Scientific American*, *Daily World*, *Eagle*, and other papers noted for their typographical appearance, are largely "set up" by females. They are largely employed in the Bible House, and many of the books issued from that and the houses of Messrs. APPLETON & Co., HARPER & BROTHERS, etc., etc., are the product of females. There are about 200 women, generally young, engaged in type-setting in New York city. The trade is one which has been practically open to the sex only for five or six years, and as it requires some time to learn it few have entered it. They are paid by the "piece"—that is, according to the amount of work done, and at rates equal to about one-tenth less than that paid to men. Many of the more experienced type-setters make from $15 to $18 per week, and the average wages to all grades of female compositors is about $10 per week.

In the other branches of the publishing business women are employed as "folders," "gatherers," "sewers," "gold-layers," "binders," and in small numbers at the presses. There are in the city six or seven large establishments like that of Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS where about 50 folders, 50 sewers, 20 binders, 8 gold-layers, and 10 gatherers are regularly employed throughout the year, and a great many other smaller establishments which employ about 10 females each. At least 2500 women find employment in these several capacities, "folders" and "sewers" receiving about $8, and "gatherers," "binders," and "gold-layers" about $10 per week as average wages the year round.

A large number, 1400 or 1500 females, are employed in the manufacture of paper-boxes. These are mostly very young persons, and the average of wages paid is about $6 per week. The work is simple and requires little practical knowledge, and girls are worth as much to an employer in their second week as in their second year at this work.

In the making of paper collars fully as many girls are employed at perhaps lesser wages—about $5 per week is the average.

It is plainly apparent that women are rapidly superseding men as teachers in the public and private schools of the country, and it is estimated that over 100,000 females are thus employed at this time. Particularly so is this the case in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and those States where education is most general. There are six times as many female as male teachers in Massachusetts; five times as many in Vermont; twelve times as many in the city of New York; and fifteen times as many in Philadelphia. There is no inducement for men to enter the profession, as women can be found who, working for less wages, are practically as good tutors.

It is stated—how reliably we can not say, but by a standard journal—that in Philadelphia six ladies who practice medicine have incomes ranging from $2000 to $10,000, $15,000 is the highest income of a female physician in New York. There are other women physicians of note in Boston, Utica, Rochester, Elmira, Ithaca, and Milwaukee.

In the search for our statistics we went through the "up town" establishment of Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co., where almost every branch of manufacture besides those mentioned to which women are admitted, is carried on. Here we found at least 800 young ladies engaged in making every thing that is worn by humanity except boots and shoes. In the "Ladies' and Children's Department," to which an entire floor is devoted, and in which are made full suits for females of all ages, and embracing every thing from under-linen to bonnets (not forgetting the monogram of the customer if desired), regular employment is given the year round to about 400 women who make on an average $8 per week. Cutters and forewomen are paid from $12 to $15 per week; these have their assistants who receive from $10 to $12 per week; the operatives are paid by the "piece," and receive, according to their industry and intelligence, from $6 50 to $12 per week. In the "Cloak Department" are about 200 girls, who get about the same as the operative in the "Ladies' Department." In the "Shawl Department" various descriptions of shawls are made and repaired; and there we saw dextrous and nimble fingers repair splendid India shawls which had been worn threadbare at the folds in such a manner that the seam and patch could not be detected. The same fairy-like artisans removed from the same costly fabrics dark and unattractive shades and replaced them by colors which were in demand in the market, and that in such a way as to really improve the shawls. Here about 25 women are employed at about $8 per week each. Nearly as many find equally remunerative labor in the "Skirt Department." In the "Boys' Department" for the manufacture of youths' clothing the operatives to the number of 75 are paid by the week at an average of $9. About 60 women are constantly at work in the "Upholstery Department" in making curtains, mattresses, sheets, pillow-cases, napkins, towels—in short, all the furnishing goods for house, hotel, steamer, and sleeping-car. They get from $6 to $9 per week. In the "Fur Department" as many as 70 persons are employed in the busy season at wages averaging $8, but as the winter is just over we found only half-a-dozen employed in taking care of the stock. In the carpet room about 60 girls are employed, and make about $7 50 per week. On this floor, but intended for the benefit of other departments, we were surprised to come across about 35 washer-women, ironers, and fluters, engaged in making up and preparing for customers, and for display in the store, all sorts of linen and other goods. These are paid by the week at $7 50. This establishment at times employs as many as 1500 women, a good proportion of whom do not work in the building but at their own residences. Besides those enumerated above there are also to be found a few saleswomen, and young women with good figures who "try on" the patterns of cloaks, etc., etc., while neat and pleasant-looking telegraphic operators of the gentle sex are engaged constantly in communicating between the retail and the wholesale establishments.

Of course there are not many establishments which work on so large a scale as that of Messrs. STEWART & Co.; but it is believed that the New York houses, in the same line of business, give regular employment to 40,000 females at these remunerative rates.

We can give no idea of the numbers of women employed as saleswomen in the city. There seems to have been a reluctance on the part of merchants to employ women in this capacity, an equal reluctance of the sex to so engage, and a singular and unaccountable indisposition of the public to deal with female clerks. These are prejudices fast wearing away, and one that will soon entirely disappear. Mr. A. T. STEWART, who has done so much to prove the natural alliance of Capital and Labor, is about to give the death-blow to this senseless prejudice by so far reorganizing his system as to place saleswomen in certain appropriate departments of his establishment and male clerks in the others. This movement has already been begun, and saleswomen for the cloak, shawl, under-linen, and other departments where ladies' goods are sold, are now being engaged. This action of Mr. STEWART will be the breaking of the ice in this direction, and if his example is widely followed, as it doubtless will be, it will result in great good.

In our visits to the various establishments we were struck by three facts, not new or singular, and yet not generally appreciated. The first is that needle-work—the hardest labor performed by woman and the one for which she is popularly supposed to be most fitted—is the least remunerative. This is not in consequence of the oppression of the employers—a popular superstition based on a few undoubtedly truthful stories of hard-hearted employers. It is not in consequence of a short demand for needle-work—an argument falsely advanced by employers to explain the fact of small wages. It is in consequence of the vast numbers of such laborers. The supply is largely in excess of the demand; and the eager thousands anxiously supplicating for work underbid each other, and labor for life at work which does not support but kills. The moment a woman is reduced to want she turns to her needle for support instead of seeking it in less crowded channels. The natural consequence can be readily imagined, and is not untruthfully suggested in the centre picture of our group of engravings on pages 392 and 393.

The second fact is additional proof of the falsity of the idea that labor-saving machines destroy the laborer. The contrary is the case of sewing-machines and similar inventions as well as of steam-engines and locomotives. The more machines employed the greater the force of operatives and the higher the wages paid. The introduction of newly-invented machinery into any business opens up new and hitherto unsuspected branches of that manufacture. Thus, we found in one establishment a newly-invented machine for making paper-boxes which had not only developed new styles of boxes and increased the demand for work-women, but in the manufacture of the machine itself a new industry had been discovered.

The third fact is, that whether working by the "piece" or on salary, the higher the degree of intelligence the higher the rate of wages. It is not merely true that those who are best acquainted with their particular trade make the most wages, but superior intelligence in general matters makes a great difference. A practically educated person not only learns a trade sooner, but learns it more thoroughly and is the more rapid worker. This partly explains, also, that troublesome problem as to why a man's labor is usually considered to be worth more than a woman's. The practical education and worldly knowledge of the man is commonly greater than that of the woman, and hence his increased value. Nature made the common male laborer more valuable than the common female laborer by making him stronger; custom—and a bad one at that—has made woman in all other fields of labor less valuable by restricting her practical education. Besides, few women ever wholly learn a trade by serving as men do a long apprenticeship at it, for it usually happens that by the time a female apprentice is beginning to understand her trade, and to become of actual value to her employer, she marries and relapses into the barbarism which condemns her again to needle-work.

Every protection possible is thrown around the women employed in the large establishments. That care is an interest as well as a duty; and as the reputation of his employées naturally affects the reputation of his establishment, every employer is careful to engage only highly recommended young women. And the male employés are made to understand that they are to be respected. "We would discharge a clerk," said a member of a firm largely employing girls, "much sooner for insulting one of our girls than for dishonesty." The logic is sound; a petty rascal may have *some* virtue, but the man who deliberately insults a modest girl can have no honesty in him. And this feeling and sentiment appears to prevail generally among all classes of merchants and manufacturers. It results in bringing together girls of moral character and refinement, and establishing, during the hours of employment, a social intercourse at once pleasant and improving. In the work-shops these girls are demure, silent, and industrious. They may be seen morning and evening going to their work, neatly, and often handsomely, though never gaudily dressed, and with that peculiar elegance of style which seems to belong only to the independent, energetic, strong, and healthy working-women.

They are seldom ashamed of their work, but take an honest pride in their labor and its chief result—independence. A former publisher of our acquaintance in passing up Broadway a few days since was surprised to see a handsome, elegantly dressed lady who was about to step into her carriage, which stood before a dry-goods palace, suddenly turn and call him by name, and then heartily shake his hand, at the same time eagerly asking, "How do you do? How *do* you do?" He did not know her, and hardly knew what to make of her demonstration. She saw his dilemma, and exclaimed, "Don't you know me? I'm Anna ——. I used to work in your bindery when I was young, years ago. Don't you remember? I married Mr. ——, the banker;" and she named a Wall Street gentleman of opulence, who had seen, admired, and married the pretty and independent little binder, and who, like herself, was too independent to be foolishly ashamed of having the fact referred to. The same spirit animates most of the working-girls of this day; and it is not the least of the benefits arising from this revolution in woman's work that it develops in their minds an honest pride in their honest labor.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

PARIS is never at rest. In this city of pleasures every thing must take the form of pleasure. After the follies of the carnival come what may be called the amusements of Lent. People busy themselves with their salvation without on that account renouncing beautiful toilettes.

Charity is a good fairy that makes use of every means to attain her ends—sermons and theatres, balls and lotteries, begging and selling. It is under this last form that she does her work this week. The splendid salons of the Minister of Foreign Affairs have been transformed into a great bazar, wherein were opened numerous stalls, presided over by the lady patronesses of the hospital for poor Germans, which it is designed to found in Paris. The élite of elegant society for three days have thronged without ceasing around the zealous benefactresses of the poor Germans.

Among the vendors at the stalls were remarked the Princess Metternich, the Princess Ypsilanti, the Baroness Schickler, the Marchioness de Gallifet, the Countess de Pourtalès, the Baroness de Rothschild, etc. The Princess Metternich sold stationery the first day, to which, on the last two days, she added bonnets, coiffures, and various stuffs. Her two pretty little girls, the elder of whom is about ten years old, ran about offering bouquets of violets to the spectators at ten sous each. Nothing prettier could be imagined than their dress—over a white muslin skirt, edged with a deep piped flounce, a short polonaise of sky-blue poplin, looped up here and there with blue silk cords, with loops and tassels. The polonaise was heart-shaped in front, and disclosed a high plastron of muslin and Valenciennes. Their luxuriant, flowing ringlets were confined by a blue ribbon, with hanging ends. A broad blue sash with long ends completed the toilette.

The Princess was very simply dressed in black gros grain, with a short skirt full at the sides *en paniers*, over which was a black lace paletot, with a single lapel in front, forming, as it were, a sort of tab on one side only of the skirt. Her head was bare, with the hair simply rolled in a net. The Princess played her part of saleswoman with zest, and pressed her rich China silks on the buyers with a grace which ought to have insured a ready sale.

The Marchioness de Gallifet (*née* Lafitte) presided over a stall filled with small fancy articles, porcelain figures, miniature bronzes, statuettes, drawings, albums, and the whole series of *articles de Paris*. Her blonde beauty was set off by her costume of sky-blue satin; short skirt, with pleated flounce, and plain waist, adorned with black embroidery. Over the skirt was a tunic of black velvet, trimmed with chinchilla. Her hair was exquisitely arranged in the Watteau style, curled in front. For the street this costume was completed by a short paletot of black velvet, trimmed with chinchilla, with a fanchon bonnet with mantilla-veil of black lace, and a rose at the side, and a broad blue sash, tied round the waist, with long ends reaching below the paletot, which had the peculiarity of being full at the sides, *en paniers*, like the tunic.

Madame de Pourtalès wore a robe of black gros grain, full *à la Louis XVI.*, over a skirt of violet velvet; this skirt was trimmed with a broad bias fold of black gros grain, dotted with small bows of the same, edged with satin.

Madame Goetting, the beautiful wife of the Minister of Finance, wore a dress of iris gros grain; train skirt, with flounces; and chatelaine waist; that is to say, with a basque, round in front and falling very low in the form of a spoon; and trimmed with iris satin rouleaux, forming brandenburgs from the top downward.

Her sister, Mademoiselle Ellissen, was dressed in sky-blue gros grain; corsage *à la bretonne*, that is to say, cut out in front, with the opening rounding at the bottom, and edged with black velvet, embroidered with white pearls. The same trimming was set on the top and bottom of the sleeves. Plastron of *point de Venise*.

A great many weddings take place in the first half of Lent; and still more after Easter. We attended one yesterday. The bride, a young girl of ravishing beauty, was attired with exquisite simplicity; dress of white satin, with long train; plain corsage without trimming; very broad scarf-ceinture, fringed in the stuff, and fastened behind by a fan-shaped bow. On the shoulders and at the bottom of the sleeves were satin *coques*, separated by small sprays of orange blossoms. The veil fell over the face and was put on over the wreath. Small sprays of orange flowers were twined among the puffs of the chignon. This was all; and it was in good taste. Ornaments have no place in bridal toilettes at Paris.

A word about suppers. It is the fashion now to give Lenten fare. The Princess Metternich, whose receptions are on Thursday evening, with supper after midnight, and consequently on Friday, serves up to her guests exquisite Lenten re-

pasts. The difficulty of varying the dishes being very great admirable cooks are needed for these entertainments, which are considered by gourmets much more dainty than meat suppers. The fashionable potage is *potage aux foies de lottes*. Another very delicate dish which is much used in Lent is *filets de soles au beurre d'écrevisses*.

A custom has been introduced at the close of unceremonious dinners, where the guests are few in number, which gives rise to much merriment. At dessert huge papillottes of gilt paper are brought in and handed round. These papillottes contain each a cap of fine, colored tissue paper, and the guests are obliged to wear what falls to their share. All kinds of caps are found therein—policemen's, fools', and clowns' caps, cocked hats, toques, grenadiers' caps, shepherds' hats, and even bridal coiffures. Fancy a grave Senator crowned with a wreath of orange blossoms and long ribbons floating behind!

The amusements of Lent are varied by private theatricals. Comedies of the time of Louis XV. are especially successful, for the reason that they admit of powder. The present fashions so closely resemble those of the time of Louis XV. that the dress in which a lady acts a farce of that time can be worn in society the next evening. The following dress, for instance, invented by a talented modiste, Madame Elise, is so original that it seems a costume. It is of sky-blue poult de soie, glacé with white, with an immense train, trimmed round the bottom with a deep Marie Antoinette flounce, round which are set bows of blue taffetas, with a pink rose-bud in the centre. Over this train-skirt is a second skirt, greatly elevated by the *panier*, opening *en tablier* in front, and confined in the middle by a broad scarf-ceinture of similar taffetas, with a bow behind and a trailing spray of roses. Low corsage, cut square, with a quilling of glacé silk, and edged all round with a narrow ruche of illusion. A tulle fichu may be worn for occasions not requiring such full dress. A second belt, with broad, short ends, encircles the waist, and a bouquet of roses is fastened at the left, in the ruche of the corsage. It is only necessary to add powder and patches to be a marchioness of the eighteenth century; while, by taking them away, you are in modern evening dress.

With these toilettes *à paniers* the whole cage is not worn, but only a hair-cloth skirt, puffed at the top. The bottom of the dress is supported by a muslin skirt with a deep flounce, several other flounces being set on behind. The dress is very short in front, so as to show the feet. The boots are of the same stuff as the dress, with mother-of-pearl buttons; or, if preferred, Pompadour slippers of glacé silk, with high heels, and a bow and rose-bud in front, like those of the dress. Silk stockings are worn, as a matter of course. Open-worked and clocked colored silk stockings are sold that harmonize well with the Louis XV. toilettes.

Boots are made of the same color, and often of the same material as the dress. Gray poplin boots, with gray mother-of-pearl buttons, will be much in favor this spring. They are sometimes tipped with undressed or reddish-brown kid, embroidered with white. Tassels are no longer worn on gaiters, but a small rosette is placed on the instep.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE famous Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, who, some twenty or thirty years ago, made a triumphant musical tour through the country, has again won the admiration of friends, old and new. The great charm of his playing is its wonderful pathos, touching all the emotional nature of his hearers. Ole Bull left the university of Christiana, where he was studying for the church, and began his career as an artist at the age of 19. To escape the consequences of a duel, in which his antagonist was mortally wounded, he fled to Paris. There he was robbed of every thing he had, even of his violin, and in his despair threw himself into the Seine. Being rescued, he attracted the notice of a rich lady who had recently lost her son, and who fancied that she traced in the young violinist's features a resemblance to her dead child. She took him home, provided for his wants, and enabled him to make a professional tour. His life has been one of various adventures.

"John Brown Smith"—whoever he may be—in lamenting upon the painful changes apparent in a demoralized community, in regard to the subject of Woman's Rights, expresses himself in the following touching language:

"My wife formerly was eminently feminine in her tastes, conduct, and employments. She was yielding, pliable, flexible, mobile, soft. She was like the unobtrusive violet which is all the sweeter for being trodden upon. How beautifully a kind Providence has adapted the nature of woman (unperverted) to the opposite nature of man! Woman loves to suffer—man to gratify her desire. Woman loves obedience—man authority; woman loves work—man to be worked for; woman to love and cherish—man to be loved and cherished. Mrs. Smith used to anticipate my slightest wish, and took my gratitude for granted. It gave me infinite pleasure to allow her to infer from my silence how much I appreciated her. I sometimes even received her favors in a somewhat surly manner, that she might enjoy in the most exquisite manner my implied thankfulness. She never contradicted me. At my suggestion she confined her reading to the cook-book and an entertaining work on domestic medical practice. She never formed opinions on any subject. I think I am correct in saying she avoided, prayerfully, all forms of intellectual exercise as unsuited to the female mind. But Mrs. Smith is changed. She has acquired a most unfeminine disposition to thought. Woman was not made for thought; she was made for feeling. Thought unsexes her. Thought is indelicate. It dissipates the exquisite bloom, the—the—the fine, indefinite something—the subtle, ineffable, impalpable essence of femininity. This bloom—this something—this essence—is not so perceptible in my wife's character as it used to be. In fact, Mrs. Smith is less a violet than she was of yore. No longer ago than yesterday she had the temerity to venture upon an argument with me about the practicability of sending our eldest girl to college!"

Poor Mr. Smith nearly ruptured a blood-vessel in his agitating argument! But he thinks he conquered at last!

The following Parisian story teaches certain conjugal lessons, as well as some of a general nature: The other day a Parisian and his wife went to Brussels. The first thought of the lady was naturally to visit all the shops, and especially those renowned for lace. She met with some marvelous bargains, gave a glowing account of them to her husband, and proposed to take a quantity of the lace home, smuggled under her dress. The husband, like a husband, resisted. It would be incurring too great a risk; he would not consent. The lady agreed that she would, like a good wife, go without the lace. And so the pair started for Paris, monsieur well pleased that he had avoided this new extravagance. At the frontier they were met as usual with the demand, "Any thing to declare?" They said, "No." It was enough, and they were allowed to pass. Now, here begins to show itself the folly of men. The lady gave her husband a look, and the husband began to foresee the bitter reproaches of his tender spouse. It was evident that she might have passed the lace without danger. She would certainly take vengeance in a good lecture. To avoid this horror it was necessary to convince the wife that there really was danger. So monsieur whispers to one of the Customs officers that he imagines the lady at his side has some lace hidden about her person. She was immediately taken aside, and in a few minutes the officer returned, his face beaming with satisfaction, to inform the gentleman, with a profusion of thanks, that his supposition was well founded. The lady had at least 10,000 francs' worth of lace hidden among the folds of her dress.

Now that a new bonnet "season" has arrived, it may not be uninteresting to glance at a life-picture which was exhibited not long ago in an entertaining volume. Some may have seen it, some not; but a good picture may be studied. We do not pretend to give it full-sized; but even reduced the prominent points may be recognized. She deliberately took off her own bonnet and commenced trying those that were on the saloon table. One after another she took them up and put them on her head until she had tried on thirty. She viewed herself in five mirrors, and in all the various lights she could command. One thing or another was the fault in every one of them. She asked the price of all, and cheapened them each to the lowest possible fraction. She then went to the side-table, and performed the same operation with fifteen or twenty more. None exactly suited. "Haven't you some put away in drawers?" she asked. When those were exhausted she pointed to the window, and asked for two handsome bonnets that were hanging there. The milliner, whose attention had been consumed for something like two hours, considering patience no longer a virtue, remarked: "If you really wish to buy a bonnet, I will get them; but I fear they will suit you no better than the others have done." And perceiving that her amusement was ended, the incorrigible shopper, with the most inimitable coolness and unconcern, replied: "I don't wish to buy a bonnet. I bought mine last week."

An earnest appeal has been made to the public, by Mr. J. E. H. Skinner, for relief to be sent to the Cretans who are wounded in the struggle now going on between them and their Turkish oppressors. Mr. Skinner has himself been in Crete during the war, and has had his sympathies stirred in view of the agony which many brave men endure on the battle-field for want of necessary care. It is proposed to send medical stores, and to organize an ambulance system, so that the wounded, who are now often left exposed to the burning rays of the sun and to the inhumanities of a barbarous foe, can readily be removed to places of safety.

Every newspaper is ready to take up the follies of "fashionable *ladies*," and berate them; but only occasionally is a similar course pursued in regard to *other* fashionables. A Detroit paper, however, is merciless, and treats the young gentlemen of New York with no more consideration than if they were ladies. It declares that they resemble the lilies in the field in that they toil not neither do they spin—that they have never known what it is to put forth a mental or physical exertion—and that they dawdle their hours away with every means to kill time except work or thought. The tie of a cravat is invested with such importance that sixteen different ways are on the record. The cut of a coat is a still more important study; and a few hours are spent every day lounging in the parlors of the tailors, and discussing style. The fashionable young man breakfasts at 11 o'clock, which is as early as his hours of rising will permit. He then spends a season of chatting at some fashionable tailor's where he meets a few associates. In the afternoon he promenades the Fifth Avenue or lounges over the newspaper at the club. After dinner he makes a few fashionable calls and discusses the opera or the last party, while at night he is found in some crowded saloon, assisting in the glories of a splendid reception. How unkind it is thus to attack a class who never "put forth a mental exertion," and of course are quite helpless! Charity should incline us to be lenient toward the weak and feeble! Young men should have their rights; they have just as good a right to do nothing, and be fashionable about it, as women have. There is no question about it. Only some people are so critical as to think it unmanly for the sterner sex to indulge in these so-called "follies" *themselves*, and then scold at ladies, and laugh about them for doing the same things! But that is a matter of opinion!

The following simple method of cleaning gold chains is said to be excellent: Put the chain into a small glass bottle, with warm water or eau de Cologne, a little camphorated chalk (or tooth-powder), and scrape in some soap. Cork the bottle, and shake it well. The friction against the glass polishes the gold, and the soap and chalk extract every particle of grease and dirt from the interstices of a chain of the most intricate pattern. On taking it out of the bottle rinse it in clear cold water, wipe it with a towel, and when all the damp has been allowed to evaporate the polish will be brilliant.

In a certain country town, not very far from London—so the story goes—a man has just sold his wife for one pound, and the bill of sale has been printed. More recently, a lady was won at cribbage, in steady-going London. The incident was dramatic. The lady wagered her eyes that she would win one of the games. She lost. Her opponent then suggested that, as he should not like to deprive her of her eyes, he would wager them against her altogether. The bet was made—the lady lost.

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE STRANGER.

A FEW weeks after Langhetti's visit Potts had a new visitor at the bank. The stranger entered the bank parlor noiselessly, and stood quietly waiting for Potts to be disengaged. That worthy was making some entries in a small memorandum-book. Turning his head, he saw the newcomer. Potts looked surprised, and the stranger said, in a peculiar voice, somewhat gruff and hesitating,

"Mr. Potts?"

"Yes," said Potts, looking hard at his visitor.

He was a man of singular aspect. His hair was long, parted in the middle, and straight. He wore dark colored spectacles. A thick, black beard ran under his chin. His linen was not over-clean, and he wore a long surtout coat.

"I belong to the firm of Bigelow, Higginson, & Co., Solicitors, London—I am the Co."

"Well!"

"The business about which I have come is one of some importance. Are we secure from interruption?"

"Yes," said Potts, "as much as I care about being. I don't know any thing in particular that I care about locking the doors for."

"Well, you know best," said the stranger. "The business upon which I have come concerns you somewhat, but your son principally."

Potts started, and looked with eager inquiry at the stranger.

"It is such a serious case," said the latter, "that my seniors thought, before taking any steps in the matter, it would be best to consult you privately."

"Well," returned Potts, with a frown, "what is this wonderful case?"

"Forgery," said the stranger.

Potts started to his feet with a ghastly face, and stood speechless for some time.

"Do you know who you're talking to?" said he, at last.

"John Potts, of Brandon Hall, I presume," said the stranger, coolly. "My business concerns him somewhat, but his son still more."

"What the devil do you mean?" growled Potts, in a savage tone.

"Forgery," said the stranger. "It is an English word, I believe. Forgery, in which your son was chief agent. Have I made myself understood?"

Potts looked at him again, and then slowly went to the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"That's right," said the stranger, quietly.

"You appear to take things easy," rejoined Potts, angrily; "but let me tell you, if you come to bully me you've got into the wrong shop."

"You appear somewhat heated. You must be calm, or else we can not get to business; and in that case I shall have to leave."

"I don't see how that would be any affliction," said Potts, with a sneer.

"That's because you don't understand my position, or the state of the present business. For if I leave it will be the signal for a number of interested parties to make a combined attack on you."

"An attack?"

"Yes."

"Who is there?" said Potts, defiantly.

"Giovanni Cavallo, for one; my seniors, Messrs. Bigelow & Higginson, and several others."

"Never heard of any of them before."

"Perhaps not. But if you write to Smithers & Co. they will tell you that Bigelow, Higginson, & Co. are their solicitors, and do their confidential business."

"Smithers & Co.?" said Potts, aghast.

"Yes. It would not be for your interest for Bigelow, Higginson, & Co. to show Smithers & Co. the proofs which they have against you, would it?"

Potts was silent. An expression of consternation came over his face. He plunged his hands deep in his pockets and bowed his head frowningly.

"It's all bosh," said he, at last, raising his head. "Let them show and be d——d. What have they got to show?"

"I will answer your question regularly," said the stranger, "in accordance with my instructions"—and, drawing a pocket-book from his pocket, he began to read from some memoranda written there.

"1*st*. The notes to which the name of Ralph Brandon is attached, 150 in number, amounting to £93,500."

"Pooh!" said Potts.

"These forgeries were known to several besides your son and yourself, and one of these men will testify against you. Others who know Brandon's signature swear that this lacks an important point of distinction common to all the Brandon signatures handed down from father to son. You were foolish to leave these notes afloat. They have all been bought up on a speculation by those who wished to make the Brandon property a little dearer."

"I don't think they'll make a fortune out of the speculation," said Potts, who was stifling with rage. "D——n them! who are they?"

"Well, there are several witnesses who are men of such character that if my seniors sent them to Smithers & Co. Smithers & Co. would believe that you were guilty. In a court of law you would have no better chance. One of these witnesses says he can prove that your true name is Briggs."

At this Potts bounded from his chair and stepped forward with a terrific oath.

"You see, your son's neck is in very considerable danger."

"Yours is in greater," said Potts, with menacing eyes.

"Not at all. Even supposing that you were absurd enough to offer violence to an humble subordinate like me, it would not interfere with the policy of Messrs. Bigelow, Higginson, & Co., who are determined to make money out of this transaction. So you see it's absurd to talk of violence."

The stranger took no further notice of Potts, but looked again at his memoranda; while the latter, whose face was now terrific from the furious passions which it exhibited, stood like a wild beast in a cage, "willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike."

"The next case," said the stranger, "is the Thornton forgery."

"Thornton!" exclaimed Potts with greater agitation.

"Yes," said the stranger. "In connection with the Despard murder there were two sets of forgeries; one being the Thornton correspondence, and the other your correspondence with the Bank of Good Hope."

"Heavens! what's all this?" cried Potts. "Where have you been unearthing this rubbish?"

"First," said the stranger, without noticing Potts's exclamation, "there are the letters to Thornton, Senior, twenty years ago, in which an attempt was made to obtain Colonel Despard's money for yourself. One Clark, an accomplice of yours, presented the letter. The forgery was at once detected. Clark might have escaped, but he made an effort at burglary, was caught, and condemned to transportation. He had been already out once before, and this time received a new brand in addition to the old ones."

Potts did not say a word, but sat stupefied.

"Thornton, Junior, is connected with us, and his testimony is valuable, as he was the one who detected the forgery. He also was the one who went to the Cape of Good Hope, where he had the pleasure of meeting with you. This brings me to the third case," continued the stranger.

"Letters were sent to the Cape of Good Hope, ordering money to be paid to John Potts. Thornton, Senior, fearing from the first attempt that a similar one would be made at the Cape, where the deceased had funds, sent his son there. Young Thornton reached the place just before you did, and would have arrested you, but the proof was not sufficient."

"Aha!" cried Potts, grasping at this—"not sufficient proof! I should think not." His voice was husky and his manner nervous.

"I said 'was not'—but Messrs. Bigelow, Higginson, & Co. have informed me that there are parties now in communication with them who can prove how, when, where, and by whom the forgeries were executed."

"It's a d——d infernal lie!" roared Potts, in a fresh burst of anger.

"I only repeat what they state. The man has already written out a statement in full, and is only waiting for my return to sign it before a magistrate. This will be a death-warrant for your son; for Messrs. Bigelow, Higginson, & Co. will have him arrested at once. You are aware that he has no chance of escape. The amount is too enormous, and the proof is too strong."

"Proof!" cried Potts, desperately; "who would believe any thing against a man like me, John Potts—a man of the county?"

"English law is no respecter of persons," said the stranger. "Rank goes for nothing. But if it did make class distinctions, the witnesses about these documents are of great influence. There is Thornton of Holby, and Colonel Henry Despard at the Cape of Good Hope, with whom Messrs. Bigelow, Higginson, & Co. have had correspondence. There are also others."

"It's all a lie!" exclaimed Potts, in a voice which was a little tremulous. "Who is this fool who has been making out papers?"

"His name is Philips; true name Lawton. He tells a very extraordinary story; very extraordinary indeed."

The stranger's peculiar voice was now intensified in its odd, harsh intonations. The effect on Potts was overwhelming. For a moment he was unable to speak.

"Philips!" he gasped, at length.

"Yes. You sent him on business to Smithers & Co. He has not yet returned. He does not intend to, for he was found out by Messrs. Bigelow, Higginson, & Co., and you know how timid he is. They have succeeded in extracting the truth from him. As I am in a hurry, and you, too, must be busy," continued the stranger, with unchanged accents, "I will now come to the point. These forged papers involve an amount to the extent of—Brandon forgeries, £93,500; Thornton papers, £5000; Bank of Good Hope, £4000; being in all £102,500. Messrs. Bigelow, Higginson, & Co. have instructed me to say that they will sell these papers to you at their face without charging interest. They will hand them over to you and you can destroy them, in which case, of course, the charge must be dropped."

"Philips!" cried Potts. "I'll have that devil's blood!"

"That would be murder," said the stranger, with a peculiar emphasis.

His tone stung Potts to the quick.

"You appear to take me for a born fool," he cried, striding up and down.

"Not at all. I am only an agent carrying out the instructions of others."

Potts suddenly stopped in his walk.

"Have you all those papers about you?" he hissed.

"All."

Potts looked all around. The door was locked. They were alone. The stranger easily read his thought.

"No use," said he, calmly. "Messrs. Bigelow, Higginson, & Co. would miss me if any thing happened. Besides, I may as well tell you that I am armed."

The stranger rose up and faced Potts, while from behind his dark spectacles, his eyes seemed to glow like fire. Potts retreated with a curse.

"Messrs. Bigelow, Higginson, & Co. instructed me to say that if I am not back with the money by to-morrow night, they will at once begin action, and have your son arrested. They will also inform Smithers & Co., to whom they say you are indebted for over £600,000. So that Smithers & Co. will at once come down upon you for payment."

"Do Smithers & Co. know any thing about this?" asked Potts, in a voice of intense anxiety.

"They do business with you the same as ever, do they not?"

"Yes."

"How do you suppose they can know it?"

"They would never believe it."

"They would believe any statement made by Messrs. Bigelow, Higginson, & Co. My seniors have been on your track for a long time, and have come into connection with various parties. One man who is an Italian they consider important. They authorize me to state to you that this man can also prove the forgeries."

"Who?" gasped Potts.

"His name is Cigole."

"Cigole!"

"Yes."

"D— — him!"

"You may damn him, but that won't silence him," remarked the other, mildly.

"Well, what are you going to do?" growled Potts.

"Present you the offer of Messrs. Bigelow, Higginson, & Co.," said the other, with calm pertinacity. "Upon it depend your fortune and your son's life."

"How long are you going to wait?"

"Till evening. I leave to-night. Perhaps you would like to think this over. I'll give you till three o'clock. If you decide to accept, all well; if not, I go back."

The stranger rose, and Potts unlocked the door for him.

After he left Potts sat down, buried in his own reflections. In about an hour Clark came in.

"Well, Johnnie!" said he, "what's up? You look down—any trouble?"

At this Potts told Clark the story of the recent interview. Clark looked grave, and shook his head several times.

"Bad! bad! bad!" said he, slowly, when Potts had ended. "You're in a tight place, lad, and I don't see what you've got to do but to knock under."

A long silence followed.

"When did that chap say he would leave?"

"To-night."

Another silence.

"I suppose," said Clark, "we can find out how he goes?"

"I suppose so," returned Potts, gloomily.

"Somebody might go with him or follow him," said Clark, darkly.

Potts looked at him. The two exchanged glances of intelligence.

"You see, you pay your money, and get your papers back. It would be foolish to let this man get away with so much money. One hundred and two thousand five hundred isn't to be picked up every day. Let us pick it up this time, or try to. I can drop down to the inn this evening, and see the cut of the man. I don't like what he said about me. I call it backbiting."

"You take a proper view of the matter," said Potts. "He's dangerous. He'll be down on you next. What I don't like about him is his cold-bloodedness."

"It does come hard."

"Well, we'll arrange it that way, shall we?"

"Yes, you pay over, and get your documents, and I'll try my hand at getting the money back. I've done harder things than that in my time, and so have you—hey, lad!"

"I remember a few."

"I wonder if this man knows any of them."

"No," said Potts, confidently. "He would have said something."

"Don't be too sure. The fact is, I've been troubled ever since that girl came out so strong on us. What are you going to do with her?"

"Don't know," growled Potts. "Keep her still somehow."

"Give her to me."

"What'll you do with her?" asked Potts, in surprise.

"Take her as my wife," said Clark, with a grin. "I think I'll follow your example and set up housekeeping. The girl's plucky; and I'd like to take her down."

"We'll do it: and the sooner the better. You don't want a minister, do you?"

"Well, I think I'll have it done up ship-shape: marriage in high life; papers all full of it; lovely appearance of the bride—ha, ha, ha! I'll save you all further trouble about her—a husband is better than a father in such a case. If that Italian comes round it'll be his last round."

Some further conversation followed, in which Clark kept making perpetual references to his bride. The idea had taken hold of his mind completely.

At one o'clock Potts went to the inn, where he found the agent. He handed over the money in silence. The agent gave him the documents. Potts looked at them all carefully.

Then he departed.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE STRANGER'S STORY.

THAT evening a number of people were in the principal parlor of the Brandon Inn. It was a cool evening in October; and there was a fire near which the partner of Bigelow, Higginson, & Co. had seated himself.

Clark had come in at the first of the evening and had been there ever since, talking volubly and laughing boisterously. The others were more or less talkative, but none of them rivaled Clark. They were nearly all Brandon people; and in their treatment of Clark there was a certain restraint which the latter either did not wish or care to notice. As for the stranger he sat apart in silence without regarding any one in particular, and giving no indication whether he was listening to what was going on or was indifferent to it all. From time to time Clark threw glances in his direction, and once or twice he tried to draw some of the company out to make remarks about him; but the company seemed reluctant to touch upon the subject, and merely listened with patience.

Clark had evidently a desire in his mind to be very entertaining and lively. With this intent he told a number of stories, most of which were intermingled with allusions to the company present, together with the stranger. At last he gazed at the latter in silence for some little time, and then turned to the company.

"There's one among us that hasn't opened his mouth this evening. I call it unsociable. I move that the party proceed to open it forthwith. Who seconds the motion? Don't all speak at once."

The company looked at one another, but no one made any reply.

"What! no one speaks! All right; silence gives consent;" and with these words Clark advanced toward the stranger. The latter said nothing, but sat in a careless attitude.

"Friend!" said Clark, standing before the stranger, "we're all friends here—we wish to be sociable—we think you are too silent—will you be kind enough to open your mouth? If you won't tell a story, perhaps you will be good enough to sing us a song?"

The stranger sat upright.

"Well," said he, in the same peculiar harsh voice and slow tone with which he had spoken to Potts, "the request is a fair one, and I shall be happy to open my mouth. I regret to state that having no voice I shall be unable to give you a song, but I'll be glad to tell a story, if the company will listen."

"The company will feel honored," said Clark, in a mocking tone as he resumed his seat.

The stranger arose, and, going to the fireplace, picked up a piece of charcoal.

Clark sat in the midst of the circle, looking at him with a sneering smile.

"It's rather an odd story," said the stranger, "and I only heard it the other day; perhaps you won't believe it, but it's true."

"Oh, never mind the truth of it!" exclaimed Clark—"push along."

The stranger stepped up to the wall over the fire-place.

"Before I begin I wish to make a few marks, which I will explain in process of time. My story is connected with these."

He took his charcoal and made upon the wall the following marks:

He then turned, and stood for a moment in silence.

The effect upon Clark was appalling. His face turned livid, his arms clutched violently at the seat of his chair, his jaw fell, and his eyes were fixed on the marks as though fascinated by them.

The stranger appeared to take no notice of him.

"These marks," said he, "were, or rather are, upon the back of a friend of mine, about whom I am going to tell a little story:

"The first (/\) is the Queen's mark, put on certain prisoners out in Botany Bay, who are totally insubordinate.

"The second (R) signifies 'run away,' and is put on those who have attempted to escape.

"The third (+) indicates a murderous assault on the guards. When they don't hang the culprit they put this on, and those who are branded in this way have nothing but hard work, in chains, for life.

"These marks are on the back of a friend of mine, whose name I need not mention, but for convenience sake I will call him Clark."

Clark didn't even resent this, but sat mute, with a face of awful expectation.

"My friend Clark had led a life of strange vicissitudes," said the stranger, "having slipped through the meshes of the law very successfully a great number of times, but finally he was caught, and sent to Botany Bay. He served his time out, and left; but, finally, after a series of very extraordinary adventures in India, and some odd events in the Indian Ocean, he came to England. Bad luck followed him, however. He made an attempt at burglary, and was caught, convicted, and sent back again to his old station at Botany Bay.

"Of course he felt a strong reluctance to stay in such a place, and therefore began to plan an escape. He made one attempt, which was unsuccessful. He then laid a plot with two other notorious offenders. Each of these three had been branded with those letters which I have marked. One of these was named Stubbs, and another Wilson, the third was this Clark. No one knew how they met to make their arrangements, for the prison regulations are very strict; but they did meet, and managed to confer together. They contrived to get rid of the chains that were fastened around their ankles, and one stormy night they started off and made a run for it.

"The next day the guards were out in pursuit with dogs. They went all day long on their track over a very rough country, and finally came to a river. Here they prepared to pass the night.

"On rising early on the following morning they saw something moving on the top of a hill on the opposite side of the river. On watching it narrowly they saw three men. They hurried on at once in pursuit. The fugitives kept well ahead, however, as was natural; and since they were running for life and freedom they made a better pace.

"But they were pretty well worn out. They had taken no provisions with them, and had not calculated on so close a pursuit. They kept ahead as best they could, and at last reached a narrow river that ran down between cliffs through a gully to the sea. The cliffs on each side were high and bold. But they had to cross it; so down on one side they went, and up the other.

"Clark and Stubbs got up first. Wilson was just reaching the top when the report of a gun was heard, and a bullet struck him in the arm. Groaning in his agony he rushed on trying to keep up with his companions.

"Fortunately for them night came on. They hurried on all night, scarcely knowing where they were going, Wilson in an agony trying to keep up with them. Toward morning they snatched a little rest under a rock near a brook and then hurried forward.

"For two days more they hastened on, keeping out of reach of their pursuers, yet still knowing that they were followed, or at least fearing it. They had gone over a wild country along the coast, and keeping a northward direction. At length, after four days of wandering, they came to a little creek by the sea-shore. There were three houses here belonging to fishermen. They rushed into the first hut and implored food and drink. The men were off to Sydney, but the kind-hearted women gave them what they had. They were terrified at the aspect of these wretched men, whose natural ferocity had been heightened by hardship, famine, and suffering. Gaunt and grim as they were, they seemed more terrible than three wild beasts. The women knew that they were escaped convicts.

"There was a boat lying on the beach. To this the first thoughts of the fugitives were directed. They filled a cask of water and put it on board. They demanded some provisions from the fisherman's wife. The frightened woman gave them some fish and a few ship-biscuit. They were about to forage for themselves when Wilson, who had been watching, gave the alarm.

"Their pursuers were upon them. They had to run for it at once. They had barely time to rush to the boat and get out a little distance when the guard reached the beach. The latter fired a few shots after them, but the shots took no effect.

"The fugitives put out to sea in the open boat. They headed north, for they hoped to catch some Australian ship and be taken up. Their provisions were soon exhausted. Fortunately it was the rainy season, so that they had a plentiful supply of water, with which they managed to keep their cask filled; but that did not prevent them from suffering the agonies of famine. Clark and Stubbs soon began to look at Wilson with looks that made him quiver with terror. Naturally enough, gentlemen; you see they were starving. Wilson was the weakest of the three, and therefore was at their mercy. They tried, however, to catch fish. It was of no use. There seemed to be no fish in those seas, or else the bits of bread crumb which they put down were not an attractive bait.

"The two men began to look at Wilson with the eyes of fiends—eyes that flamed with foul desire, beaming from deep, hollow orbits which famine had made. The days passed. One morning Wilson lay dead."

The stranger paused for a moment, amidst an awful silence.

"The lives of these two were preserved a little longer," he added, in slow, measured tones.

"They sailed on. In a few days Clark and Stubbs began to look at one another. You will understand, gentlemen, that it was an awful thing for these men to cast at each other the same glances which they once cast on Wilson. Each one feared the other; each watched his chance, and each guarded against his companion.

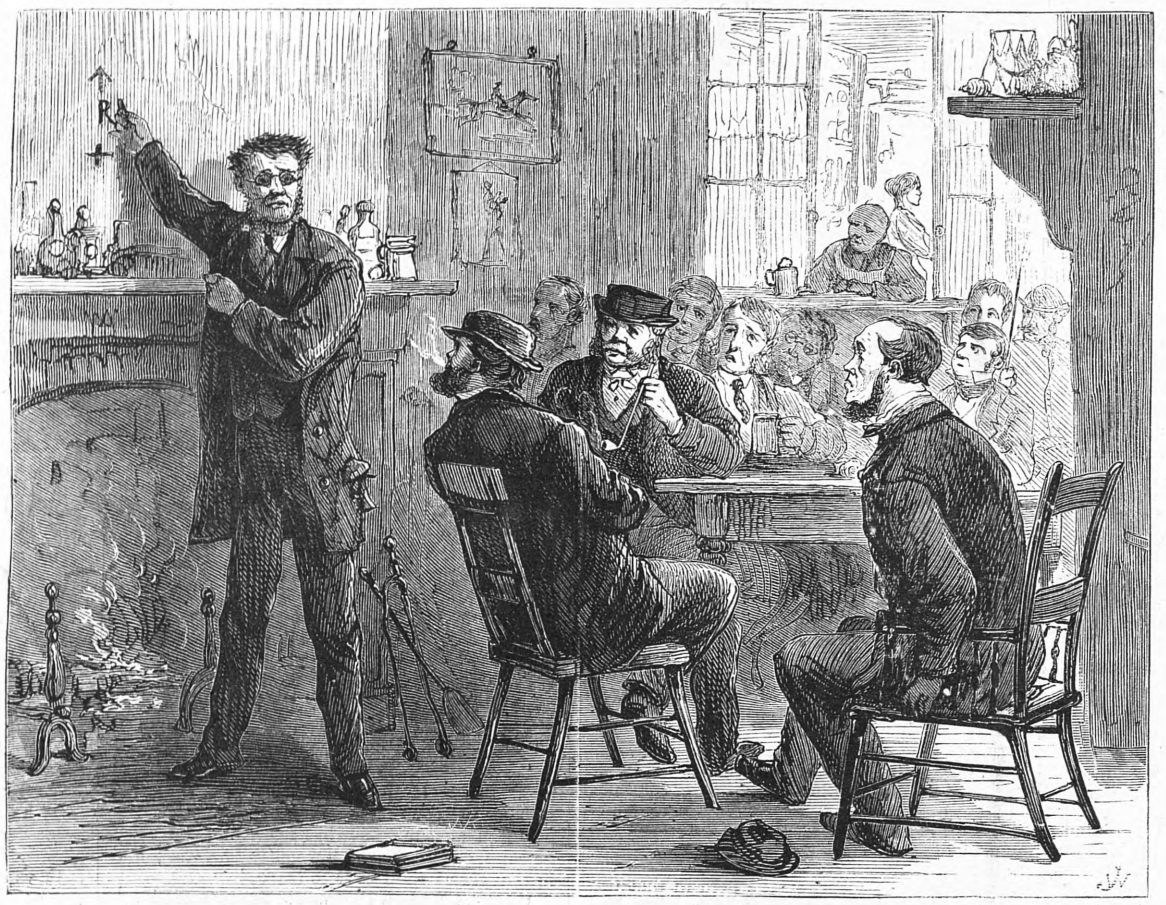
"They could no longer row. The one sat in the bow, the other in the stern, glaring at one another. My friend Clark was a man of singular endurance. But why go into particulars? Enough; the boat drifted on, and at last only one was left.

"A ship was sailing from Australia, and the crew saw a boat drifting. A man was there. They stopped and picked him up. The boat was stained with blood. Tokens of what that blood was lay around. There were other things in the boat which chilled the blood of the sailors. They took Clark on board. He was mad at first, and raved in his delirium. They heard him tell of what he had done. During that voyage no one spoke to him. They touched at Cape Town, and put him ashore.

"My friend is yet alive and well. How do you like my story?"

The stranger sat down. A deep stillness followed, which was suddenly broken by something, half groan and half curse. It was Clark.

He lifted himself heavily from his chair, his face livid and his eyes bloodshot, and staggered out of the room.



"HE TOOK HIS CHARCOAL AND MADE UPON THE WALL THE FOLLOWING MARKS."

FIRST FAVORITE.

Fresh as the early
Morn, rosy and pearly,
Swept by the breezes and bright with the dew,
Comes the delight of all,
Cheering the sight of all,
Glad from the slumbers that beauty renew.

Glossy hat, lightly
Set over the sprightly
Features that glow with the magic of youth!
Habit revealing
Grace e'en in concealing—
Robe a Diana befitting, in truth!

What shall we say of her?
Oh, the sweet way of her
Now that she crosses the lawn and—absurd!
Goes with face beaming,
And pearly teeth gleaming,
Only to notice and fondle a bird!

Birds may in plenty
Be had: there are twenty
Screaming away at this hour at the Zoo.
Harlequin screechers,
Motley-hued creatures,
Red, white, or green, dashed with orange or blue.

Birds! If together
Came those of each feather,
Flights such as Audubon's eyes never saw:
Where in a mile is there
One worth her smile? Is there
Any deserving a word for a caw?

Yet as First Favorite
Poll still will crave a right,
And from his perch, as if that were his throne,
Glance with round berry-eye
Up at a merry eye
Ten times as bright and as brown as his own.

Privileged bird, to
Be mortals preferred to,
Clasping her finger and winning her heart;
Yet, by that rosy
Hand fondled, what knows he
Concerning the rapture a touch may impart?

Though with that beak of his
Giving a tweak of his
At the white finger, pretending to tease;
Rapture he knows not,
At least we suppose not—
A morsel of sugar would equally please!

You may be clever,
But, Poll, you will never
Guess half her beauties who makes you her pride;
Guess at our emulous
Hearts, or the tremulous
Glances we raise as she stands by your side.

Face never fairer,
Form never rarer,
Equal delight and despair of us all!
Bright as Euphrosyne,
Even Mnemosyne
Could not a darling so precious recall!

Making her slaves of us,
What that she craves of us,
What that she bids, is there one could refuse?
Glove to the lions shown,
Cup to the whirlpool thrown—
Would some such test of our loves she would use.

But though caress'd of all,
Lauded and bless'd of all,
She to no breast will her secret impart:
Not one's preferr'd by her,
Though—as her bird by her—
She as First Favorite 's held in each heart.

MADELINE'S PROMISE.

"I SHALL have a thousand thoughts about you in your absence, my child," said a fond mother to her only daughter, a bright but delicate-looking girl of some ten years old.

"You will have no young companions at Burford, your walks will be taken alone, and I do so fear you may lose your way in the country that, indeed, I must claim your promise not to go beyond any point from which the chimneys of your aunt's house can easily be seen. It stands in a lovely valley; you may ramble about the hills around it till you are tired without losing sight of the landmark. I must depend upon your keeping the tall chimney in view, and then I trust you will be safe."

Madeline promised instantly. She was too ready to promise, willingly obedient to her mother's slightest wish. Her promise and its performance were usually an easy and agreeable task; and so, without a second thought, her promise was unqualified.

"That I can easily do, dearest mamma," she said, with a loving kiss. "Why, aunt's garden is higher than the chimneys themselves; she told me so, and that I could see her house for miles away."

"Yes; but not without losing sight of it as you descended one hill or climbed another. I can not permit you to wander away, like the rough little ponies you will meet on the furzy common; you must be contented to ramble on the green slopes which surround the house, from which you can be seen at any time."

"Yes; I quite promise; you can depend upon my word, mamma;" and the blush of conscious pride tinted the pale cheek of Madeline.

"It is my happiness to *know* that I can trust you, darling; you won't go near that deep well; and you will be very careful not to overheat yourself; and—and—that is all. Here is the carriage. "Good-by—good-by—my own love—for a fortnight!"

Long had her anticipated visit to Burford been a day-dream to Madeline; she loved the country; her sympathy was with nature, from the stateliest oak of the forest to the tiniest insect which cradled in the primrose in its shade; she had in imagination taken many a walk, and peopled it with adventures of her own fancy—seldom of higher emprise than the flight of a butterfly or the song of a bird.

She could not help a little creeping awe of Aunt Thorndale, as by courtesy she was called (although in truth her relation to Mrs. Merton was a distant one), for rumors of this lady's eccentricities had reached her, and, if it must be confessed, did cloud the sunshine of her thoughts a little.

With one maid-servant and a rheumatic gardener as her household establishment, Mrs. Thorndale led an isolated life in her charming valley home.

Some neighboring grounds joined her own luxuriant shrubberies, but houses were far distant, and one might have imagined that for a lady in the decline of life the place was dull and lonely.

Her peculiarities, however, were well known to the scattered inhabitants of the neighboring village; and the watchman's rattle, crossed by a fowling-piece, in her bedroom window, to say nothing of a large pistol, fired by her own hand at nightfall, was duly respected by them all.

She had been a lovely woman—for many years a widow. At the age of seventy she bore traces of a stately beauty; and as she stood beneath the clustering roses of her own portico to welcome Madeline, the little girl forgot her fears in the kind embrace she received.

Aunt Thorndale was fond of children: her nature had its sunny side, and the gay laugh of young people met with a quick response of ready sympathy; but for an imperious temper, when she was really *put out* (and this, I will confess, was by no means seldom), Aunt Thorndale was a delightful companion.

The setting sun was lighting the pretty drawing-room to which she conducted her guest, but somehow Madeline looked shyly up. Aunt Thorndale was so tall; her black silk dress fell in such ample proportions, there was something so decided in the clasp of the large hand, in which Madeline's trembling fingers were well-nigh lost, that she scarcely admired the sunbeams glancing in prismatic light upon the cut-glass lustres on the mantle-piece, shining on the quaint old china, and through the rushing steam of an urn which bubbled and sputtered an assurance that Aunt Thorndale liked her tea made with boiling water, and had it too. Perfume pervaded the whole house, whether from the vases of fresh flowers, or from that delicious scent of country air, so new to the town-imprisoned Madeline, she could not determine. Her hat carefully laid aside, and her boxes deposited in her sleeping-room, she tripped lightly down stairs to enjoy the cool-looking bread-and-butter, which, somehow or other, was always better at Burford than any where else. To-day a dish of ham, half shrouded in curling parsley, was provided for the visitor, and freshly-gathered currants made the selection of viands uncommonly difficult. Reassured by the kindly smile, our little girl was refreshed and happy, answered all questions about home with a demure propriety, and even ventured a remark or two upon the places passed on her journey.

"There will be just time for you to look at Don," said her aunt; "you must go to bed early here; but come with me, and you shall pat him." She led the way to the back of the house, where, seated on a large kennel, they found a magnificent yard dog, his deep bark changing to an imploring whine at the approach of his mistress.

"Go up to him; pat him, Madeline; he will not hurt you."

And Madeline advanced to lay her hand on the broad head held down in patronizing mood for her caress; but though he endured it at the command of his mistress, his look said plainly as look could speak, Why is that troublesome child come here, I *wonder?*

Never had Madeline's sleep been sweeter, and with a puzzled start she awoke to wonder where she could possibly be. The dazzling whiteness of the dimity around her, the perfumed breath of morning stealing in over the rich honey-suckles, which peeped upon the little citizen from the open casement, and that sweet song!

She listened, as a rich, melodious voice sang snatches of old ballads below her window, and, as the sweet notes melted in the breeze, heard her aunt talking to her favorite thrush.

"How do you like that, Tutti? pretty boy, pretty boy, now it's your turn; sing, Tutti, sing," and Tutti sang his loudest.

"Are you going to get up, Madeline?" she called. "Come, come, come; these town-hours will never do for me; it's seven o'clock, and I want my breakfast; I have been up since four gathering the roses before the dew is off; come, come, my dear; this is too glorious a morning to spend in bed!"

Madeline sprang to the window, pushed her young face between the towering woodbine, and beheld Mrs. Thorndale in a large, flowered dressing-gown, and a bonnet, of which the present Paris fashion is happily unconscious, perched upon the top of her head, its broad front shading her worn but handsome features.

"There you are," said she, nodding cheerfully; "that's right; dress yourself as quickly as may be; but mind every thing is *neat*—hair neatly brushed, teeth very clean—I am very particular about the teeth; leave your room in exact order. I shall come up presently to see; Nancy is going to dress me now, we shall meet in half an hour," and shaking a bunch of roses at Madeline, from which the cherished dew fell in a sparkling shower, her aunt went indoors.

It was with difficulty the little girl could obey her aunt's behest.

"The valley lay smiling before her," with its little tufts of verdure, its few trees, perfect *woods* to Madeline, while smooth grassy hills on every side were shadowed here and there by the light summer-clouds above them. It seemed like "fairy land;" but Madeline was habitually obedient, and with one good smell at the honey-suckle (which without permission she dared not gather) she proceeded with her toilette, and met Mrs. Thorndale at breakfast in a neatness of array which passed even *her* careful scrutiny.

"Now, my child, you may wander where you will; I am glad your mother sent your hat, 'tis better than a parasol; here is a basket with a piece of cake to eat when you are hungry. You don't want it? Ay! but you will when you have been in the pure air for an hour! Now which way will you go? not out of my sight till you are used to the place; I shall be about the garden, and can see you a quarter of a mile away."

"I should like to go up the hill, please, aunt," said Madeline. "Oh, it will be lovely! May Don go too?" she said, as she passed the kennel.

Don's imploring look, and the uncertain swing of his heavy tail, told that he understood and appreciated her request.

"Well! I don't mind for once, but stand aside while I unloose him, or he will knock you down."

His buoyant bound as the collar fell from his neck proved he had no intention of being her companion, but recalled by the stern voice of his mistress he did follow Madeline till they passed the gate, when he rushed away to find a neighbor at the great house to the proprietor of which the adjacent grounds belonged. Madeline never heeded him, every hill-side flower attracted her busy fingers, and looking down she could see the tall chimney, and hear her aunt's sweet voice as she sang to her birds.

On she wandered till the hill-top was reached, and a glorious wood, which covered its summit, looked tempting enough for the fairies to dwell in. A deep, dark avenue was before her, where the water-course, plowed by some recent storm, had made a furrowed channel, and she could just see the bright green leaves of the wood-sorrel peeping among the brush-wood, but the avenue was the diminishing point of the chimney, and she turned away, thinking that Aunt Thorndale's idea of putting the cake in her basket was by no means a bad one.

She was tracing her way along the valley, when

"I SHOULD SO VERY MUCH LIKE TO TAKE THAT NOTE, ONLY I PROMISED MAMMA NEVER TO LOSE SIGHT OF THE CHIMNEYS."

Don came rushing past, and the short, chipping bark of his companion was heard on the other side of a little knoll of trees. They had put up a rabbit, which scudded by and darted into a hole by her side. This was an adventure beyond her calculations, and served to tell of when she reached the house, in the best possible humor with herself and all the world, especially the country.

"Now rest yourself, Madeline, while I get my nap; there is a book or two on the piano, and you may play if you like; I love music; I could sing up to double C myself when I was young; you will not disturb me, dear, play away!" And Aunt Thorndale settled herself upon the yielding sofa, threw a handkerchief over her head, and slept.

Madeline touched the notes lightly, for, spite of the assurance, she feared the music might disturb the sleeper; besides, she rather feared her want of skill, and felt timid at performing before a lady who could sing to double C, that being a note which had not entered into her experience in composition.

She did not know that Mrs. Thorndale was no practical musician; her wood-notes wild had been exquisite as the song of the nightingale, but they were the gift of the same gracious Power which tuned the throats of the warblers, and had never been subjected to rules.

"Take your work to the moss-house, dear, it's dull for a little girl to be sitting here with a sleepy old woman," murmured Aunt Thorndale, from beneath the handkerchief, and, glad of the permission, Madeline climbed the steep paths of the garden, and reached a summer-house, the sides and roof of which were lined with moss. Here she watched the wren come peeping in, and flit into her nest; looked at the distant landscape, and quite forgot to hem the handkerchief which lay idle in her lap.

Thus happily amused the hours sped away, and sleep fell like a summer-cloud around her, to be dispelled by the bright beams of another morning, not destined to be quite so agreeable.

When breakfast was finished Mrs. Thorndale put a note into Madeline's hand.

"I want you to take this, my dear, to Miss Smithers," she said.

"Yes, aunt. It is not out of sight of the house, is it?"

"To be sure it is; but I can direct you. You need not be frightened, Madeline; there are houses where you are going; the road is not a dull one; I wish to invite my friend to tea to-morrow—she plays delightfully, and you will enjoy it."

"Thank you, dear aunt. I should so very much like to take that note, only I promised mamma never to lose sight of the chimneys."

"Lose sight of a fiddlestick! You are with *me* now, and must do as I tell you! Your mother should not have made you promise; she intrusts you to my care, and should leave you to my direction. Don't tell me about such nonsense! Chimneys, indeed! If you wanted to be a May-day sweep I could understand it."

"Yes, aunt, only I *promised* mamma," repeated Madeline, with a pale face.

"I'm sick of hearing of promise, promise, promise for everlasting! You must do as *I* like, little lady! and as I choose *you shall* do," said aunt, with a raised voice, and a decided manner.

"If Nancy could only go with me," sighed Madeline, in despair. "I would help her when we come back. Oh! if Nancy could only come with me," she repeated, as the good-natured country-girl, who was clearing the breakfast-table, looked up compassionately.

"Nancy will do no such thing! she has her work to do. I will *not* be governed by a child! Go and put on your hat directly!" said Mrs. Thorndale, with an emphatic stroke upon the table.

"I don't believe you need lose sight of the *kitchen* chimley, Miss Madlin," said Nancy, confidentially, as she hastened to overtake Madeline, who was ascending the stairs with a heavy heart. "If you go along by the road, I do believe you can see it all the way to Mrs. Smithers'."

"Oh! tell me the way, dear Nancy! I don't care where I go without breaking my promise;" and her smiling face, as she returned to receive the letter, quite propitiated her aunt, who valued obedience to her *own* particular wishes exceedingly.

"That's a good girl!—never let me have a fuss again! Now, take the note across the foot of the hill. Come here to the door—don't brush the roses! Now, look! You go across the hill, past the old yew-tree with a seat round it, take the path into the road, go over the bridge, and the second house on the right-hand side you come to will be Miss Smithers'; ring the gate-bell, give her my note, with my love—Mrs. Thorndale's love—and wait for an answer. Do you understand, my dear?"

"Yes, quite, aunt. Shall I be able to see—" She stopped, determined to accept Nancy's assurance rather than touch upon the forbidden subject. She started on her journey, carefully avoiding the well, where poor old "Jerry," the gardener, was winding up the bucket, with "three groans for the rheumatism."

Joyfully she tripped past the old yew-tree, gained the path, crossed the bridge, the chimneys still in view; but it was long before the *first* house on the right-hand side was gained, and a second was not to be seen.

She pushed rapidly on, then turned to look for the promised landmark. It was gone! The turn in the road she had of necessity taken had hidden it from sight.

What should she do in this divided duty? She could just see the end of her pilgrimage in the shape of a pretty white cottage now opening to the view. She *had* broken her promise—she should offend her aunt, perhaps be sent back again, if she failed in her errand now. It was a sad dilemma, and the poor child was very miserable. At last she darted off to the cottage, and rang nervously at the gate. The sound of the bell brought out a little yapping terrier, and the rather shrill voice of a lady at the flower-clad window desired her to put her finger through the hole and raise the latch.

The white gate yielded to her touch; and in an instant a sharp bite on the heel from the terrier aforesaid finished the struggle for propriety, and poor Madeline, as she delivered the note, burst into a flood of tears.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Miss Smithers, in a fluster.

"The—the—dog—has bitten me!" sobbed Madeline.

"Oh, dear, no! I am sure Pincher would never bite; you are only frightened. Pincher, little darling! you would not bite any body, would you? No, indeed," she continued, as she patted her favorite, and then proceeded to offer some wine and cake to comfort her visitor, while she replied to the letter which had given its gentle bearer so much trouble. "Are you rested now, love?" she said, kindly. "We will shut up this dear naughty Pincher, and we will look at the flowers."

She took infinite pains to show each treasured blossom, but, much as she loved to look upon them, Madeline would have given them all for one faint curl of smoke from that chimney she so longed to see.

"Good-morning, dear; you will have a nice walk home; good-by," and with many a "wreathed smile" Miss Smithers re-entered the cottage, and Madeline's light footsteps traced the road in a rapid run.

Now the smoke, telling of preparations for dinner, rose straight into the blue sky, the chimneys rose higher at every advancing step, the roof, the bedroom windows, and, as she reached the yew-tree, the whole front of the house, glowing in the morning sunshine, was before her.

Madeline threw herself, panting with fatigue, upon the seat under its shade; she had *overheated herself*, broken another promise!

"Oh, how I wish dear mamma had not made me promise! but she did not think, I am sure, how very difficult it would be to keep it, and I ought to have said, I will do it, mamma, if I possibly can; I do wish I was at home! Mamma never asks me to do impossibilities," thought Madeline.

She was graciously received by Mrs. Thorndale, whose anger had passed away with the occasion, and the amusement of the day progressed as usual, but it was less bright to Madeline: she was dissatisfied with herself, fearful that the trial might be repeated; anxiety was throwing a veil over her pleasure.

A week passed on, without one request which interfered with her goings out or comings in, and Madeline had well-nigh ceased to fear a repetition of her trouble, when, one morning, Aunt Thorndale said, and in a tone which admitted of no refusal,

"Madeline, I want you to go to Mr. Waldens to order some butter; Nancy is helping the woman to wash, and can not be spared; you must go for me directly."

"Oh yes! dear aunt."

"Oh yes! dear aunt," repeated Mrs. Thorndale, mimicking the quick reply. "It will be '*Oh no!* dear aunt,' I suppose, when I tell you that your old friend the kitchen chimney will not be visible; your walk to-day is in a different direction, so you must make up your mind to forget that nonsense."

"I can not forget my promise to mamma," said Madeline, firmly. "Indeed, dear aunt, I would do any thing else you ask me, but *that* would not be right."

"If *I* think it right, that is enough; if you stand there arguing for an hour, you *shall* do as I choose at last; go *instantly*."

The child stood her ground, however, for a second appeal, but with no better result, and with a push on the shoulder was sent from the room to prepare for the dreaded walk.

She reached her bedroom slowly, put on her hat, the sad face made dimly visible in the little looking-glass, through her fast-falling tears; must she break her promise, never be trusted again? It was not to be thought of, and to brave the displeasure of her aunt seemed needless audacity; there was no doubt of Mrs. Thorndale's determination or of her power to enforce it.

A gleam of joy flitted across her face.

God would help her; He had promised to hear little children, and if she was careful to keep *her* word, how much more would He remember *His!*

In simple faith she sank upon her knees by the snowy counterpane, and with the eloquence of heart-felt entreaty poured forth an earnest prayer for guidance and support.

"Are you coming, Madeline?" cried Aunt Thorndale; "I'm waiting for you in the kitchen. Make a little haste—I can't wait all day!"

The little girl rose from her knees—a feeling that she was safe now, a certainty of help was over her, and in answer to the call she made her appearance at the kitchen-door.

Radiant with smiles her aunt advanced to meet her.

"Come to me, my sweet child! you are a dear good girl to keep your word; come and kiss me! you shall not go by yourself, for Mr. Butler—here is a gentleman just called in from his walk, he is going the same road, and he is so pleased that you will not disobey your mother that he will let you walk beside him; what do you think of that?"

"It is very kind," said Madeline; "but is he coming back again?"

"I will come back till we see the chimney, my dear," he said, with a smile; "so take your basket, give me your hand, and we will trudge off together."

Whether Mr. Butler's arguments in her favor had influenced her aunt Madeline never knew, but from that hour she was not required to go beyond the allotted precincts; but when the fortnight was ended, and once more by the side of that dear mother who ever shared her children's joy or sorrow, she related every happy incident of her visit, and then, in dark contrast, told of her sad difficulty and trouble, they both believed it was safer never to exact or give a promise without due consideration of the trials it might bring.

COPYING WHEEL.—This Wheel, by means of which patterns can be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease, is now ready, and can be had of most of the News-dealers; or will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on the receipt of 25 cents.

FACETIÆ.

PEOPLE sometimes undertake to go ahead, and find they can't go a single foot.

THINGS I DON'T LIKE.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

I don't like, if a girl sets her eyes upon a young gentleman for a minute, that he should imagine she has a *set* on him for life.

I don't like to see two ladies conversing in an undertone in company, wearing a malicious look upon their faces, and directing their eyes frequently toward me.

I don't like those very young men whose thoughts are always centred on themselves, and whose fingers are always twirling their mustaches.

I don't like to be one of a wedding party where all the young ladies are expected to damp their lace handkerchiefs through sympathy with the weeping bride.

I don't like to see my beau flirting with another girl, and be obliged to look gay and unconcerned all the time, lest I be accused of jealousy.

I don't like those who will tell you they "are plain people who speak their minds," and make that a pretext for giving you all manner of impertinent home-blows.

I don't like, if a girl makes herself agreeable to a gentleman for half an hour, that he should go away and tell all his friends, in *confidence*, that she "is dying about him."

I don't like to be asked to play a little music for the gratification of the company and to find during the whole performance that every body prefers listening to the music of their own voices.

I don't like to see a pair of slippers that I worked at long and arduously to render beautiful, flourishing on the feet of another girl's husband whom I once expected to be my own.

I don't like, after conversing in an animated and sensible strain for five minutes, to hear at the end of it, "Pray excuse me, but what were you talking about?"

I don't like to be called "heartless" because I can not sigh over a withered rose-leaf, or weep over "An Elegy on a Dead Canary."

I don't like, on showing a charming new bonnet to a dear young lady friend, to be told by her, quite patronizingly, that it would do *pretty* well, only it is so *frightfully* unbecoming.

When was Desdemona like a ship in port?—When she was moored.

A letter passed through the postal car between Boston and New York a few days since with the following superscription, the name of the party addressed and post-office being in red ink, so that the destination of the letter could be seen at a glance:

This letter, David Henry White
Found it a pleasure to indite
To MRS. MARY PALMER SANDS,
And hopes 'twill soon be in her hands.
In RAYMOND she resides, I ween,
In the fair County of RACINE,
Which of WISCONSIN forms a part,
As one may see by map or chart.
Part of her early maiden life,
Ere she became a happy wife,
In teaching common school she spent,
And was a teacher excellent.

If the waves threaten to engulf you, don't add by your tears to the amount of water.

Mr. Coble advertises his runaway apprentice, R. Strong, in the following style: "He can be identified by the fact that he has not combed his hair since New-Year's Day, and can not speak ten words at a time without uttering twenty falsehoods."

WHAT CHEER!—A young lady, whose acquaintance it is our good fortune to enjoy, is of so merry-hearted a disposition that she declines to play on any piano ornamented with "fret-work."

MISS FRUMP (*Author of the "Ghoul-haunted Grange," &c., &c., &c.*). "Can your Little Boy read?"
MAMMA (*modestly*). "Not very well, as yet."
LITTLE BOY (*pertly*). "I can read better than *you*, Mamma."
MAMMA. "What *do* you mean, Child?"
LITTLE BOY. "Why, *you* said you couldn't read Miss Frump's new Book!" [*Awkward silence.*

HOW WE EAT.—There are five kinds of eaters: 1st. There is your dull man, who seems to eat merely from habit, mainly because his parents did so before him, and he expects his children will follow his example. 2d. Your impatient, fidgety being, who is all activity, and who falls to at once on the dish that happens to be before him. 3d. Your careless eater, without education, who considers so much time as lost that is passed at the table, puts all dishes on the same level, and hardly knows the breast from the drumstick. 4th. Next comes your ravenous animal, who thinks only of quantity, takes every thing that comes in his way, as if anxious to show the capacity of his stomach. 5th. Lastly, come the professors, men of taste, who cast a practiced eye over the table before they eat, use judgment in the choice of such dishes as suit their habits, and eat sparingly of each, that the palate may be gently excited by variety. These are the guests who are the best dinner-table talkers. And here we take the liberty of quoting a precept given by an ancient philosopher whose name we do not remember, neither is it of consequence, that the mouth is the vestibule of the soul, the gate of discourse, the portico of thought; of course nothing unclean (of course unpalatable) should go in or come out.

The mariner's compass has done some of the most important needle-work in the world.

A gentleman received his laundress's bill, made out in the style of spelling and handwriting peculiar to that class; but there was one item of 50 cents which defied even his practiced comprehension. It was for "skewering the stars." After wondering for some time how such a work could ever have been performed, and still more why it should have been executed particularly at his expense, the debtor sent for Mrs. Pearlash, when the reading turned out to be for "scouring the stairs."

GORED SKIRTS ARE STILL IN VOGUE.

STREET CAR HINTS.

Gentlemen should stand as thick as possible on the rear platform, even if there is plenty of room inside. It leads strangers to think the cars are immensely patronized, and makes it so pleasant to ladies getting on board.

Don't put out your cigar, but get on the front platform with it and smoke furiously, particularly if the doors are open and a strong draft blowing through. A pipe, strong and old, is an improvement on the cigar.

Don't neglect to spit as often as possible on the matting. It looks independent. You "chaw," and don't care who knows it.

Crowd into a car that is full to overflowing, and then complain loudly of the railroad company for cramming their cars.

Look diligently out of the window when a woman enters with a baby in her arms. Some one will be weak enough to give her a seat. You needn't.

Find fault with the conductor if the track is obstructed by a stone or a wagon. Make him mad, and then threaten to report him if he talks back.

Talk politics in a loud voice; the ladies like it so much; and if any gentleman don't, it is because he differs with you, which is evidence enough that he is of no account.

Don't be backward in filling platforms and passage-ways with baskets, bundles, and boxes. That is what the platforms and passage-ways are made for. Besides, in doing it, you are dealing a blow at the expressmen, who are so grasping as to charge for hauling merchandise. The cars will do it for nothing.

In stepping off when the car is in motion, always do it with your face toward the rear of the car It is such capital exercise for the legs.

Ladies desiring to take a street car should wait for one that is most crowded. It draws attention to them, and practices men in patience and deference to the sex.

If you are a lady, and in feeble health, don't fail to extend profoundest thanks to the hearty, strapping man who condescends to yield his seat to you. If you don't, he may cry about it, and be melancholy for days after.

The rule is, that a car shall only stop on the further side of a crossing. Always expect it to stop on the wrong side, and find fault with the conductor because he don't break orders.

If a conductor observes your signal and stops his car for you, don't hurry any, even if you are a square or more away. The other passengers, whom you are delaying, will feel so pleasant toward you.

Never have the change ready instead of a dollar bill, and abuse the conductor because he hasn't. It teaches them their positions.

By carefully observing the above rules, street-car traveling will be rendered vastly more pleasant than at present.

It may be a fair question whether a man can be said to be wedded to celibacy.

NOTABILIA.

Agreeable advice—The Council of Nice.

Haireditary — Carroty locks.

A key hard to turn—A donkey.

A disgusting entertainment—The Diet of Worms.

A disagreeable boon—A baboon.

The trumpeter's pet—His trumpet.

King Alfred, when he burnt the cakes, didn't save his baking.

A GRAND INVENTION.—"Educational Pianofortes" are advertised. The most suitable piece for performance on these instructive instruments will be—the March of Intellect.

What is the difference between an oyster and a chicken?—One is best right out of the shell, and the other isn't.

A green-horn sat a long time, very attentive, musing upon a cane-bottom chair. At length he said: "I wonder what fellow took the trouble to find all them ar holes, and put straws around 'em."

A person who is considered landless has sometimes two or three acheres in his mouth.

What is the difference between a chicken who can't hold its head up and seven days?—One is a weak one, and the other one week.

Why is Pharaoh's daughter like a gambler?—Because they both belong to Pharaoh (faro).

"Thou rainest in this bosom," as the chap said when a basin of water was thrown over him by the lady he was serenading.

The flowers of speech spring from the root of the tongue.

BROWN. "Whose boy's that, Jones?"
JONES. "Oh! a relative of mine by marriage."
BROWN. "What relation?"
JONES. "A son; that's all."

RULES FOR THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

Wash yourself now and then.

Change your inner garments occasionally.

Chew your meat; eschew greasy gravies.

Don't chew your tobacco.

Drink as little as you choose.

Don't eat much more than your stomach will hold.

Keep your temper.

Temper your keep.

If a soldier, don't rest upon your laurels until they have been well aired.

Avoid falling out about trifles.

Fall out of windows as seldom as possible.

If your constitution requires you to sleep during the sermon, see that the sexton has an aired night-cap for you, and a hod of warm bricks to put to your feet.

Keep your mouth shut on dusty days.

Never open your mouth in frosty weather.

Close your mouth very tight when the wind blows from the east.

TATTING.

'Twas to a city suburb, where
In summer pleasant shade is,
I went from the paternal square
To visit maiden ladies.
I might have spent a charming week,
And yet I was prevented,
For one thing came to pale my cheek,
And make me discontented.

I am very fond of work, I own;
I don't repine at stitching;
A long hem never makes me groan,
And crochet is bewitching.
I've made poor children clothes to wear,
As tough as cocoa-matting;
But there's some work I can not bear—
That horrid work is tatting!

Some people make the shuttle fly
With ease and no exertion;
Make yards of trimmings—always I
Abominate "insertion."
I don't know why I hate the work,
But, e'en in moderation,
All tatting, as a rule, I shirk—
And here's the explanation:

In that suburban calm retreat,
Amid all nature's beauty,
One thing annoyed me, I repeat,
And that was tatting duty.
At tatting there we worked alway,
From tatting naught could sever
Those maiden ladies—night and day
They tatted on forever.

They tatted when the morning broke
In splendor through the sky-light,
I heard them tatting when I woke,
They tatted in the twilight.
They tatted—it was much too bad—
In scorn of other matters;
I fled, or I should have gone mad
With those eternal tatters.

EMBARRASSING QUESTION.

PET. "Ma, mightn't the Big Man let me have his 'Starchers' for a new Tail for my Horse?"

AN OBSTINATE PAUPER.

NURSERY DOCTOR. "Well, Nurse, How go the Patients?"
NURSE. "Oh, pretty well, Sir—there's Eleven Dead!"
N. D. "Eleven! Only Eleven? Why, I left Medicine for Twelve."
NURSE. "Yessir, I know; but one was so Refractory he wouldn't take his'n."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

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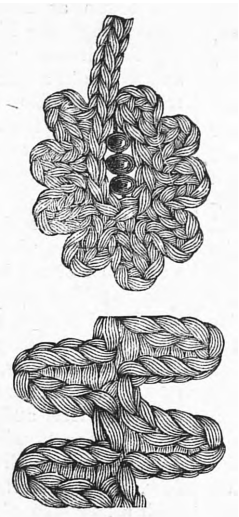
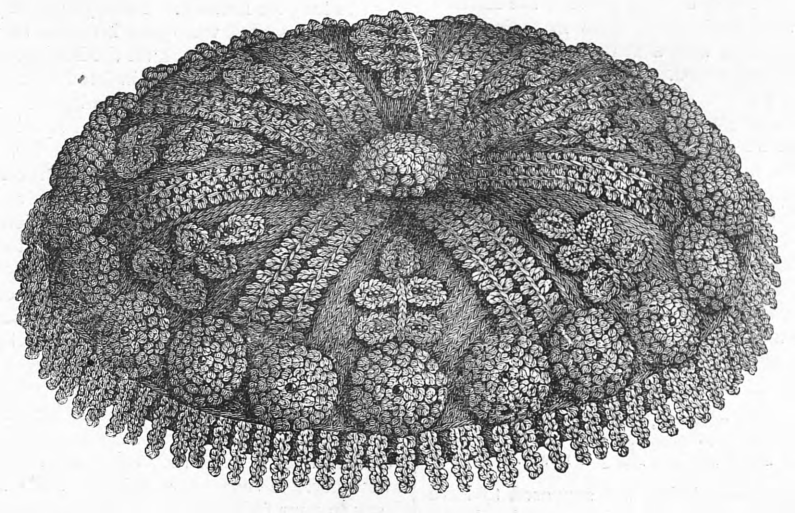
Spring and Summer Cloaks.

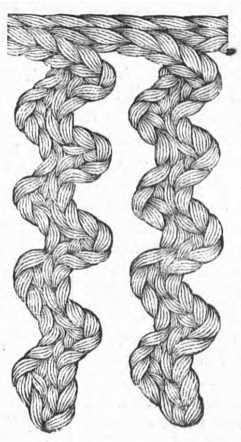
WE give in this Number the patterns and minute descriptions of a score of spring and summer cloaks, thus affording ample variety to our readers, who are referred to our article on New York Fashions for full details concerning the materials which are most in vogue, and the prices thereof. As will be seen, these cloaks are somewhat longer than those worn last season; close-fitting styles are in favor, and scarcely any is complete without a fichu or a sash with bow and ends. Hand-made trimmings prevail, such as folds, pipings, quillings, loops, etc., chiefly made of the same material as the cloak, combined with satin. A great number of these will be found on page 405. Coat-sleeves are still mostly worn, though not so close as those of the winter; flowing sleeves, however, are frequently seen, as well as sleeveless paletots. In a word, the spring styles cover so wide a ground that no lady needs to go outside the fashion in order to find something becoming.



LEAF AND FIGURE FOR FOOT-STOOL.



CROCHET COVER OF FOOT-STOOL.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 60.



FRINGE FOR FOOT-STOOL.

Foot-Stool with Crochet Cover.

MATERIALS: Black knitting wool, violet wool, black beads, black oil-cloth, gray linen, hair or moss.

The crochet cover of this cushion consists of eight single sections. The foundation is worked of black wool in a kind of Tunisian stitch, and is ornamented with crochet dentated stripes, rosettes, and leaves of violet wool. Fig. 69 gives the form of one of

POMPADOUR PALETOT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 11–15.

UNDINE PALETOT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 28–32.

EURYDICE PALETOT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 59–64.

ANTOINETTE PALETOT.—BACK. ANTOINETTE PALETOT.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 16–21.

the eight sections of the foundation. Begin each part on the under side and crochet on a foundation of the requisite length, backward and forward, as follows:

1st round of the pattern row.—Make a loop out of every foundation stitch; throw the thread around after each loop.

2d (return) round of the pattern row.—Take off each loop together with the thread (made loop) immediately preceding it.

In the 1st round of the following pattern row make a loop in each loop of the last round. In this manner work each of the eight sections of the foundation, narrowing at the beginning and end of the rounds in the proportion shown by the pattern. Then trim the sloping sides of the single sections, according to the pattern, with a notched stripe, which is worked in violet wool as follows: * 5 ch. (chain stitch); then, passing over the last of these, 3 sc. (single crochet) in the following 3 stitches. Repeat from * until the notched stripe has reached the length of the sloping side; crochet back on this 1 sc. in the next ch. between 2 points, 4 ch., and passing over the last of these 3 sc. in the remaining ch. then 1 sc. in the same ch. between 2 points in which the former sc. was taken. Repeat from * to the end of the notched stripe. This finishes the stripe whereof the illustration shows a full-sized section. The leaf-like figure in the middle of each part of the foundation is worked as follows. Begin with the lower end of the stem, and crochet for that 4 ch.; then the first leaf of 2 ch., 7 p. (picots) each of 3 ch., and 1 sc. in the first of the 3 ch.; join the last p. to the first p. of the row with a sl. (slip stitch) by which the picot row is joined in a round; and on this crochet back, in each ch. in which a loop was taken in forming the picots; 1 sc.; then in the 2 ch. at the beginning of the leaf 2 sl. This finishes the leaf, which is shown of the full size in the illustration. Crochet 7 ch., then again a leaf, 7 ch., a leaf. Having finished this leaf, which forms the end of the branch, crochet 7 sl. in the next 7 ch. of the stem, then again a leaf, and again 7 sl. in the following 7 ch.; next the last leaf, after which slip stitches in the remaining ch. of the stem. One of these branches is sewed on each section of the foundation, as shown in the illustration; the middle of each leaf is finished by a few beads which imitate the middle veining. Now join from the back the sloping sides of the eight sections of the foundation, and ornament the outer edge with rosettes as shown in the pattern. For each of these rosettes work first a circular foundation, which must count 4 rounds of single crochet. On this foundation crochet, beginning at the centre, 4 rows of picots, as follows. Work first 1 sl. in the upper vein of the first stitch of the first round of the foundation; then 1 p., composed of 3 ch., then 1 sl. in the first of the 3 ch.; in the upper vein of the second following sc., 1 p.; 1 sl. in the upper vein of the second following stitch, etc. In the outer row of the rosette the sl. which comes between each 2 picots must be worked at once in both parallel flat veins of each stitch. The centre of each rosette is finished by a large black bead.

Having sewed the rosettes around the outer part of the cushion, border the edge with a crochet fringe, which is shown of the full size in the illustration. For this make first a foundation of a length corresponding to the circumference of the cover: * crochet 3 sl. in the next 3 foundation stitches, 2 ch.; 5 times alternately 1 p. (2 ch. 1 sl., in the first), 1 ch., then back on the picot row 2 sl. separated by a p. in every ch. lying between 2 p. of the preceding row; 2 sl. in the 2 ch. at the beginning of the double picot row. From * repeat.

The cover, being finished, is now put on a gray linen cushion of the requisite form and size, filled with hair or moss, and covered on the bottom with oil-cloth. Sew through the centre of the cushion with coarse twine, so that it shall be drawn into the shape shown in the illustration, and cover the stitches with a crochet rosette.

THE BEST THING SAID TO-NIGHT.

AROUND the fire, past midnight, when the girls
Were sleeping, let us hope their beauty-sleep,
In nests of delicate fragrance, there remained
Just two or three to smoke that last cigar
And taste the sweet o' the night. Quoth one of us,
Knocking the white ash indolently off,
Lest it should fall upon his lounging-coat
Like sudden snow upon a purple moor,
"*What was the best thing said to-night?*" A flow
Of talk succeeded: one man's epigram,
Another's pretty speech to ISABEL,
The wild young poet's lyric oratory
Half-way 'twixt the Agora and Colney Hatch,
The impromptu in the style of *Vivian Grey*
About DISRAELI—these and fifty more
The men discussed until discussion yawned
And the last seltzer quenched the last cigar,
And every body went to bed. But I,
I knew full well the best thing said that night,
When she who wore the buds of cyclamen
Stood in the odorous twilight 'mid the flowers,
While a caressing spray of some white bloom
Over her rose-flushed shoulder fell. I knew,
And wrote it down on a Vitellian leaf—
A little tablet for love's lusive rhyme.
Who will, may read.

I.

O darling eyelids' delicate droop!
O little sweet mouth, so red, so pure!
There in the twilight while I stoop,
Beautiful AMORET looks demure.
There's a word to whisper: who can guess?
Will it be *No*, sweet? Will it be *Yes*?

II.

Listen the flowers that word to learn
Which the little sweet mouth might say to me;
Faintly it flutters the fairy fern:
What will it be? O what will it be?
Under the gleam in those eyes of light
As she says *the best thing said to-night!*

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1868.

☞ *Single Subscribers to* HARPER'S BAZAR *will be supplied from Number One to the end of the year* 1868, *which will complete the first Volume, for the yearly price of Four Dollars.*

THE MOUTH.

AS far as appearance is concerned, it does not matter much what shape the male mouth may have, as, with the present style of wearing the mustache and beard, little of it can be seen. In the smooth face of woman, however, the form of the mouth has a great deal to do with its beauty or ugliness. The standard of taste in regard to this, as to other features, varies in different nations. The African not only prefers the flat nose, but the blubber lip, and Mungo Park, when traveling on the banks of the Niger, overheard a conclave of negro native matrons discussing the possibility of there being in any part of the world a woman capable of kissing such a shriveled mouth as his European one. Frightful, however, as were his thin lips, this did not prevent the African maiden from moistening them in their agony of fevered thirst with a draught of water from her refreshing gourd. Such was the triumph of woman's tenderness that it even overcame her natural disgust.

Though we are far from admiring the African mouth, we consider a certain fullness of the lips essential to female loveliness. The thin lip, making no show of a ruddy succulence, seems to indicate, with a meagreness and acridity of blood, a cold and sour disposition; and we are not surprised to read that the shrewish Xantippe, the incompatible spouse of Socrates, was lean-mouthed.

The most lovable of months is given to the bride by Suckling in his *Ballad on a Wedding:*

"Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly."

All the poets—and they are supposed to have the nicest sensibility to female as to other beauty—agree in bestowing a certain fullness and redness upon the lips of their ideal loves. The expanding rose-bud is, as is well known, the traditional comparison:

"Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth."

The more the line of the upper-lip resembles the form of the classical bow the more closely it approaches the ideal of beauty. This potent weapon of Apollo and Cupid, in fact, was modeled from the curve of the mouth, and symbolizes, in the eloquence of the one and the love of the other, the power of words, whether whispered in the ear of affection or thundered forth to the sympathy of a multitude.

There is no art potent enough to give the beauty of symmetry which nature may have refused to the lips. If they become unnaturally pale, more or less *rouge* mixed with beeswax will give them a deceitful and temporary gloss of nature. To this daubing our fashionable dames are constantly obliged to resort, for their exhausting lives of dissipation impoverish and decolorize the blood, and the effect is apparent at once in the blanched lip. A frequent usage, however, of the lip salve, as it is ingeniously called, but which is merely a red pigment in disguise, soon so inflames, thickens, and roughens, and gives such a peculiar tint to the mouth, that it has the look of the shriveled, purplish one of a sick negress. The habit of biting the lips soon destroys any grace of form they may have originally possessed. Madame de Pompadour, while lamenting the decay of her charms, confessed that she first began to spoil at the mouth. She had early acquired the habit of biting her lips in order to conceal her emotion. "At thirty years," says an historian, "her mouth had lost all its striking brilliancy." She, too, began at a very early period to touch herself up with that paint so fatal to the duration of facial charms, and at court only dared to show herself by candle-light.

The mouth, supplied with a number of muscles quick to act at the vaguest command of the will, is very expressive of the disposition. There is one little one against whose action we would put our young damsels on their guard. It is the same as that which turns up the nostril at the least emotion of pride, envy, or disgust. It also at the same time, for it is connected with the mouth, pulls up its upper lip. The effect of the frequent exercise of all muscles of the face is to give a permanent expression according to the direction of their action. This is more marked in that of the mouth and nose, called by the ancients the *musculus superbus*, or proud muscle. If our pretty girls desire to grow old gracefully we would advise them to be chary of the use of this tell-tale messenger, for if his services should be often availed of, he will be sure to turn up the nose and lip in permanent disgust of his functions. It is the most distinctive and repulsive sign of an envious old maid or any other ill-tempered person.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to Lucy Jessamine.

MY DEAR LUCY,—You must excuse the freedom of an old man, since it does not signify want of respect, but the most earnest interest in you and your welfare. It is my habit to stroll about the city, a student of manners, observing all the new-comers, as well as the old residents, and seeing what hints I may drop to help them. In fact, I am not unlike the policemen who used to jump upon the cars as they came into town—and perhaps still jump—to offer their services to the strangers, to tell them how to go to Barnum's or to Broadway, and to warn them against the friendliness of unknown persons whom they might encounter in horse-cars and omnibuses. The guardians of the peace reminded travelers that they had now reached a place in which they must be upon the most constant watch against sharpers of every kind—the great capital of fraud and falsehood, where eternal vigilance is the price of safety.

My dear Lucy, it is precisely so that I wish to warn you. When you lately arrived in town from your pleasant country home at the West, the dream of your youth was fulfilled. All your life you had heard of New York, and you longed to see it, as the good people in the country, of whom we read in old English plays and novels, used to long for London. I saw you upon your arrival, although I was quite invisible to you, and when I heard papa call for the Fifth Avenue Hotel coach, I knew who had insisted upon going to that delightful and fashionable house. And here let me say to your father, and to all other respectable gentlemen from the interior, that they choose wisely when they choose the Fifth Avenue Hotel; for it is in the hands of a skillful and self-respecting management, which had the wisdom, out of regard to the comfort of its guests, to turn the gentlemen of the evening gold-room out of doors. The gentlemen of the evening gold-room, my dear Lucy, are a noisy crew of gamblers from Wall Street, who insisted upon turning the Fifth Avenue Hotel into a Bedlam every evening, and the proprietors presently expelled them from the house. Then, with the malice of professional gamesters, they resolved to ruin what they could not rule, and swore horrible vengeance against the hotel. So I say to your father, that if he wishes to put up at a house which is not infested by gamblers, and whose peculiar praise is that that reckless and unprincipled class are hostile to it, let him come, and advise his neighbors and friends to come, to the Fifth Avenue. As for you, my dear, you know, and I know, that you begged him to come there, because you knew it was in the midst of every thing gay and fashionable and delightful; because you knew, from the most careful consideration of all that you had heard and read, that you could sit at its windows and see the huge city in every form pass by, as the Prince of Wales reviewed from its balcony the firemen's torch-light procession.

It is not very far from that pleasant hotel to the Opera-house and the theatres, as you at once proceeded to discover. I accompanied you, still invisible, when you went upon the first evening to the Opera, upon the second to Wallack's. I was your unknown cavalier when you made papa promenade with you up and down the Avenue; and I watched your eager eyes and fancied your ardent mind studying every object that was fashionable and fine. You saw the shining carriages, the bedizened drivers, the velvet and silken ladies inside. Not a bonnet, however invisible to papa's eyes and mine, escaped you. Not a new garment, nor a new wrinkle in an old one, nor the tie of a ribbon, nor the fall of a feather, eluded your sentinel eyes. Your first walk assured you what I might have walked a hundred times without discovering, that the queen color of the moment is a soft Metternich green. The sanguinary splendors of Solferino and Magenta with which the Avenue was wont to blaze but a very few years ago are now as absurdly old-fashioned as the genius of Louis Napoleon compared with that of Bismarck. Indeed, to speak truly, I doubt, my dear Lucy, if a young poet regards the poem of a rising rival with such absorbing attention as that with which you apprehended every point in every toilette that passed you upon your promenade. Do you remember what the policeman said? No, you are right—he said nothing, but asked you if he could be of service. But do you remember why he was there? To put you on your guard. Beware, he said or suggested, beware of sharpers who will pick your pockets. But, my dear Lucy, what if he had said, beware of sharpers who will pluck away your simplicity and peace?

At the Opera I beheld you scarcely regarding the stage, but busily looking at the audience. Your eyes clung at last to a gay cluster of richly-dressed persons, and I saw you asking papa who they could be. I doubt if papa knew that it was Mrs. Tilbury and her party. But it was; and they chatted, and smiled, and bowed, and were very gracious and sparkling to the gentlemen with white cravats and familiar manners, who fluttered around them, and hummed, and skipped, and slid away. How carefully you watched them, dear Lucy; how they seemed to you princes and princesses of quite another sphere; how you thought no joy could be so transcendent as to dress in that way and be so surrounded; and how your imagination dwelt upon it and softly colored the vision with rosy hues of exquisite delight, even as poor Cinderella, sitting by the kitchen-fire, dreamed of the magnificent princes dancing with her sisters in pearls and diamonds. And did you think of the policeman and his silent warning against sharpers and confidence people?

Why, my dear Lucy, do you think that there are no confidence people but those who ride in the cars, and those who sell brass watches for gold in Peter Funk's auction-room, and those who pick your pockets in the street? I rather think papa would willingly compromise by letting you lose all the money he gave you when you came to town, if he could have saved your peace of mind. You and your friends and neighbors living every where in the country, thousands and hundreds of thousands of you, constantly try to model your lives upon what you suppose to be the lives and manners of a certain class of persons whom your foolish little fancies depict as the fashionable people of New York. Why, my dear, look at it. Here is Mr. Tilbury, who comes to town from the country and makes a great deal of money; and Mrs. Tilbury, who was precisely you, a dear little Lucy from the country, when she began as Tilbury's wife, managing and economizing for him, but who now begins to buy fine dresses, and to drive in her carriage, and to live in a sumptuous house, and to hire a train of servants. She goes to Europe, and when she returns all her dresses come from Paris, and they come constantly, and they are of all kinds, provided only that they are the most expensive.

On the other side of the Opera-house was Mrs. Stanhope, who is another of the same kind, and who will not be behind Mrs. Tilbury, and Mrs. Stanhope spends, and Mrs. Stanhope has wonderful dresses, and laces, and jewelry; and Mrs. Stanhope shines at the Opera, and gives marvelous lunches, and breakfasts, and Germans. Mrs. Tilbury comes out with a silver dinner-service, and Mrs. Stanhope tops it with gold. Mrs. Stanhope suddenly extinguishes Mrs. Tilbury with a splendid set of rubies; Mrs. Tilbury retorts by crushing Mrs. Stanhope with a necklace of opals, for which the Green Vaults of Dresden might have been robbed. These ridiculous women pelt each other with diamonds and pearls, with gold and silver dishes, with old laces and new velvets. They throw extravagant dinners and exquisite suppers at each other. They dare each other with the lowness of their dresses and the license of their manners. They excel in nothing but mad extravagance, and if they merely harmed themselves by their absurd conduct, a man might be only a little merry and a great deal sorry; but when they ruin others, when the poisonous frenzy reaches away out to Lucy Jessamine, a simple-hearted girl in the country, and she begins to sigh to do as Mrs. Tilbury does and as Mrs. Stanhope does, a man becomes indignant, and begins to look upon these women more as criminals than as fools.

Now, my dear Lucy, the fine and fashionable society of which you read, and to which you constantly look, and by whose fancied manners you regulate your own, and give yourself those ludicrous airs in your native village, is Mrs. Tilbury and Mrs. Stanhope. Of course every body in it is not like those women. They have a crowd of futile imitators; and even those who are not like them, and who do not like them, still feel their influence, and find it hard to protest. They do not refuse to visit Mrs. Tilbury, and are not ashamed to invite Mrs. Stanhope. But until they do, they will pay the penalty. Until Mrs. Stanhope's extravagance and Mrs. Tilbury's rivalry of it, are treated as no less absurd, and vulgar, and immoral than the bad manners of the Jardin Mabille and the life of the demi-monde, just so long, as I tell all my married friends in town, their household expenses will be frightful; just so long Mrs. Tilbury will make them give the most ruinous parties, and Mrs. Stanhope will force them to buy the most costly jewels. When sensible people declare their independence of these women, and refuse to throw money away because this fast firm of Tilbury and Stanhope insist upon squandering it, we shall have better manners and better morals, and it will not require a fortune to live in the city.

Now, my dear Lucy, is it worth while for you to suppose such people princes and princesses, and to long to enjoy the life they live? I assure you that the life of this class of fashionable people in New York is neither so elegant, so tasteful, so witty, so fascinating, nor half so cheap as that of the demi-monde in Paris, from which it is copied. You might as well long to drink salt-water as to desire this life. The more you drink, the more unsatisfied and the more horribly thirsty you are. Ah me! and if you knew how the men who encourage these women to be "fast" speak of them when they are so! If you could only imagine how a man despises a woman who suffers him to insult her by the least word or act! I believe my indignation and contempt are lost in pity when I see Mrs. Tilbury and Mrs. Stanhope dressing, and dining, and dancing, and supping to pique each

other, and please a set of young fools who laugh at them.

My dear Lucy Jessamine, if you must have idols, choose any but these.

Your faithful friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SACQUES, PELISSES, AND MANTILLAS.

BLACK faille, or unwatered moiré, is an elegant fabric much used for sacques and mantles. It is more lustrous than gros grain, and thicker and richer. A better gloss is given to gros grain this season, which not only improves it in appearance, but will, it is said, prevent it from turning rusty and brown, as black corded silks are so apt to do. Plain taffeta, with a glistening smooth surface, is not used.

We have spoken before of the fancy pleated trimmings introduced this spring. Later importations display them in new arrangements. There are reversed pleats with a button on each end; quilled pleats with piping in the centre; and frills with the narrow pleats all turned one way and secured at both edges. Bias folds, inserted points, cross-cut bands, piping, flutings, ruffles, rosettes, and butterfly bows, and an endless variety of hand-made ornaments have been provided to take the place of passementerie and the long time favorite jet. Laces, fringe, tassels, and a small bead of crocheted silk are also used in profusion.

It is scarcely possible to find any two garments shaped precisely alike—but basquines and half-fitting jackets predominate. Very few loose paletots are seen. French garments are either fitted to the form or left slightly loose and confined at the waist with a belt and sash. The fronts are longer than the back, with square mantilla ends, or they are rounded and crossed on the waist like a fichu. The back is made short, to disclose the skirt *en paniers*, and the sides are frequently open and filled in with lace. Another pretty style has the fronts pointed and lapped, with both points visible, as in the engraving of the "Undine" on another page.

Pelisses are buttoned down the entire front in a straight row, or are double-breasted, with a pointed lap on the left, and fastened diagonally down the skirt. They are smooth at the shoulders, and belted in at the waist. The skirts are looped up at the sides. The coat-sleeve is almost the only one used in imported patterns.

The scarf mantilla without sleeves is a most novel garment. It is light and cool, and peculiarly appropriate for muslin and grenadine dresses that are easily rumpled. The cut we give represents square fronts, but it is also made with lapped scarf ends like a fichu.

Of all the new styles introduced this season the Watteau seems to have met with most favor. It has already been described and illustrated in the *Bazar*, and we give another engraving of it this week. The peculiarity of this stylish wrapping consists in the fold at the back, which may be either one wide box-pleat, or two or even three smaller ones.

The old-fashioned mantilla falling low off the shoulders, with long, square, scarf-like fronts, is again revived. This is graceful and cool for summer wear, and may be made of the material of the dress for short suits.

A pelisse of black faille, reaching almost to the knee, is slightly loose, to be worn with a belt and sash. The front is lapped on the left breast, and diagonally down the skirt. The trimming is alternate points of silk and satin inserted at the edge. Butterfly bows are along the outline of the front and on the shoulder. Epaulets of thread lace over the coat-sleeve. A rosette is at the back of the belt and at the ends of the sash. Price $125.

The handsomest Watteau we have seen is marked $250. It is of heavy faille, trimmed with wide Maltese lace, in a pattern of pointed leaves, with a tassel between each point. The heading is a honey-comb of satin and faille. A wide box-pleat hangs loose from the neck, forming the fullness of the skirt. A belt passes beneath the back through the side-seams, and holds the full front in place. A Pompadour square bertha is outlined by the trimming. Vandyked points at the neck. Coat-sleeves with lace cuff. Large crocheted buttons up the entire front. The skirt is looped at the sides and held by buttons.

A very stylish basquine is short and tight behind with loose rounded fronts confined by a belt. A large square of thread lace forms the side-pieces under the arms. The back is slashed to imitate short sashes. The pretty but expensive trimming is made of thread lace, put on in box-pleats, with a satin button and loop of piping on each pleat. The belt is covered with this lace quilling. Bullion fringe on the fronts. Price $110.

The short huzzar jacket is tight-fitting and jaunty, and suitable for slender persons. It is square in front and short, but slopes off to a rounder back, which is pleated into the waist. Narrow folds beginning at the neck describe a Zouave front and are finished behind with a rosette and sash. Round medallions of silk braid are set on between narrow folds for trimming. A rosette and sash at the waist. Price $60.

A mantilla scarf, decidedly the novelty of the season, is without sleeves. The scarf fronts lap like a fichu. The back is short and square. Four rows of piping, and a wide fall of guipure lace surround it. The loops of the sash are above the belt, while the ends fall below the skirt. Price $100.

A kind of Talma paletot is of French faille. There are no sleeves to this garment, but long square wings like flowing sleeves fall over the arm. A box-pleat, narrow at the neck, gradually widens to the end of the back, where it is turned back *en revers* and faced with violet silk. The trimming is a cross-cut band of faille, piped with satin on both sides. At the edge a fringe is formed of flat silk braid, ornamented with crochet beads and bullion tassels. Price $100.

A polonaise is tight-fitting, yet worn with a belt. The right side of the skirt is turned back to form revers. A low-necked bertha is fastened on the left shoulder by a rosette. The sash ends are trimmed with satin to form a beautiful effect. Loose coat-sleeves. Price $90.

A gros grain mantilla is rounded in the back with square tabs in front. It falls low off the shoulder. A fluted ruffle of the same surrounds it. Price $30.

Graceful burnous scarfs with mantilla fronts, all wool, are worn in honey-comb patterns in gay solid colors and in cashmere stripes on a white ground for evening mantles. A deep fringe surrounds them, and a silk cord and tassel, in which all the colors of the burnous are blended, is tied at the throat. Plain checks, black and white, or blue and black, are shown for morning wear and for extra carriage wraps. Prices range from $16 to $18.

INDIA CASHMERE SHAWLS.

The one article of feminine apparel that is in no danger of ever being discarded by fashion is an Indian shawl. In our fickle climate there is scarcely a month of the year in which they may not be called into requisition, and as an heir-loom they are as much prized as gems. The most elegant velvets are cut up into cloaks that will only present a stylish appearance one season, or else they are made into circulars or loose shapes with an eye to remodeling them, so that when the velvet is new the style is bad, and only when the material is worn are they made into the prevailing mode. But an Indian cashmere is always fashionable, and the ambition to possess one of these marvels of Oriental luxuriance is not to be wondered at and is scarcely to be considered a vanity.

If a lady investigates the subject she will learn that, notwithstanding the popular conviction, there is no such material as camel's hair made into shawls. The fleece of the cashmere goat is the material used, and the embroidery is done in small scraps so beautifully needle-worked together that it is difficult to find the joins. The handsomest shawls are of course those that are most nearly covered with embroidery. A small, plain centre is, however, necessary, as the embroidered part is too thick to fold pleasantly about the neck. Calcutta shawls are preferred to those made in Delhi and Bombay, as the colors are better blended, and the cashmere surface more thoroughly worked up. Some shawls shown us were so drawn and puckered by the embroidery as to entirely destroy their beauty. The surface should be perfectly smooth.

Plain shawls with India borders are often arranged in America by cutting long shawls that are found to be unsalable into borders for squares of cashmere. In this case the figures of the border run around the shawls, while in those made in India the palm leaves are pointed toward the centre, the figures at the corners are symmetrical, and the colors are delicately but gradually shaded from the outer to the inner edge of the border. This may also be easily detected from the fact that American borders are chain stitched or embroidered on to the centres, while those from India are connected by needle-work so well done and intricate that it seems to be woven.

The brilliantly-colored shawls with a great deal of bright Magenta in them are favorites in Paris, but have never been admired here. One square shawl shown us is valued at $2500. There are many long shawls at that price, but a small square so expensive is seldom seen. It is said that India houses reserve those shawls that are of most perfect styles and coloring for this market. A long shawl was sold here this season for $4000; but those that find the readiest sale range from $500 to $2000.

WALKING SUITS.

A silk serge suit of the invisible green shade called "dying frog" is made with a Watteau sacque, the skirt looped at the side, and trimmed with folds and chenille fringe. The Metternich bonnet, with large crown and diadem front, is made of the material of the dress. The buttoned boots are also of serge. Kid gloves of the same shade, with silver studs on the back.

A light silk suit marked $110 is of narrow black and white stripes. On the lower skirt are three bias frills, bound on each edge, and sewn on an inch apart from each other. A narrow ruffle is left for a heading, and the sewing is concealed by a gray satin piping. A loose polonaise forms an upper skirt, which has a short square apron front, rounding toward the back. Three rows of piping trim the front. The back is bordered with a bias frill. A Marie Antoinette fichu worn over this is trimmed with piping and a ruffle. Coat-sleeves with deep cuff simulated by trimming.

A stylish suit of gray woolen serge, with a silk diagonal reps, has a plain under-skirt with an over-skirt made *en paniers*. Of the six widths in the upper skirt only the front one and those each side of it are gored. The three full back widths are almost as long as the under-skirt, and are caught up in a large *panier* puff by a draw-string extending across from the side-seams. The gored front breadths are cut out in deep points. The paletot is short in the back, with long rounded fronts, crossed on the breast with the two lapped ends visible. A belt and sash ends at the side. The paletot, upper skirt, and coat-sleeves are trimmed with fringe and satin folds. Price $100. Material is furnished for the waist.

VARIETIES.

An elegant wedding dress just completed is of white satin. The trained skirt is two and a half yards at the back, and one yard and an eighth in front. Around the skirt at the edge is a ruche of white Malines. The tulle of this ruche is double, and made so full that eight yards are quilled to form one of the trimming. A deep court train is outlined by a ruche of the same width. And a narrower trimming defines an apron front, from which it falls into three rounded sashes. Bouquets of orange flowers are on the sashes. Low round corsage with Grecian folds of Lyons tulle on the bust beneath which is a fall of point d'Alençon headed by a thick satin quilling. Short puffed sleeves of reversed folds of satin with a ruche and orange flowers. The veil of tulle reaches almost to the end of the train, and is bordered with a wide ruche. Orange flowers form a tiara, with sprays drooping over the chignon.

This dress is to be worn over a "lace" hoop skirt with a pannier bustle. The price of these elegant skirts ranges from $18 to $22.

A very elaborate night-dress, shown us as part of a bridal outfit, is a loose Gabrielle of French nansook with a pointed yoke entirely formed of square medallions of Valenciennes alternating with others of needle-work. There are tiny appliqué figures of embroidery on the lace. This trimming is extended in vandykes down each side of the front, forming diamonds of solid lace when the garment is fastened. Diamonds of Valenciennes are up the outer seam of the coat-sleeve. Chemise and drawers are made *en suite*.

A breakfast suit of sheer cambric is a short sacque over the trained petticoat that is worn beneath the wedding dress. Valenciennes lace and fine needle-work are arranged in waving shells around the skirt.

Thanks are due to Madame DIEDEN; GEORGE A. HEARN; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

THE Parisian *beau monde* has a sensation that meets its most fastidious taste; and *so* Parisian! Lord RADSTOCK, a peer of high degree, only 30 years old, is preaching, evenings, in the American and Wesleyan chapels, and once a week addresses a fashionable assembly in the elegant drawing-room of Lady COWPER. He belongs to the Plymouth brethren (not an offshoot of Brooklyn), a people who do not recognize the need of any ordained ministry—every Christian, in their view, being called to preach according to his gifts and opportunity.

—Lord CAIRNS is the first Irishman who has ever held the office of Lord Chancellor of England, and he attains it at a much younger age than any of his predecessors since the time of Lord HARDWICKE. Lord C. is 49 years old; at 33 he went to Parliament; at 37 was made Queen's Counsel; at 39 was appointed Solicitor-General, in which capacity he showed great ability and eloquence; at 47 became Attorney-General, and now reaches the highest judicial position in Great Britain at 49. He has faithfully fought and fairly won his way to this distinguished honor.

—Our principal admiral, FARRAGUT, has had a very gracious reception from the Pope. The throned monarchs of the Old World have given FARRAGUT such receptions and honors as were never before given to the most distinguished of sailor-men.

—For the especial delectation of our lady readers we copy the following description of what was worn by Queen VICTORIA at the first drawing-room (March 12) she has held since the death of Prince ALBERT:

"The Queen wore a black moire antique dress with train trimmed with crape and jet, and a diadem of opals and diamonds over a long white crape lisse veil. Her Majesty also wore a necklace and brooch of opals and diamonds, the Riband and Star of the Order of the Garter, and the Orders of Victoria and Albert and Louise of Prussia.

"Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales wore a petticoat of white silk, with bouffants of tulle veiled in silver and fastened with knots of black and gold edged with silver fringe; a tunique Marie Antoinette, and corsage of white poult de soie, trimmed with silver and volant of fine Brussels lace; a train of black poult de soie edged with gold and silver fringe; head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and veil; ornaments, pearls, and diamonds, the Victoria and Albert Order, the Order of Catherine of Prussia, and the Danish Order."

—The pleasantest "personal" is that which records the good deed of a good woman, such a woman as Mrs. HIRAM SIBLEY of Rochester, who has given $18,000 to the Episcopal Church of North Adams, Massachusetts; or such a one as Miss LOCKWOOD, of Betchworth, England, who has given $140,000 to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

—JOHN G. SAXE, who writes and says more witty things than any other American poet, is about to have the honor of a new and complete edition of his poems published by TICKNOR & FIELDS—something of the style of the Farringford TENNYSON. It will contain several lyrics of a kind in which Mr. SAXE excels; also certain serious pieces, exhibiting, if that be possible, greater merit than is shown in his humorous and satirical writings. It is pleasing to know that Governor S. is enjoying capital health. He is spoken of as a possible candidate for the vacant mission to Russia. It is to be hoped he will decline. ROSS BROWNE is going to China, and we couldn't get along nicely with both away.

—ADELINA PATTI seems to be singing in Paris and the provinces with greater applause than ever. The *quidnuncs* have ceased to gossip about her marriage with the Marquis DE CAUX, which, the *Bazar* can tell them, is only postponed, not off.

—BADGER, a Boston artist, has received a veritable compliment. A picture he had painted of one of those incredibly opulent men who are only found in Boston was taken home and placed against the wall. The Newfoundland dog came in, saw his master's portrait, gazed at it a moment, wagged his tail with an expression of recognition and delight, and then walked up and kissed the "counterfeit presentment."

—There are three prominent gentlemen each engaged in preparing a Life of General GRANT—Mr. C. A. DANA, of the *Sun*, Mr. ALBERT D. RICHARDSON, and the Hon. H. C. DEMING, of Connecticut, who, when in Congress, was very influential in procuring the passage of the bill creating the office of General. Those who have seen his manuscript speak of it as being written with great power. Meanwhile, Colonel ADAM BADEAU'S "Life" of the General has what the horse-people call a fine "send-off," and is rapidly finding its way to the people.

—Mr. DICKENS is of opinion that his audience at New Haven was the most appreciative he has read to in America.

—There is one gentleman who has been a member of the House of Commons for 48 years consecutively—Lord HOTHAM. He is, therefore, the "father," if not the grandfather, of "the House."

—LOLA MONTEZ, who rests from "life's fitful fever" in Greenwood, where a plain marble stone in which "ELIZA GILBERT" is cut gives her real name, has a son, who has just resigned a distinguished position in the Bavarian army, having inherited a considerable fortune—from the ex-King of Bavaria, perhaps.

—ARTHUR HELPS, the gentleman who helps the Queen in her literary work, is a widower, fifty-four, short and spare, and has one daughter; is an opulent gentleman, having much mine and land in Wales. Good old family, etc.

—The lady-readers of the *Bazar* will certainly vote Mr. DISRAELI a model Prime Minister. One of his very first official acts was to confer a pension of $1000 per annum on Lady BREWSTER, the widow of the eminent philosopher.

—King THEODORE, who is giving the English so much trouble in Abyssinia, is not a reputable person, so far as the use of stimulants is concerned. He keeps tolerably erect and mild until about noon; then the man begins to drink and soon gets into such a muddle and passion as to make himself quite disgusting to every body about him. He is intelligent, courageous, and has great force of character; but he *will* indulge in the too frequent crooking of the elbow.

—Madrid is anxious to hear Miss KELLOGG, at the rate of $400 per night, which she declined, on account of the weather, not the figures. She is now visiting among duchesses and gilt-edged people of that style.

—Mr. J. STUART MILL abates nothing of his determination to promote, in the British Parliament, the rights of women. He has recently written to a lady in Michigan, that he has done his best, by every influence he possessed, to promote the admission of women, not only to political, but to all other rights, on the same conditions as men, and that he intends to persevere in so doing.

—An American gentleman who recently visited the great English philosopher, JOHN STUART MILL, at his country residence in Avignon, France, thus describes that personage as he appeared in the modest little cottage where most of his time is spent:

"I found myself in what seemed to serve as a library to the owner of the house. In an arm-chair in front of the fire-place, in which some coals were still burning, notwithstanding the warm Spring sunshine without, there sat, with a cat purring at his feet, the well-known form of Mr. MILL. He rose as I entered, welcomed me by a cordial shake of the hand, and invited me to be seated. Mr. MILL'S figure is of more than the average height, but he could hardly be called tall. His form is decidedly slender. His head impresses one at once as the seat of intelligence of the highest order and the highest activity. The upper portion is very broad, but below the splendid high forehead the face becomes narrow-featured. His eyes are grayish, and not large, but of a most genial expression. His nose is thin and straight, and well proportioned. The features run out into a very sharp chin. The complexion of the clean-shaved face is rosy, and clearly indicative of good health. His voice is not strong, but of great clearness, notwithstanding the delicate and almost womanly gentleness of its tones. Mr. MILL is a rather hesitating public speaker. His ordinary conversation discloses the same defect, which is probably the result of a long habit of weighing words before committing himself to them."

—Earl DERBY declines to be made a Duke, but Mr. GATHORNE HARDY is to be created a peer of high degree. The Speaker of the House of Commons will claim his peerage at the close of the present session. Mr. DISRAELI will continue plain Mister to the end of his days, glorying, as he does, in his ancient lineage, and boasting, in a gentlemanly way, that he is the only Cabinet Minister, or Premier, England has known who ignores a coat of arms.

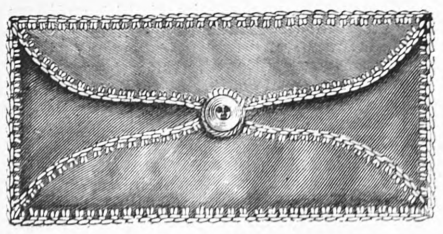
—That good man, GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, says that more pretty women promenade Broadway from Canal to Fourteenth Street, than can be found on any similar feminine parade ground all the world over. That is so.

—No woman in France has been so much written about as the Empress, yet here is another little sketch, deftly done, that we dare say will not be unacceptable to our lady readers:

"Unlike the French women—who are short and dumpy, especially in middle life—the Empress is queenly in form, tall, slim, and stately. Unlike the French women, whose complexions are dark, sallow, and even dingy, the Empress's face is as white as alabaster. Her eye is clear but piercing; her smile captivating; her brow gracious. Arrayed in her regal robes she is simply magnificent. Every thing about her is in keeping. Her taste is unequaled. Every thing is in proportion, and one part is suited to the other. She knows what will agree with her complexion to the exact shade of ribbon. You can suggest no alteration in her dress. On state occasions when she greets the public eye she wears every thing regal and stately that becomes her station. On ordinary occasions her dress is very plain, very simple, yet very taking. Her hat seems to be the central point of her dress. If it is brown or blue, green or crimson, her gloves, scarf, ornaments, and apparel correspond. Her spirits are exuberant, her disposition joyous, and she seems disposed to enjoy her position. On her last visit to England she was the guest of the Queen. A review was held in St. James's Park in her honor, which she beheld from the balcony of Buckingham Palace, in company with Victoria and Napoleon. She was joyous as a school-girl. She clasped her hands and shouted in her French style like a little girl at the grand display. Her buoyancy and gleefulness of manner, not to say frivolity, shocked the dignified and sober Queen of England; and more than once Victoria laid her hand on the shoulder of her fair visitor, and reminded her that while such outbursts of feeling were perfectly natural, they were not regal!"

Court-Plaster Case.

THIS little case, in the form of an envelope, is used for holding court-plaster, postage-stamps, etc., and possesses the advantage of being small enough to be carried in the porte-monnaie. Take a piece of ribbon an inch wide and four inches and a half long, double it in the middle, and work a double row of button-hole stitch in white silk across the ends and the lower part. For the part that turns over, double button-hole stitch a piece of ribbon, of a corresponding size, on the back of the upper part of the case thus formed, cut it out in the shape of an envelope, and button-hole stitch the edge; also simulating the folds of an envelope on the case itself with a row of double button-hole stitch, in the manner shown in the illustration. Finish with a button on the case and a loop on the part that folds over.



COURT-PLASTER CASE.

Crochet Apron for Girl from two to three Years old.

THIS apron is worked in fine white knitting cotton. The pretty design of the foundation and of the lace may also be used for antimacassars and the like. The pattern is given in Fig. 67 of the Supplement.

Begin the apron on the under side with a foundation of suitable length, and work on this, paying close attention to the shape, as follows:

1st round.—Alternately 1 dc. (double crochet), 1 ch. (chain stitch) passing over one foundation stitch.

2d round.—1 sc. (single crochet) in the next ch. of the last round; * 5 ch. 1 dc. figure as follows: in the second following ch. of the last round 1 dc., which is to be left half finished, also one finished dc.—this leaves now two loops on the needle; then in the next ch., two half-finished dc., which are worked off together with the last of the two loops which remained on the needle; then work together the two loops still remaining on the needle; this finishes the dc. figure; now 5 ch. 1 sc. in the second following ch. of the last round. From * repeat to the end of the round.

3d round.—In the second of the 5 ch. at the beginning of the last round 2 dc., of which the first is only half worked, and then worked together with the second finished stitch; * 5 ch., 1 sc. between the twice two dc. of the next dc.—figure 5 ch., a dc.—figure as in the second round, but in this round crochet the first 2 dc. in the ch. before the last, of the five lying *before* the next sc. of the last round, and the other 2 dc. in the second ch. *after* this sc. Repeat from *. The accompanying illustration shows a part of the foundation with insertion and lace of the full size.

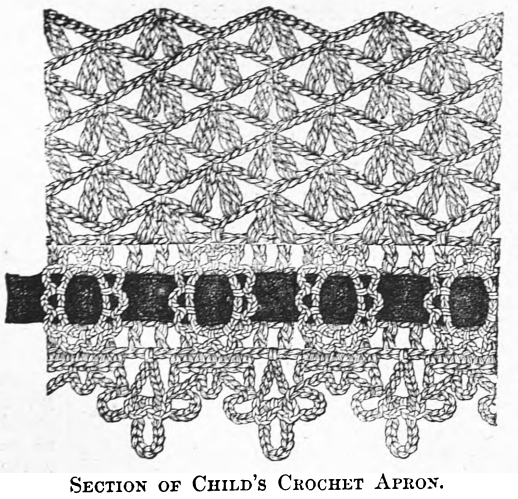
Having finished the foundation in the given design, work around the sides and upper edge, one round sc., working in the loose threads remaining from the foundation work. Then work the following insertion: First, a round in open-work dc. like those on the under border, widening on the corners as required by the rounding. Work the following rosette-round: Begin on one of the upper corners of the foundation and crochet * in the next 3 stitches of the open-work dc. round, 3 stc. (short treble crochet), 2 ch. passing over the next 2 stitches of the former round; 1 stc. in the following stitch of the last round; 3 ch., passing over the next 3 stitches; 1 stc. in the following stitch of the last round. Now around the stc. just made work three times alternating 5 ch., 1 sc., then 5 ch., and, going backward, 1 sc. in each of the 2 ch. which are separated by a dc. of the round before the last, and join the stc. just worked around in scallops with the stc. lying immediately before it; between each of these sc. 5 ch., then again 5 ch., and also on this next stc., alternately three times 1 sc., 5 ch.; finally, on the 3 ch. which were worked between the two stc., 2 sc. separated by 5 ch.; this finishes a rosette of the insertion. Now crochet 2 ch., passing over 2 stitches, and repeat from * till the apron is bordered by a round of such rosettes. On this work an open-work dc. round as before. Finish around the neck with a narrow, and the other edges with a wide lace. The narrow is worked as follows: in every ch. of the open-work dc.-round 1 sc. between every 2 sc. a picot composed of 5 ch. and 1 sc. in the first of these 5 ch.

The wider lace for the remaining part of the edge is made in two rounds as follows: 1st round.—Alternately, 1 sc. in the next 7 stitches of the last round; 5 ch. passing over 3 stitches of the last round. 2d round.—1 sc. in the first sc. of the last round, * 3 ch., 2 sc. separated by 5 ch. in the middle one of the 7 sc.; 3 ch., 4 sc., each separated by 9 ch. around the ch.-scallop of the former round, 3 ch., 1 sc. in the middle ch. of the open-work dc. round which lies between each 7 sc.; 3 ch., 3 sc. each separated by 5 ch. around the ch.-scallop of the first round, and each sc. must come between two of the sc. which were first worked around the ch.-scallop; 1 sc. in the last sc. which was worked in the ch.-scallop. Repeat from *.

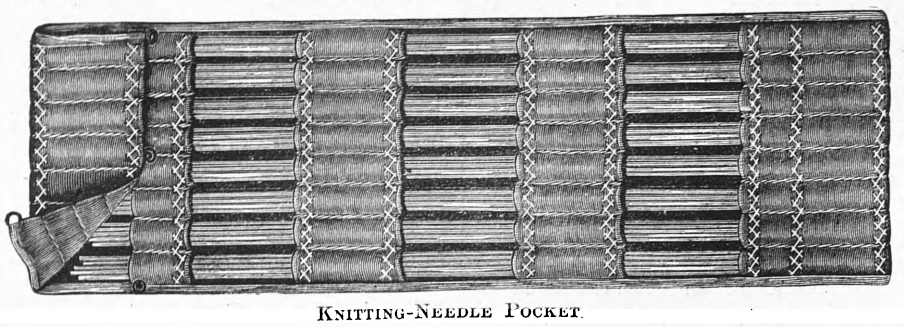
The pocket-flaps are composed of the before-mentioned insertion, which consists of a row of rosettes surrounded by an open-work dc. row. On one side of these flaps finish with the narrow, on the other side the wide lace. Then run a colored velvet ribbon through the rosette insertion of the pocket-flaps and of the border of the apron; sew on the flaps, and finish with a bow of the ribbon as shown in the pattern.

The shoulder-straps are made of the same insertion bordered with the wide lace. They are run through with the velvet ribbon, and sewed on the upper edge of the apron, then buttoned on the sides, on which buttons are sewed in the points designated by *.

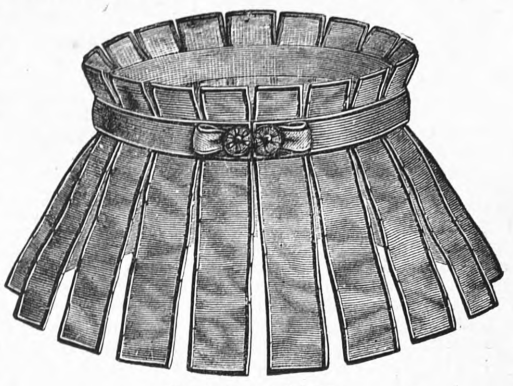
CHILD'S CROCHET APRON.
For pattern see Suppl., No. XV., Fig. 67.



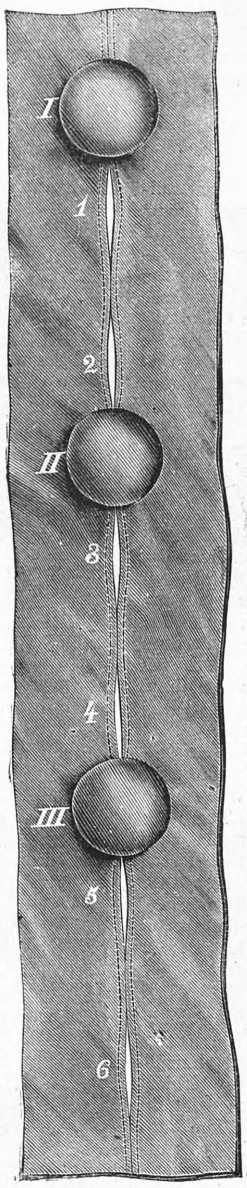
SECTION OF CHILD'S CROCHET APRON.



KNITTING-NEEDLE POCKET.



BELT WITH TABS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Fig. 70.



ARRANGEMENT FOR LOOPING UP PALETOTS, ETC.

BELT WITH TABS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Fig. 70.

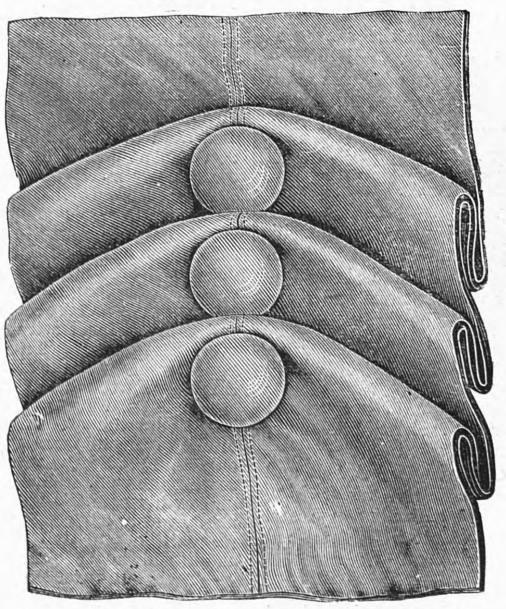
Knitting-Needle Pocket.

THIS pocket, which is intended for holding knitting-needles, is of brown reps, and is bordered with red silk ribbon. The original is eight inches in length by three in width. For making such a pocket take a piece of stuff ten inches in length by three and a half inches in breadth, and a piece of black silk of the same dimensions for the lining. Both are laid together smoothly, and the ends are cross-stitched together with red silk. Lay the stuff over one end the width of an inch, and stitch it in rows one-third of an inch apart with red silk, thus forming little pockets, in which the needles are placed. In the same manner add three bands, as shown in the illustration, which are also stitched on lengthwise at the distance of one-third of an inch between the rows of stitching. The stuff is laid over at the upper end at the width of three-fourths of an inch, thus forming a cover, and is stitched with red silk, and furnished with button-hole stitched loops. Finish the long sides with a ribbon binding, and sew on small buttons whereby to fasten the pocket.

Arrangement for Looping up Paletots, Dresses, etc.

LONG cloaks are now often looped up in order to show more of the dress; and paletots and dresses are looped up in the same manner. The accompanying illustrations show a simple and

TRAVELING PALETOT.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 51-58.



ARRANGEMENT FOR LOOPING UP PALETOTS, ETC.

TRAVELING PALETOT.—BACK, LOOPED UP.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 51-58.

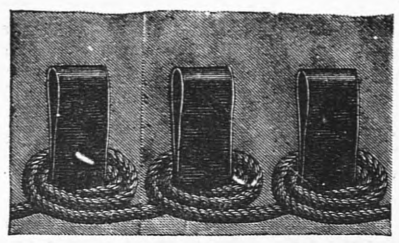


Fig. 6.—LOOP AND CORD TRIMMING.

easy way of doing this by means of buttons. In sewing up the seams which join the breadths of the dress-skirt or paletot, leave open a portion of the seam in order to form the button-holes, and afterward open the seam and stitch it down on the right side. Then sew on the required buttons as shown in the illustration, so that two button-holes shall lie under each button. In buttoning up the dress, put the button marked I backward through the button-hole marked 1 and forward through the button-hole marked 2. In the same manner the button II is brought through the button-holes 3 and 4, and the button III through the button-holes 5 and 6, by which are formed the three folds shown in the second illustration. Additional buttons and button-holes may of course be furnished each seam if desired.

CLOAK TRIMMINGS.

WE give a great variety of the hand-made trimmings now so fashionable, and which are easily executed with a little time and patience.

Rosettes and Bows.

Figs. 1 and 2 are especially adapted for trimming pocket lapels, sleeves, and epaulets of cloaks, dresses, etc., and can be made of black or colored silk, or of the same material as the garment. Fig. 1 is of black silk reps. It consists of six loops, each three inches wide, edged with satin piping and a bias fold a quarter of an inch wide. These are laid in two pleats at the end, and arranged on a piece of stiff lace, in the manner shown in the illustration.

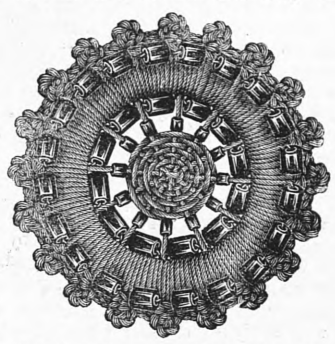


Fig. 5.—CROCHET ROSETTE FOR SASH.

Fig. 8.—LOOP FOR HANGING UP CLOAKS, ETC.

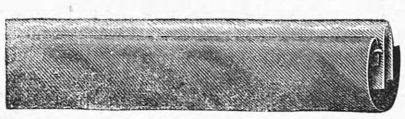


Fig. 12.—PIPING.

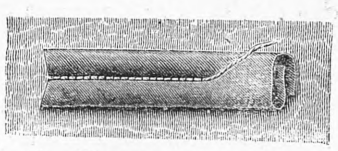


Fig. 13.—MANNER OF MAKING PIPING.

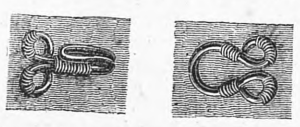


Fig. 18.—MANNER OF SEWING ON HOOK AND EYE.

The centre consists of a passementerie figure in the shape of a leaf with grelots.

Fig. 2 consists of a strip of silk five inches long and an inch wide, edged with narrow satin piping, with the ends pointed and finished with passementerie buttons. Beneath the sides and under part of this are sewn nine loops, each two inches long and an inch wide, and also edged with satin piping.

Fig. 3.—The middle of this rosette is of gray satin, and the outer part of gray cloth. The nine outer pieces are each two and a half inches wide and an inch and four-fifths long, and are stitched round with gray silk, box-pleated at the end, and set on a circular piece of stiff lace. The four satin loops in the middle are each an inch and four-fifths wide and an inch and two-fifths long, with interlining between and box-pleated at the end. A satin knot is placed in the middle of the rosette, which is four inches in diameter.

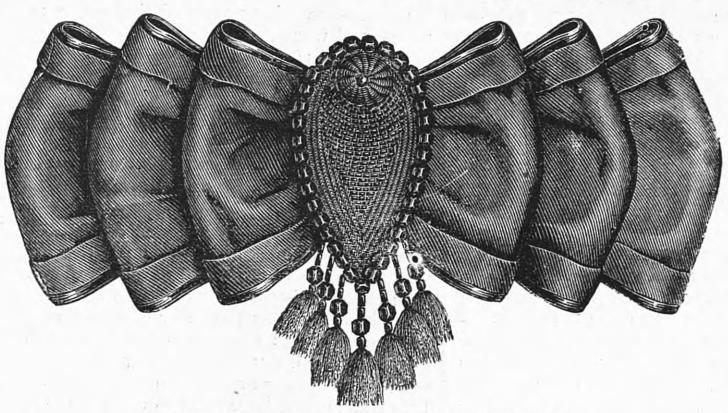


Fig. 1.—BOW FOR POCKETS, SLEEVES, ETC.

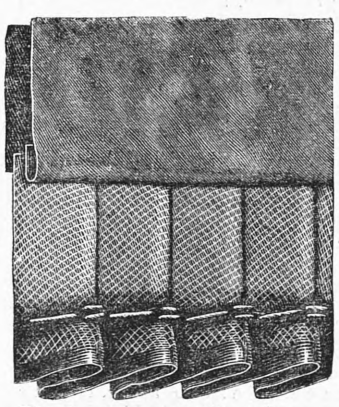


Fig. 9.—PLEATED TRIMMING—WRONG SIDE.

Fig. 4. — This rosette, which is designed for a belt or sash, is made of a circular piece of pasteboard, two inches in diameter, which is covered with gros grain. On this four satin loops are laid crosswise, so as to form a star, and a small satin button is set on each end. A large satin button confines the loops in the centre, and the edge of the rosette is finished with small satin points.

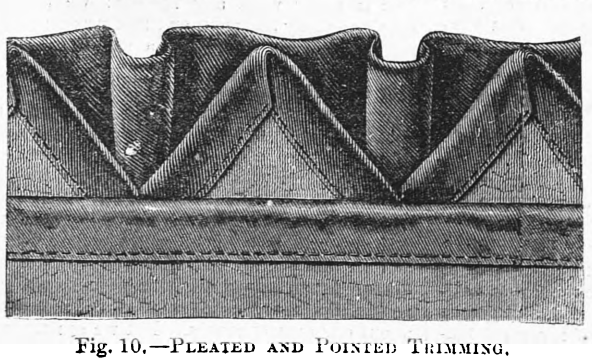
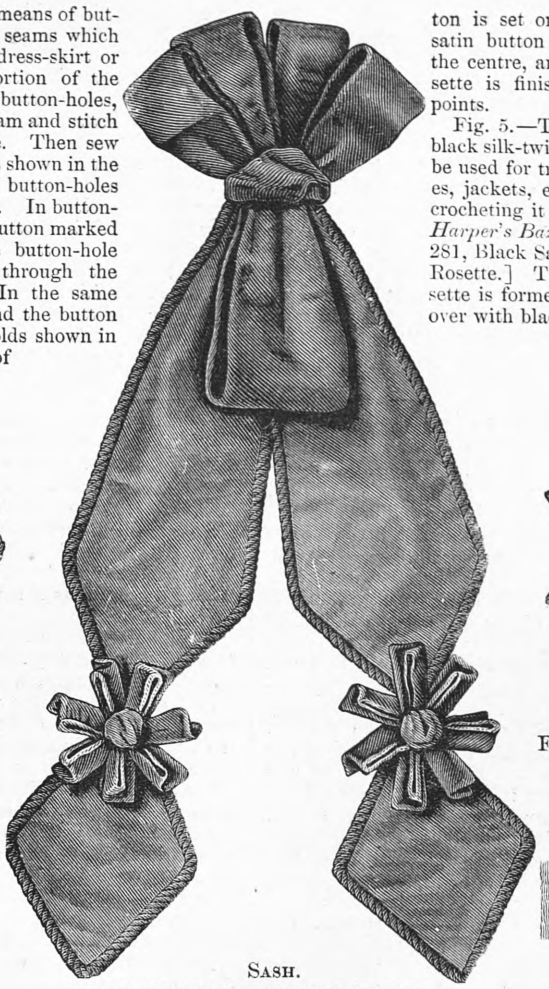


Fig. 10.—PLEATED AND POINTED TRIMMING.



SASH.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 68.

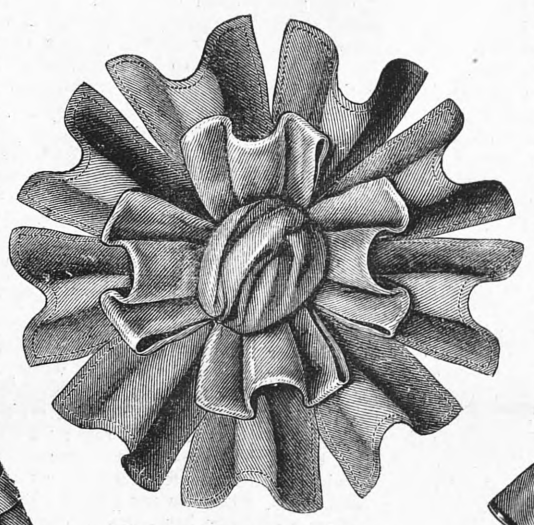


Fig. 3.—ROSETTE OF SILK, CLOTH, ETC.

SASH.—[For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 68.]

Fig. 5.—This rosette is made of black silk-twist and bugles, and may be used for trimming sashes, dresses, jackets, etc. [The manner of crocheting it has been described in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 18, p. 280 and 281, Black Satin Sash with Crochet Rosette.] The centre of this rosette is formed by a small wheel which, after the crochet work is finished, is sewed over with black silk, as shown in the illustration.

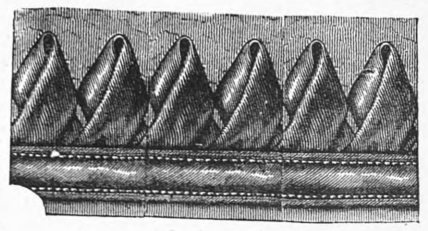


Fig. 7.—POINTED TRIMMING.

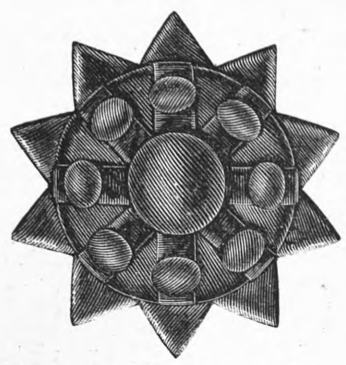


Fig. 4.—SILK ROSETTE FOR SASH.

Loops, Pipings, Folds, etc.

Figs. 6–11 are specially adapted to sleeves, pockets, standing-collars, etc.

Fig 6.—This simple and elegant trimming consists of upright loops of satin ribbon a quarter of an inch wide, the setting on of which is concealed by silk cord wound round them in the manner shown in the illustration.

Fig. 7. — This trimming is made of small bias folds of satin, the ends of which are folded crosswise, so as to form points. They are then sewed together at the bottom, and a bias fold of satin is stitched over the seam.

Figs. 8 and 9 show a strip of the same material as the garment, bound on the bottom with bias satin, then closely pleated, and set under a satin piping. In order to keep the pleats better in place a strip of buckram is set under them, to which they are caught. Fig. 9 shows the wrong side of the trimming, and, consequently, the manner in which this is done.

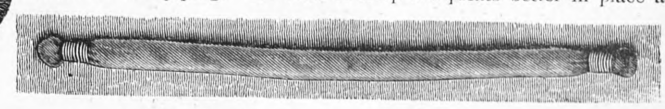


Fig. 16.—MANNER OF SEWING ON LOOP.

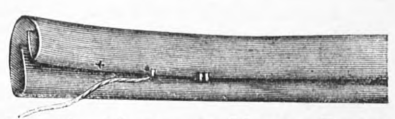


Fig. 14.—MANNER OF MAKING PIPING.

Fig. 10.—For this trimming a bias fold of satin is folded lengthwise, and box-pleated at the bottom. Points of cloth, bound with satin, are then set over this, leaving the ends of the points free, and a bias satin fold is stitched across the bottom.

Fig. 11.—This trimming consists of bias satin, folded so as to form upright points, and covered at the bottom with satin piping.

Figs. 12, 13, 14, and 15 show different methods of making piping,

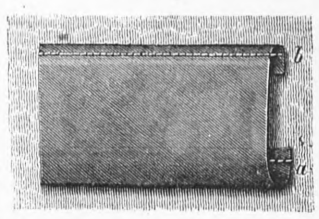


Fig. 15.—BIAS FOLD.

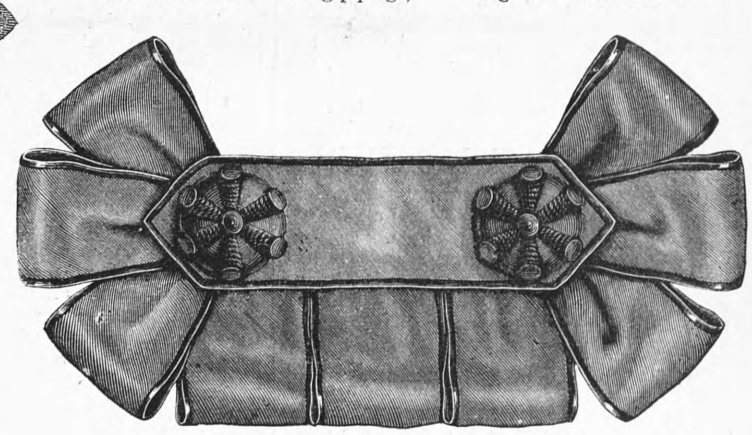


Fig. 2.—BOW FOR POCKETS, SLEEVES, ETC.

and folds of silk, satin, or cloth.

Figs. 16 and 17 show the manner of preparing loops by which to hang up cloaks and dresses, the material of which is often torn or injured for the want of them. Fold a bias strip of cloth, an inch wide, lengthwise, sew a braid along the middle of the strip thus folded together, and hem the edges over this braid as shown in Fig. 17; then turn the ends over at the distance of one-sixth of an inch and sew them fast, as seen in the illustration.

Fig. 18 describes the best method of sewing on hooks and eyes, so as not to come off, or to draw and tear the

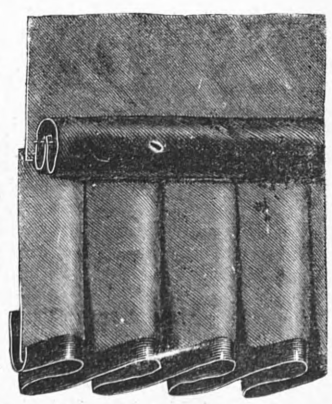


Fig. 8.—PLEATED TRIMMING—RIGHT SIDE.

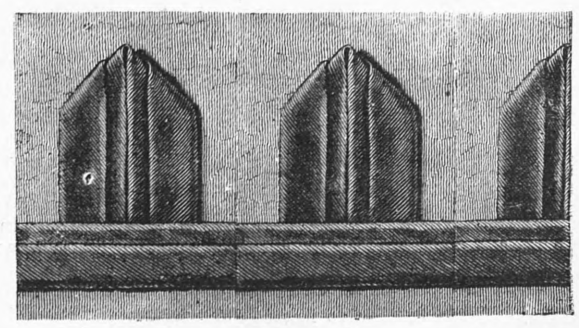


Fig. 11.—POINTED TRIMMING.

garment. Lay the eye flat on the stuff, as shown in the illustration, and sew, first, the side rings over and over closely through the stuff; then sew the upper part of the eye in the same manner. In sewing on the hooks, begin also with the little rings at the bottom, and finish at the top.

SPRING THOUGHTS.

PRIMROSES beneath the trees
Fling their scent upon the breeze;
Rooks are calling in the air;
Birds make music ev'ry where.

Swallows come from far away,
Lambs in ev'ry field at play,
Hawthorn hedges dress'd in white,
Corn-crakes chirp from morn to night.

Meadows bright with golden hue,
Woods are carpeted with blue,
Cattle grazing in the mead,
There a sower sows his seed.

Searching for a rose-bud here,
Cuckoo's notes upon the ear,
Fledgelings flutter as they sing,
There a bee is on the wing.

Shadows on the mountains cast,
Light appearing then as fast,
Pheasant crying in its flight,
Orchards full of blossoms white.

Life and joy are ev'ry where;
Lurks a thought of sadness there?
Yes—for grief must linger here;
First a smile and then a tear.

Sunshine hours must pass away,
Flowers can not bloom alway;
Songs that make the green-woods ring
Shall we hear them after Spring?—

Hear the lark who sings above,
Rapturous notes of joy and love—
As I hear sad thoughts take wing;
Heaven is bright, and still 'tis Spring.

LADY DENZIL.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE Denzils were the chief people at Dinglefield Green. Their house was by much the most considerable-looking house, and the grounds were beautiful. I say the most considerable-looking, for my own impression is that Dinglewood, which was afterward bought by the stock-broker whose coming convulsed the whole Green, was in reality larger than the Lodge; but the Lodge, when Sir Thomas Denzil was in it, was all the same the centre of every thing. It was like Windsor Castle to us neighbors, or perhaps in reality it was more what her Majesty's actual royal habitation is to the dwellers within her castle gates. We were the poor knights, the canons, the musical and ecclesiastical people who cluster about that mingled strong-hold of the State and Church—but to the Lodge was it given to bestow distinction upon us. Those of us who visited Lady Denzil entered into all the privileges of rank; those who did not receive that honor fell into the cold shade—and a very uncomfortable shade it must have been. I speak, you will say, at my ease; for my people had known the Denzils ages before, and Sir Thomas most kindly sent his wife to call, almost before I had settled down into my cottage; but I remember how very sore Mrs. Wood felt about it, though it surprised me at the time. "I have been here five years, and have met them every where; but she has never found the way to my door. Not that I care in the least," she said, with a flush on her cheek. She was a clergyman's widow, and very sensitive about her "position," poor thing—and almost found fault with me, as if I was to blame for having known the Denzils in my youth.

Lady Denzil, who had so much weight among us, was a very small personage. She would have been tiny and insignificant had she not been so stately and imposing. I don't know how she did it. She was not far from sixty at the time I speak of. Whatever the fashion was she always wore long, flowing dresses, which swept the ground for a yard behind her, and cloaks ample and graceful; always large, always full, and always made of black silk. Even in winter, though her carriage would be piled with heaps of furs, she wore upon her little majestic person nothing but silk. Such silk! You should have touched it to know what it was. The very sound of it, as it rustled softly after her over the summer lawn or the winter carpet, was totally different from the *frôlement* of ordinary robes. Some people said she had it made for herself express at Lyons. I don't know how that might be, but I know I never saw any thing like it. I believe she had every variety in her wardrobe that heart of woman could desire. Indian shawls worth a fortune I *know* were among her possessions; but she never wore any thing but that matchless silk—long dresses of it, and long, large ample cloaks to correspond. Her hair was quite white, like silver. She had the brightest dark eyes shining out from under brows which were curved and lined as finely as when she was eighteen. Her color was as fresh as a rose. I think there never was a more lovely old lady. Eighteen, indeed! It has its charms, that pleasant age. It is sweet to the eye, especially of man. Perhaps a woman, who has oftenest to lecture the creature, instead of falling down to worship, may not see so well the witchery which lies in the period; but find me any face of eighteen that could match Lady Denzil's. It had wrinkles, yes; but these were crossed by lines of thought, and lighted up by that soft breath of experience and forbearance which comes only with the years. Lady Denzil's eyes saw things that other eyes could not see. She knew by instinct when things were amiss. You could tell it by the charitable absence of all questioning, by a calm taking-for-granted the most unlikely explanations. Some people supposed they deceived her; but they never deceived her. And some people spoke of her extraordinary insight, and eyes that could see through a millstone. I believe her eyes were clear; but it was experience, only experience—long knowledge of the world, acquaintance with herself and human nature, and all the chances that befall us on our way through this life. That it was, and not any mere intuition or sharpness, that put insight into Lady Denzil's eyes.

The curious thing, however, was that she had never had any troubles of her own. She had lived with Sir Thomas in the Lodge since a period dating far beyond my knowledge. It was a thing which was never mentioned among us, chiefly, I have no doubt, because of her beautiful manners, and stately look, though it came to be spoken of afterward, as such things will; but the truth is, that nobody knew very clearly who Lady Denzil was. Sir Thomas's first wife was from Lancashire, of one of the best old families in the county; and it was not an unusual thing for new-comers to get confused about this, and identify the present Lady Denzil with her predecessor; but I am not aware that any one really knew the rights of it or could tell who she was. I have heard the mistake made, and I remember distinctly the gracious and unsatisfactory way with which she put it aside. "The first Lady Denzil was a Lancashire woman," she said. "She was one of the Tunstalls of Abbotts-Tunstall, and a very beautiful and charming person." This was all. She did not add, as any body else would have done, Loamshire or Blankshire is my county. It was very unsatisfactory; but it was fine all the same, and closed every body's mouth. There were always some connections on the Denzil side staying at the Lodge in the end of the year. Nothing could be kinder than she was to all Sir Thomas's young connections. But nobody belonging to Lady Denzil was ever seen among us. I don't think it was remarked at the time, but it came to be noted afterward, and it certainly was very strange.

I never saw more perfect devotion than that which old Sir Thomas showed to his wife. He was about ten years older than she—a hale handsome old man, nearly seventy. Had he been twenty-five and she eighteen he could not have been more tender, more careful of her. Often have I looked at her and wondered, with the peaceful life she led, with the love and reverence and tender care which surrounded her, how she had ever come to know the darker side of life, and understand other people's feelings. No trouble seemed ever to have come to her. She put down her dainty little foot only to walk over soft carpets or through bright gardens; she never went any where where those long silken robes might not sweep, safe even from the summer dust, which all the rest of us have to brave by times. Lady Denzil never braved it. I have seen her sometimes—very seldom—with her dress gathered up in her arms in great billows, on the sheltered sunny lime-walk which was at one side of the Lodge, taking a little gentle exercise; but this was quite an unusual circumstance, and meant that the roads were too heavy or too slippery for her horses. On these rare occasions Sir Thomas would be at her side, like a courtly old gallant as he was. He was as deferential to his wife as if she had been a princess and he dependent on her favor, and at the same time there was a grace of old love in his reverence which was like a poem. It was a curious little Paradise that one looked into over the ha-ha across the verdant lawns that encircled the Lodge. The two were old and childless, and sometimes solitary; but I don't think, though they opened their house liberally to kith, kin, and connections, that they ever felt less lonely than when they were alone. Two, where the two are one, is enough. To be sure the two in Eden were young. Yet it does but confer a certain tender pathos upon that companionship when they are old. I thought of the purest romance I knew, of the softest creations of poetry, when I used to see old Sir Thomas in the lime-walk with his old wife.

But I am sorry she had not called on poor Mrs. Wood. It would have been of real consequence to that good woman if Lady Denzil had called. She was only a clergyman's widow, and a clergyman's widow may be any thing, as every body knows: she may be such a person as will be an acquisition any where, or she may be quite the reverse. It was because Mrs. Wood belonged to this indefinite class that Lady Denzil's visit would have been of such use. Her position was doubtful, poor soul. She was very respectable and very good in her way, and her daughters were nice girls, but there was nothing in themselves individually to raise them out of mediocrity. I took the liberty to say so one day when I was at the Lodge, but Lady Denzil did not see it somehow; and what could I do? And, on the other hand, it was gall and wormwood to poor Mrs. Wood every time she saw the carriage with the two bays stop at my door.

"I saw Lady Denzil here to-day," she would say. "You ought to feel yourself honored. I must say I don't see why people should give in to her so. In my poor husband's time the Duchess never came into the parish without calling. It need not be any object to me to be noticed by a bit of a baronet's wife."

"No, indeed!" said I, being a coward and afraid to stand to my guns; "I am sure it is not worth your while. And she is old, poor lady—and I am an old friend—and indeed I don't know that Lady Denzil professes to visit," I went on faltering, with a sense of getting deeper and deeper into the mud.

"Oh, pray don't say so to spare my feelings," said Mrs. Wood, with asperity. "It is nothing to me whether she calls or not, but you must know, Mrs. Mulgrave, that Lady Denzil does make a point of calling on every one she thinks worth her while. I am sure she is quite at liberty to do as she pleases so far as I am concerned." Here she stopped and relieved herself, drawing a long breath and fanning with her handkerchief her cheeks, which were crimson. "But if I were to say I was connected with the peerage, or to talk about the titled people I do know," she added, with a look of spite, "she would very soon find out where I lived: oh, trust her for that!"

"I think you must have taken up a mistaken idea," I said, meekly. I had not courage enough to stand up in my friend's defense. Not that I am exactly a coward by nature, but I knew that Mrs. Wood was a dangerous person to deal with; and I was sorry in the present instance, and felt that the grievance was a real one. "I don't think Lady Denzil cares very much about the peerage. She is an old woman and has her fancies, I suppose."

"Oh, you are a favorite!" said Mrs. Wood, tossing her head, as if it was my fault. "You have the *entrée*, and we are spiteful who are left out, you know," she added, with pretended playfulness. It was a very affected little laugh, however, to which she gave utterance, and her cheeks flamed crimson. I was very sorry—I did not know what to say to make things smooth again. If I had been Lady Denzil's keeper I should have taken her to call at Rose Cottage next day. But I was not Lady Denzil's keeper. It was great kindness of her to visit me: how could I force her against her will to visit other people?" A woman of Mrs. Wood's age, who surely could not have got so far through the world without a little understanding of how things are managed, ought to have known that it could do her very little good to quarrel with me.

And then the girls would come to me when there was any thing going on at the Lodge. "We met the Miss Llewellyns the other day," Adelaide said on one occasion. "We thought them very nice. They are staying with Lady Denzil, you know. I wish you would make Lady Denzil call on mamma, Mrs. Mulgrave. It is so hard to come and settle in a place and be shut out from all the best parties. Until you have been at the Lodge you are considered nobody on the Green."

"The Lodge can't make us different from what we are," said Nora, the other sister, who was of a different temper. "I should be ashamed to think it mattered whether Lady Denzil called or not."

"But it does matter a great deal when they are going to give a ball," said Adelaide, very solemnly. "The best balls going, some of the officers told me; and every body will be there—except Nora and me," said the poor girl. "Oh, Mrs. Mulgrave, I wish you would make Lady Denzil call!"

"But, my dear, I can't make Lady Denzil do any thing," I said; "I have no power over her. She comes to see me sometimes, but we are not intimate, and I have no influence. She comes because my people knew the Denzils long ago. She has her own ways. I could not make her do one thing or another. It is wrong to speak so to me."

"But you could if you would try," said Adelaide: as she spoke we could hear the sound of the croquet balls from the Lodge, and voices and laughter. We were all three walking along the road, under shelter of the trees. She gave such a wistful look when she heard them that it went to my heart. It was not a very serious trouble, it is true. But still, to feel one's self shut out from any thing, is hard when one is twenty. I had to hurry past the gate to restrain the inclination I had to brave every thing, and take them in with me, as my friends, to join the croquet party. I know very well what would have happened had I done so. Lady Denzil would have been perfectly sweet and gracious, and sent them away delighted with her; but she would never have crossed my threshold again. And what good would that have done them? The fact was, they had nothing in particular to recommend them; no special qualities of their own to make up for their want of birth and connection: and this being the case, what could any one say?

It gave one a very different impression of Lady Denzil to see how she behaved when poor Mrs. Stoke was in such trouble about her youngest boy. I had been with her calling, and Mrs. Stoke had told us a whole long story about him: how good-hearted he was, and how generous, spending his money upon every body. It was a very hard matter for me to keep my countenance, for of course I knew Everard Stoke, and what kind of a boy he was. But Lady Denzil took it all with the greatest attention and sympathy. I could not but speak of it when we came out. "Poor Mrs. Stoke!" said I; "it is strange how she can deceive herself so—and she must have known we knew better. You who have seen poor Everard grow up, Lady Denzil—"

"Yes, my dear," she said, "you are right; and yet, do you know, I think you are wrong too. She is not deceived. She knows a great deal better than we do. But then she is on the other side of the scene, and she sees into the boy's heart a little. I hope she sees into his heart."

"I fear it is a very bad heart; I should not think it was any pleasure to look into it," said I, in my haste. Lady Denzil gave me a soft, half-reproachful look. "Well," she said, and gave a sigh, "it has always been one of my great fancies, that God was more merciful than man, because He saw fully what was in all our hearts. What we meant, poor creatures that we are, not what we did. We never have any confidence in Him for that. We think He will forgive and save, but we don't think He understands, and sees every thing, and knows that nothing is so bad as it seems. Perhaps it is dangerous doctrine; at least the vicar would think so, I fear."

"In the case of Everard Stoke," said I, stupidly, coming back to the starting-point.

"My dear," said Lady Denzil with a little impatience, "the older one grows the less one feels inclined to judge any one. Indeed, when one grows quite old," she went on after a pause, smiling a little, as if it were at the thought that she, whom no doubt she could remember so thoughtless and young, *was* quite old, "one comes to judge not at all. Poor Everard, he never was a good boy—but I dare say his mother knows him best, and he is better than is thought."

"At least it was a comfort to her to see you look as if you believed her," said I, not quite entering into the argument. Lady Denzil took no notice of this speech. It was a beautiful bright day, and it was but a step from Mrs. Stoke's cottage to the Lodge gates, which we were just about entering. But at that moment there was a little party of soldiers marching along the high-road, at right angles from where we stood. It is not far from the Green to the barracks, and their red coats were not uncommon features in the landscape. These men, however, were marching in a business like way, not lingering on the road, and among them was a man in a shooting-coat, handcuffed, poor fellow. It was a deserter they were taking back to the punishment that awaited him. I made some meaningless exclamation or other, and stood still, looking after them for a moment. Then I suppose my interest failed, as they went on, at their rapid, steady pace, turning their backs upon us. I came back to Lady Denzil, as it were; but when I looked at her there was something in her face that struck me with the deepest wonder. She had not come back to me. She was standing absorbed, watching them: the color all gone out of her soft old cheeks, and the saddest wistful, longing gaze in her eyes. It was not pity—it was something mightier, more intense. She did not breathe or move, but stood gazing, gazing after them. When they had disappeared she came to herself; her hands, which had been clasped tightly, fell loose at her sides; she gave a long, deep sigh, and then she became conscious of my eyes upon her, and the color came back with a rush to her face.

"I am always interested about soldiers," she said, faintly, turning as she spoke to open the gate. That was all the notice she took of it. But the incident struck me more than my account of it may seem to justify. If such a thing had been possible as that the deserter could have been her husband or her brother, one could have understood it. Had I seen such a look on Mrs. Stoke's face I should have known it was Everard. But here was Lady Denzil, a contented childless woman, without any body to disturb her peace. Sympathy must indeed have become perfect before such a wistfulness could come into any woman's eyes.

Often since I have recalled that scene to my mind, and wondered over it: the quick march of the soldiers on the road; the man in the midst with death environing him all round, and most likely despair in his heart; and that one face looking on, wistful as love, sad as death—and yet with no cause either for her sadness or her love. It did not last long, it is true; but it was one of the strangest scenes I ever witnessed in my life.

It even appeared to me next day as if Lady Denzil had been a little shaken, either by her visit to Mrs. Stoke, or by this strange little episode which nobody knew of. She had taken to me, which I confess I felt as a great compliment. And Sir Thomas came to ask me to go to her next afternoon. "My lady has a headache," he said, in a quaint way he had of speaking of her. I think he would have liked to call her my queen or my princess—when he said my lady there was something chivalric, something romantic in his very tone. When I went into the drawing-room at the Lodge the great green blind was drawn over the window on the west side, and the trees gave the same green effect to the daylight at the other end. The east windows looked out upon the lime-walk, and the light came in softly, green and shadowy, through the silken leaves. She was lying on the sofa, which was not usual with her. As soon as I entered the room she called me to come and sit by her—and of course she did not say a word about yesterday. We went on talking for an hour and more about the trees and the sunset; about what news there was; girls going to be married, and babies coming, and other such domestic incidents. And sometimes the conversation would languish for a moment, and I did think once there was something strange in her eyes when she looked at me, as if she had something to tell, and was looking into my face to see whether she might or might not do it. But it never went any further; we began to speak of Molly Jackson, and that was an interminable subject. Molly was a widow in the village, and she gave us all a great deal of trouble. She had a quantity of little children, to whom the people on the Green were very kind; and she was a good-natured soft soul, always falling into some scrape or other. This time was the worst of all; it was when the talk got up about Thomas Short. People said that Molly was going to marry him. It would have been very foolish for them both, of course. He was poor and he was getting old, and would rather have hindered than helped her with her children. We gentlefolks may, or may not, be sentimental about our own concerns. But we see things in their true light when they take place among our poor neighbors. As for the two being a comfort to each other we never entered into that ques-

tion; there were more important matters concerned.

"I don't know what would become of the poor children," said I. "The man would never put up with them, and indeed it could not be expected; and they have no friends to go to. But I don't think Molly would be so wicked. She may be a fool, but she has a mother's heart."

Lady Denzil gave a faint smile, and turned on her sofa as if something hurt her. She did not answer me all at once; and as I sat for a minute silent in that soft obscurity, Molly Jackson, I acknowledge, went out of my head. Then all at once, when I had gone on to something else, she spoke; and her return to the subject startled me, I could not have told how.

"There are different ways of touching a mother's heart," she said. "She might think it would be for their good. I don't think it could be, for my part. I don't think it ever is. A woman is deceived, or she deceives herself; and then when it is too late—"

"What is too late?" said Sir Thomas behind us. He had come in at the great window, and we had not noticed. I thought Lady Denzil gave a little start, but there was no sign of it in her face.

"We were talking of Molly Jackson," she said. "Nothing is ever too late here, thanks to your precise habits, you old soldier. Molly must be talked to, Mrs. Mulgrave," she said, turning to me.

"Oh yes, she will be talked to," said I. "I know the rector and his wife have both called; and last time I saw her Mrs. Wood—"

"You are not one of the universal advisers," said Lady Denzil, patting my arm with her white hand. It was no virtue on my part, but she spoke as if she meant it for a compliment. And then we had to tell the whole story over again to Sir Thomas, who was very fond of a little gossip like all the gentlemen, but had to have every thing explained to him, and never knew what was coming next. He chuckled and laughed as men do over it. "Old fool!" he said. "A woman with half a dozen children." It was not Molly but Thomas Short that he thought would be a fool; and on our side, it is true that we had not been thinking of him.

Molly Jackson has not much to do with this story, but yet it may be as well to say that she listened to reason, and did not do any thing so absurd. It was a relief to all our minds when Thomas went to live in Langham parish the spring after, and married somebody there. I believe it was a girl out of the work-house, who might have been his daughter, and led him a very sad life. But still in respect to Molly it was a relief to our minds. I hope she was of the same way of thinking. I know for one thing that she lost her temper, the only time I ever saw her do it—and was very indignant about the young wife. "Old fool!" she said, and again it was Thomas that was meant. We had a way of talking a good deal about the village folks, and we all did a great deal for them—perhaps, on the whole, we did too much. When any thing happened to be wanting among them, instead of making an effort to get it for themselves, it was always the ladies on the Green they came to. And, of course, we interfered in our turn.

CHAPTER II.

IT was in the spring of the following year that little Mary first came to the Lodge. Sir Thomas had been absent for some time, on business, Lady Denzil said, and it was he who brought the child home. It is all impressed on my mind by the fact that I was there when they arrived. He was not expected until the evening, and I had gone to spend an hour with Lady Denzil in the afternoon. It was a bright spring day, as warm as summer; one of those sweet surprises that come upon us in England in intervals between the gray east wind and the rain. The sunshine had called out a perfect crowd of golden crocuses along the borders. They had all blown out quite suddenly, as if it had been an actual voice that called them, and God's innocent creatures had rushed forth to answer to their names. And there were heaps of violets about the Lodge which made the air sweet. And there is something in that first exquisite touch of spring which moves all hearts. Lady Denzil had come out with me to the lawn. I thought she was quieter than usual, with the air of a woman listening for something. Every thing was very still, and yet in the sunshine one felt as if one could hear the buds unfolding, the young grass and leaflets thrilling with their new life. But it did not seem to me that Lady Denzil was listening to these. I said, "Do you expect Sir Thomas now?" with a kind of vague curiosity; and she looked in my face with a sudden quick glance of something like suspicion which I could not understand.

"Do I look as if I expected something?" she said. "Yes—I expect some news that probably I shall not like. But it does not matter, my dear. It is nothing that affects *me*."

She said these words with a smile that was rather dreary to see. It was not like Lady Denzil. It was like saying, "So long as it does not affect me you know I don't care"—which was so very, very far from my opinion of her. I did not know what to answer. Her tone somehow disturbed the spring feeling, and the harmony of the flowers.

"I wish Sir Thomas had been here on such a lovely day," she said, after a while; "he enjoys it so. Peace is very pleasant, my dear, when you are old. You don't quite appreciate it yet, as we do." And then she paused again, and seemed to listen, and permitted herself the faintest little sigh.

"I think I am older than you, Lady Denzil," I said.

Then she laughed in her natural, soft way. "I dare say you are," she said. "That is the difference between your restless middle age and our *oldness*. You feel old because you feel young. That's how it is; whereas, being really old, we can afford to be young again—sometimes," she added, softly. The last word was said under her breath. I don't suppose she thought I heard it; but I did, being very quick of hearing, and very fond of her, and feeling there was something underneath which I did not know.

Just then there came a sound of wheels upon the road, and Lady Denzil started slightly. "You have put it into my head that Sir Thomas might come by the three o'clock train," she said. "It would be about time for it now." She had scarcely stopped speaking, and we had just turned toward the gate, when a carriage entered. I saw at once that it was one of the common flys that are to be had at the station, and that it was Sir Thomas who put his head out at the window. A moment after it stopped. He had seen Lady Denzil on the lawn. He got out with that slight hesitation which betrays an old man; and then he turned and lifted something out of the carriage. For the first moment one could not tell what it was—he made a long stride on to the soft greensward, with his eyes fixed upon Lady Denzil, and then he put down the child on the lawn. "Go to that lady," he said. For my part I stood and stared, knowing nothing of the feelings that might lie underneath. The child stood still, with her little serious face, and looked at us both for a moment, and then she walked steadily up to Lady Denzil, who had not moved. I was quite unprepared for what followed. Lady Denzil fell down on her knees on the grass—she took the child to her, into her arms, close to her breast. All at once she fell into a passion of tears. And yet that does not express what I saw. It was silent; there were no cries nor sobs, such as a young woman might have uttered. The tears fell as if they had been pent up all her life, as if all her life she had been waiting for this moment; while Sir Thomas stood looking on, half sad, half satisfied. It seemed a revelation to him, as it was to me. All this time, when she had looked so serene and had been so sweet, had she been carrying those tears in her heart? I think that must have been what was passing through Sir Thomas's mind. I had stood and stared, as one does when one is unexpectedly made the spectator of a crisis in another life. When I came to myself I was ashamed of spying as it were upon Lady Denzil's feelings. I hastened away, shaking hands with Sir Thomas as I passed him. And so entirely was his mind absorbed in the scene before him that I scarcely think he knew who I was.

After this it may be supposed I took a very great interest in little Mary. At first I was embarrassed and did not quite know what to do—whether I should go back next day and ask for the child, and give Lady Denzil an opportunity of getting over any confusion she might feel at the recollection that I had been present—or whether I should stay away; but it turned out that Lady Denzil was not half so sensitive as I was on the subject. I staid away for one whole day, thinking about little else—and the next day I went, lest they should think it strange. It seemed quite curious to me to be received as if nothing had happened. There was no appearance of any thing out of the ordinary course. When I went in Lady Denzil held out her hand to me as usual without rising from her chair. "What has become of you?" she said, and made me sit down by her, as she always did. After we had talked a while she rang the bell. "I have something to show you," she said, smiling. And then little Mary came in, in her little brown Holland overall, as if it was the most natural thing in the world. She was the most lovely child I ever saw. I know when I say this that every body will immediately think of a golden-haired, blue-eyed darling. But she was not of that description. Her hair was brown—not dark, but of the shade which grows dark with years; and it was very fine silky hair, not frizzy and rough as is the fashion nowadays. Her eyes were brown, too, of that tender, wistful kind which are out of fashion like the hair. Every look the child gave was an appeal. There are some children's eyes that look at you with perfect trust, believing in every body; and these are sweet eyes. But little Mary's were sweeter still, for they told you she believed in *you*. "Take care of me: be good to me—I trust you," was what they said; "not every body, but you." This was the expression in them; and I never knew any body who could resist that look. Then she had the true child's beauty of a lovely complexion, pure red and white. She came up to me, and looked at me with those tender, serious eyes, and then slid her soft little hand into mine. Even when I had ceased talking to her and petting her, she never took her eyes away from my face. It was the creature's way of judging of the new people among whom she had been brought—for she was only about six, too young to draw much insight from words. I was glad to bend my head over her, to kiss her sweet little face and smooth her pretty hair by way of hiding a certain embarrassment I felt. But I was the only one of the three that was embarrassed. Lady Denzil sat and looked at the child with eyes that seemed to run over with content. "She is going to stay with me, and take care of me," she said, with a smile of absolute happiness; "are not you, little Mary?"

"Yes, my lady," said the little thing, turning serious as a judge, to the old lady. I could not help giving a little start as I looked from one to the other, and saw the two pairs of eyes meet. Lady Denzil was near sixty, and little Mary was but six; but it was the same face; I felt quite confused after I had made this discovery, and sat silent and heard them talk to each other. Even in the little voice there was a certain trill which was like Lady Denzil's. Then the whole scene rushed before me. Lady Denzil on her knees, and her tears pouring forth and the child clasped in her arms. What did it mean? My lady was childless—and even had it been otherwise, that baby never could have been *her* child—who was she? I was so bewildered and surprised that it took from me the very power of speech.

After this strange introduction the child settled down as an inmate of the Lodge, and was seen and admired by every body. And every one discovered the resemblance. The neighbors on the Green all found it out, and as there was no reason we know of why she should not be Lady Denzil's relation, we all stated our opinion plainly—except perhaps myself. I had seen more than the rest, though that was almost nothing. I had a feeling that there was an unknown story beneath, and somehow I had not the courage to say to Lady Denzil as I sat there alone with her, perhaps, at a disadvantage, "How like the child is to you!" But other people were not so cowardly. Not long after, two or three of us met at the Lodge, at the hour of afternoon tea, which was an invention of the time which Lady Denzil had taken to very kindly. Among the rest was young Mrs. Plymley, who was not precisely one of us. She was one of the Herons of Marshfield, and she and her husband had taken Willowbrook for the summer. She was a pleasant little woman, but she was fond of talking—nobody could deny that. And she had children of her own, and made a great fuss over little Mary the moment she saw her. The child was too much a little lady to be disagreeable, but I could see she did not like to be lifted up on a stranger's knee, and admired and chattered over. "I wish my Ada was half as pretty," Mrs. Plymley said; "but Ada is so like her poor dear papa," and here she pretended to sigh. "I am so fond of pretty children. It is hard upon me to have mine so plain. Oh, you little darling! Mary What? you have not told me half your name. Lady Denzil, one can see in a moment she belongs to you."

Lady Denzil at the moment was pouring out tea. All at once the silver tea-pot in her hand seemed to give a jerk, as if it were a living creature, and some great big boiling drops fell on her black dress. It was only for a single second, and she had presence of mind to set it down, and smile and say she was awkward, and it was nothing. "My arm is always shaky when I hold any thing heavy," she said; "ever since I had the rheumatism in it." Then she turned to Mrs. Plymley, whose injudicious suggestion we had all forgotten in our fright. Perhaps Lady Denzil had lost her self-possession a little. Perhaps it was only that she thought it best to reply at once, so that every body might hear, "Belongs to me?" she said with her clear voice. And somehow we all felt immediately that something silly and uncalled-for had been said.

"I mean your side of the house," said poor Mrs. Plymley, abashed. She was young and nervous, and felt, like all the rest of us, that she was for the moment the culprit at the bar.

"She belongs to neither side of the house," said Lady Denzil, with even unnecessary distinctness. "Sir Thomas knows her people, and in his kindness he thought a change would be good for her. She is no—connection; nothing at all to us."

"Oh, I am sure I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Plymley; and she let little Mary slide down from her lap, and looked very uncomfortable. None of us indeed were at our ease, for we had all been saying it in private. Only little Mary, standing in the middle, looked wistful round upon us, questioning, yet undisturbed. And Lady Denzil, too, stood and looked. At that moment the likeness was stronger than ever.

"It is very droll," said Mrs. Damerel, the rector's wife, whose eye was caught by it, like mine. "She is very like you, Lady Denzil; I never saw an accidental likeness so strong."

"Poor little Mary! do you think she is like me?" said Lady Denzil, with a curious quiver in her voice; and she bent over the child all at once, and kissed her. Sir Thomas had been at the other end of the room, quite out of hearing. I don't know by what magnetism he could have known that something agitating was going on—I did not even see him approach or look; but all at once, just as his wife betrayed that strange thrill of feeling, Sir Thomas was at her elbow. He touched her arm quite lightly as he stood by her side.

"I should like some tea," he said.

She stood up and looked at him for a moment, as if she did not understand. And then she turned to the tea-table with something like a blush of shame on her face. Then he drew forward a chair, and sat down by Mrs. Plymley and began to talk. He was a very good talker when he pleased, and in two seconds we had all wandered away to our several subjects, and were in full conversation again. But it was some time before Lady Denzil took any part in it. She was a long while pouring out those cups of tea. Little Mary, as if moved by some strange, unconscious touch of sympathy, stole away with her doll into a corner. It was as if the two had been made out of the same material and thrilled to the same touch—they both turned their backs upon us for the moment. I don't suppose any body but myself noticed this; and to be sure it was simply because I had seen the meeting between them, and knew there was something in it more than the ordinary visit to the parents' friends of a little delicate child.

Besides, the child never looked like a little visitor; she had brought no maid with her, and she spoke very rarely of her home. I don't know how she might be dressed under those brown Holland overalls, but these were the only outside garb she ever wore. I don't mean to say they were ugly or wanting in neatness; they were such things as the children at the Rectory wore in summer, when they lived in the garden and the fields. But they did not look suitable for the atmosphere of the Lodge. By-and-by these outer garments disappeared. The little creature blossomed out, as it were, out of her brown husk, and put forth new flowers. After the first few weeks she wore nothing but dainty white frocks, rich with needle-work. I recognized Lady Denzil's taste in every thing she put on. It was clear that her little wardrobe was being silently renewed, and every pretty thing which a child of her age could fitly wear was being added to it. This could never have been done to a little visitor who had come for change of air. Then a maid was got for her, whom Lady Denzil was very particular about; and no one ever spoke of the time when little Mary should be going away. By degrees she grew to belong to the place, to be associated with every thing in it. When you approached the house, which had always been so silent, perhaps it was a burst of sweet childish laughter that met your ears; perhaps a little song, or the pleasant sound of her little feet on the gravel in the sunny lime-walk. The servants were all utterly under her sway. They spoke of little Miss Mary as they might have spoken of a little princess whose word was law. As for Sir Thomas, I think he was the first subject in her realm. She took to patronizing and ordering him about before she had been a month at the Lodge. "Sir Thomas," she would say, in her clear little voice, "come and walk;" and the old gentleman would get up and go out with her, and hold wonderful conversations, as we could see, looking after them from the window. Lady Denzil did not seem either to pet her, or to devote herself to her, as all the rest of the house did. But there was something in her face when she looked at the child which passes description. It was a sort of ineffable content and satisfaction, as if she had all that heart could desire, and asked no more. Little Mary watched her eye whenever they were together with a curious sympathy more extraordinary still. She seemed to know by intuition when my lady wanted her. "'Es, my lady," the child would say, watching with her sweet eyes. It was the only little divergence she made from correctness of speech, and somehow it pleased my ear. I suppose she said "My lady" because Sir Thomas did, and that I liked, too. To an old lady like Lady Denzil it is such a pretty title; I fell into it myself without being aware.

FRENCH DRESS-MAKERS.

IT would seem from the following anecdote that the complaint of exorbitant prices is not applicable to American modistes alone:

The other day, we understand, the Empress gave a select dinner-party to a few of her intimate lady friends. The conversation very naturally turned on fashions, and the guests set about criticising the prices of certain dress-makers, among others of the man-dress-maker so much in vogue.

"Oh, as to that I quite agree with you, ladies," said the Empress, smiling. "I will tell you of an experience which I have just had with him. I sent him some very rich material for a dress the other day, and you never can guess what he asked for making it up. What do you suppose his bill was?"

"A thousand francs," answered the lady to whom the question seemed addressed.

A shake of the head was the answer.

"Fifteen hundred francs!" exclaimed another. The same reply was given. The guesses rose from one five hundred francs to another, until finally the ladies stopped at three thousand francs, not daring to go higher.

"Three thousand six hundred francs!" exclaimed the Empress. "I ordered him to be paid on the spot," she continued, in a stern tone, "and to be informed that it was the last thing he would make for me, *for I was not rich enough to give him my custom any longer*."

CAUTION AGAINST FIRE.

THE following rules, if borne in mind and acted on, will be sure to diminish accidental fires:

Never leave a candle burning at your bedside on a table when you go to bed.

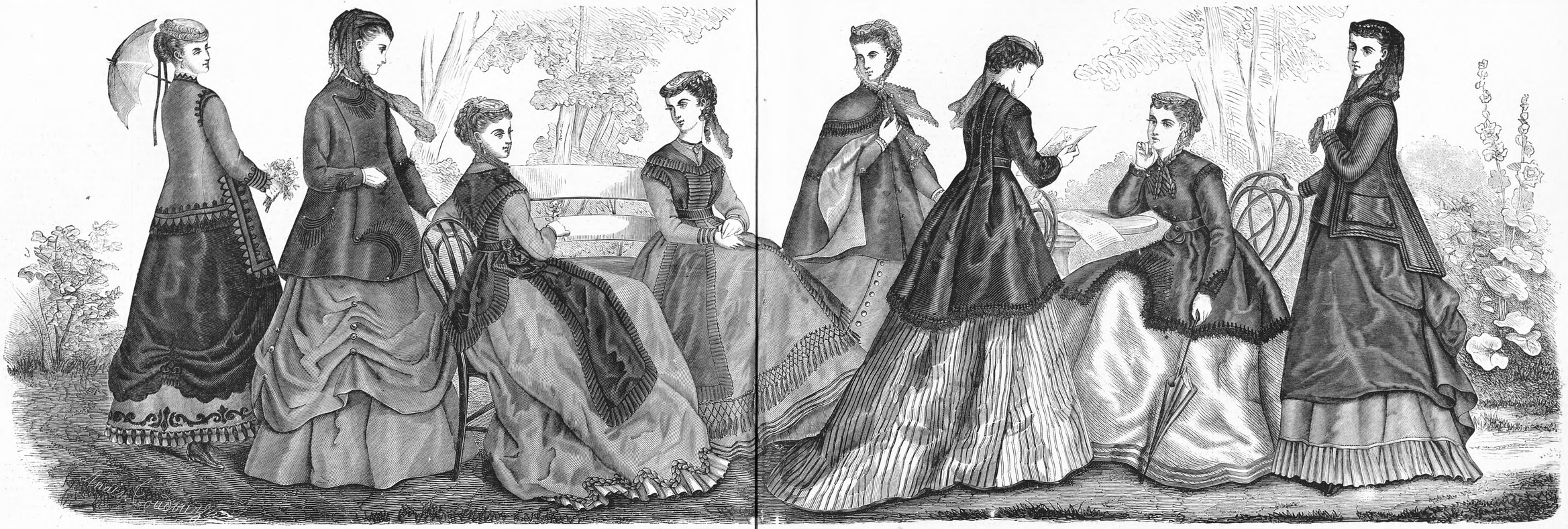
If a light is required in a bedroom let it be a rush, wax, or floating light, placed in a basin on the floor, at a considerable distance from curtains or drapery of any kind; on the hearth is the best place.

If a piece of burning paper is used to light a candle see that it is properly extinguished before leaving it, as it will sometimes burst out on fire when it is supposed to be trampled out.

Chimneys should frequently be thoroughly swept. Soot will accumulate quickly, and much quicker with some sorts of coal than with others. Many a house has been burned down by the chimney catching fire.

If a chimney take fire the readiest means of extinguishing it is to apply a wet table-cloth, cover, or blanket to the whole front of the grate, from the mantle-piece down to the floor, and hold or pin it close into or against the jambs; when, if the bottom be lifted up sufficiently high to enable water to be thrown on the fire, to create a good cloud of steam to ascend the chimney, the fire will either be extinguished or very much reduced; and if a pistol be then fired up the chimney it will fetch down the soot in a very short time, and thus prevent any serious damage.

To extinguish a chimney on fire, throw upon the fire the contents of the kitchen salt-box or jar, and in a few seconds the flames will be extinguished; or throw into the fire-place one handful after another of flour of sulphur, which will paralyze, or in effect destroy, the flame.



ESPAGNOL PALETOT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 33–36.

DIANA PALETOT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 40 and 41.

SCARF MANTILLA.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 45–50.

SCARF MANTILLA.—FRONT.

TALMA.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 42–44.

WATTEAU PALETOT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 37–39.

MARION PALETOT.
For description see Supplement.

ESTELLE PALETOT.
For description see Supplement.

MIGNON PALETOT.
For description see Supplement.

SCARF PALETOT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–6.

SCARF TALMA.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 65 and 66.

MARCELLE PALETOT.
For description see Supplement.

POLONAISE PALETOT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 22–27.

PALETOT WITH BOWS.
For description see Supplement.

METTERNICH PALETOT.
For description see Supplement.

PALETOT WITH CAPE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7–10.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

THE theatre just now is absorbing the attention of the elegant world. The announcement was made simultaneously of the representation of a new opera, which is always a great event to Parisians; the first appearance of a play at the Théâtre au Châtelet, which it was rumored would give rise to a political demonstration; and the début of two celebrated artists at the Théâtre Italien, so much frequented by our dilettanti.

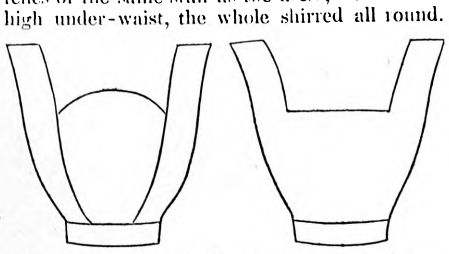
I will begin with the opera—a grand opera by Ambroise Thomas, the successful author of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, who having been once already happily inspired by Shakspeare, has again had recourse to this incomparable genius, and this time has attacked his master-piece, Hamlet. What boldness! Has the attempt been crowned with success? I might answer in the affirmative, did I judge by the applause; but justice requires me to add that the enthusiasm inspired by the piece on the first night was called forth in great part by the interpretation of the admirable artists, Mademoiselle Nilsson (Ophelia) and M. Faure (Hamlet). The success of Mademoiselle Nilsson exceeded every thing that has been seen for the last twenty-five years at the opera. We must go back to the début of Duprez and Mademoiselle Falcon to find any thing approaching this unheard-of ovation. Bouquets, wreaths, encores, cries of admiration—nothing was lacking the young songstress who had suddenly revealed herself a new Malibran. This creation of Ophelia has placed Mademoiselle Nilsson on a triumphal height in the estimation of many; in her presence Patti falls to the second rank. This praise is perhaps exaggerated, but it is fitting to make mention of it in order to give an idea of the prodigious effect produced by her début. Our best tenor, Faure, was worthy of this perfect Ophelia; he sang admirably, and well enacted his difficult part.

I do not consider this opera a master-piece. There are weak and tedious passages in the score, which seems to me to have exhausted the genius of M. Thomas. Nevertheless, a work of such importance needs to be heard several times before being judged irrevocably.

The government has contributed largely to the expense of producing the opera, which is brought out sumptuously. The costumes are magnificent, as a single detail will show: the lace alone (old point de Venise) with which the black velvet suit of the Prince of Denmark is trimmed cost the management seven hundred francs.

The auditorium was magnificent. Both the city and the court were there; the queens of all classes of society, even to the notabilities of the demi-monde. In a box between the pillars glittered, like a jeweler's window, the pink satin corsage of Madame Musard, literally covered with diamonds so fine and so large that whenever she moved their sparkle forcibly attracted all eyes. Not far from this exhibition the Princess Metternich presented a striking contrast with her black gros grain dress and her Marie Antoinette fichu of black tulle, trimmed with lace, and confined in the middle by a simple satin bow. It is true that the Princess, who possesses even finer jewels than Madame Musard, has other opportunities of displaying them than those afforded by a place of public amusement.

The Pompadour was the reigning style in all the dresses. A few young girls, however, wore corsages *à l'Italienne* or *à la Raphael*; the first very low, and composed of a plastron, with bretelles of the same stuff as the dress, with a half-high under-waist, the whole shirred all round.



The under-waist is of white muslin or gauze. The Raphael corsage is in the same style, except that the plastron is cut square instead of curving upward like the preceding. The distinctive character of these Italian corsages is that they always have long sleeves.

Two beautiful sisters, who are foreigners by birth, but who have become Parisians by visiting Paris every winter, completed this costume; they wore, with bretelle dresses of green gros grain and white muslin corsages trimmed with guipure, a sort of white veil, placed square on the top of the head, like the mezzaro of the Genoese women. The veil was finished with large gold-headed hair-pins, and around their neck they wore a necklace of large gold beads.

In general there were many black dresses, many white ones, and some of the changeable silks adopted by the élite of the fashionable world. A few women were lightly powdered, and almost all a little rouged. A great number wore excessively long curls behind.

The first representation of the play at the Châtelet presented a different kind of interest. The piece was taken from an historical event, the heroic defense of the ship *Le Vengeur* in the time of the first republic, and was said to contain political allusions that would be welcomed with acclamations by the opposition to the Government. It had long been kept back by the censorship, and the management had been ordered to suppress the cry of the crew at the moment when the ship goes down—"Long live the Republic!" It appears that it was through the intervention of the Emperor himself that this historic cry was finally authorized. The young men were eager to witness this representation, at which it was expected would be seen a political demonstration of the democracy. It was doubtless for this reason that few ladies were seen in the immense crowd which crowded the theatre. Two very beautiful personages of the official world, the Baroness de Bourgoing and the wife of General Henry, nevertheless bravely appeared in a front-box. As to the men, they were nearly all there: the officials, the Opposition, journalists, artists, etc. All these expectations were disappointed. The piece of MM. Bresebarre and Blum was tiresome, the allusions had disappeared, and the famous cry was lost in the hubbub of the discharge of cannon and the noise of the spectators. It must be added that the audience, in haste to reach the celebrated scene of the sinking ship, paid little attention to what preceded it, but shouted and groaned, while the spectators in the upper tiers hummed the *Chant du depart*, and chancing to spy Thérèse, the popular singer, in the hall, loudly called on her to sing the Marseillaise. The prima donna of our estaminets airily blew kisses from the tips of her fingers to her turbulent admirers; it was extricating herself gracefully from a difficult position. On the whole the evening may be styled, like Shakspeare's play, Much Ado about Nothing. The only result will be the fall of the piece, which certainly can not run long.

Lastly, at the Théâtre Italien was to be seen *Mathilde de Shabran*, one of the first operas of Rossini, which has been laid aside for several years. This revival was made in honor of the Tiberinis, who had come to Paris, preceded by a celebrity won in Italy. Here the hall was magnificent and the dresses extremely brilliant. Mademoiselle Patti, modestly placed in the third row of the proscenium boxes, several times applauded Madame Tiberini, who played and sang her rôle of Mathilde like an excellent cantatrice and a charming actress. Her success was complete, and she was encored and showered with bouquets. Her husband, M. Tiberini, sang very well, and with remarkable flexibility and method; but his voice is far from possessing the charm of that of his wife, and he did not obtain the same applause.

Madame Tiberini possesses the art of costuming to a high degree; she wore in the last act the dress of a lady of the time of Charles VIII., which would make an exquisite disguise, and which resembles the present styles closely enough to be easily imitated. It was composed of a first short skirt of orange satin, trimmed with bands of chestnut velvet, bound with gold. The second skirt was of chestnut poult de soie, looped at the sides and behind, and adorned with chestnut and gold fringe. The high adjusted corsage was likewise of chestnut poult de soie, with large basque fronts, sharply pointed and bordered with chestnut and gold fringe. The sleeves were close, with velvet epaulets forming a *bourrelet* around the arm. A small mantle of chestnut velvet lined with orange satin was adjusted behind on the shoulders; to this were attached revers with chestnut and gold passementerie. Her hair was curled, and on the front of her head, a little at the side, was set a little round hat of black velvet with a black aigrette. The dress was finished with a scarf of orange silk fastened on both shoulders.

Since I have pronounced the word epaulet I recur to it to say that epaulets, epaulières, jockeys, and all kinds of ornaments placed on the shoulder will be much in vogue. All dresses are already made *à la Récamier*, *à l'Empire*, *à la Medici*, etc. These styles, however, require detailed explanations, and will find a place in my next letter, in which I shall treat of the Spring fashions.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

ART IN COMMON THINGS.

PICTURE-FRAMES AND PAPER-HANGINGS.

IN all countries and all ages—even the most rude and barbarous—there appears to have existed in the human mind a powerful innate love for the exercise of ornamental art; and in proportion to the advancement of civilization, so does it become embodied in a deep religious and poetical feeling, bestowing an undefinable charm, which, though impossible for words to convey; the hand of the painter or sculptor, when guided by the poet's inspiration, can diffuse throughout all his works. Pure ideas, love, and devotion are thus beautifully revealed, and exhibit, in the loftiest sense, the paramount utility of art. Descending to a lower sphere, and taking a more business-like view of the question, it must be allowed that there are but few branches of trade in which the practical knowledge of drawing or modeling is not found more or less useful. The artisan who is deficient in such acquirements may manage to get over his work after a fashion; and the employer who is alike ignorant can convey but a very indefinite idea of whatever design he may desire to have carried out; whereas, if each were educated in the principles of ornamental art, a better understanding and more mutual feelings, conducive to the interests of both, would naturally exist.

That to have good taste is to have an expensive one is a very prevalent but mistaken notion. Any person who is supposed to possess that vague attribute is at once regarded as one who has at least the will, if not the means, to indulge in a lavish and foolish expenditure in order to surround himself with eye-pleasing forms and pleasant luxuries. The idea springs, as so many other false ideas spring, from our general and perverse misunderstanding of what art is, and our persistence in thinking that by wealth only can its objects be produced and the fine arts cherished.

True, the more elaborate manifestation of artistic excellence can not be produced without the aid of the liberal paymaster. But art is not necessarily confined to the production of these costly works. Its mission extends to many other things which concern the ordinary life of each one of us. And it is in these "common things"—things which we see wherever we go, and among which we live and have our being, that art ought to be, and *may* be constantly manifested, making all the familiar objects around us beautiful and good, and at once a pleasure to the eye and an enjoyment to the mind.

There is, indeed, in the present day, craving enough for ornament; but it is unfortunately an appetite which is utterly without discrimination, and which will accept any offal in the place of good food, even with thankfulness. So long as any object has a certain sort of gaudy richness about it, and is but marked over with a sufficient intricacy of line to confuse the eye, the ornament-buying public will purchase, and in reality admire it, by virtue of some extraordinary and inexplicable faculty. Indeed, so universal is the love of, and craving for embellishment, that people do not stop to consider whether the decoration they are purchasing is good; all they desire is that there be plenty of it. Thus we find even the commonest articles in domestic use overloaded with imperfect ornaments, not one of which has been wrought out either thoroughly or well. And yet, there is nothing more calculated to destroy any glimmering of perception in art that ordinary observers may possess, than the carelessness of design and dull stupidity of workmanship presented so constantly to our view.

THE PICTURE-FRAME

presents a good illustration of our poverty of thought in artistic matters. One year there is a rage for "neat" frames, and in some other season every body is buying "rich" ones; but, as a general rule, they are profusely ornamented, and such ornamentation is, as an equally general rule, meaningless and bad. The same frame which surrounds the picture of a martyr's death is chosen as the appropriate nimbus for the fashionable ballet-girl; and that which is considered as peculiarly fitted for a prize ox is thought quite as fitting to surround the record of some deed of love or heroism.

But frames are ordered according to their size and profusion of ornament, and not in accordance with the subjects they are intended to contain; and so the ornament bestowed upon them is seldom given with any other idea than that miserable one of producing an appearance of richness and money's worth. When we buy a good picture or engraving we might at least take a little trouble to insure its being framed appropriately. Buyers of gilt frames should see the frame before the gold is put upon it, for there is so great a charm in gilding that it may distort even a good judgment, and lead to choosing that for the sake of the gold which, without the brilliant covering, would at once have been rejected as vulgar and base. Now, as pictures generally insure careful attention, an appropriate degree of ornament about the frames would be sure to challenge observation, and the carver's or modeler's work would have a fair chance of being seen and admired. Frames are also peculiarly adapted for decoration on account of their size and general shape, and if we would but rightly use the faculties with which we are naturally endowed it surely would be seen what lovely and appropriate ornamentation might be introduced in this one small field.

But it is hopeless to expect any thing good from the producers of unnatural ornament. We require those who will feel that the highest praise their work can receive is when it is admired for its truth; those who will be content to hear but little of their own skill and dexterity, and find that the very highest class of work destroys the evidences of its own presence, and that the crown of toil is attained in the perfect naturalness of the design; those who will be content to lose their individuality for the sake of their art, and weigh as utterly nothing a little passing notoriety, compared with the cause and interests of truth. So much for picture-frames. Now for a few words about

PAPER-HANGINGS.

The public taste has made the choice of paper-hangings so much a matter of almost religious belief that the subject must be approached as tenderly as an affair of conscience. There is a law unalterable as that of the Medes and Persians, and obeyed as implicitly, which dictates the kind of paper that is right for one room and wrong for another; so that if you wake up any man or woman in the middle of the night, and by dint of shaking or any other method of mild persuasion make them conscious that you want some information about paper-hangings, they will murmur, "dark and warm for the dining-room, and very light for the parlor," and then fall pleasantly to sleep again. For *that* is our national belief in paper-hangings; we leave all the rest to the manufacturer.

Let us think, now, what are the uses of paper-hangings. They are threefold; and have either one, or two, or all these objects to fulfill; that is, they have either to decorate the walls, or to form a good ground for the pictures upon them, or to furnish a suitable back-ground to the occupants of the room.

The latter is seldom thought of, and yet, of all others, it is but reasonable to suppose that it should first be decided whether the walls or the inmates most demand attention; whether the walls are to detract from beauty or tend to heighten it, and in accordance with the decision so must be the tone of the paper chosen. It requires little observation to discover that modern sitting-rooms are generally furnished with the most reckless disregard of those who are likely to frequent them; and the universal light-colored paper is admirably adapted to that excellent end—the mortification of the flesh, although such is hardly the intention.

Unfortunately, people purchase paper-hangings as so many other things are purchased, for the sake of their own real or imaginary prettiness, and without sufficient consideration of the relative position they are ultimately to hold, and in forgetfulness that what in the store looks tasteful may wear a very different aspect when it comes to be mixed with other things as bright as itself and probably more prominent. Thus, many persons are puzzled to account for the fact that, pleased as they were with each separate thing as they purchased it, their acquisitions look any thing but admirable when placed in their respective positions.

Let the people study art for themselves; so will they learn how to discriminate between the false and the true; and thus will they secure appropriate design and legitimate treatment of both form and color in those "common things" which it is the province of art to decorate, but which, through the exercise of a depraved taste, art far too often carelessly ignores.

HOW TO FIND A HUSBAND.

DOUBLE blessedness is better than single; but blessedness of any sort is better than the double wretchedness of being the companion for life of a man who is unsuitable to you, or to whom you are unsuitable. Your proper study is to make yourself the best possible wife for your best possible husband, by educating your soul and mind and body to the best of your abilities. If you have not the good fortune to find a man whom you can love, respect, comfort, and be useful to, you will, at the worst, have put yourself in the way of being a more amiable, respectable, and comfortable old maid than you would be if you neglected so to educate yourself.

There are two main and typical methods in which "Cœlebs' wives set out in quest of lovers," which differ, toto cœlo, as well as toto cœlebi. The first method, the one to avoid, is the way to catch a fool; and, failing that happy result, to be a superannuated flirt, than which there is probably no more miserable and contemptible position on the face of the earth. It is done by concealing your ignorance instead of replacing it by knowledge; by arraying yourself in the smiles of flattery and the languishing airs and graces of a susceptibility too ready and too general to be quite modest; and by playing over and over again to a succession of heroes silly enough to play the fool with you, the stale and weary part of the *jeune ingenue*, with gushing emotions and impulsive affections. The disadvantage of this performance is, that it is only pretty and interesting once in a lifetime—and that once at a rather tender age. It degenerates by repetition. It educates you to nothing, if it does not degrade you to something worse than nothing. It sinks you slowly in your own esteem, and very rapidly in every body else's. It creates in you a morbid want of admiration from the other sex, which, as it ebbs away from you, you will be tempted to lay yourself out for with less and less of maiden reserve; or, not to mince the matter, with more and more of brazen effrontery. In short, this is the way not to do it.

And now for the way to do it. The secret is very simple, but its application is as wide as truth. You must as much as in you lies strive to suppress your natural desire of making yourself an object of interest to others, and overlay this propensity with the faculty and the habit of taking a real interest in the thoughts and characters and experiences of your fellow-creatures.

There is something to learn from every human being with whom you come in contact. Make it your study to find what special knowledge, what generous sentiment, what noble aspiration there may be in the next person with whom you become acquainted. Tolerate this person's faults, repress your impulse to obstruct his egotism by the display of your own abilities; pass by opinions you could vigorously and perhaps successfully combat; wait till you can respond to something with which you cordially sympathize. Many a character which seems unsympathetic and unpromising at first, thaws in the absence of opposition, and in the presence of sympathy. When you have succeeded in a few crucial experiments of extracting useful knowledge and human interest out of persons whom, without this effort, you might have voted dull and disagreeable, you will find how much an analogous method of treatment will enhance the pleasure you derive from those whom, without any effort of self-suppression at all, you would have found clever and agreeable.

Let us suppose you are seated at a dinner-party next to a man who, without being deficient in such lively small talk as will keep an average commonplace young lady in pretty brisk conversation, you know to be of good capacity and well informed. The conversation glances on some topic of serious interest, on which you feel yourself to be so ignorant that you can not venture to discuss it on equal terms without a moral certainty of floundering out of your depth. There are three courses for you to pursue. If you are absolutely foolish, you will express some borrowed opinion, some crude formula of commonplace and stale wisdom, the best you have in your limited armory, in opposition to the view hinted at, and allow yourself to be drawn into a pert, superficial mock argument, in which your neighbor may amuse himself by drawing out your self-sufficient imbecility to the utmost; after which you will neither of you like one another the better. If you are half wise, you will slip out of the danger by some not too violent piece of colloquial legerdemain, giving the go-by to the topic. But if you are really wise, you will take the opportunity of putting a modest and intelligent question, which will show that you are neither too vain nor too stupid to desire to learn. Do not be afraid of being troublesome. No capable and instructed man finds it wearisome to communicate facts or theories which he has at the tip of his tongue to a nice young lady who takes an interest in listening to him.

Do not pretend, with a puzzled attempt at a perspicacious expression of countenance, to comprehend admirably an exposition which flies miles

over your head. At all hazards learn something. Your friend will, at least, admire your candor, modesty, and courage and appreciate your desire to learn. Every blank you fill will make it easier to you to take an interest in higher ranges of conversation, and fit you more and more for the society of higher classes of intelligence. The power of taking interest implies the gift of awakening interest. All progress is interesting. There are country gentlemen who can take an interest in looking over a gate day by day to observe the growth of turnips; that is but a low form of progress. A teachable child is more interesting than many turnip fields, and a teachable woman, with bright eyes, who "improves each shining hour," not only has many chances in the year of finding a sensible husband, but has many years to do it in. She grows old so much more slowly than the flirt; her mind brightens as her complexion fades. Indeed, the power of mind over matter will go farther than this. I have known girls who were positively plain at twenty grow comparatively good-looking at thirty; but then they had been making themselves agreeable in the very best fashion all their lives.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

APRIL is a month which brings good luck to milliners and dress-makers, but plays a great many tricks with their customers. Many a gossamer bonnet which goes out for its walk gay and beautiful, returns in a ruined condition; and the dress that went forth crisp and spotless, comes home clinging in folds like a wet umbrella. If you prepare for rain in April, it will probably be fine; and if you put on any thing that can spoil, the showers will surely come. And yet April showers are not to be scolded about—in fact they are excellent things. If they happen inopportunely we can slip into a restaurant, and regale ourselves with an ice-cream or some other trifle, until the drops cease; but if they were omitted altogether from the programme of the month, we of the city would be smothered with the dust, which rises and falls, flies, floats, and settles, like a vast cloud of smoke, brooding over us during many days, which are thus made uncomfortable and unwholesome. It is really a great pity that during April, when every feeling and instinct prompts us to healthful exercise in the open air, the accumulated filth of the streets in winter should be suffered to permeate our skin, fill our eyes, penetrate our lungs, and render our garments generally uncomfortable and disagreeable. By the middle of May we hope to have streets and avenues cleaned and watered; but just at present every body who wants a comfortable promenade flocks into Fifth Avenue, which is swept and garnished and sprinkled.

April has plenty of work to do in the country, drying up the mud which the snow has left, quickening the sap in tree and shrub, unfolding the tender leaf-bud, and even bringing to sweet maturity that earliest of spring blossoms, the trailing arbutus. Have you never roamed among forest trees on a sunny April day, and coming to a sheltered southern slope, stooped and brushed away the dead leaves of last year to discover the fragrant pink and white blossoms hidden beneath? And how fresh and fair the tiny flowers look, nestling in their warm bed secure from rude winds and chilling frosts, yet ready to yield their perfume to the first invader of their retreat! No wonder they are called "Darlings of the Forest."

"Fringed with color faintly,
Like the morning sky;
Or more pale and saintly,
Wrapped in leaves ye lie,
Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity."

A Mormon elder, lecturing in the Salt Lake Tabernacle recently, thus discourages the practice of importing dress goods:

Let us inaugurate a system of fashions of our own. I do not care about the shape of our hats and bonnets, so long as they are of our own manufacture. I would just as soon a man should wear a bellows hat or a stove-pipe as any thing else, if it please him; but I say, encourage home manufactures. I do not care whether the ladies wear a bunch of flowers, a cabbage leaf, a squash, or a saucer on their heads, if it pleases them; but let it be made at home. I would recommend the brethren and sisters to establish societies for the promotion of home manufactures.

In a certain section of Paris there is a man of practical benevolence, whose singular life is not generally known. He has constituted himself the guardian of homeless canines and felines. Friendless pussies and dinnerless dogs leap for joy at his approach. About one o'clock in the morning, when it is high 'change among the bow-wows, and the cats are holding their balls, he comes forth loaded with such provisions as they like, calling them in his tenderest voice. They gather around him with frantic joy, mee-ow-ing, pawing, leaping, flourishing their tails, and rubbing against him. When the benevolent man opens his bundle a scene begins which beggars description. This eccentric cat-and-dog feeder employs a cook in his house for the express purpose of preparing food for his wild pets.

At a recent ball in Paris it is related that an elegantly dressed lady found herself wearing only the string of her necklace, the delicate wax pearls having melted away in the heat. MORAL: Wear "wax pearls" only in cold weather and in cold rooms.

An ingenious device has been invented by which persons sitting inside their own houses can see every thing that is passing on the street for many squares in both directions. It is a simple arrangement of two mirrors placed at right angles to each other and set in a frame. Placed in the proper position it will even show who is at the front-door bell, a matter of no small convenience in these days of troublesome peddlers, importunate beggars, and intruders generally. But its most interesting employment is for the use of invalids who can not look out of the window, and who still would like the monotony of the sick-room to be relieved by a sight of what is going on in the street. For this use it is admirable. It is called the "window reflector," and is both simple in construction and inexpensive in cost.

Report says that the entire oratorio of the "Creation" was lately performed in the little town of Natick, Massachusetts, with great credit by the children of the place. That town probably has a greater amount of musical talent, in proportion to its population, than any other community in New England. A house without a piano is the exception rather than the rule. Musical associations have flourished there for many years.

Beauty is very much a matter of fashion after all—a great pity it is too. The Arabian ladies stain their fingers red, their eyebrows black, and their lips blue. In Persia they paint a black streak around the eyes, which doubtless is quite as ornamental as patches of court-plaster. Japanese ladies gild their teeth, and Indians paint them red. In Greenland women color their faces yellow and blue, while in Hindostan, if they desire to appear particularly lovely, they anoint themselves with a mixture of saffron, tumeric, and oil. In New Holland they cut themselves, keep the wounds open a long while, and deem the deep scars highly ornamental. In China small round eyes, as well as small feet, and immensely long finger-nails are the style. The Turks admire red hair, but the Persians can not endure it. In certain countries the nose and lips are pierced, and ornaments inserted—a custom akin to that of boring the ears. Among some nations mothers carefully flatten their daughters' noses, while other mothers subject the skulls of their young children to a continual pressure, thus to give them new beauty—neither of which practices are probably more unnatural than the application of tight corsets. And so the world goes. Every nation is inclined to regard the fashions of other nations, and their standard of beauty, as very strange and grotesque.

A Utica journal relates an incident which is much more piquant than probable. However, it is a very good story to tell, and the inventor of it deserves much credit. One Sunday evening—so the tale goes—at one of the most fashionable churches, while the sermon was being delivered, a lady deliberately removed her hat, and took down her back hair by the usual operation of removing the comb and taking out, one by one, seventy or eighty hair-pins. The raven locks then fell upon her shoulders, and the people, instead of attending to the sermon, looked for the next movement. It came in several quiet, satisfactory, enjoying movements of the comb down the back of the head and through the hair. The hair was then gathered in both hands, dextrously retwisted, the comb inserted, those seventy-five hair-pins replaced, one by one, the short hairs on the neck tucked under, and finally the hat was resumed, and then the lady turned her attention to the minister. Possible, but scarcely probable. And while on the subject of hair we may as well remark that somebody, who doubtless is posted on the subject, says that coloring the hair in streaks is the latest style out. It is called the Zebra mode, and one person's hair is made to exhibit regular stripes of red, golden, brown, flaxen, black, and so on, showing as many different hues as fancy can desire or ingenuity produce. Each fashionable woman will be rainbow-coiffured.

A recent writer on Italian society—Monsieur Taine—gives a sad picture of the prevailing ignorance in Italy. He remarks:

"Alongside of indolence, ignorance flourishes like thistles by the side of nettles. I am told of a noble family who live in two and let five rooms; from this they derive their income. Out of four daughters one only is able to write a note, and she is called 'the learned.' The father and son frequent a cafe, drink a glass of pure water, and read a newspaper; such is their life. The young man has no future; fortunate is he if he can obtain any situation which will bring him in six crowns a month. There is no commerce, no manufactures, no army; and the people dare not seek their fortunes outside their country, the police closing and locking the door on all who go out. In regard to young ladies, they are kept shut up, but are always trying to have liberty. Their life consists of quietly boasting of their lovers—that is to say, of some young man who is thinking about them, who courts them, who stations himself under their window, and so on. This tickles their imagination and supplies the place of a romance; instead of reading novels they act them. In this way they undergo five or six love experiences before marriage."

When Henry Ward Beecher becomes Pope he proposes to issue a bull which will embrace many important and stringent regulations. We will only quote a couple of them, which really seem to be the beginning and ending of the whole:

"*First*—Every man shall be married by the age of twenty-five, or show good cause for neglect of duty.

"*Fourth*—It shall be the duty of every young married man to read aloud to his wife at least one hour a day for the first ten years after his marriage. But this shall not be construed to the prejudice of the wife's right to read, speak, lecture, etc."

A gentleman of Baltimore has been experimenting on potatoes, with reference to preserving them nice and fresh for an indefinite time. It seems that nobody before ever thought of *drying* potatoes as we dry apples, peaches, and sundry other eatables. And the sweet potato, especially, very soon loses its best qualities, and is unfit for use. But this gentleman to whom we allude says he has succeeded in preserving the potato simply by drying it, so that a dish of the best quality can be had at any period of the year, as fresh and dry and sweet as though newly dug. He proposes to introduce his plan of curing and drying the sweet potato into the South.

A couple of curious incidences recently occurred in churches. One was in Connecticut, where the young people of a certain town gave an amateur dramatic exhibition in their church representing the tragedy of David and Goliah. Goliah could readily be distinguished from David by his first lieutenant's uniform, while David could in turn be recognized by being taller than the Philistine giant by about three inches. The curtain was drawn to allow the shepherd lad to sling his antagonist, but receded in time for the spectators to see the prostrate form of the Philistine borne from the arena by sundry Israelites in dress coats. The other incident occurred on a Sunday, when an Illinois clergyman opened the morning services by reading at length a very full and correct local price-current—how much flour, butter, meat, lard, eggs, etc., were worth, and the price of shoes, cloth, prints, and muslins. He read the report without explanation or comment. But the congregation took the hint, and responded with a liberal donation.

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER XLV.

BEATRICE'S JOURNAL CONCLUDED.

September 7, 1849.—[This part begins with a long account of her escape, her fortunes at Holby and London, and her recapture, which is here omitted, as it would be to a large extent a repetition of what has already been stated.]—After Brandon left me my heart still throbbed with the fierce impulse which he had imparted to it. For the remainder of the day I was upheld by a sort of consciousness of his presence. I felt as though he had only left me in person and had surrounded me in some way with his mysterious protection.

Night came, and with the night came gloom. What availed his promise? Could he prevent what I feared? What power could he possibly have in this house? I felt deserted, and my old despair returned.

In the morning I happened to cross the hall to go to Mrs. Compton's room, when, to my amazement, I saw standing outside the Hindu Asgeelo. Had I seen Brandon himself I could scarcely have been more amazed or overjoyed. He looked at me with a warning gesture.

"How did you get here?" I whispered.

"My master sent me."

A thrill passed through my veins.

"Do not fear," he said, and walked mysteriously away.

I asked Mrs. Compton who he was, and she said he was a new servant whom *He* had just hired. She knew nothing more of him.

September 12.—A week has passed. Thus far I have been left alone. Perhaps they do not know what to do with me. Perhaps they are busy arranging some dark plan.

Can I trust? Oh, Help of the helpless, save me!

Asgeelo is here—but what can one man do? At best he can only report to his master my agony or my death. May that Death soon come. Kindly will I welcome him.

September 15.—Things are certainly different here from what they used to be. The servants take pains to put themselves in my way, so as to show me profound respect. What is the meaning of this? Once or twice I have met them in the hall and have marked their humble bearing. Is it mockery? Or is it intended to entrap me? I will not trust any of them. Is it possible that this can be Brandon's mysterious power?

Impossible. It is rather a trick to win my confidence. But if so, why? They do not need to trick me. I am at their mercy.

I am at their mercy, and am without defense. What will become of me? What is to be my fate?

Philips has been as devoted as ever. He leaves me flowers every day. He tries to show sympathy. At least I have two friends here—Philips and Asgeelo. But Philips is timid, and Asgeelo is only one against a crowd. There is Vijal—but I have not seen him.

September 25.—To-day in my closet I found a number of bottles of different kinds of medicine, used while I was sick. Two of these attracted my attention. One was labeled "*Laudanum*," another was labeled "*Hydrocyanic Acid—Poison.*" I suppose they used these drugs for my benefit at that time. The sight of them gave me more joy than any thing else that I could have found.

When the time comes which I dread I shall not be without resource. *These shall save me.*

October 3.—They leave me unmolested. They are waiting for some crushing blow, no doubt. Asgeelo sometimes meets me, and makes signs of encouragement.

To-day Philips met me and said: "Don't fear—the crisis is coming." I asked what he meant. As usual he looked frightened and hurried away.

What does he mean? What crisis? The only crisis that I can think of is one which fills me with dread. When that comes I will meet it firmly.

October 10.—Mrs. Compton told me to-day that Philips had gone to London on business. The poor old thing looked very much troubled. I urged her to tell me what was the matter, but she only looked the more terrified. Why she should feel alarm about the departure of Philips for London I can not imagine. Has it any thing to do with me? No. How can it? My fate, whatever it is, must be wrought out here in this place.

October 14.—The dreaded crisis has come at last. Will not this be my last entry? How can I longer avoid the fate that impends?

This afternoon He sent for me to come down. I went to the dining-room expecting some horror, and I was not disappointed. The three were sitting there as they had sat before, and I thought that there was trouble upon their faces. It was only two o'clock, and they had just finished lunch.

John was the first to speak. He addressed me in a mocking tone.

"I have the honor to inform you," said he, "that the time has arrived when you are to be took down."

I paid no attention whatever to these words. I felt calm. The old sense of superiority came over me, and I looked at Him without a tremor.

My tyrant glanced at me with a dark scowl. "After your behavior, girl, you ought to bless your lucky stars that you got off as you did. If I had done right, I'd have made you pay up well for the trouble you've given. But I've spared you. At the same time I wouldn't have done so long. I was just arranging a nice little plan for your benefit when this gentleman'—nodding his head to Clark—"this gentleman saved me the trouble."

I said nothing.

"Come, Clark, speak up—it's your affair—"

"Oh, you manage it," said Clark. "You've got the 'gift of gab.' I never had it."

"I never in all my born days saw so bold a man as timid with a girl as you are."

"He's doin' what I shouldn't like to try on," said John.

"See here," said my tyrant, sternly, "this gentleman has very kindly consented to take charge of you. He has even gone so far as to consent to marry you. He will actually make you his wife. In my opinion he's crazy, but he's got his own ideas. He has promised to give you a tip-top wedding. If it had been left to me," he went on, sternly, "I'd have let you have something very different, but he's a soft-hearted fellow, and is going to do a foolish thing. It's lucky for you though. You'd have had a precious hard time of it with me, I tell you. You've got to be grateful to him; so come up here, and give him a kiss, and thank him."

So prepared was I for any horror that this did not surprise me.

"Do you hear?" he cried, as I stood motionless. I said nothing.

"Do as I say, d—n you, or I'll make you."

"Come," said Clark, "don't make a fuss about the wench now—it 'll be all right. She'll like kissing well enough, and be only too glad to give me one before a week."

"Yes, but she ought to be made to do it now."

"Not necessary, Johnnie; all in good time."

My master was silent for some moments. At last he spoke again:

"Girl," said he. "You are to be married to-morrow. There won't be any invited guests, but you needn't mind that. You'll have your husband, and that's more than you deserve. You don't want any new dresses. Your ball dress will do."

"Come, I won't stand that," said Clark. "She's got to be dressed up in tip-top style. I'll stand the damage."

"Oh, d—n the damage. If you want that sort of thing, it shall be done. But there won't be time."

"Oh well, let her fix up the best way she can."

At this I turned and left the room. None of them tried to prevent me. I went up to my chamber, and sat down thinking. The hour had come.

This is my last entry. My only refuge from horror unspeakable is the Poison.

Perhaps one day some one will find my journal where it is concealed. Let them learn from it what anguish may be endured by the innocent.

May God have mercy upon my soul! Amen.

October 14, 11 *o'clock.*—Hope!

Mrs. Compton came to me a few minutes since. She had received a letter from Philips by Asgeelo. She said the Hindu wished to see me. He was at my door. I went there. He told me that I was to fly from Brandon Hall at two o'clock in the morning. He would take care of me. Mrs. Compton said she was to go with me. A place had been found where we could get shelter.

Oh my God, I thank thee! Already when I heard this I was mixing the draught. Two o'clock was the hour on which I had decided for a different kind of flight.

Oh God! deliver the captive. Save me, as I put my trust in thee! Amen.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE LAST ESCAPE.

THE hour which Beatrice had mentioned in her diary was awaited by her with feverish impatience. She had confidence in Asgeelo, and this confidence was heightened by the fact that Mrs. Compton was going to accompany her. The very timidity of this poor old creature would have prevented her from thinking of escape on any ordinary occasion; but now the latter showed no fear. She evinced a strange exultation. She showed Philips's letter to Beatrice, and made her read it over and over again. It contained only a few words.

"The time has come at last. I will keep my word to you, dear old woman. Be ready to-night to leave Brandon Hall and those devils forever. The Hindu will help you.

"EDGAR."

Mrs. Compton seemed to think far more of the letter than of escaping. The fact that she had a letter seemed to absorb all her faculties, and no other idea entered her mind. Beatrice had but few preparations to make; a small parcel contained all with which she dared to encumber herself. Hastily making it up she waited in extreme impatience for the time.

At last two o'clock came. Mrs. Compton was in her room. There was a faint tap at the door. Beatrice opened it. It was Asgeelo. The Hindu stood with his finger on his lips, and then moved away slowly and stealthily. They followed.

The Hindu led the way, carrying a small lantern. He did not show any very great caution, but moved with a quiet step, thinking it sufficient if he made no noise. Beatrice followed, and Mrs. Compton came last, carrying nothing but the note from Philips, which she clutched in her hand as though she esteemed it the only thing of value which she possessed.

In spite of Beatrice's confidence in Asgeelo she felt her heart sink with dread as she passed through the hall and down the great stairway. But no sound disturbed them. The lights were all out, and the house was still. The door of the dining-room was open, but no light shone through.

Asgeelo led the way to the north door. They

went on quietly without any interruption, and at last reached it. Asgeelo turned the key and held the door half open for a moment. Then he turned and whispered to them to go out.

Beatrice took two or three steps forward, when suddenly a dark figure emerged from the stairway that led to the servants' hall and with a sudden spring advanced to Asgeelo.

The latter dropped the lamp, which fell with a rattle on the floor but still continued burning. He drew a long, keen knife from his breast, and seized the other by the throat.

Beatrice started back. By the light that flickered on the floor she saw it all. The gigantic figure of Asgeelo stood erect, one arm clutching the throat of his assailant, and the other holding the knife aloft.

Beatrice rushed forward and caught the uplifted arm.

"Spare him!" she said, in a low whisper. "He is my friend. He helped me to escape once before."

She had recognized Vijal.

The Hindu dropped his arm and released his hold. The Malay staggered back and looked earnestly at Beatrice. Recognizing her, he fell on his knees and kissed her hand.

"I will keep your secret," he murmured.

Beatrice hurried out, and the others followed. They heard the key turn in the door after them. Vijal had locked it from the inside.

Asgeelo led the way with a swift step. They went down the main avenue, and at length reached the gate without any interruption. The gates were shut.

Beatrice looked around in some dread for fear of being discovered. Asgeelo said nothing, but tapped at the door of the porter's lodge. The door soon opened, and the porter came out. He said nothing, but opened the gates in silence.

They went out. The huge gates shut behind them. They heard the key turn in the lock. In her excitement Beatrice wondered at this, and saw that the porter must also be in the secret. Was this the work of Brandon?

They passed down the road a little distance, and at length reached a place where there were two coaches and some men.

One of these came up and took Mrs. Compton. "Come, old woman," said he; "you and I are to go in this coach." It was too dark to see who it was; but the voice sounded like that of Philips. He led her into the coach and jumped in after her.

There was another figure there. He advanced in silence, and motioned to the coach without a word. Beatrice followed; the coach door was opened, and she entered. Asgeelo mounted the box. The stranger entered the coach and shut the door.

Beatrice had not seen the face of this man; but at the sight of the outline of his figure a strange, wild thought came to her mind. As he seated himself by her side a thrill passed through every nerve. Not a word was spoken.

He reached out one hand, and caught hers in a close and fervid clasp. He threw his arm about her waist, and drew her toward him. Her head sank in a delicious languor upon his breast; and she felt the fast throbbing of his heart as she lay there. He held her pressed closely for a long while, drawing quick and heavy breaths, and not speaking a word. Then he smoothed her brow, stroked her hair, and caressed her cheek. Every touch of his made her blood tingle.

"Do you know who I am?" said at last a well-known voice.

She made no answer, but pressed his hand and nestled more closely to his heart.

The carriages rushed on swiftly. They went through the village, passed the inn, and soon entered the open country. Beatrice, in that moment of ecstasy, knew not and cared not whither they were going. Enough that she was with him.

"You have saved me from a fate of horror," said she, tremulously; "or rather, you have prevented me from saving myself."

"How could you have saved yourself?"

"I found poison."

She felt the shudder that passed through his frame. He pressed her again to his heart, and sat for a long time in silence.

"How had you the heart to let me go back when you could get me away so easily?" said she, after a time, in a reproachful tone.

"I could not save you then," answered he, "without open violence. I wished to defer that for the accomplishment of a purpose which you know. But I secured your safety, for all the servants at Brandon Hall are in my pay."

"What! Vijal too?"

"No, not Vijal; he was incorruptible; but all the others. They would have obeyed your slightest wish in any respect. They would have shed their blood for you, for the simple reason that I had promised to pay each man an enormous sum if he saved you from any trouble. They were all on the look out. You never were so watched in your life. If you had chosen to run off every man of them would have helped you, and would have rejoiced at the chance of making themselves rich at the expense of Potts. Under these circumstances I thought you were safe."

"And why did you not tell me?"

"Ah! love, there are many things which I must not tell you."

He sighed. His sombre tone brought back her senses which had been wandering. She struggled to get away. He would not release her.

"Let me go!" said she. "I am of the accursed brood—the impure ones! You are polluted by my touch!"

"I will not let you go," returned he, in a tone of infinite sweetness. "Not now. This may be our last interview. How can I let you go?"

"I am pollution."

"You are angelic. Oh, let us not think of other things. Let us banish from our minds the thought of that barrier which rises between us. While we are here let us forget every thing except that we love one another. To-morrow will come, and our joy will be at an end forever. But you, darling, will be saved! I will guard you to my life's end, even though I can not come near you."

Tears fell from Beatrice's eyes. He felt them hot upon his hand. He sighed deeply.

"I am of the accursed brood!—the accursed!—the accursed! You dishonor your name by touching me."

Brandon clung to her. He would not let her go. She wept there upon his breast, and still murmured the words, "Accursed! accursed!"

Their carriage rolled on; behind them came the other; on for mile after mile, round the bays and creeks of the sea, until at last they reached a village.

"This is our destination," said Brandon.

"Where are we?" sighed Beatrice.

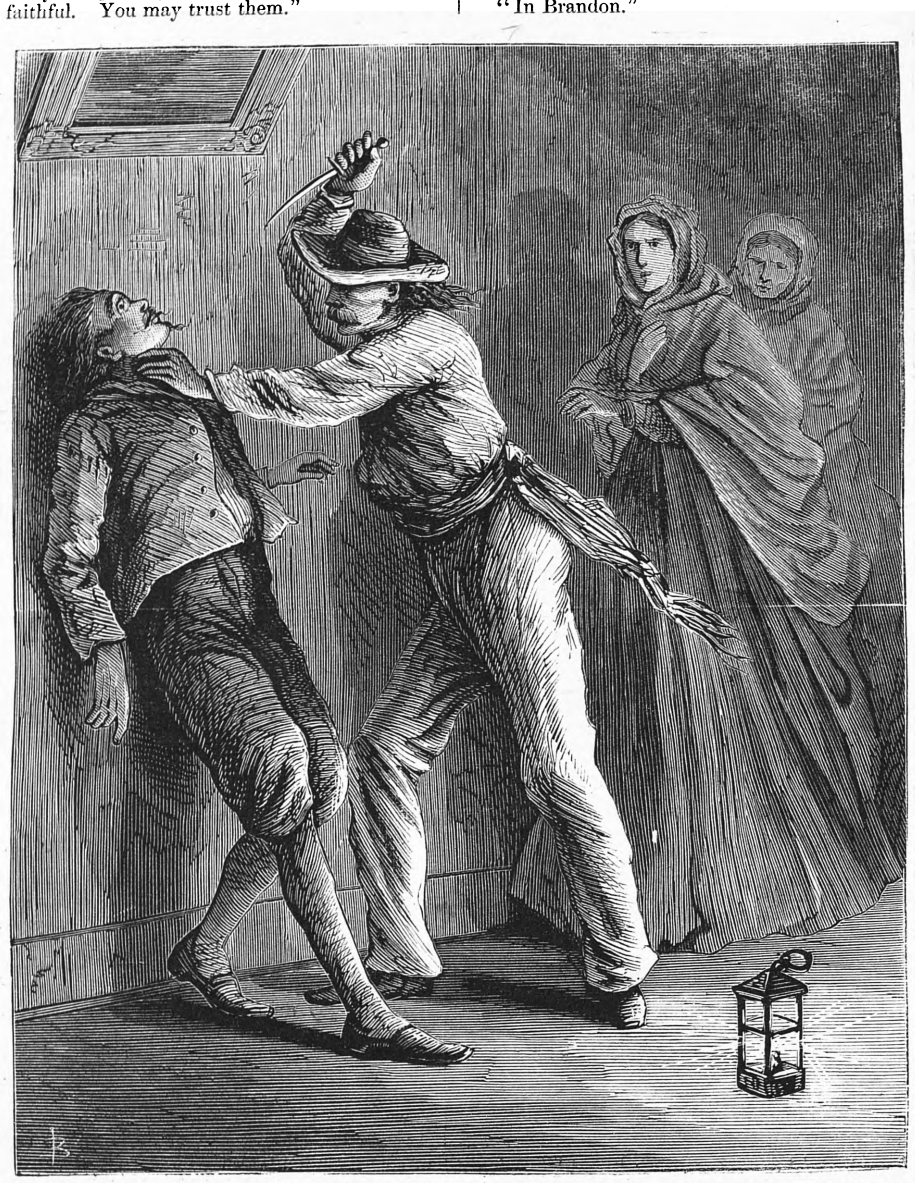
"It is Denton," he replied.

The coach stopped before a little cottage. Asgeelo opened the door. Brandon pressed Beatrice to his heart.

"For the last time, darling," he murmured.

She said nothing. He helped her out, catching her in his arms as she descended, and lifting her to the ground. Mrs. Compton was already waiting, having descended first. Lights were burning in the cottage window.

"This is your home for the present," said Brandon. "Here you are safe. You will find every thing that you want, and the servants are faithful. You may trust them."



"THE GIGANTIC FIGURE OF ASGEELO STOOD ERECT, ONE ARM CLUTCHING THE THROAT OF HIS ASSAILANT, AND THE OTHER HOLDING THE KNIFE ALOFT."

He shook hands with Mrs. Compton, pressed the hand of Beatrice, and leaped into the coach.

"Good-by," he called, as Asgeelo whipped the horses.

"Good-by forever," murmured Beatrice through her tears.

CHAPTER XLVII.

ROUSED AT LAST.

ABOUT this time Despard received a call from Langhetti. "I am going away," said the latter, after the preliminary greetings. "I am well enough now to resume my search after Beatrice."

"Beatrice?"

"Yes."

"What can you do?"

"I haven't an idea; but I mean to try to do something."

Langhetti certainly did not look like a man who was capable of doing very much, especially against one like Potts. Thin, pale, fragile, and emaciated, his slender form seemed ready to yield to the pressure of the first fatigue which he might encounter. Yet his resolution was strong, and he spoke confidently of being able in some mysterious way to effect the escape of Beatrice. He had no idea how he could do it. He had exerted his strongest influence, and had come away discomfited. Still he had confidence in himself and trust in God, and with these he determined to set out once more, and to succeed or perish in the attempt.

After he had left Despard sat moodily in his study for some hours. At last a visitor was announced. He was a man whom Despard had never seen before, and who gave his name as Wheeler.

The stranger on entering regarded Despard for some time with an earnest glance in silence. At last he spoke:

"You are the son of Lionel Despard, are you not?"

"Yes," said Despard, in some surprise.

"Excuse me for alluding to so sad an event; but you are, of course, aware of the common story of his death."

"Yes," replied Despard, in still greater surprise.

"That story is known to the world," said the stranger. "His case was publicly tried at Manilla, and a Malay was executed for the crime."

"I know that," returned Despard, "and I know, also, that there were some, and that there still are some, who suspect that the Malay was innocent."

"Who suspected this?"

"My uncle Henry Despard and myself."

"Will you allow me to ask you if your suspicions pointed at any one?"

"My uncle hinted at one person, but he had nothing more than suspicions."

"Who was the man?"

"A man who was my father's valet, or agent, who accompanied him on that voyage, and took an active part in the conviction of the Malay."

"What was his name?"

"John Potts."

"Where does he live now?"

"In Brandon."

"Very well. Excuse my questions, but I was anxious to learn how much you knew. You will see shortly that they were not idle. Has any thing ever been done by any of the relatives to discover whether these suspicions were correct?"

"At first nothing was done. They accepted as an established fact the decision of the Manilla court. They did not even suspect then that any thing else was possible. It was only subsequent circumstances that led my uncle to have some vague suspicions."

"What were those, may I ask?"

"I would rather not tell," said Despard, who shrank from relating to a stranger the mysterious story of Edith Brandon.

"It is as well, perhaps. At any rate, you say there were no suspicions expressed till your uncle was led to form them?"

"No."

"About how long ago was this?"

"About two years ago—a little more, perhaps. I at once devoted myself to the task of discovering whether they could be maintained. I found it impossible, however, to learn any thing. The event had happened so long ago that it had faded out of men's minds. The person whom I suspected had become very rich, influential, and respected. In fact, he was unassailable, and I have been compelled to give up the effort."

"Would you like to learn something of the truth?" asked the stranger, in a thrilling voice.

Despard's whole soul was roused by this question.

"More than any thing else," replied he.

"There is a sand-bank," began the stranger, "three hundred miles south of the island of Java, which goes by the name of Coffin Island. It is so called on account of a rock of peculiar shape at the eastern extremity. I was coming from the East, on my way to England, when a violent storm arose, and I was cast ashore alone upon that island. This may seem extraordinary to you, but what I have to tell is still more extraordinary. I found food and water there, and lived for some time. At last another hurricane came and blew away all the sand from a mound at the western end. This mound had been piled about a wrecked vessel—a vessel wrecked twenty years ago, twenty years ago," he repeated, with startling emphasis, "and the name of that vessel was the *Vishnu*."

"The *Vishnu!*" cried Despard, starting to his feet, while his whole frame was shaken by emotion at this strange narrative. "The *Vishnu!*"

"Yes, the *Vishnu!*" continued the stranger. "You know what that means. For many years that vessel had lain there, entombed amidst the sands, until at last I—on that lonely isle—saw the sands swept away and the buried ship revealed. I went on board. I entered the cabin. I passed through it. At last I entered a room at one corner. A skeleton lay there. Do you know whose it was?"

"Whose?" cried Despard, in a frenzy of excitement.

"*Your father's!*" said the stranger, in an awful voice.

"God in heaven!" exclaimed Despard, and he sank back into his seat.

"In his hand he held a manuscript, which was his last message to his friends. It was inclosed in a bottle. The storm had prevented him from throwing it overboard. He held it there as though waiting for some one to take it. I was the one appointed to that task. I took it. I read it, and now that I have arrived in England I have brought it to you."

"Where is it?" cried Despard, in wild excitement.

"Here," said the stranger, and he laid a package upon the table.

Despard seized it, and tore open the coverings. At the first sight he recognized the handwriting of his father, familiar to him from old letters written to him when he was a child—letters which he had always preserved, and every turn of which was impressed upon his memory. The first glance was sufficient to impress upon his mind the conviction that the stranger's tale was true.

Without another word he began to read it. And as he read all his soul became associated with that lonely man, drifting in his drifting ship. There he read the villainy of the miscreant who had compassed his death, and the despair of the castaway.

That suffering man was his own father. It was this that gave intensity to his thoughts as he read. The dying man bequeathed his vengeance to Ralph Brandon, and his blessing to his son.

Despard read over the manuscript many times. It was his father's words to himself.

"I am in haste," said the stranger. "The manuscript is yours. I have made inquiries for Ralph Brandon, and find that he is dead. It is for you to do as seems good. You are a clergyman, but you are also a man; and a father's wrongs cry to Heaven for vengeance."

"And they shall be avenged!" exclaimed Despard, striking his clenched hand upon the table.

"I have something more before I go," continued the stranger, mournfully—"something which you will prize more than life. It was worn next your father's heart till he died. I found it there."

Saying this he handed to Despard a miniature, painted on enamel, representing a beautiful woman, whose features were like his own.

"My mother!" cried Despard, passionately, and he covered the miniature with kisses.

"I buried your father," said the stranger, after a long pause. "His remains now lie on Coffin Island, in their last resting-place."

"And who are you? What are you? How did you find me out? What is your object?" cried Despard, eagerly.

"I am Mr. Wheeler," said the stranger, calmly; "and I come to give you these things in order to fulfill my duty to the dead. It remains for you to fulfill yours."

"That duty shall be fulfilled!" exclaimed Despard. "The law does not help me: I will help myself. I know some of these men at least. I will do the duty of a son."

The stranger bowed and withdrew.

Despard paced the room for hours. A fierce thirst for vengeance had taken possession of him. Again and again he read the manuscript, and after each reading his vengeful feeling became stronger.

At last he had a purpose. He was no longer the imbecile—the crushed—the hopeless. In the full knowledge of his father's misery his own became endurable.

In the morning he saw Langhetti and told him all.

"But who is the stranger?" Despard asked in wonder.

"It can only be one person," said Langhetti, solemnly.

"Who?"

"Louis Brandon. He and no other. Who else could thus have been chosen to find the dead? He has his wrongs also to avenge."

Despard was silent. Overwhelming thoughts crowded upon him. Was this man Louis Brandon?

"We must find him," said he. "We must gain his help in our work. We must also tell him about Edith."

"Yes," replied Langhetti. "But no doubt he has his own work before him: and this is but part of his plan, to rouse you from inaction to vengeance."

THE FAREWELL.

SWEET were the days we've spent together,
Sad must the hour of our parting be;
Through the broad meadows in summer weather,
Pleasant the path that is waiting for thee;
In the red west, where the sun is sinking,
Deep through the shadows lies my way;
And I must onward with step unshrinking—
Thou knowest all that my heart would say.

What shall I give thee for farewell token?
How shall I speed thee, with love or with care?
Think of the words that we have spoken,
Take them for wishes, and count them for prayer;
Oh! be thou wise when life, caressing,
Would woo thee to linger, would win thee to stay;
Keep in thy soul its earliest blessing—
Thou knowest all that my heart would say.

Oft o'er my soul will a sudden yearning
Bring back the days we are leaving behind,
Bring me thy footstep, no longer returning,
Bring me thy greeting, so gay and so kind;
How shall I bless thee? No longer beside thee,
I can but love thee, and lose thee, and pray;
Yet will God love thee, and keep thee, and guide thee—
Thou knowest all that my heart would say!

THE GIANT'S PALACE.

A HINDOO FAIRY LEGEND.

ONCE upon a time there lived a king who was left a widower with two little daughters. Not very long after his first wife died he married again, and his second wife did not care for her step-children, and was often unkind to them; and the king, their father, never troubled himself to look after them, but allowed his wife to treat them as she liked. This made the poor girls very miserable, and one day one of them said to the other, "Don't let us remain any longer here; come away into the jungle, for nobody here cares whether we go or stay." So they both walked off into the jungle, and lived for many days on the jungle fruits. At last, after they had wandered on for a long while, they came to a fine palace which belonged to a giant, but both the giant and his wife were out when they got there. Then one of the Princesses said to the other, "This fine palace, in the midst of the jungle, can belong to no one but a giant; but the owner has evidently gone out; let us go in and see if we can find any thing to eat." So they went into the giant's house, and finding some rice, boiled and ate it. Then they swept the room, and arranged all the furniture in the house tidily. But hardly had they finished doing so when the giant and his wife returned home. Then the two Princesses were so frightened that they ran up to the top of the house, and hid themselves on the flat roof, from whence they could look down on one side into the inner court-yard of the house, and from the other could see the open country. The house-top was a favorite resort of the giant and his wife. Here they would sit upon the hot summer evenings; here they winnowed the grain, and hung out the clothes to dry; and the two Princesses found a sufficient shelter behind some sheaves of corn that were waiting to be thrashed. When the giant came into the house he looked round, and said to his wife, "Somebody has been arranging the house, every thing in it is so clean and tidy. Wife, did you do this?" "No," she said; "I don't know who can have done all this." "Some one, also, has been sweeping the court-yard," continued the giant. "Wife, did you sweep the court-yard?" "No," she answered, "I did not do it. I don't know who did." Then the giant walked round and round several times, with his nose up in the air, saying, "Some one is here now. I smell flesh and blood! Where can they be?" "Stuff and nonsense," cried his wife. "You smell flesh and blood, indeed! Why you have just been killing and eating a hundred thousand people. I should wonder if you didn't still smell flesh and blood!" They went on quarreling thus until the giant said, "Well, never mind, I don't know how it is, but I'm very thirsty; let's come and drink some water." So both the giant and his wife went to a well which was close to the house, and began letting down jars into it, and drawing up the water, and drinking it. And the Princesses, who were on the top of the house, saw them. Now, the youngest of the two Princesses was a very wise girl, and when she saw the giant and his wife by the well she said to her sister, "I will do something now that will be good for us both;" and, running down quickly from the top of the house, she crept close behind the giant and his wife, as they stood on tip-toe more than half over the side of the well, and, catching hold of one of the giant's heels, and one of his wife's, gave each a little push, and down they both tumbled into the well and were drowned, the giant and the giant's wife. The Princess then returned to her sister, and said, "I have killed the giant." "What, both?" cried her sister. "Yes, both," she said. "Won't they come back?" said her sister. "No; never," answered she.

The giant being thus killed, the two Princesses took possession of the house, and lived there very happily for a long time. In it they found heaps and heaps of rich clothes, and jewels, and gold and silver, which the giant had taken from people he had murdered; and all round the house were folds for the flocks, and sheds for the herds of cattle which the giant owned. Every morning the youngest Princess used to drive out the flocks and herds to pasturage, and return home with them every night, while the eldest staid at home, cooked the dinner, and kept the house; and the youngest Princess, who was the cleverest, would often say to her sister on going away for the day, "Take care if you see any stranger (be it man, woman, or child) come by the house, to hide, if possible, that nobody may know of our living here; and if any one should call out and ask for a drink of water, or any poor beggar pray for food, before you give it them be sure you put on ragged clothes, and cover your face with charcoal, and make yourself look as ugly as possible, lest, seeing how fair you are, they should steal you away; and we never meet again." "Very well," the other Princess would answer, "I will do as you advise."

But a long time passed, and no one ever came by that way. At last one day, after the youngest Princess had gone out, a young Prince, the son of a neighboring king, who had been hunting with his attendants for many days in the jungles, came near the place when searching for water (for he and his people were tired with hunting, and had been seeking all through the jungle for a stream of water, but could find none). When the Prince saw the fine palace, standing all by itself, he was very much astonished, and said, "It is a strange thing that any one should have built such a house as this in the depths of the forest! Let us go in; the owners will doubtless give us a drink of water." "No, no, do not go," cried his attendants; "this is most likely the house of a giant." "We can but see," answered the Prince. "I should scarcely think any thing very terrible lived here, for there is not a sound stirring, nor a living creature to be seen." So he began tapping at the door, which was bolted, and crying, "Will whoever owns this house give me and my people some water to drink, for the sake of kind charity?" But nobody answered, for the Princess, who heard him, was busy up in her room, blacking her face with charcoal, and covering her rich dress with rags. Then the Prince got impatient, and shook the door, saying, angrily, "Let me in, whoever you are! If you don't I'll force the door open." At this the poor little Princess got dreadfully frightened; and, having blacked her face, and made herself look as ugly as possible, she ran down stairs with a pitcher of water, and unbolting the door, gave the Prince the pitcher to drink from; but she did not speak, for she was afraid. Now the Prince was a very clever man, and as he raised the pitcher to his mouth to drink the water, he thought to himself, "This is a very strange-looking creature who has brought me this jug of water. She would be pretty, but that her face seems to want washing, and her dress also is very untidy. What can that black stuff be on her face and hands? it looks very unnatural." And so thinking to himself, instead of drinking the water, he threw it in the Princess's face! The Princess started back with a little cry, while the water, trickling down her face, washed off the charcoal, and showed her delicate features and beautiful fair complexion. The Prince caught hold of her hand, and said, "Now tell me true, who are you? where do you come from? Who are your father and mother? and why are you here alone by yourself in the jungle? Answer me, or I'll cut your head off." And he made as if he would draw his sword. The Princess was so terrified she could hardly speak, but as best she could, she told how she was the daughter of a king, and had run away into the jungle because of her cruel step-mother, and finding the house had lived there ever since; and, having finished her story, she began to cry. Then the Prince said to her, "Pretty lady, forgive me for my roughness; do not fear; I will take you home with me, and you shall be my wife." But the more he spoke to her the more frightened she got. So frightened that she did not understand what he said, and could do nothing but cry. Now she had said nothing to the Prince about her sister, nor even told him that she had one, for she thought, "This man says he will kill me; if he hears that I have a sister, they will kill her too." So the Prince, who was really kind-hearted, and would never have thought of separating the two little sisters who had been together so long, knew nothing at all of the matter, and only seeing she was too much alarmed even to understand gentle words, said to his servants, "Place this lady in one of the palanquins, and let us set off home." And they did so. When the Princess found herself shut up in the palanquin, and being carried she knew not where, she thought how terrible it would be for her sister to return home and find her gone, and determined, if possible, to leave some sign to show her which way she had been taken. Round her neck were many strings of pearls. She untied them, and tearing her dress into little bits, tied one pearl in each piece of the dress, that it might be heavy enough to fall straight to the ground; and so she went on, dropping one pearl and then another, and another, and another, all the way she went along, until they reached the palace, where the king and queen, the Prince's father and mother, lived. She threw the last remaining pearl down just as she reached the palace gate. The old king and queen were delighted to see the beautiful Princess their son had brought home; and when they heard her story they said, "Ah, poor thing! what a sad story; but now she has come to live with us, we will do all we can to make her happy." And they married her to their son with great pomp and ceremony, and gave her rich dresses and jewels, and were very kind to her. But the Princess remained sad and unhappy, for she was always thinking about her sister, and yet she could not summon courage to beg the Prince or his father to send and fetch her to the palace.

Meantime the youngest Princess, who had been out with her flocks and herds when the Prince took her sister away, had returned home. When she came back she found the door wide open, and no one standing there. She thought it very odd, for her sister always came every night to the door, to meet her on her return. She went up stairs; her sister was not there; the whole house was empty and deserted. There she must stay all alone, for the evening had closed in, and it was impossible to go outside and seek her with any hope of success. So all the night long she waited, crying, "Some one has been here, and they have stolen her away; they have stolen my darling away. Oh sister! sister!" Next morning, very early, going out to continue the search, she found one of the pearls belonging to her sister's necklace tied up in a small piece of a dress; a little further on lay another, and yet another, all along the road the Prince had gone. Then the Princess understood that her sister had left this clew to guide her on her way, and she at once set off to find her again. Very, very far she went—a six months' journey through the jungle—for she could not travel fast, the many days' walking tired her so much, and sometimes it took her two or three days to find the next piece of the dress with the pearl. At last she came near a large town, to which it was evident her sister had been taken. Now this young Princess was very beautiful indeed—as beautiful as she was wise—and when she got near the town she thought to herself, "If people see me they may steal me away as they did my sister, and then I shall never find her again. I will therefore disguise myself." As she was thus thinking she saw by the side of the road the skeleton of a poor old beggar woman, who had evidently died from want and poverty. The body was shriveled up, and nothing of it remained but the skin and bones. The Princess took the skin and washed it, and drew it on over her own lovely face and neck, as one draws a glove on one's hand. Then she took a long stick and began hobbling along, leaning on it, toward the town. The old woman's skin was all crumpled and withered, and people who passed by only thought, "What an ugly old woman!" and never dreamed of the false skin and

"THE PRINCESS TWISTED UP HER GLOSSY HAIR, PLACED A RED LOTUS IN IT, AND DABBLED HER FEET IN THE WATER."

the beautiful, handsome girl inside. So on she went, picking up the pearls—one here, one there—until she found the last pearl just in front of the palace gate. Then she felt certain her sister must be somewhere near, but where she did not know. She longed to go in to the palace and ask for her, but no guards would have let such a wretched-looking old woman enter, and she did not dare offer them any of the pearls she had with her lest they should think she was a thief. So she determined merely to remain as close to the palace as possible, and wait till fortune favored her with the means of learning something further about her sister. Just opposite the palace was a small house belonging to a farmer, and the Princess went up to it and stood by the door. The farmer's wife saw her and said, "Poor old woman, who are you? what do you want? why are you here? Have you no friends?" "Alas, no!" answered the Princess. "I am a poor old woman and have neither father nor mother, son nor daughter, sister nor brother, to take care of me; all are gone! and I can only beg my bread from door to door."

"Do not grieve, good mother," answered the farmer's wife, kindly. "You may sleep in the shelter of our porch, and I will give you some food." So the Princess staid there for that night and for many more; and every day the good farmer's wife gave her food. But all this time she could learn nothing of her sister.

Now there was a large tank near the palace, on which grew some fine lotus plants, covered with rich crimson lotuses—the royal flower—and of these the king was very fond indeed, and prized them very much. To this tank (because it was the nearest to the farmer's house) the Princess used to go every morning, very early, almost before it was light, at about three o'clock, and take off the old woman's skin and wash it, and hang it out to dry; and wash her face and hands and bathe her feet in the cool water, and comb her beautiful hair. Then she would gather a lotus flower (such as she had been accustomed to wear in her hair from a child) and put it on, so as to feel for a few minutes like herself again! Thus she would amuse herself. Afterward, as soon as the wind had dried the old woman's skin, she put it on again, threw away the lotus flower, and hobbled back to the farmer's door, before the sun was up.

After a time the king discovered that some one had plucked some of his favorite lotus flowers. People were set to watch, and all the wise men in the kingdom put their heads together to try and discover the thief, but without avail. At last, the excitement about this matter being very great, the king's second son, a brave and noble young Prince (brother to him who had found the eldest Princess in the forest) said, "I will certainly discover this thief." It chanced that several fine trees grew round the tank. Into one of these the young Prince climbed one evening (having made a sort of light thatched roof across two of the boughs, to keep off the heavy dews), and there he watched all the night through, but with no more success than his predecessors. There lay the lotus plants, still in the moonlight, without so much as a thieving wind coming by to break off one of the flowers. The Prince began to get very sleepy, and thought the delinquent, whoever he might be, could not intend to return, when, in the very early morning, before it was light, who should come down to the tank but an old woman he had often seen near the palace gate. "Aha!" thought the Prince, "this then is the thief; but what can this queer old woman want with lotus flowers?" Imagine his astonishment when the old woman sat down on the steps of the tank and began pulling the skin off her face and arms! and from underneath the shriveled yellow skin came the loveliest face he had ever beheld! So fair, so fresh, so young, so gloriously beautiful, that appearing thus suddenly it dazzled the Prince's eyes like a flash of golden lightning! "Ah," thought he, "can this be a woman or a spirit? a devil or an angel in disguise?"

The Princess twisted up her glossy black hair; and plucking a red lotus, placed it in it, and dabbled her feet in the water, and amused herself by putting round her neck a string of the pearls that had been her sister's necklace. Then, as the sun was rising, she threw away the lotus, and covering her face and arms again with the withered skin, went hastily away. When the Prince got home the first thing he said to his parents was, "Father, mother; I should like to marry that old woman who stands all day at the farmer's gate just opposite." "What!" cried they, "the boy is mad! Marry that skinny old thing? You can not—you are a king's son. Are there not enough queens and princesses in the world that you should wish to marry a wretched old beggar woman?" But he answered, "Above all things I should like to marry that old woman. You know that I have ever been a dutiful and obedient son. In this matter, I pray you, grant me my desire." Then, seeing he was really in earnest about the matter, and that nothing they could say would alter his mind, they listened to his urgent entreaties; not, however, without much grief and vexation, and sent out the guards, who fetched the old woman (who was really the Princess in disguise) to the palace, where she was married to the Prince as privately and with as little ceremony as possible, for the family were ashamed of the match.

As soon as the wedding was over, the Prince said to his wife, "Gentle wife, tell me how much longer you intend to wear that old skin? You had better take it off; do be so kind." The Princess wondered how he knew of her disguise, or whether it was only a guess of his; and she thought, "If I take this ugly skin off my husband will think me pretty, and shut me up in the palace and never let me go away, so that I shall not be able to find my sister again. No, I had better not take it off." So she answered, "I don't know what you mean. I am as all these years have made me; nobody can change their skin." Then the Prince pretended to be very angry, and said, "Take off that hideous disguise this instant, or I'll kill you." But she only bowed her head, saying, "Kill me then, but nobody can change their skin." And all this she mumbled as if she were a very old woman indeed, and had lost all her teeth and could not speak plain. At this the Prince laughed very much to himself, and thought, "I'll wait and see how long this freak lasts." But the Princess continued to keep on the old woman's skin; only every morning, at about three o'clock, before it was light, she would get up and wash it and put it on again. Then some time afterward the Prince, having found this out, got up softly one morning early, and followed her to the next room, where she had washed the skin and placed it on the floor to dry, and stealing it, he ran away with it and threw it on the fire. So the Princess, having no old woman's skin to put on, was obliged to appear in her own likeness. As she walked forth, very sad at missing her disguise, her husband ran to meet her, smiling and saying, "How do you do, my dear? Where is your skin now? Can't you take it off, dear?" Soon the whole palace had heard the joyful news of the beautiful young wife that the Prince had won; and all the people, when they saw her, cried, "Why she is exactly like the beautiful Princess our young king married, the jungle lady." The old king and queen were prouder than all of their daughter-in-law, and took her to introduce her to their eldest son's wife. Then no sooner did the Princess enter her sister-in-law's room, than she saw that in her she had found her lost sister, and they ran into each other's arms. Great then was the joy of all, but the happiest of all these happy people were the two Princesses; and they lived together in peace and joy their whole lives long.

JAPANESE FOOD.

JAPANESE dinners are not very tempting to European tastes, consisting so much of what we are apt to term "messes." Beef, mutton, and pork, the substantial viands to which we are accustomed, are not eaten by the Japanese. The ocean, which surrounds and intersects their islands in every direction, is their store-house, and fish is their principal article of food. When presents are sent from one friend to another a small piece of dried or salted fish, and some seaweed, accompanies them, tied with a red and white string, and wrapped in a paper, on which is written a sentence that, translated, means, "Happy those who never depart from the wisdom of their ancestors." This is done to keep them in remembrance of their origin from a race of fishermen, and their dependence on the ocean for their daily food.

The dinner-service consists of lacquered or china bowls and plates, on which the dainties are placed. The dining-table is not more than nine inches high, and the guests sit round it on their heels, using chop-sticks to convey the food to their mouths. Dried fish, prawns on a kind of sweetmeat resembling toffee, rock-leeches, pickled eggs, salted ginger, boiled rice, yams, pears, a kind of wild raspberry and radish, with capsicums, are among the principal dishes at a Japanese repast. Bread is represented by a sweet sponge-cake, and saki or rice wine, in great variety, is the invariable accompaniment. Tea is also largely drunk. A very delicate kind, used only on special occasions, is made from an infusion of dried peach-blossoms.

The coarse brown flesh of the whale is eaten by this nation of fishermen and women. Sharks' fins are particularly sought after. Bêche de mer, cray fish, dried shrimps, salmon fresh and dried—in fact, almost every kind of inhabitant of the waters, pay tribute to the dwellers on land. Even seaweed is compelled to furnish a nutritious food. Rice is the staple grain; the flour of millet makes nice little cakes; the lotus-seed (a kind of nut) is much appreciated. The Japanese raise a great variety of vegetables, but they are coarse and without flavor. Beans, pease, lettuce, cabbage, etc., grow well on their fertile soil. Potatoes, also, are successfully cultivated on the hill-sides. Large quantities are exported to the neighboring Chinese coast, where they form a grateful addition to the tables of our countrymen and women in the Far East. Some other vegetables have also been introduced into Japan since it was opened to Western intercourse. The cauliflower in particular has been most successfully acclimatized. Some seeds were obtained from England, and planted in the European gardens on the Bluff, near Yokohama, and the result was somewhat startling; for the stems attained the height of five or six feet, and one head was sufficient to supply a large dinner party.

The native vegetables are wanting in flavor, and the people seem to have no delicacy of palate. Many fruits flourish, but the fruit is not permitted to ripen, being gathered before it has attained maturity; thus all their peaches are rendered valueless to foreigners; pomegranates and persimmons are also wasted. Grapes are better appreciated; they are grown on some of the Daimios' estates, and are said to belong to the ladies, who, if so, certainly bestow much care upon them. This fruit is occasionally sent great distances, carefully packed in boxes of arrow-root, which effectually secure it from the light and air, and when taken out it is perfectly fresh, with even the delicate bloom untouched, though it may have been transported some thousand miles.

The tender shoots of the bamboo are boiled as an esculent; it has a woody, but not disagreeable flavor; preserved as a sweetmeat it is very nice.

The stimulating drinks of the Japanese are prepared from rice, and are generally known to foreigners under the name of saki. They vary much in strength and flavor, probably to as great an extent as our wines. Saki is usually drunk warm. Some kinds resemble pale sherry in color, and are by no means disagreeable; others are very strong, and their effect is soon seen on the people, numbers of whom are, unhappily, addicted to drinking—even the women indulging in this vicious habit. So general is this practice of drinking to excess, that toward evening the streets of a Japanese town become dangerous for quiet people, many two-sworded men, or Yaconins, frequenting them, who, when under the influence of saki, become peculiarly quarrelsome, more especially toward foreigners; and murders have several times been committed in consequence.

We have already mentioned a delicate drink made from an infusion of peach-blossoms, which is offered to favored guests. The leaves of the tea-shrub afford the most common, as well as the most refreshing drink. It is taken without either milk or sugar. Milk is not in any form an article of diet, cattle being kept for agricultural purposes only, such as plowing, irrigation, etc. Some very choice delicate kinds of tea grow in Japan, the sandy-hill sides being well adapted for the successful cultivation of this useful species of camellia. It is a pretty plant, having dark-green shiny leaves with serrated edges, and white blossoms, somewhat like our small dog-rose. The fresh leaf, when eaten, leaves a delicious flavor on the palate, and the odor which pervades the building where tea is being fired or dried resembles the delicate perfume of a hay-field on a dewy summer evening.

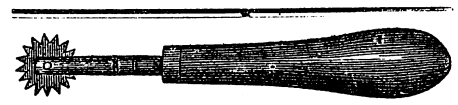
Our sisters in Japan are largely engaged in the manufacture of tea. The female hand is well suited to the delicate process of gathering the choice tender leaves of the early crops; and it is women who manipulate the tea in iron pans over charcoal fires, when preparing it for the foreign market. The tea used in Japan is merely picked and sun-dried, and does not require any further preparation. The firing and preparing tea for shipment give employment to large numbers of very poor women, whose appearance becomes exceedingly unattractive after they have been occupied for some time in the warm and dusty rooms, their complexions assuming a greenish hue from the light particles of the tea floating in the air and settling on them.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BESSIE E.—A neat way of making a black silk walking suit is with gored under-skirt; fuller upper-skirt, with bands inserted in each seam, to which each width but the front is sewn after having been gathered lengthwise. This gives a full puffed appearance, which is now very fashionable. The band is an inch and a half wide, cut bias, and may be trimmed with pipings of the silk with tiny buttons between, or inserted points of satin, or with a pleated rouleau. The sleeveless tight jacket cut short behind with long lapped points, and worn with a sash, is a good accompaniment.

METTERNICH GREEN.—A yellow tint of green would suit a fair, rosy complexion with dark hair.

MAGENTA.—We can not give any other patterns than those contained in our Supplements, which will embrace the greatest possible variety.



COPYING WHEEL.—This Wheel, by means of which patterns can be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease, is now ready, and can be had of most of the News-dealers; or will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on the receipt of 25 cents.

THE LADIES' EXCHANGE.

THE accompanying poem and cut strikingly illustrate the result of the exchange of articles proposed in the columns of an English journal:

MISS ECHO drops in at the Ladies' Exchange:
  Draw, artist, the scene in thy daintiest fashion!
Here beauties their varying caprices arrange,
  Being weary to-day of what once was a passion.

That bull-dog was doubtless a marvelous pet,
  And visitors treated his mistress with deference:
Now LUCY the lovely prefers a *layette*,
  And really I think it's a rational preference.

The Spanish guitar loved IANTHE to touch;
  A surfeit of serenades seems to have cloyed her:
She'll change for a pet of a petticoat, such
  As delicate fingers delight to embroider.

IS CLARIBEL tired of her Opera stall?
  Will she never again use her Voigtlander glass in it?
Does she think that a melody sweeter than all
  Is an infantile laugh from the depths of a bassinette?

The touch of Love's myrtle, as every one knows,
  Brings to sensitive natures a singular smart with it.
But that rare statuette of immortal EROS—
  Ah, maiden! 'tis surely unlucky to part with it.

When the ladies develop their mode of exchange
  Until it takes rank among sound and complete arts,
No doubt they will manage a plan to arrange
  Of meeting together and bartering sweet-hearts.

Then lovers will change by their whiskers and hair,
  And the soldier be swopped for the quiet civilian:
Or a poet, a cottage, sound wine and plain fare,
  Will you give, AMORET, for a muff and a million?

THE LADIES' EXCHANGE.

FACETIÆ.

A FOND parent, anxious that his infant son should be sharp in his wits and profound in his thoughts, has sent him to sea—so that he may be "rocked in the cradle of *the deep*."

Dr. X—— paid a visit one day to a patient whom he had neglected to see for a couple of days. The sick man, who probably liked to attend to his business himself, had died in the mean time, and was on the point of being carried to the cemetery. At the sight of the funeral trappings the doctor had a presentiment of something wrong, and said, inquiringly, to the servant, "Can I go up to see Mr. Z——?" "It isn't worth while for you to go up; he is just coming down," was the answer.

A NOTE ON COOKERY.—"A greedy boy" is informed, in answer to his question, that "Cabinet Pudding" is *not* made with "Furniture Paste."

CAT OR DOG.—An English merchant was dining with a Chinese mandarin, when it struck him that perhaps the dish which he had eaten of so heartily might have been stewed cats, for he heard that they ate cats in China. The Chinaman didn't know English, so his guest, anxiously pointing to the dish, inquired, "Miow, miow?" "No, no," said the mandarin, "bow-wow."

Our grandmothers, Whiffler remarks, patronized coal-scuttle bonnets. Our sweet-hearts beat this—*their* bonnets have scuttled off altogether.

VERY UNLIKE A BIRD.—A bachelor acquaintance of ours remarks that ladies dress now with such exquisite taste that the pop-*linnettes* remind him forcibly of pop-in*jays*.

When was beef-tea first made?—When Henry VIII. dissolved the Pope's bull.

The man who "can not find words enough to express his gratitude," is advised to purchase copies of Webster's and Worcester's Dictionaries.

What is the most becoming dress for bare earth—The skirt of a wood.

When the day breaks what becomes of the fragments?

"Owing to the peculiar arrangement of the programme no piece can be repeated," was the answer White received from his landlady, upon asking for a second piece of pie at dinner.

"Bridget, Bridget! why don't you bring up the lemonade?" said Mrs. S., on the Fourth of July, from the top of the kitchen-stairs. "Why, marm," said Bridget, wiping the sweat from her red face with her checked apron, as she put her head round the staircase partition, "why, marm, you see the ice I put in the lemonade is so hard that it hasn't melted yet, though it's stirring it over the fire I've been for the last fifteen minutes or more."

When was beef-steak the highest?—When the cow jumped over the moon.

You are quite welcome, as the empty pocket-book said to the greenbacks.

What kind of a ship has two mates and no captain?—Courtship.

WHAT A LOVER WOULD DO.—"Amelia, for thee—yes, at thy command, I'd tear the eternal firmament into a thousand fragments—I'd gather the stars one by one as they tumble from the regions of ethereal space, and put them in my trowsers pockets; I'd pick the sun—that Oriental god of day that traverses the blue arch of heaven in such majestic splendor—I'd tear him from the sky, and quench its bright effulgence in the fountain of my eternal love for thee." AMELIA: "Don't, Henry, it would be so very dark."

CHOOSING A PROFESSION.—"What profession would you like?" said a friend to a boy who was learning Latin. "Please, Sir, when I am a man, I should like to be a sportsman."

There is a young lady so refined in her language that she never uses the word blackguard, but substitutes "African sentinel."

A stingy husband accounted for all the blame of the lawlessness of his children in company, by saying his wife always "gave them their own way." "Poor things, it's all I have to give them," was her prompt reply.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 27.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Demi-Toilettes.

Fig. 1.—Dress of lavender silk, trimmed with black satin bias folds and bows, and black lace.

Fig. 2.—Dress of gray poplin, trimmed in the manner shown in the illustration with blue satin piping and rosettes, and blue silk fringe, cord, and tassels.

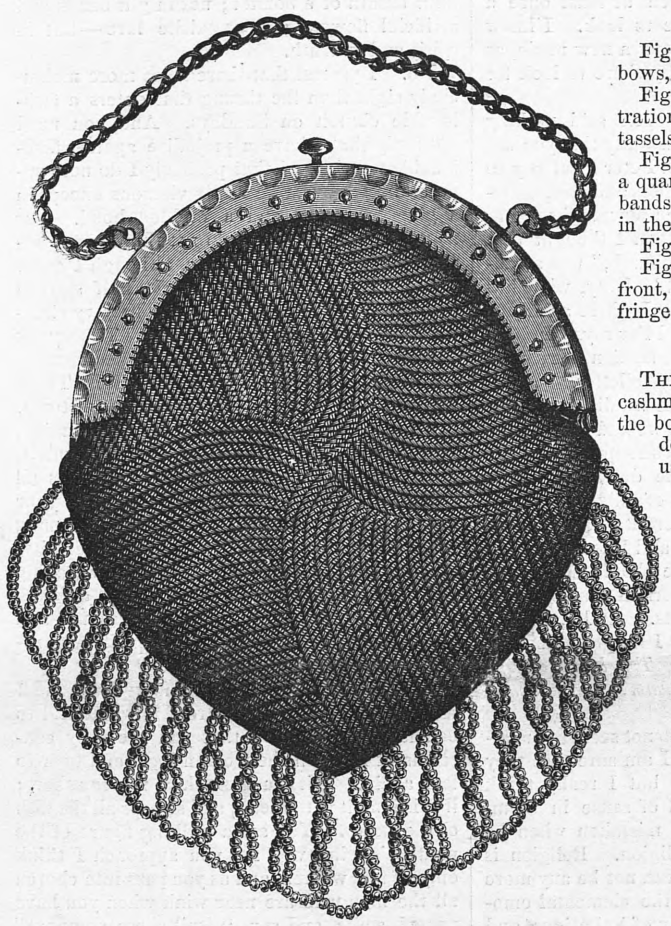
Fig. 3.—Dress of brown gros grain, trimmed with bias folds, an inch and a quarter wide, and bands of satin of a darker shade than the dress. The bands are bordered with narrow fringe, and a broad fringe is set on the dress in the manner shown in the illustration.

Fig. 4.—Dress of white alpaca, trimmed with blue silk piping and fringe.

Fig. 5.—Dress of Metternich green cretonne, closing diagonally in front, and trimmed with black velvet folds and buttons, and black silk fringe and tassels.

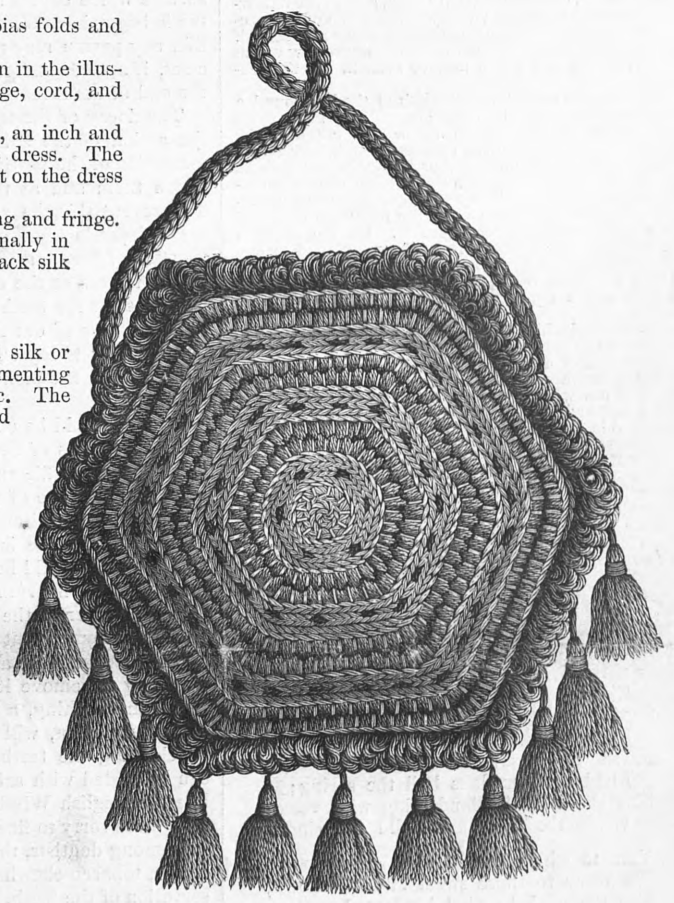
Embroidered Medallion.

THIS medallion, worked in satin or back stitch on colored silk or cashmere with floss silk in bright colors, may be used for ornamenting the bottom of a card-basket, or for note-books, cigar-cases, etc. The design may also be embroidered on mull or nansook, and used for ornamenting the ends of cravats.



CROCHET PURSE.

EMBROIDERED MEDALLION.



WALL CUSHION.

DEMI-TOILETTES.

Crochet Purse.

See Illustration on first page.

THIS purse is worked in green twisted silk. We call especial attention to the stitch used, which is both pretty and easily made. This manner of crochet consists of sl. (slip stitches), which are not worked from right to left as ordinarily, but in the round from left to right. The under side of the work, moreover, makes the right side of the purse. Begin the purse by casting on 4 stitches as a foundation; join these in a round, take the needle out, turn the work, and crochet from the under side a round sl., working from left to right, and putting the needle in the front vein of the stitches: in this manner crochet in this round 2 sl. in each foundation stitch, so that the round counts 8 stitches. Widen in the second round by working 2 stitches in each made stitch of the last round, so that this round counts 12 stitches. The following rounds are worked in the same manner; widen in each by adding a stitch in the same place—4 stitches in a round—till each gore-like section counts 37 stitches. Having completed two sides in this manner, sew them together on the under edges; and on the upper fasten to a clasp of requisite size, by means of single steel beads. The fringe on the under part is composed of loops of steel beads, interwoven together. The clasp from a worn-out purse may be used, and the purse worked to suit it.

Wall Cushion.

See Illustration on first page.

MATERIALS: Green zephyr wool, green and black filoselle, green or black oil-cloth, gray linen, curled hair.

This cushion is designed to hang on the wall over sofas or low-backed easy-chairs. The original is sexagonal, and is provided with a crochet cover of green zephyr wool. The edges are finished by a tied fringe and small tassels as shown in the illustration. Woolen cord serves for hanging up the cushion.

Begin the crochet cover in the centre by a foundation of 6 stitches; join these in a round, and crochet 8 rounds sc. (single crochet), working in the 1st round 2 stitches in each foundation stitch, and in the following rounds 2 stitches in every made stitch of the preceding round, by which means the corners are formed. In the 9th and 10th rounds work the figure-row which next follows, and which may be seen in the illustration.

9th round—* in the next stitch of the last round a figure as follows: 3 times alternating, the thread thrown around the needle and a loop taken in the stitch, always putting the needle through both upper veins; then work off together the loops and threads which are thus collected on the needle; after this crochet together the 2 stitches still remaining on the needle; 1 sc. in the upper vein of the following stitch of the last round. Repeat from *. On the corners, however, where 2 stitches are always worked in one of the preceding round, crochet a figure in the first of these 2 stitches, then 1 sc. in the upper vein of the 2d stitch, and a figure in both upper veins of this 2d stitch.

10th round—Like the 9th, but the figures must alternate with the figures of the 9th round.

Now follow 4 rounds sc., after which twice alternately 2 figure rounds and 4 rounds sc. All these rounds are widened in the manner already shown. This finishes the crochet work. This cover in the original is 11 inches in diameter, measuring from one corner to the opposite; it may of course be made larger if desired. The cover is next ornamented with button-hole stitch in green, and small figures in black filoselle, after which it is fastened on a cushion of suitable size, made of gray linen, finished by oil-cloth on the back, and filled with curled hair. The outer edge is ornamented, as shown in the illustration, with a tied fringe, and tassels of green wool and filoselle.

EASTER WEEK.

BY THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

SEE the land, her Easter keeping,
Rises as her Maker rose.
Seeds, so long in darkness sleeping,
Burst at last from winter snows.
Earth with heaven above rejoices;
Fields and gardens hail the spring;
Shaughs and woodlands ring with voices,
While the wild birds build and sing.

You, to whom your Maker granted
Powers to those sweet birds unknown,
Use the craft by God implanted;
Use the reason not your own.
Here, while heaven and earth rejoices,
Each his Easter tribute bring—
Work of fingers, chant of voices,
Like the birds who build and sing.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1868.

COLORED FASHION PLATE,

ACCOMPANYING THIS NUMBER FOR MAY 2, 1868.

We present our readers this week with a magnificent Colored Plate of the SPRING FASHIONS *for Walking, Evening, and Reception Toilettes, prepared expressly for* HARPER'S BAZAR *by the* MODE ILLUSTRÉE, *the great Fashion Journal of Paris, whose plates are renowned for being the largest and finest in the world.*

☞ *Single Subscribers to* HARPER'S BAZAR *will be supplied from Number One to the end of the year* 1868, *which will complete the first Volume, for the yearly price of Four Dollars.*

THE TEETH.

THE mouth, however distorted its form or preposterous its size, if it only shows a range of sound and clean teeth, can scarcely be deemed ugly. There is a wholesomeness of look in a row of pure white ivories set regularly in a rim of ruddy coral which reconciles the observer to an otherwise unprepossessing face.

A wholesome condition of the teeth is not only essential to good looks, but to daily comfort and permanent health. Chewing of the food, so necessary to a good digestion, can not be properly performed with weak and diseased masticators, which are in fact the frequent cause of dyspepsia and other affections of the stomach. Local diseases of the most tormenting kind, such as *tic douloureux* and the various painful face, head, and ear aches, and disorders of the eye, as well as the fatal cancer and tedious ulcers of the tongue and lips, are often due to no other cause than a decayed and ragged tooth.

Though the natural constitution of the body and the various accidental diseases to which it is liable may have something to do with the bad condition of the teeth, their ill looks and decay are generally owing to a neglect of cleanliness. The mischief is most frequently done at an early age. In childhood an indifference to personal appearance, with that disinclination to any effort which does not bring immediate pleasure, leads to a disregard of the teeth. This occurs just at the time when they require the most care. At about eleven years of age most of the permanent teeth have taken the place of those of infancy, which are called the *deciduous*, since they fall away or are absorbed to make room for others. At this period the child should be compelled to rub his teeth with a soft brush and rinse his mouth after each meal. These simple means are all that are necessary to purify and preserve them, provided the child makes no other use of his teeth than that for which nature intended them. The jaws were, of course, never designed for nut-crackers, and the attempt so to pervert their purpose must necessarily prove fatal to the teeth. Though no perceptible fracture may be the immediate result, the tooth undoubtedly receives from the shock of each crushed hickory a seriously damaging effect, either to the nerve, the socket, or the enameled surface which covers it. With due care of the teeth, begun in childhood and prolonged through life, any person may reasonably calculate upon a set, if not of handsome, of useful grinders, to the end of his threescore years and ten.

The decay of the teeth is generally owing to the action of the acids generated by the fermentation of the particles of food deposited between them and at their roots during eating. To prevent this the obvious way is to remove these deposits after each meal. The French practice of handing round the tooth-picks and mouth-rinsers at the close of every repast, is a good one for the teeth, though offensive to the fastidiousness of our American manners. All that we have to say is, that the sooner the particles of food are picked out and washed away the better.

People should be on their guard against the too busy fingers of the dentist, who ought not to be allowed to file and scrape the teeth merely for the purpose of giving them an artificial regularity and whiteness not bestowed by nature. When there is actual decay, then, and not till then, should he be permitted to make a free use of his instruments. The tartar which is apt to gather at the root of the teeth can be kept away by diligent cleaning, but if once allowed to accumulate and harden it will become necessary to remove it with a metallic scraper. As a general thing, a brush and water, if used sufficiently often, will be all that are required for cleaning the teeth. The only article that can be added with safety is a little good soap, like the English Windsor.

We are sorry to find that it is a common belief among dentists, that that vilest of nauseous habits, tobacco-chewing, is favorable to the preservation of the teeth. This has long been the apology of our Southern and Western dames for their foul but favorite practice of *dipping* or besmearing their gums and teeth with snuff. Whatever good tobacco may do directly to the teeth is more than counterbalanced by the indirect injury they receive from the bodily disorders produced by this injurious weed.

There can be no question that smoking is fatal, if not to the soundness of the teeth, to their good looks, as it stains them with an ashy fuliginous color.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to Miss Juno Hundredweight.

MY DEAR MISS JUNO,—I was a younger man than I am now, and it was a date quite before your recollection, when Grace Church was built at the head of Broadway. It is, as you must often have observed, of the Frippery Gothic style of architecture, and the wits of that time used to say, "Of course it is." The wit was perhaps not so evident to the excellent congregation that worshiped at the church, and when one of the graver ladies who were accustomed to go thither every Sunday asked what the expression meant, she was told that it meant merely that it was a fashionable church, and that possibly it was fashion as well as pure religion and undefiled that drew so many persons to that fane.

Indeed, my dear, the building of Grace Church was in the days of Martelle—not a bishop of that name but a barber—and the Tilburys and Stanhopes of that time, upon the occasion of the consecration of the church, or their own confirmation, had their hair elaborately coiffed by that master in the art, and as he could not do them all on Sunday morning he was obliged to dress some on Saturday evening; and those saints, with a spirit akin to that of Saint Catherine of Alexandria, bravely sat up all night that they might present themselves at the altar with their hair not disarranged. That was perfectly sweet and religious, was it not? For my part, dear Miss Juno, after I had been to the church several times, and studied it carefully inside and out, I did not wonder that that particular ecclesiastical style was called Frippery.

Yesterday, you remember, I had the pleasure of meeting you as I was promenading in the company of a friend of mine, a man about town, as he is called: which means, apparently, a man of leisure who is fond of society, and frequents clubs, and is familiar with gossip. My friend's name is Pry—of the famous Prys—a grandson of Paul, and named Peter Paul. Mr. Peter Paul Pry said to me, after we had saluted each other and he had politely raised his hat, "Who is that young woman?"

I replied "That is Miss Juno Hundredweight."

Then he said, "I have seen her often at church."

I expressed my surprise, perhaps rather too strongly and suddenly, for I said, "Do you go to church?"

Mr. Pry looked at me with some surprise, so that I felt quite rebuked for the doubt implied in my question, and then he replied, "Of course I go to church. I can there see every variety of the fashion at a glance. Why, my dear Mr. Bachelor, a morning in church is worth a week's promenading upon the Avenue. I assure you I can name the very week when the fashionable color changed from Bismarck brown to Metternich green. There's nothing like it, and I advise you to go to church at least once a month. I'll tell you where to look. I know where to find the first dawn of a new mode, as a man in the country knows where to look for the first yellow violets."

Now, my dear Miss Juno, he said nothing further of you, but I knew instantly that you are one of those who enable Mr. Peter Paul Pry to study the fluctuations of fashion, and that, therefore, you do not go to church for naught. For myself there was a time when I thought that the phrase, "a fashionable church," was as absurd as "a religious ballet." Pray, what has fashion to do with church? Is there a fashion in religion? Mr. Peter Paul Pry says yes. He insists that there is as much fashion in religion as in street dresses or dinner toilettes.

"Why," he said to me as we discussed this very subject yesterday, after we had enjoyed the honor of meeting you, "do you suppose that our friend Mrs. Tilbury left the denomination in which she was bred because of religious conviction? Pooh! she goes where it is the thing to go! Fashion! why, if you and I had been born Turks in Constantinople we should have been Mohammedans. We are born in America, and therefore we are Protestants. And I, for my part, go to the church that I frequent because it is the fashionable church. *Tra, la, la! Piff, paff, pouff! Tara, papa, poum! Je suis moi, le General Boum, Boum.*"

These sallies of Mr. Pry do not seem to me always in the best taste, and I am sure that they will not seem so to you; but I really think there is often a good deal of sense in them. He is, however, evidently mistaken when he speaks of a fashionable religion. Religion is not subject to fashion, and can not be any more than love or any other of the elemental emotions. There may be plenty of imitations, and affectations, and parodies, and burlesques of them; but the emotion itself is always as fresh and genuine as it is universal. Fashionable religion is merely a phrase to describe a form of faith at whose offices fashionable people prefer to be present. A fashionable church is an edifice consecrated to one of the noblest purposes, and prostituted to the meanest by Miss Juno Hundredweight and Company.

Yes, my dear Miss Juno, just that; very pitiful are you and your friends with your flaunting airs, and—excuse me—damnable graces in the House of God. There you sit green with envy if Mrs. Tilbury or Mrs. Stanhope has a more exquisite bonnet or a newer style of skirt-trimming. You can describe to me the bonnet of every woman whom you think fashionable enough to study. You calculate the cost of every collar, of every garment, of every fall of lace. Your own clothes and those of your neighbors—these are your Sunday contemplation. Oh, of course, you kneel at the proper times, and rise and respond, and hold your head toward the pulpit, and do any thing but stare about the church. And, of course, if some young man joins you as you come out and says that he wishes the Reverend Doctor had drawn it a little stronger, or that for his part he prefers his milk without water, you reprove him with your eyes, and say to him, gravely, that you do not wish to hear him make light of such subjects. And at the very same moment your train is—or was when it was just now the fashion—draggling behind you out of church, and your eyes are devouring a love of a bonnet which had escaped them within, and you are wondering why Mrs. Pound will wear an old-fashioned collar. Making light of such subjects, is it! What subjects? What are you there for? Do you know what the Doctor said? He said that it was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for you to enter the kingdom.

My dear Miss Juno, you do not believe it. If you heard the words they were merely the old commonplace of the Bible. It was proper for the Doctor to say it, and to add that riches have wings. But if he had said, Juno Hundredweight, you can not enter the kingdom of heaven with that bonnet; and Mrs. Tilbury, you can not enter it in that velvet jacket; and Mrs. Stanhope, you can not go in with that lace handkerchief, he would have spoken the simple truth, and all you bedizened women would have howled at what you would have called his blasphemy and horrible impiety and wicked personality.

And yet, what does the text mean? Do you suppose it means that Mr. Astor, and Mr. Stewart, and Mr. Vanderbilt can not go to heaven? Do you suppose it means that Stephen Girard is somewhere else? No, my dear Miss Juno, it means that when your mind and heart and soul are full of dress and fashion and balls and Mrs. Tilbury and Mrs. Grundy they have no room for the emotions and thoughts and inexpressible serene spiritual delights that are truly heavenly and heaven. And every Sunday you go to church, apparently supposing that the change of place from your own home to the church building, and the hearing certain things said and seeing certain other things done, and doing and saying certain things yourself, is religious worship. You poor little woman! do you remember that sentence, I am a Spirit, and they that worship me must worship in spirit and in truth? Not in Metternich green nor in Bismarck brown; not in a gold brooch nor a faint breath of a bonnet; not in gilt bands and artificial flowers and exquisite lace—but in spirit and in truth.

No. I protest that there is no more melancholy sight than the throng that enters a fashionable church on Sundays. And you need not reply that I have a prejudice against fashionable people, and that probably I do not suppose any body can be really virtuous except in a gingham gown and a wadded hood. Far from it, I assure you; I do not think virtue seriously depends upon clothes, although I grant that I do not think most people half starved and wrapped in rags are likely to be very virtuous. But this I do think: that the Tilbury set to which you belong is a serious impediment to the development of virtue in the city. There are very very many people in and out of town, like my young country friend Lucy Jessamine, who look to you, with others, as their models. And your conduct degrades and disgraces all noble things. Literally, your pride is in your shame. Tell me, Miss Juno, does a young woman learn modesty, simplicity, generosity, self-sacrifice, a true courtesy, from watching you and studying your career? Does a young man feel his respect for women heightened, and his boldness repressed, and his politeness refined by frequenting your society?

I stand sometimes by the church door, and I see you coming. Your dress is wonderful to behold, and I observe that you are fully conscious of it. All the women look, and turn to look again. If it is a short skirt, it is too short; if it is long it is too long, and sweeps all the filth of the street. You are a walking figure of the modiste's window. As you approach I think only of fast women, and as you pass into church all the men who are near wink when you have passed, smile, and say, "Isn't she a stunner?" Then I think of a young, lovely, modest woman—such as every man imagines when he dreams of another life than mine—the pride of a father, the delight of a mother: gentle and sweet, and neat and simple: not anxious for the admiration of a woman like Mrs. Tilbury, nor the nod of another like Mrs. Stanhope; whose mild and gracious manner is as different from that of the fast woman as a fawn is different from a hippopotamus; a woman whom every man instinctively honors, and who makes all women nobler in his eyes; and, oh my fair young lady, her name is not Juno Hundredweight. It is not you, Miss Juno, of whom Mr. Thackeray wrote those simple lines:

"The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming;
They've hushed the minster bell;
The organ 'gins to swell;
She's coming, she's coming!

"My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes—she's here, she's past—
May Heaven go with her!"

Dear Miss Juno, think of these things a little. Try and conceive what it is to have "modest eyes downcast," not outwardly only, but within. Yours, as you deserve,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

CARPETS.

APROPOS of the first of May moving we give our readers some information in regard to the styles of house-furnishing now most in vogue.

Carpets are now sold at more reasonable prices than at any time since the war. Small figures are preferred for the two-ply carpets used for chambers. Light grounds of unfading colors and even white, it is said, will not show soil and use like darker green and crimson surfaces. Scotch ingrains may be bought as low as $1 a yard, but the best quality is $1 45. Many persons prefer the better qualities of ingrain to the more expensive three-plys, as the third ply is apt to fray. Tapestry Brussels of gay medallions is sold at $1 50. The body Brussels is very much better at $2 and

$2 25 a yard. This is woven in the intricate Turkish and Persian patterns — geometrical figures that bewilder one in the attempt to trace them. Velvet carpets at $3 a yard are in rich warm colors and in double widths, the whole medallion perfect in one width for $6 a yard. Axminster and the French Moquette are the handsomest of all and very similar. The French, however, cleanse their wools more perfectly, and better understand blending of color. The Moquette has a deep thick pile, with designs like tapestry, China blue grounds, lavender, pink, and scarlet grounds, with white oval and octagonal figures covered with branches of blossoms and rustic devices; $6 50 a yard is the price.

Mottled grounds, in which one color prevails, are made with borders for halls and staircases.

A marvel in the way of tapestry carpets was purchased at the French Exposition by Mr. A. T. Stewart, for his new house in Fifth Avenue, at a cost of 27,000 francs. It is a large square, for a reception-room, and is of fine reps, like Empress cloth, but thicker and firmer. The border is of the purplish red amaranth color, with a vine of oak-leaves and acorns, with a coat of arms at one side. The centre represents a castle by the sea in Massilia. Flags are floating from the towers, and the statuary in the niches is plainly seen. There are pleasure-boats on the water, and a large vessel is coming into port. The sailors in the rigging are easily distinguished. In the back-grounds are mountains with forts on every peak. The blue sky of Greece blends with the water at the horizon, and finishes a lovely picture that it seems profane to tread upon.

FURNITURE.

There is a revival of the fashions of the last century in furniture as well as in matters of the toilette. Deep, spacious sofas with straight backs, large square framed chairs, and ottomans with arms replace the curved divans and round arm-chairs so long in use. The same uniformity of color that now pervades a lady's costume is also seen in a tastefully-furnished room. Walls, curtains, carpets, and furniture harmonize in shade.

The woods most in favor are walnut, rose-wood, and the curled maple. Mahogany is scarcely seen at all. Silver-wood is maple stained to represent a light silver-gray. Curled maple that very much resembles oak and chestnut are made into chamber suits with walnut ornaments. The American walnut is frequently decorated with panels of French walnut, which has a singular grain. Medallions of bronze and of painted porcelain are favorite ornaments. A great deal of gilding is used in Greek borders and other delicate tracery. Black walnut throws the gilt into better relief than rose-wood or maple. A purplish red wood called amaranth, the polished ebony and satin-wood, the tulip and holly, are selected for the beautiful mosaic inlaying that is now a feature in handsome pieces of furniture.

CHAMBER SUITS.

A mistaken impression exists that the leading houses do not manufacture any but high-priced furniture, and people who are compelled to economize attempt to do so by going to cheap establishments. At the most reliable houses there may be found at reasonable prices all the essential articles made in as good style and workmanship as are the most expensive designs. Of course they are less elaborate. There are chamber suits of solid black walnut sold at $150 of the same size and pattern as those worth $1000. At another house there can be bought for $290 a suit of American walnut with panels and medallions of French walnut, with handsome reps on the sofa and chairs, French plate mirrors, and pure Vermont marble, made in as good style as a suit worth $1800. Similar styles in rose-wood are $350.

The handsomest suit shown us is of silver-wood, or stained maple, ornamented with a line of ebony, on which is traced a Grecian border in gilt. The bed has a canopy lined with fluted blue satin, and a valance of the same in rich folds bordered with fringe. At the sides are tufted cushions. A bronze medallion in the centre of the high head-board represents a maiden bending over a lily stalk to drink moisture from the flower cup. In this set there is a table of inlaid woods, an escritoire, a long toilette-glass for a gentleman, ladies' dressing bureau, commode, and a chiffonier with shallow drawers for laces and handkerchiefs. The half dozen drawers of the chiffonier are fastened with a single lock. The sofas, lounges, and easy-chairs are covered with blue satin.

A plainer suit is of black walnut, inlaid with French and Turkish woods, and decorated with a vine of leaves of dead gold. The head-board of the bed is very high, the sides plain, and cushioned with crimson terry reps; the foot low, with rounded corners.

ENAMELED FURNITURE.

Among the inexpensive styles of furniture that come within the means of people in moderate circumstances, the enameled chamber suits are tasteful and substantial. Suits consisting of bed, bureau, wash-stand, table, and chairs, may be bought as low as $28, and as high as $225. Those at the lowest price are grained to represent oak, maple, and chestnut; the mirrors are small, and they are without marble tops. At a higher price some walnut is used in the decorations, and the most expensive are enameled as smooth and glossy as porcelain. There are white grounds, or light fawn color, French gray, China blue, and sometimes the deep Prussian blue. The decorations are bands of gilt, with medallions of flowers or a monogram. French plate mirrors are used with these, and large slabs of the colored Italian marble, or, if preferred, the pure white marble from Brandon, Vermont, called by dealers statuary marble.

It is objected to these painted suits that their light color is easily soiled and defaced, but it may be as readily cleansed with soap and water without injuring the polish. We have seen a suit repaired after being in use nineteen years, and made to look perfectly fresh and new. For country houses with painted walls this style of furniture is well adapted, as it may be made of precisely the same shade as the walls, with drapery and carpets, presenting a perfect harmony of color. A country house now being fitted up by a New York merchant has its white, blue, green, and buff rooms. The monogram of the lady is gilded on each piece of furniture. A pretty suit, intended as a birthday gift for a young lady, is of rose pink, with her monogram in gilt. The curtains are of pink silk, and the same color predominates in the carpet. Chairs with rounded backs, and seats made of fine cane, are bordered with facings of velvet or plush for chamber use. The facing is fastened on with gimp and large nail-heads of brass or of steel. Turkish lounges are of luxuriant, graceful patterns. A new and ingenious easy-chair may be opened out into a long couch. Work-tables have covers of inlaid woods or of colored marbles. Commodes and bureaus are topped with Italian marble of delicate colors. Ladies' escritoires of French walnut inlaid with amaranth have round doors that revolve like magic when the desk-lid is opened, disclosing pigeon-holes and drawers lined with satinwood. Secret drawers at the bottom of the desk are revealed when a hidden spring is touched.

DINING-ROOMS AND LIBRARIES.

Walnut supersedes oak for dining-rooms. High buffets of solid walnut are ornamented with bronze medallions of game, of fish, or of fruit. A large mirror is sometimes preferred at the back, as it displays silver to good advantage. A massive side-board of three different grains of walnut has a broad slab of marble from the Pyrenees. The sofas and arm-chairs are inlaid with Pyrenean marble on the back, and fitted up with striped tapestry.

Wooden mantles are being introduced for dining-rooms and libraries. They have a warmer appearance than marble, and seem more home-like. Drapery of tapestry like the curtains is arranged to fall from the mantle-shelf. A mantle of walnut made to match. The buffet just described has an antique bronze bas-relief over the fire-place. A clock of carved wood, as artistically executed as the Swiss carving is on the mantle-shelf. An immense mirror fills up the large frame.

For plainer rooms cane-seat and morocco chairs are made in the new styles. The pedestal of the extension-table is carved to match the chairs.

Brown and green are favorite colors for libraries, with decorations on the walnut wood of steel and bronze, but not gilt. Woolen reps, at $3 a yard, is used for upholstering of plain libraries, and the handsome terry reps, at $9 a yard, for those more elaborate. Mantles are made *en suite* with the book-cases. Low cabinet book-cases are preferred to those of inconvenient height with drawers beneath.

DRAWING-ROOMS.

Heavy woolen reps is made up for parlor furniture in the same graceful designs that are used for more expensive materials. Two sofas, large and spacious. An arm-chair for gentlemen, a crinoline-chair for ladies, and four smaller reception-chairs form a set that almost furnishes a small parlor. With walnut frames and upholstered with crimson or blue reps the eight pieces are sold for $175 or $200.

For handsomer rooms the fine terry reps and satins of brilliant sheen are preferred to satin damask. Marquis easy-chairs, ample and comfortable, are distributed about the room. Etageres are out of style. Low cabinets of inlaid woods replace them. In corners of rooms are three-sided cabinets, or pedestals for busts, instead of whatnots. Mantle-glasses reach to the ceiling, and are framed like the long, narrow pier glasses to match the furniture. Solid sheets of Belgian plate-glass fill the fire-place when grates are not used. Pedestals for ornaments and statuary are in the Egyptian coffin-shapes. Tables of inlaid wood in mosaics, and borders of bronze bas-reliefs, take the place of the marble tops. Instead of branching hat-trees there are large mirrors heavily framed with walnut, with silver and bronze pegs at the sides for hats. The base and umbrella racks are of colored marble. Hall chairs and short sofas are of cane with walnut frames, and occasionally of solid wood elaborately carved.

Where there are several drawing-rooms in a house reception-rooms and boudoirs are fitted up in the gay Pompadour styles, and are exact copies of pictures of French salons in the days of Louis Quinze. Satin thickly tufted is used for upholstery in rich colors, cerise, Pompadour-pink, China-blue, pea-green, and light-fawn color. Velvet borders of contrasting colors are used—for instance white and scarlet, or blue and gray. The solid wooden frames are heavily gilded, and decorated with medallions of Sèvres porcelain. This very properly belongs to the Pompadour sets, as that Marchioness is said to have founded at Sèvres the manufactory of this beautiful china.

The Aubusson and Neuilly tapestries are, however, in better keeping with the Pompadour styles than solid colored satins. The ground-work is of light tints, pearl, gray, and green, with medallion centres of brilliant coloring of French devices, a shepherd's crook and hat, amidst wreaths of flowers, rustic pipes, birds and fruit. One pattern is an Italian villa with figures on the balcony, and a gondola on the blue waters. This tapestry is made like the famous Gobelin tapestry, woven only for the nobility. It is a thick, fine reps, with the coloring partly woven in the warp, and the design perfected by needle-work. Coverings for reception-chairs come in square pieces, a different design for the seat and back, with pieces for the arms. One of the finest, valued at $300, is a farm-yard landscape with Reynard robbing the hen-roost. Lambrequins and ottoman covers come in separate pieces. Carpets of this tapestry are occasionally brought here at great expense. The Axminster and Moquette carpets are in precisely the same colors and designs at less expense.

Gilded woods, with inlayings of porcelain, are used for the frame-work of tapestry. Sèvres jardinières mounted with gilt, and porcelain table-tops on fine gilt bronze are appropriate in these boudoirs. There are pedestals of blue velvet with porcelain medallions, and fringed drapery, and costly tables of amaranth and satin-wood, an agricultural device in the centre made of woods in their natural color, as accurately represented as if painted in oils. A pair of arm-chairs of the real Gobelin tapestry are now exhibited by a leading house in New York. The frames are white wood elegantly carved and gilded. The tapestry is a light fawn ground, with figures on the seat and back wrought in high colors to represent astronomy and geography. They are valued at $1800.

Lack of space compels us to postpone all details respecting curtains, china, etc., until next week.

Thanks are due Messrs. W. & J. SLOANE; HASTINGS & NEWELL; A. T. STEWART & Co.; WARREN WARD & Co.; POTTIER & STYMUS; and IRA E. WALRAVEN.

PERSONAL.

MISS DIX is quite a belle in Parisian society. She recently occupied a place at Madame DE BORNEMANN'S table in the Princess METTERNICH'S charity fair, and, it is said, is shortly to be married.

—Undoubtedly the ablest of the President's counsel in the Impeachment case is Mr. WILLIAM M. EVARTS. His look, air, and manner are in the highest degree intellectual and legal. His dress is neat and faultless. His voice is round and sweet, with full tenor tones, which delight the ear. He talks as if he had known nothing but law since he left the cradle, and there is nothing but law in him. He is incapable of attractive flights of oratory, but is capable of presenting the strongest points of his side of any case in the fewest words possible. He was never known to display temper, or permit himself to be thrown off his balance by an opponent. Socially, he is one of the most genial and agreeable of men, and, at dinner, delightful.

—The Rev. Dr. CHAPIN is said to receive a salary of $12,000 per annum. Besides this, so great is the personal regard felt for him by the members of his congregation, that they recently made him a present of the house he lives in, valued at $38,000. They are quite aware of having a good Chap in their pulpit and don't mean to lose him for lack of good treatment.

—Young PHINEAS YOUNG, a son of old B. Y., recently died at Salt Lake. He is said to have been clever, and a painter of considerable promise. He was only twenty.

—Prince LEOPOLD, not being of the muscular sort, is being brought up by his queenly mother to play the *rôle* of "special friend and patron of social, artistic, and literary progress."

—Count BISMARCK, in addition to his duties as Prime Minister of Prussia, has assumed the vocation of a publisher, his first work being of a comic character. It was simply a port-folio, bound like a book, in which were deposited five thousand thalers. On meeting his Secretary next day the count asked him if he had perused the volume. "Yes, your highness; and I am so captivated by its contents that I am waiting the appearance of the *second* volume with feelings of the greatest interest." The Count winked a little wink, but said nothing. A few days afterward the Secretary received a second port-folio, bound and filled like the first, and on the title of which was the sentence: "This work is *complete* in two volumes."

—The *Bazar* of the 25th ult. alluded to the preaching of young Lord RADSTOCK, one of the "Plymouth Brethren," in the *salon* of Lady HARRIET COWPER, in Paris. Of Lady HARRIET we are told that she is "an elderly but very *distingué*-looking woman, with *beaux restes* of beauty, notwithstanding considerable *embonpoint*, who does the honors of her *salon* with unaffected grace. She is a pleasant, amiable person, and very charitable. For more about her antecedents, the curious may be referred to Dr. MADDEN'S life of her step-mother, the Countess of BLESSINGTON, an extremely entertaining work published by HARPER & BROTHERS.

—Another lady-preacher — Miss JOSEPHINE LAPHAM, of Woodstock, Ohio, has been licensed to preach by the Winchester Association of that State. She is a graduate of Antioch College, and was a classmate of the Rev. OLYMPIA BROWN.

—Mr. DICKENS, whose readings in this country will have closed prior to the date of this paper, has made a decided pecuniary success, though not of the huge kind that many have supposed. He never expects to come to this country again —never.

—Not long since the Hon. THADDEUS STEVENS, on his way to the Capitol, met a poor woman in great distress. She told him that she had nothing to buy food for her children. "What a lucky woman you are," said Mr. STEVENS; "I have just found what you have lost!" putting his hand into his pocket and giving her a five-dollar bill.

—President ANDREW D. WHITE, of the Cornell University, was rather rapid when a youngster. He was sent to Hobart College, Geneva, of which his father was a great patron; but he didn't like Hobart, so packed up his shirts and stockings and ran away to New Haven, whence he graduated in the regular way, and with distinction. He is now opposed to any sudden exodus from college.

—If ROSSINI had not been born in leap-year he would have had seventy-six birth-days. As it is he has had but nineteen.

—The Newspaper Press Fund people are to have a Duke (CAMBRIDGE) to preside at their annual dinner on the 6th of June, in London.

—Bishop QUINTARD, of Tennessee, has been lecturing on the subject of popular education, at Cambridge. He said that the question of education was now, of all questions, one of the most vital importance to the people and Church of England. Knowledge was power, but it must be sanctified knowledge if it was to give peace to the individual, to the nation, and to the Church. He agreed with educating the masses, but let the education be a Christian one. Secular education alone would be treason to God and ruin to the race. He condemned the secular education of the United States, which he said might and did do a good thing in training citizens for the business of life; but without a religious education a man could not be trained for the duties of life.

—Dr. CUMMING'S declaration that "Ritualism is the highway to Rome" is receiving confirmation. Two more clergymen of the Church of England have joined the Church of Rome, one of whom was a Scotch incumbent, and chaplin to the Bishop of Brechin.

—Mrs. BROWNE, the mother of "ARTEMUS WARD," is on a visit to the proprietor of the Biddeford (Maine) *Democrat*. Within a few years she has lost a husband and all of her children, and has now but very few relatives living, being nearly alone in the world, though by no means friendless. She never tires of talking of her "son;" and those who were intimate with him readily see, on acquaintance with his mother, that the great source of his wit and humor was a maternal one, and that the wit of poor "ARTEMUS" was mother-wit in a double sense.

—WHITTIER, the poet, has made an observation that will strike every magazinist and newspaper writer as being quite true, viz.: "It is a little remarkable that some of the best contributions to our periodical literature are made by writers who never had the good or ill fortune to publish a book, and whose names are not included in the guild of authorship."

—Those two strong-bodied ladies, Miss HARRIETT HOSMER, the artist, and Miss CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, are spoken of by a letter-writer as being often seen in public in Rome — the former driving a handsome span rapidly along the streets, or at other times on horseback, making her way (in which latter capacity she excels) to the meet of the fox-hounds on the Campagna. The pack this year is good, the sport fair, and the amusement very fashionable. Miss HOSMER is an expert rider, and both she and Miss CUSHMAN are often seen going at a furious pace over walls, fences, and ditches close upon the heels of the hounds. Each of these ladies has a strong and tireless energy, and a muscular physique which many a man may well envy. They are gifted with wonderful endurance, which the latter has the occasion often to display upon the stage, and with which many of your readers are familiar. Both are thoroughly American, yet of strong and impressive individuality, that brings them out in striking contrast to the rest of society in Rome.

—Mr. WINWOOD READE, an African traveler of some note, who spent part of last year in this city and Boston, has determined to resume his travels in Africa. He will commence by exploring the Assinie River, of which scarcely any thing is known. Mr. READE will travel under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, and with the liberal co-operation of Mr. SWANZY, a Fellow of the Society.

—General WILLIAM SCHOULER, one of the cleverest of New England journalists, has nearly completed his History of Massachusetts during the War. He was Adjutant-General of the State during that period.

—Mrs. BLOOMER, who was the first in this country to don the peculiar drapery that has since gone by her name, is now endeavoring to improve the manners and purify the minds of the polygamists who style themselves "Latter Day Saints," by lecturing to them. Which they need.

—Mr. JOHN B. GOUGH has become celebrated as a rooster and hen man. At a late exhibition of crowers and cacklers at Worcester, Massachusetts, the man showed 110 lots of rare fowls.

—Madame GRISI, or more correctly Mrs. MARIO, has three daughters who promise to equal their mother in voice and in person. They sing in *salons*, and will probably soon come before the foot-lights.

—A curious character has just deceased in Wales. His name was MORGAN OWEN; and, although he was eighty years old, he had never been more than four miles from home, had never written a letter in his life, neither had he ever received one. Yet he was a poet of considerable local celebrity.

—There are to be more paragraphs about Mrs. LINCOLN. Her former *modiste*, Mrs. ELIZABETH KECKLERS (colored), is about to publish a book called "Behind the Scenes," in which she gives a history of Mrs. L.'s attempt to dispose of her wardrobe, which places the matter in a new light. At one time she was employed by Mrs. JEFFERSON DAVIS. But why write a book about any one's clothes?

—The Bishop of WINCHESTER is very ill. In case of his death it is supposed that the Bishop of OXFORD will be his successor, as the QUEEN is desirous that Bishop WILBERFORCE should have the prelacy of the Order of the Garter, which pertains to the See of Winchester. The See is worth about $40,000 per annum.

—A "female LEOTARD" is the latest addition to the sights of London. "Symmetrical in figure and muscular in development," writes a daily paper, rapturously describing the exhibition, "this accomplished mistress of the acrobatic art swings from bar to bar across the arena....It may be necessary to assure a public invited to witness this new development of female industry, that it is commendably free from any thing suggestive of the disagreeable or the indecorous." The new development of female industry has been already patronized by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. It is a pity that the trapeze requires exceptional qualifications in a lady: it must be more profitable and generally less humiliating than acting as governess.

—The dress which Mrs. ADAMS wore at the QUEEN'S last Court, and which is said to have excited general admiration, is thus described by an impartial historian: "Dress of mauve poult de soi, trimmed with plisses à la LOUIS XV. in mauve and white; with tunique of white dentelle de laine, looped with mauve lilies; train from the shoulders of white satin, trimmed with tulle and bouquets of mauve lilies. Head-dress of lilies, feathers, and long tulle veil: ornaments, diamonds and pearls.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 5.

Fig. 8.

Fig. 9.

SPRING BONNETS.—[See Page 426.]

VISITING AND DINNER TOILETTES.—[See Page 426.]

LADY DENZIL.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

THUS the world went softly on, till the roses of June had come instead of the spring crocuses. Every thing went on softly at the Green. True, there was a tragedy now and then, even among us, like that sad affair of Everard Stoke; and sometimes a very troublesome complication, going near to break some hearts, like that of Nelly Fortis—but for the most part we were quiet enough. And that was a very quiet time. Little Mary had grown the pet of the Green before June. The little Damerels, who were nice children enough, were not to be compared with her; and then there were so many of them, whereas Mary was all alone like a little star. We all petted her—but she was one of the children whom it is impossible to spoil. She was never pert or disagreeable, like little Agatha Damerel. She had her little childish fits of temper by times, but was always sorry and always sweet, with her soft appealing eyes—a little woman, but never knowing or forward, like so many children nowadays. She was still but a baby, poor darling, not more than seven years old, when that dreadful scene broke in upon our quietness which I have now to tell.

It was June, and there was a large party on the lawn before the Lodge. As long as the season lasted, while there were quantities of people in town, Lady Denzil often had these parties. We were all there of course; every body on the Green whom she visited (and I used to be very sorry for Mrs. Wood and her daughters when one of them was going to take place). We were in the habit of meeting continually in the same way, to see the young people play croquet and amuse themselves; and there was perhaps a little monotony in it. But Lady Denzil always took care to have some variety. There would be a fine lady or two from town, bringing with her a whiff of all the grandeurs and gayeties we had no particular share in, and setting an example to the girls in their dress and accessories. I never was extravagant in my dress, nor encouraged such a thing—indeed no *lady* ever does—but a real fashionable perfect toilette is generally so complete, and charming, and harmonious, that it is good for one to see it now and then, especially for girls, though of course ignorant persons and men don't understand why. And then there were a few gentlemen—with all the gossip of the clubs, and town talk, which made a very pleasant change to us. It was an unusually brilliant party that day. There was the young Countess of Berkhampstead, who was a great beauty and had married so strangely; people said the Earl was not very right in his head, and told the oddest stories about him. Poor thing, I fear she could not help herself—but she was the loveliest creature imaginable, and very nice then, though she went wrong afterward. She sat by Lady Denzil's side on the sofa, which was placed just before the great bank of roses. It was pretty to see them together: the lovely young lady, with her fits of gayety and pretty languid stillnesses, letting us all admire her as if she felt what a pleasure it was to us; and the lovely old lady, so serene, so fair, so kind. I don't know, for my part, which was the more beautiful. There were other fine ladies besides Lady Berkhampstead, and as I have just said, it was a very brilliant party. There never was a more glorious day: the sky was a delight to look at, and the rich, full foliage of the trees clustered out against the blue, as if they leaned caressing upon the soft air around them. The breath of the roses went every where, and behind Lady Denzil's sofa they threw themselves up into space—great globes of burning crimson, and delicate blush, and creamy white. They were very rich in roses at the Lodge—I remember one wall quite covered with the *Gloire de Dijon*—but that is a digression. It was a broad lawn, and left room for several sets of croquet-players, besides all the other people. The house was on a higher level at one side, the grounds and woods behind, and in front over the ha-ha we had a pretty glimpse of the Green, where cricket was being played, and the distant houses on the other side. It was like fairy-land, with just a peep of the outer world, by which we kept hold upon the fact that we were human, and must trudge away presently to our little houses. On the grass before Lady Denzil little Mary was sitting, a little white figure, with a brilliant picture-book which somebody had brought her. She was seated sideways, half facing to Lady Denzil, half to the house, and giving every body from time to time a look from her tender eyes. Her white frock, which blazed in the sunshine, was the highest light in the picture, as a painter would have said, and gave it a kind of centre. I was not playing croquet, and there came a moment when I was doing nothing particular, and therefore had time to remark upon the scene around me. As I raised my eyes, my attention was all at once attracted by a strange figure, quite alien to the group below, which stood on the approach to the house. The house, as I have said, was on a higher level, and consequently the road which approached it was higher too on the summit of the bank which sloped down toward the lawn. A woman stood above gazing at us. At first it seemed to me that she was one of the servants: she had a cotton gown on, and a straw bonnet, and a little black silk cloak. I could not say that she was shabby or wretched-looking, but her appearance was a strange contrast to the pretty crowd on the lawn. She seemed to have been arrested on her way to the door by the sound of voices, and stood there looking down upon us—a strange, tall, threatening figure, which awoke, I could not tell how, a certain terror in my mind. By degrees it seemed to me that her gaze fixed upon little Mary—and I felt more frightened still; though what could any one have done to the child with so many anxious protectors looking on? However, people were intent upon their games, or their talks, or their companions, and nobody saw her but myself. At last I got so alarmed that I left my seat to tell Sir Thomas of her. I had just made one step toward him, when all at once, with a strange cry, the woman darted down the bank. It was at little Mary she flew: she rushed down upon her like a tempest, and seized the child, crushing up her pretty white frock, and her dear little figure violently in her arms. I cried out too in my fright—for I thought she was mad—and various people sprang from their chairs, one of the last to be roused being Lady Denzil, who was talking very earnestly to Lady Berkhampstead. The woman gave a great, loud, passionate outcry as she seized upon little Mary. And the child cried out too, one single word which in a moment transfixed me where I stood, and caught Lady Denzil's ear like the sound of a trumpet. It was a cry almost like a moan, full of terror and dismay and repugnance; and yet it was one of the sweetest words that ever falls on human ears. The sound stopped every thing, even the croquet, and called Sir Thomas forward from the other end of the lawn. The one word that Mary uttered, that filled us all with such horror and consternation, was "Mamma!"

"SHE TURNED UPON LADY DENZIL, CRUSHING LITTLE MARY STILL CLOSER IN ONE ARM."

"Yes, my darling," cried the woman, holding her close, crumpling, even crushing her up in her arms. "They took you from me when I wasn't myself! Did *I* know where they were going to bring you? Here! Oh yes, I see it all now. Don't touch my child—don't interfere with my child!—she sha'n't stay here another day. Her father would curse her if he knew she was here."

"Oh, please set me down," said little Mary. "Oh, mamma, please don't hurt me. Oh, my lady!" cried the poor child, appealing to her protectress. Lady Denzil got up tottering as she heard this cry. She came forward with every particle of color gone from her face. She was so agitated her lips could scarcely form the words. But she had the courage to lay her hand upon the woman's arm.

"Set her down," she said. "If you have any claim—set her down—it shall be seen into. Sir Thomas—"

The stranger turned upon her. She was a woman about five-and-thirty, strong and bold and vigorous. I don't deny she was a handsome woman. She had big blazing black eyes, and a complexion perhaps a little heightened by her walk in the heat. She turned upon Lady Denzil, shaking off her hand, crushing little Mary still closer in one arm, and raising the other with a wild theatrical gesture.

"You!" she cried; "if I were to tell her father she was with you he would curse her. How dare you look me in the face—a woman that's come after her child! You that gave up your own flesh and blood. Ay! You may stare at her, all you fine folks. There's the woman that sold her son to marry her master. She's got her grandeur, and all she bid for; and she left her boy to be brought up in the streets, and go for a common soldier. And she's never set eyes on him, never since he was two years old; and now she's come and stole my little Mary from me!"

Before this speech was half spoken every soul in the place had crowded round to hear. No one thought how rude it was. Utter consternation was in every body's look. As for Lady Denzil she stood like a statue, as white as marble, in the same spot, hearing it all. She did not move. She was like an image set down there, capable of no individual action. She stood and gazed, and heard it all, and saw us all listening. I can not tell what dreadful pangs were rending her heart; but she stood like a dead woman in the sunshine, neither contradicting her accuser nor making even one gesture in her own defense.

Then Sir Thomas, on whom there had surely been some spell, came forward, dividing the crowd, and took the stranger by the arm. "Set down the child," he said, in a shaking voice. "Set her down. How dare *you* speak of a mother's rights? Did you ever do any thing for her? Set down the child, woman. You have no business here."

"I never forsook my own flesh and blood," cried the enraged creature, letting poor little Mary almost fall down out of her arms, but keeping fast hold of her. "I've a better right here than any of these strangers. I'm her son's wife. She's little Mary's grandmother, though she'll deny it. She's that kind of woman that would deny it to her last breath. I know she would. She's the child's grandmother. She's my mother-in-law. She's never seen her son since he was two years old. If he hears the very name of mother he curses and swears. Let me alone, I have come for my child! And I've come to give that woman her due!"

"Go!" cried Sir Thomas. His voice was awful. He would not touch her, for he was a gentleman; but the sound of his voice made my very knees bend and tremble. "Go!" he said; "not a word more." He was so overcome at last that he put his hand on her shoulder and pushed her away, and wildly beckoned to the servants, who were standing listening too. The woman grasped little Mary by her dress. She crushed up the child's pretty white cape in her hot hand and dragged her along with her. But she obeyed. She dared not resist his voice; and she had done all the harm it was possible to do.

"I'll go," she said. "None of you had better touch me. I'm twice as strong as you, though you're a man. But I'll go. She knows what I think of her now; and you all know what she is," she cried, raising her voice. "To marry that old man, she deserted her child at two years old, and never set eyes on him more. That's Lady Denzil. Now you all know, ladies and gentlemen; and I'll go."

All this time Lady Denzil never stirred; but when the woman moved away, dragging little Mary with her, all at once my lady stretched out her hands and gave a wild cry. "The child!" she cried; "the child!" And then the little thing turned to her with that strange sympathy we had all noticed. I don't know how she twitched herself out of her mother's excited, passionate grasp, but she rushed back and threw herself at Lady Denzil's feet, and clutched hold of her dress. My lady, who had not moved nor spoken, except those two words—who was old and capable of no such exertion, stooped over her and lifted her up. I never saw such a sight. She was as pale as if she had been dead. She had received such a shock as might well have killed her. Notwithstanding, this is what she did. She lifted up the child in her arms, broke away from us who were surrounding, mounted the steep bank like a girl, with her treasure clasped close to her bosom, and before any one knew, before there was time to speak, or even almost think, had disappeared with her into the house. The woman would have rushed at her, sprung upon her, if she had not been held fast. It may easily be imagined what a scene it was when the mistress of the feast disappeared, and a family secret so extraordinary was thus tossed to public discussion. The house door rang after Lady Denzil, as she rushed in, with a sound like a cannon-shot. The stranger stood struggling in the midst of a group of men, visitors and servants, some of whom were trying to persuade, some to force her away. Sir Thomas stood by himself, with his old pale hands piteously clasped together and his head bent. He was overwhelmed by shame and trouble, and the shock of this frightful scene. He did not seem able for the first moment to face any one, to lift his eyes to the disturbed and fluttering crowd who were so strangely in the way. And we all stood about thunderstruck, staring in each other's faces, not knowing what to do or to say. Lady Berkhampstead, with the instinct of a great lady, was the first to recover herself. She turned to me, I scarcely know why, nor could she have told why. "I know my carriage is waiting," she said, "and I could not think of disturbing dear Lady Denzil to say good-by. Will you tell her how sorry I am to go away without seeing her?" They all came crowding round me with almost the same words, as soon as she had set the example. And presently Sir Thomas roused up, as it were, from his stupor. And for the next few minutes there was nothing but shaking of hands, and the rolling up of carriages, and an attempt on the part of every body to smile and look as if nothing had happened. "So long as it does not make dear Lady Denzil ill," one of the ladies said. "It is so disagreeable to be so close upon the road. It might have happened to any of us," said another. "Of course the creature is mad; she should be shut up somewhere." They said such words with the natural impulse of saying any thing to break the terrible impression of the scene; but they were all almost as much shocked and shaken as the principals in it. I never saw such a collection of pale faces as those that went from the Lodge that afternoon. I was left last of all. Somehow the woman who had made so dreadful a disturbance had disappeared without any body knowing where. Sir Thomas and I were left alone on the lawn, which ten minutes ago—I don't think it was longer—had been so gay and so crowded. So far as I was myself concerned, that was the most trying moment of all. Every body had spoken to me as if I belonged to the house, but in reality I did not belong to the house; and I felt like a spy as I stood with Sir Thomas all alone. And what was worse, he felt it too, and looked at me with the forced, painful smile he had put on for the others, as if he felt I was just like them, and it was also needful for me.

"I beg your pardon for staying," I said; "don't you think I could be of any use? Lady Denzil perhaps—"

Sir Thomas took my hand and shook it in an imperative way. "No, no," he said, with his set smile. He even turned me toward the gate and touched my shoulder with his agitated hand—half (no doubt) because he knew I meant kindly—but half to send me away.

"She might like me to do something," I said, piteously.—But all that Sir Thomas did was to wring my hand and pat my shoulder, and say, "No, no." I was obliged to follow the rest with an aching heart. As I went out one of the servants came after me. It was a man who had been long in the family, and knew a great deal about the Denzils. He came to tell me he was very much frightened about the woman, who had disappeared nobody could tell how. "I'm afraid she's hiding about somewhere," he said, "to come again." And then he glanced round to see that nobody was by, and looked into my face. "All that about my lady is true," he said—"true as gospel. I've knowed it this forty years."

"They've been very kind to you, Wellman," I said, indignantly—"for shame! to think you should turn upon your good mistress now."

"Turn upon her!" said Wellman; "not if I was to be torn in bits; but being such a friend of the family, I thought it might be a satisfaction to you, ma'am, to know as it was true."

If any thing could have made my heart more heavy, I think it would have been that. He thought it would be a satisfaction to me to know. And after the first moment of pity was past, were there not some people to whom it would be a satisfaction to know? who would tell it all over and gloat upon it, and say to each other that pride went before a fall? My heart was almost bursting as I crossed the Green in the blazing afternoon sunshine, and saw the cricketers still playing as if nothing had happened. Ah me! was this what brought such sad indulgent experience to Lady Denzil's eyes—was this what made her know by instinct when any thing was wrong in a house? I could not think at first what a terrible accusation it was that had been brought against her. I thought only of her look, of her desperate snatch at the child, of her rush up the steep bank with little Mary in her arms. She could scarcely have lifted the child under ordinary circumstances—what wild despair, what longing must have stimulated her to such an effort! I put down my veil to cover my tears. Dear Lady Denzil! how sweet she was, how tender, how considerate of every body. Blame never crossed her lips. I can not describe the poignant aching sense of her suffering that grew upon me till I reached my own house. When I was there, out of sight of every body, I sat down and cried bitterly. And then gradually, by degrees, it broke upon me what it was that had happened—what the misery was, and the shame.

She must have done it forty years ago, as Wellman said, when she was quite young, and no doubt ignorant of the awful thing she was doing. She had done it, and she had held by it ever

since—had given her child up at two years old, and had never seen him again. Good Lord! could any woman do that and live? Her child, two years old. My mind seemed to grow bewildered going over and over that fact—evidently it was a fact. Her child—her own son.

And for forty years! To keep it all up and stand by it, and never to flinch or falter. If it is difficult to keep to a good purpose for so long, what can it be to keep by an evil one? How could she do it? Then a hundred little words she had said came rushing into my mind. And that look—the look she cast after the deserter on the road? I understood it all now. Her heart had been longing for him all the time. She had loved her child more than other mothers love, every day of all that time.

Poor Lady Denzil! dear Lady Denzil! this was the end of all my reasonings on the matter. I went over it again and again, but I never came to any ending but this:—The thing was dreadful; but she was not dreadful. There was no change in her. I did not realize any guilt on her part. My heart only bled for the long anguish she had suffered, and for the shock she was suffering from now.

But before evening on this very same day my house was filled with people discussing the whole story. No one had heard any more than I had heard; but by this time a thousand versions of the story were afloat. Some people said she had gone astray when she was young, and had been cast off by her family, and that Sir Thomas had rescued her; and there were whispers that such stories were not so rare, if we knew all: a vile echo that always breathes after a real tragedy. And some said she was of no family, but had been the former Lady Denzil's maid; some thought it was Sir Thomas's own son that had been thus cast away; some said he had been left on the streets and no provision made for him. My neighbors went into a hundred details. Old Mr. Clifford thought it was a bad story indeed; and the Rector shook his head, and said, that for a person in Lady Denzil's position, such a scandal was dreadful; it was such an example to the lower classes. Mrs. Damerel was still more depressed. She said she would not be surprised at any thing Molly Jackson could do after this. As for Mrs. Wood, who came late in the evening, all agape, to inquire into the news, with something like a malicious satisfaction in her face, I lost all patience when she appeared. I had compelled myself to bear what the others said, but I would not put up with her.

"Lady Denzil is my dear friend," I broke out, not without tears; "a great trouble has come upon her. A madwoman has been brought against her with an incredible story; and when a story is incredible people always believe it. If you want to hear any more, go to other people who were present. I can't tell you any thing; and if I must say so, I won't."

"Good gracious, Mrs. Mulgrave, don't go out of your senses!" said my visitor. "If Lady Denzil has done something dreadful, that does not affect you?"

"But it does affect me," I said, "infinitely; it clouds over heaven and earth; it changes—Never mind; I can not tell you any thing about it. If you are anxious to hear, you must go to some one else than me."

"Well, I am very glad I was not there," said Mrs. Wood, "with my innocent girls. I am very glad now I never made any attempt to make friends with her, though you know how often you urged me to do it. I am quite happy to think I did not yield to you now."

I had no spirit to contradict this monstrous piece of pretense. I was glad to get rid of her any how; for though I might feel myself for an instant supported by my indignation, the blow had gone to my heart, and I had no strength to struggle against it. The thought of all that Lady Denzil might be suffering confused me with a dull sense of pain. And yet things were not then at their worst with my lady. Next morning it was found that little Mary had been stolen away.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT was a dreadful morning on the Green. After the lovely weather we had been having, all the winds and all the fiends seemed to have been unchained. It blew a hurricane during the night, and next day the Green was covered with great branches of trees which had been torn off and scattered about like wreck on a sea-shore. After this came rain. It poured as if the windows of heaven were open, when Sir Thomas himself stepped in upon me like a ghost as I sat at my solitary breakfast. Those twenty-four hours had passed over him like so many years. He was haggard and ashy pale and feeble. His very mind seemed to be confused. "We have lost the child," he said to me, with a voice from which all modulation and softness had gone. "Will you come and see my wife?"

"Lost! Little Mary?" I cried.

And then all his courage gave way. He sat down speechless, with his lips quivering, and bitter tears in his worn old eyes. Then he got up restless and shaking. "Come to my wife," he said. There was not another word exchanged between us. I put on my cloak with the hood over my head, and went with him on the moment. As we crossed the Green a sort of procession arrived—two or three great vans packed with people, with music and flags, which proceeded to discharge their contents at the "Barley-Mow" under the soaking rain. They had come for a day's pleasure, poor creatures, and this was the sort of day they got. The sight of them is so associated in my mind with that miserable moment that I don't think I could forget it were I to live a hundred years. It seemed to join on somehow to the tragical breaking-up of the party on the day before. This was nothing but the external elements; but it chimed in with its little sermon on the vanity of all things. My lady was in her own room when I entered the Lodge. The shock had struck her down, as I found, but she was not calm enough or weak enough to go to bed. She lay on a sofa in her dressing-gown; she was utterly pale, not a touch of her sweet color left, and her hands shook as she held them out to me. She held them out, and looked up in my face with appealing eyes, which put me in mind of little Mary's. And then, when I stooped down over her in the impulse of the moment to kiss her, she pressed my hands so in hers, that frail and thin as her fingers were, I almost cried out with pain. Mrs. Florentine, her old maid, stood close by the head of her mistress's sofa. She stood looking on very grave and steady, without any surprise, as if she knew it all.

For a few minutes Lady Denzil could not speak. And when she did, her words came out with a burst, all at once. "Did he tell you?" she said. "I thought you would help me. You have nobody to keep you back; neither husband nor— I said I was sure of you."

"Dear Lady Denzil," I said, "if I can do any thing, to the utmost of my strength—"

She held my hand fast, and looked at me as if she would look me through and through. "That was what I said—that was what I said!" she cried. "You *can* do what your heart says; you can bring her back to me; my child, my little child! I never had but a little child—never that I knew!"

"I will do whatever you tell me," I said, trying to soothe her; "but oh! don't wear yourself out. You will be ill if you give way."

I said this, I suppose, because every body says it when any one is in trouble. I don't know any better reason. "That's what I'm always telling my lady, ma'am," said Mrs. Florentine; "but she pays no heed to me."

Lady Denzil gave us both a faint little smile. She knew too much not to know how entirely a matter of conventional routine it was that we should say this to her. She made a pause, and then she took my hand once more.

"I ought to tell you," she said, "it is all true—every word. Florentine knows every thing, from the first to the last. I was a poor soldier's widow, and I was destitute. I was too young to know what I was doing, and I was pretty, they said, and there were men that would have taken advantage of my simplicity. But Sir Thomas was never like that. I married him to buy a livelihood for my child; and then he was very good to me. When he married me I was a forlorn young creature, with nothing to give my helpless baby. I gave up my child, Florentine knows; and yet every day, every year of his life, I've followed him in my heart. If he had been living in my sight I could not have known more of him. What I say is every word true, Florentine will tell you. I want you," grasping my hand tightly, "to tell every thing to *him*."

"To him!" said I, with a gasp of astonishment, not knowing what she meant.

"Yes," said Lady Denzil, holding my hand fast, "to my boy—I want you to see my boy. Tell him there has never been a day I have not followed him in my heart. All his willfulness I have felt was my fault. I have prayed God on my knees to lay the blame on me. That day when I saw the deserter—I want you to tell him every thing. I want you to ask him to give me back the child."

I gave a cry of astonishment; an exclamation which I could not resist. "Can you expect it?" I said.

"Ah yes, I expect it," said Lady Denzil; "not that I have any right—I expect it from his heart. Florentine will tell you every thing. It is she who has watched over him. We never talked of any thing else, she and I; never a day all these forty years but I have figured to myself what my darling was doing; I say my darling," she cried as with a sharp pang, with a sudden gush of tears; "and he is a man and a soldier, and in prison. Think of that, and think of all I have had to bear!"

I could not make any answer. I could only press her hand with a dumb sympathy. As for Mrs. Florentine, she stood with her eyes cast down, and smoothed the chintz cover with her hand, taking no part in look or word. The story was no surprise to her. She knew every thing about it; she was a chief actor in it; she had no need to show any sympathy. The union between her mistress and herself was deeper than that.

"When he married this woman I was ready to believe it would be for his good," said my lady, when she had recovered herself. "I thought it was somehow giving him back what I had taken from him. I sent her presents secretly. He has been very, very willful; and Sir Thomas was so good to him! He took his mother from him; but he gave him money, education, every thing a young man wants. There are many young men," said Lady Denzil, pathetically, "who think but little of their mothers"—and then she made a pause. "There was young Clifford, for example," she added, "and the Rector's brother who ran away—their mothers broke their hearts, but the boys did not care much. I have suffered in every thing he suffered by; but yet if he had been here, perhaps he would not have cared for me."

"That is not possible," I said, not seeing what she meant.

"Oh, it is possible, very possible," she said. "I have seen it times without number. I have tried to take a little comfort from it. If it had been a girl, I would never, never have given her up; but a boy. That was what I thought. I don't defend myself. Let him be the judge—I want him to be the judge. That woman is a wicked woman; she has disgraced him and left him; she will bring my child up to ruin. Ask him to give me back my poor little child."

"I will do what I can," I said, faltering. I was pledged; yet how was I to do it? My courage failed me, as I sat by her dismayed and received my commission. When she heard the tremulous sound of my voice she turned round to me and held my hand close in hers once more.

"You can do every thing," she said. Her voice had suddenly grown hoarse. She was at such a supreme height of emotion that the sight of her frightened me. I kissed her; I soothed her; I promised to do whatever she would. And then she became impatient that I should set out. She was not aware of the rain or the storm. She was too much absorbed in herself even to hear the furious wail of the wind and the blast of rain against the windows. I believe she would have done as much for me. Before Florentine followed me with my cloak I had made up my mind not to lose any more time. It was from her I got all the details: the poor fellow's name, and where he was, and all about him. He had been very wild, Florentine said. Sir Thomas had done every thing for him; but he had not been grateful, and he had been very wild. His wife was an abandoned woman, wicked and shameless; and he too had taken to evil courses. He had strained Sir Thomas's patience to the utmost time after time. And then he had enlisted. His regiment was in the Tower, and he was under confinement there for insubordination. Such was the brief story. "Many a time I've thought, ma'am," said Mrs. Florentine, "if my lady did but know him as she was abreaking of her heart for! If he'd been at home he'd have killed her. But all she knows is that he's her child—to love, and nothing more."

"The Tower is a long way from our railway," I said; "but it does not much matter in a cab."

"Law, ma'am, you're never agoing to-day?" said Florentine. But I had no intention of arguing the question with her. I went into the library to Sir Thomas to bid him good-by. And he too was amazed when I told him. He took my hand as his wife had done, and shook it, and looked pitifully into my face. "It is I who ought to go," he said. But he knew as well as I did that it was impossible for him to go. He ordered the carriage to come round for me, and brought me wine—some wonderful old wine he had in his cellar, which I knew no difference in from the commonest sherry. But it pleased him, I suppose, to think he had given me his best. And before I went away he gave me much more information about the unfortunate man I was going to see. "He is not bad at heart," said Sir Thomas; "I don't think he is bad at heart; but his wife is a wicked woman." And when I was going away he stooped his gray aged countenance over me, and kissed me solemnly on the forehead. When I found myself driving along the wet roads, with the rain sweeping so in the horses' faces that it was all the half-blinded coachman could do to keep them going against the wind, I was so bewildered by my own position that I felt stupid for the moment. I was going to the Tower to see Sergeant Gray, in confinement for disrespect to his superior officer—going to persuade him to exert himself to take his child from his wife's custody, and give her to his mother, whom he did not know. I had not even heard how it was that little Mary had been stolen away. I had taken that for granted, in face of the immediate call upon me. I had indeed been swept up, as it were, by the strong wind of emotion, and carried away, and thrust forward into a position I could not understand. Then I recognized the truth of Lady Denzil's words. I had nobody to restrain me: no husband at home to find fault with any thing I might do; nobody to wonder, or fret, or be annoyed by the burden I had taken upon me. The recollection made my heart swell a little—not with pleasure. And yet it was very true. Poor Mr. Mulgrave, had he been living, was a man who would have been sure to find fault. It is dreary to think of one's self as of so little importance to any one; but perhaps one ought to think more than one does, that if the position is a dreary one, it has its benefits too. One is free to do what one pleases—I could answer to myself; I had no one else to answer to. At such a moment there was an advantage in that.

At the station I met the Rector, who was going to town by the same train. "Bless my soul, Mrs. Mulgrave," he said, "what a dreadful day you have chosen for traveling! I thought there was no one afloat on the world but me."

"There was no choice, Mr. Damerel," I said. "I am going about business which can not be put off."

He was very kind: he got my ticket for me, and put me into a carriage, and did not insist that I should talk to him on the way up. He talked enough himself, it is true, but he was satisfied when I said yes and no. Just before we got to town, however, he returned to my errand. "If your business is any thing I can do for you," he said; "if there is any thing that a man could look after better than a lady, you know how glad I should be to be of any use."

"Thank you," I said. My feelings were not mirthful, but yet I could have burst out laughing. I wonder if there is really any business that a man can do better than a lady, when it happens to be *her* business and not his? I have never got much help in that way from the men that have belonged to me. And to think of putting my delicate, desperate business in Mr. Damerel's soft, clerical hands, that had no bone in them! He got me a cab, which was something—though to be sure a porter would have done it quite as well—and opened his eyes to their utmost width when he heard me tell the coachman to go to the Tower.

What a drive it was! our thirty miles of railway was nothing to it; through all those damp, dreary, glistening, London streets—streets narrow and drearily vicious—streets still more drearily respectable; desert lines of warehouses and offices—crowded thoroughfares with dreary vehicles in a lock, and dreary people crowding about surmounted with umbrellas—miles upon miles, streets upon streets, from Paddington to the Tower. I think it was the first drive of the kind I ever took, and if you can suppose me wrapped up in my water-proof cloak, a little excited about the unknown man I was going to see; trying to form my sentences, what I was to say; pondering how I should bring in my arguments best; wondering where I should have to go to find the mother and the child. Poor little Mary! after the little gleam of love and of luxury that had opened upon her, to be snatched off into the dreary world of poverty, with a violent mother whom it was evident she feared! And poor mother too! She might be violent and yet might love her child; she might be wicked and yet might love her child. To go and snatch the little creature back, at all hazards, was an act which to the popular mind would always look like a much higher strain of virtue than dear Lady Denzil's abandonment. I could not defend Lady Denzil, even to myself; and what could I say for her to her son, who knew her not?

At least an hour was lost before I got admittance to Sergeant Gray. As it happened, by a fortunate chance, Robert Seymour was colonel of the regiment, and came to my assistance. But for that I might have failed altogether. Robert was greatly amazed by the request I made him, but of course he did what I wanted. He told me Sergeant Gray was not in prison, but simply confined to his quarters, and that he was a very strange sort of man. "I should like to know what you can want with him," he said. "Yes, of course, I am dreadfully curious—men are—you know it is our weakness. You may as well tell me what you want with Gray."

"It is nothing to laugh about," said I; "it is more tragic than comical. I have a message to him from his mother. And there is not a moment to lose."

"I understand," said Robert, "I am to take myself off. Here is the door; but you must tell me any thing you know about him when you have seen him. He is the strangest fellow in the regiment. I never can make him out."

And in two minutes more I was face to face with Sergeant Gray.

He must have been like his father. There was not a feature in his face which recalled Lady Denzil's. He was an immensely tall, powerful man, with strong chestnut-brown hair, and vigor and life in every line of his great frame. I expected to find a prisoner partially sentimental; and I found a big man in undress, marching freely about his room, with a long pipe by the fire, and his beer and glasses on the table. I had expected a refined man, bearing traces of gentleman written on him, and the fine tastes that became Lady Denzil's son. There *was* something about him, when one came to look at him a second time—but what was it? Traces of dissipation, a look of bravado, an instant standing to his arms in self-defense, whatever I might have come to accuse him of; and the insufferable coxcomb air which comes naturally to the meanest member of the household troops. Such was the rapid impression I formed as I went in. He took off his cap with an air of amazement yet assurance, but put it on again immediately. I stood trembling before this big, irreverent, unknown man. If the door had been open I think I should have run away. But as it was I had no resource.

"Mr. Gray," I said, all at once, half from cowardice, half to get it over, "I have come to you from your mother."

The man actually staggered as he stood before me—he fell back and gazed at me as if I had been a ghost. "From my mother?" he said, and his lips seemed to refuse articulation. His surprise vanquished him; which was more than with my individual forces I could have hoped to do.

"From your mother," I repeated. "I have come direct from her, where she is lying ill and much shaken. She has told me all her story—and I love her dearly—that is why she sent me to you."

All the time I was speaking he still stood and stared at me; but when I stopped he appeared gradually to come to himself. He brought forward, from where it stood against the wall, very deliberately, another chair, and sitting down, looked at me intently. "If she has told you all her story," he said, "you will know how little inducement I have to listen to any thing she may say."

"Yes," said I, feeling not a fictitious but a real passion swelling up into my throat, "she has told me every thing—more than you can know. She has told me how for forty years—is it forty years?—she has watched over you in secret, spent her days in thinking of you, and her nights in praying for you. Ah, don't smile! if you had seen her pale and broken in all her pride, lying trembling and telling me this, it would have touched your heart."

And I could see that it did touch his heart, being so new and unusual to him. He was not a cynical over-educated man accustomed to such appeals, and to believe them nonsense. And it touched him, being so unexpected. Then he made a little effort to recover himself and the natural bravado of his character and profession. "In all her pride!" he said, bitterly. "Yes, that's very well said; she liked her pride better than me."

"She liked your life better than you," said I—and Heaven forgive me if I spoke like a sophist—"and your comfort. To secure bread to you and education, she made that vow. When she had once made it, she had to keep it. But I tell you what she told me not three hours ago. 'There has never been a day I have not followed him in my heart.' That is what she said. She

and her old maid who used to see you and watch over you talked of nothing else. Fancy! you a young man growing up, taking your own way, going against the wishes of your best friends; and your mother, who dared not go to you, watching you from far off, weeping over you, praying on her knees, thinking of nothing else, talking of nothing else when she was alone and dared do it. At other times she had to go into the world to please her husband, to act as if you had no existence. And all the time she was thinking of nothing but you in her heart."

He had got up before I came so far. He was unquestionably moved; his step got quicker and quicker. He made impatient gestures with his hands as if to put my voice away. But all the same he listened to me greedily. When I had done—and I got so excited that I was compelled to be done, for tears came into my throat and choked me—he turned to me with his face strongly swept by winds of feeling. "Who told you?" he cried, abruptly. "Why do you come to disturb me? I was thinking nothing about my circumstances. I was thinking how I could best be jolly in such a position. What do I know about any body who may choose to call herself my mother? Probably I never had a mother. I can do nothing for her, and she can do nothing for me."

"You can do something for her," I cried. "She sent me to you to beg it of you. Sir Thomas saw how your wife was living. He saw she should not have a little girl to ruin. He brought away the child. I was there when he came home. Your mother knew in a moment who it was, though he never said a word. She rushed to her, and fell on her knees, and cried as if her heart would break. She thought God had sent the child. Little Mary is so like her, so like her! You can not think how beautiful it was to see them together. Look! if you don't know what your mother is, look at that face."

He had stood as if stupefied, staring at me. When I mentioned his wife he had made an angry gesture; but his heart melted altogether when I came to little Mary. I had brought Lady Denzil's photograph with me, thinking it might touch his heart, and now I thrust it into his hand before he knew what I meant. He gave one glance at it, and then he fell back into his chair, and gazed and gazed, as if he had lost himself. He was not prepared. He had been willful—perhaps wicked—but his heart had not got hardened like that of a man of the world. It had been outside evils he had done, outside influences that had moved him. When any thing struck deep at his heart he had no armor to resist the blow. He went back upon his chair with a stride, hiding from me, or trying to hide, that he was obliged to do it to keep himself steady. He knitted his brows over the little picture as if it was hard to see it. But he might have spared himself the trouble. I saw how it was. One does not live in the world and learn men's ways for nought. I knew his eyes were filling with tears; I knew that sob was climbing up into his throat; and I did not say a word more. It was a lovely little photograph. The sun is often so kind to old women. It was my lady with all the softness of her white hair, with her gracious looks, her indulgent, benign eyes. And those eyes were little Mary's eyes. They went straight into the poor fellow's heart. After he had struggled as long as he could the sob actually broke out. Then he straightened himself up all at once and looked at me fiercely; but I knew better than to pretend to hear him.

"This is nothing to the purpose," he said; and then he stopped, and nature burst forth. "Why did she cast me upon the world? Why did she give me up? You are a good woman, and you are her friend. Why did she cast me away?"

I shook my head; it was all I could do. I was crying, and I could not articulate. "God knows!" I gasped through my tears. And he got up and went to the window, and turning his back on me, held it up to the light. I watched no longer what he was doing. Nature was working her own way in his heart.

When he came back at last, he came up to me and held out his hand. "Thank you," he said, in a way that, for the first time, reminded me of Lady Denzil. "You have made me think less harshly about my mother. What is it she wants me to do?"

He did not put down the photograph, or give it back to me, but held it closely in his hand, which gave me courage. And then I told him all the story. When I told him how his wife had insulted his mother his face grew purple. I gave him every detail: how little Mary clung to my lady; how frightened she was for the passionate claimant who seized her. When I repeated her little cry, "My lady!" a curious gleam passed over his face. He interrupted me at that point. "Who is my lady?" he said, with a strange consciousness. The only answer I made was to point at the photograph. It made the most curious impression on him. Evidently he had not even known his mother's name. Almost, I think, the title threw a new light for him upon all the circumstances. There are people who will say that this was from a mean feeling; but it was from no mean feeling. He saw by this fact what a gulf she had put between herself and him. He saw a certain reason in the separation which, if she had been a woman of different position, could not have existed. And there is no man living who is not susceptible to the world's opinion of the people he is interested in. He changed almost imperceptibly — unawares. He heard all my story in grave silence. I told him what my lady had said—that he was to be the judge; and henceforward it was with the seriousness of a judge that he sat and listened. He heard me out every word, and then he sat and seemed to turn it over in his mind. So far as I was concerned, that was the hardest moment of all. His face was stern in its composure. He was reflecting, putting this and that together. His mother was standing at the bar before him. And what should I do, did he decide against her? Thus I sat waiting and trembling. When he opened his lips my heart jumped to my mouth. How foolish it was! That was not what he had been thinking of. Instead of his mother at the bar, it was his own life he had been turning over in his mind. It all came forth with a burst when he began to speak: the chances he had lost; the misery that had come upon him; the shame of the woman who bore his name; and his poor little desolate child. Then the man forgot himself, and swore a great oath. "As soon as I am free I will go and get her, and send her to—my lady!" he said, with abrupt, half-hysterical vehemence. And then he rose suddenly and went to the window, and turned his back on me again.

I was overcome. I did not expect it so soon or so fully. I could have thrown myself upon his neck, poor fellow, and wept. Was he the one to bear the penalties of all?—sinned against by his mother in his childhood, and more dreadfully by his wife in his maturity. What had he done that the closest of earthly ties should thus be made a torment to him? When I had come to myself I rose and went after him, trembling. "Mr. Gray," I said, "is there nothing that can be done for you?"

"I don't want any thing to be done for me," he cried, abruptly. The question piqued his pride. "Tell her she shall see yet that I understand the sacrifice she has made," he said. If he spoke ironically or in honesty I can not tell; when his mouth had once been opened the stream came so fast. "I want to go away, that is all," he said, with a certain heat, almost anger; "any where—I don't care where—to the Mauritius, if they like, where that fever is. No fear that I should die. I have been brought up like a gentleman—it is quite true. And yet I am here. What was the use? My father was a common soldier. She— But it's no good talking; I am no credit to any body now. If I could get drafted into another regiment, and go—to India or any where—you should see a difference. I swear you should see a difference!" His voice rose high in these last words; then he paused. "But she is old," he said, sinking his voice; "ten years—I couldn't *do* in less than ten years. She'll never be living then, to see what a man can do."

"She is a woman that would make shift to live, somehow, to see her son come back," I cried. "Give her little Mary, and try."

"She shall have little Mary, by God!" cried the excited man; and then he broke down, and wept. I can not describe this scene any more. I left him, clasping his hands, feeling as if he was my brother; and he had his mother's picture held fast and hidden in his other hand. If that dear touch of natural love had come to him before! But God knows! perhaps he was only ready and open to it then.

But he could not tell me where to seek the child. I had to be content with his promise that when he was free he would restore her to us. I went out from him as much shaken as if I had gone through an illness, and stole out, not to see Robert Seymour, whom I was not equal to meeting just at that moment. But the end of my mission was nearer than I thought. When I got outside there was a group of excited people about the gateway, close to which my cab was waiting me. They were discussing something which had just happened, and which evidently had left a great commotion behind. Among the crowd was a group of soldiers' wives, who shook their heads, and talked it over to each other with lowered voices. "It's well for her she was took bad here, and never got nigh to him," one of them said. "He'd have killed her, I know he would. It's well for her she never got in to tempt that man to her death."

"It was brazen of her to come nigh him at all," said another, "and him so proud. She always was a shameless one. What my heart bleeds for is that poor little child."

"Where is the child?" asked a third. "It would be well for her, poor innocent, if the Lord was to take her too."

I was standing stupefied, listening to them, when I heard a little cry, and the grasp of something at my dress. The cry was so feeble, and the grasp so light, that I might never have noticed it but for those women. I turned round, and the whole world swam round me for a moment. I did what Lady Denzil did—I staggered forward and fell on my knees, though this was not the soft green grass, but a stony London pavement, and clasped little Mary tight, with a vehemence that would have frightened any other child; but she was not frightened. The little creature was drenched with the pitiless rain. She had been tied up in an old shawl, to hide the miserable, pretty white frock, now clogged with mud and soaked with water. Her little hat was glued to her head with the floods to which she had been exposed. I lifted my treasure wildly in my arms, as soon as I had any strength to do it, and rushed with her to my carriage. I felt like a thief triumphant; and yet it was no theft. But my eagerness aroused the suspicions of the soldiers' wives who had been standing by. They explained to me that the child was Sergeant Gray's child; that her mother had been took very bad in a fit, and had been carried off to the hospital; and that I, a stranger, had no right to interfere. I don't know what hurried explanation I made to them; but I know that at last I satisfied their fears, and, with little Mary in my arms, actually drove away.

It was true, though I never could believe it. I got her as easily as if it had been the most natural thing in the world. I could not believe it, even when I held her fast and drew from her her little story. She had been taken away early, very early in the morning, when she ran to the door as soon as she was up to satisfy herself that it rained. No doubt the wretched mother had hung about the grounds all night in the storm and rain to get at the child. She had snatched up little Mary in her arms, and rushed out with her before any one was aware. The child had been dragged along the dreary roads in the rain. If the woman had really loved her, if it had been the passion of a tender mother, and not of a revengeful creature, she never would have subjected the child to this. She was wet to the skin, with pools in her little boots, and the water streaming from her dress. I took her to a friend's house and got dry clothes to put upon her. The unhappy mother had, no doubt, been out all night exposed to the storm. She was mad with rage and misery and fatigue, and probably did not feel her danger at the moment; but just as she reached the Tower to claim, building upon a common opposition to one object, her husband's support, had fallen down senseless, on his very threshold as it were. Nothing, indeed, but madness could have led her to the man whom she had disgraced. When the surrounding bystanders saw that nothing was to be done for her, and that she would not come out of her faint, they had her carried, in alarm, to the hospital. Such was the abrupt conclusion of the tale. Had I known I need not have given myself the trouble of seeing Sergeant Gray—but that, at least, was a thing which I could not find in my heart to regret.

When I took her back Lady Denzil held me in her arms, held me fast, and looked into my face, even before she listened to little Mary's call. She wanted me to tell her of her child—her own child—and I was so weak that I could not speak to her. I fell crying on her tender old bosom, like a fool, and had to be comforted, as if it could be any thing to me—in comparison. I don't know afterward what I said to her, but she understood all I meant. As for Sir Thomas he was too happy to ask any questions. The child had wound herself into his very heart. He sat with little Mary in his arms all that evening. He would scarcely allow her to be taken to bed. He went up with his heavy old step to see her sleeping safe once more under his roof, and made Wellman, with a pistol, sleep in a little room below. But little Mary was safe enough now. Her father was confined in his barrack-room, with my lady's photograph in his hands, and a host of unknown softenings and compunctions in his heart. Her mother was raving wildly in the hospital on the bed from which she was never to rise. I don't know that any one concerned, except myself, thought of this strange cluster of divers fortunes, of tragic misery and suffering, all hanging about the little angel-vision of that child. Sin, shame, misery, every kind of horror and distress, and little Mary the centre of all; how strange it was!—how terrible and smiling and wretched is life!

It is not to be supposed that such a frightful convulsion and earthquake could pass over and leave no sign. Little Mary was very ill after her exposure, and the shadow of death fell on the Lodge. Perhaps that circumstance softened a little the storm of animadversion that rose up in the neighborhood. For six months after Lady Denzil, who had been our centre of society, was never seen out of her own gates. Then they went away, and were absent a whole year. It was the most curious change to every body on the Green. For three months no one talked on any other subject, and the wildest stories were told: stories with just so much truth in them as to make them doubly wild. It was found out somehow that that wretched woman had died, and then there were accounts current that she had died in the grounds at the Lodge—on the road—in the work-house—every where but the real place, which was in the hospital, where every indulgence and every comfort that she was capable of receiving had been given to her, Sir Thomas himself going to town on purpose to see that it was so. And then it was said that it was she who was Lady Denzil's child. It was a terrible moment, and one which left its mark upon every body concerned. Sergeant Gray lost his rank, but got his wish and was drafted into another regiment going to India. I saw him again, I and poor old Mrs. Florentine. But he did not see his mother. They were neither of them able for such a trial. "I will come back in ten years," he said to me. I do not know if he will. I don't know if Lady Denzil will live so long. But I believe if she does for the first time she will see her son.

They returned to the Lodge two years ago, and the neighborhood now, instead of gossiping, is very curious to know whether Lady Denzil ever means to go into society again. Every body calls, and admires little Mary — how she has grown, and what a charming little princess she is; and they all remind my lady, with tender reproach, of those parties they enjoyed so much. "Are we never to have any more, dear Lady Denzil?" Lucy Stoke asked the other day, kneeling at my lady's side, and caressing her soft old ivory-white hand. My lady—to whom her tender old beauty, her understanding of every body's trouble, even the rose-tint in her cheek, have come back again — made no answer, but only kissed pretty Lucy. I don't know if she will give any more parties; but she means to live the ten years.

As for Sir Thomas, he was never so happy in his life before. He follows little Mary about like an old gray tender knight, worshiping the fairy creature. Sometimes I look on and can not believe my eyes. The wretched, guilty mother is dead long ago, and nobody remembers her very existence. The poor soldier has worked himself up to a commission, and may be high in rank before he comes back. If Lady Denzil had been the most tender and devoted of mothers, could things have turned out better? Is this world all a phantasmagoria and chaos of dreams and chances? One's brain reels when Providence thus contradicts all the laws of life. Is it because God sees deeper and "understands," as my lady is so fond of saying? It might well be that He had a different way of judging from ours, seeing well and seeing always what we mean in our hearts.

THE ABSURDITY OF IT.

By C. H. WEBB.

It is all very well, for the poets to tell,
  By way of their songs adorning,
Of milkmaids who rouse, to manipulate cows,
  At Five o'clock in the morning.
And of moony young mowers who bundle outdoors—
  The charms of their straw-beds scorning—
Before break of day, to make love and hay,
  At Five o'clock in the morning!

But, between me and you, it is all untrue—
  Believe not a word they utter;
To no milkmaid alive does the finger of Five
  Bring beaux—or even bring butter.
The poor sleepy cows, if told to arouse,
  Would do so, perhaps, in a horn-ing;
But the sweet country girls, would *they* show their curls
  At Five o'clock in the morning?

It may not be wrong for the man in the song—
  Or the moon—if anxious to settle,
To kneel in wet grass, and pop, but, alas,
  What if he popped down on a nettle?
For how could he see, what was under his knee,
  If, in spite of my friendly warning,
He went out of bed and his house and his head,
  At Five o'clock in the morning?

It is all very well, such stories to tell,
  But if I were a maid, all forlorn-ing,
And a lover should drop, in the clover, to pop,
  At Five o'clock in the morning;
If I liked him, you see, I'd say, "Please call at Three;"
  If not, I'd turn on him with scorning:
"Don't come here you Flat, with conundrums like that,
  At Five o'clock in the morning!"

IMITATION OF PAPIER-MACHE.

A GOOD imitation of this beautiful, but troublesome, work can be produced with far less trouble and expense than by the usual rules observed in doing real papier-mache.

Old fancy tables and chairs which are too shabby for the parlor can be made to look equal to new articles; and among the refuse furniture to be found in the corners of garrets, lumber-rooms, and auction-marts may often be seen fine specimens of antique patterns, odd-looking and quaint, which will answer better for this purpose than any thing which could be made to order.

To prepare a fancy table of this description let the whole be well cleaned, and freed from grease. Then rub the surface well, first with sand-paper, and afterward with pumice, until all the inequalities are smoothed down. Next give the whole a coat of black paint, and when quite dry apply another of black Japan varnish.

While these are drying you can prepare the flowers, leaves, etc. Get some of the finest quality of English furniture chintz, such as has bright-colored flowers, birds, etc., printed upon it. Cut out the designs very carefully, leaving none of the ground-work visible. The bunches of flowers need not be cut entirely in one piece, but in detached sprays, as they can be arranged afterward to better advantage in that way.

When the table is entirely dry, put on the flowers with thin gum-arabic, distributing them according to your own ideas of beauty. If the top is round or oval a wreath around it, with a design of birds, or a bouquet in the centre will look well; if square, corner designs will be more tasteful.

The remainder of the flowers can be arranged around the stem and feet of the table in the most satisfactory style, and when the flowers are all on a little gilding can be applied; a few tendrils, moss-work, leaves, or general fancy touches, may be drawn with the point of a camel's-hair pencil, dipped in gold size.

After the size has remained on for a few minutes, so as to be half dry, lay a sheet of gold leaf over the whole space so occupied, using a gold tip for the purpose. The foil will readily adhere to the parts where the size has been applied, and the superfluous leaf can be removed by rubbing or wiping gently with a soft rag or chamois leather. If care be observed in doing this, the larger pieces can be preserved and used for other places yet to be touched.

If at a loss for patterns in applying this part of the decorations many good ideas can be gathered from the Chinese lacquered articles, waiters, etc., that may be within reach. In some designs small fish-scales, in imitation of pearl, will have a very good effect.

A pretty wreath may be produced by cutting ivy leaves of various sizes, and round pieces to represent berries, out of tinsel or tin-foil; the colored varieties look the best. These may be fastened on to the table while the Japan varnish is still sticky, and if pressed firmly down will adhere very closely.

Arrange them so as to form a wreath, and after the table is entirely dry trace a stem and tendrils with oil paints, using different shades of green, with a little brown for the shading. This will have a beautiful effect.

When the whole design is completed, whether the chintz flowers or the tinsel leaves be used, finish the table with a coat of white varnish—either Damar or Grecian will answer.

Vases of earthenware, stone jars, and also turned wooden vases, plates, etc., can be ornamented in this manner, and although the fine polish and artistic finish of the real papier-mache and pearl work may be wanting, still the general effect will be the same, and will fully repay the time and trouble expended.

EMBROIDERED SQUARE.

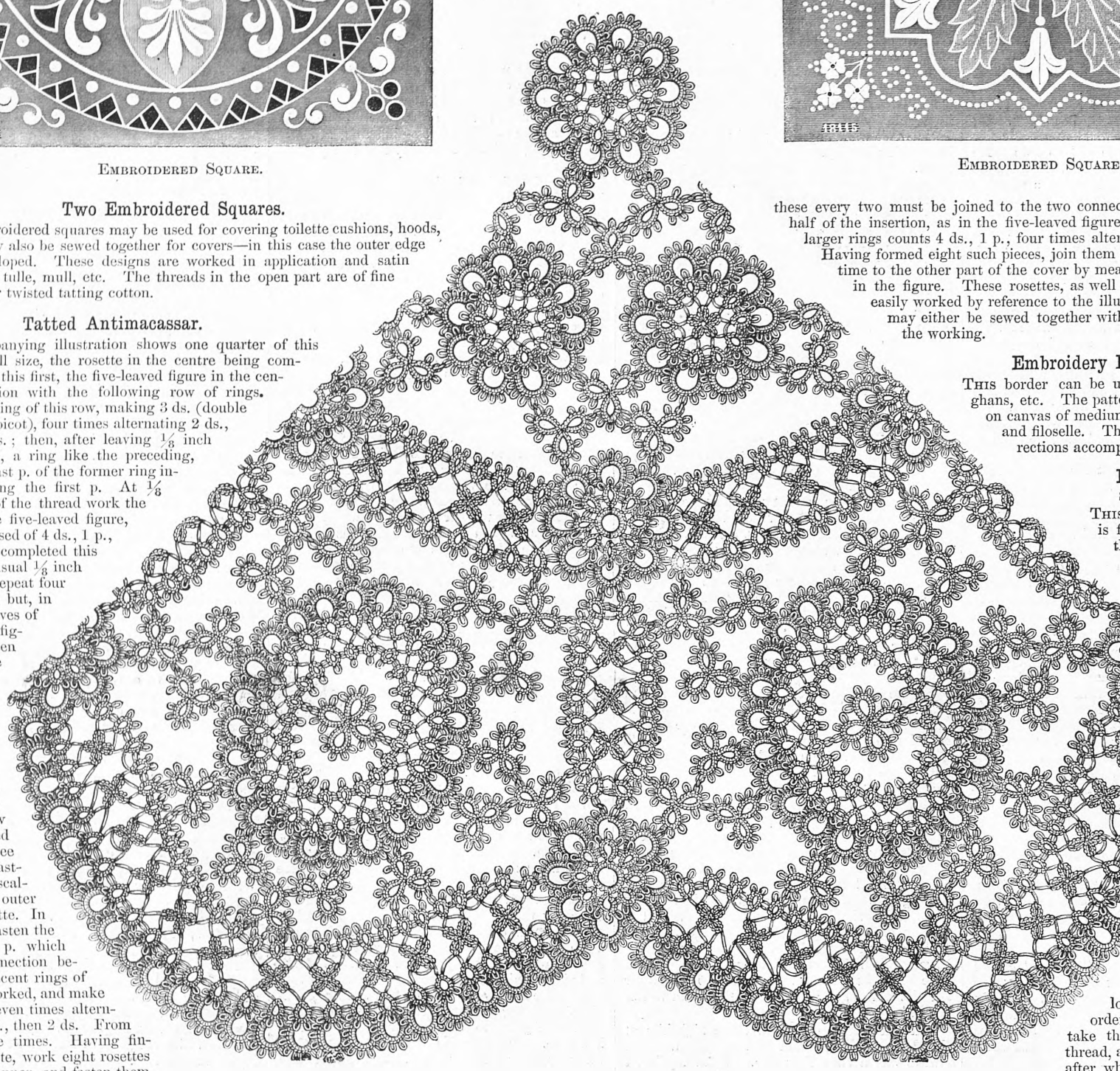
EMBROIDERED SQUARE.

Two Embroidered Squares.

THESE embroidered squares may be used for covering toilette cushions, hoods, etc.; they may also be sewed together for covers—in this case the outer edge should be scalloped. These designs are worked in application and satin embroidery on tulle, mull, etc. The threads in the open part are of fine guipure cord or twisted tatting cotton.

Tatted Antimacassar.

THE accompanying illustration shows one quarter of this cover of the full size, the rosette in the centre being completed. Work this first, the five-leaved figure in the centre in connection with the following row of rings. ✳ work first a ring of this row, making 3 ds. (double stitches), 1 p. (picot), four times alternating 2 ds., 1 p., then 3 ds.; then, after leaving ⅛ inch thread between, a ring like the preceding, taking up the last p. of the former ring instead of working the first p. At ⅛ inch distance of the thread work the first leaf of the five-leaved figure, which is composed of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds. Having completed this leaf, leave the usual ⅛ inch of thread and repeat four times from ✳; but, in forming the leaves of the five-leaved figure, always fasten to the p. of the first leaf instead of forming a new p. (this p. forms the central point of the five-leaved figure); besides this, all the rings of the row must be fastened to each other. See illustration. Lastly, work the scallops on the outer edge of the rosette. In doing this, ✳ fasten the thread to the p. which forms the connection between the adjacent rings of the row just worked, and make a scallop of eleven times alternating 2 ds., 1 p., then 2 ds. From ✳ repeat nine times. Having finished this rosette, work eight rosettes in the same manner, and fasten them together in a circle by means of little three-leaved figures, and then to the central rosette, as shown in the illustration. The insertion-like strip which follows is worked in two parts as follows: First, for the half which turns toward the centre, work together two rows of rings lying opposite, beginning with one of the larger, which is composed of 4 ds., 1 p., three times alternating 2 ds., 1 p. ✳; leaving ⅛ inch thread between, work a smaller ring of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds.; after the same length of thread, a ring like the first, which is joined to this; then again a smaller ring, which is fastened to the p. of the former smaller ring, instead of working the p. in the middle. After ⅛ inch of thread, work again one of the larger rings, which must be fastened to the former similar ring, then repeat from ✳ until the double row counts nine larger and eight smaller rings. The first half of the insertion is now finished; the second (outer) half is worked like the first, except that in this all the smaller rings are to be worked without picots, and instead of these every two must be joined to the two connected smaller rings of the first half of the insertion, as in the five-leaved figure of the rosette; each of the larger rings counts 4 ds., 1 p., four times alternating 2 ds., 1 p., then 4 ds. Having formed eight such pieces, join them into a circle, and at the same time to the other part of the cover by means of little rosettes, as shown in the figure. These rosettes, as well as the rest of the cover, are easily worked by reference to the illustration. The single figures may either be sewed together with fine thread, or fastened in the working.



TATTED ANTIMACASSAR.

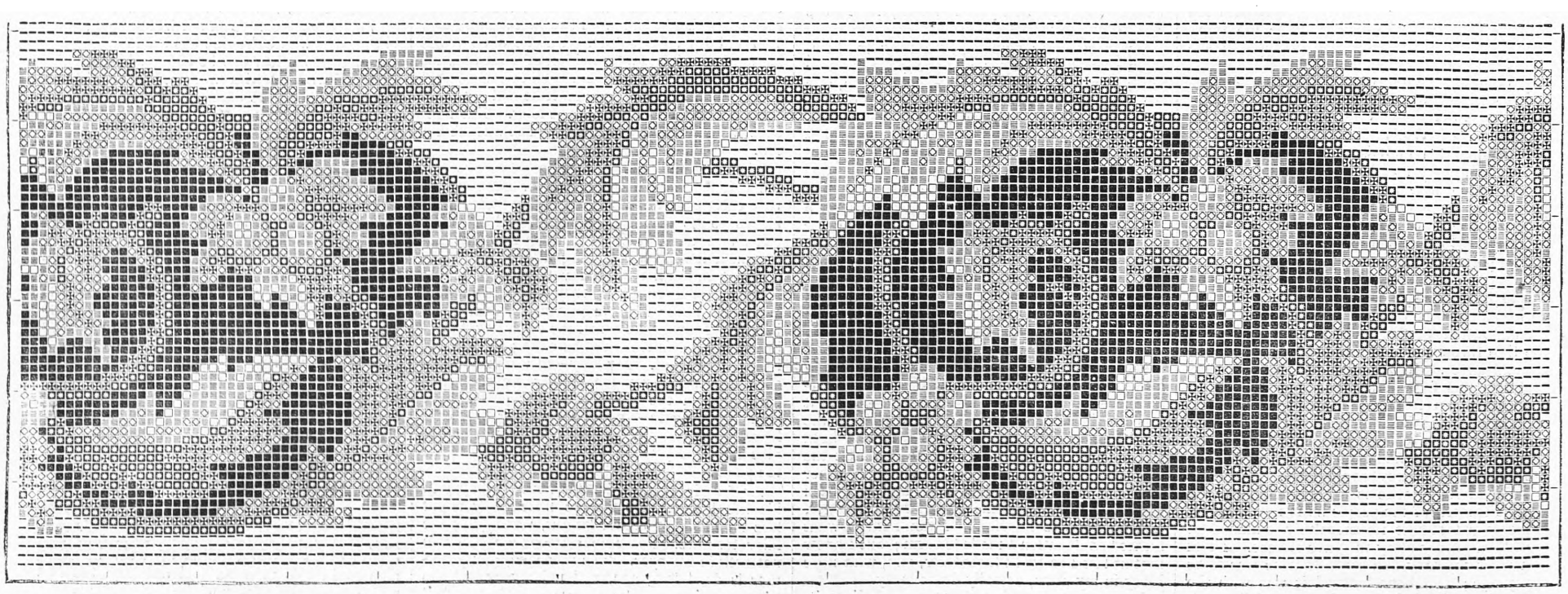
Embroidery Pattern (Border).

THIS border can be used for cushions, chairs, afghans, etc. The pattern is worked in cross stitch on canvas of medium fineness, with single zephyr and filoselle. The colors are given in the directions accompanying the illustration.

Netted Fish Boiler.

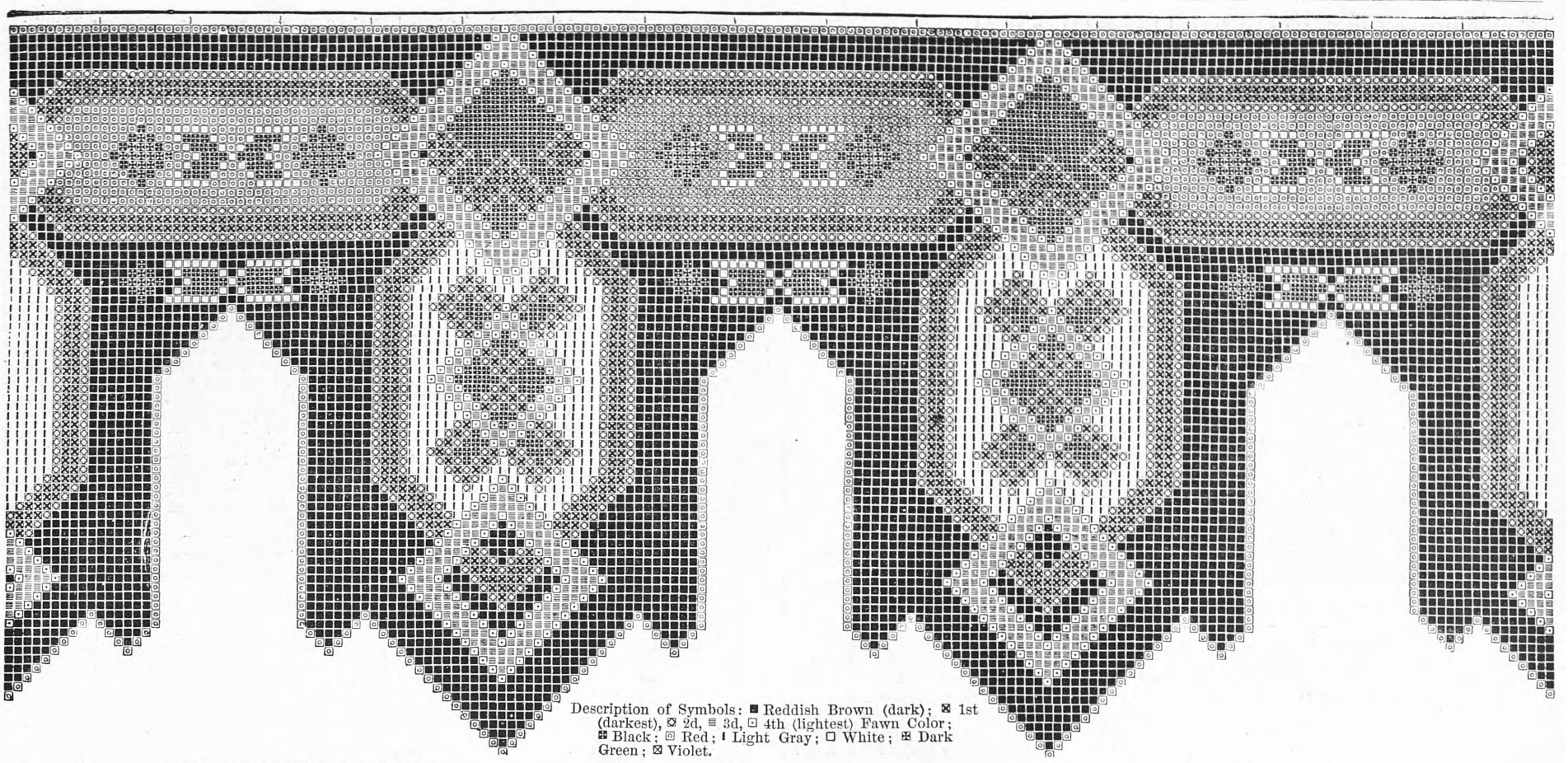
See illustration, page 425.

THIS is composed of a net which is fastened on two tin rings in the manner shown in the illustration, and is used in boiling fish so that it can be taken out of the boiler without falling to pieces. The tin rings are each one-third of an inch in width by thirty-six inches in length. One of these rings is supplied with one row of holes, the other with two. The net is worked of fine packthread. Begin in the centre of the bottom with a foundation of thirty-six stitches, and work on these, over a mesh of about one-third of an inch around, fifteen rows in the round. In the third and fifth rounds add two loops on opposite sides in order to form the oval. Then take the foundation stitches on a thread, and draw them close together, after which sew the net fast to the two rings, as shown by the illustra-



EMBROIDERY PATTERN (BORDER).

Description of Symbols: – Dark Green; ■ Light Green; ◘ 1st (darkest), ⊞ 2d, ⊜ 3d, ≡ 4th, □ 5th (lightest), Reddish Brown.



Description of Symbols: ■ Reddish Brown (dark); ⊠ 1st (darkest), ⧇ 2d, ≡ 3d, ⊡ 4th (lightest) Fawn Color; ⊞ Black; ⊡ Red; ⫿ Light Gray; □ White; ⊞ Dark Green; ⊠ Violet.

EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR LAMBREQUIN.

tion. The upper ring is supplied with two small rings, in these fasten a cord, which is worked in crochet in chain stitch with the pack-thread.

Embroidery Pattern for Lambrequin.

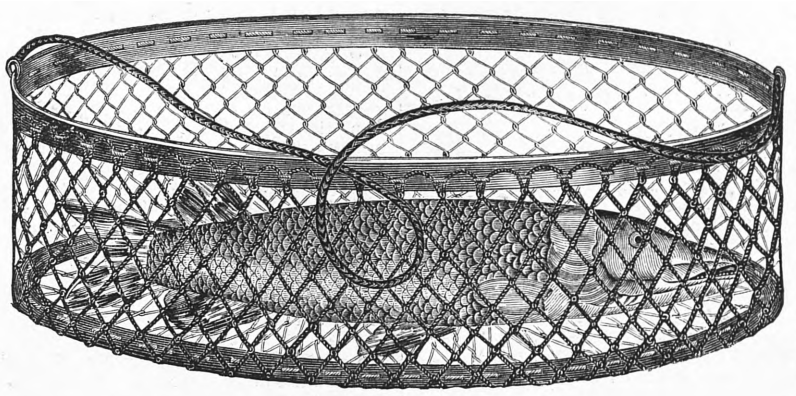
THIS design is embroidered in cross stitch on canvas. The symbols show the different colors used. The embroidery, when finished, is provided with a lining, and is finished round the edge with a cord and tassels.

Promenade Toilettes.

Fig. 1.—Dress and paletot of dark blue poplin, trimmed with bias folds of the same material, cut in scallops, in the manner shown in the illustration, and bound with black gros grain. A bias fold of black gros grain forms a heading to these scallops. White velvet bonnet.

Fig. 2.—Dress and mantelet of brown poplin trimmed with brown satin galloon, fringe, and silk buttons, in the manner shown in the illustration. Brown velvet bonnet. Muff of the same material as the dress, edged with fur.

Fig. 3.—Dress of lilac silk, trimmed with velvet, fringe, and passementerie, as shown in the illustration.



NETTED FISH BOILER.

JAPANESE COOKERY.

STEWING and boiling are the native methods of dressing food. In countries where coal is not in general use strict economy in the matter of fuel must be practiced; and therefore we see in Japan no vast kitchen ranges consuming large quantities of the black diamond, but instead, various stoves, in which a small amount of charcoal is burned, just sufficient to produce the necessary degree of heat to cook the food. The kitchens attached to the temples and monasteries are spacious; and stewing, boiling, and soup-making are carried on, on a comparatively large scale, over charcoal fires embedded in brick-work.

In private houses, such as those which belong to the well-to-do shop-keepers and merchants, the cooking is accomplished without much display. A wooden fire-box, about the size of a cubic foot, lined with a substance which answers the purpose of a fire-brick, contains sufficient fuel to prepare a dinner; for, with proper attention from the cook, several pots containing rice, small pieces of fish, and vegetables can be kept at the due simmering degree of temperature.

Baking is done on a small scale, to prepare cakes and biscuits of different kinds from wheaten and rice flour.

Like their neighbors the Chinese, the Japanese convey food to their mouths by the aid of chop-sticks, or thin pieces of wood, bone, or ivory, about nine or ten inches long. It requires considerable dexterity to manage these implements properly. The two sticks are held in a peculiar way between the fingers of the right hand, and if the rice be the edible undergoing consumption, the small basin containing it is held close to the mouth, and the contents are, as it were, shoveled in in a very ungraceful manner, according to our ideas. Then, if it is desired to partake of any fish, or meat, or vegetables, small pieces are taken out of their respective dishes by the help of the same chop-sticks which had been previously used in the rice, carving knives being entirely dispensed with, as the food is cut up small before being cooked.

The Japanese china-ware used for dishes, plates, cups, and basins is very beautiful. The material itself is excellent, and the coloring

PROMENADE TOILETTES.

with which it is decorated is generally in very good taste and well harmonized. The egg-shell porcelain, which is as thin as the fragile article from which it derives its name, can be used; but it is, of course, too delicate for ordinary purposes. China cups, round which bamboo is beautifully interwoven, like basket-work, or strengthened with lacquer-ware, ornamented with mother-of-pearl, are also seen; but the common china is white, with a blue pattern running over it.

Spring Bonnets.

See illustration on page 420.

Fig. 1.—Dark straw hat, with fancy edge, trimmed with pompon of marabout.

Fig. 2.—Fanchon entirely composed of Parma violets without leaves. A fall of blonde behind is prolonged so as to border the strings of violet ribbon, which are fastened under the chin with a bunch of violets. Bow behind under the chignon.

Fig. 3.—White chip hat, trimmed with a large cluster of blue wild flowers and long spray of grasses.

Fig. 4.—Green crape bonnet, trimmed in front with a wreath of roses and leaves, and ending behind in a narrow scarf of silk, which forms the strings, edged with guipure.

Fig. 5.—Small bonnet of rice straw, set on the top of the head, and entirely covered with a knot of white silk, encircled with a wreath of lily of the valley. Strings edged with blonde.

Fig. 6.—Coiffure of gilded wheat, fastened behind with long ends of ribbon of the same color as the dress.

Fig. 7.—White satin bonnet, with long, drooping white plume, and quilling and strings of blue ribbon, covered with a mantilla veil of fine black figured lace, which falls on the shoulders and extends in front.

Fig. 8.—Fanchon of blue crape, edged with a row of beads, and terminated behind by a bow of black lace, prolonged by two loops of ribbon. Large bow and ends of ribbon under the chignon. Black lace strings, fastened by a ribbon bow.

Fig. 9.—Pink bonnet, with a large chicorée of ribbon forming a diadem in front. A scarf, edged with the same trimming, passes over the bonnet and forms strings. Ribbon-bow on the top, with long ends floating behind.

Visiting and Dinner Toilettes.

See illustration on page 420.

Fig. 1.—Polonaise of black velvet, trimmed with rich passementerie and black silk galloon. The open sleeves are trimmed at the top and bottom with a bead fringe, and show the sleeves of the dress through the opening. The left front of the skirt of the paletot is longer than the right, which is cut bias. Dress of black gros de France, trimmed round the bottom with black passementerie, galloon, and heavy silk cord, and looped up on each side with a large passementerie fastening, showing the under-skirt of blue silk, which is also trimmed with wide galloon. Black silk boots, tipped with patent leather. Fanchon of blue velvet, with a frill of black guipure in front, in which is set a row of blue velvet buttons, with small gilt rings depending therefrom over the forehead. A blue velvet braid, edged with guipure, passes over the bonnet, and is fastened with a rosette under the chin.

Fig. 2.—Dress of green satin, with short tunic and low bodice, trimmed with a puffing of tulle and gold cord. Belt edged with gold cord and white lace, fastened on the left side with long sash ends. Skirt trimmed in front with three tabs of white lace, puffed in the middle and edged with gilt cord; one of these tabs runs from the top of the skirt downward, and is furnished with tassels; the others run from the bottom of the skirt upward. Lace rosettes with a gold button in the centre complete the trimming. Under-waist of pleated tulle, trimmed with gold cord. Short puffed sleeves, also adorned with gold cord. Hair crisped and brushed back from the forehead, over which is placed a rose with gold leaves.

HOUSEHOLD DIPLOMACY.

HUSBANDS must be humored and cosseted, and that with a great deal of delicate tact. In fact, a woman must have a fair amount of intellectual culture to perform this wifely duty at all acceptably. Husbands are fond of being humored; they expect their little caprices and fancies to be gratified; and yet they at once resent it if the fact is roughly placed before them that they *need* these gratifications. The skillful wife enters into the weaknesses of her husband's nature, adapts herself to his fancies, and, by a pleasant fiction at least, adopts his tastes; but she does all this with such nice discrimination that he is flattered and pleased. In short, he likes it much to have his peculiar traits of character, his capricious fancies, understood and indulged, because they are *his*, and because his wife takes a half humorous delight in gratifying his whims. And yet, forsooth, half the men in the world think, or pretend to think, that women need little education beyond knowing how to make a shirt and how to cook a dinner. Surely the highest culture is needful to make them tolerant of many inferior impulses, and delicately discriminating in their mode of showing that toleration is called for.

An English journal very truly remarks that men are not nearly so happy if they only get their way, and are not made aware that their odd little fancies are at once indulged and understood as light caprices, which might at any time be shaken off, but which their wives humor because their own sense of humor is gratified by compliance. A woman whose husband can't bear to see her dusting, or can't endure to know she has been in the kitchen looking after the pastry—and there *are* such men, in spite of all that is said to the contrary—looks twice as gracious when she has just nimbly whisked away her duster under the squab of the sofa, and turns with a dignified look toward the opening door, or when she has blandly feigned gratification at the pastry which they both perfectly well know that she herself has made, as she would if there were not a touch of humorous condescension in her state of mind. When an uncultivated wife blurts out before her husband's face: "Harris, he can't bear to be worried at his dinner-hour, and what's more, I won't have the poor dear worried by any body, that's flat!"—Harris will probably burst out ill-temperedly that he would just as soon be worried at that time as at any other, simply because he is jarred by this naked assertion that he positively needs to be gratified in what he knows to be only a whim. But when an educated woman smiles, "We're at dinner, Susan. No, my dear, you really must not go out—I have a weakness for not being disturbed at meal-times," her husband feels that he is under an indulgent "economy" which is adapted graciously to his fancies, but that his wife perfectly enters into his weaknesses and tastes, and makes it a personal favor that he will not waive them. The discovery—after marriage, of course—that man is not a "reasonable being," might prove too much for one whose capacities were developed only in the direction of cooking a beef-steak—though beef-steaks are very important; but more perfect culture helps a woman to discern some connection, perhaps, between arbitrary fancies and nobler powers of life, and to take pleasure in entering into little things, even while fully recognizing that they *are* little.

HOPELESS.

See illustration on page 428.

I AM a working-man, rugged and worn,
Plodding to work with the first flush of morn;
She is a lady, and passes me by
With never so much as a glance of her eye.

Yet having met her, what wonder I dare
Lift eyes of love, to my endless despair?
You, had you seen her, had certainly sold
All hopes of heaven to touch her hair's gold.

Infinite loveliness shines in her face,
Gift of the lineage her father can trace;
Is it so strange, then, I love her far more
Than the girls that I court by the gin-palace door?

Sometimes I've felt the silk sweep of her dress
Touch me, and pass like a subtle caress;
It sends the hot blood to my heart with a thrill,
And a passion that's scarcely curbed in by the will.

Is her blood made of such matter as mine,
Or runs in her veins a more delicate wine?
I would give every drop of my own for the bliss
Just to feel how hers pulsed in one passionate kiss.

Some one will love her of equal degree—
Not just a working-man slaving like me;
What has he done that his life should be blest
With a foretaste of heaven—in sleep on her breast?

Men are all brothers—I know the old tale—
Little my brotherhood now can avail;
Fate should have made me in different fashion;
Given me gold, or deprived me of passion.

IN THE SPRING.

See illustration on page 428.

HAPPY footsteps, to and fro
Through the fresh green copses springing;
Happy laughters, whispers low,
Chiming with the streamlet's singing.
Twittering birds and voices clear,
Budding violets, brightening eyes;
Spring of life and spring of year
Blending under April skies.

Branches arching overhead,
Brave in spring-tide's bright array,
Glittering flecks of sunlight shed,
Like strewn jewels on the way.
Primrose, virginal and pure,
Gallant crocus, bright and bold;
Red anemone, secure
In his mosses' clinging hold.

Blue forget-me-not, that gazes
On her own eyes in the river;
Great convolvulus, that raises
Blossoms where the willows quiver.
All these gems of Nature lay
Scattered broadcast on your road;
Youths and maidens, while you may,
Take the boons by spring bestowed.

Never summer's lavish glory,
Never autumn's tender sadness,
Breathes the spring-time's wooing story,
Gives the spring-time's fearless gladness.
Blight amid the fruits will creep,
Thorns amid the roses sting;
Fresh to gather, sweet to keep,
Are the buds that bloom in spring.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IN these days, when so much is said, both justly and unjustly, in regard to the useless education and frivolous lives of many of our young women, the careful and judicious mother, in every station of life, will think seriously how she can best train her young daughters to a practical knowledge of those things which will most contribute to their future usefulness and happiness. Mental and moral education, knowledge of books and accomplishments, of household duties, and of the world at large, are to be combined in such proportions as circumstances render suitable and possible. A young girl may have a special taste or capacity which she should be encouraged to develop, but not to the exclusion of all other branches of education. And though, while under the mother's eye, perfectness may not be attained in any department, a wise training of the powers will tend toward a harmonious and happy development of character and abilities in after-life, as circumstances shall require. No mother, therefore, should excuse herself from giving her daughter suitable instruction in those household duties which so much affect the comfort of a family. Whatever position in society she may occupy, the knowledge thus gained, and the imperceptible influence on the character, not merely of the knowledge itself, but of the early impressions of its importance, are genuinely valuable. It is by no means necessary to keep your daughter in the kitchen half the time to accomplish these results; nor is it essential that she should be skilled on her marriage-day in every kind of cookery, and be able to get up a first-class dinner on short notice—this should not be expected any more than that she should go to the blackboard and unerringly demonstrate the 47th Proposition of Euclid three or four years after she has graduated at some excellent Seminary. If the elements of domestic knowledge are thoroughly mastered, and a suitable amount of practice given in important details, the intelligent girl will know how to order her household aright when the proper time comes, and to put her own hand to labor if there be occasion.

In regard to this matter, mothers who are themselves genuinely interested in the proper management of their own households will find but little trouble if they would avail themselves of the natural *imitativeness* of children. The little ones like to be useful if they see others about them useful; they like to follow the mother about the house under pretense of helping, though often hindering her; they enjoy using their little hands about something that older people do; they like, in general, to *work* until false notions are instilled into their minds. We know a little girl of six years—and there are many others in quiet homes all over the country who exhibit similar tastes—who already bids fair to be the nicest little housekeeper possible. Ever since she has been old enough to understand her *mission*—three years, at least!—she has been eager to do what she fancies is useful to others. She takes her tiny duster and flourishes over the chairs and sofas with positive results. After breakfast she demurely gathers up the tea-spoons from the table, and thinks it very nice to wipe them on the soft cloth after they are washed; nothing suits her better than to make some miniature pies, and have them actually put upon the dinner-table; with her little broom she forestalls the servant, and sweeps down the front door-steps before breakfast in the morning. She puts a particular room in order every day, and quite of her own accord has assumed so much the care of her father's wardrobe that her mother will gradually be supplanted in that duty. "Papa, you've put on the *wrong* cravat," she seriously says some morning; "*that's* your *best* one." She reminds him to put on a clean collar and wristbands; says, "Why, Papa! you haven't brushed your coat," and herself seizes his beaver and plies the brush. She seems to consider herself responsible for his neat personal appearance. Almost all little girls delight to have some small household duty committed to their care; and if this disposition should be fostered, instead of being discouraged, as it often is, on the ground that they can not do the thing so well as an older person, they would, with rare exceptions, grow up with sufficient knowledge of, and interest in, those home matters about which, nowadays, there is so much complaint that young ladies know little, and care less.

Among the novelties of Parisian enterprise there is reported a large warehouse where are retailed all manner of goods, from a diamond necklace to a paper of pins. The purchaser, having paid the price, receives not only the goods, but a bond for the whole amount of his purchase-money, payable after thirty years, and guaranteed by certain moneyed corporations. The prices charged are said to be no greater than in any other retail shops. So that it appears—if one does not take the trouble to compute interest—that the more you spend the richer you will be. How odd it would seem to hear a man reproaching his wife for her economy, and urging her to buy expensive articles, saying: "My love, consider what a source of income this camel's-hair shawl will be to us thirty years hence; if you will only spend enough we shall be wealthy in our old age!"

Among minor items we notice that a lady in Chicago has applied for a divorce on the ground that her husband is traveling all the time and insists that she shall accompany him. If her husband is a doctor, a letter carrier, or a railroad conductor, the request really seems reasonable. *Also*, it is stated that Chicago has recently given a ball "for the benefit of the poor," which came within $4000 of paying expenses. The newspapers published the balance sheet, and called upon the poor to liquidate the bill forthwith. *In addition*, report says that a man in Toledo, who disappeared fourteen years ago, has just come back to his wife, but will not explain his absence. Probably the lady who recently gave notice in the papers that if her husband did not turn up in three months she meant to marry again, had heard of this case. *Furthermore*, the latest Parisian method of issuing invitations is announced to be simply this, the lady writes on her own visiting card, "Ball on the 10th," "Dinner on the 20th," as the case may be, and sends it to the person she desires to receive. *Moreover*, a new fashion has been inaugurated by a gentleman of a neighboring city which may *take*. Being in attendance on a lady with a fashionable yard-long trail, the other day, he showed his gallantry by dropping cavalierly behind her at every crossing, picking it up and retaining it in his hand until the street was crossed. *Finally*, to conclude this paragraph in the words of some unknown meteorologist: "If the man who wrote—it might have been a woman—'I love to see the snow-flake dancing in the air' still lives, what a heap of enjoyment he or she must have suffered this season!"

A recent writer states that a good supply of apples will be found the most economical investment in the whole range of culinaries. A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbages require five hours. The most healthful dessert that can be placed on the table is a baked apple. If eaten frequently at breakfast apples have an admirable effect upon the system, and will often prevent the need of medicine. If families could be induced to substitute sound, ripe apples for the rich and unwholesome pastry and cake with which children are too often stuffed there would be a surprising diminution in the sum total of doctors' bills. Spring is not the best time, of course, to lay in a supply of apples—but it *is* the proper time for cultivators of fruit, and farmers in general, to give needful attention to their orchards, so that there may be an abundant supply of apples next fall.

A Parisian jeweler has recently created quite a sensation in that city by the production of some remarkable gold ornaments, consisting of scarf-pins, charms, and hair ornaments, in which, by means of ingenious mechanism moved by electricity, some curious and startling effects are realized. For example, one scarf-pin represents a monkey in spectacles, making grimaces; another is a rabbit, striking alternately two small drum-sticks upon a bell placed in front of him—a double spherical bell, which sounds an alarm. For a charm there is a minute theatrical stage upon which two figures execute a ballet. One of the most beautiful head-ornaments described is a humming-bird, studded with diamonds, which moves both its wings and tail. They vibrate through about an inch of space, make five vibrations a second, and continue in motion for four hours. Another is a butterfly whose wings move with equal freedom, though not as rapidly. The power by which all these life-like movements are produced is obtained from a minute battery, placed in the waistcoat-pocket, or in some part of the dress; or for the head-ornaments it may even be concealed in the folds of the hair. The electricity developed is conveyed to the jewels by a fine, flexible, metallic cord; and in some instances the movements have been continued several hours a day for six months without exhausting the battery. The action is commenced or discontinued at pleasure, by reversing the position of the little case which contains the battery.

The New York correspondent of a Boston paper thus sarcastically, but with much underlying truth, speaks of certain highly-colored photographs of "reigning belles" which have been exhibited in a city newspaper: "The eyes, teeth, hair, lips, forms, diamonds, station, money, names, carriages, clothes, were all catalogued with the minuteness of an inventory for a sheriff's sale. Did not the indignant husbands, fathers, lovers, sons, and brothers march in an army to the publication office and incontinently club the editors, reporters, and proprietors into blackberry jam? Not much. A procession of veiled women, thousands of letters, hundreds of applications, all summing up—'Please put me in the next batch. Surely I am as rich, beautiful, and belle-like, as that old fat dowager of eighty who was described as a charming sylph of sixteen.'"

A French journal relates a singular story of a young couple, both of whom became invalids during the first year of their marriage. The physician found that the wife had such consumptive tendencies that the climate of the South was essential to her recovery; while a complication of disorders of the heart and blood rendered a colder climate necessary for the husband. Orange groves for one, and icebergs for the other, was the doctor's decree. At great expense the spirit of the prescription was carried out. Two houses were built in Paris, one of which was a miniature Siberia, full of currents of air, in every respect cold and dry, where, by dint of taking violent exercise in every imaginable way, and hardening his system, the husband endeavored to recover his health; while in the adjacent building every thing was warm, luxurious, soothing, and tropical. This latter was the home of the young wife. The pair were perfectly happy, living, as it were, a thousand miles apart—the one amidst his frescoes, representing icebergs and reindeer—the other among flowers and tropical scenes. Unfortunately, this fairy life lasted but three years, when both died within a short time of each other.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

CHAPTER I.

A MAN has very hard work in the International Finance Department of Somerset House. From ten to one I have to sign my name some thirty times, and to make myself familiar with the heads of the Department by sketching their countenances on the blotting-paper. It is imperatively necessary for the balance of power that I carefully peruse the *Times* every morning. If people call on business I never forget what is due to official life so far as to be able to give them any information on the subject. Luckily reformers and the economical adjusters of the estimates have not yet found any abuses in the I. F. Department, so that I luxuriate in countless rolls of red tape supplied at the public expense, and sip the brown sherry a grateful country furnishes for the leisure hours of its overworked financiers with all the complacence of the Poet Laureate.

One morning in 186–, after having successfully adjusted an impending crisis in the national credit of a European principality, and guarded against an overissue of paper-money by the King of Dahomey (the House never gives us fellows the glory of these operations, it all goes to the ministry), my eyes fell upon the following announcement in the obituary of the *Times*:

"October 6. The Rev. John Gibbons, Rector of Ashton, Herts, aged 67."

I did no more work that day. When a telegram from the Prime Minister begged me at once to see to a treaty of commerce being concluded with the United States, I flung the missive to a sub.

Soon after I sauntered out and strolled down to the Park. It was one of those delicious days which sometimes occur in October. Not a breath of air stirred beneath the fleecy gray sky. The sycamore leaves hung by the last fibre, yet did not fall.

Soon I made up my mind. Six hundred a year was little enough to keep a wife on; but it was impossible that my talents could long lie hidden at the I. F. Department. Sir Frederick had said as much the other day. No one knew so much about the Credit Mobilier of Austria, and an envoy would soon be wanted to proceed to Francis Joseph's court. Kate was a fine-looking woman. Plenty of good hair, teeth unexceptionable; we had certainly loved each other a good deal last summer. What would the poor girl do now she was alone in the world? I had just time at my lodgings to throw my things into a portmanteau, seize my dispatch-box, and reach King's Cross in time for the 4.30 down train. There was yet a moment to telegraph to my clerk:

"Important Cabinet meeting at Lord H——'s. Have to attend to settle the claims of Prussia. Invest the Pomeranian £160,000. Decline Emperor's offer. Back on the 20th. Letters to be sent to Ashton Hall."

With dusk the train stopped at Ashton Station. Oddly enough I found a trap from my uncle's waiting there; but then somehow or other things always do arrange themselves for men born to command their fellows.

"Well, John," I said, as we sped along the side of the park, "how is the master?"

"Not any thing to boast of, Sir: he had a

touch of his old enemy, but he will be glad to see you."

"Ah, I shall just save dinner. Birds plentiful this season?"

"Pretty fair, Sir; no one has shot them yet. The rector has been too ill to walk: you know he died on Saturday?"

"Yes, I had heard; but here we are! Hold up, old horse! Now, John, take the ribbons."

I descended and was shown into the library. My uncle nursed his gouty feet by the side of a huge wood-fire carefully arranged on dogs three centuries old. The great and wise of all times and countries were caged around the walls in row after row of books. His welcome, if somewhat testy, was cordial.

"Well, Alan, what brings you here? Have cab-hire and white kid gloves ruined you?"

"Not exactly, or I should have stopped short at Colney Hatch. The fact is, my dear uncle, negotiations of a very important character have been set on foot with Prussia. I had to run down to Lord H——'s; they can't settle these affairs, you know, without some one from the I. F. Department; I took you *en route*, hoping with Milton that your experience

'Might attain
To something of prophetic strain'

on my behalf."

"Hem!" said the old man, mollified; "time was when the Premier constantly sent down a Queen's Messenger to me on the eve of an important debate. I remember Castlereagh waking me at three in the morning, and sitting on my bed while I thought over what was the best course to be taken with regard to the French intervention in Spain."

"Political wisdom at present," I observed, "too often consults the presiding genius of the *Morning Star*. We will discuss Prussia's embarrassments over the Clos Vougeot. Shall I ring for your valet to take your arm while I help you in to dinner?"

The *purée* and turbot were so unexceptionable that I was not surprised at my uncle's attack of gout. When the cloth was removed (dinners *à la Russe* found no favor at Ashton), the butler placed Mr. Norris's toast and water before him.

"No, no, Morton; Alan must be supported," said he, "at the sherry. Get me some Clos Vougeot. Alan, you are quite right," he continued, "no one ever took harm from Burgundy. Erasmus rejuvenated himself by drinking it. Old Drencham may say what he likes to-morrow. *Nunc est bibendum!*"

After a pause he went on. "Poor Gibbons is dead, Alan; I shall miss him very much. It is very sad about Kate; she will have to go out as governess. It seems her father invested largely in the Tidal Wave Force Company and has lost his all. They smashed last week, and he had a fit when they told him."

"I had hoped some good fellow ere this would have asked for her hand," I observed, carelessly.

"Yes, she is pretty, certainly; and what is better, clever; but you young men nowadays rave after a *blonde chevelure*, and she has hair as black as night."

"If I were a marrying man," I remarked, holding my glass up to the light, "I think I should have hazarded a refusal. But then she is penniless, and love in a cottage would not suit me after diplomatic dinners; nor could I earth up celery after having arbitrated the great Zollverein treaty."

My uncle laid down his glass ere he had well tasted the glowing liquid and tapped his snuff-box in great perturbation.

"To be sure, love-matches are all very well, Alan, for your romantic men, college fellows and the like. No practical man could think of such a thing were the lady Helen herself. Ashton Hall is a fine estate, is it not?"

"Yes, you have greatly improved it. Netherby tells me the young timber is now salable. Planting in the manner you did fifty years ago was most judicious."

"It ought to be made up with the Fluxton estate," he went on, not heeding my interruption. "People say Laura Fluxton is plain, as if an heiress were ever beautiful! I should like to see the man who will have Ashton adding Fluxton to it."

I was my uncle's favorite nephew, so I winced internally at the suggestion.

"You see, Sir, a fellow likes to see a pretty girl at the end of his table. Why didn't Dame Fortune give Kate Gibbons the manor as a dowry for her good looks?"

"The heir of Ashton ought to marry Laura Fluxton," said my uncle, decisively, "were she Mucklemouthed Meg herself!"

"Certainly, Sir," I said with a perfectly unconscious look; "and if she refuses him, I will get him an introduction to the Pig-faced Lady. She has no end of money, they say, and after a year of her a man might be further encouraged to go in for the Dunmow flitch."

"Nay, Alan," observed he once more with a smile, "so rash a man you may be sure would never get a *rasher*."

But when he wished me good-night he once more returned to the point.

"You stop here to-morrow?"

"Unless the country goes to the dogs during my absence."

"Ride over to see Laura to-morrow morning. Oh! by-the-way, tell Netherby and Stanley I shall want them as witnesses to a document when you return. Good-night!"

After breakfast next day I asked Mr. Norris if he had any commands for Fluxton Hall ere I mounted my horse.

"Hah, hah!" he chuckled, "ask Fluxton about that poaching rascal Morris; and hark ye! sacrifice to the Graces and vow a hecatomb to Persuasion; Venus and all her doves go with you!"

He stood watching me down the park: at the lodge I turned and rode swiftly toward the rectory.

Kate and I had exchanged divers love passages in years past. She was now in trouble. Come what would I would marry her. She must not go forth into a cold world to earn her bread as a governess.

The rectory stood apart from the rest of the village shaded by old elms. They were now straining in the wind, and only here and there a yellow leaf clung to the naked boughs.

I put the horse into the well-known stable, crossed the lawn to the drawing-room bow-window, opened it, and entered.

"Pardon me, Miss Gibbons, but I would not ring and disturb you to-day. I am not going to sympathize or condole with you as an ordinary friend might do. I have come down from London to see, as something dearer than a friend, in what I can help."

"Oh, Mr. Woodward! what can I say to you at such a time as this? Yours is true kindness!" and she turned away much affected.

After a pause I resumed—"You will have to see to your father's will and to dilapidations on the house; but first, where are you going while all these duties—these sad duties to a mourner—are being gone through?"

"You have heard from your uncle, of course, about my father's speculations. They have proved most unfortunate—he lost all. The furniture will pay for our debts, but I grieve at not being able to meet the dilapidations which will certainly be heavy on this old house. As for myself, I shall seek employment, and hope in time to liquidate every thing." And Miss Gibbons proudly faced her lover.

"Kate, I have three hundred pounds lying idle at my banker's; borrow it—you can pay me interest if you will."

"How can I thank you for your generosity? but—ah no, no, I can not take it, Mr. Woodward!"

"Then take me with it, Kate, if that will reconcile you better to it," and I held her hand firmly, which struggled to be free. "You know how long I have loved—I came here on purpose to say this—Kate, my own Kate, look up!"

She paused a moment and then she said—"It is almost too happy—but your uncle—he would never forgive me. Oh, Mr. Woodward—Alan—it can not be!—do not ask me further,"—and she sat down pale as death on the sofa.

I begged and implored, but to no purpose—she would not even give me hope; nothing was so abhorrent to her feelings as to enter a family where she was not welcome. I blamed her pride, she acknowledged she deserved it; I railed at my uncle; she said—

"Nay, nay, true friend, do not speak thus with him above yet unburied! You shall hear betimes from me. If I am in difficulty I promise to write to you and trust you as my brother—do not grieve! Forgive me!"—and she turned her earnest eyes on me.

I could only silently kiss her forehead and gaze a moment into her face. Then I retreated to my horse and rode off silent and dispirited. I loved her truly: why should she thus throw so foolish an obstacle in the way—she loved me—had as good as confessed it: why are girls so fanciful?

Occupied by these sombre reflections, I was startled as I turned out of the lane into the main road by a groom galloping by. He pulled up on seeing me, and asked hurriedly if I had seen his mistress.

"What? A lady pass here? No. Nothing amiss, eh?"

"She was riding Proud Peter, Sir: he's a desperate horse in his tantrums, and has started off like mad with her while I was getting a stone out of this un's foot"—and chatting with the butcher, he might have added.

We galloped on together. After a turn or two the road opened upon a common, and there we saw the runaway scattering the sheep in every direction as he furiously bore off his helpless rider. I knew enough of the country to be aware that over the dip he was rapidly approaching were several chalk quarries, and that instant action was necessary. My horse soon distanced the groom, and bore me rapidly across the arc of the fugitive's course, my aim being to cut off the terrified animal and either seize the reins or at all events head him from the quarries. Onward I sped with the riding habit of the slim figure before me fluttering behind her as my mark, and her hair (she had lost her hat) streaming in the brisk autumnal breeze. It was an exciting chase. I was rapidly nearing them, when her horse swerved to the right and made straight at a hedge—a regular bullfinch—my only comfort was there was no quarry on the opposite side. The lady still sat him bravely—a moment more and they neared it. I had just time to shout "Lift him to it!" when there was a spring, a loud crash, and the animal burst through, leaving his rider insensible on the earth with an ugly cut on her head.

CHAPTER II.

"WELL," said my uncle, with his hand on the bell when I entered the library that afternoon, "am I to ring for Netherby and Stanley?"

"If you think they can be of any service to you."

"Well but, Alan—have you left her an accepted suitor? Is it all right?"

"No, Sir: it is a very nasty cut indeed."

"Cut!" roared my uncle, "cut! do you mean to say she wouldn't have you? Tell me all about it. What hard hearts girls have nowadays!"

"I assure you, Wood says she will carry the mark of to-day's work to her grave."

"You don't mean to say you told that chatterbox Wood about your proposal? Why Wood will tell it to all his patients!"

"Proposal? I really do n't understand you."

"Come, come, Alan, *finesse* apart, of course it is all right, eh? Those fellows will come up directly and we will execute the Will forthwith."

"But unfortunately Miss Fluxton is still insensible: she was flung from her horse this afternoon and her head is seriously injured."

"Whew!" said my uncle, solemnly, "is she very—"

At this moment the door opened and a footman ushered into the presence Netherby, in a russet garb and an awe-struck countenance, and Stanley, pale with terror and repeatedly stroking his hair, to my uncle.

"Hillo! What? I don't want you!" he shouted to the unlucky fellows—"go and be hanged to you both for a couple of," etc. etc.: long before he could finish the wretched rustics had fled to the servants' hall, while I shouted with laughter.

The old man flung himself into his arm-chair and moodily resumed: "You will have to wait and try again; meanwhile, make yourself happy with the pheasants. The I. F. Department will have to lose your valuable aid for the present."

"Unfortunately Briggs handed me a telegram from Lennox as I dismounted. The Kuttack Provinces want a loan at once, £900,000; I must run back and see about it, I suppose, or else there will be some terrible blunder. There are not above two of the subs who know where the Kuttack Provinces are. I don't want the department to be overhauled in the House: some fellow will be proposing to give us Cape Sherry, so I must at once wish you good-by!"

As I spoke the carriage passed the windows, and ere long I was once more whirled off to the great Babylon.

The Kuttack loan was duly negotiated, and a month more found us busy upon the Caribbee Succession Duty. Lord Mayor's-day, with the usual raid of Whitechapel upon decent hats, had just passed, when among my correspondence arrived two private letters.

One was directed in a hand that had been bold enough for a premier's, but now it shook sadly here and there, and the letters were occasionally blurred and smudged like the same worthy's fingers when knotted with gout. This could be from no one but my uncle:

"DEAR ALAN"—it began—"I thought you would like some news from Ashton this dull weather. Miss Fluxton has quite recovered: young Quickspeke is to marry her in a month. I do not think you would have had any chance, unless she had been ignorant of your proposal to Miss Gibbons. Some men never know Comet port from Oxford mixture. My sister Jane's boy is fond of a country life: I trust the new ministry will not forget such devoted public servants as yourself. Netherby and Stanley have just come in to witness my signature, so I must end ever your affectionate uncle, C. H. NORRIS."

"Lambton!" I cried to my head clerk.

That functionary appeared prompt as the genii when Aladdin rubbed his lamp. "Oblige me by putting this letter in the hottest part of the fire," I observed, and the note was consumed to ashes forthwith.

Now for the other. It was written on black-edged mourning paper from the "severe affliction" department; the handwriting was firm yet delicate and lady-like.

"SHIP EUPHRATES, GRAVESEND, *Nov.* 11, 186-.

"MY DEAR MR. WOODWARD,—After your kindness to me at Ashton, and my promise to let you know what my plans were, you will not be surprised to hear that I am going to India as governess to the Honorable Sir R. Prynne's daughters. We sail in an hour. You will soon learn to thank me for sparing us the bitterness of saying farewell to one another. You carry with you my loving affection and best wishes for your happiness; a kinder fate might have saved me from signing myself your most sincere and sisterly friend, K. G."

"Lambton! a Hansom immediately!"

I reached Gravesend to hear the *Euphrates* sailed during the night. She might touch at Plymouth, but it depended on the weather.

Of course the Caribbee Succession Duty Papers could follow me to Plymouth; my name could be signed there as well as in London. I went down by the night mail, and next morning called upon the agent of the packet line to which the *Euphrates* belonged.

He informed me decisively but courteously that there was not the slightest chance of her touching at, or even sighting Plymouth. She had discharged her pilot at Folkestone, the telegraph had that morning brought word, and was rapidly making the best of her way down Channel with a favoring wind. Sometimes, when passengers joined at Plymouth, their vessels put in there; but the *Euphrates* had shipped her full complement before leaving Gravesend.

What was to be done now? It was certain I should not see Kate again. I was chagrined, certainly, nay, seriously grieved, I settled with myself while smoking my cigar on the Hoe. My affection for her was so deep that I could not all at once and philosophically consign her memory to that limbo of lost loves to be found at the bottom of most men's hearts. Yet it was absurd for a man of the world like myself, who hob-nobbed familiarly with ministers, and had the *entrée* of every house worth knowing in Mayfair—it did seem absurd for me to be so hard hit at losing a simple clergyman's daughter. I could not return to town at once. It was to be hoped the Caribbean millionaires could wait a little longer for their documents. I am not sentimental, but it would be pleasant, I fancied, for a time to live "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." And so I determined to pay a visit, now it was so near, to the Lizard.

After a drive of a dozen miles from Helston, the little omnibus deposited me, with two more passengers, inmates of the little village, in an open court-yard at the back of the only inn in the locality. It was dusk, and beyond two or three squalid cottages and a cheery radiance of the kitchen window before me, I could see nothing save moon and mist. There was not a tree, not a bush, not a twig, nor had we passed any for the last two miles. Heather, swept by the keen breeze, and a vast cloud-curtain overhanging the cliffs facing the sea, closed in the prospect. I shivered and went in to find sour cider the only beverage attainable, unless I tried the landlord's wine and spirit store.

"Ye see, Sir, us don't often get gentlemen here but in summer, and there isn't much drinking among the men. The teetotal sect is a main trouble to tavern-keepers;" and so saying the host consoled himself with a pull at cider "sharp" enough to cut his throat.

I slept well, for I had the inn to myself, and next day descended to the shore. There was a magnificent sea rolling into the little bay under a brisk southwester, turgid and swollen on the horizon, and breaking here and there into angry foam, which was overwhelmed forthwith by the succeeding surge, as a luckless trooper who falls in a cavalry charge is trampled under foot by his comrades. The coast was composed of serpentine rocks, cruel and sharp, like wolf's teeth, where they receded from the shore, but split into a hundred jagged reef-like masses, where the sea roared, and leaped, and chafed in sheets of surf before me. A lurid glare overhead, athwart which dirty yellowish cloud-drifts were hurried with their ragged edges catching the gleam for a moment, and then swept into the mist, boded but ill, thought, for mariners who should near these iron-bound coasts. It was a splendid spectacle, and as the day wore on I watched with the old light-house keeper the waves increase and every sail seek the offing. At nightfall a tremendous gale was raging, the wind howled, and a legion of demons seemed disputing the cliffs with the waves. Rain lashed down in torrents, and surf was sent flying in sheets over the moor. The old salt shrugged his shoulders, wished me good-night, and went in.

About midnight I was roused by the shouts of men running under my windows. I could hear their anxious voices over the roar of the storm. The landlord came to the door, knocked hurriedly, and said, "There's a large ship on the rocks off the Old Head, Sir; would you like to see the life-boat go out?" I did not wait for a second invitation, but soon joined him, clad in a boating-coat and a sou'wester tied well on my head.

We were almost carried off our feet as we came out upon the cliffs by the Head. It was an awful sight. By a straggling moon we could discern mountains of surf hurled over the rocks beneath us, and gleaming like sheets of flying silver. Out to sea was a writhing, howling wilderness, each surge striving to outtop its neighbor. Half a mile out, lit by a couple of blue-lights, lay the hull of a large vessel, broadside on the waves. You could hear them boom and hiss and shriek as they flew over her and overwhelmed her in foam. Every now and then a gun was fired, and the sea, cumbered with topmasts and wreckage, was vividly lighted up for a moment to pass into thicker darkness than ever, as the report reached our ears.

We ran down the zigzag path to the cove. Her crew were already hauling down the life-boats. They wanted one to fill up her quota. It was not hatred of life now I had lost my love that impelled me to offer my services; it was that stirring desire which comes over a man in serious issues to lend his arm and take his life in his hand if he can only save others. One who has pulled in an Oxford eight-oar is sure to get at home even with the ponderous oar of a life-boat. The crew hesitated, and some preferred waiting for Simmons, but he had some distance to come, and no one could say for certain that he knew any thing about the wreck. Meanwhile the storm blew in furious gusts; no more guns were fired from the stranded ship; the waves were evidently driving the men from below. There was no time to be lost. "Will you obey orders?" said the coxswain.

"I'll do my very best and drown with you, my lads, if we fail."

"Hurrah!" they cried, "put on the jacket and take your place!"

"Now then, easy, lads, shove her off," shouted the cox.; "now's your time!"

The willing arms of the crowd pushed us down the slips and ran us out well into the surf, some getting knocked down and all thoroughly drenched in the operation.

"Bend to it, lads! stick to your oars, and we'll soon reach her." These were the last commands I heard. A huge roller sprang over us ere we could clear the surf, filled the boat with water, and half stunned me. "Hold hard, mate!" said the man who shared my bench, "we sha'n't ship any more."

We did not for some time get a further wetting; the difficulty was to keep one's seat as the boat rode madly up some mountainous wave to shoot headlong into its trough, and then to be knocked about in the broken water before the next swell came and the previous movements were repeated. It was desperate work, too, laying hold of the waves with the oar, such was the swiftness with which they flew by, and the force with which they beat upon its blade. I was exhausted before we had made half the distance, while my companion chewed his quid and pulled away with supreme indifference. "What ship is she?" I said to him. "I thought a collier at first," he returned, "but Bill tells me it's the *You-fear-at-ease!* Us can't abide them furrin names! She's an Indiaman."

The *Euphrates!* I thought, and Kate in danger! With clenched teeth I felt no more fatigue, but pulled mechanically, amazing my neighbor by my efforts.

"Look out!" roared the skipper, "grip for your lives!" and with the words a thundering swell caught us obliquely on the starboard, snapped two of the oars, and overturned the boat in an avalanche of foam. In a few seconds, which seemed ages to a submerged man, gripping the safety lines for dear life's sake, she righted herself. I picked myself up from the confusion of ropes and

stores in which I lay, seized my oar hanging by its lanyard, took a long breath, and once more we made way, the water running out of the false bottom of the boat as we picked up two of our mates floating along upborne by their cork jackets.

Soon we gained the *Euphrates*, and ran as far as we dared venture into the caldron or surf around her; a few sailors appeared on the deck, and several women were wailing on the poop as every minute the huge seas leaped over them, carrying away one occasionally in their grasp. We could not help those ill-fated souls, as we were lying on and off, while our cox. flung the sailors a rope. All the boats, bulwarks, and deck lumber had long been swept off, and evidently most of her crew were lost already.—While we were drawing up the end was at hand. Three immense rollers in close succession riding high, and hissing as they came on, discharged themselves viciously on the *Euphrates*. There was a roar, a loud cracking, and amidst the shrieks of the women the noble ship heeled over and went all at once to pieces. We drew out as quickly as we could from the confused surges and dangerous proximity of the wreckage. It is a marvel to me, looking back on that frightful night, how we survived, considering what cross-waves boarded us at this time, dashing spars and hencoops over us, and tossing the heavy life-boat like an egg-shell where they would. Each of us did his best to save the poor creatures who were borne by us. Eight men and three children were picked up. Then we steered right into the heart of the wreckage and got in two ladies, but alas! neither was Kate. The moon now shone brightly over the awful waste of waters: no more bodies were to be seen, and the coxswain gave the word, "Home." Still I peered over every wave and scanned every trough in hopes of seeing—ha! what is that? Kate's pale, upturned face drifting by! In an instant I dropped my oar, leaped in the seething chasm, with two strokes was upon her, and grasped her hair! We were borne on, a surge flew over us, I was stunned, smothered, became insensible, but still I clung to my prize, and my cork jacket held us both up.

When the sun was high in the heavens next day, bringing out the sea-gulls in strong relief against the still sullen waves that chafed around the Lizard Head, I awoke to find myself famous.

"LIFT HER TO IT!"

Kate was safe and in a fair way to recover speedily from her fright and immersion. The crew had picked us up after a severe struggle with the currents that set in so strongly off the Head. Our love-story had oozed out by some means or other, I learned, and Kate and myself were receiving no small amount of popular sympathy. It was strange to find Rumor with her thousand tongues busy in this remote corner of the land.

Then came reporters by the dozen, like birds of prey which instinctively fly to their proper food. I became a hero now if I had been only a successful financier before. He was a made man among them who could only catch sight of my umbrella. I was daily drawn out into numberless paragraphs headed, "A deed of daring;" "Noble action;" "Gallant exploit," etc., as a small lump of gold is beaten into fibres broad enough to cover a country. Then when Kate and I were married as privately as we could, at Llandewednack Church (the most southerly church in England and the parish church of the Lizard), the enthusiasm of the papers knew no bounds. The "romantic incident," which at last gave me the "love of my lifetime," was blazoned far and wide; and many a leading article in that dull time of the year reveled in gushing superlatives and lost itself in praises of marriage, "the perennial Paradise of Humanity," to do us honor.

Four gratifying results followed this event:

I. I was presented with the gold medal of the Royal Humane Society and their thanks inscribed on vellum.—Other men, I believe, get silver medals and thanks written on parchment.

II. Lord Hanaper suddenly remembered the Inspectorship of Sealing-wax and Wafers was vacant—"and by Jove, Sir! that industrious and gallant Woodward shall have it!" It is worth £3000 per annum and a sinecure.

III. I received another letter from Mr. Norris, saying that he had revoked his will and was making a new one in my favor. "Excuse haste, Alan; Netherby and Stanley have just come up to witness signature."

IV. And lastly. If any thing were wanting to the perfect happiness which should always wait upon true love and successful heroism, this morning has supplied it. I have just become the happy father of twins. They are to be named Hero and Leander, and are at the present moment going on swimmingly.

HOPELESS.

"She is a lady, and passes me by, with never so much as a glance of her eye."—[See *Poem*, Page 426.]

IN THE SPRING.

"Fresh to gather, sweet to keep, are the buds that bloom in Spring."—[See *Poem*, Page 426.]

MRS. MYRA CLARK GAINES.

MRS. MYRA CLARK GAINES.

WE give herewith the portrait of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, whom the recent decision of the Supreme Court has made the richest woman in America, and whose name deserves to stand side by side with that of Cyrus W. Field as an example of that tireless will and perseverance which accomplishes its object in spite of all obstacles. For more than thirty years Mrs. Gaines has been engaged in this struggle to recover her father's estates, the story of which sounds more like one of romance than of plain, unvarnished fact.

Mrs. Gaines was born at Philadelphia, in 1806. Her father was Daniel Clark, a native of Ireland, who, beginning life as an adventurous trader, ended it as one of the richest merchants of New Orleans. Her mother was Zuleima Carrier, a French lady, who had separated from a first husband on learning that he had a wife living; for this reason the marriage was private, and was afterward discredited by the pretenders to the estate. Before she was a year old her parents separated. Mr. Clark took charge of his daughter, had her properly educated, and testified paternal affection toward her.

In 1813 Daniel Clark died, leaving an immense fortune, mostly invested in land in New Orleans and other cities on the Mississippi. A will was produced, bequeathing his fortune to his mother and the city of New Orleans, who immediately entered into possession.

Some thirteen years afterward Myra married Mr. Whitney, a member of a wealthy and respected family of Binghamton, New York, and claimed the property as his only legitimate child. The wealthy holders of the estate fiercely contested the claim, and literally persecuted Mr. Whitney to death. His widow, young, beautiful, and energetic, and left with three children to provide for, continued the suit. Her cause seemed almost hopeless when Major-General Gaines, of the United States army, became interested in the fortunes of the beautiful widow, and married her despite the great disparity of years. His fortune of a quarter of a million was soon swallowed up in legal proceedings, and he died in turn, leaving her again a widow, without means, opposed to a wealthy corporation. The case had been tried and lost at New Orleans, and carried to the Supreme Bench at Washington and lost there in 1852. Her suit now seemed hopeless, when, just at this juncture a will was discovered, duly executed by Daniel Clark, certifying that she was his only legitimate child, and creating her his sole heir. This will Mrs. Gaines offered for probate, and sued the possessors of her father's property thereupon. The New Orleans court again decided against her. She appealed anew to the Supreme Court at Washington, and after several years of tedious litigation, obtained a judgment on March 14, 1861, confirming the will, declaring her the only rightful heir of Daniel Clark, and entitling her not only to the whole property left by him, but to the rents of the same during the thirty years that had elapsed since the first claim.

Just as suddenly as she had risen from despair to success, her hopes were dashed to the ground. The civil war broke out, and suspended all proceedings for the recovery of the property for five years. At its close, claims of rightful possession under the first will were set up by the holders of the estate, and carried through the local courts to the United States Supreme Court, where they have recently been decided in Mrs. Gaines's favor. The estate in question embraces a large portion of the city of New Orleans; its value was estimated in 1839 at $6,480,000, and is said to have increased during thirty years to $40,000,000. Mrs. Gaines, during this long course of litigation, is said to have become one of the cleverest lawyers of the country. She is still in the prime of life, and we trust may live long to enjoy her hardly-earned fortune.

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

WHO IS HE?

ON the morning after the last escape of Beatrice, Clark went up to Brandon Hall. It was about nine o'clock. A sullen frown was on his face, which was pervaded by an expression of savage malignity. A deeply preoccupied look, as though he were altogether absorbed in his own thoughts, prevented him from noticing the half-smiles which the servants cast at one another.

Asgeelo opened the door. That valuable servant was at his post as usual. Clark brushed past him with a growl and entered the dining-room.

Potts was standing in front of the fire with a flushed face and savage eyes. John was stroking his dog, and appeared quite indifferent. Clark, however, was too much taken up with his own thoughts to notice Potts. He came in and sat down in silence.

"Well," said Potts, "did you do that business?"

"No," growled Clark.

"No!" cried Potts. "Do you mean to say you didn't follow up the fellow?"

"I mean to say it's no go," returned Clark. "I did what I could. But when you are after a man, and he turns out to be the DEVIL HIMSELF, what can you do?"

At these words, which were spoken with unusual excitement, John gave a low laugh, but said nothing.

"You've been getting rather soft lately, it seems to me," said Potts. "At any rate, what did you do?"

"Well," said Clark, slowly—"I went to that inn—to watch the fellow. He was sitting by the fire, taking it very easy. I tried to make out whether I had ever seen him before, but could not. He sat by the fire, and wouldn't say a word. I tried to trot him out, and at last I did so. He trotted out in good earnest, and if any man was ever kicked at and ridden rough-shod over, I'm that individual. He isn't a man—he's Beelzebub.—He knows every thing. He began in a playful way by taking a piece of charcoal and writing on the wall some marks which belong to me, and which I'm a little delicate about letting people see; in fact, the Botany Bay marks."

"Did he know that?" cried Potts, aghast.

"Not only knew it, but, as I was saying, marked it on the wall. That's a sign of knowledge. And for fear they wouldn't be understood, he kindly explained to about a dozen people present the particular meaning of each."

"The devil!" said John.

"That's what I said he was," rejoined Clark, dryly. "But that's nothing. I remember when I was a little boy," he continued, pensively, "hearing the parson read about some handwriting on the wall, that frightened Beelzebub himself; but I tell you this handwriting on the wall used me up a good deal more than that other. Still what followed was worse."

Clark paused for a little while and then, taking a long breath, went on.

"He proceeded to give to the assembled company an account of my life, particularly that very interesting part of it which I passed on my last visit to Botany Bay. You know my escape."

He stopped for a while.

"Did he know about that, too?" asked Potts, with some agitation.

"Johnnie," said Clark, "he knew a precious sight more than you do, and told some things which I had forgotten myself. Why, that devil stood up there and slowly told the company not only what I did but what I felt. He brought it all back. He told how I looked at Stubbs, and how Stubbs looked at me in the boat. He told how we sat looking at each other, each in our own end of the boat."

Clark stopped again, and no one spoke for a long time.

"I lost my breath and ran out," he resumed, "and was afraid to go back. I did so at last. It was then almost midnight. I found him still sitting there. He smiled at me in a way that fairly made my blood run cold. 'Crocker,' said he, 'sit down.'"

At this Potts and John looked at each other in horror.

"He knows that too?" said John.

"Every thing," returned Clark, dejectedly. "Well, when he said that I looked a little surprised, as you may be sure.

"'I thought you'd be back,' said he, 'for you want to see me, you know. You're going to follow me,' says he. 'You've got your pistols all ready, so, as I always like to oblige a friend, I'll give you a chance. Come.'

"At this I fairly staggered.

"'Come,' says he, 'I've got all that money, and Potts wants it back. And you're going to get it from me. Come.'

"I swear to you I could not move. He smiled at me as before, and quietly got up and left the house. I stood for some time fixed to the spot. At last I grew reckless. 'If he's the devil himself,' says I, 'I'll have it out with him.' I rushed out and followed in his pursuit. After some time I overtook him. He was on horseback, but his horse was walking. He heard me coming. 'Ah, Crocker,' said he, quite merrily, 'so you've come, have you?'

"I tore my pistol from my pocket and fired. The only reply was a loud laugh. He went on without turning his head. I was now sure that it was the devil, but I fired my other pistol. He gave a tremendous laugh, turned his horse, and rode full at me. His horse seemed as large as the village church. Every thing swam around, and I fell headforemost on the ground. I believe I lay there all night. When I came to it was morning, and I hurried straight here."

As he ended Clark arose, and, going to the sideboard, poured out a large glass of brandy, which he drank raw.

"The fact is," said John, after long thought, "you've been tricked. This fellow has doctored your pistols and frightened you."

"But I loaded them myself," replied Clark.

"When?"

"Oh, I always keep them loaded in my room. I tried them, and found the charge was in them."

"Oh, somebody's fixed them."

"I don't think half as much about the pistols as about what he told me. What devil could have put all that into his head? Answer me that," said Clark.

"Somebody's at work around us," said John. "I feel it in my bones."

"We're getting used up," said Potts. "The girl's gone again."

"The girl! Gone!"

"Yes, and Mrs. Compton too."

"The devil!"

"I'd rather lose the girl than Mrs. Compton; but when they both vanish the same night what are you to think?"

"I think the devil is loose."

"I'm afraid he's turned against us," said Potts, in a regretful tone. "He's got tired of helping us."

"Do none of the servants know any thing about it?"

"No—none of them."

"Have you asked them all?"

"Yes."

"Doesn't that new servant, the Injin?"

"No; they all went to bed at twelve. Vijal was up as late as two. They all swear that every thing was quiet."

"Did they go out through the doors?"

"The doors were all locked as usual."

"There's treachery somewhere!" cried John, with more excitement than usual.

The others were silent.

"I believe that the girl's at the bottom of it all," said John. "We've been trying to take her down ever since she came, but it's my belief that we'll end by getting took down ourselves. I was against her being sent for from the first. I scented bad luck in her at the other side of the world. We've been acting like fools. We ought to have silenced her at first."

"No," rejoined Potts, gloomily. "There's somebody at work deeper than she is. Somebody—but who?—who?"

"Nobody but the devil," said Clark, firmly.

"I've been thinking about that Italian," continued Potts. "He's the only man living that would bother his head about the girl. They know a good deal between them. I think he's managed some of this last business. He's humbugged us. It isn't the devil; it's this Italian. We must look out; he'll be around here again perhaps."

Clark's eyes brightened.

"The next time," said he, "I'll load my pistols fresh, and then see if he'll escape me!"

At this a noise was heard in the hall. Potts went out. The servants had been scouring the grounds as before, but with no result.

"No use," said John. "I tried it with my dog. He went straight down through the gate, and a little distance outside the scent was lost. I tried him with Mrs. Compton too. They both went together, and of course had horses or carriages there."

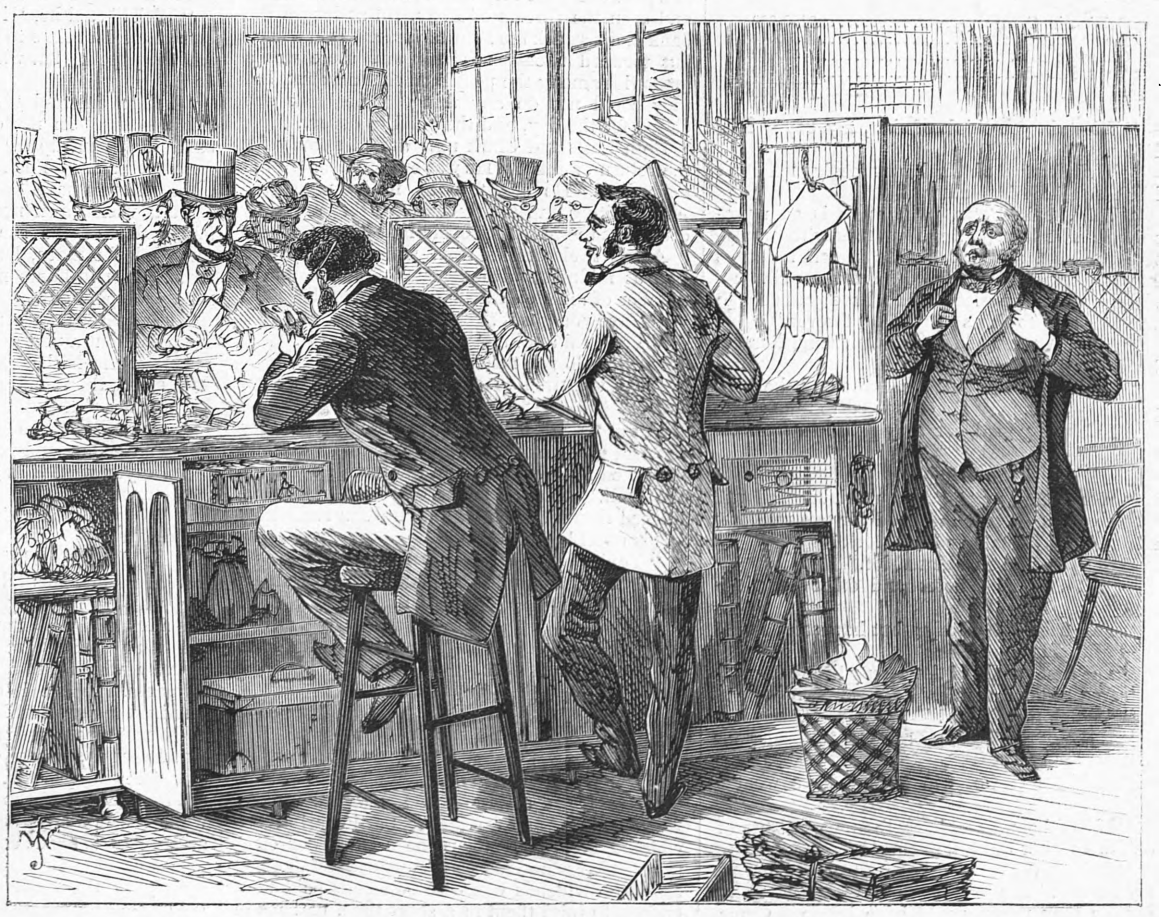
"What does the porter say?" asked Clark.

"He swears that he was up till two, and then went to bed, and that nobody was near the gate."

"Well, we can't do any thing," said Potts; "but I'll send some of the servants off to see what they can hear. The scent was lost so soon that we can't tell what direction they took."

"You'll never get her again," said John; "she's gone for good this time."

Potts swore a deep oath and relapsed into silence. After a time they all went down to the bank.



THE RUN ON THE BANK.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE RUN ON THE BANK.

NOT long after the bank opened a number of people came in who asked for gold in return for some bank-notes which they offered. This was an unusual circumstance. The people also were strangers. Potts wondered what it could mean. There was no help for it, however. The gold was paid out, and Potts and his friends began to feel somewhat alarmed at the thought which now presented itself for the first time that their very large circulation of notes might be returned upon them. He communicated this fear to Clark.

"How much gold have you?"

"Very little."

"How much?"

"Thirty thousand."

"Phew!" said Clark, "and nearly two hundred thousand out in notes!"

Potts was silent.

"What 'll you do if there is a run on the bank?"

"Oh, there won't be."

"Why not?"

"My credit is too good."

"Your credit won't be worth a rush if people know this."

While they talked persons kept dropping in. Most of the villagers and people of the neighborhood brought back the notes, demanding gold. By about twelve o'clock the influx was constant.

Potts began to feel alarmed. He went out, and tried to bully some of the villagers. They did not seem to pay any attention to him, however. Potts went back to his parlor discomfited, vowing vengeance against those who had thus slighted him. The worst of these was the tailor, who brought in notes to the extent of a thousand pounds, and when Potts ordered him out and told him to wait, only laughed in his face.

"Haven't you got gold enough?" said the tailor, with a sneer. "Are you afraid of the bank? Well, old Potts, so am I."

At this there was a general laugh among the people.

The bank clerks did not at all sympathize with the bank. They were too eager to pay out. Potts had to check them. He called them in his parlor, and ordered them to pay out more slowly. They all declared that they couldn't.

The day dragged on till at last three o'clock came. Fifteen thousand pounds had been paid out. Potts fell into deep despondency. Clark had remained throughout the whole morning.

"There's going to be a run on the bank?" said he. "It's only begun."

Potts's sole answer was a curse.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"You'll have to help me," replied Potts. "You've got something."

"I've got fifty thousand pounds in the Plymouth Bank."

"You'll have to let me have it."

Clark hesitated.

"I don't know," said he.

"D—n it, man, I'll give you any security you wish. I've got more security than I know what to do with."

"Well," said Clark, "I don't know. There's a risk."

"I only want it for a few days. I'll send down stock to my London broker and have it sold. It will give me hundreds of thousands—twice as much as all the bank issue. Then I'll pay up these devils well, and that d—d tailor worst of all. I swear I'll send it all down to-day, and have every bit of it sold. If there's going to be a run, I'll be ready for them."

"How much have you?"

"I'll send it all down—though I'm devilish sorry," continued Potts. "How much? why, see here;" and he penciled down the following figures on a piece of paper, which he showed to Clark:

California Company	£100,000
Mexican bonds	50,000
Guatemala do.	50,000
Venezuela do.	50,000
	£250,000

"What do you think of that, my boy?" said Potts.

"Well," returned Clark, cautiously, "I don't like them American names."

"Why," said Potts, "the stock is at a premium. I've been getting from twenty to twenty-five per cent. dividends. They'll sell for three hundred thousand nearly. I'll sell them all. I'll sell them all," he cried. "I'll have gold enough to put a stop to this sort of thing forever."

"I thought you had some French and Russian bonds," said Clark.

"I gave those to that devil who had the—the papers, you know. He consented to take them, and I was very glad, for they paid less than the others."

Clark was silent.

"Why, man, what are you thinking about? Don't you know that I'm good for two millions, what with my estate and my stock?"

"But you owe an infernal lot."

"... haven't I notes and other securities from every body?"

"Yes, from every body; but how can you get hold of them?"

"The first people of the county!"

"And as poor as rats."

"London merchants!"

"Who are they? How can you get back your money?"

"Smithers & Co. will let me have what I want."

"If Smithers & Co. knew the present state of affairs I rather think that they'd back down."

"Pooh! What! Back down from a man with my means! Nonsense! They know how rich I am, or they never would have begun. Come, don't be a fool. It 'll take three days to get gold for my stock, and if you don't help me the bank may stop before I get it. If you'll help me for three days I'll pay you well."

"How much will you give?"

"I'll give ten thousand pounds—there! I don't mind."

"Done. Give me your note for sixty thousand pounds, and I'll let you have the fifty thousand for three days."

"All right. You've got me where my hair is short; but I don't mind. When can I have the money?"

"The day after to-morrow. I'll go to Plymouth now, get the money to-morrow, and you can use it the next day."

"All right; I'll send down John to London with the stock, and he'll bring up the gold at once."

Clark started off immediately for Plymouth, and not long after John went away to London. Potts remained to await the storm which he dreaded.

The next day came. The bank opened late on purpose. Potts put up a notice that it was to be closed that day at twelve, on account of the absence of some of the directors.

At about eleven the crowd of people began to make their appearance as before. Their demands were somewhat larger than on the previous day. Before twelve ten thousand pounds had been paid. At twelve the bank was shut in the faces of the clamorous people, in accordance with the notice.

Strangers were there from all parts of the county. The village inn was crowded, and a large number of carriages was outside. Potts began to look forward to the next day with deep anxiety. Only five thousand pounds remained in the bank. One man had come with notes to the extent of five thousand, and had only been got rid of by the shutting of the bank. He left, vowing vengeance.

To Potts's immense relief Clark made his appearance early on the following day. He had brought the money. Potts gave him his note for sixty thousand pounds, and the third day began.

By ten o'clock the doors were besieged by the largest crowd that had ever assembled in this quiet village. Another host of lookers-on had collected. When the doors were opened they poured in with a rush.

The demands on this third day were very large. The man with the five thousand had fought his way to the counter first, and clamored to be paid. The noise and confusion were overpowering. Every body was cursing the bank or laughing at it. Each one felt doubtful about getting his pay. Potts tried to be dignified for a time. He ordered them to be quiet, and assured them that they would all be paid. His voice was drowned in the wild uproar. The clerks counted out the gold as rapidly as possible, in spite of the remonstrances of Potts, who on three occasions called them all into the parlor, and threatened to dismiss them unless they counted more slowly. His threats were disregarded. They went back, and paid out as rapidly as before. The amounts required ranged from five or ten pounds to thousands of pounds. At last, after paying out thousands, one man came up who had notes to the amount of ten thousand pounds. This was the largest demand that had yet been made. It was doubtful whether there was so large an amount left. Potts came out to see him. There was no help for it; he had to parley with the enemy.

He told him that it was within a few minutes of three, and that it would take an hour at least to count out so much—would he not wait till the next day? There would be ample time then.

The man had no objection. It was all the same to him. He went out with his bundle of notes through the crowd, telling them that the bank could not pay him. This intelligence made the excitement still greater. There was a fierce rush to the counter. The clerks worked hard, and paid out what they could in spite of the hints and even the threats of Potts, till at length the bank clock struck the hour of three. It had been put forward twenty minutes, and there was a great riot among the people on that account, but they could not do any thing. The bank was closed for the day, and they had to depart.

Both Potts and Clark now waited eagerly for the return of John. He was expected before the next day. He ought to be in by midnight. After waiting impatiently for hours they at length drove out to see if they could find him.

About twelve miles from Brandon they met him at midnight with a team of horses and a number of men, all of whom were armed.

"Have you got it?"

"Yes," said John, "what there is of it."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I'm too tired to explain. Wait till we get home."

It was four o'clock in the morning before they reached the bank. The gold was taken out and deposited in the vaults, and the three went up to the Hall. They brought out brandy and refreshed themselves, after which John remarked, in his usual laconic style,

"You've been and gone and done it."

"What?" asked Potts, somewhat puzzled.

"With your speculations in stocks."

"What about them?"

"Nothing," said John, "only they happen to be at a small discount."

"A discount?"

"Slightly."

Potts was silent.

"How much?" asked Clark.

"I have a statement here," said John. "When I got to London, I saw the broker. He said that American stocks, particularly those which I held, had undergone a great depreciation. He assured me that it was only temporary, that the dividends which these stocks paid were enough to raise them in a short time, perhaps in a few weeks, and that it was madness to sell out now. He declared that it would ruin the credit of the Brandon Bank if it were known that we sold out at such a fearful sacrifice, and advised me to raise the money at a less cost.

"Well, I could only think of Smithers & Co. I went to their office. They were all away. I saw one of the clerks who said they had gone to see about some Russian loan or other, so there was nothing to do but to go back to the broker. He assured me again that it was an unheard of sacrifice; that these very stocks which I held had fallen terribly, he knew not how, and advised me to do any thing rather than make such a sacrifice. But I could do nothing. Gold was what I wanted, and since Smithers & Co. were away this was the only way to get it."

"Well!" cried Potts, eagerly. "Did you get it?"

"You saw that I got it. I sold out at a cost that is next to ruin."

"What is it?"

"Well," said John, "I will give you the statement of the broker," and he drew from his pocket a paper which he handed to the others. They looked at it eagerly.

It was as follows:

100 shares California @ £1000 each. 65 per cent. discount	£35,000
50 shares Mexican. 75 per cent. discount	12,500
50 shares Guatemala. 80 per cent. discount	10,000
50 shares Venezuela. 80 per cent. discount	10,000
	£67,000

The faces of Potts and Clark grew black as night as they read this. A deep execration burst from Potts. Clark leaned back in his chair.

"The bank's blown up!" said he.

"No, it ain't," rejoined Potts.

"Why not?"

"There's gold enough to pay all that's likely to be offered."

"How much more do you think will be offered?"

"Not much; it stands to reason."

"It stands to reason that every note which you've issued will be sent back to you. So I'll trouble you to give me my sixty thousand; and I advise you as a friend to hold on to the rest."

"Clark!" said Potts, "you're getting timider and timider. You ain't got any more pluck these times than a kitten."

"It's a time when a man's got to be careful of his earnings," said Clark. "How much have you out in notes? You told me once you had out about £180,000, perhaps more. Well, you've already had to redeem about £75,000. That leaves £105,000 yet, and you've only got £67,000 to pay it with. What have you got to say to that?"

"Well!" said Potts. "The Brandon Bank may go—but what then? You forget that I have the Brandon estate. That's worth two millions."

"You got it for two hundred thousand."

"Because it was thrown away, and dropped into my hands."

"It 'll be thrown away again at this rate. You owe Smithers & Co."

"Pooh! that's all offset by securities which I hold."

"Queer securities!"

"All good," said Potts. "All first-rate. It 'll be all right. We'll have to put it through."

"But what if it isn't all right?" asked Clark, savagely.

"You forget that I have Smithers & Co. to fall back on."

"If your bank breaks, there is an end of Smithers & Co."

"Oh no. I've got this estate to fall back on, and they know it. I can easily explain to them. If they had only been in town I shouldn't have had to make this sacrifice. You needn't feel troubled about your money. I'll give you security on the estate to any amount. I'll give you security for seventy thousand," said Potts.

Clark thought for a while.

"Well!" said he, "it's a risk, but I'll run it."

"There isn't time to get a lawyer now to make out the papers; but whenever you fetch one I'll do it."

"I'll get one to-day, and you'll sign the papers this evening. In my opinion by that time the bank 'll be shut up for good, and you're a fool for your pains. You're simply throwing away what gold you have."

Potts went down not long after. It was the fourth day of the run. Miscellaneous callers thronged the place, but the amounts were not large. In two hours not more than five thousand were paid out.

At length a man came in with a carpet-bag. He pulled out a vast quantity of notes.

"How much?" asked the clerk, blandly.

"Thirty thousand pounds," said the man.

Potts heard this and came out.

"How much?" he asked.

"Thirty thousand pounds."

"Do you want it in gold?"

"Of course."

"Will you take a draft on Messrs. Smithers & Co.?"

"No, I want gold."

While Potts was talking to this man another was waiting patiently beside him. Of course this imperative claimant had to be paid or else the bank would have to stop, and this was a casualty which Potts could not yet face with calmness. Before it came to that he was determined to pay out his last sovereign.

On paying the thirty thousand pounds it was found that there were only two bags left of two thousand pounds each.

The other man who had waited stood calmly, while the one who had been paid was making arrangements about conveying his money away.

It was now two o'clock. The stranger said quietly to the clerk opposite that he wanted gold.

"How much?" said the clerk, with the same blandness.

"Forty thousand pounds," answered the stranger.

"Sorry we can't accommodate you, Sir," returned the clerk.

Potts had heard this and came forward.

"Won't you take a draft on London?" said he.

"Can't," replied the man; "I was ordered to get gold."

"A draft on Smithers & Co.?"

"Couldn't take even Bank of England notes," said the stranger; "I'm only an agent. If you can't accommodate me I'm sorry, I'm sure."

Potts was silent. His face was ghastly. As much agony as such a man could endure was felt by him at that moment.

Half an hour afterward the shutters were up; and outside the door stood a wild and riotous crowd, the most noisy of whom was the tailor.

The Brandon Bank had failed.

COPYING WHEEL.—This Wheel, by means of which patterns can be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease, is now ready, and can be had of most of the News-dealers; or will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on the receipt of 25 cents.

FACETIÆ.

"There is but one good wife in this town," said a clergyman in the course of his sermon—the congregation looked expectant—"and every married man thinks he's got her," added the minister.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

Afford, to.—Not to spend more than double your income.

Age.—An indefinite article, added to as a minor, but never allowed to increase after thirty.

Agreeable.—Epithet for any one who carries flattery to its farthest limits.

Agriculture.—Something which produces strawberries and green peas during winter.

Air.—Haughty or otherwise—an element of success.

Allowance.—A paltry pittance made by a father or husband to compare one with slaves for hire.

Amusement.—The aim of life.

Angel, fem.—To be found poetically, before marriage and after death.

Arithmetic.—A torture invented by tradespeople.

Avarice.—Any attempt to spend less than double our income.

Awkward.—Being brought to the point by two men at once, to each of whom she has promised encouragement.

Ball.—Hymen's Market, where unmarried ladies are trotted out for inspection, and knocked down to the highest bidder.

Bank.—A gold-field somewhere in the city, where any man can find money when it is to be spent on himself.

Bargain.—Goods which cost 20 per cent. more than they are worth.

Bear.—A being impervious to the rays of beauty.

Beggary.—Reduced to keeping one man-servant and a pony for the children.

Blush, to.—An art almost extinct. Can be had, however, on the payment of a large sum.

Break.—Used in connection with a heart; perhaps the only thing which was never known to break.

Bridal.—What every female neck bends to willingly, as long as there is no curb.

Brute.—A husband who uses the curb after the bridal.

Business.—Any one's but your own.

Butterfly.—A bachelor who looks before he leaps.

Learning.—Papa: "Well, sissy, how do you like your new school?" Sissy: "Oh, so muts." Papa: "That's right. Now tell me all you have learned today." Sissy: "I have learned the names of all the little boys."

An old Marquesan chief, on being told by a missionary that in heaven there was no war, or hunger, or thirst, or sickness, or death, replied: "That will be a good place for cowards and lazy folks, who are afraid to fight and too lazy to climb bread-fruit and cocoanut trees."

A woman's tears soften a man's heart; her flatteries his head.

There is said to be living in Winchester a man who is possessed of such a powerful memory that he is employed by the various benevolent societies to "remember the poor."

"It is well," as the man said who suddenly found himself where the water-bucket usually goes.

A benevolent lady went to visit a family who were said to be almost starving. She found them half clad, cold, and not a morsel of food in the house. "What do you most need? what would you like to have?" she asked the mother of the family. "Why, I did a'most want a head-dress, they're so becoming!"

THE EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES.

Edwin sends his Wife to a Sale to buy some Furniture—"And look here, Angelina," says he, "don't attempt to Bid yourself; but just glance round the Room, choose a Broker whose Appearance inspires you with implicit Confidence, make a fair Arrangement with him, and let him be your Agent in the Matter."

LEAP-YEAR.

WANTED TO KNOW.

If the person who was overwhelmed with the flood of expectation ever recovered himself.

If the body of a man who was drowned in a sea of troubles was ever found.

The length of the rod of instruction.

How many acres there are in the field of fame.

If the man who was thrown out of employment received any broken bones.

If the lady who held her breath is still holding it.

If the tongue of a wagon ever spoke.

If the eye of a needle can see.

If an ear of corn can hear.

If a rooster's crow can fly.

If water flows from a wagon spring.

Does the kernel of a nut command a regiment?

"Attention, men!" said a corporal to a division of recruits; "when your names are called, you say here; and he who is not here, says absent."

High Words—Conversation on Mont Blanc.

When does a criminal resemble an old book?—When he is bound over.

Wanted, by a confectioner—a candid woman.

Mrs. Muffles says it is "dre'ful" hard to lose a husband. She never got used to it until she lost her fourth. Practice makes perfect.

A New Hampshire farmer, who had an invariably good-natured wife, longed to hear her scold for a change, and was advised that a load of crotchety firewood would make her very desirably cross. He tried it. When the pile was gone, he asked if he should get such another supply. "Oh, yes," said she, "for that crooked wood you brought before does lie around the pot so nicely."

Standing Order with Beggars—Present alms.

An irreverent anecdote is told of a young man who made application for membership of a church, and was placed on probation for the usual period. His conduct having been exemplary, he was notified that he would be received, but replied that he had about made up his mind to join a fire company.

What magazine would be likely to give the best report of a fire?—A powder magazine.

Proverb for Husbands—Where suspicion finds one fault it creates twenty.

"Time is money," as the man said when pawning his watch.

An ill-bred Man—A sick baker.

When intoxicated, a Frenchman wants to dance, a German to sing, a Spaniard to gamble, an Englishman to eat, an Italian to boast, a Russian to be affectionate, an Irishman to fight, and an American to make a speech.

SOCIAL ANOMALIES.

The more a woman undresses herself, the more she is supposed to be dressed.

The gayer the festive occasion, the blacker is man's apparel.

The louder the company, the stiller the Champagne.

The dearer the hands, the dirtier the treachery.

The slower the acquaintance, the faster the friendship.

The firmer the attachment, the softer the kiss.

DESIGN AFTER NATURE.

New Costume recommended to Ladies who intend going to the Sea-Shore.

This Little Duck wears an Effective Aquatic Jacket, strongly recommended for the Boating Season.

Domestic.—We beg to give the subjoined advice to "young beginners" in the mysteries of "housekeeping:" When you go to buy a leg of mutton, invariably keep your wether-eye open!

THE WEATHER.

I've got a deal of common-sense,
  But no imagination;
I never made the least pretense
  To shine in conversation.
I dare not stray in any way
  An inch beyond my tether;
And, when I've nothing else to say
  I talk about the weather.

When Mary Ann and I go out
  I long to play the lover,
But what on earth to talk about
  I never can discover.
I blush to say I often show
  The whitest kind of feather,
And stammer out, "Look here, you know—
  Let's talk about the weather."

I've run a bill at Mr. Snip's
  For articles of raiment;
He always has upon his lips
  A hint about its payment.
Whenever Mr. Snip and I
  Are left alone together,
You can't imagine how I try
  To talk about the weather.

I go to parties now and then,
  But never find it answer;
I'm forced to mix among the men
  Because I'm not a dancer.
I merely put on evening dress—
  White kid and patent leather—
On purpose that I may express
  My thoughts about the weather.

A story is told of an Irishman who spent his spare hours during the winter in building a boat in his cellar. When asked how he was to get it out, he said, "By jabers, I never thought of that." The house had to be raised and the back wall of the cellar taken out before the launch could take place.

The world has a million roosts for a man, but only one nest.

Whatever may be the end of man, there can be no doubt when we see those long trains gracefully sweeping the floors and roads, that the end of woman is—"Dust."

Mary. "Please, Sir, I've been Looking every where for the Third Volume of that Book you was Reading."

Lodger. "Oh, I took it back to the Library this Morning, I—"

Mary. "Oh! then will you tell me, Sir, if as how the 'Markis' found out as she'd Pisoned 'er Two fust 'Usbands?"

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 28.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Children's Spring and Summer Cloaks and Dresses.

We give herewith descriptions and patterns of numerous styles of spring and summer cloaks for children. Like those for adults, they are mostly tight-fitting, though many sacks are still worn. A hood, cape, or fichu is frequently worn over the tight-fitting cloak, the ends of the latter being crossed in front and carried behind. The favorite material for children's cloaks is ladies' cloth, of a gray, brown, or some other light color. The trimming consists of bias folds of the same stuff as the cloak, or of satin, the first being generally set on with satin piping. The satin folds are commonly set on with a row of stitching through the middle. Satin and galloon are much used for binding the edges of the cloaks.

The descriptions of the spring cloaks will be found with the patterns on the Supplement. We give a description of the children's summer suits shown in our illustration, the patterns of which will follow in future Numbers. This Number also contains patterns and descriptions of a variety of spring and summer bonnets and parasols.

Fig. 2.—Suit for boy from 3 to 5 years old. Skirt of Scotch plaid, pleated at the top. Paletot of black cloth, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and buttons.

Fig. 5.—Black silk paletot, trimmed with black satin. Dress of blue and under-skirt of gray mohair. Brown straw beret, trimmed with brown satin rouleaux.

Fig. 7.—Dress of blue and white woolen plaid. Black silk paletot, trimmed in the manner shown in the illustration with black satin piping and satin buttons. Toquet of rice straw, trimmed with velvet ribbon.

Fig. 8.—Dress of gray cretonne. Paletot of gray tricot beaver, trimmed with dark gray silk cord, simulating button-holes, and small mother-of-pearl buttons. Toquet of rice straw, with blue crape veil.

Fig. 10.—Dress and paletot of white piqué, trimmed with bias folds of the same and a muslin quilling. Beret of English straw, trimmed with feathers.

Fig. 11.—Dress of Irish linen. Paletot of light brown summer velours, trimmed with black silk galloon. Leghorn round hat, with crape veil.

Fig. 1.—Paletot for Boy from 5 to 7 Years old.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 33–36.

Fig. 3.—Paletot for Girl from 9 to 11 Years old.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 26–29.

Fig. 4.—Paletot for Boy from 2 to 4 Years old.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 37–39.

Fig. 6.—Talma for Girl from 6 to 8 Years old.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 40 and 41.

Fig. 9.—Paletot for Girl from 7 to 9 Years old.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 30–32.

Figs. 2, 5, 7, 8, 10, and 11.—Children's Summer Suits.—[See Description above.]

CHILDREN'S CLOAKS AND DRESSES.

BLANCHE AND BESS.

SORE-TASKED is he who would express
The rival charms of Blanche and Bess!
Myself the umpire, naught know I
Of rules wherewith the case to try.

Who loves to greet the kindling rays
That fill the morns of summer days,
Will find their beauties far more fair
In Blanche's brow and eyes and hair.

Whose heart is glad when calm and still
The sunset rays our valleys fill,
Their cloud-rift splendors may descry
In Bessie's cheeks and lips and eye.

Now who shall choose, I prithee say,
'Twixt dawning and declining day,
And deem these scenes to be more fair
Than those, when all are past compare?

Away! Howe'er to others' thought
Some choice may beckon, mine is taught,
As by some influence from above,
Where both are lovely, both to love!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1868.

☞ *Single Subscribers to* HARPER'S BAZAR *will be supplied from Number One to the end of the year* 1868, *which will complete the first Volume, for the yearly price of Four Dollars.*

THE TONGUE.

WHATEVER beauty of form and grace of proportion the human tongue may have, no one but the possessor is supposed to be cognizant of them. People are not in the habit of thrusting out this organ to the gaze of others, except in illness for the inspection of the doctor, or in rudeness, to express contempt of an opponent.

The tongue, however, though not wont to make a frequent appearance before the public, demands no less care for the proper performance of the duties of its private station. Upon its surface there is apt to gather a fur which is not easily removed by the ordinary rinsing of the mouth. There is an instrument of silver, called a tongue-scraper, which was never absent from the toilette-cases of our grandams, but is now almost obsolete, that is well adapted to this purpose, and should be used every morning to remove the covering of thickened mucus which accumulates in the course of the night. This fur, if left, gives a pasty sensation to the mouth, and destroying the delicacy of the taste, and the disposition for food, may spoil the appetite.

Dr. Holmes, in one of his medical essays, gives an historical importance to the tongue-scraper. "I," says he, "think more of this little implement, on account of its agency in saving the colony at Plymouth in the year 1623. Edward Winslow heard that Massasoit was sick and like to die. He found him with a houseful of people about him, women rubbing his arms and legs, and friends 'making such a hellish noise' as they probably thought would scare away the devil of sickness. Winslow gave him some conserve, washed his mouth, *scraped his tongue*, which was in a horrid state, got down some drink, made him some broth, dosed him with an infusion of strawberry leaves and sassafras root, and had the satisfaction of seeing him rapidly recover. Massasoit, full of gratitude, revealed the plot which had been formed to destroy the colonists, whereupon the Governor ordered Captain Miles Standish to see to it." The Captain did effectually "see to it," and stabbing Peckswot, the ringleader, with his own knife, broke up the plot and saved the colony.

The old-fashioned doctor is apt to trust too much to the tongue as an indicator of the state of the stomach, and has often recourse to a severe drench of the remote organ where a simple scrape of the near and tangible one would be more effectual. A mere fur of the tongue should alarm no one, if unaccompanied by no other indication of disease, for in nine cases out of ten it is only a local foulness, easily removed by the scraper, or destined quickly to disappear through the natural self-cleansing of the mouth.

The tongue, though its recuperative power is very great and rapid, as is proved by the quickness and completeness with which a cut, a blister, or a burn, or any ordinary injury of it will heal, may become the seat of serious disease by prolonged irritation. Thus, a jagged tooth, the continued pressure of the pipe-stem, and the end of the cigar will produce tedious ulcers of the tongue, and occasionally deadly cancers.

The tongue has the exclusive credit for functions that does not belong to it. It is not either the sole organ of language or of taste. The throat, with its vocal chords and its palate, and the nose, with its nerves and its air-passages, have a large and indispensable share, both in tasting and talking.

The tongue is ordinarily the most abused of all the organs of sense. While the eye and the ear merely suffer from neglect, the tongue is laboriously perverted. Its nature, by the persistent diligence of a malevolent art, is so totally changed that its dislikes become likes, and its likes dislikes. Tobacco, at first spat at with infinite disgust, is finally fondled with delight by the enslaved tongue, and the simple food of nature is rejected for the spiced dishes of art.

The tongue, it must be confessed, as the organ of material taste has no very dignified function, and has reason to withdraw itself from public notice. It has been likened to a commissary-general, whose supplies are necessary to the action of the other more noble organs, but whose sword is seldom drawn, while its aspect is by no means heroic.

ALL IS CHANGE.

VARIETY is said to be the spice of life; but too much of the spice will spoil the taste for the more simple and substantial constituents. This we fear has been very much the case with us Americans. We are in a constant state of transition, changing our places of abode, our houses, our furniture, our modes of worship even, with the same facility as we put off and on yesterday's and to-day's dress. Fashion, which is proverbially quick to change all over the world, is more so in the United States than elsewhere. The new bonnet or last robe, devised by the fertile fancy of the *artistes* of Berlin or Paris, becomes generally adopted in New York and throughout the country long before it is so in either of those foreign cities where it may have originated. The reason is obvious. All the world here can afford to indulge more or less in the caprices of fashion; and our people, with their natural alertness and the great facility of communication, catch the novelties as soon as fledged in Europe, bring them across the ocean, and scatter them, at once, in their flight over the whole country. Our fashionable dames returning from their travels, and expecting to surprise their friends with the last bonnet from Paris, are again and again disappointed, on landing, to find what they supposed to be so rare an exotic already naturalized and blooming in every street. Rapidity of change is essential to fashion, and if the last be recognized the first must be conceded, and this may be freely done so far as the outline of a bonnet or the cut of a robe is concerned.

We protest, however, against shifting from one country to another every two or three years, from New York to Paris and back again; removing from this to that abode every six months, now to a furnished mansion, and then to an hotel; undoing every thing that was done in the house last summer, and doing it over again this; altering the proportions of one room, and removing the furniture of the other. If it were only a question of expense or comfort, people might be left to indulge in these caprices to the full extent of their purses or patience; but this perpetual change lowers the tone of American life, and is especially hurtful to the young. It is fatal to the sentiment of home. The most careless observer can not be unconscious of the powerful influence wrought upon the child by the purely material objects by which he may be surrounded. In his objective mind it is the wooden, brick, or stone structure, as it may be, the room of certain proportions, the familiar furniture, the old sofa and capacious arm-chair, the house and its contents, in fact, which constitute the home. And these objects are so closely associated with the affections of childhood that it is not safe to sever them, for if those go, these are apt to follow.

A frequent change of abode very often interferes with all systematic plans of education, hinders constancy and concentration of effort, and prevents the formation of those early friendships so essential to the humane development of character. Upon the parents the effect is no less disastrous, for by their wandering life they become dependent for companionship upon every chance passer, and learn to live upon the accidental excitement of the hour. The effect upon their manners and tastes may be readily inferred. That irritability and restlessness, which are so common as to be considered almost national characteristics, find, in these constant changes, a powerfully exciting cause, as they would their best remedy, in a fixed home and a permanent society.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to a Sensible Friend.

HOW little I thought, my dear Letitia, when I began to make these little observations upon Manners upon the Road that we should find that manners was a word of so wide a scope. Yet, if you reflect, behavior means very much more than making a bow or —not whistling aloud in church. Behavior, indeed, if I should trust myself to repeat the philosophic observation of my friend Peter Paul Pry, in whose society I take a great deal of pleasure, behavior is the whole manifestation of the man. It is the method in which he does and says every thing; and as manner is more subtle than matter, it more truly reveals his meaning, or conceals it. How often I have heard Mrs. Tilbury say, "Oh, my dear girl, how glad I am to see you!" and I knew from her manner that she meant, "Deuce take it, how shall I get rid of this woman!" Her words said one thing, her manner another; and I trusted the manner.

So one day when my sister was coming out from a friend's house, Mr. Pry said, with a quiet smile, "How Miss Tims hates Mrs. Tompkins!"

"Why, you surprise me," answered my sister. "I thought she said that she was always so glad to meet her, for she was such an amiable and charming person."

"Ah! did she say so?" replied Mr. Pry. "I didn't hear what she said, I only heard what she meant."

Now my sister is not very well versed in the ways of the world—she is what is commonly called an innocent, but such an innocent is by no means a fool, and she instantly asked:

"Mr. Pry, would you have every body say and do exactly what they mean?"

Mr. Peter Paul Pry is not easily disturbed, and he answered as promptly,

"Certainly not."

"Why, Mr. Pry," continued my sister, "do you seriously approve of falsehood? If you had a child would you teach him to say what he did not mean?"

"Why, Mrs. Smith," said Mr. Pry, gayly, and pleasantly imitating her manner, "if you thought me a rascal would you say so?"

"No, because that is unnecessary. I could show you that I thought you so without saying it."

"Certainly," answered Mr. Pry, "just as Miss Tims showed what she thought of Mrs. Tompkins. Your manner would be the interpreter."

My sister, Mrs. Smith, was a little confused, and she waited a moment to rally. But Mr. Pry continued:

"Mrs. Smith, do you think that if you are not glad to see a friend when she calls, you ought to say that you are? And if you ought not, ought you to allow her to deceive herself by supposing that you are? Have you any right to allow her to remain under a false impression? If you do, are you not conniving at the falsehood?"

My sister, Mrs. Smith, told me, when she was repeating the little conversation, that she was rather overwhelmed by this onset. But she replied:

"Charity and kindness are not inconsistent with truthfulness. If I am not glad to see a bore, it is better that I should be pained by his presence than that I should pain him by telling him I wish he hadn't come."

"Certainly," said Mr. Peter Paul Pry, "you do quite right to regard it as a moral discipline."

I tell you this conversation, my dear Letitia, because I think that you may not have thought of the moral involved. It may not have occurred to you that the fault is sometimes upon your side when those rather heavy neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Boulder, come in for a sociable evening. They are severe trials, I allow. I often think as I see them standing upon your step and ringing the bell that Providence moves in inscrutable ways of discipline, and that you are being trained for a saint.

Bores—yes, bores. Dear me! long and long ago, in the days when I used to ride horseback, I was pacing with the beautiful May Violet, the belle of my young days—whose card I have somewhere, and whom you could not recognize in the comfortable Mrs. Embonpoint who fills the entire seat of her carriage—well, I was pacing with her over the road at Saratoga, or Sharon, or Ballston, or Newport, or Niagara, or Long Branch, or among the White Mountains; which was it?—well, at all events, we were pacing along, and I said that I was horribly bored by Ned Noddy—twin brother to Tom. The beautiful May Violet looked at me quietly, and said:

"I never allow myself to be bored."

"Give me the secret," I exclaimed, laughing.

"Pity," said May Violet, and smiled, and broke into a canter, and I galloped after, and we met another party of riders, and all loitered home in the sunset, and I did not have another chance to speak to her until the evening at the hotel. Then this was what I saw.

We were all sitting in the large parlor—you remember the large parlor where they used to have the small dances—and every body was telling the delightful story of an idle day, when I saw Ned Noddy making for May Violet. She received him as she did every body with that superb and radiant smile, of which the soft evening glow still shines upon the face of Mrs. Embonpoint. He stood before her and talked about Heaven knows what! Ned was a ninny then, and the Honorable Edward Noddy does not seem to me very different now although he is— But no matter what. You know as well as I. And the marvel was that she talked to him. I do not mean that she had an air of breathless interest, nor that she was evidently really interested at all. But she was perfectly atteutive; listened to all he said; made the most of it; asked questions in return; put him at perfect ease, and after about a quarter of an hour rose and said, "Now, Mr. Noddy, let us go over and join—" somebody, and go she did, and when she had reached her, bowed to him, said "Thank you," and had done with him.

As for Noddy he had been put at his ease; he felt very happy, and May Violet had not deceived him nor any one else. Do you not see that she had been, as it were, a great charitable society? She was a sister of a spiritual order of Vincent de Paul, and had been nursing the sick. She had been giving an alms—an alms no less honest and honorable than that you give to any poor woman who appeals to you and moves your compassion. And what was the secret? It was precisely what she said in her saddle. It was pity. She acknowledged the claim of destitution in the parlor as she does now, I do not doubt, at the area gate. "This man is horribly destitute of every attraction"—such was her angelic reasoning. "There is nobody who will bestow upon him a look or a thought, and they would gladly cast him out among the dogs. Here, sufferer and forlorn, here are ten minutes of conversation." It was pure kindliness and holy sympathy. When she went out of the parlor, stately, radiant—Oh days departed!—I bowed low to her, and I said, respectfully, "Good-night, Saint May Violet!"

I can imagine, dear Letitia, what you will say. I can hear you exclaiming, "Oh yes, when you are a superb belle in a summer hotel parlor you can do what you please, and you can be very gracious to bores, and you can send them about their business when you have done with them. But what are you to do with Mr. and Mrs. Boulder who come in upon you, and deliberately, with malice aforethought, murder a whole evening?"

Well, but, Letitia, if you are caught, make the best of it, not the worst. Don't sit and sulk and talk in monosyllables, and drive them out of the house with a very profound and a very accurate impression that you are hideously ill-mannered and probably equally ill-tempered. In the first place, tell Biddy or John that you are very much engaged whenever the Boulders call, except about once a month; and in the second place, if they come in, exert yourself to entertain them. It is discipline, and will do no harm. On the contrary, it will be of great service. Incorrigible bores you can always dispose of. I assure you there is nobody more frequently attacked by them than I. My life is, in a certain sense, a warfare with them, or rather, let mē say, an immense discipline for myself. Oh dear, dear! the golden sands of time which these fellows steal, these wretchedly unconscious thieves! But when they seem really to approach the great treasures, and threaten to carry off a day, then I am like Violet May; I rise, and I say, "If you please, I must now attend to this or this."

It needs courage merely; but some are courageous only in extremity. You are not bound to endure the weight of the Boulders as often as they choose to impose themselves upon you. But you are bound to maintain courteous terms with your neighbors; and as manner tells tales and reveals quite as much as words to a sensitive appreciation, the true way is not to feel bored. That may seem preposterous; but it is not so. If you cultivate the distinct consciousness that you can, and that you will relieve yourself of the bore when you choose, you will not feel bored, and your face and your manner will positively glow with the confidence of speedy release.

I speak to you plainly, my dear Letitia, and I do so in perfect faith, because you are a married woman, and feel more free than if you were still merely a belle of the ball-room. That is a pretty little class who seem to suppose that there is no escape. Ah, dear little pretty people, so carefully and richly clad, whirling in the delicious waltz, whose measures still stir this ancient heart, these passive heels, this old dancer *emeritus*—you who dream by day of the ball by night, and who sweetly repudiate the poor eastern creatures at whom a Sultan flings his handkerchief—how much better, and how different are you? You permit every conceited fellow to steal and squander as much of your precious time as he chooses, by hobbling with you in the waltz and putting you cruelly out of time. The bore to you is the man who can't dance tolerably. Now, him you are not obliged to endure. Say, "I am so sorry that we don't go together nicely," and sternly refuse to try. You *are* sorry, you dear little jades; you know that nothing makes you more sorry than to have a gawky fellow ask you to dance, except to dance with him. "Queen of herself, though China fall." That is the secret—that is the wisdom of Pope and of Violet May—and if you will be wise, you too will be happy.

Tell your daughter so, dear Letitia, with the love of AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

CURTAINS.

IN describing curtains we begin with the indispensable window-shade. White Holland is now preferred to colored shades. Dark brown and green are out of use. Delicate neutral tints that subdue light without reflecting color, and which harmonize with the other colors of the room, are the next choice after white. A wide gilt band is the only ornament. An excellent contrivance for raising shades is now in use. It is similar to the plan by which carriage curtains are raised and lowered, and is much more convenient than the old-fashioned cord over pulleys. It is cheaper also, and does not get out of order so easily.

Curtains are selected to match the carpets and furniture covers. When tapestry is used, the

pattern should be the same throughout the room, and the reps and satins with which the furniture is upholstered are also used for curtains. Draped curtains should be amply long and full, and lined and interlined to make them fall into rich folds. Thick heavy reps and satins are formed into side draperies and fastened back to display the flowing lace curtains beneath. Tapestry borders, gimps, and wide bands of velvet are used for trimming. The lambrequin or hanging drapery at the top of the window falls in deep points at the sides, and is fancifully notched and curved. The trimming is a deep fringe, made of several colors, for tapestry, and of one shade, with steel ornaments, for solid colors. The material is drawn plain across the window, or arranged in set folds. Full drapery of thick material is also used at the head of windows over lace curtains, without side hangings.

Brocaded and damask satins are not so fashionable as the plain surfaces and reps; but the beautiful cloth of gold and the rich brocades, so like embroidery, are always admired. Solid colors are sometimes trimmed with a brightly contrasting shade. Crimson and drab are seen together, and green is trimmed with a walnut brown. A reception parlor, furnished lately for a newly-married pair, is upholstered throughout with fawn-colored satin. The side draperies for the windows are each the full width of the satin, which is a yard and a half. They are lined with silk of precisely the same shade, and thickly interlined. The trimming is a four inch border of scarlet velvet at the sides and bottom of the curtain. The cord and tassels that hold them back are of both colors mingled. Lace curtains, falling to the floor, are displayed between them. The lambrequins are vandyked and fringed.

In less expensive materials there is the wide, solid-colored silk reps, sold at $9 a yard, and the striped terry in chintz patterns, a blue stripe alternating with one in cashmere colors, or a quiet gray beside tapestry medallions, for $7 the yard. The worsted reps are from $3 to $4 50 a yard, and are two yards wide. These are suitable for plain parlors, and for dining-rooms and libraries, and are trimmed with gay borders, or with the same color. It is in rich, warm colors, crimson, brown, and green, and blue if preferred, but blue is not a desirable color for curtains.

Cornices are very narrow and plain. Black walnut studded with steel is a suitable cornice for heavy reps. The immense tassels have walnut heads and steel pendants among the woolen fringe. Wooden pins for holding back the curtains are preferred to gilt.

LACE CURTAINS.

Beautiful lace curtains are displayed with fine mesh, almost covered by the embroidery. Small flowers are in the centre and a wide border surrounds the whole curtain. Some of these are $100 a window, and others are as low as $12 50. The rich appliqué laces vary from $25 to $75. Nottingham laces are fresh and pretty for chamber windows. A whole window may be furnished for $4, but the handsomest are $22. These are bordered, with striped centres, and at a short distance the imitation is not easily detected.

The tamboured muslin is admired for country houses. They should be made wide and full and looped at the side by white cords and tassels.

Dotted Swiss muslin is trimmed with a fluted ruffle and secured to the side pins with narrow frills.

CHINTZ AND CRETONNE.

The European plan of fitting up the whole chamber or a country drawing-room with chintz is being introduced here. The lambrequins, the portières, or door-hangings, the mantle-covers, toilette draperies, bed-curtains, and sofa and chair covers, are all of the same material. Glazed chintz of bright yet durable colors is used for this purpose. It is in light blue and drab grounds, with gay stripes and medallions. French cretonne, thicker than chintz, is considered preferable. It has a satin-like twill that renders it very strong. It is in antique and in Oriental patterns, particularly appropriate for the Turkish lounges and easy-chairs of the bedrooms.

Buff and dove colored linen, white and pink striped dimity, and the Jacquard linens in twilled stripes of contrasting colors, are also used for chamber furniture. Loose summer wraps for parlor use should be of white linen, bound with a bright color.

TABLE AND PIANO COVERS.

Turkish table-covers are mosaics made of tiny pieces of cloth, needle-worked together like India shawls. They are marked $100 and $125. Covers of Aubusson tapestry are shown in small squares at from $20 to $75. Green cloth centres with appliqué borders in bright colors are easily made with piano-covers to match. The appliqué pattern is sometimes in leaves of gilt. The soft velvet-looking Moquette of beautifully blended colors is sold at $20.

TABLE CHINA.

A visit to the china establishments discloses myriads of the beautiful things with which housewives love to adorn their tables. Connoisseurs say there have been great improvements made in all kinds of pottery ware within the past ten years. The eye is no longer offended with clumsily-shaped table wares covered with grotesque ornaments. Taste and skill are displayed in their shape and decoration, and the more common articles, the necessities as well as the luxuries, are made after graceful and artistic designs.

In table china the preference at present is for pure shapes and simple outlines, with very little ornamental moulding, but highly enameled and decorated with gilt. Heraldic designs, antiques, medallions, and monograms are the favorite centre decorations. Solid bands of gilt and of enameling in high colors surround the device. There are buff grounds and bright coral, shaded crimson and pomona green, on which are wreaths of small flowers or Grecian tracery in gilt. Many handsome French sets have the plates and platters ornamented only on the rim. Centre ornaments are concealed by the food, and are soon defaced by the knife and fork. For these reasons monograms and initials should always be near the edge. The best artists charge from $9 to $12 a dozen for monograms, which adds about $150 to the expense of a set of china.

The oval shape, so long preferred for the larger articles of dinner sets, is giving place to round dishes for vegetables and salads, soup tureens, and in fact every thing but meat platters. Very few dishes are now placed on pedestals. There is a tendency to place every thing low and near the table except the centre épergne. Composts and custard-stands are but slightly elevated above the flat salver at their base.

DINNER SETS.

Among the plain white china we were shown dinner sets of one hundred and fifty pieces, in which are included a small breakfast, dessert, and tea sets. These were of light French ware almost transparent. The prices ranged from $40 to $75. Cheaper sets are sold at $30. These are of very fair quality, so little inferior to those just mentioned that the difference could only be detected by a practiced eye. They are suitable for ordinary use, and contain every thing necessary for a small family table. A very full set of pure white china from the French Exposition is marked $800. It is exceedingly thin and fragile, with no ornament except a border of curved moulding. Its beauty consists in its delicate material and artistic shapes.

Very pretty decorated sets may be bought for $150. Many persons prefer the narrow ornamental borders of such sets rather than more profuse ornament. With elaborate decoration and heraldic devices a full dinner set will cost $700. A quaint antique design entirely covered over with Chinese figures and hieroglyphics is worth $1000.

The English stone china, so much used all over Europe, is being introduced here. It is of dark, rich colors thickly strewn with flowers, and is appropriate for country houses furnished in the cottage style. The majolica ware is admired for dessert sets. It comes in the deep cobalt-blue grounds, and in rich-shaded sea-green, with oak-colored perforated borders in vine-wreaths and leaves. Wedgewood is pretty made in tea sets. It is not very popular, though of clear shades with classic decorations. There are tiny *tête-à-tête* sets of the transparent Sèvres, and others of more substantial china in vivid colors without gloss. There are black coral grounds with gay medallions of flowers and landscapes, called the Pompadour sets. Japanned tea-trays are grained to represent rosewood and walnut. They are without ornament in the centre and surrounded by a Roman border of red and gilt. Bread trenchers of stone china are shown, but those of carved wood are preferred. A large knife with carved handle accompanies them.

TOILETTE SET, VASES, AND JARDINIERES.

The vivid colors now applied to china are especially appropriate for toilette sets. It is the fancy now to arrange receptacles for flowers on all the toilette articles. Tops of cosmetic boxes and of perfume bottles are surmounted by a lily large enough to hold a single flower, or with a cornucopia for a bouquet. A novelty in vases is a fine etched glass bowl of floral pattern, in standards of carved walnut wood. There are also thick cut-glass vases, tulip-shaped, resting on leaves of real bronze. A pair of French china vases represents the four seasons. The painting is beautifully done, and the border around the medallion is considered a masterpiece. The price is $200. Very large vases for a hall are covered with grotesque Chinese figures. They are marked $350.

GLASSWARE.

The prevailing styles of glassware for table use are light delicate shapes with only slight borders and monograms for decorations. The glass called *mousseline* by the French is much used. It is very frail, but pretty, and displays to advantage the engraving, cutting, or etching, with which it is ornamented. Breakfast goblets have round bowls on a slight stem. Table tumblers are deep and cylindrical, but are very little used. Wine-glasses are mounted on the merest straw stems. Preserve dishes are round and on low pedestals, or without any. Bohemian ware is losing favor. Rose-colored glasses and the pomona green are used for Rhine wines.

A dinner set of etched glass is sold for $50. The set consists of goblets and finger-bowls, a dozen of each, four decanters, and four dozen glasses of different shapes, for Champagne, claret, wine, and liqueur.

A pretty claret pitcher is of a new shape, without a stopper. The glass is engraved in a border of grapes and leaves, with monogram on the bowl. A wine pitcher of Bohemian glass, frosted blue and white, has a pocket or a cave under the handle for holding ice, so that it may not dilute the wine. There are handsome dessert sets of frosted glass, white and gilt, or of ruby. The épergne is for flowers. There are two large compotiers for fruit, four cake salvers shaped like shells, and a dozen plates. The ruby set is $150.

CUTLERY, ETC.

A new table-knife may be mentioned here. The blade and handle are forged from one bar of steel, and are heavily plated with silver. The handle is shaped similarly to a fork handle, and is more convenient to use than a bulky one of ivory. It can be replated every year at less expense than is required to keep ivory handles in repair, and the handles are not in danger of coming loose, as is the case with the latter. The price is $12 a dozen for table-knives, and $10 for the smaller dessert size.

Among the new labor-saving machines is a patent contrivance for mixing the batter of cakes and puddings. A crank turns a wheel and a paddle which, by constant rotary motion in the batter, makes it light and of proper consistency. A larger machine, of more force, kneads dough in the same way. Another patent coffee-pot is added to the list, which claims to condense the coffee instead of boiling it. The aroma that usually escapes with the steam is here retained because the steam is condensed. A table file is made of porcelain and preferred by many to the best steel.

A new broom has been invented which, when worn out, can be unscrewed from the handle and replaced by a new one at a small expense, and which possesses greater elasticity from being set into a brass cap instead of being banded at the top like the common broom. But one of the new inventions in which housewives will most delight is a washing-machine which has the great advantage over others of its species that the fire does the work of the laundress without necessitating any manual labor. This machine is in the form of a large boiler, provided with tubes, through which the hot suds are forced upward by means of a vacuum and poured back upon the clothes placed within it, thus cleansing them thoroughly by the rapid circulation of water through the fabric.

Thanks are due Messrs. WALRAVEN; A. T. STEWART & Co.; DAVIS COLLAMORE & Co.; E. V. HAUGHWOUT & Co.; EDWARD D. BASSFORD; J. RUSSELL & Co.; C. A. CLEGG & Co.; AUTOMATIC CLOTHES WASHER & BOILER Co.

PERSONAL.

SEVERAL ladies of high social position in this city—Mrs. WM. B. PARKER, Mrs. JOHN SHERWOOD, Mrs. EDWARD COOPER, Mrs. WM. T. BLODGETT, Mrs. GEO. F. BETTS, Mrs. DE BIRMINGHAM, and Mrs. S. L. M. BARLOW—did a very kindly thing in lending their influence and efforts to a series of concerts and dramatic entertainments ("Private Theatricals") at the theatre of the Union League Club, in aid of the charities of New York on the evenings of April 20, 22, 24, 27, 29, May 1, and the afternoon of May 2.

—Mr. CHARLES A. DANA is making a great success of the *Sun*. Already it is paying a handsome interest to its stockholders. Its editorials—brief, scholarly, able—have the true journalistic ring. Its local and general news is clearly and concisely given; its literary selections admirable; its telegraphic intelligence as full as that of any of its contemporaries. It is therefore not surprising that a paper so excellent in every department, sold for two cents, should be found in the homes and in the hands of "all sorts and conditions of men."

—The senior counsel of the President of the United States, Mr. BENJAMIN RAND CURTIS, formerly one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the only one, we believe, who ever resigned from that position—is described as a man without a smile or a trifle. He is like DANIEL WEBSTER in stature, face, and manner; seldom walks in any body's company, but with slow, deliberate stride comes alone to the Capitol, and entering the Senate, sits in a condition of vigilant retirement. He exchanges no words with his legal brethren. If he is introduced to any body he shakes hands with that gravity that WEBSTER used to revel in. He weighs about 190 pounds, perhaps more. Nature gave him a good, large, Websterian head, and his face is a fine old liver-color.

—Mrs. DISRAELI has at length reached the point of her highest aspirations. Not only is her husband Prime Minister of England, but she recently gave a dinner party at which the notable people of the kingdom assisted, the Premier taking the Princess of Wales down to dinner, Mrs. DISRAELI leaning on the arm of the Prince. That, to her, must have been a most satisfactory banquet.

—Nowadays, when one of our city ladies desires to hold a consultation with a first-class *modiste*, the visit must be made to the latter, a card sent in, and time awaited to see whether her *modisteship* can "receive." Something of the same sort, though a trifle more Pelham-ish, is told of a famous inventor of fashions in Paris, named WORTH: "When this truly great man is composing he reclines on a sofa, and one of the young ladies of the establishment plays 'Verdi' to him; he composes chiefly in the evening, and says that the rays of the setting sun gild his conceptions. Like every great genius, he is very modest, and thinks the very weakest tea of himself. A short time since he told the Duchess de —— that he could give her a dress, but he could not supply style."

—The New York correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* makes a strong demand upon the public credulity when he asks it to believe, that when Mr. BRYANT called on Mr. DICKENS at his hotel and sent up his card it was returned with the reply that Mr. DICKENS made it a rule to see no one. It was this discourtesy, says the correspondent, which led Mr. BRYANT to decline to preside at the journalistic dinner given to Mr. DICKENS on the 18th ult.

—An enthusiastic admirer of Mr. COLFAX says that he is not only one of the best fellows in the world, but that "his face is a banqueting-house." His tones, grasp, and air are of the pleasantest, and he puts you at ease with yourself in a moment. As much as any of the oncoming statesmen of the country he possesses Emerson's ticket of admission to the highest honors:

> "The only credentials,
> Passport to success,
> Opens castle and parlor,
> Address, man, address!"

—It must have been quite diverting the other evening at Cleveland, Ohio, to see Miss CAROLINE RICHINGS quit the stage at one part of the performance, step down into the leader's chair in front, assume the baton, and lead the orchestra; which she positively did, because the leader was naughty and didn't show at the right moment. Perhaps, as Mr. WEBSTER used to say, he was "suffering from an accident of hospitality."

—It is rumored that should changes take place in the Cabinet, after the termination of the JOHNSON trial, Mr. SEWARD will visit the States of Central America and perhaps take a run over to China. He has fairly earned his vacation, and the whole country will be glad to see him go away and have a good time.

—The Rev. Mr. SPURGEON is said to be very happy in his domestic relations, his wife being in entire sympathy with him in all his efforts. They have two children, twins, boys now eleven years old, who are studying in the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. The following touching incident in connection with them will be interesting to the readers of the *Bazar:* "When Mr. and Mrs. SPURGEON had departed last year on their summer tour, the two boys entered into conversation with each other as to how they should act with respect to the evening's devotions. After some consultation on the subject, it was finally arranged that one should read the chapter and that the other should pray. When the evening had come and the hour of prayer had arrived, they called together all connected with the house, and having read and prayed as they had planned during the day, they dismissed the servants and retired to repose. When the parents returned home and learned what had been done, with tears they embraced their little ones, and rendered praises and thanksgivings unto God."

—Hon. JOHN MAGEE, who died a few days since at his home in Schuyler County, New York, was one of the wealthiest men of the time, estimated at $40,000,000. He was one of the original projectors of the Erie Railway, and for many years a leading director. He was also the originator and, up to his demise, president of the Steuben County Bank. The bulk of his fortune has been made within the last ten or fifteen years by dealing in coal lands in Pennsylvania, which he bought and sold on a gigantic scale. Among other bequests he left $30,000 to the American Bible Society, and $30,000 to the American Tract Society.

—The "LONG JOHN WENTWORTH" of the British Parliament is Mr. WARD HUNT, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who stands six feet six inches in his stockings and is proportionately stout—the tallest, heaviest, and one of the ablest men in the House of Commons.

—A new star in the musical firmament has arisen in Florence. Her name is LINDA CARACCIOLO. She is young, handsome, possesses a wonderful voice, has been thoroughly drilled by the best masters, and has, besides, histrionic talent of a high order. The operatic world craves such things and pays liberally for first-class warblers.

—The Head Centres of empire in France and Prussia have been doing honor to plebeian talent—NAPOLEON having just conferred the decoration of the Legion of Honor on M. PAUL DUPONT, a famous printer of Paris; and the Prussian monarch having sent a splendid porcelain vase from the royal manufactory at Berlin to Dr. NELATON as a mark of his Majesty's satisfaction at the successful operation to which Count de GOLTZ, the Prussian embassador, owes the re-establishment of his health.

—Mrs. FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE has two daughters, one of whom is married to Dr. WISTAR (old, historical family), of Philadelphia. The other resides in Georgia, on a plantation of her father's, and is said to be greatly beloved by the colored people, formerly Mr. B.'s slaves.

—LEON COWESAC, *valet* of the Emperor LOUIS NAPOLEON, died recently in Paris, quite wealthy. He owned the house at Vichy in which the EMPEROR was accustomed to stay during his visits to that watering-place, and on arriving used to say, in a jocular way, "Well, LEON, I am your lodger again." Happy LEON!

—Dr. TIMOTHY TITCOMB HOLLAND paid, last year, government tax on an income of $7315. At least he confessed to that amount.

—A connubial festivity of the highest artistic distinction is about to take place in Paris.—M. GUSTAVE DORE being about to wed Mlle. NILSSON, the prima donna. As each is very rich, very gifted, and very celebrated, they ought to be very, very happy. Is there any Accident Insurance Company willing to take a risk on that? It comes under the head of "Extra Hazardous."

—Mrs. VICTOR HUGO, being moved thereto by the reputation of her husband, has done a very successful novel, which is understood to present much of the history of her husband's life. A similar literary experiment is about to be followed by the wife of another illustrious exile, Madame EDGAR QUINET, who has in press a work which will contain not only memoirs of her own and her husband's life in banishment, but many details of the proscription of 1851.

—That rollicking young gentleman, the Archduke HENRY, of Austria, who lately married a clever young actress against the commands of the Emperor, and was consequently told he mustn't come to the royal abode any more, has been permitted to return, the Kaiser having recognized the marriage. He, moreover, has promised to be good to the young people, and make Mrs. "Henry" a baroness, and receive her at court.

—The author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family," Mrs. CHARLES, is a small, slight lady, very English, whose modest, almost timid, manners at once engage interest and sympathy. She is the only child of a Member of Parliament who died a few years since. Mr. CHARLES is a merchant of London, who, though engaged in business, shares in the tastes of his wife, and furnishes her ample means for their gratification.

—M. THIERS is now seventy, but incessantly active as ever. He has preserved the freshness and almost fiery impetuosity of a young man, and is a most indefatigable student and worker. He rises every morning at five o'clock and repairs immediately to his study, which, of a very large size, forms a sort of gallery, and contains five windows, four of which open on St. George's Place, and the fifth on the garden of the mansion—a garden such as nowadays is rarely met with in Paris—with tall old trees, a splendid lawn, and countless rose-buds. Roses are THIERS's favorite flowers. He remains at work until noon, when he takes a light breakfast in his study. Like all men working with their heads, he eats very little in the morning and does not smoke at all.

—The younger GLADSTONE (W. H.) recently made his maiden speech in Parliament during the dinner-hour, very naturally selecting a time when his father was not in his seat. It was polished, graceful, and well delivered. He was well received in a thin house, and had the tact not to talk a minute too long. A chip of the ancient block.

Directions for Making Bonnet Frames and Bonnets.

WITH the aid of the accompanying figures, our readers will be enabled to make their own bonnet-frames, cheaply and easily, which will often prove a great convenience to those living in the country. We also give patterns of the latest styles of bonnets, which it is often difficult or impossible to obtain in small places.

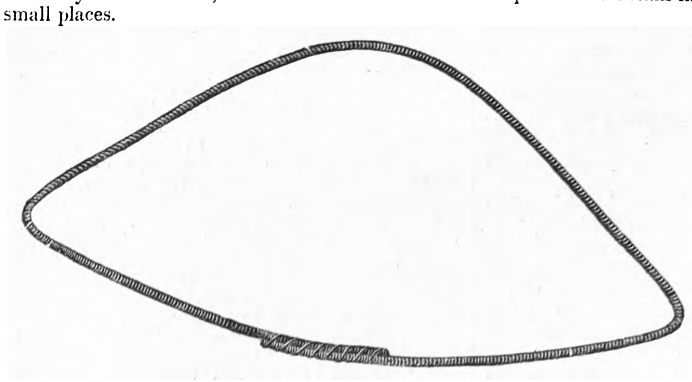


Fig. 1.—OUTER WIRE OF BONNET FRAME—REDUCED.

The making of a bonnet frame is very simple; the material needed is foundation muslin, coarse and fine wire, and, for some styles, also silk.

For the simple forms, shape first the outer edge of the frame of coarse wire, allowing the ends to lap over about an inch, and fastening them together as shown in Figs. 1 and 2, with fine wire such as is used in making flowers. Instead of this, fine bonnet-wire may be used, which is easily taken out. The so-formed wire circle (see Fig. 1), the size of which is according to the size and form of the frame, and is designated in the descriptions accompanying each, must now be bent into the requisite form as shown in the pattern accompanying each description. The ends which are fastened together must always come in the middle of the back of the frame. The cross wires, of fine wire, must next be fastened to this, as shown in the patterns and accompanying descriptions. Each of these pieces should be cut about half an inch longer than is given in the cut. The ends of these cross wires are wound around the outer edge of the frame-work as shown in Fig. 4. It is well to use scissors or a knife in order to make the fastening firm. The points where the wire crosses are fastened by means of threads, the ends of which are tied. Having finished the frame-work, stretch the foundation muslin lightly over it, fastening only on the outer border.

For the frame of a black bonnet use black foundation and black wire, and for a white bonnet white material; for a lace or crape bonnet in colors wind the frame with narrow bias strips of the same material, and cover the foundation with several thicknesses of the same, in order that it may not show through. Pliers are used for cutting the wire; if these are not at hand make an oblique cut with the scissors, after which it is easily broken.

The most simple style here given is the "Metternich," Fig. 5. In making the frame for this, fashion the outer part of the frame-work from a wire twenty-five inches long, after the pattern given in Fig. 52 of the Supplement, as shown in the illustration Fig. 1. The cross wires are placed as shown in Fig. 52 of the Supplement, and the accompanying illustrations Figs. 2–8. Over the prepared frame-work stretch tightly a piece of foundation, hem-stitch it over the outer wire, cut the edges away a quarter of an inch from the edge of the wire, and sew this down on the inside of the frame.

Fig. 7 is the Marie Antoinette. Begin this by fastening the ends of a wire twenty-four inches long in the manner shown by Fig. 2, bend it in the shape given by Fig. 53 of the Supplement, and fasten to this the middle long wire and the cross wires as shown by Figs. 3 and 4. On this lay the doubled stuff bias along the middle line, and cut the sides, leaving half an inch of the material beyond the edge. In the front part lay the pleat as shown above and sew the foundation to the outer wire. The Augusta bonnet is made after the same pattern as the Marie Antoinette.

The "Pompadour" bonnet, Fig. 6, consists of three bands and a head-piece of the foundation muslin. In forming this, cut first of any silk at hand—it is immaterial whether it be old or new—two bias bandeaux, each two and a half inches wide, the one eleven and the other twelve inches in length; in addition to these a straight piece of foundation muslin twelve and a half inches long, for the front band. The material of the bandeaux is to be laid over on both sides at the distance of three-fourths of an inch from the edge, so that each finished band shall be one inch wide. In each of the seams made by thus folding the material lay a fine wire and back-stitch it fast. The upper edge of the stuff may be laid under in a narrow hem and then hemmed to the under edge as shown by Fig. 8. In order to give the silk bands the shape shown by Figs. 48 and 49, Supplement, the outer side of the stuff must be stretched and the wire bent as shown in the pattern. The finished bandeaux are fastened together at the points designated by the numbers. Then cut according to Fig. 50, Supplement, a piece of foundation muslin, bias along the middle, and extending a quarter of an inch beyond the edges. This must be sewed to the bands on the under side, holding the material in as required between the numbers 56 and 57. The Pompadour and Watteau bonnets are made in this manner:

Having completed the frame, proceed to cover it with the material chosen. The manner of doing this, as also the arrangement of bows, flowers, lace, feathers, etc., can scarcely be described, but must be learned from illustration, and will depend on individual taste and the skill of the maker. It only remains to mention that the material must always be put on bias, so that it can be stretched at will, whether it be plain, pleated, or puffed over the frame. In putting on the outside material—if it be plain it must be tightly stretched—lay it over the frame, cut it at the distance of half an inch beyond the edge of the bonnet, and sew it fast to the foundation on the inner side, taking care not to let the stitches be visible on the outside. Line with tulle or material like the bonnet.

The borders may be made in different ways. Take either a piece of the bonnet material, or, in case that be light, of silk or velvet of the same color. Figs. 9–11 show a rounded border. Take a bias strip two inches wide, as shown by Fig. 9, and sew it on the bonnet, taking care to sew through the double material, and to draw the thread tight; lay the stuff over the edge and hem down on the under side so that the stitches shall not show on the outside.

The border shown by Fig. 12 is made in a similar manner, but in this a fold without a cord is laid on the right side. This may be of a different color from the bonnet.

Still another border is made by a bias strip of stuff one and a half inches in width; lay the edges over at the width of a quarter of an inch (see Fig. 13), fold the strip together at half its width, and fasten

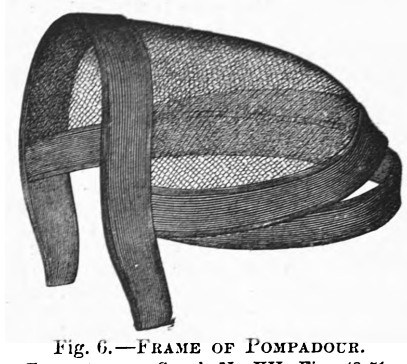


Fig. 6.—FRAME OF POMPADOUR.
For pattern see Suppl., No. XII., Figs. 48–51.

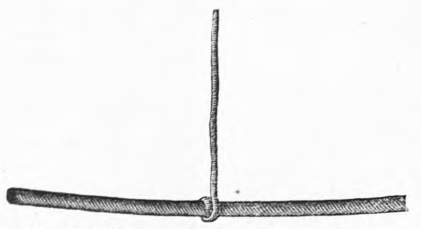


Fig. 4.—FASTENING OF CROSS WIRE TO THE OUTER WIRE OF FRAME—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 2.—JOINING OF THE WIRES—FULL SIZE.

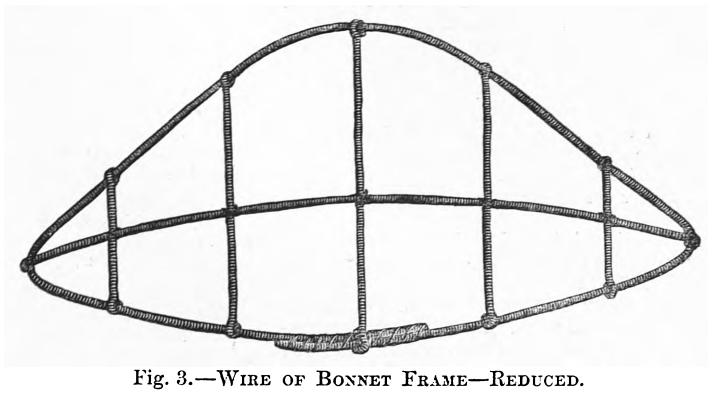


Fig. 3.—WIRE OF BONNET FRAME—REDUCED.

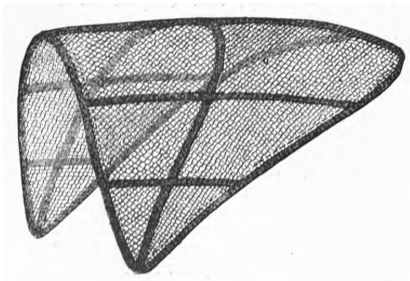


Fig. 5.—FRAME OF FANCHON.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Fig. 52.

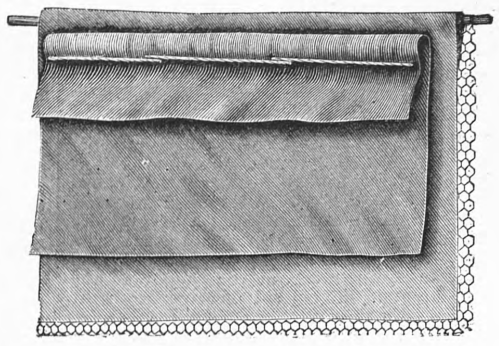


Fig. 9.—BINDING OF BONNET—FULL SIZE.

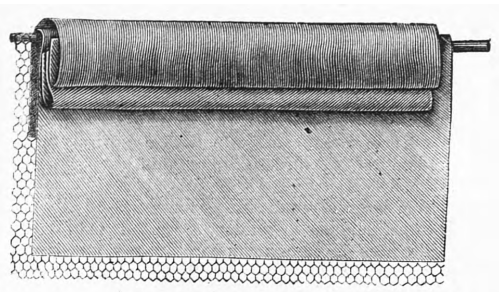


Fig. 12.—BINDING OF BONNET—FULL SIZE.

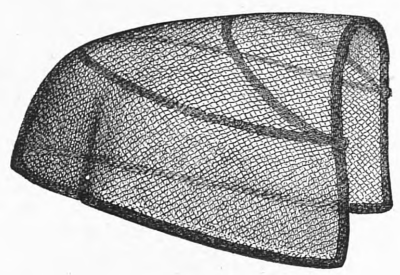


Fig. 7.—FRAME OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.
For pattern see Suppl., No. XIV., Fig. 53.

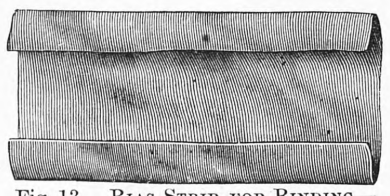


Fig. 13.—BIAS STRIP FOR BINDING—FULL SIZE.

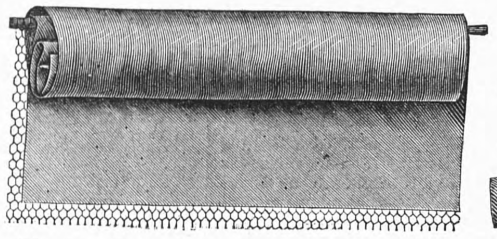


Fig. 10.—BINDING OF BONNET—FULL SIZE.

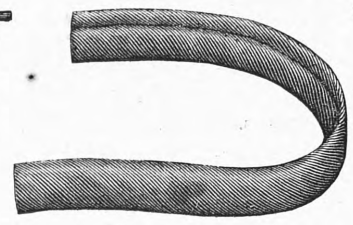


Fig. 14.—BANDEAU FOR BONNET—REDUCED.

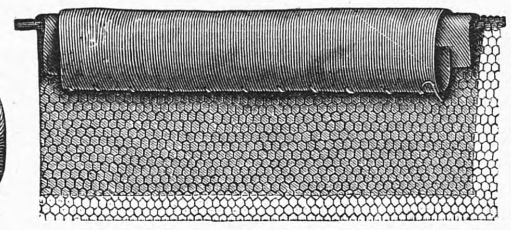


Fig. 11.—BINDING OF BONNET—FULL SIZE.

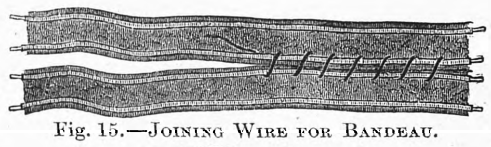


Fig. 15.—JOINING WIRE FOR BANDEAU.

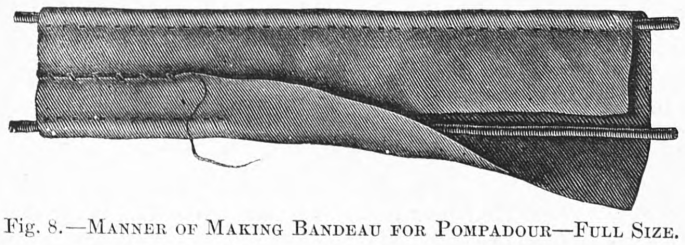


Fig. 8.—MANNER OF MAKING BANDEAU FOR POMPADOUR—FULL SIZE.

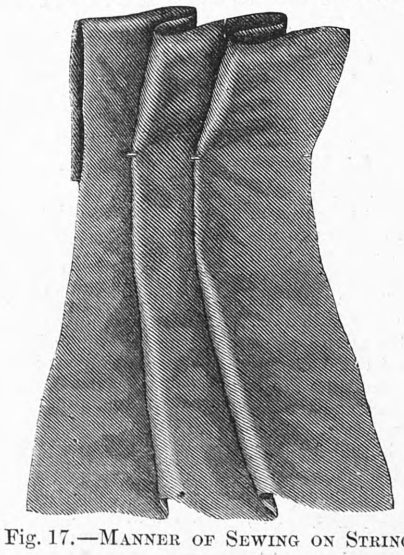


Fig. 17.—MANNER OF SEWING ON STRINGS.

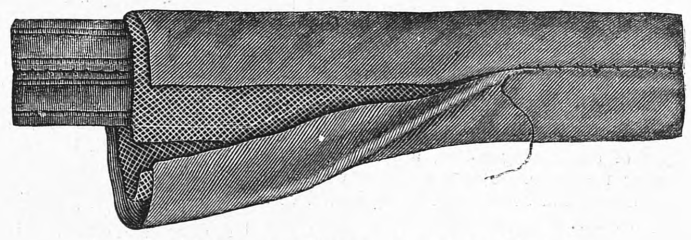


Fig. 16.—MANNER OF MAKING BANDEAU—FULL SIZE.

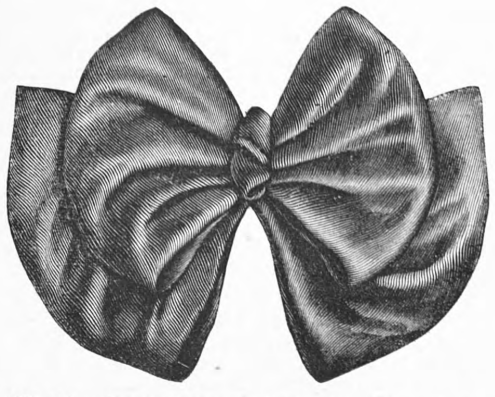


Fig. 19.—SATIN BOW FOR TRIANON—HALF SIZE.

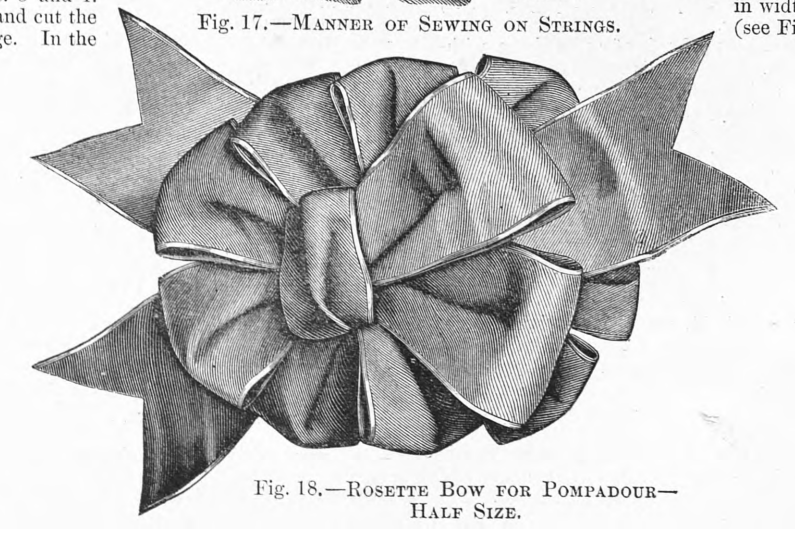


Fig. 18.—ROSETTE BOW FOR POMPADOUR—HALF SIZE.

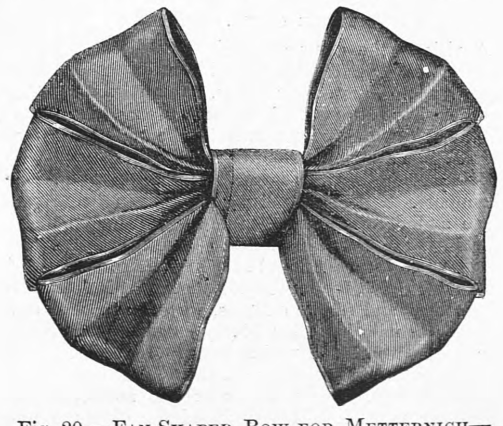


Fig. 20.—FAN-SHAPED BOW FOR METTERNICH—HALF SIZE.

one end to a corner of the bonnet, laying it so that the middle seam made by doubling shall lie exactly on the front edge of the bonnet; stretch the strip along the edge till it exactly fits, then fasten it on the other corner and hem down on the inside. On the outside the border will lie smooth, and does not need to be fastened.

For the band simulating a diadem, which is seen on the front of many bonnets, sew together two widths of wire bonnet, each nine inches long, and cover them with a strip of bias material, five inches wide, laying in a piece of stiff muslin. Fig. 14 shows a finished band. The ends must be fastened inside near the front edge of the bonnet. The remainder is left loose.

As the bonnets are mostly fastened under the chin by means of tulle or crape, the ribbons are usually narrow. They are sewed on the corners of the bonnet, and tied back under the hair. The ribbon is folded down to the width of an inch by making two pleats, and is then sewed on as shown by Fig. 17.

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER L.

THE BANK DIRECTORS.

THE bank doors were closed, and the bank directors were left to their own reflections. Clark had been in through the day, and at the critical moment his feelings had overpowered him so much that he felt compelled to go over to the inn to get something to drink, wherewith he might refresh himself and keep up his spirits.

Potts and John remained in the bank parlor. The clerks had gone. Potts was in that state of dejection in which even liquor was not desirable. John showed his usual nonchalance.

"Well, Johnnie," said Potts, after a long silence, "we're used up!"

"The bank's bursted, that's a fact. You were a fool for fighting it out so long."

"I might as well. I was responsible, at any rate."

"You might have kept your gold."

"Then my estate would have been good. Besides, I hoped to fight through this difficulty. In fact, I hadn't any thing else to do."

"Why not?"

"Smithers & Co."

"Ah! yes."

"They'll be down on me now. That's what I was afraid of all along."

"How much do you owe them?"

"Seven hundred and two thousand pounds."

"The devil! I thought it was only five hundred thousand."

"It's been growing every day. It's a dreadful dangerous thing to have unlimited credit."

"Well, you've got something as an offset. The debts due the bank."

"Johnnie," said Potts, taking a long breath, "since Clark isn't here I don't mind telling you that my candid opinion is them debts isn't worth a rush. A great crowd of people came here for money. I didn't hardly ask a question. I shelled out royally. I wanted to be known, so as to get into Parliament some day. I did what is called 'going it blind.'"

"How much is owing you?"

"The books say five hundred and thirteen thousand pounds—but it's doubtful if I can get any of it. And now Smithers & Co. will be down on me at once."

"What do you intend to do?"

"I don't know."

"Haven't you thought?"

"No, I couldn't."

"Well, I have."

"What?"

"You'll have to try to compromise."

"What if they won't?"

John shrugged his shoulders, and said nothing.

"After all," resumed Potts, hopefully, "it can't be so bad. The estate is worth two millions."

"Pooh!"

"Isn't it?"

"Of course not. You know what you bought it for."

"That's because it was thrown away."

"Well, it 'll have to be thrown away again."

"Oh, Smithers & Co. 'll be easy. They don't care for money."

"Perhaps so. The fact is, I don't understand Smithers & Co. at all. I've tried to see through their little game, but can't begin to do it."

"Oh, that's easy enough! They knew I was rich, and let me have what money I wanted."

John looked doubtful.

At this moment a rap was heard at the back door.

"There comes Clark!" said he.

Potts opened the door. Clark entered. His face was flushed, and his eyes bloodshot.

"See here," said he, mysteriously, as he entered the room.

"What?" asked the others, anxiously.

"There's two chaps at the inn. One is the Italian—"

"Langhetti!"

"Ay," said Clark, gloomily; "and the other is his mate—that fellow that helped him to carry off the gal. They've done it again this time, and my opinion is that these fellows are at the bottom of all our troubles. You know *whose son he is.*"

Potts and John exchanged glances.

"I went after that devil once, and I'm going to try it again. This time I'll take some one who isn't afraid of the devil. Johnnie, is the dog at the Hall?"

"Yes."

"All right!" said Clark. "I'll be even with this fellow yet, if he is in league with the devil."

With these words Clark went out, and left the two together. A glance of savage exultation passed over the face of Potts.

"If he comes back successful," said he, "all right, and if he doesn't, why then"— He paused.

"If he doesn't come back," said John, finishing the sentence for him, "why then—all righter."

CHAPTER LI.

A STRUGGLE.

ALL the irresolution which for a time had characterized Despard had vanished before the shock of that great discovery which his father's manuscript had revealed to him. One purpose now lay clearly and vividly before him, one which to so loyal and devoted a nature as his was the holiest duty, and that was vengeance on his father's murderers.

In this purpose he took refuge from his own grief; he cast aside his own longings, his anguish, his despair. Langhetti wished to search after his "Bice;" Despard wished to find those whom his dead father had denounced to him. In the intensity of his purpose he was careless as to the means by which that vengeance should be accomplished. He thought not whether it would be better to trust to the slow action of the law, or to take the task into his own hands. His only

"THUG! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS?"

wish was to be confronted with either of these men, or both of them.

It was with this feeling in his heart that he set out with Langhetti, and the two went once more in company to the village of Brandon, where they arrived on the last day of the "run on the bank."

He did not know exactly what it would be best to do first. His one idea was to go to the Hall, and confront the murderers in their own place. Langhetti, however, urged the need of help from the civil magistrate. It was while they were deliberating about this that a letter was brought in addressed to the *Rev. Courtenay Despard.*

Despard did not recognize the handwriting. In some surprise how any one should know that he was here he opened the letter, and his surprise was still greater as he read the following:

"SIR,—There are two men here whom you seek—one Potts, the other Clark. You can see them both at any time.

"The young lady whom you and Signor Langhetti formerly rescued has escaped, and is now in safety at Denton, a village not more than twenty miles away. She lives in the last cottage on the left-hand side of the road, close by the sea. There is an American elm in front."

There was no signature.

Despard handed it in silence to Langhetti, who read it eagerly. Joy spread over his face. He started to his feet.

"I must go at once," said he, excitedly. "Will you?"

"No," replied Despard. "You had better go. I must stay; my purpose is a different one."

"But do not you also wish to secure the safety of Bice?"

"Of course; but I shall not be needed. You will be enough."

Langhetti tried to persuade him, but Despard was immovable. For himself he was too impatient to wait. He determined to set out at once. He could not get a carriage, but he managed to obtain a horse, and with this he set out. It was about the time when the bank had closed.

Just before his departure Despard saw a man come from the bank and enter the inn. He knew the face, for he had seen it when here before. It was Clark. At the sight of this face all his fiercest instinct awoke within him—a deep thirst for vengeance arose. He could not lose sight of this man. He determined to track him, and thus by active pursuit to do something toward the accomplishment of his purpose.

He watched him, therefore, as he entered the inn, and caught a hasty glance which Clark directed at himself and Langhetti. He did not understand the meaning of the scowl that passed over the ruffian's face, nor did Clark understand the full meaning of that gloomy frown which lowered over Despard's brow as his eyes blazed wrathfully and menacingly upon him.

Clark came out and went to the bank. On quitting the bank Despard saw him looking back at Langhetti, who was just leaving. He then watched him till he went up to the Hall.

In about half an hour Clark came back on horseback followed by a dog. He talked for a while with the landlord, and then went off at a slow trot.

On questioning the landlord Despard found that Clark had asked him about the direction which Langhetti had taken. The idea at once flashed upon him that possibly Clark wished to pursue Langhetti, in order to find out about Beatrice. He determined on pursuit, both for Langhetti's sake and his own.

He followed, therefore, not far behind Clark, riding at first rapidly till he caught sight of him at the summit of a hill in front, and then keeping at about the same distance behind him. He had not determined in his mind what it was best to do, but held himself prepared for any course of action.

After riding about an hour he put spurs to his horse, and went on at a more rapid pace. Yet he did not overtake Clark, and therefore conjectured that Clark himself must have gone on more rapidly. He now put his own horse at its fullest speed, with the intention of coming up with his enemy as soon as possible.

He rode on at a tremendous pace for another half hour. At last the road took a sudden turn; and, whirling around here at the utmost speed, he burst upon a scene which was as startling as it was unexpected, and which roused to madness all the fervid passion of his nature.

The road here descended, and in its descent wound round a hill and led into a gentle hollow, on each side of which hills arose which were covered with trees.

Within this glen was disclosed a frightful spectacle. A man lay on the ground, torn from his horse by a huge blood-hound, which even then was rending him with its huge fangs! The dismounted rider's foot was entangled in the stirrups, and the horse was plunging and dragging him along, while the dog was pulling him back. The man himself uttered not a cry, but tried to fight off the dog with his hands as best he could.

In the horror of the moment Despard saw that it was Langhetti. For an instant his brain reeled. The next moment he had reached the spot. Another horseman was standing close by, without pretending even to interfere. Despard did not see him; he saw nothing but Langhetti. He flung himself from his horse, and drew a revolver from his pocket. A loud report rang through the air, and in an instant the huge blood-hound gave a leap upward, with a piercing yell, and fell dead in the road.

Despard flung himself on his knees beside Langhetti. He saw his hands torn and bleeding, and blood covering his face and breast. A low groan was all that escaped from the sufferer.

"Leave me," he gasped. "Save Bice."

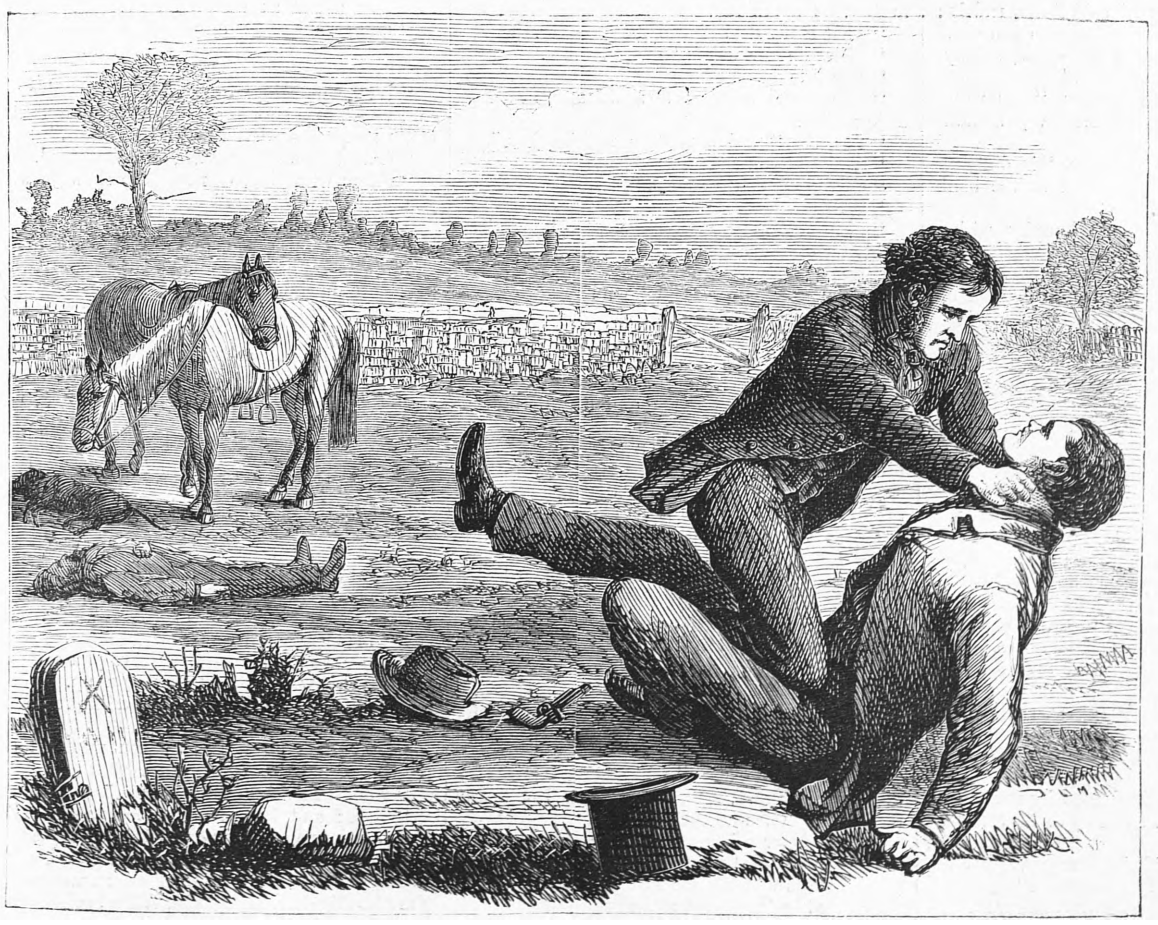
In his grief for Langhetti, thus lying before him in such agony, Despard forgot all else. He seized his handkerchief and tried to stanch the blood.

"Leave me!" gasped Langhetti again. "Bice will be lost." His head, which Despard had supported for a moment, sank back, and life seemed to leave him.

Despard started up. Now for the first time he recollected the stranger; and in an instant understood who he was, and why this had been done. Suddenly, as he started up, he felt his pistol snatched from his hand by a strong grasp. He turned.

It was the horseman—it was Clark—who had stealthily dismounted, and, in his desperate purpose, had tried to make sure of Despard.

But Despard, quick as thought, leaped upon him, and caught his hand. In the struggle the pistol fell to the ground. Despard caught Clark in his arms, and then the contest began.



"THE NEXT INSTANT DESPARD HAD SEIZED HIS THROAT AND HELD HIM DOWN SO THAT HE COULD NOT MOVE."

Clark was of medium size, thick-set, muscular, robust, and desperate. Despard was tall, but his frame was well knit, his muscles and sinews were like iron, and he was inspired by a higher spirit and a deeper passion.

In the first shock of that fierce embrace not a word was spoken. For some time the struggle was maintained without result. Clark had caught Despard at a disadvantage, and this for a time prevented the latter from putting forth his strength effectually.

At last he wound one arm around Clark's neck in a strangling grasp, and forced his other arm under that of Clark. Then with one tremendous, one resistless impulse, he put forth all his strength. His antagonist gave way before it. He reeled.

Despard disengaged one arm and dealt him a tremendous blow on the temple. At the same instant he twined his legs about those of the other. At the stroke Clark, who had already staggered, gave way utterly and fell heavily backward, with Despard upon him.

The next instant Despard had seized his throat and held him down so that he could not move.

The wretch gasped and groaned. He struggled to escape from that iron hold in vain. The hand which had seized him was not to be shaken off. Despard had fixed his grasp there, and there in the throat of the fainting, suffocating wretch he held it.

The struggles grew fainter, the arms relaxed, the face blackened, the limbs stiffened. At last all efforts ceased.

Despard then arose, and, turning Clark over on his face, took the bridle from one of the horses, bound his hands behind him, and fastened his feet securely. In the fierce struggle Clark's coat and waistcoat had been torn away, and slipped down to some extent. His shirt-collar had burst and slipped with them. As Despard turned him over and proceeded to tie him, something struck his eye. It was a bright, red scar.

He pulled down the shirt. A mark appeared, the full meaning of which he knew not, but could well conjecture. There were three brands—fiery red—and these were the marks:

CHAPTER LII.

FACE TO FACE.

ON the same evening Potts left the bank at about five o'clock, and went up to the Hall with John. He was morose, gloomy, and abstracted. The great question now before him was how to deal with Smithers & Co. Should he write to them, or go and see them, or what? How could he satisfy their claims, which he knew would now be presented? Involved in thoughts like these, he entered the Hall, and, followed by John, went to the dining-room, where father and son sat down to refresh themselves over a bottle of brandy.

They had not been seated half an hour before the noise of carriage-wheels was heard; and on looking out they saw a dog-cart drawn by two magnificent horses, which drove swiftly up to the portico. A gentleman dismounted, and, throwing the reins to his servant, came up the steps.

The stranger was of medium size, with an aristocratic air, remarkably regular features, of pure Grecian outline, and deep, black, lustrous eyes. His brow was dark and stern, and clouded over by a gloomy frown.

"Who the devil is he?" cried Potts. "D—n that porter! I told him to let no one in to-day."

"I believe the porter's playing fast and loose with us. But, by Jove! do you see that fellow's eyes? Do you know who else has such eyes?"

"No."

"Old Smithers."

"Smithers!"

"Yes."

"Then this is young Smithers?"

"Yes; or else the devil," said John, harshly. "I begin to have an idea," he continued. "I've been thinking about this for some time."

"What is it?"

"Old Smithers had these eyes. That last chap that drew the forty thousand out of you kept his eyes covered. Here comes this fellow with the same eyes. I begin to trace a connection between them."

"Pooh! Old Smithers is old enough to be this man's grandfather."

"Did you ever happen to notice that old Smithers hadn't a wrinkle in his face?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing—only his hair mightn't have been natural; that's all."

Potts and John exchanged glances, and nothing was said for some time.

"Perhaps this Smithers & Son have been at the bottom of all this," continued John. "They are the only ones who could have been strong enough."

"But why should they?"

John shook his head.

"Despard or Langhetti may have got them to do it. Perhaps that d—d girl did it. Smithers & Co. will make money enough out of the speculation to pay them. As for me and you, I begin to have a general but very accurate idea of ruin. You are getting squeezed pretty close up to the wall, dad, and they won't give you time to breathe."

Before this conversation had ended the stranger had entered, and had gone up to the drawing-room. The servant came down to announce him.

"What name?" asked Potts.

"He didn't give any."

Potts looked perplexed.

"Come now," said John. "This fellow has overreached himself at last. He's come here; perhaps it won't be so easy for him to get out. I'll have all the servants ready. Do you keep up your spirits. Don't get frightened, but be plucky. Bluff him, and when the time comes ring the bell, and I'll march in with all the servants."

Potts looked for a moment at his son with a glance of deep admiration.

"Johnnie, you've got more sense in your little finger than I have in my whole body. Yes: we've got this fellow, whoever he is; and if he turns out to be what I suspect, then we'll spring the trap on him, and he'll learn what it is to play with edge tools."

With these words Potts departed, and, ascending the stairs, entered the drawing-room.

The stranger was standing looking out of one of the windows. His attitude brought back to Potts's recollection the scene which had once occurred there, when old Smithers was holding Beatrice in his arms. The recollection of this threw a flood of light on Potts's mind. He recalled it with a savage exultation. Perhaps they were the same, as John said—perhaps; no, most assuredly they must be the same.

"I've got him now, any way," murmured Potts to himself, "whoever he is."

The stranger turned and looked at Potts for a few moments. He neither bowed nor uttered any salutation whatever. In his look there was a certain terrific menace, an indefinable glance of conscious power, combined with implacable hate. The frown which usually rested on his brow darkened and deepened till the gloomy shadows that covered them seemed like thunder-clouds.

Before that awful look Potts felt himself cowering involuntarily; and he began to feel less confidence in his own power, and less sure that the stranger had flung himself into a trap. However, the silence was embarrassing; so at last, with an effort, he said:

"Well; is there any thing you want of me? I'm in a hurry."

"Yes," said the stranger, "I reached the village to-day to call at the bank, but found it closed."

"Oh! I suppose you've got a draft on me, too."

"Yes," said the stranger, mysteriously. "I suppose I may call it a draft."

"There's no use in troubling your head about it, then," returned Potts; "I won't pay."

"You won't?"

"Not a penny."

A sharp, sudden smile of contempt flashed over the stranger's face.

"Perhaps if you knew what the draft is, you would feel differently."

"I don't care what it is."

"That depends upon the drawer."

"I don't care who the drawer is. I won't pay it. I don't care even if it's Smithers & Co. I'll settle all when I'm ready. I'm not going to be bullied any longer. I've borne enough. You needn't look so very grand," he continued, pettishly; "I see through you, and you can't keep up this sort of thing much longer."

"You appear to hint that you know who I am?"

"Something of that sort," said Potts, rudely; "and let me tell you I don't care who you are."

"That depends," rejoined the other, calmly, "very much upon circumstances."

"So you see," continued Potts, "you won't get any thing out of me—not this time," he added.

"My draft," said the stranger, "is different from those which were presented at the bank counter."

He spoke in a tone of deep solemnity, with a tone which seemed like the tread of some inevitable Fate advancing upon its victim. Potts felt an indefinable fear stealing over him in spite of himself. He said not a word.

"My draft," continued the stranger, in a tone which was still more aggressive in its dominant and self-assertive power—"my draft was drawn twenty years ago."

Potts looked wonderingly and half fearfully at him.

"My draft," said the other, "was drawn by Colonel Lionel Despard."

A chill went to the heart of Potts. With a violent effort he shook off his fear.

"Pooh!" said he, "you're at that old story, are you? That nonsense won't do here."

"It was dated at sea," continued the stranger, in tones which still deepened in awful emphasis—"at sea, when the writer was all alone."

"It's a lie!" cried Potts, while his face grew white.

"At sea," continued the other, ringing the changes on this one word, "at sea—on board that ship to which you had brought him—the *Vishnu!*"

Potts was like a man fascinated by some horrid spectacle. He looked fixedly at his interlocutor. His jaw fell.

"There he died," said the stranger. "Who caused his death? Will you answer?"

With a tremendous effort Potts again recovered command of himself.

"You—you've been reading up old papers," replied he, in a stammering voice. "You've got a lot of stuff in your head which you think will frighten me. You've come to the wrong shop."

But in spite of these words the pale face and nervous manner of Potts showed how deep was his agitation.

"I myself was on board the *Vishnu*," said the other.

"You!"

"Yes, I."

"You! Then you must have been precious small. The *Vishnu* went down twenty years ago."

"I was on board of the *Vishnu*, and I saw Colonel Despard."

The memory of some awful scene seemed to inspire the tones of the speaker—they thrilled through the coarse, brutal nature of the listener.

"I saw Colonel Despard," continued the stranger.

"You lie!" cried Potts, roused by terror and horror to a fierce pitch of excitement.

"I saw Colonel Despard," repeated the stranger, for the third time, "on board the *Vishnu* in the Indian Sea. I learned from him his story—"

He paused.

"Then," cried Potts, quickly, to whom there suddenly came an idea which brought courage with it; "then, if you saw him, what concern is it of mine? He was alive then, and the Despard murder never took place."

"It did take place," said the other.

"You're talking nonsense. How could it if you saw him? He must have been alive."

"*He was dead!*" replied the stranger, whose eyes had never withdrawn themselves from those of Potts, and now seemed like two fiery orbs blazing wrathfully upon him. The tones penetrated to the very soul of the listener. He shuddered in spite of himself. Like most vulgar natures, his was accessible to superstitious horror. He heard and trembled.

"He was dead," repeated the stranger, "and yet all that I told you is true. I learned from him his story."

"Dead men tell no tales," muttered Potts, in a scarce articulate voice.

"So you thought when you locked him in, and set fire to the ship, and scuttled her; but you see you were mistaken, for here at least was a dead man who did tell tales, and I was the listener."

And the mystic solemnity of the man's face seemed to mark him as one who might indeed have held commune with the dead.

"He told me," continued the stranger, "where he found you, and how."

Awful expectation was manifest on the face of Potts.

"He told me of the mark on your arm. Draw up your sleeve, Briggs, Potts, or whatever other name you choose, and show the indelible characters which represent the name of *Bowhani*."

Potts started back. His lips grew ashen. His teeth chattered.

"He gave me this," cried the stranger, in a louder voice; "and this is the draft which you will not reject."

He strode forward three or four paces, and flung something toward Potts.

It was a cord, at the end of which was a metallic ball. The ball struck the table as it fell and rolled to the floor, but the stranger held the other end in his hand.

"THUG!" cried he; "do you know what that is?"

Had the stranger been Olympian Jove, and had he flung forth from his right hand a thunder-bolt, it could not have produced a more appalling effect than that which was wrought upon Potts by the sight of this cord. He started back in horror, uttering a cry half-way between a scream and a groan. Big drops of perspiration started from his brow. He trembled and shuddered from head to foot. His jaw fell. He stood speechless.

"That is my draft," said the stranger.

"What do you want?" gasped Potts.

"The title deeds of the Brandon estates!"

"The Brandon estates!" said Potts, in a faltering voice.

"Yes, the Brandon estates; nothing less."

"And will you then keep silent?"

"I will give you the cord."

"Will you keep silent?"

"I am your master," said the other, haughtily, as his burning eyes fixed themselves with a consuming gaze upon the abject wretch before him; "I am your master. I make no promises. I spare you or destroy you as I choose."

These words reduced Potts to despair. In the depths of that despair he found hope. He started up, defiant. With an oath he sprang to the bell-rope and pulled again and again, till the peals reverberated through the house.

The stranger stood with a scornful smile on his face. Potts turned to him savagely:

"I'll teach you," he cried, "that you've come to the wrong shop. I'm not a child. Who you are I don't know and don't care. You are the cause of my ruin, and you'll repent of it."

The stranger said nothing, but stood with the same fixed and scornful smile. A noise was heard outside, the tramp of a crowd of men. They ascended the stairs. At last John appeared at the door of the room, followed by thirty servants. Prominent among these was Asgeelo. Near him was Vijal. Potts gave a triumphant smile. The servants ranged themselves around the room.

"Now," cried Potts, "you're in for it. You're in a trap, I think. You'll find that I'm not a born idiot. Give up that cord!"

The stranger said nothing, but wound up the cord coolly, placed it in his pocket, and still regarded Potts with his scornful smile.

"Here!" cried Potts, addressing the servants. "Catch that man, and tie his hands and feet."

The servants had taken their station around the room at John's order. As Potts spoke they stood there looking at the stranger, but not one of them moved. Vijal only started forward The stranger turned toward him and looked in his face.

Vijal glanced around in surprise, waiting for the other servants.

"You devils!" cried Potts, "do you hear what I say? Seize that man!"

None of the servants moved.

"It's my belief," said John, "that they're all ratting."

"Vijal!" cried Potts, savagely, "tackle him."

Vijal rushed forward. At that instant Asgeelo bounded forward also with one tremendous leap, and seizing Vijal by the throat hurled him to the floor.

The stranger waved his hand.

"Let him go!" said he.

Asgeelo obeyed.

"What the devil's the meaning of this?" cried John, looking around in dismay. Potts also looked around. There stood the servants—motionless, impassive.

"For the last time," roared Potts, with a perfect volley of oaths, "seize that man, or you'll be sorry for it."

The servants stood motionless. The stranger remained in the same attitude with the same sneering smile.

"You see," said he, at last, "that you don't know me, after all. You are in my power, Briggs—you can't get away, nor can your son."

Potts rushed, with an oath, to the door. Half a dozen servants were standing there. As he came furiously toward them they held out their clenched fists. He rushed upon them. They beat him back. He fell, foaming at the lips.

John stood cool and unmoved, looking around the room, and learning from the face of each servant that they were all beyond his authority. He folded his arms, and said nothing.

"You appear to have been mistaken in your man," said the stranger, coolly. "These are not your servants; they're mine. Shall I tell them to seize you?"

Potts glared at him with bloodshot eyes, but said nothing.

"Shall I tell them to pull up your sleeve and display the mark of Bowhani, Sir? Shall I tell who and what you are? Shall I begin from your birth and give them a full and complete history of your life?"

Potts looked around like a wild beast in the arena, seeking for some opening for escape, but finding nothing except hostile faces.

"Do what you like!" he cried, desperately, with an oath, and sank down into stolid despair.

"No; you don't mean that," said the other. "For I have some London policemen at the inn, and I might like best to hand you over to them on charges which you can easily imagine. You don't wish me to do so, I think. You'd prefer being at large to being chained up in a cell, or sent to Botany Bay, I suppose? Still, if you prefer it, I will at once arrange an interview between yourself and these gentlemen."

"What do you want?" anxiously asked Potts, who now thought that he might come to terms, and perhaps gain his escape from the clutches of his enemy.

"The title deeds of the Brandon estate," said the stranger.

"Never!"

"Then off you go. They must be mine, at any rate. Nothing can prevent that. Either give them now and begone, or delay, and you go at once to jail."

"I won't give them," said Potts, desperately.

"Cato!" said the stranger, "go and fetch the policemen."

"Stop!" cried John.

At a sign Asgeelo, who had already taken two steps toward the door, paused.

"Here, dad," said John, "you've got to do it. You might as well hand over the papers. You don't want to get into quod, I think."

Potts turned his pale face to his son.

"Do it!" exclaimed John.

"Well," he said, with a sigh, "since I've got to, I've got to, I suppose. You know best, Johnnie. I always said you had a long head."

"I must go and get them," he continued.

"I'll go with you; or no—Cato shall go with you, and I'll wait here."

The Hindu went with Potts, holding his collar in his powerful grasp, and taking care to let Potts see the hilt of a knife which he carried up his sleeve, in the other hand.

After about a quarter of an hour they returned, and Potts handed over to the stranger some papers. He looked at them carefully, and put them in his pocket. He then gave Potts the cord. Potts took it in an abstracted way, and said nothing.

"You must leave this Hall to-night," said the stranger, sternly—"you and your son. I remain here."

"Leave the Hall?" gasped Potts.

"Yes."

For a moment he stood overwhelmed. He looked at John. John nodded his head slowly.

"You've got to do it, dad," said he.

Potts turned savagely at the stranger. He shook his clenched fist at him.

"D—n you!" he cried. "Are you satisfied yet? I know you. I'll pay you up. What complaint have you against me, I'd like to know? I never harmed you."

"You don't know me, or you wouldn't say that."

"I do. You're Smithers & Co."

"True; and I'm several other people. I've had the pleasure of an extended intercourse with you. For I'm not only Smithers & Co., but I'm also Beamish & Hendricks, American merchants. I'm also Bigelow, Higginson, & Co., solicitors to Smithers & Co. Besides, I'm your London broker, who attended to your speculations in stocks. Perhaps you think that you don't know me after all."

As he said this Potts and John exchanged glances of wonder.

"Tricked!" cried Potts — "deceived! humbugged! and ruined! Who are you? What have you against me? Who are you? Who?"

And he gazed with intense curiosity upon the calm face of the stranger, who, in his turn, looked upon him with the air of one who was surveying from a superior height some feeble creature far beneath him.

"Who am I?" he repeated. "Who? I am the one to whom all this belongs. I am one whom you have injured so deeply, that what I have done to you is nothing in comparison."

"Who are you?" cried Potts, with feverish impatience. "It's a lie. I never injured you. I never saw you before till you came yourself to trouble me. Those whom I have injured are all dead, except that parson, the son of—of the officer."

"There are others."

Potts said nothing, but looked with some fearful discovery dawning upon him.

"You know me now!" cried the stranger. "I see it in your face."

"You're not *him!*" exclaimed Potts, in a piercing voice.

"I am LOUIS BRANDON!"

"I knew it! I knew it!" cried John, in a voice which was almost a shriek.

"Cigole played false. I'll make him pay for this," gasped Potts.

"Cigole did not play false. He killed me as well as he could— But away, both of you. I can not breathe while you are here. I will allow you an hour to be gone."

At the end of the hour Brandon of Brandon Hall was at last master in the home of his ancestors.

MY SUMMER VACATION.

MY father lives in the little village of Darlington, on the line of the Downsville and Westport Branch of a well-known railroad. There was a time, not so very long ago, when the good people of that neighborhood knew and cared as little about railroads as I do about palanquins or camels. Being for the most part farmers, who never went away from home in summer, and had plenty of spare time in winter, they found the time-honored stage-coach quite fast enough for all their needs. Even I, although I laughed at the shabbiness and grumbled at the slowness of the old-fashioned vehicle, rather liked it. I am afraid that in my inmost heart I rather liked something to grumble at. Then I was conscious of a pleasant feeling of superiority over the rest of the Darlingtonians, when, after entering the house of Gray, Browning, & Co., in New York, I made my occasional visits home. I felt that the Darlington people were all behind the times. Moreover, I liked the air of quiet and repose about the whole place. There was no noise, no disturbance, no hurry; every thing was at rest and at peace. It seemed to me, the only occupant of the old coach late one summer evening, as we drove slowly into the village, almost like playing "come up to be dead," with the little doll's dress-maker and her friends.

But these days came to an end. The unquiet, restless, "improving" spirit of the age found its way to Darlington at last, and a branch railroad was built.

"Well!" thought I, as I stepped on the train to make my first visit to Darlington after the completion of the road, "now we'll see if this is an improvement."

Looking around I saw several acquaintances; but they were so busily arranging their bags and bundles, to be caught up at a moment's notice, that they could just spare time for a bow, or for

"How are you, Frank? Going home, eh?"

No one seemed to think of offering me a seat, although several might easily have done so. Even Nellie Brown, pretty little Nellie Brown, who had sat close by me many a time going to and from our boarding-schools in the old coach, looked up with a proper little "Good-evening, Mr. Hadley," and looked demurely out of the window again. I stood still, offering no remarks, but making no attempt to move on and find a seat, until Miss Nellie recovered a little from her attack of "car manners." She was not very long.

"Won't you have a seat?" she said. "The car seems pretty full."

"No," said I, sitting down by her, "the car isn't half full; but as most of my acquaintances here have each a whole seat, I've been trying to see if the railroad has improved them as much as they expected. How is it?"

"Oh, Frank!" she said, "how could I know you wanted to sit here?"

"You used to find out, somehow, in the old stage," said I.

"Of course," she answered. "There was only just so much room there, and we had to crowd so. Wasn't it horrid?"

"Well, not so very," said I, raising my voice as the whistle and bell began their usual noisy performances on approaching a station. "That lasted longer than this."

"Yes," and she laughed; "it lasted long enough. Do you remember the night the wheel came off, and we were four hours behind time?"

"Do you think I have forgotten any of those rides?" I shouted, as tenderly as I could under the circumstances. "Those were good times. Give me the slow old coach when you are with me, Nellie."

The whistling and ringing suddenly stopped, and I was shocked to find that I had been making the latter portion of my remarks at the top of my lungs, for the benefit of the whole car. They appeared duly impressed thereby; particularly Tom Marvin, one of the Darlingtonians. He stared straight into Nellie's face and laughed. My first impulse was to grapple with him and throw him overboard; but I thought better of that. I merely looked at him with an air of stern dignity, calculated to impress upon his mind a sense of his own rudeness and my forbearance. I regret to say that he did not appear at all abashed. Some men seem to have been born without those finer sensibilities that would have made one of my nature wretched at the idea of having committed such a fault as that of which Tom had just been guilty. They may be happier for it, in their lower state of being; but alas for those with whom they come in contact!

As I helped Nellie from the cars to the noisy, unromantic dépôt, dimly lighted by a few kerosene lamps, I thought again of the good old times when I used to get out of the stage, and walk slowly, very slowly sometimes, up the lane with her to her father's house. But I merely said:

"Good-night, Nellie. Tell your father I'll drop in to see him to-morrow."

"Yes, do," said that Tom Marvin. "I'll call for you, and we'll go together."

"All right," said I, with as much coolness as I could muster. "Come in the afternoon, will you?" But Tom was already engaged upon more important business. He had just remembered a message which must be sent to the other end of the village; and by bribery and flattery of the basest description he induced Nellie's two younger brothers, who had been sent to meet her, to go and deliver it; offering, by way of inducement, no doubt, to see Nellie home himself. So I stood by and saw them get into Captain Brown's buggy and drive slowly down the road. "Frank!" said I to myself, "Tom Marvin's a smarter man than you are. Have your fine sensibilities ended in this?"

Tom called for me the next afternoon, and we went to Captain Brown's. He was not at home; but Nellie was. There was a young lady with her whom she introduced as Miss Floyd, and whom she called Cousin Jennie. Tom had met her before; and immediately devoted himself to her, leaving me to talk to Nellie or listen to him, just as I chose. I knew well enough that he was only playing a part, in order to watch me, and was naturally embarrassed. Nellie must have had a little of the same feeling, for she began rather stiffly:

"How long do you expect to be at home?"

"Two or three weeks, I think. I have not quite decided."

"Oh, you must not go before our picnic. That is just three weeks from to-day," she said. "It is a sort of celebration of the anniversary of the commencement of the railroad."

"Don't ask me to celebrate that event," said I, solemnly.

"You need not go in the cars," she replied. "It is only fifteen miles to Cascade Valley, and a good many are going in their own carriages."

"I might go so, if I could find company," said I. "Do you think there is any one left in Darlington who could resist an opportunity of riding in the cars?"

"Oh yes; there's Tom," she said. "He'll go with you."

"Not I," interrupted Tom. "I'm insured, and I ll go in the cars. If I should be killed riding with you, I'm afraid they'd call it suicide."

I thought best to pass by this attack upon my skill as a driver in silence.

"Nellie will go," added Tom. "She is so light, it will not hurt her to be upset or thrown out."

"Don't listen to him, Nellie," said I. "I'll take good care of you. I will stay in Darlington on purpose, if you will go."

"Will you?" said she. "Then I'll go. Don't make such a rash offer again."

"If I am always to be as successful I shall keep on," said I.

After this graceful compliment a short pause ensued. Tom came to the rescue.

"Well!" said he, by way of calling attention to his remarks, "we have been idling here long enough. Are the stakes up, Nellie?"

"Perhaps Frank don't play croquet," she suggested.

"Then he must learn," said Tom, decisively; "he'll be lounging around here for the next three weeks, and what else can we do with him?"

But as it happened, I understood the game quite as well as they did. So we played croquet, Tom and Nellie, Jennie Floyd and I, until the lengthening shadows warned us that we should find a cold welcome at our respective tea-tables if we delayed much longer.

"Nice girl, that cousin," said I, as Tom and I walked homeward; "but so plain."

"So I thought, when I first saw her," said he; "but one forgets that, after a little."

"Especially when Nellie is by to be looked at," said I. Tom half laughed; but whether in contempt of Nellie's charms, or my admiration of them, I could not tell.

We played croquet again the next day, and the next. We played every pleasant day; beginning early and staying late. I liked the game before; but I was just beginning to feel its full fascination. How pretty Nellie looked, taking aim with her mallet a long time before striking the ball; and then she went into such charming little fits of despair when it rolled ignominiously past the arch, instead of through it! They were happy, idle, careless days; days when we gave ourselves up wholly to the pleasures of the passing time, not heeding or caring for the chains that Fate was weaving in with the fading flowers.

But there was one drawback to my happiness. I could never manage to see Nellie alone. I could not make an engagement to take her out, and ask her to keep it secret; and so, no matter how skillfully I laid my plans, something was sure to happen. If I asked her to ride, one of her little sisters, incited thereto by Tom, no doubt, would insist so pertinaciously upon going too, that I could not refuse without offending Nellie. A small carriage was no protection against these young invaders; they would sit on the floor, on Nellie's lap, any where or any thing except staying at home. If we walked, we invariably met Tom or Miss Floyd, or both; if I called alone, Jennie Floyd was always there.

I began to hate Tom. I forced myself to treat him with a semblance of civility; but I cast about in my mind for some way of getting rid of him. Duels were out of fashion; I could not challenge him. If I could have invented a convenient pretext for having him arrested and kept out of the way for a few days, I would have run the risk of being prosecuted afterward; but I could not. I thought of doing battle with him after the fashion of prize-fighters, and directing my attack wholly toward his face, injuring his personal beauty to such an extent that he would not feel inclined to appear before ladies immediately. But I rejected this idea with scorn, as beneath the dignity of a gentleman; and Tom was stronger than I. The only feasible plan seemed, to ask him to ride, take the worst horse in Darlington, be upset, and run the risk of breaking my own neck for the chance of breaking his. That would be as fair as dueling, and not cause so much scandal. But before I had time to put this valorous scheme in execution, Fortune (favoring the brave) gave a faint smile in my direction.

Tom was obliged to go to the city on business, and Jennie Floyd went to spend the afternoon of the same day with a friend, taking Nellie's two little sisters with her. At last I felt that my opportunity had come.

I asked Nellie to take a ride; and I determined to find out in the course of that ride whether she preferred Tom to me. Fearing lest it might be Tom, I prudently postponed the subject until we turned to go home. But just as I was beginning an eloquent and carefully prepared sentence she gave a little scream.

"There's the train!" she said. "Is your horse afraid of the cars?"

"Oh no, not at all," said I, with outward composure, but with inward trembling; for in truth I did not know whether he was or not. I had just been reading "Les Miserables," and thought white lies in a good cause rather laudable than otherwise. But Nellie, if she had never read about the good nun and her one falsehood, had read something in the book of human nature. She did not believe me. She took the reins from my hands, and insisted upon my getting out and standing at the horse's head.

The train had just left the station, and passed so slowly that I could see the passengers very distinctly; and there, standing on the last platform of the last car, was Tom. Nellie bowed; but I, in my foolish exultation, called out,

"Won't you ride home with us, Tom?" intending to exasperate him thereby.

Imagine my horror when he replied,

"Yes, I believe I will," and actually leaped from the car. He ought to have been killed on the spot; any one else would have been; but he was not. He came up to us laughing, in high spirits at having "done" me once more; and continued so during the whole ride home. He and Nellie chattered and laughed until I felt like putting them both out of the carriage and leaving them. I maintained a severe and cutting silence; but so far from being a check upon them, every time they looked at me they only laughed the more. When we reached Captain Brown's I let Tom help Nellie out; and with a cool "Good-evening" to one or both, just as they chose to take it, was about to drive on. But Tom shouted back from the doorway,

"Hold on, old fellow! I'm going to ride the rest of the way with you."

It was of no use to pretend not to hear; his lungs are good, and he might have been heard a quarter of a mile off; and not wishing to make an unnecessary display, even of my just wrath, I waited, while he and Nellie stood on the piazza laughing and talking in the same ill-mannered and absurd way as before. I wondered how she could endure his nonsense; I began to wonder how I could have admired her so much; and then I wondered what they were talking about. I thought I could distinguish my own name; after which their mirth subsided, and Tom came soberly down the path to the carriage.

"Drive around by the mill, will you?" said he, as he got in. "I want to talk to you a little."

"Can't," said I. "I'm in a hurry, for I'm going back to the city to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" repeated Tom. "You can't go to-morrow. It is the day of the picnic, you know, and you're to take Nellie."

"I'll leave her to you," said I; "you are better able to amuse her than I."

Tom repressed his rising inclination to laugh again, and said:

"Tired of her already, are you? Just as I said!"

"What right had you to say any thing about it?" I asked, angrily.

"A very good right," said Tom, flushing a little at my tone. "She is a dear friend now, and will soon stand in a still nearer relationship to me."

I did not know until then how dear she was to me. My heart seemed to stand still; I could not have answered him if I had tried. He saw my state, and took advantage of it to turn the horse down the mill road. Finally he broke the silence.

"Frank," said he, "why do you make me angry when I meant to be so good? I meant to apologize most humbly for what I did this afternoon; and for what I've been doing all along. You see, it was such a good joke, and it amused Jennie so to see how solemnly you took every thing."

I did not answer. I could only think, "Nellie is to be Tom's wife—I have lost Nellie!" He went on.

"But I am really sorry for what I did to-day. You shouldn't have tempted me so. And now you blame Nellie for what I did; you could not see that she was fretting over it more than you were. If she hadn't laughed I think she would have cried."

And in spite of his sorrow he threw himself back in the carriage and roared again at the recollection of the disconsolate couple he had escorted home.

"I'm sorry!" he gasped, at length; "but oh, Frank, I can't help it!"

"There is no necessity for so many apologies," I said, trying to collect my faculties sufficiently to draw from him some further acknowledgment of his engagement. "If I had known Nellie was to be your wife—"

"My wife!" said he; "she isn't to be my first wife, at any rate. She is to be my cousin. I've been engaged to Jennie Floyd more than six months."

"To Jennie Floyd!" said I, shaking hands with him wildly. "Allow me to congratulate you!"

"Congratulate away," said Tom; "but meanwhile give me the reins. And don't think that I rode home with you on Nellie's invitation to-day. I assure you it wasn't her fault. So stay and take her to the picnic to-morrow, for Jennie and I don't want her."

I took his advice; and having grown wiser by experience, I resumed our interrupted conversation just as soon as we were fairly seated in the carriage. I do not think our ride was made any the less pleasant by the result.

LONDON GOSSIP.

THE following incident is said to have recently caused some amusement in the London fashionable circles:

A lady of distinction, the Marchioness of Finsbury, lately spent more than an hour in a music store in Regent Street, buying all the pieces of music with a sentimental title that she could find. When she had finished her purchases, and was already on the threshold of the door, she paused a moment with a hesitating air. The clerk, who had assiduously waited on so good a customer, stepped forward and asked her if she wished for any thing else. The marchioness made an effort to collect her thoughts, and turned back, fixing her beautiful eyes on the face of the clerk, who blushed to the ears.

"I had quite forgotten one thing," said she, in a voice that seemed tremulous. "I don't know what is the matter with me to-day. I came back to ask you if—"

She made a short pause, as if to summon up her courage. Meanwhile the clerk, pulling up his false collar, leaned gracefully on the counter and bent forward.

"I came back," continued the marchioness, "to ask if you would be good enough to give me *a kiss before parting?*"

"My lady!" exclaimed the astonished clerk.

"I desire that you should give me *a kiss before parting*," repeated the marchioness, with a deliberate air, fixing her eyes on the clerk, who seemed turned into stone. Without betraying the least emotion she repeated the request for the third time, saying, "If you can not give it to me to-day I will call some other time."

The clerk, intoxicated with joy at the hasty thought that the beautiful marchioness had taken a sudden fancy to him, did not wait for any further entreaties, but, springing over the counter, threw his arm round the waist of his fair customer, and impressed the asked-for kiss upon her cheek. To his surprise his sole response was a blow in the face from the parasol of the marchioness, who began to shriek wildly, and did not cease until three policemen rushed into the shop and took the wondering clerk in custody. The affair was explained the next day in court, where the magistrate at once set the unfortunate culprit at liberty on learning that *A Kiss Before Parting* was the name of a fashionable song, the existence of which till then was wholly unknown to him.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. A. B.—Street suits for fresh mourning are made of Tamise cloth, of poplin alpaca, and of serge, trimmed with folds of the same, piped with lustreless gros grain. Shawls of iron grenadine are worn with these black dresses.

A YOUNG LADY, AND ELLA.—For a demi train make a gradual slope of half a yard from the front to the back breadth. One wide ruffle from the knee down is a favorite style for lawn skirts. The skirt proper should be slightly sloped from the waist to the knee. Narrow ruffles at the bottom of the skirt are also used. Silk skirts should be lined throughout with glazed cambric, and faced with wigging half a yard deep. For trained skirts of rich materials alpaca of the precise shade of the dress should be faced over the wigging an eighth of a yard deep. The trimming of sashes is a matter of taste. They are quite pretty trimmed only across the ends. They are usually draped about the hips with trained dresses, but this is not absolutely necessary. One dart is usually taken in a loose Gabrielle front. Any lace handsome enough for a bridal veil would be very expensive, as the whole veil must be made of it. Tulle, trimmed with a ruche of the same, is a favorite style, and is appropriate both for elaborate and plain dresses. Boots are made of the same material as the traveling dress. Thick twilled serge is the most appropriate A plain buttoned boot—half high Polish—is made of Grison's kid for traveling. We have already given several patterns of silk aprons.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Three narrow ruffles on the edge of the skirt will not make you appear shorter. An over wrap, cut from an Undine pattern given in the *Bazar*, will suit your height—four feet nine. It is prettily made of chené silk, silk serge, or poplin.

ANNIE.—The Marie Antoinette fichu is worn at this season over a long blouse or redingote. In summer it will be a sufficient wrapping of itself. The short dress worn with it should have two skirts; the upper one gathered up at the seams to form a frill of a bunchy appearance.

A COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.—The morning dress of which you speak is simply a loose sack, with a sloping seam in the middle of the back and under the arms. A loose Gabrielle may be made in the same way.

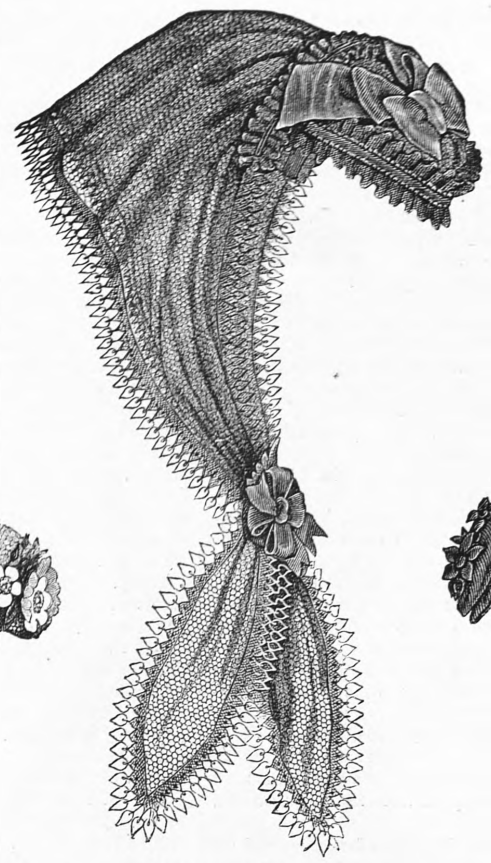
F. SPRAGUE.—Any worsted dealer in New York, we presume, will execute your commission from samples of worsteds or the pattern to be worked. We can not undertake to purchase articles for subscribers.

SUMMER BONNETS.

WE give patterns and descriptions of a number of new and tasteful bonnets, the details of which will be found on page 436. The accompanying illustrations show the bonnets complete.

Pompadour Bonnet.

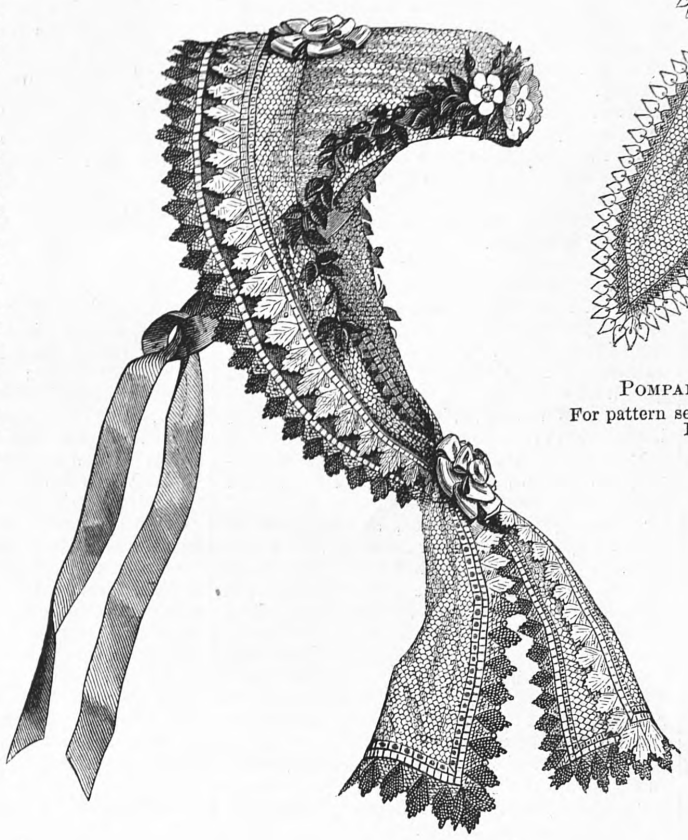
THIS bonnet is made of black figured lace, black silk blonde, and black ribbon. The diadem is formed of a bronze band inlaid with steel; a roll of colored velvet or satin, or a half wreath of fine flowers can be substituted for this. A wide lace scarf falls over the back of the bonnet in the form of a veil, and is brought forward for strings, which are fastened with a rosette under the chin. Figs. 48–51, Supplement, give the pattern of the frame. The front of this frame is covered with a puffing made of a straight piece of lace. The edge of the bonnet is trimmed in front and behind with a quilling formed of two pieces of blonde, three-fourths of an inch wide, the straight edges of which are sewed together; a similar quilling is set on the band in front. The lace scarf that forms the veil is a yard and five-eighths long and a quarter of a yard wide; this is pointed at the ends and bordered with edging three-fourths of an inch wide. The veil is pleated on the back of the bonnet. A ribbon rosette bow, shown on page 436, Fig. 18, of half the size, fastens the ends together in front. A double bow with short ends is set on the top of the bonnet, which is completed by the bronze and steel band beforementioned.



POMPADOUR BONNET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 48–51.

Augusta Bonnet.

THIS tasteful bonnet is of white lace trimmed with broad white blonde and watered ribbon an inch and a half wide. A wreath of sweet-brier with buds and leaves forms a diadem in front, with the ends extending down on the strings. Fig. 52 of the Supplement gives the pattern of the frame of this bonnet, which is cut of white stiff lace, and bound with a narrow strip of satin. It is then covered with several thicknesses of tulle, laid on smooth, and finally with a single thickness of tulle, gathered in such a manner as to form two high puffs in front. The back of the bonnet is covered with watered ribbon, an inch and a half wide, the long ends of which are tied under the chignon; this is covered again with a scarf made of a strip of tulle, a yard and five-eighths long and five inches wide, edged with blonde two inches wide, then doubled, as is seen in the illustration, so that the lower edge of one row of blonde just reaches to the upper edge of the other, and laid in pleats across the back of the bonnet. A rosette of watered ribbon is set in the middle of the scarf, on the top, and another confines the ends under the chin. A satin band, covered with pleated lace, is fastened in front, and covered with the sweet-brier wreath beforementioned.



AUGUSTA BONNET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Fig. 52.

Trianon Hat.

THIS pretty hat is made entirely of blue crape. Bows of blue satin and a spray of blue satin flowers with moss-green leaves complete the trimming. It is made on a foundation of straw; an old straw bonnet can be ripped up and made to answer very well for the purpose. The crown is soft and oblong, the rim is two inches high. Having prepared the foundation, cover it with six thicknesses of crape, laid on plain, bind with a bias fold of blue satin, and put in a white silk lining. The hat is trimmed round the edge with a puffing; for this take a strip of double crape, five inches wide, hem the edges half an inch wide, gather it on both sides just above the hem, and fasten it to a strip of double crape, so that the hem may form a frill on either side of the puff thus made. Sew narrow blue ribbons on each side of the hat, to be tied under the chignon. The scarf consists of a strip of crape, a yard and a half long and five inches wide, hemmed round the edge, and pleated on the hat. The ends of the scarf are fastened under the chin with a double bow of satin ribbon, which is shown on page 436, Fig. 20. A similar bow is set on the front of the hat, over which the spray of flowers is placed, and is carried over the top of the hat, with the end hanging loose behind.

WATTEAU BONNET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 48–51.

Watteau Bonnet.

THIS bonnet, which is a very good accompaniment to the favorite Watteau paletot, is of black figured lace. The trimming consists of blue satin puffing, a black feather, and a steel butterfly. Figs. 48–51, Supplement, give the pattern of the frame. This is covered with pleated lace, and a lace edge, two inches wide, is set round the bonnet. A scarf made of a straight strip of lace, a yard and a half long and four inches wide, bordered with an edge two inches wide, is fastened on the back of the bonnet. The puffing on the front consists of a bias strip of satin, twenty inches long and five inches wide, sloping gradually to a width of three inches at the ends, and arranged in the same manner as that of the Trianon hat. A somewhat narrower puffing is set on the back of the hat, so as to cover the setting on of the scarf, which falls over the puff in the manner shown in the illustration. The ends of the scarf are confined by a blue satin bow, which is shown on page 436, Fig. 19. A feather and steel band, with two narrow ends of ribbon, complete the trimming.

MARIE ANTOINETTE BONNET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 53.

Marie Antoinette Bonnet.

Fig. 53 of the Supplement gives the pattern of the frame of this bonnet, an illustration of which is seen on page 436, Fig. 7. This is cut of black stiff lace, and is covered with several thicknesses of black lace laid on smooth, and lastly with one thickness of pleated, beaded lace; lace edging, beaded leaves, and a pink rose complete the trimming. A frill of two rows of lace is set round the edge of the bonnet, and is surmounted in front with a satin piping. A wreath of beaded leaves forms the heading behind. The rose is placed on the left side. A lace scarf, bordered with a lace edging, is confined with a rose under the chin. Strings of black watered ribbon.

Metternich Bonnet.

THIS stylish bonnet is made entirely of gray crape. Fig. 52, of the Supplement, gives the pattern of the frame, which is covered with several thicknesses of crape, laid on plain, and finally with a single thickness gathered so as to form two high puffs in front. Three fan-shaped bows of gray ribbon, an illustration of which is shown on page 436, Fig. 20, and a lace edge, an inch and a half wide, together with blackberry blossoms set on a black silk band, form the diadem. A pleated scarf of gray crape, edged with lace an inch and a half wide, passes over the back of the bonnet and is brought forward and fastened under the chin with a spray of blackberry blossoms. A bow of gray ribbon, two and a half inches wide, with short ends, is set on the back of the bonnet, and strings of narrow ribbon tie it behind under the chignon. A single blackberry blossom is set on the left side of the front.

METTERNICH BONNET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Fig. 52.

TRIANON HAT.
See page 436, Fig. 19.

COSMETICS.

A LADY about to paint, or varnish, or enamel herself has, first, if she be wise, to consider the matter from a hygienic or health-disposing point of view. She has to consider what the skin is, what it has to do, and how the interior economy may resent any violation done to this delicate expansion. Having decided to rouge upon a white ground, she has to consider what the white ground shall be, and what the pink to be laid upon it. As for rouge, the best is a preparation, by a treatment unnecessary to state here, from the *coccus cacti*, or cochineal insect; an inferior sort is got from safflower, the petals of a flower used in dyeing. White skin-pigments usually go under the name of "pearl-powder," though the composition of none of them has any thing to do with pearls, and though—so-called—pearl-powders differ extremely in their nature. Any lady whose complexion is good already had better let well alone. It is not within the competence of any art to give the delicate tints which mantle upon a really beautiful female skin. My advice to ladies having delicate complexions, and valuing the gift, would be to keep their complexions good by observance of certain points of discipline; early hours, not too much dancing, distilled water for the toilette, and low alkalized soap; if soap for the face, any alkali will answer.

There was a time when the chemical nature of things was not

PALETOT WITH HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 42–47.

so well known as to-day; when the creamy whiteness of flake-white—none other than superior white-lead—entered into the composition of pearl-powders. I need not pause to reprobate the awful danger of employing this material for such a purpose, seeing that the employment is abandoned. Subsequently to the going out of white-lead as face or pearl powder another metallic preparation—the trisnitrate of bismuth—came in. It is not so decidedly poisonous as a lead compound, but it is poisonous enough to prove injurious to the skin; indeed, I know not of any metallic pigment so innocent that it can be laid on the skin continuously without incurring serious damage. Such pigments mar the beauty of the skin at least, perhaps lead to evil constitutional effects through absorption. Even if white-lead and trisnitrate of bismuth were not injurious to the skin and poisonous generally, their use as skin-pigments would be attended with a great disadvantage. They both turn black under the influence of sulphureted hydrogen—a gas which in small quantities exists pretty largely diffused. The effect of bringing concentrated sulphureted hydrogen in contact with skin whitened by a lead or bismuth preparation would be to turn the skin suddenly black. Under the usual circumstances of society no such extreme issue as utter blackness need be contemplated; but a certain darkening of color would rapidly ensue, destroying the harmony of the work of art perfected with so much care—dissipating the illusion of a beautiful complexion. The tale is recorded in books of a certain lady who had been whitening her skin with trisnitrate of bismuth—magistery of bismuth our grandmammas and grandpapas called it—and who chanced to bathe while whitened thus in the Harrogate waters. Harrogate is celebrated for its sulphurous springs. The water of these springs holds sulphureted hydrogen dissolved. If it be a fact that the lady in question went into a Harrogate bath of sulphurous water while skin-painted with bismuth magistery, then it must have come true what the tale records—viz., that she in one instant turned as black, wherever the pigment was laid on, as any Ethiop. Pearl-powders, as now used, are variously made. Some are nothing else than powdered talc or French chalk; others a mixture of the same with common chalk; a third order contains starch-grains mingled with the preceding one, or both. By starch-grains I would be meant to signify the preparation known as "violet-powder," which really has no more to do with violets than it has with cabbages or cucumbers, being really nothing else than starch-grains odorized by orris-root—*iris florentina*, sweet-smelling iris—a root that smells not unlike violets. Much discrimination is used by perfumers in selecting a proper sort of starch-grain. Whencesoever starch comes, it has the general characteristic of being in grains. These are readily made manifest under microscopic examination, and are then found to be different not merely as to size, but as to shape. Hence it is that the investigator can tell whether one kind of starch be mingled or adulterated with another. For example, arrow-root—genuine arrow-root—is starch obtained from the *Maranta arundinacea*. It happens to have an agreeable taste, and hence is so valuable for dietetic uses. It is more expensive than the starch of wheat or of potatoes—than starch, indeed, generally—and hence it is often contaminated. Now the grains of wheaten starch happen to be large and coarse; hence the material, although it will do very well for hair-powder, is not satisfactory when used as a complexion-powder; the grains are too staring. Horse-chestnut starch has been much employed for this purpose; so in like manner the starch of ordinary chestnuts; in short, perfumers have, or pretend to have, each a specialty. Nothing whatever can be alleged against the use of any starch pure and simple when used for toilette purposes; on the contrary, it imparts a softness and a freshness both salutary and delightful. Violet-powder so-called, indeed, hardly comes under the definition of a cosmetic. When made up with other ingredients to constitute the so-called pearl-powder, is it injurious then? That will depend on the character of the materials with which it is compounded. On white-lead we have already pronounced. It may well be called fatal, not only to beauty, but in certain cases to life also, and to health in all cases. In ordinary domestic usage, thus to

PALETOT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 12–15.

RUSSIAN FROCK FOR BOY FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 16–20.

PALETOT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 21–25.

POLONAISE PALETOT FOR GIRL FROM 13 TO 15 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–5.

PALETOT WITH CAPE FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 6–11.

write, in the ordinary employment of skin-cosmetics by ladies themselves, violet-powder, the so-called pearl-powder, and rouge, usually complete the list. When female charms have so much waned that higher artistic resources are needed, or thought to be needed, then the case is one for out-of-door practice. Then come the operations of enameling and blue-veining—operations that are kept a secret, but in performing which the chemist, if he so pleased, could beat the professed artists who make ladies "beautiful forever" out of the field.

VOICES CALLING.

"Oh, hush!" she whispered, "I hear them speaking,
Voices calling upon the air;"
And, while she listened, the pale light glistened,
And lay, and floated upon her hair.
"Oh no!" they answered, "we hear no speaking,
We hear no voices upon the breeze;
It must be only the night wind lonely,
That sighs and whispers among the trees."

"Oh, hush!" she murmured, "I hear them singing—
Singing the songs that I used to know;"
And, while she listened, the tear-drops glistened,
And through long lashes began to flow.
"Oh, no!" they answered, "we hear no singing,
We hear no voices singing so;
'Tis but the waking of sea waves breaking
Upon the shingle far below."

"Oh, hush!" she whispered, "I hear them calling,
Sweet voices of the long ago;"
And, while she listened, the long light glistened,
And lay on her sweet face, white as snow.
"Oh no!" they murmured, "she wanders wildly,
We hear no voices on the breeze;
She's listening only to night winds lonely,
That sigh and whisper among the trees."

"Hush! hush!" they answer, while dews were falling,
While dead leaves rustled through the air;
And, while they shimmered, the pale light glimmered
On a face and form like the angels fair.
"Oh, pray!" they whispered, "our love is dying,
Her voice is fainting across the sea;"
And, while they listened, the far dawned glistened,
O God! her morning breaks with thee.

THE SPANISH LACE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

A PRETTY face reflected in the dressing-glass, turning this way and that in the inspection of a pretty figure. An unsatisfied face, though; and its owner put up the roundest little hand in the world, and twitched petulantly at the scarlet shoulder-knots that gave her dress an odd resemblance to a red-winged blackbird.

"If I only had a Spanish lace shawl," said the owner of the pretty face and figure. "It looks so unfinished— But, there!" And with that she seized her gloves and handkerchief and went slowly down the stairs, complaining to herself against the fate that refused her a black Spanish lace shawl to heighten the dazzle of those plump white shoulders.

"Well, my pretty blackbird," said her admiring father, as he stood upon the rug and confronted her entrance, "this is an early hour for you, and I declare I don't see but that you eclipse the lovely beings that take three hours to dress in."

"Of course I needn't be so long as people who have whole constellations of diamonds to secure, and no end of lace to pull out!"

"You have two black diamonds, my dear, that I wouldn't mortgage for a kingdom."

"You silly man!"

"And as for the lace," continued her father, "why, here!" and in a moment his dextrous hand had thrown what seemed a shadow through the air, and, dark and soft and clinging as a cobweb, it had fallen all around her. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, as the exquisite thing hung from her hair about her shoulders and her dimpled arms; it was the loveliest little Andalusian picture that was ever painted.

"Oh, papa! how good you are! how kind you are! What made you think of it? You dear old man! Oh, me—how perfectly beautiful! Put down your mouth and let me kiss you—but don't disturb my hair!" And with these words she had sprung upon an ottoman and flung her arms round his neck, squeezing him with rapturous embraces to the detriment of all his starch and much of her toilette. But then she was a motherless and spoiled thing, and this was the least of her liberties.

"There, there, there!" cried the father, swinging her by the waist a minute ere he set her on her feet. "Let me off this time, and I promise not to do it again."

"I don't want you to do it again. How came you to do it this time, you dear old fellow?"

"How came I to do it this time? What made me think of it? Why, to speak plain, Therese, have I had any rational conversation for a month past, into which there did not enter the flavor of Spanish lace?"

"What kind of a flavor is that, papa?"

"Ask Professor Blot, my dear."

"I know myself," she answered, with her coquettish way, which she must needs exercise on her father till some younger chevalier took her off his hands. "It is made up of one part orange grove in full blossom, so that its air is only a divine perfume—like love, you know, papa, sweet but bitter too."

"What do you know about love?"

"Ah, much! Then there is one part moonlight, castle-turrets in the distance, two lovers, duenna, the tinkling of a guitar, an answering nightingale, the whole mingled with the music of a falling fountain's waters, and you may throw in the 'bay-leaf,' if you please!"

"Well, my dear, I am glad it takes so small a thing to make you happy and high-spirited. I have hesitated a little about the matter, I may as well confess—not that I do not want to grant all your wishes, little daughter—but because five hundred dollars, which is the price of your shawl, as you may as well know—"

"Oh, I have known that a long time, papa," she answered, with a sigh of remembrance and of relief.

"Because that five hundred dollars will help five families over the severer portion of the winter; keep the hope in husbands' hearts, keep the life in little children, and keep girls like you from death and worse than death."

"How you do talk, papa! Can't you afford to give five hundred dollars to the poor too? I don't suppose, though, there is any need; the city allows so much fuel, and there are the soup-houses."

Her father made no more reply, for though he meant that at some time she should see and understand the darker sides of life, yet to-night he hardly cared to spoil his little girl's enjoyment of her new possession. He looked at his watch and touched the bell, ordering the coach at once, as he meant to drive round by MacNamee's—his porter's—house, for a necessary errand, before joining the throng at Mrs. Meyerbehr's.

Therese hid herself in her wraps, hung her just-obtained desire of life on her arm, and, humming light-heartedly to herself, tripped down the steps before her father to the coach.

Just as she paused on the carriage-step to adjust her garments, she felt a hand upon her arm. At first she thought it was the coachman who assisted her. Directly afterward she faced about with the thought that some one was stealing her precious Spanish-lace shawl. It was only a woman, though—a woman in rags—standing with clasped hands, and murmuring something, and looking up at her with an imploring face. But what a face! so swollen, and haggard, and ghastly, and bleared—so stamped with hunger and thirst, with sin and sleeplessness. Therese had never seen the sight before; she stared at it one instant in a fascination of horror, and then shrank into the farthest corner of the coach, just as her father and the coachman ordered the woman away on peril of a policeman.

It was a night of bitter cold; the sky was frosty with its stars; they drove rapidly on easy springs through the streets, the cushions were like clouds beneath them, the thorough-bred horses went like the icy wind itself. Therese, sheltered in her warm comfort and pleasure, looked through the window at the flaring flames of the lamps, the flitting crowds on the sidewalk; but of every face among them all that woman's took the place. She wondered about it, and kept silence—she wondered what had turned it, still so young, into that horrid guise—she wondered had that woman ever been a girl like herself, happy, petted, careless, and free. She saw a child selling matches beneath a lamp-post; she had passed her almost every night of the season without ever seeing her before; she shivered while thinking how cold the mite must be. She caught the eye of the little tambourine-girl, sitting on the curb-stone and blowing her tingling fingers; she longed to steal her from that evil-looking brigand of a hurdy-gurdy player who held her in such slavery. She followed all the little noisy nuisances of news-boys with her eyes—she had never thought of them in all her life as any thing but irresponsible creatures, like bats, and beetles, and common house-flies; now she found herself conjecturing concerning their homes, their mothers, the sort of men they would grow into—it had not occurred to her before that they ever grew up at all. After that it was a long way to MacNamee's, the streets were of a different sort and poorly lighted, there was not so much to see, and she leaned back and thought of Mrs. Meyerbehr's, and whether the young German Baron would be there, and what Maud Clive, whose flounces were real point, would say to her Spanish lace, and then she put down her hand to caress the Spanish lace—and it was gone!

"Oh, papa! my shawl! that woman! It is gone!" she cried.

"Gone?" he exclaimed. And then, after a moment, with the testiness of human nature and outraged pocket-book, he added: "Very well. If you couldn't take care of it in stepping from the door to the coach, the sooner it's gone the better!"

"Oh, papa, how could I know?" she answered, with tears of vexation ready to start. "Don't you suppose it is in the coach? Make Jo stop at the lamp, please, and let us see!"

"Nothing of the kind here, my dear. Nothing of the kind in the coach—"

"Let us go back then; we may overtake her—"

"As easily as a will o' the wisp. She has put it up the spout before this."

"Up the spout? Put my shawl up the spout? Why, it would ruin it! Oh no indeed—"

"It is of no use lamenting, Therese," said her father then, appeased by her innocence. "If it can be recovered at all the police shall see to it. Here we are. Now I wonder if MacNamee is in."

As it happened, MacNamee was not in. He had gone with the counting-room keys to his master's house; but he had been gone so long that his wife thought he would be back every minute, so wouldn't his master come in and wait? And as the errand at MacNamee's was of importance, and the night too cold for Therese to be left in the coach, she found herself directly afterward, party dress and all, in Mrs. MacNamee's kitchen, where the floor had been scoured till it sparkled like a snow-drift, and was, in Mrs. MacNamee's own terms, clean enough to eat from. Just as the elder guest had begun hectoring the chubby pair of twins that Providence had sent the MacNamees, possibly for fear one at a time should keep them idle, and who sat, in their absurd red flannel night-gowns, toasting their feet at the fire, the father of the twins himself entered. He was in a slight breeze, and wore a somewhat sheepish air, whether from welcoming so fair a lady in his domicile, or because he had loitered and belated himself in an ale-shop, and, going on his way, had recognized the carriage shortly after it left the house, when he had darted across the roadway, and ensconcing himself on the back of it, had enjoyed quite a comfortable drive till he dropped off just a square away. However, he immediately plunged into business with his master, and Therese sat, unnoticed and forgotten, looking into the fire in the place of the twins, who had been swept off to bed out of hand. She was in a very lowering mood for her; for she was indignant about her shawl; she was sadly disappointed, too; she was disturbed with her own carelessness and foolish fright; and when she thought of that wicked woman who had doubtless taken the thing she could have annihilated her. An old white puss came along and rubbed against her, then looked up at her familiarly, and accustomed to be dandled, sprang upon her knee. Therese shook her off angrily, and Mrs. MacNamee, returning, caught her as she fell.

"You're not fond of cats, miss?" said Mrs. MacNamee, stroking the purring creature's back.

"No," replied Therese. "Particularly not in evening-dress."

"Oh, to be sure! of course not! I should beg your pardon for her if she knew any better. Our children think all the world of this one though," continued the loquacious matron. "And so do the father and I, for that matter. When a thing like that has summered and wintered with you, shared your bite and sup, and gone without when there was none, it seems, you know, young lady, like one of yourselves."

"I don't suppose that this one has gone without often," said Therese, then softening from her ill-temper, for her knowledge that MacNamee had good wages warranted the remark, and there was something engaging in the woman's tones that occasioned the softening.

"Not of late years, miss. Not since we came across your good father there, may the Lord reward him! But I know of them that do not always have their crust a day, and yet soak a part of it for the cat."

"A crust a day!" exclaimed Therese.

"The same. And lucky to get that sometimes."

"Why, I didn't know—"

"That there were such people? No, I suppose not. I've often thought, when I was lady's-maid to Mrs. Meyerbehr, that the ladies wouldn't throw away a hundred dollars on any fan if they knew of the misery just round the corner."

Therese's heart smote her; there was her Spanish lace—no good to her, nor to any one either, now.

"Is there—is there much misery—did you say—round the corner?" she asked, in a trembling way, with a very vague idea of misery as something unspeakably uncomfortable, small-pox, perhaps, or people who had been burned out, or had their legs broken.

"Indeed there is, miss. Round this corner as well as many another! If you're interested in such things—" continued Mrs. MacNamee, with a doubtful glance, yet only too willing to enlist a recruit in such cause.

"Certainly I am!" exclaimed Therese. "I never heard about it before. Why didn't they tell my father they had only a crust a day, and not always that?"

"Good Heavens, miss! It would take a hundred of your father, rich as he is, and begging your pardon, to help them. My man tells me there's fifty thousand out of employment and wanting bread to-day, besides all there were before. It makes my heart stand still to think of them and be looking at the twins—"

"I—I can't believe it," whimpered Therese.

Her new friend stood up suddenly. "Just you follow me," she whispered. "And I'll show you enough misery to satisfy a king."

"Is it—is it catching?" asked Therese.

Mrs. MacNamee laughed in spite of herself, and only beckoned her along, seeing that, for all her eighteen years and wealth and learning, she was but an ignorant child in the rough schooling where Mrs. MacNamee had graduated.

"It's a filthy slum in some weathers," said she. "But all's frozen too solid to speck a white shoe with dust to-night, and yours are black, I think. I'll just show you Margaret—that's what they all call her in her alley."

Before Therese had thought again of contagion, of her evening dress, her fears, or her father's permission, she was following Mrs. MacNamee, who had thrown a hood over her head, following her through an entry and a clean back-yard, out upon a narrow lane and down a black alley, whose odors made her sick and in whose farther end a faint light glimmered.

This light glimmered from a low window, incrusted with dirt, and through which no sunbeam had ever fallen, which had no curtain, and which disclosed the interior of a fearful room. It was a room half underground; you descended into it by three or four steps down which in the wet weather the rain and slush might run in rivers from the alley. From ceiling to floor it was a welter of uncleanness. There was a bed in this room—at least there had been, as Mrs. MacNamee took care to tell Therese who bent and looked in with her at the window—but now there was only a heap of straw and an old shawl; the rest had all been sold. There was one chair, a broken splinter of looking-glass, an old newspaper pinned across a missing pane; the table must have been that day split up to burn, and its last ashes were whitening now in the cold stove on whose top a tallow-candle set into a bottle spluttered and guttered dismally. The walls of this room sparkled with the frost, and were covered with stains that seemed in themselves to declare it foul with fever. A woman sat in the single straight chair rocking herself to and fro, purple with the cold; she held a quiet little baby in her arms that was not crying any longer.

"God have mercy on them!" whispered Mrs. MacNamee, hoarsely. "I can't stand this!" But before she could have moved a door had opened, and another person had entered the room. It was another woman, and it seemed to Therese, who felt herself under an awful nightmare, that she had seen her somewhere before; that face so swollen and haggard and ghastly and bleared, so stamped with hunger and thirst, with sin and sleeplessness! It flashed upon her in a second that it was the woman who had tried to speak to her at the carriage-door.

This creature came into the room now like a flame, and she slammed the door so that the window shook, while the other woman held up a sudden warning hand. Her face was all aglow; it was wreathed with smiles till it seemed to be transformed.

"Look at here, Meg!" she cried, in a loud and ringing voice, a voice that rasped, though, as it rung. "Look at here! Treasure-trove!" She tossed something up in the air, caught it as it fell, shook it till it seemed like one of those dark clouds that sometimes swim across the stars, held it so that the dim candle-light should shine through it, and show her a trace of the pattern that wandered among the meshes in a tangle of wild wood-lily shapes, flags, maiden-hairs, and ferns. Here was a woman that had loved splendor, to whom Spanish lace was as beautiful as to another. "I know the value of such things!" cried she. "I wore them—once when he cared about me. It's worth five hundred dollars if it's worth a cent!"

"Are you mad, Katy?" said her companion, glancing up only one second, and then bending back again above her baby.

"I begged her for charity, the minx! I frightened her—to look at me frightened the like of her. It's just as well; for then she dropped the shawl. She'll never see it again. I don't know the number, and I won't know the street! I brought it home for you to see first, that had never laid eyes on a rag worth half a thousand. Think of that, Meg! Now I'll be off to the three balls—they'll ask no questions. I'll not get a tithe of its first cost," she went on, with her rapid torrent of words. "But oh, Meg, it will be fire, it will be meal, it will be meat for you, and milk for the baby—the bird of blessing! Just for a little breathing, a moment's rest. I'll not go to jail to be wintered since she's come. I'd like to be good enough to be her mother." And she was down on the floor, and her arms were round Meg, and she was laughing and sobbing and swearing together on her shoulder.

"Oh, Katy, hush! hush! hush! oh, do but see!" moaned the other woman, motioning toward the little baby; and then Katy turned, and stared, and blanched, and broke out into a loud keen wail, and cast herself upon the child that had just given up its little soul and died.

Before Therese saw what had become of Mrs. MacNamee that good woman had found the entrance, ran down the steps and was in the room. In a kind of dumb amazement Therese went after her. She understood, by an inspiration, perhaps, that the child had starved to death.

The two women never looked up at their unbidden guest. There was nothing strange to them in Mrs. MacNamee's entrance; nothing strange in the presence of this little butterfly of fashion in her gay dress, within their festering walls. The only strange thing in all their lives seemed then to have just happened; the baby that had been given to them, Heaven alone knew why, if Heaven concerned itself at all about such wretches, that had been the light of their eyes, that might have been the salvation of their souls, whose existence was something inscrutable to them, whose growth a marvel, for which they would have lived virtuous lives had they been able, and for which they sinned when they could; the baby that, though it belonged to but one of them they loved alike, had gone as mysteriously as it had come, had suddenly acquired purity and remoteness, and was no longer theirs. They filled the air together with their cries.

"Oh, Margaret! how's this?" Therese heard Mrs. MacNamee say, and saw her take the child from Margaret's arms. But how she herself came to be sitting in Margaret's chair presently, and holding the little dead baby, a feather's weight, on her lap she never asked. Mrs. MacNamee had left her, and she forgot to be afraid; had run up to her own house and brought down coal and kindlings in a basket, had set the fire to blazing up the chimney, and had run back for a tray of whatever cold and broken store there might be in her own frugal pantry. Margaret had flung herself into the middle of the heap of straw and had drawn the old shawl over her head. But Katy was groveling on the floor beside Therese, lifting herself now and then to glance at the tiny and shriveled face, and then prostrating herself again with fresh shudders and fresh sobs. "I don't dare to kiss her!" she cried. "Oh, she's too pure a thing! She was my own flesh once—now, now, now, she's nothing to me—I've lost her! oh, I've lost her!" And after that, to contradict her own words, she seized the hand and held it to her lips, and kissed its fingers, and its palm, its wrist, its arm, as if she would devour it. And Therese, far from that qualm of loathing, felt as if her heart would break with pity; she put her own arm round the woman's squalid shoulder and cried with her. She wanted to say some kind and solacing word, to tell her she had not lost her little child if she only chose to follow where it led—but she did not know where to begin—she had learned how to speak many languages, but never the language of consolation. And while she hesitated, there was her father standing before her, and Mrs. MacNamee quaking in his shadow, lest the master should dismiss her husband from his place for her offense in having brought the young lady into such a reeking spot.

"Come, Therese," said her father, gently. "I have left the means to do all that is necessary. I will come myself again to-morrow. But now Mrs. Meyerbehr is waiting."

"Oh, papa, not to-night," murmured Therese, shrinking from the whole affair of the night, with its gay tumult and brilliancy. She gave the little child, however, to Mrs. MacNamee, who had brought down for it some clean white clothes cast off by the twins, and since then laid away in lavender, and lingered only for some sort of farewell to these poor people—when Katy suddenly rose and put the shawl, whose existence Therese had forgotten, into her hands.

"If I'd known you'd so good a heart—" she said; and went back to hang above the child once more as the kind neighbor made it ready for the blessed rest that had been vouchsafed to it so early.

Therese did not oppose her father's wish when the horses' heads were turned toward Mrs. Meyerbehr's; she thought at that moment that, blind and foolish, she would never have a wish of her own again. She wondered at him an instant for caring to continue, after such a scene; but never dreamed that he wished by the sharp and sudden contrast to impress her experience on his little girl's soul enduringly. She composed her dress, which was not, after all, very much deranged; and she left the lace shawl in the dressing-room before going down on her stately father's arm. She found herself gossiping with Maud Clive, and thinking how soiled and tumbled looked the flounces of real point; she danced with the young German baron, and saw that the ribbon of that noble order in his button-hole was tarnished; she felt as if she had been stunned out of herself till all the intoxicating fragrance of the exotics that lined the walls, the strains of heavenly music, the glitter of this stomacher of gems that cast off rays like the ægis, the shimmer of that silk like a sheet of moonlit sea-water—till all this splendor and delight waked her into a wild reaction, and nobody who saw her then, sparkling, flushing, laughing, floating away on the stream of the melody sung by flutes and violins, would ever have conjured up in connection with her any vision of trouble or shadow of care. She never conjured it up herself during the hour, she fairly forgot the place she had so lately left, till the coach-door shut behind her. It had seemed to her all the night as if she had just escaped from hearing some terrible tale, from seeing some sad tragedy upon the stage, from dreaming some black, wild, horrifying nightmare. But in the coach again it rushed freshly over her, and she burst into a passion of tears which not all her father's efforts could calm.

"Papa," said she, by-and-by, when she kissed him his good-night at two o'clock in the morning, "I shall send back my Spanish lace, and get the money, if you please. Ladies may wear that kind of thing in a court, where the order of government depends on the aristocracy's splendor and power of inspiring awe. But I am one of the people—and my brothers and sisters are starving!"

And when she knelt beside her bed, in the prayers she had not outgrown with her childhood, into each word there sprung new life and light, and full of purpose and resolution, she seemed to hear a voice that said: "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these, you have done it unto me!"

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

I DARESAY the American belles will be just as much interested in hearing an account of the world in which we English belles live as we in knowing of their gay doings.

One can not blush on paper, you see, so I have no scruple in speaking of "we" English belles, thereby including myself among the number. It is too far for any of you to come on purpose to see whether I have the right thus to speak in the plural number; so you are privileged to imagine me a sparkling brunette, with raven tresses and deep, fawn-like eyes, or a fairy-like blonde, with a complexion of alabaster, and peach-bloom and bright golden hair, such as has been so much the rage of late, just as the fancy may take you.

In London the season properly begins after Easter, and lasts until the end of July; still, much earlier, when Parliament is sitting, there is a great deal of gayety going on, even in Lent. The principal event in fashionable life this year, as yet, has been the reappearance of our Queen among us again. Ever since the poor Prince Consort died, in December, 1861, and even since the year before that, when her mother the Duchess of Kent died, our sovereign has been but little before the public. For the first year or so of her widowhood she was well-nigh paralyzed with grief, and never came to London at all, save for a hurried visit of a few hours perhaps. Her time was divided between her Scottish home at Balmoral, particularly dear to her as the scene of so many happy hours in her wedded life, when she was able to throw aside for a while the burdens and pomps of her position; Osborne, that marine palace of hers in our picturesque Isle of Wight; and old Windsor Castle, the favorite dwelling of our royal rulers for many a day.

By very slow degrees she has begun to take her old place among her faithful subjects once more. Here and there about the country, during the last year or two, she has been present at the inauguration of certain statues and memorials to the memory of her late husband; last year she herself laid the foundation-stone of the Hall of Arts and Sciences at South Kensington, now in progress of erection, near to the Kensington Museum and the Horticultural Gardens, both of which owe their very existence to the Prince Consort, who did his best to cultivate a pure taste among us. They were built under his special supervision, on ground adjoining a large tract of land belonging to him. Belgravia has for years been the ultra-fashionable quarter of London, where the really great folks make annually a three months' sojourn away from their country homes, and where would-be great people also think fit to pitch their tents and catch a reflection of their greatness, if possible. Now, however, fine houses are springing up every where at South Kensington, which bids fair before long to claim the very *crème de la crème* for its own, a tendency likely to be fostered by royalty just now, seeing how much gold will thereby flow into its private coffers.

Now, for the first time these seven years, the Queen has appeared in person at a Drawing Room. It is true that for the last two years she has received a select few at her Courts, but Courts are not Drawing Rooms; and this announcement of Drawing Rooms to be held by her has given universal satisfaction, though the difference between a Court and a Drawing Room is very slight. If I mistake not a Court, so called, is an innovation in state receptions, introduced by our present sovereign for the first time.

The Courts took place at Buckingham Palace, the palace at which the Royal family really live when they are at the capital. Only 250 persons were allowed to be present at them. Except to the first of the season, which was reserved for members of our Government, and of the Diplomatic Corps and the like, these 250 did not come by invitation. When the Courts were announced in the *Gazette*, it was also stated that those who desired to appear must send their names to the Lord Chamberlain within a given date, when in due time, provided the number was not complete, they would receive cards of admittance, to be presented on arriving at the palace.

Drawing Rooms were also held by the Princess of Wales, or any of the Princesses, daughters of Her Majesty, who might be available, and such people as could not go to a Court could attend a Drawing Room if they pleased, the only actual difference between the two being that the Queen was not herself present at the latter; that the numbers who attended them were not limited; that they were not held at Buckingham Palace but at St. James's Palace, where the state apartments have always been specially appropriated to such purposes; and that whereas at a Court gentlemen and ladies could both be presented, at a Drawing Room ladies only appeared before royalty, though husbands and fathers could accompany their wives and daughters if they pleased; but if they themselves wished to be presented—failing to gain admittance to a Court—they must go to a Levée, all Levées being now held by the Prince of Wales.

Who are the people entitled to appear at Courts and Drawing Rooms? A most difficult question to answer. Of course, nobody of questionable character would for a moment be permitted to appear, and they are supposed to be restricted to people in the upper ranks of society; but a vast number of nobodies of no particular rank or standing find their way there, somehow or other, who would never have the smallest chance of receiving an invitation to a state ball or to any of the great houses, the entrée to which proclaims that you belong to the upper ten thousand. The etiquette observed is, that such persons as desire to be presented at a Drawing Room shall send in their names, together with the name of the lady who presents them, who must signify her intention of attending the same Drawing Room to the Lord Chamberlain some few days before, in order that they may be submitted to the Queen, when, if she is graciously pleased to receive them, a printed card will be forwarded to them signifying the same, all of which is a mere empty form.

And now about the dress worn on these occasions. If you wish to see English girls in their most attractive guise these are very fitting opportunities. We never look so well, I think, except perhaps when riding in Rotten Row. A pretty woman is ten degrees prettier on horseback than any where else.

The distinguishing marks of a lady's Court dress, and without which she would not be admitted, are the train, the lappets, and the plumes. The so-called lappets are now pretty generally superseded by long tulle ends, which, with the white plumes drooping gracefully at the side of the head, are exceedingly becoming, forming a kind of gossamer halo to the face.

The body of the dress, which must be low, always corresponds with the train. The so-called petticoat—which is in truth the skirt of the dress—is usually of tulle or tarlatan, worn over silk of the same color as the train, or in white or black, and trimmed to correspond with it. The trains are made of silk, satin, moire, and sometimes, early in the season, of velvet, trimmed with the most costly lace and puffings and bouillons of tulle caught up here and there with bows of ribbon and flowers, in every conceivable device. Sometimes they are arranged to fall from the shoulder, but usually from the waist, reaching to the hips on both sides, and so giving a full view of the petticoat. Until you actually enter the Presence Chamber the train is carried on the left arm, carefully arranged so as to display the rounded end at the bottom, with the trimming thereon, to full perfection. Débutantes, like brides, appear all in white, mostly in white silk trains and tulle petticoats, covered with bunches of white flowers.

Now having so far entered on the technicalities of going to Court, I will proceed to give you my experiences of what I saw and did there the many times I have been present.

The Drawing Rooms this season differ from any hitherto held, inasmuch as they take place at Buckingham Palace, like the Courts, and not at St. James's.

St. James's Palace is an ancient-looking building, occupying the site of a hospital, founded before the Norman Conquest. Henry VIII. was its first royal possessor, and the old gate-house and turrets, which face St. James's Street, were built at his commands. I can not pause to tell you half the historical reminiscences associated with it. All our sovereigns from that time have added their quota to its history; but it is vividly impressed on my mind that when at last you do arrive there—having come down St. James's Street at a snail's pace, hemmed in by other carriages, and eagerly scanned by the busy crowd who congregate there to see all there is to be seen, which is but little, a mere cloud of tulle and silk filling each carriage-window, with a much-bedizened head just visible above it all—you can not help, even in the midst of the brilliant scene around you, with the fresh peep of green grass in St. James's Park facing you, being in a manner awed by its sombre, dreary antiquity.

There is plenty of splendor, and glitter, and bustle, both within and without the old Palace, on Drawing Room days. Red-coated royal footmen buzz about the portals. Most of the liveries of the servants accompanying the guests are fresh and new. By-the-by, I am not quite sure that the fat coachmen in their cocked hats, with a large bouquet of flowers in the breasts of their bright-colored coats, seated alone on their large smart coach-boxes, covered with gorgeous hammer-cloths, with two flunkies in the rumble behind, gold stick in hand, and corresponding bouquets in corresponding gay coats, are not as imposing a part of the spectacle as any.

When at last you do arrive at the palace you alight under a low covered postern, more like the entrance to a vault than the entrance to a palace; then you find yourself in a long corridor, which brings you to the foot of the great staircase, where you present one of two large cards, with which you have to provide yourself, with your name clearly written thereon. There is a vast deal of bright coloring every where, beside the gay dresses of the guests. The royal pages who take these cards are in full court-dress, viz., black or claret-colored cloth or velvet coats, with elaborate steel buttons; ruffles, bag-wig, and sword; a cocked hat; a waistcoat embroidered in divers colors, with a frill of lace in front; knee-breeches, silk stockings, and shoes with buckles complete the costume.

The Yeomen of the Guard, or Beef-eaters, who line the ample staircase, still retain the quaint dress they wore when the corps was first raised, at the coronation of Henry VII.: low-crowned felt hats, curiously wrought short scarlet dresses, and Elizabethan-looking ruffs, standing up stiffly round the neck, with long staves in their hands.

At the entrance of each of the rooms stand two of the Gentlemen-at-arms, a corps whose duty it is to attend the sovereign on state occasions. Their uniform is bright scarlet, with very rich gold trappings, surmounted by a gilt helmet with a long waving white plume. As each room fills they cross their halberds before the door, when no one is allowed to pass.

At the top of the stairs you find yourself in the small guard-room, whose walls are covered with arms in every imaginable device; this leads into the old Presence Chamber, hung with fine old tapestry, which originally belonged to Charles I.

Then comes Queen Anne's room, a noble apartment, with large portraits of departed sovereigns on its walls, and plenty of gilding about it. A large baronial-looking fire-place is on one side; on the other a range of windows looking on to St. James's Park. The body of the room is filled with seats arranged face to face; and here you await your turn to enter the Royal presence, and have the best opportunity of seeing every body and the dresses worn by every body. The ladies' toilettes are as elaborate as they can be, and the few there present are in court-dress or uniform, for no plain morning or evening dress is allowed.

Certain people, of higher rank than the rest of the world—ministers, embassadors, and the like assemble in the next room, an equally splendid one. They enjoy what is called the privilege of the *entrée*, and arrive by a different entrance, and pass before the Queen first.

In the court-yard outside, the Royal Band, in a uniform which looks one mass of gold, strike up as soon as the state carriages bearing the Royal family arrive; and if you happen to take up your station by the window you see them well, and the detachment of Life-Guards which accompanies the cortége. Then there is a general rustle and bustle of expectancy, and in an incredibly short time the *entrée* people make their obeisances, the farther door is thrown open, and your turn has arrived to make your way toward the throne-room.

You pass in single file along the narrow passage railed off from the rest of the room by brass rods and silk cord, and make your way across the next apartment to the door of the Presence Chamber, when your train is removed from your arm by the pages in waiting, and trails on the ground behind you; and before you at all realize your position you are bending before the Royal group.

The Queen, or her representative, stands on a raised dais before the throne; she is dressed in full dress, with feathers, lappets, and train, like those around her, and the Order of the Garter, or the Victoria and Albert Order, crosses her breast. On both sides of her are other members of the Royal family, and behind her, tier upon tier, the maids of honor, bedchamber women, equerries, and the other Court functionaries, together with certain other privileged persons, who have the right to join the general circle, as it is called, which indeed fills the whole room, save the passage left for those who come to pay their homage.

The stillness in the room is something appalling; and when you reach the Queen you give that other card to the Lord Chamberlain, who reads your name thereon in a loud, stentorian voice, which seems to ring through your ears with a painful distinctness.

If you are presented to the Queen you kiss her hand; but you only do this when presented, not when you go afterward to Court, then you merely courtesy and pass on, nor do you ever kiss the hand of any representative of the Queen even when presented.

After you have made a low obeisance to the Queen and the Royal family you back slowly toward the opposite door. Your train is again thrown on your arm, and the ceremony is over. You may, if you please, linger a little in the long gallery leading from the throne-room, and gossip with your friends; but these state pageants are soon over nowadays, and you are once more in your carriage and away before you know it. In England Drawing Rooms are held at two or three o'clock in the daytime, in Ireland and France in the evening.

Buckingham Palace, where Drawing Rooms have been held this year, is a more modern building and far larger; the state apartments are altogether grander, and the picture-gallery you have to traverse on your way to the throne-room contains chef-d'œuvres worthy of a visit for themselves alone.

ARDERN HOLT.

A LOVE LYRIC.

LOVE, too late your eyes betoken
What your lips have never spoken,
Never should your heart be broken
Were it linked with mine.

Love's that pressure of the hand
Lovers only understand,
Where is love there's fairy-land,
Thou the Queen of mine.

Love's a servitude to me
Sweeter far than liberty,
Dearest, if it's shared by thee,
Happy bondage mine.

Love's a silver-twisted cord,
Love's a strain of music poured
At the feet of the adored.
Listen, love, to mine.

Love's the pole-star of the young,
Love's a rosy halo hung
O'er existence. Thou hast flung
Such a one o'er mine.

Love's an ecstasy, a sigh,
If the loved one be not by,
Love's a tear-drop in the eye;
Kiss them, love, from mine.

Love's a martyr, love's a saint
Sent to teach us self-restraint;
Nothing selfish ever taint
Love that's yours and mine.

Love's all-powerful, all-wise;
Love's a preacher in disguise;
Love ennobles, purifies,
Such be yours and mine.

Love's a rose that ever flings
Fragrance over common things;
Love's a thorn that sometimes stings;
Thornless rose, be mine.

Mine to shield throughout the strife
Of a storm-distracted life;
Mine to cherish as a wife,
Living, dying mine.

A LITTLE LESSON.

WE ought not to complain too bitterly or to be too much disheartened at the misfortunes that may befall us, as we never can be sure that the events, however apparently untoward, may not turn out to be no misfortunes at all in the end. This principle is well illustrated by the following case:

A seaman on board a man-of-war had both his legs broken by the bursting of a bomb on the decks in the midst of a battle. He was taken below, and his case was soon examined by the surgeon. The surgeon decided that the right leg could be saved, but that the left one was so badly fractured that it must come off. The next morning, being occupied himself with the cases of some of the officers, he sent two of his assistants to perform the amputation. They, somehow or other, made a mistake, and took off the *right* leg—which in this case was the wrong one.

The surgeon, when he came to see what had been done, was much incensed against the assistants, as was also the seaman himself. The latter, however, declared that he would not submit to another amputation, but would take his chance with the wreck of a leg which remained to him, and live or die as fate might determine.

Contrary to the surgeon's predictions, he got well. The left leg recovered and became as serviceable as ever. He had a wooden leg made to replace the other.

Some time afterward he was in another battle. A shot came from the enemy's ship, and, sweeping the deck, struck our seaman and took off—his wooden leg. He seized hold of the capstan to steady himself, and as soon as he had recovered a little from the shock, and the astonishment of seeing the splinters of his wooden limb flying over the side, he snapped his fingers, saying:

"How lucky it is for me now that those blundering fellows took off the leg they did! For if they had taken off the other one I should not now have had any leg at all."

Fig. 1.—MODE POULT DE SOIE PARASOL.
See Page 445, Fig. 15.

Fig. 3.—BLACK SILK PARASOL.—OPEN.
See Page 445, Figs. 4–7.

Fig. 2.—LIGHT GREEN POULT DE SOIE PARASOL.
See Page 445, Figs. 16 and 17.

PARASOLS WITH DIFFERENT STYLES OF TRIMMING.

THE present styles of parasols do not differ in shape from those of last year. They are mostly covered with silk or poult de soie, and lined with white marcelline, though the lining is sometimes of the same color as the outside. The styles of trimming are numerous, consisting of bias folds, points, flaps, and puffs, either of the same material as the parasol or of satin; fringe, embroidery in satin stitch, point russe, etc. The trimming is usually of the same shade as the parasol, though a darker or lighter shade is sometimes used. Wooden handles are much in vogue, some being carved and etched in light or dark colors, and some white, smooth, and polished. Bone and ivory handles are also used. Elegant imported parasols are made, covered with point lace, with handles formed of solid pieces of gold-stone, onyx, amber, and cornelian; but these are very expensive, costing sometimes $3000 in gold.

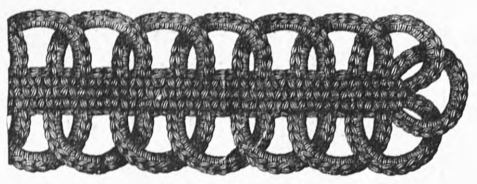


Fig. 7.—SECTION OF CROCHET RING FOR PARASOL.

Fig. 1.—MODE POULT DE SOIE PARASOL.—This parasol is lined with white marcelline. About half an inch from the outer edge sew on a frill of poult de soie two and a half inches wide, with the pleats some distance apart; and cut into points on the outer edge an inch deep by an inch and a half in width, with a strip an inch wide of the same material set under along this pointed edge. The place where the trimming is sewed on is covered by velvet ribbon a quarter of an inch wide. Above the frill small points of the poult de soie are sewed on. Fig. 15 shows the manner of making these. For each point take a piece of the material two inches square, and fold it so that it shall form a triangle; then fold it again in such a manner as to bring the three corners together. Having prepared the points sew them on as shown in the illustration, taking care to put the slit at the middle of the upper point. The places where these are fastened on the parasol are covered by means of the velvet ribbon which is sewed on. In addition to this a straight row of the velvet is sewed on above. The handle is of bone.

Fig. 2.—LIGHT GREEN POULT DE SOIE PARASOL.—This parasol is ornamented with small figures embroidered in silk twist and finished with bugles; above this a row of puffs of the poult de soie. These puffs are arranged together from a piece of stuff two and a half inches wide, which is pleated across at regular distances, and sewed on the parasol, so that the part lying between each point of pleating shall stand out in a loose puff. Between every two puffs is a little band of black satin. The lining is of white marcelline; the handle is of polished whitewood. The design given in Fig. 17 may be substituted for the abovementioned design, of which Fig. 16 gives one figure of the full size.

Figs. 3–7.—BLACK SILK PARASOL.—This parasol is ornamented on the edge with black silk fringe three inches wide, and tabs of the same material as the parasol. These tabs are each two and a half inches in length and two inches in breadth; they are bound around the edges with a satin binding a quarter of an inch wide, and are sewed close to each other on the parasol. Those tabs which fall over a rib of the frame must be laid on in a pleat on the upper edge, so that it shall not stretch. The place where the tabs are sewed on is covered by a row of puffs of the silk fastened by the small satin bands which are made like those already described in Fig. 2. The lining is of white marcelline, the handle of black quaintly etched wood. The closed parasol is fastened together by means of a braided ring of black silk cord (see Fig. 5). For making this six cords are needed; these are laid together at half their length and then divided into three strands, each consisting of four cords, and are braided together as shown by Fig. 6. The under end of the braid is wound firmly with black cord and then fastened under the upper end, where the cords are fastened together. (See illustration.) On the ring thus formed fasten two tassels; then draw a black silk cord through the braid of the ring, and fasten one end of this cord to the upper point of the parasol, and the other to the under end of one of the ribs.

A crochet ring, such as is shown by Fig. 7.

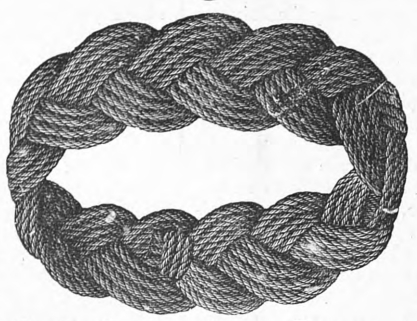


Fig. 5.—RING FOR CLOSING PARASOL—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 4.—BLACK SILK PARASOL.—CLOSED.
See Figs. 3–7.

Fig. 6.—SECTION OF BRAID FOR RING, FIG. 5.

may be substituted for the braided one. The pattern is worked of black silk twist. On a foundation of the requisite length crochet three rounds sc. (single crochet), taking care to put the needle through both the upper veins of the stitches. This forms the thick middle strip. Then work on both sides, and across one end of this strip, the interlacing scallops. In the first stitch of the last round work 1 sc. (single crochet), 10 ch. (chain stitches), 1 sc. on the 4th following stitch; then having turned the work crochet back on the chain stitches 1 sl. (slip stitch) in each ch., 1 sl. in that stitch of the thick strip in which was worked the first sc. before the chain row; then, returning, 15 sc. on the scallop; 1 sl. in that stitch of the strip in which was worked the sc. after the chain row, 2 ch. *. Now take the needle out of the loop and put it through the second of the three stitches of the thick strip which were passed over by the chain row; again take up the loop which was dropped from the needle—in doing which the needle must be put under the scallop—and crochet together with one thread the loop and stitch on the needle. Then work a scallop which is composed of 3 ch., 1 sl. in the 4th from the last sc. of the former scallop and 6 ch. In working the first 3 ch. of this row the working thread always lies behind the scallop just finished. In forming this scallop pass over 4 stitches of the thick strip, taking 1 sc. in the following stitch; then, turning the work, crochet a row of sl. back on the scallop; 1 sl. in the sc. of the strip before the chain row; then 15 sc. on the scallop, 1 sl. in the next sc. which was worked in the thick strip; 2 ch. Repeat from * until the thick strip is bordered with scallops as shown in the pattern. The scallops may be worked on one end as shown in the full-sized figure. Having finished the crochet work join the strip in a ring by sewing the scalloped end over the other.

Figs. 8–14.—PARASOL TRIMMINGS.—Each of these styles represents one-eighth of a parasol cover.

Fig. 8 is a foundation of gray and black silk, the edges of which are cut in scallops and worked in button-hole stitch with gray silk twist, as shown in Fig. 20. Above the black border runs a vine which is embroidered in satin-stitch with black silk twist. Fig. 19 shows a section of the full size. On each side of the embroidery is worked a row of chain stitch, and outside of these a row in herring-bone. These rows are worked with black on the gray silk, and with gray on the black silk. Fig. 56, Supplement, gives the pattern of one-eighth of this cover.

Fig. 9 is a cover of lilac silk, embroidered in satin stitch and point russe, and finished on each side by a border of chain stitch and one of herring-bone, worked in violet silk. Fig. 18 shows a section of the full size.

Fig. 10 is a cover of gray silk which is ornamented with bugles and chain stitch in black silk twist, as shown in the pattern and the design given in Fig. 55, Supplement.

Fig. 11 is a cover of light and dark brown silk, and is worked as is shown by the pattern and the design given in Fig. 54, Supplement, in chain and herring-bone stitch, satin stitch, and point russe. The embroidery is done with dark silk on the light, and with light silk on the dark foundation.

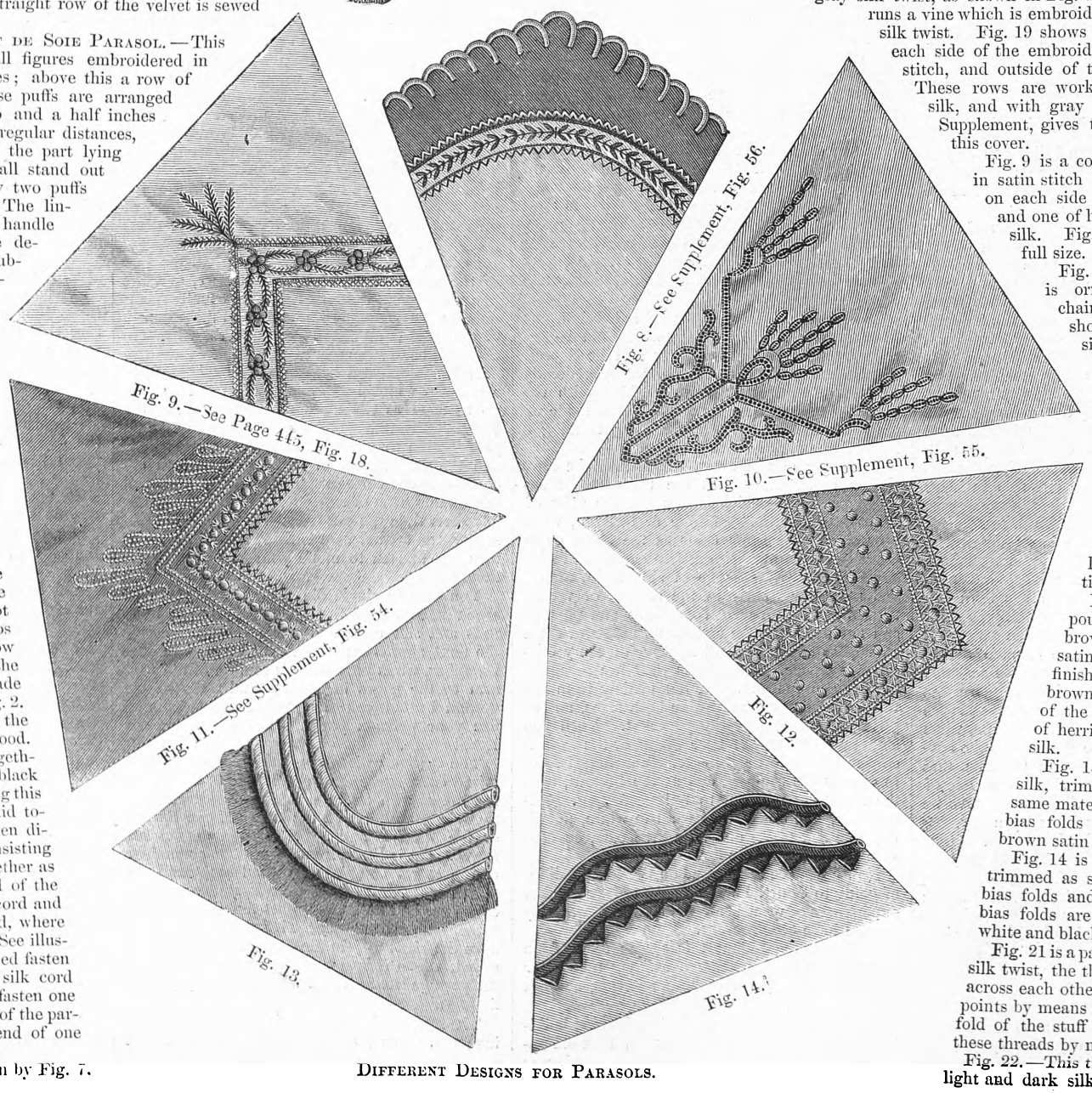
Fig. 12 is a cover of light brown poult de soie, bordered with dark brown. This is embroidered in satin-stitch and point russe, and finished with chain stitches of light brown silk twist. The outer edges of the border are finished by a row of herring-bone stitch in light brown silk.

Fig. 13 is a cover of light brown silk, trimmed with bias folds of the same material and brown fringe. The bias folds are sewed on by means of brown satin cord.

Fig. 14 is a cover of gray poult de soie, trimmed as shown in the illustration with bias folds and points of black satin. The bias folds are bordered on one side with white and black satin cord.

Fig. 21 is a parasol trimming made of coarse silk twist, the threads of which are stretched across each other and fastened at the crossing points by means of two crystal beads. A bias fold of the stuff is sewed on at each side of these threads by means of satin cord.

Fig. 22.—This trimming is used on a cover of light and dark silk. It consists of long straight



DIFFERENT DESIGNS FOR PARASOLS.

stitches of silk twist, every five of which are drawn together and fastened by means of a cross stitch. Two rows of chain and one of herring-bone stitch complete the trimming, as shown in the pattern.

Key Pocket.

THIS pocket for keys, which is shown of the full size in the accompanying illustration, is of double brown silk, lined with a thin layer of wadding, and quilted with brown sewing-silk, in the manner shown by the illustration. The pattern of the part covered by the flap is given in Fig. 57, Supplement. The outer edge is bound with brown silk braid. The pocket is fastened by means of a button and button-hole. For this pocket cut of silk two double pieces of the shape given by the pattern, making the back and flap in one piece, and the front alone. Then cut to fit these two thin pieces of wadding, cover them on both sides with buckram, and lay them between the pieces of silk. Quilt in the pattern given, after which lay the two parts together and bind the edges with braid. (See illustration.) Finish with button and button-hole.

Netted Guipure and Tatted Cravat End.

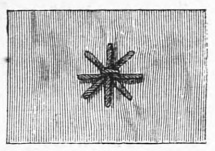


Fig. 17.—EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR PARASOL, FIG. 2.

THE ends of this cravat are ornamented with a square of netted guipure, bordered with tatting and set on the ribbon. The squares are netted, and count seven holes in length and breadth. They are worked in point de toile, point de reprise, and point d'esprit, all of which stitches have already been described in the *Bazar*. The foundation is worked over a mesh a quarter of an inch in circumference.

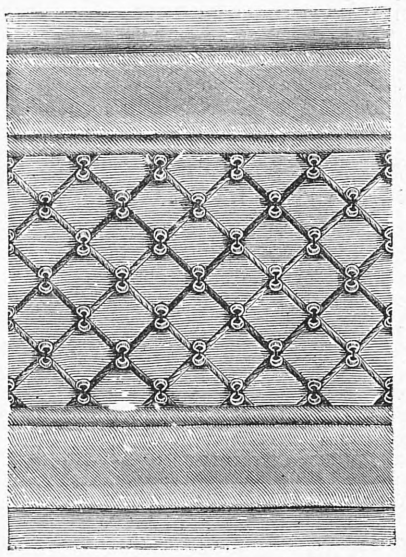


Fig. 21.—TRIMMING FOR PARASOL.

One additional round must be worked in each square, and the foundation row of loops cut away, as they will be longer than the loops of the remaining rounds. The tatted edge is worked in fine tatting cotton. Fasten the thread to one corner of the square and work * a ring composed of 7 ds. (double stitches), 1 p. (picot), then six times alternating 2 ds., 1 p., then 7 ds., after which fasten the thread to the same stitch of the netted foundation to which it was first fastened; * work a second ring like the first, fastening to the last p. of the former ring instead of making the first picot; then fasten the thread to the same stitch, after which pass it to the next stitch and work a small ring of 5 ds., taking up next the picot of the former ring, 4 ds., 1 p., 5 ds. The thread is first fastened to the same netted stitch, then to the following. Repeat twice from *; then repeat three times from *, by which the square is completely bordered. This is then set in the ends of the ribbon, as shown in the illustration.

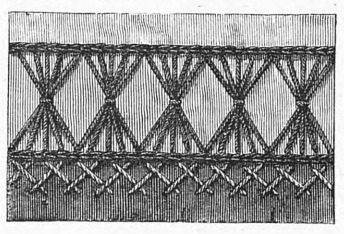


Fig. 22.—EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR PARASOL.

Netted Cravat End with Rosette.

THIS cravat is pretty and easily made. The rosettes which form the ends are fastened to the stuff in button-hole stitch, and are netted with steel knitting-needles of fine cord over a mesh three-quarters of an inch in circumference. The star in the centre of each rosette is worked in point de reprise and point d'esprit. The rosette is begun in the centre by a foundation of eight stitches worked over a steel knitting-needle a quarter of an inch in circumference. Join these in a round, and work: 1st round.—Over the netting mesh, one stitch in each stitch of the foundation. 2d round.—On the steel needle, again a stitch in each stitch of the last round. 3d round.—Over the mesh, three stitches in each stitch of the last round. 4th–6th rounds.—On the steel needle, one stitch in each stitch of the preceding round. 7th round.—Over the mesh, four stitches in each stitch of the 6th round. 8th and 9th rounds.—On the steel needle, one stitch in each stitch of the preceding round. The 10th and 11th rounds are worked in the same manner, but on a somewhat finer needle; and the 12th on a very fine steel needle. The remaining rows may be worked on a fine darning needle. The rosette is worked in point de reprise and point d'esprit, and fastened to the ribbon as shown by the illustration.

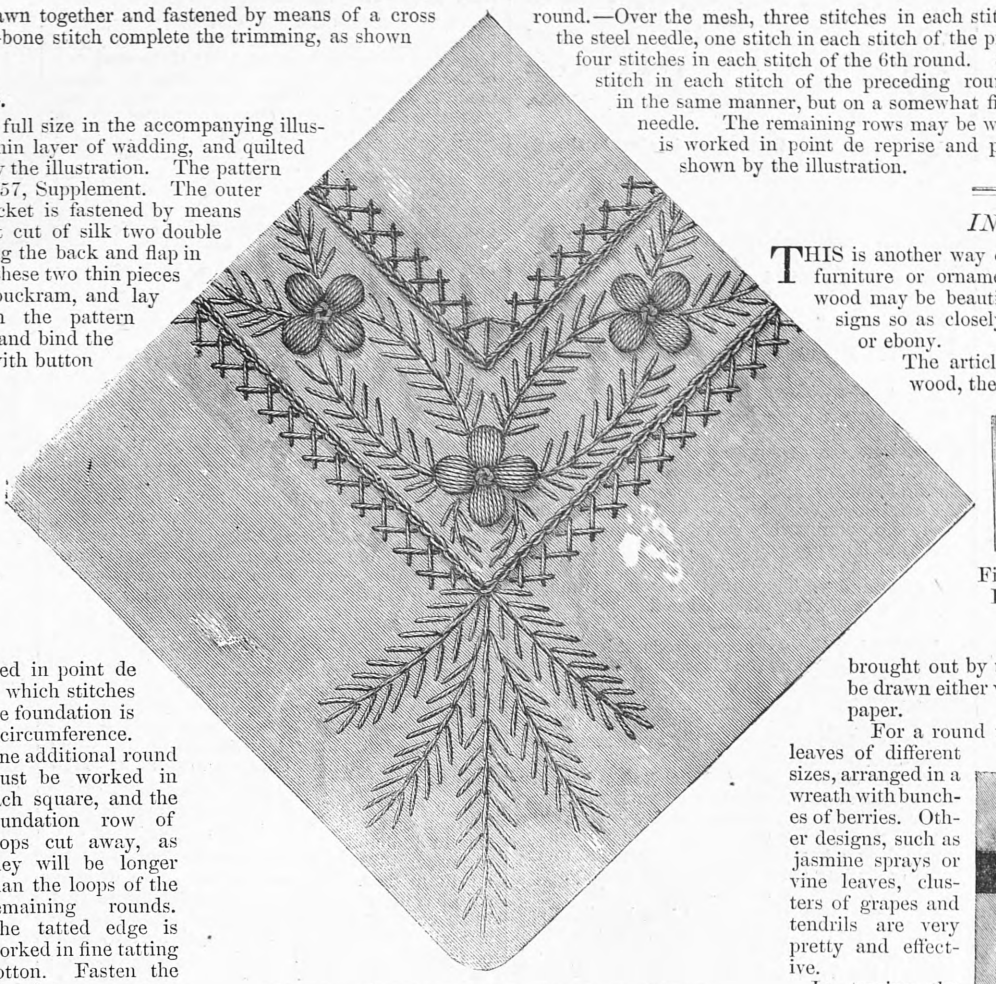


Fig. 18.—EMBROIDERY FOR PARASOL, FIG. 9.

Fig. 19.—EMBROIDERED BORDER FOR PARASOL, FIG. 8.

INLAID WORK.

THIS is another way of adorning the surface of wooden articles of furniture or ornament. Tables, shelves, boxes, etc., of whitewood may be beautifully decorated with simple or elaborate designs so as closely to imitate the costly inlaying of rosewood or ebony.

The article to be ornamented must be of light-colored wood, the whiter the better, and made perfectly smooth by being rubbed with fine sand-paper and pumice powder. Then give the whole surface, or that portion which is to contain the pattern, an even coat of pure Damar varnish, and when dry rub it again with pumice powder, in order to smooth down the roughness brought out by the varnishing. The outline pattern may now be drawn either with a fine lead pencil or by the use of tracing-paper.

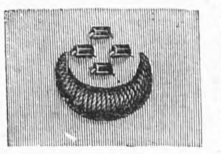


Fig. 16.—EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR PARASOL, FIG. 2.

For a round table a beautiful design may be formed of ivy leaves of different sizes, arranged in a wreath with bunches of berries. Other designs, such as jasmine sprays or vine leaves, clusters of grapes and tendrils are very pretty and effective.

In tracing the pattern great care must be taken not to let the pencil marks go within the outlines, as it will be difficult to erase them, and the effect will be marred by any false marks or touches. When the whole pattern is distinctly traced upon the wood it will be ready for the color.

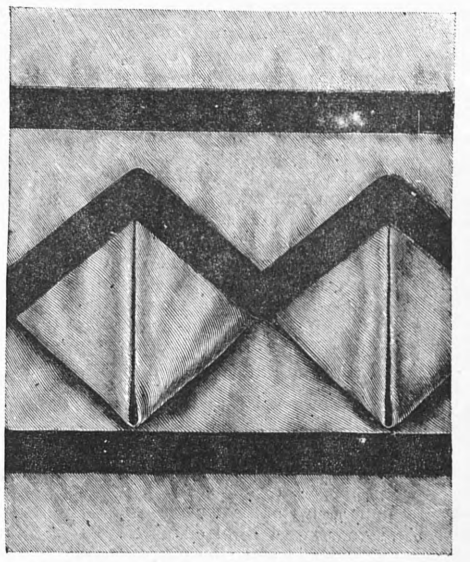


Fig. 15.—TRIMMING FOR PARASOL, FIG. 1.

Now take fine black Japan varnish and a fine camel's-hair or sable brush of medium size, but capable of being brought to a point when required. Apply the black carefully, going around every part of the design without encroaching on the pattern, but filling up the little spaces, leaving the whole complete with the stems clearly traced and left in the whitewood. When this part of the work is finished the solid edges may be done with a larger brush for greater expedition, and filled up evenly with black, then left to dry entirely.

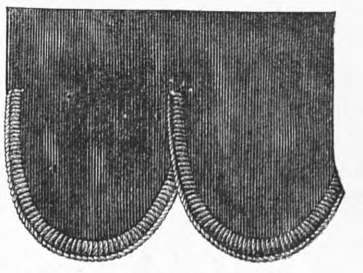
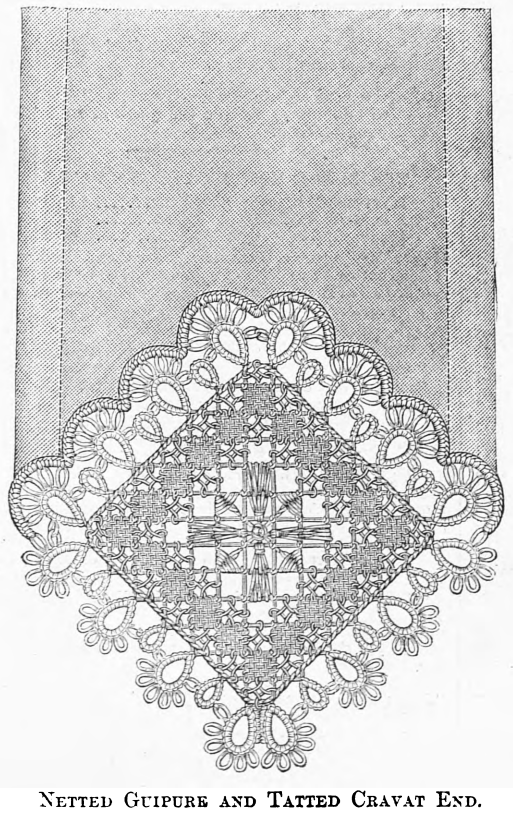


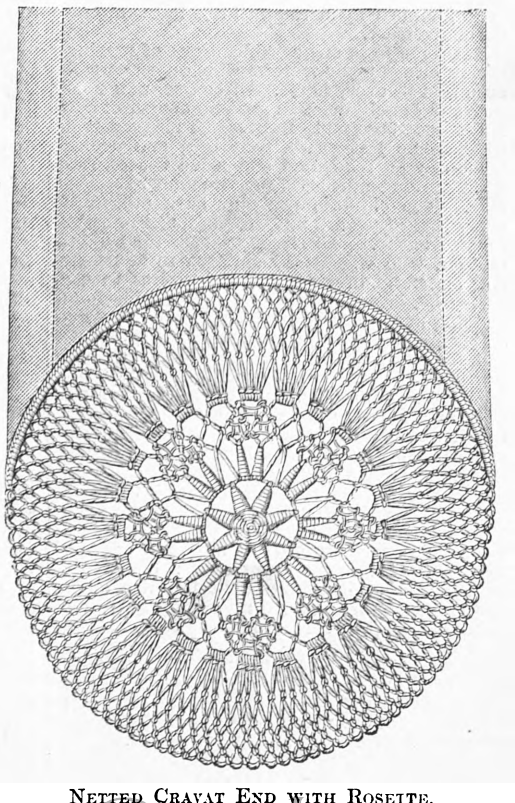
Fig. 20.—TRIMMING FOR PARASOL, FIG. 8.

In commencing the coloring, if it seem inclined to spread into the white portions, another coat of the Damar must be applied, and become thoroughly dry before proceeding with the black. One coat of the black varnish will give it the appearance of rosewood; but if intended to represent ebony another will be required. The veins of the leaves may be drawn with a finely-pointed black-lead pencil to look as graceful and as nearly like those in a natural leaf as possible. Now, when all is thoroughly dry, finish the whole with an even coat of the Damar varnish, and it will be done. We have seen



NETTED GUIPURE AND TATTED CRAVAT END.

KEY POCKET.



NETTED CRAVAT END WITH ROSETTE.

black varnished tables ornamented very prettily with yellow autumn leaves of small sizes, which, when grouped or formed into wreaths for round tables, or corner designs for square ones, and securely gummed on and varnished with this white Damar, look very well.

Yellow sprays of fern well dried by pressing in books are beautiful for this purpose. Common earthen vases or jars painted black, and then treated in this way with bright leaves, ferns, etc., are very pretty and useful as receptacles for grasses, scrap-jars, or flower-pots.

SPRING.

WHEN stern Winter retires
From his iron-bound reign,
And the sun dares to peep
Over mountain and main,
Then I rise from my rest,
And go forth on my way;
The birds watch me passing:
"Spring's coming," they say,
"Spring's coming—Spring's coming,"
They twitter and sing;
"Oh hasten, oh hasten,
Our beautiful Spring!"

I pass o'er the meadows,
And passing, I shower
My sweet simple treasures
Of leaf and of flower:
Sure, such bloomed in Eden
When Eve sat therein:
The late flowers are redder,
They blush for her sin.
Though their glories may glow
On the proud beauty's breast,
It is those nearest Eden
Who love mine the best!

I pass o'er the country,
And down to the shore,
While the winter-born babies
Look up and adore;
And the aged and stricken
Forget half their pain,
And bless Him who spared them
To see me again.
And the winter-made graves,
That are barren and brown,
I clothe with my pity,
And lend death my crown.

But I hear a voice crying,
"O Spring, you are sad;
Ay, sadder than Autumn,
Because you are glad!
You come with your smiling,
Your songs and your flowers,
And your sweet fitful changes
Of sunshine and showers;
While our songs are silent,
And our flowers are dead,
And our hearts are empty,
With no tears to shed!"

Can you hear when I whisper,
"Look up and be glad!
There's a better Spring coming
To those who are sad,
When your song will be sweeter
Than that which is hushed;
And the flowers she'll restore you,
Are yours, that Life crushed.
Yet take what I bring you,
And bear me a while:
'Tis the sin-drop of sorrow
To sigh at a smile!"

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE approach of the delightful and dreaded First of May brings a multiplicity of home duties. Delightful it is, in that merry May awakens a joy in many youthful hearts as sweet and fresh as the early blossoms it unfolds; dreaded it is by thousands who know, alas! too well the horrors of "Moving Day" in New York city. It is an old story—the labored packing, the perilous transfer of goods and chattels, the discomforts of home life before and after, to say nothing of the immense wear and tear of temper which usually distinguish this most miserable anniversary.

But aside from any considerations of moving spring brings many matters which need careful attention in every home. Of course, new bonnets and dresses must be got—no danger of any lady forgetting that! But far less pleasant is it to examine last year's wardrobe, and decide what can be renovated and made use of, and what should be disposed of as no longer serviceable. The children probably have outgrown every thing they did not wear out, and must be refitted entirely—no slight task for the careful mother, who wishes her children to be neatly and tastefully dressed, and yet desires to use such economy as is possible. Then household bedding needs attention; blankets must be examined and packed away; woolen garments thoroughly brushed and securely wrapped; and furs demand extra care to protect them from the depredations of moths. Indeed, unless one puts away her furs very early in the season she can hardly feel that they are secure, without she examines them several times in the course of the summer. Unless they are committed to the care of a furrier, the best that can be done is to brush them thoroughly, wrap them securely, and open them occasionally. Camphor, pepper, and similar articles may prevent the moth-miller from intruding after furs are put away; but if the eggs have previously been deposited it is quite impossible to foresee what mischief may result.

There is another care, even more dreaded than care of the wardrobe—that is, *house-cleaning*. And precious little sympathy do wives usually obtain from their husbands in this crisis. They—the husbands—never see the use of cleaning; the burden of their song is:

"'The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,'
Of cleaning paint and scrubbing floors, and scouring far and near."

"Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms, the house but now presented,
Wherein we dwelt, nor dreamed of dirt, so cozy and contented?
Alas! they're turned all upside down, that quiet suite of rooms,
With slops, and suds, and soap, and sand, and tubs, and pails, and brooms."

Yet, for all that, these complaining husbands enjoy a nice, clean, fresh house exceedingly, only their faculties seldom permit them to discover that the paint needs scrubbing, and the carpets shaking; besides, they hate all great commotions which do not come within their "sphere." So all good wives may rightfully decide what is necessary to be done in the house-cleaning line; but let it be done with as little commotion as possible; and a little tact (what a wonderful faculty is woman's tact!) will serve to guard the master of the house from any special discomfort.

A little girl recently died in this city from an unusual cause; and although we do not know as the circumstances have been made public, it seems well for parents to take warning from them. The little girl was perfectly well on a certain Saturday, but ate some oranges, and with the fruit she ate considerable of the peel. That night she was not very well; the next day seriously ill. The physician was summoned; but it was too late to save the child. She died about noon on Sunday. The essential oil in the orange-peel had, as it were, poisoned her.

An exciting discussion occurred not long since in the convention of the Massachusetts Homeopathic Medical Society on the question of admitting a practicing female physician of Boston into the Society. A vote was taken, and the matter decided against the lady by thirty-three against thirty-one.

On the other hand, a New Bedford paper states that at the recent annual parish meeting of the First Congregational Society in that city, the ladies not only voted, but were placed on nominating committees, and were made members of standing committees of the Society.

A curious incident is related in a Lombard paper as having occurred at Brescia. It is a good story, and reminds one of the circumstances on which "No Thoroughfare" is based. A little boy was put out to nurse immediately after its birth. Three months afterward the parents went to see it. The nurse produced a girl-baby and insisted that this was their child. By dint of threats she was, however, obliged to confess that, with the hope of earning a double fee, she had carried the boy to the foundling hospital, and the next day had presented herself at that institution to adopt a child, supposing she would receive the same she had left. It turned out that she had received a girl. On inquiry at the hospital it was discovered that at the hour when the child of these distracted parents was left there another male child was also deposited, and there were no distinguishing marks. The father, reasoning that he might always be tormented with doubts if he left either, concluded to adopt both, and did so.

At a wedding in one of the Southern States, when the minister inquired if any one objected to the marriage, a husky voice from the corner cried out, "I do!" All eyes were turned in that direction, when a man emerged from the crowd, holding his handkerchief up to his eyes and sobbing. "Why do you object?" asked the minister. "Because I want her myself."

Miss Braddon, in her recent novel, "Charlotte's Inheritance," gives, through one of the principal characters, this view of a "generous lover:"

"A lover who is not generous is—bah! there is nothing in creation so mean as the wretch whom love does not render generous. When one sees the woman whom fate intends for one's wife, is one to stop to inquire the character of her father, her mother, her sister, her cousin? for there is no stopping when you begin that. A man who loves makes no inquiries. If he finds his jewel in the gutter, he picks it out of the mud and carries it away in his bosom, too proud of his treasure to remember where he found it—always provided that the jewel is no counterfeit, but the real gem, fit for the king's crown."

It is a very simple matter to make a modern bonnet—there is so very little of it, that almost any thing is sufficient in quantity, and the styles are so varied and fantastic that one can scarcely fail to put the necessary bits and ends together in a fashionable manner. The following recipe, however, may be valuable to the less ingenious:

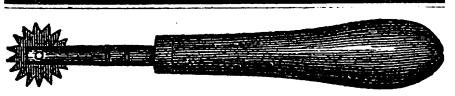
A scrap of foundation, some fragments of lace,
A shower of French rose-buds to droop o'er the face;
Bright ribbons and feathers, with crape and illusion;
Then mix and derange them in graceful confusion.
Inveigle some fairy, out roaming for pleasure;
And beg the slight favor of taking her measure;
The length and the breadth of her dear little pate,
And hasten a miniature frame to create;
Then pour, as above, the bright mixture upon it,
And lo! you possess "such a love of a bonnet."

In these days of ingenious dishonesty we scarcely can know what we may be eating in the shape of food. While we desire to have as good an opinion of mankind as possible, it is *impossible* not to realize that a large proportion of adulterated articles are sold by grocers and other dealers. In some cases we are not deceived, for we do not expect the pure article, yet there is much more unscrupulous dealing than is generally known. It is not a secret that clear, golden sirup can be made from starch and sulphuric acid; that beans, pease, pea-nuts, and rye are transformed into excellent coffee; that sugar is compounded with starch, sand, plaster of Paris, or any thing *white;* and that wines are made without a drop of grape juice, from beet-roots, from potatoes, and from, as has been stated, a thousand different substances. It is a pity we can not know a little more definitely *what* we are eating and drinking. But so it is. Unless one sees his coffee ground from the berry, he may be almost positive that he is drinking a motley mixture, which, to be sure, may *taste* exceedingly well. There is a little chiccory in it, you may think. And what is chiccory? A root, which, when dried, roasted, and ground, resembles coffee in appearance, although it has neither the essential oil, nor the aromatic flavor of coffee, nor does it possess the nutritive properties of that berry, though many consider it harmless. But a recent Number of the *Scientific American* makes this statement: "Chiccory is now prepared, to our certain knowledge, of oak bark, of old coffee-grounds, of finely-sifted coal ashes, or else with the saw-dust falling from mahogany and walnut woods, as well as with iron black and ground horse-leathers; these are a few of the elegantly prepared articles sold under the name of 'coffee.'" Therefore one needs to investigate a little further than merely to ascertain that there is "*chiccory*" in his coffee. Loaf-sugar, which is esteemed the most elegant kind of sweetening, has been known to be prepared of acetate of lead, sulphuric acid, old paper, wool, flax, and even common rags, ground up, and impregnated with white sugar. However marvelous these adulterations may seem as chemical or mechanical experiments, they have become degraded into mere tricks of trade, filling the pockets of dealers, but often destroying the health of consumers.

A valuable course of lectures on the laws of physiology and health has been delivered to the students of the New York Union Theological Seminary, by Dr. Willard Parker. The subject of one of the recent lectures was tobacco; and Dr. Parker cited many facts to show the injurious effects of using this article. He said it was particularly injurious to studious men of sedentary habits and indoor life. Such should never smoke. The odor infects their clothing, study, and books, so that they live and breathe in a noxious atmosphere of tobacco. Those who spend most of their time in the open air are not in such constant peril. The lecturer stated that there are in this city not less than 235,000 smokers; that a moderate smoker consumes four cigars daily, and at the wholesale prices these cost 15 cents each. If the average daily expenditure of each smoker could be reckoned at 60 cents, this city would consume $141,000 per day, and $51,465,000 per year. This sum might be an offset to some of the extravagances charged to women. Men are not self-sacrificing enough, as a class, to resign a luxury because it is expensive—nor indeed, because it is harmful. But if women should judiciously use their influence against the use of tobacco the number of smokers might be diminished. We understand that a lectureship has been established by Dr. Parker, so that in succeeding years the students of the Seminary will receive lectures on physiology by various professional men.

The *Riverside Magazine* gives some interesting items about the ladies of Lima: The Alameda is the public garden and promenade of the city. In the afternoon it is thronged with pedestrians, of whom, generally, ladies form a fair proportion. All of them are dressed gracefully, some handsomely. Not many years ago the dress of a Lima lady was very peculiar. They wore, universally, the "*saya y manto.*" The *saya* was a tight-fitting skirt, clinging close to the person, and restricting the gait very much. At the waist was fastened a white shawl, passing round the body, and hanging down in front; and over the shoulders and head was thrown the *manto*, which is a long black scarf, about three-quarters of a yard wide. It covered the head completely, and was held up with one hand, so as entirely to conceal the face, one eye only being visible. Nowadays, crinoline has usurped the place of the *saya*, but the *manto* is still indispensable. Every lady in Lima wears the *manto* instead of bonnet or hat, but it is no longer a general fashion to hide the features with it. Still, a great many ladies draw it about the face with one hand, leaving only two flashing black eyes to establish their identity by. These veiled ladies, or "*tapadas*" as they are called, are especially frequent in the Alameda. They are supposed to be young ladies, fond of amusement, and willing to enjoy for an hour all the privileges of a mask, and are always ready with a repartee for any pleasantry. They all have large, expressive black eyes. Indeed the women of Lima are celebrated for their beauty, and justly.

Throughout Alaska what are called "soapberries" are said to be found in great abundance. They grow on bushes somewhat like whortleberries. When ripe they are red and juicy. One quart placed in a tub the size of a bushel will, when stirred, completely fill the tub with froth, and the more it is stirred the stiffer it becomes, until it can be cut with a knife. The taste for it is undoubtedly an acquired one, but the commodity is much sought after. The froth is of a beautiful pink color. Green berries will make nearly the same amount of froth, but it is of a white color, and is not so highly flavored. Foreigners stir it with sherry or port wine, and add sugar, considering it a delicious luxury. Large quantities are dried, and will keep for years. The dried berries are black and look dirty. A piece two inches square beaten in a water-pail will fill it full of froth, of a dark pink color.



COPYING WHEEL.—This Wheel, by means of which patterns can be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease, is now ready, and can be had of most of the News-dealers; or will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on the receipt of 25 cents.

THE ENGLISH JOURNALS ON WOMEN.

THE London *Saturday Review*, which has so savagely criticised women of late, has just published a scathing article under the title of "The Girl of the Period," holding the English girls of the present day up to scorn, and drawing a most unflattering comparison between them and those of yore. The brutality of the attack has aroused the chivalry of the whole English press, and scores of journals have hastened to refute the slander, not the least among whom is the sprightly *Echoes from the Clubs*, whose witty poem and illustration we reproduce as a matter of interest to American ladies, so closely involved in all that concerns their fair English cousins:

"THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD."

"OURS."

Ours! We know them well, the darling maidens,
Destined mothers of the coming race,
Know each innocent voice's joyous cadence,
Know the gay smile on each fair young face.

Pure as pearls from difficult depths of ocean,
Pure as dew-drops from the lids of morn,
Hearts like theirs to every true emotion
Vibrate, brimm'd with love, unsear'd by scorn.

What more beautiful, when dawn of summer
Opens softly bright the gates of rest,
Than a girl of ours, a sweet new-comer,
Fresh and fragrant from her maiden nest?

How she brightens all the breakfast-table!
How her loving looks, serenely gay,
Wield a magic influence, to enable
Men to meet the troubles of the day!

Younger creatures gladly round her gather,
Seek a sister's smile, a sister's kiss:
Tears may dim the eyelids of a father
Who can call so sweet a daughter his.

There shall come to her love's passionate idyl;
Come new hopes, new dreams, a stronger life;
Through the portals of a joyous bridal
May she pass, to be a perfect wife.

Strew white roses! scatter snowy favors!
She is happy in her flowers of youth,
Pressed to one true heart that never wavers,
Kissed by lips that never spake untruth.

Whom she loves shall deem the world worth winning—
Naught like love can make men's pulses stir:
She shall aid him well from the beginning—
Blest with boys like him, and girls like her.

Thus does Echo sketch the English maiden—
Fairest, purest, of the world's fair flowers;
Though the air with cynic trash is laden,
Firm our faith in this sweet girl of *ours*.

"THEIRS."

Theirs! Could England ever know so dire a
Fate for its young budding womanhood
As to find for model the hetaira—
In her wickedest and fastest mood?

Faith, the problem of the time is toughish
When they ask us to despise what's pure;
When the moral is considered muffish,
When strict virtue no one can endure.

Hear what says the gentlemanly journalist:
Woodland of Saint John, and Pimlico
Just explore, and you shall quickly learn a list
Of the female fashions as they go.

Dresses dropt 'neath palpitating shoulders—
Dresses raised to show the moulded knee:
Thus these girls of *theirs* attract beholders,
Careless what bewitched beholders see.

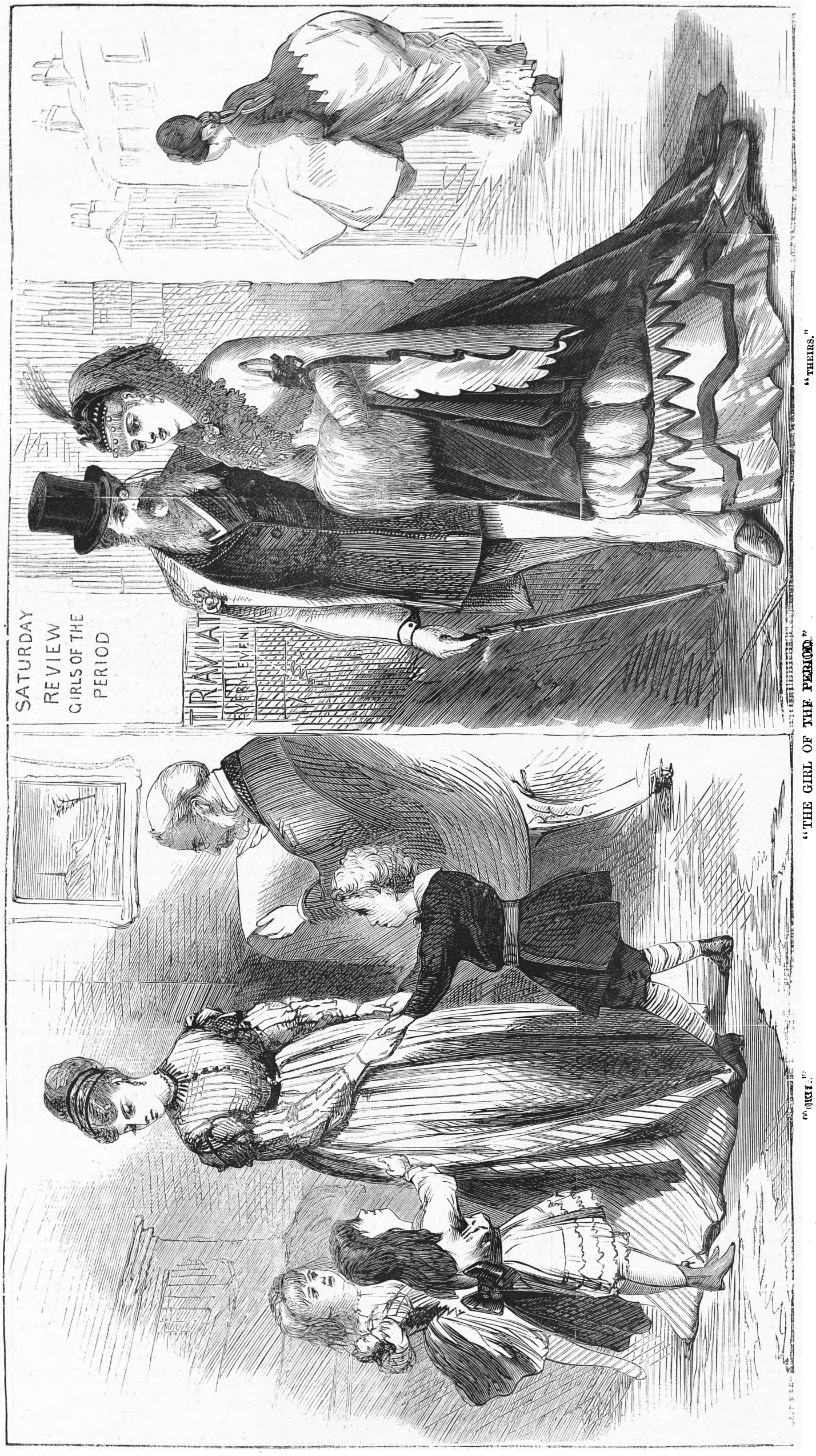
'Tis ANONYMA who sets the fashion:
Emulous of her these maidens are.
Each is smitten with an eager passion
To appear, at least, a fallen star.

Impulses of secret subtle sin burn
These young creatures, if the tale be true;
And they love salacious songs of SWINBURNE,
Prurience of the *Saturday Review*.

Of their modesty remains no relic at
Close inspection; and we see that they
Have a dainty delicate indelicate
Essayist, to show the wicked way.

He (or is it *she?*) would lead them merrily
Where vile vanities voluptuous dwell:
Ah, the world's wise King has told us, verily,
Folly's guests are in the depths of hell.

Oh these scribblers, utterly uncleanly,
Sedulous sowers of the Fiend's own tares!
Ours shall live pure lives, and die serenely:
God save girls from life or death of *theirs!*



FACETIÆ.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

Cackler—A term only applicable to female poultry.

Cajolery—A powerful arm allowed too often to rust after marriage.

Calf—Padding my dear. A part of the stocking trade.

Calls, to make—The eleventh commandment.

Canter—Two hours' hard gallop on the high road.

Caress—An expensive luxury.

Change—The subject.

Chop—A roast leg of mutton at lunch.

Church—In the city, the Sunday concert. In the country, quiet digestion.

Claw—A lovely hand driven to extremities.

Clergyman—When young, an excellent substitute for the military; when old, a necessary accompaniment to wedding-cake.

Coffin—A private box we are all presented with when the curtain rises on eternity.

Color—A charm given by Nature in the country and sold by Art in the metropolis.

Company—The shades of evening.

Compliment—An involuntary recognition of merit.

Confession—A trap to catch a sunbeam. The ray renders darker what is left concealed.

A WONDROUS DEATH.—An editor recently alleged the following as the cause of the death of a lady: "The autopsy revealed extensive cardiac disease, hypertrophy complicated with aneurism of the aorta just below its bifurcation." The deceased lady's husband was almost driven mad in trying to comprehend the real cause of death, when a doctor stepped in and saved his sanity by considerately telling him it was heart disease.

THE FATTED CALF.—"Come home, my son," said a parent to one who had been absent from home for some time; "come home, and your mother will kill the fatted calf for you." "Tell her not to do it, father," replied the offspring; "for I have lived on veal ever since I've been here. Tell her to kill a quarter of a pig instead."

CONDENSED METHUSELAH.—The Rev. Dr. Chapin says that a man living amidst the activities of the nineteenth century is a condensed Methuselah.

WANTED—A pair of spectacles to suit the eyes of potatoes. The club with which an idea struck the poet. A stick to measure narrow escapes. The identical hook and line with which an angler caught a cold. An umbrella used in the reign of tyrants. A knot from the board a man paid fifty dollars a week for.

QUESTIONABLE GRATITUDE.—A gentleman on leaving an hotel, where he had been stopping several days, rewarded the attention of an obliging servant with a gratuity. "Ah!" said the grateful Pat, "long may your Honor live, and may I make your fires *hereafter!*"

HORTICULTURAL NOTE.—A friend of ours who is devoted to his plants tells us that he is convinced that certain flowers of his acquaintance are called "Sinnerarias" because they are such sinners in the matter of bringing green-fly into the conservatory.

LEAP-YEAR LAW.—In the ancient Saxon law it is enacted: "Albeit, as often as leape yearre dothe occurre, the woman holdeth prerogative over the manne in matter of courtshippe, love, and matrimonie; so that when the ladye proposeth it shall not be lawful for the manne to say her nae, but shall entertaine her proposall in all gude courtesie." That law is supposed to be still in force.

A half-witted fellow recently joined the "army of the Lord," at the solicitation of an eloquent pastor, and then coolly asked for his bounty.

THE OLDEST LADY OF TITLE—Old Lady Day.

WHAT TO STUDY WHEN WRITING A SEA SONG—The Mariners' *Compass*.

System is a great thing: but the advertiser who deemed it essential to preserve an alphabetical order overdid the matter, thus: "Bibles, black-ball, and butter; testaments, tar, and treacle; Godly books and gimlets, for sale here."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 29.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

"THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET."

THE scene which our artist has so charmingly depicted in the accompanying illustration we feel sure will be recognized as a familiar one by every mother in the land; for what child has not been inducted by his maternal parent into the history of the various fates of sundry young members of the porcine race? In the picture before us the beautiful young mother, who is bending with a thoughtful face over the baby, has evidently got no further than the adventures of the first little pig who went to market, to which the chubby child is listening with an equally intent expression. In due time will come the story of his brother who staid at home; of the next little pig who got roast-beef, and of the other who got none; until, finally, the last little pig is reached, and at his cry of Wee! Wee! where the orthodox laugh comes in, the features of mother and child will expand in unison in a burst of merriment very hard to be accounted for on logical principles, but quite natural to all who are familiar with that wonder-book, "Mother Goose's Melodies," so dear to the hearts of children, and so full of wisdom, withal, to all who know how to translate the somewhat involved oracles of the good old lady. We have heard it averred, indeed, that a quotation to suit most mundane events can be found, in case of need, in the pages of Mother Goose almost as well as in those of the great bard of Avon.

"THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET."—[DRAWN BY L. W. ATWATER.]

A VEXED QUESTION.

VERY few women have been taught, or are intuitively gifted with the knowledge of what they should exact or expect from men in the matter of social expenses. Most women seem to think that any man, from a transient acquaintance to a valued friend, should bear any and every expense where ladies are concerned. If a lady meets an acquaintance at the dépôt when she is about purchasing her ticket, he volunteers to get it for her, which she rightly permits him to do, but either neglects to reimburse him — because, perhaps, he refuses to receive it, from a mistaken notion of gallantry—or else she forgets it altogether. She might always find some way to inclose it to him, firmly and gently insisting on her right to do so—thus avoiding constant obligations. These small expenses may be trifling in themselves, but they assume gigantic proportions from frequent repetition, and prove of serious inconvenience to many a young man who is obliged to limit his expenses. Young ladies should be taught by their mothers to bear their share of the accidental expenses that occur to them in society, and prevent taxing so heavily their male acquaintances in the matter of carriages, particularly, that are often called in case of rain or accident, the fair recipients giving not a thought to an expenditure on their account that may inconvenience a worthy young man for a time, and perhaps prevent his paying his poor washer-woman for another week. Indeed, if the inciting causes of many of the defalcations of the day were thoroughly probed, it would often be found that the urgent necessity for large sums of ready money needed by those who frequent ladies' society, in order to gratify their tastes or whims, was a moving cause of dishonesty in our cities.

There are many cases, of course, where it is the certain right of a man to bear all the expenses — for instance, when he invites a lady to go to the opera, or a ball and supper; if the lady accepts his invitation all responsibility of the cost rests upon him. But if a lady invites a gentleman to escort her to a party or place of amusement, she should procure the carriage and the tickets, because she asked him for his escort only, and had no right to put him to any expense on her invitation.

Most women seem to be possessed with the mistaken idea that it is not feminine or lady-like to bear a share of the expenses unexpectedly entailed upon a man: but it is really the only dignified and womanly course to pursue, refusing to be placed under obligations of a pecuniary nature, unless it is to a friend of long standing and of ample means whom we know can not be embarrassed by the expenditure. Many a desirable young man, who has his own way to make, and perhaps is obliged to assist the loved ones at home, is compelled to withdraw himself from the pleasure and protection of ladies' society in these days, solely from the reasons described.— He never knows how the expenses of the week will be magnified if he allows himself the luxury of disporting himself among the *dear* creatures he so much admires. Lest, therefore, an extra demand on his purse should prevent him from sending some necessary article to mother or sister, he withdraws from all danger of being carried off proper soundings, and associates with his male acquaintance, or else becomes, unhappily for him, a recluse, if not a misanthrope.

Circumstances alter cases in these affairs as well as in the other events of life, and both men and women should have the moral courage to gauge correctly the proper liabilities of each; but when we see mothers who have known their own sons to be desperately in need of five dollars, thoughtlessly allowing young men to purchase their tickets for traveling or amusements, how can it be expected that their daughters will show more consideration for the rights of men not to be involuntarily and unexpectedly taxed by them on every side?

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1868.

☞ *We shall shortly begin the publication in* HARPER'S BAZAR *of a New Serial, of intense interest, by* FITZ HUGH LUDLOW, Esq., *which will be sure to command the admiration and eager attention of our readers.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A COLD.

WE have all suffered from what is called a cold in the head, and are familiar with its obvious causes and effects. A more intimate knowledge of an ailment which, though not dangerous, is, from its frequency and inconvenience, very annoying, may be of advantage in aiding us to avoid its attacks.

The chief seat of a cold in the head or catarrh is the delicate membrane which lines the nose. This, when first affected, becomes so swollen from the distension of its blood-vessels as to obstruct the passages through the nostrils, and produces the disagreeable sense of stuffing, so familiar to us all. Subsequently the watery part of the blood is forced out from the distended veins and arteries, and, washing away the thin layer of membrane which covers them, flows forth in that continued stream of fluid which is not the least annoying symptom of the ordinary cold in the head. As the nose communicates directly by open passages with the eyes, ears, and mouth, and the same membrane lines them, they all become more or less disordered simultaneously. Thus, with the stuffing and running of the nose, there is irritation and weeping of the eyes, dryness of the mouth, huskiness of the throat, and ringing and deafness of the ears.

The usual exciting cause of a catarrh is the application of cold to the body. The mucous membrane which lines the interior of the whole human frame is continuous with, and similar in structure to, the skin which covers the exterior; and so intimate is the sympathy between the two that what affects the one is sure to affect the other. Thus, when cold is applied to the skin its vessels shrink, and their blood is driven back upon the mucous membrane, whose veins and arteries, being easily distensible, receive this additional supply until, swollen and overflooded, inflammation and its consequences are produced. Cold, however partially applied, not only reduces the temperature of the particular part it touches, but that of all the body. Thus a wet foot will chill the whole skin, and inflame, in consequence, the entire mucous membrane.

There is little to be done by medical art for the cure of an ordinary cold in the head. An entire abstinence from fluids of all kinds, or a full dose of morphia, will, it is said, cure an attack of catarrh in less than twenty-four hours. But these remedies are worse than the disease. The best means of treatment are the domestic gruel and hot water, with careful home cuddling.

Much can be done, however, in preventing this disorder, and diminishing the liability to it. The blood-vessels of the skin can be so strengthened as to be made proof against the effects produced by ordinary exposure to cold. Benjamin Franklin's plan was to take what he called an air-bath, which he did by sitting for some time without his clothes, on getting up in the morning. A safer plan, however, is to sponge the whole body daily with cold water. This practice should be universally adopted, and it will be found not only a preventive of colds, but of more serious ailments. It will be more prudent for those who have hitherto neglected this universal cold washing not to begin it until the summer, or if they do so in the winter, to commence with water with its chill taken off. The brisk rubbing with a rough towel is an indispensable part of the process.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to a Friend upon her Engagement to a Clergyman.

MY DEAR LUCINDA,—I offer you my congratulations upon your engagement with all my heart, and I delight equally in your love and heroism. Perhaps you are conscious only of the love, and do not understand what I mean by heroism. Indeed, you may be somewhat inclined to resent the use of the word, and challenge me to explain in what consists the heroism of marrying the Reverend Lucas Merriweather. I hasten to excuse myself, and to explain. I am an old observer of life, as you know, dear Lucinda, and you will not deny that I have a tolerably intimate if not accurate knowledge of you and your career. Now then, let us look at it, and tell me whether I ought to apologize to you for speaking of heroism. Well, as I raise my eyes, and look out of the window this soft spring morning, and resolve that before dinner I will stroll in the ramble of the Central Park, and mark the gold of the willow green, and the tender shoots of the lilacs, and the swelling blossom-buds of the cherries, ready to open in a night into perfect flower; as I feel the warm blood again quickened in my veins by the eternal old magic, and sit holding my pen and dreaming of "the light that never was on land or sea," and all that it has revealed, and all that it shines upon no more forever—why, bless me, Lucinda! I forget all about heroines, and heroes, and heroism, and I can think only of youth, and spring, and love—of tenderness, and beauty, and flowers.

But when I resolve to be myself heroic, and to think of such things no longer, but of the business I now have in hand, then I perceive that you, dear girl, are something of a heroine, and I will tell you why. You are young: you are—I said it only yesterday to Mr. Peter Paul Pry—you are a rose-bud, and your papa and mamma, and all your family connection, are very ambitious. That is the phrase we use. It means that, thinking you worthy to marry a prince, a prince you should marry. Now it is true that we don't have princes in New York; at least technical princes; although I doubt if Prince Alfred, or Prince Arthur, or the Prince of Wales feels a more princely elation, and—if I may say so—high-steppingness, than my young friends Tom Ruby, Jack Pearly, and Ned Turquoise. Their grandfathers, indeed, I remember. Their majesties were in various respectable callings. They sold tape and pork, and they cobbled shoes and made clothes; most worthy potentates, all of them. But their royal splendor is a little posthumous. They were—if their royal highnesses Tom, and Jack, and Ned will pardon it to a leveling old bachelor—they were toiling, scraping, hard-fisted old fellows, who made handsome fortunes which they shrewdly invested, and left to their descendants. Tom's hereditary principality is below the Park, Ned's up Broadway, Jack's on Murray Hill. And these princes are Asiatic; they are lavish scatterers. Old King Matthew Ruby, and Jacob Pearly, and Timothy Turquoise must groan sometimes upon their celestial thrones, as they see how the princes, their serene descendants, make the mare go.

However, I am digressing. You see it is so pleasant to talk familiarly of royalty! And if pleasant to talk of it, think what it must be—to marry royalty! Have you not read in the late morning papers the telegram that throbbed all over the world—the transcendent fact—that "the marriage of Prince Humbert, the heir-presumptive of the King of Italy, with the Princess Margaret, his cousin, took place to-day at the Chapel Royal in Turin? King Victor Emanuel, the Crown Prince Frederick William of Prussia, Prince Napoleon, and the Princess Marie Clotilde, and a great many Italian notables were present." I should like to know what well-regulated mouth does not water over that paragraph? How many girls do you not know, your friends and companions, the Tilburys, the Stanhopes, the Pounds, the Hundredweights, who would willingly, gladly, "unsight, unseen," as the boys say in swapping, have exchanged places with the Princess Margaret, his cousin! We know nothing of these good people, except their rank; and very probably we never shall. But we agree that they have drawn prizes. They are princes and princesses, and that is enough for any reasonable human creature. Ask Mrs. Tilbury. What happiness illuminated the American house of Stanhope when Miss Serena was betrothed to the fascinating Count de Jambe-Noire, a son of one of the oldest houses in Europe!

Now, my dear Lucinda, your parents have carefully educated you in this royal society. They have not indeed shown you, from the back-window, Tilbury in his stable-yard zealously, by practical example, teaching his footman how to mount and dismount from the carriage; but they have shown you how highly they esteem the honor of his acquaintance, and how fine a thing they think it to be invited to his suppers and breakfasts, his—that is to say—and Mrs. Tilbury's. Your world has been the Tilbury world, for which thousands and thousands of dear little Lucy Jessamines in the country so pitifully sigh. Your social standards have been the Pound and the Hundredweight standards. The ideal of love around you—out of novels—has been "a brilliant match." For love, as well as all other things, has been measured about you by money. You have been to the fashionable church, clad in fashionable clothes. You have been surrounded by the marvelous web of sophistry and helplessness, in which so many a clever woman is entangled: and Mrs. Grundy has been raised before your eyes as the goddess whom all truly sensible people ought to worship.

What was so natural as that your papa and mamma should have cherished the brightest hopes for such an only daughter as my dear Lucinda? All that money and skill and devotion could do to make you the most accomplished and charming young person in society has been done. My dear, you waltz as Violet May used to dance, as many of the girls of my time danced, before waltzing was universal. In my time we danced quadrilles. We stepped about in a bashful way, and looked as unconcerned and unconscious as we could. Pigeon-wings had passed—except in the case of my brother-in-law's great-uncle, Methuselah Smith. Great Heavens! how he cut pigeon-wings! I say, you waltz perfectly, you speak French—to ravish, as the French would say. You speak German and Italian. My dear, you read the literature of those languages. You are skilled in all plain and ornamental work. You could take this very Number of the *Bazar* and cut and trim and make these various lovely garments; and they would not only be correctly done, but they would be done with what Mr. Peter Paul Pry calls perfect *chique:* a word which he picked up in Paris, and which he insists is old Montaigne's *que-scais-je?* applied to the effect of dress. And you can cook. You can prepare a beef-steak to a turn; your bread is positively aerated; and I sincerely believe that you could toss an omelette with Monsieur Blot. How shall I continue? To describe your capacities is as delightful as writing a poem. And, with all this, you have the traditional manner of a high-bred lady, blended of dignity, grace, and sweetness. Your toilette is the envy, it is the despair, of Mesdames Tilbury and Stanhope, of Mademoiselles Pound and Hundredweight. Even the Wasps do not molest you. Lucinda, why were you not named Helen?

I am not surprised that your parents of course long ago married you in their minds—not to Tom Ruby or Jack Pearly or Ned Turquoise; no, no, I should hope not, but to his Imperial and Royal Highness, Prince Henry Diamond. Unquestionably he is "the most brilliant match" which Providence has lately vouchsafed to the Tilbury circles of human society. He is the heir of all the Diamonds: a pleasant, irreproachable fellow. What could be so natural, so becoming? It was Heaven-appointed, and Mrs. Grundy would bless the bans. The whole world expected it. It was Capulet and Montague. It was as good as concluded in the minds of your worthy parents. And suddenly society was struck with the desolating news of your engagement to the Reverend Lucas Merriweather. "It isn't possible—it isn't conceivable," exclaimed the Tilbury chorus, "that Lucinda Knickerbocker is going to marry a Methodist minister!" As for Tom, and Jack, and Ned, they could only say, "Well, that *is* jolly!" As for H. I. and R. H., he looked as unconscious as he could. As for your most humble servant, he returned to his tranquil lodgings, and, ascending to his room and carefully closing the door, he gave three times three and one more for his good friend Lucinda.

I congratulate you with all my heart for helping to restore traditions of humanity and common-sense to the social world in which you live. What does a woman or a man live for? Having settled that, how can they so worthily, truly, helpfully live as with the one whom they worthily, truly, and helpfully love? Lucas is a minister; an earnest, devoted, refined, educated man. He happens to be so; but suppose he were merely an earnest, honorable, devoted man whom you loved with your whole heart—isn't that enough? He must travel, perhaps; it is the rule of his order. Very well; so must a soldier, and when your cousin Agnes married Colonel Trotaway, every body thought it was a highly distinguished match. Isn't a spiritual soldier as good as the other kind? If it is a fine thing to marry a man whose business is to kill people's bodies, is it a bad thing to marry one whose business is to save their souls? Come, I make no comparisons. I do not say, for I do not think, that soldiers are but another name for murderers. But I know many a minister who is a hero and a saint. Throw in the poor ones too. The profession is not exceptional, and, perhaps, fares no better than Law or Medicine. But the story of this particular class of them, from John and Charles Wesley down, is hardly less striking a chapter of religious history than that of the Jesuits, of whom so much is said, and of whom so many cherish a profound admiration.

You have chosen one of them. Lucky Lucas! Yet see how exquisitely all your accomplishments will come into play. If you had been content to be merely a doll, to be clothed from Paris, and trundled upon soft carriage cushions, to have smattered French, and wondered what a kitchen is; if you had spent your whole soul upon the last style, and bought your bonnets instead of making them; if you were not familiar with the best books and with current literature, and had really no interest beyond the Tilbury and Stanhope rut; and if, under such circumstances, you had happened to hear the Reverend Lucas and to fall in love with him, what a miserable fate matrimony would have been for both of you! And, Lucinda, although there are many personal allusions in this letter, and certain compliments to you which you may not care to disclose—although I say they are not mere compliments but truths—yet I wish you would nevertheless show it to a select number of your young friends for one moral observation which I am now about to make—and it begins here. Dear young ladies, companions of Lucinda, the great fact of life is, that we know not with whom we may fall in love. Yet with whomsoever it may be, that is the person whom we naturally wish to marry. Now there may be impediments in him; but is it not the very flower of wisdom to take care that there shall be none in us? Yet if we cultivate expensive habits, if we make a certain display essential to our happiness, if we suffer our hands to be paralyzed so that they can really do nothing, if we allow our minds to rust, if we expect to do nothing but marry an Imperial and Royal Highness of any of the great houses of Diamond, Ruby, or Turquoise, and then to have every thing done for us—do you not see that we wall ourselves in, that we build a hundred barriers between ourselves and our possible happiness, which may one day abruptly appear in the form of some Reverend Lucas Merriweather. If you are determined to marry a Diamond—very well! I'm sorry for you. If you are resolved to marry a man, learn from our dear Lucinda how to prepare for your marriage day!

What a hopeless old preacher it is, my dear Lucinda, who turns a bride into a text! Give my love to Lucas, happy fellow!

Your (innocent) adorer,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

STYLES FOR CHILDREN.

THE simplicity of attire once considered necessary and becoming to children is fast being lost sight of. The tiny garments worn by the infant in the cradle attract attention by their richness, and elaborate costumes are copied in all their intricate details for the wee young folks who have arrived at the dignity of short clothes. The Watteau over-skirt festooned at the sides, the Pompadour waist, the Marie Antoinette fichu, and other distinguishing features of the styles now prevalent are adopted by juvenile costumers.

INFANTS' CLOTHING.

In infants' robes there is nothing new to relate. French Nansook muslin and sheer Victoria lawn are the soft materials preferred. For very handsome robes Valenciennes lace with appliqué needle-work medallions and insertions are appropriate trimmings, and are capable of being arranged in various ways. An elegant christening-robe just completed is of sheer muslin a yard and a quarter long. The entire front is formed of Valenciennes medallions, on which is a rose-bud and leaves. Around the lace is a narrow band of insertion bordered with fluted Valenciennes edging. The large medallions formed in this way are placed in diagonal rows, alternating with small appliqué hexagons. Valenciennes a finger's length wide surrounds the skirt. The sleeves and waist are entirely of lace. Blue satin, placed under the lace to show the design, can be removed at pleasure.

Narrow box-pleated ruffles needle-worked at the edge in scallops form a pretty trimming for plainer robes. The scalloped edge is the simplest button-hole stitch, and may be embroidered at home in moments of leisure with but little expense. It is much prettier when put on in box-pleats instead of gathers, and is more easily ironed. The Hamburg embroidery, which is done by machinery, is used for infants' petticoats. It is scarcely dainty enough for outside wear. Shell-like ruffles, narrow puffs, diamonds, and medallions of tiny tucks, feather stitching and braiding, with fine needle-work, describe the whole range of trimmings suitable for robes.

For night slips and ordinary day dresses two straight widths of muslin a yard long are gathered into a rounded yoke without a seam on the shoulder. This yoke forms a kind of epaulet over the long sleeve, and fits the neck smoothly. Hamburg insertion and narrow thread edging are substantial trimmings for slips. Soft-finished percale is pleasant for infants' wear, and physicians have advised that it be used instead of linen. Flannel skirts are embroidered above a wide hem, or are slightly scalloped or vandyked at the edge. Hems and tucks are wrought in feather stitch. Piqué and Marseilles cloaks are worn for summer. They are made with two large capes and small collar. Embroidery is the most suitable trimming. One shown us at $30 was of corded piqué. The upper cape was almost covered with embroidery. Babies' bonnets are quite as large as those worn by their mammas, and are prettiest when made of Valenciennes lace with shell rosettes, or leaves of silk, forming small coronets.

SHORT CLOTHES.

The muslin and lawn short clothes donned at five or six months are frequently fashioned out of the long robes then to be discarded. After this comes the piqué, a favorite material, because it both washes and wears well. The white is preferred, but it comes in light, delicate shades of fawn color and gray. The corded pattern so much sought after is sold at seventy-five cents a yard. Piqués are shown as low as fifty cents and as high as $2. Colored braids, white braid dotted with a color, white fringes, and embroidery are the trimmings. Dresses for girls are gored to fit tight at the waist in the Princesse style. For boys they should be gored loosely and worn with a belt. They are lapped on the breast or buttoned down the front in a bias line. A pretty walking coat for a child that has just learned to walk is of white Marseilles. The waist is plain and loose and buttoned in front. The skirt is slightly gored. A drawing-string in the belt adjusts it to the waist. A large round cape with collar is worn over this. The cape, skirt, and sleeves are embroidered. Price $24. A piqué suit for a boy of four years has a gored skirt trimmed with blue and white braids in loops, and a cut-away jacket with lappets at the back. A loose blouse, also of piqué, is belted in. The skirt is cut at the edge in sharp points, like sawteeth, and bound with black.

For larger girls French poplin and summer silks are selected for dress occasions. Street suits with redingote and belt are made of blue, gray, and green poplins. Fancy dresses of check silks are trimmed with narrow frills of solid-colored silk to match the deepest shade in the check.

An imported suit for a girl of six years is marked $25. It is of steel-gray poplin. There are two gored skirts; the upper one is festooned at the sides in the Watteau style. Each skirt is trimmed with a narrow frill of steel-colored silk edged with fringe. The body is low and square with short sleeves, and is to be worn over a *chemise Russe*, or habit-shirt of tucked muslin, trimmed with embroidery and lace. A tiny fichu scarcely three inches wide in the back is ruffled like the skirts and worn over the dress, crossed in front and hanging down behind. Percales, brilliants, and calicoes for everyday wear are made into Gabrielles, and corded up each seam. If yoke waists are preferred the yoke reaches almost to the belt in a point in front, and is finished with a narrow ruffle. A plain gored dress of Marseilles, marked $7, has an economical but effective trimming. It is bordered by a black worsted braid, such as is used for skirt binding, with a row of scarlet serpentine braid on each edge of the black.

The chemise Russe, or blouse waist, not so loose as the Garibaldi, is serviceable and pretty. The trimming should pass over the shoulders down to the belt, both back and front. When made of Nansook muslin and simply trimmed with a box-pleat of Irish linen stitched on in the centre, the edges loose, it is inexpensive and becoming for school wear, and renders available the skirts of dresses that have outworn the waists originally made with them.

For dress occasions lace and embroidery are lavished upon the chemise Russe. Fancy bretelles of black velvet, or of blue and scarlet, edged with lace, are graceful additions to a girl's toilette. These should always be basted on to the corsage, as they are apt to slip off the shoulders if left loose. Little sleeveless jackets of Irish linen give variety to children's attire. They are trimmed with a narrow fluted ruffle of linen cambric, and are worn over solid colored organdies and brilliants. Linen and cambric aprons are fancifully made with bibs and gored skirts, with long strings at the waist forming sashes.

The round hats most in favor are turned up on one side and faced with velvet or satin. Another style is the flat Japanese shape, with the rim trimmed with narrow velvet, like rays diverging from the centre. Straw turbans and a regular cap with visor of knots of ribbon, are ornamented with tulle sashes or grenadine, put around the crown in loose puffs, and hanging down as a veil. A water-proof hat, resembling white chip, is useful for school wear, as it is not defaced by the weather.

BOYS' SUITS.

Spring suits for boys are made of the fancy cassimeres, of Canada gray, and blue Melton, and of black and Bismarck velveteen. For summer suits there are black and white checked velveteens, and the light opera flannels, white grounds with a diamond pattern of black and blue stripes. Scotch tweed of open texture, yet very durable, is brought out in fancy colors in suits for very small boys.

The clothing-houses show five distinct styles of suits for boys of from three to nine years. The "Bismarck" we have already described. The "Young America" is simply a Garibaldi waist with a pointed belt on the Zouave trowsers, and is intended for everyday use. The "Ben Franklin," plain and Quakerish, has a round-about, with a separate vest made high at the throat without a collar. The "Boulevard," more fanciful, has a rolling collar to display the shirt front; and the dressy "Prince Imperial" has wide revers at the neck and small vest buttoned to the jacket. Zouave trowsers, with elastics or buckles at the knee, are worn with jackets of every style. The trimming extends up the outer seam, and is usually a band of bias velvet studded with steel buttons, or a pattern of machine embroidery, or two rows of silk binding braid. Of all the suits mentioned the Bismarck is the most popular. The loose outside belt, fastened at the back by a steel pin, is considered advantageous, as it can be easily altered to any size. The spring Bismarcks are cut with double-breasted fronts, lapping toward the right, yet forming a centre line of buttons. The collar is pointed in the Shakspeare style.

A Prince Imperial suit of black velveteen is trimmed over the shoulders and at the sides of the trowsers with a fold of piece velvet, a rich brown shade, studded with steel buttons. The price ready-made is $24. A Bismarck suit of dark blue Melton, is cut double-breasted, and trimmed with a black silk braid, and gilt buttons with a blue star enameled in the centre. The pin at the back of the belt is made to match the buttons. Price $18. An imported Highland costume attracted attention by the richness of its material. The jacket and Glengarry cap were of black Lyons velvet, and the skirt and scarf, of silk poplin, a gay Highland plaid. The belt and pouch and the plaid stockings are also shown. The price is $60.

For older boys there are neat suits of gray cassimere and of black broadcloth, made with short cut-away jackets, vests with plain fronts or with rolling collars, and regular close-fitting pantaloons. Negligée shirts are made of lawn and cambric with hair-line stripes of purple, black, and pink, the lines wide apart. These are more stylish than the small dots and diamond patterns. Irish linen doubled with a row of embroidery down the front, or of hem-stitching and tiny tucks, is preferred to diagonal tucks and ruffles for dress shirts.

SUMMER BONNETS.

An opening of summer millinery at a leading house discloses to us bonnets of new shapes entirely different from those displayed at the early openings. One style is simply a flat crown, differing from the Metternich of the spring in that it is shaped to the head, and fits over the chignon. A quilling of lace, ribbon, and flowers forms a tiara that projects like the vizor of a cap. Another shape has a fanchon front and sides with deep Marie Stuart point on the forehead, but fits squarely over the chignon. This is exceedingly stylish when made in chip, which promises to be in high favor this summer. Still another style is the Watteau, an illustration of which we gave in last week's *Bazar*. It is intended to accompany street suits, and is made of the material of the suit, or of silk and ribbon of one color. It is a regular bonnet, with every thing that appertains thereto except a curtain. The lace drapery given in our illustration is only used with very dressy suits.

A French model from which the Watteaus are copied is silk of pale Mexican blue, a shade very fashionable in Paris. The foundation is concealed by ruches of silk, notched at the edges. The coronet is flat, and made of loops of ribbon caught up to form shells. A bandeau of gilt, studded with steel in a Greek pattern, is over the coronet. An aigrette of black and white feathers is directly in the centre. This bonnet is worn very far forward, and with a high chignon. The strings are covered with ruches and held together low down on the breast by a half-moon bow. The price is $30; but it is imitated precisely in steel-colored silk of as good quality, and ornamented with a purple velvet pansy instead of feathers, and sold for $18.

A lovely chip bonnet all black and white is flat and round. Loops of thick white satin form a visor, with a band of cut jet between. Tufts of black and white ostrich feathers are on the left side. A fold of white satin as thick as piping is covered with black lace, which forms a drapery at the back, falling into strings in front. A rosette bow of satin with fringed ends holds the strings. An elastic cord under the chignon keeps the bonnet secure. This stylish coiffure is worn with colors, but is also suitable for light mourning. It is imported, and the price is $50.

Another chip bonnet, also suitable for half mourning, is of the fanchon and Marie Stuart shape described above. Large violets of the deepest purple shade in which that flower is seen are massed together in front on the deep point over the forehead. The drapery at the back is of the finest Chantilly lace, and is in one piece with the long barbes that form strings. A cluster of violets at the throat. This is also French, and $50.

Carriage bonnets of transparent Malines and frosted crape, so aerial and light that they are scarcely tangible enough for description, are made for midsummer and watering-place wear. One that met with special admiration is of white Malines with a trimming of delicate pearl leaves on a gilt stem. The tiara and lace strings are covered with a slender vine of these fragile ornaments. Another is of white crape flecked with tiny specks that glitter like diamonds. The material is laid on the foundation in narrow folds or tucks from the back to the front. The diadem is of blonde lace arranged in shells, over which are branches of white hyacinth made of wax, and a marvelous imitation of nature. The blonde lace fall at the back is brought forward to form strings.

On bridal bonnets the clematis and spirae are heaped in masses on the front; apple and cherry blossoms, sparkling with moisture as if just washed by a shower, nestle amidst snowy flakes of downy marabouts; and tiny stalks of the lily of the valley droop gracefully over the lace coronet.

The French bonnet, after which the new round shapes are modeled, is of chip with a quilling of corn-colored satin in front. A fall of satin covered with black lace six inches deep drapes the chignon, is brought forward for strings, crossed over on the breast like a fichu, and is knotted behind below the waist, where it falls into long sash ends.

A butter-cup colored crape is almost covered on top with long thin grasses of a Metternich green color, while scarlet poppies droop over the back hair. That this may not look gaudy the whole bonnet is covered with a coiffure of black lace of very thin Chantilly, which softens the bright colors that it half conceals, half discloses. Small ornaments of cut steel and gilt are pendent from every point of the lace. Innumerable loops of ribbon form a tiara, in the centre of which is a butterfly of steel and gilt. The lace barbes of the coiffure form strings.

A blue illusion for a young girl has a three-cornered fall at the back, bordered with quilling. The whole frame is covered with quilled illusion. In front is a cluster of moss-rose buds. Price $15.

An attractive bonnet from the Maison Laure, Paris, is a Marie Antoinette of English straw. The face trimming is a quilling of thick black silk, above a Metternich green silk band, on which is a Greek border of gilt. On the outside, along the rim, are branches of metallic leaves of a light yellow-green that look very frail, but will bend without breaking. A large crimson rose, with buds and tendrils, droops from the left side. The peculiarity of this stylish bonnet consists in a bag crown of black tulle, in which the chignon is to be placed. Below this crown is wide lace drapery, open in the centre. Price $45.

Simplicity and plainness are studied for mourning bonnets. For fresh mourning we were shown English crape fitted plainly over the frame, with narrow folds or quilling for a tiara. Two wider folds fall from the back and extend along the sides, forming strings. A kind of bag for the waterfall that entirely conceals the hair is made for those who desire it. Veils are made double of the crape a yard and a quarter long, and gathered with a string at one end. If long veils are preferred they are pinned on at the sides with jet ornaments, and each end is finished with a hem three-eighths of a yard deep. When selecting crape for a veil it is best to get the crape that comes in rolls. That folded in boxes has a crease formed in the middle which comes directly in the centre of the face. Widows' caps do not surround the whole face, but form a tiara over the forehead.

For information given we are indebted to the kindness of Messrs. DEVLIN & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and Miss PAGE.

PERSONAL.

THE Rt. Rev. CICERO S. HAWKS, recently deceased at the age of 55, was one of the oldest bishops in the American P. E. Church, having been consecrated Oct. 24, 1844. He was the youngest person ever advanced to the Episcopate in this country, and probably younger than any one ever consecrated in the Church of England, having barely reached the age prescribed by the canon. So young, indeed, was he and inexperienced, that several bishops declined on that account to sign his testimonials—among them the late Bishop DE LANCEY. At the time of his death there were only nine who stood above him on the roll of bishops; and in the course of nature there was every probability that he would become, at no distant day, presiding bishop of the P. E. Church in the United States. While rector of Trinity Church, Buffalo, he, in connection with his brother, the late Dr. F. L. HAWKS, wrote the story-books entitled "Uncle Philip's Histories," published by HARPER & BROTHERS.

—To state, deliberately, that Chicago editors are devoid of reason or wit, would be a—we will not say a "lie," but would be, in politer phrase, "conspicuously inexact"—for one of these people recently wrote and published in a paper which he keeps, that one-half of the musical people who attend Opera in that city "don't know the difference between a symphony and a sardine."

—Purchasers of the various publications daily issued from the establishment of HARPER & BROTHERS will not forget what was said by POPE in his old age: "As much company as I have kept, and as much as I love it, I love reading better; I would rather be employed in reading than in the most agreeable conversation."

—Mr. C. F. CHICKERING (we suppose he must have the prefix of "Sir," or "Chevalier," or some such aristocratic title) has just returned from France, and may at certain hours of the day be contemplated in his lordly halls in Broadway, just above Bleecker. He bears his "Cross" with becoming humility and resignation.

—After Mr. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS had responded for the "Weeklies" at the Dickens dinner, Mr. DICKENS remarked: "He is one of the best, if not the best speaker I ever heard."

—The rumor so unjustly originated by a Chicago paper, that the widow of Mr. CHARLES DICKENS's brother was living in indigent circumstances in Chicago, has been summarily disposed of by the London correspondent of a Boston paper, who says that the lady in question "is in England, in feeble health, and without the use of her sight; but in her many misfortunes she has found every aid that practical sympathy can afford at the hands of her eminent relative."

—The Rev. Dr. M'NEILE is one of the leading members of the "Church Association" in England, which has already raised £37,000 toward a guarantee fund of £50,000 to defray legal expenses in defending the position of the Established Church against the Ritualists.

—THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE's memory should be held in grateful remembrance by every wife for the exquisite lines he wrote to his "Irish wife," of which the following is the concluding verse:

> My Irish wife has clear blue eyes,
> *My heaven by day, my stars by night,*
> And twin-like truth and fondness lie
> Within her swelling bosom white;
> My Irish wife has golden hair—
> Apollo's harp had once such strings—
> Apollo's self might pause to hear
> Her bird-like carol when she sings.

—That bad Lord WILLOUGHBY D'ERESBY has been made to pay roundly for his scandalous proceedings toward Madame D'ALTEYRAC, who lived with him many years as his wife, and whom he attempted to cast off. The arbitrator, Mr. VERNON HARCOURT, has awarded to her an annuity of £100 a month for life, and a sum of £5000 down; and the point of it is that there is no appeal from the award. The naughty nobleman is good for the amount.

—Avarice is becoming a "good old gentlewomanly" vice, as well as a disreputable one in the other gender. What are we to say about Mrs. CLARISSA MILLS, who recently died, at 57, in Concord? Her effects, sold at auction, consisted of 360 pairs of stockings, 110 towels, 65 bedquilts, all pieced by herself, 26 night-caps, 535 pieces of glass and crockery, 17 dozen of side and back combs of every conceivable old fashion, and some 50 dresses, among them her wedding-dress of thirty years ago, and in a tin pail, wrapped in innumerable folds of paper, some of her wedding-cake. She was a hard-working, very saving creetur, hence so many night-caps and things.

—An admirer of the intellectual ability and culture of FREDERICK DOUGLASS says "his style is very perfect—no boisterousness and surcharged vehemence, but calm, clear, logical, and persuasive; luminous in statement, just in discrimination, fair in argumentation, all properly arranged and handsomely expressed, uniting that grace, simplicity, and power so much admired in the present good taste of British oratory." That is about as much as could be said of FREDERICK, or any other individual.

—Aren't people living to a greater age than they used to? The writer of this received a note from an octogenarian yesterday, in which it is mentioned that "Col. LEMAN BRADLEY and his wife, each aged eighty, died last week in Pavilion, N. Y., and were buried in one grave. His father is still alive and in health, and if he lives until August next, will be *one hundred years old.*"

—The Hon. Mr. STANBERY, one of the President's counsel, is described as a tall, slim man, large nose, high forehead, iron-gray hair, and military side whiskers. He wears a standing collar, old-fashioned enough for the last century, with an immense roll of black silk under it for a cravat. His coat is a loose sack, hanging slouchily from his bony shoulders, and too short in the sleeves, so that his thin hands protrude with fingers like those of a skeleton, dangling down his sides, unseemly and without grace.

—Among the names of gentlemen mentioned as likely to be chosen President of the National Convention to be held in Chicago to nominate a President for the next Presidential term, is that of General SICKLES, who is one of the delegates at large from this State.

—If what the papers state is true, Miss FANNY HASKELL, of Batavia, New York, must be a wonderful girl. She plays two airs on the piano with her right hand, one with the left, and sings a fourth, all at the same time.

—The name of the charming creature is not given who is pronounced to be the belle of Portland, and who (just for the pleasure of the thing, of course) does the cooking for her father and mother, and in the afternoon takes the ribbons and drives out with the finest span of horses in the town, deeming it an honor to be able to go through the little culinary performance.

—Since the accession of Mr. DISRAELI to the Premiership, the interest in, and demand for, his novels has so much revived that the library and shilling editions, published by WARNE & Co., London, can not be produced fast enough to supply the public. Mr. DISRAELI is advertised to preside at the 79th anniversary dinner of that excellent and useful charitable society, the Literary Fund.

—The Hon. ROBERT LYTTON BULWER, better known by his *nom de plume* of "Owen Meredith," has been promoted to be Secretary of Legation at Madrid. Nineteen years ago he was at Washington as *attaché* and private Secretary to his uncle, Sir HENRY BULWER, then British Minister. In due time the young man will probably become a Minister.

—A "personal" of Mr. CYRUS W. FIELD, which, if true, is as creditable to him as it was lucky to the other party: In the darkest days of the Atlantic Telegraph enterprise a friend of Mr. F. bought ten thousand dollars' worth of stock for a ten-dollar bill. This investor came to Mr. Field to ask him whether his purchase was worth any thing. Mr. FIELD offered to take the stock at a considerable advance. "Well, but what do you advise me to do, Mr. FIELD?" "Take your stock home," was the reply; "lock it up in your safe, and never look at it, nor think of it, till you come to me for your dividends on it." That man is now receiving on his investment of ten dollars eight hundred dollars per annum in gold.

—Mr. WHITWORTH, the well-known gun manufacturer, has just presented to the British nation £100,000 sterling as a free gift. He proposes to found thirty Scholarships, at a cost of £3000 each, to be held for some years by workmen who will go through a thorough course of scientific and artistic training. He, in fact, proposes to establish thirty Industrial Fellowships, to be obtained by competition in applied science. The gift is a most munificent one, and the Duke of Marlborough has acknowledged it on behalf of the state with sufficient grace. In point of munificence Mr. WHITWORTH comes nearest to Mr. PEABODY of any living millionaire, and his name is already on the lips of the reading people of Christendom.

—The Rev. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, one of the most eminent Methodist clergymen of England, whose portrait was given in *Harper's Weekly* of April 4, arrived in New York in the steamer *Scotia* on the 22d of April. He was present at a meeting held in St. Paul's (M. E.) Church on the evening of the same day, and made a few remarks that evinced the high order of ability for which he is celebrated. On the evening of the 23d he preached a dedicatory sermon in St. John's Church, Brooklyn, and left for Montreal next morning. He is expected to return in a few days, when opportunity will be afforded to listen to his powers as a pulpit orator.

—The "woman question" commands more and more of popular attention in England. The prejudice against "lovely woman's" taking responsible positions in public affairs is steadily diminishing. A Mrs. SARAH WOOSTER has just been appointed by the Aylesbury magistrates to the offices of overseer of the poor and surveyor of highways for the parish of Illmire. Last year four women filled similar offices in the Aylesbury district. Mrs. CADY STANTON and her co-laborers may make a note of this.

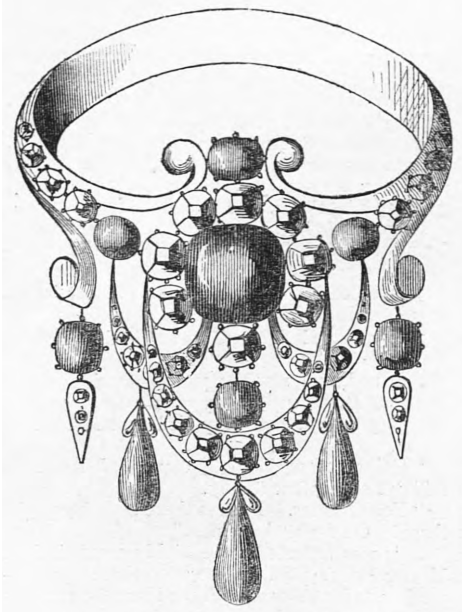
—The last English papers speak of a party of the name of JOACHIM as the first living master of the violin. One enthusiastic writer goes so far as to say that "it is much to be doubted whether so great a violinist ever lived before, most certainly never in the memory of living man. It is not his executive power that excites our astonishment, although in that he is unrivaled; but it is the passion, the poetry, the dramatic force, and intellectual power, the thorough development of his subject, that takes his auditors by storm, and evokes the tempest of applause that always follows his wonderful performances."

—Mr. Chief Justice CHASE is thus pleasantly photographed by the Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*: "The Chief Justice never gets out of patience, is always pleasant and always wide-awake, and there is nobody connected with the trial that watches it as closely as he does. He is an admirable presiding officer, the only objection to him being the inadequacy of his voice, which has not yet got the compass of the Chamber, but even this is improving. His service on the Supreme Court bench has taught him patience and forbearance. He is never in doubt about a question, is always up with the very last development, and never misunderstands the slightest point in it or omits it. Those who expect to recognize him from the fine picture on the dollar greenbacks will be disappointed. CHASE is still fine-looking—the most imposing personage in the Chamber. Some blockhead doctor, on account of a throat affection, last fall advised the Chief Justice to allow his beard to grow under his chin, and a thick clump of white hair in that region is the result. The friends of the Chief Justice have been looking for that doctor ever since. If he is found, you will hear of another impeachment trial. Whiskers helped LINCOLN's appearance, but they spoil, as much as such trifles can, the face of Mr. CHASE."

—The next dramatic celebrity England proposes to export to us is Mrs. SCOTT SIDDONS, a descendant of the great SARAH. She is pronounced to be the cleverest woman on the British boards.

—Some enthusiastic person who has been to ROBERT BROWNING's says, "he is the most magnificent specimen of a man I ever saw. His hair is nearly white, and his beard, which is full, is quite so. His step is springy, and his eyes keen as an eagle's."

"SPRING."—[SEE PAGE 453.]



DIAMOND AND EMERALD BRACELET.

SPRING.

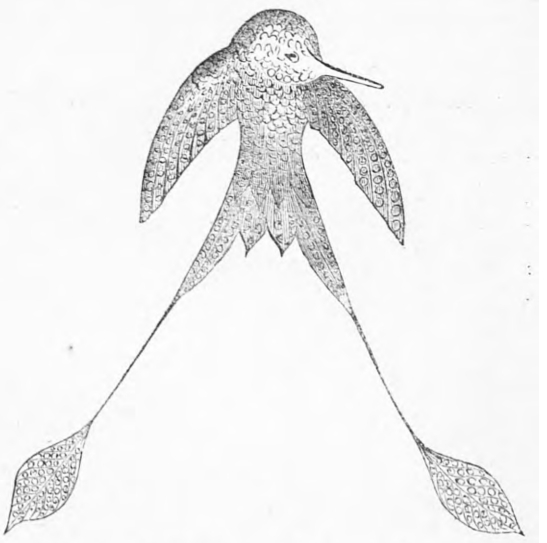
THERE are beauties of the spring season which belong to no other period of the year; a wondrous stirring into life—a marvelous indication first, and then a tender development of form and color. The uncertain days and cold, biting nights, the hours of plashing rain and mist, the threatenings of renewed winter, and the half-doubtful gleams that seem but faint illusions of summer, forbid that life in the green-wood which is so lauded in drawing-room ballads. But the hope is never withdrawn; the morning's light dawns tenderly, the sun goes up like a strong man to run a race, and after nightfall, when "the stars rush out," and the moon sails white and ghostly in the clear blue, there are hours for lovers' walks in the broad wooded glades and along the sweet slopes of the country. The time has long passed, it may be feared, when youths and maidens gathered spring posies for each other in the woods and lanes, or pulled off the bright petals to see whether their love would come true—a method scarcely less sure than many others which fashion may have ordained, and, probably, as little to be relied on for securing peace of heart.

Whatever may be the case with lovers, however, they have given up their old spring customs, and we must look to their ancient friends, the birds and the flowers, if we would read the vernal signs. The storks in the northerly countries of Europe do the work of spring's heralds, their great white wings bearing them, who can tell what weary miles, over sea and land, to the nests of twigs, the great wooden boxes, the queer contrivances balanced on old gable-end houses and quaint church steeples. Here the martins and swallows usher in the new-born spring, and build their nests in the kindred homes provided for them, or under the eaves; while other spring birds nestle among the tree-boughs, in the happy confidence that winter is over in good earnest. The bees, too, have a share in the great universal resurrection to life, and add their busy note to the gathering orchestra of praise. It is only in towns that spring seems to have no voice; in the midst of streets where men go on working and hoarding, striving and toiling all the year round and never see a flower. Yet even here, in the heart of busy Gotham, the flower-girls are seen about the street offering bouquets of violets to the passers-by; and even in the shops gay colors creep into the windows, and there is already a humming under-tone of summer coats, light scarfs, and lavender gloves whenever a periodical burst of sunshine reminds us that the young year is growing strong.

DIAMOND AND EMERALD JEWELRY.

THE paragon gem is so fast becoming a general attribute of American fashion that occasional illustrations of the most recent and pleasing styles of displaying its beauties in setting will not

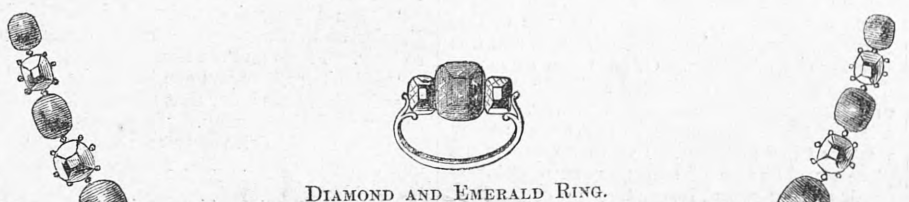
DIAMOND AND EMERALD BROOCH AND EAR-RINGS.



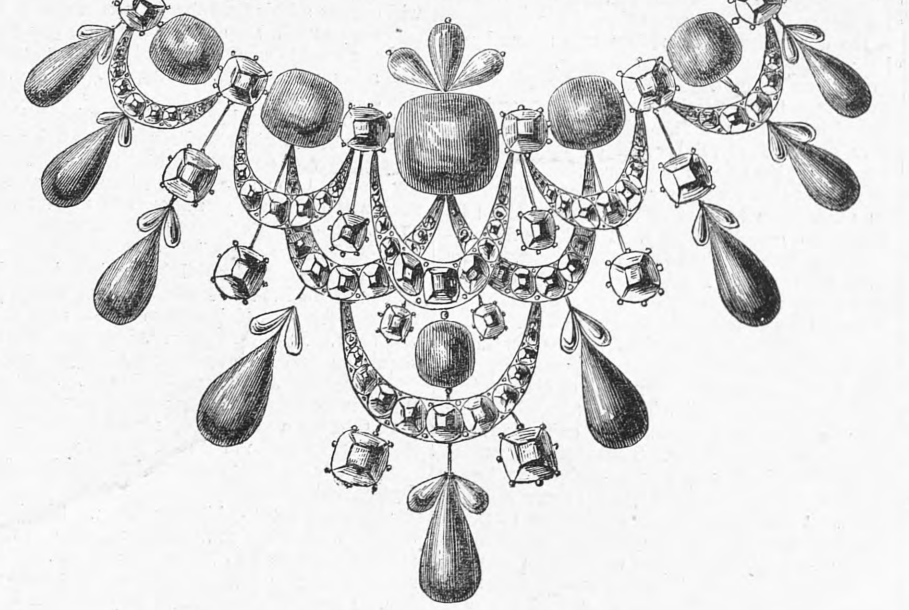
DIAMOND, EMERALD, AND SAPPHIRE HAIR-PIN.

be unacceptable to the very large proportion of its wearers who read the *Bazar*. Our Jenkinses, to be sure, are not yet used to making an item out of "the family diamonds," nor has the American dowager thus far, like her British antetype, been made to suffer the terrible but matter-of-course pang of seeing the brilliant accumulation of generations reset for the *fiancée* of the house. Society this side the water is not old enough, nor is permanence so far with us a characteristic of family fortunes, as to admit of great individual diamond wealth. Doubtless a larger amount of diamonds is owned in New York than in all the rest of the Union; yet we are quite sure there are not more than three persons resident in the metropolis possessing them to the value of $100,000. The obstacles to such accumulation in the United States are characteristic and quite consistent with the social history of the country. Our system of dividing estates and properties personal is, at the outset, a mortal blow to the "family diamonds" formality. Aside from the want of permanence of individual wealth above suggested, it is likewise notable that the relations between the gem and its social admirer have changed very materially in degree since the accumulation began in the Old World. Most of the splendid diamond collections represented in royal and imperial salons upon state occasions were purchased when the gem was obtainable at from one-half to one-third of the rate our *nouveaux riches* have to pay for it. Perhaps in the history of appreciation of values there is no instance more conspicuous than that afforded by the diamond. When Mr. Emanuel, the London jeweler, published his pleasant and useful little treatise upon "Diamonds and Precious Stones" in 1865, he stated the market rate of a fine stone of one carat at £8. A second edition of the work, just issued, gives £21 as the price of a similar gem. Emanuel's literary and business predecessor, David Jeffries, in his scale of prices for the year 1750, names £8 as the price of a carat stone. It is needless to point the moral of a tale so plain and matter-of-fact. The circumstance that while the discovery of diamonds is now statistically insignificant, the Asiatic mines long since having been exhausted, and Brazil furnishing few stones of superior quality, the demand for the gem is daily increasing, as well for purposes of investment as of display, is also probably too generally recognized to need more than a suggestion. It is doubtful if the world will ever again have a chance to admire as the possession of one person a diamond property equal in cost and magnificence to that exhibited in the recent French Exposition by the Marchioness of Dudley. Of course we are not heartless enough to enlarge upon truths so harrowing. It is, however, consoling to reflect that, despite this tremendous rise in the bed of the stream, its brilliant current still tends this way. A rather clever sketch in one of the evening dailies a few weeks since, gave the customs returns of diamond importation at New York for 1866 and 1867—for the former year $1,455,460, and for the latter $856,815. Without having the means of immediate reference we should not fear to assume that the returns for 1864 and 1865 were considerably in excess of these amounts, those being the years in which contracts and shoddy were most demonstrative.

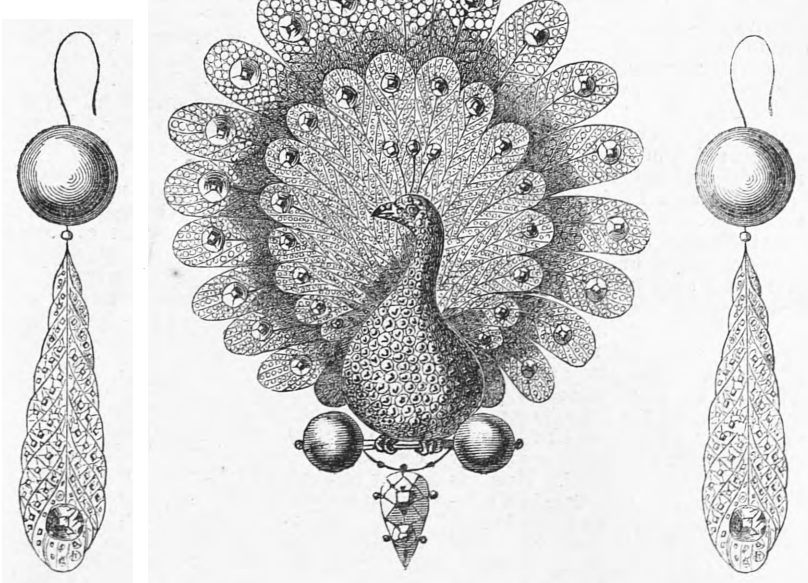
The designs which we introduce are not only the most recent conceptions of the diamond-setter's art, but illustrate strikingly another fact—which might have been properly mentioned above—that the number of stones of considerable size now purchasable is daily growing more limited. The production of the Brazilian mines, upon which the always increasing consumption of diamonds now depends alone, develops very few stones over two carats in weight, and of these the quality is generally so inferior that but a small proportion are available for ornament. The Duke of Brunswick's catalogue, issued some years since, and an authority with business people as well as connoisseurs, made the assertion that in all Europe there were not known to be then possessed more than twenty-four diamonds of thirty-six carats weight. When it is considered that out of the twenty-four gems suggested more than half are royal and imperial properties, the prob-



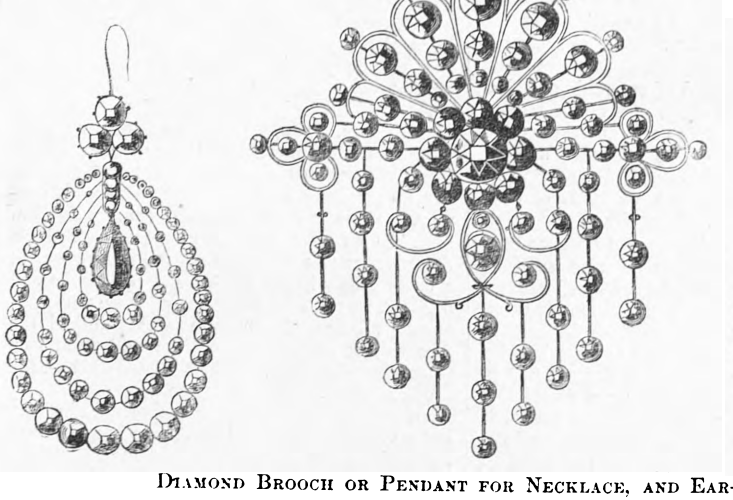
DIAMOND AND EMERALD RING.



DIAMOND AND EMERALD NECKLACE.



DIAMOND, EMERALD, SAPPHIRE, OPAL, AND PEARL BROOCH AND EAR-RINGS.



DIAMOND BROOCH OR PENDANT FOR NECKLACE, AND EAR-RINGS.

JEWELRY.—[FROM MESSRS. TIFFANY & CO. AND BROWNE & SPAULDING, NEW YORK.]

ability of their changing ownership under any other circumstances than the results of a general political revolution does not appear very flattering.

Luckily the skill and taste of the diamond-setter are now arraying the gem in such a manner that stones, however diminutive, are made to emit a brilliancy before unanticipated. The design of the pendent brooch admirably illustrates this assertion. It will be seen by a study of its construction that the individual stones are all so set as to give no appearance of intervening metal; that the pendent connections of the drops, instead of being the clumsy flat links of the old time, show simply to the eye gleaming lines, which in no way detract from the brilliancy of the gems, and that the whole setting is as delicate and unobtrusive in effect as a proper regard to durability will permit it to be. No enamel, it should be remarked, is used. The gold is in some instances of the rich red color years ago so popular, and frequently silver is used in immediate juxtaposition to the stones.

The jeweled birds are designs not as yet ordinarily known in this country, but for a year past favorite conceits in foreign society. The Empress, last summer, was often the wearer of what may have been the first instance of the style—a humming-bird, exquisitely formed of diamonds and colored gems. As fabrications of the artist they are wonderfully beautiful; but their especial merit is the field they afford for the use of small or *mêlée* stones. The smaller jewel is arranged either to be worn as brooch or head ornament, while the latter is only adaptable as a brooch. Colored stones, ruby, emerald, and sapphire, though we are powerless to represent them in our cuts, will of course be understood as properly appearing in these beautiful fancies. We need hardly suggest that the workmanship developed in productions so delicate is of the highest merit. For these beautiful designs we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Tiffany & Co., of New York.

Side by side with the diamond stands the emerald. This stone appears to have been known in the most remote ages, and was the third stone, according to Calmet's arrangement, on the high-priest's breast-plate of judgment, with the name of Zebulon engraved on it. In the time of Pliny this stone was held in high estimation. He speaks of seeing Lollia Paulina, the most beautiful woman of her time, and afterward the wife of Caligula, wearing emeralds and diamonds to the value of about two millions of our money. The ancient source of supply was probably Egypt, as Cailloud has in modern times succeeded in discovering the old emerald mines in the Theban deserts, on the Arabian Gulf, noticed by ancient authors, and in the traditions of the Arabs. After that period the finest were procured from Peru, although they have been found in many other countries. On the conquest of Peru, and in the ninth and tenth centuries, we find the emerald noticed among the treasures of the Church. Cortéz brought five of these beautiful stones as a gift to his youthful bride, cut by the marvelous skill of the Aztecs—the first as a rose, the second a horn, the third a fish with golden eyes, the fourth a bell with a tongue of pearl, and the fifth a cup with a golden pedestal. The Spanish queen coveted these treasures, the refusal of which lost Cortéz the royal favor. It was held in superstitious veneration as a preventive of epilepsy and other diseases. Since then the old Peruvian mines were unproductive and became exhausted, and of later years the finest have been procured from Siberia, equal in quality and in every respect to the old Peruvian. Those reach the world of commerce through Russia, and are mainly cut and shaped by Armenians in Constantinople. On account of its agreeable green color the emerald has always been a favorite ornament, its value, of course, depending not merely on its size and weight, but on its purity and depth of color. There are many remarkable specimens of this stone known to the virtuoso. Among the crown jewels of England is one the size of a hen's egg, presented by the King of Oude. Russia also has in its collection one of the same size. In the collection of the East India Company there existed about fifty the size of pigeons' eggs, all transparent and of fine color; originally the ornaments of harness, bridles, etc., for full-dress display; besides a girdle thickly studded with them. The finest known, however, is in the imperial cabinet in St. Petersburg, being 30 carats, and in every respect perfect in shape, color, and freedom from defect.

We give illustrations herewith of an exquisite set of diamond and emerald jewelry, furnished us by the kindness of Messrs. Browne & Spaulding, of New York, which is now in process of manufacture, and which being designed for a private individual will never be exhibited to the public elsewhere than in the columns of *Harper's Bazar*.

The brooch is composed of emeralds and diamonds. The diamonds are pure old mine stones, seven weighing three carats each, and graduating down to one quarter. The emeralds are the principal feature in this brooch, all being pear-shaped except the centre one, which is of unusual size, $10\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{16}$ carats. The circles and pendants are intended to swing so as to secure constant motion. The ear-rings are also intended to swing from the cross-band of black enamel and gold. They have one large diamond in each, and the emeralds are pure and beautiful. The ring has a three-carat emerald of unusual purity and brilliancy. The bracelet is quite novel in design, the gold part encircling the arm being flexible, very rich in construction and material. The necklace is composed of twenty-two of the finest emeralds in this country, and one hundred and ten diamonds of various sizes and value. The whole set, comprising necklace, bracelet, brooch, ear-rings, and ring, is valued at $50,000 in gold.

THE BASHFUL MAN.

I WAS born bashful.

I was not consulted in the matter. It was a proceeding for which I was not in the least to blame, and I had no opportunity of protesting against the arrangement. Even if this opportunity had been afforded me, I should not have possessed sufficient moral courage to enter the required protest. I can not account for it in any way. It will always be a problem to me, the solution of which is beyond my powers, why I was brought into the world, hopelessly, I may say, insanely bashful. At an early age, indeed, as far back as my memory takes me, the sight of a female threw me into spasms. I always regarded them as something terrible, put into the world for no other purpose than to be an object of loathing and fear on my part. I always made it a point to run away from them as soon as my powers of locomotion would allow me to do so. This was in the stage of short dresses and pinafores. But when I was sent to school for the first time, my tribulation began in good earnest.

I was what the ladies denominate a "pretty boy." I learned to my dismay that pretty boys must be kissed, and the idea was horrible to me. Many a time when I have seen "the girls" coming to our house, I have departed in hot haste, only to be pursued, dragged ignominiously from my place of concealment, and then and there kissed to the verge of distraction. It was useless to try to elude these female demons, for thus my distorted fancy always pictured them. However impossible the places in which I thought proper to hide, I was sure to be found sooner or later. It seemed to me that they took a diabolical delight in searching for me. In school, when we were playing those remarkable games so much affected by school-girls, I found to my dismay that I was singled out nearly every time. And when some pretty little damsel was bidden by the chorus to

> "Choose to the East—choose to the West,
> Choose the very one that you love best,"

I felt certain that Tom Raynor would be the one chosen. And too often for my peace of mind my fears were well founded.

It might be supposed that this feeling would wear off as I grew older. No such thing. At sixteen I was more bashful than ever. We lived in a house on a hill, from which a good view could be had of the neighboring roads. When at home I was always on the alert lest I should be surprised by the enemy. No matter what woman I might see coming, I took my departure for the swamp behind the house, in which I thought I could defy pursuit. In the very centre of this swamp was an island, difficult of access, and this was my city of refuge. Often, when driven to desperation, I have meditated seriously the plan of taking up my abode here permanently. I built a hut of tamarack boughs, so that even in rainy weather I had a shelter. I had conveyed to the place an old piece of tarpaulin, surreptitiously obtained, and spread it over the top of the hut. Many a time I have lain under this shelter, palpitating from a recent run, and felt truly thankful that such a refuge was afforded me.

Do not suppose this refuge was allowed me long. They found me out, of course. Let a woman alone for that. And when they found me they went into ecstasies over my hut, and declared it was the most beautiful retreat they had ever seen. And all I could do was to stand there, blinking like an idiot, and thinking in my heart how glad I would be if we could only have an earthquake to swallow up the island and its occupants, myself included. I took the first opportunity and searched for a new retreat. Here I set up my tent. But before a week had passed they found me out, and declared that this place was even more delightful than the other.

Although, as I grew older, I was not in so much danger of being kissed by force as heretofore, there were ways and means of accomplishing the same end, which I knew too well. The little parties then common I felt to be so many traps for my unwary feet. Those terrible games! When I think of them now cold shudders begin at the top of my head and gambol down into my boots. What was there at the bottom of those pretty games, which all the young ladies declared were "so easy," and "you could learn them in a minute?" Kissing! Imagine a young man of my temperament "going to Rome!" Perhaps you don't know what going to Rome is. If you don't, you are happy. I wish I did not. I'll explain. The person who goes to Rome, at a country party, is expected to take out a young lady, kiss her before every body, and then, in cold blood, walk the circuit of that room and kiss every girl there, while his partner kisses all the boys. Oh the blunders I have made! Making a dash to get done as soon as possible, and kissing a girl on the nose or eye. You can't expect a man to be quite himself in such a situation. I never was.

At last, through great tribulation, I came to man's estate. I was unfortunate enough to be what is termed in society "a good catch." It was very near causing me to commit suicide. My father lectured me on my inordinate shyness. He was sure "I never learned it from him." Of course not. A man that could have the courage to propose to my mother never had a bashful hair in his head. For my mother, in her day, was a belle and beauty. One who conquered all hearts. In spite of this he had the face to ask her to marry him; and what surprises me, she did it. I should have died on the spot of pure shame in trying to propose.

Of course you say "what a fool!" The very remark I have heard a dozen times in relation to my unfortunate infirmity. But in society the men all liked me. Every body said what a capital fellow Tom Raynor was, and what a jolly fellow, and all that. I was a prominent member of the Bachelors' Club, had been president, and was talked of for a second term. And, by-the-way, I'd rather be president of our Club than of the United States. You don't have any lot of fellows going round impeaching you there, and you don't have to give receptions and ask all the pretty women in the place.

My mother began to talk after a while that it was time I thought about marrying. The idea gave me such a turn that I went down to the Club and drank two glasses of something or other before I could even think. And when I did come to myself the idea sickened me again.

After that she lay in wait for me always. Think of that! My own mother! But then she was a woman after all. She couldn't help it, poor thing!

She used to bring all sorts of girls in my way. Tall girls and short girls; girls that could talk, and girls that couldn't. I hope it amused them. I give you my word that there was nothing amusing in it to me, though I liked the girls that couldn't talk better than the others. Some of them were handsome, I suppose. I never dared to look at them to see. But I took my mother's word for it. And if she did not know, I would be pleased to know who did.

Some of the girls were homely, but had plenty of money. They might have been houris for all I knew to the contrary, for I never looked at them any more than the others.

My mother don't like to be beaten. Perhaps I may say it was a part of her nature to be victorious. I sometimes think she married my father because somebody said she couldn't. She took it to heart that I would not look at the females she brought on the carpet, and made up her mind to get one I would look at. Of course I didn't know her plots. How should I?

"Tom," she said, one day, "I received a letter to-day from Margaret Newell. You remember her, do you not?"

How could I forget her? She was one of my earliest tormentors, in the days of pinafores, and a few years later. She was only a year or two younger than I. I answered in the affirmative.

"She is coming here," said my mother, in that easy way of hers, speaking of it as the simplest matter of fact. I looked at her in dismay.

"She—is—coming—here?" I repeated, slowly. "What the—dickens is she coming here for?"

"On a visit," said my mother. "I asked her."

"How long is she going to stay?"

"I can not say. She wants a little quiet, and there is a good chance for sketching about here. I told her so."

"Then I am going away. I'll go with Bill Frazier on that fishing trip he has talked about so long. I'll go and see him now."

"I don't see how you can," said she, as calmly as if she did not know that the statement would fill my soul with dismay. "I promised Maggie that you should drive over to Langford Station and bring her here. Mr. Frazier goes to-day, does he not?"

"Send father," I said, eagerly.

"Impossible. Your father has business which will occupy all his time for the next three days."

"Go yourself, then. Pete can drive you over, and she would be better pleased to meet you than me, a perfect stranger. Hang it, *I* can't go. I don't know her."

"You can't miss her," replied mother. "She will stop at Mr. Blanchard's, near the station, and all you have to do is to go there for her. As for my going, I am surprised to hear you suggest such a thing, when you know how much I have to do."

"Let Pete go alone."

"Pete can not drive. His arm is so lame that he can hardly lift it. I wonder if you would ask the poor fellow to drive those horses nine miles and back. Besides, I promised Maggie that *you* should go, and I am sure she will expect you."

Just see the duplicity of this female. She knew that a more dreadful thing could not be imagined than to drive a young lady nine miles all alone. And yet she spoke of it as a pleasure.

"I don't see what she wants to come here for," I grumbled.

"It need not trouble you, Tom. She is not coming here to see you, by any means, and when she is once here I will take care of her. Don't suppose Maggie Newell will be any trouble to you. I doubt if she will look at you half a dozen times during her stay."

"Won't she?" said I. After all, it was not so much to do. I had only to drive over to the station, and take her in and drive her home. I should have so much to do to attend to the horses that she could not ask me to talk, and when I had her here I would keep out of her way.

The next day I got out my team. If I must own it, I am proud of that team. I don't think you can find their match in New York. A pair of blacks, each with a white fore-foot. Skin like satin, feet as dainty as a lady's, and far more trusty, in my opinion.

The day was beautiful. Just the kind of a day for a drive, and my blood warmed as we spun along. What did I care for Maggie Newell? Pah! she had pulled my hair when neither of us was higher than a stool—I was not afraid of her. I wondered if she would like my team. She could not help it, if she had any taste at all. For the first half of the distance I was as bold as a lion. But when I passed the five-mile post the old feeling began to come back, and I felt that I was in deep water again, all through my mother and her friend, Miss Maggie Newell. How was I to address her? How pass the time in a nine-mile drive? I had brought out my new buggy, and I began to calculate how little room I could occupy on the seat, and how close she must be to me. The result of the calculation was frightful, and I began to realize the fact that I had been betrayed. The nearer I came to Langford Station the greater my fears became. I tugged at the spirited team, and forced them to walk the last two miles, while I wiped the perspiration from my brow. It is impossible for any one not afflicted as I am to imagine the agonies I endured as I came nearer and nearer to Langford Station. At length the little village appeared in sight, lying in a sequestered glen at the foot of a mighty hill. A train was just steaming away from the station, and I saw the omnibus, with a single passenger, going to Blanchard's. I felt that I was doomed.

Even at this late hour I meditated flight. And I am inclined to the belief that I should have carried the cowardly design into execution had not fate ordained it otherwise. A shrill voice hailed me:

"Hey, there! I say, Tom! Hold on! Give me a ride!"

I turned, and saw the youngest scion of the house of Blanchard, a boy about ten years old, hurrying toward me. I pulled up and let him get in.

"Going to our house?" demanded Billy. I said "Yes," rather faintly.

"You'd better. I guess there ain't a gay girl there! Oh no, perhaps not!"

This was intended to be highly sarcastical on Master Billy's part, and he went through a pantomime to impress me with the idea of the "gayness," if I may coin an expression, of the aforesaid girl.

"What is her name?" I faltered.

"Maggie," said Billy, with an unctuous smack of the lips. "Maggie Newell. She came just now, she did. And she kissed me, too, smack on the mouth."

And the little wretch seemed to like it. How different from myself at his age!

"Don't you want a longer ride, Billy?" I said, willing to put off the inevitable hour.

"No, I don't," said Billy. "Not now, any way. Don't I know what we are going to have for dinner? I ain't going to lose it for no ride, *I* ain't."

I felt that this boy was in league with my enemies, and that my shuffling was worse than useless. Billy had the reins, and drew up with a grand flourish and an unnecessary amount of hulloing in front of the house. Mrs. Blanchard came to the door, and I caught a glimpse of a face looking over her shoulder, which did my business effectually. I don't know how it was. I had not looked at her more than half a minute, and yet in that little time I knew her face by heart. I'll tell you how it looked to me in three words—a man-trap! As for the particulars, as I gathered them in that passing glance, she had a fair complexion, heavy brown hair rolled back from her forehead in a bewitching fashion, laughing brown eyes, and a bewildering way of glancing at a man sidewise that set me back a good way. I don't pretend to explain how it was that I managed to get that look at her. I only know that it was done somehow, and I felt more than ever that my mother and Maggie Newell had conspired to ruin me, and were likely to succeed.

The man took away my horses, and I stumbled into the house, conscious that my face was of the color of the inside of a piece of underdone roast, and that my feet were too large. I have always noticed that a bashful man is perpetually dreaming of doing two impossible things—namely, getting his feet into his vest pockets, and finding untold riches in the crown of his hat. I have yet to learn that any one has succeeded in either undertaking. I never did. And yet when I was in a strait I was sure to undertake one or the other impossible feat, always feeling the more sheepish when it failed.

In less than ten minutes I found myself seated at the table, vis-à-vis with Miss Maggie Newell. I was wholly at a loss to define my sensations. Before, when placed in a like position in regard to one of the feminine species, my desire had been to get away, to hide myself in some hole, to call on the rocks and mountains to cover me. My feeling in this case entirely changed. Not that I was less bashful than before, but I felt by an inspiration that my feet were too long and my hands too big, and even with the thought meditated putting my left foot into my right-hand waistcoat pocket, and was shamefaced at my signal failure. But the feature of my case which troubled me was this: I felt a sort of sheepish pleasure in stealing side-glances at the bright face of Maggie, and looking half a dozen ways at once if by any chance she caught my eye. The mistakes I made were many and a million. In handing her a cup of tea I managed to drop it just at the moment it touched her hand, and deluged the table with the contents. I salted my tea and put sugar on my egg. I told Mrs. Blanchard she ought to see Rita Sangalli dance, when I intended to tell her that it was a treat to hear Beecher. I committed so many nameless offenses that it was really a relief when I found myself on the road, bowling along at a five-minute gait, with Maggie by my side. And, if you will believe it, I felt pleased with the situation. Our conversation was interesting. *Ecce signum.*

Maggie was the speaker. I never could take the initiative with a woman, and always thought the way they do things in Leap-Year about the style for me.

"You must have been charmed with your drive over this morning, Mr. Raynor," she said, with a sly glance at me. What do you think I did? Acted like a blockhead, and tried to get off a compliment, after seeking inspiration in the crown of my hat, which I took off for the purpose, and put on again before I attempted to speak.

"The drive over *was* pleasant," I managed to say—I, who had never essayed a compliment before in my life. "But the situation now, in point of fact, is, you know, what you know."

Giving the matter my careful consideration now, I am inclined to the opinion that I meant to say that the ride in the morning was very

pleasant, but the ride back was doubly so, on account of her presence. Her astonished look at my inefficient speech, so far from helping me, only completed my overthrow.

"That is to say," I stammered, glaring reproachfully at the off-horse, as if he had something to do with my embarrassment—"that you—that I—that every body— What do you think of my team?"

At this strange finale to a strange address a disposition to laugh showed itself plainly in her face. But she replied with perfect composure,

"I think they are beauties. Will you let me drive?"

"*You* can't drive," I said, proud to find something on which I could assert my superiority. "A woman don't know any thing about a team."

"Will you let me try?" she said. "I have driven before."

She managed to touch my hand in taking the reins, and I was immediately thrown into a slow fever. I never got over it until—but I won't get before my story. She handled the reins like a female Jehu. I had to sit by her, and—I wanted to.

"I think you ought to call me by my name, Tom," she said. "We used to be great friends when we were such little things, and I have had enough of 'Miss Margaret' and 'Miss Newell.' Call me Maggie, please."

I couldn't have done it at the moment if it would have saved my life. And she referred to that period when she was foremost of my young tormentors. The one I was so often forced to kiss, and who laughed at me because I didn't like it!

We got home at last. I did not drive so fast on the last half of the way as the first, and my mother came smiling down the steps to meet us. Maggie and my mother kissed with extreme unction. I stood by, conscious that I looked mean, and trying to find that mine of gold in my hat.

"How did you and Tom get on together?" said my mother as we entered the parlor.

"We are the best of friends," said she. "Are we not, Tom?"

I don't know what I said. I never expect to remember it. I only know that it exasperated me to hear her talk in that way before my mother, and that the latter laughed heartily at my misanthropical face. I left them to their own devices, and went out to look after my horses. When I came back they had their heads very close together, hatching some kind of mischief I felt sure. I was at once seized upon to play cribbage with Maggie, while mother went away to see after some household duties. It was a plot on her part; but somehow I didn't feel so bad about it as I used to when she left me with Chrissy Downright or Nell Mason. But then I knew their "tricks and manners" quite too well.

I play a good game of cribbage, and I like any one who can do the same. And Maggie was my full match. I don't know how it was, but the tea-bell rang while we were still engaged in that mysterious "fifteen two, fifteen four, fifteen six, and three are nine, and one for his nob," so puzzling to a novice in the game of cribbage. Mother never came near us. She was too sharp for that, and too set on making mischief.

I'm not going to tell you all we did during the month Maggie staid with us. I only know that I was with her nearly all the time, and that after a week I was as keen after picnics and parties as any of them. After the first week, too, the boys and girls began to flock to our house as they had never done before. I noticed that the best young men of my acquaintance liked to talk and dance with Maggie. Of course it was nothing to me; but I didn't like it. I couldn't get a chance to talk with her, and she was the only one I dared to talk with. But her visit was nearly over, and, to my intense surprise, I was sorry for it. Actually sorry, because a woman, a man-trap, was going away. A month before I was ready to run away at her approach.

I went down to the Club the morning of the day preceding her departure. I was very glum, and Rodgers and Benton, two of the Club, began at me in this wise:

"Poor fellow! The rose forsakes his cheek," said Benton, stretching out his cigar in a melodramatic manner.

"She is gone, she is fled, and she will not return!" spouted Rodgers.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" I demanded, angrily.

"Here may you see Benedick the married man," replied Benton.

When he said that, the reason I was sorry Maggie was going away, and the way to stop her, came to me like a thunder-clap. "Thank you," said I. And I shook hands with him warmly. He stared at me as if he thought I had lost my senses. But I turned my back on him and left the Club. I went directly home. Maggie had gone out somewhere. Our estate lay just on the outskirts of the village, as you know. I went through all the rooms in the house, not knowing where to look for Maggie, and every where I went I found something of hers. A book, a guitar, a knot of faded violets, and the like. In my wanderings I went up to a room overlooking the farm, and from it I saw her. She had found my old place of refuge, the island in the swamp. The timber had been cut away from the place, and as it lay in a deep valley, it was in full sight. A corduroy bridge had been laid to it, by which she had crossed. And there she sat with her elbows on her knees, looking fixedly into space. I came down from my look-out, crossed the bridge, and came upon her unawares.

She had something in her lap as I came up, and peeping over her shoulder, I saw with a guilty sort of pleasure that they were little things I had given her at various times. She was turning them over in a vacant sort of manner, and did not see me as I came up. At that moment my timidity came back, and I stood like an idiot. But in that moment I knew that she was the "one maid for me."

I don't think I moved. But that magnetic influence passing from mind to mind told her that some one was standing near. She looked up with a start, and the trinkets were scattered on the ground. A roseate flush stole into her cheek, which made her look more bewitching than ever. I stooped to pick up the scattered articles, and she did the same. We bumped our heads together. She looked up with a smile.

"Maggie," I said.

"Well, Tom?"

"Do you—don't you think that—that Dora Mead is a nice girl?"

I don't know what possessed me to say that. It was not what I meant to say at all. She drew up her shoulders in a pretty way.

"Certainly," she said.

"But Maggie, I am sorry you are going away."

"Thank you, Tom. You will get over it. Dora will comfort you."

"Perhaps she will," I said, "if she only gets the chance. What do I care for Dora Mead?"

"More than you do for any body else," she said. "And I don't blame you."

"Maggie!"

She looked at me this time in such a way that in a moment my timidity was gone. I think a man who had been used to the wiles of woman could not have done it better than I did. And she put her hands in mine and promised to be my wife.

When we came back looking very happy and at the same time very silly, my mother detected us on the spot. No need to tell her. For had she not sent for Maggie in order that I might fall in love with her?

What a thing it is to have a mother who understands human nature! The bashful man is cured.

HARP AND VOICE.

HUSHED is the voice and cold the hand,
That once, in far-gone years,
Could move with Music's sweet command
My heart to smiles or tears.
The harp, unstrung, no more shall wake
The haunted strains of yore,
Save as, unheard, their echoes break
On memory's silent shore!

No more the voice whose cadence soft
The tenderest feeling thrilled,
On silvery wings shall bear aloft
My soul entranced and stilled—
Until it falls on my rapt ear
When mortal bonds are riven;
And, as it breathed of heaven here,
Shall hallow earth in heaven!

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

POLITICAL RECEPTIONS.

OF course we have all kinds of parties and entertainments in England—balls, dinner-parties, fête-champêtres, and croquet-parties, to say nothing of the eternal kettle-drums, those economical afternoon affairs, where tea, bread and butter, cakes, etc., are all that it is necessary to provide—save ices, perhaps, in the very hot weather—whether people dance, listen to music, or are content with talking only. The early London season begins after Easter, and lasts until the end or middle of July; but before Easter, while Parliament is sitting, there are always plenty of people in the metropolis, and there are a few balls going on, but balls are the exception in Lent, and receptions—chiefly political ones—are the order of the day.

There are several houses in London where such receptions are held; but the most notable entertainments of the kind are those given by Mr. Disraeli, our present Tory Premier, and Mr. Gladstone, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, now the leader of the Opposition.

The invitations are issued some week or ten days beforehand, as follows:

MRS. DISRAELI [or MRS. GLADSTONE, as the case may be],
At Home,
SATURDAY [or WEDNESDAY], —— of ——.
FOREIGN OFFICE, DOWNING STREET [or CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE].

No time is specified; people begin to assemble at about half past ten, and leave by twelve or thereabouts. They are usually held on Wednesdays or Saturdays, because on those nights the Houses of Parliament do not sit.

As a rule, no amusement of any kind is provided for the guests. The host and hostess receive you in the first drawing-room you enter; then you make your way through a brilliant suite of rooms crowded to suffocation, and by-and-by partake of a light refreshment of ices, tea, cake, fruit, etc., served on a long buffet in one of the further rooms, and that is all the actual programme of the evening. Sometimes—as when such entertainments were held at the old official residence in Downing Street—the suite of apartments were any thing but brilliant—rather dark and very dingy-looking in fact, with hardly any furniture about them; nothing but a few settees ranged against the wall, and only a row of fine marble pillars down the centre of the principal room redeemed their appearance at all. The entrance, too, was so bad that a long wooden corridor, as well as an awning-covered corridor, had to be built out pretty well every time the official residence was called into requisition for such a purpose. But whatever be the shortcomings of the place, the brilliancy of the assembly is quite sure to make up for them. All the great stars from both sides of the political hemisphere congregate here—celebrities of all kinds, both literary and social, and the most beautiful women of the day to boot.

Mrs. Gladstone's house, in Carlton House Terrace, is in itself a sight worth seeing. You ascend a small flight of steps, where powdered footmen and a sombre-dressed butler stand ready to receive you and marshal you the way that you should go. On entering you give your name, and at a table close by a list is kept of the guests as they arrive, to be published next day in all the morning papers. It is astonishing how anxious people are that their names should appear, and if by any chance they are omitted, what trouble they take to send a special notification to the press that they were present, though their names were not inserted.

All this, by-the-by, is in the outer hall. The inner hall is very large and lofty, and you have to cross this to deposit your cloaks in the dining-room before you make your way up stairs.

The grand staircase branches off on either side, and its walls are lined with pictures of various kinds, from Leech's sketches to some fine works of the Old Masters.

At the top of the staircase a few steps and a broad landing lead to the drawing-rooms, in the first of which Mrs. Gladstone receives you. These rooms are beautifully furnished and abound in works of art. Cabinets against the wall are full of the choicest china, for Ceramic ware is the great hobby of Mr. Gladstone's life. When the Budget proved more troublesome than usual he was wont to renew his wasted energies by a half hour devoted to his treasures in Majolica and Henri Deux. Easels, with choice prints and exquisite specimens of photography fill every corner, and statuary of all kinds abound. You breathe an atmosphere of art from the moment you enter the great man's home.

In time the crowd disperse themselves through the various rooms, gossip a little over a cup of tea or an ice, and are the lions, or lionize, as the case may be.

The head of the stairs, I notice—those few steps which lead to the first drawing-room—is where Mr. Gladstone, later in the evening, after the duty of receiving his guests is over, mostly takes up his stand, with a knot of the ruling spirits, male and female, round him.

All political chiefs seem to have a worn, weary look about them. Mr. Gladstone's is decidedly a fine intellectual face, with a great deal of fire in his speaking gray eye, but he is always pale and apparently exhausted, and pays but little attention to his dress. His hair is long and sprinkled with gray, and he still wears the large old-fashioned collars which nearly cover the chin—that shapely, well-defined chin of his which denotes so unmistakably the strong determination of his character.

Turn where you will you see some one who has made his mark in our country's history. Here Lord Clarendon's blanched face is busily discussing something with an old brother politician, which something we of course think must be the affairs of the nation. Near to him is the present Speaker of the House of Commons with his wife, a high-bred looking woman, who is leaning back in the centre ottoman, talking to the Count D'Azelir, one of the most polished members of our diplomatic corps, from which, alas! he is about to retire. By-and-by Tennyson passes, exchanging a word here and there. You recognize him in a moment from his exact resemblance to his photographs, which are in nearly every shop window—the long face and the long shaggy beard and whiskers are unmistakable; indeed there is altogether a rather unkempt appearance about our Poet Laureate, which you forget in a moment when you hear him talk, especially if you can induce him to touch upon his own little home in the Isle of Wight. He must be making quite a fortune now, for our periodicals are paying him fabulous prices for very short poems of only a few lines long.

Mr. Bright, too, has found his way to these receptions in Carlton House Terrace; and there is certainly nothing either weary or worn-looking about his appearance. Rumor says he will have a seat in the next Liberal Cabinet; but then rumor has a hundred tongues, more than fifty of them false.

If I stop to tell you further about Mrs. Gladstone's entertainments, I shall leave myself but little space for the wonderful receptions Mrs. Disraeli has been holding this year; and they surpass any thing of the kind we have ever had here.

In the first place, the New Foreign Office was placed at her disposal—a very splendid building, which is not even now quite complete. It forms part of the block to be devoted to those Government Offices, which are to replace the present very inconvenient ones. The new India House is part of the same plan, where the best of all the entertainments given to the Sultan of Turkey took place last year. We have never before or since had such a ball in England. The company were much the same as at a state ball, for the Queen's list was chiefly consulted when the invitations were issued.

All the gentlemen were obliged to appear in uniform or Court dress, and the ladies donned their newest and richest attire. Such brilliant lighting from wax-lights and gas combined! Such music, all as good as it could be. Scarlet and gold was the prevailing tone of color every where, relieved by the vivid green of huge tropical plants. The air was kept at a medium temperature by mountains of ice on gilt stands, and in retired nooks, every here and there, water trickled over beds of ferns and rock-work as if they had been there for a quarter of a century. All that earthly talent and earthly grandeur could do to make it perfect was done, and so far it was perfect; but amidst all this pomp, this busy life, the Angel of Death stepped in to claim its own, and poor Madame Musurus, the wife of the Turkish Embassador, died, or, at all events, was taken away in a dying state from the Royal supper-table. I am, however, wandering from my subject; but the style of the two buildings—the New Foreign Office and the India Office—are so much alike that I can hardly describe the one without recalling the other.

Plenty of pure white stone, plenty of highly-decorated ceilings and walls make the New Foreign Office a very worthy abode for such an assembly. It is indeed far more like a monarch's palace than a mere official residence. The grand staircase is quite regal in its character; the balusters are of brown and white marble and alabaster, surmounted by a slab of dark serpentine rock. The corridors round are rich in marble pillars with gilt capitals, and the arches and arabesque work about them are as perfect as they could be. Moreover, the first reception was graced with the presence of Royalty, and we good folks here are very glad to see our reigning family among us.

The Queen herself, since her bereavement, has taken no part in such gayeties, but the natural loyalty expends itself now on the younger branches of her family; in fact, it is impossible to give a stranger a true notion of the great popularity of our Princess of Wales; the smallest atom of gossip about her is listened to with the warmest interest; she is mobbed wherever she goes, and, though she has been in England more than five years, the crowd is just as great round the gates in Hyde Park, when she is expected to drive, as when she came first among us as a bride. A prettier or more graceful or more gracious woman you could hardly see.

At Mrs. Disraeli's At Home she was accompanied by her husband, Prince and Princess Christian—the Queen's youngest married daughter—the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Teck, who married the Princess Mary of Cambridge.

In England people are always anxious to know what the Princess of Wales wears, for she dresses in admirable taste; perhaps the belles on the other side of the Atlantic may have a similar curiosity, so I will describe her toilette: The dress was a white and gold tarlatan, trimmed with gold braid and black bows edged with gold; over this was a tunic of white silk, also trimmed with gold braid. In her hair she wore a diamond tiara and a bow or two of cerise colored ribbons; and long cerise ends of ribbons tied the ten or twelve rows of pearls round her neck. She did not, as she often does, wear the blue ribbon of the garter across the body of her dress, but a cluster of glittering orders on the right shoulder was very effective and pretty, sparkling as she moved.

As usual, every body present seemed anxious to see the Royal group, and the principal reception-room, in which they remained for some time after their arrival, was thronged. Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli went down to the principal entrance to escort them thither, and remained with them during the greater part of the evening.

Mr. Disraeli shows the wear and tear of official life quite as much as the leader of the Opposition. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown;" and uneasy, I fear, lies many a head on whom the coveted boon of power falls. As I looked at him I thought of him rather as a novelist than as a Premier; and I wondered whether, in very truth, he were proving in his own person the feelings of many of his heroes, who very nearly occupied a similar position. Lady St. John's words, in his famous Sibyl, would come into my head: "People get into Parliament"—he made her say, if you remember—"to get on; their aims are indefinite. If they have indulged in hallucinations about place before they enter the House they are soon freed from such distempered fancies; they find they have no more talent than other people, and, if they had, they learn that power, patronage, and pay are reserved for us and our friends. Well, then, like practical men, they look to some result, and they get it. They are asked out to dinner more than they would be; they move rigmarole resolutions at nonsensical public meetings, and they get invited, with their women, to assemblies at their leaders, where they see stars and blue ribbons, and, above all, us, who they little think, in appearing on such occasions, make the greatest possible sacrifice."

Herein the Premier's own words, the very essence of the thing, is painted. These political "At Homes" are, there is no doubt, one of the strings by which the puppets on the political stage are pulled; and, as I wandered among the long, handsome corridors, through various rooms all more or less full, all more or less rich in their decorations—as I listened to the inspiriting strain of the Coldstream Guards' band stationed in the hall below me, I longed to draw aside the veil that clouded the present and the future; and the beautiful women, the celebrities, the great and little men about here seemed only for a while so many actors in a drama.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POLONAISE.—Nos. 24 and 26 of *Harper's Bazar* give the pattern of the polonaise or redingote.

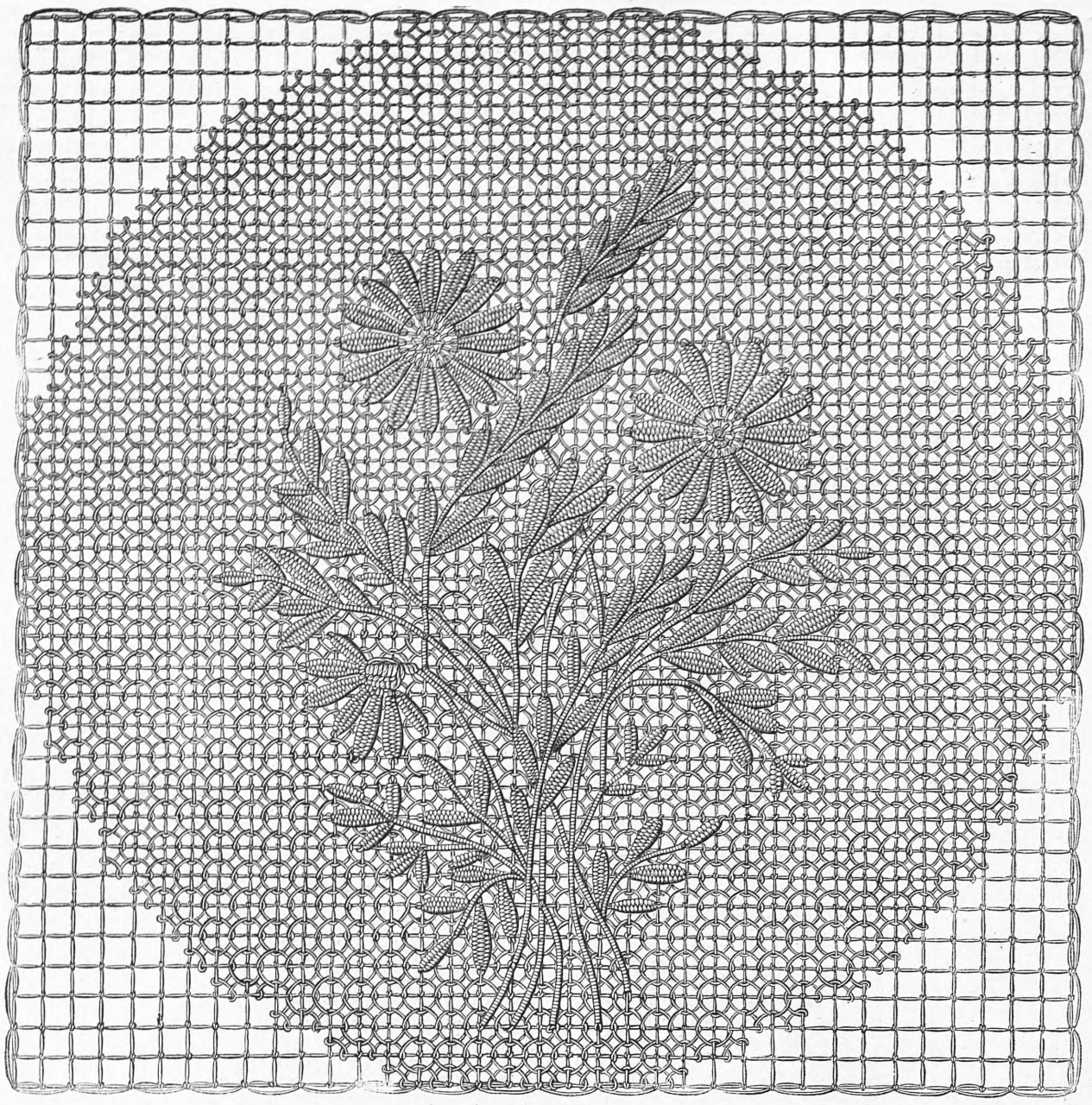
MRS. F. C., AND OTHERS.—We can not undertake to publish any special patterns in our Supplement, but will endeavor to make the variety great enough to suit the mass of our readers. In No. 24 of *Harper's Bazar*, under the title of Smoking Jacket, you will find the pattern you require.

AN INQUIRER.—We know of no distinctive style of street dress for brides. A Watteau suit of French gray silk, trimmed with satin of a deeper shade, has been made lately as part of a trousseau; also a chameleon silk of mingled gray and blue, with two skirts, trimmed with box-pleated ruffles, the upper skirt being festooned at the back and sides. A Marie Antoinette fichu forms the over-wrapping. This style is very becoming to slight figures and very youthful brides. The bonnet, gloves, and boots should match in color.

A SUBSCRIBER.—You will probably find the styles you want in our New York Fashion article, No. 29. Open the dress behind, but not to the bottom of the skirt. The sleeveless sack will be appropriate. The sash may be either of ribbon or of the material of the dress; this is a matter of choice and convenience. Flat surfaces are not so pretty for trimming children's dresses as raised, full ones. We would suggest narrow bias frills, of blue silk instead of velvet ribbon for trimming a blue and white plaid poplin.

Square in Netted Guipure.

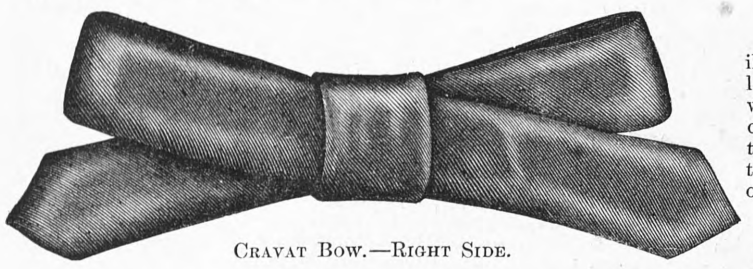
THIS is a pretty square with a circular point d'esprit foundation, on which is embroidered a raised bouquet in point de reprise. It is worked in coarse or fine cotton or cord, according to the size of the covers for which it is designed. The effect is very good, if the foundation is netted in black silk and the guipure worked in colors. The form of the foundation may be made circular by working around the edge of the point d'esprit filling in button-hole stitch, having first run several threads around it to make it firm, and then cutting away the outside corners. To this may be sewed an edge of tatted or guipure lace. The manner of working the foundation, as well as the stitches point d'esprit and point de reprise, are probably familiar to our readers, as we have already described them several times in the *Bazar*. We will only mention that in working the foundation in point d'esprit four squares of the net are left free for the centre of each flower. These are afterward filled by little wheels, which are worked in loose button-hole stitch.



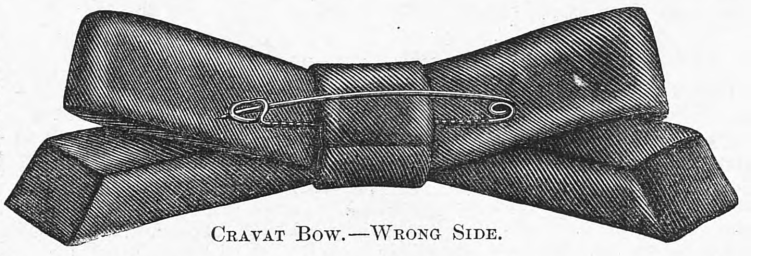
SQUARE IN NETTED GUIPURE.

Cravat Bow.

THIS neat little bow, which may be worn instead of a brooch, is made of a double piece of satin two inches wide, lined with gauze. The ends are pointed, the strip is folded lengthwise, and sewed together so that the seam lies along the back of the strip. The bow is fastened on by means of a clasp-pin, as shown by the second illustration, which gives the under side of the bow.



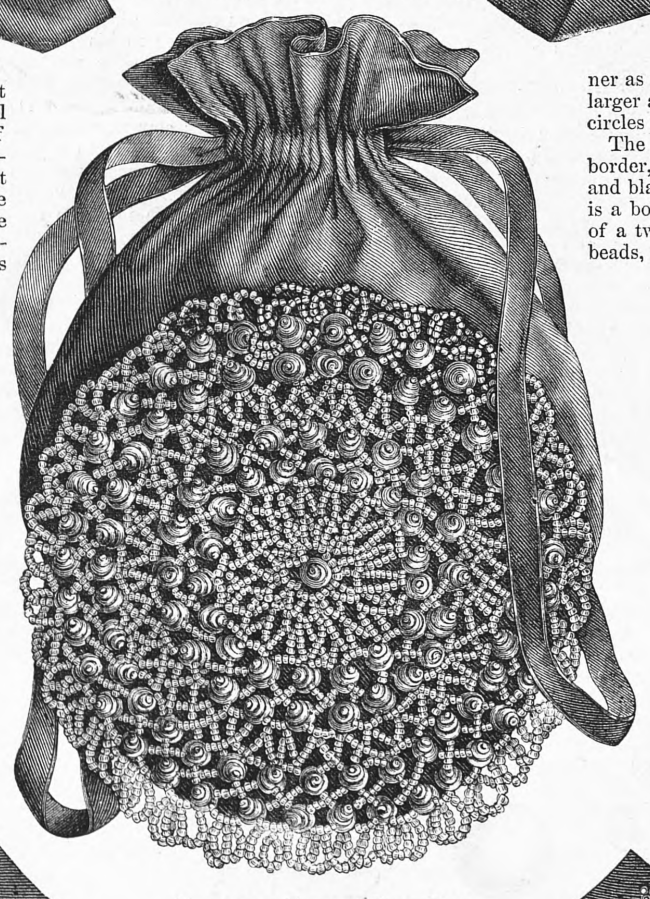
CRAVAT BOW.—RIGHT SIDE.



CRAVAT BOW.—WRONG SIDE.

Bead and Shell Work-Bag.

MATERIALS: Violet silk, violet silk ribbon half an inch in width, crystal beads, pearl snail shells (Venetian shells), white cord. This pretty bag is of violet silk, ornamented on both sides by a circular piece worked in crystal beads and shells. The accompanying illustration shows the bag of half the size. Each shell must be pierced with four small holes. Begin each piece in the centre and work in the round as follows: 1st round.—A shell, forming the centre, and on this four bead loops, the first of which counts ten beads and the remainder only eight, while the thread must always be run back through the last two of the preceding loop. 2d round.—Run the needle through the first two beads of the first loop of the first round, then string on 16 beads, put the needle through the second following bead of the same loop of the first round, repeat this twice; ∗ again string on 16 beads, put the needle through the fourth bead of the next loop of the first round; then make two other loops, each of 16 beads, with each of which pass over a bead of the first round, and repeat in the round from ∗. 3d round.—Run the thread through the first seven beads of the first loop of the second round, ∗ then string on 11 beads, and, passing over two beads of the same loop of the former round, run the needle through the 3d following bead, string on 11 beads, run the needle through the 7 beads of the following loop of the last round, and repeat from ∗. 4th round.—Run the thread through the first six beads of the first loop of the last round, then ∗ string on two beads, after which a shell, running the thread through two holes thereof, then again two beads, after which run the thread through the middle bead of the next scallop of the last round, and repeat from ∗. This done, six rounds follow, which are easily arranged with the assistance of the illustration; and on these a round of loops, which finishes the edge and is worked as follows: First string a bead cord, then fasten the thread to one of the shells of the last round, run it through one bead of the cord, ∗ string on five beads, run the thread through nineteen beads of the cord, thus forming a loop; run the thread through the next shell, then again through nineteen beads of the cord, and repeat from ∗. Having finished the rosettes, now sew them on a bag of violet silk, in the manner shown by the illustration.



BEAD AND SHELL WORK-BAG.

Two Mats for Lamps, Vases, etc.

BOTH these mats are of brown carriage-leather, and are circular, being six inches in diameter. The trimming is easily made. For Fig. 1 prepare first a round piece of pasteboard six inches in diameter; cover this on one side with brown carriage-leather, fastening it to the pasteboard by means of gum-arabic, and border the edge with green coffee berries of different sizes. The berries are fastened on with gum-arabic and sewed over with black silk, the threads of which cross, as shown in the illustration. Cover the under side also with carriage-leather, cut the edge into small scallops, and finish with a row of black beads.

For Fig. 2 prepare two circular pieces of carriage-leather, sticking the backs together, and finish the edge with a border of opaque beads, sewed on as shown in the illustration. Put the needle through the double material close to the outer edge, sticking it from under; string twelve beads on the working thread, then put the needle again through the mat, three-eighths of an inch from the former point, run it back through the last three beads, and string on nine others. Proceed in this manner. Having finished this edge, prepare two additional circles—the one three-fourths of an inch, the other an inch and a half less in diameter than the first circles. These are edged with beads in the same manner as the larger circle, except that alabaster beads are used for the larger and crystal for the smaller of the two. Finally, sew these two circles on each other, and then on the larger one.

The patterns in Figs. 3–5 may also be used for bordering. The border, Fig. 3, consists of small rosettes formed of cucumber seeds and black beads, and sewed on the scallops of the foundation. Fig. 4 is a border of jet beads and bugles. Fig. 5 is a border in imitation of a twisted cord. It is made of opaque, alabaster, crystal, and jet beads, which are arranged over a white cord.

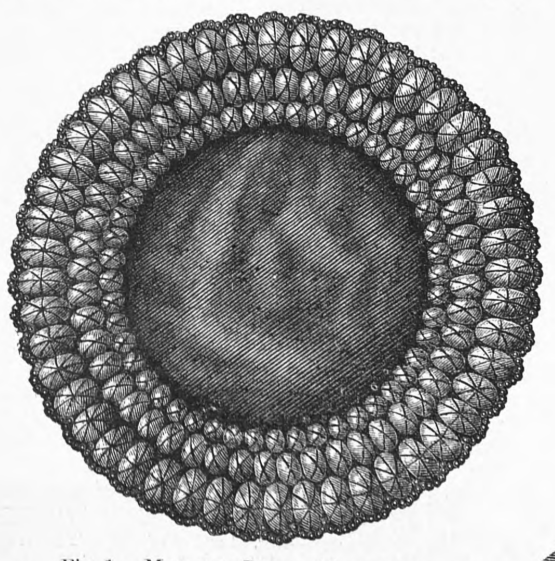


Fig. 1.—MAT FOR LAMPS, VASES, ETC.

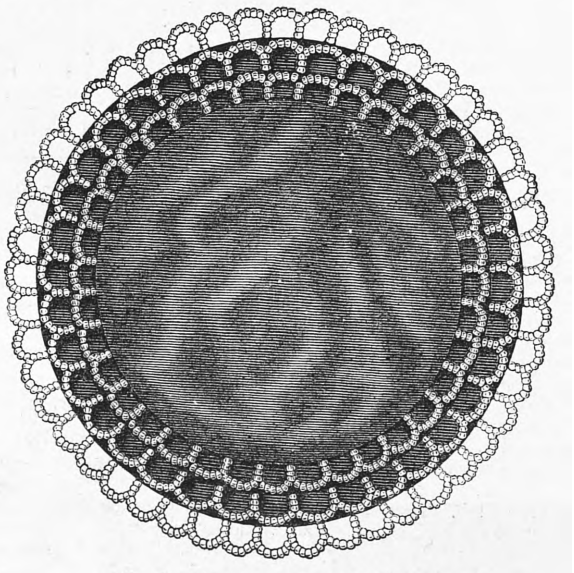


Fig. 2.—MAT FOR LAMPS, VASES, ETC.

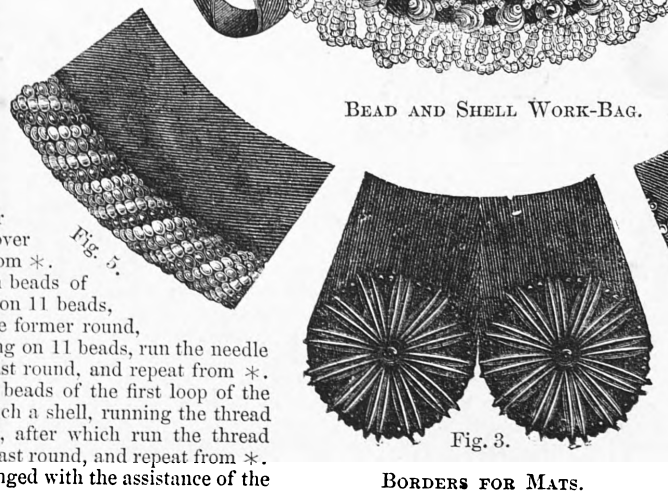


Fig. 5.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 3.

BORDERS FOR MATS.

Embroidery Pattern for Lambrequin.

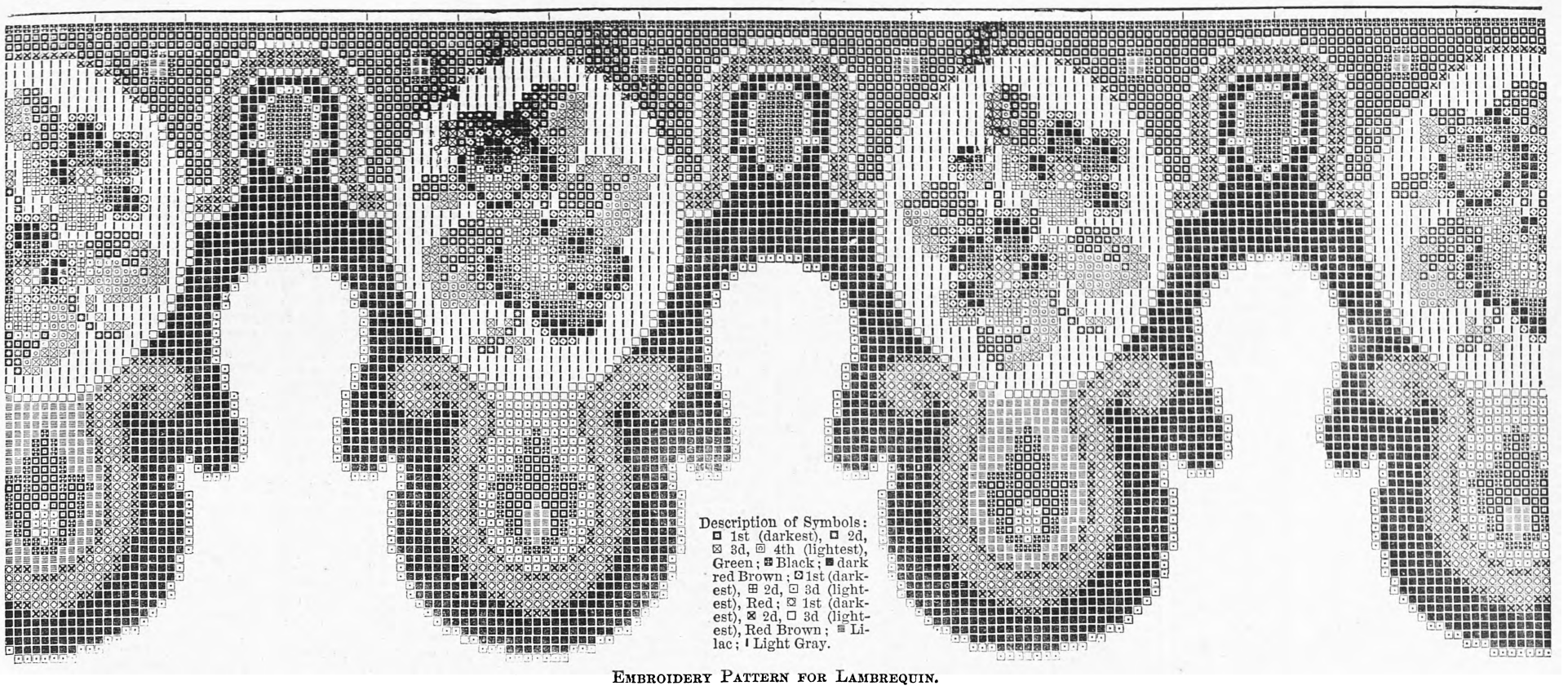
See illustration, page 457.

A LAMBREQUIN executed in the colors given on page 457 has a very pretty effect. It may be worked either in wool and silk, or entirely in beads. The fineness of materials will depend on the use for which the lambrequin is designed. The outer edge is finished with a silk cord, or with a string of beads.

Four Squares for Covers.

See illustration, page 457.

THESE four squares set together give a portion of a cover. Two of the squares are of fine piqué, embroidered with fine crochet cord. The star in the centre of one of them is worked in satin stitch with knitting cotton. The square in netted guipure needs no further description, as we have already frequently given the instructions needed for the working of the several stitches. The crochet square, which is worked in backward and for-



EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR LAMBREQUIN.

ward rounds, is as follows: 1st round.—Beginning on the under corner, a foundation of * 6 ch. (chain stitches); crochet then 1 dc. (double crochet) in the second of these ch.; but the dc., however, must be only so far completed as still to leave two loops on the needle. Next crochet 1 tc. (treble crochet) in the 1st of the 6 ch.—in doing this the last three loops on the needle are to be worked off with one thread—this completes a leaf. From * repeat twelve times; then turn the work and crochet 2d round—1 sc. (single crochet) in the stitch between the 4th and 5th leaves, counting from the end; work again two leaves, then 1 sc. between the 2d and 3d following leaves, etc. At the end of the round work three leaves, after which turn the work and crochet the 3d round back in the same manner.

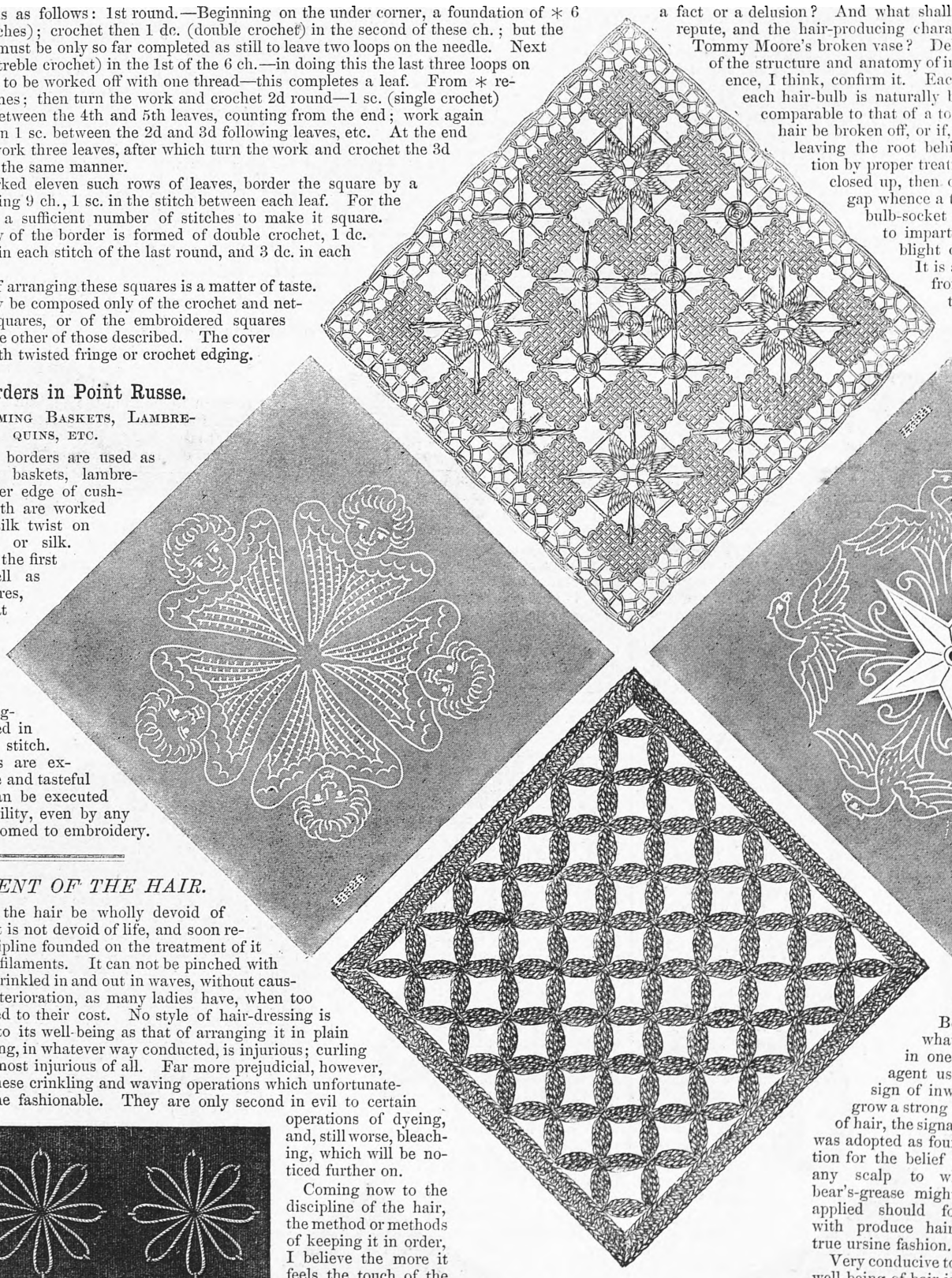
Having worked eleven such rows of leaves, border the square by a round alternating 9 ch., 1 sc. in the stitch between each leaf. For the corners, work a sufficient number of stitches to make it square. The outer row of the border is formed of double crochet, 1 dc. being worked in each stitch of the last round, and 3 dc. in each corner stitch.

The mode of arranging these squares is a matter of taste. The cover may be composed only of the crochet and netted guipure squares, or of the embroidered squares with one or the other of those described. The cover is bordered with twisted fringe or crochet edging.

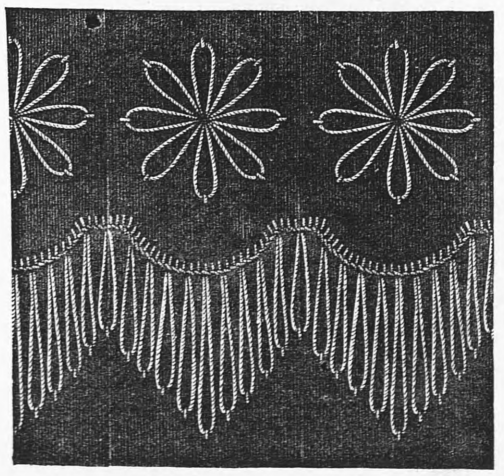
Two Borders in Point Russe.

FOR TRIMMING BASKETS, LAMBREQUINS, ETC.

THESE two borders are used as trimming for baskets, lambrequins, the outer edge of cushions, etc. Both are worked with colored silk twist on velvet, cloth, or silk. The fringe in the first figure, as well as the star figures, is fastened at the points by means of a short stitch. The fringe and figures in the second figure are worked in half-polka stitch. These designs are extremely simple and tasteful withal, and can be executed with great facility, even by any one not accustomed to embroidery.



FOUR SQUARES FOR COVERS, IN CROCHET, POINT RUSSE, AND NETTED GUIPURE.



BORDER IN POINT RUSSE FOR BASKETS, LAMBREQUINS, ETC.

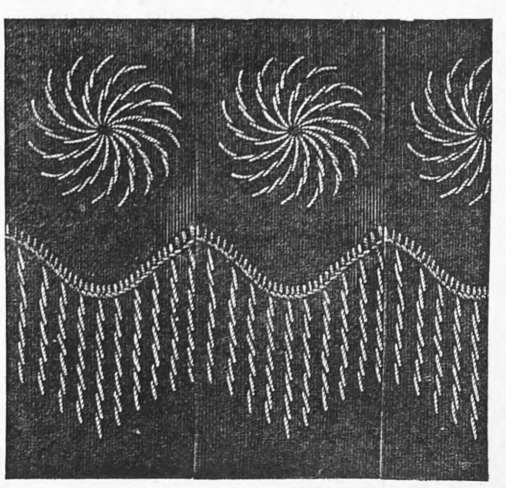
TREATMENT OF THE HAIR.

THOUGH the hair be wholly devoid of feeling, it is not devoid of life, and soon resents any discipline founded on the treatment of it as mere dead filaments. It can not be pinched with hot irons, or crinkled in and out in waves, without causing speedy deterioration, as many ladies have, when too late, discovered to their cost. No style of hair-dressing is so congenial to its well-being as that of arranging it in plain bands. Curling, in whatever way conducted, is injurious; curling by hot irons most injurious of all. Far more prejudicial, however, are some of these crinkling and waving operations which unfortunately have become fashionable. They are only second in evil to certain operations of dyeing, and, still worse, bleaching, which will be noticed further on.

Coming now to the discipline of the hair, the method or methods of keeping it in order, I believe the more it feels the touch of the atmospheric air the better for its condition. The magnificent masses of hair to be seen on the heads of foreign peasant-girls, who never wear bonnets or other head-covering, is a standing proof of the soundness of this doctrine. Conversely, again, who can have failed to remark the tendency to baldness which any persistent covering of the head induces? Is there any cure for baldness when it has become confirmed? Are those elixirs, those balms of Gilead, those rosemary essences, and other things of which hair-dressers talk to one about in such bland persuasive tones—are they a fact or a delusion? And what shall we say about bear's-grease, that was once held in such repute, and the hair-producing character of which still lingers, as did the odor of flowers to Tommy Moore's broken vase? Delusions all, I fear, or at any rate mostly. Consideration of the structure and anatomy of individual hairs will prompt to this conclusion, and experience, I think, confirm it. Each hair, as is generally known, springs from a bulb, and each hair-bulb is naturally bedded in its own socket. The arrangement is one very comparable to that of a tooth in its jaw-socket and membranous investiture. If a hair be broken off, or if, growing weak from one of many causes, it withers down, leaving the root behind, then doubtless much may be done to effect restoration by proper treatment; but if the bulb has wholly gone, and the skin once closed up, then one might as well expect to grow a new tooth from the gap whence a tooth had been extracted as to evolve from that particular bulb-socket a new hair. The only effectual way I know of whereby to impart a new head of hair to a pericranium upon which the blight of actual baldness has fallen, is that of transplantation. It is a perfectly established fact that hairs can be transplanted from one head to another, and that when thus transplanted they will grow. I say nothing about the pain such an operation would cause—that is a matter to be reflected on by the patient. In like manner, feathers and teeth will grow if similarly transplanted. The experiment was tried, and succeeded, of transplanting a tooth to the comb of a cock. These physiological facts are suggestive of much cranial artistic beauty, whenever fashion may prompt individuals to incur the pain of its infliction. One can readily imagine the imposing beauty that would come of adorning human heads with birds' feathers. It would be some sort of a triumph for a lady to boast that she grew her own ostrich-plumes.

When hairs have withered away down to their respective bulbs their growth can be promoted by certain applications. Among these cantharides, or Spanish flies, have acquired a celebrity which upon the whole may be pronounced merited. Cantharidin, however, in all its various states, is so powerful an agent that the employment of it should never be trusted to the discretion of a hair-dresser. Pernitrate of mercury is another agent that has grown into repute for the same purpose. This also, however, is dangerous when used too strong, and its degree of concentration can only be judged of in respect to each particular case. The repute required by bear's-grease for strengthening the hair, and even overcoming baldness, is wholly unfounded. Bear's-grease first came into vogue through application of what is called the doctrine of signatures, whereby it was, in one stage of medical belief, inferred that each particular agent used, or capable of being used, gave evidence by external sign of inward potentiality. Thus inasmuch as bears were seen to grow a strong coat of hair, the signature was adopted as foundation for the belief that any scalp to which bear's-grease might be applied should forthwith produce hair in true ursine fashion.

Very conducive to the well-being of hair is assiduous removal of the small cutaneous scales that invest every inch of the skin it grows upon. Brushing accomplishes this well, and the mild friction of the brush is also advantageous by stimulating a proper supply of blood toward the hair-roots. Let no one be led away by the notion that so-called magnetic brushes are of especial use. Magnetic brushes are like any ordinary brushes, in effect neither better nor worse. True, indeed, each of these magnetic brushes has a magnet fixed into its reverse; but any person acquainted with magnetism will feel assured that the conditions of arrangement



BORDER IN POINT RUSSE FOR BASKETS, LAMBREQUINS, ETC.

are altogether incompatible with the exercise of any magnetic influence.

Beyond combing and brushing, what are the best expedients for hair-cleaning? In man there is nothing so good as soap-and-water lather; but the plan can not be recommended for ladies. The alkali of soap is not congenial to the gloss and beauty of human hair; moreover, to some extent, alkaline contact affects the coloring-matter, and changes its tint. Men are above or beside these considerations, but they should be taken heed of by ladies. Glycerine and lime-juice so called is not glycerine and lime-juice at all. It is merely scented oil and lime-water. Glycerine and rose-water is much better. The advantage of glycerine is, that it imparts to the hair a soft, silky brilliancy; the so-called brilliantine, in point of fact, which gentlemen—vain young ones—use for their whiskers and mustaches is only glycerine scented. For bandoline nothing is better—perhaps nothing so good—as a very small fragment of gum-tragacanth dissolved in water and perfumed. The fragment must be *very* small, otherwise the solution will turn the *accroche-cœur* into a veritable horn, as uncomfortable to wear as ungraceful to look at. People who use pomades should be very careful that they do not apply injurious coloring-matters to the hair. The fashion these some years past has come in of using yellow or straw-colored pomades. They are elegant to look at, and so long as the yellow tint is imparted by palm-oil, as it should be, they are, sanitarily considered, unobjectionable. I fear, however, that in many instances the peculiar tint of yellow so much desiderated is given by incorporation with some injurious metallic compound. Roseate pomades are never, on account of their coloring-matter, objectionable, the tint being always imparted by alkanet root, which is wholly innocuous. In respect to the oleaginous composition of pomades, that varies greatly. Spermaceti, and almost any animal oil or fat—except mutton-fat—may be employed in their composition. I believe the very best oleaginous hair application consists of a mixture of castor-oil and alcohol, two parts by measure of the former to one of the latter, the whole perfumed according to taste. The circumstance should here be mentioned that castor-oil is the only oil admitting of this treatment; if, for example, it were attempted to combine olive-oil with alcohol, the operator would soon find he had taken trouble in vain. Between the two no union would ensue; and the same remark applies to every oil, with the exception of castor-oil.

The hair of human beings, as well as of animals, holds sulphur in its composition, and retains this element obstinately. Thus, if a scrap of flannel, a thousand times or even ten thousand times washed, be taken and analyzed for sulphur, this element will invariably be found. It is a property of sulphur—and more especially of a certain sulphur containing gas—to turn several metallic combinations black. Lead is one of the metals in this category, and accordingly lead has formed the basis of more than one hair-dye. Bismuth is another of these metals, and silver another; the blackening function of silver salts, however, when used as hair-dyes, is not wholly referable to this sulphurous reaction.

THORNS IN THE FLESH OF A MARRIED MAN.

MY DEAR BAZAR,—The spring has come. The spring with its glory of birds and flowers, its singing brooks and humming bees, its house-cleaning and dress-makers. It is upon these last two subjects that I wish more particularly to address you, for I have been credibly informed that you, more than any other paper, appeal to the hearts of the ladies. Those tender organs I also would touch to-day in behalf of my unfortunate brethren similarly situated with myself. The dear creatures have unbounded respect for any thing they see in print; and, between you and me, it is very possible my own wife may read these remarks and never dream they proceed from her husband. For I am a timid man; and when she bears down upon me in the magnificence of her new spring suit my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth, and I can only admire.

But, as I was saying, it is May with its perfect weather, its unfolding trees and flowers, and yet, with all the outdoor attractions, and my own cordial invitations, I see no more of this wife of mine than if she was an evening acquaintance. Do you ask me why? She is house-cleaning and dress-making. Ever since the middle of March buckets of water have been traveling up stairs, carpets have promenaded down to be shaken, walls have been whitewashed, closets emptied, and a general state of confusion has prevailed. I sometimes pinch myself by way of making sure of my personal identity, for it is really difficult to discover my own clothes, and the new set of shirts I bought only last fall are scattered no one knows whither.

It is a terrible condition of things. And to crown it all, my wife assures me that it is an absolute necessity which must be undergone every spring and fall, or she will lose her reputation as a housekeeper. As I am a young married man I don't venture to contradict her, for I suppose I know nothing about it. When I was a bachelor and had my suite of rooms there never seemed to be any house-cleaning, and I knew where to find every thing. But bless you, nowadays I shudder at the thought of the missing books and papers, and long in vain for the snug library-table which formerly held all my treasures undisturbed. And when I consider that thousands of men all through the length and breadth of the land are in the same bewildered state of mind at this very same time I lose myself in the vastness of the conception, and my only relief is to write you.

But the worst is yet to be told. Shortly after the commencement of the house-cleaning raid appeared a tall angular female with a round plump assistant, and took possession of our spare room. My wife informed me very decidedly that as times were hard she had concluded to economize by having her dresses made and altered at home, and she hoped I would do my best to make it pleasant to the artiste. I endeavored feebly to commend her course, but my heart misgave me as I noted the comfortable installation of the treasure, and feared the quarters might be too attractive. So it has proved. The April days have lengthened into May; the robes, and sacques, and walking-suits, are heaped up around her;

> "And that female still is sitting,
> Still is sitting, still is sitting,
> On the pleasant chair with rockers just within the chamber door."

I will not finish the quotation for fear I might be tempted to be too severe.

Every fine day my wife goes shopping, and returns laden with "the cheapest things—real bargains," not to mention the variety of brown paper parcels, which make their appearance in the course of the afternoon and evening. When I occasionally suggest that she may be accumulating more than one woman can well carry on her back, she silences me with an estimate of the amount she is saving by having her dresses made at home, and wonders how I can be so hard-hearted, when Madame considers these things indispensable to her position in society. Of course, I do not say another word, but submit it to you as a critic of discretion whether the trimmings and fandangos with which Madame sees fit to decorate the garments may not be almost as costly sometimes as the foundation.

In this pleasant spring weather our friends are liable to drop in upon us to spend the night, for I am a man of hospitable inclinations, and like to have my spare room occupied. But, for that matter, it is tenanted already; and as the dress-maker must not be disturbed, my wife and I give up our own snug apartment, and make ourselves uncomfortable in the attic, which, by reason of the house-cleaning hitherto adverted to, is not the most inviting place in the world.

Of course, the dress-maker comes to the table. My better half says it is the custom; that her feelings would be outraged by any other treatment; and so I am constrained twice a day to contemplate her angular features, as well as the plump, rounded ones of her assistant. No more cozy little talks with my wife on family topics. I really begin to feel almost like an interloper in my own house; for she never by any chance addresses me, and I am bound to do my duty in heaping up the dress-makers' plates. It is wonderful what appetites the creatures have. Before I have thought of my own dinner they are ready for a second helping, and their tastes are so very discriminating with regard to the best cuts. It seems to me if I devoured fashion-plates all day long, and bit off my thread in the same manner they do, I shouldn't care for much else; but they are a singular race of beings, and I am having a fine opportunity to study them up.

Then the materials of the trade. Every time I go up stairs I must navigate carefully amidst waves of muslins, and barèges, and poplins, and repeat the skipping-rope of my very juvenile days in frantic capers over braids and trimmings. It is really wonderful that one female's wardrobe can consume so much; but my lady assures me she doesn't begin to compare with most of her sex, and wishes I could only see the dresses of some of her friends. *I* do not wish it at all; indeed I have quite enough to see as it is, and would willingly shut out some of the contemplation.

Moreover, I fully and firmly believe that these doings will be the death of me yet. From my earliest days I have been impressed with a great horror of lock-jaw, more immediately that produced by running a needle into one's flesh. And although I have never had any experience of the disease I am convinced it will be my fate, and at present it seems to be approaching. Wherever I go there are needles. I have picked up a score at least in our own room; I encounter them in the chairs, in the table-cover, in my wife's dress, when for the sake of Auld Lang Syne I incautiously put my arm around her.

What is to be done? To prohibit the introduction of these feminine weapons of warfare would never do, yet by their continued importation I am daily in greater danger. My life hangs, not on a thread, but a needle. I no longer dare to change my boots for slippers when I come home in the evening, and am now seriously meditating the propriety of sleeping in them, as it is altogether possible there may be needles in the bed. Were it not for my dread of finding a needle in a haystack I should certainly encamp on one during this reign of terror; but I haven't a doubt I should be pursued even there.

And my wife actually has the hard-heartedness to laugh at me—to tell me there is no occasion for my fears. Nay, more. I am convinced she has confidentially informed the dress-maker of them, for that individual looks at me more savagely than ever, and I have detected a piercing glance which suggested danger. What if the infuriated female should stick me with a needle, and pretend she mistook me for a pin-cushion. It is terrible to contemplate.

Several times I have been on the point of making my will, but have desisted in the hope that things would improve and the dress-maker vacate. But there are no signs. The ruffling and stitching still go on in one part of the house, and the scrubbing and cleaning in another, while the harvest of needles is unabated. I was even forced the other day to take refuge in a closet merely for the sake of peace and quietness.

How long this state of affairs will continue I am not prepared to say. I have always been a great advocate of matrimony; but I ask you, my dear *Bazar*, in all honesty and earnestness, can I conscientiously recommend it to my bachelor friends any longer? Am I justified in advising them to take upon themselves the martyrdom to which I am to be subjected every six months for the rest of my natural life? It seems to me a terrible responsibility.

I have heard traditions of times when the young women did not require such multitudinous costumes, when one or two afternoon dresses sufficed them, instead of one or two dozen; when they thought themselves well-dressed in neat calicoes, and did not trouble their heads about the many fashions. But then those days were very long ago. I have always considered my wife a pattern of good sense, but if in the matter of wardrobe I must keep pace with her, may a needle stick into me and end my miseries!

What would you think of establishing Retreats for Married Men during the semi-annual periods of house-cleaning and dress-making? I have an idea of getting up a company, a sort of Life Insurance affair, you know, and am convinced the stock would be taken in less than no time.

They might be arranged somewhat on the plan of asylums for nervous patients, where the parties could compare their respective experiences, and perhaps suggest a project for the alleviation of this constantly-increasing and distressing evil. To be sure, they might be detrimental to the young men who have an idea of getting married, and who, seeing such arrangements, might be induced to withdraw into their bachelor shells again.

But something must be done. The future of the country imperatively demands it. Are men much longer to be slaves to scrubbing-brushes and needles? to go about in terror of their lives on account of these domestic invasions? If the ladies will not take the matter in hand we must do it ourselves. The consequences will be tremendous in the enormous increase of bachelors, but the blame will rest with the fair perpetrators of the mischief.

We have heard of Women's Rights meetings long enough, and I have never encouraged them; but now I deem it my duty immediately to set about forming a Humane Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Married Men.

Then, when the fatal needle comes which shall sew me up finally, I shall feel that my jaws were not locked until they had given utterance to noble and enlightened sentiments in behalf of the suffering classes of mankind who are now patiently enduring the tortures of dress-making and house-cleaning.

A VICTIM.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

AMERICAN nature is essentially active and locomotive, and St. Aldegonde's device—*repos ailleurs*—might be the motto of the nation. The untiring energy which, regarding toil as a pleasure, has made Americans what they are, seems equally to make their pleasures a toil. If they staid quietly at home and stuck steadily to business, they would probably lead happier lives, as they would die richer men. But fashion, curiosity, and restlessness send them abroad. They may make the pursuit of the dollar the great aim of their lives, but, like all good sportsmen, it is the chase more than its object that fascinates them; and if they like making money, they think that spending it is the next pleasantest thing. They behave toward their neighbors with free-handed generosity, and the most hard-working citizen may well feel at times liberally disposed toward himself, and inclined to take a holiday. They love excitement, and it is far more congenial to their tastes to rush over the world, scattering their money, than to lounge their leisure away in the hotels of Newport or Saratoga, while they toss their dollars by handfuls out of the windows. But the habits and feelings of a life are not to be cast aside with its tasks. To *flâner* is an art not to be acquired at will; it is impossible all of a sudden to discharge the mind of its load of care and business, and to fill it with trifles, or with what may pass for such. Moreover, Americans, on landing in the Old World, find themselves with a boundless field before them to be explored, and with very inadequate time to give to it. While conscience bids them halt at one particular place, a thousand others with no less pressing claims beckon them onward. We may sympathize with the despondency with which a slightly-educated foreigner must start on a six months' tour among countless unfamiliar objects; and when he has cultivated his mind a little, and knows something of Europe and its associations, despondency must be apt to merge itself in blank despair. An American must start for Europe with an oppressive consciousness of the shortness of life. His best comfort during the enforced inactivity of the ten days' passage lies in the thought that the most powerful engines which imperfect science can construct are bearing him onward. Still, inaction is generating a propulsive force that shoots him forward on his journey the instant he sets foot on European soil. Americans abroad are a peculiar people who carry the unmistakable stamp of their nationality in their features, costume, and manners. You may know them at a glance, as easily as a Jew or a gipsy. And, disguise themselves as they may, they have but to open their mouths to be bewrayed by their speech. The consciousness of mutual prejudices keeps them apart from the nations among whom they are traveling, even where difference of language does not interpose its barrier. They roll through Europe like so many erratic globules of mercury, refusing to blend with foreign substances, but with an irresistible natural affinity for each other.

Male tourists, having but little time to waste in sacrificing to the graces, generally carry valises so light as hardly to be classed as *impedimenta*. When accompanied by their families, things are very different. One can not easily forget those huge black leather packing-cases, numbered and made to a pattern, which, when raised by the combined strength of the railway staff, fall with a crash on the roof of the hotel omnibus that waits with its grumbling load. You read on their tops in fair white characters the names, the streets, the cities, and the native States of your fellow-travelers. At least they may give you a clew to the political proclivities of the owners, and save you the risk of outraging delicate sensibilities in the course of conversation. They contain the gorgeous toilettes with which, at *tables d'hôte*, the ladies of the party dazzle English and Teutonic guests, and outshine even French ones. With American birds of passage, one remarks, as an ornithological phenomenon, that while the male is severely sober in his attire, the female is gorgeous in her jeweled and golden plumage. She generally carries it off wonderfully well, although a sensitive taste might have suggested a more suitable apparel. Looking at the men, we may fancy that the Anglo-Saxon race deteriorates in the New World, but there can be no question that America is prolific of pretty women. Looking at the graceful figures, *piquant* features, and transparent complexions of the younger ladies, we can understand, if we can not excuse, Hawthorne's severe strictures on English beauty. But indolent habits and incommensurate appetites are a trying ordeal, and Europeans soothe their startled patriotism by remarking the faded roses around whom those fair buds are clustered. Ladies and their luggage must, of course, somewhat hinder locomotion, but still even large family parties get through a very creditable quantity of work. It says much for the energy of the head of the house that he can so well overcome the *vis inertiæ* of his womankind. Ladies naturally care more than men do to study "the conventionalities of that amazin' Europe," and, amidst all the hurry of their journey, the glitter of even petty Courts has irresistible attractions for them. American diplomatists are by no means suffered to eat the bread of idleness, and they see much more of their compatriots than would satisfy the most ardent home affections. Such distractions apart, the ladies show themselves helpmeets for their husbands or fathers when they come to dispatching Alps and lakes, and churches and picture-galleries. One can not help speculating on the mental results of their extraordinary industry. What a glare and blaze of color, like the bits of painted glass shaken up in a kaleidoscope, must be present to their minds' eye after racing round all the Titians, Tintorettos, and Pauls Veronese of Venice! What a nightmare of Christian saints and Pagan gods, dying cardinals and snakes wreathing themselves round Madonnas, after a rush through Rome from the Vatican to the Capitol! Cook's excursionists may feed equally quickly, but at least they swallow less at a time, and have a better chance of digesting it.

The very reverse of their traveling compatriots are the Americans who, settling in Europe, have generally made France the land of their adoption. They look on their wandering countrymen much as a colony of Romanized Goths might have regarded the incursions of their barbarian kinsfolk. They see in them, grotesquely caricatured, certain national peculiarities which, as they are too conscious, still taint themselves. The two classes have really very few feelings in common. French Americans are in many respects denationalized, and take little interest in the politics of their country, except in so far as its finance and taxation affect them. They have plenty of patriotism, but it lies dormant until roused by some such stimulus as a civil war. Like the Saxon courtiers at the Norman Court of the Confessor, with sound American hearts they affect the society, the manners, the dress and language of the foreigner. As to the language, the second generation takes to it so easily as to prove that it is merely want of opportunity that prevents the ordinary American from surpassing the boasted proficiency of the Russian. Foreign Americans must have large incomes. Paris is at best no place for a poor and idle man, and the brilliancy of their equipages, the splendor of the ladies' toilettes, outshine in the Bois de Boulogne the mass of Russians and Mexicans and French of the *haute finance*. But they are generally rather young men, many of them of old Dutch or English families, and most of them with fathers in the States, whose chief duty it seems to be to see that their sons' allowances are regularly paid. Their manners savor perhaps rather of the ease of the French school than of the rigid Puritanism of New England, but they are not the less pleasant companions that the angularities of national prejudices have smoothed themselves down. Whether at Paris in spring, at the sea-side in summer, or at Pau in winter, their hospitality is boundless, even under circumstances that might excuse them from offering any. You have time really to become acquainted with them, and they grow upon you day by day. Indeed, the more you know of Americans of every class, the more convinced do you become that there is generally sterling ore under the least prepossessing exterior. The worst of it is that, as they shoot rapidly by, people only catch a glimpse of the surface, and can but guess at what there is beneath. It would be unjust to dismiss Americans abroad without a reference to those whose books have done so much to add to the charms of travel. One can not forget how Washington Irving has peopled the Alhambra and Andalusia with figures that live and breathe; how Motley and Prescott have rummaged out of the dust-covered archives of Simancas a series of portraits of character scarcely less vivid than those of Titian or Velasquez, nor can one be ungrateful for such pleasant gossip as Story's *Roba di Roma*.

A CITY AT PLAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"*LES Anglais n'aiment pas s'amuser, n'est-ce pas, madame?*"

This remark (which at once removed the pleasing delusion as to my own French, which her amiable politeness had caused) was made to me by a respectable, middle-aged Parisienne, of the bourgeois class, perhaps a little below it—for she wore no bonnet, but one of those snowy white caps, which no English laundress could hope to rival. She and I stood together, clinging to the railings of the high walk which bounds the Jardin des Tuileries, and looking down the Rue de Rivoli toward the Place de la Concorde, across which the procession of *Le Bœuf Gras* was to pass. For this was the second of the three days of Carnival, and though it was still *grand matin*—not much past nine A.M.—and the sharp east wind shook angrily the black trees behind us, and there was not a ray of sunshine even in sunshiny Paris—nevertheless all the Parisian world and his wife, and especially all their children, were abroad—"*pour s'amuser.*"

Of course, business still went on down the Rue de Rivoli, at least in the centre of it. There were the usual heavy country carts drawn by white Norman horses, queerly caparisoned, driven by blue-bloused peasants, who looked as if they had never been in Paris before; the lumbering omnibuses, also with white horses (I think nine-tenths of the French horses are either white or gray); the incessant *remises* and *fiacres*, and the occasional carriages. But down each side the street flowed a continual stream of people, apparently idle people. At every convenient corner they gathered into groups, and all along the Tuileries railings they hung in a row, like pins stuck on a pin-paper, wedged as close as they could be.

I had tried to be polite to my right-hand neighbor, but she was grumpy—the only grumpy Frenchwoman I ever met. Perhaps she thought herself in too low company, for she was a shade higher in rank than my left-hand friend: she wore a bonnet, and a velvet one, too. My meek attempts at conversation she altogether snubbed, and when I dared to borrow a hand-bill she carried—a *Promenade du Bœuf Gras* with a description (my own had none)—and began copying it in pencil on my knee, she eyed me with exceeding distrust, as if I were plotting something against the State. With her imposing size—she was decidedly fat—she contrived to render my footing so insecure that I certainly should have slipped down from the railings, had it not been for my good-natured friend on the other side, the *bourgeoise* aforesaid.

Consequently, the good woman and I entered into sociable conversation about the *Bœuf Gras*, the coming procession, and the Carnival in general, which, I had heard, was expected to be particularly good this year.

My neighbor shook her head: "Ah, if madame had seen it, as I remember it, twenty years ago!" And she kept repeating the words—*il y a vingt ans*—with a lingering emphasis, then burst into a voluble description of what the Paris Carnival was then, in the midst suddenly making the remark with which I have begun this paper.

I quite agreed with her in her opinion concerning our nation, but said that some hereditary French blood in me made me an exception to the rule, and though I was an Englishwoman, I very much liked to— How shall I translate that quite untranslatable verb, *s'amuser?* It does not mean "to be amused," that is, by other people—the dreariest sort of amusement I know; still less does it imply "to amuse one's self," in a solitary, selfish spirit. I take it to express most nearly the occupation of children at play, not bent upon any special entertainment, but simply catching the humor of the moment, snatching the present as it flies, and looking neither behind nor before—a condition of mind not only harmless, but often excellently wise, and which my Parisienne was quite right in supposing was with us English only too rare.

Yes, as a nation we certainly do not care to amuse ourselves. Nothing would ever make any of our cities or towns wear the aspect of that "city at play," such as I saw it during the three days of Carnival. And, descending from the aggregate to the individual in that gay crowd, nothing certainly could have been further from the mind of any middle-aged British matron than to turn out from her home and her family, at nine o'clock on a bleak February morning, and spend an hour or so quite alone, perched like a bird upon a railing, waiting for the passing by of a rather childish show, and doing this, as my Parisienne did, simply *pour s'amuser*.

Yet I neither blame nor praise her: I merely give the fact. It is only on returning to this excellent, rich, hard-working, but just a little too solemn England, that the drop or two of French blood in me—the reference to which my Parisienne received with congratulatory approval—makes me linger with a certain pleasure over a few pictures left by this carnival city—wishing secretly, perhaps, that there was with us at home a little less work, a little more play—actual play.

It was on a Sunday, of course, that the fun began—a true February day, bright and bleak; the sunshine clear, as Paris sunshine always is; the cold biting, intense, as Paris cold well knows how to be, so that crossing the great square of the Louvre made one feel as if one were being kissed and killed in a breath. Now, there are elements in a Paris Sunday which will always make it repellent—I will not say repulsive—to the British mind. The streets looking just as upon a week-day; work going on as usual, without a sign of the day of rest; the shops universally open, save the very few who boldly mark on their closed shutters, "*Fermée au Dimanche.*" No; we can not—I fervently trust we never shall—reconcile ourselves to this total ignoring of Sabbath repose, which, based merely upon human grounds, seems such a vital necessity.

But if the shops are open, so are the churches. Soon after eight A.M. I went in and joined a throng of worshipers, chiefly working-people, men and women, who in England would probably have been sleeping off the Saturday night's overeating or overdrinking in their beds. And, without being in the least inclined to Roman Catholicism, or that hybrid form of it, Ritualism, I say decidedly—I wish every one of our churches was open every day and all day long. Undoubtedly, before it began to play, the city said its prayers, and very earnest prayers too. Then, about noon, it turned out in all its best clothes—and the best clothes of a young or even old Parisienne are very different from those of a cockney—inundating the streets with pretty, suitable, tasteful toilettes. There were very few bonnets, or the apologies for bonnets that women wear now, the lower classes imitating the higher, *ad nauseam*, but in their stead the universal *capuchon* of violet, scarlet, black, and white, the most becoming head-dress any woman could wear. And the dresses were all decently short—no street-sweeping; while as to the petticoats, their variety was a sight to behold!

I can not say the women were pretty—not even in holiday clothes—but they all looked bright and gay as holiday-makers should. They came out in twos and threes, pairs of sweet-hearts, or knots of female companions. There were many domestic groups—the father, mother, and one child: a quiet triad—for children in Paris are not overnumerous, and grave as little old men and women. One misses the constant gush of child-life which overfloods our London in park, street, alley, and square. Instead, comes another item of street-population, wholly unknown to us, those odd-looking Zouaves, with their queer, sharp, brown faces and dark, wistful eyes, almost like children's eyes, whom one meets every dozen yards or so, wandering vaguely about like strange creatures newly caught, and not quite naturalized yet.

Such were a few of the elements of this holiday crowd, which began to circulate about, hither and thither, after *le Bœuf Gras*, this *foule immense* (as it is called with a naïveté very foreign to our mural inscriptions, on the base of Cleopatra's Needle, at the Place de la Concorde), which is said to give its rulers so much trouble, because it will insist upon being amused. As a curious confirmation of this, and of the vital difference between the two races, English and French, I was informed by one who had had many years' opportunity of testing the fact, that the Paris Préfet's daily list of criminal accusations was always shorter after a fête-day than at any other time. I am afraid our police-sheet of any given 26th of December, or Easter-Tuesday, would not show the same.

Yet a London crowd is a fine sight. The "many-headed monster thing" is rather a noble beast than not. Courageous, self-reliant, well-behaved—generous too, with a rough sense of justice, and an admiration for "pluck"—a stanch stickler for its own rights, yet not encroaching on those of its neighbor; and having, in the main, that quick sympathy with the good, and contempt for the bad, which is found invariably in large masses of men, as if to prove, in spite of the doctrine of original sin, that the deepest stratum of human nature is not bad, but good. But on its "general holidays," the brightest of them, say a royal marriage or funeral—for both come alike to the too-rare holiday-makers—the British public is a somewhat sullen animal, who takes its pleasures with a solemn rapacity, knowing they are but few, and is rather hard to deal with, tenacious of affront, obnoxious to harsh rule, proud to grumble loudly at its voluntary hardships. Besides, a large proportion of it is not "on pleasure bent" at all, but pursuing its vocation, whether of pocket-picking, seat-letting, or orange and cake selling, with a business-like pertinacity, never turned aside by such a small thing as amusement.

Now, this Paris *foule* seems wholly bent on amusing itself. "*Toujours gai*" is its motto, written plainly on its face; and to this end every body is on the best possible terms with every body. No jostling, no scrambling. Its "looped and windowed raggedness" is as civil and even courteous as velvet and lace. "Monsieur" and "Madame" are heard on every side, and the vast multitude is on such excellent terms with itself and every body else, that it goes swaying on as easily as a mass of sea-waves.

All this with us is utterly unknown. In London I should no more have ventured to go about all day as I did in Paris than I would have penetrated into the monkeys' cage at the Zoological Gardens. Quite safe, no doubt, but exceedingly uncomfortable. Now, here, it was more than comfortable—agreeable. The studies of life were endless: whether we let ourselves be floated through the Palais Royal or Rue de Rivoli, or mingled in the thinner crowd which filled like an ever-moving kaleidoscope the Tuileries Gardens, feeding the swans, or looking—no, I fear very few looked—at the sunset. Yet what a sunset it was!—radiant with all the colors of spring; and how it gleamed on the white statues and lit up in wonderful clearness the long straight line—perhaps the finest straight line of street in any city—which extends from the palace of the Tuileries up to the Arc de Triomphe.

We left it there—this gay crowd—and caught it up again, as I stated, on the Monday morning, eager at its pleasures, and waiting with infantile delight for the passing of the celebrated procession of the *Bœuf Gras*.

And here, to show that there is another and a serious hard-working side to this city at play, I will make a divergence.

The show was a very fine show in its way. It was composed of about five hundred people, besides horses. It had six emblematic *chars* descriptive of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; besides a *Char d'Olympe* filled with gods and goddesses, and a *Char d'Agriculture*, wherein rode the twelve months and the four seasons. All these were dressed in the most classic style, and with, I must say, remarkably good taste. Then there was a huge *char* full of costumed musicians, playing their very lives out, and a troop of *cavaliers peaux rouges* twenty or more, who sat their horses with a skill more belonging to the Hippodrôme than to the backwoods of America; and in the midst journeyed the garlanded gilt-horned victims, the four *bœufs gras*—*Mignon*, *le Luttear masqué*, *Paul Forestier*, and lastly *Gulliver*, a magnificent beast, who, with his huge head tied safely down, turned on the throng those large, patient, pathetic eyes that oxen have. All this procession, which traversed Paris street by street for three days, stopping at the principal public offices and private abodes, for royal or noble *largesse*, was under the arrangement and at the expense of a certain M. Duval, a *bourgeois* hero in his way.

In *La Petite Presse* of that day—one of those flaccid journals, so limp as to their paper, so florid and grandiose in their style—I found an account of him—which, in its dramatic form of putting things, almost rivaled the *feuilleton* which followed—a tale describing "la prison de *Clarkenweld*" [sic.], and the interior of Newgate, in a manner strikingly original. If I remember rightly the Governor, a Sir Somebody Something, is a gentleman of bland manners, always smiling, who, handling his own keys, escorts an amazed Frenchman through Newgate to the condemned cell, which they find fitted up as a mortuary chapel, the soul of the criminal having just departed in an exemplary manner, surrounded by lighted candles and all the last rites of the Catholic Church. This *par parenthèse*, though it strikes us with an alarming humility; lest our pictures of foreigners should unwittingly be as far from the truth as theirs of ourselves.

Scarcely less peculiar is the sketch of M. Duval, the "*acquéreur des bœufs gras*," as he terms himself. It is so funny, in its serio-comic sentiment, and its reckless trenching upon what we call in England "the sanctities of private life," that I can not resist translating it entire.

"Rue de Rome, numero 5. Behold us, standing opposite one of those grand mansions whose mere exterior implies wealth and commerce. There lives M. Duval, with his family. There also is his place of business, where he carries on the administration of his vast enterprises, his *bouillons*, laundries, bakers' and butchers' shops, his aquarium, etc., etc. M. Duval is a great capitalist, who loves to employ his capital in many different spheres of action. He possesses an Egeria; his wife, an admirable woman of business, clever alike in advising and in acting. He has a son and heir, twenty years old, now qualifying himself by the translating of Livy and Tacitus to preside at his father's slaughter-houses, who listens to the lowing of Virgil's kine, and studies under Pliny the habits of fish.

"Around Generalissimo Duval gravitates a whole army of *employés;* yearly some new battle-field is won. Now it is a wine and spirit shop, newly opened at Berry; again a washing and baking establishment, conducted on the same principle as the world-known *bouillons*, or else it is the great aquarium on the Boulevard Montmartre, which cost its projector 230,000 francs. 'Too much,' said the gossips.—M. Duval listened, smiling.—During the Exposition of 1867 250,000 persons visited his fish! This fact shows his success—another will prove how well he deserves it. He found out that his piscine flock would not thrive on shore sea-water; he immediately chartered a Dieppe steamer, and went out into deep-sea water, bringing back to Paris, not only quantities of fish, but oceans of their native element.

"M. Duval's best claim to public gratitude is the establishment of his *bouillons économiques*, the noble substitutes for those execrable *gargotes*, familiar to all who have known Paris for the last twenty years, as being the only place where one could get a dinner at from 19 to 25 sous. In their stead—from 1840 to 1845—the Dutch *bouillons* vainly tried to succeed. M. Duval caught the idea, improved upon it, and beginning at the Rue de la Monnaie, created the twelve establishments which now bear his name.

"At first he only supplied *bouillon* and beef, but soon the bill of fare was extended. The Parisian public fully appreciated these restaurants, where, for the same low price as heretofore, one was excellently served in airy rooms, on marble tables, with well-cooked food of first-rate quality, which one could eat without being poisoned. True, the portions were each rather small; but huge eaters might call for a second portion without ruining themselves. Twenty or thirty sous will procure a capital dinner at the Bouillons Duval.

"Besides, there are no waiters; but waitresses, which gives employment to a number of women. Undoubtedly, one might greatly desire with Michelet and other political economists, that the wages of the husband and father should always suffice for the family, while the wife sinks into her true place as mother and manager at home. The children's education, and the whole moral life of the household, would gain much thereby. But, alas! facts are against M. Michelet. His theory is but a beautiful dream. Practically, the husband's wages are not sufficient to maintain the family. The wife must work likewise; and those who help her to work—in a feminine way—do much good in their generation. The number of girls and women employed by M. Duval must have benefited many a household.

"Let us visit one of the *bouillons;* take, for instance, the one in the Rue de Rivoli" (where this present writer solemnly avers that she and a friend—neither of them huge eaters, but yet sufficiently and wholesomely hungry with Paris sight-seeing—lunched admirably off meat, potatoes, bread, and macaroni, for the large sum of a franc and a half—say seven-pence half-penny apiece).

"On entering we are presented with a printed bill of fare—meats and wines, the price of each plainly marked. We sit down at a table of white marble, adorned with the little equipage of pepper and salt, and the decanter containing clear, cool water, sparkling and fresh. Immediately there comes to us a young woman, neatly dressed in white apron and spotless muslin cap; she takes our orders, and writes upon our *carte* whatever we desire—*potage*, *bouillon*, meat, vegetables, wine. We are served accurately and rapidly. The plates, knives, and forks are clean and abundant. If we wish, an additional *sous* will procure us a table-napkin. We eat leisurely or fast, but we need be in no hurry, and may take time to notice the many respectable occupants of other tables, even single women, who look like governesses or ladies out shopping for the day, feeding as comfortably and decorously as ourselves. Our repast ended we lay our *carte* on the counter; it is added up in the twinkling of an eye by the clerk, usually a woman too, who sits there; we pay, and the thing is done. No fees to the waitresses—M. Duval reckons all that in their salaries. Their civility is genuine, and quite independent of a possible *sous*.

"If necessary, even a *gourmand* can dine at the Bouillons Duval. One may see figuring on the *carte* St. Julien at three francs, and Champagne at four francs fifty centimes the bottle. But these are beyond the usual requirements of M. Duval's customers.

"A word about the great man himself. He was born in 1811, at Montlhéry. At twenty, he was a poor butcher-boy in Paris; at thirty, he found himself by his own industry on the high-road to fortune. He has had many failures, many disappointments, but has overcome them all. M. Duval is a man of middle stature, bright complexion, red-bearded, with brown hair. He speaks much, and with a natural and proud satisfaction of all he has done and all he means to do. Nothing is too fine for him—nothing too great. 'Still, take care of the money,' whispers gently Madame Duval.

"Ordinarily the husband follows the advice of the wife, as all good husbands should do; but in this case he has not done it. In the lavishly splendid procession of the *Bœuf Gras* M. Duval has listened to nobody, unless it be to his classically-educated son in describing to him the costumes of Greece and Rome."

Very grand the costumes were, and accurate likewise. And if under Minerva's helmet, or the flowery garland of May (who had hard work, poor soul, to quiet a hungry, thinly-clad, rather obstreperous baby), were faces not absolutely classical, which looked worn, sallow, and pinched in the sharp morning air—why, what could you expect? I only hope M. Duval gave each of his gods and goddesses a real good mortal dinner at one of his *bouillons*.

Besides these live personages, the mechanical appliances of the show were very good. I still recall with a childish satisfaction the big, calm (artificial) sphinx, sitting with her paws stretched out, and her eyes gazing right forward, as is the custom of sphinxes; the huge stuffed elephant, a little shaky on the legs, but majestic still; and above all, the gigantic *bœuf*, made of colored bladders, that floated airily over the last *char*, attached only by a slender string. This string was cut just in front of the balcony of the Tuileries, when the extraordinary animal soared at once skyward, balloon-fashion, to the ecstasy—the newspapers record—of the young Prince Imperial, and causing even the grim Emperor himself to break into a smile.

Whenever during the three days we met the procession, an eager crowd always followed, flattening itself against railings, filling street doorways, and raising itself in tiers of heads upon the steps of churches, just as our crowds do, only with twice as much merriment and good-humor. And when, though tracking it out of Paris proper to the suburban district of Les Ternes, we still felt its results in having to sit for twenty minutes in the last of a row of six omnibuses all *complet*, but each waiting patiently the hour of starting, we could not help noticing its exceeding cheerfulness. All the passengers chattered away together in the shrillest and most joyous French, but nobody complained of the long delay—nobody scolded the conductor. I do not say the French are a better race than we, but they are certainly better-tempered, especially when out for a holiday.

Mardi-Gras, the last day of the festival, brought a sight I shall not soon forget. It was a lovely spring evening, and down the Champs Elysées the people swarmed like bees in the sunshine, all classes and ranks together. Some drove down the centre way in handsome carriages, mostly filled with children, whose happy faces peered brightly over the white fur or bear-skin rugs which enwrapped them. Others, well-dressed and respectable folk, sat in groups on the chairs and benches, as if it were summer-time. While the "lower orders," as we call them, formed one smooth, settled line along the edge of the *pavé*, behind which was another line, continually in motion, until at the Place de la Concorde it coagulated into one compact mass.

There the people stood, the setting sun shining on their merry faces, on the very spot where, scarcely a generation ago, their fathers and mothers had seen the "son of Saint Louis" remorselessly executed; whence, afterward his queen and widow gave that last pathetic glance toward the Tuileries Gardens, and died silently, a queen to the end. Sad and strange, infinitely sad and strange! Almost incredible, one would think, watching the Paris of to-day. But as one traverses that wonderful modern city, yearly changing so fast: new streets, avenues, and faubourgs

"PAUL FORESTIER" AND "LE LUTTEAR MASQUÉ," THE FAT OXEN OF 1868.

rising, until historical Paris is almost entirely obliterated—("It is not desirable for us to have a history," said a Parisian one day to me)—one can not help wondering what will be the story of the future—what new events, what possible tragedies may still be enacted there.

But the only tragedy to-day was that of the *bœuf gras*, which, after his three days' triumph, was now borne relentlessly to the Palais de l'Industrie. All that crowd was waiting to see him enter there, never to emerge again except as beef. Yet he had had his day. Portraits of him were circulating about the streets—one of which, a splendid broadside, we bought. It contains, besides a gorgeous engraving of the procession, two poems, one of which has a curious thread of pathos running through its buffoonery. Here it is, done into English from its Nivernais patois:

LE DERNIER VOYAGE DE GULLIVER.

"Ha, ha! the fever of success
Burns in my veins. So fat—so fair!
Of all the oxen of Nièvre
I am the biggest and most rare;
All envy me, the beast of price—
And from my flank will have a slice;
Alas, to be too beautiful
Is dangerous both to man—and bull!

"When in my village home I dwelt
How happy was I all day long!
Now in a gilded car I ride
The glory of the Paris throng.
The Carnival—the Carnival
I am the centre of it all!
But ah! to be so much caressed
Is good for neither man nor beast.

"Once in my quiet country meads
I cropped the cool, delicious grass:
Beside my sweet companion cow
How cheerful, how content I was!
Now parted from my better-half
I moan and pine like any calf:
And torn from her, green fields, fresh air,
I weep my lot in being too fair!

"Adieu, fat pastures that I loved!
Adieu, my innocent pleasures all,
My last, last journey now I take
To grace the Paris Carnival.
What fate is mine! I ride in state,
Descend, am killed, and cooked, and ate.
Alas, to be too beautiful
Is death alike to man—and bull!"

There is a second poem, "*Causerie d'un Bœuf Masqué*," but it is written in such queer patois, and so full of puns and references to the Paris slang of the day, that I should despair of making it intelligible either in French or English. But it is at least quite harmless, which is more than can be said of every thing Parisian.

Nevertheless, perfectly harmless, so far at least as we witnessed it—which was up to ten o'clock P.M.—on *Mardi-Gras*, seemed the fun of the Paris streets, carnival fun though it was. We quitted the thronged Place de la Concorde with the sun setting upon the poor *bœuf's* last hour of life, and very thankful to know the victim was *only* a *bœuf;* nor did we reappear again on the surface of the city till eight P.M., when its aspect had altogether changed.

At first, rather for the worse. Every shop was shut. The bright line of the Boulevards was now one long darkness. All those cheery *boutiques* where *Madame la boutiquière* may generally be seen composedly sitting at her evening work, or chatting with her friends, were closed and silent. Here and there only, in some of the paved alleys, there was a photographer's window or a cigar shop open, to illuminate the spot. But to various places of amusement—theatres, masked balls, and so on—there were endless directions, guiding stars, done in gas, and flaring gas inscriptions, to attract the crowd. It thickened and thickened, until it flowed down the pavement in three continuous streams, two downward and one upward, chiefly composed of the under-world, the working-world of Paris; but, so far as we could judge, entirely respectable. All were strictly decorous in their dress, manners, and behavior; and as they gathered round the few illuminated windows, the light showed their faces to be no worse than most holiday faces—perhaps better—for the universal white cap and neat *capuchon* gave to the women an air of decent grace which one rarely sees under the flaunting, shabby, flower-bedecked bonnets of the corresponding class in London. Most of them, whether young or elderly, were escorted by some male friend, husband, or sweet-heart—upon whose arm, or both his arms, they merrily hung, to the detriment of his invariable cigar. But I can not say the Paris men are either so attractive or so respectable-looking as the Paris women.

By-and-by, the night being fine, the spaces in front of the restaurants began to fill. The crowd settled down to take its *café* as usual in the open air. Soon there was a three-deep row of crowded tables, at which sociable family groups chatted and looked about them, and sipped various beverages of apparently innocuous kind. Drink is not the temptation of a Frenchman; not a single drunken man did we see during the whole three days. Would it be so if we had a London carnival?

Nor was there, in spite of the continually increasing crowd, any inconvenient pushing or crushing. That thoroughly French civility, nay courtesy, which I have so often referred to, never failed. Once only there was any thing approaching to a rush—when a party of young men and women, dressed for the Opera-ball in fancy costumes, stopped to take their *café*, visible to all outsiders, at a restaurant. But even then the result was only a scramble and a good stare—the sole expression of feeling on the part of the crowd coming from a peasant lad, who lifted up his hands and eyes in admiration of the women, exclaiming, "*C'est éblouissant!*"

But soon the throng became almost impassable, especially round the *costumiers'* shops, where, surrounded by a blaze of satin dominos, white, black, pink, scarlet, and backed by queer masks of all sorts, seamstresses were seen still diligently stitching—hard at work while all Paris was at play—upon ball-costumes. And presently one saw now and then, threading the crowd in their masques and dominos, people who were going to "assist" at that final festivity, the grand masqued ball at the Opera-Comique—said to be the most splendid, attractive, and disgraceful recreation of the city in its holiday mood—at which, I need scarcely say, we were not present. But we caught floating fragments of it pushing through the streets, or humble imitations of it done by ragged lads squeaking in horrible cow's horns from under gigantic noses; while older and less innocent young fools, dressed up in women's clothes, shrieking in shrill treble, and waving broken parasols about their heads, occasionally darted through the crowd, which made way for them and greeted them with shouts of appreciative laughter.

We began to think we had seen enough, and turned our steps *chez nous*—I will not say home in that homeless city, which Paris must always be to the British heart and mind. But this was the very worst we saw. Into what further amusements—or orgies—the streets degenerated after that hour I can not say, and will not enter into. Every city that ever was built has tendencies and possibilities of being a Nineveh or a Sodom.

But whatever excesses were committed by that queer city at play, they could not have included the whole city, since at eight o'clock next morning, going, as was my wont, into the nearest church (a Roman Catholic church, of course; but I think all good Christians may, on occasion, pray beside Jew, Turk, or heretic—any thing except infidel—and be none the worse for it), I met crowds, actual crowds, of both men and women hurrying to its doors. All sorts of people they were—the working-class, the shop-keeping class—the same class exactly which had filled the streets up to two o'clock on the night before. Now, at that early hour in the morning they were beginning their day by going to *basse-messe*, or confession, or whatever it was. I never have understood the ins and outs of Roman Catholic services, which to us seem so childish and involved. But of one thing I am certain—the people *pray*. And it was a curious and startling contrast to all the mirth and revelry of the past three days to see them turn out thus, on a gloomy, damp morning, to commence with earnest worship—at least their countenances implied earnestness—the first day of *Carême*—what we call Ash-Wednesday.

Les Anglais n'aiment pas s'amuser. No. I am afraid we do not. Races, like individuals, have their special characteristics, which it is useless to fight against, and almost useless to try to alter. Best to leave them as they are, when they are mere "peculiarities," not degenerating into actual sins. Therefore, I am not going to add one word of moralizing—not certainly of condemnation—either of ourselves or our neighbors. Only, that if there are better things, there certainly may be worse things, than this sight which I have here recorded—the sight of a City at Play.

THE OLD SHEPHERD ON HIS PIPE.

WHEN I smoke I sees in my pipe
Sometimes of life a type,
And I think, as my lips I wipe,
A-talking as is my way,
"Here's the spirit, in this red coal,
That puts the life in the bowl;
In the fire I sees the soul
Imprisoned in the clay."

Mayhap I sits in my room,
In the winter evening's gloom,
And, as I think of man's doom,
My spirit a'most it dashes;
For I says, when I stops my breath,
And the pipe goes out, "That's death;
We're dust, as the parson saith"—
And then I knocks out the ashes.

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER LIII.

THE COTTAGE.

WHEN Despard had bound Clark he returned to look after Langhetti. He lay feebly and motionless upon the ground. Despard carefully examined his wounds. His injuries were very severe. His arms were lacerated, and his shoulder torn; blood also was issuing from a wound on the side of his neck. Despard bound these up as best he could, and then sat wondering what could be done next.

He judged that he might be four or five miles from Denton, and saw that this was the place to which he must go. Besides, Beatrice was there, and she could nurse Langhetti. But how could he get there?—that was the question. It was impossible for Langhetti to go on horseback. He tried to form some plan by which this might be done. He began to make a sort of litter to be hung between two horses, and had already cut down with his knife two small trees or rather bushes for this purpose, when the noise of wheels on the road before him attracted his attention.

It was a farmer's wagon, and it was coming from the direction of Denton. Despard stopped it, explained his situation, and offered to pay any thing if the farmer would turn back and convey his friend and his prisoner to Denton. It did not take long to strike a bargain; the farmer turned his horses, some soft shrubs and ferns were strewn on the bottom of the wagon, and on these Langhetti was deposited carefully. Clark, who by this time had come to himself, was put at one end, where he sat grimly and sulkily; the three horses were led behind, and Despard, riding on the wagon, supported the head of Langhetti on his knees.

Slowly and carefully they went to the village. Despard had no difficulty in finding the cottage. It was where the letter had described it. The village inn stood near on the opposite side of the road.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening when they reached the cottage. Lights were burning in the windows. Despard jumped out hastily and knocked. A servant came. Despard asked for the mistress, and Beatrice appeared. As she recognized him her face lighted up with joy. But Despard's face was sad and gloomy. He pressed her hand in silence and said:

"My dear adopted sister, I bring you our beloved Langhetti."

"Langhetti!" she exclaimed, fearfully.

"He has met with an accident. Is there a doctor in the place? Send your servant at once."

Beatrice hurried in and returned with Asgeelo.

"We will first lift him out," said Despard. "Is there a bed ready?"

"Oh yes! Bring him in!" cried Beatrice, who was now in an agony of suspense.

She hurried after them to the wagon. They lifted Langhetti out and took him into a room which Beatrice showed them. They tenderly laid him on the bed. Meanwhile Asgeelo had hurried off for a doctor, who soon appeared.

Beatrice sat by his bedside; she kissed the brow of the almost unconscious sufferer, and tried in every possible way to alleviate his pain. The doctor soon arrived, dressed his wounds, and left directions for his care, which consisted chiefly in constant watchfulness.

Leaving Langhetti under the charge of Beatrice, Despard went in search of a magistrate. He found one without any difficulty, and before an hour Clark was safe in jail. The information which Despard lodged against him was corroborated by the brands on his back, which showed him to be a man of desperate character, who had formerly been transported for crime.

Despard next wrote a letter to Mrs. Thornton. He told her about Langhetti, and urged her to come on immediately and bring Edith with her. Then he returned to the cottage and wished to sit up with Langhetti. Beatrice, however, would not let him. She said that no one should deprive her of the place by his bedside. Despard remained, however, and the two devoted equal attention to the sufferer. Langhetti spoke only once. He was so faint that his voice was scarce audible. Beatrice put her ear close to his mouth.

"What is it?" asked Despard.

"He wants Edith," said Beatrice.

"I have written for her," said Despard.

Beatrice whispered this to Langhetti. An ecstatic smile passed over his face.

"It is well," he murmured.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE WORM TURNS.

POTTS departed from the Hall in deep dejection. The tremendous power of his enemy had been shown all along: and now that this enemy turned out to be Louis Brandon, he felt as though some supernatural being had taken up arms against him. Against that being a struggle seemed as hopeless as it would be against Fate. It was with some such feeling as this that he left Brandon Hall forever.

All of his grand projects had broken down, suddenly and utterly. He had not a ray of hope left of ever regaining the position which he had but recently occupied. He was thrust back to the obscurity from which he had emerged.

One thing troubled him. Would the power of his remorseless enemy be now stayed—would his vengeance end here? He could scarce hope for this. He judged that enemy by himself, and he knew that he would not stop in the search after vengeance, that nothing short of the fullest and direst ruin—nothing, in fact, short of death itself would satisfy him.

John was with him, and Vijal, who alone out of all the servants had followed his fortunes. These three walked down and passed through the gates together, and emerged into the outer world in silence. But when they had left the gates the silence ended.

"Well, dad!" said John, "what are you going to do now?"

"I don't know."

"Have you any money?"

"Four thousand pounds in the bank."

"Not much, dad," said John, slowly, "for a man who last month was worth millions. You're coming out at the little end of the horn."

Potts made no reply.

"At any rate there's one comfort," said John, "even about that."

"What comfort?"

"Why, you went in at the little end."

They walked on in silence.

"You must do something," said John at last.

"What can I do?"

"You won't let that fellow ride the high horse in this style, will you?"

"How can I help it?"

"You can't help it; but you can strike a blow yourself."

"How?"

"How? You've struck blows before to some purpose, I think."

"But I never yet knew any one with such tremendous power as this man has. And where did he get all his money? You said before that he was the devil, and I believe it. Where's Clark? Do you think he has succeeded?"

"No," said John.

"No more do I. This man has every body in his pay. Look at the servants! See how easily he did what he wished!"

"You've got one servant left."

"Ah, yes—that's a fact."

"That servant will do something for you."

"What do you mean?"

"Brandon is a man, after all—and can *die*," said John, with deep emphasis. "Vijal," he continued, in a whisper, "hates me, but he would lay down his life for you."

"I understand," said Potts, after a pause.

A long silence followed.

"You go on to the inn," said Potts, at last. "I'll talk with Vijal."

"Shall I risk the policemen?"

"Yes, you run no risk. I'll sleep in the bank."

"All right," said John, and he walked away.

"Vijal," said Potts, dropping back so as to wait for the Malay. "You are faithful to me."

"Yes," answered Vijal.

"All the others betrayed me, but you did not?"

"Never."

"Do you know when you first saw me?"

"Yes."

"I saved your life."

"Yes."

"Your father was seized at Manilla and killed for murder, but I protected you, and promised to take care of you. Haven't I done so?"

"Yes," said Vijal humbly, and in a reverent tone.

"Haven't I been another father?"

"You have."

"Didn't I promise to tell you some day who the man was that killed your father?"

"Yes," exclaimed Vijal, fiercely.

"Well, I'm going to tell you."

"Who?" cried Vijal, in excitement so strong that he could scarce speak.

"Did you see that man who drove me out of the Hall?"

"Yes."

"Well, that was the man. He killed your father. He has ruined me—your other father. What do you say to that?"

"He shall die," returned Vijal, solemnly. "He shall die."

"I am an old man," resumed Potts. "If I were as strong as I used to be I would not talk about this to you. I would do it all myself."

"I'll do it!" cried Vijal. "I'll do it!"

His eyes flashed, his nostrils dilated—all the savage within him was aroused. Potts saw this, and rejoiced.

"Do you know how to use this?" he asked, showing Vijal the cord which Brandon had given him.

Vijal's eyes dilated, and a wilder fire shone in them. He seized the cord, turned it round his hand for a moment, and then hurled it at Potts. It passed round and round his waist.

"Ah!" said Potts, with deep gratification. "You have not forgotten, then. You can throw it skillfully."

Vijal nodded, and said nothing.

"Keep the cord. Follow up that man. Avenge your father's death and my ruin."

"I will," said Vijal, sternly.

"It may take long. Follow him up. Do not come back to me till you come to tell me that he is dead."

Vijal nodded.

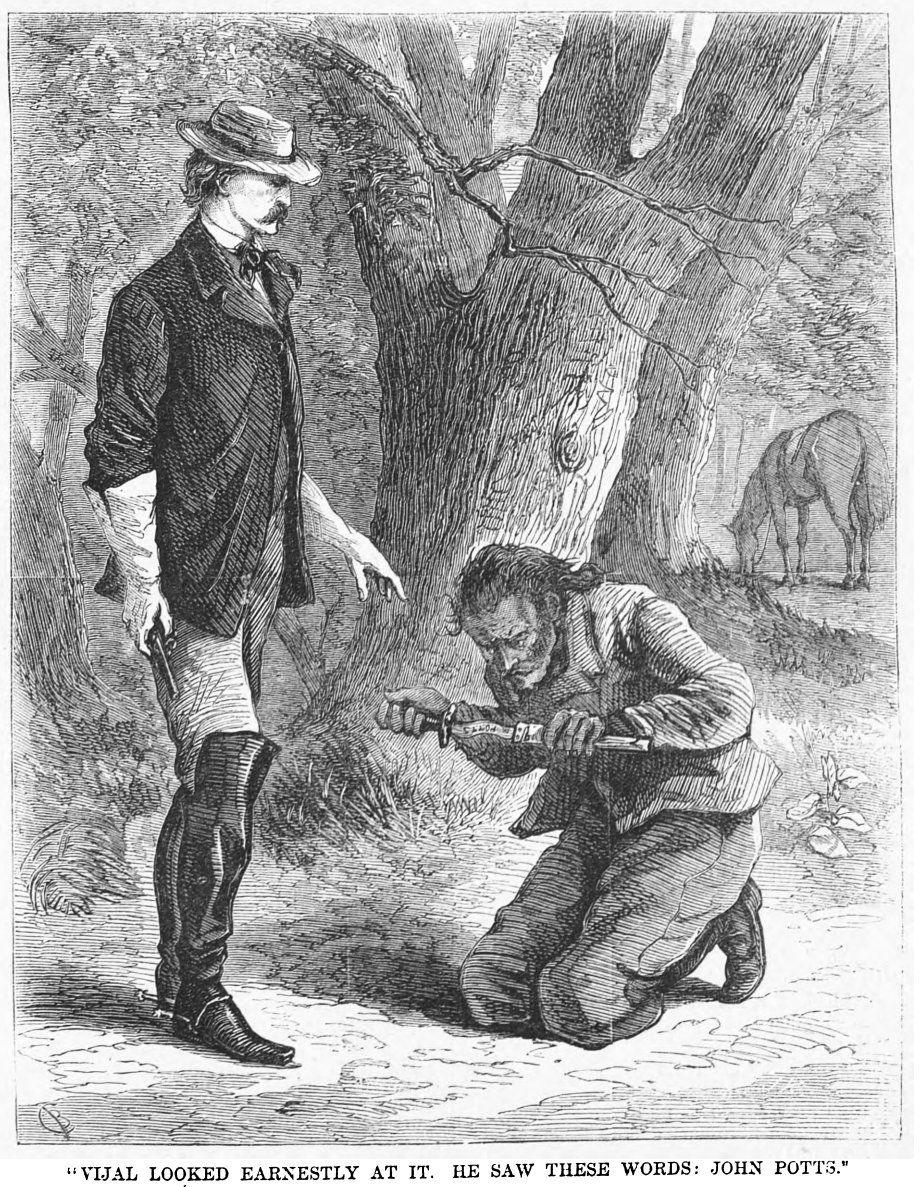
"Now I am going. I must fly and hide myself from this man. As long as he lives I am in danger. But you will always find John at the inn when you wish to see me."

"I will lay down my life for you," said Vijal.

"I don't want your life," returned Potts. "I want *his*."

"You shall have it," exclaimed Vijal.

Potts said no more. He handed Vijal his purse in silence. The latter took it without a word. Potts then went toward the bank, and Vijal stood alone in the road.



"VIJAL LOOKED EARNESTLY AT IT. HE SAW THESE WORDS: JOHN POTTS."

CHAPTER LV.

ON THE ROAD.

ON the following morning Brandon started from the Hall at an early hour. He was on horseback. He rode down through the gates. Passing through the village he went by the inn and took the road to Denton.

He had not gone far before another horseman followed him. The latter rode at a rapid pace. Brandon did not pay any especial attention to him, and at length the latter overtook him. It was when they were nearly abreast that Brandon recognized the other. It was Vijal.

"Good-morning," said Vijal.

"Good-morning," replied Brandon.

"Are you going to Denton?"

"Yes."

"So am I," said Vijal.

Brandon was purposely courteous, although it was not exactly the thing for a gentleman to be thus addressed by a servant. He saw that this servant had overreached himself, and knew that he must have some motive for joining him and addressing him in so familiar a manner.

He suspected what might be Vijal's aim, and therefore kept a close watch on him. He saw that Vijal, while holding the reins in his left hand, kept his right hand concealed in his breast. A suspicion darted across his mind. He stroked his mustache with his own right hand, which he kept constantly upraised, and talked cheerfully and patronizingly with his companion. After a while he fell back a little and drew forth a knife, which he concealed in his hand, and then he rode forward as before abreast of the other, assuming the appearance of perfect calm and indifference.

"Have you left Potts?" said Brandon, after a short time.

"No," replied Vijal.

"Ah! Then you are on some business of his now?"

"Yes."

Brandon was silent.

"Would you like to know what it is?" asked Vijal.

"Not particularly," said Brandon, coldly.

"Shall I tell you?"

"If you choose."

Vijal raised his hand suddenly and gave a quick, short jerk. A cord flew forth—there was a weight at the end. The cord was flung straight at Brandon's neck.

But Brandon had been on his guard. At the movement of Vijal's arm he had raised his own; the cord passed around him but his arm was within its embrace. In his hand he held a knife concealed. In an instant he slashed his knife through the windings of the cord, severing them all; then dropping the knife he plunged his hand into the pocket of his coat, and before Vijal could recover from his surprise he drew forth a revolver and pointed it at him.

Vijal saw at once that he was lost. He nevertheless plunged his spurs into his horse and made a desperate effort to escape. As his horse bounded off Brandon fired. The animal gave a wild neigh, which sounded almost like a shriek, and fell upon the road, throwing Vijal over his head.

In an instant Brandon was up with him. He leaped from his horse before Vijal had disencumbered himself from his, and seizing the Malay by the collar held the pistol at his head.

"If you move," he cried, sternly, "I'll blow your brains out!"

Vijal lay motionless.

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed Brandon, as he held him with the revolver pressed against his head, "who sent you to do this?"

Vijal in sullen silence answered nothing.

"Tell me or I'll kill you. Was it Potts?"

Vijal made no reply.

"Speak out," cried Brandon. "Fool that you are, I don't want *your* life."

"You are the murderer of my father," said Vijal, fiercely, "and therefore I sought to kill you."

Brandon gave a low laugh.

"The murderer of your father?" he repeated.

"Yes," cried Vijal, wildly; "and I sought your death."

Brandon laughed again.

"Do you know how old I am?"

Vijal looked up in amazement. He saw by that one look what he had not thought of before in his excitement, that Brandon was a younger man than himself by several years. He was silent.

"How many years is it since your father died?"

Vijal said nothing.

"Fool!" exclaimed Brandon. "It is twenty years. You are false to your father. You pretend to avenge his death, and you seek out a young man who had no connection with it. I was in England when he was killed. I was a child only seven years of age. Do you believe now that I am his murderer?"

Brandon, while speaking in this way, had relaxed his hold, though he still held his pistol pointed at the head of his prostrate enemy. Vijal gave a long, low sigh.

"You were too young," said he, at last. "You are younger than I am. I was only twelve."

"I could not have been his murderer, then?"

"No."

"Yet I know who his murderer was, for I have found out."

"Who?"

"The same man who killed my own father."

Vijal looked at Brandon with awful eyes.

"Your father had a brother?" said Brandon.

"Yes."

"Do you know his name?"

"Yes. Zangorri."

"Right. Well, do you know what Zangorri did to avenge his brother's death?"

"No; what?"

"For many years he vowed death to all Englishmen, since it was an Englishman who had caused the death of his brother. He had a ship; he got a crew and sailed through the Eastern seas, capturing English ships and killing the crews. This was his vengeance."

Vijal gave a groan.

"You see he has done more than you. He knew better than you who it was that had killed your father."

"Who was it?" cried Vijal, fiercely.

"I saw him twice," continued Brandon, without noticing the question of the other. "I saw him twice, and twice he told me the name of the man whose death he sought. For year after year he had sought after that man, but had not found him. Hundreds of Englishmen had fallen. He told me the name of the man whom he sought, and charged me to carry out his work of vengeance. I promised to do so, for I had a work of vengeance of my own to perform, and on the same man, too."

"Who was he?" repeated Vijal, with increased excitement.

"When I saw him last he gave me something which he said he had worn around his neck for years. I took it, and promised to wear it till the vengeance which he sought should be accomplished. I did so, for I too had a debt of vengeance stronger than his, and on the same man."

"Who was he?" cried Vijal again, with restless impetuosity.

Brandon unbuttoned his vest and drew forth a Malay creese, which was hung around his neck and worn under his coat.

"Do you know what this is?" he asked, solemnly.

Vijal took it and looked at it earnestly. His eyes dilated, his nostrils quivered.

"My father's!" he cried, in a tremulous voice.

"Can you read English letters?"

"Yes."

"Can you read the name that is cut upon it?"

And Brandon pointed to a place where some letters were carved.

Vijal looked earnestly at it. He saw these words:

JOHN POTTS.

"That," said Brandon, "is what your father's brother gave to me."

"It's a lie!" growled Vijal, fiercely.

"It's true," said Brandon, calmly, "and it was carved there by your father's own hand."

Vijal said nothing for a long time. Brandon arose, and put his pistol in his pocket. Vijal, disencumbering himself from his horse, arose also. The two stood together on the road.

For hours they remained there talking. At last Brandon remounted and rode on to Denton. But Vijal went back to the village of Brandon. He carried with him the creese which Brandon had given him.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago our markets were mostly supplied with paper-hangings by importations from France and England. Printing paper by the "hand process" was a long, slow, and expensive method; but now, by new mechanical methods, twenty thousand rolls can be produced where one thousand could be a quarter of a century ago. There is a manufactory in this city where seventeen hundred tons of paper were converted into finished paper-hangings last year. The facilities are such that blank paper as it comes from the mill can be converted in half an hour into printed wall paper, reeled and ready for market. In such establishments the first process is to cover the paper with a ground color preparatory to printing. The patterns are partly furnished by American designers, though many of them emanate from France. These are cut on blocks of wood, which are cylindrical in form for the ordinary kinds of paper. By special arrangements the cylinder machines will print a dozen colors at one operation. The finer grades of hangings are printed by hand presses. Polishing machines impart a satin surface before the figures are printed. Gold and velvet papers are made by first printing the pattern with glue-size and then with varnish or gold-size. Colored flock or ground wool sifted over it gives the effect of velvet plush, or by being passed through a bronzing machine the pattern is covered with bronze.

In the short farewell address made by Mr. Dickens at his last reading in Steinway Hall, he remarked: "The relations set up in this place between us have been to me of the most satisfactory character. There has been on my part the most earnest attention to the work of preparation to entertain you, and on your part the kindest sympathy, which can not be forgotten forever. I shall often recall you by the winter fire of my home, or in the pleasant summer of Old England—never as a public audience, but always as dear, personal friends, and ever with the tenderest sympathy and affection. In bidding you a final farewell, I pray—'God bless us, every one!' and God bless the land in which I leave you!"

A traveler through a country town in Maine where there are no hotels, obtained lodgings with a farmer. The next morning, when he inquired for his bill, the farmer said: "85 cents for meals and lodging, and 25 cents for squirting tobacco juice over the floor." Would it not have a good moral influence to assess a tax—say of five cents additional to the fare—upon those men who habitually pollute the city cars with tobacco juice? It must be a great deal of trouble and expense to "clean up" after them. Besides, their disagreeable habits are a grave offense to the more cleanly portion of the traveling public. Ladies don't care to ruin their pretty new Spring suits, as they are very likely to do, by riding in some of the cars.

The general purpose of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington—namely, "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men"—is well known to the public. Yet there is probably no adequate conception of the extensive and important work steadily and quietly going forward through its instrumentality; what valuable scientific researches are yearly made, the results of which are widely disseminated through the world. Even a visit to the Institution, though exceedingly interesting in itself, does not ordinarily give one any just idea of the interior working system nor of the results thereof. The Museum—now that the Smithson library has been transferred to the library of Congress—is the chief attractive feature to the casual visitor; and enriched as it has been by contributions from governmental expeditions and individual explorers, it is a very valuable and complete collection for the illustration of natural science. But an examination of Annual Reports, or better still, some verbal information from the secretaries of the Institution, and a general survey of sundry rooms adjoining the Museum Hall, plainly show that the Museum is but an inadequate exponent of the real work accomplished by the Institution. Nor have we any purpose, in this brief paragraph, of attempting to specify the objects and methods of scientific investigation in meteorology, ethnology, natural history, etc., which have been so well devised and suggested by Professor Henry and his assistants. But in a recent visit, through the courtesy of Professor Henry and Professor Baird, many details were gathered; and among the most interesting, as explained by Professor Baird, were those relating to the extensive system of international scientific and literary exchanges.

At the present time this Institution receives any books of scientific, literary, or benevolent character, or specimens of natural history, which institutions or individuals in this country may wish to present to a correspondent elsewhere, subject only to the condition of being delivered in Washington free of cost, and being accompanied by a separate list of the parcels sent. Where any party has any special works to distribute, the Institution is prepared to furnish lists of societies or persons to whom they might be usefully sent. The articles and volumes, when received, are assorted, packed, and dispatched to the agents of the Institution in London, Leipsic, Paris, and Amsterdam. The boxes are there unpacked, and the contents distributed through the proper channels. Foreign transmissions of a similar kind are received by the same agents, packed and forwarded to Washington, from which point the parcels are sent to their proper destination. All the expenses of transfer between those four towns and Washington are borne by the Institution, the parties concerned only paying the local carriage to or from these great centres. In this interchange the Institution has obtained special facilities from railroad, steamboat, and express companies, many of which have generously transported all packages free of cost.

The number of addressed packages received by the Smithsonian Institution in 1866, from parties in America for foreign distribution, was over four thousand; and the packages received from Europe for distribution in this country numbered nearly three thousand, exclusive of those for the Institution. Every year duplicate specimens of natural history are distributed to other institutions; no less than 233,300 were distributed in 1866; and numerous others will be similarly disposed of when they have been properly examined and labeled—a work of no small magnitude. By this means natural history museums throughout the country are greatly assisted. The publications of the Smithsonian are exceedingly valuable to science; and by this system of exchange they are made accessible to students on both continents; while valuable works from other institutions are widely scattered for the general increase of knowledge. There is in England no institution which thus facilitates the interchange of books and specimens with the Continent; and the deficiency is often seriously felt by scientific men.

An English jury has decided that the exact value of a wife run over by a railroad train is $3750. It is well to have a definite decision on record.

A Philadelphia journal is of opinion that men, as a class, will never, if they can help it, acknowledge the equal right of women to stand side by side with them in the experiences and pleasures of life. However that may be, the following incident may have its moral:

The other day a gentleman spoke gravely, in the presence of a friend, of the education he intended to give his son; "but my daughter," said he, "she must be *repressed!*"

"Repressed! why?" asked the friend, in astonishment.

"Oh! because," said he, "she is smarter than the boy, and I don't believe in any woman's rights nonsense. I don't want her to do any thing but take her proper place, as a wife, subject to her husband."

The listener contented himself with saying, "Well, you ought to have lived five hundred years ago."

Farmers say that the present season has been an almost unprecedented one for maple sugar. In many instances they have not been able to boil the saccharine fluid as fast as it flowed from the trees, and consequently hundreds of barrels of sap have been lost. When nights are cold, and days warm, the sap flows most freely.

Garments are often seriously injured by iron rust. The following process is said effectually to remove stains of iron rust from linen or cotton: Wash the cloth through one suds and rinse. When wet, rub ripe tomato juice on the spots. Expose it in the sunshine until nearly dry, and wash in another suds.

Some months ago a Boston lady—Miss Charlotte Harris—presented to the First Parish Church in Charlestown the sum of $8000 for purchasing a chime of bells to be placed in their church building. The first of the bells was cast in January last; and within sixty days from the first casting, the last of the sixteen bells forming the chiming apparatus was taken from the mould. Twenty-five bells have been cast in all to secure the sixteen required for the series, nine having been rejected as not capable of affording the required tone. Eight of the sixteen have been brought to their required pitch by the laborious process of chipping and filing, without injury, however, to their symmetry or strength. Each bell bears an inscription, and the name, "Harris Chime." The belfry of the church is 20 feet square by 20 feet in height, and by its peculiarly strong construction would almost seem to have been intended for the reception of this musical family, weighing in the aggregate 14,864 pounds. A short time ago, the whole work of placing the chime of bells having been completed, some interesting exercises were held in the church, in connection with which many familiar airs were chimed to the entire satisfaction of the audience.

"Unquestionably the best sustained work of the kind in the World."

HARPER'S New MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

In the Number for January was commenced "*The Woman's Kingdom: a Love Story,*" by DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

The most popular Monthly in the world.—*New York Observer.*

We can account for its success only by the simple fact that it meets precisely the popular taste, furnishing a pleasing and instructive variety of reading for all.—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

"A Complete Pictorial History of the Times."

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AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

In the first Number for 1868 was commenced the issue of "*The Moonstone,*" a Novel, by WILKIE COLLINS.

The model newspaper of our country.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The articles upon public questions which appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY form a remarkble series of brief political essays.—*North American Review.*

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

In it is now being published "*The Cord and Creese,*" a Novel, by JAMES DE MILLE.

The BAZAR, as an intelligent critic upon all feminine topics, will doubtless become the *Queen* of American newspapers.—*Albion.*

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FACETIÆ.

DEAFNESS.—A gentleman who had a very deaf servant was advised by a friend to discharge her. "No, no," replied the gentleman, with much good feeling, "the poor creature could never hear of another situation."

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

Corset.—Venus's housekeeper, who makes the chest go as far as possible with the least waist.

Court.—The surgery a married couple are sometimes driven to after upsetting the family coach.

Cradle.—A nut-shell in which every boy appears a colonel to his mother.

Cuirass.—Next to gold, the most attractive metal.

Dear.—A word often cheap at any price.

Desk.—The tomb which is continually opening to receive fresh remains.

Diamond.—The carbon which feeds a fire in every female, great or small.

Dowry.—The gilt frame which sets off so many plain faces.

Dress.—The only habit which woman is always thinking of improving.

Duck.—A fond term used in foul play when a husband is wanted to make some sudden plunge.

Dye.—Giving up the ghost of every other chance.

Economy.—Spending five shillings to save sixpence.

Eden.—A garden where bonnets were unknown and scandal uninvented. Woman soon gave notice to quit.

Employment.—Something that must be found for the poor.

Engaged.—Occupied for a time in making a fool of a man.

Enough.—Obsolete.

Envy.—The echo of the first serpent's hiss.

Equal.—In woman's algebra, a term always signifying more or less.

Eve.—The only woman who never threatened to go and live with her mother.

THE LADIES' CLUB AT DELMONICO'S.

LIFE'S PLAYTHINGS.

At the age of only eight, you'll forgive me if I state
That there never was a child like *me*;
I was not a bit inclined to devote my little mind
To the study of my A B C.
I could linger with delight over marbles or a kite,
And I left it for the humdrum boys
To be fagging all the day, for I fancied when at play
There was nothing in the world like Toys!

But my heart was in a flame, I remember, when I came
To the period of soft sixteen;
She was young and very fair, in a frock and curly hair,
And the color of her eyes light green.
When I met her (at a dance) how she thrilled me with a glance,
And a pressure of her white kid glove;
In a minute I was caught, and in ecstasy I thought
There was nothing in the world like Love!

Then Ambition had a turn, and I felt my bosom burn
To be ranked among the earth's great men:
So I wrote a lot of rhyme—just a step from the sublime—
Though I reckoned it sublime *just then*.
Quite a year I threw away on a novel and a play
That were worthy of a first-rate name;
I was probably deceived, but I verily believed
There was nothing in the world like Fame!

I was doubtful and perplexed how to fix upon the next,
'Midst the treasures that the earth might hold:
Some were dearer than the rest, but the dearest and the best,
And the brightest of them all seemed Gold.
But it may be—after all—even toys begin to pall,
In the struggles of this long, long strife;
All my gods are overthrown, save the last—for I will own
There is nothing in the world like Life!

A waggish journalist, who is often merry over his personal plainness, tells this story of himself: "I went to a chemist the other day for a dose of morphine for a sick friend. The assistant objected to give it to me without a prescription, evidently fearing that I intended to commit suicide. 'Pshaw!' said I, 'do I look like a man who would kill himself?' Gazing steadily at me a moment, he replied, 'I don't know. It seems to me, if I looked like you, I should be greatly tempted to kill myself.'"

"Papa," said a little boy to his parent the other day, "are not sailors *very, very* small men?" "No, my dear," answered the father; "pray, what leads you to suppose that they are so small?" "Because," replied the young idea, smartly, "I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep in his watch."

HEM AND HAW.—A man about town was lately invited to a sewing party. The next day a friend asked him how the entertainment came off. "Oh, it was very amusing," he replied, "the ladies hemmed, and I hawed."

A youngster is congratulating himself that he has got the measles at last. He says he shall not any longer be kept from playing with the boys for fear he may catch it. That little chap is a philosopher, and understands the doctrine of compensation.

Complaisance is no longer confined to the polite circles. A captain of a vessel was lately called out of a coffee-house at Wapping by a waterman with the following address: "An't please your Honor, the tide is waiting for you."

An Irish monk once called on his congregation to thank God that he had placed death at the end of life instead of the middle.

THE HEIGHT OF FASHION.

MANNERS.

YOUNG MISTRESS. "Jane, I'm surprised that none of you Stood up when I went into the Kitchen just now!"
JANE. "Indeed, Mum! which we was su'prised ourselves at your a comin' into the Kitching while we was a 'aving our *Luncheong!*"

The following advertisement is too peculiar and modest not to merit a place in a literary journal: "Evening parties.—A young lady, who has written beautifully on the late Prince Consort, President Lincoln, and others (not yet published), is open to engagements to recite." Who would not like to hear the young lady recite "who has written beautifully" on the distinguished persons mentioned, and others not yet published?

Bishop Simpson, in a recent lecture, in Boston, predicted that in a very few years we would have Chinese servants in our houses. A gentleman referred to this at the breakfast-table one morning, when his little daughter came to his chair and whispered, "Oh, pa, won't it be nice? We shall have a Chinese servant, and she will eat all the rats, so we won't have to keep a cat!"

"Well, uncle, do you see any particular difference in neighbor P. since he joined the church?" "Oh yes," was the reply, "a great difference. Before, when he went out into his garden on Sunday, he carried his garden tools on his shoulder; now he carries them under his over-coat."

A LABOR OF LOVE.—The following epitaph may be seen in the cemetery of a parish in the environs of Paris: "Here lies Madame N——, wife of M. N——, master blacksmith. The railing around this tomb was manufactured by her husband."

A lady's husband being away from home, died while absent. One of the neighbors being requested to inform her of her husband's death, found her at dinner, and when he informed her of the death, she requested the neighbor to wait until she had finished her dinner, when he would hear some bawling.

THE AUDIENCE.—The manager of a country theatre looked into the house between the acts, and turned with a face of dismay to the prompter, with the question:

"Why, good gracious, where's the audience?"

"Sir," replied the prompter, without moving a muscle, "he is just now gone to get some beer."

The manager wiped the perspiration from his brow, and said, "Will he return, do you think?"

"Most certainly; he expressed himself highly satisfied with the play, and applauded as one man."

"Then let the business proceed," exclaimed the manager, proudly; and it did proceed.

MATRIMONIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

(*For Particulars inquire over the Way.*)

A Gentleman, heir to large property, but born blind, is in Want of a Wife. Beauty not requisite. She must be intelligent, amiable, and accomplished; but plainness will be no objection if any thing short of palpable disfigurement.

The Friends of a Young Lady wish to procure her a Suitable Husband. She is sensible, sweet-tempered, and pretty, her only defect being that she is unable to sound the letter H. A Deaf Gentleman would find this an excellent opportunity.

UGLY WOMEN! UGLY WOMEN! UGLY WOMEN!—A Young Man who has run through all his property, but now sees the Error of his Ways, and is a Reformed Character, wishes to Marry and Settle. He would wish to Settle any fortune that his wife might bring with her on herself, with Remainder in the hands of Trustees to the Survivor for Life. Any Lady of strictly moral and religious principles and an affectionate temperament, whose Inclination for Holy Matrimony has, notwithstanding pecuniary affluence (say from $150,000), been opposed by disadvantages of personal appearance, may Secure a Fond Husband, who is considered very Handsome, but, being himself indifferent to externals, regards only those qualities in a married partner that are truly valuable.

A gentleman, who had the curiosity to spend a dime in answering an advertisement which promised valuable advice for that amount, received by mail the following answer: "Friend, for ten cents postage, please find inclosed advice which may be of great value to you. As many persons are injured for weeks, months, and years, by the careless use of a knife, therefore, my advice is, when you use a knife, always whittle from you!"

PHYSIC.—One of our well-known physicians, while conversing with a friend one day, observed another physician driving past in his chaise accompanied by one of his patients, who was fast recovering. "Well," said Dr. B., "I never took a patient to ride in my life." "No," said our friend, "Mr. Pierce, the sexton, saves you the trouble."

Why have the United States Congress impeached President Johnson?—Perhaps because they think of making him President again, and don't want to elect an untried man.

"Which, my dear lady, do you think the merriest place in the world?" "That immediately above the atmosphere that surrounds the earth, I should think." "And why so?" "Because I am told that there all bodies lose their gravity."

Most kinds of roots and bark are now used for medicine, except the cube root and the bark of a dog.

WANTED.

One of the arrows that Cupid shot.

A man to awaken the sleepers of a railway track.

A hat for the head of a nail.

A wick from the lamp of life.

A key to fit an elephant's trunk.

A splinter from a sunbeam.

A train of cars to run on the branch of a tree.

A pie made from the fruits of matrimony.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 30.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Walking and Home Toilettes.

WE give in the present Number of *Harper's Bazar* patterns and illustrations of a number of walking suits, rendered timely by the beautiful spring weather, which is filling the streets with groups of gay promenaders. Moreover, as the summer is fast approaching, and it is time to prepare for the journeyings attendant thereupon, we furnish our readers with a variety of designs for traveling conveniences, such as necessaires, bags, shawl-straps, port-folios, glove-holders, umbrella-holders, etc., which they will find invaluable in their summer wanderings. We also give illustrations of several pretty home toilettes for spring.

The walking suits this year consist chiefly, as in the last, of a skirt and paletot of the same material. The skirts are not quite so short or so narrow as those of last season, but almost touch the ground, and are longer behind than in front. The front breadth is almost plain, with one large box-pleat; the back breadths are straight, and gathered, with a small pleat on each side of the gathers. The paletots are either close-fitting or sack-shaped. A belt with a bow or rosette and broad sash ends is worn over the paletot. This belt is made either of the same material as the paletot, with trimming to match, or of silk, satin, etc.; the ends do not fall below the bottom of the paletot itself. Fichus, crossing in front, are also worn either over the paletot or instead of it; these are very stylish and becoming to young girls. Walking dresses may be either of black silk, or of the many light-colored worsted or linen goods suitable for summer wear. Close sleeves are still in favor. The trimming consists of narrow or wide flounces, quillings, bias folds, and lappets of different shapes, either of the same stuff as the paletot, bound with silk or satin, or of the latter materials. Many suits have no other trimming than a broad hem, with one or more rows of stitching in silk twist of the same color as the dress. The buttons generally match the suit in color, and are covered with silk or satin, embroidered in point russe or satin stitch; these buttons may be made more durable by winding them over with silk twist. We proceed to give a description of the home and walking dresses in the accompanying illustration.

Fig. 1.—Dress with train of brown poult de soie, trimmed with bias folds of brown silk bound with brown satin.

Fig. 2.—Dress with train of mode Panama cloth, trimmed with bias folds of brown silk. Belt with lappets of brown silk, bound with brown satin. The bias folds are bound in a similar manner.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of lavender gros grain, trimmed in the manner shown in the illustration with lavender silk flounces and bias folds. The belt and bow are trimmed to correspond with the dress. The paletot and fichu belonging to the Maria Theresa and Norderney dresses (see page 473), the patterns of which are given in the present Number of the Supplement, may either be worn with this dress.

Fig. 4.—Dress with train of pearl-gray silk, trimmed with satin, silk fringe, tassels, and buttons of a darker shade, in the manner shown in the illustration.

Fig. 5.—Dress with train of brown poplin, trimmed with brown satin piping, black lace, and brown buttons.

THE NEW AGE OF WOMANHOOD.

ALL observant persons agree that womanhood in certain respects has made a great advance in the present age. It would not be correct to say that we have any women superior in their particular class to the mothers of Doddridge and the Wesleys, or to Hannah More and Maria Edgeworth. But it is precisely true to affirm that the general idea of pure, cultivated, and noble womanhood has made large progress in the United States toward the ideal of excellence. Nor is it less true to aver that the ideal itself, borrowing somewhat from the splendor of the age, has grown more resplendent.

It is quite clear that the peculiar kind of advancement made in this age could not have been accomplished without womanhood sharing in the mighty impulse. The forward movement has not been coldly logical nor mechanical. It has not been of set intellectual purpose, nor on the demands of a frigid system, but instinctive and impulsive, alive with generous yearnings, stimulated as much by buoyant hope as by reasoning faith, and thoroughly founded in the possibilities of humanity as connected with that future which Christianity so divinely portrays. Women have advanced with the age because they are women. They are in literature, in art, in teaching, in varied forms of tasteful activity, for the same reason that they are honored, loved, revered in domestic life. Their sex has necessitated the position which they occupy, so that men have come to believe at last that they are no less essential to society as thinkers and actors than as wives. On this ground they now stand. On this ground they will continue to stand, exercising larger measures of beneficent influence, vindicating their worth of character by rarer worth of life, and winning for themselves a more exalted kind of admiration.

Throw aside every thing else, and this admiration—a new fact of the age—is alone an immense gain to each sex. Half the admiration lavished upon women is a misfortune to giver and receiver. It is a dazzling counterfeit, all the worse for being dazzling. Like all shams, it is a respectable way of being false and heartless. Few things are as hurtful as this current style of admiration. But it has had a wholesome check. It will be checked more and more as womanhood fulfills the high ideal of the age. And the result of the change will be seen in men quite as much as in women. The era of vivacious noodles will pass away. The nice young man will quietly disappear. Instead of sentimentality we shall have sentiment. Instead of theatrical courtships we shall have hearts finding kindred hearts. And as this truer admiration leads to a profounder love, it will extend itself to all the relations of daily life. The shallow affections which have unfortunately existed in some sorts of society between men and women, have not been confined in their disastrous consequences to the domestic circle. These are primary feelings of the human heart, and hence, if artificialized and enervated, integrity of character and honesty in business and manly dealing in active life are sure to pay the forfeit! The standard of all manhood and womanhood goes down with the mutual regards of the sexes; and we urge, therefore, that as the relations between man and woman are becoming more true and genuine, resting in a stronger faith in each other's capacity and in a warmer devotion to each other's character, the well-being of society in all its connections will be thereby augmented. Who can tell but that the tender and gracious forethought of Providence may be specially directing this impulse, which is quickening with such marvelous energy the brain and heart of womankind? Who can tell but that this age, relaxing its hold upon God, idolizing self-culture and self-reliance, and substituting its dreary negations for the faith and reverence of the Gospel, may have finally to take refuge from its self-destructive insanity in the more intuitional and reliable beliefs and virtues of womanhood? There may be a deeper truth than we have yet read in the fact that the Redeemer announced his resurrection first to women.

HOME TOILETTES.

SWEET, MY SWEET.

Ebb and flow, but as you go,
River, running to the sea,
For love's sake my message take
Down to where she waits for me.
Sweet, my sweet, about your feet
Shadows with the sunshine meet;
So our lives are made complete
By our bane and bliss, my sweet.

If my ship its anchor slip,
Riding out both storms and calms,
Touching sands of far-off lands
Where are tall and graceful palms—
Sweet, my sweet, low at your feet
Shall be laid the tribute meet
Till your triumph is complete
Over other love, my sweet.

Ebb and flow, but as you go,
River, running to the sea,
Late and long still sing the song
I am singing now to thee.
Sweet, my sweet, about your feet
Shadows must with sunshine meet
Till our lips with kisses greet,
For I love you, sweet, my sweet.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1868.

☞ *In our next Number we shall begin the publication of a New Serial, richly illustrated, of intense interest, by* FITZ HUGH LUDLOW, Esq., *which will be sure to command the admiration and eager attention of our readers.*

KEEP IN THE SUN.

EVERY one is familiar with the process of growing celery. A deep trench is dug, in which the seed are sown or the sprouts set, and with the growth of the plant the earth is carefully heaped up until the whole is nearly buried. By this means the light is excluded almost entirely, and the vegetable becomes the pale and tender esculent of our tables.

Paleness and tenderness are always the result of depriving an organized being, whether a plant or animal, of the light of the sun; but these qualities, however desirable in a sprig of celery, are indications of an artificial and unwholesome condition. The human being soon loses in obscurity his color and toughness, and, with them, all brightness of intelligence and vigor of body. Children brought up in mines and cellars are blanched, dwarfed, stupid, liable to diseases of all kinds, and short-lived; and grown-up people, however vigorous they may have been previously, will soon, when deprived of light, become pale and feeble.

There can not be a greater mistake than for our delicate dames, who pass so much of their lives indoors, to sit or lounge in dark rooms. They require all the sun's light they can get. It is true that whatever defects of toilette or complexion they may have will be better concealed from a chance visitor by obscurity; but this small gratification of vanity is too dearly purchased at the cost of health.

The sun's light is not only essential to the preservation of the natural vigor of the body, but acts very beneficially as a remedy in disease. The French make great use of it, particularly in their hospitals. To the windows of these there are attached inclined planes upon which the sick are laid, and exposed on every clear day to the sun's light. This has a more powerful tonic effect than all the iron, quinine, porter, wine, and spirits which are so much used with us.

Weak and sickly children are especially benefited by exposure to the sun's light, and mothers would do well to reverse their usual order to the nurse: "Keep in the shade." We say, and we have science and experience on our side: "Keep in the sun."

FAMILY FESTIVALS.

IT is quite clear that we Americans get far less enjoyment out of life than we might. We still suffer from the effects of our Puritanical origin, and although we may have abandoned the theory that pleasure is necessarily a sin, we still cling to the practice of eschewing it. We may not insist as we once did upon obedience to the eleventh commandment—"Thou shalt not eat mince-pie," added by the Praise-God Barebones to the Decalogue—but we touch the once forbidden pastry, or indulge in the innocent pleasure of which it is here taken as the symbol, too rarely, and seldom without fear and trembling.

Not content with erasing from the calendar all the saints' days and holy feasts and festivals which were so many pleasant and wholesome reminders that man was not made for work alone, we have reduced our national holidays to two or three in the year at the utmost. The late war, with its many days of glory, has not apparently left us a single one for a perpetual anniversary of celebration. As for family festivals they seem to be in a fair way of being abolished altogether. This we think an imprudent concession to the drudgery of life.

We might learn a useful and charming lesson from our foreign friends, and especially from the Germans. These contrive to make their homes constant scenes of cheerfulness. Every domestic event is turned by them into an occasion of joyous demonstration. The celebration of the baptisms and christenings, birthdays and silver and golden weddings, and other family events, makes life in Germany a perpetual holiday. This does not, as some might suspect, render the German an idle, devil-may-care person. His prominence in every country as a man of industry, enterprise, and thrift proves the contrary. This exuberance of domestic joy serves rather to lubricate his energies, and render him capable of bearing the rubs of life without wear and tear.

It is surprising also how much hearty enjoyment the Germans manage to get for a small expenditure of money. These family festivals are made up of very few articles purchased in shop or market, but of a great deal of sentiment of home production. A bouquet of flowers, a cake, a toy, or a trinket, is all that costs money, the rest is generously supplied by affection and good-nature. What time may be thought by our parsimonious calculators wasted in these home festivals should be rather estimated as gained. The strength given to the domestic affections, and the positive increase of social happiness by this practice of cultivating the innocent pleasures of home, are sufficient to commend it. Apart, however, from these, it has the further advantage of indirectly economizing time. The spirits are refreshed by these periodical intermissions from work, and the mind and body so invigorated that they more than make up, by increased willingness and capacity for labor, for all the time spent in these innocent and wholesome family festivals.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to the Reverend Lucas Merriweather.

MY DEAR SIR,—I wrote to my friend Lucinda last week to congratulate her upon a certain event upon which, with your permission, I beg also to congratulate you. And now I propose to make a suggestion to you which I know you will take in perfect good part whether you accede to it or not. You were so polite as to say, when I had the pleasure of meeting you at Lucinda's house, that you thought the subject of manners upon the road treated in a large and liberal manner as our general conduct upon the great highway of life, was a very suggestive topic; and you were so generous as to spare me a few hints that might serve as texts for some future little sermons upon the topic which I might wish to preach in the form of letters to various friends. My dear and reverend Sir, how can I do better than to begin by trying your neat prescription in your own case? For I know nobody who could help raise the general standard of manners upon his own road better than my friend the truly popular and beloved divine, or clergyman if you prefer, or minister, in the old Puritan phrase, the Reverend Lucas Merriweather.

When the Prince of Wales was married I remember reading in the London papers the most elaborate descriptions of the most magnificent presents which were given to the lovely Alexandra—poor child! I hope she does not repent that brilliant occasion and her uncommonly "good match." But I somehow forget what his Royal Highness gave her as his own peculiar gift. Perhaps a beautiful *bouquetier* holding a rather faded nosegay from the *Jardin Mabille* in Paris, or an illuminated copy of the lovely ballad of "The Rat-catcher's Daughter" from the London cider-cellars, or some other token of his Royal Highness's tastes and pursuits—something that would always pleasantly remind his invalid wife, as she lay at home unable to move, of the probable haunts and occupations of her young husband. And I am now patiently awaiting the foreign papers to read the details of Prince Humbert's marriage to his cousin Margaret, of which I wrote to Lucinda, and perhaps even to see in the illustrated papers pictures of the princely bridal gifts. But until they come I console myself by inspecting the presents of Miss Matilda Pound, who was married to Mr. Charles Hundredweight, under the head of "a distinguished event in the fashionable world" only last week. Her gifts were gorgeous. If the Princess Margaret, who has just married her cousin Humbert, had any thing more superb and elaborate, she is a very fortunate princess. The only thing wanting in Miss Pound's presents was a palace. She had all the equipment of a palace, and it is a pity that she should want the house itself. And when I think of the many German royal and princely ladies whom I have seen in other days living and entertaining in palaces, why, I assure you, my dear and reverend Sir, they could all of them learn from Mrs. Charles Hundredweight, and I am more than ever sorry that she has not a palace of her own in which to put herself and her wedding treasures, and teach royal personages how to behave. Perhaps you will suggest that the young husband's gift might have been a palace. Certainly, it might have been; but besides himself, which I assure you Mr. Charles Hundredweight does not think a gift of small potatoes, he presented his bride upon the wedding morning with a set of diamonds so complete and resplendent that I do not know whether any Queen's surpass them. Mr. Peter Paul Pry, who was with me—as he is sure to be at all such places—gravely saluted her as Madame Kohinoor when he made his bow to her at the reception after the ceremony; and she is now known by that name.

Now, as I contemplated all the beautiful and costly gifts that surrounded this pretty bride, I thought of another bride—or of a certain friend of ours who, I am glad to know, will very soon be one; and I naturally fell to thinking what kind of gift her lover upon the happy marriage morn would be likely to bring to her. Can you guess, my dear Mr. Lucas? It will not be a set of diamonds, I am sure, nor a pearl necklace, nor yards of miraculous old lace, nor a gold dinner-service; no, nor even a chaste silver tea-set. It may be a very neat writing-stand fully equipped—or a beautifully bound Shakespeare—or a massively bound Family Bible. Some of these, or all of them, it may be. But I can tell you of a gift that you—for of course I am speaking of Lucinda—may give to her, which shall be more royal than purple velvet and Venetian lace—more splendid than diamonds and gold. It has very possibly occurred to you already, for I know your generous nature; but you have not seen it at Tiffany's, nor at Stewart's, nor is it to be heard of in Maiden Lane.

It is simply this. Go to Lucinda on your marriage-day, and that that shall be soon I know two people who are fully resolved. Say to her as she comes to you, clad in white, perfuming the happy air as she moves, and much too fine a being for you or for any mortal—say to her, "Lucinda, I bring you my wedding gift—a resolution." I do not believe she will smile, I do not believe she will quote to you Mrs. Browning's exquisite "Swan's nest among the Reeds," nor will she look as if she thought what you and I would put into the vulgar phrase that fine words butter no parsnips. For she knows you, and she knows that a resolution of yours is like the morning brightness before the sun. The sun is sure to follow; and your deed does not lag behind your word. When she stands listening for you to continue, say: "I am so happy in my love for you, I know so deeply that love is the real law of life, I see so plainly the folly and the pain of the want of love among Christian brethren, that I am going to do what I can to break down the wicked walls of sectarian jealousy and hostility that divide the great church into little pens of hot and angry disputants; I am going to invite all my brethren to co-operate in the good work; to exhort them not to be satisfied with a denominational name to the exclusion of graver matters; to ask them if we are not all agreed upon the solid fundamental truths of a pure life, and put it to them whether we had not better save our ammunition and our hostile zeal for the Kingdom of Darkness and its emissaries instead of exploding each other with our petards of sectarian passion, and bombarding each other with our tremendous ecclesiastical canons? Why, I shall ask of them, why do we not lay hold of every good work all together? Why must every charity be labeled with the mark of a sect, and all humane and generous effort be poured into denominational moulds before it is considered shapely enough for sympathy? Is suffering of any sect—is necessity of any ecclesiastical limitation? And I will not let them say that each church must take care of its own, for I will tell them that there is but one church, the church of God, of which all earnest, striving, pious souls are members. I will try to show them that, when they build the pens of which I speak and keep them in perfect repair, they are but cherishing false views in the minds of their adherents; that just as the Italian peasant worships the figure of the Madonna, not as a symbol, but, I fear, rather as an idol, not discriminating, with the wiser priest, between the representation and the original, so the good people of his own flock may—yes, and do—come to regard the lines of their fold as the limits of the great, generous body of true believers, and to consider the duty of manning the walls of their sectarian Zion the chief duty of Christian soldiers. I mean to try to uproot and cut down and overthrow and smite hip and thigh all these vile, morbid, sectarian heresies, which do even more to retard the coming of the Kingdom of Light than all the powers of t'other kingdom themselves; and if any thing can hold me fast to the good work, and perpetually refresh and inspire me in doing it, it will be she who has taught me the meanness of any love less than the truly Catholic and universal, to whom I offer as a wedding gift this dedication of myself to this chief duty."

If you say this, I believe that Lucinda will be more wholly yours than ever. I can see in my imagination her eyes as she looks at you; I can understand how her heart will beat with something more than the expectation of the ceremony; and that when she whispers to you, "Come, I am ready," it will mean that she calls you to the work you propose, and that she consecrates herself to it with you. How do you think this compares with the diamond set? Would you rather give her the pearl necklace? Or do you believe she had rather have it? Dear and reverend Sir, do you not agree with me that if every body who was to be married in this pleasant month of May should make such a gift to his bride as I have suggested to you, the whole year would be pleasanter for all of us, and the whole world the gainer? It would not abolish sects—no, certainly not, for they arise from irresistible causes; but it would tend to abolish the hostility of sects. And if you know any thing which more seriously impedes the journey which we are all making, if you know any thing which is more grossly inconsistent with true Christian manners upon the road of life—which manners I take to be universal charity—than this pestilent sectarianism, I wish you would apprise me by the City post to-morrow morning.

I have not observed whether you are to speak at any of the anniversary meetings this year. But if you are, you might certainly make a good beginning in the good work. My dear brother Lucas, smite this giant, this common enemy, this sower of tares in the garden, this divider of brethren. Especially if you go to the Congregational supper stir up the brethren with a true Catholicism, with the fire of the Church Universal, which does not ask a brother's name, but looks to see if he visit the widows and fatherless, and keeps himself unspotted from the world.

If I have mistaken your character, Sir, in addressing you this letter, Lucinda will explain to you that I am only

Your well-meaning friend,
AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

JAPANESE FOULARDS.

AMONG some novelties just arrived are the Japanese silks, or foulards, for suits. The over-dress and petticoat are of different colors, but are imported together in a wooden box, covered with Japanese letters. The design after which they are to be made is traced on colored paper with Japanese symbols, and altogether they present a decidedly Oriental appearance. They are all of solid colors, well selected. The handsomest shown us had the over-skirts of a clear shade of gray, with a petticoat of blue, brown, or violet. These were $35 for the suit. Cheaper patterns in two shades of brown were $30.

SATIN AND SERGE.

Another novelty is the linen-back satin for petticoats. It is in quarter-inch and inch-wide stripes of gold and black, or pink and gray, and green, scarlet, or purple, with white. It is sold by the yard at $3.

In another set of boxes are smoothly-folded patterns of summer serge, the dress and petticoat unlike. This fabric is all silk, thin and wiry, and is a kind of twilled foulard. A serge over-dress of the fashionable nankeen color accompanies a blue or green skirt. The price is $60 for each pattern. The petticoat of cuir-colored serge is striped satin, pink and white. A more quiet suit is of brown satin, under cream-colored foulard. A violet dress of soft Turk satin is over the same shade of repped silk. This is $45.

TURKISH SATIN.

We found in other boxes four beautiful costumes, each of which is marked $100. French plates accompany them, exhibiting the design. The lower skirt of one is Turk satin, of inch-wide stripes of purple and gold. The over-dress is purple satin. A long fringed sash has three broad stripes like those of the petticoat. Material like the over-dress is furnished for bonnet, gaiters, and parasol. The outside dresses of the other three patterns are steel gray. The petticoats are, first, gold and Mentana red stripes; second, pink and green, and third, bronze and gilt.

COUNTRY SUITS.

Spring toilettes having been brought to completion in time to display them on the promenade during the balmy May weather, our modistes are already devising costumes for summer. In anticipation of the usual hegira to the sea-side and watering-places country suits, as they are called, are in active preparation. The Parisian models imported for the coming season are in the Watteau or Pompadour style, or *à la Marie Antoinette.*

The Watteau is in imitation of the pastoral dress worn by court shepherdesses in the days of Louis XV., when they enacted idyls at Trianon and Fontainebleau. It is a close copy of the original costume, with its square Pompadour neck, its velvet necklace and cross, the merest atom of sleeve, a belt and sash looped with eglantine, and a festooned over-dress with striped petticoat, short enough to display clocked stockings and slippers with large rosettes. This fanciful attire is surmounted by a Louis Quinze hat turned up at the left side, and a cardinal pelerine with long pointed hood.

Differing from this is the Marie Antoinette, with its high-necked fichu folded over the breast, sleeves puffed to the elbow and frilled, slender waist and paniers, with skirts trimmed with innumerable ruffles and ruches. The broad-rimmed garden hat of chip is trimmed with field flowers, and completes a costume peculiarly becoming to youthful faces and slender figures. The Watteau is better suited to maturity and embonpoint; but like every thing else, they are worn indiscriminately.

DRESS MATERIALS.

Twilled mohair, soft light cashmere, Chambery gauze, alpaca, and the Japanese foulards

are selected for summer suits, in delicate shades of buff, fawn-color, drab, and pea-green. Glossy white alpaca and mohair are trimmed with the clear light blue now so fashionable in Europe. Chambery gauze or goats'-hair, a thicker fabric than that worn for evening dresses, is in narrow stripes of any bright color, with white. Green, blue, and mauve are much admired. It is only found at a few houses, and is from $2 to $3 a yard. It is seven-eighths wide. Marseilles and piqué suits consist merely of the polonaise and gored skirt, without a tight-fitting corsage. They are braided in rich patterns, with medallions on each width and vines up the seams. The sleeves and collar are finished with narrow fringe. Cool and pretty costumes for midsummer are made of white organdy with two skirts, a low full waist, and wide fichu. These are worn without the fichu for short dancing dresses. Valenciennes lace, gauffered ruffles, and gay ribbons are the trimmings.

IMPORTED COSTUMES.

A simple suit for country wear is of buff serge. The lower skirt is gored plainly. The over-dress is short in the back, long and round in front, and trimmed with three rows of black velvet ribbon. A low square corsage without sleeves is to be worn over a *chemise Russe*. Short paletot with long mantilla fronts. Another for a very young girl is of striped blue and white goat's-hair over a blue poplin petticoat, trimmed with three folds of the striped goods cut bias. A Pompadour sash begins half-way down the upper skirt at the side seams. The waist of white muslin has a long scarf arranged over the shoulder and hanging loosely under the left arm. The mantle is a round talma, edged with white camel's-hair fringe. A tiny hat to be worn with this suit is of white Neapolitan straw, trimmed with blue crape and bouquets of forget-me-nots.

A Pompadour suit of black silk has the short skirt trimmed with three rows of black galloon embroidered with orange. Over this is a panier skirt with revers of orange silk turned back in front. The sash begins low down on each side under a large rosette. This over-skirt may be festooned with the sash or left to form a train. A short, tight-fitting basque has orange revers at the throat and deep facings on the wrist. A Louis XV. chapeau of fancy straw is turned up at the side and faced with orange.

A croquet dress of white piqué is a short Gabrielle with deep, leaf-like lappets extending from the waist to the knee, all around the skirt. These are braided with feather-edged soutache, and sprinkled with innumerable small linen buttons. Bretelles in front form a bertha at the back. Hat of white muslin trimmed with violets. This costume may be made up at home at a very trifling expense.

An elaborate Watteau suit, marked $225, has a satin under-skirt of striped gold and maroon. It is cut off at the knee and finished with a deep flounce. The Watteau jacket forming the over-dress is of narrow repped silk. It is trimmed with a wide pinked ruche of the same and looped at the sides and back to form puffs. These puffs are lined with crinoline to make them project. The wide sash ribbon has three stripes like the petticoat. It is arranged in a fan-like quilling with butterfly bows on the ends. The hat, of yellow straw, is turned up at the side and trimmed with a striped ribbon.

A plain traveling dress has a gored petticoat of white alpaca trimmed with three ruches of brown cashmere notched at the edges. A long redingote worn over this is of brown sea-side poplin trimmed with folds of the same piped with brown cashmere. This is inexpensive, stylish, and serviceable.

An elegant carriage dress of black faille has a trained skirt with a deep flounce on all the widths but the front. A wide quilling, bound with satin, trims the front seams and heads the flounce. The whole front width is trimmed with a lattice work of thick satin piping. The tight-fitting basque is long and round behind, with square fronts and slashed sides. The lattice of piping covers the entire back of the basque, and forms epaulets and cuffs on the coat-sleeves.

A picturesque costume for a watering-place is of white alpaca, with two skirts and a fichu. On the lower skirt is a ten-inch flounce of blue silk, put on in shell quilling. The upper skirt, edged with folds of the alpaca, piped with blue silk, is open in front, and fastened around the plain waist with a belt. It is festooned at the sides by sashes. The Marie Antoinette fichu is trimmed to match the lower skirt. A white crinoline hat is turned up at the side and draped with a scarf of blue tulle that forms a veil. Pompon of feathers on the left. Blue ribbon is quilled inside the rim.

HINTS ABOUT DRESS-MAKING.

French dresses, when buttoned in front of the corsage, are no longer very high at the throat. The neck is disclosed as far down as the slope of the shoulders. Vandyked and scalloped bands are universally worn. They fit more neatly when cut bias, and should match the trimming in color. Another plan is to stitch a row of points on a narrow band. The points are formed by doubling small squares of silk, then folding toward the centre.

Under-skirts of imported costumes have a belt defined on the skirt, plain and smooth in front, but are gathered in the back with a drawing-string.

The best plan for finishing the edge of a skirt is to sew the material of the dress and facing together on the wrong side, making a broad seam, then turn over evenly, and press smoothly. The seam may be from a quarter of an inch to an inch wide, and if sewn without puckering, serves to make the edge of the skirt stand out firmly. The old practice of turning up the material of the dress on the facing is objectionable, as the skirt is apt to cut out at the edge. An excellent modiste advises us that skirt-braid for binding is no longer considered essential. The French, who finish their work in the most beautiful manner, doing almost every thing by hand, have entirely discarded braid. The material of the braid is so different from that of the dress that they will not shrink alike, and all worsted braids shrink slightly, even though dipped in scalding water before they are used.

THE CARDINAL PELERINE.

The most novel wrap of the season is called the Cardinal Pelerine. It is made either of black faille or of the silk of the dress. It is also shown in black cashmere. The shape is similar to the scarf burnous. It has a pointed hood folded in the back, long mantilla fronts, and is fitted into the waist by a concealed belt. A very handsome one of faille is trimmed with a corded passementerie with small tassels pendent every where, and a long tassel on the point of the hood. It is bordered with wide guipure lace over fringe.

SLEEVELESS JACKETS.

Sleeveless jackets have been worn for two seasons, but they still find favor. They are jaunty little garments that give a tone to the simplest toilette, and are equally suitable for morning and evening. A very stylish one, just imported, is of soft black cashmere, lined with white Florence silk. It is ornamented with a band of palm leaves and a patch-work border like those seen on India shawls. Another, to be worn over a white muslin dress, or with black silk, is of light blue silk, trimmed with an appliqué vine of black velvet, embroidered with cut turquoise beads and straw threads. The back and side-bodies are notched in small squares at the edge, from which are pendent heavy acorns of blue silk. Fine black lama lace jackets, with epaulets in the arm-holes, are worn over light dresses for afternoon toilettes. The Haidee jackets are of white lama, with Grecian gilt bands woven in the lace, and tinkling gilt drops on the border. In another cashmere stripes are interwoven, and a narrow fringe is made of varied colors. The most elaborate jacket shown us is hussar-shaped. It is of white faille, braided with gilt soutache. Coat-sleeves with deep cuffs. Tiny pockets are under the arm, and broad sashes hang down in the back. The price of this unique garment is $90.

LINGERIE.

Linen cambric collars and under-sleeves are displayed for afternoon toilettes. The collars are standing, fastened with a bow and ends of lace and cambric. The sheerest cambric is laid in tiny cord-like folds, held securely at each side, and vandyked at the top. The vandykes are felled out with Valenciennes and embroidery. On others Valenciennes insertion is laid in pleats and trimmed with appliqué needle-work. Again, there are sprays of flowers and leaves of real point d'Alençon inserted in cambric. Medallions of tucks rest amidst the filmiest laces, sewn in with seams so small that they are scarcely perceptible. Valenciennes and even point lace bows are attached to ribbon cravats to be worn with standing linen collars. Plain sets for morning are of linen, with three or four cords stitched in the pointed edges. Rows of pin-stitching separate the thick cords. These are all made in the neatest manner. Beautiful paper collars of all styles are made in lace patterns, so elaborate as to be mistaken at a little distance for needle-work or guipure, and especially convenient for traveling.

A paletot of white organdy is intended for a street wrapping. A pleated flounce edged with Valenciennes surrounds the bottom, and a similar trimming forms a bertha. Needle-work insertion extends up the seams. Blue ribbon is quilled at the top of the flounce, and a belt is formed of folds of silk. Coat-sleeves with ruffled cuffs, ornamented with blue bows.

A Marie Antoinette fichu, suitable for mourning, is of white organdy, trimmed with a fluted ruffle and smooth folds. Price $15.

Necklaces of large silk balls strung together with gilt, with long pendants in front, are worn in colors matching the trimming of a suit. Butterfly bows of shell-like bits of silk and lace are worn beneath a brooch at the throat.

SPRING SHOES.

Walking boots for this season are lower on the ankle than those worn during the winter. The half-high, or three-quarter Polish boot, is cooler and looks better with short dresses. Kid is preferred to prunella or the satin Français. Grison's kid, imported by the best houses, is the least liable to crack and turn brown, but even this is not infallible. An excellent dressing is now prepared that restores the polish and does not soil the skirts when moist.

Half-high Polish gaiters with medium rounded toes without tips, and buttoned with jet are the favorite boots for walking. Heels are slightly lower, very little curved, and are much broader than the sloping heels lately in vogue. Fancy boots are stitched with white. A carriage or evening shoe is laced in front and trimmed over the instep with braiding and jet. A pretty light gaiter is made of prunella uppers finished with kid. Bronze boots are still seen on the street. All bronze is defaced by moisture. There is a bronze dressing that will restore the color, but not permanently.

The white satin of the wedding-dress is made into bridal slippers and gaiters. The ornaments are blonde lace and seed-pearl embroidery. The gaiters are buttoned with Roman pearls. Dancing boots, with slightly concave heels, are of colored kid, or of the material of the dress, with colored heels.

Bows for slippers are made of colored velvet cut bias, and of kid leaves bound with silk and held together by steel buckles. Bronze bows have gilt buckles. Large Pompadour rosettes that cover the entire instep are admired for morning use. They are put on ordinary black kid slippers, with curved heels, covered with cloth the color of the rosette. Toilette slippers without heels have kid facings a half inch deep around the top, and chain stitched with violet or blue silk.

Full Polish boots are selected for children. For school and for ordinary wear the pebbled goat is preferred to kid. Cuir-color, bronze, and fancy morocco is used for dress-gaiters. They are trimmed with rosettes, tassels, and the fancy stitching and appliqué ornaments that are not in good taste for ladies.

For information given we are indebted to Mesdames DIEDEN, VIRFOLET, BAILLARD, and PROVOST; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; WILLIAM H. JEFFERS; Mr. MILLER; and the EAGLE LACE PAPER COLLAR Co.

PERSONAL.

THE great people of Great Britain are becoming quite natural and affectionate before the public. Heretofore, among those boasting "blue blood," it has been regarded as part of "the eternal fitness of things" that wives should do their kissing in the deepest seclusion of home; but Mrs. GLADSTONE, at the conclusion of her husband's brilliant speech on the Irish Church, rushed to the lobby as he was going out, and kissed him heartily. With such a precedent, what may we not look for at the conclusion of every good speech, in Parliament or in Congress?—a simple inquiry, or suggestion, for the lady readers of the *Bazar*—not a conundrum.

—Mrs. LORILLARD RONALDS, whose rare personal beauty and remarkable vocal and linguistic acquirements have been much admired by the *haut ton* of Paris, has had such disagreements, etc., with Mr. R. as to result in a separation. The Tribunal Civil de la Seine, Paris, has decreed in her favor, giving her charge of her four children, an allowance of 2000 francs a month from January last, 6000 francs for expenses of the suit, and 9000 francs on her arrival in the United States, where, within six months, she is to sue for a final separation.

—Mrs. General BANKS is described as a lady of strong and vigorous intellect, whose rich and varied experience in life tenaciously clings to, or, rather, is incorporated into the vicissitudes, the successes, and the ambitions of her husband. She is kind-hearted, unostentatious, and matronly, peculiarly engaging in conversation; and, while she graces the drawing-room with an air of perfect ease and familiarity with conventional *dicta*, she exhibits her absolute greatness and depth of character in cooking daily the superlatively *good* breakfast which she and the General enjoy. Mrs. BANKS displays, also, an exquisite taste in dress and arrangement of her toilette. She does not wear gewgaws, or try to swindle Old Time out of the years he has bequeathed her with *émail de Paris* or *rouge*.

—When Miss EMILY GILMAN, of Chicago, was married, recently, to a Boston clergyman, she boldly emancipated herself from the feeble fashion of having groomsmen at the wedding, but made it up in bridemaids—having eight of those fascinating Chicago belles to help her through the trying ceremonial. Thus doth Chicago inaugurate the proper thing to be done by young people who propose to be "*connubled*."

—Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY, who has been living in England for several years, has a charming residence in West Brampton, a suburb of London, very near to his friend, Mr. FROUDE, the historian, and not distant from the house of THOMAS CARLYLE, with whom he is also upon intimate terms. At a few steps from his door he is able to take a swift river-boat, which carries him to Parliament House or to London Bridge, in the very heart of the city. Probably no other American since WASHINGTON IRVING has had greater social success in England, through purely intellectual exertions, than has Mr. CONWAY; and this success he has faithfully used to generate correct opinion concerning America. Mr. CONWAY is a very industrious literary man, contributing constantly to American and English magazines, and preaching twice every Sunday.

—The long-vacant pulpit of Grace Church, in this city, was occupied on the 26th ult. by the Rev. HENRY C. POTTER, D.D., late Assistant-minister of Trinity Church, Boston (Bishop EASTBURN'S). Dr. P. is a son of the late Bishop POTTER of Pennsylvania. Man of talent.

—If what is written by a London correspondent be true, Prince CHRISTIAN is not the most popular of grafts upon the royal tree of England. The writer says: "A night or two ago I observed, when in the House of Commons, a tall, middle-aged man, nearly bald, enter the gallery set apart for distinguished visitors, and move nervously to the end of the bench, until motioned by the attendant to take a better seat in the centre. It was Prince CHRISTIAN, whose marriage two or three years ago, to one of the Queen's children, gave some offense. To this day the Prince has to keep in the back-ground. There is a prejudice against him. He is too old, it is thought, for his wife; and then there is a story of a family which he left for the union which the Church approves. Time must hang heavily on his hands, for he has eternally nothing to do. The Prince of Wales votes him 'slow,' and the two are rarely together." He is said to have made matrimonial overtures at first to VICTORIA herself, who declined on her own account, and handed him over to her daughter. The Queen's other suitor, THEODORUS, King of Abyssinia, has just fallen a victim to his royal inamorata.

—An actor in St. Petersburg, named WORMS, after playing the part of Armand Duval in *Camille*, received a bouquet inclosing a ring, a pin, and a set of shirt-buttons, of the value of $4000, with a note saying only, "To Armand Duval, from his Margaret." The actor returned them by the bearer with the message, "I am not Armand Duval, I do not know Margaret, and I have a wife." Excellent Mr. WORMS! He knew the naughty sender, who is a lady of high rank.

—Mr. WILLIAM WHEATLEY, having accumulated a sufficient fortune to render the Poor-House as beyond contingency as a future home, has determined to cut America, and take up his residence permanently in England. No American theatrical manager—probably no European—has made so large a fortune so rapidly as Mr. W.

—Mr. THOMAS LE CLEAR, a pupil of ELLIOTT, is described by a New York correspondent of the *Chicagoan* as a small man, with a hearty, robust physique, and one of the best portrait painters in New York. His studio is in the "Studio Building," Tenth Street, where you can see his portraits of PARKE GODWIN, EDWIN BOOTH, and others. The portrait of GODWIN is one of the finest heads ever painted by any body. The management of the shadows and half tints is perfectly marvelous, and could not be done except by a master hand; the modeling of the face, too, is exquisite. But LE CLEAR does not confine himself to portraits alone. We all remember his "Itinerant Musician," once on exhibition in the Crosby Gallery, the perfect naturalness of the scene, and the fine feeling in the story that was told. It is to be regretted that this artist does not give us more of these stories.

—The ups and downs of life were never more strikingly experienced than in the case of the late ELIAS HOWE, the famous sewing-machine man. At the time of his death his executors surprised the public by announcing that his estate was not worth over $600,000. On settling it up it turned out to be insolvent! The question is, what became of the money? For several years it is known that his income was from $400,000 to $500,000 per annum. Some say he paid so much to the Washington lobby that he was beggared; others that he gambled and bought lottery tickets for many years previous to his demise. As these rumors are probably false, the mystery is deeper than ever.

—The impertinent and awkward interrogatory, "What was your grandfather?" has been answered in reference to the grandpas of several distinguished French persons, in the following plain style: "ROSSINI is the son of strolling players; DUPREZ, the great vocalist, the son of a perfumer; Mlle. RACHEL was the daughter of a hawker, and the father of SAMSON, her master, kept a common little *café*. Among the actors many have risen from the same class; the children of grocers and bakers seem much drawn toward the stage. COQUELIN, of the Théâtre Français, is the son of a baker, and the superbly-comic actor, LEVASSEUR, of a laborer. EDMUND ABOUT'S father, too, was a grocer. ARSENE HOUSSAYE was born in the floury atmosphere of a mill. M. DURUY, the Minister of Public Instruction, whose name has been so talked of lately in connection with the furtherance of women's education in France, is the son of a workman in the Gobelin tapestry manufactory; the Maréchal FOREY of a *gendarme*.

—One of the clerical notabilities of the Old World, is Father HYACINTHE, of Paris, concededly the most eloquent preacher of the Roman Catholic Church in France, and here is his photograph. "His splendidly formed head is closely shaven, with only a ring of thick, dark hair left. His profile is perfect Roman, and his dress of black cloaking, with ceral, girdle, beads, and clasped breviary, and bare sandaled feet, make him look as if he had stepped out from an old picture. He spoke only French, but with so rich and mellow a voice that his words and manners were quite fascinating. He asked permission to travel in our car from Florence, and was very kind. Covering up —— with his large stole at night, he said, pleasantly: 'Now, sleep, little Protestant.' Giving us his card, and we entering our names in his little diary, we parted company, after a pleasant ride of many hours."

—The scheme of excellent Mr. MERCER, to colonize the Pacific coast with the superfluous maidens of New England, has thus far been a success. Of the two hundred damsels exported about two years ago to Washington Territory, all found comfortable homes within a fortnight after their arrival out, and all but three are now married. MERCER, himself, became an early victim to one of the collection; but has given up philanthropy and gone in for avarice, being now running a line of steamers to Oregon.

—The American citizen having been surfeited with Italian and French musical people, lecturers from England, etc., is soon to be favored with a new sensation in the form of a French lecturer—no less a personage than the celebrated ALEXANDRE DUMAS, who has been engaged for a two years' lecture tour through the States. ULLMAN is his lessee—the same little fellow who took CARLOTTA PATTI to Europe, after *not* making his fortune in Ital. Op.

—A young gentleman, Mr. SANDSFIELD, who sang at a private concert given for charitable purposes, a few evenings since, at Dr. WARD'S, in Forty-seventh Street, is pronounced to be not only the finest amateur tenor in town, but as having a voice of unusual purity and power.

—The latest Paris papers are quite enthusiastic in their commendation of ADELINA PATTI'S last operatic triumph in VERDI'S "Giovanna d'Arco," in which "she again astounded her admirers by the versatility of her talents." The work itself has not hitherto been heard out of Italy; it was never regarded in VERDI'S own country as one of his best productions. It has, however, afforded PATTI the opportunity of achieving another triumph. The weight of the Opera falls on JOAN OF ARC, the two other principal parts—sustained by Signor NICOLINI (the tenor) and Signor STELLER (the barytone)—being but secondary.

—Mr. Envoy-Extraordinary BURLINGAME has ordered apartments to be taken, at the Westminster Hotel, for himself and ever-so-many Chinese princes, secretaries, and such. He is expected here in about a month. Has just been banqueted in the exalted California style at San Francisco.

—Mrs. PRENTICE, wife of the editor of the Louisville *Journal*, died on the 26th ult. She was a lady of fine mind and culture, and of a beautiful and commanding presence.

—Madame DORA D'ISTRIA, already a member of the Archæological Society of Athens, and of the Geographical Society of France, has just been made a member of the Athenæum of Venice.

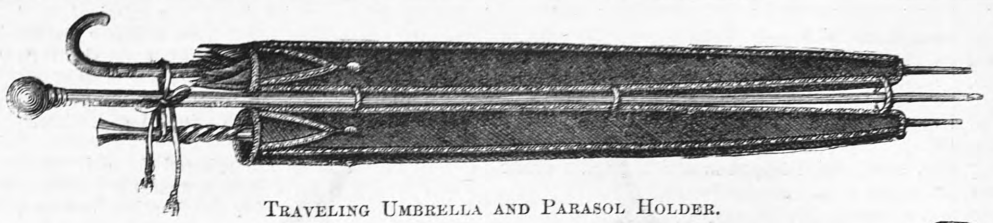
—We learn from various papers, which seem to have published the item with a sort of chuckle, that Mrs. PANCAKE, of Peoria, has obtained a divorce from her husband, Mr. G. H. PANCAKE, and that the legal manœuvre seems to have flattened him.

—Mr. DAVID GRAY, a clever gentleman on the staff of the Buffalo *Courier*, has just returned from a three years' tour in Europe, and is about to produce a novel and a volume of poems. The *Courier* is one of the strongest of the country-city press.

—One of the belles of Washington is said to be Miss BLANCHE BUTLER, a daughter of the General of that name.

Traveling Umbrella and Parasol Holder.

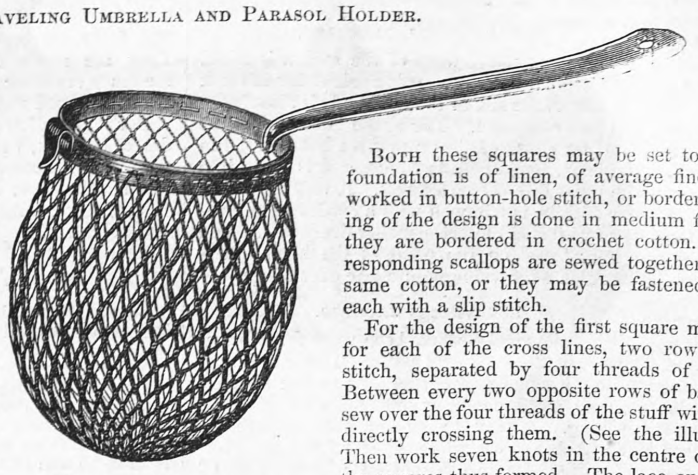
THIS arrangement will be found very convenient in traveling. Two holders of brown enamel-cloth are fastened to a wooden cane; these serve as a covering for the parasol and umbrella, thus protecting the outside as well as preventing the frame from being broken. Of course three or four such holders may be fastened to the cane instead of two. For each of these cut of enameled cloth four strips, each twenty-four and a half inches long by one and a half inches wide, afterward sloping them at one end till it is only one inch wide. These four strips are joined by fastening together every two along the sides with brown woolen braid half an inch wide. This woolen braid, a section of which is shown of the full size in the accompanying illustration, is ornamented in point russe embroidery with light brown silk twist. On the upper border of the holder simulate a small lambrequin, formed of pointed flaps, three inches long, made of enameled cloth, and bound with braid, after which the points are finished by a little bell worked over with brown silk. Each holder is now bordered on the upper and under edge with braid, in which is laid a brass ring. Then fasten each holder to the cane at both ends and in the middle by means of several threads of twisted silk, which are sewed through the holes in the cane made for that purpose. Finally, fasten a brown silk cord to the cane, by means of which the umbrella and parasol are tied together, and finish it on the ends with tassels.



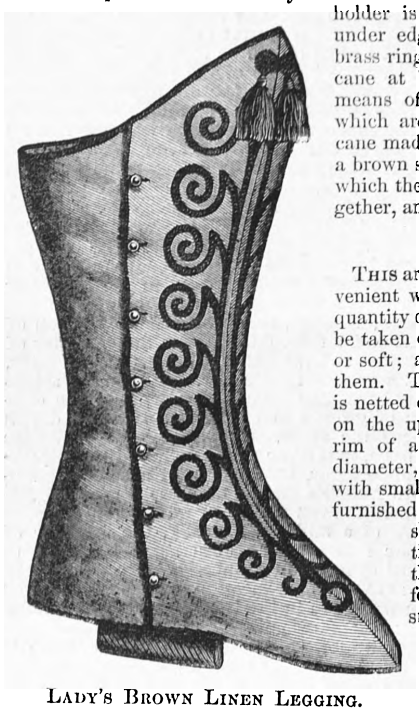
TRAVELING UMBRELLA AND PARASOL HOLDER.

Netted Egg Boiler.

THIS arrangement will be found very convenient when it is desired to boil a large quantity of eggs together, so that they may be taken out at the same time equally hard or soft; and also guards against breaking them. The net is very simply made. It is netted of fine white cord, and is fastened on the upper edge to a tin rim of about six inches in diameter, which is provided with small holes. The rim is furnished with a handle, as shown in the illustration. For making the net cast on a foundation of thirty stitches and work over a mesh one and a half inches in circumference, nineteen rows in the round. Then run the foundation stitches close together on a thread, and sew the stitches of the last round to the tin rim.

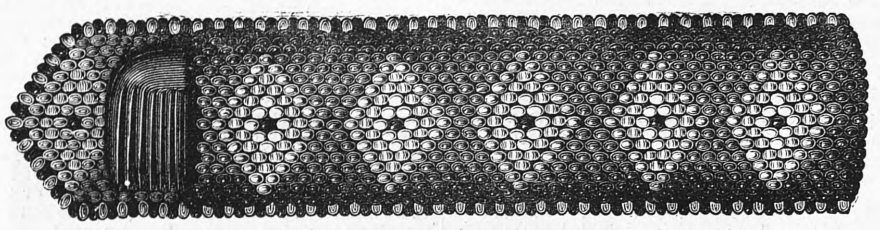


NETTED EGG BOILER.



LADY'S BROWN LINEN LEGGING.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 37-39.

GENTLEMAN'S TRAVELING HAT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 33-36.



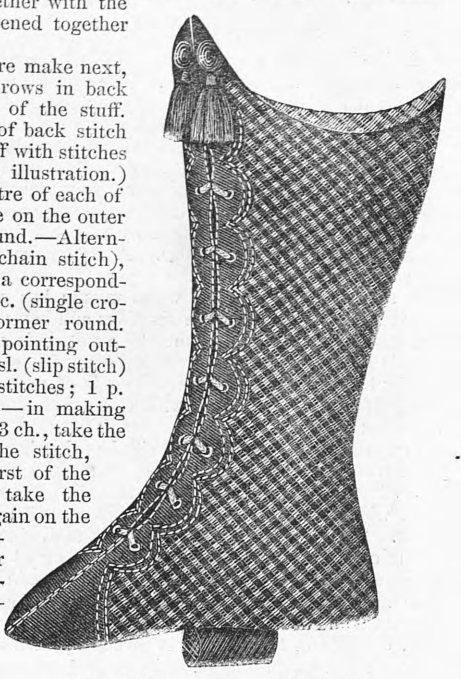
BEAD MOSAIC CASE FOR POCKET COMB.

Two Squares for Covers in Embroidery and Crochet.

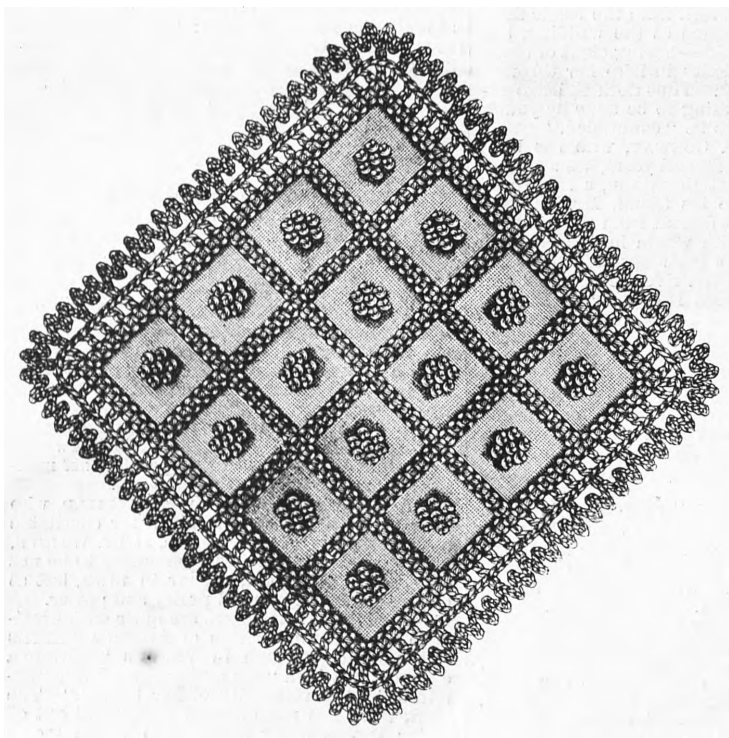
BOTH these squares may be set together for covers of any size desired. The foundation is of linen, of average fineness, which is either hemmed on the edge, worked in button-hole stitch, or bordered with a row of single crochet. The working of the design is done in medium fine cotton, and the narrow edge with which they are bordered in crochet cotton. In setting the squares together, the corresponding scallops are sewed together with the same cotton, or they may be fastened together each with a slip stitch.

For the design of the first square make next, for each of the cross lines, two rows in back stitch, separated by four threads of the stuff. Between every two opposite rows of back stitch sew over the four threads of the stuff with stitches directly crossing them. (See the illustration.) Then work seven knots in the centre of each of the squares thus formed. The lace on the outer edge consists of two rounds: 1st round.—Alternate 1 dc. (double crochet), 1 ch. (chain stitch), passing over one stitch, or a corresponding space. 2d round.—1 sc. (single crochet) in a dc. of the former round. * then 1 ch., 1 p. (picot) pointing outward, composed of 3 ch.; 1 sl. (slip stitch) in the first of these three stitches; 1 p. pointing inward—in making this also crochet 3 ch., take the needle out of the stitch, put it in the first of the three stitches, take the dropped stitch again on the needle, and crochet it, together with the stitch already on the needle, with one thread thrown around—after this, 1 ch., 1 p. pointing outward; 2 ch., 1 sc. in the second following dc. Repeat from *.

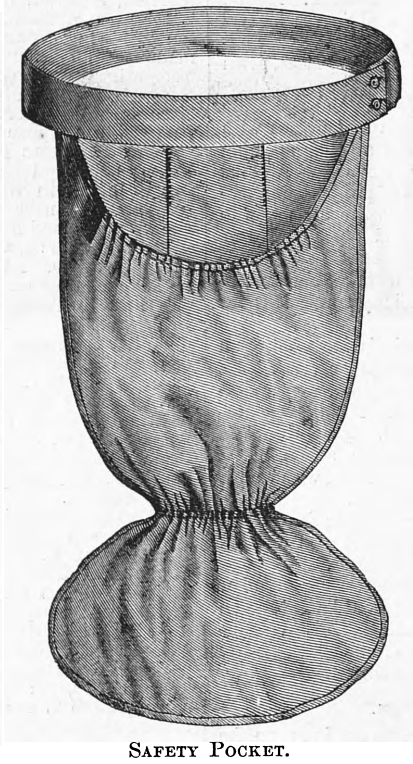
The design given in the second illustration consists of small squares which are formed of threads lying loosely, each fastened by a cross



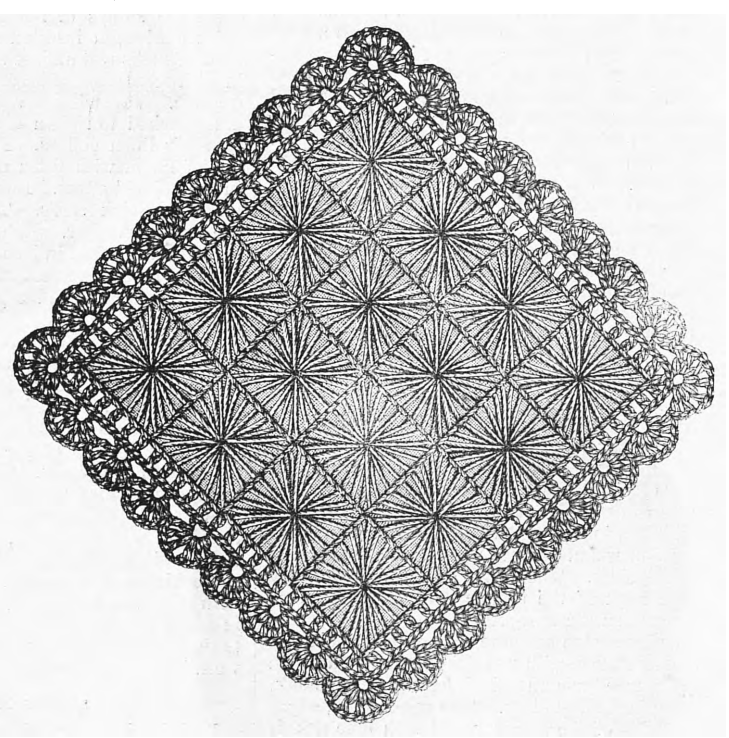
LADY'S PLAID LINEN LEGGING.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 40.



SQUARE FOR COVER IN EMBROIDERY AND CROCHET.



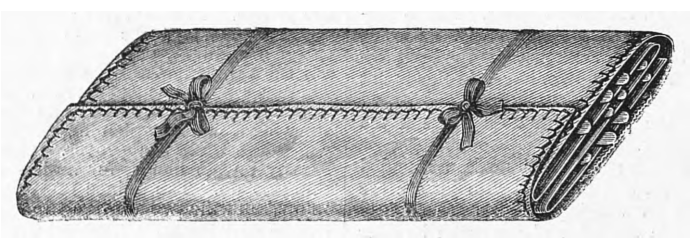
SAFETY POCKET.
For pattern see Suppl., No. VII., Figs. 30-32.



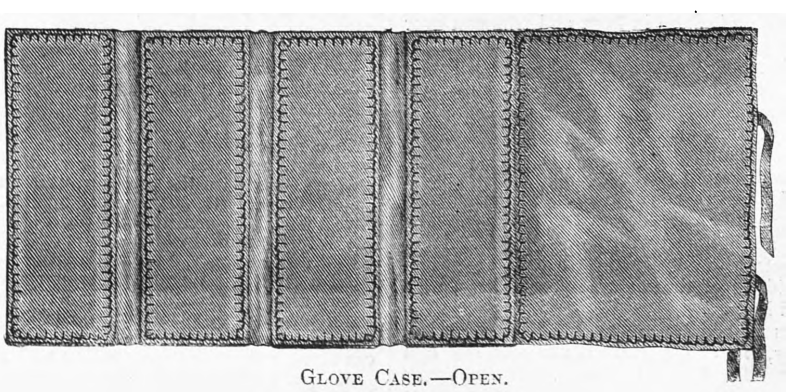
SQUARE FOR COVER IN EMBROIDERY AND CROCHET.

Bead Mosaic Case for Pocket Comb.

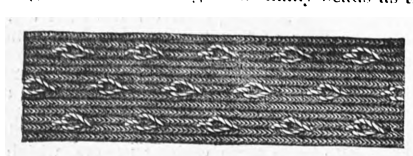
THIS case is so simply and easily made that even little girls can work it. The original is worked in bead mosaic. The foundation is blue; the design, which is in diamonds, is worked of steel, crystal, white, and opaque beads. The bead mosaic is worked crosswise, backward and forward. The case may be worked after the pattern here given, or after any other tapestry design in long cross stitch. Reckon one stitch in width and in breadth as one bead. In beginning the mosaic string on as many beads as the design counts stitches in width. According to our pattern, this is sixteen beads; on this work back the first round, in doing which take one bead on the needle, passing over the last of the beads which were strung on, and putting the needle through the bead before the last of these. Then take a bead again on the needle, again pass over the next bead, put the thread through the next following bead, and so on. The first figure of the design begins in the third round; the order of the beads in the figures of the design can be learned from the pattern. The steel beads, being the darkest shade, form the central point of each diamond. Having finished a strip of the requisite length (this depends on the length of the comb), point the end as shown in the illustration, and sew the long sides of this strip to a back with overcast stitches, stringing on alternately a steel and crystal bead with every stitch. The manner of doing this is shown by the illustration.



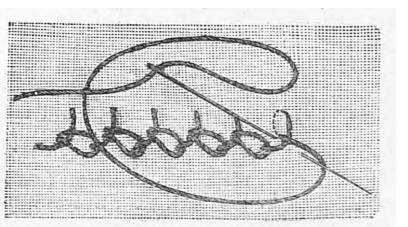
GLOVE CASE.—CLOSED.



GLOVE CASE.—OPEN.



EMBROIDERED BRAID FOR UMBRELLA AND PARASOL HOLDER.



POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY FOR GLOVE CASE.

stitch. Each square consists of twenty-eight threads of the stuff. The sides of two squares are always worked together, while the stitches are taken from the centre of one square to the centre of the next, working as follows: Bring the thread out at the centre of a square, put it through backward twenty-eight threads distant (centre of the next square), then fourteen threads deeper, and sideward out again at the same distance; then make a cross stitch over four threads, and at the same time over the threads lying loosely, so that these are fastened, and form a triangle. Now stick the needle again out from the first centre, and then close to the first cross stitch: work another cross stitch, etc., in the manner shown. The lace on the outer border consists also of two rounds, of which the first is composed of dc., each separated by a ch. 2d round.—* 6 dc., each separated by a ch. in

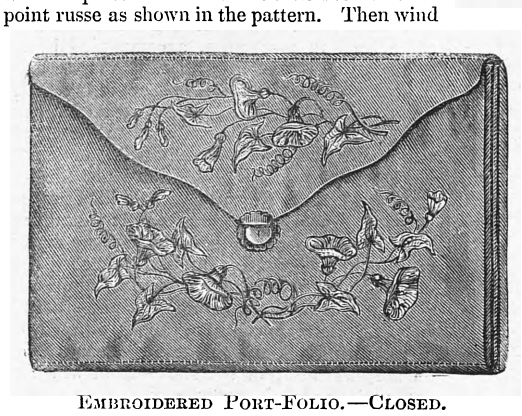
one dc. of the last round, putting the needle through the back vein of the stitch: passing over five stitches, repeat from *. The corner of the lace can be made from the pattern.

Glove Case.

See illustrations, page 468.

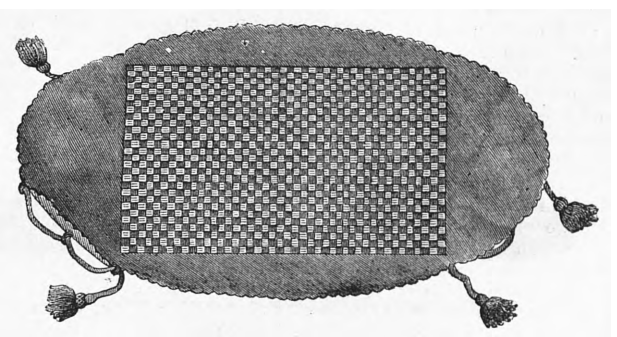
MATERIALS: Brown silk, corn-colored silk twist, brown silk ribbon, pasteboard. The glove case, which is shown open and closed in the illustrations on page 468, is so arranged in different compartments that the gloves may be separated according to colors. The pattern consists of a double piece of silk twenty-three inches long by eleven inches wide. These double pieces of stuff are sewed together on both ends and one side, after which four pieces of pasteboard, each three inches in width, are shoved into the places prepared by cross seams, at the distance of two-thirds of an inch apart. The length of the pasteboard pieces must correspond to the width of the silk, and the first piece must lie close to one end. The double material is now sewed together on the side which was left open for the reception of the pasteboard, and the two outsides embroidered in point russe with corn-colored silk twist in such a manner as to mark the contour of the pieces of pasteboard. The illustration on page 468 shows the design in point russe. Make, first, a common button-hole stitch, lay the thread diagonally downward and make a second stitch as shown in the illustration. The end of the stuff which remains without pasteboard is worked on both sides in point russe as shown in the pattern. Then wind it round the pasteboard-lined part between which the gloves are laid. Brown silk ribbons are wound round the case and tied in bows as shown by the illustration.

TRAVELING BAG CONVERTIBLE INTO TABLE-CLOTH OR MAT.

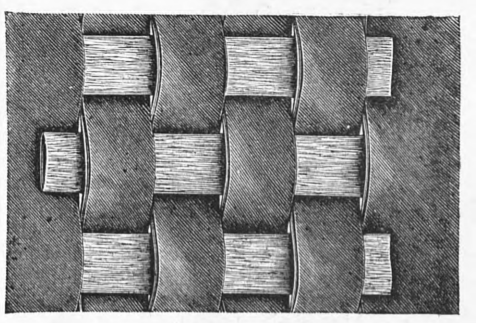


EMBROIDERED PORT-FOLIO.—CLOSED.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 42–44.



TRAVELING BAG, OPENED TO BE USED AS COVERLET OR RUG.



SECTION OF PLAITING FOR TRAVELING BAG.

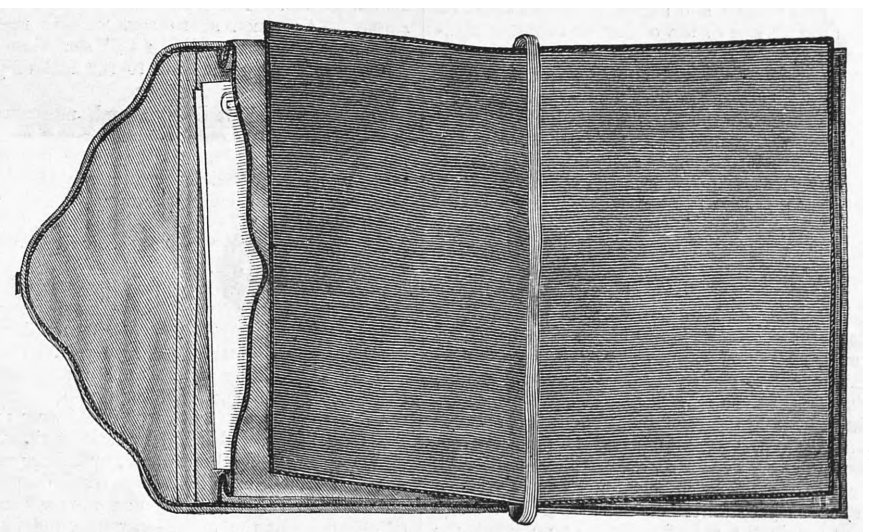
Traveling Bag.

MATERIALS: Brown enameled cloth, gray enameled cloth, 112 thin round wooden rods, or 28 flat canes, each 18 inches in length; 12 small black japanned wire rings; 44 inches brown woolen, 84 inches brown silk braid; brown and gray sewing silk, corn-colored silk twist, a shawl-strap.

This traveling bag is convertible at pleasure into a table-cloth or mat, and will be found especially useful on a journey or for picnics, as the lunch which is carried in it may be served on the table-cloth that is formed by unfolding it. The bag may also be used for marketing, etc., and the cover as a mat for putting under hot dishes, or as a protection for elegant table-covers. The accompanying illustrations show the bag circled by the straps and unrolled as a cover. The original is of brown and gray enameled cloth and slender round wooden rods, with which the oil-cloth is interlaced. As is shown in the accompanying illustration, flat canes may be used instead of the wooden rods. For making the bag, cut of the brown enameled cloth, which forms the outside of the bag or the underside of the cover, an oval piece thirty-one inches in length by twenty in breadth; then of the gray enameled cloth a piece half an inch smaller in circumference than the other. To the gray enameled cloth glue on a brown strip one half inch in width, and cover the place where they are joined with brown silk braid, which is cross stitched on with silk of the same color. Border the brown piece at the distance of three-eighths of an inch from the edge with a row worked in herring-bone stitch with corn-colored silk twist, after which glue together the two pieces on the backs and scallop the edges. The middle part of the piece of double material which is thus formed—17 inches by 14—is now bordered by a line which is marked on the gray side. In this part cut cross slits at the distance of two-thirds of an inch apart, through which run four wooden rods, laid flat together, or one flat cane in such a manner that the rods lie alternately once over and once under the double cloth strips which were formed by the cutting. In the following row the order of taking up the strips with the canes or rods must alternate with the last, by means of which a draught-board design is formed. See illustration. The ends of the rods must be shoved between the double material and glued fast, after which the ends may be hidden on the brown side by means of a strip of brown enameled cloth half an inch in width, which must reach to the outer edge, and is first glued on and afterward fastened in cross stitch with twisted silk. Each cross stitch covers four of the wooden rods, or one cane, while between each cross stitch is a straight stitch. On the gray side the ends of the rods are covered by means of a gray strip of leather one inch in width, which is glued on. Then fasten on each end of the cover, on the brown side, six of the rings mentioned under materials, and draw through them a woolen braid twenty-two inches in length, the ends of which are finished with small tassels, in order to prevent their drawing out. These are made of a strip of enameled cloth one and a half inches wide, in which are cut slits a hair's breadth apart, after which the strip is rolled together with tassels. This finishes the cover.

In order to form the bag tie the ends of the braid together, by means of which the ends of the cover are drawn up in pleats, thus forming the bag, which is fastened by means of an elastic loop and a button, which is fastened on as shown by the illustration.

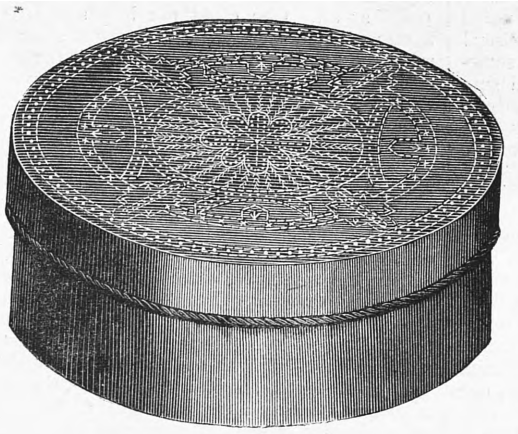
Instead of a handle, which would be in the way when using it as a cover, encircle the bag with a shawl-strap.



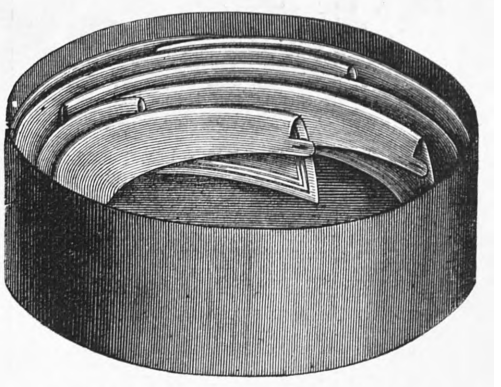
EMBROIDERED PORT-FOLIO.—OPEN.

Embroidered Port-Folio.

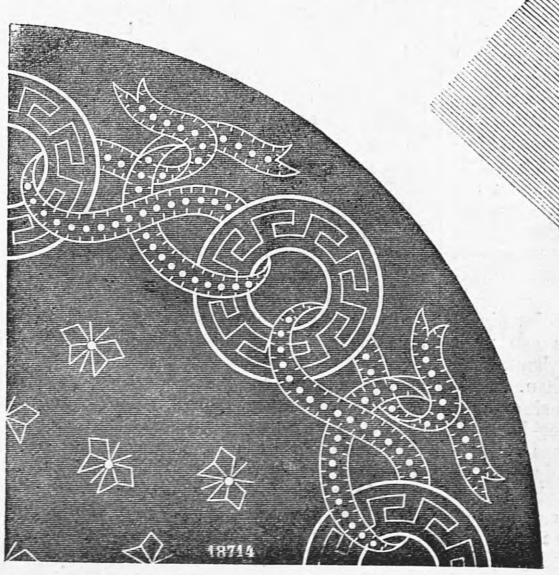
THE elegant form and material of this port-folio renders it especially suitable for ladies, and any one can make it without assistance from a mechanic. The original is of silver gray and green silk; the gray, which forms the outside of the port-folio, being embroidered in half-polka stitch with black and white silk. The inner part of the port-folio, which serves as a writing-desk, is covered with green silk. The



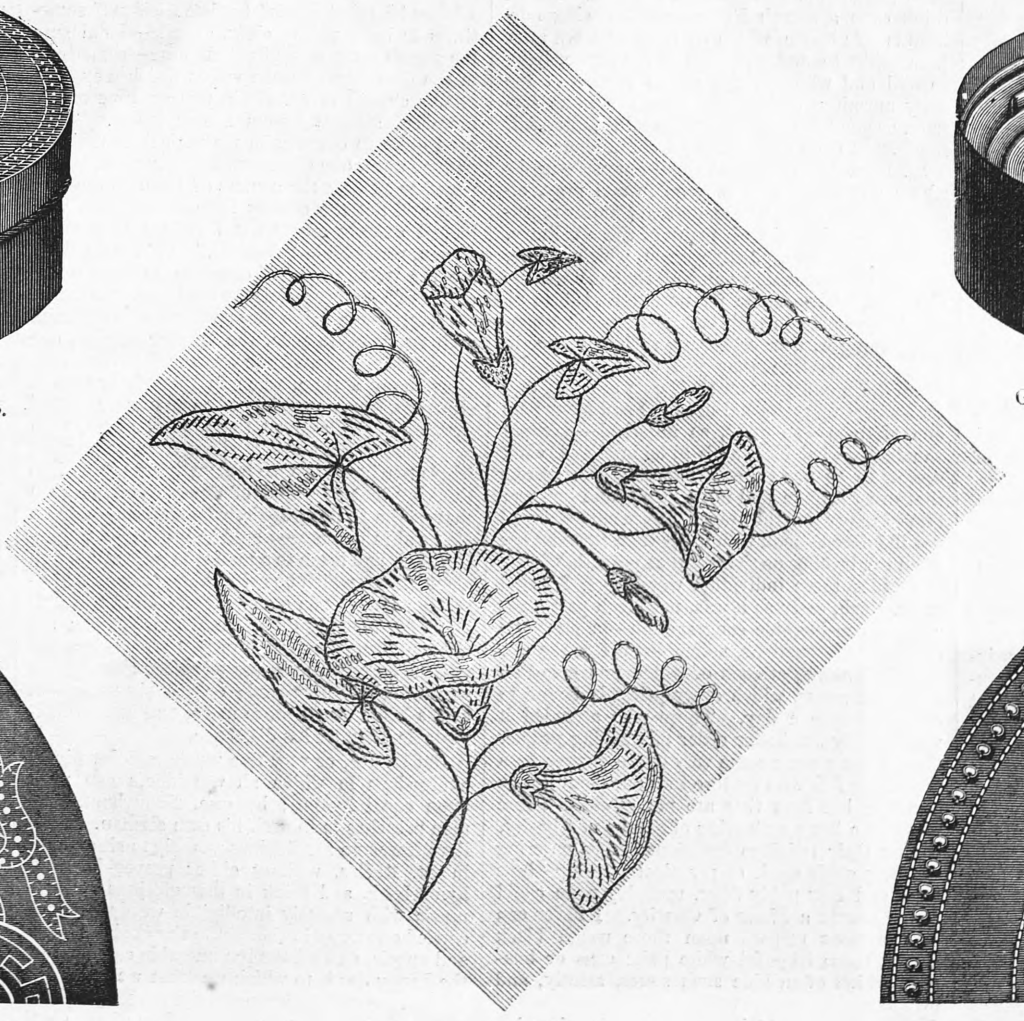
GENTLEMAN'S COLLAR BOX.—CLOSED.



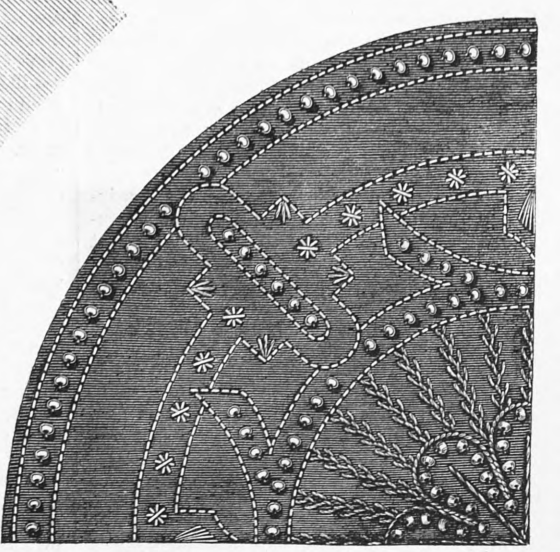
GENTLEMAN'S COLLAR BOX.—OPEN.



EMBROIDERY FOR BASKET, MAT, ETC.



EMBROIDERY FOR PORT-FOLIO.



EMBROIDERY FOR COLLAR BOX.

size of the pattern, which is given in Supplement No. XII., Figs. 42–44, is eleven inches in length by eight inches in breadth. Cut first, of the size given, two equal pieces of heavy pasteboard for the sides of the port-folio, and, as shown in the pattern, a piece to fold over as cover. These pieces are joined by means of two strips of thick linen, which are glued together. Next, cut for the outside a piece of gray silk twice the above size, allowing, also, for seams, and a similar piece of green silk for the inner covering. Having embroidered the gray silk with the assistance given by the illustrations and the designs (Figs. 42–44), join it over the pasteboard with the green silk first by means of overcasting it, and then by stitching it with black silk close to the pasteboard. The edge of the port-folio is bordered by a fine green silk cord.

For each of the pockets, which are brought on both the inner sides, cut two equal pieces of green silk, with a foundation of buckram, and sufficiently longer than the port-folio for a deep fold to be taken up on each end in order to form the sides of the pockets. These pocket-pieces are sewed to the port-folio on three sides, and then bordered with fine green silk cord.

Lastly, finish the port-folio with the part used as a writing-desk. For this cut two equal pieces of pasteboard, somewhat smaller than the sides, and fasten together with a back of double linen. Cover the part thus prepared on the outside with green silk, and on the inside with green cloth, and border it with the cord; after which fasten it to the port-folio in the manner shown by the illustration, which gives the port-folio open. A lock of chased steel finishes the port-folio.

Gentleman's Collar Box.

See illustrations, page 469.

THIS box is designed for gentlemen's shirt-collars and cuffs, and is especially useful in traveling. The foundation is a round pasteboard box, six inches in width by two and a half inches in height, covered with black, gray, or brown silk, cashmere, reps, or other materials, embroidered to suit the taste. The original is covered with brown cashmere; the cover is embroidered with brown and white silk in back stitch, half polka, and herring-bone stitch. The illustration on page 469 gives one-fourth of the design. Another illustration gives a different design, which is worked in the same manner. The beads are put on by means of through and through stitches. The rim of the box may also be worked in a design corresponding to the lid. The illustrations show the box with and without the cover.

PAIRING.

IT was the time of the hawthorns,
The time of flowers and of love,
The time for the pipe of the blackbird,
For the wooing notes of the dove;

The time of the cowslip bell-buds,
Of the honey-suckles sweet,
When with mutual shower of kisses
The Spring and the Summer meet.

Under the bloom of the lilacs,
Under the blue of the sky,
Airiest dreams pursuing,
Wandered Linda and I.

She with her brown eyes glancing
Now and anon at my face,
Woman-like, arch yet bashful,
Mixture of wiles and of grace.

I with my thoughts all tender,
Half ashamed to be caught,
Loving, and yet defiant
I by a girl should be taught.

Sweet mysterious compound
Of love, of shame, and of pride;
Oh, I felt its thorns and its roses,
And so did she at my side.

But at last were the words low-spoken,
And heard with a smile and a sigh:
"Love, the whole of the world is pairing,
Then why not you and I?"

THE FIRST SUNDAY OF LENT.

(IN PARIS.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

NOT at all the kind of Sunday that English visitors to Paris often spend—acting on the principle of doing at Rome as the Romans do—ignoring their decent, British, Sabbatical ways, to join, nothing loth, in the foreign fashion of keeping Sunday; and "assisting," since there is nobody there to see, at exhibitions, concerts, promenades, and even Sunday evening theatres. We did nothing of this, and yet I fear our Sunday was not a rest-day, but spent in a sort of religious dissipation. From eight A.M. to five P.M. we were constantly at church, or, more correctly speaking, at churches.

We wanted to see how the more seriously-minded half of Paris comports itself on a Sunday, supposing it has any strong feeling about the day at all; which, at first, one feels inclined to doubt; for unquestionably both Catholics and Protestants, however devout, do not regard the Sabbath in the strict Mosaic light which many of us do, and are far more latitudinarian—or liberal, which you will—in its observance. Above all, we wished thoroughly to see, and fairly to judge, those fine Roman Catholic services which our English ritualistic churches labor so feebly to imitate, believing—as I think they do believe in all sincerity—that if we could only revive dead outside forms, the sleeping spirit of religious faith would soon be reanimated into earnest life. Which visionary hope reminds one somewhat of those pathetic child-funerals—I think in South America—where it is the custom to dress the little corpse in its best attire, put a gilt crown over the sunken forehead, and garlands and playthings in the stiffened fingers, and so carry it in procession through the streets, as if alive—yet it is but a corpse after all. Alas! something more than gorgeous vestments, flower-decked altars, and picturesque churches is needed to rouse in any dead soul the true spirit of religious belief—the life "hid with Christ in God."

I do not say we found this; but we tried to seek for it, both in Catholic and Protestant worship; and I dare not say we could not find it, or that it was not there. Of the four services we attended, differing as they did, there was yet in each something with which any sincere Christian might honestly sympathize, if he went in the spirit of sympathy and not of opposition. I say this deliberately and fearlessly, because it seems to me that even good Christians do not feel half strongly enough that pure religious faith delights less in negatives than affirmatives: in agreeing with our brother in as many points as we can, and passing over the rest as matters solely between him and his God, instead of hunting out, with "flaw-seeking eyes like needle-points," the various subjects upon which we differ from him, and resolutely and fiercely ignoring those upon which we might possibly agree.

I confess I do not feel this delight in differing from, or dread of conforming to, other people's faith. Without wishing to offend a large body of sincerely pious people, I must own that I have no horror whatsoever of the Pope, and that "the beast" and "the woman in scarlet" never come into my head, even in the most obnoxious of Catholic churches. I can look on all their beautiful "idolatries"—as Exeter Hall would say—as calmly as a man looks on a ball-room belle or a siren of the stage, recognizing her various claims to admiration, but without the slightest intention of marrying her. Nevertheless, speaking of idolatries, I think we somewhat misjudge our Catholic brethren on this head, even as on the opposite side we often greatly misstate the faith of Unitarians. In both cases we take for granted, not what they *say* they believe, but what we *think* they believe, and judge them less by their real creed than our own presumed interpretation of it. As a rule, intelligent, rational Catholics always protest that they do not "worship" their images, but merely hold them in reverence as helps to devotion—which, by-the-way, considering how puerile and almost ludicrous most of them are, is one of the oddest and most contradictory facts in the Catholic religion.

One of the few French churches in which one's taste—one's artistic taste, I mean—is not continually offended, is the ancient church of St. Roch, in the Rue St. Honoré. To pass out of the noisy, busy street—busy even at early morning, and on a Sunday morning—into its quiet, sombre shadow, gives a sense of indescribable peace. Then there is such a strange, weird light shed—I know not how, probably by concealed yellow glass—upon its high altar; its painted windows are all so wondrously beautiful, and the various religious pictures and sculptures with which it is adorned are of sufficiently high art to be, at all events, no actual hindrance to the feelings they were meant to excite. There are, for instance, in a chapel at the eastern end, two groups, somewhat above life-size, of the Crucifixion and the Entombment, startlingly vivid in their conception, and very fine in their execution—especially the first one. The Saviour lies prone—extended on the as yet unlifted cross—to which two soldiers are in the act of nailing, one a hand, the other a foot. Both pause, as if appealing to the centurion standing by—"Must we do this thing?"—but the Christ appeals not at all. Infinite submission is written on His face. And I think even a stanch Protestant—knowing how hard is this lesson, which we must all learn after Him—might stand and gaze at the figure, lying so still and white in the sacred silence of the early morning, and accept from it a mute sermon, as good as many an anti-papal thunder-bolt fulminated from some pulpits I could name.

St. Roch has numerous small chapels—nooks where any weary soul may go in and pray, almost unobserved. These, on that Sunday morning, were sprinkled with many of these solitary, motionless figures, chiefly women, which, to me, are the most touching point of Roman Catholic churches. They come for no external form of worship, putting on their best go-to-meeting bonnet, joining with or criticising their neighbor in a regular service; they just creep in quietly, kneel down and pray on their own account, and for some strong personal need. I can never pass one of them—so quiet, so absorbed—without wondering what blessing is to be implored, what sorrow to be averted—all the countless secrets that every human soul must have; and however blind I may deem the prayer, I dare not—I would not if I dared—look with other than reverent eye upon my brother or sister "that prayeth."

Besides these individual worshipers, I found at St. Roch, early as it was, not much past eight A.M., a considerable congregation—in fact, two distinct congregations, assembled before the two principal altars, at each of which was going on the *basse messe*, which every priest is bound to celebrate once a day. Those who attended it were chiefly the better order of working people, though there were some very poor—poorer than any of the folk who venture into our churches on Sunday; but here they are not afraid. There was also a large sprinkling of Sisters of Charity, paying their religious devotions before entering on their day's work of practical worship—how hard and how nobly done, probably none could judge except a Sister of Charity. I never can look without respect upon those rough black gowns, those frightful white poke caps or bonnets, which often hide such sweet, saintly, and even beautiful faces.

One of them, which happened to be close beside me, will rest on my memory for years. She was quite a girl, certainly not five-and-twenty, with features correct as a piece of statuary. I never saw a lovelier outline of mouth, cheek, and chin, melting rosily down into a throat that was absolutely perfect in color and form. And the expression—so still, so absorbed, as she knelt utterly unconscious of my gaze, counting her beads with fingers that in spite of the injury of hard work, were still finely shaped; purely aristocratic hands. Raffaelle would have made her into a Madonna at once. One could not help thinking—who was she? What had been her history? Could any great anguish have awakened this religious ecstasy which had led her to resolve to be nobody's wife, nobody's mother—instead, to spend her life in the incessant, often repulsive labors of a Sister of Charity? Would the impulse last? Would no natural, human regrets ever arise causing her to repent of her vow?

These questions, of course, found no reply; and I left her kneeling there, utterly engrossed in her rapt devotion, and unconscious that she had been the object of such admiration, such earnest speculations. She goes down among the list of living pictures which a student of human nature is so constantly meeting, and which are as interesting as any fine-art galleries in the world.

This *basse messe* always seems to me the most expressionless and empty of all religious services, a mere mumbling and muttering, without audible words to dignify and make it comprehensible; while, on the other hand, it has none of the outside shows, the music especially, which appeal to the heart without need of words. But the congregation seemed quite satisfied, and knelt in their places with reverent air, sincerely convinced that they were serving God in their own way, which doubtless they were; but it was not my way—so I soon quietly departed.

In passing one of the old men who sit at the doors, offering to outgoers the funny little brush of holy water, he, no doubt recognizing a daily visitor to the church, held it out to me; but I shook my head with Protestant, though smiling, honesty; at which, good soul, he took no offense, but meekly drew back his brush, and answered with civil *empressement* some questions about High Mass, which was to be celebrated that morning; nay, thinking he had not made it clear enough, the poor old fellow almost jumped out of his box to call after me:

"*Madame! Madame! Onze heures, à onze heures précis. La grande messe avec la musique!*" As much as to say, "Don't miss it upon any account, and you will see what will make you a good Catholic to the end of your days."

No, my friend, it didn't; and, moreover, I doubt if any thing ever would. Never could I resign my own plain, common-sense reason or faith, to be led blindfold by any man alive—not to speak of that conglomeration of men who call themselves "Holy Mother Church." Far better live orphaned for ever, or recognize only the one Father—God.

Nevertheless, I will confess I was deeply interested, strongly affected, by witnessing for the first time that splendid show—before which our best ritualistic imitations are tawdry—the regular Sunday High Mass in a fine Roman Catholic church. This being the First Sunday in Lent, the adornments of the church itself were much less than usual; indeed, if I recollect right, the altar was not decked out at all, and there was a general impression of blackness, black draperies, chairs, and so on, spreading a certain sombreness of effect. But the music—my poor old janitor might well urge it upon me—for it was divine.

When we entered they were singing the "Kyrie Eleison," out of one of Mozart's most noted masses. Wave upon wave it came, "Eleison! Eleison! Kyrie Eleison! Christe Eleison!" sometimes in boys' voices, clear, angelic—I am sure the angels must sing like little boys—sometimes in the deep roll of some voices which they have at this church of St. Roch, two or three of the grandest, solidest basses I ever heard. They used quite to overwhelm me with their majestic pathos, until, one chance morning service, I happened to sit near the owners of them, three very ugly and not too cleanly little Frenchmen, who looked exactly like, what I believe they were, decent, respectable "*épiciers*." Of course these are the "stage effects" common to most forms of worship, and especially to the Roman Catholic.

Nevertheless, High Mass possesses, in common with its opposite pole, the Quaker service, one great merit—it leaves one very much to one's self. How many a time, when in English or Scotch churches, has one not longed to go into a Friends' meeting-house, and sit there, dead silent, with every one else mercifully silent likewise, for the whole two hours! One is sometimes goaded into thinking that any kind of dumb worship—even that of the Indian *faquir*, who stands all day on his head in the sun—would be preferable to having to sit and listen to a man who goes talking on about things which he neither comprehends himself nor makes you comprehend; or if you did, you might wholly differ from him, yet can not rise and protest, telling him that his whole argument is based on premises taken for granted, but as yet entirely unproved; or that six verses out of the Bible would prove more, and be more acceptable, than all his discourse.

But silence, or very fine music, are devotional expressions in which all worshipers can meet upon equal footing; because, throughout, each man preaches to himself his own sermon. I believe it was no sacrilegious worship to sit an hour in St. Roch's, without either prayer-book or hymn-book, and drink in that glorious music—music with scarcely intelligible words—which carried one away in thought to the choir of saints and angels, and all the innumerable company of the happy dead, to which we trust we shall one day go. And, though not quite agreeing with a certain good man, who, at the close of a funeral sermon, assured his hearers that their life in heaven would be "singing hallelujahs for ever and ever" (which—I remember thinking—some of his congregation would not like at all)—still, as all real music lovers feel, there is something in a body of harmonious sound more utterly spiritual, more approximating to what we ascribe to the nature of spirit, than any thing else in this world. All other sensuous delights can be touched, tasted, handled, or at least beheld; this one is wholly intangible and invisible, nothing in itself, and apparently evoked from nothing; when it ceases, it ceases as completely as if it never had been—at least to all our human senses. Yet while it lasts it is a real thing—an ecstatic sensation, as perfect as any sensation we know—and may be revived at will into the same vivid existence.

I once heard it said—by a musician who now comprehends it all—that his nearest conception of pure "spirit" was the sound of one of Handel's choruses. And I never hear fine music—finely executed—such as this Mass of Mozart's in St. Roch—without vividly feeling the same.

There was a pause in the service, first when the tall *bedeau* went round preceding an unctuous-looking priest, who, in the usual whining voice, presented his bag "*pour l'entretien de l'église*," or, briefly, "*pour l'église*." Again, when two sweet-faced altar boys, either of whom might have sat for a portrait of that celebrated young saint, decapitated by some Jews, when the pretty head kept singing "Ave Maria" by itself all day and all night long, went down the aisle, and came back in procession, accompanied by two other boys carrying gigantic and very tottering lighted candles, preceding a basket of bread. At least, not exactly bread, but a sort of *brioche*, which they afterward distributed to the congregation. What was the meaning of it, or whether it was consecrated or not, I have not the least idea, but I thought in no case could it do me any harm, so I accepted and ate it. It tasted much like all other *brioches*—which seems a favorite cake in Paris—and I do not find it has made me one whit more of a Catholic than heretofore.

Then the choir music began again—the mid-day sun came pouring in floods through the painted windows, and shone in a stream of glory on the high altar of the rock—from which the name of the church comes, though through what legend I do not know. Very little did we ever make out, or cared to make out, of these churches and services; they were just a dream of enjoyment, and I must say enjoyment of the keenest and most harmless kind. When the concluding strain died away—and High Mass was over—we rose and came away, feeling not the slightest desire to hear it every Sunday—or to exchange for it, or any imitation of it—our own pure, simple, earnest Church Service. Nevertheless we recognized fully that, in the wonderful beauty and perfectness of this service was a something that, appealing to imaginative minds, who bring with them half they behold, might prove most soothing, elevating, and consoling: even so far as to account partially for what ever seemed to me a great mystery—how any rational thinking being, of mature age, could ever be, still less become, a Roman Catholic.

As quickly as possible—one service ending and the other beginning at nearly the same hour—we drove to a very different place of worship, the French Protestant Church, in the Rue de Provence. And here we made, ignorantly, the same mistake that one is prone to make in Scotland between the Established "Church" and the English "chapel"—our *cocher* persisted in taking us to an "*église*"—Catholic of course—so that it was with great difficulty we arrived at the "*chapelle*" at all. One could not help smiling at these verbal distinctions, which are yet so natural and even right. Probably Ireland is the only country in the world where, by a curious and, I think, most unjust anomaly, the religious establishment of the minority enjoys the title and privileges of a "Church."

The *chapelle* in the Rue de Provence is not the original French Protestant Church, but a branch of it; which holds much the same relation to it that the Free or United Presbyterian churches do to the Established Church of Scotland. I believe the differences are merely on points of Church government. But there is a far wider breach now taking place: the secession headed by M. Coquerel the younger; which has caused as many heart-burnings and painful divisions of families against themselves as ever did the disruption in Scotland; raising a spirit of religious animosity that in so small a community must be painful in the extreme. Alas! when will people—good people—learn that the "sword" which Christ Himself declared He came to send upon earth must be only the sword of the spirit: pure, bright, and clean; strong and sharp, "to the dividing of joints and marrow"—as regards a man's own conscience, but never to be turned against the conscience of his brothers: never to be used in any human quarrel, never to be dulled by any fleshly taint of selfish vanity or personal wrong.

Nothing could be a greater contrast than the French Catholic church we had just left and the French Protestant one we now entered—where we found the service had just begun. It was plain, even to bareness: there was apparently a scrupulous avoidance of every charm of color and form. The building seemed all in straight lines, windows included; a mere room, simple as any Dissenting meeting-house, or one of those erections of the last generation, which one finds planted, oddly enough, in some of the most picturesque points of Scotch braes and hill-sides, as if Nature loved to worship God in beauty, and man in ugliness. But no; I can not say this church was absolutely ugly—only that it was simple even to severity.

It had neither altar nor pulpit, but the same sort of rostrum which one sees in Scotch Presbyterian churches, and on it stood the pastor—a

mild, benevolent-looking man—in his ordinary dress—not unlike a Scotch Free Church minister. I noticed no precentor, but there must have been one, to lead the singing, which was going on at the time, the congregation *sitting* to sing, as they do in Scotland. And oh! the beauty of that hymn! What it was I know not: but just such a one might have uprisen in the night-time from Waldensian valleys, or some of those lovely nooks of Southern France where the Huguenots had their main strong-hold—where they clung desperately to their faith, fought for it, died for it, with a tenacity of purpose that only the Scotch Covenanters have ever surpassed.

"We English have a scornful insular way
Of calling the French light."

So says Mrs. Browning in "Aurora Leigh," and proceeds to deny the "lightness"—in which I once thought she was mistaken. I do not now. No one could look round that congregation, with its faces of men and women—noble, simple, lofty: quite peculiarly so, I thought—without feeling that, Frenchmen and Frenchwomen though they were, "light" was the very last epithet which could be fairly applied to them. We are prone to judge France solely by Paris, which is about as just as if we were to judge England, that is to say, the whole of the British Islands, by London. Whether we recognize it or not, there is, in the various races which make up the aggregate of the French people, an element of strength, firmness, sincerity, faithfulness—as grand as any thing in our own nation. Probably it lurks deepest and comes out clearest amidst the old Huguenot blood, and in those relics of the *ancienne noblesse* and the cultivated middle-class of provincial *propriétaires* which have survived the terrible winnowing-flail of the Revolution—or, say rather, the Revolutions. But of this I can not judge—no foreigner could; only I am certain it is there; and never was I more certain than in watching that congregation in the Rue de Provence.

They were somewhat different from a Catholic congregation—there was little of that *abandon* of religious fervor that one sees in many faces at a Catholic church; they were less absorbed, more critical: but still grave, decorous, critical, receptive—like an English or Scotch, but more especially a Scotch congregation. And very like a Scotch sermon translated into French, but retaining its very forms of Calvinistic phrase, and its very tone of address to "*mes chers frères*," was the discourse into which, after a short prayer, and a still shorter—perhaps too short—reading of Holy Scripture, the good pastor plunged.

Of that sermon what can I say? There was nothing remarkably original in it; but the delivery was simple, dignified, sincere; and though it was extempore, the matter seemed well-considered, and the language—so far as one can judge in the rapid utterance of a foreign tongue—perspicuous, elegant, and good. But I think we should have preferred a little shorter sermon, and a little longer reading of *le Saint Evangile*, which he did read, very beautifully, in his musical, solemn, tender French—which at first seems impossible to that lively language, but, once familiarized with it, the gentle cadence of its "*Vous, Seigneur*" (the Deity is always addressed as "*Vous*"), its childlike grace and simplicity of phrase, especially in the New Testament, has a devotional charm which is quite peculiar, and never to be forgotten.

It was the same with the hymns. They were neither English nor Scotch psalm-tunes, nor German chorales: and, of course, they were utterly removed from any thing in the Roman Catholic service; but they had a beauty of their own, which was delicious even immediately after Mozart's grand mass. The last hymn especially, which was sung as the people were departing—for it was a communion Sunday, and a few of them, though not many, went out, the rest keeping their seats, just as in a Presbyterian church—and singing, sweetly and solemnly, that long-drawn-out and infinitely pathetic sacramental hymn, the music of which rings in my heart at this minute.

No doubt the Protestant Church of France has its weak points—what Church has not? and probably the weakest of them are its dawning divisions, and the fierce rancor they excite—of bigotry on the one side, and fierce, youthful revolt against compelled belief on the other. But we thought we could better understand old historic France, and look forward more hopefully to the future of modern France, after having worshiped with that little congregation in the Rue de Provence.

We came out into the bleak sunshine—oh, how bitter-bleak Paris sunshine can be!—and took an hour or two's wandering through the bright streets, where the people were gradually thickening. The city had put off its devotional, and put on its holiday face for the rest of the day. It evidently agreed with the birds, who, as some good Scotchman once rather regretfully observed, "went on singing just as if it wasn't Sunday." These good French folks—chiefly of the *bourgeoisie*, their wives, and daughters—loitered about, looking in at all the shop-windows that were open—which included nearly every one in the Rue de Rivoli—and I own I should like to have gone with a *gendarme* down the whole length of the street and closed them all, saying, "Rest, perturbed spirits; rest, if you can do no more." Then they hung in clusters round the doors of country-bound omnibuses in the square of the Palais-Royal, or went in little bands to the noble galleries of the Louvre, with all its stores of centuried learning, that he who reads may read—a source of Sabbath instruction and amusement which I for one should be very sorry to deny them. For the rest, they went about their several ways and comported themselves much as Parisian Sunday-afternoon promenaders usually do. They harmed us not; and no comments shall be made upon them—we English have too many glass-houses of our own to afford to throw stones.

It was more by chance than design that we fell in for our next service, perhaps the most curious of all. Entering a church to rest—and, oh! the rest to tired soul and body that those dim, cool, silent churches are sometimes!—we found it was St. Germain l'Auxerrois, notable in history as being the one from whose tower had sounded the warning bell, the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The slaughter began there, and in the Palace of the Louvre, just opposite, continuing all throughout Paris, till by morning the Seine—this slow, quiet, muddy Seine, which we had stood calmly watching—ran red with blood.

A strange remembrance—and it all happened here, just here. No wonder at a certain firmness, nay hardness, in those grave Protestant faces worshiping in the Rue de Provence. One could imagine what their ancestors' and ancestresses' faces must have been; one can understand the maddened despair, capable of any courage, any fury, of these husbandless wives and childless mothers, and how they would develop into those stern, rigid Puritan women, who have left their remembrances stamped vividly even upon the present generation. Solemn, strange, and yet grand beyond the grandeur of most human existences, would be a life of which the key-note was "My husband," or "My father, was *murdered*."

This is the difference between modern France and England. Our tragedies, political and religious, mostly lie far back in the past, dim as old romance; theirs are scarce a generation removed from the daily present. The veil between is so thin that they feel as if the past might at any time become the present.

St. Germain l'Auxerrois is a very beautiful church; brighter and *younger* looking, so to speak, than St. Roch, without having the unpleasant modernness and pseudo-classicality of the Madeleine. The painted glass is fine, and the high altar has less than the average of foolish fripperiness about it. There is the usual broad, circumferent walk, interspersed with the usual number of quaint little chapels; nooks where some may pray, and all may rest and meditate, not without advantage. In several of these was going on a sort of Sunday-school—different classes of boys and girls standing, with grave little faces, to be catechised by some priest, generally a young man, who seemed to take much pains with them, and to whom they were very attentive.

Suddenly, high up in the tower outside, began to sound—not the awful tocsin of St. Bartholomew, and yet it might have been the self-same bell—I know not. Now, however, it rung out innocently clear, a common church bell, with its steady monotone. I asked my neighbor, a decent-looking *bonne*, in charge of a young lady, who knelt absorbed before an altar of the Virgin, what it was ringing for. "*Les Vêpres*," said she, briefly and severely. Then, this was the immemorial "vesper bell," though most unpoetically ringing at three in the afternoon. However, we thought we would remain and see what there was to be seen.

Gradually there collected in front of the high altar a moderate congregation, chiefly composed of women; and when the bell ceased, there came filing in a line of priests richly vestmented, and another line of little boys, whose dress, I think, was of scarlet and white, but I do not clearly remember. They and the priests began the service with the ever-beautiful harmony of boys' and men's voices singing alternately or together, which the Catholic Church so well knows how to use.

Vespers is, I conclude, a litany rather than a mass; for many of the congregation joined in it out of their prayer-book, and it seemed to be in French, not Latin. It was less fine than the service at St. Roch, and yet a beautiful service in its way, or would have been but for the ludicrous effect produced by two young priests, who kept marching slowly up and down, reading their breviaries, within the chancel, stopping at every third turn to seat themselves solemnly on two high stools, over and outside which they carefully disposed their robes, said a prayer or two, then got up again and renewed their walk. What it all meant I have not the slightest idea, but the result was comical to a degree—especially the feminine care in the arrangement of the violet velvet.

This, and the singing, went on for about an hour; then the priests marched in single file out of the chancel, and as they passed we noticed them sharply.

I must confess these magnificent robes are not surmounted by the noblest faces in the world. It is curious, if true—and I do think it is true—that certain phases of religious belief always result in certain types of face, or, more correctly, it is the personal idiosyncrasy as shown by the face, which causes a certain line of religious thinking. You will hardly ever find combined a narrow creed and a broad forehead; a fat, sensuous jowl and an ascetic faith. The Catholic priesthood do not, as a body, look like men of intellect or refinement. Here and there I have seen some fine, benevolent heads—quite apostle-like—but, in the main, they are coarse and common, evidently taken from the lower classes, and educated only to a certain point; the point beyond which a human being ceases to be a mere machine, thinks spontaneous thoughts, and indulges in original acts, which might be rather inconvenient in a system of such total self-repression as the Catholic Church. These men, principally old men, were not different from their brethren: they had all the air of devoutness; but it was a dull, stolid, not to say stupid, air, implying superstition rather than faith, and the lazy following of others' opinions rather than that daring, wide-eyed search after truth for truth's own sake, which is the only thing which makes a religious man a true priest.

After they had passed and settled themselves in a long row opposite the pulpit, the congregation also turned their chairs round so as to face the same way: more hearers gathered, until inside and outside of the middle inclosure there was hardly standing-room. We looked intently toward the pulpit, where suddenly appeared a man in a monk's dress. We had come in for one of those Lenten sermons, with which the Catholic Church, wiser than our own in distinguishing the vast difference between an ordinary priest and a really good preacher, is careful to provide her devotees during the Fast. That this was a very popular *prédicateur*, the eagerness of the crowded congregation plainly showed. Who he was we knew not, nor does it matter, but he was a man of about fifty years of age, with a keen, mobile face, rather roughly cut—a little "under-bred," one might have said, had one met him in ordinary life; but of his intelligence there could be no doubt.

He waited till the mass of people had settled and hushed itself into attention, then he rose, and with a few preliminary bowings and crossings, begun his sermon in a low, measured voice, gradually advancing into distinctness, power, and passion, till it rung through the whole church, where, as the phrase is, "you might have heard a pin fall."

Alas! it is only too few sermons that one *can* remember; I shall long remember this one, Catholic though it was. But there was not a sentence in it to which a good Protestant might not have listened with advantage. Its subject was "*La Parole de Dieu*," "sharper than a two-edged sword" and so on—I can not call to mind the exact text; indeed, I rather think it began without any text, but this was the theme of it: *la Parole de Dieu*, as heard by man throughout life, whether consciously or not; heard in nature, in human affections, in religious devotions, in all the events and crises of existence. In short, the Voice of God to man, forever calling, calling.

The preacher began by a vivid picture of the earliest dawn of life—the child in the cradle, encircled by household love, *la Parole de Dieu* only speaking to it through the lips of parents. He described with a tender vividness, that was strange to hear from him—poor celibate!—the happiness of father and mother bending over their first-born, and all the after scenes of family bliss; then traced the boy through youth and manhood, *la Parole de Dieu* still speaking to him under all manner of forms, and in every conceivable circumstance; forcing him at last to hear: because God is his father, and the Father will not let go His child.

"But," continued the preacher, suddenly changing into the personal, and bursting into something very like eloquence—French eloquence, it must be remembered—with abundance of gesture, with an impetuosity of delivery, that in an English pulpit would be called theatrical; and yet it never passed the verge where the dramatic becomes the mere theatrical—it never degenerated into mere acting. "But, how am I to know that God is my Father? How can His infinite greatness care for my infinite littleness? I am an atom, less than an atom, in the sight of my Creator, and the Creator of the universe. When I gaze abroad on Nature"—here he burst into gorgeous descriptions of the wonders in the heavens and earth, and under the earth, asking how we can look at these, and yet know that the Maker of them all is our Father.

"Know it? I do *not* know it. I know nothing, and attempt to know nothing. But I feel it *here*"—and he touched his breast, nay, struck it, with a violence plainly audible, and that cynics would certainly have called clap-trap; but I can not think it was such—not entirely. I can not believe but that there was some reality in the passionate pathos of the man's voice, as he kept repeating over and over again, those words which, if we once doubt, all life becomes a dead, hopeless blank—"*Dieu est mon Père—mon Père. Il m'aime, je crois qu'il m'aime.* And why? Because I feel it here. I feel that I love Him, and I could not love Him unless He had loved me first. *Il est mon Père—mon Père.*"

"And, once sure of that," he went on, "I am sure of every thing. He will give me every thing, because he is my Father. You count me unhappy? I am the happiest man alive! You pity me as lonely? I am forever in the sight and presence of my Father. You think me without guidance? He leads me continually by His hand. For, *Dieu est mon Père; Dieu m'aime, il m'aime toujours.*"

This was the burden of the sermon throughout. It entered upon no doctrinal questions; scarcely even laid down any moral laws; it carried the hearers quite out of the region of controversial theology into that high mountain air of Truth—the Truth of truths—which is Love. From that clear height, if we could ever attain to it, many diverse creeds might look almost identical—God knows! But whatsoever one might doubt or differ on, the man had struck a key-note, sharp and strong, which there could be no doubt about: the Fatherhood of God once recognized, in the individual as well as universal sense, solves all perplexities, and makes the riddle of life clear and plain. It was good to hear it thus preached—even from a Roman Catholic pulpit.

Thus ended, with a peaceful, harmonious ending, our strange, contradictory, and yet, looked upon in its deepest sense, this our most solemn Paris Sunday. We never heard who the preacher was; indeed, we never inquired—good and true words being said, it matters little who says them. But these words of his made us come out of church, that terrible blood-stained church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, with a wonderfully calm and happy feeling; sure that, after all, *la Parole de Dieu* is "sharper than a two-edged sword;" the sharpest and strongest thing in all this world. Also, that if, indeed, *Dieu est mon Père* (and if not that, He is nothing, does not exist for us as God at all) he will eventually make every thing clear and straight; reconciling all things to Himself; all things and all men. And, over the whirl and noise of this twilight Paris—this wonderful, dreadful, and yet pathetic city, which seems to chatter about Him so much, and to understand and believe in Him so little—there seemed to sound, wild as Jonah's voice in Nineveh, and sweet as another and Diviner voice in the streets of Jerusalem, the preacher's cry, "*Dieu est mon Père.*"

GAGES D'AMOUR.

AN OLD STORY.

'Tis over! Your portrait I wrench from my chain,
Tears unbidden are blinding my eyes;
'Tis over, and sadly I'm gazing in vain
On a blank that I once thought a prize!
They warned me that you were a terrible flirt,
And bade me beware of your wiles,
But rashly I thought to escape any hurt
'Neath the charm of your treacherous smiles.

Take back these sweet violets, sent me in May,
For a faint perfume hangs to them still,
Like the thought of past love is e'en dear on a day
When one's heart has been broken at will:
The Tennyson, also, you gave me last year—
See the page we so often have read—
Read again, if you can, with trembling and fear,
Oh, false girl, of "a day that is dead!"

And here's the bright ribbon you twined in your hair,
With a rose-bud you wore in your breast;
The ballad you sent me, I've kept it with care,
And the ring you had marked with my crest:
A lace-bordered handkerchief, broidered with "L,"
With a well-worn, small Houbigant glove,
A bundle of letters—what tales they could tell!—
And a packet that's marked, "For my love."

For your love, indeed! 'Tis more shattered and dead
Than the poor faded flowers now returned;
Another true heart on your altar has bled,
Just one more silly moth has been burned:
Nor doubt it is sport honest love to betray—
And I dare say it adds to your fame—
Some day you'll repent and find out that to play
With men's hearts is a dangerous game!

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THERE is a pretty tradition at Venice, handed down among the inhabitants of the Lagoons, which says that a sailor brought home to his betrothed a branch of the delicate coralline known as "mermaid's lace." The girl, a worker in points, attracted by the grace of the coral, imitated it with her needle, and after much toil produced the exquisite fabric which, as "Venice Point," soon became the mode in all Europe. Lace-making in Italy formed the occupation of many women of the higher classes who wished to add to their incomes. Each lady had a number of workers, to whom she supplied patterns, pricked by herself, paying her workwomen at the end of every week, each day being notched on a tally. In the convent of Gesu Bambino, at Rome, curious specimens of old Spanish conventual work—parchment patterns with lace in progress—have been found. They belonged to Spanish nuns, who long ago taught the art of lace-making to novices. Like all point lace, this appears to be executed in separate pieces, given out by the nuns, and then joined together by a skillful hand. We see the pattern traced, the work partly finished, and the very thread left, as when "Sister Felice Vittoria" laid down her work centuries ago.

FEMALE EXTRAVAGANCE.

THE *London Review*, in a well-written article on Extravagance in Men, says very pertinently concerning the accusations thereupon which it is the fashion to launch against Women at large:

"Women are accused very unfairly of being over-extravagant. As a rule men are far more so, and the account against them is principally due to those who fritter every thing they gain or sell in numberless and nameless trifles. A woman has a natural title to being well clad—to being indeed clad so as to make the most of her appearance. She has a sense for jewelry. To deny her ornaments is to stifle a genuine and reasonable instinct. But a man who parts with a considerable portion of his income in order to comply with every freak of his tailor, and who really seems to have only used his brains upon the patterns of neckties, is one of the most pitiable creatures alive."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. STANHOPE.—The stitch called point russe has been frequently described in detail in *Harper's Bazar*. You will find elaborate instructions for working it in *Answers to Correspondents*, No. 24.

BADGER GIRL.—Slope the front width and one each side of it. Leave the others full and gather to a belt. It is now fashionable to gore muslin skirts to the knee and to finish out the length with a ruffle. If the puffs go around the arm small cords from one band to the other will hold them in place; if puffed to the elbow and ruffled the puffs are made secure over net or tarlatan. Middle aged ladies can wear white waists, but black lace or Brussels net is more becoming. Fichus are worn as a street garment.

ELIZABETH.—For a little boy a year and a half old a pretty style of dress is a gored slip of white piqué, or of percale, braided with feather edge braid up the seams. Loose jacket, round in front and merely reaching to the waist. Coat-sleeves. As we have frequently said, we furnish no patterns save those in the Supplement.

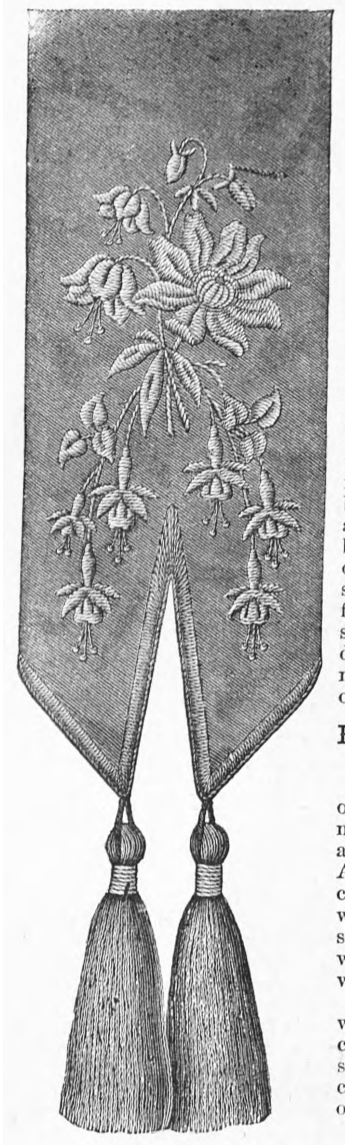
NEEDLE-WORK.—In crochet or knitting work a * merely shows the point in the work at which you begin to repeat. The abbreviation sl. stands for slip stitch, as already explained in the article to which you refer. A slip stitch is worked as follows: Having already a loop on the needle, insert the hook in a stitch and draw the thread through both together. A picot in crochet is any very small scallop. In the description of a foot-stool it indicates the scallops of the leaves and rosettes, and is worked in chain and slip stitch.

Embroidered Cravat Ends.

THESE two cravat ends, which are shown of the full size in the illustration, are, the first of lavender and the second of brown silk ribbon, embroidered in satin stitch with white silk, after the pattern given. The ends are pointed and button-hole stitched with silk of the same color as the cravat, and then finished with silk tassels.

Traveling Costume.—Belt with Pocket and Strap for Shawl.

SHORT dress and tight-fitting paletot of gray silk serge. The skirt is trimmed with a wide bias fold of the same material, pleated and set on in waves, as shown in the illustration. The bottom of the paletot is scalloped, and bound with brown silk. The belt is furnished with two pockets, the pattern of which is given in Fig. 41 of the Supplement. For each pocket cut of brown silk, silk lining, and muslin, two pieces from the pattern beforementioned. Baste the outside on the lining, having first set a corded bias strip of brown silk, about three-fifths of an inch wide, on the outside piece, furnished with a heading of narrow black passementerie gimp. Run the outside and lining together along the top of each part of the pocket, and sew both parts together, leaving the flap loose. Trim the pocket with silk tassels and passementerie gimp, and fasten it to the belt with two silk cords, which are knotted together just above the pocket. Brown straw-hat, trimmed with leaves and fall of lace. The traveling shawl or water-proof cloak, necessary for protection against rain, is buckled in a strap, which is shown in the illustration. This arrangement consists of a long strip of gray enameled cloth, lined with brown silk, with a linen interlining, and bound with brown worsted braid, and afterward ornamented with black string beads, sewed on crosswise in the manner shown in the accompanying full-sized illustration. This strap is slung over the shoulder, and affords an easy means of carrying a shawl or water-proof.



EMBROIDERED CRAVAT END.

TRAVELING COSTUME.—BELT WITH POCKET AND STRAP FOR SHAWL.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 41.

Buttons for Trimming Dresses, Cloaks, etc.

Figs. 1–9 show a number of buttons suitable for trimming dresses, cloaks, etc., and which are easily made. All the buttons here given consist of a round piece of wood, which is covered with stuff and ornamented partly with embroidery, and partly with silk braid and cord.

Fig. 1 is a button covered with brown silk, and corded crosswise with fine brown silk cord and gimp. The centre is formed by a knot of silk cord.

Fig. 2 is a button covered with violet cassimere. The figure in the centre is worked with violet silk twist over a foundation of pasteboard. This figure is surrounded with a row of knots, which are worked with the same silk.

Fig. 3 is a button of gray silk. The star-like figure is worked in point russe with dark gray silk twist.

Fig. 4 is a button of brown silk which is worked in button-hole stitch with brown silk twist, as shown by the pattern. Figs. 4 and 5 show the manner of working. Make, first, according to the pattern, at regular distances of one-third of an inch apart, nine stitches, then fasten each stitch with a button-hole stitch, working from left to right, and always so that the point of the needle is directed toward the middle of the button. Continuing in this manner, work around the thread of the former round in each new round.

Fig. 6 is a button of gray alpaca. The star is formed of fine gray silk. First stretch, as in Fig. 7, eight threads across the button at regular intervals, and wind these in the manner shown by the illustration with gray silk, which must not be too fine. Having covered almost the entire upper part of the button with the silk, fasten the threads with threads of silk between every two of the eight stretched threads; these drawn close form the star-like figure shown by Fig. 6.

Fig. 8.—This button is very similar to the former. In this also eight threads are stretched over the button, which are covered in the manner shown by Fig. 9, so that the eight threads finally appear as raised ribs.

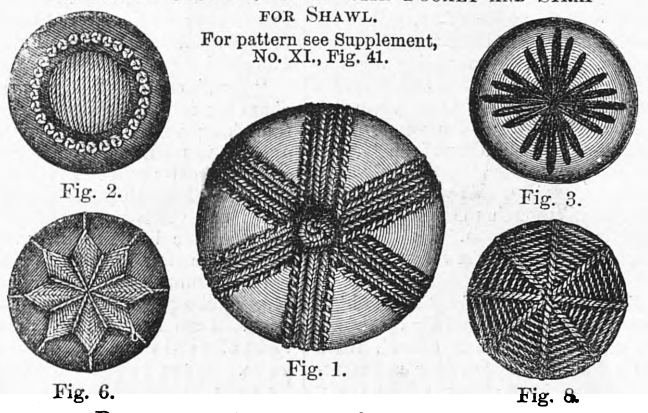


Fig. 2. Fig. 3. Fig. 1. Fig. 6. Fig. 8.

BUTTONS FOR DRESS AND CLOAK TRIMMINGS.

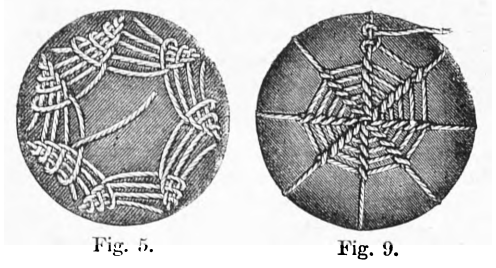
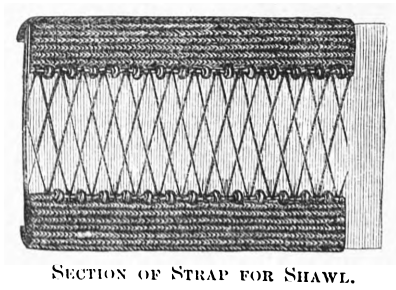


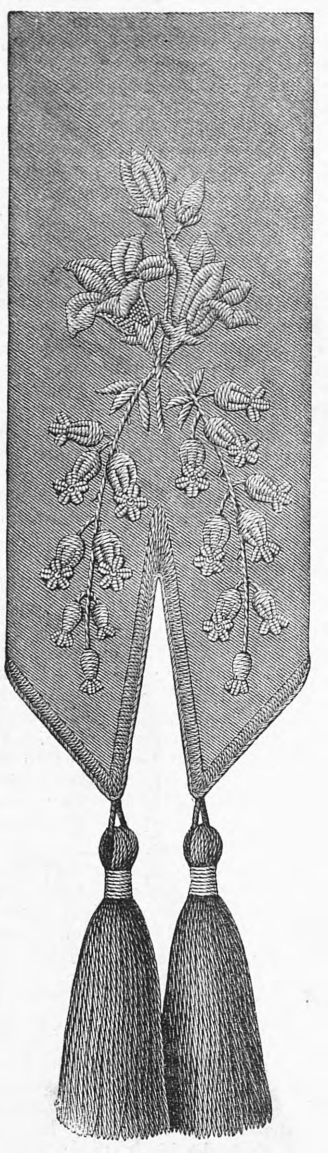
Fig. 5. Fig. 9.



SECTION OF STRAP FOR SHAWL.

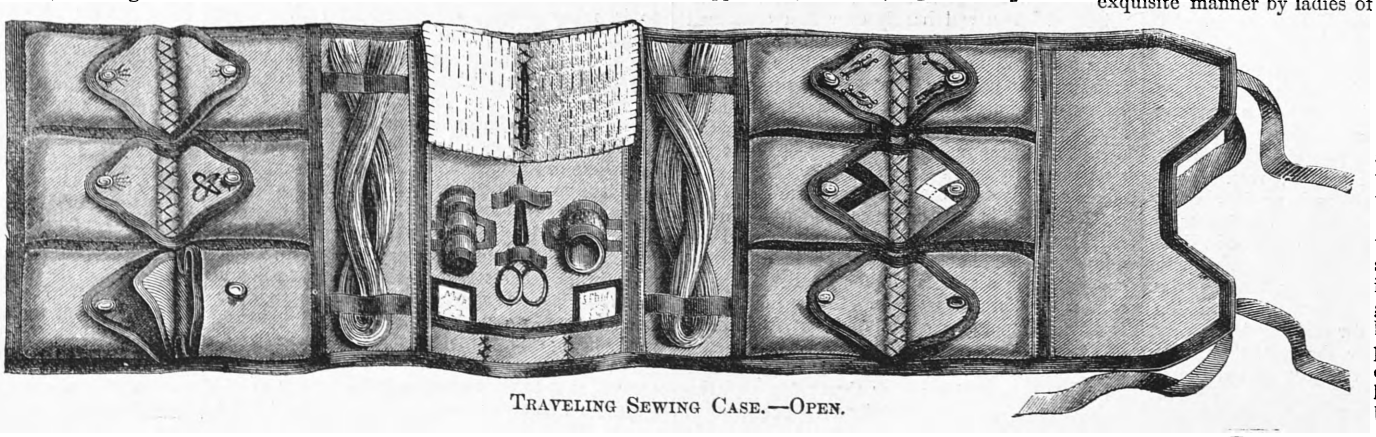
Traveling Sewing Case.

THIS sewing case is especially recommended for use in traveling, because it has places for almost all necessary sewing utensils, besides ribbons, buttons, hooks and eyes, etc. Moreover, a sewing case of this kind requires little space, as it can be rolled tightly together. The material for making it is simple and cheap. The original is of gray ticking and blue ribbon; the border of the outside, as well as of all the pockets, is formed of the ribbon. The outside consists of two strips of gray drilling each eight inches in width by twenty-two in length, of which the one serves as the lining and the other as the outside. On the end which forms the flap the strips are cut in two points, which are finished each with two pieces of blue ribbon that serve to fasten the case and are cut of the proper length for that purpose. On the inner side of the case, next the flap, and also next the other end, are arranged six pockets, which open in opposite directions. Every three of these pockets in a row consist of a piece of stuff thirteen inches in length by two and a half inches in breadth, which are fastened on one side with a border, and on the other side are laid in three broad box-pleats, separated from each other by three-eighths of an inch space, so that the width of the strip is reduced to eight inches. The folded strip is cross stitched to the outside so that each fold forms a pocket. The revers of every two opposite pockets consists of a piece of stuff two and a half inches square with the edges somewhat rounded, and the edge bordered like the outside. This is sewed on with a cross seam, and provided with a button-hole corresponding to the button on each pocket. These pockets serve to hold worsted, silk cord, hooks and eyes, buttons, ribbons, etc., as is denoted on each revers. The space between each pocket is provided with bands of stuff and ribbon, which serve for holding the scissors, thimble, wax, and darning cotton. Besides these several flannel leaves are fastened to one side for needles, pins, tape-needles, etc.



EMBROIDERED CRAVAT END.

TRAVELING BAG.—[For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 27–29.]



TRAVELING SEWING CASE.—OPEN.

HOW TO GRAIN WOOD.

THIS beautiful art has generally been given up to the house-painters, as work which no lady need attempt to accomplish, and altogether unsuited to her sphere of operations. But why this should be the case it is difficult to understand, since taste and the kind of skill required is by no means beyond the limit of a woman's genius or ability.

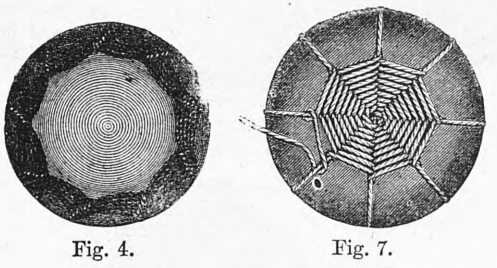
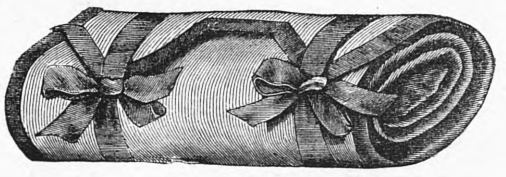


Fig. 4. Fig. 7.

If on first trial the new business seems strange, and the results unsatisfactory, we would encourage the amateur to try again; she must on no account be discouraged by one or two failures, but persevere in the work, which will certainly be crowned at last with entire success. We have seen whole rooms grained and finished in the most exquisite manner by ladies of taste, some in oak, others in walnut or maple, while the book-cases of a library or occasional shabby pieces of furniture were renovated and made to look like new articles by means of a few hours' labor, and a very trifling cost for materials.



TRAVELING SEWING CASE.—CLOSED.

Suits of cottage furniture, no matter in what solid color they were originally painted, may be grained so as to look even handsomer than when first purchased. But before commencing any thing large or important, it will be best to practice consid-

erably on smooth pieces of board, taking as patterns the best specimens within reach of the wood you are to imitate.

TO GRAIN OAK.

First have the wood on which you are to practice made as smooth as possible, and then cover with three or four coats of paint ground in oil and turpentine, mixed in the proportion of two-thirds oil and one-third turpentine. If intended for light oak, the ground may be formed by mixing white lead or zinc with Oxford ochre until it becomes a light buff. If a medium shade is wanted add a little Venetian red, to make it rather darker, and for dark old wood add a little burned umber and orange chrome. When this is dry the graining color is to be put on evenly all over, but not too thick. For light oak this may be made of either Vandyke brown or burned umber, with a little burned sienna added, if you wish to give it a reddish tint, or raw sienna, if a yellow tint is preferred; these may be mixed into the paint that is left after putting on the ground, and the darker the shade of the graining color the darker and richer will be the work produced. A little beeswax melted and mixed into the paint will prevent the running of the color after the graining is done.

Having coated it with the dark color while the paint is fresh, take a long comb (and if the teeth are here and there missing it will be rather an advantage than otherwise, as it will produce a variety in the size of the veins or lines), and draw it straight, or in a slightly crooked line, across the board from end to end in the direction the grain of the wood is supposed to run. Do this over the whole surface.

Next take a rather finer comb, and go over it again in the same direction, giving the hand a waving or slightly crooked motion. This will remove the stiff look of the first combing. Now take a rag and wrap it

VINETA WALKING DRESS.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 12–15.

VINETA WALKING DRESS.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 12–15.

GEORGINE WALKING DRESS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–5.

ADRIENNE WALKING DRESS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 26.

CLARA WALKING DRESS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 16–19.

MARIA THERESA WALKING DRESS.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 20–25.

NORDERNEY WALKING DRESS.—FRONT. NORDERNEY WALKING DRESS.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–11.

MARIA THERESA WALKING DRESS.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 20–25.

around a blunt stick, and, with your pattern before you, try to make the outline figures to be seen in the centre of the wood. Sometimes it can be done more easily by wrapping the rag around the thumb, or some other contrivance may suggest itself to the operator.

After the combing and figuring is done, it is sometimes desirable to blend the graining more, and to give something of a mottled appearance to the work. This is easily done by going over it with a badger's-hair brush very softly. Another way, and one more likely to give satisfaction, is to *over-grain* it when dry with Vandyke brown mixed in sour ale, with a little blue-black added. Before applying this, it will be best to sponge it with a mixture of fuller's earth and water.

The mixture for over-graining is supplied by dipping in the brush and drawing it directly over the surface, and then softening or blending slightly again with the badger's-hair brush.

There being great variety in the figures and gnarled appearance of the wood, there need be no tiresome sameness in the graining of a door or panel; and with a view to the acquiring of a varied style it will be well to use as many different patterns of the real wood as possible.

In many specimens there will be seen spots and cracked knots with very distinct shadings around them. These may be made by putting on touches of the darkest shade used, with lines traced in graceful curves around the knots; then comb with a coarse comb up and down, curving the strokes as they pass around the knots. The large knots can be retouched after the final over-graining with a small brush or hair-pencil, in order to trace the cracks or lines across the face of them.

When the paint is entirely dry a coat of varnish will bring out the colors finely, and finish it with the proper polish.

There is another style of painting called by painters, *Distemper*. The difference consists chiefly in the mixing of the paints, the process we have been describing having reference entirely to oil-colors, while the other method is by mixing them with size and water, or what will answer as well—thin glue-water.

Most of the paints which are usually mixed in oil can be prepared equally well in this way. The inner walls of houses can be done with this kind of paint; but great care must be taken before applying the paint that the surface is entirely smooth, and free from grease, lime, or dirt. If there is the least likelihood of grease being there the wall must be thoroughly cleaned by scraping, or by a wash of pearlash water.

When the wall is thus prepared let a coat of glue-water be put on warm, and when dry the surface should be well rubbed, and smoothed with sand-paper or pumice. The color may be mixed with thin glue-water as a size, but must not be put on too thick.

To grain oak in distemper, the wood or wall, after the preparation described, should be wet slightly with the sponge and the fuller's earth; then mix together Vandyke brown and a little burned sienna with a portion of the size, and with a brush or sash-tool, dipped first in the sour ale, spread on the color, and proceed to comb and over-grain as directed for oil-graining. (These directions are only for the graining; the ground is supposed to have been prepared in oil, as before described.)

This is not as handsome as oil-work, but is done more quickly and with less expense. When finished with a coat of varnish it will look very well.

WALNUT.

To imitate walnut the same general rules may be followed, only that a darker ground-work is produced by using more Vandyke brown or burned umber, graining with black and softening with the badger brush, with a good pattern in the natural wood from which to copy.

MAHOGANY.

Use the same colors for ground-work as directed for light oak, only adding enough burned sienna to give it a reddish tint. Mix together Vandyke brown and a little Victoria lake with oil; put it on when the ground is dry, but not as an even coat—rather in blotches or streaks. Mottle it well by rubbing it off here and there with a rag, and also comb it slightly in parts; then go over it with the badger until all are well blended. By going in the same direction always in using the badger a uniform shading will be given to the figures of the wood. The whole may then be darkened somewhat by going over with a coating of Victoria lake in distemper, finishing off with the badger.

This wood may also be imitated in distemper by staining first with Venetian red, and with Vandyke brown, burned Sienna, and Victoria lake to form the grains and figures, mottling the wood while it is wet with the badger. Last of all, touch it, and over-grain with Vandyke brown and a little black.

ROSEWOOD.

Color the ground with extract of logwood, an even coat; then with a coarse bristle brush put on some irregular streaks of Vandyke brown and black, leaving the red streaks between. Copy now from the real wood, using the over-grainer and fine comb to blend and curl the stripes. Over all this put on a coating of Victoria lake, and finish it with varnish.

When the wood is new and has never been painted, it will be much better to stain it first with the extract of logwood dissolved in spirits of wine, and then apply the dark colors in the way described.

Light mahogany furniture may be readily converted into rosewood by treating in the way described, only that the natural color of the mahogany will answer well for the ground, and the varnish previously put on the wood will not interfere with the application of the dark veining colors.

A MILLION A MINUTE.

THAT was my fortune. This is no dream, no romance. I set down the simple truth, strange as it will appear to many. During a portion of my life that was my income—a million sterling per minute—secured to me by papers held in my own hands. Never had I conceived of so much wealth as those papers entitled me to, and even as I read them I did not believe in their reality. They were real, nevertheless. So was the fortune. So, I am persuaded now, were the circumstances, romantic as they seemed, under which I gained it and lost it.

The money came to me under the will of old Rodney Gauntlett. Every body in the City knew him in his lifetime—knew him as a shrewd, active, hot-tempered man, and called him "old" while he was yet in his prime. If he ever unbent, it was to his little Julie, as he called me, and that was more often, I think, when I had grown out of my childhood and become a woman, and so more of a companion to him. In my younger life, I remember fancying that he avoided, and even regarded me with dislike. It might have been so. There was no apparent reason why he should regard me in any other light. I was only, as I knew quite soon enough, the child of an old friend—one Colonel Anthony Wyvern—whom he had adopted out of charity.

Ours was not a very lively home. Our house was an old one that had held its own in the City when the City had even its palaces. But in the long course of time it had yielded, foot by foot, to encroachments on all sides, until it was fairly bricked in, and utterly lost to public gaze.

Old Rodney Gauntlett's own rooms were on the ground-floor; they were like dungeons, but he never saw them so.

Bridget and I lived up stairs. Bridget, by-the-way, was our one domestic—housekeeper, nurse, and general servant in one. She was as old as her master. Thin white locks would stray out from under her mob-cap bound round with a black ribbon, and shine like silver. Her skin was yellow and wrinkled; her hands suggested claws, they were so hard and fleshless. But she had an eye bright and true as a hawk's; it defied age. Bridget was my good friend and almost sole companion.

As I was saying, our rooms were up stairs. They were three in number, and formed the whole of the second-floor. My share comprised a very large bedroom, that had been a reception-room in the old times, and a smaller apartment opening out of it. Bridget's chamber was outside mine, her door close to the top of the great staircase; so that sleeping there she, in a manner, kept watch and ward over me.

The smaller room, in which I lived, was like a room borrowed from the last century. It was wainscoted, and had a high mantle-piece carved over with Cupids engaged in festooning heavy wreaths about it. Above, there was an oval glass, slanting forward so that it reflected all below it, only a fraction of its surface being hidden by a small clock, on which it appeared to rest. The furniture was in keeping: tables with bowed legs and brass handles and fittings; chairs with oval backs and striped moreen cushions; escritoires with drawers, and Indian jars—all these were conspicuous. But most conspicuous of all was a Japanese cabinet, very large and cumbrous, black as ebony, with quaint figures in gold and dead colors in slight relief. It must once have been very costly, but was now out of repair, and was only used to keep papers in.

I never recall my room without a thought of this cabinet. It is especially associated with the first visit of a friend of Rodney Gauntlett's, who afterward came often to the old house—far oftener than I cared to see him. As I was sitting by the window one evening Mr. Gauntlett entered with a stranger—a fine, tall, square-shouldered man, with an olive face, black eyes, and shining white teeth, whom he introduced as his esteemed friend, Mr. Hugh Dimsdale. My guardian was in fine spirits, and Mr. Dimsdale embarrassingly polite; but I noticed that the latter's eyes strayed constantly in the direction of the Japanese cabinet, which appeared to have a strange fascination for him.

That night's introduction was, as I have said, followed by many a visit on the part of Mr. Hugh Dimsdale. It was not long before he declared himself my devoted admirer, and begged me to regard him as a suitor for my hand. My patron, too, hinted as delicately as he could that such an arrangement would be gratifying to him. But I received him coldly; I could not like him; his coming chilled my heart.

Still he came and came. I had a suspicion that he knew how I loathed him, and gloried in his power to inflict the torture of his presence on me; gloried still more in suggesting a further horror.

"Am I never to prove my love by showing how happy I can make you?" he would ask.

"I am very happy," would be my cold reply.

"But as my wife? Ah, if we could only realize the future I have planned!"

"The present amply contents me."

So it went on.

At last he lost all patience, and grew fairly angry with me. Whenever we met his words were harsh and his looks threatening. I could not endure this, and, in one passionate outburst, bade him begone and trouble me no farther.

"I will never be your wife," I said. "I will die first. I hate you. Leave me!"

He obeyed; but there was a malignant glitter in his eyes as he strode from the room; and I saw that he bit his thin lips to bleeding to keep in the words with which he would have cursed me.

For more than a month I saw him no more. This might have surprised me; but during the latter part of that time I had no leisure to give a thought to him. My benefactor was taken ill. It was the winter time, and he was seized with a slight cold, of which he took no heed until inflammation followed; and he was soon really ill. Even then he would not deem himself an invalid, would not have a doctor, or give up his daily pursuits. Within a week he was worn to a shadow; his eyes sunk, his shoulders rounded, and a cough tore fiercely at his lungs. I was terrified; but he only laughed at my fears, and declared that he would soon be better.

On the eighth night of his illness I sat late in my room. I could hear him coughing below; but Bridget had brought a message that he was busy over his papers, and did not care to be intruded on. Having given this message, and assured me he had all he could need for the night, she had gone to bed. I was wretched, for I felt certain he was very ill and needed advice. Sitting there over the dying embers, I half persuaded myself to go to him, in spite of his message, and entreat him to comply with my wishes in this respect. But he was not a man whose will could be thwarted, or who was open to persuasion. So I tried to bethink me of some friend to whom I might appeal—some one who had influence over him. One name alone suggested itself—the hateful name of Hugh Dimsdale. At the bare suggestion of it I cowered over the grate with a shudder. But it seemed to act as a spell; under its influence thoughts crowded upon me, my mind grew morbidly active, and soon I was almost lost to consciousness in the bewildering perplexities of my own reflections.

For an hour I might have brooded thus. When I at length started, as out of a vision, I was conscious of a chilliness, and of its being very late. I put my hand to my waist for my watch. It wanted three minutes to two. Was that right by the clock on the mantle-piece? I asked myself. Instinctively I looked up. The leaning oval glass reflected me as I sat. I saw my own face and figure; and I saw more. There was another face looking over my shoulder—another figure standing at my back!

Yes, clearly and unmistakably I saw my benefactor, Rodney Gauntlett, standing there, and bending over me with a strange, pitying look in his face.

"You here, Sir!" I cried, turning round frightened—I knew not why.

There was no answer.

I half rose.

As I did so the form receded from me. It went slowly, with the shuffling gate of an enfeebled man. The face was toward me even when there was the width of the room between us. Then it turned away. It turned toward the Japanese cabinet; and I saw an uplifted forefinger beckoning me to observe what followed. The movement was so natural, so real, that it scared away the fears which were beginning to paralyze me.

"Speak to me, Sir!" I cried out, stepping forward as I spoke. "Or if you are too ill—"

The finger was raised again; this time as if to silence me. Then the face half turned. I could catch the expression of the eyes, and followed them. They seemed to single out a spot—a rose-bud in the flower-pattern of the cabinet—and then the pointing finger went straight to that spot.

Unless I dreamed, the bud yielded under the pressure of the finger-tip!

I saw it sink and spring back to its place. Then almost instantly a long, narrow panel fell out and dropped on the ground.

"You wish to show me the secret of this?" I gasped, looking up from the spot where the panel lay.

To my dismay I addressed vacancy. The figure was gone!

My alarm was intense. Had I seen the ghost of Rodney Gauntlett? My conviction was that I had. Yet the finger had touched the spring, the rose-bud had yielded, and there was the result before me! Could a spirit have done that? If so, for what purpose? While, more dead than alive, I asked of myself this second question, my eyes involuntarily turned toward that part of the cabinet from which the panel had dropped. A small aperture had been laid bare; evidently a secret recess; and what it contained was clearly revealed to my gaze.

It was a folded paper.

Here again was something real and tangible. It helped me to fight against the conviction that what I had seen was supernatural; though my frame shook with the terror of a ghostly visitation. With a tremulous hand I snatched at the paper and tore it open. Casting my eyes hurriedly over it I saw that it was a will—Rodney Gauntlett's will. Through a mass of blurred letters I gathered that by means of it he revoked all former wills; and then I lighted on these words, glowing, as they seemed, in letters of fire:

"—— *all my real and personal estate, amounting at this present writing to three millions sterling, to Julia Gauntlett, otherwise known and designated by me as Julia Wyvern, my own true and lawful daughter*—"

I could read no more. The words swam before my eyes.

What! Was I Rodney Gauntlett's own child? Was it a fiction that he had reared me out of the love he bore his old friend? What mystery was here? What could have prompted so strange, so cruel a course? And now, why did he seek to atone for all by securing to me a fortune vast beyond computation?

These questions bubbled to my lips. The awe, the marvel, the mystery of what was passing confounded me. My only proof of the reality of all was the crackling of the paper I grasped in my hand. That was real, that and the cabinet from which I had taken it. Yes; and hark! The great bell of St. Paul's was chiming. Real enough, that. I stood and counted the quarter-chimes; and then the first for the hour—One; the second—Two.

As the last echo died away I glanced again at the will. In the act of doing so, and stooping my head for the purpose, I suddenly fell heavily forward with a crashing sound in my ears. A blow had been dealt from behind, by an unseen hand, and under the force of it I dropped bleeding and senseless.

More than a week had elapsed before the sense of life returned to me. I was in my own bed, and Bridget's kindly face was bending over me. Pain racked my brow, and I was conscious of having suffered intensely. It was some time before I was permitted to ask questions, or to receive information as to what had happened. At length Bridget gratified my curiosity to an extent.

She informed me that my patron, Rodney Gauntlett, had died on the night to which I have alluded, at three minutes to two, as nearly as Bridget could calculate, she being then the only person in the house except myself. Her reason for fixing the hour was, that at three minutes to two—the time at which the house-clock gave "warning"—she being startled by a strange noise, had gone into his room only to find him dead in his chair. While there, a sound overhead apprised her of my fall, and at the same moment St. Paul's struck two. On rushing up stairs she had found me on the floor, where I had fallen, as she supposed, in hurrying to the sick man's aid, and with the back of my head bleeding.

At this stage I interrupted her with two questions of the utmost moment to me. Was she quite certain that there was no person in the house besides ourselves? She was quite certain. Did she observe any thing peculiar about the Japanese cabinet, or see any paper on the floor? No.

These answers startled me. It was hard to believe that I had been dreaming, and yet was it not more probable than that all of which I seemed to have a remembrance should really have happened? The apparition, the will, the enormous fortune, the disclosure of my relationship to Gauntlett, the brutal attack by which I was overpowered—who would believe in the reality of these things? How could I even believe in them myself? It was well-nigh impossible: yet it had all been so real, so terribly real to me, that I could not forego belief in it without a struggle.

However, I kept my own counsel. I said nothing to Bridget; nothing to the doctor when he came. In time I formed this further resolution—I would say nothing unless my impressions received some confirmation through subsequent events. One such confirmation they did receive—it was a very startling one. When Rodney Gauntlett's will came to be read, it was found that his fortune exceeded all belief. He had been money-grubbing and speculating all his life, but no one suspected that he had died worth—three millions of money! His will disclosed that fact for the first time. When I heard the words I fainted. Here was a corroboration of what I had discovered in my dream, or whatever it was, so strong that it utterly overpowered me. Unless I had read it in the paper I took from the Japanese cabinet, how could I have thought of that sum? Such a thing was beyond coincidence; and when I came to myself, I eagerly demanded a sight of the will. It was handed to me, and one glance dispelled all my illusions. It was not written on the paper I had seen, and it contained no mention of my relationship to the testator. My name was there, but only for an annuity of three hundred pounds for life. The bulk of the vast fortune was left in other ways, a very large slice falling to the share of the man I detested and had rejected, Hugh Dimsdale.

Time passed on. I had quitted the old house. All I have related had become a thing of memory. Bridget was dead. Hugh Dimsdale had gone I knew not where—to the Indies I had heard, but neither knew nor cared. I was receiving my annuity, and enjoying a simple country life, over which the shadows of the past fell lightly. In the process of time I had almost persuaded myself out of the reality of what I long held as the mystery of my life.

One winter evening an adventure occurred to me.

I was returning home from a long walk. Tired, and anxious to reach my cottage before dark, I took a short cut through a field adjoining a farm. In that field were several stacks of hay and corn, and as I passed these I saw that a group of persons, evidently from the farm itself, were bending over some object lying on the ground. My curiosity was aroused. I quitted the path, and went toward them. As they moved aside on my drawing near, I saw that it was a man who was the object of their attention—a squalid man in the rags of a beggar. He was ill, haggard, starving—yet I could not mistake that face.

"Hugh Dimsdale!" I exclaimed aloud.

He shuddered as he lay, then looked up feebly, shading his eyes with a tremulous hand. With that hand he then beckoned me to his side. Too weak to speak out, it was only by drawing my ear toward his mouth that he could make me understand what he had to say. It took this form:

"Julia Gauntlett—for that is your true, right name—I robbed you of all. I did it. Yes, yes: no need to hide it now. I knew Gauntlett's last will was hidden in that cabinet—knew it from the first; knew its purport, and strove to make you mine in consequence. Had you consented, we should have shared the old man's millions—you and I. You rejected me, and I had recourse to other means to get the later will destroyed, so that I might benefit by a former one under which I was entitled. I was in the house when he died, his life shortened by my means. I passed from his room to yours, when I had made

sure of the old will that left me so much. I came upon you as you read the will you had found—the true will, in which he had acknowledged you as his child, and left you all. It was I who struck you down and secured that paper. I swear to you that this is the truth."

"But tell me," I cried, "what do you know of my father's motive in disowning me—of my mother—"

"Nothing."

"And this other will?"

"Destroyed. Consumed in the flames. The fortune can never be yours."

They were his last words, spoken with his stiffening lips—and they were true. Without the will, it was impossible for me to gain one penny more of my father's princely fortune than I now enjoy. The wealth he had designed as a recompense for the wrong he had done me—Heaven only knows why!—had flowed away into other channels, and could never be recovered. I had held the right to it for three minutes only: from the moment of his death—that in which he had appeared to me—until the villain's hand snatched it away. Only for three minutes out of a whole lifetime; but during that space my income exceeded that of any potentate in the world. It was at the rate of a million a minute.

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER LVI.

FATHER AND SON.

VIJAL, on going back to Brandon village, went first to the inn where he saw John. To the inquiries which were eagerly addressed to him he answered nothing, but simply said that he wished to see Potts. John, finding him impracticable, cursed him and led the way to the bank.

As Vijal entered Potts locked the door carefully, and then anxiously questioned him. Vijal gave a plain account of every thing exactly as it had happened, but with some important alterations and omissions. In the first place, he said nothing whatever of the long interview which had taken place and the startling information which he had received. In the second place, he assured Potts that he must have attacked the wrong man. For when this man had spared his life he looked at him closely and found out that he was not the one that he ought to have attacked.

"You blasted fool," cried Potts. "Haven't you got eyes? D——n you; I wish the fellow, whoever he is, had seized you, or blown your brains out."

Vijal cast down his eyes humbly.

"I can try again," said he. "I have made a mistake this time; the next time I will make sure."

There was something in the tone of his voice so remorseless and so vengeful that Potts felt reassured.

"You are a good lad," said he, "a good lad. And you'll try again?"

"Yes," said Vijal, with flashing eyes.

"You'll make sure this time?"

"I'll make sure this time. But I must have some one with me," he continued. "You need not trouble yourself. Send John with me. He won't mistake. If he is with me I'll make sure."

As the Malay said this a brighter and more vivid flash shone from his eyes. He gave a malevolent smile, and his white teeth glistened balefully. Instantly he checked the smile, and cast down his eyes.

"Ah!" said Potts. "That is very good. John shall go. Johnnie, you don't mind going, do you?"

"I'll go," said John, languidly.

"You'll know the fellow, won't you?"

"I rather think I should."

"But what will you do first?"

"Go to Denton," said John.

"To Denton?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because Brandon is there."

"How can he be?"

"Simply," said John, "because I know the man that Vijal attacked must have been Brandon. No other person answers to the description. No other person would be so quick to dodge the cord, and so quick with the revolver. He has humbugged Vijal somehow, and this fool of a nigger has believed him. He was Brandon, and no one else, and I'm going on his track."

"Well—you're right, perhaps," said Potts; "but take care of yourself, Johnnie."

John gave a dry smile.

"I'll try to do so; and I hope to take care of others also," said he.

"God bless you, Johnnie!" said Potts, affectionately, not knowing the blasphemy of invoking the blessing of God on one who was setting out to commit murder.

"You're spooney, dad," returned John, and he left the bank with Vijal.

John went back to the inn first, and after a few preparations started for Denton. On the way he amused himself with coarse jests at Vijal's stupidity in allowing himself to be deceived by Brandon, taunted him with cowardice in yielding so easily, and assured him that one who was so great a coward could not possibly succeed in any undertaking.

Toward evening they reached the inn at Denton. John was anxious not to show himself, so he went at once to the inn, directing Vijal to keep a look-out for Brandon and let him know if he saw any one who looked like him. These directions were accompanied and intermingled with numerous threats as to what he would do if Vijal dared to fail in any particular. The Malay listened calmly, showing none of that impatience and haughty resentment which he formerly used to manifest toward John, and quietly promised to do what was ordered.

About ten o'clock John happened to look out of the window. He saw a figure standing where the light from the windows flashed out, which at once attracted his attention. It was the man whom he sought—it was Brandon. Was he stopping at the same inn? If so, why had not Vijal told him? He at once summoned Vijal, who came as calm as ever. To John's impatient questions as to why he had not told him about Brandon, he answered that Brandon had only come there half an hour previously, and that he had been watching him ever since to see what he was going to do.

"You must keep on watching him, then; do you hear?"

"Yes."

"And if you let him slip this time, you infernal nigger, you'll pay dear for it."

"I'll not make a mistake this time," was Vijal's answer. And as he spoke his eyes gleamed, and again that baleful smile passed over his face.

"That's the man," said John. "You understand that? That's the man you've got to fix, do you hear? Don't be a fool this time. You must manage it to-night, for I don't want to wait here forever. I leave it to you. I only came to make sure of the man. I'm tired, and I'm going to bed soon. When I wake to-morrow I expect to hear from you that you have finished this business. If you don't, d——n you, I'll wring your infernal nigger's neck."

"It will all be done by to-morrow," said Vijal, calmly.

"Then clear out and leave me. I'm going to bed. What you've got to do is to watch that man."

Vijal retired.

The night passed. When the following morning came John was not up at the ordinary breakfast hour. Nine o'clock came. Ten o'clock. Still he did not appear.

"He's a lazy fellow," said the landlord, "though he don't look like it. And where's his servant?"

"The servant went back to Brandon at daybreak," was the answer.

Eleven o'clock came. Still there were no signs of John. There was a balcony in the inn which ran in front of the windows of the room occupied by John. After knocking at the door once or twice the landlord tapped at the window and tried to peep in to see if the occupant was awake or not. One part of the blind was drawn a little aside, and showed the bed and the form of a man still lying there.

"He's an awful sleeper," said the landlord. "It's twelve o'clock, and he isn't up yet. Well, it's his business, not mine."

About half an hour after the noise of wheels was heard, and a wagon drove swiftly into the yard of the inn. An old man jumped out, gave his horse to the hostler, and entered the inn.

He was somewhat flushed and flurried. His eyes twinkled brightly, and there was a somewhat exuberant familiarity in his address to the landlord.

"There was a party who stopped here last night," said he, "that I wish to see."

"There was only one person here last night," answered the landlord; "a young man—"

"A young man, yes—that's right; I want to see him."

"Well, as to that," said the landlord, "I don't know but you'll have to wait. He ain't up yet."

"Isn't he up yet?"

"No; he's an awful sleeper. He went to bed last night early, for his lights were out before eleven, and now it's nearly one, and he isn't up."

"At any rate, I must see him."

"Shall I wake him?"

"Yes, and be quick, for I'm in a hurry."

The landlord went up to the door and knocked loudly. There was no answer. He knocked still more loudly. Still no answer. He then kept up an incessant rapping for about ten minutes. Still there was no answer. He had tried the door before, but it was locked on the inside. He went around to the windows that opened on the balcony; these were open.

He then went down and told the old man that the door was fastened, but that the windows were unfastened. If he chose to go in there he might do so.

"I will do so," said the other, "for I must see him. I have business of importance." He went up.

The landlord and some of the servants, whose curiosity was by this time excited, followed after.

The old man opened the window, which swung back on hinges, and entered. There was a man in the bed.

He lay motionless. The old man approached. He recognized the face.

A cold chill went to his heart. He tore down the coverlet, which concealed the greater part of his face. The next moment he fell forward upon the bed.

"Johnnie!" he screamed—"Johnnie!"

There was no answer. The face was rigid and fixed. Around the neck was a faint, bluish line, a mark like what might have been made by a cord.

"Johnnie, Johnnie!" cried the old man again, in piercing tones. He caught at the hands of the figure before him; he tried to pull it forward.

There was no response. The old man turned away and rushed to the window, gasping, with white lips, and bloodshot eyes, and a face of horror.

"He is dead!" he shrieked. "My boy—my son—my Johnnie! Murderer! You have killed him."

The landlord and the servants started back in horror from the presence of this father in his misery.

It was for but a moment that he stood there. He went back and flung himself upon the bed. Then he came forth again and stood upon the balcony, motionless, white-faced, speechless—his lips muttering inaudible words.

A crowd gathered round. The story soon spread. This was the father of a young man who had stopped at the inn and died suddenly. The crowd that gathered around the inn saw the father as he stood on the balcony.

The dwellers in the cottage that was almost opposite saw him, and Asgeelo brought them the news.

CHAPTER LVII.

MRS. COMPTON'S SECRET.

ON the night after the arrival of John, Brandon had left Denton. He did not return till the following day. On arriving at the inn he saw an unusual spectacle—the old man on the balcony, the crowd of villagers around, the universal excitement.

On entering the inn he found some one who for some time had been waiting to see him. It was Philips. Philips had come early in the morning, and had been over to the cottage. He had learned all about the affair at the inn, and narrated it to Brandon, who listened with his usual calmness. He then gave him a letter from Frank, which Brandon read and put in his pocket.

Then Philips told him the news which he had learned at the cottage about Langhetti. Langhetti and Despard were both there yet, the former very dangerously ill, the latter waiting for some friends. He also told about the affair on the road, the seizure of Clark, and his delivery into the hands of the authorities.

Brandon heard all this with the deepest interest. While the excitement at the inn was still at its height, he hurried off to the magistrate into whose hands Clark had been committed. After an interview with him he returned. He found the excitement unabated. He then went to the cottage close by the inn, where Beatrice had found a home, and Langhetti a refuge. Philips was with him.

On knocking at the door Asgeelo opened it. They entered the parlor, and in a short time Mrs. Compton appeared. Brandon's first inquiry was after Langhetti.

"He is about the same," said Mrs. Compton.

"Does the doctor hold out any hopes of his recovery?" asked Brandon, anxiously.

"Very little," said Mrs. Compton.

"Who nurses him?"

"Miss Potts and Mr. Despard."

"Are they both here?"

"Yes."

Brandon was silent.

"I will go and tell them that you are here," said Mrs. Compton.

Brandon made no reply, and Mrs. Compton, taking silence for assent, went to announce his arrival.

In a short time they appeared. Beatrice entered first. She was grave, and cold, and solemn; Despard was gloomy and stern. They both shook hands with Brandon in silence. Beatrice gave her hand without a word, lifelessly and coldly; Despard took his hand abstractedly.

Brandon looked earnestly at Beatrice as she stood there before him, calm, sad, passionless, almost repellent in her demeanor, and wondered what the cause might be of such a change.

Mrs. Compton stood apart at a little distance, near Philips, and looked on with a strange expression, half wistful, half timid.

There was a silence which at length became embarrassing. From the room where they were sitting the inn could plainly be seen, with the crowd outside. Beatrice's eyes were directed toward this. Despard said not a word. At another time he might have been strongly interested in this man, who on so many accounts was so closely connected with him; but now the power of some dominant and all-engrossing idea possessed him, and he seemed to take no notice of any thing whatever either without the house or within.

After looking in silence at the inn for a long time Beatrice withdrew her gaze. Brandon regarded her with a fixed and earnest glance, as though he would read her inmost soul. She looked at him, and cast down her eyes.

"You abhor me!" said he, in a loud, thrilling voice.

She said nothing, but pointed toward the inn.

"You know all about that?"

Beatrice bowed her head silently.

"And you look upon me as guilty?"

She gazed at him, but said nothing. It was a cold, austere gaze, without one touch of softness.

"After all," said she, "he was my father. You had your vengeance to take, and you have taken it. You may now exult, but my heart bleeds."

Brandon started to his feet.

"As God lives," he cried, "I did not do that thing!"

Beatrice looked up mournfully and inquiringly.

"If it had been his base life which I sought," said Brandon, vehemently, "I might long ago have taken it. He was surrounded on all sides by my power. He could not escape. Officers of the law stood ready to do my bidding. Yet I allowed him to leave the Hall in safety. I might have taken his heart's-blood. I might have handed him over to the law. I did not."

"No," said Beatrice, in icy tones, "you did not; you sought a deeper vengeance. You cared not to take his life. It was sweeter to you to take his son's life and give him agony. Death would have been insufficient—anguish was what you wished.

"It is not for me to blame you," she continued, while Brandon looked at her without a word. "Who am I—a polluted one, of the accursed brood—who am I, to stand between you and him, or to blame you if you seek for vengeance? I am nothing. You have done kindnesses to me which I now wish were undone. Oh that I had died under the hand of the pirates! Oh that the ocean had swept me down to death with all its waves! Then I should not have lived to see this day!"

Roused by her vehemence Despard started from his abstraction and looked around.

"It seems to me," said he, "as if you were blaming some one for inflicting suffering on a man for whom no suffering can be too great. What! can you think of your friend as he lies there in the next room in his agony, dying, torn to pieces by this man's agency, and have pity for him?"

"Oh!" cried Beatrice, "is he not my father?"

Mrs. Compton looked around with staring eyes, and trembled from head to foot. Her lips moved—she began to speak, but the words died away on her lips.

"Your father!" said Despard; "his acts have cut him off from a daughter's sympathy."

"Yet he has a father's feelings, at least for his dead son. Never shall I forget his look of anguish as he stood on the balcony. His face was turned this way. He seemed to reproach me."

"Let me tell you," cried Despard, harshly. "He has not yet made atonement for his crimes. This is but the beginning. I have a debt of vengeance to extort from him. One scoundrel has been handed over to the law, another lies dead, another is in London in the hands of Langhetti's friends, the Carbonari. The worst one yet remains, and my father's voice cries to me day and night from that dreadful ship."

"Your father's voice!" cried Beatrice. She looked at Despard. Their eyes met. Something passed between them in that glance which brought back the old, mysterious feeling which she had known before. Despard rose hastily and left the room.

"In God's name," cried Brandon, "I say that this man's life was not sought by me, nor the life of any of his. I will tell you all. When he compassed the death of Uracao, of whom you know, he obtained possession of his son, then a mere boy, and carried him away. He kept this lad with him and brought him up with the idea that he was his best friend, and that he would one day show him his father's murderer. After I made myself known to him, he told Vijal that I was this murderer. Vijal tried to assassinate me. I foiled him, and could have killed him. But I spared his life. I then told him the truth. That is all that I have done. Of course, I knew that Vijal would seek for vengeance. That was not my concern. Since Potts had sent him to seek my life under a lie, I sent him away with a knowledge of the truth. I do not repent that I told him; nor is there any guilt chargeable to me. The man that lies dead there is not my victim. Yet if he were—oh, Beatrice! if he were—what then? Could that atone for what I have suffered? My father ruined and broken-hearted and dying in a poor-house calls to me always for vengeance. My mother suffering in the emigrant ship, and dying of the plague amidst horrors without a name calls to me. Above all, my sweet sister, my pure Edith—"

"Edith!" interrupted Beatrice—"Edith!"

"Yes; do you not know that? She was buried alive."

"What!" cried Beatrice; "is it possible that you do not know that she is alive?"

"Alive!"

"Yes, alive; for when I was at Holby I saw her."

Brandon stood speechless with surprise.

"Langhetti saved her," said Beatrice. "His sister has charge of her now."

"Where, where is she?" asked Brandon, wildly.

"In a convent at London."

At this moment Despard entered.

"Is this true?" asked Brandon, with a deeper agitation than had ever yet been seen in him—"my sister, is it true that she is not dead?"

"It is true. I should have told you," said Despard, "but other thoughts drove it from my mind, and I forgot that you might be ignorant."

"How is it possible? I was at Quebec myself. I have sought over the world after my relatives—"

"I will tell you," said Despard.

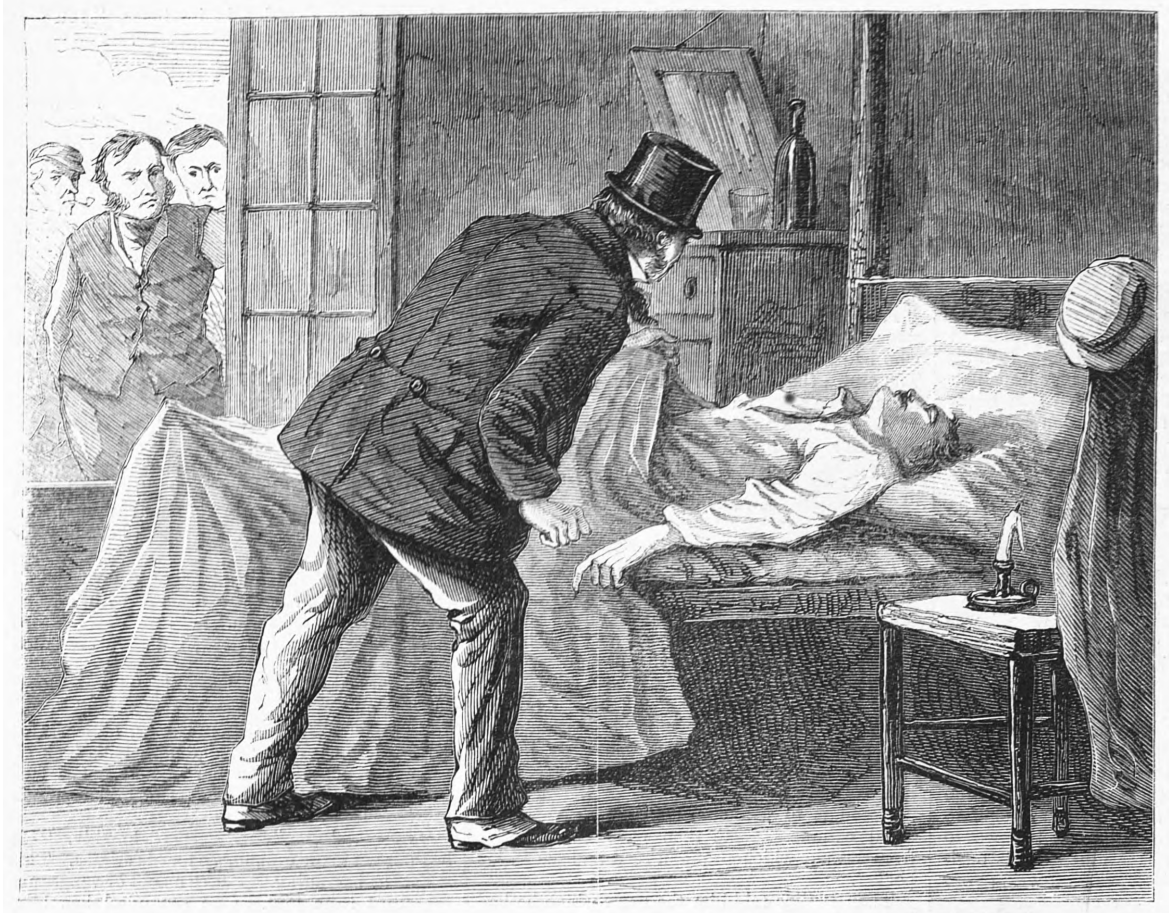
He sat down and began to tell the story of Edith's voyage and all that Langhetti had done, down to the time of his rescue of her from death. The recital filled Brandon with such deep amazement that he had not a word to say. He listened like one stupefied.

"Thank God!" he cried at last when it was ended; "thank God, I am spared this last anguish; I am freed from the thought which for years has been most intolerable. The memories that remain are bitter enough, but they are not so terrible as this. But I must see her. I must find her. Where is she?"

"Make yourself easy on that score," said Despard, calmly. "She will be here to-morrow or the day after. I have written to Langhetti's sister; she will come, and will bring your sister with her."

"I should have told you so before," said Beatrice, "but my own troubles drove every thing else from my mind."

"Forgive me," said Brandon, "for intruding



"HE TORE DOWN THE COVERLET, WHICH CONCEALED THE GREATER PART OF HIS FACE."

now. I came in to learn about Langhetti. You look upon me with horror. I will withdraw."

Beatrice bowed her head, and tears streamed from her eyes. Brandon took her hand.

"Farewell," he murmured; "farewell, Beatrice. You will not condemn me when I say that I am innocent?"

"I am accursed," she murmured.

Despard looked at these two with deep anxiety.

"Stay," said he to Brandon. "There is something which must be explained. There is a secret which Langhetti has had for years, and which he has several times been on the point of telling. I have just spoken to him and told him that you are here. He says he will tell his secret now, whatever it is. He wishes us all to come in—and you too, especially," said Despard, looking at Mrs. Compton.

The poor old creature began to tremble.

"Don't be afraid, old woman," said Philips. "Take my arm and I'll protect you."

She rose, and, leaning on his arm, followed the others into Langhetti's room. He was fearfully emaciated. His material frame, worn down by pain and confinement, seemed about to dissolve and let free that soaring soul of his, whose fiery impulses had for years chafed against the prison bars of its mortal inclosure. His eyes shone darkly and luminously from their deep, hollow sockets, and upon his thin, wan, white lips there was a faint smile of welcome—faint like the smile of the sick, yet sweet as the smile of an angel.

It was with such a smile that he greeted Brandon, and with both of his thin white hands pressed the strong and muscular hand of the other.

"And you are Edith's brother," he said. "Edith's brother," he repeated, resting lovingly upon that name, Edith. "She always said you were alive, and once she told me she should live to see you. Welcome, brother of my Edith! I am a dying man. Edith said her other brother was alive—Frank. Where is Frank? Will he not come to stand by the bedside of his dying friend? He did so once."

"He will come," said Brandon, in a voice choked with emotion, as he pressed the hand of the dying man. "He will come, and at once."

"And you will be all here, then—sweet friends! It is well."

He paused.

"Bice!" said he at last.

Beatrice, who was sitting by his head, bent down toward him.

"Bice," said Langhetti. "My pocket-book is in my coat, and if you open the inside pocket you will find something wrapped in paper. Bring it to me."

Beatrice found the pocket-book and opened it as directed. In the inside pocket there was a thin, small parcel. She opened it and drew forth a very small baby's stocking.

"Look at the mark," said Langhetti.

Beatrice did so, and saw two letters marked on it—B. D.

"This was given me by your nurse at Hong Kong. She said your things were all marked with those letters when you were first brought to her. She did not know what it meant. 'B' meant Beatrice; but what did 'D' mean?"

All around that bedside exchanged glances of wonder. Mrs. Compton was most agitated.

"Take me away," she murmured to Philips.

But Philips would not.

"Cheer up, old woman!" said he. "There's nothing to fear now. That devil won't hurt you."

"Now, in my deep interest in you, and in my affection, I tried to find out what this meant. The nurse and I often talked about it. She told me that your father never cared particularly about you, and that it was strange for your clothing to be marked 'D' if your name was Potts. It was a thing which greatly troubled her. I made many inquiries. I found out about the Manilla murder case. From that moment I suspected that 'D' meant Despard.

"Oh, Heavens!" sighed Beatrice, in an agony of suspense. Brandon and Despard stood motionless, waiting for something further.

"This is what I tried to solve. I made inquiries every where. At last I gave it up. But when circumstances threw Beatrice again in my way I tried again. I have always been baffled. There is only one who can tell—only one. She is here, in this room; and, in the name of God, I call upon her to speak out and tell the truth."

"Who?" cried Despard, while he and Brandon both looked earnestly at Mrs. Compton.

"Mrs. Compton!" said Langhetti; and his voice seemed to die away from exhaustion.

Mrs. Compton was seized with a panic more overpowering than usual. She gasped for breath.

"Oh, Lord!" she cried. "Oh, Lord! Spare me! spare me! He'll kill me!"

Brandon walked up to her and took her hand.

"Mrs. Compton," said he, in a calm, resolute voice, "your timidity has been your curse. There is no need for fear now. I will protect you. The man whom you have feared so many years is now ruined, helpless, and miserable. I could destroy him at this moment if I chose. You are foolish if you fear him. Your son is with you. His arm supports you, and I stand here ready to protect both you and your son. Speak out, and tell what you know. Your husband is still living. He longs for your return. You and your son are free from your enemies. Trust in me, and you shall both go back to him and live in peace."

Tears fell from Mrs. Compton's eyes. She seized Brandon's hand and pressed it to her thin lips.

"You will protect me?" said she.

"Yes."

"You will save me from him?" she persisted, in a voice of agony.

"Yes, and from all others like him. Do not fear. Speak out."

Mrs. Compton clung to the arm of her son. She drew a long breath. She looked up into his face as though to gain courage, and then began.

It was a long story. She had been attendant and nurse to the wife of Colonel Despard, who had died in giving birth to a child. Potts had brought news of her death, but had said nothing whatever about the child. Colonel Despard knew nothing of it. Being at a distance at the time, on duty, he had heard but the one fact of his wife's death, and all other things were forgotten. He had not even made inquiries as to whether the child which he had expected was alive or dead, but had at once given way to the grief of the bereavement, and had hurried off.

In his designs on Colonel Despard, Potts feared that the knowledge of the existence of a child might keep him in India, and distract his mind from its sorrow. Therefore he was the more anxious not only to keep this secret, but also to prevent it from ever being known to Colonel Despard. With this idea he hurried the preparation of the *Vishnu* to such an extent that it was ready for sea almost immediately, and left with Colonel Despard on that ill-fated voyage.

Mrs. Compton had been left in India with the child. Her son joined her, in company with John, who, though only a boy, had the vices of a grown man. Months passed before Potts came back. He then took her along with the child to China, and left the latter with a respectable woman at Hong Kong, who was the widow of a British naval officer. The child was Beatrice Despard.

Potts always feared that Mrs. Compton might divulge his secret, and therefore always kept her with him. Timid by nature to an unusual degree, the wretched woman was in constant fear for her life, and as years passed on this fear was not lessened. The sufferings which she felt from this terror were atoned for, however, by the constant presence of her son, who remained in connection with Potts, influenced chiefly by the ascendency which this villain had over a man of his weak and timid nature. Potts had brought them to England, and they had lived in different places, until at last Brandon Hall had fallen into his hands. Of the former occupants of Brandon Hall, Mrs. Compton knew almost nothing. Very little had ever been said about them to her. She knew scarcely any thing about them, except that their names were Brandon, and that they had suffered misfortunes.

Finally, this Beatrice was Beatrice Despard, the daughter of Colonel Despard and the sister of the clergyman then present. She herself, instead of being the daughter of Potts, had been one of his victims, and had suffered not the least at his hands.

This astounding revelation was checked by frequent interruptions. The actual story of her true parentage overwhelmed Beatrice. This was the awful thought which had occurred to herself frequently before. This was what had moved her so deeply in reading the manuscript of her father on that African Isle. This also was the thing which had always made her hate with such intensity the miscreant who pretended to be her father.

Now she was overwhelmed. She threw herself into the arms of her brother and wept upon his breast. Courtenay Despard for a moment rose above the gloom that oppressed him, and pressed to his heart this sister so strangely discovered. Brandon stood apart, looking on, shaken to the soul and unnerved by the deep joy of that unparalleled discovery. Amidst all the speculations in which he had indulged the very possibility of this had never suggested itself. He had believed most implicitly all along that Beatrice was in reality the daughter of his mortal enemy. Now the discovery of the truth came upon him with overwhelming force.

She raised herself from her brother's embrace, and turned and looked upon the man whom she adored—the one who, as she said, had over and over again saved her life; the one whose life she, too, in her turn had saved, with whom she had passed so many adventurous and momentous days—days of alternating peace and storm, of varying hope and despair. To him she owed every thing; to him she owed even the rapture of this moment.

As their eyes met they revealed all their inmost thoughts. There was now no barrier between them. Vanished was the insuperable obstacle, vanished the impassable gulf. They stood side by side. The enemy of this man—his foe, his victim—was also hers. Whatever he might suffer, whatever anguish might have been on the face of that old man who had looked at her from the balcony, she had clearly no part nor lot now in that suffering or that anguish. He was the murderer of her father. She was not the daughter of this man. She was of no vulgar or sordid race. Her blood was no longer polluted or accursed. She was of pure and noble lineage. She was a Despard.

"Beatrice," said Brandon, with a deep, fervid emotion in his voice; "Beatrice, I am yours, and you are mine. Beatrice, it was a lie that kept us apart. My life is yours, and yours is mine."

He thought of nothing but her. He spoke with burning impetuosity. His words sank into her soul. His eyes devoured hers in the passion of their glance.

"Beatrice—my Beatrice!" he said, "Beatrice Despard—"

He spoke low, bending his head to hers. Her head sank toward his breast.

"Beatrice, do you now reproach me?" he murmured.

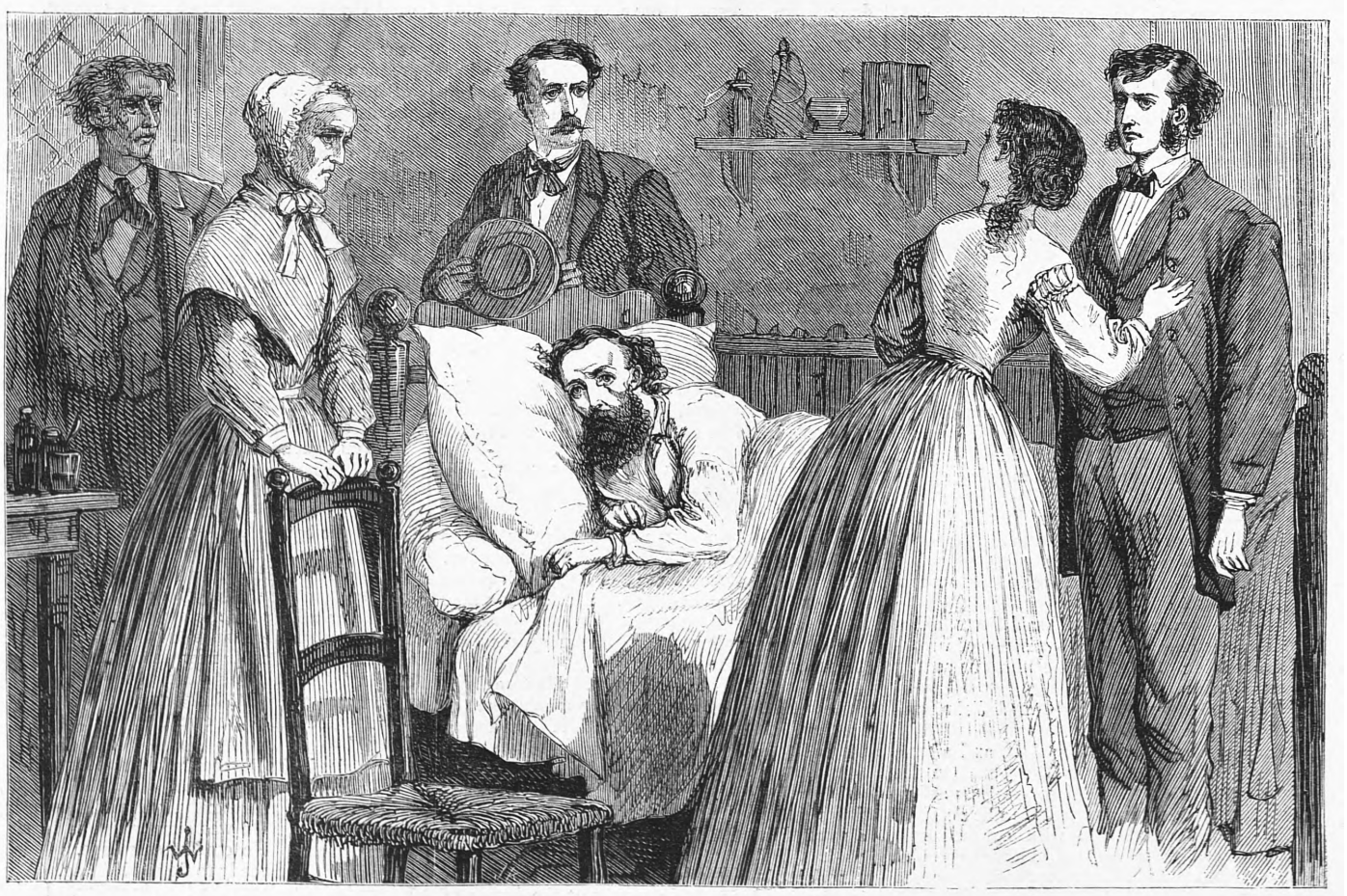
She held out her hand, while tears stood in her eyes. Brandon seized it and covered it with kisses. Despard saw this. In the midst of the anguish of his face a smile shone forth, like sunshine out of a clouded sky. He looked at these two for a moment.

Langhetti's eyes were closed. Mrs. Compton and her son were talking apart. Despard looked upon the lovers.

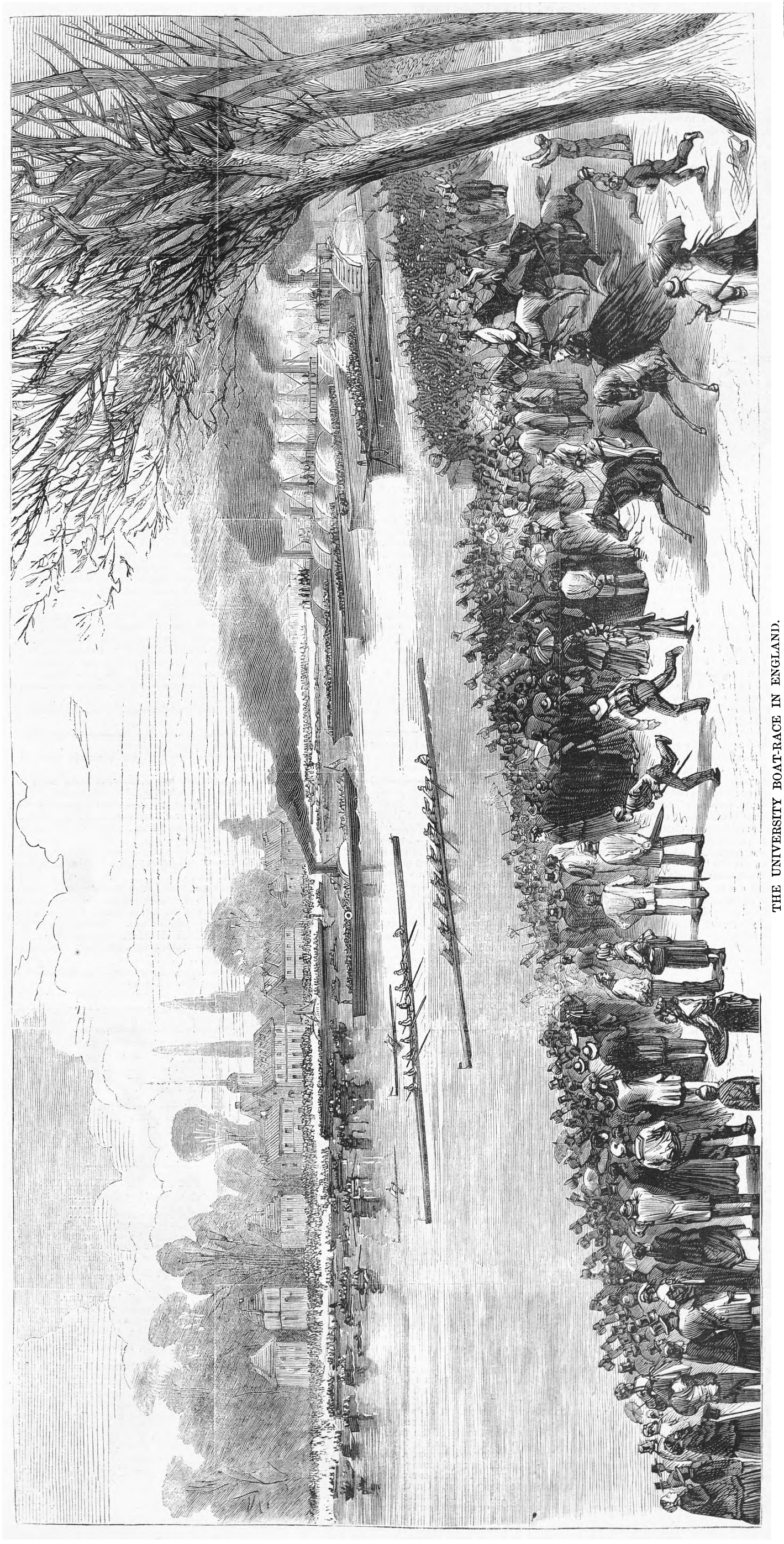
"Let them love," he murmured to himself; "let them love and be happy. Heaven has its favorites. I do not envy them; I bless them, though I love without hope. Heaven has its favorites, but I am an outcast from that favor."

A shudder passed through him. He drew himself up.

"Since love is denied me," he thought, "I can at least have vengeance."



"THE ACTUAL STORY OF HER TRUE PARENTAGE OVERWHELMED BEATRICE."



THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE IN ENGLAND.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

WHEN the Japanese embassadors returned to their own country after their visit to England some years ago, and endeavored to convey to their friends some slight impressions of what they had seen, and our manners and customs, they described our great Derby day as a religious festival in which the whole nation took part, even the great Lord Palmerston himself. Had they happened to have been with us in the early spring, and so seen the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, I wonder what ideas they would have formed of it; for this boat-race is now quite as much of a general holiday, quite as much a national event as the races on the Epsom Downs, and, indeed, collects together a far greater concourse of people. It is so near London that it is within a walk for many of the male part of the community, and the metropolitan trains carry thousands of passengers to the various points on the line of route.

And yet it is only within the last twelve years that it has become an annual event. The first boat-race between the two great Universities took place at Henley in 1829. Then, in 1830, there was another from Westminster to Putney, and from that time until 1859 one took place either from Westminster to Putney, or Putney to Mortlake, about once in every two years; but they attracted very little public attention until 1859, from which date they have become by degrees one of the most popular of the cockney holidays.

There is not the smallest doubt that without the Thames London could never have been what it is now. Throughout its varied course this great river of ours, the source of so much wealth, but as compared with your great ocean rivers a mere thread, presents a variety of aspects. In the heart of London, although the Houses of Parliament and other fine buildings line its shores, it is muddy, dark, and most dreary and unsightly; yet, by-and-by, in Middlesex, Surrey, and Oxford, some of the prettiest peeps of our island scenery are to be found on its banks.

The course down which the Oxford and Cambridge race is rowed is by no means its fairest portion. The starting-point is at Putney, a suburb of London, much frequented by the young men of the day who patronize aquatic sports; then on beneath the fine suspension bridge at Hammersmith to Barnes, Chiswick, Kew, and the winning-post at Mortlake, where the river takes a broader sweep and prepares the mind a little for its beauties at Richmond. There views of Kew Palace, Sim House, the pretty homes of the French ex-royal families, together with lovely peeps of pastoral scenery, hill and dale richly wooded, combine to produce as pretty a landscape as the eye would wish to see, duly appreciated by Londoners of all grades, who love to escape from the business and turmoil of town to enjoy here the delights of country.

This university boat-race, on account of the tide—for it must be rowed at the turn of the tide—usually takes place as early as half past eight or nine in the morning, and the gay world, usually no friends to early rising, are astir by five or six to get good places. Ere the sun has well had time to warm the earth, the block of carriages is complete along the best part of the route. You could scarcely see our English life under a prettier aspect. We are celebrated all the world over for our equipages and horses, and here they are to perfection, and in every variety, from lordly four-in-hands, barouches, chariots, dog-carts, mail-phaetons, and the like, to broughams, pony-carriages, and gigs; all mixed in one incongruous jumble with omnibuses, cabs, hucksters' carts, covered vans, and Heaven knows what besides.

Dark blue is Oxford's color, light blue that of Cambridge, and the partisans on both sides don their favorite's distinguishing color. The number of blue belts is altogether astonishing; blue bonnets, blue dresses, blue boots, and even blue stockings, they tell me, are the order of the day. Every horse is bedecked with a rosette of one shade or other, and Young England appears in dark blue or light blue neck-ties, and together with conjurors, Ethiopian serenaders, costermongers, and roughs sport dark or light blue streamers, according to their fancy.

The race always comes off on a Saturday, which is now beginning to be a pretty general half holiday here, for most of the shops close at two o'clock; but on this particular day in the year little business is done, though when the event comes off at a very early hour in the morning clerks and the like have time to see it, and be back at their daily duties by the usual hour, which many of them do. This year, however, the tide favored the more lazy part of the community, and the race did not take place until twelve in the day, and the numbers were greater and the crush greater than ever. People come from every part of London and the environs; and the entire course, nearly five miles in length, is one dense mass of carriages and people.

On Saturday, the 4th of April, a thick fog enveloped London, one of those pea-soup compositions which we consider a kind of natural institution. Happily, on the river it was a mere haze, which cleared off entirely later in the day. Last year it was rowed in a deluge of rain, and I shall never forget as you looked down the long towing-path, running along the water's edge, the strange appearance that the dense mass presented, a perfect wall of umbrellas in fact, and nothing else to be seen, save at the moment the boats passed, when they were all put down, and the crowd preferred a wetting to losing the sight. But fog or rain, Londoners on pleasure bent are not to be daunted. The Derby last year was run in snow, and we learn to accustom ourselves to the inclemency of our very variable climate.

Every house along the route is crowded with spectators, and most display banners of one of

the rival colors. All the fun and chaff peculiar to such occasions abound, and a deal of patience and good-humor is necessary, for one often has to remain stationary in a block of carriages when one knows that every moment is an object. Half the people never see the boats at all.

Of course the best points of view are Putney, Hammersmith Bridge, and Mortlake; but these can only be attained by a chosen few. The greater part content themselves with a peep of the river of barely a few yards, and think themselves lucky to get that; so that it amounts to this, that after undergoing unheard-of difficulties, and getting up a full three hours earlier than usual, there are ten chances to one that you arrive at the river-side at all, and maybe will have to content yourself with seeing the crowd only; and, after all, that is the most amusing part. It really is a wonderful thing, when you come to consider it, that as many as five hundred and fifty thousand people struggle and fight as if their very life depended on it, to see—what? Not a fine fleet, not a regatta; only two little boats, eight men in each, struggling for the *kudos* and the honor of the thing alone. This trial of skill of the two universities is supported entirely by their own boat-clubs. No handsome cups or silver centre-pieces reward them for their exertions; a gold medal is presented to each of the victorious crew, and that is all.

Up to 1860 Cambridge had been ten times victorious, Oxford seven; but for the last eight years Oxford has had one continued run of luck. Rowing men, of course, have all kinds of theories to account for this, and some are inclined to think that it is owing to some radical fault in the style of Cambridge; but however this may be, there was a feeling of general disappointment when this year Oxford added another to its many victories, as this state of things spoils a good deal of the interest of the race, for Cambridge loses heart year by year, and it is more than half feared, at each failure, that the contest will be given up. This year, as soon as the training commenced, one of the crew—the Hon. Mr. Gordon—died, and for a week or two the idea of the race was abandoned altogether; but in time they returned to their work with renewed vigor, and the vacant place was refilled.

I give the list of the crew:

CANTABS.

	St.	Lb.
1. Mr. W. H. Anderson, Trinity (bow)....	11	2
2. Mr. J. P. Nichols, Trinity.....	11	2
3. Mr. J. G. Wood, Emmanuel.....	12	5
4. Mr. W. H. Lowe, Christ's	12	4
5. Mr. H. T. Naden, Pembroke.....	12	10
6. Mr. W. F. M'Michael, Downing.....	12	0
7. Mr. J. Still, Cains.....	12	0
8. Mr. J. Pinckney, Trinity (stroke)	10	10
Mr. T. D. Warner, Trinity Hall (cox.)..	8	2

OXONIANS.

	St.	Lb.
1. Mr. W. B. Benson, Balliol (bow)	11	2
2. Mr. A. C. Yarborough, Lincoln.....	11	8
3. Mr. R. Ross, of Bladensburg, Exeter..	11	10
4. Mr. R. G. Marsden, Merton	11	12
5. Mr. J. C. Tinné, University.....	13	7
6. Mr. F. Willan, Exeter.....	12	8
7. Mr. E. S. Carter, Worcester	11	7
8. Mr. D. Darbishire, Balliol (stroke)	11	5
Mr. C. R. W. Tottenham, Ch. Ch. (cox)..	8	7

No doubt it will be as interesting to my readers on the other side of the Atlantic as to us here. The preliminary toss for station was won by Cambridge for the first time for some few years—an auspicious omen which was not followed up by eventual success. Cambridge took the lead, but scarcely kept it for five minutes. Oxford soon shot ahead, and kept there—three boats'-length the best part of the time, and four boats'-length at the conclusion.

The rowing was by no means up to the mark in either crew. It was altogether a hollow race, but the quickest on record. It did not occupy quite twenty-one minutes.

We only saw them for a moment. Two tiny specks upon the water, gone before we quite realized they were there, leaving us only the dark mass of water, the distant view of fields, and the crowds on either side of the river, the bright masses of color in the ladies' dresses here and there, looking all the prettier by contrast with the bright early green of spring in the scarcely opening foliage which bent downward toward the water's edge.

There is plenty to amuse one, however, in the hour or more that passes in expectation. Gipsies, conjurors, and all the miscellaneous throng of a race-course drive their trade, and try to wheedle the coin from your pockets. Locomotion of any kind, even for them, is difficult; and, often unable to move, they have to repeat their performances to a somewhat weary audience over and over again. Horsemen and horsewomen (for a good many ladies ride) contrive to make their way somehow, and bring you tidings every now and then of what is going on elsewhere on the river side.

As the race is won the scene at Mortlake is a grand one; every nook and corner is full; and as the victorious boat passes the winning post the volleys of cheers are deafening, and nearly drown the sound of the band on the umpire's boat, which strikes up "See the Conquering Hero Comes" on the instant.

At Hammersmith every chain and pier of the Suspension Bridge is covered with human beings, and the only wonder is that there are so few accidents. The sweep of the river this bridge commands is a grand one; but to see the race to perfection you should be on one of the steamers which follow in the wake of the boats. By this means you are able to see all the race; and so, and only so, can you form any adequate idea of the vast mass of people—a dense living wall which lines both banks of the river.

In old days these steamers came too near to the boats, thereby endangering the lives of the crews, but now the course is under the surveillance of the police, and the arrangements are a great deal better.

The *Pride of London*—a private steamer belonging to Mr. Egan—bore, as the *Times* happily puts it, the Pride of England, our heir-apparent, together with Prince Christian, Prince Teck, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Henry Lennox, and Lord Alfred Paget. This led the way, followed by a fleet of others, and the wash from them swept over the by-standers, who were fairly drenched.

After the race the crews are fêted to their hearts' content; lunches, dinners, and the like are provided for them on the day in the most sumptuous style, to which, after their hard training, they no doubt do full justice.

It is always the custom for them to row up the stream again leisurely—the victor leading—to their head-quarters at Putney; then the crowd disperse, some to hospitable mansions or pleasure-parties at Richmond or elsewhere, while the greater part make their way home as best they can, at a snail's pace, slowly though maybe surely.

The river—the scene of the late struggle—is left to the many crafts that cover it: rowing-boats, canoes, and the like, which have been dotted about it all day long. ARDERN HOLT.

GENTLEMEN'S SPRING FASHIONS.

See Illustration on page 480.

Fig. 1.—Coat of black cloth, tight fitting, with short skirts; collar rolling low, with silk facing two inches wide, and fastened at the waist with a single button; sleeves with cuffs, cut up and trimmed with buttons. Vest of pearl gray cloth, somewhat long, with seven buttons and a small rolling collar. Pantaloons of the same, tight fitting, with a stripe down the side.

Fig. 2.—Boy's suit of maroon. Algerine jacket, straight behind, without a collar, and fastened at the throat by a small band. Full trowsers.

Fig. 3.—Lady's dress. We wish only to describe the paletot, which, being of Melton, can be made best by a tailor, on account of the heavy pressing required for the seams. This paletot is almost tight fitting, and is much longer in front than behind; it is confined by a belt at the waist, and is edged with black silk galloon; the sides are slashed.

Fig. 4.—Business suit of maroon and gray cloth, with fine diagonal stripes. Suits of the same material are again coming in favor, not for promenade, or, still less, for visiting costumes, but for business, morning, traveling, and country dress. Coat short waisted, with short skirts, and closing in front, if desired, with a single button. Single-breasted vest, with standing collar, buttoning to the chin. Tight-fitting pantaloons, without straps.

Fig. 5.—Promenade dress, with spring overcoat. This over-coat differs little from those worn last season; the principal modification consists in having but one row of buttons. The coat buttons with an under strip, and can be closed to the chin if desired, a thing very desirable for cool spring mornings and evenings. Tight-fitting pantaloons, in narrow blue and white stripes.

Fig. 6.—Double-breasted coat, of dark blue cassimere, with small collar and roll, closing at the fourth button; short skirts, and flaps on the hips. Double-breasted vest of the same material as the coat. Mixed pantaloons, with a stripe down the side.

Fig. 7.—Riding suit. Velvet jacket, trimmed round the edge with silk galloon laid on flat. Vest of the same material, trimmed in like manner. Gray pantaloons, tight fitting, especially at the knee.

THE QUEEN'S NAME.

THE baptismal names of the present Queen of England are Alexandrina Victoria. Alexandrina was meant by George IV. to be the future title of our English Queen—the future fashionable name in noble and gentle houses. The Hon. Miss Murray says: "It was believed that the Duke of Kent wished to name his child Elizabeth, that being a popular name with the English people; but the prince regent, who was not kind to his brothers, gave notice that he should stand in person as one godfather, and that the Emperor of Russia was to be another. At the ceremony of baptism, when asked by the Archbishop of Canterbury to name the infant, the prince regent gave only the name of Alexandrina; the duke requested that one other name might be added. 'Give her the mother's also then; but,' he added, 'it can not precede that of the emperor.' The Queen, on her accession, commanded that she should be proclaimed as Victoria only."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A RECENT cynical writer complains that men are obliged to take the characters of women at second-hand; that they are unable, until they have led the object of their affections to the altar, to tell whether she has a tender heart or even a decent temper. He pathetically inquires how he can know that his adored, who meets him in the parlor with pretty smiles and blushes, was not scolding the servants, or possibly her mamma, when he pulled the door-bell? how can he tell, when she begs him not to throw his cigar away because *she* is walking with him on a summer evening, that she is not really half sick, and meditating how she shall put a stop to that favorite habit when they are married? how can he be sure that she is not in reality bored with his quotations from the poets, even though she responds, "how lovely" and "beautiful?" And then he is quite certain that there are more falsities than those of hair included in a young lady's toilette, and does not dare place much dependence on the testimony of his eyes, lest uncomfortable discoveries be made when too late. Very true. Granted that all these matters are uncertain. But pray, how is the young woman to learn the true character and real habits and disposition of the young man who comes dressed in his Sunday best to pay her an evening visit? who with apparent delight drives her about the Park? who takes her a few times to an Opera or a concert, walks demurely home from church with her, flatters and amuses her for a little while, and then asks her to marry him? Can she penetrate his father's house, to see if mother and sisters are treated with kindly respect, or learn whether, in his private room, any of his belongings are ever put in place by his own hand? Can she follow him to the office or the store, to find out how he treats those dependent upon him? How is she to know of his Clubhouse life? whether he drinks, or gambles, or is habitually profane? How many young men would be willing that the woman whose hand they are hoping to win should listen, unbeknown, to a lazy hour's chat with a boon companion? Doubtless, matrimony is often a lottery, but the blanks—yes, the *worse* than blanks—drawn are *sometimes* men as well as women. Happy they, whether men or women, whose hearts and lives are such that they need no screen of lies, and through life disdain to act "a double part."

A number of persons were recently poisoned in Missouri by eating canned blackberries. A party of twelve were dining, and all were poisoned, excepting two who did not partake of the fruit. Spasmodic retching and violent vomiting were the speedy results, but this was relieved by medical treatment. The fruit was canned in new tin cans last summer, and was the last of a lot canned at the same time, all of which had been eaten without causing any ill results. No difference was noticed in the fruit, except that in the last can it was paler than in the ones previously used. The doctor was of the opinion that the corroding of the can had poisoned the fruit.

A pithy writer on "Fashionable Weddings" gives in the New York *Ledger* the following advice to young ladies:

"If you love a man with heart and soul, marry him (provided, of course, that he loves you and asks you). If you don't love him, don't marry him, though you die an old maid at ninety in the Asylum for Indigent Old Maids, about to be established in Boston. But let your wedding be simple, and quiet, and beautiful with love, but not with money. If you are rich, do this in the name of grace, and for the sake of example. If you are poor, do it in the name of honesty, and for the sake of a pure conscience. And in either event, do it as an offering to delicacy, and the fitness of things.

"If you have wedding-presents, then most of them will come because the givers love you, and, loving, desire to give the gifts of love. Treasure them sacredly, but on the wedding-day send them to the bank, or hide them in the back-attic, or push them under the bed, or put them in the refrigerator, or do any thing but shake them in the face of the public, and say, 'Behold how pleased I am with my rattle, how tickled with my straw.'"

An amusing story is told of a certain Eastern gentleman, who offered one morning—there being guests in the house to occupy his wife's attention—to do the marketing on his way down town.

"If you will make out a memorandum of what you want, I will get it," he said.

"No, you will not," was the reply; "you will forget it. You'll go down town, get busy talking with somebody, and never once think of my wants. I must get things myself."

The husband asked pardon, and promised that if she would commit the business to him he would get every thing she wanted if the articles were to be found in the city. So the wife wrote a memorandum, and tucked it into his pocket, with a "don't forget now." Arriving at market the gentleman unfolded the paper his wife had given him and read the following list of articles "wanted to-day:"

"That house and lot in —— Street.
"New velvet cloak.
"Set of furs.
"Diamond ring.
"A well-stocked conservatory.
"This is all that is absolutely needed to-day; would add other articles, but fear your stamps will not hold out."

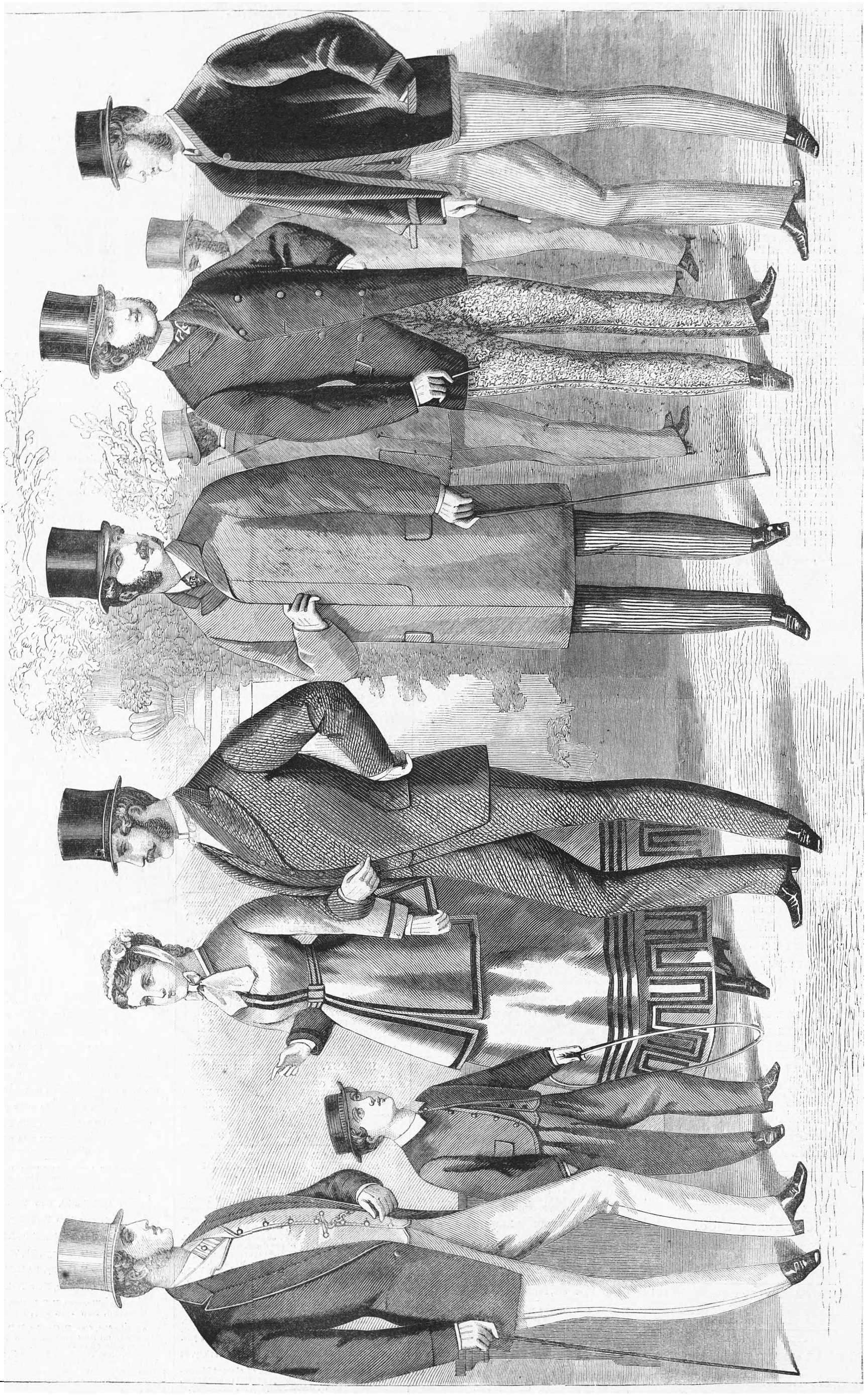
The gentleman, after pulling his mustache violently for some time, concluded to "dine out." He says he shall never, no, never, insist on doing his wife's marketing.

It is no more expensive, and in general very little additional trouble for a lady to select a bonnet or dress of becoming colors, than it is to choose thoughtlessly shades which only chance to please her fancy, or which are specially fashionable. Because Metternich green or Sultan red happens to be a stylish shade in any season, it is no reason why every lady, fair or dark, pale or rosy, should adopt it. By exercising good taste in the selection of colors, one will appear better dressed, even in the most simple and inexpensive material, than in the richest garments which have been purchased without regard to harmonizing effect. A few suggestions may be useful. With a clear, light, rosy complexion a silver or pearly gray harmonizes admirably. But the gray tints will be found to suit most complexions, partly because they form so good a ground for any strong color that may be required by the character of the complexion or the color of the hair, but also because from their variety it is comparatively easy to find a suitable tone. For instance, while a silver or pearly gray harmonizes with a clear, light, rosy complexion, such a gray would inevitably reveal any lurking orange, and deepen a slightly dusky hue.

Where the face is decidedly dark, strong dark colors will have the effect of rendering it lighter by contrast. A deep purple may be found of much value—dependent, of course, on the special half-tones of the face. But it will require to have light and bright subsidiary colors as trimming or ornaments. If the face be dark but pallid, dark and strong colors must be used cautiously. A florid complexion is rendered more florid by green. On the other hand, an excess of red may be counterbalanced by a crimson dress, or crimson and red near the face; but this last, though it is a common injunction, must not be accepted without caution. Red will not always cure, and sometimes seems to deepen, excess of red in the face—a result, however, it will be seen, if the case be analyzed, of the presence of other elements besides the red in the skin. There are complexions that require rich deep tones and colors, with points of decided contrast. Maroon is apt to bring out any latent green in the skin, and therefore can rarely be placed in contact with it. The interposition of white is sometimes sufficient to counteract the tendency. Black is seldom out of place with any complexion; especially if some bright color is worn as trimming or ornament.

The Metropolitan Police are never wanting in polite attention to ladies who need to be escorted over the crowded crossings. But sometimes those who are not familiar with this New York custom do not avail themselves so heartily of the aid thus offered as they might. Not long ago a young lady from the country, whose ideas of the police were gathered from newspapers, found herself at one of the crossings in Broadway. Frightened by the noise and confusion, she stood hesitating, when one of the gallant policemen politely stepped forward to escort her across. But no sooner had he touched her elbow than with a piercing shriek she shrank from under his hand, cleared the crossing almost at a bound, and exclaimed in terrified accents, "Oh, Sir! it wasn't me! Indeed, indeed, I have been doing nothing!"

Speaking of the police, reminds us of the Broadway Bridge, which, however various the opinions about its usefulness, is certainly an excellent point of sight, from which may be viewed a grand and curious panoramic scene, in which the busy policemen play an active part. It is comic, too, as you pause on the bridge some bright morning, to see a man issue from a second-story window of a building on the left hand of Broadway, upon a little balcony, where stands his camera. He blows a blast upon a horn, and every body looks up; the operator arranges his photographic plate, waves his hand this way and that, politely indicating that those who *must* go over the bridge are at liberty to do so before he commences operations; he peers through his instrument, claps an old cloth hat over the opening, moves his hand rapidly to and fro, as much as to say, "Go now, or stop;" he raises his finger high in mid-air—the crisis has arrived, off goes the old hat, the long finger slowly descends for a moment, then the hat is put over the instrument again; the operator bows his thanks, and you and Broadway Bridge are "*taken!*" The whole is an amusing little pantomime.



GENTLEMEN'S SPRING FASHIONS.—[SEE PAGE 478.]

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

THE excellent portrait which we give of Miss KELLOGG, the great American prima donna, who is now winning such laurels in England, will doubtless prove acceptable to many of her admirers in this country, where her genius was first recognized. It is pleasant to be able to record, in behalf of our countrywomen, such brilliant triumphs as are achieved by them abroad. It is scarce to be expected that America, which only three centuries ago was a primitive wilderness, in this short space of time should have cleared up its forests, developed its material resources, and attained the highest place in art; but we have justly a right to be proud of our approximation to this result. To say nothing of the renown attained in literature and art by men, we can point out a whole galaxy of female names that have won distinction therein in Europe. Mrs. Stowe and a host of other talented women have represented letters; Harriet Hosmer, Margaret Foley, Emma Stebbins, and Miss Lander, are queening it over sculpture at Rome, and Charlotte Cushman and many others have triumphed in the drama; but music has hitherto remained rather in the back-ground, and there has been great distrust in Europe of the vocal possibilities of the Yankees. Most of our best singers have been sent to us from Italy or Germany; and of those whom we have sent back in turn, Bosio, Malibran, and even Patti, whose merits were first recognized here, were regarded as native Europeans; the charming Adelaide Phillips was a contralto; and no native soprano appeared that could rival the great European prima donnas. At last we have Miss Kellogg, who seems to have carried the Old World by storm.

About Miss Kellogg's nativity there can be no cavil. She was born in Charleston, South Carolina, of Connecticut parentage, and is not yet twenty-four years old. She gave indications of musical genius at a very early age, and could read music with great ease when only seven. She began her musical education by studying the piano-forte; but her parents, finding that she gave promise of rare vocal powers, placed her under the instruction of Professor Milet, a graduate of the Conservatory of Paris. After remaining with him for a short time she was transferred to another Italian professor, who in turn gave place to M. Riznire, who was also a graduate of the Conservatory of Paris, and with whom she studied industriously for three years. Much of Miss Kellogg's success, indeed, must be imputed to the fact that, instead of making genius an excuse for idleness, she has developed her powers to the fullest extent by that persevering and indefatigable study with which no talent can afford to dispense. Her final instructor was M. Muzio, under whose auspices she made her *début* in Opera at the New York Academy of Music in 1861 in the character of Gilda, in Verdi's opera of *Rigoletto*, and at once won the favor of the public. She appeared thenceforth every consecutive season, taking the principal rôles in most of the standard operas, and constantly increasing in popularity until she became universally acknowledged as the leading prima donna in America.

In 1867 Miss Kellogg made her first appearance in London as Margaret, in Gounod's opera of *Faust*. The impression which she produced then is best described by the following criticism from one of the best English musical judges, and which, moreover, sums up the characteristics of Miss Kellogg's style:

"Miss Kellogg's unqualified success was the more to boast of, inasmuch as it was obtained in a character which has tested the capabilities of many of the most renowned dramatic singers of the day—that of Margaret, in M. Gounod's *Faust*. She appears to possess every requisite, physical and mental, for the full and satisfactory delineation of the character, unquestionably one of the most engaging in the entire repertory of modern lyric drama. Her voice is a legitimate soprano, of extremely agreeable quality, flexible, as was shown by her facile delivery of the well-known apostrophe to the jewels in the garden scene, telling and resonant, rather than distinguished by any extraordinary degree of power, always at ready command, and—merit not to be overestimated!—always in tune. Miss Kellogg has a voice, indeed, that leaves little to wish for, and proves by her use of it that her studies have been both assiduous and in the right path. She is, in fact, though so young, a thoroughly accomplished singer—in the school, at any rate, toward which the music of M. Gounod consistently leans, and which essentially differs from the florid school of Rossini and the Italians before Verdi. One of the great charms of her singing is her perfect enunciation of the words she has to utter. She never sacrifices sense to sound; but fits the verbal text to the music, as if she attached equal importance to each. Then her phrasing is highly finished, her cadences being so well rounded off as to satisfy the most tutored and exacting ear, and this notwithstanding an occasional tendency to drag the time and over-elaborate expression. Of the Italian language she seems to be a thorough mistress, and we may well believe that she speaks it both fluently and correctly. These manifest advantages, added to a graceful figure, a countenance full of intelligence, and undoubted dramatic capacity, make up a sum of attractions to be envied, and easily explain the interest excited by Miss Kellogg at the outset, and maintained by her to the end."

Miss Kellogg's first appearance this season at Her Majesty's Opera, in London, as Violetta, in *La Traviata*, was a perfect ovation. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present and led the applause; and at the close of the effective second act, which all familiar with the opera will

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. GURNEY & SON, 707 BROADWAY.]

remember, the Prince went behind the scenes (for the first time, it is averred), to shake hands with the young *cantatrice* and congratulate her in the name of the Princess—an honor never before paid by him to any singer. She was encored, called before the curtain four times, and showered with bouquets; and this success of the moment was followed up by the warmest encomiums from the English journals. The *Court Journal* was loud in her praise. The *Standard* said:

"Miss Kellogg at once ingratiated herself into the favor of English audiences. There were no two opinions about her as singer or actress. Her voice was acknowledged to be of beautiful and sympathetic quality, clear as a bell, and invariably in tune—a soprano, indeed, of the highest order; her acting was full of impulse and feeling, extremely graceful and natural, and regulated by the finest taste and judgment. With such qualities it may be readily supposed that the effect she produced was something out of the common, and that a 'new sensation' was created in musical circles."

The *Telegraph* added:

"The favorable impression is deepened by an expressive face and graceful demeanor. There is also the *cachet* given by innate refinement on every thing she does, and the Americans may well be proud of a lady whose many accomplishments have been acquired entirely in the new country."

Of Miss Kellogg's subsequent personation of Gilda, at Her Majesty's Opera, on the 18th of April, the *Standard* says:

"All we can say is, that it was one of the most remarkable first performances ever witnessed. Either there must have been something in the part, both as to the singing and acting, wonderfully congenial to the powers and instincts of the fair *artiste*, or she must have bestowed an amount of care and pains upon its study that brought her to a perfect knowledge of its every phase and requirement. Had Miss Kellogg played Gilda one hundred nights in succession she could not have trod the boards with greater freedom or with a more thorough reliance on her own resources. Not a note was slurred, not a point was missed; whatever was attempted was achieved in the most artistic manner. Miss Kellogg's Gilda was not perfect merely; it was a new revelation. Miss Kellogg's beautiful and sympathetic voice was never heard to greater advantage than in the music intrusted to Gilda; and every scene in which the fair American prima donna took part had its enthusiastic admirers. After the great Vendetta duet, with which the second act closes, the audience broke forth into a perfect furor of applause, and Miss Kellogg and Mr. Santley (the new jester) were summoned before the curtain and received with vehement acclamations. The general impression at the end of the performance was that Miss Clara Kellogg had made a profounder impression in Gilda than in any character she had yet attempted in England. The house was crowded in every part."

Miss Kellogg possesses rare versatility of talent. She seems to be equally successful in all kinds of opera, whether tragic or comic; and her acting is worthy of her singing. Her greatest personations, perhaps, are Violetta, in *La Traviata;* Catterina in *L'Etoile du Nord;* Annetta in *Crispino e la Comare;* and Margaret in *Faust.* The latter, indeed, is a creation of her own; and those who have once seen her in it will be difficult to satisfy with any other Margaret. It is well to say, moreover, that her social position is excellent and her conduct irreproachable; she goes every where under the escort of her mother, who always accompanies her to the opera where she sings, and surrounds herself with barriers of the strictest decorum. So fearful is she of any possible misconception, that, it is said, she persistently refuses to receive any other testimonials from her friends than flowers; which accounts for the innumerable exquisite floral offerings which all will remember who have seen our prima donna. We hope that, instead of lingering in Europe, she will return ere long to the scene of her first triumphs and aid in reviving the fortunes of the Italian Opera, with whose success she seems identified.

It would be ungracious to close this sketch without making mention of Mrs. Vanzandt, another American singer, though we believe of European parentage, who is at this moment creating a sensation in Paris under the Italianized name of Vanzini. By-the-way, the ladies have a right now to challenge the gentlemen. Having produced a soprano, when are we to have a tenor at whose feet the Old World will bow?

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1868.

☞ MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND MARSTON, 188 *Fleet Street, London, are Agents for the sale of* HARPER'S BAZAR *in England.*

OUR SUNDAY BEST.

WE Americans are famous for putting our best foot foremost. This practice, however commendable on the whole, may be carried too far in particular instances. In our eagerness to make a good appearance we are apt to become too demonstrative. This shows itself in our talk, which is remarkable for its bold self-assertion; in our houses and furniture, which are made more to attract the eye of the stranger than to suit the taste of the possessor; and above all, in our dress.

There is no such universally well-dressed people in the world as the Americans. It is not only that more of them than of any other nation have good clothes to their backs, but their garments are better made and adjusted to their persons, and worn with an easier grace. While this much may be allowed, it can not be denied that offense against taste and convenience of dress, particularly as to time and occasion, is frequent with us.

We are generally too finely got up for the occasion. We are apt to be, as the French say, *endimanchés*, which we may translate by the coined word *Sundayfied.* We often choose the wrong time for the display of our personal finery. For example, while the people of the most refined taste avoid all exhibition of rich dress and flaunting colors in church, we ordinarily turn the sanctuary into a show-room for the fashions. A well-bred French or English woman always chooses her most sober and unnoticeable dress to say her prayers in public, while an American puts on her newest robe and gayest bonnet, in which to perform her genuflections before an admiring congregation of fellow-worshipers. The holiest day of the sacred calendar, Easter Sunday, would lose all its significance in the mind of one of our dames if unassociated with the inauguration of the spring fashions. She would no more think of bowing her head in prayer on such an occasion unadorned with the latest bonnet of the season, than walking up the church-aisle on her knees.

The same want of adaptation of the dress to the occasion is shown by the habit prevalent among our dames of putting on their showiest garments whenever going out, even should it be for the performance only of the most ordinary duty connected with the household. Whether it is to the shop to buy a dozen kitchen towels, to the grocer's to dabble in butter, or to the butcher's to dribble in the blood of a sirloin, she is the same finely-dressed personage. She more frequently, however, avoids the inconsistency of performing humble duties in lofty attire by shifting them to the lowlier and more soberly-clad shoulders of her husband. This is one and not the least of the ill effects of this habit of female overdress. It unfits women for the simple and unostentatious duties of household life.

Our unmarried girls are entirely overdressed. They are allowed to wear such suits as are never worn by modest maidens in Europe, and are hardly seen in public upon the most matronly persons. The young miss, flauntingly costumed, is sure to attract a notice in the streets which should not be agreeable to, and is hardly safe for, virgin modesty.

Our countrywomen, as also our countrymen, are recognized immediately on the highways of travel by the finery of their dress. The glistening black coat and satin waistcoat, and the silk gown and flimsy bonnet of fashion, are discerned at once amidst the dust of the railway and the smoke of the steamer as American national peculiarities.

Apart from the obvious advantage on the score of economy of adapting the dress to the occasion, there are certain moral effects of higher importance which might be expected from a national reform in this particular. Overdress leads to false expectations, and confirms a deceitful vanity which prompts to a pretense of wealth, and all the iniquitous means by which it may be supported. It has more to do than any other single cause with the fall of woman, the bankruptcy of husbands, and the ruin of families. Its effect in destroying female reserve, especially that of the young, as it thus takes away one of the best safeguards of virtue, makes it very pernicious. The excess of dress is certainly the cause of much of the characteristic vice of the day; and with the general adoption of a more modest attire there would be less temptation to that part at least of the prevalent ill-doing for which women are responsible.

KEEP TOGETHER.

IT was once an essential part of the dinner-table etiquette in England, and in America by inheritance, for the ladies to retire after the dessert and a first round of the wine decanters. The confessed purpose of the practice was to allow the *gentlemen* to indulge freely in strong drink and loose talk, unchecked in their grossness by the restraining influence of refined women. Polished France has given us a lesson of better manners, and the social dinner is now less often marked by this coarse reminder of the divergence of the brutal instincts of one sex from the delicate sentiments of the other. The more refined people in England and the United States now generally adopt the French practice of all rising together from the dinner-table. The effect of this simple change in etiquette has been very great and most beneficial. Drunkenness, once a fashion and almost esteemed a social virtue, is no longer admitted in respectable company, but has been forced to slink away to the bar-room and other haunts of vice.

The good effect on morals of adopting the French practice at dinner-table of not separating the sexes might be extended, if the same chivalrous principle were more generally applied. We might learn a further lesson from the polite cavaliers of France, and adopt their habit of making their dames partners in most of their pleasures and occupations. The constant female presence has throughout the continent of Europe produced a refinement of manners, even among the most common people, of which our roughs and their brutal English relatives have not the remotest conception.

The Club is an institution which could only have originated in a country where men turn the women out of the dining-room, and shut themselves up to drink and talk grossly. The attempts to establish clubs in France and other parts of the continent of Europe have generally failed, or resulted in abortions feebly supported by English residents or the few who ape their manners. The French, Germans, and Italians prefer their coffee-houses and beer-gardens, where, in company with their wives and daughters, they may innocently refresh themselves. It is to be regretted that, with our traditional subjection to English social customs, we should have adopted the Club. Nothing, we believe, is more fatal to the purity of character of the male youth than the habit of seeking such diversions as he can not share with the opposite sex. No young man should habitually go to a club or other resort of pleasure where a mother or sister would be an unwelcome intruder.

A more intimate relation of the two sexes would produce a mutual benefit. The woman, sharing in the daily interests and thoughts of the more practical man, would become less frivolous; and the man, refined by constant contact with the more sentimental woman, would become less gross. This desirable result is already shown in France and Germany, where the women understand and conduct business, and the men are sober and courteous. We do not learn that the one has become less feminine or the other less manly in consequence.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to Miss Susan Simple.

MY DEAR SUSAN,—When you ask an old bachelor, who has always been in the habit of going every where and seeing every thing, "without wife or child, good or bad, to provide for," as an older bachelor expressed it; who has followed the bent of his humor without very seriously moralizing, and who is conscious of no vicious inclination to misunderstand, but rather to find good in what may seem bad—when, I say, you ask such a character whether he thinks that you may innocently go to the ballet, why, my dear Susan, he knows hardly what to reply, because there are so many reservations and conditions to be mentioned. A traveler carries his enjoyment with him, you know. If he be ill, or morose, or sad, even Italy is not picturesque, and hardly is the Mediterranean romantic. If he be young and well and buoyant, Mount Desert is as fascinating as Capri, and the queer rock at Dighton is as attractive as the Parthenon. It is the same with amusements of all kinds. The spectator is very apt to take the pleasure or the harm with him.

Lately, we have all heard a great deal of a French comic operetta called *La Grande Duchesse.* Most of my friends have seen it. Mr. Peter Paul Pry, who is the most indefatigable inquisitor, who hunts through the newspapers for obscure advertisements of any new or strange sight and hurries off straightway to see it, entertains me very often with songs from this play. He taps on my door in the morning, and when I cry "hallo," Mr. Peter Paul Pry begins in the most vigorous manner to sing, "Piff, paff, pouff!" and winds up by two tremendous thumps to accompany the words "*Je suis, moi, le Général Boum, Boum!*" When he enters he seizes one of my slippers or my razor-strop and pathetically breaks into "*le sabre de mon père!*" Mr. Peter Paul Pry has so accustomed me to the melodies and the phrases of the play that I really am not quite sure whether I have heard *La Grande Duchesse* or not. But I will not wander from my point altogether, best of Susans, or you will think me older than I really am.

I was saying that we very often carry the harm of such things with us, and I wish to illustrate what I mean by the example of my sister, Mrs. Smith. She is, as I hope you know, one of the simplest and best of women, the mother of children, and truly a light in her household. She heard all the young people talking of the *Grande Duchesse*, and her young people begged to go and see it. My sister said that she would go first and see how dangerous it was, and whether it was proper that young people should go. So she went with my friend Pry, and listened and smiled and said to him: "Why, Mr. Pry, I don't see that this is very bad. Why do people call it immoral?" Now, my friend Pry said to me: "I don't know what the reason was; perhaps it was because I was with a woman whom I so much respect; but really I could hardly stand it. It seemed to me revoltingly coarse."

You see, dear Susan, they each carried the *Grande Duchesse* with them. My sister, who knows nothing of *double-entendres* and innuendoes and covert allusions, saw and heard only the smooth, pretty surface of the thing, and was not troubled, but enjoyed the burlesque and the music. But Pry, who *does* understand allusions and innuendoes of every kind, saw that the thing was rotten under the prettiness, and he felt that it was unclean. Indeed, I have never known a more striking illustration than my sister Smith afforded of the truth, that to the pure all things are pure.

The impropriety, or to speak plainly, the indecency of these things is not always in the story, but in the manner of telling it. A coarse actor will make almost any thing coarse. But where the story is bad also, the result is atrocious. In the proper ballet—I mean the ballet proper—the story is usually perfectly free from any thing which you would not read to a child. I remember very well when the famous dancers used to play the Sylphide, for instance, one of the loveliest little spectacles you ever saw. The chief dancer was the queen of the flower spirits. She poised herself beside the blossoms; she touched them gently, and out sprang the fays; and they danced in the soft moonlight as if they heard the music of Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream. The music went rippling through your memory for many a day after, and the dancers were merely visionary forms that were moved by the melody. I should certainly have invited you to go with me, dear Susan, and I am sure that my sister Smith would not have hesitated to take her youngest daughter, Lily.

Mr. Peter Paul Pry insists that taste has degenerated. He declares that a great many things are now tolerated that were intolerable to our fathers and mothers—yes, even to your father and mother. This is a favorite theory of many philosophic gentlemen about town, and is a common complaint in every age. I am not so sure of this degeneracy. Pry asserts that I am an optimist, and will always make the best of every thing. Very well: better an optimist than a pessimist. Better to make the best than the worst. But see what books were tolerated even a century ago! I observe that the *Easy Chair*—a well-meaning old gossip in *Harper's Monthly*—in speaking of this subject, alludes to Cowper reading "Joseph Andrews" to Mrs. Unwin, and her circle of pious friends at Olney. Now, my dear Susan, Cowper was a good man—he was even a morbidly moral man—but I can not advise you to read "Joseph Andrews." When I was younger and living with my sister Smith, she came into my room one day—my room was walled with books of all kinds—and she asked me to lend her "Joseph Andrews." "I have heard so much of Fielding," she said, "that I feel as if I ought to know something about him, so please lend me 'Joseph Andrews.'" I said nothing, and took down the book and handed it to her. Just as she was going out, however, I said "Sister!"—and she turned to hear me. "Sister, you see that book belongs just up there upon the third shelf from the top at the corner." "Oh yes," she answered, "I see the place," and so went out. The next day as I was busy at my table I looked at the third shelf from the top at the corner, and there was "Joseph Andrews." It was as I expected. A very little had been enough, and my sister had stolen into my room, when she knew that I was out, and had replaced the book.

Or if we think there is so much degeneracy of morals, I beg Mr. Peter Paul Pry to look at Richardson, whom Fielding heartily disliked for a milksop, and whose works he parodied. Richardson was the idol of all virtuous young women. He was pre-eminently the moral novelist. My dear, have you read "Pamela?" What is its plot? Have you read "Clarissa Harlowe?" Why, Susan, when I was last in Paris, one of the most "highly-colored" plays, as they are called, that was acted—and it drew a crowd every night—was Clarissa Harlowe, in a sort of free and easy, but not inaccurate paraphrase of Richardson's story by Jules Janin. That was model moral novel-writing more than a hundred years ago; but it was quite piquant enough for the Parisian theatre of a degenerate age. Or step further back upon the English stage, Mr. Pry. Is there a very great fall from Wycherley's "Country Wife" to the *Grande Duchesse*, for instance? It seems to me—and I shall need something more forcible than Mr. Pry's argument to persuade me—that the very fact of our being obliged to smother the objectionability (I throw myself upon your mercy, dear Susan) under music and the unreality of the opera, shows a greater moral sensitiveness than Wycherley, who knew his public, found it necessary to provide for.

I have no intention, therefore, my dear Susan, of raising the cry of degeneracy, either in the drama or in any other direction. If the "Black Crook" runs for two hundred nights, why only two or three years ago "Hamlet" ran for a hundred nights on the opposite side of the street. One fact is as good as the other. Of course, as the city grows, its vice and temptation grow; and if you ask me whether I should rather see you going to the opera, or to teach in the evening ragged school, I have no hesitation in saying that if I could see you but once, and doing but one thing, I should rather see you teaching the poor children than listening to the opera. But that is not the way to look at it, although it is a way in which it is constantly presented by my good friends in the pulpit. Even the very best of girls—even you—can not be always teaching the poor children in the ragged school, nor carrying jelly to a bedridden widow, nor scraping lint for the hospital, nor distributing tracts, nor engaged in any other technically good work. The rule of conduct, what I should call the correct rule of manners upon the road, is not to be always doing the ideally best possible action, for there is no ideally best action, but never to do any thing of which

you have the least doubt. Actions are good, not in themselves, but according to circumstances. It is not a good, but a very wicked thing for you to go and teach poor children in the ragged school, if to do it you abandon your own child lying dangerously ill at home. The difficulty with my good friends in the pulpit is that they seem to imagine there is a class of actions which is necessarily meritorious. But they stop at the form. Giving alms, for instance, they are apt to extol as praiseworthy. But it is not so in itself. It may be so, or it may not. I once saw Jenkins Jones, and I write his name here plainly that it may be remembered—I once saw Jenkins Jones put a five-dollar bill into the plate at the Thanksgiving collection, which I knew Mrs. Jones had given him that morning to pay a debt to me—a debt which he knew he had no other money to pay with. Now that, my dear Susan, was not a good action, although it was alms-giving. It was not charity, it was theft. Jenkins Jones was not to be praised for a liberal contribution; he was to be denounced for picking my pocket.

You probably see, my dear Susan, that I have not answered your question. How can I? You must decide for yourself. If you doubt whether you should go, stay at home. And if you hear that the spectacle is gross, you can not help doubting. I can not honestly advise any body never to sing, never to dance, never to read a novel, never to go to the theatre, never to hear an opera, for I do not see where it would be possible to stop. If you should decline to dine at Mrs. Tilbury's next Wednesday because you are pretty sure that Ned Turquoise will drink more wine than is good for him, you ought seriously to consider whether you ought to sit at your father's table every day at dinner, where your younger brother, Bob, if he can not have a second piece of pie—which he never can—is sure to let his angry passions rise. Resolve if you will, dear Susan, and may Heaven help you to keep your resolution, not to do any thing mean, or unjust, or selfish, or wrong. That is the best advice which I can give you from the experience of

Your faithful friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

THE fashions for gentlemen are becoming less arbitrary. There is every year greater display of individual taste and fancy, and less of the prescribed regulation costume. The only marked feature of the present styles is their decidedly English tendency. Tailors and hatters commend their goods by declaring their English origin, just as a modiste enhances the value of her stock in trade by persuading her lady customers that she imports directly from Paris.

HATS.

Spring importations of hats show the crown somewhat reduced in height, with brim of medium width, slightly rolled at the sides. Glossy silk beavers are selected for full dress. The black Brighton, with low, bell-shaped crown, is in favor for ordinary wear. It is made in French gray and in cuir color for summer use. "Pocket hats," of soft, pliable felt, have a jaunty appearance, and are convenient for traveling and the theatre, as they bear any amount of crushing without injuring the shape. They are also made of ribbed silk, and of light Scotch cloths, to match the suit with which they are worn. Business hats for summer are of thick straw, either white or brown, in the sailor shape, with low crown, straight brim, and wide ribbon band. Watering-place chapeaux are of the usual *negligée* styles, the broad-brimmed slouch felt and the valuable Panamas, many of which are marked $50 and $75.

BUSINESS SUITS.

Dark Melton cloths and the Bannockburn Cheviots are selected for business suits. The coat and vest must be of the same material, but it is optional with the wearer whether the pantaloons are similar or in contrast. The English frock-coat is the favorite style; it is still worn quite short, but is a trifle longer than in the past season. Collars roll very low, and are faced with silk. Sleeves are easy fitting and moderately tight at the wrist. Pocket flaps are on the hip. Galloon binding is no longer used. The edge of the garment is finished with a double row of stitching.

Vests may be either collarless or buttoned high with a rolling collar. Standing collars are worn abroad, but are not yet adopted here.

Pantaloons remain close-fitting, but are slightly larger at the ankle. The material is striped cassimere, gray and brown, or a solid color with a two-inch side stripe of darker shade.

The Scotch mixed cloth called Cheviot is in great demand. Dark brown and white and black and white are appropriate for the present season. The pure white Cheviot, like smooth twilled Opera flannel, is cooler for summer than linen, and is as easily washed. Light blue and drab with white will be chosen for morning wear, and are already being made up for the watering-places. The grave colors do not show dust, and as the material is too soft and pliant to wrinkle it is well adapted for traveling suits. The whole suit should be of the same. A light blue suit shown us consisted of a short sack of skeleton make, that is, lined only in front, stitched edges, vest without collar, and tight-fitting pantaloons. A drab suit had an English frock-coat with low rolling collar with but two buttons below the roll. Vest and pantaloons like those just described. Suits of this kind are made to order for $60.

Pantaloons and vests of white duck promise to be more worn during the coming summer than they have been for several years. The coat worn with them should be of light Cheviot.

Spring over-coats and traveling wraps are sack-shaped half adjusted to the figure.

FULL DRESS.

Styles for full dress remain unchanged. Dress coat of black broadcloth faced with watered silk. Collar rolling very low. Vest of the same with low collar to display the embroidered shirt-front. Black pantaloons to fit the figure.

SHIRT FRONTS AND COLLARS.

French shirt-fronts for evening dress are embroidered in vines and medallions of finest needlework. For day wear the bosom is very plain, merely double of the linen or in large pleats.

Standing collars have a small open space in front with the corners carelessly turned down as if broken by the chin, without being pressed flatly. Turned over collars have a round scallop in front instead of the Shakspeare point.

NECK-TIES.

The broad flat Jacksonian scarf, folded instead of being tied, and the sailor's scarf with a knot or ring of the material are the most stylish neckties. Bows worn at the throat should be tied by the wearer and not bought ready-made. Satin and thick corded silks are the prescribed materials. Pretty scarfs of light foulard and grenadine are shown for summer. White cambric and black satin are selected for full evening dress. Gay striped Roman scarfs and brocaded silks of the brilliant Persian colors are worn by young gentlemen.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Tight pantaloons do not fit gracefully over boot tops, consequently shoes are very much worn at present. The shape is in the broad liberal English style rather than the contracted French shoe with its narrow shank and high heel. The English shoe is more comfortable and retains its shape and proportions until worn out. Heels are broad and very high. Box toes without tips. The narrow peaked toe has given place to a wider shape approximating to the duck-bill fashions now prevalent abroad.

JEWELRY.

Scarf rings of Neapolitan coral are shown to represent a tiny serpent with flexible joints winding around a white scarf. Others are of filigree silver with Etruscan carving, with sleeve-buttons, studs, and the fashionable locket—all *en suite*. A half dozen small buttons of pink coral for a vest are sold for $45. Sleeve-buttons to match are $15. Other sets for vest and cuffs are of the dark blue lapis lazuli, or of carved yellow ivory, the Brazilian beetles, and grinning death's-heads of French enamel; but good taste dictates the more quiet styles, such as the smallest-sized studs of Etruscan gold, or small jewels with very little gold visible in the setting.

Watch-chains are short, with an extra attachment for the universally-worn locket. A fancy sporting chain is formed of golden bits and buckles, with a pendent whip, stirrup, and horse-shoe. The price is $100 in gold. Buttons representing a jockey-cap and whip and bridle are sold with the chain.

WATCHES.

Some beautiful watches were shown us. Among them were several that mark the quarter and even fifths of seconds by independent hands that may be stopped while the minute and hour hand move on. These were also self-winding; that is, with the key in the stem of the watch. A spring at the sides moves the hands. Glass caps are used instead of gold ones. They protect the works from dust, yet do not conceal them. Crystals are of thick glass, not easily broken, as were the fragile ones used until lately. By an ingenious arrangement one side of a double watch is slipped back, and the face left exposed. An elegant watch shown us was of the Jurgensen make, a chronometer balance, self-winding, nickel movement, ruby jewels, and glass cap. The case was richly chased, with a plain centre for a monogram. The price is $500.

American watches are made by machinery, and are claimed to be more accurate than the majority of the hand-made, foreign watches. They are also cheaper, and much simpler, containing only about half as many pieces as a Swiss watch; which is an advantage, inasmuch as every additional piece involves a new liability to accident.

Thanks are due Messrs. W. R. BOWNE; DEVLIN & Co.; DUNLAP & Co.; GLAZE; E. H. PURDY; UNION ADAMS; BROWNE & SPAULDING; and the AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY.

PERSONAL.

DROLL occurrence in Paris!—Colonel NORTON gave a ball. The Marquis de la TOUR appeared as a court-lady. His shoulders, which were bare, were as white as snow, as polished as Parian marble, and as symmetrical as those of the Medican Venus. When the hour of unmasking arrived every body was astonished to find that these charms belonged to—(ugh!)—a man!

—It is not true that HARPER & BROTHERS propose the speedy publication of the famous Japanese novel written by KIOTE BAKIN. "Mr." BAKIN'S little story is compressed into one hundred and six volumes, and was thirty-eight years in printing.

—Mr. LONGFELLOW goes to Europe with his family to pass the summer.

—Just before the Rev. Mr. PUNSHON left England for this country his friends presented him with a silver salver, on which were seven hundred guineas. *That* is what we call Methodism.

—The gentleman just elected Secretary of State of South Carolina under her new Constitution is FRANCIS L. CARDOZO, who is the son, by a free colored woman, of the well-known editor of the Charleston *Courier* whose name he bears. He was educated at Edinburgh, and is said to be an able man and an accomplished gentleman.

—The Rev. W. H. MILBURN, the blind preacher, sailed for Europe on the 13th ult. He goes to Berlin, to consult the eminent oculist GRAEFFE in reference to an operation on his eyes, the most distinguished oculists of this country having somewhat encouraged him with the hope that a partial restoration to sight is now possible. Recent scientific discoveries and the invention of new instruments for the eye have induced Mr. MILBURN to make this final experiment.

—Poor CARLOTTA is now in Brussels, the guest of the Queen, with whom she takes daily drives, saluting with graceful but sad smiles the people by whom she has been beloved from childhood. She looks very pale and is dressed in deep mourning. The attention paid to her by the Queen is beyond all praise, and there can be no doubt that her recovery from the mental prostration brought on by the sad events so well known to every one is chiefly owing to the energy and devotion of her royal sister-in-law.

—General M'CLELLAN is said to be engaged professionally as an engineer in the construction of certain railroads in Switzerland.

—Mrs. HARRY THOMAS, of St. Louis, emulating the fame of the great WESTON, has recently accomplished the feat of walking ninety-two miles in twenty-three hours and a half. She intended to do the one hundred in twenty-four, but failed.

—FANNY JANAUSCHEK has netted and sent over to Prague $40,000 U. S. bonds, as the result of her trip to this country. Mr. BOGUMIL DAWISON did $10,000 better than that.

—In the memoirs of the late Baron BUNSEN, just published, are a few pleasant anecdotes about Queen VICTORIA. "The Queen," he says, "is quite different from the representation I had heard of her, speaking with much animation, encouraging conversation, relishing fun. We passed a cheerful evening in playing cards with her. I won a new shilling of her Majesty's special coin, which FANNY shall keep." In another place he says: "The Queen looked well and *rayonnante*, with that expression which she always has when thoroughly pleased with all that occupies her mind—which you know I always observe with delight, as fraught with that truth and reality which so essentially belong to her character and so strongly distinguish her countenance, in all its changes, from the mixed mask only too common in the royal rank of society." At another time he observes, "the Queen often spoke with me about education, and in particular of religious instruction. Her views are very serious, but at the same time liberal and comprehensive. She, as well as Prince ALBERT, hates all formalism."

—During the progress of the impeachment trial at Washington a letter-writer, deeply impressed with the solemnity of the scene, and desirous that his impressions should go down into history, puts upon record the following great facts: "FESSENDEN whittles the end of his pen-stick; GRIMES slowly rubs his chin; Ross and NORTON snow up the floor around them with bits of torn paper; CONKLING strokes approvingly the peninsula of light curly hair which stretches down the centre of his forehead; TRUMBULL is always in his seat, and his desk covered with law-books, and he gives the case noticeable attention. Notwithstanding his constant writing, SUMNER is attentive to the trial, and always informed of each aspect of the case as it comes up. YATES, who sits beside SUMNER, keeps his desk unencumbered generally, as well as his chair. When he is in the chamber, SAULSBURY acts like a Polar bear in a menagerie, except a a Polar bear doesn't chew quite so much tobacco, nor spit on fine carpets. He is the most uneasy of the Senators. He marches up and down, up and down, turning quickly and walking rapidly for an hour at a time. No Senator on the floor takes a greater interest in the trial than REVERDY JOHNSON, or pays it more steady attention. He chews his lips, and when his hands are not nervously picking at his pantaloons, or rubbing them, his mouth is never still. He leans back in his chair, and is, or looks to be, supremely happy. CHASE is still fine-looking, the most imposing personage in the Chamber.

—Thirty-nine years ago, when a mere literary man about town in London, and quite obscure as a young member of Parliament, Mr. DISRAELI sent the following neat lines to Lady MAHON (now Countess STANHOPE), on her portrait:

Fair lady! thee the pencil of Vandyke
Might well have painted; thine the English air,
Graceful, yet earnest, that his portraits bear,
In that far troubled time when sword and pike
Gleamed round the ancient halls and castles fair
That shrouded Albion's beauty; though when need,
They, too, though soft withal, could boldly dare,
Defend the leaguered breach, or charging steed
Mount in their trampled parks. Far different scene
The bowers present before thee; yet serene
Though now our days, if coming time impart
Our ancient troubles, well I ween thy life
Would not reproach thy lot, and what thou art—
A warrior's daughter and a statesman's wife.

—The French Empress, at a recent reception at the Tuileries, was attired altogether in black, with clusters of diamonds on the shoulders and along the sides of the dress. An anchor in brilliants in the hair held in place a black aigrette to match the rest of the toilette. All the ladies present were likewise in black. The Court, on the following day, left off all mourning and put on half. The mourning was for the late ex-King of Bavaria.

—JOHN BROWN, an American, residing in Valparaiso—not the John whose "soul is marching on"—has just loaned the Chilian Government $250,000. This J. B. landed a few years ago from a ship where he had worked as one of the crew, and with nothing but the clothes he had on, commenced work as a journeyman carpenter. To-day he is worth five millions of dollars, has an interesting family, lives like a prince, and stands at the head of social and financial affairs in Chili. Such is the vivacity of the American character!

—Hobart College, Geneva, New York, is to have the Rev. JAMES KENT STONE for President on the 25th of June, he having resigned the Presidency of Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio. A good exchange!

—Among the curious personal incidents connected with gentlemen who have been prominent in the political affairs of the country, may be mentioned the following: MARTIN VAN BUREN is the only man who held the offices of State Senator, Governor, United States Senator, Secretary of State, Minister to England, Vice-President, and President. THOMAS H. BENTON is the only man who held a seat in the United States Senate for thirty consecutive years. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS held positions under every administration, from Washington to Polk. General SHIELDS is the only person who ever represented, at different times, two States—Illinois and Minnesota. The only instance of father and son being in the Senate together were HENRY DODGE, from Wisconsin, and A. C. DODGE, from Iowa.

—Miss BRADDON, who now ranks among the first of the lady novelists of the day, began life as an actress at Aberdeen, Scotland, from which circumstance she may have derived some of the sensational and scenic effects that are conspicuous in her fictions.

—"*Misses* CRANE, KETCHUM, & BOWEN, Designers and Engravers on Wood," have established themselves at No. 763 Broadway. Being the first "firm" of the kind ever established in New York, the *Bazar* wishes them prosperity, and trusts that their example and enterprise may be followed successfully by other "Misses."

—Since the death of his wife, GEORGE D. PRENTICE has been quite ill. Mrs. P.'s death was a great shock to him.

—The late Mrs. DANIEL WASHBURN, of Stowe, bequeathed to the University of Vermont funds sufficient for the endowment of twelve scholarships.

—To Lady CRANBOURNE, now Marchioness of SALISBURY, has been attributed the authorship of a series of strictures in regard to English-women, which have lately excited attention. Lord CRANBOURNE'S marriage, it is known, greatly offended his father, who might perhaps have forgiven the lady for her parent, who was a judge, but could not overlook the grandfather, who was a dissenting preacher, and for some years the young nobleman and his wife earned more by their literary productions than came to them through their family relations. This experience was a bitter one at the time for Lord CRANBOURNE, but it probably did him good. The judge's daughter, Miss ALDERSON, now a Marchioness, is described as a lady of peculiar sweetness of countenance and manner. Her brother has been a hard-working inspector of schools for years, but he is a parson, and the enormous influence which his brother-in-law now possesses will probably push him on rapidly in the Church.

—The reason why PATTI is not obliged to attend the rehearsal of every opera in which she appears is that Mr. STRAKOSCH, her brother-in-law and manager, does it for her—whistling her rôle and then rehearsing it at home. She knew her parts in several operas before her *début*. Indeed, their house in Twenty-second Street was vocal from morning to night—Mrs. PATTI, CARLOTTA, ADELINA, and STRAKOSCH, doing little else but musicate. Never were two girls more thoroughly disciplined in the details of the profession than they.

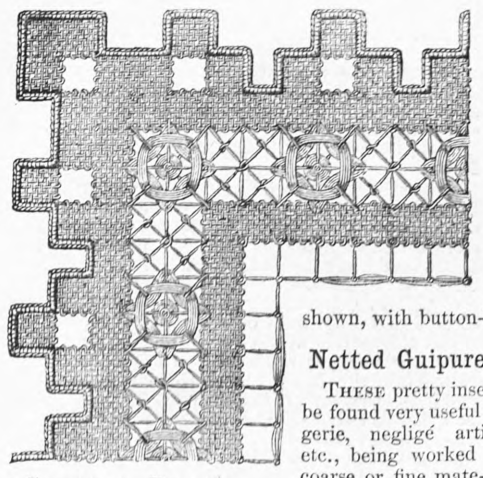
—It is believed that Senor SARMIENTO, now Minister of the Argentine Republic to the United States, will be elected to the Presidency of the former. He is widely known in literary circles as a man of great ability and fertility of mind, and his work on "Civilization and Barbarism," which drew warm praise from the French and English reviews, has been translated by Mrs. HORACE MANN, and introduced by a sketch of his romantic life, and will soon be published. He wrote a popular life of LINCOLN, which had a large sale in his own country.

—An enterprising Yankee, whose felicity has been rendered complete by a private view of the Tycoon, traces out his "liniments" (as Mrs. Partington says) in the following words, to wit: "He is a small man of olive complexion, with regular features, more Caucasian than Mongol, and a large intelligent eye. His expression was that of a man who has many affairs of importance upon his mind, but his smile was free, cordial, and pleasant as a woman's. His dress was a long, wide-sleeved robe of violet crape, upon which was embroidered, in some darker color, the trefoil of his family. About his neck and under his robe, but showing above it, was folded a white crape scarf. His wide trowsers were of silk and gold thread woven together, and were worn only to his ankles, so that below one could see the white stockings with which alone his feet were covered. He wore no sword, but carried in his hand a painted fan. His head was bare."

—Readers of items personal may remember that in 1864 the French Academy awarded to M. THIERS a prize of 20,000 francs for his "History of the Consulate and the Empire." Not wishing to retain the money he returned it to the Academicians, asking them to apply the interest of it triennially as a prize for the best historical work which had appeared within the last three years. The first prize under this endowment has recently been awarded to M. MARIUS TOPIN, author of "Europe and the Bourbons under Louis the Fourteenth." The committee consisted of very eminent personages: Messrs. GUIZOT, VILLEMAIN, DE MONTALEMBERT, SAINT-MARC GIRARDIN, and Prince ALBERT DE BROGLIE.

—The QUEEN OF SAXONY has put her foot squarely down on the hair question, so far as she can dominate over it. The Saxon female, it seems, has of late yielded to the vanity of wearing the hair in an untidy, dishevelled state; and having frequently to receive English and American ladies, who sometimes appear with their hair hanging loosely about their shoulders, her Majesty has issued an edict that all persons with such coiffures shall not be admitted at Court. So far as Saxony is concerned, therefore, *that* matter is settled.

—A grand marriage at Nice, at which all the people were very nice, took place last month, between Miss ISABELLA BUTLER, niece of Lord DUNBOYNE, and HENRY OPPENHEIM, Esq., the wealthy banker of Paris and Egypt. The style in which the bride and assisting damsels were draped is recorded in the following words: The bride, who was dressed in white silk trimmed with point d'Alençon, and having on a magnificent and costly necklace of pearls with a diamond clasp, was attended by six bridemaids—Miss ROSALINDA BUTLER, her sister; Miss SCOTT MURRAY, the youthful Marquise DE MASSENGY, the Baronne VARINKA DE BERTUCH, and the two Misses LACROIX, daughters of the British Consul, dressed in white and pink, with veils and wreaths of apple-blossoms. The bridal party, ninety in number, afterward proceeded to the Hotel des Anglais, where they then partook of a sumptuous *déjeuner*, during which the military band of the garrison played a selection of airs. The health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed by Prince COMETINI.



CORNER OF BORDER IN NETTED GUIPURE.

Corner of Border in Netted Guipure.

THESE borders are very pretty for the covers of cushions or pillows; they can also be used for toilette-covers and smaller articles. The illustrations show the manner of working, which is done in point de toile, point de reprise, and small wheels. All of these stitches have already been described in *Harper's Bazar*. The outer edge is finished, as shown, with button-hole stitch.

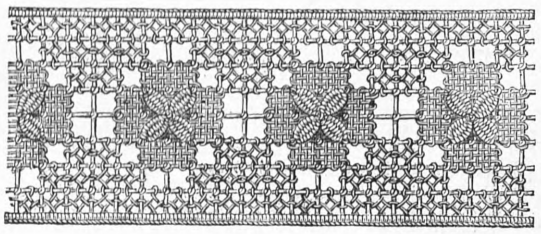
Netted Guipure Insertion.

THESE pretty insertions will be found very useful for lingerie, negligé articles, etc., being worked in coarse or fine material according to the uses for which they are designed. The guipure is worked in point d'esprit and point de toile, with four-leaved figures thereon in point de reprise. The sides are button-hole stitched.

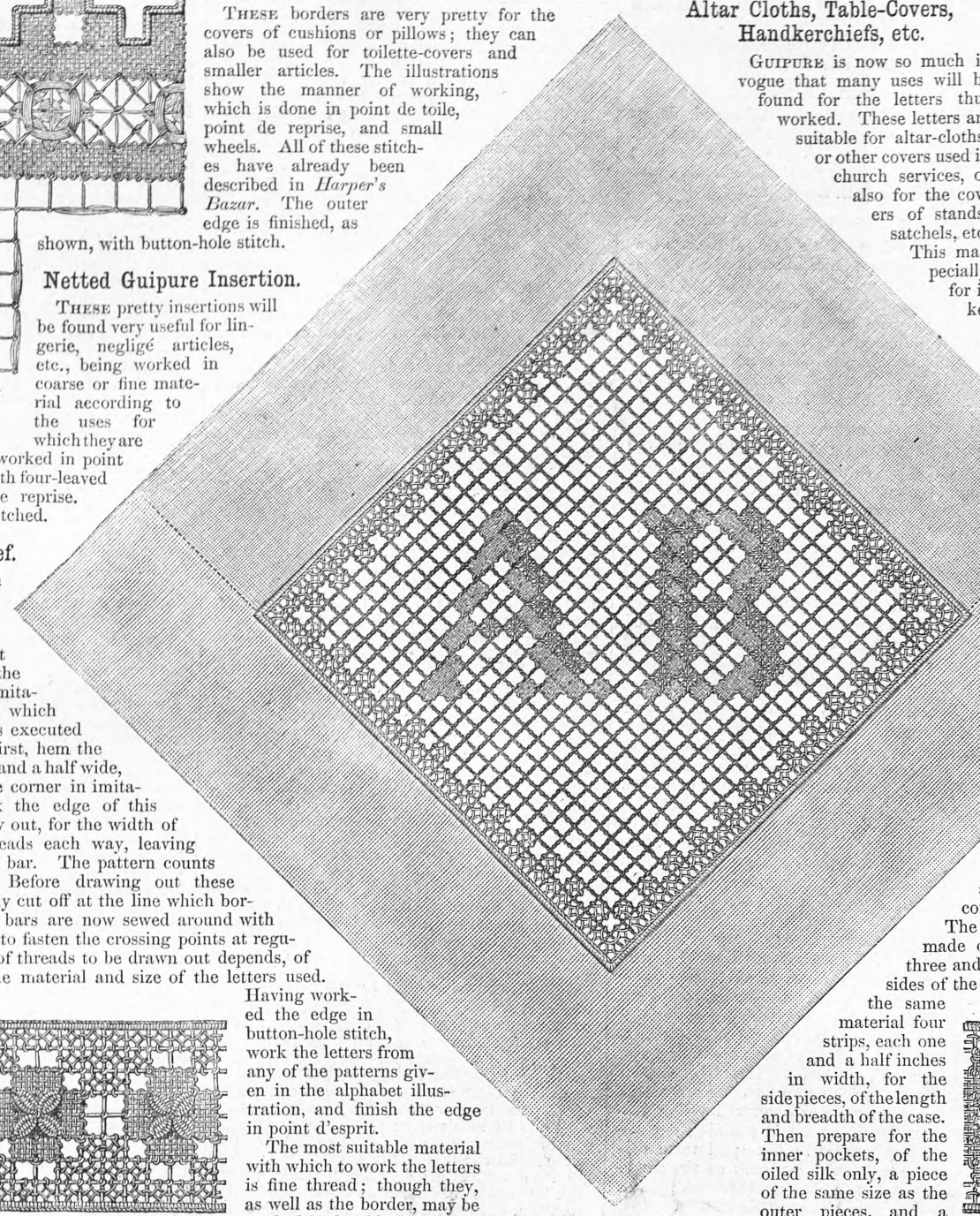
Corner of Handkerchief.

THE tasteful style which we give for marking initials in handkerchiefs is new, and commendable on account of its durability. It consists in drawing out the threads of the material in imitation of the netted guipure, which is now so fashionable, and is executed in the following manner: First, hem the pocket-handkerchief an inch and a half wide, then draw out threads in one corner in imitation of netted work. Mark the edge of this square by a line; then draw out, for the width of each small square, nine threads each way, leaving two threads between for each bar. The pattern counts twenty-eight holes square. Before drawing out these threads they must be carefully cut off at the line which borders the open square. The bars are now sewed around with fine thread, care being taken to fasten the crossing points at regular distances. The number of threads to be drawn out depends, of course, on the fineness of the material and size of the letters used. Having worked the edge in button-hole stitch, work the letters from any of the patterns given in the alphabet illustration, and finish the edge in point d'esprit.

The most suitable material with which to work the letters is fine thread; though they, as well as the border, may be worked in fine black silk.



NETTED GUIPURE INSERTION.

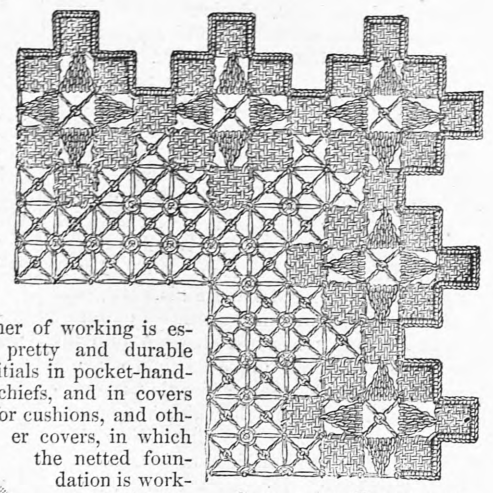


CORNER OF HANDKERCHIEF.

Alphabet in Netted Guipure, for Altar Cloths, Table-Covers, Handkerchiefs, etc.

GUIPURE is now so much in vogue that many uses will be found for the letters thus worked. These letters are suitable for altar-cloths, or other covers used in church services, or also for the covers of stands, satchels, etc.

This manner of working is especially pretty and durable for initials in pocket-handkerchiefs, and in covers for cushions, and other covers, in which the netted foundation is worked to the material in button-hole stitch.



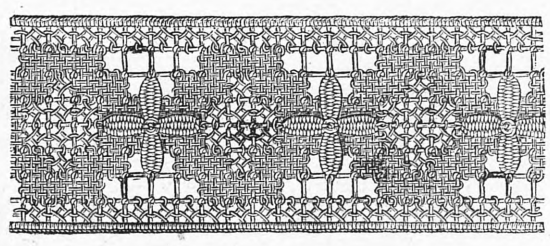
CORNER OF BORDER IN NETTED GUIPURE.

This may also be imitated in the stuff by drawing out threads, as is explained by the illustration of the corner of a handkerchief and the appended description. The letters have a very pretty effect if worked partly in thread and partly in fine gold thread; or they may also be worked in white and red—so-called Turkish—yarn; these are especially suitable for objects designed for church use.

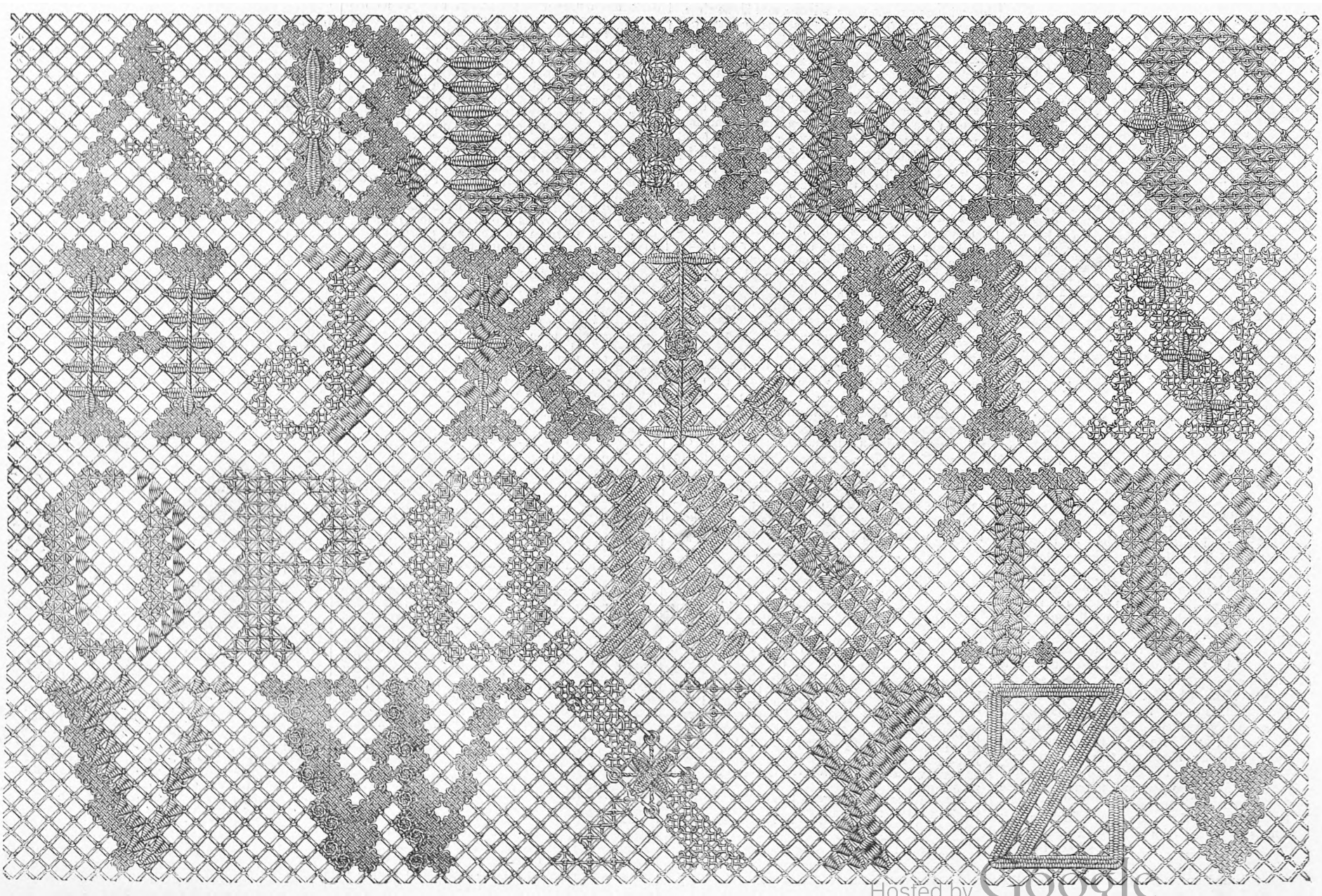
Toilette Case.

See illustration, page 485.

THIS case will be found very useful for carrying toilette combs and brushes, especially in traveling. The illustrations show the case open and closed. The original is made of brown linen and oiled silk. The linen, of which the outside is composed, is embroidered with brown wool and silk. The inside is divided into several compartments, and is made of oiled silk. The case is nine inches in length by three and a half in breadth. Of this size cut, first, for the outer sides of the case, two equal pieces of linen and oiled silk; and of the same material four strips, each one and a half inches in width, for the side pieces, of the length and breadth of the case. Then prepare for the inner pockets, of the oiled silk only, a piece of the same size as the outer pieces, and a somewhat narrower

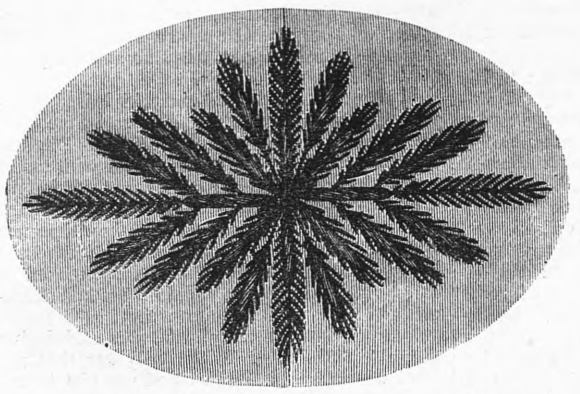


NETTED GUIPURE INSERTION.

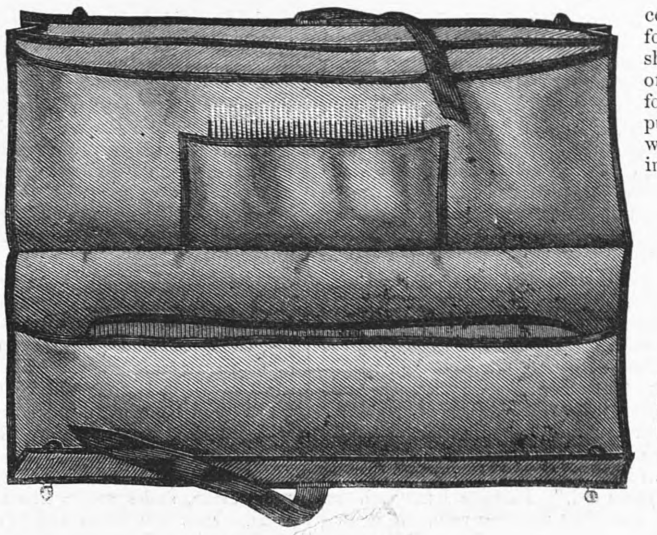


ALPHABET IN NETTED GUIPURE, FOR ALTAR AND TABLE COVERS, HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC.

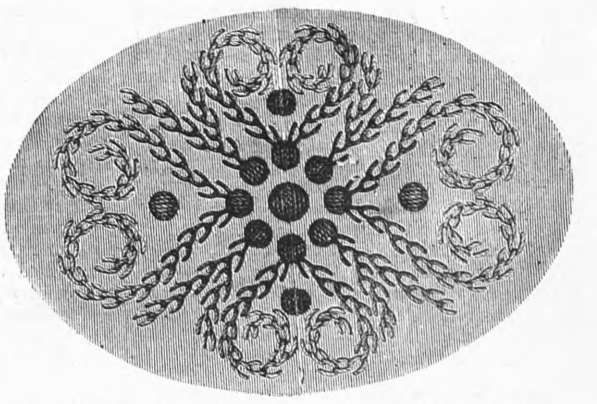
piece, and fasten both together on one side and on both ends. To the narrower part sew a still smaller pocket as shown in the illustration of the case open. Take the two outside pieces of stuff, which have been embroidered in point russe, in the manner shown in the illustrations, and the corresponding linings, also the strips of stuff which are to form the edges; then fasten, first, one side-piece of the pocket, excepting on one side, with the edge-pieces which are sewed together at the ends (under corners of the pockets); after which join this to the inner part of the pocket, as also to the outer side-piece. This, however, must be fastened only on one side, while the other is sewed to the fourth edge-piece of stuff. Another pocket-piece of oiled silk has already been fastened to this side-piece as shown by the illustration. Lastly, finish all the pocket-pieces on their outer edges, as also the seams on the outer edges of the pocket, with brown silk ribbon half an inch in width, and sew on, according to the pattern, buttons and button-hole stitch loops, and also two ribbons for fastening. The illustrations give two embroidery designs for the outside of the case.



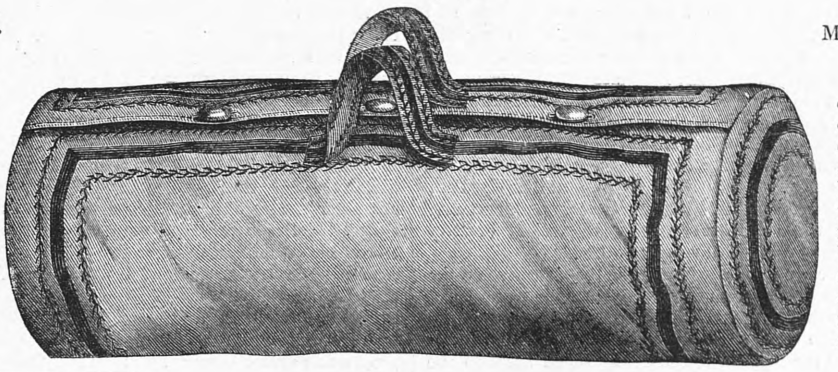
MEDALLION IN POINT RUSSE FOR TOILETTE CASE.



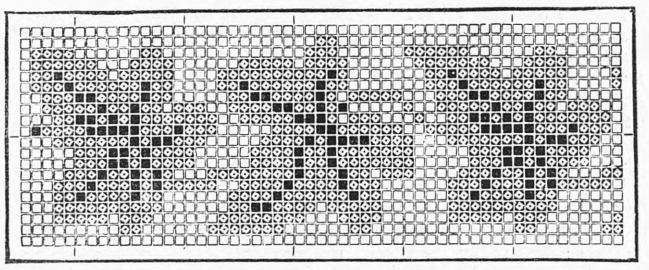
TOILETTE CASE.—OPEN.



MEDALLION IN SATIN AND HERRING-BONE STITCH FOR TOILETTE CASE.



CASE FOR TRAVELING SHAWL.



Description of Symbols: ■ 1st (darkest), □ 2d, ⧈ 3d (lightest) Red.

DESIGN FOR TRAVELING BLANKET.

Case for Traveling Shawl.

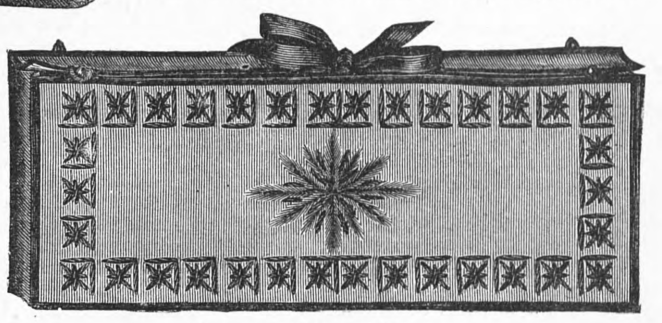
MATERIALS: Brown linen, red woolen braid half an inch in width, black zephyr wool.

When covered by a case which protects it from the dust a shawl may be conveniently used for a foot-stool in traveling. This case, being supplied with handles, renders shawl-straps unnecessary. The original is of brown linen, and is ornamented with red woolen braid and black zephyr wool, worked in herring-bone stitch. Prepare, first, a piece of brown linen, twenty-seven inches in length by twenty-two in breadth, and two circular pieces each seven and a half inches in diameter. Hem the four-cornered piece at the distance of an inch and a half from the edge of the shorter sides, and work three button-holes at regular distances; after which sew on the corresponding buttons, which are covered with linen. Then trim the whole according to the pattern with the trimming mentioned, and back stitch the four-cornered piece on each side to one of the circular pieces. In sewing these seams the four-cornered piece must be held in, and the hems left so as to lap over each other. The handles are each nine inches long by one and a half inches in width, and are of double linen, ornamented with braid and herring-bone stitch. They are sewed to the case in the manner shown by the illustration.

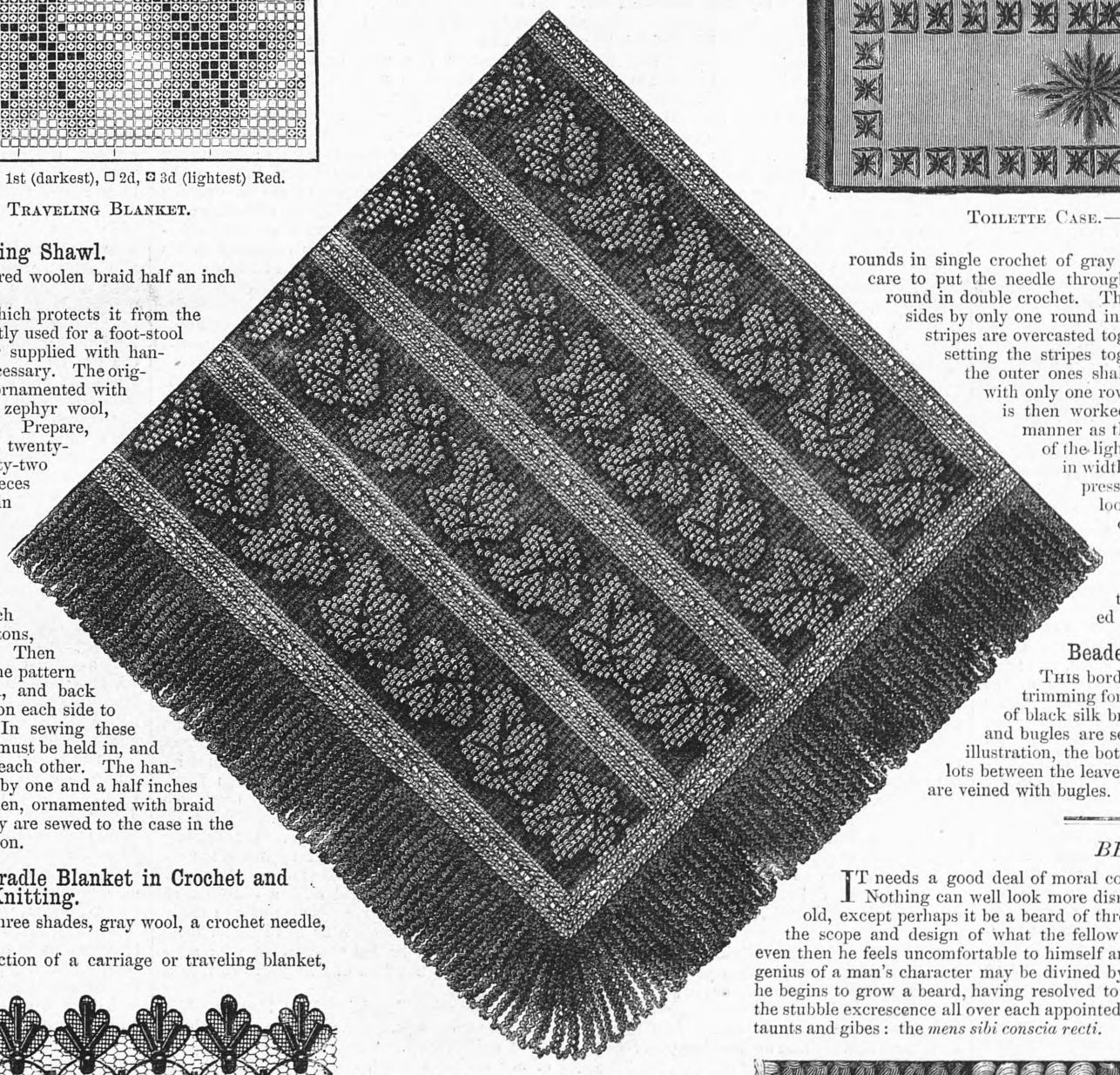
Traveling, Carriage, or Cradle Blanket in Crochet and Knitting.

MATERIALS: Red wool in three shades, gray wool, a crochet needle, knitting needles.

The illustration shows a section of a carriage or traveling blanket, which is put together of single stripes. These stripes in the pattern are worked with wool in two shades of red, the darker shade forming the foundation of the stripes, which is worked in single crochet stitches. The small loops which stand out in relief and form the design are of the lightest shade. These give the work a velvet-like appearance. With a third still darker shade of the wool the veins in the leaves of the design are worked with double thread in long half-polka stitch. The stripes are bordered on the sides with a narrow crochet border of gray wool, and are then sewed together. The completed cover is bordered in the same manner. A knitted fringe of red worsted finishes this border. The stripes of the pattern are each three and a half inches in width and thirty-nine inches in length. The stripes can, of course, be made as much wider as may be desired by making the foundation a few stitches wider; or another wider pattern may be chosen. The illustration gives the design for the stripes in connection with the arrangement of the colors. Begin, on a foundation of twenty-two stitches, with the second (middle) shade, and work one round in single crochet. At the beginning of this round lay on also the lightest shade, and use this as the foundation thread. In the second round (thenceforward always put the needle under both upper veins of each stitch) begin the working of the design by always leaving a loop, one-sixth of an inch in length, of the light foundation thread after each single crochet stitch which comes on the dotted signs of the design; in this round these loops will lie on the back of the work. After each loop follows a single crochet stitch, which is worked in the darker shade; one symbol occupies the space of both a loop and a stitch. In the following round, which, like all the remaining rounds, is worked in the same manner, the loops must be on the right side of the work. Having finished one stripe, work the veinings of the leaves with the third shade of wool in long half-polka stitch, according to the illustration, which also shows a part of a stripe in full size. Then crochet on the side of the stripe, first, two rounds in single crochet of gray wool—in the first round taking care to put the needle through the border stitch; then one round in double crochet. The next round is bordered on the sides by only one round in single crochet, after which the stripes are overcasted together from the under side. In setting the stripes together care must be taken that the outer ones shall be those which were bordered with only one row of single crochet. The cover is then worked around together in the same manner as the stripes. For the fringe knit of the lightest shade a stripe twenty inches in width and of the requisite length, and press this with a hot iron. Then loosen one stitch on the edge of one side of the stripe, and ravel out the stitches till only two rows are left on the other side. These remain a firm border, the outer row of which is fastened to the cover.



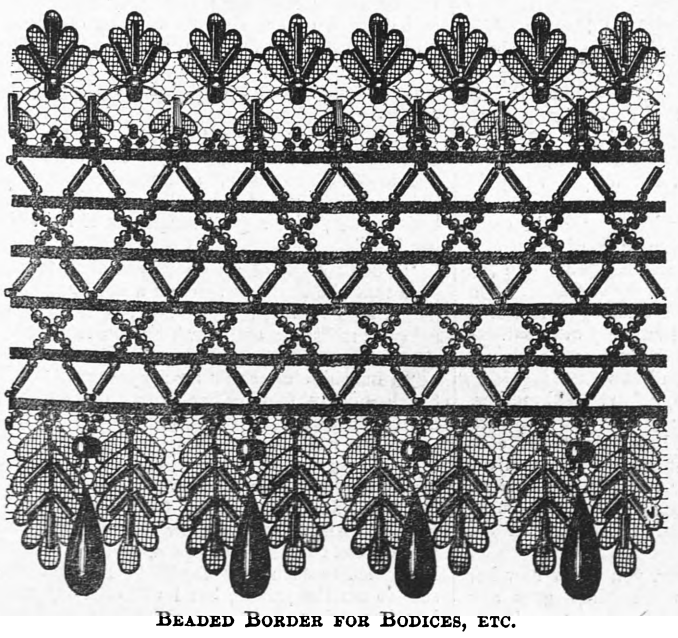
TOILETTE CASE.—CLOSED.



TRAVELING, CARRIAGE, OR CRADLE BLANKET.

Beaded Border for Bodices, etc.

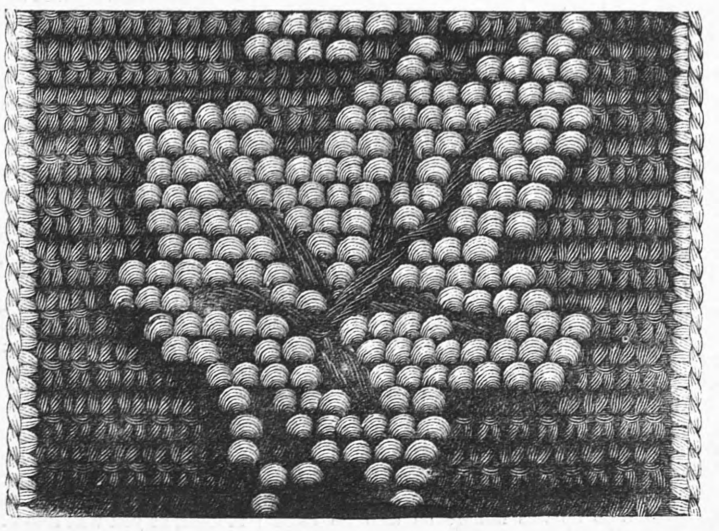
THIS border forms an exceedingly tasteful trimming for bodices and waists. It is made of black silk braid and lace, on which jet beads and bugles are sewn in the manner shown in the illustration, the bottom being finished with jet grelots between the leaves of the edge, the latter of which are veined with bugles.



BEADED BORDER FOR BODICES, ETC.

BEARDS.

IT needs a good deal of moral courage to begin to grow a beard. Nothing can well look more disreputable than a beard two days old, except perhaps it be a beard of three days. It takes a week before the scope and design of what the fellow is about becomes apparent, and even then he feels uncomfortable to himself and all about him. The bent and genius of a man's character may be divined by observing the manner in which he begins to grow a beard, having resolved to do so. One man will cultivate the stubble excrescence all over each appointed square inch, suffering resolutely taunts and gibes: the *mens sibi conscia recti*. I like that man: he is an honest



SECTION OF CROCHET FOR TRAVELING BLANKET.

man. With my purse I would trust that man—my wife, my daughter. To such a man I incline at once: he is my *beau-idéal*. He would tell me my faults at once, and not conceal them, making me morally worse, thinking to please me. Another man, having concluded to grow a beard, will go surreptitiously to work, encroaching a little day by day, thinking you will never discover it. Accursed be that base individual—*carbone notandus!* Even so would he encroach on my landmarks, my purse, my family peace. He would rob a canary-bird of his sugar—the trope is not mine—he would grub up his grandmamma to make knife-handles out of her leg-bones.

MARY.

MARY'S but a lowly maid,
Very wise and gentle;
Proud Lucinda's rich brocade
Proves her father's rental.
Where the lamps and jewels glow
Doth Lucinda bask it;
Cottage small, where roses blow,
You're my Mary's casket!

See, in whim, Lucinda bright
Flings her glances my way,
As a traveling duchess might
Wander down a by-way,
Love the brook, the village inn—
"Here to live and die now!
Ah, new horses—off we spin:
Little place, good-by now!"

Nay, my lady, by your leave,
Wasted fall those glances;
You yourself alone deceive,
Dangling toyish fancies.
There, in all your charms array'd,
Calm I look you over;
Mary's but a cottage-maid,
I am Mary's lover.

Sweeter far my Mary's smile,
Tender, truthful, gracious,
Than the lady's honey'd wile,
Delicately mendacious.
Give me Mary's finger-tips,
Robb'd of half their whiteness,
Rather than Lucinda's lips,
Wreath'd in languid brightness!

A thousand beauties, fair and brown,
I've seen, of every station:
Like my Mary, never one;
She's new as Eve's creation.
And hid was this delightful girl
Where no man could discover,
Till I, most happy, found the pearl—
I am Mary's lover.

Fresher far than flowery wood
When the Spring awakes it,
Brighter far than morning cloud
When the sunshine takes it,
Mary's love—and pure as Heaven:
Oh, thou best and dearest!
All thy love to me is given,
All my soul thou cheerest!

DEBORAH'S ROMANCE.

"DEBORAH!"—mother's voice rang out sharp and clear from the kitchen, as though in urgent haste—"Deborah, run here quick, will thee!"

I flew down to the kitchen in a moment, where mother stood at the table with her hands plunged in a drift of flour, and her eyes fixed anxiously on the oven-door whence a slight smoke was issuing. "Open the oven-door quick, will thee, Deborah? those pies are spoiled, I fear!" and as I hurried the doors wide open little spluttering pools of boiling sugar, hissing and seething like young volcanoes, greeted my eyes, while the contraband shade of the rich paste of the apple pies, and the properly yellow coat of the pumpkin-pies, puffing up into huge black swellings here and there, seemed to tell a direful story to the patient hands that had been laboring since sunrise, and now beheld their crowning glory spoiled. For it was the day before Thanksgiving, and mother and I had been busy all the morning—mother baking and I putting the house in perfect order in anticipation of expected company on the morrow. Brother Solon was coming home, and with him Gerald Haynes, of whom I had heard so much; Gerald Haynes, Solon's chum, and fellow-clerk, and *beau-idéal* united in one! No wonder I longed to see him. Wouldn't any girl in her senses if she had heard a young man praised as I had heard him; his person, his character, his talents all seemed to Solon perfection itself, and, of course, *I* should be dazzled. I, a little country girl, who knew nothing beyond house-work, and a little schooling, and whose knowledge of the world was limited to the very slight glimpse of it to be obtained in a little rural town of Maine.

So when the letter came announcing that Solon had invited Gerald to come and spend Thanksgiving with him at his country home—for Solon retained a strong love for that home in spite of all the city glare—and that the invitation had been accepted, it threw mother and me into quite a fever of excitement; mother, because she was so anxious for her reputation as the perfect housekeeper Solon had always declared her to be, and I—well, I was excited for various reasons.

And, first of all, I began to wonder if he would think me a little green country girl! I looked over my dresses, wondering what I should wear. There was my new crimson merino, I knew that became me, but Solon had pronounced it too gay the last time he was home; he said he liked "quiet" colors better, and that Gerald did too. Then I looked at my old brown dress which I had worn for two winters; it looked fairly dowdy, and the braid was fagged out round the edge. No, I couldn't wear that, so the crimson it must be, for my wardrobe was limited and my choice only lay between those two, unless I dared put on my very best, my drab silk, and I knew mother would hold up her hands in horror at that idea, so with a sigh I took down the dress, wishing the shade I so much admired when I bought it was more "quiet," and wondering what *he* would think of it.

Then I thought of my unfortunate name—Deborah! There were only two of us, and why did mother give us such dreadful names! I never heard mine called without thinking of what Fanny May said. Fanny lives in Boston, and is a cousin to Sarah Lawton, our next-door neighbor. Fanny said to me, after we got acquainted with each other, "What a pity it is your mother gave you such a name, Debbie! When I used to hear Sarah talk about Deborah Wayne, I always used to imagine a tall, gaunt old maid—about forty years old." Perhaps I may tell the whole she said without seeming vain. She added, "I never thought of your being such a charming little wild rose as you are!" Now I don't get such compliments as that very often. Plenty of people tell me I am rosy, and plump, and "trig," but no one has ever said any thing like that. Only once old Farmer Daniels came near it in his homely way, for he said to mother as he rested his tired old frame on our front-door steps, and I handed him the plate of dough-nuts mother took down from the shelf: "That gal of yourn is as pooty as a posy, Mis' Wayne. It does my old eyes good to look at her!" But, oh dear! I think I take naturally to refinement; and these honest but ungrammatical country neighbors sometimes disgust me.

We were all ready and on the watch when the stage drove up to the door; mother in her neat drab dress and spotless cap, and I in my crimson merino and a white bib-apron. Solon always liked me to wear aprons. I peeped through the blinds and saw them alight from the outside where they had been riding. Solon's boyish figure leaped down first, and a tall, manly form followed, which made my heart bound—I don't know why, I'm sure!

Mother met them first, and I hung back trembling until I heard, "Where's sis?" and then I could no longer keep back, and rushed to Solon's outstretched arms, and received and returned his warm kisses. When I was released to be presented to Mr. Haynes, I just glanced up in his face as I put my hand in his warm clasp, but that look was enough to set my foolish heart to fluttering again. Oh, he was so different from our country youths with their shy, awkward manners and nasal voices. His very bow denoted the difference—much more his voice and words. Well, we managed to get into the parlor; and mother, to my great relief, devoted herself to Mr. Haynes; and I was glad when his great brown eyes were taken off my face, for I felt the blushes burning there, and knew he would set me down at once as an astonishing little piece of rusticity. So I became quite at ease when his broad back was toward me, and ventured on giving Solon two or three little impromptu hugs, safe in the idea that he could not see out of the back of his head, when he was so busily engaged talking with mother, too, until I happened to glance in the glass opposite, just after Solon had taken my face between his hands and kissed me twice or thrice, for we dearly love each other, as an only brother and sister should—when, I say, on raising my eyes, I saw that the whole scene was pictured before him; and although his back was turned to us, his eyes were fixed upon the glass with a curious look which made me glad to run out of the room.

Pretty soon mother came out. "Now, Deborah," she said, "thee can stay in the other room and entertain them, and I will see to dinner. I don't need thee, now every thing is all ready." So in I had to go again; but this time the owner of those searching eyes was seated on the sofa, looking over my album. After one assuring glance, to see if he was really entertaining himself, I took the chair Solon beckoned me to, by his side, and submitted to a catechism respecting all our old friends. But fearing we had a listener, I was so absurdly constrained and stiffly grammatical, lest I might shock his fastidious taste, that at last Solon began to stare with surprise.

"Why, Debbie!" he exclaimed, "what in the world is the matter? Have you swallowed a grammar, or a dictionary, or both? I never thought my little sister was inclined to be pedantic before—let me look at you!" And he faced about and held my face up, burning with blushes, to see if he could detect any thing unusual there. I could not forbear glancing at our visitor, to see if he was observing the ridiculous picture I knew I was making, feeling convinced that he knew the truth, that I was overpowered by his presence; but that glance revealed the truth to Solon, for he burst out laughing as he exclaimed, "Why, Gerald, I do believe the child is afraid of you! She glances over to your quarters as a little mouse might look at the fiercest cat, as though she thought you might pounce upon her suddenly at any time. Why, chicken," he went on, as the album closed with a thump, and I felt rather than saw the tall figure striding toward us, while the merry laugh of our guest increased my confusion. "You needn't mind Ger; he's a great big fellow, I know, but he's harmless as a kitten!"

"But kittens are death on mice," interrupted Gerald, still laughing, "and that won't reassure her, of course. Say I am as harmless as a caterpillar, or the most innocent little creature you can think of; tell her I am much more afraid of her than she is of me—for I am naturally very modest, as you well know!"

Just then, to my relief, mother came in to call us to dinner, and the attractions of the table for a while occupied the whole attention of our company; for Solon said it was such a dinner as his mother, and no one else in the world, could "get up:" which gratified mother immensely, of course, though she only said, calmly: "Now, Solon, don't thee go to talking so foolish. It's only that it's home that makes thee think every thing is so much better here than thee has it at Boston." But Mr. Haynes supported Solon so strongly in his opinion that mother was forced to let them have it their own way, and yielded with her usual quiet smile.

When the short afternoon had drawn to its close Solon said: "Now we'll have a good old-fashioned sleigh-ride to-night. What do you say, Gerald? This snow is too great a luxury to us to be unimproved. We don't see such snow as this in Boston—do we, Ger?"

"Not to be mentioned in the same breath," said Mr. Haynes; "such sparkling whiteness is altogether too pure for the city. Ours is yellowish-brown, of the consistency of meal; this is crisp, clean, and sparkles like myriads of little gems. How the moon touches it up! Dame Nature is in full dress to-night, and has donned all her diamonds." As he said this he stood by the window, holding back the curtain with one hand, and turned to me as though inviting me to come too and look at the scene without. I went to his side, murmuring some confused reply; for his eyes were bent on mine with an earnest look that disconcerted me for a moment until he laid his hand on my head, and exclaimed, frankly, "What a little thing you are—a mere child! I always thought Solon's sister Deborah was a very different person from you. Are you quite sure you are she?" His unconventional tone and laugh entirely restored me to myself, and I answered as frankly as he had spoken, "Oh, I know what sort of person you thought I would be, if you thought about it at all!"

"Now tell me," he answered, folding his arms, and looking curiously down at me, "and I'll promise to acknowledge if you tell truly; for certainly I *did* think about it, but not so much as I should have done if I had known the truth," he added in a lower tone, which again set my blood to scorching my face; but I would not be rendered dumb by that, so I answered, demurely,

"You thought I would be a tall, gaunt female of uncertain age, with high cheek-bones and squeaky shoes, in a huge, dark calico apron; now didn't you, Mr. Haynes?"

"I really hadn't got so far as the apron," he replied, laughing, "although if I had known what a bewitching little article of female apparel they might be made, I should have done so, no doubt; but I confess I had imagined some such person as you describe, only a little more attractive; for I knew my friend Solon here had a strong affection for that sister, and he is fastidious in his quiet way. I might have known he had something at home to make him so."

He paused a moment, during which I was deliberating whether it was my duty to sit down myself, or offer him a chair, being quite convinced that one of the two would be quite proper under the circumstances, for I had been hard at work all day, when he said, with a look down at me that drove all fatigue out of my mind:

"Instead of which I find a little brown-haired fairy, in a glowing, warm-hued dress, a most captivating little white apron, and—"

"Instead of which you find only a poor little country girl, in a dress that Brother Solon dislikes because it is fiery—a girl who doesn't even know how to entertain her brother's visitors without talking about herself," I exclaimed, interrupting him, for I would not have it go on so any longer.

Then Solon came back, and reported: "We can each have a horse and sleigh, and a companion, if we can get one, Gerald, or we can take the double sleigh, and all go together. What do you like best?"

"If Miss Deborah will go with me, I prefer a single sleigh," he replied, glancing laughingly at me. "I am still boy enough to be fond of driving, and it is a privilege I don't often have. Will you indulge me by going with me? Do you think you can trust your life in my hands?"

Now, of course, I wanted to go. What young girl wouldn't have had her heart jump at the offer of a sleigh-ride on a bright moonlight night, with capital sleighing, and such a companion? but I made-believe I wasn't as pleased as I really felt, and asked demurely if he was sure he knew how to drive—if he had ever driven any; adding that I was not fond of being thrown into a snow-drift.

"Preposterous!" exclaimed Mr. Haynes, while mother, who had just come in from the kitchen, stood smilingly by. "Just think, Mrs. Wayne, of her asking a great, long fellow like me if I have ever driven a horse! I think I must manage to upset her to pay for that."

"If you threaten I can stay at home," I said.

"Which implies that if I don't you will go," he rejoined.

"Thee mustn't mind what that child says. Gerald," said mother, with a benign look at him that made me sure that she had already gone over to Solon's side, and was deep in admiration of him; for mother always thinks just as Solon does of every body; but I am very different. I choose to form my own opinions; and I am not so easily taken captive, you know.

"Who'll thee ask to go, Solon?" said mother, while a rapid, telegraphic glance shot between Solon and me, intercepted by a pair of dark eyes that fixed themselves most pertinaciously on my face. "Thee had better ask Mary Bowman. She was saying the other day that she would like a sleigh-ride, and hadn't had one for the winter."

"Well, but mother dear, you know how her mother always worries when Mary goes any where. I am afraid it would make her seriously unhappy lest Mary should get cold or be upset. I don't think I'd better ask her to-night. Perhaps I can get some one nearer home;" and Solon shot out of the door like a flash.

"I'll warrant he's gone after Sarah Lawton," said mother, "and she can't even make her own clothes! There's Mary Bowman does every stitch of sewing for the family with her own hands, and takes care of her sick mother; and there isn't a better housekeeper in the village. Thee remembers her dinner last Fourth-day, Deborah," and poor mother gave a little sigh as she thought of her disappointed plans and her possible future daughter-in-law.

Well, we went. Solon came in, bringing Sarah with him, her golden hair and blue eyes peeping out from the depths of her huge "pumpkin-hood;" and as she ran up stairs with me to get ready, we confided to each other our delight at the prospect before us.

How bright the moon shone, and how the snow sparkled! how silvery-sweet rang out the bells on the still air, as we glided along, tucked in snugly and warmly with buffalo-robes and blankets, and hot soap-stones at our feet!

I must not try to tell all that was said during that delightful ride. I can only say that my head was in a whirl—the blood ran riot in my veins. Something—the exhilarating air, the rapid motion, or the brilliancy of my companion—had transformed me for the time. I had sung, laughed, and talked with all the abandon of a child, and Gerald Haynes had also become transformed into a boy; and we gave ourselves up to the spell of the hour; so that when his arm stole around my waist, drawing me close to his side, with a half-intelligible remark to the effect that there must be no room for cold air to creep in between us, and he asked if he might be allowed to claim me for his little sister too, as he had none in the wide world, I nestled close to him, and frankly expressed my pleasure at the request. And when we rode lingeringly home at last (I sighing in my heart as home grew nearer and nearer), and we drove up to the gate, I did not resist as he took me in his arms and ran up the path and to the very door with me; and I'm afraid I only turned my face away a very little as he pressed a rapid, thrilling kiss on my lips—a kiss that burned there the whole night; for I had never received such a one before in my whole life.

On Friday we all went up to Uncle Ralph's and spent the day. My tall, farmer cousins, honest and manly, but uncouth, unconsciously deepened my admiration for Gerald. I could not help contrasting them as they stood in the yard examining the "stock," Ben and John in their coarse working clothes, with their broad, stooping shoulders, and their huge brawny hands, red and coarse from hard work, their heavy cow-hide boots, and their hearty but coarse voices, and Gerald, with his tall, erect figure showing to such advantage in his perfect-fitting suit, his polished boots, and his hands whiter than mine as I had noticed with shame the night before. And yet, strong as this contrast was, it was not the dress alone, but the clear, well-modulated tones, the refinement of face and manner, that struck me with such force that a sickening feeling rushed over me as I thought, must I spend my days among such people when I so long for and admire cultivated and refined society! I was growing positively miserable over the thought, when mother's hand was laid on my shoulder; and her voice, roused a little from its wonted serenity, exclaimed, "Why, Deborah, child! didn't thee hear Aunt Ruth? She has been talking to thee this half hour, and thee looks as though thee hadn't heard a word. What does thee see uncommon out there?"

Oh, I *did* see "uncommon things." I was feasting my eyes on what was luxury for me, but with a great sigh I choked back my feelings, and tried to take an interest in good Aunt Ruth's humdrum talk, striving to remember exactly my recipe for the sweet pickles I had just been making. But it was very hard.

On Saturday Sarah asked us all there to tea. I mean Gerald, Solon, and me. In the evening we played games until nine, when we dared no longer indulge, for we had been brought up to strict observance of Saturday night; and even to desecrate it until nine was an unusual occurrence: but Sarah's father and mother had gone to a neighboring town to spend Sunday, and her older sister, Martha, who kept house, was evidently so taken with Mr. Haynes that she not only countenanced us in our dissipation, but participated in it, performing her forfeits with great zest. As for Solon and myself we strangled our consciences, and entered into the games with all our hearts until the bell rang for nine, when mother's face loomed up before me so reproachfully that my courage failed, and I declared I could play no longer.

"Oh, but you have a forfeit to pay first," exclaimed Gerald, starting up. "You are not to get rid of that so easily," and marched me up to Solon, saying, "Judge her, Solon, and don't be lenient now; give a good tough one if it's to be her last."

"I don't know of a tougher one than to propose that she shall go through a marriage-ceremony, as I've often heard her say she should never be married; and Sarah has one to pay too; she must go through with the same."

"I haven't chosen you for my judge yet," said Sarah, saucily, turning her radiant face to him; but I seized her arm, exclaiming,

"Very well, say, let's be married to each other;" and we instantly walked up to Gerald, requesting him to tie the knot.

"The idea!" exclaimed Gerald, with well-feigned horror. "You know very well that two women can't live in one house, and the idea of being tied to each other for life! I sha'n't consent to act the parson, but I will offer my services in another character—as bridegroom," and before I knew fairly what he was about he had

me under his arm, while Solon bore off Sarah, and we were marshaled before Martha, who in a remarkable fit of congeniality had entered into the joke, and immediately commenced the words of a mock-marriage-service then in vogue for such occasions.

"Remember you are my little wife," whispered Gerald as he detained me for a moment before we entered our own door that night; "give me a husband's privilege," and once more he pressed on my unresisting and unaccustomed lips a long, long kiss.

Neither did the remembrance of that kiss leave me, even in my dreams, that night.

On Sunday we went in the forenoon to mother's meeting, where Gerald and Solon sat side by side in most decorous silence, across the aisle from me, through the long forenoon, for the Spirit moved not, until just before the hand-shaking a good and saintly-faced sister arose, and with peace breathing in every line of her face, said a few words of Christian consolation and encouragement.

In the afternoon Solon, Gerald, and I rode over to the Congregational church, two miles away, for which Solon had a decided preference, possibly because of the fact that Sarah Lawton's contralto voice lent its music to the choir; but I am always charitable toward Solon, so I won't insist upon that as the sole attraction.

In the evening mother had one of her bad headaches, and went to bed early. After I had bathed her head and given her the camphor-bottle, she said, "Now, thee go right back, Deborah, and stay with Gerald and Solon. I will call thee if I want any thing." So back I went to the sitting-room. Then Solon, after a few restless movements and glances out of the window, exclaimed, as though it had that moment occurred to him, that he supposed he ought to go and bid Sarah good-by, as they would be off so early in the morning. So we were left alone, Gerald and I.

He made me come and sit beside him, and he held my little red hand in his own shapely white one, while I blushed at the contrast, foolishly enough. He told me of their city life, of the opera and other amusements; of concerts, which made my heart burn with wild desires; of the shops of Art, where one can feast the eye on the best paintings whenever he feels so inclined; and of the places of public interest; and my poor life seemed *so* barren by contrast! I believe I said something to that effect, of my life spent in making bread and pies under mother's watchful eye; of sweeping, and dusting, and sewing; my tiresome, monotonous routine, every day repairing the ravages of the day previous, in that endless round that shall never cease so long as we remain in the tabernacle of the body. I spoke of it, I know, with distaste; but he said, "Don't you know, my darling, that these very things are fitting you to make the very best little wife in the world? The man who gets a wife well skilled in these matters is to be envied if, in addition, she has a loving heart and bewitchingly womanly ways, like my little sister here," and he smiled on me so lovingly that my heart acknowledged him as its king from that moment.

"You have been my little wife in jest—you are my little sister in earnest. What shall it be next?" he said, as he folded me close to his side, and kissed me once more in that same mysterious, because lasting fashion. Then we heard Solon stamping his snowy boots outside the door.

Well, the next morning they went.

I believe I felt dreary enough that next day. Never did housework seem so utterly distasteful to me as then, and in spite of what Gerald had said, I felt that if I lived in a city, and had white hands, and could play on the piano, I should be much better pleased with myself and more attractive to my friends.

So I went through the day, dreaming day-dreams, such as young girls often dream, and was not fully aroused until an unwontedly sharp reprimand from mother brought me to my senses. I had built the fire for tea, and supper was all ready; but when mother came out, as she always preferred to do, to make the tea herself, there wasn't a drop of water in the tea-kettle.

"Why, Deborah, child, what ails thee? Thee has acted all day as though thee had lost thy senses. Thee had better come down out of the clouds, and learn to be a better housekeeper before thee goes up again."

The color rushed to my face, for in spite of mother's quiet ways I knew she was a keen observer, and little escaped her sharp eye; so by great effort I succeeded in arousing myself to my usual interest in the affairs of the house, resolving to wait until I could be by myself before I lived over the past three days again.

But my solace came. Every letter from Solon had an addition which gave it a new charm to my eyes; eagerly as I had always welcomed those letters before, they were now thrice welcome. At first it was a message, then a post-script, in a bold, manly hand; then it came all by itself—a letter to the "dear little brown-haired sister away off in Maine;" and so it went on, until I began to find that I was two persons, living two lives. The one swept, dusted, made puddings and pies as of old; chatted with the country folk, among them but not of them, trying to take interest in the petty affairs of a harmlessly gossiping neighborhood. The other tried to keep herself dainty and fresh to please one who had so often spoken of prizing those things in her: she studied late at night and early in the morning that he might think her improved when they met—as he assured her they should soon meet—and she lived in a world of her own fashioning, surrounded by intelligence and refinement, filling her heart by pondering on these things.

So the days went by, and the hot midsummer came, when wearied city people throng out to the cool retreats of country-side and sea-shore. And the sultry August days brought us our guests again. Solon, taller, more graceful and manly, improved in looks and appearance; and the other!—well, if to my eyes he was perfect before, then I demonstrated the truth of that which the world had declared impossible—that perfection *will* admit of increase.

If I trembled and shrank back when he came before, still more did I do so now; now that I was so much more anxious to appear well in his eyes!—now that he had become so much to me! And, as I stood at my old post of observation, behind the blinds, I watched his affectionate greeting of mother, with eager eyes, while even my captious fancy could detect no difference in her reception of the two.

But his eager glance shot by her, through the doorway, and his ardent face anticipated Solon's first question, "Where's Debbie, mother?" So, with one glance at my own blushing face, I went forward to meet them. As before, I was first taken to Solon's loving embrace, and when I was released and turned to the other, I gave one swift glance at his face. There was so much in it that my own eyes fell. I dared not look again; and we met with a strong, firm pressure of hands—a grasp that seemed never willing to loose itself; and that was all!

But afterward, when the first bustle of their coming was over, and mother had left the room for a moment, Solon followed her, and we were left alone. I remember I was standing by the window, carelessly breaking the leaves from an ivy which latticed the window, not daring to speak or look for a moment. Then, summoning all my courage, I turned suddenly to address him; there he stood, close by me, with eyes brimful of love and longing. I could read it plainly; and as I stood before him mute, fascinated by his look, without the power to withdraw my eyes from his, he stretched out his arms to me, with unutterable longing in his eyes and voice, as he said: "Will my darling come to me now, as she never came before? Not as my little sister, but as my own true, loving wife, from whom nothing but death shall part me forever. Will she come?" And in a moment I was folded close, close to the heart that was all my own. My longings were satisfied; my unrest quieted; I had found my home.

SINGULAR CUSTOM IN BURMAH.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Mandalay, describes the ceremony of "boring the ears" of the daughters of the King of Burmah, which took place there lately. The whole of the royal party were bedecked with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and pearls. His Majesty and two of the principal queens were scarcely able to walk from the weight of the ornaments on their robes. The king and the queens were supported on either side by maids of honor of rare Burmese beauty. The orchestra was filled by some of the dancing girls, who performed on sackbuts, drums, harps, etc. It is estimated that the whole affair will cost upward of ten lacs of rupees. The gates of the palace were thrown open to all—men, women, and children—and theatrical performances went on day and night.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE London *Saturday Review* has recently produced a series of articles on the women of the present day. Either the *Saturday Review* is a disappointed bachelor, who has never known any type of true womanhood, or else his matrimonial relations have been fearfully unfortunate, and in either case is worthy of commiseration. He who deals out wholesale denunciation upon women as a *class*, proclaims not merely that he is no gentleman, but that all his home relations in life have been a miserable failure. He who has cherished, with manly love, a good mother, sister, or wife, will never cast sweeping reproach upon the *whole* sex, whatever may be the errors and follies of a part. But it has been stated that the articles referred to were written by a woman; to which we would reply, *never*, by one who *deserves* the name of woman. No true, pure woman could thus revile her sex, and fling base accusations upon the maiden, wife, and mother. It is simply impossible.

The truth is, that the grains of justice contained in the papers in question are wholly lost in the error and false judgment they display. It is not to be denied that while, with the progress of the age, new means of usefulness and influence have been opened to women, evils and follies of various kinds have not lagged behind. But because *many* girls are rude and vulgar, or vain, frivolous, and extravagant, are we to conclude that *all* are so? Because *some* wives disgrace their name, are *none* pure and faithful? Because some mothers forsake the nursery for the ball-room, who has the right to charge the whole class of mothers with hatred for the cares of maternity? Yet such seems to be the tone of criticism; no exceptions are made; all are alike guilty. Because some have soiled their fingers with the gambling card, it has been proclaimed throughout the country that "Washington ladies" and "New York ladies" are "gamblers." Because some of the weaker followed the example of many of the stronger sex, and polluted their lips with the intoxicating cup, a report spread through the land giving the impression that "fashionable ladies" were in the habit of "getting tipsy." Criticism, to be useful, must be just and discriminating.

"Or shall we *all* condemn, and *all* distrust,
Because some men are false and some unjust?"

An instance of maternal energy and faithfulness is recorded of a poor Irish woman, who formerly lived in Massachusetts. Her husband was lost in a fishing-vessel and she was left with four young children. Finding that she could not bring up her children respectably in Massachusetts on her slender earnings, she put them at a Catholic school in Brookline, agreeing to pay a certain stipend for their board and instruction, and secured a passage round Cape Horn to California by working as a stewardess. Arriving safely, she went to work there. Every thing that she could save from her earnings was sent home for her children, to the care of a woman who had charge of them. At length she became apprised of the unfaithfulness of this woman, and started for Massachusetts to find her children. They were scattered around. One of them had died without her being apprised of it, and one of them was where he was ill-used. She gathered them together, and has started back with them to California, determined hereafter not only to work for them, but to have them where she can look after them.

The Roman Catholic Cathedral which is now in process of erection on Fifth Avenue, between Fiftieth and Fifty-first streets, was commenced in the year 1858. During our civil war there was an almost entire cessation of work upon it. Now it is progressing with considerable rapidity, although some time must elapse before its completion. The building will be of beautiful white marble, and will be richly finished and decorated. When completed it will probably be the largest and most expensive ecclesiastical building in America.

A discouraged merchant in a certain New England city, not being very successful in his business, disconsolately told his wife the other day that he did not know what he was coming to, and that he did wish he had a house and lot somewhere to fall back upon. The good wife had heard such lamentations frequently before, but this time her liege appearing uncommonly cast down she determined to relieve his mind a little, and produced, to his utter astonishment and joy, a deed of a fine house and lot in the vicinity. She had bought it with the "pin money" of many years.

Many years ago a Massachusetts teacher saw a boy come into his school who bore a bad character. He determined, if he could, to make a good boy of him. So he spoke kindly to him, and he behaved well that day. The next morning the prudential committee (as he was called) came in, and said: "Mr. T——, I hear that bad fellow, M——, has come to your school. Turn him out at once! he will spoil the rest of the boys."—"No, Sir," replied the teacher; "I will leave the school, if you say so, but I can not expel a boy so long as he behaves well." So he kept him, and encouraged him, confided in him, till he became one of the best boys in school. Years afterward that boy, having grown to manhood, and obtained an honorable position in life, would take special pains to visit his old teacher, and thank him for having been the means of saving him. Wrong-doers would more often reform if they could find any who would trust them and help them.

The painful revelations in connection with "baby-farming" have induced a number of charitable ladies in London to establish a *créche*, similar to those in France, and in other parts of the Continent. In this instance the *créche* is intended for the benefit of the poor belonging to the Roman Catholic community, the subscriptions having been raised entirely by that denomination. A large house, in the midst of a very poor district, has been taken; and here mothers who have to gain a livelihood away from their homes will be enabled to leave their children during the day. The infants will be well cared for by the Sisters of Charity, and will be fed and clothed free of expense to their parents. It is proposed to have in the same house a system by which poor girls, not old enough to go out to service, can be kept out of harm's way. These girls will assist the sisters in tending the children, and will receive food, clothing, and education gratuitously.

Don't fret. It does no good—on the contrary much harm. It ruffles the temper. Ruffled dresses may be stylish just now, but ruffled tempers have not "come in" yet. Fretting makes people lose their balance; and you do not want to lose your balance, because you might never find it again. Fretting is a folly; and you do not want to be a fool. A fretter has every body's cold shoulder, which is quite too many by more than half. One may do for a lunch, but several—every body's—would be quite too much for the hungriest meal. Don't fret.

Sulphur is recommended as a specific against insects in bird-cages. Tie up a little sulphur in a silk bag and suspend it in the cage. For mocking-birds this is essential to their health, and the sulphur will keep red ants and other insects from the cages of all kinds of birds. Red ants will never be found in a closet or drawer if a small bag of sulphur be kept in these places.

Treading on the trail of a Parisian lady's dress seems to have been attended with more serious consequences than any similar accident we have heard of in this country. On a grand night at the Opera in Paris, a few weeks ago, after the performance, a charming woman, magnificently dressed, was descending the staircase, leaning on the arm of her cousin, dragging behind her a long train of primrose-colored silk, trimmed with flounces of rich Chantilly lace. A gentleman was clumsy enough to step on the trail of her dress. The lady leaned back, on feeling her progress arrested, but too late to prevent a slight crack from being heard. She gathered up her dress, without appearing to perceive that any thing had occurred; but her cavalier, assuming an air of importance, cast a look of defiance behind him, and muttered something in which the word "clumsy" was heard. "I will try and be less so to-morrow," whispered the innocent author of the accident, in his ear. Early the next morning, the cousin received a visit from his antagonist's second. A duel took place with swords, and, as the other had promised, he proved his address in the weapon. The cousin was carried home with an awkward wound in his shoulder. The stranger, however, obtained an introduction to the lady, and not only received her pardon for the unintentional mishap, but has since made such progress in her good graces that a marriage is now talked of as shortly to take place. As to the cousin, he still keeps his bed, and will probably remain in it until after the wedding.

In a private letter dated "Nice," a friend writes as follows: "This is a lazy country where we are now. Between rising and retiring there is just ample time to breakfast, take a walk, and dine. We rise about as at home, breakfast at nine, lunch on oranges, apples, or pears wherever we are, and dine at six. We find ourselves in this place—almost for the first time since we left England—in a hotel full of English and Americans. In one aspect it is very pleasant; but generally we prefer rather those native hotels where, although necessarily more secluded, we see more of the customs of the country, and speak more of its language. In the recollection we enjoy most those places where we have found landlady and servants innocent of English, and have sat down at table with French people alone.

"This town is half English, half French, and half Italian, being accordingly a town and a half strictly speaking. The old Italian town is a solid mass of lofty houses, with narrow cracks running through the mass, which are the streets. With a few exceptions the streets of this old town are too narrow for vehicles, and too deep to be heated by the sun. This queer old place is surrounded by the new streets, the grand hotels of the watering-place, and the numerous villas that have grown up in later times. The old town talks a species of Italian, and the new talks French and English. If you think that, with your ideas of women's rights, you are in advance of the age, you are, in one aspect, at least, mistaken. All the women here are 'out of their sphere' according to the arguments we often hear. They are the really industrious part of the population, and seem to be doing most of what is going on, while the benches and sunny corners of sunny places are occupied by the lounging and sleeping lords of creation. I suppose this is only a foretaste of Italy upon whose confines we are. Any one who regards—or rather is able to disregard—the 'lower classes' as a set of beasts of burden whose plight is not to be thought of, may enjoy himself hugely here, between the sea and the mountains, the gardens and the society; but to me, there is too much in the condition of the poor fellow-creatures to make it a very agreeable residence, unless one could be doing something for them. I should as soon think of building a mansion to live in at the Five Points as to make this region an abode for pleasure."

An American lady who visited Rome with a special desire of seeing the illustrious Liszt, and who was gratified by a cordial invitation to call upon him, thus describes his residence and himself:

"The old Convent of Santa Francesca Romana is situated in the immediate vicinity of the Coliseum and other ruins of imposing grandeur; it is a low building, with a small iron door, upon which is the name, 'L'Abbé Liszt,' and ascending one broad flight of stone steps, we came to the door of his apartment. There we met the footman, who showed us through a large ante-chamber, in which stands a grand piano, into the drawing-room. This is vast in size, and very handsomely furnished; in one corner stands an exquisite statuette of St. Elizabeth, and pictures and *objets religieux* adorn the walls.

"After waiting a few moments the Abbé entered, and advancing toward me welcomed me, extending both hands.

"Liszt is of medium height, slender, and erect. His face is fresh and unwrinkled; his large gray eyes have a reposeful calmness, except when playing impassioned music; then the whole face changes, the eyes sparkle and flash, the massive steel-gray hair trembles and shakes, and the head is thrown into a pose of striking grandeur—the whole reminding me of the imposing image of an inspired Numidian lion."

Chambers's Journal relates an anecdote of a lady who had advertised for a parlor-maid. The person who applied in answer to the advertisement appeared to be quite satisfactory, but the lady wishing to say something kind at parting, remarked: "I am sorry to see by your black dress that you have been in trouble lately." "Oh no, mum, thank you, not at all," replied the young woman; "it's only for my late missus. I have been *particular fortunate in service, mum.* My three last missuses have all died while I was with them; so I got mourning given me every time." It is hardly necessary to say that the young woman was not engaged.

The first act of a young Japanese bride after being conducted to her husband's home is to sacrifice her beauty by shaving her eye-brows, and painting her teeth black. By this strange custom she symbolizes to her husband and to strangers in the street that she has renounced completely every desire to please or coquet. Though sacredly observed while continuing, the marriage-tie of the Japanese is easily broken, the mutual consent of the contracting parties sufficing. Once in possession of the bit of paper by which the husband restores to the wife her liberty, she readily regains her lost beauty; two days enabling her to transform her teeth to their pristine pearly whiteness, and two months of nature giving back to her her beautiful dark eyebrows.

In Japan, the respect shown by the lower to the higher classes is extreme. And even between equals the forms of civility are excessive. When two officers or merchants meet in the street they stop still, and before passing exchange grave and profound bows. Even two friends who meet every day are careful never to neglect this ceremony. Among women these forms are still more emphasized. When a friend calls and is once seated on the mat, all bow their foreheads several times to the floor. The first words are thanks for some past service which they really or feignedly call to mind. Then the hostess fills, lights, wipes, and passes to the newcomer her little pipe, and along with it the inevitable cup of tea. It is taken without either milk or sugar. A delicate drink is made from an infusion of peach-blossoms, which is offered to favored guests.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. CORA JONES.—You will learn the fashion of making short piqué dresses from the New York Fashion Article in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 30. Long piqué dresses have gored trained skirts, cut in the manner described in the *Bazar*, and trimmed with bretelles on the waist, edged with narrow fringe, and braided in medallions with white braid. They are also trained in the robe fashion, or sweeping down from the front to define a tunic. Wide braids of mixed colors are used for trimming. Deep pointed cuffs are simulated on the coat-sleeve.

M. L. WALLEY.—Lockets, medallions, or crosses are generally suspended from the ribbon worn around the neck. Black or colored velvet ribbon is used.

SUMMER PALETOTS.—[SEE PAGE 489.]

Summer Paletots.

See illustration, page 488.

Fig. 1. FORTUNIO.—Small paletot of black gros grain, rounded in front and cut up slightly behind, trimmed with a double bias fold of the same material bound with satin, and gros grain scallops bound with satin around the bottom. On the upper part of the paletot a passementerie ornament holds a broad sash of gros grain, which is tied in a large bow below the bottom of the paletot. The ends of the sash fall low down on the skirt, and are edged with scallops and fringe.

Fig. 2. CONTESSINA.—Basque of black faille, almost tight-fitting, and open heart-shaped in front, with a point behind, and two points in front that are crossed in the same manner as a fichu. A belt passing over the basque gathers it slightly at the sides and in the back; this belt is of gros grain, without ends, and with a bow in the middle. A quilling of faille round the edge, and bias folds, and small bows of the same material form the trimming. Loose sleeves.

Fig. 3. DAUPHINESS.—Basquine of black poult de soie, with three pleats at the waist, trimmed round the edge with guipure lace and three bias folds of satin, and caught up at the sides by three large bows of poult de soie. Simulated capuchon of guipure, with satin fan-bow in the middle, from which fall two long ends of guipure. Tight sleeves.

Fig. 4. WATTEAU.—This novel style of Watteau paletot has a back and front but no sides. A round cape, trimmed with fringe and three rows of satin piping, with small bows, is worn over the paletot. The paletot is trimmed like the cape, with several rows of satin piping, terminated with small bows. A broad bias sash, the ends of which are trimmed with fringe, is knotted at the side over the paletot.

Fig. 5. REINE MARGOT.—Tight-fitting jacket of black poult de soie, simulating a vest in front, with five large basques in the form of scutcheons, trimmed with two bias folds of poult de soie and silk fringe. A passementerie ornament is set on the top of the two side basques; the shoulders are likewise trimmed with passementerie.

WHITE LACE BONNET.

GRAY CRAPE BONNET.

BRUSSELS STRAW BONNET.

WHITE PUFFED LACE BONNET.

Fig. 6. PRINTANIÈRE.—This rich garment is composed of a mantilla, cut in large arched scallops, with three seams in the back, and falling straight in front, where it is adjusted to the waist by the aid of a small belt that fastens in front with a clasp. The paletot is completed by a richly embroidered cape, bordered with lace and knotted in the back, the ends forming a long sash which falls below the bottom of the paletot.

Summer Bonnets.

BONNET OF WHITE FIGURED LACE.—Scarf-strings, trimmed with white blonde. The trimming consists of white satin piping, forming a diadem as shown in the illustration, together with wheat, leaves, and grapes, which are set partly on the front and partly on the back of the bonnet. The scarf-strings are fastened together with a spray of flowers.

GRAY CRAPE BONNET.—Scarf of the same, covered with black lace. Wreath of lilac satin flowers and green leaves across the front.

BRUSSELS STRAW BONNET.—The trimming consists of rouleaux of green satin, white blonde, and white flowers.

WHITE PUFFED LACE BONNET.—The back of this bonnet is covered with a scarf, laid in pleats, over which is laid broad white blonde. This scarf is fastened under the chin with a rosette of white watered ribbon, bows of which are also set on the back as shown in the illustration. Trimming of green leaves.

WHITE CRAPE BONNET.—Pleated scarf-strings, edged with narrow blonde, fastened under the chin with a bow of white satin ribbon. Satin strings, tying behind under the chignon. Diadem of feathers.

BROWN STRAW HAT.—This tasteful little hat is trimmed as shown in the illustration, with bows of brown satin ribbon, flowers, and feathers.

WHITE CRAPE BONNET.

BLACK LACE BONNET WITH SPANISH MANTILLA. — These graceful mantillas are almost universally worn with bonnets in Paris; and, as will be seen from our correspondent's letter in another column, there is a fair prospect that bonnets will give way altogether to lace head-coverings. The front of the bonnet in the illustration is trimmed with a diadem formed of jet grelots and beads, with a cluster of dark red flowers at the right side. The mantilla is trimmed with black satin piping and blonde.

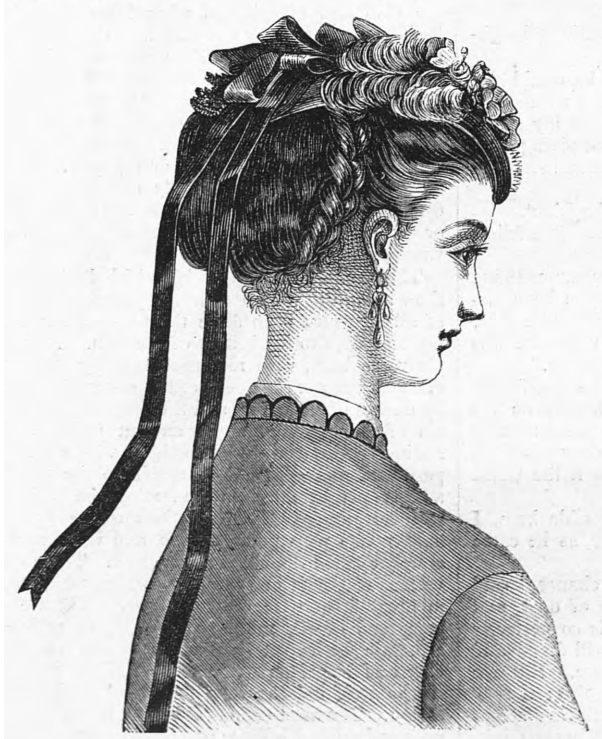
LEGHORN HAT.—This pretty hat is trimmed with satin braids of the same color, and yellow wild roses. A scarf of white lace, edged with blonde, is set on the back.

To Imitate Tortoise-Shell.

ARTICLES of ordinary horn may be made to imitate tortoise-shell very closely by being treated as follows:

Mix together in strong soap-suds a small quantity of quick-lime with the same amount of red-lead; give the horn a coat of it with a small brush, laying it on so as to imitate as nearly as possible the mottled look of the shell. Put on several coats, and let them remain several hours until the stain can penetrate the horn.

Litharge and quick-lime in equal quantities, with a little salt



BROWN STRAW HAT.

BLACK LACE BONNET WITH SPANISH MANTILLA.

LEGHORN HAT.

SUMMER BONNETS.

of tartar, to make it about as thick as paint, will have the same effect. When it has remained on sufficiently long to accomplish the design, it may be cleared off with water and polished.

FIVE YEARS OLD.

IF you want to see a perfect type
  Of a true and genuine boy,
With a love of fun and frolic,
  And a wealth of sport and toy
Just look upon our Willie,
  In his wild unfettered play,
And remember he is five years old—
  But five years old to-day.

He was born amid the war-clouds
  That rolled from hill to shore,
And cradled near the scenes of blood
  Grim visaged battle bore;
But little knew he of the strife,
  Of braves who bit the clay,
For he was but a baby then—
  Though five years old to-day.

Above his tiny infant couch,
  By day and through the night,
A banner hung in ruddy folds—
  The stars and stripes in sight;
And often now he bears that flag
  Where his little comrades play,
A noble patriot-boy is Will—
  Just five years old to-day!

Far hence he'll read the story,
  Of the contest fierce and wild,
That shook this mighty continent,
  When he was but a child;
Now these be all forgotten,
  In this brief natal day;
Our thoughts should be of merrier themes,
  He's five years old to-day!

Be sure a happy life is his,
  No cares his breast invade;
If shadows cross that sunny brow,
  Like morning mists they fade;
His hours glide like the music
  Of some merry roundelay,
Nor wonder when I tell you,
  He's but five years old to-day!

Would that his onward path might be
  Thus ever light with joy!
But years will come and go again,
  And he no more a boy.
Manhood will bring its stern pursuits,
  That leave no time for play,
What reck we of the future?
  He's five years old to-day!

We know he has the qualities
  To make him good and wise,
And from the level of the world
  Amid the great to rise;
Then on the threshold of his years
  Let us devoutly pray,
That God may bless our precious boy,
  Just five years old to-day!

C. C. C.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, *April* 18, 1868.

THE EXTENSION GIANT.

I SUPPOSE you will think it very odd that my son Peter should be going about with an Extension Giant in his pocket. But this is the way that it happened:

Early one morning our maid came up with word that a strange gentleman wished to see me. "And a very strange gentleman he is," said Mollie. "When he was outside he was as tall as a house! and now he is inside, ma'am, he has just shut hisself up into a little man as if he run on slides like a opera-glass. I never see the like, ma'am."

And true enough when I went down stairs I found the stranger trying to fit his size to our parlor, and raising and lowering himself by turns. But when he saw me he took off his hat, and made me a low bow.

"Your servant, Madam," said the Giant. "I want your son Peter."

"Want Peter!"

"Yes," said the Giant; "twice a year I visit all the children with bad habits of which nothing can cure them. And your chimney-elf, an old friend of mine, tells me that she heard you say the other day that your son Peter was so contrary that he spoiled all your pleasure, and that you could not teach him better."

Think of that!

And as I was trying to invent some excuse for Peter, who should come to the door but the child himself? If I had asked him to come in he would have run away! But as I said, "Run away, dear," he clung fast to the door-handle, and began to roar:

"I want to come in! I want to come in!"

And this is how he has an Extension Giant in his pocket—Peter, I mean. For instead of seizing Peter between his thumb and finger, and stepping up chimney, what should the Giant do but shut himself up smaller and smaller till at last he was no larger than your thumb!

And then he jumped into Peter's pocket.

He Is There Now.

And since he has been there the house is in a constant uproar; for Peter can not get him out. We have tried that! And then Peter pulled off the trowsers, and threw them out of window. But there was the misery of dealing with an Extension Giant, who had nothing to do but to stretch himself to his full height, open the second story window, throw in the trowsers, and step in after them! Try as Peter would, the Giant was still fast in his pocket, and what was yet more unfortunate, proved to be twice as contrary as Peter himself.

Just then, of all unlucky times, Uncle George came home from China, with plenty of little stone men and women, and carved ivory boxes, and a present for each of the children in his trunk.

But these presents were only to be delivered to the children that had been good. Fancy our Peter with an Extension Giant in his pocket.

"If he only would go away," sobbed Peter.

"But I am not going," answered the Giant, "and unless you do exactly as I wish, I will pop out of your pocket, and stretch myself full length before your Uncle George, and then he must hear my history. So remember!"

All this while we were running about for cloaks and overshoes, getting ready to meet Uncle George, Peter the briskest and most anxious of any of us, and dancing about on the steps in his hurry to be off.

But just as we were starting, "I am not going," growled the Giant. "It is too cold."

"Then I can change my trowsers," said Peter.

"No, you won't," cried the Giant. "Do you suppose that I will be left here all alone?"

"I *will* go," roared Peter.

Hearing a sobbing and crying, I ran back to see what was the matter. There was the Giant, with one leg in Peter's pocket, and one arm about his neck, while the other arm stretched up the steps to the handle of the door, by which he held fast.

So of course Peter could not stir, and when Uncle George asked, "Why did not little Peter come also?" I was obliged to answer, "It was not convenient."

All the time that we were away Peter spent in crying; but at last the Giant said to him, "I hear the carriage. You had better go up stairs and wash and dress yourself."

Peter went up stairs, and, having taken his bath, began to feel in better humor. He brushed his hair, he blacked his shoes, and then he took up his trowsers.

"But no," said the Giant, who sat on a chair, reading; "you can not put them on yet."

"Why not?" asked Peter.

"I have found an interesting story," answered the Giant. "Pray do not look so impatient. You should consider that it can not be very amusing to be carried about on your leg all day."

"Then I can put on the trowsers, and you can come when you like."

"No you won't," answered the Giant.

"We will see about that," cries Peter, picking up the trowsers in a rage; but lo! they were shut up, as tight as if they had been sewed, and he could not open them. Of course, then, he could not get into them.

Peter went to find another pair. "You need not disturb yourself," remarked the Giant, "I have the key of your clothes' closet in my pocket."

Peter sat down in his drawers and shoes and waited. The bell rang for dinner.

"Very funny! ha, ha!" exclaimed the Giant, laughing as he stopped to turn over a leaf.

The people went to dinner, and Peter could hear the clatter of dishes and the rattle of spoons and forks; but there sat the Giant, reading and laughing to himself still; and there sat Peter in his shoes and drawers. The people went away from dinner, and sat down in the parlor, and Peter could hear his Uncle George talk, and such words as "Porcelain Tower," "Pig Tails," "Shipwrecks."

My poor little Peter! the tears rolled down his cheeks. "You are an ugly, wicked, spiteful Giant," said Peter.

"Yes," said the Giant, "I always had a contrary nature. I am something like a little boy who always wanted to go out when his mamma and sisters wished to stay in, and always wanted to make a noise when they wished to be quiet, and always found fault with whatever pleased them."

Peter hung down his head, and the Giant shut up his book and hopped into Peter's trowsers'-pocket. Oh, how glad was Peter, for he was so hungry! You might say that he flew down the stairs, and though the dinner was quite cold it tasted delicious.

"If that is so nice, I will try a mouthful myself," observed the Giant, stretching his neck out of Peter's trowsers'-pocket, and proceeding to help himself.

"But I am in such a hurry," pleaded Peter. "I have not seen Uncle George yet."

"And I am so hungry."

"Why do you always want something that just spoils what I want?" cried Peter, nearly beside himself as the Giant kept on eating and eating and eating.

"I suppose because I am so contrary," answered the Giant, with his mouth full.

Peter groaned. Think of being obliged to stand before a table with a great, greedy, gluttonous, tiresome Giant, who ate till Peter began to hope that he would never be able to get back in the pocket again. But there was no such comfort for Peter. When he had eaten the dinner of ten men the Giant shut himself up as small as ever and popped back again.

By this time it was quite dark, and Uncle George was telling the children such a delightful story that all the grown people could not help listening also. They were very still, for Uncle George had a weak voice and disliked a noise. So, of course, at the most interesting point, our Giant begins to rattle the marbles in Peter's pocket.

"S-s-h," said Peter.

"Sha'n't!" said the Giant. "I don't care for the stupid story! I am having a nice game here."

Uncle George raised his voice, and gave Peter a vexed look.

The Giant dropped a marble from Peter's pocket. It fell and rolled on the marble hearth with a loud noise.

"Why can't you be quiet?" said Peter.

"I always had a contrary disposition," returned the Giant, clicking a slate-pencil on the table.

"I am surprised," said Peter's father, much disturbed by all this whispering and buzzing. "Peter, leave the room and go to bed."

Peter was very sorry not to hear the story, but the day had been so wretched that he thought he should be glad to go to sleep. But as he was getting down among the pillows something hit his nose. The Giant had rolled up his trowsers and thrown them at him.

"Let me alone," said Peter. "I am sleepy."

"I am not," replied the Giant. "I want some fun;" and he pulled out the pillows from under Peter's head.

"Stop," said Peter.

Then the Giant began to shut himself up and stretch himself out so fast that it made Peter wink to see him, and he could not possibly go to sleep.

And then, making himself very small, he sat up on the bedpost, and tickled Peter's nose with a feather till Peter could hold his eyes open no longer, and fell asleep in spite of him.

Peter slept late. When he opened his eyes it was not only daylight, but the bell was ringing for breakfast. Peter attempted to get up, but something was in his way!—the Giant, stretched out at his longest, had curled himself all about the bed, and was snoring.

"Let me out," said Peter.

"Let me alone," answered the Giant.

"But I want to get up."

"And I choose to sleep."

"Oh, *how* disagreeable a contrary person is!" said Peter.

The Giant turned on his other side, and snored harder than ever. Nine o'clock! Ten o'clock! The sun shone in Peter's eyes. His head ached. He was so tired!

"Why did you not sleep last night when I was sleepy?" asked Peter. "Then you could get up when I am ready."

"Why when your mamma gives you an order do you always try to do something else?" returned the Giant. "Because you are contrary. Well, I am contrary."

Then he snored for another hour. And by that time Uncle George had gone, saying:

"I think little Peter has altered very much. He used to be fond of me, but I have scarcely seen him at all."

Poor Peter! his heart was full, but he was determined not to cry again for the "nasty Giant," as he called him; and getting a book he began to read. When he was nicely in the middle of the story the Giant began to shake him.

Peter took no notice.

"Come," said the Giant, "this won't do."

"What won't?"

"We must have a run out of doors."

"But it is cold. I want to read."

"I want fresh air."

"Go and get it, then," said Peter.

"Not without you," answered the Giant; but Peter continued to read.

The Giant sent Peter's book spinning out of his hand. Peter sat still in his chair. The Giant stuck one leg out of Peter's pocket, and began to spin around on it like a top; of course Peter could not help spinning around with him.

"Stop! I am dizzy!" cried Peter.

"Come out and walk, then."

So Peter went to walk with the Extension Giant. And whichever way he turned the Giant said, "No, we must take the other way." And if Peter walked fast the Giant threw out one leg and dragged it, so that Peter could barely get on at all; but when Peter was tired the Giant said, continually, "Hurry, now. Do you suppose I want to be all day on the road?"

"What does ail you?" said Peter at last.

"Oh! I was always contrary, you know," answered the Giant.

Peter now noticed that they were walking in a street that he had never seen before.

"Where are we?" he asked the Giant.

"In a fine country for people like you and me," said the Giant. "This is the country where every thing is contrary. So take care of yourself."

"How take care?" asked Peter.

"Oh, you will see," replied the Giant, laughing.

Peter wondered very much how he would see. Just then he spied a fine hill covered with snow.

"Oh, I am so glad that I brought my sled," he cried, running up to the top, and giving himself a shove. The sled moved a little and stopped. The hill had suddenly flattened.

"What is the matter?" asked the Giant.

"Why, you can't think how it makes a fellow feel," said Peter.

"Oh yes, I can; or at least your mamma can. From your contrary nature you have disappointed her many a time, exactly like that. Not about sleds, to be sure, but when she was expecting something very nice from you."

They walked on till they reached a fine frozen pond. Peter began at once to buckle on his skates, but at his first step the ice suddenly dissolved, and Peter went down over his head in water, and would have drowned if the Giant had not caught him.

"How does any boy skate or slide here, I should like to know?" asked Peter, as he came out, sulky and dripping.

"Very few boys ever get the chance," said the Giant; "for here every grain of dust, and drop of water, and atom of air is so perfectly contrary that, as you see, the ice will dissolve if you only say you are going to skate. But the way in which the boys manage is this: If they have a sled they keep it covered till they are at the top of the hill, and then, before you can wink, they are down the hill like lightning. Just so with skates. You must turn your back and buckle on your skates, and then, if you are swift and sure on your skates, you may get across before the ice has time to dissolve. It is dangerous work, however, and no boy, unless he is brought up in the country, should ever attempt it. I have known a boy whose neck was broken on his sled. As he was half-way down the hill it flattened suddenly."

"What an uncomfortable country!" said Peter.

"Yes," answered the Giant. "Contrary things are always uncomfortable. But I am tired. Let us sit down on this bench."

Peter was willing enough to rest, but as he was sitting down the bench jumped from under him, and he came to the ground with a tremendous thump.

"Dear me!" said the Giant, "you should have popped down on it instantly."

"I call such a country mean!" cried Peter, getting up, red and angry. Just then he spied some fine flowers growing in the open window of a house near by. To hide his mortification Peter went up to peep in the window and smell the flowers, which sent out a delicious odor. But as he bent his head the flowers shut up flat, and ran a long thorn into his nose.

Peter turned away, ready to cry. "I am going home," he said.

At once the road, which lay straight before him, doubled, twisted, turned about, and ran in every direction.

"Now what are we to do?" exclaimed Peter, much frightened.

"Why, sit down and enjoy the pleasant sun," answered the Giant; and you would have thought that he had snuffed the sun out, so instantly did it disappear, leaving the sky covered with clouds.

"But if the sun pops out whenever any body likes it," said Peter, "how do they have any settled weather?"

"They never do have any," replied the Giant. "A country of contraries is like a perverse person. You can never say what will happen in the next five minutes; and whatever you do you wish you had done something else! The way to manage is this. Say, I hope we shall have no sun. I dislike the heat. See! there it is out again. And when you are going on a journey you must name the opposite direction, and then your road will take you where you wish. We will not go home to-night, will we, Peter? See now! here we are at your mother's door!"

"But your atoms of dust and water are stupid," remarked Peter. "They are all the time being cheated."

"Exactly," said the Giant. "So is a contrary person."

The Extension Giant is still in Peter's pocket; but Peter has grown so much afraid of being "contrary" that I think we shall soon be rid of him.

THE HYGIENE OF BEAUTY.

IF the care and cultivation of personal beauty were merely a means of increasing human attractiveness, they would justly claim the consideration of us all; for it is our duty to make ourselves mutually agreeable. There is hardly Puritanism enough nowadays to deny this. It would be difficult, we suppose, to find another Mrs. Praise-God Barebones, who so grieved at the beauty of her daughter that she never ceased exhorting her to hang her head, poke out her neck, turn in her toes, and otherwise distort her naturally fair proportions, lest they might please the ungodly. If there are any such mothers extant we would remind them that health and good looks are so closely associated that it is almost impossible to have one without the other. Thus, while with the least natural affection they can not refuse our advice in regard to the former, they will be obliged to accept our counsels for the improvement of the latter.

The first great law of beauty, as of health, is cleanliness, which, moreover, being "next to godliness," is allied to piety. Moses and Mohammed both recommended frequent ablutions, and every good Mussulman not only prays, but washes five times a day. Pure water is the best of all agents of cleanliness. It should neither be very cold nor hot. It is most favorable to the beauty of the skin and complexion when lukewarm. A bath is taken daily by the wise, and should be by every person. Its temperature, when used for the toilette only, should not be more or less than 70° Fahrenheit. Rain or river water is the best, and soap is the only addition ordinarily required. After a bath of the proper kind the skin becomes softer, more flexible, sleek, and glossy. The body should always be rapidly and thoroughly dried, and a brisk walk or some active exercise or other for a few minutes afterward will be advantageous.

The various Russian and Turkish baths, and the whole so-called hydropathic system, the effect of all of which is to force the perspiration, are not favorable to the beauty of the skin. A simple vapor-bath, with moderate rubbing, may be allowed, but not the floods of hot steam, followed by dashes of ice-water, and the dislocating process of shampooing. The ancient practice of anointing the body after bathing with oil and perfumed unguents was favorable to the health and beauty of the skin, and might be revived with advantage. The Egyptians rub away the hard points with pumice-stone, and when moderately applied the effect seems good. There are various emollient and perfumed baths, which are in great favor with the luxurious. These are composed of oil, milk, butter-milk, or various aromatic herbs. The famous beauty of the Court of Napoleon I., Madame Tallien, was in the habit of bathing herself in strawberries and cream. The most serious objection to the use of milk and other drinkable and edible materials for the female bath is the chance of these being served to meet the demands of the public appetite after having satisfied the requirements of the private

toilette. In fact, the milk used to lave the limbs of a luxurious Parisian dame, becoming the perquisite of her *femme de chambre*, was traced from the bathing-tub to the breakfast-table. The best of all emollient baths is that made of bran and water. Flax-seed is also a good ingredient. For an aromatic bath there is nothing better than lavender, which derives its name from this use. The French *pôte d'amandes*, made of almonds, ground rice, orris root, essence of lavender, cloves, etc., is often added by the Parisian dames to their baths, and its effect is highly appreciated by them.

There is nothing more unfavorable to female beauty than late hours. Women who, either from necessity or choice, spend most of the day in bed and the night at work or in dissipation, have always a pale, faded complexion, and darkly-rimmed and wearied eyes. Too much sleep is almost as hurtful as too little, and is sure to bloat the person with a pallid, unwholesome fat.

The diet has a marked influence upon personal beauty. Generous living is favorable to good looks, as it tends to fill out and give color and sleekness to the skin. A gross and excessive indulgence, however, in eating and drinking, is fatal to female charms, especially where there is a great tendency to "making flesh." Regularity of time in the daily repasts, and scientific cooking, are the best means of securing not only good health but good looks. The appetite should never be wasted during the intervals between meals on pastry, confectionery, or any other tickler of the appetite, which gratifies the taste but does not support the system. There is an old French saying, of the fifteenth century, to this effect:

"To rise at five, to dine at nine,
To sup at five, to sleep at nine,
Will make you live to ninety-nine."

This proverb, inasmuch as it inculcates early rising and early going to bed, with regularity of eating and drinking, is as worthy of acceptance now as ever.

Exercise is, of course, essential to personal beauty. It animates the whole physical life, quickens the circulation of the blood, heightens the color, develops the growth, and perfects the form of each limb and the entire body. It also gives elasticity and grace to every movement.

Swimming, which is so generally neglected by women, is one of the best possible exercises for growing girls. It requires a regularity of movement favorable to graceful development, especially of the chest and hips.

Dancing is also an excellent exercise, but not as it is generally practiced. Nothing, in fact, can be more hurtful to the health than the fashionable balls in overcrowded rooms, where the atmosphere is hot and pestilential, the excitement intense and sensual, and the indulgence in eating and drinking excessive and untimely. The dance, to be healthful, should be in the open air or in well-ventilated rooms, and should consist not of the stiff, mincing paces of the modern beau and belle, but of the hearty shake-downs and double-shuffles of their grandams and grandsires.

The game of battle-door and shuttle-cock is good, and so is the *croquet* now in vogue; but both should be played always in the open air, and with an outdoor freshness of spirit, and not the tameness of drawing-room attitudes and manners.

Gymnastics, or calisthenics, as they are sometimes called, should be a branch of all education, and especially of that of girls. Anthropology, or in fact any other ology, is comparatively unimportant when compared with that art which is essential to the development of the physical vigor and beauty of woman. It was in the gymnasium where the Greek woman formed herself into that immortal model of graceful proportion which all admire and strive to imitate, but neither modern art nor nature can reach.

Walking is the most obvious mode of exercising the body, but is so embarrassed by the awkward drapery of fashion that it has become an artificial movement, which is by no means favorable to the grace and health of the body. The frame should be free of every constricting band or tight garment, and the foot covered with a shoe adapted to its natural shape, so as to admit of perfect ease of posture and facility of movement. With the form thus emancipated it should move in walking so briskly as to quicken the circulation, bring a good warmth to the skin, and a moderate perspiration. Horseback exercise is particularly favorable to female form, attitude, and grace. It is, moreover, held to be the best preventive of an excessive lustiness.

The chief rule in regard to dress is that it should never be worn so as to interfere with the natural action and movement of the body. All tight-fitting coverings which check the circulation of the blood, pain the acute sensibility of the nerves, and impede muscular motion, are injurious not only to health but to beauty of color as well as form. The Greeks and Romans seldom covered their heads; but this exposure is said to have favored a precocious furrowing of the forehead and corners of the eyes with wrinkles. We Americans are apt to keep our heads not only covered out of doors but indoors. This habit is particularly injurious to the hair, and is a common cause of baldness. The hat, bonnet, or cap, should be generally light, as, with the natural covering of the hair, the head does not require much additional protection. There should be always, although there is seldom or never, a front piece sufficiently wide to shade the eyes and upper part of the face. In putting on the child's hat or cap, care should be taken that the ears lie smooth under the rim—which, moreover, should never be stiff and hard. The practice of lining the hat with an impermeable stuff, such as oil-silk and varnished leather, is bad, as it prevents the evaporation of the perspiration, which, remaining on the skin and irritating it, frequently produces a redness of the forehead and sometimes ugly pimples. The baring of the face, shoulders, arms, and legs of young children, with a view of displaying their tender charms, is a great folly, and fatal to health and beauty. The fashionable full-dress of our dames, which seems to mean as scanty dress as possible, is neither modest, wholesome, nor favorable to feminine charms. The veil is an excellent article of apparel, not only as a protection against the winter's cold but the summer's heat, the dust, and the light. The kid glove is particularly favorable to the beauty of the skin of the hand, which it renders smooth and flexible. It should, however, not be worn as pinching as it generally is, with the view of giving the hand a false semblance of smallness. The fashionable shoe is altogether faulty. Its high and misplaced heel throws the toes forward and pinches them, weakens the arch of the foot, and gives a tottering step to the walk which becomes graceless, unsettles the balance of the body, and disfigures its form.

If women will wear corsets care should be taken to have them properly adapted to their natural forms. The pressure of a corset should be particularly slight where it is brought in contact with those organs which are the most sensible and the least resisting. Its elasticity should be so great that it does not oppose the least obstacle to the freest movement of the ribs and the dilatation of the stomach. Above it should be so full as to hold the breasts without compressing them; and there should be no shoulder-straps. The whalebones and the steel springs should be so numerous, thin, flexible, and well-placed, as not to press painfully any where or embarrass the free movement of the chest. Instead of the busk or corset-bone fixed in the centre, generally made of a broad and tough piece of inelastic wood, there should be two pieces of narrow whalebone, separated from each other by elastic tissue. The corset, moreover, should follow the line of the figure, and indicate, not counterfeit, the natural waist. Young girls should never be allowed to put on a pair of corsets before they have reached womanhood; and, when once assumed, care should be taken to adapt them to every change of development.

Finally, the best means of acquiring and preserving good looks is the proper culture of the understanding and affections. A quick intelligence and a gentle sentiment will be reflected purely in the coarsest medium, and endow the homeliest face with an attractiveness beyond that of all charms of mere form and complexion.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

THE Parisian world has recently been saddened by two cases of mental derangement in well-known men, beloved by a large circle of friends. One of these, Eugene Forcade, the distinguished critic of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, is still in a very alarming state of health. The other, the Deputy, Henri Didier, appeared a few days since, dressed as a Turk, at the house of M. Rouher, who saw at a glance that he was insane. He was sent at once to a lunatic asylum, where he received proper medical care, notwithstanding which he survived the frightful attack but a few days. M. Didier was unmarried, and possessed a large fortune. He left three million francs by will to the *artiste*, Madame Denain, formerly of the Comedie Française; three hundred thousand francs to Alexandre Dumas, *fils*; a hundred thousand francs to the celebrated writer, Edmond About; a hundred thousand francs to a lady friend; and twenty thousand francs to Victorien Sardou.

The Camp of St. Maur, just opened to the public, is about to become a resort for fair promenaders, like the Camp of Vincennes a few years ago. The encampment is occupied by native Zouaves from Algeria, commanded by General Bourbaki. Their Arab costumes, bronzed faces, and manners and customs so different from our own, excite much interest and curiosity.

As every thing at Paris is turned into an occasion for dress, camp toilettes are already in preparation for the promenades to St. Maur. These are composed of skirts of English worsted serge or cashmere, trimmed on the bottom with a pleated flounce. Over this skirt is worn a polonaise, in the Marie Leczinska style; that is, caught up at the sides by broad sash ends, surmounted by flat bows, and trimmed with passementerie set on in brandenburgs. The corsage is plain and high, and is open in front, showing a stomacher, unstarched, and usually with a frill. The sleeves are close, with cuffs trimmed on the top with passementerie. Some add *aiguillettes* of silk, fastened to the left shoulder, to this costume, which is usually of one color, oftenest of black, though lighter colors will probably be more worn as spring advances. Black, however, was never so much in vogue as it has been for some time past, and now black mantelets are reappearing, the necessary accompaniment to the mantillas, the indispensable appendage to all bonnets.

The truth of this was evident on Easter Sunday, at the chapel of the Tuileries, where, after mass, was celebrated the baptism of two children whose fathers are the representatives of the new and old French aristocracy. One was the son of Marshal Canrobert; the other, of the Duke de Montmorency de Talleyrand-Périgord. The Emperor and Empress had consented to be the godfather and godmother of the two illustrious babes. The Empress wore a dress of pearl-gray silk with long train, flounced behind but not in front, a black lace shawl and bonnet, with black and white aigrette.

Prince Murat lately gathered together the most select portion of the official world to celebrate the betrothal of his son, M. Achille Murat, to the Princess of Mingrelia, whose beauty attracted such attention last winter at the court balls. The frequenters of the court must have often remarked the Dowager Princess, who is still possessed of great beauty, and who wears magnificent jewels, especially a diamond and emerald serpent of prodigious value, worn according to the dress as a necklace, belt, or diadem. The young princess is extremely pretty. She is tall and slender, with large black eyes, magnificent hair, and that regularity of features which characterizes the Caucasian race to which she belongs. Her brother is likewise very remarkable for his beauty, which is set off by the Mingrelian uniform of white cloth, belted round the waist, with close-fitting pantaloons and high boots.

On this brilliant occasion the toilettes were magnificent. I cite as specimens those of the Countess d'Orbe and her daughter. The Countess wore a dress of black lace, caught up as a tunic over black satin, with yellow Persian roses and beetle green leaves. The immense train behind, with a flounce of black lace, sloped on each side from under broad sash ends which fell from the waist. The corsage was *décolletée*, very low in the middle of the front, where it disclosed a black satin bodice, covered with Brazilian topazes, forming flowers with leaves of green enamel. The coiffure was a *pouf* of yellow roses, confined by a topaz agrafe.

The young girl's toilette was as fresh as her twenty summers—a dress of white tulle *bouillonnée en muage*, with large puffings of tulle, caught up by three bias folds of green silk, in the middle of which were fastened three bias folds of tulle. This sash surrounded a beautiful cluster of eglantines of different colors, which formed, as it were, a large cockade on the skirt about the height of the knee. Very small clusters of eglantine, inserted in the puffings of the panniers, seemed to fasten them to the skirt. The Watteau corsage, somewhat high on the shoulders and square in front and behind, was of white puffed tulle, with a narrow piping of green silk around the puffs. A bouquet was fastened at the side near the left shoulder. White blonde, rather high and *à pied droit*—that is, standing up at the sides on the shoulder instead of falling in the form of a bertha—surrounded the waist. This manner of wearing lace is quite new, as well as the large round crowns with a high diadem which many ladies wore at Prince Murat's assembly. These are the invention of Leroy, now the Empress's hair-dresser, who made her wear a crown of this sort, composed of violets and diamonds, when she was lately in half mourning.

The Empress has greatly contributed to the abandonment of the bonnet, which is giving way more and more for the mantilla, as is very natural on the part of a Spanish sovereign. In the ceremonies of Passion-Week she even absolutely prohibited bonnets. At the grand concert which took place on Good Friday in the chapel of the Tuileries all the ladies were required to attend with the head covered with a black veil, as is done at Rome when one goes to the Vatican for the ceremonies of the *functions* (*Funzioni* of St. Peter at Rome). It is very probable that nothing but mantillas will be worn before long. The bonnets are already accompanied with lace mantelets, which fall on the waist, crossing in front, and furnished with tabs that tie behind like a *ceinture pans*.

The Prince Imperial is expected to-morrow. He returns to Paris after visiting Cherbourg, where he was cordially welcomed, it is said, by the fleet and the people. He could not have seen much of the latter, save their backs and their faces, for he was constantly surrounded by so numerous a staff that he always seemed walking amidst a crowd. He has just made his first communion, and entered his thirteenth year. He is a child of delicate appearance, small for his age, fair haired, pale, and very much freckled; with large and beautiful light-blue eyes, and an air of great gentleness. He still limps, slightly. At Paris he is usually dressed in the Breton costume, entirely of black velvet; a full round jacket, full breeches reaching to the knees, red or violet stockings, and kid gaiters or shoes, trimmed with bows. On his journey to Cherbourg he wore the uniform of a sergeant of the Imperial Guard, which was not nearly so becoming to him as a dress more suited to his age.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

GASTRONOMY.

SAVOY CAKE.—To make this cake with a hot mixture of the ingredients: Take one pound of loaf-sugar, powdered, one pint of good eggs, and fourteen ounces of flour. Warm a pan, free from grease, with the sugar in it in the oven until you can scarcely bear your hand against it; then take it out and pour in the eggs; whisk the whole together with a birch or wire whisk until it is quite light and cold, when it will be white and thick. If it should not whisk up well, warm it again and beat it as before; or it may be beat over the stove-fire until it is of the warmth of new milk. When it is finished, sift the flour and stir it in lightly with a spoon, adding a few drops of essence of lemon to flavor it. Butter some tin or copper moulds regularly, so that there is not more on one place than another, nor too thick either, with rather less on the top of the mould than the sides. Dust it with loaf-sugar sifted through a lawn sieve. Knock out all that does not adhere, and again dust it with fine flour; turn it out and knock the mould on the board as before. Tie or pin a piece of buttered paper round the mould, so as to come two or three inches above the bottom. Fix the mould in a stand and nearly fill it. Bake in a moderate oven. When done, the top should be firm and dry. Try it by pushing in a small piece of stick or whisk, and if it comes out dry, it is done. The surface of the cake should be quite smooth. There is as much art in buttering the mould properly as in preparing the mixture, if not more.

RICE BREAD.—Boil a quarter of a pound of rice till quite soft, put it on a sieve to drain, when cold mix it well with three-quarters of a pound of flour and a spoonful of yeast; let it stand for three hours to rise, then knead it up, and roll it in about a handful of flour so as to make it dry enough to put in the oven: about an hour and a quarter will bake it. It should not be cut till a day or two old, and then looks like a honeycomb.

CORD AND CREESE;

OR,

THE BRANDON MYSTERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB."

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE MALAY'S VENGEANCE.

SOME hours afterward Despard called Brandon outside the cottage, and walked along the bank which overhung the beach. Arriving at a point several hundred yards distant from the cottage he stopped. Brandon noticed a deeper gloom upon his face and a sterner purpose on his resolute mouth.

"I have called you aside," said Despard, "to say that I am going on a journey. I may be back immediately. If I do not return, will you say to any one who may ask"—and here he paused for a moment—"say to any one who may ask, that I have gone away on important business, and that the time of my coming is uncertain."

"I suppose you can be heard of at Holby, in case of need."

"I am never going back again to Holby."

Brandon looked surprised.

"To one like you," said Despard, "I do not object to tell my purpose. You know what it is to seek for vengeance. The only feeling that I have is that. Love, tenderness, affection, all are idle words with me.

"There are three who pre-eminently were concerned in my father's death," continued Despard. "One was Cigole. The Carbonari have him. Langhetti tells me that he must die, unless he himself interposes to save him. And I think Langhetti will never so interpose. Langhetti is dying—another stimulus to vengeance.

"The one who has been the cause of this is Clark, another one of my father's murderers. He is in the hands of the law. His punishment is certain.

"There yet remains the third, and the worst. Your vengeance is satisfied on him. Mine is not. Not even the sight of that miscreant in the attitude of a bereaved father could for one moment move me to pity. I took note of the agony of his face. I watched his grief with joy. I am going to complete that joy. He must die, and no mortal can save him from my hands."

The deep, stern tones of Despard were like the knell of doom, and there was in them such determinate vindictiveness that Brandon saw all remonstrance to be useless.

He marked the pale sad face of this man. He saw in it the traces of sorrow of longer standing than any which he might have felt about the manuscript that he had read. It was the face of a man who had suffered so much that life had become a burden.

"You are a clergyman," said Brandon at length, with a faint hope that an appeal to his profession might have some effect.

Despard smiled cynically.

"I am a man," said he.

"Can not the discovery of a sister," asked Brandon, "atone in some degree for your grief about your father?"

Despard shook his head wearily.

"No," said he, "I must do something, and only one purpose is before me now. I see your motive. You wish to stop short of taking that devil's life. It is useless to remonstrate. My mind is made up. Perhaps I may come back unsuccessful. If so—I must be resigned, I suppose. At any rate you know my purpose, and can let those who ask after me know, in a general way, what I have said."

With a slight bow Despard walked away, leaving Brandon standing there filled with thoughts which were half mournful, half remorseful.

On leaving Brandon Despard went at once to the inn. The crowd without had dwindled away to half a dozen people, who were still talking about the one event of the day. Making his way through these he entered the inn.

The landlord stood there with a puzzled face, discussing with several friends the case of the day. More particularly he was troubled by the sudden departure of the old man, who about an hour previously had started off in a great hurry, leaving no directions whatever as to what was to be done with the body up stairs. It was this which now perplexed the landlord.

Despard listened attentively to the conversation. The landlord mentioned that Potts had taken the road to Brandon. The servant who had been with the young man had not been seen. If the old man should not return what was to be done?

This was enough for Despard, who had his horse saddled without delay and started also on the Brandon road. He rode on swiftly for some time, hoping to overtake the man whom he pursued. He rode, however, several miles without coming in sight of him or of any one like him. At last he reached that hollow which had been the scene of his encounter with Clark. As he descended into it he saw a group of men by the road-side surrounding some object. In the middle of the road was a farmer's wagon, and a horse was standing in the distance.

Despard rode up and saw the prostrate figure of a man. He dismounted. The farmers stood aside and disclosed the face.

It was Potts.

Despard stooped down. It was already dusk; but even in that dim light he saw the coils of a thin cord wound tightly about the neck of this victim, from one end of which a leaden bullet hung down.

By that light also he saw the hilt of a weapon

which had been plunged into his heart, from which the blood had flowed in torrents.

It was a Malay creese. Upon the handle was carven a name:

JOHN POTTS.

CHAPTER LIX.

Δεῦτε τελευταῖον ἄσπασμον δῶμεν.

THE excitement which had prevailed through the village of Denton was intensified by the arrival there of the body of the old man. For his mysterious death no one could account except one person.

That one was Brandon, whom Despard surprised by his speedy return, and to whom he narrated the circumstances of the discovery. Brandon knew who it was that could wield that cord, what arm it was that had held that weapon, and what heart it was that was animated by sufficient vengeance to strike these blows.

Despard, finding his purpose thus unexpectedly taken away, remained in the village and waited. There was one whom he wished to see again. On the following day Frank Brandon arrived from London. He met Langhetti with deep emotion, and learned from his brother the astonishing story of Edith.

On the following day that long-lost sister herself appeared in company with Mrs. Thornton. Her form, always fragile, now appeared frailer than ever, her face had a deeper pallor, her eyes an intenser lustre, her expression was more unearthly. The joy which the brothers felt at finding their sister was subdued by an involuntary awe which was inspired by her presence. She seemed to them as she had seemed to others, like one who had arisen from the dead.

At the sight of her Langhetti's face grew radiant—all pain seemed to leave him. She bent over him, and their wan lips met in the only kiss which they had ever exchanged, with all that deep love which they had felt for one another. She sat by his bedside. She seemed to appropriate him to herself. The others acknowledged this quiet claim and gave way to it.

As she kissed Langhetti's lips he murmured faintly:

"I knew you would come."

"Yes," said Edith. "We will go together."

"Yes, sweetest and dearest," said Langhetti. "And therefore we meet now never to part again."

She looked at him fondly.

"The time of our deliverance is near, oh my friend."

"Near," repeated Langhetti, with a smile of ecstasy—"near. Yes, you have already by your presence brought me nearer to my immortality."

Mrs. Thornton was pale and wan; and the shock which she felt at the sight of her brother at first overcame her.

Despard said nothing to her through the day, but as evening came on he went up to her and in a low voice said, "Let us take a walk."

Mrs. Thornton looked at him earnestly, and then put on her bonnet. It was quite dark as they left the house. They walked along the road. The sea was on their left.

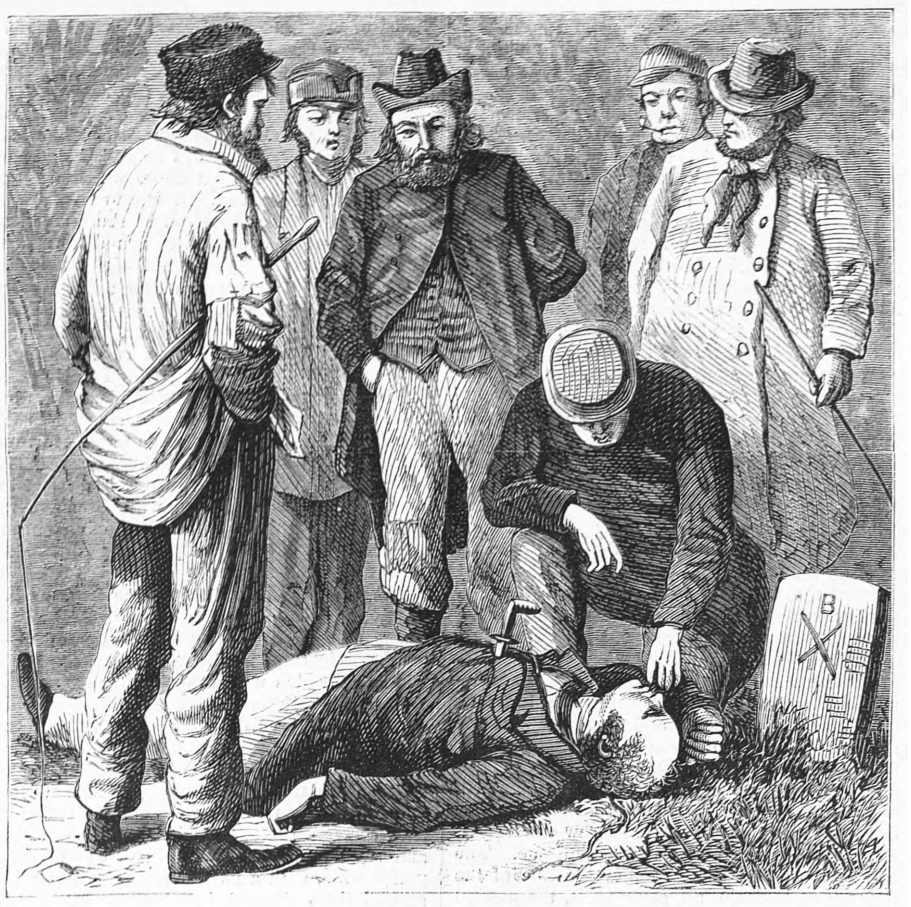
"This is the last that we shall see of one another, Little Playmate," said Despard, after a long silence. "I have left Holby forever."

"Left Holby! Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Thornton, anxiously.

"To join the army."

"The army!"

"Little Playmate," said Despard, "even my discovery of my father's death has not changed me. Even my thirst for vengeance could not take the place of my love. Listen—I flung myself with all the ardor that I could command into the pursuit of my father's murderers. I forced myself to an unnatural pitch of pitilessness and vindictiveness. I set out to pursue one of the



"IT WAS POTTS."

worst of these men with the full determination to kill him. God saved me from blood-guiltiness. I found the man dead in the road. After this all my passion for vengeance died out, and I was brought face to face with the old love and the old despair. But each of us would die rather than do wrong, or go on in a wrong course. The only thing left for us is to separate forever."

"Yes, forever," murmured Mrs. Thornton.

"Ah, Little Playmate," he continued, taking her hand, "you are the one who was not only my sweet companion but the bright ideal of my youth. You always stood transfigured in my eyes. You, Teresa, were in my mind something perfect—a bright, brilliant being unlike any other. Whether you were really what I believed you mattered not so far as the effect upon me was concerned. You were at once a real and an ideal being. I believed in you, and believe in you yet.

"I was not a lover; I was a devotee. My feelings toward you are such as Dante describes his feelings toward his Beatrice. My love is tender and reverential. I exalt you to a plane above my own. What I say may sound extravagant to you, but it is actual fact with me. Why it should be so I can not tell. I can only say—I am so made.

"We part, and I leave you; but I shall be like Dante, I suppose, and as the years pass, instead of weakening my love they will only refine it and purify it. You will be to me a guardian angel, a patron saint—your name shall always mingle with my prayers. Is it impious to name your name in prayer? I turn away from you because I would rather suffer than do wrong. May I not pray for my darling?"

"I don't know what to do," said Mrs. Thornton, wearily. "Your power over me is fearful. Lama, I would do any thing for your sake. You talk about your memories; it is not for me to speak about mine. Whether you idealize me or not, after all, you must know what I really am."

"Would you be glad never to see me again?"

The hand which Despard held trembled.

"If you would be happier," said she.

"Would you be glad if I could conquer this love of mine, and meet you again as coolly as a common friend?"

"I want you to be happy, Lama," she replied. "I would suffer myself to make you happy."

She was weeping.—Despard folded her in his arms.

"This once," said he, "the only time, Little Playmate, in this life."

She wept upon his breast.

"Τελευταῖον ἄσπασμον δῶμεν," said Despard, murmuring in a low voice the opening of the song of the dead, so well known, so often sung, so fondly remembered—the song which bids farewell to the dead when the friends bestow the "last kiss."

He bent down his head. Her head fell. His lips touched her forehead.

She felt the beating of his heart; she felt his frame tremble from head to foot; she heard his deep-drawn breathing, every breath a sigh.

"It is our last farewell," said he, in a voice of agony.

Then he tore himself away, and, a few minutes later, was riding from the village.

CHAPTER LX.

CONCLUSION.

A MONTH passed. Despard gave no sign. A short note which he wrote to Brandon announced his arrival at London, and informed him that important affairs required his departure abroad.

The cottage was but a small place, and Brandon determined to have Langhetti conveyed to the Hall. An ambulance was obtained from Exeter, and on this Langhetti and Edith were taken away.

On arriving at Brandon Hall Beatrice found her diary in its place of concealment, the memory of old sorrows which could never be forgotten. But those old sorrows were passing away now, in the presence of her new joy.

And yet that joy was darkened by the cloud of a new sorrow. Langhetti was dying. His frail form became more and more attenuated every day, his eyes more lustrous, his face more spiritual. Down every step of that way which led to the grave Edith went with him, seeming in her own face and form to promise a speedier advent in that spirit-world where she longed to arrive. Beside these Beatrice watched, and Mrs. Thornton added her tender care.

Day by day Langhetti grew worse. At last one day he called for his violin. He had caused it to be sent for on a previous occasion, but had never used it. His love for music was satisfied by the songs of Beatrice. Now he wished to exert his own skill with the last remnants of his strength.

Langhetti was propped up by pillows, so that he might hold the instrument. Near him Edith reclined on a sofa. Her large, lustrous eyes were fixed on him. Her breathing, which came and went rapidly, showed her utter weakness and prostration.

Langhetti drew his bow across the strings.

It was a strange, sweet sound, weak, but sweet beyond all words—a long, faint, lingering tone, which rose and died and rose again, bearing away the souls of those who heard it into a realm of enchantment and delight.

That tone gave strength to Langhetti. It was as though some unseen power had been invoked and had come to his aid. The tones came forth more strongly, on firmer pinions, flying from the strings and towering through the air.

The strength of these tones seemed to emanate from some unseen power; so also did their meaning. It was a meaning beyond what might be intelligible to those who listened—a meaning beyond mortal thought.

Yet Langhetti understood it, and so did Edith. Her eyes grew brighter, a flush started to her wan cheeks, her breathing grew more rapid.

The music went on. More subtle, more penetrating, more thrilling in its mysterious meaning, it rose and swelled through the air, like the song of some unseen ones, who were waiting for newcomers to the Invisible land.

Suddenly Beatrice gave a piercing cry. She rushed to Edith's sofa. Edith lay back, her marble face motionless, her white lips apart, her eyes looking upward. But the lips breathed no more, and in the eyes there no longer beamed the light of life.

At the cry of Beatrice the violin fell from Langhetti's hand, and he sank back. His face was turned toward Edith. He saw her and knew it all.

He said not a word, but lay with his face turned toward her. They wished to carry her away, but he gently reproved them.

"Wait!" he murmured. "In a short time you will carry away another also. Wait."

They waited.

An hour before midnight all was over. They had passed—those pure spirits, from a world which was uncongenial to a fairer world and a purer clime.

They were buried side by side in the Brandon vaults. Frank then returned to London. Mrs. Thornton went back to Holby. The new rector was surprised at the request of the lady of Thornton Grange to be allowed to become organist in Trinity Church. She offered to pension off the old man who now presided there. Her request was gladly acceded to. Her zeal was remarkable. Every day she visited the church to practice at the organ. This became the purpose of her life. Yet of all the pieces two were performed most frequently in her daily practice, the one being the Agnus Dei; the other, the *τελευταῖον ἄσπασμον* of St. John Damascene. Peace! Peace! Peace!

Was that cry of hers unavailing? Of Despard nothing was known for some time. Mr. Thornton once mentioned to his wife that the Rev. Courtenay Despard had joined the Eleventh Regiment, and had gone to South Africa. He mentioned this because he had seen a paragraph stating that a Captain Despard had been killed in the Kaffir war, and wondered whether it could by any possibility be their old friend or not.

At Brandon Hall, the one who had been so long a prisoner and a slave soon became mistress.

The gloom which had rested over the house was dispelled, and Brandon and his wife were soon able to look back, even to the darkest period of their lives, without fear of marring their perfect happiness.

"SHE WAS WEEPING. DESPARD FOLDED HER IN HIS ARMS."

"LANGHETTI DREW HIS BOW ACROSS THE STRINGS."

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

By FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT you wants, my little sister, is to git religion—
Jesus he come bimeby!
Go look into de church-yard—see de little grabes,
Some no longer dan you an' I;
Den jump into the chariot and ride right along—
Jump into de chariot and ride right along.

"What you wants, my ole massa, is to git religion—
Jesus he come bimeby!
Don't wait for de corn git ripe in de fall,
Oh, p'raps neber you come at all!
Too late when de angel stand in de sky,
And blow wid de trumpet—Ride right along,
Jump into de chariot, and ride right along.

"What shall poor sinnahs do
When de moon turn into blood?
Oh, jump into de chariot and ride right along!
No more mornin' calls for me,
No more drivers' horns,
But jump into de chariot and ride right along—
Ride right along!"

The singer was a middle-aged, motherly mulatto woman, sitting in the pleasant spring sunshine on the low door-step of an old Kentucky home, in the Valley of the Cumberland. A brilliant tartan shawl, luxurious and ample as the heaviest rose-blanket, draped the threshold beside her, its fringes trailing on the bright young grass; and on the shawl, with her golden curls straying over the woman's lap, lay a child whose large soft eyes wondered lovingly at the sky, with whose liquid blue tenderness and breezy May-morn chase of sunlight following cloud they were akin. A little girl of seven years, fresher than the young grass, brighter than the shining air—in every limb, and pulse, and motion fuller of sorrowless grace and sinless abandon than the new-born breeze which momently lifted her curls with innocent toying finger to show the sun how beautiful a playmate the Lord had given it in its hour-old holiday.

From this lovely picture, framed between the oaken door-posts of an ancient homestead's long low southern wing, with a back-ground of snowy-floored kitchen and polished household tins, the bright new grass sloped in a natural lawn three furlongs down to the mossy rocks and lithe pale osiers cradling Garnet Run—a tributary to the Cumberland—whose stream laughed into snow and crystals on its broad shining shallows, dreamed in winy shadow over its deeper pools, and was the pride, the tutelary genius, the proprietary boundary, of the Dalmager demesne.

The threshold which held the dusky singer and her fair little charge was a sunny island in a sea of caressing shade, whose tide fell and lifted as the breeze lay hushed, drinking charmed odors from the pink alabaster chalices of the great magnolias upreared above the lawn, or swept their glossy leaves into a tremor hurrying on for inspirations no less sweet from the bosoms of climbing Virgin-roses, which made the house-wall seem built of blossom; the twining jasmine's golden censers which swung on living chains of tendril from the topmost finger-tips of stately live-oaks, like benediction thuribles from priest to prince, to the kingly-appareled red-buds further down. Behind the house a dense woodland went billowing upward and away toward the blue horizon-line of a distant mountain-chain. To the right and the left a rolling meadow country threaded, with frequent water-glimpses, by the Garnet Run, bared a broad bosom to caressing wind and sun. Before the singer and the child, on many a fairy cascade, the ever-young stream was prattling in a silver tongue yet unlearned of man though old as Eden. From far a-field on either side came the tinkle of many a bell, the lowing of happy herds, and the bleating of simple sheep. Out of the inmost forest heart in the upland the thrush and the mocking-bird gurgled and pealed excess of joy. The glory and the peace of God welled every where—fell from the heavens—made fountains from the earth—and floated through all the air around. They came in music, in light, in perfume. Ear-gate, eye-gate—every door of sense was opened to them. It was a day to make the Sybarite forget that any other heaven was promised—the holy soul to pant with a passion of longing for the heaven which shall be whose antepast it was.

Yet in the middle morning of a glory and a peace like this, in that plaintive negro minor which is the very native voice of tears, the song of the nurse Kledda sounded above the pure child face that looked from her lap out of a golden halo of curls—

"What shall poor sinnahs do-o-o-o
When de moon turn into blood?"

"Kledda," said the little girl, the far-away look suddenly leaving her eyes as for the first time she fixed them on the nurse, and gave her words the attention she had been wonderingly bestowing on the sky, "Kledda, will the moon turn into blood to-day?"

Kledda hugged the child to her bosom with an expression of surprise, as if the little one's earnestness of understanding had only just awakened her to the full meaning of a negro hymn she had been singing in part at least by rote and mechanically, as a sort of plaintive pastime and lullaby substitute.

"Into blood—to-day—Miss Lily? Can't tell, my darlin' sweet! De good Lord know his own time!"

"Does grandpa know, Kledda?"

Kledda shuddered, caught Lily closer, and showed pallor even in her dusky cheeks as she kissed the golden halo of hair with a passionate tenderness, answering,

"Oh, sweet Miss Lily dear, don't ask me such questions as dem. How can I tell, my darlin'?"

"*Oughtn't* grandpa to know, Kledda?" continued Lily, in her earnestness rising to kneel by her nurse's lap, and searching the simple yellow face with her sincere, sweet eyes, "*Oughtn't* he, Kledda?"

"Why, dear Missy; why, my darlin'?"

"They didn't think I heard them, Kledda—I'm a very little girl, and papa says there are many, *many* things must be kept from me—but I couldn't help hearing the Doctor and the minister this morning, when Mr. Pulpiduster got into the Doctor's gig to get a ride home after they'd both been in there—to see—*Him*." And with a childish awe, which had none of Kledda's terror in it, Lily pointed as she spoke the last word to the farther window in the wall of roses, where the breeze fanning back a snowy curtain showed a row of various-colored vials and cups, with spoons standing on the sill.

"Oh, my darlin', dat was oo pooah Kledda's fault! Don't know what missus do to me, she know I let you heah dem tings. Don't mean notin', Miss Lily, honey! Don't tink notin' about it, p'ecious bird! Want to go down to de run see if we can't catch a little fish, honey?" Kledda shuddered again, but restrained herself, and rose as though to lead her little mistress to the brook.

"No, Kledda," answered the child, shaking her curls as she also stood up with an air of gentle decision, "I want to stay here till the Lord comes for grandpa. I heard them say he was coming right away. Mr. Pulpiduster said, 'Doctor, won't there be one more chance to speak to him about his precious soul?' Then the Doctor said, 'You can speak to him all you like, but he'll never hear you again, and never answer you either; he's heard your last sermon, reverend.' Mr. Pulpiduster put his hands over his face—so—and I thought he was going to cry, Kledda, but he didn't; he only made a noise, *so*"—(the little child as yet knew only the sound, not the name, of the groans which bitter life wrings from older hearts)—"and then he said, 'Will God come for him to-day, d'ye think, Doctor?' And oh, Kledda, wasn't it naughty for the Doctor to do so? he laughed, right by poor grandpa's window, and said, 'Well, either God or t'other fellow.' But *I* know it's God that's coming to-day; and who's 't'other fellow,' Kledda?"

Kledda trembled from head to foot, but tried still to draw her young mistress away. "Oh, blessed honey, *do* come—come, my precious darlin'!"

"Not till God does," answered the little girl, firmly. "I want to see him when he comes. I want to see the moon turn into blood, too; but I can't, Kledda, you know, because it's daytime. Sit down, Kledda—that's a good girl—and let me put my head in your lap again, so I can look up and watch the sky. You needn't look if it scares you—I'll tell you in time for you to see."

Still shaking with terror, and longing to leave the house, as if it were haunted, the woman resumed her seat on the threshold with the passive obedience of her race.—The golden hair flowed over her lap again, and the beautiful eyes for a long time looked silently up into their resembling heaven, while the nurse cowered, moaning and rocking herself to and fro.

At length the cloudy chase which hurried across the firmament took to the little watcher's eyes another shape than the strange mountains, towers, beasts, birds, and faces which she had been imagining to herself all the morning—the shape as of some vast chariot whose path streamed with rays, whose ponderous wheels ever dissolved and redissolved, but steadfastly renewed themselves and rolled. There was one spot of unbearable brightness in the centre of the mass, which made the intent baby-eyes weep and close despite themselves.

"God is coming," said the child, solemnly, but without fear, and stood up. "Look!" and she pointed to the zenith.

Kledda cast one quick glance where the tiny finger pointed, gave a bitter wail, and fell on her knees with her face in her hands—her simple nature utterly overpowered by the younger but stronger mind, so magnetic in its full solemnity of credence.

"Don't be afraid, Kledda. I'll stay by you till He goes! Pray for grandpa, Kledda! Pray to God, Kledda. You know Him. I'll pray to dear Jesus. I know *Him*. Mamma says he loves little children. Dear Jesus! O dear Jesus, don't let the moon turn into blood, if God takes grandpa out any where where 'tisn't daytime!"

She dropped on her knees on the door-sill beside her nurse. There suddenly came a sound of rolling wheels at the lawn entrance, many rods off to the right.

"There He comes! I hear the gate shut! Keep praying, Kledda; the wheels are coming up the road—"

And in the pure courage of one whose angel always beholding our Father's face, fears not herself to see him, the little girl stood up, looking with innocent, wide-open eyes toward the approaching chariot. Long and patiently she looked—then, as the wheels stopped before the porch, with a voice in which tenderness for a grandfather whom she scarcely knew contended with disappointment at not beholding the Father she most burned to see, she said, patting Kledda on the shoulder:

"Get up, Kledda. *He* hasn't come yet for grandpa after all. It's only the Doctor back again."

Dr. Dalmager's boy fastened his horses to the tie-post, and the Doctor himself leaped down on the gravel-walk which led to the porch. He had promised Lily Kearney's father that he would return to spend the last day by the old man's bedside as soon as he had paid a necessary visit in the neighboring market village of Owlieville. He knew this would be the last day; yet it was so beautiful that he might be pardoned for the few moments which he lingered outside the porch, casting those deep, dreamy black eyes of his over the woods and fields which had never been lovelier than to-day in all the hundred years during which they had been called the Dalmager demesne—never, surely, during the later years in which he had learned to expect that the estate would some time be his own. Old Reuben Dalmager had been the largest land-owner in this corner of Kentucky; and this, of all, had been his favorite, because it was his ancestral, holding. But the love of money had grown faster in him than the love of land, and five years ago he had parted with the demesne called "Dalmager's" *par excellence* to a New England capitalist nearly as old as himself, who, with no more accountable reason than having the money to spend, had become possessed, in his senility, of the desire to cover with his name rather more of the earth than should finally suffice to hold him. So far as the neighbors were concerned the terms of the transfer had been obscure. Old Reuben Dalmager was a man who communicated his counsels to no one—not even to his only son. Seibert Kearney had come to the Cumberland with nothing but his money to introduce him. After he entered on the Dalmager demesne he lived entirely alone—no kith nor kin ever visiting him—tended only by the servants who had been passed over to him with the estate. The deed which gave him the Garnet Run property had been entered in the nearest books of record—but had been so expressed that a Philadelphia lawyer would have been required to determine whether the act amounted to a full passage of title, a lease for a term with conditions attached, or the more familiar transaction of a sale, part cash and the remainder bond and mortgage. While the wise heads of the district were busying themselves with these questions—dividing themselves into two parties, one of which, from many years' experience with peddlers, held that a Yankee was a match for the devil, and the other, out of the depths of its own consciousness, that a Kentucky family, by divine right, could never be cheated—Derrick Dalmager came home from a six-years' residence in Paris, during which he had learned many secrets of the world's metropolis besides those which are comprehended in the Hôtel Dieu, and, within five months after his father, old Reuben Dalmager, had died. Thus far nobody had solved the problem—though the better opinion seemed to be that Seibert Kearney had taken the property in fee and was to pay its price in installments. Derrick Dalmager, uniting the nerve and *verve* of the hunter with the nonchalant wit and endless power of entertaining which belong

OLD SEIBERT KEARNEY.

"WHAT YOU WANTS, MY LITTLE SISTER, IS TO GIT RELIGION."

to the finished man of society, was so popular at once that, when he opened a doctor's office in Owlieville, all the young girls, old maids, and old men within ten miles' radius would rather have died in his hands than be cured in a matter-of-fact way by other physicians. He inherited enough of the old man's reticence to satisfy nobody on the subject of the Garnet Run estate. Yet those who knew him best were sure that he was deeply chagrined at the fact of its having passed out of the family hands. The year after the old man's death saw a great change in Derrick. He never lost the peculiar family characteristic of inscrutableness. He was always himself—always wide-awake to the business in hand—always silent about his own affairs. He fell into the habits of the society about him; perhaps it would be juster to say that he grafted those of the Latin Quarter on a Kentucky stock. He had always loved wine and intrigue; he was dashingly handsome enough to have been a heart-breaker any where, and possessed one of those exceptional nervous systems which can rise from a night's debauch to perform without a tremor the most delicate manipulations of the surgical amphitheatre. His professional ambition and the necessity of sustaining the dignity of the Dalmager name in a county where every body had known it for a century—these kept him from becoming a Don Giovanni; but in a region where half the gentlemen drank deep because they had nothing else to do, and the other half not to be singular, there was no conventional reason why he should not be as convivial as he pleased, and the habit grew upon him steadily. He was a rich man as well as a handsome one, and every where basked in the auspicious light of beautiful eyes; but he valued his freedom, and made the Roost, as he called his residence, one of the most attractive bachelor's halls this side of the Faubourgs. It became the rendezvous for all the better class of sporting men in the county, and presently Derrick Dalmager added to the French répertoire of doubtful habits one which at that day had not been transplanted into Gallic soil—the most passionate addiction to the turf, with especial reference to its facilities for gambling. It would be unjust to say that the agile, clean-limbed, bright-eyed, full-blooded, thorough-bred Doctor had no heart for similar qualities in the noblest of four-legged animals. He had an unusually large and fine stud for a private gentleman who did not wholly devote himself to the hunt and the race-course; he would have said of himself and his horses as the old chronicler of King William and his red deer, that "he loved them like his brothers." Nevertheless, at the core of his passion for them lay the fascination, ever most powerful with the cool-headed, reticent, and inscrutable type of man, of risking values on an uncertainty. Derrick was the last man in the world to be accused of sentimentalism; yet he could not pass the gate of the Dalmager demesne without a melancholy shadow falling over his eyes, or if he were in company, and the finer emotion shrunk from unveiling itself, a frown contracting his forehead. Filial respect had needed reinforcement by all the tenderness inspired by the memory of a dead father to restrain his lips from absolute invective when he first got home from Paris and found that old Reuben had taken advantage of his absence to alienate the estate. From the moment of that discovery he had never ridden by the place except under pressure of absolute necessity. One of the most charming roads out of Owlieville followed the banks of Garnet Run, but he deprived himself of its scenery and its exercise-grounds, going miles out of his way to avoid the sight of the homestead, and never once passing through its gate until the month prior to his present visit. His return then was professional, and came about after the following wise:

Old Seibert Kearney, after a life of great activity and absolute self-neglect, found himself at the tether's end of a long-suffering constitution. From the day he bought his Crusoe retreat, and began his unaccountable self-seclusion, he too had fallen into the bibulous habits of the neighborhood, pushing them to an extreme which rivaled the most brilliant examples about him, in all respects save the gregarious and hospitable. Because he was lonely, and meant to be—because he had chosen Misanthropy, but could not kill Memory—perhaps because he feared lest his resolution of exile might break down if that foe within the citadel were not at least lulled into a lethargy the next best thing to death—he became that most hopeless of beings, the solitary drinker. There were few nights in the month when Kledda had not to put her master to bed as helpless as any of the babies which it was her natural gift to nurse. The exceptions consisted of nights when he did not go to bed at all, but having distributed his potations through the day with a better eye to proportion than usual, he found his ordinary unconsciousness at 10 P.M. substituted by a fearfully acrid state of mind, in which the three kingdoms of Heaven, Earth, and Hell seemed to exist only as so many gigantic grudges entertained against this drunken Timon by the universe.

On one such night, his body-servant and Kledda's husband, Perro, as he lay watching him on a sheep-skin rug before the fire, would hear him groaning like an inarticulate lost soul with a horrible rhythm every sixty seconds until daybreak. Another night would see him standing for hours in one corner, with folded arms, and his white hair matted over his bloodshot eyes, steadily churning his body up and down, and pouring forth a soliloquy of low-voiced, blood-freezing oaths, as Perro said, "like a reg'lar cussin' machine," or pacing the room with frenzied gesticulations, and a step like a caged tiger's.

When the sun rose he sank under its first ray a mass of sodden, lifeless flesh, on floor or chair, and the servants bore him away on tip-toe to his bedroom without a whisper, lest the hellish fumarole should burst into a fresh eruption, and overwhelm them under hotter curses.

Such things have been endured on many a Southern estate by negroes born into the hands and reared at the feet of their curse and scourge. When the curse died the faithful, forgiving creatures have wept with a true grief for "ole Massa;" but it would be expecting too much of even the godlike patience of their race to wonder at the ill-concealed joy with which they announced at Dr. Dalmager's door one morning: "Massa Kearney—him got a stroke, and I don't reckon him eber git up no more." A strange light momentarily flitted over the black, dreamy depths of the Doctor's eyes as he heard these words, and with no more token of emotion than if he had been a daily visitor at Garnet Run, he told Perro that he would see the latter's owner within the next few hours.

TIGIIT SHOES.

MANY beautifully formed feet are miserably distorted by badly fitting shoes. Ladies seem to suffer more than men in this respect, because custom sanctions a tighter fit on a lady's foot than on the lords of creation, who can "skuff round" in loose boots, and no one cares: but were a lady to promenade in just such easy feeling articles, she would subject herself to severe comment. But it is not necessary to wear old shoes in order to keep clear of corns, bunions, and incurvated nails. Without being uncomfortably tight, a shoe should embrace every part of the foot comfortably, and then it is both braced and protected.

Enlarged great-toe joints, corns, and irritating nails cutting into the flesh, are invariably the results of compressing the parts with badly fitting shoes or boots. Bare-footed children are never tortured by such painful maladies. Take off the pressure, and the relief is instantaneous, and Nature relieves herself.

Children should have large soft shoes, and it would be an excellent habit if both ladies and gentlemen habitually wore such; but as Fashion is despotic, and still insists upon squeezing the pedal extremities into less space than they ought to occupy—be careful not to wear those which are painfully tight.

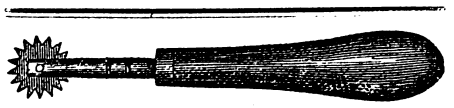
PUNISHMENT IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE medieval penal code eschewed monotony just as carefully as weakness. Its capital and other corporal punishments might be rather more frequent than modern prejudices approves of, but excellent care was taken to divest them of tedious uniformity. Thanks to our novelists, the reading public is pretty well acquainted with the commoner appliances of torture, and we are therefore not under the necessity of enlarging on such fascinating items as the rack, the wheel, the thumb-screw, and the boot. But these were only the everyday forms of punishment. There were always individuals, princes and politicians, especially of the Byzantine empire, who rose superior to such vulgar usages, and with whom "killing by inches" was not a mere figure of speech, but a dread reality. Indeed some of their detestable inventions of cruelty have obtained as wide celebrity as the bull of Phalaris. There was the "chambre à crucer"—a heavy chest, short, shallow, and lined with sharp stone,—in which the sufferer was packed, and the lids heavily weighted, shut down on him. There were the "bernicles," consisting of a mattress, on which the victim was fastened by the neck with bullock's sinews to keep him from moving, while his legs were passed through a kind of stocks, and crushed between two great logs of wood, on the uppermost of which a man was seated; the process being repeated on the third day, which, as the old chronicler tells us, "is the cruelest thing that ever was heard of." There were the iron cages of Louis XI., in which some of his victims spent years, and which were so maliciously contrived that every position—standing, sitting, or lying—was equally uncomfortable to the occupant. But, unquestionably, the master contrivances of all these delicate inventions for producing excruciating agony were the "baiser de la vierge" of Baden-Baden, and the "iron coffin" of Lissa. In the former the prisoner, blindfold and fastened in a chair, was lowered by a windlass through a well-like shaft, reaching from the top of the castle deep down into the heart of a rock on which it stands, so deep—for the shaft still exists—that the visitor passing beneath can barely discern the glimmering daylight at the top. Here he was immured in a dungeon hewn out of the living stone, and fitted with a door of the same material a foot thick, so artfully constructed that it was not to be distinguished from the adjoining wall. In this miserable cell, surrounded by darkness that might be felt—silent, helpless, hopeless, like a toad in the centre of its block—he remained until the hour of trial. He was then brought before his judges, who awaited him, masked and solemn, in a larger excavation, called the Hall of Judgment. From thence he was conducted to the torture chamber—a den amply supplied with all the necessary implements—and subjected to its amenities according to the discretion of his judges. This over, the captive was sped through the last act of the tragedy. He was unbuckled from his iron bed, and directed to kiss a bronze statue of the Virgin, that stood at the end of one of the passages leading from the chamber, as the seal of whatever declaration had been wrung from his agony. Wearily he dragged himself along, with tottering limbs and failing strength, until, as he raised his lips to the mild face of the Madonna, a trap-door gave way beneath his tread, and precipitated him, fathoms down, upon a series of delicately-poised wheels—

All horrent with projecting spears—

which his fall set in rapid motion. Nor do we exaggerate in the least, for the fragments of the murderous machinery, stuck thickly over with bits of bone and pieces of dress, still remain at the bottom of the fearful oubliette. More awful still was the punishment of the iron coffin, wherein the prisoner saw his dungeon contracting round him day by day and hour by hour, the sides stealing up and the roof creeping down—slowly, steadily, silently—passionless as fate, and as remorseless—the dread machinery maintaining the calm monotony of its march, through lingering days and nights of horror, until the final collapse crushed him. But even the worst of these was mildness itself when compared with the infernalities occasionally practiced on a few exceptional victims of exasperated power.

Like all other offices of honor and emolument, that of executioner was hereditary with the very strictest entail. And the emoluments were numerous. The executioner had a handsome fixed salary; he was accustomed to receive gratuities more or less splendid according to the rank of his victims; he was the first official to visit the scene of a suicide, and there, standing on the breast of the victim, he acquired a right to every thing he could touch with the point of his seven-foot sword; the women of pleasure were his tributaries; he derived a large indirect income from the surgeons; and, finally, the unmarried executioner had the regal privilege of releasing a woman doomed to death and leading her free from the scaffold—on condition of marrying her.



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by News-dealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

The ladies are delighted with WARD'S cloth-lined paper cuffs. They are so much like linen that it is almost impossible to tell one from the other, and they are retailed every where at fifty cents for ten pairs. The cloth lining makes them very strong. Can be had at WARD'S, corner of Union Square and Broadway; also, wholesale and retail, at No. 387 Broadway.—*Daily Times.*

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FOR JUNE, 1868.

CONTENTS:

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FACETIÆ.

A LEADER of music in a church where congregational singing was practiced selected a tune with the wrong metre, to be sung to the words, "With hyssop purge my soul, O Lord!" He tried it twice, when some old lady cried out, "Mister, you had better try some other *yarb*."

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

Gallant, adj.—A good old word scarcely recognizable in the manners of the nineteenth century.

Game, to make of.—Making a point before killing.

Garden. — Flora's boudoir.

Generosity —Giving your time and services to a fair where there is no possibility of a flirtation.

Gentility.—Nothing under a boy in buttons.

Giggle.—The safety-valve of weak machinery.

Girlhood.—A preparatory school for women before they go up to take their bachelors.

Give.—A verb implying a desire to receive in exchange.

Glass. — A friend who saves most women the trouble of reflecting.

Glove.—A sheath for a cat's paw.

Gold. — The sun which dazzles all, and blinds so many.

Gossip.—The copper currency of the realm of woman.

Governess.—A poor sister who has not enough intelligence to see that intellect is menial.

Grace.—The flower without which the loveliest garden is worthless.

Grave.—The accent which must fall on our last syllable.

Green.—The color most becoming to pale girls and young heirs.

A DOG IN THE MANGER.

MA'MSELLE. "Why on Earth don't you bring the Pony round, John? I've been Waiting ever so long."
JOHN. "Werry sorry, Miss, but Master's just ordered him for Dinner."

THE FIRST CROQUET.

Ah! bright days of May, when croquet beginning,
Makes fair lawn and garden look ten times more fair;
I take my good mallet, it can not be sinning
To give up all work and rush out to fresh air.
How sad it is croquet's a pleasure, not duty;
How nice a profession it would be to stay
Forever on lawns smoothly roll'd, and woo Beauty
In earnest, or flirt through the long summer day!

There's never a painter could mix on his pallet
The colors to rightly portray such a scene;
For yonder a maiden is wielding a mallet,
And fair is her face as the Paphian queen.
She stoops to the sward, and I fain would surrender
All chances of winning to keep by her side,
But she croquets me ruthlessly, laughs when I'm tender,
And sends me away o'er the garden so wide.

Yet I cling to the dream, and I still go on playing,
For Croquet and Cupid are ne'er far apart;
And, perchance, ere the season has gone for the Maying,
My loving persistence may win me her heart.
I'll never despair, but on days that are brightest,
I'll stray, like a moth, near my beautiful flame;
My touch when I croquet her ball shall be lightest—
If losing would win her, I'd give up the game.

WAR NEWS.—The war in Japan is over, from which fact it may be concluded the chiefs are not to be considered never-say-daimios.

"You have lost your baby, I hear," said one gentleman to another. "Yes, poor little thing! It was only five months old. We did all we could for it. We had four doctors; blistered its head and feet; put mustard poultices all over it; gave it nine calomel powders; leeched its temples; had it bled; and gave it all kinds of medicines; and yet, after a week's illness, it died."

A LITERARY DISCOVERY.—That ingenious American who discovered that Lord Bacon wrote Shakspeare's plays is now engaged on a treatise to prove that Homer was the inventor of petroleum—at any rate, he was known as the old man of Scio's "rocky i'le."

IMMEDIATE.—If "The Girl of the Period" is as she is represented, the sooner a stop is put to her the better.

THE CELESTIAL HAT.

STRANGE EXIT.—An Irish physician was called to examine the corpse of another Irishman who had been assassinated by some of his countrymen. "This person," said he, after inspecting the body, "was so ill, that if he had not been murdered he would have died half an hour before he was killed."

THE LOVER'S REVENGE—Marriage.

A HIGH DESTINY—Hanging.

HYMEN HIMSELF AGAIN.

"Marriages" throughout Lent's season,
Few are in the papers found;
"Births" and "Deaths," as if no reason
Could check either, still abound.

As the rushing out of waters
That were long by flood-gates pent,
Lo the sons of men, and daughters,
Getting married after Lent.

PREVALENT COMPLAINT AMONG SAILORS—Sc(a)rum on the brain.

SIGNS.—When you see a young man and woman walking down the street, leaning against each other like a pair of badly-matched oxen, it is a pretty good sign that they are bent on consolidation.

A "heated imagination" may be defined to be—dreaming the house is on fire.

THE LADIES' CHIEF AMUSEMENT—Bonneting.

POOR FELLOW!—An old gentleman, whose mastication is not of the best, has just advertised for a butcher to supply him by contract. In this manner he hopes and expects to get "tender" meat!

CONUNDRUM.—*Q.* It is made with a train, it travels with a train, it is of no use to a train, but a train can not travel without it.—*A.* A noise.

A "DEED WITHOUT A NAME"—An unsigned will.

A Missouri farmer being asked if raising hemp was a good business answered, "I can't sartin' say, but it is surely better than being raised by it."

When do ladies carry fire?—When they have taper fingers.

"Father, I don't like the bishop."
"Why, my child?"
"Because he sprinkled water all over my new dress, and said, 'Fanny, I despise thee.'"

They have high rents also in New Orleans; and the *Bulletin* of that city recently printed the following announcements, which seem to hint that house-builders could find profitable employment in the Crescent City:

FOR SALE.—A splendid hogshead, just vacated by the former occupant, who leaves it for no fault. The premises are a sweet location for a family with young children; are in thorough repair, with bung-hole centrally situated and hoops in good order. Apply to Richard Figgs, Grocer, 144 Cinnamon Street.

TO LET.—One roost on the rail recently put up at Bantamville in the building formerly occupied by Henry Fowle. Price $350 per annum and taxes. Apply to A. Ruhster, on the the premises.

RARE CHANGE.—The subscriber, having recently introduced steam-heating apparatus into his house, has no further need for his splendid and commodious ash-hole, which has been cleared out, utterly regardless of dirt and expense, and will now be leased to a few single gentlemen who desire lodgings in a quiet and retired situation. Terms made known on application. Geo. Gripe, 34 Bullion Avenue.

GENTEEL RESIDENCE FOR SALE.—A splendid Saratoga trunk, formerly the property of Miss Fitzflutter, has been moved upon the new land, its roof raised, and the keyhole materially enlarged; these alterations, with the different compartments in complete order, render it one of the finest residences, for a gentleman of wealth, now in the market. Price $182,000. For key apply to Knockemorf & Co., Auctioneers. $100,000 must be paid down to the auctioneers before entering.

THE MOST DIFFICULT ASCENT—Getting up a subscription.

What are domestic magazines?—Wives who are always blowing up their husbands.

A schoolmaster, endeavoring to instruct one of his scholars on the nature of a miracle, strove to make it plain.
"Now, my boy, suppose you should see the sun rise in the middle of the night, what would you call that?"
"The moon, Sir."
"No; suppose you knew it was not the moon, but the sun, and that you actually saw it rise in the middle of the night, what should you think?"
"I should think, Sir, that it was time to get up," was the answer.

Epitaph for the late cannibal king of Dahomey—"One who loved his fellow-men."

AN ALTERNATIVE.

Give me, oh give me your photograph, Miss;
Give me a ringlet, or give me a kiss;
Give me a glove in my bosom to place;
Won't you? Then give me a slap on the face.

To escape trouble from noisy children—send them to your neighbors visiting.

Why ought a medical quack to be a woman?—Because he's always a *Charlotte Anne.*

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.—What leggings should be made of—Alligator's skins.

"QUICK SANDS"—"The Sands of Life," which so soon "run out."

OLD GENTLEMAN. "I'm so *very* sorry—tell your *dear* Parents—so *very* sorry—I can't accept their Invitation."
BOY (*anxious to put the Old Gentleman at his Ease*). "Oh! never mind, it doesn't matter a bit. Pa said he only asked you just out of Compliment!"

LOOKING FORWARD.

"Pray, don't put too many Coals on, Mary! It makes me shiver when I think that in Three Hundred years we shall have None left!"

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 32.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

INFANT'S SWISS MUSLIN HOOD.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 66 and 67.

WALL POCKET.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 60–62.

INFANT'S SWISS MUSLIN HOOD.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 63–65.

Garden Hats.

BOTH of these garden hats are tasteful and easily made, and will be found useful in the coming season. The first is in the form of a sun bonnet, and is made of figured Swiss muslin, lined with blue linen. For this cut the outside and lining from the patterns given in Figs. 30–32 of the Supplement. Baste the outside on the lining, then stitch with white silk the double material cut from Fig. 30, and run through the shirr thus made a whalebone or a cane of the length given in the pattern. On the front of the crown lay the double material over on the right side to the width of a quarter of an inch, and hem it down with the whalebone or cane inside. On the other side (the back) lay the material *underneath* in the same manner, with the whalebone or cane inside. Fasten the ends of each whalebone carefully on the bias ends of the piece, then bind the piece with a bias strip of the Swiss muslin. The gathered crown is now fastened, according to the figures on the pattern, to the foundation of the hood. This last is first pleated, always bringing × on ●. The double material of the cape, Fig. 32, is trimmed on the outer edge. On the upper edge lay it in pleats, bringing × on ●, and fasten it to the front and crown. The seam thus made between Figs. 31 and 32 is covered on the inside of the bonnet with a strip of Swiss muslin. On the front and back edges of the crown, and on the outer edge of Fig. 32, set a pointed ruche as shown in the pattern, and on the middle of the back a Swiss muslin bow. The strings, which are of Swiss muslin, are thirty inches in length by six in width, and are laid in a few pleats on the upper ends.

The round garden hat is of white and pink linen, the latter being the lining. Cut of the outside and lining one piece each from Figs. 33 and 34, and one piece of the lining from Fig. 33. This last is laid in pleats, always bringing × on ●, and a covered wire is run in on the outer edge. Then cover the outside with pink and white linen, and line the crown with white linen. Lay the piece of white linen cut from Fig. 34 upon the pink linen, after which backstitch the double material with white silk, following the lines given, and run into each of the shirrs thus formed a thin round whalebone or cane

SWISS MUSLIN SUMMER SUN BONNET.

For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 30–32.

LINEN GARDEN HAT.

For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 33 and 34.

of the length given on the pattern. On the under side of Fig. 34 the stuff is laid over on the right side to the width of a quarter of an inch, and hemmed down with the whalebone or cane run in. The other side of Fig. 34 is fastened in the same manner, except that in this case the hem must be laid on the *under* side. The ends of every whalebone or cane are lapped over about an inch and carefully fastened. Hemstitch the double material across the ends from 5 to 7, and cover the seam, as shown in the illustration, with small bows of white linen; then sew Fig. 34, according to the figures on the pattern, to the outer edge of Fig. 33, and border the hat with a pinked ruche of white linen two inches in width. The strings are made of white linen; they are a yard long and seven inches wide, and are hemmed on the sides and the under end half an inch wide; the top is pleated where it is sewn on the hat.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1868.

☞ HARPER'S PERIODICALS *will be delivered to City Subscribers without extra charge.*

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ALL ALIKE.

THE Americans are the most uniform of people. They have all, it is true, strongly marked national peculiarities, but they differ so little from each other that one may be always taken as a fair specimen of the whole. We look alike, having all the same sharply chiseled features and eager expression; we dress alike, being always in our Sunday best of silk and broadcloth, cut uniformly according to the latest fashion; we build alike and furnish alike, so that we feel as comfortable in our neighbor's house as in our own, or rather as uncomfortable in ours as in his; we talk alike, borrowing our topics from the same source—the morning newspaper; and such is the uniformity of our tastes, manners, and opinions, that we are always at home in each other's company. Thus we eat, drink, live, and move about more gregariously than any other nation. The great hotel, the railway-car and the bar-room, are the characteristic inventions of a people whose individualities are melted up in the mass. This national system of association has no doubt its good effects. It gives the power which comes from a combination of forces, and cherishes that sentiment of unity which is the main strength of our country. It has, however, certain disadvantages of a more or less serious kind. We allude now only to an inconvenience of an economical character.

This uniformity of American life leads often to a foolish assertion of social equality as regards the manner and expense of living. We not seldom, like the little frog in the fable, strive to blow ourselves up to the magnitude of some more portly neighbor. More than half of all the money spent by the so-called respectable classes goes for keeping up a vain rivalry with a few excessively rich people. The only gratification received in return for the costly effort is a showy artifice which deceives none but those who get it up and believe in its success. The large house, the gilded furniture, the balls and banquets, and the costly frivolities of personal adornment, are but in few cases sources of direct enjoyment. There are not many of those who possess them who think them worth the cost; and dared they live for themselves, most would willingly forego them. Men and women put on these golden shackles, which are none the less wearisome to bear for the richness of the metal, because they are unresisting captives to a tyrannical public opinion. Such is their slavish subjection that they will not venture to please themselves, but do every thing to gratify their chosen master. Their slavery is of the most anomalous character, for while it is felt to be oppressive it is still self-imposed.

This following of our neighbors at every cost of convenience is a sheepish instinct, unworthy of rational creatures. The living for others instead of ourselves is by no means pleasant; and has the further disadvantage of leading us into expenses beyond our means, and necessarily to ruin.

SOLITARY FEEDING.

"A MAN'S body and his mind are like a jerkin and a jerkin's lining; rumple the one, you rumple the other." The physiological fact, thus humorously illustrated by Sterne, is nowhere more apparent than in the mutual influence of digestion and mental emotion. Both the brain and stomach must be at ease for either to perform its functions properly. Cheerfulness of mind is as essential to a good digestion as a good digestion is essential to cheerfulness of mind.

The sudden announcement of bad news, or the occurrence of any thing to disquiet the mind, will not only arrest the hunger of the sharpest appetite for the choicest food, but produce a loathing of it. To eat, if it were possible, in such a state of mental discomfort, would be sure to result in a fit of indigestion, if not in something more serious.

When the stomach is satisfying its appetite the mind should not only be free from any painful emotion but in a state of gentle and cheerful excitement. "Chatted food," according to the old proverb, "is half digested." This suggests the advantage of social eating, than which nothing is more conducive to the enjoyment as well as the digestion of food. With the sociability of a mixed dinner company there comes just the degree of mental liveliness required. The mind is distracted from its own preoccupations by the common talk to which each one contributes without making an exhaustive draught upon his resources. Thus there is general animation without any individual fatigue. The whole nervous system is by this agreeable means stirred to a gentle excitement, which is favorable to the performance of every bodily function, and especially to that of digestion.

Believing that sociability is an essential element of not only the enjoyable but digestible dinner, we protest emphatically against solitary feeding, which is both a gross and unwholesome practice. It is, however, very general among our men of business. These have the habit of eating while they work. Although they drop the pen in assuming the knife and fork, their brains remain busy with their debit and credit calculations, without, however, taking into account what is due to health. They rush in the anxious interval between an offer and a sale or purchase to the trough of some neighboring bar-room. Here they fill their stomachs in the shortest time with the largest quantity of sludge—for the confused mess of stew, chowder, pie crust, and other miscellaneous grub hardly deserves any other name—and hasten back to pronounce the last word of a bargain, which they have been ruminating while bolting their dinner. The bargain may turn out a good operation, but the dinner will be sure to be a losing, and, if often repeated, a fatal one.

A full hour at least should be spared from the busiest day for the main repast. It should never be slurred over by any of the miserable pretexts of the bar-room, but treated with all the substantial consideration its importance demands. Let each one make the most of his dinner, whatever it may be. Let it be prolonged, and freed from grossness by a graceful ceremony; and above all, let it be partaken of in company, for nothing is so depressing to mind and body as solitary feeding.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to Mrs. Rooster.

MY DEAR MADAME,—I have a few words to address to you upon your manners upon the road which I sincerely hope may be of service. Doubtless you suppose them to be unexceptionable, and imagine that I am doing a very superfluous work in criticising them. Dear Madame, let us see. Yesterday morning, about eleven o'clock, as I was taking my usual promenade with my friend Pry—Mr. Peter Paul Pry, whom I have already mentioned in this correspondence—I saw you coming, and indeed close at hand. My friend Pry, who, although no longer as young as the youngest young man in society, does not by any means regard himself as old—and who does, I wonder?—was arrayed in a neat spring suit not unbecoming his years. The trowsers were new, the waistcoat was cheerful, so was the cravat, and he moved with the air of a man who was not at all ashamed to show himself in the street on a bright spring morning.

"What do you suppose that is in that window opposite?" asked my friend Pry, who is among the most inquisitive of men; and he peered across the street through his eye-glasses, drawing my attention in the same direction. The next moment Mr. Peter Paul Pry in his new clothes, and I in my old ones, were sprawling upon the pavement at your feet, dear Madame—and the mishap that befell the new garments of my friend I forbear to mention.

Now, gentlemen of our years do not tumble down without grave reason. For myself, I may truly say that I never fell in Broadway before, and I doubt if Mr. Pry ever did. It was a most humiliating occurrence; for, say what we will, to slip or trip and fall prostrate in the dust, or in the mud, or even upon the dry pavement, is not a dignified or becoming action, and when two elderly gentlemen do it, bless my soul, it is ludicrously mortifying! Every body stopped and moved toward us—supposing, of course, that we had fallen in a simultaneous fit; and at the same moment there was the most intolerable yelping and howling of a dog, so that I supposed we had been attacked by some wild animal of that kind. We comforted the many good Samaritans who crowded about us by rising immediately and smiling as benignantly as the circumstances permitted; and then we perceived the cause of our sorrow.

You were coming up the street—sailing up, if you will allow me, dear Mrs. Rooster, like a magnificent woman-of-war, with a boat attached. The boat was your dog—your poodle, your puppy, your lap-dog—and you held the silken string while he ran along the edge of the walk; and we, gazing with innocent curiosity at the opposite window, encountered the string stretched across the sidewalk from you to your poodle, puppy, and lap-dog—and the result was immediate, and intolerable to think of. Such were your manners upon the road; and I beg permission to express my sentiments, and those of many of the most respectable persons of your acquaintance, upon this practice of petting dogs in which you indulge. Light and foolish women insist that men who object to the female fondness for dogs are jealous of them. Very well. Perhaps Mr. Pry and I are jealous of your poodle in a pink blanket and ribbons. Call me jealous, but hear. A woman who lives in the country and has a healthy fondness for all animals—who likes horses and is not afraid of them, who rides with the grace and confidence of courage and sympathy, or who has the same natural and wholesome knowledge of cows and the other dumb and serviceable friends of man, will also probably like dogs, and they will be very sure to like her.

Why, dear Madame, there is my friend, Mrs. Margery Honeysuckle, who lives upon the banks of the Hudson, you remember, and whom all the animated nature upon her place apparently loves and follows, as the birds and the fish did homage to Lulu in Kaulbach's picture from Goethe. When I have the happiness of passing a week with her in early June, it seems to me that when she steps out upon the piazza in the morning the birds burst into a twitter and warble of welcome, and the donkeys, and the goats, and the cows, and the horses look up as she passes the pasture, and seem to salute her with admiration and love. As for the dog—it is a St. Bernard, and there is another which is merely *a* dog—it is a terrier—they are her escort. The St. Bernard gravely accompanies her, a stately seneschal of my lovely queen. The terrier runs, and skips, and pricks his ears—the lithe court jester of her Majesty. And I humbly follow, the grateful populace of her delightful realm. But do you suppose Mistress Margery Honeysuckle puts a pink blanket upon the dog, or either of them, or ties a ribbon around their necks? Do you suppose she leads them with silken cords? Can you imagine this pearl of women hugging the dog, or holding him caressingly in her lap? I should as soon expect to see her marrying the good old Ned, her saddle-horse, or holding Donkey's head in her lap to decorate it with flowers. And I can just as easily imagine her dancing in a ballet as promenading in the Fifth Avenue or elsewhere tied to a poodle, or pug, or puppy, or lap-dog in a pink blanket—and thereby bringing elderly gentlemen into public derision.

Mrs. Honeysuckle knows that it is essentially monstrous to lavish upon a dog the caresses that spring from human affection. It is monstrous, and therefore repulsive. I do not know the man who likes to see a woman fondle a dog. He feels that it is affectation, or a gross perversion of feeling. I beg you, Madame, to treat animals as animals, with Mrs. Honeysuckle, and not as human beings. And in the lesser details of treatment I entreat you not to make a spectacle of yourself with a puppy at the end of a string, but if you wish to keep a poodle or a puppy of any kind to keep him in the country, or if you will have him in the city to suffer him to take the air with Epaminondas, your man. But why keep him in the city? Have you mice in your house? Or do you wish a living plaything? Or have you no children?

Dear Madame, I will use my text to extend my sermon. This subject of keeping animals, whether in the city or country, deserves careful consideration. A dog in town is a mere nuisance. To enter a drawing-room and sit down upon a puppy curled up in the softest chair or upon the corner of the sofa is, you will not deny, disgusting. Mrs. Margery, indeed, when Honeysuckle is away upon business, will sometimes have her dog in the cozy room where she sits alone sewing. He is both company and garrison. He sighs and draws long breaths, and stretches his legs, and opens one eye at her, and gets up and walks about a little, and settles himself comfortably again, and she looks at him, and speaks to him, and is glad of his mute sympathy, and when the hour comes sends him to his box of hay, which is his quarters in the house. He is a serviceable animal and treated as an animal. If you have use for him in town and treat him accordingly, then, dearest Madame, we will not quarrel. But no pink blankets and blue ribbons, and hugging and kissing if you please.

I certainly agree that dogs in the country may be as great nuisances as your dog in the city. A person who keeps a brute that darts out upon every passer—especially upon a moving carriage or horse—is himself a nuisance, and ought to be abated by the local authorities. My friend Richard Salsify—one of the best of men—was once driving me in his wagon on a summer afternoon, pointing out to me the charms of his country situation, and was just saying: "I know not a single drawback," when out rushed a cur from under the gate of a respectable-looking house, ran at the horse, which naturally shied, upset the wagon, and broke Richard Salsify's shoulder. And once when Mrs. Margery Honeysuckle herself was riding not far from her own house, the dog of a barbarian, who had just come up from town and bought a place with the profits of his gold doings in Broad Street (the barbarian, I mean, not the dog), darted out at her as she briskly trotted by, and for a moment it was a question whether the miserable brute (the dog, I mean, not the barbarian) had not killed the noblest of women. But although her horse instinctively leaped aside and became for a few moments ungovernable, the superb rider tamed him and rode safely away.

Now, I say to you, Madame, that the man who owned the dog that broke Richard Salsify's shoulder, and the Broad Street barbarian whose cur nearly slew beautiful Margery Honeysuckle, ought to be presented by the grand juries of their towns as nuisances, or the dogs should be—it is quite the same thing. Or what shall I say of my sister Smith's good neighbors in Watermeadow where she has a charming summer retreat? They are well-meaning people who apparently cherish no nefarious designs upon their neighbors, and who would not willingly depopulate the country around them—but they keep wild beasts in their grounds, and whoever opens their gate is a fool-hardy tempter of Providence. In the deep dead of night, when I am passing a little time with my sister, I hear the roaring of those griffins, the hoarse bay of those dragons. Their noise comes in at the open window, and I dream that I am scaling the wall of the Garden of the Hesperides, and that the monsters are upon me, and my heavy feet refuse their office, and a dragon is just about to munch my paralyzed leg and draw me into his horrible maw, when I awake in terror and hear the dogs of those neighbors.

You call upon these good people at the risk of hydrophobia, of lock-jaw, of maiming and deformity for life. They keep great dogs that rush howling at you and snapping with frightful teeth—and the good people, at whom the dogs do not rush, nor bark, nor gnash their teeth, exclaim: "They are troublesome fellows—but there's no danger. Don't be afraid! They won't bite." Of course the honest inference is, that they do not wish to be called upon, that they have forsworn society, and that whoever tries to be civil to them is civil at the peril of his life. The name of these summer neighbors of my sister—and you ought to know it lest you should ever be in that neighborhood, is Lamb—Mr. and Mrs. Theophilus Lamb; and their house is just at the side of the highroad in Watermeadow. And if I were drawn upon the grand jury in the town of Sloshbog, in which this pleasant hamlet of Watermeadow is situated, I would endeavor to persuade that intelligent and discriminating body of men to present the dogs of the Theophilus Lambs as public nuisances. For you can not pass the fence but these brutes dash along upon the inside and show their disposition to rend you. They have even jumped over and ran at passengers peacefully passing. And yet the Theophilus Lambs hear the abominable racket—they even sit upon their piazza and see their wild beasts harry innocent persons by trying to get at them, and are content to be denounced as the worst-bred people in the hamlet. Why don't they shut up their dogs? Why should the peace of that rural retreat be at their mercy?

Those dogs and your puppy, poodle, pet, pug, or lap-dog, that so ignominiously overthrew Mr. Peter Paul Pry and me, are a part of the manners upon the road of you and of the Theophilus Lambs. Dear Madame, I entreat you to reform your manners. Consider other people a little. Why should Mrs. Rooster and Mrs. Lamb make themselves nuisances? I pause for a reply; and hoping your reformation, I am, your true friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

RIDING HABITS.

SEVERAL of our correspondents have asked us for information in regard to spring styles in riding habits; but subjects of more general importance have hitherto demanded our attention and compelled us to defer complying with their request until the equestrian season is already advanced.

Black is the favorite color for habits, because the least conspicuous. Ladies' cloth is the material selected, and seven yards the necessary quantity. When a lady has more than one habit, she usually selects the second of dark blue or of invisible green Melton. Serviceable habits, for constant use and for country wear, are made of brown water-proof and the light mixed tweeds in shades of pale gray and dust color.

THE CORSAGE.

The regular habit corsage, with a blunt point in front, slight spring over the hips, and short basque behind, is preferred to the fancy jackets that are cut straight around the hips. The waist should be only moderately long. Care should be taken that it is the natural length under the arms, as if made too long it is apt to wrinkle and turn up, and is very uncomfortable to the wearer. Two darts should be taken in front, instead of the one seam advised by many tailors. One seam ends abruptly, and two are necessary to give proper fullness to the bust. Thin horse-hair and a little wadding increase the round appearance. The back should be amply broad at the top, but very narrow at the bottom, with gracefully curved side bodies. The basque at the back is eight or ten

inches long, sloping from the hips. A pleat is laid on each side, simulating a continuation of the seams of the side body. The pleat is pressed flat, and finished with a button at each end. The basque is lined with the material of the habit. Tailors advise that the waist be lined with thick silk, as it fits more smoothly than linen, and does not stretch. Ball buttons, either of crocheted silk or of solid jet, are fashionable. They should be put very close together, to prevent gaping between the button-holes.

THE SLEEVE.

The coat-sleeve should fit easily to the arm. When worn with gauntlets it is closed at the wrist, but is left slightly loose when designed for the linen cuffs and wristband gloves now in vogue. A kind of chevron of silk braid sometimes ornaments the sleeve. On others the only trimming is the outline of a deep cuff defined by two rows of braid or of silk cord. A row of buttons, smaller than those on the corsage, extends up the sleeve from the wrist.

TRAINS, TROWSERS, ETC.

Skirts are not so full and long as were formerly worn. They are gored flatly in front and at the sides, with a slight fullness at the back, which should be gathered in, as pleats are difficult to adjust gracefully in the saddle. The proper length of a riding-skirt is a quarter of a yard longer than the ordinary walking dress, yet many ladies have them a yard and a half or three-quarters long. Something depends, of course, on the height of the horse; but long trains to habits are very unsafe, and are not now considered stylish.

Riding trowsers of the cloth of the habit are worn with the present style of short skirts. They may be made either in the Bloomer style, gathered into a band at the ankle, or cut small with straps sewn on.

A pretty riding jacket of blue Melton is cut with considerable spring over the hips, and is of uniform length all around. It is slightly sloped at the sides to prevent binding on the hips. The front is open at the neck like a gentleman's vest without a collar. A habit skirt neatly tucked and a standing collar with silk scarf is shown above it. A handkerchief-pocket on the breast is bordered all round with soutache braiding, and fastened in front with loops of cord.

Narrow linen collars, either standing or turned down, are worn with habits. The cuffs should match, and all must be of immaculate whiteness.

The hat selected by equestriennes for riding in Central Park is a glossy beaver with low crown and curved rolling brim. A veil of grenadine or of black or colored net surrounds the hat and streams at the side. Caps with visors and Spanish hats with high, sloping crowns made of fancy yellow straws are shown for summer wear.

Ten or twelve dollars is the price asked for making a riding habit. The best modistes refuse to make them, as they say it is a man's work, and when their customers order a habit in their summer outfits the modiste employs a professional tailor.

SUMMER DRESSES.

We are told that the Empress Eugénie has shortened her trains several inches, and that the ladies of her court are fast following her example. The fashion has not yet been adopted on this side of the water. American ladies, loath to part with what they have cherished against so much opposition, are having their summer dresses made with the graceful, sweeping trains worn during the past season. The skirts, however, are not gored to fit so plainly over the hips as they have been of late. Many ladies prefer to have the front widths plain and all the breadths slightly sloped; but the very newest dresses have three front widths alone gored, while the others are straight and gathered at the back.

We hear many objections made by ladies who do their own sewing to goring thin dresses, but modistes say that by taking a little care not to stretch the bias edges of the goods, or to pucker the sewing, the gored seams will hang as well in thin materials as in the thickest silks. It is said also that the bias seams of muslin skirts can not be ironed properly. This is the fault of the laundress who attempts to smooth the seams by pulling them on the bias instead of the way of the thread. In the furnishing houses thin goods are ironed with great precision, and the process at the same time seems very simple. Gabrielles of sheer muslin, every seam of which is sloped, are perfectly smooth and shapely.

Double skirts, such as are seen on walking dresses, are worn with thin trained dresses. The upper skirts are made with apron fronts and looped up with immense puffs at the back. It is especially stylish to catch them up directly behind almost to the waist, a grotesque fashion that we thought at first sight was certainly a ludicrous mistake of the modiste. Short sashes with four broad loops and two fringed ends hanging very little below the loops are worn with these skirts. The long sash is already *passée*. Sometimes a long tunic or a kind of court train is formed by leaving the upper skirt open in front and gathering the fullness in from the hips backward.

Box-pleated quilling and narrow ruffles are worn on all kinds of thin material. The ruffles vary in number from three to fifteen. An odd number it is said has the prettiest effect. Grenadine and Chambery ruffles must always be cut bias and bound. Wash muslins have straight ruffles cut crossways of the goods and hemmed. White materials are scalloped and needle-worked at the lower edge and put on in box-pleats. One wide flounce around the bottom of the skirt is more *distingué* than the narrow frills that have already become common. It is made in a variety of ways, but the easiest plan is to bind both edges and put on in box-pleats, wide apart from each other, but lapped so deep that the pleat is distinctly defined without being held securely at the lower edge. Sometimes the edges are vandyked, a pleat being laid in each vandyke. A silk button or a tiny shell bow ornaments each pleat. Occasionally a narrow quilling is added to the upper edge of the flounce. It is pleated in with the flounce and gives the appearance of a full ruche heading. French flounces have the pleats all running one way and reversed about two inches below the heading. This produces a pleated puff that is very much admired.

Waists are plain blouses gathered into a belt, or with shirred yokes. A pretty design for solid colored organdies is to make the puffs of the yoke run diagonally from right to left. The old-fashioned surplice waist is again in vogue. This is the simplest form of bodice, and is becoming alike to stout and slender figures. It is easily made by the blouse pattern. The back is precisely the same. The fullness in front is made by gathering at the shoulder the piece that is usually cut out at the neck. The front is then left in a straight line and fits true.

Grenadines and Chambery gauze are made with a tight-fitting corsage over silk of the same shade. These materials are so thin and gauze-like that many light shades of gray, blue, and Metternich green can not be worn over white without losing almost every semblance of color. A silk petticoat of the same shade must therefore be worn beneath them. This adds to the expense, but improves the appearance greatly. Black iron grenadine is always lined throughout with silk.

We find it very difficult to discover any thing new in sleeves. French dresses imported for summer have invariably the coat-sleeves so long worn. It is elaborately trimmed up the outer seam, or with innumerable horizontal folds from the wrist to the shoulder. The ruffled Marie Antoinette sleeve is being made here, and is appropriate with the present costume; but we have not seen it on any of the many Parisian dresses shown us.

The Marie Antoinette fichu is universally worn and admired. We heard but one lady object to it this season, and she fancied it would conceal her tapering waist and give a dowdy appearance to the figure. To obviate this her dress-maker crossed the fichu ends beneath the belt of the dress, and the waist looked as small and trim as ever.

ORGANDY ROBES AND EMBROIDERED MUSLIN.

Among the summer importations are some elegant organdy robes at $20 the pattern. The waist, sleeves, and upper part of the skirt are in solid colors, a deep blue, fawn color, or light green. The lower part of each width of the skirt has gay borders of field-flowers, wide enough to reach to the knee, narrower in front, and widening over the train. The same flowers in smaller borders are furnished as garniture for sleeves and sash.

Corded organdies, sold by the yard at sixty cents, have small figures on a white ground. Piqué, the least heavy of thick muslins, and most desirable, is sold in pretty patterns with a band of trimming at each selvage, for one dollar a yard. For ordinary house-dresses we have the Japanese linen at three shillings a yard, a kind of Lisle thread, thin, wiry, and cool. It is of mixed white and black and gray, and is prettily trimmed with frills or box-pleated flounces, bound with black ribbon, or with blue, cherry, or green.

White will be more worn this summer than for several years, and occupies a prominent place in summer outfits for the sea-side and watering-place. It is chosen alike for morning robes, afternoon toilettes, croquet dresses, street suits, and dancing dresses. Some beautifully embroidered dress patterns have been imported. They are of Victoria lawn and sheer Swiss muslin. The lower part of the skirt is ornamented with the finest French needle-work. The prices range from $60 to $250. Ladies say, however, that they do not make up stylishly without destroying so much of the embroidery that they prefer to select a design among the many shown at the furnishing houses, and order a dress appropriate to their height and figure. Many of these are expensively trimmed with Valenciennes lace; while others, equally well and tastefully made, are ornamented with the low-priced Hamburg insertion and box-pleated ruffling.

We were shown a morning dress, forming part of a bridal outfit, made of French nansook. It was a close-fitting Gabrielle, with every seam in the whole dress joined with Hamburg insertion an inch wide. On each side of the insertion is a group of very narrow tucks. The front of the skirt is closed, only the waist being fastened with buttons. Insertion and tucks are down the front, and the sloped seam extending over the shoulder. Around the gracefully trained skirt are three fluted ruffles, narrow in front, but gradually widening toward the back. These are headed by insertion and tucks. Coat-sleeve with large flowing sleeves attached. The Marie Antoinette fichu is formed entirely of tucks and insertion, and surrounded with a fluted ruffle. Price $55.

A walking dress of nansook is marked $35. The short gored skirt is trimmed with two rows of Hamburg insertion arranged in vandykes, separated by straight rows of points of folded muslin, such as we have described before. A short paletot, to be worn with a belt and sash, is pointed behind, before, and on the hips, and trimmed to match the skirt. The coat-sleeves were similarly trimmed from the wrist to the shoulder. Muslin points at the neck.

A useful novelty shown at one of the most enterprising furnishing houses is a chemise and corset-cover combined. It consists of a regular chemise skirt gathered into a waist to cover the corsets. It is fitted closely, with darts in front and considerable spring over the hips. One shown us was of Richardson's linen, trimmed with a puff of linen cambric at the shoulders, with a band of Irish insertion of eyelets, and a Valenciennes edge. The very short sleeve was formed by a tiny puff and fluted lace. Price $13.

VARIETIES IN LACE.

Among the many pretty things that add variety to summer toilettes we are shown fancy aprons of black lace with bretelles and sash. They are looped at the sides with large rosettes of ribbon the color of the dress with which they are worn. They are made only in the French woven laces, that imitate admirably real thread lace. Most fastidious ladies consider it admissible to wear fancy jackets and aprons of imitation laces, since they are only a transitory fashion.

Coiffure mantillas, worn in the Spanish style, draping the head and bust, promise to supersede hats and bonnets at the watering-places. They are combinations of the hood and mantilla-scarf, and are exceedingly graceful. Pretty ones of private importation are of Brussels net embroidered with colored flowers.

Among veils a new shape is of embroidered tulle falling over the face like a mask, with long wide barbes that cross under the chignon and tie loosely in front, or are held together with a flower, bud, or bow below the chin.

Another style crosses in front as a fichu, and ties at the back of the waist, forming a sash. A novelty worn abroad is half veil and half fichu, and may be worn as an opera mantle. The veil falls over the face, but may be thrown back like the coiffure mantilla.

Thanks are due Mesdames DIEDEN and VIROLET; and Messrs. W. R. BOWNE; DEVLIN & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

A LETTER addressed to the proprietors of the *Bazar*, dated London, May 1, from SHIRLEY BROOKS, Esq. (author of "Sooner or Later," a capital story recently published by the Harpers), contains the following pleasant paragraph: "I have to-day a Philadelphia paper with the DICKENS dinner, given by the press. You will not need to be assured how cordially *that* hospitality has been appreciated here, and by the English collaborateurs of the American press; I mean 'all of us.'"

—ROBERT DOUGLAS, eldest son of the late STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, has been offered the position of Private Secretary to Governor HOLDEN, of North Carolina. Both ROBERT and STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, Jun., inherit much of the talent of their distinguished father. They were carefully and thoroughly instructed in the rudiments of French, Latin, etc., by the widow of Senator D. (now Mrs. General WILLIAMS), and subsequently went through the customary course at Georgetown College. The mother of the young gentlemen was a native of North Carolina, hence, perhaps, a disposition of ROBERT to commence the battle of life in that State.

—Washington society is in an agreeable flutter at the betrothal of Miss MARY FOOTE, the most admired of Washington belles, to Senator HENDERSON, of Missouri. As nearly as it can be done with types the lady is thus photographed: Miss FOOTE is a bright blonde, with large and lovely eyes, an exquisitely artistic mouth, and symmetrical and classic face. She wears a wealth of rich golden hair, arranged in tasteful tresses waving back upon her shoulders. The sweet simplicity and *abandon* of this feature of her toilette, coupled with her quiet tenderness, and vivacious naturalness of animation, render Miss FOOTE, in the opinion of connoisseurs of beauty, the most witchingly attractive young lady gracing the *crême de la crême* of society at the capital. The Senator is a fine-looking gentleman of 42 (she is 24), and proposes that Miss F. shall "change her local habitation and her name," in December. She was born and brought up in Seneca Falls, New York, and is the daughter of ELISHA FOOTE, Esq., who is now one of the Commissioners of Patents.

—At the grand "Charity Ball" recently given at the "Grand Hotel," Paris, the most elegantly-dressed lady in the room (says a Paris correspondent of a London journal) was Mrs. FERDINAND SUYDAM, who had just arrived from New York, and brought her toilette with her. It was very rich, and in good taste, and went well with the superb diamonds which encircled her handsome neck. Mrs. SUYDAM is a daughter of the late STEPHEN WHITNEY, who left her, as they say in America, "no end of money."

—The Edinburgh *Courant* gives this spicy little anecdote of the QUEEN, who is most regular in attendance on divine service, and notices the absence of any of her servants. On one occasion, at Balmoral, last season, she asked one of her attendants on a Monday morning, "Why were you not at the kirk yesterday?" He answered, "Please, your Majesty, the morning was wet." "Oh fie," said the Queen, "who could have expected a Scotchman to plead that excuse? It was not too wet for me."

—New York having given to the New and the Old World two first-class prima donnas, Philadelphia comes forward with the third—Miss EDITH ABELL, who *débuted* in that city a few evenings since with complete success in the opera of the "Bohemian Girl." She is a blonde, *petite* in person, with a fine figure, graceful and vivacious, has a fine soprano voice, well-trained, and possesses histrionic powers of such high character that it was difficult to free the mind from the impression that she must have had experience on the stage. Philadelphia is greatly delighted with its new star, and chirps over and about her with pardonable delight.

—The Rev. Dr. HOWLAND (a son of one of the old HOWLAND & ASPINWALL firm) is a gentleman of worldly possessions, and known among his brother clergymen as one who is very generous to his less-favored brethren. He recently purchased ground on Fifth Avenue for a new church, to be called "The Church of the Heavenly Rest," contributing thirty thousand dollars of the purchase-money himself. A friend of his gave twenty thousand. It is really a memorial to two of Dr. H.'s deceased children. The new church will be free to all who choose to come. It will be "High," but not of the St. Alban's stripe.

—Sir ROBERT NAPIER is the first engineer, indeed the first scientifically-trained officer, ever appointed to independent command in the British army. His success in Abyssinia was "short, sharp, and decisive." The Government would give him a peerage if he were not too impecunious to accept it; he has *beaucoup de* children and slender fortune—two things that, curiously enough, are often found in conjunction. Parliament, however, will give him the usual pension of £5000 per annum for three lives, upon which he and Mrs. N. ought to be able to rough it.

—WASHINGTON VAN ZANDT died at Sing Sing on the 4th of May, aged 60 years. He was formerly an Episcopal clergyman, and possessed remarkable ability as a preacher. Subsequently he became a writer for the press, and was at one time editor of the Syracuse *Star*.

—The Rev. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, the distinguished Methodist clergyman, recently from England, whose portrait has been published in *Harper's Weekly*, is thus described by a correspondent of the *Methodist*, as he appears in the pulpit:

"There he stands, simply a burly Englishman; height, say five feet eight inches; weight, above two hundred pounds, certainly; stout build, inclining to corpulency; chest and shoulders, deep, round, and massive, with a look of prodigious muscle there had it been cultivated; an arm like a blacksmith's, ended by a smallish but compact hand. Of neck, there is not much to speak of in length; but the sturdy thickness which gives English John the balance of his nickname. The head belongs with the body; it has a broad, deep foundation. The face is emphatically English. The eyes are probably a light blue, but seem small, deep-set, and can hardly be seen for a tendency in the red cheeks to rise up in a sort of intermittent puffiness behind. Over all is the hair—light brown, dry, thin to semi-baldness in front, long at the sides, and behind, rolling, and not even as well dressed as Beecher's. There's your preacher and orator, given in an 'untouched' photograph, severely true, as he stood for the first time before an American audience. Is it prepossessing? Not very; and yet, as your eye runs up and down the figure, and over his strong, yet pleasing head, the presence is impressive. You see, moreover, that the man is entirely at his ease, and betrays at once the well-seasoned veteran.

"His diction is marvelous, short, complete; nervous sentences leap after each other with increasing rapidity as he warms a little in his theme. The rhetorical and logical progression of his theme satisfies the justest rules of art, yet he is neither wholly rhetorical nor wholly logical. Now and then there is a deeply subjective introspection, but objectivity is the character of his thought. He deals in things mentally and morally actual, rather than speculative. The mind of speaker and hearer is directed to the real in Christian experience and work, rather than to the ideal. In fact, we almost wish a little more of the inner man poured forth. There is little of set and amplified illustration. The style is attractive and graphic, but not pictorial. 'To be brought to Jesus is equally the want of the man who knows but one language, and hardly that, and of the man who has graduated the stars and unbraided the light;' such sentences, polished, sparkle all along, yet not excessively. Allusions to the classics, short and apt, occur here and there. The preacher has remembered his Homer wonderfully well, and to good purpose; but his favorite exemplifications are scriptural, 'comparing spiritual things with spiritual.' His gesticulation is kept well in hand, rather 'close-reefed,' but always appropriate and forcible."

—Among the signs of the times in England it may be mentioned that the Rev. Mr. BELLEW, who is represented as having no superior in that country as a preacher, was the first Church of England clergyman to preach a sermon in favor of Mr. GLADSTONE'S resolutions for disestablishing the Irish Church. His sermons every Sunday are said to be rare specimens of eloquence.

—Mrs. SAMUEL RUSSELL, of Middletown, Connecticut, has erected in that city, near the entrance of the cemetery, a chapel of Portland stone, at an expense of $30,000. In Greenwood Cemetery one of the largest, most substantial vaults, and one in the best taste, is that of Mr. CHARLES MORGAN, the cost of which was the same as the chapel mentioned above.

—Lord BYRON, a cousin of the person of that name who wrote verses, died lately at the age of 79. He succeeded the poet in the title, which he held forty-four years; but was not much known beyond the immediate circle in which he revolved. The new Lord BYRON is an old boy of fifty, eminently respectable and aristocratic.

—The wife and daughter of that remarkable potentate and exalted Indian, SPOTTED TAIL, who has given our troops so much bother, were recently boarders at one of the great taverns at Cheyenne. A servant of the establishment, who has a turn for statistics, informs the editor of a local paper, that recently they demolished sixteen plates of soup between them at dinner. They appear to be fond of soup.

—A gentleman writing to the *Continental Gazette*, describes the DIX-WALSH marriage in Paris, tells who were present, how the ceremony was performed, what the bride wore, etc., etc., in words following: "The impressive church-service and nuptial benediction of the Episcopal Prayer-Book were read by the Rev. Mr. LAMSON, of the American Episcopal Chapel of Paris. There were no bridemaids or groomsmen; in a circle near the bridal pair stood General DIX and his family—Mrs. DIX, Colonel DIX, Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES DIX, Mrs. BLAKE and her two darling rose-bud daughters, and other friends—all of whom knelt during the prayers. The bride—(we are afraid we must resort to the hackneyed phrase, for nothing else will express it)—'the bride looked lovely' in her wedding raiment composed of a skirt of puffed tulle, with tunic and long train of rich white faille, trimmed with two rows of point d'Alençon, looped in front with bouquets of orange blossoms; corsage *montant*, with Alençon lace at the throat and wrists; wreath of orange blossoms as a coronal, and long tulle veil; diamond ear-rings and diamond cross. She also held a bouquet of natural orange flowers in her hand. Mrs. DIX wore a dress of dark shaded satin, trimmed with black lace; Mrs. BLAKE, a tunic of mauve silk over a white silk skirt, fichu Marie Antoinette of white blonde; Mrs. CHARLES DIX, a dress of light mauve satin, with black Chantilly fichu." The foreigners of distinction among the guests were Lord LYONS, Mr. MILNER GIBSON, the Turkish Embassador; Mr. KERNE, Swiss Minister; the Minister from the Argentine Republic; M. MICHEL CHEVALIER, and M. SIMONIN. Many noted Americans were also present at the ceremony.

WAIST WITH FICHU.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 15–21.

Fig. 64 being of double material. Pleat the crown from ⁄ to ●, then gather a strip of muslin in puffs, a little more than an inch wide, and cover the crown with these lengthwise. Run a wire in the front along the line as marked; the length of this wire is given in the pattern. The front is gathered by this means. Then join the front and crown according to the figures on the pattern, and put on the cape after having pleated it from × to ●. Turn the front over along the line designated; bind the outer edge with silk, and trim this revers on the inner border with a pleated ruche of the material. Cover the seam which joins the front and crown by means of closely laid pleats, an inch in width, and border the cape with a somewhat narrower ruche. Finish with a bow of ribbon on the left side of the hood and blue ribbon strings.

Wall Pocket.

See illustration, page 497.

THIS pretty pocket is easily made. The material should, of course, be of a color which corresponds to the furniture of the room. The original is of brown woolen reps, ornamented with brown braid, and bordered with brown silk cord. Lambrequins, worked in the same manner, and finished each by a tassel, ornament the pocket. Cut, first, for the back, from Fig. 60, one piece each of pasteboard, woolen reps, and percale, then from Fig. 61 one piece of the material and lining, and from Fig. 62 five pieces alike. Having braided the material for the upper part, cover the pasteboard for the back piece; then trim the remainder of the pieces with the material and lining together. Set a strong wire on the upper part of the section of the pocket, Fig. 61, and lay in the under edge of the same part two pleats from × to ●, as shown by Fig. 61. Sew this part to the back and edge with cord. Border the lambrequins also with a cord, with the exception of the upper edge; finish each with a tassel, and sew to a cord on the upper edge, fastening together at the corners. Sew this lambrequin piece, Fig. 61, on the pocket so that the cord stands out as trimming. The pocket is hung up by means of a brown silk cord, arranged as shown by the illustration.

Walking Dress.

THIS dress is of sultana red Irish poplin; the corsage is high, and the dress is trimmed with passementerie gimp of the same color. The skirt is gored and pleated behind. The pattern given for the Norderney walking dress, No. 30 of *Harper's Bazar*, Supplement No. I., Figs. 1–9, may be used for the skirt. The waist is cut from the pattern given in No. 15 of *Harper's Bazar*, Supplement, No. XV. The "Figaro" mantle is of the same material. For this mantle, the shape and style of which are new, a yard and a half of the material is required. Slope this at the upper part, and arrange in box-pleats, so as to reduce it to the width of sixteen inches at the top. Fasten this pleated part to a small cape which scarcely reaches to the shoulder, and fasten in front by means of a bow and ends of the material. Trim the Figaro mantle with passementerie gimp, an inch wide, and passementerie grelots. A hat of black tulle with strings and steel trimmings, and parasol of gray silk, complete the suit.

WAIST WITH SIMULATED FICHU.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 7–9.

Infant's Swiss Muslin Hood.

See illustration, page 497.

THIS hood is of double Swiss muslin. The trimming consists of Swiss muslin ruches an inch and a half in width, which finish the front of the hood, the under edge of the cape, and the back of the gathered front. For the hood cut from Figs. 66 and 67 each one piece of double material. Then cut for the front two pieces of the muslin three-quarters of a yard long and three inches wide, and run in on the back a white covered wire fifteen inches in length; in the middle a similar wire sixteen inches in length; and in the front another seventeen inches in length, so that the front is gathered closely. On this pleat the crown, always laying × on ●, and join this, according to the figures on the pattern, with the cape, which is pleated at the top. Bind the seam with a strip of the muslin, and hem the cape round the bottom. Trim the hood with ruches, and a bow and ends of Swiss muslin on the back of the cape, and finish with muslin strings.

Infant's Swiss Muslin Hood.

See illustration, page 497.

FOR this hood cut from Figs. 63–65 each one piece,

Summer Hood with Fichu.

See illustration, page 501.

MATERIALS: 3¼ oz. white zephyr wool.

In this hood and fichu the tabs cross in front and are laced together behind. The whole is bordered by a netted ruche. The fichu, together with the hood, is finished with a white woolen tassel four inches in length. The hood may also be worked of split wool according to the pattern given in the illustration. Another illustration gives a section of the design in full size. This is worked backward and forward, knitting all the stitches on one side and purling them all on the other.

1st round.—Alternately three stitches knitted together, and in the next stitch three stitches, knitting one, purling one, knitting one.

2d round.—Entirely purled.

3d round.—Like the first, taking care that the stitch in which three stitches are worked in this round shall be the stitch which resulted from knitting three together in the first round. This forms a figured design. The hood is cut from the patterns given in Figs. 35 and 36. Begin on the front of the hood by casting on ninety-two stitches on rather coarse knitting-needles, and knit as given above, making the shape like the muslin pattern cut from Fig. 35. When this has reached the size of Fig. 35, cast off and sew together from 8 to 9. Begin the fichu on the back corner with seven stitches. The three middle stitches are here knitted together as 1 stitch in the 1st pattern row. At the beginning and end one stitch is always knitted plain, and the work is widened as required by the pattern. When the knitted part has reached the height of Fig. 36, cast off the stitches from the middle toward both sides to * of Fig. 36, and knit each part of the fichu separately, gradually casting off stitches on the upper edge to 10 on Fig 36, and adding on the under edge. From the 10 onward the stitches must be cast off, and the same number of stitches added to the other side, so that the tabs shall have the form of the pattern. Where the tabs widen add stitches on both sides, then cast off stitches to render it pointed. The fichu and hood are joined according to the figures on the pattern, and the seam bound with a white silk ribbon. The ruche consists of a netted stripe of the requisite length, which is worked in nine rounds on white zephyr over a mesh an inch in circumference, and bordered on each long side by a round of white filoselle silk. This stripe is laid in box-pleats at the width of an inch apart and held together by means of a few stitches. Finish with tassels on the fichu and hood.

Summer Hood in Knitting and Crochet.

See illustration, page 501.

MATERIALS: 2½ oz. zephyr wool, blue ribbon of half and one and a half inches wide.

This hood is knitted of white zephyr worsted. The tabs may either fall in front, or be crossed on the breast and fastened behind, or arranged around the neck as a scarf. The pattern is knitted with wooden needles, so that the work is in holes and very light. Around the outer

WALKING SUIT.
For pattern see Supplement to No. 30 of *Harper's Bazar*, No. I., Figs. 1–11.

POLONAISE PALETOT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 39.

edge the hood is trimmed with a crochet border of white wool, through the holes in the figure of which is run a narrow ribbon. Bows of blue ribbon, an inch and a half in width, form the other trimming. Begin on the front of the hood and cast three stitches on wooden needles of about three-fourths of an inch in circumference, and knit backward and forward twenty-seven entirely plain rounds, adding a stitch at the end of every round. In the 28th round cast on eighty additional stitches at each side of the work, and knit thirty-eight rounds over the entire row of stitches. In the next round cast off the stitches at each side of the middle fifty-two. With these remaining fifty-two stitches knit further thirty rounds, again adding a stitch at the end of every round, after which cast off. Lay together the corners of the work just finished and sew the side stitches together. Crochet on this, putting the needle through the side stitches one round, alternately 1 dc. (double crochet), 1 ch. (chain stitch), passing over a requisite distance of the border.

2d round.—* 1 dc. in the next ch. of the former round; 1 ch.; 2 dc. separated by 2 ch. in the next ch. of the former round; 1 ch. Repeat from *.

3d round.—Always 5 dc. in the 2 ch. of the last round; between these 2 ch. separated by a sl. (slip stitch), this last always in the single dc. On the front of the hood the dc. are worked nearer together so that they form pleats; besides this, crochet a narrow border about eight inches in length, and sew it on the front of the hood. For this make a foundation of suitable length, and crochet 1st round, alternately, 1 dc., 1 ch., with the last passing over one foundation stitch. 2d round.—In every ch. of the last round 6 tc. (treble crochet); after every 6 tc. 1 ch. 3d round.—Alternately 1 sl. in every single ch. of the last round; between that, 1 ch. By this the 6 tc. figures form regular pleats. Having sewed on this border, run through the dc. round of the hood blue ribbon half an inch in width; lay the knitted crown in a few pleats from the seam toward the front point, and finish this, as also the front middle of the hood, by a bow and ends of the wide ribbon. On the lower corner on the back fasten a white woolen tassel of about four inches in length; and fasten in a point the ends of the tabs by means of similar tassels.

SUMMER HOOD WITH FICHU, IN CROCHET AND NETTING.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 35 and 36.

WHITE CASHMERE SUMMER HOOD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 37 and 38.

SUMMER HOOD IN KNITTING AND CROCHET.

Knitting Design for Hoods, Tidies, etc.

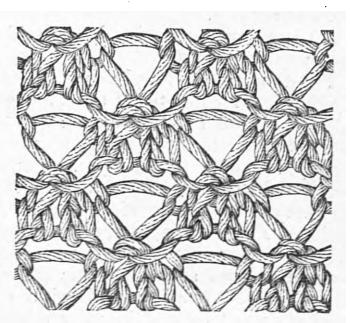
THIS design may be used as foundation for covers and curtains, and worked in split wool also for hoods. Knit on a foundation row of the requisite length, in backward and forward rounds, always making one side knitted and the other purled. 1st round.—Slip one, * knit three, throw the thread around; repeat from *. 2d round.—Purled. In every stitch which was formed by throwing the thread around in the last round knit three stitches—one being purled, one knitted, one purled. 3d round.—Knit entirely plain. 4th round.—Purl entirely. Continue by repeating all from the 1st round, taking care to turn the work at the beginning of every pattern row.

ENGAGED PEOPLE.

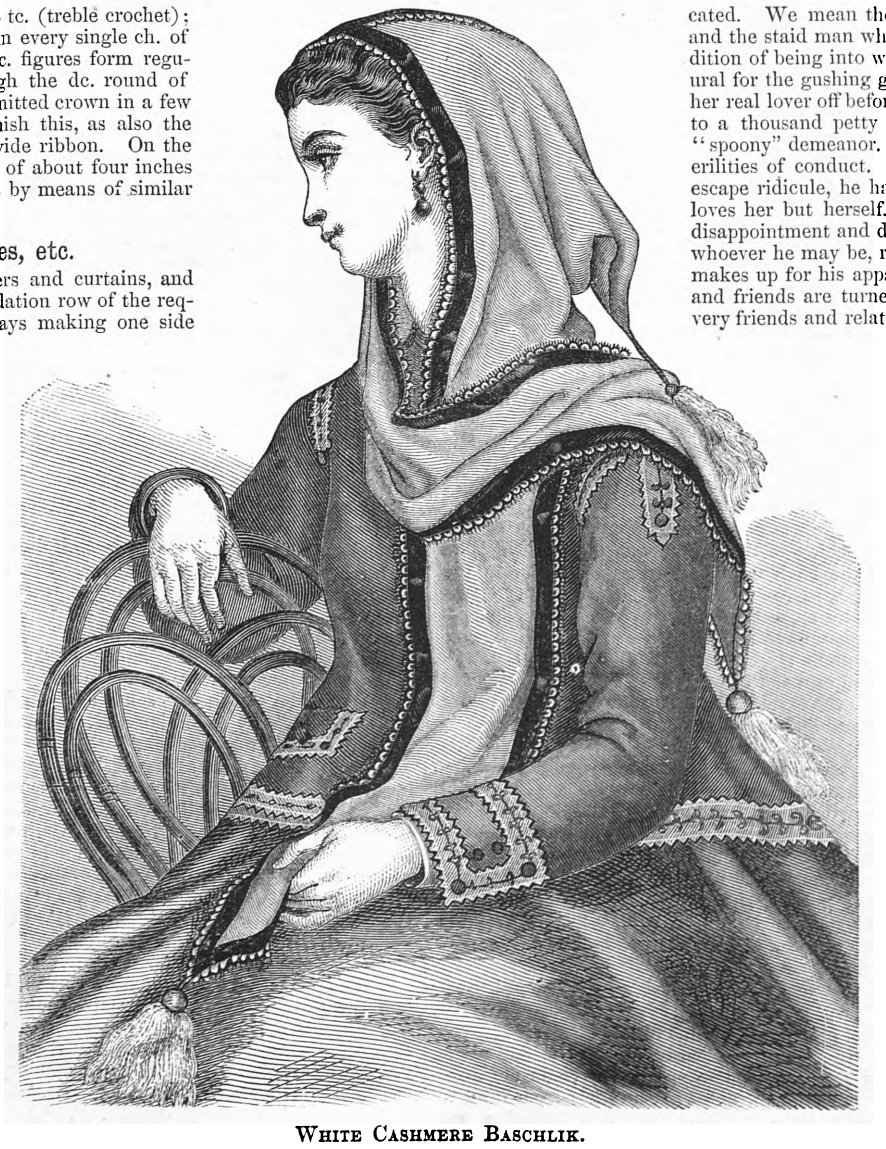
THERE are other signs of betrothal between two persons than an engaged ring. They are very numerous, but they are also very amusing. Ways of making love are just as various as the characters which love has inspired. A new *Wheel of Life* has yet to be made which shall include better designs than those hitherto contrived for this curious toy. Let the little black figures of different types of lovers be made to revolve, and then you will be contemplating one of the most entertaining spectacles in the world.

Married people run more in a groove. Matrimony becomes a habit in a very short time; and though we do not say that there is not a very genuine love five times out of ten dictating every matrimonial movement, yet these movements are all so much alike that the history of one married couple will be generally found but a mere repetition of the history of hundreds of others. Now love—or, rather, that love which the French call the grand passion, and which properly belongs to the days of betrothals—never becomes a habit. It is full of the impulse of a variety of thought in a uniformity of passion. It is all testified, however, in so many various ways that to watch the conduct of engaged people in its multifarious gradations will be found a very entertaining, and, if you are a philanthropist, a very gratifying spectacle. It frequently happens that a very nervous man will fall in love with, and become engaged to, a very worldly young lady. This is the drollest type of all engagements. The obvious nervousness of the man, contrasted with the impulsive movements prompted by love, are almost ridiculous enough to make you sometimes wonder that the girl can see any thing to love in him. The *fille de société* knows too well the character of society to care to provoke its contempt by unblushingly spooning before it. She must be hopelessly in love, indeed, if she disregards her experience of the thoughts suggested to society by such sights. The man, if he were not so nervous, might be able to regulate his conduct by much the same consideration for the opinion of others. But the truth is that, restrained on the one hand by his nervousness, and urged on the other hand by his love, he will generally contrive to make a fool of himself at least ten times during an evening, and go to bed convinced, in the secret depths of his own mind, that he has fallen ineffably in the estimation of her at whose feet he has laid his heart. The manœuvres of such an engaged couple as this are exceedingly enjoyable to watch. The many heart-burnings that come out painfully strong in the expression on the man's face; the exultation in the eyes of the girl who knows how desperately the man loves her, how acute are the pangs which she communicates to his heart by her waltzing and talking with the tall, bewhiskered gentleman with the velvet collar to his coat, all combine to form a study which only a very superficial individual indeed can contemplate without deriving from it very material instruction.

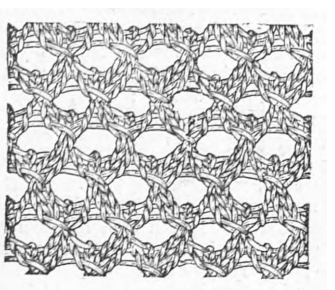
The types of engaged couples are, of course, inexhaustible. There is a type, however, not less droll than that which we have just indicated. We mean the engaged couple impersonated by the gushing girl and the staid man who is terribly conscious of the laughter-provoking condition of being into which he has suffered himself to glide. It is very natural for the gushing girl who is full of her new love, and who wants to show her real lover off before her admiring friends and relations, to have recourse to a thousand petty subterfuges to provoke him into even a temporary "spoony" demeanor. But the staid man will never descend into such puerilities of conduct. He may love the girl very much; but, in order to escape ridicule, he has made up his mind that nobody shall know that he loves her but herself. Of course the gushing girl experiences no end of disappointment and doubts as to whether Charley, or Willie, or Harry, or whoever he may be, really loves her. But, to do the staid man justice, he makes up for his apparent coldness the moment the backs of the relations and friends are turned. Still, what the gushing girl wants is to let these very friends and relations see how much she is loved by the man whom she is going to marry some day or other. Surely nothing can be more natural or more harmless. An engaged girl has a sense of triumph upon her in letting her papa and mamma, and brothers and sisters, see how devoted her lover is to her. It is the triumphant expression of the young heart, which says, "Hitherto I have only been a young girl at school, or a young lady at parties; now I am going to be a wife. Now I am Somebody." All this eloquence is aided, of course, by the lover, when he chooses to offer his support. But the staid man never does choose. His is always the consciousness of the whole family being in conspiracy against him. If he meets the eyes of his future mother-in-law, his first thought is that she is conjecturing his real banking account, and summing up his character by estimating the value of his clothes. He objects to the sisters and brothers because he is convinced that they regard him as a kind of needy fellow who has crept into the family merely to take what he can get. Why should he make a fool of himself before such critics? He loves his little girl—very much; but if she thinks he is going to be let in to spooning with her before her family she is very much mistaken—for he won't. So one-half the en-



KNITTING STITCH FOR HOOD WITH FICHU.



WHITE CASHMERE BASCHLIK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Fig. 5.



KNITTING STITCH FOR HOODS, TIDIES, ETC.

joyment of being engaged is gone from the gushing girl. It is almost as bad as if she had no one to whom she could tell her love.

If we thought, for a moment, that engaged couples were ever in a state of mind fit to have solid advice communicated to them, it would afford us infinite pleasure to lay down a regular code of what we should call "betrothal laws" for the regulation of their conduct not only toward each other, but toward society. But our experience assures us that the best thing a person zealous in the happiness of an engaged couple can do for them is to leave them alone. So this we do, merely indicating engaged couples as a very humorous study for such of our readers who, like Mr. Jingle, are observers of men and things.

MAY.

To forest and meadow-land, April-green,
She has journeyed, a joyous comer,
And gladdened a realm for its future queen—
The loveliest vassal of Summer!

She rouses the timider violets up,
She has brightened the cedar's dark fringes,
And painted the hyacinth's waxen cup
From the withering tulip's tinges.

The flame of her sunset gaudier burns,
The light of her gloaming lingers;
She has opened the plumes of the velvet ferns
By a touch of her fairy fingers.

With plenteous roses, in clustered pomp,
She has wreathen the trellised porches,
And lit in the depths of the lonely swamp
Her marigold's fiery torches.

And last, on the lute of her gentlest breeze,
She has called to their fragrant plunder
Those bacchanals of the flowers—the bees,
With their boom of mimic thunder.

But kindlier still, the poet's dream
She has broidered with threads of fancy,
As bright and rich as her butter-cup's gleam,
Or the dawn of her purple pansy!

THE STORY OF PAULINE.

"DARLING—I found your letter last night, buried as usual in our trysting-tree, and read over every word a dozen times. How can you expect me to agree with or acquiesce in it, who love you so dearly? Little one, you don't know, you can't guess, in that sweet innocent heart of yours, what I feel for you—what it would be to me to lose you. I would rather a thousand times be dead and cold in my grave, blind and deaf to all the things that are so dear to one in youth and strength, than live to know I must do without my darling in all the weary years to come. Not to look into your eyes, not to feel the touch of your dear hand—ah, child! if you only realized the dearth and famine those words contain for me, you would never write me your dutiful maxims and pious pruderies. I don't blame you, you dear little saint; it is not because I'm a world-worn sinner myself that I should laugh at the goodness and purity of a little white dove like you. You did not see me in church last Sunday—the first time I have been for years—I never took my eyes off you. I almost smiled to see you staggering under a gigantic prayer-book with an enormous cross on the back. You can't think how I strained my ears to catch the sound of your voice as you uttered all the responses; and when you sang, it seemed to me I heard your sweet voice above all the rest. I haven't been a good man, Pauline; they've taken care to let you know that, haven't they? but for once I was in love with religion, when I saw your upturned face, with its rapt, devout expression, looking like some cherub's, in its frame of curly, auburn locks. Think, child, how it lies in your power to reclaim a sinner! If you were mine, mine altogether, I should never want to be bitter or wicked any more; you might make me so good—I dare say in time I should be quite a different man: and you know there's something said—somewhere in your Bible—about leaving father and mother, and cleaving to your wife or husband; and so you know, dearest, if you were only once mine, it would be your positive duty to give up every thing for me. Who loves you as I do? If you gave me up to-morrow, and promised all your life-long to see me no more, what could make up to you for losing me? Don't think me vain for saying this, Pauline; I'm only judging your heart by mine. I know that the whole world would be nothing to me without you; I know there would be no sunshine, no brightness, in life for me—nothing but one great heart-eating care—if you were lost to me. Child, if every thought of your days and nights were full of me, as mine are full of you, there could be no hesitation in your mind as to which you would give up—your family or me. Go to your father, tell him how we love each other, tell him what our lives would be asunder, and then—if he still refuses—darling, it would be no wrong—such disobedience could not be sin in God's eyes. Decide for yourself, and trust in the heart that is too full of you, even to the very core, ever to fail you.

"GEORGE STANLEY SCARLETT."

I read that dear letter twice, thrice, kissed it, laid it lovingly against my bosom, while the great tears, that were not all for sorrow, welled up into my eyes. Ah, how true! if I lost his love, gave him up, what would all the world beside hold for me? I was only eighteen then. Ah, me! how incontrovertibly, sweetly true were those loving sophistries. For such love as ours, was it not well to give up all else, friends, ties of family, worldly goods? "It could not but be well."

I was in love—heart and mind and soul; there was a passing cloud over my happiness, because my father had refused his consent to my marrying the man who in my eyes seemed most dear, most noble, most worthy; but in my secret thoughts I had faith—the faith of youth in all things working right at last.

They said he was a scape-grace, a *vaurien!* that he was extravagant and poor. What cared I? If they had brought me a whole catalogue of crimes and sins signed with his own confession it would not have made me love him one whit the less. He was my darling. I had given up all my heart to him, and I would have said stanchly, "Let him be all you say—and still I love him." What is love worth without that blind confident devotion? He was not one of the big black giant heroes of fabulous girth, with Satanic flashes in his "bold bad eyes;" no, he was slight, rather tall, with a bright handsome face and kind laughing eyes. Perhaps his mouth was weak. Sometimes I saw that when he curved up his chestnut mustache above the lip, and twisted it with lithe impatient fingers when he could not answer one of my "dutiful maxims." People were very hard upon him, I thought—very cruel, very unjust. Has one to shake one's head at him because he had been expelled from Eton for some boyish escapade: or has one to frown in virtuous indignation because he had done the same as fifty men in his set, and then, having a mean, cross-grained old father who would not pay his debts, been obliged to sell out of the Rifles? Not that he went about like a big atheistic hero cursing his fate and family, and hating every one who was more fortunate and less tempted. Not he. He was frank, and kindly, and generous—open as the day. "Little darling Pauline," he would say to me, "I'm not half worthy of your love. If I wasn't such a selfish fellow, I should go away and leave you for better men than me; but, darling, if I didn't have you I should die." Ah! was it not something to be loved like that—something for a little simple girl who had never known what it was to be loved, and praised, and flattered before? I had run wild all my life, untamed, unchecked. I was not a beauty like my stately, black-haired sister Doris. Papa and mamma did not expect any thing of me. She would sustain the family honor, be presented at Court, and make a grand match. So the little pale-faced girl with the wavy auburn locks and strange big eyes might roam at large, and race her pony over the broad fields and through the green lanes, might feed her birds and romp with her dogs, and follow her own wayward will much as she listed. I had been very ill once when a child, and the doctors had said, "Give her plenty of fresh air—let her run wild." Their prescription had been followed faithfully enough. And I was very happy. I loved the country, and the birds, and the dear wild flowers. When I was seventeen Captain Scarlett came home (his father's place was next to ours), and he loved me—loved me in spite of beautiful, stately Doris. Men had never had eyes for me before when she was present. Ah! was it not sweet flattery to my simple soul to be loved—ay, more than loved by a man who had mixed with all the loveliest women of the day? But when my father saw it he called me gravely to him, saying, "Pauline, this must not be." And I had cried in a frightened voice:

"Must not? Oh! papa—why?"

He answered, quite kindly: "My child, there are a good many reasons which little girls do not understand. Captain Scarlett is a man of expensive tastes, extravagant, with not the best reputation in the world."

"Oh, papa!" I cried, with hot flushing cheeks, "I don't believe it."

"Hush, dear!" he said, gravely. "I am not speaking from hearsay; what I say is distinctly, undeniably true. And, Pauline, I tell you now, earnestly and seriously, I will not allow you to see him any more. You must now, and here, give me your faithful promise never to see him again without my consent."

I implored and protested; I shed many bitter tears; but my father was firm, and with a sore heart I yielded at last. But "Love will find out the way," and the dead heart of the old oak-tree in the woods received our written confessions. We had not even the poor consolation of Pyramus and Thisbe, telling our love through a chink in the wall. I was faithful to my promise. I would not hear the sound of his voice, or look in his face again. And morning and evening, when I knelt to say my prayers, my heart was heavy with the thought of this transgression against my father's wish. The Sunday before—that Sunday George spoke of in his letter—my better angel had had a great struggle with my wavering heart, and in the end had conquered; so that, with much bitterness and yearning of soul, I had written a last letter, beseeching him not to hinder the obedience I owed my father. In quick answer came his letter, that dear letter I have told you word for word. It changed the current of my thoughts. I could not give up my darling. I would go to my father, would implore him piteously to let us love one another; and if he should still be hard and obdurate, I would—ah! I knew not what.

There was a slow footstep on the lawn, then a crunching of the gravel, and I heard the click of the latch on the little gate opening to the wood. I looked down—it was my father smoking his after-dinner cigar. I took a sudden resolution, and with hot cheeks and fluttering heart I caught my hat from the little white bed, and ran down the broad polished staircase, and out into the wood. Papa heard my quick step. He turned and smiled upon me.

"Well, Miss Lightfoot," he said, kindly, "are you coming to bear me company?" My cheeks were dyed with painful crimson. I could hear the quick beats against my side, and I was silent, gasping for breath. "You should not run so, Pauline," my father said, anxiously. "You are none too strong that you should play these mad pranks with yourself. Stand still, child, and get your breath." A little farther on there was a great oak trunk that had been recently felled.

"Papa, come and sit down with me, please," I gasped, and again I felt dizzy with the great rush of blood to brain and heart.

He acquiesced silently, and we sat down side by side. I tried to speak, but could not force out the words, only sat shivering from head to foot. Presently he turned and looked at me with a long, searching gaze. I was white and sick now.

"Tell me, Pauline!" he uttered, gravely, taking the cigar from his lips.

Sudden courage came to me, and I cried: "Papa, I can not give him up!"

Surely there seems no harder thing than to tell a father that one loves some man very dearly; all one's instinctive delicacy seems to shrink back upon one like the curling leaves of the little sensitive plant. I went on, desperately:

"If you only knew how we cared for each other. *We* don't want money, papa; and why should you mind for what we do not value?"

There was a grave silence that seemed an eternity of torture to me.

"You don't want to break my heart?" I sobbed.

My father laid his cigar down beside him, and turned to me.

"Pauline," he said, kindly, but with a sad, earnest expression in his face, "I do not think I am one of those men who thwart their children's wishes, and refuse their prayers from tyranny or motives of worldliness. You and Doris have not had much hardship to complain of from you father—have you?"

"Oh no, papa!" I cried, quickly.

"If I see your heart set upon a thing—if I know that, by granting what you ask, I should make you very happy—do you think I should refuse unless there were some grave cause?"

I hung my head; that argument seemed unanswerable.

"My child, very few people marry their first loves, and well for them they do not. It may seem harsh and unfeeling to you now, but take my word for it, if you obey my wish and give up Captain Scarlett, you will see men more suited to you than he is, and some day you will be very thankful you did not have your own way."

"Never!" I sobbed, indignantly.

"You think so now, dear—it would be strange if you did not. But you are a mere child, younger even than your years. Come, be brave, Pauline. Trust your father."

His calm words seemed to be taking my dream, my hopes, stealthily away from me; and like some sleeper weighed upon by nightmare, I made a mighty effort to rouse myself. My cheeks were burning until the tears forced themselves into my eyes. My hands and feet were icy cold. For a moment I thought of taking the precious letter from my breast, and placing it in papa's hands; surely that would move him; but then a vague dim sense came over me that what was so sweet and touching to me would seem different in the eyes of a man who had outgrown all sentiment. Do we ever give our parents credit for knowing the meaning of the word romance by practical experience?

"Papa," I said, trembling greatly, and yet with unflinching resolve, "I will never give him up. If you brought some great crime against him, then I should have to do as you commanded me, if it broke my heart. He has *no* fault, only the fault of being poor. I am not like Doris. I don't want to be a great lady. I don't care a bit for fine clothes and carriages; it is he who makes the sacrifice—not I."

"You are quite right, Pauline," answered my father, gravely; "it would be Captain Scarlett's sacrifice—that is my very objection to your marrying him."

"Papa!" I exclaimed, with wide open eyes.

"If I could give you a fortune the case would be different; but you know that is impossible. For the position I am obliged to keep up I am a poor man; the most I could afford to give you would be a hundred a year. Captain Scarlett has four hundred a year left him by an aunt. This I know from his father—an income barely sufficient to keep him like a gentleman in his own set. I know the sort of man he is well—good-natured, unstable, selfish, weak as water, who would promise and swear every mortal vow under the sun to get what he wanted for the time, and probably intend to keep his vows. But it is not in his nature to sacrifice himself for others. I don't want to pain you, my poor little girl, but if you married him he would in time feel you a weight and drag upon him, and be ready to curse, perhaps to your face, the day he ever saw you."

The indignant knot rose in my throat. "You don't know him, papa."

"I can not expect you to believe me, my dear; but you *must* trust my judgment. Now let us say no more about it."

I rose to my feet, and stood before my father with streaming eyes, my fingers locked painfully together.

"Papa, I do not want to be undutiful or ungrateful, but I will *not* give him up. You may lock me up or send me away, or do what you like with me, but I am resolved. I love him with all my heart. I *will* marry him."

There was no anger in my father's kind eyes at my rash words, only grave compassion.

"You will know better some day, Pauline. Go in now, child; it is getting cold. Some days hence I will talk to you again."

I turned away, half ashamed, half regretful, leaving my father still sitting on the fallen oak, and went slowly through the deepening shades to my room. How bitterly I cried! With what wickedness, what bitter ingratitude, my heart reproached me! To have spoken those proud rebellious words to my father—my father, who had been so patient and gentle with me. But I could not, I would not give up my darling.

A week after papa sent for me.

"We have decided what to do with you, Pauline," he said. "You are to promise us that you will not see or hold any communication with Captain Scarlett for a year; and if at the end of that time you are still of the same opinion, we shall not oppose your wishes any longer."

My eyes glistened with delight. What was a year? Was it likely we should change in twelve little months?

"Meantime," continued my father, "you are to spend a couple of months with your Aunt Catherine in London. In a fortnight, when your mamma has had time to equip you, I shall take you to London. I will see Captain Scarlett myself, and tell him of our determination."

"Papa," I asked, wistfully, "may I not see him, or write to him once?"

"No," answered my father, quickly. "I will explain every thing."

I went to London, to my aunt, Lady Nugent, and she took me to all manner of grand entertainments. I enjoyed it thoroughly. I was very happy, for had I not profound faith in the future? Sometimes, when we drove round the Park in my aunt's grand barouche, I saw him standing by the rails with a knot of men, or lingering by some carriage full of aristocratic beauties. He did not raise his hat, or even seem to let his glance fall upon me, but when I turned my head, from a sudden impulse as I passed, I caught the full bright gaze fixed tenderly upon me. Once at a ball we met too, and it seemed so hard that he should not ask me to dance or come to speak to me. But late in the evening he was standing opposite me in a quadrille, and as he passed me he whispered, with some bitterness, "Is it too long to wait?" and I answered, quickly, "Not if it were ten years, instead of one." I knew what he meant; my partner was Viscount Heronmere, and for the last three weeks he had followed me every where, like my shadow. He was kind and generous; youth, good looks, and money were his: perhaps, if I had never seen George, I might have come to care for him. He proposed for me to my father, and I was implored, entreated by my family, not to refuse such a marriage. Papa absolutely forbade me to mention Captain Scarlett to him, and Lord Heronmere, believing he could make me love him by kindness and perseverance, would not be daunted by my first rejection. In the shooting-season papa asked him down, and he put off a grand party at his own place to come. I might have made a grander match than beautiful Doris—her lover was only a baronet; but what cared I for wealth and titles in comparison with my own handsome George Scarlett? I be false to him! I break his heart, because father, mother, sister, urged, scolded, and entreated perpetually! I loved them all—I would have given up any thing for them—but him. One afternoon the shooting-party passed me on their way home as I rambled through the woods alone. I did not offer to join them, but Lord Heronmere stopped at my side, and the rest passed discreetly on to the house. How vexed I felt! it was in my heart to be pettish with the poor fellow, but I thrust the cross inclination from me, and turned to him, smiling. "Have you had good sport?" I asked.

"Not very," he answered; "I shot awfully badly—missed my bird half a dozen times. I suppose I was thinking of something else."

He stood still, and I was forced to glance upward. He looked so brave and bright standing there, his gun across his shoulder and the setting sun slanting through the boughs upon his stalwart frame, I could not help but feel a little touched at the wistful look in his kind eyes.

"Miss Pauline," he said, "won't you have pity on me?" It seemed so odd, this big strong man asking pity at the hands of a poor little forlorn maiden like me, that I half smiled. He took my hand and said again, "Won't you try to love me?"

My face grew quite grave in a moment, but I did not take my hand away—left it trembling with his clasp tightening upon it.

"Lord Heronmere," I said, faltering, "I *must* tell you—they forbade me, but I owe all your kindness some better return than silence now. If my heart were not quite full of some one else, so full that I have not a thought or wish away from him, I believe I might have come to care for you; but I am engaged by every tie I consider sacred and binding, by the whole strength of my love, to some one I am not allowed to name to you."

The kind brave face turned so white—it was his hand that shook now—mine that clasped his.

"It was hardly fair to me," he uttered in a low voice.

"But papa does not consider me engaged; he has refused his consent—I am not even allowed to see Geor—to see——"

"Thank you for telling me," Lord Heronmere said, sighing.

"Will you keep my secret?" I pleaded. "Ah! if you would only be so generous as to pretend you care for me no longer, to go away and seem as if you had forgotten me. If—"

He was silent for some moments, his mouth working and the broad open brow contracting as if to keep back the signs of a passing weakness. Then he looked at me, and seeing my wistful eyes, said:

"You ask me a hard thing."

"But you are generous," I pleaded, and in that moment I felt I loved him like a brother.

"I will show how I love you by obeying you," he uttered, in a low, shaken voice. And then the color flushed into his face as, still holding my hand, he looked into my eyes and then downward at my lips.

"Let me kiss your hand," he said at last, in low, pleading tones.

I had understood his glance. I felt that great, surging pity for him that I think any good-hearted woman would feel for a man who held her in a great hopeless love. I put up my face quite simply to him. If George himself had been there, and known my heart, he could have taken no exception to the impulse which prompted that action. For a moment the keen light flashed into Lord Heronmere's eyes; then it died away, and he stooped and kissed me gravely on the cheek, as he would have kissed a dear sister. "Thank you," he said, in a low voice, and without another word he walked on to the house.

Months rolled on, the year came to an end, and George and I met again. Shall I ever forget that day? My life has not been a long one—not very long, I am only twenty-four. Ah! if it would please God to let me die soon, to drift away out of this great lonely world, where no one cares much for me, where no one would greatly miss me! Hush! I am forgetting; my story is not done yet. I have had some very, very happy days; shall we have good at the hand of the Lord, and not evil? That day, of all others, is to be marked with a white stone.

I think papa and mamma must have forgotten what anniversary it was, for they had gone away on a visit, and I was at home alone. Doris had been married a month.

It was a bright spring day with a hot sun, and I adorned myself in white muslin, with the peach-colored ribbons in my hair that George had loved to see me wear. I knew he would come; I had a keen presentiment that I should meet him in the woods, and thither I went. Standing there, leaning against the broad trunk of an ancient tree, I saw him come toward me with the quick, impatient step I knew so well. I could not move, my heart beat so thick and fast; a strange faintness crept over me. A few minutes and he had caught me to his breast with an eager, passionate cry, and was raining kisses upon my shrinking face and trembling hands. The great glad tears poured down my cheeks; his voice was shaken too as he said:

"Little darling Pauline—my own at last!"

We were married; and ah! how divinely happy we were! how we loved each other!

One can not be quite satisfied in this world; there is an alloy in our greatest pleasures, perhaps to mould our characters into firmness and truth, as base metal hardens the plastic gold into endurance. Papa was bitterly angered at the marriage, but he had given his promise and would not depart from it. He had trusted that the year of absence would have been too hard a test, for George's truth at least; he had fancied that a glimpse of the paradise of fashion and luxury would have given me new ideas on the value of wealth and position. In vain is a snare set in the sight of any bird; we had seen through it all, we were not one whit altered.

We were living in London, in apartments. I did not mind the least that the house was not in a very fashionable neighborhood, or that the rooms were furnished in the gimcrack style known to cheap furniture-vendors as the Louis Quatorze—oh, the unutterable sacrilege of fathering any thing so vulgar and tawdry upon the Grand Monarque! But I think it grated a little upon George, who had been used to luxury and pomp from his childhood up. Of course, it was natural that he should chafe at genteel poverty, which he vowed was more degrading than absolute beggary. I felt keenly what it must be to him to come from his luxurious club to the little musty sitting-room, and be compelled to dine off greasy steaks, or worse still, the stringy baked biped dignified by the name of chicken, which alternated our untempting fare. I did not mind one whit, but I thought regretfully as I looked, with the happy pride of possession, at the handsome face opposite to me, I thought how he must miss the recherché, sociable little club and Richmond dinners, and began to reproach myself with selfishness in wanting to have him always with me. At last, with a heart-breaking effort, I resolved to sacrifice my pleasure to his comfort. So I besought him to dine now and then at his club, and to mix a little in the society he had been used to. I could not expect his friends to come and see me in those inelegant lodgings—he did not even care for them to know where he lived. He refused to leave me at first, but yielded when I pressed him. I was very miserable on the evenings when he dined out. I drank my solitary cup of tea, having no heart to eat, and looked wistfully out of window at the dull street. George did not like me to go out alone. Sometimes I cried a little, but then I comforted myself that he was happy, and I loved him so dearly that I would have given up every thing in the world for him. If it crossed my mind sometimes with a shadow of pain that he could be happy away from me, I checked the thought, arguing to myself that men and women were different. Ah, would I not rather have dined day after day on the most miserable burnt-up chop with him beside me than have partaken of a banquet in Olympus that he could not share? It was hard when he began to stay out late, not coming home until one or two in the morning; but I always sat up for him. How I listened for every cab-wheel, to every footstep in the deserted street, until I was almost mad with apprehensions for his safety. What should I do if I lost my darling—if he were taken from me? I thought sometimes he would be: I idolized him so. But then when he came I could welcome him with a glad smile, and if he was vexed with me for sitting up I declared I had been reading a book it was impossible to put down. Now and then I wondered a little that he accepted my stories so readily, that he did not notice how invariably I sat up until his return, that he did not see my cheeks were pale and my eyes hollow. But we were very happy. Sometimes he took me to the Park, or we went down to Greenwich or Richmond in a hansom and dined there; these were grand gala days. I gave him all my money, pretending I did not care for dress, and learned to be a wonderful seamstress, turning and furbishing up my wardrobe that he might not notice how shabby my clothes were getting.

A little girl was born to us—born dead. I grieved sadly at first, but was consoled. It was all for the best; if she had lived she would have taken me too much from him.

One autumn we went to Homburg. George seemed to enjoy the place thoroughly; he met so many friends, the life suited him; and if he was glad, was I not thoroughly, unfeignedly happy? If he would only have kept away from the tables. Lord Heronmere was there; he came and spoke very kindly to me, but George did not like him, and so I assumed a cold reserved manner when we met, and he, being sensitive, ceased to talk to me. One afternoon—one miserable afternoon—ah, how well I remember it!—George came into our little entresol at the hotel, moody and miserable.

"I don't know what I shall do, Pauline," he groaned. "I've lost five-and-twenty pounds at that cursed table, and I have only five pounds to pay our bill and take us home."

My heart froze within me, but I loved him too well to reproach him. What could we do?—there seemed no escape from the awful abyss of impecuniosity yawning at our feet. To borrow from his friends would be a frightful humiliation: it was no use writing home. Suddenly he glanced at my hand, and, with a thrill of pain, I understood the glance. I wore the diamond ring he had given me before we married: it was my sole possession of value—the one thing I prized. Slowly I drew it from my finger and passed it over to him. He put his arms round me, kissed me a thousand times, called me his darling wife, and I was consoled.

He was my idol: for his sake I broke God's Commandment daily: did I not deserve my punishment? Ah me! it came swiftly enough.

One winter evening I sat alone. We had a house of our own now—very small it was, but still our own. The rain pattered dismally on the windows, the wind howled in the chimney—a miserable night, when one thought remorsefully of the poor and homeless, and felt it almost a sin to sit with drawn curtains and bright fire by the hearth. There was a loud peal at the bell: a sudden fear crept over me: voices in the hall: the door was thrown open and papa came in. I had not seen him since my marriage.

"Papa!" I cried, running toward him; "what is the matter?"

He took me in his arms and kissed me very kindly.

"Poor child! poor child!" he said, pityingly.

"What is it?" I muttered, in agony, my white lips almost refusing their office.

"You are to come with me at once, Pauline; the cab is at the door."

"Where is he?" I moaned. "Oh, papa! he is not dead?"

"Would to God he were!" said my father, between his teeth.

He was not dead—then nothing on earth could hurt me much.

"What do you mean?" I asked, quietly enough now.

"You are not his wife, Pauline."

"Not his wife?" I gasped, staggering with sudden sickness. "Not his wife?"

"No, my poor child; his wife is living in Italy. Her brother came to me yesterday. They have been trying for years to discover the blackguard."

The room swam, a mortal sickness came over me, and I fainted. When I came to my senses my father and the two servants were bending over me.

"Let them fetch your bonnet and cloak," papa said; "we must go at once."

"Where?" I asked; but he made a sign to me to remember the servants were present. I sent them out.

"Where?" I said again, faintly.

"Home with me, dear, to your mother."

I shook my head. He glanced at me in surprise.

"What do you mean, Pauline?"

I felt sick and giddy, but nerved myself for a great effort.

"If he had fifty wives I would not leave him—"

"Pauline!"

"Papa! he is all the world to me!" I cried, in a broken voice.

"My poor child, I pity you from my soul; but choice is not open to you—you *must* give him up, and leave his house with me to-night."

"I will never leave him."

"Pauline! do you know what the world will call you?"

"I do not care so long as he is left to me."

Papa urged, entreated, commanded me—all fell alike on my impassive ears; at last, in great anger, he left me.

The weary hours rolled on; an anguish almost more than mortal overshadowed me. That he should have deceived me—my darling, my idol! should have brought me into shame and dishonor; made me nameless, a reproach among men. Even in this hour my love fought against all condemnation of him. "Perhaps," I said to myself, with painful effort to believe him less guilty, "perhaps he believed her dead; when he comes all will be explained." But whatever the result—let every thing be black against him—I would stay. My lips framed themselves into a prayer; then I stopped, shuddering—*I* pray with the resolve to sin against God firm in my heart! ah, what mockery! "I shall never be able to pray any more," I cried, in the depths of my great despair; "never be able to go to church—never talk to him of good things, and try to lead him in the right way again." And then I sobbed, with a sudden and great pain that pierced my shrinking soul: "If he lets me, I will go."

Then, after my long waiting, I heard his key turn in the door—he had come. I could not go to meet him as my wont was: in shivering pain I stood quite still by the dying embers on the hearth. The door opened; my husband—oh God! not *my* husband—came in.

"The fire out, Pauline?" he said, impatiently; "and it's a cursedly cold night."

Then, seeing that I made no answer, nor moved toward him, he came up close and kissed me. A great shiver ran through my frame.

"What is the matter, child? Are you ill?" he asked, anxiously.

A choking sob rose in my throat. How should I ever tell him?

"Poor little wife!" he said, tenderly, putting his arms round me. Then I burst into a great passion of tears, and laid my head upon his shoulder.

"Oh George! is it true? Am I not your wife?"

I felt the quick start as I lay upon his breast, and my heart died within me.

"Who says so?" he muttered. "What have they told you?"

"Papa has been here to-night. He came to take me home."

"Pauline, my darling, you won't leave me? Oh, child, don't think too hardly of me! I swear to you I believed her dead when I married you; and afterward I had not the courage to tell you the truth. It was years ago, when I was quite a boy. She was an intriguing Italian, old enough to be my mother."

"George, if I stay I shall lose my soul."

"And if you leave me I shall go headlong to the devil! Oh, Pauline! if you make this sacrifice for me I will be every thing to you—more than the most loving husband—only don't go away from me, darling."

With his arms round me, his entreating voice that was more than all the world else to me ringing in my ears, what could I do but yield?

But life was never the same to me again; there was no gladness in my heart, no peace in my soul. Only my love for him absorbed my whole being, increased and strengthened with each new sacrifice I made to it, until it grew into one great agony of apprehension lest I should lose it. His wife—that I should have to write the bitter word—did not prosecute him. She was leading a life that would not bear inquiry, and only wanted money. So we were poorer than ever. Ah me! what that life was for me, who in all that had befallen me had never known what it was to doubt him! A time of terror, of anguish, of remorse; and yet when I look back from this present to that past, it seems heaven to me, because I was still with him. But there were no longer any gala days, no drives to Richmond, no boxes at the theatre. I hated to go out, lest I might meet some contemptuous glance, some cruel sneer. For I never forgot that I, whose life had been chaste and pure, whose sin was loving too well, might and would be classed with those who lived in open vice; might be swept past with cold disdain by the less unhappy, less sorely tried. In the days when people had called me pretty I had never felt any pride in my good looks, except when George praised them. Now I looked with anxious inquiry into my looking-glass, watching with as eager pain the dawn of a wrinkle or the deepening of a line as any beauty in the world of fashion, fearful of a decreasing sway, might have done. I could no longer have that happy confidence of young wives that says to itself: "We shall grow old together; as we live day by day in sight of each other he will not notice if I change: I shall be his wife always. Ah, that was the scorching bitterness—I was not his wife—and some day he would look at me, perhaps, and see that I had grown old and faded; and then when he met young fresh girls, like I was once, he would remember that no real tie bound him to me. I had loved my God and my church; now my shrinking feet dared not tread the sacred porch. My trembling knees dared not bow before Him whose law I transgressed. Could I hope he would grant a prayer of mine, though my tears were blood?

And as time wore on, I saw with painful keenness that a change was coming over George; that he was growing moody and discontented. He was not unkind to me; but there was no longer the tenderness of the old days in his manner. He did not care for my caresses now, given in trembling, given despairingly, in a mute agony lest they wearied him. He was often out: when he came home not saying, as in times past, where he had been; what he had seen and heard: almost he seemed to resent my questioning.

Fifteen months passed. One day a letter came for me in a handwriting I did not recognize. The contents were these: "Do you know that Captain Scarlett's wife is dead, and that he might marry you lawfully to-morrow if he chose? Ask him who the beautiful heiress is, by whose carriage he stands every day in the Park?" A great trembling seized me—the paper fell from my shivering hands. Then I reproached myself vehemently for putting any faith in an anonymous communication. I waited in an agony of impatience until George's return; then without a word I placed the letter in his hands. As he read he grew white to the lips, and his hand shook. He remained staring at the paper without speaking.

"George!" I gasped, and in that moment of mortal agony my voice sounded strange to me, like the voice of one dying.

"It is quite true," he answered, doggedly.

"Is it true you love that woman?" I asked; a bitterness for which there are no words creeping toward my heart.

"Yes, that is true, too; but of course I shall marry you if you wish it."

Oh, my God! was ever a sin punished like my sin? I stood gazing at him with fixed burning eyeballs that were dry of tears—my tongue clove to my mouth—my heart died in mortal agony within me. Then I moved away to the window like one in a dream, and he left the room and the house without another word to me.

I have never seen him again. It is two years since that day when I died—died and went into the Hades where the soul suffers torture..... And he—he lives happy, they say—is prosperous—has a name in the world.....Would I have it otherwise? Would I know him suffering, haunted by an anguish of remorse? Nay, that would I not; for it was him I loved, not my own self. Surely my sin is expiated; surely mercy will not let this torture last. Daily, nightly, through my bitter tears, I cry with Thekla: "I have lived and loved—let me die!"

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY BEAUTIES.

LOUNGING all the morning, dreaming
O'er the novel's witching page;
Interest in her dark eyes beaming,
Fancied woes her heart engage.

Then abroad when fashion streameth,
In gay marts she shines an hour,
Choosing what rich dress beseemeth
That young form, to aid its power.

In the Park where steeds are prancing,
See her curb her own so bold;
Habit sweeping, eyes bright glancing,
Hat on locks of sunny gold.

Now where voices sweet are gushing,
As if seraphs dropped below,
Charmed she listens, cheek soft flushing,
And her jewels all aglow.

Or in halls of pride and splendor,
Slow she moves, and lights the scene;
Dazzling lamps more dazzling render
Beauty's stately, peerless queen.

Then she dances, graceful, swimming,
Soft, rich cloud her robes of white;
Sure her heart with bliss is brimming,
Maid so envied, star so bright.

O'er that ball joy, on her pillow,
Flushed and wearied, now she sinks,
But her bosom—restless billow—
Knows not sleep; it aches and thinks.

Country beauty—softly blowing,
Morning's roses prank the sky;
Up—her cheek as fresh is glowing,
And as bright her clear blue eye.

With light foot and dark-wreathed tresses,
Out she trips where flow'rets shine;
And her heart earth's glory blesses,
Drinking fragrance—Nature's wine.

Now she stays where boughs are sighing,
Near the plashing waterfall;
Round her birds are chirping, flying,
Gathering at her well-known call.

Noon upon the hamlet sleepeth;
See her there among the poor,
Soothing many a heart that weepeth,
Like a sunbeam at each door.

Eve in crimson drapes the mountain,
Warms the rose-decked, ancient pile,
Turns to gold the garden fountain,
Earth and sky one peaceful smile.

Hark! her pure, sweet song is swelling,
Each entrancing, liquid note,
Bosom thanks for mercies telling—
Sounds that up, like incense, float.

Virtue forms her robe of splendor,
Jewels—see her sparkling eyes!
Fancy scarce might lovelier render
New-born Eve in paradise.

Spirits kind, to earth descending,
From each harm that maiden keep!
O'er her pillow viewless bending,
Kiss her into balmy sleep!

COSTUMES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

MASKS were first worn in France during the reign of Francis I., and they were not without their use in after-times of civil strife, albeit, like most other things, subject to abuse. The first pair of silk stockings in France was worn by Henry II., consort of Catherine de Medicis, although it was not until a later date that a manufactory for stockings was instituted in the Bois de Boulogne, which locality had long been a favorite resort both of princes and penitents. Before stocking-making became a matter of French trade it was customary for ladies to knit hose; and previous to the time when hosiery was thought of in an elastic form it was customary for people of rank to case their legs with stuffs—more or less costly—bound on by *bandelettes*, such as those worn by Charlemagne.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NINNIE M.—Long loose sacques or redingotes are worn of the same material as the dress. These should always be belted in at the waist. We have already given numerous illustrations and descriptions of these articles. Scarf talmas, such as we have illustrated and described, are worn. Shawls are always suitable for elderly ladies. Mohairs and alpacas for traveling dresses can be bought at fifty and sixty cents a yard. Buff linen may be bought as low as twenty-five cents. Serge is $1 25.

ANNIE.—Will find all the information she desires about riding habits in this Number of this paper. Our arrangements will not permit us to give a pattern at present.

MRS. THEODORE COX.—We can not recommend any thing as *certain* to restore the hair.

MRS. F. N. H.—Seven-eighths is the proper width of dotted Swiss muslin for curtains. There are two widths to each window. The fluted ruffle is about three inches wide. It should surround the curtain, except at the top, and is made of plain Swiss muslin. The bands looping the back are of dotted Swiss, double, an inch wide, with the fluted ruffle on either side. Some use wide linen gimp, but the ruffled bands are prettiest. A pretty fashion for the country is to line the curtains with soft pink or very light blue silk.

A. A. B.—It is customary to gore all the widths of a short dress, but the back widths are sloped less than the three front widths. Muslin skirts are gored. You will find directions concerning them in this Number of the *Bazar*. Gros grain is corded silk. Poult de soie is also corded, but is much softer than gros grain.

MRS. DENIS.—You can adapt the pattern you speak of by changing the contour of the front.

FROCK WITH CAPE FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 40-46.

FROCK FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 54-59.

FROCK FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 47-50.

FROCK FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 51-53.

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-4.

FROCK WITH FICHU FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Fig. 6.

FROCK FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 22-29.

FROCK FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 10-14.

FROCK FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 22-29.

Riding Costumes.

Fig. 1.—Lady's riding dress, composed of a black hat with low crown and flat brim of average width, trimmed with a broad black figured galloon confined by a gold buckle. Loose jacket, coming a little way below the waist, with the corners rounded in front, and trimmed up the front and above the arm-holes with gold buttons. Broad pocket lapels. Sleeves somewhat loose at the elbow, and trimmed from there to the wrist with a row of gold buttons. Vest buttoned to the throat with gold buttons. Long skirt, plain in front and full behind. Standing collar and blue cravat.

Fig. 2.—Gentleman's riding dress. Low-crowned hat, with flat brim of average width. Maroon jacket, closed with one button, cut away and rounded in front, and adjusted to the waist; with square pocket lapel under the hip, and somewhat loose coat-sleeve, with cuff. Vest with standing collar, and long pantaloons of light Havana cloth, in narrow vertical stripes. Orange cravat, turned down collar, straw colored gloves, and high riding boots.

Demi Toilettes.

Fig. 1.—Dress of light green foulard, with low bodice, worn over a puffed Swiss muslin under-waist. Over-skirt caught up on the left side of the front with a large satin bow, and trimmed with long rounded tabs, bound with green satin, which simulate a sort of peplum. The waist and belt are trimmed in the same manner. Under-skirt of white foulard.

Fig. 2.—Dress of gray poplin, trimmed with bias folds and buttons of gray silk. Marie Antoinette fichu of the same material.

Fig. 3.—Dress of brown cretonne, trimmed with brown satin piping and buttons, extending from the throat down the right side of the skirt to the bottom, as shown in the illustration.

Fig. 4.—Dress of lilac alpaca, trimmed with bias folds of satin of a darker shade, which simulate a scarf on the right side of the skirt, and are finished with passementerie grelots.

Fig. 5.—This black silk dress is very effectively trimmed with rouleaux of violet silk, which form a heading to the flounce on the bottom, and trim the waist and sash as shown in the illustration.

SEVRES PORCELAIN.

IN any and every discussion of French porcelain, the Imperial Manufactory of Sèvres must always claim primary consideration. It is from this establishment that France derives so large a portion of the ceramic *objets de luxe* which adorn her palaces and the mansions of her nobility and wealthy classes. The Sèvres porcelain would be out of place wherever it was not surrounded by befitting accompaniments in the way of costly furniture and splendid decorations. In its soft yet brilliant coloring, its glowing landscapes, its gay figure-subjects, often set in a frame-work of gilding, it not unfrequently almost rises to the dignity of Fine Art. It must be borne in mind that in its production a very large staff of most skillful and thoroughly-educated artists are employed; and it would be strange indeed if, with such aid and with all other essential means and appliances at command, the most successful results were not attained. But though the Imperial Manufactory unquestionably takes the lead in certain qualities of its ware, there are other producers, both in France and elsewhere, who have proved themselves not altogether unworthy to rank with it.

How far the ornamentation to which porcelain of every kind, and of most countries, is frequently subjected—we refer especially to pictures of the Boucher and Watteau class, and to figure-scenes generally, as well as to landscapes—is the most suitable and most in accordance with strict propriety and refined taste, must be matter of opinion; it is, and has long been, the fashion, and therefore, it may be presumed, has passed the bounds of criticism. The Etruscans and Greeks certainly decorated their pottery with figures; but they had not learned the art of applying the painter's pharmacopœia to their productions; and if they had so learned, we may reasonably doubt their using it for such purposes.

Where beauty and magnificence are the objects aimed at—where perfection of design, and the gorgeousness of color, and purity of material, and delicate workmanship are sought after—whatever the cost may be, it is only reasonable to expect that the examples exhibited in the Sèvres court should be what we found them. And yet the productions of to-day are scarcely an advance upon those which were sent out from the factory a century ago: they had even then reached a point of excellence which no subsequent scientific knowledge and practical experience have been able, greatly, if at all, to surpass. We recognize in the recent productions better, because more elegant and symmetrical, forms, and improved taste in the decorative paintings introduced; but beyond these qualities of refined progression there is little to distinguish old Sèvres porcelain from new.

They who are unacquainted with the nature of the ceramic arts should know that there are two kinds of porcelain—one made of soft paste, and called by the French *pâte tendre*; the other of hard paste, termed *pâte dure*. The materials differ in

RIDING COSTUMES.

DEMI TOILETTES.

each; the latter being made of powdered granite and feldspar, the former of a combination of chemical substances; the hard porcelain requires but one firing, the soft is subjected to two bakings. The result, when each has passed through the artist's hands for painting, is, that the surface of the latter, when painted, is somewhat rough under the touch, while the former is perfectly smooth. At Sèvres they make both, though the examples of soft porcelain are of secondary importance; in England, our principal manufacturers use the other. Old Sèvres may be distinguished from modern by the difference just explained, inasmuch as it is almost without exception made of *pâte tendre*; and the colors, if less brilliant, are softer and richer, because they have sunk into the glaze of the materials used. And as in a picture on canvas hard coloring produces in appearance what artists know as hardness of texture, so does it also when employed in ceramic wares. Speaking of color, we must not omit to mention the beautiful and delicate *polish* green of some of the Sèvres porcelain; it would be impossible to produce any tint so agreeable to the eye, and so adapted to the requirements of good taste, as this.

PERSONALS.—STATION D.

"BUT, dear Mr. Lumpkin," cries Jenny Jenks, "I want to make my *own* experience, you know." And then I sigh and say to myself, was ever any thing else so costly in the buying, and so worthless in the giving, as this same experience? And then my wife lights the gas, and we all go to dinner, and the dinner is excellent; are not Mrs. Lumpkin's dinners always excellent? And still I find myself pondering on the case of Jenny Jenks.

Miss Jenks is of the kittenish order of girls. She is round and plump. She has a baby face and innocent eyes. She can be sweet and tart and perverse and bewitching, just as a child is, all at once. In fact, she is a full-grown child; physically a woman, mentally a baby. Baby likes what is bright and glaring. So does she. Baby is sublimely superior to reason. So is she. Baby has a diabolical ingenuity in getting itself caught by the neck and skirts and fingers. She has the same ingenuity for what she calls "scrapes." Baby is afflicted with an evil spirit of research into every place or thing that can bite, pinch, nip, smash, and, in one word, hurt it. So is she, metaphorically. Baby is always trying to put its fingers into the "pretty candle." So is she; metaphorically again! But here the parallel ends. Baby can be taken away and quenched in bed, or in nurse's lap. Miss Jenks has the liberty, as well as the stature, of womanhood. We may shout till we are hoarse, "naughty candle! Burn Jenny! Burnt me once!" and she can still say, as she did to me,

"But I want to feel what a burn is like, for myself, you know."

Now, in such a case, what is a man to do? Jenny is visiting my niece Clara, who is as much of a baby as herself. They crimp each other's heads, and wear gowns cut from the same piece of goods. They both wear frills, and rosettes for skirts, and ribbons, and a flower for bonnets. They are tightly girt in at the waist, and have short curls, and long curls, and dog-collars, and high heels, and a Grecian bend, and nice ankles, and ribbon by the piece, and distracting little veils. They are rosy and saucy and coquettish; very pretty, in fact, excepting the Grecian bend; and they go strolling down Fifth Avenue and Broadway, and think that every fine-looking man with good gloves and shoulders is a hero, and christen every woman in absurd train and inaccessible bonnet "splendid." Fancy letting loose two such infants in a city like New York! You know that extremes meet, and that few old sinners are more reckless than a baby. And these girls say and do things, in the innocence and ignorance of their hearts, that make me, a fifty-years'-old uncle, shudder. Still, what am I to do about it, fast in my shop, while Mrs. Lumpkin is equally fast in her kitchen?

You ask, what things? Here is an example. For a week they have been shut up in the house, for no good cause, you may be sure. Busy over some enginery of mischief—"walking suits," I was told—and only appearing at meals, with hair in crimping pins, and threads and snippings of some gray stuff sticking all over them; still they were safe in the house, and I breathed freer; till on a certain Friday I heard a bouncing and rustling outside of my door, and, opening it, behold Jenny and Clara!

Now I have no more eye for details of millinery than a beetle; but I always experienced from my youth up a vague approving consciousness of white frills and cuffs, trim boots, fresh hats, gloves, and faces, dainty collars, soft curls, flowing outlines, and flimsy things of lace. Consequently, though I try to look grim, I feel myself softening, and the irreverent minxes find me out at once, and kiss me, and dance about me, and go away flushed, no doubt, with this their first conquest, and leave me confounded. Full of malice against my unlucky sex they get into a stage and ride about. Somebody looks at them; somebody like me from "my youth up," only he is *in* his youth yet, and has not arrived at the "up." Jenny discovers him—a woman who can not see through her eyelids is unworthy of the name of woman—steals a look at the looker, and observes that he has a dark mustache. Stranger looks away. Jenny, very curious to know if he will look again, steals another glance, gets caught in the act, and blushes crimson. Clara finds it out by this time, and takes notes. Stranger is curious to see if Jenny is looking. Jenny is curious to see if stranger is looking. Both steal glances, and their eyes meet. By this time stranger's companions have found it out also. Jenny is quite resolved to look that way no more, but does so want to know if he is looking still. Looks toward the glass at the upper end of the stage. A similar brilliant device has occurred to the stranger, and their eyes meet in the glass. Jenny pouts, turns her back squarely, and for the rest of the ride looks industriously down Broadway. And the next morning Clara finds in the paper the following advertisement:

"Will the shorter of the two young ladies, dressed alike in gray poplin walking dresses, trimmed with gray satin, and who rode on Friday afternoon from Tenth to Canal streets, in a Fifth Avenue stage, favor the gentleman who sat on her left with her address, and oblige an ardent admirer? X. Y. Z., Station D Post-office, N. Y."

Clara read and re-read the advertisement. They *did* wear gray poplin. It *was* trimmed with gray satin. They *did* ride from Tenth to Canal streets. Jenny *was* the shorter, and the gentleman who stared at her so *did* sit at her left hand. Clara flew up stairs, her finger on the advertisement. Jenny was brushing out her crimps before the toilette table. Clara thrust the paper under her eyes, and cried, "Read that."

"'Will the shorter of the two young ladies,'" commenced Jenny, wonderingly, and then broke off to giggle. "Now, Clara, I don't believe it."

"Don't believe what?"

"That this is intended for us."

"Intended for you, you mean."

"'Of the two young ladies,'" continued Jenny, "'who were dressed alike in gray poplin, trimmed with gray satin, and who—' Why, Clara, they are not gray. They are nearer a cream tint."

"Well, do you expect a man to know about shades and tints?"

"It is very odd," observes Jenny. "There certainly was a gentleman."

Clara, sarcastically—"I should *think* there was."

"And he did stare so at us."

"You, you mean."

"I could not even look that way. Impertinent creature! He wore a light coat."

"No, it was dark."

"Oh yes! I remember. Do you suppose he thinks I will answer him?"

"If he does not, I should say that he was a fool to advertise."

Jenny tossed her head.

"Then he is mistaken. I shall do nothing of the sort. Not that I think there is any harm in it, but I don't choose. Let him get an introduction."

"But people can not always get an introduction."

"Let him haunt the theatres and churches, then," replied Jenny, despotically, "and go to half a dozen receptions a night to meet me. That is what I should do."

Clara said nothing. Jenny brushed her hair, and read the advertisement again.

"It is very respectful."

"Yes, and well written. He is a gentleman."

"Oh, of course. But I will not write, though I could write, and still he need never know who I am."

"Certainly not." Clara evidently sided with the advertisement.

"But then, if I did write, what could I say? Address N., Station D. Post-office. No harm could come from *that*. Suppose we try."

Clara bridling.

"Oh! I have nothing to do with it."

"Then I can not write it. I could never do such a thing alone."

And of course I need not say what happened next. You see already that the two young simpletons wrote the letter and posted it.

It happened about that time that Clara received a letter from her mother (Mrs. Standish), in which was a message for her aunt (Mrs. Lumpkin), and at dinner Clara recollected that she had received a letter, also that it was from her mother, also that it contained a message for Mrs. Lumpkin, but forgot the message, doubtless because of the more important business that she had on hand. Great events turn on little hinges. It happened that I was just going up stairs, and I was commissioned to bring down the letter from the pocket of Clara's gray walking suit which hung in the clothes-press.

I hate fumbling in pockets. First, I can never find the pocket. Next, when found, I can never get into it. I went up stairs smarting with a keen sense of personal injury. I dashed madly into the pocket of the first gray suit that I saw, ran my finger on one of their horrid needles, found the letter, came down stairs in a pet, opened the letter in a fume, and read out,

"'Dear Miss N——'"

"What?" said Mrs. Lumpkin. I looked again.

"That is the way it reads," said I. "'Dear Miss N——'"

"Oh, Mr. Lumpkin! That is my letter," exclaimed Jenny, coloring furiously and springing to seize it; but mean time I had made out certain such suspicious words on the page as "warm admiration," "sense of honor," "grant," "meeting," "cruel," "confidence," "distrust," and all this from an individual with no better account to give of himself than X. Y. Z. Therefore I made bold to retain it, on which Miss Jenny burst into tears.

Some men are always to be overcome by tears, while other some have a sort of aqua scutam temperament. I am of the latter order, and I waited. When her tears were done, Jenny turned sulky; but I am not afraid of sulks, and by a little more waiting and some cross-questioning I had at last the whole story about the stranger in the omnibus and the advertisement in the morning's paper, after which came up the question with which I started, What could I do about it? Jenny had intimated, with some tartness, that I was not *her* uncle, thank Heaven; and if I had been, still I should have hesitated. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, and there is no such guano for any sort of a crop as persecution. While I hesitated the girls sat as if expecting a sentence of doom. Indeed Jenny and Clara were both crying, and Mrs. Lumpkin evidently thought that I was a perfect brute.

"Confound it!" cried I, in a sudden passion. "I might as well have a couple of year-old babies toddling and balancing on the sill of an open window in the third story, and be forbidden to lay a finger on either of them."

"But I do not see the harm," sniffed Jenny.

"Don't suppose you did, my dear, else you would not have done it. But it does seem as if you should understand without being told that respectable and agreeable people never need to take trouble of this sort to enlarge their circle of acquaintances."

"But I am sure I am respectable and agreeable," answered Jenny, slyly; "and I have taken trouble of this sort."

"Because you are a little fool," said I, seizing my hat to get out before I should say any thing stronger. I was in a rage with myself. To tell a young lady that she is a fool is not to convince her of the fact, and the only argument that I had advanced this unreasoning creature had knocked in the head. More than this, I had established for myself the reputation of an ogre. At supper my wife waited upon me with a sort of scared attention, and pressed upon me a fine Sally Lunn, which I wrathfully felt had been prepared to appease me, while the girls appeared with red eyes and hair tucked behind their ears, and said "yes, Sir," and "no, Sir," and ate about half an inch of supper, and drooped visibly before me, as if I had been a Nero or Caligula. And of all feminine artifices I vow this is the vilest which treats a peace-loving man, and an humble servant of the whole sex like myself, as a ferocious despot till he is half convinced of his own brutishness. And all because I had dared to insist that the moon is not made of green cheese.

I came home intending to make peace; but finding myself regarded in the light of a monster resolved to be at least a consistent monster, and retired behind my newspaper with a face worthy of Blunderbore himself. My wife slipped away to visit a neighbor. The girls had vanished long before. I read my paper as brutally as possible, and then, as rain was pattering against the window, began to think of bed, when the door-bell rang.

"Tom Wilkins," said I to myself, and Tom Wilkins it was; come, of course, on the night of all others on which I could not introduce him to the girls; and, as I knew that they would not be visible, and the sitting-room was down at the heel, in looks I mean, and the drawing-room given over, as it always is, to the dumps and blackness of darkness, I took him straight to my Den.

My Den, or Pen, as it is variously termed by my womankind, is really a cozy little room, where I keep a writing-table, a lounge, my books, and a fire; and on either corner of this lounge was curled up Jenny and Clara, hair down about their shoulders, and in slippers, sacques, and skirts. They were sure of no company, because of the rain, and sure of me, because I never entered the Den after I had once commenced my paper. Also, they felt much more wretched in disheveled hair and sacques than they could possibly have done in braids and tight-fitting waists; and so, curled up, as I have rehearsed before, were holding an indignation meeting, when they were startled by the tramp of boots and my voice saying,

"This way, Tom. Here is the Den!"

Both sprang to their feet in utter horror. There was but one door to the Den; that on which I had my hand even now. There was no deep window; no curtains. I abhor curtains as in a conspiracy with the doctors. No possible place for hiding, in short, except a shallow closet, and no time for hesitation. As they huddled into the closet the Philistines, Tom and myself, were upon them.

"Nice Den, this," said Tom, looking about him. "Have you any writing things here? The fact is I dropped in to write a letter that I had forgotten, and that I must post at station D to-night."

"Station D!" I echoed, involuntarily.

"Yes," scribbling his note as he talked, "I have a fair correspondent there; at least I suppose she is fair. How does this read:

"'DEAR MISS N.,—I have heard nothing from you, though I have called twice at the office. This suspense is too painful. I am sure you will not willingly prolong it. Yours, X. Y. Z.'

Should you think that was sufficiently distracted to bring an answer?"

Here, then, was Jenny's correspondent, Tom Wilkins, a fine friend for such a piece of simplicity!

"What do you think?" insisted Tom.

"Hum!" said I, very much afraid lest I should say what I did think. "I really can not say, Tom; but in my day we were more careful of a correspondence with a lady friend."

"Friend!" echoed Tom, with an indescribable intonation. "Why, this Miss N. is no friend of mine. I hardly know more about her than you do. In the stage the other day I saw a couple of pretty girls. You can see such girls any where. It is the ribbons and the back hair and the little hats that does it, you know: makes them pretty, I mean. There is no particular expression in such faces. However, the shorter of the girls caught me looking at her, and then she looked again, and then I looked again. You know how that is; and the other fellows chaffed me. Jim Morris offered to bet that she would not write to me; and so of course I put in a personal. Got a shade for this gas?"

"Yes, in the closet," and turning in my chair I pulled the door, but it stuck fast.

"Never mind," said Tom, carelessly; but I was curious to know why the door should stick that never stuck before, and I got up and pulled the handle. The door gave, but did not open. A third pull, and I heard a faint squeak; the door opened partially, and I saw Jennie and Clara, holding on by their nails, poor souls! and quite white with terror. I shut the door, muttering something about the shade, and sat down.

"Never mind," said Tom again. "As I was telling you, Jim bet that I could not get her to write, and I put in a personal to see if she would write; and by George, Sir, she did write sure enough!"

"Ah!" said I. In fact I could say nothing more. There are shower-bath laughs when somebody pulls the string by a joke, and you laugh instantly, and can not help yourself. And there are inundations of laugh; coming steadily; rising higher and higher, and on which you can speculate with a perfectly grave face, even while you feel its first thrills and ripples, and know that it will surely overtake you. This was my case. Thus far, when I thought of the girls holding the door with their nails, I had given a convulsive gurgle which could be turned off in a cough. For the future I could only pray that Tom would say something funny or go quickly.

"She wrote in a neat, little, school-girl hand," continued Tom, "and there I suppose the matter would have dropped, but Jim was not satisfied, and offered another bet that I could not get her to meet me. So I am bringing her up to the point, and she is coming on nicely. Says she could not think of such a thing; but they all say that. I am sure of the money as if Jim had paid it over."

"Yes," said I, somewhat irritated by these cool calculations about my little Jenny; "but have you ever thought of the other side, Tom? Suppose it was your sister on whom Jim Norris was betting."

"An impossible supposition," answered Tom, coolly, closing his letter. "My sister, in fact, any one that I could like, could not be found in such an unwomanly position. Miss N. may be a very nice little girl; but—I can not put it in words—never could sermonize! but my ideal is a sort of girl that you would know when you looked at her could not accept a 'Station D.' admiration. That is all. Good-night. Much obliged. *Good*-night."

The door closed! I went back to the Den and there were the girls dancing about on the rug in such a rage that they forgot their hair and their dressing-sacques. I threw myself on the lounge and laughed till I cried.

"The villain!" cried Jenny. "The wretched cheat! I do not think it is gentlemanly! do you, Mr. Lumpkin? The matter would have dropped, but Jim Morris was not satisfied! oh! it is outrageous."

I thought so too; but her looks and gestures were so inimitable that I could do nothing but laugh on.

"And 'we are all alike!' Did you hear that, Clara? It is our back hair and ribbons that makes us pretty. I suppose his ideal looks like a rail and knows a dozen languages."

"I hope when he marries her that she will scold him in every one of them," said Clara, viciously; "and at least he will lose his bet."

"I wish it would ruin him," chimed in Jenny; "and I declare, Mr. Lumpkin, you are too bad. You do nothing but laugh."

Which was true. But could mortal man do less?

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

THERE has been a great deal going on here among us all since I last wrote. In London this is our busiest and most exciting time. As soon as the Easter holidays are over the greater part of the gay world come back to the metropolis, and remain there until the middle or end of July; or perhaps the beginning of August, if the Houses of Parliament are still sitting, as they mostly do until about the 9th of that month. They generally contrive to get their business there over before the 12th, for on that day grouse-shooting begins in Scotland, and they most of them like to be there by that time. Just now Hyde Park is full morning and afternoon. Gay weddings, concerts, and balls are the order of the day, together with horticultural fêtes, the Opera, and all the other amusements of the season. With May-day the weather came in so warm and summer-like that it might be June or July almost, and those who know from sad experience the fickleness of our climate will understand how much sun and warmth have to do with our enjoyment. But in my letter to-day I do not mean to tell you about London and its doings. I want you to follow me to our sister isle, Ireland, toward which all eyes here are now turned, in consequence of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, which has been attended with such a hearty welcome and so much Imperial pageant as we have rarely seen even in England. Before I begin on this now all-absorbing theme I must, however, tell you a little about the great Volunteer Review at Portsmouth, which is quite a national event.

Every Easter-Monday for the last nine years a Volunteer Review of some kind has taken place in England—sometimes at Brighton, sometimes at Dover, sometimes at Wimbledon, and elsewhere. This year Portsmouth was chosen, situated at a greater distance from London than any of the places before selected, but possessing many advantages which none of the others have had; for being a sea-port town, nearly opposite the Isle of Wight, some gun-boats and men-of-war were able to add their quota to the day's pageant. Of course the great difficulty was to bring down from London and elsewhere about 28,000 men within a short time, the distance from town being over seventy miles; this, however, was accomplished without the smallest difficulty, and

the Portsmouth Volunteer Review of 1868 remains recorded on the pages of history as the grandest and most effective we have yet had. Every body seemed to be pouring down to Portsmouth during the Easter week, and you heard of nothing else for the time being but of this said Review. The inhabitants of the worthy town seemed to keep open house for ever so long; balls, concerts, and dinner-parties were going on day and night; and lodgings were scarcely to be had for money, certainly not for love.

The troops were reviewed by Sir George Buller, a Major-General, a C. B., and a K. C. B., who has served with much distinction in the Kaffir war and elsewhere. A variety of corps were engaged in it—cavalry, artillery, and infantry. By ten o'clock they were all assembled on the review ground. The march past on Southsea Common began about eleven; here stands had been erected for ladies, and the spectacle was in every way worthy of the occasion, much enhanced, too, by the extreme beauty of the weather and the surrounding scenery. The great event of the day, however, was the sham-fight, to be seen from Portsdown Hill, some four or five miles distant. The idea on which the plan of the mimic battle was founded was that the attacking force had landed on our shores, and had taken possession of the hill, and were further trying to seize the fortifications, which the defenders strenuously opposed. The gun-boats crept up the creek, the artillery roared, the troops manœuvred, and at last, after some two hours' struggle, the attacking force were repulsed. Some hour or so afterward the invaders and the invaded made their way amicably homeward, save those who remained for the festivities in honor of the occasion. A great ball was given, under the patronage of the Duke of Wellington, Admiral and Mrs. Wellesley, Lord and Lady Constance Grosvenor, the Prince and Princess of Leiningen, and others of our nobility, besides many private entertainments. Portsmouth never yet had worn such a gala appearance; there was nothing but flags flying, illuminations, mottoes, and flowers to be seen every where. There wasn't a fault to be found in any way; it was a perfect success.

But now to turn to the Emerald Isle. The Royal visit has grown from a very small beginning into one of the grandest events of the present reign. It originated in a simple invitation from the Lord Lieutenant, the Marquis of Abercorn, to the Prince of Wales. At first little hopes were entertained that the Princess would accompany him; for you know another little princess or prince is expected to arrive sometime during the summer, and the doctors did not advise her Royal Highness to undertake the necessary fatigue; but she herself waved all difficulties of the kind, insisted on going, and went, to the intense delight of the Irish people. No mere words could convey the wild enthusiasm shown by them in her honor. They climbed up the wheels of the carriage to shake her by the hand; they cheered her till they were hoarse, and blessed her with a fervency truly Irish; flowers were literally showered upon her, and more than half the official addresses were filled with her praises. "Sure, did yer ever see such a Princess out of fairyland?" said one. "Yer must stop with us forever, and never, never lave us," said another. They called her on all sides Countess of Dublin, the Irish title to which she has a right, and indeed there was nothing that they could do that they didn't do. If ever a woman was fairly worshiped it was the Princess Alexandra, and in truth no wonder. You can not help loving her: there is something so inexpressibly graceful, so ladylike, so gentle, so gracious in all she does and says, that what with her beauty and her winning smile she is altogether irresistible.

The visit extended from the 15th of April until the 24th. Their Royal Highnesses left London on the 14th, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's cousin, and his young, handsome brother-in-law, Prince Teck, who married the popular favorite Princess Mary. Of course neither of their three little children went with them; the youngest remained at Marlborough House, and the other two went over to Osborne to stay with the Queen. On their journey the royal cortége stopped at Chester in order to dine. This is a quaint old cathedral town of ours, full of remnants of old days, not the least curious of them the grand old wall that surrounds the city. A most enthusiastic reception greeted them here, and although they only remained an hour, crowds assembled to greet them, and an address was presented by the Mayor. The Princess, as is her wont, desirous not to disappoint those who seemed so anxious to see her, voluntarily walked round the coffee-room after dinner, in full view of the mass of people assembled in front of the Queen's Hotel.

From Chester they proceeded to Holyhead, and there arrived by half past ten. Here rockets were fired in their honor, volunteers turned out to greet them, and amidst deafening cheers they entered the Royal yacht the *Victoria and Albert*, accompanied by the *Enchantress* and various ships, such as the *Achilles*, the *Warrior*, the *Defense*, the *Helicon*, *Minotaur*, and others. They set sail at four, and arrived at Kingston Harbor by half past nine, and remained quietly on board until twelve, when a most wonderful reception was prepared for them. They landed on the very spot where the Queen did some years back, as recorded on a stone near by and very conspicuous. More cannons, more cheers, wilder and louder than ever, more red cloth, flowers, and crowds. So under the escort of the Twelfth Lancers—a regiment, by-the-by, very unpopular there on account of the part it was compelled to take against the Fenians—they made their entry into Dublin. The whole route was one mass of people; every house showed some sign of welcome; flags and mottoes and warm-hearted Irish blessings in untranslatable Irish language; blessings that flew from mouth to mouth, and mingled with the deafening cheers which resounded on all sides. Nearly every great town in England has at one time or other prepared an ovation for the heir-apparent and his beautiful wife, but they have never had a warmer welcome. The Princess did not look at all tired; she wore a pretty blue poplin dress the Prince had bought for her in Ireland when he visited the Dublin Exhibition; and the bonnet was white, with a little blue about it.

In time they arrived at the Castle, the ground-floor of which had been gorgeously prepared for them, the Lord Lieutenant and his family contenting themselves with the upper floor. Loyal and flattering addresses were then presented by the Lord Mayor; and the Royal party were left to a little rest and quiet, to prepare them for the hard work of pleasure before them. There was a dinner-party at the Castle in their honor in the evening.

The next day was the Punchestown races; and the Royal party, including the Princess, were present. They traveled by train to Sallins, and then in an open carriage made their way to the race-course, where a very pretty stand had been erected for them. I wish I had space to dwell upon the scene; knowing the humor innate in the Irish character, you may imagine the numerous scenes that must have arisen on a like occasion which would have delighted a wit. The Irish people were literally wildly delirious, and their anxiety to see the Royalties was unbounded, and as was their delight when they did see them. The racing was good, but that was only a secondary consideration; happily there were no accidents. It was a raw, cold, windy day, which by-and-by was enlivened by a little sun, which showed to full perfection the bright green pasture-land of the Emerald Isle. The next day was brighter and finer, and the Prince was again present, the popular enthusiasm being in no way abated. One young girl on a gray pony contrived, through the kindness of those about her, to make her way to the Royal carriage. "Oh, thank you all, and now I'll go home quite happy," she said, as she rode off again, kissing her hand as she went. The Princess did not accompany her husband, but reserved herself for the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress's ball in the evening, where all the Irish nobility, together with many of the English, seem to have been present. The Mansion House was beautifully decorated, especially the King's Room, which was hung with scarlet and mirrors; flowers and evergreens twining round the pillars, and bringing back visions of fairy-land. The Princess, though pale, looked lovely: she was dressed in a pink satin dress almost covered with a flounce of Irish lace, presented by the ladies of Ireland. A tiara of diamonds and a necklet of sapphires and diamonds completed her attire, and hanging from her left shoulder was a glittering mass of stars—the orders of Victoria and Albert and of Catherine of Russia. In the first quadrille the Lord Mayor danced with the Princess, the Lady Mayoress with the Prince, the Lord Lieutenant with the Marchioness of Caermarthen, and Prince Teck with the Marchioness of Abercorn.

But the great event of the visit was the installation of the Prince of Wales as a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick, which took place on the following day, Saturday. The order was founded in 1782, and includes in its body the flower of the Irish nobility. George IV., when Prince of Wales, was invested with it, but scarcely with the splendor which characterized the present proceedings. The installation took place in the fine Cathedral of St. Patrick's, the interior of which has been lately restored by Sir B. L. Guinness. It is situated in the poorest quarter of the town, but was admirably fitted for the display of this grand pageant. It is needless to say that every nook and corner of the building was full. It presented a sight which will never be forgotten by those who saw it. The ceremonial took place at a little past three, and at one the streets were filled by the military, whose presence was to add to the pomp of the hour, and the crowds either pouring toward the Cathedral or watching those who were going thither. At three the procession set out, consisting of the state carriage of the Prince and Princess (a magnificent affair, the horses caparisoned in scarlet and gold) and their suite. On their arrival the Princess and Lady Abercorn were conducted to the dais; Her Royal Highness, with a bright flush on her face, dressed in a mantle and dress of sky-blue silk, and a bonnet of blue tulle with feathers and lace. The glimpse she must have had of the whole building must have been grand in the extreme—judges in their wigs, ladies in the newest and brightest toilettes, officers in bright scarlet uniforms, all mingling with the decorations of the Cathedral; the helmets and banners of the Knights, and the little chapel in the distance with its mauve coloring. As soon as the Princess entered the music began, and the Prince took his seat dressed in the uniform of an officer of the Guards. On the table beside him were the sword, mantle, and banner appertaining to his knighthood. Then the Dean read Her Majesty's commands for the holding of the Chapter, the Knights marched in procession, and at last took up their positions in their separate stalls. The *Te Deum* was sung by two hundred voices, an effect impossible to describe in words. Then the Usher, Genealogist, and Secretary led the Prince to the table; the senior Knights girded on the sword, the same worn by George IV. on a similar occasion; while the Archbishop of Armagh read the admonition; and then the mantle of bright blue silk was put on, and the Archbishop added another admonition; then the Prince knelt while the Grand Master invested him with the collar; then the Ulster King at Arms, St. Bernard Burke, under whose directions all the preparations have been made, proclaimed his titles, names, style, and dignity. The banner of the new Knight was deposited within the communion rails; the organ pealed forth Handel's "In the beginning;" the procession re-formed, and this magnificent pageant was over. That evening a grand banquet was given at the Castle to all the Knights of the Order.

On the Sunday the Prince and Princess attended divine service at Christ Church, a cathedral which must have been peculiarly interesting to Her Royal Highness, in that it is entirely of Danish origin, and contains many Danish monuments.

Monday was the great review in Phœnix Park, which threatened to be marred by a steady down-pour of rain, but luckily it cleared off by mid-day. After the review was over the Royal party were entertained at luncheon by Lord and Lady Mayo in the Secretaries' Lodge, and there planted two Wellingtonia gigantea in honor of their visit. It was a magnificent sight, concluding with a sham-fight, and all Dublin seemed to be there to see it. The Prince of Wales, Prince Teck, and the Duke of Cambridge all appeared on horseback and in uniform. In the evening a ball took place at the Castle, in St. Patrick's Hall. On Tuesday the Prince and the Duke were sworn in members of the Privy Council of Ireland, and afterward visited the Irish Academy and the Catholic University. On Wednesday His Royal Highness went to Maynooth to see the great college there, and in the evening the magnificent ball at the Exhibition building was given, the grandest affair of the kind ever seen in Ireland; fountains, evergreens, and flags combined to produce such a scene of dazzling beauty never to be forgotten. Banners hung from the roof; the lighting was perfect; gold and scarlet glittered every where. A canopy of velvet, surmounted by gold, was erected for the Royal party, beneath which were thrones, and on each side trophies and figures in old armor.

On Thursday they all went to see Lord and Lady Powerscourt, some miles from Dublin. On Friday they visited the Horticultural Society and the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, and at quarter to eight took their departure amidst more ovations, making their way home by Wales, where fresh honors awaited them, and by Trentham, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland's home in Staffordshire. On the 27th they were once more in London. At Caernarvon the melancholy intelligence reached them that Prince Alfred, the Queen's second son, had been shot in Australia by a Fenian. The sensation this has caused in England is great beyond expression. The national anthem was sung at all the theatres when it was known that he was recovering, and addresses are pouring in to the Queen from all sides. He is an open-hearted, frank sailor, a popular favorite, and the news of the dastardly attempt on his life was received with universal execration.

There is so much to tell about this wonderful Irish visit that I have been obliged to give you only the outlines. One result is, they say, likely to spring from it, viz., that the Prince and Princess, in compliance with the often expressed wishes of the Irish people, will have a home there, and spend three months with them yearly. Castleton, near Colbridge, is talked of as a suitable residence. The uncovering of the statue of Burke by the Prince in presence of the Princess, in front of Trinity College, is an event not likely to be forgotten by Irish people; he is one of the most beloved of all her heroes.

ARDERN HOLT.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

NOTWITHSTANDING our cold and backward season the Central Park is unfolding its rare beauties to multitudes of delighted visitors. And those who have neglected to visit it while robed in its spring garments of delicate green have lost a charming sight, which will not be on exhibition again for a whole year. Every week now makes a marked change in the general aspect of the Park. Nature is very busy and swift in her work. The buds are bursting into blossoms, the foliage is thickening, and the emerald carpets on the lawns are deepening in hue every day. Lovers of the beautiful will find no amusement more healthful and refreshing than a walk or drive in Central Park, at least once a week for months to come. It is wonderful how, at every visit, no matter how often that may be, something new turns up to be admired—a new walk, or bridge, or bower—something in art as well as nature—which we have never seen before. The rustic play-house for the children will be a special attraction this season, as well as the children's sward, appropriated to the exclusive use of the little ones. The Belvidere, near the Reservoir, gives promise of completion, and will be surmounted by a tower, from which a fine view of the Park can be obtained. It is a matter of interest to watch the progress of various artistic improvements, among which the paneling of the passage underneath the Terrace is worthy of special notice. This structure when finished will be most beautiful, and a favorite resort. The work of the florists and landscape gardeners is going on in every part of the Park, and new and agreeable surprises are in store for us.

One of the most interesting of the Anniversaries last week was that of the Howard Mission and Home for Little Wanderers. Seldom has an evening entertainment of any kind attracted such an immense throng as surged through the vestibules of Pike's Opera-House on Monday evening; and hundreds went away unable to gain admittance. Perhaps the "Little Wanderers," attractive though they be, can not claim the entire credit of drawing such a multitude together; the new Opera-House undoubtedly exerted a magnetic influence. Be that as it may, they were fortunate who secured even a standing-place in any way available for seeing or hearing, while a vast crowd were obliged to content themselves with working their way through the halls only, and looking at the heads of those who blocked up the doorways. The exercises of this, the sixth anniversary of the Howard Mission, were very interesting, consisting chiefly of addresses, reports of the society, and singing by the children—about one hundred and twenty-five in number. This institution has received into its charge, since its organization, no less than 7581 children. The number brought under instruction during the past year is 1438. The average number in attendance at the school is between five and six hundred. Ladies of culture and refinement have conducted the school, and have been unwearied in their devotion to it. During the past year one hundred and forty-eight children have been placed in Christian homes—adopted as children, with fair prospects of being trained up to usefulness. To appreciate the good work of this Mission the ruin and wretchedness from which the children have been rescued must be remembered.

The London *Times* contains an article of some length in regard to scarlet-fever, which at certain seasons prevails so extensively. Among various directions in regard to measures for preventing the spread of this disease, it remarks: "If care were taken to cleanse thoroughly and disinfect all articles of clothing, bedding, and furniture; and if all persons, acting upon the golden rule of loving their neighbors as themselves, would abstain from traveling by public conveyances, or entering hotels and lodging-houses, while there is reason to believe that the germs of the disease are still clinging to them, we should hear much less than we now do of the sorrow and suffering occasioned by this formidable scourge."

A very pretty incident is related of a canary-bird by a Georgia paper. The door of the bird's cage was occasionally left open that he might enjoy the freedom of the room. One day he happened to light upon the mantle shelf whereupon was a mirror. Here was a new discovery of the most profound interest. He gazed long and curiously at himself, and came to the conclusion he had found a mate. Going back to his cage he selected a seed from its box, and brought it in his bill as an offering to the stranger. In vain the canary exerted himself to make his new-found friend partake, and becoming weary of that, tried another tack. Stepping back a few inches from the glass he poured forth his sweetest notes, pausing now and then for a reply. None came; and moody and disgusted he flew back to his perch, hanging his head in shame and silence for the rest of the day; and although the door was repeatedly left open, refused to come out again.

It has been very justly remarked that woman's sphere—just as man's—is precisely that situation in which she is doing the highest and best work of which she is capable. All have not the same gifts; and education should be of such a nature as to discover and develop the talents and faculties which exist, and to aid each one in making a judicious choice of her life-work. Discretion is needful lest a woman undertake too many matters, and so fail to do justice to any of them or to herself. Quiet waters are often very deep. And the mother who, in the sanctity of a home made happy by her influence, rears her children in ways of purity and truth, may justly feel that she is doing a work for God and for humanity than which there is none nobler.

A story is told in connection with the introduction of the manufacture of fine lace into Brussels which is pleasant in itself, and carries with it a lesson worth learning. A poor girl named Gertrude was deeply attached to a young man whose wealth precluded all hopes of marriage. One night, as she sat weeping, a lady entered her cottage, and, without saying a word, placed in her lap a cushion, with its bobbins filled with thread. The lady then, with perfect silence, showed her how to work the bobbins and how to make all sorts of delicate patterns and complicated stitches. As daylight approached the maiden had learned the art, and the mysterious visitor disappeared. The maiden grew rich by her work, and married the object of her love. Years afterward, while living in luxury, she was startled by the mysterious lady entering her house—this time not silent but looking stern. She said: "Here you enjoy peace and comfort, while without are famine and trouble. I helped you; you have not helped your neighbors. The angels weep for you, and turn away their faces." So, the next day Gertrude went forth, with her cushion and her bobbin in hand, and going from cottage to cottage, she taught the art she had so mysteriously learned, and comfort and plenty came to all.

At a recent meeting of the Cincinnati Horticultural Society the subject of selling all kinds of fruit and vegetables by weight, instead of by box, basket, or barrel, was discussed with considerable animation. Measure is not always a true indication of quantity. There is light and heavy wheat, and there are light and heavy fruits of the same varieties. A peck of grapes, or a quart of berries, of one kind, may be heavier or lighter than the same measures of another variety—so that weight is the true standard. The public are so systematically defrauded, especially about strawberry time, by short measure, that a change to the scales would be desirable for that fruit, if for no other. Consumers would doubtless have to pay just as much by weight, other things being equal, as by measure; but one had rather be robbed outright than to be the victim of tricks.

A very singular accident recently occurred near Lexington, Missouri, by which a little child lost its life. The child was playing about the fire-place, and, strangely enough, got a small piece of burning coal into his mouth. Before it could be removed it passed into the windpipe, causing convulsions, and producing injuries which resulted in death three days afterward.

GIPSY EYES.

Gipsy eyes, so dark and tender,
Read not thus my inmost soul.
Gipsy Beauty, in thy splendor,
Of this heart accept the whole.
Dark as wine thy silken tresses,
Twined with braids of varied dyes—
Thou who spurnest my caresses,
Drink'st my soul up through thine eyes.
Fair Gitana, gipsy Beauty,
Thou art queen, it needs but seeing.
Since to love thee is a duty,
Drain not thus my whole life's being!

Gipsy eyes, so deep and earnest;
  Turn their gaze, sweet maid, from me.
Since to ashes thus thou burnest
  This poor heart unpityingly.
Spare me, gipsy—I adore thee—
  Dream of thee by night and day.
As I bow me here before thee,
  Droop those lids and spare to slay.
    Fair Gitana, gipsy Beauty,
      Thou art queen—there's no gainsaying.
    Since to love thee is a duty,
      Spare thy lover, humbly praying.

Gipsy eyes—your soul-lit beaming
  Fills my spirit night and day;
Gipsy maid, amid my dreaming
  Thy sweet presence haunts me aye
Through the dance's wildest measure
  I should seek to fly from thee,
In the midst of mirth and pleasure
  Thy dark glance would follow me.
    Fair Gitana, gipsy Beauty,
      Thou art queen—I must adore thee.
    Since to love thee is a duty,
      Low my spirit bows before thee.

Gipsy eyes, why ever haunt me,
  Wheresoe'er my steps may stray?
Naught on earth could ever daunt me
  Could I bask 'neath you for aye:
Pride might flaunt me—wealth might shun me:
  I no fairer fate would ask
Than that your pure light should sun me,
  While in your sweet rays I bask.
    Fair Gitana, gipsy Beauty,
      As your dark eyes burn above me,
    Since to love thee is a duty,
      In return, I pray thee love me.

Gipsy eyes, in gipsy archness,
  Reading thus this soul of mine—
Driving hence all worldly starchness,
  You—and nature—are divine!
On some breezy spread of heather,
  Scorning all the world may say,
We will clasp our hands together—
  Live and love for good and aye!
    Fair Gitana, gipsy Beauty,
      Subtle witchery possessing—
    Since to love thee is a duty,
      Sure to wed thee were a blessing!

GIPSY EYES—"GIPSY EYES, SO DARK AND TENDER, READ NOT THUS MY INMOST SOUL."

BY THE RIVER.

CHOOSE her fairer face, I do not reckon
  Man's love such an estimable prize;
Others are there who, did I but beckon,
  Would see all earth's pleasure in mine eyes.
    Choose her, an thou carest,
    If her face be fairest,
  Lo! my hatred groweth, and love dies.

Yet remembrance one day like a painter
  May limn for thee such a scene as this;
Were the odors of that May-time fainter?
  Was there less of passion in my kiss?
    On the stream reclining,
    See the lilies shining,
  As they shone through all those hours of bliss.

Can I pity her? A fate scarce brighter
  Than my fate awaits her in the years:
Now she deems thee true, when no heart lighter
  Ever played upon a maiden's fears.
    Ere her doom be certain,
    Shall I draw the curtain,
  Show her all the future's endless tears?

Rather would I have her never know it;
  Love, while love is lasting, is divine:
I have lived and loved, as sings the poet;
  I can see thee change and make no sign.
    Hold the spring-flow'rs o'er her,
    In the years before her
  May she taste no bitter cup like mine!

AN OLD VENETIAN SKETCH.

WHEN last rays of sunset have merged into splendor,
  And faded behind the Euganean hills;
When balmy the breeze in the twilight so tender—
  The whisper of love then more easily thrills!

The voice of the lover is yet more ecstatic,
  As, changing from golden to silvern once more,
The soft summer waves of the blue Adriatic
  Scarce dimple the sand on the Lido's white shore.

Oh, gay as the prismatic pearls of Murano
  Are songs that we sing by the light of the moon;
More sacred than relics in old San Stefano
  Are words that come wafted across the Lagoon!

On white marble steps—the brave work of Scamozzi—
  I watch her eyes glitter and glow in the dark;
Now gloomy and sad as the depths of the Pozzi,
  Now bright as the banners afloat o'er St. Mark.

Carissima mia, I don't mind confessing—
  While raven-black tresses you ripple and twine—
Tho' eyes proudly flash, I could scarcely help pressing
  A soft little hand were it folded in mine!

I'll sit at her feet, though my passion is burning,
  And worship her beauty with deeply-drawn sighs;
Nor dream of the dull, sober daylight returning,
  While basking in love and the light of her eyes.

Then, oh! for the rapture to whisper through tresses
  Soft-scented, atwine round those shell-tinted ears!
Away with all doubts and away with distresses,
  And perish the fancy of sorrow and tears!

Ah! dwell in my heart now, oh! sweetest of creatures!
  You'll live in the future of forthcoming days;
For splendid old Titian has painted your features,
  And gay Aretino has sung in your praise!

BY THE RIVER.

"ON THE STREAM RECLINING, SEE THE LILIES SHINING."

AN OLD VENETIAN SKETCH.

"I'LL SIT AT HER FEET, THOUGH MY PASSION IS BURNING, AND WORSHIP HER BEAUTY."

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

By FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

CHAPTER II.

When Dr. Dalmager reached the old man's bedside he found himself anticipated by the professor of spiritual therapeutics. Kledda had come into Owlieville with her husband, and, being the devout member of the family, had gone for the minister, while Perro called the Doctor. Mr. Pulpiduster, a good and earnest if not a strong or brilliant young divine, imploring his Master that even at this eleventh hour the poor soul might be saved, accompanied the servants at once on their return, and had been by Seibert Kearney's pillow for two hours when the Doctor arrived there. The old man's right side was paralyzed, and he could not speak, but his eyes were open, and he had given repeated signs of comprehending all that was addressed to him by gestures of impatience with his gaunt, great-veined left hand in answer to the prayer, Scripture-reading, and tearful exhortations of the sincere young pastor. Further than restiff contempt, Mr. Pulpiduster had spiritually failed to move him; but, speechless as he was, a life-long habit of using other men for his own purposes still clung to him, and he had contrived to move Mr. Pulpiduster. By pointing to a set of hanging shelves on the opposite wall he had induced the young minister to bring him a bundle of papers. He had motioned him to untie them, and indicated that he wished their indorsements read aloud. One by one Mr. Pulpiduster obeyed him. The old man stopped him with a bony clutch, and made a sign in imitation of writing, when the minister came to a paper with this superscription: "Cuthbert Kearney, Mellenville, Massachusetts." "Brother of yours?" said Mr. Pulpiduster. Seibert Kearney thrust his poor tongue sidewise and gasped in the vain struggle to speak—frowned with one eyebrow, and slowly moved his head leftward in token of negation. "Son?" Mr. Pulpiduster ventured again. The old man's face relaxed into a grotesque grin—that terrible paralytic mockery of smiling—and tried to nod affirmatively, his head in the effort nearly rolling off the pillow as the minister added, "Want me to write to him?" "Shall I say," he went on, "that you wish to see him" (another smile of assent) "before you—" Mr. Pulpiduster did not say "*die*," for Seibert Kearney, forerunning his meaning, grew so horribly livid, and such an abject, unutterable terror appealed from his glassy, straining eyeballs—from the convulsed chest and clutching, talony fingers of the man, as of one who sees strands untwisting and snapping, a fibre at a time, while he hangs at the rope's end halfway down a slippery steeple—that the word stuck in the young minister's throat quenched in a very agony of compassionate tears.

By the time that the Doctor arrived Perro had been again dispatched to Owlieville with a telegram, calling Cuthbert Kearney to his father immediately. When Derrick Dalmager heard that this had been sent, the gleam that came into his eyes was so momentary, so subtle, that to read it aright would have required some woman who had made their beautiful deeps the joy and study of her life—there was none such there; but whatever it meant it was not like that of the earlier morning—it was not satisfaction. He saw for the first time nigh at hand the man who was synonymous with his life's chief incommodation and disappointment, but his manner was as thoroughly gentle—he was the sympathetic healer, the kind medical man—as if he had been tending a sick girl in love with him. He made a careful examination of his patient—cross-questioned Kledda minutely—wrote a couple of prescriptions—in a musical, caressing voice bade the paralytic take stimulants, as if it would be the greatest of surprises to learn he had ever used them, and cheerily told him to take courage, for "we would have him as good as new in a day or two"—then slipped noiselessly out, and with a light laugh told Mr. Pulpiduster in the entry that the old fellow might "pass in his chips" to-morrow, but would probably make out to potter along any where from a fortnight to six weeks. In his agony of earnestness for souls, with the tears running down his cheeks, Mr. Pulpiduster at once comprehended and overlooked the bit of slang he had never heard till now, and asked if there was no chance. Not a ghost—this was the last of him—he'd never walk again. Speak? Yes—he might—after a fashion. Hear? Oh yes! Heard now—as far as the tympanum. "But oh, my dear Sir—his precious soul—a soul to be saved or lost!" "Really you're charitable, my dear parson," answered the Doctor. "So you think the d——d old beast's got one, do you? Excuse the oath—I usually respect the cloth—forgot just then—good-morning!" And Derrick nonchalantly loitered down the staircase to his gig.

After that, often finding the faithful young clergyman there, Dr. Dalmager called at his old birth-right daily. The long-suffering constitution of Seibert Kearney really seemed trying, despite his sixty-eight years, to make another effort for him. He got so much better that he could sit up in bed propped by pillows. His dead side made no sign of any revival, but he recovered his tongue sufficiently to make known his wants in a broken utterance, and his mental strength enough to scoff at death, and put judgment far away from him. His son had answered him. He was coming as fast as steam could carry him—his wife and only child, a little girl, were with him. The day before their arrival was expected, during the Doctor's morning call, he bluntly told him that he didn't like the idea of doing things on credit. Dalmager had been working for him ever since he fell sick, and the sense of obligation was unpleasant. Dalmager concealed under one of his musical, airy laughs his displeasure at the misanthropic churlishness of Seibert's manner, and his style of approach on money matters so derogatory to his professional and family pride—so like the way one deals with a tinker—and amused himself by tying under his chin the jetty fringes of his great silken mustache, while Perro obeyed his master's orders, and brought out of a drawer in the closet a heavy japanned cash-box. The old man had it set before him on the coverlet, and after a few moments' painful fumbling unlocked it with his live hand and a key taken from beneath his pillow. "There!" said he, presently, flinging out a hundred-dollar bill before the Doctor less gracefully than the Doctor would have thrown a bone to a dog, "is that enough?" "That will do," said the Doctor—the subtle gleam coming into his eyes again—"Here, Perro! You and Kledda were always good servants when you belonged to me; perhaps I'll buy you again some time; take this, and use it till that time comes. There are a good many comforts you need now, I've no doubt." For all his habitual self-control his lip curled just perceptibly as he said these words. Perro took the note with a torrent of thanks which threatened to excite the patient. "You disturb—your *master*; go away now," said Derrick; and Perro in an humble transport stole out of the room to tell Kledda of his luck. There was no danger of Perro's disturbing Seibert—he was perfectly swallowed up in astonishment at the act of the young Southron.

"Young man," said his poor, thick, one-sided tongue, when stupefaction suffered him to find it, "throwing hundred-dollar bills to niggers isn't the way to succeed in this world—'tisn't the way your father succeeded, nor the way I succeeded. It's a mighty fine way to make fools talk about you—an open-hearted fellow they'll call you—empty-brained they ought to."

Derrick smiled considerately, making every allowance for a patient, but the gleam came into his eyes again, and a good judge of character would not sleep well if he thought that when that gleam came it was he of whom Derrick had been thinking.

"Not the way either to get such a place as *this*,"

"WHEN THEY REACHED THE OAK THEY FOUND THE CHAIR TIPPED OVER UPON THE GRASS—THE OLD MAN LYING INSENSIBLE," ETC.

continued the poor blundering-paced tongue, as Seibert Kearney looked around with a money-loving self-approval on "this Great Babylon which he had" bought, not "built." "No, young man—no such place as this 'll ever be yours at that rate."

"Well, no! I suppose not!" said Derrick, with the airiest of all his airy laughs, and the gleam again coming in such a wise that the good-judge of character might have shuddered to read it; "but, my dear Sir, what on earth could make *you* suppose I wanted it?"

"Ye couldn't help it!" said the old man, with a hard, coarse, self-gratulatory chuckle. "It's worth all I paid for it, and Gud knows that was a mint of money! No, no, no; ye couldn't look at it and help it. *That's* how, I suppose."

With this he set his nervous fingers to fasten the box again. But it was running over with notes and papers, and in the tremulousness of vulgar glee, which showed itself in his ghastly, twitchy grin at the same time, he tipped it a little to one side. A small file of indorsed slips spilled over its edge and fell upon the floor. "Quick! quick! hand me! hand me!" he cried, grasping at it like a hungry kite. Doctor Dalmager overlooked his peremptoriness and bent down at the bedside—partly to recover his patient's papers, but mostly to hide that gleam which came again into his eyes—this time after a fashion which no inscrutableness of life-long habit could have veiled, for it was the blossom of a hate still kept waiting for its fruitage, but having roots which reached to the very dividing of joints and marrow—soul and spirit—the thoughts and intents of the heart. Picking up the papers he had time both to glaze his eyes again with a cheery kindness, and, ere he averted them, to pretend that they had not caught the indorsement as he handed back the file, to read "*Reuben Dalmager in acc't with Seibert Kearney—Receipts for pay'ts on Garnet Run estate.*"

Derrick called Perro up stairs again and took his leave, so far as that dusky face was concerned, in the reverence and glory of a departing god. All the afternoon, when he was gone, Seibert Kearney kept the cash-box on the bed beside him, and lay with his skinny talons hooked about its brass handle, to the visual sense in a doze, but muttering to himself, "Unsafe young man! Don't believe has any principle; unsafe—unsafe—b'lieve he'd steal—lie—murder—unsafe—unsafe," with endless repetitions. At length, just before sunset, he called to him Perro and Kledda. He was almost well, he said—so much better that he was going out to look at his place and take some fresh air. He cut short their remonstrances and cautions with an oath out of the old repertory they knew so well, and made Perro, with another man-servant, take him down stairs in their arms to a great chair on the veranda. This, after drinking a full tumbler of raw Bourbon, he had them carry out under a noble old oak near the middle of the lawn—the most venerable tree on the Dalmager demesne. He rode in ghastly triumph between them, his one live hand still hooked around the cash-box on his lap; and reaching the oak, "Set me down," said he—"so. Now go into the house—both of you—into the back kitchen—out of my sight. I shall know if you don't stay there! The one that comes out here—before fifteen minutes 's up—that one 'll get nine-and-thirty on the bare back, and won't get a hundred dollars to plaster it either—d——n him! A quarter of an hour, remember, by the kitchen clock!" Of sheer compassion Perro made as if he would utter one final remonstrance to his poor broken despot, but another fearful imprecation cut him short. Downcast and despairing the faithful black carried his comrade away to the kitchen, and literally obeyed the command to keep out of sight, sighing in a corner with his eyes fixed on the great eight-day time-piece, With the last moment of the quarter hour Perro and Bronzy started for the lawn anew, taking Kledda with them for fear that the fatigue might have made their despot so much worse again as to call for woman's tact and tenderness.

There was enough need. The frightened servants had only got round to the front of the house when they saw a sight which quickened their motions to a run. When they reached the oak they found the chair tipped over upon the grass—the old man lying insensible—with its back resting across his bruised and bleeding face, and the cash-box gone. Tenderly as if he had been one of the kindest, most paternal of the mythical Southern patriarchs, they bore him back to bed in their arms and tucked him in. During the night as they watched him—waiting for the Doctor, who had been called to a midwifery case ten miles off—he proved that the fall and not another "stroke" had rendered him insensible, by opening his eyes and moaning with parched lips for the water he had again lost all power of asking for in articulate speech. After they gave it to him he lay till daybreak dozing with half-shut eyes; in the full sunlight he opened them wide, and seemed to recognize them. But he did not speak again. In the forenoon the Doctor came—gentle, musical, caressing as if he had not been up all night with the suffering of another and his own anxiety. His astonishment at Perro's revelation of the disappeared cash-box knew no bounds; but strangely, it did not seem at all to trouble Seibert Kearney. All the more strangely because the loss of speech again was apparently all the injury which the shock of last evening had done him. His senses seemed as steady and acute as they had been since his "stroke." Yet he gave no sign of having had any misfortune happen to him. Perro mentioned the word "cash-box" before him tentatively; the ghastly grin which was his smile grew more hideously lined along his poor one-sided mouth; he sighed, as if a great weight in some mysterious way had been taken from his mind, then closed his eyes

"'KIND TO MYSELF,' ANSWERED DR. DALMAGER, TAKING HER HAND WITH FRANK SOUTHERN CORDIALITY."

and dropped into another doze. Had a stranger looked at both the men he would have supposed the loss not Seibert Kearney's but Derrick Dalmager's—for the eyes of the latter, in spite of himself, looked full of feverish anxiety. About an hour after he had gone a barouche from Owlieville brought up to the door—followed by a cart full of baggage—Cuthbert Kearney, his wife, and little girl.

From that afternoon Dr. Dalmager paid his visits twice a day. The old man had known his kindred, but neither to them nor any did he speak more. Night after night he waned into a deeper feebleness, until the Doctor saw signs on the occasion of one morning visit that his patient would scarcely outlast the following day. That day, as I have said, he promised to pass by the dying man's bedside; and, in fulfillment of that promise, he came to the porch, where we have left him standing in the lovely sunshine during the progress of this chapter.

When Lily saw that it was the Doctor she ran through the kitchen to meet him at the front porch; because, being a Northern-bred child, she had not learned that opening doors should be left entirely to "niggers." Kledda, roused from her lethargy of superstitious terror, jumped up instantly to follow her. Lily had lived in the house only a month, but the servants had acquired a devotion to her which bordered upon worship, and obeyed her least behest as if she had been the angel which she looked.

"Come in, Doctor!" said she, standing on tip-toe to turn the knob; "I thought you were God. Mamma's in the sitting-room—papa's with grandpa yet. Please, won't you let me go in there when God does come?"

The Doctor could not answer her with the look and the laugh of *badinage* he would have given in reply to such a speech from an elder person. He stooped till his long jetty locks fell on her golden curls like midnight mixing with morning, and kissed her lovingly on her rose-bud of a mouth. "I wish I had such a little girl as you—I'm sure I'd let her do any thing!"

"That would spoil me," said Lily, wisely. "But please let me see grandpa once more—by-and-by, when *He* comes?" and putting one little hand into the Doctor's she drew him into the broad saloon, which had been the favorite family assembling-place in old Dalmager days, where the dying man had passed so many a horrible night with his stupefied retinue, and where now Mrs. Kearney sat alone by a window opening on the veranda. The book she had been trying to read, with the intent of diverting her mind from that slow-creeping shadow of death in the next room, had fallen on her lap—the heavenliness of the day doing that office for her better—and, leaning upon the arm of her luxurious great wicker-chair, she sat dreaming her soul away into the morning's sunlight and fragrance, with her beautiful cheek resting on her beautiful palm, and the soft wind fluttering back the gossamer muslin of her flowing-sleeve to show a no less beautiful arm bare to the dimpled elbow. The Doctor entered noiselessly, the door already being ajar, and made his footfall even lighter than that professional sick-room step which was his habit, when he saw that Mrs. Kearney had her back toward him and was unaware of his coming in. He could have lingered for minutes to feast his eyes on her unconscious loveliness, made still more lovely by the meditative grace of its attitude and its perfect harmony with nature's sumptuous surroundings. But Lily bounded to her mother's side and recalled her from her reverie with a kiss. "The Doctor, mamma!" said she, and Mrs. Kearney suddenly looked around—turning her head, not abruptly, but with the lithe, graceful motion of a listening deer—then rose, and with cheeks faintly flushing like the inner pink of an Indian shell, said:

"You've caught me dreaming! How kind of you to come back so soon!"

"Kind to myself," answered Dr. Dalmager, taking her hand with frank Southern cordiality, though he had only left her a couple of hours before, and holding it with an air of chivalrous sympathy for the household grief in which she was supposed to share, longer than is usual in the common meetings of acquaintance. "I could not bear to stay away from you a moment when you might need me." His manner admitted the construction of warm medical solicitude, but no professional motive was required to explain the earnest yet respectful gaze which he bent on the exquisite face upturned to him. It was Lily's face, with its weird spirituality replaced by the tenderness and tropical fervor of the very highest type of sensuous life—a face whose every feature, from its dimpled chin to its sunny crown of abundant hair, was Lily's over again—but a face which, even in the ripening summer of full womanhood, Lily's never could become. Lily, if she lived till thirty, would scarcely have looked so young as did her mother now—her eyes would have been oftener dimmed with tears, her forehead lined with many more serious questionings. The mother, though she was born by the icy Kennebec, was a true daughter of the sun—the consistencies of nature would have been better maintained had palms waved and lories flitted above her cradle. "Never, in this country nor abroad," thought Dr. Dalmager, "have I seen beauty to be compared with this!" Many a man must have thought it; but few men, looking straight into Mrs. Kearney's eyes, would have dared to reveal as much of the thought as Derrick Dalmager, who relied for forgiveness on the physician's privilege of exhibiting an affectionate interest, on the magnetism of his own manly beauty, and the tolerance of admiration which exists in woman's heart.

"Nothing new since I have been gone?" said Derrick, gently, releasing Mrs. Kearney's hand as the pink bloom rose again in the gaze of his earnest black eyes.

"Nothing," answered Lily's mother; "except that once he grew more restless for a few minutes, and seemed trying hard to speak. Oh, if he could speak again! It would be such a comfort to Cuthbert. He's with him now, poor fellow, hoping he may revive enough to say one word before he dies."

"Indeed! and what's that?" asked the Doctor, with interest. "Oh, yes—of course—any word, you mean. It would be a comfort to a man's son under such circumstances. I was thinking you meant some word in particular, perhaps—some explanation, might be, of that strange business about the cash-box."

"I did mean some particular word. Cuthbert has often said that he would give up all hope of ever receiving a cent from his father—though the poor fellow's seen many a time when the old gentleman's monthly income would have seemed a princely fortune to him—if he could only have him put his arm round his neck once more as he used to when my husband was a boy, and hear him say, '*I forgive you.*'"

"*Forgive!* May I ask for what?"

"For having married me," answered Mrs. Kearney, leaning her forehead against the window-frame, and looking out into the sunshine with beclouded eyes.

"The wretch!" said Dr. Dalmager. "If I knew a remedy that would open his lips this minute he should die dumb! Forgiveness for *that?* The very word is a brutal insult!"

"It has been very hard for Cuthbert all these years—seven or eight now—on my account. I was not rich; I had no great family connections; and when he disobeyed his father he found himself at once thrown entirely on his own resources. It was a great change that—from being the petted only son of a wealthy man, with a good university education, but no professional training, and brought up to draw on his father's bank-account for the gratification of every desire, to the alternative of starving with a woman to help him or take the principalship of a country academy at a thousand a year, and teach every thing but the lowest elements so as to avoid the expense of a college-educated assistant."

"When I was little," said Lily, gravely, "mamma used to cry, all by herself and me, very often. Now I know what it was for—the Lord didn't make me a boy so I could grow big and help papa teach. But I will teach, won't I, Doctor? Kledda knows all her letters but Q now, and she says that's a pumpkin, and Perro knows five times, and I only know seven times myself. Doctor, isn't there any thing you can give to cure little girls and make boys of them, so I could grow and learn a great deal, and when I'd done teaching Kledda I could teach great large young men for papa?"

The Doctor showed his magnificent teeth in a laugh whose music dismissed all memory of the sick man—then, with a glance of significant admiration at the lovely mother, caught the little girl in his arms, answering as he kissed her:

"You'll be teaching 'great large young men' for yourself before long, Beauty! Then you'll be glad little girls can't be cured—except by growing into angelic women who look just like them."

"I know what you mean," said Lily, laying her curls against her mother's cheek, and hiding its heightened color with their mist of sunshine. "You mean I shall be loved and married like mamma—and the young man and I will be sworn at and driven off, and we shall be very poor; and his father will run away hundreds and hundreds of miles and die, and the moon will turn into blood. I don't mean that—I wouldn't like that—I'd rather be an old maid with hair that takes off, like Miss Mingles at home, and help papa."

"Precious love!" said her mother, hugging her tightly to her breast, "you would have helped papa well enough, I'm sure, if your grandfather had ever seen you."

"And did he never?" asked Derrick.

"Never till we came to Kentucky. From the day Cuthbert married me he forbade him the house. He would not look on our faces. I can not bear to believe it; but we were told that when he heard we had a little girl he cursed us all three, because there was one more to go to the poor-house with the family-name to disgrace. But if he did it never hurt us. Why didn't it, darling?"

"Because I was the Lord's blessing," said the child, simply.

"So you were, my sweet bird, and the moment you came you put new strength into us all. I was never stronger or able to be more help to Cuthbert than I was after she was born, Doctor, and Cuthbert, who used to be so pale and haggard, sitting up all night sometimes to correct piles of exercises a foot high, grew stout and well, just because he could run to her little crib every fifteen minutes, and take what he called a fresh drink of Heaven, kissing her as she lay asleep, with his study lamp shaded from her eyes. I think the sight of her made other people love us; for an old friend of my husband's family, after he had called on us, and held the baby in his lap, went away and got Cuthbert the principalship of the academy in Mellenville, where old Mr. Kearney lived—worth six hundred a year more than where we had been. It was terribly hard for my husband to live right in the same town with his father, and meet him every now and then, without being able to speak to him, or ever go to the house where he was born; but we felt as if we had no right to refuse such a chance of bettering our lot. We had only been in Mellenville three months when Father Kearney sold all his property there, and left without a word. He had heard so much of our baby that perhaps he was afraid his heart would soften some time if he saw her by accident. After that we never heard of him nor from him—never had so much as a rumor where he had gone to, nor whether he was alive or dead, till Mr. Palmer's telegram reached us a month ago. I don't know how I come to speak to you so frankly of all this family trouble, Doctor—but you have been very kind to us!"

The lovely creature looked into his face with an innocent confidence which made Derrick doubt whether old Seibert Kearney could have feared to expose his obdurate heart to Lily—unmelted by the full sunbeam, why did he dread the little star?

"Will you always be very kind to us, Dr. Dam'ger?" said Lily, lifting her great sweet blue eyes to his with that inmost scrutiny which all the more, because they meant no inevitable reading of mysteries and challenged no attempt at concealment, seemed to scale the brink of those deep, dark wells of his, and drop through them to the very bottom of his heart. He answered her with the first blush that had tinged his pale olive cheeks since childhood, and another kiss which hid it in her curls.

"And will you be kind to dear papa, and to poor old grandpa, and please not let the moon turn into blood when *He* comes?"

While the Doctor was pondering his reply, another door from that which he had entered opened softly, and a pair of slippered feet stole on tip-toe into the room. Their owner was a man not far from the Doctor's age, but as different in *personnel* as well might be. He wore neither the drooping, silky mustache nor beard of any kind, and the smoothness of his face being that of one who little needs rather than too vigorously uses the razor, assisted his comparative smallness of stature and willowy slenderness of build in giving him an air of what at first sight might have been pronounced insignificance. A closer second reading would have corrected this estimate, calling attention to a pair of eyes which, if not alarmed into averting themselves with the shy consciousness of submitting to inspection, must at once be recognized as belonging to a marked individuality—an abundant capacity either for doing or suffering—large, out of all proportion to the pale, thin face below them, very mobile and expressive, and of a dark hazel almost femininely soft. They were fringed by long, drooping lashes; delicate, but strongly lined eyebrows overarched them; and though in themselves prominent, the heavy, penthouse brow and high white dome of forehead above them made them seem sunken and cavernous. Cuthbert Kearney looked like a man who had watched, waited, and worked hard all his life—a man to whom many things in that life had brought pain, and who had endured much lately. His curling, brown hair already began to be grizzled upon the temples, and the great prominent forehead, which seemed to make up more than half his face, was ruled with fine lines which the graving tool of ten years more would follow and turn into wrinkles. His head was that of the most sensitive, intellectual temperament—his eyes undeniably handsome—below these there was not a feature less than inordinately plain; his nose was very large, with coarse, flaring nostrils; his chin was poverty-stricken; his mouth a meagre-lipped slit, cut long and straight across his face.

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by News-dealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

FACETIÆ.

COURTSHIP is often made up of the fact that the girl calls her beau a noble youth, a hero, a genius; while he calls her a paragon of beauty and gentleness; and so they keep tickling each other till they get married; and then comes the scolding.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

Ice.—What, to break, often lets a man into hot water.

Ideal.—Concentrated essence of Narcissus—and Hercules.

Idiot.—The philosopher who keeps his wit till he wants it.

Idleness.—A common, very pleasant to stray over, but on which only geese and donkeys live.

Imagination.—The photographer of the mind.

Impertinence.—A weed cultivated by dowagers and waiting-maids.

Impression.—The Pythoness of woman's oracle.

Impulse.—A creator who has sent many sins into the world.

Inconsistency.—The opal in Psyche's girdle.

Industry.—The privilege of the poor; without that we should have none of those pretty Expositions.

Ink.—The black slave who drops tears enough over the lies he writes to make a second Black Sea.

Innocence.—The card left by angels on their visits.

Insipid.—Wanting in taste—*e. g.*, if I praise Blondina's chignon to Brunetta, she naturally finds me insipid.

Interest.—What she takes in any one possessing capital.

Inviolable.—The secret she would not for worlds let any one but *you* know.

Invitation.—Ground-bait.

Jealousy.—The deformity of imperfect love.

Jet.—The coal who aspires to become a diamond.

Jilt.—A short word of the feminine gender. When used in the masculine is generally translated into "Breach of Promise with heavy damages."

Jointure.—The glue used for splicing.

Justice.—What she is always thirsting for, and consequently never has to give away.

Juvenile.—An epithet only applied to those who forget their old age.

Key (latch).—The sceptre of the kingdom of Home.

Kiss.—The electric spark which cooks a pair of souls.

Kneel.—The *ne plus ultra* of devotion.

Little Mary was discussing the great hereafter with her mamma, when the following ensued: "Mamma, will you go to heaven when you die?" "Yes, I hope so, my child." "Well, I hope I'll go too, or you'll be lonesome." "Oh yes, and I hope your papa will go too." "Oh no, papa can't go; he can't leave the store!"

A little boy had lived for some time with a penurious uncle. The latter was one day walking out with the child by his side, when a friend, accompanied by a greyhound, addressed him. The little fellow, never having seen a dog of so slight and slim a texture, clasped the creature round the neck with the impassioned cry, "Oh, doggie, doggie! and do you live wi' your uncle, too, that you are so thin?"

A rural pastor prayed fervently for rain during a severe drought, which began to fall in torrents just as the services closed, when two farmers, walking home together, were getting wet, and one remarked to the other, "The parson does pray with a good unction." "Yes," replied the other, "but he lacks judgment."

A DISH FOR AN OGRE.

In the *menu* of a court banquet, given in the *Galerie de Diane*, on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Humbert with the Princess Margaret, one of the items is that of "*filets d'innocents à la Princesse Marguérite.*" What can filets d'innocents be? The nearest things that we can fancy, even for the banquets of people who were once believed to eat frogs, and actually do eat horse, are slices of sucking-pig.

MRS. LYON'S FAVORITE HEIR—"Home, sweet home!"

Half-bred horses make capital sandwiches.

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE?—Very indifferently, we should imagine—seeing how often it is to be found in the "cells."

Uxborough, who eloped with his wife, always speaks of the golden symbol which he then placed on her left hand as a runaway ring.

"SCIENCE GOSSIP."

The proper thing to use with gun-cotton is shot silk.

A patent has been taken out for making pens with cocoa-nibs.

Ladies will be pleased to hear that a process has been discovered by which they can electro-plait their hair.

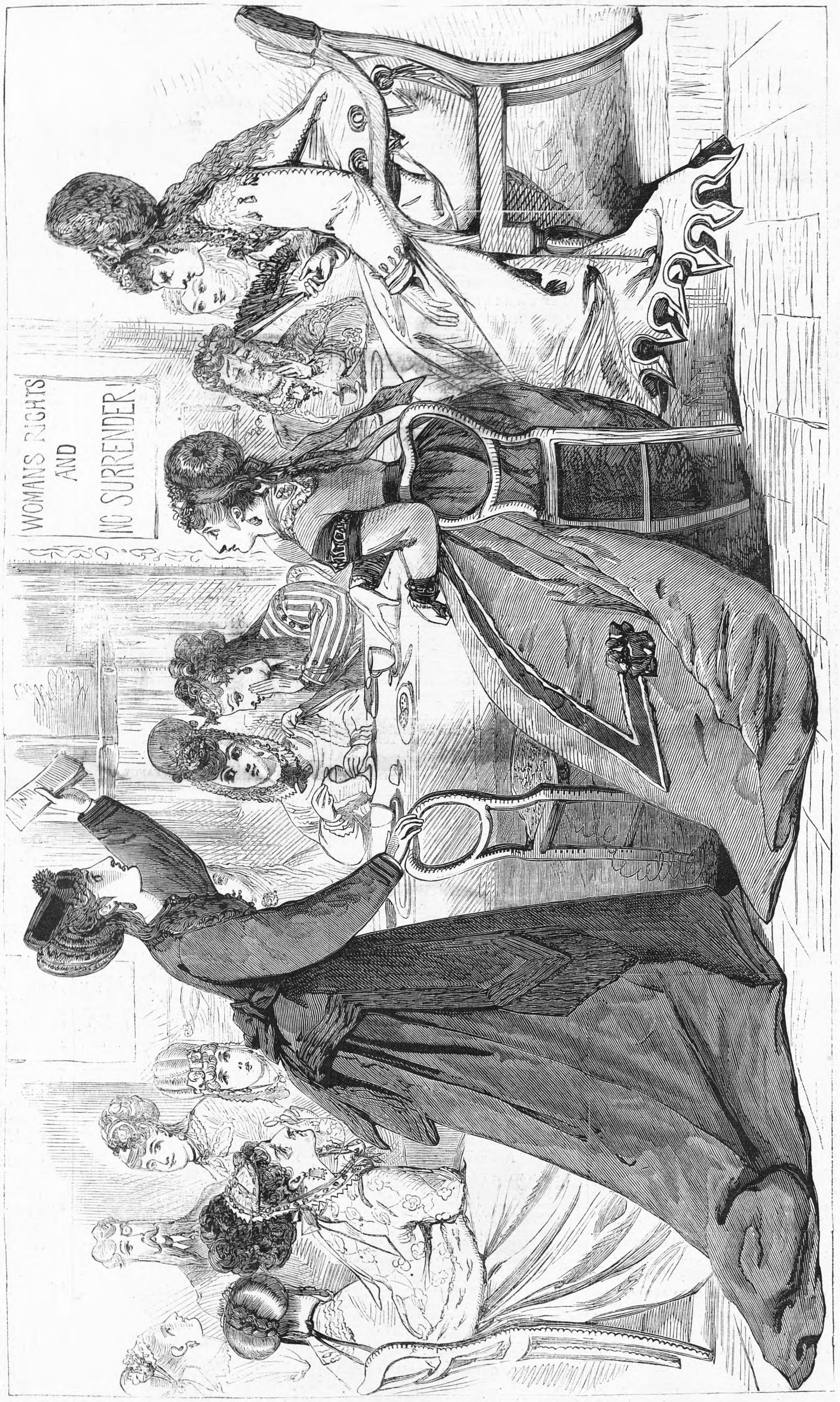
Many persons have burnt their fingers by dabbling in petroleum.

A scientific ghost-story will shortly appear in fortnightly numbers, founded on spectrum analysis.

NOBODY'S CHILD—Joshua (the son of Nun).

Mrs. Partington has been reading the health-officer's weekly reports, and thinks that "Total" must be an awful malignant disease, since as many die of it as all the rest put together.

AN INTERESTING GIRL—One whose money interest is ten thousand.



THE LADIES' CLUB AT DELMONICO'S.

CAPITAL BEGGAR.—One of the importunate juveniles who solicit pennies was asked, "Where is your mother?" She answered, diffidently, "She is dead." "Have you no father?" "Yes, Sir, but he is sick." "What ails him?" continued the questioner. "He has got a sore finger, Sir." "Indeed!" "Yes, Sir." "Then why don't he cut it off?" "Please, Sir," responded the little maid, "he hain't got any money to buy a knife."

When is a man thinner than a shingle?—When he is a shaving.

HISTORIC DOUBTS.—An auctioneer, at a late sale of antiquities, put up a helmet with the following candid observation: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is a helmet of Romulus, the Roman founder; but whether he was a brass or iron founder, I can not tell."

TO EPICURES.—The best man to consult on the "Art of Laying the Table" would be the notorious Mr. Home.

A lady in New York recently sent a request to a friend to accompany her to Grace Church. The reply came back, "Sorry, but I'm dressed for St. Paul's."

A SWEET PLANET—The honeymoon.

At a collection lately made at a charity fair a young lady offered the plate to a rich man who was noted for his stinginess. "I have nothing," was his curt answer. "Then take something, Sir," she replied; "you know I am begging for the poor."

A young lady who was reading a novel was asked by a gentleman how she liked the style. "The style? the style?" was the answer; "oh, Sir, I've not come to that yet."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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BRIDAL DRESSES AND COIFFURES.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Bridal Dresses.

Fig. 1.—BALL DRESS FOR BRIDE. Under-skirt of white taffetas, covered with a tulle robe, trimmed with four *bouillonnées* and a flounce. Over-skirt, likewise of tulle, caught up on each side by two white ribbons terminated by bows, ornamented with bouquets of orange blossoms. Low corsage of tulle and white taffetas, with tour-nure of the same materials. Pearl comb and sprays of orange blossoms in the hair.

Fig. 2.—BRIDAL DRESS (FOR CHURCH). Dress of white faye, trimmed with three bias folds of terry velvet, with a cordon of orange blossoms in the middle; two similar bias folds are set on each side, *en tablier;* these folds slope backward toward the bottom, and become nar-rower as they approach the waist. High corsage, trimmed with a cordon of orange blossoms, with sprays falling behind so as to form little basques. Tulle veil, and wreath of orange blossoms.

Bridal Coiffures.

Fig. 1.—Cluster of orange blossoms, diminish-ing on each side, and forming a sort of flat dia-dem, with chignon adorned with curls of differ-ent lengths.

Fig. 2.—Hair brushed back above the ears, with a braid across the front, covered with a thick wreath of orange blossoms; the veil is fastened at the back of the braid.

Fig. 3.—Hair brushed backward and slightly puffed, *en auréole.* Comb of large pearls set on the outside of the veil, which begins above the forehead. Orange blossoms scattered over the head and in the curls.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1868.

☞ HARPER'S PERIODICALS *will be delivered to City Subscribers without extra charge.*

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ARTIFICIAL SINS.

THE natural sins, as they may be called, might be supposed to be quite numerous enough and of sufficient difficulty of eradica-tion without devising artificial ones. Parents, however, are daily most busily engaged in this work of supererogation in the bringing up of their children. The Ten Commandments were once supposed to contain a pretty full summary of what ought and ought not to be done, and when man and child were tolerably faithful in their obedience to the commands of the Deca-logue, they were wont to be regarded as pretty fair examples of virtue. This, however, does not seem to be the prevalent opinion nowadays.

Mamma, to gratify her own vanity, dresses her pretty May or graceful Laura Matilda in silks and satins, and hence forthwith a new command: "Thou shalt not spoil thy frock." The command, of course, is disobeyed. Miss Laura Matilda, in spite of her silk and satin, is a child, and, obeying the instincts of her age, runs, falls, tumbles about, and in giving full and natural play to her elastic young muscles, finally rends the beautiful and expensive strait-jacket within which her mother has striven in vain to confine her irrepressible limbs. "There's a naughty girl!" is of course the maternal ver-dict which is at once followed by condign pun-ishment. We venture to reverse the decision, and would, if we could, the penalty also. It is the mother and not the child who has been guilty. It was an absurd vanity which im-pelled her to put upon her child an inappropri-ate dress, and to command that it be not spoiled. It was while acting in strict accordance with a law of her nature that the child burst her silk-en bonds and disobeyed the maternal man-date.

Again, mamma, from staying too late night after night, at Mrs. A's, Mrs. B's, Mrs. C's, and at every other party of the season, from want of outdoor exercise, eating too much pie-crust, or reading too many novels, or from any other abuse of the laws of health, has become nerv-ous. Hence another command from mother to child: "Be quiet." She might as well order the birds not to sing, to do which is no more natural for them than for children to make a noise. "Cry! shout! bawl! stamp your feet! let the whole house ring with your merry voices, ye little ones!" say we, for these are the means a wiser Parent than the irritable mother of modern luxury has ordained for the proper physical development of infant and child. There is no other way of giving full expansion to the lungs, breadth to the chest, and that ten-sion to muscles and nerves so essential to health of body and mind.

Four-fifths at least of the so-called faults of childhood are really so far from being faults that they might be considered virtues were it not impossible, in consequence of the injudicious commands of parents, to practice them without filial disobedience. Many a household is kept in a constant state of anarchy by too much law. There are parents who at every hour of the day are issuing new edicts in regard to the eating and drinking, the dressing, the moving, the talking, and the very expression of their children, who in many cases are unwilling, and in most unable, to obey them. Thence come pains and penalties, weeping and gnashing of teeth, family jars, disaffection, and a generally disorderly and unhappy household.

If parents were less inventive of commands there would be more obedience and domestic virtue as well as peace.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to Jane.

MY DEAR JANE,—So you are really about to see if you can earn your own living, and the luxury and splendor in which you have been bred have wholly disappeared! I heard of it only yesterday, when I met sweet little Kitty Clover, in a new spring bonnet, which I may call a mere touch-and-go of daisies and lace, and she said to me, "Think of it, dear Mr. Bachelor, our poor friend Jane is obliged to do something for her living!" As she spoke she looked so rueful, and squeezed her exquisite handkerchief so ardently, and turned her soft little eyes upon me so sadly that I felt as if I were talking with a sorrowful hamadryad. For I could not feel as if sweet Kitty Clover knew exactly what she was talking about; and when she said she was "*so* sorry," and at the same moment smiled sweetly and nodded to Harry Diamond, who passed by, I was sure that it must be only the grand-daughter of Undine, not yet in love, with whom I was chatting.

As I looked at the young woman, dear Jane, I thought of you. For you, too, have been al-ways clad in touch-and-goes of daisies and lace, and Harry Diamond has been your cavalier, and life has been little, outwardly, but a long and lively holiday. "Actually obliged to do some-thing for her living!" said Kitty Clover, as if the trial were quite beyond mortal endurance. And how comical and tragical it is that the world in which she moves is of Kitty's opinion, and thinks it the most melancholy fate that can befall a young woman, the necessity of support-ing herself. You may test the value of this judgment for yourself. For I know, as other people do, that you have had the very best op-portunities of making "a satisfactory settle-ment," so far as money and all that money pro-cures are concerned.

It is no secret, dear Jane, that the Honorable Robin Gray asked you in marriage. Every body knows him, by name at least. Every body knows how rich he is, how generous, how well-man-nered, and of what a pleasant family. It is my opinion, although I would judge no fellow-creat-ure harshly, that Kitty Clover, aged nineteen, would marry the Honorable Robin Gray, aged sixty, to-morrow, if he would only give her the opportunity. And Kitty is a fair example of the young women with whom you have grown up. The Honorable Robin was open, he was flagrant, in his attentions to you. He pursued you with flowers. He lay in wait for you with surprises and pleasures. I shall not deny that you gave him no encouragement. You kindly, but decidedly, declined what it was possible to decline, and neither by word nor look did you authorize him to continue the sweet chase. Dear Jane, he did continue it, and I did not wonder. Ah me! ah me! The spectacle was like the scent of apple-blossoms to one who told his love under an apple-tree in some dear old June. No, I did not wonder that he would still persist. Have not you women learned—not even you women of this youngest generation, enriched with all the experience of all the generations gone—that Daphne fascinates most in flying, that despair for Diana is almost sweeter than the caress of Venus? "High-born Helen, round thy dwelling," sings Charles Lamb, "these thirty years I've paced in vain." But if she had not made him pace—if she had de-scended and opened the door, or beckoned him from the window, to enter, twenty-nine years ago—the fervor of the feeling, the devotion, the longing, where would they have been?

It was known that your father had lost all his fortune, and that there was no chance of his recovering himself. Old and worn and wearied, believing in his later day that money was the substantial good, and that the feelings of youth were often illusions, I do not wonder that he was most anxious to see you the wife of a rich and honored man. It is supposed, and I for my part believe, dear Jane, that he earnestly urged you to consider every thing; that he told you piteously how he was to be thrown upon the world in his age, poor and comfortless, unless you succored him; that he appealed to you for your mother's sake, whose pride would be broken and whose life must be wretched, suddenly cast down from her throne, unless you intervened. I do not know that he actually said all this in words, but I am sure that he suffered you to know that he thought it and felt it, and that he implored you by marrying a man whom so many of your companions would gladly marry to avert all these sorrows and save your family. I do not know, nor do I suspect, what your mother said. But I know how carefully she had al-ways contrived to throw you among the most "desirable" young men. I know what kind of young gentlemen she invited to pass a week or to spend the night at The Convolvuluses and Hybrid Honey-suckles, your father's summer-place upon the Hudson, named by her. Young Diamond and Turquoise and Ruby relieved each other, so to say, in her summer invitations; but never to my knowledge was Richard Whitting-ton, nor any of his family, invited. Therefore, you knew what she felt, what she wished; and the burden laid upon you was very heavy.

Your education had made it so—for you were immorally educated. I mean you were bred, as so many American girls in large cities are, as if you were born in the purple and had no-thing to do but to do nothing elegantly. A man who was born of poor parents, who has seen his mother and sisters hard-working women, comes to New York, makes a fortune, buys a fine house, gives *carte blanche* to Marcotte, and in-sists only that his daughters shall dress richly and treat their talents as Chinese women treat their feet. What can the poor things do but marry the men who are able to provide the con-ditions to which their helplessness is accustomed? And when one breaks out of the rut and says that she prefers to be of some use in the world there is a distinct shudder, as if she were a very eccentric, if not worse, young person. Do you know, my dear Jane, that I should have more patience with Tom Noddy and Solomon Grumb when they rail at women's voting as unladylike, if the same fellows did not regard every thing that women can do, except nursing children and dressing in the fashion, as unladylike? They sneer at scholarly women; they shrug their shoulders at women who are artists; they stare at women who have serious opinions; and they patronize and pity women who are sensi-ble, industrious, and skillful enough to earn their own living. The tomfools are complain-ing all the time of the expensiveness of living—they say, with the German song, Life is lovely, but it costs so much!—and when you suggest pleasantly that the better half of creation is par-alyzed, and that if they did their share the cost of life would be diminished one-half, you are told that you hold extreme and impracticable views, and that you wish to abolish Heaven's own separation of the sexes. My dear Jane, is it this world that is called the Paradise of Fools? Do you seriously think that there can be two of them?

When you told the Honorable Robin Gray that it was not to be thought of, that it was pre-posterous, and that it was very unfriendly to insist upon urging it—all of which I have no doubt you did tell him, although I was not hid-den, like Miss Clack in "The Moonstone," be-hind the drawing-room curtain—you did some-thing which, although it was what you ought of course to have done, was yet, under the cir-cumstances, heroic. And I hope your father and mother then saw what I meant when I spoke of your immoral education. I hope they saw that the manner in which you had been brought up made it horribly difficult for you to resist marrying a man whom you did not love, and who was old enough to be your father.

My dear Jane, you will not find it an easy task to earn your own living, and for that in a great degree your parents are responsible. You have no taste for music; you are not a scholar; you are not skillful with the needle; you know no trade. Indeed the prospect is as unpromis-ing as it would be with dear, sweet Kitty Clo-ver herself. Nobody is more successful than she when all that is necessary is to wear the prettiest dresses with the prettiest grace, and to match the color of her gloves with that of her ribbons. Yet all that bright glamour of dress and society has no surer foundation than spec-ulation in Broad Street. A mistake there, a sudden and grave public event, and away fly riches, and woe for the airy touch and go! They only are really rich who are masters of a useful calling. I remember old Cardinal Thom-as, the only American Cardinal—or am I mis-taken, and was he only Archbishop?—saying to me once, "I shall be always a rich man." And when I looked at his Eminence's scarlet cape and smiled, he smiled too, and said, "No, not because of the revenues of the Church, but be-cause I was bred a baker. There is no part of my trade of which I am not master, and bread is the prime necessity of man." How often, as I look at the scarlet cape of her Emi-nence, Mrs. Tilbury, or of Mrs. Pound, or of Mrs. Hundredweight, I ask myself, "Is there a baker under that Cardinal?" How often, dear Jane, as I have seen you—beautiful, admired, superb—I have asked, "Is there a useful wo-man under that fine lady?" And now you are about to prove it. You were not, indeed, a practically useful woman before you were a fine lady, as my ancient friend was a baker before he was a Cardinal, but you have the character and the resolution that will make you what you wish.

I do not disguise from you—as I did not from myself when I said farewell to sweet Kitty, and walked meditatively to my room—I do not disguise that it is a very weary way upon which you enter. But so it is for men. It is the hard battle of life. It requires such wariness, such constant self-sacrifice, such pertinacity! The first point of all is to see that nothing hon-orable is to be refused which you can really do. The second is to summon all your courage to endure the strange inhumanity which you must surely encounter. Yet, Jane, you may be very certain that you have not failed until in your loneliness and bareness of life, in the dull rou-tine and unsmiling perspective of ill-paid work, of mortified taste, of baffled expectation, you wish in your heart that you had listened to the Honorable Robin Gray. Remember then, dear Jane, that his ancestor *was* successful, and that the Jane he wooed he won. But remember also that if your heart which refused him aches, her heart which accepted him was broken.

Your faithful friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BRIDAL TOILETTES.

WE are reminded by our readers that a few hints about wedding toilettes and the se-lection of a trousseau are timely at all seasons of the year. The suggestion is made also that we relate what is attainable by people in that golden mediocrity, neither very rich nor very poor, rather than the elaborate and extravagant outfits selected for wealthy brides. To the lat-ter class any information we can give is useless, as a carte-blanche to their modiste and milliner relieves them of all care in the matter. It is to the careful young woman with but a few hun-dred dollars to spend that we hope to give some assistance.

What shall the wedding dress be is the first question. With those who can afford it satin is the usual choice. A white satin dress has hith-erto required considerable expend ure for lace and jewelry, but a pretty fashion coming into vogue in Europe dictates that the bride be sim-ply dressed, with little lace, and no ornaments but orange flowers. Unless very fine lace is used it is better to dispense with it altogether, and trim with soft illusion and hand-made satin trimmings.

A bridal dress of rich white satin made late-ly had the trained skirt simply but effectively trimmed with a ten-inch box-pleated flounce. On the front width was an apron trimming of tulle caught in honey-comb figures with orange blossoms. The satin corsage was low under the arms, and filled out to the proper height with a chemisette of tulle trimmed like the apron. Long tulle veil with puffed border.

Skirts of wedding dresses are seldom looped in the panier fashion. Simplicity of style is affect-ed almost to severity. Long trains gored flatly in front, with fullness at the back, are prescribed as more appropriate.

It is a matter of fancy as to whether the cor-sage is high or low. Grecian folds of Lyon's tulle are made into berthas for both styles, and thick quillings of the material of the dress sur-round the shoulders. A tiny fichu, not more than three inches wide, is formed of folds and lace, and is sewn on the dress instead of the bretelles so much worn during the winter. This is only suitable for dresses that open in front, as most evening dresses are now made.

If the corsage is low the sleeve is merely a fold of satin or fall of lace caught together with a bouquet. Narrow coat-sleeves accompany the high corsage.

The price of satin varies from $7 to $15 a yard. The popular quality, twenty-seven inches wide, is sold at $8. A very good article, all pure silk, but narrower, measuring only twenty-two inches, ranges from $5 to $7. Faille and soft *poult de soie* are the next choice after satin, and cost about the same. Very handsome cord-ed silks may be bought at from $4 to $6. Plain taffetas are as low as $3, but these require an over-skirt of illusion that adds considerably to the outlay.

An inexpensive wedding dress is made of corded silk. As the material is not very heavy the skirt is lined throughout, the train being faced with silk. The trimming consists of three folds of silk headed with satin piping, arranged in two crescent-shaped groups on the front width, and curving down the sides, where they are fin-ished with a large rosette of satin. As economy was consulted in this dress it was found best to dispense with sashes and trimming on the back of the skirt where the veil would suffice for or-nament. The corsage is half high, with folds of silk over the shoulders and a pendent ornament at the end of each fold. Illusion neckerchief at the throat, with orange flowers instead of buttons down the front. Easy-fitting sleeve, rather wide below the elbow.

Very pretty veils are furnished by the dress-makers for $12 or $15. They are made of soft illusion, entirely untrimmed, but are cut in graceful style. The selvage edges of the tulle, with a wide hem, form the top and bottom of the veil, which should fall almost to the end of the train. The short veil over the face reaches nearly to the waist. This simple illusion veil is very much admired. Lace, satin pipings, and wide ruches of tulle add greatly to the expense of the veil, making it cost often $100. Clematis, jasmine, and white lilies occasionally take the place of the traditional orange flower for bridal wreaths. The bridal dress should be worn fre-quently during the honey-moon, and not often afterward. It is then a compliment to the host-ess; but as it is the dress worn on the most con-spicuous occasion of the wearer's life it attracts attention, and soon becomes familiar.

It is scarcely necessary to speak of the tulle and illusion dresses over taffeta skirts sometimes worn by brides, as they do not differ materially from many of the evening dresses already de-scribed. At a quiet wedding lately the fair young bride and her maids looked very lovely in dresses of white organdy, simply adorned with fluted ruffles of the same. Such a dress will come within the bounds of the most modest in-come, as the finest organdy is only $1 50 a yard, and is two yards wide.

We must advise our readers of the fact that silks are cheaper now than they will probably be at another season. They have already advanced ten per cent. in Europe, and the increase will

soon be perceptible here. A novelty, suitable for the reception dresses that form part of the trousseau, is called moiré serge. It is as thick as satin, but soft and pliant like poult de soie, has a thick diagonal reps, and is beautifully watered. It is brought out in a delicate shade of lavender, Metternich green, flesh color, and blue. There are ten yards in each pattern. The price is $125. It is the most decided novelty of the season, and only to be found at one house.

We think also that it is safe in buying a silk dress to select one of the chameleons, in which several tints are blended together in a way that looks equally well by gas and sun light. They are greatly worn in Paris now, and are growing into favor here. From $4 to $8 a yard is asked for them. The lilacs and gray shot with white are especially appropriate for brides.

A correspondent asks if there is any prescribed street costume for a bride. We answer in the negative. There never was a time when such matters were left so entirely to the taste of the wearer. Even the conventional white bonnet gives place to one appropriate to the dress with which it is worn. The most approved toilettes are those in which the dress, wrapping, bonnet, parasol, shoes, and gloves are of one color, and as nearly as possible of one material. A handsomely dressed bride appeared at church for the first time in a short suit of mauve silk. The dress has an upper skirt looped *en paniers*. The scarf-mantle had a deeply-pointed hood. Silk bonnet in the Watteau shape, with coiffure and barbes of point appliqué. Mauve parasol with lace cover. Another pretty suit, designed for bridal visits, is of pearl and blue changeable silk, trimmed with light blue silk.

A morning dress of cashmere is always seasonable in our changeable climate. It is better to have this of a delicate color, either lavender, light blue, or pale amber, as it gives variety to the bridal wardrobe in which white is always apt to predominate. It should be made loosely, falling in large pleats from the shoulder. Shell puffs of silk and the new worsted guipures are suitable trimming. Alpaca frays easily, and is no longer in favor. Morning Gabrielles of white muslin are included in the trousseaus furnished at first-class houses. They are of nansook, of Swiss muslin, and of piqué. When only one is made it is best to have it of nansook, as it is not so thin as Swiss, and washes better than piqué. Striped linens, the pretty French jaconets with colored figures at forty cents a yard, and the American cambrics at twenty-five cents, make neat breakfast dresses, and seem to have entirely superseded the sheer lawns once so much worn.

For afternoon dresses there are the poplinettes, a silk and linen mixture, the grenadines, and the light silks, stripes, checks, and chinés, sold at $2 a yard. A stylishly made black silk is also serviceable on many occasions, and is always lady-like and in good taste.

A gored skirt and polonaise, plainly trimmed, is all that is required for the traveling dress. There is a perplexing variety offered from which to select the material. Silk serge is considered the most *distingué*, but is expensive, and instead we choose a serviceable poplin or woolen serge, that costs only half the money, and will better endure the hard usage of travel.

UNDER-LINEN.

The preparation for a trousseau begins properly with the under-linen, as it requires longer time for completion than the outside garments, and is more usually made at home. Moreover, the styles of under-clothing do not change often, and dresses should be left until the last to have the benefit of any novelty in fashion that may arise.

We can not, of course, prescribe the number of garments necessary. Much depends on the supply already on hand. Orders given at the furnishing houses usually include a dozen linen and a dozen cotton of the principal articles of under-clothing. Half of each dozen should be handsomely trimmed. The others are intended for constant use, and should be simply made.

Lace and linen cambric are soon worn out or torn out in washing. Valenciennes lace is the most suitable for trimming, but a fine thin lace thickens up in washing, and looks no better than a coarser and more durable article. Very sheer linen cambric is expensive, and is so frail that it is not worth the tedious needle-work required for puffs and ruffles. A good firm quality sold at $1 25 a yard is wider, looks quite as well, and lasts longer than that sold at $3. Appliqué embroidery, or transferring as it is sometimes called, must be sewn on very securely, or it will be roughened and torn off by the smoothing-iron. Thick needle-work is the most substantial of all trimmings. The eyelets and compass work, once so fashionable, are seldom seen now. Hamburg embroidery is inexpensive, as it is done by machinery, and is always in pretty designs. It is best to choose patterns without any revere work or herring-bone.

Richardson's linen is selected for the best outfits. In muslins it is requisite that the threads be closely woven, and the selvage even. French percale and New York Mills are serviceable for articles that require a heavy material, such as gowns and drawers. Wamsutta is preferred for chemises, and Lonsdale for skirts. Jones's cambric and French nansook make the more handsome gowns. Jaconet is but little used.

The chemise and drawers should be trimmed to match and worn *en suite*. Chemise bands are very wide. Many ladies prefer them closed all around. The sleeves are merely a row of lace and embroidery. A deep fall of trimming is sometimes attached to the band, reaching to the waist to form a corset cover. Half a dozen low bodices with short sleeves are provided for corset covers. Some of these are entirely formed of puffs and gathered into a belt, while others are made of pleats, or are tight-fitting.

A dozen night dresses is considered a sufficient number. The favorite pattern is a deep yoke, pointed before and behind, with three widths in the skirt. Bands around the neck look neater than turn-down collars. Coat-sleeves are used altogether. The best half dozen gowns are of linen or nansook. If Valenciennes is used for trimming it should be stitched in with a narrow band of the material.

Petticoats of different lengths must be arranged to suit the skirts of street dresses, demi-trains, and trains. They should be gored almost flat in front, and gathered at the sides and back. Tucks and ruffles are the trimmings for short petticoats. Embroidery and lace and elaborate trimming is lavished on trained petticoats, as they are often worn with short jackets for breakfast dresses. Several petticoats to be worn under the crinoline are also essential. These are short and narrow, containing only three widths of muslin, and are gored to fit the figure about the hips. Flannel skirts should not be made too full. Half a dozen at least are necessary.

Short dressing sacques are convenient to dress the hair in. They are made of percale or of cambric, and are ruffled, or plainly trimmed. Long dressing-gowns are made with body and skirt in one. The fullness is laid in pleats and held by a cord and tassel at the waist.

Ladies usually have their favorite style of corset. We can safely recommend the Glove-Fitting Corsets, both for durability and good shape. They are made of the best materials and are very moderate in price, ranging, we believe, from $3 to $7, according to the embroidery upon them.

It is necessary that two crinoline skirts be provided—a short one for street dresses, and a trained one for full dress. If steel skeletons are worn there should be half a dozen muslin covers for the bottoms of them. These are made of thick white muslin, half a yard wide, covering the crinoline inside and out, and buttoned together at the upper edge. They are prettily trimmed with a fluted ruffle. The Lace Imperial Skirt lately introduced does away with the necessity for these covers, as the mesh of the lace is woven thickly toward the bottom; and the whole skirt may be put into the water and washed without injuring the steel hoops. The only style of panier skirt for sale in New York is a French skirt imported by but one house, and sold at $20. Ladies contrive devices of their own for giving the full appearance now in vogue, such as puffs of horse hair, or crinoline worn beneath the hoops.

The supply of handkerchiefs should be very liberal. The neatest style for morning use is of sheer linen with a wide hem, and the initials, monogram, or given name, embroidered in a corner. Two or three tucks above a hem are also pretty. Ladies who are very neat with the needle make their own evening handkerchiefs at much less expense than they can be bought ready-made. A twelve-inch square of linen cambric is rolled at the edges, and bordered with Valenciennes insertion and lace. The material should be basted on paper to keep the proper shape. The cambric should be thin and sheer, and the lace very fine.

Plain cuffs, collars, and under-sleeves of linen and cambric may also be abundantly provided. It is best, however, to have but a few lace collars as the shape changes, and they are very expensive.

A few words of advice in conclusion. Do not buy ready-made under-clothing except at a first-class establishment. If the outfit is made at home do not attempt to do every thing with the sewing-machine. This is the fault with many furnishing houses. No matter how nicely machine-sewing is done there are seams that can be more neatly sewn by hand, such as joining selvages, and hemming on the bands of chemises. It is better to have a few things of good material than a great variety of poor ones. Retrench rather in the outside garments than in under-clothing.

It is impossible to say any thing definite of many of the accessories of a trousseau, such as lace shawls, mantles, furs, parasols, etc. These things are discussed incidentally in the *Bazar*, and their presence in a trousseau is regulated by circumstances, and limited by the means of the bride.

Thanks are due Mesdames DIEDEN, VIRFOLET, and BAILLARD; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and THOMSON, LANGDON, & Co.

PERSONAL.

THE career of the Sorosis threatens to be something like that of a meteor. Several of its most prominent members, the Misses ALICE CARY (the President), PHŒBE CARY, KATE FIELD, and LUCY GIBBONS, have already seceded from the Sisterhood and tendered their resignations. Rumors are afloat of a new and select private organization, where there will be no lunches and no newspaper reporters.

—At Madame POURTALE'S ball, lately given in Paris, where none but short dresses were allowed to be worn, some of the ladies came in at a late hour with a frowning countenance. It was WORTH, the man-dressmaker, that had aroused their ire by his lack of punctuality. The Duchess de Castries, for instance, had not received her white dress, trimmed with lilies of the valley, till one o'clock in the morning, and even she was more fortunate than Madame de HANSFELD, whose dress of yellow tulle, trimmed with rose-buds and lilacs, did not reach her till half past two; but these ladies made a sensation, coming in as they did with their fresh costumes when all the rest were worn and faded.

—A gentleman who has diverted himself at the Methodist General Conference at Chicago by making little pen-sketches of notable members, gives the following of one of the most scholarly and versatile men of the time: "One of the most eloquent debaters is Dr. M'CLINTOCK. He is a small man, with a round head, shining gray hair and eyes, and shining ruddy countenance, small mouth not unlike Dr. FOSTER'S, but much more nervous and vitalized. He can talk like a *bon vivant*, study like a professor, debate like a Congressman, and preach to the admiration of camp-meeting and cathedral. He is probably the most versatile man in the Church, with the rarest commixture of a luxurious gentleman, severe student, brilliant speaker, and solid man of affairs. Full of energy, enthusiasm, and progress, as fresh and bold in new projects as if nearer twenty than sixty, he keeps the life-blood of youth and grace dancing happily in unwithering veins.

—JAMES M. M'LEAN, Esq., was, on the 18th instant, for the third time unanimously re-elected President of the New York Board of Fire Underwriters—a deserved compliment to one of the most intelligent and successful underwriters in the country.

—Mr. WESTON, whose speed and endurance in walking have sent his name through the papers, advises persons who wish to emulate his fame to commence by swinging the arms by the side, keeping the mouth shut, not to run down hill, to wear laced shoes and linen stockings, and now and then to pour a little whisky into the shoes.

—Mr. BURLINGAME seems to be greatly beloved by the native members of his embassy. While in San Francisco he went out to Alameda and remained three days. On his return the Chinese knelt around him in the public parlor of the "Occidental," with heads bowed to the ground in token of their thankfulness at his safe return.

—Lord LYTTON is reported to have written a play for Mr. BANDMANN, the German and English actor, who has had so much success in this country and in England.

—Much interest is being manifested in the forthcoming memoir of Mrs. DEL BAL, the accomplished lady who fell a victim to the yellow-fever at Panama last summer, which is being prepared by her mother, Mrs. RHODA E. WHITE, and will shortly be issued by Mr. DONAHUE, of Boston. The Viscount DE CHABROL, whose pleasant visit to this country last year will be remembered by many, and other distinguished Frenchmen, are anxious to promote its circulation in France; and Archbishop M'CLOSKEY, of New York, writes to Mrs. WHITE: "I hope what I hear is true, that a memoir is being prepared by yourself, or under your immediate supervision. It will, I am sure, be most acceptable, not alone to the large circle of friends who, like myself, still remember the gifted and exemplary little JENNY WHITE as she was seen and known under the parental roof, or who, at a later date, were witnesses of her saintly virtues and daily acts of heroic charity in the country which, after marriage, became her home, but it will be acceptable also to very many besides of the general public, especially to those of her own sex, to which she was so truly a pride and ornament in life, and to which, in death, she has bequeathed such a beautiful example." The memoir is one in which all creeds will be interested, as affording a brilliant example of what a lady in the world can do who understands her duty to society and in society.

—Miss CUSHMAN and Miss HOSMER are coming back to make the U. S. a little visit some time during the month. Miss C. has a neat place in Lenox, Massachusetts; not the kind of place owned by an Irish friend, who described it as "a mud cottage situated in a fine bit of bog."

—On Wednesday, 3d instant, the remains of Senator DOUGLAS were removed to the sarcophagus under the monument. It was the anniversary of his death. The monument is one of the most picturesquely situated in the United States, amidst a grove of forest trees on the very margin of Lake Michigan.

—The SULTAN has a powerful good time when he goes to the Opera. His last visit to the Naun Theatre lasted from seven until twelve o'clock, during which time he heard the whole of the "Barbière," and an act of each of "Robert," "Linda," "Martha," and "Norma." At the close of the performances he sent the manager a present of $5000. The man probably thought it was cheap at that.

—It has been stated that Mr. DICKENS, during his stay in this country, made a very handsome present ($1000) to the mother of the late EDGAR A. POE. Genius, in our day, makes considerable money—gets well paid by the line or column; but "it was not ever thus:" HOMER was a beggar; PLAUTUS turned a mill; TERENCE was a slave; BŒTHIUS died in jail; PAUL BORGHESE had fourteen trades, yet starved with them all; TASSO was often distressed for a few shillings; CERVANTES died of hunger; CAMOENS, the writer of "Lusiad," ended his days in an alms-house; and VANGELAS left his body to the surgeons to pay for his debts. In England, BACON lived a lifetime of meanness and distress; Sir WALTER RALEIGH died on the scaffold; SPENCER died in want; MILTON sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for £15, and died in obscurity; DRYDEN lived in poverty and distress; OTWAY perished of hunger; LEE died in the streets; STEELE was in perpetual warfare with the bailiffs; GOLDSMITH'S "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle, to save him from the grasp of the law.

—A casual glance at Mrs. FANNY KEMBLE would satisfy most people that, once on the back of a horse, she would be able to manage him. In fact, you might bet on it. To illustrate: In 1857, Judge HENRY BISHOP, of Lenox, Massachusetts, where Mrs. K. has a country place, had a very vicious horse, which, among other bad habits, had that of lying down with his rider, kicking and biting in a most violent way. So the Judge sold his horse; but not many days afterward he was surprised to see him standing at the hotel door at Lenox with a side-saddle on his back. Having learned that FANNY KEMBLE was proposing to ride him, the Judge felt it his duty to remonstrate with her. So he waited until she came down, and then informed her plainly as to the characteristics of the animal, and hoped she would not think of mounting him. "There is a great deal of difference between you and I, Mr. BISHOP," said the lady. "When you are on the horse's back he knows you are afraid of *him;* and when I am on his back, *he* knows *he* is afraid of *me*." At another time Mrs. KEMBLE was a passenger on a train from Boston to New York. Just behind her was seated an elderly lady who became greatly annoyed by the sparks and dust that came through the open window raised by Mrs. K. In a lady-like manner the old lady closed the window, when the reader of SHAKSPEARE turned around and exclaimed, in such startling emphasis as roused the attention of every one in the car: "Woman! if you do that again I'll break the glass! Up went the window; and the old lady, trembling with affright, took a back seat.

—We are quite sure that the following extract of a letter from Germany, describing two daughters of the royal family of Denmark—the Princess of Wales and the Grand Duchess of Russia—will be perused with interest by the lady-readers of the *Bazar*. If all our young women were as carefully and simply brought up, we should hear less of "the girl of the period" and more of matrimony among the young: "A lady who knows well the royal family of Denmark, and particularly the Princess of Wales and the Grand Duchess of Russia, speaks of them with the deepest interest and affection. She tells me they were educated in great simplicity and prudence, and so care-taking for the happiness of others, that in the simple pleasures they enjoyed, they wished the servants of the royal household to have some participation. Before the marriage of the Princess of Wales, after the betrothment, there came weekly to the palace at Copenhagen a box of elegant presents for the Princess—and she was not satisfied until the old nurse and upper servants had seen them. The dress of these two young girls, destined to fill such lofty stations, was simple in the extreme. Not until they were to go, at the age of fifteen years, to confirmation, were they permitted to wear silk—and as it is the custom to dress in black at the receival of this sacrament, of course they must follow the customs of their country. The Queen of Denmark is a highly educated woman and a religious woman—she had never a thought of sharing a throne, and when her husband was called to succeed his uncle upon the throne of Denmark, she reluctantly left her simple and happy home; but in her new position she has been as true to herself as before, and as earnest in a faithful discharge of her more extended duties.

"When Prince ALBERT looked abroad for a wife to share the throne of England with his son, his choice fell upon the young ALEXANDRINA, and she was educated thereafter by a clergyman of the English Church in Copenhagen—that she might learn to fill her high destiny as Princess of Wales—perhaps as Queen of England. The house of Russia is devoted to the Grand Duchess DAGMAR, or, as she is called in Russia, by her other name of MARIA—and the Emperor is devoted to her, as he is to all his children. We have a young lady here who often has been a guest at the palace of St. Petersburg and is at home in the privacy of the domestic circle. She tells me the gentle influence of the young Princess is appreciated, and she receives the most devoted love."

—PETER CARTWRIGHT, now eighty-three years of age, a remarkable man in many respects, witty, outspoken, very Western, and a true specimen of the old-time circuit-preacher, is in attendance at the General Conference of the Methodist Church, now in session in Chicago, and on the 3d inst. preached in one of the churches of that city. For sixty-four years he has been a preacher of the gospel.

—CHARLES KEAN, shortly before his death, made a remark which may be borne in mind with advantage by gentlemen of the cloth. Said he: "You can have no idea what we actors suffer in hearing the noble church service murdered by bad reading. Fancy a man beginning a prayer, 'O Gawd,' instead of with the short, round, Saxon 'o.'"

—Incidents like the following are so rare in this, or, for that matter, in any country, as to be worthy of perusal and emulation. It is given by the New York correspondent of the Hartford *Courant:* "A striking instance of financial honor has come to my attention this afternoon. At the commencement of the war the firm of MORTON, GRINNELL, & Co., dry-goods and commission merchants, failed for a considerable amount. The creditors compromised for a stipulated sum, and Mr. MORTON went into the stock business with other parties on Wall Street, under the title of L. P. MORTON & Co. Success attended his new business, and some time ago he notified his creditors, who had previously compromised and settled with him, that he proposed to pay them every dollar of his indebtedness, in regular installments. Yesterday Mr. MORTON paid over the third of these installments to the creditors of the old dry-goods firm. In this day of declining financial honor, when men display so much avidity to take advantage of the Bankrupt Act, an instance of this kind is certainly deserving of public mention."

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

See illustration on page 516.

Fig. 1.—Black D'Orsay jacket, rolling low, with waist and skirt of average length. Sleeves somewhat loose, with cuff simulated by two rows of stitching. Pocket welts and edge bound. Single-breasted vest, without a collar, of fancy silk. Demi-tight pantaloons, of a greenish tint, in small checks, with a stripe down the side.

Fig. 2.—Brown ribbed Maltese veston, buttoning quite high, with pockets on the hips, and stitched round the edge. Pantaloons almost tight of a color closely resembling nankeen, which is now very much admired. Nut-brown over-coat.

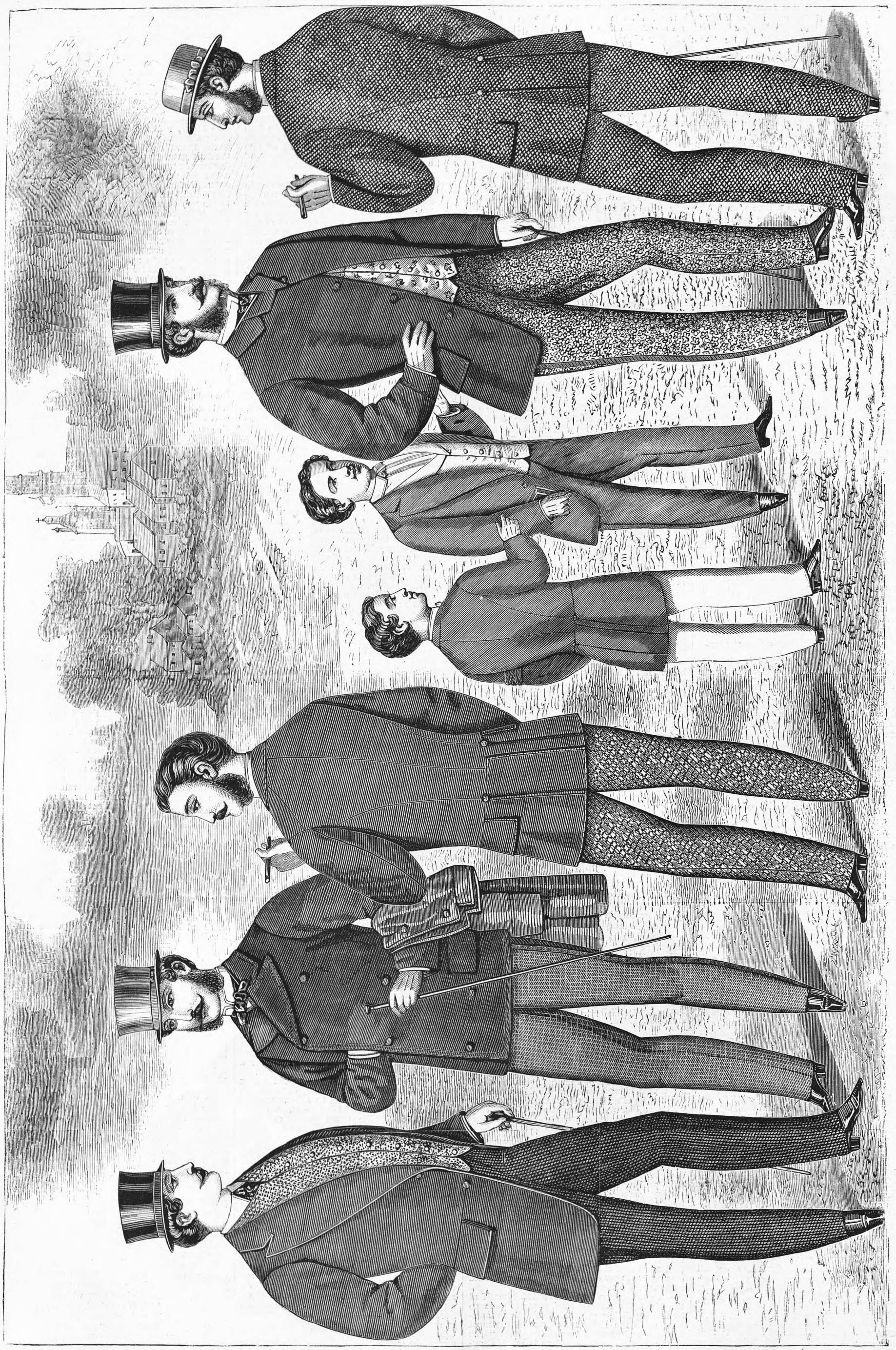
Fig. 3.—This is more of a business-coat than that seen in the first figure, which it resembles; it is straight in front, with pockets on the hips, and somewhat loose. Gray pantaloons, with spring bottoms.

Fig. 4.—Boy twelve years old. Confirmation dress. Blue French dress-jacket, with white pantaloons cut straight.

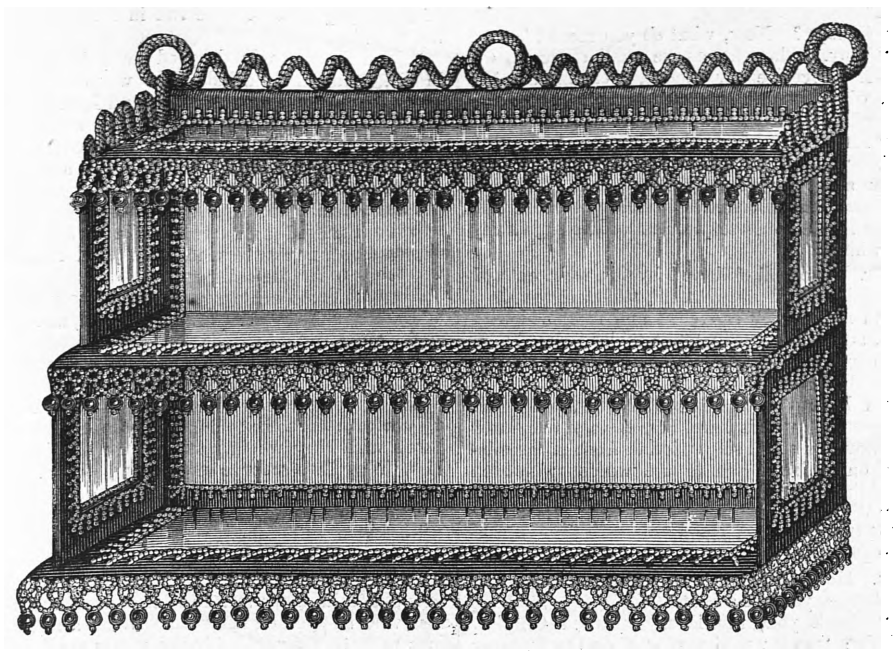
Fig. 5.—Boy thirteen years old. Communion dress. Smoke-colored French dress-jacket. Chamois-colored Valentia vest, with rolling collar. Pearl-gray pantaloons, cut straight, without straps.

Fig. 6.—Brown cassimere jacket, straight in front, and closed with one button at the top. Pockets on the hips, with broad welts. Edge stitched. Flowered piqué vest, with rolling collar, buttoning high if required. Fancy pantaloons, tight, with spring bottoms.

Fig. 7.—Business suit of the same material, and almost identical in cut with the last. The figure shows the back of the jacket.



GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.—[SEE PAGE 515.]



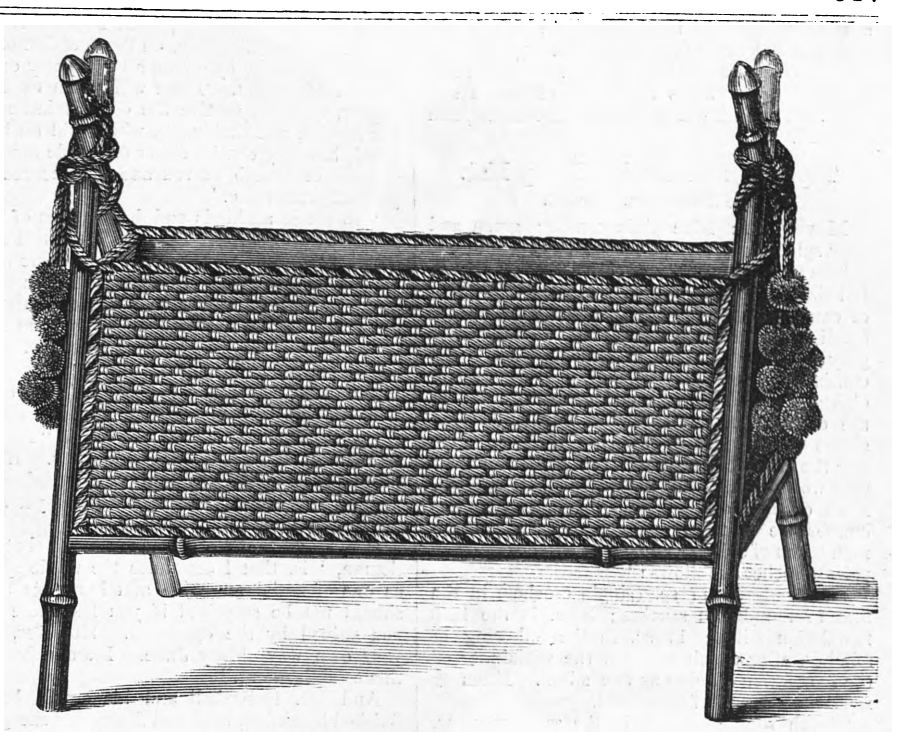
ETAGÈRE OF GLASS PLATES.

Etagère of Glass Plates.

MATERIALS: A plate of glass seven inches long by thirteen wide; three plates, each thirteen inches long, and the first four inches, the second three and a quarter, and the third two and a half wide; two plates each three and a quarter inches square; two others three and a quarter inches in length by two and a half in breadth; red cloth, red silk, white cord, crystal beads, large red beads.

Young ladies will take pleasure in arranging for their rooms an etagère of this sort on which to preserve various little toilette articles. This etagère consists of eight glass plates, which are bound with a strip of red cloth an inch and a half wide, and joined by means of this binding. The binding is ornamented on the upper sides with a narrow border of crystal beads. The lambrequin trimming of the etagère consists of crystal and large red beads. The scallop trimming of the upper border, as also the three rings for hanging up the etagère, are made of wire and beads.

To make this etagère it will be necessary, first, to obtain the eight glass plates; next, bind all the plates with strips of the cloth which have been previously cut out in small points on the side which lies underneath, and trimmed with crystal beads on the upper side. About a quarter of an inch from the edge of the cloth strip fasten the thread, string on nine beads; * make a stitch at the distance of a quarter of an inch from the former, putting the thread through from above, run the thread back through three of the beads (counting from the end), so that the last two beads shall lie on the material; string on six beads and repeat from *. The largest plate, which forms the back of the etagère, must be bound on the edges. The cloth strips, which must lap over on both sides of the glass at the same width, are fastened on by means of gum arabic; besides which, lay on each corner a fold of the requisite depth, and overcast it on firmly. In doing this stretch the cloth tightly, so that the glass can not slip out. In binding the four smallest plates bring the bead trimming on both sides of the edges. Leave the long glass plates which form the shelves on the side next the back without binding. Overcast the plates together where they are intended to be joined. For the scalloped trimming of the upper edge, which is about an inch in height, bend a white covered wire in the form shown by the pattern, and wind the scallops closely with crystal beads which have been strung on a thread of the requisite length. Of the same material make the three rings, which are about an inch and a half in diameter. Fasten the trimming and rings to the etagère, as shown in the illustration. Lastly, make the lambrequin trimming. For this prepare, first, a narrow mosaic band as follows: take two long threads and tie the ends together *; string on the left-hand thread two beads, and on the right-hand thread six, after which run the left-hand thread through the last two of the six strung beads, and repeat from *, except that instead of six only four beads are to be strung. Having finished the band work a border on one side. In doing this run the thread through two of the beads which project, string on seven crystal beads, * a large red bead, three crystal beads; run the thread back through the red, and through the last of the seven crystal beads, and string on six beads; pass over one figure of the mosaic band; run the thread through the two beads of the next figure; string on two beads; run the thread through the third of the six strung beads, string on four beads, and repeat from * to the end of the mosaic band. Sew the finished border to the binding, as shown in the illustration.

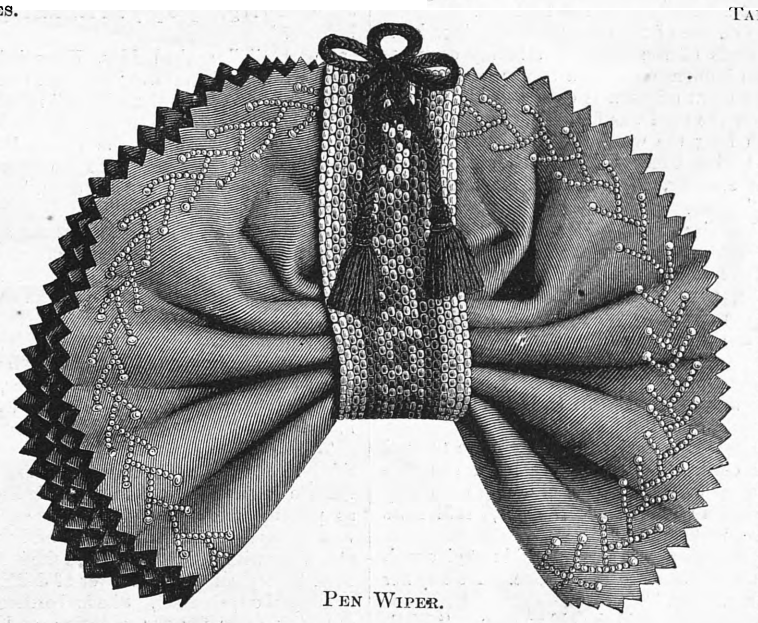


TAPESTRY NEWSPAPER STAND.

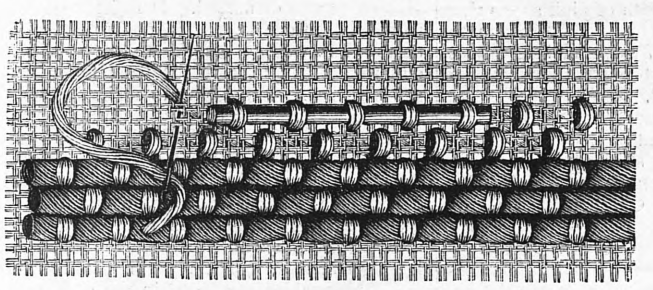
Tapestry Newspaper Stand.

MATERIALS: Canvas, corn-colored split worsted, violet zephyr worsted, violet worsted cord and tassels, strong reeds.

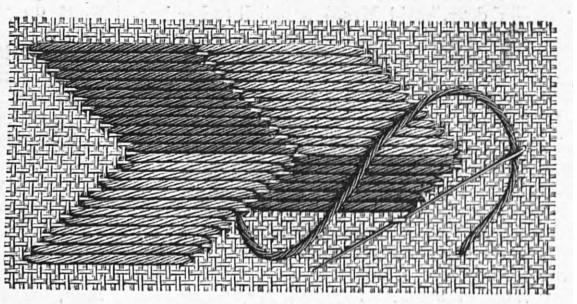
This stand consists of eight strong brown lacquered reeds, on which is fastened a pocket by means of a cord and tassels. Fasten these reeds together, as shown by the illustration, by means of small tacks, and finish the upper ends of the four upright reeds with metal points. The pocket is made in a new stitch, a very pretty tapestry design, which is worked similarly to the velvet stitch, and stands in projecting rows, but in this much further apart, alternating and run through with chenille or colored worsted. The loops are made of threefold split worsted, over a staff, which in the illustration is straw color, and imitates woven straw. The illustration shows the manner of working. Make, first, with the threefold split wool a straight stitch over four threads of the canvas; then lay in a staff which measures about three-quarters of an inch of the thread, and make a second stitch over the same threads, but at the distance of eight threads of the canvas from the first, so that a diagonal stitch shall be formed on the under side. Then make another stitch over the staff, and continue in the same manner. In the following row alternate the threads as shown in the pattern. The illustration shows a part of the staff drawn out, in order to render the canvas-threads visible. Draw through these stitches the colored wool or chenille, as shown in the illustration. In the original the side and bottom pieces are each ten inches wide by five in breadth, while the ends are of the same height; also five inches wide at the bottom, but sloped to the width of two inches and a half at the top. Line the finished tapestry with pasteboard and a lining of colored cashmere. Trim the edge together with the seam of the pocket with colored worsted cord. Two of these cords with tasseled ends are fastened on the upper sides of the ends, and afterward twined around the staffs, as shown in the illustration.



PEN WIPER.



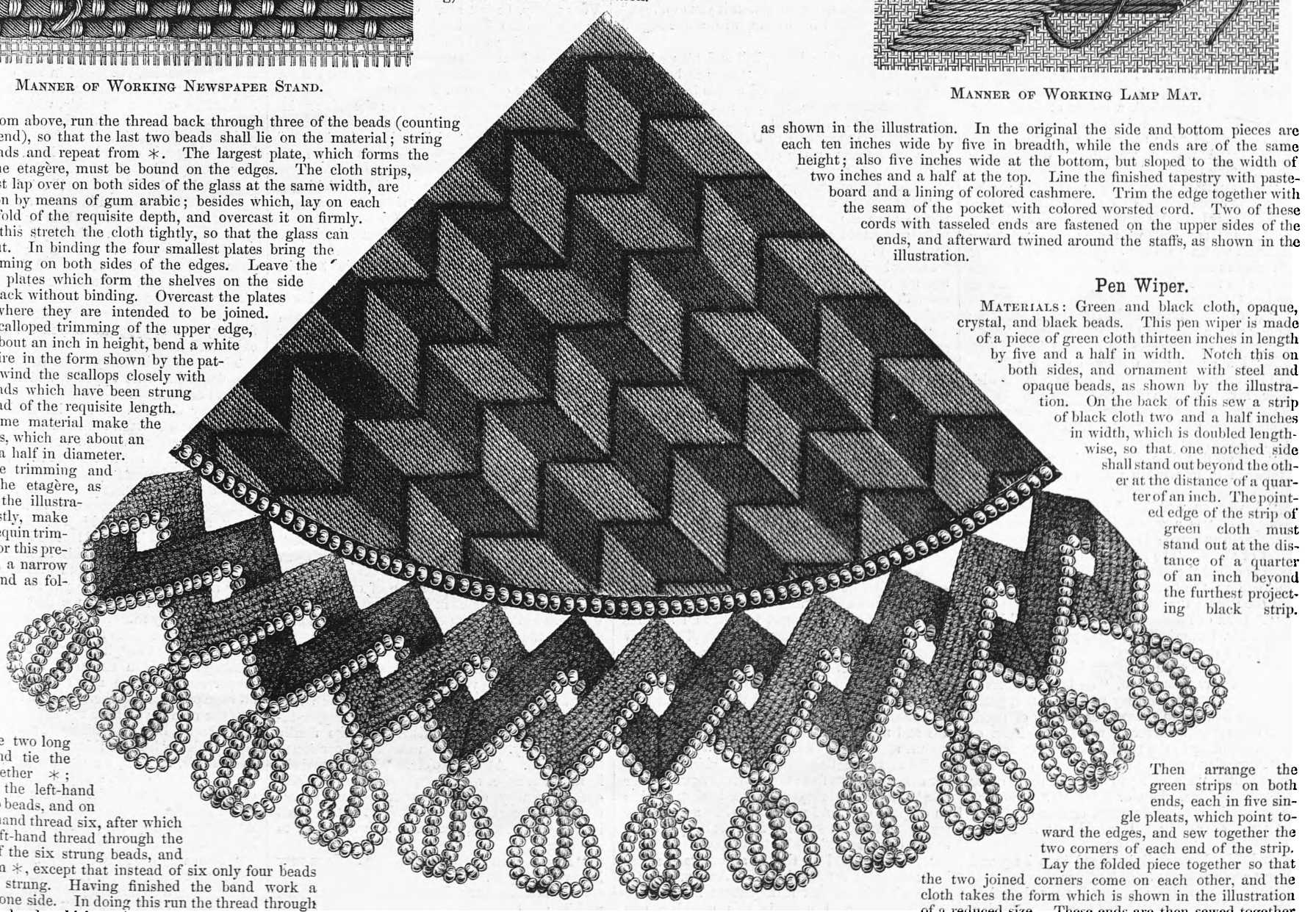
MANNER OF WORKING NEWSPAPER STAND.



MANNER OF WORKING LAMP MAT.

Pen Wiper.

MATERIALS: Green and black cloth, opaque, crystal, and black beads. This pen wiper is made of a piece of green cloth thirteen inches in length by five and a half in width. Notch this on both sides, and ornament with steel and opaque beads, as shown by the illustration. On the back of this sew a strip of black cloth two and a half inches in width, which is doubled lengthwise, so that one notched side shall stand out beyond the other at the distance of a quarter of an inch. The pointed edge of the strip of green cloth must stand out at the distance of a quarter of an inch beyond the furthest projecting black strip. Then arrange the green strips on both ends, each in five single pleats, which point toward the edges, and sew together the two corners of each end of the strip. Lay the folded piece together so that the two joined corners come on each other, and the cloth takes the form which is shown in the illustration of a reduced size. These ends are then sewed together with a few stitches. The pen wiper is now banded by



QUARTER OF TAPESTRY AND CROCHET LAMP MAT.

a strap worked in bead mosaic,' which is six inches in length by one in breadth. The design may be chosen according to taste. Finally, finish with a few loops and ends of brown silk braid. The ends are raveled out into tassels, and fastened.

Tapestry and Crochet Lamp Mat.

See illustration, page 517.

MATERIALS: Fine plain canvas; green and gray split wool; crystal beads; pasteboard.

The illustration gives a quarter of this mat in full size. For the foundation cut a circular piece of canvas of the requisite size, and work on this small acute-angled parallelograms of green and gray split wool. Each of these parallelograms consists of twelve long stitches, which pass over eighteen canvas threads, and are drawn out at the distance of one thread. The illustration shows the manner of working these squares. For the crochet border, work of green and gray split wool, each, a pointed strip in single crochet. Each of these strips must be as long as the circumference of the tapestry foundation. On a foundation of suitable length (37 stitches for each point) crochet as follows:

1st round—* 17 sc. (single crochet) in the first 17 foundation stitches; 3 sc. in the 18th foundation stitch; 17 sc. in the following 17 stitches, after which work off the remainder of the foundation stitches as one stitch. From * repeat to the end of the round.

2d-6th rounds—Work in the same manner, taking care to bring the narrowing and widening always directly over that of the preceding rounds; and in working the last round string a bead on the thread before working each stitch. Having finished the two strips, weave them into each other in the manner shown (bringing the under side of the work on the right side of the mat), and join the points on one side as follows: With the green wool work 1 sc. in the first (green) point (working on the under side of the trimming, which is the right side of the crochet work) * 8 ch. (chain stitches) 1 sc. in the next (gray) point; 8 ch.; 1 sc. in the following (green) point. From * repeat to the end of the strip of trimming. Join this row in a round by working 1 sc. in the first stitch of the same row. After this 1 round sc. on the just finished round, stringing on a bead before each stitch. Finish each point with two bead loops, which imitate a tassel. Sew the interwoven strips together on the back. Then put the foundation on pasteboard, line it with percale, and sew on the border so that the edge, composed of the two rounds which joined the points on one side, shall form the connection of the border and the foundation.

THE WOODEN WEDDING.

"MY dear," said Mrs. Honeybell to her husband, as she handed him a cup of coffee across the breakfast-table, "we are not very far from the 24th of May."

"Well, what of it?" inquired Mr. Honeybell, who had the morning paper in one hand and a piece of hot, buttered toast in the other, and who was, as a general thing, rather uncommunicative at meal-times.

"Oh, Charles! you really have no sensibility!" returned the partner of his affections. "The 24th will be the fifth anniversary of our marriage. Our wooden wedding, Charles."

"Wooden *what?*" inquired Mr. Honeybell, laying down his paper; "is the woman crazy?" And Horace Honeybell, a cousin of the family, who had just returned from California, dropped his knife and fork in utter amazement as he exclaimed, "A wooden wedding! What under heavens may that be?"

"It is not strange, Horace, that you, who have just come home from that distant region, should know but little of what is going on here," said Mrs. Honeybell, with dignity. "But my husband, whom I do my best to keep *au courant* of the news and fashions of the day, really seems to care no more about them than if he was a wild Indian."

"Not so much," said Mr. Honeybell, breaking an egg with a reckless air.

"*Not so much*," repeated his wife, impressively. "I am sure when Horace gets a wife he will never trifle with her feelings as you do with mine, Mr. Honeybell!"

Horace thought he saw the lowering of a matrimonial storm, and with the kind intention of averting it, observed:

"But all this time, dear cousin, you have not explained to us what a wooden wedding really is."

"A wooden wedding," sweetly replied Mrs. Honeybell, "is a graceful manner, Horace, of marking in an agreeable way the otherwise gloomy flight of years. The fifth anniversary of a marriage is called the wooden wedding, the tenth the tin wedding, the twenty-fifth the silver wedding, and the fiftieth the golden wedding."

"A pack of nonsense as ever I heard," interrupted Mr. Honeybell. "And pray what is the good of all these weddings?"

"The friends of the happy pair," sentimentally continued Mrs. Honeybell, "on being informed of the occasion, which they wish to honor, gather at the house and present, as tokens of goodwill, elegant gifts either of wood, tin, silver, or gold, according to the particular anniversary."

"A regular speculation, by Jove!" cried Mr. Honeybell. "Haven't you left out some other weddings—china, glass, or brass, eh? Don't be backward in coming forward, or lose any thing for want of asking. I would not if I were you."

And Mr. Honeybell indulged in a long and rather contemptuous fit of laughter.

"When you have silenced your heartless mirth," said his wife, "I will proceed with what I have to say. As I have received many invitations since my marriage, I am now resolved to return them handsomely, on the occasion of our wooden wedding, by giving a large party on the 24th of May next. There will be an excellent supper, we shall receive the congratulations of our friends, and their gifts, which will all be of wood, but may consist either of simple domestic articles, or superb carved and ornamented objects of great value."

"In short, all kinds and descriptions of presents will be thankfully received," returned Honeybell.. "By-the-way, I can suggest some valuable ones myself that are recommended in Scripture—'a whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back.' Pray, am I expected to contribute any thing in the way of blackmail myself?"

Now Mrs. Honeybell had never heard of the Highland caterans and their depredations in the olden time, and, bridling, she replied, "I expect to have at least two colored waiters. If you think I shall invite two or three hundred people without suitable attendance you don't yet know my character, Mr. Honeybell."

"Well, all that I can say," returned that gentleman, "is, that I denounce the whole system as one of social extortion and humbug; and I should not be surprised if you lost more than you gained by the operation. However, take your own way, Mary Jane. I am nobody in this establishment."

And Mr. Honeybell and his cousin having finished breakfast, buttoned their coats energetically, and went down town to business.

In the course of the next week the three hundred friends of the Honeybell family each received an immense card in a very large envelope, bearing a giant crimson H on the seal. On examination the card was found to carry in letters one inch long the words, "Wooden Wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Honeybell at home on Tuesday evening, May 24th, from 8 until 11 o'clock."

"Hoity-toity!" cried Mrs. Honeybell's rich old maiden aunt, Miss Flintsure. "What's Mary Jane about now? Wooden wedding—hey? So, after giving her her bridal presents once, I am asked to supply another set, am I? People are getting very saucy, I think, with their 'wooden weddings' and stuff. What am I to give her, Susan Maria?"

"Oh, any thing, aunt. Only it must be of wood, you know."

"I consider it a piece of impudence to send me that card. The cheapest thing I can give will be a set of clothes-pins, although even they have raised in price since the war," said Miss Flintsure, maliciously.

"Oh, dear aunt, you surely would not give such a very mean present to Mary Jane. Do buy her something larger."

"Larger, hey?" said the old woman. "Well, what do you think of a step-ladder?" And, with a vicious look in her eyes, Miss Flintsure slammed the street-door after her, and set forth to buy something for the approaching solemnity.

"So Honeybell is going to have a 'wooden wedding,' is he?" said Mr. Woggles, his opposite neighbor, and inveterate rival.

"Why, yes, Mr. Woggles; and I suppose you will have to give something even if you don't go," replied the wife of his bosom, with a due regard to public opinion.

"The deuce take Honeybell and his wedding both," said Mr. Woggles. "How is he going to cram two or three hundred people into an English basement house, sixteen feet wide? I've seen enough of Honeybell. Don't I know how he served me in that case of Purdy *versus* M'Kinley when he was on the other side? I tell you, Sarah, he won't get much out of me." And Mr. Woggles, full of wrath, went his ways.

"That sweet woman, Mrs. Honeybell, is going to have a party!" said Mr. Barker to his wife, as he held the card of invitation daintily between his thumb and finger. "A wooden wedding! What a very nice idea! Why did not *we* have one, Julia?" he languishingly inquired (on the principle, probably, that one fool makes many).

"I am sure, Mr. Barker," returned madam, snappishly, "that you would never have been willing to incur the expense."

"Why, my dear love! how you talk! I am sorry it is too late now; but I really wish you would make it your business to select a gift for Mrs. Honeybell. Get something very handsome—a carved bracket, or an elegant chair, or even a rich writing-table. I don't care what it costs, but pray let it be something very *recherché*."

Mrs. Barker's eyes flashed. She suspected that her husband, when a gay bachelor, had been very much smitten with the then maiden charms of Mrs. Honeybell; and she knew to a certainty that not long ago, when she had requested Mr. Barker to purchase a new writing-table for her own use that he had replied she had better wait a few months until prices came down a little. It may, therefore, be judged in what an amiable state of mind Mrs. Barker went shopping to buy a present for the Honeybell wedding.

As the 24th of May drew near the mansion of the Honeybells became a scene of the greatest bustle. Mrs. Honeybell and the cook had long and anxious interviews. A strong smell of lemons and nutmeg pervaded the premises, and the vacant upper rooms were used as store-rooms for jellies and other dainties. Glass, china, and silver came in relays from the confectioners. "Our fête," said Mrs. Honeybell to her husband, "has an original cast, and will not be like an ordinary party. A wooden wedding does not happen every day in our family."

"I am thankful for that at all events," replied her somewhat sombre lord. "And may I inquire what is all that arrangement in the back drawing-room? I went in this morning, and whom should I find there but Moquette, the upholsterer, hammering away—what *is* going on, Mary Jane?"

"My love, he was only putting up the canopy."

"Canopy? Now, what *do* you mean?"

"Why, I thought, as we shall stand up together to receive our friends, a canopy of pink and white gracefully arranged in front of the pier-glass would have a fine effect."

"Thunder and Mars!" exclaimed Mr. Honeybell. "Stand up under a canopy! *I won't.* Pray, are you demented, Mary Jane? I shall just send Mr. Moquette about his business, and make him take those pink and white rags away with him."

Mr. Honeybell, followed by his wife, entered the little back drawing-room, which they indeed found remarkably enlivened and festooned with pink and white muslin, while tables covered with the same stood about, intended doubtless to receive the expected gifts.

"I hope you like the effect, Sir," said Mr. Moquette. "This here, Sir, is very fine," and he showed a scroll suspended in front of the mirror, on which appeared the words "Wooden Wedding. M. J. C. H."

"Why, what a piece of tomfoolery is this?" cried the astounded Honeybell.

"Tomfoolery, you cruel thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Honeybell, with a gush of emotion. "Charles, you are a brute!"

"Thank you, my love," returned Charles, calmly; "so it would appear. And pray, Mary Jane, who is going to pay for all this rag, tag, and bobtail?"

"Bobtail!" sobbed Mrs. Honeybell, throwing herself on the sofa. "Oh-h-h, Charles!"

"Well, don't cry like a baby," returned Honeybell; "I suppose I must foot the bill. Moquette, you have made the rooms look like a theatre; you had better have the American flag and a few spread eagles in at once."

Mr. Honeybell then indignantly turned on his heel, and betook himself to another apartment, where he was soon deep in the manufacture of a bowl of Regent's Punch, and where he proved himself a perfect torment to all the servants of the establishment by calling for lemons, green tea, and Maraschino, until the housemaid declared to cook that, "faith, she was all of a trimble, so she was; small blame to her, with the master a-screamin' to her, and she away down in the sub-cellar."

The morning of the 24th of May dawned beautifully. Mr. Honeybell looked cross and gloomy. Horace Honeybell endeavored to be as cheerful as possible under the circumstances, seeing he was turned out of his chamber and put on the attic floor with little Charley and the infant twins. Mrs. Honeybell was in a fever of delight, excitement, and expectation. She had ordered a splendid pink dress for the occasion, and her train was imposing, while a wreath of pink asters was to surround her brow. The presents began to arrive early in the day. Just after breakfast a violent ringing at the bell brought the whole establishment out in the hall.

"Well, what have you got?" inquired Honeybell, as a parcel was opened by his wife.

"A charming present," she replied; "a box-wood salad-fork and spoon from Mrs. Martin. Very pretty, I must say. Charley, my son, carry this into the drawing-room."

Another ring and another present. "A chopping-bowl from Uncle Jones. Well, it is a useful gift. Three Shaker pails from Cousin Peters. (The hoop is off one of them.)"

"Shall I arrange these pails on the table?" inquired Mr. Honeybell.

"Of course not. This is only the beginning," replied his wife. "I expect a great many more elegant gifts."

"If ye plase," exclaimed Bridget, sticking a scarlet head in at the door, "there's a mon down stairs with step-ladders."

"Step-ladders? He has made a mistake, no doubt. How many has he got?"

"There's three of 'em—a whole set, he says."

"Well, tell him to bring them in at the lower door," said the mistress of the establishment, while a shade of uneasiness passed over her countenance, which was not removed by the arrival of a churn, a wheel-barrow (good-sized), and five new empty barrels. As the family were engaged in inspecting these treasures, Bridget again appeared.

"If ye plase," said this retainer, "the mon says he can't get the step-ladders into the lower door."

"Then let 'em stand outside," shouted the angry Honeybell. "I wonder, Mary Jane, who could have had the stupidity to send you a set of step-ladders."

"I should not wonder if it was Aunt Flintsure," said his wife, who was crying; "it's just like the old woman."

"Let's mount her up on top of one of them as soon as she comes in," cried young Horace, who was amusing himself with a loud performance on the churn. Charley, the four-year-old boy, had esconced himself in the wheel-barrow.

"Do let us get in order," cried Mrs. Honeybell. "Horace, you and Charles had better dress, and, indeed, I shall have to retire myself as soon as I have looked at the supper-table;" and the excited mistress of the family hurried away. Presents meanwhile continued to come in. At eight o'clock Mrs. Honeybell, in the pink robe, took her place under Mr. Moquette's canopy, and, with sweetest smiles, graciously welcomed the guests. Mr. Honeybell looked very restless, and as if he would like to run away.

"How do you do, Aunt Flintsure? I am very happy to see you."

"Well, Mary Jane, I've come to your wooden wedding. I hope you liked the step-ladders—they're such useful things in a family—rather large, though, I'm afraid. I thought I saw them standing outside the house."

"Oh, aunt, I'm so sorry you could not think of something else. I have two in the house of my own."

Miss Flintsure was dragged away by Susan Maria, before the old lady, who was convulsed with laughter, could reply. Mr. and Mrs. Woggles each brought a pair of castanets; and a fat old gentleman, an early patron of Horace Honeybell, presented a pair of dumb-bells and a set of Indian clubs, much used in calisthenic exercises, but not specially valuable for any thing else. It must be confessed that rubbish of all sorts abounded, such as nut-crackers, nine-pins, and endless wooden toys for the children.

Meanwhile the company separated into groups and knots, and went from room to room, as long as the crowd would permit.

"This is the most ridiculous thing I ever saw," said Mrs. Barker to Mrs. Woggles. "Mrs. Honeybell is the greatest fool I know. Look at that ugly wreath above her thin, sickly face!"

"I wish they would announce supper," said Mrs. Woggles; "for I'm growing very hungry."

"How are you, Mrs. Woggles?" said Miss Flintsure, coming up. "They are trying to dance in the back room; it is the most absurd thing you ever saw. Susan Maria has had her new blue tulle dress torn to ribbons by her partner, who stepped on her train. What a ridiculous party! How foolishly the rooms are decorated! Charles said they looked like a theatre, and I told him it was just the thing, since he must have such a farce as a wooden wedding. But poor Mary Jane is such a fool that one must have patience with her."

"There is only one handsome thing here," said Mrs. Barker, "and it is that beautiful inlaid table. I wonder who sent it? Do tell me, Mrs. Honeybell," cried she, catching a glimpse of that lady, "who has presented you with that exquisite table?"

"I wish I knew myself," returned the hostess; "but it was brought here anonymously;" and Mary Jane, as she looked at it, felt a degree of pleasure that almost made her forget the step-ladders.

Supper being announced, a rush was made to the pantry-like apartment which was called the dining-room. Every body was hungry and thirsty, the number of guests was large, the Honeybell mansion, as we have said, was quite small; and sardines in a box formed a good illustration of the company when crammed around the supper-table. Ample justice was being done to the good cheer, and every one seemed enjoying this part of the entertainment, when, to the horror of Mrs. Honeybell, the gas gave that preliminary flicker so well known to housekeepers, and after one or two ineffectual rallies at last went entirely out. Mrs. Honeybell was dismayed. It resisted all efforts to relight it for a long time, and so much delay occurred in finding candles that a good many odd things had time to happen. Some young gentlemen who had begun to make love in the German resumed the occupation in the Egyptian darkness which surrounded all parties. Also Mrs. Honeybell's extremity was the black waiters' opportunity, and several dishes of game which decorated the supper-table were found to have recovered their wings and flown away. The stout gentleman who presented the dumb-bells, having somehow got wedged in behind one of the supper-tables, struggled in the dark so violently to get out that he tore his garments badly, and finally overset the table, which was loaded with glass and china, the havoc among which articles was frightful. The heavy crash of her household goods came like a knell to the ear of Mrs. Honeybell.

"Good-night, Mary Jane!" cried the squeaking voice of old Aunt Flintsure, as she came to take leave of her niece. "What a pity your party has been spoiled in this way! Susan Maria and I are going now. I hope you have enjoyed your wooden wedding very much."

"And I'm sure we've had a delightful time," kindly added the good-natured Susan Maria; for she saw the scarcely-restrained tears of vexation, fatigue, and disappointment, in the eyes of the exhausted hostess.

The Honeybell family came to breakfast next morning with little appetite, and in a state of general discomfort.

"Mary Jane," said her husband, solemnly, "if you want to wean me from the world, just go and have another wooden wedding, and I shall pray that I may not live to see it. Well, I hope it has been a lesson to you."

"I don't know what you mean," said his wife, bridling. "I am sure we have had a pleasant party, and many valuable gifts."

"Very valuable indeed! If I had known you were going to have all this trumpery I would have requested the donors to wait until the year after next, when I hope to put another story on the house. It seems to me that your presents have run chiefly to Swiss nut-crackers and paper-knives, and an endless number of salad-forks and spoons, almost enough to set up a shop. Your breakage has been extensive and costly, your supper was the same, and I do not believe that all your presents together will equal in value one-half the money you have spent."

"Charles, how provoking you are!" cried Mrs. Honeybell; "look at this beautiful inlaid table. Is not this, at least, an elegant gift? It must have been very costly, and yet you say I have received nothing valuable. There is something very mysterious about this anonymous present!" And Mrs. Honeybell gave a side-glance and looked down.

"I am very glad you like it," returned Honeybell; "we have wanted it a good while; but as to its being a mysterious gift you can add the price of it to Moquette's bill, Mary Jane, for I bought it for you myself."

The simple frankness of this speech might have easily disarmed reproach; but his wife was excited and unreasonable, and when her husband had stopped she threw herself on the sofa, and burst into tears.

Mr. Honeybell walked up and down for some moments, and when his wife ceased crying he said, "My dear, your wooden wedding has been a failure, has it not? No matter, if you have only learned something. I suppose all these fashions about weddings have come from the golden weddings common in Germany and the North of Europe. There is something poetic and graceful in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of some happy union; but here I stop. I ask you, as a rational woman, what has that got to do with wooden, tin, and all sorts of trumpery weddings? There is no poetry about them; they are the most practical and vulgar prose. More than that, they are a mean way of getting presents out of friends that any lady should be too proud to practice. There is a great deal more present-giving than there was; but don't imagine people are at all more generous than they were. Every thing that is given is to be returned in some way, and the return is calculated beforehand. Now, I don't call this generosity or any thing but a mean attempt at speculation. What I hate about it," Mr. Honeybell went on, "is the double-faced way in which things are done—people pretending to send you gifts out of kindness, when all the time they are thinking what they can get back. Indeed, every body must be 'tipped,' as the English say. Captains have presentations on bringing their passengers safe home; bank people for carrying on business without cheating the public, and so on. Every one who accomplishes any thing which he is paid for performing seems to expect that for merely doing his duty he is to be feed and complimented. In this way the nobility of upright action is being rapidly taken out of life. Fidelity and honor have become, according to this code, not indispensable qualities, the want of which should cover a man with shame as with a cloak, but something *par dessus le marché*—something unhoped for, unlooked for, and when found to be paid for. I think Shakspeare must have been ironical when he says that 'service sweat for duty not for meed.' Indeed, such an idea is repugnant to the nineteenth century. But I insist that it goes to the other extreme when the plainest duties of life are to be rewarded as if they were magnanimous acts. If so, we have come upon a new and dangerous order of things."

"Well, here is a long enough lecture about the wooden wedding," said Horace. "Charles, you ought to take the stump at the next Presidential election!"

"He is quite right," said Mrs. Honeybell. "I am sick of the whole foolish thing. I promise you, Charles, if we live fifty years together, never even to *hint* at a golden wedding."

Mr. Honeybell smiled, kissed his wife, and, pleased with himself, went down to Wall Street.

HOW TO BEAUTIFY THE SKIN.

HOWEVER regular and expressive may be the features and well-proportioned the form, there can be no personal beauty without a perfectly wholesome skin. This delicate envelope, with its varying tints of color and lustrous and pliant surface, is not only essential to the attractiveness of every part of the body, but is itself, when in perfectness of condition, a source of delight to every human sense. The skin performs, moreover, a function indispensable to health and life; and its wholesomeness is so closely associated with its beauty, that one can hardly exist without the other. Whatever counsel, therefore, we may give toward beautifying the envelope, may be taken as good advice for preserving the health of the body which it covers.

Apart from the various external causes which may injuriously affect the skin, it is particularly sensible to influences from within. Any disease, however deep-seated or occult, which attacks an internal organ, is sure to indicate itself by some change of the surface of the body. The emotions of the mind have so much influence upon it, that, strive to control their manifestations as we may, they will reveal themselves externally in spite of us. Thus the complexion loses its color and brilliancy, the hair fades, falls, or whitens, and the skin withers, shrinks, wrinkles, and becomes diseased from a derangement of body or mind. The slightest disturbance, in fact, whether physical or mental, is certain to affect the skin, and may seriously deteriorate its beauty. It is therefore essential to its perfection to avoid every thing which may discomp the mind or disorder the body. The fears and torments of childhood, to which they are often so unnecessarily exposed, are especially unfavorable to the beauty of the skin.

It is sometimes liable to an excessive irritability, while no apparent cause for it seems to exist. This gives rise to a habit of scratching, which is by no means graceful, and is suggestive of an unmentionable cutaneous affection. This itchiness, without any manifest cause, is found generally among excessively sensitive persons, and such should avoid every thing calculated to excite their nerves. They should, moreover, abstain from all heating articles of diet, such as highly-seasoned meats, fresh pork, shell-fish, cheese, and alcoholic drinks. Occasionally there is some one kind of food to which the effect may be owing from its peculiar action on the individual. Thus almonds, honey, strawberries, and many other articles, have been known to produce an excessive irritability of the skin of certain persons. People thus affected should resist scratching as far as possible, for the trouble itself is sometimes owing to, and is always augmented by, this habit. A bran bath, with a solution of carbonate of soda added, is an excellent remedy, and so is this ointment:

Chloroform	10 drops.
Tallow	1 ounce.

The skin naturally secretes an oil, which is essential to its lustre, smoothness, and flexibility. This, however, is sometimes in excess, and must be checked by a close attention to cleanliness, frequent baths, ablutions, and change of linen. On the other hand, it is not seldom that the skin becomes dry, rough, and even chapped, in consequence of a deficiency of its natural oil. The best applications in such a case are the oil of sweet almonds, mallow-water, oil of cocoa, cold cream, and glycerine, if perfectly pure.

The slight red spots with a farinaceous exfoliation, which show themselves often on the tender and delicate skin of babies and young girls, require for their removal nothing but a little salt dissolved in water.

Freckles are often born with persons, but, whether natural or acquired, are increased in intensity of color and quantity by various causes, but especially by the heat of the sun, which, in fact, not seldom produces them. They sometimes appear in the summer, and disappear entirely as soon as the cold sets in. They are annoying intruders upon those fair faces which they select for their ugly presence, for it is always the most delicate skins which are liable to freckles. Long exposure to the sun, violent exercise, late hours, excesses of all kinds, and constipation, will occasionally give rise to those ugly blotches, and always intensify those which already exist. They must therefore be scrupulously avoided. The best local application is a mixture of what the French call *huile de ben* and alcohol, of which a few drops should be put upon the freckles by means of a camel's-hair brush. Another good application is the *Lait Virginal*, or virginal milk, thus made:

Tincture of benzoin	1 drachm.
Rose-water	1 pint.

Mix.

There is an irregular brown spot or freckle which is caused by sitting too close to the fire, and which is readily removed by a little lemon juice or vinegar mixed with water. There are other marks of a yellow color, which are not seldom observed, in blondes who have particularly fine and sensitive skins. These are known vulgarly as liver spots, and seem of the same nature as the *mark* familiar to matrons. They are generally produced by irregularity of diet, a particular article of food, or some derangement to which the female organization is especially liable. The sulphur bath is almost a certain cure for these stains, which are hurtful to the beauty but do not seriously affect the health. The skin sometimes has a piebald look from the deficiency of natural color here and there. This, too, is an affection, as far as the health is concerned, of no moment; but it is a serious blot upon female beauty, and can be removed by alkaline and sulphur baths and certain lotions. A little salt and water, barely warmed, friction with fine linen dipped in aromatic tincture, or tincture of sulphate of quinine, or even dry rubbing is beneficial. The best of the ointments is this:

Tannin	1 drachm.
Tallow	1 ounce.
Tincture of canella	18 grains.

Mix into an ointment, and apply at night to the discolored spots.

That numerous brood of excrescences known variously as mother's marks, strawberries, raspberries, moles, coffee and wine stains, should not be much interfered with. It is not easy to eradicate them; but they, if small, can be concealed by covering them with a little cold cream and then applying some powdered starch, either white or colored.

Warts upon the face, as upon the hands, are best removed by means of a little acetic acid, so carefully applied as not to touch the neighboring skin. If they hang from a distinct neck or stalk they may with safety be lopped off by a pair of scissors.

Young girls just on the verge of womanhood, when they are peculiarly alive to the advantage of good looks, are often annoyed with pimples which impertinently show themselves in the most exposed places, such as the forehead and cheeks. If the aspiring belle could be patient, she might confidently leave these annoyances to time to remove. As, however, she will probably be in haste to enjoy her natural privilege of beauty, we commend her to wash her face with a weak infusion of mint, or tea, or a little lukewarm water containing a few drops of cologne. If these applications are not effective, she may try this, which has the reputation of being a certain cure:

Borax	10 grains.
Rose water	1 tea-spoonful.
Orange-flower water	

Mix.

There is another more serious annoyance to which our belles, if they live long enough, will be exposed, like their mothers, and from which we can not unfortunately promise them an entire immunity. The cosmetic art, however, has devised some ingenious dodges and disguises by which to shun and conceal a while the wrinkles with which age cruelly shrivels the most beautiful face. Good living, with its tendency to superfluity of fat, by which the chinks made by time are filled up, is unfavorable to wrinkles. Excess of all kinds, depressing emotions of the mind, a meagre, ill-cooked, or frivolous diet of pastry and bon-bons, and too much work, are, on the contrary, very advantageous to an early furrowing of the face. Whenever the wrinkles do come, whatever may have produced them, they can be mitigated in appearance at least by the application of a little oil of sweet almonds, fresh butter, or a lotion composed of 36 grains of alum and a pint of water. Various kinds of powder and color are sometimes used; but most of them are injurious. The safest are powders of nitrate of bismuth, chalk, or talc, pure or colored with carmine, Brazil wood, or indigo, according as a white, red, or blue may be wanted. A little powdered starch, however, which may be tinted if desired, will perhaps answer the purpose. Before applying it some cold cream may be slightly spread upon the part.

The face is sometimes disfigured by ugly scars. All that can be done is to conceal them with a paste made of starch, oil, and cochineal, artistically applied. The great difficulty is to keep it in its place and prevent it from melting with the heat or perspiration. Dr. Cazenave, a great French authority on the skin, records a visit he had from a beautiful Polish dame whose nose had been cauterized at Vienna, leaving a frightful scar formed by a multitude of little holes which gave it the look of a cook's skimmer. The dame was, as may be easily believed, terribly grieved at this blot upon her otherwise charming face. She, by wonderful patience, had succeeded in mixing a soft paste so skillfully composed that it was exactly the color of the skin. She filled the scars of her nose with this and smoothed it down with a fine ivory paper-knife. There was such a harmony between the false and real parts that no one, who was not in the secret, could have suspected the artifice. Unfortunately with the least heat, perspiration, or use of the part, the mark would dissolve and expose the defect it was intended to conceal. She accordingly went to Paris to consult Dr. Cazenave, and obtain from him "some varnish to fix the paste for at least twenty-four hours." The Doctor confessed the impotency of his art and dismissed her, to his great regret, he says, without being able to do any thing for her unfortunate nose.

Each race and individual even has an odor peculiar to itself. As all people are not like Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who tells us that he was naturally endowed with the delicious smell of violets, it is generally desirable to conceal the original scent of the person. Daily bathing, which is not only essential to good health, is a powerful preventive of human odor in excess. But sometimes more may be required. In such cases certain articles of food such as fish and cheese must be avoided, and it will be well to wash the feet twice a day with an infusion of sage, thyme, or rosemary, and wear stockings perfumed with

Starch	16 ounces.
Orris root	4 ounces.
Camphor	2½ drachms.

Mix and sprinkle inside of the stockings.

The female face, according to the best authorities, should be very seldom washed, if beauty of complexion is desired. When water is applied to any part of the body, it should never be very cold for purposes of human adornment. The best of all artificial applications to the complexion is a little starch, or rice powder, or a weak solution in water of cologne. All extremes of temperature must be avoided, and especially the exposure of the face to the hot sun or a blazing fire.

Finally, whatever is favorable to composure of mind and health of body is especially advantageous to the wholesomeness of the skin, and consequently to its fineness of texture and beauty of color.

MODERN CRITICS.

FULLY aware that they are nothing if not critical, some critics are under the impression that to criticise means to find out all the faults, and ignore all the merits of the subjects under their treatment. The works of intellects so infinitely superior to their own that it is insult to speak of them in the same breath, are pitilessly condemned in three or four lines; the labor of years is passed over with a few contemptuous and condemnatory words, and genius so subtle, and skill so consummate as to be beyond their comprehension, are held up with a ribald joke to the scorn and ridicule of the crowd. They can not conceive how sacred is the matter they are dealing with, and how an ignorant expression of opinion may crush the hopes and blight the prospects of hard-working and earnest-minded strugglers on the ladder of fame. Ruthless tyrants! who scruple at nothing. They have, let us hope, no idea of the depth of the wounds they inflict upon natures which, from their very occupation, must be sensitive and highly-wrought.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

THIS is the season for concerts, for it is as yet too early to go to the Bois at evening or to visit the gardens. The star of the musical world has been Mademoiselle Nilsson, for whom the infatuation has been extreme. The fashionable star-pianist is M. Rubenstein, who has received a real ovation, and who generously lavished his talent a few days since on a good work—the orphan's farming school at La Sage, which through the care of one woman, Madame Fleurat, is already open to more than 400 orphan children, and which is supported only by the private friends of Madame Fleurat, and by the alms which she collects for her little orphans. M. Rubenstein organized a concert for her, where was assembled the élite of Parisian society.

I noticed among the patronesses the Duchess of Blacas, the Marchionesses de Maupas, de Choisy, and de la Garde, and the Princess of Bauveau. Most of these ladies had black or white bonnets, and all mantillas, and some young girls wore the chapeau-jupe of M. Bysterwelt, a coiffeur who it is said is about to eclipse Felix, and even Le Roi, the Empress's hair-dresser. It is to him that we also owe the jeweled butterfly, which is usually of false stones, but which has just been executed in real ones for the Princess of Mingrelia, who married Prince Murat a few days ago. This butterfly is worth describing. The body is of emeralds; the wings of gold filigree work, set with innumerable little stones of all colors—garnets, topaz, amethysts, etc. The size does not exceed that of the largest species of butterfly. Two gold chains proceed from its legs, and terminate in gold rings which are fastened capriciously in the hair.

The novelties of the season are almost revolutions. Any one who has been absent from Paris for three or even two years, would hardly recognize either the Parisians or Paris itself, turned upside down from one end to the other by M. Haussmann's zeal for embellishment. At the races at the Bois de Boulogne, were seen puffed dresses, short, or almost short, skirts with overskirts *en panier*; Watteau paletots, forming a sort of double puff behind, just below the waist, with a prodigious shell-bow, longer on one side than on the other, and set on the top like a huge bee; and little or no bonnet. All the ladies have their hair elaborately dressed, some with flowers and a vail, others with the *baschlik à capuchon*, a sort of head-dress introduced among us by the Russian ladies, and which is formed by a hooded mantilla with long ends that are crossed under the chin and thrown over the shoulders; others again with the Spanish mantilla, which is cut square in front, and adorned with the large round buckles formerly called emperors, and which are seen in the portraits of Isabey and Gérard.

The hurly-burly of the fashions was equaled by that of the people; as, for instance, the magnificent team of the Princess de Metternich was seen side by side with the dashing Victoria of Cora Pearl, a celebrity of the demi-monde. The so-called English beauty had enveloped her almost red tresses in a mantilla of black Spanish lace, which fell over her fleur-de-lis faille dress, trimmed with two rows of lace of the same color. The folds of the mantilla were confined by a bouquet of fleur-de-lis. The Princess de Metternich wore a short costume of maize color, with a black and maize satin-striped underskirt, and a black mantilla bonnet.

The ball given by the Countess de Pourtalès on the 1st of May was an epoch in the history of dress, for it inaugurated an entirely new order of things, short dresses being almost absolutely prescribed. Madame de Pourtalès had already appeared in short costume at Baron de Rothschild's ball. One of the most successful short dresses at the ball of Madame Pourtalès was that of the beautiful Madame Cordier (*née* Laffitte), a costume wholly of pink tulle with tulle puffs forming a tunic, ornamented with garlands of roses of all shades, with two clusters larger than the rest at the sides; and slippers of pink faille with rose-buds on the top. The Countess de Clery also wore an exquisite dress of white tulle trimmed with white azaleas; the tunic was looped up at the side with heavy azalea wreaths. The Marchioness de Pailly had a dress in the same style trimmed with snow-balls. The flat bouquets that ornamented the tunic were of immense size. One of her young relatives, a niece, I believe, seemed the personification of summer in a dress of white tulle covered with puffings, with a scarf at the side fastened with a huge bouquet of corn-poppies and daisies. The adoption of these short dresses naturally requires great care in the shoe, and are about to substitute shoes for boots in all circumstances which require full dress. The high-heeled, white slipper (Louis XV.), with a *pouf* of white blonde, is always suitable, but it is much more elegant when adorned with flowers to match the dress. Little marvels of shoes were manufactured by the French shoemakers for the wedding festivities of Prince Humbert. The shoes of the Queen of Portugal were almost all white, with rosettes of mixed white lace or blonde, and gold thread in the blonde. Those of the Princess Marguerite had a gold guipure; and the Princess Karolate, who is renowned for her pretty foot, usually wears brown satin shoes, trimmed with rosettes broidered with gold, or tied with a bow Louis XIV. style; square at the toes and trimmed with jet cut in diamond points. Jet is not used in round beads by the fashionable world. It is not worn except flat, pear-shaped, or in beads cut into facets.

I return to the bonnets, which from all time have been of the greatest importance in dress, and which may be said to embellish or deform the person more than any thing else. At the marriage of Mlle. Pouyer-Quertier to the Marquis de la Rochelambert, which was celebrated in Rouen with great magnificence, there were seen many ravishing bonnets, white and black mantillas, some of Spanish lace, others of Chantilly. There were fewer white bonnets than usual. Many bonnets are made of gauze like the dress, with a scarf veil of gauze without a hem fastened behind to the hair by a hair-pin. Thick wreaths of leaves and flowers are set on the bonnets; these fall on one side, and are mixed with a large hanging curl.

We describe one of the dresses which attracted the most attention at the wedding of Mlle. Pouyer-Quertier. Dress of Baltic green imperial gros grain, glacée with white. The skirt was trimmed around the bottom with puffs of green gauze crossed by puffings of green satin. The front of the skirt was entirely puffed; square, low-necked waist edged with puffs of green gauze; stomacher of point d'Alençon; small mantilla, wholly of point d'Alençon, with three large pleats behind, and no sleeves, fastened in front by a large satin bow. White bonnet with strings of point d'Alençon; lace star on the front, and anemones on the star; long ruches falling from the side to the front.

Mlle. Pouyer-Quertier was very simply dressed, like all Parisian brides, reserving her laces and diamonds for a future occasion. Among those present were admired most of all the three charming sisters of the Marquis de la Rochelambert, the Countesses de Vallon, de la Poéze, and de la Bedoyère, of whom the last two are Maids of Honor to the Empress.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

Embroidery Patterns for Slippers, Bags, etc.

BOTH these patterns are worked on canvas in cross stitch. The colors are given in the description of symbols under each design. They may be worked in wool and filoselle silk, or only in wool.

Border for Covers, Skirts, etc.

THIS border is especially designed for covers, though it may also be used for the trimming of furniture—as bands, for instance; or even as a border for a skirt. The design is worked in braid, ribbon, or velvet ribbon, which is bordered on each side by a narrower braid.

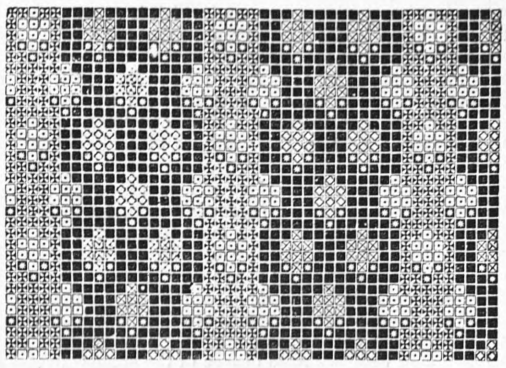
Camargo Mantilla.

THIS pretty mantilla is one of the most tasteful novelties of the season. It is made of gros grain or black cashmere, and is trimmed with guipure lace, surmounted by three bias folds of satin. The back of the mantilla is in the form of a half-adjusted jacket; the front is a paletot, straight in front, and confined by a small belt fastening at the side. The mantilla is completed by a small cape, long in front and knotted behind, with ends falling below the bottom of the mantilla.

Crochet Picture Frame.

MATERIALS: Heavy unbleached cotton, white glue, varnish, gilt and bronze, an oval tin frame.

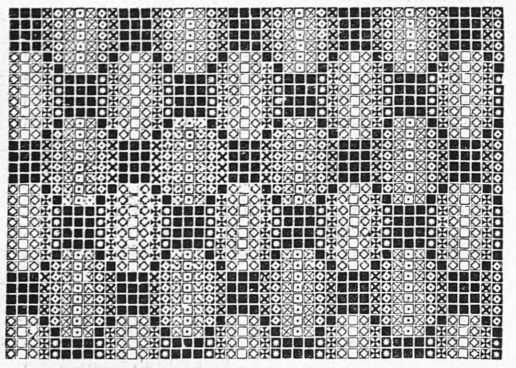
This frame consists of a wreath of crochet laurel leaves, and is a very correct imitation of papier-mache. The crochet work is done in coarse unbleached cotton, stiffened and fastened in place by means of liquid glue, and bronzed. The crochet piece which covers the inner side of the frame and the flat crochet strip which is covered by the leaves are both stretched over an oval tin frame, after having been saturated with the glue, by which means they receive the form required. This tin frame is twenty-four inches high by nineteen wide, and consists of a rounded frame, outside of which a narrow flat frame is joined to it by means of four narrow tin clasps at the distance of an inch from the outer edge.



EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR SLIPPERS, BAGS, ETC.

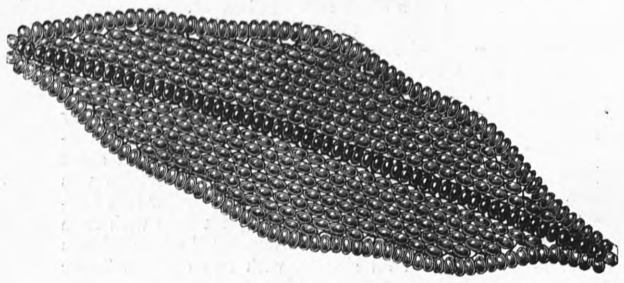
Description of Symbols: ■ Black, ⊞ Green, ⊡ Gray, ⧄ Red, ⧅ Blue, ◘ Yellow (the last silk).

CROCHET PICTURE FRAME.



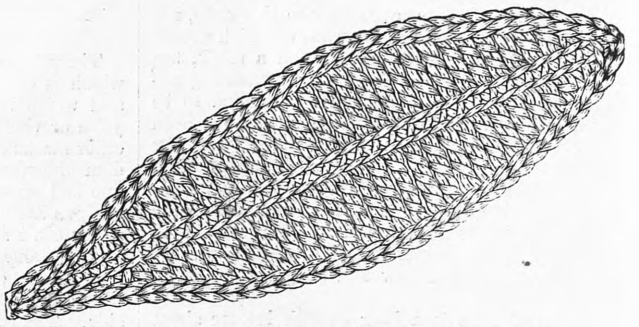
EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR SLIPPERS, BAGS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ◘ 1st (darkest), ⊞ 2d, ⧅ 3d, ◘ 4th (lightest) Green (the last silk); ⧓ 1st, ◘ 2d, ⧅ 3d, ⊡ 4th Reddish Brown (the last silk).



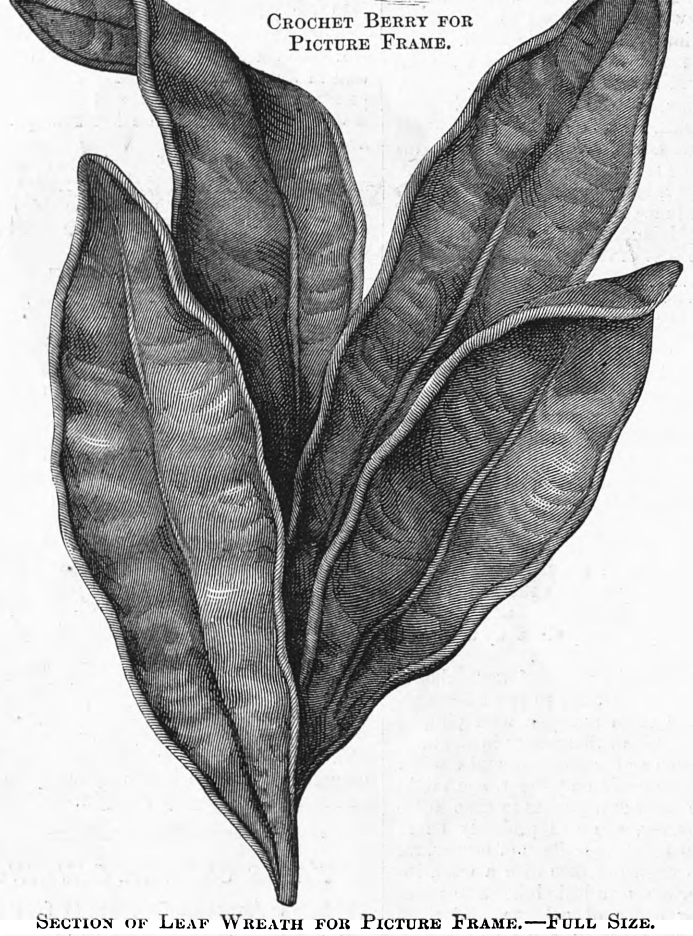
BEAD LEAF FOR PICTURE FRAME.—FULL SIZE.

CROCHET BERRY FOR PICTURE FRAME.



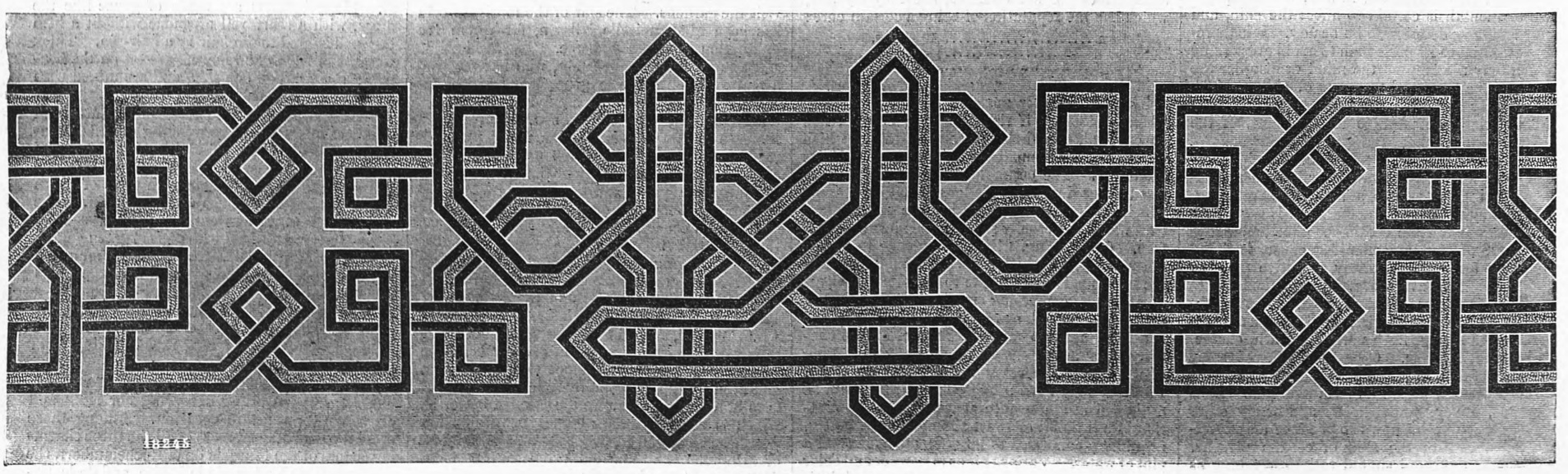
CROCHET LEAF FOR PICTURE FRAME.—FULL SIZE.

CAMARGO MANTILLA.—FRONT.

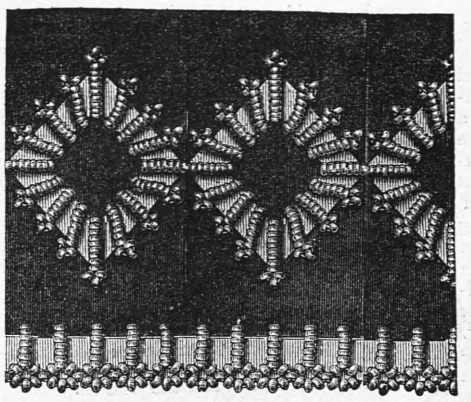


SECTION OF LEAF WREATH FOR PICTURE FRAME.—FULL SIZE.

CAMARGO MANTILLA.—BACK.



BORDER FOR COVERS, SKIRTS, ETC.



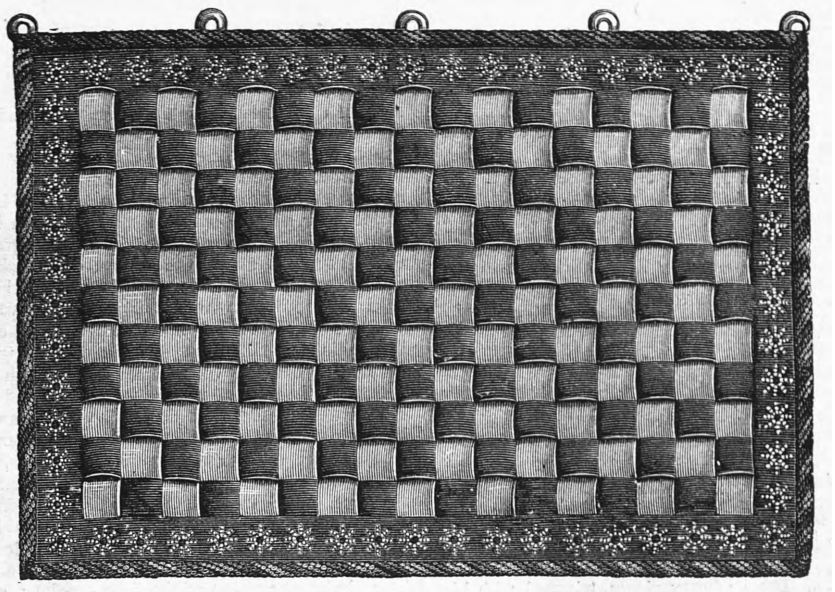
SECTION OF BORDER OF WALL TIDY.—FULL SIZE.

Both parts of this frame are furnished with little holes at regular distances. An old picture frame may be used instead of the tin frame. Begin the work with the inner part seen in the illustration, and cast on a foundation of 280 stitches; join this in the round by means of a sl. (slip stitch), and work on this the 1st round: 1 sdc. (short double crochet) in every foundation stitch.

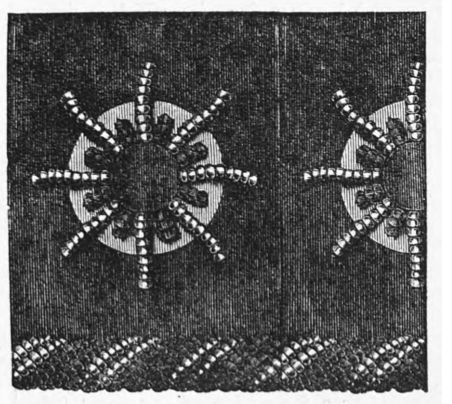
2d round.—1 sdc. in every stitch of the last round, taking care to put the needle through both upper veins of the stitches. Widen in this round by working at the beginning and in the middle of the round (later the upper and lower part of the frame) 2 sdc. in one stitch 3 times in 25 stitches; in the remainder of the round crochet 2 stitches in 1 once in every 30 stitches, as this forms the less rounded part of the frame.

3d and 4th rounds.—Like the second.

5th–7th rounds.—In each stitch of the preceding round 1 sdc., but widening in the 5th round after every 29 stitches; in the 6th round after every 31; and in the 7th round after every 34. After this work on the 7th round, as also on the foundation round, 1 round sc. (single crochet) over a foundation of cord and without widening. This finishes the rounding frame.



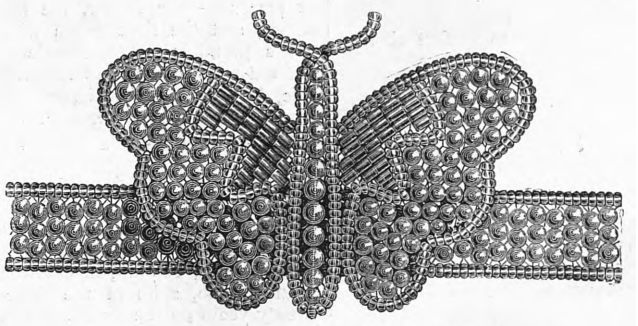
WALL TIDY TO HANG OVER A WASH-STAND.



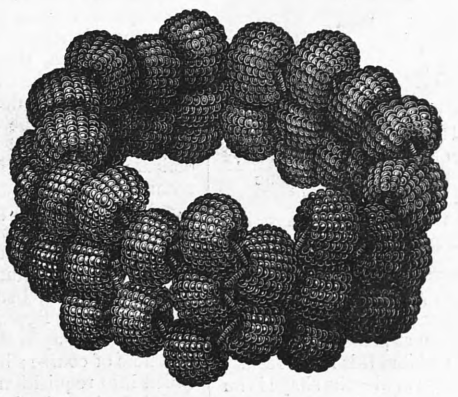
SECTION OF BORDER OF WALL TIDY.—FULL SIZE.

The leaves are worked singly. For each of these cast on a foundation of 35 stitches, and crochet, passing over one stitch, 34 stitches back on the round, which forms the vein of the leaf. Returning on the foundation stitches, work 3 sl., 2 sc., 2 sdc., 3 dc., 7 tc. (treble crochet), 7 ltc. (long treble crochet), 5 tc., 2 dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc., 1 sl., 1 ch. (chain stitch). After this work in the same manner, but in reversed order, back on the other side of the vein. Finally, work around the leaf one round sl., in

CHANTILLY LACE MANTILLA BONNET.



SECTION OF BEAD BANDEAU.



BEAD NAPKIN RING.

BRIDAL DRESS EN PANIERS.

COUNTRY TOILETTES.

doing which lay in a fine wire, which is shown of the full size in the illustration. Having completed 77 leaves, work next the berries. Begin each of these with a foundation of three stitches; join this in a round by means of 1 sl., and work on that three rounds sc. Widen in each of these rounds—in the 1st, after every two stitches; in the 2d, after every three; and in the 3d, after every four. Then work one round without widening, and after this three rounds, narrowing in the same proportion in which the first three were widened; but, before working the last of these rounds, fill the berry with wadding. This finishes a berry, one of which is shown in the illustration of the full size. These must be afterward sewed on a flat crochet strip, which is worked as follows: Cast on 440 stitches; join in a ring, and crochet on this four rounds. 1st round.—Over a foundation of fine white cord 1 sc. in each foundation stitch. 2d-4th rounds. —Without the cord; in every stitch of the last rounds 1 sdc., widening by a few stitches in each round, so that the work need not be stretched. Saturate this piece, as also the crochet piece for the rounded frame, with liquid white glue. Then fasten these two pieces on the two parts of the frame, running the thread through the holes in the frame, and join the two pieces above, below, and on both sides by means of strips 12 stitches long and 5 rounds broad, which are worked in single crochet. These must also be stiffened with glue. Cover also the clasps beforementioned as joining the two parts of the frame. When these connected pieces are thoroughly dried, take them off the tin frame and sew on the leaves and berries which are still damp, and shaped as shown in the illustration. Fasten to the rounded part of the frame the points of those leaves which point inward. Having finished the arrangement, dip the frame repeatedly in the glue, allowing it to dry between each dipping. When it is stiff enough give it two coatings of iron and copal varnish, then finish with gilt and bronze. Mix these with copal varnish, and varnish the frame with the mixture by means of a paint-brush. Furnish the top on the back with a ring for hanging up.

Leaves of bead mosaic, one of which is shown of full size in the illustration, may be used instead of crochet leaves. These are made of strung beads, and are begun on the lower end of the leaf. The leaf is bordered with light brown beads strung on a wire, and its middle line is of dark beads, also strung on a wire, and which imitate the middle vein. Leaves of brown oil-cloth, finished on the edge with a fine wire stitched in, are also pretty, and very easily made. In these the veinings are formed by long, diagonal, half-polka stitches worked in brown silk and finished by running a fine cord along the back.

Wall Tidy, to hang over a Wash-stand.

See illustration on page 521.

MATERIALS: Gray and brown enameled cloth; brown and crystal beads; black thread; heavy white cord; four little black rings.

The pattern is made in a checkered design of silver-gray and brown enameled cloth. The trimming which borders the foundation consists of star figures of brown and crystal beads, which hold a ring of gray enameled cloth. The outer edge is finished by a heavy beaded cord. The original cover is twenty-nine inches in width, and nineteen in height; it may be made, however, of any size desired, and may also be used for table-covers, mats for setting under hot dishes, etc.

For making a tidy like the pattern given, take two pieces of enameled cloth of the size designated. One piece is to be used as lining; around the other part mark a border two inches in width; on the two sides mark points at the distance of a little over an inch apart, after which cut between every two alternate points a slit of the length given, and cut from end to end in strips of the same width as given by the pattern, taking care not to cut the edge on the other sides. Next prepare, still of the same width, seventeen strips of gray enameled cloth, each sixteen inches in length, and run these through the cut strips as shown in the pattern. At the sides, where a gray square always comes on the border, shove the end of the gray strips through the little slits previously prepared; gum them down on the back, and join the cover to the lining on the outer edge by means of a cord of brown and crystal beads. Finally, finish the brown border with a trimming made as shown by the illustration. Another illustration gives a different style of trimming which may be used for the same purpose. Both are made of enameled cloth and beads, in the manner shown by the designs.

Bridal Dress en Paniers.

See illustration on page 521.

DRESS of white poult de soie. The skirt, flat in front, is trimmed with bias folds of satin and wreaths of orange flowers. The back breadths are puffed in the form of paniers, and caught up with a large satin bow. The corsage waist is plain, and is buttoned up in front and trimmed with a rich fringe, which extends round the arm-hole, forming a bertha. Close sleeves, trimmed with fringe. Breast-knot and wreath of orange flowers. Veil *à la juive*.

Section of Bead Bandeau.

See illustration on page 521.

THE bandeau, the middle section of which is shown of the full size in the illustration, consists of a straight strip of stiff white lining, about half an inch in width, which is covered with wax and crystal beads, and ornamented in the middle with a butterfly worked in the same manner. First, arrange the wax beads on the lining as follows: Fasten on one side of the strip a fine wire on which wax beads have been strung. Then wind the wire around the lining, in doing which arrange the beads on the right side, and leave the bare wire on the inside. Having covered the lining in this manner, finish the edge by a row of crystal beads which have been previously strung on a fine wire. Next set on the butterfly, for which cut first a piece of the lining of the shape shown by the pattern; cover this in the manner shown with wax beads, and crystal beads and bugles; in doing this, however, only the small crystal beads are to be strung on wire, while the remaining bugles are sewed on with silk.

Bead Napkin-Ring.

See illustration on page 521.

MATERIALS: Four dozen small pierced wooden balls; fine garnet beads; red filoselle silk; red silk; elastic cord.

This napkin-ring is pretty, and can even be made by a child. It consists of bullet-shaped balls of wood, ornamented with silk and beads—so as to present the appearance of large beads—after which they are strung on silk elastic cord. The wooden balls are covered as follows: First, cover each ball regularly with red filoselle silk. Then fasten inside the wooden ball a thread of red sewing silk, and also the end of a string of beads; bring the red silk to the end of the opening, and wind it around the thread on which the beads are strung; then take the silk thread and also the bead cord and bring them to the other side of the ball, the thread inside and the bead cord outside; again wind the thread around the bead cord, and repeat the process till the outside of the ball is closely and regularly covered with beads, taking care that each time the cord crosses the number of beads shall be equal. String on the prepared beads as shown in the illustration, and carefully fasten the ends of the elastic cord.

Mantilla Bonnet of Chantilly Lace.

See illustration on page 521.

THIS exquisite bonnet is composed of a fanchon of black lace, fastened behind under the chignon with a bow of black ribbon, and trimmed on the front with a red rose. From this fanchon falls a Chantilly lace mantilla, which, beginning at the chignon, is confined in the middle of the back with a bow; after which the ends are crossed on the breast and tied behind like a Marie Antoinette fichu.

Country Toilettes.

See illustration on page 521.

Fig. 1.—Dress of light gray silk, with double skirt. The trimming consists of ruches of the same material as the dress, folds of gray satin and gray silk-covered rosettes and tassels. Belt of gray satin.

Fig. 2.—Dress of blue poplin, with a narrow ruche of the same material; bias folds of blue satin and blue silk fringe. Belt with sash of the same material as the dress, and trimmed to match.

Fig. 3.—Dress and paletot of brown gros grain. The trimming consists of brown satin binding and brown satin buttons.

Fig. 4.—Dress of gray alpaca, trimmed with bias folds of gray satin; buttons, fringe, tassels, and small gray buckles.

Fig. 5.—Dress of brown poult de soie, trimmed with brown silk cord, buttons, tassels, and fringe of the color of the dress.

ON THE BUST OF CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE secret of the stars, ensphered
In æons of silence, finds a form—
A form round which heaven's air has cleared
A great serenity out of storm.
Here all imperial angelhood
And possibilities of good
Have shaped and wrought to perfect choice.
And in full throbs of starry song,
Wild music of the deeps, along
Whose verge the rolling echoes throng,
These marble lips might find a voice.

Oh! like some rare and wondrous shell
Of shifting hues and lustrous dyes,
That takes the sun in every cell
With splendors that eclipse the skies,
The soul on which the sculptor wrought,
The soul that here the sculptor caught
And sealed in stone eternally!
For never does the shell forget
The tide with which its lips were wet,
And far withdrawn it murmurs yet
The ancient burden of the sea.

And yet the hidden meaning here
Interprets neither sky nor sea,
Save as they round the earthly sphere
With kinship of infinity.
This nature holds the common sods,
Holds heaven and sunshine, like a god's,
Touched clay and only soared the higher!
Soared like a flame that springs alone
Into the vast and azure zone,
And whoso holds the carven stone
Carries an urn of sacred fire!

PARIS FASHIONS.

IF we sum up the chapeau at present in vogue at the head-quarters of fashion, this is the result: First of all, it must be very small—the shape is an affair of minor importance; the size—or, rather, the deficiency of size—is every thing. Secondly, it must have what is termed a diadem in front, which may be either of metal, jet, flowers, buds or blossoms, ribbon, lace, or tulle, provided they be puffed. Thirdly, if a flower—the rose has the preference, remember—or a few ears of corn, or a tuft of feathers, or some fancy grass in which a metallic dragon-fly or grasshopper will be occasionally half-hidden, be posed on the left side, it should rise usually above the highest part of the bonnet. Fourthly, bows or rosettes may be worn almost any where outside the chapeau, and also to secure the strings when a flower-bud is not used for this purpose. Fifthly, metal ornaments, except those of a greenish golden tinge—and even these but sparingly—are no longer worn. Sixthly, that lace strings, with a veil to correspond, may be said to be indispensable.

As regards robes, the robe courte has attained its utmost degree of shortness, so as to display at times the petit cols and tassels of the bottines à mi jambes, and though it will always be in favor for toilettes de promenade, it is quite certain that our Parisian élégantes, or our modistes—and they are perhaps the most powerful of the two—are bent upon making the robe à queue the haute mode. No one can question the grace, the elegance, and, one may say, the dignity of this costume, which being adapted only to persons of large means, is certain to preserve its character of exclusiveness. Even robes du matin are now made of the richest materials and à queue. For toilettes de visite the robe à queue is made slanting off from the waist, and is bordered with a ruche, or an elegant leaf-shaped trimming of ribbon, finished with a fine silk fringe; the front part of the skirt, which is usually of a lighter shade, and forms a simulated under jupe, being trimmed all the way up with bands of satin ribbon, decreasing in length as they approach the waist. Frequently the train will be cut into a bold leaf-shaped pattern round the edge, and be bound with piping, and more or less embroidered with silk or jet beads. If the corsage is made low, a fichu Marie Antoinette will be worn crossed over the breast, and with the long ends falling down the back of the robe after being fastened at the waist behind. For a toilette de soirée over the robe à queue of some light color satin, a rich white lace upper jupe, short in front and taking the form of the queue behind, will be worn; over this again, at the back of the robe, will be disposed a series of embroidered basques, falling one over the other, bordered with plaited ribbon, and of the same material as the robe itself. In front hangs a tablier, trimmed with a double ruche of ribbon, placed some distance apart, the intervening space being richly embroidered. The corsage is low, and the sleeves short. A toilette de promenade à queue is of violet-color silk, with four large bows with long ends, finished off with silk fringe, arranged at equal distances round the bottom of the skirt; the corsage is entirely concealed by a cape bordered with fringe, which reaches to the waist, where it is fastened behind with a large bow. Over this cape falls a small, pointed hood, terminating in a tassel which hangs level with the waist. This costume is particularly rich and elegant in silk of some delicate shade when trimmed at the lower part of the skirt with a deep border of white lace, spangled over with glass beads, and with a narrower lace border round the bottom of the cape. Another style of toilette de promenade is in mauve-color taffeta, à queue and en tablier, bordered all round with a satin band of a deeper shade, varied with narrow stripes of black velvet. The hindmost portion of the robe overlaps, as it were, the front on either side to within about a dozen inches of the bottom, where the robe is sloped away both in front and toward the queue, so as to show the deep ruche of a white cambric jupon, which has a singularly fresh and piquant look after the colored jupons with which we have been so long familiar. The corsage, consisting of a bertha, is, together with the tablier and the long ends of the ceinture écharpe, trimmed with a dark mauve and black silk fringe; long silk tassels fall from this bertha over the centre of the large bow which fastens the sash. This style of costume, comprising alike the queue—which, by-the-way, can be so arranged as to be looped up at pleasure—the tablier, the ceinture écharpe nouée, and the light jupon with a very deep ruche, promises to be the mode during the present season, in such light materials as poult de soie, faye, foulard, mohair, and piqué; the jupon commonly being white, with stripes of some breadth of a light bright color, when it is not plaited.

Toilettes de réception à la Pompadour—possibly one of the most elegant of feminine costumes, named after the Marchioness *par excellence* of the eighteenth century, the beautiful, brilliant, gay, coquettish, charming, abandoned woman, who, spite of the Salic law, sat for twenty years on the throne of France, after ensnaring Louis XV. during his hunting expeditions in the neighborhood of her husband's château in the forest of Senart, where she was continually chasing the royal hunter; one day bursting upon his astonished sight seated in a rose-colored phæton, drawn by the most beautiful horses, and arrayed in an azure robe; and on another occasion dressed in rose-color, in an azure phæton—the toilette de réception à la Pompadour consists of an open robe, of some delicate shade of shot silk, with a long train, trimmed or embroidered at the edges with a bold floral or leaf-shaped pattern, and an under jupe, also of shot silk, but several shades lighter than the robe, trimmed with three or four rows of rich white lace. A ceinture écharpe, also of lace, partially raises and supports the train about half-way down the figure, leaving only a moderate length to trail upon the ground. The corsage is décolleté of course; but a lace chemisette can be called into requisition to "half conceal and half reveal the beauties it is meant to hide." As regards ball dresses, the corsage of these is little more than a dream: it exists in name and a narrow strip of lace, and there certainly are women who consider this sufficient—and possibly it might be so, if it were only decorously worn; but with them the splendor of the shoulders has to compensate for the deterioration of the face. Whatever is deficient in the corsage is unquestionably more than compensated for in the dimensions of the skirts, which are of an amplitude and a length passing all reasonable bounds.

The chief characteristic of the spring paletot is its being closed tightly at the waist; the loose pardessus is almost entirely discarded. The paletots Watteau and Marie Antoinette, and the casaque or "rotonde" Louis Quinze, are those about which Parisian modistes are just now raving. The first is a very ordinary-looking jaquette—made to fit the figure and secured tightly at the waist with a broad belt—with rather long skirts, usually pointed at either side, utterly unlike, by-the-way, any one of the light and loose-fitting garments, in which Watteau, with his *spirituel* pallet, delighted to robe his charming heroines. The second takes its name from the eternal fichu which, *par parenthèse*, obtained its name in a curious manner. The "fichu" proper, introduced by Marie Antoinette, not before the décolletée style of toilette made it positively necessary, was nothing more than a lace kerchief worn crossed over the shoulders. Of course immediately it was countenanced by the queen all the ladies of the court followed her example, much to the dissatisfaction of the gardes des corps, whose duties were to stand behind these ladies' chairs during the performances at the Versailles Theatre. "Fichu," it should be remembered, is an opprobrious sort of term, and one of these militaires, unable to restrain the expression of his feelings at what he regarded as an innovation, observed aside to a comrade, "Confound these 'fichu' things which hide what we all like to see!" The expression was repeated, and the lace kerchief was ever afterward known by the term which had been applied to it, in a moment of indignation, by the disappointed garde du corps.

To return, however, to the paletot Marie Antoinette, the distinguishing feature of which is, as we have said, the "fichu" bordered with lace and crossed upon the breast, and, moreover, recrossed behind upon the skirt of the paletot. A belt encircles the waist, and incloses the fichu, both before and behind, within its limits. The casaque or "rotonde" Louis Quinze in certain cases loosely fits the figure—in others it is carefully adapted to the shape like the paletots just described. Its distinguishing characteristic appears to be certain large rosettes at the upper part of the opening on either side, and at the back of the neck, or, where the garment adapts itself closely to the figure, at the back of the waist; these rosettes have usually a couple of small fringed pattes hanging from them.

THE PORTER'S SON.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE General's family lived on the drawing-room floor, the Porter's lived in the cellar. There was a great distance between the two families—the whole ground-floor and the grades of society; but both lived under the same roof, and their windows looked out upon the same street and the same yard. In this yard there was a blooming acacia—whenever it did bloom; and the smart nurse used to sit under it with the still smarter child, the General's "little Emily." The Porter's little boy, with his large brown eyes and dark hair, used to dance barelegged before them; and the child would laugh at him, and stretch her tiny hands to him; and if the General saw this from his window, he would nod down at them, and say, "*charmant!*" The General's lady, who was so young that she might almost have been her husband's daughter by an early marriage, never herself looked out of the window into the yard; but she had given orders that the cellar-people's boy might play about near her own child, but never touch it. The nurse kept strictly to her ladyship's orders.

And the sun shone in upon those on the drawing-room floor, and upon those in the cellar. The acacia put forth its blossoms; they fell off, and new ones came again next year. The tree bloomed, and the Porter's little boy bloomed; he looked quite like a fresh tulip.

The General's little daughter grew a delicate child, like the faint rosy leaf of the acacia blossom. She seldom came now under the tree; the fresh air she took in a carriage. She went with mamma for her drives, and she always nodded to the Porter's George; ay, and kissed her fingers at him, till her mother told her that she was now grown too big for that.

One forenoon he had to go up to the General's floor with the letters and newspapers which had been left at the Porter's lodge in the morning. When he had mounted the staircase, and was passing the door of the sand-bin, he heard something wailing inside it. He thought it was a stray chicken chirping to get out; and lo! it was the General's little daughter in muslin and lace!

"Don't tell papa and mamma; they will be so angry!"

"What is the matter, little lady?" asked George.

"It's burning all over!" said she—"it's burning and blazing!"

George opened the door to the little nursery; the window-curtain was nearly burned: the curtain-rod had caught fire, and stood in flames. George sprang up, pulled it down, and called for help; without him there would have been a house on fire.

The General and her ladyship examined little Emily.

"I only just took one match," said she, "and that lighted up, and then the curtain lighted up. I spit all I could, but it was no good, and so I came out and hid myself, for papa and mamma would be so angry."

"Spit!" said the General; "what sort of word is that? When did you ever hear papa or mamma talk of spitting? That you have learned down stairs."

But little George got a penny-piece. It did not go to the bun-shop, but into the savings-box; and there were soon so many half-pence that he could buy himself a paint-box, and put color to his drawings; and of these he had many: they seemed to come out of his pencil and his finger-ends. The first colored pictures were presented to little Emily.

"*Charmant!*" said the General. Her ladyship herself admitted that one could see clearly enough what the little one meant in his pictures. "There's genius in him!"

Such were the words which the Porter's wife brought down into the cellar.

The General and his lady were people of rank: they had two armorial shields on their carriage, one for each of them. Her ladyship had arms worked on every bit of clothing, inside and out, on her night-cap, and on her night-bag. This, her own shield, was a costly one, bought by her father for shining dollars; for he had not been born with it, no, nor she either; she had come into the world prematurely, seven years before the shield of arms—a fact that was remembered by most people, though not by the family. The General's shield was old and large; one's back might well creak with the dignity of this alone, to say nothing of two shields; and there was a creaking in the back of her lady ship, when stiff and stately she drove to the court-ball.

The General was old and gray, but sat well on horseback: he was quite aware of it, and rode out every day, with a groom at a respectful distance behind him. When he came to a party, it was just as if he came riding in on his high horse, and he wore orders enough to bewilder one; but that was not by any means *his* fault. As a very young man he had performed military duties, by taking a part in the great autumnal reviews which used to be held in the

piping days of peace. Of that time he had an anecdote to tell, the only one he had. His subaltern cut off and took prisoner one of the princes; and the Prince with his little troop of soldiers, prisoners like himself, had to ride back to town behind the General. It was an event never to be forgotten, and the General told and retold it, year after year, always ending with the remarkable words which he had spoken when he returned the Prince's sabre to him: "Only my subaltern could have made your Royal Highness a prisoner, I myself—never!" and the Prince had answered: "Monsieur, you are incomparable!"

In active service the General had never been; for when the war went through his native land he went on the diplomatic road, through three foreign countries. He talked the French language till he almost forgot his own; he danced well, he rode well, orders grew on his coat in indescribable profusion, the sentinels presented arms to him, one of the prettiest of girls presented herself to him—and she became the General's lady; and they had a pretty babe that seemed to have fallen from the sky, it was so pretty; and the Porter's son danced in the yard before it as soon as it could take notice, and gave it all his colored drawings; and she looked at them, and was delighted with them, and tore them to pieces. She was such a dear sweet little thing!

"My rose-leaf!" said the General's lady, "thou art born to be a Prince's bride!"

The Prince was already standing outside the door, though nobody knew of it. People can not see much further than the door-step.

"T'other day our George shared his bread-and-butter with her, that he did!" said the Porter's wife. "There was no cheese, nor yet meat with it; yet she relished it every bit as well as roast beef. There'd have been a fine to-do if some folks had seen the little feast; but they didn't see it."

George had shared bread-and-butter with little Emily; gladly would he have shared his heart with her. He was a good boy, clever and sprightly; and he now went to the evening school at the Academy in order to learn drawing thoroughly. Little Emily, too, made some progress in learning: she talked French with her "Bonne," and had a dancing-master.

"George is to be confirmed at Easter," said the Porter's wife. So far advanced now was George.

"It wouldn't be amiss either to have him prenticed," said the father, "to something tidy, of course; and so we shall get him out in the world."

"He would come home, though, to sleep at nights," said the mother. "It wouldn't be easy to find a master with a spare room. Clothes, too, we should have to give him: the bit of food he now eats is easily come at, he can make himself happy with a couple of baked potatoes; and he has his teaching free. Just let him go his own way, and he'll turn out a blessing to us, you may be sure! Didn't the Professor say so?"

The confirmation-clothes were ready. Mother herself did the sewing, but they had been cut out by the jobber, and he knew how to cut them: if he'd only been better placed, and could have opened a shop and taken prentices, said the Porter's wife, the man might have become Court tailor.

The clothes were ready, and the candidate was ready. On the confirmation-day George received a great pinchbeck watch from his godfather, the flax-dealer's old shopman, the richest of George's godfathers. The watch was old and well tried: it always went too fast, but that is better than going too slow. This was a splendid present; and from the General's came a hymn-book bound in morocco, sent by the little lady to whom George had presented his pictures. On the fly-leaf stood his name and her name, and "his gracious well-wisher." This was written after the dictation of the General's lady, and the General had read it through, and said "*charmant!*"

"That was really a great attention from such grand gentlefolk," said the Porter's wife; and George had to go up stairs in his confirmation-clothes, and with his hymn-book, to show himself and return thanks.

Her ladyship sat in a number of wrappings; and she had her bad headache, which always came when she felt *ennui*. She looked kindly at George, and wished him every thing that was good, and none of her headache. The General was in his dressing-gown, and wore a tasseled cap, and boots with leggings of red russia. He paced up and down the floor three times, in thoughts and remembrances of his own, stopped still, and said:

"Little George then is now a Christian man! Let him be likewise an honest man, and pay due respect to his superiors! This sentence, some day, when you are old, you can say that the General taught you!"

This was a longer speech than the General was accustomed to make; and he fell back into meditation and looked imposing. But of all that George heard or saw up there nothing remained fixed in his memory so clearly as little Miss Emily. How winning she looked, how soft, how fluttering, how fragile! If her portrait was to be painted, it must be in a soap-bubble. There was a fragrance about her clothes and her curly yellow hair as if she were a fresh-blossomed rose-tree. And with her he had once shared bread-and-butter; and she had eaten it with a sharp appetite, and nodded to him at every mouthful. Could she possibly recollect it still? Surely yes; it was "in remembrance" of this that she had given him the handsome hymn-book. And so, next year, as soon as the New Year's new moon was shining, he went out-of-doors with a loaf and a shilling in his hand and opened the book to see what hymn he should turn up. It was a hymn of praise and thanksgiving. And he opened it again to see what would turn up for little Emily. He was mightily careful not to dip into one part of the book—the place of the funeral hymns; and yet, for all his care, he *did* dip in between death and the grave. This was not the sort of thing to believe in; not a bit of it! and yet frightened he was when soon afterward the dainty little girl was laid up in bed, and when the hall-door was visited daily by the doctor's carriage.

"They'll not keep her," said the Porter's wife; "our Lord knows right well whom He will take to Himself."

But they did keep her, and George drew pictures to send her. He drew the castle of the Czar, the old Kremlin at Moscow, exactly as it stood, with turrets and cupolas; they looked like gigantic green and gilt cucumbers—at least, they looked so in George's drawing. It pleased little Emily so much that in the course of the week George sent some more pictures, all of them buildings; for then she would have plenty to think about, wondering what was inside the door and the windows.

He drew a Chinese house, with bells hanging to all the sixteen stories. He drew two Greek temples, with slender marble pillars and steps round it. He drew a Norwegian church; one could see it was entirely built of timbers, deeply carved and quaintly set up; every story looked as if it had cradle-rockers. But most beautiful of all was one design, a castle, which he called "Little Emily's." This was to be her dwelling-place, and so George had imagined it all himself, and picked out for it whatever seemed prettiest in each of the other buildings. It had carved beams like the Norwegian church; marble pillars like the Greek temple; a peal of bells on every story; and at the top of all cupolas, green and gilded, like those upon the Kremlin of the Czar. It was a true child's palace! And under every window was written what the hall or chamber inside was intended for: "here Emily sleeps:" "here Emily dances:" and "here she is to play at 'visitors coming.'" It was amusing to look at, and looked at it was, you may be sure.

"*Charmant!*" said the General.

But the old Count—for there was an old Count, who was even grander than the General, and had a castle and mansion of his own—said nothing. He had been told that this had been imagined and drawn by the Porter's little son. Not that the boy was so very little now; indeed, he was confirmed. The old Count looked at the pictures and had his own quiet thoughts about them.

One morning, when the weather was downright gray, damp, and dismal, it proved one of the brightest and best of days for little George. The Professor at the Art Academy called him into his private room.

"Listen, my lad," said he; "let us have a little talk together. Our Lord has favored you with good abilities; he is now favoring you with good friends. The old Count at the corner-house has spoken to me about you. I have seen your pictures also; between ourselves we may cross them out, they require so much correction. But henceforward you may come twice a week to my drawing-school, and so learn in time to do better. I believe there is more stuff in you to make an architect than a painter. This you will have time to consider; but go up at once to the old Count at the corner-house and give thanks to our Lord for such a friend."

It was a fine mansion that corner-house: round the windows were carved figures, both elephants and dromedaries, all of the olden time; but the old Count was fondest of the modern time, and whatever good it brought, whether out of the drawing-room, or the cellar, or the garret.

"I do think," said the Porter's wife, "that the more folks are really grand, the less they are stuck up. You should see the old Count, ever so sweet and affable! and he can talk, bless you, just like you and me—you won't find that at the General's. There was George yesterday, clean upside down with delight, the Count treated him so graciously; and I am much the same to-day, after getting a talk with the great man. Wasn't it lucky now that we didn't prentice George to a trade? The boy has good parts in him."

"But they must have help from outside," said the father.

"Well, and now he has got help," said the mother. "The Count spoke out plain and straightforward, that he did."

"It was at the General's, though, that it was all set going," said the father; "they must have their turn of thanks, too."

"They may have it, and welcome," said the mother; "yet there's not overmuch to thank them for, I reckon. I'll thank our Lord above all, and thank Him all the more now that little Emily is coming round again."

Emily kept getting on, and George kept getting on. In the course of the year he won, first the small silver medal, and then the great one.

"It would have been better, after all, to have prenticed him!" said the Porter's wife, in tears; "we should have kept him here, then. What does he want in Rome? Never more shall I set eyes on him, even if he ever comes home again; and that he won't do, poor dear child!"

"But it's for his own good and glory," said the father.

"Ah, it's all very fine talking, good man," said the mother, "but you don't mean what you say. You are just as down-hearted as I am."

And it was all true, both as to the grief and the going away. It was a grand piece of luck for the young man, said the neighbors.

And there was a round of leave-taking, including the General's. Her ladyship did not appear; she had her bad headache. The General at parting related his only anecdote—what he had said to the Prince, and how the Prince had said to him, "Monsieur, you are incomparable!" and then he gave George his hand—his slack old hand.

Emily, too, gave George her hand, and looked almost dismal; but there was no one so dismal as George.

Time goes on. Whether one is busy or idle, Time is equally long, though not equally profitable. To George it was profitable, and never seemed long, except when he thought of those at home; how were they getting on, up stairs and down stairs? Well, tidings were sent of them; and so much may be wrapped up in a letter—both the bright sunshine and the gloomy shade. The shade of death lay in the letter that told him his mother was left a lonesome widow. Emily had been an angel of comfort; "she had come down below, she had," wrote mother. As for herself, she added, she had got leave to take father's post at the Porter's lodge.

The General's lady kept a diary: every ball was entered in it, every party she had been to, and every visit she had received. The volume was illustrated with cards of diplomatists and other grandees. She was proud of her diary; it increased in growth, season after season, during many great headaches, but also during many bright nights—that is to say, Court balls.

Emily had now been to her first Court ball. The mother was in pink, with black lace—Spanish; the daughter was in white, so clear, so fine! green ribbons fluttered like bulrush-leaves in her curly yellow locks, and she was crowned with a wreath of white water-lilies. With her sparkling blue eyes, and soft, rosy lips, she resembled a little mermaid, as beautiful as one could imagine. Three princes danced with her, one after another. Her ladyship had no headache for a whole week.

But the first ball was not the last. It was getting too much for Emily; and so it was well that summer came, with rest and change of air. The family was invited to the castle of the old Count.

This castle had a garden worth seeing. One part of it was quite in the old style, with stiff, green alleys, where one seemed to be walking between tall green screens, pierced with peeping-holes; box-trees and yew-trees stood clipped into stars and pyramids; water sprang from great grottoes set with cockle-shells; stone figures stood all round about, of the very heaviest stone, as one could plainly perceive by the faces and draperies; every flower-bed had its own device—such as a fish, an heraldic shield, or a monogram. This was the French part of the garden. From this part one came out, as it were, into the fresh, wild wood, where the trees could grow as they pleased, and were therefore great and splendid. There was a green turf, inviting one's feet to tread on it, well-mown, well-rolled, and well-kept altogether. This was the English part of the garden.

"Olden times and modern times!" said the Count. "Here they meet with loving embraces. In about two years the house itself will assume its proper importance. It will undergo a perfect change into something handsomer and better. I will show you the plans, and I will show you the architect; he is coming here to dinner."

"*Charmant!*" said the General.

"This garden is paradisiacal!" said her ladyship; "and yonder you have a baronial castle."

"That is my hen-house," said the Count. "The pigeons live in the tower, the turkeys on the first-floor, but in the parlor reigns old Dame Else. She has spare rooms on all sides. This for the sitting-hen, that for the hen and chickens, while the ducks have their own outlet to the water."

"*Charmant!*" repeated the General; and they all went to see the fine show.

Old Else stood in the middle of the parlor, and beside her stood the architect—George! He and little Emily met—after so many years—met in the hen-house.

Ay, there he stood, a comely figure to look at. His countenance open and determined, his hair black and glossy, and his mouth with a smile that said, "There is a little rogue behind my ear that knows you, outside and inside!" Old Else had taken off her wooden shoes, and stood in her stockings, out of respect for her illustrious visitors. The hens clucked, the cock crowed, and the ducks waddled along, rap, rap. But the pale slender girl, the friend of his childhood, the General's daughter, stood before him, her pale cheeks flushing with the rose, her eyes opening eagerly, and her mouth speaking without uttering a syllable. Such was the greeting he received; the prettiest that any young man could desire from a young lady; unless, indeed, they were of the same family, or had often danced together; but these two had never danced together.

The Count grasped his hand and presented him, saying, "Not a complete stranger, our young friend, Mr. George."

Her ladyship courtesied. Her daughter was about to give him her hand, but she did not give it him.

"Our little Mr. George!" said the General. "Old house-friends, *charmant!*"

"You have grown quite an Italian," said her ladyship; "and you speak the language, no doubt, like a native."

"Her ladyship could sing Italian, but not speak it," added the General.

At the dinner-table George sat at the right hand of Emily. The General had led her in, and the Count had led in her ladyship.

George talked, and told anecdotes, and he could tell them well. He was the life and soul of the party; though the old Count could have been so too if it had suited him. Emily sat silent; her ears listened, her eyes shone, but she said nothing.

They stood, she and George, among the flowers in the veranda behind a screen of roses. It was left to George again to begin speaking.

"Thanks for your kindness to my mother," said he. "I know that on the night of my father's death you went down and staid with her till his eyes were closed. Thanks!" He raised Emily's hand and kissed it. He might fairly do so on that occasion. She grew blushing red, but pressed his hand in return, and looked at him with her tender blue eyes.

"Your mother was a loving soul. How fond she was of you! All your letters she brought me to read, so I seem almost to know you. I remember, too, when I was little, how kind you were to me. You gave me pictures—"

"Which you tore up to pieces," said George.

"Nay; I have still my own castle left—that drawing of it."

"And now I must build it in reality!" said George, and grew quite hot himself as he said it.

The General and his lady, in their own rooms, talked about the Porter's son. Why, he could express himself with knowledge, with refinement! "He is fit to be engaged as a tutor," said the General.

"Genius!" said her ladyship; and that was all she said.

Again and again, in those fine summer days, did George come to the castle of the Count. He was missed when he did not come.

"How much more God has given to you than to us ordinary mortals!" said Emily to him. "Are you grateful for that now?"

It flattered George that this fair young girl should look up to him, and he thought she had rare powers of appreciation.

And the General felt more and more convinced that Mr. George could hardly be a genuine child of the cellar. "Otherwise the mother was a right honest woman," said he; "that sentence I owe to her epitaph!"

Summer went; winter came; and there was more to tell about Mr. George. He had received notice and favor in the highest of high places. The General had met him at the Court ball.

And now there was to be a ball at home for little Emily. Could Mr. George be invited?

"Whom the King invites the General can invite!" said the General, and drew himself up a good inch higher.

Mr. George was invited, and he came. And princes and counts came, and each danced better than the other. But Emily danced only the first dance, for in the course of it she turned her ankle, not dangerously, but enough to give her pain; and so she had to be prudent, and stop dancing, and look on at the others. And there she sat, looking on, while the architect stood by her side.

"You are giving her the whole of St. Peter's at Rome," said the General as he passed, smiling like benevolence itself.

With the same smile of benevolence he received Mr. George a few days afterward. The young man came to thank him for the ball, of course. Was there any thing else to say? Yes, indeed, astounding—amazing—raving madness, that was all! The General could scarcely believe his own ears. A "pyramidal declamation!" an unheard-of proposition! Mr. George asked for little Emily as his wife!

"Man!" said the General, and he began to boil, "I can not understand you? What is it you say? What is it you want? I don't know you. Sir! Fellow! you choose to come and break into my house! am I to stay here, or am I not?" And he backed out into his bedroom, and locked the door. George stood alone for a few moments, and then turned on his heel. In the corridor he met Emily.

"My father answered—?" she asked, with a trembling voice.

George pressed her hand. "He ran away from me—a better time will come."

There were tears in Emily's eyes: in those of the young man were courage and confidence; and the sun shone in upon them both and blessed them.

In his bedroom sat the General, boiling more and more; boiling over and sputtering out "Lunacy! Porter-madness!"

Before an hour was past the General's lady learned it all from the General's own mouth, and she called for Emily, and sat alone with her.

"Poor girl," she said; "to think of his insulting you so, insulting us all! You have tears in your eyes, I see: they are quite becoming to you. You look charming in tears. You remind me of myself on my wedding-day. Go on crying, little Emily."

"That I must indeed!" said Emily, "unless you and papa say 'yes!'"

"Child," cried her ladyship, "you are ill! you are delirious! and I am getting my dreadful headache! Oh, the miseries that are coming down upon our house! Do not let your mother die, Emily; then you will have no mother."

And her ladyship's eyes were wet: she could not bear to think of her own death.

Among other announcements in the *Gazette* might be seen: "Mr. George, appointed Professor, 5th class, No. 8."

"What a pity his father and mother are in the grave, and can't read it!" said the new porter-folks who now lived in the cellar under the General. They knew that the Professor had been born and bred within the four walls.

"Now he'll come in for the title-tax!" said the man.

"Well, it's no such mighty matter for a poor child!" said the wife.

"Eighteen rix-dollars a year!" said the man. "*I* call it a good round sum."

"No, no; it's the title *I'm* talking of!" said the wife. "You don't suppose he'll be bothered by having the tax to pay? He can earn as much over and over again, and a rich wife into the bargain. If we had little ones, good man, a child of ours, too, would some day be architect and professor."

THE PORTER'S SON.

Thus George was well mentioned in the cellar, and he was well mentioned on the drawing-room floor: the old Count took good care of that.

It was the old set of childish picture-drawings that introduced his name. But how came these to be mentioned? Why, the talk turned upon Russia, upon Moscow; and thus one was led right up to the Kremlin, of which our friend George made a drawing once, when he was little, for the little Miss Emily. What a number of pictures he used to draw! one the Count especially remembered—"Little Emily's Castle," with scrolls showing where she slept, where she danced, and where she played at "visitors coming." The Professor had great ability. He might live to be an old veteran privy counselor—that was not at all improbable: ay, and build a real castle for the young lady before he died—why not?

"That was a strange burst of vivacity," remarked the General's lady, when the Count was gone. The General nodded his head, thoughtfully, and went out riding, with his groom at a respectful distance behind him, and he sat prouder than ever on his high horse.

Little Emily's birthday came, bringing cards and notes, books and flowers. The General kissed her on the brow, and her ladyship kissed her on the lips. They were patterns of parental affection; and they were all three honored with high visitors—two of the princes. Then there was talk about balls and theatres, about diplomatic embassies, and the government of kingdoms and empires. There was talk about rising men, about native talent; and this brought up the name of the young professor, Mr. George, the architect.

"He is building for immortality!" it was said; "meanwhile he is building himself into one of the first families."

"One of the first families!" repeated the General, when he was left alone with her ladyship: "which one of our first families?"

"I can guess which was alluded to," said her ladyship; "but I don't choose to speak, nor even think of it. God may ordain it so, but I shall be quite astounded!"

"Astounded!" echoed the General. "Look at me, I haven't a single idea in my head!" and he sank into a reverie, waiting for thoughts to come.

There is an unspeakable power bestowed on a man by a few dew-drops of grace—grace from above—whether the grace of kings, or the grace of God; and both of these combined in favor of little George.

But we are forgetting the birthday.

Emily's chamber was fragrant with flowers, sent by her friends and playmates: on her table lay fine presents, tokens of greeting and remembrance; but not one from George. Gifts from him would not have reached her, but they were not needed; the whole house was a remembrance of him. From the very sand-bin under the stairs peeped a memorial flower, even as Emily had peeped, when the curtain was in flames, and George rushed up as first fireman. One glance out of the window, and the acacia-tree reminded her of the days of childhood. Blossoms and leaves were gone, but the tree stood in hoar-frost, like a vast branch of coral; and full and clear between the branches shone the moon, unchanged though ever changing, the same as when boy George shared his bread-and-butter with baby Emily.

She opened a drawer and took out the pictures—the Kremlin of the Czar, and her own castle—keepsakes from George. They were looked on and mused upon, and thought after thought kept rising. She remembered the day when, unmarked by father or mother, she stole down to where the Porter's wife lay breathing her last: she sat by her side, held her hand, and heard her dying words, "Blessing—George!" The mother was thinking of her son. But now, to Emily, the words seemed to bear a deeper meaning. In good truth, George was with her on her birthday.

The next day, as it happened, was another birthday, the General's own; for he had been born the day after his daughter—naturally earlier, many years earlier. Again there came presents; and among the rest a saddle of a peculiar make, and comfortable and costly; there was only one of the princes who had the fellow to it. From whom could it have come? The General was in ecstasy. It bore a little ticket. Now, if this had said, "Thanks for yesterday," any of us could have guessed whom it came from, but the ticket said, "From one whom the General does not know."

"Who in the world is there I do not know?" said the General. "I know every body," and his thoughts went paying visits in the great world. He knew them all there, one and all. "It comes from my wife!" he said, at last. "She is making fun of me! *Charmant!*"

But she was not making fun of him; that time was gone by.

Once more there was a feast; but not at the General's. It was a fancy ball given by one of the princes: masking was allowed there.

The General went as Rubens, in a Spanish dress with a small ruff, as upright as his rapier. Her ladyship was Madame Rubens, in black velvet, a high bodice, terribly warm, and her neck in a millstone, that is to say, in a large ruff. She looked the image of a Dutch painting of the General's, the hands in which were especially admired, and were thought exactly like those of her ladyship.

Emily was Psyche, in muslin and lace. She was a floating tuft of swan's-down; she was in no need of wings, and only wore them as the Psyche badge.

It was a scene of pomp and splendor, lights and flowers, magnificence and taste. One had hardly time to pay attention to Madame Rubens and her beautiful hands.

A black Domino, with an acacia flower in his hood, danced with Psyche.

"Who is he?" asked the General's lady.

"His Royal Highness," said the General. "I am quite sure of that. I knew him at once by his hand-salute."

Her ladyship doubted.

General Rubens did not doubt. He drew near the black Domino, and wrote royal initials on the palm of his hand. They were not acknowledged; but a certain hint was given in return: the motto of the saddle!—"One whom the General does not know!"

"Yet something I do know of you," said the General; "it was you who sent me the saddle."

The Domino waved his hand, and disappeared among the others.

"Who is the black Domino you have been dancing with, Emily?" asked her mother.

"I did not ask his name," she answered.

"Because you knew it! It is the Professor. Your protégé, Count, is here," she continued, turning to the Count, who stood close by; "the black Domino with the acacia flower."

"Very likely, your ladyship," he replied; "but still, there is one of the princes in the same costume."

"I know that hand-salute," said the General. "From the Prince I received the saddle! I feel so sure of my man that I would ask him to dinner."

"Do so," said the Count; "if it's the Prince he will be sure to come."

"And if it is the other he will not come," said the General; and made his way to the black Domino, who stood talking with the King. The General offered him a most respectful invitation, together with hopes of better acquaintance. The General smiled in full confidence, he knew so well whom he was inviting, and he spoke aloud and distinctly.

The Domino lifted his mask; it was George!

"Does the General repeat his invitation?" he asked.

The General drew himself an inch higher, assumed a stiffer bearing, took two steps backward, and one step forward, as if dancing a minuet; and all the gravity and expression he could muster, *all the General*, in short, stood in his fine features.

"I never retract my offers—the Professor is invited!" and he bowed, with a sidelong glance at the King, who might certainly have heard the whole of it.

And thus the General gave a dinner, at which his only guests were the old Count and his protégé.

"My foot under the table!" thought George; "the foundation-stone is laid." And so it was indeed; and it was laid with great solemnity on the part of the General and her ladyship.

The man had come and gone; and as the General was quite ready to confess, had behaved like a member of good society, and had been vastly agreeable; the General had often found himself repeating his "*charmant.*" Her ladyship also talked of her dinner; talked of it to one of the highest and most highly gifted of the Court ladies, and the latter begged an invitation for herself the next time the Professor came. So he must needs be reinvited. And invited he was, and came, and again he was "*charmant;*" he could even play chess!

"He is not from the cellar," said the General. "Most undoubtedly he is some scion of nobility—there are many such noble scions—and that is not any fault of the young man's!"

Mr. Professor could enter the King's house, and so might very well enter the General's; but strike root there—no! Who could talk of such a thing?—Why, the whole town, that was all.

He did strike root, and grew. The dew of grace fell from above.

There was nobody, therefore, astonished that, when the Professor became State Counselor, Emily became *State Counseloress.* "Life is tragedy or comedy," said the General: "in tragedy they die; in comedy they win each other."

Here they won each other. And they won three sturdy boys, though not all at once.

The sweet children rode on sticks from room to room, whenever they came to see grandfather and grandmother. And the General rode on a stick behind them, "as groom for the small State Counselors!"

Her ladyship sat on the sofa and smiled, even if she had got her bad headache.

So far did George get on in the world, and much farther too; or else it would not have been worth my while to tell the story of "The Porter's Son."

COUNTRY ROMPS.

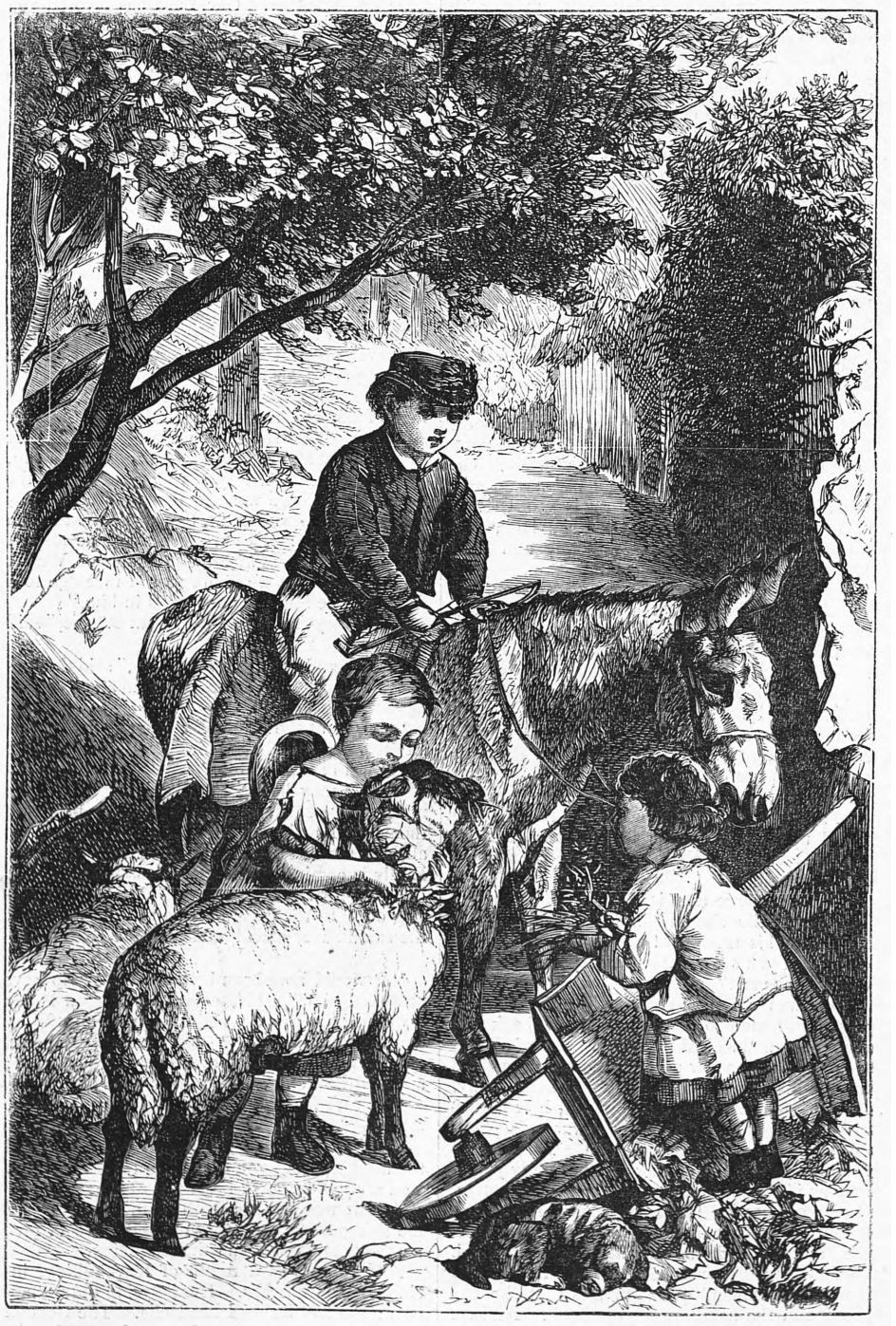
DISTEMPERED moralists may prate,
In tones of self-complacent sadness,
Of mankind's base, deceitful state,
Of human nature's innate badness;
What fitter sight could cynics see
Than in the sketch our artist traces—
What healthier medicine could there be
Than that of rural childish faces?

Not children reared within the bound
Of stifling court or close-packed alley,
Whose city ears ne'er knew the sound
Of streamlets tinkling through the valley;
Who ne'er breathed pure, untainted air—
Poor, wan, pale, little, worn-out creatures!—
With signs of early grief and care
In all their words, ways, looks, and features!

But children, whose first lot in life
Is cast 'mid rustic bliss and quiet,
Far from the great town's angry strife,
Its crowd, its sorrow, and its riot:
Who wake each morn to hear the lay
Of birds their tuneful carol trilling,
And sink to sleep at close of day,
Content and peace their young hearts filling!

Simple their life from hour to hour,
Simple their sorrows and their pleasures—
A few dumb pets, the hedge-row flower—
These are their best-prized, only treasures.
They love the flock that crops the plain,
The buds that blossom in the meadow,
They love to watch the ripening grain—
To sport beneath the old oak's shadow.

Then let the cross-grained cynic gaze
On pictures such as these before him,
And let the sight of each young face
To faith in human kind restore him:
Or if he deems the full-grown man
Must needs be selfish, bad, malicious,
Let him allow that *Nature's* plan
Was *not* to make her creatures vicious.



COUNTRY ROMPS.

"WHAT HEALTHIER MEDICINE COULD THERE BE THAN THAT OF RURAL CHILDISH FACES?"

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

CHAPTER III.

"BACK again, Doctor?" said Cuthbert Kearney, with his brown eyes lighting kindly. "I'm really very much obliged to you. Would you come and look at him again? There seems to be a little change. I think he has been trying hard to speak for nearly half an hour. Something on his mind, I'm afraid, that it distresses him not to utter; and you can't tell how it distresses me. Oh God! if he only could speak once more. He hears every word, I'm sure, but he can only look unspeakable things, and open and shut his eyes. Yes! he shut his left hand on mine a moment ago, and looked very grateful when I gave him a drink."

"Shall I come in, Cuthbert?" asked Mrs. Kearney. "I wish I could help!"

"Not yet, dear; it would only make you sad. I will call you when—" He could not say the word, but turned his face away, biting his lips; for there was none there but he who remembered the afternoons when he had slept sitting on the old man's knee, with his head nestled in the hollow of his neck. Neither did he say "it would make *him* sad, too," though he had seen the look of grief—almost of penitence—which old Seibert's silent face cast on his beautiful young wife the day that they arrived.

So the Doctor alone followed him back into the chamber whose snowy curtain was still fluttering in the sweet May breeze as when Lily and Kledda had looked toward the wall of roses.

The old man's pallor and emaciation had fearfully increased since we last saw him carried unconscious from the lawn. His eyes were bloodshot as ever, and far more weirdly haggard; but as paralysis gained increasing sway of the whole system the distortion of the mouth had become less, and the restoration of balance began appearing in an even laxity of lips less terrible, though it meant death, than the rigid one-sidedness of his disease's earlier stage. As he beheld the Doctor a tremor passed over his face, and the latter saw that Cuthbert had interpreted rightly—he *was* trying to speak.

"Doctor, don't you think he may—isn't it possible? Oh, isn't it—just once?"

"He *may*," whispered Derrick, "possibly—but very improbably. Where is the nux vomica tincture? There—ten drops—no, give it to me; my hand's steadier; I've not been up all night, you know. Now give him that in a wine-glassful of Bourbon, or you raise his head, and I'll give it him. That's it. His deglutition's good still."

"Father, dear father, won't you say a word to me? You know your son—your own little Bertie that used to be? If I haven't made you always happy, oh! won't you forgive me—forgive us all, dear father? If you do, press my hand again as you did a minute ago."

Dr. Dalmager barely restrained an audible "Pshaw!" as he turned toward the window, his silken mustache curling upward in contempt. The other young man tremblingly put his right hand into the cold, skinny fingers on the side where life was still smouldering, felt them feebly contract on his—saw an unspeakable mute appeal come into the wan, bloodshot eyes—and burst into child-like tears. Again the old man's lips trembled, and the poor masterless tongue felt wanderingly for some little fragment of utterance.

"Oh, he will speak!" said Cuthbert, smiling back his tears to an instant check. "Doctor, I think he will!"

"Come away!" answered the Doctor, firmly, almost rudely. "You disturb him; let him collect himself; the dose should begin to help him now, if ever—"

He took the son's place by the old man's pillow, and laid his own ear close to his lips. As he did so Seibert Kearney's eyes again looked their wistful appeal, but this time into those which had no pity for him. His throat moved convulsively, and his tongue, like one breaking for an instant out of nightmare, made one faint articulate effort—audible only as a whisper, too broken for any but the most practiced interpreter of paralytic speech—

"The—the—cash-box—"

It sounded only like "ca-bo," but Derrick understood him, and bent his ear lower. The quick eye of filial instinct brought Cuthbert to the bedside again almost with a leap. "Oh! he speaks—*didn't* he say something, Doctor—dear Doctor?"

"Quick!" said Derrick—"run to the kitchen for a hot stove-plate—wrap it in flannels to put to his feet. I think he *will* speak."

Hardly containing his frenzy of joy, Cuthbert rushed away to fulfill the behest of him whom he trusted in like God—looked to as next to omnipotent for the attainment of this now sole desire of his heart. Great drops of sweat stood on Derrick's forehead—he trembled as he had never before done in his life. But he had gained all-important time. The old man made one more desperate effort—he spoke so loud that had Cuthbert been where he stood just now he surely must have heard him. "The cash-box!"

"Here!" said Derrick, every nerve growing firm as wire—"take this; it will compose your thoughts." He pulled from his breast-pocket a half-ounce vial, nearly half-full, and labeled "Tinct. Opii." He poured it down the old man's unresisting throat—a slight spasm of coughing came on without rejecting it. "Now, speak!" he said, sternly, putting his ear again to the tremulous lips—"the cash-box—where—what?"

"Tell—son—lawn—cash-box—afraid—you—rob—tree—chair—"

Still closer Derrick bent his ear, but the broken whisper became a meaningless hiss, then ceased altogether; and when Cuthbert returned with the useless heater to deceive himself, as he tenderly wrapped it against the poor palsied feet, with the faith that he was doing something of great service, Derrick had learned no secret which was not his already. But as he thought what *might have been*, but for his quick perception and use of strategy—if he could not have sent out the son, or if his return had been a few minutes quicker—if the father's short respite of utterance had been earlier, longer, or more audible—if the little vial had not been at hand, he had less nerve to use it, or it less instant in its potency—under the pressure of all those ifs, the great beads oozed out upon his temples, and he trembled as before.

"Thank you, and thank God for your kind sympathy at such a time," said Cuthbert, affectionately. "I fear such a scene is too much for you—you have known what this loss is too—God bless you, my dear friend!" and he put out his hand to take Derrick's tenderly; but his words went through the Doctor like a knife, and he could no more take the frank hand thus proffered than he could have sworn away his soul or stabbed a baby in its crib. He could only pretend not to see it, and murmur, with averted face,

"I'm afraid—he'll never speak again—after all. You'd better bring in Mrs. Kearney and the little girl."

Cuthbert's heart once more sank within him, as he stole out into the next room and brought back his darlings. Derrick prophesied on a certainty. The old man was going fast. But he opened his eyes and threw unutterable recognition into them as they fell on his son's wife and child. "Clasp hers too to show you love us *both!*" said Cuthbert, laying his wife's hand into his father's fingers; and again came the sweet, faint response.

"Please lift me on the bed beside grandpa," whispered Lily.

"Do so," said Derrick, as they hesitated; "it can not trouble him. Speak to him, Beauty—it must be like the voice of an angel now."

The old man fixed his eyes upon her—growing filmy both with his last potion and with natural death—but full of a marvelous new tenderness which nothing could quench.

"Grandpa," said the child, in a soft, caressing voice, "I love you, dear grandpa!"

Something like a reflection of her own smile came over his wrecked visage as he heard her.

"I know you love me, grandpa. I see it in your eyes. I want you, when *He* comes, to ask him where Jesus is—and have him take you right to Jesus. Then, when you see him, tell him to take good care of you till I come, and to let me be your little angel. I'll be 'long there by-and-by—don't get tired waiting, dear grandpa. I can be your angel here while I stay, you know. I'll pray for you when I'm awake, and when they put me to sleep in my crib, I'll come out and fly away to you in a dream, and be your little comfort; and you'll see me most every night, grandpa—only it won't be night there, for the moon won't turn into blood where Jesus is—there's no more blood and thorns there, no more drops of sweat, only the garden—the great, beautiful, bright garden. You remember now, grandpa. Say mamma's angel, and papa's, and *your* angel, grandpa, sent you and told you to ask for Jesus the minute you came."

(She stole her tiny hand into the poor, chilly fingers where her parents' had been, and went on.)

"Never mind if you did sometimes forget to say your prayers, and speak naughty words, and drink things that hurt you. You won't do it any more, will you, dear grandpa?"

The cold fingers gave one last response—the last, but the closest and tenderest of all.

"Thank you, dear grandpa. Now don't be afraid. When the chariot comes, Jesus will be in it, and you won't go alone or into the dark. He's so sweet, grandpa! Jesus and I love each other dearly, and He loves you, and *you* love Him now; and when you see Him, oh! how much more you'll love Him."

Again the strange, sweet smile seemed struggling to break through that poor, tattered mask of a soul. Then a convulsive gurgle sounded in the old man's throat, and Cuthbert, with streaming eyes, broke the silence. "Oh, one moment more! Keep him on earth one moment!"

"Whisky," said the Doctor, in a dazed, mechanical voice, like a somnambulist.

Cuthbert poured out a wine-glassful and pressed it to the old man's lips. He summoned the last remnant of life within him, and sealed them against it; he opened his eyes, and cast them on his son with a mild reproach; then twice he moved the forefinger of his left hand sideways as his last token of refusal.

"He wants to keep his promise, papa; he don't want to go to Jesus with any thing bad in his breath." And as Lily put away the glass with gentle firmness something unutterable in those glazing eyes thanked her.

"Only one thing more, dear grandpa. Take this kiss to Jesus for me." She pressed her lovely mouth to the dumb lips before they grew quite chill; and the dim eyes looked fixedly on her with the calm joy of one who verily sees an angel yet is not afraid.

"Now, dear tired grandpa, go to sleep while I put my cheek by you on the pillow, and Jesus will come."

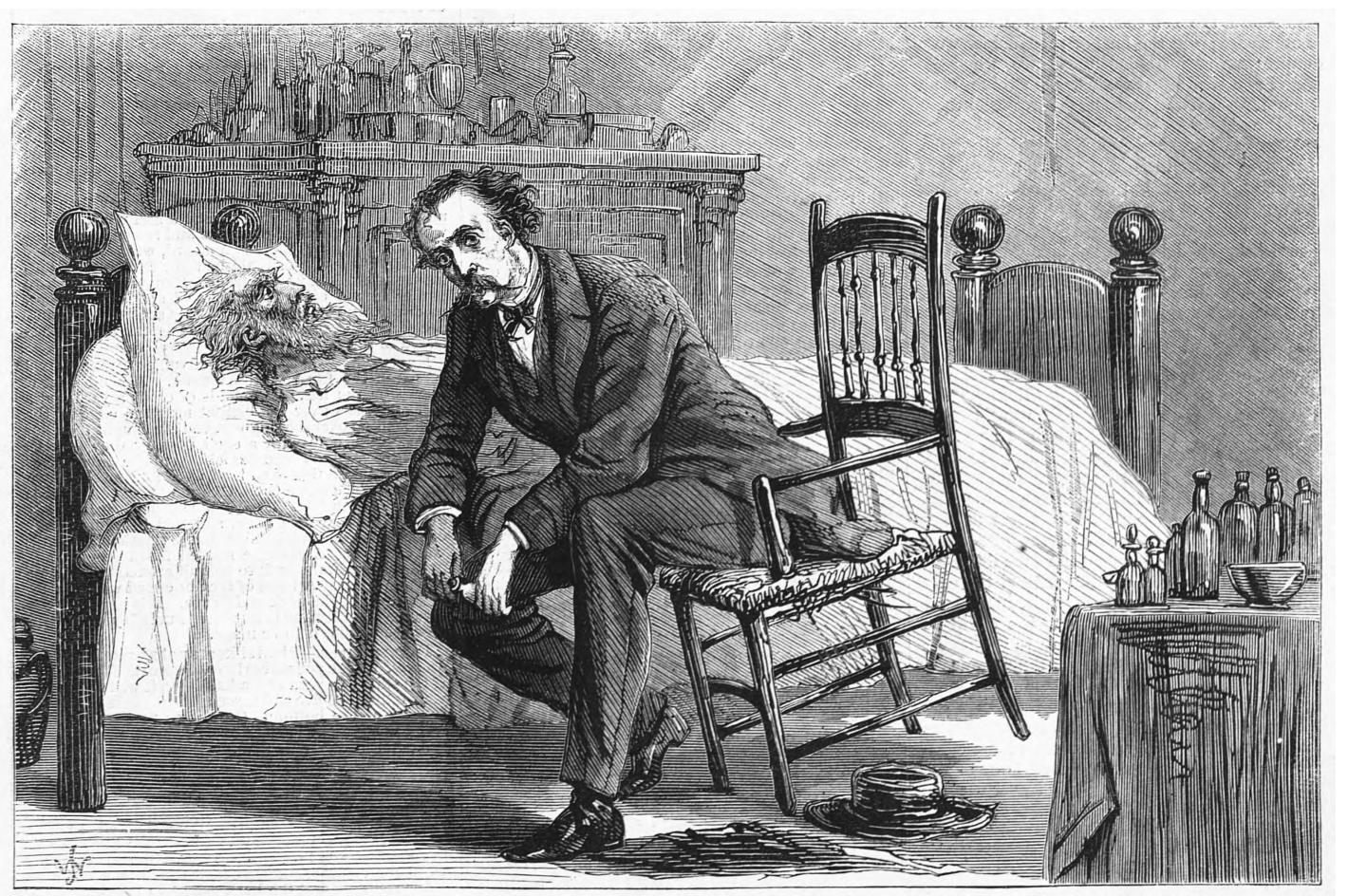
She shut her eyes and lay down by his side. A minute went by. The three who stood by the bed could hear their hearts beat. A gentle sigh heaved the bosom of the old man; he opened his eyes with one last unutterable look, which took in all things, but had no regret in it, and the Doctor said, "He is dead."

Lily rose to her knees and answered, "No; he has gone home. It was Jesus came for him. That's why you didn't hear the wheels; his chariot comes without thunder. Hark! I can hear it now!"

But to those ears which the world had dulled it sounded only like the wind going in the tree-tops and over the wall of roses.

When the first week of mourning was over, and the dead out of sight, Cuthbert addressed himself to a duty in whose discharge sensitive natures like his find almost inevitable torture. He must settle his father's estate, and the necessity of the work spared him no jot of pain arising from the feeling that he was making merchandise of the dead. If the love of his wife and child had not been his perpetual refuge—moreover, he gratefully added, if a strong, clear-headed, practical friend like Derrick had not been at his elbow from morning till night—he would have abandoned the whole matter and run away from whatever fortune was left him.

How much more painful it is to have no fortune whatever than to endure the pain of arranging a large one, Cuthbert, at the commencement of his investigation, never dreamed that he should know. One month, however, brought the close of that investigation, and with it the knowledge undreamed of—as a matter not of disinterested speculation but of tangible, horrible experience. After searching the house from top to bottom, taking up every stone in the cellar, and prying up every board in the successive floors, searching the walls for secret compartments, and, in fine, making an examination which only stopped short of pulling down every building on the demesne, Cuthbert was stared blankly in the face by the fact that there existed no evidence of any property whatever belonging to his father at the time of his decease. Derrick generously loaned him a thousand dollars to offer in reward for the missing cash-box, and to pay for the advertisement of it. But no one appeared to claim the reward. Even had it been possible to lay hands on the cash-box at once, there was no certainty that its contents were of any value. What they were was a secret of which Seibert Kearney had left no memorandum, and the only persons who had ever seen its exterior, the faithful negroes who were the first to proclaim its loss, were as ignorant of its inside as they were of the globe's on whose crust they lived. A hundred dollars in the old man's pocket-book, and the few trifling articles of new furniture he had bought to replace worn or broken ones which he found in the house when he took the transfer of it from old Reuben Dalmager, were the sole available assets which Cuthbert's search brought forth. It did not appear from any entry on the books of the Dalmager estate, in Derrick's possession, that a single payment had been made upon the Garnet Run property after Seibert Kearney's first cash installment of $1000 to bind the bargain. The original transaction had taken place during Derrick's absence abroad; and after his utmost efforts to ferret out of papers and memory some proof that a cent had been paid his father by Seibert after his own return, he confessed, with deep despondency, that he could not recall a single settlement of the kind. So, one evening, Cuthbert Kearney was compelled to tell his wife that they were once more thrown upon the world under circumstances of distress far severer than those which had surrounded the earliest days of their married life, in that they must see the blight of poverty fall on the little angel they would have died to save from any malign influence, and now no hope existed, however distant, of better days through reconciliation with their father. In coming to Kentucky upon the strength of that reconciliation they had cut asunder all the ties which bound them to humble competence in the East. Their cottage and their furniture were sold. Another principal had been elected to Cuthbert's chair in the Academy. They had scarcely five hundred dollars left, and when that was gone they would be utterly penniless, resourceless outcasts, more than a thousand miles from home, without influence in Cuthbert's profession, and without any visible means of support. If they returned to the East, who would listen to the incredible misfortune which had befallen them? They would return in any case under a shadow. Seibert Kearney was known to have gone away from Mellenville a wealthy man; since they reached Kentucky they had written back that they had found him so; there would be no way to explain the inconsistency of their stories, and if that were overlooked the world would regard them only as disappointed adventurers, who had gone for wool and come back shorn. Thus they reasoned. Perhaps the world is more



"HE PULLED FROM HIS BREAST-POCKET A HALF-OUNCE VIAL, NEARLY HALF-FULL, AND LABELED 'TINCT. OPII.'"

generous than this, but Cuthbert's experience of it had been a bitter one, and his naturally sensitive nature, to which life came ever as to a flayed surface and bare nerve-points, writhed under an anguish of disappointment and despair which nothing but the love of his wife and child kept from becoming suicidal.

On the evening of the revelation Cuthbert and his wife were sitting silently in the large saloon with Lily on a low ottoman between them. The nature of their sorrow she could not understand, but she knew it was a very great one. Holding a hand of each she kissed and stroked first one and then the other—letting her curls stream into their bare palms, as if to make them feel that they were not left utterly empty—to replace what they had lost with a gold which was God's own douceur, and the world could not take away from them. Without a question or a spoken consolation she laid her soft little cheek against them, and lifted to the poor, stunned faces of the two eyes of such impressible love that they might have felt she saw angels watching over them through the black cloud their elder vision could not pierce, and taken fresh hope as looking into a mirror of heaven.

They heard a foot on the gravel, and, without announcement, Derrick Dalmager stepped across the low window-sill, out of the twilight and the roses.

"Come!" said he, before Cuthbert could rouse himself from his apathy enough to play the poor mockery of host and offer him a seat—"Come!" said he, laying his hand upon his tenant's shoulder, "we need not make it worse than it is. I do not want to use this place. Certainly not in any way that will exclude you. My bachelor wants are few—I have a nice little den already—I should not sell this place if I took it away from you. Suppose you stay here and keep house for me till we can find something better? You need not feel under any obligation. I have long wanted somebody to take charge of my property—to act, you know, as a confidential business friend, manage my books, and that sort of thing—so that I could devote my time more exclusively to my profession. You Eastern men have a talent for management we free-handed, happy-go-lucky fellows of the Southwest never attain. You can't imagine how often I've admired it! There are dividends coming in I'm almost certain I never draw—debts I'm too lazy to collect—and, altogether, you don't know how much you could take off my shoulders that's a bore to me but would be a pleasant occupation to you, save me thousands a year, and make you perfectly independent. Now, what do you say to the idea of doing me this kindness, at eighteen hundred a year—as I remarked, till you can find something better—a school, a professorship by-and-by, perhaps, when you have time to make acquaintances among our people?"

"Say?" answered Cuthbert, like a man dreaming of some world in which the timely reliefs of the romance and the drama had suddenly proved real. "Say? Oh, God bless you! God bless you!" and, trembling with revulsion of feeling, he leaned on Derrick, grasped his hand, and hid his face on his shoulder. Mrs. Kearney tried to speak, but her voice utterly failed her. She raised her beautiful face to the Doctor's with one look worth a thousand thanks, dropped it, and with a quick sob relieved her heart through her eyes in torrents.

"Weep, weep, darling child!" said Derrick, "it will do you good;" and, throwing his arm around her waist, as if she had been the child he called her, he pressed her close to his bosom.

"Weep!" said he, "but weep here, where you will always find a comforter;" and, drawing her head down upon his shoulder, he pressed his lips to her lovely golden hair with a fervor which her heart was too full to analyze—which, if she had interpreted at all, she would have ascribed to the tender compassion of a strong man's most sympathizing heart. Had she seen the look which accompanied the act she might have read the kiss otherwise; but the face of their helper wore no expression save frank benevolence, when the husband and wife lifted their heads again after a few moments' silence, and Derrick released them from his embrace.

"Won't you kiss poor papa?" said Lily, who had seen Derrick's intense face with a sense that its meaning was new, but no more understanding it than an angel in Heaven. "*He* feels very sorry too."

Derrick laughed joyously and caught up Lily into his disengaged arms.

"Men don't kiss each other, baby. Besides, your papa isn't sorry now; but I'll kiss you for him a hundred times, you beauty!" And so speaking he suited deed to word.

"With your permission," continued Derrick, still holding Lily in his arms, "I'll make this place my head-quarters (I'll only want two or three rooms, you know), and use the Roost only for my office. I always loved this dear old spot. I always hoped I should live here some time; and it will be so charming to have a home with a family about me that I already feel as if it were my own. Heaven will be too good to a roving genius like me to grant me such domestic happiness when I've all my life refused the only yoke that they say can ever bring it, just that I might go kicking my heels about the world an untamed bachelor! I can drive in to Owlieville every morning and come back in the afternoon, sure there's always a welcome for me—all business off my mind—a cozy corner for Lily's old bachelor uncle ready by the fire in winter—nice moonlight rides and walks after tea in the summer—the best of housekeeping, and none of the trouble of it—dear me! how shall I ever deserve it?"

"Will you always love mamma and be good to her?" said Lily.

"I swear it, on your two little blue pieces of heaven!" said the Doctor, and kissed Lily again on her eyes.

"Don't swear—it's naughty." And reading his face with that steadfast innocent gaze of childhood to which the hardest heart can not lie, she asked further: "And will you always be good to dear papa and love him?" The Doctor's eyes looked away from the baby face—he seemed relapsing into deep thought as if he had not heard her.

"What do you say, Kearney?" said he, gently putting Lily down. There was but one answer to be given. The next day Cuthbert was installed in a room at the Roost, appropriately fitted up with ledgers and green baize, as the Doctor's business-man; and the furniture of those rooms which had been Derrick's private sanctuary was sent out to Garnet Run. From that time Derrick lived in his boyhood's home as one of his tenant's family—Cuthbert and he riding in to Owlieville every morning at nine and returning to tea in the evening.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE grand musical festival, at Steinway Hall, attracted an appreciative audience. It is a pleasant indication of the public taste in this great metropolis that such Oratorios as the "Messiah," the "Creation," and "Elijah," and classical concerts of a high order, draw overflowing houses. This fact should, in some measure, console those who are impressed with the conviction that the masses of New York are wholly devoted to amusements of the most frivolous and demoralizing kind. Recreation of some kind the people must have; and scarcely any thing could have a more direct influence in preventing multitudes from attending positively objectionable places of amusement than to have frequent series of musical performances similar to those which have been under the charge of Mr. L. F. Harrison during the past year.

At the recent Handel and Haydn Festival, in Boston, the celebrated young pianist, Miss Alide Topp, was received by the critical and fastidious musical public with great enthusiasm. Her modest, unassuming, and graceful manners, with her marvelous rapidity, accuracy, and power of touch won for her the highest honors. One of the Boston papers remarked: "Among lady pianists ever heard here we call no one her equal—no such union of manly qualities of vigor, force, and positive command over her instrument, with womanly grace, delicacy, and persuasive charm of expression. The mechanical interpretation of the Concerto was certainly a very marvel of brilliancy and consummate skill, supplemented by a taste, thought, and spirit true to the varying and beautiful rhythms of the composition, and a poetic feeling in perfect accord with the author and subject. She read her music without score, and there was a captivating freedom to her performance."

A new lodging-house for boys has recently been opened at Nos. 325 and 327 Rivington Street, in this city. It is under the charge of the Children's Aid Society, and will be a great assistance and protection to the many homeless boys who are striving to earn their bread. More than a hundred can here be accommodated. Poor boys who are earning their pittance by day are furnished with clean, comfortable beds, with the use of bath-room, sitting-room, and clothes-closets, for five cents a night. A good breakfast and supper may also be obtained for the same price each meal. The food is of excellent quality and abundant in quantity. In the same establishment, although independent of the boarding and lodging departments, is a day-school, where the children of the neighborhood are taught, gratuitously, the elementary branches of an English education. A night-school for the boys who are in the habit of lodging here will probably soon be opened, and also a free public reading-room.

The bill appropriating $40,000 from the Massachusetts State Treasury to Mount Holyoke Seminary has passed the Legislature, to the great satisfaction of its numerous friends. The money will be of immediate service. While the moderate tuition of this institution has been sufficient to cover the ordinary current expenses, improvements in the building have been imperatively demanded, for which a debt has been incurred, and a part of the appropriation will be used to liquidate this debt. A fire-proof library-room is desired: although the number of books at present is only about four thousand, $10,000 are promised for the purchase of books whenever a suitable depository is provided. So many other improvements are needed that it will be difficult to decide between conflicting claims in expending the balance. Massachusetts has liberally assisted its colleges for young men; and it is worthy of note that, without previous expense to the State, this institution for young women has furnished it with not less than 1000 valuable teachers; and more than 1500 of its 4000 pupils, and 450 of its 1200 graduates have been Massachusetts girls. When the intelligence of the above-mentioned appropriation reached the Seminary, the teachers and pupils indulged in an impromptu celebration in honor of the event.

A simple and pretty device for cultivating mosses is suggested by the *Maine Farmer*. As ordinary methods of cultivating plants often fail with mosses, ladies may like to try this. The mosses, and other low-running plants, are placed in a large glass dish with natural soil, covered with another glass dish, and set in the window. They require a great deal of water, but the glass prevents evaporation, while it admits the light of the sun.

Mrs. Kemble, the distinguished Shakspearian reader, recently received intelligence from England that she was the inheritor of a valuable painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and of a pair of gloves worn by Shakspeare while performing upon the stage, and which have been since in the possession of Garrick and of Mrs. Siddons.

Miss Maria S. Rye still continues her labors in connection with female immigration. She has learned that many young women can be comfortably placed in Canada; and arrangements were made for her to go by steamer from Liverpool, on May 28, taking one hundred women with her. There are good openings in Canada for general servants, nurse-maids, housemaids, washer-women, dress-makers, and needlewomen. Wages are not excessively high, but young women are sure of being kindly treated in a new country like Canada, and certain of getting employment at all times. Immigrants will land at Quebec, and be passed on west at the expense of the Government, and Miss Rye will not leave them until they are respectably placed.

A heavy affliction has befallen M. Victor Hugo and his family in the death of his only grandchild and inheritor of his name in the second degree—a child of something over twelve months—the son of M. Charles Hugo. The poet's hopes and affections were concentrated with all the intensity of his nature on the little creature, who died after three days' illness, and he feels his bereavement very deeply.

A correspondent of a Southern paper, after discoursing at some length on the general subject of "bonnets," thus closes up the matter: "I admire sun-bonnets very much, and nothing does me more good than to see a pretty woman with one of them on. Modesty is woman's greatest virtue, and at the same time her most bewitching charm, and what can be more modest than a neat little woman in a tasty sun-bonnet? Their dear little faces look so charming back among the splits and calico. But my opinion is that the ladies should wear just what they please; for I know full well they will look nice in any thing."

Years ago there was an old proverb to the effect that in order to have a well-made glove three countries should contribute—Spain to prepare the skins, France to cut the patterns, and England to sew the seams. But now the gloves produced entirely in France are recognized, even by their rivals, as of superior quality. The most important of the many improvements made in the method of cutting out glove-patterns are those of Xavier Jouvin. The use of a die for cutting, and the system of measures invented by him in 1835 have given to this art a mathematical precision. Finally the sewing of the seams has gained both in strength and beauty. This result has been obtained by the use of a toothed clamp to hold the skins and guide the needle, by the employment of stronger silk and the use of the double stitch. The Paris manufacturers depend, for the sewing of gloves, upon the work-people in the vicinity of Vendome, Mortagne, Verneuil, Mitry, Tremblay, and other parishes in the department of l'Oise and Seine-et-Oise. At Paris are made the finest qualities of gloves; at Grenoble a second quality of kid glove; the greatest part of the exported gloves are made at Chaumont and Luneville; while most of those made at Milhau, Niort, Vendome, and Saint Jullien are lamb, buck, and beaver gloves.

The portrait of Queen Victoria, "Presented by the Queen to George Peabody for his munificence to the Poor of London," is a miniature painting, nine and a half by eight inches in size. It is painted upon enamel on a gold plate, and this material gives an exquisite softness and delicacy to the picture which is flattering to the original. The figure is a full length seated in a chair, arrayed in the robes worn at the opening of Parliament, on the occasion of her first appearance in public after laying aside her mourning dress. She wears a Mary Stuart cap, surmounted by a demi-crown, and a full flowing white veil, parted in the middle, spreads on either side of her head. On her wrists are splendid bracelets of gold, and over her left shoulder is worn the blue ribbon of the Order of Knighthood. The whole costume looks appropriate to set off the figure of a youthful matron, for such the picture appears. There is a touch of sadness in the countenance, showing in her widowhood a remembrance of her long career of domestic happiness.

There are appropriate ornaments of gold around the picture, which give it brilliancy and effect. On the top are the British Arms, on each side are the national emblems of the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, and at the bottom a shield inscribed with the words, "Presented by the Queen to George Peabody for his munificence to the Poor of London, 1867."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. A. M. BICKFORD.—We briefly answer questions pertaining to the province of our journal, either by letter, if stamps are inclosed, or in the columns of the *Bazar*. Brussels net and guipure insertion are made into black waists, to be worn over trimmed under-bodies of linen.

ELLA L. B.—White piqué is more dressy than figured. A muslin frill an inch and a half wide, needle-worked in scallops at one edge and sewed on in box-pleats or simply gathered on a cord, will trim a piqué prettily. The waist should be tight fitting, with button-holes worked up the front. Piqué is too thick to gather into a belt. A variety of shapes for capes, pelerines, and fichus are worn this season with short dresses. Many of these have been described and illustrated in the *Bazar*.

MOURNING.—Folds or a pleated ruffle of crape should surround the front of the bonnet. A shell bow is placed on the left. Two folds of crape a yard and a half long pass over the bonnet near the edge of the back, falling over the chignon, and are caught together beneath the chin with a shell bow, or they may be merely crossed. The under fold should be three inches wide. Laid on this is an inch wide fold that forms a heading. The crape should be single, except as it is doubled by the fold. The ribbon strings are each half a yard long, an inch wide, and tied behind. White organdy is more fashionable than tarlatan for the cuffs you speak of. A chemise Russe of Brussels net laid in box-pleats from neck to belt all around would be a suitable waist. A band of the net edged with narrow guipure trims the neck and sleeve. It is impossible to give the quantity and price of crape unless you describe how the bonnet is to be made.

FAYETTEVILLE.—Plaid silks are not admired for short dresses. Make your dress long. Gore the front width. If the skirt is a yard and a half long, it will require all your fullness of five and three-eighths yards to be wide enough at the bottom. Gore it to fit closely to the waist in front and at the sides. Leave the back width full. With the pieces that are left you may be able to make a new waist by joining them so that the plaids fit accurately. The narrow ruffles of black silk will trim the skirt prettily, either as long or short dress. A fichu three inches wide in the back tapering down to a point at the belt will trim the waist; edge with a ruffle. It is sewn on the waist, is shaped like a bertha in the back, and bretelles in front. Short dresses are worn for visiting. Long dresses require a carriage. After the seams at the back are sewn they should be from two to three inches apart—according to the figure—two inches for slender waists. Two darts are made on each side of the front. The back breadths of the piqué should be gored, as there is a tendency to make all skirts fuller. The seams need not be corded: but that is a matter of fancy. If the bretelles are of the dress material the ends are concealed under a belt. If of lace and velvet, short loose ends fall a few inches below the waist.

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FACETIÆ.

IN Paris a velocipede mania is just now prevailing. It is said that calls are already made in velocipedes, and these odd carriages are beginning to be seen in the line with barouches and broughams. Fashionable ladies exercise two hours a day with their velocipedes, either in their rooms or in the open air, and think this a cure for all diseases. The velocipedes are seen everywhere—in the streets, on the promenades, and in the parks. The other day a charming, blue-eyed Russian princess rang hastily for her maid, and said, "Susan, the prince is sick and the wheel has come off from my velocipede. Quick, run first to the carriage-maker's, and then to the doctor's." What will become of the horses? will they all be eaten?

WORDS THAT BURN—Rejected communications.

An old woman who went into the poultry business some time since, under the expectation that she could make a fortune by selling eggs, has quitted it in disgust, because, as she says, "the hens never will lay when eggs are dear, but always begin as soon as they get cheap."

WANTED FOR CHEMICAL PURPOSES—A "lady dissolved in tears."

"Sir," said a sturdy beggar to a benevolent old man, "please give me a quarter, I am hungry and unable to procure food." The quarter was given, when the beggar said, "You have done a noble deed; you have saved me from doing something which I feared I would have come to." "What is that?" said the benefactor. "Work," was the mournful answer.

"Electricity," said the scientific D., "travels faster than light." "Yes," said the reflective-B., "it is easier to shock than to instruct."

"Hallo, steward!" exclaimed the fellow in one of the steamboats after having retired to bed; "hallo, steward!" "What, massa?" "I want to see if these bed-bugs put down their names for this berth before I did. If not, I want them turned out."

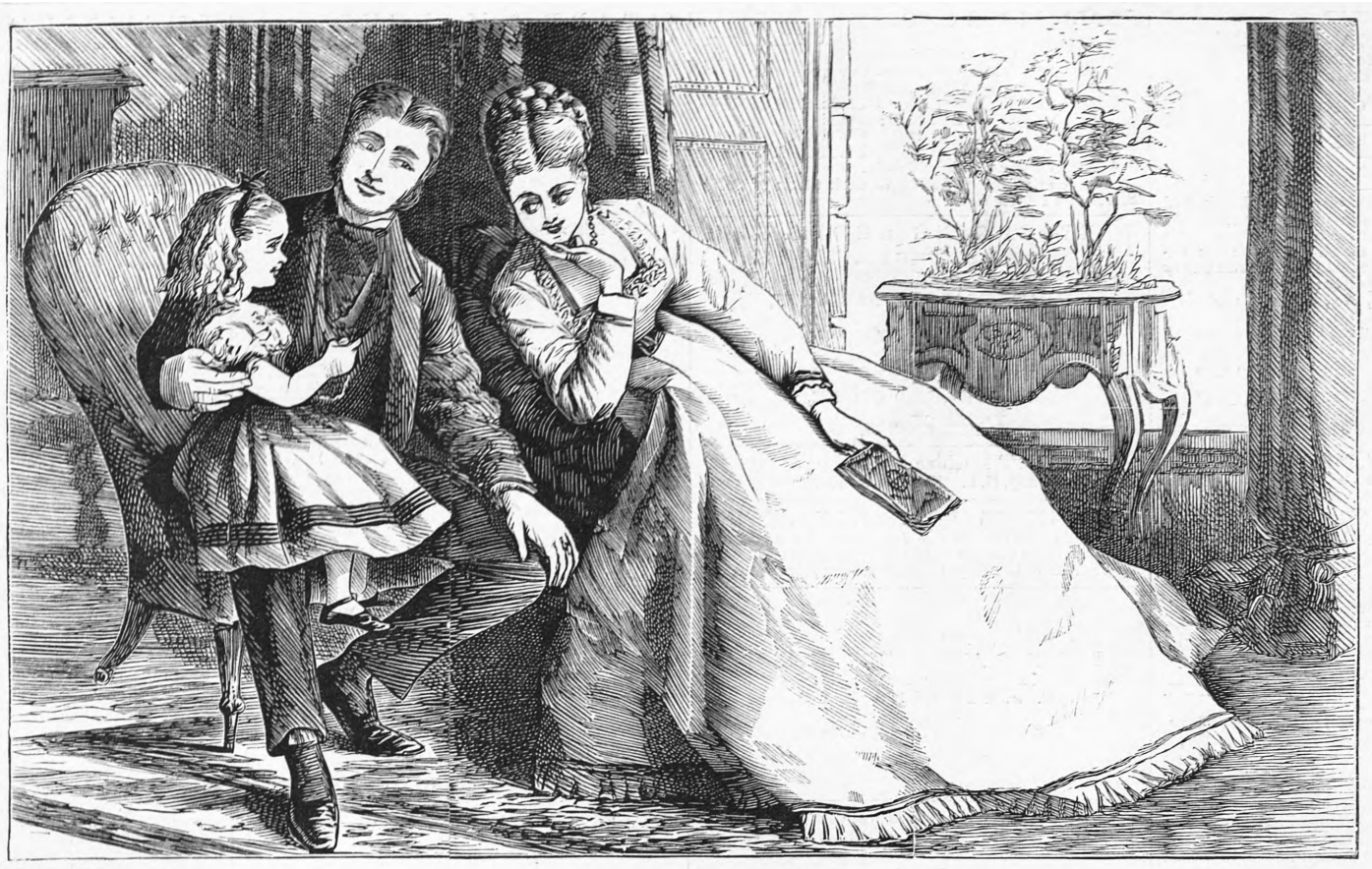
CUPID'S REPLY.

One day, when Love was young, he strayed
  Beside a rippling river;
His bow across his arm was strung,
  Upon his back his quiver;
As on he tripped a gentle maid
  Came near the little ranger,
But noticed him no more than though
  To him she was a stranger.

Love smiled, and bowed—surprised, said she,
  "Pray tell me, Sir, who are you?
I doubt if I have ever known,
  And think I never saw you!"
"Accept," said Love, "sweet maid, my card,
  If you have no objection."
"Cupid! strange name! I'm sure it has
  Escaped my recollection!"

An odd, queer smile the god of Love
  Proceeded then to give her—
And took a golden arrow out
  From others in his quiver:
Then drew his bow and cried the while
  (His face suffused with laughter),
He pierced the gentle maiden's heart—
  "We're strangers not hereafter!"

A lady was urged by her friends to marry a widower, and as an argument they spoke of his two beautiful children. "Children," replied the lady, "are like tooth-picks. A person wants her own."



L'ENFANT CHARMANT.

LITTLE EMILY (*who has just received her usual salute from Fred*). "Oh, do Kiss Cousin Grace, too, Mr. Lovell."
[*Fred would only be too happy; but, as it is, he and Grace have to explain the subject thoroughly.*

IT REALLY IS A PITY, ISN'T IT? THAT THE LADY SHOULD HAVE ADOPTED THAT FASHION IN HAIR—AND THAT THE BUTCHER'S HORSE CAN'T ADOPT IT.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

Lace.—A needle's epigram; all the more valuable for the beauty of its point.

Lady.—An indefinite word used to define any one of the feminine gender.

Lamb.—Much admired as a husband, with plenty of mint sauce.

Landlady.—A person who is often wrongly called a lady, and has no right to what she lands.

Language.—A torrent from woman's tongue; a current from her eyes.

Laugh.—The bell which announces a pretty set of teeth.

Legacy.—The spice which embalms your memory.

Letters (*love*).—The tombstones of the past, with the epitaph "Here lies—."

Liberty.—What woman feels inclined to take if refused.

Lion.—The animal of all others she prefers to tame.

Liqueur.—The feminine of cognac.

Lock (*of hair*).—A cutting which carries a train of thought back to a past junction.

Lordship.—A ship few women would refuse to steer to the United States.

Lottery-ticket.—A marriage certificate.

Love.—The deuce of hearts.

Lover.—A servant who is never asked for a character from his last place.

Luggage.—The gauge of a woman's philosophy.

Luxury.—A mistress in whose lap one forgets the lapse of time and the slaps of conscience.

A man lost his wife. His neighbors called upon him to offer consolation, and he came into the house all covered with dirt and water. "Why, Mr. Brown, what have you been doing?" "My wife dying so, made it a broken day, and I thought I would clean out my well."

How can it be proved that Moses wore a wig?—Because sometimes he was seen with 'air on (Aaron), and sometimes he wasn't.

AN INTER-WHIFF.

Here on my back on the bank I lie,
With a pipe in my mouth, and watch the sky;
And well do I know, beyond a joke,
That nature, like me, delights to smoke.
The little zephyrs down here in the grass
Puff at the weeds as they swiftly pass;
While the breeze of the ether is not too proud—
Though almost too lazy—to blow a cloud.
Every bird has a pipe of its own,
And each has its "bird's-eye" views, 'tis known.
The trees rejoice in a stem and bole,
For the King of the Forest's like old King Cole;
And the hedges as well the practice suits,
For they all of them boast their brier-roots.
Smoking, in short, is loved by all
The works of nature both great and small—
Down to the very small grub, to be brief—
You'll find he is given to rolling a leaf.
So why shouldn't I—
As here I lie
On my back on the bank—all those defy
Who fain would the pleasant plant decry?

An ingenious cobbler, who is known as a man of few words, and who is very provident of them, hit upon the following plan to save expense in painting all the letters of "Shoe Shop:"

E
SHO
P

A confectioner advertises broken hearts for thirteen cents a pound.

Though men boast of holding the reins, the women generally tell them which way they must drive.

COMPARISONS *ARE* ODIOUS.

ROMANTIC DEAR. "Oh, Frederick! is it not delightful to wander in the Quiet Country and listen to the Cuckoo's Note?"
FREDERICK (*who has no soul for poetry*). "Oh—ah—yes! I dare say it's all Right, only it always Reminds me of Hiccups!"

AN OBJECTIONABLE PLANT—The Croke-us.

COLORABLE.—"How do I look, doctor?" asked a painted young lady of the family physician. "I can't tell, madam, till you uncover your face," was the crushing reply.

It is said that Marshal Narvaez was exhorted in his last moments by the attendant priest to forgive his enemies. "Enemies!" replied the dying statesman; "I've none left. I ordered the last to be shot long ago."

Taken up for breaking and entering a dwelling-house—Hail-stones.

A little girl, seven years old, was recently called as a witness in a police court, and, in answer to a question as to what becomes of little girls who tell falsehoods, she innocently replied that they were sent to bed.

A TRIAL TRIP—A trip with two Saratoga trunks, four band-boxes, and—a woman.

Some time since a gentleman died in the town of Y., who, during his life, refused to believe in another world. Two or three weeks after his demise, his wife received, through a medium, a communication which read as follows: "Dear wife, I now believe. Please send me my thin clothes."

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.—A person, late on a Saturday afternoon, hailed an Englishman, as he was skillfully essaying the wily fisherman's art for trout, with "Halloa, there! got any thing?" "Got any thing? Of course not. I only came here last Wednesday!" was the reply, as the patient angler once more cast his patent fly.

A VAIN THREAT.—"Mr. Brown, I owe you a grudge, remember that!" "I shall not be frightened then, for I never knew you to pay any thing that you owed."

Mrs. Chapone was asked why she always came so early to church. "Because," said she, "it is part of my religion never to disturb the religion of others."

However dull a woman may be, she will understand all there is in love; however intelligent a man may be, he will never know but half of it.

THE BLESSING OF HAVING A BROTHER.

MISS JINKS'S PARTICULAR YOUNG MAN. "Why, Miss Jinks, you seem to have no Appetite."
MASTER JINKS (*with more truth than poetry*). "Oh, ain't she though? You should have seen her this Morning over the Cold Goose!"

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VOL. I.—No. 34.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

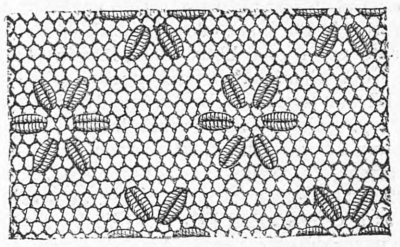
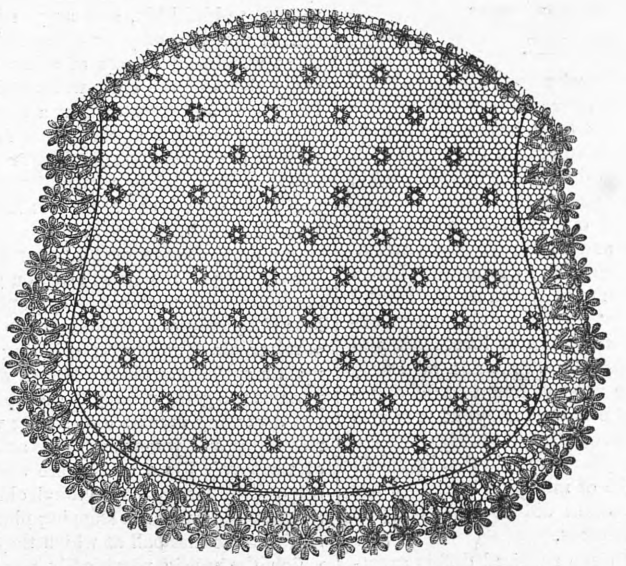
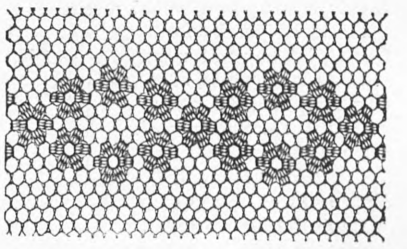


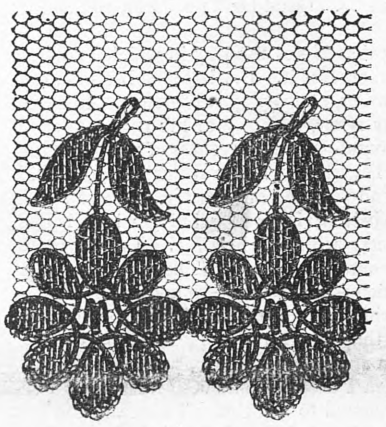
FIGURE IN POINT DE MINUTE FOR VEIL.



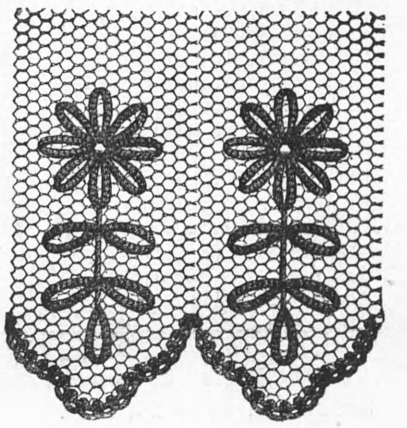
BLACK LACE EMBROIDERED VEIL.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 27.



BORDER FOR VEIL.



SECTION OF EDGING FOR VEIL.



SECTION OF EDGING FOR VEIL.

Black Lace Embroidered Veil.

THERE are two favorite shapes for veils: the veil with tabs, which is fastened either over or under the chignon, or under the chin, and the short veil which is shown in the illustration. Fig. 27 of the Supplement gives the pattern of half the veil. The original is of black silk lace. The foundation is ornamented with small star figures, which are worked in the lace with black silk twist, as shown by the accompanying illustrations, in the same manner as guipure on netting. The veil is bordered with wide edging, a section of which is shown of full size in the illustration, and which is worked in the same manner as the figures. Above the lace may be worked the border as is shown by the illustrations, which also give two other patterns for the veil. These are worked in point de minute, the manner of making which has already been described in *Harper's Bazar*. In working any of the patterns given, care must be taken to hold the lace smooth and not to draw it up with the stitches.

SUIT FOR BOY FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 35–45.

Cape with Hood for Child from 2 to 4 Years old.

THIS hooded cape is of white cashmere, lined with a thin layer of wadding and white silk. The trimming consists of narrow black velvet ribbon and black lace. For making the cape cut from Figs. 15 and 16 of the Supplement each a piece of white cashmere and white lining silk, Fig. 16 being bias. Baste the outside on the lining with the wadding between, and run the edges together. Then lay the shoulder pleats in Fig. 15, and sew through the hood (Fig. 16) on the outer edge along the line as marked for the shirr. Draw through this an elastic cord, the ends of which are fastened at the ends of the shirr. Gather the hood (Fig. 16) from 31 toward both sides to ×, and join it to the cape according to the figures on the pattern, after which bind the seam with a narrow strip of silk. On the front of the neck binding sew hooks and eyes for fastening. Finally, trim the cape and hood with ribbon and lace, and with two cashmere bows, which are also trimmed with lace and velvet ribbon.

CAPE WITH HOOD FOR CHILD FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 15 and 16.

Suit for Boy from 6 to 8 Years old.

THE trowsers and jacket of this suit are made of dark blue cassimere, cut bias, and bound with black worsted braid. Bronze buttons, put on in the manner shown by the illustration, complete the trimming. Cut the suit from the patterns given for the suit for boy from 8 to 10 years old on page 532, diminishing the size as may be required. The two fronts, which simulate a vest, are of white piqué, and are cut from the pattern given in Fig. 45 of the Supplement. These pieces are sewed to the jacket, and serve to fasten it.

FROCK FOR CHILD UNDER ONE YEAR OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 31–34.

MY GARDEN.

BOUNDED by the budding clover,
And sentineled with trees,
Showered with wealthy sun all over,
The home of birds and bees;
It has only clouds to love it,
The winds to be its friends,
Moon and sun to watch above it,
And stars that evening lends;
Kindly morns to wake its flowers,
Still noons to give it gold,
Patron twilights, sunset dowers,
And dews when days are old.
Purple phlox and sunflowers trusty
Guard all its rich estates,
Dandelions, broad and lusty,
Like peasants, crowd its gates.
Violets bloom in corners shady,
And on the borders gay
Sits the stock, a crimson lady,
And pinks have holiday.
Larkspurs leaning out of places
Where bashful myrtles creep,
Laugh at monk-flowers' hooded faces,
And poppies gone to sleep.
There are starched and stately briers,
And thistle-knights and dames;
Bloomless weeds, like jovial friars,
Grasses with ancient names.
Vagrant hops that court the clovers,
Prim lilacs, in a row,
Gaudy beans grown willful rovers,
Grand hollyhocks for show.
Quaint, bright pansies, foxgloves stately,
Lilies with petals wide,
Jasmine tinted delicately,
And daisies, merry-eyed.
I am queen and lady in it—
Queen over leaf and flower—
Crowned with sprays of purple spinnet,
I own no higher power.
Teems the world with fears and sorrows;
For me, I have no care!
My good realm excludes to-morrows,
And all I want is there.
Where such gold as sunset treasures,
Or truer friends than flowers?
Such dear dreams, such happy leisures,
And such enchanted hours?
When my life and I are tired
Calling ourselves by name,
When the things we have desired
No longer seem the same;
When the years have weary faces
And heaven is near and fair,
I shall seek its broader spaces,
And find a garden there.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1868.

☞ HARPER'S PERIODICALS *will be delivered to City Subscribers without extra charge.*

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ABUSE OF WOMEN.

THE speaking ill of women is an old habit of writers. French authors, with all the pretended gallantry of their countrymen, have been among the most malicious in this respect. The mocking Voltaire, though tied throughout his long life to the apron-strings of some woman or other, and feeling if not confessing their power, has given the female sex the unkindest cut of all. It is he who has the credit of having said: "Ideas are like beards—men only get them as they advance in life, and women never have them at all." Some claim that the philosopher is innocent of the sting in the tail of this waspish sentence. He, however, is guilty of this: "A woman's soul exhausts itself with a few faint caresses, and a little talk about cards, the weather, a sermon, and the cost of a ribbon." Boileau, another Frenchman, declares that the best epitaph ever composed was this, by one of his countrymen on the death of his wife:

"Here lies my wife; how fine
For her repose and mine!"

This can be capped with an English epigram quite as viperish:

"Here lies my dear wife, a sad vixen and shrew;
If I said I regretted her, I should lie too."

These bitter things could be safely said at a time when men had all the ink-gall to themselves; but now that women are dipping into it, it may be dangerous to continue a game at which the two can play. We all remember the old fable: "See there," said the traveler to a lion, pointing to a statue of a lion strangled by a man, "how strong we are, and how we prevail over even the king of beasts!" The lion replied: "This statue was made by one of you men. If we lions knew how to erect statues, you would see the man placed under the paw of the lion."

Now that women can execute statues, write satires, or perform any feat of art—literary or other—it may be prudent for man to withdraw his paw from the feminine neck, lest his own should suffer from a vindictive and sharper claw.

We have been surprised no less at the audacity of man than the forbearance of woman in the frequent attacks of late upon the female sex. Women are charged with all the social evils of the times. Not only are the luxury, the prodigality, the frivolity, the vice and the crime of our age attributed to them, but we are gravely told that they are fast bringing the world to an end by rendering marriage an impossibility. Women do not plead guilty to these preposterous charges; but while confessing to a fair share of fault, they can show that man is at least as guilty as they are. Much of the prodigality of expense—as shown in the big house, the showy furniture, the dashing equipage, and even the costly dress of the wife—is due to the husband. It is a part of his business, the fixtures as it were of his shop, expressly made rich and ornate to give the idea of prosperity. He carries on his trade by means of credit, and this he obtains by assuming the appearance of wealth. If his saloon was not gilded, his sideboard loaded with crystal and plate, and his company dressed in silk and fine broadcloth, there would come no customer to turn a card. Let business become less speculative and dependent upon credit, and there will be less attempt at expensive show. Men will be satisfied with more modest houses and furniture, and plainer wives, whom they will choose, as the Vicar of Wakefield's wife did her wedding-gown, "not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well."

SLEEP.

"BLESSED be he who first invented sleep," says Sancho Panza, and there is certainly nothing which has been bestowed upon us for which we have more reason to be grateful. Let the physiologists define sleep as they may, it is enough for us to know that it is a state of repose by which all our faculties, when wearied, are refreshed and reinvigorated for work.

Regular and natural sleep is essential to a wholesome condition of body and mind. Health is impossible without it, and no sickness possible with it. All diseases are increased, and many are produced, by the want of sleep. Wakefulness is the most common cause of insanity, and sleep the best remedy, as it is also of every bodily disorder.

The celebrated Sydenham said that he would give up the practice of medicine if it were not for opium, so important did he think sleep in the treatment of diseases.

The quantity of sleep required differs greatly. Bonaparte seldom took more than four or five hours of it, but he never lost a moment in the preliminaries; for as soon as he made up his mind to it he fell fast asleep. Seven or eight hours are about the average quantity of sleep needed by persons of middle age. Infants require fifteen hours, or more; children from the age of five to twelve years, twelve hours; and a young adult wants ordinarily about nine. Old age is generally contented with little, but should try to get full six hours at least of sound sleep.

Some people, when sufficiently fatigued, will sleep under any circumstance, however unfavorable to repose. During the retreat of Sir John Moore many of his soldiers were observed to be slumbering when marching erect. Benjamin Franklin tells us that he slept a whole hour while swimming on his back.

Sir John Sinclair, who made some curious researches in regard to longevity, says that the very aged people whose habits he investigated differed in most respects, but resembled each other in being all long and sound sleepers. He himself, who lived to be an octogenarian, was never satisfied with less than eight full hours of sleep. Jeremy Taylor is reported to have slept but three hours, and it is, therefore, not surprising that he died at the comparatively early age of fifty. Frederick the Great and John Hunter were short sleepers, like Bonaparte, and none of them were very long livers.

Hufeland, in his work on the "Art of Prolonging Life," says that no one should sleep less than six or more than eight hours; and he declares that to secure a sound and wholesome repose one should eat little, and only cold food, for supper, and always some hours before going to bed. When abed, the body should lie in almost a horizontal position, with the exception of the head, which ought to be raised a little. All the cares and burden of the day must be laid aside with one's clothes; none of them must be carried to bed with us. "I am acquainted," adds Hufeland, "with no practice more destructive than that of studying in bed, and of reading till one falls asleep. By these means the soul is put into too great activity, at a period when every thing conspires to allow it perfect rest; and it is natural that the ideas thus excited should wander and float through the brain during the whole night. It is not enough to sleep physically; man must sleep also spiritually. Such a disturbed sleep is as insufficient as its opposite—that is, when our spiritual part sleeps, but not our corporeal; such, for example, as sleep in a jolting carriage on a journey."

Some people have the idea that it is equally well to sleep in the day as the night. This is a mistake. There is a natural harmony between the body and the revolution of the earth which can not be disturbed with impunity. The light of the sun indicates the proper time for work, as its obscurity does that for repose. The sleep during the day is never as refreshing as that of the night; and a single hour of the former is sufficient often to destroy the whole repose of the latter. The practice of taking a short nap in the daytime is not only apt to render a person restless all night, but predisposes him to certain congestive diseases of a serious character.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to Miss Kitty Clover.

MY DEAR KITTY—Or rather my sweet Kitty, for that is what the song says, and that is what my heart feels—I came out of the house this beautiful spring morning, almost the only one that has been beautiful, for the season has been a prolonged and bitter easterly storm, and as I stepped briskly along the street under the trees that are now in full leaf I heard the sound of a hand-organ, which is always a fascinating and suggestive sound to me, and as I slackened my pace and listened I heard—not the follies of the *Grand Duchesse* and the *Traviata*, nor even the passionate strains of the *Trovatore*, but the dear, old, delicious Duc de Reichstadt's waltz. Do you know it, or is it entirely too ancient for you? Do you ever find yourself humming—as I do myself—te-tum, te-tum, te-tum, te-idditiddy, and as you involve yourself in the spell of your own music do you see those wonderful figures of other days floating airily about in the early waltz at Newport and Rockaway and Saratoga, at a time when Mrs. Tilbury wore bibs at table, and Mrs. Stanhope rode in the predecessors of perambulators, and old Mrs. Pound was young Miss Flora Penny, and skies were bluer and roses redder, te-tum, te-tum, te-tum, te-idditiddy!

My dear, forgive me; of course you remember nothing of the kind, and you gaze compassionately with your mind's eye upon this garrulous old gossip of a Bachelor, who can not hear a miserable hand-organ grinding out a waltz upon a spring morning, when all well-regulated persons are going rapidly to their business, without dreaming dreams and seeing visions in his ridiculous and romantic brain, and murmuring of the lovely Flora as if there were any lovely trace of the Penny in that tough old Mrs. Pound, to whom he carried a slopping plate of hot terrapin at the last ball at which they met, and at which the music perpetually went te-tum, te-tum, te-tum, te-idditiddy.

For it does go so, my sweet Kitty; and when it goes, away goes—not my heel, but my head. I spin in a maze of memory. I waltz away, away back into the Past, as you and Ned Turquoise galop far and far down the room at Delmonico's. The difference is, that when you get to the other end of your dance you see about the same people and the same toilettes with which you started; but I—*ma foi!* as they say in the French Vaudevilles—I find myself among other people, and among dresses that shall be worn no more except by your grandchildren, sweet Kitty, as you are now wearing those of your grandmother. Your Great Aunt Josephine had her skirts about as meagre as yours, and your waist can not rise so high that it will get above hers. But she did not do one thing that you do, and there are sage people who say that your grandchildren will not do what you do—that is, waltz. And as I came out into the brilliant morning and heard the organ, and my memory went te-tum te-iddying, it took a turn toward you, my dear, and I recalled your question last winter at Mrs. Stanhope's, whether I advised you to waltz, or to dance quadrilles only—a question which I was just about answering when young Ruby slid up and said, "One turn, Miss Kitty;" and away you went, answering yourself.

There are a great many grave and good people who do not like to see young women waltzing. Some of them used to say to me, and indeed do say to me now, "Mr. Bachelor, if you had a daughter should you wish to see her encircled by the arm of Mr. Cesar Borgia, and whirled by him to the strains of intoxicating music in the delirious dance?" If I had a daughter—that is the proposition upon which I always pause before answering. What I think of would not interest you, dear Kitty. What little picture I suddenly see, as when Enoch Arden or Wakefield looked out of the night into their own homes, I will not trouble you by telling. If I had a daughter. If I were King, thought Sancho Panza. Well, the truth is, that I always answer the question in one way. I deny straightway the intoxication aforesaid and the delirium, and I urge the *argumentum ab homine.* I say: "Sir or Madame, when I was younger, when these old boots were dancing shoon, I was very sensitive to music, I delighted in dancing. I have waltzed a thousand times with a wilderness of lovely girls, and I thought, felt, said, and did nothing which any youth may not think, feel, say, and do with any daughter of mine—if I had a daughter."

Then the grave and good people say to me, "That is all very well for you; we can trust you; but how about Cesar Borgia, or young Lovelace? Shall they waltz with our daughters?" Your mother asks me, "Shall I suffer Kitty to be in the arms of Lovelace?" To this I have but one reply: "Madame, if you are unwilling to have Kitty waltz with Borgia or Lovelace because they are immoral young men, why are you willing that they should visit her, or walk or talk with her, or dance quadrilles with her? Why, my dear Mrs. Clover, why do you not begin at the beginning, and say that Mr. Borgia and Mr. Lovelace can not be allowed to know Kitty at all? I do not ask nor expect that she shall receive all persons who may wish to know her; but if you admit Messrs. Borgia and Lovelace to your house and to your social circle, I do not see why they should not be allowed to join in all the usual entertainments of that circle. Now dancing and waltzing are ordinary social amusements, and I do not think there is any good reason for forbidding them to Kitty unless you disapprove of them altogether.

That is the way in which I talk with your mother, my dear Kitty. And that seems to me to be the good sense of the matter. If you have scruples, as some people have, about dancing at all, just as Quakers have about singing, then of course you will not dance with any body. But if dancing seems to you, as it does to me, quite as innocent as any other amusement, then I would not refine too much upon the various kinds of the usual dance. It seems to me that the Quakers, the strict ones I mean, such as we seldom now see, must have lost a great deal of honest pleasure. I do not mean it, however, in the sense of the remark of Mr. Silenus to my friend Peter Paul Pry in his youth. For when the young Pry was invited by old Silenus to take a glass of brandy he declined, saying that he never drank brandy, nor in fact any thing. And when his tempter proposed a cigar, Pry replied that he never smoked. The astonished Silenus then suggested a cup of coffee as a compromise, and was told by Pry that he never drank coffee.

"What!" then cried the jolly old gentleman. "You don't drink liquor or coffee, and don't smoke. Good Heavens! how you *do* lose life!"

I say that is not the way in which I suppose the Quakers lost it. But imagine life with music, painting, and gayety subtracted! Imagine, my dear Kitty, a theory of life that reduces it to the angularity and bareness of mathematics! Now it is with dancing, it seems to me, as with music and painting and poetry. There is music which is trivial, and painting which is bad, and poetry which is horrible. Do we therefore renounce them all? There may be dancing which is disgusting—go and see most public dancing and tell me if it is not so—but why should that disturb the pleasure of dancing which is not so? I declare, my dearest Kitty, that when I used to waltz with Miss Flora Penny we seemed to sail through space to the soft impulse of melody, and I pitied George Fox because of the range of sweet human emotion of which he knew and could know nothing whatever. If any body who was stepping through the quadrille suggested to me that the waltz was highly indecorous, I smiled serenely and floated on. Some day when I am at your house I will find the passage in De Quincey in which he speaks of the dance as every imaginative and susceptible person feels.

And, indeed, as society is now organized, the dancers seem to me to have all the fun. I suppose the distinction of talking men and of dancing men is still maintained; but unless you have some particular reason for talking with a particular youth—unless, that is to say, there is some little flirtation going on, and I mean nothing very dreadful by the word, nothing more fearful than the soft irritation of the bark in spring—and if you have a quick ear for music and a natural fondness for dancing mere talking is mere waste of time. I know the talking men, Kitty—I mean the talking men of your time—but they do not shine in the ball-room. The music overpowers them. They are unconsciously distracted by the excitement of the scene. If your ear and heart are allured by the music they know it, and they cease to struggle. Only a lover could contend with the siren of sound and motion. Every other man thinks of Maud:

"All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jasmine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune."

And he knows that is a spell which only lovers can resist; and a spell which only deepens their romance of feeling. For

"——the soul of the rose went into my blood
As the music clashed in the hall."

So, my dear Kitty, you see how lax I am, and that I can not join the outcry against the waltz. Perhaps my notions are a little sublimated. Perhaps my long years have made me less suspicious. But those notions are pretty sturdy, and my experience is mature. I have observed, also, that those who are most seriously opposed to this enjoyment are those who have a poor ear for music, or who are very poor performers in the dance. Perhaps you will reply that you have observed its defenders to be those who have a good musical ear and who dance well. Very well; they certainly ought to know.

And this morning, as I went on down street, leaving behind me the hand-organ grinding out

the Duc de Reichstadt's waltz, and my brain and heart te-tum te-idditied back to the bright old days when the world was touched with the softest bloom of hope, and I remembered the dear friends and the lovely faces and the hearty words which made the bright old days so dear, I did not think the world had grown cold and dark, nor believe that all beauty and charm faded with my youth—no, no; but my heart was so freshened, like an old picture when you pass a sponge over it, that, having begun by giving the organ-grinder a shilling in coppers, I celebrated the happy day by giving a little "currency" to every beggar I met, and interceded for the porter of a friend into whose counting-room I dropped, and came round to bed-time, I verily believe, a better man for having heard the Duc de Reichstadt's waltz in the morning.

So choose your partner, sweet Kitty Clover, but be sure he is not

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MOURNING DRESS GOODS.

A NEW material for mourning dresses is called Byzantine, a capricious name that conveys no idea of the goods. It resembles chalé in appearance, but is thinner and is not too glossy for fresh mourning. It is sold at $4 a yard, and is two yards wide. From four to six yards are bought for a dress. A kind of silk grenadine introduced this season is called Florentine. It is very thin and lustrous, and is stronger than the ordinary grenadine. A good quality three quarters of a yard wide is sold at $1 25 a yard; but the best quality is eight quarters wide, worth $4. Hernani is another name for the popular iron grenadine. It has square meshes, is all pure silk, and is commendable for its durability and soft black color. Canvas grenadine is similar to this, but the meshes are larger, and there is some wool in the fabric. It is three-quarters of a yard wide, and is worth $1 50 a yard. Crape Morette is a thin material with crape finish, sold at $1 25 a yard. It is not new, but is stylish, and much sought after. When two yards wide the price varies from $1 50 to $2 50.

Ladies wearing mourning have objected to purchasing thin black goods, saying they found them of most perishable fabric and but little cooler than thick materials. This was true of the old-fashioned barèges, but the wiry grenadines with open meshes are very durable, and make cool and pleasant dresses. They are now the staple article for summer wear, both in mourning and in colors.

MATERIALS FOR SUITS.

French bombazine has a silk warp, and is consequently much lighter than the all-wool English goods, and is preferred for warm weather. Street suits for fresh mourning are made of it, trimmed with folds of crape or a thick cord covered with bombazine. Parisienne and Tamise cloth are soft woolen materials of light quality suitable for short dresses. Woolen serge is very much admired, but is difficult to obtain. The lustreless silk serge is the newest fabric for street suits, and is preferred by many to the more expensive gros grains. The price is $2 75 a yard. Gros grains range from $2 50 to $6. The popular price is $3.

HOUSE DRESSES.

Solid black foulard silks for house dresses are shown at $1 a yard. For lighter mourning the grounds are varied with white stars, crosses, dots, stripes, and sprays of flowers. Since English mixtures of wool and cotton have become so cheap black lawns and calicoes are but little used. It is customary to sell the Balmoral goods and Australian cloths in patterns at $5 or $6 the dress. Scotch ginghams of clear white, crossed with black bars or gray and black mottled grounds, make neat house dresses. Many ladies are buying them for short traveling dresses. They are from 37½ to 50 cents a yard.

LIGHTER MOURNING.

Black grenadines with gray dashes on the surface, or with white set figures, are selected for half mourning. At one house are grenadine barèges, black with white satin stripes, varying from an eighth of an inch to two inches in width, marked at the low price of seventy-five cents a yard. Solid black iron grenadines are trimmed with white or lavender, producing a beautiful effect. Lavender foulards with deep purple spots are admired. A white foulard has large polka dots in black. Silver-gray pongees and poplins of silk and linen, or of silk and worsted, are serviceable for street dresses trimmed with folds of black gros grain and thick fringe. Chené serge of mottled black and white is a novelty offered at $1 50. Dark granites and gray mohairs are sixty cents a yard, and look well with black binding and braid. A kind of winsey sold at fifty cents makes up well. It is a white ground with rough black cords.

UNDER-SKIRTS.

Petticoats of black moreen and of mohair are useful, as they may be worn with a variety of dresses or used as the lower skirt of a suit. They should be trimmed simply with wide braid and a pleated flounce. After the first mourning is laid aside striped skirts are admissible. Black and lavender or lead-colored stripes are more suitable than the black and white now so much used by ladies not in mourning. White cambric skirts with fluted ruffles edged with black are sold at $5. Lavender mohair striped with white is worn for half mourning.

STYLES AND TRIMMINGS.

The goods we have mentioned are made into both trained dresses and short suits. The styles are similar to those described for colors. Good taste always suggests simplicity of attire for mourning. Such trimmings as gathered ruffles and puffs are too fanciful. Box-pleated flounces, ruffles with the pleats all turned one way, quillings, fluting, folds, worsted braid, and heavy cord fringes are the most appropriate trimmings. All trimmings are now sewn on straight around the skirt and near the edge, instead of being arranged in curves and squares. A single fold of the material, two inches wide and piped with gros grain, is used for suits. For widow's mourning a thick cord at the edge of the skirts and mantle is sufficient ornament. A stylish fit, good material, and the absence of superfluous ornament combine to make black a tasteful and becoming dress.

SHAWLS AND MANTLES.

Suits are so universally worn that but few mantles are imported. Square grenadine shawls, with fringe, or hemmed, or bordered with crape, are chosen for elderly ladies. Thibet cloth and grenadine are made into mantles. A pretty fashion for both these materials is a loose sleeveless sacque, with a deep cape in front, falling into long scarfs at the back, loosely tied together. Another is merely a large double talma, trimmed with a wide quilling of the grenadine.

BONNETS AND VEILS.

English crape bonnets are made at all seasons of the year for the deepest mourning. The favorite shape is a large fanchon, covered with two thicknesses of the crape. The trimming consists of folds and pleats at the back and on the diadem. The fall over the chignon, now so fashionable, is made of crape folds that extend toward the front, forming strings. On other bonnets the crape strings are wide, and edged with a notched ruche. A mantilla veil of Brussels net, trimmed with crape folds, draping the chignon and shoulders, is very effective.

Only widows wear white caps inside the bonnet. These should at first be made of tarlatan, reaching merely across the forehead, without framing the face. At the end of a year the tarlatan puff may be exchanged for a white tulle ruche. The strings should be of black crape. Silk ribbon is not considered deep mourning. A crape bag for concealing the hair is sometimes attached to the bonnet.

Black tulle and Brussels net are worn by ladies who wish to lay aside crape, but are not willing to put on lace. Very young ladies wear white flowers on black bonnets. Purple is more becoming to older persons. Lavender and black lace bonnets are the lightest mourning. A few jet and steel ornaments are still worn.

English crape, forty inches wide, is required for veils. The best houses prefer the crape that is imported in rolls, as that brought in boxes has a fold in the middle that falls directly in front. Take two yards of the crape, and turn up the hem a quarter of a yard deep at each end. This veil is thrown over the bonnet, and pinned with jet pins. If the gathered veil is preferred, a yard and three-quarters is required. At one end half a yard is turned up for a hem. This style is now made for widows, instead of doubling the crape. It is cooler for summer. For very slight mourning a round veil, with long tabs, is made of Brussels net, trimmed with crape folds.

Widows' caps for young ladies are small squares of white tarlatan, worn with a point over the forehead, like the Marie Stuart cap. The head-piece has four small tucks each way through the centre. A narrow quilling or plain folds form the border. They are held on by an elastic under the back hair, or with tarlatan strings tied in a bow under the chin. After the first year Lyons tulle is substituted for tarlatan. Ladies more advanced in years wear the regular cap with bag crown.

COLLARS, ETC.

Collars are made double of the crape, slightly pointed in front, and bordered with a half-inch band of crape ornamented with four rows of stitching. Many persons prefer black grenadine for collars instead of crape, as it does not turn brown, and is cooler. It is arranged in shell-shaped scallops and folds. Under-sleeves have wide, square cuffs very large at the wrist, trimmed to match the collar. Tarlatan and organdy are the materials for white collars. A plain, folded tie of white tarlatan or of muslin, similar to those worn by gentlemen, is selected for widows. Linen collars with black borders stitched on are suitable for morning. The sailor shape, deeply pointed at the sides, is pretty for young ladies, with a grenadine neck-tie held by a jet ring.

Handkerchiefs of sheer linen are bordered with black two inches deep, covering the whole hem. This is newer than the black band above the hem. Lavender borders are shown for half mourning.

Marie Antoinette fichus of white tarlatan and of organdy are trimmed with two narrow folds, or a pleated ruffle or ruche. These are inexpensive, and are exceedingly pretty with a black dress. They are also made of tulle, of Brussels net, and of guipure, to be worn over lavender and purple. Sleeveless jackets with sashes made of these materials make the plainest toilettes look dressy. Lace bows at the throat, the chemise russe, guipure paletots, and the bretelles illustrated in former Numbers of the *Bazar*, serve to break the monotony of mourning clothing, and are not expensive when made at home by skillful fingers.

PARASOLS, GLOVES, AND SHOES.

Parasols of Turk satin and of soft, dead black poult de soie are lined with black and trimmed with three folds of English crape set on as a border. The carved ebony handles are flat and broad. For lighter mourning three quilled ruffles surround the edge, and the lining is of white and lavender.

Kid gloves with two buttons at the wrist are selected for fresh mourning. Silk gloves with a kid finish are sometimes preferred. They are neatly made, and ornamented on the back with a silk lacing, at the end of which are tassels capped with silver. Black and purple kids are embroidered on the back with white for light mourning.

Cloth and glove-kid gaiters without tips are buttoned with onyx and jet. The heels are concaved, and are sometimes covered with cloth.

JEWELRY.

The handsomest mourning jewelry is of onyx, made in the styles now fashionable for coral, formed of solid balls and bars, arranged in circles and crescents with pear-shaped pendants. Sets of this kind without any gold visible are sold at $50. Tiny diamonds and pearls are sometimes set in the centre of the balls. Another style is a plain flat surface of onyx made round, with a monogram or initial carved in the centre. The surface is left a dead black without lustre, and the old English letters are brightly polished. The monogram is sometimes made in gold. A deep gray stratum of the onyx is shown at the edge as a border. For half-mourning, gold, onyx, and black enamel together are made in Oriental patterns. Shell cameos are massively set in jet. An elegant set at $75 consists of a pin, ear-rings, and bracelet. The unpolished jet centre represents a beautiful female head set in a glossy jet border.

Onyx buttons for sleeves and dress-fronts are made to match. Chatelaines are made of large jet links. Wide jet necklaces and crosses, to be worn around the neck with a lutestring ribbon, are admired for young ladies. Bandeaux and combs of carved jet are shown.

Thanks are due Messrs. W. JACKSON; MYERS; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; A. T. STEWART & Co.; Miss PAGE; and BROWNE & SPAULDING.

PERSONAL.

COMMANDER RALPH CHANDLER, of the Navy, has just returned from a nine months' cruise in the Gulf and West Indies. Com. CHANDLER is the officer who first had the "gumption" successfully to destroy miasma on board ship by closing up all the hatches, dead-lights, etc., and subjecting his ship to such a steam as war-vessel never had before. There was no more yellow-fever on board. The experiment was so complete a success that the Secretary of the Navy—nice old gentleman—wrote a very complimentary little letter about it; but Com. C. has received so much of "that sort of thing, you know," that it don't keep him awake o' nights.

—They tell a little anecdote of Captain Baron VON RESTORFF, of the first regiment of Prussian Hussars at Berlin. He was to be married to a young American lady, but the nuptial ceremony was delayed for a couple of hours in consequence of the noble bridegroom having been arrested for debt at the instance of his shoemaker and other clamorous creditors. The parents of the girl did not find out what the whole fuss was about until the wedding was over. RESTORFF paid the shoemaker, and put the rest-orff.

—The wedding robe worn by "Mrs." MURAT, wife of Prince ACHILLE MURAT, is said to have cost $6000. The annual pin-money of this agreeable woman is $50,000, and among her wedding-gifts was a palace, the only acceptable little trifle her brother could think of.

—In many respects ex-President FILLMORE is one of the happiest, certainly one of the happiest-looking, of those public men, who, having enjoyed the highest distinction attainable in a republic, retires gracefully from the arena of strife, and glides down the hill of life pleasantly and gracefully. A letter from Buffalo thus describes him: "I saw, on Delaware Avenue the other day, a carriage leisurely driven up past the Club House, and out of it descended one of the handsomest men I had seen for a long time. He waved his hand to a pleasant-looking lady within, and she continued up the avenue, while he, at a gentleman's pace, walked down it. He was MILLARD FILLMORE; the lady was his wife. For a politically dead man, he was a fine-looking corpse. His hair was equally, smoothly white and perfect, and its contrast was pale as snow to the clearness of his eyes and complexion. He had the robustness of a politician, all the distinguished public servant's duplexity of throat, a neck and shoulders like a Champagne bottle, and that benignity of expression which seems compounded of a lawyer's shrewdness and a retired and satisfied statesmanship. He looked like a cask of brown sherry, quietly ripening, which the country tasted and put away for the next generation. His height and his courtly corpulence, and the way he put out his feet, reminded me of LOUIS PHILIPPE after his abdication, conscious that he had been a king, and that every body was contented to let him discrown. Fine-looking mediocrity that he was, I was glad to see this honored home-guard well married, well pleased, his appetite still good for dinner, and the memory of himself for dessert."

—The quaint ways of notable writers in committing their thoughts to paper have often been made the subject of diverting paragraphs. For the first time we are told, by Mr. SALA, the curious habit of THACKERAY, "who never began upon less than a quire of letter-paper. Half of this he would cover with comic drawings; a fourth he would tear into pieces; and on the two or three slips of the remainder he would do his work, walking about the room at intervals with his hands in his pockets, and with a perturbed and wobegone expression of countenance."

—According to the London *Lancet* the question of choosing a woman to fill a chair in the obstetric section of the Academy of Medicine, is being considered, and the chief midwife of the Maternité Hospital will probably be elected. Madame ALLIOTT, the present incumbent of the office is a woman of profound knowledge and great experience, and an honored co-worker with the most enlightened medical gentlemen of Paris.

—Queens do things in our day that would have been looked upon as any thing but queenly a few years back. The Queen of Spain has sold her necklace to Madame MUSARD for £24,000. The Ex-Queen of Naples has followed her example by selling a pearl and diamond necklace to an Anonyma for £15,000—a necklace consisting of a series of medallions set with pearls of immense size, each medallion being connected by chains of diamonds.

—PATTI has appeared in a new *rôle* in Paris, viz.: as passer of the plate, or bag, at a great church ceremonial—the recent Mass of Prince PONIATOWSKI, sung at the Church of St. Eustache, in aid of the poor. PATTI was one of the fifteen lovely and distinguished *quêteuses*, who carried around the velvet, gold-embroidered money-bags for the collection. An enormous sum was contributed. Among her associates were the Princesse DE METTERNICH, Madame PONIATOWSKI, and Madame WALEWSKI, the last-named exciting the liveliest admiration, "robed in green velvet and sable, a mantle of golden hair streaming from beneath her chignon to her waist." This is great company, indeed, for the little girl whom we recollect so well, singing at MAURICE STRAKOSCH'S concerts when she was scarcely taller than the piano; and a wonderful success for a soprano voice; but then marquises are not always happy, and the *noblesse* of France rests not on the surest of foundations. Mademoiselle NILSSON, the beautiful Swede, whose Ophelia in the new Opera of *Hamlet* has created so decided a sensation in Paris, will make a yet more brilliant match if she catches GUSTAVE DORÉ, for although the artist is not yet *doré* with a title, his rank is higher than that of any French nobleman of them all.

—The EMPEROR OF BRAZIL has no sons, but two daughters, the eldest of whom, aged twenty-two, is married to the Count D'EU, son of the Duke DE NEMOURS, and grandson of LOUIS PHILIPPE. Should the Emperor persist in his intention to abdicate it is supposed that this daughter will succeed to the throne.

—Few clergymen have been more noted, in the United States, as "revival" preachers than President FINNEY. The Rev. ALBERT BARNES, whose opinion of men and things religious is, perhaps, as worthy of respect as that of any writer of the time, has recently given the following sketch of Mr. F.:

"He had been a lawyer, and would have been distinguished as a lawyer, if he had continued to pursue that profession. Not always safe in his theological opinions, and not having been trained to great thoroughness in theological learning, he was nevertheless a man of great power, in showing to men the danger of false hopes; in setting forth the real nature of religion; in driving men from their subterfuges and refuges of lies; in proclaiming the terrors of the law and the fearfulness of the world to come; in laying open to men the delusions of their own hearts; and, above all, in proclaiming the majesty of God and the greatness of eternal things, and in making all things else dwindle to nothingness before the Eternal One and the eternal world. Few men in our country have been as well fitted to act on the higher order of minds, or to bring men, proud in their philosophy or their own righteousness, to the foot of the Cross."

—ALEXANDRE DUMAS is noted as much for pluck as for talent, and permits no man to belittle the literary profession. Not long since, when a great person proposed to him a literary labor, as a man who ought to be encouraged, he replied: "I am not a man who wants to be encouraged; I am a man who wants to be paid."

—The POPE is a wag. Lately, when the French Minister went to call, he took occasion to ask a favor of His Holiness, which the latter did not wish to grant. To close the conversation he rose and gave his blessing to the Embassador and his wife, who was present, saying, "I bless Providence with all my heart for having sent here, to represent that France which I so well love, a man like you." Here the two bowed, as is customary. The Pope stopped a moment to give them time to breathe in the incense, and then added: "For never has the representative of any nation tried my patience as much as you have."

—When Mr. DISRAELI retires from the Premiership it is supposed that the Queen will make him a Knight of the Garter, a distinction usually conferred upon members of royal families and the higher nobility. Mr. PITT was the only other commoner who was offered this honor, and he, greatly to his sovereign's disappointment, declined to accept it.

—It is not often that successful journals are originated in the parlors of prime ministers, and made to pay under the management of clever young members of the aristocracy. Such, however, has been the case with *The Owl*, which at one time made considerable talk in London. The when, the how, and by whom started are thus revealed by the London *Bookseller*:

"At about midnight one Saturday some gentlemen were standing in the recess of a window in Lady PALMERSTON'S drawing-room, and were busily talking together. Lord PALMERSTON came up to them, and asked what it was about which they were deliberating. Somebody answered that they were considering the possibility of establishing a new paper, in which his lordship and whatever was to be found in her ladyship's drawing-room—love, marriage, and diplomacy—should be heartily quizzed. "What next?" Lord PALMERSTON is represented as saying. "A conspiracy in my own house! You owls!" So the establishment of the new paper having been decided on, Lord PALMERSTON'S term of reproach suggested a title, and on the same night, at the St. James Club, the distribution of parts for the first Number was made. There was no thought of profit, so the financial arrangements were soon made, and a small news-vendor was installed as publisher. Among the early contributors were Messrs. BORTHWICK and LAURENCE OLIPHANT, the Hon. EVELYN ASHLEY, Lord PALMERSTON'S private secretary, Lord HOUGHTON, MAX SCHLESINGER, ODO RUSSELL, and the Hon. E. PONSONBY. Its deep insight into all impending marrying and giving in marriage in high life procured for *The Owl* celebrity and expensive advertisements, so that it was at once pecuniarily successful; and it was successful in another sense by reason of its wit and humor. But PALMERSTON died; the contributors were scattered, some going to India, some to Canada—leaving the kingdom on which the sun never sets—and the paper ceased to be what it had been. The editor of the *Morning Post*, however, who was one of the founders, stuck to it, and it is still profitable to its owners, though the public calls it dull.

Sack for Girl from 12 to 14 Years old.

THIS sack is made of light gray ladies' cloth, cut bias, and is bound and trimmed with narrow folds of gray satin, which are stitched on with white silk. Buttons of gray satin in front, at the sides, and on the lappets of the sleeves finish the trimming. The sack is fastened by means of hooks and button-hole stitched loops. Having cut from Figs. 17, 18, 20, 21, and 22 of the Supplement each two pieces, and from Figs. 19 and 23 each one piece, join the back, sides, and front according to the figures on the pattern. Set on the right front a strip of cloth an inch in width, faced with satin and finished with buttons as shown in the pattern; after which join the neck with the collar, which is trimmed with satin folds. Sew up the sleeves from 39 to 40, and from 41 to 42, fastening in the lappet (Fig. 22) with the last seam, and fasten this lappet down on the upper side of the sleeve. Having trimmed the bottom of the sleeve, lay a pleat from × to ●, under the arm; after which sew in the sleeve, bringing 42 on the side seam. Arrange the remainder of the trimming, and finish the front with a few hooks and loops.

SACK FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 17-23.

Muslin Under-Skirt with Train.

A MUSLIN skirt with a train, and a flounce set on, should be worn with trained dresses, as it supports the bottom of the dress, and causes it to hang gracefully. Cut from Figs. 6–8 of the Supplement each two pieces, from Fig. 5 one piece, increasing the length of all the pieces according to the length desired for the skirt, the pattern not being given of the full length; and on Figs. 6–8 allow also for the hem. Join the breadths according to the figures on the pattern. From 13 to the top, in the back breadths, leave a slit, and hem the edges. Hem the bottom of the skirt two inches wide. The flounce which is set on is about ten inches in width, gathered on the top, and finished at the bottom by a hem an inch in width. For the belt cut from Fig. 9 four pieces, join them in pairs, run the upper edges together, and bind the front of the skirt with the double binding thus formed. Bind the back breadths with a narrow binding, the ends of which are joined to the belt. Through each side of the narrow binding run a string, which is fastened on the front binding and serves to fasten the skirt.

MUSLIN UNDER-SKIRT WITH TRAIN.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5-9.

Kitchen Apron.

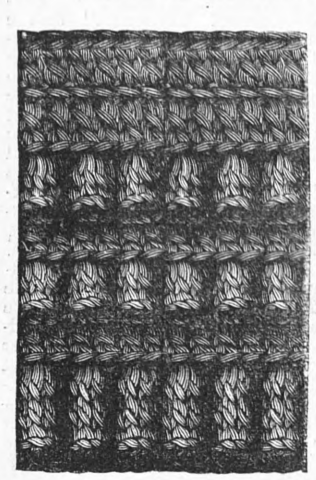
THIS apron is cut gored, and is wide enough to protect the skirt of the dress. It is buttoned together behind, as shown in the illustration. This apron is also suitable to wear in the garden when gathering fruit or vegetables. The bodice is joined to the belt, and requires neither pins nor strings to fasten it on the upper edge, as a few whalebones hold it in its place. The original is of white and pink striped percale, finished with a large pocket, and trimmed on the outer edge with a percale ruffle. Cut from Figs. 1 and 3 each one piece, from Fig. 2 two equal pieces, and from Fig. 4 the pocket, allowing for hems. Join the pieces cut from Figs. 1 and 2 according to the figures on the pattern; hem the apron on the outer edge, and put on the button and button-hole as shown in the illustration; then take up the darts in the bodice, run pieces of tape on the wrong side for the whalebones, sew on a button and work a button-hole on the ends, and join to the apron as shown by the figures on the pattern. Conceal the seam by a facing on the wrong side, and sew on the ruffle, which consists of a strip of percale about an inch and a half in width, which is gathered on the apron with a cord. Hem on the upper edge the slit cut for the pocket, lay in pleats from × to ●, sew the pocket on the apron as shown by the figures, and finish with a ruffle. Finish the back of the belt with a bow and ends.

KITCHEN APRON.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-4.

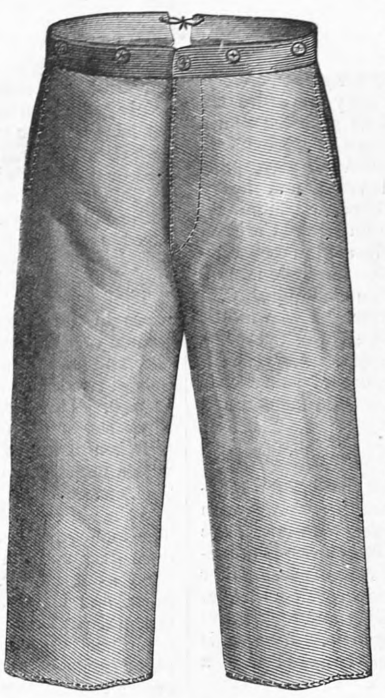
Trimmings for Flannel Under-Skirts in Knitting and Crochet.

BOTH these trimmings are of red worsted. The first is knitted; while the second is worked in crochet. They imitate crimped ruffling, and are a pretty finish for the bottom of white or colored flannel skirts. For working the trimming shown in the first illustration cast 36 stitches on steel knitting needles of the requisite fineness. Knit backward and forward in a ribbed design. Each rib counts five rounds, and must appear entirely plain on one side and entirely purled on the other. In order to make the ribs lie in waves, make on one side a narrow plain border. This is done by knitting alternately two rows over the entire number of stitches, and two rows leaving the last three stitches on one side without knitting. Slip the first stitch of every round.

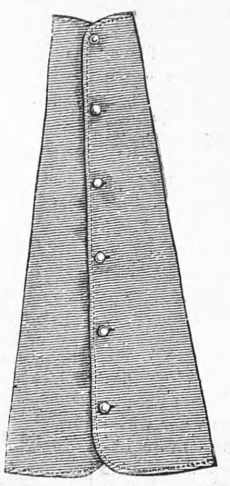
For the trimming shown in the second illustration make a foundation of requisite length and crochet on this. 1st round.—1 dc. (double crochet) in every foundation stitch. 2d round.—In every stitch of the last round 1 dc. 3d round.—* 1 dc. in the 1st stitch of the last round, 6 dc. in the following stitch, after which take the needle out of the stitch, take up the upper vein of the 1st of these 6 dc., and then the loop of the last dc., and draw the thread through both these loops at once, so that the 6 dc. form a kind of raised figure. Repeat from * to the end of the round. Repeat twice the second and third rounds. This trimming can, of course, be worked in any width. The trimming is seen complete on the illustration of the flannel skirt.



KNITTED FLOUNCE FOR FLANNEL SKIRT.



TROWSERS FOR BOY FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 35-39.



VEST PIECE FOR JACKET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 45.

FLANNEL UNDER-SKIRT WITH KNITTED FLOUNCE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 28-30.

Cigar Holder.

See illustration, page 533.

MATERIALS: Canes an inch in circumference, fine twine, copal varnish, black beads.

This cigar holder is made of slender canes or reeds, wound with twine, and lined with pasteboard covered on both sides with tin-foil. The materials are cheap and easily obtained. Begin with the bottom, which is made of canes arranged in the form of a star. Cut two pieces of cane each six inches long, and eight pieces each two and a half inches long. Hollow out the middle of each of the two long pieces on one side to the depth of about one-sixth of an inch; lay the two pieces together, fitting the cut sides, and join them with fine twine, as shown by the illustration. Slope one side of one end of each of the eight remaining pieces so that each two will fit together and form a point, as shown by the illustration. Pierce these eight sloped canes, and also the canes which were previously crossed, at the distance of one-sixth of an inch from the centre; then make a knot on one end of the twine and run the other end through the canes, as shown by the illustration; after which begin the winding, putting the thread around each cane and each point twice, and carrying the thread round and round till the canes are closely covered, winding also each cane separately where the points of joining cease. The illustration shows the central part of the bottom and cover of the full size. For the side, which is seventeen inches in circumference, cut twenty-four pieces of cane, each six inches long, and twelve pieces each five inches long. Pierce the first at the distance of three-fourths of an inch from the ends, and the last at the distance of quarter of an inch; then string all the canes on wire at both ends, arranging them so that a short cane shall always come between two long ones. Each piece is separated from the next by a large black bead, which must be strung on with the canes. Join in the round and begin weaving the rods with twine, which is also arranged in the round. Each strip of the design counts nine rounds. Now join the side to the bottom in such a manner that one of the shorter canes of the side falls upon a cane of the bottom. In joining this fasten to the wire which holds together the canes. Make the cover in the same manner as the bottom, and cover the centre by a star of different sized black beads. The handle consists of a loop of large black beads. Having completed the different parts of the cigar holder, put on a coating of copal varnish, and line the inside of the cover with some material which has been covered with tin-foil, and which is either glued on, or fastened to the canes by means of small brass tacks.

JACKET WITH SIMULATED VEST FOR BOY FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 40-45.

Netted Table Screen.

See illustration, page 533.

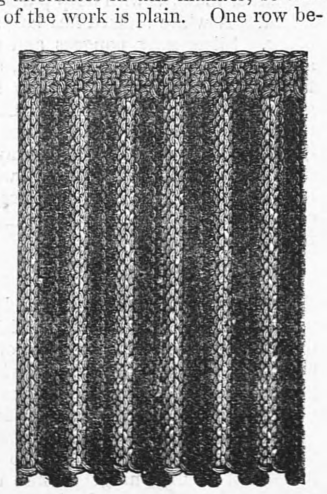
MATERIALS: Strong thread, white pasteboard, a horn peg with a screw, a circular piece of metal an inch and a half in diameter, copal varnish, green coloring powder, a mesh half an inch in circumference, a coarse steel knitting needle.

This screen will be found very useful in protecting the contents of dishes from the flies. It is netted of strong thread, stiffened in liquid glue, and coated with green copal varnish. Cast on the mesh with the thread 210 stitches (under edge); join in a round, and work over a coarse knitting needle 52 rounds. Then, in order to narrow toward the top, narrow regularly in every third round.

53d round.—First six stitches netted, then, alternately, two stitches netted together, twelve stitches netted, and, finally, six stitches netted.

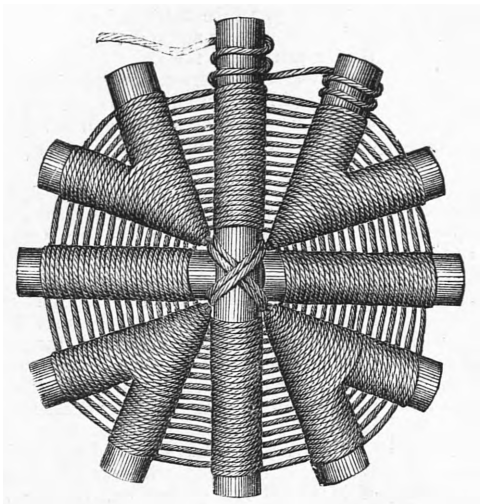
56th round.—Alternately two stitches netted together, eleven stitches netted.

The narrowing alternates in this manner, so that the continuation of the work is plain. One row be-

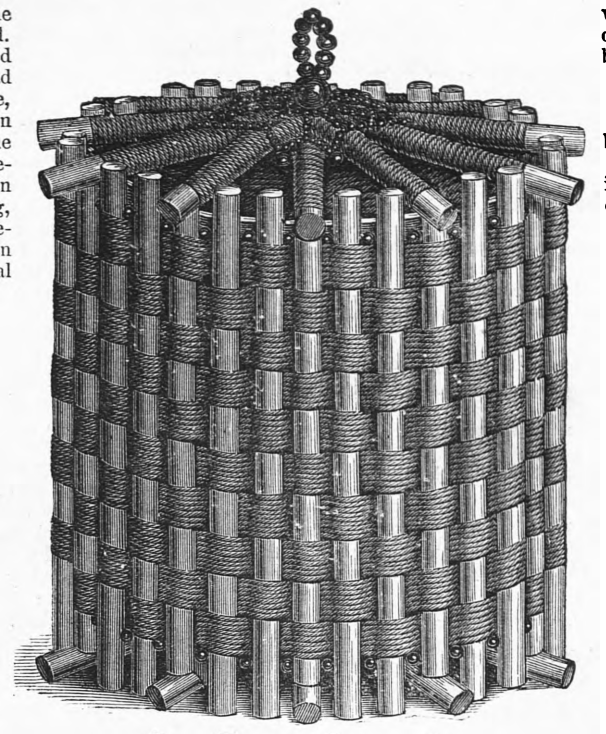


KNITTED FLOUNCE FOR FLANNEL SKIRT.

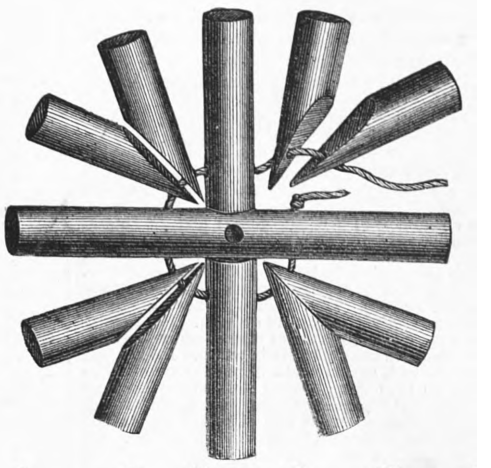
gins with the narrowing and the next with the plain stitches. The number of plain stitches decreases between each narrowing round. After the 77th round follow eight plain rounds. Work the last round (85th) over the larger mesh, after which run the stitches on a thread and tie them closely together. Now dip the netted work in liquid glue, wring it out, and stretch over a dish or frame thirty-eight inches in circumference by seven in height. When dry repeat the process till the screen is quite stiff, after which paste to the lower edge a strip of pasteboard half an inch wide, and in the centre of the top fasten the wooden peg with a screw, which is to be put through the centre of the netting, and afterward through the piece of metal mentioned among the materials, and in which a hole of requisite size has been pierced, and fasten on the inside. Coat the inside and outside of the cover with copal varnish, which has previously been tinted of any color desired—the original is green—and finish around the peg with a rosette of steel beads or ribbon.



COVER OF CIGAR HOLDER—WOUND WITH TWINE.



CIGAR HOLDER.—REDUCED SIZE.



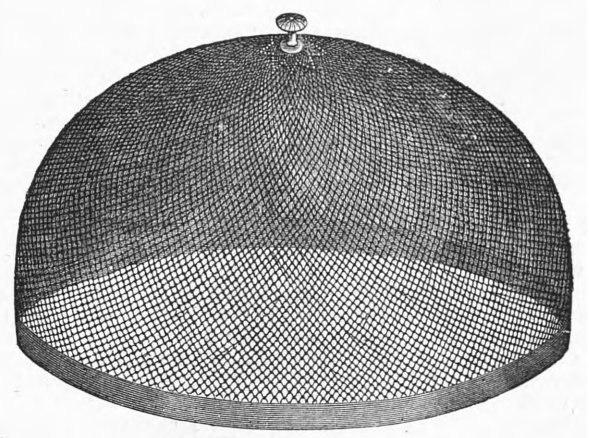
COVER OF CIGAR HOLDER—BEFORE WINDING.

Work Bag.

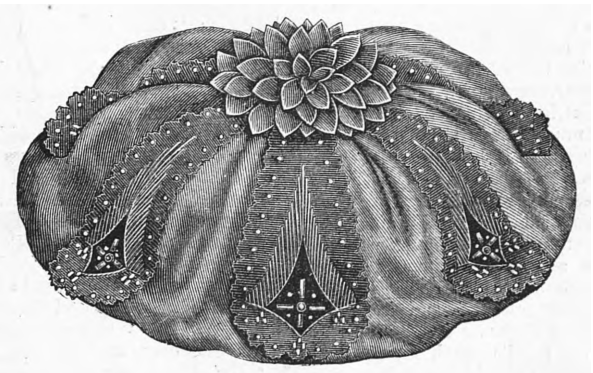
MATERIALS: Brown silk, pasteboard, narrow silk passementerie braid, brown silk tassels, brown silk cord.

The arrangement of this bag is very convenient. The under part is of pasteboard with an embroidered cover of brown silk. Cut, first, of pasteboard from Fig. 26 of the Supplement four equal pieces—the

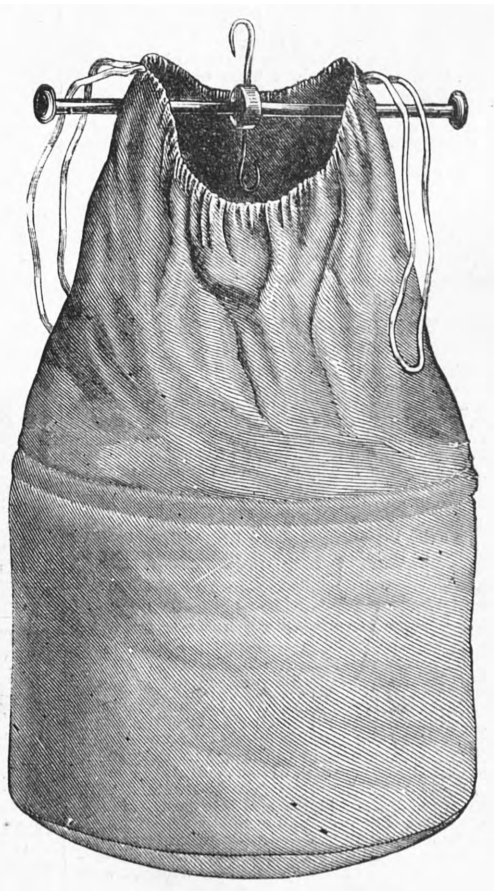
WORK BAG.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 26.



NETTED TABLE SCREEN.



PIN CUSHION.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 24 and 25.



LINEN BAG FOR SMOKED MEAT.

PROMENADE AND HOME TOILETTES.

sides and for the bottom a four-cornered piece of pasteboard four inches square. For the covering of each of these pieces of pasteboard prepare two equal pieces of brown silk. Having worked four of these pieces in point russe embroidery and half-polka stitch with brown silk twist, join two pieces of silk over each piece of pasteboard, and after this the four sides with each other, and with the bottom in the manner shown by the illustration. Cut next a piece of brown silk, sixteen inches long by seven inches wide, hem down one side an inch and a half wide, and stitch through the middle of this hem so as to form a shirr for a ribbon or cord; after which sew the other side within the pasteboard sides. Finish with the passementerie braid and tassels.

Pin Cushion.

See Illustration on page 533.

MATERIALS: White cashmere, scarlet cloth, black velvet, golden yellow silk twist, white bugles and gold beads, black percale, white muslin.

This cushion is of a pretty shape; and the rosette of scarlet leaves on the top gives it an especially elegant appearance. The foundation is a round cushion of about two inches in height by five in diameter. The bottom is of pasteboard, covered on the outside with black percale. The cushion is next made of muslin and filled with dry sand or bran. For the upper cover cut a straight strip of white cashmere, twenty-eight inches in length, by six in width. Fasten this strip at one end, and lay it in in regular pleats, one-fourth of an inch deep, on one side, so that it shall correspond to the form of the foundation, after which sew to the foundation on one side, sewing on the wrong side and afterward turning over the cover. On the other side draw the pleats closely together and sew to the top (centre) of the foundation. Then prepare from Fig. 24 of the Supplement six lappets of scarlet cloth, and ornament these with point russe embroidery and bead-work, arranging the middle part of each lappet in appliqué figure of black velvet. These lappets are sewed on the cushion as shown in the illustration, leaving the cashmere plain under each, and arranging it so as to form a puff between each lappet. Lastly, make the rosette of the scarlet cloth. Cut from Fig. 25 for the outer and second row of leaves nineteen equal pieces, then ten somewhat smaller pieces for the two upper circles. Each of these pieces must be pleated as shown by the dotted lines of Fig. 25, and then arranged bringing × on ●. Take a piece of the material a little over an inch in circumference for the foundation and arrange on this the four rows of leaves, ten in the outer circle, nine in the second, six in the third, and four in the last. The leaves must be sewed on the under side, so that the stitches shall not show.

Linen Bag for Smoked Meat.

See Illustration on page 533.

THIS bag is intended to protect smoked meat from the flies in summer. The material is of coarse, light linen, and is thirty inches in height by fifty inches in width. The bottom of the bag consists of a round piece of linen, inserted. At the distance of ten inches from the bottom run in a hoop, which holds the bag in the proper shape. The upper edge is finished with a hem, through which run a string for closing the bag, and at the distance of four inches from the top work two round holes, through which is brought the rod shown in the illustration. This rod, which is about ten inches in length and an inch in circumference, is provided with two hooks. On the lower one of which the meat is suspended, while the other serves for hanging up the bag and its contents. Instead of the brass rod and hooks a wooden rod and iron hooks may be used.

Promenade and Home Toilettes.

See Illustration on page 533.

Fig. 1.—Short dress and over-skirt of lilac silk barege, trimmed with a pleated flounce of the same, lilac satin folds, and lilac silk tassels. The over-skirt is puffed from the bottom to the waist. Gray straw toquet with lilac gauze veil. Lilac parasol.

Fig. 2.—Gored dress of green silk, trimmed with green satin points and piping and chenille tassels.

Fig. 3.—Dress of gray and violet figured foulard. Over-skirt of violet silk, bound with satin of the same shade, and trimmed with satin piping. The embroidery in the scallops of the over-skirt is wrought with black opaque beads in satin stitch.

Fig. 4.—Dress with double skirt of white alpaca, trimmed with blue ribbon.

Fig. 5.—Dress of gray silk serge. Bretelles and sash of black silk trimmed and bound with black satin.

MISCHIEF-MAKING.

MISCHIEF-MAKING does not end with what more properly deserves the name of slander. A great deal, perhaps the larger part, is accomplished in the world by those who have no deliberate intention of slandering their neighbors; and in this respect, I fear, it must be admitted that women are the greatest offenders, and simply, I believe, for this reason—that, generally speaking, neither their minds nor their time are sufficiently occupied. He whose special business it is to find work for idle hands will assuredly take good care to provide thoughts for idle minds. Was ever a highly-educated and fully-occupied woman found among the ranks of mischief-makers, of this class at least? A strong proof of the truth of the assertion that idleness has much to do with mischief-making may be found in a fact which any one well acquainted with clubs and mess-rooms will be able fully to bear out—namely, that men with much unoccupied time on their hands are not much behind women in the quantity, and very much before them in the quality, of the scandal they spread; only—perhaps for this reason—they are more cautious how and where they repeat it.

The worst part of this kind of mischief-making is that the stories are rarely entirely unfounded. If they were they would do infinitely less harm. But there is generally a certain proportion of truth in them, and it is the "mixing of things" which does the mischief. The fractional part of truth just forms the solid foundation on which the superstructure of falsehood contrives to stand steady. The evil eye goes prying about, and soon succeeds in detecting some flaw in a neighbor's character or conduct; and then its ready handmaid, the evil tongue, sets to work—colors, magnifies, invents, finds motives for actions whose causes are not clear, and the story passes from one to another, gaining something from each fresh transmission, until at last it wears itself out; but not until an impression has been created with respect to the subject of it which will long outlast the story from which it took its rise.

TREASURES OF THE PAST.

HERE'S shreds of silk and bits of lace and tiny little shoes,
And here's a broken-bladed knife my brother loved to use;
Here's sunny curls that hid blue eyes, rings that on fingers shone,
And books in which the written names are known to me alone.

These all are treasures of the past—links in a golden chain
That binds me to the by-gone years of pleasure and of pain;
I've but to touch a single link, and lo! as in a dream,
A vision sweeps the azure deeps of Memory's magic stream.

And as I stand upon the shore I see on every hand
The footprints of the loved and lost deep in the shining sand;
These all came here, they touched the tide, they sailed across the sea,
And their white hands are beckoning beyond the wave to me.

And if upon the further shore they wait and watch and pray,
Oh! Time, speed swiftly, surely on until the glorious day
Shall dawn in Time's blue horizon when I shall with them stand,
And, having passed the gates of pearl, shall reach the Happy Land.

Here's silks and laces, shoes and rings, and curls and books and all,
And each some beauty long since fled, some olden grace recall:
Oh! Love, keep well the sacred spell, hold guard my heart within,
And keep the sacred flame alight, above the soil of sin.

THE PURPLE MERINO DRESS.

"LINDA NEWHALL, I want a new merino."

"What good would a new merino do you here?" queried the young girl addressed, as she pointed to the wide prairie-fields, now covered with a light garment of snow. "A new merino! I would as soon ask for a shroud."

"Nevertheless, I do want a new dress, a merino, of a rich, warm purple. I think I could cut it myself from one of my last year's patterns, and I've a plenty of very passable velvet and bugle trimming that don't look so faded but what a little pains and new surroundings would make it quite respectable. I've been looking in the glass nearly half an hour, fancying how I would fashion it, until I actually saw the sparkle of the beads and the rich tint of the merino. I wonder if it would be wrong to pray for it?"

"Nonsense, Hattie," laughed her sister. "For my part I don't much care whether I ever see a new dress; there's nobody here to notice it or to admire you, no matter how well you look. John Roe might condescend to say, 'Law, Miss Newhall!' when he comes over for milk, and young Randall would perhaps cast a few extra sheep's eyes, but that is all. There is nobody worth pleasing in this outlandish place."

"My dear, you are talking of the Great West, remember," laughed Hattie.

"I dare say it's good enough for those who like it, and I suppose I should be contented if we had a few neighbors like the friends we have been accustomed to."

"But we haven't, dear, and so let's make the best of it. Let us enjoy this blazing fire, and trim over our old dresses, though I do want a purple merino—such a one as Milly Stone had last year."

"Milly Stone," murmured Linda; "how far back in the past she seems! And yet it is only eleven months since papa failed, and we came out here. I wonder if Milly is married? Horace Blanchard was in her train, if I remember rightly: the one that you liked so well."

"That's the truth," laughed Hattie. "I never shall forget that last party; how little we looked forward to this. Horace was magnificent that night, and if I had had the slightest chance I should have fallen in love with him, no doubt. What an elegant man he was, and what would he think to see us in such a place as this! It's not bad, though—it's a great, glorious, boundless country—I love it, though I do get weary and lonely. Who knows, Lind, but papa may be a millionaire yet?"

"And he hasn't got money enough to buy either of us a new dress," retorted Linda.

"He uses all his money in farming, and is not yet 'forehanded' enough, as they say, to spend a penny in clothes. That will all come in good time, no doubt. Curious. I dreamed of Horace last night—we seemed to be together in a great picture-gallery. What a glorious array of costly paintings stretched from wall to wall! Well, we shall probably never meet in this world; and perhaps he is married, though let us hope not to Milly Stone, who would be a mere fashionable appendage, with a heart corresponding to her name—let us trust that he has found a better fate. There are some women I could resign him to."

The two girls were very busy in the wide apartment of the roomy log-house which they called their own. There was no paper on the walls, no carpet on the floor: but against the rough plastering hung several fine engravings, which they had managed to save from the wreck of their fortunes; and a few oil-paintings, which were the work of their own fair hands in more prosperous days. A huge four-post bedstead, with calico curtains, took up one corner of the room. A few pine chairs, a home-made dressing-table, two small lounges—also of home manufacture, and a number of braided mats completed the furnishing of the humble room. Hattie had put the finishing touches upon the bed, which resembled an immense, plump pin-cushion; and Linda had touched every thing with the long feathers of the duster, an article of luxury seldom seen in the midst of such rude surroundings. The girls were both handsome, but Hattie was the most attractive. There was a softness in her dark eyes, a delicacy of expression very rare. One would have thought she might be the most discontented of the two with her present lot.

Mr. Newhall had been a Philadelphia merchant, and his children had always been accustomed to luxury and the cream of metropolitan society. His beautiful house on Chestnut Street had for years been the resort of the good and the gifted, as well as the fashionable and wealthy. It was a great change from halls of beauty and plenty to the uncultivated West and a cabin built of logs. The girls had their choice—their mother had long been dead—to remain with relatives who would gladly have cared for them, or accompany their father, and they chose the latter, quite undaunted by all the stories of the hardships of frontier life to which they were forced to listen. Some books and a few choice pictures were transported thither—birds and flowers came in their turn. These were followed by Linda's piano and Hattie's harp, though the two instruments remained for months unpacked.

"And now, if you are through, Linda, we'll go down and see how Gretchen, as she calls herself, is getting along." As she said this Hattie drew a screen before the fire, and the sisters went below stairs. Gretchen was a large-limbed, sturdy-faced German girl, with a red daub on either cheek, suggestive of rude health, and black eyes that were almost cruel in their sharpness. She had just finished mopping up the floor and sprinkling the mats about—there were at least two dozen of them. In an immense fire-place a pleasant crackling sounded, and the huge blaze sent its yellow and crimson forked tongues up the wide chimney, and roared with a jolly cheeriness whenever the wind grew fierce. Here were chairs and tables in plenty. A bed, covered from sight by a curtain, stood on one side—four very small windows let in the light, and sometimes the snow; but taken all together the room wore an air of comfort and even refinement, for there stood the harp and piano side by side, and the fair fingers that used them knew also how to wield the implements of household labor.

Gretchen came in and hung the kettle on the fire. Turning to go out, she put her arms akimbo, as she cried,

"And there comes Bob!"

"The only gentleman within ten miles," echoed Linda; "we're always glad to see Bob, though his milk score is awful."

The "gentleman" came in—a pale, tall boy of fourteen, whose blue eyes kindled up at sight of the sisters.

"They say there's an accident over in the Hollow," he remarked, as they dealt out his pint of milk. "Henche's man told me—the train broke down at nine this morning, seven miles below; they repaired, and have been seven hours getting to the Hollow. I believe they've sent the engine back; but the people will have to wait eight or ten mortal hours in the snow."

"I thought I missed the signal this morning," said Hattie. "Is it a large train?"

"Six cars, and all full," replied the boy. "I'm going over there as soon as I get back. I'd make a speculation if I had any thing to do it with," he added, as he left the house.

"Saying there are fifty in a car, that makes three hundred people, all hungry," said Hattie, thoughtfully.

"What are you thinking of, Hattie? Come, help me set the table; papa will be in soon, and I rather fancy he is hungry too."

"How far is it to the Hollow?" asked Hattie.

"Papa says half a mile: it always seemed like a mile to me," Linda replied, bringing out a small pile of crockery.

"It can't be much more than half a mile. This is the nearest house—the Waters may hear of it, but they never think of any body but themselves. The snow is not deep enough for runners; wheels would get along very comfortably, don't you think so, Linda?"

"For pity's sake what are you talking about?" asked Linda, more and more perplexed, as she stood rubbing sundry creases out of the white table-cloth.

"What do they charge a cup for coffee at the eating-saloons in cities—ten cents, don't they?"

"Ten cents—coffee! Hattie, what in the world ails you?" queried Linda, impatiently.

"Hush, Lind, I'm calculating; don't disturb the circulation of a brilliant idea when it gets in my brain; I so seldom have one. Ten cups, a dollar—twenty, two—why I suppose, in the course of time, we might make them fifty—and there would be five dollars. Then the sandwiches, and—let me see, what else is there? why pies, to be sure! My dear Lind, you called me crazy this morning for baking two dozen pies—don't you see what a little mint of money they hold, darling?"

"I don't see any thing but that you are out of your mind, or going out—if you'll please enlighten me!"

"And the ham that blessed John Roe sent to me—to *me*, remember—it was boiled this morning, wasn't it? Don't look at me so, Lind; I'm not crazy, and there's no danger of my wits leaving me. I'm going to have that purple merino, and as many more pretty things as the money will buy—perhaps a merino for you."

"But how will you do this, pray?"

"Listen; those people in the Hollow, some of them at least, must be starving. They expected to get into Euston at half past nine to breakfast, and supper-time has come. Now you may be sure there are some great, burly masculines, who are going about like raging lions, seeking who or what they can devour. To-day and yesterday being baking-days, there's a week's bread in the house. This and the ham you and I can cut into sandwiches, exquisite ones—thin, touched with a fleck of mustard, trimmed of the fat—why, they'll give me a shilling apiece for them."

"Give you—a—shilling—apiece!" gasped Linda. "What do you mean, that you will peddle these things—*you*, my sister?" Hattie Newhall, I'm ashamed of you. I won't be a party to any such transaction."

"Very well, then, I'll do it by myself; for done it shall be. The Bible tells me to feed the hungry—and I shall feed that train of passengers, if the thing can be done."

"Will you take the bread and ham and pies and coffee in your apron?" asked Linda, placing the tea-urn on the table.

"You seem to forget that Providence has been helping us lately in all manner of ways. There's a blind horse in the stable, and a light wagon, and Gretchen can harness up; won't you, Gretchen?"

"Won't I what?" asked the girl, stupidly, wiping her wet hands upon a great tow-apron.

"Harness up Ball to the light wagon; I'm going on an errand of mercy—to feed the hungry."

Gretchen said "Ya-as," with stupid eyes, and Hattie set about her preparations. First, she found the great farm coffee-pot, then she piled an empty table with loaves of bread, and brought out the ham. Then she tied herself in an immense white linen apron, and commenced operations.

"Why, Linda, I'm surprised you don't see the romance of the thing, with your immense bump of ideality," she rattled on, looking superbly handsome. "I thought you would clap your hands over it."

"You're not half so much surprised as I am," retorted Linda. "To think of my father's daughter going peddling bread and ham to a parcel of hungry strangers! It wouldn't seem so bad if you gave it—but to *sell* it!"

"That's the chief charm of the matter, I'm vulgar enough to confess," said Hattie, laughing; "we can't afford to give, and they *can* afford to pay any price. I dare say there are some poor, hungry souls there who wouldn't mind giving a ten-dollar bill for a good supper. I tell you in confidence; but I believe I *did* pray for that merino, and now I'm exercising faith I shall get it, as sure as you live." At that moment there came a rap at the door. It was Bob Green, who, the little gentleman that he was, took off his odd cap as he came in, saying that he had met Watchet, one of Kane's men, and learned that Mr. Newhall had sent word to his daughters that he should not be home till ten, as he had some important business to settle.

"Now if that isn't a train of providential circumstances I'm no Christian," cried Hattie, while Linda stood at the table irresolute. "Bob will help me, I know; and if you don't care about going, Linda, Gretchen will stay with you. I might have felt a little shaky if papa had come home and said no; but as it is, those poor souls have a claim on my benevolence, and I have a claim—well, I mean to have, on their pockets."

"What is it?" cried Bob, looking at the huge pile of loaves, cake, and pies.

"It's good-will toward men, my dear Bob, toward hungry men. Don't you know you hinted about making a speculation? Well, that put it in my head. You see what I'm doing, making sandwiches; and as Linda has doubts about the propriety of the thing, why, I shall take the burden on my own shoulders, unless you'll help me for a fair consideration."

"I will," cried Bob, with sparkling eyes. "I was over there, and they are in an awful state. One woman was actually crying, because the milk had given out, and she had nothing but water and cold cracker to give her baby; all the babies were crying, I think, and every body looked cross. How are you going?"

"I shall take old Ball and the spring-cart," said Hattie, working with redoubled energy—"I'm in for it now, and the fun of the thing recommends itself to my activity. The only trouble is, I can't get things ready quick enough. Gretchen, is the coffee under way?"

"I'll drive, and help," responded Bob; "and if you would allow me to carry a few apples—"

"Carry all you've got; we might as well fill up the wagon," said Hattie. "Linda, why don't you eat your supper?"

But Linda was thinking now. It suddenly occurred to her that there was fun in the thing—a certain excitement in seeing new faces and hearing strange tongues. It was not at all probable that any body there would know them, going as they were eastward.

"How shall you disguise yourself?" she asked.

"I shall disguise myself simply by putting on a hood and veil; I don't think my nearest friends of old would know us in our backwoods' attire any way; that's the last thing I'm afraid of. Now, Bob, hurry and harness Ball, and we'll drive round for the apples; you can turn them into the wagon some way, you know, and you must ask a round price for them."

Linda now commenced cutting bread and ham with activity. Gretchen procured two or three large baskets, and lined them inside with some fine damask napkins which had been saved from the wreck of their household goods. Into these the piles of beautifully made sandwiches were placed, and covered over with the same kind of snowy cloths.

"There! that will tempt them; but only think, Lind, three hundred people! We can't possibly feed them all. Don't cut the pies too large," she suggested, prudently, "and they will go farther; we must have the big milk-pail for them. Now the trouble is, how shall we deal out the coffee? Bowls are too large, cups are too small." Gretch-

en here interposed and declared that there were mugs in the back kitchen closet.

"So there are, Lind; we bought them when we first came, don't you remember, for the housewarming? Several are broken, though; but I fancy there are as many as half a dozen. Bring in the mugs, Gretchen; what a lovely memory you have got! I had quite forgotten them." The mugs were brought in, dashed with hot water, a stone-jar filled with sugar, a can of rich milk placed beside it, the coffee was steaming hot, and Hattie's ingenuity provided for its continuation at the same temperature by half filling an unused iron kettle with live coals well bedded in ashes. Old Ball stood at the door and Gretchen and Bob stowed away all the articles, placing the iron pot upon stones, and tying the baskets to the seats and sides of the wagon.

"Why, Linda, are you going?" exclaimed Hattie, as, coming back, she saw that young lady wrapping herself up in shawls, and winding a huge scarf over her hat. "I warn you if you do you will have to help. I will have no idlers on my hands. There are six cars, remember, and you must peddle out the sandwiches."

"I don't care," laughed Linda. "See if I don't do it well. There! They can't distinguish any thing but my eyes. I shall act the demure country-girl, and be utterly oblivious to all that is said, except in the way of business. Oh dear! what would the Stones say, and the Hathaways, and your handsome friend, Horace? I should die to have it come out."

"Please remember that we are on the outer edge of the State of Wisconsin, my fastidious sister, and that it is very likely we shall live and die here—you, the spinster schoolmistress of the district, if it ever gets rich enough in children, and I the maiden aunt. As to Horace, be kind enough to drop all reference to him. I have no fancy for the heart-ache—and—well, I *have* been foolish enough to think of him occasionally—on moonlight nights. Now, are we all ready?"

Gretchen declared that the young ladies should not go without her. Who would pour the coffee? she asked, in indignant German. No, no! She should make all safe and go, as the master was not expected. It was now getting quite dusk, and beginning to snow. An old canvas was thrown over the eatables; Hattie mounted to the seat beside the driver, Bob; Linda ensconced herself in a low chair between the baskets. Gretchen set off on a smart walk, and arrived at the widow Green's some moments before the others. A tiny log-cabin was this of the widow, whose story was a melancholy one. Seated there beside the blazing fire, quite gray at forty, and an invalid, her one room answering all the purposes of parlor, bedroom, and kitchen, every thing as neat as human hands could make it, one had only to look in her grief-stricken face to see that her life had been a sad one. At thirty she emigrated to the beautiful prairies of the West, rich in hope, in love, and five beautiful children, of whom Bob was the eldest—watched over and cared for by an indulgent, thrifty, and noble husband. Five years later and all her treasures but one were buried in lonely prairie graves, and she was left to struggle with poverty and failing health. The bright fire illuminated the room; there was no need of candles. The bed on one side was made with as much painstaking as if it had stood in the guest-chamber of some palace-home. Over it was spread a beautiful Marseilles quilt, which the widow had brought with her as a family heir-loom. Neat engravings were pasted here and there. One corner Bob called his study; he had fitted it up with a desk of his own manufacture, a few rude book-shelves, a map of the United States, and as many pictures as he could find space for. Here lived mother and son, very poor, but loving each other with an absorbing affection, and both longing for the sight of home faces, which it was not likely they would ever see.

Gretchen took upon herself the task of getting the apples ready, as Hattie had instructed her; so that, by the time the cart came up, there was nothing to do but to put them in their appropriate corner.

In high spirits the little party drove on. It took but a few moments to land them in a place conveniently near the cars, but where they could not be easily seen, as they were hidden by a clump of trees. There the programme was announced. Bob was to proclaim sandwiches and coffee; then he and Gretchen were to distribute the hot and soothing beverage; while Hattie and Linda, each with a basket, were to sell the sandwiches. The matter now took on an aspect of grotesqueness that it had not assumed before. The train had stopped in a hollow place between two embankments, and was quite closely shut up in a snow-covered ravine. From the six small iron pipes the thick gray smoke ascended, curling spirally against the back-grounds of snowy banks and darkening sky. The place was quite isolated. There were no signs of farm-houses, no prospects of cheer; and, as Hattie had foreseen, the passengers were nearly ravenous. Several of the younger men were strolling along outside, smoking, stamping, and growling. Discontented faces looked out of every window. It was a cheerless position. Night was coming on, and nobody knew whether or not they must bear the detention till morning. The nearest stopping-place was thirty miles off.

"If we had been set down somewhere within a hundred miles of civilization," Hattie heard one young man mutter, "it wouldn't have been so bad; but there's not a human habitation to be seen on either side, confound the place!" Presently there was a great hubbub, a strange commotion; all the passengers were roused and on the alert, when a pretty, neat-looking boy, standing in the doorway, cried out in a shrill voice,

"Coffee and sandwiches for those who wish to purchase!"

"Fifty cents for the first cup of coffee, my boy!" shouted a man of aldermanic proportions.

"One dollar—and here it is!" cried a tall Kentuckian; "there's my card"—and, thrusting the card and the dollar into Bob's hand, he secured his coffee.

"I gave a dollar, but it's worth it," he muttered, as he took a sip; "real cream and white sugar—and coffee as is coffee."

"Well, this *is* an unexpected treat, I'm sure!" said a gentleman wrapped in many mufflers, as he took his pocket-book out; "sandwiches, home-made, and apple-pie with a crust equal to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. My friend, I have nothing less than a five dollar bill; if you've no objection," he added, catching sight of a peculiar expression in a pair of beautiful brown eyes, and a mischievous curl in two pretty, red lips, "I'll take half a dozen of those sandwiches for change, and another slice of pie."

"I will give you as many sandwiches as you please, at the regular price," said Hattie, for it was her; "and in a few moments will bring you back change for your five dollars."

"Oh, I beg you will keep it, my dear! And if it chances that there are any people on board too poor to buy, why give them the sandwiches for change, you know," he added, his eyes twinkling.

"Very well, Sir; if I don't find any such I shall remember that I am in your debt," said Hattie, and passed on.

"I would give almost any price for a little warm milk and water," said a pale, sad-looking woman, who was burdened with three crying babies, the smallest one in her lap, and the oldest one young enough to be there.

"You shall have it for a very small price, if I can get it for you," said Hattie, compassionately; and she spoke to Bob, who was just leaving with two empty mugs and his hands full of paper currency. "You look very tired," she resumed, turning to the woman.

"Oh, I am!" said the woman, the tears overflowing and running down her cheeks; "for four days I've been traveling with these children. You see, I lost my man out on the parraries, and I'm going back where I've got friends; for, indeed, I've had the fever so often that I think another time it would kill me, and then what would become of the poor babies? They're not always so fretty and worrisome—they're good little things enough, but they're beat out, I assure you, Miss."

"They're hungry, I'm afraid," said Hattie, in a low voice.

"Surely; but you see I've such a bit of money, though, as I said, I'd almost give it all for a drink for this one, which is so feverish, poor little thing, and do beg so hard. I've give her water till I'm afraid—ah! 'twas a sad thing the cars stopped—I'd 'a been nearly home by this time—that is, to my sister's, which lives in Bradley and is forehanded."

"They shall have these, if you think they ought to eat such hearty food," said Hattie, making up a little parcel; "don't think of paying for it—you're perfectly welcome," she said, and went on, quite overwhelmed with the mother's gratitude, after she had filled a bottle with sweet milk.

Just two seats in front of this woman sat a gentleman of elegant and even fastidious exterior. His coat, which had a voluminous cape, was surmounted by a collar of the richest sable; the same kind of fur made a rim round his cloth cap. He wore neat gloves, and a splendid traveling-bag was perched upon the brass hook above his head; a slender cane with a gold head and a silk umbrella occupied the same place. His cap was pulled very low over his eyes—his collar very high, so it concealed his chin, showing only the soft black mustache and a portion of a handsome pair of side-whiskers. He was further concealed by the shadow; for, though the car-lamp was lighted it hung at some distance behind him. As Hattie went by, her stock diminished, for it was the third basket, and this was the last car, he said, in a rather gruff voice,

"Is there any thing left for me?"

"Oh yes," replied Hattie, "there are some sandwiches and a few slices of pie—quite fresh."

"Do you live about here?" he further queried, as Hattie gave him the articles he purchased.

"I don't live about any where," she answered, composedly; "I live as most other people do, I suppose, between four walls, and under a roof."

"I beg your pardon; I did not think of being impertinent," said the stranger.

"Did I accuse you of impertinence, Sir?" asked Hattie. "Here is your change;" and as he took it she glided out.

"Well, this is curious enough," said the stranger, who had taken off a glove, and was pulling at his mustache in evident perplexity, showing as he did so a slender white hand. "I should have known her by that sign, if no other. Her face was so curiously bundled up, and yet—the eyes—the voice—and still, it can not be; the unconscious refinement, the elegance of motion, the— Pshaw! I must be mistaken. But *that*—I'll find out—I'll be certain. How kind she was to that poor woman!—just like her—fine breeding will show under any disguise; I must assure myself. How well she answered me! What a ridiculous question, to be sure! Curiously independent—always was, though; *if* it be her—still, I wonder, somewhat—can it be poverty that compels it?"

He hurriedly pulled on his glove, stood up, seemed for a moment undecided; looked at his watch, then left the car, rather unlike in his movements the man of elegant leisure that he was—stooping as he did so to pick up something.

Meantime Hattie and Linda had gained the spring-cart, breathless; Hattie arrived last.

"The animals are all fed," she laughingly cried; "but they cry piteously for more coffee."

"I sold every apple, and could sell more," exclaimed Bob. "I put the apple-money in the left pocket, and there's a heap there. Did you ever see such hungry people?"

"It's a shame they can't have more coffee; suppose we make another potful—will you and Gretchen bring it here? They think they may be obliged to stay two or three hours longer; perhaps all night."

"I will," cried Bob, "and bring some more apples; we've got more than we know what to do with."

"I will come too," said Gretchen; "I like the fun."

"Do you know," said Linda, solemnly, "I thought for a moment that Horace Blanchard was in one of those cars."

Hattie started violently. "Which one?" she queried; and then, "What nonsense!"

"Nonsense or not, there was that unmistakable air about him; for you know, Hat, there was something different from other men in Horace; he was so perfectly—what shall I say?—thorough-bred."

"But in which car?" queried Hattie, impatiently.

"The last."

Hattie felt a shiver and then a thrill; after that, if it had been light, Linda would have seen her cheeks burning. She forgot the humming and the grumbling, the crying of babies and the petulance of tired mothers—the human freight of discontented souls—and her heart went back to one time—one hour—but "Pshaw!" she thought, "why recall it?" She had long ago promised herself to give up such reveries and memories.

"There *was* a something about one of them," Hattie said to herself, musingly, "that gave me an impression— Of course, Lind, it wasn't he," she broke out, suddenly. "What fools we make of ourselves sometimes! Well, Lind, I've got my new merino, or as good as got it," she added, after a few moments; "but I've lost my handkerchief—my best one—which I was foolish enough to wear—and mamma's gift. What shall I do? Look for it, Lind. I'll run back with the lantern; we took only one track; it must be found if I have to go through the cars again;" and she started back.

The handsome stranger stood as irresolutely upon the platform of the car he had just left as he had stood a moment before in his seat. Then he stepped down into the snow, which was by no means deep. A few flakes fell upon his coat and freshened his face with their damp, tiny touch.

"I wonder where they are?" he mused, listening; "I was a fool not to speak at once—at all events, I can follow this footpath till I see—a woman with a lantern," he muttered, under his breath.

"Have you lost something?" he asked.

She started back and flashed the lantern toward him, then said, "Yes, a handkerchief that I prized because it was a keepsake."

"You are very fearless," he responded.

"We learn to be fearless in the great West, and to protect ourselves," she answered, still searching, but her hand under her shawl was clenched tightly over her heart.

"Allow me," he said, and took from his breast the handkerchief.

"You have it?" she cried, low and tremblingly.

"I found it as you left the car, *Miss Newhall.*"

"The name is not there," half gasped Hattie.

"No? I never looked for it. Next time you wish to preserve a strict incognita don't wear that ring, it is unique."

"The jet and pearl, you mean," murmured Hattie, breathless with surprise.

"Yes, will you object to my escort home?"

"We brought a spring-cart," said Hattie, with a laugh that sounded strangely spasmodic, "and there are four of us."

"Is it a long walk?"

"Oh no! Bob and Gretchen might walk, but—"

"Well?"

"You must drive—Ball is not a remarkable animal, he is very old and very blind."

"I object to fast horses at night, and in a strange country. But I must stipulate that my baggage goes too. I am just home from Europe, where I have been traveling for the last ten months; came by the way of Canada; have been making a tour of the Lakes and looking over this Western country. It suits me. Shall I take my baggage along, Miss Newhall? No trunks; forwarded them directly to Philadelphia."

"You'll hardly find hotel accommodations, Mr. Blanchard," said Hattie; "if you are willing to rough it a little, you shall be heartily welcome. It will do papa good, the sight of a familiar face from dear old Philadelphia."

"To be sure it will; and I can get advice from him if I should want to invest in a few prairies."

"Bob will find the baggage," she said, and then turned hot for fear she had implied an undue anxiety. Bob came up, sent by Linda, who was nervous at Hattie's prolonged absence. He willingly procured the handsome valise, walking-stick, and umbrella, and in a few moments old Ball was jogging along toward home.

The girls were glad that the supper-table was set so invitingly; they ushered their strangely-formed acquaintance into the reception-room, as Linda laughingly called it, and then went up stairs to hold a consultation.

"The providence seems all on your side," said Linda, slyly.

"Yes, look at the money; heaps, as they say down South. I think I have earned my new merino. But what shall we do with—that man down stairs?"

"*Provide* for him," Linda replied, laughing, as she threw some sticks on the fire.

"We must give him this room."

"Of course, unless he sleeps with papa."

"It is so different from what he is accustomed to," said Hattie, looking about.

"It's good enough for us," replied Linda; "and if he don't like it, you know, he needn't stay. *I'm* not particular."

Hattie blushed and laughed, made a rough guess at the amount of greenbacks they had taken, put on a short white apron, smoothed her hair, and looked dangerously pretty.

That was a night long to be remembered. Papa Newhall, coming home all tired out, forgot his perplexities in the delight of meeting an old friend. Horace praised the cabin, and enjoyed his supper; the harp and piano set up their mellow voices, and Horace Blanchard's flute, which he always carried about with him, completed the tuneful trio.

Of course you see the *dénouement* of my story—a handsome residence built in prairie land by Horace Blanchard, who takes to wife the beautiful sister of Linda Newhall; settles Mrs. Green as housekeeper, though virtually the good soul has next to nothing to do; provides for Bob; and becomes, as he ought, the leading man of the West; goes to Congress; helps his father-in-law to a fortune; founds a city, which is named after him; and is remarkably fond of purple merino, through a longing for which he fancies he is indebted to all his good fortune.

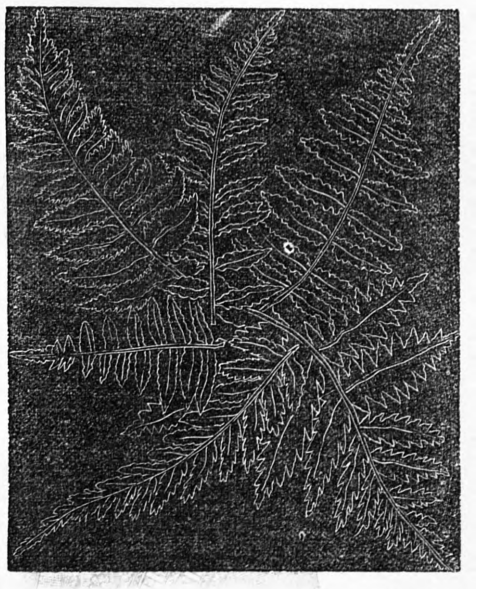
FERN IMPRESSION WORK.

IMPRESSIONS of ferns, arranged in graceful groups or designs, are well worth the little trouble required for their production, and will last for years to ornament the house in the form of screens, lamp-shades, sofa pillows, toilette sets, etc. Their durability is no small recommendation, while their beauty will attract attention every where.

As a first experiment, let the learner take a piece of white muslin and lay it smoothly upon a table or lapboard (the latter being the best). Next arrange on it a group of smooth ferns, either green or dried, laying them flat in the centre, according to any design the operator may prefer. The fine, delicate ones are most beautiful, and the leaves and blossoms of the New Jersey climbing fern especially so.

Having arranged them as you mean them to lie, next secure them in place by means of small pins stuck through the points of the leaves into the table, thus fastening down every leaflet close to the muslin.

When all this is done take either India or indelible ink, dip into it a large camel's-hair brush, or something that will answer as well, and, holding it over the ferns, draw it back and forth across a comb, letting the ink splatter through upon them and the muslin around, continuing to do so until the muslin spaces around and between the leaves are well darkened; the pins may then be removed and the leaves lifted, when a perfect impression will be seen upon the muslin. The shading around the edges should be deeper nearest the ferns, and lighter gradually toward the outer edges, until it leaves clean muslin on the margin.



Then with a fine pen or pencil trace lightly the outlines of the leaves, etc., and draw the central veins down through each spray and leaflet. In this way may be made the most durable toilette sets, and pin-cushion covers, doylies, etc., as they will bear washing. Fine white satin jean will be found a suitable material for this purpose.

Screens and sofa pillows can be produced with still more elegant effect by using white or some other delicate shade of velvet instead of muslin, with designs in the corners and centre, or with a continued wreath all around.

Ivy leaves instead of, or mingled with, fern sprays will have an excellent effect. This art may also be applied to Bristol board lamp-shades, embellishing the title-pages of albums, and many other articles. Even counterpanes of plain muslin or Marseilles may be adorned with corners, borders, and centre-pieces done with indelible ink; in fact, to an ingenious person, numberless objects will suggest themselves, to which these beautiful impressions can be applied.

For articles not intended to be washed a still greater variety may be produced by using ink of different colors. Red ink is used in Canada and elsewhere in making chair covers and screens, the material being generally white velveteen or cotton velvet.

Swiss Muslin Waist with Simulated Braid Trimming.

THIS waist, or chemise Russe, is of Swiss muslin, trimmed with a simulated braid, or rouleau of pink satin ribbon an inch in width, and Valenciennes insertion and edging, each two-thirds of an inch in width. For the manner of making the trimming, see Fig. 8 on the opposite page and the appended description. For making the waist cut from Fig. 10 of the Supplement both fronts, allowing an inch and a half for the hem on the front; from Fig. 11 the back in one piece, and from Fig. 12 the sleeves, taking care to observe the contour of the under side. Having hemmed the fronts, and finished them with small buttons and button-holes, take up the darts, and join the backs and fronts according to the figures on the pattern. Bind the neck with a straight piece of Swiss muslin, three-fourths of an inch wide, after it is finished; cover this band with pink satin ribbon, which is wound diagonally with the insertion; gather in a frill of lace above the binding, and hem the under edge with a hem a fifth of an inch wide. Finish the waist, after having gathered the back, with a Swiss muslin belt an inch and a half in width. Join the sleeves according to the figures on the pattern, after which turn down the material on the right side at the distance of one-third of an inch on the bottom of the sleeves and sew on the trimming. Cord the arm-holes, and sew in the sleeves, bringing 26 on 26 of the front of the waist. Finally, put on the trimming, having first prepared it and pointed the ends, as shown in the illustration.

Waist with Bretelle Trimming.

THIS Swiss muslin waist, or chemise Russe, is cut from the same pattern as the tucked waist, Figs. 13 and 14 of the Supplement. The trimming consists of needle-work leaves edged with lace, which are set on so as to simulate bretelles, with loops of blue satin ribbon between, and surmounted with Valenciennes lace, which covers the seam. A Swiss muslin binding, trimmed with satin points and Valenciennes lace, is set on the neck, and finished in front with a bow, whereof Fig. 7, on the opposite page, gives the half-sized illustration. This bow is made of needle-work leaves edged with lace, and loops of blue satin ribbon, to correspond with the bretelles. The sleeve trimming is shown in the illustration.

SWISS MUSLIN WAIST WITH SIMULATED BRAID TRIMMING.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 10–12.

WAIST WITH BRETELLE TRIMMING.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 13 and 14.

TUCKED SWISS MUSLIN WAIST TRIMMED WITH BOWS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 13 and 14.

SWISS MUSLIN WAIST WITH SIMULATED FICHU.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 10–12.

Swiss Muslin Waist with Simulated Fichu.

THIS waist, or chemise Russe, is cut from the pattern given for the waist with braid trimming. The trimming imitates a fichu, and consists of Valenciennes insertion sewed on in the form of tabs, lace one-third of an inch and an inch wide, worked figures in appliqué, and blue satin ribbon an inch in width. The insertion on the front of the right side is underlaid with the ribbon, which is also used for the points which finish the neck and the sleeves at the wrist. The neck is finished in front by a rosette of the blue satin ribbon. The muslin is cut away under the insertion which forms tabs. The manner of sewing on the trimming is shown by the illustration, and by Fig. 3 on the opposite page.

Tucked Swiss Muslin Waist.

THIS waist, or chemise Russe, is trimmed with bows of Valenciennes insertion, lace, and points of green satin ribbon. Cut from Fig. 13 of the Supplement of tucked muslin the two fronts, and from Fig. 15 the back in one piece. Cut the sleeves of plain muslin from the sleeve pattern given for the waist with braid trimming. Join the back and fronts according to the figures on the pattern, and finish the neck with a Swiss muslin binding three-fourths of an inch in width, after which trim this binding with points of the green satin ribbon and lace, as shown in the illustration. Finish the back with a shirr, as shown by Fig. 14 of the Supplement, after which arrange the bows, which are shown in the half-sized illustration, Fig. 5, on the opposite page. Trim the sleeves with satin points, lace, and insertion, and sew them into the corded arm-holes. The belt is of green satin ribbon, ornamented with insertion and lace, and is finished on the front by one of the bows already mentioned.

WAIST WITH BRETELLES.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 13 and 14.

SWISS MUSLIN WAIST WITH SIMULATED BODICE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 10–12.

Waist with Bretelles.

See illustration, page 536.

THIS waist, or chemise Russe, is cut from the pattern given for the tucked waist. The bretelles of the front and back consist each of two Swiss muslin pieces, two inches wide on the shoulders, and sloping to one inch in width at the waist. These strips are laid in narrow cross-pleats, and are joined by means of a guipure insertion about half an inch wide. The illustration shows the manner of arranging them on the waist. Cover the seams made by setting them on with guipure lace an inch in width, underlaid with pink ribbon. Cut the stuff away from under the bretelles. Finish the right front by a binding an inch in width, which is bordered with guipure lace, and ornamented with rosettes in embroidery. Finish the back with insertion in the middle, after which cut away the Swiss muslin underneath. Hem the neck very narrow, and finish with lace. On the front set a bow of pink ribbon and lace, in the middle of which is an embroidered figure. The trimming of the sleeves corresponds to that of the waist, and can be arranged from the illustration.

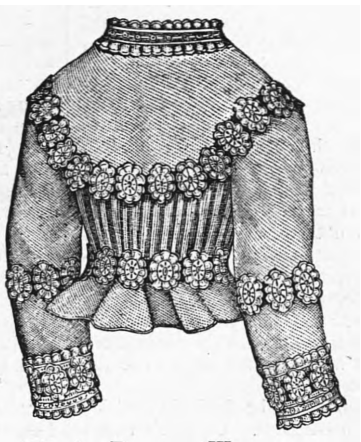


Fig. 4.—BACK OF WAIST WITH SIMULATED BODICE.

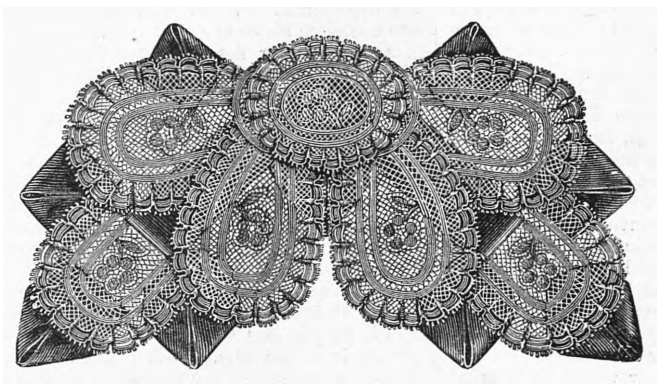


Fig. 5.—BOW FOR TUCKED WAIST.

Fig. 1.—BACK OF WAIST WITH SIMULATED BRAID TRIMMING.

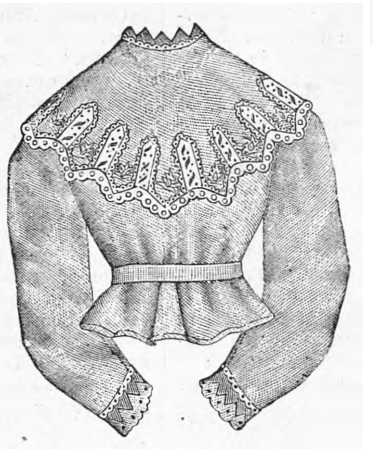


Fig. 3.—BACK OF WAIST WITH SIMULATED FICHU.

width. These lappets are fastened on a muslin foundation, as shown in the illustration, and in such a manner as to partly cover the loops of blue satin ribbon that have previously been arranged on the foundation. This bow is seen on the waist with bretelle trimming on the opposite page.

Fig. 8.—Simulated braid trimming, composed of two pieces of pink satin ribbon, which are wound with Valenciennes insertion in the manner shown by the illustration. On the edge of this run pleated Valenciennes lace. A waist is shown on the opposite page ornamented with this pretty and easily made trimming.

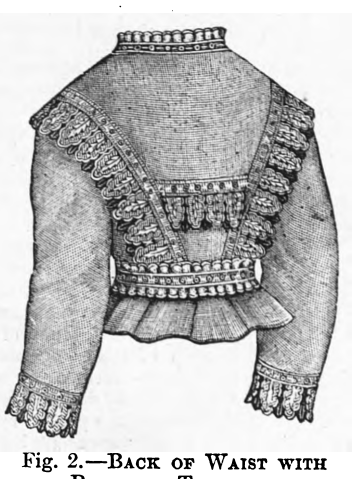


Fig. 2.—BACK OF WAIST WITH BRETELLE TRIMMING.

Fig. 9.—This trimming consists of narrow green satin ribbon, which is crossed on a straight piece of muslin in the manner shown by the illustration, and is ornamented with two sizes of circular figures, which are embroidered in point de minute. The muslin is cut away from the outside of the ribbon.

Figs. 10 and 11.—Two embroidered rosettes. Fig. 10 is worked in back stitch, straight half-polka, and satin stitch. The open-work centre is formed of fine guipure cord, after which the foundation is cut away. The rosette, Fig. 11, is worked in straight half-polka and satin stitch, while the inside of each large hole is finished by a guipure wheel. The rosette, Fig. 11, is used on the waist with simulated bodice.

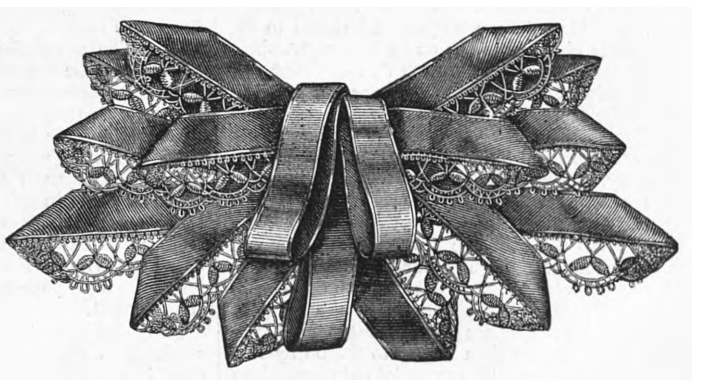


Fig. 6.—RIBBON AND LACE BOW FOR WAISTS, LINGERIE, ETC.

Swiss Muslin Waist with Simulated Bodice.

See illustration, page 536.

THE waist, or chemise Russe, the front of which is seen in the illustration, and the back in Fig. 4 on this page, is of plain muslin above, while the portion which imitates a bodice or peasant waist is of tucked muslin. If it be desired to make the waist tight, cut from the pattern given for the waist with braid trimming, and if loose, from that given for the tucked waist. Trim the seam, which joins the plain and tucked parts, with lilac satin ribbon, which is trimmed with embroidered rosettes edged with Valenciennes, pleated on in the manner shown by the illustration. Figs. 10 and 11 on this page give rosettes suitable for this purpose. The trimming of the sleeves corresponds to that of the bodice. Finish the neck with a collar of Valenciennes insertion and lace, the ends of which are ornamented with an embroidered rosette. Finish the front with a bow composed of two cravat-ends of muslin, lace, and embroidered rosettes, and cover the place where these ends are set on with a knot made of embroidery and lace. Loops and ends of lilac satin complete the bow (see illustration). The belt is of satin ribbon ornamented with embroidered rosettes.

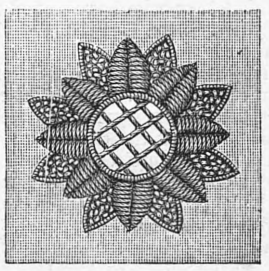


Fig. 10.—NEEDLE-WORK ROSETTE FOR WAISTS, LINGERIE, ETC.

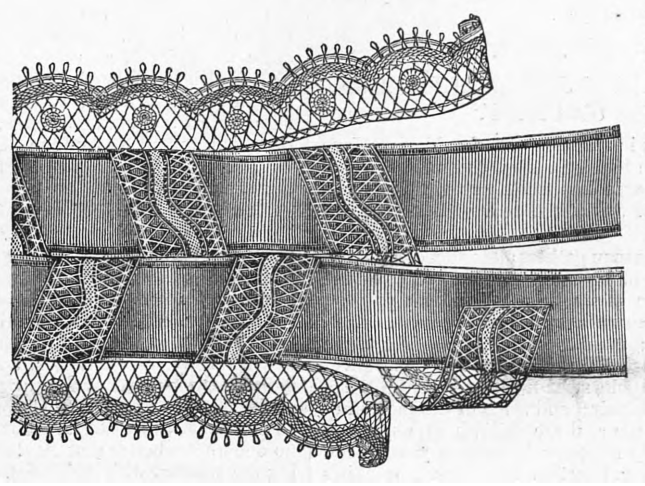


Fig. 8.—MANNER OF MAKING SIMULATED BRAID TRIMMING. FULL SIZE.

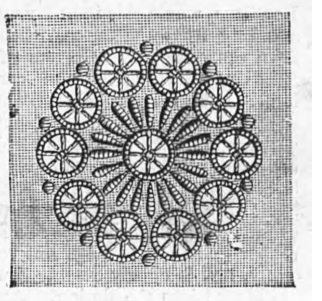


Fig. 11.—EMBROIDERED ROSETTE FOR WAISTS, LINGERIE, ETC.

Trimmings for Chemises Russes, Fichus, Lingerie etc.

Fig. 5.—Bow of rounded tabs of Valenciennes insertion, half an inch in width, bordered with pleated lace a little narrower. Between the tabs arrange points made of green satin ribbon three-fourths of an inch in width. The place where the tabs are sewed on is covered by a rosette, which is also edged with lace. This bow is seen on the tucked waist on the opposite page.

Fig. 6.—Bow of red ribbon a third of an inch in width, bordered with lace on one side and pointed at the ends. The ends are pointed by laying back the outer edges of the ribbon and lace and sewing them down on the back. In the centre three loops of ribbon are arranged.

Fig. 7.—Bow of embroidered lappets, pleated on the outer edge, and Valenciennes lace a third of an inch in

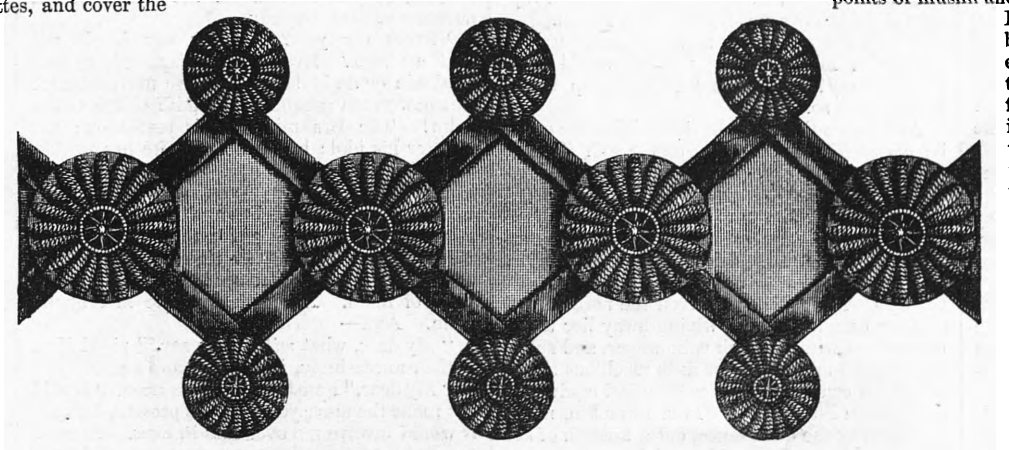


Fig. 9.—SWISS MUSLIN, RIBBON, AND NEEDLE-WORK TRIMMING FOR WAISTS, ETC.

Figs. 12 and 13.—Two trimmings, embroidered with white cotton in French stitch, the manner of working of which is shown on the illustration. These serve for trimming chemises Russes, standing collars, etc.

Figs. 14 and 15.—Two pointed edgings, which serve as trimming for chemises Russes, standing collars, cuffs, etc. The edge, Fig. 14, consists of green satin points of double material, to which are also fastened button-hole stitch scallops arranged in points. The embroidered scallops are fastened on a piece of muslin, and the satin points sewed to a satin ribbon. The points are then fastened together as shown by the illustration, and the muslin is trimmed with narrow satin ribbon. Fig. 15 consists of points of muslin and lilac satin, and is formed of double material. Finish the muslin points with a Swiss muslin binding one-third of an inch in width, so that each point shall slightly lap over the next on the edge. The satin points are in like manner fastened to a lilac binding two-thirds of an inch in width. Then sew the two rows of points together, as shown by the illustration, so that the under edge of the lilac satin ribbon shall project a little below the edge of the muslin.

Fig. 12.—NEEDLE-WORK TRIMMING FOR WAISTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, ETC.

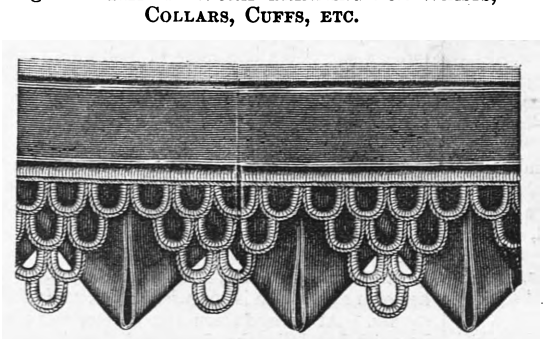


Fig. 14.—TRIMMING FOR WAISTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, ETC.

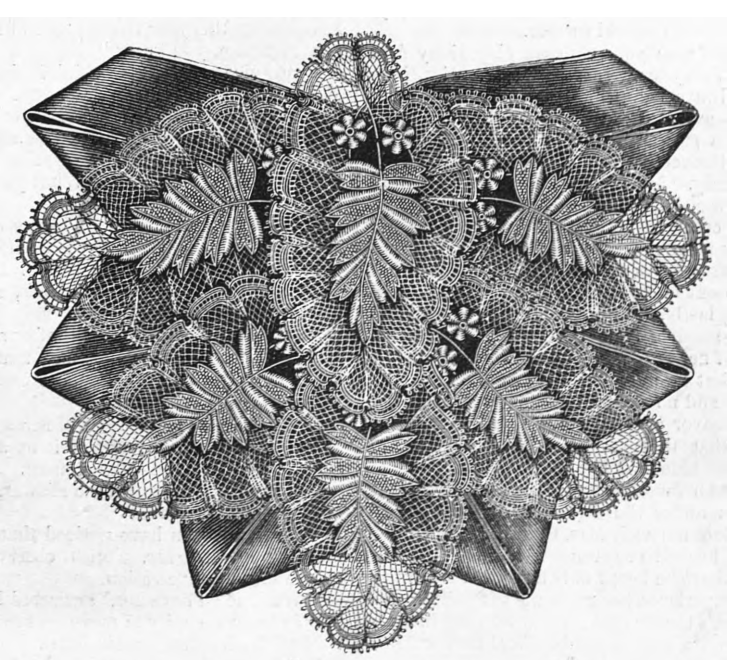


Fig. 7.—BOW FOR WAIST WITH BRETELLE TRIMMING.—HALF SIZE.

Fig. 13.—NEEDLE-WORK TRIMMING FOR WAISTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, ETC.

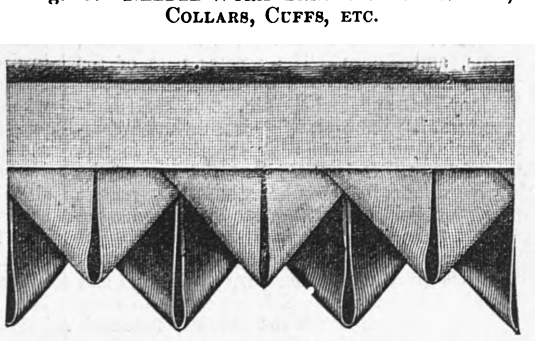


Fig. 15.—TRIMMING FOR WAISTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, ETC.

CASHMERE SHAWLS.

FINEST of all woolen textures, and most exquisite in workmanship, is the Indian shawl. Uniting richness of design with freshness of coloring, it has no rival in the world. It is not only the most splendid tissue ever wrought by the hand of man, but it is also the most solid and most durable, whether it adorns the shoulders of a European beauty or girds the waist of an Eastern potentate.

The seat of this industry is the Vale of Cashmere, celebrated for "its roses, the brightest that earth ever gave," the chosen theme of the poet and the traveler. In this favored spot and its surrounding mountains the industrious inhabitants are principally employed in this laborious manufacture. The Cashmere shawl is woven

from the wool of the Thibet goat; the material for the shawls (which is carried to Cashmere) is found next the skin of the animal, and is surpassingly soft and silky. When employed for fabricating shawls the wool is first made over to the women to spin—a difficult and costly operation. It is next passed to the dyer to give it its unalterable colors, then delivered to the weaver, who sets up his simple frame, and weaves, after the pattern given him, the segment of the shawl allotted for his task. The shawls are all made in separate pieces, and when the portions distributed to the different weavers are finished they are given to skilled workmen called *ra-fu-gar*, to whom is assigned the difficult duty of joining the segments together. These seams, however, generally require to be re-sewn in Europe before the shawl is offered for sale. The flowers and arabesque patterns are worked in by hand. When finished the shawl is well cleaned and covered with a strong paste, principally made from rice. The whole completed, it is delivered to the purchaser.

Shawls were formerly made in pairs, but since European dealers have invaded Cashmere more than two are made from the same pattern.

If destined for Europe the shawl has to be disencumbered of its provisional dressing. For this purpose it is washed in the river flowing from the Lake of Cashmere, whose waters are reputed to preserve the colors, a property attributed to the aromatic plants growing on its banks. A sheet of paper is laid between each fold of the shawl. It is inclosed in four or five envelopes, and packed with the utmost precaution.

So delicate and complicated a work can only be accomplished by workmen versed in it from infancy, and who, living upon a handful of rice, are satisfied with moderate wages. The best workmen scarcely earn more than from three to four cents a day. The low price of labor will always render Europe tributary to Asia for this luxurious production. A shawl which costs $400 at Cashmere, or at Umritsur, in the Punjab, where these shawls are also fabricated, could not be made for less than $5000 to $6500 by European workmen. The material only enters into 20 per cent. of the cost. Hence many French manufacturers have formed establishments at Cashmere and Umritsur, where shawls are made by native workmen; but in too many instances they have introduced their own designs, which have changed the national character of the shawl, and often, in these cases, the beautiful tissue is concealed beneath a mass of embroidery.

Shawls of inferior quality are also made at Loodiana, where this industry was introduced by a colony from Cashmere, recruited every year from the valley. The colors of those made at Loodiana are very solid, and bear constant washing. They are wanting in brilliancy of tints, consisting principally of brown, black, dark bottle green, and indigo blue. The colors most prized are a dull yellow, shades of amaranth, and, most brilliant of all, a kind of rose pomegranate of the finest thread, used only in shawls of the first quality. The favorite color in India is a bright copper green; it is false, but very brilliant and costly, and is chiefly employed where palms are introduced into the design. Another shade of the same color is used for the warp of the finest shawls, as is also turquoise blue, a most costly color.

At Loodiana the workmen are seated three together at the same strip, in front of a cylinder upon which the warp is rolled. Each has at least fifty shuttles. The chief sits in the middle, and guides the other two. In one pair of shawls is six hundred days' work; they would cost at Loodiana, if of the finest quality made, about $100. The white shawls with green palms are the coarsest.

These Loodiana shawls are heavy, the palms stiff and ungraceful, and they are destitute of the softness so admired in Europe; but this they gain, in a great degree, by wear and washing. From their cheapness, Cashmere can not contend with Loodiana in the Indian market.

What the Indian produces by years of manual labor the European now obtains in a short time by means of machinery. Shawls are made in the Jacquard loom by workmanship the most intricate and complicated.

Though inferior in softness to its Indian rival, the French shawl is the most beautiful and elaborate tissue machinery ever produced. It is also made of the down of the Thibet goat, originally introduced from Russia, at great expense, by Monsieur Ternaux, who produced, in 1810, the first Cashmere shawl ever manufactured in France. The weft is entirely of wool, worked like carded wool, to produce a smooth tissue; but in the warp is introduced a thread of fine silk, called *organsine* (for which cocoons of the first quality are reserved), to give it sufficient stability to weave. The French shawl is finer and more clothlike to the touch than the Indian, smoother in surface from its more perfectly spun yarn, which is free from the knotty irregularities of the Indian web. Yet, notwithstanding these improvements, the French shawl never falls in the soft, elegant folds of the true Cashmere.

France has only three centres for the manufacture of shawls: Paris for the finest quality, Lyons, and Nimes. The greater part of the shawls sold as Paris are woven in Picardy, at Fresnoy-le-Grand, and Rohain. The Paris manufacturers have always, by their taste and inventive genius, maintained their superiority in this manufacture. It is there that the use of the Jacquard loom has been brought to the greatest perfection, and its work-shops of design have the highest reputation. The pattern being "read," as it is called, on the Jacquard cards, the workman has given to him the warp ready dyed and prepared, and the materials necessary to form the weft. When woven the shawl is trimmed, washed, and dressed. Since the introduction of European capital and industry the Indian shawl has much diminished in price, and has become a formidable rival to the Paris shawl, which formerly replaced the more costly production of the East.

The two kinds may always be distinguished from each other by one marked difference. In the French shawl there is a great loss of material, because the wool passes the whole width of the warp, only to appear where it forms the pattern, and being seen behind in loops, or *brides*, as they are termed, which are cut away when the tissue is finished to diminish the weight of the shawl. The Indian shawl, on the other hand, is woven like a kind of tapestry, each thread following only the outline it has to form, being fastened by knots on the wrong side. These remain in the state the workmen left them, adding much to the solidity and strength of the shawl, which therefore never ravels out.

But the great merit of the Indian *cachemire* consists in the harmony and effect produced from the proper distribution of color and the rich invention of their patterns; these give them an evident superiority over the French shawls, which last are chiefly distinguished by their well-chosen designs and the perfect regularity of their weaving, equally apparent both in the ground and border. These merits do not appear in the Indian shawl, where the execution of the pattern is more or less imperfect, according as the strips have been made by more or less competent workmen. The numerous seams required in these shawls to unite the different pieces that compose them offer also an ungraceful aspect scarcely consistent with the *élégantes* they adorn. But as these faults serve to give them a special character they become often a "quality" instead of a defect in the eyes of the purchaser. It must always be borne in mind that the Cashmere wool is the most delicate and difficult of all tissues to work, and that the Eastern natives, by their success in weaving it, have earned the reputation of being the most patient and most skillful weavers in the world.

Although our observations have been strictly confined to the Cashmere shawls, yet we can hardly pass unnoticed the Scotch tartans, now brought to great perfection. The beautiful wool of the Cheviot sheep goes far to rival the production of the Thibet goat.

JINNY ANN JONES AND MRS. GRUNDY.

THE point in question was, should Mary Jane ride with Sarah Saddler, or should she stop at home because her frock was rumpled, and Sarah Saddler was at the door with no time to wait?

Now when a man gathers all his hopes and fears for one throw of fortune, or a child speaks all the present desire of its little life in one request, there is to me something solemn and touching in the spectacle; more especially in the case of the child, because children have no moral perspective. A great disappointment means to them, for the time being, despair; and some of the most piteous scars on the soul are childish griefs, whose sting is hardly forgotten by mature years. So, though I never interfere with Mrs. Lumpkin's domestic discipline, at heart I sided with Mary Jane, and was glad when, after a moment's hesitation, Mrs. Lumpkin said, slowly, "Well, yes."

But as Mary Jane was dancing out in a rapture she met my sister-in-law, Mrs. Fetish.

"You are not going in that dress, surely!" exclaimed Mrs. Fetish. "What would Mrs. Grimkin say? Sarah Saddler will stop there. She told me so."

And before the Grimkin view of the case could be discussed time was up, and Sarah Saddler drove away. Mary Jane began to cry and continued to cry, for her grief was of the sort that grows on one. Every moment took Sarah Saddler further and further away on that rapturous journey. Mrs. Lumpkin shortly lost temper. First, she scolded Mary Jane. Next, she boxed her ears. Mary Jane perceived the necessity of corking herself up, and, wiping away her tears, went about with so much pain, anger, and sulkiness bottled up in her poor little rebellious heart, that I am convinced their mechanical equivalent might have lifted a ton. Mrs. Lumpkin, much disturbed by the occurrence, cut a breadth of her new dress on the wrong side, and forgot the roast, which burned to a cinder. And I looked at Mrs. Fetish, the cause of all this woe, and said to myself, here is—a Lumpkin paper.

Have you seen your children play Jinny Ann Jones? If so, you may remember that Miss Jinny Ann is always being hidden behind protecting petticoats, and always being hunted by the other half of the party. Precisely in this way Mrs. Fetish is forever playing Jinny Ann Jones with Mrs. Grundy. Most people have one skeleton in the house, but Mrs. Fetish has a Jinny Ann Jones in every room, and as you, or I, or her next-door neighbor, may be Mrs. Grundy, Mrs. Fetish must always first pop her Jinny Ann out of sight, next make sure that you have not seen her; and, lastly, lead you and the conversation as far as possible from the hiding-place. If a member of her family enters, then Mrs. Fetish is in dread lest he unsuspectingly should let Jinny Ann out; and no matter how long your stay, her whole endeavor is to strengthen you in the impression that the particular Jinny Ann whom she has just hidden is not in her house.

Jinny Ann Jones may be the old dress that she shoves under the sofa cushion, or the fact that she does not visit Mrs. Grimkin, or that she paid forty instead of seventy-five dollars for her cloak, or that she keeps only a maid of all work; but long experience has made me so familiar with Mrs. Fetish's tactics that I am never long in finding out toward what conversational corner Mrs. Fetish refuses to turn her eyes.

For example. I stop there for a friendly chat and discover, say what I will, that the conversation always gets back to one subject—real estate, and the high prices thereof. When this has happened some half a dozen times I say to myself, "Oh! Jinny Ann Jones again," and follow her lead.

"Yes. As you say, Mrs. Fetish, prices are extortionate."

Mrs. Fetish brightens at once.

"Extortionate. They are absurd, Mr. Lumpkin. To buy a decent house, and as I tell Mr. Fetish, I am sure I do not want any other, you must sink a fortune. For my part I prefer to wait, and if Mr. Fetish takes my advice he will stop where we are this year at least."

Then I know that Fetish, who lost twenty thousand in the last tumble of stocks, has said to her that he can not afford to buy this year. But Mrs. Fetish is quite satisfied. In her opinion she has pulled the wool well over my eyes; and she would smile, even if Fetish had lost fifty thousand, if only Mrs. Grundy and I can be made to believe that he stays in the three-story brick, because it is his whim not to yield to the extravagance of the day.

Or Jinny Ann Jones may be Arabella Fetish's runaway match with Gil Blas. Gil is a "ne'er-do-weel." Most runaways are. He has little money, no capacity for business, and expensive habits. Arabella can dance, has a fine taste in dress, and might have married a block of buildings, brown-stone houses, Madam, near Fifth Avenue. Just as she almost fancies herself mother-in-law of this brown-stone block, Mrs. Fetish is rudely pushed on one side by the ne'er-do-weel. All her watchings, her sacrifices, are made useless. A larger-hearted mother might writhe under the blow; but true to her life-long habit, Mrs. Fetish's first instinctive thought is to hide this large and inconvenient Jinny Ann from Mrs. Grundy. She takes no time for quiet weeping, but is up and at her work with the energy of a bee or ant, and before Mrs. Grundy can wipe her spectacles she has her story ready.

"Any Jinny Ann Jones in here?" "No indeed. Taken by surprise? Not at all. It *was* a romantic marriage. They would be married quietly; and, of course, Arabella might have married the brown-stone block; but, as all the world knows, my daughter was not the girl to sell herself. Beside, there are qualities quite as desirable as money (for by this time Mrs. Fetish has manufactured a redeeming trait for Gil Blas). Arabella's husband is of the Node family. How could he be expected to know any thing of economy? And the Nodes are charmed with Arabella, who is spending the summer with them, etc., etc."

Now is not here singleness of purpose, and a heroic and unflinching fidelity? When a man or woman patiently accepts an affliction, the better to glorify God, and is hardly distressed except by a sin, we call that Christian faith. But we see Mrs. Fetish bear affliction with positive heroism, not to offend Mrs. Grundy, and cast down, not by real distresses, such as Arabella's unfortunate match, but only by the fear of losing her slippery footing before that misty South Sea Idol, what shall we call it? For my part, though no one knows better that Arabella is not spending the summer with the Nodes, etc., etc., I confess to a certain admiration for the pluck and ingenuity of this dauntless, resolute, worried little pagan, that leads me, spite of myself, from my original subject to consider the virtues of the devotees of Mrs. Grundy.

Virtues say you? Virtues say I. Is not faith a virtue? Even when misplaced, as in a Brahmin or an idolater! Do we not praise it? But how much greater is the faith of the Grundyite! The Brahmin has his revelation; the idolater his idol; but the Grundyite has neither revelation nor visible shape. Who knows where to find Mrs. Grundy? Who can describe her? Who has ever traced her? Old Fetish tried. His wife was badgering him to move up town. Stoves were sold on their right, a dentist was on their left; a hair-dresser had opened shop in front of them. All genteel people fled before them. And—

"My dear, what *will* people say?" piped Mrs. Fetish, unceasingly, in her husband's ear.

"My dear," Fetish answered as often, "I could not make the move you desire at present, because it would involve me over ears in debt. Even if we could rent this house at once, we could not rent it for such a price as we should be obliged to pay up town. And I should have besides my heavy losses this year the expense of moving and new furniture, you know."

"But what will people think?" insisted Mrs. Fetish, and at last grown desperate.

"Who are people?" cried Mr. Fetish.

"La, Mr. Fetish, how odd you are!"

"Odd! I do not think so. You ask 'What will people think?' I ask 'What people do you mean?'"

"Why, I do not know. There are the Retts, and the Smalls, and Mr. Cross's family."

"Rett! Small! Cross!" Mr. Fetish took down the names in his note-book, and shortly after called on Peter Cross.

"Mr. Cross," asked Fetish, after some desultory talk, "I suppose you know that I am still living down town?"

"Yes."

"What have you thought of my doing so?"

"Why, I never thought of it at all," replied Peter Cross, in some astonishment.

Mr. Fetish wrote down the answer, and called on the Smalls.

"I suppose you have noticed that we do not move up town," Mr. Fetish observed, in the course of the conversation.

"Well, no; I have not," answered Mrs. Small. "Pray, why should you move up town?"

Mr. Fetish called on Mr. Rett.

"Have you heard any thing about my house?"

"No."

"Any thing about me?"

"No."

"Any body ever wondered to you why I live in such a neighborhood?"

"No."

"Sure?"

"Quite sure."

Mr. Fetish went home and showed his wife the entries in his book. Mrs. Fetish was horror-stricken, and cried for vexation.

"Now, Mr. Fetish, how could you do such a thing? I wish you were like any body else. And that is not what I meant. But there are people who think and talk of such things too. You heard Mrs. Bubble yourself, when she said that she really could not visit below Fourteenth Street."

"I thought that you despised Mrs. Bubble."

"So I do. She is shallow and conceited, and she has no judgment."

"But for a shallow, conceited woman whom you despise, and who has no judgment, you would drive me to involve myself in debt, which would harass us perhaps for the rest of our lives."

"Now, you know, Mr. Fetish, that is not what I mean."

But what, if this is true, does she really mean, and who is Mrs. Grundy? I myself have tried the experiment. When Mrs. Lumpkin's soul was exercised about our carpets I obtained from Mrs. Lumpkin a list of twenty-five persons, whom she said were signified by "people," and "they say." I visited the twenty-five, and demanded and received their candid opinion about our carpets. Twenty-three had never noticed them. One lady thought them pretty, and one would like more green in the pattern.

Now, who is Mrs. Grundy? I am inclined to believe that she is not the people whom we know; for what a monstrous thing that any man or woman should pay twenty-five or a hundred dollars extra, or wear tight boots, or tell a lie for the sake of an indifferent neighbor or acquaintance? Still if People, Mrs. Grundy, and They Say, the Trinity in whom Mrs. Fetish believes, are not persons whom she knows they evidently can not be those whom she does not know. Therefore we come to the inference that Mrs. Fetish is wearing herself thin and sharp, and constantly sacrificing solid advantages for the favor of an abstraction, without name, shape, or place. And in so doing I maintain that she and her sect exhibit a faith greater than is required of a Christian.

Observe next the spirit of sacrifice which marks every Grundyite. Mrs. Fetish is fond of Amelia Ann, her second daughter, who has reached the ripe age of nine years. Mrs. Fetish knows that Amelia Ann should eat plain dinners in the middle of the day, mind her dolls and her lessons, and get to bed by eight o'clock. But children's parties, especially the Bubble parties, are pleasing to Mrs. Grundy, and not to attend them attaches to a child in the Fetish circle a sort of social taboo, just as would happen to an idol-worshiper who failed to appear at the great yearly feast. Mrs. Fetish is straitened in pocket, but she squeezes out the necessary boots, sashes, gloves, and tarlatans demanded by Mrs. Grundy, though to do it Heaven knows what she herself goes without! Under this one count alone we find then that Mrs. Fetish offers her own time, money, strength, and better knowledge, and Amelia Ann's lungs, stomach, circulation, lessons, and good looks on the altar of an abstraction without shape, place, or name, except Mrs. Grundy. Talk of sacrifices made to Moloch after that!

Again there is, or there was, Arabella. Mrs. Fetish, apart from her Grundyism, is a sensible woman. She knows that girls between sixteen and nineteen are not altogether a fair match for the world; and that it is only in romances that a young girl of this age can defeat the brilliant villain of the story, outwit his shrewd lawyer, terrify his brutal agent; cure her lover, whom the most skillful physicians have given over; rescue the crew of a sinking vessel, while all the old sailors are whimpering on the deck; and achieve undying fame by her first book.

On the contrary, in real life such young persons are amazingly ignorant, and deceived with singular ease. I write this deliberately. I may be mobbed by the next indignant boarding-school that I meet; but it is pleasant to die for the truth, I have been told by those who have tried it; and I repeat, amazingly ignorant, and deceived with singular ease! Mrs. Fetish knows this; also, that this world is full of good-looking, well-mannered men and women, ready to deceive.

On the other side, she knows that there is in this ignorance a certain charm of candor and simple trustfulness, as lovely and as easily brushed away as the down on a peach; but Mrs. Grundy delights in *matinées*, and other shows of which I hardly know the names; and Matilda Bubble is continually present without chaperon or guardian; and if Matilda is present, so must be Arabella, not to be left behind in the race. Naturally these damsels are not long troubled with that charm of which I was speaking; but from pushing their way habitually and from choice through crowds, and from much self-reliance, they acquire a surprising hardiness of look and manner that leads an old gentleman like myself, with stiff, old-fashioned notions, to sigh and say to Mrs. Lumpkin that lilies and violets are dying out.

It is said that Arabella met Gil Blas at one of these *matinées*, and spiteful people hint that it is lucky that an acquaintance so conducted terminated in nothing worse than a runaway marriage. It is certain that it is not only Arabella who goes. Amelia Ann goes also, with other little girls of her own age. She is too wise to believe in fairy stories. At an age when her mother was playing with her dolls, the tinsel and lime-lights of the stage are her picture-books. Painted, décol-

letée women are her fairies. The poses of the ballet form her notions of grace and stir her ambition. Twenty to one if you should come suddenly on Amelia Ann and her young friends you would find them pirouetting on one leg, with the other stretched straight out; and I question if Amelia Ann could not have mastered the French conjugations in the time that she has spent in trying to stand on the end of her toes. Speaking of that, I am reminded of Gertrude Bubble, about whom Mrs. Grundy is in hysterics just now because Gertrude has taken to the stage. Poor Gertrude! She only admired what Mrs. Grundy delighted to honor. She and Amelia Ann are only imitating the women whom they see received with rapturous applause. How are they to discern all the elements in that applause, any more than the materials of which the rose and green glory is made that is shed on the stage? But, as Mrs. Fetish uneasily reflects, every body does it. So Arabella meets Gil Blas, and we are glad that the story is no worse; and Amelia Ann pirouettes secretly in her mother's drawing-rooms. But if Grundy approves, why should Mrs. Fetish be more squeamish than others about the modesty, honor, and womanly tastes of her daughters!

No doubt Mrs. Fetish would protest against this view of the case—that is, against the wording. Mrs. Fetish, Mrs. Bubble, and Mrs. Grundy herself would be shocked at the *thought* of such frightful carelessness. They would never be guilty of it, except in practice; and it is only when you put what you see of lives given over to Grundyism in plain words, as I am doing, that we begin to appreciate the enormous sacrifices constantly demanded from this devoted sect. Indeed, to attempt any enumeration of the persons and things tabooed by this relentless divinity would be impossible, and I must content myself with a few prominent objects

TABOOD.

Unfashionable relatives. One of the most charming women that I have ever met is an aunt of Mrs. Fetish, whom she only sees on the sly, for fear of Mrs. Grundy.

One's own taste in dress. Only yesterday I heard Mrs. Lumpkin bemoaning herself over her new dress. She said that it was made *en paniers;* that it was so called because you were made to look in it like a donkey between his panniers; that she did hate, at this late day, to join the tribe of Issachar, but if the Empress and the Princess Metternich would wear such things, she, Mrs. Lumpkin, did not see how she could help herself.

Your own opinion about a man, a woman, a song, a picture, a book, or a landscape. Mrs. Fetish has not owned such a thing for years.

Attempts at economy, and all mention of the name.

Poor people, failures, misfortunes.

Little liberties taken with your own house—such as opening its windows, sitting in its door, carrying bundles out or in, and staying in it through the summer.

Any thing old or mended, or that hints, however indirectly, at want of money.

Imagine the position of a woman like Mrs. Fetish! She has but one maid, and nearly all the sewing of the family; also the fine ironing, the desserts, and the marketing on her shoulders. She is in reality an anxious and overworked woman, full of petty cares and small contrivances. But Mrs. Grundy's ideal woman is an extravagant woman of leisure. Therefore Mrs. Fetish spends her whole life in representing a Mrs. Fetish of this sort. Think of spending your whole life in hiding away your real life, its sayings and doings, and all the while submitting meekly to the system of taboos above described! Where else shall we find such fidelity, such patience, such persistency, such eternal vigilance?

Mrs. Fetish cost us all a troublesome day. She is as irritating as a bed of nettles, and as infectious to Mrs. Lumpkin as scarlet-fever; but I end as I began, by admiring the magnificent fidelity of these New York dervishes. Pagan it may be, but it is still magnificent and disinterested. Mrs. Grundy has no titles or insignia to bestow, no Paradise to promise; nothing but the certainty that at the first hint of your misfortune, sickness, or poverty, she will turn her shadowy back upon you. Wonderful Mrs. Grundy! More wonderful Mrs. Fetish!

ICED MUSLINS.

ICED muslins for summer!—It has, doubtless, occurred to many a one, while admiring the beautiful effects produced by frost on windows, to imagine how delightful it would be if a sensation of coolness could be produced in the sultry days of summer by the aspect of those effects artificially reproduced. The imagination has been realized. It is known that, by means of almost any ordinary salt, reduced to a liquid, and applied with a brush to window-panes, those fairy-like forms of crystalline foliage may be successfully reproduced; and that, with a little chemical ingenuity, any tone of color may be given to them, from snowy white to richest purple or coolest green. That process is well known; but another step in advance has recently been taken in the same direction, by means of which muslins may be similarly iced for summer wear. The line which separates a pretty experiment from a commercial product is that which may be drawn between results obtained by an original manipulation, which can only be reproduced by a repetition of the same original means, and those results which, once perfected, can be reproduced ad infinitum, by mere mechanical processes. Daguerreotype was only a pretty toy till Mr. Talbot discovered the means of producing the same effects on paper, and a process for multiplying the image when once produced. An analogous method has been discovered by Mr. Bertsch, and practically applied by M. Kuhlman, for multiplying, as from an engraved plate, the exquisite effects of the crystalline foliage just described. The process is simply as follows: The elegant crystalline ramifications being produced in the first instance upon polished metal, instead of glass, a sheet of soft metal, such as lead, is then laid upon the saline crystallization, and a powerful roller is passed over it, by means of the steady and powerful pressure of which an exact impress of the foliated ramifications, in every minute detail, is secured. The metallic seal thus obtained is, however, too soft to print from, but an electrotype in copper is readily obtained, by means of which any number of impressions can be taken, in any tone of icy grays, or pale silvery greens, or any other cool tint. In order to secure continuity of design, without stop or interruption, the first manipulation takes place upon a polished cylinder, by means of which a continuous pattern, "never ending, still beginning," is imparted to as many thousand yards of any textile fabric as may be required. So that, for the first time in the fanciful story of fashion, iced muslin, for the summer season, may be had in any quantity. O ye nymphs of icy heart, let me see you clothed in the appropriate livery of iced muslin!

FORTUNE-TELLING.

THE fire-light dances upon the floor,
All sounds are hushed, we have closed the door,
That naught may disturb the secrecy
Of the wonderful, charming mystery
Revealed in the cards, which are surely wise,
Scanned by the truth of her dear, soft eyes.

There's a witching sound in the voice that takes
Its spell from the music each accent wakes!
I listen enraptured at each sweet tone,
And fear my fortune is still unknown,
Marveling much if her mystic art
Has raveled the secret hid in my heart.

Pursued by distress, which is clubs I know—
But who heeds clubs, where my love can't go;
But my real distress is not far away,
It lies in my suit should her will say nay.
Does she know my suit? I can hardly guess;
'Tis all in the hand which my life would bless.

A doubt in a spade—may it sweep the crust
Of all worldly thought to a silent dust;
May the dust give birth to a flowering hope,
That shall hold no blight in its aim or scope,
Until but a single heart I see,
Which is always the highest card for me.

A diamond lady she says I'd win,
Though she knows I hold it a shameful sin
To look for the sparkle which money buys,
Compared with the light of her own dear eyes;
When truer meaning and brighter rays
Flash out in her smile and speech and ways.

"Now shuffle the cards—divide them again,"
I ask that no fate may divide us twain.
"There's the Queen of Hearts, so stanch and true;
I think she lingers to be with you."
"For life?" I whisper. "No, no," she says;
"She only follows your fortune's maze."

"Then muse of a wish and shuffle again."
"You know my wish," is my answering strain.
"I dare not know it," she says to me;
"The cards must evoke the prophecy.
I think you'll have it, though not quite sure,
For you must not believe *all* a woman's lore."

"Have done!" I exclaim, "the hour is late;
In the cards don't lie my future fate:
It dwells in a certain tender spell
A magical presence has woven well;
In a woman's love shall my fortune be,
Bestowed as the dearest boon for me."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE mental cultivation produced by the study of good pictures is wholesome and valuable. Life, with many, is altogether too prosaic; and the awakening to a sense of the beauty about us is ennobling. We understand and enjoy Nature better from having studied her through artistic representations, and unconsciously increase our pleasures by an added value and beauty to the most familiar and common things. And any intelligent person who will keep his eyes open, and study the best pictures within his reach, will soon become sensible of a new power—and that without having made any laborious preparation, or sacrificed much time. Yet it is scarcely sufficient to drop into the Fifth Avenue Gallery of Art, to give a languid glance at the "Old Oaken Bucket," to exclaim, "How pretty!" and then saunter out again; nor is a careless, hasty tour through the rooms of the Academy of Design likely to improve the taste much, though it may give a momentary pleasure. Paintings should be examined slowly, and not too many at a time. There are few luxuries attended with so much fatigue as that which a picture-gallery imposes, according to the ordinary method of examination. The eye and mind become weary, and only a confused impression of an endless variety of subject and color remains. Far better search for all the fine points in a few paintings than to rush through the whole list in a single visit.

And when you are tired of studying the pictures, and want to rest eyes and thoughts a little, it is amusing to study the people. Indeed, it is very curious to notice the different methods of "seeing the pictures." Those two ladies came in five minutes ago, walked leisurely through a couple of the rooms, have seated themselves comfortably, and are now loudly discussing Mrs. Somebody's party and the difficulties which attended the arrangements for dancing. What do they care about Art? They can say they have been to the Academy of Design, if they are asked—is not that enough? There comes one—an artist, perhaps, with wild-looking hair, and wilder eyes. He rushes through the rooms, stops, gazes fixedly at one painting, then at another—suddenly takes out paper and pencil, and makes an off-hand sketch. A young lady enters—her glance sweeps the sides of the rooms, but rests on nothing. Here come a couple—the lady's mind is apparently absorbed in finding the numbers in the catalogue, but the gentleman shows a good deal of discriminating taste. These two gentlemen must be regular critics. Notice that quiet lady carefully studying the paintings—and that merry child who eagerly picks out all the flowers and kittens. Surely those are lovers softly chatting apart—they are painting their own life-pictures. A sarcastic critic mercilessly ridicules every thing in audible tones. That ill-matched couple are not enjoying the exhibition highly—the lady is yawning, and her husband can scarcely keep her awake. And so the panorama passes on.

Apropos of paintings, the *Palais de l'Industrie* in Paris is now occupied by the annual Exhibition of fine arts—pictures, sculpture, engravings, and architectural designs. A very great improvement has taken place this year in the arrangements of the Exhibition by turning the ground-floor of the building into a garden, where the sculptors' contributions are seen to advantage. Here is a floral and horticultural show. Fruits and flowers are placed on plots of green-sward, round about which are pathways and seats for repose. In the centre of the garden some monumental sculpture is placed, while the ordinary figures, busts, and groups are tastefully scattered round the garden; the whole producing a pretty effect, and forming a pleasant retreat from the hot and often crowded picture-galleries above. The galleries of the Palace of Industry are large, convenient, and well lighted. On Sundays the Exhibition is opened gratuitously. The entrance fee on other days is one franc.

A certain newspaper in North Carolina announces that ten promising young men in that vicinity are anxious to procure situations as sons-in-law in some respectable families. In return they are willing to be used as parlor ornaments, keep pound-cake from mouldering, scatter papa-in-law's greenbacks, and make ten fair damsels extremely happy. Here is a chance for somebody which ought to be improved by doting parents.

The dreadful gloom which has hung over Port Jervis since that terrible railroad catastrophe is now, in some measure, passing away. Several of the wounded still remain at the hotels, many having sufficiently recovered to be taken to their homes. There is reason to believe that there are others besides those known to be dead who are yet unaccounted for. An infant, about five months old, was found at the wreck, and, no one claiming it, was adopted by a gentleman of the village.

A Century Plant in Troy is in full glory of blossom. The present owner has watched for this flower twenty-five years. A description of this rare plant, as given by the Troy *Times*, will interest many of our readers. The leaves are about three feet in length, lanceolate, about four inches in width, slight and flexible. From the midst of the leaves, which grow in a compact tuft at the base, rises a long, slender stem, perhaps four inches in diameter and fifteen feet high, cylindrical in form and crowned with a group of flowers, perhaps twenty in number, each mounted on a separate peduncle. The flower is funnel-form, with one pistil, six stamens, and six petals, about six inches long, and the prevailing color a beautiful crimson. The petals are whitish on the inside, folding closely about the stamen about half-way up, then spreading. The stamen has a crimson filament holding up another thickly covered with its olive-green dust. When the bloom is fresh the petals incline together at the top, but after a few hours curl outward. The plant continues in bloom for several weeks, during which fresh flowers replace the drooping blossoms, so that the beauty of the crown is not diminished.

There was doubtless more honesty in the following petition, which a little Parisian grisette was heard to murmur while kneeling in *Notre Dame*, than in multitudes of set prayers offered by the wise and learned: "Oh, beloved St. Joseph, grant me a good husband, plenty of ironing to do, shirt-collars without starch, and charcoal without smoke, and to my dear old aunt an easy dying; all as speedily as may be!"

A very poetical answer was it which the driver of a coach in Pennsylvania made, when he left his horses to get some water for the young ladies inside. Being asked by a stranger what he stopped for, he replied: "I am watering my flowers!"

The following beautiful incident may teach a lesson of trust to all, as well as show what loving reliance children have in those who have never deceived them:

Some time ago a boy was discovered in the street, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. "What are you doing here?" inquired the gentleman who found him.

"Waiting for God to come for me," he said.

"What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tones of the answer, and the condition of the boy, in whose eyes and flushed face he saw the evidences of fever.

"God sent for mother and father and little brother," he said, "and took them away to his home up in the sky; and mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me. I have no home; nobody to give me any thing: and so I came out here and have been looking so long in the sky for God to come and take care of me as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told a lie."

"Yes, my lad," said the gentleman, overcome with emotion; "He has sent me to take care of you."

The child's eye flashed, and a smile of triumph breaking over his face, he said:

"Mother never told a lie, Sir; but you have been so long on the way."

The Princess Marguerite has, of course, received many elegant presents on the occasion of her marriage. Among these is a magnificent jewel casket, presented by the municipality of Turin. It is of massive gold incrusted with Oriental lapis lazuli, and enriched with every variety of precious stones. The figure at the top of the lid is seven inches high, and represents Aurora. The jewel case stands on four feet, each two inches high, and chased with foliage. An arabesque, formed with three hundred and fifty-two pearls and four emeralds decorates the centre. Upon the four faces in mosaic, the field of which is rubies and the cross pearls, the four escutcheons of the House of Savoy stand out in relief on a gold ground. At the side of these escutcheons there are eagles' heads and oak branches in relief, and these are surrounded with a ribbon on which are inscribed the insignia of the Order of the Annunciata, surmounted by a helmet adorned with leaves. There are also other inscriptions indicating the growth of the House of Savoy. The Roman ladies have also sent an elegant present of a basket made of precious stones, one stone alone being valued at 27,000 francs. It was presented to the Princess by a deputation of nine Roman ladies. The Neapolitan ladies have offered the "Pearl of Savoy" a gold locket mounted with diamonds. In the centre there is a large pearl surrounded by diamond leaves and a fine pear-shaped pearl hangs from the *médaillon*. The taste and workmanship of this beautiful casket are alike exquisite.

The "American Woman's Educational Association" proposes to establish an institution of learning in Aiken, South Carolina. Its object is to train women for the practical duties of life, there being a preparatory, a collegiate, and a professional department. While knowledge from books will be judiciously inculcated a special aim of the Association will be to fit American women for positions of usefulness and independence in remunerative employments; and also to instruct them in all the duties of a thoroughly competent housewife. Several years ago a school of this character was established in the West, and has proved a complete success. Aiken is said to be a favorable and healthful location; the winter being short and mild, the summer heat never extreme, water plenty and pure, and the surrounding country beautiful.

Yes, there are undoubtedly two sides to the question which is discussed so frequently. There are two sides to *almost every* question; and one must look on *both* sides to see all the bearings of a matter. As a general rule *violent* advocates of two opposing courses in life are alike to be distrusted, and good common-sense leads one to take a middle path. Certainly, the mission of woman in this Nineteenth century is a topic which has brought out the most antagonistic views and feelings. Wisdom will sift out the truth and use it, no matter how much error and bitterness is mingled with it. With which suggestion, we make one or two quotations from exchanges:

"Judging from the tone of advocates of 'woman's rights,' it would appear that women are adapted to shine in every position in life except that of mothers or housekeepers; that their true position is the doctor's office, the lawyer's study, and the halls of Congress. Now whatever women are really adapted for one thing is clear: their 'advocates' are remarkably adapted to pick out the most comfortable places in life for the ladies, and leave the worst for the men. We have said they were to be lawyers, doctors, 'Congressmen;' in fact, any thing of the kid-glove class of profession that may be come-at-able; but what is very remarkable, while claiming so much generally considered to be masculine, they never urge their right to be sailors, coal-miners, wood-haulers, or farm laborers! In this particular they evince a clearness of perception as to what is 'nice,' which shows how superior woman's judgment is to that of man, who has so unrighteously usurped her place."

It is quite evident that the writer of the above had some spite against the whole subject of "woman's rights," if not against woman herself, for daring to have any rights at all; but that is no reason why the grain of truth hidden in the paragraph should not be picked out and used. An editor of more good sense, as well as of more gallantry, remarks, in an article on the "Position of Woman:"

"Give her free choice, and does any sensible man fear that a refined and educated woman will choose any work unfitted for her simply because she has the privilege of doing so? Woman has a right to do whatever she *can* do—and her own instincts will guide her to her appropriate work. All she wants is free choice—the same that is given to the meanest white man alive. The feeling that places obstacles in the way of the culture and the honorable employment of any human being—man or woman—is but the relic of a barbarous age, and must yield before the advancing idea of individual liberty—liberty of conscience, of judgment, of action."

An exchange says that "nothing on the face of the earth equals cool water as a remedy for burns." The burned portion should be soaked several hours in water. Persons whose hands have been severely burned have experienced such relief by placing them in a basin of water at the bedside that they could sleep comfortably all night, and wake to find themselves almost as well as ever! The remedy is very simple, and easily tried.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

THE civil marriage of Mademoiselle Patti with the Marquis de Caux, so often announced and so often contradicted, has at last been celebrated; the religious ceremony will not take place till Mademoiselle Patti is free from all her theatrical engagements. The Marchioness de Caux will then be appointed superintendent of all the court theatres, when she will be, in a nobiliary point of view, one of the greatest ladies of the court.

The Marquis de Caux is of very ancient nobility. He even claims to be descended from the old Seigneurs of Normandy, who styled themselves kings. The name of the King of Yvelot has been rendered illustrious by Béranger's ballad. The King of the Pays de Caux was one of the ancestors of the brilliant Marquis, whose celebrity is to-day more modest. He passes for the best dancer in Paris, and has filled the fatiguing post of leading the cotillion in all the court balls for several years past. This winter, however, either because the Empress dances no longer, or for some other reason, he has renounced these functions. He was chosen, on account of his ancient nobility, to meet the King of Spain when the latter came to visit the Exposition. As is known, the Spaniards lay great stress on old nobility and the observance of rules of etiquette. The King Don Francisco de Assis must have been satisfied.

THE PRINCESS DE METTERNICH AT THE OPERA BALL.

Physically, the Marquis de Caux is still young, of average height, and elegant mien. He is fair, with a handsome mustache and scanty hair. He is courtly in manner, and very fastidious in his dress. All winter he has been a faithful habitué of the Théâtre Italien, always seated in a position near the orchestra, where he could most easily admire the diva Patti, and be recognized, moreover, by the invariable rose in his buttonhole. The Marchioness de Caux has fifteen months more to devote to her scenic engagements, after which it may be asserted that she will disappear, at least from the public, and lyric art will have lost its brightest star.

There are fêtes peculiar to Paris, and which present so marvelous a spectacle that not only strangers are surprised thereby but also the Parisians themselves. Such was the ball given at the grand opera in behalf of the national work for the aid of the wounded of all countries. Nothing was lacking to attract the multitude. The Christian end proposed; the list of Lady Patronesses, which numbered the best-known names in the diplomatic and official worlds—Madames de Metternich, de Seebach, the Princess de Sagan, the Countess de Pourtalès, the Marquise de Gallifet, Madame Fleury, the wife of the General, the wives of the Marshals Canrobert, Raudon, Niel; Madame de Moltke, etc.; and, lastly, the brilliancy of the decoration, which was designed to surpass any thing of the kind ever before invented.

The ball was to begin at ten o'clock, and as early as eight an immense crowd thronged the environs of the opera to witness the arrival of the carriages, and was with great difficulty kept back by a squadron of horse-guards in full dress, who prevented the pedestrians from blocking up the open space opposite the entrance of the theatre. The Opera-house was illuminated from the bottom to the top with jets of gas which ran along the lines of the building and formed over the peristyle a gigantic eagle and different symbols. Immense carpets covered the ground in front of the Opera-house and of the vestibule. Within, the walls were buried under clumps of exotic trees, which mounted to the ceiling. The staircases were lined with two rows of cut flowers, reflected by huge mirrors placed on all the landing-places. The green-room and the corridors were decorated in the same manner. The amphitheatre had been transformed into a vast saloon, where were seated, in a double row of crimson velvet easy-chairs, the whole Committee of lady patronesses, dazzling the eye with precious stones. Immense temporary staircases had been constructed at the right and the left, to facilitate access to the parquet; and the stage had been leveled in such a manner as to form only one vast ball-room. At the end of the theatre was the orchestra, led by Strauss. Skillfully arranged corridors permitted the promenaders to make the tour of the ball-room behind the seats of the ladies without being too much obstructed by the crowd. The four rows of boxes were filled with beautifully-dressed women; and, what was rare on such an occasion, the ladies of the demi-monde were in so small a minority as not to be distinguished.

At a quarter of eleven the Emperor and Empress entered their box, at the right of the stage, and the ball was opened by an official quadrille, in which figured Madame de Metternich, de Pourtalès, de Moltke, and Canrobert, and the Duke of Sagan, Count de Solms, Count Degu, and M. de Moltke.

The Empress wore a tunic of light green faille over a puffed dress of white tulle, which was trimmed with white blonde and caught up at the sides with clusters of blush roses mixed with diamond roses. The coiffure was composed of a diadem of diamond roses, and curls falling behind. The Emperor was in black, with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor.

The Princess de Metternich wore the most ravishing toilette that it is possible to imagine—over a dress of white tulle puffed, a tunic caught up, à la Pompadour, of pink gros grain, glacée with white. This tunic was confined by fanciful bouquets and trains of rose geraniums; the sash of white tulle was caught up behind in a *pouf* by clusters of rose geraniums. Corsage bordered with rose geraniums. Diadem of olive leaves in the hair; and a double row of diamonds around the neck.

It is fitting to say a few words about the Princess de Metternich, whose illustrious name has gained still greater éclat and popularity since the arrival in France of Prince Richard de Metternich. No woman ever more absolutely swayed the sceptre of fashion. Every thing here is *à la Metternich*—bonnets, cloaks, costumes, and equipages. This Hungarian lady was determined to reign triumphant over all the Parisians, and she has succeeded. It is true that she has been aided by an immense fortune and the highest position that it is possible for any one to hold who is not of royal blood. No matter! This young lady is not less historical than Madame Récamier or Madame Tallien, and has certainly more mind than either of them. Madame de Metternich is still very young, between twenty-five and thirty, and is not pretty. She calls herself ugly. The upper part of her face is nevertheless very beautiful; a well-defined forehead, large, brown, expressive eyes, a rosy complexion, light chestnut hair, too large a mouth, an irregular nose, and an imperfectly oval face; such is Madame de Metternich. To all this her expression lends a marvelous charm. Her air is amiable and winning. Can such a portrait be styled ugly? Her slender and graceful figure admirably sets off her dress, and her little arched foot looks charmingly in the boots that she has brought into fashion. To dress her insures a dress-maker's fortune. She has a wonderful gift of imparting an artistic and classical elegance to every thing she wears. She is now the queen of fashion. It is said that, in the future, Madame de Metternich may play a great political rôle, and that her mind is equal to the loftiest occasions.

Madame Canrobert, who was seated by the side of the Princess de Metternich, wore a dress of green tulle with a tunic of green faille caught up with clusters of broad leaved lilies, and leaves trailing from the long trained skirt. Her coiffure was very simple—a cluster of lilies with braids behind. Madame Canrobert has regular and finely-cut features, exceedingly white skin, and jet black hair. The blonde Countess de Pourtalès formed an admirable contrast in her black Watteau dress, with a full short tunic of black lace looped up here and there. Her coiffure consisted of rosettes of black velvet with centres formed of diamond stars, and a large butterfly of diamonds on the side of her head. The grand cordon of Bavaria, of white watered ribbon with blue net-work, brilliantly set off this costume, somewhat severe but in perfect taste.

The Countess de Seebach was in white faille, with a profusion of white bows, looped up, and tunic bordered with white lace. The Marchioness de Gallifet was in white taffeta with three rows of pinked quilling, and a tunic of yellow faille caught up by full clusters of ebony leaves.

The Duchesse de Mouchy was in white silk with two tunics, glittering with magnificent emeralds, her bridal present from the Emperor. She likewise wore these jewels at the marriage of her brother, Prince Achille Murat, to the Princess of Mingrelia, which took place recently in the Russian Church. Mingrelia, by-the-way, is the ancient Colchis. The young Princess of Mingrelia is very beautiful. She wore a dress of white faille covered with a tunic of white lace, caught up with clusters of orange blossoms and white leaves. Her coiffure consisted of a small diadem of orange blossoms and diamond foliage. The ceremony was a brilliant one. The witnesses were Marshal Canrobert and Prince Joachim Murat, the brother of the bridegroom. All the Parisian world of fashion, invited by letter, witnessed the ceremony, which was performed according to the rites of the Russian Church.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

A SPRING-TIDE TALE.

THE days have grown, the years are long
Since first I drank that fount of song.
The failing lips were faint and old
From which that stream of beauty rolled.
The waning eyes were touched with night
Which lent to me that inward light.
He fast was fading from his place,
I knelt, a child, before his face;
Yet were our lives not far apart,
The poet is a child in heart.

It was a simple Spring-tide tale.
I feel it now, the breathsome gale
That swayed and kissed the almond flowers
Which flushed that sunny nook of ground,
By cedars flanked, with mountains round.
From peak to peak the joyous hours
Danced in the sunlight, each alone,
And following each a sister flown.

I mark the chasing shadows pass
The lark's light spur along the grass.
With gold encrowned, yet humbly sweet,
Fair blossoms breathe about our feet.
Roused to what glory round him lies,
The cuckoo shouts his quaint surprise.
A sympathetic music weaves
A chain of song through all the leaves:
To that same strain 'twixt heaven and earth
Which heralds here the violet's birth
Some wild bird, singing on its spray,
Rocks in the dim woods far away.

He sang: I seemed to live anew.
A child I sprang; a soul I grew.
The common room with books strewed o'er,
Thus listening, seemed as heaven's floor.
Soft in that gathered hush-like rest
I drew the Spring-tide to my breast.
Never again should pastime weak
Keep back my foot from mountain peak.
Never again should heedless prate
Knock idly at my soul's shut gate.
I was awake, abroad, and full
Of that keen joy no time can dull.
Henceforth, the world of my delight
With other grace was robed and dight;
The gracious clouds grew arched with light,
The cedars plumed before my sight.
The happy brooks with silver feet
Came rushing forth my steps to meet.
The surging winds through inland trees
Bore me rich sounds of far-off seas.
With song and I 'twas May-time weather,
And we two danced the woods together.

Thou art not silent, art not gone,
Oh! living soul, in meekness flown;
True Poet, father of all good,
Who ever gave me flowers for food.
Who can not read the scroll on high
When such a sun goes down the sky;
And though its own long day be o'er
Leaves still a light unknown before?
He to his steadfast course was true,
I the soft cloud that took his hue.
'Twas his to warm my duller frame,
To set my misty mind aflame;
'Tis mine alone—'tis all I crave—
Even with the parting light he gave
To cast a glory on his grave.

A SPRING-TIDE TALE.

"HE FAST WAS FADING FROM HIS PLACE, I KNELT, A CHILD, BEFORE HIS FACE."

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

By FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

CHAPTER IV.

DERRICK had suggested the possibility of Cuthbert's improving his position by the formation of acquaintances among his new neighbors, and now gave him every opportunity for that purpose—sending him through the county on collection tours or other business, which sometimes kept him away for three days together, and taking pains to introduce him to every body who called at the Roost. At first Cuthbert made little progress. Half a dozen years of pedagoguery had put a pallor in his cheek, a stoop in his shoulders, and a precision in his manner which ill consorted with the bluff speech and bearing of the stalwart hunters and graziers among whom he was constantly thrown. His naturally shy disposition was nowise improved by his quick perception of the fact that these hale centaurs looked upon him as a milksop, and felt for him no stronger feeling than good-natured contempt. He was unspeakably grateful to Derrick for having snatched him at a stroke out of the most helpless penury—so grateful that it seemed to him a kind of half treason even to confess to himself that he was not satisfied with his lot. And yet, his present life was so different from that landed proprietorship—that world-respected position of a well-to-do country gentleman, with cattle on a thousand hills, tenants, crops, improvements, hospitalities, all of his own, which he had pictured to himself, reproaching his unfilial hard-heartedness the while, between regrets, on the journey from Mellenville to his father's death-bed. Robinson Crusoe was grateful enough for his island and his goats, but he could not help sighing for the plum-pudding and roast beef of Old England. Cuthbert, do his best, could never recover the shock of being dashed from the pinnacle of prosperity. To push the metaphor, the bones of his manhood seemed broken, though he had escaped with unspilled brains. The pang of his disappointment hurt him too deep for utterance even to his wife. The subterranean fire which burned in his nature lay in strata so far down that he could not get at it by any digging—could not open any access to it for the rain of human pity or the quenching breath of prayer. Men had never called him proud—nor was he, in the usual sense. His surface showed no inaccessible hauteur; he was self-diffident, deferent to others, to a degree that was a vice of character. But all the more because his pride lay so deep, the injury which it had sustained weakened his whole nature. All his overlying faculties suffered a partial paralysis from it. He felt as if he had struck flag forever—made his final surrender to circumstances. The schemes of self-improvement in favorite studies of which his academy labors had so long allowed him to steal only sweet, hurried tastes; the tours he had marked out to be taken in company with his wife; the education of his little girl according to long-cherished theories of childish development; books to be written; multitudes of things to be done when wealth should bring him elegant leisure—none of these were out of the range of human attainment—a longer manhood lay before him than many shallower natures have needed to retrieve much worse disasters. But the whole fabric of his visions had been based on the props which one rude shock had entirely knocked away—and without the base he could not reconstruct the visions. There are some men who can climb to the top of the hardest ladder, but once knocked down can never climb up again. Cuthbert was one of these. His trouble left him half-hearted in every thing, and took the cheery vim, the sense of motive and remunerativeness, out of every effort he made, from carrying out his ideal of life to picking up a pin.

Derrick's quick eye saw the process which had taken place in him. As Cuthbert was mechanically climbing a column of figures one hot afternoon in the office at the Roost, the Doctor said to him, "Come, Kearney, put down that pen, and run over to the course with me. There's to be a fine run at five o'clock between Brown Sue and the Deil's Own—and you've got the dyspepsia."

"Have I?" said Cuthbert, with a faint smile. "I never have any pain in my stomach."

"That's not necessary. Dyspepsia's a devil of a lodger. When he puts up at your hotel he don't always begin by smashing the furniture in his own room. He's apt first to pull a bell that rings in the business office—makes himself known in the head, you know—or shows his ugly mug at the attic windows—that's to say, the eyes; and yours look fagged as any thing. I've watched you a long time, and if you don't take care you'll be a confirmed dyspeptic. So come and stir your blood over at the course for an hour with me! But first a prescription—let's see—Spiritus Frumenti, ℥ iv; Aq. Pura, quant. suff.—less the better."

"You really think it will do me good?" asked Cuthbert, timidly, remembering the severe Puritan traditions which shortly after blossomed into Maine Law in the land whence he came.

"Do you think I'd prescribe it for you if it wouldn't, or take the medicine myself?" replied Derrick, bringing from a closet two tumblers and a bottle of the oiliest old whisky made in Bourbon County.

Cuthbert took the hearty horn which Derrick measured him with a wry face, and the same instinctive twinge of conscience which from sheer force of habit must be felt by even the most thoroughly converted Jew on his first taste of pork; then put on his hat, and accompanied Derrick to the race-track. As he went he felt a marvelous change stealing over his views of life. For the first time since that terrible evening in May, when he sat silent with his wife and Lily, he saw that ruin has no existence to a resolved spirit. The old self-respect which had buoyed him through his worst distresses as a pedagogue quietly returned to put its hand under his chin, and lift his head to the full stature of a man. As he passed through the long, straggling main street of Owlieville he met several people with whom he was acquainted, and felt a serene satisfaction in looking them full in the face instead of hurrying by them with a shy nod. Something infused a conscious grace into the bow he gave them; there was a spiritual pleasure in the courtesy, an animal enjoyment in the mere muscular effort of the act. He wondered inwardly how he could ever have supposed that Brewer, the grocer, always said to himself, when he bought coffee of him, "Oh, I needn't give him the best—he's only a hanger-on of Derrick Dalmager's;" he felt sure he had wronged Sparhawk, the attorney, in charging him with an habitual sneer when they met; he was convinced that Flicker, the village tailor, did not feel contempt for him as an ousted pretender to the Dalmager demesne, and did not make a mental note of him as the person who, when he ordered his mourning suit, had said, "Garnet Run is my place—send there." There was more goodness in the world; more confidence between man and man; more delicacy, mutual respect, toleration, and allowance than he had suspected. The perspiration poured from beneath his Panama as, with shoulders erect, he strode up street with Derrick at a gait which tasked even the young Kentuckian's wiry sinews; yet, as he wiped his forehead, he could not refrain from the enthusiastic observation what a lovely day it was; he had never, even in New England, seen the grass and trees greener at this season of the year. Derrick eyed him narrowly. "You feel better, don't you?" said he, with a quiet smile. "Yes, indeed; this little run in the air refreshes me marvelously," answered Cuthbert.

So the Doctor prescribed him "this little run in the air" every afternoon.

On the race-ground the Doctor at every step met some new friend or acquaintance. Wherever he stopped for any longer recognition than a bow he gave Cuthbert an introduction, and the young man came out of himself with a brilliancy which took his friend entirely by surprise. All the facts he had ever read about the turf, without the least interest in the matter which could naturally fix them, seemed voluntarily to reassemble themselves in good order, where his memory could lay ready hand on them, and he talked horse in a way quite delightful to several old comrades of the Doctor, who had heretofore supposed his knowledge of that animal limited to parsing and defining him. He made himself agreeable to every body—even, what was quite a new sensation to his self-depreciative nature, to Cuthbert Kearney—and said so many witty things, told so many good stories, that he was invited, as a most desirable ornament, to grace the members' stand. Wher the horses were stripped he made a happy guess, and chose the Deil's Own as his favorite—but it did not seem a guess to him; he felt inspired with a sudden light which revealed all the animal's points; and his heart throbbed with an ecstasy unknown since boyhood as he followed the undulating pair of contestants with straining eyes all round the ellipse—then saw his choice pant up the home stretch and under the string, winner by just a neck.

"I told you so!" said he, breathlessly, when the joyful shriek in which he had joined the winner's friends died away, patting Derrick on the back with the first show of spontaneous familiarity he had ever made in his intercourse with that stronger nature.

Derrick looked around, concealing his surprise under a gay little laugh. "I wish I'd known what a prophet you are," said he; "it would have saved me five hundred dollars." He drew out his pocket-book, paid his bets, and the two went home to Garnet Run in the barouche which Derrick had ordered Perro to bring for them to the race-course gate.

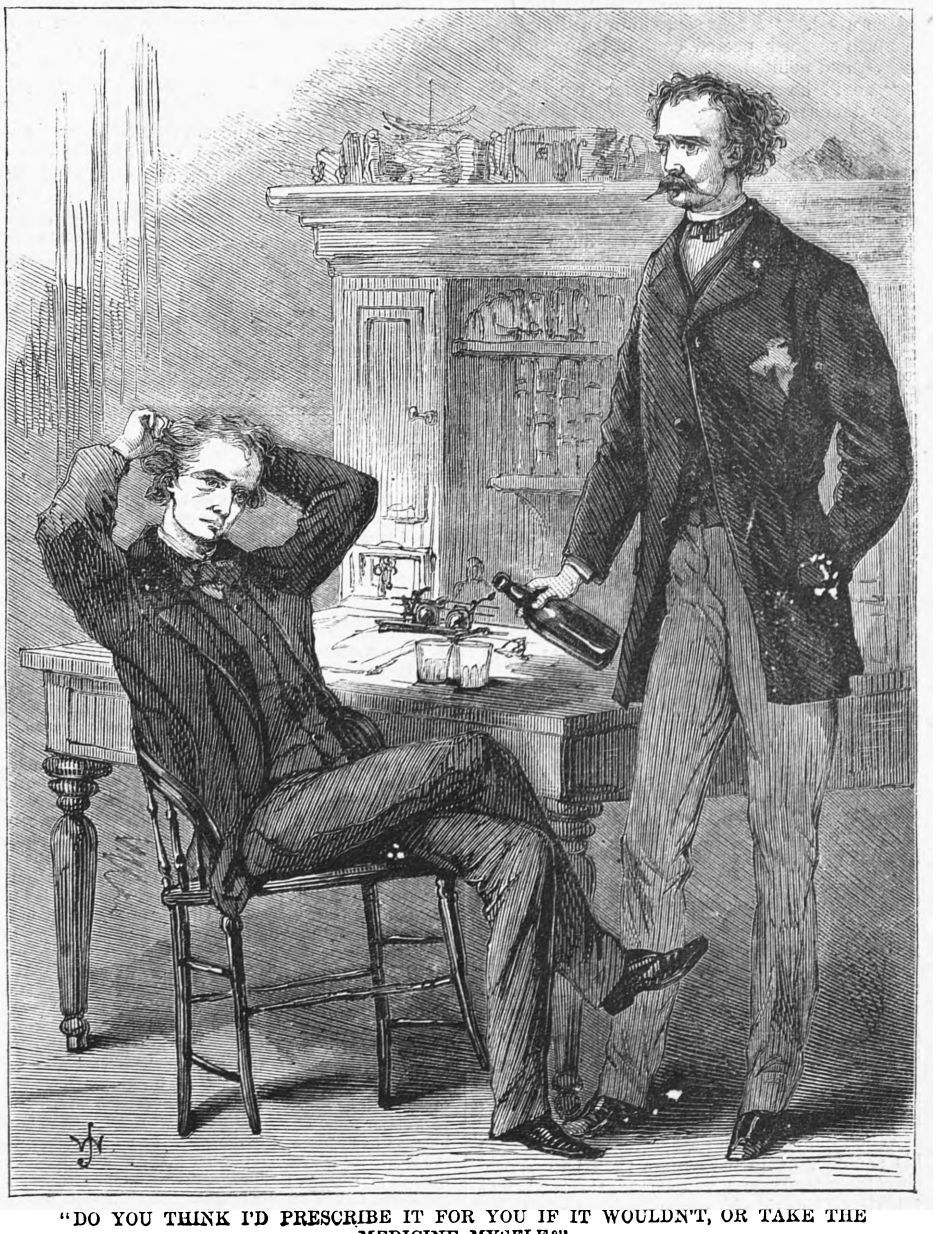
"Kearney," said Derrick, as they drove, "I never dreamed how much there is of you. Why, you've been quite another man this afternoon. Keep this up, and you'll take with our people like mad. I'd hardly know you for a Yankee—you came out of yourself in such a free and easy, hearty style. Keep it up, my boy—keep it up!"

The effect of the prescription was wearing off in the evening breeze and the quiet of riding; Cuthbert's head and shoulders were subsiding again into their old melancholy droop; and the afternoon which they had left behind them seemed to him something strangely unreal. He answered the Doctor with a shame-faced glance—his pale, beardless cheeks suffusing like a girl's at a congratulation which his self-consciousness was half disposed to regard as irony. But the Doctor met him with a sincere gaze of admiration, and his spirits rose again until on dismounting, and feeling his little girl's welcoming arms around his neck at the porch, he heard her whisper,

"Do you feel sick, dear papa? Your breath smells just like grandpa's."

Cuthbert had learned the only way by which he could escape from his worst tormentor. He was his own jailer—his own dungeon. There was literal truth in Derrick's expression—he *had* "come out of himself." There was something so heavenly in the escape, that if once knowing the means he had refrained from using them, he would have been a stronger man than any prisoner in the Bastile who had sat motionless in his dungeon, with the master-key to all the barriers in his hand. And Cuthbert either was not a strong man, or was strong only for his own torture. Once "out of himself," and strength came to him. Say that this going out was only the prelude to a more terrible coming in; that the strength was only a semblance. Granted, the first assertion; but the return was far off—set down for no certain day—and while the ticket-of-leave held good, no franchised bondsman, no uncaged wood-thrush, no racked person whose cruel ropes are slackened, knows sweeter ecstasy of deliverance than did this poor quivering nature, let out into fresh air from the fires which gnawed him too far down to be rained out by woman's loving tears, or quenched by the hand of a confidant. The second assertion he would not have granted, nor can any fair, discerning mind grant it—however much in sympathy with the spirit which condemns the use of stimulants. The strength afforded is not mere semblance. Stimulus confers on a nature fresh to, or unjaded by it, a quickness of perception, a masterly promptness and giant facility of execution which enables the man to perform feats looked back on as incredible by his cooler head. If the man could remain for one year, without necessity of advance or danger of retrogression, at the point where he is left by the second glass of whisky, he could conquer the world. Just because the freedom of humanity would not be safe from him, all this divine power and ease is made a thing so evanescent—he hangs motionless just for an unappreciable instant on the pivot of an earthly omnipotence, and then the scale descends. He drinks again to retain the equilibrium; but that delicate poise is irrecoverable; he swings out of balance the opposite way. In the truth and the transitoriness—not in the spuriousness of the power—lies the danger of the fascination, and this was its danger to Cuthbert. While the effect of his doctor's prescription lasted he *was* all that his unstimulated nature dreamed of being, or bitterly owned it never could be: the sharp-sighted man of business, the quick-witted man of society, the sparkling conversationist, hopeful in his forecast, cheery and tolerant in his outlook on the world. When he argued he persuaded, and he gained his point when he used policy. He said the right thing at the right moment; his brain was clear and his hand steady; all his nature partook of inspiration—perceptive and executive faculties alike. He had come to Kentucky an awkward horseman, as most pedagogues, and no shot at all. Now he learned to ride and to shoot, that he might not lie beneath contempt among the people whose opinion must influence his fortune; and when he had primed himself, as well as his rifle, his aim was true as a sunbeam. When his own moral girths were tightened, so to speak, by a visit to the Doctor's closet, the fearlessness of his seat and the mastery of his hand compared favorably with any of his neighbors. With his growth in reputation among the rapid-paced men about him, as "not such a no 'count sort of fellow after all," a change crept over his own opinion of himself. He had been more of a "no 'count" person in his own eyes than in theirs. Now, partly because he really had made himself capable of taking a much larger share in the favorite activities of people round him, by acquiring habits and accomplishments which, without stimulants, he would never have plucked up heart to attempt; and partly because he daily drowned out that terrible voice which kept deriding his life as a failure, for several hours at least in the twenty-four, he felt a pride in himself which was the sweetest emotion he had ever known save those of husbandly love and fatherhood. Sometimes, especially in the early morning, his dejection was even deeper than of old—so deep that this pride of self-escape seemed dearly bought—for he questioned whether it was not paid for out of the husband's and father's store. But he banished the question more and more successfully every day by the plea: "It is my best friend's—my doctor's—prescription." For a while his wife gently murmured at his breath—no longer fresh as a baby's—and seemed disposed, remembering the same traditions of Puritan abstinence in which Cuthbert had been brought up, to chide him on high moral grounds; but at length the medical plea answered her also, and every monitor was lulled except Lily, whose tender eyes had always a touch of sadness in them when she kissed him.

Congeniality of habits gradually drew many of Derrick's friends closer around Cuthbert. He had little money to lose; and gambling, even when stimulus relaxed the morbid ties of his native caution, had no fascination for him, but he went on the turf from a love of its intrinsic excitement, because he had become acquainted with horses, and felt thrilled to his finger-tips with the passion of contest; for the sake of the convivial pleasure which attended races, and the society of men who appreciated his new self as none but his wife and child ever had his old one. Little by little the habit of drinking grew upon him. The prescription in a few months lost its effect, and it became necessary to double the dose. His nervous system was utterly lacking in Derrick's great qualities of balance and self-control. He was one of the men who can no more hold themselves for years at a certain limit than they can jump off the eaves of a house and say, "I will stop at the third story." The doubled afternoon prescription soon got to be preluded by plentiful wine at the dinner which he daily took at the Owlieville Hotel with Derrick, unless the latter was off on his visits, and that presently led to a social "nip" from the closet bottle about eleven in the morning, with friends who dropped in at the Roost as he was



"DO YOU THINK I'D PRESCRIBE IT FOR YOU IF IT WOULDN'T, OR TAKE THE MEDICINE MYSELF?"

drawing his first long breath over the office books. The dispatch with which he cleared off his business increased so manifestly with this change in his habits that before the winter set in he had abolished all limits whatever, and took a drink whenever he felt like it during the day. However artfully such a progress may be described, the condensation of its steps into a few lines must always make it seem abrupt, and leave the reader with a sense of impatient wonder that here—and here—and here again its victim took no warning. But in the case of a man who, like Cuthbert, rapidly loses susceptibility to any given measure of stimulant, and is compelled to produce the same effect by larger and constantly still larger doses, the progress is so insidious that warning comes too late. He only knows he has been drinking for a short time, and that he is no more affected by it than at first. The process is as gradual to his consciousness as if it consumed many years; and he is perpetually under the influence of drink without being aware of it. At Owlieville his companions were all like him; and Derrick, who alone could have felt the right, had never the idea of warning him. At home he never drank, and the remainder of his day's excitement which he brought there at evening was insufficient to alarm a wife who had never seen three intoxicated people in her life among the stern granite hills which sentineled the virtue of Mellenville, and relied, moreover, on the Doctor's wisdom with a reverence like that she gave her Maker. Only when Cuthbert staid away from home for a night or two running did she grow gently querulous and pout her lovely mouth at him; but even this demonstration was always answered by the plea of the Doctor's business in another part of the county, and presently ceased altogether however long her husband might be gone. Only to Lily did the change never lose its strangeness. Perro one day, as a tribute of his heart's unspeakable devotion, brought in to her a live partridge which he had snared in the woods behind the house. "Here's a lubly pet for my little Missie!" said he, and laid the poor fluttering thing with its legs tied into her small warm hands.

"Perro, my dear old boy," said she, "don't its papa and mamma feel bad? Don't you think they're crying for it?"

"Oh no, Missie!" and he cast a worshipful smile on her innocence, showing his great white teeth from ear to ear. "Him no got fadder—no got mudder—dey gone dead long 'go, I specks. Dis full-grown bird, Missie."

"Is it a papa or a mamma, Perro?"

"It's a *gempleman* bird, shuah, Missie. But you don' like it, I can get you plenty more tudder kind. Seed a hen and a lot o' young chicks close by whar I cotch dis."

"Oh, Perro! Those are the mamma and the little girls—just like my mamma and Lily that you love so much! I know you *do* love me, too, Perro; and I want you to go with me right away, and take me where you caught this."

"Yes, Missie," answered Perro, too glad to serve her any way; and, lifting the household angel to that broad shoulder he was never so proud as when he could make her howdah, toted her up the hill to the cedar and chinquapin brush, where he had spread his net.

"Hark!" said Lily, as they passed the edge of the wood. "I hear something rustling."

Perro stopped peered cautiously through the leaves, and pointed.

"Yes!" he whispered. "See 'em, Missie. Dat's dem same hen and chickens, shuah as I'm alive, p'ecious!"

He put her down as she asked and gave her his jack-knife. She cut the string that hoppled the bird and set it gently on the ground. "Go, poor little papa—go back to your wife and your little Lily. Don't let them cry for you any more!"

But she knew not the nature of partridge papas. For a moment he rolled his black bead of an eye toward her face in appealing terror, crouched motionless on the dead leaves; then, realizing the liberty of his numbed legs, he leaped into the air, and right over the head of his putative family whirred away to answer the challenge of some belligerent male who was drumming far in the centre of the wood—away from the bosom of domestic bliss to lose his plumes or his very eyes, perhaps, in the convivial society of some rollicking good fellow belonging to his own unsympathetic sex.

"Dat's de way wid dem *he*-birds," said Perro, with a sad shake of his head. "Don't care nuttin' for de she or de little ones after he's done courtin'."

But Lily looked after the flying partridge with eyes of piteous wonder; then through the leaves at the unconscious mother left to peck for her babies alone, and, hiding her face in Perro's sack pocket, began crying as if her heart would break.

"Oh, Missie! Missie! don't, dear, p'ecious darlin'!—don't, deary dear!" groaned Perro, clasping her in his arms in great distress, as he kneeled to take her head on his shoulder.

"You kept him—away—from them—just long enough to make—him—forget them," sobbed Lily. "Please don't do it again, *or I'll think you're like the Doctor.*"

Perro gazed at her with a face of blank, unutterable astonishment. Then he seemed to catch an inkling of her meaning, and his own honest eyes filled with tears of the sincerest grief as he answered:

"Nebber—no, nebber! Nebber, sweet Missie! You forgive Perro dis time. Nebber—no, nebber again!"

When her blue eyes were dried he lifted her to his shoulder again with more than Old World chivalrous tenderness, and saying, "Now, beau'ful Miss Lily, ride home on her own ole brack ephelant!" ambled easily down the hill toward the house.

The autumn sun was setting, and its level rays streamed red across the lawn as they passed the wall of roses, where, by the window which it was still warm enough to keep open, leaning on the sill strewn with faded petals, the lovely face of Lily's mother, with a pensive loneliness it had not learned when first we saw it there, looked out into the dying daylight.

"Kiss me, blessing!" said the mother, and Perro reverently held her down to press the two sweet likenesses of the same mouth against each other. "Perro, has Mr. Kearney come home yet?" "Not yet, Missus." "Isn't it very late for him?" "Pretty late, Missus." "And the Doctor—?" "Massa Derrick say not be home till nine o'clock, Missus; him gone over to Beeport see very sick lady; say Kledda sit up give him some hot suppah, ma'am."

Mrs. Kearney sighed.

"Mamma feel *very* lonely?" said Lily, patting her face with gracious sympathizing tenderness.

"No-o, not very," she replied, smiling unutterable love at the little comforter. "Hold her there a minute, Perro, till I put something round her shoulders."

She ran away for a moment, and, coming back, wrapped her darling in a soft knit shawl. "Now, Perro," said she, "if she likes to play elephant with you a little longer, she can stay out on the lawn till the dew falls. Go out toward the gate, birdie, and look if you can see papa coming! He must be very tired, and he'll be so glad to see his little mouse!"

Perro gamboled away with the child throwing back kisses at her mother from his shoulder, and gleefully singing, "I'm a bird, and a mouse, and a puss, and a dove!—and a what else, Perro?"

"You're a p'ecious—and a darlin'—and a-a-Lady-baby-lamb!" recounted the elephant.

"I'm a Lady-baby-lamb!" shouted Lily, with a robin-gurgle of laughter at this last feat of her black philologist in the compounding of pet names. Her laugh went back to the rosy wall like a silver cascade tinkling right out of heaven into her mother's heart, then suddenly hushed as, coming near the gate, Lily caught sight, far down the road in the Owlieville direction, of a man coming toward the gate on foot. The sun had just set, and in the twilight he was too far off to be recognized. But though they could only make out the outline of his form, his behavior was manifestly most singular.

"Oh dear, Perro!" said Lily, "what do you think is the matter with him? See how he keeps going across the road. I'm afraid he's lost his way. See! now he's going back to the other side of the road again. Look! he leans against the fence as if he were dizzy. Now he comes over to this side—poor man, his legs bend right under him! Let's run right out and help him, Perro, dear old elephant. I'm *so* afraid he's sick!"

"No, Missie," said Perro, with one of his mournful head-shakes. "Him no want de doctor. Tink dat's ole Lon Thomas—libs in de little house a mile up de road; swore off at de 'tracted meeting down at Massa Pulpiduster's ony two week las' Sunday, gone got drunk agin!"

"*Drunk!*" said Lily, standing on the top rail of the gate, held up by her faithful worshiper, and looking down the road with wide open eyes of anxious wonderment; "what's *drunk*, Perro?"

"Glad my sweet Missie nebber know, an' nebber hab to break her sweet heart o' knowin'. Shouldn't ha' said dem words 'fore her, no how, but s'pose got tell her now. *Drunk* 's takin' too much bad stuff, p'ecious lamb."

The object of her innocent interest drew slowly nearer in painful zigzags, with his chin dropping helplessly on his breast, and a battered hat smashed down over his eyes; his legs, as Lily had noticed, bending almost double at every movement—now inward, as he tottered feebly the distance of a child's step; now outward, as he made an effort to mend his pace by one frantic stride—until his foot caught a long sassafras root which had been washed bare in the mid-road by late fall rains, and he fell heavily forward on his poor face.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—The plainer napkins are folded for the table the better; elaborate folds being too suggestive of hotels and restaurants. A good way is to roll them in a conical form for the goblet, or to fold them simply over the bread or roll when laid by the side of the plate.

C. D. M.—It is not necessary to thank a gentleman for escorting you when he has entreated the privilege, though it is certainly polite to express your pleasure at the entertainment you have enjoyed through his courtesy.

MABEL MOORE.—Braid your hair in three plaits and cross it at the back. Tie with narrow ribbons behind each ear. The velvet crosses of which you speak are made abroad, and could scarcely be executed neatly by an inexperienced hand. They are inexpensive, and may be found at almost any first-class fancy store.

ELLA HOLMES.—Linen back moiré is from $2 50 to $3 per yard, and can be found, in high colors, at any of the dry-goods establishments quoted by us. Silk moirés are from $5 to $9.

LIZZIE MASON.—At a few very fashionable weddings in New York lately the groom has been dressed in the English fashion, viz.: blue cloth coat with gilt buttons. Vest of the same. Lavender pantaloons, necktie, and gloves. The full dress style given in the New York Fashions of the *Bazar* of May 30 are adopted, however, by both grooms and guests at very gay and at very quiet weddings. The coat of black cloth is cut swallow-tail, with a broad collar rolling to the waist and faced with silk. The skirts are lined with silk, and sometimes with white silk. The vest may be either black or white. If black, it should be of the same cloth as the coat; if white, of corded silk. The vest collar must be also very low, with only one or two buttons to fasten it at the waist. The pantaloons fit the figure closely, and set better over shoes than boots, though gentlemen usually prefer boots for weddings. Neck-tie of white muslin folded, or of white silk. Black and lavender satin ties are also worn. Shirt fronts are merely double of the linen, and finely embroidered around the studs or in a vine up each side of the studs. Standing collar broken at the pointed corners beneath the chin. Deep square cuffs plain or embroidered to match the bosom. Very small studs, with gold button at the neck just visible under the neck-tie. Large sleeve-buttons. Handkerchief with hem two inches wide. Silk beaver and white gloves.

MARIE.—Bismarck is no longer fashionable. The brown we alluded to as in demand for traveling dresses is a dead leaf color, and not the reddish tinge so much worn in the winter. A simple but stylish traveling dress has a gored skirt of brown cashmere, with a six inch flounce set on around the bottom. It is bound at the lower edge, and may be gathered at the top or in box-pleats. A fold of the cashmere two inches wide, piped with satin, conceals where the flounce is sewn on. The polonaise is of worsted poplin, striped brown and white. It buttons all the way down the front, and is looped up at the sides by three large pleats, with a brown button on each pleat. The trimming consists of three rows of brown braid with a cord fringe at the edge. Coat-sleeves.

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by News-dealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

FACETIÆ.

How long does a widow mourn for her husband? —She mourns for a second.

RECIPE FOR FINDING A HUSBAND.

More common-sense and less wit.

More useful occupation and less music.

More study of the Mysteries of the Kitchen and less of the Mysteries of Paris.

More mending of shirts and stockings and less making of bracelets.

Less display of toilettes that appall the purses of candidates for wedlock.

More proof to men that they will find in a wife a helpmeet and not an embarrassment.

This recipe, if thoroughly tried, will greatly lessen the number of bachelors.

Two friends, one an Englishman and the other a Frenchman, chanced to meet at the Paris Exposition.

"What! you in France, my dear William!" said the latter. "I am delighted to see you. How do you do?"

"Not very well. I have been married since I saw you last."

"That's good."

"No it isn't; for my wife was a shrew."

"I am sorry; that's bad."

"Not altogether; for she brought me a dowry of ten thousand pounds sterling."

"Ten thousand pounds! That's good. It consoles you—"

"No, it doesn't, for I invested the money in heads of cattle, and they all died of the disease that has just been raging in England."

"That's bad."

"Not at all; for the skins brought me more than I had paid for the cattle."

"Then you are indemnified."

"No, not altogether; for I bought a fine house with the money, and it has just been burned."

"Oh, what a misfortune!"

"Not so great a one either, for my wife was in it and she was burned with the house."

PATENT LOVE-LETTER.

DEAR MISS,—After long consideration and much meditation upon the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have strong inclination to become your relation. If oblation is worthy of observation and can obtain commiseration, it will be an aggrandization beyond all calculation of the joy and exultation of

PETER H. PORTATION.

P. S.—I solicit your acceptation of the love and approbation, and propose the annexation of the lives and destination of Peter H. Portation and Marie Moderation.

THE ANSWER.

DEAR PETER,—I have perused your oration with great deliberation, and a little consideration at the great infatuation of your weak imagination to show such veneration on so slight a foundation. After mature deliberation and serious contemplation, I fear your proclamation is filled with adulation, or saying from ostentation, to display your education, by an odd enumeration or rather multiplication of words of like termination, though different in signification. But as I admire association and am in favor of annexation I acknowledge my inclination to accept with gratification the love and adoration set forth in your declaration, and will, with preparation, love, and animation remain with resignation and respect in the appellation of

MRS. PETER H. PORTATION.

P. S.—I suggest the information that we meet in consultation, and make some preparation for the final consummation of the intended annexation, when I will bear with resignation the relation to your home and occupation that Mr. Peter H. Portation would then bear to myself.

MARIE MODERATION.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

Majority.—The stage on life's road where one first becomes sensible of the going of youth and the coming of age.

Man.—A monster created after the beasts and before woman—possessing the good qualities of neither.

Marriage.—A union for lovers; a prison for the indifferent.

Marry.—To get one's self transported for life with hard labor.

Mars.—The god of war—Mars more than he makes.

Masculine.—A line young ladies should never adopt.

Mask.—What we all wear to hide our feelings.

Master.—Woman when she does not strive to be mistress.

Mercy.—The draught after the pills of justice.

Mind.—A jewel-box—the jewels vary in value.

Miss.—Counts if she is pretty; a decided hit if she is rich.

Money.—The friend man labors to bring in by the door for woman to throw out of the window.

More.—What the horse-leech's daughter (note the gender) always wanted.

Mother-in-law.—Apparent injustice.

Muff.—A thing to keep her hands warm and her heart cold.

Music.—The echo of angels' sighs or fairies' laughter.

Myth.—Classical truths.

It is asserted that the Princess Salome, of Mingrelia (the ancient Colchis), the young lady just married to Prince Achille Murat, has been enabled to trace her descent directly from Jason and Medea. In that case, of course, her husband will have no reason to complain that he has been *fleeced!*

TO HUSBANDS.

The edict is spoken!
And skirts shall no more
Of daughters and wives
sweep
Society's floor.

But, husbands, rejoicing
Too soon would be wrong;
If the dresses are short,
Still your bills will be long.

When is a woman's hair like a swan's breast?—When it's down.

What is the worst kind of husbandry?—When a man in clover marries a woman in weeds.

The London *Times* begins an editorial: "Now that Italy has come by her own, would she be so kind as to take back her organ-grinders?"

COMPLIMENTARY.

ADOLPHUS (*who is short-sighted*). "Now, my Love, I think you'll find this is your Train."

TOO BAD!

EMILY. "What do I think of the Flower, Mr. Robinson? Why, more than I do of the Pot, by far!"

MODEST APPEAL

LADY (*to big drum*). "Pray, my good man, don't make that horrid Noise! I can't hear myself Speak!"

The man who wrote "I'm saddest when I sing," was a fool to sing much.

"Oh, for a thousand tongues," as an urchin remarked when inside a molasses hogshead.

"Massa," said Sambo, "one of your oxen is dead; t'oder too. 'Fraid to tell you of boff at once, for fear you couldn't bore it."

Is the "coming woman" any relation to the "passing bell(e)?"

A learned coroner being asked how he accounted for the mortality this year, exclaimed, "I can not tell; people seem to die this year that never died before."

OBSERVATIONS BY JOSH BILLINGS.

If a man wants tew get his actual dimensions, let him visit a grave-yard.

If a man wants tew be an old bachelor, and get sick at a boarding-tavern, and have a back-room in the fourth story, and a red-haired chamber-maid bring his water-gruel to him in a tin wash-basin, I have alwuz sed, and I stick to it yet, he has got a perfek right to do it.

When a man loses his health, then he fust begins to take care of it. This is good judgment. This is!

It is getting so nowadaze, if a man can't cheat in some way he isn't happy.

Success in life iz apt to make us forget the time we wasn't much. It is so with the frog on the jump, he can't remember when he was a tadpole—but other folks can.

An individual tew be a fine gentleman, has either got to be born so or brought up in it from intimacy. He kan't learn it suddenly any more than he can talk Injun koreckly by practicing on a tommy-hawk.

PUTTING TO RIGHTS.

When the box of Pandora the deities packed
With troubles and ills and anxieties weighty,
They felt that one evil to crown them was lacked,
And were quite at a loss, till implacable Ate
Slipt into the parcel of curses and spites
A malevolent genius for "Putting to Rights."

But Prometheus, you know, wouldn't come to the scratch,
And preferred to live on as a bachelor lonely—
Approved not so Bryant-and-May-like a match,
Guaranteed on that box as ignitible only;
So poor Epimetheus, the fable recites,
Became the first victim of "Putting to Rights."

Ah, why did he foolishly hasten to ope
The box which contained his beloved one's *trousseau?*
For out trooped the bad fellow-travelers of Hope—
(Since—as doubtless, you know—the gods meant them to do so)
Like ravens, those birds of ill-omen, their flights—
But the biggest and blackest was "Putting to Rights."

And, alas, ever since, when a man takes a bride,
Though the prospect before him seems sunny and flow'ry,
He's sure to discover, whate'er may betide,
That there's one fatal gift forms a part of her dowry—
One terrible drawback to married delights—
She is safe to be given to "Putting to Rights."

The books and the papers he fain would peruse,
The notes and the mems that want keeping an eye to,
The documents priceless 'tis ruin to lose,
The pressing epistles he ought to reply to,
Have all disappeared like some dream of the night's—
For his wife has been busy at "Putting to Rights."

Oh, woman is all that is lovely and sweet—
The right thing to take, as they say of good brandy;
But pray you be warned against taking her "neat,"
If you'd keep all your books and etceteras handy.
Be warned, ere too late, ye unfortunate wights,
Against wives with a mania for "Putting to Rights."

You may wed, if you will, with the girl of your choice,
And think you a happiness nothing can mar gain;
But take my advice, while you still have a voice
In the matter, and make her assent to a bargain—
She must—ere her faith at the altar she plights—
Undertake to abstain from all "Putting to Rights."

FRAGMENTS FROM THE DIARY OF A JOURNALIST.

During this period of six months, invited by friends or acquaintances to take a drink, 6398 times.

Accepted invitations, 6397 times.

Invited friends to drink with me, 1 time.

Have been asked "What's the news?" 21,520 times.

Presented bills, 19 times.

Been paid, — times.

Have received invitations to soirées, balls, dinners, etc., from people who desired a notice, 5342 times.

Accepted such invitations, 33 times.

Promised notices to merchants and manufacturers, 462 times.

Kept these promises, 3 times.

Been asked to retract news published, 216 times.

Have retracted, 136 times.

Been threatened with cudgeling, 80 times.

Been cudgeled, 6 times.

Cudgeled others, 4 times.

Been fired at with a revolver, 6 times.

Have shot at others, 3 times.

Have uttered principles and declared myself ready to lay down my life for them, 118 times.

Changed the same, 16 times.

Attacked by other journals therefor, 364 times.

An "Impeachment Hat" is said to be one of the latest novelties.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 35.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

AMBITION.

THE beautiful engraving which we give herewith is from the picture by William Morgan, whose pencil has depicted many similar scenes of household life. The moral is too obvious to need pointing out: the eager-eyed child, clutching at the bubble ambition, which, flung by the hand of his elder brother, has mounted to a tempting distance beyond his reach. The mother, anxious to please her darling, is holding him up at arm's-length, but not quite high enough as yet to grasp the object of his craving. Will he thus find helpful hands in after-life, ready to help him to his goal, or be left to climb each step of the way alone and unaided? But ambition is a noble thing, not lightly to be decried. "He who does not aim at the top of the tree will never reach the lower branches," says the Spanish proverb; and all the great deeds that have been wrought in life have been the outgrowth of true ambition.

AMBITION.—[From a Painting by Mr. William Morgan.]

THE IMPULSES OF THE AGE.

VITALITY is the distinguishing mark of the age. None can complain of it as dull and monotonous except those who groan under an unwieldy sense of themselves, and have a proportionate ineptness for sympathy with others. Whether its life is as earnest as its high trusts demand, or is earnest in the right direction, we shall not inquire; but beyond cavil it is a living age, that delights in action and considers solid deeds the splendid outlet of impassioned ideas and chivalric sentiments. What distinctive thoughts it has, what aims and aspirations are held very closely to its heart, are warmed and fed and nurtured there, and are there renewed with fresh inspirations as the conflict waxes hotter with opposing forces! Certain good people profess to think, and doubtless do think, that we are threatened with a sickly offspring from the ill-matched union of "misty science and feeble sentiment." What are our "confessions" beside St. Augustine's? Our denials compared with St. Anthony's? Our "soft encyclicals" from timid bishops weighed in the scale with Luther's fervid outbursts? Admit, then, that we have no prayers like those with which John Milton shook heaven and earth, and no Alpine thunder-claps like John Knox's, we see not any more convincing force in such arguments than there would be in the reasonings of a geologist who should depreciate the present structure of the globe because, forsooth, the era of convulsions and volcanoes had passed away. The age is full of impulses—strong and energetic impulses—not altogether generous nor yet simply selfish, but mixed and chaotic, yet struggling to purify themselves through their own ordained interaction.

Where we might least expect the presence of this impulse, we find its warmth and power most sustained and most fertile in rare benefits. Thus the scientific men who have been deemed cold and ungenial, are the most patient, enthusiastic, and loving workers of the day. A thought like the telegraph, or ocean steam-navigation, or a Pacific Railroad, or African exploration, or photographing, they keep steadily before them until it emerges into form and takes its place among actualities. The recovery of material nature to man's service so that it shall feed, clothe, house, educate, refine, adorn, ennoble him in an easier, broader, more princely manner than Solomon ever imagined, is not that a grand conception and worthy too of the enthusiasm which it has aroused? Men who talk of our civilization as flimsy and superficial, have surely never reflected that science was never to such an extent the very foundation of social life, of commerce, of statesmanship. And the same sort of impulse is extending into Art; music, sculpture, painting, architecture, are feeling its renovating vigor; while every form of literature, from the commonest school-primer to the splendid works of archæology, bears witness to the same inspiriting energy.

Nor is this impulse, with its outgushing heartiness, less perceptible in our current politics. We mean the politics of principles, not of parties. With the noisy quarrels of the hour we have no concern, and none with the struggles for party ascendency; but as an index of progress, pointing out the direction which the new statesmanship of the popular heart is likely to pursue through this generation, we may note the general enthusiasm in behalf of the brotherhood of humanity. Still more strikingly is this impulse apparent in those practical schemes of Christian effort which signalize this age. The men who dare to tell us that Christianity is dead or dying, are most grossly untrue to themselves and to the age; for it never had the permeative power, the silent and subtle electric force that works through the solid substance of modern society, and the vindicating array of grandeur which now characterizes its operations alike in the individual will and upon the wider area of the thinking and toiling world. Men like Arnold may tell us that

> "From David's lips this word did roll,
> 'Tis true and living yet,
> No man can save his brother's soul,
> Nor pay his brother's debt;"

but thousands feel otherwise, and in this steady and settled unison of the Gospel with their deepest instincts, and in the answering echoes which their hearts in all genuine moments give to its uttered truths, they can not be mistaken unless the soul itself is a cheat and a lie. Believe, or pretend to believe, as such men may that Christianity was once credible but is credible no longer, they themselves by the very intensity of their skeptical despondency, by the unconcealed pathos of their inward wrestlings, and by the confessed unsatisfyingness of their hard and dreary negations, give no wavering testimony to the majestic truth of the sanctifying and saving system which they reject. Are not these doubts which men utter with bated breath, these unbeliefs which they hesitate to trust, and only entertain with fearful suspicions of suicidal wrong, evidences themselves that Christianity in our time has made skepticism considerate of others and jealous of itself? Viewed in this aspect, these doubters are walking gropingly in the midst of those huge shadows which Christianity, as it meets with obstructions to its splendor, casts over the face of the world.

The present age ought indeed to be the best that the world has yet seen, summing up, as it does, the experience of all which have gone before it, and which, especially of late, have been so rich in devices and inventions calculated to ameliorate

the lot of humanity. But there are some men who, like Lot's wife, will always persist in looking behind them; and who, if set back no matter how far in creation, would continue to sigh for the good old days, were these days those just preceding the flood.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1868.

STUDYING AT HOME.

MOST of our school-teachers seem to have an entire misconception of their duties. They apparently think that they have nothing to do but to sit in magisterial dignity and judge of the accomplishments of their pupils. They examine, but do not teach; and thus the business of almost every school consists in saying, not in learning, lessons. The academy is known only as a place of recitation, not of study. The teacher confines himself to listening to the former, and leaves the latter to the superintendence of the parent. The chief duty thus devolves upon one who is incapable or careless of its performance, and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is totally neglected.

There is no greater farce than this studying at home, as it is called. Master Tom, on returning from school, gives his bundle of books a fling in the hall as soon as he enters, and there they remain, unopened, ready strapped and conveniently placed at the door, to be carried back next morning. He, of course, knows nothing of the lessons he is called upon to recite, but he is kept in countenance by the sympathy of nine out of ten of his class who are in the same blissful ignorance as himself. To the usual question: "Have you studied your lesson?" he has the ready answer: "I have been *over* it a great many times"—for he has taken care, as is usual with the artful innocence of youth, to save his conscience and his back by the ingenious device of jumping a score of times over his unopened books.

The boy in this shows himself wiser than his master, and we heartily approve of all he does except the constructive lie he tells—for which, however, he is not altogether responsible. It is preposterous for a schoolmaster, after imprisoning a lad for five long hours, and keeping him during that whole time at the hardest of tasks, repeating like a parrot what he does not understand, or sitting in a constrained posture and silence, afraid to move or utter a word, to give him lessons to study at home. These lessons, if properly studied, would require as many more hours of labor and confinement as are daily passed at school. If lads did not instinctively resist this absurd demand, there would be few left with bodies and minds sound enough for their future work of life.

It has been said with truth that children learn more during their hours of play than of study. There can be no doubt that they exercise their mental and moral faculties more usefully in a game of base-ball than in puzzling over a page of the Greek Reader. Both are necessary, but we are inclined to think that there is too great a preponderance of the latter.

Five hours daily are quite enough for all study, and absurdly excessive for recitation alone, which would require much additional confinement and labor for preparation for it. By the present system, which makes great pretensions to comprehensiveness, there is no thoroughness of education. There are a great many things taught, but few learned. The schoolmaster with us is too exclusively the schoolmaster. He should be the educator, to draw out and develop the faculties of his pupil; and for this purpose it is essential that he should know him thoroughly. Such knowledge can not be acquired by merely seeing him at the hours of a formal recitation. The teacher must be by his side at his studies, in his walks, and on the play-ground. The five hours taken for school, which, as now conducted, result only in the dangerous over-cramming of the few and the superficial varnishing of the many with a useless learning, will give time enough for all the education of the young, which should devolve upon others than themselves.

IDEAS OF BEAUTY.

THE ideas of beauty are as various as the philosophers who have written about or the people who have admired it. Plato would not admit its existence except in the mind. Leibnitz held that it consisted in perfection. Burke pretended that all objects which have the power of relaxing the nerves are beautiful. Sir Joshua Reynolds was of the opinion that beauty was mediocrity; and Hogarth taught that it was nothing but a crooked line.

Nations are as much at variance with each other on the subject as the philosophers. The Chinese think that a woman who hobbles on a pair of club-feet is the perfection of female beauty; and the fashionable Thibetan woman does not deem herself presentable until she has daubed her face with a thick black paste "a good deal like conserve of grapes." The Hindoo dames stain their nails black with *henna;* and the Japanese their teeth with a dye of the same color. The Hottentot beauty is esteemed no beauty at all until she has fattened herself up to at least fifty stone, and has reached such a development that she can suckle her baby over her shoulders and carry the rest of the family upon her natural bustle. The Peruvian squaw is deemed of no account in society until she can show an ear with a hole in it big enough for her admirer to pass his arm through up to the shoulder.

As for the Americans—we do not allude to the indigenous tribes of savages—they reverse the Hottentot standard of beauty. With them thinness is in as high a repute as blubber with their African sisters, and they will pare themselves down to impalpable shadows with as much diligence as the latter will bloat themselves into oleaginous fullness. The Hottentot women are said to give their skin and flesh *extensibility* by constant kneading, and to cram themselves with pounded maize soaked in mares' milk, in order that they may swell out to the desired fatness; and the American to pinch their bodies, even to the crunching of the bones, with jackets of steel or corsets, and to drench themselves with a mixture of chalk and vinegar that they may be reduced to the fashionable tenuity.

Which of the two, the fat or the lean, is the true standard of beauty? And we might ask, Who is the barbarian—the Hottentot or American?

FINISHED.

THERE is nothing we know of that ever pretends to be finished in this progressive but imperfect world but the education of our daughters. At a certain period of her life, say from fifteen to seventeen years of age, Miss Angelica suddenly distributes photographs of towering *chignon* and locks of hair among her schoolteachers and favorite companions, and bidding a weeping farewell to them, with pledges of eternal remembrance, leaves the "*Female Institute*" forever. She now throws aside her dog's-eared spelling-books, dictionaries, grammars, geographies, philosophies, and what not, and she and the *ologies* part never to meet again. Her education is finished. Her mamma promised that the summer quarter should be the last, and it was; so that marvel of intellectual accomplishment, Miss Angelica's education, was completed precisely at three o'clock in the afternoon of a hot day in June.

This finished damsel leaves school but to enter the world. Her physical charms, or perhaps papa's supposed wealth of dry-goods or real estate, attracts about her the young drones of fashion at Saratoga or Newport, and with their ceaseless buzzing she may well be deluded with the idea that she is a full-blown beauty. The winter's succession of balls, parties, and operas brings an additional swarm of admirers, who by their eager attentions confirm her still more in the supposed idea of her completeness.

Starting with the notion that on leaving school she had finished her education, and strengthened in the delusion by the silly or interested admiration of the so-called world, it is impossible, of course, to do any thing more in the way of solidly educating so self-complacent a person. And yet she is but a child in knowledge as well as in years. Test her, and you will doubtless find that her recollection of her spelling-books, dictionaries, and grammars, but so lately discarded, is so dim that she will be hardly able to spell out correctly a *billet-doux*, and that her conversation will be only vulgar insipidities expressed in bad English.

She, however, is fulfilling her vocation, which, according to would-be fashionable mothers, is to do her best to catch a husband by the display of those outside charms with which many American girls are so generously endowed. To marriage will probably succeed maternity, and then where will this finished school-girl, this full-blown beauty of the past, this mother of the present and future, find those resources necessary for the proper education of her children? If they are to be *finished* like herself, then the corner-stones of this republic will be, though with an external polish, of a material so flimsy that they must soon decay and crumble.

Suppose, however, that these finished girls should fail to get husbands, either from want of beauty or loss of wealth, and are too proud to do what they are, from their ignorance, only capable of doing, and that more imperfectly than an Irish Bridget—namely, to serve as domestics. What then is left for them but destitution or a life of dependent misery?

The obvious remedy is the recognition by parents of the fact that the education of their daughters can never be finished. The wise are always learning. Michael Angelo, who was of the greatest of the great men of this world, was met one day, when old and decrepit, tramping on foot through the snow, near the Coliseum, and was asked, "Where are you going?" "To school, to try to learn something," was his answer. We by no means think that our daughters should always be kept at the *Female Institute*; we, in fact, would rather that they went to a school of a different name, and of a more masculine gender.

It behooves mothers to continue the education, wherever it may have been, of their daughters systematically long after the usual period of leaving school. Thus, well disciplined to the latest moment, they would, on getting married, be not only more agreeable wives but more useful mothers. As for those who remain single, their maiden forlornness would be diminished by the resources of a good education, and their independence secured by the ready means it could supply of a dignified support.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to Madame Mush.

MY DEAR MADAME,—I can hardly help laughing now when I remember the occasion which leads me to address you this letter. But really if, upon the highway of life, we mean to preserve our self-respect, it is necessary that some kind of protest be made against your conduct; and if, as I am told by my friend, Mr. Peter Paul Pry, your feeling upon the subject is shared by a great many people, it is only the more imperative that the absurdity be exposed.

When I was younger I remember reading a very charming little story, in which it was related that a poor, ignorant, almost degraded country woman in the interior of Pennsylvania, perhaps, used to cure the toothache by tying it to an apple-tree. It was my habit as a child to pity the ignorance of the poor woman, and to wonder in what kind of place and among what kind of people such a ridiculous superstition could prevail. My sister, Mrs. Smith, said, with ready humor, that the only way in which she knew how to cure a toothache by tying it to an apple-tree was to tie the aching tooth fast to the tree, and then run away as hard as she could. But I felt that this was not the way in which the old woman did it. She believed that there was some magic about it, and that by some kind of mumbling and turning she could weave a miraculous sanitary spell.

Imagine my horror, dear Madame Mush—who had not thought of this story for many and many years—upon suddenly discovering in your own person, in the splendid rooms of our friend Mrs. Knickerbocker, the superstitious old woman of the interior of Pennsylvania! As I think of it coolly here at my table now, I am alternately disgusted and amused. Do not misunderstand me! You did not propose to tie a toothache to an apple-tree. Far from it. Superstition, my dear Madame, is a Mephistopheles. He adapts his mask to his circumstances and his company. But it is always Mephistopheles. I saw the poor, ignorant old Pennsylvania country woman under your velvet and lace as distinctly as I see vulgarity under Mrs. Tilbury's affectation of refinement.

It was at Mrs. Knickerbocker's last dinner. I arrived a little late, for I found at the last moment that I had no proper gloves, and was obliged to step out of my way to buy a pair. The company was already assembled, and there was some unaccountable delay. Mrs. Knickerbocker said to me, "Where *can* your friend Mr. Pry be?" And I was confounded, for I had never known him to fail upon such an occasion.—I will say here, Madame, parenthetically, in defense of my friend that he was just upon the point of arriving at the exact hour, and was hurrying along the street toward Mrs. Knickerbocker's steps when, passing a couple of ladies whose garments of course entirely concealed what was coming up behind, he was suddenly overthrown, precisely as we both were on a previous melancholy occasion, and by the same cause, namely, the string of Mrs. Rooster's infernal poodle (excuse my just vehemence!), and the consequences to Mr. Pry's trowsers were so extensive and so lamentable that he was obliged to call a coach, and drive all the way back to his rooms in order to change his apparel.—I begged Mrs. Knickerbocker not to wait for Mr. Pry; then I saw you, Madame, talking with her very earnestly, and after saying a few words to her youngest son, Van De Witt Knickerbocker, which seemed to affect him unpleasantly, our gracious hostess ushered us into the dining-room, while young Van De Witt disappeared.

The dinner proceeded, and still the youth did not return. But presently Mr. Pry came in with a smiling salute of mysterious apologies in regard to his delay. Immediately I saw Mrs. Knickerbocker whispering to a waiter, and soon after Van De Witt entered, and took his place quietly at table. The dinner was stately and pleasant enough, in the grand style; but I was more interested in the mystery of the coincidences of the appearance and disappearance of young Van De Witt than I was in the solemn platitudes of Mr. Hundredweight or the vivacious follies of Mrs. Stanhope. So when we were sipping coffee I said, gently, to Mrs. Knickerbocker that I hoped young Van De Witt had not been unwell. She looked at me very gravely, and answered:

"Don't you know why he left the room?"

"I certainly do not."

"Why, you dear innocent Mr. Bachelor, don't you see that if he had sat down with us there would have been thirteen at table? And Mrs. Mush told me that she could not possibly sit down with thirteen, so I told my son to go up stairs until Mr. Pry came, and if he did not come at all, to go out and dine at his club."

I could scarcely believe my ears. It is such a pointless absurdity, such a stupid superstition. Why, my dear Madame, it is incredible that at this day there should be any body such a consummate dolt as seriously to be troubled by such a whim. You needn't shake your head and say that it is very easy to laugh, but that you have known very remarkable facts in regard to thirteen sitting together at table. Remarkable fiddlesticks! I know all kinds of remarkable facts. During this last year I have lost two friends, and I dined with each of them within the twelvemonth; the party upon one occasion being eight, upon the other six. In the last twenty years I have dined I don't know how many times with thirteen at table, and counted them; and more than half of those dinner parties I can assemble to-day with precisely the same guests. You can be just as superstitious, and with exactly as much reason, upon any other number as thirteen. Am I never to dine with a party of eight or a party of six again?

There used to be a great deal said about the punishment sure to fall upon those who went pleasuring upon Sunday. If one sail-boat of all the sail-boats in the country which were out upon one of all the Sundays in the year was managed by some ignorant fellow, and was capsized by a summer flaw, so that somebody was drowned, there was a kind of horror sought to be inculcated in regard to his death, as if he had been especially smitten as a warning. Why, my dear Madame Mush, the thousands who came safe to shore probably proved as much as the one that was lost. That is to say, nothing at all was proved, except that a man who does not know how to manage a sail-boat is very likely to be capsized in a flaw, and if he can not swim, to be drowned. So, after one of these absurd stories, winding up with an impressive warning of the mortal peril of sailing upon Sundays, had appeared in one of the newspapers, another the next day contained a story of a clergyman who was standing at a low window, and losing his balance, fell out and broke his neck. "What an impressive warning," said the paper, "does this melancholy event afford against clergymen looking out of low windows upon Tuesdays!"

Mrs. Mush, this illustrates the folly of your superstition about thirteen at table. I defy you or any body to show that there is any more striking coincidence between mishaps to those who form one of a party of that number or of any other number proportionally. Besides, if the folly is exposed by a single failure of the coincidence the whole superstition falls, and there is probably not a single person of your acquaintance in whose experience it has not failed a great many times. If you say that it is a generally received superstition, and that you do not care to reason about it, I shall reply in the politest terms that I can possibly find, that all the fools are not dead yet by any means. Suppose it is a generally received superstition. It is no more so than the tying of toothaches to apple-trees was in the Pennsylvania region of which I spoke, and I have never seen a person who was not ashamed of yielding to the deplorable weakness of which I speak. They all say that they do not wish to talk about it. Why not? If it be true, it is the greatest of wonders. If it be a miserable and inexpressibly contemptible folly, it ought not to be suffered to prolong itself under the shade of courteous silence.

If you did care to reason about what you call your "feeling" upon this subject, you would discover that the fancy is one of the medieval religious conceits. The Last Supper was a feast of thirteen; therefore that number at table is accursed, and one of the guests will pay the penalty by dying within the year. Don't you see upon the same principle that twelve is an unhappy number because there were twelve apostles, and one was a traitor? I will go through the numerals, and show you, upon various grounds, why every number is unlucky. My dear Madame, does a thief in the candle send you terrified to bed? Do you shrink from passing under a ladder as if you had sealed your doom if you did so? Do you always pine in apprehension of a great misfortune if you chance to see the new moon over your left shoulder? Do you tremble when you break a looking-glass, lest the evil one should carry you off before sunset? Do you insist upon throwing an old shoe after a newly-married pair as they drive away from the church-door? Does it break your heart to meet a funeral?

There is no end to these old women's phantasies. There is nothing that happens that may not be wrested into these signs of evil. And among ignorant old country women such weaknesses may be pardoned. But in you and your friends they are simply despicable. If you must have superstitions, have them beautiful and significant. Don't go cowering about under the slavish fear of the evil-eye. Believe, if you will, that when a lovely child dies the angels are enamored of him and wish to spare him sorrow. Believe that in every trembling tree is a dryad, and nymphs in the soft seclusion of groves and vales. Believe that Pan blows his sweet reeds by the river, and that the sirens draw the mariner to his doom with resistless song. Believe that a crazed youth has been beloved by the moon, and that the dogs you hear far off at midnight are the hapless hunters that beheld Diana unawares. Cher-

ish any generous, poetic belief, but don't shiver at broken looking-glasses, nor quiver under stout ladders, nor shake at a swollen candle-wick, nor lose your appetite because the fourteenth guest did not come to dinner. Leave, my dear Mrs. Mush, leave, I beseech you, to the most ignorant, most wretched, and most degraded of remote, interior women the business of tying toothaches to apple-trees. It is the absurd but necessary prayer of your obedient servant, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

TABLE LINEN.

MERCHANTS inform us that there is unusual variety in their importations of table linen this season. The rivalry incited by the French Exposition produced marked improvement in the designs and quality of all cloths for household purposes. Barnsley damasks are staple goods and always popular. The well-known Silesia, soft and heavy, with clear distinct figures, is a favorite with all who use it. The tiny snow-drop pattern so long sought after in Scotch and Irish damasks is not now in such demand as the inch wide stripes and square blocks. These are two yards wide, at prices varying from $1 to $2 a yard. Another style has a red border surrounding the whole cloth.

Among finer goods are shown some beautiful English and French linen damasks. They are imported in sets, consisting of a long cloth and two dozen napkins. Each cloth is woven in an elaborate design, with corresponding patterns on the napkins. One especially handsome cloth, marked $40, is two and a half yards wide and four yards long. In the centre the American eagle is represented, surrounded by a border of flowers and foliage. The large napkins are seven-eighths of a yard long by three-quarters wide. Stars are in the centre with a border of stripes. The two dozen napkins are valued at $25 a dozen, making the set of cloth and napkins cost $90. Another set has an Egyptian design of the sun with diverging rays as the centre-piece. Hieroglyphics, the sphinx, and winged lions are in bold relief on the border. Still another has a medallion centre, with corner pieces representing antique vases, nymphs, serpents, and cupids. The border is a design of fringe with tassels.

When a handsome outfit of table linen is made at the upholsterer's, it is customary to provide an under-cloth of thick Canton flannel cut the exact length and width of the table. This is to be placed under the damask cloth, and serves to shield a handsome table from injury, brings out clearly the figures of the damask, and gives the cloth a purer white look than when it is simply placed over the dark table.

Five-eighths of a yard square is the usual size for dinner napkins. In fine goods they are larger. Small tea napkins, or doylies, are made in neat designs of checks and snow-drops. Cotton damask fruit doylies, red and white together, are $1 75 a dozen.

Light-colored cloths for lunch or for fruit suppers are useful and pretty in the summer season. They should be of the same color as that which prevails in the decoration of the china with which they are used. They are shown in linen damask, pink and white, or buff, with patterns of flowers and fruit. With napkins to correspond, the price is $12. A beautiful dessert cloth that looks like satin brocade is of mixed silk and linen in pale amber and white. The pattern is elaborate, covering the whole cloth. A pretty fringe borders it. $16 is the price asked for the cloth and doylies. Striped toilinettes and worsted damasks in dark, rich patterns of crimson or green with gilt are shown for dessert and wine cloths. They are two yards wide, and are sold by the yard at from $3 to $5. Plain Turkey red toilinettes with white checks, stripes, and damask figures are sold at $1 85 a yard. They make serviceable lunch cloths for everyday use.

BED LINEN.

We were shown many things dear to the hearts of housewives in the way of bed linen. First was the substantial muslin sheetings, ten quarters wide, at seventy cents a yard. Utica Mills is a leading brand in these goods. Scotch linen is shown in all the sheeting widths, from one and three-fourths of a yard to three yards wide. The price ranges from $1 to $2 40 a yard. Heavy Irish linens three yards wide are seen in all grades. It is not advisable to buy very heavy linen, as it breaks sooner than a soft material. Richardson's linen for pillow-slips is in several grades and widths.

The pillow now most admired is the square French shape. Plain pillow-slips are of Irish linen, with a tuck an inch wide stitched around them, with a fluted ruffle rolled on the edge of the tuck. Overlays or sham slips, used in the daytime, are imported by several houses. They are half of a pillow-slip, fastened securely at the corners by loops and buttons. A sheet overlay is trimmed to match the pillow-covers. This false sheet is merely a breadth of yard-wide linen as long as the bed is wide. It is embroidered or ruffled at the ends and on one side. In the daytime it is turned down over the top sheet far enough to display the trimming and conceal the other covers. One set shown us was marked $34 for the three pieces. The trimming was a border of embroidered medallions set in Valenciennes insertion and edging. Wide ribbon, the color of the carpets and curtains of the bedroom, was placed under the lace. An imported set was embroidered in the finest French work. A vine and scalloped edge formed the border. In the centre was a floral monogram. Another set had a row of Hamburg insertion around it with a fluted ruffle. The ruffle was of thick linen cambric, two inches wide, with four small tucks at the edge. In the centre a broken wreath was embroidered, in which were the initials of the owner. Puffs of cambric, and bands of linen, feather-stitched on each edge, are pretty trimming. If elaborate open embroidery and lace are used they are best displayed over a pink or blue case made of silk or cambric.

Gauze blankets for the summer were shown us. They are as soft as cashmere, and light and thin. The price is $11 a pair. American blankets cost only half as much as the popular Whitney blanket, and some of them, the Schuylkill brand particularly, can scarcely be told from a genuine Whitney. Good Schuylkill blankets are sold for $12 a pair. Fine French blankets are almost an inch thick, yet are soft and light. One beautiful pair is marked $40.

Marseilles counterpanes are displayed of several grades, ranging from $5 to $25 in price. Plain ones have shell or diamond borders with medallion centres. The expensive Empress quilt has an elaborate design with raised figures. The handsomest counterpane from the Exposition has a ground-work of pale lavender that throws the white figures into bold relief. Honey-comb spreads at $2, and the striped Allendales for summer are staple goods. Toilette covers of plain white Marseilles, or strewn with pink and buff flowers, are chosen to match the counterpane.

Nottingham lace spreads, as low as $5, are exceedingly pretty. They should be lined with silk or cambric. Another, fit for a fairy queen, is of tamboured lace, gorgeous with roses and daises displayed over pink silk.

French chintz and cretonne in delicate colored grounds, with stripes and figures of some darker shade, make neat and serviceable spreads. They are sold by the yard at prices ranging from fifty cents to $1.

In mosquito netting we were shown the round meshed lace and gauze with square meshes. Pink gauze is about half the price of lace, and looks quite as well when made up. We rarely advise the purchase of an inferior article, but as all colored netting fades it is better to buy a gauze net at a lower price, and have a fresh new one often. Square and oblong canopies are more used than round or oval ones. Upholsterers trim the canopy with white ball fringe. A framework of bamboo sticks, that open and shut like an umbrella, is made to support the canopy. By pulling a tassel in the centre it is spread out for the night, and may be closed during the day. Many persons object to injuring handsome ceilings and bedsteads with hooks and pulleys. To obviate this an arrangement has been invented by which the netting is suspended from a standard erected at the foot of the bed. This is a very simple contrivance, requiring only a few minutes to set it up. It collapses into a small compass, and is set away in the closet in the daytime.

TOWELING.

The Turkish bath towels are shown in brown, unbleached linen, and in soft white cotton striped with red. The rough linen is used for friction, while the smooth cotton serves as an absorbent. They are a yard and a half long, worth $1 25 apiece. Barnsley damask towels are exceedingly fine, with blue, buff, and pink borders, and a wide fringe. Another brand, well-known to housekeepers, is the Commodore. The Irish loom towel is much sought after. It is unbleached, being offered for sale just as it is brought from the loom. Honey-comb towels are also unbleached, but soon become white, and are very strong and durable. Soft linen towels for cleansing glass are plaided in two colors, green and red. Where there are two servants in the kitchen this is a useful mark by which each may distinguish the towels appropriated to her use.

MUSLINS AND CALICOES.

A new brand of yard-wide muslin, called Manville Hundreds, lately introduced in the market, is preferred by many ladies to any of the old-established goods. It counts a hundred threads to the square inch, while other muslins never exceed ninety. Although of such close, firm texture, it is very soft and smooth, with remarkably even threads. It is sold at present at twenty-eight cents a yard. The always popular New York mills muslin is quoted at the same price, and Wamsutta at twenty-five cents.

Merrimac calicoes, in light grounds and chintz figures, are now fifteen cents. Pacific Mills and Sprague's prints, in neat figures and stripes, are also fifteen cents. A coarser quality is sold at fourteen cents. The Amoskeag and Waurega calicoes for comfortables are twelve cents. An American cambric made at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, is coming greatly into favor. It is in as handsome designs as the finest French goods, is of very nice quality, seven-eighths of a yard wide, at twenty-five cents a yard. Imported cambrics of precisely the same pattern are forty or fifty cents.

Thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; JAMES A. HEARN & SON; I. E. WALRAVEN; LORD & TAYLOR; LE BOUTILLIER & BROTHERS; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

MR. BUCHANAN'S last days and hours were marked by complete Christian resignation to the inevitable result. He had been ill for some months, but not until Sunday, the 31st ult., did his physician despair of recovery. Such of his relatives and friends as could be summoned were with him at the last. He prayed and took the Sacrament at six o'clock on Monday morning. "God bless my country!" were his last words, frequently repeated in a whisper. One of his last requests was that President JOHNSON and Ex-Presidents PIERCE and FILLMORE should be invited to attend his funeral.

—General COLE is said to while away the hours in his cell at Albany in making ornaments and curiosities from wood, and has also made a small house for some white mice which were given him. He does not allow his children to visit him, on account of the unpleasant influence the scene of their father in jail might have on their minds.

—Magnificent bequests are becoming the order of the day. GIRARD, and PEABODY, and CORNELL, and VASSAR have set examples that are becoming contagious. Baltimore's wealthiest citizen, JOHN HOPKINS, an octogenarian, has made a will in which he bequeathes a million and a half, with a large suburban estate, for a great University, and another million for a hospital in the city. This was "HOPKINS's choice," and a very correct one.

—Miss KELLOGG's high personal character is justly winning for her the best possible social status in England and on the Continent. A private letter, recently received, says: "Miss K. dined yesterday at Buckingham Palace with the Duchess of Somerset, and was escorted to the table by the Duke of Newcastle." Her artistic success has been complete.

—Cincinnati's prominent "personal" is Mr. PROBASCO, a gentleman who has amassed a fortune in the hardware trade, besides having another fortune bequeathed to him by a brother-in-law. He is now the richest man in Ohio; has a $20,000 house, situated amidst 30 acres of lawns and ornamented grounds; possesses a superb gallery of paintings, and one of the largest and choicest libraries in the country. The most expensive books in Europe have been obtained for Mr. P. regardless of cost. The collection of Bibles and editions of Shakspeare is remarkable. He is now having constructed, in Europe, an elaborate fountain for the city, toward the erection of which his deceased relative, Mr. DAVIDSON, bequeathed the sum of $40,000. This will be one of the finest works of art in the United States. It will be placed on the Fifth Street Market Square, and will be done in about two years. Mr. PROBASCO is a man of liberality in public enterprises, and is occupied in various works of charity. He is highly esteemed by the community, and enjoys the confidence of the good.

—Mr. Speaker COLFAX's devotion to his mother is one of the notable traits in his character. As soon as he had received the intelligence of his nomination to the Vice-Presidency he sat down at his table, and, amidst the confusion and enthusiasm around him, wrote a note to his mother announcing the result. He said to those around him: "She is anxious to know, and I do not like to keep her in suspense." The *Bazar* thinks that was filial.

—A fresh paragraph about the marriage of PATTI: "Her *civil* marriage is only a sort of record of the betrothal, and does not entitle them to live together. It is the contract, not the consecration. The Marquis de CAUX has just got leave of absence and gone to London, where PATTI is singing, and will remain near her during the London season, which closes in July. It is already announced that PATTI is engaged at the Italian Opera for the next (autumnal) season. TAMBERLIK and FRACHINI will probably support her; and Miss HARRIS, KRAUS, and GROSSI are already engaged.

—We suppose that Queen ISABELLA's eldest daughter, who is about to be married to one of the Bomba family, may be regarded as a very high "girl of the period." She is said to be good-looking, but—such a temper! Some time ago one of the priests offended her, and she put down her royal little foot that she wouldn't go to meeting any more. None of her governesses could stay longer with her than a couple of months, and she laughs at her mother when ISABELLA exhorts her to behave herself. As for her father, if he is her father, he has no authority over her whatever. In Madrid people believe that, if she does not like her intended husband, she will tell him so to his face, in the presence of the whole court. As an insurance man remarked, it would be risky to "write" on connubial happiness with her unless as a special hazard and at a very high premium.

—Sir ROUNDELL PALMER is now concededly at the head of the English bar. He is widely known, also, as one of the most luminous and eloquent members of the House of Commons, and for the elevation of his personal character, his unaffected piety, and his active participation in many good works. At the University he took the most distinguished honors, and in 1837 he was called to the Bar; but although he devoted himself to the practice of his profession with great assiduity he did not wholly relinquish his literary and scholarly pursuits. His love of poetry has withstood all the influences of a lawyer's prosaic life. It is only a few years since he found time, even amidst the multiplied labors and distractions of a leading practice at the Bar and a foremost place in the House of Commons, to publish an admirable collection of hymns, under the title of "The Book of Praise;" and he subsequently contributed to one of the meetings of the Church Congress an elaborate, eloquent, and, at the same time, admirably critical paper on "Hymnology." That was not, indeed, the first or the only indication of his interest in the work of the Church. Throughout his life he has been one of her most attached and earnest members, having, like Sir WILLIAM PAGE WOOD, taken an active part in her work both as a Sunday-school teacher and in furthering various movements of a religious and benevolent character.

—WILLIAM CHAMBERS, the eminent Edinburgh publisher, is writing an autobiography to be published at the close of the year. Beginning his career a poor boy, he has not only made a great fortune, but he has created and circulated, in company with his brother, ROBERT, an immense amount of sound and interesting reading. It is not too much to say that these brothers, since the year 1832, when they started their now famous journal, have done more for the education of the laboring classes than any two men besides in Great Britain.

—AUBER, whose new opera, "The First Happy Day," is now having a successful run in Paris, is in his eighty-ninth year, and is one of the few geniuses who is not impelled by his muse to create. He is essentially a man of pleasure, and of the world, and averse to application. "I have never," he not long since said to a friend, "known any other muse than *ennui*. Every body says my music is gay. I wonder at it. There is not a single *motif* among those my admirers find the happiest which has not been written between two yawns. I could show you whole passages where my pen drew zigzags instead of bars and quaver lines, owing to sleepiness and fatigue. Often it has happened that my eyes have closed in spite of my efforts to keep them open, and my head fell upon my *partition*. The only explanation I can give of this is that there is some truth in somnambulism." In appearance AUBER is a little mummified old man, dressed with military precision, and elaborately decorated. His eyes are snuff-colored and his face intersected in every possible direction with lines and wrinkles.

—A notable *lionne* of Paris is Lady HARRIET COWPER, the only legitimate daughter and heiress of the last Earl of Blessington, and the step-daughter of the famous Countess the light of whose beautiful eyes were celebrated by BYRON. Her first husband was Count ALFRED D'ORSAY, to whom she was married as she entered girlhood, her father having desired to secure his vast estates in Ireland to him, and her step-mother having wished to install in the Earl's household the accomplished young Frenchman, who had conceived a violent passion which only died with him. Lady HARRIET was signally unhappy in her married life. She was deserted by her husband, for whose debts her property became involved to a very large extent. On the death of Count ALFRED D'ORSAY, his widow espoused the Hon. SPENCER COWPER, one of Lord PALMERSTON's step-sons. Subsequent to his marriage he inherited a considerable fortune, which, with his wife's remaining estates, enabled them to live in princely style in Paris. Lady HARRIET is a woman of sincere piety, and though she does not believe in good works, is impelled by a benevolent disposition to frequent acts of charity, all performed without ostentation.

—One of the most eminent French writers of the time—M. LOUIS BLANC—in a letter to the *Temps*, draws this very pleasant picture of the leader of the British forces in Abyssinia: "There is one opinion as to the ability shown by Sir ROBERT NAPIER—on his consummate prudence, his cool, judicious delay, and the rapidity of his movements when, all his measures being taken, it became necessary to strike the decisive blow. I have had occasion to make the acquaintance of Sir ROBERT NAPIER, to converse with him, and to observe him closely. The idea he at first gives you of him is that of calm power. The first time I ever saw what struck me in his person was the gentle expression of his features, the gentleness of his manners, and the softness of his voice. I remember hearing him say that he had always an aversion to sporting, from a repugnance to killing poor defenseless animals. I know nothing more admirable than the love of humanity in an energetic nature. One is not the less a soldier for being a man, and Sir ROBERT is an instance of it. Most assuredly he is not the person who would ever have allowed these words to escape him, 'In a battle minutes are all—men nothing.' What was particularly and most justly remarked in his conduct of the Abyssinian expedition was his carefulness of the lives of the soldiers intrusted to him, the care which he took of their comfort, and his foresight, proved by this fact, that the army, after the fall of Magdala, had provisions for three months. But that prudence did not hinder him from displaying singular vigor, and the firmness which he required in circumstances where he differed in opinion from those around him, and where it was fortunate for England that his authority as Commander-in-Chief caused the superiority of his judgment to prevail."

—The village of Henderson, Texas, possesses a treasure in a buxom school-girl of fourteen years, who is known to society by the name of DIONYSIA BOADICEA JEFFALINDA JACOBINA CHRISTIANA BUCKIANA CALEDONIA SUSANNAH EMILY WYATT WILKINSON MOORE WYNNE. This young lady is a cousin of a young man of that village who, in the short span of his life of 22, has done and suffered the following things: He has had over a hundred personal encounters; has shot mortally three men; not mortally, eight; is now resting under seven bail-bonds; has been through the war from the beginning; married, buried an infant daughter, and separated from his wife, who is now going to school; and is now living upon his father's substance in possession of a pair of fine boots, a spavined horse, a Mexican saddle, a silver watch, three revolvers, and a Derringer, and $1 in specie. He expects to attend the Waco races, but does not expect to lay heavy wagers.

—Mr. DISRAELI made a singularly happy speech at the Royal Literary Fund. He spoke of the value of books in influencing the societies of the world; and to this influence attributed the secret respect which animates even the most obtuse mind toward the man of letters. No man can deny the prodigious effort which such a speech demanded, coming as it did at a time when the speaker's thoughts were engrossed by considerations of which it is the fate of few men to experience. Mr. DISRAELI emerged from the heated air of party conflict into the serene atmosphere of intellectual peace. He brought with him no echo of the shock from which he had temporarily escaped; his language was chaste, scholarly, artistic; he discoursed of literature in the tone of the enthusiast who has abandoned for a while the lettered industry of the library, and steps forth to speak with kindred minds upon the topics dearest to his heart. Mr. DISRAELI's love of letters will always win for him the sympathy which his love of politics had else denied. He could have made a no more eloquent appeal to the hearts of the people than thus descending from the pinnacle of politics to take by the hand the poor and sensitive man of letters.

—Mrs. STANTON says, in the *Revolution*, that she has "taken care of seven babies; yet has worked in the cause of women twenty years or more. We have addressed our Legislature many times, spoken on education, temperance, slavery, and written many articles for the press. When we went to Albany to address the Legislature, we took our nurse and babies to the Delavan House, left them safe there in a room, went to the Capitol, found it filled with ladies, and made our speech. It takes no longer to speak than listen. When we finished we shook hands all round, and went home to our babies, and the rest of the women to theirs. If we were a member of the Legislature we could spend the few hours every day at the Capitol which other women spend in fashionable calls, shopping, gossiping, dining, dressing, and idling."

—A young lady, beautiful of course, (KITTY CLOVERTOP she signs herself), writes, "I always prefer white petticoats, white stockings, and white table-cloths, to colored ones, which are not the livery of neatness."

Crochet Brooch.

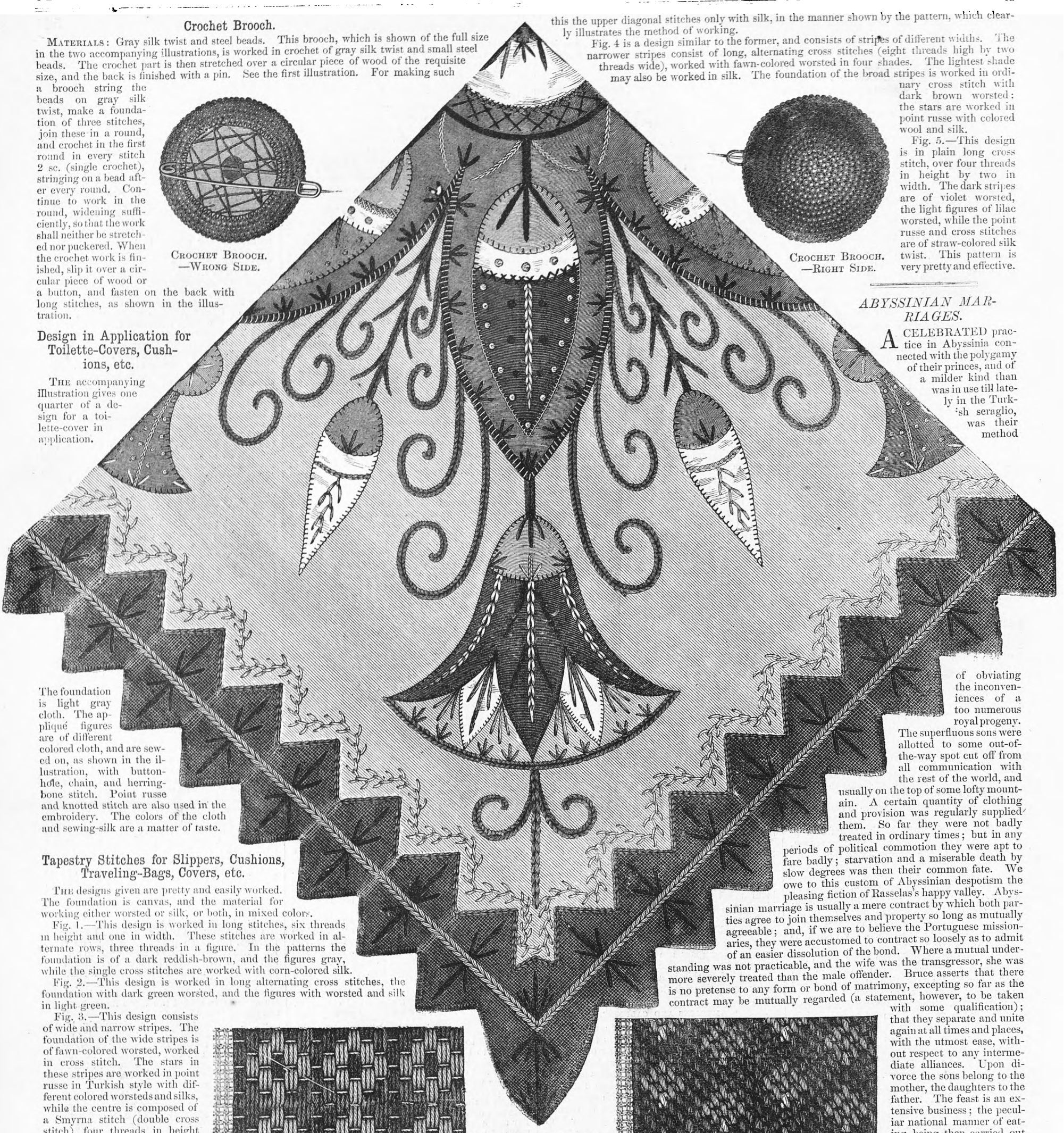
MATERIALS: Gray silk twist and steel beads. This brooch, which is shown of the full size in the two accompanying illustrations, is worked in crochet of gray silk twist and small steel beads. The crochet part is then stretched over a circular piece of wood of the requisite size, and the back is finished with a pin. See the first illustration. For making such a brooch string the beads on gray silk twist, make a foundation of three stitches, join these in a round, and crochet in the first round in every stitch 2 sc. (single crochet), stringing on a bead after every round. Continue to work in the round, widening sufficiently, so that the work shall neither be stretched nor puckered. When the crochet work is finished, slip it over a circular piece of wood or a button, and fasten on the back with long stitches, as shown in the illustration.

CROCHET BROOCH. —WRONG SIDE.

CROCHET BROOCH. —RIGHT SIDE.

Design in Application for Toilette-Covers, Cushions, etc.

THE accompanying illustration gives one quarter of a design for a toilette-cover in application.



The foundation is light gray cloth. The appliqué figures are of different colored cloth, and are sewed on, as shown in the illustration, with buttonhole, chain, and herringbone stitch. Point russe and knotted stitch are also used in the embroidery. The colors of the cloth and sewing-silk are a matter of taste.

APPLICATION DESIGN FOR TOILETTE-COVER, ETC.

Tapestry Stitches for Slippers, Cushions, Traveling-Bags, Covers, etc.

THE designs given are pretty and easily worked. The foundation is canvas, and the material for working either worsted or silk, or both, in mixed colors.

Fig. 1.—This design is worked in long stitches, six threads in height and one in width. These stitches are worked in alternate rows, three threads in a figure. In the patterns the foundation is of a dark reddish-brown, and the figures gray, while the single cross stitches are worked with corn-colored silk.

Fig. 2.—This design is worked in long alternating cross stitches, the foundation with dark green worsted, and the figures with worsted and silk in light green.

Fig. 3.—This design consists of wide and narrow stripes. The foundation of the wide stripes is of fawn-colored worsted, worked in cross stitch. The stars in these stripes are worked in point russe in Turkish style with different colored worsteds and silks, while the centre is composed of a Smyrna stitch (double cross stitch), four threads in height and breadth. The narrower stripes are of black worsted and corn-colored silk; the under row in diagonal stitches, alternately one black and one corn-colored over four threads in height and breadth, and after this the upper diagonal stitches only with silk, in the manner shown by the pattern, which clearly illustrates the method of working.

Fig. 4 is a design similar to the former, and consists of stripes of different widths. The narrower stripes consist of long, alternating cross stitches (eight threads high by two threads wide), worked with fawn-colored worsted in four shades. The lightest shade may also be worked in silk. The foundation of the broad stripes is worked in ordinary cross stitch with dark brown worsted: the stars are worked in point russe with colored wool and silk.

Fig. 5.—This design is in plain long cross stitch, over four threads in height by two in width. The dark stripes are of violet worsted, the light figures of lilac worsted, while the point russe and cross stitches are of straw-colored silk twist. This pattern is very pretty and effective.

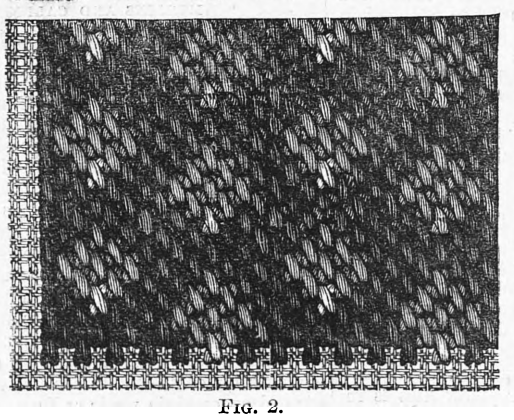


FIG. 2.

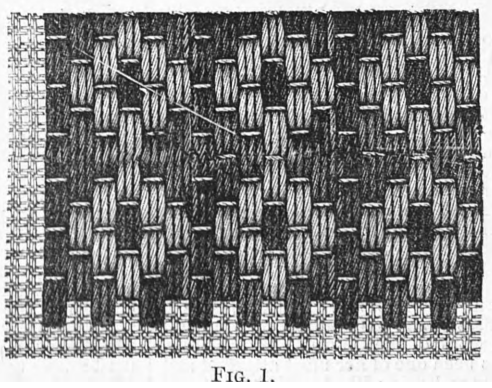


FIG. 1.

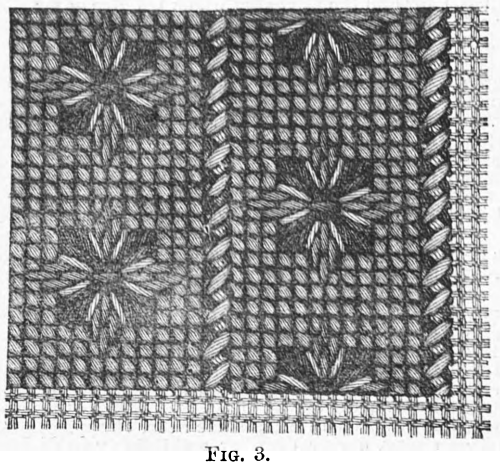


FIG. 3.

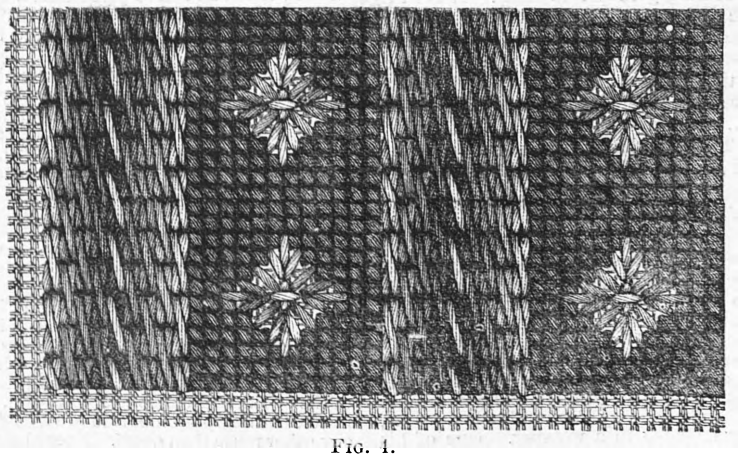


FIG. 4.

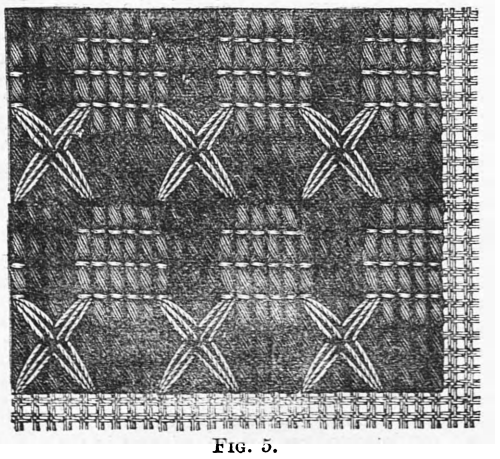


FIG. 5.

EMBROIDERY STITCHES FOR SLIPPERS, CUSHIONS, BAGS, ETC.

ABYSSINIAN MARRIAGES.

A CELEBRATED practice in Abyssinia connected with the polygamy of their princes, and of a milder kind than was in use till lately in the Turkish seraglio, was their method of obviating the inconveniences of a too numerous royal progeny. The superfluous sons were allotted to some out-of-the-way spot cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, and usually on the top of some lofty mountain. A certain quantity of clothing and provision was regularly supplied them. So far they were not badly treated in ordinary times; but in any periods of political commotion they were apt to fare badly; starvation and a miserable death by slow degrees was then their common fate. We owe to this custom of Abyssinian despotism the pleasing fiction of Rasselas's happy valley. Abyssinian marriage is usually a mere contract by which both parties agree to join themselves and property so long as mutually agreeable; and, if we are to believe the Portuguese missionaries, they were accustomed to contract so loosely as to admit of an easier dissolution of the bond. Where a mutual understanding was not practicable, and the wife was the transgressor, she was more severely treated than the male offender. Bruce asserts that there is no pretense to any form or bond of matrimony, excepting so far as the contract may be mutually regarded (a statement, however, to be taken with some qualification); that they separate and unite again at all times and places, with the utmost ease, without respect to any intermediate alliances. Upon divorce the sons belong to the mother, the daughters to the father. The feast is an extensive business; the peculiar national manner of eating being then carried out *in extenso*. Whether it is the long fasts that induce such enormous voraciousness and absorption of raw food, described in a very graphic way by Bruce, we do not know; but that would seem to be the most natural

solution of the national inclination. As to divorce, it is of the commonest and everyday occurrence. Bruce relates his having met with a lady in the same room with six men who had all stood in the conjugal relation to her successively, and none of whom had any relation to her then. Although Gobat states that after the third divorce they are not able to take another wife, *unless by becoming monks*, it sometimes happens that the Church intervenes, and the solemnity of the ceremony varies with the desire or disinclination for the perpetuity of the matrimonial bond. Supposing the former to be in favor, they are married with an imposing display of ecclesiastical pomp, incense, and chanting at the door of their temples, followed by a liturgical celebration within doors, and often by communion. For the Abyssinians, we may remark, excel even the Roman Catholics in strictness of fasts, veneration for the Virgin, reverence for relics and saints, and other superstitious observances.

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

By FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

CHAPTER V.

"PERRO, oh, Perro!" cried Lily. "Come quick—come and help him!"

"Let me put you down and den run home, Missy darling," answered Perro; "'taint a sight for your dear little eyes, nohow."

But Lily would not be denied her share in the merciful mission, and, taking her on his shoulder again, Perro made all haste to the fallen man. As they drew nearer something made his heart fail him; again he sought to send the little girl back, and again she refused to go. Reaching the sorrowful object Perro raised it from the ground, and, throwing her tender arms around the poor, limp neck, Lily uttered the piteous cry,

"Oh dear, dear papa!"

Cuthbert half opened his bloodshot eyes, brokenly murmured something about the Doctor's prescription, then permitted Perro to lay him down on the sward behind some bushes where he would be concealed from the road, while Lily, with her own little handkerchief, wiped the blood and dust from his bruised face, mingling entreaties to him to wake and answer her with kisses of unutterable love. Finding her appeals of no avail she lifted her eyes to Perro's face in an agony, and asked if he would die.

"No, Missy darling, he no die," replied the poor fellow, sadly, half uncertain whether this were an alleviation of the case or not. "We'll sit here and wait till it's so dark nobody see him; den I carry him home on my back and put him in de bed."

For half an hour the two kept their broken-hearted watch silently beside the unconscious man; the twilight deepened into darkness, and Perro, now deeming it safe, lifted Cuthbert's light form in his arms almost as easily as Lily's, and, with the little girl beside him, trudged to the lower gate of the Garnet Run property. By entering here he hoped to work his way round to the back of the house and put his charge to bed without attracting the attention of any of the family. The precaution was vain. Alarmed by their long stay Mrs. Kearney had come out to look for them, and seeing no signs of them from the upper gate was now coming round to the lower one. As Perro noiselessly dropped the latch behind him Mrs. Kearney emerged from behind a clump of southern-wood.

"Oh, Lily! oh, Perro! what—whom have you got there?" she exclaimed, in a stifled scream of astonishment.

Hearing his wife's voice Cuthbert woke to semi-consciousness, and breaking from Perro's arms staggered with a maudlin smile into those of his wife, and, putting his smirched cheek against her own, kissed her.

With a gesture partly of agony and partly of indignant insult she pushed him from her, and, as Perro caught him again, sank abjectly down upon the turf, and, burying her face in her hands, moaned as if her heart would break, while Lily, ever led by her instinct where need and grief were the sorest, left her father for the first time to kneel silently and clasp her mother's neck and kiss her cheek.

Perro stood for an instant undecided, then turned slowly to bear his burden home, when a sound of wheels and a cheery voice proclaimed Dr. Dalmager at the lower gate. It was his frequent custom when he arrived late to enter here and drive directly to the stable. Perro laid Cuthbert gently on the grass and ran to open to his master. Derrick was about driving past, with the good-humored nod which he had for all the servants, when the sight of the group on the grass made him draw rein again. For a moment he sat dumfounded, then took in the whole situation with one sweeping glance and leaped from the carriage. Ordering Perro to deposit his inanimate load on the back seat, and granting Lily's tearful entreaty that she might sit beside her father and hold him in his place, he gently, even caressingly, lifted Mrs. Kearney from the ground and helped her to the front seat, then took his own beside her, and, bidding Perro meet him at the portico, drove slowly to the house.

"Weep, dear child, it will do your heart good," said Derrick, taking both reins into his left hand and with his right arm drawing the sorrowful woman closer to his side; "there! rest your dear, tired head on my shoulder and cry your fill. It's all my fault—I should have staid in the village to look after the poor fellow—if I had it wouldn't have happened; so you must let me comfort you—dear, *dear* child!"

Such a strong, manly arm was Derrick's! Such a feeling of limitless support and protection in it as the young wife had never known before! Such a deep, manly voice—so full of gracious music, yet with a tone of command in it, to which it was so sweet to submit! As both arm and voice wrapt in her senses she seemed folded from alarms, and cherished as in some impregnable, heavenly hiding-place. A strange security and peace began cradling her heart; she felt the gratitude of a rescued child; lulled by the magnetism of his tender strength she reposed her beautiful cheek on his broad bosom and little by little grew calm. Her sobs ceased; the choking lump subsided from her throat; when he bent over her golden hair and with his own bearded face brushed it back from her eyes, even pressed on it one light, gentle kiss kind as a mother's, she was not startled—she only lay in a quiet dream of thankfulness that, so far away from all help and strength and kinship, Heaven had sent such a priceless friend as this. So slowly did Derrick drive, as he said, in order not to jostle Cuthbert from his seat, that all trace of tears had disappeared from her eyes when the carriage reached the portico, and something almost like a smile of gratitude rewarded the Doctor when he lightly lifted her down. Pain and, alas! something like contempt, chased it away again as Perro drew out that helpless load from beside Lily and carried it into the house.

"Lie down on the sofa and rest," said Derrick, when they came into the saloon. "That tender heart of yours is too much for you! You will be sick to-morrow. With a temperament such as yours you should be sheltered like a young rose from every thing hard or rude or painful in the world."

He fixed his great black eyes on her face as he said this with a look of such unspeakable tenderness that the woman meeting it must have been stolid indeed to have needed any verbal gloze for the expansion of its meaning into, "Would to God that *I* were that shelter!"

"Lie down; I will see to making your husband comfortable for the night, and then come back to you."

She would have deprecated this interference with her wifely duties by a faint remonstrance, but Derrick's tender, resistless hand laid her head like a tired child's upon the sofa-pillow, spread the afghan over her, and tucked it in about her shoulders to protect her from draughts, before she could finish her request to be allowed to accompany him. Then he glided noiselessly out of the saloon and crossed the hall to the room where Perro had already undressed Cuthbert and left him with a wax-light and water-pitcher on a stand at the head of the bed.

The poor schoolmaster was sleeping heavily. Derrick turned down the quilt, and shading the slumberer's eyes from the wax-light with his hollowed hand, gazed into his swollen, disfigured face with a bitter smile. For several seconds he stood in motionless silence, seeming to feast on the spectacle; then half in soliloquy, half to the sleeper, he muttered:

"For you—you poor, pigeon-livered, maudlin milk-sop, the most beautiful woman Heaven ever gave a fool! *You*, fox-fire, moonshine nature—spiritless, nerveless thing, with a face of dough and a heart of ice, and gorgeous, glorious beauty to drive a man mad with passion, thrown away on you—you, the master of a woman one would go to hell for! For me, loneliness—loneliness and the seeing of all this! Me, with a volcano in me for a soul, and a heart forever burning itself up in its own fire; no woman's love, no kisses, no caresses—*me*, fearing nothing, daring any thing, every thing!"

Turning away he leaned upon the mantle, held the wax-light to his face, and regarded himself steadfastly in the mirror. His large black eyes, full of impassioned lustre; his raven hair, thrown back in great silky waves from his spotless olive forehead; his regular features, clear cut as a young Greek god's—made him more beautiful than in the contemplation of privacy his own eyes had ever before beheld him. His smile grew less bitter as he gazed, and he resumed his soliloquy in these few broken words:

"*Me*—daring every thing! *Every thing?*" He paused again, then, with compressed lips, added, "Yes! *every thing!*"

Drawing the quilt once more over Cuthbert's face he set the wax-light where he had found it, and curling his lips with involuntary scorn as he shut the door on the poor schoolmaster's brute-like snoring, went down stairs to rejoin the wife and child. They were still in the dark, but had the lamps been lighted they would have seen his face pleasant as ever with its old placid smile.

It was Lily's bedtime, but the Doctor would not hear of Mrs. Kearney's going to undress her. "Mind the physician, and rest after your excitement," said he, with gentle firmness, and rang the bell for Kledda. Lily kissed her mother good-night, and went away to be put into her little crib by the nurse, but did not stay there long; for when, after midnight, Cuthbert's wife came to seek her pillow, she found the child nestled beside him, with her small hand resting on his cheek, as if sleep had overtaken her petting him, and her long brown lashes still wet with tears. The sight pierced her with a sharp momentary pain, seeming to reproach the comparative evanescence of her own sorrow—for the hours which had passed since Lily's bedtime had seen few tears in her eyes—and the witchery of Derrick's voice, no less than his clear, cool sense and tender tactfulness, had soothed her into a different being from her whom she dimly remembered prostrate in an agony of weeping upon the turf by the southern-wood. What had happened since then that her affliction seemed so much less? Hearing the many charitable allowances which Cuthbert's friend made for him, and the view taken of such cases by practical, sensible men whom Puritan traditions had never made morbid—had she come to feel that her husband was, after all, not so badly lost? Or had she found that his sum total did not represent her whole earthly capital? Granting her loss, had something been slowly interposed to make it up? was she less desolate than she had dreamed, or was it henceforth out of Cuthbert's power to leave her desolate? She was not one of those natures which lie awake analyzing such questions. Neither will we do it for her. She thought her heart's quick revulsion due to the tears still on Lily's cheek, so wiped them away without waking her, and lying down, glad of the sweet, innocent barrier between her and him whose stertorous breathing she heard with less alarm and disgust now that Derrick had told her "he would be all right in the morning," was presently as sound asleep as either of the two beside her. In one room only at Garnet Run the light burned all night, and the pillow was smooth till daybreak—in Derrick Dalmager's.

Who can adequately depict the horror of shame and anguish into which Cuthbert awoke with the first tinge of dawn? It would be intelligible only to the man capable of feeling its counterpart, and of such, happily for our sanity if not for our morals, I suppose there exists not more than one in any million, promiscuously assembled from even the most highly Christianized portion of mankind. The morning after one's first experience of absolute intoxication is notably unpleasant, even to a person whose spiritual development rises no higher than the Dead Rabbit type, involving a variety of physical sensations both painful and disgusting. When the victim has any social position to forfeit, his wretchedness receives complication from the doubt whether some one has not seen him, and will not report his plight, and it will be still further increased if he is a man with pride of personal character to be wounded by the reflection that he has lost his self-control. Ascending further in the scale we find additional tortures wreaked on the Pharisee by a violated ideal of mankind; on the affectionate man, by a rebound of grief which he has brought into his family; on the religious person, by a sense of sin against the divine law. When we pile the sum of these agonies upon one man, whose native susceptibilities are keen as the most sensitive woman's; whose emotional system, ill-health, and sedentary habits have spent thirty years in morbidly sharpening to a preternatural acuteness; whose life-long education has been in that Puritan school which beyond all others makes human responsibility terrible, the Unpardonable Sin coextensive with the catalogue of human errors, and, among those errors, drinking, either with or without drunkenness, not many degrees better than murder, nor any than unchastity—when this is one man, we can not wonder that the avalanche which fell on him out of the cool gray dawn nearly extinguished his consciousness in the moment of its return. His wife still slept sweetly, and, thinking what she must have endured for his sake overnight, he had not the heart to waken her—but he kissed the rosy finger-tips of her soft, dimpled hand lying on the coverlet with a greedy humility, as he would fain have made reparation by pressing his lips upon her very feet—he crouched and bent himself till his forehead touched the footboard in an agony of utter self-abasement. "A dreadful looking for of judgment to devour the adversary" possessed his soul; an unutterable terror of despair rolled up over him like a pitchy cloud thickening and still thickening out of some bottomless infernal caldron. Every text which had been mined from the Hebrew ore-bed and forged on the pulpit-anvil of his boyhood's memory into a thunder-bolt of curse and doom shot, red-hot, through the darkness against his naked soul. He was one of those "simple who pass on and are punished;" "being often reproved and hardening his neck, he should be suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy." He was one of those drunkards to whom Isaiah prophesied woe, and of whom Paul declared that they should "not inherit the kingdom of God;" with whom the righteous must not "keep company," not "even eat;" whose Lord should "cut him asunder and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites"—"who should dwell among weeping and gnashing of teeth." His head was snapping with a wild rhythmical pain; without, within, from waist to throat, his whole trunk burned as if he had swallowed molten lead, and he was possessed by an intolerable thirst; but these bodily sensations were unheeded as such, and seemed only an antepast of the terrific spiritual pangs threatening against such sinners. He was ruined on earth—he had sinned away his day of grace in Eternity. Such was the waking-up of Cuthbert Kearney.

Trembling in every muscle, the cold sweat starting from every pore, and his eyes staring from their sockets with an insane wildness which made him fear to look at himself in the glass, Cuthbert rose and dressed himself. Fiend in human shape as he felt himself, he stole into his clothes, as it were, on tip-toe, lest he should disturb the innocent slumberers by a sound. To have had waking human companionship—to be looked at by a reassuring, loving, conscious face, would have been like the one drop which Dives cried for; yet he would not break for his own wretched sake one breath of that innocent peace

"THROWING HER TENDER ARMS AROUND THE POOR, LIMP NECK, LILY UTTERED THE PITEOUS CRY, 'OH DEAR, DEAR PAPA!'"

upon the pillow—no, not though he had momently to control himself lest his anguish should make him shriek aloud. The sun was just rising when he tottered down the stairs and thrust his burning face into the bland, early breeze which dallied with all glad, living things outside the wall of roses. He leaped from the low window-sill, and went groaning across the fields, as Cain might have wandered with the brand upon him, waking on the first morning after his brother's murder. Every step he took seemed to open before his eyes new and still more infinitely branching vistas of calamity. Whichever way he looked he was ruined. He had sold the birth-right of his soul; he had broken his wife's heart; entailed on his idolized child a future of life-long misfortune and disgrace; and lost even his means of getting them life's commonest necessities, for he could not doubt that Derrick Dalmager would dismiss him from his place. As these exaggerations of self-punishment fell heavier and heavier he began to think of all he had read concerning *mania potu*, and the more he thought of going mad the madder he felt himself going.

He had scarcely escaped from the house when Lily awoke and missed him. Till this morning her simple, childish toilette had always been made for her by the loving hands of mother or nurse; but the intense yearning which she felt toward her father would not now let her wait till they awoke, and her more than adult thoughtfulness forbade her rousing the mother, whose sleep looked so sweet, and whose last night had been so bitter. Many were the failures in pinning and buttoning and tying made by the little woman's unused fingers, and scarcely, with the most ingenious arrangement of stools and chairs, could she accomplish that feat of looking at herself all round in the glass, which is coeval with the earliest consciousness of her sex; but at length, all difficulties surmounted, she put on her Tuscan flat, fastened a warm shawl about her shoulders, as her mother had so anxiously done the last evening, and set forth for the first time alone to seek her father over an estate which, even under the guidance of Kledda or on the shoulders of Perro, had looked to her as vast as Central Africa appears to Doctor Livingstone—something boundless, scarcely explored, and vaguely known—something to get lost in, and to write geographies about. If it had been the whole world—for aught she knew at an age when distances are all infinite and alike—the expedition could have seemed no greater; yet that, like this, would have seemed a little way to go with her father at the end of it—and having him to seek, she went forth bravely. But he had left no trace to tell her his direction; and after vainly searching for him over the lawn, in the nearest meadows where the cattle were grazing, and on the hill-top where she had released the ungrateful "partridge-papa" among the cedars and chinquapins, she came back to the upper entrance from which she had descried with Perro the beginning of sorrows on the night before. With a great struggle she stood on tip-toe, prized up the massive latch, and passed out, leaning her whole baby weight against the gate to shut it behind her, with adult precaution for the lawn's sake against nomadic cows. She looked up and down the road; the uninterrupted view in both directions amounted to nearly a mile, but no father could be seen. Nothing daunted, she tripped down the road and entered the woods on the opposite side, where a pathway which she had often traveled with Kledda led to the stream and a broad, deep, shady pool whose bank was her favorite play-place.

Meanwhile Cuthbert, driven by the fires of his self-torture, and already scourged for an hour through woods and fields without knowing that he had been out of the house more than ten minutes, had crossed the Run by a rustic bridge, nearly a mile above the estate, and was following the stream down in an ever-deepening horror.

It looked so cool and sweet along its shallower reaches that he repeatedly threw himself down where the bank was low, and plunging his fevered head in to the ears, let the tiny waves, brisk with the earliest touch of frost, tumble over it, drifting out the tangles of his hair, and spreading it on their bosoms like an undulating fringe of silky brown sea-weed. For the time their touch seemed magic; but the fire of his brain, and his blood fevered by long strides, quickly dried his locks again; and as he came to a tract where the banks got higher, the water stiller, deeper, and narrower, a terrible temptation came upon him. He was getting to the deepest part of the Run—the deepest save close by its union with the Cumberland. People had slipped off the bluff of dark nights and been drowned along here, Perro had told him; and one of the Doctor's first cases after he came back from "learnin' to cut up folks among those Frenchmen" Kledda said was the post-mortem of a field hand who had committed suicide by jumping into "the Pool" because her baby died. "The Pool" was properly a straight channel, carrying twenty feet of still, black water through two precipitous rifts, at either end narrow enough to leap across, and fifteen feet in height to the top of their bluffs—an oval surface of five rods longer and two rods shorter diameter—from whose treacherous bosom self-rescue was as impossible as from the bottom of a well.

As Cuthbert's feverish strides brought him nearer this fatal basin this thought began settling its leaden weight on his will like a nightmare, and paralyzing his soul's every self-preservative instinct. "Quick and certain! what place like that for a ruined man?" Yesterday, and by patient struggle any blessing was attainable to him for those he loved; to-day, and he stood forever beyond the possibility of doing them any good, by his own act, in a place where he could only make them reparation by putting eternally out of their sight the husband and father whose presence was but a memorial of their shame. No! He must not live to be a shadow on their path, a stumbling-block to their fortunes. Dalmager, noble-hearted fellow, was as kind as the day was long. He loved Lily's mother as his own sister; he would not see them suffer when Cuthbert was gone. They could still keep house for him, and so be independent. They would miss him at first, but in the end could not help being glad that he was out of the sunlight which had shone on his disgrace, and in which he could never look them in the face again. With these mad thoughts seething in his brain he turned a short curve around an evergreen thicket and stood upon an odorous, slippery carpet of pine-needles close by the verge of "the Pool."

He was about taking from his pocket a gold watch, once his mother's, and promised to Lily in case he died before her, intending to hang it on a branch where it might be found after he was gone, when a soft murmur like a dove-note caught his ear, and, looking across the stream, he saw his little girl kneeling beside a great moss-grown stump twined with white and crimson morning-glories. Her face was toward him, but partially hidden by the radiant mass of flowers and greenery which decked this forest altar, and, even without this screen, he need scarcely have withdrawn behind the shelter of the evergreens which fringed his side of the bluff, for her lovely eyes were too earnestly fixed on the patch of blue sky disclosed between the tree-tops to be called away by any thing on earth, and her parted lips trembled with the intensity of a pleading which seemed addressed not to an object of faith but to some visible auditor. Her little hat had fallen to the ground, and her curls, streaming unconfined into the sunlight which flitted through the leaves, shone like the halo round the head of a seraph. Indeed, Cuthbert felt as if he had stumbled into some seraphic presence unawares—surprised an angel in some still uncorrupted Eden talking face to face with Him who walked of old through Adam's garden in the cool of the day—beholden plain by her pure eyes, though to his sin-blurred sight invisible. For a moment all foreign things were banished from his mind by reverent awe and a passion of parental tenderness which was almost worship. Uncovering his feverish forehead he also knelt and listened to that innocent heart's outpouring.

"Dear Jesus—dear, *dear* Jesus!" said the child, "I love you more than tongue can tell, and you love me just as much, don't you? You never were a little girl, but you were a little boy once, and mamma says you know just how every body feels in the world. You had a dear papa and mamma once, and you loved them just as I love my papa and mamma. I read about you the other day to Kledda—how you thought about your mamma, and asked John to take care of her, and be good to her always, almost the last words you spoke when you were dying with those wicked nails through your sweet hands. Dear, dear Jesus, just the way you thought about your mamma I think about my papa. I think about him all the time—I beg you to take care of him, just as John took care of your mamma. I ask you to the last thing before I go to sleep, and the first thing when I wake up, don't I, dear Saviour? And now do, oh Jesus! *do* hear your little Lily that you love! Papa is so sick and so sorrowful! He's such a dear, good father—and I can't bear to see him never happy any more as he used to be. Don't let him be like poor grandpa—don't take him away from me! Lily's heart will break, dear Jesus, if you do! I've lost him this morning—I've looked for him every where, and I can't find him—I'm afraid he's gone away, and won't come back, because he's afraid that we think he's bad; but he isn't bad! He's as good—oh, as good as any papa you ever gave a little girl, dear Jesus—he's only sick and sad." [Her voice broke into a sob, but she steadied herself, and in a braver tone went on again.] "No, Jesus, I won't cry! I know you'll send him back—won't you please—oh please, dear, dear Jesus!"

The terror of great darkness in Cuthbert's soul became a merciful cloud of rain, pouring in torrents along the parched channels where for many days all springs of human sympathy had been dried up. He stole from his concealment, and leaping the narrow gorge which bounded the lower end of the Pool, fell on his knees beside his good angel, and clasping her heavenly face to his bosom wept as only he can weep who has been brought by one touch of loving fingers out of the prison-house of despair. Lily kissed him all over—on face, and hair, and hands, and clung to him as if she never again would let him go—then, her first ecstasy over, suddenly remembered who had sent him, and lifting her tender mouth toward the heavens wafted kiss after kiss upward from her tiny fingers, as children are taught to bid good-by to a friend. "I knew you'd give him back—and oh, how I thank you for being so quick, dear Jesus! Take all my kisses that I throw you, and some day I'll sit in your lap as other children did once, and feel you kiss me back. Thank you, dear Jesus! Oh, thank you for papa, *so* much."

BOOKS AND THEIR FATES.

PAINFULLY ingenious persons amuse themselves sometimes by speculating as to what becomes of all the pins which are produced every year by so many millions. Is it not more interesting to inquire what becomes of all the books? Every day a number of books are born, and every day a certain proportion of them must die. Some come into the world still-born. A friend of ours once published a novel of which not a single copy was sold. The book, he maintained, could not be looked upon as a failure, inasmuch as its readableness had not been tested; and he always entertained the belief that if one copy only could have found a purchaser, the fortunate man would have recommended the work to others, who would have recommended it to others again, until in a very short time the whole edition would have been disposed of.

Then there are books which are not absolutely still-born, which are "*nés viables*," as the French say; but die in early infancy. They are buried in the book-rooms of the museum. Their titles are inscribed, by way of epitaph, in the catalogues, and they are heard of no more.

Others, again, have a short life, and not a particularly merry one. They struggle through a brief season, and perish, leaving a bad reputation behind them.

There are books, too, which, now and then, are cut off in the prime of life by hostile reviewers. The number of killed and wounded is not, perhaps, very great; but from time to time the spiritual existence of a book is really put an end to by criticism. It becomes the mere dead body of a book, a mass of spoiled paper, and nothing more.

The Greek sage who was asked whether the living outnumbered the dead or the dead the living, and who replied that the living were more numerous, inasmuch as the dead did not exist, could not have given precisely the same answer if the same question had been put to him in respect to books. In the case of a man, when the circulation has once fairly stopped, he is dead. But the circulation of a book may have come to an end, and the book, nevertheless, be not utterly, irrecoverably defunct, but susceptible of resuscitation by some accidental occurrence. De Tocqueville's work on "Democracy in America," for instance, had new life given to it by our late civil war.

JUNE BUTTER-CUPS.

WERE you wrought for fairy banquets,
Famous knot of rustic gold,
Brimming with the sunny wassail,
That your polished goblets hold?
Shapely carven as the wondrous
Chalices of old!

When the midnight moon has risen
Will the elfin orgy meet,
And the drowsy foliage tinkle
Faintly with their coming feet,
As they dance and skip and tumble
Through the meadow sweet?

Will they toast the fairest planet
Reigning in Night's diadem,
Pledge a health to pallid Luna
Perched at ease upon your stem?
Prudent butter-cups, you tell not
Any tales of them!

Yet you are not only loyal
To the race of gnome and fay,
Nimble Pucks and wee Titanias,
Whom the dawning frights away;
For your blooms remain to mortals
All the happy day.

And I know your kindly natures
Sunshine never warmed in vain!
Could I, like the lucky fairies,
Gladness from your petals drain,
Butter-cups, you'd bid me quaff it
And forget my pain!

NOT QUITE A HEROINE.

I NEVER could tell why I was not a heroine. I am sure Nature intended I should be one, and I agreed with Nature entirely. Even when I was a very little girl it was firmly impressed upon me that my career was to be in some way remarkable. How often I have suggested to grown-up members of the family that perhaps I was not of the same stock as themselves, but a princess in disguise. Did they not remember a ring at the door-bell years ago, when a basket was left at the door containing me, an infant, in delicately embroidered garments and fine lace, betokening my inherited blood—stolen by the gipsies? But, alas! I never could prevail upon one of them to remember any thing of the kind. They were altogether too veracious, and cruelly remembered so many things connected with my very earliest advent into this "Piljian's Projiss of a Mortal Wale," as poor Sairey Gamp used to say, that even I could no longer doubt. Then there was the family nose! They would speak of that in the most tantalizing manner; as though that couldn't have come by chance! And certain other family traits they urged, until at last I was silenced if not convinced.

Therefore, since I could not be a heroine by birth, being possessed of a *bona fide* father and mother—and of the very best, too—I resolved to make myself one, and from my earliest remembrance I was busy in making the occurrences of everyday life wear the rosy tint of romance. I read magazines and novels without number, until my identity was quite lost in that of some charmingly improbable heroine of whom I had become enamored, when I would walk out in a sort of reverie, swinging my hat by the strings exactly as they do in story-books, my curls floating in careless disorder, which must then have been, in plain prose, a most untidy state, for it was long before these days when the most careless hair is considered the most stylish, and a scarf which I had secretly purloined from an elder sister's treasures, thrown negligently over my light print dress. Then, of course, I would wonder where was my hero, and peer secretly about for him, questioning whether, if he met me, he would be vanquished on the spot, or would it take time for him to fall a victim to my charms.

Had I met a spruce-looking stranger at such an epoch of my existence, who looked by accident at me more than once, it is difficult to say what would have been my next move. I should probably have taken occasion to fall very gracefully and sprain my ankle, like one of my favorites, Marianne Dashwood, for it was a feat I often accomplished on much less tempting occasions. Then, of course, he would be obliged to assist me home, and would call afterward to inquire for my health, as they always do in books, and nowhere else, and—well, every body knows the rest. He would fall in love of course!

But do not suppose that I intended to have it all go on, and in process of time a marriage—in that common, humdrum fashion! No, indeed! I was going to die of a broken heart, or have him meet with that melancholy fate! I was not quite clear which.

You see there are certain advantages on either side. Suppose, for instance, we were engaged. Immediately some captivating lady of impossible beauty must arise from Somewhere, and so bewilder and fascinate my Ferdinand that I can not retain my hold upon him. My flesh wastes away, my eyes grow brilliant, and my cheeks scarlet. I laugh wildly, and am sparkling and bright in society, but agonize in secret. I read poetry. I often quote those words so much admired by all the broken-hearted:

"They tell me I am happy, and I try to think it true,
They say I have no cause to weep, my sorrows are so few," etc.;

particularly the line:

"I dash away the falling tear, then turn and smile again."

It must be so beautiful to have a heart withering in secret; to have such delightful thoughts about closing my tearful eyes and reclining my weary, aching head on Somebody's bosom; to be willing to die that he might know that "one had loved him well;" to have crushed hopes and aching wounds of one's very own to talk about and ponder upon; to have a right to be melancholy in secret; to pray to be forgotten by the world—the faithful world, so prone to remember its departed! to be bidden to "forget him," and find it impossible. Who would not have a broken heart?

But, on the other hand, suppose the cruel Fates forbid my marrying him! He begs and implores. I am inexorable. I see him wasting before my eyes, until I am summoned to his bedside, and he dies, content to have me even thus. This is in the style of my favorite, "Malina Gray." I believe I have shed quarts of tears over that story. Indeed I used to worship Mrs. Stephens as a sort of demi-goddess, to know whom must be the summit of earthly ambition.

But oh, foolish girl that I was, to imagine a man could die of love! We read of such things; but who ever saw it? Who ever had a brother, or an uncle, or cousin, or knew any one else who had such a one who died from love of a woman? No, that's not the way of the world! They immediately angle again if they miss their first nibble; and if the second one fails them, there are plenty more. Don't every body know their maxim, "There's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught?"

Well, but to return to the thread of my story—if it has any. I did once meet with a sort of romance. I was going away, to be assistant-teacher in a "select high-school," taught by a sort of cousin of mine, on a new and unfamiliar road, with no one to take care of me, but abundance of precautions taken for me. My trunk was marked "in front and behind, above and below." In my hand was a bran-new umbrella, with my full name and destination in large bold letters, written with the blackest of ink on a card which was tied conspicuously on the handle, and a folded paper tucked in my glove, with all my route carefully marked out in the most distinct penmanship by a loved and revered hand.

Thus armed, I was whirled away on my route, while with book and paper I beguiled the lonely ride. At my last stopping-place, within a few miles of my destination, where we were obliged to wait several hours for the connecting-train, I met him—my hero! I knew him at a glance.

It was at "the hotel." (The name sounds imposing, but the building was perfectly innocent of any such idea.) Some fellow-travelers and myself were on the piazza, watching a small boy's attempts to fly a kite. Poor child! How eagerly he would toss the monstrous bauble, and then run for his life, gazing up in the air to see his white bird soar aloft. But it seemed his "eagle was disposed to be a barn-yard fowl," and dropped to the earth as resolutely as he sent it skyward. After watching him a while, I descended the steps, and offered to toss the kite while he ran. How the little face brightened, and how he darted away, while even the huge ball of twine itself capered, and danced, and turned itself over in mad somersaults; while it was hard to tell which felt the most exultant, the little boy or I, as our newspaper comet whisked its tail about so grandly, high in air—high even above the church-steeple.

At this precise epoch my hero steps out on the stage, *i. e.*, piazza. I will not deny that I had caught a glimpse of his profile through the window, for I wish to be perfectly truthful in this matter; but if I *had* wished to attract his attention, I had certainly succeeded, for he honored me with a long stare, as I came back, flushed and panting, from my little run—a look which ended in a melancholy smile, as I laughingly answered the congratulations of my companions.

And wasn't he fit for any body's hero? His hair parted so exquisitely behind—his glossy beaver tipped to the very perfection of an excruciating angle—faultless suit—black kids and cane! What more could the most exacting novelist ask for his "hero-de-romance?" Presently he was recognized by one of our party, and after a little conversation she introduced him to me, remarking that we were both going to B——, and perhaps it would be mutually agreeable for us to be made acquainted. Afterward she took occasion to whisper to me, "You are going to

B—— a perfect stranger, and it is always well to have some one to tell you who are suitable acquaintances."

I assented to this, and she went on: "Now, you know in every place of any pretension there are certain families who consider themselves a little better than the rest of the world, and are looked up to by their neighbors as such."

I nodded knowingly.

"This gentleman," she resumed, "belongs to one of the first families in town, and it will give you a very good start to get acquainted with him; so I advise you to cultivate his acquaintance."

I thanked my kind friend sincerely, and proceeded to the cultivation of the unexplored ground.

By the time we were half a mile on our journey I had learned that my hero had a "very smart" brother in college. A few rods further on he informed me that his father had written a great deal of poetry; and the next announcement, in a modest voice, was that he himself had a "blank-book," and wrote in it *sometimes!*

I thought he ground his teeth slightly, and muttered something of blasted hopes; but as our locomotive was just then obliged to relieve its feelings by a piercing shriek I could not be certain: but the bare suspicion was enough to make him interesting.

Well, our acquaintance dated from that period. My leisure hours were enlivened by his presence, and sometimes the "blank-book," which, by-the-way, was full of writing, accompanied him, and snatches of poetry, all breathing the same tale of a crushed heart, were read to my sympathizing ears. We rode, walked, and flirted, and, by degrees, his melancholy forsook him. He ventured into blue neck-ties, cream-colored pants, and yellow gloves, also, by degrees.

At length the climax was reached. The momentous question was asked, and, with all proper embarrassment and blushes, I referred him to papa.

At that time school had been keeping three weeks and two days. As I was to be there three months, and knew my careful parent too well to fancy for a moment that he would give his daughter to any man simply on the recommendation of a letter, without having seen and talked with him, we agreed that nothing need be done about it just at present, but that when I went home he might go with me and present his case in person. For the present we would be secretly engaged, which we both solemnly averred to be as sacred as marriage in the sight of Heaven. I wore the ring he gave me, with a ruby-emerald-garnet-amethyst-diamond in it, on a little chain around my neck, tucked out of sight.

Two weeks more passed by. Every afternoon, at three, when I was released from school, there he was, at the corner by the school-house, waiting to walk home with me, when he would go into the parlor and stay till tea-time; go home and swallow his tea, and then back again to stay as long as I would allow him.

It had degenerated into routine in eight days. In two more it became tedious. At the end of a fortnight unendurable.

"I can't stand this," I thought to myself. "This isn't the way they do in any story-books I ever read. No heroine sits crocheting an endless scarf while her lover sits close by her side fingering the worsted, while he discourses, night after night, on 'Father's talents' and 'Jimmy's smartness,' and how many neck-ties he's got at home."

I grew desperate, and resolved to change my tactics.

So the next day I feigned headache, and staid at home in the afternoon—"Cousin Ben," as I had learned to call him, the principal of the school, kindly excusing me. I locked myself up in my room, one window of which looked directly across to the open lot where the school-house stood, and busied myself till three, when I established myself at the window behind the curtain, and took a bird's-eye view.

In a moment I saw him emerging from the corner store and walking slowly toward the school-house. I began to smile inwardly. He walked nearly to the door, and then turned and lounged slowly in an opposite direction. The smile reached my face. Again he turned, and, when the perambulator retraced his steps for the fourth time, I laughed aloud; a noise I immediately checked, however, as I did not wish any one to know I was in the house.

I declare on my veracity, which is unimpeachable, if that fellow didn't walk up and down that road eleven times, besides pausing to lean on the fence at least five times. At last an idea seemed to strike him, and he started on the trot in the direction of the hotel. I knew what was coming, so I took my book and threw myself on the lounge, and when the expected tap sounded at the door all was still as death in the room. A moment passed, and then a louder and more assured knock. Dead silence! Then the door-handle was seized, shaken, and finally relinquished, and with a sigh that nearly sent me off into convulsions the intruder left the premises.

I had a cozy afternoon napping and reading; and when my cousin's solicitous voice inquired at the keyhole how I was, I managed to ask, in a very weak voice, for a dish of tea and some toast to be sent up, adding, feebly, that I thought I might taste a dough-nut—for the smell of dough-nuts frying had reached my olfactories, and they were a temptation not to be withstood. To Cousin Ben's remonstrance, that he feared they would make my head worse, I replied that they never hurt me under any circumstances; so I had the consolation of admitting in a few moments a well-filled tray, to the tempting contents of which I did ample justice, while the sympathizing "Gusty" who brought it declared that it did her good to see me eat. But I was obliged to make wry faces, and put my hand to my head pretty often, and declare that I wouldn't have believed I could have tasted a mouthful, while I made fearful havoc among the delicacies which my kind landlady had piled on the tray to tempt an invalid's appetite, so that at last I was forced from mere shame to remark to Gusty that my headaches were very peculiar, and that they always felt better after I had eaten as much as I could possibly worry down. To which she returned the somewhat ambiguous reply, "Some does!"

After dismissing Gusty and the lightened tray I locked up again, and sat down to letter-writing. Half an hour passed; then came the familiar footsteps—hesitatingly, as though not quite assured of their owner's business in that part of the house. A gentle tap. No answer. All was silent, and after a little pause, during which I was busily engaged in stuffing my handkerchief into my mouth, the feet slowly withdrew, and I was left undisturbed that night. But I could not write, for I was trying to plan my course of action. I knew I could not make a martyr of myself by staying shut up in my own room, so after wearying myself into a real headache, I concluded to go to bed, and let events decide for themselves.

The next day, when three o'clock came, I lingered as long as I could find any pretext, and while I was in my recitation-room, searching for nothing particular in my desk (which I was always sure to find there), Cousin Ben came in and gave me a good look out of those clear, brown eyes of his, as he said, "Cousin Belle, he's waiting! Why don't you hurry?" and back he went to his desk, as dignified and impenetrable as ever.

I do believe at that juncture of affairs I was so vexed that I bit my finger-nails. But I started in the worst possible humor, which did not pass off as I saw the waiting face brighten at my approach, and the eager strides toward me.

"He thinks it as flat as I do," I kept saying to myself, for there was that in the expression of Cousin Ben's eye that haunted me, and I thought much more of him and his words than I did of the love-lorn swain by my side who was discoursing volubly, with my hand, of which he had somehow got possession, tucked comfortably under his arm.

Well, that day was the same as the fourteen preceding ones save one, and I was ennuyéd.

What should I do? Now was my time to consult history. What did other heroines do? Surely they did not marry, or what a tame world it would be! No; they quarreled. But what should I quarrel about? He gave me not the slightest occasion for jealousy. He was too attentive by far! It was so stupid not to have any pretext for a quarrel, and I must make one.

Then it flashed upon me that the next night I was invited to the "Society" at his aunt's house, and there I should meet with the young people of the village. To my surprise, Cousin Ben had accepted the invitation to go there also; so I told my lover that I should go with my cousin, and bade him good-night in rather an indifferent manner, which seemed to set all his nerves quivering as he bade me a tender, broken adieu, and attempted to kiss my hand, which I petulantly snatched away.

The next day, at dinner, Cousin Ben opened his eyes very wide when I told him I should wait and go with him to the Society; but he said never a word except to politely accept my offer. And when we were ushered into the room full of people, most of them strangers, I kept close to him, and tried my best to keep out of the way of a pair of beseeching eyes, which watched me from above a new and irresistible neck-tie, from the time I entered the room.

Every one knows what important personages the school-teachers are in a country village, and Mr. Benjamin Hardy, late of Yale College, and Miss Gray, his lady assistant, were introduced and lionized to their hearts' content. But it was to the son of our hostess that I confined my attentions particularly, a youth in glasses, who kept the corner store. And when, as we sat cozily talking together on the sofa, the apples, nuts, and raisins (which are generally conspicuous items in an evening entertainment in the country) were passed round, I heard a tremulous voice at my elbow asking, "Miss Gray, will you name my apple?" I could scarcely forbear laughing outright at the comical picture the poor fellow presented—his imploring eyes and solemn face as he presented the apple, stuck on the end of his knife, before my eyes.

"Certainly," I answered, promptly. "I'll do that for any one. You may do the same for me."

"I shall beg the privilege of asking you to exchange the same civilities with me," rather pompously said the young man by my side, who evidently thought his conversation must be on stilts when he was talking with the "school-ma'am."

Some fifteen minutes afterward my forlorn friend again approached with his apple-seeds, of which he had just nine, carefully spread out on his open hand. "Who did you name it, Charlie?" he asked of his cousin first, glancing at me in a sidelong manner, as though he expected to hear my name. On my own part I held my head up as indifferently as possible, and tried to look as though I had no concern at all in the matter.

"Oh, I named it Susie Hall. By-the-way, Ned, where is that old flame of yours? I haven't seen any thing of her lately."

I turned and looked at poor Ned. The color had flushed to his face, and he looked as though he had been caught sheep-stealing as he answered, with a desperate attempt at a laugh, that "he neither knew nor cared where she was."

"Ah, sore there!" was the quietly laconic remark of my companion, which caused poor Ned to grind his teeth in rage, which he strove to repress by turning to me, and repeating the question as to the cognomen I had bestowed on his apple.

"Why, Susie Hall, of course," I answered, coolly, as though I had known her all my life, when, in fact, I never knew of the existence of such a person until a moment previous.

Poor Ned! that extinguished him, and he hastily answered a summons to another part of the room, leaving me secretly enjoying his manifest discomfiture.

"How many seeds have you, Miss Gray?" asked my companion, whose eyes I had seen sparkling roguishly behind his glasses as he watched the retreating figure of our victim. Ah, he hadn't peeped out of the window of the corner store the past fortnight for nothing! I was sure of that. "You have five. That will just do. I named your apple Mr. Hardy."

I started, just a little, in surprise. Such an idea had never occurred to me as that any one could, by any possibility, have associated our names in that way. I had viewed him almost as an own cousin, and he was at least twenty-eight, while I was only eighteen—it seemed so old. And, thinking thus, I forgot to reply, and glanced up to see Cousin Ben himself, standing close by my side, looking down on me with a very peculiar expression in his handsome eyes.

The color flashed deep into my face; and I was glad to hide my embarrassment by replying to the demand of my companion for his name, and Cousin Ben soon moved away again.

Later in the evening poor Ned edged round into my vicinity, and, begging me to look over a photograph album with him, he took occasion to whisper to me, in the most absurd fashion, that he hoped I was not going to believe any of those foolish stories about Sue Hall; that he never liked her half as well as he did me, and that he neither knew nor cared where she was; that he had no idea I would have any feeling about it or he should have told me himself—that is, he added, correcting himself, if his attentions had been particular.

That enraged me. The idea of his suspecting me of jealousy, when I would have considered it a positive relief to see him deep in love with every girl in the room but me, and I believe I "flared up" at that point, and gave him to understand in the most disagreeable manner that his affairs were of no possible interest to me; that whether his attentions had been general or particular wasn't of the slightest consequence, and much still more aggravating. In fact, we were having our "lover's quarrel," and I entered into it with far more zest than I had ever manifested for any flirtation. I am sure of that.

So when ten o'clock came—for in the country they keep good hours, and go home when city people's evenings are just beginning—I was tucked snugly under Cousin Ben's arm, perfectly oblivious to a pair of eyes glaring angrily at me from a dark corner of the entry as we came out. I felt my pulses thrill with excitement. It was so exhilarating to have a downright quarrel; to anticipate cutting him dead, when I met him in the street, having luxurious hours all to myself to read, or indulge in the "sweet do nothing." I could scarcely subdue my steps to my cousin's sober tread, and two or three times he questioned me as to my evident excitement, and its cause, until at last I answered, desperately, "Well, the fact is, Cousin Ben, Ned and I have quarreled, and I like it so much!"

"What!" said Ben, in sheer astonishment at my frankness I suppose, for of course he knew something had happened that I was his companion that night from choice. "Do you say you *like* it? Oh, that is all fancy; to-morrow—nay, to-night, after you go to bed, you'll cry your eyes out, and be ready to meet him half-way, at least, when he comes to walk home with you to-morrow."

"I sha'n't do any such thing," I answered, stoutly. "Catch me making up in a hurry! I'm too glad to have a quarrel. It's just what I've been longing for."

"Why, Belle, what a strange girl you are! Do you know he will have fifty thousand dollars one of these days?"

"I don't care if he has fifty million, it would make no difference to me. I'm tired to death of him, and I don't want him to speak to me again for a month at least. I've heard every thing he knows over and over, and if I was compelled to listen again I don't know what would become of me. Cousin, let's jump over that fence! I want to do something out of the common course."

He turned me square round, Cousin Ben did; we had got to the hotel now, where the lights from the windows shone bright. I could see his face distinctly, and wondered I had never before noticed the contrast between his intellectual beauty and poor Ned's foppish gentility.

"Belle, Belle, are you in earnest?" he asked, in a low whisper that thrilled me, I scarcely knew why. "Do you really mean what you say, that you are tired of that fellow, or are you only playing with him and with me, and do you intend to go back to the old intimacy again? Tell me the truth, Belle, frankly, as I know you will if you speak at all."

"Certainly," I answered, half-indignantly, yet wondering as I returned his earnest gaze. "I am in sober earnest that I never wish to have any thing more to say to him. He is like a poor story, which one would never care to read a second time, but when compelled to read it over and over, how flat, and tiresome, and insipid it becomes! But why you should ask me if I am playing with *you* I can't imagine, as it is certainly nothing to you how I treat him!"

"It is of more consequence to me than you imagine," replied Ben, smiling on me. "I will tell you why some time. But come, you cruel little girl, come into the house, or you'll be dashing the hopes of some other aspiring swain!" and he swung the hall-door open for me to pass in; then hastily bidding him good-night I sped away to my room with my head crowded with thoughts that had never been there before.

I can not give the whole story of the remainder of that pleasant term. It is enshrined in my memory as one of the happiest periods of my life. Youth, health, and gay spirits color the picture; new scenes, a pleasant home, and kind friends lend their attractions, and all is enframed like a picture in an archway of gorgeous trees—maples flinging out their scarlet drapery, oaks and elms turning to mottled crimson and brown, for we used often to ride through those glowing, unsurpassed forests of Maine, and come home laden with brilliant clusters; of cheerful, open fires, and pleasant evenings of study or reading, or of merry chat with Cousin Ben, who was one of the most entertaining companions in the world.

And when, at the close of the term, we wound up with a grand exhibition, with all the flourish of a brass band, and our names had got into the county papers with such high encomiums as to make me feel myself on the topmost round of the "ladder of fame"—when all this was past, and the next day I was whizzing on my way home, I was not alone! Some one sat beside me who was going to ask papa! It was not my hero! It was only *Cousin Ben.*

THE WORLD AND THE SONG.

WHAT recks the lark in the morning sky
Of the plowman in the furrow,
Whether he listen to the song,
Or drive his patient team along
With not a thought but—thorough?

What recks the nightingale in the wood,
Lamenting or adoring,
Whether the lovers in the lane
Bestow a thought on the bliss or pain
Of his passionate outpouring?

And what care I, oh busy world,
Singing at night or morning,
Whether the music of my line,
Made for my pleasure, not for thine,
Receive thy praise or scorning?

I sing with the fresh green leaves around,
And the clear blue sky above me,
Not for the traders of the mart,
But for the soothing of my heart,
And the joy of those who love me.

So grind thy wheel, thou weary world,
Thou'rt not my soul's enslaver;
The free bird up in the morning air
Is as independent of thy care
As I of thy lightest favor!

EXTINGUISHING BURNING CLOTHES.

THERE are few accidents more terrible than the setting fire to the loose vestments worn by women. Instantly the lower part of the dress is ignited the flames rush upward with great velocity, and the whole of the garments are involved in the conflagration. Even if almost immediately extinguished, so large a portion of the skin is scorched that death often ensues from the shock to the system, though perhaps the actual injury does not appear to be severe.

The first impulse of the victim is to rush about shrieking for help; the second to open the door, if possible, and run along the passages out into the open air, thus fanning the flame to the utmost. No line of action could be more fatal in its consequences. It can not be too constantly borne in mind that the only safety is to fall down quickly on the floor; if a small portion of the dress only is ignited, it may be put out by thrusting it under the body and by rolling upon it. By rolling over and over the person on fire is comparatively safe, as the flames ascend away from the body, and thus do comparatively little damage.

The course of action for by-standers is evident; it is to seize any woolen covering near at hand, as a blanket, shawl, hearth-rug, coat, or curtain, throw it instantly around the sufferer, and roll her on the floor in its folds. Scores of lives have been saved by by-standers taking off their coats, and instantly extinguishing the flames in this manner. As soon as the victim is on the ground the greatest danger is over; the flames no longer rise to the face, and the breathing of the overheated air, which is always fatal, is prevented.

It may be asked, what is the best treatment to be adopted for the sufferer before the arrival of medical aid. If the burn is severe, the patient should be laid in a bed and the clothes removed with as little disturbance as possible; they should, if requisite, be cut off, so as to avoid the slightest additional injury to the burned surface. Then, to exclude the air, some application is requisite; cotton wool does very well, but the simplest, the nearest to hand, the most easily applied, and certainly one of the most efficacious, is flour, profusely dredged on out of a common flour-dredger.

It can not be too strongly borne in mind that cold water or other cold applications to an extensive burn are *fatal.* Persons suffering from burns rarely die from the immediate injury; the cause of death is either the shock to the system or congestion of the lungs, both of which would be greatly intensified by cold applied to the outer surface of the body. The danger of a burn or scald is not in proportion to its intensity or severity so much as to extent of surface injured; thus a severe burn confined to a small portion of the body is seldom fatal. A comparatively slight scald extending over a large surface is rarely recovered from. Thus, lamentable accidents often occur from children pulling a cup of hot tea from the edge of a table; the liquid runs down inside the clothes, spreads over the chest, and, from the extent rather than the severity of the injury, it is often fatal.

Trimmings for Dresses, Jackets, Cloaks, etc.

THE materials requisite for making these trimmings are silk or satin, silk braid of different kinds, cord, silk twist, and beads, which are partly arranged on pasteboard, and partly on wooden moulds.

Fig. 1.—This trimming is of fine silk braid. In making the upper part the braid is sewed on a pasteboard foundation previously covered with silk. The open-work parts are trimmed with beads. In the centre of the upper part is set a small rosette of ribbon and beads.

Fig. 2.—The foundation of this rosette, which forms part of an edge, is also composed of pasteboard covered with silk. In the centre is set a jet button, and around this is wound the silk braid, which is sewed fast to the foundation. A few cords of silk and beads serve to join this rosette to the border. This is a beautiful trimming for stylish talmas and cloaks.

Fig. 3.—The upper part of this fringe trimming is of satin, bordered with fine braid and ornamented with braid and beads. The braid is then arranged in long ends, which are finished by tassels of silk twist and beads.

Fig. 4.—Grelot tassel. The wooden moulds for this tassel are covered either by stretching threads of silk lengthwise and afterward weaving through them, or with crochet work. The stitch used for this is peculiar; it consists of slip stitches, which are worked from left to right, always putting the needle through the upper vein of a stitch of the last round. The under side of the work is the right side of the finished work.

Fig. 5.—The upper part of this trimming consists of a pasteboard foundation, which is covered with silk, embroidered with cord, and bordered with beads, and is finished in the centre with a jet button in the form of a star. The trellised portion is made of silk twist and beads, and the fringe on the end of bugles and beads strung on silk twist, as shown by the illustration. This trimming is designed for the side and back seams of cloaks.

Fig. 6.—This figure is composed of a pasteboard foundation, covered with satin, bordered with cord and beads, and embroidered with bugles and beads. This trimming may be used as a heading for a tassel, or a clasp, or several of them may be arranged to form a border.

Fig. 7.—The upper part of this trimming consists of two circular wooden moulds, one within the other, covered with satin, embroidered with cord and braid, and bordered with the same cord arranged in loops. Two ends of braid or crochet work proceed from the centre of the button, and terminate in silk tassels, which are surmounted with braid.

Fig. 8.—Tassel. The head of this tassel is composed of two flat and one round wooden mould, covered with woven silk twist. Braid may also be used for this covering. Bead cord and silk cord, with the ends raveled out, as shown in the illustration, form the tassel.

Fig. 9.—The centre of this rosette is a star, formed of a pasteboard foundation, covered with satin, and embroidered with beads. The remainder is of silk cord and beads.

Fig. 10.—Clasp, in the form of an escutcheon, of silk and pasteboard. The application figure is worked in ribbed crochet stitch. The clasp is bordered with fine silk cord and beads. The fringe is formed of bugles and beads, strung on silk twist, as shown in the illustration.

FIG. 7.

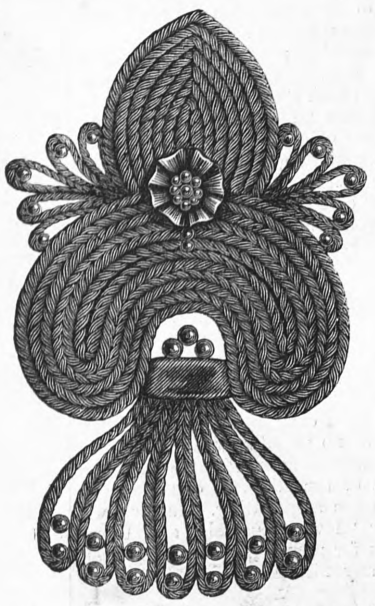


FIG. 1.

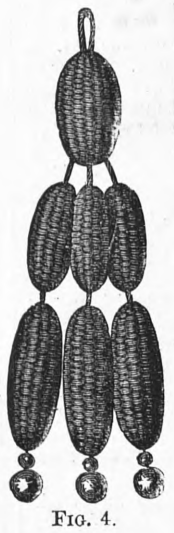


FIG. 4.

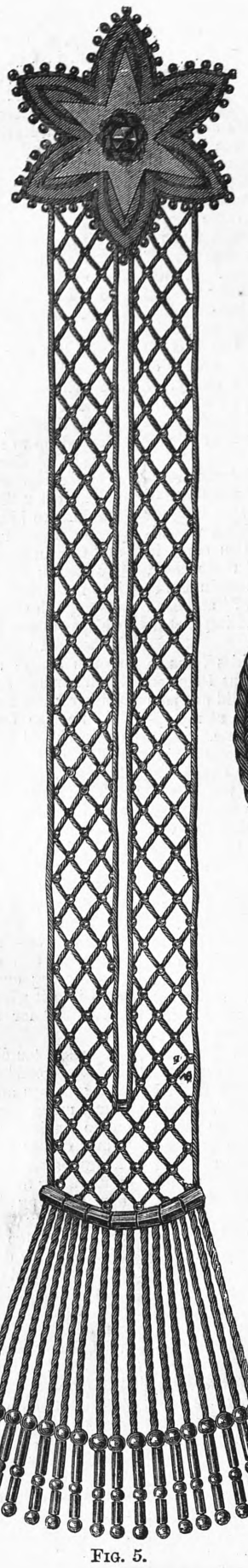


FIG. 5.

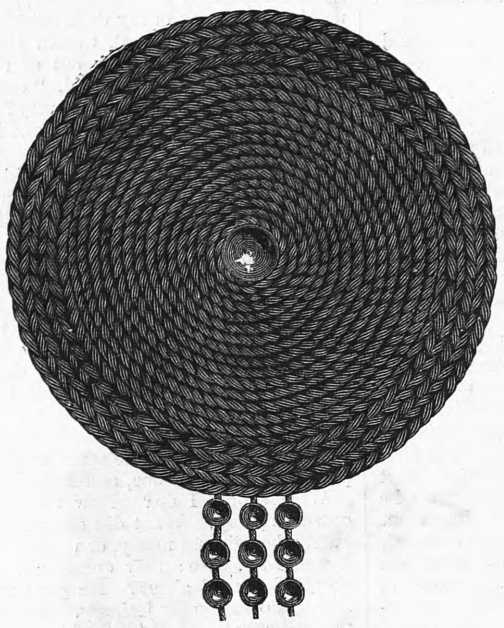
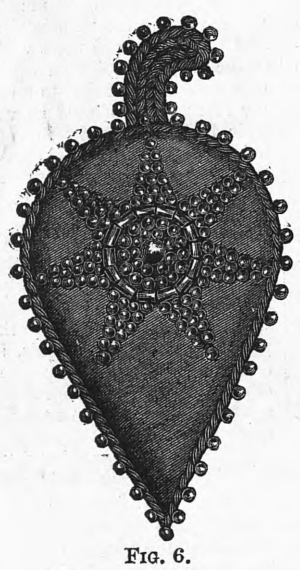


FIG. 2.



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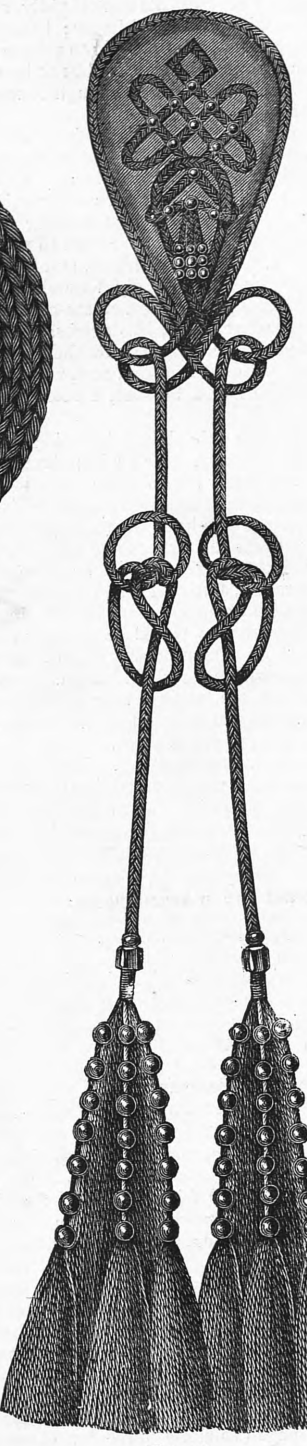


FIG. 3.

FIG. 8.

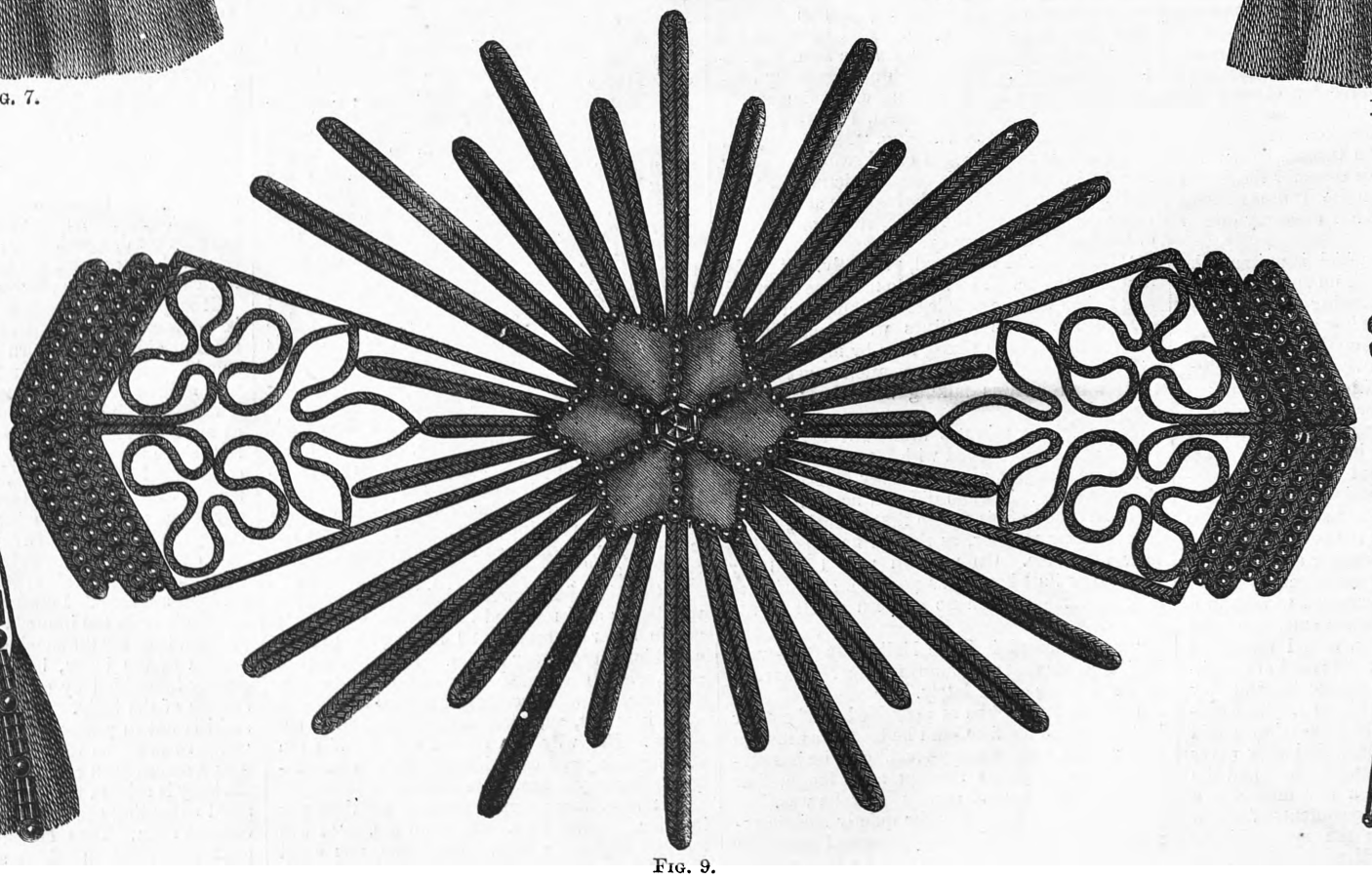


FIG. 9.

FIG. 10.

TRIMMINGS FOR DRESSES, JACKETS, CLOAKS, ETC.

Summer Bonnets.

WHITE STRAW BONNET, with Spanish mantilla of embroidered white lace. Trimming of roses and black velvet ribbon.

BROWN STRAW TOQUET, with rim turned up. The rim is cut into points which are directed upward. Trimming of brown ribbon falling in tabs behind, and bordered with black lace. A spray of flowers finishes the front and back.

LEGHORN ROUND HAT.—The revers of the rim is wound with straw cord. Trimming of roses and straw cord.

BROWN STRAW TOQUET.

STRAW BONNET WITH SPANISH MANTILLA.

LEGHORN ROUND HAT.

BLACK STRAW TOQUET, with revers, scalloped as shown in the illustration, and trimmed with three rows of velvet piping and lace. Trimming of wheat and feathers on the left side of the bonnet. Long narrow strings behind.

GRAY STRAW TOQUET, with turned up rim, cut in points, and trimmed with violet velvet piping. Under the revers is a violet velvet ribbon. Tabs of the same. Flower of violet satin set on behind.

BRUSSELS STRAW ROUND HAT, with arched rim, covered with black lace. On the back lace ends and a spray of flowers.

WHITE LACE BONNET, with Spanish mantilla of white figured lace, which is fastened in front by a bow of dark red satin ribbon. Trimming of deep red roses, leaves, and bow of satin ribbon.

BROWN STRAW ROUND HAT, trimmed on the edge with a braid of brown straw. The crown of the hat is also covered with similar braids. On the left side is a heron feather, and rose with leaves. Narrow strings, knotted under the chignon, complete the trimming.

BLACK STRAW TOQUET WITH REVERS.

GRAY STRAW TOQUET WITH SCALLOPED REVERS.

AN ARABIAN DINNER.

A TOURIST, who has lately visited Arabia, gives an interesting description of an Arabian meal which was prepared for himself and traveling companion by a wealthy and tolerably civilized Arabian named Arakel-Effendi.

"About a quarter of an hour before we sat down to table," says he, "a gorgeously dressed negro served us with mézé in a large shallow dish; this mézé is a collation intended to prepare and stimulate the stomach for the coming repast, and is made of caviar, olives, shavings of cheese, and raki, the favorite beverage of the country, an acrid liquor or a kind of palm wine.

"When we had partaken of this, the negro returned with a dish of water, into which we all dipped the ends of our fingers and washed; after which we entered the dining-room. The table consisted of an enormous round copper dish resting on a small table. This device had been contrived through deference to us, as the Arabians, like all other Orientals, never sit at a table, but *à la Turc*, on the floor, around a mat on which the food is arranged. Knives and forks and spoons had also been provided on our account, for even the most wealthy Arabians are accustomed to eat with their fingers and to dip their bread into the dishes. If they are thirsty, they clap their hands, and a servant brings a glass of water; but for us the table was supplied with glasses and very superior Bordeaux wine, while napkins hung on the backs of our chairs. Around the table stood a rich mess of different salads, cheese, and curdled milk in tureens. These side-dishes are eaten with the others, according to the taste.

"At first, the entire want of plates placed us under some embarrassment. We were compelled to eat from the dishes in common with the whole company, and I had never been accustomed to such a patriarchal manner of eating, which with us can be learned only by a soldier in active service. I did not, however, wish to show my embarrassment to our friendly host, who had certainly made all possible concessions to our European customs, and so dipped bravely into the *kebab*, or mutton-ragout, which was set before us first, for soups are here unknown. My friend C—— looked at me in astonishment, and only ventured bashfully to follow my example. He took the first piece that his fork came to, while I had composedly sought out the very best piece.

"Now followed four most excellent dishes, with which even a pampered European taste could find no fault. First, a delicate rice pillau with fowls; then a dish called *farka roumi mahchi*, a real delicacy, consisting of a tender turkey roasted in a most delicious paste and filled with a costly dressing of grapes, almonds, and pistachio nuts. Even my friend C—— was so delighted that in his enthusiasm he broke off a large piece with his fingers, and ate it with great satisfaction.

"After dinner came the coffee and tschibuks, during which four Syrian maidens sung their native songs. One was a lovely little creature, with a charming face, ruby lips, snow-white teeth, large almond-shaped black eyes, and a little fez which was jauntily set on the side of her head over the rich black hair, and became her marvelously. We took great pains to learn and sing one of her songs, but the girls laughed at us as they left the room, chattering with each other, and marveling at the strange customs of the foreigners."

BRUSSELS STRAW ROUND HAT.

WHITE LACE BONNET WITH SPANISH MANTILLA.

BROWN STRAW ROUND HAT.

SUMMER BONNETS.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

THE weather here just now is most bright and beautiful; every body is either coming to London, or in London; every body, that is, who makes any pretense of belonging to fashionable life.

Our Queen left Osborne for Windsor last week, and on Tuesday came to Buckingham Palace—her London home—there to hold a Drawing Room, the last of the season. It was very fully attended indeed. The Prince of Wales was present, but not the Princess. The Princess Christian, the Queen's youngest married daughter, and her husband accompanied Her Majesty, also Princess Louisa and Princess Beatrice. Princess Beatrice is only eleven, and, of course, was the youngest lady present; débutantes are not presented until they are at least seventeen, this being accounted a preliminary step to an introduction to society. Her Royal Highness wore a white tulle dress, over white silk, caught up with apple-blossoms; she does not wear a train, being so young, and appears in quite a short dress, her long hair floating about her shoulders, crêpéd and confined by a band of green velvet across the head, with a bunch of apple-blossoms on one side. The Princess Louisa looked wonderfully well in a green moire train trimmed with silver, worn over a petticoat of white tulle caught up here and there with chatelaines of green leaves. Her head-dress was composed of green leaves interspersed with diamonds, pearls, and, of course, feathers, and a long tulle veil—an indispensable part of a Court costume; she is the only marriageable Princess we have among us, and it has been much talked about here that the Crown Prince of Denmark is to be her husband. If there is any truth in the report it is not by any means finally arranged, and the papers have been authorized to correct the assertion that the young couple are positively engaged; but where there is smoke there is generally a little fire, and it is very probable that we shall hear more of this by-and-by.

As I have detailed the dress of her younger sisters, I think I ought to tell you what Princess Christian wore, especially as her toilette was very magnificent. It consisted of a train of white and gold brocade, and a petticoat of white silk trimmed with Honiton lace and gold braid and tassels. The so-called petticoat is, you know, the dress, or at all events the dress skirt, the train and the body being alike, the train coming from the waist to nearly the front of the dress, and is generally caught back with bunches of flowers and rosettes of ribbon. Sometimes, however—and this fashion was more adopted on the last occasion than usual—the trains are worn from the shoulders, whence they fall in heavy folds after the manner of the old sacque dresses of Queen Anne's time. In this case the body and the petticoat are alike, and the train a thing by itself; this way of wearing it gives a very commanding and regal appearance to a fine, handsome woman, but is very heavy-looking and unbecoming to little people.

Of late years the Drawing Rooms have been thinly attended, but on Tuesday there were three hundred presentations and more than a thousand people present, all ladies except two hundred gentlemen, who are only allowed to appear when accompanying female members of their families. As a rule gentlemen can not be presented at Drawing Rooms; there are exceptions, however, especially in the diplomatic circles, and I see that a distinguished citizen of the United States, Mr. George Peabody, presented by the Secretary of State, proved the exception this time.

It is a very imposing sight to watch the crowd of carriages in their gorgeous liveries—most of them spick and span new, in honor of the occasion—making their way down the Mall, facing Buckingham Palace. On Tuesday the line began to form about one, and when the reception commenced at three half the people were not set down; indeed a good many left the palace before others reached it. The Queen only remained three-quarters of an hour, and the company were then received by Princess Christian; this was a great disappointment to many. The show of diamonds and costly lace was great and brilliant. The newest shade of color worn was a light tea-rose shade, very delicate, but neither becoming nor wonderfully pretty. Green was more generally adopted than any other shade; indeed, green is *the* color worn by our belles on all occasions now. The old styles of dress of the Louis XIV., XV., and XVI. periods, a little modified to suit our modern tastes, are coming into vogue as quickly as possible, and most becoming they are too.

Every body seemed to look pretty at the Drawing Room; the hair was worn turned off the face, with enormous chignons at the back, and great high puffs and rolls of hair at the top of the head; in front of which bunches of flowers, tiaras, and the like, were arranged, all with the view of giving as much height to the head-dress as possible. Long curls on each side, and sometimes falling in a shower at the back, were also worn. But the great features of the toilettes were the height to which the hair was dressed at the top of the head, and how very closely our beauties seemed to have tried to copy the appearance of their great-great-grandmothers. The dresses are worn wonderfully low for England, where, as a nation, we set our faces against such fashions. They were unbecomingly low, too, especially at the back, and the short sleeves were mere shoulder-straps. A profusion of necklaces, consisting of several rows of beads, are worn, and chains from which twelve or fourteen lockets are suspended; but not content with these, in addition to them (for they fall somewhat low on the collar-bone) satin ribbon about an inch wide, the color of the dress, is tied tightly round the throat with one locket suspended from it, or sometimes it is studded with jeweled buttons or beads, after the manner of the so-called "dog-collars" much in vogue here three or four years ago. In most cases these are tied with long loops and streamers at the back; but a new style called the "Watteau" is being introduced, viz., a little piquante bow just in front of the throat, from which the locket hangs.

On the morrow the Queen, who had remained all night in London (she so rarely does this now that it is quite a great event, and consequently a good deal talked about among us), laid the foundation-stone of St. Thomas's Hospital.

The Prince of Wales had largely patronized St. Bartholomew's Hospital, of which he is a Governor, and every exertion was used by the Governors of St. Thomas's to induce the Queen to befriend them, and, in consequence of their solicitations, her Majesty graciously consented to lay the foundation-stone of their new edifice. Disraeli and his wife were there and were loudly cheered. Indeed Peers and Commons, distinguished doctors, and distinguished people of all kinds were present. The ceremony took place about twelve, and the streets were thronged, and every body seemed pressing toward the great attraction of the moment as early as nine o'clock.

The hours of waiting were whiled away by the band of the Grenadier Guards, and of course there was plenty to amuse one in the company and the place. The architect, Mr. Henry Curry, had the honor of handing the trowel to the Queen, when the mortar had to be spread by the royal hand; a trowel of such elaborate workmanship, with a carved crystal handle, inlaid with gold and turquoise, the blade solid silver, that poor mundane mortar must have been sadly humiliated by the contrast.

As usual, her Majesty appeared in the deepest mourning, and her sombre dress made her all the more conspicuous amidst the brilliant coloring on all sides. A loyal address was first read by the President, Sir John Musgrove, and the Queen presented him in return with a written reply, which was not read, and then the actual ceremony began. Her Majesty left the dais and advanced toward the stone, a square block of granite, suspended by pulleys and surmounted by flags. The formal laying of stones all the world over is, I suppose, alike. Our Queen has performed the act so often that she does it now in quite a masterly fashion. A jar, containing copies of the charters granted by Edward VI., together with the current coins of the present reign, was first deposited by the royal hands in a cavity prepared for it in the stone; then the mortar was spread; the stone lowered by unseen means, as though by magic, amidst a flourish of trumpets; its accuracy was tested by a plummet and line; the Queen tapped it three times with a silver mallet, and the thing was done.

In conclusion the Archbishop of Canterbury prayed for a blessing on the undertaking with great fervency and reverence, and in a few seconds the royal party were gone, and the crowd dispersed far more quickly than they had come.

A great man, who has almost outlived his generation, has but recently passed from among us. On the 7th of May, at the ripe age of ninety, Lord Brougham died, gently and peacefully sleeping away into the new life, the rare privilege of old age. For some years past he has been in the habit of spending each winter at his beautiful villa at Cannes, in the south of France, called Eleanor Louise, after his last surviving child, for whom it was built, and who there died. "Inveni Portam," I have found a haven, were the words inscribed over the portals of his home; and indeed he seems to have found there a most pleasant resting-place. His brother, William Brougham, and his wife—now Lord and Lady Brougham, for by special decree the title was allowed to pass to his brother—lived with him. His advanced age has of late told much upon him, all his old pursuits were abandoned, and he spent the greater part of the day driving about in his comfortable carriage. This he did the very day he died; no one noticed the slightest change in him; he went to bed as usual; but when his servant came to him, the last thing before himself retiring to rest, he found that he was gone.

ARDERN HOLT.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE visit of the Chinese Embassy to this country awakens new interest in the entire nation. The peculiar customs and habits of the Chinese will doubtless be somewhat modified, in the course of years, by freer intercourse with other nations. The time may even come when women will be regarded among them as worthy of some consideration and respect. At present, however, their condition is very servile, as may be inferred from one of their proverbs: "The girl is subject to her parents, the wife to her husband, the mother to her son." A daughter is regarded as a burden in the family, and is kept in seclusion until her marriage. She is treated as a servant, and her whole education consists in learning to cook and to sew. The Chinese woman is not consulted in regard to her marriage; she does not know her future husband—perhaps has never heard his name. Among the wealthy the married women are carefully secluded, going abroad only in sedan chairs, by special permission from their lords. The lower classes enjoy a certain kind of liberty, which is dearly purchased by the hard labor to which they are condemned. It is said that the grotesque paintings of Chinese women which have come to this country are mere caricatures—that many of them have the complexion and characteristic beauty of the Creoles—a small and beautiful hand, pretty teeth, superb black hair, and slender waists. Of course they have small feet; and it is one of the "Celestial Sayings" that "the tongues of women increase by all that they take from their feet."

There certainly should be some severe penalty inflicted upon persons who "for fun" point fire-arms—loaded or unloaded—at their companions and neighbors. Every little while a supposed unloaded gun, pointed at somebody in sport, is discharged, and murder is done. A Missouri paper gives an account of an "accident" which recently happened in the vicinity of Pennville. A young man went with his rifle to the schoolhouse, where a number of young people were assembled to rehearse for an exhibition. While on the way he pointed his gun at several persons whom he met, saying playfully, "Look-out, or I'll shoot you." On entering the schoolhouse he repeated his miserable joke, although assured by some that such actions were not very agreeable. At length, by a sudden movement, the rifle was discharged, the ball entering the head of a young man, who instantly fell and expired. The author of this fatal practical joke, horror-stricken, fled into the woods. Nobody ever wants to see a gun pointed at himself, even if assured that it is not loaded; and he who will amuse himself at the expense of another's comfort, and at the possible risk of another's life, is not only wicked, but contemptibly mean.

At Genoa the Princess Marguerite was received in a novel and charming manner. At the railway station, ranged along one side of the platform, were three hundred young girls of the working-class, all dressed in white, with tulle veils. As the Princess descended from her carriage they began to sing a cantata composed in her honor. The Princess seemed much gratified, especially when one of the prettiest damsels presented her with a magnificent bouquet. Scarcely had the royal party left the station before a perfect rain of flowers commenced upon the carriage containing the Prince and herself. From the balconies and topmost stories of the houses rose leaves were so thickly cast upon them as to quite fill the air.

For some weeks past the flower markets of Paris have been overflowing with spring flowers of all kinds. There are six extensive flower markets there, besides shops innumerable where they are sold, and itinerant vendors of bouquets on nearly every corner of the streets. It is roughly estimated that $5,000,000 are annually expended in flowers by the people of Paris, of which no less than $80,000 are spent in the purchase of lilacs.

"My dear," said a lady to her six-year-old child, who did not seem specially impressed by the magnificent view of Trenton Falls which they had come to see, "why don't you look at the Falls? You don't seem to care any thing about seeing them." "But, mamma," replied the child, glancing at the bunches of sweet blue violets she had been plucking by the way, and which were clasped in her hands, "I didn't come to see the Falls; I came to see the *flowers!*" So it is. Little children love flowers, and birds, and quiet running water, and all things that are sweet and simple—especially flowers. Their delight in bright blossoms is charming to witness, and is a healthful pleasure which every mother may well foster. Let each little one have a little flower-bed, or at least a few plants, for its own, to water, to weed, and to pluck. Give a little instruction as to the care of the plants—not too much by words, however—make gardening a genuine recreation, and it will naturally become a great help in the physical, mental, and moral development of the child. Those who live in the country have the advantage of plenty of ground; but even in the city a small spot can be found which will be quite satisfactory to the children.

A curious marriage-custom is related of the Nestorians. After the ceremony is performed, the wedding-party go in wagons to the house of the bridegroom's parents. The bride occupies one wagon alone, and when that reaches the gate of the house the bridegroom's mother comes to meet it with a baby and three suits of baby clothes in her arms. She throws the child and the clothes into the arms of the bride, who is required to undress and dress the baby three times in the presence of her mother-in-law, who watches every movement as only a mother-in-law can watch a daughter-in-law. If the newly-made bride does not perform the operation to the satisfaction of her severe judge she is considered unfit for her new position, the wagon is turned around, and she is taken back home for further instruction, and the poor bridegroom is compelled to live in single blessedness until his wife is educated up to the proper standard.

A case of suspended animation occurred in Cleveland, Ohio, a short time since. A young lady had been dangerously ill with what the physician pronounced typhoid fever. She rallied, however, and, under careful nursing and skillful treatment, was in a fair way to recover, when she had a relapse, and sank rapidly, until the breath seemed to leave her body and she was pronounced a corpse. Preparations were made for the funeral; but her mother could not believe her dead, and fancied she perceived warmth about the body. But every effort to resuscitate her failing, the funeral day was appointed, about a week after her supposed death. The day before that fixed for the burial, while one of the neighbors and the mother were standing by the side of the supposed corpse, the door, which had been left open, blew together with a loud noise, which had the effect of so acting upon the girl as to bring her to, and set her life-blood in motion. She sprang up in bed, and throwing her arms around her mother's neck, wept tears of joy over her escape from the horrid death of being buried alive. The young lady describes herself as being conscious of what was going on during her trance, but wholly unable to move or speak.

AN OLD FRENCH TOWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

I WAS growing nearly wild with the whirl of Paris. To people unused to cities, and taking no natural delight in them, but in a totally different class of enjoyments, the noise and confusion of any large town soon produces a feeling which I can only compare to that of a Sioux Indian or a Caribbee Islander caught and put under the benevolent wicker cage of civilization. First there comes weariness, then irritation, then a frantic desire to run away "any where, any where out of the world"—that "world" which delights in streets and squares, gazing in at shop-windows, and promenading in parks, with intermediate morning-calls and evening re-unions, where we all smile and look so sweet, knowing the whole time that—

But let me not be cynical or unjust. There are, doubtless, as many good people in towns as there are in the country—only, perhaps, the good would be better if they lived in the country. They would not have their nerves torn, their tempers aggravated, and their strength exhausted in the frantic jostle of city life; they would be able to meditate as well as to work, to feel as well as to enjoy. That restless craving after excitement, the perpetual hunger for something new, which one so often sees in town-bred people, in the country dies out for lack of nutriment. There you are, perforce, thrown back upon yourself to find your own mental food, or you must starve. Which is the reason, I opine, that a certain order of natures do starve, and rush back wildly into London or Paris, where they have not to cater for their own amusement, but will find plenty of people to feed them with all sorts of pabulum—good, bad, indifferent—if they have only the money to pay for it. No blame to these; still there are others who prefer a peaceful, self-dependent, self-contained life, where all their food is of their own earning; and to such all cities are, after a short time, intolerable.

Paris is a degree less so than London. Its roar and confusion are not so great, its distances not so exhausting. Besides, its atmosphere is so much clearer and brighter that many people declare they are "always cheerful in Paris." Well, and it is a cheerful city; and one goes about it with a sense of real enjoyment for a while. But those hapless folk I have alluded to, who *can not* live in cities, who after a few days suffer under a calenture of longing for green trees, soft grass, and silence: above all silence—I can imagine lively Paris becoming to them ere long a perfect Pandemonium.

So we made up our minds to have "a day out" for as many miles as a return journey would allow, bringing us back in time for evening festivities. Out neither to Versailles, Fontainebleau, St. Denis, nor any of those places where Parisians and Paris visitors are in the habit of going; but to some quiet, unknown, or unappreciated spot, where, for a few hours, we might escape into blessed country peace. And then we thought of Chartres, which, with its beautiful cathedral, had often been spoken of to us by one who well understood what beauty was, and whither we had been strongly advised to go, "because nobody ever went there," which now seemed to us the utmost desideratum.

To the extreme astonishment of the hotel garçon—who could not understand how any body, taking the Chemin de Fer à l'Ouest, should pass by Versailles and go on to Chartres—we extracted from him all needful information and started. It was a gray morning—not actually wet, but looking as if it would have liked to rain if it could, if the keen cold wind would let it; and we had the usual long waiting at the terminus, in that dull patience which all native *voyageurs* seem to possess, but which is rarely the peculiarity of the British tourist. And as dull-looking as the day were our fellow-travelers—a big, coarse farmer, with enormous hands; and a young fellow—I believe Parisian slang would apply to him a term which corresponds to our word "swell," only indicating a feebler, more foppish, and generally inferior animal, though he was good-looking in a sort of way, too. His hair was long, his hands were long, and his finger-nails reminded one of a genteel Nebuchadnezzar: they must have been the care and the terror of his life. His dress was partial evening-dress, and he looked as if he had been up all night dancing—which, it being just past the Carnival, was not improbable. His manner was languidly elegant, and he seemed to think about nothing in particular. Life was evidently a great burden to him: a "bore," in short; and though it was little past 10 A.M., he soon took refuge in sleep. Cynical Britons would set him down contemptuously as "just a Frenchman;" but I shall pass him over as an exaggeration or deterioration rather than a fair type of *la grande nation*, as it calls itself, and which, in spite of our criticisms, may have something greater in it than we know.

Once only did this lethargic young gentleman rouse himself sufficiently to tell us, in a faint drawl, where was the Palace of Versailles—the back view of it, and a very ugly view too. Up to that point the country had been uninteresting—flat, tame, and villa-haunted, what we should call Cockneyfied; but now we got into something like rurality, and it was very refreshing to see the green fields, the hedges, and trees; bare, but still tinged with that faint, reddish shade of swelling buds which shows they are beginning to dream of spring. But there was nothing at all picturesque or beautiful to be seen, even at Versailles. The nearest approach to the picturesque was that ruined aqueduct begun by Louis XIV., and, after three years of lavish labor, left incomplete. Its fine arches still remain visible for leagues along the hill-side, like fragments of a grand imperfect life.

We watched them, moralizing, while the train rested a moment at the little station of Maintenon, near where is the old castle which Louis XIV. gave to Veuve Scarron, and whence she took her name—that remarkable woman who, with all her faults, was the good angel of the Grande Monarque, over whom she exercised a silent influence deeper than any acknowledged queenship. This, in spite of her waning beauty and advancing age—for she was fifty years old when the king married her. It is somewhat touching to read of the childless woman's devotion to "mes enfans" of Saint Cyr—the girls' school she founded, now turned into the well-known college for young men. We had passed the station "Saint Cyr" on the road, and thought

of Madame de Maintenon and this last home, where, after her strange and brilliant career, she died at last, old and lonely, except for the "enfans" of her adoption. One can not help lingering over these dead and gone people, wondering how, if they could "come alive again," we should think of them and feel toward them; whether they would seem to march with the step of gods, or be no larger than those of our own generation—now common mortals like ourselves, but whom history will elevate into heroes and heroines.

Our languid friend might be one of them—who knows? or he might have carried in his veins the blue blood and borne one of the aristocratic titles of that old time, before there came the grand crash of patrician and plebeian. In those days, no doubt, he would have turned up his large, well-cut nose at the common people as much as any of the rest of them—these poor mad "aristocrats," who themselves helped to light the match of the powder-magazine which destroyed them. But times were changed now. He had to sit calmly in his corner of the ordinary railway carriage, a mere passenger, no more, and endure the intrusion of another passenger—a little, yellow-faced, white-capped old woman, carrying, in large gloved hands, an ordinary market-basket. She examined us all with her acute, black, bead-like eyes, and then settled herself in her place—next to the young dandy—with composure. She had paid her money, and had as good a right to travel first-class express as he; a fact which her self-possessed politeness indicated quite sufficiently to all comers. But we could not help smiling, thinking of the difference between the days of Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon, and to-day.

Chartres at last. We recognized it at once by the stately cathedral towering clear above the little town; not a town possessing a cathedral, but a cathedral with a small appendage of a town, which sits admiringly at its feet and looks up to it with infinite respect, just as we do when we happen to have a great man in the family. Well, and it must be a pleasant pride to have a great man in the family; and I have always thought it would be a very pleasant thing to live in a cathedral town, and glorify one's self in it, admire it profoundly, and love it dearly. It would be a kind of architectural hero-worship; almost as enviable in its way as to have a noble progenitor; dear as a human father should be, and yet revered as one reveres by self-election one of the great men of the earth.

Eagerly we descended, and emerged from the railway; but the great man had disappeared behind his humbler relations: the cathedral was blotted out by the houses of the town—gray, irregular, old-fashioned, sloping up the low hillside from some public walk or other, and looking—oh bliss!—as if leagues upon leagues removed from Paris, and as if a modern villa had not been built in the place for centuries.

And entering the market-square, the Place des Epars, as our guide-book informed us, we found it occupied by a large horse-fair, carried on apparently just as it may have been carried on for centuries.

It was very different from an English fair—one could hardly say in what: still there was a general outlandishness about every thing which probably strikes people who have spent all their lives at home more actually than it would those accustomed to foreign traveling. The very horses seemed tied up in a different way—and here I must protest that it was in a much crueler way—by ropes fastened round the under-lip, instead of the ordinary halter. I am sure if they could protest against it they would, even though their very neighing had been in French, as we fancied it sounded.

The men who attended them were like—and yet how unlike!—the same set of men which one finds at an English fair. Equally unlike—as different as Buckinghamshire plowmen from Cockneys—were they from the Parisians we had left fifty miles behind. The whole type of race had changed. The sharp city face and small wiry active frame was merged into a large-limbed honest loutishness; not the same as British loutishness, but still essentially provincial, and—dare I say it?—refreshing accordingly. It was quite comfortable to look at those tanned fellows, big and burly, rosy and light-haired, lounging about in their blue blouses and enormous sabots, and chattering to one another in that awful patois of which we could only catch an intelligible word here and there. There were only left men enough to guard the beasts, the remainder, farmers, horse-dealers, or as they would be called in Scotland, horse-coupers, being absent at their déjeuner; for it was between eleven and twelve in the forenoon.

Now nothing strikes one in different countries more curiously than the difference in their feeding. Only imagine taking a British farmer at a fair, and setting him down to a mid-day meal of coffee, bread-and-butter, a few apples, or a bottle of vin ordinaire! Yet I declare, in all the eating-houses we passed, the Café de France, de Monarque, and several others, which surround the Place des Epars, and peering into whose wide glass windows we saw were filled with customers—I perceived no other kind of food or drink. Yet the consumers were stout, healthy men, large-limbed and strong made. As they sat at their little marble tables, ate their enormous lumps of bread, and quaffed their innocent drink, they seemed just as merry, nay, jolly, as any lot of English farmers intent upon their beef and fat bacon, their beer or brandy, and ending their meal in a condition so common as to be considered quite inseparable from attending fairs.

In one thing, I own, my heart turns to the French peasant; he is not a drunkard. Sometimes, as we heard in Normandy, he succumbs to the influence of that wonderfully nasty compound, cider brandy; but it is so potent, so noxious, that he drinks himself to death very soon: he does not live in that perpetual state of semi-fuddle, peculiar to our beer-drinking agricultural laborer. Nor is he brought up to consider beer or spirituous liquors essential to a working-man's strength: he knows, or proves without knowing, as all simple-living, anti-wine-bibbing folks do, that alcoholic stimulant is not a necessity; that it is not a food, but a medicine; useful in its way, as all medicines are; never to be turned into an habitual want. But this is preaching, and, cynical readers may say, without my text, since, if the French peasant could afford strong drinks, he would get as drunk as any Englishman. He might; but still at present, undoubtedly, he does not. In all those faces which we saw about the fair we never saw one which was that of a confirmed sot.

We were eager to see the cathedral, so we passed quickly through this market-square, so full of busy life, human and bestial, though the quiet horses looked almost as sensible as Christians; and there were no other animals except a few funny little calves, inclosed in pens apart, and guarded by equally funny little lads as frolicsome as themselves; lads who might have sat for the portrait of little Landry, in George Sand's charming story of "La Petite Fadette;" as true, I hope, to one phase of French life as her brilliant, wonderful, horrible novels are, alas! to another. There were also a few booths erected, where two or three men were arranging for sale sundry articles—earthen-ware, ironmongery, hosiery, linen-drapery—all of the humble and useful kind. Of fancy stores or booths of entertainment there were none: certainly the fair was one of business, not pleasure.

We quitted it, and meandering on after the fashion so delightful in traveling, finding one's self in a perfectly strange town, where any street is quite as good as another—where one has nothing to do, and plenty of time to do it in; and every thing one sees is sure to be amusing or interesting—we came into a gray, quiet street, or rather a congeries of streets, which might have stood just as they were since the Middle Ages.

Chartres is recorded as "one of the most ancient towns in France." Its cathedral undoubtedly dates from the beginning of the eleventh century—that is to say, contemporary with our Norman Conquest—and it is not impossible to suppose that some of these houses in these substantial old streets were built by respectable burghers whose grandfathers, our great-great, indefinitely great-grandfathers had killed at Cressy, Agincourt, or Poictiers. Now, public buildings of antiquity are all very fine and interesting, but there is something in domestic architecture—mere houses that ordinary folk built and lived in—which is more than interesting, pathetic. One could not look at these, inhabited by the various families of a country town, year after year, and generation after generation, without thinking of the endless histories, tragic or comic, dramatic or dull, that must have been transacted within them, upon which the rough-carved, fat-faced Gothic cherubs, which seemed the favorite doorway ornament every where, had looked so calmly—staring at all out-comers and in-goers, as they now stared at us, with their stolid stone eyes. But how difficult to realize the truth, that all these people were real people, as real as ourselves, and sharing like ourselves in old Weller's comical description of himself in the character of a verb—"always a-bein', sometimes a-doin', and continiwally a-sufferin'!"

Laughing over them, but with the sadness that often lies at the root of laughter, we went on to investigate this curious old town, meeting scarcely any of the inhabitants, and finding nothing very remarkable, until, seeing a priest enter a building which looked like a church, we followed him, and stood in the centre of a beautiful half-restored old chapel. But it was so full of scaffolding, hammering, noise of workmen, and clouds of falling dust, that we only stopped to watch the priest kneel down at his prayers: to him it was a consecrated place still—and hastened on, hungering for a sight of the cathedral. It was hidden, but we could occasionally catch glimpses of its two towers, not dominating over or interfering with the houses, but rising quietly above their heads (the parallel of the great man and his relations still), being a little nearer heaven than they.

All cathedrals have their prominent characteristics: that of Chartres seemed to me to be grandeur and calm. This, in spite of its great degree of ornamentation; the front being, it is said, covered with no less than eighteen hundred separate figures; yet it seems neither florid nor over-adorned. The proportions are so immense, and yet so perfect, and the mass of Gothic figures spreads so levelly over the whole, that no special one distracts the eye; while, at the same time, if we once begin to individualize them, their beauty is endless. But the tone of color is so subdued, so soft, that they affect one like the beauty of an old woman—grander and tenderer than that of any young women, and full of the one quality in which youth fails—expression. Standing at the foot of the flight of steps, gray, old, and broken, which leads up to the entrance of Chartres Cathedral, I thought of what an artist had, the week before, said in showing me the portrait of a young beauty he was at work upon: that though youth and beauty are delightful things, still, speaking professionally, he preferred the character, the records of a lifetime's education, which time writes upon almost any middle-aged face—hieroglyphics which in all young faces must necessarily be a blank. And so it is that all deeper natures instinctively like old houses, old towns, old churches, better than any thing which is new.

At the cathedral door we came upon the very *genius loci* in the shape of a dried-up old woman—one of those live mummies with bright black eyes, who seem peculiarly French, waiting to take from townspeople or visitors her chance of a *sou*. Above her head—curiously indicative of the sort of worshipers that visited the cathedral—was a "*defense*," forbidding entrance to all "*paniers, fardeaux, et chiens*"—something like the stern behest I once read over a Devonshire church door: "Take off your pattens!" Having none of these impedimenta, we walked leisurely in.

The first impression given by the interior as well as the exterior of Chartres Cathedral is enormous height—height rising into such dimness of shadow that it takes away the idea of any roof; one looks upward as if to the sky, and with the same sensation of peace. Amiens Cathedral has this in degree; but then Amiens still gives the feeling of newness: one is inclined to say, "How grand! and who is the architect?" But at Chartres one never thinks of the architect at all: it seems as if the whole building was not made, but had grown. One's soul's wings begin to tremble and stir, just as under the open sky, with no fragment of mortal roof, however safe and ornamental, to keep them in and restrain their liberty, even under the most beautiful bonds. I can not clearly describe the feeling; but those to whom the very breath of religious life is freedom—perfect freedom—will understand it and what it symbolizes.

The cathedral was quite empty—that is, it seemed so at first—very silent, very dim, as if its huge aisles were always in shadow, and its wheel-windows caught their colors from something far beyond common earthly sunshine; for there was none outside—the day had remained solemnly gray. But oh! the peace of the place! the heavenly quiet—the majestic calm! Entering its doors felt like the last benediction of the Catholic Church, the *vade in pacem*, dismissing a tired soul out of all the storms of life into the divine tranquillity of death.

At first we saw no sign of service going on, or of accidental worshipers, till, turning to the left, we came upon a shrine, hung with all sorts of votive offerings, with numerous lights burning in front of the figure of a *black* Virgin—an actual negro Madonna—decked out in very fine clothes, flowers, etc. This was *la Vierge Noire*, or *Notre Dame sous terre*—a miraculous image which ever since the Middle Ages has been the object of profound veneration. How it originated, or what part it has played in the history of the town of Chartres, not being an archæologist, I can not tell. It was a very queer-looking thing, this image; one of those extraordinary mixtures of the pathetic and the ludicrous so constantly seen in Roman Catholic churches. In front of the funny black doll, two women, common peasant women, of the class to whom it had been found necessary to interdict "*paniers, fardeaux, et chiens*," knelt, absorbed in prayer, for ever so many minutes; then one of them rose and went toward a small erection hard by—a sort of shop-counter, behind which sat intrenched a young priest. She whispered to him, and he whispered back to her; then some little transaction passed between them like the sale of a ticket, and he dismissed her, accepting her respectful courtesy and her money with a condescending smile. Instantly he reabstracted himself from all mundane things, and buried himself fathoms deep in the leaves of his breviary. I have seen many Protestants make to themselves against all unpleasant human duties a barricade of their Bible—reading it forever, though if they loved it as they profess to do they must long since have known it by heart, from Genesis to Revelation, and be able to say of it, as a faithful girl once said of her locked-up love-letter, "Oh, I don't need to read it, I can remember it all!" But I never saw even the most bigoted Bible-reader plunge at it in the ferociously sanctimonious way with which that young priest darted into the study of his breviary.

I hope it was an interesting work, but to me there would have been something far more interesting in two little works of Nature which just then trotted past me, clinging desperately to their mother's two hands. An exceedingly poor mother, and the boy and girl with her were, like herself, almost in rags; yet she had arranged the rags tidily together, and come fearlessly to say her prayers in the magnificent cathedral. She was not afraid of it, or of the *Vierge Noire*. As soon as she came in sight of the image she made the two little things kneel down before it, and then knelt down herself between them quite motionless. So were the children. Their little bare knees pressed uncomplainingly the cold stone floor, and the expression of their faces was that of extreme awe as they looked at the lighted altar and all its curious adornments. I wonder what they thought of it, these tiny creatures—one was three and the other six, apparently; but being so small and starved-looking they might have been older. I wonder what their mother was thinking of or praying for; and what sort of a home, if any, she had come from or was going to; and what she hoped the *Vierge Noire* would do for her. Probably the only thing she wanted was what all can not get—not even mothers—daily bread, mere daily bread!—for she had such a hungry face: and so came to ask it of her whom Protestants as well as Catholics somewhat profanely call "the mother of God." *She* could not hear, but God Himself might, and answer too, in spite of the deluded and delusive prayers. It is a blessed thing to remember amidst all our disputes about truth, our teaching and unteaching of it, and our vehement quarrels over one another's half-teaching and half-learning—that through this maze of confusion, in His own silent secret way, the one Divine Teacher is patiently instructing us all.

We left the woman praying, with her babes in front of her, close to the feet of the Black Virgin, and wandered away round and round the great, silent, solitary building; through nave, choir, chapels—there are seven—penetrating to the deserted high altar, and mounting inquisitively the empty pulpit—trying to feel how a preacher would feel who looked down from that eminence on the vast void below filled with eager faces—eager for what he had to tell them. Suppose—just suppose—for it must have often happened—that what he had to say he did not believe in himself?

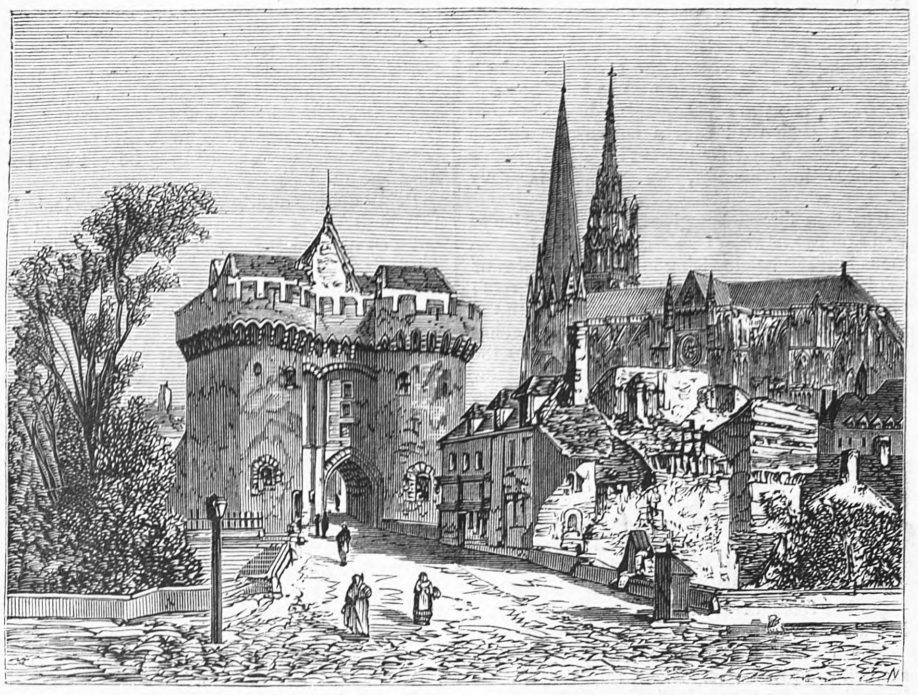
Being neither architectural nor archæological, I do not attempt to describe the cathedral, but I can well imagine it is a treasure to antiquarians. There is, for instance, a screen of stone-work, composed of very well sculptured reliefs—scenes from the New Testament history, which alone would occupy days of study. It was begun in the sixteenth century, and not finished for two hundred years. What generations after generations must have expended their life-long work upon it, and departed without even the hope of seeing it complete! Truly these workmen of the Middle Ages must have "died in faith," after having labored in faith—for their labor was of that delicate, careful, interminable kind, of which they could never see the fruits. What a contrast to us—this impatient generation—hasting to be rich, and eager to spend our riches even before we get them; spending them, too, upon ourselves and our own personal luxuries—is the quiet patience, the solemn unfulfilled hope, in which must have lived and died these medieval people! Compare the men who build houses—"elegant mansions" "and desirable residences"—splendid crumbling shams, meant to last only a few years, with the men who used to build cathedrals!

We could have lingered for hours in this one, every stone of which preached a sermon, and all the better because there was no guide or guide-book, or intellectual interference of any kind with the purely spiritual influence of the place. But in spite of the spirit the flesh was weak. We began to be frightfully hungry—thirsty too; we felt as though we had been feeding on the dust of ages. As we went out, striving to find our way back into the town, and passed one by one those comfortable, respectable closed doors, whence grinned those easy-minded cherubs, and inside which we knew not a soul nor a soul knew us, our spirits drooped a little. It is a queer sensation, to be in a place so utterly strange that you feel your only reliance must be on the money in your pocket, if you happen to have it—but what if you have not? We were libeling human nature. Let me in contrition relate the next episode.

We came to a little corner shop. It contained nothing eatable, drinkable, or purchasable, only coffee-berries, sugar, mustard, and such like attractive condiments, so tantalizing to starving people, abundantly displayed. Still it was a shop, and in it sat a good-natured looking woman. Despair gives courage; I went up to her and begged—with the apology of being "*étrangers*"—the stranger's charity: the immemorial "cup of cold water." She rose up at once, took us through the shop into the little back-parlor, placed chairs for us, and with the sweetest, kindliest grace went herself to fetch what I think was one of the purest, most delicious draughts that ever refreshed thirsty souls. She would have added wine to it, or bread, or any thing; indeed she urged this, and made us heartily welcome to sit and rest as long as ever we liked. We did stay some minutes in her neat parlor, talking about the town, cathedral, etc., and as regarded the latter being corrected in our moderate adjective, "*grande*," by her earnest and rather reproving exclamation, "*C'est magnifique!*" But when in bidding her adieu there was made the awkward and truly British suggestion of "something to pay," it was charming to see the air with which she drew herself up—this smiling little French-woman—and the annihilating negative she put upon every thing but thanks, even accepting these with a dignified deprecation: "*Ce ne merite pas.*" She has doubtless quite forgotten us, but we shall long remember her, and wish her the stranger's blessing and the reward of those who give cheerfully only the cup of cold water, which when I referred to I do not think she understood, Catholics being usually better acquainted with their Prayer-book than their Bibles; but she smiled sweetly, and looked after us with a kindly air. She did not know it, but she had done us good unawares.

In the Hôtel du Duc de Chartres, we were entertained in no ducal manner: the *demi-poulet*, which seems to be a French waiter's first and last idea in the matter of extempore food, must have run upon its long legs for several summers, and the *mouton* was—well, let us forget it! But the *café au lait*, the bread and the butter, were, as they are all over France, excellent. And the neat-handed damsel who waited upon us, and got us every thing as fast as she could, for we had no time to lose, was also thoroughly French in her quick way of divining our wants, and her cheerful civil attention to them. She told us in summer Chartres is full of "*étrangers*," but now we were evidently regarded as the first swallows of the season, and inspected accordingly.

Indeed we felt convinced that "*Anglais*" must be plainly written upon our exterior, for in passing through the market-square and lingering at one of the booths, trying if we could find, as a memorial gift to bring home to a friend, something a little less inconvenient than a sauce-pan, a frying-pan, or a three-legged stool, and trying to make the dealer comprehend what we wanted, we were painfully humiliated by a second man's coming up voluntarily to explain in a patronizing voice, "Yees, von franc—dat is tenpence." And when we praised his English and inquired where he had learned it, he beamed all over with satisfaction, and informed us that he had been for a week at "Lonedone"—at the



TOWN OF CHARTRES.

Great Exhibition. Then he began to dilate on all his experiences there, and the wonders he had seen—his companion listening with much respect, and evidently regarding him as a traveled personage—the monkey who had seen the world—who was, on the whole, rather a credit to his native Chartres.

Our small purchase completed, we again sauntered through the market, and stopped to watch, with considerable amusement, another business transaction of a much more serious kind. A grave old farmer was buying a horse, which the seller and a friend—a young fellow, having the peculiar sharp look which horse-dealers and all people who have much to do with horses seem to acquire—were trotting out before him, and urging upon him with a wild clatter of tongues, in which the only distinguishable word was "*garanti, garanti!*" repeated many times. But still the knowing old farmer shook his head, and after having felt the creature all over, and examined him with the eye of a connoisseur, he apparently declined the bargain, for the two young men marched their animal off, and themselves likewise, with a somewhat crest-fallen air. I suppose even at Chartres there may be such a thing as a "do;" and that there, as with us, people are not always so innocent as they look.

On again, through those quiet and half-empty streets, meeting only Chartres children with their *bonnes* going out for an afternoon walk, and Chartres ladies, dressed in all their best, going apparently to pay calls; and a barefooted, bare-headed Dominican friar, whose costume looked so queer contrasted with that of modern civilization, but who stood, indifferent to all observers, contemplating the cathedral front. For there, of course, we had drifted back, impelled by a kind of fascination.

It was the hour for vespers. From one of the towers a deep-throated bell was sounding, and several very respectable-looking persons—chiefly women—were entering at the door. We entered too, and joined the thinly-sprinkled congregation, which dotted here and there the enormous aisle, through which began to roll a sound not unlike the sound of the sea—bass voices, with violoncello accompaniment, singing the evening Litany. In the vast cathedral it seemed a mere murmur; and yet there was something at once fine and pathetic about it, as it swelled upward, wave-like, toward the great windows, and lost itself in the mists of the almost unseen roof. It seemed to carry with it, as the sea does, the burden of the nations: the cries and prayers of centuries, that have beat themselves out moaning for a little while and vanished away. A mere human life—even a generation of human lives—how very, very small it seems!

Outside the choir lingered one or two people—a few old women, whose *sabots* clattered faintly across the stone pavement, and one stout, middle-aged, very common-looking *père de famille*, who knelt down in a corner, and said his prayers with extreme devotion. Otherwise there was no sound but the low bass murmur of vespers, which seemed to make the rest of the cathedral more silent than before.

Vaguely wandering round it once more, in that complete content of enjoyment which I fear is becoming a small monomania, we came upon an *affiche*, which attracted the English Protestant mind as so "odd" that I stopped to copy it out. It was a printed paper, stuck on a pillar, and headed, "*Sort spirituel pour le soulagement des âmes du Purgatoire.*"

"*On dit ordinairement un De Profundis, un Pater, et un Ave pour les âmes dont le chiffre répond au numéro sorti. Des personnes zélées ne laissent pas même sortir leurs amis de leur chambre avant d'avoir tirés un sort et dit Requiescat in Pace.*

"*Le bienheureux Jean d'Alberac adorant les Plaies de Jésus-Christ, pour les âmes du Purgatoire, vit qu'il en delivrait par ce moyen un si grand nombre qu'elles s'élevaient au ciel comme des étincelles d'une fournaise ardente.*"

Now I have no wish to joke upon this rather peculiar *affiche*, or to recoil from it in frantic horror. I have not the slightest fear, nor, I trust, contempt, for the Pope or his Church; but I would just like to ask any sensible, sincere, large-minded Catholic: What does it all mean? Is this "*sort spirituel*" a lottery for departed souls, in which the relatives of the deceased are to take tickets before the corpse is removed from the death-chamber? How are the said souls to benefit thereby, and for what length of time? and is the time proportioned to the money? Are the results guessed at, or calculated as we calculate averages in life-assurance tables? And will a proportion of the Catholic community in Chartres believe it, and pay? which fact one could understand of people like the woman with her two ragged children, or the good folk who come to church with the "*paniers, fardeaux, et chiens;*" but of the intelligent, educated people, who live in those comfortable houses, and send out those pretty, well-dressed children with their *bonnes*—those respectable middle class of our nineteenth century—is it possible? Do they sincerely believe that, by paying so many shillings or pounds, the souls of their dead friends will be seen—as by the blessed Jean d'Alberac—(who in the wide world was that gentleman?)—"flying upward like sparks from a fiery furnace?"

I will allow there is something in human nature which clings to—nay, seems out of its own need to have created—the doctrine of Purgatory. It is a doctrine neither incredible nor impossible—within limits. Nay, I will go so far as to say that it is much easier, much more consonant with our highest idea of God, to believe in heaven and purgatory, or heaven and annihilation, than in heaven and hell—which one day may no Christian soul dare to believe in! And while human love remains so strong, and human creatures so weak—while the good, hating sin, are continually yearning with a passion of pitying tenderness over the sinner—while there was never a lost life yet which some fond heart could not see excuses for, as none else but God could see—so long will there exist a craving after some sort of intermediate state after death, where all hope is not extinct, but in which the infinite number of souls who seem half good, half bad, who have fallen away under sore temptation, or succumbed to circumstances which they were naturally made too weak to resist, may have given them another chance as it were, and be purged from evil, and educated through any amount of suffering into that ultimate perfect holiness which is the only real "salvation." It may be a most heretical thing to say, but I am sure there have been many men and women—women especially—who, could they have really believed in purgatory, would have given their whole substance in masses for the dead; or spent half their existence in barefoot pilgrimages to shrine after shrine, praying for beloved departed souls, dear to them as their own, whom death had snatched from the possibility of attaining to good or atoning for evil in this world; leaving to the survivors as their sole refuge and consolation God's mercy in the world everlasting.

Yes, there are few of us who can not understand, and perhaps in our secret hearts even wish for, purgatory, or some state similar: it would heal so many wounds, clear up so many difficulties; but to suppose that we—or above all, our purses—can influence it; that taking a lottery ticket can lift our beloved out of that mysterious state of trial into the bosom of God!—Well, many wise and good people have believed in many foolish and bad things; but still I should like to have caught one of those priests who sung their vespers so complacently, and asked him what the Catholic Church—no, the intelligent Catholic laity—really thinks on the subject.

We had no time to ponder much upon it, serious as it was; for the afternoon was fast flying, and by evening we had to be present at a very different scene from this gray, sombre, silent cathedral. We walked round it once more, trying to view all its beauties from their several points, and fix them upon our minds as one does all delightful things that we know will return no more. This is the great regret of traveling—one feels as if one would like to stay in every pleasant place, as poor young Shelley used to say, "*forever.*" One deludes one's self with the promise. "We will certainly come back again," conscious all the time that it is a delusion—that we never shall come back—that by-and-by we shall not even wish to come back: that before we are aware the "forever" has changed to "never;" and that even if our own minds were constant to their first impressions—which they so seldom are—the eternal progression of things goes sweeping on, making our inconstancy unregretted—nay, almost unperceived.

We are never likely—perhaps should scarcely care—to see Chartres Cathedral again; but we feel glad to think that long after we are disembodied spirits, whom nobody will take lottery tickets for, these lofty arches will lift themselves up toward the mist-clouds of the roof, and the lovely colored lights will tremble through the three wheel-windows; while down below the low monotonous murmur of vespers will go on day after day; and the poor old women will creep in and go clattering in their *sabots* over the pavement; and many a sick or sorrowful soul, of poor or rich—for both are alike with God—will come and lay its burden before the *Vierge Noire*. But we shall have laid down all our burdens, done all our journeying, and entered into rest. And there comes a time—I am sure it does come in old age, and even before then—when that rest, which to youth is such a terror and dismay, seems as natural, right, and merciful as the nightly dropping of "tired eyelids over tired eyes."

Between the cathedral and the railway station we passed through a pleasant region, sloping down the low hill-side on which the town sits to a place half rampart, half garden, where were trees and gravel-walks and seats, evidently a favorite promenade. There elderly gentlemen were turning out to take the air; and young ladies in jackets, hats, and chignons, and middle-aged ladies in bonnets and shawls, were wandering about, no doubt the society of the little old town, coming forth to amuse itself before dinner. We noticed their pleasant provincial look, and speculated on their domestic life—probably as simple and undistinguished as their appearance. Nay, we investigated it so far as to penetrate boldly through the open door of a *maison à louer*—two merry young *menuisiers* were singing over some piece of carpenter's work, with a still more juvenile painter and decorator chiming in from his scaffolding inside.

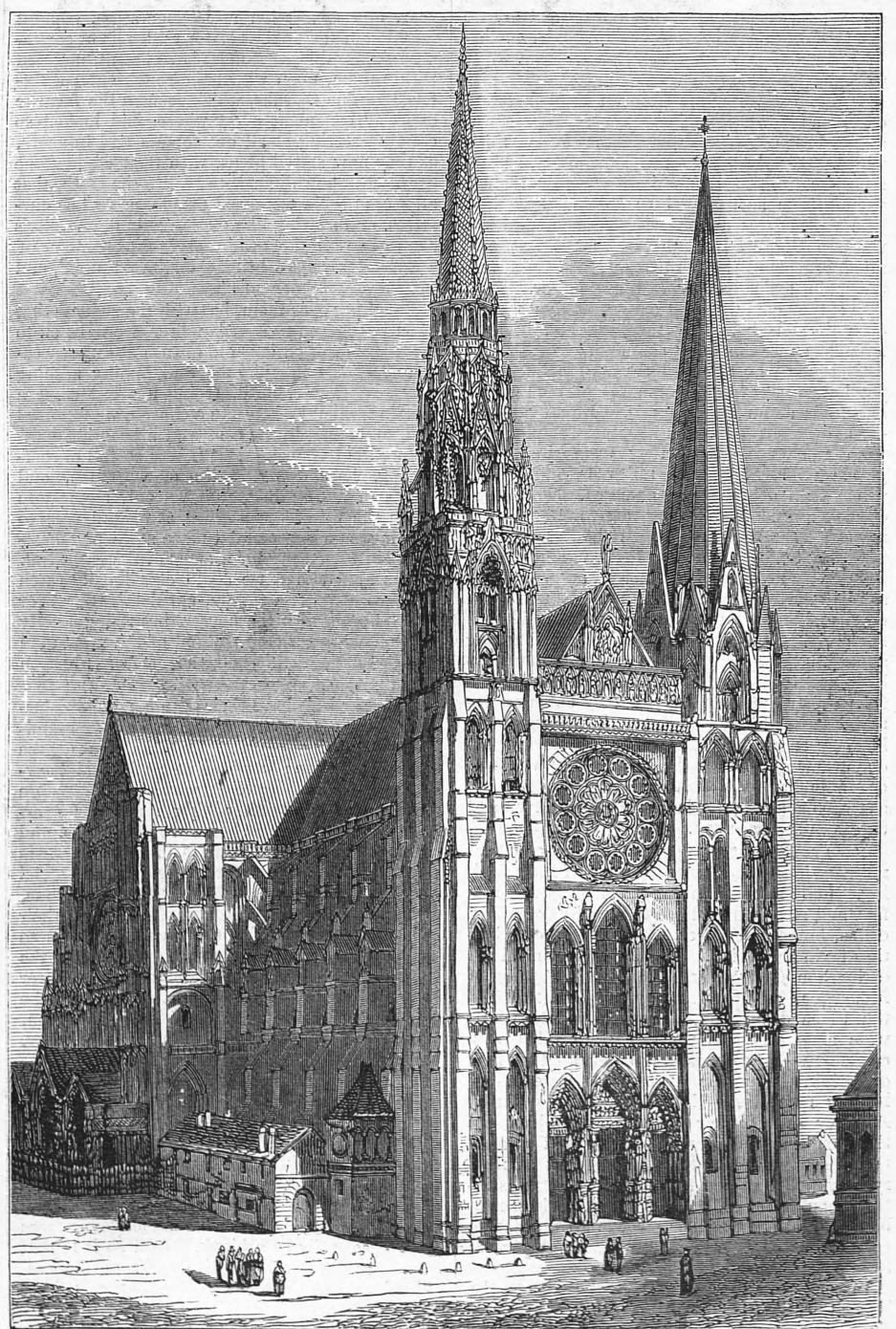
This youth took the pains to inform us, with the utmost courtesy, and "Pardon, Madame," without end, that it was not the slightest use our applying for the house—which he evidently thought our errand—since, though it was still put up *à louer*, it was in reality sold to a family who were coming into it immediately. Nevertheless, Madame was quite free to go all over it as much as ever she liked. Yes, it was a very pretty house, and would soon be put into beautiful order, and the young workman was evidently rather gratified by its being admired.

So we went over room after room of the unknown home for some unknown family—doubtless as thoroughly a "family" as any of ours—perhaps more so—for in French provincial life the domestic tie seems strangely strong, stronger than we in England have any idea of. It was entered by a broad walk, dividing a square walled-in garden, where on either side were flower-beds—some newly-planted, some gay with crocuses, violets, and red, yellow, and lilac primroses, which looked as if they had rooted themselves there, and bloomed spring after spring with a loving persistence, as faithful old-fashioned flowers do. On either side of the door were the *salon* and the *salle-à-manger*—Anglicé, the two parlors—prettily papered and freshly painted; behind was the neatest little kitchen in the world. Above, a queer narrow stair led to three tiny bedrooms, two facing the front garden and one the back—which latter was an extraordinary specimen of horticulture, being a mere terrace-bank, ascended by a sort of step-ladder, and planted with a few herbs and vegetables, such as would supply the small *menage* with materials for its *pot-au-feu*.

Every thing about the place was as simple as possible, but so cozy, compact, self-contained, that the inhabitants might live in it as snugly, as quietly, and as much to themselves as birds in a nest, swinging safely on a tree top, out of every body's way, which always seemed to me a sublime idea of true felicity. And then with the cathedral towers protecting them from behind, and before, a sunny view of the smiling green *paysage*, sloping down and then up again toward the horizon, dotted with farm-houses, and intersected with rows of trees—what a peaceful, happy life this family—it must be a small family—might lead there—a life as unlike that of Paris as our English provincial life is unlike London! We hoped it might be so, and we left our blessing behind us on these unknown people, for whom their "home" (and the French know what home is, though they have no name for it in their language) was so pleasantly preparing.

We almost envied them—for we had taken a liking to this quiet Chartres, and would gladly have spent a summer there, or many summers perhaps, after the fashion of Shelley's "forever." But our hour was come—and our train—and before long we had left it all behind, and were whirling away back to Paris, which we found just as it was, though an interval enormous seemed to have come between us and it since nine in the morning. True, we had not done much—indeed I doubt if we had seen as much as we might, and as most tourists would have seen. But all we had seen we had felt thoroughly, and as thoroughly enjoyed, making of it a permanent picture, to go back upon for many a year.

Yes, we returned to Paris, and enjoyed it too, or made the best of it, which is the next wisest thing. But I am afraid, under all its splendors and amusements and dissipations, I left a little bit of my heart lying buried under the red primroses of that pretty garden belonging to the tiny *maison à louer* in the gray old town of Chartres.



CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

SONG OF JUNE.

My thoughts are gentle waves that run
  Ever to thee, their golden shore;
Soft glowing airs that, with the sun,
  Fondle thy beauty o'er and o'er;
Glad mounting larks by whom is given
All their sweet joy to thee, their heaven.

My hopes are violets that steal
  To sweet life round thy blooming Spring;
Swallows, that o'er thee playful wheel,
  And track thy May with happy wing;
Motes that dance in thy sun, and bless
Their hours, with thee and happiness.

My songs are bees that to the rose
  Of thy dear beauty murmuring cling;
Where'er thy May of gladness glows,
  They hovering boom on happy wing;
Thy flush of sweets, how can they see
Nor murmur joy and love to thee!

My dreams are loving stars of June,
  Hung over thee, their world, by night;
My life is one warm summer's noon
  That clasps thee in its throbbing light;
All my glad moments can but be
Moths, lured by thy sweet light to thee.

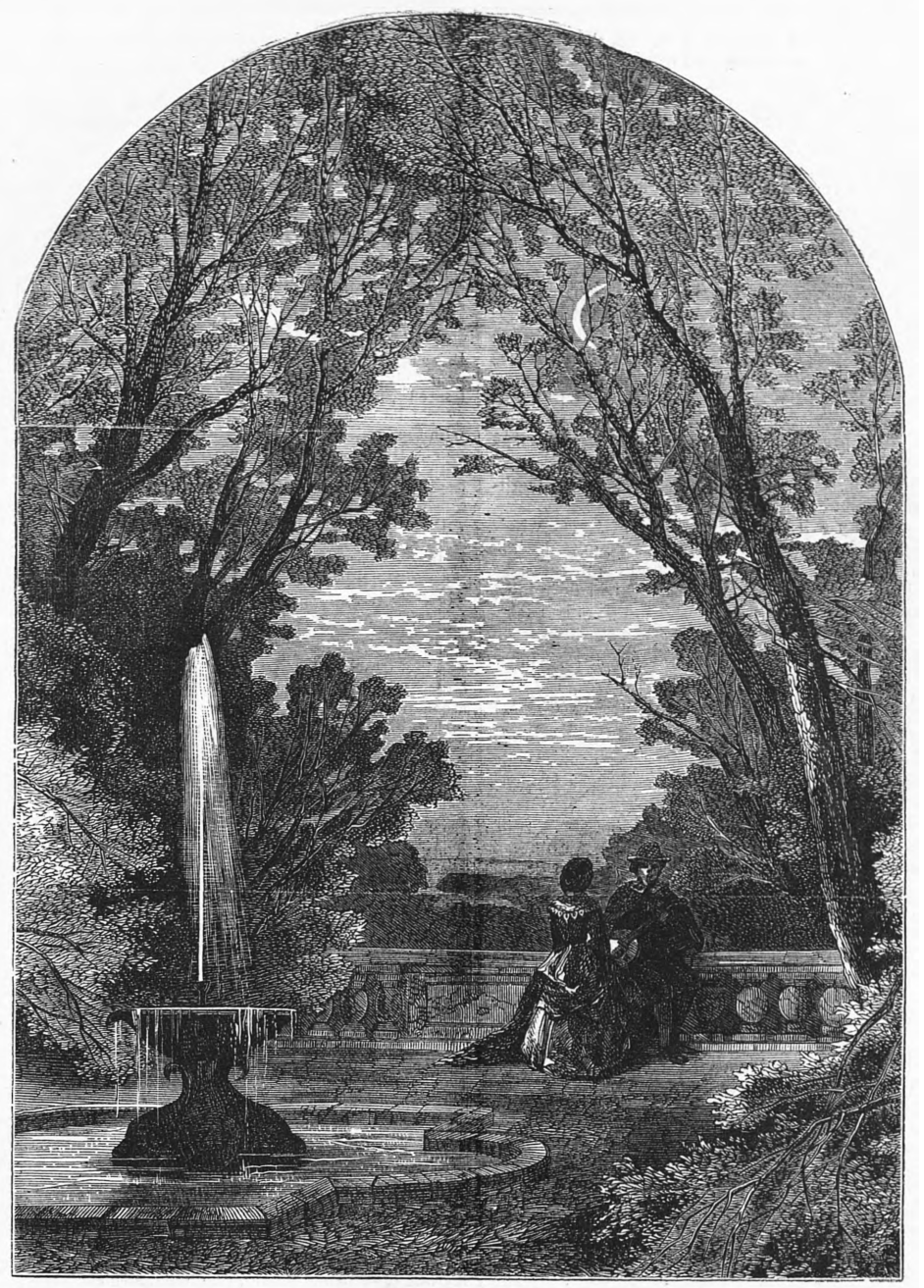
TYRO.

O River, shining River, winding River, golden River!
  Swift rushest thou by mead and wood;
  The sunbeams follow with thy flood,
  The winds are songs to soothe thy rest,
  The stars are gems to deck thy breast,
  And Earth was only made to be
  A cradle, holy Stream, for thee.

O River, trackless River, changeful River, endless River!
  I wander on thy sedgy bank,
  Where the dark reeds grow tall and rank,
  Waiting that mystic hour when he,
  Thy god, thyself, shall come to me,
  And we again, linked hand in hand,
  Above thy starlit deep shall stand.

O River, wondrous River, magic River, sacred River!
  What is this god who holds my soul
  Resistless 'gainst his sweet control?
  His breath is fiercer than thy breath,
  His grasp is strong as love and death,
  And with his kiss there comes to me
  The odor of the barren sea.

O River, fatal River, darkling River, deadly River!
  Since I have seen his godlike face,
  I grow to hate my mortal race;
  Since I have leaned upon his breast,
  I taste no more soft sleep or rest:
  All life is melted into this,
  The bitter-sweet of his salt kiss.



SONG OF JUNE.

O River, sighing River, moaning River, wailing River!
  Dark are thy dreams of coming days;
  Dimly I see the hideous ways
  That lie before these weary feet,
  The dreadful noontide's tropic heat,
  The lonely night, the galling chain,
  A cycle of despair and pain.

O River, dancing River, gleaming River, joyous River!
  Love keeps no count of days to come;
  Love knows no fear of death and doom;
  And while above thy deep I stand,
  My hand locked fast in his strong hand,
  And on my brow his salt-sea breath,
  What heed have I of doom or death!

THE ALOE.

"Well, till that Aloe flourish!
  So be it." Thus I said,
As I stood with thee in the twilight room,
  And the Love-star shone o'erhead—
As I stood with thee by the window lone,
  'Midst exotics bright and rare,
And the trailer's blossoms from above
  Fell mingling in thy hair.
And the dance was done, and the music o'er,
  And the floor no longer stirred,
And the voice of the merry company
  From other rooms was heard.
And there you stood in that twilight hour
  In your lovely summer prime,
With eyes whose lifting made the dawn
  To many a heart by mine.
And yet to mine was their glance upraised
  In beauty not unmoved,
As we said we would be friends for aye,
  And love as then we loved!

Yes; till the Aloe flourish!
  Though many a year must run
Ere the stately plant we looked on then
  Will open to the sun.
And life with thee 's so sweet and fair,
  Each day new joyance giving,
That the young heart all else forgets
  In the very joy of living!

Now six short months are hardly flown,
  And the snow is on the ground—
And I sit by the midnight fire alone,
  And hear the muffled sound
Of a passing footstep in the street,
  Or else the broken lay
Of some reveler letting his gladness out;
  But my thoughts are far away—
Away over hill, and moor, and stream,
  To summer-hours again,
To the radiant day we shall meet, and stroll
  In our own romantic glen!
And half with a smile and half a sigh
  I wonder, with a start,
If any of this winter's snow
  Has chill'd my dear one's heart!

TYRO.

THE ALOE.

BOARDING.

"THERE is an evil which I have seen under the sun, and it is common among men."

I refer to boarding. The wise man referred to something else, mainly, I infer, because he always kept house, and did not go to the country in the summer.

This common evil, growing daily more common, has its root in error and pride, and its fruits are worthy of its source and soil.

Without doubt, setting the solitary in families was an act of Divine beneficence, with innumerable advantages arising from the domestic relations. Setting the solitary in boarding-houses, as is the custom in the latter day, is a human invention with no end of evils in its train.

Boarding is one of the most unsatisfactory ways of keeping alive. It is only a trifle better than visiting for a living, or sponging on a mother-in-law.

It is an evil because a boarding-house atmosphere, full of reminders of the past meal and unsavory hints of the coming one, is not conducive to the growth of grace and virtue. King Lemuel's model woman would never have thriven in it, and the possibly perfect man, of whom James hints, was intended to live in a house of his own, I am sure.

It is an evil because it sacrifices comfort and independence on the altar of vain show.

It is an evil because, considered by any rule of profit and loss, the profits are doubtful and the losses certain.

It is an evil because it involves much expense and secures little comfort; it necessitates large bills and grants small rations.

It is an evil because it dispenses hash for breakfast until hash becomes a weariness.

It is an evil because it denies the luxury of cakes except at rare intervals. The rare intervals are marked by distressingly unequal proportions, said proportions being twelve cakes and thirteen persons. You always happen to be the thirteenth.

It is an evil because you help pay for the cook, and the cook never consults your taste.

It is an evil because the soup is always flavored with onions and the pumpkin pies with ginger. You never eat onions, and ginger is your especial aversion.

It is an evil because a timid suggestion on your part excites indignation on the part of the landlady. "Who ever heard of soup without onions, or pumpkin pies without ginger?" she inquires, wrathfully.

It is an evil because the meat is overdone and the potatoes underdone; the tea is weak and the butter strong; the bread is sour and the coffee muddy.

It is an evil because there is no appeal from the authority of the autocrat in the kitchen. She rules with a rod of iron, which, if it be only a poker, is powerful as a sceptre in the king's hand.

It is an evil because the landlady reminds you of the high price of groceries and the fearful expense of early vegetables, until you feel like a criminal in asking for a second spoonful of sugar, and eat June peas with a heavy sense of guilt.

It is an evil because there is a possibility of black looks on the landlady's face when you send your cup to be refilled with coffee.

It is an evil because there is a probability of finding your neighbor's spoon in the cup when it returns.

It is an evil because it suggests horrible doubts whether the hair in your soup belongs to the cook or the chamber-maid, and whether the button in your hominy came off the cook's gown or the waiter-boy's jacket.

It is an evil because there is no catering to weak appetites that crave delicate morsels. Boarding-house fare is selected on the supposition that all men are in perfect health and equal to roast beef, cabbage, and heavy desserts. If illness indisposes you to eat these you get no substitute.

It is an evil because the parlor is always monopolized by the young lady with a lover, and the register is held by some right of squatter sovereignty.

It is an evil because it admits of no choice of companions. It gives you a neighbor at table who is Calvinistic in his doctrines, while you pride yourself on your anti-Calvinistic creed, and it places your political foe opposite who gives you continual stabs.

It is an evil because the chamber-maid hides your boots, and drinks your wine, and makes free with your hair-oil, and steals your cologne, and borrows your soap, and rummages your pockets, and leaves stains on your books, and finger-prints on the velvet case of your lady-love's miniature, if you happen to be unmarried. If you are married she is insolent to your wife and unkind to your children; she kindles the fire with your morning paper before you have a chance to read it; and brings bones and carries bones of gossip throughout the house.

It is an evil because you are powerless to discharge the chamber-maid when you find her guilty of pilfering or listening at the keyhole.

It is an evil because it bounds you on all sides with annoyances. In the room next yours there is sure to be a musical family. The father practices all hours of the day and night on a violin, the mother divides her time between impossible operas and tuning guitar-strings, and the little boy begins picking at a banjo at the early hour of five in the morning. On the other side of you there is certain to locate a young man given to private theatricals, and he raves and rants in a manner that makes your wife nervous and frightens the baby. Just above you there settles without fail a woman with a sewing-machine made after an early patent, that makes a racket equal to a threshing-machine of several horse-power; and just under you there moves in an invalid who sends up a request that you will always step on tip-toe, and never by any possibility give way to a sneeze.

It is an evil because you are never safe from intrusion. Your fellow-boarders are forever dropping in, after the manner of Paul Pry, when you have a headache and especially pray for quiet, or when you have a book to read or a letter to write; and if some domestic broil has ruffled your temper and reddened your wife's eyes, some spy of the establishment is mortally certain to be socially inclined at that time, and you are subjected to a painful and vexatious espionage.

It is an evil because, whenever your wife takes advantage of a rainy day to clean the bureau drawers, some of the loungers about the house come in for a chat, and take an account of your stock of clothing.

It is an evil because it leads to a public knowledge of private affairs. Your number of socks and your wife's supply of handkerchiefs are certainly known in the house and reported throughout the land.

It is an evil because your age and your wife's age, and the difference between your two-year-old and the baby, are known and commented on with a degree of certainty that could only have been derived from a peep into the Family Bible.

It is an evil because every body knows the amount of your income, and speculations are rife as to whether you have the ability to indulge in meerschaums and gratify your wife's taste for silk dresses.

It is an evil because every body understands the peculiarities of your disposition, and your wife's temperament, and your children's propensities.

It is an evil because every body knows your pedigree, and your wife's ancestry, and every shadow of a spot on your family escutcheon.

It is an evil because all the events of your past life are known to your fellow-boarders. They seem to have some invisible book of record in which are written all your errors and foibles and regrets.

It is an evil because, with some secret clairvoyant sense, the same people consider themselves competent to predict the future of yourself and wife and children. Not a dream but they know it, not a hope but they guess it, not an expectation but they anticipate it.

It is an evil because in every boarding-house each family hears the rattling bones of the skeleton in his neighbor's closet, and every man and woman thinks that he and she holds the key that will unlock the blue chamber in his fellow-boarder's life.

It is an evil because the people in boarding-houses imagine and make up what they fail to know.

It is an evil because it suggests gayety to a man and gossip to a woman they had never been guilty of in their own home.

It is an evil because it leads to dissipation in men and idleness in women.

It is an evil because economies that had been possible, and not unpleasant under your own roof, are hopelessly merged into reckless extravagance in a boarding-house.

It is an evil because borrowing is the habit of boarding-houses, and you are expected to practice the millennial virtue of lending, hoping for nothing again. Men borrow your money and clothes and ink and books; and your wife has continual demands on her wardrobe and patterns and stationery and jewelry, and whatever she possesses.

It is an evil because it leads into temptations you had never known in your own house. Men who show only their agreeable society faces flirt with your wife, and you unconsciously fall to complimenting the pretty lady opposite, who thinks that being a married man is your worst failing.

It is an evil because mutual flirting leads to mutual recrimination. Your wife draws disparaging comparisons between yourself and the gallant man who pares her oranges at dinner, and you indulge in open admiration of the sweet-tempered young lady opposite who shows no signs of fading. Sulks come next in order, tears follow, and a breach is made in the domestic relations.

It is an evil because your children are scolded on one side and flattered on the other; because they are thrown into society when they should be in the nursery, and inevitably become saucy, forward, and presuming.

It is an evil because you are never at liberty to be at home. You must talk when you would be quiet, and listen when you would converse. You must laugh when you would be sad, and wear a solemn face when you are inclined to gayety.

It is an evil because men and women who board never know the blessedness and beauty of the sweet word—home. Marco Bozzaris was not appealing to men in boarding-houses when he urged them to strike for their altars and their fires.

It is an evil because the holy of holies of your domestic sanctuary becomes common ground for strange and unhallowed feet. In fact, when a family enters a boarding-house, the veil that divides the holy of holies from all the world is rent in twain.

It is an evil because it debars you from all thoughts of hospitality. You hesitate before you dare ask your own father to dinner, and blush with shame to send your sister to a hotel.

It is an evil because it leads to mental measurement and mutual disappointment in people out of their normal condition.

It is an evil because it results in a current belief in man's total depravity and woman's inherent frailty.

It is an evil because it makes you think less of the world, and it makes the world think less of you, and you are half conscious that you deserve it.

If you have a house keep it. Don't sell it, lease it, mortgage it, or squander it. If you have not a house work for one, camp out, or go to New Jersey. Don't board, if you value your own peace of mind, your reputation and self-respect, the comfort of your wife, and well-being of your children.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JULIA.—Chameleon silks are the same as the shot silks you see described in foreign papers. The ground of one color is overcast with another shade, presenting different hues when seen in different lights.

M. R. H.—Chip bonnets are exceedingly fashionable this summer. The bonnet may be either of solid chip or merely bands of the chip braid with puffs of white frosted tulle between. The flowers for trimming should be of a very deep, rich color to contrast well with the thick white chip.

J. M. R.—Valenciennes lace bows may be worn either with linen or lace collars. They are made either of the regular barbe or of lace sewn together to make a finished edge on both sides, and may be worn with or without a brooch.

INQUIRER.—A Marie Antoinette aigrette is a cluster of feathers, of flowers, or of jewels worn directly in the centre of the diadem. It is seen on the bonnets of late importation, some of which we will describe next week. It is worn standing erect.

MATTIE H.—Etruscan gold jewelry is in good style for day wear. It has a bright yellow appearance that requires much care to keep in order. Massive balls, crescents, and bars with long pendants and gold fringe are popular styles.

H. H.—White waists and chemises russes, such as we have illustrated in the *Bazar*, are much worn, and form a conspicuous feature of the fashionable Pompadour suits. Girdles are not worn; instead we have waists and bretelles, or a simple belt, made of the material of the skirt, with a short sash. Coat-sleeves are more stylish than bishop sleeves. Muslin and lawn morning dresses are made with sacques. Brussels net and tulle with a quilled border, trimmed with folds or simply tucked at the ends, are used for bonnet strings in half mourning.

MRS. M. J. M'CHESNY.—As we have often stated, we furnish no patterns, except the numerous ones contained every fortnight in our Supplement.

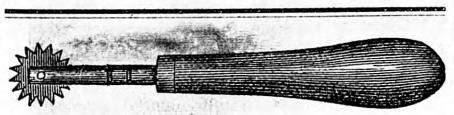
A SUBSCRIBER.—Hamburg edging and insertion are sold by the yard. The edging costs from twenty-two cents to $1 25 per yard, and the insertion from thirty-seven and a half cents to $1 25 per yard. Coventry ruffling is sold by the piece, according to the width, and ranges from sixty cents to $1 50 per yard. The chemise russe is merely a blouse waist, plain on the shoulders, buttoned in front, and left loose at the waist, instead of being gathered into a belt. A fancy belt to match the skirt with which it is worn confines it at the waist.

BLUEBELL.—It is not too late to begin the piano at twelve, especially with a good teacher.

ORANGE.—Orange-blossoms belong specially to the bride, and can not be worn by the bridemaids.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—Napkins and table-cloths are marked bias, in the corner, like handkerchiefs. We can not be expected to answer questions in the next Number, or perhaps even the next but one, after the receipt of a letter; for a newspaper is not prepared in an hour, and the following Number is often already printed when a letter arrives urging an immediate reply to some question.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We have already given full instructions in the art of Decalcomania, in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 23. A lambrequin is a drapery or hanging applied to various purposes, from the ornamentation of a curtain to that of a work-box or cushion.



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by News-dealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

FACETIÆ.

CURIOUS.—Is it not strange that when a shipwrecked sailor talks about his having been "washed on shore," he seldom or never mentions what description of soap he found best adapted to his purpose? However, let's hope that some day or other we may be to(wel)l(e)d.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

Nag, to.—The question by torture.
Nature.—A goddess whose footsteps we pretend to worship, and use every art to deface.
Navy.—The complement of the sea-sons.
Neat.—The spirit of order.
Neck or nothing.—The most fashionable costume for evening wear.
Nerves.—An Æolian harp on which the slightest breeze produces plaintive sounds.
Nobility.—A patent worth a hundred inventions.
Nursery.—A nest the parent birds are seldom seen near.
Nymph.—A fabled maiden who lived in cold water, and by the help of the gods was seldom out of hot.
Oats, wild.—Seed productive of chaff and bad bred.
Object.—Any one to whom she has an objection.
Occasion.—The by-path which leads just as often over the cliff as into the main road.
Opera.—The ladies' show-room.
Oyster.—A Chablis-treated bivalve.
Padding.—Stuff and nonsense.
Paint, for the face.—Contraband colors hoisted by a privateer.
Pair.—The fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

A traveler breakfasting at an Arkansas hotel requested the waiter to take his cup of coffee out into the yard and pump some of the water out of it.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.—If you have taper fingers, mind you don't burn them.

MOTTO FOR AN ENGRAVER.—Cut and come again.

TOO TRUE.—As many marriages, by their unhappy terminations, would seem to have been planned by Satan, they may be looked upon in the light of "*Lucifer-matches!*"

Those who go to law for damages are pretty sure to get them.

Woman's crowning glory—her bonnet. A small glory nowadays.

An aged bachelor being asked if he ever witnessed a public execution, replied: "No; but I once saw a marriage."

A good man, but ill-instructed, out West, had a call to preach. Being unable to read, he employed a friend to read the selection from the Scriptures. On one occasion the chapter was the twenty-second of Genesis, which contains these words: "These eight did Milcah bear to Nahor, Abram's brother." From these words he proceeded as follows: "Brethren and sisters, let us consider our blessings. We have all the comforts of life. We have flocks and herds, and gladness. Morning and evening our wives and daughters milk the cows, and our wants are all supplied. In the days of good old Abram the case was different; for then, as you have heard, it took eight to milk a bear, and they didn't get much at that."

An intelligent Democrat recently said, in the soberest good faith, "I like Johnson well enough, but why does he give a post-office to that fool Nasby?"

We have heard of the old lady who triumphantly pointed out the "Epistle to the Romans," and asked where one could be found addressed to the Protestants? The *Catholic Mirror* happily retorts by telling us of a negro Baptist at the South, who said to the Methodist master: "You've read the Bible, I s'pose?" "Yes." "Well, you've read in it of John the Baptist, hasn't you?" "Yes." "Well, you neber saw nothing about John the Methodist, did you?" "No." "Well, den, you see, dar's Baptist in de Bible, but dere ain't no Methodist, and de Bible's on my side."

A foppish nobleman, who saw Descartes enjoying himself at the table, having expressed surprise that a philosopher should exhibit such fondness for good cheer, got this answer for his pains: "And pray, my lord, did you think that good things were only made for fools?"

A Minnesota editor says that a man came into his office to advertise for his lost dog, and that such was the wonderful power of advertising, the dog walked into his office while he was writing out the advertisement!

Among the obituary notices of a country paper we recently noticed the following: "Mr. ——, of Malvern, aged eighty-three, passed peacefully away, on Tuesday evening last, from single blessedness to matrimonial bliss, after a short but sudden attack by Mrs. ——, a blooming widow of thirty-five."

"Any seats in the next car?" asked a passenger in a crowded car of a waggish conductor. "Plenty of 'em," was the reply; "but" (as the passenger gathered up his effects preparatory to emigrating) "they are all full!"

Mrs. TIP-TOP, in imitation of the Countess POURTALES, of Paris, gives a Ball, at which she requires her Guests to *appear in Short Dresses.*

NOT TO BE BEATEN.

FIRST YOUNG LADY (*with pride on her brow*). "Ah, *my* Mamma has a Carriage!"
SECOND YOUNG LADY (*with more pride on her brow*). "Oh, that's nothing; *my* Mamma can take her Teeth out, and put 'em back again!"

EXTEEME POLITENESS.—Etiquette requires, in the Chinese conversation, that each should compliment the other and every body belonging to him in the most laudatory style, and deprecate himself, with all pertaining to him, to the lowest possible point. The following is no exaggeration, though not the precise words:

What is your honorable name?
My insignificant appellation is Chang.
Where is your magnificent palace?
My contemptible hut is at Luchan.
How many are your illustrious children?
My vile, worthless brats are five.
How is the health of your distinguished spouse?
My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well.

The latest puzzle has relation to a very lamentable fact in regard to the present spring. It is,

CC
SI

Which a long-headed friend interprets to mean, "the *C*'s on *is* backward;" and so it is.

The minister who boasted of preaching without notes, didn't mean to be understood as referring to greenbacks.

Quilp suggests hair-pins as the only sure preventive of hair falling off.

A COLD SNAP—Breaking your leg on the ice.

An orator, who had raised his audience to a great height by his lofty soarings, exclaimed, "I will now close in the beautiful and expressive language of the poet—I forget his name—and—and—I forget what he said too."

NEW BOOKS.

Some writers seem to fancy there is something in a name, at any rate as far as regards a work of fiction. Perhaps they think that readers are attracted by a title, like plebeian millionaires. We shall not be surprised if, before the year be over, the following new works are announced as being "nearly ready" for the public:

Corks or Bladders. By the Author of *Sink or Swim.*
The Harvest of a Busy B. By the Author of *The Harvest of a Quiet I.*
Big Bores. By the Authoress of *Little Foxes.*
Crack it Up. A Sequel to *Live it Down.*
Sweets to the Suite. A Tale of the Court; being a Companion work to *Tonic Bitters.*
As Much Again as Half. By the Author of *One too Many.*
Cap and Scissors. By the Author of *Sword and Gown.*
Winks through a Window. A Sensation Sequel to *Lights through a Lattice.*
Good-tempered Greengages. A Romantic Novel, written by the Author of *Cross Currants.*

The following is Aunt Betsy's description of her milkman: "He is the meanest man in the world," she exclaimed. "He skims his milk on the top, then turns it over and skims the bottom."

"What are you doing there, Jane?"
"Why, pa, I'm going to dye my doll's pinafore red."
"But what have you got to dye it?"
"Beer."
"Who on earth told you that beer would dye red?"
"Why, ma said it was beer that made your nose so red, and—"
"Here, Susan, take this child."

"Mike, why don't you fire at those ducks? Don't you see you have got the whole flock before your gun?"
"I know I have; but, you see, when I get a good aim at one, two or three others will swim right 'twixt him and me."

A young woman's conundrum. Who is our favorite Roman hero?—Marius.

"Father, why don't we ever see any faces at the window?" asked a son of his parent, as they were passing an insane asylum. "Because their heads are turned," was the affectionate father's reply.

LAUGHING IN THE PULPIT.—Said Mr. C——, a Presbyterian minister of some notoriety, "I never laughed in the pulpit only on one occasion, and that came near procuring my dismissal from the ministry. At one of the first discourses I was called to deliver, subsequent to my ordination, after reading my text and opening my subject, my attention was directed to a young man with a very foppish dress and a head of exceeding red hair. In a slip immediately behind this young gentleman sat an urchin, who must have been urged on in his deviltry by the Evil One himself, for I do not conceive the youngster thought of the jest he was playing off on the spruced dandy in front of him. The boy held his forefinger in the red hair of the young man about as long as a blacksmith would a nail rod in the fire to heat, and then on his knee commenced pounding his finger in imitation of a smith in making a nail. The whole thing was so ludicrous that I laughed, the only time that I ever disgraced the pulpit with any thing like mirth."

A little boy, returning from the Sunday-school, said to his mother, "Ma, ain't there a kitten-chism for little boys? The catechism is too hard!"

The attempt to start an asylum for useless young men failed, as no building could be constructed large enough.

A NATURAL QUERY.

DRIVER. "Will any Gentleman Ride Outside to Oblige a Lady?"
OBLIGING GENTLEMAN. "With Pleasure! But—a—*which* Lady is it that I'm going to Oblige?"

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

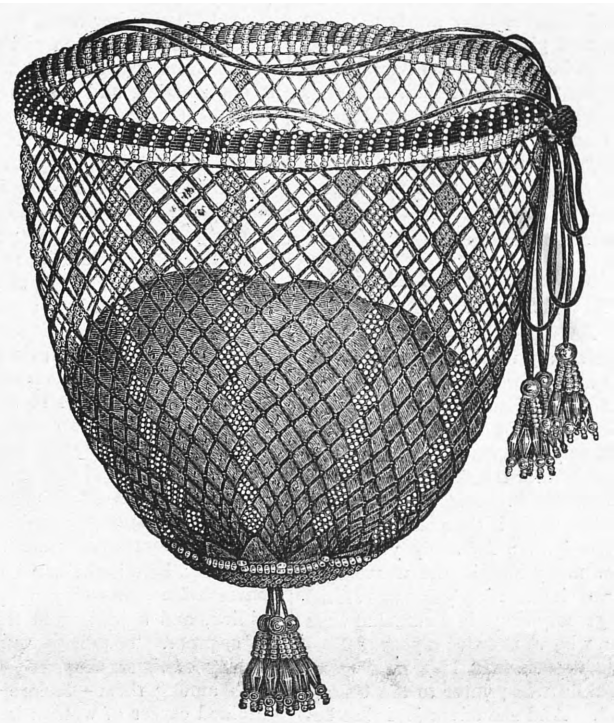
VOL. I.—No. 36.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Silk and Bead Mushroom Net.

MATERIALS: Two skeins of black silk twist, crystal beads; a whalebone hoop twenty-inches in circumference.

This net is used for drying mushrooms. The original is made of black silk twist and crystal beads, and is kept in shape by means of a whalebone hoop. On this hoop fasten three cords which terminate in bead tassels. In the centre, which forms the bottom of the net, put a large bead tassel. For making the net cast on a mesh, three-fourths of an inch in diameter, 66 stitches; join in a round, and work 21 rounds; work the 22d round over a mesh a little over an inch in width. Now prepare the bottom of the net with crystal beads; for this string 22 beads, join them in a ring, string again 22 beads, run the thread through the 8th of the last 22 beads, counting from the beginning; in doing which run the needle from left to right, * then string on seven beads, pass over two beads of the ring, and fasten the thread on the thread on which the ring of beads was strung, run it then back through the last five beads, string on seventeen beads, run the thread again, sticking the needle from right to left, through three of the seventeen beads, and repeat from * nine times. At the end of the round string on, instead of 7 beads, only 2, and fasten the thread. In the 2d round join the bottom to the net; for this commence with a new thread, which fasten between the 7th and 8th bead of one of the bead-loops of the last round which are still free, run the thread through the next two beads of this loop, * string on two beads, run the thread through six stitches of the last round of the net, push these stitches close together, run the thread through the 7th and 8th bead of the next loop, and repeat from * in the round. Then fill with crystal beads those holes of the net which extend upward six stitches apart over the knots made by fastening the net to the bead bottom. Begin by joining the thread to one of the squares, then string on four beads, wind the thread around the opposite thread of the square, run the thread back through these beads, again wind around the thread of the square, and string on four beads, and repeat in this manner till the square is filled. In the pattern each square contains three rows of beads.

In passing from one square to another, run the thread through the last row and pass it through the knot. Now fasten the foundation stitches to the whalebone ring by stitches, on each of which is strung 16 beads. At regular distances fasten on the three double cords with tassels. The tassel on the bottom of the net is similar. This net may be also worked of gray wool without beads.



SILK AND BEAD MUSHROOM NET.—REDUCED SIZE.

ADAPTING OURSELVES TO THE NEW AGE.

ONLY the most obtuse sort of people fail to see revolutionary changes when they have fairly set in, and only the most frigidly conservative neglect to conform themselves to their new requirements. Most plastic of things, this world, in its political, social, and circumstantial forms, is ever being moulded into novel shapes, for which we can not altogether prepare beforehand, but which, when challenging us as accomplished facts, we should promptly accept, and as promptly incorporate into our schedule of life. To neglect this is not simply to lag behind the age and be stifled by the dust and débris that its moving wheels leave after them, but it is to cheat yourself of the greatest advantage of society, in losing the impulse which it imparts to all who keep abreast with its mighty movements.

Recent changes have affected the entire economy of American life, and, either directly or indirectly, have extended to every interest, pursuit, and enterprise in the land. No man can think, write, act as he once thought, wrote, acted. Europe after the Crusades was not more thoroughly shaken up than we have been, nor was it more troubled to find solid foundations for the reconstruction of society than we are just now to adapt ourselves to the imperative demands of the strange régime. The trouble is the greater because of the immense complexity of interests, each clamorous for itself, each overstating its own wants and selfishly unmindful of its neighbor's weal. But there is one thing we can all understand, and the sooner we understand it the better for us: viz., the country is too big for any pet interests; too vast for any focal concentration on this or that local need; too much threatened, moreover, with collapse for any sectional or class favoritism. So closely are we now united together, so firmly welded into one compact mass, and so freely does capital circulate from the centres of the country to the extremities, that what one portion feels all must feel, and what works injury in one part does damage to the whole. To some extent this was always the case; and the main oversight in our former management of national matters was in not realizing the deep import of the fact. But as things now stand, a new epoch opening, a new class of problems insisting on a speedy solution, it is the instinctive suggestion of the common mind of the country to shun any and every thing in legislation, or even in sentiment, that would tend to foster one interest at the expense of another, or prejudice one class against another.

The worst sign of degradation is shown by a people when it is too imbecile in mind or too callous in heart to learn any thing from the bitter lessons of experience. Heaven has no help for such, and no pity. In the new condition of affairs our experience in the past is worth more to us than any ancient logic or historic precedents; and if we are skillful to turn that experience to good account, we can extricate ourselves from the entanglements in which we are involved. But fool-hardiness is in the way. And this fool-hardiness is "legion" in the number of its sources and the multitude of its shapes. By the time one enumerates the fool-hardiness of wealth, of extravagance, of affectation, of rash daring, of power, of fanatical intellect, of crazy schemers, he is well-nigh ready to despair of the country. Obviously enough this high-pressure state of things can not last. Business must get back into regular channels. Gambling can not continue to impose upon our credulity by means of handsome words. Speculation must be left to those who can afford to confront risks. And in the present crisis of thought and principle—no less a crisis than that approaching to trade and industry—we can all put forth our manhood to exorcise that demon of looseness and latitudinarianism which has taken up its lodgment in the heart of the country.

One of the greatest of truths is, that a prosperous and powerful people need the self-restraint and the self-guidance which the spirit of exact economy prescribes for public and private life even more than a struggling and suffering people. Prosperity and power have no reality, no permanency, no value, if we let go this old-fashioned, sturdy virtue. A deluge of good-fortune is, indeed, very generally welcomed; men and women have no alarms then, and no forebodings; and Providence is fashionably talked of, and the feeling grows that life after all is worth having. But we do well to remember that

STREET DRESS WITH BASCHLIK FICHU.—FRONT.

For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 15 and 16.

STREET DRESS WITH BASCHLIK FICHU.—BACK.

For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 15 and 16.

it is nevertheless *a deluge*, and that because it is a deluge it is certain to sweep away a vast amount of honesty, integrity, virtue, and happiness. And hence the need of *adaptation*—a moral, and social, and political need beyond the compass of words to express. The hardy pioneer who takes his muscle and will from the oaks and rocks with which he keeps company, or Kane near the North Pole, or Du Chaillu in the heart of Africa, can be much more easily acclimated to their hazardous positions than we of this day and country. The air is full of Champagne, very pleasant to breathe, but can we keep our heads?

PRIMROSE-DAYS.

INSCRIBED TO ROSIE REID.

'Tis many a year since last we met—
Twenty years of changing weather;
And yet I never shall forget
The happy days we passed together.

And you were young, and more than fair,
And I was—well! I'm greatly altered;
They're streaks of gray amid my hair,
But still my love has never faltered.

It was my first love—in its way
Something Platonic in affection—
Which might have seen our wedding-day
If guided in the right direction.

But you were young, and I was young:
Our parents said that we were heedless,
And proved that Shakspeare wisely sung
About the course of love—'twas needless.

But still, this feeling which I knew
When life was in its primrose season—
And it was May the whole year through,
Despite of almanacs and reason—

Has never changed, but still remains
The very same, perhaps 'tis stronger;
For love, 'tis said, like lemon-stains,
Gets brighter as it lasts the longer.

I know 'tis folly to recall
The hours we passed with one another,
Ere I was married to Miss Hall,
Or you'd become an anxious mother.

But why—this puzzles me!—at night
Should, in my dreams, you come to bless me,
When all day long, as is but right,
It is my wife who doth caress me?

Am I to live those days again,
In, so to speak, a second childhood,
When, free from life's dull care and pain,
I rambled with you through the wild-wood?

No! precious golden days of youth,
You never can return to cheer me!
And—well, forgive the sober truth—
The days are best that now are near me.

WOODBINE COTTAGE, FORDHAM, *June*, 1868. BARRY GRAY.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1868.

WHOLESOME NEGLECT.

THE *nimia diligentia*, the too great diligence, or excessive interference with nature, so emphatically denounced by the satirist, is probably as prevalent a fault in these modern as it was in ancient times. The overbusy finger is nowhere more apparent than in the physical rearing—to which we now only refer—of the young. Children are apt to be regarded merely as lumps of clay, to be fashioned at the will of their parents. They are, however, it should be recollected, living beings, with an inherent principle of growth which is to be developed. The main purpose of education should be to educe this original element, and allow it all the expansion of which it may be capable. It is, however, too often the practice of parents to do the reverse, and try to mould their children into forms of which nature has given no indication.

The artificial process begins as soon as the child is born. The very swaddling-clothes are so many bonds by which it is restrained of the natural freedom of its body, and its growth so directed that it may assume a shape conformable to some conventional notion or other. This continues from infancy upward, and the dress is a constant obstacle to the natural development of the physical structure. Until the mother gets rid of the idea of *giving* a form to her child, and learns that it is her duty to accept what nature bestows, the health and vigor of whole generation. will continue to be sacrificed. In early youth the great essential of physical development is freedom. The clothes, accordingly, should be so loose as to allow of the freest play of the very flexible body and limbs of infancy and childhood. In the cut of their garments no regard should be had to any fashion or notion of taste which may interfere with ease of movement. It is particularly important that there should be no obstacle in early life to the natural growth, for at that period the human structure is composed of a soft and pliable material, which may be made to assume almost any shape, however perverted; and a deformity thus and then produced will remain a deformity forever.

The overanxiety of fastidious mothers in regard to the manners of their children, leads also to an interference with their grace and vigor of growth. Romping boys and girls are often checked for being noisy, while they should be encouraged. Their racing and shouting are instinctive efforts at development, and essential to the strength of lung and muscle. Those who are unable to bear the noise of children are unfit to have or take charge of them.

The lengthened silence and constrained postures imposed by most school-teachers upon their youthful pupils are as inhuman as they are absurd. Let any grown person, in the possession of all his maturity of strength and power of will, place himself or hold a limb in any fixed position, and see how long he can do either. The action, however easy at first, is soon, if persevered in, followed by weariness and pain. There is only a single posture—that of a person lying at full length—which can be borne unchanged for a long time. All other positions of the body and limbs being assumed contrary to gravity, and consequently costing an effort of will and muscle, soon become wearisome, and finally impossible. All muscular action requires variety for relief. It is contrary to nature, therefore, for teachers and parents to enforce fixed positions upon their pupils and children. "Hold up your heads!" "Sit straight!" "Keep down your hands!" "Don't lean on your elbows!" "Don't bend your knees in walking!" and the other importunate commands so often heard in the nursery and schoolroom, are not seldom harmful interferences with natural action. Nature, after all, is the best posture-master, and gives lessons not only of health but of genuine grace. Let parents and teachers be less busy, and leave their children's bodies and limbs at least to their natural movements and attitudes. Such an abstinence of interference may appear to careful mothers a neglect, but we assure them that it would be a *wholesome neglect*.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Another Letter to Jane.

MY DEAR JANE,—I have received your little note asking me what I advise you to do since you must now support yourself, and saying that the occupations really open to women are so few as to be utterly disheartening. Not so few as you suppose, my dear Jane. You meet this subject for the first time, and you know very little about it. But a woman like Mrs. Dall, who has made it the point of her reflection and investigation for many years, can tell you in how many handicrafts women are engaged and proficient. Fifty years ago all the dry-goods and grocery shops in Nantucket were kept by women, who went twice a year to Boston to renew their stock. In 1745 a sister-in-law of Dr. Franklin was printer to the Colony of Rhode Island. And she advertised that besides the laws she would print linens, calicoes, and silks in lively and durable colors. Margaret Draper printed the *Boston News-Letter*, and was so good a Tory that the British Government pensioned her when the Revolution began. There are a great many women employed in printing-offices now, and a very few years ago a Printers' Convention at Springfield, in Illinois, resolved that the employment of women in printing-offices was a decided benefit in point of morals and steady work, and offered better wages to a deserving class; and the gallant and sensible printers recommended such employment wherever practicable.

And now that we are in for it, my dear Jane, let us look at a few more facts that are interesting as well as serviceable. Twenty years ago, in the textile manufactures of the United States (and if textile is a hard word, say woven fabrics), there were 53,828 men employed and 75,710 women. This proportion, or a still greater, appears in all the factory returns of that time. Then there were twenty-seven other employments mentioned in that census which engaged about 7000 women. The occupations ranged from makers of glue and grinders of watch-crystals up to physicians and stereotypers. Mrs. Dall adds ten other employments from her own experience. The census of the city of Boston for 1845 gives twenty-eight employments in which women were engaged. But there were many omitted. Five years later there were twice as many women as men making shoes in the shoemaking town of Lynn. But "Hannah binding shoes" received only half as much money in wages. All such facts, of course, are very imperfectly collected; and the result of observing them is that the number of women who are employers is absurdly disproportioned to that of those who are employed.

Now, my dear Jane, I know that you will ask me of what use can it be to you to know that there are so many possible employments, when you are not skilled in any; and you will add that, even if you were, you know how coldly, even if politely, your offer to work would generally be received. But there you are not quite correct. It is only in a certain kind of employment that the woman is considered to be at least a doubtful worker. And even there it springs from a false theory both upon her part and that of the employer. In many instances the fault is in the woman. I remember, my dear Jane, when the School of Design was started in New York, the object was to instruct women as designers of patterns for muslins and prints of all kinds, and a class was formed of wood-engravers. I was interested in the school, and it seemed to me that women might especially succeed as wood-engravers, so I went to one of the most experienced and successful engravers in the city and consulted with him.

"Don't you see the difficulty?" he asked, with great kindness and interest.

"No," said I; "you must instruct me."

"Well," answered he, "I have employed women here very often, and I wish I could feel more encouraged. But the truth is, that when a young man comes to me, and begins his work, he feels that it is his life's business. He is to cut his future out of the little blocks before him. Wife, family, home, happiness, are all to be carved by his hand, and he settles steadily and earnestly to his labor, determined to master it, and with every incitement spurring him on. He can not marry until he knows his trade. It is exactly the other way with the girl. She may be as poor as the youth, and as wholly dependent upon her labor for her living. But she feels that she will probably be married by-and-by, and then she must give up wood-engraving. So she goes on listlessly, she has no ambition to excel; she does not feel that her happiness depends upon it. She will marry, and then her husband's wages will support her. She may not say so," said the engraver, "but she thinks so, and it spoils her work."

It is idle to say that a girl ought not to think so; that she ought to remember that every girl is not married, and that many of the noblest and most famous and most useful women in the world have been single. My dear Jane, I do not quarrel with any apple blossom upon that tree in the orchard because it secretly believes that by next October it will be a fine, round, rosy, ripe apple. Its deepest instinct is to believe it. I know that the relentless storms of September may shake it off; that the worms and insects may ruin it; and that, even if it survive to be an apple, it may be a wretched, withered, gnarly, sour little failure of a fruit. But it is an apple blossom, and it asks what are apple blossoms for but to become apples? I confess that I have no answer to that question. And when the young girl says, "I shall probably be married, and then my husband will earn our living," I am dumb again, and I feel profoundly that Queen Elizabeth, and Elizabeth Fry, and Dorothea Dix are no reply.

Besides, here is the usual tone of feeling and conversation confirming my young lady in her opinion, and appealing to the very instinct itself as proof. The clergymen and the lecturers—many of them, the excellent Timothy Titcomb among them—declare that the heaven-ordained career of woman is the family, which is undoubtedly true as a proposition, but is senseless as an argument in the discussion. Then come the poets, those prodigious mischief-makers; and somebody in the "Spanish Student" says, "What I most prize in woman is her affections, not her intellect." True for you, high-stepping Don of the blue blood—but *après?* What then? Are you positively enamored of fools and simpletons, provided they are affectionate? Then, as for the newspapers, alas! my dear Jane, hearing this sort of talk upon all sides, what is a poor woman to do but to say to my friend the engraver, "I am willing to learn this business, because I must do something for my living. But I am sure all the time that Frederick Augustus Alfonso is coming up stairs, and when he arrives and knocks at the door, and asks me if I am ready, I must, of course, drop my knife and wish you good-morning."

Then what is my friend the engraver to do but say, "My dear young lady, I should never have been a master engraver upon that principle, nor could I have built up any business whatever; and as here is my young friend John, who has his living to earn, and wishes to earn it by wood-engraving, and I have room but for one, I must take the one who can be of most service to me and to himself; and so, before Frederick Augustus Alfonso has even reached the first landing, I must, with the sincerest regret, wish you a good-morning."

Of course, the poor girl is bewildered. She had a natural feeling, which has been carefully fostered by all the influences around her. She expresses it, and this is the hard result. Now, if I met her upon the stairs, as she came perplexed and sorrowful down, I should say to her: "My dear, listen to an old bachelor, who would gladly help you. You are right in supposing that the natural domestic destiny of a young woman is marriage. But you make two mistakes. The first is in assuming that, of course, *you* will be married, when you see that, despite the destiny, so many young women remain single; and the second mistake is, in supposing that a married woman need not have any remunerative employment. I grant you that there are difficulties. A poor woman, with young children, whom she must take care of, because she can not hire a nurse to take care of them, can not go very regularly to an engraver's office to work. That is plain, and why deny it? Then all I say is, that if Frederick Augustus Alfonso *does* come, you may be taken from your work either partly or wholly. If only partly, you will have made a great mistake if you have so imperfectly and carelessly learned it as not to make your labor desirable to an employer. If wholly, then a result will have occurred which it was foolish in you to take for granted. It is fair and true enough to say that it is the destiny of women to be mothers. But, now that you are obliged to earn your living, remember that it is very probable that you will be an exception; and, even if you should not be, remember that no work which is not good work will give you a living, and that work is good only by being sincere and intelligent. What is worth doing, says Poor Richard, is worth doing well."

When I was in Italy, my dear Jane, I was one day in the studio of a celebrated sculptor—well, why should I not say at once, since I am going to tell only an honorable story, that it was the studio of Hiram Powers—and we were speaking of his early struggles and his great success.

"Why, Mr. Bachelor," said the sculptor, "I was a very young man when I was married, and I hadn't a cent in the world beyond my wages; and my wife hadn't a cent either. What did we do? We clubbed our industry and determination, and when we were married each of us thought himself twice as rich as before."

And so they were; and I commend the story to the attention of people who think that they can not afford to marry. But what was the secret of this wealth of united poverty? It is very plain. Each felt it to be a duty to contribute to the common support, and mutual affection made it a pleasure, and stimulated to the utmost exertion. We wise people shake our heads dolefully over young men who have no profession or no employment. But why not over young women? It does not matter how rich a youth may be, we say, he ought to know how to do something. And how about the young women? If we do not expect or require them to have any means of support we expect them all to be rich or to be maintained by husbands. Very well, my dear Jane, in Massachusetts there is a prodigious surplus of unmarried women in the population. Nor only that, but there are a great many more women of all conditions than men, thousands and thousands of them. Now, if all of these thousands who can not marry because there are not men enough, are not rich enough to support themselves, and have not rich uncles and brothers enough to support them, what are they to do? The Reverend Doctor Slopley tells us that God planted the first pair in the Garden and all subsequent pairs in the nursery, and that home is woman's sphere, and the care of the cradle her natural right. Brother Flapdoodle informs us in his paper of the same fact. Will Slopley and Flapdoodle have the goodness to mention upon which male person the female person for whom no mate is provided is to draw for her next quarter's rent? In the actual circumstances would it not be just as wise for us to exhort all young women to train themselves to earn their own living as we exhort young men? Then, if Frederick Augustus Alfonso does come up stairs and knock at the door, they may go with him, and return or not as they choose. But don't, my dear Jane, work listlessly because he *may* come. If you do you will be as exquisitely foolish as Frederick himself, if he should learn his trade carelessly, because some old uncle *might* return from India and make him a millionaire upon the spot. The chance is greater in your case, I allow, but it is a certainty in neither; and you must not act upon a chance.

I have not answered your question, dear Jane, but I have made my first approach, as they say in siege operations; and I know you've had enough for to-day. Keep up a stout heart, and believe me your true friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SUMMER BONNETS.

SOMETHING new in bonnets and round hats is always anticipated during the present week. The Chantilly races incite French milliners to daring deeds of invention, and their contemporaries on this side of the water find, since the turf has become a fashionable institution here, that their customers expect something fresh and original for the gala days at Fordham Park. One of our leading milliners defers her opening of round hats until June, which is quite early enough for the races and watering-places, and yet gives her the benefit of any late foreign novelties. Other milliners have added to their early importations many graceful and eccentric designs, varying from the tiny puffed fanchon, or the diadem and mantilla, to the broad-rimmed Marie Antoinette, and the sea-side "Mandarin."

The picturesque mantilla bonnet is the most attractive of the summer styles, and is selected for evening drives, for fêtes, and the watering-places. The mantilla veil draping the head and shoulders is the principal feature of the bonnet, and gives its name to the coiffure. It meets with such favor in Paris that it is prophesied that we shall soon banish the bonnet altogether, adopting the veil in its stead. The French Empress is partial to the fashions of her native Spain, and now that her youth is gone she finds the coquettish drapery of her countrywomen becoming and useful, as it softens and conceals the ravages of

time. While this pretty caprice revives fading beauty it is equally capable of heightening youthful charms.

This Spanish fashion has made black lace a universal favorite for summer bonnets. It was once thought that black lace was only suitable for elderly ladies; but gossamer tulle and Chantilly in fanciful puffs and flowing drapery, ornamented with field flowers, with metallic leaves, and real butterflies and insects, are gay enough for the most youthful belle of the season.

An elegant bonnet from the Maison Laure, Paris, a house celebrated for its rich laces, is of the finest Chantilly. The shape is the smallest possible fanchon with a raised diadem, in the centre of which is a large jet ornament with an aigrette of the gay plumage of the colibri on each side. This is called a Marie Antoinette aigrette, as it stands quite erect. A tassel or frill of the lace falls beneath the chignon on the shoulders, while the mantilla veil is brought forward and crossed on the breast, falling far below the waist. The price is $75.

Another is a diadem fanchon; that is, as its name declares, a diadem of lace quilled on a bandeau. It is scarcely two inches wide on the top, but is fitted so snugly to the head, and the diadem is so prominent, that it has quite the appearance of a bonnet, giving the wearer a stately air instead of the frivolous look one would naturally connect with this tiny coiffure. A band of cut steel that glitters like diamonds holds the quilling securely. A crimson rose with trailing vine and buds ornaments the left side. Wide black lace strings, fastened with a lace rosette and rose-buds.

Among the flowers used are field blossoms of every hue, arranged in the same cluster. These are prettily made of feathers, imitating nature admirably. Dark crimson roses, and bright Solferino shades are seen instead of the invariable scarlet rose so long worn. Diadems are made of dwarfed wheat, half ripe, or metallic leaves of a golden brown or yellowish green shade. Ivy and myrtle leaves of the deepest green, and trailing grasses hang loosely over the chignon.

A bridal bonnet of white embroidered tulle is formed of three puffs, separated by rouleaux of white satin. The coronet is a wreath of the white eglantine, or the wild rose. Drooping sprays of the same flower with its glossy green leaves and tendrils fall backward from the front. A deep mantilla of tulle edged with lace hangs over the shoulders almost to the waist, and is held together in front by a rosette of satin and eglantine buds.

A similar bonnet is of plain white blonde with a spray of clematis on the coronet, extending down the left side to mingle with the long créped curl now worn over the shoulder. A Marie Antoinette aigrette, which stands upward, is fastened on the right with a pearl ornament.

A white chip bonnet, evidently French, is of an eccentric shape that can only be worn by a very stylish person. The crown is flat and square, with a pointed front turned up at the sides, and flaring out from the face. A black ostrich feather in the centre of the front extends over the top to the back. At the left is a large rosette of blue satin. A moss rose-bud and leaves inside the pointed front serve as face trimming. Narrow blue strings tie behind.

The prettiest straw bonnets are made of straw lace in guipure patterns over colored silk. Rows of the lace are sewn together, and finished with a straw fringe at the back. A tasteful one over green silk has a velvet coronet, surmounted by a row of pansies. Strings of green corded ribbon, with straw lace down the centre.

ROUND HATS.

Among round hats the Marie Antoinette is selected for the sea-side and watering-places. This has already been made familiar to many of our readers by Ristori's faithful copy of the costumes of that beautiful queen. It has a high flat crown, with broad rim gracefully curved. A very stylish one is of chip. A long blue ostrich feather fastened in front by a jet agrafe extends over the top of the hat, hanging down on the rim. Inside the rim is a quilling of blue ribbon. Another of black lace has a wreath of roses and moss clambering over it. A hat of rich Tuscan straw has the rim covered with black lace. A spray of sweet-brier clambers over the crown. Another of modest elegance is of brown Dunstable straw bound with satin, of the dull dead-leaf brown shade, not the reddish Bismarck. A rosette of quilled satin in front forms the agrafe for a long ostrich feather that curves over the crown to the rim.

Another sea-side and garden hat is appropriately called the "Mandarin." It is broad and flat like the Chinese umbrellas, and serves at once for bonnet and parasol. It approaches almost to a point in the centre. The only trimming is a cluster of lace, ribbon, and wheat ears directly on the top. A veil of spotted tulle is fixed permanently to the hat beneath the trimming on the top, and falls below the rim all round. A row of black lace trims the rim inside.

A jaunty hat, designed for the races, is called the "Nymph." A favorite model is of black crinoline. It is simply a high, round crown, encircled with parallel rows of black satin piping. A quilling of lace with a vine of jet leaves in the centre forms the only rim or border. At the side is a cluster of field daisies, wild violets, and cornflowers. A mantilla veil of dotted blonde falls over the chignon, and is caught in front by a similar cluster of flowers.

Turbans are worn very high, and are broad enough to fit the head and reach slightly over the chignon, a more comfortable shape than the narrow-peaked hats of last season. The rim is curved outward, and turned up around the edge. A fall of lace, shaped like the mantilla veil, but narrower, is added to turbans, giving them very much the appearance of bonnets. They are surrounded by steel bands for trimming. Flowers and lace are sewn on the curved borders.

Traveling hats of piqué, of linen, and shirred cambric, made on rattans and cords, are in favor. Pretty models were illustrated in a former Number of the *Bazar*.

VARIETIES IN DRESS.

Foreign correspondents advise that the rumor of the probable abandonment of trains is not without foundation. Already many fashionable Parisiennes have appeared in what are called round-skirted costumes. These are neither very long nor very short, but are a return to the medium-length skirts worn before trains were adopted for full dress, and short dresses considered indispensable for the street.

The ball of the Countess of Pourtalès, where all the ladies were requested to appear in short dresses, has given fresh impetus to the idea of introducing short skirts for dancing. Long trains are graceful when gracefully worn, but they are a burden in a crowded ball-room to both the wearer and her partner. Gentlemen advocate the Pourtalès skirt, and prove their zeal in the cause by selecting partners whose drapery will not interfere with the pleasure of the dance.

We have already mentioned the suggestion of one of our most tasteful importers of French costumes, that short muslin dresses for evening may be made available for promenade and driving costumes by the addition of a fichu or polonaise. A pretty dress of this kind is of white organdy over pink poult de soie. The skirt has a flounce ten inches deep, headed by a double ruffle edged with narrow Valenciennes. On the gored front and side widths are simulated sashes, descending from the belt to the knee, made of Valenciennes insertion and lace. The low waist is formed of lengthwise puffs graduating smaller toward the belt, and separated by insertion. Wide neck-band of lace. Short puffed sleeves. In the ball-room the skirt is to be festooned on each side by a bouquet of roses. A paletot, with Marie Antoinette sleeves and short sash of wide pink ribbon, is added for the street.

A novelty in dress goods is Chambery gauze over satin of a contrasting color, producing the beautiful chameleon effect now so much in vogue. A dark rich combination, suitable for a brunette, is black gauze over cherry satin; for a blonde, transparent white over sea-green, and blue over gold. Pearl gray and pink, lavender and butter-cup color, and green over rose, are displayed together, blending with pleasing effect. These goods come in dress patterns, of which there are no duplicates. The gauze is arranged over the satin and folded with it as they are to be cut together. The price is $80.

Chambery gauze is the favorite material of the season for full dress. It has all the lustre and light gossamer appearance of grenadine, but is more substantial, and does not so soon become limp and stringy. White is especially desirable for evening dress, trimmed with satin bands of a bright color piped with white. Stripes of butter-cup color, of violet, wood color, or grass green alternating with white, are made with long skirts scalloped at the edge, and bound with satin of the same shade as the stripe. The scallops must be faced with white net to stiffen them and prevent curling up. The net facing is not hemmed at the upper edge, as it is held securely by the binding. A blue and white Chambery gauze has all the widths of the skirt but the front one, cut in sharp scallops two inches deep and bound with blue satin. The scallops extend up the side seams, overlapping the front breadth. A Marie Antoinette flounce, widening to the knee in the centre, extends across the front width. Low waist and fichu. A solid white Chambery has a box-pleated flounce, bound on both sides with lavender. Three bands of cross-cut satin—lavender piped with white—descend from the belt sweeping around toward the side. Similar bands put on in crescent shape form a tablier trimming in front. The low corsage has Grecian folds on the breast alternately of satin and Chambery. Shallow bands for sleeves.

A pale shade of buff just now in favor is described by fashion writers under several different names, such as sulphur, corn color, salmon, and lastly *couleur d'Isabelle*, suggestive to those versed in Spanish history of soiled linen. An imported suit of Spanish linen of this peculiar shade, plainly made with two skirts and paletot, trimmed with black embroidered stars, is valued at $100. The rare color, and the Parisian make of the garment, are the items that make up the bill rather than the intrinsic value of the materials.

Foulard silks in this new tint are selected for afternoon dresses. Dark brown and gray foulards, with skirts of different shades of the same color, were made up for the Jerome races. Mantillas and pelerine capes loosely tied behind are worn over the polonaise. When there are two skirts the mantilla is the only wrapping. A suit of blue Japanese foulard has the lower skirt bordered with a box-pleated flounce. The upper skirt is scalloped around and edged with fringe. The back widths are puffed up *en paniers*. Plain high waist and coat-sleeves. A scarf mantle fits snugly over the shoulders, and is passed under the belt back and front.

An elegant carriage toilette is of poult de soie of the new buff tint. The untrimmed trained skirt has tapes attached half-way down the back seams, with corresponding ones at the waist, by which the skirt is bunched up to produce the panier effect. The over-dress is longer in front and back than at the sides. The scalloped edges are bound with capucine satin, beneath which is a fall of wide Chantilly lace. The jacket, half-adjusted to the figure, is trimmed with folds of brown satin put on lengthwise with a piping of capucine satin. Chantilly edging held slightly full is sewn each side of the folds.

A unique addition to dressy toilettes is a kind of apron which almost forms a third skirt. It is cut long and rounding in front, sloping upward at the sides to the back, where it is held by a rosette or bow with sash ends. The upper skirt is raised at the sides and back in large puffs, and trimmed like the apron with cross-cut bands of satin. The lower skirt is plain.

A black velvet waistband, resembling the peasant waists formerly worn, is beaded with jet. At the back and sides are cords and tassels for looping up the skirts of the dress.

The cardinal collar of linen, two inches wide all around, shaped to fit the slope of the neck, is selected for breakfast and street dress, instead of the standing collar. The Oxford or sailor's collar, deeply pointed on the shoulder, is worn by young ladies and blondes. Such breadth of plain linen is found to be very trying to dark complexions. A band of velvet, either black or colored, worn above the collar, is a relief to the glazed surface. We again remind our readers that dresses are cut very much lower at the throat, and simply corded without the standing binding lately worn.

A negligée sacque for cool mornings is of white moutonné, faced on the under side with Solferino opera flannel. The edges are scalloped and worked in seed stitch with white floss.

Bathing suits of buff, blue, white, and scarlet serge are made with full blouses pleated into a square yoke. The sleeves are full and gathered into a band at the wrist. The trowsers are buttoned at the sides and held full at the ankle, like the Garibaldi pants worn by boys. The trimming is wide braid of a contrasting color. Self-colored flannels and the shepherd's plaid, small black and white check, make neat and inexpensive suits trimmed with black braid. Plain flannel suits may be bought as low as $4. The serge, fancifully trimmed with appliqué of merino in fanciful designs, varies from $10 to $25.

Thanks are due Mesdames PAGE; FLAMMÉ; FERRERO; DIEDEN; VIRFOLET; and BAILLARD; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.

PERSONAL.

SOME years ago, when MARIO and Mrs. MARIO were singing in this country, he was not a little annoyed by the nightly attendance at the opera of a thin, bony old lady, who draped herself in the most expensive and conspicuous of silks, and in the stage-box, which she always took (the party had money), sat and leveled her soft glances at the great tenor. She followed him throughout Europe and this country for the pleasure of indulging in that little bit of admiration. Something of the same sort has happened to Lord LYONS. When in Washington he was introduced to a very handsome lady, Mlle. T—— G——, whose mother was a Spaniard and father a Frenchman, but a naturalized American citizen, residing near New Orleans. As it was at the young lady's request the first introduction took place, Lord LYONS was very polite toward her, almost to the verge of a flirtation. Time rolled on; his lordship came to Paris, and the young lady went to St. Petersburg. The rumored marriage of Lord LYONS with the widow of a noble brother diplomatist brought his admirer from St. Petersburg. She sends daily invitations to his lordship to join her dinner-parties, to come to her balls; she presents him with costly gifts that are immediately returned. Being rich, well-connected, and witty, she has the *entrée* to every circle, and is sure to arrive soon as his lordship, about whose movements she is kept well-informed. The French ladies humor the lady's whims; but the matter is becoming so annoying that the first lady in France has promised to use her influence in the rescue of the hard-hearted Embassador from his fair tormentor.

—Speaking of hats: DANIEL WEBSTER wore a hat the size of which was seven and five-eighths; THURLOW WEED wears the same size; ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S was seven and one-sixteenth; DANIEL LORD'S, six and seven-eighths; HORACE GREELEY'S, seven and one-half; JAMES GORDON BENNETT'S, seven and three-eighths. Mr. JAMES T. BRADY has a head as large as that of any public man in the country.

—Bishop TUTTLE, just translated from the diocese of Montana to that of Missouri, is the youngest American bishop, and the youngest ever consecrated to that office. He is thirty-one years old, and possesses uncommon energy and ability. He was elected Missionary Bishop of Montana in 1866, but, on account of age, was not eligible for consecration until last year.

—The language of compliment has seldom been carried to a higher point than by VICTOR HUGO, who, in reply to an extravagant puff addressed to him by a lady, replied: "You, Madame, are the daughter of a poet and the wife of a poet, daughter of a king and wife of a king; you are a queen yourself and more than a queen—a Muse. Your aurora smiles on the darkness of my night. Thanks, Madame; and I kiss your feet!"

—Mr. BURLINGAME is not a Yankee, although his political career was commenced in Massachusetts. He was born in Chenango County in this State, and the Chenangonians have just got awakened to a lively sense of the importance of that natalitious occurrence.

—The patricians of France are now and then quite as rough with their wives as the patricians of Ireland. The Duke de MOUCHY, who married the Princess ANNA MURAT, has been guilty of flogging his wife repeatedly. Once she forgave him; but when he repeated the offense she quit his "bed and board" forever. She is said to be very beautiful, and, by all odds, the best member of the Murat family.

—Another MURAT—Prince ACHILLE—is now in the papers as having just married a lady who claims to be a lineal descendant of MEDEA, the lady who indiscreetly compromised her husband with Captain JASON. The noble houses of England who are proud to trace their descent from some companion of the Conqueror, are, genealogically speaking, families of yesterday in comparison with many of the Continental nobility—such, for example, as the MASSIMI, of Rome, who can show a clear line of descent from FABIUS MAXIMUS. There is now in the English navy a lieutenant, GEORGE PALEOLOGUS by name, who, as the lineal heir of the PALEOLOGI, is a claimant of the throne of the ancient Greek Emperors of the East, and whose pedigree in antiquity and splendor surpasses that of any of the haughtiest houses of England.

—An article of interest recently appeared in the *Paris Figaro* in regard to the New York Press. The writer remarks:

"With the exception of *Harper's Weekly* the illustrated papers are not worthy of the name or even of being mentioned. Their coarse and somewhat licentious engravings meet with that success that an appearance of nakedness, however modest, would create at school."

—The eccentricities of Mr. BANCROFT furnish pleasant topics of chat for Berlin folk. The latest concerning him is, that he has become a great admirer of the daughter of MEYERBEER, the renowned composer. Mr. BANCROFT is always to be found at the residence of MEYERBEER'S widow, who lives with her daughters and her son-in-law, the celebrated painter, RICHTER, in a very beautiful villa in the Thiergarten. One of her daughters is not yet married, passably young, passably good-looking, has read a good deal, is a good conversationalist, and just the sort of a woman learned men like to talk with. Mr. BANCROFT is her most constant attendant. The other day he was taking a walk with her and the other ladies in the Thiergarten, when a lady and two cavaliers, all mounted on splendid horses, passed them at the full gallop. "How magnificent that looks!" exclaimed Miss MEYERBEER; "how I envy that lady for being so good a horse-woman!" "Why do not you ride on horseback, Miss MEYERBEER?" asked Mr. BANCROFT. "Because I have nobody to ride with me, and a lady, you know, can not take rides without a cavalier." "I shall learn to ride," said BANCROFT, "and in four weeks you shall have a cavalier." BANCROFT kept his word. Despite his sixty years, he took riding lessons, and on the 1st of May he and CECELIA MEYERBEER were seen on horseback in the Thiergarten. A pretty good romance for Berlin, but inaccurate as to the horse; for Mr. BANCROFT has been known for many years as one of the most frequent and one of the best equestrians in Central Park.

—The custom of allowing the bride to enjoy a monopoly of the wedding presents was not adhered to at a recent fashionable wedding in St. Louis. The groom was substantially remembered in a special *douceur*, the donor of which was the bride's mother. In a silver urn or pitcher was a plain-looking bit of paper, which was found to be, by those who had the curiosity to examine it, a check in his favor for $25,000. What a model mamma-in-law!

—Mrs. CAROLINE H. DALL advertises for a young woman to study theology in a Massachusetts theological seminary. She should be a person who is "strong in health, with a proper preparatory education, and a clear, agreeable voice, who is ready to take advantage of such an opening, and able to defray at least one half of her expenses, or a sum less than $200."

—The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who has just proposed to abdicate in favor of the King of Prussia, is ERNEST II., fifty years old and childless. He is a brother of the late Prince ALBERT, and the heir to the throne is the Duke of Edinburgh, the sailor prince. Queen VICTORIA has been requested, as guardian of her son's right, to allow the duchy to pass to King WILLIAM. It has only 159,431 inhabitants, and covers only 816 square miles.

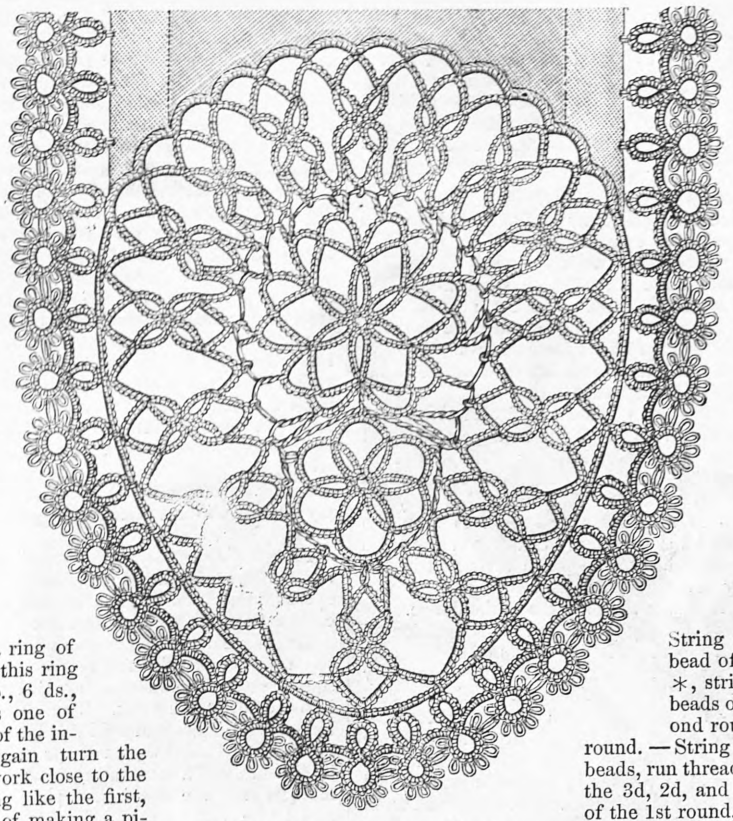
—An incident highly creditable to the PRINCE OF WALES occurred at the late annual dinner of the Royal Academy, which is thus described in a letter from London to the Chicago *Tribune:*

"The Royal Academy dinner, given before the exhibition of paintings is opened to the world, is one of the most exclusive in England. Cabinet Ministers and a few dignitaries are invited by right of their position; but an Academician who wishes a person not of that class to be invited must subject the name to a ballot, wherein one black ball is fatal. Mr. BRIGHT is an admirer of paintings, and some one, without his knowledge, has, on two or three occasions, suggested that he be asked to become a guest. Up to this year, however, a black ball has excluded him. To the dinner just held he was invited unanimously. The PRINCE OF WALES, who was in the chair, seeing Mr. BRIGHT in the room, shook hands with him, and had a long talk with the Radical Chief. The Prince then expressed to the managers of the dinner a desire that Mr. BRIGHT should be called upon to speak, and suggested that he respond to the toast for the House of Commons. This, however, was impracticable, another member having already been solicited to perform the duty. It was proposed to initiate a toast to 'Trade and Commerce,' and Mr. BRIGHT was begged to speak upon it; but, whether he guessed that he was being asked to speak for mere curiosity-sake or not, or for some other reason, he declined, and was not, in point of fact, included among the orators of the night. Before the company separated the PRINCE OF WALES told Mr. BRIGHT he had felt nervous in having to propose so many sentiments. Mr. BRIGHT said there was no reason for the nervousness, as he had spoken very well. 'Oh,' said the Prince, 'it was not the company which made me nervous, but the task of having to speak before so great an orator as yourself.' While every thing is told which can depict the PRINCE OF WALES as careless, frivolous, and I know not what, a circumstance which shows his good sense and his independence of the commonest prejudices of the aristocratic class ought not to be omitted."

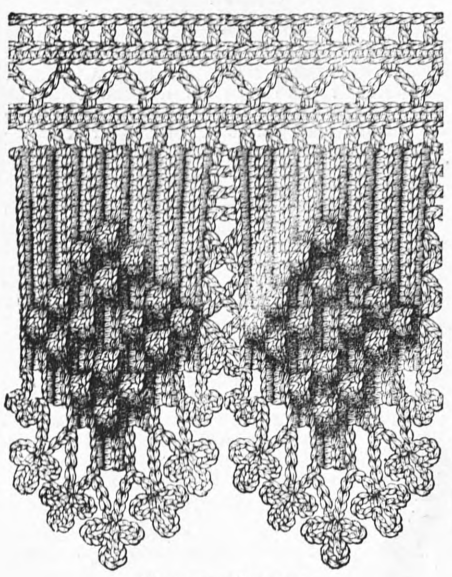
—FANNY ELLSLER, who pirouetted in this country five-and-twenty years ago, is now 57 years old, having been born in Vienna in 1811. What stretch of the imagination can associate her former "sylph-like form" with the unsylph-like form commonly bestowed by cruel nature upon the sex in the second half century of their existence? She is said to have inherited a superfluousness of vulgar flesh which gives her an appearance altogether mundane, and limbs very unlike those with which she pirouetted herself into the affections and the pockets of the admirers of the "human form divine." What a modest maiden was that who did a *pas seul* before King Herod, and when told that whatever she might ask would be granted, contented herself with asking for the caput of John the Baptist, which she got and carried away on a charger; but our modern danseuse took the young heads of a whole city, and was herself the "charger" of a high price for doing it—five hundred dollars a night.

End of Cap String or Cravat.

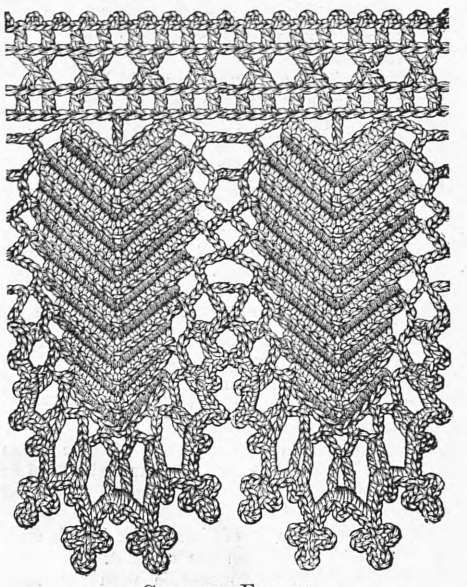
THE illustration gives this end in the full size. It consists of a tatted medallion and an edge of tatted lace, and is worked in fine tatting cotton with two threads. Work, first, the two rosettes which form the centre of the medallion, and afterward the insertion that incloses the rosettes. The larger rosette is worked as follows: Tie together the foundation thread and working thread, and work with the last alone a ring of 10 ds. (double stitches), 1 p. (picot), an eighth of an inch in length, 10 ds.; * at the end of this ring, which is to be held downward in working, work over the foundation thread 8 ds., 1 p., 8 ds., by which is formed one of the scallops which are seen on the pattern. Then turn the work again, and work close on the end of this a ring like the other, but in this case, instead of making a new picot, join to the picot of the former ring. From * repeat four times. After this work another scallop, and fasten both threads to the foundation thread of the first scallop, where it is joined to the first ring. This completes the first round of the rosette. Then work on this the second round: first, over the foundation thread, beginning where the threads are joined * 6 ds., 1 p., 5 ds.; fasten to the picot of the next scallop of the former round, and work 5 ds., 1 p., 6 ds.; join to the thread between two scallops and repeat five times from *. This completes the large rosette. The smaller rosette is worked in the same manner as the large one, the second round being omitted. The insertion border is worked in two rounds as follows: For making the outer round tie the foundation and working threads together, and work *, first, with only one thread, a ring of 8 ds., 1 p., an eighth of an inch in length, 8 ds.; then turn this ring downward, and work over the foundation thread 6 ds., 1 p., 6 ds., which forms one of the scallops of the insertion. Again turn the work, and work close to the scallop a ring like the first, but, instead of making a picot, join to the picot of the first ring. Having again turned the work, make a scallop like the first, and repeat from * fifteen times; but the scallops on the under part of the medallion must count a few more ds. than the others. Having completed the last scallop, fasten the working thread to the first ring, and cut it off. The second (inside) round is worked like the other, but the rings must all be worked without picots, and fastened to the rings of the first round instead, as shown in the illustration; and the scallops are smaller, counting only 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds. Sew the finished edge to the rosettes, fastening both on pasteboard to prevent their being drawn out of shape, and in sewing twist the long threads in the manner shown in the pattern. The medallion is now joined to the end of the ribbon, the remaining outer edge having been previously edged with a round of double stitches, which is worked over a foundation thread and joined at regular distances to the outer edge of the scallops of the insertion round. The number of stitches between two picots varies, and is to be noticed in the pattern. For making the lace tie together the two working threads, and * work with only one thread a ring of 8 ds., 1 p., 8 ds.; now turn the work, and work close to the ring just finished, also with only one thread, a ring of 2 ds., nine times alternating 1 p., 2 ds., after which fasten this ring to the former one at the point where the stitches were joined in a ring, so that both rings stand opposite each other as shown in the pattern. Having again turned the work, work over the foundation thread 9 ds., which forms one of the scallops which join the rings, and repeat from *. The lace must be sewed on the ribbon and medallion



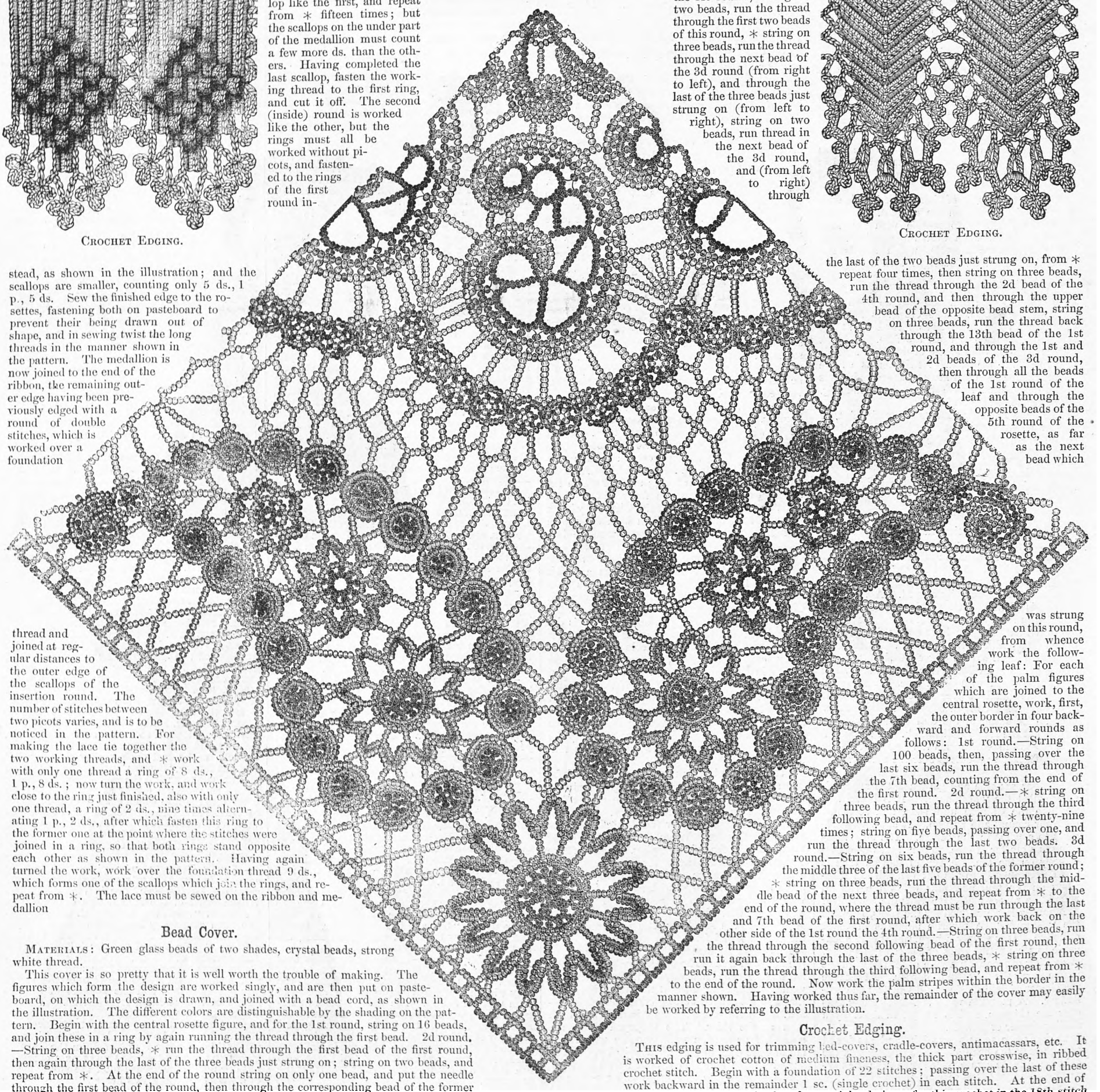
END OF CAP STRING OR CRAVAT.



CROCHET EDGING.



CROCHET EDGING.



BEAD COVER.

Bead Cover.

MATERIALS: Green glass beads of two shades, crystal beads, strong white thread.

This cover is so pretty that it is well worth the trouble of making. The figures which form the design are worked singly, and are then put on pasteboard, on which the design is drawn, and joined with a bead cord, as shown in the illustration. The different colors are distinguishable by the shading on the pattern. Begin with the central rosette figure, and for the 1st round, string on 16 beads, and join these in a ring by again running the thread through the first bead. 2d round.—String on three beads, * run the thread through the first bead of the first round, then again through the last of the three beads just strung on; string on two beads, and repeat from *. At the end of the round string on only one bead, and put the needle through the first bead of the round, then through the corresponding bead of the former round, then again through the first and second beads of this round. 3d round.—String on one bead, run the thread through the next upright bead of the former round, and repeat in the round. At the end of the round run the thread through the first bead of this round. 4th round.—Alternately string on five beads, passing over three beads of the last round, and run the thread through the next bead. Finally, put the thread through the first three beads of this round. 5th round.—In this round work simultaneously the bead stems which serve to hold the leaves of the rosette. * string on six beads, run the thread—passing over the last bead—back through the other five beads, and then through the middle and last two beads of the five beads of the last round; string on one bead, run the thread through the next three beads, and repeat from *.

At the end of the last single bead which is strung on work, now, the first of the eight leaves of the rosette in four backward and forward rounds, as follows: 1st round.—String on fifteen beads, and, passing over the last three, run the thread back through the remaining twelve, and through the opposite bead of the 5th round of the rosette, and then again back through the first four of the thirteen beads. 2d round.—String on three beads, passing over two; run the thread through the next bead (from right to left), and again back through the last of the three beads; * string on two beads, run the thread through the next bead of the 1st round, and again back through the last of the two beads; repeat from * five times, then run the thread through the 14th, 13th, and 12th beads of the 1st round, and again back through the 13th. 3d round.—String on four beads, * run the thread through the next upright bead of the former round, string on one bead, repeat five times from *, string on one bead, and run the thread through the first two beads of the second round. 4th round.—String on two beads, run thread through the 3d, 2d, and 1st bead of the 1st round, and also through the bead lying opposite, then back again through the first bead of the 1st round; string on two beads, run the thread through the first two beads of this round, * string on three beads, run the thread through the next bead of the 3d round (from right to left), and through the last of the three beads just strung on (from left to right), string on two beads, run thread in the next bead of the 3d round, and (from left to right) through the last of the two beads just strung on, from * repeat four times, then string on three beads, run the thread through the 2d bead of the 4th round, and then through the upper bead of the opposite bead stem, string on three beads, run the thread back through the 13th bead of the 1st round, and through the 1st and 2d beads of the 3d round, then through all the beads of the 1st round of the leaf and through the opposite beads of the 5th round of the rosette, as far as the next bead which was strung on this round, from whence work the following leaf: For each of the palm figures which are joined to the central rosette, work, first, the outer border in four backward and forward rounds as follows: 1st round.—String on 100 beads, then, passing over the last six beads, run the thread through the 7th bead, counting from the end of the first round. 2d round.—* string on three beads, run the thread through the third following bead, and repeat from * twenty-nine times; string on five beads, passing over one, and run the thread through the last two beads. 3d round.—String on six beads, run the thread through the middle three of the last five beads of the former round; * string on three beads, run the thread through the middle bead of the next three beads, and repeat from * to the end of the round, where the thread must be run through the last and 7th bead of the first round, after which work back on the other side of the 1st round the 4th round.—String on three beads, run the thread through the second following bead of the first round, then run it again back through the last of the three beads, * string on three beads, run the thread through the third following bead, and repeat from * to the end of the round. Now work the palm stripes within the border in the manner shown. Having worked thus far, the remainder of the cover may easily be worked by referring to the illustration.

Crochet Edging.

THIS edging is used for trimming bed-covers, cradle-covers, antimacassars, etc. It is worked of crochet cotton of medium fineness, the thick part crosswise, in ribbed crochet stitch. Begin with a foundation of 22 stitches; passing over the last of these work backward in the remainder 1 sc. (single crochet) in each stitch. At the end of the second round begin the first figure of the design: for this crochet in the 18th stitch

of the round 1 ch. (chain stitch), 3 dc. (double crochet), 1 ch. ; crochet, also, four chain stitches at the end of this row, in order to gradually widen the lace, and, passing over the last stitch, work the third round; in every stitch 1 sc., leaving the stitches of the figure without working, by which they lie loosely on the foundation. The illustration plainly shows the figures and the widening and narrowing. The open round that joins every two teeth is worked as follows: 1 sc., 1 ch., 1 sdc. (short double crochet), 1 ch., 1 dc., 1 ch., 1 tc. (treble crochet), 1 ch., 3 cross stitches, each separated by a chain stitch. With every chain stitch of this round pass over a stitch of the last round. Then repeat from the first round. The upper edge of the lace is worked in five rounds, as shown in the illustration, and the under edge as follows: * 1 sc. in the first projecting corner of the foundation, 8 ch., 1 sc. in the 3d of these, 5 ch., 1 sc. again in the 3d of these; 1 sc. in the next corner of the foundation, 10 ch., 1 sc. in the 4th of these, 7 ch., 1 sc. in the same 4th of these, 7 ch., again 1 sc. in the 4th of the first ten chain; 2 ch., 1 sc. in the next corner of the foundation. All the figures are worked in the same manner, except that the number of stitches which form the stem of the leaf-like figures differs as shown in the illustration.

PEASANT WAIST WITH SASH AND TUNIC.—BACK.

PEASANT WAIST WITH SASH AND TUNIC.—FRONT.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 41–45.

DRESS WITH DOUBLE SKIRT—LOOPED UP.

Dress with Double Skirt—looped up.

THIS dress is of gray foulard, trimmed with pleated ruffles of the same material. The short upper skirt is looped up in the manner shown by the illustration. Under this is arranged a piece of the material of the dress, which is finished by a wider pleated ruffle on the bottom, and is so arranged as to simulate a second skirt looped up.

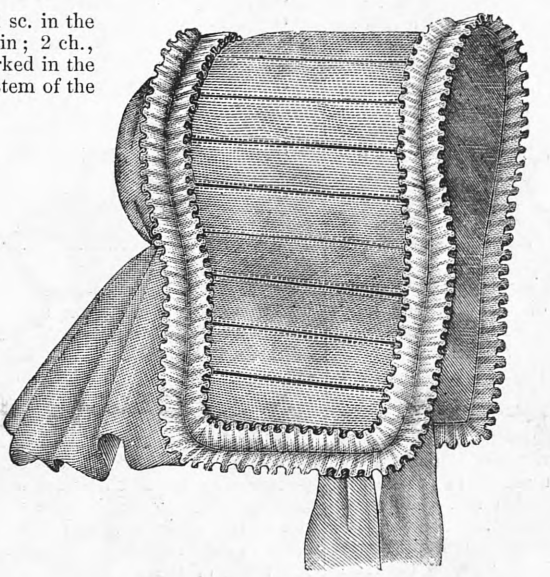
Sashes.

THE sashes here given are very tastefully arranged. The sash, Fig. 1, is of white satin ribbon, ten inches in width. The ends are each thirty inches long, and are finished with knotted fringe, while the top is arranged in two or three pleats. For the bow, cut of the satin ribbon and stiff lace lining four pieces from Fig. 18. Baste the satin on the lining, after which trim one edge, and turn over both corners in such a manner that the trimmed edge shall fall in the middle of the triangle which is thus formed. Then lay four pleats in each of these pieces, always bringing × on ❶, and sew the leaves thus formed on a foundation of the lining, covering the place where they are sewed on by means of a satin loop. Having fastened the pleated ends of the sash under the bow, sew the whole to a belt which is made of satin folds.

The sash given by Fig. 2 is of black gros grain. It consists of two ends, each twenty-four inches in length by nine inches in width, which are finished on the bottom with black silk knotted fringe, in one long loop twelve inches in width, and two shorter ones, each six inches in width. The place where these are set on the belt, which is also of black gros grain, is covered with a pleated piece of the same material.

CAP WITH VELVET RIBBON.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 46.



HELGOLANDER GARDEN HAT.

For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 17.

The sash given by Fig. 3 is of lilac silk. The ends are lined with lilac silk, and trimmed, as shown in the illustration, with a quilling of the same material and bias satin folds. The four short loops which form the bow are also bound with lilac satin. The place where they are sewed on is covered by a loop of the silk. The silk is an inch and a half in width, and is fastened behind with hooks and eyes.

GUIPURE LACE CAP.

For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 19–22.

Crochet Edging.

See illustration, page 564.

THIS edging is worked in medium fine crochet cotton. The thick leaf-like part consists of eighteen rounds in ribbed crochet stitch as follows: 10 ch. (chain stiches) for the foundation; passing over the last of these, work backward 4 sc. (single crochet) in the next four stitches, 2 sc. separated by a ch. in the fifth stitch; 4 sc. in the last four stitches. At the end of every round crochet 1 ch., and in the middle ch. of every round crochet 2 sc. separated by a ch. In this manner work the next five rounds till there are ten stitches on each side of the middle ch., then work four rounds with the same number of stitches, which is done by passing over the first and last stitch of every round, and nar-

Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 3.

SASHES.—[For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 18.]

row two stitches each in the 11th, 13th, 15th, 17th, and 18th rounds, by passing over two stitches at the beginning and end of each round, and in the intervening rounds leaving the stitches the same, which is done by passing over only 1 stitch at the beginning and end of each round. Border the leaves with chain stitch scallops, of which each counts five stitches; and at the same time join the leaves by fastening together the middle stitches of the fourth and third scallop of each with 1 sl. (slip stitch), the second scallop with 1 dc. (double crochet), and the first with 1 tc. (treble crochet). The upper edge of the lace is formed by the following four rounds:

1st round—1 sc. in the first of the upper corners of a leaf, * 3 ch., 1 tc. in the middle stitch of the upper edge of a leaf, 3 ch., 1 sc. in the second corner of the same leaf, 9 ch., 1 sc. in the first corner of the next leaf; repeat from *.

2d round—Alternately 1 dc., 1 ch., passing over one stitch.

3d round—Cross double crochet stitches, separated by 1 ch. passing over one stitch.

4th round—Alternately 1 dc., 1 p. (picot, which consists of 3 ch., 1 sc. in the dc.), passing over one stitch.

Lastly, crochet on the outer border of the leaves two rounds as follows:

1st round—1 sc. in the middle stitch of the fifth scallop of the leaf (counting from the upper edge), * 5 ch., 2 sdc. (short double crochet) in the middle stitch of the next leaf, 5 ch.; in the middle stitches of the next two scallops each 2 dc. followed by 5 ch.; then in the middle stitches of the next three scallops 2 tc. followed by 5 ch.; then again in the middle stitch of the two following scallops 2 dc. followed by 5 ch.; then 2 sdc. in the middle stitch of the next scallop, 5 ch., 1 sc. in the middle stitch of the following scallop, 2 ch., 1 sc. in the middle stitch of the next free scallop of the next leaf; repeat from *.

2d round—1 sl. in the last ch. of the first scallop of the former round, * 2 sl. in the next two stitches, 5 ch. which form a picot, 3 sc. on the same scallop, 2 dc. separated by a picot between the first dc., 3 sc., 1 p., 3 sc. on the next chain stitch scallop, 2 sc. separated by a p. between the next 2 dc; in each of the following four chain stitch scallops always 3 sc., 1 leaf, 3 sc.; each leaf consists of 6 ch., 1 sl. in the first of these repeated twice; 5 ch.; 1 sc. in the same ch. which was worked in the sc.; between every two dc. crochet always 2 sc. separated by a picot; now follow 3 sc., 1 p., 3 sc., in each of the two next chain stitch scallops, 3 sl., in the following 3 stitches, 1 sl. in the last ch. of the first free scallop of the next leaf. Repeat from *.

JOEL HUTT'S NEW HOUSE.

I AM a district-school teacher in West Virginia. The life is quiet and monotonous, if one is willing it should be so; but a little observation, aided by human sympathy, may give it interest and even romance. Some teachers might be able to write narratives of their own experiences; but it has not fallen to my lot to be a heroine, and having no story of my own I prize more highly those of my neighbors. I have many a nice budget stored away in head, heart, and portfolio.

Three years ago this spring I found myself without an engagement for the summer "quarter," and the first of April approaching. After many inquiries I heard of a school, which I was told was such hard work and poor pay nobody wanted it. Having no other choice I concluded to apply. It was five miles from home by the road, and three across the hills. The former way was so impassable with mud that I preferred walking, my sister Mary going with me. A warm rain had fallen the day before, and the sky was still cloudy, but betokening nothing worse than spring showers. Those that had already fallen had set the birds crazy with delight, filled the air with the smell of the soil, and made the ferns and mosses brighten out among the old dead leaves as they only do in March.

We had been directed to Joel Hutt, who lived "just beyond that hill where you kin see the clearin'." Woods and deep hollows lay between, and we were not sure that upon emerging we would find the "clearin'" whose unsightliness was plainly visible in the distance. Over logs and across rocky brooks, through underbrush, and up the hill-sides, where the yielding loam sent us back when we pressed most earnestly forward, until we came out in an open field about a quarter of a mile to the right of the stump and log covered hill. In the centre of the field before us stood a house and barn.

"How glad I am," said Mary, as she climbed the fence, "that we found the place so easily. I am quite tired enough to stop!"

"Don't be too well pleased with appearances. I don't believe that is the house."

"Oh, it must be! There is no other house in sight but that one away over on the next ridge, and it can't be so far off as that, I know."

"But that is beyond the hill we were directed to, while this is nearer than the hill itself."

"I wonder if it wouldn't be best to inquire, instead of talking the matter over here," said my active sister, as she started in the direction of the house. It was a two-story frame, straight and stiff in every outline—such a house as you may see any where and every where. This was all we observed as we passed through the field toward it. Half a dozen wild-looking cattle were trying to pick the young grass from among the dry timothy stubble. As we approached they raised their heads, snuffed the air, and ran off at full gallop.

"Not much used to company!" said Mary. "And only look at the house. I wonder where the people live?"

"This is the front, I suppose, and they stay in the back kitchen."

"But there is no road here, and neither gate nor foot-path."

"Little need of gate with only this fragment of rail-fence. But let us go round to the other side."

The other side was just the same. The same rectangle, containing the same number of windows, and a door painted red. All the windows were hung with blue paper blinds which closely fitted the frames. The thresholds were some feet from the ground, but there were no steps. No paths in the yard, which was only a small inclosure for the protection of some fruit trees that had been planted around; they might have had some ten years' growth. There had been some attempt at ornament, for a cedar and an arbor vitæ grew at what seemed intended for the front of the house. The bricks of the chimney were not discolored by smoke, and the paint was weather-beaten, but not worn from the doors and frames. The fine big barn, standing a little way off, had been well used. Wagon-wheels had cut deep ruts around it, and a straw stack stood at one side.

We were thoroughly interested and puzzled. That a new house should have stood so long empty in a section where so many were anxious to buy or rent was unaccountable. We were very certain that neither Joel Hutt nor any one else had ever lived there.

"Well," I said, "shall we go on to the other house?"

"Across that deep hollow and up another hill? I don't believe that's the place."

"But where else can we go?"

"Come on, then. It would be hard to come so far and see nobody. And then I want to inquire if this house is haunted," said Mary, who was alternating between amusement and annoyance.

Across the hollow and up the hill we went. The house was an old log one, a story and a half high, and having one wing—a small frame kitchen, which seemed to be a late addition. There was a porch in front, up which a honey-suckle had climbed so long ago that its thick stems seemed to support the moss-grown roof as firmly as did the craggy old posts. In the yard stood one of those huge apple-trees whose spreading branches are good for nothing but shade and snug props to robins' nests. Behind the house were fruit trees which promised bright things for May and good things for harvest. As we approached a woman came out on the porch and blew a tin horn.

"We are in good time for dinner," said Mary; "this long walk has made me hungry enough to enjoy it."

Although we were opening the gate when the woman concluded this dinner-call, she only glanced toward us and hurried into the house.

"Cool that, now wasn't it? I'm afraid we'll have no invitation to help them eat that nice ham I smell."

Some minutes after we knocked a voice, in quaint and measured tones, bade us "come in." On entering we saw the same woman who had blown the horn sitting in the corner knitting. It was the position and occupation she thought best for a reception.

"Good-day," said the woman, still knitting.

"Good-day," I answered. "Does Joel Hutt live here?"

"Yes."

"Is he in?"

"No."

"Is he at home?"

"I reckon he'll be yere soon. I've blowed on him for dinner; but he's over in the fur field a-plowin', and if he ain't at the end of his furrow he won't stop till he's done."

"Do you know whether a teacher is engaged for the school?"

"No, we haven't got none yet. You want it?"

"I came to see about it."

"Won't you take cheers and wait till Joel comes?" And at last she rose and pushed two chairs out a little from their places by the wall.

"Did you come fur?"

"About three miles."

"Which way?"

Mary pointed toward the unoccupied house, and said, "That way."

"Whose girls are you?"

"Mrs. Rood's."

"Over by town? Oh yes, I've heerd of her often. I thought mebby you was old man Johnson's daughters, they're school marms. He lives over on Mill Creek. D'ye know him?"

"No, ma'am."

Just then we heard the horses coming down the road, their chain traces rattling to every measured tramp.

"Joel's comin' now," said Mrs. Hutt, and she hurried to the kitchen and began poking the fire and getting out dishes. Presently we heard Joel come in, and while he washed she explained who we were and what was our errand. Then she came to the door of the sitting-room and said, "You might as well take off your things and stay to dinner," and we immediately untied our hats in assent to what was intended to be a warm invitation. We followed her to the kitchen where the table was spread. Joel stood behind one of the chairs, and, as we entered, nodded to us and sat down. He was a fine-looking farmer of about thirty-five. As we ate I made known my errand to Joel, and found I could get the school "if the other directors was willin'." Then we talked of the weather and the crops until almost through the meal, when Mary asked:

"Who lives in that house over there?"

Joel, to whom the question was addressed, evidently desired to seem not to hear; and, finally, his mother answered, quite shortly in tone and letter, "Nobody."

"Where do you calkilate to board?" said Joel, before another question could be asked.

"I am not acquainted with any one in the district. How far from here is the school-house?"

"Something less than a mile."

"Do you ever board the teachers?"

"Sometimes I used to," said Mrs. Hutt; "but I'm not so smart as I was onst."

"Oh, well, it will be season to look for boarding when I'm sure of the school. When will you let me know?"

"About the last of the week, I reckon," said Joel, as he rose from the table.

Returning home we again passed the empty house.

"If it has a ghost story connected with it the Hutts don't seem inclined to tell it. And I believe they had some reason for not wanting to talk about it. Didn't you think they avoided it?"

"Yes; but if I live here this spring I will find it all out for you."

"I wouldn't board with those people if I were you. They are so queer, and with only those two old folks you will be so lonesome."

"Every body is queer; and you know I don't often have time to be lonely when I teach. Then I will come home for Saturdays and Sundays, and talk over the week with you and mother."

We reached home and were refreshing ourselves with rocking chairs and apples when the click of the gate-latch announced a visitor, Miss Sarah Jane Singell. Sarah Jane don't come often—don't go any where often, and, consequently, is more queer than most people. Her greeting consisted of two or three funny little nods, each accompanied by an unspellable sound that meant "how d'ye do?"

"Good-afternoon, Sarah Jane; take this arm-chair."

"Any one will do," said Sarah Jane, as she took the chair and tried to arrange her skirt in such a way that one little fold might be coaxed to touch the floor. To do this required a rather awkward position; but Sarah Jane maintained it throughout her call, and by much pulling and patting managed to have her drapery look tolerably well.

"Are your folks all well, Sarah Jane?"

"Yes 'm; you uns all well?"

As the conversation proceeded she said, "Are you a-goin' to teach this summer, Hanner?"

"Perhaps. I have been to apply for a school to-day."

"Where at?"

"Over in Hutt's district. Do you know any thing of the place?"

"Oh yes, lots. My cousin William lives there, and I've been at his house often."

"We were at Hutt's to-day. Do you know them?"

"Yes, I went there once with cousin William's wife to spend the afternoon, and then I've heerd her tell a heap about them. There was four boys of them, but they're all married now but Joel. Hiram, he's livin' out West; John, I s'pose you've seen him. No? Why, he used to come to our house a-courtin' lots of times." Sarah Jane's faded face blushed at the recollection. "But he was given to drinkin'," she continued, in explanation of the fact that his wooing had been unsuccessful. "Sam—" she was going on to tell of the whole family; but being more interested in Joel than Sam I asked her if she knew any thing of the unoccupied house that had so excited our curiosity.

"Yes, that's on Hutt's land. Joel built it."

"Did any one ever live in it?"

"No; but Joel was to 'a lived in it."

"Why didn't he, then?"

"Well, them that told me said I wasn't to tell; but I reckon I might say as much as that he was to 'a married somebody, and was disappointed."

"Was it any one we know?"

"I guess I oughtn't to tell."

"Tell us if she married any one else."

She hesitated a minute, and then nodded in answer, as though she might divulge a secret in that way which her conscience would not let her speak. We were interested, and would have liked to question further; but Sarah Jane reproachfully and penitently told us we "oughtn't to ask her, seein' that she re'ly mustn't tell;" and after asking for a sleeve-pattern she took her departure, making me promise never to tell any one in Hutt's district that she ever told me any thing.

"Because you see it wouldn't do, for I promised them that told me that it shouldn't go any farther."

Two weeks after I was teaching the school and boarding with Mrs. Hutt. She "reckoned I wouldn't be much trouble. I looked as though I could wait on myself." She was very kind, and the five days of each week which I passed with her were not so tiresome as Mary had feared for me. As I saw more of Joel, I learned to respect him exceedingly. He was a good son, a considerate master, merciful to his beasts, and manly and straightforward in all his dealings. I wondered often if the girl who left him for another had found that other so true and worthy. Her name was Robena Allen. I discovered it accidentally. One morning, when Mrs. Hutt was busy preparing for the "hands" who were to come that day and help plant corn, she asked me if I would "mind makin' up the beds and doin' a little sweepin' for her." The sweeping had to be followed by dusting, and as I brushed the books on a home-made table in Joel's room, I thoughtlessly looked them over. A "North American Reader" and some other school-books with worn, yellow leaves, "The Lives of the Presidents," "History of South America," a book of Indian wars, and a Bible, on the blank leaf of which was written, in a large, irregular hand, "Presented to Robena Allen by her friend, Joel Hutt." Robena Allen was her name then. This was the girl for whom the house had been built, for Joel was not the man to make presents to every one. To him a book like this, with faded pinks and rose-leaves pressed within, expressed no transient feeling, but the hope and disappointment of a lifetime.

I knew her name; but as the time passed, I began to fear I would learn nothing more about "the New House," as the children of the neighborhood called the object of my curiosity. I would not inquire of my pupils, and I made no other acquaintance.

Two months of my term were past when one day a change came to our quiet life. When I came from school I saw Joel sitting in the barn-door, stroking the head of his dog, his head so bent that I passed without being seen. In the house Mrs. Hutt sat in the best room, while in her place in the kitchen a neighbor woman was bustling about preparing supper. A letter had come from the West, telling that Hiram was dead.

The bit of paper gave the bright May-day a sad closing. "It's goin' to be a warm, growin' day," Mrs. Hutt had said to me as I started for school in the morning; and Joel had asked me to observe "what an uncommon lot of cherries he was goin' to have!"

To her, sighing for her first-born, and to him for a playmate brother, the sun's mild setting gave no promise of to-morrow's light and heat. The rays goldened the young leaves and lingered on the floor at the poor old woman's feet, but house and field were dark to her. And though Mrs. White and I tried to busy ourselves, and keep much bustling work going on as usual, the house would at times grow fearfully still; and at last nothing more could be thought of to do, and all was silent except the chirping of the cricket under the hearth, and the murmuring of Mrs. Hutt about "poor Hiram."

Joel broke the silence by saying, "Mother, we must talk about what we had best do."

"Not to-night, boy. Leave me to-night to think of what's done."

But it was talked of, and decided that Joel should go for the children. Hiram's death had orphaned three, of whom their step-mother intimated she would be willing to be relieved. They were in Iowa. Joel thought he could be back in three weeks; and after arranging for his absence he went, charging me to "take good care of mother."

I kept her from being lonesome by letting her entertain me. She spent the evenings by the kitchen stove, her feet on the hearth, and her elbows on her knees, and in that position she was most talkative, and would tell me stories for hours. She liked to dwell upon "old times," as she called every thing past, and I was beginning to weary of hearing about her husband and her relatives, near and far, when she came to the story I had so long expected.

It was a warm evening, and I had persuaded her to sit with me on the porch. Over the tree-tops across the hollow the New House showed white in the moonlight. I was thinking how Joel and Robena Allen might have been living there—how a honey-suckle like this might have climbed over the door, under which, on such evenings, a happy family might gather—how Mrs. Hutt might have lived through her old age without task or care. I turned to look at her. Weary old woman! Hands which have grown hard and brown with the work of threescore years should rest for the little time remaining. There should be little feet to run the errands, little hands to comb the gray hair from the wrinkled brow—there should be love and comfort in abundance for weary old age. But then to Joel's wife, as to many women, "grandmother" might have been only an unthanked servant; and perhaps she is happier in being her own mistress. When the children come she will have company and help. They may move into the new house then, and forget old cares in pleasant new ones.

I was thinking this way when the robin in the apple-tree above waked up, and twittered contentedly as it settled to rest again. "Good-night, little neighbor," I said. Its voice and mine roused Mrs. Hutt from her reverie. She looked at me, then at the new house, and in a half-frightened voice, said,

"You might often a-wondered about that house over there?"

"I have wondered why you did not occupy it, when it is so much better than this."

"Joel won't never allow that; nor he won't rent it out neither."

She was silent some minutes, and then said half to herself, "I reckon I might as well tell you. You seem most like one of the family, any how."

Then, sitting in her favorite position, her elbows on her knees, she told the story, beginning as though I already knew a part:

"The girl's name was Beny Allen. They lived in sight of yere, right over acrost them fields there. The house is gone now. It was such an old, tumble-down thing that as soon as they went away the man that bought the place (it was a little farm—only thirty acres) cleared it right off, and built round on t'other side of the hill. Well, when Joel and Beny was children they was always uncommon fond of each other, and many a time we used to joke them on it. When they grew old they never thought of goin' with other young folks—that is, of keeping particular company with them, you know—and it was a kind of understood thing from the first that they was to be married some day. And we was all well enough pleased about it, too. Beny was poor, to be sure, but we had a plenty; and then we never did think money nor land was the only thing. And I will say it for Beny that she was as smart and pretty a girl as there was any where round. She was a great hand at housework, too, and Joel used to say to me when he'd come in and find me real tired, 'Never mind, mother, you'll get to rest when Beny comes.'

"When he wasn't much more 'n twenty he began to think of gettin' married; and, all we could say, this house wasn't good enough to bring Beny

into, but he must build a new one. You wouldn't think any body as still as Joel would be so set in their own way; but he is. When he's made up his mind he can't be turned no more'n any thing. Well, as soon as harvest was over he set to work at it, and it was settled that they was to 'a been married Christmas.

"He had just got well started when we begun to hear stories a-goin' the rounds that Alf Hawley was goin' to see Beny Allen oftener than a girl that was engaged to marry another young man ought to allow. Joel only laughed, poor boy, and said he wasn't afraid of fifty Alf Hawleys. Alf lived over on Mill Creek. His father was worth forty thousand, but I couldn't see that Alf was any better of it, as he wasn't a bit stiddy, but went to all the gatherings for ten miles round, and they say he often left them the worse for drinkin'. He made a great dash, and used to come to see Beny in a two-horse buggy, and take her off ridin' with him. And sometimes he took her on horseback; and he got her a hat with ribbons and feathers all a-flyin'. The first time she wore it they came right past here. I was a lookin' out of the window, and Joel was doin' somethin' in the yard. She got red as a beet when she saw him. I think she'd been talkin' and carryin' on so with Alf that she didn't notice which way she was a-ridin'; for she wasn't bold enough to do such a thing a purpose. But Alf Hawley was, and I know well enough he was just a-doin' it to show off to Joel. Joel looked mightily disturbed, and I believe that was the first time he was the least bit jealous. After that I saw he didn't act as he had done. He quit talkin' about Beny to me, and though he was over at the new house all the time when he was alone there would be whole hours when I'd never hear a hammer. Still he'd go over to Allen's on the reg'lar evenin's. Things went on this way about a month when one Saturday night, after he'd went over as usual, he came back in about an hour; and when I saw things wasn't right he just burst out a-cryin, and he sez, 'Mother, it's true. Beny is goin' to marry Alf Hawley.' After a while he said, 'Mother, you mustn't think hard of Beny. Her father's coaxin' her on to get Alf's money; and then, as far as she sees, he's a good deal better worth havin' than me.' And with that he went off to bed, and he never said another word about it, and I thought best not to say any thing either. But he went on and finished the house, and then shut it up, and there it's been to this day.

"He wanted me not to think hard of Beny; but who could 'a helped it, knowin' how fur things had went, and how much more deservin' Joel was than that Alf Hawley."

"And where is she now?" I asked when she had wiped her eyes with her apron, for even now she felt Joel's hurt keenly.

"They went West. His father wasn't willin' for it, and threatened every thing. So Alf coaxed Allen to move West, and pretended it was all broke off; but when they was well gone, he took all he could get, and cleared out after them, and we've never heerd nothin' of them sence. I reckon it's wicked, but I can't help hopin' they're reapin' the reward of their bad treatment of Joel."

Four weeks passed, and yet there was no word from Joel. His mother was very anxious. There had been a railroad accident, she knew, and it was vain to tell her that if any such thing had occurred we would learn it through the newspapers. "It mightn't 'a been found out," she said. At last, in the fifth week of his absence, and the last of my stay there, he came.

It was growing dark, and we sat in the porch, Mrs. Hutt, in one of her still moods, and I thinking of home, and wishing Joel would come, that I would have no reason to linger there after my school closed. A little wagon came down the lane.

"Who kin that be?" said Mrs. Hutt. "None of the neighbors has wagons like that."

It stopped at our gate. A man said "Here we are," and jumping down, began helping others out.

"It's Joel," said Mrs. Hutt; "but who kin that be? I wonder if Hiram's wife could 'a come with him."

They came up the walk, Joel and the woman beside him, the children following.

Mrs. Hutt shook hands with her son, and asked, "Is this Hiram's wife?"

"No, mother," replied Joel; "this is my wife."

She stared at him and at the poor woman, who was hiding her face and crying audibly.

"These children will tire more than help you, and I brought you a daughter to keer for you in your age."

Mrs. Hutt was still speechless with astonishment. The woman lifted her head and sobbed out, "Don't you know me, Mrs. Hutt?"

"No more'n the face of the dead. Who could I know way out in Ioway?"

"But I didn't always live in Iowa. Look at me, and think a while."

"You're not Beny Allen!"

"No, mother," said Joel, "she is Beny Hutt."

I left them then and took the children in to the kitchen fire, for riding from the station in the evening air had chilled them. I put the kettle on for the tea I knew Mrs. Hutt would soon begin to think of, and then went up to my room and left Joel to tell his mother how he found his old love among the prairies.

About two hours after Mrs. Hutt came in, and sitting down on the bed told me how it had come about.

"Who'd 'a thought it! I never dreamed of such a thing happenin' as Joel gettin' married, let alone marryin' Beny Allen after all, though I might 'a knowed he'd 'a sted a bachelor to doomsday before he'd 'a had any body else. Bless her heart, she's just like she used to be before that Alf Hawley turned her head. I always knowed she'd come to see it different some time, and she has, poor thing, sure enough." She sighed and paused a while, as though she had occasion to be sad.

"How did Joel find her?"

"Why, in the queerest way in the world. It seems just like it was ordered by Providence, and I reckon it might 'a been, though I'm sure if the rest had had such wicked feelin's about it as I have, such a blessin' wouldn't 'a ben sent for any body's deservin'. But I tell you how it was. When Joel got to Hiram's the children wasn't ready to come. You see their step-mother didn't do the best by them—some step-mothers don't—but I wouldn't say they're all alike. I kind o' thought Hiram's wife wasn't one of the good sort, but I never knowed it for sure till now that Joel tells me they hadn't decent clothes to come home in, though I'm sure they might 'a had, for Hiram had a plenty to get them with. Beny says she heard she was a real lazy woman, and liked better to run to her neighbors than to take keer of her own house and children. Well, as I was a sayin', they hadn't hardly decent clothes, and she was so busy with her own things she wouldn't take time to 'tend to them. So Joel had to look after them himself. She told him as he didn't know nothin' about such things he'd better take the children to some sewin' woman and let her get and make them a suit apiece. It isn't a good way of doin', but you see Joel didn't know, and so asked her where he'd go. She told him that on the next street there was a woman lived that done sewin'—she didn't know much about her—she'd only come lately, the woman had, but it was said she was a good hand at plain sewin'. She didn't know her name neither, but there was a sign up, and there wasn't no other sign, and he'd know it by that. So Joel he went off to find the place. He saw the sign, but he went in without stoppin' to read the name. A woman was sewin' in the corner. She riz up and said, 'Good-mornin';' and he was beginnin' to tell his errant when all at onst they knew each other for Beny Allen and Joel Hutt. Well, they made it all up somehow—I reckon they don't keer to tell how—and he married her and brought her home with him. And that's how it comes she's here now."

"But where was her husband, and what had she been doing all the while?"

"Didn't I tell you of all that? It seems to me my head is all mixed up to-night. Why, come to find out, she didn't never marry Alf. Just after they went West her father and mother both died, and it seemed as if the trouble opened her eyes and set her to thinkin', so that she come to see things different, and she wouldn't have Alf at all. She had a hard time of it, though, taking keer of herself among strangers. But she must 'a done pretty well, for she was as comfortable fixed up as could be, only she was so lonely, poor thing. She says the Lord helped her and keered fur her, and she says she isn't punished enough yet for treatin' Joel so. But Joel won't hear to any such talk. You'd think to see him that he'd been the one to blame and Beny 'd never done nothin' wrong. And she does seem real good. I'm sure I'm not the one that will ever throw it up to her that she most broke Joel's heart. It was more'n ten years ago, when she was a giddy girl, and what's the use of rakin' it up to fret about now. Yes, she's good; and I'm glad Joel's got her to keer fur him when I'm gone."

The Hutts are still my friends, and I go there sometimes to see and enjoy their happy comfort. The house—the New House, of course—is surrounded by neat palings. A honey-suckle is making progress over the door, and the borders are bright with flowers from April to October. Beny has dismissed the blue blinds, and in many ways smoothed out the once reigning stiffness. Within the easy-chair, placed in the coziest corner and its cushion covered with bright patch-work of her own piecing, always stands empty unless Mrs. Hutt sits there. She rocks and knits, or goes about the house as freely as its mistress, but feels no burden. Beny and the children are ever ready to serve her, and each other, and Joel. They are a loving, happy family.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

THIS we generally reckon the fullest week in London, for to-morrow is the great Derby race day, which I shall attempt to describe to you next week. I have just returned from Hyde Park; never have I seen it so full. Hyde Park is, you know, the great rendezvous of fashionable life in London. It is about 394 acres in extent, and stretches from Piccadilly westward to Kensington Gardens. Marvelous improvements have been effected in it of late years; it is quite a flower-garden now as well as a park. Just at present it is very lovely, with the trees in full leaf and the rhododendrons in full flower, to say nothing of geraniums and other bright-blossoming plants, and the pretty rock-work which has been recently erected, over which the water trickles in a manner peculiarly delicious these hot days.

Quite early in the morning a few courageous, active people ride in Rotten Row—a corruption, they say, of Route du Roi—one of the best rides there are in the world. The ground is specially prepared for the horses' feet, and is as soft as possible. This ride also rejoices in the name of the Lady's Mile, but, in good truth, running as it does from Apsley Gate far up to Kensington, it is a good deal over a mile in length. On both sides of this there is a broad graveled walk and a row of seats, for the use of each of which you have to pay the by no means large sum of one penny of our money. Until the present year the right-hand side was *the* side where every body went; but this is almost totally deserted now for the opposite one, which is far narrower and can boast of but little shade, so that it is in no way so desirable as the old favorite. From twelve to two the fashionable people ride in the Row, and from twelve to two their friends walk there to see them or see each other as the case may be.

I wish I could give you a little idea of the scene there this morning. Imagine the wide Row, with a line of trees growing down it, and giving the only atom of shade that was to be passed by the riders, the sun pouring down in one glaring white heat the whole time. We are very proud in England of our beautiful horses, and you never see them to greater perfection than from twelve to two in Rotten Row; but then besides the horses there are so many good, handsome specimens of Young England, and some of the prettiest English girls of the day.

Nothing is so perfectly neat as the dress the ladies adopt for riding. The skirts of the habits are worn shorter than they used to be; they are mostly made of very dark blue cloth; the bodies fitting without a crease or a wrinkle, and showing off the small waists and well-developed busts of our countrywomen to full perfection. They are made quite plain, with long coat-sleeves, and a small short basque at the back, with just a narrow row of braid round it. Of course there are varieties in these; some people wear gray habits, some velvet. Some have them very elaborately trimmed, but the general fashion is as I tell you. Nothing but the tall chimney-pot hats are to be seen, not quite so tall as they used to be, and rather broader in the brim, with jaunty little veils coming across the face, and finishing off with bows and ends of the same falling over the chignon at the back. The collars worn are the smallest linen ones, put inside the habit, and fastened either with a brooch or stud. No bright-colored neck-ties or long ends are admissible; the only color to be seen in the costumes of the best of our equestriennes is a pretty little bouquet, a single yellow rose, or a sprig of jasmine, worn in the front of the habit.

Every body who is of any consequence is attended by a groom, and the crowd is very great, but nothing to the dense throng of pedestrians who thronged that left-hand side of the Row this morning. The chairs were three or four deep, and the pathway was completely blocked. It is the most fashionable lounge in London, patronized by the great people—"swells," as we call them in the slang of the day—as well as the would-be fashionables; but in all that vast throng there are scarcely more than twenty or thirty of the lower orders. Nowhere can you have so good an opportunity of seeing what is really being worn.

I am not enough of an adept at gentlemen's dress to be able to enter very minutely into details. We think we know, but then we islanders are so conceited, that nowhere in the world do men dress as well or look as well as they do in England. I know that there never seems a speck, or a pin out of place—that their dress is neatness itself. The hats are not quite so low in the crown as last year, but rather more turned up at the side; the trowsers tighter; the coats the usual frock-coats, a jaunty little bouquet in the button-hole, and a black satin neck-tie, with a pearl pin, and you have what seems to me all the best dressed men wear. But it isn't the details of the dress that makes its perfection; it is the perfect fit of every thing, and the good taste which rules it all.

As to the ladies' dress, I assure you I feel the greatest difficulty in trying to describe it. Marie Antoinette fichus and loose jackets, confined by a band round the waist and a sash at the back, are all the rage; so are short dresses. Very few dresses are allowed to trail on the ground, and all kinds of devices are used to loop up the long ones. The best of all plans is to have loops and buttons put at each breadth, outside the dress, at a sufficient distance apart to prevent them touching the ground; but some of the belles arrange them so artistically that they remind one of the Watteau beauties. Loops of ribbon are worn at the back, from one hip to the other, and through this the fullness of the dress is caught, and with a little further looping at the side the effect is excellent. Paniers, that is, hoop petticoats, are, they say, all the rage in Paris, and the fashion is slowly creeping over to us, and shows itself just now in the excessive fullness and bunchiness of the dresses at the back. Plain blue and pink camlet petticoats, with short striped dresses of the same worn over them are very much in vogue; every thing is worn in suites, that is, petticoat, dress, jacket, or Marie Antoinette fichu alike, with a bonnet of exactly the same shade; contrasts seem quite abandoned by us all. The bonnets are smaller than ever—mere morsels of tulle and blonde—and every body is taking to make their own, or to let their maids make them; it must be very hard times for the milliners. Altogether you can scarcely get a prettier peep of London life than by a stroll in Rotten Row from twelve to two at this time of year. People sit together talking in groups, stopping a friend now and then as they pass, or they walk up and down themselves until they come across their friends, and stand chatting with them a while, or lean over the railings and chat with the riders.

All the last night's balls are discussed here, and half the pleasant picnics and parties to the races or the Crystal Palace are made up here. To-day no one could talk of any thing but the Derby. Lady Elizabeth is the favorite horse, and people are inclined to hope she may win, because she belongs to Lord Hastings, a young nobleman who is one of the best patrons of the turf, and has lately lost so much money that he is depending almost entirely on winning the Derby to meet his great liabilities. He married Lady Florence Paget, one of the prettiest women of the day, a daughter of the Marquis of Anglesea. This match created the greatest excitement at the time, for the lady was engaged to Mr. Chaplin, a very wealthy Lincolnshire squire, and the night before her marriage he and Lord Hastings were both seen in her opera-box It was quite a runaway affair. She went to Marshal & Snelgrove's, one of our great linen-drapers, in her father's brougham, passed through the shop, and got into a cab at the opposite door, and drove off straight to the church and was married to My Lord, only acquainting Mr. Chaplin of the fact when she was Lady Hastings. She certainly forgot the old adage:

"It is well to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new."

At half past two Hyde Park is empty; about four it is quite full again. There are plenty of riders then, but the Drive is the great attraction. This lies at the extreme edge of the Park, beyond Rotten Row, and is crammed as full as ever it can be with carriages, which can only go at a snail's pace. The Princess of Wales is often here, and people never seem tired of seeing her. She receives a perfect ovation daily. Along the drive, as along the ride, there is a gravel path, which is crowded the whole afternoon; ladies take possession of the seats, but there are more gentlemen than ladies—indeed until quite lately it was not considered the thing for ladies to walk here at all. People remain as late as eight o'clock; the great marvel is when they get their meals. We are supposed to breakfast from nine to ten, to lunch from one to two, and to dine from seven to eight; but when the London season is at its height we get into a sadly irregular state of things.

Last Sunday was the Queen's birthday, which was kept on Saturday. All the various members of the Ministry gave grand banquets on the occasion; the Guards were reviewed in St. James's Park by the Duke of Cambridge, in the presence of the Princess of Wales and her two little boys, the Prince and Princess Teck, and Prince Christian. All the various pensioners of royalty were feasted, and the royal tradespeople. The principal streets in London were illuminated. At the public buildings and government offices the Royal Standard was displayed, and the day was right royally kept, as it has been ever since her Majesty's accession. The Prince of Wales went over to Scotland, where her Majesty now is, to congratulate her on this her forty-ninth birthday.

Dickens is with us once again, very proud and happy at the glorious reception you have given him in America; he has realized by his readings there alone as much as from forty to fifty thousand pounds.

Miss Kate Reignolds, an American actress, is creating a good deal of sensation at our Princess's Theatre.

Spiritualism is, if report speaks truly, in greater force with you at the other side of the Atlantic than with us, so I must give you a little account of a trial which has created a vast sensation here, and which I know will be very interesting to you, as I think Mr. Home's name is more familiar with you even than with us.

The case was Lyon *versus* Home, Mrs. Lyon being a lady of some seventy-five years old, of obscure birth, the widow of a man who had left her about £100,000; Home being the well-known spiritualist who married a god-daughter of the Emperor of Russia, and was well received not only by that potentate, but by the Emperor and Empress of the French also; and indeed, if the truth be told, he has up to the present time been very favorably received in English society, possibly more from curiosity at the wonders of which he spoke than any thing else. Mrs. Lyon had been much attached to her first husband, and on his death-bed he seems to have imbued her with the idea that they should meet again in seven years. So firmly did his widow believe in this that she often spoke of her approaching death to her friends as the time drew near, until one of them persuaded her that this remeeting had nothing to do with death, but referred to a spiritual intercourse with the deceased, which could be effected by means of a medium. For this purpose she sought Mr. Home, and he seems to—fairly or unfairly—have made such good way in her esteem that only a week after she first saw him she wrote to offer him an income of about £700 a year. From that time the ascendency increased; mother and son were the familiar terms between them, and she further gave him £6000, and a mortgage security of £30,000, he meanwhile adding her name of Lyon to his own. At last, however, she repented of her generosity, and not only wished to get her money back, but forgot all her old affection and threw her late favorite and adopted son into Whitecross Prison. Hence the trial, one of the most diverting and amusing on record, occupying a far longer time than trials mostly do. Mrs. Lyon showed herself quite equal to the occasion—a very shrewd, sensible, and at the same time narrow-minded and foolish woman, by no means to be browbeaten by counsel, giving most facetious and pertinent replies in her examination. Her argument seems to have been that she was actuated entirely by a delusive belief in spirits, fostered by Mr. Home, who not only declared himself to be in spiritual communication with her husband, but suggested also that it was the wish of the deceased that she should adopt him and befriend him in the way she had done. Mr. Home, on the contrary, declared, or at all events insinuated, that she was anxious to marry him, and by him be introduced to good society, and that it was only when she discovered that neither of these ends was to be attained that she turned against him.

After a fortnight's consideration the Vice-Chancellor, Sir G. M. Giffard, delivered his verdict, that the defendant had not proved his case; that the gifts were bestowed under undue influence, and that therefore they were fraudulent and void, and must be assigned back again to the plaintiff, each party paying their own costs. The learned Vice-Chancellor wound up by declaring that spiritualism "is mischievous nonsense, well calculated on the one hand to delude the vain, the weak, the foolish, and the superstitious; and on the other, to assist the projects of the needy and of the adventurer." Whether this be so or not it is not possible to express an opinion.

ARDERN HOLT.

DRESS WITH FIGARO MANTELET.

DRESS WITH MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHU.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 23a, 23b.

SUMMER MANTLE FOR ELDERLY LADY.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-6.

Dress with Figaro Mantelet.

THIS dress and mantelet are of gray silk, and are trimmed, as shown in the illustration, with black lace insertion three inches in width. The mantelet is fastened in front by means of a bow and long ends of gray ribbon.

Chemisette of Swiss Muslin and Tatting.

See illustration, page 569.

THIS chemisette is designed to be worn with Pompadour dresses. It is made of Swiss muslin with a tatting bosom. The neck is also bordered with tatted edging. The pattern employed for the lace chemisette in the illustration on the same page, Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 37 and 38, may be used, leaving it, however, open behind instead of in front.

TAPESTRY AND CARPETS.

THE use of carpets and woolen hangings is coeval with civilization. They were among the first furniture of man. The pastoral tribes of the elevated plains of Asia employed furs and

MANTILLA FOR ELDERLY LADY.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 32-34

TALMA WITH SASH ENDS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Fig. 7.

MANTILLA FOR ELDERLY LADY.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 32-34.

fleeces to protect them from the chilly exhalations of the night, and from the burning soil of the desert. When the shuttle was invented a woven material was substituted, to which the loom gave its pattern and the dyer its varied colors.

In the time of Homer the fabrics of Babylon, Tyre, and Sidon were celebrated, and Egypt, as well as India, early learned to excel in the art of weaving woolens. The taste of the two countries bears characters of great resemblance, and many of the patterns of ancient Egypt differ little from those of modern India. The Greeks sent to Media for carpets to cover their seats, and it is in Persia this industry was first developed. Time has not modified the manufacture. The vertical loom still used by the weaver of Lahore and Cashmere is identical with that employed perhaps four thousand years ago, and the frame that produced the carpets celebrated by Homer and Virgil is the same used for those of Turkey and Algiers.

The people of Northern Europe were long without the use of carpets—a cold, coarse matting replaced the warm woolen material; yet it appears the Gauls early learned the art, and in the time of the Romans the red fabrics of Arras had already attained a certain reputation. Who would have foretold that Gaul and Britain, then scarcely within the pale of civilization, should in after-ages be the seat of a flourishing industry which would rival the manufactures of the East?

As early as the tenth century there was a manufacture of tapestry in the Abbey of St. Florent, at Saumur, where the monks wove hangings decorated with flowers and animals; and a few years later a Count of Poitiers offers Robert, King of France, for his assistance in an expedition, a sum of money and a hundred pieces of the tapestry for which Poitiers was then celebrated, the Italian prelates sending there for its productions.

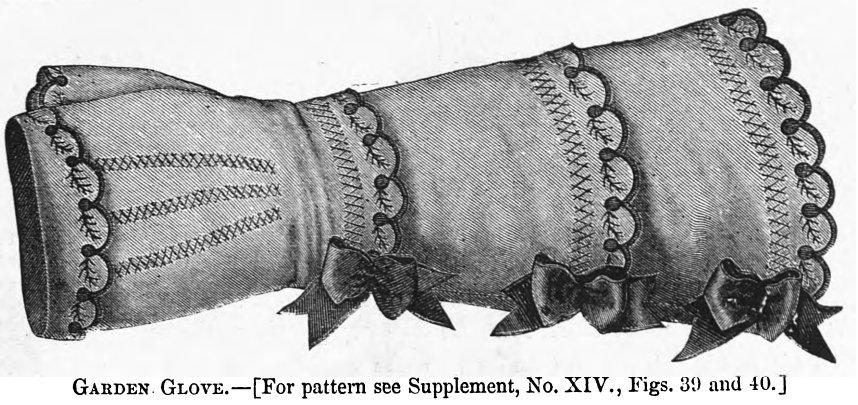
Tradition also assigns the establishment of the fabric at Aubusson to refugees of the great army of Abd-er-Rahman, routed by Charles Martel between Loudun and Tours in 732. The retreat of the Emir of Spain was so rapid that many were left behind among the Gallo-Franks of Aquitaine. The weaving of carpets was the principal trade of these Saracens, who had invaded Europe by Spain, as they later entered by the Bosphorus.

Up to the eleventh century these woolen fabrics of Europe were made for the hangings of churches and palaces, though probably foot-carpets were also used in the royal habitations and to lay before the altar. The Crusades introduced, with other Eastern productions, the carpets of Damascus, Alexandria, and Cairo, yet straw and rushes were to a late period still generally used to spread over the apartments.

Italy made tapestry at Bergamo; but the introduction of paper-hangings in the fifteenth century led to the decline of the manufacture. From the thirteenth century the productions of Flanders were renowned above those of all other countries. They were made at Oudenarde, Brussels, and, principally of all, at Arras (not then in France). So famous became this city that it gave its name to the production, tapestry being styled *Arazzo* in Italian, and "arras" in English; and after the battle of Nicopolis, in 1396, the ransom paid to Bajazet for the liberation of a son of the Count of Flanders consisted of a sum of money and a series of Arras tapestries representing the life of Alexander the Great. Here, too, were executed in later times the ten pieces sent by Francis I. to Pope Leo X., worked from the designs of Raffaelle, the original cartoons for which are among our choicest Art-treasures. But the tapestries of Flanders have died away; the last piece was made at Brussels in 1781. France alone maintains the manufacture.

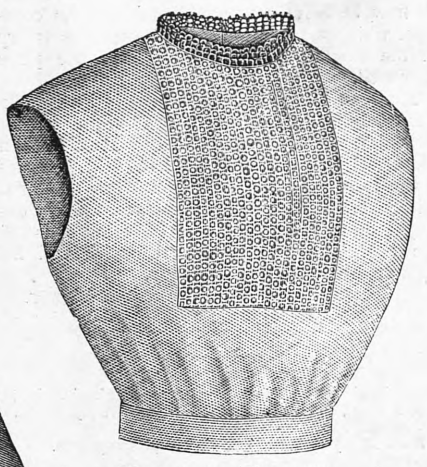
Until the sixteenth century all the tapestry made in France was due to private enterprise. It was Francis I. who first made it a state manufacture. He collected the best workmen Flanders and Italy could produce, and established them at Fontainebleau. Primaticcio furnished the designs. Henry II. appointed Philibert Delorme director of the new manufacture, and set up another at Paris, in the Hôpital de la Trinité. The civil and religious wars of his sons were fatal to royal establishments as well as to private industry, but Henry IV. resumed the work of Francis I. He established a fabric of tapestry in the Faubourg St. Antoine, whence, after various transfers, the workmen were placed on the banks of the Bièvre, where Jean Gobelin the dyer had established himself in the fifteenth century, the waters of that river being famous for the dyeing of scarlet; but Jean Gobelin grew rich, his family became ennobled.

With Louis XIV. and Colbert all the royal manufactures rose to a new existence. Under the name of "Royal Manufacture for the Furniture of the Crown," were united at the Gobelins goldsmiths, engravers, lapidaries, furniture and tapestry makers, dyers, etc.—all the workmen of various trades employed for the sovereign. Lebrun was appointed director, and the estab-

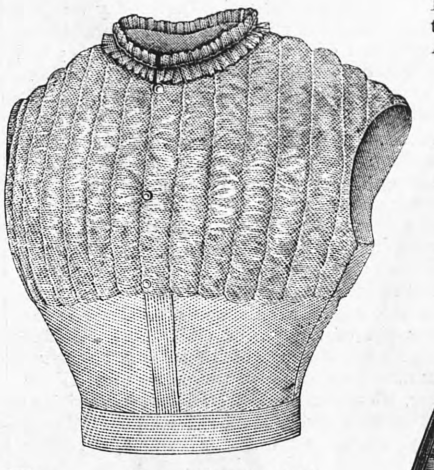


GARDEN GLOVE.—[For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 39 and 40.]

BLACK SILK APRON.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 35 and 36.



MUSLIN AND TATTING CHEMISETTE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 37 and 38.



LACE CHEMISETTE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 37 and 38.

BLACK SILK APRON.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 35 and 36.

LADY'S MORNING DRESS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 24–31.

FICHU WITH SASH.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 13 and 14.

BLOUSE SHIRT FOR BOY FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 8–12.

FICHU WITH SASH.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 13 and 14.

lishment of the Gobelins became a school for all the industries connected with furniture. Louis wished to set his people the example of model manufactures—not to crush private industry, but to stimulate and give a right direction to its labors. The harmony that pervaded at that epoch in every branch of decoration shows the unity of spirit that inspired them all. The genius of Lebrun was universal. His heroic pieces were the subjects of the tapestries; even for the locks and bolts he furnished the models; from the ceiling to the floor all was designed under his eye. The first artists lent their assistance in carrying out his conceptions. Van der Meulen painted pieces with horses and battles, Monnoyer with flowers, and Boule executed the furniture designed by Lebrun.

The same activity reigned at the Savonnerie, a royal manufacture of carpets founded at Chaillot, in an old soap manufactory, whence it derived its name. While the Gobelins covered the walls the Savonnerie decorated the floors. Those of the long gallery of the Louvre and the Salle d'Apollon, were among its products. The first was begun in the reign of Henry IV. It comprised ninety-two compartments, each ten yards long by five to six yards wide—doubtless the largest foot-carpet ever made. In 1825 the manufacture of the Savonnerie was united to that of the Gobelins.

Two years after the establishment of the Gobelins Colbert opened a manufacture of tapestry at Beauvais, which had Oudry and Boucher among its directors. It is now united to the Gobelins.

The Gobelin establishment is divided into three branches, one for dyeing, the other two for making tapestry and carpets. The dyeing is considered the first in the world; the waters of the Seine are substituted for those of the Bièvre, now degenerated into a dirty stream. The colors are most lasting; each combination of color has twenty different shades, the gradations being so insensible as only to be distinguished by a practiced eye. They are all classed by M. Chevreul in his chromatic scale, which gives to each shade —in all 14,420—its special number, by which it may be described. His chromatic circle is, at the Gobelins, formed of skeins of silk.

The Gobelin tapestry is made on the upright frame (*haute lisse*); the artist is placed behind, his back to his model.

In the carpet manufacture the upright frame is also used, but the workman sits in front of his work. The threads of wool which form the velvet pile are secured to the cotton or hemp warp by a double knot. This gives them the greatest solidity. Friction and wear only add to their durability, as they have the effect of drawing closer the knots which fasten the wool to the warp. The wool is carefully cut and shorn until the pile reaches an inch in thickness. The Savonnerie carpets are perhaps the largest made, generally white, with arabesque borders, of surpassing excellence, from the fine quality of the wool, the delicacy of the dyes, the richness and harmony of the colors, and the precision and skillfulness of their workmanship.

Similar in workmanship to the tapestry of the Gobelins and the carpets of the Savonnerie are the fabrics of Aubusson, in the department of the Creaze, part of the ancient province of La Marche. We have already alluded to their supposed origin from a colony of Saracens in the eighth century. Until 1740 the manufacturer made only the Gobelin tapestry, fine when used for the hangings of walls, and coarser when destined for the smooth carpet or *tapis raz*. Since then the long woolen high-piled carpets of the Savonnerie have been imitated. The productions of Aubusson are highly artistic; the finest wools of the best dyes are employed. Established for so many centuries, the special traditions of the art, and the aptitude for execution, like those of glass-making, become hereditary in families. No other place can produce such a staff of workmen as Aubusson, and even there it takes fifteen years to qualify for the work the apprentice who has been accustomed almost from infancy to handle his father's frame. Tapestry is produced here at a much cheaper rate than in the Imperial fabric. While a work of tapestry will cost at the Gobelins from $600 to $800 the square mètre, at Aubusson it rarely exceeds $80. The great expense is in the fabrication; the material only enters for twenty per cent. in the value. In a *portière* costing $200 $160 goes to the workman.

JAPANESE STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

LIKE all Eastern women, our sisters in Japan take great pains with their hair, disposing it in large loops and bows, drawn off the face, and gathered in a chignon behind. The color is a glossy black, and it is smoothed with a bandoline, made by placing the shavings of the Uvario Japonica, a creeping plant, in water; a mucilaginous liquid is produced resembling a decoction of quince seed, and this serves to prevent the hair becoming rough and disordered, which is of special importance, as no covering to the head is worn out of doors in fine weather. Individual taste is not suffered to determine the style of dressing the hair, except in the matter of ornament, it being always arranged in the same fashion. The glossy black of the hair contrasts with the bright-colored pins and flowers which are placed in it; the brilliant scarlet pomegranate, the bright-tinted azalea, the delicate white Cape jasmine, and the primrose-hued larmai are all used to adorn the jetty tresses of the Japanese ladies. The pins are mostly made of white glass filled with colored water, generally of a golden sherry tint; they stick out from the head, and remind one somewhat of a cheveaux de frise. Some years since combs and ornaments made of glass, filled with various chemical preparations, such as sulphate of quinine, etc., through which the electric spark was flashed, were exhibited in some of our scientific institutions. The idea of filling glass ornaments for the hair with colored preparations was novel to Europeans; but in the Far East these fragile ornaments have been in use for a long time. Of course accidents will happen, and a lady may easily lose a large portion of her head-gear by a fall. That the coiffure may not be disturbed during sleep, the head is placed on a small pillow of flexible bamboo.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

THE Derby at Chantilly has been the great event of Paris this week. The taste of the people for racing, in all countries, is becoming more and more developed. On Sunday we were literally trampled under foot on the magnificent green-sward of the palace of the Condés; and the immense galleries were not sufficient to contain the host of ladies that had flocked hither to behold this hippic contest.

A resplendent sun, which many found too resplendent, illumined the triumph of Suzerain, the magnificent horse of M. Schickler. All heartily applauded the success of a man who enjoys universal esteem in the sporting world, and who has never been implicated in the petty tricks which are too often resorted to on the race-course, a field of intrigues in which every man attempts more or less to outwit his opponent. Isabelle, the flower girl of the jockey club, must therefore change her costume, which for the last year has been maroon and black, the colors of M. Delamarre, who won the last Derby with Patricien; and the celebrated bouquet-seller will wear for the next year a white and cherry costume, the colors of the jockeys of M. Schickler.

The Empress did not attend the races; she rarely goes any where else than to the Bois de Boulogne; nevertheless, a great number of court ladies, with the élite of foreign society, appeared there in fresh and new toilettes. The dresses of muslin, trimmed with white guipure, or even with English embroidery, were especially admired. That of the Marchioness de Galiffet was one of the most beautiful of this style of short costumes, with peniers, broad sash of raw silk, and small round hat trimmed with sweet-brier and wild roses of different colors.

The Countess de Pourtalès, who is in mourning, wore a dress of black poult de soie with a somewhat large Marie Antoinette mantelet of white, and a gray straw hat with a *pouf* of black velvet, and a very large black feather curled on one side.

Two beautiful young American girls, sisters, who have been the rage for the past year in the official world, the Misses Beckwith, were in sky-blue taffeta festooned with white silk, Tyrolean corsage and pleated sash with broad ends trimmed across the bottom with white fringe; very small toquets of white Belgian straw, with clusters of blue corn-poppies and white feathers. The beautiful Madame Delamarre, in a dress of white taffeta embroidered with lilies with broad green leaves, appeared a little too much dressed for the races.

The Princess de Metternich wore a white skirt with a deep flounce (short costume) and a Watteau paletot of black silk, caught up all around with ruches and open in front, disclosing a vest of white taffeta, which formed the whole front of the corsage.

Many ladies, renowned for their elegance, wore the Russian paletot of black silk, pleated in the back, and without sleeves, the sleeves being of the color of the silk skirt, and generally blue or green. The Empress wore one of these costumes a few days since. It was of pearl-gray and black, and very stylish.

Costly parasols are now in fashion, and large sums are lavished on these small articles. Parasol handles are made which cost a thousand francs or more; they are real gems of coral and gold, and set with turquoises, amethysts, etc. Shell is also very much in vogue and exceedingly dear—the simplest handles costing from forty to fifty francs. The covers are richly embroidered with leaves and flowers, covered with costly black and white lace. It is quite the fashion for gentlemen to carry brown linen umbrellas lined with green silk, and many of them are seen in the streets of Paris.

An unhappy event saddened the Derby; an imprudent spectator, Louis Triberren, a native of Venezuela, aged thirty-three, insisted on crossing the track in spite of the warnings of the sergeants de ville, and was run over by Ajax, one of the horses, and left senseless on the ground. His wounds are very serious, and fears are entertained for his life. The jockey was thrown from the horse and was unable to continue the race.

Yesterday the Emperor and Empress made one of those country excursions which they take but rarely. They went with a very small party of their intimate friends to dine on the grass at Villeneuve L'Etang, a small dwelling situated in the neighborhood of Versailles. Only twelve ladies were present, among whom were the Princess de Metternich, the Duchess de Mouchy, Madame de la Poëze, and some others belonging to the imperial household. The toilettes were fresh and generally quite simple; the Empress wore a blue-striped dress with paletot and overskirt of white muslin flounced and festooned and lin d with blue silk, with a trailing sprig of blush roses on one side and a large blue feather. These little Louis XIV. hats, with flowers on one side and feathers on the other, are the favorites of the season; now that the Empress has adopted them, nothing else will be seen in the elegant world. They will not, however, become common, since large feathers are costly, and are increasing in price with the increased demand.

The next day a select ball was given, at which the Empress seemed in charming spirits. Besides a considerable number of official personages a few stars of the world of art and the drama were present; M. Auber, still young in mind and talent in spite of his fourscore years, and who has finished a new opera, *Rêve d'amour*, while his last success, *Le premier jour de Bonheur*, is still in the flush of triumph—the very titles of his last works show that his inspiration is still in the spring-time of youth and running over with melody; M. Claude Bernard, the newly-elected member of the French Academy, a learned physiologist, who was elected at the same time with M. Autran, the Marseillaise poet, the author of *La fille d'Eschyle;* M. Carpeaun, the sculptor; M. Lachaun, the celebrated advocate, and some other celebrities. The Marquis de Caux, not having yet returned from his bridal tour with the *diva* Patti, now his wife, was unable to lead the cotillion, which was conducted by a young secretary of the English Embassy who filled the place very well.

Madame Victor Hugo has been in Paris for a few weeks; she has been brought hither by her ill health. She is accompanied by her eldest son M. Charles Hugo and his wife. M. Charles Hugo is engaged in writing a work on exile. His younger brother remains at Brussels engaged on a history of the forty fauteuils of the French Academy, a work which will fill up a void in our literary history.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

POPPING.

THAT brightness of brightness—a warm, glowing fire!
It lured me, and charmed me, though really forlorn
As, inwardly nursing a holy desire,
I sat in my chamber one night—popping corn.

'Twas pleasant to watch it. Each hard, shiny kernel
Stirred, trembled, then burst into feathery white.
How I longed thus to feather the torture supernal,
The strange, shining trouble so vexing that night!

All popped. On the platter. Right proudly I scanned it—
The lightest and whitest that ever was seen—
When softly as moonlight—I can't understand it—
She stole to my elbow—my own Geraldine!

Now blithely, and brave as the corn in its hopping,
I drew her still nearer; and quickly I said,
"Do you know, Geraldine, I am thinking of popping?"
She laughed and she frowned, but she blushed rosy red.

"My queen and my life! I must certainly pop
This hard little, troublesome kernel of doubt—
This sharp grain of shyness that never will stop
From pricking my heart till I fillip it out.

"We have known one another so long and so well,"
This torturing kernel is strange, I confess.
One would think I could have not a story to tell—
Or none that you might not full easily guess.

"But that only makes it the harder, I think;
Your look of bewilderment, honest surprise,
Whenever I try, makes my poor courage sink
Abashed in the light of your innocent eyes.

"Yet—knowing what lights them—Oh generous heart!
Aglow with its goodness, its beautiful past—
Thy warmth to my kernel. Thou wilt? See it start!
It has popped! Ah, my darling, you know me at last!"

Yes, popped was my secret—so lightly and whitely!
I awoke with a start. Geraldine was not there—
But only the popped corn, that whitely and lightly
Had lain in my hand as I dozed in my chair.

MUDDLERS.

THE domestic muddle is perhaps "the greatest plague in life." A house and home that is thoroughly muddled—that is, not under the influential control of some presiding spirit of purity and order—is no house at all, in the sense of home. Order, which "is heaven's first law," is home's first law also, and one might as well expect to feel at home in Billingsgate Market as in a dwelling whence order is banished. Where the mistress of a household is a muddler, woe to that household. There, you may be sure, the golden maxim, "A place for every thing and every thing in its place," is altogether ignored. Instead of that, there is no place for any thing, and whatsoever thing happens to be wanted at any time will have to be looked for in the last place where it was used, if any body can remember where that was. The result is not only loss of time but loss of temper, loss of comfort, loss of rest and ease, and loss of money too; and, worse than all, is the moral deterioration of the atmosphere, and the setting up of a chronic condition of irritation and annoyance in place of the genial kindness, forbearance, and mutual self-abnegation which, wherever they prevail, make a man's home a blessing prized far above all that lies beyond it.

THE WHITE CAMELLIA.

I.—THE PHOTOGRAPH.

THERE were no pleasanter rooms in London than those of my friend, Edward Maynard, Esq., artist and Bohemian, or, as his friends called him, "Teddy." There was no occasion to repeat his surname, for London contained but one "Teddy" for us, Teddy Maynard.

When I say Bohemian, I do not mean that Teddy's existence was spent in the haunting of disreputable taverns, and the consumption of alcoholic mixtures, the characteristics of many of the Bohemians of the present day; but that his tastes were of a delicately unconventional kind, and that while no cavalier looked more irreproachable at the "Zoo" on Sundays, he had gone through adventures in France and Spain which served to show he had deserted his vocation in being an artist, and should have "gone in for" knight-errantry.

To return, however, to Teddy's rooms, in which I was sitting on one pleasant afternoon, just when the spring was about to surrender herself to the kiss of summer. They were decorated after a design of his own. Dark maroon-colored panels, edged with gold, with hangings and furniture to correspond. Over the mantle-piece was a curious old-fashioned glass, set in an oak frame. Cabinets and book-cases of the same wood stood in various parts of the room, and the walls were adorned with some good pictures in oil and water colors, the production chiefly of Teddy's artist friends, who had given him those "nice little bits," which delight painters and puzzle the public. It was not far off Regent Street, a quiet row of houses within sight and hearing of that gay thoroughfare; and the distant echoes of voices and footsteps, mingled with the roll of carriages, brought one's thoughts back to London, when the beauty of the afternoon had carried them away into dreamy visions of how the country was looking in the spring-time.

Teddy was out. He was always out when you called, and I was waiting for him, in obedience to a note left for me with his Cerberus. Having to wait, it was natural that I should light a cigar, and then looking about for that mischief which Dr. Watts declares the enemy of mankind will always find for idle hands to do, I seized upon one of the photographic albums which ornamented the table, and commenced an investigation as to whether Teddy had picked up any new *cartes-de-visite*.

And how was I rewarded? How can I put upon paper the impression that a photograph, the last in the album, made upon me? I was at first quite startled. I was only looking at the pictures carelessly, but something in the face of this one made me start up and go to the window with the book, to get a better light upon it. The photograph was a wonderfully good one. The sun, glad to limn so fair a face, had done his work lovingly and well. It was the most beautiful, the most expressive face that I had ever seen. Dark hair, as far as I could tell, a face classical in its perfection, lit up with eyes that seemed almost to have the power of speech as they looked at you. An exquisite mouth, small and not too full, while the curve of the chin, and the way in which the head was posed on the bosom, "like a bell-flower on its bed," might have inspired Mr. Browning with that simile.

It was not only love at first-sight, but love with a photograph. I had not thought my susceptibilities easily roused, but here I was in a fever of love about a small picture on a piece of pasteboard. Who was this girl? That was the question. I hastily took the photograph out of the book, and looked to see who the photographer was. There was no name at the back of it. Plain card-board—that was all. The usual photographer's imprint, and number of the negative, absent. Where had Teddy got it? Was it a *carte* of one of his friends? or had he picked it up somewhere? Was she married? or engaged? In short, who and what was this mysterious girl, who had changed me from a sober and rational being into a strangely frantic and excited creature?

When would Teddy come in? I paced the room impatiently, holding the photograph before me. I opened the window, and looked up and down the street many times, and at last, after what seemed hours, I heard his footsteps on the stairs, and he lounged into the room.

"Well, old man, how are you?" he said. "Glad you got my note and waited."

"Teddy," I said, without returning his greeting, and showing him the photograph, "tell me whose likeness this is?"

"Oh!" said Teddy, prolonging that exclamation in the most aggravating way possible, and coolly lighting a pipe; "how excited we are about it?"

"I know I am excited," I said, for I had worked myself up into a perfectly ridiculous condition. "But do answer my question. Who is this girl? I must know."

"Let me see," said he, pretending not to recognize it. "Oh, yes! that—that—a photograph of my aunt, the Empress of China! Nice old girl, isn't she?"

"Teddy," I said, impatiently, "please be serious. I'm awfully spoony upon this picture. Pray tell me where you got it, and all about it."

"I tell you my aunt—," he began; and then, seeing how annoyed I looked, he said, "Well, my dear boy, the fact is, I don't know who it is any more than you do. I thought it was a tidy face, and bought it of some photographic chap in the suburbs somewhere, for a shilling."

I was bitterly disappointed, and sat down in a disconsolate way, still keeping hold of the photograph. I had almost rather he had told me the unknown beauty was married, or out of my reach in some other way. It was the suspense, the absence of any knowledge whatever about her, that was so hard to bear.

"Why, Frank, old boy," said Teddy, "you look all knocked of a heap. You don't mean to say that you are really spoons on that *carte*. Why, she may be the mother of any number of promising children. She may be a blessed barmaid! She—"

"Teddy, please don't. I'm hard hit. I know I'm an ass, but I can't help it. I will find out about this girl, if possible. Can't you remember where you bought the photograph?"

"No; upon my honor I can't. Somewhere near Westbourne Grove, I fancy. I was dining in Bayswater, I know; but I can't be sure."

"I may have it, I suppose?"

"Certainly. But if you'll take my advice, Frank, you'll put it into the fire."

"Thank you. I sha'n't do that." And I placed the *carte* carefully in my pocket-book. "Now, good-by. Look you up again to-morrow."

"All right. But where are you off to in such a hurry?"

"Well," I said, slowly, "I think I shall take a walk in the neighborhood of Westbourne Grove."

"You old ass," was the complimentary rejoinder, and then I went away.

II.—WESTBOURNE GROVE.

WESTBOURNE GROVE, as most Londoners know, is not to be understood in a sylvan or rural sense, for but few trees grace the pleasant Bayswater thoroughfare which goes by that name. It is a sort of miniature Regent Street, many of the shops being offshoots from parent establishments there; and it is the favorite lounge of the female part of the Bayswater population. Bayswater, as every body knows, is given up almost entirely to stock-brokers, retired Indian officers, and Jews: it is a sort of metropolitan Asia Minor; and about four o'clock on a fine afternoon all that is fairest of the female, and most Israelitish of the male sex promenades Westbourne Grove.

Such is Westbourne Grove; and for this promenade I started when I left Teddy Maynard's rooms with the precious photograph in my possession.

When I got into Regent Street I hailed a Hansom, and was soon speeding westward toward the Grove. As soon as I was safely ensconced in the vehicle I took out the portrait. It looked lovelier than before, the face still fairer than when I had first seen it; and by the time I got to the Marble Arch I was more in love with it than ever. It was madness, I knew, but men had been mad before my time for love of a woman's face; and wiser men than I was had engaged in the mad tournament in olden times to win a smile from a lady that they could never dare to love. I had imported the Old World madness of chivalry into the nineteenth century; and it was nobody's business but my own if I chose to go on what every one of my friends would call a wild-goose chase after a *carte-de-visite*.

In the mean time I was speeding toward Westbourne Grove, wrapped in the contemplation of my beloved photograph, and with no very definite idea of what course I was going to pursue when I reached my destination.

Teddy had given me no clew whatever to the photographer; there would be a dozen in the Grove, and I was not even sure that his purchase had not been made in some street in the vicinity; so that to take the picture round to every photographer in the neighborhood seemed likely to be a very hopeless business, which would lead to no satisfactory result. It was probable, I thought, that the portrait had been privately taken, and that possibly a few copies had remained in the photographer's hands. There was some chance, then, that finding the picture had sold, he might, if he possessed another, have exposed it also for sale. I accordingly dismissed my cab at the end of the Queen's Road, and commenced an investigation of the photographers in the Grove.

It was weary work, for, as I might have expected, I could find no counterpart of my portrait. I even went into several places and made inquiries as to whether it had been taken there; but my question was met with a supercilious negative, one magnificently-attired *artist* informing me that their work was "infinitely superior to any thing like that." It seemed like sacrilege to be thus exposing my picture to vulgar gaze, and I determined to abandon the search, at all events for some days. I thought that in the mean while I would try and extract from Teddy more exactly the whereabouts of the place at which he had bought it. I would make him come with me to Bayswater, and go over the ground which he had traversed on the day when he discovered the photograph. If that plan failed, I should have no alternative but to try every photographer in the district; and I determined that even if the search lasted for months I would persevere with it, and not rest until I had at least discovered who the original of my cherished portrait was, where she lived, and what was her position in life. It was a mad resolve; but I am a man of very obstinate nature, and I determined to accomplish my purpose.

On application to Teddy next day he received me with a great deal of unfeeling chaff; and I found that it was quite hopeless to attempt to get any more precise directions from him. He had gone in a cab to Bayswater, he said, and had stopped to get some cigars. He had seen the photograph near the tobacconist's, had bought it, and then driven on, and had "not the vaguest notion"—so he said—as to what street it was in. Somewhere near Westbourne Grove, that was all he could tell me; and he concluded his information, as he had done our previous conversation on the subject, with the gratuitous statement that I was a great donkey to go running after a photograph. Thus far Teddy: of no use at all to me.

And in truth, after many inquiries in various quarters, I began in some measure to doubt the wisdom of my proceedings myself. Not a very surprising thing, perhaps, when my situation was calmly reviewed. Here I was, rushing all over town after photographers, only to meet with perpetual disappointment; and even if I was so far successful as to find out who my portrait was, I might be as far off knowing her and winning her as ever. I looked at the fair face, and the wonderful eyes that met mine so steadily in the picture, and I was driven nearly mad by the thought that they might even then be smiling upon some one else; that some one with a good right to such happiness was even then caressing that sweet face. She might be another man's wife, and all I could do when I found her out would be to accept my fate, and leave the place where she lived, to hide my hopeless love, as the old song says, "forever and a day!"

At last, after visiting scores of photographers, I began to think my search hopeless, and to despair of ever finding my visionary lady-love. I did not swerve, however, in my allegiance to her charms. I still held my *carte-de-visite* to be the portrait of the fairest, sweetest woman upon earth. I would continue to hold that belief, no matter whether I ever found her or not. The said portrait in time, after much affectionate saluting of an osculatory nature, began to get somewhat faded, and to lose some of its original brilliancy. I determined, therefore, to have it copied by a first-rate artist, and I thought that at the same time I would have it enlarged. I was doubtful about having it colored, for I hardly knew the exact tints to order. So I took the *carte* to one of the greatest photographers in town—a man, by-the-way, to whom I had before applied to see if he knew any thing of it—and I gave orders for an enlarged copy to be made of it in the very best possible style.

The attendant to whom I gave the order, after looking at the portrait for a few minutes, said, "An enlarged copy of this, Sir? You can have it directly. Didn't you order one the other day, Sir?"

"No!" I said, in the utmost astonishment. "But I order it now."

"Well, Sir, I think we have one on hand. Will you walk this way?"

In another instant I had followed him into an adjoining room, and there, on an easel, stood a large portrait of my darling!

Enlarged evidently from a copy of the same *carte* as I possessed, but it was colored; and now that I could see the exact shade of the hair and complexion, it looked more beautiful than ever.

"I have been looking for this every where," I said, eagerly, to the attendant. "Pray tell me who it is?"

"Who it is!" the man repeated, looking at me suspiciously. "Why, it's an enlarged copy of the portrait you have in your hand to be sure."

He thought, of course, that I must know the original; and I saw the necessity of being cautious, or he might refuse to give me the information I wanted.

"Ah, yes," I said; "but I was to order this enlargement for a friend of the lady's, and I was not told the name. Can't you tell me?"

The man still seemed suspicious, but took up an order-book and said,

"Well, Sir, I'd better take your order, and we shall see the name here, I dare say."

I gave my order for an enlargement like the one before me, and begged the man not to mention it to the persons who had ordered the first one, as it was intended as a surprise to some relatives. I enforced my request by a liberal douceur, and the man, who seemed quite mollified, turned over to some previous entries, and said, showing me the book,

"There you are, Sir. Miss Vane, 28 Worcester Square, Hyde Park. W."

My heart beat, and I felt my face flushing, as I read the address. I had found her at last—and she was still Miss Vane—unless, indeed, "Miss Vane" was only some relation.

"I suppose this is the lady herself?" I said, carelessly.

"Yes, Sir, I think so," the man said, "for I waited on her."

"Thanks," I returned; and, after mentally noting the address, I rushed off to Maynard's rooms.

III.—IN THE PARK.

TEDDY was seated in his easiest arm-chair, tranquilly engaged in the consumption of sherry and seltzer, and smoking an enormously long wooden pipe. He looked up as I entered, and said, "Ah! the photographic maniac; and how are we and the picture to-day?"

"To-day," I said, in a tone of triumph, "we have found out the address."

"Indeed," he said, calmly; "then sit down and have a pipe; there's plenty of seltzer in that cupboard, so mix and be happy."

"Insensate creature! you don't even ask who she is!"

"Not I. I have heard so much about her for the past month or so that you'll excuse me for saying it, but I think I would rather not know her address. If you want to rave about her as usual I'll shut my eyes and listen. Don't go on longer than you can help."

"Wretch!" I said, laughing, "she is a Miss Vane—lives in Worcester Square, Hyde Park."

"Is she? Old maid, I suppose?"

"Well, if you think her photograph is that of an old maid you are welcome to your opinion. All I can say is that I don't agree with you."

"And what are you going to do now? You don't know any Vanes, and I don't know any Vanes. I don't see how you're any nearer to your object, which I presume is an introduction. Be satisfied with the address. Give it up—and hand me the tobacco-jar."

"I shall do neither. I *must* know Miss Vane; and you are so insufferably lazy that it will do you all the good in the world to get the baccy for yourself."

"How do you propose to begin this charming plan?"

"By going off immediately to reconnoitre the house. I may catch a glimpse of her."

"Poor fellow!" said Teddy, mockingly, touching his forehead significantly. "How far gone we are, to be sure!"

Teddy Maynard was never known to be in love with any body himself, and he was quite incapable of comprehending it in other people. Regardless of his chaff, I set off to Worcester Square to have a look at number twenty-eight.

I found, as I expected, a fine decorous-looking mansion, with nothing to distinguish it from the other houses in the square. I did not imagine, of course, that there would be any thing distinctive about it; but it seemed to me, in my excited frame of mind, that the careless way in which people passed it was highly reprehensible. They did not know what a pearl of price that dull casket contained. There was nothing to be gained, however, by watching the house just when the inhabitants would be going to dinner, and Miss Vane was hardly likely to appear at one of the windows for my benefit, like a princess in a story book; so I left the square and betook myself to a solitary dinner at the club, where I held a council of war with myself.

The result of that council was that I determined my first move must be to see the lady, to make sure that she was Miss Vane, the original of my photograph, and whether she was likely to stay in town during the whole of the season. In accordance with this resolve I went down to Worcester Square the next day, and had an interview with the affable policeman on duty in the neighborhood. He knew Worcester Square, he said, well—had been in service near it before he entered the force. Yes. A Mr. Vane, Colonel Vane, lived at number twenty-eight. Any family? Yes—Miss Vane, as handsome a young lady as ever stepped. Did they drive or walk out much? Generally drove—about two or three in the afternoon. Was always glad to answer a gent's questions, when he *was* a gent; and as he spoke my informant's hand closed affectionately over the half-sovereign which I slipped into it.

This was so far satisfactory. I did not go back to incredulous Teddy to pass the morning, but strolled tranquilly into the Park, and there consumed innumerable cigars, thinking over my good fortune in having a chance of seeing Miss Vane. I began to wonder, in a foolish and fantastic way, whether she would notice me. It was exceedingly improbable that she should do so, but I had been thinking of her so continuously for so many months that I almost believed my mind could, as some people say, have influenced hers. Our thoughts should have been *en rapport*, some knowledge of my strange and earnest love might, I fancied, have made itself felt in her heart. If the mind, concentrated on one object, has power and volition beyond the body, as has been asserted—and cases bearing out the statement are not uncommon—I know that I must have exercised some mysterious influence over her thought and feeling, although she would never know from whence it sprang.

Such were some of my thoughts as I paced up and down the broad walks of the Park, watching the workmen putting up the very unornamental railings, and longing for the hour to come when I might have a chance of again seeing my divinity.

I was just leaving the Park when I saw an open carriage coming toward the gates at a quick pace. I stepped aside to let it pass—and the face that had haunted me sleeping and waking for so many months flashed across me again. Our eyes met for a minute, and then the carriage bore her out of sight, and left me standing near the gates with my face flushed and my heart beating as if I had been undergoing some violent exercise.

Colonel Vane and his daughter had come for their drive earlier than usual, or I might have seen her get into the carriage. Now, however, they would probably be in the drive, and I could go and watch them pass and repass. I accordingly went and stationed myself at a convenient part of the railings, and waited for the carriage. At last, far down the line, I could see it approach. My darling had on the airiest, sweetest little summer bonnet in the world, and her beautiful brown hair shone underneath it, as it formed a coronal for the fair face and lustrous eyes that held me in thrall.

Her father, a handsome, soldierly-looking old man with a gray mustache, sat beside her, and she seemed to be listening attentively to some story he was telling her, for she looked straight in front of her, and I never caught her eye again during the whole time that I watched her in the drive.

And yet it was happiness enough just to be within a few yards of her, to be able to see her at all, and until they drove away from the Park my bliss was complete. Then I went away also, feeling very disconsolate my vision had vanished. When was I to see it again, and how was I to get any nearer to an intimacy with her? Any one might look at her in the Park. How was I to gain a dearer privilege?

IV.—AT THE OPERA.

I DETERMINED to go to Maynard again, and, luckily, on my way home I met him at a literary and artistic club of which we were both members.

He was smoking as usual, and his first remark was, "Well, old man, how goes it?"

"I've just come from seeing her—"

"Oh! it's her again, is it? I thought you'd quite forgotten that affair," he said, laughing.

"Then you're doomed to disappointment, my boy. I've just come from seeing her out driving in the Park—have seen her several times, and it was glorious!"

"Ah! it was glorious, was it? And what are you going to do next?"

"That's just what I want to know—I don't know what to do next. Can you advise me?"

"Throw yourself before the wheels of her chariot, and when the hoofs of her haughty steeds are trampling out your heart's best blood, tell her how you love her." And Teddy, as he spoke, waved his cigar dramatically, and then leaned back in his arm-chair as if the effort had been too much for him.

"Don't chaff me, please, but tell me what I'm to do."

Teddy, who is a capital fellow at heart, looked serious for a moment, and then said:

"I have it. Write to her!"

"Write to her?"

"Yes."

"But I don't know her, and she'll never forgive such a piece of impertinence."

"Never mind. Risk it. 'He either fears his fate too much—' you know the rest—that's my advice. If you won't take it, why the deuce did you ask me for it?"

"I think I will," I said, musingly.

"That's right," said Teddy, encouragingly. "Write and say who you are; I wouldn't give your real name, but let her know you're a gentleman, and that if she takes you she'll stand a chance of being Lady Harcourt some day. Say you don't want to press matters till you can get a formal introduction to her, and"—here he stopped a moment—"ask her, if she's not very angry with you, to be at the Opera on some night in one week, when you'll go every night it's open, and wear a white camellia in your button-hole. There's your plan all cut and dried, and you're the most ungrateful fellow in the world if you don't carry it out."

I was rather staggered at the boldness of this proposal, and went home, after having thanked Teddy, promising to think it over. It was indeed a mad scheme, not wilder though than my wild search, after I had seen her photograph. And remember, I was madly in love with Miss Vane; so madly, indeed, that I could not be content to wait until, by some happy accident, I met her in society and got introduced to her. She might be engaged to some one else in the interval, if even she were not engaged already; she might even get married; and I was resolved at least to let her know how strange and mad a passion she had inspired. A girl with such eyes, I thought, must be romantic, and surely all the romance of her nature would come to my aid when she knew for how long I had worshiped her photograph.

For two more days I watched her in the Park, and then I determined to act upon Teddy's advice. Not without some misgivings, however, as to the romantic nature of the proposal having any weight with her; for on one occasion she was riding, and was attended not only by her father, but by a younger cavalier with whom she seemed to be on very intimate terms, and I fancied that she was chaffing him unmercifully about something.

Our family were famous in old days for acting without hesitation when once a course of action was decided upon, and I was no exception to the general rule. A letter, precisely in accordance with the sagacious Teddy's instructions, was written and dispatched the next day. I did not give my own name, fearing Miss Vane's indignation. Being anonymous, the letter could do no harm if it fell into the hands of any one who knew me. Of course she would see me if she went to the Opera; but I thought that, if she kept the appointment, she would hardly be so base as to betray me. There were four opera nights at Covent Garden during the next week, and on one of these four occasions I implored her to appear. I should be there with the white camellia, and I should—so I said in the letter—construe her attendance as a sign that she was not fatally angry with me, and that I might seek an introduction to her in some more conventional and legitimate manner.

It was with a beating heart that I took my seat in a stall at the Opera on the first of the appointed nights. I was absurdly early, in my eagerness to be upon the scene, and few persons but myself were in the theatre. These I scanned carefully through my opera-glass, and as the stalls and boxes began to fill I devoted the whole of my time to a steady scrutiny of their occupants. People near me in the stalls must have wondered what made me so regardless of the music, and so much on the alert when any new-comer appeared in the house. I was voted a great barbarian, no doubt, with no soul for music, and my neighbors must have speculated what had brought me to the Opera, since I had evidently not come there to listen to the singing.

But my search was hopeless. I looked in vain round the "glittering horse-shoe" that spread before me like a rainbow. I saw many fair faces, many bright eyes bent earnestly upon the stage; golden-haired and dark-haired beauties sat in snug boxes, enthroned like queens, while attentive gentlemen, in irreproachable evening-dress, bent over them. But nowhere in the great theatre could I see the one face that was engraven on my heart: on the first night, at all events, she had not thought fit to come; and as my mind dwelt on my disappointment, I was very angry with myself for ever having taken Teddy's advice, and having written my mad letter. I went home in a very disconsolate mood, although I was rather consoled by the enlarged photograph which had been taken for me, and which was installed in a place of honor in my rooms.

The next day I had no heart even to go to the Park; and again, punctual to the time of opening, I went to the Opera. Again I was disappointed. Miss Vane was evidently incensed at my impertinence in writing to her, and never made her appearance. I returned home the second night mad with love and disappointment. I went into Maynard's rooms and upbraided him for his advice, and altogether, as he said, I qualified myself for Colney Hatch by easy stages. I tried to console myself with my portrait; and I saw Miss Vane for an instant in the Park on the third day, but she only drove round once; and I took my seat at the Opera, so prepared for a third disappointment that when she never appeared I settled down into calm despair. There was one more night, however—one more chance for me and my white camellia; and I still dared to hope that I should see her.

On this fourth evening I was obliged to go out to dinner. My host was an old friend of our family, who had been for many years in Canada, and had now come home to settle in his native country. He had no family; had taken a handsome house in town, and was very desirous of showing every possible kindness to me. I was obliged, therefore, to accept his invitation, but hoped that the Laurences would let me get away in time to go to the Opera.

I was pleasantly surprised; therefore, when on reaching their home, and going up into the draw-

"FOR SOME TIME I OCCUPIED MYSELF WITH SITTING IN THE BACK OF THE BOX, JUST CONTENT TO LOOK AT EDITH."

ing room, Mrs. Laurence said to me, "My husband will have to make his apologies to you, Mr. Harcourt, for he is obliged to go off on some most important business immediately after dinner. Now, as I can not expect to be able to amuse you all the evening, I have got a box at the Opera, Covent Garden. Will you take me?"

"I shall be delighted. But I hope you don't think I should not be equally pleased to be here."

"Well, the fact is," she said, "I am not wholly unselfish. I very seldom get to the Opera, as my husband does not care for music, and am glad when I can catch any one who will go with me. We shall not be alone, by-the-by, as I have a young lady coming to the box who will only need an escort to her carriage, for she is a very independent person, and goes about a good deal by herself."

"Indeed," I said.

"Yes; she is a charming girl, however, and I hope you will like her."

Then Mr. Laurence came in, and shortly afterward dinner was announced.

Such an arrangement was an extremely fortunate one for me, I thought, and I only hoped that Mrs. Laurence and her charming young lady might devote themselves entirely to the music, and leave me at liberty to scrutinize the house.

One thing I had to remember, and that was my camellia. I had left the one I intended to wear at my chambers. However, I persuaded good-natured Mrs. Laurence to drive round by my rooms, under pretense of getting my own opera-glass, which I said was specially adapted to my sight. Then I got my flower, put it carefully into my button-hole, and covered it over with my light over-coat.

When we drew up under the portico at Covent Garden and were entering the lobby Mrs. Laurence said to me:

"Why, I declare, there are the Colonel and Edith going up yonder before us. I suppose he's just brought her, for I know he had to go to the same meeting as Mr. Laurence."

"The Colonel and Edith!" "The Colonel!" gave me a thrill, thinking of *her* father, and I wondered with a vague curiosity who they were.

We were getting near our box, led by an obsequious attendant, when I said to Mrs. Laurence:

"You talked of the Colonel just now. May I ask who he is?"

"Colonel Vane; an old friend of my husband's. He was quartered at Quebec a long time. Edith is his only child, and they live in Worcester Square."

I sometimes wonder now that I didn't faint at this intelligence. I am sure unsuspecting Mrs. Laurence must have felt the arm on which she was leaning tremble, and I fancied even the box-keeper must have been able to hear my heart beating. Edith Vane! This, then, was the name of my idol; and I thought never did name sound so musical. In a few seconds I should be in her company. I remembered my letter and the camellia. Had she come, I wondered, on this last night? But just as we reached the box-door I tore the flower from my button-hole, and put it into the ticket-pocket of my coat. I was about to be properly introduced to her, and I thought I would dissociate myself from my foolish letter.

We got to the box; the usual introductions followed, and then Colonel Vane departed, and left me with the ladies. They had a great deal to say to each other, and for some time I occupied myself with sitting in the back of the box, just content to look at Edith. If I had thought her beautiful in her photograph, and when out driving, think how I worshiped her loveliness when I saw her in full dress. I was glad that I had some time given me to recover myself, and to collect my thoughts, for I was so stunned by this unexpected good fortune that I should have acquitted myself badly had I been required to make myself agreeable as soon as we were seated at the theatre. I was glad Edith had so much to say to Mrs. Laurence, and I was amusing myself by comparing her real face, as I saw it before me, with my photograph, when Mrs. Laurence turned to me and said, laughingly:

"Mr. Harcourt, you have perhaps sharper eyes than Edith or myself. Can you see any gentleman in the theatre with a white camellia in his button-hole?"

A pleasant occupation for me truly! How thankful I was I had taken the odious flower out.

"Yes," said Miss Vane, merrily, "do you see any swain in the stalls who looks particularly love-stricken?"

"May I ask the reason of this investigation?" I said, as lightly as I could, although I felt very nervous. "Is this an appointment?"

Miss Vane glanced quickly at me for a moment as if some suspicion had entered her head, and then said, smiling,

"Well, I suppose it is. The fact is, Mr. Harcourt, I have an unknown admirer, who implored me to be at the Opera on one night out of four. I did not intend to come, but papa wished me to do so to-night: so, if the enterprising individual is in the house he will be gratified."

"The faithless creature is not here, apparently," I said, scrutinizing the house through my opera-glass: "at least I don't see any white camellia, if that was the sign."

"I'm afraid he's not," said Miss Vane. "How very ungallant of him, is it not, Mr. Harcourt?"

"Poor young man!" said good-natured Mrs. Laurence, who was of rather a sentimental character. "He may have seen you, and be really in love with you, Edith; and you said you thought, from his letter, that he was a gentleman."

"Well, he has not kept tryst," I said, leaning forward to get a good view of the house, and wondering whether any wretch would be present with a conspicuous white camellia, who would be singled out as the hero of the romance.

When I next turned to speak to Miss Vane, I noticed a new and curious expression on her face, as if something was occupying her thoughts that she was trying to conceal: something amusing, apparently, for her eyes were laughing, although her face looked quiet and demure. She answered some question I put to her about the music, and then said,

"Do you often go to the Opera, Mr. Harcourt?"

"Oh yes," I said, carelessly. "I've been three times before this week." And then, remembering my letter, I turned away to hide my confusion.

The hours went swiftly by: far too fast, I thought, for I was in the seventh heaven of delight, and Mrs. Laurence seemed very pleased that Miss Vane and I got on so well together. I heard little of the opera that evening. "Diva" Patti was entrancing all hearts upon the stage, but my Diva was beside me in the box, and I had no ears for the music.

But the happy evening ended at last. We escorted Edith to her carriage, and then I drove home with Mrs. Laurence, both of us singing a chorus in her praise. One thing deserves to be noted about that evening at the Opera. When I got home, strange to say, I could not find my camellia any where, and imagined that it must have been jerked out of my pocket. However, I had, luckily, not needed it, and I went to bed happy, and dreamed of Edith Vane.

V.—THE EPILOGUE.

MRS. LAURENCE, who, like all middle-aged ladies, was very fond of match-making, had evidently made up her mind to foster my love affair as much as possible; for I was continually being invited to her house and always met Edith Vane. I came to know the Colonel also, and in time was invited to Worcester Square, where Edith played the hostess like a little queen. Need I say that I came daily to love her more and more? And I had the happiness of believing that she was not indifferent to my devotion. Riding by her side in the Park, I used sometimes to look back upon the old days when I worshiped her at a distance, and hardly dared to hope that I should ever be so blessed as to be daily in her society.

One afternoon I had gone to Worcester Square, and as Edith was too tired with a ball the previous night to go out riding, I staid chatting with her in the pleasant drawing-room. And that summer afternoon I put my fate to the touch; and a strange answer I received to my pleading, when I told Edith Vane how I loved her, and asked her to be my wife. She did not reply at once, but at last she said:

"Please do not think unkindly of me, but I have a confession to make."

"I can not think unkindly of you, Miss Vane—Edith! You know it would be impossible."

"Do you remember," she said, "that night at the Opera, when a gentleman was to meet me with a white camellia in his button-hole?"

"Perfectly. How can I ever forget it? It was the first time I met you!"

"Well," she said, slowly, "although perhaps you did not see him, *I* saw the gentleman with the camellia that night."

"Did you?" I said, feeling terribly annoyed. Some fellow had been there with the flower; camellias were common enough. How was it I hadn't seen him?

"Yes," she went on, "and I have seen him since—very often!" And as she spoke she hung her head down, as if to hide her blushes.

How I cursed Teddy and his hateful advice! Some one had heard of the letter and had taken advantage of my plan to steal my darling's heart.

"And—and—" I said, trembling, "I know I have no right to ask—you love him?"

A burning blush came over her face and neck as she looked into my eyes and said,

"I do!"

I clasped my hands over my face, and groaned. Here was a pleasant end to all my plotting! And yet she had given me many reasons for believing that she had some love for me. It was very bitter to hear her confess her love for another man, and to know that it had been brought about by my agency.

I was startled by a laugh. Edith Vane was sitting near me, positively laughing at my misery.

"I hardly thought I should have been insulted," I said, indignantly.

But still Edith did nothing but laugh.

"How have I insulted you?" she said.

"How have you insulted me? Why, by laughing at my disappointment when you have confessed your love for another man!"

"But I have not done that!"

"I can not stop to guess riddles, Miss Vane," I said, abruptly. "What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that I love"—and here she half turned her head away—"the gentleman who had a camellia that night at the Opera, and he says I insult him by saying so. Oh, Frank!"

And then, looking divinely beautiful, she held out to me—my white camellia! And in another moment she was hiding her rosy face on my shoulder.

So I won my darling. The original of the cherished photograph was mine. The appointment with the wearer of the white camellia was kept for life.

READING FAIRY TALES IN THE WOODS.

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

By FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

CHAPTER VI.

HOLDING the hand of the little guardian who had saved him from death, Cuthbert dared at length to return to the house. Without her he could never have fortified himself to enter again the presence either of his wife or Derrick. The latter met him at the door with a good-humored smile. Cuthbert would have passed him with no other recognition than crimsoned cheeks and a tremulous "Good-morning;" but Derrick caught him by the shoulders, looked him full in the face, and burst into a roar.

"Why, bless my soul, man! What's the matter with you?" cried he. "You're the worst-looking case of katzenjammer I ever saw in my life! Can't you speak to a fellow? You don't mean to say that you've got that face on just because you were a little too jolly last night?"

"Dalmager, I was a brute—a vile brute-beast last night!" replied Cuthbert, still scarcely able for shame to lift his head and look his friend in the face.

"Oh, stuff and nonsense!" said Derrick; "do you suppose you're the only man who ever tipped his elbow once too often overnight and felt his hair pull in the morning? Why, you morbid Yankee, there are heaps of eminent citizens—that stand high in the church, at the polls, in their professions, and in the domestic circle (I quote from memory out of the Owlieville *Clarion*, week before election), that make it a point to go to bed every night of their lives as you did last night. They'd think their constitutions had got out of order if they skipped one night in the three sixty-five. Come, come! You can't import your Puritanism into this latitude. It's as out of place here as over-coats in June—which I understand you Massachusetts fellows wear all the year round like your morals. 'Twon't do, old fellow—so take that stretcher out of your lank chops, and look as if you had a friend in the world."

"Come, papa," said Lily, who, without understanding his view of the matter, had been jarred by the Doctor's levity upon a subject as deeply if not as despairingly at heart with her as with her father. "Come and see dear mamma, she'll be frightened for both of us, I'm afraid; we've been away a long, long time."

Cuthbert, glad to escape from the friend whose well-meant palliation of his conduct, as he believed it, still hurt his sore conscience like the bitterest irony, went up stairs to the wife whom most of all he dreaded to meet, clinging for protection to the hand of his blessed little mediator, Derrick calling after him to hurry down with Mrs. K. as quick as possible, since breakfast had been kept waiting for him to get over his blues till the potatoes had caught them, and the chops were as stiff as a Yankee deacon's. "Take a hair of the same dog before you eat, old fellow!" he added. "It will make a new man of you; be advised by an old Kentuckian."

During the long conversation of the past evening Derrick's powerful influence with Mrs. Kearney had wrought an unconscious change in her views upon the subject of such lapses as Cuthbert's, to a considerable extent relaxing the severity with which her stern New England training had all her life taught her to regard them, and making her feel that they were less crimes than offenses against good taste. But even had he not counseled leniency as a politic measure in dealing with husbands, Cuthbert's poor sorrow-worn face must have pleaded for him as he came into the room with Lily; and when he knelt beside the bed from which she had not yet risen, broken-heartedly murmuring, "Oh, wife! wife! for God's sake, forgive me, my darling wife!" he was astonished by her turning toward him without even the feminine man-chastisement of tears—even smiling faintly as she patted his cheek in the indulgent, superior fashion with which we restore a child to our good graces, and saying, "There! there! let's try to forget all about it, Cuthbert my dear." He bent over her and kissed her passionately with an unintelligible ache in his heart—as if he would rather have had her feel more deeply the depth of his own self-torture, had that been possible, without her knowing equal torture of her own. He missed the moral strength which a sense of intense solicitude in her would have conferred on him—and though he could not have put it into the vaguest outline of speech, recognized under that air of superior pardon an irreparable loss of wifely respect. All that was included in his fall he could not begin to measure fully, but it involved an empty niche where his standing had once been almost that of godship—a disillusionment of two beautiful eyes which once had never been able to look at him without being blinded by excess of light, and the kisses which he lavished on her meant his heart's passionate snatching after that royalty and worship which he instinctively felt slipping away from him forever. To be *her* Cuthbert—the Cuthbert of a year ago! He would have died for it! Ah! and only death buys back such things. The disenchanted wife, the lover who has found his mistress common clay, live on and on—love too, while they live, in very noble fashion, but not the old fashion—the magic, rosy fashion of love's young morning. Love forgives, and forgives, and forgives, but is not illusioned again—or again illusioned only when the grave renews apotheosis for the beloved who one day, perhaps without knowing where, or when, or how, slipped down from his Olympus. Cuthbert and his wife had been like young lovers, walking over the roughest by-ways of the world without emerging, so far as regarded each other, from their honey-moon's enamored dream. And now—she might—she did forgive him; but that had happened which forgiveness does not repair. Merciful—oh merciful! that we only dimly suspect, never fully know, and only feel now and then in an evanescent flash this helpless, hopeless change. Else we should have suicides much oftener—realizing in its entireness what is meant by Young Love finding no place for repentance though he seek it carefully with tears.

"Let us try and forget it." So saying she kissed him back, and Cuthbert began living his life on the new plan.

After his wonderful deliverance at the pool, and his discovery that no such ruinous consequences had ensued upon his error as his morbid fancy first pictured to itself, with the love of his little angel redoubled, if possible, by her instinctive sense of her father's need, Cuthbert went about his work in a spirit of grateful humility which sometimes seemed almost like happiness. This feeling continued until mid-winter, then, with the memory of his shame, slowly faded away. Derrick, with a confidence which thrilled him with admiring thankfulness to the finger-tips when he contrasted it with the utter distrust which he had expected after his lapse, committed his business almost entirely to Cuthbert's charge, devoting himself zealously to the duties of the profession in which his name, as a bold and successful expert, was becoming distinguished all over the State. Indeed, the Doctor now staid most of his time at Garnet Run, and patients requiring capital operations came to him many hundreds of miles. He built an office and surgical-room on the grounds near the upper gate, and passed a fortnight at a time without going to Owlieville. Meanwhile Cuthbert, with a comfortable carriage at his disposal, a fine team, and a negro boy to drive for him, was visiting distant parts of their own and adjoining counties, making collections and managing sales and purchases, which frequently kept him away from home for several days running. Once or twice his wife accompanied him—and those occasions, bearing a faint resemblance to the excursions they had planned for the time "when they should be rich," during those early honey-moon days when they sat clasping hands and building air-castles by their open fire, were marked with a red letter in Cuthbert's memory. Less delightful than these (for he still loved his wife with the adoration of a true husband and the passionate admiration of a homely, scholarly man for a beautiful woman—loved her better than any one on earth), but less delightful than these only, were the more frequent expeditions in which he had Lily's companionship. When he had them with him no journey seemed commonplace. To point out every spot which had an historical interest; answer every question about trees and birds and beasts, which from Lily's sweet tongue more especially flowed in a perpetual stream; to let the people where he went see his beautiful companions, and to note the sincere homage even of their rustic stares; to overhear the enthusiastic compliments paid them even when, as often happened, these were pointed by expressions of wonder at the contrast between their charms and the remarkably "ornery" face and figure of their husband and father—were a perpetual exhilaration to Cuthbert's loving nature, and kept him in a happy twitter better than any stimulus that could have been administered by the mouth.

But as the weather grew colder Mrs. Kearney grew more attached to the comforts of the fireside. Accustomed only to New England winters, with their five months' blockade in front of roaring logs and inside stuffed windows, with a temperament exquisitely responding to quiet and luxury, she shuddered at the thought of venturing out for a thirty miles' ride, even in the blander climate of Kentucky; and the anxiety of both of Lily's parents kept them from exposing her to weather which her mother dreaded to encounter herself. The little girl needed all her dutifulness to reconcile her to separation from her father. Slight and fair as she was, Heaven had bestowed on her a constitution without a flaw in it any where. She had no weakness of lungs, no delicacy of digestion, no more hereditary bad tendency of morbid sensitiveness in any direction than the first baby that was laid on the lap of the world's mother. She would have been perfectly happy if she could have staid at home and made snow-men with her papa—perfectly happy in a higher kind if he would only have made her his invariable companion in all his journeys, with a box under the seat for books, lunch, and the curiosities, such as last year's birds'-nests, queer pebbles, moss, grotesque twigs, and leaves, which she always collected for her play-house when she went out with him, about which he had exhaustless things to tell her, and which she treasured most sacredly under title of her "Museum." If she had not been as brave a little angel as she was good and loving, she would have bid her father good-by with tears in her eyes every time that he drove away from the portico without her; but all that he ever had of her farewell was tender smiles and what she called "a bushel of kisses," though by the time the sound of his carriage-wheels had died away she was out of sight in the haymow, crying as if her heart would break.

For months after Cuthbert's mortifying disaster he pursued a course of rigid abstinence from stimulants of all sorts. A severe cold caught during one of his long rides led to a renewal of the Doctor's prescription—this time, in the form of a glass of hot spiced rum, administered just before going to bed. He consented to take it with fear and trembling, but it did him so much good that he was not slow to accept Derrick's view of the case, and acknowledge that the only evil of liquor lay in its abuse. He finally returned to the conclusion that, after all, a constitution like his would be benefited by the temperate use of spirits daily—that nothing was a better safeguard against changes of temperature and sudden exposure at a distance from home—a better invigorator, tonic, or means of getting up a reaction when wet through, than a glass of good oily old Bourbon. Presently the little box under the seat in addition to the lunch, and as a substitute for the various nicknackery which had filled it when Lily accompanied him, numbered among its invariable contents a quart bottle selected from the choicest corner of Derrick's cellar.

When such a bottle gets into the medicine chest it is astonishing how rapidly one's nosology amplifies. Cuthbert would have been horrified by the suggestion that it belonged in any other category than that of strictly medical stores; but he soon found so large a variety of ill feelings for which it was a specific, that before he was aware he was having as frequent recourse to it as during the past summer. As the severity of the weather more and more precluded the possibility of taking Lily with him, the dyspeptic melancholy for which Derrick had originally prescribed it became more and more habitual. Yearning for home and love, in a great empty carriage, with no companion but a black driver in front, and Care, the black footman of the poet, behind him—

("Post equitem sedet atra Cura")—

on lonely roads—in lonely inns—still worse, in places where every soul kept festival but his own, and he, out of mere business policy, must take his share in the mirth or be set down as a kill-joy—what wonder that the old temptation ruined his moral defenses, and before any visible excess could sound the alarm-bell to his conscience, possessed a firmer foothold in his citadel than before? Several times during the course of the winter, when many miles from home, he supped with hospitable entertainers after the day's business, and awoke the next morning without any distinct recollection of how he got to bed; but none of his companions, when they met at breakfast with slight headaches, were any better able to inform him; and as he had exposed himself to no daylight scrutiny of unsympathetic eyes, and seemed to be thought better of rather than worse, he treated his experience as a pardonable social conformity, and felt no sting of remorse.

At home he adhered most scrupulously to his resolutions of temperance. The most fastidious person could not have accused him of disgracing his family by any word or deed. Yet the fact that he had resumed the use of liquor was unmistakable. His eye had a moist sparkle which, but for its being plainly induced, would have gone far to redeem him from the charge of homeliness. It was always an incongruously beautiful feature in his face; his college mates had likened him to Adonis looking out through slits in the mask of a Faun; and now its preternatural brilliancy frightened Lily for half an hour, till she prayed her fears away, after he had stooped over her little crib with candle in hand to kiss her good-night. His tongue, once tied by such a painful self-consciousness, ran now sometimes into positive eloquence as he sat before the blazing oak-logs talking with his wife, Derrick, and any neighbor who might chance in after the little golden head was nestling among its pillows. His cheek had changed its studently pallor for a carmine which never left it save in the early morning; then its ashen hue would have startled his wife had she risen with him, but it was her habit to sleep late, and he scarcely looked at himself in the glass till he had taken his before-breakfast bitters. Any expert must have seen in him one of those cases which have lately received from medical science a distinct name for their condition—a case of "*chronic alcoholism*." Our best society in every city, in all professions and callings, contain many such. Devout, benevolent, good husbands, fathers, and business men; adequate to every responsibility, faithful to every duty; nobody ever saw them intoxicated; they are a world-wide remove from the brawling drunkard or the fast man and voluptuary. The thought of a spree would horrify them; their convivial indulgences never exceed half a bottle of Medoc or a glass of Amontillado; many of them would be indignant at the charge of drinking for pleasure; what they take is simply as a tonic, and they *think* that they take very little of that. But they come to some critical time—some climacteric, like thirty years or forty-five, and out goes their life like a sharp-snuffed candle! Or they retire, apparently in the robustest

"THERE! THERE! LET'S TRY TO FORGET ALL ABOUT IT, CUTHBERT MY DEAR."

vigor, and are found dead in their beds the next morning; there are livid spots under their skin—"*hæmorrhagia purpura;*" there is a clot in their heart; paralysis has come like a thief in the night—"*Paraplegia,*" "the strong man armed that keepeth his goods in peace." Or perhaps they are attacked by some comparatively trifling disease, from which every body says such a giant constitution must rise and shake itself free, like an ox from a fly, with one wrinkle—a mild pneumonia, a slight pleurisy or gastritis, from which the feeble baby next door recovers in a week; and down they go as if shot through the heart, the disease revealing that every timber has the dry-rot, and the shapely vessel has been sailing along a smooth water, God only knows how long, held together merely by the outer skin of planking. Or they may tumble to pieces of a sudden into that direst rubbish-heap of soul and body, that most abject ruin, of the general paralytic; or some change in worldly circumstances takes away that pride of conventional position which alone stood them in stead of a conscience, and the decorous man, the synonym of respectability, who carries the plate up the aisle to-day, may to-morrow be begging his whilom fellow-vestryman for pennies enough to pass the night in oblivion and the gutter.

I did not set out intending to make such a long digression. I meant only to illustrate "chronic alcoholism" as a form of drinking which is the most insidious of all, because it never disgraces itself. Sometimes it involves three pints of whisky a day—more than the drunkard would need to make his home a hell, his name a hissing, his retinue a crowd of jeering "Arabs," his dormitory the watch-house, and his death a foregone conclusion. Chronic alcoholism keeps a bottle on the top shelf of the closet—takes small drinks constantly—knows the exact line beyond which liquor *shows*, and that other line, considerably short of this, where it is pleasantly, subjectively sensible; then takes religious care never to reach the former mark, and never to fall below the latter one—never to betray itself, yet never to be free from the influence of stimulus during any hour of its waking life.

Alas for himself! Alas for his beautiful young wife! Alas for his little household angel, and the memory of that morning at the Pool! Into the category of such cases had come Cuthbert Kearney.

Derrick Dalmager saw all this with the eyes of a penetrating physician. But among his neighbors—the people with whom he had been reared—the great majority of such as did not get drunk openly belonged to the same class as Cuthbert; and whether calloused by the universality of the fact, or from whatever reason, he minded his own business, and gave his friend no warning. The only notice that he ever took of his "regular habit" was an expression of countenance—a smile so good-natured that more suspicious men than Cuthbert might have taken umbrage at it as a sneer, more especially as it often seemed half-addressed to Mrs. Kearney—like an amused taking of that lady into his confidence, as if he were saying, "He's on his high horse to-night, isn't he?" when the schoolmaster's speech was more than usually unlocked, and his metaphor or antithesis soared in the firelight, as they discoursed together, into an Oriental fervor beyond the common. There were occasions, indeed, when the intense pathos or lofty morality of Cuthbert's utterance, inspired though its physical organ was by such an ignoble Helicon as flows in Bourbon County, would have stirred any appreciative audience to much profounder depths than the most brilliant flashes of Derrick's cynical wit and wisdom. Derrick was too acute a judge of intellectual capability not to discern this, though at first it took his pride by surprise to find this poor weak nature *his* possible rival in any thing. And Cuthbert's latent power became even yet more unmistakable when his own wife's eyes filled with tears of admiration, and her cheeks paid homage to the beauty of his speech by flushing like a girl's as she sat sighing with her eyes riveted on him. So intent were both speaker and hearer that they did not notice the expression which came into Derrick's face. The fitfully dancing fire-light would have forbidden any man who knew that Derrick was Cuthbert's friend to pronounce on that expression unreservedly; but a stranger seeing it might have been pardoned for supposing him Cuthbert's bitterest enemy; and when the schoolmaster paused, half startled at his own boldness, Derrick cried out, with enthusiasm:

"Bravo, Kearney! I'm glad you and I are not a pair of gay young bachelors—rival suitors for Mrs. Kearney's hand! I'm afraid if you talked in that way you'd make your wife fall in love with you."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HOW many pretty spring suits were spoiled on a certain day last week we would not venture to estimate! Spring suits, did we say? We meant summer ones; but, in truth, we are constantly forgetting that it is really summer. To be sure, before this paragraph is in print, the "heated term" may burst upon us; but at present it rains every alternate day in a very April-like manner; the strawberries are sour, and though it is the fashion in June to talk of "going into the country," there really is no occasion to leave the city, so far as the weather is concerned. But a change will come, so that doubtless we shall be forced to recommend Long Branch, Saratoga, Newport, Lake Mahopac, the White Mountains, or some other *quiet* (!) country place, wherein to get a breath of fresh air. So let us be content with the present.

But about the above-mentioned ruined walking suits—the *dry*-goods merchants reaped a harvest thereby. The day referred to was a—well, really, it is quite impossible to say exactly what kind of a day it was. In the early morning it was densely foggy; then it rained in a dull, heavy way; then it brightened up, and business-men started down town, hopefully leaving their umbrellas behind them; then thick, black storm-clouds gathered in the west and overspread the sky, and at mid-day it poured in impetuous torrents, mingled rain and hail, with thunder and lightning. Afterward the elements seemed relieved, a trifle of blue sky appeared, the sun gleamed out, and, though the clouds bore a treacherous aspect, multitudes were deceived, and were lured out into the streets. Suddenly the storm burst forth, and torrents fell. At this crisis, seated comfortably in a car, which we were resolved not to leave in a hurry—though, by remarkable foresight, armed with umbrella and water-proof—we were the innocent spectator of many a comedy, as well as tragedy. Improvident damsels, unprotected by even a minute parasol, were deluged by the floods, and rushed dripping into the cars, with a most forlorn aspect. Pretty little lace bonnets, bright flowers and ribbons, silk paletots and skirts, shared a miserable fate with plainer materials. Happy they who wore only a plain black suit. However, the ladies were exceedingly sensible, and bore their misfortunes with the greatest good-humor. In an hour the sun was shining, and finally disappeared in the west, amidst glorious golden clouds. The next day was faultless, and every body was out, including, of course, all those who were obliged to purchase a new suit of clothes! We understand, on good authority, that there has scarcely been such a "run" on Stewart's establishment during the season as occurred on that bright day.

West Point has been the centre of interest for many from the commencement of June, and will continue to be so to a considerable extent through the season. The June examinations are very important to the cadet, for then the estimates of his progress for the year are made up, and it is decided whether or not he is prepared to remain the balance of his term. The newly-appointed "Plebes" are now undergoing their drilling by the cadets, in squads of four or five. Although, of course, exceedingly awkward as compared with the thoroughly-drilled cadets, they are said to be unusually intelligent and manly, and to exhibit the right qualities for soldiers. West Point has been crowded with visitors; and independent of the cadets, who receive their full share of attention, it is a delightful place in which to while away the summer hours.

The *Revolution* states that there is a Nautical School in Madison Street in this city, conducted by two ladies, who, during the late war, prepared for the navy two thousand mates and captains of the merchant service, whose knowledge of navigation was inexact, and who took two or three months' instruction at the nautical school, by way of preparation for the strict examination required by the Naval Board. This school has been in operation about sixteen years, and young seamen, who have wished to qualify themselves as mates and captains, have attended, when their respective vessels have happened to be in port. The school was originally founded by Captain William Thoms, author of the "Practical Navigator" and "Thoms's Tables." He was assisted by his wife and daughter. After his death his son-in-law took charge of the school; but for some years past the two ladies, who have studied navigation both theoretically and practically, have conducted it.

The *Evening Mail*, in a very sensible paragraph against ladies accepting expensive presents from gentlemen who are merely ordinary acquaintances, speaks of a lady who received a very beautiful set of jewelry, by express, from a "friend," not many weeks ago. She returned it to the express company, saying that as a receipt must have been given for so valuable a parcel, the company must know the name of the sender. She requested that it be returned accordingly. Receiving expensive gifts is open to many objections, and often places a lady in a very embarrassing position. Flowers may, in general, be accepted freely—they are a pleasant tribute to offer to a lady friend, and will not be likely to annoy her. But if she does not want them they will speedily take care of themselves, without giving her the trouble to return them by express or otherwise.

The trade in West India fruits has been unusually brisk this season. Bananas have been abundant, and they will be more or less in the market for a couple of months longer. They are brought mostly from Baracoa, and the "season" commences about the first of April. They are packed in bins, and sold at wholesale by the bin. It is said that bananas should never be ripened in the sun, as is a very common practice, but always in the shade and by simple atmospheric processes. The sunshine burns or injures the quality of the fruit, besides rendering it liable to rot during the process of ripening. Cocoa-nuts are brought in vessels with bananas, being packed under the bins. They are shipped either with the husks on or off, at pleasure. When husked they bring about fifteen dollars per thousand more than when not husked.

The crop of pine-apples is said to be unusually fine this year. This fruit is sold at the wharf by the hundred, in assorted or in unassorted lots. The city retail trade is mostly supplied at Washington Market, where the principal part of the manipulation of the fruit is done.

Borax is used in many large washing establishments as a washing-powder, instead of soda. It does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen. Its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore is a pleasant and useful addition to water for bathing. It is also recommended as excellent for cleansing the hair and the teeth.

The skin of the crocodile is being put to a novel use, according to report. In Paris ladies' boots are made of it, and its merits are said to be extreme flexibility and readiness to take the most admirable polish. The fashion will not be likely to be extensively adopted here.

A "new thing" in ear-rings is also announced from Paris in the shape of a pair of enormous, hairy, spotted spiders, with a fly caught in their feelers. How lovely!

A gentleman traveling in Rome writes: "We hear every language spoken; and I do not now know whether what I talk is Italian or French. I am inclined to think it is a combination, with a little English thrown in at the hard places; also, now and then, a remarkably expressive gesture. I am not sure but that if Americans travel as much on the Continent in years to come as now, we may not soon have the basis laid for that universal language which some philosophers have sought to contrive. There are two recipes for ready-made Italian, which are very popular among travelers, and seem largely to supersede the laborious study of grammars and conversation books. One is for the speaker to take the French word for what he wants, and add an '*o*' or an '*e*' to it according as euphony seems to require. The other method is to take the Latin word and put it in the ablative absolute. People who have any thing to sell or to let are quite able to understand these forms of Italian."

In Venezuela, according to a recent statement, when a young man asks for the hand of a young girl, the father gives the supplicant a very hard stone to pierce. It usually takes about three years to pierce the stone, and then father grants the young man's request, and hands over his daughter.

An inventive genius of Paddington, England, proposes to introduce, under the name of "Steam Bird," a "flying steam-engine," fitted with wings, flapped by the action of steam. He will use liquid fuel, and carry very little water, condensing the steam by a very light condenser, made like the tail of a bird, to sustain the bird and steady its flight. The arms of the wings are connected with the piston-rod of the engine, so that the apparatus is raised by the strokes of the wings alone, without light-gas, heated air, or other contrivance to give it buoyancy. To this engine he attaches seats for one or more passengers.

The Russian Senate, with the sanction of the Emperor, has just published a decree prohibiting the importation, manufacture, or sale of paper-hangings, stuffs, dresses, sweetmeats, toys, etc., colored or dyed with poisonous substances.

Not long ago the inhabitants of Toulouse were surprised by observing the ground covered with a yellow dust. This phenomenon, which is sometimes called a shower of sulphur, is produced by a current of air passing over extensive pine forests or masses of flowers and carrying with it the pollen produced, which is afterward brought down by rain. Sometimes the color of the deposit is red, arising from minute particles brought by the wind from the desert or volcanic ashes, and then it takes the name of a shower of blood.

The consumption of gingerbread in Paris is estimated at 2,000,000 pounds annually, and the quantity of pastry is almost fabulous. Recently a "fair," given by vendors of gingerbread and miscellaneous cakes, was held at the "Place du Trône" and on the adjacent boulevards. The scene would have conveyed an animated idea to the stranger of the manners and amusements of the lower classes of the country. On all sides were long lines of booths filled with various sorts of gingerbread and pastry, well known to the youthful portion of the population, and sold at the minimum price of one sou a piece.

False hair has been so universally worn—at least in Paris—that when a woman has luxuriant tresses of her own she gets no credit for them. A story is told of a beautiful English lady, who was invited to Compeigne, and whose abundant hair becoming the subject of discussion at an imperial supper party, no one would believe it real till she loosened it before the company, when it fell almost to her feet.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G.—The fact that your material is two yards wide will not interfere with goring the skirt. You can lay two breadths of your gored pattern on one width of the goods. Gore only the front breadths and two side breadths. Make the gored skirt proper to reach only to the knee, then add a wide flounce with the robe pattern as a border for trimming. Make a narrow hem at the top of the flounce, and form a narrow ruffled heading by gathering on a cord.

BRUNETTE.—The Metternich green is claimed by both brunettes and blondes. The princess for whom it is named, and who brought it into fashion, has brown eyes, a rosy complexion, and light chestnut hair. If the wearer has a clear complexion it is immaterial whether she be dark or fair. This color, however, should only be worn in conjunction with white or black, as it does not mingle well with a contrasting color. The same clear complexion is requisite in order to make lavender and mauve becoming. Amber and the pale buff, now so fashionable, is especially suited to brunettes. Mexico blue is a clear shade similar to the Marie Louise blue.

MRS. A. H. E. CALLENDER.—We can not hear of any such machine as you mention.

X. Y. Z.—The right arm ought to be given to the lady when taking her to dinner or in the ball-room. The left is, however, considered the proper arm to give in the street, so that the right may be left free for defense.

LOUISE.—A trained skirt two yards and a half wide around the bottom. The flounce may be either ten inches or half a yard, according to your own fancy. The skirt must be sloped from the flounce upward or it will be too full at the waist. Leave the two back widths of the silk skirt full. Make but few pleats at the back. There must be some fullness, but should not be a great deal.

AUGUSTA.—It is decidedly improper to keep up your acquaintance with Mr. P. (whom you met accidentally at a party), without a regular introduction of the gentleman to your parents.

CLARA W.—We do not know exactly what capes you allude to. Wrappings of the same material as the walking dress are invariably worn here. It is positively a rare thing to see the mantle and dress of different material. Fancy capes, polonaises, and fichus of various styles, are frequently illustrated in *Harper's Bazar*—from which we hope you will be able to make a selection.

A COUNTRY READER.—Crinoline straw is a name given lately to the old-fashioned Neapolitan straw.

HELEN.—Large pongee parasols, white and pale buff, are considered appropriate with street suits of any color. Care should be taken that the bright color of the lining is of a shade becoming to the complexion. Rose color is suitable for brunettes; blue and green for blondes.

E. H. WILSON.—We regret that we can give you no other pattern than the illustration of the article to which you refer, which, moreover, is accompanied by a verbal description. Thanks for your kind appreciation of our efforts.

J. BIGBY.—Any kind of canes can be used for the newspaper stand, whether white or colored, as they are afterward varnished. They should be as stiff as possible, and can be obtained at any "notion" store. The stand is intended to hold papers as a bag.

K.—The proper value of a wedding gift, or of any other, consists in the sentiment and not in the cost. We can not imagine that your friend would be likely to prize any thing more than your miniature. The ceremonious mode of presentation is to send the gift to the bride's house just before the marriage.

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by News-dealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

"Unquestionably the best sustained work of the kind in the World."

HARPER'S New MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR JULY, 1868.

CONTENTS:

In the Number for January was commenced "*The Woman's Kingdom: a Love Story*," by DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

The most popular Monthly in the world.—*New York Observer.*
We can account for its success only by the simple fact that it meets precisely the popular taste, furnishing a pleasing and instructive variety of reading for all.—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

"A Complete Pictorial History of the Times."

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AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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The articles upon public questions which appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY form a remarkble series of brief political essays.—*North American Review.*

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HARPER'S BAZAR.
In it is now being published "*The Household Angel*," a Novel, by FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.
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FACETIÆ.

A GENTLEMAN traveling in Southern Pennsylvania reports a good story which he heard about a worthy mechanic who aspired to legislative honors. In his printed appeal to the voters he said, with more significance than he intended, "that if they declined to elect him he should remain at home a cooper and an honest man!"

WISDOM IN SMALL LOTS.

Be keerful that you allus git your muna before you give a receet; and allus git a receet before you give your muna.

Ef you air onla a quarter of a second tu late you won't git thar in time.

We've got lots of men with toweren intellex and brillyent genius and all that, but then, you see, we need just a few men of good common-sense like.

There may be some sweet sadness in chewing the bitter cud of adversity; but the most uv 'em in this section would rather have terbacker, you know.

Ef wise men never made mistaks this wood be a hard wurld for fools—of whom a great many are which.

It's no use to be mizerable to-da because you're afraid you can't be happy to-morrow.

It required all kinds uv men to make up the wurld, and so, you see, thar had to be some egotistikle durn fools for hotel clerks.

It don't take as much sense to pick a lock or forge a check as it do to not do it.

When it rains pudden you hold up your dish; but don't spend your time watchen for a shower.

It don't take a smart man to be a fool.

You can't do business without sense, any more than u ken start a kooper shop on top of a bung-hole.

A man that don't know enny thing will tell it the first time he gets a chance.

Ef I enjoy enny thing more than the prosperity of a good man it iz the punishment of a scoundrel.

A San Francisco Chinaman blew out the gas-light in his bedchamber, and was rescued nearly suffocated. His first words on recovering were, "Me no stealee gas!"

THINGS WE SHOULD MUCH LIKE TO SEE.

A fruit tree that keeps away pilferers by its own bark.
Gas that would go out at night and come in again in the morning.
A sauce-pan that will boil over with rage when the cook is insulted.
A clock that is so conceited as not to run down its own works.
The coat of a poor man's stomach (to see if it is out at the elbows).

"Genius will work its way through," as the poet said, when he saw a hole in the elbow of his coat.

The following "warning" is posted on a man's grounds a few miles back of Hoboken: "*Take notice*, that whosoever is found trespassing on these grounds will be *shot and prosecuted*."

The other evening one gentleman pointed out a dandified-looking individual to his friend as a sculptor. "What!" said his friend, "such a looking chap as that a sculptor? Surely, you must be mistaken." "He may not be the kind of one you mean," said the informant, "but I know that he 'chiseled' a tailor out of a suit of clothes last week."

"THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT"—Those blessed babies.

"Mr. Jones," said Mrs. J., with an air of triumph, "don't you think marriage is a means of grace?" "Well, yes," growled Jones, "I suppose any thing is a means of grace that breaks down pride and leads to repentance."

A New London physician was recently asked one starlight evening if he knew Ursa Minor, and replied, with but brief hesitation: "Oh yes! there is a family of Minors in Hartford, and I guess it's one of them."

HOW TO CURE A "GIRL OF THE PERIOD"—Put a full stop to her.

ALARMING!

GEORGE (*late Comic Bachelor*). "What do you think the Man wanted, my Dear? (*A visitor had called during breakfast.*) He came to *Take my Life!*"
AFFECTIONATE WIFE (*rushing at him*). "George!"
GEORGE. "I mean, my Love, in the Imperial Adamantine Assurance Office, that your Ma's been Bothering about ever since we were Married!"
[*Didn't he "catch it!"*

"Mother," said a lad, "is it wrong to break egg-shells?"

"Certainly not, my dear," replied the mother; "but what do you ask such a silly question for?"

"Because I have just dropped the basket with all the eggs in it," replied he.

A little girl, on hearing her mother say that she intended to go to a ball, and have her dress trimmed with bugles, innocently inquired if the bugles would blow up while she danced. "Oh no," said the mother, "your father will do that when he discovers I have bought them."

THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESH.—The following story was told by Dr. William Arnot, at a *soirée* in Sir H. W. Moncrieff's church in Edinburgh the other evening: "Dr. Macleod and Dr. Watson were in the West Highlands together on a tour, ere leaving for India. While crossing a loch in a boat, in company with a number of passengers, a storm came on. One of the passengers was heard to say, 'The twa ministers should begin to pray, or we'll a' be drooned.' 'Na, na,' said the boatman, 'the little ane can pray if he likes, but the big ane maun tak' an oar.'"

"An Unloved Wife," who ought to know of that of which she speaks, because she has so much experience, says that the reason that ladies look so much to money, in the matter of marriage, is, that nowadays they so seldom find any thing else in a man worth having.

A French country curé has found a new argument to show the existence of Providence. He lately said to his parishioners, who are largely engaged in raising early vegetables: "Perhaps you have sometimes asked yourselves why God did not give to asparagus two succulent ends instead of one. And yet, if it had been so, the eater would have had nothing to take hold of in lifting it to his mouth!"

A MODEL BOOT-BLACK—The sun that shines for all.

THE VERY GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

MRS. BROWN (*to B., who has a bad habit of talking in his sleep*). "And *pray*, Mr. Brown, who may 'Lady Elizabeth' be? with her 'Blue Gown' and 'Green Sleeves,' indeed!"

THE RACES.

How do the horses come round at The Corner?
When eyes are all straining
To see which is gaining,
And far-distant humming
Grows louder and clearer—Grows stronger and nearer.
"They're off!" "They are coming!"
"Who leads?" "Black and red!" "No! Green by a head!"
"The Earl!" "No, the Lady!" "Typhœus looks shady!"
"Orion! Orion—To live or to die on!"
"Twenty pounds to a crown—On the little Blue Gown!"
"I'll venture my whole in—That colt by Tom Bowline!"
"Paul Jones!" "Rosicrucian!"
"Green Sleeve!" "Restitution!"
"Le Sarrazin!" "Pace!"
"It's Mercury's race!"
Then on they come lashing, and slashing, and dashing,
Their colors all flashing like lightning-gleams gashing
The darkness, where, clashing, the thunder is crashing!
With whipping and thrashing,
With crowding and smashing,
With pressing and stirring,
With lifting and spurring,
With pulling and striving,
With pushing and driving,
With kicking and sporting,
With neighing and snorting,
With frisking and whisking,
With racing and chasing,
With straining and gaining,
With longing and thronging,
With plunging and lunging,
With fretting and sweating,
With bustling, and hustling, and justling,
With surging, and urging, and scourging,
With rushing, and brushing, and crushing,
With scattering, and pattering, and clattering,
With hurrying, and scurrying, and flurrying, and worrying,
With sliding, and gliding, and riding, and striding,
With crying, and flying, and shying, and plying,
With tying, and vying, and trying, and hieing!
Till rapidly spinning,
The ranks quickly thinning,
The crowd is beginning
To see which is winning:
Some faces grow brighter—and some grow forlorner:
And that's how the horses come round at The Corner!

LAST NEW THING IN SKIRTS.

AUNT (*slightly shocked*). "Why, Child, all your Clothes are Falling Off!"
LAURA. "Oh, dear, no, Aunty; it's the Fashion!"

A plate of apples was being passed round to a group of children. There was a fine red one on the top which a little girl took. "How greedy you are," said her next neighbor, "to take the largest! I meant to take that myself."

NEGRO SERMON.

"'Strate am de road an' narrow am de paff which leads off to glory!' Bredern Blevers: You am semble dis nite in coming to hear de word and have splained and monstrated to yu; yes yu is—and I tend for to splain it as de lite of liben day. We am all wicked sinners hea below—it's a fack, my bredern, and I tell you how it cum. You see

'Adam was de fust man,
Ebe was de tudder,
Cane was de wicked man
Kase he kill his brudder.'

Adam and Eve were bof brack men, and so was Cane and Able. Now I s'pose it seems to strike yer understanding how de fust white man cum. Why, I let you no. Den you see when Cane kill his brudder de massa cum and say, 'Cane, whar's your brudder Able?' Cane say, 'I don't know, massa.' But de nigger node all de time. Massa now git mad and cum agin; speak mity sharp dis time. 'Cane, whar's your brudder Able, yu nigger?' Cane now git frightened and he turn white; and dis de way de fust white man cum upon dis earth! And if it had not been for dat dar nigger Cane we'd nebber been trubbled with de sassy whites 'pon de face ob dis circumlar globe. De quire will sing de forty-eleventh him, tickler meter. Brudder Jones pass round de sasser."

Married life often begins with rosewood and mahogany and ends with pine.

AN OBJECT OF INTEREST—Seven-Thirties.

A Caledonia paper, in an obituary of a young lady who died lately, closed by saying: "She had an amiable temper, and was uncommonly fond of ice-cream and other delicacies."

A SUIT THAT RARELY FITS WELL—A law-suit.

A steward wrote to a bookseller in London for some books to fit up his master's library in the following terms: "In the first place I want six feet of theology, the same quantity of metaphysics, and near a yard of old civil law in folio."

FAVORITE AIRS OF MAMMAS WITH MARRIAGEABLE DAUGHTERS—Millionairs.

THE PRESENT FASHION.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 37.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Promenade Toilettes.

Fig. 1.—Round dress and scarf mantilla of lilac foulard, embroidered with violet silk. Lilac crape bonnet, trimmed with lace.

Fig. 2.—Under-skirt of blue and white striped foulard. Short over-skirt, looped up by means of two lapels, and scarf fichu of blue and white figured alpaca, trimmed with a pinked frill of blue silk. White lace bonnet.

Fig. 3.—Round dress and polonaise of Sultan red foulard, with skirt embroidered round the bottom and polonaise round the edge with silk of the same color. Rice straw toquet, trimmed with a small white bird and fall of white grenadine.

Fig. 4.—Dress of light green silk, with long black lace paletot with flowing sleeves. Black lace bonnet, trimmed with green ribbon.

Fig. 5.—Lavender silk dress, with black lace over-skirt and Marie Antoinette fichu. Black lace bonnet, trimmed with lavender ribbon.

PHILOSOPHY OF FAINTING.

THERE is fainting and fainting, the real and the counterfeit. Many dames either affect the one or are affected by the other. The apparent symptoms of both are similar; but in the genuine the patient suffers herself, while in the false she causes others to suffer. This latter form of the malady is familiar to most tender husbands of the henpecked order, whose wives are liable to a severe attack on the least indication of a tightening of the purse-strings, between which and the female constitution there seems to be a strong sympathy. The smallest constriction of the former is accompanied by a corresponding derangement of the latter, and a closed purse and a restrained expenditure are followed immediately by a stricture of the chest, a diminished circulation of the blood, and other symptoms of a well-got-up fainting-fit.

A remarkable case, successfully treated, may be found recorded in the *Tatler*. A fine lady was married to a gentleman who had connubial tenderness to a weakness. She determined to profit by it, and therefore took upon herself to govern her husband by falling into fainting-fits whenever she was refused any thing or contradicted. She made her first trial at dinner. While eating the fish she made signs that she had swallowed a bone. The man grew pale as ashes, and ran to her assistance, calling for water. "No, my dear," said she, recovering; "it is down, don't be frightened." This was sufficient proof of her husband's softness, and she now went confidently to work. On the next day she complained that her neighbor's chariot was more stylish than her own. Her husband answered: "Madam, you know my income; you know I have lost two coach-horses this spring—" Down she fell. "Hartshorn! Betsy! Susan! Alice! throw water in her face." With much care she was at last brought to herself, and a new carriage immediately bought by her husband to prevent relapses of the fainting-fits. These, however, continued to occur until her husband had the good fortune to escape further suffering by death.

The widow married again, and tried the fainting-fits upon her second husband. He, however, proved to be of sterner stuff than his predecessor. One day it happened that a discourse arose about furniture. He was glad of the occasion, and stoutly declared that he would never lay out more of his money for any fashionable gewgaws. His wife immediately fainted. He chafes her face, bends her forward, and beats the palms of her hands. Her convulsions increase, and down she tumbles on the floor, where she lies quite dead, in spite of what the whole family, from the nursery to the kitchen, could do for her relief.

While every servant was thus helping or lamenting their mistress, the husband, fixing his cheek to hers, secretly whispered to her, "My dear, this will never do; what is within my power and fortune you may always command; but none of your artifices. You are quite in other hands now than those of your former husband." This almost put her in the condition she pretended, and the fainting-fits came thicker. The kind man redoubles his care, helps the servants to throw water in her face by full quarts, and when the sinking was at the worst, said, "Well, my dear, I must take my leave of you till you are more sincere with me. Farewell forever." With that he ordered the maids to keep plying the hartshorn, and went away. He had hardly got to the head of the stairs when his wife came after him, and pulling him aside, thanked him for her cure.

The genuine fainting-fit is a more serious affair, and would not be readily assumed by any woman, not even for a cashmere shawl or a new chariot and pair.

Fainting, or syncope, as the doctors technically term it, has for its immediate cause a sudden diminution of the action of the heart. Hence the familiar symptoms of a death-like paleness and coldness of the whole surface of the body, ringing of the ears, sickness of the stomach, confusion of thought, loss of voluntary power, and finally complete prostration and insensibility. The exciting causes of fainting are, as is well known, very numerous. Excessive pain, a sudden loss of blood, or any discharge from the body which may produce instantaneous weakness, great fatigue, intense heat, prolonged excitement, and almost any depressing emotion of the mind, as fear, disappointment, grief, and the rest, will bring on a fainting-fit. The manner of action of these various exciting causes may be different, but they all finally result in producing the same depressing effect upon the heart.

All persons are by no means equally liable to faint. While there are many who pass their whole lives without any personal experience, there are others with whom it is almost a daily occurrence. Original constitution may have something to do with this difference, and there is no doubt that a very delicate nervous sensi-

PROMENADE TOILETTES.

bility predisposes to fits of fainting. Thus it is that women are more liable than men, not only to the false but the genuine. Making all due allowance for natural predisposition, there can be no doubt that most of the feminine fainting is to be attributed to artificial causes. The excessive sensibility to impressions, or nervousness, as it is commonly called, so favorable to a fit of syncope, is due, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, to a disobedience of the laws of health. It is not surprising that our dames of waxen structure thus subside in a daily faint; but it is remarkable that, unsubstantial as they are, they should survive to undergo a repetition of the vanishing process.

So familiar, unfortunately, is the ordinary fainting-fit that most "well-regulated families" are provided with all the means and appliances for its proper treatment. There is, however, one remedy, the most essential of all, which generally escapes the vulgar experience. The smelling-salts, the hartshorn, the dash of water, the *sal volatile*, and the glass of wine are all very well in their place; but these are far less important than the simple process of letting the patient take the position she naturally assumes, of lying upon her back, with her head somewhat lower than her chest. The fit has for its cause a weakness of the heart, and the gravest symptoms arise from the fact that the brain is in consequence deprived of its necessary supply of blood. To aid the diminished force of the circulation, it is necessary to give it the benefit of gravitation, which is done by letting the head fall below the chest, so that the current, flowing from the heart in the latter, may be running down hill in its course to the brain in the former.

Many deaths have been produced from a neglect of this simple precaution of placing those who have fainted in a lying position. Most people seem to think that they must always do the reverse of what Nature indicates; and when a person naturally falls in a fit, these busy-bodies set to work at once in raising him to his legs and keeping him there. *Let him lie* is a precept that can not be too often repeated. The practice, so common when a woman is attacked in church with fainting, of walking her out between two able-bodied male supporters, of unbounded benevolence and equal ignorance, down a long aisle, is exceedingly dangerous. If carried out at all, the patient should be borne away horizontally, with her head inclined backward.

In the excessive debility of convalescence after a severe attack of illness, death is often produced by allowing the patient to rise suddenly in his bed, or to attempt to get out of it. The heart, partaking of the weakness of the rest of the body, has only strength enough to drive the blood to the brain when it has the aid, in a lying posture, of gravitation. Deprived of this suddenly by the upright posture of the body, it fails to send its blood to the head, and an endless fainting-fit, or death, is the fatal result.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1868.

☞ *We are happy to announce that we shall shortly begin in* HARPER'S BAZAR *the publication of* "THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD," *a new Love Story, richly Illustrated, by the Author of* "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," *etc., which can not fail to interest and delight the reader.*

SUMMER FRUITS.

THE chemists tell us that the main purpose of eating is to keep the body warm. They say that the consumption of food necessary for this amounts to four times as much as for all other objects of the human economy combined. Since the animal heat must be kept up to the same point at all seasons, it is obvious that more of the diet essential to its production is required in winter than in summer, for the cold of the former is constantly tending to reduce the temperature of the body, while the effect of the latter is the reverse.

The heat-producing articles of food are termed carboniferous, because they contain carbon, or charcoal, in large proportions. They form much the greatest part of human diet. The fat of meats, the sugar, the starch, and oil of vegetables, which are the main constituents of all we eat, belong to them. These are, and should be, eaten in all seasons, for the human furnace must be kept constantly supplied with fuel, and its heat never be allowed to fall below 98°, a temperature essential for the due operation of the vital processes. Requiring, however, a much larger quantity of carboniferous or fatty food in winter, we take it in a concentrated form, and thus feed largely upon pork, butter, and other oleaginous articles. In summer, wanting less to keep up the same degree of heat, we take our carbon in a more diluted shape, as we find it in vegetables and fruit, which we consume largely.

The chief advantage of vegetable food may be that it furnishes us with a convenient means of graduating the supply of carbon to the diminished demand of the human body for it in warm seasons and climates. It has, however, other qualities which make it indispensable as an article of diet. Those long deprived of vegetable food suffer from scurvy, which was the most fatal and common of diseases, until Captain Cook, the great navigator, discovered the cause and applied the remedy in the form of lemon-juice. Medical chemists attribute this action of vegetables and fruits to the acids which they all contain. These acids are not supposed to supply the body with any substance essential to its support, but to act by expelling from it what is injurious. They are considered to be rather medicine than food. There are certain substances called alkalies which are deposited in the human system, and which, if allowed to remain, will disorder its functions. These the acids of vegetables and fruits are supposed to take up and carry away with them in their easy exit from the body.

The remedial effects of the grape are so highly esteemed in those countries where it is produced, that it is customary for persons afflicted with various disorders to resort to the vineyards during the time of the vintage for the purpose of physicking themselves with this fruit. For two or three weeks the patient submits to what is called a *cours de raisin*, a course of grapes, gorging himself with them, and in the mean time eating nothing else. The grape-cure has a high reputation in the countries where it is used; but it is probable that, like all popular remedies, it gets more credit than it deserves.

Fruits, however, of all kinds, when eaten moderately, are of unquestionable benefit to the health, and should be made a part of the daily food not only during the seasons of their ripeness but in all other, which is possible with the mode of preservation now practiced. Those preserved fruits are the best which retain the most of their original character.

There is an old Spanish proverb which says: "Fruit is gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night." In all tropical countries, where the fruits form so large a portion of the daily food, it is customary to eat them during the early part of the day. This practice would seem to confirm the teaching of the proverb. There is little doubt that the common habit of gorging ourselves with fruit at dessert, when we are already replete with a superabundant dinner, is a bad one. This but adds a crowning ill to the evils of satiety.

PROPER EXERCISE.

SUCH is the intimate relation between the body and mind that it is impossible to do any good to either unless the actions of both are kept in harmony. This truth is well demonstrated by the utter uselessness of all physical exercise for health's sake, unless accompanied by a wholesome mental activity. Let any one, while depressed in mind, test his muscular power, and he will soon find how little able and disposed he is to use it. On the other hand, if he exerts his physical strength when under the animating influence of pleasurable emotions, he is scarcely conscious of the effort. If physical exercise is persisted in with the indisposition and incapacity for it that come from mental depression, the result is an excessive prostration which is of course injurious to the health of the body. On the contrary, the exertion of the muscular force, stimulated and supported by a cheerful mind, can be continued almost indefinitely, with the good effect of giving increased vigor to the whole human system.

All plans of exercise should be based upon a regard to the harmonious action of mind and body. The solitary "constitutional" walk, as it is called, taken for health's sake, is of no benefit, for it can be seldom varied, and does not supply diversion to the mind, which continues to fret itself and weary the body. Horseback exercise is much superior, for the reason that in the management of the beast there is necessarily a constant call upon the attention which keeps the mental faculties occupied, and thus relieves them of all depressing and exhausting influences.

Those sports requiring physical effort and the open air are excellent for health, as they occupy the mind pleasurably at the same time that they exercise the body. It is surprising how much work can be got out of the muscles when stimulated to action by agreeable emotion. A child will run, and climb, and tumble, and shout, and indulge in boisterous effort of all kinds the whole day, apparently without any fatigue, while engaged in play with his fellows; but let him take the shortest and most composed walk with an elder, and he will hardly step a dozen paces before he begins to lag back in weariness.

The great point to be considered in any plans of exercise for health's sake, is the intimate alliance between body and mind, and the necessity of providing simultaneously for the occupation of both. It matters little how the muscles are put into action; but that form of physical exercise is the best which is accompanied by the most agreeable mental emotions. Pleasant company will give a refreshing and wholesome effect to a long walk, which if taken alone would only weary and weaken.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to a Bride.

MY DEAR LAURA,—I received your delightful letter from Melon's charming house up the river, and I have been thinking a great deal of your kind confidence. Indeed when, after reading it, I walked out into Madison Square, and betook myself to pleasing meditation, I must have beamed in the most extraordinary manner, for when I came upon Mr. Peter Paul Pry, he exclaimed, in amazement:

"Bless my soul, Bachelor, what has happened to you? You are not going to be married, eh?"

And we both burst into such a merry laugh that I saw all the nursery-maids near us looking at us in alarm and rapidly hastening away, evidently under the conviction that we were two elderly lunatics of an inoffensive turn.

"No," said I. "No, my dear Pry, not exactly married; but what would you say if the lovely Laura whom I saw married last week had written to me in the very midst of her blissful honey-moon to remind me that I had forgotten to send her the letter of advice I promised? Wouldn't that make *you* beam?"

"Possibly it might make *me;* but I don't believe it would amuse the lovely Laura's husband," replied Peter Paul Pry.

"Nonsense," answered I. "Louis and I are as old friends as Laura and I; and I have given him a good many hints also."

"Very well," continued Peter Paul, soberly; "all I know is, that if I were just married and buried in bliss at Melon's place in perfect June weather, and Mrs. P. should write letters to ancient single gentlemen, asking their advice about married life, I should think a good deal of honey had dropped out of my moon."

Pry seemed to be in such sober earnest that I could only laugh again, and after a moment he joined. The idea of his being just married struck him as it did me, and our uproarious fun caused still further consternation among the nursery-maids.

Then, my dear Laura, I told him that I was, as it were, a parent to you, and that your long habit—having no parent of your own—of consulting me upon every occasion, had caused you to write the letter now. And whether any body else understand or not, you and I do; and that is quite enough. It is delightful to think of you among those June roses, walking and driving in the pretty roads, and looking out upon the soft distances of the placid summer river. I imagine you and Louis sitting upon that secluded little seat under the Pines, which commands so exquisite a view, and watching the shining white sails as they move gradually away, away, until they seem to glimmer and fade in the warm haze, and vaguely fancying, as you look, that you are beholding the image of your own lives as they glide calmly off and away, and disappear under the soft veil of the future.

Now, my Princess, I should say if I were with you, this seems to you your happy island, and so it is. Let me be your Mentor; for even on the happy island—even basking in the tender radiance of somebody's eyes—Mentor is a useful friend. Yet he would not speak, he would have no right to speak, if he did not feel his heart beat with your joy. Why is it, I wonder, that there is a sort of half-pitying tone in the warm congratulations with which the older married people greet the newly-married? I observed it, my good Laura, last week at your own joyous nuptials. When Mr. and Mrs. Zoroaster stepped up and shook hands and wished you joy, and old Zoroaster said, with a brisk air of originality, "Happy the bride the sun shines on!" and then passed on to inspect the bridal gifts, he had a kind of "poor young people" air about him which was quite touching. And do you know what that solemn old beau, Prig, said to Mrs. Zoroaster? "Madame," he said, with the profoundest gravity, "Madame, I am very glad that the bride shows. It is always so much pleasanter when the bride shows." I suppose he was afraid you might hurry home from church and run off upon your tour, as some brides do, without being seen.

I am very glad, dear Laura, that you did not follow that odious custom. Don't let us have any needless affectations. If you make an event of the wedding, don't be afraid of the details. If you wish to be married in church and mean to take a steamer or a boat immediately afterward, do it; but wear a neat traveling-habit. If you want to wear the evening-dress of a bride, do it; but leave time enough to see your friends at home afterward. Don't scurry back to the house as my sister Smith did, and I always laughed at her for it, and change your dress and escape surreptitiously into a carriage and drive off, without letting any body see you. Why should you? Are you ashamed of being married, or of being seen because you are married? If you must have absolute privacy, very well. Go to a Justice of the Peace and be happy.

Here I am, as usual, spattering about. But I must add one thing more. Haven't we had enough of the exhibition of bridal presents? For an old bachelor it is perhaps rather a delicate subject; for, as he can never expect to receive any, he may be supposed anxious to put a stop to the giving. I protest that I have no such feeling. To all my dear friends upon the eve of matrimony I have for many years given a silver tea-strainer. It is a modest offering, but it is given with as much sincere good feeling as if it were a silver dinner service. "A dinner of herbs and content therewith." I leave the stalled ox to Tilbury, and I am rejoiced that he is able to distribute so many specimens of that animal. But why make the wedding-feast a cattle-show? Pardon me! I mean, why put the tea-strainers and the oxen upon exhibition? Indeed, my dear Laura, when I stood in your uncle's house, and saw the crowd pressing into the room where the presents were, and remarked Mrs. Zoroaster and old Miss Behemoth going about with their eye-glasses, studying the pretty things that kind friends had sent, I knew their emotions as if I had been taken into their most secret confidence. They were "pricing" my tea-strainer and Tilbury's ox. They were saying that it was rather mean for Mr. Bachelor to give such a paltry gift to a dear friend, and wondering if Tilbury could have paid five hundred dollars for his offering. And they had such a greedy look in their eyes!

Of course you see what a senseless rivalry it leads to. Family ambition is aroused. Feeling of every kind is enlisted. If Julia has a splendid array of gifts Jemima is notified if hers are less splendid; and Jemima's mother and sisters, and possibly that wise man, her father, and that equal sage, her brother Reginald, harbor the most uncomfortable emotions. Then there are a great many of our nervous friends, like the Belisariuses, who think that they ought to give gifts because others do, and it is a serious tax upon the slender Belisarius purse. Besides, what is in its nature so truly private as a wedding gift? It is a token of affection—and its real worth and beauty can not be seen by Mrs. Zoroaster's greedy eye-glasses, however solid and shining the mere external substance which they behold. I am probably a very antiquated and impracticable old curmudgeon, but I can not help thinking that there is something a little vulgar in this exhibition. And when it comes—as it has come now, and as is constantly done—to mentioning upon a card the presents which have been delayed I make a stand, and I insist that a much more convenient method would be to write out a list of all the gifts, have it printed upon bridal white satin, and distributed to each of the guests.

Besides, my dear Laura, if it be tolerable that the bridal gifts should be exhibited, why not the trousseau? Why do we not pass in review the apparel of the bride, and study her skirts, her dresses, her linen? They are all part of her outfit. They are often very costly and very beautiful. No, I affirm that for my part I am satisfied if, in the felicitous language of Prig, the bride shows. I do not wish to see how ostentatious Tilbury has been, nor what wretched taste the Stanhopes have, nor to contemplate the pair of salt-spoons with which Peter Paul Pry flanks my silver tea-strainer. Those are impertinent to the occasion. Here is the sweet bride—say, for instance, a certain Laura who shall be nameless—she is all silk or muslin, or lace and orange flowers. It is her wedding-day, and she permits me to be one of the witnesses of her taking Louis before Heaven to be her husband. That interest must be sole and supreme. When you ask me to see her tea-caddies and her soup-spoons I decline your polite invitation, and have the honor to inform you that when this happy ceremony closes, if there is yet daylight, I will accompany you to Tiffany's, and see as much silver-ware as you choose.

If you had the moment to spare, dear Laura, I should like to say a word about the ceremony itself, and it is this: If you are to be married by a clergyman, let him follow the Episcopal form. Don't leave it to his inspiration and his extemporaneous performances. I remember once going to a wedding—it was a June day long and long ago, and just as bright and beautiful as the fairest day of this June in which I am writing to you—and the clergyman, good soul, but not easily inspired, and oh! not gifted in prayer, when the brilliant bridal party arrived before him began an essay upon marriage! He told us that men and women were created to live together—that Christ had wrought his first miracle at a wedding—that it was a very serious relation—and he went on through a continuous series of dreary platitudes until he seemed suddenly to remember himself, and married them as it were in a parenthesis. Then he made a prayer harmonious with the essay, and all was over. Now marriage is a ceremony, and why not be sure, since you propose to go through a form, that it is a stately and solemn, not a stupid form? Of course the natural emotions and the associations at a wedding make it serious enough; but why should the ceremony be commonplace and flat?

I asked myself this question a dozen times upon that old June day, and I asked all my neighbors, but neither I nor my neighbors could answer it. And, dear Laura, you will observe, also, that I have not begun to reply to your question which I took my pen in hand to answer. But I will do so next week. My mind began to maunder as I began to talk of mar-

riage and weddings, and I have given you advice which you can not take. For why tell a wayfarer how to leap the stream when he is already over? But perhaps you will show my letter to Juliet, your younger sister; and who knows? by the time her Romeo appears, she may have come to the conclusion that there was some sense in what Laura's old bachelor hinted, and have resolved that her wedding shall not be marred by an exhibition of tea-strainers and stalled oxen.

Next week, then—and good-by,

Your still beaming

OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

WRAPPINGS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the prevalent fashion of complete costumes for street dress there have been several new styles of mantles introduced this season. Outside garments for short suits are usually made with sleeves, as the polonaise and Watteau, or in fichus with sashes. Only a few scarf mantillas are made of the same material as the dress; but black wrappings, sold separately to be worn over any dress, are either scarf burnous or of circular shape. Glossy faille and poult de soie are the material for heavy mantles; a cashmere with crape finish is an intermediate article; and grenadine and net are the next grade below lace.

A handsome imported model, to be worn with a church or visiting dress, may be made of any of the materials alluded to. It consists of two large capes. The upper cape is pointed at the sides and taken up in four pleats in the middle of the back. Over this is a long, narrow pointed hood, ornamented with grelots of cord and passementerie, and finished with a tassel. Wide fringe with passementerie heading is the trimming. The specimen shown us was of gros grain, marked $175. A scarf mantilla at $125 is a long piece of silk curved out to fit low about the shoulders, with rounded fronts crossed over. The back is pleated up and adorned with a hood. Wide guipure lace of rarely fine quality in a leaf-pattern surrounds the garment.

A stylish and peculiar mantle is called the Maintenon. The front and back shoulder-pieces and sashes are of silk. The fall over the arms resembling sleeves, and the side bodies, are of guipure lace.

The most useful garment of the season is a polonaise or redingote of black silk, as it serves for an over-dress to skirts of all the different colors. It is cut closer to the figure than those made in the winter, and is confined at the waist by a belt and short sash of four large loops, and wide fringed ends. The neck should be *en revers*, rolling almost to the belt. The front of the skirt should be fastened at the side-seam in order that the full width may be rounded, and left without a row of buttons down the centre, thus giving the appearance of an upper-skirt. White bodies of tucked muslin, with turned-down collars and cuffs, are worn with the colored skirt.

Fringe and lace are the most fashionable trimmings. Guipure lace is again very much used, and is imported in new designs of medieval patterns, and in leaves without flowers. A succession of small, narrow satin folds, ruches, quillings, or passementerie form the heading for fringe and lace. Buttons are large and flat. Tassels with square heads, long pendent cones, and flat grelots are used to ornament sleeves and revers.

LACE GARMENTS.

It is in lace wrappings that the greatest variety of shape is seen. We must first tell our readers that these fanciful styles of mantles are not made in real lace. Chantilly, point, and fine thread mantles retain the standard shawl shape, with occasionally a circular garment. The burnouses, polonaises, and fanchonettes are considered only transitory fashions, and are made of the woven lama, or the new Princesse lace, which closely imitates thread, has fine meshes, and is very soft, without that harsh wiriness peculiar to woven lace. The figures are shaded, woven thick and thin, producing a pretty effect when worn over colored silk.

Large lace points are not graceful with short dresses, nor are they now considered stylish with trained skirts when hanging plain from the shoulders. Ladies who possess valuable mantles are making them available by arranging a burnous fold in the back, or by looping them in several folds at the neck, with a thread bow and barbe for ornament, or a rosette of lace or ribbon. The folds look careless and unstudied, but are arranged by the modiste with great care to prevent the lace from being injured. A most stylish garment was made in this way from an old-fashioned mantilla scarf that had been out of use for several seasons, preserved merely on account of the beautiful material. It is of guipure net, low on the shoulders, bordered with two ruffles of lace. The modiste, an artiste in her way, folded four deep pleats on each side and in the back, securing them with shell bows of black faille. Two graceful curves are thus formed in the back. The long fronts are crossed on the bosom and fastened in the back over the *tournure* by a bow and short sash. When permanently fixed in this manner the mantilla is readily adjusted, and is in good style.

The most expensive lace mantle for sale in New York is a Chantilly burnous from the French Exposition, offered at $2000. It is of gossamer fineness, with remarkably small and distinct meshes overwrought with figures of rare size in such fine material. A white point, valued at $1200, is a combination of round point and point applique. The border is a medieval pattern in round point. The fragile frost-like centre of appliqué is in a floral design. A large circular of the same combination is valued at $900. Thread points from $900 down to $100 are displayed. The only fancy mantle in thread lace shown us is a long peplum scarf. It is high at the throat and deeply pointed on the sides and caught up in the centre of the back with a barbe. Price $200.

A fanchonette of *Princesse Dentelles* is a novel garment shaped like a fichu with bretelles. Instead of crossed ends it has square basques front and back, gathered in at the waist under a lace belt. This is suitable only for very young ladies. In black lace the price is $30, in white $37. Another shape is a half-adjusted basque with slashed skirt and coat-sleeves. The lama polonaise, described before, is shown with both closed and flowing sleeves. A graceful round mantilla has two circular capes, the upper one about half the size of the lower.

Ladies who can not afford to buy thread lace, and who object to lama, are advised that paletots and mantillas of guipure net are made by the modistes in good style at a very small expense compared with the prices asked for imported mantles. The quaint, curious designs of guipure are particularly suitable for the present picturesque style of dress. Some pretty garments are formed of guipure insertion in lengthwise or diagonal rows, carefully sewn together. These jackets have an advantage over those that are imported in being fitted to the figure for which they are designed. Bands of colored velvet are passed through the meshes of the lace to enliven the toilette when worn with a white dress. For full-dress receptions a mantle of white guipure is shown, ornamented with clusters of appliqué embroidery and butterfly bows of ribbons the color of the silk with which it is to be worn.

CARRIAGE WRAPS.

The Bedouin style is repeated in all kinds of material for carriage and evening wraps. Soft chiné crêpe, goat's hair, and woolen grenadine scarfs, with the Arab fold in the back, are displayed in solid white, blue, or scarlet, and in stripes of color alternating with white. A very handsome one is of a rich fabric as glossy as satin, laminated with gilt that is warranted not to tarnish. A bouillon fringe is on the border. The tassels are of gilt and white camel's-hair. Another, very gorgeous, is of black and gold. For a young lady is a scarf of blue and silver, with blue crimped fringe border and tassels.

A goat's-hair burnous is flecked with tiny streaks of several different colors. Grenadine is in solid inch-wide stripes, lavender and white, or blue. A woolen Bedouin at $14, woven to imitate basket cloth, is a useful garment for afternoon drives in the country.

The large round burnous of fine cashmere, lined with soft Marseilles silk, is the favorite shape of the *sortie-du-bal*. One lately imported as part of a bridal outfit is of white cashmere, lined with pink silk. It is bordered with white chenille fringe, each thread of which is finished by a flat pendant. Underneath this is a pink fringe, crimped to resemble crêpe. Medallion trimmings of chenille, satin, and chain stitch. The hood is faced with satin and edged with fringe.

The Russian Baschlik, illustrated during the winter in the *Bazar*, is in favor at the watering-places. It is a hood meant to be worn on the head, and not merely for ornament. A cape, with long tasseled ends, covers the shoulders and crosses in front, affording the protection so necessary with low evening dresses after leaving a heated ball-room. The pattern is of simple construction, and can be easily made from the designs furnished in our previous Numbers. It is an inexpensive and picturesque wrapping.

SEA-SIDE AND YACHTING JACKETS.

Sea-side and yachting jackets of white serge are made short, close-fitting, with nearly tight sleeves, and are buttoned with shell-shaped buttons of a color to match the silk with which they are trimmed. These jackets display a good figure to advantage, and are sought after during the boating season. The trimming is a fold of blue or scarlet gros grain, with fluted shells of the same pendant as a border. A blue serge jacket, bordered with white, is made with pointed revers, disclosing a habit shirt.

The Moorish jacket is piquante and gay. It is made of black crape cloth, with sleeves, rounded in front to show a lace bodice. The back has pointed basques. The front and basques are braided with gilt, in arabesque patterns. Ball fringe of black and gilt on the edge.

TRAVELING WRAPS.

The plaid Galway or Colleen Bawn circular of Scotch plaid is desirable for an extra covering in traveling. It has an upper cape, looped up in the back, with two rosettes. A burnous of gray cloth, with bright plaid border, is reversible, being plaid on the under side, with a gray border. Water-proof blouses, with sleeves and cape, are confined by a belt, and reach to the edge of the dress. Gray linen overalls, similarly made, are preferred to the circular dusters.

For information received we are indebted to Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; JAMES A. HEARN & SON; and Mesdames DIEDEN, VIRFOLET, and BAILLARD.

PERSONAL.

WHEN Miss CUSHMAN comes home this summer it will be for good, and she will make her home in the pretty town of Lenox, Massachusetts, where Mrs. F. A. KEMBLE has a little place.

—Mr. Mandarin BURLINGAME is a Michigander by birth and the son of an inn-keeper. Demosthenes in his youth is said to have harangued the waves of the sea, to acquire the ability to speak to a tempestuous popular assembly; but Mandarin BURLINGAME, not residing near the sea in his youth, harangued the forest trees of Michigan, near his father's inn. They listened to his remarks with majestic composure, and occasionally, when the wind blew, wagged their tops.

—Mrs. JANE PARK, a native of North Carolina, but long a resident of Cleveland, Ohio, entered on her 104th year last week. She is hale and hearty, with much aptitude for eating and repose.

—A nice anecdote of Mlle. NILSSON is current in Paris: A concert was planned for the benefit of the destitute of that city by a committee of ladies. The success naturally depended on securing the services of a first-rate artiste. One was applied to who named her price $1000. "But how much will remain for our poor?" despairingly inquired the fair president. A petition was laid before Mlle. NILSSON, whose reply was, "I was born of poor parents, I well remember their gratitude when in sickness or trouble they received help. I am only too grateful if Providence allows me in turn to be the means of others, as poor as we were, being relieved." Mlle. NILSSON never sang more exquisitely, and the pecuniary result was in every respect gratifying.

—A distinguished authoress writes: "I think that the *Bazar* is about the most useful thing that ever was done to teach idle young women how to employ themselves and destroy the despotism of milliners and mantua-makers. They told me in Washington that they sold fifty copies every week in Willard's Hotel alone."

—The "wages" of the PRINCE OF WALES, all told, amount to about £500,000 per annum, and there is talk of giving him another £50,000 per annum to enable him to keep up an establishment in Ireland. His last proposition is to establish a new club where the American game of ten-pins is to be made a feature. To this club no one will be admitted except on invitation. The number will be 350; entrance, 100 guineas; yearly subscriptions, 30 guineas. As the Prince is said to owe a great variety of creditors more pounds than he yearly receives, and as he can only have bought this club-house in the sense of promising to pay for it, there is every reason why Parliament should come promptly to the rescue of his distressed finances. What is the use of being a prince if you can't have your debts paid by the public?

—They talk quite plainly about the sad ways into which the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has fallen. He drinks too much—quite too much; goes to bed nearly every night in what the Yankees call "a state of Hail Columbia," and has been on the very point of "del. trems." His wife feels shocked about it, the more so as she is a confirmed invalid. And then the CROWN PRINCE neglects his beautiful wife, DAGMAR, and keeps away from home altogether too much. The royalty of Russia may, therefore, be said to have rather a poor time of it.

—The Queen of Prussia and the Queen of England are said to cordially dislike each other. The King finds more favor in VICTORIA'S eyes, probably because he is a fast friend of his daughter-in-law, "VICKY;" though "VICKY" in 1866 came near breaking with the King, because she was then opposed to the war, and wanted his Majesty to dismiss BISMARCK. She took no pains at that time to conceal the disgust with which the wily Premier inspired her. But she has since owned up that she was mistaken in him, and she is now the best friend he has at the Prussian Court. Her husband, though a very good fellow in his way, is rather weak, and is generally led by his wife. Strange to say, this young couple, who during the first year of their wedded life almost felt an aversion to each other, are now so tenderly attached to each other that the courtiers turn up their noses at their display of "plebeian and burgher-like" love. When WILLIAM I. dies "VICKY" will be King of Prussia, and she will try hard to become Emperor of Germany. She is a great deal more ambitious than her mother, and exceedingly popular, owing to the great energy with which she proceeds in all charitable undertakings. The old Queen-dowager ELIZABETH, the evil genius of Prussia, hates her with intense bitterness, and has tried for years to undermine her influence with the King, but "VICKY" has thus far always triumphed; and, as the bad old Queen-dowager has of late been paralyzed, and can no longer leave her sick-bed, her pernicious influence can no longer do a great deal of harm.

—Little Miss STARRS made quite a hit at her presentation to LOUIS NAPOLEON, who asked her first name. "Helen," she replied. "I could wish, Mademoiselle, that I were Paris," gallantly returned the Emperor. "Impossible, Sire, since you are France!" said she, with ready wit.

—Mrs. MANTON MARBLE, who died on the 17th ult., was a lady of rare mental endowments and accomplishments, and abounded in all those domestic virtues and charms that made her the delight of her home, as well as of the brilliant social circle in which she moved.

—Mr. COLFAX is already paying the penalty for early popularity. A Western paper declares that there are so many boys in Indiana named for him that all the grave-stone cutters keep on hand stones cut, "Sacred to the Memory of SCHUYLER COLFAX ——," the last name to be inserted after the funeral.

—A pleasant little picture of the Princess of Wales, drawn by a young American lady in London and sent for publication to the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*:

"Here comes the Princess of Wales! We all sat up very straight, trying not to look curious, and pleased, and conscious, and feeling that we failed miserably in the attempt. One young person donned her eye-glasses, and wished that circumstance and high-breeding would have allowed the use of opera-glasses instead. Meanwhile a stylish landau rolled toward us, drawn by two handsome prancing bays. The coachman and footmen were dressed in plain dark livery—the whole equipage and its appointments being as simple, unpretending, and perfect as one could well imagine. Two ladies were seated in the carriage, one of whom turned her calm, quiet gaze full upon us—it was the Princess. She has an oval face, pale and pathetic—with a quantity of hair, of that neutral tint called light brown, drawn carelessly away from the smooth, frank brow. Her blue eyes are large, sad, and questioning; her nose slightly aquiline, and her mouth is very sweet and sensitive. Not beautiful, and hardly to be called even pretty, except, perhaps, under a flattering gaslight, with the brilliant adjuncts of a splendid toilette, she yet has a tender, womanly, flower-like face that would, in any rank of life, cause a good man involuntarily to accord her his protection, and a good woman to give her her love. She was dressed quite simply, wearing a blue velvet paletot, with a bit of swan's-down at her throat, a black lace hat, with blue velvet flowers and strings, and dark gloves."

—A gentleman of Boston, regarded by the people of that town with great veneration for the good he does in the way of manufacturing waggeries, has exhaled the following: If Timothy Titcomb should visit Amsterdam during his absence in Europe would there be any absurdity in saying the Dutch have taken Holland?

—They ripen rapidly in China. The EMPEROR of that country having reached the mature age of fourteen has been furnished with a wife. There were one hundred and fourteen "girls of the period" who competed for the honor. His mother made the selection, but the Emperor has the veto power.

—A son of Mr. RAYMOND, of the *Times*, is now a student at Yale, and one of the editors of the *Yale Literary Gazette*. He commenced to write when a very young boy, not more than eight years of age. While living in Saratoga he issued a weekly sheet called the *Fireside Paper*, which was printed at the *Times* office, and circulated among his friends and acquaintances. His little sister wrote poems for it. He bids fair to equal his father as a writer.

—The young PRINCE of PRUSSIA has tact as well as gallantry. At the royal wedding ball at Turin a clumsy dancer tore one of the flounces of the Princess's dress. Amidst some surprise the Prince drew from his pocket a porte-monnaie, which might have cost thirty cents, containing knife, needles, etc. Pulling out a small pair of scissors, he placed his knee on the ground, and cut off the morsel which was hanging. At the moment the young Princess extended her hand for the bit of lace, the guests were not a little surprised to see the Prince rise, lay the precious relic on his heart, fold it up methodically, and put it in the breast pocket of his coat. There's gallantry for you!

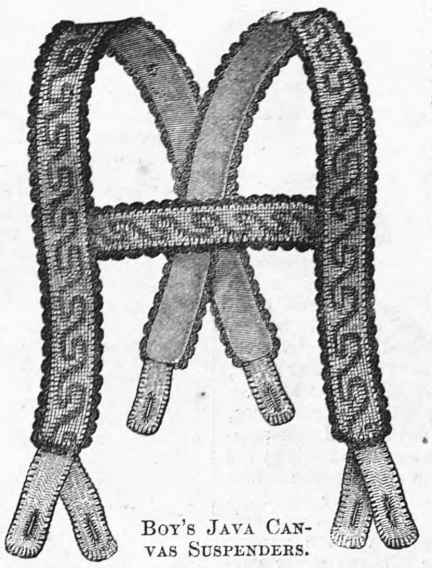
—If the *Bazar* were called upon to name one of the most popular, in every sense, of American poets, it would probably name Mr. JOHN G. SAXE, who, if he had been successful in his frequent contests for the governorship of Vermont, would have cut poetry, gone into politics, and deprived the people who speak the American language of some of the pleasantest and best poetry of the time. The new volume published by TICKNOR & FIELDS contains a number of his best pieces, contributed to the *Ledger*, now presented in permanent and beautiful form, and sure to add to Mr. SAXE'S reputation. It was remarked with great point by that beautiful poet and celebrated wit, the late GEORGE D. PRENTICE, that "it is a great mistake to fancy SAXE is merely a witty poet: he is the most poetical of wits. His sense of the beautiful is large and delicate." It is creditable to the taste of the country that good poetry, like Mr. S.'s, is in such demand as to call for fresh and exquisitely printed editions.

—The late ex-President BUCHANAN possessed a fund of anecdote that made him an admirable host. At the table he was eminently at home, and was the most accomplished diner-out Pennsylvania ever had, not excepting the witty, genial MORTON M'MICHAEL. His fondness for animal food, of which he ate enormously, was the cause of his ultimate decease, inducing gout, which prevented him from taking exercise. In late years he contributed no money to the Democratic party, although often requested to do so. He was not communicative as to his bachelorhood, but said once or twice, at long intervals, that no man ought to grow old without having himself surrounded with the pleasures of a family. "Every thing else accomplished," he said, "and no children, is little accomplished." He was fond of his niece HARRIET LANE (now the wife of Mr. JOHNSON, a banker of Baltimore), gave her a handsome outfit when she married, $25,000 in money, and by his will has left to her one-fourth of his estate, valued at about $300,000. This he has so settled upon her that should any misfortune occur to her husband her fortune would be left intact. At the time Colonel FORNEY purchased a residence in Washington (soon after he was made Clerk of the House of Representatives), it was deemed advisable to convey it in trust to Mr. BUCHANAN. After their quarrel Colonel F made several efforts to induce him to resign the trusteeship, but the old gentleman steadily refused, and persisted in retaining his control to the last. He was successful beyond most men in his political career, having held the offices of Representative and Senator in Congress, Minister to Russia and England, Secretary of State, and President.

—The publication of the Memoirs of Germany's distinguished philosopher and diplomatist—BUNSEN—has brought to light an incident not generally known, that BUNSEN was the temporary tutor and traveling companion of Mr. WILLIAM B. ASTOR, and that it was a journey to Italy to meet Mr. ASTOR, in 1816, who was obliged to return unexpectedly to America (and in vain tried to induce BUNSEN to accompany him), that gave its complexion to his succeeding career. In Italy he became acquainted with his future wife, an English lady of fortune, Miss WADDINGTON (sister to Lady Llanover), who has now become his biographer; and there too, from his acquaintance with NIEBUHR, he was engaged in the diplomatic service of Prussia, in which so large a portion of his life was spent. Most characteristic of the noble ambition of the scholar conscious of his own power, is a plan of intellectual labor drawn up by him in his 24th year, when a poor unaided student, with his way to make in the world. In this he marks out clearly his grand object, the progressive development of the grand central idea of Humanity in its varied stages, to be attained by an extension of the ordinary domains of philology, history, and philosophy. To this he was always faithful amidst the distractions of political life; to this end all his studies tended, and (happier than HUMBOLDT, who never freed himself from the vortex of a court) to this his last years were peacefully and profitably given, as the noble books by which he is known to English readers (a fragment merely of his life-work)—*Egypt's Place in the World's History; Christianity and Mankind* (including *Hippolytus and his Age and Philosophy of Universal History*), and *God in History*—most thoroughly prove.

Boy's Java Canvas Suspenders.

THESE suspenders are not only pretty, but very easily made. They are of Java canvas, lined with muslin and embroidered with red split worsted and black silk twist; the edge is finished with loose button-hole stitch and crocheted scallops of red split worsted. An illustration gives a section of the full size. Cut the strips, allowing for a seam on the edge, which must be turned down and worked over with cotton, work the pattern and line, and at the same time finish the short straps with the scallops, and sew them between the double material of the long strips, which must now also be worked and finished with the scallops. Work this edge in one round as follows: 1 sc. (single crochet) in a button-hole stitch, ∗1 p. (picot)—a picot is composed of 3 ch. (chain stitches) and 1 sc. in the first of the three—then, passing over a button-hole stitch, 1 sc. in the following; repeat from ∗. The short straps are cut of white suspender elastic, and button-hole stitched round the edge with red split worsted. The button-holes must also be worked in red worsted. Another illustration shows a section of suspenders of fine ribbed piqué. Embroider as shown in the pattern, or from any suitable tapestry design. For each square work three perpendicular stitches over three ribs of the piqué. For the crochet scallops on the outer edge crochet in every second button-hole stitch 2 sc. separated by 3 ch.



BOY'S JAVA CANVAS SUSPENDERS.

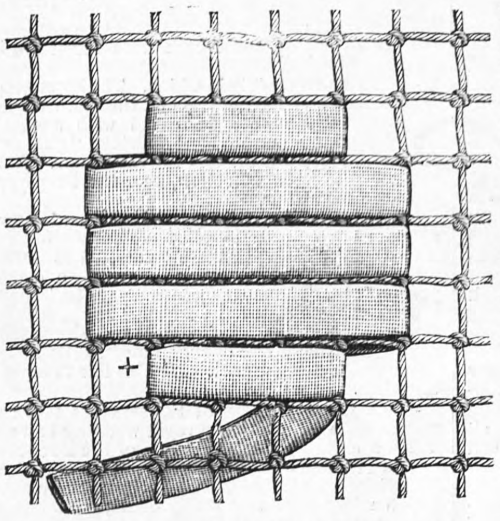


Fig. 2.—MANNER OF PLATTING FLOWERS AND BERRIES FOR TABLE-COVER.

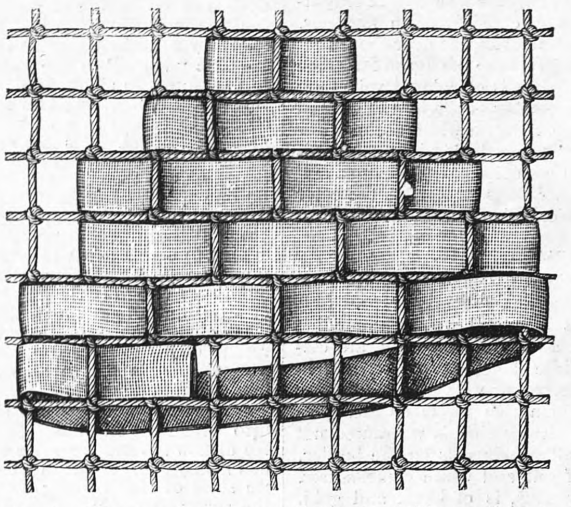


Fig. 4.—MANNER OF PLATTING LEAVES FOR TABLE-COVER.

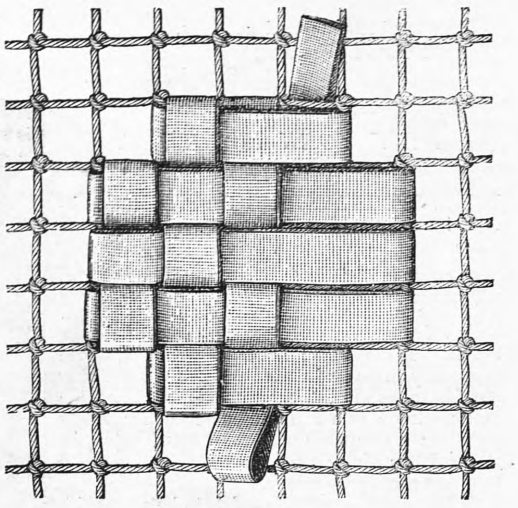
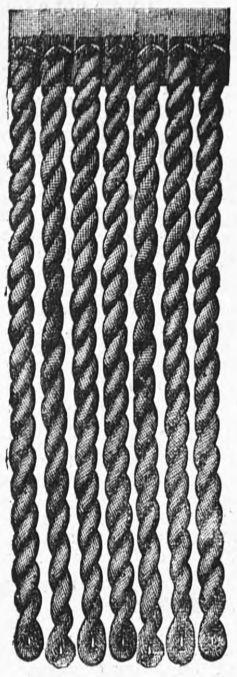


Fig. 3.—MANNER OF PLATTING FLOWERS AND BERRIES FOR TABLE-COVER.



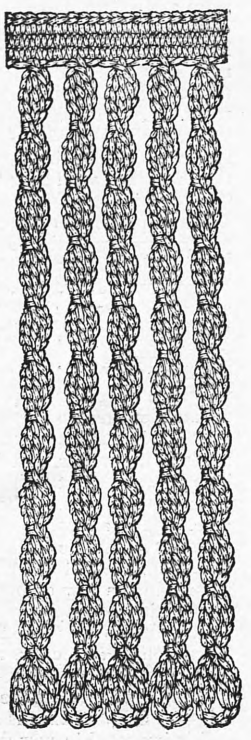
FRINGE FOR TABLE-COVER.

Table-Cover of Netting and Strips of Linen.

THIS cover is very neat, and is made of cheap materials. The foundation consists of squares netted of knitting cotton, and through which are drawn four-double linen strips, as shown in Fig. 1. The squares are joined with pleated strips of linen. Old linen or muslin may be used. A fringe of twisted strips of linen borders the cover. First prepare the netted squares, which are begun on one corner and worked over a mesh three-fourths of an inch in circumference. Then prepare the strips of linen, for which cut straight bands an inch in width, and turn the edges over so as to meet in the middle; after which double them so that they are reduced to the width of a quarter of an inch. With these strips are made the figures of the design in the squares. Figs. 2 and 3 show the manner of arranging the flowers and berries, and Fig. 4 the leaves. First, draw the strips through, as shown by Fig. 2, then run the second layer, Fig. 3, through the upper part alone, so that the strips shall lie smoothly on the wrong side. The + on Fig. 2 shows where the strip is brought through for the commencement of the second layer. As the work for the leaves is only double, while that of the flowers and berries is fourfold, the latter are more prominent, which heightens the effect of the work. The stems and tendrils are formed of similar strips of stuff, which are twisted together into a cord and then sewed on from the under side. The linen strips must be moist during the twisting. Having completed the squares, overcast them on the braided linen strips as shown by Fig. 1. For making the fringe arrange similar strips of the requisite length, join one end of each strip on a pin-cushion, and twist the other end till it is evenly twisted, after which double it in the middle, by which means it becomes doubly twisted together; then sew it to a narrow linen band. When the fringe is finished sew the band, with the fringe, on the under side of the edge of the cover, thus covering the ends where the fringe is sewed.

Crochet Fringe for Covers, etc.

THIS fringe is worked with medium fine crochet cotton as follows: Crochet ∗ 5 ch. (chain stitches), 1 dc. (double crochet) in the second of the 5 ch.; from ∗ repeat nine times, then 6 ch., 1 dc. in the third of the 6 ch., after which, returning on the row, 1 sl. (slip stitch) in the stitch taken up by the dc. before the last, + 1 sl. in the next ch. between 2 dc., 3 ch., 1 sl. in the ch. taken up by the next dc. Repeat from +. At the end of the row work 1 sl. in the last free ch. This finishes a strand of the fringe. Then 3 ch., and repeat from ∗ till the fringe is of the length desired. The upper border of the fringe is composed of three rounds of single crochet. The first of these rounds must be worked in the 3 ch. between every two strands of the fringe, and in the upper sl. of each strand. In the other two rounds crochet always around both upper veins of the stitches of the former rounds.

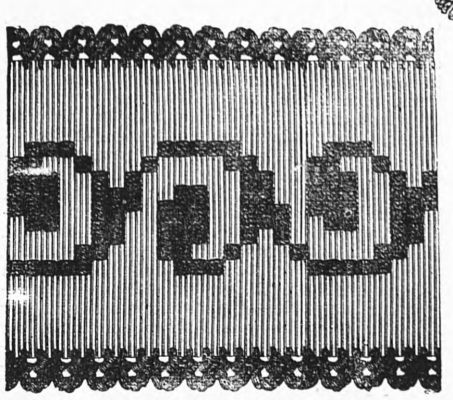


CROCHET FRINGE FOR COVERS, ETC.

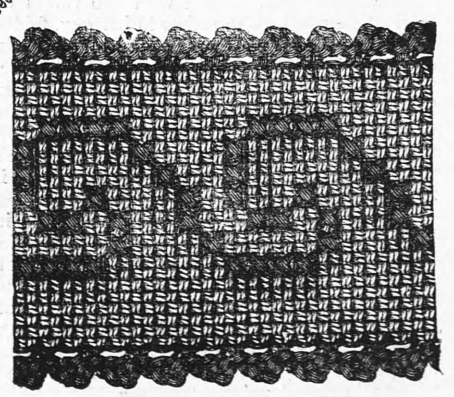
Java Canvas and Crochet Tidy.

See illustration, page 581.

THE foundation of this tidy is of white Java canvas, in the centre of which is set an application figure of leaves and flowers worked in crochet with red yarn, and on the outer edge a lace of the same material. A tied fringe of white yarn borders the cover on the outer edge. The pattern is twelve inches square. The flowers and leaves are worked singly in middling fine red yarn; they are always begun in the centre. The scallops and points of the flowers are worked, according to the illustration, in sc. (single crochet), sdc. (short double crochet), dc. (double crochet), and tc. (treble crochet). The lace is worked from the middle both ways, in nine rounds, as follows· On a



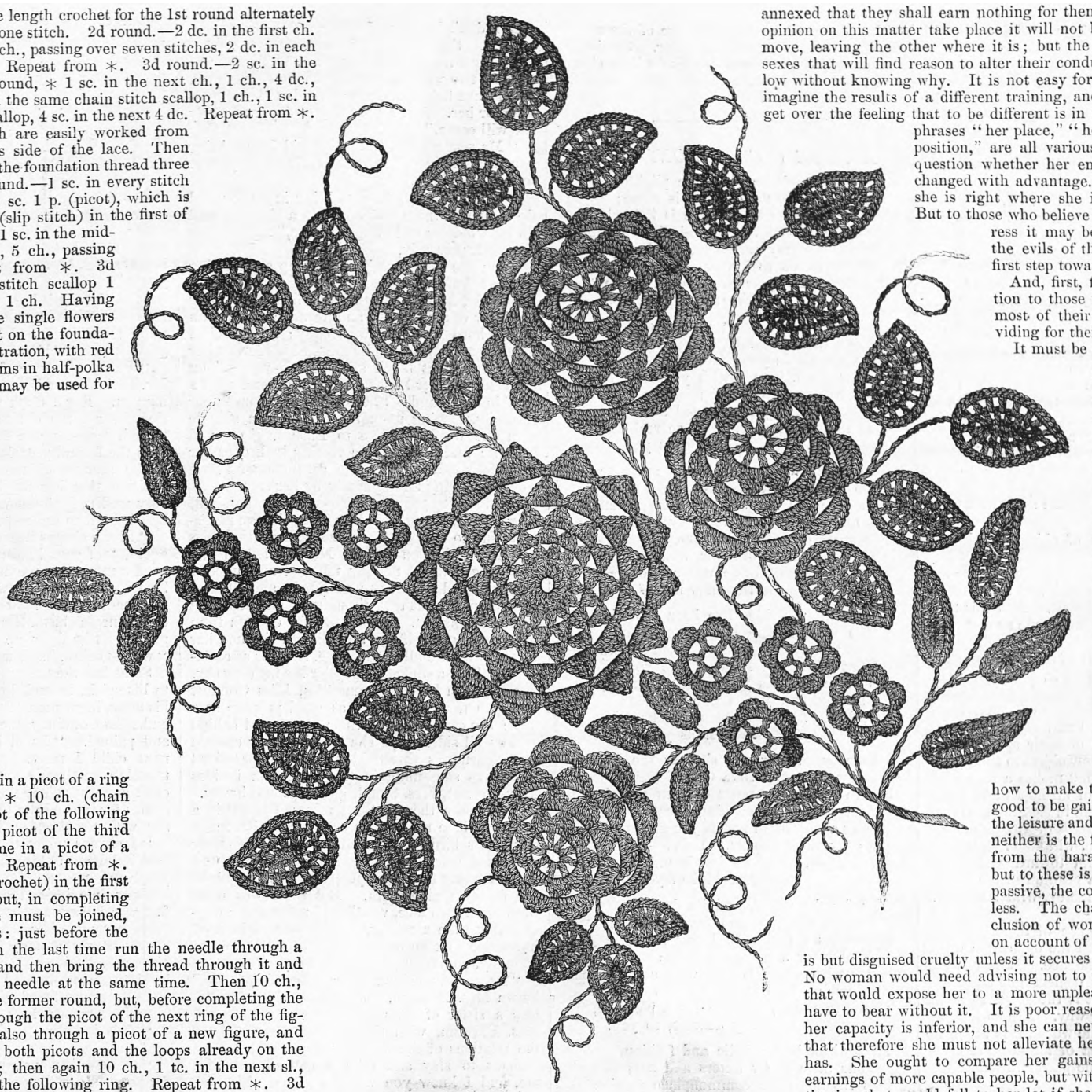
SECTION OF SUSPENDERS.



SECTION OF SUSPENDERS.

Fig. 1.—TABLE-COVER OF NETTING AND STRIPS OF LINEN.

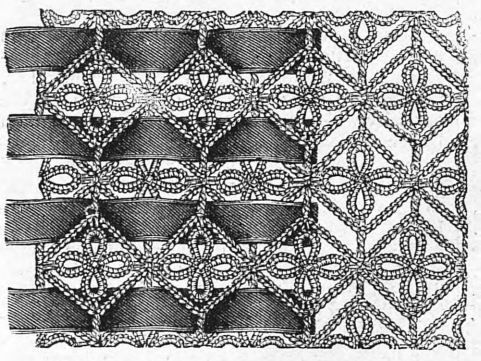
foundation of the requisite length crochet for the 1st round alternately 1 dc., 1 ch., passing over one stitch. 2d round.—2 dc. in the first ch. of the former round, * 8 ch., passing over seven stitches, 2 dc. in each of the two following ch. Repeat from *. 3d round.—2 sc. in the first 2 dc. of the former round, * 1 sc. in the next ch., 1 ch., 4 dc., each separated by a ch. in the same chain stitch scallop, 1 ch., 1 sc. in the last ch. of the same scallop, 4 sc. in the next 4 dc. Repeat from *. Three more rounds, which are easily worked from the pattern, complete this side of the lace. Then work on the other side of the foundation thread three rounds as follows: 1st round.—1 sc. in every stitch between 2 dc., after each sc. 1 p. (picot), which is formed of 4 ch. and 1 sl. (slip stitch) in the first of the four. 2d round.—* 1 sc. in the middle stitch of the next p., 5 ch., passing over one picot. Repeat from *. 3d round.—In every chain stitch scallop 1 sc., 1 sdc., 4 dc., 1 sdc., 1 ch. Having finished the lace and the single flowers and leaves, sew them next on the foundation, as shown in the illustration, with red yarn. Then work the stems in half-polka stitch. Coarse red yarn may be used for these. Lastly, tie on the fringe around the outer edge.



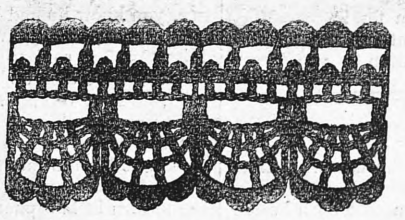
CROCHET BOUQUET FOR JAVA CANVAS TIDY.—FULL SIZE.

Tatted and Crochet Insertion for Chemises Russes, etc.

THIS insertion is worked with fine crochet cotton, the figures being first wrought. Each figure consists of four rings, and each ring of 9 ds. (double stitches), 1 p. (picot), 9 ds. Having worked four of these rings close together, tie the beginning and end threads, by means of which are formed the four-leaved figures, which are joined by crochet stitches as follows: 1st round.—1 sl. (slip stitch) in a picot of a ring of a four-leaved figure, * 10 ch. (chain stitches), 1 sl. in the picot of the following ring, 10 ch., 1 sl. in the picot of the third ring, and at the same time in a picot of a new four-leaved figure. Repeat from *. 2d round.—1 tc. (treble crochet) in the first sl. of the former round, but, in completing this, a new tatted figure must be joined, which is done as follows: just before the thread is brought through the last time run the needle through a picot of the new figure, and then bring the thread through it and the loops already on the needle at the same time. Then 10 ch., 1 tc. in the next sl. of the former round, but, before completing the stitch, run the needle through the picot of the next ring of the figure just fastened on and also through a picot of a new figure, and draw the thread through both picots and the loops already on the needle at the same time; then again 10 ch., 1 tc. in the next sl., fastening on the picot of the following ring. Repeat from *. 3d round.—* 1 sl. in the picot of the lower ring of the first figure, 10 ch., 1 sl. in the first tc., 10 ch. Repeat from *. The remainder of the work can be easily executed from the illustration. Having completed the requisite amount, run through it narrow ribbon or velvet.



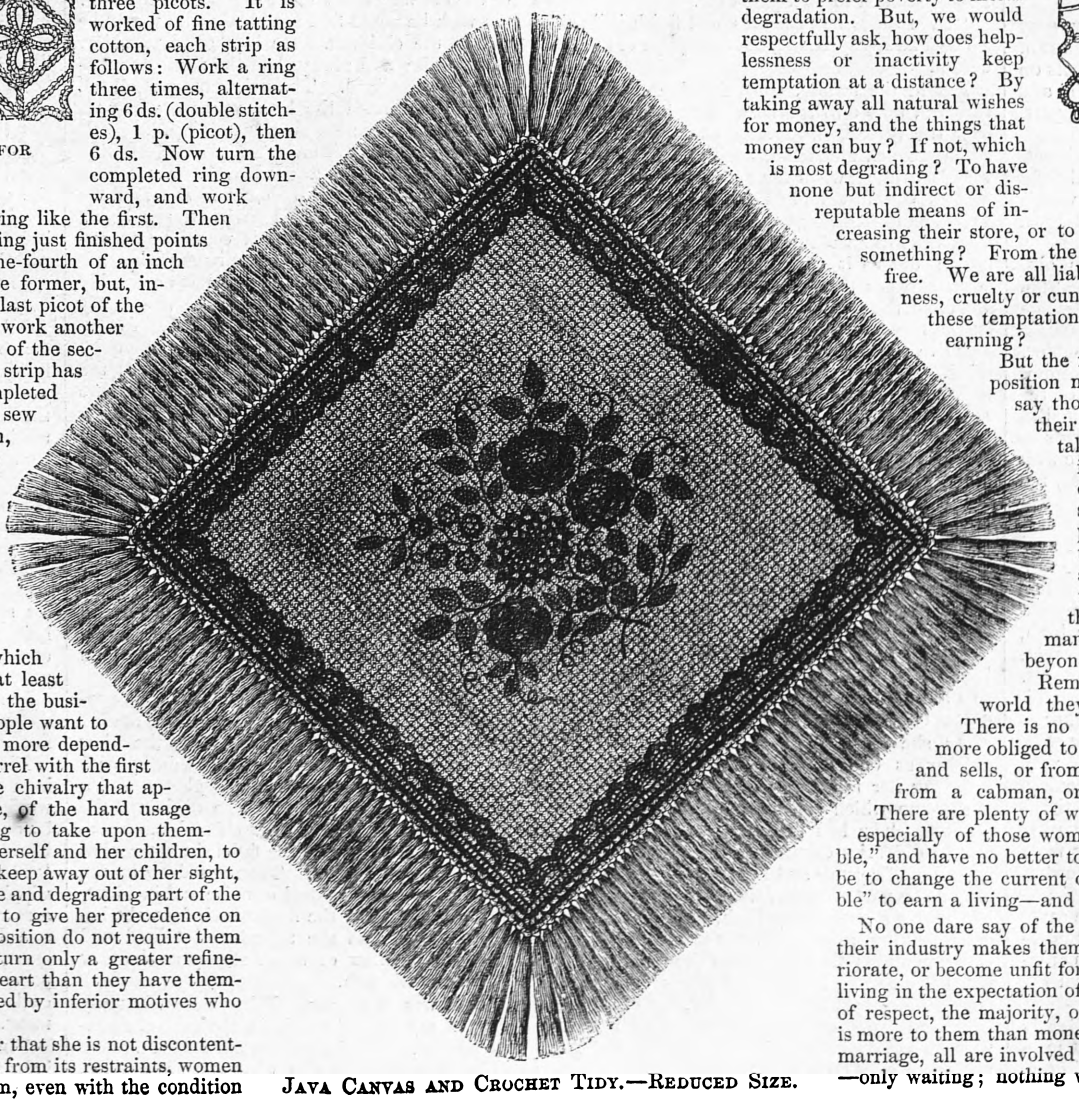
TATTED AND CROCHET INSERTION FOR CHEMISES RUSSES, ETC.



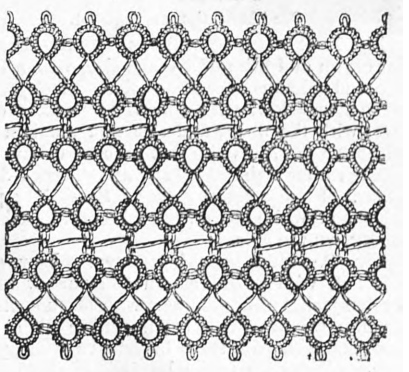
CROCHET EDGING FOR JAVA CANVAS TIDY.

Tatted Insertion for Chemises Russes, etc.

THIS insertion consists of single strips, fastened together by three picots. It is worked of fine tatting cotton, each strip as follows: Work a ring three times, alternating 6 ds. (double stitches), 1 p. (picot), then 6 ds. Now turn the completed ring downward, and work at the distance of one-fourth of an inch a ring like the first. Then turn the work again, by doing which the ring just finished points downward, and work at the distance of one-fourth of an inch from the second ring another ring like the former, but, instead of working the first picot, join to the last picot of the first ring. Then turn the work again and work another ring, which must be joined to the last picot of the second ring. Continue in this manner till the strip has attained the requisite length. Having completed as many strips as are wanted for the width, sew them together, as shown in the illustration, by running the needle through two opposite picots, and then again through to fasten them firmly, then through the next two picots, etc.



JAVA CANVAS AND CROCHET TIDY.—REDUCED SIZE.



TATTED INSERTION FOR CHEMISES RUSSES, ETC.

FEMININE RESPECTABILITY.

THERE are two very opposite motives which make men cling to the opinion that, at least as long as possible, women ought to avoid the business of providing for themselves. Some people want to make them better, and some to make them more dependent. It must seem very ungracious to quarrel with the first of these; for a woman to complain of the chivalry that apportions to her the best and easiest place, of the hard usage she receives from the sex who are willing to take upon themselves the burden of the maintenance of herself and her children, to do all the rough work of her life for her, to keep away out of her sight, and even out of her knowledge, the repulsive and degrading part of the experiences they are compelled to make, to give her precedence on all occasions when the necessities of their position do not require them to take the command, and who ask in return only a greater refinement, a higher morality, and a warmer heart than they have themselves. Surely the woman must be actuated by inferior motives who is discontented with such a position!

But the drift of our lamentation is rather that she is not discontented. That except a few who wish to escape from its restraints, women are content to take all that is offered them, even with the condition annexed that they shall earn nothing for themselves. If a change of opinion on this matter take place it will not be one sex only that will move, leaving the other where it is; but the more advanced of both sexes that will find reason to alter their conduct, and the rest will follow without knowing why. It is not easy for an unpracticed mind to imagine the results of a different training, and above all they can not get over the feeling that to be different is in itself to be wrong. The phrases "her place," "her sphere," "her natural position," are all various modes of begging the question whether her employments might not be changed with advantage. They say, in fact, that she is right where she is, because she is there. But to those who believe in the possibility of progress it may be interesting to dwell on the evils of the present system as the first step toward amendment.

And, first, for the ungracious objection to those who are willing to spend most of their time and means in providing for their womankind.

It must be admitted that so far they have not succeeded in doing it. They should not claim the return so long as women are not provided for. So small a number of them are above the necessity of working that it is no misuse of language to say that women have to work as hard and as long as men. Those who do not work to earn wages work to save them in their own households. So the only practical result of ignoring in their education the necessity of earning is, that they work to less purpose than they might do. A state of things which at least proves their leisure and their capacity for labor. But though they are not taught how to make their labor productive, the good to be gained by being provided for, the leisure and opportunity, are not won; neither is the freedom from anxiety, and from the harass of changing fortunes; but to these is added the misery of being passive, the consciousness of being helpless. The charity that prompts the exclusion of women from money-making, on account of the hardships attending it, is but disguised cruelty unless it secures them a better alternative. No woman would need advising not to undertake an employment that would expose her to a more unpleasant life than she would have to bear without it. It is poor reasoning to tell her that since her capacity is inferior, and she can never earn what a man can, that therefore she must not alleviate her poverty by the skill she has. She ought to compare her gains, not with the handsome earnings of more capable people, but with the pittance or the destitution that would fall to her lot if she did nothing. Her desire ought to be to fight for a place in the world as best she can, not to throw down her arms because others can win a better.

It is the fighting we object to, says the chivalry. It hardens and unbeautifies a woman's character. Even if she gets richer by it, her moral deterioration is more serious and more certain.

Certainly the generosity that takes upon itself the whole duty of providing for and protecting women, has a right to ask of them to prefer poverty to moral degradation. But, we would respectfully ask, how does helplessness or inactivity keep temptation at a distance? By taking away all natural wishes for money, and the things that money can buy? If not, which is most degrading? To have none but indirect or disreputable means of increasing their store, or to have one at hand that at least produces something? From the desire for wealth we are none of us ever free. We are all liable to be tempted by it to fraud or harshness, cruelty or cunning—but how, in the name of wonder, are these temptations averted by closing all avenues to honest earning?

But the necessity of holding her own in face of opposition makes a woman unfeminine. At least so say those who evolve the idea of a woman out of their moral consciousness. But those who would take from women the power of resisting their impulses, even their natural and kindly ones, would really take from them the main safeguard that stands between them and perdition. Without the power of "holding their own," in spite of persuasion, entreaty, and their own feelings, they would be fit for no place of trust on this earth; and if the misplaced chivalry of men succeeded in manufacturing women so deficient, it would go beyond even their generosity to marry them.

Remains the objection that by mixing with the world they would become acquainted with evil. There is no reason why they should. A woman is no more obliged to learn evil from those with whom she buys and sells, or from whom she receives wages, then a lady is from a cabman, or a housekeeper from the costermonger. There are plenty of women in doubtful and degrading trades—especially of those women who have been "brought up respectable," and have no better to turn to. But the remedy for this would be to change the current of public opinion, and make it "respectable" to earn a living—and to learn how.

No one dare say of the few women who maintain themselves that their industry makes them inferior. It is not found that they deteriorate, or become unfit for the class they belong to. But so long as living in the expectation of being provided for is thought more worthy of respect, the majority, of course, will endeavor to do so. Respect is more to them than money. Competence, friends, the happiness of marriage, all are involved in the choice between working and waiting—only waiting; nothing worse than that. No wonder, then, if they

swell the ranks of the waiters. The young will always prefer to aim high and fail rather than give up hope and accept an inferior position. So the years that should be passed in active work or in learning how are spent in waiting, and the untaught woman is made incapable for life. For getting a living is not so easy that it can be begun in a day, and the whole bent of the mind reversed at once because the fortune changes. An employment that is thought degrading can never be heartily followed. By taking from them their self-respect, the poor women are maimed for life. They travel on in pain and weakness, and need all their courage to move at all.

Why is it only when all other resources fail that women begin to think of these things? Because they are foolish? The folly is common to all classes. If it were customary for the upper classes to teach their daughters how to provide for themselves when their fortune was too small, or even to manage their own property when they had any, those inferior in station would do the same. Women do the best they can, but how can they be expected to go about inventing new doctrines with all the world against them? Is it reasonable to say they ought to find it all out in case of necessity, or when they find they don't get married? They can not work without learning how, and they can not learn a trade with want at the door.

There is another class of objectors, who do not like women to work because they would like them to be more dependent. They become acquainted with wrong, it is said, and accustomed to protect themselves against it. And this attitude and capacity strike some people as disagreeable. In urging this objection they are dropping the woman's advantage out of sight, and putting their selfish taste in place of it. Who is most likely to be disagreeably impressed by the knowledge that women can take care of themselves? Those who wish them well will rejoice in their strength as an assurance of their safety. But what of those who absolutely object to their power of self-protection? What makes a man wish a woman to be deprived of all hopes and interests except those that centre in pleasing the other sex? To be without prospect of a maintenance except what he may give or withhold? How far has his selfishness led him toward wickedness when he advocates such a position of the sex as leaves it entirely at his mercy, with starvation for the alternative?

This unconscious influence of mean motives has a great deal to do with the opposition often made to feminine independence. It is not the danger that women may neglect good counsel that some people dread, it is the power to resist evil that they find in their way. But so long as temptation is abroad in the world, it is much to be regretted that the idea of feminine respectability does not include the power to help one's self.

GENTLEMEN'S SUMMER FASHIONS.

See illustration on page 584.

Fig. 1.—SUMMER TOILETTE. Straw-hat with flat crown and brim of average size, with a band of broad galloon of the same color. Black jacket, rolling very low, with transverse pockets on a level with the waist, and sleeve of medium size without a cuff. White vest without collar, buttoning rather high. Red cravat. Turned-down collar. Flesh-colored gloves. Semi-tight pantaloons of white cloth with a broad figured galloon down the side.

Fig. 2.—NEGLIGÉE TOILETTE. Low gray soft hat, with round crown and narrow brim. Veston jacket of figured jean with black spots on a white ground, with collar rolling high, and front straight, with three buttons very far apart. Side-pockets with broad lapels. Medium-sized sleeve without cuff. Vest buttoning to the throat, of the same material as the jacket. Semi-tight pantaloons, likewise of the same material, with a band down the side. Green cravat, turned-down collar, and flesh-colored gloves.

Fig. 3.—Boy from six to seven years old. Brown straw-hat with low crown and medium brim. Jacket of striped and spotted Havana cloth, trimmed with galloon and brandenburgs of the same color. Sleeves full at the elbow. Louis XV. vest, with a small ∧ at the bottom, of the same material. Trowsers likewise of the same, reaching just below the knee; pleated at the top, and trimmed on the side with lappets or brandenburgs like those of the vest. Red cravat with turned-down collar, light gray gloves, red stockings, and patent leather half-boots.

Fig. 4.—STREET DRESS. Gray hat with somewhat low crown and average brim, turned up a little at the sides. Black coat, rolling low, with short skirt and sleeve with broad cuff, bound on the top, like the edge of the coat, with narrow galloon. Single-breasted vest, buttoning high, of the same cloth as the coat. Blue cravat. Turned-down collar. Fawn-colored gloves. Semi-tight pantaloons of figured cloth, with diagonal and vertical stripes crossing each other so as to form diamonds, with a stripe down the side.

Fig. 5.—STREET DRESS. Black hat, with crown somewhat low and swelling, and medium brim, turned up at the sides. Dark blue tight-fitting coat, rolling low and broad, and slightly overlapping; with front buttoning straight from the revers alone. Skirt very short and somewhat rounded at the bottom. Sleeves with cuff fastened down. Double-breasted vest of the same material as the coat. Light blue cravat. Standing collar. *Beurre* gloves. Pearl-gray pantaloons, with a stripe of a darker shade down the side.

Fig. 6.—STREET DRESS. Hat with slightly swelling crown and medium brim, turned up a little at the side. Coat of French gray cassimere, half-adjusted, with collar rolling low, and very short skirts. Medium sleeve, with cuff bound with galloon, with which the edge of the coat is likewise bound. Standing collar. Semi-tight pantaloons of figured cassimere of a light chocolate color, with Havana-colored stripe down the side. Faust gloves.

A NICE CORRESPONDENT!

"THE glow and the glory are plighted
To darkness, for evening is come;
The lamp in Glebe Cottage is lighted,
The birds and the sheep-bells are dumb;
I'm alone at my casement, for Pappy
Is summon'd to dinner at Kew;
I'm alone, my dear Fred, but I'm happy—
I'm thinking of you.

"I wish you were here; were I duller
Than dull, you'd be dearer than dear—
I am dress'd in your favorite color—
Dear Fred, how I wish you were here!
I am wearing my lazuli necklace,
The necklace you fastened askew!
Was there ever so rude or so reckless
A darling as you?

"I want you to come and pass sentence
On two or three books with a plot:
Of course you know 'Janet's Repentance:'
I am reading Sir Waverley Scott,
The story of Edgar and Lucy—
How thrilling, romantic, and true!
The Master—his bride was a goosey—
Reminds me of you.

"To-day, in my ride, I've been crowning
The Beacon whose magic still lures,
For up there you discoursed about Browning—
That stupid old Browning of yours:
His verve and his vogue are alarming,
I'm anxious to give him his due;
But, Fred, he's not nearly so charming
A poet as you.

"I have heard how you shot at the Beeches,
I saw how you rode Chanticleer,
I have read the reports of your speeches,
And echo'd the echoing cheer:
There's a whisper of hearts you are breaking—
I envy their owners. I do!—
Small marvel that fashion is making
Her idol of you.

"Alas for the world, and its dearly
Bought triumph, and fugitive bliss;
Sometimes I half wish I was merely
A plain or a penniless Miss:
But, perhaps, one is best with a measure
Of pelf; and I'm not sorry, too,
That I'm pretty, because it's a pleasure,
My dearest, to you.

"Your whim is for frolic and fashion,
Your taste is for letters and art;
This rhyme is the commonplace passion
That glows in a fond woman's heart:
Put it by in a dainty deposit
For relics—we all have a few!
Some day, love, they'll print it, because it
Was written to you."

TAKEN BY STORM.

MISS COMFORT sat in the doorway knitting a dish-cloth.

Her house was so low that a lilac-bush beside the door brushed the eaves: and so green with moss that the lilacs and old-fashioned red rose-bushes seemed to be a part of it.

"Five times more across will finish it," said Miss Comfort, spreading out the square of knitted cotton.

Put in the needle, over the thread, draw it through, take off the stitch. Put in the needle, over the thread, draw it through, take off the stitch. Back and forth, back and forth till the very last time; when the gate-latch clicked.

Miss Comfort looked up, but saw nobody. Then she looked *down*, and saw what might be a stalk of clover walking out on its own responsibility; but as it came nearer up the graveled path, between the beds of chamomile and sage and balm, the round red bobbing clover-head took on the face of a little smiling girl.

"I've come for you, Aunt Christyana," she cried. "Ma sent me, and she wants you to come right up to her house and stay to supper. Mrs. Dubant is there, and somebody else is coming; Mrs. Small, I *guess*."

"What is your ma going to have for supper?" asked Miss Comfort.

"Oh, cake and honey!" replied the mite. "Will you come? Ma said I must bring you."

Miss Comfort looked up at the clear blue sky.

"Isn't it going to rain?" she said, doubtfully.

"Oh *no*, ma'am! Ma's camphor foams when it is going to rain, and it doesn't foam a bit to-day!" answered the child.

"Well, I don't see how I can go. Midas's hens will be right in scratching up my peas sure as I am not here to watch them. There! there comes old Speckle now!"

As she spoke Miss Comfort jumped up as quickly as one lame knee would allow, and, dropping her knitting, started in chase with an old broom which she kept behind the door on purpose. The hen ran and fluttered and flew, and so did Miss Comfort, until, after a deal of rounding of corners and heading-off and screaming on the part of both, Miss Comfort caught the hen under a gooseberry-bush, and giving her a good shaking, in a neighborly way, to teach her better manners, threw her over the fence that divided her garden from Mr. Midas's; and came back to her doorway, victoriously, out of breath; while the hen shook out her crumpled feathers with an indignant cackle, and went to brooding imaginary eggs on a heap of sand.

"Well, there!" cried Miss Comfort. "I guess now *she* won't venture over here again to-day! But I don't know as I can go home with you, Christy. Somebody might come, too. I think more than likely Mrs. Riggs *will* be here. She told me two weeks ago she meant to come down, and I have baked and got all ready twice on purpose for her. It is a good day to-day, and likely she will come."

"Ma sent me for you. She said I must bring you with me *sure*," returned little Christy, true to first principles.

"Well. I shall have to bring in some wood first, for fear there may come up a shower; and fix my windows and things to leave," replied Miss Comfort, presently.

Then she set to work picking up and putting away as though she were preparing to sail around the world, instead of going two houses off, over the brow of the hill, for an afternoon. After an hour's hard work she was ready; her starched white sun-bonnet, with its crimped border, on her head, her great black silk "work-pocket" on her arm, and her hooked-handled umbrella for a staff in her hand. She locked her house-door carefully, placing upon the threshold a shingle with the words "Gone to Barnum's" chalked upon it; and then, with a parting look over her neighbor's treacherous fence, set forth, with little Christy trotting triumphantly by her side.

For fourteen years, ever since her mother died, Miss Comfort had lived alone in this brown bird's-nest, but no mother of ten had wider sympathies or fuller call upon them. Nobody fell ill and nobody got well; nobody married and nobody was widowed; nobody was lonely and nobody had company, but they thought of, and sent first to, Miss Comfort. So she was far enough from being lonely or selfish; and though she had her ways, as we are all apt to have, she was as amiable and kind a soul as any under the bending sky.

Now, with her other qualities, Miss Comfort had eyes that served her as good purpose as a fly's; she could see with them before and behind and on all sides; and she had not fairly crossed Mrs. Barnum's threshold before she perceived there was something in this invitation besides Mrs. Dubant, Mrs. Small, and cake and honey.

To be sure there sat little Mrs. Dubant in a flutter of blue ribbons, as empty and silent as a last-year's bird's-nest; and there was certainly a decided smell of freshly-baked cake and new bread coming from the open pantry that adjoined the family sitting-room. But there was upon Mrs. Barnum's face, which had never more concealment than a mirror, such a studied look of innocence that an owl could have seen, even at noonday, something was behind it.

"I am glad you have come, sister Christyana," began Mrs. Barnum. (The first Mrs. Barnum *was* a sister of Miss Comfort, and the second Mrs. Barnum, with the husband, adopted all the relations of the first.) "I persuaded Mrs. Dubant to stay and take a cup of tea with me, and I knew you would enjoy a visit with her of all things. Her brother Ebenezer had business above here and brought her over. See, you knew he had lost his wife, didn't you?"

The blue ribbons gave a plaintive shudder, and Miss Comfort said to herself, "Oh, *that* is it, is it?" But aloud she only said to Mrs. Dubant, "Your brother's wife left quite a family, if I remember."

"Six 'm."

"Who has the care of them?" continued Miss Comfort, whose warm heart really yearned over the forlorn little orphans already.

"*Her* mother," replied Mrs. Dubant. "Ebenezer lives there too for the sake of the children, but the old lady don't make it pleasant for him. I do wish he could find somebody who would be kind to the children. He is a good provider, Ebenezer is; and always had the name of making a kind husband. The neighbors will all tell you so," continued the little woman, who was outdoing herself in her sisterly anxiety.

"Well; now I wonder if Sally Beanville wouldn't make him a good wife. I mistrust she would be willing to marry if she had the right kind of an offer. You know she hasn't any home to speak of, and it would be an excellent opportunity for her, sure enough."

Evidently this suggestion was not acceptably received by her hearers, though Mrs. Dubant only rustled a little while Mrs. Barnum looked more innocent than ever; and just then the unhappy, bereaved Mr. Ebenezer Stainsby drove past the window into the side-yard in his great lonesome wagon.

"Oh, why! If you are not back already! How time flies! Well, I must hurry up my tea. These men always want to be going first, you know," cried out Mrs. Barnum, when he entered. "I will trouble you to take seats in the front-room till supper is ready. Sister Christyana, will you be kind enough to show the way? Oh, there! Mrs. Dubant, if you'll wait just a jiffy I will go out and cut that rhubarb for you before I forget it," she continued, with a sudden burst, as though she had not arranged her plan and even her words long before.

So Mrs. Dubant dropped out of the little procession, and consequently, when Miss Comfort turned about after opening the door at the other end of the hall, she saw only Mr. Stainsby with a button off his coat, rips in his gloves, and a widowed look all over him. She disdained the cowardice of turning back herself under any pretext, so she went in like the fated six hundred at the battle of Balaklava. Then she drew up the Venetian blind with a deal of noise and incident, and then, sitting by the farthest window, she began to talk. And she talked and talked and talked with a flow of words steady as the flow of water at Niagara.

But it was of no use. When a man has any thing to say he will say it in the face of twenty Niagaras. So of a sudden out it came.

Ebenezer Stainsby was wiser than a serpent, and he understood very well which was the unfenced corner of Miss Comfort's heart. So he said little about his own loneliness and need—a hundred creases and wrinkles eloquently proclaiming that for him—but told, with tears in his eyes, of the forlorn state of his motherless little ones.

"Every body in Ashland knows what their grandmother Belcher is, Miss Comfort. She means well, perhaps, too; but she is elderly and not in firm health, and has always been a woman of high temper, besides being so set in her own way and inclined to be fretful. I don't say these things to speak against the old lady; but really, Miss Christyana, when I know what an uncomfortable home my little children have my heart aches, I do assure you, and so would yours."

Miss Comfort's heart did ache just in sympathy as she listened; but sympathy is quite another thing from really going upon a hot six-barred gridiron one's self.

"I am truly sorry for you and your family, Mr. Stainsby, and I wish I could do something for you. But I don't wish to change my situation. I am too old to think of such a thing, though I thank you for the honor," she said, with the formal propriety of an old-school lady.

She tilted her chin as she spoke, with an air of decision that her neighbor Midas's hens were very well acquainted with, but that Mr. Stainsby tried not to understand.

"I have always heard a great deal," he began again, "of your kindness to children, and mine need a mother so much. I am sure you would love them if you knew them." Then he went on pleading with fatherly rather than lover-like earnestness; but Miss Comfort would not be moved. She drew up her mouth like her silk "work-pocket," and was very sorry.

So at last the poor man went away clothed, as to his spirit, in sackcloth and ashes; and, as to his body, in garments rent like an old Israelite's; and Miss Comfort came to Mrs. Barnum, flushed and pained. "I will box the ears of the very next child I meet. A good name gives one trouble sometimes as well as a bad one. There can't a mother die in the country but her husband comes for me to take care of the children," said she, with a sense of having been very disobliging.

"I always understood that Mr. Stainsby was very indulgent to his wife," replied Mrs. Barnum, pensively.

Some time during the next week, as Miss Comfort was hoeing among her beans, with a man's straw-hat upon her head for company, her gate clicked again, and again little Christy Barnum appeared, bobbing up the walk; but this time leading a white-headed child no larger than herself—a pretty-faced girl, with gentle manners, but with a forlorn look of neglect about her.

"This is Selma Stainsby, Aunt Christyana," said Christy.

"Oh! well, you may pick a stalk of caraway for her and one for yourself," replied Miss Comfort, thrusting her hoe with violence into the heart of a thrifty pig-weed.

"Barnum's wife's work; but she will lose her trouble this time as well as the last," thought Miss Comfort.

It was useless, however, for her to try to take no interest in the child. The sun, generally considered so impartial, allied itself against her, making the garden too hot directly. Then the curiosity which was in the heart of woman even before the fall, and of which Miss Comfort inherited a share like Benjamin's portion, allied itself against her attempt at making herself indifferent to her visitor. She did wish to see what Stainsby's child was like. And, unfortunately for her indifference, Stainsby's child seemed like a very sweet and attractive one. Oh yes! Mrs. Barnum knew what she was about.

In half an hour the little girls were sitting together eating caraway cookies on the door-step, not to scatter crumbs on the house-floor; and Miss Comfort was telling them stories and singing them old-fashioned songs. They strung over the quaint, bright bead necklace that she kept for just such entertainment; they looked at her box of children's books and old almanacs; played with her pig and kitten; and went away at last, each with a piece of plum-pie as big as her own face.

Miss Comfort could not help asking little Selma to come again; and sure enough she did, in little more than a week, bringing with her a younger sister, who was more winning and loving than herself even, and who looked even more motherless and neglected. Dear, little, dimpled Constance; with a mouth always ready to be kissed, patient eyes, and hair that had as much longing to curl as a grape-vine, but that had to be braided in two long queues and tied with a piece of faded green braid.

Miss Comfort felt sorry all over for the unmothered baby, and took her right into the tenderest spot in her tender heart. She curled her hair, made her a rag-baby with a "come-off dress," an "open-and-shut fan" of a bit of newspaper, picked her largest peony for her, and only said, "Be careful, dear," when Constance dropped her bread-and-butter-and-sugar upon the floor, butter-and-sugar side down.

Finally, as Miss Comfort sat in her best gingham at the round tea-table between the front windows of her sitting-room, with a small Stainsby on each side, helping them to cake and jelly, Constance cried out, with a little scream of joy, "There's my papa! there's my papa!" And, slipping from her chair like water over a rock, in a moment Miss Comfort, with a feeling of envy and lonesomeness, saw her in Mr. Stainsby's arms, kissing him again and again, while he passed his hand admiringly over her beautiful curls and held her close to his heart for a moment.

Then he put Constance down and took the baby from the wagon. This baby was two years old; but something was the matter with his back, so the poor thing had never walked, and might

never. And he, as Mr. Stainsby brought him in—dressed in a gown made of a high-colored, large-flowered one of his grandmother's—was the most touching sight of all in his sweet helplessness.

"How much he looks like a little brother of mine who died at about his age! The little dear! Do let me take him. Is he afraid of strangers?" said Miss Comfort, holding out her hands.

The baby answered this question for himself by reaching out his hands in return, and springing with a glad cry from his father's arms into Miss Comfort's.

"Mamma! mamma! come!" said he, nestling his head upon her neck.

There were tears in Miss Comfort's eyes as well as Mr. Stainby's as she stooped her head to kiss the little white cheek.

"You have always reminded me of Paul's mother, especially in your eyes," said Paul's father. "But I did not suppose Paul remembered her. He was only eight months old when she died."

The children not being through their suppers Miss Comfort of course had to ask Mr. Stainsby to eat with them; so he sat down opposite her, and she poured his tea with Paul, who clung to her, in her lap.

"Constance dear, you are holding your knife in the wrong hand. Let pa spread your bread for you," said Mr. Stainsby. "I hope, Miss Comfort, you will excuse my children's manners. Their grandma doesn't think of such things. But I wouldn't mind that so much, if that was all. Children *are* trying to old people, I suppose," he added, with a suggestive sigh.

As soon as they had finished their suppers Mr. Stainsby began to tie on the bonnets and pin on the shawls; but he did it so awkwardly that Miss Comfort was glad to come to his help.

"I wit Mit Tomfort would pit on my tings every time. T'e do it more better," said Constance.

"Yes, dear, so do I," replied her father.

"Oh will you, Mit Comfort? My pa said he *wit* you would," cried the child.

Miss Comfort made as if she did not hear, but Paul was not so easily disposed of. "No, no! Mamma come! mamma come!" he sobbed with baby grief, clinging fast to Miss Comfort's neck when his father tried to take him.

"You see, Miss Comfort, how they need you!" said he, piteously. "If you only *would* come!"

"Do come! Will you come?" asked Constance, holding fast to Miss Comfort.

Selma alone did not speak, but she looked up with hungry eyes that said as much as all the rest.

"Well, well, I suppose I must, then. But you will have to go now, all of you, only the baby. He can stay if he wants to," said Miss Comfort, desperately.

And so, as the children could wait no longer, the very next week Miss Comfort went.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

THE great Derby-day—London's great holiday—is over, and the result is in every body's mouth. It is proverbial that the favorite rarely if ever wins, but it is but seldom that the favorite is nowhere in the race, and narrowly escapes being last of all in the struggle. As I told you in my last letter, there has scarcely ever been so much excitement, even about a Derby-day, as there was this year. The favorite, Lady Elizabeth, was the property of Lord Hastings, who, once the possessor of fine estates and a very large income, has managed to lose it pretty well entirely on the turf; and the winning of the Derby was supposed to be the last chance he had of retrieving his fortunes and saving himself from utter ruin. Indeed of late he has been unable to meet his vast and recent losses, and it was necessary to enable him to enter the ring at all that he himself should find £10,000, and his friends another £10,000. His friends proved themselves equal to the occasion; and by the sale, it is said, of his wife's jewels on the previous day, he too was able to pay the sum required of him. After all this, it was natural enough that when early in the afternoon (for the result of the race is known in London a very few moments after it is run) the news spread that Blue Gown was first, King Alfred second, Speculum third, and Lady Elizabeth ninth, that the commiseration felt for the Marquis was intense; and yet it was all wasted, for though, of course, had his own horse won he would have fared much better, his book was so cleverly made that he was still the winner of, some say £80,000, some say £30,000, the medium being probably the truth. The cause of Lady Elizabeth's defeat seems to have been her unconquerable temper, which rendered her nearly utterly unmanageable, even by Fordham, one of our best jockeys, and one of the most successful—save at the Derby, where he has invariably ridden a losing horse. A great deal of money has, there is no doubt, been lost by the outside world, whose faith in Lady Elizabeth appears to have been unbounded; but the most extraordinary part of all is that the owner of the winning horse, Sir Joseph Hawley, is himself a loser. He ran two other horses, Green Sleeve and Rosicrucian, and stood to win with them.

I doubt if any one but an Englishman can realize what the Derby really is, or the excitement it creates. Every man who possibly can puts in an appearance; it is a day given up to fun and frolic, to a plentiful imbibing of Champagne, and unheard of consumption of cigars, good and bad (more bad than good, I fear), and to practical jokes of all kinds. Hucksters' carts, vans, omnibuses, old worn-out carriages which never see daylight save on occasions of this kind, mingle with the four-in-hands, and the barouches with postillions, and such other aristocratic equipages in which our young men of the upper and richer class delight. Very few ladies are present, save a sprinkling of the nobility who accompany their husbands, and remain on the grand stand. The *demi-monde* muster in good force, with very wonderful toilettes, and display much hilarity of spirits later in the day, when the Champagne-bottles have been uncorked. It is essentially a vulgar race, though the highest in the land are there. This year the Prince of Wales traveled all night from Scotland to be present at it, and was accompanied by the Crown Prince of Denmark, who is now on a visit to his sister, the Princess of Wales, at Marlborough House. He came, they say, from Copenhagen in order to see our Derby.

Of late years the Derby has altered its character greatly—viz., since so many railways have been opened. You can reach Epsom Downs, which are about eighteen miles from London, by three or four different lines, and they all keep pouring in one continuous stream of people from early morning. In old days there was the road, and nothing but the road; and the road to and from the Derby was considered one of the most wonderful sights of the day. City clerks, shopmen, hard-worked lawyers, together with M.P.'s and noblemen (for neither Houses of Parliament sit on that day), all seem to consider themselves entitled to a holiday—a holiday they all mean to enjoy. A man bent on an expedition to the Derby is recognizable by every body. White hats are very much the order of the day, and the long blue or green veils wound about them are as much a part of the programme as the Champagne, light coats, and opera-glasses, to say nothing of light hearts.

Down past Clapham Church and Clapham Common (a suburb much frequented by city men, who, confined all day in dreary, stifling offices, delight in even the faint semblance of country which suburban London offers them), where, all along the route, the inhabitants pour out to see all that is to be seen of the Derby road and the Derby fun; and by-and-by you find yourself on the Epsom Downs, surrounded by all that heterogeneous mixture of people which congregate at races. Ethiopian serenaders, thimble-rig, Aunt Sally, fortune-tellers, and the like, are ready to amuse you, if such amusements please you. Plenty of challenges from professional betting-men await you, which, if you care to embark on the very treacherous ventures they propose, will probably find you a poorer, if not a wiser, man. If you are among the favored few you may turn into the paddock, and there inspect the horses, and see the preparations necessary before their appearance in public. You will find yourself here in good company, for the Prince of Wales is sure to go there, as all other great patrons of the turf; you may saunter over the course until the time comes to clear it before the race begins; you may mingle among the various vehicles congregated on the opposite side; or you may take your place in the grand stand, or in any of the many private stands which abound. But the principal things which struck every body, on this last Derby-day, was the wonderful brightness of the weather, so different to last year, when it positively snowed; the bright green which caught the eye wherever a patch of ground was left untenanted, and the myriads of people which abounded on all sides.

The first race was for the Bentinck Plate, won by Wild Darell; and then came the Derby Stakes, the great Derby race. It was run in two minutes forty-three and a half seconds. What breathless moments to many of the spectators! As the horses flew past the noise was deafening. The various partisans cheered their favorites. "Blue Gown wins!" "No, no; King Alfred!" and so on. One horse, Franchise, broke her leg badly in the struggle. From the first the contest lay between King Alfred and Blue Gown, the latter winning at last by half a length. It seemed wonderfully soon over. They say Lady Hastings, who was with her husband, wearing his colors and showing the greatest interest in the event, shed tears at the result; but the truth of this deponent knoweth not.

The Borough Stakes, the Manor Stakes, and the Epsom Town Plate followed; but when the Derby is over very little interest is felt by the general public in the racing, and lunches are partaken of with much gusto, and amidst a good deal of fun. As the day begins to close in the rush toward the railway stations and the block on the road is something better imagined than described. About eight o'clock a van at Kensington broke down, which eventually stopped the progress of all other vehicles for a good ten minutes, and the confusion and damage to panels and poles must have been by no means inconsiderable; but good-humor was pretty general, notwithstanding that most of the inmates of the carriages were plentifully besprinkled with flour, sold for the purpose on the road by itinerant vendors. These showers of flour, and a liberal display of small wooden Dutch dolls, were among the most popular witticisms of the Derby this year. The *Tomahawk*, a paper which, as its name implies, deals pen-and-ink vengeance on the faults and misdoings of the age, published a cartoon the Derby week, which represents a barouche on its way to the Derby; in it a youth, supposed to be Lord Hastings, with two friends and a lady. Flying from his hand are two dolls, on which are written "honor" and "self-respect," or something of the kind; the other hand is held up to receive a glass of Champagne, which a servant in the shape of a grinning skeleton is pouring out for him. A sign-post near by indicates the road to the infernal regions.

A bet with regard to the Derby has been a great deal talked about. The wager was, that a woman was to leave Clapham on the Derby and reach the race-course at Epsom before a gentleman who left Cornhill at the same time in a four-in-hand. The result has not yet leaked out, though a great deal of money depended on it.

All the world nowadays seems to rush into print, so many of our nobility have been writing books of late. Lady Herbert, of Lea, the widow of Lord Herbert (better known as Mr. Sydney Herbert), first made her fame as an authoress by a clever work on Spain, which she has followed up with others of equal talent. She has been passing the winter in Rome, where she has been most seriously ill, but has now recovered, and is on her way home. Lord Wilton, who married for his first wife a daughter of the twelfth Earl of Derby, and is among the most well known of our nobility, has written a work "On the Sports and Pursuits of the English as Bearing on their National Character." As one of the most successful sportsmen of the day his opinions on this subject carry weight.

Lady Diana Beauclerk, the Duke of St. Alban's sister, has just published her impressions of Norway. *Les grande dames*, it is rumored, are immensely proud of their literary success. Lady Franklin, the widow of the great Arctic navigator, is spending the winter in India; rather a wonderful journey for an octogenarian. Our Queen is just now in Scotland, but returns in a fortnight, and is about to hold public breakfasts in Buckingham Palace; the first is to be given in honor of Prince Alfred. His return among us safe and sound, after the late dastardly attempt on his life in Australia, will give rise to the most hearty and universal rejoicings here. The news that the Princess Dagmar, wife of the Czarewitch of Russia, and sister of our Princess of Wales, had given birth to a son caused a great deal of satisfaction generally. The Grand Duchess of Russia presented her with a necklace worth £6400 in honor of the event.

Among the recent deaths of public men that of Sir Benjamin Guinness is announced. It was he who at his own expense restored St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. It must have been a proud moment for him when the Prince of Wales was so recently installed there a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick with much pomp. Poor man! he was present on the occasion, but has scarcely survived this crowning triumph of his life above a month. He was the head of the great brewing firm of the name, and had realized an enormous fortune. Funeral sermons were preached in St. Patrick's on Sunday, and the cathedral was draped in black.

It will interest you all, I am sure, to know that it is proposed to erect a statue to your illustrious citizen, Mr. Peabody, near to our Royal Exchange. In the Academy this year there is a portrait of him, similar to the one now belonging to her Majesty. It is eagerly sought by the visitors there, who are not likely to forget the munificent gifts he has made to the nation.

Nowadays, since the *Saturday Review* has taken upon itself to be so hard on the fair sex, every story to their disadvantage seems to find its way into print. Two of these are going the round of the papers now, viz.: that a woman of title drove in her brougham to see Barrett, the Fenian, hung at Newgate, and of course, when the dreadful moment arrived, fainted; the other, that another lady, of equally exalted position, made a bet that she would walk through a Scotch fair in a kilt, a feat that she eventually performed. I should very much doubt there being the smallest atom of truth in either of these tidbits of gossip. English women are not at all given to this kind of performances.

The prosecution of Governor Eyre, of Jamaica fame, is at an end. The grand jury have returned "No bill," which is equal to declaring that the case can not be tried.

An Exhibition of Art has just been opened by the Prince of Wales at Leeds, in Yorkshire. It contains some wonderful paintings, and a choice collection of artistic treasures of all kinds.

Her Majesty's Theatre, which was burned down in the autumn, is to be rebuilt at once. The plans are already accepted. Drury Lane Theatre has been most charmingly fitted up as an Opera-house for the time being. I went there the other night to hear your American prima donna, Mademoiselle Kellogg, in "Somnambula." Both her voice and acting were admirable, and she has won golden opinions here.

ARDERN HOLT.

THE WOMEN OF THE DAY.

AN able English writer in *Saint Pauls* makes the following sensible rejoinder to the stinging diatribes against women which have of late seemed the special mission of the *Saturday Review*, particularly the "Girl of the Period:"

"The women of our day are not the counterparts of their mothers. Times have changed, and women have changed with them. The old conception which prevailed till the last generation, that when a woman had married young, had kept her home in good order, had reared a family of children, and had lived in harmony with her husband, she had fulfilled the whole aim and object and purport of her existence, is dying out of fashion. Our women know more, read more, think more than they did in the good old days; and we can not reasonably expect that they should be contented with the same narrow round of pleasures and duties. It always seems to me that these 'laudatores temporis acti' are engaged in solving the insoluble problem of how to eat your cake and have it. If you are to have women who are fit to share the thoughts, desires, and aspirations of men in a high degree of culture, you can not also have women who cumulate the functions of nurse, housekeeper, and cook. Notwithstanding the fashion for co-operative stores, the principle of the division of labor is the ruling one of our day. In virtue of that principle we have to a great extent exempted women from household and menial cares; and by so doing we have secured a degree of culture and refinement not compatible, I think, with any very active interference in domestic matters. I often wish that the wiseacres who repeat the parrot cry about the happy time when ladies cooked their own dinners, and mended their own clothes, and did their own marketing, could know something of the family life of countries where women still perform the duties I see urged so eloquently upon their attention. In the north of Europe the wife is still the 'good woman of the house.' There the ladies cook the dinners with their own hands, wait at dinner to a considerable degree, pass no small part of their time in the kitchen and the store-room, and even lend a hand at the wash-tub. I do not dispute the fact that if you wish your womenkind to be only a superior description of upper servants you had better seek for them in these patriarchal climes. But even the courage of a *Saturday Reviewer* would shrink from the idea of marrying or living with these 'brave housewives.' As a rule, I am afraid you must say that the excellence of women as housekeepers is in inverse proportion to their excellence as intellectual companions. I do not say that a clever educated woman may not keep her home comfortable, and her household in good order, and bring up her children excellently. Intelligence and organization will supply the place of personal labor and constant supervision. But I do say, that, if the nursery and the kitchen and the laundry are to be considered the proper sphere for the exercise of women's energies, it is idle to imagine they can also be ideal companions for the drawing-room and the study. Persons in the habit of reading the advertising columns of the daily papers must be aware that there are two classes of advertisements emanating from ladies who desire to fill the position of housekeeper to a single gentleman or widower. The advertisers of the one class describe themselves as domesticated and fond of cooking; the other base their pretensions on being musical and agreeable companions. The distinction thus drawn appears to me representative of modern womanhood—to apply to wives equally with housekeepers.

"Common honesty compels me to confess that I believe women were created for other objects than bearing children, and that I doubt whether, when a woman has married a husband and made his home comfortable, she has done all which God or man have a right to expect of her. But my wish is now to treat the subject from a purely masculine stand-point. Looking at the great woman-question from the male point of view, I hold that we are unreasonable in expecting that English ladies should unite the inconsistent merits of the intellectual companion and the bustling housekeeper.

"If I am right in this opinion it is idle to imagine that this transition period, during which women are emerging, as a class, from the kitchen and store-room into the study and library, will not be attended with a great amount of extravagance and absurdity. And this phase will, undoubtedly, afford good scope for small social satire of the ordinary *Saturday Review* calibre. There is room for any number of pretty, twaddling essays about æsthetic women, pushing women, little and big women, Papal women, women in orders, and so on.

"I should wish that the critic whose utterances I have criticised in turn might tell us whether he really meant to accuse the women of our day of any thing more than vanity and folly. If not, he ranks at once amidst that great class of writers who, from time to time, have sharpened their wits upon the foibles of the female sex. But if he meant more than this—if he understood the purport which his words conveyed—if he intended to imply that English women were immodest, heartless, and vicious, I deem him to have uttered a very foul and base libel, which it behooves men, even more than women, to protest against loudly. It would, indeed, be an evil day for England if the time should ever come when our countrywomen should be spoken of habitually in the terms which the *Saturday Reviewer* has thought himself justified in applying to them. When such language has been used it ought not to be passed over in silence. Women can always hold their own in the contest with their critics. If every English newspaper were to go on writing articles about the extravagance of female attire from now to the end of the year they would not lessen by a single item the milliners' bills which will come due next Christmas. But the case becomes different when the attack is leveled not against fashions, but against reputations. And it argues ill for the condition of a country when men hear the women who are near and dear to them libeled without resenting the insult. It is for that reason I have entered this protest of mine."

RED CLOVER BLOSSOMS.

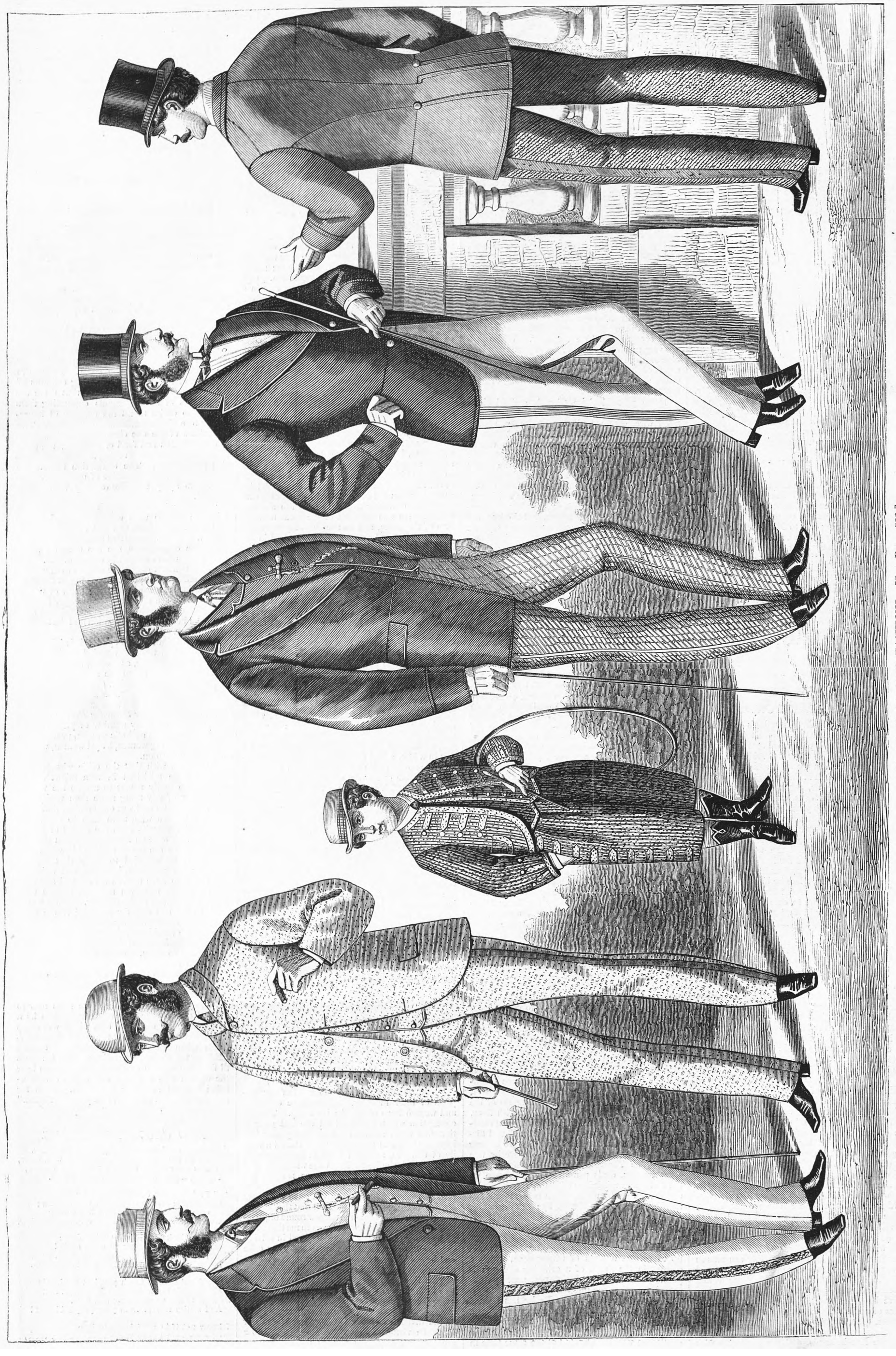
DEAR little children, wandering down the paths,
When all the meadow-lands are bright with these,
Fill both their hands with the red clover blooms,
Finding a deeper sweetness than do bees.

And I? I pass the fair June roses by
Unwatched; let the tri-colored violets grow;
But, with fast-throbbing heart, I linger long
Where, through the grass, the clover blossoms glow.

I used to pluck them, too, in other days;
But, ah, not now—never on earth again!
Grow, little globes of brightness, unafraid,
Breathing your fragrant lives out in the glen.

I would not dare to touch you, lest my hands
Should stain the whiteness of a thought that comes
So near to me, so very near and dear,
And smiles forever from your purple blooms!

I know not if in willfulness, or love
Of something hid in you, she placed you there,
I can remember only that she wore
A fragrant clover blossom in her hair.



GENTLEMEN'S PARIS SUMMER FASHIONS.—[SEE PAGE 582.]

Summer Toilettes.

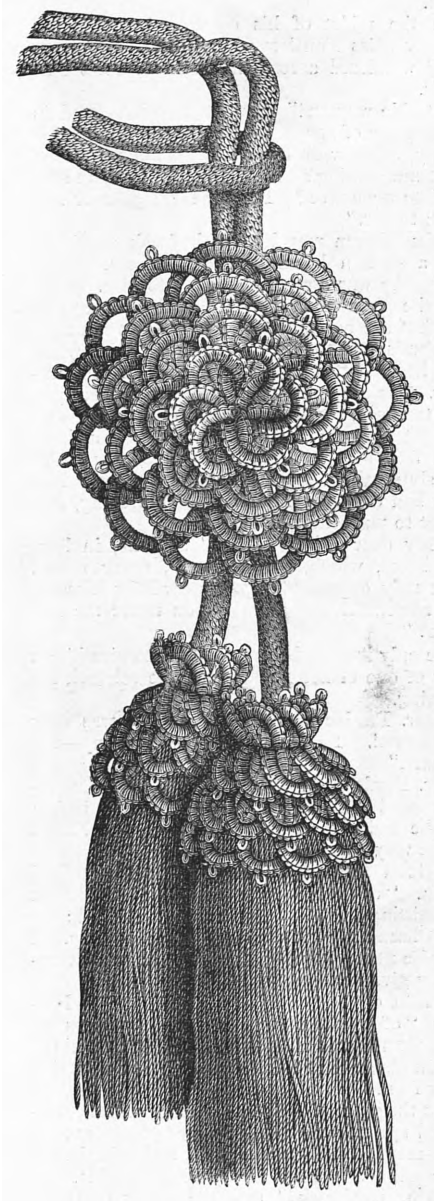
Fig. 1.—Dress of lilac silk, cut square in the neck, and trimmed with a pleated flounce of the same material. Bias folds and buttons of lilac silk simulate an over-skirt, closed on the right side. Chemisette of pleated lace.

Fig. 2.—Dress with over-skirt and high corsage of maize foulard, trimmed with flounces, bias folds, and rosettes of the same. The upper skirt is open in front, and turned back on both sides. Sash with ends trimmed to match the skirt.

Tasseled Curtain Band in Crochet Tatting and Knotted Work.

MATERIALS: Fine white guipure cord, coarse tatting cotton, white knitting cotton.

This band consists of a cord fifty-two inches in length, the ends of which are finished by tassels and trimmed with a tatted rosette, as shown by the illustration. For making the cord prepare, first, a skein of coarse knitting cotton, fifty-two inches in length and of the thickness desired, and wind one end a few times with guipure cord. Then, with the same cord, knot a row of buttonhole stitch not very close together, putting the end of the cord through the thread which was wound around, and then continue in this manner, making a stitch in every stitch of the previous round till the entire cord is so covered; after which string on each end of the finished cord four rows of interwoven rings of crochet tatting. The smallest row, which is joined in a ring, and which is first pushed on, counts six rings, each ring consisting of 8 ds. (double stitches), 1 p. (picot), 8 ds. The following row counts seven rings, each ring being composed of 12 ds., 1 p., 12 ds. The third row counts eight rings, and each ring 14 ds., 1 p., 14 ds. The largest under row counts nine rings, and each ring 18 ds., 1 p., 18 ds. Then finish both ends of the cord with a bunch of tatting cotton four inches in length, and cover the end of the cord where this is fastened on by means of the tatted rings which have previously been pushed on the cord, and which are now sewed down as shown in the illustration, the three larger pointing downward and the upper one upward. This completes the tassels. The rosette which fastens the cord together, as shown in the illustration, is composed of four rows of interwoven tatted rings, which are sewed fast to a circular foundation. This foundation is crocheted in single crochet, and is an inch in circumference. The largest row of rings, which is first sewed on the foundation, consists of thirteen rings, and each ring of 18 ds., 1 p., 18 ds.; the next row counts ten rings, each counting 18 ds., 1 p., 18 ds.; the third row consists of eight rings, each composed of 16 ds., 1 p., 16 ds.; while the central smallest row counts only six rings, each composed of 12 ds., 1 p., 12 ds.



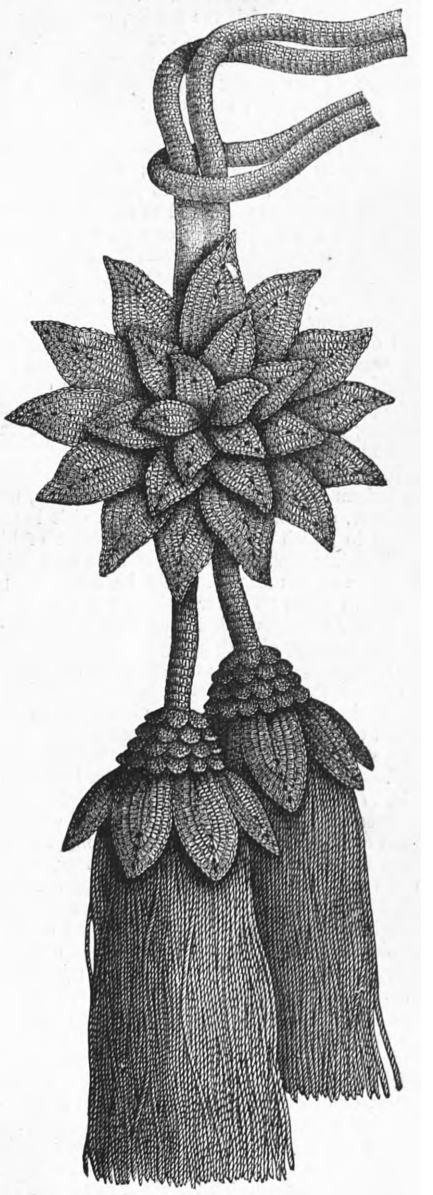
CURTAIN BAND AND TASSEL OF CROCHET TATTING AND KNOTTED WORK.—REDUCED SIZE.

SUMMER TOILETTES.

Tasseled Crochet Curtain Band.

MATERIALS: Tatting cotton, cotton cord.

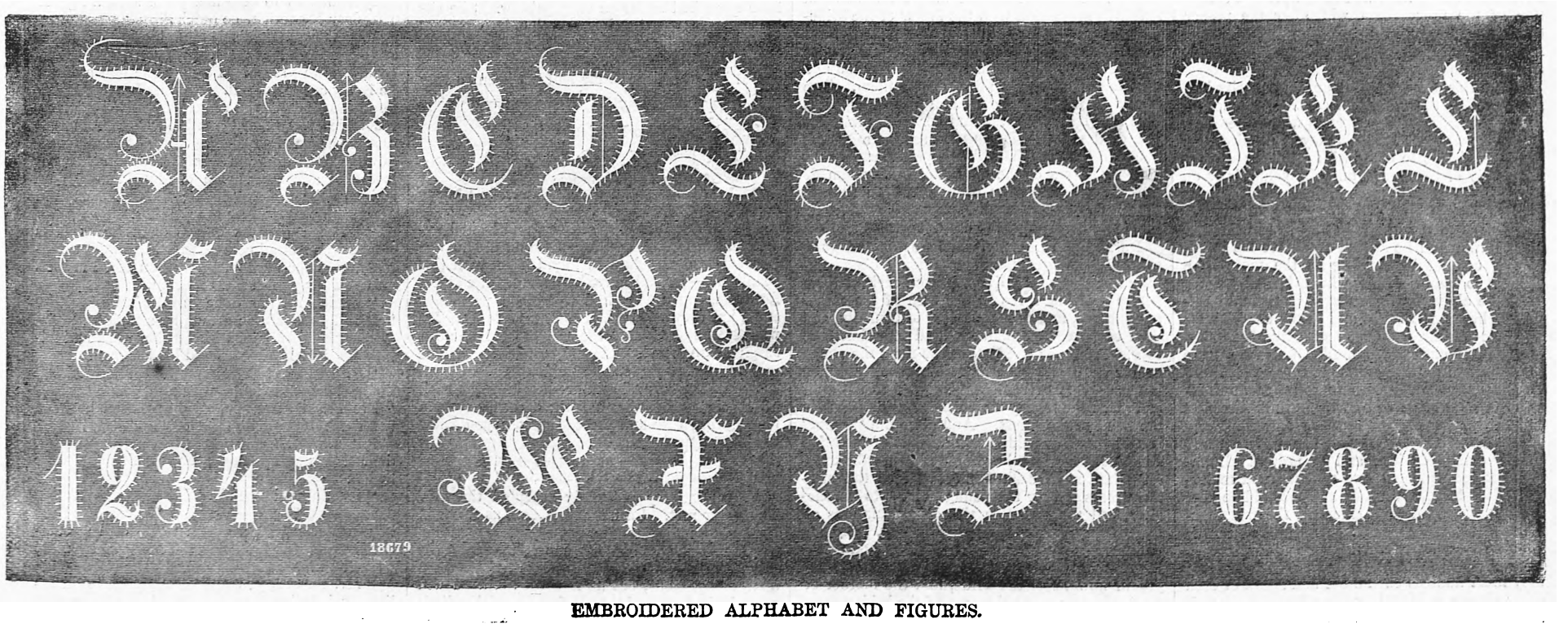
This band consists of a crochet cord, the ends of which are furnished with tassels, and are held together by means of a rosette in the form of a flower, as shown in the illustration. For the cord make a foundation of 15 ch. (chain stitches), join in a round by means of a sl. (slip stitch), and work on this as many rounds sc. (single crochet) as are needed to make the cord 52 inches in length. Then work on each end still five rounds sc., in each of which widen twice at regular distances, and after this a round without widening. The cup-like ends of the cord thus formed are finished each with five leaves, which are worked singly, and then crocheted to each end of the cord. Each is begun in the middle by a foundation of nine stitches; passing over one stitch, crochet back on the eight remaining stitches, 8 sc., then 3 ch., and on the other side of the foundation row also 8 sc. This completes the first round; after which crochet 1 ch., turn the work, and crochet the 2d round: work back on the last row 8 sc., putting the needle through under the entire stitch; then in the 3 ch. of the former round 2 sc., 3 ch., 2 sc., 8 sc. in the following 8 sc. of the former round. Now crochet again 1 ch., and turn the work; then crochet back on the former round 10 sc. in the first 10 sc., then twice 2 sc. separated by 3 ch. in the 3 ch. on the former round, 10 sc. in the following 10 sc. In the same manner work the three remaining rounds of the leaf, but each round is widened twice by two stitches. Having completed five of these leaves, crochet them together from the back as far down as five stitches from the upper end, and join them by means of sc. with the cord, having first laid a pleat in the middle of each leaf. Finally, ornament the cord above the leaves by means of four rows of crocheted scallops. The upper row counts five scallops, and each following row increases by two. Crochet these in the sc. stitches of the cord as follows: In an sc. of the cord 1 sc., 1 sdc. (short double crochet), 1 dc. (double crochet), 3 ch., 1 dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc. This completes a scallop. The next is worked in the third following sc. of the round, but it must be observed that one round of the cord must be left between each row of the scallops, and that the last row must cover the edge on which the leaves were fastened. Having finished both ends of the cord in this manner, run through it, in order to make it firmer, a cotton cord, on the ends of which fasten the threads for the tassels. These must be four inches in length. Then sew together the ends of the cord at some distance above the tassels, and trim with a rosette of single leaves of various sizes. These leaves are worked like the leaves which ornament the ends of the cord.



CROCHET CURTAIN BAND AND TASSEL.—REDUCED SIZE.

Embroidered Alphabet and Figures.

THESE letters are designed for marking pocket-handkerchiefs, table linen, etc. They are worked in satin stitch and point russe with white or colored cotton, or with black silk. The manner of working is shown by the illustration.



EMBROIDERED ALPHABET AND FIGURES.

FRENCH ETIQUETTE OF COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

AS a general rule, the French bride comes to her husband fresh from the school and the convent. She has never been blighted in affections, or played with her own happiness or that of others. She has had no period of *flirtation*, and generally she is prepared to love the hus-

band whom her parents or guardians may recommend her. Generally speaking, we believe Frenchwomen—except among the luxurious and depraved circles—make excellent wives; and when a Frenchwoman is good as wife or mother her tact and intelligence render her of inestimable value to her husband and children. As for falling in love, except at first sight, this is not very common or even possible. Girls are rarely long in society before they are married—marriage takes place on both sides early; and even when girls go into society the opportunities for flirtation and engaging affections, etc., are so limited and so carefully guarded against by mothers and *chaperons* that they practically do not exist.

We will suppose that M. Horace Delaunay has seen Mademoiselle Rosalie Dubois, or that she has been spoken of to him, and that on inquiry as to her position, etc., he finds she is a person whom he would like to marry. He is bound to observe a rigorous compliance with inexorable rules, the violation of any one of which would be probably the ruin of all his hopes.

The first step which M. Delaunay or his parents must take for him is to ask a mutual friend to inquire of the family of the young lady if his offer of marriage will be agreeable. It is absolutely contrary to all good-breeding for M. Delaunay to do this himself; and if he is refused, good-breeding requires him to make no sign of disappointment, but to remain with the family on just the same footing as before. It will be comprehended that all allusion to the refusal would be of the worst of tastes.

If the reply be favorable, M. Delaunay asks for permission to visit the family, or he asks to be introduced, if he has not been so already.

This first visit must take place without the presence of the young lady, and all affairs of property, settlement, etc., are then to be discussed. The family are supposed already to be informed of all details about the position of M. Delaunay by his intermediary; the parents or guardians are now supposed to put further questions to the young man, and to declare whether the replies are satisfactory or not, and to communicate on their side all details about the young lady's fortune and expectations. The young man is invited to visit them on a future day, and the day and hour of the visit are fixed. If the replies of M. Delaunay are not found satisfactory the young lady's representatives require time for reflection, and they separate on the most cordial terms possible, and the suitor is required by good-breeding not to make any further advances unless he is recalled.

However, suppose M. Delaunay has satisfied the exigencies of father, mother, guardian, notary, etc., and the hour of the first visit is arranged in which he is to see the object of his marriage-intentions for the first time as a suitor. The visit must naturally be arranged to take place when no other visitors are expected. Good taste requires toilettes on both sides to be carefully proper, although any display—*une toilette tapageuse*—is of the worst taste; the young lady especially must be simply but neatly attired. Mademoiselle Dubois, having already been informed of the proposal, sits between her parents, and no allusion whatever is made to the subject of M. Delaunay's visit during the first interview. It is, in fact, a simple visit of *reconnaissance;* the enemies are placed in presence of and examine each other, talking about the most indifferent things in the world. If, however, either on the occasion of the first visit or of the second, M. Delaunay is not satisfied with the explanations given him, or the appearance of Mademoiselle Dubois, he can still retreat conveniently by writing to say that a little journey, which he is obliged to take, will deprive him for some time of the pleasure he anticipated in being able to continue his visits, etc. If, on the contrary, he desires to go on with the negotiation, he must make a formal demand, by his father, mother, or other relative or friend, to be admitted into the family under the title of *prétendu*.

If the request is accepted M. Delaunay ought immediately to write a note to the parents to ask when it will be agreeable for them to receive his visit of acknowledgment and thanks; and when this interview takes place Mademoiselle Dubois, having been duly informed of the present condition of the proceedings, will, after the proper compliments have been passed on both sides, be sent for; and the young man is presented to her as her future husband.

From this time M. Delaunay is received in the house of the family on *intimate* but not on *familiar* terms, with respect to which there is a wide distinction. M. Delaunay is required, for example, always to come with a toilette suitable for a visit of ceremony, and the young lady on her side too must observe a similar carefulness. M. Delaunay is expected, of course, to pay frequent visits to the house, but always in ceremonious form; and he should announce his intention of coming by sending in the morning a bouquet to his betrothed, whom, indeed, he will never see alone until the marriage is finally celebrated before the *maire* and in the church; for marriage-contracts are such slippery affairs that M. Delaunay and Mademoiselle Dubois may have gone through all these forms to no purpose. If M. Delaunay should wish to retire at any moment he can yet do so by writing the little *billet* and announcing *le petit voyage;* and the family of the young lady could cover her retreat by any equally simple device; and to prevent all unpleasant consequences, and all chance of malevolent tittle-tattle, the whole affair should be kept a strict secret on both sides till the marriage-contract is finally signed. And, moreover, the young people will never either speak to or of each other by their unadorned Christian names; they must address each other and speak of each other always as Monsieur Horace and Mademoiselle Rosalie. But when the contract is signed and the marriage formally announced the rigors of etiquette may relax in some measure toward the young couple; but, as respects the family, it increases, for the father and mother of the *fiancée* are now required to shut up their house—that is to say, not to receive at home any but members of the family; and Mademoiselle Rosalie will carefully avoid, and would not, indeed, be permitted to make, appearance either in society or any public place of amusement.

The next step is the signing of the marriage-contract. All expenses of the proceedings are to be paid by the future husband. The notary reads the document; M. Delaunay rises, makes a bow to his *fiancée* as though to ask her consent, takes the pen, signs the deed, and then passes the pen to Mademoiselle Rosalie. The young lady signs in turn, and passes the pen to the mother of her intended, who passes it on to the mother of the bride, and so on through the members of the family present, who sign for the most part in the order of their age.

It is on this day that M. Delaunay is expected to send the presents known as the *corbeille de mariage*. The value of the presents should amount to about ten per cent. of the *dot* of the lady. They consist generally of shawls, jewels, lace, furs, gloves, fans, books, and a purse containing a certain number of gold pieces of money, which should be new. These presents should be put either in an elegant box, or in a work-table destined to form part of the furniture of the young couple. The *corbeille* should arrive on the morning of the signing of the contract, accompanied with a handsome bouquet of flowers; and the *corbeille*, together with the *trousseau* of the *fiancée*, which by this time should be prepared, is exhibited in her room, tastefully arranged with flowers, for her friends to admire. If there is a ball that evening, as is customary, at the house of the *fiancée*, the young lady should be in white. She opens the ball with her intended, and in the second quadrille she belongs *de droit* to the notary, who in olden times had the right of kissing her on the cheek. Every body who signs the marriage-deed is expected to make a present to the young lady.

As for the actual marriage, it is well known this is performed in two ceremonies—one at the *mairie*, the other at the church. The marriage at the *mairie* is of a strictly civil character, and is often performed on the same day as the other, but sometimes one or two days beforehand. It must, however, precede the other, though strict Catholics look on it as a mere legal formality, and as no marriage at all in a proper sense. When the bride has signed her name at the *mairie* she passes the pen to her husband, who receives it and says, *Merci, Madame*. The lady is thus styled "Madame" for the first time in her life by her future husband. The publication of the bans for the marriage in the church takes place much the same as with us. On the morning of the marriage the bridegroom and his family come to call for the bride and her family. The bridegroom then presents the *bouquet de noces*, which must be entirely white, to his *fiancée*. Carriages hired by the bridegroom, who defrays all the expenses of the day with the exception of those at the house of the bride, are sent to fetch the witnesses of the marriage and the members of the two families who are invited to be present, to the house of the bride. The bridegroom, besides the bouquet, brings the wedding-ring and the *pièce de mariage*—a piece of money, of gold or silver, according to the condition of the parties; if of the former it is placed like a medal in a morocco case. Among the peasants a piece of copper coin fulfills the function of the *pièce de mariage*, which must receive the priest's benediction during the ceremony.

As soon as the whole party is assembled they start for the *mairie*. The bride is in the first carriage to the right with her mother on the back-seat, with her father or his representative in front of her. In the second carriage is the bridegroom, on the back-seat likewise; but his mother—or her representative if he has none—takes the right, and his father sits on the front-seat. The witnesses of the marriage and the other members of the family follow. Arrived at the church the father of the bride leads her to the altar, and the bridegroom follows with his mother. Then the mother of the bride should follow in procession with the father of the bridegroom. The nearest relatives and most intimate friends of the two families also approach the altar. The rest of those invited sit in the body of the church on chairs prepared for them. The family of the bridegroom and the bridegroom take the right, the bride and her family take the left, of the altar. During the service a *quête* is made in the church, which is performed by the younger sisters of the bride and bridegroom, if they have any, one on each side. In the absence of younger sisters the nearest younger female relatives supply the deficiency.

During the ceremony, when the priest addresses to the young couple the question, "*Consentez-vous à prendre pour époux?*" etc., each of them before replying turns to the side of the father and mother, makes them a bow or courtesy, and then each replies, not in a loud tone, but *à mi voix*. After the offertory of the mass the young couple arise, and each takes a wax-taper, which is placed before them, and they go to the altar and place the money which they offer as alms in the hand of the priest. And after the "Pater" is said a pall is held over the heads of the bride and bridegroom by the youngest boys—the nearest relatives of each family. When the marriage mass is over the young pair go to the sacristy, and there receive the congratulations of their friends. The order, however, of going there is just the reverse of what it was on entering the church. Thus, the father of the bridegroom now leads the bride, and the mother of the bride now takes the arm of the bridegroom. Those invited to the wedding follow after and make their compliments to the newly-married couple and to both families. There is a general presentation by the bridegroom of his friends to his bride, and the mother of the bride introduces her friends to the bridegroom.

Etiquette has now another order of the day to impose on departure from the sacristy. The bridegroom is now allowed for the first time to give his arm to the bride, the father of the bride gives his arm to the mother of the bridegroom, the father of the bridegroom to the mother of the bride, and after this, it appears, etiquette relaxes, and allows the rest to follow as they please, except that on the return home in the carriage the bride and bridegroom must get together into the first carriage, which, however, is now to be filled up with the family of the bridegroom, while the family of the bride makes up the second carriage. And it must be observed that only on the occasion of a marriage service is a giving and taking of arms admissible in a French church.

All persons invited to the marriage will show good taste if they arrive at the church before bride and bridegroom; and they are expected not to laugh or talk at the wedding, more especially when the priest gives his benediction; and they are expected also to make a visit of congratulation within a fortnight, or send a letter of apology, alleging sickness, calamity, or other reasons by way of excuse. The bride's gloves must be white, like her toilette; while it is now out of fashion for the bridegroom to wear any thing lighter than *beurre frais*.

It is contrary to all French usage to invite company to the marriage of a widow, or even of any lady, *sur le retour*, above thirty, which ought to take place early in the morning, without display; and the toilette of the bride in such cases should *not* be white.

It is not generally the custom now in France to take a journey after the marriage; on the contrary, the wedding-party often spend the day together, go for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne, and have a dinner and ball in the evening. The guests who have been invited to dine are expected before leaving to give an invitation to the young couple for a dinner or a *soirée;* and such a return is called the *rendu de noce*, and they are allowed a whole month for the giving of the *rendu de noce*, at which, naturally, the best places and all the honor are given to the new couple. No one, of course, must appear at a marriage in mourning; even a widow, if *en grand deuil*, must appear at the marriage of her daughter in white and gray. In the best society, however, the festivity of dinner and ball takes place on the day of the signing of the marriage-contract; and it is to be observed that a Protestant minister may be invited to the wedding, but a Catholic priest *never*.

The *lettres de faire part* of the marriage are to be sent within fifteen days, and the persons who receive them are expected to pay a marriage visit within a month.

THREE HORNS TO A DILEMMA.

LEST the following story should seem too absurd I beg to state that it is substantially true. The hero was once well known to me, and I never heard any harm of him, except that, as he pathetically expressed it, he "didn't know his own mind." He flitted from flower to flower in the "rose-bud garden of girls," like a well-disposed but exceedingly light-headed butterfly. Whether there is fascination in such fickleness I am not prepared to say; but Frederick Pardoe was acknowledged by the fair sex to be "a remarkably agreeable man."

He had a pair of "deep, unutterable eyes," which, according to Dr. Holmes's theory, may have descended to him from some great-aunt, who possessed a superior nature, but had bequeathed to her nephew only the empty eyes, with the meaning left out. Certain it is, there were sentiments sleeping in those magnificent orbs of his which he knew nothing about and could not have understood after the most minute explanation.

I introduce him to the reader at a large party, under the full blaze of a chandelier. He brought the sweet Adelaide Blythe in his carriage, but is now as forgetful of that young lady as if she had been quenched under an extinguisher. She sits in a corner, weaving her vexation into radiant smiles, while she watches him hovering near her friend, Miss Fontleroy.

"If his attentions to me had not been so very pointed I might think—; but no, I will not, can not doubt him!"

The elegant Miss Fontleroy sings:

"New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam;
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream."

Mr. Pardoe turned the leaves, and looked unutterable things. Yes, love's young dream was deliciously sweet; he had found it so, with this peculiarity—he had never had any definite object for his dreams. He had worshiped particular stars, but they had all had their time to set. He was beginning to think the lady of his love must surely be an "impossible she," since she took as many forms as Proteus himself.

"Miss Fontleroy," said he, breaking the spell of silence by plucking a sprig of cedar from a neighboring vase and presenting it, "you know the language of this:

"'The memory of our love shall be
As lasting as the cedar-tree.'"

Miss Fontleroy gracefully accepted the gift. Their eyes met. Such a heart-beam as shone in Frederick's!

"I will doubt him no more," thought the proud May. "His conduct may at times seem a trifle capricious, but he is truth itself. I will never be jealous again, and of such a girl as little Addie Blythe!"

At that moment Mr. Pardoe was thinking, "'Pon honor, now, I would give a pretty penny if I knew my own mind!"

Men have had larger minds than his, and have known them thoroughly. It looks reasonable, therefore, that it was not the size of Mr. Pardoe's intellect which stood in the way of his becoming acquainted with it. Neither its profundity.

Judging the future by the past, it did not seem probable that his very diffuse affections would ever come to a focus. His heart was a little like his cousin Sarah's eyes; and they were serviceable enough till she tried to thread a needle, and then she found she was what the country people call "scatter-sighted;" she could see every thing else but the needle and thread.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream."

These words sang themselves over again to four persons at least; for there was a third young lady at Mrs. Pulsifer's party that night who had, or thought she had, a right to palpitation of the heart when Mr. Pardoe pressed her hand. Had he not told her that "for several virtues he had liked several women, but she so perfect and so peerless," etc., etc.?

And a man who "knew his own mind" could not have quoted Shakspeare more aptly, for Jane Liscom *was* a rare woman, with only the one fault of sentimentalism. It was a marvel that the shallow Pardoe could appreciate her, a greater marvel still that Jane should have looked on him with favor. I shall not try to account for it. We all know what little god was born blind.

In the midst of his conversation with the queenly Miss Fontleroy Mr. Pardoe's "errant eyes" wandered across the room to Miss Liscom's.

"Noble woman!" thought he, "wrapped in the majesty of her own thoughts! She is not a beauty, but how do I know she is not the second self I am seeking? I wonder if she would spill ink into my coffee? I really must go over and speak to her."

Miss Liscom met him with frank cordiality and a certain blushing consciousness. Why not? She was almost betrothed to him. Such was the glamour this man had thrown around her that she actually supposed his fate rested in her hands, and that she was waiting to know her own heart better before giving him a final answer. He greeted her rapturously, smiled upon her tenderly. She looked into his eyes, and thought she was gazing down, down, a thousand fathoms; whereas it was probably about the sixteenth of an inch, and no more. But Fate had designs on our hero this evening, and meant to push him to extremities.

"My dear Miss Liscom," said he, in low, soft tones, which, like his eyes, never meant what they expressed; "my dear Miss Liscom, you remember the promise you made me last week?"

He only intended to remind her to give him a copy of one of her poems, but she mistook his meaning.

"Mr. Pardoe, I—I—you know it was only conditional. I said I would look into my—my—heart."

Mr. Pardoe was visibly startled. He now remembered distinctly that a few evenings before this he had unintentionally carried compliment to the very verge of a declaration.

"Good Heavens!" thought the discomfited swain, "can't I speak to a woman without committing myself?" But he added aloud:

"Charming girl, pardon my importunity. I promise never, never to allude to the subject until you give me leave."

"That ought to settle it," thought Mr. Pardoe; "of course she won't take any steps toward marrying me till she hears from me again!"

Still his conscience was not easy. He hurried away from Miss Liscom only to meet fresh danger in the guise of Adelaide Blythe. That curly-haired nymph was looking at her gossamer robe in dismay. Some careless foot had mistaken it for a spider's web and nearly demolished it.

"Oh, Frederick!" said the pretty creature, looking into his face confidingly, at the same time laying her little hand on his arm, "do take me away out of these rooms, and then go call May Fontleroy to help me. I'm such a figure! Do, dear Frederick, be quick!"

"Dear Frederick" felt himself seized and possessed. Here was another woman who certainly laid claim to him. Perhaps she had a right, he really could not tell. He was always more or less in love with such affectionate little souls as Adelaide; if he *had* committed himself in that quarter he was very sorry. Just at this moment, however, the question was of torn dresses, not lacerated affections. He conducted Addie up stairs to the dressing-room; then he must find May Fontleroy and a paper of pins.

"What a helpless baby she is!" was Miss Fontleroy's mental comment, as she swept sylph-like across the parlors, leaning on Mr. Pardoe's arm. They passed Miss Liscom.

"Come with me, Jane," said May, playfully. "I need your help in arranging a tableau."

The young lady took May at her word and followed. Mr. Pardoe offered his left arm.

"Pity I hadn't three arms for all these girls," thought the poor victim, with a suppressed groan. "I've heard of a man's being placed between two fires; but—hang it!—here are three!"

Not a word spake Frederick, as they wound their slow way up stairs; but his thoughts were legion.

"If I do get home alive I'll treat myself to a dose of prussic acid!—Verdict: 'Found, the body of a tender youth, a victim to his own fascinations. Justifiable suicide. Fickle young men, go and do likewise.'"

"Mr. Pardoe, you are certainly ill," said his literary lady-love, seeing with the quick eye of affection that something was wrong. "Your face is frightfully pale."

"Is it faintness?" inquired the other lady-love on the right, with tender emphasis.

"My dear May—I mean, dear *me*—no, girls, no!"

"Giddiness?" pursued the sylph.

"Oh yes—oh no. There is something whirling; but I—I—believe it is not my head."

"He has had a fright," thought the lady on the left, jumping at a conclusion; "the house is on fire—he hopes to get us out with our things on before the alarm is given."

"I do trust it is not wine," thought the lady on the right, "deeply as we are both attached I *must* dismiss him if he drinks!"

Meanwhile, the moisture on Mr. Pardoe's forehead was increasing to such an extent that he longed for the ability to get possession of his pocket-handkerchief.

"Three women laying hold of one man! I can't stand this! I must put an end to it. But suicide is—is— And I owe a duty to my mother; I must live for her sake."

"Mr. Pardoe!" cried May, in piercing tones, "you stagger, you're certainly faint."

"Where did the flames originate? Don't be afraid to tell us," exclaimed Jane, holding fast to her wild fancy of fire.

"The flames? More than one flame! Yes! I fear you are right. More than one flame! And my heart without any insurance!"

What did he mean? Where were his wits? His fair companions were stricken with a new fear. This was sudden insanity. They exchanged meaning glances.

"Miserable me! I have betrayed myself," thought Mr. Pardoe. "Yet why not? No time like the present." The color rushed back to his ashen cheeks. A desperate resolve had seized him.

"Ladies, dear ladies, the distress under which you see me laboring is not—is not—"

"May Fontleroy," said Jane, with forced composure, "let us all three seat ourselves on this landing—Mr. Pardoe is seriously ill."

"Not on the landing," gasped the unhappy knight; "let us go as far as yonder alcove."

"I feel," continued Mr. Pardoe, after they had established themselves in the alcove, "I feel that I owe you an explanation—both of you—all of you."

"By no means, Mr. Pardoe; do not attempt it. Jane, will you wait here while I go for a glass of water?"

"May—Miss Fontleroy—stay! Listen to me. When I called you out of the parlor it was to get a pa-paper of pins."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Pardoe; do not exert yourself to speak. (You'd better steal off, Jane, and bring some sal volatile.)"

"A pa-paper of pins."

"Yes, we know; it was *pins*," replied Jane Liscom, who, on attempting to rise, was held to her seat by the firm grasp of Mr. Pardoe's hand.

"Pins," repeated he, as if determined to keep his ideas to the point, and afraid to diverge. "But pins are a small part of it. Girls, did you ever hear of a man who didn't know his own mind?"

"Yes, indeed, often and often," replied Jane, in an indulgent tone, while May fanned the supposed lunatic with vigor, having a dim idea that air might restore him to his senses.

"Didn't know his own mind," went on Mr. Pardoe, with a look of anguish, "nor any one else's mind either, for that matter; for I certainly don't. Girls, may I speak in a parable?"

"To be sure you may. But wait till you are easier. Don't try to talk now."

"A parable. Once upon a time there was a man who appeared to have the equated amount of brains; but there was one thing lacking: he didn't know his own mind."

"Yes, yes, we understand. Do you feel any air from this fan?"

"He hadn't the faculty of understanding what he wanted."

"No, I suppose not. (May, is there a doctor down stairs?)"

"He was always in love, but there never seemed to be any particular object in it."

"Oh no!"

"I mean to say he had no particular object to love. His heart wasn't hard; indeed it was quite too soft—as soft as wool—only you can't make any impression on wool, and his heart was impressed all over. And over again, as you may say."

May looked hard at Mr. Pardoe. He had grown comparatively calm. She began to see a little method in this madness.

"He couldn' see a beautiful lady without admiring her, and he couldn't admire her without saying so. And every time he said so he put the wrong words together and made a declaration of love."

Jane Liscom felt a stifling sensation, and laid her hand on her heart. "If this man were to be burnt at the stake, girls, and the fagots all ready, he couldn't point his finger to the lady of his choice if it would save his life. *Choice!* That's the thing that's left out of my composition. I *can't* make a choice."

"Mr. Pardoe, explain yourself, Sir." It was May who spoke with "majestical high scorn."

"Girls, I throw myself on your mercy. Remember what Dr. Johnson says. He says some excellent men can't fall in love—misapplied to me. I can, and do, and am."

"Mr. Pardoe, if you are suffering from aberration of intellect we pity you. If you have your senses, speak, and say what you mean."

"I mean that I would make—this man would make—the kindest and truest of husbands. Miss May, Miss Jane, I don't care which—if *somebody* would only be so good as to take him."

"How dare you insult us in this manner?" said Jane, her serene gray eyes fairly blazing with a blue light.

"Oh yes," returned Mr. Pardoe, wringing his hands. "I knew how it would be. You mock me. You can't have patience. If I could only make you understand what it is for a man to be too appreciative! Intellect, beauty, and grace. Three of you—I mean Adelaide too. I could love any one of you. Decide among you which it shall be."

The girls bent on him a withering glance and moved away. Mr. Pardoe looked at them imploringly.

"Don't pronounce too hastily. I am sure I shall never love another. It is one of you three or nobody. Go into the dressing-room with the pins; talk it over, and tell me your answer to-night."

No reply was deigned. If the girls had turned back they might have seen the "appreciative" lover bury his face in his hands in unmitigated despair.

Addie met them at the dressing-room door.

"May Fontleroy, where in this world have you been? I sent Frederick for some pins."

May threw herself on the bed, crushing her wreath of violets in the pillow.

"Oh, Addie Blythe, I couldn't come sooner. I've been receiving an offer of marriage."

"You absurd creature! Where are the pins?"

"Have you no curiosity, Addie? 'Can't you ask who the gentleman was?"

Addie looked up carelessly, holding together the films of her cobweb dress.

"Whoever it may be," said she, "he has broken Jane Liscom's heart. She sits on the foot-board like a statue of grief."

"By no means," cried Miss Liscom, with a ghastly smile, "for I have received a proposal myself."

"From the same quarter too," pursued May, clapping her hands.

"Indeed," said Addie, "such a parade as you make over half an offer!"

"What would you say then to a third of one, my sweet child? Jane, I think we are authorized to tell her she 'comes in for her thirds.'"

"And while you sit there talking nonsense, girls, here is my dress."

"It is no nonsense, Addie. I always thought Frederick Pardoe was an idiot, and now he has come out and acknowledged it."

"Frederick Pardoe!"

"Yes; he has pursued me with attentions for three months; escape them I could not."

(Oh, May, May, did you ever try!)

Addie dropped into an easy-chair. This, then, was her faithful Frederick!

"Dear, dear," went on Miss Fontleroy, in light, mocking tones, "the times that man has talked to me under the stars of congenial spirits and connubial bliss! And the same to you, I suppose, Jane Liscom?"

"I am ashamed to repeat what the dastardly wretch has said to me," replied the high-minded Jane, longing in the depths of her soul to creep somewhere out of sight. She could conceal her mortification, but she could not make light of it like the high-spirited May.

"You don't need my help, girls, in bidding off the man at auction. I will withdraw my claim and go down stairs."

Suddenly there was a sob, then a laugh. Addie had thrown herself on the floor in a fit of wild hysterics.

"So he has been making love to all three of us! What a capital joke! And we never mistrusted it! Tell me, May, *did* he think we believed him?"

"Of course, dear; he considers us violently enamored. And he returns our affection in a threefold degree, for he is an 'appreciative man.'

'How happy could he be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!'

Two of us must take ourselves out of the way. He is too much of a gentleman, Addie, to make any choice. We must settle that trifling matter for him. Jane has withdrawn; it rests between you and me; which shall be the happy woman?"

"Oh, May, it is too absurd of you. As if *I* cared for that conceited creature!"

"Well done, Addie Blythe!" thought May, approvingly, "you *have* a little womanly pride as well as myself."

But she said aloud:

"Of course I was jesting, Addie. Any body would know us both better than that. I pity the woman who could be duped by such a fool."

"And I, too," responded poor little Addie, pouring her imaginary pity into her pocket-handkerchief. "May Fontleroy, how can I ride home with him after this insult?"

"It is too bad, Addie; but somebody must see him and finish the business, or we shall have it all to go over again."

"But, May, what shall I say? Tell me how."

"Why, say we tried to dispose of him at auction, but there wasn't a bid. Tell him to 'go forget us'—he may yet see three more who will fill our places."

"I wish you could do it, May; you could slash him into small pieces. But I shall do the best I can; I don't mean to leave enough letters to spell his name."

The homeward ride was an ordeal for Addie, though she never told precisely what was said. She entered the carriage with the dignity of an empress, feeling the utmost contempt for her chevalier, on her own account and in behalf of the other girls. But when she had told him so with all the fierceness of an angry dove, he was so humbled, so ashamed, that she was moved to pity him a little.

"Oh, Addie," said he, "I shall never hold up my head again!"

It was certainly hard for him. If one ordinary rejection is as much as a man can bear, what must it be to have three at a blow? Addie had fully intended to annihilate him, but she had spent all her powder at the first shot.

"Oh, Addie, I could bear the contempt of the other girls, but yours—"

Poor fellow! What could she do but turn comforter? The consequence was, as might have been predicted, that, in spite of her sternest resolves, she ended the matter by accepting her third of an "appreciative" heart.

"Oh, May and Jane!" said she, deprecatingly, when the girls shrugged their shoulders. "It was foreordained. If either of you had ridden home with him instead of me you would have done as I did—you would have pitied him so!"

Really the match was not a bad one—Mr. Pardoe's wife proving just as suitable for him as if he had "known his own mind." He has been a kind and faithful husband, for aught I know to the contrary. It is not recorded that he ever drew a comparison between the soft-hearted Addie who pitied, and the other girls who scorned him. We can only conjecture that there may have been regrets in his mind unexpressed; for we know "*there is no cream like that which rises on spilled milk.*"

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

ALTHOUGH watering-places, and mountain hotels, and various fashionable country resorts are opened to the public in June, the "season" is not fully inaugurated until the midsummer heat becomes oppressive. Then there is a general rush to the Springs, to the sea-shore, to the Lakes—any where, out of the city. People labor under a delusion in taking it for granted that city life is necessarily uncomfortable in the summer, and that it must, of course, be always cool and delightful in the country. It is often very much the reverse. In a majority of cases *home*, wherever that may be, is the most comfortable place in uncomfortable weather. However, very few will believe this until they have passed through sundry experiences. Moreover, it is both amusing and improving to see life in the phases it assumes at our fashionable summer resorts. But the midsummer dissipation in which so many indulge is any thing but rest and refreshment. For any lengthy stay let the children and young folks, at least, go where they can have pure country air and freedom from fashionable restraint.

One great attraction at Saratoga this season is the New Congress Hall, which has been built on the site of the old Congress Hall, which was burned in the Spring of 1866. It has a frontage of four hundred feet, and is five stories high. The building contains six hundred sleeping-rooms and parlors, all of which are light and airy, looking out either on the street or grounds. The dining-room is an immense one—two hundred and sixty feet by forty-five; and when this and the hop-room are thrown into one a thousand persons can be seated. It is a curious fact that more than fifty miles of bell-wire have been laid in this hotel. The building is said to have cost about $550,000.

It is refreshing, in the midst of the warm season, to learn from New Orleans that they are making ice by steam from the water of the Mississippi. Hitherto the people of Louisiana have been dependent upon the North for their supply of ice, the demand for which is constant there throughout the year. Now, the Louisiana Ice Company has been formed; and it is said that a very satisfactory article can be made, steam being the chief agency employed. The blocks of ice can be made about two and a half feet in dimensions each way. Whether this method of manufacturing ice will be successful enough to supply the market remains to be seen.

The latest thing advertised is a "complete system of Handkerchief Flirtation, printed in letters of gold, and warranted to please." It is probably based upon the Spanish system of "fan flirtation." The coquettish senoritas flutter their rich fans in the most extraordinary manner, and are said to convey the finest shades of meaning by various turns and evolutions.

An unfortunate old bachelor gives it as his opinion that the trails of ladies' dresses are infernal-machines, from the fact that a blow-up took place directly after he put his feet on one.

A very remarkable instance of that rare optical phenomenon known as mirage occurred a few weeks ago at Batavia, which is about thirty-seven miles from the foot of Lake Erie. An eye-witness says that while admiring a golden sunset the waters of Lake Erie rose upon the vision in a mirage so perfect and brilliant that it was difficult to believe he was not in the region of enchantment. The phenomenon, in its full brilliancy, lasted about half an hour. It was also witnessed by several citizens of Buffalo. At one time eleven vessels were distinctly visible; even a steam-tug was seen, with steam issuing from the smoke-stack. The Buffalo gentlemen were naturally enthusiastic, and declared that they had never seen the lake of their pride exhibit itself in more natural habiliments.

Ingenuity in devising methods of killing rats must be nearly exhausted. A German journal recommends the following as very efficient. A piece of new or unused sponge is cut into small pieces, which are smeared with butter, and placed within reach of the rats, next to a dish of water. The rats eat the sponge, and becoming thirsty, drink the water, which swells the sponge, and in a short time kills the animals.

A young girl recently died in London under peculiar circumstances. A post-mortem examination was ordered, and the surgeon found a pin in the stomach, which had penetrated the liver. The pin had been swallowed about two years ago, and had caused fits and other disturbances, which resulted in death. Such cases are doubtless rare; but the habit of putting pins and needles in the mouth is both disagreeable and dangerous.

A true lady is easily recognized in public places by her neat and tasteful dress, by her quiet and unostentatious demeanor, and—if there is occasion for her to speak—by her gentle voice and choice language. A loud, harsh voice, and "slang phrases" coming from those who in other respects appear to have been well brought up, always jars unpleasantly upon the hearer. There is a long list of unauthorized words and phrases, which are in common use, and are supposed to give a certain zest to conversation, but which are very far from being elegant. They are coined in various places—in the boarding-school, in college, in the store, and in the street. One by one they enter the family circle, and become disagreeably common. A man who continually interlards his conversation with words which the dictionary ignores, does not, thereby, increase our regard for him; and when we hear a woman habitually using "slang," we can not but feel that she is wanting in that delicacy and refinement which are the brightest ornaments she can wear. Indeed, it is very certain that the frequent use of coarse and vulgar words begets a disagreeable condition of mind which may not be realized by the possessor, but which is very apparent to associates.

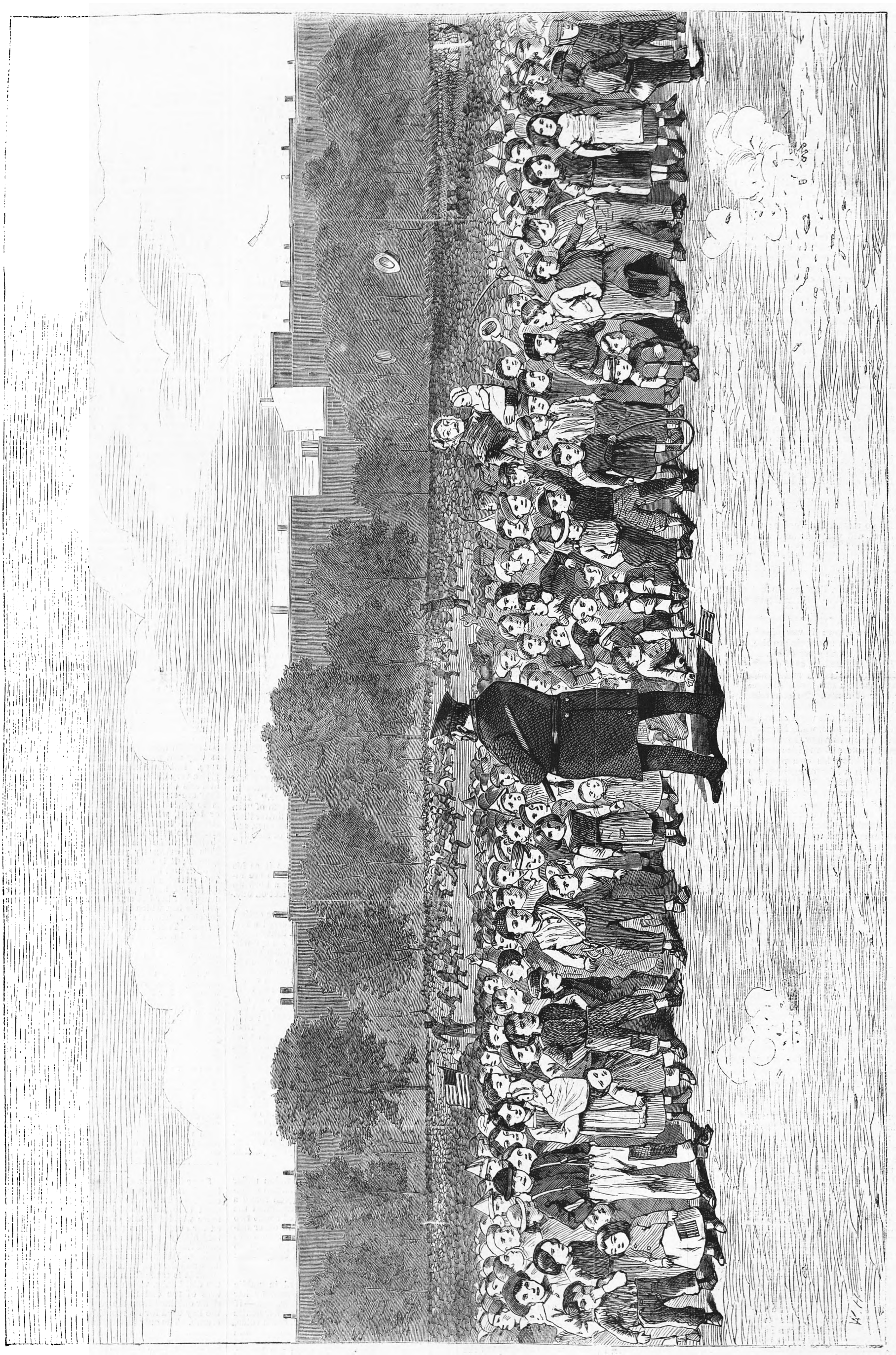
The following is given as one of the authorized regulations of the "city" of Boston in 1639: "No garment shall be made with short sleeves, whereby the nakedness of the arm may be discovered in the wearing thereof, and such as have garments already made with short sleeves shall not hereafter wear the same, unless they cover their arms to the wrists with linen or otherwise; and that hereafter no person whatever shall make any garment for women, or any of their sex, with sleeves more than half an ell wide in the widest part thereof, and so proportionable for bigger or smaller persons."

The use of sugar in the body—like that of starch and fat—is to protect the organized tissues, and to keep up the internal temperature. Its purpose is not to add to the substance and strength of the muscles, but to support the process of respiration. Breathing is a process of slow combustion, and sugar, starch, and fat are materials thrown on to the fire. The fire *will* burn—if we live—and unless we supply it with fuel it will take what it wants, first from any store of fat laid up within the body, and then from the tissues, which it would be better for it not to touch. If more fat be added to the food than is necessary to keep up the temperature the excess is stored away in cells; and then we say the man is growing fat. In like manner an excess of sugar is converted into fat and stored away till wanted. In the process of digestion, sugar is formed within the body from the starch of potatoes, bread, peas, and other articles of our diet; but the facts just referred to may account for the almost universal taste for a little sugar in our daily drink. Hence we see that the instinctive fondness which children have for sugar may be indulged to advantage at proper times and in suitable quantities.

There is food for thought in the story that is told of a young lad, who for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. The waiter asked him, "What will you take to drink?" Hesitating for a moment, he replied, "I'll take what father takes." The answer reached his father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. Quicker than lightning various thoughts passed through his mind, and in a moment his decision was made; and in tones tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who knew him, he said, "Waiter, I'll take water."

Of all the callings by which women earn their bread few seem more ungrateful than that of dancing-girls. Yet the supply is always greater than the demand. How many have any conception of the training of a ballet-dancer? They are so graceful, so airy, so agile, that one can not refrain from fancying their training must be as easy and pleasant as their personal appearance. But the facts relating to their education give a very different impression. It is said that in Paris dancing-girls are taken in hand when they are seven years old. The first thing done is to place the feet in hollow wooden clamps or boxes, whose bottom and top are stoutly strapped together, and which are moved by straps, so as to bring the heels of the feet heel to heel, while the knees remain turned out. This is extremely painful under any circumstances; it is doubly painful when the feet are swollen and bruised as they almost always are. This exercise lasts half an hour. Then for another half hour the young girl is obliged to place first her left and then her right foot on a wooden bar, which is placed on a level line with her chin. Then she dances all the steps used in ballets. This series of exercises must be pursued and reviewed all day long, until exhausted nature sinks. It is said, after a lesson two hours long, without an instant's pause, Mlle. MARIE TAGLIONI fell half-dead on the floor of her chamber, and was undressed, sponged, and dressed, before she recovered consciousness. Her father, who gave her the lesson, stood by and made no other comment on the scene than to say, "She will be unusually brilliant to-night." A danseuse shines in her profession only by this assiduous exercise, which commences when she is seven years old and ends only with her retirement from the stage. If she ceases it for recreation she must afterward labor three times more than ever she did to regain her old suppleness and elasticity. And woe to her if idleness brings flesh! That flesh must be dissipated, for flesh is a dancing-girl's enemy—it will prove her death. Many strange, painful, and dangerous exercises are practiced by the danseuse to acquire the needful agility and lightness. And then when beauty fades, and the slender form loses its firm and delicate outline, her career is ended, and she loses the few hundreds a year for which she endured all these pains and perils.

Some time ago a singular story was told of an ingenious youth, who, while in prison at Paris, constructed a watch of straw, which would keep good time for several hours. Now we hear a more wonderful tale of an Austrian, imprisoned for several years past, who has made an astonishingly complete and accurate astronomical clock from the kneaded crumbs of his rye bread rations. It indicates the seconds, minutes, hours, days, and the months of the year. Yet every thing about it is made from bread-crumbs, excepting the dial hands, which are of wood, and the figures of the dial fashioned from fragments of straw obtained from the prisoner's pallet. Even the key used for its monthly winding is of rye crumb. The only instrument employed in making it was a wretched pocket-knife worth a few cents. The skillful workman having served out his time, is now turning an honest penny by exhibiting this marvel of skill.



THE FOURTH OF JULY IN TOMPKINS SQUARE, NEW YORK—"THE SOGERS ARE COMING!"—[DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.]

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

[CRUSTY OLD BACHELOR LOQUITUR.]

HUMPH! Independence-day, indeed!
That's just a bit of national slang.
A man can't tell if his soul is his own,
In this confounded bim! bum! bang!

Hear Lumpkins' youngsters over the street!
Their racket alone would wake the dead.
But they're nice to the rest—the villainous imps!
With their fire-works aimed at a fellow's head!

Well for Liberty, wearing a flimsy cap,
Bullet nor powder can't injure that;
But where would Liberty's liberty be
If she waiked out to-day in my Sunday hat?

I wore it this morning—a pale pearl felt,
Cost six and a half, cash down. Who cared?
Wasn't it Independence-day?
George! how the idiots laughed and stared

When, maddened by racket, I tore it off,
And there on the sidewalk flung it down.
"It's spoiled. Do your worst!" I said. And then
They riddled the thing in rim and crown.

Who knew that the pistols were loaded? Not I.
(The outrage of boys having real shot and powder!)
Well, I rushed in the house—bareheaded, of course—
And ground my teeth as the din grew louder.

I try to sit at the window and smoke;
"Let's give him a light!" the rascals cry;
And before I can wink they have thrown it in—
A lighted pack—and aimed at my eye.

As for reading—by Jove! with this blasted firing,
This banging and crashing from breakfast till supper,
This ear-splitting, heart-breaking racket of rackets,
A man can't distinguish John Milton from Tupper.

As for sleeping—well, really, what's funny in *that?*
You may laugh, but I tried it—a very loafer—
And maybe I dreamed, and maybe I swore—
I can't recollect. Go ask the sofa.

There's a lock of hair in yonder grate;
This morning it lay in a perfumed casket.
I've treasured it long; but I've done with it now.
Her hand— Pooh! What a fool to ask it!

Fancy me now a married man, Sir,
Bothered like Lumpkins with all those— Heavens!
What's that? Ah, humph! These cannon
Have set my nerves at sixes and sevens.

Quite lucky. There's nobody hurt. I was fearful
Yon fat little Lumpkins had put out its eye.
The youngster has ways of its own that are winning
On all days of the year but the Fourth of July.

Why didn't I go out of town? Stuff and nonsense!
How *could* I, with steamboats and cars so packed,
So solid with traveling fools, that 'twere better
To sit here alone, though to madness racked?

Don't talk to *me* of "our glorious past."
Hang our forefathers! Hang "Declarations!"
We've wasted powder enough in their honor
To have started a hundred republican nations.

And whatever you do don't slander the facts
By christening *this* "Independence-day;"
I tell you it's slavery—tyranny—yes, Sir,
Tyranny! (Hear them!) I mean what I say.

And yet if the girl whose hair I have carried
Had known when a fellow was really true;
In short, if, like Lumpkins, I'd ever married,
And, like Lumpkins, had had a youngster or two,

Like enough I'd have been no wiser than he—
Fed 'em Star-Spangled Banners and Eagle broth—
For, hang it, those stubborn old heroes were right,
And ours is the play, and theirs was the fight—
And much as I hate this outrageous din,
Those boys of mine (if boys they had been)
Should have banged with the rest on the pesky Fourth.

PETS.

THE rigorousness of that law which imposes upon men a desire to make unto themselves idols is as general as its manifestations are diverse. The necessity may be seen in a dozen examples, each differing from the other. One man elects to the post of chief favorite, his wife; another, his wealth; a third, his party; a fourth, art; a fifth, old china; in short, the exemplifications of the word Pet are as numerous as the meanings Corporal Nym attached to the word Humor. What alone seems universal is the tendency of all men to make a pet of something or other; to choose some object either in the animate or inanimate world for the purpose of lavishing thereon a great deal of superabundant affection. It is by no means necessary that the fondling thus elected be capable of reciprocating the tenderness expended upon it. Any body familiar with pets in their manifold range, from Skye-terriers to spoiled children, must have noticed a degree of peevishness and irascibility in the beloved one incompatible with the idea of lovability. In this light the derivation of the terms petty and pettish appear reasonable enough, as denoting the qualities which pets supply. But the absence of endearing attributes in the object selected for favoritism, far from proving inimical to the affection spent upon it, would seem to intensify that affection, importing into the case an element of self-sacrifice. Who is the usual pet of the pious, gentle, widowed mother of six; who, save the great, hulking, idle, irreverent member of the family? She has five dutiful sons and daughters who amble amiably along their appointed paths, but her darling is the wayward scamp who from birth has never proved aught but a heart-sore to his parents. And the course of all untrue love demonstrates the same perversion: the snubbed and blighted wooers are ever the most ardent; the worst-used patriots are most devoted to their country; the oft-whipped dog loves his master best; and there are enough ill-served faithful wives in the world to have called forth that cruel proverb about "a woman, a dog, and a walnut-tree"—three articles which are supposed to progress in worth according to the chastisement meted out unto them. On the whole, then, it would seem that the capacity of expending affection on our pets is strong in inverse proportion to the likelihood of a return.

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

CHAPTER VII.

UTTERLY unused to the signs by which Derrick read her husband's case, Mrs. Kearney still knew that the latter drank again. She could not tell that his habitual energy and liveliness, so different from his old manner, betokened a system perpetually under the nervous strain of stimulus. She would have been likely to congratulate herself upon it as an evidence of radical improvement in his spirits, owing to a more active life and circumstances more favorable to the development of his self-reliance. She would have credited even his new-born fluency, and freedom from bashful awkwardness, to the healthy vigor of a renovated physique and the native fire of his intellect, had not those looks of playful innuendo, with which Derrick seemed to take her into his confidence, planted in her nature a suspiciousness foreign to it, and set her imagining liquor, whether justly or not, whenever Cuthbert's tongue ran more glibly than the average. But there were two things which she deemed unmistakable proofs of his drinking. She could smell his breath and scrutinize his eyes. Whenever he neglected to kill the odor of whisky, or seemed to shun her gaze, she was sure of him. At first she inflicted on him the penalty of her tears—a punishment almost too heavy for his heart to bear—so heavy, that many a time he quite gave way beneath it, and wept more bitterly than she, because, being a man's, his tears came harder than hers. But he always had a good excuse. He had drunk only as a medicine—he called her in bare justice to him to witness that he had not once been under the influence of liquor since the terrible day it must shame him to his latest hour to think of. And now—she knew his health required it—his very love for her made him take it; he could not do the work by which their own and Lily's living was made without it. These interviews would end by his kissing away the tears from her eyes, and their both, as she had said on that last October morning, trying to forget all about it.

Just at this period she committed what any wife who does it finds a most terrible mistake. Derrick's smile of innuendo had been peculiarly trying to her for several days, and her feverish state of mind was her excuse. She met Cuthbert at the gate as he came back one afternoon from Owlieville, and, stretching forth her arms to clasp him with more than her usual empressement, said, "I'm *so* glad you came home early!" Then, lifting her lovely, dimpled face to his, and pouting her rosy lips into a bud, said, "Oh, kiss me, darling!" His whole heart adored her as it had in the youngest hours of their love, and he thrilled, whenever their lips met, to the deepest fibres of his nature as passionately as he had thrilled then. Seeing that sweet mouth challenge him, he clasped her tighter to his breast, and again and again with fervor pressed his lips to her own. In the midst of his dearest delight she drew herself, almost stepmotherly, away from his embrace, and, in a severe tone, said to him, "You've been drinking! I knew you had!"

Poor Cuthbert stood like one transfixed—a blush of intense shame tingling through him from head to foot—quite silent for a moment, with head hung down.

"And it was for *that*," he asked, in a voice of broken-hearted mortification, as soon as he could command words at all—"for *that* that you wanted to kiss me?"

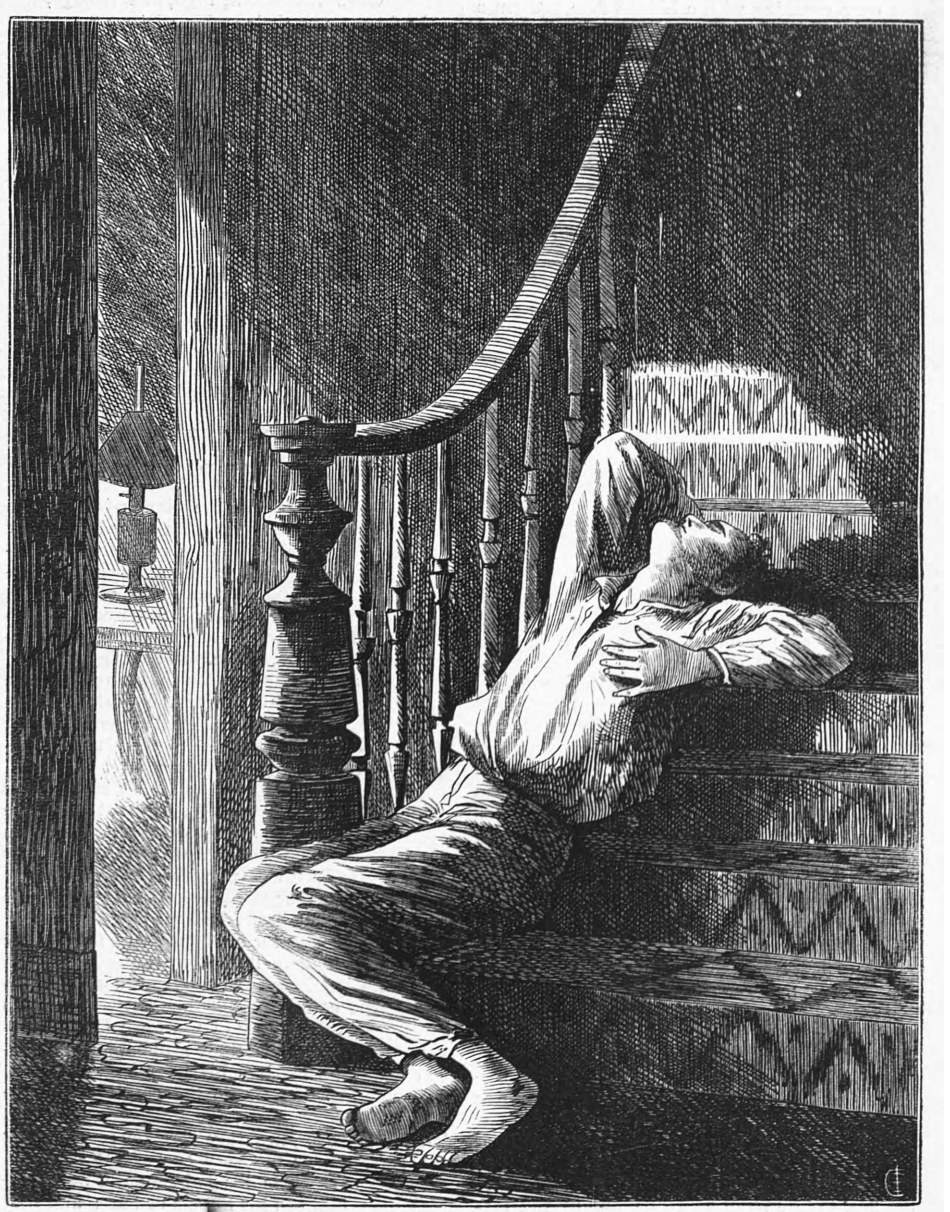
But she answered nothing—relying, womanlike, on the one simple ground that she was right, because he *had* been drinking, and in that he was wrong. So they went silently up to the house—she, cherishing indignation against the man who loved her best on earth, who would have laid down his life for her; he, stung to the very quick, both of his pride and love, with the thought that the woman he so worshiped could betray him, even to herself, with a Judas kiss, tasting his lips to confound him, as a detective would try a still—and that he had been shamefully inveigled, by the very sacrament of conjugal love, to let out his heart's deepest intimacy of passion frankly as angels show it in the inmost heaven, only that she to whom he had confided all might make occasion and find warrant for contemptuously spurning him. For a moment it seemed as if his heart had never been so sore in all his life—never, even on that dreadful morning before he met his angel at "the Pool;" and, what was more terrible to him than any soreness of his own, he was indignant—burningly indignant—and he could not help it—with her—her whom he loved as he did love! It was many days before he could kiss her again without a heartache—and in that time, alas! he had been much away from home, and they seemed to have grown farther apart.

Another chastisement with which she punished his drinking was reproach; but oh! if tears could not succeed how vain words were! Much that she said was true; but being partly argument, and therefore no feminine weapon, was badly wielded. When she accused him she sometimes had the facts on her side; but not content with these, she must supply him motives and draw deductions, which, based on what a woman would have felt, done, or intended under similar circumstances, became erroneous when applied to the man's case. If aught on earth be bitter to a man, it is to have the woman whom he loves unjust to him, unless that injustice consists in being too merciful, when he usually bears it well. Poor Cuthbert writhed in agony on hearing *her* denounce him. For a while he could only writhe, and when at last he learned to answer back, the fear that he had said something to hurt her would keep him awake for a whole night. Oftentimes she was not right even as to her facts. At intervals all his manliness would rouse itself, and seek to shake off the incubus of a habit which he felt sure could never again disgrace him, but from which he yearned to free himself simply for freedom's sake. Repeatedly he went without touching the black bottle for three days—twice for a week—once during the early spring for a fortnight at a time. Seeking to replace the artificial gayety which he had lost he forced himself to talk and act with an energy which was his own perpetual astonishment. It was terribly up-hill work; and looking back one week at the self which had worn this manner and done these things so easily he wondered how he could be the same man. Derrick saw the effort, studied it with philosophic curiosity as he would have looked at the transformation of a caterpillar, and, expert as he was in diagnosis, realized fully that his friend's fervor depended during these periods on no stimulants; but, if it ever occurred to him to tell Mrs. Kearney so, he neglected the opportunity until it was too late for her to be of any use as a minister of encouragement in the contest, and Cuthbert had gone back in despair. It happened that some occasion, during each one of these struggles, was the very one selected by the young wife for the severest of her admonitions; and when the poor broken-hearted fellow told her in an agony that he had not touched liquor for days, she inflicted on him the final torture by answering him in plain terms that he was intoxicated at that very moment, and she would not believe his asseveration if he went down before her on his knees. At last the terrible rack on which these two poor hearts stretched each other was tacitly folded up and put away—its ropes chopped and its screws burned—two dungeons, far apart and icy cold, with black bread and bitter water, being substituted for the acuter anguish. To abandon metaphor each let the other go his own several way, and referred no more to the terrible schism which was cleaving their lives, but brooded over it in secret, and over the memories of their happy poverty in that far century when Lily was a baby.

About the end of April Cuthbert was compelled to go to the further border of the adjoining county to attend to the re-leasing of one of the Dalmager estates. Derrick, who of late seemed to feel the warmest sympathy for the two young people, and had striven in many tactful ways to alleviate their suffering, proposed that Lily should go with her father, and made every preparation to insure her comfort on the trip. But at the last Mrs. Kearney, in a sudden caprice, withdrew her permission. Weeping bitterly and clinging to the little girl with an unintelligible fervor, which seemed as much like terror as maternal fondness, she sobbed out that Lily was all she had left on earth, that she could not let her go. Lily's eyes filled also, her heart had been set on this delightful week of her father's companionship; but she was more than an adult in her experience of self-sacrifice, and bravely as ever—braver than her father, who could not conceal his disappointment in his face—she bade him good-by, and after hearing the last sound of his carriage wheels ran out to weep and pray in her favorite hay-loft for the father and mother whose estrangement she had only too clearly seen.

This was Cuthbert's first protracted absence since matters had reached their worst. He had relied on Lily's society to make it tolerable, and deprived of her, every mile which he put between him and home made him feel more as if both God and man had deserted him. The black cloud settled thicker and thicker about his lonely carriage, and by the time he reached his destination he was in that mood of despair where self-oblivion seems the only condition of preserved sanity. Unfortunately for him at this juncture the people among whom he staid had the old-fashioned Southwestern notions of hospitality—and the gratification of a virtue which involved keeping a guest perpetually on the verge of intoxication was entirely consistent with their own interest in getting the estate from him on a lease which showed no favor to his principal.

On the morning of his return he awoke with intense chagrin to the discovery that he had let the property for three years longer than Derrick intended, upon terms at least a thousand per annum less remunerative than the arrangement which had just lapsed by time, and with nothing to show for the deficit but a week of uproarious suppers and reckless, insensible days—a cracking headache and trembling nerves in *esse*, and a dire series of confessions and recriminations in *futuro*. His nature sent up a bitterer cry for oblivion than on the journey outward, and he scarcely left the carriage during all his way home, excepting at the half-way house, where he stopped for a single night to sleep, or the settlements at which he replenished the black bottle. Late upon the second evening his driver drew up once more at the gate of the Dalmager demesne, and getting down to open it, found Cuthbert fallen in a limp, inanimate tangle on the carriage floor, with his head upon the seat. Lacking Perro's



"UTTERING ONE LOUD, EXCEEDING BITTER CRY, THE DESOLATE HUSBAND, THE BETRAYED FRIEND, FELL SENSELESS ON THE STAIRS."

tact, he went at once to the portico, and calling loudly for assistance, carried the unconscious man to bed in the presence of several of the family and with the knowledge of all.

It was long after midnight when he awoke. The transition, as often happens, was from the heaviest of stertorous slumbers, dreamless as death, into an intensity of vigilance, on which it seemed as if his wide, staring eyes could never close again. His forehead seemed hooped with hot iron; he was bedewed from head to foot with clammy perspiration, and consumed with intolerable thirst. All his faculties leaped out of their late long paralysis into a giant vigor; trooped into his consciousness, as into a terrible judgment hall, swift witnesses of ruin, clamorous to accuse him He was in thick darkness without, though such horrible clarity reigned within him. For several minutes he could not imagine where he was—there was no candle, no open window to help him. A great terror choked his breath as he asked himself whether he could have died in his drunkenness, and if this could be a waking into hell. He leaped up; found that he was undressed; and as he went groping about in black space, began trying back for a solution of the mystery. Could he have stopped any where on the road home? Was this a farmer's house where he sometimes put up? All the days and nights of his absence were confusing themselves in his memory just as in thrusting forth his hand he struck a familiar object—a little wicker worktable of his wife's, and realized that he had got home.

"O God!" groaned the wretched man. "Brought home to *her thus!*" and in his agony he cowered to the floor. If he could only have died! Oh, why could not a merciful God have given him the reality when he had the semblance of death, and spared him this waking?

But death would not come. He lifted himself again, felt upon the mantle-piece till he found a match, lighted a candle, and, plunging his face into the water-pitcher, nearly drained it dry. He was all alone. They had not even ventured to trust his little girl with him; Lily's crib had been removed into another room, and his wife's place was vacant by his side. But he must have human companionship. He must see some living face, even if it wore nothing but reproach to him—any thing but being left alone with his own terrible, haggard visage in the glass. He would wake no one up. He would ask no one to speak to him. He would simply go and find his wife—his child, even Derrick, and crouch by the bedside without disturbing the sleeper until daybreak. He opened the chamber-door noiselessly and stole out into the hall. The lamp which hung over the stairs was out, but a faint glimmer came through the crack of the door at their foot which led into the saloon and had been left slightly ajar. Descending the staircase on tip-toe, his bare feet made no noise, he reached the door without so much as making a plank creak. Just as he was about to touch the knob a low murmur reached his ear. It was his wife's voice, and he involuntarily drew back; for it sounded as it were still wet with recent tears, and he could not bear to start them afresh by his sorrowful apparition. Her words he could not hear—they seemed smothered as if she were speaking with a hidden face. Then a deeper voice answered her—a voice full of the richest, tenderest music. That voice he knew also—it was Derrick's, and, unlike hers, its words were audible.

"Darling, darling!" it said; "dearest, *only* love! Forget the great mistake of your life—forget your ignorant, inexperienced girlhood, tied with its eyes shut to that weak *thing* you called your husband. Remember only that you are free now—remember that you are the whole world to a *man* whose own you are forever."

Transfixed with horror Cuthbert caught the baluster that he might not fall, and through the crevice saw a sight which made Heaven's cruelty in waking him to consciousness up stairs seem tenderest mercy compared with the providence which had let him live till this moment. The Argand lamp, turned down to one small ray, showed Derrick seated on the sofa with Cuthbert's wife upon his lap, their arms twined round each other, and their lips meeting. Uttering one loud, exceeding bitter cry, the desolate husband, the betrayed friend, fell senseless on the stairs.

When he awoke again the broad daylight was streaming in above him, and Lily sat by his side. At his first movement of consciousness she was on the bed nestling her curls beside his cheek and clasping him round the neck, while she covered his face with kisses.

"Don't try to talk, darling papa!" said she. "You mustn't tire yourself or you'll get faint again. You were very sick in the night, and mamma and Uncle Derrick were up with you for a long, long time. Oh, I'm so glad you've got back! You were sick because you didn't have your little Lily with you; and they say you needn't go away any more, ever, without taking me along."

All the night's host of dreadful memories began rushing back on Cuthbert's brain; he groaned aloud in anguish, and nearly swooned again. Lily ran to get him a glass of water, and the sound of her feet brought Derrick from an adjoining room. He came softly to Cuthbert's bedside, and met his gaze of silent, reproachful agony without blenching.

"Kearney," said he, tenderly as a mother, "don't think of any thing that disturbs you—nobody will upbraid you—only treat yourself as a sick man, and put yourself entirely in our hands. I can tell you now safely that you *have* been *very* sick. I helped your wife put you to bed about ten o'clock. She went to lie down in the north spare room with Lily, and I threw myself on the lounge in the hall, to watch you, with my clothes on. I was pretty well worn, and finding you quiet, got into a dose. About two o'clock I was waked by a noise, and found you wandering down stairs in a wild delirium. It was all I could do to get you back to bed. Lord! I had no idea how strong you were—you fought me like a tiger! But at last I managed to put you to sleep again, and here you are—doing better than I had any reason to expect eight hours ago, I can tell you!"

Cuthbert passed his hand across his eyes, then raised himself up on one elbow, and sternly looked Derrick through and through. The Doctor's only answer was a quiet smile, and the question, "What now? Do you feel worse again?"

Cuthbert sank back bewildered. Could Derrick be telling the truth? Could he—with that wonderful face of self-possession, be lying? He gave his own eternal peace of mind no less than Derrick the benefit of the doubt, and answered faintly,

"I have had such a horrible—horrible dream! Where is—where is my wife?"

"She was so exhausted with last evening I did not waken her—she needed sleep almost as much as you," answered Derrick, with the faintest shadow of reproach in his tone. Then he gave Cuthbert an opiate, and went away to make his professional calls. The poor fellow almost immediately slept again, and did not waken till late in the afternoon. This time, when he opened his eyes, his wife, Lily, and Derrick were all beside him. His terrible suspicion still lingered; but his heart failed him utterly when he attempted to read his wife's face as he had Derrick's—partly because he felt that his soul would not be able to stand the verdict if he saw "guilty" written on that countenance, and partly because the moment he fixed his eyes on her she cried, "Oh, my poor, poor Cuthbert!" fell upon his neck, and wept as if her heart would break. He was utterly vanquished. It *was* a dream! Yes; thank God, it was! Once more he lay before her, the sinner not the accuser, and wiping away her tears poured forth entreaties for forgiveness.

When he got well enough to go out again nothing could exceed Derrick's kindness to him. Even when he had learned the worst of Cuthbert's late financial mismanagement he did not utter a word of blame. He made Cuthbert treat himself to a short vacation, and took charge of his own business in the interim. He sent the entire family out picnicking in the carriage for days together, and when Mrs. Kearney was compelled to stay indoors by a succession of sick-headaches, would not hear of Cuthbert's denying himself the fresh air, but got her an experienced nurse, and made him and Lily keep perpetual holiday like a pair of gipsies. Cuthbert once more struggled manfully against drink, and the heavenly hours which he and Lily enjoyed, making expeditions into every picturesque nook of that Eden of Kentucky, were things to be remembered a whole lifetime.

SONG.

CAN I wonder much if eyes
That have looked on me with pleasure
Grow indifferent, high, and strange,
Yield me not their smiling leisure?
No; it is the old sad way—
Flowers fading in a day.

But they, ere their dying, yield
So much beauty, so much sweetness,
We are well content to take
Frail delight of their completeness.
Briefest pleasure longest cheers,
Attar drops perfume for years.

Ah! but some shy bird will sing
Sadly, from the covert sedges,
For the violet of the spring—
Brightest on the wet wood edges;
And some heart look backward yet,
And light love bring long regret!

BRAZILIAN DIAMONDS.

THE true nature of the diamonds found in the Brazils was long unsuspected, and they were thrown away or used as counters for card-players; but when it got to be known the Government took forcible possession of the land where they were found, and declared the diamond-trade a monopoly and themselves the exclusive proprietors. The yield during the first fifty years was so enormous that it reduced the value of diamonds all over the world by one-half. It was the veritable Tom Tiddler's Ground. Mere gold was abandoned to the slaves as unworthy of attention. Children, after the rains, collected the grains of it which lay strewn over their path. The crops of all fowls killed were carefully examined, and often found to contain diamonds. (The Goose with the Golden Eggs would have been treated with scorn.) A negro once found a stone of five carats adhering to the roots of a cabbage he had plucked for dinner. Think of looking for a cabbage and finding five carrots sticking to it! This excessive harvest of wealth has long ceased. The most productive district at the present time is that of Matto Grosso, in the vicinity of the town of Diamantina. When a slave finds a diamond of eighteen carats he receives his freedom, and is led, crowned with flowers, to the proprietor; while for smaller stones proportional rewards are given. Thefts, however, are very common; sometimes the slave, under the very eye of the overseer, conceals a stone in his hair, mouth, or ears—sometimes between his fingers or toes; and they have even been known to throw stones away, in the hope of finding them again after nightfall.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DEBUTANTE.—One of the prettiest combinations for evening dress is white and green. A white tarlatan trimmed with ruches of green tarlatan makes a beautiful trained dress. A short dancing dress of white muslin may be worn over a silk slip of Metternich green. We think it prettier, however, over white muslin skirts, trimmed with Valenciennes lace on the flounces, and quillings and bows of Metternich green ribbon.

BLANCHE.—Garlands of flowers worn as diadems, and over the chignon or just in front of it, are newer than small sprays set about among the frizzes and braids. The diadem has a large flower in the centre with graduated smaller ones on each side.

M. R. S.—Japanese parasols are entirely flat. They are not pretty, and it is not probable that they will meet with favor. The large pongee parasol is worn with suits.

INQUIRER.—The wide flounce around the skirt is promiscuously called the Spanish and the Marie Antoinette flounce. It is sometimes seen on all the breadths of a skirt but the front one, and again it is only on the front breadth. It may be either box-pleated or gathered. The box-pleats should be separated by a space of their own width. When gathered the ruffle should not be full, one-third its length over is sufficient fullness. The wide flounce is preferred now to three smaller ones. In silk and woolen goods it is cut bias. Care should be taken that it is true and exactly on the bias. In muslin the widths should be straight.

HARRY.—In writing to two sisters you should address the letter thus: *The Misses Smith*, and not: *The Miss Smiths.*

INQUIRER.—No bath, cold or hot, should ever be taken on a full stomach. Our doctor says nothing is more dangerous, and advises every one wanting to bathe to wait at least until three hours after his last meal. He, however, at the same time recommends every early morning bather, after the long fast of the night, to eat a bit of stale baker's bread half an hour or so before plunging into the cold water.

JOSEPHINE.—The Greek dress is pretty for a boy four years old—skirt of striped blue and white cashmere, pleated all round so as to alternate one blue pleat with one white one; or the whole skirt of white cashmere, with the pleats edged with blue silk braid; jacket of white cashmere, braided and edged with blue, short behind, and fastened at the throat with a single button; blue silk sash tied at the side over the jacket; and white felt hat, with low crown and narrow brim.

AUGUSTA.—You should not accept the book or any other present from Mr. ——, under the circumstances. Upon reflection you *must* agree with us.

SARAH L., *Iowa.—Bouquet* is spelled as we write it, and pronounced *bookay;* and there is no such word as *boquet* sounded *bokay.*

MRS. M., *San Francisco.*—Ladies who are *comme il faut* do not any longer promenade Broadway with long trains. These they keep for the carriage and indoors.

STRANGER.—There is a law in England prohibiting marriage with a deceased husband's brother or wife's sister, but there is none such in this country.

ETIQUETTE.—No precedence should be given to the wife of a member of Congress, or to any woman, on the score merely of the official rank of her husband. In this country the age and relative degree of strangeness of the guest should govern the position given to the lady at the dinner-table, etc.

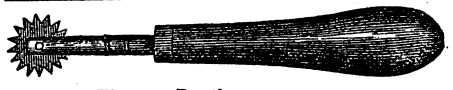
EUGÈNIE.—There are various dyes to give the hair the light color now in vogue. The only one our doctor cares to divulge is this, which is harmless:

Common white wine..... 1 pint.
Turkey rhubarb..... 4 ounces.
Boil down to one half and filter.

The hair must be well moistened with this, and then allowed to dry.

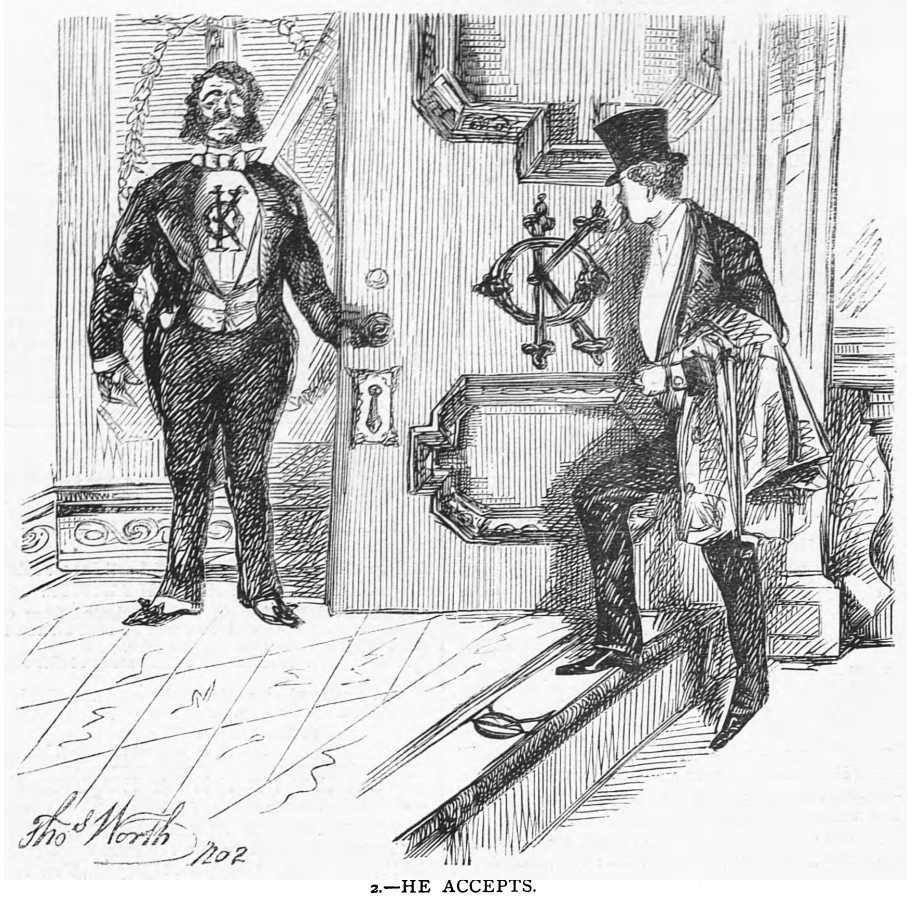
TEMPERANCE.—The coldest *iced* water can be drunk in the hottest weather without the least danger, if swallowed slowly by single mouthfuls.

BUZZARD ROOST.—As we have repeatedly stated, we furnish no patterns outside those contained in the Supplement. We have already published several shirt patterns.



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the above-named Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by News-dealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

1.—JONES GETS AN INVITATION TO A MONOGRAM DINNER-PARTY.



2.—HE ACCEPTS.

FACETIÆ.

MARK TWAIN says that when women frame the laws, the first thing they do will be to enact:

1. That all men should be at home by ten P.M., without fail.
2. That married men should bestow considerable attention on their own wives.
3. That it should be a hanging offense to sell whisky in saloons, and that fine and disfranchisement should follow drinking it in such places.
4. That the smoking of cigars to excess should be forbidden, and the smoking of pipes utterly abolished.
5. That the wife should have a little of her own property when she married a man who hadn't any.

"Such tyranny as this," says Mark, "we could never stand. Our free souls could never endure such degrading thralldom. Women, go your way; Seek not to beguile us of our imperial privileges. Content yourselves with your little feminine trifles—your babies, your benevolent societies, and your knitting—and let your natural bosses do the voting. Stand back—you will be wanting to go to war next. We will let you teach school as much as you want to, and we will pay you half wages for it, too; but beware! we don't want you to crowd us too much."

A Yankee riding on a railroad was disposed to astonish the other passengers with tough stories. At last he mentioned that one of his neighbors owned an immense dairy, and made a million pounds of butter and a million pounds of cheese yearly. The Yankee perceiving that his veracity was in danger of being questioned, appealed to his friend:

"True, isn't it, Mr. ——? I speak of Deacon Brown."

"Y-e-s," replied the friend, "that is, I know Deacon Brown, though I don't know as ever I heard precisely how many pounds of butter and cheese he makes a year; but I know he has twelve saw-mills that all go by buttermilk."

FRESH PEARS—Newly-married couples.

A MOVEMENT IN REAL ESTATE—An Earthquake.

A TUNE THAT EVERY ONE IS SEEKING—Fortune.

A gentleman was praising the beautiful hair of a lady, when one of those precocious little misses who always have a word to say remarked, "I guess my hair would look as well if I took as much care of it. Mamma never sleeps in her hair."

3.—THE RECEPTION.

A gentleman who greatly disliked the custom of giving fees to servants, provided himself with some farthings, and on leaving the next party he attended, presented one to the footman as he stood at the door. "I beg your pardon, Sir," said Johnny, "but you have made a mistake." "Oh no," said the gentleman, "I never give less!"

"Do you like Owen Meredith?" asked the poet of his rural friend. "I don't like owin' Meredith, or any other man," was the reply.

"Can you tell me how old the devil is?" asked an irreverent fellow of a clergyman. "My friend, you must keep your own family record," was the reply.

SANGUINARY REVOLUTION—Circulation of the blood.

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Don't scream unless you are frightened.

A narrowness of waist shows a narrowness of mind.

It is a fine silk that knows no turning.

The true test of a man's temper is to keep him waiting ten minutes for his dinner.

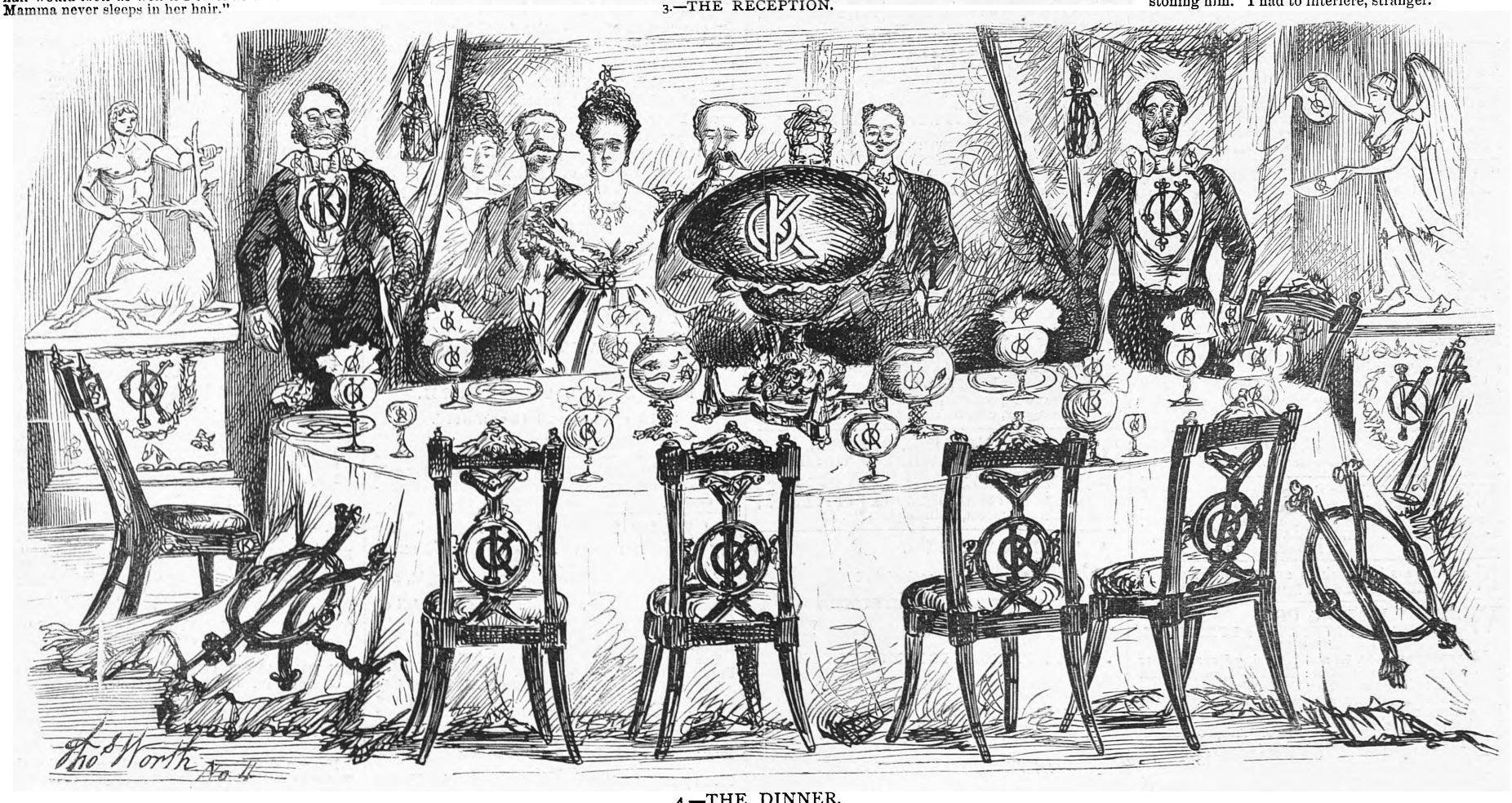
Never faint when you are alone. Always select some good opportunity—or young man. The more persons there are about you the more successful will be your fit. A woman should not only faint well but be above suspicion.

Dreams are the novels that we read when we are fast asleep.

Eyes are the electric telegraph of the heart, that will send a message any distance in a language only known to the two souls who correspond.

In Wisconsin, an Indian woman died recently at the age of 123. She left a son who is 97 years old.

The above "reminds us of a little story" lately narrated in our hearing of a gentleman who, in the course of his travels in the West, one day emerged from a neck of timber, and suddenly descried a country tavern, upon the porch of which sat one of the oldest white-haired men he had ever seen, and crying like a child. In answer to an inquiry as to the cause of his trouble he sobbed out that "his father had just licked him." Upon entering the bar-room the traveler discovered another and much older man behind the bar, whom he addressed: "You seem to have some trouble here, stranger. Your son informs me that you have whipped him." "Yes," rejoined the landlord, excitedly; "I could not avoid it. The young rascal was chasing his grandfather round a ten-acre lot, and stoning him. I had to interfere, stranger."

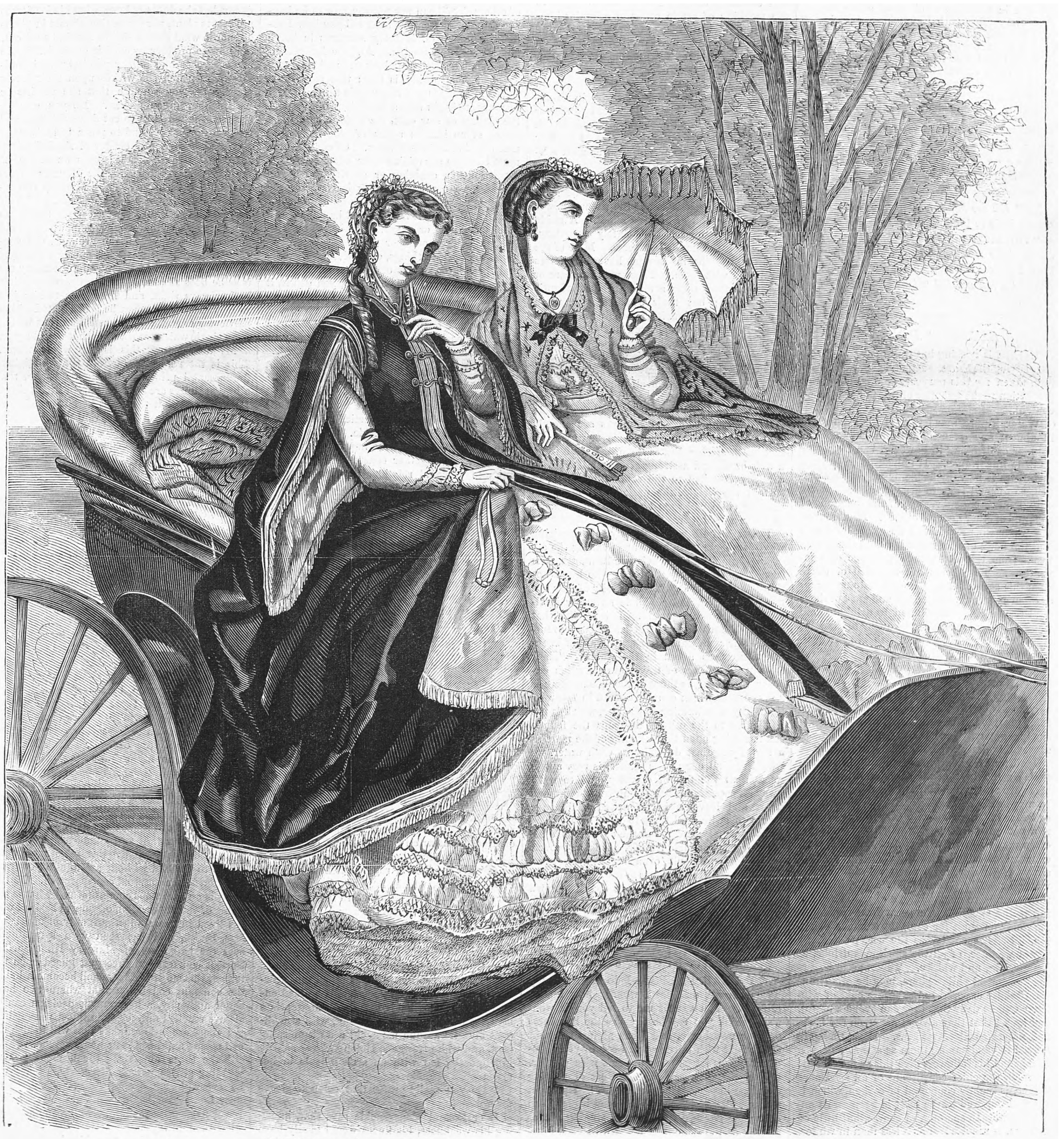


4.—THE DINNER.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 38.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



CARRIAGE DRESSES AT THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Carriage Dresses.

See illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—Dress of blue silk, with tablier simulated by a puffing of the same, edged with narrow black lace, which begins at the waist, and sloping on each side borders the entire bottom of the dress, excepting the front breadth. Two similar rows of puffing, separated by black lace, are set above this on the bottom of the skirt. A row of silk bows, composed of four loops without ends, are set down the middle of the front breadth, in the manner of buttons. Large carriage mantle, with full slashed sleeves, of black cashmere, lined with rose-colored silk, and trimmed with gold fringe and galloon. Black lace bonnet, with gilt diadem, and red rose and leaves at the side.

Fig. 2.—Dress of changeable silk (*gorge de pigeon*), trimmed with a box-pleated flounce. Black lace mantelet attached to the bonnet. Corsage half low, with white muslin chemise Russe. Sleeves tight, trimmed with three silk folds. Belt edged with a bias fold of silk. Half long gloves of *peau de Suède;* changeable silk parasol, to match the dress, lined with white gros de Naples, with wide changeable fringe.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

THERE is not any weed but hath its shower,
There is not any pool but hath its star;
And black and muddy though the waters are,
We may not miss the glory of a flower,
And winter moons will give them magic power
To spin in cylinders of diamond spar;
And every thing hath beauty near and far,
And keepeth close and waiteth on its hour.
And I when I encounter on my road
A human soul that looketh black and grim,
Shall I more ceremonious be than God?
Shall I refuse to watch one hour with him
Who once beside our deepest woe did bud
A patient watching flower about the brim?

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1868.

☞ *We are happy to announce that we shall shortly begin in* HARPER'S BAZAR *the publication of* "THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD," *a new Love Story, richly Illustrated, by the Author of* "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," *etc., which can not fail to interest and delight the reader.*

SUMMER DRINKS.

THERE is nothing but water capable of satisfying the thirst. All other drinks, therefore, taken for this purpose, answer it only in proportion to the quantity of this fluid they may contain.

Water, if pure, may be drunk at all times and in almost any quantity with impunity. The manner of drinking it, however, is a matter of no little importance. If gulped down in large quantities it may, by suddenly filling the stomach, so distend it as to produce a pressure not only painful, but subversive of the functions of that and of other internal organs. If, moreover, the water thus swallowed be excessively cold and the body unduly heated, a fatal shock may result from the instantaneous change of temperature. Thus cases are recorded of death from this cause. These, however, do not occur as often as was once supposed, and most of those fatal results before attributed to drinking cold water are now supposed to be owing to the joint effects of heat and fatigue, or to what is ordinarily termed a sun-stroke.

Water may be drunk in its coldest degree of temperature, and in the largest quantity the thirst may demand, by any person, whatever may be his state as to health or illness, heat or cold, provided it is swallowed gradually. By sipping not only is the desire for drink more thoroughly gratified, but all danger avoided.

Iced water, when properly drunk, is unquestionably the best of all summer drinks; but there are others which, if indulged in moderately, may be allowed. The ordinary soda-water—or water impregnated with carbonic acid gas—is a not unwholesome beverage, although it is often made so by the sirups, spirits, and other concoctions mixed with it. The various fruit sirups, if genuine, may, when well diluted with water, be safely taken. The sugar, however, they contain so abundantly, and which according to the chemists is a great heat-producer, makes them unfit for constant summer drinking. Science condemns the use, particularly in hot weather, of all the spirituous drinks, as brandy, gin, and whisky. These, according to some chemical philosophers, may be of advantage to those exposed to the severe cold of winter. Others deny that they can ever be useful, and assert that they always act upon the brain and nerves as direct poisons. Both, then, are agreed in condemning them as summer drinks. Liebig and his followers give this as the reason: Alcohol, the chief constituent of all spirituous drinks, is mainly composed of carbon, which is the fuel required by the body to keep up its animal heat. In summer, of course, but little of this fuel is required—much less than in winter. If, however, a large quantity is supplied there will be an excess, which is left unconsumed, and remaining in the body without use does harm in various ways. Drinking alcohol, therefore, which contains a great deal of carbon, in summer, is supplying the body with more of this fuel than it requires, and is in consequence a harmful practice.

The French wines, if stimulants are at all required, are the best, because they are the purest and the weakest. The American practice of putting lumps of ice into them, which so surprises all European connoisseurs, is not a bad one, for most of the foreign wines imported into this country are brandied to suit the supposed strength of head of our countrymen, and will largely bear dilution.

SWIMMING.

EVERY animal except man will, when first thrown into deep water, save itself from drowning by swimming. We rational beings, as we complacently term ourselves, though better supplied by nature than most inferior creatures with the means of keeping afloat, do not avail ourselves of them; but obstinately resisting our instincts, sink gurgling to the bottom.

We must forsooth be taught to swim, and when we have submitted for a long time to some artificial process or other for the purpose, we discover at last that we were always swimmers from the beginning had we but known it. The timidity of man prevents this knowledge, and curiously enough forces him to resort to the teaching of art in order to acquaint himself with an endowment of nature. Swimming is instinctive, and there is no doubt that man would, if he were either more or less rational, avail himself of it at once, when the occasion required, without any previous study. If man were less rational he would trust like brute animals to instinct; if more, he would so master his fears as not to allow them to interfere with the exercise of his natural powers. In either case he would swim and not sink, as most self-termed rational beings persist in doing.

The whole art of swimming consists in getting rid of the excessive fear of deep water, and acquiring a consciousness of the natural power possessed by man of keeping afloat. A guide or teacher, though not absolutely necessary, will greatly facilitate the process. Most of the swimming-baths in Europe have instructors connected with them. These men try more or less to mystify their art by various pedantic contrivances; but their whole system, when shorn of its redundancies, is nothing more than this: The pupil is supported in the water not far below its surface, by means of a rope attached to a band around his waist. The neophyte, thus conscious of his safety, soon acquires sufficient confidence to avail himself of his instinctive power of floating. In regard to moving in the water he can not have a better guide than the frog, whose movements are exactly those which are best adapted to man, who in fact instinctively imitates them. With a rope, a waistband, and a strong arm, or a hook with a pulley attached to the roof of the bath, to sustain the weight, the most timid man, woman, or child will soon overcome all obstacles to being a swimmer.

Notwithstanding the facility of acquiring what people wrongly insist upon calling the art of swimming, and its obvious advantages, it is surprising how many there are who know nothing at all about it. The majority of men are unable to swim, and a female swimmer is almost as rare as a mermaid. Is it possible that some fastidious notion of delicacy has prevented the fair sex from acquiring the art of keeping themselves afloat in the water? Their lives in these days of travel are as much exposed to danger as those of men; and there is no argument which can be offered in favor of the utility of swimming to the one, which is not applicable to the other. Perhaps the female sex is relying upon the gallantry of the male as a security against drowning. Cold water, we would remind our gentle dames, is very apt to quench all the fire of chivalry, and to wash away all superfluous sentiment from the human heart and leave it in its naked selfishness. Learn to swim, and trust to your own skilled arms for safety, and not to the chivalrous interposition of your male friends. It is, moreover, exceedingly difficult even for the strongest and most skillful swimmer to save from drowning a person entirely unable to aid in his own rescue.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Another Letter to a Bride.

MY DEAR LAURA,—I do not forget my promise, and yet I wonder how I shall fulfill it. You expect me to tell you in what way I think you can best secure the happiness of your new home, and I can almost see your face bright with mirth as you say to your husband, "Now let us see what this wise old Mr. Bachelor has to say upon the art of making marriage happy. He is an expert! He ought to know!" Ah! you blithe young bride, I can hear your laugh, as you speak, ringing out as merrily as the bobolinks I heard at Mrs. Margery Honeysuckle's last week.

But tell me, Laura, do you really suppose that I mean to make myself the target of your sweet shafts of satire? Do you really think that I shall allow you to say: "Poor old Mr. Bachelor! like all sagacious men of the world, he has one enormous weak spot, and any fool can touch it." Not that I imagine you think yourself or call yourself a fool; for I should have much less respect for you if I did. But I have heard you declare that every Achilles has his heel, and you have said to me, "Mr. Bachelor, where is yours?" as if you were determined to find it. Well, it isn't here, at any rate, although I perceive you think you have found it.

Do you observe that I am showing myself to be still more a man of the world, as it is called, than ever, and not in the most agreeable aspect? I seem to suspect the sincerity of your letter. You wrote to me with perfect frankness, to ask my advice, and I imply that you did it in badinage, and merely to expose an amiable weakness of mine as an entertainment for your young spouse; as if you would follow the customs of great weddings, where beeves and birds were sacrificed, and sacrifice an old Bachelor upon your bridal altar! My dear Laura, I do not doubt you have sacrificed a great many!

I take your request as honestly as it was offered, and I will not reason from the depths of my inner consciousness, as the transcendental artist constructed his lion; but I will intrench myself in experience—not in my own, certainly, for I have none—but in my observation of that of others. If I can not tell you how to be happy with Louis, I can at least tell you how I remarked that Mrs. Margery succeeds in being happy with Honeysuckle. And the fundamental principle derived from long and patient study, my dear young bride, is this: that most great things are made up of many little things, as, for instance, to begin with a prodigious illustration, the planets of star dust, the globe of particles, sound of an infinite series of vibrations, and that cloud of countless drops. Of course there must be some organizing force, some law, some attraction—as cohesion or gravity. Do you see—for we are getting very learned for the honey-moon—the point at which I am now about to arrive? Here it is: married happiness is a glorious planet, or a perfect globe, or an endless music, or a summer cloud. It is an aggregation of little things, of particles, so to say, and there is one great organizing force, sometimes called love—and, whatever you call it, it *is* love, and nothing else. What, then, is the obvious rule that results from this principle? It is, to look out for the little things, or, as I said in an earlier letter, to boil the peas in your shoes instead of walking with them unboiled.

It seems to me, from much observation, that the secret of wedded bliss which is worthy the name is regard for the little things: the little words, the little acts, the little ways; and I am sure that this has been practically discovered by Mrs. Margery Honeysuckle. I saw in one morning that she knew the impossibility of two persons living together constantly in the most intimate personal relations without incessant care and forbearance. For instance, she is very fond of pretty colors, she has a marvelous taste in color, and the most extraordinary eye and sense of fitness that you ever fancied. I have known that woman to go down to New York to get a border for a new wall-paper, and when she found that she had lost the pattern, she was still able to carry the various delicate shades so perfectly in her mind that she could buy exactly the border she wanted, and it would be a marvel of felicitous matching. Very well: such a sensitiveness to color is to be respected. Such knowledge will make its own laws, and ought to be allowed to do it. Honeysuckle knows it. The good fellow is virtually color-blind. I grieve to say that I have known Roland Honeysuckle wear a bright blue cravat with a bright purple waistcoat. He is hapless and hopeless in regard to color.

Before he was married he was one morning attending the beautiful Helen of Troy to the wedding of the eldest Miss Priam, and he had bought a pair of gloves for the occasion which had seemed to him peculiarly suitable to a morning wedding, and as he sat opposite the beautiful Helen in the carriage, and pleasantly chatted, he drew on with care and success his new gloves. Occasionally, he said afterward, he saw his companion regard his hands with a curious glance, which, however, he tranquilly accepted as a natural homage to the extremely neat fit and dainty hue of the new gloves. Now, as you know, no taste is more exquisite, and no knowledge of what is *comme il faut* is more intuitive, than those of the beautiful Helen of Troy; and no solecism of dress or manner can escape her perception. So, as they came nearer to the church, and Honeysuckle seemed entirely satisfied with his extremely appropriate attire, which was a buff waistcoat, with a negligent blue tie around his neck, a dark morning coat, and white trowsers, Helen of Troy said to him quietly, but with an arch sparkle in her eyes:

"Do you really prefer that color in gloves for a wedding?"

Poor Roland Honeysuckle says that, knowing his weakness, his knees would gladly have smote together had he permitted them, and he trembled to think what inexpiable crime against good taste and the fitness of things he was at that moment committing; but, with a weak smile, he asked, without looking at his gloves, which indeed would have been of no use:

"What color?"

"Bright grass-green," answered the beautiful Helen of Troy, and so radiantly laughed that Honeysuckle says he would willingly wear green gloves every day in the year if they would always occasion such heavenly laughter.

Now you may imagine that when such a good fellow, but undoubtedly not strong in color, married Margery, if he had persisted in wearing bright grass-green gloves upon all occasions, there would have been real annoyance to her; and at last seeing his unwillingness to recognize his own want of eye for color, and his disinclination to gratify her preference in so small a thing, Mrs. Margery could hardly have helped feeling that he was both unreasonable and selfish, and then—why then, any thing but wedded bliss. But Roland is the worthy mate of Margery. He told her the tale of Helen of Troy at some time after they were engaged, and after a good laugh over it he said to her:

"Remember, Margery, you are to match my cravats and gloves and waistcoats. I promise not to wear grass-green gloves if you'll only help me."

And he has kept his word. Grass-green gloves is a term very liberally interpreted in the Honeysuckle family. Mrs. Margery's green gloves are landscape gardening. She is a rural queen, but she does not know what kinds of trees are best to plant, nor where they should be planted, nor in what groups shrubs should be set out, nor how to produce by cutting out and filling in of evergreens and foliage precisely the beautiful effects which she wishes upon their lovely place. Do you suppose that she persists in wearing her green gloves? Do you suppose she tells the gardener to cut down this tree and to level that grove, and to put a bed of scarlet verbenas here and a cluster of rhododendron there? "By no means; by no manner of means," as my old friend, the Reverend Doctor Blunt, used to say. Mrs. Margery Honeysuckle is as worthy of her husband as he of her, and if she thinks that a certain tree is an impertinence, or that a grove somewhere would heighten the beauty of the grounds, she suggests it to Roland, and if he is opposed he shows her why he is so, and if she can not exactly see it as he does she knows that upon those points he is always right, and she yields to him just as he yields to her when he is fascinated with a particular cravat, and she tells him that he has not a single waistcoat with which it would agree.

My dear Laura, this is the whole secret. This is the rule derived from that prodigious fundamental principle of which I spoke, that all great things are aggregations of little things. It is the fact that the great happiness of married life is made up of a myriad little tacts and compliances and surrenders upon both sides—in a word, wedded bliss consists in not insisting upon wearing your grass-green gloves at all hazards. I know that you are smiling as if you thought me hardly so wise as I probably think I am in supposing that the wearing of green gloves is a fair symbol of the trials of matrimony. It is very easy, you think, to agree upon wearing or not wearing gloves, to give up a particular cravat or waistcoat; but when it comes to subjects upon which there is a fair difference, not of taste but of temperament and judgment and character—ah, then, says my dear Mrs. Laura in her secret heart, my friend Mr. Bachelor will find that his green gloves will let all his fingers through. For instance, if a father and mother differ about the education of a child, which shall surrender?

Well, dear Laura, in that case begin as all good commanders do, by a parley. I can see very clearly that if there is a simple and sincere desire to do the best thing, and not merely a determination to have your own way, the solution is not very difficult. Mrs. Margery Honeysuckle is my example again; for although she and Roland differed about their boy Harold, Mrs. Margery saw that the experience of Roland was superior to hers, and he showed her that his view was the better one. Indeed, you have sense enough, my dear young bride, to know that two young people can not be housed together to live through every chance of life to the end without an infinite power of self-sacrifice and mutual consideration. Matrimony is an enormous compromise. That is the result of the observation of your old friend who has lived intimately in the family of his sister, Mrs. Smith, and has seen with sympathetic eyes the happiness of Margery Honeysuckle. Perfect courtesy, an incessant guard upon the temper that no irritability shall become a habit, the constant conviction that where two have equal authority, a harmonious decision can be always reached only by the utmost reasonability; these are little amulets that will banish the evil spirits and keep your home serene.

Take these amulets. I can make you no wedding gift so perennially costly. They will be every year more precious. Take them, dear Laura, for they cost me nothing. I shall never need to wear them. May you and Louis wear them always!

Your true friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

LADIES' HAIR-DRESSING.

THE rumor of a probable return to smooth hair and small chignons has proved to be a fallacy. The front hair, in order to be stylish, must be profusely crêpéd, and chignons increase in size in the same ratio that bonnets decrease. A quantity of false hair arranged in a variety of ways has become an important item in a lady's outfit. The use of it is so universal that ladies no longer hesitate to acknowledge it. Besides, it is not without its advantages. It can be removed at night; whereas an abundant suit of natural hair is uncomfortable to sleep in; and hair-dressers say it is easier to arrange separate braids and switches that can be pinned on just where they are needed than one's own hair, which must all be gathered into one bunch.

False hair has advanced fifty per cent. in price within the last three months. Hair that will curl without heat, by the aid of water alone, is the most expensive, bringing five dollars an ounce. Water frizzes and long curls are made of this. Importers and dealers say there is scarcely any long hair in the market, and that it becomes more expensive every year. Ladies who have long braids are admonished to use them carefully. The handsomest braid shown us was marked $100. It is very long, and of a beautiful brown color. By a new device short hair is mounted on long points, and arranged upon pliable cords in a way that gives the appearance of a long braid, and has not that stiff unwieldiness that has made stems of curled hair so objectionable. The braids thus made are smooth and even, and are of course much cheaper than those made of long hair—one of this kind at fifteen or eighteen dollars looking as well as a hundred-dollar braid.

Light hair is more expensive than dark, and is at present so much the fashion that a yellowish powder, like the pollen of flowers, is used to make dark hair a regular blonde color. A small box of this powder is sufficient for dressing the hair several times. The antique powder and diamond dust are not so much used as during the winter.

"BOILED" HAIR.

Frizettes and braid puffs, over which chignons are arranged, are too warm and heavy for summer. A plan for dispensing with them and making a fine display of a small quantity of hair is called "boiling." The braid is plaited in innumerable tiny braids and put in a pot of boiling water. After it has been boiled for three or four hours it is dried by "baking" in an oven. When the small braids are taken out the hair will be crimped in the style now so fashionable, and the crimp will remain permanently, defying all moisture to make it limp. The crimps make the hair stand out so lightly that frizettes are not needed. It is then loosely plaited in a large "three plait" to form the chignon, and after being wound into shape is held securely by an invisible net. Such chignons weigh only two and a half or three ounces, and may be readily put on without the aid of a hair-dresser. The process of boiling does not injure the braid. It requires to be done by an experienced person, and is expensive at first, but as it does away with the necessity of a hair-dresser on many occasions it is really economical.

HINTS ABOUT THE COIFFURE.

The most stylishly-arranged coiffures are those that appear to be dressed with the least care. This is, however, studied carelessness, and in it lies the perfection of the hair-dresser's art, requiring more painstaking than smooth folds and bandeaux. Long curls are only loosely curled at the ends and crimped. Chignons are loose and "fluffy," and puffs and frizzes are stuck about on the head in impossible places, where they never could have grown.

The chignon should be dressed close to the head, retaining something of the natural contour, instead of projecting from it as many ladies wear it, especially when puffs and frizettes are used. The object seems to be to cover the whole head with the chignon, as it is worn very far forward, often quite to the front crimps, and falls over the back of the head down to the growth of the hair on the neck.

Crimped chignons in large plaits and puffs are in favor for dressy occasions. The front hair is crêpéd, and a long curl is worn over the left shoulder. A succession of thin rolls, forming a coil, are preferred for morning and traveling coiffures. The Grecian twist, surrounded by a heavy plait, has been in favor for a long while, and is still worn. A puffed centre, with a crimped braid, is also very pretty, and is easily arranged by the wearer.

A braided chignon of permanently-crimped hair is marked $45. It is without cushions or braid puffs, and is exceedingly light and stylish. The braid is thirty-five inches long, and will be valuable after the present style has gone out. Another, also of crimped hair, was braided in the centre with a row of puffs on the outer edge. As the hair is only twenty-two inches long, this chignon is sold at from $12 to $15.

AMAZON COIFFURE.

A full-dress coiffure, called the Amazon, is admired for summer wear. It is formed of several rows of short curls, about four inches long, attached to a foundation of net. The hair is exceedingly fine, and is not so heavy as the Grecian curls that are pulled out of curl by their own weight. On the crêpéd front hair is a diadem of hair, or of jewels, or it may be arranged in the Pompadour style over a cushion. Short water-curls are fastened behind the cushion, and fall forward on the forehead.

MARIE ANTOINETTE COIFFURE.

The Marie Antoinette style is just now considered the highest fashion. The large chignon is crimped and braided in an oblong shape, being narrow and reaching far forward and low on the neck. To make this chignon the hair has to be mounted on a square frame with a comb attached. It is impossible to arrange it properly with a braid in which the hair is gathered into a single point. The front hair is brushed upward from the forehead and temples over a roll. A bow or rosette made of hair with a jeweled centre or a small flower is placed on the top of the head. Two curls on each side under the back hair are worn falling forward.

TREATMENT OF THE HAIR.

Nothing beautifies the hair so much as the frequent use of a stiff brush. It gives a glossiness more natural than that obtained by the use of pomades, without the disagreeable oiliness. The magnetic hair-brush is said to be very soothing and cleansing to the scalp. An occasional shampooing and frequent brushing will keep the scalp of the head in good order. The fine comb increases scurf and dandruff. A preparation called Hirsutus, and a creamy liquid known as Japonica Juice are commended by experienced coiffeurs as the best dressing for the hair. They are put on with a soft brush, making the hair retain any position, and keeping it smooth and lustrous.

DYEING THE HAIR.

In answer to inquiries of our correspondents about dyeing the hair we have consulted the best authorities in the city, and learn that gray hair may be disguised to inky blackness, but that a good brown dye has never been obtained. Attempt to make the hair brown, and it becomes a greenish hue that renders the sham transparent at a glance. The process of dyeing the hair is very disagreeable, and ladies have been known to faint under it. It requires two or three hours to be well done. The head is dipped into what seems to be a great bowl of ink. But when properly done it is so perfect that experienced hair-dressers are not able to detect it. It requires, however, to be frequently submitted to the dyer, and a thorough dyeing about once in three months.

HEAD-DRESSES.

There is but little novelty in head-dresses, as the great quantity of natural hair used leaves but little room for them. Wreaths and trailing garlands are more fashionable for full dress than the sprays and tufts of last season, and instead of a stereotyped row of the same flowers forming a crown we have diadems made up of a variety of flowers, with fern leaves, metallic grasses, and golden-winged beetles and grasshoppers. Berries and fruit are also in vogue in Paris. One lovely wreath shown us was of mother-of-pearl marguerites, with fern leaves and a long spray of dwarfed pink hyacinths. Price $28. Another was of forget-me-nots with a white camellia in the centre.

Bridal wreaths were shown us at prices varying from $10 to $30. One of white lilacs was marked $10. Another of jasmine and orange buds was $16. A third had sprays of lily-of-the-valley drooping on the forehead, with a branch of orange blossoms falling back over the chignon.

The Grande Duchesse head-dress is a coquettish little hat made of small flowers. It is worn on the left side, and is scarcely large enough to conceal the crêpés. A long wreath encircles the head and is entwined in the chignon, falling almost to the waist.

For simple evening dress sprays are used. Natural flowers are the best taste for home toilettes, but they soon fade and wither in the heated ball-room. The ingenious French stick them in quills filled with water to preserve their freshness.

For demi-toilette narrow bands of ribbon, or of satin, the prevailing color of the dress, are worn over the front hair with long streamers beneath the chignon. A pretty one shown us has two bands of blue satin with steel beads in the centre, and pendants on the edge over the brow. Another very simple is a band of inch-wide ribbon around the chignon, with a small rosette at the side. Black velvet studded with jet nail-heads is suitable for any dress. With a blue grenadine a band of white gros grain is worn. Large flat rosettes are placed far forward in the centre of the head, with one long streamer falling backward. A blue velvet coiffure made in this way was studded with white daisies.

For middle-aged ladies who object to dressing their hair in the elaborate styles, ribbon and flowers are mingled with lace barbes, and the tiny imported coiffures of Chantilly and point appliqué that are sold at such fabulous prices. Blonde lace in light patterns is preferred above all others for the hair. Real point is too heavy. Folds, and bars, and rosettes of satin, with a few small flowers, are arranged around the chignon, or brought slightly forward in front of it.

CAPS.

Small fancy caps for breakfast are eagerly adopted by newly married ladies, because they are universally becoming. They are made of muslin, with Valenciennes and guipure lace, interspersed with knots of ribbon. They are either square, or fanchons, or in the peasant shape, with a bag crown for the hair. When trimmed to match the white morning dress they are exceedingly pretty. Small muslin aprons trimmed *en suite* with the cap are worn with self-colored muslins.

For afternoon toilettes ladies more advanced wear scarf coiffures of lace fastened beneath the chignon. A velvet rosette is on the brow. These may be economically made of tulle, tucked and edged with real blonde. In the fanchonette shape a puffed cap with wide blonde scarfs is caught on the breast with a rose.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR-DRESSING.

The styles for arranging gentlemen's hair change but seldom. In the present warm weather the penitentiary fashion of closely-shaved hair is very prevalent. Parting the hair in the middle and back of the head is no longer admired.

For information received we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. BRAITEAU; W. J. BARKER; WILLIAM DIBBLEE; Miss HAMILTON, and Madame FERRERO.

PERSONAL.

THE General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Chicago, brought together to a larger extent probably than has been witnessed hitherto at any similar assemblage the men of mark of that church. Among the bishops was Bishop THOMSON, who is described as a small, spare, intellectual-looking man, with white colorless face, and equally spotless collar and cravat. He is the most grave and reverent in his aspect of any of the college, and contrasts sharply with the rubicund and at times almost rollicking face of the greatest statesman and governor of them all—the massive Bishop AMES. His volce is light and thin, not sharp and piercing, but of low and conversational quality. His air is more scholarly than that of any member of the body, and one would think that he would prefer the shades of the literary monastery, to the tumult of the Episcopal throne. He is a very beautiful preacher, or rather a preacher of very beautiful sermons, a gift that beautiful preachers rarely possess. His nature is large, and even grand. Of widest sympathies, of noblest instincts, of happiest temper, of finest culture, of devout and even saintly spirit, he will be one of the best known and most popular bishops of the church. He should prepare his sermons for the press. They will shine in this department of sacred literature.

—"NERO," the favorite dog of LOUIS NAPOLEON, has given his last yelp, and his funeral obsequies have been performed. A Paris letter says: "The great event of the day is the death of NERO, to whom funeral honors as a leading personage at the Tuileries have been accorded. Some may be puzzled to think who NERO was. He was only the Emperor's English setter. But that was a great deal. His whole life was passed in the presence of majesty. Secretaries and chamberlains, and other great functionaries, when they wished to break unpleasant news to Cæsar, used to place the missive containing it in the setter's mouth, and let him incur the responsibility of delivering it. He slept by his Imperial master's bed, lay at his feet while he worked, and followed him in his walks in the country. The Empress, it is said, was jealous of the confidential position of the dog, who was the only courtier in the palace that personal interest did not move to fawn and crouch before his master. NERO, peace to his ashes! sleeps in a corner of the reserved garden of the Tuileries. His likeness, both in a picture and a celebrated marble group by CARPEAUX, in which the Prince Imperial is the principal figure, will be handed down to posterity."

—Mrs. GAINES, after passing half her life in a bitterly-contested litigation, has at last, by the Supreme Court of the United States, been declared to be the legal owner of the vast property in New Orleans to which she laid claim. In the very hour of her triumph, and secure beyond peradventure in possession, she becomes weary of her fortune, and publishes in the New Orleans papers the following offer of compromise:

"TO THE OCCUPANTS OF MY ESTATE.—After thirty-five years of litigation, which has terminated fully, finally, and in every particular, in my favor, by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, rendered in April, 1868, I now again, as in former years, reiterate my desire to compromise on liberal terms, and invite all those who feel disposed to take advantage of this, my last offer, to come forward and enter into a final settlement. The futility of any further opposition will appear obvious.

"MYRA CLARK GAINES.

"No. 196 CAMP STREET, *June* 13, 1868."

—The style of woman of whom they make queens in the region of Abyssinia would scarcely be deemed to have that degree of culture which a pampered civilization demands of the leading lady in London, Paris, or Washington. It is said that the two Galla queens (from the country south of Abyssinia), WORKITE and MASTRAT, had a race to see which should be first to congratulate Sir ROBERT NAPIER, and narrowly escaped arriving at the same time, which would have been unfortunate, as they mutually hate each other. It is believed they formed but a poor opinion of British gallantry in love, but outwardly they professed great delight, giving and receiving various handsome presents. It is said they possess the true martial spirit, and go into battle, and handle spear, sword, and gun bravely; but usually they go about so muffled that their appearance is any thing but Amazonic. WORKITE kept herself closely wrapped and hidden during her stay, but MASTRAT boldly threw aside her rich royal robe of crimson, speckled with gold, and came out of her tent and before the soldiers, to have her photograph taken. Her complexion was very pale olive, fairer than that of many Europeans, and her expression—though the features were large and scarcely like those of THEODORE'S widow, of the thorough-bred type—was queen-like and commanding. She looked capable of leading an army any where.

—Among the many personal sketches of our new minister to England the following, by a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, seems to hit about as near the mark as any we have seen: "His head and face are strong and intellectual down to the lip; the under-lip and chin are retreating, and decidedly irresolute and self-enjoying to me. I know that it is often a mistake to judge public men by these facial marks. Mr. JOHNSON has, besides, lost one eye; and while this does not make him at all unsightly, it gives a humorous suggestion of the arena to his face. His ears are large, like those of nearly all Senators. Politicians have habitually big ears. His head is solid and large, and the milk-white hairs hold fast to it, except around the temples. His eyesight is now very dim indeed. His life has been moderately successful in temporal things. He has a good farm, stock, a city residence, but scarcely ranks among rich men. There is no affectation about him. Perfectly at home over a dinner of roast beef and old port, old enough to fulfill a British idea of a statesman's age, and widely acquainted with the *personnel* of American and foreign public people for half a century, we send this most agreeable of our public men to England with the indorsement that he is more unlike Boston Common, and also more unlike a first family of Virginia than any type of man we possess."

—The Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER is at his farm in Peekskill, taking in the necessary bodily fuel with which to run his intellectual locomotive during the next season. He says: "I wake at three o'clock in the morning, and after listening to the birds for ten minutes, go to sleep again and sleep until six. Whether I should emerge even then if it were not for the savory odor that begins to steal through my cottage, I can not tell. After breakfast there are so many things to be done first that I neglect them all. The morning is so fine, the young leaves are so beautiful, the bloom on the orchards is so gorgeous, the sounds and sights are so many and so winning, that I am apt to sit down on the veranda, for just a moment, and for just another, and for a series of them, until an hour goes by! Do not blame me! Do not laugh at such farming and such a farm! The soil overhead bears larger and better crops, for a sensible man, than does the soil under foot! There are blossoms in the clouds. There is fruit upon invisible trees, to those who know how to pluck it!"

—In the Brussels papers mention is made of a cheery old gentleman named VAN BLOCK, of Zele, in Belgium, who is 3 per cent. above par, having reached his 103d year. He has the use of all his facultiɛs, and is not afflicted with any of the infirmities of old age. He belongs to an association of cross-bow shooters, and intends to go to Brussels in September to be present at a competition organized there for that time. The *Feuille de Tournai* also mentions that a widow lady, Madame GRAVIS-VINCHENT has completed her hundredth year, as testified by her certificate of baptism, which that journal gives at full length.

—A Paris correspondent reports that the Empress EUGENIE has struck out of her invitation-list two American families, the young ladies belonging to which she considers as too eccentric in dress and manner to be received at Court. One of the young ladies in question, whose skating had been much remarked last winter by his Majesty, lately sent him his portrait executed by herself, with the following naïve inscription: "*D'une amie à un ami.*"

—Mr. LONGFELLOW seems to be having a most excellent time in England. When he entered the Senate House at Cambridge, to be LL.D'd, he was received with a burst of acclamation. A London writer pronounces it to be the fact that no living English poet has half the circle of readers in England that Mr. LONGFELLOW has. He is published in green, in blue, in Russia, in cloth, in paper covers. He is gilt-edged, marble-edged, and plain; in types so large that Methuselah would not have wanted spectacles in deciphering him, and in pages where any thing less than a microscope would have been of little service. Every farmer's wife has a LONGFELLOW, if she has only a dozen books in her case. At the fairs in the villages LONGFELLOW lies in some form or other on the stalls. He is turned into Latin and into Greek. He is quoted in sermons and in lectures. The liking for Mr. LONGFELLOW'S poems in England has something in it of a personal issue. The pathos of much of his writing has made the people think of him with affection. When they speak of him their faces soften.

—When General GRANT was on his way from West Point to Washington, and trying, at Jersey City, to catch the cars, one ardent admirer pressed through the crowd, rushed up to the warrior, and asked, "What do you think, General, of the present political prospect?" The General replied, "I don't think of it at all, at present; my principal object, just now, is to catch the train." And on he put, with the impetuosity and resoluteness of an old cavalry man.

—Mr. SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, formerly managing editor of the *Tribune*, has joined the editorial staff of the Chicago *Tribune*. Mr. G. is a gentleman of marked ability and culture, and will prove a valuable acquisition to the literary and social circles of the great railway and grain metropolis of the West.

—For the simple reason that MATILDA HERRON has died of consumption over one thousand times—in "Camille"—comes, probably, the phrase, "dead as a Herron."

—The Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal has addressed a pastoral to his diocese, remonstrating against "the prevailing extravagance of dress, which threatens the ruin of many families." If his lordship had, in a postscript, suggested that every family should take *Harper's Bazar*, and thus learn to cut and make their own garments, useful and ornamental, he would have recommended a more practical way of overcoming the evil.

—It is stated that JANE LIND, as the divine artiste was called by the Quakers, is coming to the United States this fall, accompanied by her husband, O. GOLDSMITH, and the children.

—The PRINCE OF WALES has just added to his other dignities that of President of the Royal Agricultural Society. In the way of *oats* his R. H. is said to have had large and diversified experience, having sown a large breadth of the sort called wild, of which he is now reaping a heavy crop.

—Mlle. VANZINI (Mrs. VAN ZANDT), daughter of the magician BLITZ, has received a handsome offer from MAX MARETZEK, for an engagement to sing in opera for six months. This promising prima donna has been received with great enthusiasm at the Covent Garden Opera House, London, where she is now performing.

—AMELIA B. EDWARDS, one of the most popular of English novel writers, is described as tall, admirably built, fair-haired, with a head that gives assurance of rare intellectual ability, and a face whose lines show not only strong character, but thorough and charming femininity. She is now residing in the South of France, superintending the instruction of her two daughters.

—A young Cretan "Joan of Arc" arrived lately in Athens dressed in masculine attire, which she assumed for the purpose of preserving her *incognita* while heroically fighting against the Turks in Crete. She has been photographed in her military costume and equipments.

—The wealthiest artist France has ever produced is GUSTAVE DORE, who is reported to be a veritable millionaire. Although yet a young man, he has earned more money than INGRES, DELAROCHE, and DAVID made together during their whole professional career. MEISSONNIER considers DORE a humbug; precisely what DORE thinks of MEISSONNIER.

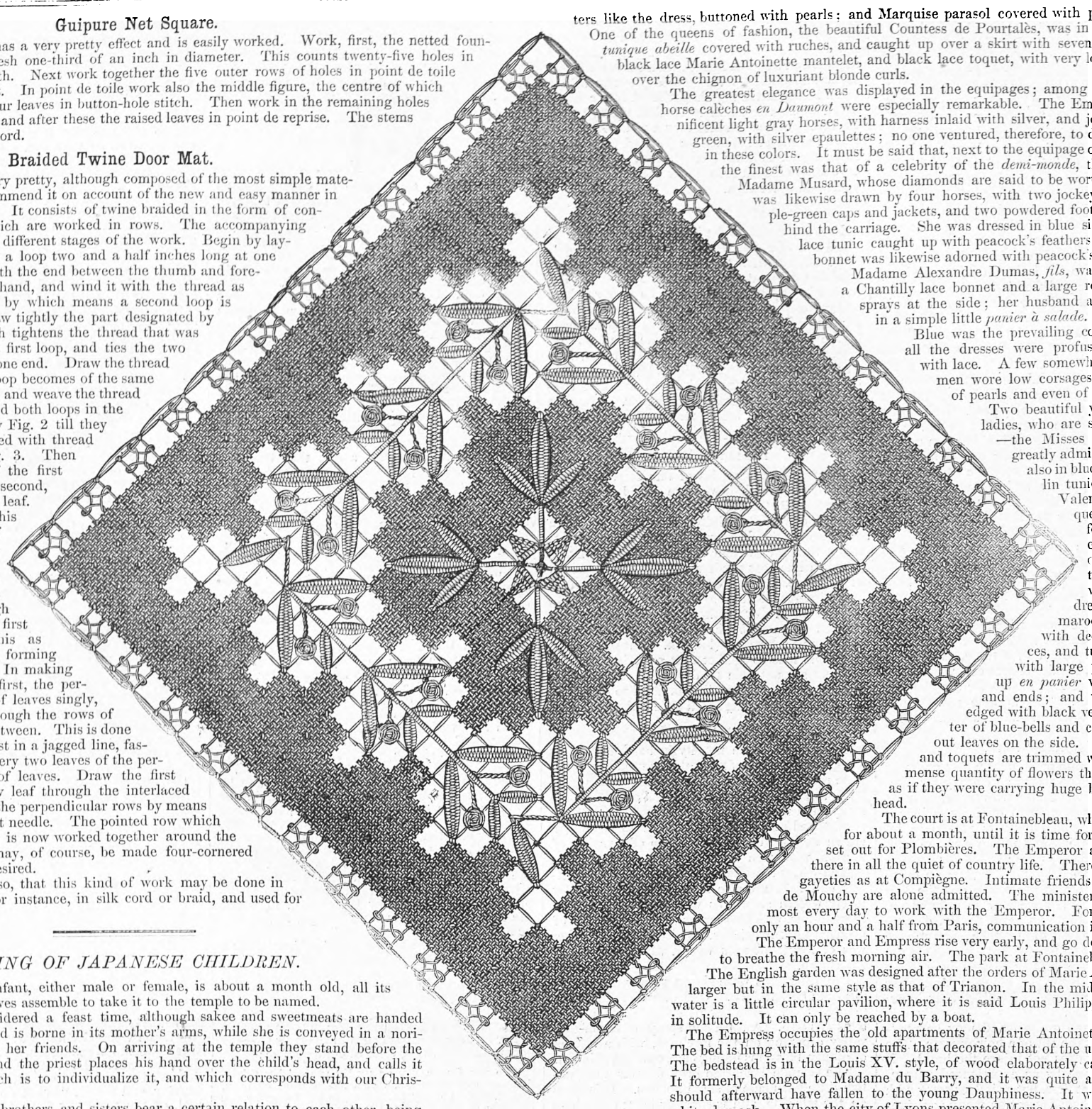
Guipure Net Square.

THIS pattern has a very pretty effect and is easily worked. Work, first, the netted foundation over a mesh one-third of an inch in diameter. This counts twenty-five holes in length and breadth. Next work together the five outer rows of holes in point de toile and point d'esprit. In point de toile work also the middle figure, the centre of which is composed of four leaves in button-hole stitch. Then work in the remaining holes the small berries, and after these the raised leaves in point de reprise. The stems are worked like cord.

Braided Twine Door Mat.

THIS mat is very pretty, although composed of the most simple material, and we recommend it on account of the new and easy manner in which it is made. It consists of twine braided in the form of connected leaves, which are worked in rows. The accompanying illustrations show different stages of the work. Begin by laying the thread in a loop two and a half inches long at one end; hold this with the end between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, and wind it with the thread as shown by Fig. 1, by which means a second loop is formed; then draw tightly the part designated by the letter *a*, which tightens the thread that was woven around the first loop, and ties the two loops together at one end. Draw the thread *b* till the second loop becomes of the same length as the first, and weave the thread through or around both loops in the manner shown by Fig. 2 till they are equally covered with thread as shown by Fig. 3. Then draw the end of the first loop through the second, which finishes a leaf. On the end of this work a second leaf in the same manner, beginning by drawing the working-thread into a new loop through the point of the first loop, winding this as shown by Fig. 3, forming a new loop, etc. In making the cover work, first, the perpendicular rows of leaves singly, and join them through the rows of leaves which lie between. This is done by working the last in a jagged line, fastening between every two leaves of the perpendicular rows of leaves. Draw the first loop of every new leaf through the interlaced ends of a leaf on the perpendicular rows by means of a strong crochet needle. The pointed row which borders the cover is now worked together around the row. The mat may, of course, be made four-cornered and of any size desired.

We remark, also, that this kind of work may be done in finer material; for instance, in silk cord or braid, and used for mats, tidies, etc.



GUIPURE NET SQUARE.

NAMING OF JAPANESE CHILDREN.

WHEN an infant, either male or female, is about a month old, all its near relatives assemble to take it to the temple to be named.

It is not considered a feast time, although sakee and sweetmeats are handed round. The child is borne in its mother's arms, while she is conveyed in a norimon, escorted by her friends. On arriving at the temple they stand before the family shrine, and the priest places his hand over the child's head, and calls it by the name which is to individualize it, and which corresponds with our Christian name.

The names of brothers and sisters bear a certain relation to each other, being distinguished by an affix; for instance, if the name of a brother be Yos-yero, the sister's name will be O-yosi, making use of the two first syllables, with the O to distinguish the sex.

The priests sometimes choose these names, because they are supposed to be learned in the knowledge of lucky and unlucky designations; at other times the name is selected by the parents. When a female child has been thus named, she is taken to her nearest kinsman, who gives her a shell filled with paint.

There is no religious sentiment connected with this ceremony of naming, which yet, in its outward form, bears a curious resemblance to our christening service. The family-name is added to the one conferred at the temple, exactly as among ourselves.

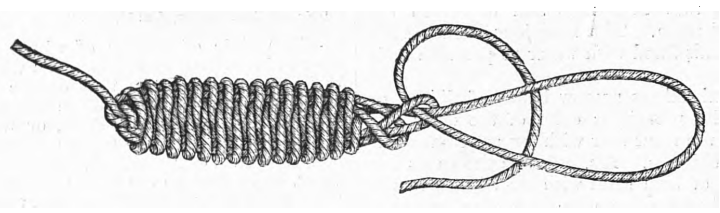


Fig. 3.—MANNER OF BRAIDING DOOR MAT.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

THE Grand Prize of Paris has been run, and the crowd present, perhaps, exceeded any thing ever before seen on such an occasion. The Earl was the victor, and Lord Hastings has, therefore, regained the immense sums which he had lost with the same horse at the London Derby, amounting, it is said, to over a million dollars. The noble Lord turned very pale during the last seconds of the race. It must be conceded that the stake was one to justify the emotion.

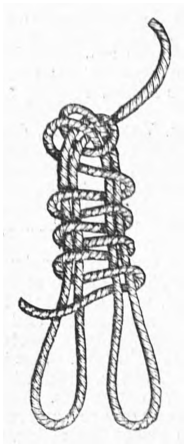


Fig. 2.—MANNER OF BRAIDING DOOR MAT.

The Empress was present at the races; she was entirely in sky blue; foulard dress with tunic trimmed with fine guipure; Marie Antoinette fichu of point de Venise, edged with the same guipure, and knotted behind without *coques*, and white tulle bonnet, with large white feather falling behind.

The Duchess de Mouchy (the Princess Anna Murat) was also in blue; dress of blue silk, trimmed with point d'Alençon, lace set on square in front (*en tablier*), with silk bows down the centre, and wide-pleated flounce at the bottom, covered with lace, and surmounted with a ruche *à la vielle;* fichu entirely of point d'Alençon, with the ends crossed in front; white lace fanchon, very narrow, showing the whole chignon, with blue feather *en aigrette*—that is to say, falling over the forehead, and strings caught loosely on the corsage, with a blue rosette; gaiters like the dress, buttoned with pearls; and Marquise parasol covered with point d'Alençon.

One of the queens of fashion, the beautiful Countess de Pourtalès, was in pearl gray, with *tunique abeille* covered with ruches, and caught up over a skirt with seven small flounces, black lace Marie Antoinette mantelet, and black lace toquet, with very long strings, tied over the chignon of luxuriant blonde curls.

The greatest elegance was displayed in the equipages; among which the four-horse calèches *en Daumont* were especially remarkable. The Empress had magnificent light gray horses, with harness inlaid with silver, and jockeys in bright green, with silver epaulettes; no one ventured, therefore, to dress his jockeys in these colors. It must be said that, next to the equipage of the sovereign, the finest was that of a celebrity of the *demi-monde*, the *richissisimo* Madame Musard, whose diamonds are said to be worth millions: she was likewise drawn by four horses, with two jockeys in bright apple-green caps and jackets, and two powdered footmen seated behind the carriage. She was dressed in blue silk, with a black lace tunic caught up with peacock's feathers: her black lace bonnet was likewise adorned with peacock's plumage.

Madame Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, was in black, with a Chantilly lace bonnet and a large rose with trailing sprays at the side; her husband accompanied her in a simple little *panier à salade*.

Blue was the prevailing color, and almost all the dresses were profusely ornamented with lace. A few somewhat eccentric women wore low corsages with necklaces of pearls and even of diamonds.

Two beautiful young American ladies, who are soon to leave us—the Misses Beckwith—were greatly admired. They were also in blue with white muslin tunics trimmed with Valenciennes and toquets with white feathers. Another beautiful lady of the same country, Mrs. Post, wore a very stylish dress of white and maroon pékin, skirt with deep pleated flounces, and tunic of the same with large puff, and caught up *en panier* with a large bow and ends; and white straw-hat edged with black velvet, with a cluster of blue-bells and corn-poppies without leaves on the side. The new bonnets and toquets are trimmed with such an immense quantity of flowers that the ladies look as if they were carrying huge bouquets on their head.

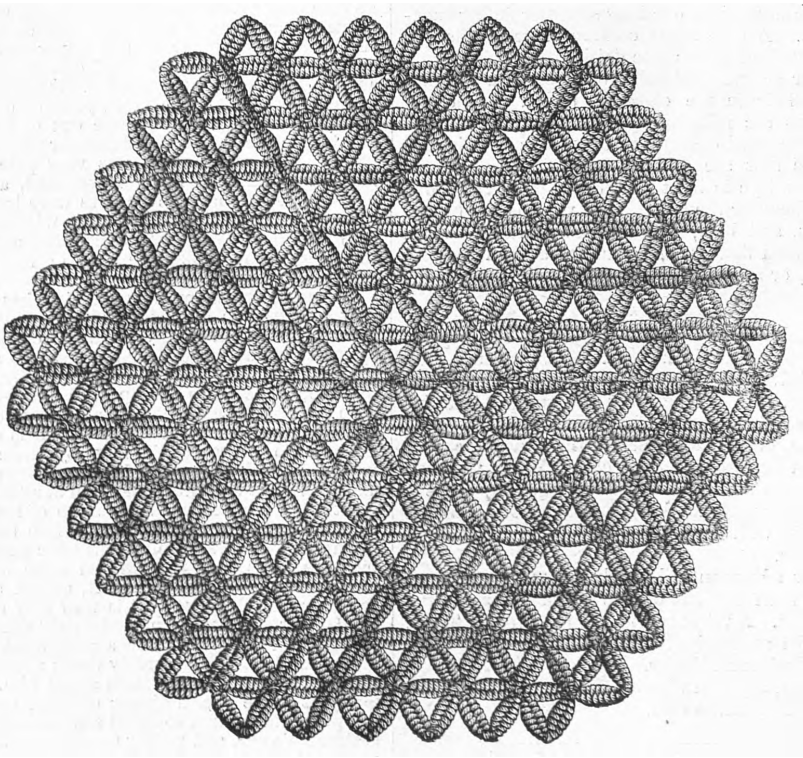
The court is at Fontainebleau, where it will remain for about a month, until it is time for the Emperor to set out for Plombières. The Emperor and Empress live there in all the quiet of country life. There are no series of gayeties as at Compiègne. Intimate friends like the Duchess de Mouchy are alone admitted. The ministers come there almost every day to work with the Emperor. Fontainebleau being only an hour and a half from Paris, communication is very easy.

The Emperor and Empress rise very early, and go down into the park to breathe the fresh morning air. The park at Fontainebleau is a marvel. The English garden was designed after the orders of Marie Antoinette. It is larger but in the same style as that of Trianon. In the middle of a sheet of water is a little circular pavilion, where it is said Louis Philippe loved to work in solitude. It can only be reached by a boat.

The Empress occupies the old apartments of Marie Antoinette, in the castle. The bed is hung with the same stuffs that decorated that of the unfortunate queen. The bedstead is in the Louis XV. style, of wood elaborately carved and gilded. It formerly belonged to Madame du Barry, and it was quite astonishing that it should afterward have fallen to the young Dauphiness. It was canopied with white damask. When the city of Lyons presented Marie Antoinette with a chamber suit of lampas the queen caused her bed and room at Fontainebleau to be hung therewith. The lampas is sky-blue, brocaded and sprinkled with pink flowers. The room was dismantled in the time of the Revolution, and the draperies torn down and sold. Napoleon I. repurchased them, and the royal apartments to-day are furnished precisely as they were in the days of Marie Antoinette. On the bed is a *couvre-pied* of sky-blue lampas and pink flowers like the canopy. The bed is not entirely covered; the pillow is seen, trimmed with lace, and bearing an embroidered E surmounted with the imperial crown. The dressing-room, also furnished by Marie Antoinette, is wholly covered with mirrors, even overhead. At the places where the mirrors meet are painted little Cupids holding garlands of flowers.

The chamber of the Emperor is hung with violet velvet, sprinkled with golden bees. The Emperor's cabinet is the same in which Napoleon I. signed his abdication. The famous table is found there, marked with the knife-thrust which the impatient Emperor left on the mahogany as a testimony of his anger. There are also seen the mahogany consoles inlaid with wrought copper in the style of the First Emperor; and the little *causeuse à dossier*, high on one side and low on the other, which served as the couch of Napoleon I. It is on this *causeuse* that he is seated in the picture of Gros, with the King of Rome lying at his feet.

The favorite drawing-room of the court is the Chinese saloon, where are found all sorts of brilliant curiosities brought from the Celestial empire. The company assembles there for a moment before dinner, which takes place at half past seven, in the Diana Gallery. After dinner the Emperor often goes down to walk, and sometimes wanders into the part of the garden left open to the public. He smokes his cigar and talks to a few officers. The population of Fontainebleau, for the most part very elegant and stylish, regard the sovereign with respect mingled with warm sympathy. Every body at Fontainebleau considers himself in some sort as one of the Emperor's friends.



BRAIDED TWINE DOOR MAT.

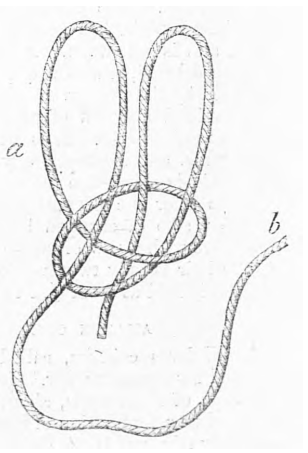


Fig. 1.—MANNER OF BRAIDING DOOR MAT.

The society of the Faubourg St. Germain is saddened at this moment by two scandals happily very rare in the great world. Two young ladies, both greatly admired, and bearing historic names—Mesdames de G. B. and

de M.—have suddenly quitted their husbands and families for motives which are not interpreted in their favor. In these stories are implicated the names of a young tenor and an elegant auditor in the Council of State. The affair is in every one's mouth.

A recent misfortune of another kind is the death of the only daughter of the Duke of La Rochefoucauld; a young girl, only twenty, with the brightest hopes for the future, possessed of every gift and every advantage; snatched away from all these in the course of a few hours.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

THE QUEEN OF TEN DAYS.

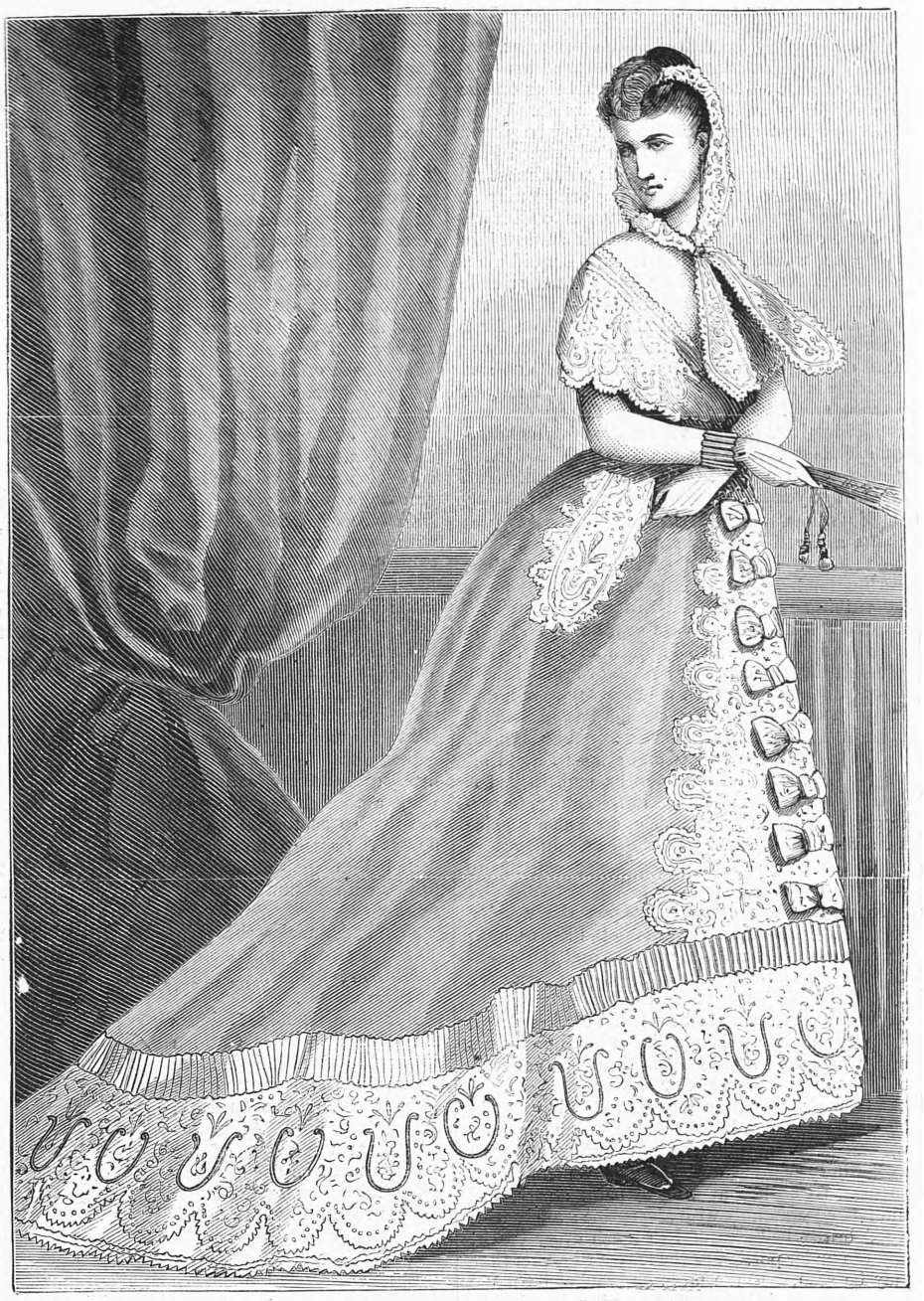
THE accompanying graphic illustration represents Lady Jane Grey, the ill-starred Queen whose reign lasted but ten short days, gazing from her prison window in the gloomy Tower of London at the body of her husband, just beheaded, and whom she was to follow immediately to the scaffold. "Oh! Guilford, Guilford!" cried the doomed woman as the cart passed under her window bearing the partially shrouded form, "the antepast is not so bitter that thou hast tasted, and which I shall soon taste, as to make my flesh tremble; it is nothing compared to the feast we shall partake this day in heaven."

There are few episodes in history so tragic as the fate of this ill-starred pair, who had greatness thrust upon them by the ambition of others, only that they might speedily pay the penalty with their lives. A parallel case is that of Maximilian and Carlotta; though the latter is even more painful, for while Lady Jane Grey and Guilford Dudley suffered together, or very nearly so, the Emperor of Mexico met his fate alone, and his unhappy consort suffers a living death, far worse than that shed by Mexican bullets.

Lady Jane Grey, unfortunately for her, was the great-grand-daughter of Henry VII. of England. Mary, the second daughter of that king, after being left a widow by Louis XII. of France, married Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by whom she had a daughter, who married Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset. From this union sprung three daughters, the eldest of whom was Lady Jane Grey, who was born in 1537. At an early age she was distinguished for her talents, and under the tuition of the learned Roger Ascham had thoroughly mastered Latin, Greek, French, and Italian, and was conversant with Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic. In this enlightened nineteenth century a woman possessing such knowledge would be regarded as a marvel of erudition; but it may be new to some of our readers to know that such examples were not rare in the sixteenth century. At that epoch the lives of the nobility and gentry of England, with the exception of such as were employed in offices of the State or attached to Court, were chiefly passed on their estates, in a state of grandeur almost resembling petty princes; and while the young men devoted themselves to hunting and warlike exercises, the ladies occupied themselves both in their household cares and in the study of literature. A wide field lay open to them in the rich collection of books and manuscripts that were hoarded in the monasteries, and the learned doctors, poor in worldly gear, who were received into the houses of the great, and who instructed their children, found more willing pupils in the docile young girls than in the spirited youths, who regarded war as their sole ambition. Little distinction then existed between the education of the sexes, which was directed by masters alone, governesses being unknown.

At seventeen Lady Jane Grey married Lord Guilford Dudley, the son of the Duke of Northumberland, to whom she was fondly attached, and for a year the happy pair led a quiet, restful life, their last on earth, devoted to their books and each other. Then the sickly Edward VI., when he found his end approaching, was persuaded by the ambitious Duke of Northumberland to pass over his own sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, and bequeath to Lady Jane Grey and her husband the succession to the English throne. The King died, and Queen Jane was noisily proclaimed in the streets of London, while she was musing, unconscious of the new dignity, in Sion Hall. When the news was brought to her she fainted, and, on regaining her senses, refused the crown, which she said belonged to Mary. Her remonstrances were overruled, and she at last consented, and took leave of her books, her happiness, and her life.

In ten days the dream had vanished, the victorious Mary was crowned Queen, and Lady Jane Grey and her husband, with the Duke of Northumberland and the other leaders of the insurrection, were thrown into the Tower, where Northumberland suffered death, while his wretched victims were left to drag out a year of suffering. Wyat's insurrection precipitated their fate, and on February 12, 1554, Lady Jane Grey and her husband met their doom. The sad story has been so often told and sung that it will scarce bear repetition; how Mary, rescinding the merciful sentence that condemned them to be executed together, ordered Lord Guilford Dudley to be beheaded alone, in the early morning, on Tower Hill, and his wife to suffer later in the day, within the walls of the Tower, in the fear that the doom of one so young and innocent might rouse the people to insurrection. What must have been the agony of the poor young Queen, after this brief taste of royalty, during the awful hours in which she awaited her fate, with the memory of the ghastly sight of her husband's headless trunk before her eyes! The account of her end is very touching. "She prayed fervently," says Hollingshed, "and then stood up and gave to Mistress Ellen, her maid, her gloves and hand-



THE DUCHESS DE MOUCHY (PRINCESS ANNA MURAT) AT THE GRAND PRIZE RACES.

THE QUEEN OF TEN DAYS—LADY JANE GREY IN THE TOWER.

kerchief, and her book to Master Bridges, the Lieutenant's brother, and so untied her gown. The Lieutenant pressed to help her off with it; but she desired him to let her alone, and turned toward her two gentlewomen, who helped her off therewith, and with her other attire, and gave her a fair, white handkerchief to put about her eyes. Then the executioner kneeled down and asked her forgiveness, which she gave most willingly. Then he willed her to stand upon the straw; which done, she saw the block; and then she said, 'I pray you dispatch me quickly.' Then she kneeled down, saying, 'Will you take it off before I lay me down?' Whereunto the executioner answered, 'No, Madam.' Then tied she the handkerchief about her eyes, and, feeling for the block, she asked, 'Where is it? Where is it?' One of the standers-by guided her thereunto, and she laid down her head upon the block, and then stretched forth her body, and said, 'Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit,' and so finished her life, her head being struck off by a single blow."

On the wall of the Beauchamp Prison Tower the single word *Jane* may still be seen, cut by the hand of the unfortunate Queen of Ten Days.

ORNAMENTAL LEATHER-WORK.

THIS work, which has been in high favor for some years past, is one of the most beautiful and useful varieties of ornamental fancy-work undertaken by ladies. By this art the closest imitations of carved wood may be produced, and the plainest and barest pieces of furniture may be converted into attractive and elegant articles for the parlor. Looking-glass and picture frames, tables, side-boards, brackets, hanging shelves, cornices for window-curtains, book-racks, etc., may be elaborately ornamented in durable and tasteful style, at a very trifling cost either of time or material.

In the various printed rules that have heretofore been given for making leather-work the beginner is required, first, to purchase a skin of thick leather, costing at this time probably six or eight dollars; then a thinner sort, worth perhaps two or three more. To these are added a formidable list of tools and brushes, for veining, moulding, varnishing, etc., which swells the amount at once to such a figure as to discourage an economical person from attempting the business.

In order to avoid this evil, and bring it within the most moderate means, we recommend the purchase of a bundle of scraps and cuttings from a saddler, and another from a book-binder. The leather employed in the trade of the former is thicker than that used by the latter, and both will be useful. Quite a large bundle of nice scraps may be had for twenty-five or fifty cents; and if some are unfit for use, the greater part will be just as good for this purpose as if cut from a new and perfect skin. As a general thing, use thick leather in preference to the thin skiver quality, and so that it be smooth and not coarse-grained, it matters not whether it be calf, horse, or sheep skin. Some of the most beautiful work is made from horse-skin, as the grain is so smooth.

Patterns of the leaves intended for your design may be copied from the natural leaves, and cut out of card-board, to be kept for future use in seasons when there are no natural ones at hand.

Lay the card-board pattern upon the leather, and mark around the edges with a black-lead pencil; then cut it out with a pen-knife or scissors, allowing a small portion for a stem. By laying the patterns closely together there need not be much waste of the material. See Fig. 1.

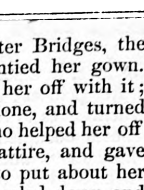


Fig. 1. IVY LEAF.

When a number of leaves are cut out they may be steeped in water for a few moments, and then dried by pressing in a towel. A veining tool may now be used for making the veins, or a pair of sharp-pointed scissors will be a very good substitute, being held firmly with the points parted just enough to show parallel lines when drawn across the surface. Lay the leaf that is to be veined upon a table or board, the smooth side of the leather being up; then, fixing the scissors with points very slightly parted, draw them firmly down the centre of the leaf, forming a double line or vein, always remembering to start from the edge of the leaf and end at the stem, and to let the mark be deeper toward the stem, as is the case with the natural leaf. The side veins may be drawn in like manner from the outer edges toward the central vein, always causing them to curve gracefully, rather than form stiff straight lines. When this is done the proper shape is given to the leaf by holding it firmly with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, by the base or stem, while with the same fingers of the right hand it is pulled into shape, the points or ends of the veins being pinched and curved to look as nearly as possible like the natural-shaped leaf. If the leather becomes dry before it is pulled into a satisfactory shape it may be dipped again into water, as nothing can be done with it when dry.

When finished they can be laid in the sun or near a fire until perfectly dry, when they will be found firm and stiff, and will retain the shape intended. Some directions given in books prescribe a coat of shellac to stiffen them still more, but we write from our own experience, and pronounce it altogether unnecessary if the leather is thick enough for the purpose we are considering.

Grapes may be made in several ways, but the best and firmest ones are formed by using either small marbles, bullets, grape-shot, or peas, and covering them with very thin leather, or, better still, old glove kid. Wet the gloves or leather thoroughly, and then draw it tightly around the mould; tie it firmly with strong thread, cutting off the superfluous edges, and leaving only enough to allow of its being tacked on to the wood. Do not let a seam of the glove or any worn or rough place come upon the top of a grape.

When enough are covered for a proper-sized cluster they may be tacked in the place intended with gimp tacks. Arrange them around in somewhat of an oval shape, the grapes being on the outward edge, and the tacks on the inside. When this row is on another inner one may be placed on in the same way, so as to entirely conceal the fastenings of the first row. This will almost fill up the space, and the remaining centre may be completed by gluing in enough grapes to fill it up, the ends, of course, being pressed downward into the glue, which should be thick. Liquid glue, such as is recommended by some, is not reliable when heavy and substantial work is aimed at; for, although it may hold them in place for a short time, yet they will not bear the brushing and dusting they are required to sustain, and nothing is more annoying than to find grapes, leaves, and flowers continually falling off, and exhibiting bare spaces in the midst of one's boasted specimens. By the use of an old-fashioned glue-pot and a few trusty tacks they will stand the test of years.

For stems, cut thin leather into strips, wet them, and roll carefully; and if a very stiff one be required, let a wire be rolled inside. The curling tendrils of the grape-vine are easily made by twining the wet stem (without wire) tightly around a stiff piece of wire or an awl, tying the ends so as to keep them in place until dry. For ornamenting the edges of a table or bracket there is no prettier design than vine leaves, grapes, and tendrils, and no flowers should be allowed to mingle with them, as the effect would be spoiled.

The size of the leaves and grapes should always agree. If the object to be embellished is small, let the whole be done in miniature, to correspond; but if a large article, such as a cornice for a window, is wanted, let the leaves and grapes be of the natural size, and distance will insure the proper effect.

In placing the ornaments upon the wooden surface to be covered, always *lay* the leaves, etc., on first, so as to calculate spaces and the quantity required; then tack them on, putting a tack first at the stem, and afterward in the corners, or wherever one seems to be needed for keeping it securely in place. Leave places for the clusters and sprays, and let the stems always be concealed by the overlaying leaf or cluster.

When all are put on a coat of staining should be applied, to give it the color of walnut or rose-wood. For this purpose use Vandyke brown mixed in turpentine, or, if more convenient, black varnish, to be had at drug or paint stores, and thinned considerably with turpentine; apply with a soft brush, being careful to touch every crack, and the under portion of the leaves wherever they may be seen. If the table or bracket be made of white wood, it is better to give it a coat before beginning to put on the leather-work, lest a portion may escape the brush afterward, and be seen through the crevices. After the staining, a coat of copal varnish, or, if a high polish is required, two coats may be given to the whole, and thus the work will be completed.

Another pretty design may be formed with oak leaves and acorns, using natural acorns, and leaving the leather in its natural color, with no other heightening than is given by the varnish. This will represent very nearly the color of the oak leaves at the time the acorns are ripe.

Leather flowers are made in this manner: For a rose, cut two patterns as in Fig. 2, the dotted line showing the smaller one; then one or two smaller or larger ones, the sizes of all being regularly graded. When all are cut in leather take each piece separately, and having wet, and dried them in the towel, begin to roll the scalloped edges with the finger, turning the smooth side over all around. Then make a deep vein between the scallops to the centre, and a hole through the centre of each piece with an awl.

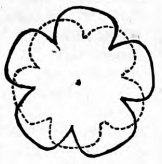


Fig. 2. ROSE.

For the stamens, take a piece of leather shaped somewhat like the drawing, Fig. 3, and slit it with the scissors as shown. Wet it well, and take each little shred and roll it as well as you can with the finger and thumb, so as to give it a rounded look; then roll up the whole, with the smooth side out. This will furnish a bunch of stamens, which, for a rose, should be about half an inch long, with a stem two inches beyond. Now put the stem through the hole in the smallest piece, drawing the stamens down closely to meet it, and having the right side of the leather uppermost. Hold it firmly by the stem under the piece, and pinch and pull it into shape, so as to look as much as possible like five separate petals. Next thread the second-sized piece, and proceed to shape it also, afterward placing it close up under the first, so as to let the petals alternate, and not be piled one on top of the other. The whole are to be put on in this way, and, of course, the size and fullness of the flower can be regulated according to the taste and requirements of the artist. When all are in place they may be kept firm by threading a little round piece of leather wet with glue, which, when drawn up closely, will prevent their slipping down. The stamens should then be spread or crushed down, so as to fill up the centre, and, when dry, all will be stiff and firm. This method of inserting the stems will be found much better than any plan of putting them in after the flower is made, as they are not liable to loosen or come out, being held securely by the other parts of the flower.

Fig. 3. STAMENS.

Single roses can be produced by using only one or two layers of pieces, and when put on in bunches or groups they look well, and fill up spaces in less conspicuous parts.

Camellias are made in precisely the same way as roses, except that the central scalloped piece must be pinched up so as to inclose the stamens entirely, and of course the outside, in that instance, should be the smooth side of the leather. The pattern for a camellia given in the cut, Fig. 4, should have only four scallops, instead of five, as in the rose, and requires at least five layers of pieces to make it full enough.

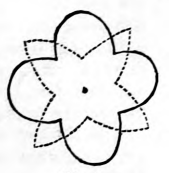


Fig. 4. CAMELLIA.

FUSCHIAS. — Nine stamens one inch long are called for in this flower, and the thinner leather will be best for these. The corolla of the flower is the purple centre, which is always seen folded around the stamens, the four outer red petals being the calyx. Fig. 5 shows the corolla pattern. Wet the leather corolla pieces when cut, and roll the edges slightly, as in the rose; then thread the stem, with stamens attached, through the hole in the centre, and fold the petals of the corolla around them as in the natural flower, letting the stamens extend well beyond. Of course the smooth side of the leather must be outward. Then cut the calyx as seen in Fig. 6. While wet it may be moulded with a pin, such as is used for wax flowers (or a large-headed shawl-pin will answer as well). Thread the piece, and fold down firmly over the corolla, and then wrap a thread tightly around the top, so as to compress it, and at the same time form the little ball or knob at the top of the flower. Let this remain on until perfectly dry, when it can be removed.

Fig. 5. FUSCHIA COROLLA.

Fig. 6. CALYX.

For buds, make the points of the calyx fit closely together, and put a little glue inside to hold them; then cut off the stamens, so as not to let them appear.

For dahlias, Fig. 7 shows the pattern veined. Cut ten pieces, two of them about three inches in diameter, two half an inch less, and so on down to the centre one. After wetting them the edges of the scallops must be slightly rolled, as for a rose, and then the centres rolled up with the fingers, as shown in Fig. 8, thus forming quilled petals. A bunch of short, thick stamens, well crushed down, may form the centre, and the prepared pieces should then be threaded on, as in other double flowers, beginning with the smallest piece, and arranging them so as to alternate throughout.

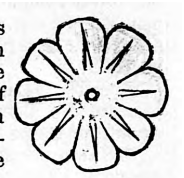


Fig. 7. DAHLIA.

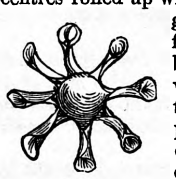


Fig. 8. DAHLIA.

As the backs of the leather flowers are never seen, it is hardly worth while to spend the time in finishing them so accurately. A little piece of leather and glue, at the base of the back, to hold it firm, will answer every useful purpose, and be entirely concealed when fixed in position on the object to be ornamented.

The convolvulus vine, with its leaves, buds, and flowers, is very pretty in leather. Cut a circle of the leather about the size of an old-fashioned copper cent, wet it thoroughly, and wipe with a towel; then use a bottle with a round-edged mouth, about the size of a large thimble. Place the piece of leather, right side up, over the centre of the bottle's mouth; hold it firm, and with a rounded stick, lead-pencil end, or some such thing, press the centre down into the bottle, at the same time curling the outside over the round edge until the shape is satisfactory. Make an awl-hole in the centre, and draw a stem through, leaving a short, thick bunch of stamens in the centre of the flower. Let it dry without any further handling.

Fig. 9. CALYX.

Fig. 10. LEAF.

Fig. 11. FLOWER.

Fig. 12. BUD.

To make a bud, cut a piece like the pattern for a fuschia calyx; then cut a bunch of stamens with a stem, roll up the stamens, and thread the piece of leather, with smooth side *down*. Now fold the points up around the stamens, and twist them firmly around while the leather is wet; then put on the calyx (Fig. 9), and fasten with a touch of glue.

The leaves are heart-shaped, as in Fig. 10.

For the jasmine (Fig. 14), a little bunch of stamens, very short, is drawn down into the centre of a star of leather, veined in the centre of each point, and pulled into graceful shape with the fingers (Fig. 13). But if the side is to show, a narrow strip of thin smooth leather of the proper length may be folded around the stem, which should have a wire passed through it. A small pointed calyx, similar to that of the convolvulus bud, can be put on last at the base of the tube, and fastened with glue.

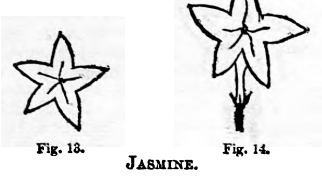


Fig. 13. Fig. 14. JASMINE.

Ivy leaves are very beautiful, and simple practice for a beginner; the natural leaves will afford the best patterns, both for shapes and veining, and, with the flower examples already given, there need be no difficulty in learning others from analogy.

In fastening the leaves and flowers upon the objects you intend to ornament, always endeavor to conceal the fastening as much as possible, using gimp tacks for the leaves, tendrils, etc. When a flower is to be put on, use a brad or nail without a head, and drive it down through the centre of the flower among the stamens; this plan will insure the most entire satisfaction and durability, as it will be impossible for dampness or other causes to loosen them from their places.

For a pair of brackets we would recommend that one should be ornamented with a design of oak leaves and acorns, and the other with ivy leaves and berries, or a convolvulus wreath. For cornices there is nothing more effective than grape leaves, clusters, and tendrils, and, if preferred, the whole design may be finished in black and gilt, the leaves being well varnished first with black japan, and, when dry, the grapes and tendrils first coated with shellac, then, when this is dry, with gold size, applied with a camel's-hair brush; then, when just dry enough to be sticky, the gold-leaf should be laid on with a gilder's tip. A coat of mastic varnish over all will preserve the gilding and give a fine polish.

A pretty effect may be given to a wreath of oak leaves by coloring it to represent autumnal tints. The colors are to be used sparingly, first painting with green, and then touching in with vermilion, and shading with sienna; either oil-colors in tubes, or powder-colors mixed with a little gum-arabic or white of egg, will answer.

Always endeavor to suit the size of your design to the dimensions of the article in hand. A grape design the size of nature would look very coarse on a small bracket or book-rack; so a neat and miniature design would be lost on a cornice, or other large or elevated piece of furniture.

THE SILVER TOKEN.

"THERE, Tina!"

Mr. Bruce Medway triumphantly held up two semicircles of silver in the air, so that they might be sure to make a sufficient impression on Ernestine Cady's blue eyes, and smiled with the exultant satisfaction of one who feels that he has accomplished his mission!

He was a bright, earnest-looking young fellow, with gray-brown eyes and a square, firm mouth —not handsome, but very manly; and as he sat there on the green wood-land bank, with the hair thrown back from his broad forehead, and the sunshine mirrored in his eyes, you felt instinctively that he was one who would make his way in the world, no matter what obstacles might intervene.

Ernestine Cady stood leaning against the gnarled, mossy trunk of an immense chestnut-tree, with her little feet half buried in plumes of nodding, fragrant ferns—a rural picture in blue muslin and fluttering azure ribbons. She was very pretty, with the delicate bloom and freshness of a flower—a flower that winds and frosts have never touched.

"Didn't I tell you I should do it, Tina?"

Ernestine took up the little file that lay on the bank.

"I thought it an impossible task with such an implement as *that!*"

"Nothing is impossible," returned Bruce, sententiously, as he passed a bit of narrow blue ribbon through a hole in the broken piece of silver.

"Will you let me tie it round your neck, Tina?"

"What for?" But she stooped her pretty head as she spoke, and let him tie the knot beneath a cataract of pale gold curls.

"And I shall wear the other next my heart. They are amulets, Tina—charms, if you choose so to phrase it! That silver piece carries my allegiance with it. Tina, if ever any cloud comes between us—if ever we are separated—"

"Bruce!"

"Such things *have* happened, dearest; but, nevertheless, in any event, this broken coin shall be a token and a summons to me, wherever I may be—whatever Fate may have in store. Don't look so grave, my little bluebird. Is it so very wrong to mingle a bit of romance in our everyday life? Where are your flowers?—it is time we were returning."

Through the green shifting shadows of the woods, with blood-red streams of sunset light rippling along at their feet, and delicious odors of moss and fern and hidden flowers rising up around, the two lovers walked homeward. Bruce Medway never forgot the brightness of that drowsy August afternoon.

"She will come—I am sure she will come!"

The dew lay like a rain of diamonds on grass and shrub, as Bruce walked up and down the little pathway by the hidden spring, watching the round red shield of the rising sun hanging above the eastern horizon. And then he looked at his watch.

"The train will be due in nine minutes. Surely Tina will not let me leave her without one reconciling word! If we could but live the last week over again! Hush! that must be her footstep on the moss."

He stepped forward, with a glad, flushed face, and then the chill whiteness of despair blenched every feature, as the bright-eyed little squirrel, whose tiny tread over leaves and acorn-cups had deceived him, glided swiftly across the belt of sunshine into emerald shadow. Bruce Medway

stood an instant with his brow contracted, and his arms folded on his breast. Was he bidding farewell to the bright summer that was past?

And the shriek of the coming train sounded through the blue purity of the air, and the last, little faint sparkle of hope in the lover's breast died out.

Tina had not come—Tina had forgotten him. Well, so let it be!

And what was Tina Cady doing in the fresh morning brightness?

She was very rosy and pretty in her trim calico dress, with pink ribbons at her throat, and a pink verbena hanging low in her golden coils of hair—very picturesque as she reached up her hand to break off a spray of spicy honey-suckle.

"I wonder if Mr. Bruce Medway has come to his senses yet," thought Tina, with a toss of her head. "*I* sha'n't measure my actions by the rule and plummet of his lordly will, I can assure him. If I want to flirt with Pierce Marbury I shall do it!"

"So you're up, eh, Tina? And as fresh as a rose, I declare!"

Tina put her red lips up to kiss her bluff old father in an abstracted sort of way. She hardly saw him as he stood there.

"Oh, by-the-way, Tina, I forgot to give you this note last night—it was left by the hotel porter. Really, I believe my memory isn't quite as good as it was."

Tina caught the note from her father's hand, and broke it open in fevered haste.

"The train leaves at seven!" She saw the words as vividly as if they had been written in characters of jagged fire, and as she read them the old clock half-way up the wide, old-fashioned staircase struck eight.

It was too late—too late!

The sharp thrill of agony at her heart was succeeded by a passionate feeling of resentment.

"Let him go!" she said to herself, while the red pennons fluttered on her cheek. "I would not lift a finger to keep him here!"

So, when Bruce Medway's earnest appealing letter came a day or two afterward Ernestine folded it quietly within a blank envelope, without breaking the seal, and sent it back.

Verily women are strange enigmas, even to themselves! Ernestine herself could scarcely have told why she kept the broken silver coin—but she kept it.

The short threatening October day was drawing to a close; the fiery belt across the western sky was flaming sullenly athwart the skeleton woods, and shedding a sort of aureole round Ernestine Cady's slender figure as she hurried on through the yellow, rustling drifts of fallen leaves, carrying the heavy basket on her arm.

Just as pretty as the rosy Tina of two years since, but paler, graver, and more sedate. Trouble had besieged the family, since their migration to the grand domains of the Far West. Tina had learned the serious part of life's lesson, and she had learned it well.

She lifted the latch of the rudely constructed log-house and entered, with assumed cheerfulness on her face.

"How are you now, father?"

"Better, I think. Come to the fire, Tina—you must be cold!"

"Not a bit. Has mother come back?"

"No; it's very strange she stays so long. I suppose Mrs. Ebbetts has a great deal to say, though. I don't wonder your mother is glad to get away from a sick-room for a while."

He spoke a little bitterly, and Tina winced as she listened, knowing that her mother had made an excuse of some neighborly errand to dispose in the nearest village of such poor little odds and ends of gold chains, pins, and rings as yet remained to their diminished estate. Was there any thing wrong in this pious fraud? Tina almost felt as if there was!

It was not pleasant to be poor!

"She will be home soon, father," said Tina. "Only see what a basketful of cranberries I have gathered out in the swamps! This will make the barrelful, and Mr. Signet has promised to send it to New York with his. Don't they look like red jewels, father? And the money will buy you a new coat."

He smiled faintly.

"I think it had better buy my little girl a new dress. Shall I help you to pick them over?"

"I had rather do it by myself, father, and you must try to sleep a while."

Half an hour later Tina came through the room, with a scarlet shawl thrown over her head, and a wistful, scared look in her eyes.

"You are not going out again, my child?"

"Only up to the cranberry swamp, father; it isn't dark yet; I—I have lost something."

"A ribbon or a collar, I suppose," said Mr. Cady to himself, as he lay watching the crimson glare of the October sunset; while Tina, putting aside low tangled bushes, and searching bits of rank, swampy grass, was repeating to herself, in quick nervous words,

"How could I lose it? Oh, how could I be so careless!"

But the search was all in vain; and the chill twilight sent her home, dispirited and unsuccessful. And Ernestine Cady cried herself to sleep that night, just because she had lost the broken silver coin!

"You'll be sure to come, Mr. Medway? I want to introduce the successful author to my friends. You are to be my lion. You will come?"

"Yes, I will come, if you wish it!"

Bruce Medway went dreamily on his way, and Mrs. Lyman whispered to one of her fashionable friends that "she was quite sure Mr. Medway had been crossed in love—he was so deliciously melancholy!"

The table was superbly spread—Mrs. Lyman's dinners were always *comme il faut*—and, through the sparkle of cut glass and translucent glow of painted china, you saw baskets and épergnes and pyramidal bouquets of magnificent hot-house flowers. As one of the Beau Brummels of the day had said, "It was like looking at a beautiful picture to dine with Mrs. Lyman."

The dessert was in its first stages, when the pretty hostess leaned coaxingly across to Mr. Medway.

"Do try some of these little cranberry pâtés, Mr. Medway; I have just received a barrel of the most delightful cranberries from my dear old Uncle Signet, in Iowa."

Bruce was idly striking his fork into the little crimson circlets, quite unconscious of what he was eating.

"Yes, they are very nice," he said, mechanically. And then he bent down to see what bit of extraneous white element was glimmering through the ruby translucency.

Only a broken silver coin!

He took it out and looked at it, the familiar date and die, all unconscious of the buzz of voices and ring of idle laughter all round him—looked at it with a vague superstitious thrill stealing over all his nature—and he could almost hear his pulses beat under the soft pressure of the other half of this silver piece, for he still wore it next his heart!

"From Iowa, did you say, Mrs. Lyman?"

"From my uncle, Squire Signet, who lives in the Far West."

"What part of Iowa is it that—that produces such a harvest of cranberries?"

"Datersville, I believe, near the Owasca River." And then the conversation branched off into some different channel. Bruce Medway had found out all that he wished to ascertain on that one occasion.

"A token and a summons to him, wherever he might be!" Bruce remembered the words he had spoken two years ago, and his loyal heart gave a great leap as the memory flooded it with warmth and brightness.

"Cranberries?—yes—*I* remember 'em," said old Squire Signet, biting the end of his cedar pencil. "Crop was uncommon good this fall; old Cady's darter brought 'em here to sell by the peck."

To sell! Bruce began for the first time to appreciate the tides of trouble that had eddied round the serene little islet of Ernestine's heart.

"Where do they live—Mr. Cady's family, I mean?"

"See that ar' old blasted pine down in the holler? Well, just beyond there a road leads down past Cady's. Won't stop a little longer? Well, good-evenin', Squire!"

And Bruce Medway walked down through the orange twilight to where the skeleton arm of the blasted pine seemed to point to the light in a far-off window—walked to meet the dearest treasure of his heart!

Through the uncurtained panes he could see the tiny room all bright and ruddy with cheery fire-light; the slender drooping figure sitting alone on the hearth-stone with its golden shine of hair and the thoughtful bend of its neck. And he opened the door softly and went in.

"Tina!"

She put back her hair with both hands, and looked at him as if she fancied herself under the delusion of some spell.

"You summoned me, and I have come. Tina, my love, shall the old times return to us once more? Shall we be all the world to each other once again?"

It was full nine o'clock by the silver-studded time-piece of the stars before Bruce Medway rose to take his departure.

"But tell me one thing, Bruce," said Ernestine, laying her hand lightly on his, as they stood protracting their lover-like adieux on the door-stone in the frigid moonlight, "what did you mean when you said I had summoned you?"

He drew a little box from his breast-pocket, and smilingly held up a bit of silver.

"And I wear its mate close to my heart, Tina!"

"Bruce—surely that is not *my* half of the coin?"

"It *was* your half, Tina."

"And where did you find it?"

"One of these days I will tell you, dear—not in a very romantic juxtaposition, however. You remember what I said to you when we divided the silver piece between us?"

As if Tina had forgotten one word or syllable of those old days!

The iron hand of time has swept away all those tokens of lang syne now. Mr. Medway is a middle-aged, bald-headed member of society, and Mrs. Medway has white hairs mixed in the golden brightness of her braids; but she keeps the worn bit of silver and its sweet associations still, and believes most firmly in true-love and romance.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE Fourth of July forces every body to think about fire-works whether they will or not. It is wonderful what an immense amount of torpedoes, fire-crackers, rockets, Roman candles, fire-showers, and the like—to say nothing of complicated exhibition-pieces—are every year consumed in this country. The manufacture and sale of fire-works in America has quadrupled within the past ten years, and probably exceeds that in all the European States. It is said that the largest manufactories in the world are in the vicinity of New York city. In Williamsburg, Jersey City, and Greenville there are three great manufactories, whose agencies are located in New York—those of Mr. Hadfield, the Messrs. Edge, and Mr. Lilliendahl. Mr. Hadfield long ago gained great celebrity, and now carries on an immense business, which at present is chiefly confined to the production of general fire-works. It is stated that for the present season his sale of torpedoes has been between seventy and eighty thousand boxes, each box containing one thousand separate pellets; and over twenty thousand boxes of fire-crackers, each box containing forty packages! How much these figures may be increased before Young America has exhausted all its patriotism on the glorious Fourth it is quite impossible to tell. The manufacture of exhibition-pieces is a specialty of the Messrs. Edge; and although these often appear to be exceedingly complicated, the principles upon which they are constructed are very simple. A visit to the laboratory where these fire novelties are made is exceedingly interesting and wonderful. The manufactory of Mr. Lilliendahl is also mostly devoted to the fabrication of stock exhibition-pieces.

A very touching incident recently occurred in a street car in Chicago. The car was crowded. Many were standing; among them an old man of perhaps seventy, whose appearance indicated great weariness. There were strong men sitting on either side; there were young men and boys; but no one offered the old man a seat. Presently a young and beautiful woman rose, and, with a winning smile, offered him her seat. He seemed bewildered, and refused; but she insisted with so much earnestness that he finally settled himself into her seat while she took the place where he had stood. This proceeding created such a sensation that the conductor pulled the bell and kindly inquired if any body wanted to get out. A fat old gentleman, whose eyesight was rather dim, deliberately took out his spectacles, and having wiped them carefully, put them on his nose, and said: "Wonderful! wonderful! wonderful!" No less than four gentlemen sprang from their seats at the same moment, and offered them to the lady; but she politely declined. After the lady had left the car one gentleman remarked that he had never seen the like in his life, and that in all probability she was insane. Another said she was no doubt a stranger in Chicago. The conductor was interrogated as to whether she was a frequent passenger in the cars. He replied that she was not—that nothing of the kind had ever before occurred in the course of his experience as a conductor. A youthful dandy, who had a seat next the lady, said, with a twirl of his mustache, that it was "an awkward position for a man to be placed in," but he has spent his time since the event in riding up and down in the same car, and has offered his seat to no less than fifty-four elderly gentlemen. He has likewise invoked the muses in a poetical effusion of seventy-two stanzas "to the beautiful young woman," which he proposes to publish.

If you propose going any where with a trunk this season be wise betimes, and get the strongest you can purchase, and have it well corded or strapped. Otherwise you may be overwhelmed with grief at the sight of your beautiful Saratoga smashed to splinters, and your delicate wardrobe crushed and ruined and exposed to the merciless gaze of a railroad station crowd. Baggagemen, expressmen, hackmen, and all who have any thing to do with a traveling trunk seem to take a horrible delight in throwing, dropping, dragging, and smashing in a general way every piece of baggage which has the misfortune to fall into their hands. All in vain your anxious looks, and even entreaties are useless, the banging sounds fall painfully upon your ear; and if by any unfortunate chance your last "love of a bonnet" is in the vicinity of your bottle of hair oil you may be sure they will come into most destructive contact.

An account is given in the Paris *Figaro* of a trick which is played on ladies by a certain shop-keeper. The sidewalk in front of the shop is narrow; suddenly the passing lady hears her dress tear—*rip! rip!* She does not know it, but those nails have been placed all along the street on purpose. At once a young shop-girl rushes out—pities the distressed lady, and offers to mend the tear if she will step in. She steps in, and while waiting they open twenty boxes—flowers—ribbons—bonnets. There is a great fuss made, while a voice keeps crying aloud: "Don't forget that Madame the Countess expects her head-dress this evening. Has any body carried her hat to the Princess ——?" In short, the victim is overwhelmed, the dress is sewed up, and she buys a bonnet.

In certain sections of England the authorities have decided, though somewhat unwillingly, that women have a right to vote. It appears that an act has been discovered for shortening the language used in acts of Parliament, which provides that, "in all acts, words importing the masculine gender shall be deemed and taken to include females, unless the contrary as to gender is expressly provided." It is asserted that in jurisprudence and in statute law, the word "man" means human being without reference to sex; and that the new act, in describing those to whom it gives the franchise, uses the words "any man," instead of "every male person." Therefore a claim has been made on this ground, and moreover the petition in favor of woman suffrage has received a large number of signatures, many of which are of ladies of high social position.

A sprightly journal discusses the grave question whether women shall be employed as telegraph operators, and comes to the conclusion that, inasmuch as women are employed on many lines and in considerable numbers; as these numbers are increasing; as it is notoriously difficult to drive women out of any business where they have ever effected a lodgment; as telegraph companies will employ women, and as it has been found impossible to persuade *all* the men practicing the profession to unite in a strike against the women—it is the best, on the whole, for men to give up the battle, and try to oust women by working better than they do.

During this delightful summer weather croquet is flourishing in London, and pretty nearly every day there are parties in many of the London squares. The arrangements on these occasions are that the games go on from about four to seven in the afternoon, and that in the house of the giver of the entertainment light refreshments, such as tea, coffee, claret, strawberries and cream, ices, bread and butter, and cakes, are laid out in the dining-room, so that those who like may go in and partake of them. It is astonishing what a number of afternoon parties are given every day now in London. At some of them the guests are treated to a little good music, but most of them are mere receptions, where people are continually coming and going, with nothing but each other's society to amuse them, and only tea and ices by way of refreshments.

The Empress Eugénie had two interesting private audiences at the Tuileries, a few days previous to her trip to Rouen, one with Madame de Miramon, the widow of the General who was shot by Maximilian's side at Queretaro. The Empress's reception of the unfortunate lady was full of kindness and sympathy. When Madame de Miramon had left her, the Empress assigned her a pension of six thousand francs from her private purse. The Empress's next visitor was a very small one, a little Arab girl, named Aïsha, who, during the late famine and horrible distress in Algeria, was found abandoned and dying of hunger on a road by a French lieutenant, who brought her to Paris, where she has been adopted by the young officer's family. Aïsha has not only found a home, but has marched straight into the hearts of her new relations. The Empress had heard her story, and asked to see her; so she made her entry at the Tuileries, and the Empress was delighted with her. The child sang some little Arab songs, and before she left the palace had won a new protectress.

Writing is a curious art as practiced by the Hindoos. They may be often seen walking along their native streets writing a letter. An iron style and a palm leaf are the implements. In writing neither chair nor table is needed, the leaf being supported on the middle finger of the left hand and kept steady with the thumb and forefinger. The right hand does not, as with us, move along the surface, but, after finishing a few words, the writer fixes the point of the iron in the last letter, and pushes the leaf from right to left, so that he may finish the line. The characters are rendered legible by besmearing the leaf with an ink-like fluid. A letter is generally finished on a single leaf, which is then enveloped in a second, whereupon is the address.

Children's Dresses.

See illustration on page 600.

Fig. 1.—Little girl's dress of yellow nankeen or piqué. All the breadths of the skirt are gored, and elaborately trimmed half-way up with embroidery and buttons, which simulate tabs bordering each breadth. Round, low-necked corsage, trimmed in front with the same embroidery. Short sleeves, trimmed to match, and finished with a nankeen bow on the shoulder. Belt in the same style. Pearl-gray straw-hat, encircled with a wreath of small flowers, confined by a li..le feather. Bow and ends at the back, falling over the curls.

Fig. 2.—Girl from ten to twelve years old. White alpaca dress, trimmed round the bottom with two flounces of pink silk, surmounted with two bias folds of the same color. Low-necked corsage, edged with a ruche of pink silk, with sleeves to match. Marie Antoinette mantelet, of white alpaca, edged with a pink silk flounce, with rounded ends that cross in front and are tied behind and left to fall upon the skirt. The long hair is crêped and floats loosely behind, while it is rolled off the temples and tied on the crown of the head with a bow and ends of pink ribbon. White straw toquet, with a rose and a pheasant's wing. Yellow kid boots, with patent leather tips, and black buttons and tassels.

Fig. 3.—Boy from eight to twelve years old. Suit of buff jean. Short trowsers, coming just below the knee, and slightly puffed. Single-breasted vest buttoning to the throat. Jacket with pockets, bound and trimmed with black galloon and braid. Turned-down collar and black cravat. Kid boots.

Fig. 4.—Child two years old. English blouse of white piqué, cut in the Princesse style, with the waist and skirt in one piece. The seams under the arm are gored, and the waist is formed in front and back by three broad pleats covered with embroidered tabs, which begin at the neck and run half-way down the skirt. Very short sleeves, leaving the arm bare. The bottom of the skirt is likewise richly embroidered. White stockings and slippers. Tuscan straw-hat, bound with blue silk and trimmed with a white feather confined by a blue bow.

Fig. 5.—Country dress for girl from six to seven years old, composed of a blue merino under-skirt, or simply of a strip of blue merino sewed in the bottom of a percale skirt, and a tunic composed of rounded lappets, of pearl-gray cashmere, trimmed with small black silk buttons and galloon or satin folds. Tuscan straw-hat, trimmed with a long wreath of daisies.

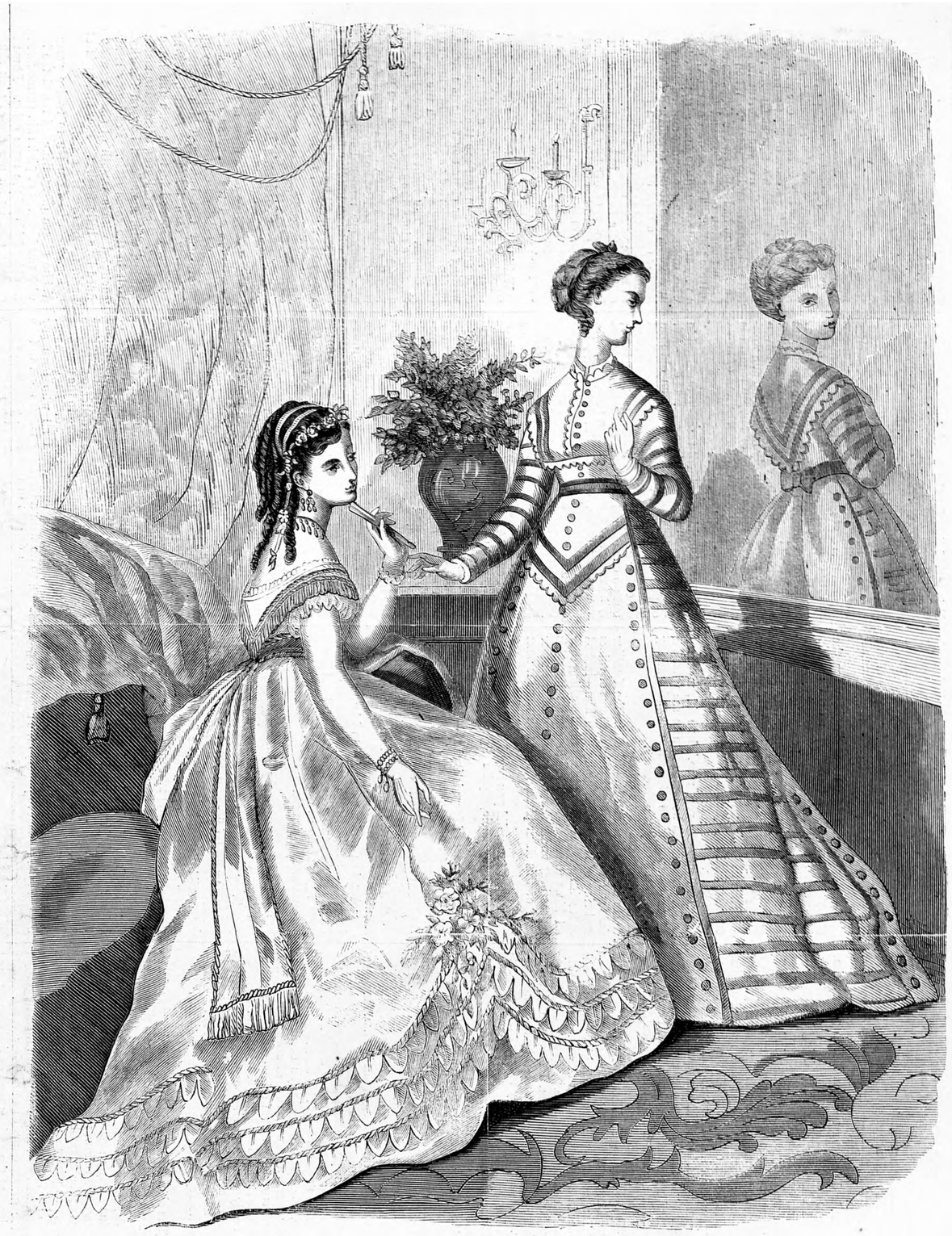
Ball and Dinner Dresses.

See illustration on page 600.

Fig. 1.—Ball dress, composed of a satin under-skirt, covered with a tarlatan skirt, trimmed with satin folds. The bottom of this skirt is ornamented with three rows of white satin points, headed with gold cord. Low corsage, over which a Marie Antoinette fichu crosses in front, and terminates behind in a sash. This fichu is edged with satin folds and gold fringe. Bouquet of eglantine on the sides of the skirt, and bandeau of the same flowers on the head, accompanied with gold cord forming bandelettes.

Fig. 2.—Dinner dress of blue silk. Skirt flat in front and gathered behind, and ornamented on the sides with a ladder trimming made of bias folds of satin of a deeper shade of blue than the dress, set within a row of large blue satin buttons. The same buttons trim the front of the corsage and skirt. A pointed basque is traced on the front of the skirt by a row of festoons and folds. The same ornament simulates a square bertha on the front of the waist, and a pointed fichu on the back. The belt, bound with satin, forms a sash which is tied behind. Close sleeves, banded through the whole length with blue satin. Blue satin bands in the hair.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.—[See Page 599.]



BALL AND DINNER DRESSES.—[See Page 599.]

DEATH OF RAPHAEL.—[See Page 602.]

THE DEATH OF RAPHAEL.

WE give on page 601 a fine illustration of the death of Raphael Sanzio, the world-renowned artist, which is best described by the graphic letter which an eye-witness of the scene, the Cardinal Bibbiena, the Papal Legate to France in the time of François I., wrote to his niece, Maria di Bibbiena, to whom Raphael was betrothed, immediately after the mournful event. Raphael died on Good Friday, April 7, 1520, at the early age of thirty-seven. By a somewhat singular coincidence, he was also born on Good Friday, March 28, 1483. In these few years he had filled Europe with marvels of painting, and won for himself undying fame. His most celebrated works are his cartoons and his marvelous Madonnas, chief among which ranks the Madonna di San Sisto, now in the Dresden Gallery.

"As I entered," says Cardinal Bibbiena, "he held in his hand a few spring flowers, which he let fall as I handed him the rosary. He pressed the cross to his lips, and whispered 'Maria.' His voice had a peculiar sound, clear, but so low as to be scarcely audible. In the sick-room I found Count Baldassare Castiglione, the good fathers Antonio and Domenico, the painter Giulio, and others. They had moved his couch to the window, which stood wide open. Was it the effect of the softening light or of the near triumph? Raphael had never appeared more beautiful. His complexion was more roseate, and his thoughtful, brown artist-eyes larger and more luminous than usual.

"I told him what his Holiness had requested me to say. 'And so, dear Raphael,' I concluded, 'may the sympathy which the highest as well as the lowest feels for you have power to keep you long with us!'

"He smiled sadly.

"'You will! you must!' broke in Castiglione. 'Think what a longing for art your attainments have awakened in us. Think of your favorite plan to rebuild classical Rome, with its marble palaces and temples, its triumphal arches and picture-galleries!'

"'Yes, I desired it,' replied he; 'and if God had granted me longer life I should have succeeded.'

"'Do you still speak,' said I, with light reproach, 'as if you would never recover?'

"'Oh, father,' said he, 'the separation is not easy for me. If I could describe to you the longing which I have to retain the departing day! How my heart cherished the last ray of the sun that lingered on the hill! How beautiful is the world, how beautiful the faces of men! And now to take leave of them forever—to sleep without hope of seeing the morrow!'

"'Beloved,' said I, 'do not forget that to-day the Saviour died, that we might throw off this mortal life and put on immortality.'

"'How could I forget Him from whom I have every thing?' he answered, softly. 'But even this mortal life was beautiful.'

"There was a moment's silence. Castiglione had taken Raphael's hand. Raphael was looking through the open window at the distant hills that were lit up with the soft glow of the setting sun. Then his glance wandered, evidently in the direction of his thoughts, to the blue heavens, where the evening-star looked down quietly like a messenger from the other world.

"'I shall see Dante,' he said, suddenly.

"At this moment one of those present took the cover from Raphael's last picture, which hung on the wall opposite the couch. It is, as you know, an altar-piece — the 'Transfiguration.' The sight of the immortal work, the dying master, the subject of the picture, and all the remembrances associated therewith, overpowered us, and we wept aloud.

"His features began to change quickly; he spoke still, but wearily and without connection, though in significant phrases. Twice we heard those words of Plato: 'Great is the hope and beautiful the prize!' He mentioned your name, too, and begged that you would lay your hand on his head.....The painter Giulio threw himself on the couch, and wept in agony. I asked the others to kneel with me and to pray for the dying.

"Once again Raphael revived, and, supported by two friends, arose and looked around with wide-open eyes. 'Whence comes the sunshine?' murmured he.

"'Raphael,' cried I, and extended both hands toward him, 'do you recognize me?'

"For a moment it seemed as if he had not heard me, then he spoke again, and the holy calm of his expression, in spite of the death-struggle, bore testimony to his words, 'Happy....'

"He did not speak again, but it was full night when a voice broke through the long stillness: 'Raphael is dead!'"

FRUIT.

I THINK the morning is the best time for fruit; I am not quite sure, though. The afternoon is good. But I don't recommend fruit with the dew on it. Let the fruit *get its own breakfast* before you eat it yourself. It breakfasts on early sunshine and dew. It takes these good things in, and smiles upon itself and the world, just as you do half an hour after a pleasant breakfast. Eat it while it is in this humor, by no means in the raw and early morning; thus you have the young freshness and virgin flavor of the fruit. It has another character later in the day, when it is filled with sunshine; then, I think, it is sweeter. It does not express, perhaps, the same exquisite accuracy of characteristic flavor, but its capacity for richness is then at its fullest stretch. Its pulp is not less juicy, though it is more general than special in its character; and, moreover, it impresses you with a sense of the contrast between the dry, weary air of the day and the reserve of freshness latent in the hanging plum.

DOLORES DYING.

When all these hours, oh love, of ours,
Their fragrant memories shedding,
Live only so—and into flowers,
Beneath your sombre treading,
Many a time my dust has burst,
Still some cheer round you spreading—
When at the end, your lips, athirst,
Old words are fondly shredding—
One spirit then o'er heaven's far wall
Shall wait the vital thrill,
Lean, lean to hear rise sphere o'er sphere
—Dear Heart, I love you still!

Though high the choirs should strike their lyres,
Though holy wings came flocking,
My song would lose its solemn fires,
My heart make heaven seem rocking,
Were I within the eternal gate
And you without were knocking—
Nor could I for the angel wait,
But be myself unlocking.
How may I know if it be you?
What makes me start and thrill?
Clear shall I hear from sphere o'er sphere
—Dear Heart, I love you still!

My own, be sure that you endure
Through all the years' besetting!
Oh Time, be powerless to allure;
Oh Fate, prevent forgetting!
Beneath your length of days, dear, keep
One tender, sweet regretting;
And sometimes let a wild pulse leap,
And all my way be setting.
So when the last breath leaves your lips,
I wait, I bend, I thrill,
Clear let me hear from sphere o'er sphere
—Dear Heart, I love you still!

POLLY'S ONE OFFER.

IN SIX CHAPTERS

CHAPTER I.

"I'M not wishing to complain; but it *is* a hard life to be left a widow with children, and nothing certain to bring 'em up to. I hope my girls will never marry to be left as I was. Poor James didn't expect it; and I'm sure I looked for something very different, or I should have thought twice before I'd plunged into such troubles. A family comes before you've time to turn round, and nobody would believe the wear and tear of boys but them that have them—not that girls are not a terrible anxiety too. And it isn't so much when they're little—when they're little, after you've put 'em to bed, you know they are safe and out of mischief, and there is peace in the house; it is when they're getting up your real troubles begin. Jack is no sooner off my hands than there's Polly to think of—poor little Polly that was seventeen yesterday, and was only a baby when her father died—there she sits!" and as she concluded, Mrs. Curtis raised her right hand and let it drop heavily into her lap again, and groaned as if Polly were engaged in the commission of some moral enormity past expression in words.

The stout old lady, Mrs. Sanders, to whom the widow was pouring out her injuries at the hands of Providence, groaned responsive, and looked at Polly with a slow shake of the head, which seemed to imply that her case was bad as bad could be. "Thank the Lord, I never had no children," said she, with solemn gratitude; "they'd have killed me outright. Sanders is quite enough by himself! Nobody knows but them that has 'em to put up with the cur'ous ways of men. Take warning by your mother and me, Polly, and never you go to marry, to be dragged to death with children, and made a slave of by a husband as won't let you have a sixpence in your pocket, and him that extravagant with his clubs, and his committees, and his nonsense, that I should never be surprised if we was in the *Gazette* next week."

Polly's rosy little dewy face laughed all over, and she cried, gayly: "That I won't, Mrs. Sanders; you and my mother are a perfect antidote to the romance of family affection. If ever I feel tempted to fall in love, I'll remember you, and be saved the folly."

"Folly, indeed, and worse than folly!" ejaculated Mrs. Curtis, and stared wearily into the fire.

She deserved to be weary. Mrs. Sanders had come in at three o'clock out of the November fog; it was now five and quite dusk in the little drawing-room, and not one cheerful word had either attempted to say to the other. Polly would have run out of hearing of their monotony long since, but there was no other fire to escape to except Biddy's in the kitchen, which was not "redd up" till tea-time; so she had fallen back on the patience of a contented heart and sweet temper, and her precious faculty of mental abstraction, which she had cultivated to a high degree in her mother's society. And a very wise measure, too, for though Mrs. Curtis bemoaned her widowed lot without ceasing, Polly well knew that her griefs were fictitious now, and that she enjoyed nothing so much as a good, uninterrupted wail with vulgar old Mrs. Sanders. In fact, all her real cares had been taken off her shoulders by other people as fast as they arose, and on this particular November afternoon she was so much at a loss for a grievance that she could only recur to the event of seventeen years ago, when a beneficent Providence had relieved her of a husband, of whom, during his lifetime, she had never spoken save as a "trying" man. Jane, the eldest daughter, and the eldest of the family, had assumed its headship immediately on her father's vacating it, and had, by her teaching of music and singing, earned its daily bread since she was as young as Polly was now. Uncle Walter had taken James and Tom from the grammar-school successively, after helping to maintain them there until they were of an age to go into training for physic and divinity, the expense of which training he bore with the assistance of Uncle Everard; then Uncle Everard's wife, who had no girls of her own, had adopted Lily, the second daughter, from quite a little thing, and had brought her up with every luxury and indulgence of a rich man's child; and, lastly, Uncle Robert, who was a civil engineer, had just taken Jack into his house and office, with the understanding that he would provide for him entirely if his conduct was satisfactory. The worst of this was, as Jane said, that they could never be one house again; but her mother, who had no sentiment, protested that it did not matter if they were in the way of promotion in the world: large families must scatter, and all she wanted was to see them get on, and be independent, and not subject to poverty as *she* had been. Jane acquiesced in the necessity for the boys, and only hoped they might keep little Polly at home, for little Polly was her pet, her heart's darling and delight from the day of her birth until now that she was a sweet, blooming, blushing little woman.

But little Polly, for a wonder, had a fancy for getting away from the dull suburban cottage whence the boys were now all gone for good, and had lately proclaimed her own intention to go out as a governess, and not continue a burden on Jane.

"A burden!" echoed Jane. "Why, Polly, you are my only joy."

"But you will not have to work so hard when I can help mother from my salary, and I don't at all dislike the idea of going out as some girls do. I'm not afraid," said Polly, with the brightest brave look on her bonnie face.

"But I dislike the idea for you," said Jane, and did not drop her opposition even when Mrs. Curtis interposed with the remark that Polly was very sensible, and, for any thing she should do to hinder it, might have her own way. She had much better go for a governess than stop at home to be picked up and married by somebody who would die and leave her with a dozen children to fend for, and nothing to put in their mouths.

Polly laughed. "Don't be anxious, mammy dear; catch me marrying after listening to you and Mrs. Sanders for all these years! I should as soon think of jumping into the canal!"

"Hush, Polly; don't be silly," said Jane. "What do you know about it? All men don't die like papa, and all women are not such bad wives as Mrs. Sanders—yes, I call her a bad wife—always speaking ill of her husband, who is no worse than other people's."

"Then how disagreeable other people's must be!" retorted Polly, naughtily.

Jane shook her head at her reprovingly, and the subject dropped for the moment. But it was to this whim of Polly's that Mrs. Curtis was referring when she told her favorite gossip that no sooner was Jack off her hands than there was Polly to think of—as if the anxiety would be hers. She was not an unkind mother, but she had no desire to keep her children at home, and it was her evident willingness to part with Polly, who had never given her a day's pain since she was born, that had most to do with Polly's determination to go. She was a clever little creature, and had been well educated; kisses, caresses, indulgences, had never been in her way, and she felt no need of them. The atmosphere of home was too cold for the development of affectionateness. Jane had wisely ordained that she should be trained to be serviceable, but she had not intended that her pet sister should work like herself while she could work for her; and she was thoroughly dismayed when she heard the little thing declare that she meant to use the weapons of independence that had been put into her hands, to keep herself, and help her mother. Jane had never been otherwise than rather plain, and when, at twenty, Dr. Shore proposed to her, her mother and every body else had said that it was so clearly her duty to stay at home and assist in bringing up the younger children, that she had abandoned all hope of having a life of her own, and had applied herself to extending and strengthening her musical connection, which was already yielding her a nice little income. We may suppose that her affections had not been very deeply engaged, though often afterward, when tired and jaded with a long day's work, she used to think that if the fates had been propitious she could have been very happy as Dr. Shore's wife. He had married then, and there was no place of repentance left her, and she kept her regrets to herself; but it was one of her chief pleasures of imagination to throne Polly in some good man's love, and bless them with children to whom she was to be a fairy godmother and special providence; for Polly was very sweet and pretty, a round, rosy, soft, dimpled little creature, whom it was quite a temptation to kind people to fondle and be tender to.

But Polly, too sensible, too practical mite that she was, did not care for their fondling, and made a mock at their tenderness. She prided herself on her strength of mind and her capability, and was quite in earnest to prove them. As for being pretty, and having eyes like golden sirup and a complexion of milk and roses, what did it matter? She had brains, too, and would make quite as good a governess as ugly girls; and she would a great deal rather be Jane with money of her own, and free and independent, than be dragged to death with children like her mother, or have shillings doled out to her one by one for housekeeping, like Mrs. Sanders. As for falling in love, people didn't all fall in love, and she was not going to fall in love! Jane might trust her for that—she was not an idiot; and she should take good care to nip any sentiment of that sort in the bud.

While Polly was still at home her mother had shown her that process of nipping sentiment in the bud; and though Polly spoke of it thus airily when she wanted to reassure Jane, she had manifested some temper at the time of the actual occurrence. It was on this wise: A school-fellow of her brother Tom, who had been at Heidelberg University for a couple of years, came back to Norminster and called on Mrs. Curtis. Tom had left home then, but Walter Scott nevertheless called again, and after the second visit, when he had seen Polly, and heard her and Jane sing, he sent some German music that he had copied with his own hand, and a nice little note addressed to Polly. Mrs. Curtis pursed up her mouth as Polly's expanded in a pleased and rosy smile, and said: "That music must be returned, Polly."

Polly's countenance was solemnized in a moment, and her clear brown eyes sparkled as she asked, briefly, "Why?"

"Because I say so. I know what I am about and what I mean, Polly."

"Wait till Jane comes in; it is nothing to make a fuss about."

"Do what I bid you, and do it at once. Tie up the music again, and write a civil note to say that you never accept presents."

"This music has not cost him sixpence—only his trouble," said Polly, still reluctant. "Jane will be vexed."

Mrs. Curtis frowned a brief repetition of her command (she did not want for will, and usually had her own way), and then Polly obeyed—presenting "her compliments and thanks to Mr. Walter Scott; but her mother did not allow her to accept presents."

Jane fulfilled Polly's prediction of being vexed. She said sending poor Walter's music back was making much ado about nothing; musical people always gave each other music, and she would have liked to see it herself if it was new. She never did see it, however; for Walter took his rebuff seriously, and called no more on Mrs. Curtis and her daughters. It was after this incident that Polly mooted her longing for liberty; and though nobody suggested any connection between the two circumstances, they were connected. If young men had been all roaring lions and fiery dragons Mrs. Curtis could not have more obstinately shut her doors against them, or preached severer warnings of the danger of them to Polly in private. Two results ensued. Polly learned to think of young men as vanity and vexation, and of home as dull and cheerless; and then the idea occurred to her that if other girls worked, why should not she? "Why should not she?" echoed her mother; and after a very little discussion, her idea matured into a positive wish and desire to go out as a governess. Jane resisted until she saw that resistance was fruitless: then she gave in; and while Polly began to prepare her modest wardrobe for a start in the world, Jane inquired among the parents of her pupils for a suitable place where she might earn her first experiences mildly.

"I must have my evenings to improve myself, and I don't want to be treated as 'one of the family'—I'd rather not," Polly announced, full of her coming independence, and contemptuous of all half measures by which the change might be made easy to her. Jane bade her not expect to have every thing just as she liked in other people's houses; she must prepare to conform to their ways, and not expect them to conform one tittle to hers.

But Polly would take no discouragement; she was quite gay and valiant in her fashion of looking the world in the face, and she felt glad, absolutely glad, as if some great good fortune had befallen her, when, just before Christmas, after a long negotiation on paper and a personal interview, she was engaged as governess to the three children of Captain and Mrs. Stapylton, at a salary of twenty pounds the first year, rising five the second and third. The stipulation for evening leisure was agreed to, and Jane and every body else allowed that, since she *would* go out, it was as nice a beginning as she could have. Captain Stapylton was a military officer on half-pay, and warden of the royal forest of Lanswood; his wife was of a Norminster family, and if Polly staid with them three years (not less than three years), and used her opportunities as she ought, she would then be equal to a higher situation and a handsome salary—so, at least, reasoned Miss Mill, who, having been a governess and about in the world nearly half a century, of course knew all about it; and little Polly, listening to her delighted, felt her responsibility and assumed grave airs of being about a hundred years old, which tickled the fancy of some foolish people so excessively that they were more than ever inclined to treat her with affectionate disrespect. Jane said to Miss Mill that she was not cut out for a governess, and Miss Mill replied that any body could see that; but Polly had a lofty sense of her own dignity, and not the remotest idea of the temptation she was to silly kind folks; and thus she started on her career with clear-eyed, happy-hearted confidence, brave and safe as Una with the lion, all the aim of her life being personal independence and ability to save Jane and help her mother.

CHAPTER II.

POLLY CURTIS was blessed in a dear school friend, three months her elder in experience of the world, with whom she kept up a brisk correspondence, nobody but themselves being able to imagine what they found to say in their long and frequent letters. To Margaret Livingstone, with all appropriate seriousness, she had confided every step in her progress toward liberty, and immediately her engagement with Mrs. Stapylton was concluded she wrote off to her a solemn statement of its conditions, winding up with the expression of a hope that she might be strengthened to do her duty in the station of life to which it had pleased Providence to call her, and a brief moral essay thereupon:

"You know, dear Maggie, I am not like you—a bird of the air, a lily of the field, created neither to toil nor spin—I am a brown working bee, and, thank God, I don't care for pomps and vanities. Rich girls can afford to dream of love and lovers, but I have pruned the wings of my fancy, for they are as far from me as the mount-

ains in the moon. All my ambition is to be a good governess, and if I can ever work myself up to a salary of a hundred a year, I shall be the proudest and happiest of women. Don't talk to me of marrying; it is not in my way; my mother never lets a day pass without warning me of its perils and disappointments. She prevented Jane marrying, and she would prevent me, if I wished it ever so; but I shall be safe from temptation in my school-room at the Warden House. If Lanswood is only eight miles from your home, could you not ride over and see me some day when the days are longer? I am busy getting my things ready, and I go the first week in February. There is something inspiriting in the thought that henceforth I shall be my own mistress, winning the bread I eat, and depending on no one. But I'll confess it to you (I would not for the world confess it to Jane) that now and then suddenly, when I think of it, my heart gives a spasm as if it were going to turn coward; but my head is not afraid, not a bit. We must make the most of our time in writing before I go, for I do not expect to have very much leisure when teaching begins. You will often think of me, dear Maggie, I know; but don't be sorry and pitiful over me. I am a tough little subject, and is not the back made for the burden? Besides, it is the will of God, etc., etc., etc."

At this point of Polly's letter, Maggie, who was a big-boned tall creature, with a great tender heart, broke down and began to cry. She could not bear to think of the pretty clever little darling she loved and worshiped so having to *work*, for work and self-dependence were unintelligible ideas to Maggie's indolent dreamy temper. She could not understand her dear Polly slaving like the teachers she had known; it seemed like setting a lark to plow. Boisterously in on her tears broke Bob, her brother, the man of the house, and heard all her complaint, and laughed at it, and then, to comfort her, suggested that Polly should be invited for a week to Blackthorn Grange before she went to Lanswood.

"Would you like her to come, Bob?" Maggie inquired, with eager wistfulness, as if a thought had sprung up in her mind full-grown.

"Yes, if she is pretty," said Bob, coolly.

"She is as pretty as pretty can be. But perhaps mother won't; she could not endure Laura's friend," sighed Maggie, and desponded again. She was, however, the youngest daughter of three, and, being fresh from school, some indulgence was due to her; and when her grief and its reason why were explained, Mrs. Livingstone consented to Polly's being asked for a week —not for longer—until she saw for herself what sort of a little body she was. Maggie wrote in exuberant joy and haste, putting the invitation into the most cordial glad words, and making every thing (with Bob's assistance) so smooth and easy on the way to the Grange and forward to the Warden House afterward, that there was no room for doubt or discussion, only for a plain Yes or No. Jane obtained that it should be Yes, and Polly dispatched the reply, in which her smiles and dimples and delight were soberly reflected, as became a young woman about to begin the world on her own account. Bob was permitted to read this letter of Polly's as a reward for his goodness; but by the time it came, it is sad to record that he was growing rather tired of her praises, which Maggie sang in the ears of the household all day.

"Plague take your Polly Curtis; you can talk of nothing else," cried Laura, whose friend had proved a failure, and this on the very morning of the day when Polly was to arrive; and Fanny, the other sister, who was very good-natured as a general thing, went so far as to add that she should not be sorry when Maggie's "governess friend" had been and gone.

And about half past four in the soft gray January twilight Polly came. Mrs. Livingstone, mindful of all courtesies, all hospitalities, met her in the porch, and brought her in with a kiss, and Laura and Fanny were very polite, notwithstanding their previous bit of temper; and Maggie, after turning her round ecstatically, and looking at her by fire-light and window-light, declared that she was just like herself, and her own dear darling little mite of a Polly, and what a horrid shame it was to make her a stupid old cross-patch of a governess!

"Maggie!" interposed her mother, with a world of rebuke in her voice.

"Polly does not care what I say, does she?" murmured Maggie, turning her round affectionately and peeping under her bonnet—girls wore cottage-bonnets in those days, which were like eaves over their modest faces.

"I like it," said Polly, and glanced round at the assembly with ineffable patronage and self-possession. She felt inexpressibly important; was she not here on an independent visit, previous to entering on an independent career of praiseworthy labor?

"Oh, you wee bit solemn goosey, come up stairs!" cried Maggie, and bore her off, dignity and all, to the room they were to share; and the mother and sisters left behind laughed gently, and said there was something very odd about the little creature, but she seemed nice—not much like a governess, however.

Polly's box had been carried up stairs before her, and Maggie watched the opening of it with much interest and curiosity.

"I want you to look your very bonniest," said she. "My mother takes the queerest fancies for and against people, and I want her to take a fancy to you. She could not bear Laura's friend, Maria Spinks, and she won't have her here again. She took to you at first sight from the way she kissed you—I know she did, and I'm so glad."

"I am pleased, too—I like to be liked," said Polly. "She is a very grand old lady, Maggie, you never told me."

"Bob is like her—the only one of us that is —he hasn't come home yet; he is out with the hounds to-day—the meet was at Ellerston Gap this morning, and—here is your old pink frock; put it on, Polly; you can't help looking bonnie in your pink."

"Must I? It was my last summer's best. It is too smart a color for me, now that I am a governess, but Jane said I might wear it out of evenings in the school-room. I have a new brown French merino for Sundays, and this old violet I traveled in for every day; and Jane gave me a new white muslin—not that there is any chance of my wanting such a thing, but she would insist on my having it—and white satin ribbon. I can wear all white, you know. Do you think it is prettily made, Maggie?"

"Oh, you sweet little witch, it's beautiful, and you'll be a fairy in it! You shall wear it to-night, and every body shall fall in love with you!" cried Maggie. But Polly, with intense decision, folded it up, and said that, indeed, she was not going to make a show of herself, not even to please her stupid old jewel of a Maggie.

"You never had any sense of the fitness of things, you precious old dear!" said she. "Picture me in white muslin and all the rest of you in thick dresses—this is only for a party or a concert, you know. I had better put on my new brown merino."

"I won't have you in brown—brown has nothing to do with my wee little rosy daisy," cried Maggie, and grown suddenly impatient of Polly's grave airs, she seized her, shook her, kissed her, never deranging her dignity, however, a hair's-breadth. Polly tolerated her caressing patiently and sweetly, it was Maggie's way; and when there was nobody to see, she did not object to her petting and spoiling—it pleased Maggie and did not hurt her—so she said with her admirable coolness, which Maggie was much too humble and adoring ever to resent.

Finally, Polly was arrayed in the pink dress with tucker and cuffs of fine lace, and her glossy brown hair tied round with a pink ribbon—as dainty a little lady as had ever stepped down the stairs of Blackthorn Grange in all the three hundred years since it had been built. It was a farm-house which the Livingstones had tenanted for three generations; but the old beauty of it, with its walled garden and mossy orchard, was still cherished, and the Livingstones, by virtue of descent, connection, and a small entailed estate in the family, ranked with the minor gentry and the clergy of their neighborhood. Polly, as she tripped along the hall, said she liked the house, and if she was Maggie, she should feel quite romantic, and proud of living in such a fine ancient place.

The parlor door was ajar, and Mrs. Livingstone overheard the cheerful young voice expressing a sentiment that pleased her. She held out a hand to welcome Polly again, and said: "So I thought when I arrived here after my marriage."

"The window on the stairs was a picture as we went up, with the moon rising and the red bars of sunset behind the great bare trees in the garden; what time of the year did you come?" said Polly, whose sympathy was very quick.

"It was a September evening, and the sky all aglow with scarlet and fire. I remember resting in that window-seat, my first rest in my new home; there was a fir-tree standing then that is gone now; but you are cold, child; sit here on this low stool and get warmed. Maggie, you should not have kept her up stairs so long."

"I never felt the cold until I saw the fire," said Polly, pleasantly, and deposited herself in the corner between Mrs. Livingstone and the fender, on the low stool as she was bidden, and then looked calmly about at the room and its occupants.

It was a large room, low, and with the beams of the ceiling visible; the wide window was crimson-curtained, and all the furniture was old and substantial, but there was neither decoration nor taste any where. The three sisters had not an ounce of taste among them, and when lilacs, gillyflowers, and roses were over in the garden, the big china bowl on the centre table stood empty, or served as a receptacle for waifs and strays escaped from careless hands and pockets. The sisters were in perfect accord with their unadorned surroundings; large, honest, healthy young women with a good and well-grounded opinion of themselves, and Maggie with just glimmering enough of sentiment besides to feel the charm of a friend like Polly, who was instinct with life and spirit, and a perfect contrast to herself. The inclination to protect and caress her little guest had evidently taken hold of Mrs. Livingstone as it did of so many other warm-hearted people; for twice or thrice, as Polly sat toasting in her corner, the house-mother took up one of her small hands and chafed it gently between her own, and Polly looked at her as she never had occasion to look at her own poor shrewish mother at home. Polly loved her mother, but mothers lose a great deal who keep their children at a distance: so thought Polly, thus introduced into the bosom of a family, all the members of which were fond of each other, and not afraid to show it.

They were talking rather noisily, and several of them together, when there was a bustle in the hall, a loud voice, a loud step, and then the opening of the door, at which appeared a tall young man in a scarlet coat and velvet cap who asked: "Well, hasn't she come?" not seeing the little figure in the corner half-hidden by his mother.

"Yes!" cried Maggie, "she is here; stand up, Polly, and say how d'ye do to Bob!"

Polly rose with extreme circumspection, and executed the frigid manœuvre that she had been laboriously instructed to perform when a gentleman was introduced, only she blushed with it, which was not in the dancing-school order. Bob brought his spurred heels together with a click, and imitated the bow preposterously—the blush was beyond him; but Polly's eyes were downcast, and she was spared the anguish of seeing her grave airs made fun of by this disrespectful person, whose mother admonished him to go away and make haste for dinner: it was late. Bob obeyed, with a comical grimace at Maggie, which she replied to with a half-laugh—rude, very rude; but there was something about that queer little Polly, turned precisian, that provoked it, and her utter unconsciousness of the effect she produced increased the humor of the joke.

When Bob came back to the parlor the servant was just announcing dinner, and the young man stepped briskly across the room to Polly, and bending unnecessarily low, offered her his arm with an exaggerated affectation of courtesy that wakened Maggie's alarm, and made her long to box his ears. But Polly took it with beautiful serenity, and kept step with him composedly, until he placed her by himself at table in the full light of the lamp—the loveliest little thing that had ever sat there since he was master, as he thought, glancing down at her with more serious approval. And it was capital to hear her talk. How he had expected to hear her talk goodness knows; but when she used the right words about a fox-hunt, and asked if they had had a good run to-day, and if he was in at the death, and who won the brush, it is impossible to say whether he was most amazed or enchanted by her wonderful cleverness—all the more wonderful in a creature so bewilderingly pretty and sweet.

She was new, too, quite new. Bob had never seen any body in the least like her. Girls usually pretended to be shy of him, partly from liking and a desire to attract, and partly from the reputation he had of being wild. Polly knew nothing about wildness. His mother and sisters adored him, the maid-servant smiled when he spoke, the dogs lay at his feet and were happy. He was no beauty, but he was a fine manly young fellow, and very popular in his neighborhood. To Polly he seemed a rather mature person—he was not far from thirty—and after the first blush the sense of her highly responsible position came to her aid, and re-established her in perfect calm. It was delicious to Bob to be looked innocently in the face by those soft brown eyes, and talked to without any sham airs and graces. A strain of jocular compliment was all that was usually required of him when he had a pretty girl at his elbow; but Polly was as good as a lesson in manners; she did not expect compliments, and he had the wit to see she would not like them. So he adopted her tone of conversation with seriousness, only relapsing into his original frame of mind twice or thrice for a moment, when her assumption of sageness and duty became too much for his sense of the ridiculous.

The formality and propriety of the party held out through dinner, but the instant Maggie got Polly into the parlor she seized her by the waist and whirled her round in a waltz. "Don't, Maggie," said Polly, but entered into the spirit of it all the same; and more, when Fanny good-naturedly opened the piano and offered to play for them, the music brought Bob, who composed himself in his arm-chair and looked on, until Maggie popped her partner down breathless on the sofa and herself by her.

"That will do; what a dust you have made!" said he, and Polly started and felt abashed at her inappropriate behavior. Yet a few minutes after Bob was making a dust himself, and learning the new step of Polly, which he knew perfectly; if his sisters had not worshiped him with fear, they would have told her that he was only doing it to tease her and amuse himself. He managed to be most skillfully stupid; a dozen times, at least, did Polly "put his feet in the way of it," as she said, and a dozen times did he fail to do it correctly. He suggested that perhaps if he did it with her he might succeed in keeping time; but Polly said, "No, let him try it with Maggie; she has a better height for him." He, however, did it worst of all with Maggie; and Polly, for the honor of her teaching, was prevailed on to take him in nand herself.

"But I don't expect you will be able to do it," said she, despairingly.

Fanny at the piano glanced over her shoulder laughing, and even Mrs. Livingstone watched with an amused smile while Bob redeemed his character. He knew how to hold his partner at all events, Polly thought at the start, and it was astonishing how fast he improved with her to keep him in step. In fact, he caught it up directly, though when Polly wished him to try it again with Maggie his awkwardness was, if possible, more conspicuous than before.

"This is very discouraging; of course I don't mean that you can help it," said Polly, in the most admirable tone of a patient teacher dealing with a dull but willing pupil.

The inconvenient Maggie burst out in a long-suppressed merry peal of laughter: "Oh, you dear little comical darling, Bob is only making fun; he can dance as well as any of us!" cried she.

Polly gazed up for half a minute with blank dismay at Bob, then joined in the laugh against herself, and said, "If you are that sort of a person, I shall take care how I give you a dancing-lesson again!"

VISITATIONS.

THE mind's great doors are opened wide sometimes,
And grand processions enter silent there,
Mount to the council chambers swept out fair
From all defilements and unholy slimes;
Then on the silence break ecstatic chimes
Which fill the soul with music! Earthly care
Shrinks pale and shriveled in the ether rare,
But dies not—waiting for less lustrous times.
Alas! too soon returns life's fitful hour
When the soul's grandeur fades, its music rests;
And yet the echoes vibrate—and a dower
Of fragrance, lingering incense-like, attests
The vanished glory, telling of the power
Of those Anointed Lords who were the guests.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

THROUGH the whole of the many bitter and unjust attacks made by a weekly contemporary upon the women of the period, a vein of assumption runs, which, at first sight, seems to belong to the question at issue, but in reality is quite distinct, and capable of being argued upon without referring to the original subject. This, by the present time, has become nauseating, and is properly dismissed to the limbo of all malignant acidities, where it is to be hoped the writer will follow his monstrous creations with all convenient speed. Leaving out of the question all such matters, we can, however, fairly accept as a point for discussion the assumption above alluded to—this is, that women are not only inferior to men on all intellectual points, but are incapable of being materially improved upon. That in general knowledge women are inferior to men is an undoubted fact which no one can dispute; but the question as to whether this is owing to their mental incapacity for acquiring knowledge, or whether it is because no pains have been bestowed upon their education, has not been fairly discussed. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, in a family where there are boys and girls, it will be found that the boys absorb the entire care of the head of the family, who only bestows an occasional thought upon the education of his daughters. They are consequently left to the superintending care of their mother, who has herself been trained in a narrow school, and of course is unable to look higher. What is the result? The education of the boys becomes a progressive affair. They are steadily pushed onward until there is no limit to their acquirements, except that of their mental powers. As a general principle it may be assumed that boys grow up in the possession of an immense quantity of general knowledge, picked up partly unconsciously and partly by hard study, but on the whole of a broad and comprehensive character. Nor is this all. Their minds are enlarged, they see that the walls of their school do not comprehend the whole intellectual universe, and the doings of the outer world often strike responsive chords in even the busy hum and bustle of a public school-room. On leaving this arena a boy's mind is ready trained to receive fresh knowledge, and often the most useful studies are commenced after the school doors have been shut behind him forever. Thus academical training has had the effect not only to excite his curiosity and desire for fresh acquirements, but has actually specially developed his intellectual powers so that he can gratify these desires. Whether he gets much or little familiarity with his subjects is hardly material, but at least he becomes aware that his school studies are but stepping-stones to vast store-houses of human learning. Of history, natural science, art, mechanical forces, languages, politics, and kindred questions he at least knows the names, and often and with ease attains proficiency in one or more of them. What is most important of all he sees that each of these studies is only valuable in reference to other subjects, and that all branches of knowledge are more or less closely interwoven and connected. Let us compare this with the process gone through by, perhaps, the sister of the same boy. To be taught reading, writing, dancing, the piano-forte, a little French and German, with perhaps a faint idea of drawing, is the entire extent of the supposed requirements of the feminine mind. The great problems of humanity are practically ignored as unnecessary, and a moderate proficiency, in all or some of the above, considered all that is required. The remaining energies of her instructors are concentrated upon teaching her to walk upright, turn her toes out, and conduct herself generally in a frigidly decorous manner. She is at last dismissed from school an accomplished young lady. She can generally write a good hand, and is tolerably free from mistakes in composition and spelling. Her playing the piano-forte is pretty good, though her pieces have about the same amount of expression as her scales. Her French is sufficient for a short conversation, and she can perhaps read in German. Her dancing is very good, and her drawing very bad. In history she is rather shaky. With this stock of knowledge, to which is added a liberal investment in Sir Walter Scott's works and the novels of the day, with good manners and a slight taste for domestic employment, a young lady is supposed to be in proper intellectual state, and to be a credit to her instructors.

Perhaps, considering how little her instructors know themselves as a rule, this result is even more than might have been expected. The standard set up by self-appointed instructors of feminine youth is essentially false and imperfect. Those subjected to their guidance are led to form exaggerated views as to the importance of some subjects, and to totally ignore a vast number of other questions, some of which are of paramount importance to the mental well-being of all. The instructors themselves are perfectly unequal to the task of teaching even what they profess to make special studies of; and the result is, that when a girl is really well-educated she must be looked upon as a marvel of intelligence, who has successfully struggled with numerous obstacles, rather than as one for whom all things have been made easy of attainment. Good teachers must be properly trained before pupils can learn from them, and of these good teachers we fear, judging by the results, there are very few. Girls as a rule are far quicker of comprehension than boys, until the deadening influences of the education of the one, and the regular system of development of the other, reverses their positions. As a measure of simple justice and expediency, it is necessary that feminine education should be remodeled in a manner that will enable women to take that intellectual position to which they are entitled, and for which in every way they are mentally qualified.

A NOONDAY MELODY.

EVERY thing goes to its rest;
The hills are asleep in the noon;
And life is as still in its nest
As the moon when she looks on a moon
In the depths of a calm river's breast
As it steals through a midnight in June.

The streams have forgotten the sea
In the dream of their musical sound;
The sunlight is thick on the tree,
And the shadows lie warm on the ground—
So still, you may watch them and see
Every breath that awakens around.

The church-yard lies still in the heat,
With its handful of mouldering bone;
As still as the long stalk of wheat
In the shadow that sits by the stone,
As still as the grass at my feet
When I walk in the meadows alone.

The waves are asleep on the main,
And the ships are asleep on the wave;
And the thoughts are as still in my brain
As the echo that sleeps in the cave;
All rest from their labor and pain—
Then why should not I in my grave?

CROQUET-CHILDREN.

IF the children, when their game was done, had put all the croquet away carefully in the box and shut the cover down, then probably what happened would not have happened. But they left the balls and mallets all out under the trees, and the blue ball and the green ball lay at some distance from the rest, in the grass. At midnight, when the moon was gone down, these two rolled together and began to talk.

"What a fine game we have had to-day, and how bright the sun shone!" said the green ball. "I felt like laughing right out when I reached the stake first of all!"

"And I came next," said the blue ball; "but the others were dreadfully put out, and the black ball gave me a knock that pushed me over when he rolled up and missed the stake."

"Speaking of knocks," said the green ball, "I wish our mallets would not hit us quite so hard. I believe they do it out of spite."

"Oh! they are not so spiteful as the balls," said the other; "they only try to keep us in order; but have you ever noticed how the black ball hates me? He is always glad of a chance to croquet me off into the bushes. I only wish I could be one of the people that play for a little while. I would soon teach him to behave himself!"

"I should like that too," answered the green one; "and then, for once, we should have the satisfaction of seeing the game well played."

"Don't talk so loud," whispered the blue ball; "the green mallet is looking at you. It is lucky he don't know how to roll. Hush! I have an idea! Let us for once join in the game to-morrow. It will be such fun. No one but our mallets will recognize us, and they are so helpless they can't say a word."

"Yes; but if they get a chance to give us a knock, then every one will see that we are only balls," said the green one, laughing.

"We can shut them up in the box," said the blue ball, looking over her shoulder to be sure that the blue mallet was not within hearing; "say, shall we try it?"

"I'm ready for any thing," replied the green ball. "So am I," echoed the blue. And then they rolled away together a little farther from the box.

And so the next morning, when the sun shone bright, and Tom and Kitty and the Baby came out in the garden to play croquet, the blue ball and the green ball were nowhere to be found, though all the rest were scattered about in plain sight.

"Never mind," said Kitty, "we don't want but two to play with. Come, Tom."

"Father won't like it if they're lost," said Tom, his small round face looking very sober. "He made me promise to put them away in the box every night; and I couldn't wait last evening for fear the strawberries would be all eaten up." So he went about treading in all the grass and peeping under the bushes; but the balls could not be found, though the green and blue mallets were lying stiff and straight under different trees.

"Bah—bah—bah!" said Baby, rolling over and picking a red clover-blossom.

"There, hear Baby!" said Kitty; "she's asking for balls to play with. I'm going to give them to her to roll about, all but two for you and me. Do hurry, Tom; we can look for them by-and-by. I want to play as many games as I can before dinner, for this afternoon Lou's ladies and gentlemen are coming, and they won't let us play with them."

"Lou won't like it if those balls are lost," said Tom, ruefully; but he came up to the starting-stake and took the black mallet, all ready to begin as soon as Kitty had tied her shoe.

Just at that moment there was a rustling in the lilac-bushes behind them, and with a merry laugh two children came running out hand in hand, and went right up to Tom and Kitty in the pleasantest manner possible. They were short, plump, happy-looking children, so round and chubby, and with dimples in their cheeks. The little girl had on a white dress, with a broad blue sash, and the little boy wore a white suit, with a wide green belt.

"Why, where did you come from?" exclaimed Kitty, opening her brown eyes in surprise, for she knew these were none of the neighbors' children, and she had never seen them before. They could not have come from very far, for neither wore a hat, and there was not a speck of dust on their shoes.

"Why, we live close by," said the little girl, laughing. "I see our house now." And she looked over one side among the trees.

"I don't see any house," said Tom, following her glance, "nothing but our croquet-box and the trees. I suppose you mean you live over in the woods. I never saw you before!"

"But we have seen you," replied the little boy. "We have seen you, oh, a great many times. May we play croquet?"

"Oh, may we?" echoed the little girl.

"Yes, that 'll be splendid," cried Kitty; "four make such a nice game, a great deal nicer than two. Here, take these mallets, and I'll get the red and yellow balls away from Baby. We'll have to leave out the blue one, because it's lost, and the green one, too; but we don't need them."

"Bah—bah—bah!" gurgled Baby, seizing the two balls that were left her.

"My name is Tom, and hers is Kitty. What's *your* name?" asked Tom of the new playmates as they drew round the stake. The children hesitated, the little girl spoke first.

"My name," she said, slowly, "my name—is—is—Bluebell."

"Oh, what a pretty name!" exclaimed Kitty. "And your eyes are so blue, too. What's *your* name?" turning to the little boy, whose fat hands were pulling nervously at his green belt.

"NEVER MIND," SAID KITTY, "WE DON'T WANT BUT TWO TO PLAY WITH. COME, TOM."

"My name," he said, "is—is—" and there he stopped short.

Bluebell laughed. "You must excuse him," she said, politely; "his name is Evergreen."

"Evergreen! I never heard of a boy with such a name! Well, Evergreen, I play first, then Kitty, then you, and then Bluebell."

So the game began. Tom and Kitty were pretty good players; but from the very first their new friends took the lead—"beat them all to nothing!" Tom said afterward. Tom's ball at the beginning went through two arches, took a mallet's length, missed the side arch, but lay in good position. Kitty's went through the first arch, missed the second, and in a moment more was croqueted by Evergreen, and was sent spinning along out of position, just where he could croquet it again after taking his partner with himself through the side arch. He sent his ball through arch after arch, croqueting, ricochetting, forcing Kitty's poor ball along with him, till at last, after hitting the opposite stake, he seemed to disdain its help any farther, and with one knock he croqueted it off to a terrible distance; then gently brought his own into position, and resting upon his laurels, gave Bluebell a chance to play.

"Evergreen is way ahead. He'll beat us, won't he?" whispered her distressed little partner Kitty, whose ball lay so far off that it was almost out of sight.

"No, indeed, he won't!" said Bluebell, with gleaming eyes, and sending her ball through the first two arches with a force that carried her a rod beyond them, she took her mallet's length, and then dealing a strong, well-aimed blow she made her ball fairly leap through the air plump against Kitty's, which responded with the unmistakable click of a croquet. Kitty shouted as her new friend, with marvelous power and precision, achieved a roquet-croquet that sent both balls whizzing over the grass together, landing Kitty's in position before the second arch, and her own before the third.

"Well, I never saw any thing like that in all my life!" exclaimed Tom in a thunder-struck manner, as Bluebell paused for breath. Evergreen turned pale, for he saw her glance with relentless triumph at his partner's black ball.

Sure enough she rolled her ball through its arch, and in a moment more croqueted the black one. Then adopting Evergreen's mode of play, she helped herself by means of it through arch after arch; but she always seemed to use the black ball more harshly than was necessary, kicking it with her plump little foot when it rolled out of place, hitting it with the sharp edge of the mallet, and once she stamped upon it.

"There, how do you like that!" Tom heard her say in a low, exulting voice. He felt a little hurt, for he almost thought Bluebell had taken a dislike to him, or she could not treat his ball so. But her round, good-natured face was all dimpled with smiles as she turned to him and said, "All's fair in war, you know!"

Her play was not yet finished; she hit the opposite stake, and then croqueted her poor victim black ball on several rods out of the course. Then she hit Evergreen's ball and sent that ahead of her to help her on as she passed under one arch after another. Evergreen looked very gloomy; he thought she ought to stop and give him a chance: but no, Bluebell was too excited with triumph; she sent her ball on and on till the last arch was passed; then croqueting Evergreen's ball off into the bushes, she rolled her own neatly up to the stake, hit it, and then stopped breathless. She had won the game.

Kitty and Tom stood in open-mouthed wonder. They had never heard of such playing before. The Baby crowed with delight, and put three clover heads in her mouth at once.

"I'm tired!" said the plump little Bluebell, dropping down on the grass in a round heap.

"Tom! Tom! Kitty! Kitty!" called the children's mother from the window, "come in with your little friends and get some luncheon!"

So Tom seized Evergreen's hand, and Kitty took Bluebell's, and away they all ran together to the house. They went up the steps, across the veranda, and Mrs. Graham met them in the broad, sunny hall and gave each child a piece of plum-cake and a tumbler of milk. She felt quite curious to know who the little strangers were: for now that she looked at them closely, she did not remember ever seeing them before, and she thought she knew every child in the neighborhood. Still she did not like to ask very many questions for fear they might, on going home, give their parents the idea that she was a prying sort of person. Then she thought she would find out all she could indirectly.

So first she looked to see if the nurse had gone to take care of Baby, and then she smoothed Kitty's tangled curls, and then said to the little strange girl:

"What is your name, my dear?"

"Bluebell," said the child.

"Ah, a pet name!" thought Mrs. Graham; and then she tried the boy.

"What is *your* name, my dear?" she asked.

"Ever-Ever-green," he answered between two bites of plum-cake.

"Green," murmured Mrs. Graham. "Ah! some new family by the name of Green, no doubt." And she determined to ask her husband when he came home to dinner. She thought she had never seen such round, fat, healthy-looking children in her life before.

"Now let's go play croquet some more," said Tommy, finishing the last raisin. And down the steps he ran and Kitty after him, all eagerness. But as Evergreen and Bluebell hurried to catch up with them they must have tripped somehow on the upper step, for they stumbled headlong and went rolling together over and over down the eight veranda steps clear to the ground. They went over and over like two balls, thump, thump; and Mrs. Graham could hardly believe her eyes when she saw them jump up laughing at the bottom of the steps just as if nothing had happened.

"Oh, my dears!" she cried; "you must be more careful. I thought you had certainly broken your necks."

But they only laughed, and, indeed, there did not seem to be a single bruise on their fair round faces and chubby shoulders. They took hold of hands and ran after Kitty and Tom to the croquet-ground. Mrs. Graham watched them a few moments in a sort of wondering perplexity, and then went back to her work.

The children did not seem to begin their croquet again very readily. They got into a frolic over the balls and mallets, tossing them up in the air with shouts and laughter, and then Tom, boy like, hid himself behind a lilac-bush, and said it was his fort. The three others besieged him and threatened him, made onslaughts on the weak points of the fort, and rolled balls at him. At last, getting hard pressed, he seized a mallet in each hand and rushed out furiously upon his shouting foes. In one hand he held the blue mallet, and in the other the green one.

"It is destiny!" murmured Bluebell to Evergreen, growing white to the very lips; and they started to run away from Tom in a mortal terror.

He ran after them, shouting with triumph, and gained at every step. The end of the garden was like a little hill, descending, and at the bottom a brook flowed. They had almost reached the brow of this hill, when Tom, with a gleeful cry, came near enough to just touch them lightly with the mallets, when, oh horror! he did not know but he had killed them; for down they went headlong, rolling over and over down the slope, a round mass of blue and white and green, seeming every moment to grow smaller, when just as Kitty came up, crying, "Oh, you have pushed down my beautiful Bluebell!" she and Tom began to rub their eyes in bewilderment; for there were no Bluebell and Evergreen at all, but their own old blue ball and green ball lying at the bottom of the slope as if they had just rolled down.

The children looked at each other solemnly for a moment.

"The balls were not there when I was hunting for them; that is certain," said Tom, "for I looked in that very spot."

"Let us go down and get them," said Kitty, softly.

Once at the bottom of the slope they glanced in every direction, and called loudly the names of Bluebell and Evergreen; but nobody replied, and there was no possible hiding-place near. Kitty began to cry.

"Don't cry," said Tom, stoutly; "let's go home again."

And he picked up the green ball, rather carefully it must be confessed, carrying it at arm's-length. But Kitty pressed the blue ball to her little loving heart, and clasped her hands closely upon it.

"Where are your little friends?" asked Mrs. Graham, as her children entered the house in a quiet, subdued way some time after.

"Why, mamma," said Tom, soberly, "we were all playing together and running about, when, just as we got by the little hill, Bluebell and Evergreen fell and rolled right down. And when Kitty and I went to help them up they were not there at all; only the two balls were there that were lost this morning."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Graham, carelessly, "I guess they were tired and ran home. What funny, fat little tots they were! I must ask your father if any Greens have moved into the neighborhood."

"It is very well, Master Tom, that you found those two balls," said Lou, a pretty, sprightly young lady, who sat at her embroidery; "for seven of my friends are coming to play croquet this afternoon, and if any of them had been missing we should have swung you up into the top of the beech-tree."

That night, when Kitty was put to bed, she said to her mother:

"Mamma, do you suppose it could possibly be that Bluebell was changed into that blue ball?"

"Oh no, no—nonsense!" said Mrs. Graham, lightly; "she'll come again to-morrow."

But she did not come. And when Mrs. Graham made inquiries among her friends she could not hear of any new neighbors, nor of any such children at all. People said she must be mistaken. So she left off talking about it, and would not let Tom or Kitty talk about it either.

Lou, who was afraid the balls would get lost, put them up carefully each night, and locked the box. Things went on in the old channel, and Bluebell and Evergreen came no more to play croquet. Now wasn't it strange, the whole of it?

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

By FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

CHAPTER VIII.

At length—after Cuthbert had so improved by his leisure that he hardly knew himself in the glass; when Derrick, in prosecution of his now double work, had been away from home for three days, and had written that business might detain him a week longer; while Mrs. Kearney was still slightly ailing, but well enough to have discharged her nurse—at length there came a day more memorable than any of the others, not only for a lifetime but for all eternity.

It was another such day as the one, a little more than a year ago, on which we made our first acquaintance with the Dalmager demesne.

"What so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

And Heaven had found the time so sweet that from morning till night she lingered with her cheek close enough to the grass and the running water for Cuthbert and Lily to feel it pressed against their own like a mother's, and drink her fragrant breath wherever they wandered. They had taken their dinner in a basket, and gone out right after breakfast to spend the entire day outdoors. They had explored the brook toward its source, as far as Cuthbert dared to let the little girl's feet carry her; and Dr. Livingstone or Sir Samuel Baker never followed the windings of the Nile or the Zambesi with such keen, delightful sense of penetrating unknown mysteries as Lily felt at every new fence her father helped her over—every dark wood or deep glen which she now entered for the first time. So many flowers that she had never seen before to be brought to her father for their names; so many beautiful birds with such fascinating voices and manners; little field-mice; strange insects; lithe red-squirrels trilling their sharp watchman's rattle as they chased each other, or the big cowardly grays over whom they tyrannize, from bough to bough of the shapely smooth pecan-tree; flying squirrels that peered at her between the forks of some lofty branch till she came close enough to look straight up into their eyes, then spread their curious white-lined parachutes and slid down the air to their nests with as smooth a slant as if they ran, fastened by eyelets, on some invisible wire; curious spotted snakes, now and then, that shot away through the grass like living arrows; the harmless puff-adder, flattening his ugly head and putting on a great fictitious rage to make-believe that he was formidable; tortoises waddling clumsily over the meadows, and clapping to the door of their sentry-boxes with a hiss when she sought their closer acquaintance; a broad, quiet expanse of the stream, where a careful little summer duck was leading the gayly-painted flotilla of her newly-hatched brood on their trial-trip; water-washed agates from the brook-bed; a pair of eagles, the first she had ever had an opportunity of comparing with their effigies on the coins in her savings-bank, floating motionlessly high up under the very sun. Oh what a surfeit of delight was Lily's all that livelong day! What a torrent of questions had Cuthbert to answer, and how amply did the power to answer so many of them repay him for every hour of close reading which had made his head ache in school or college since he first acquired the name of a hard student! When the sun had passed the meridian the happy comrades spread their napkins on a flat rock, and set out their sweet bread and golden butter; their cold broiled chicken and snowy cottage cheese; their dewy strawberries, picked in the meadows as they came along; their dishes, which Lily had plaited of tulip-tree leaves; cream brought in a bottle, and sugar from a paper sugar-bowl—they had such a feast as a Sybarite might envy in vain! When Lily found a spring, cold as ice-water, trickling out of a great mossy rock between the gnarled roots of an overhanging oak on the brook-side her delight knew no bounds; she had discovered it "all by herself," and felt like a successful Ponce de Leon. A delicious draught from it washed down the banquet. Then the glad pair crossed the brook on a great tree-trunk, which seemed so charmingly dangerous, and came home along the other bank. Lily had never been so happy in her life; the woods and fields had seemed as vast as the world, and every moment brought its fresh surprise of knowledge and delight. Cuthbert himself had been magnetized into her mood; the years between them had been canceled by sympathy, and he looked at the earth and sky, which had so long been a wearisome old story to him, with her eyes, to which every thing was ravishingly astonishing and new.

Oh, if those eyes could only be spared to us for our lifetime, who would ever seek in stimulants the sense of pleasure and well-being? The child is forever in that state of elasticity, ecstasy, and brightness which our potent liquors but feebly imitate—a state of healthy intoxication, to which our feverish adult joys answer only as Anteros to Eros. Whatever temptation exists in the condition whose pluperfect and grosser tense men call "drunk" is due to its simulation of the feeling which, when we see our children, we remember was once our own. For this every man—from Wordsworth over his "Ode to Immortality," down to Hodge over his mug of punch—yearns with a regret that is sometimes agony. Oh Baby, Baby! why can't we look forever out of your eyes? Show us how to keep them after we get the down on our cheeks, and there'll be no more need of Temperance meetings—we will thank no man for the most exhilarating nectar that was ever brewed of hemp or poppies, grapes or grain!

Not since he left New England had Cuthbert felt such a spring in his sinews, such a joyous self-sufficiency, such content in the mere fact of living, as he felt this afternoon; and when his little girl asked him, according to her wont when she wanted an especial treat, "to tell her something out of a book," he answered that he would repeat to her what a very lovely poet, who lived not far from the place where they used to, had said about just such a day as this. Then, as they crossed the last meadow hand in hand, he poured forth out of a full heart those exquisite lines, which seemed almost written to express it:

"Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it.
We are happy now because God so wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us that the leaves are green—"

"Oh, papa! We *are so* happy now, aren't we?" whispered Lily, tenderly laying her sweet cheek against his, as he put his arms around her to help her down from the last stone-wall into the road which led to their gate.

"Happier than tongue can tell, thank God and my own little angel!" answered Cuthbert, clasping her to his breast with fervent kisses.

"Oh, how I wish mamma were along!" said Lily.

"So do I, dear," her father replied; and in this loving, grateful mood they reached home. No sooner had they entered the door, once more a half-hidden opening in a fragrant wall of roses, as we saw it first, than Lily ran to tell her mother of the happy day they had spent, and their longing that she might have shared it. Not finding her in the large sitting-room, she bounded up the stairs like a deer, her father following more sedately, but returned and met him just as he reached the top, with a disappointed face, and the information that Mrs. Kearney was not on that floor either. Going from room to room he verified the statement for himself, and supposing that his wife was giving directions to the servants, sought her in their part of the house. Kledda and Perro were both in the kitchen with the cook, but none of them had seen her for hours. He accordingly returned to the saloon, and with Lily wonderingly asking questions on an ottoman at his feet, sat down in their favorite rose-canopied window, to read her "The Lady of the Lake," and wait tea for Mrs. Kearney, whom he now concluded to have felt better, and imitated his example by going out for a stroll about the estate.

He had completed an entire canto when a servant came in to ask if he would have tea. He looked at his watch, and found that the long June afternoon had deceived him. He must have been reading more than an hour, and though the light was still abundant it was nearly eight o'clock.

"Seen any thing of Mrs. Kearney, Betsy?" he asked.

"Nuffin since de mornin', Sah," she replied.

"Why—really—that's very strange. Well, never mind tea for the present. We'll wait for her half an hour or so—I'll ring when I want it."

He tried to read again, but his mind wandered from the page, and casting a glance at Lily's face he saw depicted there the same wistful anxiety which he had been feeling since Betsy retired. Finding a visible shape ready made for it increased the feeling. He shut the book, and began wandering restlessly up and down the room, stopping occasionally to look out of the windows.

"Papa," said Lily, presently, "where do you think mamma's gone?"

"*Gone!*" answered Cuthbert, for the first time in his life speaking to her almost sharply; "why, she's out walking about the place somewhere, I suppose, don't you?"

"Can't we go out and look—go and meet her, I mean, and walk back all together."

"Yes, dear," Cuthbert replied, with a face of increased solicitude. "Of course she can't have gone far, but then she's been so unwell that she may have got faint and stopped to rest somewhere. Get her blue shawl, Baby; we'll take it along; the dew's beginning to fall, and I'm afraid she'll feel the change after staying in the house so long. Oh, how imprudent in her! Aren't you too tired to walk any more when your little legs have done so much to-day?"

Those tiny members disproved their fatigue by scampering away to the closet where the shawls were kept and being back again before Cuthbert could get his hat and cane; then further corroborated their witness by keeping up with his anxious strides until they had visited every corner of the garden, the orchard, and the lawn, where there was any likelihood of a lady just off the sick-list to have extended her stroll. All the servants were dancing to Perro's banjo in the open air as they passed the negro quarters, but stopped to "make their manners" when they saw their idol and her papa, so that Cuthbert had an opportunity to ask news of his wife from every quarter of the estate. Neither house nor field hands had any other answer than Kledda's—"Didn't neber seen nuffin of the missus sence mornin'."

Cuthbert concealed his feelings till he got out of their hearing, and then groaned aloud.

"Oh, my darling! my darling! I'm so anxious for your dear mamma!"

"Papa dear, could she have gone down toward the village, and got faint on the road, and sat down in the woods and fainted dead away? Could there be any gipsies here to take people off? I've got a book that tells how they stole a beautiful little daughter. Do they ever steal beautiful mammas, too, like mine, dear papa?"

Cuthbert caught at the thought of her having gone to Owlieville, though her riding there without the knowledge of a groom was impossible, and what freak short of insanity could have induced a feeble woman, on the first day of convalescence, to *walk* there, with a stable full of horses at her call, was beyond his comprehension. Still, any thing was better than hopeless sitting down, and instantly, on Lily's suggestion, he shouted an order back to the quarters that one of the men should bring a horse and buggy to the door as quickly as possible; then took Lily on his shoulders and ran to the house with her as fast as he could, that he might jolt the devouring anxiety out of his mind, and create a vent, by muscular exertion, for a nervousness which, had he sat still, would almost have made him scream. After Lily's active day he feared to tax her further; but she pleaded so earnestly not to be left behind, and so cogently urged that if she were put to bed she couldn't sleep a wink till mamma came, that Cuthbert yielded to his own no less than her inclination, and, putting an extra cloak into the buggy, took her along with him. The night was a fitting sequel to the day as regards the outer world; but what a contrast in the inner one! The lovely, undulating meadows and the wood-crowned hills were dreaming in a silver flood; the full moon, upward bound from the horizon moorings, whence it had cleared an hour before, was sailing placidly into a cloudless sky; the air was bland as oil, and just rippled enough to keep the season's youngest leaves dancing to the music of the brook beside the road; but instead of bringing Nature close to the two loving hearts that rode through it, this luxury of every sense, unlike the golden beauty of the day just gone, put her far away from them, seeming a cruel lack of sympathy, like some rich voice singing once loved barcaroles while you weep at a funeral. Even the glad morning and afternoon, in retrospect, seemed only a providential tonic to brace their spirits for the better tolerance of the evening's sorrow, and while Cuthbert acknowledged the mercy of such a preparation, he could not but feel bitterly that he would never again be able to enjoy any such excess of gladness for fear that it was meant only as a preparative. Still, for his darling's sake, he tried to talk of the outer world cheerfully as he drove, and would not even by a sigh betray the cruel disappointment which deepened in his heart as he peered eagerly into every vehicle which met them, to find nothing in it like the one dear face and figure which he sought.

It was nearly ten o'clock when he got to Owlieville. The Roost was tightly locked and barred; but a black janitress, who came half asleep to answer his ring, had seen nothing of Mrs. Kearney, and had no news of any kind except that a planter from the other end of the county had that day called to say that Massa Derrick might not return for a week. He found the Rev. Mr. Pulpiduster just managing to keep awake over a sermon which on the next Sunday should even more imperfectly succeed in doing that for his congregation; the store-keeper, with whom the family did its "trading," was still behind his counter; and the principal gossips of the place, lawyers, merchants, and gentlemen of leisure who lived by hiring out half a dozen "niggers," and propped the sunny sides of public buildings, with tobacco-pools in front of them, during the day, were enjoying their liveliest hour in the twenty-four about a bar platooned with "straight whiskies" in the popular tavern. The minister had not seen Mrs. Kearney, and Cuthbert hastened away from him before his pallid face and the lateness of his call could be "improved" by the good man as a favorable occasion for spiritual consolation. It was shame and misery to the poor fellow to make his wife a subject of conversation with the other gentry, who were likely to be repositors of all the latest intelligence of Owlieville; but husbandly solicitude was too strong for husbandly reserve, and he delicately pushed his inquiries with as plausible a show as he could of making them casually, only, alas! to come away utterly baffled from both store and tavern.

"I guess she's got home by this time, hasn't she, papa?" asked Lily cheerily, as he turned the horse's head toward home.

"Oh yes; of course, dear; not the least doubt," exclaimed Cuthbert, and, clinging to that manufactured certainty with a desperate purpose of belief which made him sing funny songs and tell funny stories, till Lily laughed as if she would split her little sides, rattled off at a three-minutes' pace to Garnet Run.

"HE BROKE THE SEAL WITH NERVOUS FINGERS—HELD THE LETTER CLOSE TO THE CANDLE, AND READ."

Perro was waiting in the moonlight to open the gate for them.

"Well, Perro, old fellow!" said Cuthbert, in a voice whose eager tremulousness contrasted strangely with its loudness and tone of confident hilarity. "How long after I started did your mistress get home? Is she well? Has she had her tea yet? What kept her?"

Not only voice but body shook like an agued man's while he shot forth these questions—pell-mell as if he did not dare to stop—as if at any expense he must keep up his confident illusion and avoid the risk of an answer.

Perro turned a face of sorrowful surprise to Cuthbert, and said, "*You* no seen her, massa?"

"*I?* Why no! Did she pass me on the road? Did she say she did? What do you say? How long has she been back?"

"We no seen de missus here neider, Massa Kearney."

"O God!" groaned Cuthbert, turning even in that white moonlight ashen pale, and the reins almost dropping from his cold, nerveless fingers.

"Oh, papa—darling papa! is she dead? is my mamma dead?"

"Lead the horse to the house," said Cuthbert, mechanically; "I can't drive."

Perro put his finger in the bit-ring and walked the vehicle home, while Cuthbert, cowering in one corner of the seat, pressed Lily against his breast; and the two lay frozen thus in a dream of horror, speechless, till they reached the portico.

There, for her sake, he roused himself. "Come, darling!" said he, with a blank, stony face and a hoarse level voice that had no expression in it, "time to go to bed now. My Lily's very tired. I'll put her to sleep in my big bed so she sha'n't be afraid, then I'll sit up—no, I'll lie down—by her side and wait for mamma."

"Will mamma come home to-night?" said Lily, with a great sob, catching so quick at the hope in her father's words that her horror broke up in a blessed flood of tears.

"Yes, Lily! she'll come home; she was always a good mamma, wasn't she, dear? she'll come—oh yes, she'll come. Oh, if your Uncle Derrick were only here now, what a comfort he'd be! My God; and if—if— No, no, no! I won't think of it! At the worst that *could* happen; if she were to be sick or any thing and he away—dear, *dear* Derrick away; what should I do without him?"

Overpowered by fatigue, and relying in the heavenly faith of childhood on her father's word that her mother would come back and he would watch for her, Lily let him undress her and put her on his bed. Then Cuthbert sent away the servant, and seeing God's merciful sleep wash clear the last trace of sorrow from that innocent face, sat down by the bedside to pass the night alone with a man's most terrible anguish, and listen for every sound that might mean news of *her*, like a prisoner with his ear strained for the footstep which may bring him some vainly-dreamed reprieve, wearing through the hours that spin toward his gibbet.

One hour, two, three passed by, and his agony grew more unendurable with every clock-stroke. At length he rose, took his candle, and descended the stairs. An icy shudder ran through him as he passed the door through whose crevice he once thought he saw that horrible vision. "Oh, darling—wronged, cruelly wronged darling! Oh, Derrick, wickedly-belied friend, would to God!" he groaned—"would to God I had you here for one moment—if only to ask your forgiveness for the injustice of that mad delirium—to hear you pardon me—to know *you*, my darling, were safe, even if I never might see you after! Oh, Derrick!—oh, my brother! would to God you were here in this dreadful time to tell me where to turn!"

But though he remembered the delirium, he did not remember the devil that had caused it. He went to the dining-room, opened the sideboard, took from it a decanter, poured out a full tumbler of whisky, and drank it at one fiery gulp, then carried the decanter with him to his room and sat down again by the bedside.

The fumes of the liquor mounted at once to his brain. He had been so long without the stimulus that, in his exhausted state, it yielded him its most generous influence. It lifted him forthwith out of his abyss of nerveless despair; showed him a possible future; cut instantly short his self-drowning meditations, and hurled him point-blank upon executive action. What? should he sit here, doing nothing, when, if his wife did not return by morning, he should have placards up on every tree in the county, advertisements in every paper in the State, offering rewards of any conceivable liberality for her recovery, living or dead? His whole scheme of action, under the wand of that potent magician he had just evoked, lay crystal clear before his eyes. Again he rose, and going on tip-toe to his desk, opened it to get writing materials and prepare the advertisements.

What? Lying conspicuously on the top of his neatly-folded papers, a new letter that he had never seen before—directed in his wife's hand to Cuthbert Kearney! He had not been absent from her long enough to have any correspondence with her since they were married till he moved to Kentucky—and the growingly meagre little notes which had come to him while away on Derrick's business were all sacredly filed and put away in the strong-box, where every tiniest love-letter of their courtship lay cherished in rosy swathings of ribbon, along with withered flowers and golden curls which had made him beside himself in the day of their getting, and could thrill him as deeply to this hour whenever he took them in his reverent fingers. A letter from her! He laughed aloud. This would explain all the mystery. To think that he should have suffered thus all these hours, when she had taken the pains to tell him why she had been called suddenly away—the little rogue! But why couldn't she have put it on the bureau? Her delicacy no doubt! Some stranger might get at it—but he must scold her when she got back for the fright she'd given him. Not even trust Perro and Kledda! He kissed the tremulous traces of her little dimpled hand—he broke the seal with nervous fingers—held the letter close to the candle, and read. Read for a moment—rubbed his eyes with his knuckles—looked vaguely round the room like a man assuring himself of his whereabouts by sight of some familiar object—read again—and relaxing his grasp of the sheet, finger by finger, with a heart-rending groan dropped lifeless on his face.

Instantly awakened, Lily leaped up and ran to him—cried to him—tugged to raise him with her tiny strength—then, finding all effort vain, rushed to the head of the stairs and roused the household with her cries:

"Papa is dead—papa is dead!"

LOVE-LOCKS.

In Arcady's fair groves there dwells
A wizard, and 'tis there he sells
All sorts of cunning beauty spells,
From snow-white skins to blushes:
For pretty girls are scented toys;
Young men can buy *pomade Hongroise;*
There's hair-dye for the gay old boys,
And ivory-backed brushes.

There beauty's tresses are unfurled,
There swelldom's blonde mustache is twirled,
And darlings who have curls are curled,
While those who've none buy plenty:
The wizard keeps the key, 'tis true,
To turn gray locks to raven hue,
And makes bald coots of eighty-two
Become smart youths of twenty.

My hair is getting thin, and so
To Arcady I sometimes go
In search of "balm," for you must know
I hold "*Dum spiro, spero.*"
Though washes of all sorts I've tried,
And countless ointments have applied,
Old Time has made my parting wide,
And sunk my hopes to zero.

The other day it came to pass,
As I sat down before the glass,
I saw reflected there, alas,
A face grown old and jaded:
That face was scored by lines of care,
The forehead was quite high and bare;
For, strange to say, the thick black hair
Of other days had faded!

Ah, how that face has changed since times
Long past away, when at "The Limes"
My laughter rang with midnight chimes—
My song was gay and early!
Then hearts were hearts, and blue were skies,
And tender were sweet Lucy's eyes;
When I believed in woman's sighs,
My locks were thick and curly!

As Mr. Wizard snips and snips
I think of Lucy's laughing lips,
And while he just "takes off the tips"
I muse on by-gone pleasures:
At home I have a tiny tress
Of soft brown hair; I must confess,
Although it caused me much distress,
'Tis treasured mid my treasures.

Ah, would that night come back again
When she took from her *châtelaine*
Her scissors!—it was not in vain.
I hear her laugh the while her
Soft white dainty fingers thrill,
As youthful locks she cuts with skill,
While I, like Samson, but sit still
And smile on sweet Delilah.

When black and brown locks interlace,
Or scented tresses sweep your face,
While laughter unto sighs gives place,
And pouting lips are present;
Or meek gray eyes droop still more meek,
And dimples play at hide and seek,
There's but one language lips can speak—
'Tis brief, but rather pleasant!

* * * * *

In place of Lucy's hand I feel
The chilly touch of wizard's steel,
Who brings me back from the ideal,
By talk of lime-juice water;
And beauty's fingers no more hold
My locks—they're by the barber sold
To stuff arm-chairs; sometimes, I'm told,
They're used to mix with mortar!

My early love has proved a myth;
Fair Lucy wedded Mr. Smith,
Whom people say she's happy with—
Indeed, I do not doubt them.
'Tis hard to steer among the rocks
Of life without some awkward knocks;
They say that "Love laughs loud at locks"—
He howls at those without them!

THE BLOOD-STONE AND THE OPAL.

CONCERNING the blood-stone, or heliotrope, there is a curious tradition: "At the Crucifixion the blood which followed the spear-thrust fell upon a dark green jasper lying at the foot of the cross, and from this circumstance sprang the variety. In the Middle Ages the red specks alluded to were supposed to represent the blood of Christ, and this stone to possess the same medicinal and magical virtues as the jasper."

The opal, beyond doubt the most beautiful of all gems, is also the only one which can not be imitated. It is impossible to value it, since the price depends solely upon the play of color. A fine specimen will fetch a thousand pounds: but fifty times that sum has been refused in the case of the Vienna opal. The hydrophane, or Mexican opal, loses its beauty when exposed to water; and Sir Walter Scott has alluded to this fact in "Anne of Geierstein," although, in that romance, he ascribes it to supernatural agency. Strange to say, after the publication of the novel, the belief that opals were unlucky obtained such currency that they quickly went out of fashion.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. P.—None of the serial stories, originally published in the *Bazar*, have been issued in a separate form. Any desired numbers, or even complete sets of the paper, can still be procured from the publishers, on personal application or by mail.

SUBSCRIBER.—Several riding habits, with practical patterns and descriptions, will be given in the next number and Supplement of *Harper's Bazar*.

ADA L. S.—The engagement ring is worn on the forefinger of the left hand.

YOUNG MATRON.—Broiled bones are easily prepared. Pepper and salt the bones well, place them on the gridiron over a clear fire, and turn them occasionally till done. Before serving moisten with a little butter. For deviled kidney split the kidneys open lengthwise without dividing them, strip off the skin and fat, score them and rub in mustard and Cayenne pepper. Run a fine skewer through the points and across the back of the kidneys, to keep them flat while broiling, and lay them over a brisk fire with the cut sides toward it. Turn them in four or five minutes, and in as many more dish and serve quickly.

HOUSEKEEPER.—The waiter should always serve every one at table on the left. There is a story told of a negro servant of Washington, who, not being able to distinguish between the right and left, was instructed to serve the guests on the side where he saw the buttons, which it was then customary to wear in a single row on the left breast of the coat. With this guide Pompey found it plain sailing until there came a guest freshly arrived from France with the new fashion of a double row of buttons. Pompey looked first at the one side and then at the other, and was for a moment terribly perplexed. He, however, soon came to the wise conclusion that the gentleman, having two sets of buttons, was entitled to be waited upon all around, and accordingly grasping the plate with two hands thrust it over the guest's head with a grin of triumph.

FILIUS.—You ask us a nice question, which we prefer to leave to the decision of your own conscience.

X. Y. Z.—Your inquiry about the wholesomeness of the artificial mineral waters, now so much in vogue, is not easy to answer. You might as well ask whether the contents of an apothecary's shop are wholesome. A healthy person had better not have any thing to do with either, and the sick must take the advice of their doctor in regard to their use.

SUFFERER.—Since the article on the foot you allude to, published in the *Bazar*, two remedies for that painful affection of the toe-nail growing into the flesh have been recommended by the French Academy. These are perchloride of iron and nitrate of lead to be applied directly to the part affected.

MRS. C. B. ALLEN.—Make your dress with but one skirt, as you are short and stout. If you have material enough, put a flounce round the skirt, cut bias, eight inches wide, with one-third of the length extra for fullness. If you have not enough for this put two cross-cut bands about a quarter of a yard from the edge of the skirt, with a row of cord fringe beneath. Make the wrap the shape of the "Undine" given in *Harper's Bazar*. It may be worn with a belt or without, and is especially suited to short figures.

AN ADMIRER.—Valenciennes lace is being very much used abroad for trimming silks. Cluny lace was never in good taste for lining silk, and is now entirely out of fashion. Why not trim your chameleon with satin bands the shade of the blue of your dress, and pipe it with white satin? An edging of white or of black blonde on both sides of the band will be in good taste. You need not object to ruffles because they are so common, as there is really nothing newer. A wide flounce at the bottom of the dress relieves it of the stiffness that always accompanies the sloped skirts.

A LOVER OF LACE.—Fastidious people object to lama lace because it is a woven lace, and consequently an imitation. The Princesse lace is of the same class. A fichu of plain tulle may be made for seven dollars, which is less than half the price of a lama fichu.

ANNIE.—You can order a Spanish veil from a New York milliner, and attach it yourself to the bonnet. If made of embroidered tulle, and edged with real thread, the price is about eight dollars. They are the most select style of the season, and are becoming to every style of face.

SALLIE.—Make the breadths less sloping toward the top, in order to give them more fullness. The skirt should be gathered—slightly in the front breadths, and very full at the back. Both organdy and ribbon sashes are used. Organdy sashes are ruffled or bordered with lace. Sometimes the trimming only extends across the end and a quarter of a yard up each side. If the material is solid colored, a bunch of tucks at the end of the sash is very pretty.

READER.—In these lines of Tennyson—

> And seems to lift the form, and glow
> In azure orbits heavenly wise,
> And over those ethereal eyes,
> The *bar of Michael Angelo*—

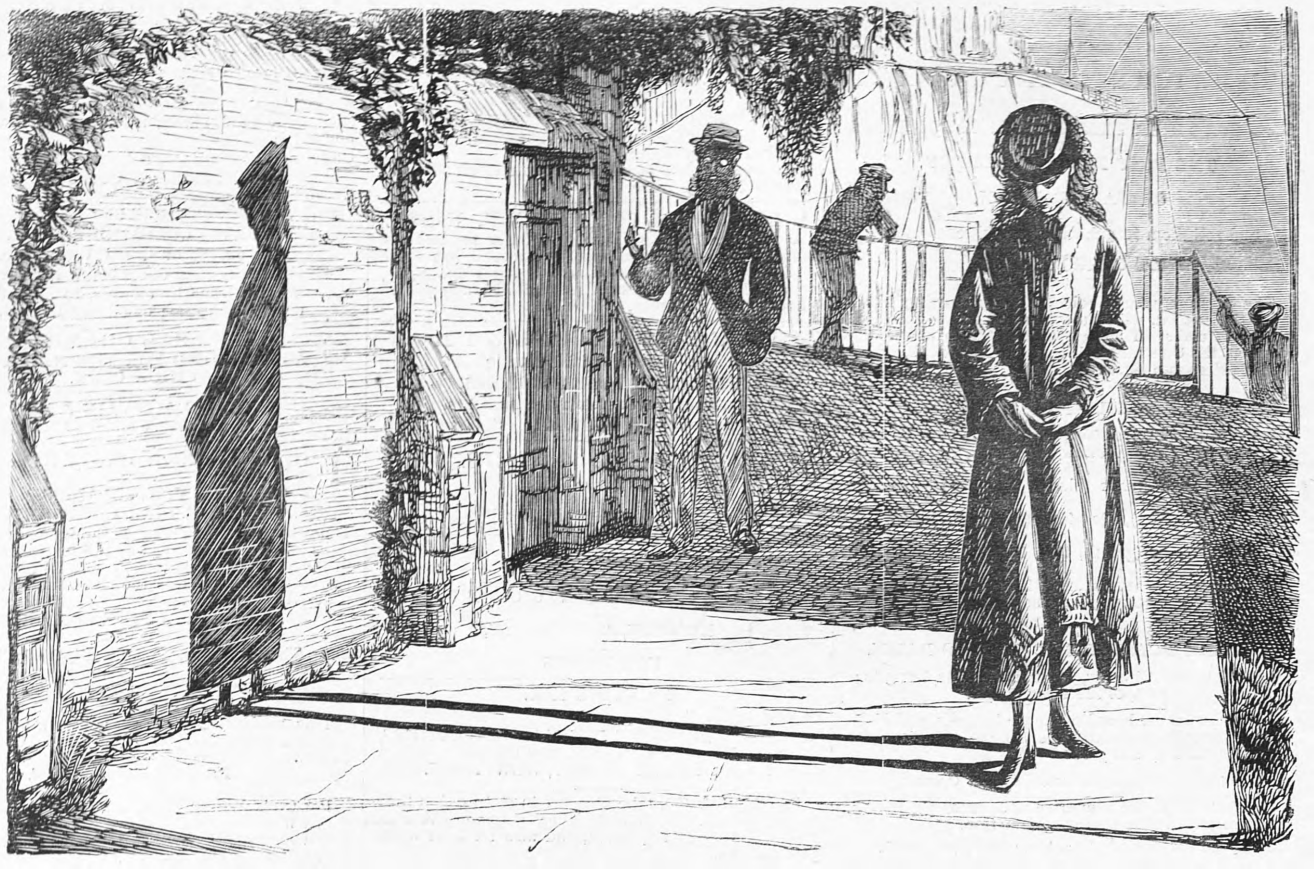
The *bar of Michael Angelo* alludes to the meeting of the eyebrows, which was a marked feature in the face of the great painter. "The union of the two eyebrows," says the author of "Woman's Beauty," in *Harper's Magazine*, "was esteemed by the Romans a beauty. They admired the air of severe dignity it gives to the face."

A. B., WIFE, WOMAN'S RIGHTS, R. S. K., ETC.—The following opinion of "Our Counselor" in regard to the legal rights of women will, we hope, be a satisfactory answer to your numerous inquiries. Under the English law, which prevailed in this State until recently, and was the effect of the old feudal system, which placed the wife, in the language of the lawyers, *sub potestate viri*. A wife could make no will of her separate property. In order to provide against this hindrance, ante-nuptial settlements and the creation of trusts were resorted to, in default of which, however, upon the decease of the wife, all her personal estate descended to the husband by right of marriage; and with respect to the real estate, the possession of it went to him for life, provided there was a child born alive, and upon his death the issue took as heirs at law. Our Legislature, since 1848, has made radical changes in this old feudal doctrine and law.

Now, however, any woman, married or single, of full age, can dispose of her real property, by deed or will, without the consent of her husband, and can dispose of her personal property by will even at the age of sixteen; a married woman now can be an executrix or administratrix of an estate, or a guardian of a minor. She can also be a witness for or against her husband in all matters except in criminal actions or proceedings, or in cases of bigamy or divorce. This, by the old law, was not permitted. By the old law, even in cases of separation and living apart, a wife's personal property and earnings became the property of the husband, subject to his sole disposition. We have changed all that, and now a wife, trading alone, is protected against the debts, improvidence, or misfortunes of the husband, and safe from his creditors.

As an illustration of the effect of the old prohibitory law, and a case not of unfrequent occurrence: A wife, restrained from disposing of her property, died leaving one child; the husband, entitled to the income for life, took possession, and the child having died, the husband took the entire estate as heir at law, and thus the inheritance passed entirely to strangers—a grievance deplored from time immemorial, and alluded to in the Old Testament.

DESIGN AFTER NATURE—THE DOVE STYLE.



YOUNG LADIES WHO AFFECT THE SHORT SKIRT NOW IN VOGUE ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST THE WITCHING HOUR OF SUNSET.

FACETIÆ.

"How old is your mamma?" asked a love-smitten old bachelor of the daughter of the widow who had enchanted him. "I don't know, Sir; ma's age varies from about forty-three to twenty-five," was the artless reply; and the bachelor was disenchanted.

An observing individual, in a very healthy village, seeing the sexton at work in a hole in the ground, inquired what he was about. "Digging a grave, Sir." "Digging a grave! Why, I thought people didn't die often here—do they?" "Oh, no, Sir; they never die but once."

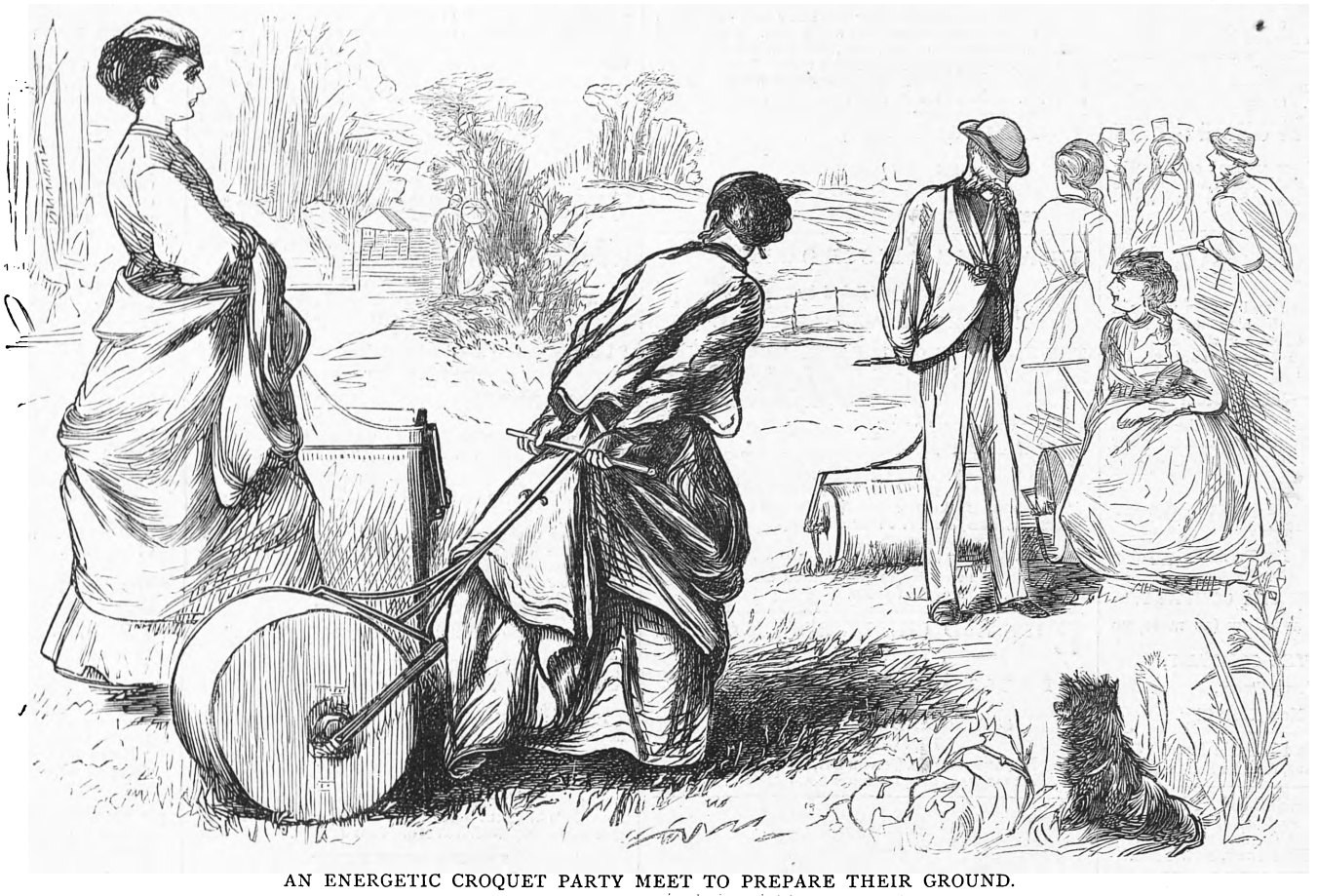
"You are very pressing," as the filberts said to the nutcrackers.

A young man sent his father in the country his photograph, stating that he was poor and required money. The father refused, stating that he could not be very poor to be living surrounded by marble vases, rosewood furniture, and choice flowers, as his photograph represented him.

AN AGRICULTURAL CONUNDRUM.—Why should a man never tell his secrets in a corn-field?—Because it has so many ears.

A lady, whose son was eaten by cannibals, pleasantly remarked that he was killed and buried the same hour.

A BIRD OF PASSAGE—Matilda Heron.



AN ENERGETIC CROQUET PARTY MEET TO PREPARE THEIR GROUND.

CROQUET MANIAC (*a trifle jealous, perhaps*). "Well, if Ellen does not mean to Help us, she need not make Major Mallet Idle, too!"

WHAT MARRIAGE IS LIKE.—Marriage is like a silk purse, most agreeable to bear when there is plenty of money in it. Marriage is like a mouse-trap—once get into it and you are in for it, with a very slim chance for getting out. Marriage is like a roast leg of mutton on Sunday, served up on Monday, ditto, with pickles, on Tuesday, and hashed up on Wednesday.

A stump-speaker exclaimed, "I know no north, no south, no east, no west, fellow-citizens!" "Then," exclaimed an old farmer in the crowd, "it's time you went to school and larnt jography."

The latest invention is said to be ink made from India rubber. It has been suggested that writers inclined to "stretch a story" will make use of the article.

Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

It is proposed to take down the sign-boards "Look out for the Engine" on the Erie Railroad, and substitute for them, "Prepare to meet your God."

"I say, Mr. Pilot, ain't you going to start soon?" said a nervous traveler on a steamboat lying to during a fog. "As soon as the fog clears up," replied the captain. "Well, it's starlight now overhead," said the man. "Oh, yes; but we are not going that way."

TO BOTANISTS.—Has Patmos any affinity with Irish moss?

ITINERANT VENDOR (*to Mary the Housemaid*). "Wouldn't yer Lady like a Pretty Cap or Two? Yer might want to give *one of the Servants* a Little Present."

[*We are but human, and Mary makes an extensive purchase on the spot.*

M'FOODLE. "Aw, Yes; that's the Last I had done, and it's considered an awfully Good Photo; Aw!"

SWEETEST OF HER SEX (*most innocently?*). "Yes, it's a Capital Photograph, but it doesn't make a Pretty Picture."

[*The more M'Foodle thinks it over in his mind the more evident it becomes to him that the fact of its being a Good Photograph precludes the possibility of its being a Pretty Picture, and he rejoices accordingly.*

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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Embroidered Work-Bag.

THIS work-bag is of cloth, with application figures, and is especially designed for holding netted guipure work and the square frames which are requisite for it. The original is eight inches in width by seven in height, and is made of scarlet cloth, which is ornamented with application embroidery. The inside is lined with a thin layer of batting, covered with light green satin, and quilted in diamonds. The outer edge is bordered with black and white silk cord. The handle is also formed of the same cord, and the upper corners finished with colored silk tassels in the manner shown in the illustration. The flap is buttoned down by means of button-hole-stitch loops, corresponding in size to the buttons. For making the pocket cut of scarlet cloth, green satin, and a thin layer of cotton batting a piece eight inches in width by eighteen inches in length for the front and back of the pocket, and the wide flap, which is four inches wide. Begin by quilting together the satin and wadding in diamonds, then lay this on the cloth, which has previously been embroidered in application, according to the design given by Fig. 60 of the Supplement. This design, however, serves only for the front and back of the pocket, while the illustration shows the design for the flap. The application figures are of black and white cloth—the black composing the application border on the front and back of the pocket and the flap, and also the large central figures; the remaining figures are of white cloth. All the figures are sewed on with colored sewing-silk, care being taken to closely follow the pattern. This done, run the edges together, overcast the back and front fast on both sides where the material is turned over, and set on the cord, tassels, button-hole-stitch loops, and small green satin buttons in the manner shown in the illustration.

EMBROIDERED WORK-BAG.—REDUCED SIZE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXII., Fig. 60.

CALICO MANUFACTURE.

NOTWITHSTANDING England commands the cotton trade all over the world, and furnishes two-thirds of the goods consumed, we can not give her calicoes the first place in respect to quality. In clear and tasteful printing, firm texture, and strong and even thread, the French calicoes are incontestably superior to all others. With respect to price they are always three or four cents a yard dearer than the English goods. Great knowledge and skill preside over the French printing-works; the substances employed for dyes are carefully selected and prepared, and no strong or corroding chemicals are employed. A vast amount of labor is required in the manufacture, eight or nine different impressions being necessary to obtain the various colors and designs.

In the Mulhouse or Colman factories the use of more innocent substances than those employed in the generality of the English mills has greatly contributed to the success which they have enjoyed during the last few years. The goods manufactured there may be easily recognized by the brightness of the color, the clearness of the printing, and the excellent quality of the texture.

The print of the English calicoes is generally good, but is less clear and careful than the French. The art of giving an attractive appearance to an inferior quality of goods by stiffening and mangling is largely practiced in the Lancashire mills. The strong-looking, bright, and seemingly well-dyed calico, which promises to wear for years to come, often fades out and becomes flimsy on the first washing. English calicoes have deteriorated greatly within the last few years. The East India cotton, which has been to a large extent substituted for the American since the beginning of the late civil war, being of inferior quality, renders the fabric less durable and coarser; and many housekeepers, on buying brands which have long enjoyed a high and well-deserved fame, have been disappointed at finding them wretched—the result of a mixture of two-thirds East Indian and one-third American cotton.

Our home products may be qualified as good. They are carefully and strongly woven, and the printing is fine. The great lack is in variety and happy combination of colors. This branch of manufacture is comparatively young in America, and it would be impossible in so short a time successfully to rival European manufacture.

The dyeing, printing, washing, and stiffening are of the highest importance in calico manufacture. Black dyes are in general destructive to both cotton and woolen threads. Thus far no chemical substance has been generally known or used exempt from this defect. A few dyeing establishments possess the secret of a non-corrosive dye which does not disproportionably increase the weight of the material, but these keep the secret carefully concealed. Perfection in the latter point is very seldom obtained, as the earthy and mineral substances generally employed adhere strongly, and fill up the interstices of the fabric.

Greens, if obtained from vegetable extracts, whether bark or juice, are harmless, and not apt to fade. The most beautiful shades, however, are dangerous and almost deadly to the wearer; Paris green is employed in all of them, and we warn our readers not to be dazzled by their beauty, for they are the cause of many an unexplained headache and attack of nervousness.

Yellow is the best and most lasting dye.

Light blue and brown are also to be commended. Dark brown is corrosive, and renders the goods heavy. Crimson, carmine—in a word, red, in all its combinations with other colors, is harmless and durable.

As a rule, we may say that all neutral colors do not weaken the thread, and are not liable to fade from washing or exposure to the light. Bright and positive colors fade quickly, and are usually corrosive. All bright colors attract and absorb a greater quantity of oxygen from the atmosphere, and this it is that makes them fade, or rather burn away.

The dressing of calicoes is a dangerous trap in which many of our readers have often been caught, and will be again. Goods are offered them of the most promising appearance, with a silky gloss, clear print, and brilliant colors, but, alas! of the stuff that dreams are made of; a little wearing, a little washing, and only a flimsy rag remains. All the low-priced cotton prints are highly stiffened by means of strong solutions of gum-arabic and starch. These substances, being soluble in water, carry off the color and leave the thread bare. This is easily proved. Take a piece of calico, ascertain its exact weight, lay it in water for an hour or two, wring it dry, and weigh it again; one-fifth of the whole weight will be gone, and the colors will be either blurred together or entirely washed off.

It is a curious thing to observe the different tastes all over the world. Patterns that are in the greatest favor in one place are valueless in another. A slight shade in the tint of brown, or red, or violet, is the delight of one country, and is abhorred every where else. Neutral colors such as gray, brown, black, violet, lilac, etc., in all their shades, and small patterns, representing flowers, wreaths, square, and various geometrical figures and lines, are those most called for by the most civilized modern nations. Bright colors, in large and conspicuous patterns, are, or were, most in favor among the negroes of the South, though it is said that they are already beginning to eschew them as connected in some way with their former slavery, and to desire nothing but small, neat figures in quiet, neutral tints. In the West Indies stripes are most in demand; in Mexico, bright red and yellow, large flowers, figures, etc.

We will say, in conclusion: — In buying calicoes choose colors that will not fade; see that the interstices between the threads are not filled up, but can easily be seen through, that the thread is even, and the goods not disproportionately heavy, and you will most likely buy something that will be durable, and will look well as long as it lasts.

Fig. 1. Fig. 2. Fig. 3.

RIDING HABITS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-6.

OUT OF THE SHADOW.

WELCOME her back to the board and the hearth!
Long hath she languished in sorrow and pain;
Sad was the household and hushed was the mirth—
Let the house ring with sweet laughter again.
Long hath the death-angel hung o'er thy home;
Now he hath fled let the joy spirits come;
Sunshine and music shall brighten thy track;
Home shall be home again—welcome her back.

Soon shall the pallid cheek flush like the rose;
Soon will the languid heart strengthen and thrill;
Soon shall the crimson tide, melting the snows,
Rush through the veins till they darken and fill.
She will be hopeful and cheerful ere long;
Daily her step will grow steady and strong;
Out from the clouds of death, gloomy and black,
Welcome her back again—welcome her back.

Out of the shadow into the sun;
Out of the sunshine into the shade;
Thus doth the life-stream of destiny run;
Happy are they who are never afraid.
Strong is the hand that hath guided thy bark
Into the sun again out of the dark;
Music and laughter shall brighten thy track;
Home shall be home again—welcome her back.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1868.

OUTSIDE SHOW.

THE Americans, like most other people, are worshipers of success, but none equal them in the eagerness to demonstrate it. Those who have worldly prosperity take care to exhibit it by every possible outward manifestation. Thus they construct large and ornate mansions in the most frequented and fashionable thoroughfares, fill their show-rooms with the most gorgeous and expensive furniture, which neither utility nor taste can justify, and set up equipages covered with costly gingerbread-work, and drawn by horses at a cost of thousands of dollars.

Those who have wealth must needs spend it; but it would be well if they were guided in its expenditure more by a regard to taste and the refined enjoyment of life, than by a desire to prove their possession of riches by the outward display of them. They might thus become, by showing others the right use of money, public benefactors, instead of, as they too often are, dangerous exemplars of its waste. If they were less demonstrative of their costly splendor, they would have fewer imitators among those, with less means, who follow them to their ruin.

The rich throw the glitter of their wealth so profusely into the eyes, and sound the jingle of their dollars so loudly into the ears of the multitude, that, dazzled and confused, it loses its sight and hearing for aught else. The comparatively poor thus, even if they have not the wealth or the dollars, must have the glitter and the jingle.

An outward manifestation of wealth is so associated with the idea of prosperity and respectability that without it these are hardly supposed to be possessed. Wives are probably greatly responsible for the prevalence of this false and dangerous notion. Husbands, it might be supposed, would have a sufficient gauge of their success and respectability in their bank accounts and the consideration of their fellow-traders. The big house, the gorgeous furniture, and the costly pair of horses, would not surely in Wall Street or Broadway be placed to the merchant's credit. They would rather be written on the opposite side of the ledger.

To the wife, however, these showy symbols of riches are essential to establish and keep up her *respectability*. And what does this respectability do for her? It fills her visiting-list with a hundred names of fashionables, ninety-nine of whom probably are playing, with big houses, gorgeous furniture, and gay equipage, the same game of sham as herself. It secures her the patronage of Mr. Brown, or some other equally authorized *arbiter elegantiarum*, who sends her twelve invitations to balls and parties every six days of the week, and supplies her twice or three times each season with an unknown throng of white-gloved male and female boobies, to stamp out the flowers of her Aubusson carpet, and eat oysters and drink Champagne at her expense.

This is all that she can possibly estimate as a gain to herself from that kind of respectability. The expenditure of money, the dissipation of body and mind, the neglect of all household duty, the ruin of her husband, and the destruction of her children make up the sum of certain and probable loss.

BATHING.

THE whole body should be washed with water at least once a day. This is a necessity which is enjoined upon every human being by the peculiar structure and functions of his skin. Keep as free as we may from all external sources of dirt, there will be a daily accumulation of it on the surface of the body requiring removal.

The skin itself, in the performance of its natural functions, throws out a quantity of impurities, which, if not washed away almost as soon as deposited, will not only obstruct the healthy action of the integument, but of all other parts of the body. This natural dirt, which is, however, none the less dirt of the dirtiest kind, is composed of the cast-off scales, the oily secretions, and various matters of the perspiration of the skin. These, if allowed to remain, become massed together, and hardened into a crust of filth, which clogs the pores, and hinders the performance of their functions, so important to health and life. If the skin thus fails, from want of cleanliness, to perform its duties, the internal organs are forced to assume them, and being overtasked, become weakened and diseased from the excess of labor. Consumption and dyspepsia, with various other diseases of the lungs, liver, and stomach, are the frequent results. The skin itself too becomes, from the irritation of its accumulated dirt, the seat of ugly eruptions, and a ready recipient of every infectious and contagious disorder.

The obvious skin purifier is water; and this, we repeat, should be applied to all parts of the body at least once in every twenty-four hours. It is astonishing how little of it is required to do the necessary washing of the habitually cleanly. Miss Nightingale says that no one who can command a tea-cup of cold water has any excuse for neglecting to bathe the whole person daily.

The moistened sponge, the bathing-tub, and the shower-bath are the ordinary modes of performing the daily ablution. In beginning the practice the water should be tepid, but when once well established it may be of the lowest temperature. The great point in bathing is to make sure of what is called the reaction; that is, a glow of warmth immediately following the chill produced by the contact of cold water with the surface of the body. This reaction is felt generally by every vigorous person, and may be secured by the weakly if proper precautions are taken. No person should take his bath immediately after a full meal, and it especially behooves the feeble to obey this rule, whose diminished nervous power will be so taken up with the labor of digestion that there will be no force to spare for any fresh effort. Those who are not strong had better confine themselves to the wet sponge, as by this the ablution of the body can be performed by degrees, and the intensity of the cold shock proportionately diminished.

There should be always two towels used, one for the drying, and the other, of a coarser texture, for the rubbing of the body. To this may be added, in cases of excessive torpidity, the hair glove or flesh-brush. Rapidity of action is of great moment. The water, whatever may be the mode of using it, should be briskly applied, and the drying, rubbing, and all other subsequent processes be performed with equal dispatch. The apartment where the bath is taken should be of a warm temperature, and the under-clothing to be put on ought to be previously heated at the fire. The feeblest, with such precautions, can take their cold baths in the coldest weather.

The shower-bath ought always to be adapted to the sensations of the bather; the fall and temperature of the water should be no greater and lower than is agreeable. Any one who finds it uncomfortable must not persist in it with the idea that, however painful its application, it may be useful. The shower-bath, tempered to suit the sensations, may always be taken with advantage, except by persons in advanced life with an evident tendency to fullness of the head.

Sea-bathing has the especial advantage over any other kind of producing, by means of the salt-water, an irritation of the surface of the body, and thus securing with greater certainty the desirable reaction.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to Belinda.

MY DEAR BELINDA,—How little you supposed that one of the old gentlemen who sat not far from you in the Mall at the Central Park last Saturday, listening to the music, and—such was the loudness of your voice—to your little gossip with your companion was the very subject of your criticism and censure. My friend was Mr. Peter Paul Pry, who was so troubled, not so much by what you said as by the fact that he overheard it, that his old fashioned sense of honor persuaded him that he ought to come to you at once, and say,

"Madame, my companion is Mr. Bachelor. We have most inadvertently heard every word you were saying about him, and we most humbly beg your pardon."

What would you have said if he had done so? But I restrained him. I told him that his instinctive wish to speak with you was most honorable, but that—such were the differences of manners in these extraordinary days—you might think yourself insulted by being addressed in a public place by a gentleman whom you did not know, and call upon the Park police for protection. Peter Paul Pry looked at me in amazement.

"Well," he said at length, "times do change and manners. Why, Bachelor, manners upon the road or in the Park were different in my grandmother's time. She was sitting one summer evening—how many years ago!—breathing the fresh air upon the Battery in the days when it was not an emigrant dépôt, and talking with a friend she said that she had always heard that Aaron Burr was really an old man, and very ugly. Just as she spoke a gentleman, who was passing with a friend, suddenly turned and said, "Excuse me, Madame, I could not help hearing. But I assure you that Mr. Burr is not forty-five, and that he is no worse looking than your humble servant!" He bowed with great courtesy, and my grandmother, with mingled dignity and sweetness—for I remember her manner well—replied, "Thank you, Sir." She partly raised herself, and bowed. The unknown gentleman lifted his hat and returned her salutation, then passed on. It turned out that the gentleman was Aaron Burr himself!

I suppose, dear Belinda, that you think such an incident is only possible in an age of minuets and high heels. Perhaps so; but I observed on Sunday that your heels are as high as Queen Elizabeth's, and as for minuets, if we are to have waists under the arm-pits, as you ladies seem resolved that we shall, why should not minuets return? My sister Smith has a miniature of me taken when I was just thirty, dressed in a coat with a collar so enormously high behind that my head is positively projected forward, and that preposterous collar seems to wink at me on both sides of my blooming young face, and whispers to me, "Hold on, my hearty; we shall all come round again."

Now I certainly am not anxious to see the return of any stupid old fashions or manners of the stately Spanish school. I do not want to see duennas, nor do I wish that you girls should be incarcerated in convents, beyond all knowledge of men and manners, and of the world in which you are to live, and then taken out to be introduced to Monsieur le Comte Vaurien, your future husband. But is there no middle ground between the minuet, we will say, danced by Spanish grandees of both sexes and the *can-can* danced by the *demi-monde*? Must mankind make their choice between Irving's prim Miss Hannah with her verjuice aspect, who gave her word to Christy the huntsman, and Gérome's Almé? Pooh, pooh, Belinda! I happen to know Mrs. Margery Honeysuckle, and therefore I know better. When I see you and your girl friends going with Diamond, Turquoise, and the rest to see the *Grande Duchesse*, and then repairing with those gentlemen to Delmonico's to sup and to discuss whether *La Grande Duchesse* is a proper or an improper performance, I am transfixed. I put down my spoonful of Roman punch, and I say to myself, "If I had a daughter, and she were to do this thing, could I saunter as complacently along the Avenue in the moonlight as I propose to do when I have consumed my light refreshment?"

Do you suppose that men do not discriminate? I don't mean philosophers upon high moral principles, but the Rubies and Turquoises and their kind, by instinct? You know what I overheard in the Mall. You were saying:

"That dreary old Mr. Bachelor evidently doesn't want us girls to have any fun. I suppose he'd like to have us all wear sackcloth and read 'Baxter's Call,' and tend hospitals or our own nurseries all our lives. Why doesn't he understand that girls will be girls, and not advise us to mope and disfigure ourselves? I should like to see him and his sex practice a little upon the fine advice they are all the time giving us."

This was what you said, and what Peter Paul Pry wanted to inform you that we had heard. But my feeling was that we ought to spare you the mortification of knowing that we had accidentally overheard you. When I said this earnestly to my companion he replied, with a shake of his head:

"I am not so sure, after what you tell me the papers say of the 'girl of the period,' that she would be mortified. I rather think she might tranquilly look at me and say, 'Listeners never hear any good of themselves.'"

Now, Belinda, have I ever said or suggested any thing so hard of you as this, which fell naturally from the lips of that pink of old-fashioned courtesy, Mr. Pry? I protest that you do yourself and me the greatest wrong when you say that my little strictures tend to cynicism and mortification and dullness and gloom. Why, my dear, look at my cravats, and worn, too, at my years—do they look ascetic? Do I go clad in the sombre suit of black which is said to be the only proper costume for an elderly man, as if he were to be draped in mourning for his dead youth, or for his approaching demise altogether? Do I fly the face of youthful man and woman, meditate with Hervey among the tombs, and turn elegiac verses? Inasmuch as Peter Paul Pry and I had been complimenting to each other the neat and graceful and lovely attire of Emily Agnus, who passed us in the Mall—only just before your unhappy remark—and as we daily walk and view the pretty sights of the city and comment gayly thereupon, and enjoy to the utmost the spectacle of freshness and youth wherever we meet it—when I had restrained his ardent desire to tell you that we had heard what you said, we both reflected upon it for a moment, and simultaneously turning to each other—

"How are you, Timon?" said Pry.

"How are you, Stylites?" said I.

Then we both laughed, and he told me by-and-by the story of his grandmother and Aaron Burr.

Belinda, my dear, I can put my whole philosophy of this matter in one simple little question—isn't a blush-rose more beautiful to you than a peony? In a cluster upon the lawn, against a dark evergreen border, I do not deny that the peony may be more impressive; but for your own hand, for the glass upon your table, for your hair? Now, what I advise is, hostility to extremes in manner and in dress. Last Saturday I was invited to dine with Mrs. Clover, to meet Mrs. Margery Honeysuckle; and you may be very sure that I put on my freshest white cravat and white waistcoat, and was very punctual at six o'clock. Just as I was going into the drawing-room, Mrs. Margery arrived. Her hair was simply, not elaborately arranged, but in the mode of the moment, and a moss-rose-bud was twisted in it. Her dress was a white muslin, exquisitely made, with a blue ribbon around the waist, gathered in the most ample and luxuriant bow behind, the long ends streaming down over the skirt. She wore a turquoise necklace and bracelet, and she carried a pretty fan. She was entirely in the fashion.

By-and-by Mrs. Montgomery de Rohan, the bride, entered. She is younger than Mrs. Margery; but her dress was a marvel and a bewilderment. It was all of colored silks, furbelowed, and looped, and festooned, and covered with the costliest lace, and caught with pearls. She was heavy with gems. The bosom of her dress was crusted with them. She rattled and rustled as she moved. It was the frantic excess of every present extravagance of fashion. De Rohan, the Frenchman who married her for her money, looked quite indifferent. Mrs. De Rohan herself was evidently painfully conscious of her fine clothes, and as I looked at her and reflected that she was positively of no more use and of a great deal more harm in the world, from her expensive uselessness, than the splendid butterfly that floated by you in the Mall as you satirized me the other day, I could not help resolving to preach my little sermon louder than ever, that a woman, however rich she may be, while she yields to the changing fashion, should avoid its wild excesses. The moment a woman is evidently nervously conscious of her dress, the moment it is plain that her life is a study of her clothes—and if it be so, the most artful can not conceal it—all is over. It is an appetite, as the love of whisky is. She will dress more and more, as a man drinks more and more, until she becomes such a spectacle as old Mrs. Periwinkle. That woman wears the bonnets of nineteen—and she is a great-grandmother!

I said that men discriminate instinctively, and I said so, not because the favor of men should be the motive of your conduct, but because it so often is the motive. The pleasant fellows who sup with you at Delmonico's, and discuss the propriety of the *Grande Duchesse*, are often doomed by you and your friends to celibacy. Do you think they wish to marry girls whom you teach them not quite to respect? Do you think they can afford to marry girls whose extravagance you prove to them? No, no, Belinda; it is not that I am no friend of flowers, as you suppose, but I prefer the real blossoms to the most elaborate artificial work. For true enjoyment I would not exchange this white rose in the glass beside me for all that remarkable wreath of muslin roses upon your bonnet.

Your young friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

TRAVELING TRUNKS.

IN selecting a trunk for the journeys that almost every one contemplates at this season, the purchaser finds a variety from which to choose. The *Bazar* advises its readers not to buy a cheap trunk, for an essential requisite to the enjoyment of a tour is the knowledge that the baggage is secure; and anxiety about a lady's wardrobe has been known to detract even from the pleasures of a bridal tour. It is absolutely necessary that the casket to which so many beautiful and valuable things are consigned should be a most substantial one. It must also be ample; no matter how regardless of dress one may be, a liberal outfit is a comfortable thing in the present state of the thermometer.

Trunks, then, must be secure and strong in order to endure the rough usage of the baggage-men; and commodious, so that the clothing may not be crushed. It is a mooted question among purchasers whether it is best to have many or few compartments in a trunk. Manufacturers differ also about this matter. At one house you are told that every partition between the various boxes monopolizes space that should be given for clothing, while the next salesman, with a bureau trunk to sell, will remind you how convenient it is to have a special drawer for every thing. Economy of space seems to us a desirable thing. There are advantages and disadvantages in both the bureau trunks and the chests with trays. Ladies object to the last because the trays are heavy to lift, and when expanded by moisture are difficult to remove from the frame. The drawers of bureau trunks are also liable to swell in damp weather. We will merely tell our readers the merits claimed for the different kinds shown us.

THE RISTORI TRUNK.

The last trunk for which a patent has been is-

ined is called the Ristori. It was designed by the firm that originated the well-known "Saratoga" trunk, on which it is a decided improvement. Every inch of space is judiciously appropriated. In the lid are compartments for a bonnet, gloves, and gaiters, and two at the ends for small articles of lingerie. The bonnet-box in the centre is so arranged that when only the bonnet is wanted, it may be obtained without letting down the whole upper part of the lid. If other articles are required, and the whole lid is lowered, the bonnet is accessible from the inner side also. In order to economize space, a collar-box is placed inside the bonnet, assisting at the same time to hold the bonnet in position. The tray is divided into a parasol-box and other compartments. Beneath the tray is ample room for dresses and skirts. This is one of the most convenient and simply arranged trunks that we have seen. It is made in four different sizes, the largest of which is worth $30. The frame is iron; the box wood, covered with split leather. The patent rotary lock is called the Excelsior. It is of American design, but is now largely used in Europe, and is acknowledged to be the best trunk-lock known.

The Saratoga trunk has become a standard article in the market. It is made in several different sizes. A very neat and compactly arranged trunk, similar to the Saratoga, is sold at from $12 to $15.

The most expensive trunk shown us is a family affair marked $100. It is of solid sole-leather, and forty inches long. The commodious inside has two trays, in one of which is a box that may be made small enough for a lady's bonnet, or large enough for a gentleman's beaver. It has an Excelsior lock near each end, to which there are separate keys for husband and wife.

THE "GEM."

At another establishment we saw a convenient trunk called the "Gem," which has the advantage of having no trays to be lifted in and out. It is divided into three parts. The two upper divisions contain receptacles for all the small articles of the toilette, and are raised and lowered by a wrought patent hinge that obviates the necessity of a stay welt at the sides. The lower part is appropriated to heavy clothing. It is bound with heavy iron bands secured with clenched nails. The price ranges from $25 to $30, according to the size, which varies from twenty-eight to thirty-four inches.

BUREAU TRUNKS.

A trunk lately patented called the "Upright" has quite the appearance of a bureau when opened. The front half of the lid is folded back, disclosing the whole upper part divided into drawers and shelves, with abundant room below for skirts. This trunk need not be drawn away from the wall when opened, for which it is to be specially commended. The chief objection is, that skirts and dresses must be packed as if beneath a shelf.

The "Baden-Baden" is similarly arranged. The lid opens diagonally, showing drawers with sundry boxes at the top. There is a separate place designated for every thing.

The state-room trunk is a mere wooden box covered with linen. It is, however, very convenient, as it is only fifteen inches high and will slide under the berth in a state-room.

A square bonnet trunk of bridle leather is desirable for short excursions, as it will hold many other things besides the bonnet. Price $8.

THE WATER-PROOF TRUNK.

A water-proof trunk, eagerly sought after by timid travelers, is at once a trunk and a life-preserver. It is constructed of sole-leather, on a metallic frame, and is guaranteed to float on water. Manufacturers say that this trunk has been kept in water six weeks without a drop thereof penetrating to the inside. Six of these trunks, we are told, were once fastened together with poles, forming a raft on which twenty persons embarked and enjoyed a novel sail. The fact that they are perfectly air-tight makes them invaluable for the preservation of furs.

Speaking of furs reminds us of the excellent cedar chests lined with camphor-wood, in which the winter clothing is kept secure from moths. These may be had in large sizes for $20. A large chest imported from China is of solid camphor-wood. Price $25.

GENTLEMEN'S VALISES.

We were shown a variety of valises and portmanteaus for gentlemen. The turn-over trunk is of sole-leather covered with duck. It opens in the middle. There is a tray for shirts in the centre, with deep compartments on either side for hat, boots, and clothing. It has handles that render it easily portable, and is sufficiently strong to bear any amount of hard usage. Besides this there are neat valises and portmanteaus that may be expanded sufficiently to contain clothing for a week's use, or made small enough to hold only the few articles necessary for a day.

TRAVELING BAGS.

We saw also smaller traveling bags to be carried in the hand by ladies, or attached to shoulder-straps for gentlemen. They are made with wide mouths and square bottoms which render them very ample.

It is poor economy to buy a cheap leather bag, as they are soon defaced. Those called by many dealers French morocco are the coarsest sheep-skin enameled. Moisture turns them brown, and soon makes them too shabby for a lady to use. Grained leather or cowhide finished in imitation of morocco will wear well and retain its color. Genuine morocco is goat-skin. It has a hard grain, and is made into handsome bags of a russet color. The real Russian leather and Turkey morocco bags are far more expensive than those of American leather; but it is economy to buy them as they wear for a lifetime. The leather and the frames are imported and put together here. These are then sold at from $12 to $18. Some bags that are really no better but are made in Russia or in Vienna are shown at $25.

NECESSARIES AND TOURISTS' BAGS.

Necessaries, or toilette cases, of Vienna leather, are fitted up with many small articles that are indispensable in traveling. A valuable one, easily portable, contains every thing necessary for sewing, writing, and the toilette. The brushes and hand-glass have ebony backs, and the perfume bottles and inkstands are of cut glass. There are handles on the outside, and a lock and key. Lunch bags and baskets are furnished with knife and fork, spoon, napkin, plates, etc.

Tourists' cases in small rolls, or flat, compact boxes, are provided with pen, paper, ink, pencils, paper-knife, scissors, sealing-wax, and taper. Linen bags, for gentlemen, are worn strapped over the shoulder, and are secured with lock and key. Water-proof bags, made of fine ropes, are convenient at the sea-side for carrying wet bathing dresses. Straps of bridle leather are arranged with buckles for transporting heavy traveling shawls.

TOURISTS' UMBRELLAS.

Large umbrellas are shown for artists and tourists, and for croquet players. They are of pongee or gingham, lined with that dark shade of green so comfortable to the eye. The handles are of bamboo, and the frames are very light.

Morocco parasols are used by ladies when traveling or driving in the country. They are not injured by dust or rain. A pretty one is of light brown morocco, lined with blue, and embroidered in self-color to represent whips, horse-shoes, and jockey-caps. The handle is covered with morocco, and a whip is pendent from the top instead of a tassel.

A mosquito and fly net, to cover the face and neck, is used when going into the woods. It is made over rattans, is large enough to cover a gentleman's hat, and may be compressed into a very small compass. An umbrella-net is arranged over steel bars or standards for the protection of sleepers when camping out. It may be folded quite small, and is easily adjusted.

LIFE-PRESERVERS.

Life-preservers of India rubber are preferable to those made of cork, because the air may be excluded so that they occupy but little room. In case of emergency they are easily inflated. The most simple ones are mere belts about the waist. Others are pillows for the chest and back, strapped over the shoulders. They are provided with a tube long enough to reach the mouth of the person wearing them, so that he can replenish the air should it become exhausted. The price varies from $3 to $6.

RUBBER PILLOWS, CUPS, ETC.

Rubber cushions and pillows add considerably to the comfort of travelers and invalids. When not in use the air is exhausted, and the pillow monopolizes a small corner in the satchel.

The telescopic drinking cup is of highly polished rubber. It consists of several rings, each smaller than the one above it—which may be pushed within each other when not in use. It is neat and compact.

Game-bags for hunters, sponge-bags, and bathing-caps, are also made of rubber. Rubber gloves for boating and gardening were shown us, and long traveling boots for wading into the water.

A convenience for travelers is a brass bracket affixed by a rubber suction-plate to any non-porous substance. It is conveniently small, and perfectly efficient. A lady may affix it to the window-pane of a railway car for a bonnet-peg.

A useful novelty in the summer is the rubber bath-tub. People who are staying at farm-houses, where bathing conveniences are not always accessible, provide them for their bedrooms. A tub three feet in diameter when inflated can be compressed into a compass small enough to be carried in a lady's satchel. Price from $10 to $24. There are four different sizes.

A rubber bath-brush, perfumed to destroy the disagreeable odor that sometimes attaches to rubber, is commended by physicians as a cure of rheumatism. It is a non-conductor of electricity, cleanses the skin readily, and imparts a delicacy to it.

SUMMER GAMES.

A new style of croquet has just been patented, which is intended to simplify the game. Only two colors are used on the balls, red and black, and the balls are striped numerically, so that their number can be ascertained at a glance. The mallets are striped to correspond with the balls. The colors on the stake are not used.

As a field-game martelle is preferred by many to croquet. The gay guidons of martelle, and its bright centre-piece and pins, present a very pretty picture on a green lawn. The players are kept constantly on the alert, and the interest of the play is all-absorbing. Some of the most attractive features of ten-pins, billiards, and croquet are combined in martelle.

Planchette is the most amusing mystery of the season. Every one asks what it is, and no one finds out positively. The incredulous pooh-pooh it, and believers talk learnedly of animal magnetism, the galvanic fluid, and spiritualism. We have no theory to offer, and can only say that it serves to while away a summer's afternoon in harmless pastime. Planchette is a small heart-shaped board on rollers. A pencil is thrust through the board on a sheet of white paper placed beneath it. Two persons sit at the table and place the fingers lightly upon Planchette. When one's patience is almost exhausted with waiting the board begins to move, oscillating backward and forward, whereupon you ask any question you like; the board begins to move anew, and you are supposed to find an answer to your query in hieroglyphics that are not always intelligible.

Thanks are due Messrs. CROUCH & FITZGERALD; F. B. BETTS & Co.; NEWARK TRUNK AND BAG Co.; UPRIGHT TRUNK Co.; G. & B. KELTY; SHIFFER & Co.; CLYDE & BLACK; and KIRBY & Co.

PERSONAL.

MISS A. B. EDWARDS is said to be the author of the very unwomanly "Girl of the Period" articles, published in the London *Saturday Review*.

—The Rev. Mr. PUNSHON, who to his marked power as a pulpit orator adds the finest poetical talent, has become a resident of Toronto, Canada.

—Several American ladies at Copenhagen recently desired to be introduced to the Queen of Denmark. The Queen at once sent them word to call upon her at Castle Christiansborg whenever it suited them. The ladies, upon being admitted to her Majesty, were not a little astonished to see that she wore a cheap dress, and that, on rising to receive them, she laid on her working-table a cotton stocking on which she had been knitting.

—Commodore VANDERBILT recently buried a daughter who had long been an invalid. Her remains were placed in the family vault in a little secluded burying-ground at New Dorp, Staten Island, where the Commodore expects to be buried, and to have all his family gradually gathered around him. It is understood that the bulk of his $60,000,000 will be left to his son WILLIAM, who is at present President of the Harlem Railroad. The latter was a farmer for many years on Staten Island, until he proceeded to New York not long since to enter upon a more active life. He still retains his farm of two hundred acres at New Dorp, inherits all his father's industry and love of horse-flesh, and is generally liked by all with whom he is thrown in contact. The Commodore looks to and relies upon him to conserve and perpetuate his vast possessions. The Commodore has shown much interest in his relatives, particularly young men, and has put many of them, in moderate or poor circumstances, on the high-road to wealth and prosperity.

—ELLIOTT, the artist, was never in finer brush than now, and never so constantly and profitably employed. Nothing less than $500 for the simplest portrait; from that up to $5000 for a full length. A little anecdote, quite characteristic of him, is told in this wise: He was painting some clergyman, who felt it incumbent upon him to give the painter a moral lecture during one of his sittings. Somewhat in awe of the artist, he began rather nervously; but as ELLIOTT painted away without any sign of annoyance, he gathered courage as he proceeded, and finally administered a pretty good sermon. He paused for a reply, when the artist, with the urbane but positive authority of his profession, merely said, "Turn your head a little to the right, and shut your mouth."

—Washington is just now honored by the presence of several artists and literary people. LEUTZE is looking out for a studio. KELLOGG ditto. FISHER is painting some very clever landscapes. LANMAN has laid down his pallet for the present, and is at work on a new edition of his "Dictionary of Congress." Mrs. LIPPINCOTT (Grace Greenwood) has taken up her abode on Capitol Hill. JAMES HARCOURT is writing a series of biographical sketches of our leading public men, which are to be published in London, with portraits. The Marquis of CHAMBRONNE, a descendant of LAFAYETTE, is contributing to Paris journals and periodicals. Mr. G. W. GREENE has been obtaining materials in the archives of the State Department for the third volume of the Life of General GREENE.

—No literary man from the United States was ever accorded such a reception as has been given to LONGFELLOW by the culture and aristocracy of England. The concluding words of his reply to an address of the Literary Society of Carlisle are very neatly put together: "Coming here a stranger, this welcome makes me feel that I am not a stranger; for how can a man be a stranger in a country where he finds all doors and all hearts open to him? Besides, I myself am a Cumberland man—I was born in the County of Cumberland, in the State of Maine, three thousand miles from here; and you all know that the familiar name of a town or country has a home-like sound to all ears. And yet there is much strangeness in this now, when I come to the land of my fathers and find in it no trace of my family or name. If I am to find them at all, it will not be in the streets of towns or on the outside of the houses of the living, but in the graveyards and on the doors of the dead."

—Notwithstanding the great beauty and high position of the French Empress, she is said to lack certain qualifications, without which a crown is sadly dimmed of its brilliancy. Some years ago she made efforts to attract the cleverest young authors of France to her *soirées;* but they never went more than three or four times. EDMUND ABOUT gives the reason. "You see," he said, "at the third or fourth *soirée* to which Her Majesty invited me, she asked me very bluntly to dedicate my next volume to her. As I could not do that, you know why, I preferred to stay away from the Tuileries." The reason why ABOUT could not do it was, first, because such a dedication would be looked upon as a proof of servility; and, secondly, because, in literary circles, it is well known that Her Majesty is a woman of no brains, and utterly destitute of literary taste. If a BALZAC could study her and watch her when she is off her guard, he could lay before the world an endless sketch of follies and stupidities. NAPOLEON, as any *habitué* at Court can tell you, is oftentimes terribly embarrassed by her childish doings.

—Baron HAUSSMAN, who has charge of laying out all the new streets and squares of Paris, and who, in that department, exercises almost despotic power, is said to be a stout, broad-faced, pleasant-looking gentleman, with no pretensions to manly beauty, nor with an especially intelligent style of phiz; looks like a rather easy-going, affable, dinner-loving Frenchman of the indolent sort. But his black eye is bright and keen, and "looks like business;" he is on the sunny side of fifty, having dark brown hair and whiskers under his chin, and but few wrinkles. He is descended from a member of the Convention of 1792, who was then a fierce revolutionist, and talked loudly about having LOUIS CAPET'S head. His father, son of the Conventionist, was editor of the *Temps*, and a revolutionist, too, in 1830; and now, the old gentleman, having subsided into a devotee of the second empire, is one of the editors of the official military journal, the *Moniteur de l'Armée*. The old Conventionist, grandfather of the Prefect, was originally a dry-goods merchant of Versailles, so the descent is not very illustrious; the Prefect having won the baronial title himself. The fact of the ancestor's having been a dry-goods merchant has given rise to the saying in Paris that "the Baron cuts through the streets of Paris as his ancestor did through his linen."

—HEBER C. KIMBALL, the great Mormon functionary, is said to have made more wives widows than any other man of the time. As ARTEMUS WARD used to say, he was very much married, and left sixty-seven poor females in widow's tears and widow's attire.

—A wealthy Japanese gentleman, whose income is put at $30,000,000, is said to be coming westward for a wife. The Boston *Post* thinks it would be a blessing if we could only get him here—*and tax him!*

—Mr. E. L. DAVENPORT, now playing a very successful engagement in California, is a very quiet, refined, proper person in private life. A gentleman who was passenger with him on the California steamer gives the following incident: "On Sunday evening I noticed a most impressive and novel ceremony in the saloon. It had previously been announced that Divine services would be held at eight o'clock, and hundreds of persons assembled there at the hour named. Who should walk into the pulpit but Mr. E. L. DAVENPORT, the celebrated tragedian. He read a chapter from the Bible, and then made the sweetest prayer I ever heard. If all preachers would pray as fervently as he did the effect would be much better, to say the least." Those who have seen Mr. DAVENPORT'S excellent acting, and listened to his finely-modulated voice, will readily believe all that is here stated.

—Although the SULTAN is said to be ignorant, stolid, passionate, and of tastes and habits altogether unrefined, he has great taste for jewels and possesses some of the richest in the world. In emeralds and pearls he is particularly strong; one of the latter, pear-shaped, being three fourths of an inch in diameter. One of the emeralds weighs 125 ounces. He has a brooch with 280 large diamonds, and several necklaces of pearls as large as pigeons' eggs. The Sultan did not learn much by his visit to Paris; but his ministers were observant, and have introduced several reforms into the Turkish administration, suggested by the Government machinery of France.

—Another picture of BISMARCK, from the pen of an enthusiastic American, who regards him as the foremost man of the time, which he probably is—*i. e.*, on the Continent: "His fine great head upon his tall, full figure, gave him a marked superiority over the whole assemblage. Power, prudence, self-possession, capacity, success, are stamped upon his features and bearing. If he is worn with care he does not show it; perhaps he carries it in those great sacks that hang under his eyes! He seems about fifty-four, and thoroughly well preserved. His habits are careful. He rides on horseback, and bathes in summer in the open river, a few miles from the town. He seems to possess much of the attainments of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, with a tact in statesmanship which never marked that powerful politician. If he had fallen from the skies he could not have come more opportunely, or with qualifications more out of the usual line of German statesmanship. Knowing all that German statesmen ever know, he has a thoroughly un-German dash and practical quality in him, which marks him out from his predecessors and leaves him wholly alone in his kind. With unsurpassed courage and competency, he possesses distinguished prudence and self-control. He is not a moral genius, nor are disinterestedness and pure philanthropy his inspirers. But he is a patriot, and sees Prussia's opportunity to lead Germany to her destiny, and probably no man could possess qualities or antecedents better fitted to the work. An aristocrat, he puts himself at the head of the party of movement, and advocates all possible reforms in the interests of a large liberty and a freer life. He is already a whole head and shoulders above not only his contemporaries in Prussia, but European statesmen in general; and the more I see of the slack, tape-tied, broken-spirited character of German politicians—dreamy, mechanical, wordy, theoretical, and inefficient—the more I admire the prompt, incisive, practical, and bold qualities of the redeemer of Germany."

—Boston has a sensible physician in Dr. JACOB BIGELOW, who pleasantly remarked at the dinner of the Massachusetts Medical Society that he was indebted for *his* good health to the joint agencies of temperance, hard work, and abstinence from medicine.

—A small explosion is looked for in Court circles at Paris. The Marquis DE CLERMONT TONNERRE, who is a something or other about the palace, having occasion to deliver a letter to the Empress, offered it to her in the natural and common way, with his hand. Her Majesty refused to take it from him, saying she was accustomed to have letters brought to her on a silver tray. "Madame," said the rebuked courtier, reddening, "the CLERMONT TONNERRES do not carry trays!"

—King WILLIAM, of Prussia, can not be expected to receive any sympathy from the tailors of the United States. In the matter of clothes he prefers the shabby to the genteel. Recently his valet is said to have given him a hint by substituting a new coat for one which he had worn two or three years longer than he ought, and was thereupon summoned to the royal presence. "Where is my old coat, Jean?" "I have taken it away, your Majesty; it is no longer fit to be worn." "What are you going to do with it, Jean?" "I believe I am going to sell it." "How much do you think you will get for it?" This was hard to answer, for not a *fripier* in the world would have given five cents for the old coat. Jean, therefore, hesitated a moment, and answered then, "I believe I shall get about a dollar for it, your Majesty." The king took his pocket-book from the night-table, opened it, and handed Jean a dollar. "Here, Jean," he said, "is your dollar. That coat is so comfortable. Bring it back to me. I want it yet."

White Piqué Pocket.

THIS pretty pocket is designed for little children. It is fastened to a long strap of piqué, which passes over the shoulder. The pocket is embroidered with black silk in point Russe from the design given in the Supplement. Cut for the pocket from Fig. 33 two pieces each of piqué and fine white shirting. Having embroidered the piqué, sew the parts of the pocket together, run the edges of the outside and lining together at the top, and set it on the strap, which is likewise embroidered and lined. One of the designs given for the trimming of children's dresses may be substituted if preferred, as being less elaborate and more easily worked.

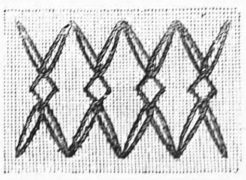


Fig. 1.—TRIMMING FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES, ETC.

WHITE PIQUÉ POCKET FOR CHILD UNDER 2 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 33.

Trimmings for Children's Dresses.

WE give illustrations of several pretty and easily-made trimmings for children's dresses, waists, etc. Figs. 1–4 may be embroidered with black silk, white cotton, or colored worsted. Fig. 4 shows the design worked in point d'esprit, or button-hole stitches linked one within another. Fig. 5 is white serpentine braid, button-hole stitched on the foundation with black silk. For this trimming take two pieces of white serpentine braid of the proper length, and twine them together so that the points lie one within another in the manner shown in the illustration; then make of the strips thus formed the border seen in the engraving, and button-hole stitch it fast along the edges on the foundation. This border may, of course, be made of black or red worsted braid.

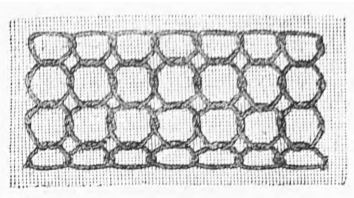


Fig. 4.—TRIMMING FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES, ETC.

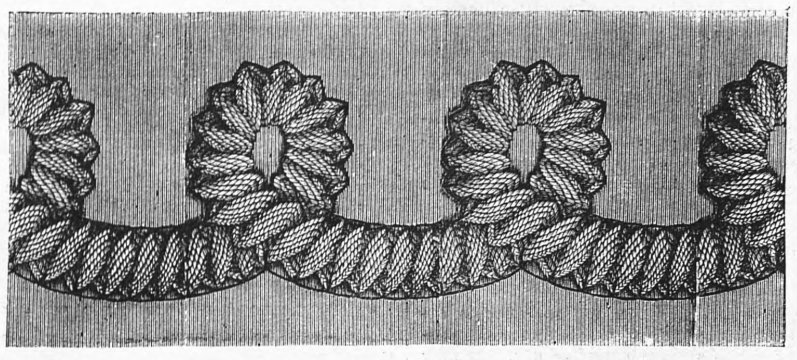
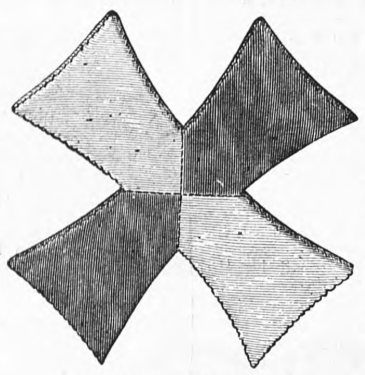


Fig. 5.—TRIMMING FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES, ETC.

Two Reels of Silk Mosaic for Winding Thread.

MATERIALS: Pasteboard, pieces of silk of different colors.

These reels will be found convenient for winding thread. The illustrations show them of the full size. Cut of pasteboard the requisite number of pieces—for Fig. 1 four, and for Fig. 2 six, all double. Cover all the pieces on one side with colored silk, fastening the edges on the other side; then sew together on the wrong side four or six pieces, according to which design is followed, and one side of the reel is completed. Having arranged the second side in the same manner, lay both together so that the covered side shall be outside, and overcast the edges fast. These reels may be made of any number of colors, or the different sides may contrast with each other.



SILK REEL.—FULL SIZE.

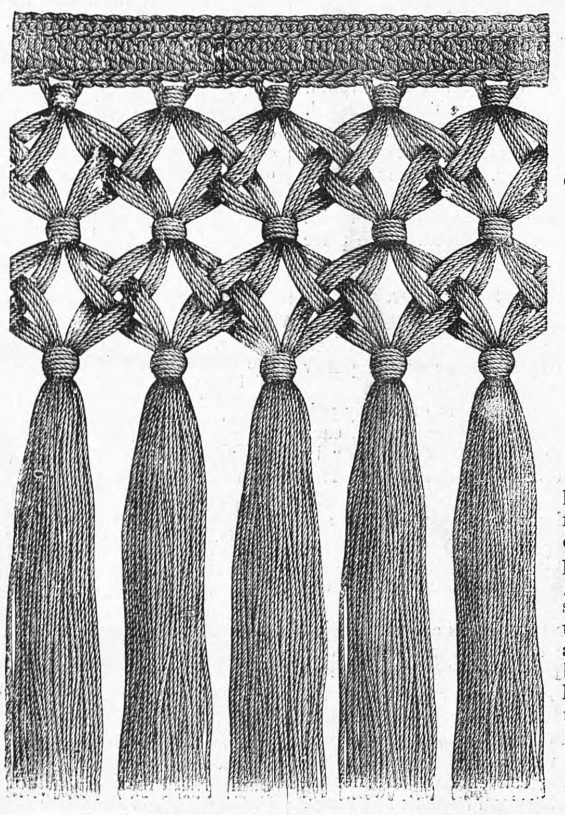
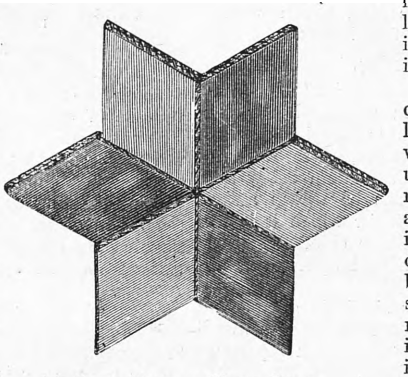


Fig. 2.—FRINGE FOR SASH, PALETOT, ETC.



SILK REEL.—FULL SIZE.

Fringes for Sashes, Paletots, Tidies, etc.

THESE fringes may be made of silk, cotton, or fine cord. The upper edges of the fringes from Figs. 2–4 are crocheted, while the fringe, Fig. 1, is knotted in the edge of the stuff. For making the fringe, Fig. 1, run through the edge of the stuff from six to eight threads, and tie them together. Then lay one strand diagonally to the right, and the other to the left, so as to form the cross lines shown in the illustration. Arrange this on a pasteboard foundation, and stitch together the intersecting points as in the engraving. Continue in this manner with the whole border, which may be wide or narrow, as is desired. The remaining ends of the thread form the fringe.

For making the fringe, Fig. 2, work, first, a foundation, then on this one round in single crochet, and one round in double crochet, and after this a round in slip stitch, crocheting after every 5th stitch three chain stitches, passing over one stitch of the last round. Then tie in every one of these chain-stitch loops a strand eight threads thick, which is laid together at half its length. Divide each of these sixteen-thread strands into four equal parts, and weave these, as shown in the illustration, with the strands lying next. Then collect again sixteen threads, which fasten as shown in the illustration; divide again, and weave with the strands lying next, and, finally, tie and even the ends of the fringe.

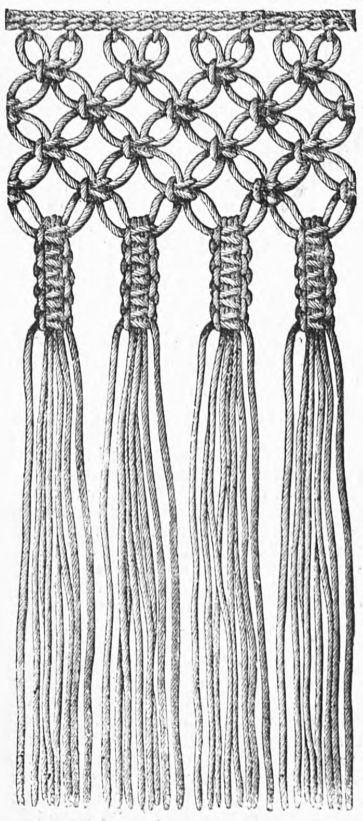


Fig. 3.—FRINGE FOR SASH, PALETOT, ETC.

For the fringe, Fig. 3, crochet, first, a double chain-stitch foundation, and run through the back vein of every third stitch of the foundation a fine cord of the requisite length, and in such a manner that it is doubled in the middle; then with the ends of the cord work the knotted weft as in the knotted slipper illustrated in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 9, bringing the knots at regular distances, as shown by Fig. 3. Having completed the border, join on several cords, and work over them in the manner shown by the illustration.

The border of the fringe, Fig. 4, consists of a round in single crochet worked on the foundation, then a round in double crochet, after every six of which work one chain. In each of these chain stitches tie a strand of the requisite length and thickness. These strands are divided, woven, and tied as shown by the illustration.

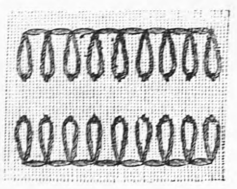


Fig. 2.—TRIMMING FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES, ETC.

Cravat Collars.

See illustrations, page 613.

THESE collars are worn over high dresses, paletots, etc., and are made of Swiss muslin, lace, and colored ribbons.

Fig. 1 consists of a standing collar made of lace, with embroidered application figures and a muslin binding. The front is ornamented with a bow and revers. The bow consists of a three-cornered piece of Swiss muslin, the shorter side of which is seven inches in length. This strip is bordered with insertion three-fourths of an inch wide, which in turn is edged with lace an inch and a half wide. The piece is then gathered up in pleats from the middle of the long bias side to the corner of the muslin, thus forming the ends. The upper corner is next turned over as shown in the pattern, and all the corners are trimmed with small bows of ribbon, which are ornamented with an embroidered figure in the centre.

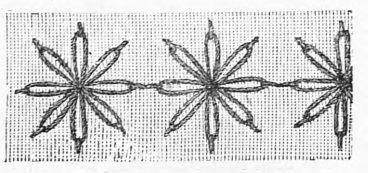


Fig. 3.—TRIMMING FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES, ETC.

Fig. 2.—This standing collar consists of lace an inch and a quarter in width, which is set on a muslin binding half an inch wide. The front is finished with a frill, made of lace insertion an inch and a half in width, which is bordered with a narrow row of hem stitch. One side of this insertion is edged with a strip of muslin, which is on one side cut into points an inch deep and three-fourths of an inch wide; on this is set a ruffle half an inch in width, which is edged with lace an inch and a half in width. The under edge of the insertion is bordered with the same lace, while the other side is finished with lace an inch wide.

Fig. 3.—This standing collar is of Valenciennes lace an inch and a half in width and lace insertion, under which is laid colored ribbon. This is fastened to a chemisette front, which is made of insertion, underlaid with ribbon and bordered with lace. The single figures are set on a muslin piece which is eight inches in length, and four inches wide at the top and two at the bottom.

Collar with Short Chemisette.

See illustration, page 613.

THIS collar is sewed to a short chemisette, which requires very much less material than any of those previously described. The collar is of fine linen; the chemisette is of muslin. Cut from Fig. 31 one piece of muslin, and from Fig. 30 two pieces of linen. Backstitch the two pieces, Fig. 30, together, except the under edge, then turn them, and join them to the chemisette according to the figures on the pattern. Work a button-hole and sew a button on the collar, and hem the chemisette around the bottom.

Infants' Hats.

See illustration, page 613.

Fig. 1.—Hat of white piqué, trimmed with the same material, box-pleated, and with loops of narrow blue velvet ribbon. A second row of the trimming forms a diadem in front. The crown is cut from Fig. 27 of the Supplement, and is laid in pleats on the outer edge and bound with a narrow bias strip. The trimming consists of a straight double strip an inch and a half in width, which is laid in box-pleats three-fourths of an inch in width; between every two pleats is set a ribbon loop. The edge is bound with satin ribbon. The second row is put on above the first, as shown by the illustration.

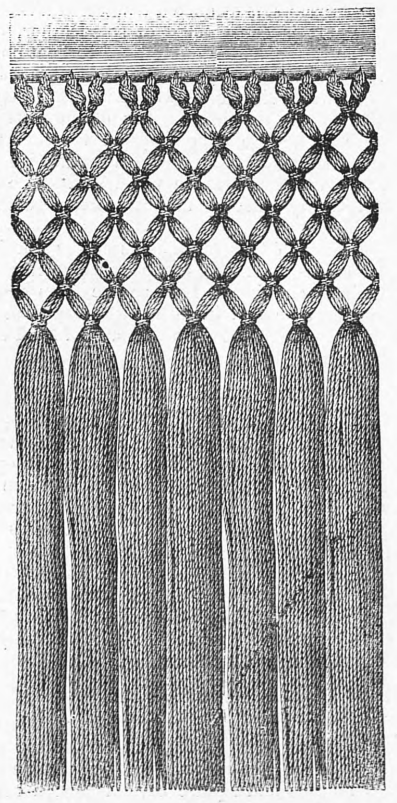


Fig. 1.—FRINGE FOR SASH, PALETOT, ETC.

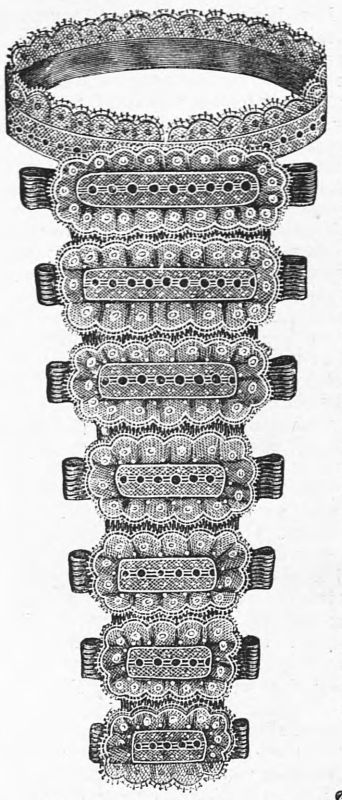
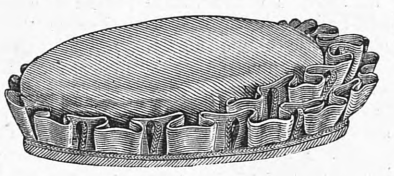


Fig. 3.—CRAVAT COLLAR.

Fig. 2 is of fine white muslin; the trimming of the front consists of two long clusters of muslin leaves and bow of the same. Cut of the muslin double from Figs. 27 and 28 each one piece. Then pleat the crown on the outer edge, bringing × on ●; sew on the lining, which is trimmed with four rows of cord on the outer edge, and join the crown and brim according to the corresponding figures of the pattern. Bind the seam, together with the outer edge, with a bias strip. For the trimming on the front cut for each cluster sixteen leaves of double muslin from Fig. 29 of the Supplement. Sew them together on the outer edge, and lay in each leaf a pleat, bringing × on ●; then arrange the leaves on the hat in two elongated clusters, as shown in the illustration. In the centre of these clusters set a bow made of a bias strip of muslin two inches in width.

Gentleman's Summer Hat.

THIS hat is especially recommended for traveling and country wear. It is made of black silk and oiled silk, arranged in such a manner that either material may be worn on the outside. The upper material of one side of the hat is not sewed fast, and can, therefore, be turned over, as shown in the pattern. For making such a hat cut of black silk and oiled silk from Figs. 53 and 54 each two pieces, and from Figs. 51, 52, and 55 each one piece. First, join all the silk crown pieces, making the figures correspond on the pattern, and then sew these to the brim. Line the brim with silk; this and the buckram lining must, however, be joined to the brim only half-way. Now sew together in the same manner the oiled silk pieces (crown and brim). Double over the oiled silk portion, taking care to keep it exactly even, so that all the seams shall be on the outside; then lay the hat thus doubled up on the back of the silk hat, and join one-half of the oiled silk brim with the upper half of the hat brim, and the other with the under half of the brim over a buckram lining, in such a manner that the oiled silk pieces shall meet each other. Bind all the edges of the brim with silk braid, and work a button-hole in that half of the brim which is to be laid over, then put two buttons on the under parts of the brim, and line the crown with silk. When the hat is laid over the button-hole, *a* is buttoned on the button *a*, as is shown by the illustration.



INFANT'S HAT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 27–29.

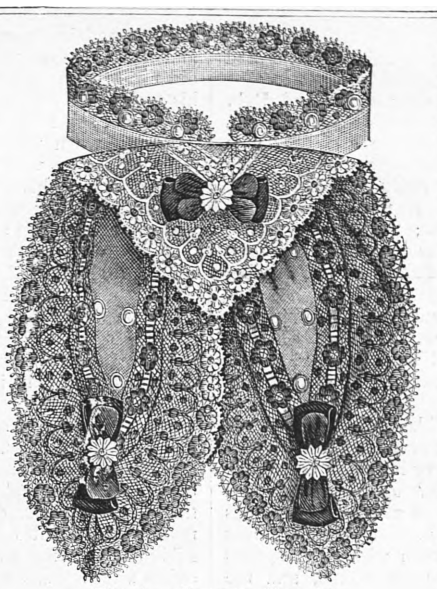
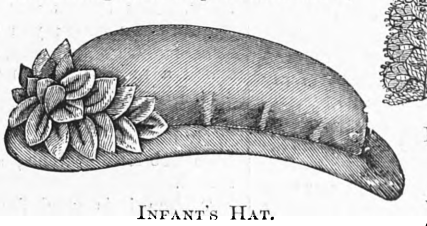


Fig. 1.—CRAVAT COLLAR.

COLLAR WITH SHORT CHEMISETTE.
For pattern see Suppl., No. IX., Figs. 30 and 31.

Knotted Riding Whip.

THIS elegant whip can be made by any lady. Take a willow-branch, or a fine pointed Spanish reed, and work it with fine gray twine. For working, make a hole one-fifth of an inch from the end, and also from the beginning of the work, in order to fasten the threads. On the upper end fasten a round knob. In doing this wind the end smoothly with the twine, running the end of the latter through the hole, after which wet the inside of the knob with mucilage, so that it shall adhere to the threads. In working the knotted work, which is in button-hole stitch, twist the position of the threads in such a manner that the chain-like veins of the stitches shall wind spirally around the rod. Having completely covered the reed in this manner, work for the lash twenty chain stitches with the twine, draw the end of the thread through the last stitch, and leave four inches, on the end of which make a tassel by fastening on a few threads and raveling them all out. Cover the knob with a network of button-hole stitch worked with the twine. Work the first row over a ring of four chain stitches, after which widen and narrow according to the form of the knob. The holder is crocheted with gray yarn: for this cast on ninety chain stitches, join in a round and work three pattern rows in a kind of Tunisian crochet stitch. In every first round of a pattern row of this stitch draw a loop through each of the upright loop stitches of the former pattern row, and through this loop a chain stitch, which retain on the needle, and cast off with a chain stitch in the following round. Crochet a round in single crochet, each stitch in an upright stitch of the last pattern row. Then sew the holder to the whip, and give it a few coats of copal varnish.



INFANT'S HAT.
For pattern see Suppl., No. VIII., Figs. 27–29.

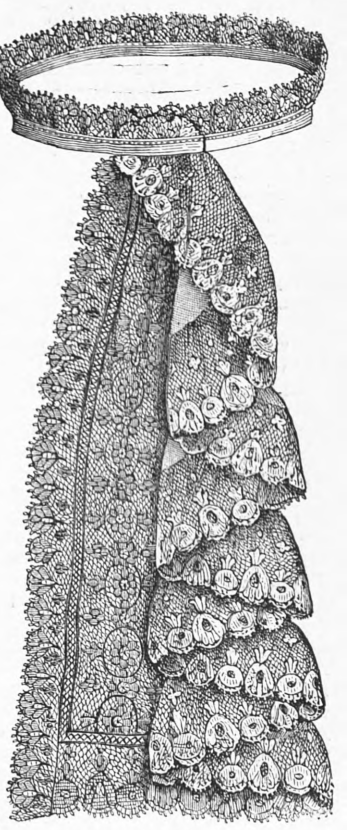
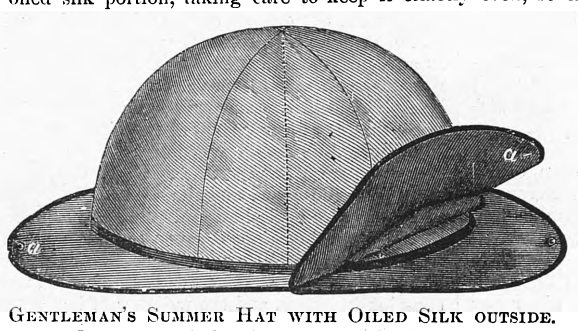
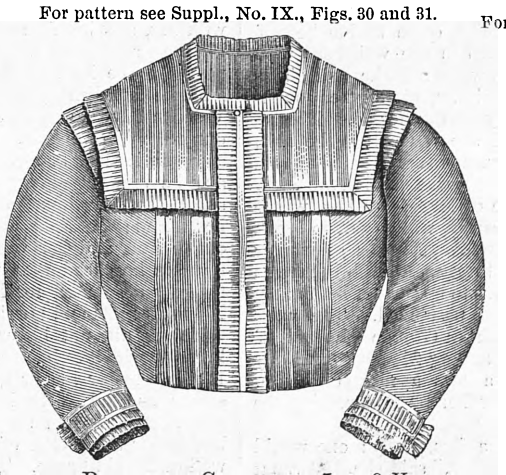


Fig. 2.—CRAVAT COLLAR WITH FRILL.



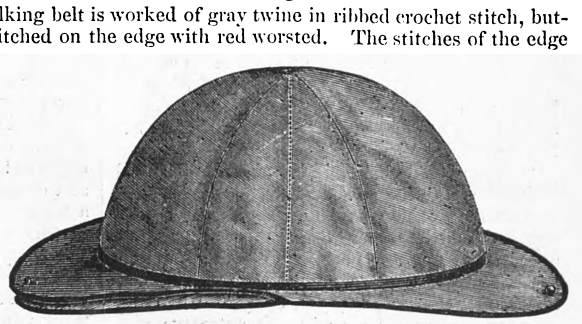
GENTLEMAN'S SUMMER HAT WITH OILED SILK OUTSIDE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 51–55.



CHEMISE RUSSE FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 46–48.

Crochet Walking Belt.

THIS walking belt is worked of gray twine in ribbed crochet stitch, button-hole stitched on the edge with red worsted. The stitches of the edge vary in length, being $\frac{1}{10}$th of an inch long in the middle of each rib and $\frac{3}{10}$ths of an inch between every 2 ribs. In every button-hole stitch crochet 1 sl. Work all the pieces crosswise, the belt by the pattern, Fig. 32. Begin the belt with a foundation of 45 stitches, and crochet backward and forward, widening and narrowing as the pattern requires. Leave 5 small eyelet holes at regular distances apart at each end of the belt. For the shoulder-bands work two strips 45 inches long and 25 stitches wide, with a button-hole 7 inches from one end, and set a button to correspond on the under side. Work the edges with red wool, and sew the ends to the belt with the button on the back. These shoulder-bands are joined by crochet strips 15 stitches wide. The front is 4 and each back 2 inches long, while those under the arm are each $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. The strips are all sewed fast to the shoulder-strips



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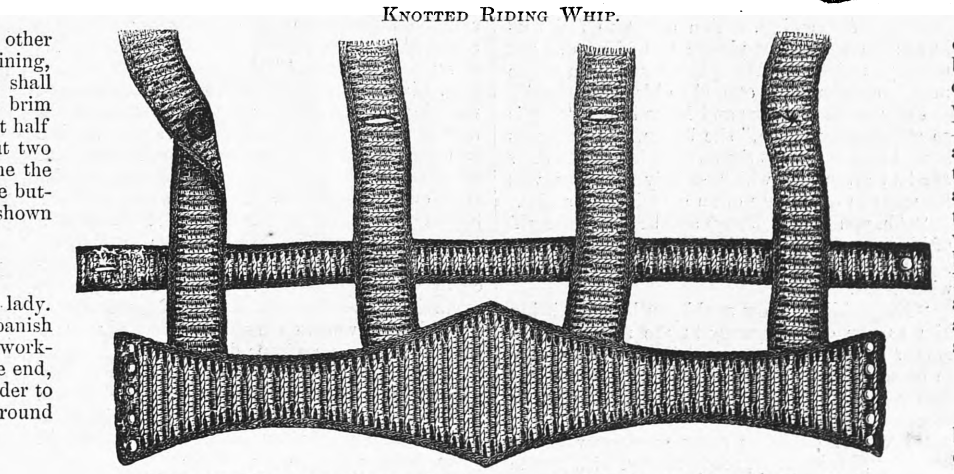
For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 51–55.



KNOTTED RIDING WHIP.

CROCHET WALKING BELT.—[For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 32.]

Embroidered Chemise Russe.

THIS chemise Russe is made of Swiss muslin, embroidered with black silk in point Russe, from the designs given by Figs. 56–59. No. 34, of *Harper's Bazar*, Supplement, Figs. 13 and 14, gives the pattern of the chemise Russe.

CHEMISE RUSSE WITH POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 56–59.

MANNER OF USING CROCHET WALKING BELT.

CHEMISE RUSSE WITH POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 56–59.

POLLY'S ONE OFFER.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

BOB was quite *that* sort of person. He had taken a fancy to Polly—every body in the house had taken a fancy to Polly; but, with the exception of Mrs. Livingstone, no one treated her with the respect that was her due. She seemed made for kisses, caresses, teasing, spoiling, and petting—for any thing but grave airs and work. Of course Polly did not see herself in the light of a good joke, very far from it, and yet she was happy in the atmosphere of kindly sarcasm that surrounded her. They were all so good to her, so easy and pleasant, and Bob and his mother especially. Mrs. Livingstone drew her on to talk of herself, and approved of what she heard of the principles and practical sense of the young creature.

"Yes, I know I am pretty, but children will like me all the better for it, so I am glad," said she, in reply to some comment on her beauty. "Miss Mill, an old governess near us, thought I might wear spectacles, but the oculist said if I did not require them they would permanently injure my eyes, and I was not going to suffer that. I did alter my hair and cut a lot off, which rather went to my heart, but it will take less time to do, and people who only see me with it plain will never know how much nicer I look in curls. And besides, I don't think any body calls me pretty except those who are fond of me. And, after all, I can't help it, and I am not inclined to starve or be a burden to Jane because of my face. I dare say it will prove quite as serviceable a face as if it began by being ugly—governesses age so fast; Jane has some white hairs already."

"But you may marry, dear. Don't you ever dream of a husband and children and house of your own? My girls do, and it is most natural," said Mrs. Livingstone.

"My mother does not approve of marrying," said Polly, calmly. "I used to think I should like it, but since I have heard how much there is to be borne from men, and what trouble in the bringing up of children, I am sure I shall be better out of it, and I have turned my mind to other things. Jane had an offer once, but my mother would not consent; and she has given up caring. We shall teach as long as we can, and when we have saved money enough we shall live together and be two old maids. All my ambition now is to be a good governess."

"I wish you'd come and be mine, Polly," said Bob, who, entering as she spoke, had caught the last words. "You have no notion what a good boy I should be under wise and judicious guidance, though I am nothing to boast of under present misrule. The fact is, they don't know how to manage me. Say yes, Polly." But Polly only laughed at his air of meek entreaty; and his mother told him Polly had not courage to undertake such a rough handful as he was, and he must apply elsewhere.

That evening Polly played on the piano, and sang distractingly. There was no end of her accomplishments. Bob listened till he loved her, till he longed to do as Maggie did, and hug her up and kiss her for pure kindness and pity that she was destined ever to be any thing but a pet and darling. That was the state of mind into which she threw many people, while she herself was feeling all the time quite strong and capable and equal to her fortunes.

In this way the week went on. It was fine weather, but Bob contrived to be much more than usual about the house. He was even troublesome occasionally, as one morning, for instance, when there were custards to make, and it was Maggie's turn in the kitchen. Maggie would have Polly with her, and just when she was standing at the end of the long white table inquiring where she would sit to see, and yet not be in any body's way, Bob appeared, lifted her up, and set her on the table. "Sit there," said he, and then took a small corner for himself close by, and supported his long length with one foot on the floor and one arm round Polly's waist. Such a thing had never happened to Polly before as to be made a prop of, and she felt that it was excruciatingly wrong for a governess (oh, if her mother or Miss Mill could see her!); but, at the same time, the very novelty of the circumstance made it difficult to extricate herself without compromising her dignity. She pretended not to be aware of the arm, though she was blushing and palpitating all over, and looking at the floor ever so far below her feet, she said, "Let me get down, please."

"You are quite safe; you can't fall while I am here," replied Bob, purposely misunderstanding her.

"But I don't like it; I am not used to it," persisted Polly, vexed and ashamed of herself, she hardly knew why.

"Like it?" echoed Bob, in a voice of tender concern. "Like what?"

Polly turned her face and looked at him with sudden tears in her eyes. He would have liked to say or do something rash, but he only took his arm away and moved off to the hearth. It was impossible to withstand that touching appeal, which said plainly, "You are my host, and should protect me, not offend me." Polly gazed out of the window for several minutes after, but he saw the burning rose on her face and one tear splashed down on her hand. Maggie seemed not to notice this by-play, and went singing to the dairy, upon which Bob drew hastily near to Polly and begged her not to be angry. "I would not vex you for the world," pleaded he. "Say you forgive me." Polly did not say any thing distinctly, but he understood that his peace was made; and when he heard Maggie coming back he took his departure. "And a good riddance too," observed Maggie: "the custards would certainly have been ruined if he had staid."

In the evening Polly sang again, and Bob, who had quite recovered his native audacity, proclaimed that he would have a singing wife or none. Why did not his sisters sing? They could do nothing. Polly could do every thing.

"Yes, Polly's a clever little midge," said Maggie, tenderly enfolding her; "but you need not take the trouble to set your cap at her, Bob; for she has made up her mind already; she is going to be an old maid."

Bob laughed aloud, and seemed immensely tickled in his imagination. "She looks like it, very much like it indeed!" said he. "I should think so! Polly an old maid! That would be a sin and a shame!"

Polly blushed, and said, curtly, she wished they would talk sense, and let her alone. What business was it of Bob's, or Maggie's either, for that matter, what she was? As a governess and a working-woman, of course she had other things to think of that made her serious, very different to them, who had been born with silver spoons in their mouths. These sentiments, and the tone of them, and their slight incoherence, quite upset Bob's gravity. He laughed long and merrily, and only recovered himself when Polly sprang up in a tempest and rushed to the door to escape. Then, with one rapid movement, he overtook and stopped her, and begged her pardon with pleas enough to soften a heart of adamant. But Polly's was harder than adamant. "I am not a baby; you treat me like a baby!" gasped she, crimson and furious. "I won't be called a mouse! My name is Mary Curtis!" Mrs. Livingstone was not present to keep order, but Maggie knew by Polly's way that she was really hurt and mortified; so she interfered, and bade Bob let her alone; she was not used to be teased.

"Then it is good for her—rub the starch out," replied he, exasperatingly, and went so far in his teasing that Polly, quite beside herself with passion, struck him in the waistcoat with all her little might. It was a mistake, as Bob instructed her the next minute, kissing her roughly, and then as roughly letting her go. The instant she was released she ran across the hall, half blinded with tears, and, after tripping and stumbling twice or thrice on the stairs in the dark, gained the safe refuge of Maggie's room, where Maggie found her presently, weeping fit to break her heart. Polly's self-respect was grievously wounded; if she could not make Bob behave to her like a lady, what was to become of her among children! Maggie was perplexed. The ways and customs of Blackthorn Grange admitted of a good deal of kissing among friends; but Polly evidently considered a kiss a mortal offense. She essayed to comfort her by representing the fact in its local light.

"Don't make such a fuss, Polly; one would think your were half killed," said she. "What does a kiss matter? and it was only Bob."

"He is a perfect bear!" sobbed Polly. "I wish I had never come!"

"You cross little savage thing! And it is not very polite to tell me Bob's a bear! He is nothing of the kind. You ought to feel flattered; he would not plague you if he did not think you nice. Maria Spinks was here a whole month, and he never offered to kiss her once."

Polly dried her eyes and looked up. "He is so abominably rough," she began, and then was scared into silence at the recollection of the blow *she* had given *him*, which, strictly speaking, was far more in the nature of an assault than a kiss.

"Ah, you may well stop and bethink yourself of his provocation," said Maggie, significantly.

"Did I hurt him?" asked Polly, with lovely wistfulness.

"Dreadfully! How could you help it, hitting him as you did purposely in the region of the heart? And Bob is very delicate. It is easy to be sorry for it afterward, but that is the way people get into passions and commit murder, or manslaughter, at least."

"I wish I could go away to-morrow before breakfast," said Polly, ready to sink with shame and self-reproach.

"That is impossible. You will just have to do penance and sit by Bob, and if you take my advice you will behave as usual, and say nothing about to-night. It is lucky my mother was not there; she would never forgive you for hurting Bob."

"I'm sure I won't mention it, Maggie; I think I should die if any body else knew," said Polly, ruefully. "It has made me feel so small and contemptible. If I had only remembered myself and kept my temper it would not have happened."

"Nonsense! it can't be helped now; think of the old song—'If a body kiss a body, need a body cry?' If you had been here at our New-Year's party you might have been kissed a dozen times under the mistletoe, if Bob had not intimated that he would not stand it; nothing varies more in kind and degree than a kiss, you know."

"I don't know; but I want no more of Bob's kind and degree; my cheek and chin are red yet."

"Well, don't complain—it is your own fault; you may be sure it is when I tell you so," said Maggie; and Polly held her peace.

It was difficult next morning when Polly went down to breakfast a minute or two late. Mrs. Livingstone offered her cheek to her; and Bob, with not a little extra color in his face, gave her a cordial, expressive shake of the hand. Maggie had reported Polly's wrath and distress in unmitigated terms, and Bob was sorry he had been "a perfect bear," and "so abominably rough." She was much too shy and conscious to talk in her wonted way, and he perceived he had gone too far and frightened her—and heartily vexed at himself he was for his blundering stupidity. He transgressed in the opposite direction that day, and was as tenderly assiduous as a lover; Polly did not appreciate his kindness, but seeing that his repentance for his great offense was deep and unfeigned, she forgave him fully and freely—so fully that when he took his leave of her at the Warden House, whither he had driven her and Maggie over in his dog-cart, and said, humbly: "We are friends again, Polly, are we not? And you will come again at Easter?"

Polly, with a rosy beneficent countenance shining on him, replied: "Yes—if I may."

CHAPTER IV.

POLLY'S adventures at the Warden House were passed chiefly in the school-room. The children were reasonably good, and Mrs. Stapylton was abundantly satisfied with her new governess's cheerfulness, skill, and industry; but the first time she sounded her praises to her husband the captain replied: "Don't expect to keep the little woman long, my dear. She is uncommonly pretty, and I am much mistaken if Bob Livingstone is not sweet on her; he always inquires after her so amiably when we meet at the market table."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Stapylton; and the next time the meet was at the Warden House she bade her husband invite Bob to ride over the previous day and sleep; and she contrived to have a lady short at dinner, and asked Polly to be so kind as to leave lessons for once and fill the gap; for she was an amiable woman, married after her own heart, and would be glad, as she said, to give such a nice little thing a chance.

Polly had the sagacity to leave her profession up stairs, and to come down charming in her white dress and white ribbons; but Bob felt it was not quite like having her to himself at Blackthorn Cottage. Yet she was much easier here, and talked and was as gay as any one. There was nothing in Polly to provoke or invite an impertinence. The ladies made no difference with her, and her face was enough to insure her kindness at first sight from men. If Bob was a person to be influenced by other people's opinions, he heard many golden ones of Polly at the Warden House, and all casually expressed without reference to him. Perhaps he did carry away an idea or two of her more meaning than any he brought—Maggie certainly believed it, and began to insinuate the same in her letters to her friend; but Polly was heedless and indifferent to Bob, and her work and duty were much more in her head than "nonsense," which sufficiently accounted for her never responding to Maggie's hints and queries.

Easter did not linger, but was soon come, bringing with it Polly's second visit to the Grange. It was a lovely Easter that year—warm, sunny, serene as May, with hedges green, pear-trees and cherry-trees in blossom, and even roses in bud under the shelter of the eaves on the south wall of the old house. They made it quite a gay season at Blackthorn Grange, and Polly, whose dignities had worn easier already, entered into it with all the natural joyousness of her temper and time of life. She was exceedingly pleasant about the house, and the many visitors, kinsfolk, and neighbors who came there during her stay were charmed, and regarded her with a significant interest which none of the family discouraged. Mrs. Livingstone would walk her about the great walled garden for an hour at a time, talking to her no one but themselves knew what about, but the two were excellent company to each other, and often Bob made a third. Laura was rather quizzical on the subject of Maggie's friend and her brother; but that was her disagreeable way, and Fanny and Maggie made up to them for it by all sorts of little considerateness, which they profited by without observing. And every day some excursion was planned which threw them together. Now it was to Cranstown Rocks, now to Haviland Priory, and one day, the most memorable of all, to Beech Grove, the Livingstones' ancestral manor, Bob's inheritance, where Maggie informed Polly that he would most likely go to live when he married and settled. It was an old place, though not so old as the Grange, and it had fallen into some neglect from having been let to a careless tenant, whose lease was, however, nearly run out; but, as Polly said: "With a little trouble and taste it might be made beautiful." Bob asked how she would go about to improve it? and as he trotted her through the rooms and the garden he treasured up all her little views and opinions, which she was perfectly free with, not at all as if they were a matter of personal concern. And perhaps they were not. Polly had a faculty for planning and suggesting, but she was not conscious of any peculiar sentiment for the place as Bob's future home, though every body, himself included, gave her credit for it.

And very happy Bob was in his illusion. Polly was quite kind enough to please him, and her shy trick of blushing, and her sudden vivacities and caprices soon charmed his heart away entirely. And hers? She was a mystery to herself; she liked Bob; she liked to be near him; once, when he took her by surprise and kissed her, she was not so furious but that he thought he might some day venture again; in fact, if she had given way to nature, she would have loved him very sweetly and tenderly. But all her principles were against giving way, and whenever she felt inclined to lapse into weakness she would recite to herself all her mother's litany of impediments, and pains, and penalties in marriage. This sufficiently proved her in danger, and set her on her guard against it, poor little Polly!

The Easter visit was extended to a fortnight, and before half of it was over the servants in the house, the men on the farm, the very dogs even, had learned to demean themselves to Polly as to a little lady in whom their master had a special interest. Mrs. Livingstone, Laura, Fanny, and Bob's two chief bachelor friends were ready with their consent whenever it might be required; and in the absence of the principals would discuss their private affairs without the smallest delicacy or reserve. Only Maggie held herself in an attitude of doubt, and this Laura treated as the supremest affectation. "You know your precious Polly will say 'Yes' the very first minute Bob asks her, and be only too glad!" the quizzical sister would tauntingly aver; to which Maggie would make answer that she only wished she was as sure of it as Laura appeared to be.

But Maggie could be sure of nothing. Polly was a puzzle and trial to her at this moment, and she was constantly trying to solve her by all manner of cunning experiments and questions. On their last evening together she went so far as to say in the privacy of their bedroom: "I fancied once you were going to be fond of Bob for my sake, Polly, and I am disappointed in you. You are not half good to him, you little cross thing, and you look him in the face as frankly as any of us—that's a sign you don't care for him, tiresome toad that you are!"

"Bob's eyes are blue," said Polly, with abstraction, but as coolly as if she were repeating "two and two are four."

"You have no particular prejudice against blue eyes, have you?" inquired Maggie, in a tone of affront.

"No! you dear old Maggie, why should I? Yours are blue."

After a brief silence Maggie returned to the charge: "You are coming to see us again at midsummer—now you need not seek any excuse, for I won't take it! You are coming to see us again at midsummer. Say *yes*, or don't open your mouth." Polly kept her mouth shut. "Have you been struck dumb? You *are* coming, I know you are! I'll never be friends with you again if you don't." Polly's lips still never stirred. "Oh, Polly, don't be a silly little donkey! Look here—is there any body loves you as much as I do, unless it be dear old Bob? and you are going to throw it all to the winds!"

"Yes, there's Jane loves me, and I must spend my midsummer at home with her and my mother," said Polly, thus solemnly adjured.

"That's all right; but you'll come *here* first—*promise*—I'll shake you if you don't."

Polly did not exactly promise, but she begged off her shaking with something Maggie accepted as an equivalent; and in the morning when she was driven off to her duties at the Warden House by Bob himself, it was considered an understood thing that at midsummer, before going home to Norminster, she should pay another visit to Blackthorn Grange. It was a lovely April day, with the sun in full glow, and the orchards all pink and white with apple-blossom. The country was very fine and luxuriant between the Grange and Lanswood, and Polly's eyes and soul took delight in its spring beauty. She was feeling happy, unconsciously happy, and the radiance of her heart shone in her countenance. Maggie, at whom she often looked round, thought she had never seen her so sweetly pretty before; and Bob, though his plan of courtship was all laid out, and he had no intention of being precipitate, found himself more than once on the brink of asking the question which would decide both their fortunes.

"You would not mind spending your life in the country, Polly, little town-bred lady as you are?" said he, gayly.

"I like the country best," replied Polly.

"When you come to us at midsummer I shall have Stella ready, and you shall learn to ride—all the girls ride hereabouts."

"But they ride from children. I am rather timid; I am not sure that I shall like it."

"I shall teach you myself," said Bob, as if that would remove all difficulties, and he glanced down at the little creature beside him with fond admiration. None of her friends' opinions of Polly had yet grown up to her own estimate of her dignity—not even Bob's. He laughed indulgently at her practical airs, and called her his Mouse and his Blossom, with a tender patronage that she could not repress, though she sincerely wished to do so. It seemed to Polly sometimes as if his will were the stronger, and controlled hers, however she fought against it; and that was the fact. Bob was not a particularly profound person, but he perfectly fathomed Polly's mixture of pride and shyness, lovingness, doubt, fear, and trembling toward himself, and he deemed it quite in his duty and business to tame her with kindness, yet firmness—much as he was taming his beautiful shy filly Stella; as for letting her go her own way, or supposing she would defeat him in the end, it never entered Bob's head; and had her mother's warnings and philosophy been laid before him, they would have been far too strange and unnatural for his honest comprehension. He religiously believed that every nice young woman wished to be married, and why not Polly, who was so extremely nice?

The drive to Lanswood was very pleasant all the way, and when Polly was left behind at the Warden House, to think it over, she could not but know why it had been so. Love is the best of companions. "Dear old Bob, I'm afraid I should grow foolishly fond of him if I went often to Blackthorn Grange. I had much better stop away at midsummer," said she to herself; but perhaps she did not mean it. She was rather dull and absent for a day or two, but she soon brightened up at her work, which was not severe or disagreeable. In truth her situation was very comfortable, and she had no injuries or hardships to make the notion of escape welcome; but still she counted the weeks to the holidays, and did not grieve to see them pass. And in every letter Maggie told her how much nearer midsummer was, and mentioned many delightful parties of pleasure and excursions which were standing over until her coming. At every such allusion Polly's

heart underwent that physical spasm which she had described to her friend as afflicting her before she set forth on her career as a governess. To go or not to go to the Grange became her thought by day and night. She was pulled very hard both ways. She did not deny to herself that the Grange was a happy place for a holiday; but her principles of so many years' careful home cultivation were in peril there, while her head still approved of them so entirely that she felt it was inconsistent and wrong to walk into temptation with her eyes open and her judgment unobscured. Nobody at the Grange denounced marriage as a state of suffering bondage, or children as a perpetual care; indeed Laura and Fanny were both engaged, and Maggie, though not so far gone as they were, frankly avowed that she had only refused the curate because she did not like him; if she had liked him she should have had no scruple about accepting his proposal, and take her luck for what might follow.

In this manner she drifted into a decision that she would go to Blackthorn Grange, but it should be for the last time; and a few days after, there she was, in all her pretty dignity and grace, and every body in and about the house was talking about her and the master, and drawing only one conclusion from this third visit within the half-year.

CHAPTER V.

POLLY did not find her position under these circumstances at all pleasant—rather the reverse indeed. There was a great deal going on at the Grange; never was Maggie so busy in the kitchen or so little at leisure to devote herself to her friend. Laura and Fanny had, of course, occupations of their own, and were not going to be troubled with Maggie's darling; and so it fell out that she was often left to Bob, who had plenty of idle time on his hands, and was glad to employ it.

The first morning after her arrival Polly was introduced to Stella in a large, level pasture field; and Bob having put her in the saddle with infinite care, and many assurances that she need not be in the least afraid, led the pretty creatures slowly round the field. They were a capital match, he said; and if Polly liked, Stella should be hers. Then Polly had the bridle in her own hands, and Stella walked quietly and obligingly after Bob close to the hedge, and then across the field to the gate, where Mrs. Livingstone stood, without being led. Mrs. Livingstone said Stella was admirably trained, and a docile, fine-tempered thing; and then she commended Polly as sitting nicely and straight up, and bade Bob mind and take care of her. This lesson was repeated every morning after breakfast, and Polly could soon ride well enough to be trusted on the road with Bob and Maggie; and so they took several excursions together, not very long, and Polly made acquaintance and drank tea informally at several neighboring houses, where she was evidently welcomed for somebody's sake besides her own.

Every time this significant sort of welcome was given her Polly's heart suffered that strange physical wrench, and so it did often when she was with Bob alone, and he said kind words, and gave her kind looks that implied his love for her. He was never rough with her now, but very quiet and wary, as if he had an inkling of that hidden pang, and was watching for his opportunity to speak without scaring her, and so finally to cure it. His wooing was not at all unlike the process of breaking-in Stella. Polly was quite as shy, as proud, as averse to bit and bridle as that pretty thorough-bred; but once subdued, Bob thought she would also be as good and as obedient to his hand. Yet all this while that he was endeavoring to make her compliant and tractable Polly was hardening her mind against him, and perplexing Maggie more and more every day. She had no fear of herself what she should answer if Bob were so rash as to make love to her openly (as if his daily life at present was not all love-making!); but she had many doubts whether she had done what she ought to have done in coming to Blackthorn Grange. She had read very few novels, and was a child for worldly wisdom; but she knew it was not good for a governess to be called a *flirt*, and Maggie had said to her that *if* she did *not* like Bob she was no better than a *flirt* and a *coquette;* to which Polly had replied that she *did* like Bob, and she would not have bad names fastened upon her. But both the girls knew that they were talking at cross purposes, and that *liking* meant very different things in their vocabularies—standing for downright true love in Maggie's, and in Polly's for a mere general sentiment free to all the world.

The wrench at Polly's heart was very frequently repeated at this time; it was renewed, indeed, day by day. There was an old friend of the Livingstone family, a widow lady, who often dropped in with her work of an afternoon, and was quite in the confidence of the sisters. She tried to take up Polly in the same way, during one of her visits, and extolled Bob so highly that Maggie sat in dread lest Polly should indulge in one of those sharp satiric speeches for which she was famous at school when provoked. But no; Polly sat humiliated and in pain, listening to feeble anecdotes of Bob's babyhood and boyhood, most of which she had heard from his mother, and wishing she was safe at home and her trials and temptations over. While the talk was still at its height down came a heavy pour of rain, and Bob strolled in from the garden. Polly was in possession of his peculiar chair, and, quite simply, not meaning any offense or expecting it to be taken, he said, "Get up, Polly, and you shall sit on my knee." Polly got up, and would have stepped away; but Bob dextrously intercepted her and throned her on his knee, adding, in a cheerful, explanatory tone, "She is going to be my little wife, Mrs. Davis—are you not, Polly?"

"There go two words to that bargain," said Maggie, and laughed nervously. Polly did not speak, but she made a gentle, decided move to extricate herself, her heart beating with pang after pang and her eyes turned with pathetic entreaty on Bob's face. Bob, who loved her eyes, smiled at their helpless sweetness, and thought they were like his favorite setter's when she cowered at his feet, fearing punishment. He did not let her go at once, and she did not struggle—dignity forbade—but she slipped away by-and-by, and contrived to say, pleasantly, that though it might be a vast honor to sit on Bob's knee she greatly preferred a chair, at which Bob laughed, perhaps rather too incredulously.

The day but one after this was the day fixed for Polly to go home. Mrs. Livingstone was very kind to her, and hoped she would soon return for a longer stay; and this she repeated so frequently that Polly quite understood that *she* had no doubt of it. Bob left her little peace, but he did not put her out of her pain until the last morning, when she had begun to think she was to get away without incurring the worst test. It was settled the night before that she should go to the station with Maggie and Laura in the pony-carriage, which had a front and back seat; and when she had said good-by to Mrs. Livingstone and Fanny indoors and came out at the garden-door in the morning sunshine there was Bob, in a light summer suit, looking in the finest spirits, but excited withal.

"Are *you* going, Bob? I have put on my driving gloves," said Laura, who had already taken the reins.

"You may drive and welcome; I only want to go to the turn of Pickett's Lane; I'll sit behind with Polly," said he, and put her in and followed himself. Then Maggie mounted by her sister, and off the pony went at a frisky trot.

Polly's parting glimpse of the Grange was adorned by the figures of Mrs. Livingstone and Fanny in the porch, Fanny waving her hand and crying, "Come back soon, Polly; come back soon!" The road was long and perfectly level and straight, but it wavered in capricious zigzags before Polly's eyes, while roses and lilies contended for the dominion of her face. Bob was there, and watching her, and her heart was all one great swelling pang. She would have given any thing for leave to cry, but this was neither the time nor place for tears, and she had forgotten her veil. Bob was apparently occupied with the landscape, but he did not lose one change of her sweet little face, and presently he began to speak of her return to the Grange.

"But I shall see you before then, Polly," he went on; "I am coming to Norminster next week, and you will introduce me to Jane and your mother. I am only a rough fellow, but I love you dearly, Polly, and you must speak for me. I'll promise to take all the care in the world of you if you'll be my precious little wife—don't you believe me, Polly?"

"I know you are very good, Bob, but I made up my mind long since that I could take care of myself," said Polly, with sudden, invincible, wicked quiet, that came to her aid from no one could tell whence.

"What on earth do you mean, Polly?" demanded Bob, startled out of his happy complacency.

"What I say. You are very kind, but—but I don't intend to marry."

Bob was posed for a moment, though not silenced. "Change your mind for *me*, Polly. Don't you think we could be happy together? I have quite set my heart on *you;* I can not live without you."

"That is what all men say beforehand; but I have heard my mother talk. No, Bob; I shall make a better governess than wife; I am not cut out for any body's wife."

"Let *me* judge of that, Polly; don't shake your head. What has come over you to be such a little savage all at once? You were very nice yesterday; why did you let a fellow go on worshiping you if you meant to be so hard to him at last? I don't understand it; I won't believe you can seriously mean to use a fellow so badly. Is it true, then, that you don't care for me? is it true that you can't be happy with me—that you won't even think of it?"

There was no softening or promise in Polly's countenance. She was feeling that she had come through the dreaded ordeal wonderfully, and the pride and excitement of a complete victory over the traitor in her bosom sustained her. Bob was speechless for a few minutes. They approached the turn of Pickett's Lane. At the supreme moment he looked at her once more with wrathful love, and said, in a constrained voice, "Then you'll have nothing to do with me, Polly?" Her heart moved with a cruel spasm, but her "No, Bob," came out cold, curt, and clear as a drop of iced water.

Bob stepped into the road as Laura checked the pony. The halt was not for half a minute, and he had disappeared, and Polly was left to enjoy her triumph of principle over natural affection.

Maggie understood but too well what had happened, and, doing by Polly as she would have been done by in similar circumstances, she took no notice of her disappointing friend until they arrived at the station. There were not two minutes to wait, and the train dashed in. Laura staid outside with the pony. Maggie took Polly's ticket, saw her luggage safe and herself in a carriage alone; and then, just as the guard came along with his whistle and "all right," she kissed her and said, with a sob, "I am awfully sorry, Polly; but it is your own fault. You deserve to die an old maid, and I believe you will!"

CHAPTER VI.

IT may, perhaps, be anticipated that Polly repented at once, for she was certainly fond of Bob; but it can not confidently be averred that she did. When she arrived at home her mother and Jane thought her looking remarkably rosy and well. Nothing was observed to be the matter with her spirits; and as she kept her own counsel about Bob's offer, she had neither praise nor blame to endure, nor question, nor comment, nor criticism. Mrs. Sanders did remark once, "You have not picked up a *beau* in the country, then, Miss Polly?" and her mother did rejoin that she hoped her girls had more sense than to dream of *beaux*, but that was the nearest allusion to the subject; and, when the holidays were over, she went back to the Warden House and resumed her school-room work in her orderly systematic way, as if she had not a care or a thought beyond it. For a month or two Mrs. Stapylton lived in daily expectation of a notice that she must provide herself with another governess; but no notice coming she concluded that Polly had missed her chance, and as she suited her admirably in every way, she was not sorry. Maggie's letters were not much less frequent or affectionate than formerly, but Polly was not invited again to spend her holidays at the Grange, as was very natural. Nor did they meet. People may live half a lifetime within a few miles of each other and never meet, if neither desire it; and the three years Miss Mill had decreed as the shortest time any governess who meant to prosper in her vocation should stay in her first place, went over without ever bringing the two friends within eyesight of each other again.

Nobody died meanwhile, and nobody was broken-hearted; only Mrs. Livingstone was once heard to say, bitterly, to Maggie, "Don't let me hear any more of your Polly Curtis!" and henceforth Polly's letters were read in private, and her name was never mentioned at the Grange. Bob was not the man to rave over a disappointment of the heart; he was more inclined to console himself in a way that was a sorrow to those at home. But Polly heard nothing of these consolations. When she mused of her old visits at Blackthorn Grange, which she did with a tender paradoxical regret (seeing how she had terminated them), her imagination always represented every thing there as it used to be, though she knew Laura and Fanny were married and gone, and that Mrs. Livingstone was no longer the active, strong house-mother she had been. And an unconscious change had come over Polly herself. A sweeter little woman to behold there was not, far nor near, though she dressed herself indifferently, as women do who have no desire or expectation of attracting. She had great fortitude at her tedious work, and never flagged: she improved herself by private study, and had economized a few pounds, which she meant to carry her to a foreign school, where she proposed to teach English in return for lessons in music and languages. Mrs. Curtis approved of her entirely, and Jane had ceased to complain. Yes, Polly was most exceedingly reasonable and practical, and was an anxiety to no one; yet sometimes a terrible sense of isolation would come over her, and she would cry softly, with that old spasm of the heart, "Oh, what a fool I have been!" as if she were sorry for some past irretrievable blunder. She had no longer the conceit of her own strength that was so obtrusive in her at seventeen. She had heard other people talk besides her mother and Mrs. Saunders, and in the loving, kindly family where she was domesticated she saw quite the other side—the happy side—of married life. But she was naturally reserved, and as she had religiously kept her one offer to herself, so she kept her repentance (if it was repentance), and at the three years' end she prepared to change the scene of her life and go to Germany.

Maggie Livingstone shed a few vexed tears over Polly's letter which brought the first announcement of her projected travels, and her brother Bob surprised her again, as he had surprised her on the original occasion which led to Polly's first visit to the Grange. "Going to Germany, is she?" said he, when the communication of her affairs had been made to him—"going to Germany—"

"Yes, and I shall never see her again, very likely. Poor little Polly! I was so fond of her, Bob!"

"Other people were fond of her, too, Maggie, but it was no use; she has not a bit of heart."

"Don't say that, Bob; she has heart enough for any thing, but her head was crammed with ridiculous theories and nonsense. I dare say she is wiser now."

"We are all of us that when it's too late," rejoined Bob, and walked out of the room softly whistling.

It was the same evening that Maggie, addressing her brother, said: "Bob, you'll drive me into Lanswood on Saturday; I have written to ask Polly to meet me at Miss Wiggins's shop if it is fair, for a last walk and talk together. I can't bear the thought of letting her go so far from home without a word of good-by."

"All right, Maggie," said Bob, with seeming indifference, but Maggie knew better than to believe it was real. She felt sure that when he did not hear or answer her further talk that he was musing of Polly—perhaps whether she was wiser or not now.

Polly was touched by Maggie's longing to see her again: "Dear old Maggie, she has forgiven me at last," she said.

Polly arrived first at the place of their appointment, and was sitting up stairs in Miss Wiggins's show-room when the Grange dog-cart stopped at the door. She looked out with a pale little emotional face, and the cruel wrench at her heart; but no one looked up from below. There was Bob dressed in mourning, and Maggie and a little boy also in mourning, and a groom behind, who assisted Maggie to alight, and then lifted the child down and set him on the pavement by her. Maggie took the boy by the hand to enter the shop, and Bob drove off up the street, and was out of sight before his sister could mount the stairs. Polly stood fronting the door, and as Maggie caught a view of her she cried: "Bless thy bonnie face, Polly, it's just the same as ever!" and they kissed with all the old love that used to be between them. And, of course, they cried a little together, until the appearance of Miss Wiggins, intent on business, obliged them to clear their countenances, and take an interest in the fashions.

Maggie said she wanted nothing for herself, but she would look at some children's spring coats, and while Miss Wiggins was bringing forth patterns, she called the child to her knees, and taking off his hat, ruffled up his hair, and asked Polly who he was like.

"He is like Bob," said Polly, and blushed with soft surprise.

"It is Bob's son," replied Maggie. "Kiss this pretty lady, Arty." Arty was nothing loth, and Polly having supplied him with a box of sugar-plums from Miss Wiggins's various stores, he sat on a stool at their feet, and was extremely content with his own society while the friends talked in hushed and interrupted tones.

"A hundred things have happened at the Grange that I never told you of; but you may have heard whispers? No! You know nothing about it, then? You governesses live quite out of the world, I suppose?" said Maggie, and paused.

"In a very quiet, secluded little world of our own," said Polly, and lifted up the child's face to look at him again.

"He's pretty, isn't he? It was after—you know what—Bob took up suddenly with a girl in the village, and though we never knew it until she was dead (she died last October) he was married to her, and Arty is his heir. Bob dotes on him, and my mother too; she insisted on having him brought home to the Grange, and if ever you go to our church again you'll see 'Alice, the faithful wife of Robert Livingstone' on the family monument. She was quite a common person, and Bob would never have acknowledged her in my mother's lifetime; but there's the story, and not so bad as it might have been. She was handsome, and she loved Bob, or she would never have borne being looked down on as she was for his sake, or have kept his secret. However, it is out now, and she is gone—"

"Hasn't Arty eaten sweeties enough for once?" insinuated Polly, caressing the child, but making no response to Maggie.

"Yes: give the box to aunty to put in her pocket," Maggie said, and Arty with a little unwillingness yielded it up.

Then the spring coats were looked at, and one chosen, and a garden hat, and Arty was put to sleep for an hour on Miss Wiggins's bed, while Polly and her friend took a walk by the river and continued their conversation. All the news was on Maggie's side. Polly had none—literally none.

"And you never will have any while you go on living to yourself—your interests will lessen every day you live. Oh! Polly, it makes me sad to look at you, and to think what might have been," said Maggie, tenderly.

"Never mind! Let by-gones be by-gones," said Polly; but there were tears in her eyes, and almost a sob in her throat.

Then they discussed Fanny and Laura and Maggie's private concerns, which were in a promising way, and the time went so swiftly that they were five minutes behind the hour agreed on for Bob to take his sister and little son up at Miss Wiggins's shop to go home. The dog-cart, however, was not at the door, and Maggie said she was glad, for Bob did not like the mare to be kept standing. They ascended to the show-room to wait, and he was not long in coming; he was too soon, indeed, for half they had to say. At the sound of the wheels in the street Polly offered herself for a last hug of her friend's kind arms, and Maggie was all in tears.

"You'll come down and speak to Bob just for a minute?" said she, and Polly suffered herself to be entreated, and went with all her heart in her face.

Bob evidently expected her, though he colored when she appeared; and as he lifted his hat she saw he was ever so much older, but he had his kind rallying smile for her, as he said: "You wear well, Polly; better than most of us, I think."

"It is a calm life at the Warden House," said she, quite with a shaken voice.

"And so you are going all the way to Germany—going by yourself?"

"Yes." She had to stand aside for Maggie and the child to reach their places, and from the step of Miss Wiggins's shop she waved them all her good-bys. She was still standing gazing after them when Bob looked round before turning the corner of the street, and told Maggie to dry her eyes and not fret.

"I can't help fretting when I think I shall perhaps never, never see her again; dear little thing that she is! Oh! Bob, if you had only waited to ask her till now that she's come to a right sense of things."

Bob made no answer to his sister's rueful adjuration; he was lost in thought of Polly's beauty and Polly's sweetness, as they were once and were still, and wondering whether she would have any thing to do with him now.

Perhaps you can guess how it all ended, and I need tell you no more.

Yes. Bob asked Polly again, and Polly gave him a prettier answer this time. Mrs. Curtis cried at the wedding and foreboded many evils, but they have not befallen yet. While waiting for them she is, however, blessed in a standing grievance—namely, that Polly's one boy is not the eldest son, and will not inherit the Livingstone Manor. But she is not aware that she is herself to blame for this, her pet mortification, and Polly is not likely to tell her.

LOW-NECKED CHEMISE RUSSE WITH REVERS AND LONG SLEEVES.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 45.

Swiss Muslin Fichu, with Green Satin Trimming.

THIS pretty fichu is of Swiss muslin, and is trimmed round the edge in the manner shown in the illustration with narrow Valenciennes insertion, through which very narrow green satin ribbon is drawn, and which is edged with Valenciennes lace a little over an inch in width. A bow with long ends of green satin ribbon three-fourths of an inch wide is set on the middle of the back; and a similar bow, with short ends, confines the fichu in front in the manner shown in the illustration. For the fichu, cut the fichu in a single piece from Fig. 49. Border this piece with insertion and edging in the manner already described, lay pleats in the back and front from × to ●, as marked on the pattern, and finish with ribbon bows. This fichu is a tasteful addition to a summer toilette.

Marie Antoinette Fichu.

WE have already given in the Supplements to *Harper's Bazar* several patterns of this graceful article which is so universally in favor this summer. The present style possesses the advantage of being exceedingly simple and easily made, and withal pretty and becoming, especially for young girls. It is of fine Swiss muslin, trimmed with guipure insertion and edging and narrow blue satin ribbon. Cut the fichu whole from Fig. 50 of the Supplement, and hem it narrow on the right side. Cover this hem with the insertion, bordered on each side by the edging, and conceal the setting on of the latter by green satin ribbon. The ends of the fichu are crossed in front.

WHITE LACE CHEMISE RUSSE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 43 and 44.

SWISS MUSLIN FICHU WITH GREEN SATIN TRIMMING.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Fig. 49.

MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHU.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Fig. 50.

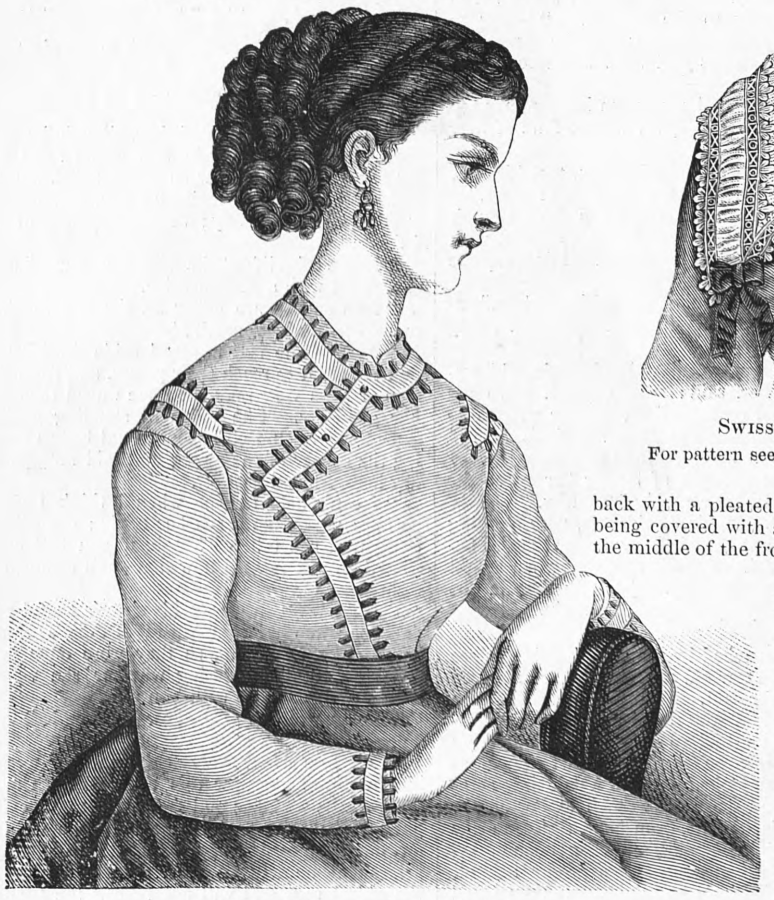
Low-Necked Chemise Russe with Pleated Trimming.

See illustration, page 617.

THIS white Swiss muslin chemise Russe is ornamented front and back with a pleated piece of muslin which is set in, the seam being covered with a pleated bias strip of Swiss muslin. In the middle of the front and back, at the point where the pleated strips cross, is placed a knot also of the pleated muslin. The neck is finished with a row of guipure insertion, through which velvet ribbon is drawn. This insertion is half an inch in width, and is edged with guipure lace one-third of an inch in width. The sleeves are also of pleated muslin. The upper and lower edges are bordered with insertion, and the under edge also with lace. The chemise is cut from the pattern given for the low-necked guipure chemise Russe. The trimming is put on as shown by the illustration. This chemise Russe is especially suited to young girls.

SWISS MUSLIN CHEMISE RUSSE WITH LINEN TRIMMING.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Fig. 11.

SWISS MUSLIN POINTED FICHU.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 25 and 26.



WHITE ALPACA CHEMISE RUSSE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 37 and 38.

FOULARD ECRU CHEMISE RUSSE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 34–36.

Low-Necked Chemise Russe with Revers and Short Sleeves.

THIS chemise Russe is of Swiss muslin. The revers is lined with lilac silk and bordered on the outer edge with two rows of Valenciennes lace, arranged so that the straight sides lie together. The belt is covered with a bias strip of lilac silk, which is laid in two folds and finished in front with a lilac bow. Cut the chemise Russe from the pattern given for Fig. 23; but on the upper border allow the material to extend only to the dotted line. The revers is of muslin arranged as shown by the illustration. It is lined with silk, which must extend one-quarter of an inch beyond the muslin on the outer edge. Finish the edge with lace and sew the revers on the chemise, as shown by the illustration, in such a manner as to conceal the seam. The short puffed sleeves are made of a piece of muslin fifteen inches long by five wide in the middle. The ends are sloped till they are only two inches in width. Sew this piece together on the ends, gather the under edge and join it with a revers, which is cut and arranged as shown by the illustration. On the upper edge gather according to the size of the armhole, and sew into the chemise.

LOW-NECKED CHEMISE RUSSE WITH PLEATED TRIMMING.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 12-14.

BLACK GUIPURE CHEMISE RUSSE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 12-14.

WHITE PIQUÉ FROCK FOR BOY FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 20-24.

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 15-19.

LOW-NECKED CHEMISE RUSSE WITH REVERS AND SHORT SLEEVES.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 45.

WALKING SUIT WITH FICHU.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7-10.

WALKING SUIT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 39-42.

WALKING SUIT WITH FICHU.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7-10.

FEMININE AFFECTATIONS.

A FAVORITE form of feminine affectation among certain opposers of the prevalent fast type is an intense womanliness, an aggravating intensity of womanliness, that makes one long for a little roughness, just to take off the cloying excess of sweetness. This kind is generally found with large eyes, dark in the lids and hollow in the orbit, by which a certain spiritual expression is given to the face, a certain look of being consumed by the hidden fire of lofty thought, that is very effective. It does not destroy the effectiveness that the real cause of the darkened lids and cavernous orbits is most probably internal disease, when not antimony; eyes of this sort stand for spirituality and loftiness of thought and intense womanliness of nature, and, as all men are neither chemists nor doctors, the simulation does quite as well as truth. The main characteristic of these women is self-consciousness. They live before a moral mirror, and pass their time in attitudinizing to what they think the best advantage. They can do nothing simply, nothing spontaneously, and without the fullest consciousness as to how they do it, and how they look while they are doing it. In every action of their lives they see themselves as pictures, as characters in a novel, as impersonations of poetic images or thoughts. If they give you a glass of water, or take your cup from you, they are Youth and Beauty ministering to Strength or Age, as the case may be; if they bring you a photographic album, they are Titian's Daughter carrying her casket, a trifle modernized; if they hold a child in their arms, they are Madonnas, and look unutterable maternal love, though they never saw the little creature before, and care for it no more than for the puppy in the mews; if they do any small personal office, or attempt to do it, making believe to tie a shoe-string, comb out a curl, fasten a button, they are Charities in graceful attitudes, and expect you to think them both charitable and graceful. Nine times out of ten they can neither tie a string nor fasten a button with ordinary deftness, for they have a trick of using only the ends of their fingers when they do any thing with their hands, as being more graceful, and altogether fitting in better than would a firmer grasp with the delicate womanliness of the character; and the less sweet and more commonplace woman who does not attitudinize morally, and never parades her womanliness, beats them out of the field for real helpfulness, and is the Charity which the other only plays at being. This kind too affects, in theory, wonderful submissiveness to man. It upholds Griselda as the type of feminine perfection, and—still in theory—between independence and being tyrannized over, goes in for the tyranny. "I would rather my husband beat me than let me do too much as I liked," said one before she married, who, after she was married, managed to get entire possession of the domestic reins, and took good care that her nominal lord should be her practical slave. For, notwithstanding the sweet submissiveness of her theory, the intensely womanly woman has the most astonishing knack of getting her own way and imposing her own will on others. The real tyrant among women is not the one who flounces and splutters, and declares that nothing shall make her obey, but the soft-mannered, large-eyed, and intensely womanly person, who says that Griselda is her ideal, and that the whole duty of woman lies in unquestioning obedience to man.

In contrast with this special affectation is the mannish woman—the woman who wears a double-breasted coat with big buttons, of which she flings back the lapels with an air, un-

derstanding the suggestiveness of a wide chest and the need of unchecked breathing; who wears unmistakable shirt-fronts, linen collars, vests, and plain ties, like a man; who folds her arms or sets them akimbo, like a man; who even nurses her feet and cradles her knees, in spite of her petticoats, and makes believe that the attitude is comfortable because it is manlike. If the excessively womanly woman is affected in her sickly sweetness, the mannish woman is affected in her breadth and roughness. She adores dogs and horses, which she places far above children of all ages. She boasts of how good a marksman she is—she does not call herself markswoman—and how she can hit right and left, and bring down both birds flying. She is great in cheese and beer, in claret and still Champagne, but despises the puerilities of sweets or of effervescing wines. She rounds her elbows and turns her wrists outward, as men round their elbows and turn their wrists outward. She is fond of carpentry, she says, and boasts of her powers with the plane and saw; for charms to her watch-chain she wears a cork-screw, a gimlet, a big knife, and a small foot-rule; and in entire contrast with the intensely womanly woman, who uses the tips of her fingers only, the mannish woman when she does any thing uses the whole hand, and if she had to thread a needle would thread it as much by her palm as by her fingers. All of which is affectation—from first to last affectation; a mere assumption of virile fashions utterly inharmonious to the whole being, physical and mental, of a woman.

RUBIES.

THE value of the ruby much exceeds, when perfect, that of any other gem. A pure brilliant, for instance, of four carats would be worth eleven hundred dollars; but a pure ruby, of that vivid pigeon's-blood color which is so highly prized, would fetch two thousand dollars. It all depends on the color, since a pale ruby of the same size might not be worth sixty dollars. There are very few large ones in existence. The King of Burmah is said to possess one as big as a pigeon's egg; but then nobody (who *is* any body in a jeweler's point of view?) has ever seen it. However, the ruby-mines of Burmah produce the finest stones, and when a particularly good one is found a procession of grandees, with soldiers and elephants, is sent out to meet it. One of the titles of his Burmese majesty is Lord of the Rubies.

SOMETHING LEFT.

"GONE, gone, the freshness of my youthful prime;
Gone my illusions, tender or sublime;
Gone is the thought that wealth is worth its cost,
Or aught I hold so good as what I've lost;
Gone are the beauty and the nameless grace
That once I worship'd in dear Nature's face;
Gone is the mighty music that of yore
Swept through the woods or roll'd upon the shore;
Gone the desire of glory in men's breath
To waft my name beyond the deeps of death;
Gone is the hope that in the darkest day
Saw bright To-morrow with empurpling ray;
Gone, gone—all gone, on which my heart was cast;
Gone, gone forever, to the awful Past;
All gone—but LOVE!"
Oh, coward to repine!
Thou hast all else, if Love indeed be thine!

KITTY CLOVER.

KITTY CLOVER behaves with young Brown Pudding precisely as my Jenny does with her doll. Just so long as the doll was wrapped in tissue and entombed in a sort of paper coffin, high out of Jenny's reach, it was the object of her admiration, longings, prayers, and tears; but when my prudent spouse, touched with compassion, delivered it over to her, to have and to hold henceforth, she tired of it in half a day.

It is always under the sofa now, or standing on its flaxen head in a corner, with its pink satin slippers flourishing wildly in the air, or in the grate, or in the area, or forgotten behind some door, and staring about it with a wide-eyed desolateness of look—Brown Pudding's precise expression, similarly deserted; not, indeed, on his head in the corner, but as well have been, or hanging by his neck from a door-knob, for what Kitty cares; or in disconsolate attendance on some fright, to whom Kitty has ordered him to be attentive, because, poor thing, the men neglect her so; or holding Kitty's cloak and bouquet while she dances four square dances, and six round ones, without once looking his way; or humbly importuning her to make him miserable by driving or walking with him, and flirting meanwhile with whoever else she happened to meet; or sneakingly attempting to pluck up a spirit, and instantly routed by a frown, a shrug, a pout, or an arching of her handsome black eyebrows.

For she would make a Persian satrap blink and wink again, this black-eyed little despot! She so snubs him, and chaffs him, and turns her back on him! And yet once, when Brown absented himself for a week (by advice), and was seen every day with Mehetabel Meringue (by advice again), heigh-ho! our little Kitty had no smiles for any body, and played melancholy music of evenings—till—Brown came back again, and then—she was loftier than ever.

What can a man do in such a case? Friends advised Brown to try more absence and side flirtations. But he is of the opinion that the first remedy is worse than the disease, and he dares not risk the second. Friends indignantly advised Kitty to beware how she trifled with a man for whom by-and-by she would cry her eyes out; and Kitty, with a toss, as indignantly replied that "*she* should never cry her eyes out for any one." And how matters ever were settled, unless you will agree to believe that she really went to Hades, you will find it difficult to explain.

For myself, I believe it; and I think I should be better acquainted with her history than you, and for these reasons:—It is absurd to say that any thing is impossible in these days, when you can light up a man's stomach and examine it by the help of a Gessler's lantern. And besides, if this was not Hades, what could have been the place in which she so suddenly and strangely found herself on stepping from the carriage?

Brown was helping her out. They had been at the Opera, and Kitty had laughed the whole evening with young Etoile; and on the way home Brown had sulked and pulled his mustache in silence! But Kitty was not to be disconcerted by such trifles, but dozed and smelled at her bouquet, and gave him the tips of her fingers, and stepped out, laughing at his grave face, into —darkness. She turned around and around, but it was equally dark on every side of her. Then she became frightened, and called on Brown.

"I am here," he answered.

"But where is here? What is this?" asked Kitty?

"Haven't the least idea," replied Brown, cavalierly. For once, though he was with Kitty, he was evidently not thinking about her. Kitty was piqued, and, with her favorite toss, walked on till they were stopped by something like a huge iron gate.

"Oh, what *is* this?" whimpered Miss Clover, in great terror.

"Kitty Clover and Brown Pudding!" roared a strong voice, as if calling a roll. "Brown Pudding—No. 900, in the place where the good lovers go. Kitty Clover—Nos. 369, 896, 457, 695, 842, among the impertinent flirts."

And, with the words, Brown was whisked one way, and she another; and, struggling and sobbing, Kitty found herself dangling from a monstrous tulip-stem in a field of similar flowers.

"Dear me, Kitty Clover!" lisped a familiar voice; "are you here too? Do tell me how I look. There is not a glass in the whole place. So you see what you have to expect. Is it not dreadful?" And her next neighbor wagged herself this way and that on her stem, and twisted a tress of yellow hair around her finger.

Kitty looked at her in consternation.

"Why I thought you were dead, Myra Harris!"

"So I am, and so are you. Oh dear! my hair will *not* curl without curling cream, and I am such a fright in straight hair, am I not, Kitty Clover? Oh! one of them is coming, Kitty Clover. Quick! do tell me! *am* I a fright?"

"One of who is coming?" asked Kitty, bewildered, and with little chills creeping down her back at finding herself so unceremoniously dead.

"Oh! one is coming! One is coming!" cried all the tulips, or rather their occupants, in chorus. The whole field was in commotion. Blonde and brunette faces twisted and smirked on all sides. One looked down because a mournful expression became her, and one twisted her neck around to display her profile, because that was prettier; and on all sides were heard fair ones wishing for rouge, for crimping-pins, for false hair, for even a bit of lace. But Kitty could see nobody but Brown walking down the path, and she asked again, "Who is coming?"

"Why, that man," replied Myra, impatiently. "He is one of the good lovers."

"Oh! Brown Pudding!" Kitty tossed her head, or rather tossed on her stem.

"Very fine; but when you have been here as long as I have, you will not toss yourself," observed Myra, petulantly; "for unless one of these good lovers should take pity on you, you will stay on your stem to the end of all time, I can tell you that. And the worst of it is, that the good lovers hear lectures every day on female arts, depravities, and virtues; and they get so wonderfully wise that they are not to be caught by a pink and white bloom, or a golden tress, or any thing of that sort. They look at your moral and mental qualities; and it is such tiresome work being moral and mental! He is looking this way. Oh! I wish my hair would curl!"

Kitty's heart beat fast, for he came her way, and he was looking at her. Oh! the eager heads that turned toward him! The eyes that looked after him! The thrills of hope wherever he glanced! The disappointment and the tears when he passed by! Poor little souls! all trying to catch his attention! trying to look prudent! trying to look gentle! trying to look clever! The agitation was infectious. Kitty's heart beat faster and faster, and she gave him such a shy, imploring look as would have made him ecstatic on earth. But how coolly he looked her over now, and passed on!

"Now I call that too bad," said Myra, chuckling. "And you a new-comer too! He might have spoken."

"As if I cared!" cried Kitty.

"Oh, my dear! no use to say that. We are not on earth. We all care, and every body knows it; because if no one takes us—do you see that shriveled face over there? That is what we grow like, especially if one has no good qualities."

"But how do you get the good qualities?" asked Kitty, curiously.

"Oh! I can hardly tell. Think of improving things, I suppose. We have lectures too; but I never can keep awake; or else I catch myself thinking about my hair, or wondering about the fashions. Were hoops out when you came? There comes another one. Oh! I wish he would look this way!"

But no, he turned into another path; and, watching him, Kitty saw him awaited with the same eagerness and followed by the same crushing disappointment.

"Hateful, odious creatures!" she cried, indignantly. "Why do they come here to aggravate us? looking this way, and, as we wait, turning to the left, and from there veering suddenly to the right about to play with the hearts and hopes of as many as possible! I say it is monstrous!"

"No more monstrous, Miss Clover, than you are," answered a voice.

"The lecture! the lecture!" whispered Myra, "much good may it do you!"

"Every gentleman has a right to make a choice," continued the voice. "Ladies should not risk their hearts and hopes readily; and surely a man has a right to use his eyes and look where he pleases."

Now, Kitty had said something very like this, on that last night of the Opera, when Brown had accused her of trifling with him.

"And I do not call that a lecture, I call it impertinence," she said, reddening furiously.

"You will hear plenty of it," observed the consoling Myra.

"Miserable place!" exclaimed Kitty, twisting angrily on her stem; but just then she saw Brown Pudding. He was walking up and down, not looking her way, but studying a little miniature that he held in his hand.

"That is not my miniature," thought Kitty, aloud.

"I should fancy not," answered Myra, sharply. "That is a miniature out of the good lovers' picture-gallery. When he comes each lover selects the picture that suits him best, and studies it, and if he takes any of us it is sure to be the person who resembles his picture most. Your miniature, indeed! Let me tell you that the more he examines that the less he will care for your color, and your little mouth, and your straight nose that you are so proud of."

"I am not proud of it," said Kitty.

"You know you are," snapped Myra, so unpleasantly that Kitty would not have spoken again only her curiosity got the better of her. Brown was continually turning the miniature, and seeming to compare one side with the other; and she could not help questioning Myra.

"On that other side," returned Myra, maliciously, "is that straight nose that you *are* so proud of, and your hair and your eyes, just as they will be. All the little scornful lines, just as they will be. The corners of your mouth turned down, as they will be. Your color gone, as it will go. Just the same weak look that you always wear. You, as you will be, without your youth, plumpness, good spirits, crimps, and curls! And for all your straight nose, I can tell you, you are not pretty, Kitty Clover! On the other side is Hattie Strong, who has all the good qualities, as she will be! And there is no denying it, Kitty Clover: those girls that have clear, pleasant faces, and quiet, sensible eyes, and that do not depend on their hair and dress, as we do, wear better than we! You can see for yourself now. The miniature is turned this way."

"I do not care to see it," returned Kitty, swelling with jealous rage at the sight of her serf and servant devouring another woman's picture before her eyes.

"Let him go," she said to herself; but he had never looked to her so well worth keeping; and as he glanced at that moment toward her she felt a sudden hope. She gave him a shy, imploring glance. It fell on him as if he had been so much steel. He did not even seem to see it, but turned again to study the miniature. Grief and rage tore little Kitty's heart, and tears blinded her eyes.

"The brute! I hate him!" she said; but even as she spoke he looked her way once more, and, dashing away the tears, tried to smile.

"It is of no use to do that," observed Myra, kindly. "The good lovers learn all these arts at the lectures. He knows that you are bursting with jealousy, if you do stretch your mouth so."

But the smile must have had its effect after all, for Brown pocketed the miniature, and walked down the path to Kitty.

"Good-morning, Kitty."

"Good-morning," returned Kitty, tremulously.

"Fine day," pursued Brown, taking no notice of her agitation.

A fine day! it was all blackness of darkness to Kitty.

"Of course you think so," she answered.

"What is the matter now?" inquires Brown, looking astonished.

"You do not care for me, or you would not ask that. But of course, you do not care for me. Walking about with that miniature in your pocket!"

"Oh! come now! You are cross, because you are fast on that stem, and you would like to see me fast too."

Kitty thinks that she has reason to be, but, remembering that if she wins Brown it must be by good qualities, struggles with her vexations.

"Perhaps I am," she says, sighing.

"Why look so unpleasant?" continued Brown. "You can hardly expect me to admire such a sour face as that. Why not smile and sing?"

Kitty tried. She brushed away her tears; she perked up her little head, and, clearing her throat, commenced "Sweet Kitty Clover." But, oh dear! Brown had forgotten her already, and he was studying his miniature again; and when he had sufficiently examined it,

"Yes," he said, jauntily, "it *is* a fine place; I am quite charmed with it!" and walked away.

He! he! he! tittered all the other flirts, nodding to each other. For Kitty, she was smitten with a sort of stupid wonder.

"How can any human being have the heart to treat another so?" she exclaimed. "I wish I could be really dead!"

"Is it so much worse for you than for him?" asked the lecturing voice. "Just such hopes and disappointments, such chokings down of his temper and his grievances, such hypocrisies, and such submissions to injustice, have made the greater part of the last two years of Brown's life. And what have you done to deserve his kindness? Nothing. But what has he not done to deserve yours? The sacrifices that he has made must have touched any woman's heart, but you had no heart. No wonder that he is tired of his bondage, and prefers Hattie Strong."

"I will never believe that he does. He shall not; I will not let him!" exclaimed Kitty, and, making a desperate effort, found herself sobbing in her chair, and Brown Pudding looking wonderingly at her.

"I really think you fell asleep while I was reading," observed Brown.

"Asleep! Oh, Brown! you will not marry Hattie Strong, will you?" cried Kitty, rushing up to him and seizing him by the arm, as if to keep him from disappearing. "You could not do it, could you, Brown?"

"I should think not," cried the young man, in a rapture; and Kitty drew a long breath. If he had been to the place where the good lovers go, and heard those horrid lectures, he had forgotten them; that was clear, she thought.

I think so too, for Brown and Kitty were married last Thursday.

ONLY SIXTEEN.

ONLY sixteen, and lying there—
Dead, dumb beauty—soft, golden hair;
Hands like the lily, folded and fair—
Only sixteen.

Only sixteen—fall bitter tears;
Can God want saints of such tender years,
Who have wrought no ripeness from woes and fears?
Only sixteen.

Only "sixteen" on her coffin-lid:
Must the sunny hair and sweet lips be hid,
And we stand helpless, nor *dare* forbid?
Only sixteen.

Only sixteen—why, her books lie here;
She is yet but a school-girl stretched on the bier,
A sweet child-woman, how deathless dear!
Only sixteen.

Only sixteen—and I loved her!—oh
God He knoweth what only I know;
And I never dared press her sweet lips, so!
Only sixteen.

Only sixteen, and lying there—
Dead, dumb beauty—soft, golden hair;
Hands like the lily, folded and fair—
Only sixteen.

BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY;

OR, THE

Adventures and Misadventures of Robert Ainsleigh.

CHAPTER I.

MY FIRST HOME.

MY earliest recollections are of a scene which throughout an eventful life has been, and to the end of life will remain, in my esteem, the brightest region of this various and beautiful world. From Indian forests, from the shores of mightier rivers, under the light of larger stars, my thoughts have flown back to the streams and woods of my early home, and taken shelter there, as young birds return to the nest they have been too eager to abandon.

I was born in London, in the year 1731, but of my birth-place or of those who watched my cradle I have no recollection. My first babyish steps trod the soft turf of a gentleman's park in the county of Bucks—a domain so large that in my childish ideas the world beyond its boundaries must needs be very narrow. Deep in the heart of this sylvan scene there was a game-keeper's cottage, and to the game-keeper's honest wife I owed those maternal cares which transformed a sickly infant into a sturdy lad.

Until my tenth birthday the game-keeper's cottage was my only home; the game-keeper, his wife, and their one little girl my only friends. Nor did I sigh for other companionship or a more agreeable abode. The low white cottage, cross-barred with ponderous timbers painted black, the slanting thatched roof, pointed gables, and small casement windows, curtained with roses and honey-suckle, appeared to me the perfection of a dwelling-place. It had been called the warrener's lodge in the old times, when the skins of rabbits and conies were employed for the costume of English knights and squires, and the rabbit-warren was a feature of great importance in a gentleman's estate. It still stood on the border of a great warren, the safe keeping whereof was one of my foster-father's duties.

This tranquil home I loved with all my heart, and my little sister Margery—for by that tender name I had learned to call her—I regarded as the dearest of created beings. With her I spent my days, wandering hand in hand among the fern and underwood, knowing the progress of time only by the different wild-flowers which the changing seasons gave us.

Nor did we lack companions and play-fellows in our childish sports. The sylvan depths we inhabited were alive with wild creatures that had grown almost tame in this deep solitude. Mild-eyed fawns watched us gravely when we played; squirrels leaped and frisked before us, no more conscious than ourselves of life's realities; partridge and pheasant, blackbird and thrush, fluttered the young fern in the bright days of early summer; and in the shadow of a copse that was purple with hyacinths the rabbits swarmed thick as Virgil's famous bees.

This was my world from my first hours of in-

fantine consciousness until my tenth birthday; and bitter was the stroke which ended this phase of my life. On the knees of the keeper's wife I had uttered my first prayer; in the brawny arms of the keeper I had been carried before I learned to walk. The first syllables which my lips had shaped were those that called these good creatures Mammy and Daddy. I was but just old enough to perceive the progress of events when little Margery's baby face first beamed upon our family circle, and from that hour I had tenderly loved the fair-haired baby, who grew betimes into my sister and companion.

In those early years of my life I tasted perfect happiness; and not to the lips of many children is that cup offered. Over the fairest childhood there is generally some shadow—sickness or change of fortune, a cross nurse or a careless mother. But in the humble home where I was reared there was no skeleton lurking in secret cupboard. The keeper and his wife were young, honest, and healthy. They loved each other fondly, and had affection to spare for the foster-child that came to them before their own. For these good creatures life was not to be all sunshine; for them, as for me, there were to be trial, and tempest, and gloom. But the halcyon days of their existence we.e these which I shared with them—a period of calm and pure delight, which was destined to haunt me in many a scene of horror and death, in many an hour of heart-sickness and despondency.

My pleasures in these days were of the simplest. To trudge beside the keeper on his morning round; once, on a rare occasion of never-to-be-forgotten delight, to watch with him in the moonlit woods for midnight snarers of hare and pheasant; to ride to the market-town with Mammy in a lumbering cart, which the good soul sometimes drove; to hunt for mushrooms in the dewy mornings; to pick blackberries in September, and to roast chestnuts with Margery among the ashes at Christmas—these were the chief excitements of my childhood.

Neighbors we had none. The nearest village was seven miles away from us. The nearest house was the great pile of building in the centre of the park—a grand old mansion of the Elizabethan era, encircled by a broad moat, and approached by a grim arched gateway that belonged to a much earlier period.

The fairy tales which I had heard at this time must needs have been few; yet I never beheld this gloomy gateway, flanked by its twin Gothic towers, nor did I eve peer into the dark still water of the moat, with. ut some vague sense of the supernatural, some i stinctive feeling of awe, which was stronger even han my curiosity.

The dreary quiet of the place, the long rows of blank shuttered casements, the absence of sound or movement on the terraces and in the courts, the massive towers, and the iron-clamped gate, which seemed no more likely to be opened than the black doors of the mausoleum in the park, were indeed calculated to inspire unwonted thoughts in the breast of childhood. When I was old enough to be curious I questioned my good-humored Daddy, and he freely imparted all he knew about the mansion which filled me with such wonder.

He told me that house and park and woods, and the little church within the park-walls, where there was service on alternate Sundays, all belonged alike to his mistress, Lady Barbara Lestrange, who lived in foreign parts, where her husband, Sir Marcus Lestrange, had been sent embassador.

"Which be a kind o' king in its way," added the keeper, with the pride of a faithful servant, whose master's honors are in some sort his own.

"And does no one live at the great house now, daddy?" I asked.

"No one but old Anthony Grimshaw and his wife, and a couple of women-servants. A rare starched gentleman is Tony Grimshaw, and has been house-steward to my lady and my lady's father these thirty years. They do say as Mrs. Grimshaw's a brimstone; but she have always been kind to me and my wife, and 'twould come ill from me to say aught agen her. Madge was house-maid up at the great house before I married her, in the old earl's time; and she's owned to me that mother Grimshaw was a bit of a scold. She was Martha Peyton then, and own maid to Lady Barbara, and they say as she must have frightened old Tony into marrying her. But she's been kind to us in the hard winters; and when Sissy was born she sent us wine and tea, and such-like fal-lals; so we'll let by-gones be by-gones, Robin."

"And has Lady Barbara been kind to thee, daddy?" I asked. (We "thee'd" and "thou'd" each other in these parts; but I shall take no pains to reproduce the patois of the country, which I have indeed in some part forgotten, having heard and conversed in many strange languages since I first learned my native tongue from honest Jack Hawker, my foster-father.) "Has she been kind to thee, daddy?" I reiterated.

"Ah, Robin, kind enough in the way of fine folks like her. She brought thee to my wife to nurse, and has paid me handsome for thy bite and sup."

This was not the first time I had heard that I was but an alien in the home I loved so dearly.

"She brought me, daddy! Where did she bring me from?"

"From London, Rob; where thou wouldst have starved, poor orphan, but for her. The Lord knows where my lady found thee; but she was ever charitable and kind to the poor. Thou wert the sickliest infant ever these eyes looked upon, and thou must thank my wife Madge that thou art here to-day."

"I wish thou wert my real father, daddy," I said. Whereon sturdy Jack Hawker snatched me up in his great arms, and covered me with kisses.

"So do I, little one," he cried, with an oath; "but wishing won't make thee mine; and some day my lady will come and take thee away from daddy and mammy."

This set me blubbering, and the good fellow had hard work to comfort me. His forebodings were too quickly realized; for within a year of this time my pleasant childish life came to a sudden close, and I began the world.

CHAPTER II.

PASTORS AND MASTERS.

I HAD been gathering sticks in the woods with Margery one bright October afternoon, and came home loaded, with my little sister trotting merrily by my side, both of us happy in the consciousness of deserving mammy's praise for our labors. We came bounding into the cozy little kitchen; but, finding no one there, threw down our burdens and went in search of mammy. We paused, awe-struck, on the threshold of the parlor, that sacred Sabbath chamber, where portraits of King William and Queen Mary hung on each side of the chimney-piece, and where an earthen-ware pot of fresh flowers always adorned the somewhat cheerless hearth. In this room, so rarely used as to be in a manner a chamber of mystery, we beheld mammy seated in solemn converse with a stranger; a tall, thin, pale-faced woman, dressed in black, and of a severe aspect; a woman whose face had been plowed and ravaged by that dire scourge of those days, the small-pox, and at sight of whom little Margery uttered a faint shriek of terror, and immediately turned and fled. Not so myself, who stood transfixed by the strange vision.

"Is that the boy?" demanded the stranger, sternly.

My foster-mother faltered an affirmative.

"Come hither, boy," said the stranger; and I obeyed with fear and trembling.

Upon this she began to question me.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Robin," I mumbled.

"Robin what? Nothing but Robin, poor cast-away!"

She shook her head in a dismal manner, and groaned aloud. I think it was the first groan I had ever heard, and the sound appalled me.

"Robin is but a vulgar name for Robert," she said. "Can you read, Robert?"

I stared on hearing myself addressed by this new name.

"Is the boy an idiot?" cried the grim stranger.

"My name is Robin," I answered; "and I know nowt of reading."

This was true. In the circle in which I had lived, reading and writing were unknown accomplishments.

The stranger shook her head again more dismally than before.

"It is time you were taken in hand, Master Robert," she said; and I hated her forthwith for this persistent alteration of my name. "Would you like to live in a big house, and to learn to read and write?"

"I'd rather stay with daddy and mammy," I answered, sidling up to my foster-mother, who rewarded me with a silent hug.

"And grow up a very heathen in the darkness of ignorance?" said the stranger. "Happily for you, Master Robert, Providence does not permit us to choose our own paths, or few among us would be snatched from the burning. I have had a letter from my lady bidding me take you to live at the great house, where my good husband will undertake your education."

The whole of this speech might have been spoken in a foreign language for any comprehension I had of its meaning, except so far as it conveyed to me the one direful fact that I was to be separated from those I loved. I began to cry, and little Margery, who had crept back to the doorway, curious to observe the stranger, came running into the room, and flung her arms round my neck. Her affection conquered her terror of the grim stranger, and she looked defiance at the dame as she clung to me.

"Naughty woman sha'n't take 'oo, Rob," she cried; but her mother interposed, and laid a firm hand on the dear innocent's lips.

"We shall be very sorry to lose him, Madam," she said, gently; "he has been like our own child; and I wish my lady had given us longer notice before she took him away."

"Hoity toity!" cried the dame, indignantly; "my lady thought she had to do with sensible people. You could not suppose you were to keep this boy all his life. He has to learn how to get an honest livelihood, that he mayn't be a burden on Lady Barbara to the end of the chapter, as some folks I would rather not mention were a burden upon my lady's father. He comes of a bad stock, Mistress Hawker; and running wild in the forest won't mend him."

On this the keeper's wife hugged me closer to her honest heart.

"There is not a better child in the county of Bucks," cried the tender soul, with some warmth.

Margery, perceiving, as by instinct, that I had been maligned, clung about me the closer; and thus bound together by grief and affection, and encircled by the mother's fond arms, we defied the intruder.

"I don't come of a bad stock, and I ain't a burden upon any one; and I don't want to live at the big house with the nasty black water round it; and I don't like you, because you're ugly; and I won't leave mammy and daddy."

"I wish you joy of your nurse-child, Margery Hawker," cried the stranger, getting up from her chair in a great passion, and stalking to the door. "His manners and his learning do you credit; and I'm sure my lady will be vastly pleased with you when she hears the good effects of your care."

My foster-mother pleaded pardon for my ignorance in a great fright, for Mrs. Grimshaw held a sceptre of regal sway at Hauteville Hall, during the prolonged absence of Sir Marcus and my lady. Margery and I were sent from the room in disgrace, and retired to weep together in the kitchen, where I plighted my youthful troth to the sweet young damsel, and swore that none but she should be my wife. Better for one of us, God knows, better for us both, it may be, if I had never forgotten that childish vow, and had lived to fulfill it.

"I'll never go to the big, ugly house, Sissy," said I; "but we'll be married, and live in the woods with the squirrels, and have nuts and berries for our dinner."

"Yes; but some night we should die of hunger, and the robins would cover us with leaves; and mammy and daddy would be sorry," cried Madge, who had heard the story of the Children in the Wood.

After this there came a few more careless days, during which Margery and I gathered wood in the forest, and hunted for nuts in the hazel copses, and forgot that there was such a creature as black-robed Mrs. Grimshaw upon this world. Then came a bleak, bitter morning, when my foster-mother dressed me in my best clothes, and kissed and cried over me before she handed me to the executioner.

The execu oner was a small, sickly-looking man, dressed in a suit of chocolate-colored cloth, and a carefully-powdered wig. This gentleman I was told was Mr. Grimshaw, and to him, as to his stately spouse, I was to pay all possible respect.

"You'll let him come to see us sometimes, won't you, Sir?" asked the keeper's wife, piteously. "He's been with us over nine years; and it's a sore trouble to lose him."

"So it be, wife, a sore trouble," growled the keeper.—"Thou'lt think on us sometimes, won't thee, Bob?"

"Ay, ay, he shall think of you, and come to see you too," replied the chocolate-colored gentleman, good-naturedly.

Even this little speech inclined me to prefer Mr. Grimshaw to his respectable consort.

"Thou'lt mind thy book, Robin, and do as thou art bid," urged my foster-mother; "and thy new friends will love thee; and thou'lt come to see thy old friends sometimes."

"Every day, if they'll let me," I answered, sobbing.

After this there were many embraces and many tears, until Mr. Grimshaw grew impatient, and said we must begone. So I tore myself away from those dear souls, who had made my childhood happy, and put my hand into that of the house-steward.

The day was bleak and wintry, and we trudged off at a good rate among the crisp fallen leaves. I looked back at the keeper's cottage. Ah, dear home, mine no longer! How many years were to pass before I should inhabit any other dwelling which I could dare call by the fond name of home! Mansion and palace, tent and dungeon, were to be my habitation in the shifting scenes of life; but long and far were to be my wanderings before I rested again beside so cheery a hearth, or among friends so dear.

The walk from the keeper's cottage to the Hall was a long one, and I had ample leisure in which to observe the countenance of my new guardian as I tramped by his side among the drift of withered leaves and the fallen fir-cones which I had gathered so merrily but yesterday with little Margery. It was not a hard or sour face at which I looked; and with the quick instinct of childhood I divined that this gentleman in the chocolate-colored coat would be my friend. I pushed my hand a little farther into his, and drew closer to him as we walked on. For a long time we walked in silence, but by-and-by the old gentleman looked down at me with a curious glance.

"You are but a little chap to begin your schooling," he said; "but I see you are no fool, and I think you and I may get on well enough together."

After this he questioned me for some time about my past life and its simple pleasures, and conversed with me kindly until we came to our destination. We did not pass beneath the shadow of the great Gothic archway; that ponderous gateway had not been opened since Lady Barbara Lestrange's last residence at Hauteville. We crossed a narrow stone bridge of modern construction, which spanned the moat upon the inferior side of the Hall, and entered the house by a little door, the key whereof my companion took from his capacious pocket.

Within I saw shadowy stone passages that seemed endless, incalculable doors of darkest oak. The silence and gloom of the place were awful to my childish mind. I clung closer to Mr. Grimshaw, and shuddered at the echoing noise of our footsteps on the smooth stone flags. We crossed a great hall where tattered rags of many-colored silks hung from the vaulted roof, and where shone upon me, for the first time in my life, the splendor of an old stained-glass window.

The floor of this chamber was of alternate squares of block and white marble. The effigy of a mailed knight, bestriding a plumed warsteed of painted wood, shone in the rainbow light from the great window; and at the opposite end of the hall a staircase, with elaborately-carved balustrades in black oak, led to a gallery which made the circuit of the roof.

At this chamber I gazed with delight and wonder, and for the moment forgot my awe of the gloomy house. From the hall my companion led me into a long saloon, with ten windows, overlooking a small Italian flower-garden, within the moat. Here I beheld more books than I could have supposed were contained in all the world, seeing that one volume—a clumsy leather-bound "breeches" Bible—comprised the keeper's entire library. From wall to ceiling this long and lofty room was lined with volumes, for the most part in handsome, though somewhat sombre, bindings. Wings had been constructed, abutting into the room, for the accommodation of more books; and these abutments divided the spacious apartment into pleasant nooks and retiring-places, where I thought it must needs be very agreeable to sit on a bright summer day, when the flowers in the pleasaunce were all in bloom.

"See, Master Robert," said my new friend. "You open your eyes wide at sight of so many books. What would you say if I told you that I had read them every one, or, at any rate, know the contents of every one—from the big brown folios down yonder to the smart little duodecimos on those narrow shelves near the ceiling? I was my late lord's librarian as well as his house-steward, and all these books are still in my care, and are likely to be till I die: and then I know not how it will fare with them, for books are like children, and must be cared for by those that love them."

He hurried me from the library—where I would fain have stood gaping longer—by a small door almost hidden between two book-cases. This door led us away from the light and the sunshine into a dark and narrow passage, at the end of which Mr. Grimshaw opened another door, and pushed me into a square oak-paneled room, where I beheld the black-robed woman whom I had seen at the keeper's cottage.

She was sitting at a table working, with a great wicker-basket before her. She laid down her work as we entered, and gazed upon me with menacing eyes.

My heart sank as I encountered those searching glances.

"So, Master Robert, you have come at last! I began to think that you and my husband were lost in the woods."

I almost wished that this misfortune had befallen us, as I quailed beneath Mrs. Grimshaw's stern gaze. Surely the berries and the robins and the brief summer-day life of children abandoned in the forest would have been better than existence shared with Mrs. Grimshaw.

"Now, Master Robert," said at lady, "this is where you are to live until you go out into the world to earn your own bread, which will be as soon as you are old enough to turn to an honest trade, or sit upon a junior-clerk's stool in a merchant's office. You are to live with me and my husband, and to learn what he teaches you, and to do as I bid you, or it will be the worse for you. And mark you, young gentleman; there is to be no gadding about the park, or sneaking down to John Hawker's cottage, to waste your time among vagabonds and idlers."

She spoke to me as if I had been fifteen years old instead of ten. But there was one part of her speech I understood well enough.

"My daddy is no vagabond," I cried, indignantly; "and this gentleman said I should go and see him."

"Ay, ay, I promised as much as that," answered Mr. Grimshaw, with an apologetic air. "Hawker and his wife seemed so sorry to lose the boy, and the boy cried at leaving them; and I could not well avoid promising—"

"You're a fool, Anthony Grimshaw!" cried his wife, angrily.

She rang a bell, which was answered very promptly by a plump, rosy-faced woman in a mob-cap and big white apron.

"This is the young gentleman, Betty," said Mrs. Grimshaw; "take him to his room, and see that he washes his face and hands before he comes back to dinner."

The maid led me off through the dark passage and up a narrow wooden staircase, into a small whitewashed chamber, neatly but poorly furnished. This room she told me was mine; and as it was superior to any chamber in Jack Hawker's cottage, I felt somewhat proud of the proprietorship.

"Has Mrs. Grim been unkind to you, boy?" asked Betty, as she scrubbed my face with a merciless prodigality in the matter of soap.

"Mrs. Grim?"

"Pshaw! Grimshaw, child. We call her Mrs. Grim for short. The name fits her to a T; but Mrs. Brimstone would be still better; for brimstone she is and brimstone she ever will be. Has she been scolding you?"

"She has not been very kind," I answered, whimpering.

"No, and it ain't in her nature; so don't expect it. She was turned sour close upon twelve years ago, when a fine gentleman that she'd have given her eyes for laughed and talked and made a fool of her with his pretty speeches and pretty looks, and then walked off and forgot all about her. *I know!* She took the small-pox after that, and lost her beauty, which was never much to my mind, and *that* didn't mend her temper. She hasn't had a civil word for any body since then; and how old Grim could have been such a fool as to marry her, unless she frightened him into it, I can't think. But he did; and now she's turned Methody, and is always going after preachings at all the towns round about, and leads us all the life of dogs."

Thus did Mrs. Betty give vent to her opinions while engaged with my toilette, and it is to be observed that from this time forth I became the habitual recipient of confidences ill adapted to my tender years. People who have but few companions with whom to converse will find relief in opening their minds to a little child; and whether it was Anthony Grimshaw who dilated on the history of the house he served, or Betty who reviled her mistress, I listened with equal patience, and with no small interest; and being henceforth cut off for the most part from intercourse with children, and denied all childish sports, I acquired a gravity and a curious spirit not common to my age.

When Betty had scrubbed and brushed me

into a becoming state of redness and stiffness, she conducted me back to the oak parlor, where I dined in state with my new guardians, attended on by Betty in a clean white apron.

Mrs. Grimshaw found a great deal to say about my boorish demeanor, and the ill use I made of knife and fork, the former of which I was indeed accustomed to use with a freedom and a dexterity unknown in polished circles. The dinner was of the plainest, but served with much neatness; and after the cloth had been removed Mrs. Grimshaw kept the obsequious Betty employed for a quarter of an hour in polishing the dark walnut-wood table on which we had dined.

Even after this operation Betty was not free to depart, for Mrs. Grimshaw bade her seat herself at a respectful distance, in order to hear the conclusion of a sermon, one half of which she had been edified by upon the previous day.

"And I hope you feel some inward benefit from Mr. Whitefield's precious eloquence, Betty," said Mrs. Grimshaw. "I grieve to say there are some rocky hearts upon which the blessed seed falls in vain; some heathenish minds that prefer to pore over any dusty rubbish in a foreign language, rather than to heed the voice of the mighty Judge calling sinners to judgment."

Her looks were directed at her husband during the latter part of this speech, and he, by his answer, acknowledged that it was leveled at him.

"Why, truth to tell, Martha," he said, "there may be some that are not inclined to stand before Mr. Whitefield for judgment. If I am to be brought to believe that one section of mankind is destined for grace, and the rest doomed to perdition unspeakable, and that our good works and gentle deeds in this world shall avail us nothing with Him who gave the woman of Samaria His blessing in exchange for a cup of cold water, I will be taught by Calvin at first hand, and not Mr. Whitefield at second hand. We have the Genevese edition of John Calvin's works, in twelve folio volumes, in the library yonder; and I can read the 'Institutes' for myself if needs be. But it has been my custom to smoke my pipe on the terrace after dinner for the last five-and-thirty years of my life; and with your leave, wife, I shall continue to do so, till pipe and I go out together." By this I perceived that old Anthony Grimshaw was not completely under his wife's dominion.

"Will you come with me, Master Bob?" he asked; and I sprang up, eager to follow him.

Mrs. Grimshaw groaned aloud.

"The boy will stop, for the profit of his sinful soul," she said, in a tone of command. "Sit down over against Betty, child."

I seated myself meekly, while Mr. Grimshaw lighted his pipe, and went out by a half-glass door that opened on the terrace—a noble promenade going all round the house, and bordered on this side by a bank close planted with evergreens sloping to the broad moat.

Then began the reading of Mr. Whitefield's sermon, which was performed in a hard, harsh voice by Mrs. Grimshaw. Of the sermon I know no more than that it was of appalling and threatening import, and that it seemed to my childish ears interminable. Betty yawned more than once; and on one occasion I saw her on the point of sinking into a peaceful slumber; but she caught herself up with an effort, and stared at her mistress with unblinking eyes when that lady turned her gaze toward the handmaiden. When the discourse was at last ended, Betty declared herself beyond measure edified, but seemed, nevertheless, somewhat glad to withdraw.

Mr. Grimshaw had passed the window several times during the pious lecture, and appeared at the glass door, still smoking, a few minutes after it was over.

"May I go to the gentleman, ma'am?" I asked; and Mrs. Grimshaw having nodded assent, I ran out and put my hand into that of her husband's, who received me with a kind smile.

"I like you so much," I said, "because you're kind, like daddy, though you don't speak like him."

From this time forth Anthony Grimshaw and I were fast friends; and the old man's gentle treatment enabled me to endure his wife's harsh usage with all due meekness. Her conduct never varied. Stern and sour in her bearing toward all her little world, her manner to me betrayed an aversion which she would fain have concealed. Hard, bitter, and implacable as my own evil fate, she cast her vengeful shadow across my boyhood; and if she could have prevented the sun from shining on me, or could have stunted my growth and wasted my flesh by the influence of her baleful gaze, I believe she would have exercised her evil power. It was not till later that I obtained the key to the mystery of her feelings with regard to me. She had happily little power to do me harm, for I was intrusted to her keeping by a mistress whom she feared, and whom self-interest compelled her to serve with submission and fidelity. She had, however, the power to make my life more or less uncomfortable by small cruelties and petty slights, by cold looks and bitter words; and this privilege she exercised without stint. Had it not been for her husband's kindness I might have fared ill in that splendid mansion, where I was a humble and nameless dependent; but his goodness to me never wavered, nor did his protection ever fail me in the hour of need.

My first night in my lonely chamber was a very sad one. In my dreams I went back to the warrener's lodge and the dear souls I loved; but even in those dreams the bitter sense of separation clung to me, and I felt that I saw the familiar faces across an impassable gulf.

My studies began on the next day in the parlor where Mrs. Grimshaw sat at work; and I felt her eyes upon me while I was being initiated into the mysteries of the alphabet by my friend Anthony. From this time my life became an unvarying routine. Early breakfast in the oak parlor, a walk with Mr. Grimshaw about the house and in the grand old stone quadrangle, where Hercules and his club held guard over a marble fountain which had once been the glory of the place. Then back to the oak parlor for lessons, which lasted till the early dinner. Then Mrs. Grimshaw's lecture from the last-published pamphlets of Whitefield or Wesley, or some minor lights of the new non-conforming church, and Betty's smothered yawns, and Anthony Grimshaw's figure passing to and fro before the windows, and my own weariness always in precisely the same measure. At six we drank tea; a solemn ceremony, from the gentility whereof Mrs. Grimshaw took much pride. At half past eight she read prayers to her husband and myself, and to the three servants of the great melancholy house—Betty, a buxom girl called Martha, and a rheumatic old woman, who lived in some stony obscurity in the kitchens, and only quitted her lair for this evening ceremonial.

After prayers I was hustled off to my chamber by Betty, while my guardians supped together in grim state. I should often have gone to bed hungry if it had not been for Betty, who brought me a crust of bread and a basin of milk, which I ate and drank seated on the edge of my bed with more enjoyment than I ever derived from the ceremonial meals in the oak parlor. On Sundays there were no lessons, but there was chapel—to my youthful mind a far greater trial. Mr. Grimshaw went on alternate Sundays to the little church in the wood, and to have gone thither with him would have been happiness unspeakable to me, for at this time-honored tabernacle I should have met Jack Hawker and his wife, and dear little Margery. But here Mrs. Grimshaw had a convenient opportunity for exercising her tyranny, and avenging that unconscious sin which I had committed against her by coming into this bleak world. So she ordained that I should accompany herself and the two maids to the meeting-house in Brewer's-yard—a stifling upper room, little better than a loft, in which the Rev. Simeon Noggers, an awakened tailor, held forth every Sunday to a select congregation of Wesleyans. In this airless chamber I underwent the tortures of a weekly suffocation while the Reverend Simeon pounded his deal reading-desk and exhorted his fellow-sinners, from the blackness of whose guilt he appeared to derive a dismal satisfaction. From that respectable teacher I learned that it was rather advantageous for the soul to be dyed of the darkest hue, in order that its renovation might be the more astounding. There I heard no exhortations to the weak and wavering; no friendly counsel for the small debtor, whose payments were but a little in arrear, and who needed only a brave endeavor to set his affairs in order and regain his solvent condition. The Reverend Simeon addressed his flock as if convinced that they were so many fraudulent bankrupts, conscious that they could never pay a shilling in the pound, and rather to be congratulated than otherwise on their ignominious insolvency.

"Believe!" cried the awakened Noggers, "and prove your faith as I do, not as St. Paul did. Prove it by long prayers and reiterated invocations, in which the familiarity of affection verges on the blasphemy of presumptuous folly; prove it by howlings and beatings of the breast, by upturned eyeballs, and solemn shakings of the head, and consistent condemnation of all mankind except the elect of Brewer's-yard."

This was the gist of Mr. Noggers's teaching, which I heard during the ten most impressionable years of my life, and which did much to make me in early manhood a disciple of Bolingbroke and Hobbes. It fell to my lot in after-years to hear both Wesley and Whitefield, and I then perceived the difference between a man of original mind and deep-rooted convictions and the ignorant imitators who assume his functions without one of the gifts that have qualified their master for his office. I know that to that good man John Wesley there came much trouble and perplexity from the ill-advised officiousness and spasmodic industry of some among his followers.

"AT THIS CHAMBER I GAZED WITH DELIGHT AND WONDER."

Doubtless he found other laborers better fitted to work with him in the vineyard, and it must never be forgotten that the uprising of the sect which bears his name has done much to arouse the sluggards of the Established Church, who had sore need of some revolution to awaken them from slumber.

For nearly ten years my life at Hauteville was all of the same pattern; my studies laborious, my pleasures of the rarest. Indeed, the only holiday I knew in these days was an occasional visit to Jack Hawker's cottage, and Mrs. Grimshaw took care that I should not often enjoy this happiness. The distance was long, and my task-mistress contrived to find reasons for refusing me the leisure required for such a visit. It was only when Anthony Grimshaw interfered in my behalf that I was allowed the privilege of an afternoon's holiday. Dearly then did I love the long walk through the park, the cozy supper by Jack Hawker's hearth, and the return in the dewy moonlight to the great enchanted castle, which, even after years of residence within its ponderous walls, still retained for me something of its awful mystic charm.

Although to the last degree monotonous, my life during these years was not unhappy. In Anthony Grimshaw I had a true friend, and such a tutor as few prosperous young noblemen of my day could have boasted. From the hour in which he first introduced me to the hieroglyphics of the English alphabet to the proud day in which he smiled upon my successful rendering of a love-ditty by Rochester into Anacreontics in pure Greek, he made the steeps of Parnassus easy and the waters of Pieria sweet for me. It was a delight to him to have some one to whom to impart his ripe store of history and legend, and he found me a willing and delighted listener to that cherished lore. I knew every biography in Plutarch, and every adventure of Ulysses, before I could read the easiest page in my spelling-book; and I was lured on through the slough of despond which the juvenile student must pass by the knowledge that the great brown-backed folios in the library contained innumerable stories delightful as those my master told me. The time came when very few of the brown-backed volumes contained any mystery for me, and when I could read alike easily in English, French, and Latin; and from that time forth my chief pleasure was found in the long library, where I used to spend my leisure hours curled up in one of the deep-recessed windows with a folio on my knees.

The noble old Elizabethan mansion was a source of perpetual pleasure to me. The great empty rooms reverberated with the echo of my footsteps as I roamed at large, with my tutor's official bunch of keys in my pocket. The very poetry of ghostliness pervaded these spacious, untenanted chambers. All was swept and garnished; there was no trace of dust, no token of neglect; but the emptiness was none the less dismal. The house had the unmistakable air of a long-deserted habitation. All the brightness had faded from curtains and carpets, the gilding was tarnished, the paint was worn and dull; an unchangeable odor of dead rose-leaves and mouldy lavender perfumed the atmosphere; the stillness of rooms that had once been noisy with the bustle and grandeur of state-reception and familiar assembly was more oppressive than the solemn calm of a church-yard. But to me there was a subtle delight in that dead calm, that utter stillness. My imagination ran riot in those empty chambers. At will I peopled them with the shades of the mighty dead. The Virgin Queen revisited the house where she had been entertained in wondrous state by the first Baron Hauteville; and I saw her in all her great littleness, the cynosure of statesmen and flatterers, philosophers and sycophants, lovers who never loved her, courtiers who dared not trust her, embassadors who registered her every look and word for swift transmission to their masters, spies who watched in the Stuart interest, and hungered for the hour when this great Queen should be dust. Swiftly passed that radiant vision of queenly grandeur and human weakness, and lo! the rush and terror of civil war. Buffets ransacked of their gold and silver store; plate melted or sold to foreign Jews; trusty captains playing at hide and seek in chimneys and secret closets; Cromwell's grim soldiers battering at the gates. A sudden cry of horror through the land; halls hung with black; bells tolling slow and solemn in the wintry morning, and England kingless.

Again the scene changes, and it is the garish summer noontide of the Restoration.

"Room there for my Lord Rochester!" cried the nobles by the great gilded doors of the white and gold banquet-hall; "way there, knaves, for his grace the Duke of Buckingham!" and athwart the slanting shaft of motes dancing in the sunshine came the shadows of Wilmot and Villiers, in their silken-embroidered suits of French make, with long, curling perukes and ribbon-befringed jerkins, stars and orders blazing on their breasts, and a languid light in their eyes. As I sat by the cold, empty hearth, and mused with dreamy eyes fixed on the opposite doorway, the room grew crowded with the notabilities of the Restoration; I could almost hear the fluttering fringes and sword-knots of those butterfly lordlings; but with a thought they vanished; and here was hook-nosed William, grave and silent as his mighty ancestor, and stately St. John, and courteous Harley, and anon all the wits and beaux, generals and statesmen, of dull Queen Anne.

Not alone with the great whom I had read of did I people those desolate rooms. At my bidding other shadows grew into life. From the canvas on the walls of picture-gallery and saloon the images of the dead descended to walk again in the rooms they had inhabited living. Hautevilles of the Elizabethan age, and Hautevilles of the Restoration; Hautevilles who fought in the low countries with Marlborough, and sat in the senate with Harley: about these, of whose histories I then knew so little, I dreamed my dreams. This dark cavalier had loved and won that fair-haired maiden with tender blue eyes and simple pastoral dress; that smooth-faced boy-soldier had wooed and been scorned by the haughty damsel with eagle glance and towering head-gear.

For each of these pictured faces I wove my little romance, but was not the less eager to extort some details of their actual lives from my kindly tutor.

I often plied him with questions about the dead-and-gone masters of that deserted house, but with varying success. He was no gossip or scandal: and, indeed, was so complete a student that he thought more of a rare edition of an original classic, or a noble translation of the sixteenth century, than of all the changes and chances of the age in which he lived. An occasional *Post-boy* kept him apprised of the conquests our arms achieved abroad, and the difficulty our ministers found in agreeing at home. But he thought more of the Philippics of Cicero than of a smart attack from the Opposition, or a scathing reply from the polished chief of the famous Broad-bottom Administration, and was far better acquainted with the politics of the Pompeian party than with the objects and opinions of the minority at Westminster. Sometimes I was happy enough to find him in a communicative mood, and then I took care to improve my opportunity.

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

CHAPTER IX.

BUT no, bitterly for him, he was not dead. When Perro and Kledda came to lift him to his bed he opened his eyes again and walked to his chair, only asking the assistance of their shoulders. Then, with a terrible stony face, which brought back their most shuddering memories of nights passed with old Seibert Kearney, and in a stern, soulless voice which they had never heard from his lips before, he told them he was well, quite well again now; that he had fallen asleep and had an awful dream; but now he was out of it—well, yes, quite well, and they might leave him. So they went away, mournfully whispering to each other that it was that "cussed brack bottle again;" but we need not make their mistake, for we can read his letter:

"GARNET RUN, *Tuesday Morning*, 11 *o'clock, June* 4, 18—.

"MY POOR CUTHBERT,—How can I find words to tell you what I must? In any way that I can say it it will be hard; for I believe that we once loved each other, and the semblance is still a great deal to you, though the substance departed long, oh! long ago. You are a man; and a man, having so many other things in life, can live on and be comfortable with the semblance of love; but love is a woman's all—she has no business, no play, no comrades, no gladdening, maddening drink—and when she has not the fact the shadow becomes hell to her.

"I thank God that, though we made the mistake we did in joining our lives when we were both ignorant of the world and our hearts' demands, the mistake is not irreparable. *I* have found the substance, and it is very sweet, so sweet that I can not endure the semblance another day. You will, I pray, I trust, knowing how much there is in you to attract the woman you ought to marry—I may say *I know* you will find it too when I am gone.

"For, my poor Cuthbert, I *am* going. When you read this I shall be on my way to a far country; not only another State, but another land. The whole wide sea will presently be between us. Let a wider sea—forgetfulness—be between us, too. Forget that you ever knew me; that you ever caused me, I ever caused you, shame and agony.

"I leave you all my wealth—my heart breaks when I think of it—I can not call it by name. In leaving that I show you how deep is the love for whose sake I am willing to abandon it; show you, too, how little desire I have to hurt you; for I might take the precious thing I mean and leave you comfortless; but for its own sake, for yours, I will not. I can be generous, even while it breaks my heart, for to be loved as I am—with the first, only love of a great, strong, noble, yes! divine nature—raises a woman up to the height of any magnanimity, pays her for all loss, even for this.

"Oh, for God's sake, teach not the treasure I leave to hate, to curse me! To forget me, if you will—yes, it is better so! And in the long years to come that will be hard enough for me to think of—me, who would have died for it! To forget, then; but oh, not to hate nor curse!

"And if you marry again, as you will, marry a woman who will be a good mother, who will not hate mine because she must hate me.

"It will be vain to try to track me. I shall be hidden to-night, as if I were at the bottom of the sea. So spare yourself, spare the good name of that unspeakably precious treasure I have left you. Let there be no noisy search for one who can never be found, one who henceforth—oh! it seems strange, seems awful, to know that these are the last words that shall ever pass between us—must be

"DEAD TO YOU FOREVER."

After the servants had gone Cuthbert sat in his chair with the same terrible stony face, and in perfect silence, for nearly half an hour. Lily would not go back to bed, but climbed upon his lap and nestled against his bosom, crying bitterly. He hardly seemed to notice that she was there till he felt her shivering; then returned to the outer world only long enough to reach a folded blanket from the foot-board and throw it around her little night-gown.

"Oh, papa! Own, own darling papa, tell Lily where you are sick!" she sobbed, stroking his cheeks with her tiny hand. "Dear, lovely, precious papa! speak to your only little girl—kiss your own Lily! Ain't I your lamb any more? *Do* speak to me and kiss me! Tell me if you're sick! Precious own papa—your face frightens me so!"

Cuthbert's only answer was to press his lips upon her lovely forehead, mechanically as a sleep-walker. They felt cold as ice, and frightened her still more terribly.

"Papa! *papa!*" she almost screamed, "I'm afraid! I'm dreadfully afraid—aren't you dying? You mustn't die! I'll pray for you!" And slipping down from his knees, she threw herself beside them on her own—to take refuge in the dear heart to which her too early clouded infancy had already brought so many griefs without ever finding it shut.

"Oh sweet, lovely Jesus!" she cried, in a trembling voice, "we're all alone, with nobody to help us! I'm such a little girl, and I don't know what to do! Nobody knows what to do but you, dear Saviour, and I'm afraid that papa 'll die before we can get any doctor! Save him! Please, *please* save him—save him as you did when your little Lily asked you before! I'll love you and thank you always—when I get to heaven I'll fall down and kiss you where t'.e cruel nails went in. I'll take my little harp and sing to you forever. Don't let my papa die! Oh! oh!" Sobs choked her voice, but she clung to her father, and driving them back again, went on: "And oh! we're so sad to-night that our hearts are breaking! Dear Saviour, we don't know what's become of mamma! Jesus, sweet Jesus, bring back my own, own dear mamma—"

"Stop! stop! my poor desolate baby!" groaned Cuthbert, covered from head to foot with a great spasm of agony. "Oh, Lily! you have no mamma! Oh, my broken-hearted darling—my own little motherless girl!"

"*Papa!*" shrieked Lily, leaping to her feet, with a face as white as death—"are you having another dreadful dream? Oh, how haven't I got any mamma? Have you heard? Where is she? Is she dead?"

"My God! Oh, my God! How *shall* I tell her?" He clenched his nails into his palms well-nigh till the blood came. "Dead, my darling? Yes, dead! Dead to you and me forever! Oh, my little desolate orphan lamb—dead, dead! Say, God, what has *she* done to thee—what vengeance hadst thou to wreak on this harmless baby head? *I* am a wretch, without claim to shelter—a cumbering tree oft digged around—a fruitless vine oft pruned; men might gather and burn me—thine axe might cut me down—thy lightning fall and blast me to the root—I would not cavil or complain. But *she*—what quarrel hadst thou with the child? Oh, cruel as Death and the Grave—merciless as Hell—to murder her thus! Come, my baby—come and nestle close. All of father and mother He has left you is here. She is dead, dead, dead!"

For a moment Lily stood stupefied; then crept again into her father's breast, and childhood's blessed relief came to her—a tempest of tears, mingled with bitter moans and cries, until her strength was utterly exhausted. Then for several minutes she lay in an almost lifeless lull, brokenly murmuring between her sobs, "Only, only, own papa." At length the thought of his grief overpowered her own. The wonderful force of character which had marked her little span of life since babyhood with self-control and self-forgetfulness came back to her. She calmed herself with such an effort as might be asked in vain of many an adult. She sat erect upon her father's lap, and fixing on his haggard face a look of unutterable love, said,

"Tell me all about mamma now. I will not cry. I will be your little comforter, precious own papa! We haven't got any thing in the world but each other now, and we'll never, never, *never* go away from each other any more. Tell me please, darling papa."

Cuthbert rose, and pouring another tremendous draught from the decanter, tossed it down as if it had been clear water.

"Dear papa!" said Lily, "doesn't that fire-poison make you worse?"

"I'm going to tell you all, darling," answered Cuthbert, hoarsely, "and I haven't the strength without it. It keeps me from feeling what I say—and if I feel it, as well as think it, I shall be crazy. No! no! I must not *feel*, my baby!"

Then he took her on his lap again and told her all. All the facts, but not all their meaning. That it was impossible for her to be told. One of the seraphs in the Immediate Presence could as little understand it. All that is involved in a man's robbing a neighbor of his wife, and the wife's abandonment of the husband, was incoherence to her. It was a cruel, hard-hearted thing—an ungrateful treachery for any one who professed fraternal love for her father to have taken her mother away from him. It was likewise a bitter ingratitude and cruelty for her mother to desert them, when they loved her and longed for her so much. To her mind the one deed was precisely like that of the gipsy who stole the little girl in her story book, and the other nowise different from her own conduct if she had run away from home and refused ever to love her parents or see them any more. The wounded marital love and marital honor which made the gist of the adult criminality and agony could not be otherwise than incomprehensible to her. Her father's anguish and his asseveration that her mother was dead to them she could but dimly understand. When she learned that her mother, in the literal sense, was still alive, she burst into tears of rapture, and cried that she would find her and bring her back if she had to beg her way barefoot over the world. Cuthbert could not be selfish enough to wish that she might feel, like him, how devoutly they might have thanked God if He had laid their heart's best beloved in her grave before they left New England. Not for all the wealth of Christendom would he have sullied her heavenly mind with the knowledge which would have adequately answered her innocent question: "Why did Uncle Derrick take mamma away from us? Couldn't he have staid here and loved her? Couldn't she have loved him just as much and loved us too?" But though he thanked God for those sweet baby lips, unstained by the blistering fruit of the knowledge of good and evil, her innocent, ignorant joy at the fact which was his most terrible torture, jarred upon him like the cruelest of mockeries. It left him at the very direst point of his need so utterly without the sympathy of a heart whose sympathy was the most precious; it sent him into his Gethsemane so entirely alone. She almost danced with ecstasy when she heard that her mother was not in the winding-sheet she had first thought. Tears and laughter chased each other over her countenance, and she kissed him every where on face and hands, on his garments, almost from head to foot, crying, "No! no! she is not dead! she is not dead! Mamma is alive yet! thank you, dear Jesus! mamma is not dead!" Who can fathom the agony with which Cuthbert heard this, or with which he listened to her gentle yet astonished chiding for a stern despair seeming to her only implacable wrath, when he had said, "Would that I could see her in her coffin!" Who can measure the struggle by which he held himself from toppling over the verge of insanity when, in answer to his broken-hearted assertion that nothing could ever give him back his wife or Lily her mother, her face lighted with what he so well knew to be a desperate faith, and she said,

"I know mamma has been very naughty and very cruel to you, papa, but I will go to her and tell her that we will love her always better than any body in the world, and put my arms round her neck and kiss her and bring her back: then we'll forgive her and Uncle Derrick, and pray Jesus to give them new hearts, and I'll have my mamma again, and we'll all be happy for ever and ever."

As his brain reeled under these awful utterances, these terrible incongruities, like the crowing of a baby at the bright flame jets round the fagots which are burning its father at the stake, again and again, almost unconsciously, poor Cuthbert sought the solace which, as he had told Lily, kept him from *feeling* all the things he was compelled to think. When, with a prayer for both father and mother on her lips, and exhausted by the day's surfeit of emotion, the little girl dropped asleep upon his breast, he gently laid her on the bed, and, going to the decanter, found that he had drained it to the last drop. Within the past three hours the whisky he had taken could not have amounted to less than a quart: but, resisted by the tremendous tension of his sufferings, it had produced no visible effect on him—none at all, indeed, except an iron-plating of his nervous system and a sensation of preternatural strength either to do or to endure. Never stopping to reflect how dear-bought this condition must prove to him on the morrow, he clung to it with such agonized tenacity as his only hope for the present preservation of his reason, that to avoid dropping to a lower plane he returned down stairs and brought up a fresh bottle.

With the next draught his fiery excitement culminated; reaction commenced, and he fell asleep in his chair. He must have sat there with his chin upon his breast more than an hour, for his candle was guttering in its socket when he started up from a terrible dream vivid as reality, in which he had seen his wife whirled along the rapids of some black ferocious river to a cataract vast as ten Niagaras—stretching her white arms toward him out of the tumbling avalanche of waves, and heard her shriek his name. He woke with "Cuthbert!" ringing in his ears, and the sound of those relentless waters which choked it in her throat, so close that it seemed just outside his window. He ran to the casement and looked eagerly out, almost expecting to see her imploring him there in the moonlight. His straining eyes met only the cool, beautiful, empty, unsympathizing night, and the horror of his position stared him in the face with a new reality. All that had been heavenly in his married life—every little caress and lover's word, the stolen interviews of his courtship, the mutual tendernesses which had endeared their happy poverty, his wife's girlish caprices and rococo fancies, his own ingenious self-sacrifices to bestow pleasant surprises on her; this new dress, that bit of ribbon, the ear-rings put by stealth under the pillow, her sparkling eyes and thankful blushes when she found them; the little vacation trips to humble watering-places and objects of local curiosity a hundred miles away; every sweet look, every comical pet name she bestowed on him; their endless wonder and crazy joy at the baby, their hourly discoveries of likeness in her features, and cunning ways she had with her fingers and toes; the weekly weighings of her with handkerchief and steelyard like a turkey; the days when she began "to take notice," when she learned to "come," when she cut her first tooth, when she took her first step, when the young mother stood trembling with delight outside the school-room door, hardly able to wait for recess, to tell Cuthbert that Lily had said "Papa:" every joy, grief, hope, and fear of their united lives since Cuthbert first saw his wife and loved her ran lightning swift in ordered succession through his mind, like the past life of one drowning—and ended on that dreadful ruin heap where he stood to-night in the ashes all alone.

"O God!" he cried, "I am going mad!"

And he was going mad. He began to doubt the evidence of his waking senses—to believe in the reality of his dream. He heard again the cry which had wakened him from sleep, and his wife seemed in truth to be shivering below his window, clad in her thin white night-gown, just as he had expected to see her—her bare feet wet with dew. He rubbed his eyes and she was gone—but a moment more and she was fleeing over the sparkling grass or hiding behind the misty shrubbery with one fold of her garment fluttering out into the moonlight. He ran to the bed and

"'INDEED SHE ISN'T,' ANSWERED LILY; TUGGING AT HIS SKIRTS TO PULL HIM BACK, IN AN AGONY OF FEAR LEST HE SHOULD SLIP OR JUMP."

waked Lily. "Darling," said he, hoarsely, "don't cry any more—your mamma's back! I just saw her running over the lawn. Get up and papa 'll put on your little frock; hurry, my baby, and we'll go after her! We shall need provisions for our journey—while you're getting your shoes and stockings on I'll prepare them;" so he lighted a new candle and descended to the dining-room.

Lily's ecstasy knew no bounds, for her faith was equally boundless, and her childish ignorance of symptoms prevented her from reading the disturbed condition of his mind in her father's face, though its frenzy a little frightened her. She was quite dressed, with the exception of her frock, when her father returned with a loaf of bread wrapped in a napkin, and a fresh bottle of whisky in one coat-pocket. Into the other pocket he thrust the bottle from which he had already taken a draught, bestowed the bread in a light courier's satchel, whose strap he threw over his shoulder, and grasping his little girl's hand hurried out of the house.

"We're provisioned with meat and drink for a long cruise now," said Cuthbert. "Bread's plain fare; but we haven't heart to eat dainties when *she* may be perishing, have we? Look, darling; do you remember whose little bag this is? See the pretty morocco with her letters gilded on it! Oh, my head and my heart! Oh, my God! my wife—my wife—my dear wife!"

"Oh, papa, papa! isn't it good? isn't the Lord kind?" she cried, as she skipped along gayly, following his rapid strides without a thought of the past day's fatigue, in her own rapture paying no heed to the great change which must have taken place in him before he could have forgotten the tax which her energies had undergone sufficiently not even to accommodate his pace to her childish feet. No woman could be more thoughtful than Cuthbert usually was in such matters; but now he rushed on as if some terrible task-master was goading him, letting her run to keep up with him till her breath gave out, and she had to catch him by the hand panting an entreaty to wait for her. He snatched her up and set her on his shoulder; then, without feeling any burden, drove ahead as before.

"Where are you going, dear papa? Where did you see mamma?" asked Lily.

She was close beside his ear, keeping on her uneasy, jolting seat by one arm thrown about his neck; but he seemed not to hear her till she repeated her question.

"Going, my lamb? Over the earth—every where in the wide world till we find her! I saw her on the gravel-walk, behind the lilacs, out in the meadow, flitting about like a ghost—every where. Yes! you are right. We'll bring her back, my baby! We'll never, never, never go into our house again—*our* house? no! the wicked devil's house!—never again till we find her."

"Thank you, dear papa! Oh, how your Lily loves you for that! and we *will* find her!" said the little girl in a glow of joyful confidence; though his hoarse voice and wild manner astonished her.

Cuthbert wandered for an hour about the estate until even the little girl began to lose confidence in their vain quest, and to fear that something out of the ordinary was the matter with her father. When at length his distracted fancy led him to speak of a crowd of people down the road, going toward "the Pool" with her mother in the midst of them, she grew seriously alarmed.

"Dear papa!" said she, tremblingly, "you frighten me. There is nobody there. I'm afraid you're sick; let us go home, and you take a good long sleep and we'll begin looking again in the morning."

"Hark!" replied Cuthbert, trembling all over as a whip-poor-will in the woods fringing the stream began its plaintive repetitions—"Hark! she's calling to us again. Coming, coming!" And shouting at the top of his voice with a terrible cheeriness, he set out as fast as he could run for the spot to which he thought the procession was tending. Then Lily—although she had never seen any mental aberration but the paralytic form manifested during her grandfather's last few days on earth—distinctly comprehended that her father's sorrows had turned his brain.

Cuthbert ran without feeling fatigue till he reached the opening of the wood-path which led to the pool, and striking into it continued his mad race. The foliage was so dense that the moonlight barely showed him the way. The jasmine, woodbine, and fox-grape twined across it in such tangled luxuriance that even in the daytime a stroller's step need be wary to avoid tripping, and the branches of the trees drooped low enough to graze a tall man's head. But that wonderful instinct—surpassing even the educated skill of the blind man—that Providence, rather, which the French have commemorated in their proverb, "*Il y a un dieu pour les enfans et les ivrognes*," protected both Cuthbert and the child on his shoulder from any of the painful consequences which, at that clattering pace, must have resulted either from a misstep or a bump against the boughs. By what seemed to Lily a miracle, or at least a direct answer from that Jesus to whom she was pouring out her dismayed young heart in passionate entreaty, Cuthbert did not once stumble, and the trees fairly grazed her little head again and again without any further damage than the lashing of her tender face or the rough combing of her curls with the leathery young twigs of ash and locust. At length they emerged into an open space which the moon, now at the zenith, made clear as day. Recognizing the spot where she had knelt and prayed her father back on that terribly sweet and bitter morning of the last autumn, she cried out, "The Pool, papa, the Pool!" and was about struggling from his shoulder, not knowing but his frenzy might disregard the barrier, when, of his own accord, he stopped short at the brink, set her down, and began peering over the edge into the jetty shadows and molten-silver lights of the deep basin.

"No, she is not there!" said he, mournfully.

"Indeed she isn't," answered Lily, tugging at his skirts to pull him back, in an agony of fear lest he should slip or jump. "You didn't think mamma was there, did you?"

"Why not?" said Cuthbert, wildly. "You saw her with all the people, just where the path begins; she turned in here when she left them, and I ran to save her. There's been death in this awful hole before, Lily darling, and I can't let *her* die! She mustn't come here when she's sorry and hopeless, it's no place for such. She'll be back here. We'll hide and wait for her. Yes! she sha'n't kill herself if forgiveness and love can stop her. No, darling Lily and I are ready to take you back—open arms—open hearts—all ready for you!"

The poor fellow sat down behind the ledge of rock, and pressed his burning forehead between his hands, Lily nestling at his knees, and watching his every motion with agonized anxiety.

"Does your head ache, dear papa?" she asked tenderly.

"I don't know, baby; it feels like a sky full of clouds, and rain, and splitting thunder and lightning. Oh, my wife! my wife!"

Such a terrible return of old memories as had convulsed him in his bedchamber fled through his brain again. In desperation he pulled one of the bottles from his pocket, and drank a long deep draught, eagerly, as if his life depended on it.

"Oh papa—dear papa!" murmured Lily in a tearful voice, now utterly broken down by her loving little heart's long harassment, "please—*please* don't! Don't, for your little Lily's sake, don't! You'll kill yourself, and you're all I've got—darling, *dearest* papa!"

Cuthbert laughed strangely. "No, baby! papa can't die. He'd have died before this if any thing could kill him. No! no! he can't die—but he can go mad, and this is all that keeps him! Oh, my wife! oh, my little lost bird—my flown dove—my wife, my wife! And Lily burst into tears as he drank again, freely, as if the liquid murder had been that crystal wave below him.

But Lily's womanliness returned, and with it—rather as part of it, for are they not the same?—her tender helpfulness. She sat down behind him, and taking his poor head into her lap began pressing it with her tiny hands. In this position he presently dropped into a troubled sleep. As he lay, alternately sobbing his wife's name and gnashing his teeth over Derrick Dalmager's, Lily's anxiety grew almost unbearable. What if he were to drink till he killed himself, like her grandfather? What if he were to live and be crazy all his life, like some unhappy patients of the Doctor's, for whom her sympathetic little heart had bled when she heard him telling about them to her father? At length with fear and trembling—for she still worshiped her father, and looked up to him with a deference which revolted at the thought of any thing like interference with his will—she drew the bottles from his pocket. At first she meant to throw them into the pool, but a moment's consideration altered her mind. She would be obliged to tell him where they were if he woke and insisted on knowing, and the poor little thing was not certain but in his distress he might jump in to attempt their recovery. So she tossed them into the thicket as far from the brink of the pool as she could without the risk of waking him by rising. Cuthbert's uneasy slumber lasted only for half an hour. He came out of it with a terrible cry, and sprang to his feet with a force which, but for Lily's clinging round his knees, might have ended all his struggles for this life by throwing him over the edge of the basin. For several seconds he seemed quite unconscious of his whereabouts; seemed to imagine that he was fighting for his life with a band of cut-throats, blindly striking right and left, calling to Derrick Dalmager in a voice of immeasurable scorn and hatred, and for the first time that Lily had ever heard him, swearing after a fashion that curdled her blood. Broken-hearted and exhausted as she was Lily never once lost her presence of mind, but steadily kept between him and the brink, and with all her tiny strength pushed him away from it. The tremendous strain which his system had endured was beginning to tell on him. His struggles grew fainter, and all at once he fell to the ground with a despairing groan. Lily, almost as exhausted, again took her seat beside him and tried to lift his head upon her lap. He raised himself on one elbow, felt for his bottles, and missing them asked her where they were.

"Oh, *dear* papa, don't drink any more!"

"I'm dying—I must! Quick! Give me the whisky!"

"Darling, *darling* papa! For your own little Lily's sake—"

"Stop! stop!" he cried, in a voice like a sick child's, "tell me what you've done with that—tell me without another word!"

Her agony of fear for him for the first time in her life overcame her habit of instant filial obedience.

"Papa! oh, papa! I can not see my papa die like grandpa!"

In the desperation of his suffering he yelled at her like a madman, commanding her with an oath to mind him instantly.

In utter brokenness of heart—she, his darling, his angel, his very idol, sworn at like a pirate's child by the father for whom she would have cheerfully laid down her life—in a dream of horror, not at being cursed, but at *his* cursing her, had still the strength of nature to make one more effort for his salvation. She fell on her knees beside him, and began pleading.

"Oh, my own best, dearest, loveliest papa! all that Lily has left—please, for Jesus' sake, please—"

It was the brute maddened by torture, not the man, that cut the prayer short, though all but the angels and Lily herself must have said, looking on, that Cuthbert Kearney was the one who raised his feeble arm and struck her. His hand fell on those bright curls where it had so often lingered in caressing adoration, and with a piteous little moan she fell forward, striking her forehead on a sharp stone by his side. Then his own senses reeled again, and with the reaction from this last bitter deed went out in total darkness.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

ANOTHER "Enoch Arden case" is reported in an Indiana paper, which seems unusually sad. Nearly ten years ago a Mr. Shirley removed from the vicinity of Bloomington, Indiana, to Illinois, with his family. In the course of time he bought a drove of cattle, which he wished to take to California to sell; and he sent his wife and children to their friends to remain while he was absent. When a short distance from Salt Lake City he was captured by the Indians, and remained in captivity until a short time ago, when he escaped. He had been so closely confined that he had not even heard of the rebellion. Yet he hastened to Bloomington in the hope of meeting his wife and children. But his friends, not having heard from him during all these years, supposed him to be dead; and about a year before his reappearance his wife had married again, and removed to another State. Mr. Shirley seemed wholly overcome with grief when he learned that his wife had married again. He bears upon his person unmistakable evidence of hard treatment; but he considers this a small matter when compared to the loss of the mother of his children.

Nature indulges in curious freaks once in a while. A New Haven gentleman the other day found within the pulp of an orange he was eating a second perfect orange. And the Prescott (Wisconsin) *Journal* says that a garden in that place contains an apple-tree in blossom, on a limb of which are six perfect white roses in full bloom. A white rose bush stands a short distance from the apple-tree.

A leading English journal opposes the bill in Parliament conferring certain rights of property upon married women, on the "one great leading principle of the radical inferiority, physical, moral, and intellectual, of women." It enlarges upon the subject in the following style: "We believe that no system of law, whether it relates to property, to person, or to political rights, will ever be really just—that is, generally beneficial—unless it presupposes and is founded upon the following principles: First, that men are superior to women—that is, that we have more moral, intellectual, and physical strength than they have; that we know more, feel more, can do more, are their superiors in every sense in which one class of beings can be superior to another. Secondly, that families are in the nature of small governments, and that the constitutions of those governments should be monarchical, the husband being king." Weak, feeble, and inferior though they may be, women occasionally exhibit feeling and intellect enough to desire to know how *gentlemen*, English or otherwise, regard them. It assists their limited capacities to, in their turn, appreciate the "lords of creation." They should, at least, have the benefit of the quotation, which we give in the belief that, while lamenting over their own unfortunate condition, they will pity the still more wretched state of their English sisters who happen to be included in the "small government" of the aforesaid journal.

It is cooling and refreshing, now that the July heats are upon us, to hear about the splendid skating-rink which the Bostonians are erecting on Tremont Street. The lot is 117 feet front by 269 deep, and contains about 30,000 square feet. The foundations are already laid; and the building is to be of brick. It will have accommodations—so it is stated—for 1500 skaters, and seats for 5000 spectators. A refreshment-room is to be connected with the skating-rink. When the building is not needed for skating, the basin will be floored over, forming a hall, which it is estimated will hold ten thousand people. It is expected that this building will be ready for use in September, and it promises to be a popular resort, not only in winter for skating, but at other seasons, when it will be used for concerts, fairs, and similar gatherings.

The Princess Carlotta, although very much improved in health, still has occasional attacks of lunacy. These frequently occur immediately after eating, and she herself is said to be so well aware of this that she withdraws into complete solitude at such times, hoping to escape observation.

In the very heart of the noisy city of Vienna, in Austria, near a great market-place, is the Church of the Capuchins—a common-looking structure, and architecturally inelegant. Within its deep vaults, however, repose the bodies of emperors and princes of Austria. The place is damp and mildewed with age. Here are the remains of Maria Theresa, and also of her favorite instructress—the only person not of royal lineage interred here. But in a far-off corner of the vaults lies a coffin, covered with evergreens, crucifixes, and similar offerings, indicating that the royal occupant has but recently entered his narrow home. It is the mortal remains of "Maximilian of Mexico," as the Austrians have inscribed upon the coffin. Above the coffin is the Mexican flag, and over all the Mexican cagle spread its wings.

Brigham Young gives the following advice to his young people: "Young men, fit you up a little log-cabin, if it is not more than ten feet square, and then get you a bird to put in your little cage. You will then have something to encourage you to labor and gather around you the comforts of life, and a place to gather them to." And to the women he says: "Ask your husbands to furnish you some straw for hats and bonnets; and when you get it put more than three straws over your head, and make a hat that will shade you from the scorching sun."

Canned vegetables and fruit are great luxuries in the Winter season. At the city grocers and markets canned corn, tomatoes, and many other vegetables can be obtained, which are really delicious. But families often experience much difficulty in canning corn so that it will keep. We notice a method of *drying* green corn for table use, which seems very simple. The green ears are to be boiled a minute or two just to harden the milk, then cut from the cob, and spread on a cloth in the sun for two days, being taken in at night. This will then keep any where. Before cooking it should be soaked a few hours, and boiled in the same water. A little milk and flour added while it is boiling is an improvement.

The eloquent preacher of Scotland, Rev. Dr. Guthrie, thus speaks of his advancing years: "They say I am growing old because my hair is silvered, and there are crows'-feet upon my forehead, and my step is not firm and elastic as of yore. But they are mistaken. That is not me. The knees are weak, but the knees are not me. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not me. This is the house in which I live. But I am young—younger now than I ever was before."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PINE-TREE SHILLING.—It is not customary for brides who are married in church to wear traveling costumes, though there is no valid reason why they should not. The changeable silks and self-colored gros grains are selected for handsome traveling dresses. Silk serge at $2 50 a yard is cheaper than these and more *distingué*. If you prefer a changeable silk we advise dark colors, such as blue and gray combined, or brown and blue, or green and maroon. In solid colored silks the choice lies between dark gray and dead-leaf brown. Avoid the Bismarck shades. Traveling dresses *must* be short. Make a wide ruffle on the gored skirt. If the silk is changeable bind the ruffle with the most conspicuous color in the combination. Make a long polonaise, belted at the waist, and looped in the back and side by three large plaits. A small cape over the shoulders with pelerine ends adds style to the polonaise. Trim with fringe and folds, or with two ruffles narrower than that on the skirt. The bonnet should be of the dress silk with tulle veil and strings of the same color. Kid gloves to match the dress. Black boots are in good taste with every dress, but if the dress is a quiet color the boots may be of the same material. Uniformity of color throughout the toilette is most desirable. Even the leather of the indispensable traveling bag is selected with a view to blending harmoniously with the bride's dress.

If a less expensive suit is preferred we recommend the gray pongee poplins made in the same style. They are preferable to silk-faced serge, which shrinks and fades. Corded poplins, such as the French and Irish, are but little worn now.

In a late Number of the *Bazar* we answered the question of our correspondent about wedding costumes for grooms. The English style then described has since been worn at some most fashionable weddings, and is becoming the regulation dress. It consists of a short cut-away coat of dark blue cloth, lavender vest and pants. White cambric or black silk neck-tie. Gloves to match the pants and vest.

Admiral Farragut is 67 years old; his name is pronounced as spelled.

While the *Bazar* eschews politics as being outside its province, it can not suffer your animadversions on one of the most able and earnest, and withal kindly of its friends, to pass unrebuked.

LIZZIE MASON will find the information she requests embodied in the foregoing reply to "Pine-Tree Shilling." If the bride wears a traveling-dress the groom should do the same. A black dress-suit would, under such circumstances, be very inappropriate.

ROMEO.—You should, unless you are about marrying in the French mode, be sufficiently intimate with your betrothed as either to take or ask the measure of her finger for the engagement ring. As to the "best style," that depends upon your means and generosity. It is customary for the rich and thriving to give a diamond ring of a single stone "to one's beloved in token of engagement." The size of the diamond may vary from the smallness of a pin's head to the bigness of the Koh-i-noor, according to the wealth and munificence of the donor. The occasion is so rare and special a one as to justify an extraordinary effort of liberality.

MRS. H——, NEW YORK.—A married woman may make any contract respecting her own separate property, but not contracts in general. Her marriage debars her from these. For example, if she gives a promissory note the money can not be recovered at law, unless at the time of making it she executed some instrument or agreed to bind her separate estate as security.

MRS. LIZZIE SALISBURY.—By the bosom pleats of the Watteau paletot we mean the darts or seams taken in at the front of the waist. A Pompadour neck is cut square at the throat.

APPRECIATOR.—You will find a full explanation of the point Russe stitch in the *Bazar* of April 11, No. 24.

WIFE.—Your case is a hard one, to be compelled to live with a husband who abuses you without the *ferocity* necessary in law to justify a legal separation. You must follow the domicile of your husband, and if you don't like it, there is no help for you. If he don't provide for you according to his means he is liable to any tradesman who chooses to furnish supplies and take the risk. But you yourself can not sue him. Exercise all your persuasive energies and virtues; bring about repentance and reform him. This is your best course.

MRS. K. F. S.—The carbuncle is not a fashionable stone, and is seldom seen in first-class jewelry stores. Etruscan gold, pink coral, Byzantine, Mosaics, topaz, and enameled gold, are stylishly worn with street dress and in the daytime.

R. H.—Your ignorance does not surprise us. The expression, "Without benefit of clergy," has led to the popular mistake that it means without the privilege of a clergyman at the gallows; and we have frequently heard persons otherwise intelligent commenting on the Draconic and merciless character of the old law which hung criminals without benefit of clergy. The term had its origin in medieval times, when reading and writing were confined almost exclusively to colleges and monkish institutions, which claimed the privilege for their members of pleading their learning, or benefit of clergy, in extenuation or excuse of their first offense. The abuse of this privilege led to its final abrogation.

PRECEDENCE.—The chief female guest should be the first handed to the dinner-table and by the host. The hostess should bring up the rear with the least significant male guest.

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A BEE IN THE BONNET.

AN ILL-N"H"TURED REPLY.

BRITISHER. "'Ow Quiet we are 'ere, 'Arriet."
HARRIET. "Yes; one might almost Hear an 'H' Drop."
[BRITISHER *has since been discovered wandering about on the Underground Railroad.*

FACETIÆ.

AN old and weather-worn trapper was recently seen sauntering along the main street of one of our Western villages. Pausing in front of a litt'e meeting-house for a moment, he went in and took his seat among the congregation. The preacher was discoursing on the text of "the sheep and the wolves," and had evidently been drawing a contrast between the two subjects. Says he: "We who assemble here from week to week and do our duty and perform our part are the sheep; now who are the wolves?" A pause, and our friend the trapper rose to his feet: "Wa'al, stranger, rather than see the play stopped I will be the wolves!" The preacher was vanquished.

Lord Brougham's longevity is now attributed to his having been preserved in Cannes.

A Connecticut editor gives an account of a man who "blew out his brains after bidding his wife good-by with a shot-gun."

"How much to insert this death?" asked a person at a newspaper-office.
"One dollar."
"Why, I paid but fifty cents the last time I inserted one."
"That was a common death," said the publisher, "but this is 'sincerely regretted.'"
"I'll tell you what," said the applicant, "your executors will not be put to that expense."

In a bookseller's catalogue lately appeared the following article: "Memoirs of Charles the First—with a *head capitally executed.*"

A certain judge pronouncing sentence of death upon an Irishman, said: "You shall be taken to the place of execution and there be hanged by the neck until you are dead; and may God have mercy on your soul!" At this the prisoner exclaimed: "Hold, there, Judge; I want none of your prayers, for I never knew any one to live long after you prayed for him."

Lord Dundreary has given his opinion in regard to that much vexed question—marriage with a deceased wife's sister: "I think," he says, "marriage with a detheathed wife's thithter is very proper and economical, because when a fellah marrieth his detheathed wife's thithter he—he hath only one mother-in-law."

"I'm afraid you don't like babies when they cry," said a matron to a gentleman, as she tried to soothe the darling in her arms. "Oh yes," said he, "I like them best when they cry, because I've always observed that then they are invariably carried out of the room."

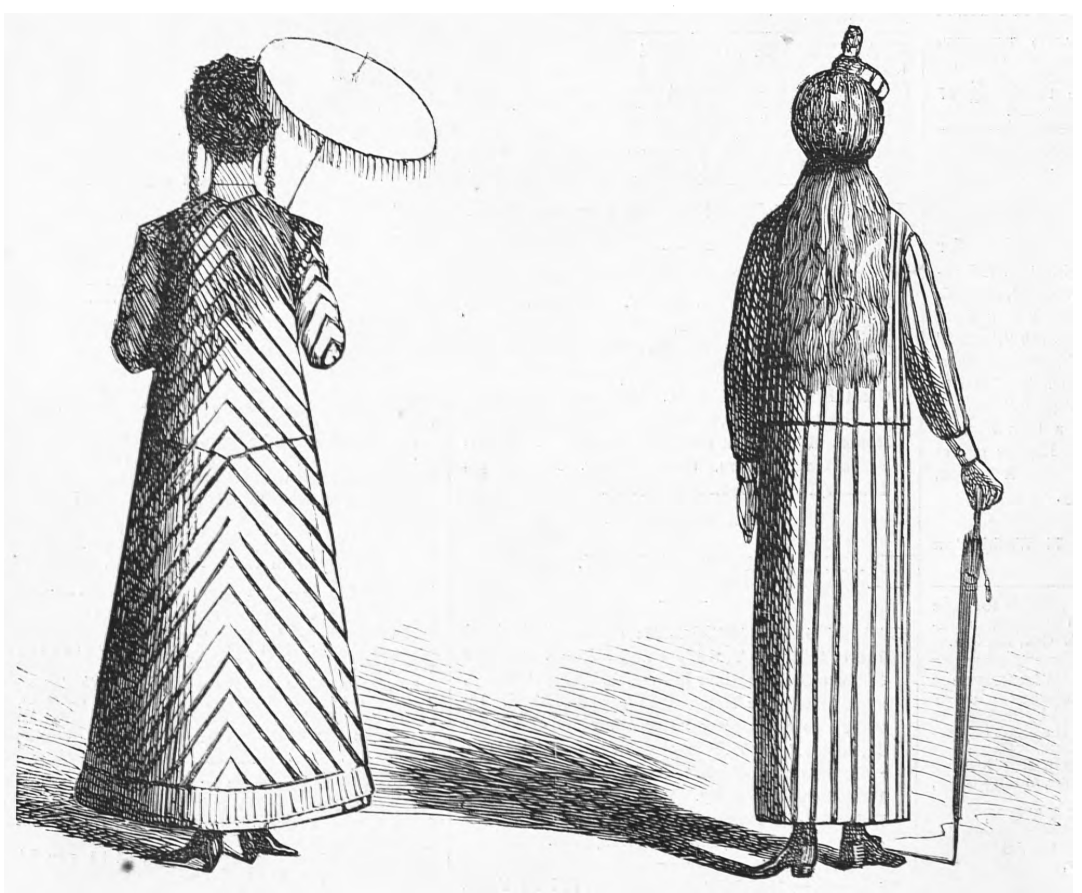
A little up-town five-year-old, who was hungry one night recently just at bedtime, but didn't wish to ask directly for something more to eat, put the proposition in this way: "Mamma, are little children who starve to death happy after they die?" A good big slice of bread and butter was the answer.

A CHEAP PRESENT—Giving the lie.

A lock of hair from a young woman's head is often a key to a young man's heart.

EMINENT MUSICIAN. "You Play, I believe?"
SWELL AMATEUR. "Ya-as!"

EMINENT MUSICIAN. "Concertina?"
SWELL AMATEUR. "No—*Comb!*"



THE FASHIONS.
SPECIMENS OF THE "SIMPLE POINTED" AND "SEVERE PERPENDICULAR."

AUNT. "You'll Grow up Ugly if you make Faces.'
LITTLE GIRL (*reflectively*). "Did you make much Faces when you was a Girl, Aunty?"

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 40.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Summer Toilettes.

Fig. 1.—Dress with double skirt, tight-fitting paletot and Marie Antoinette fichu, of black gros grain, trimmed with flounces and bias folds of the same material. White straw bonnet, with lilac trimming.

Fig. 2.—Dress of foulard écru, trimmed with bias folds of light gray satin, put on in lattice fashion. Bows of brown satin ribbon, brown satin buttons, and brown silk tassels complete the trimming. Chemisette of tucked Swiss muslin.

Fig. 3.—Little boy's dress. Jacket and trowsers of black silk serge. The cuffs of the jacket are of red silk. Red silk sash.

Fig. 4.—Dress and Marie Antoinette fichu of lilac poult de soie, trimmed with frills of the same and folds of lilac satin. Rosettes of lilac satin ribbon loop up both sides of the over-skirt.

Fig. 5.—Dress with double skirt. The under-skirt is of striped pink and white, and the over-skirt and waist of pink Chambery gauze. The over-skirt is puffed in the Watteau style, as shown in the illustration, and trimmed with folds, loops, and rosettes of pink satin.

Fig. 6.—Dress with double skirt of light gray alpaca, trimmed with flounces and flutings of the same material.

GROWING BETTER.

THE question is often asked, "Is the world growing better?"

Certain classes of minds are incompetent to answer this question. The habitual cynic, whose cold and sarcastic nature is unable to supply the materials for moral judgment, and, on the other side, the too generous enthusiast, who carries a constant millennium in his overwrought fancy, are alike unfit to decide the point. Each projects his own mind upon the subject, and, while moving in opposite directions, each transforms his personal thoughts into positive facts. Between these extremes we have other orders of mind, such as the statisticians, the skeptical, and the unhopeful, who are more or less incapable from temperament or culture to enter into the merits of this question. If these men are not reliable witnesses in the case, to whom shall we turn for an authoritative decision? Men of genial intellect, men of heart, men of moral insight, who have openness of understanding, strong but balanced sympathies, genuine tenderness of feeling, these are the men worthy to be heard.

All such men will agree that the world in this age is much more sensible of the evils that exist in society than ever before, and, at the same time, is dissatisfied that its knowledge of these enormities is not more accurate and complete. The ignorance of these things, once so common, was the worst form of ignorance. It was contented and complacent ignorance that rejoiced in its own blindness. But that has passed away. The minds of men are now turned with intense considerateness to whatever afflicts the state and oppresses humanity. Intellect is every where sanitary, searching into the occult causes of moral ill health, and laboring to institute a more wholesome regimen. Intellect, too, is the great police of the day. By a divine commission it penetrates the shelters of iniquity, drags forth the burrowing culprits, and throws the full daylight upon their hideousness. This is unquestionably a vast gain. We are beginning to get the "*gauge of human misery*," and to form some definite idea of the gigantic wrongs that curse the world. The contrast in this respect between our times and those of our grandfathers is very sharply defined; so much so as to make us wonder at the quiet way in which they took the evils under which they suffered. Old files of newspapers, magazines of the last century, reviews of the anciently modern school are singularly reticent on such topics; and, like Cowper with Bunyan (though in a different spirit), they avoid such discussions lest they should offend ears polite. But it is all changed now. The change, indeed, is not an unmixed good. Publications exist that present details of vice to pander to vice. These, however, are the scum on the ocean, not the ocean itself.

Another fact all will unite in accepting. Not only are we more sensible of existing evils, but we are much more sensitive to their moral and social dangers. The terrible truth is reaching us in such a way as to compel us to feel its force. Had it been exhibited in the form of mere statistics that would have been a demonstrative appeal to the intellect. But as the good spirit of the age would have it, the mighty agencies of literature, and of the secular press, and of the reforming platform were all in active operation, and could lend their strength to the good work. What the steam-engine and the telegraph are to trade and commerce, these are to morality and virtue. And through their instrumentality the world is made to feel as well as see the prodigious evils under which it is groaning. We need not claim that these agencies are primary. We are content to view them as merely subordinate to the religious power of the age. But while regarding them as simple adjuncts to Christianity, we are justified in affirming that they are invaluable in their humbler sphere. If the ocean contains a vast supply of salt, it does not follow that salt mines and salt lakes are expletives. If the sun is the central source of light, oil and gas are still very useful. And hence, while admitting, and gladly admitting, the supernatural influence of Christianity as *the* remedy for evil, we nevertheless rejoice that we have these auxiliaries as palpable everyday helpers to touch our hearts, and bring closely home to our consciousness the tremendous evils beneath which this world is struggling.

The battle with evil is as old as the world. But let this be said—viz., the fight was never as fierce and as general as in our day. On the side of truth and goodness never was there such a firm and glorious array, and every hour this array is extending both as to numerical and spiritual strength. Men have better command of great principles, and they know better how to employ them. Is it strange, then, that we have more confidence in right and integrity than formerly? The age is hopeful, and no man belongs to the age who is not hopeful. You tell us of the enormous wrongs of the times. But the whole argument turns on the amount and quality of the resisting and reforming good. Count the waste places of the physical globe, the spaces of dreary sand stretching out into vastness, the mountainous regions that defy habitation, the snow and ice solitudes, and how wide and continent-like is their reaching sweep? But despite of these we number the millions of earth's population by the hundred, and civilization achieves its wonders, and trade and commerce have scope and verge enough for a magnificent expansion. So with the moral world. The forces of evil, although so multitudinous, so well-organized, so compact, so defiant, are really less dangerous every hour we live. Is there any Vesuvius in our day that could bury a Herculaneum or a Pompeii? Is there any Sodom without its ten righteous? One reason why the world is so bad is because it is so good—just as the intenser light casts the thicker shadow. Far

SUMMER TOILETTES.

be it from us to disguise the fact that sins and sorrows abound, and yet this fact can only be rightly seen in the all-revealing light of a higher fact. If it is sheer wickedness to say with Milton's Satan, "Evil, be thou my good"—if it is mere folly to believe with certain modern poets that evil is good in process of formation, it is wisdom and piety to believe with Thomson that from "seeming evil" God "educes good, and better thence in infinite progression."

ENGLAND'S WELCOME TO LONGFELLOW.

HERE'S a welcome to you, Professor,
Arrived on the English strand;
For your songs across the Atlantic
In the tongue of the mother-land.

Your lyrics are loved of the household,
That knows no Academy's law:—
One hand's warm pressure is better
Than a whole world's distant awe.

It's cold in the clear blue ether,
That the king of the eagles achieves:—
But the swallows have endless summer,
And build close under our eaves.

And the voices that bid you welcome
Are many, and tender, and true—
They'd not shout for the best of the poets
As loud as they're hailing you!

Come to the homes of the people,
Where your household words are dear;
There's seldom a poet has sung them,
Such lyrics of courage and cheer.

The poet who taught "Resignation,"
Who sang us the "Psalm of Life"—
You are dear to them all, Professor,
Child, parent, husband and wife!

Ay, let Universities seat you
In Temples of Honors and Arts:—
The people of England, Sir, greet you,
And open the doors of their hearts.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1868.

VENTILATING OUR AFFECTIONS.

WHILE the mutual enjoyment of each others' company is undoubtedly essential to love, friendship, and family affection, it is quite possible that a too close and constant association may rather weaken than strengthen those ties.

"Out of sight, out of mind," says the old proverb, which, with all its cynical doubt of the constancy of human attachment, may be true. A long absence and withdrawal from daily view will severely try the strength of the most pertinacious affection, and it may be prudent not to protract the test. A short absence, however, sharpens love, and it is easy to find the reason why it should. We require to be dispossessed of an habitual enjoyment to appreciate it. It is necessary to be stimulated by the pain of privation, in order to feel the pleasure of possession. We must suffer hunger before we can enjoy the feast. If we sit down daily to the rich banquet we get satiated with the good things, and the most delicious morsels pall upon our taste. So it is with those greatest of all human delights, love, friendship, and family affection.

Occasional absence from those to whom we are strongly attached has the advantage, too, not only of increasing our desire for their society by feeling the want of its enjoyment, but of smoothing over with a film of forgetfulness the fretting irregularities to which the most nicely adjusted friendships are liable.

The domestic familiarity may not have the proverbial effect of begetting contempt, but it never fails to wear away that reserve so favorable to the preservation of one's own dignity and respect for that of others. Among well-bred people who are not bound to each other by any stronger tie than mutual acquaintance there is a chivalrous courtesy which lubricates social intercourse, and gives it a harmonious smoothness extremely grateful to the refined. A little of this would be desirable even in closer intimacies. In former times, when domestic authority held stronger sway, the mutual bearing of the various members of the family was more courteous, but it was as much too formal and severe as in these democratic times it is too free and irreverent.

If those who are sincerely attached to each other would more frequently place themselves in the mutual attitude, as it were, of strangers, by occasional separation, they would find their love strengthened and not weakened. There are other means, no doubt, of stimulating the domestic affections than temporary absences. The home circle is apt to become too contracted, bringing all within it into an excessive closeness of contact, which ruffles the necessary inequalities of temper, and makes them unpleasantly sensible. By widening domestic sympathy, and receiving within its embrace a larger portion of society, there will be occasionally interposed between the different members of the family so much of a foreign element as to prevent roughness of domestic friction.

We shall find that ventilating our affections, either by letting in the free air of the world or seeking it without, will be sure to refresh and invigorate them.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

A Letter to a Young Politician.

MY DEAR BURLEIGH,—I have observed your career with peculiar interest from the moment you made your first speech in the caucus to the present, and after our little conversation of yesterday evening I shall not refuse to give you the lesson of my experience. There is no road more difficult, not even Jordan, than that of politics, and none is so copiously strewn with the skeletons of the unfortunate. As I reflect upon the men that I have known, the distinguished politicians, the eminent "public servants," the labors and agonies of aspirants, I discover that not only is the road difficult, but that the most blandishing manners upon it are often useless and lost. Ah me! the bows, the smiles, the smirks, the affected interest, the lies, the bores, the waste of soul and body, to which I have seen clever and sensible men submit, to secure political preferment!

Nevertheless, it is not surprising to me that you are fascinated by the promise of such a career, because you see only certain external results, and you imagine a great many more. Indeed, the pleasure I have in knowing that you will enter politics, as it is called, is not disturbed by the reflection that you will be bitterly disappointed in many ways. There is nothing more foolish than the air with which I hear people say:

"Oh, I know nothing about politics. I get dirty enough without dipping into that cesspool."

Precisely; and my good friend who says so does his very best to make it and to keep it a cess-pool. If ability, and intelligence, and refinement will have nothing to do with politics, ignorance and knavery will have every thing to do with them. Here is my fine acquaintance Tom Gresham. He is one of the most prosperous merchants in the country. He is a man of true genius for affairs, and manages his business with a skill which is delightful to witness, and of which the results are visible in a hundred public as well as private ways. He is proud of being a merchant-prince. This is the age and the country of merchants, and he is one of the chief.

"But politics, my dear Bachelor," says Tom Gresham to me—"politics! Why, politicians are the dirtiest knaves going. I despise them."

Thomas Gresham, merchant, speaks of affairs to which Edmund Burke, and Alexander Hamilton, and Bismarck, and Cavour did not disdain to devote their powers, in the same manner in which the aristocracy of Christendom always spoke of merchants two or three hundred years ago. I don't care for the reasons. Perhaps it was because the traders were of the race that crucified. That does not disturb the fact, my dear Burleigh, that the merchants were scorned.

Now suppose that in some old baronial castle, say in Front-de-Bœuf's, say in Richard Plantagenet's, some grave philosopher had laid his hand upon the disdainfully-shrugging baronial shoulder, and had said:

"*Oh, Richard! oh, mon roi!* is not the man who carries the fruits of the earth from one part of it to another, whose pursuits require peace, and extend civilization, and increase intelligence, as useful a man in his way as one who goes flashing off to Palestine, and strikes blows that resound through the world to wrest the sepulchre from the infidel?"

Is it possible to imagine that the baron or the king could have seen the subject as we do? And if not, if with a huge medieval oath he had brought his steeled hand down upon the table, and had sworn that merchants were pigs and cattle and vermin, would his great oath and his noisy hand have made them so?

Men who do the work of the merchant are benefactors. They are to be praised. They serve us all. But I have no hesitation in saying to my prosperous mercantile friend Thomas Gresham:

"Tom, you are as dull as Front-de-Bœuf, and your conduct and speech are as ridiculous."

For what ought every honest man in this country to be but a politician? I don't mean a corrupt and false intriguer, of course, nor a loafer in any sense, nor, above all, do I mean an office-seeker; but a man informed of public affairs, and of the principles and policies of parties, so that he can take an intelligent share in the government of which he is a part. My friend Gresham may be very sure that a country will not govern itself. It will be governed either by its intelligence or by its ignorance; and it will be ruled by its ignorance if its intelligence disdainfully shirks all interest in the subject.

My dear Burleigh, if Alexander Hamilton, and John Jay, and James Madison, and James Wilson, and James Otis, and Samuel Adams, and George Washington, and Thomas Jefferson, and Rufus King, had all said that politics were a dirty mess, and that they would have nothing to do with them, because Philip Freneau and other doubtful men were politicians, they would have deserved as miserable a government as their refusal to mingle in politics would have suffered to arise. There is nothing more unworthy an American citizen than this contempt of an interest in politics. If it be real, the man does not comprehend the first duty of an American. If it be affected, he is not worthy of the name American. Moreover, I always feel that we have a right to demand it of each other. When an intelligent and responsible citizen says to me that he despises politics—my friend Gresham again, for instance—I say to him:

"Indeed, and what right have you to make me carry your load?"

"What do you mean by talking in parables, my dear Bachelor?" replies Tom.

"I mean that if any sailor dodge his work some other sailor has to do it, and that is just what you impose upon me, Thomas Gresham, when you refuse to give your experience and good sense to politics, so far at least as to know for whom you vote and why you vote for him, and so to make and sustain a sound moral public opinion; and what is more, my hearty, I won't stand it."

Gresham surrenders, and says, "Well, Bachelor, tell me whom to vote for, and why I vote for him this time, and I will try to keep along even with the business hereafter."

Would you believe, my dear Burleigh, that I have met Gresham in the queue at the polling-place, and when I asked him for whom he meant to vote, he has shown me his ballot, and when I said, warmly, "Why, Gresham, why do you vote for him?" the intolerable Laodicean has replied, with a laugh,

"Well, good Heaven, if you have any preference, give me your candidate's ballot and I'll vote for him."

When I rebuked him he laughed only the louder:

"Why, my dear fellow, they are all scallawags together; one's as bad as t'other; what's the odds?"

I am very glad that you do not mean to follow such an incorrigible example, but that you understand that character and ability count in politics as they count every where else in human life. I do not mean that all young men should make speeches at caucuses, and strive for a political career. Of course not. Let those only make speeches who can make honest ones, and who have a gift and a wish for speaking. I certainly do not advise you or any man to place his hopes upon political preferment. Public office requires an immense private sacrifice. It is to those who are best fitted for it a true burden; and while nothing is considered more ridiculous than for a man to speak of accepting office in obedience to a sense of duty, nothing is truer than that many of the best men in office accept it for no other reason. They know the sacrifice before they begin; they know the quality of the glory that surrounds office; they know that the Hesperidean banquet to which they are summoned is a feast of apples of Sodom.

Do you remember in Homer the parting of Hector and Andromache? Such it seems to me is the farewell that every public man takes of the life of the affections, the true and eternal life of man. Yet it is often a plain duty to take that farewell—often the duty of the unwilling head to wear the heavy crown for which so many brows are aching.

You can easily see, my dear youth, what my counsel is. There is but one talisman in the way upon which you enter, and that is honesty. Discover, first of all, what your real purpose is. Is it to serve yourself, or to serve your country? If self is your real object, honesty will be often horribly in the way; if the public welfare, honesty will never incommode you. If you are serving yourself in the ordinary sense, by which I mean your personal advancement in office and general consideration, you must be every body's humble servant. Every man who wants a place must feel that you are his friend. You must offend nobody. You must smile meaning smiles upon every side—talk very softly, and say very little. You must remember that nothing is more dangerous to your chances than the expression of an opinion. Smooth your face, muzzle your tongue, oil your elbow, in order that every body who votes for you may feel that you are his property, his agent, his slave.

My dear Burleigh, what letters public men, yea even Presidents, receive! What insults they endure, what nauseous familiarity! In my younger days I ran for alderman of my ward, and was defeated. But there was not a loafer of the party that nominated me who did not come all through the year to ask for some office, not as a suppliant, but as an owner of me and of my efforts. "I voted for you, you remember," was the phrase which they seemed to think was all-sufficient to secure my undivided devotion to their unauthorized wishes. And as I did not behave as if I thought myself under any obligation whatever, they denounced me as a proud aristocrat, and I was never again nominated.

But I did not therefore despise politics and renounce patriotism. On the contrary, I felt only the more deeply how necessary it was for every honest man to strive against a system in which the condition of personal success is so often personal dishonor. And as I had no personal ambition, my good Burleigh, I still continued my humble efforts to advance the public welfare by sustaining a wise public opinion, which does not believe that you can gather grapes of thorns nor peaches from cabbage-plants, nor yet a good government out of bad men. And whether you mean to serve the commonwealth as an unknown private, like me, or as a General Commanding, like so many others, I am equally glad for that invisible but beloved parent, the country, who always needs all the honest efforts of all her honest children.

Your faithful counselor,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

TOILETTE ARTICLES.

HANDKERCHIEF PERFUMES.

THE perfumes for the handkerchief are prepared from almost all known fragrant substances. They are called essences, extracts, bouquets, and treble extracts, besides a more concentrated form of the latter called concentrated essences. The extracts most in vogue at this moment are the Guards, Jockey Club, Ess Bouquet, West End, Opera, Indian, Chinese, Grand Duchesse, and Florimel. All these are compounds of various sweet exotic perfumes. In addition we have rose, wood violet, jasmine, magnolia, orange, tuberose, ihlang-ihlang, and other natural perfumes. These odors are really obtained direct from the flowers, and the names given to their preparations by the French perfumers are those of the flowers from which the perfume is extracted.

There are four means used by perfumers for extracting the aroma from fragrant substances—distillation, maceration, absorption, and expression.

Distillation is applied to plants, seeds, barks, woods, and a few flowers.

Maceration consists in steeping flowers in a bath of hot grease and renewing them until the grease is saturated with the perfume. This grease, which is called *pomade*, is then submitted to a strong pressure in horse-hair bags. Oil is also perfumed the same way, but it requires less heat. This process is applied to rose, violet, jonquil, and orange flowers; but for the more delicate flowers, such as jasmine and tuberose, the absorption system is employed.

Absorption or *enfleurage* may be thus described: Purified grease is spread in a thin layer on a pane of glass mounted in a wooden frame or sash called châssis; fresh flowers are strewed over this grease, and renewed every morning; and at the end of two or three weeks this grease acquires the scent of the flower in a high degree. Perfumed oil is made in the same way by substituting a wire bottom to the frame, and spreading on it a thick cotton cloth steeped in the finest olive-oil, which is pressed out of it after complete saturation. These frames are piled on each other to keep them hermetic. Some manufacturers mount the flowers on a net so as not to touch the grease, and others have arrangements of perforated plates supporting flowers placed alternately with sheets of glass covered with grease, inclosed in a chamber through which a current of air is made to pass, until all the scent of the flowers is carried into the grease. There are other processes, but none of them in general use, the bulk of the natural perfumes from flowers being produced in the manner here described.

The two processes of maceration and absorption are founded on the affinity the fragrant molecules of flowers possess for greasy bodies, becoming fixed into them more readily than into any other. Thus the scent of flowers is first transferred to grease, when it becomes pomade, and the pomade yields it to alcohol, the perfume having greater affinity for the latter than for grease, while if the flowers were placed directly in the alcohol, it would not extract the perfume at all, but destroy the flower's perfume. These alcoholic extracts, more or less diluted, form the most delightful perfumes, as they possess the true scent of the flower in all its freshness and delicacy. The best are made from pomades, those from the oil retaining a slightly oily flavor which is not agreeable.

The number of flowers used for perfumery purposes is about eight, viz.: rose, jasmine, orange, violet, jonquil, tuberose, ihlang-ihlang, and cassia. The rose used is the Hundred-leaved rose; the ihlang-ihlang (the *unona odoratissima* or Flower of Flowers); the jasmine is the *Jasminum grandiflorum*); the orange is the Bitter Orange; and the violet the *Viola odorata*, or Double Parma violet. The tuberose and jonquil are two bulbous plants; and the cassia is a pretty shrub, with globular golden flowers.

Out of these flowers five only are distilled, and yield essential oils, viz.: Rose, ihlang-ihlang, orange, jasmine, and cassia. Rose gives the far-famed otto, which is principally made in Turkey, near Adrianople; it is produced in India, but not in such large quantities. Ihlang-ihlang is made only in the Philippine Islands. Orange flowers produce what is called neroly, a name derived from *nero-olio*, dark oil, on account of its becoming dark by exposure to light, and not, as some people imagined, from its having been discovered in the time of Nero, for the Romans were totally ignorant of the art of distillation. Jasmine and cassia, we believe, are only distilled in Algeria, Tunis, and in India.

The aroma of the other flowers is extracted by means of absorption or maceration. Besides the flowers named others are sometimes submitted

to these processes, such as mignonnette, lilac, hawthorn, wall-flower, lily, heliotrope, sweet-pea, night blooming cereus, flor de mayo, etc.; but the quantities obtained are so small that they have hitherto been mere experiments, and the perfumer is still obliged to compound all these perfumes artificially, by studying resemblances and affinities, and blending the shades of scent, as the painter does the colors on his pallet, produces an odor that is very like that of the flower.

Flowers for perfumery purposes are principally grown in the neighborhood of Grasse, Cannes, and Nice, three towns situated in the south of France close to each other. The manufacture of perfumery materials forms one of the principal branches of industry in that district, giving employment to upward of ten thousand people, including many women and children, for whom the work of culling flowers and picking off the stalks is particularly suitable. These flowers are generally grown by small farmers, who sell their crops to the perfumers by contract, with the exception of orange flowers, which are always sold in the market.

There are many essential oils used in perfumery which are not to be classed with those already mentioned. In England are grown the best lavender and peppermint in the world, and the essential oils distilled from these command a very high price. France produces also lavender, spike, peppermint, rosemary, thyme, wild thyme, and marjoram. These are distilled on the spot where they are grown, by means of portable stills. An essential oil is also extracted from geranium, which, from its strong *rosy* flavor, is much prized by perfumers; and the bitter orange leaves yield a powerful essence named *petit grain*, which is used in eau de Cologne.

The fourth process is that of *expression*, which is confined to the fruits of the citrine family, viz.: orange, bitter orange, lemon, bergamot, cedrate, and lime. The rinds of all these fruits contain an essential oil ready formed in small vesicles, and various means are adopted to extract it. On the coast of Genoa they rub the fruit against a grated funnel; in Sicily they press the rind in cloth bags, and in Calabria, where the largest quantity is manufactured, they roll the fruit between two bowls, one placed inside the other, the concave part of the lower and the convex part of the upper being armed with sharp spikes. These bowls, revolving in a contrary direction, cause the small vesicles on the surface of the fruit to burst, and give up the essence they contain, which is afterward collected with a sponge. These processes, are called in French *au zest*, and give the finest essences. The rinds are sometimes distilled, but that process does not give as fine essence as those already described. The three principal essences of this kind used are orange (called also Portugal), lemon, and bergamot. These all enter into the composition of eau de Cologne and many other perfumes. They are made in Calabria and Sicily in the months of October, November, and December. The essence produced by squeezing the rind is yellow; that made with the machine has a green tint. The more or less ripe state of the fruit also influences the color.

In addition to these essences, essential oils, etc., the following substances enter largely into the composition of perfumes for the handkerchief.—Musk (the secretion of the musk deer, found in Thibet, China, and Siberia; this is the fine musk of commerce; the various musky substances, such as musk-seed, etc., are only used in the preparation of the most ordinary perfumes); ambergris (the secretion of the ambergris whale found floating on the sea or on the coasts of America, India, China, Japan, Greenland, and other places); balsam of Tolu; cloves; cascarilla; cinnamon; civet (a secretion from the civet cat found in the Indian Archipelago and Africa); orris root; patchouly; sandal-wood (from which an oil is obtained); tonquin bean; vanilla bean; vitivert, and many other aromatic substances. Our own country produces oil of cedar, peppermint, sassafras, and winter-green, the latter being exported in large quantities.

We have in our great country climates and places adapted to the cultivation of flowers for the purposes of perfumery as suitable as Grasse or Nice; but before such a thing is possible the country must become more densely populated, and a community must grow up in the places suitable for flower culture tutored in the particular cultivation of flowers for the special purpose of perfumery, as the flowers best adapted to the perfumer's wants are not always those the horticulturist would choose or grow; but they possess the quality of being highly perfumed, which is of the greatest value in the eyes of the flower farmers.

The principal French perfumers are Houbigant-Chardin, Pivert, Rimmel, Lubin, Pinaud, Chardin-Hardincourt, Coudray, and the Société Hygiénique. Of these, Lubin has been hitherto one of the best known in the United States, for which reason, probably, his perfumes have been so successfully counterfeited, as regards bottles and labels, that it is a matter of great difficulty to obtain the genuine. In England, Eugene Rimmel is the great perfumer; his father may be styled the reviver of the art of perfumery in that country. In America, Phalon, Wright, Bazin, and Burnett are probably the largest and most successful manufacturers. The price of an ordinary bottle of handkerchief perfume is $1.

PERFUMED WATERS AND TOILETTE VINEGAR, ETC.

The oldest perfumed water known is Hungary-water, first introduced, in 1370, by Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, who, it is said, became so beautiful through its use that she was asked in marriage at the age of seventy-two by the King of Poland: the closest approximation known to "beautiful forever." Next to this is aromatic, or toilette vinegar, that powerful disinfectant by the means of which four thieves, their faces covered with cloths saturated therewith, robbed the dead with impunity during the great plague of Marseilles. This was known long after by the name of Thieves' Vinegar. It afterward fell into disuse, until it was revived by Eugene Rimmel. It has since been manufactured by Bully, Donn, and others. This is an excellent remedy for headache, being compounded of ammonia, vinegar, and balsams; and, as it is free from spirit, can be used in baths without injury to the skin. Rose-water is also very ancient. It was the custom in the Middle Ages to offer it to guests to wash their hands after meals. It is now used in France and England at table in various ingenious devices of fountains etc. We have seen rose-water crackers in the form of mottoes, which, when pulled, explode with a loud noise, and disclose a motto, a noose, and a collapsible rose-water fountain. Lavender-water, both plain and musk-scented, is an agreeable adjunct to the toilette, as are also violet, verbena, and Florida waters. Orange flower water makes a delicious beverage—the *eau sucrée* so much liked by the French: for this it is only necessary to add a tea-spoonful to a tumbler of sugared water.

EAU DE COLOGNE.

Of all perfumed waters Cologne is most used in America. This fragrant and refreshing perfume was first manufactured during the last century at Cologne, by a German of Italian origin named Johann Maria Farina. It became so universally popular that a host of copyists sprung up in that place, all bearing his name, and professing to manufacture the same article, so that there is now a tradition that the only man in Cologne who is not named Farina is an inn-keeper, who has changed his name therefrom in disgust. The little city of Cologne is one vast Cologne manufactory, in which nearly all the bottles look precisely the same, and bear the same marks, and even the same flourish. The only token by which the original Johann Maria Farina is known to the initiated is that his bottles are marked *gegenüber dem Jülich Platz*, or opposite the Julich Platz, the locality of his shop; while those of the numerous other Johann Maria Farinas are labeled *gegenüber dem Elogius Platz, dem Juden Platz*, etc. Johann Anton Farina and François Maria Farina also are known for their fine Colognes. It is said that the superiority of the Cologne-water manufactured in Cologne arises from the peculiar aroma of the grape from which the spirit is made, and which differs from that found in any other part of the country. It is very costly, however, a four-ounce bottle being worth $1 25. Fine Colognes are manufactured in England and France by Rimmel, Lubin, Coudray, Pivert, etc. Good Colognes, which are much cheaper, are made in America by numerous parties. Among the most celebrated in New York are Burnett, and Hazard & Caswell. These, of course, are not classed among handkerchief perfumes, but are used for the toilette; the best are those which are evanescent, and do not leave a stale odor behind.

POMADES.

The number of pomades is endless, and must be varied to suit the individual, as what suits one is frequently deleterious to another. A mixture of lime juice and glycerine cleans the hair effectually without the disagreeable properties of grease. Cocoaine, philocome, bear's oil in various forms, hirsutus, and many other preparations, are well-recommended.

COSMETICS.

These should be used with the greatest care, as they not infrequently contain mineral poisons, destructive to health and even life. Powders and lotions of all sorts are offered, the most of which are better let alone. We have seen a costly novelty of the kind, called Perline, composed of pulverized mother-of-pearl, which imparts a velvety softness to the skin, and is said to be innocuous. The Kalliston and Paphian Lotion are also in good repute as cosmetics.

DENTIFRICES.

For these, soaps, powders, and washes are used according to the individual taste. A brush and water, with a little good soap, will always be found effectual. Powder is apt to wear the enamel of the teeth, and should be employed with great caution.

TOILETTE SOAPS.

This department is so large as to require an article of itself. We shall recur again to the subject; for the present we will only say that the English soaps bear the best reputation, followed closely by the French. Among the most celebrated English soaps are the Glycerine, Windsor, Spermaceti Tablet, and Yardley's, varying in price from one to three dollars a cake. Castile soap was first made at Castile in Spain, of olive-oil, whence it gained its reputation; it is now manufactured in all countries, chiefly from rape-seed oil. The mottled appearance of colored Castile soap is given it by sulphate of iron, a substance deleterious to the health. White Castile is therefore greatly to be preferred. That it does not make much lather is owing to the absence of resin, which is an ingredient in many popular soaps. Very fine scented soaps are made by the French perfumers, Lubin, Rimmel, etc. Cheap and good toilette soaps are made by American perfumers, among whom we may specify Phalon, Wright, Hull, and Colgate, at prices ranging from twenty-five cents to one dollar a cake.

VAPORIZERS.

For the fumigation and perfuming of rooms various ingenious devices have been contrived, by means of which a current of steam is made to pass through extracts or essences, setting free the fragrant particles; or pastilles are burned in tiny houses, locomotives, etc., diffusing an agreeable odor around. It is the custom in Europe to perfume places of public amusement in this manner, and so speedily is this done that, by means of a huge vaporizer, a whole theatre is perfumed in ten minutes.

PERFUMED DINNER CARDS.

In England and France it is very fashionable at dinner-parties to place a highly perfumed card bearing the name of each guest at his place at table. These cards are ornamented with beautifully-colored pictures of Cupids, children at play, and gastronomes, such as Baron Briesse etc., in characteristic situations. They were used for the first time, we believe, in this country at the Dickens dinner in Boston.

For information given, we are indebted to EDWARD GREEY & Co., representatives of EUGENE RIMMEL; PHALON & SON; JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.; HAZARD & CASWELL; SARGENT, JOYCE, & HOLTON; and J. C. HULL'S SON.

PERSONAL.

MRS. HENRIETTA D. FIELD, the accomplished wife of the editor of the New York *Evangelist*, gives the following graphic account of her recent visit to the home of "George Eliot," or MARIAN EVANS LEWES. She lives in London, near Regent's Park, on what is called the "North bank," where the great city verges away into the country, and, spreading out in all directions, the houses are no longer crowded together in solid masses, each square looking like a huge factory, but stand apart surrounded by grass and flowers. In this beautiful suburb, hidden by a wall which shuts out all jarring sights and sounds, stands the home of the author of "Adam Bede." Enter the gate and you see a square house of two stories, with no architectural pretensions, but which has about it an air of taste which is very attractive. The interior has the same character of refined simplicity. There is nothing pretentious. The furniture is simple and modest, yet there is a harmony of color which pleases the eye. White draperies soften without intercepting the rays of the sun, which play among the flowers in the window, the smell of which fills the room. All this the eye takes in at a glance before it rests on the mistress of this charming English home.

The appearance of "George Eliot" or Mrs. LEWES—has been often described. No one who had ever seen her could mistake the large head (her brain must be heavier than most men's) covered with a mass of rich auburn hair. At first I thought her tall, for one could not think that such a head could rest on an ordinary woman's shoulders. But as she rose up her figure appeared of but medium height. She received us very kindly. A few words, and all reserve was gone. "Come, sit by me on this sofa," she said; and instantly, seated side by side, we were deep in conversation. Never did a sweeter voice fascinate a listener—so soft and low that one must almost bend to hear. You can imagine what a pleasure it was thus to sit for an hour beside this gifted woman, and hear her talk of questions interesting to the women of England and America! Though she has never crossed the sea she has many ties to America, from which she said she often received very kind letters. Like all liberal people in England, she looks to this as the country of the future, with earnest love and hope.

—Brigadier General ELIZA LYNCH, a daughter of Ireland, commands a regiment of one thousand women in Paraguay. Ancient poetry and legends are full of the exploits of female warriors called Amazons. Theseus married one of their queens named Hippolyta, his "buskined mistress and his warrior love," as Shakspeare calls her. His black majesty, the King of Dahomey, also has a female body-guard of cavalry.

—Sir EDWIN LANDSEER has alone, perhaps, of living artists, enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing one of his works fetch, at a public auction, the great sum of £4160—the price given for his "Braemia."

—Another eminent and beautiful actress Fraulein HEDWIG RAABE, is coming to this country. She is German, but her professional distinction was mainly achieved in Russia.

—Mr. DICKENS announces in a letter to a French friend, that he long ago formed the intention of writing an autobiography.

—Mrs. ELLA E. HOBART, who officiated as chaplain in the First Wisconsin Volunteer Artillery, has just been honored by Congress, that body having passed a bill to pay her the same salary paid to men who filled similar positions. The Governor of Wisconsin declined to commission her until the War Department should consent to recognize the validity of the commission. This Mr. STANTON refused to do, on account of the sex of the applicant, although her application was indorsed by President LINCOLN. She has consequently been unable to obtain pay for her services until now.

—Miss CUSHMAN has not only come to remain, but proposes to sell her large and very valuable theatrical wardrobe. She intends to give a series of readings in Boston, to create a fund that shall be devoted to procuring marble copies of the three splendid brackets which she presented to the Boston Music Hall.

—Mrs. Dr. WILDMAN, of Vineland, New Jersey, does things. Last week she painted the outside of her house, and on Sunday preached for the Unitarian minister, giving entire satisfaction to a large audience. She is one of the oldest of the female medical practitioners.

—An enthusiastic Britisher who participates in the general joy with which LONGFELLOW has been received in England, puts his sentiments upon paper in the following poem:

"Let's welcome the Poet
With cheers deep and mellow,
For the day will be *Long*
Ere we welcome his *fellow*."

—Mr. JOHN BRIGHT is as bright at repartee as he is in parliamentary oratory. Recently a gentleman in his company took up a newspaper, saying he wanted to see what the Ministry were about. BRIGHT advised him to *look among the robberies!*

—Mr. EDWARD L. STANTON, a son of the late Secretary of War, is ambitious to maintain the reputation of his sire. He recently delivered the Alumni address before Kenyon College, Ohio, on the subject of practical education.

—It is regarded as a most excellent and very jocose proceeding that Mr. R. H. DANA, Jun., should have recently astonished the Massachusetts Legislature by reading an extract from the New Testament in the original Greek. An irreverent newspaper man, who has not yet succeeded in escaping from that State, but is making laudable effort to do so, fears that King JAMES'S version would have been just as unfamiliar to many of them.

—Mrs. PATTI STRAKOSCH, with her two children, sailed for Paris on the 11th of July, to attend the wedding of her sister, ADELINA PATTI, which is to take place in August. The settlements are placed in the hands of Baron JAMES ROTHSCHILD, and are to be so drawn up as to prevent the bride's fortune becoming compromised by any weakness on her part, or by any imprudence on the part of her future husband, the Marquis DE CAUX, whose assent to them puts an end to the calumny that he was seeking not the heart but the hand of the little Diva merely to get the means of paying his debts.

—Miss BURDETT COUTTS has had a picture painted of the Bishop of Exeter, in his 90th year, surrounded by his six sons. Price $4000.

—Good old Mr. and Mrs. HOWE, of Vermont, one 90, the other 89 years old, have lived together the remarkable period of 71 years. Of their eight living children the oldest is 70, the youngest 42. They have 42 grandchildren and 45 great-grandchildren.

—Mlle. NILSSON was a street singer and fiddler not many years ago, and used to display her musical talents for casual coppers at Swedish fairs.

—The King of Bavaria superintended the rehearsals of WAGNER'S new opera, *The Singing Masters of Nuremburg*. The piece has just been performed with success in Munich. It lasted from five o'clock to eleven. The composer was called for repeatedly, and received in the box of his Royal patron, and by his Majesty's side, the applause of the audience.

—The lady readers of the *Bazar* may be edified with the information that the wardrobe of the Princess METTERNICH has been carefully enumerated, and contains the following garments: 119 dresses of silk, trimmed with 1900 yards of trimmings; 164 gowns of various materials, adorned with one million of buttons; 61 walking dresses and cloaks, ornamented with one ton of bugles; 51 shawls of various sizes and colors; 152 petticoats, in variety; 275 other under-garments; 365 pairs of stockings; 156 pairs of gloves of every known color; 49 pairs of boots and shoes; 71 sashes and belts; 64 brooches, in variety; 72 pairs of ear-rings, in variety; 31 fans; 24 parasols; 1 umbrella. It will be observed that the census-taker has skipped all allusion to bonnets, and that the odious word calico is pointedly ignored.

—The eldest son of the Crown Prince of Prussia, the Queen of England's grandson, speaks English as fluently as German. His grandfather, the old King, often uses the little fellow as interpreter, when promenading with him in the Garden of Sans Souci and conversing with English or American tourists.

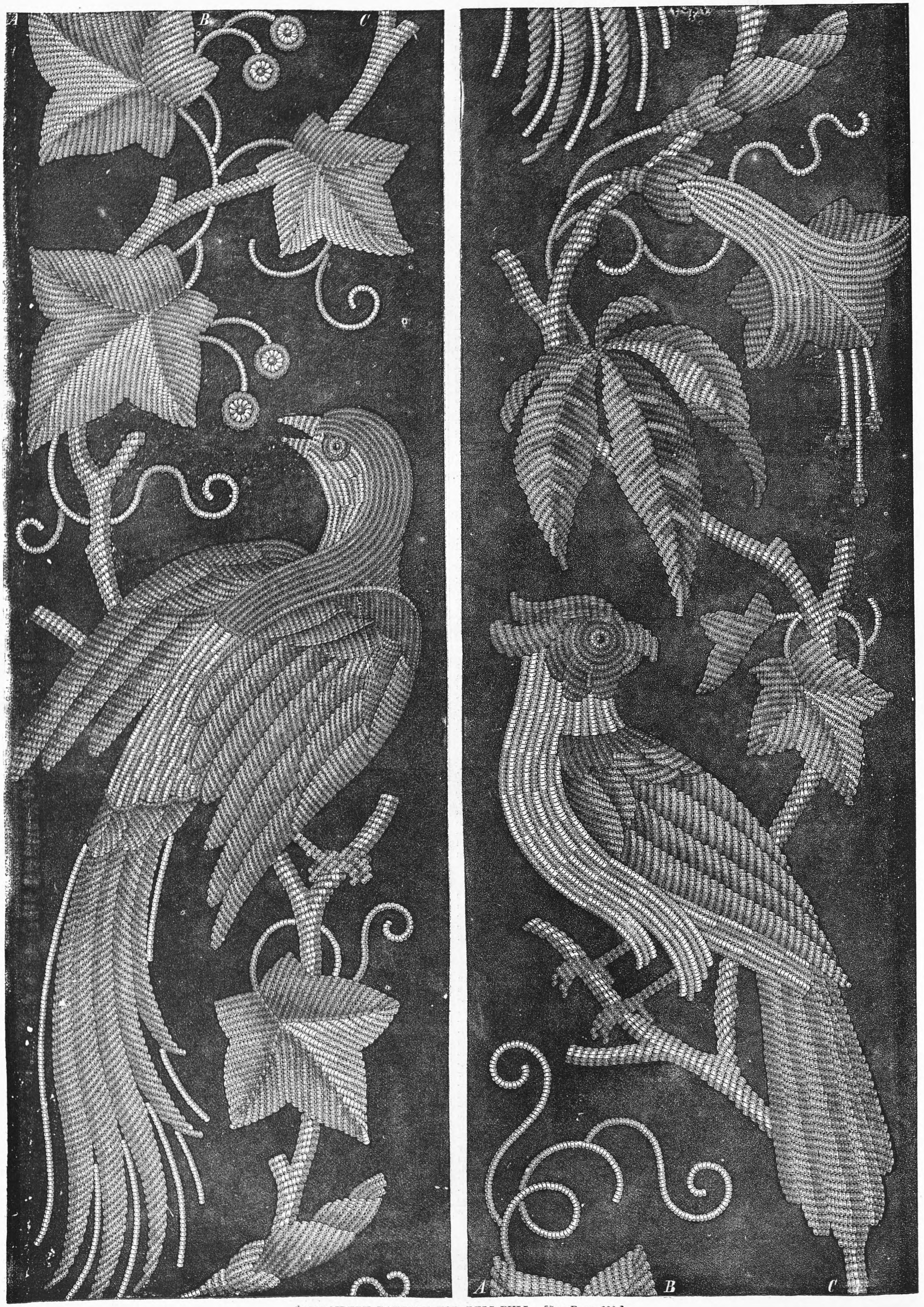
—We lately spoke of the "late GEORGE D. PRENTICE." It should have been the late *Mrs.* GEORGE D. PRENTICE, that estimable lady, a leader of fashion in Kentucky for many years, and the writer of several beautiful musical pieces (not least charming of which is the most popular of the many airs to which MOORE'S "Bower of roses by Bendeemer's Stream" has been set), having died about that time. PRENTICE, old, feeble, and a mere wreck of his former self, still lingers. His paper, once a power in Kentucky, is not what it once was, and HARVEY WATTERSON, of Tennessee, formerly editor of a traveling war paper called the *Chattanooga Rebel*, and latterly of the *Nashville Banner*, has been engaged to revive it.

—A literary man and a Christian—DAOOD PASHA—has been added to the Turkish Cabinet. He is the second literary gentleman and the second Christian ever called to the highest councils of the Ottoman Empire. The first Christian named a minister was AGATHON EFFENDI, but he died in Paris without officiating; and the first effective Christian minister is DAOOD PASHA, who was the first who reached the rank of Marshal, or Vizier. Several had been created Pashas before, but not of such high rank. GARABET ARTIN DAVOOD OGHLOO—now known as DAOOD or DAOUD PASHA—is a native of Constantinople, and a United, or Catholic Armenian. His first studies were devoted to universal history, but he afterward directed them to political history; and having been attached to the Ottoman Legation at Berlin, he seriously took up an important subject. The European studies of the Armenians, and others in the East, are not unnaturally modeled on French examples; but DAOOD was led to question the great principle of French administration—centralism by the state—so generally accepted by his brethren. He obtained the conviction that the true channel of inquiry was not by French or Latin institutions, but by those Germanic institutions from which constitutional and individual liberty have been transmitted to England and America. He consequently published a work of value, one remarkable for a Turkish author, "Histoire de la Législation des Anciens Germains." This came out at Berlin, in 1845, in two volumes. It is dedicated to JACOB GRIMM, under whose auspices it was brought forth. After holding various employments, DAOOD was, on the occasion of the Syrian troubles, selected by the Porte and the Allied Powers as Governor-General of the Lebanon, and has shown great ability and a high spirit of independence in the administration of his principality.

—The young gentleman who stands highest this year on the roll at the Naval Academy is Midshipman KELLEY, a nephew of Mr. BARNEY WILLIAMS. Mr. WILLIAMS himself, next to Mr. FORREST, possesses the best library and finest collection of pictures of any theatrical artist in the country.

—"The course of true love *does* run smooth" sometimes, and after a long while. Professor EVANS, for instance, of the University of Michigan, was very much attached to a young lady, who married another party, from whom she recently obtained a divorce. The Professor having remained single and constant, went at it again with the old sweet-heart, was successful, and a few days ago, in the library of President ANDREW D. WHITE, of the Cornell University, was united to the original "object," the Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY being the cleric who tied the connubial knot.

—Sir WILLIAM ABDY, recently deceased in London of too much port and cognate luxuries, left five millions of dollars in hard cash, besides a magnificent private library. The stamp duty on the will was sixty-seven thousand dollars.



EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR BELL-PULL.—[SEE PAGE 629.]

HOME DRESSES.

Embroidery Pattern for Bell-Pull.

See illustration on page 628.

THIS design is extremely tasteful. The foundation is black velvet, on which the pattern is worked in bead satin stitch with chalk, milk, crystal, and steel beads, three shades of green glass beads, and gilt beads. The branches and twigs are of milk, glass, and gold beads; the leaves partly in green and partly in shaded beads. The flowers and birds are of white and steel beads, the latter forming the darkest shade; while the filaments are of gilt beads. All the colors are used for the birds, the darker shaded parts being worked in green. The single figures of the design are underlaid with cotton, while the beads are strung on the working thread in the requisite numbers and color for each stitch. In some places, as, for instance, on the head, back, and breast of the birds, the beads are strung on separate threads and afterward laid on the foundation and sewed fast with short cross stitches. The leaves are underlaid with white pasteboard cut of the proper shape. The stitches are taken singly, and in the direction shown by the pattern. The letters designate the point at which the design begins to repeat. The edges are bordered with silk cord, and the end finished with a tassel.

Home Dresses.

Fig. 1.—Dress with high waist of violet foulard. The skirt is caught up in the back with a lilac satin bow and ends. Long under-skirt of gray alpaca, with pleated trimming of the same.

Fig. 2.—Dress and paletot of foulard écru, trimmed with narrow blue silk flounces.

Fig. 3.—Dress of light brown silk serge. The over-skirt is caught up and confined by bows of brown silk. Three folds of brown satin complete the trimming. The waist is cut square in the neck and trimmed with bias folds. Under-skirt like the dress.

Fig. 4.—Dress with high waist of blue Chambery gauze.

Fig. 5.—Dress with high waist of sea-green alpaca. The tunic and waist are trimmed with green silk. Under-skirt of green and white striped foulard.

Summer Toilettes.

Fig. 1.—Dress with double skirt and fichu of brown poult de soie, trimmed with narrow flounces and folds of brown satin. The upper skirt is looped up in the manner shown in the illustration, and finished on each side with a bow like the dress. The fichu is caught up in the middle of the back by a brown satin rosette.

Fig. 2.—Dress of lilac barege, with Marie Antoinette fichu of the same material. The over-skirt is trimmed in the back with puffings of barege. The rest of the trimming consists of flounces of the same material as the dress and lilac satin rouleaux.

Fig. 3.—Dress cut square in the neck of light gray foulard with blue figures, trimmed with folds of blue satin and blue silk fringe. Under-skirt of light gray foulard. Chemise Russe of tucked Swiss muslin.

Fig. 4.—Dress with close-fitting paletot of lilac satin, trimmed with satin loops and buttons.

Fig. 5.—Dress with double skirt of gray silk serge, trimmed with flounces, folds, and rosettes of gray silk.

SUMMER TOILETTES.

AMONG THE CORN.

THE girl sat down 'mid the rustling corn
And startled a nested bird,
And up it sprang with a burst of song;
But I do not think she heard.

She sat her down on the low stone-wall,
And gazed at the sunset sky:
I can not think that she saw its glow,
For why should it make her sigh?

What does she think about, sitting there?
What does her spirit see?
Is she thanking God for His golden sky,
And for river and hill and tree?

No: for her heart's in the city streets,
Where the working day is done:
The crowds are hurrying home, she knows,
But she only thinks of one!

She sees a room in an old brown house,
With a window long and low,
Where above the hum and the dusty moil
Some country geraniums grow.

She dreams of the life the women have
Who live in such homely place:
Is it the light of the setting sun
That is glowing on her face?

What of the meadows that smile below,
Or the ruddy clouds above?
They are but the gold God gave to set
Round His priceless gem of love.

Let her sit and dream 'mid the rustling corn
Till the golden sky grow gray:
We scarcely notice God's earth is fair
Till something is gone away.

ARABELLA AND HER BONNET.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

SAID Conscience to Arabella: "No, you really do not need it."

"But," said Arabella—a lovely morsel of pink and white—back again to Conscience, "it would be so becoming!"

"There is your illusion and rose-buds," answered Conscience; "you surely don't want anything more becoming than that?"

"I've worn it every where," pouted Arabella.

"Well, what is the matter with your blue gauze and silver wheat?"

"It never was fit to be seen, in the first place—a mess of fuss and flummery!"

"You can't say that of the black lace and scarlet geraniums."

"That! It looks precisely as if it were made of odds and ends picked out of the rag-bag."

"But Mrs. General Toggery's taste is universally admitted, and she has one just like it."

"And I detest putting on a bonnet like somebody else's, you know very well; and I don't see why I should be compelled to do a thing I detest just to suit your whims! I never could endure the dowdy little dud, and I haven't worn it at all."

"It is quite fresh, then, for the time of need," said Conscience; "and quite fit for such a day as this, too, when every now and then the wind topples down the clouds that are piling so heavily in the west, and then blows them all about the sky."

"Well, if I should ruin it in a thunder-storm I shouldn't hear any more of it from you, and I've half the mind to go home and get it."

"Make it the whole. You've another besides these, if I'm not mistaken."

"What one, I should like to know?"

"Tell me, then, what has become of that sea-green tulle? Tom said your rosy little face shone out of that like a fairy who had overslept herself, and who woke up in the fields covered with hoar-frost."

"I can't wear it all the time, of course, or he'll think I wear it on purpose because he said so. Oh, I never saw such a lovely lavender! Just look at it yourself a moment. I think I must have it."

"How many would that make?" asked Conscience. "One, two, three, four, five—five in one season; isn't that, I ask you now—isn't that absurd?"

"No, it isn't. It isn't absurd at all, when you want them all."

"For goodness sake," said Conscience, warming up, "how many bonnets does a lady need at once?"

"Enough always to look fresh and nice in, and not to be known by one of them as far as you can see it."

"How many does poor Margaret, the little seamstress, have?"

"I'm sure I don't know. What is that to you? As many as she can afford to have, no doubt."

"Not at all. I'll tell you. She hasn't a single one. She wears that old barley-straw hat that she braided and pressed herself out of the straw they gave her one day in the country before threshing."

"She can have one of my old ones just as well as not; they're not soiled a single speck."

"She wouldn't wear them—nor would they be suitable if she would. And she is not the sort that loves cast-off finery, moreover."

"She can go without, then, if she likes that better!" said Arabella, tossing her pretty head.

"She wore a hood all winter that she knit herself out of the ravelings of an old shawl."

"It looked very nicely."

"That was *her* merit, not the hood's. But how much," asked Conscience, taking another turn, "does this lavender-colored fal-lal cost?"

"Twenty dollars."

"Oh my! If Margaret had twenty dollars, do you know what she'd do with it?"

"Buy a bonnet?"

"Pshaw! how the bonnets run in your head! I should think it was enough to have them on your head in the quantity in which you do."

"Well, if she wouldn't buy a bonnet, what would she do?"

"There's her mother drudging her life out. She'd have her away to a holiday in the country, at the same place where she got her barley-straw, I fancy. Then there's her lame brother, ten years old and never has walked a step, never set foot on the earth, and I don't believe he has even so much as seen the beginning of the Avenue—she'd have him a little velocipede."

"It wouldn't be good for anything at that price."

"Just as good as if it were handsomer, and the lame boy would enjoy trundling along in the sunshine just as much. And then there would be one grand family feast of strawberries—they're cheap now."

"I can give her some strawberries to take home the next time she comes to help Maria."

"And besides all that, little Kate would have a new white chip hat trimmed with a buff ribbon—if Margaret had twenty dollars all at once."

"I'm sure I wish Margaret had twenty dollars."

"So do I. But it will take her forever to earn it—and by that time the strawberries will be all gone—for you'll forget all about them before you get home."

Just then a shop-girl's white hand crept down carefully into the case, and took out the lavender and carried it off. "There! I told you so!" cried Arabella to her interlocutor. "Now there is somebody else who is going to have it—that is all your fault. I should have had it on and half way down the Avenue if you hadn't interfered—when I do so dote on lavender—the very color to subdue so lively a complexion as mine is; it sheds such a softness round the face; it makes a person look so pensive too; and it refines one off so—oh, it's too bad!"

"If you really need another bonnet why don't you buy the material—here's plenty of it—and make one like this yourself? You've studied it thoroughly enough; and any body can make a bonnet nowadays, and for one quarter of the milliners' prices. It is a beauty, certainly."

"Oh yes, just as if I wanted that trouble! Either get too much and have it wasted, or else not have enough, and have to piece and patch till any body might know I'd botched it up myself at home. Besides, I want it this afternoon if I want it at all. No, I thank you!"

"Then you'd better go without as well as Margaret," said Conscience, stoutly.

"Oh, be still!" cried Arabella. "How tiresome you are! I'm sorry you belong to our family. I declare—really—yes, she is bringing it back!"

"The other party would none of it," said Conscience.

"Is that your lowest price?" asked Arabella, leaving Conscience, and crossing over to the shop-girl. "Will you let me try it on? This is French blonde? And Italian crape? And the real Black Sea grass?" Conscience came and twitched her sleeve. "How lovely I look!" said Arabella, turning then to Conscience her blushing face ensconced in the miracle of lavender lace and golden straw, and smiling archly afterward at herself in the glass. "Confess that you never knew how pretty I was before!"

"Pretty is that pretty does," said Conscience, grimly.

"Will you send home for me the bonnet that I took off?" asked Arabella of the shop-girl.

"I didn't believe it of you!" murmured Conscience. "I didn't dream you were so selfish; but to be sure I should have known, after my experience of you."

"Any body'd think, to hear you talk," exclaimed Arabella, indignantly, "that I'd murdered somebody, instead of having bought at a sacrifice the very prettiest bonnet of the whole season!"

"At any rate, you're not made of money," retorted Conscience. "You only have an allowance; and you'll only have five dollars left to go till next quarter-day comes; and if you take this you can't go to the Philharmonic Concerts."

"Then I can stay at home. Besides, perhaps Tom will take me. It's of no use talking—I'm going to have the lavender!"

"You'll have to be frightfully economical," said Conscience, snapping the purse together.

"I suppose I can be," replied Arabella, loftily.

"Very well—I've said my say."

"I should think you had, and a great deal more than I ever wanted to hear you say! Good-by—you disagreeable thing!"

And Arabella turned once more to survey herself in the Psyche glass. No wonder she lingered to look at it—it was a bewitching little picture that turned and coquetted with her there, and as for costume, perfect; the filmy lawn of the skirts, with their delicate flutings and quillings, was just one shade more pronounced in color than the lavender of the new bonnet; and a transparent mantle of snowy lisse, with its woven hem and great Arab fold on the shoulders, made the wearer look light and fresh as a morning breeze. But though, in the whole picture, it was, after all, the face that your glance rested on—the apple-blossom face with great blue eyes and hair that was a mere tangle of sunshine and gold—it was the bonnet that Arabella's glance rested on. "What did people ever do before they had bonnets?" said she to herself, now that Conscience was gone. "How exquisite that evening-cloud tint is! and how those sprays of yellow straw take the horrid chestnut out of my hair! I won't call it red if Tom does. Just because Cousin Tom's an artist he thinks it is one of his duties to be always raving about red hair."

After which Arabella, throwing a glance of contempt upon her late bonnet that the shop-girl was tying up in a box, and wondering how any body who wore the lavender could ever have worn that thing, opened a dainty lace sun-shade and tripped out of the store.

"Please give me a cent?" whined a starved and ragged little skeleton, on whom it would have been an impossibility to throw the coin away.

Arabella gathered up her floating skirts from the contamination and hurried by—Conscience had shut the purse so tightly that she never once dreamed of opening it, and she never carried coppers with her, besides. It seemed to her, though, presently, as if Fate, or Conscience, or Somebody, had been at work since she went into the milliner's shop, at work out of pure malice; for, if a series of all the untoward and disconsolate sights of the town had been dramatically arranged for the benefit of her afternoon stroll, the affair could hardly have come off in better style. The first person that crossed her path, after this maladroit method, was a man, some thirty years old, but no higher than her hand; a dwarf, oddly dressed, and wearing upon his back a great advertisement of some firm that paid him the equivalent of a livelihood for the degrading service. Arabella looked at his haggard little face, which the glance of every passer-by seemed to sting to blushes; and just then he raised his timid eyes to hers: they rested there a moment with a sort of happy loitering, as if the flower-blooming face above him were a pleasure to see; but to Arabella, whose mind was full only of the one thing, it seemed as if it must be the bonnet that had caught his eye, and it flashed over her with his wistful gaze—wistful not on any account of lavender and lace, but because of the love and delight lost out of his lot—it flashed over her in a second of time that the twenty dollars that the bonnet had cost would have given this sad soul a fortnight's respite from shame.

But he passed, and Arabella forgot him, and caught with her prettily-gloved hand a bit of blonde that began to flutter too gayly on the strengthening breeze, and saw one of her old chevaliers in the distance, and knew that just then she looked lovelier than ever, when she came plump upon a long, thin, yellow palm that was silently extended to her for charity.

Arabella glanced at its owner—a dark and sallow woman, with piteous and sunken black eyes—she was plainly dying of consumption, and she held in her arms an atom of a baby but a few months old, as poor, as patient, as piteous as herself. "Oh! what will become of that little child?" exclaimed Arabella. And she had hesitated and almost stopped before she remembered that her purse was shut; then, too, though they subscribed to charities largely at her house, they never gave to street-beggars, except when Arabella herself did so stealthily. She went on immediately, but still the woman's beseeching eyes went with her; she turned and looked back a moment at the two, the woman sitting in the hot sun with her burden at her heart, and with nothing but a tattered shawl over her head; then the frivolous crape of her lavender blew over her eyes again, and she beheld them no more.

Not many steps farther on had Arabella gone when she came very near stumbling over an object that was quickly drawn back; it was the unwieldy limbs of a soldier whose feet had been frozen off in some winter of the rebellion horror; he was resting his aching arm that had all day long turned the handle of a squeaking hurdy-gurdy; he took off his cap to Arabella, and held it for a dime.

If Arabella gave to all these people, as she said extenuatingly to herself, she would soon have nothing left; besides, it was likely that others had given plenty; and she really must economize—and a dime, she had heard her uncle Thaddeus say, spoiled the face of a dollar; still, she would have liked to—and while she was saying it she had gone by. She heard the man begin his weary grind again in a moment more—"When this cruel war is over." How she had sung that song in its day! And Tom had been a soldier too, and she had thought then that nothing would be too good for any one of all the tramping legions that returned; and now she dared not give this man, maimed and crippled in her defense, a single dime, and for no other reason than because she had just paid twenty dollars for a new bonnet. "It all happens just to spite me!" exclaimed Arabella, reviewing the incidents of her stroll as she sauntered on well under a cloud. They were not comfortable reflections that she had, but the footless man was half a dozen squares behind by the time she had finished them, and that at least was comfortable.

As if her heart must be hardened like Pharaoh's this afternoon, it was not a distance of many rods before Arabella encountered a lamentable looking woman who needed nothing but her bloated, burning face to tell the tale of what she was. She was reeling, and to save herself from a fall she caught hold of Arabella's misty lawns, and they gave way of course in a hissing rent. The rent, though, some pins could remedy, but what could wipe away the touch? Perhaps Arabella's frightened and disgusted countenance plainly said as much, for the woman broke into an inane laugh. But quickly changing her tune: "it's a contemptible face ye have till ye!" cried the wretched thing. "An' it's iver so foine a leddy yez is. But if ye'd been turned out of house and home this morning for the want of tin dollars to pay him the rint ye'd ought to be as high as myself this afternoon, and sleep in the station-house to-night, forby:"

Drunken in the streets for the want of ten dollars, and Arabella's bonnet—

With a warmth of vexation and trouble glowing all over her Arabella slipped down a cross-street to escape the brawling voice of the vagrant, to whom it was of no use to give alms while in this condition, and who had turned about as if to follow her—meaning to return to the pleasanter Avenue when she had traversed the square directly. The soft afternoon breeze with which she started had lost a portion of its balmy deliciousness, and was beginning to rise round the corners in puffs of dust that fell like a blight upon every thing. The sun, too, was not so bright as it had been, or else its light fell in a drearier kind of way down these dismal by-streets; and lavender, thought Arabella then, all at once recurring freshly to the memory of it, needed all the sunshine that could ever be shed upon it to bring out the bloomy richness within it, like that on the skin of a grape. She hastened to get back upon the delightful Avenue. Since the mischief was done, the bonnet bought and the money paid, she might as well have her enjoyment out of it, she hurriedly reasoned. But just as she had reached the third corner of the square, as if it had been destined that the lavender should wilt with condemnation, her path met with another obstruction, and this time a formidable one, that met her face to face as she turned the angle, and allowed her no chance to evade it.

It was a cluster of street-followers about a couple of policemen and a tradesman who held a young girl in their custody, and were taking her to her quarters for the night, previous to her appearance before a magistrate to-morrow morning apparently on a charge of theft. Suddenly the young girl tried to break away from the policemen. "Let me go!" she cried. "It is Miss Arabella! Oh, Miss Arabella, save me! Do save me! You know I'm honest! It caught on my shawl! Oh, I tell you truly it did! And it will break my mother's heart—" and her voice was swallowed in sobs.

It was Margaret, the little seamstress, with handcuffs on her slender wrists, and enduring all these indignities! Arabella sprang toward the tradesman. "Indeed Sir, you have made a great mistake. I have known this young woman all my life: she is perfectly respectable: we value her above every thing: and she would no more take a thing dishonestly than I would myself!" she said.

Whether her sweet voice, her winning manner, or the lavender, mollified the tradesman the least trifle possible, it is not easy to say. But certainly he addressed her after a different fashion from that with which he had just been browbeating poor Margaret—though even then there was no waste of courtesy. He couldn't help that, he condescended so far as to answer her, lifting his hat the while; the piece of lace was found under the young woman's shawl; but as it was only a remnant, if she, Arabella, chose to pay the sum of twenty dollars, the price of the piece, the young woman might go free. He wasn't sure that he was justified even in that, for these things were becoming so common that somebody must be made an example of, but—

Arabella's purse flew open as if by magic—alas! alas! there were but five dollars in it! In vain she offered that sum to the tradesman; in vain she gave him her card, and promised that her father, her cousin Tom, should come and settle with him; in vain she implored the policemen. The tradesman was inexorable. The policemen told her that she only stopped the way; a crowd was gathering; she could do the young woman more good, if the young woman was innocent, by sending her father; and Margaret was moved on.

Scarlet with anger to think how justice could be bought and sold—that both police and plaintiff had stood ready to compound a felony, and she had not the twenty dollars necessary to buy their pitiful small souls—to think, too, of their daring to accuse Margaret, her own seamstress, of a theft—Arabella was pushed aside. She neither thought nor remembered any thing for the moment now but the necessity of hastening home and summoning somebody to poor Margaret's rescue. She did not know her way very well down in these side-streets; they perpetually confused her; the Avenue, after all, was the quickest route home. She almost ran, that she might the sooner reach its paradise of broad sidewalks and gorgeous windows. Her troubles to-day seemed to know no end, and for once in her life she forgot all about herself, and was only thinking of the poor little seamstress and how soon she could be relieved. She was very warm, and much flushed with walking and with emotion, and had grown strangely tired. She began to feel the fatigue; and that recalled other sensations: the wind was so disagreeable; it seemed to her that she must be rough with dust; she no longer was aware of her toilette as a rose might be aware of its petals, but it annoyed her; the corner of a loose awning had flapped her bonnet awry, she was morally sure; the lavender! how she hated it in a sudden fury! And then, in a score of quick steps, just as she turned the last corner into the Avenue, what a revulsion overtook her! for something met her eyes that was a thousand compensations in one. She ceased instantly to remember that wind and heat and vexation and an awning had made her not altogether as enticing a spectacle as when she tripped out of the milliner's store; the instincts of race and sex and habit suppressed every other feeling; she sprang forward to the encounter.

It was Julia Tippecanoe sailing toward her in full feather, happy as that glorious creature only can be when Major Lancer and Lieutenant Slowboy hold guard on her either side. Arabella would not have lifted her hand to her bonnet that moment if it had blown off her head; but mentally she preened and plumed, and triumph was throned upon her eyebrow. For the breathing-space she lost all sight of Margaret; there was room in that moment only for Julia and the lavender. Julia could not afford such a bonnet, in the first place; and would look like a fright in it if she could, in the second—with her face, which was nothing more than an anatomy! But—but—what horrible apparition was this?—on Julia Tippecanoe's head, dancing and fluttering like a blossom—the mate—the very mate to

the lavender! Crushed to earth, Arabella crept by, forgetting even to smile.

It had been a pretty little twenty-dollar bill in her purse, green and crisp as a leaf of lettuce—and how many times this afternoon had she sacrificed it! And all for what? To have Julia Tippecanoe sail over her head in one that eclipsed it by merely being every thread as exquisite; to have a great awning jam it and flap it all awry; to have herself worried half to death with the emphasis its wanton purchase gave to other people's sufferings; to have—to have—oh, gracious goodness! what was this, a rain-drop? A rain-drop. A real rain-drop—another, and another—a shower—a pelting, pattering, pouring, drenching summer shower, that was wetting her chignon to its cushion, her bonnet to its very wires, and making the fairy structure as sodden a thing as any old last-year's leaf in a streaming garden path!

What was she to do now? Not a store in sight for her to find a refuge in, not a hack-stand could she see or guess of in any direction, not a car, nor a car-track; every dwelling-house was strange to her. Metaphorically the starch had long since been taken out of her, but now she was limp indeed, for now came the dreadful physical reality. Down dashed the rain, the lightning cut through it, the thunder crackled and roared behind it, and then again a brief but absolutely suffocating sheet, as if a cloud had exploded at one touch, and all was over. Presently a sun-burst, the shining keystone of a rainbow whose arch was springing over the lofty house-tops down that patch of sky at the end of the Avenue, clouds as iridescent as pearl floating over from the west, and then broad blue sky again. But, as if the drenching shower had washed every living thing off from the face of the earth, not a soul was to be seen, neither up nor down the long brick and freestone range of costly buildings; the region looked like a desert; and whether all the people had been thunder-bolted into the ground, or had known wisely where to seek protection, there was nothing to say. The shower had passed, and Arabella had received its downpour all by herself. And Arabella—ah! what an object she was, to be sure! what an unrecognizable object! Did the footmen know it was the lovely lady of pinks and silver, and the two glass slippers, when the slatternly little Cinderella ran out the midnight gates? And the milliner who sent Arabella's despised Neapolitan home—what would she not have given for it now? Had she met her here, would she not have cut this anomaly dead? And it is possible that even Conscience—no; the worse she looked the more familiar would she have seemed to Conscience, that is certain. And Conscience would have known her at that instant as far as the power of an opera-glass extends. For just remember her appearance. The once lovely tint of her toilette had become as dingy as if its materials had been used to sop up the pavement, and the pale purple was running down in a stream across the white marble steps where, when it was too late, she had taken shelter. The delicate flutings and quillings were a mass of strings; the filmy lawns, streaked and dripping, hung round her like mops; the snowy mantle was a worthless wet rag; her soaked and blistered gloves clung to her hands like lichens to the bough of an apple-tree; her charming little boots, long since reduced to pulp, gave her feet a squelching sensation, as if they were treading on enormous insects in a damp cellar; and as for the bonnet, there are no words in either Worcester or Webster to tell its condition. That perfect evening-cloud tint had melted, as evening-cloud tints do; the lace that had shed such a pensive softness round the too happy face stuck to her forehead and her hair now like clots of cobweb; the hair, the lovely hair that had been a tangle of sunshine and gold, hung round her temples and her eyes in thin, straight, dripping elf-locks; and the Black Sea grass, the clusters of whose airy awns and reeds had danced and glittered an hour ago against the edges of the lavender, now amidst the general flattening and ruin seemed to stand erectly round poor Arabella's head, till altogether she looked more like Crazy Jane than like any thing else in the world. "I know I'm an object," wept Arabella, in the inward communings of her moist spirit. "I don't believe a hack will come up this street if I stand here all night. The coachman wouldn't let me in if there did, I suppose, when I'm so wet. I shall begin to mould, presently, I know. Oh! if any body that ever knew me when I was Arabella comes by this way, I shall sink into the ground—and oh! I wish I could!" The salt tears that ran down her face—she knew they were salt, for they ran into her mouth, and she could not wipe them away, since her handkerchief was wetter than the tears—the tears that ran down her face, mingling with some innocent white powder and the dust which the high wind had laid over every thing, making no exception of Arabella's cheeks, were the only items needed to complete the wreck of what she had been. "I know just how I'm looking," sobbed Arabella, still waiting for a coach. "Ringed, streaked, and speckled." And of the two maidens it is greatly to be doubted if poor little Margaret were not for the time being the happier.

There was but one more thing that could cap the climax of that afternoon. It happened as Arabella stood there, unable to walk with the nightmare of her clothes clinging close round her, and almost unable to move, shaking and shivering, her teeth chattering like castanets, when an elegant little brougham dashed up to the curbstone, and a young gentleman in most irreproachable attire sprang out and ran lightly past her up the steps.

He didn't know her—and it was Tom!

Should she turn her face and creep off before he found her out, leaving that wet trail behind her like a snail's, and bear her anguish alone? Should she stay and have the servant that opened the door to him order her off the steps as if she were a common drudge? Should she dare to move at all, and by that means attract his attention? Or should she brave every thing and claim his help and take him off before he could go in and be met by some damsel in ravishing raiment? While she cast the alternatives over, and before she could in the least make up her mind, she had cried out, "Oh, Tom! oh, don't you know me?"

The voice arrested him. He could never mistake those liquid bell-notes. But this creature, this caricature, from whence they came! Ah, merciful powers! was this the thing that had cheered and upheld him, and filled his dreams with heaven, during all the struggling and suffering of the days and nights of march and battle? Was this the way she looked in the morning, before coming down in that bewitching little dress, ruffled and flounced like a quill daisy? Was this the way she looked at night, after all the intoxication, the flowers, the furbelows, the flushes of the German, and she was in the solitude of her own apartment? Was this the way she would look about the house, if ever he became any thing but a rich man, and Arabella had to "do her own work?"

"Oh, oh, oh! don't you know me, Tom?" she sobbed again.

In the glance and in the instantaneous transit of his thoughts, Tom, however, had comprehended all the miseries of the situation; if he was in love with Arabella, he had a sense of the ludicrous and a fondness for mystification.

"Beg pardon," said he, coolly, taking off his hat, "but *do* I know you?"

"Oh, Tom, dear Tom," cried Arabella, stretching out her dyed and trembling arms, "I used to be Arabella!" And her teeth began the castanet movement again.

"Bless my heart!" cried Tom, suddenly full of repentance. "You'll have your death of cold! Just tell me how it was—how—" and, to the amazement of his man, he turned about and caught the wet bundle in his arms, had her in the brougham, and the brougham whirled round and on its homeward way before a word of expostulation on that functionary's part could be uttered.

"I shall spoil the carriage—oh, I know I shall! I'm worse than Undine herself," stammered Arabella, weeping and laughing and catching her breath, like the bit of April weather that she was. "Oh, what a sight I am! Shut your eyes and don't you look at me, Tom! Only I never, never, never, was so glad and happy in all my life!"

"Are you glad? Are you happy?" said Tom. And somehow, in a courage long waited for, he had an arm round her waist again, his irreproachable attire was disregarded, and the little wet bundle was close against his heart, and the little wet face was resting on his own. "You are a beautiful, beautiful sight!" whispered the bold and shy Tom. "And I love you just the same, wet or dry. And I never was so glad and happy in all my life!"

Suddenly, and far too soon, the brougham stopped at Arabella's house, and somebody opened the door. If you'll believe it, it was Conscience. "How wicked I am! I had forgotten all about poor Margaret," cried Arabella, with her first glance, and breathlessly she poured forth the story and besought Tom to hasten to the help of the little seamstress. "I won't let you in now, but you can come back presently, dear Tom, when you have gotten her free," said Arabella. Tom already began to be rebellious against authority.

"It won't make any difference, you know," she laughed, "for I shall have to be up stairs so long dressing. But in an hour my hair will be crimped, and my dress will be as fresh and spotless as a white rose. And I shall be too lovely for you to look upon—"

"Without kissing," said Tom.

But Arabella never heeded that. "To think that I wasted just the money that would have saved her," she said, abstractedly, "on this sozzled, drozzled little dish-cloth!" And she spitefully tore the lavender from her head. "It is only a wreck," said she, sadly.

"Then I take salvage," said Tom, seizing it and pocketing it, and driving away with it on his errand. And hidden somewhere among his treasures he has the little bunch, stiff as a dried flower, to-day.

JAPANESE FUNERALS.

WHEN a death takes place a priest is sent for, who offers up prayers. Friends assemble, all the women dressed in white garments and hoods, white being the color emblematic of mourning and death.

The tablet, with the deceased person's name carved upon it in figures resembling Chinese characters, is prepared during the owner's lifetime; after death the priest gives an additional name, which is also inscribed on the sisak, or tablet. The funeral generally takes place an hour or two before sunset. The body is placed in a sitting posture in a coffin shaped like a tub; a white wand and a pot of powdered charcoal with some lime are placed within, the antiseptic and deodorizing properties of these substances having been made use of for a long time by the Japanese. The grave is made circular, and the inside is smoothly plastered with mortar made with a superior kind of lime; the coffin is deposited within, slabs of stone are placed across, and a temporary wooden structure is erected over it. At the end of fifty days, the prescribed season of mourning, this is removed, the ancestral tablet raised to its place of honor, with the temporal and spiritual names of the deceased, the latter in gilt characters, engraved upon it.

PARIS FASHIONS.

DISINCLINATION to attract observation by the adoption of remarkable and quaint fashions might at one time have applied to our fair ladies. They now, however, plunge into every novelty and variety of costume, and can scarcely await the "invitation" of the fashionable *modiste* to view the latest eccentricities imported from the capital of the civilized world of fashion. Costumes—Pompadour and Louis XVI.—are much *en vogue;* and even a bridal dress of the time of Henri III., the original of which was very probably worn by the beautiful Diane de Poictiers, or one of the bewitching *escadron* of Catherine de Médicis, has recently been produced from the *atelier* of the greatest of Parisian *artistes*. It must, however, be owned, notwithstanding their quaintness, that the costumes now generally in fashion, and the stuffs used, are well adapted for morning, visiting, and traveling *toilettes*, etc.; while for evening *tenue*, silk, tulle, and crêpe remain, as of old, the choice fabrics. At present our ladies have not been induced to lay aside the train, which in a ball-room is as cumbersome to the wearer as it is dangerous to the dancers, in spite of the few innovations introduced into one or two balls in Paris, and which rendered the dancing perfectly successful.

Robes for the most part are worn to show the feet in front, the back being slightly raised from the ground. The front breadth is still quite plain, the back gathered or puckered up. Puffs or *bouillonnés*, horizontal and perpendicular, are much *en vogue;* these can also be arranged to suit the fancy of the wearer; in fact any trimmings of the last quarter of a century adapt themselves easily to the present fashion. A band of the material, two to four inches in width, exclusive of the hem, put on with a deep beading fancifully arranged, is placed above the flounce, which also forms the bottom of the skirt in conjunction with the puffs. Muslins, grenadines, etc., are particularly adapted for this style, as these are made with a border specially designed to carry out this effect. The *fond* of these dresses is white, covered with a small pattern, the border being always in keeping with the same, although more color and design is necessarily introduced into it.

Wheat-ears, flowers, imitations of guipure, even Oriental coloring, compose some of these borders. Alpaca has also become again a favorite material, and is made in all colors—sky-blue, green, violet, gray, and even pink. In the present age of *fichus* this will be found a most useful article of attire. Satin rolls or narrow gimps are much used as trimmings; uniform colors are universally adopted, no contrasts being considered *comme il faut*. Black silk is as much worn as ever, in spite of its somewhat *triste* appearance when in rivalry with the fabrics above-mentioned. It may be, however, enlivened with satin or silk trimmings of any color, this being the only deviation from the rule of contrasts. Paletots, and all fantastical *fichus* and scarfs, are equally fashionable; while a blouse or Garibaldi of the same material as the dress, or of white or colored muslin, is used to finish the double or simulated-double skirt. Pompadour costumes are not more coquettish than these skirts with a paletot, which, being puckered up at the sides, forms, as it were, an over-skirt. We have noticed a very elegant ball dress composed of *gold-colored* silk (poult de soie), the front and sides of which were opened to the knee to admit puffings of white tulle arranged in pyramidal form. Flounces of pleated tulle, beaded with a roll of white satin, formed the trimming round these so-called pyramids, and over the whole was thrown a skirt or veil of tulle. The hem of this was covered with a pleat of gold-colored satin ribbon, and trimmed round with a deep blonde, and a fringe composed of marabout feathers; the bodice and scarf trimmed to correspond. Another dress was made of tulle, with a deep-pleated flounce of the same material ascending the front breadth on either side, and forming a *tablier*, which was composed of similar flounces arranged horizontally. Rose-colored satin ribbon was twisted at intervals over the flounces, and the *tablier* was dotted over with rose-buds, which seemed invisibly to spring from the tufts of rose-colored satin ribbon. The sleeve is either altogether omitted, or, à la Pompadour, reaches to the elbow.

Bonnets are still composed of lappets of lace and tulle, crossed or fastened under the chin with brooches, flowers, or bows hanging over or under the arm, and fastened like a scarf at the back. Real mantillas or hats are better adapted for the sea-side and country, where they are more in keeping with the costumes adopted. Lace, flowers, and feathers are used in such profusion that the *fond* of the bonnet is a mere vehicle for the exposition of the same, which most frequently work their way into the plaits and curls of the wearer, through the very small size of this same *fond*. The diadem, composed of lace, puffs of tulle, flowers, jet, or metals, is the most approved style for the front of the so-called bonnet, while others consist of a mere *fanchon*. The lappets certainly form a most graceful and elegant ornament, and the floating ribbons fastened under the hair behind add to the general effect. These frames for the face—if we may be permitted the expression—of illusion tulle, edged with light blonde, are highly advantageous to the wearer; the less we say on the score of durability the better. Every bonnet has its peculiar characteristics, according to the age and complexion of the wearer, and these depend principally on the arrangement of these lappets, ribbons, etc. Hats are made in all possible forms; no shape seems to be restricted by the arbitrators of fashion. These are also adorned with floating veils or lappets: one we have recently seen made of white chip, trimmed with a wreath of forget-me-nots, and finished with a veil of blue illusion tulle, suspended from behind. We believed the manufacture of artificial flowers to have reached the highest point of excellence, but lately many specimens, hitherto almost ignored in the *ateliers*, and passed over sneeringly by botanists, are being introduced. Butter-cups in the fullness of their yellow beauty, and thistles with very visible thorns, are among the latest and most approved novelties. Fruits and berries are also most artistically produced, and enrich the choice of ornaments wherewith to adorn bonnets, head-dresses, etc. Arranged in elegant *guirlandes* or sprays, they very much enhance the appearance of these articles of toilette. We must not omit to mention a branch of the hazel-nut, in all its beauty of color and form.

THE PICNIC.

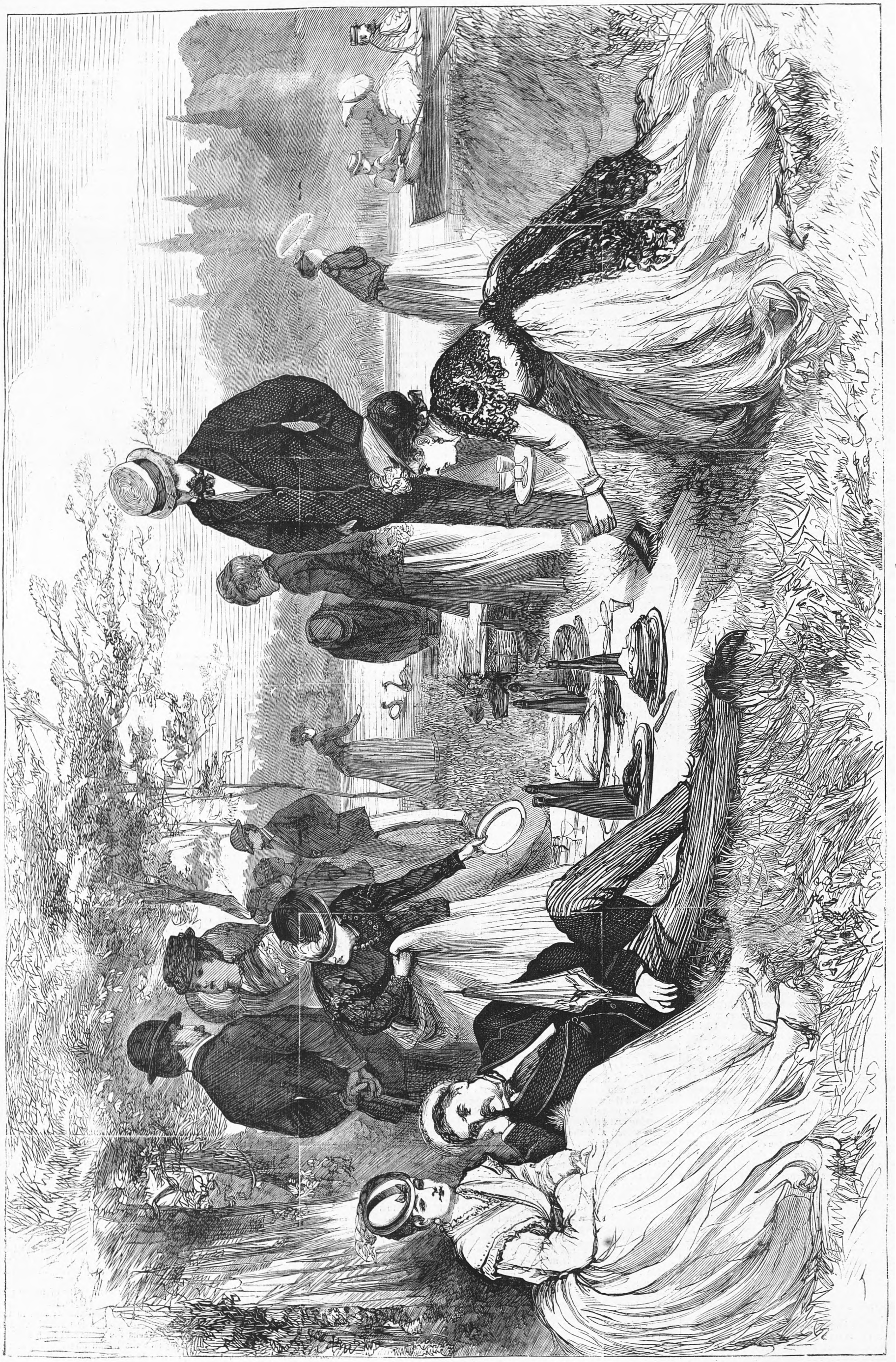
See illustration on page 632.

PICNICS are in their infancy—to my mind; and I think I know them pretty well. To begin with, eighteen out of twenty are failures, for the sufficient reason that the people who are thrown together are ill-assorted.

A fair intimacy should be the common basis of meeting. The gathering is an undress one essentially. *Sans gêne* must be the *mot d'ordre*. Now the government of *sans gêne* is one of the most difficult and delicate matters in the world. How far it is removed from rudeness, from familiarity, from hail-fellow coarseness, it is not given to all to measure justly. The safe *sans gêne* is possible only in a company where all are well-bred. One dangerous individual spoils the day. Playfulness degenerates into buffoonery; the laughter becomes loud that should only sparkle and bubble. The neglect of this reflection is at the bottom of half the picnic failures which happen. A comic gentleman intrudes. A *bon-vivant* lives too well in the presence of the Champagne that lies in the ice-buckets, up to its knees in ferns. A prude finds fault with every thing. An audacious lady shocks the bishop. Your awkward visitor upsets the salad-mixture—for, alas! salad-mixtures have not yet been driven, as an abomination, out of the best-regulated picnics. Hysterics proceed from an over-sensitive damsel. There is the lady who is quite sure she can not sit upon the grass. It is barely possible to escape the pest who screams at the approach of a June-fly, and wants salts after the apparition of a caterpillar. Extravagance in dress is another danger. Fifty—and a very damaged fifty—shows up in a broad hat trimmed with forget-me-nots. A vivacious old gentleman will dance, and put out every quadrille; it is so witty to thrust your toe through half a dozen filmy flounces in one day. Above all, there is the officious man—and on rare occasions, the officious woman. The man disturbs all the appointed order of the proceedings, and seizes the command. A middle-aged nuisance always, he pesters the girls by flirting with them, gives the wrong wines with unflagging assiduity, and is the cheerful *gâte-joie* of the day. The provoking element in him is, that while he is rasping the temper of the company, he is in the seventh heaven of enjoyment himself. "Haven't we had a delightful day?" is his question to every body. "There has not been a single incident to mar our felicity. The Champagne was iced to a turn—and did you taste that *pâté?* Yes, I think I remember I had the pleasure of helping you myself. Miss Nimminy sang *à ravir* [without half a note in her voice]; and as for Miss Pimminy's 'Last Rose of Summer,' I could have kissed her—but don't, now mind you don't, tell her." He must see each lady into her carriage; instruct each coachman. I think there are some of these gad-flies who would run under the last carriage like dogs, if the treat could be arranged. The officious lady is not quite so bad—to the ladies; for I have remarked that ladies are not accustomed, in their most gushing moments, to pay too much attention to one another. The officious lady aspires to direct the dance upon the sward; to select the persons who shall be asked to sing; to decide the moment of breaking up; and to insist that the grass is damp, the air is chilly, this is proper, and that is improper. She is an exemplary person herself, who has obtained a reputation for being difficult to please in the trifling matter of a husband.

How to eliminate all the pests who have constituted themselves picnic presences from future picnics? Surely here is a question to which some sociable and sensible creature may address herself. Picnics are so popular that the art of arranging them has become one of social importance. The notion of etiquette in slippers is not a bad idea. The art of lying on the grass; of dispensing with knife or fork; of making yourself generally useful, with the air of one accustomed to be generally useless—is not to be mastered in an afternoon. As it has been long held a mark of special compliment to a man's manners and power of entertaining to ask him to breakfast, so it should be high flattery to bid him be merry in good company under the green-wood tree. More—there are advances in the art of dining with nothing between you and the pendent caterpillar, in a culinary direction. We now bring an incongruous company to dinner, to eat any thing and every thing in the open. The time will come when we shall know how to select a picnic company, so that there shall not be a hint of discord; and when that time shall be upon us, may picnic-givers have learned the art of composing a *menu sous les feuilles*, which shall be absolutely faultless.

Our illustration depicts a party of merry picnickers in the sweet summer time, lunching gayly on the grass in the cool shade; and in the heats of August the picture is refreshing. For the next few weeks the scene will be a familiar one throughout the length and breadth of the country.



SWEET SUMMER TIME.—[See Page 631.]

SHORT DRESSES.

LONG HOURS.

THE SHORT AND LONG OF IT.—[SEE PAGE 634.]

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

OR, "WANTED, A WILBERFORCE."

See Illustration on page 633.

SWEET May is over: Flora lays aside
Her soberer hues for her most gorgeous dress
Voluptuous June is in her radiant pride,
And all is perfume, smiles, and loveliness!

The homelier tints of spring forsake the skies;
Their simpler garb the woods and fields forget;
Robuster beauties and more flaunting dyes
They now display than white or violet.

The lime-trees' luscious bloom, the queenly rose,
Supplant the fainter odors of the thorn;
The subtle fragrance of the lilac flows
No more abroad upon the breath of morn.

If modish Nature dons her brave array,
To dance, while Fashion pipes a frolic tune,
Who chides dear Woman, if she owns the sway
Of bright-winged Pleasure in delicious June?

Fie on the sour unkempt philosophy,
That makes on woman churlish, senseless war!
If Eden drooped without her, earth would be
A loveless waste, condemned to bloom no more!

Ten thousand nameless sweets and things of joy
She culls for man, or leads him where they grow:
Yet stay, sweet nymphs, nor think without alloy
Contentment waits on rich attire and show.

See yon pale creature on her couch of pain!
Whence comes that languor wan, that hopeless gaze
Of blighted girlhood? She was justly vain
Of her young beauty once, in happier days!

But now she lies in ecstasy of grief
That she must die. Her life's fast-ebbing tides
Run daily weaker—as the sea, with brief
Impulse, flows back until it quite subsides.

She was a milliner of peerless skill,
A matchless judge of color, taste, and dress;
And in her dreams, poor soul, she ponders still
Fresh miracles of stylish loveliness.

But in the city's world of din and smoke,
Night after night, for three long seasons, she
In stifling work-rooms toiled till daylight broke,
A very slave to fashion's tyranny!

Poor drooping girl! She made heroic stand—
Till (gainst disease still battling silently)
Consumption took her by the wasted hand,
And led her to her garret-home to die!

* * * * * * *

Voluptuous June is at its radiant height;
Fete, park, and garden claim their flaunting crowd:
Alack! to think that, in the angels' sight,
Those fripperies may cost a woman's shroud!

BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY;

OR, THE

Adventures and Misadventures of Robert Ainsleigh.

CHAPTER III.

I AM CURIOUS ABOUT THE PAST.

THE time came when anxiety to know the story of my own birth grew keener than my interest in the day-dreams with which I was wont to beguile my hours of solitude. It was on this subject that I questioned Anthony Grimshaw as we sat together in the library one autumnal evening, when the wind blew hoarsely in the great oaks and beeches across the moat, and the wood-fire, burning on the low hearth, made a cheery glow in the spacious room, gleaming now on the brown and crimson binding of the books, now on the stout beams and carved oak bosses of the ceiling.

I was nineteen years of age, and older and graver than my years by reason of the monotony of my life and the gravity of my companions. It was not the first time I had questioned Anthony Grimshaw upon the subject of my own history.

"I think you know more than you choose to tell," I said.

"Nay, Robert, I know nothing. I may have my suspicions. But what good would it do for me to talk of such fancies? It might be but to mislead you. All I *know* is that Lady Barbara brought you here one winter's night in the first year of her marriage. She traveled in a post-chaise with only her maid—a Frenchwoman, whom she engaged on her marriage, my wife speaking no language but her own and being therefore unadapted for residence abroad with an embassador's lady—leaving Sir Marcus in London, where he was busy with public matters, she said. You were a baby of less than a year old, and as sickly an infant as ever survived infancy. She sent for Martha, who had then been married to me but a few months, and told her that she meant to adopt the child, having Sir Marcus's permission for so doing; which well she might, seeing that she was an heiress and a beauty, and might have married much higher if she had so chosen."

"And she gave your wife no account of my birth?" I asked.

"None that I ever heard. But Martha Grimshaw can keep a secret. I know she has her suspicions, which jump with mine; and that's why she has not been as kind to you as I should have wished. There was a gentleman once lived in this house whose fate it was to carry mischief and misfortune with him wherever he went."

"Who was that gentleman?"

"Roderick Ainsleigh, the only son of my late lord's only sister, Lady Susan Somerton, and Colonel Ainsleigh, a brave soldier and a dissipated spendthrift, whom she married against the earl's wish, and with whom her life was most miserable. She died young, while the colonel was abroad with his regiment, leaving one only child but just nine years old. This was the boy Roderick. Lord Hauteville brought him here directly after the mother's death; and the next post from the low countries brought home news that the colonel had been killed at the head of his regiment. He had ever been as reckless of his life as of his fortune, and had been oftener under fire than any other man of his age and standing. Thus you see the boy Roderick was doubly an orphan."

"Poor child!"

"'Tis natural you should pity him, lad; but that double bereavement was the most fortunate event in Roderick Ainsleigh's life. The earl, my late master, one of the noblest and best of men, had loved his only sister with extreme tenderness and devotion. Her death and the death of her husband threw the boy entirely into his uncle's hands. My lord loved the child at once for the mother's sake; and the boy's handsome face and winning manners did the rest. Those soft pleasing manners disguised as proud a heart as ever beat in human breast; but I think my lord loved the boy all the more for his daring spirit. It was only in after-years that he found how hard it is to govern a stubborn will, even when self-interest is at stake."

"Was the boy happy here?"

"He had reason to be; for if he had been the earl's son and heir he could not have fared better, or been treated with greater honor by all who lived in the house and all who came to it. I was his first schoolmaster, and taught him just as I have taught you. Often when you and I have been sitting side by side in yonder window—'twas on that very spot Roderick and I used to sit—I have fancied I was twenty years younger, and that 'twas Roderick Ainsleigh I was teaching. But he was neither so diligent nor so obedient a pupil as you, Robert. His mind was quick enough, and he would work hard enough sometimes, in his own impetuous way. But it was all by fits and starts—blow hot, blow cold. I had another pupil who very often shared Mr. Roderick's lessons, and that was Lady Barbara Somerton, my lord's only child; and it was not long before I discovered that the two young people loved each other with an affection that was something more than mere cousinship. Lord Hauteville liked to see them together, and was pleased to find his daughter desired to be wiser than most young women of her age. 'I would have thee as clever as Lady Mary Wortley, or Mrs. Montague, Bab,' he used to say. One day he broached the subject of the liking between his daughter and his nephew, and told me that nothing would please him better than to see his sister Susan's son master of Hauteville. 'I don't care to think of a stranger cutting down the old beeches, or clearing the plantations that you and I planned when we were boys together, Tony,' he said. 'And, tie up the estate as I may upon my daughter, I can't tie up every old tree and every footpath in the wood. And I like to think that the place will be the same for years to come, when my old bones are mouldering in the vault yonder, which it might if one of my own flesh and blood was master. A stranger has no feeling for old timber. Roderick ought to love every tree, for he has almost grown up in the park and woods.'"

"And was Mr. Roderick Ainsleigh very fond of his cousin?" I asked.

"He seemed to love her as dearly as she loved him; and I don't suppose it was all seeming. He went to college when he was nineteen, and I was proud to think that he knew more of the classics than most men of thirty, and would do wonders; but he got into a bad set at the University, and gave himself up to the wild pleasures of that place, which is within a ride of Newmarket, that infamous seminary of iniquity and ill-manners. Nothing but trouble ensued from Mr. Ainsleigh's residence at Cambridge. He incurred debts which would have been heavy had he been Lord Hauteville's sole heir, and my lord paid them, but not without protest and some ill blood between the uncle and nephew. His visits here were few and brief, and it was evident to all of us that Lady Barbara resented the evil courses into which he had fallen. When he came he brought with him college friends, wild young fellows, who attended all the fairs and races round about, lamed my lords hacks and hunters, and turned the heads of half the servant-maids at Hauteville."

"He must have been a base ungrateful fellow!" I cried, indignantly.

"Ungrateful he most assuredly was. Whether he was by nature base, or only reckless and extravagant under the influence of ill advisers, I can not tell. As a lad I loved him dearly, in spite of his willfulness; but when I saw the unhappiness caused by his conduct as a young man, I was inclined to doubt whether he had ever been worthy of the affection we all lavished upon him. For four years things went on thus, with much trouble for the earl, of which he made no secret, and profound sorrow for Lady Barbara, who maintained a proud silence upon the subject of her grief, but whose despondency was but too obvious to all who loved her, except perhaps to the offender himself, whom she treated with a haughty distance which must have been to the last degree galling to that proud spirit. He for his part affected an indifference to her ill opinion, and even told me in confidence that, since his cousin had ceased to love him, he cared not a doit how badly she thought of him. I would fain have persuaded him that he was still beloved, but he laughed me to scorn. 'Why, she is kinder to her lap-dog than to me,' he cried: 'and when I have tried to entreat her pardon for my manifold iniquities, she has received my apologies with such black looks as speedily silenced me.' One day the storm, long threatened, burst in sudden fury. There was a desperate quarrel between Lord Hauteville and his nephew, in which my lord reproached Mr. Ainsleigh with his ingratitude, and reminded him of his dependence. Roderick Ainsleigh was the last of men to brook such humiliation. He boldly asserted his independence, and in proof thereof declared that he would never again owe a favor to the kinsman who had so degraded him. 'I would rather take the king's shilling than eat the bread of dependence,' he said; 'and I thank your lordship for reminding me that I have no right to the bounties I have enjoyed at your hands. I blame my own dullness for my having so long remained unconscious of my abject position, and am glad to be awakened to the truth, though the waking has been somewhat rough. For the past I must remain your debtor, and I confess the debt is a heavy one; happily the future is my own, and I can promise that it shall cost you but little.'

"With this Mr. Ainsleigh flung himself out of the room with such an air of offended manhood that my lord confessed he felt himself the aggressor. 'He will come back, Tony,' he said to me, when his nephew had left Hauteville, which he did directly after the interview. 'Sure, he knows I love him as a son, and am but too weakly disposed to excuse his errors, nor can I think that he has ceased to love my little Barbara, though the two do not seem such fast friends as they once were.'"

"And did the young man come back?" I asked, deeply concerned.

"Never since that day has Roderick Ainsleigh crossed the threshold of this house. Whether he is living or dead none here can tell, though there is one who would, I doubt, be glad to know the truth. He went straight from here to Cambridge, and it came to my lord's ears by-and-by that he had lost money to his Newmarket friends, over and above the debts my master had paid, and was in some sort a defaulter. If he had come back I know he would have been received with open arms; but my lord was too proud to invite his return. He had left but a year when his uncle died. The title died with him, and Lady Barbara, as sole heiress, became mistress of the estate. When her mourning was over she went to London to visit the Honorable Mr. and Mrs. Davenant, relations of her mother; and while residing with them she married Sir Marcus Lestrange, a widower of high family and small fortune, but of much political influence. She spent a few months here with her husband soon after their marriage, and then departed, to return no more except for that flying visit when you were brought hither."

"But was nothing more ever heard of Mr. Ainsleigh?"

"No further tidings of that misguided young man ever reached my ears, except one painful rumor, which connected the flight of a clergyman's daughter from her father's house near this place with the name of Roderick Ainsleigh. How justly I know not. Slander fattens upon the misdoings of the absent. The young man was not here to defend himself against these evil reports, and I doubt not they had some influence with his cousin, Lady Barbara."

"What was he like?" I asked; "I have seen no picture of him in the house."

"Ay, but his portrait was painted. It used to hang above this chimney-piece, but it was taken down and thrust away at my lord's desire when his nephew had been six months absent without any sign of repentance. 'Take that ungrateful boy's face from my sight,' he said; 'it haunts me like a bad dream.' Would you like to see Roderick Ainsleigh's face?"

"Yes, that I should, mightily."

The old man crossed the room and opened a cupboard in the wainscot beneath one of the windows.

"Light a candle, Robert," he called to me as he groped on his knees before the open cupboard.

I took a candle from the chimney-piece, and lighted it by the blaze of the wood-fire.

"Bring your light here!" he cried; and I went to him, and held the flickering candle before a frameless picture which he held upright upon a table near the window.

"'Tis a good twenty years since that has seen the light," he said, wiping the dust from the mildew-stained canvas.

It was the portrait of a man in the dawn of youth, a dark handsome face with a bright smile, but a look of indomitable pride in the eyes, which were black as a Spaniard's.

"Have you ever seen such a face as that, Robert?" asked my tutor.

"I can scarce tell," I answered, thoughtfully; "but the features seem familiar to me."

"Seem familiar; ay, lad, and so they must. Think again, Bob. Where have you seen that face?"

"In the glass!" I cried, with a great start. "Oh, for God's sake, Anthony Grimshaw, tell me the truth, if you can!—was Roderick Ainsleigh my father?"

"In good sooth, Robert, I can not tell. I have told you all that I know. But you and my late master's nephew are like as—I'll not say two drops of water, for there is little waterishness in your dispositions—you are like as two flames of fire."

CHAPTER IV.

I AM INTRODUCED TO MY BENEFACTRESS.

I MIGHT have brooded long on Anthony Grimshaw's strange revelation but for the rapid succession of events which followed within a short time of the conversation I have recorded.

After an enchanted sleep of nearly twenty years the castle in Hauteville woods suddenly awoke to life, and the monotonous calm of our existence was exchanged for all the stir and clamor which accompanies the sound of many voices, the tread of many feet, and the bustling industry of a full household.

It was upon a lovely evening in June that the spell which had so long held Hauteville Hall was suddenly broken. Not a word, not a whisper of rumor's busy tongue, had prepared my guardians or myself for the startling transformation. Anthony Grimshaw's indifference to the political events of his own time had kept him ignorant of ministerial changes at home, and of our diplomatic relations abroad, or he might have apprehended the possibility of Sir Marcus Lestrange's recall from Madrid, where he had been our plenipotentiary for some years.

Mr. Grimshaw and I were walking on the terrace in the pleasant summer sunset, while my tutor's stern partner was occupied with her incessant needle-work by one of the windows of the oak parlor. Her sharp gray eyes watched us as we paced to and fro, and I doubt not it vexed her to see us in such friendly communion, as it most assuredly vexed her to find me impervious to the slights she put upon me, and indifferent to her ill-will. Again on this evening we talked of Roderick Ainsleigh, of whom I had indeed often spoken since I had seen the portrait hidden in the library-closet.

"Surely there can be little doubt of his death," I said, "or some tidings of him must have reached you in all these years."

"It would seem likely, unless he has gone to push his fortunes abroad, as he may have done, under a feigned name, perhaps. He was ever a rank Jacobite, and got himself into no little trouble here and at Cambridge on that score. It was his nature, or his humor, to oppose those who loved him; and as the earl was a stanch Hanoverian my young gentleman must needs toss off his wine to the king over the water. If he was living in '45 I would wager he was among the rebel crew that disturbed peaceful Englishmen in that year. He loved fighting and riot and intrigue, and would have refused to serve the best of rightful sovereigns if there was but a wrongful one to plot and fight for. I doubt there are always a number of these rebellious spirits, these innate revolutionaries, to create and foster rebellion. Few men ever have life's highway made so smooth and easy for them as it was made for Roderick Ainsleigh; but, you see, he preferred to scramble through brake and brier, and lose himself in a forest of guilt and sorrow."

"You speak of him bitterly."

"I can not well refrain from bitterness, though I loved the lad well, and took rare pride in his teaching. But he broke my old master's heart, and went near to break Lady Barbara's; for I doubt if all her fashion and grandeur at foreign courts have ever made her as happy as she was in the old days, when she and her cousin Roderick used to study the classics together, and stroll in the garden yonder on summer evenings."

"She must have been very beautiful in those days," I said, "if she was like her portrait in the picture-gallery."

"The portrait barely does justice to her features and complexion. But there was a sparkling brightness in her countenance which no painter could ever seize. It was such a changing face. A landscape in oils will give you the face of the country-side and the steady sunshine of a midsummer noon, but not the play and flicker of the light that comes and goes upon the meadows twenty times in a minute. She told her sorrow to no one when her cousin left Hauteville, but the changeful brightness of her beauty faded from that hour."

"Was the marriage with Sir Marcus Lestrange a love-match?"

"I doubt it. The Somertons are not given to change, and I do not think Lady Barbara could so soon have forgotten her cousin. But she was alone in the world, and an heiress, and doubtless felt her unprotected position."

We talked some time longer of the house which my tutor had served so faithfully, and in the service whereof he hoped to end his days. The sun sloped westward behind a line of dense foliage that looked black against the vivid golden light. Patches of roseate brightness illumined the westward side of the great brown trunks of rugged elm and oak, and shone still brighter on the smooth silvery bark of the beeches. Belated crows sailed across the tender upper gray, making for their nests in the oldest elms. Thrush and blackbird sang their vesper-hymn, and pensive from some mysterious depth of foliage sounded the song of the nightingale. The distant water-pools reddened in the reddening sunlight, and the stillness and calm glory that belong to this one hour alone possessed our souls, as we stopped in silence to lean lazily upon the marble balustrade of the terrace and watch the sinking sun.

While we thus watched a sound so unfrequent as to be startling roused each from his reverie.

It was the sound of carriage-wheels—the wheels of not one only, but several vehicles. Anthony Grimshaw and I regarded each other in silent amazement, and then the old man hurried to the end of the terrace whence he could obtain a view of the broad graveled drive leading to the great gates.

I followed closely on his heels, to the full as eager as himself.

Three carriages were winding slowly up the hill; the foremost a handsome traveling-chariot with four horses, and smartly-dressed post-boys; the two others clumsier vehicles, each drawn by two horses.

"It must be Sir Marcus or my lady!" cried Anthony; "who else could come here with such a train? Run, boy! bid Martha have the doors opened, and the shutters in the library and saloon, and a fire lighted in the great hall, for it strikes deadly cold in summer-time. And tell Betty and Sue to stir themselves. The carriages will be at the gate in less than five minutes."

"I'll open the shutters with my own hands!" I cried, and ran off to the oak parlor, where I dashed open the half glass door, and burst into the room, to the horror of Martha Grimshaw.

"What now, you unmannerly creature?" she asked. I told her who was at hand. She star-

el from her chair and stood before me deadly pale and trembling. Never had I seen her so affected.

"My lady!" she exclaimed. "It can't be."

"But it is, Mrs. Grimshaw. Who else should it be? There'll be wax-candles wanted for the saloon; 'twill be dark in half an hour. Shall I run and bid them open the gates?"

"Yes, yes," she answered, in a strange, absent way; and I left her still standing rooted to the ground, with a scared, pale face.

By this I perceived that there was one person in the world of whom the steward's wife stood in awe.

The bell in the Gothic archway sounded with a great clanging stroke as I ran to call the maids. Betty came flying to the gate, and Anthony Grimshaw appeared at the same moment with a ponderous bunch of keys, ready to perform his office of seneschal. Susan, the second maid, went with me to open the shutters of the great saloon. We lighted the wax-candles scattered here and there in crystal candelabra, and the feeble lights twinkled faintly in the dusky chamber. I went on to the library to open the shutters there, while Susan staid behind to kindle the logs on the wide stone hearth. I heard the sound of several voices, and the echoing tread of high heels on the marble floor of the hall; and then from the half open door of the library I saw Mr. Grimshaw usher the unexpected visitors into the saloon.

Two ladies and a gentleman followed him into the dimly lighted room. The ladies were so hooded and muffled that I saw but little of their faces. One was of a commanding figure, the other slender and graceful as the tall white lilies in the Italian garden. The elder lady sank into an arm chair, with a sigh of fatigue, and flung off her black silk hood. Yes, this was my Lady Barbara, as beautiful as the portrait with which I was so familiar, but of a more developed and regal beauty. Her dress was of a dark crimson brocade. her shoulders and arms veiled in a cloud of black lace. She wore powder, which became her admirably; and her full round throat, of marble whiteness. was encircled by a broad band of black velvet, clasped with a gem that seemed to emit a brighter flame than any of the tapers twinkling against the mirrors on the walls. Never, except in pictures, had I seen a woman of high rank, and for the moment the vision somewhat dazzled my unaccustomed eyes.

The younger lady also removed her hood, and I beheld a pale, fair face, framed by loose unpowdered auburn hair. Such pale and fragile loveliness showed poorly beside the blaze of Lady Barbara's beauty. But I felt rather than saw that this young lady was beautiful.

The gentleman yawned aloud, and leaned with a listless air against the carved-oak chimney, amusing himself by kicking the smouldering logs with the toe of his boot.

"Damp wood, and a room that feels like a vault; and, I conclude, very small probability of supper. You should really have written to apprise your people of your coming, Lady Barbara."

The speaker was a young man, tall, slim, good-looking, and dressed in a suit of cut velvet, with point-lace ruffles and cravat. He wore high riding-boots, and a court-sword dangled at his side. My only acquaintance with this species was derived from Pope's "Rape of the Lock," and this gentleman reminded me of Sir Plume.

"It was my humor to come unannounced," replied my lady, somewhat haughtily; and then she addressed her steward in a much sweeter tone. "You will not let us go to bed supperless, will you, Anthony?"

"Indeed, no, my lady; if a pair of chickens and a dish of broiled ham, with strawberries from the garden, and a bowl of cream from Betty's dairy, will content your ladyship—and this gentleman."

"Nothing could be better, my good Anthony. But you must not let our sudden arrival disturb you. We have brought two coach-loads of London servants, and all they want is to be shown the way to the kitchen, and the geography of larders, pantries, and still-rooms, which, I remember, is rather intricate at Hauteville. Sir Marcus will not be able to join us for a week. This lady is Miss Hemsley, my husband's niece; and this gentleman is my step-son, Mr. Everard Lestrange. But where is Martha? I shall be glad to see her, and to settle what rooms we had best occupy."

Mrs. Grimshaw entered the saloon as her mistress spoke. She had changed her black stuff gown for one of stiff rustling silk, and wore a frilled muslin handkerchief, fastened with a diamond brooch. Never before had I seen her so attired. She saluted her mistress with a profound courtesy, and bade her welcome to Hauteville.

My lady acknowledged her compliments somewhat coldly, as I thought.

"How is your charge, Martha?" she asked. "Your letters have been of the briefest, and gave me little news of him."

I knew it was of myself she spoke, and an irresistible impulse impelled me to approach her. There was a kindness in her tone which invited my confidence. "*Here* is a friend," I thought.

I had just lighted a pair of wax-candles, in heavy bronze candlesticks, which stood on a writing-table by the hearth. With these in my hands I entered the saloon. and carried them to the table by which Lady Barbara had seated herself.

"O God, a ghost!" she cried. half rising in her chair. and looking at me with wide-opened eyes of horror and surprise: and then, sinking back into her chair, she murmured, faintly, "You never told me he was so like. You should have prepared me for this, Martha."

"My father would scarcely feel flattered by your emotion, Madam," said Mr. Lestrange, with a sneer.

"I have no secrets from your father, Sir," my lady answered. proudly; and the gentleman's sarcastic smile vanished as she looked at him.

"It is possible my jealousy is keener than my father's." he said, not without a certain significance of tone.

Lady Barbara turned from him with an air of supreme indifference, and addressed herself to me.

"Your face reminds me of the dead, Sir; but you are not less welcome to me. What is your name?"

"Robert, Madam."

"What else?"

"I have no other name, Madam."

"And you have never taken the pains to seek one?"

"No, Madam. When first I came to this house Mrs. Grimshaw told me I was nameless. I have asked no further questions."

I might have added that I had been reminded not once but twenty times a week of my abandoned condition, and that such epithets as foundling, beggar, castaway, and even coarser terms of reproach, were but too familiar to me.

"Indeed," cried my lady, with a glance at Mrs. Martha which boded ill for that personage. "Mrs. Grimshaw volunteered information upon a subject of which she knew little. *She is fond of giving information.*" This was said with a most bitter emphasis; and then, turning to me with a sweet protecting smile, Lady Barbara continued: "Your name is Robert Ainsleigh, and you are my kinsman. I *fear you* have had a somewhat desolate boyhood in this deserted house; but I placed you in the care of my old friend Anthony, because I knew you would find in him a kind friend and an accomplished tutor."

"And I have found both, Madam," I answered, promptly; "as good a friend as a fatherless lad ever knew, as patient and learned a master as ever earned the affection of his pupil."

"I am glad to hear you speak so heartily," replied my lady. "While I remain at Hauteville you will live with me and my family, and it will be for yourself to determine your future career."

She extended her hand, and I dropped on my knee, as I raised the fair hand to my lips.

The gentleman lounging against the chimney-piece gave a little sarcastic laugh.

"Egad, Lady Barbara, your country cousin is a courtier by instinct. I warrant me he will soon eat a toad with as good a grace as if he had hunted tufts at the University and graduated at the Cocoa Tree."

I wondered at so much animosity from a stranger, but it was my ill-fortune in life to find more than one bitter enemy ready-made like this, and to receive direst injuries from those I have never consciously offended.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

WHATEVER credit other countries may attribute to us with regard to our artistic skill and talent as a nation, we are not a little proud of the perfection to which we consider we have attained, more especially in oil and water-color painting. The National Gallery, the Kensington Museum, and other institutions in London, contain many of our national *chef-d'œuvres*, which remain permanently there; but every season there are various exhibitions in London of these things, which are open for a few months only, and are very eagerly looked for and patronized. The principal of these is the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, which I propose to tell you about in another letter, and the New and Old Societies of Painters in Water-Colors. To give you some idea of what we are doing, in this branch of art, I will dwell a little on this New Society of Painters in Water-Colors. This is the thirty-fourth annual exhibition, and the collection this year is certainly above the average. It contains in all some three hundred works by different artists, among them J. W. Whymper, Henry Tidey, John Chase, J. H. Mole, Skinner Prout, H. and E. Warren, Louis Haghe, E. H. Corbould, M'Kewan, William Bennett, Benjamin Green, C. Callermote, H. B. Roberts, and others of equal celebrity.

Among the pictures which are most likely to attract public attention are *Salome Dancing before Herod*, by Edward Corbould; *The First Bouquet*, by C. Green; *A Silver Wedding*, by Louis Haghe; *Seven A.M.*, by G. G. Kilburne; and *The Woman of Samaria*, by Henry Tidey.

Water-color paintings have arrived at a rare perfection; the coloring is so rich and full that, covered as they are with glass, you mistake them for oils. The greater part of the collection of which I am speaking consists of subjects taken from everyday English life. Now and then the rich old dresses of a few centuries back are called into play, and the peeps of scenery, landscapes, interiors, and old foreign scenes, are if possible more lovely than ever; but it is in everyday life our artists most excel. Ours is such a matter-of-fact age; romance is a thing of the past; art has now taken possession of the prosaic commonplaces which most surround all of us, and casts the charm of poetry about them. The gems of the collection, however, are Edmund Warren's works. No words can give a fair idea of the exquisite beauty, warmth, and light which he contrives to throw into his pictures.

In these days, when the many vexed questions about woman's mission and woman's work are so rife among us, it is pleasant to notice with how much success women tread certain paths in the great labor market. The fair sex have sent a vast number of works of art to this New Society of Water-Colors, and of a high order, too. Most of them are fruit and flower pieces, but there are many exceptions. Rosa Bonheur has sent a beautiful picture, *Deer at Fontainebleau*. Mrs. Elizabeth Murray's are all sketches of foreign life, rich in coloring; among them, *Idleness*, an Italian peasant; *A Spanish Bolero*, in a Spanish dress, with castanets; and *A Gipsy Forge at Seville*, a large, ambitious picture, crowded with figures, and of great merit. A work of Mrs. Clarendon Smith's—*The Little Blue Shoes*—is so very touchingly conceived that it is sure to be a general favorite. It depicts a young and pretty woman seated at a cabinet, with the shoes in her hand. The verses best tell their story:

> "O those little, those little blue shoes,
> Those shoes that no little feet use;
> O the price were high
> That those shoes would buy,
> Those little blue unused shoes."

But I must not longer linger on the many pretty pictures in this collection. There is plenty going on in England just now, and I must try and tell you a little of what we are doing. In another month the Parliamentary session will be over, and before it reassembles there must be a re-election—a re-election under the new Reform Bill, which will, it is thought, bring about greater changes than was anticipated when it was drawn up. A general election of this kind is a great event, and it forms now the one topic of conversation. The elections can not, however, come off until November or December. Meanwhile those now in power are giving princely entertainments. The new Foreign Office was inaugurated on Wednesday by a reception given by Lord Stanley. It was densely crowded, and the new building was greatly admired. It will now be at once used for the public service. You may remember that in one of my earlier letters I told you of a great reception given there by the Prime Minister some months ago; then it was only partly finished, and only a few of the rooms were rown open. Improvements in our government offices are greatly needed, and this is a step quite in the right direction. The old ones are mostly dark, dingy, and inconvenient.

The Queen is now at Windsor. Last Saturday, the thirty-first anniversary of her accession, she held a review of some twenty-six thousand volunteers in the fine old park adjoining the castle. Grand stands were erected. and there was a large show of carriages; indeed, the greater part of the fashionable world in London were there. The weather was every thing that could be desired. There was perhaps more than the usual difficulty in getting the corps and the company up and down by train, and some of the former were so l in arriving that the review did not begin until five, instead of four.

There was a large num of the Royal family with the Queen, among them Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse (Princess Alice of England) and one of their children; they have just arrived from Germany for their yearly visit. Last year they came when the fêtes were going on for the Sultan of Turkey, and the Princess did the honors most gracefully. The review was purely a review and not a sham-fight. The Queen, as soon as she appeared on the ground in an open carriage drawn by four white horses, inspected the two lines, then all the corps marched past, and then a few evolutions were gone through, which soon became very vague and uncertain to spectators, inasmuch as the smoke enveloped every body in an impenetrable cloud.

This summer has been a most unprecedentedly fine one, and the consequence is that morning garden parties are the rage. Wherever a sufficiently large piece of ground can be found to play the game of croquet—never mind how great the difficulties—there people assemble to play it, their hosts providing them with tea, cakes, strawberries and cream, claret-cup and cider-cup *ad libitum*. It always seems such a pity to me that the many delicious drinks you have in America are not more general here.

The Queen has herself followed the fashion of garden parties, and on Monday a large sprinkling of the nobility assembled in the grounds of Buckingham Palace from four to half past seven. Two huge tents had been erected there, in one of which the Queen took up her position, accompanied by members of her family. Here the Tyrolese singers, who are quite the fashion now and appear in their national costume, performed.

In the other tent were refreshments, which were also laid out on the lower floor of the palace—the band of the Life Guards played also. The dresses were very magnificent; it was of course full morning dress with bonnets. The young girls wore mostly white muslins over colored silks; the gentlemen had to appear in dress-coats with morning dress, and wore their stars and orders with a rather curious effect.

This week, too, there has been a wonderful morning fête given at the Wellington Barracks by the officers of the First and Second Battalion of the Grenadier Guards. Soldiers are famous for doing things well; but they really outdid themselves on this occasion. Apropos of royalty, I must tell you a curious fact, which is going the round of the papers now. The Controller of Her Majesty's household has £904 a year. In old days the holder of this office was entitled to the left wings of the fowls which appeared on the Royal table. This, however, has now been bought off by the payment of the odd £4.

G. A. Sala has just written the life of Lord Brougham. Since his death the public press has teemed with accounts of the great man's life and deeds.

English people feel they can not do enough for Longfellow. You have had our Dickens with you, and treated him nobly, and we would fain do the same by your great man. The honorary degree of the University of Cambridge was bestowed on him, and the public orator made a pun in the usual Latin speech, when asserting that poetry drew men from low cares *ad Excelsiora*—which brought down a torrent of cheers from the undergraduates.

The Crown Prince of Denmark is with us still, although it seems that the supposed intended marriage between him and our Princess Louise is not to be, the Prince being now formally engaged to the Princess Louise of Sweden. He received the B.C.L. degree at Oxford at the recent commemoration, and he is very warmly greeted indeed wherever he is seen driving about with his sister and her husband. To-morrow there is to be a grand fête at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, in his honor, two concerts by the stars of the day, and some fire-works.

A very extraordinary trial is now in every body's mouth. A Mrs. Borrodaile is suing a certain Madame Rachel, a well-known dealer in cosmetics, etc., by which she declares herself able to make her clients "beautiful forever" (this has now become a cant saying among us here). for money said to have been obtained under false pretenses—the false pretenses being that she was to marry Lord Ranelagh in consequence of her improved charms. A series of letters are brought into court, which the plaintiff seems to have supposed to have come from her aristocratic suitor. It is premature yet to pronounce any opinion thereon; but the letters are of so amatory a nature, and the trial altogether so personal and exciting, that it creates universal interest. It behooves one to be careful how he discusses these questions, for Risk Allah, who was last year tried for murder in the Belgian courts, and acquitted, has brought an action against the *Daily Telegraph* for a garbled and exaggerated history of the trial (a most interesting history nevertheless). and the paper has had to pay heavy damages.

Lord Shrewsbury, one of our most puissant nobles, has passed away from us this last week, and his body has been lying in state at one of his country houses. On his death-bed the marriage service was performed between his daughter and Earl Brownlow. This would not, however, have been a valid marriage, so that the service has since been repeated. Who says we have passed the age of romance when such things are?

Prince Alfred has just arrived safely in England.

ARDERN HOLT.

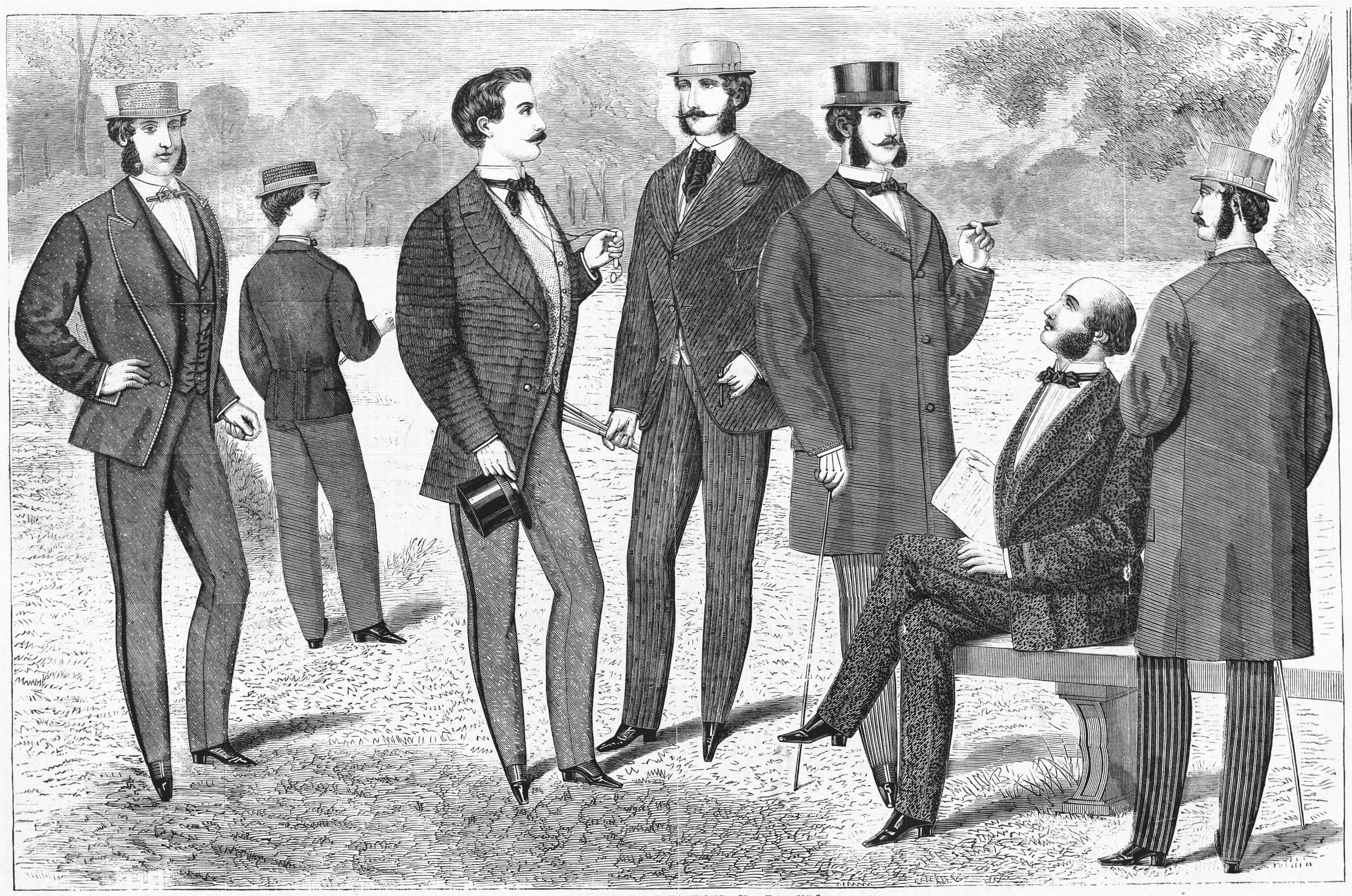
DRESS OF THE BRETON WOMEN.

THE dress of the women varies a good deal, but generally consists of a close fitting cloth bodice of some bright color, with sleeves of a different hue, both turned up and ornamented with cloth of a third color. A close cap or hood, sometimes violet, though often green, is the most common head-dress. To enter more into details—the dresses, so far as they possess any uniformity, consist of a very full skirt of dark cloth, and a wide apron with large pockets. The sleeve fits loosely to the arm, with turned-back cuffs and colored edges; the bodice is cut very low, and open in front with a broad stripe of colored embroidery or binding, and buttons only joined just at the waist, with a lacing of yellow cord. The chest is covered with a tight breastplate of cloth, also bound and embroidered. The different kinds of caps are endless. In many villages also the whole dress is of one color; in others the sleeves, body, and breastplate are carefully contrasted. The form of the collar varies with the cap. "Can a maid forget her ornaments?" applies to Brittany. Nearly every Breton girl wears a silver or gold cross tied round her neck with black velvet. Some of the better class of the girls eligible for marriage have several black velvet ribbons with bead ends streaming from under their caps. We may here advert to a custom round Josselin which, if practiced in English circles, would save a good deal of annoyance, and prevent much misunderstanding. It is this. The girls appear on fête days in red under-petticoats with white or yellow borders; the number of these denotes the portion which the father is willing to give his daughter; each white band, representing silver, signifies a hundred francs of rent, and each yellow band means gold, and stands for a thousand francs per year. Yellow was originally worn by the women when in mourning. At present, however, many wear black like the English; but still frequently in Lower Brittany women follow the funeral train of their husbands in caps died with saffron. Yellow stuffs have recently become rare in Brittany, and hence probably the change in the custom. Many of the old women wear a short bead chain with a ring at the end fastened to their left shoulder, through which ring they stick their distaffs when working. Both the men and women when in full dress discard the sabots, or wooden shoes, of working days, and appear in neat black leather shoes with silver buckles.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

See illustration on page 636.

THERE is little change as yet in the fashions, those for summer only following the impulse set by the spring. Our engraving gives a general idea of the various styles of short coats worn: these and the over-coats being the only garments which offer much variety. Black continues to be worn on dress occasions. Numerous styles of light summer cloth are used for morning, walking, and business suits, chiefly in small designs. Fancy vests are striped, figured, or watered, and are bound with galloon to match, and trimmed with metal buttons. Short coats or vestons always have fancy buttons, and are mostly stitched on the edge; though they may be bound with galloon of the same color. Vests of the same material as the pantaloons are stitched round the edge.



GENTLEMEN'S PARIS FASHIONS.—[SEE PAGE 635.]

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

By FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

CHAPTER X.

LILY swooned but for a moment, and that rather from the mental shock than the physical. When she revived the blood was streaming down her face, and her curls were dabbled in it; but her first thought was for her father, who seemed dead indeed. She could not see that he breathed, and he paid no heed to her imploring cries. "Perhaps he really needed it!" she thought, "and I have been a cruel girl and killed him." But listening closer she got a little grain of comfort by hearing his heart beat, and then his unconscious lips uttered a low sigh. She tried to rise that she might find her way to the low level of the brook and wet her handkerchief to bathe his head—never thinking of her own, from whose ugly cut the blood was still steadily running—her own, which ached only less than her heart. But she could not stand on her feet; she sank on her knees again, and as she felt herself growing fainter with every second she began to wonder whether this was not what she had heard of, like so many other terrible things, from the doctor—whether, all alone in the woods there, she was not going to bleed to death. The thought seemed curious rather than fearful. She had thought of dying much more than many adults—yet never with the morbidness of model-biography infants; she was not weary of the earth, but she had been accustomed to the idea of leaving it as only a journey to the home of Him who dearly loved little children. Now that her mother had left her, and the night's disappointment had weakened her hope of ever finding her again, she felt sure that her father would not linger long in a world which was empty of her, and lacking both of them her young tendrils were unclasped from support she had grown up by. So she thought of her bleeding to death without terror, and to the last gave the fullness of her solicitude to her father alone. "If I should die and papa should live," she asked herself—"and they found me lying beside him with this cut on my head, wouldn't they think that he'd killed me?" In this she drew again on her memory of horrors related by the doctor, who had talked over in her presence a murder-trial in which he had been called as an expert, when the accused was condemned on circumstantial evidence no stronger, though it was afterward found that the man beside whom he lay drunk in the morning had fallen instead of being struck during the night. "I could hardly be happy up in heaven with Jesus if I knew they were being cruel to dear papa for having killed me on earth," thought the little girl; "and even if they didn't kill him he would kill himself if he woke up and thought he'd killed his little Lily. But you didn't kill me, darling; I fell and hurt my head on a stone, and if every body hadn't been cruel to you and broken your heart, you never would have laid your hand on me except to pet me, for you always loved me, even when you were sickest and saddest, darling, didn't you? But they sha'n't think you killed me—and you sha'n't think so either if you ever wake up again, lovely papa. I'll go away, and lie down a good way off, and when they find me they'll say I fell and cut myself."

This train of reasoning passed much more rapidly through her mind than I can write it, but not so fast as the blood flowed and her strength ebbed with it. She felt that she must act quickly. Holding her handkerchief to stay the stream lest it should drop from her face upon her father's, she pressed one parting kiss on the dear lips which had never uttered one word now left in her memory except heavenly tenderness—said "Good-by, darling papa!" and summoning all the life that remained in her began creeping slowly away on her hands and knees. If she had strength to reach a clump of elders growing just where the banks narrowed below the pool—if her sight held out to crawl around it she would be on a smooth, grassy hill, and could easily slide down it to the meadow-level of the brook, where the woods were cleared away, and she could die in the moonlight. This was all she asked for herself—it would be pleasanter to look up into the shining sky and "see the chariot coming," than to fall asleep on that rock under the dark branches.

She had almost reached the clump of elders, and was on the narrowest part of the ledge between the thicket and the brink, when the moonlight went from her eyes like a blown-out candle—her little elbows bent under her, and without a pang or a cry she rolled over the rocky wall.

The road from Owlieville to Hawke's Bluff is a poor and little frequented one. It runs through one of the most thinly-settled portions of Kentucky, over a succession of sterile, gravelly hills, which seem to have been dropped during the drift period for the especial purpose of keeping before the eyes of the settlers in the adjacent districts of the Cumberland Valley a contrast which shall teach them how much they have to be thankful for. From the top of the series a traveler looks on every side into boundless meadows of inexhaustible fertility, and vineyards which, with Old World management, might put Burgundy to shame. Yet the tract itself raises barely enough corn to keep from starvation the lean pigs of such unfortunate white trash as impecuniosity has driven to settle here, and in former times these gentry (the two-legged ones, I mean) had the reputation of eking out their incomes by other than the obviously unremunerative pursuits of agricultural and pastoral life. Some of them, as good judges of horse-flesh, reached a lofty position, in the days when misplaced affection for a neighbor's live-stock brought people in Kentucky to the top limbs of cottonwoods. Others exhibited a degree of artistic taste in the engraving line, which, but for the unfortunate circumstance of their having no connection with any recognized bank-note company, would have elected them to another American academy than the sort in which demission of one's membership is only possible after a term of years. Still others were in the occasional habit of detaining travelers longer than was necessary for a good look at the scenery in hollows between hills whose summits would have afforded a much better view, and charging them heavily for the privilege with a horse-pistol to enforce the claim. These industrious citizens, in spite of occasional thinnings made in their number by Justice Lynch and the Courts of Assize, had contrived to give their district, geographically known as Hog Scramble, a moral name of so much worse odor that at the date of this recital few people ever used the particularly bad road between Owlieville and Hawke's Bluff unless compelled by absolute necessity. Until two years previous such a necessity had existed in the fact that Hawke's Bluff Landing was the point nearest to Owlieville at which steamboats touched on the Cumberland River. Now, however, an excellent turnpike turned the cold shoulder on Hog Scramble, giving the Owlieville people a passage to the river at Bennettsburgh, nearly five miles shorter, and at this new riparian town most of the boats touched as well as at Hawke's Bluff.

So unusual was it now for any one to travel the Hog Scramble road at all—so unusual, unless with large escort, in the night—that the sight of a double buggy upon that road with but a pair of occupants at three o'clock of a full moonlight morning would have surprised any one from Owlieville had such been awake and there to see. If he had, he would have seen it but a few minutes later than the conclusion of my last chapter.

The driver of the vehicle was a fine-looking man, about thirty-five years old—of Spanish complexion, hair and eyes, with a drooping mustache, magnificent in shape and size, and a broad-brimmed slouch, which threw his face into such deep shadow that only his next neighbor could have recognized him even in this bright moonlight. By his side sat a pretty boy, whom, but for the fact that his cheeks showed not even the faintest prophetic down of manhood, you would have pronounced twenty or thereabout. His golden hair waved German-studently on his neck, bright and flossy as a woman's. Unlike his companion's négligé style of attire in every thing but a slouch, which was, in its smaller size, the other's counterpart, his dress was a velvet jockey-suit of the most recherché cut; he wore dandified little boots of patent-leather, a Roman scarf pinned with a gold horse-shoe, whose nails were brilliants, and an elaborate watch-chain, imitating in the same metal as the pin the whip of a master of the hounds. His large blue eyes, faultlessly regular features, exquisite teeth, and dazzling complexion made him one of those men who hourly escape affront by not hearing people say, "He's pretty enough for a girl;" and he was just saved from weak effeminacy by the expression of his eyes and mouth.—The former, though amiable and confiding, wore a profound thoughtfulness which bordered settled melancholy, and the latter a sadness and firm purpose almost stern.

Some Genius, either with the view of keeping easily discouraged natures off the Hog Scramble road by adding another to its long list of disagreeables, which should halt them and give them one last chance to reflect before they risked their patience, their pockets, and their persons by its further pursuit, or of stimulating antagonistic minds to enter it by an additional obstacle to overcome, had erected a toll-gate on it about a mile out of Owlieville.

Here the driver stopped his buggy, and by repeated yells of "Halloo, the house!" succeeded in resuscitating, sufficiently to open the gate, a shock-headed cider-drunkard of advanced years, who waddled out, bringing with him the peculiar sour, bung-holey atmosphere of his class, and grumbled for five minutes, while he was making change, at the willful eccentricity which had led one man in particular to disturb another who was nice and drunk in bed, or any man in general to select the Hog Scramble road for a pleasure drive at three o'clock in the morning.

"What the divil," hiccoughed old Suggs, "err *you* doin' out here this time? Didn't know any o' them Hog Scramble folks ever took no medicine excep' a raw-hemp neck-poultice! Joe Gooch's wife goin' to have another young un?"

"This young friend of mine wants to reach the early boat that don't stop at Bennettsburgh. Going to take him over to Hawke's Bluff—that's all," answered the driver, politely. "Never mind the change—in a hurry—good-night, Suggs. Cheer up! lasses, g' long!" and the buggy was out of sight while the bung-holey atmosphere still lingered round the gate.

"Damn his old blear eyes!" ejaculated the driver, in a tone of vexation. "He knew me!"

"I was surprised you told him where we were going," said the other, in a low, soft voice.

"Wouldn't have done any good to lie to him. He never's drunk enough not to find out every body else's business, and as he always takes for granted people are lying to him, the surest way of throwing him off the scent is to tell him the truth. Ten to one he thinks we're going up to a notorious horse-thief's—that Joe Gooch he spoke of—to make a cheap bargain for some extra fine animal he can't warrant title for; and even if he believes us in this case, I don't care—we'll be in New Orleans before any body thinks of coming this way to look for us. By Heavens, that Hawke's Bluff idea was a good one, darling!"

And bending over, the driver pressed his lips upon those of his girlish-looking comrade.

"Were you cold sitting all day in that dark cellar under the old Roost?" he continued.

"No; these clothes keep me warmer than the dress that's natural to me. I was more afraid than cold; my teeth chattered every time I heard a ring at your bell."

"No reason for fear. Old Polly's been a servant in the Dalmager family since she was born. She's mum as death; besides, she really thinks you're a boy run away from a cruel schoolmaster, and is as much enlisted as I am in the idea of taking you home to your only surviving friend. Oh, my beauty! How well you look in that suit, though! I declare I hadn't any idea that even a New York tailor could make one to fit you so, and send it by express, without ever setting eyes on you, just by a measure you took yourself! I shall be almost tempted to have you wear it occasionally after we get to Paris. It would be the very thing for the Carnival Bal Masqué, though I'm afraid that before morning I should be slitting somebody's weasand out of pure jealousy, if I ever let you enter the Grand Opera *coulisses* in that tempting Epicene raiment!"

"Oh, darling Derrick! don't be afraid of that. I wouldn't for the world go to a ball in these things. I never want to see them again as long as I live after I get beyond the necessity of wearing them. I want to forget every thing but you that belongs to this terrible hour."

The young comrade shuddered, and clinging to the driver's free arm, buried in his bosom the golden head that looked so girlish, with a sigh that came from the heart's very bottom.

"*Do* forget then, sweet love! By to-morrow morning every association which could recall the bitter past will be many a mile behind. Other earth and trees, other waters—all except the sky itself will be changed. The bitter servitude of an unworthy marriage—contact with a nature that is like moonshine, and milk, and ice will no longer make life one long, dull, dead pain to my darling's pure wine, and honey, and fire. A new heaven and a new earth will be yours, beautiful, beautiful one! My heart seems lifted up on wings when I think that I am the sun that warms it; my love the air that gives it breath."

Again he clasped his comrade passionately to his bosom, while the strong, fleet bays, regardless of the rocky road, struck fire at every stride from their well-shod hoofs.

"And how long will it take us to reach Paris?" again spoke the low, soft voice eagerly.

"To-morrow at eight o'clock we shall be on board the *Blue-Grass Belle*. She has no cargo to take in (I have had full inquiries made for me of her New Orleans consignees) after she reaches Dufton; so to-morrow afternoon we will be beyond the danger of any acquaintance coming on board. Till then you will have to look at our beautiful river from your state-room windows; after that, if no one does come (and may the acquaintance who does be blown up the next time he goes down the river!), we'll have the whole boat to ourselves. It don't touch land at all on the Ohio or the Mississippi. We'll stop in New Orleans only long enough for you to change back into the dress that belongs to you and provide the trifling outfit necessary for the sea voyage—nobody of course thinks of buying clothes when he's going straight to Paris. A week from to-morrow the regular New York steamer sails, calling at Havana. We stop there instead of going on to New York—have a delightful fortnight among the palms and oranges, with time enough to see all there is to see on the entire island, and avoid the risk of meeting any body we know (and such people are always turning up if you especially don't want them!), which we would run if we went on to New York. Twice a month a steamer leaves Havana for Havre—we take that and twelve days land us in the Champs Elysées. Let's see—one, two, four, six—yes! in less than six weeks we shall be at home—at home, darling! in our cozy little *appartemens*, with your boudoir furnished *à ravir*, our trim little maid and valet, our gray, respectable old *concierge* tolling his keys solemner than the bell of any Yankee meeting-house, our charming little *dejeuners à la carte* at eleven o'clock, and you in your lovely morning robe fresh as a rose, pouring the coffee; our rides in the Bois, our joyous evenings at the Opera, our sunny mornings at Versailles, our sweet days and nights—yes! our whole lives long with each other—all in heavenly Paris—genuine yet poetic as if just stepped out from one of Meissonier's frames or Dumas's pages!"

"*Our whole lives long with each other.*"

So spoke the eloquent driver; and there was no voice to say,

"*Et après?*"

"'Dost like the picture,' my beautiful Pauline?"

She only answered by looking into his face with one of those glances which would have betrayed the woman had her masculine disguise been even a greater miracle of the tailor than it was, and worn with the *aplomb* of a Mrs. John Wood or a Dejazet. One of those glances which none but a woman gives, and only a woman can give. A glance of such utter absorption in the object looked at—such happy, tyrannous subjection of self to another—such unreserved giving away of self, soul and body, life that now is and that which is to come, to be loved and led, cherished and used for all times and purposes, even if to be trampled on and slain shall befall the giver. A glance of surrendered will and partaken destiny, of unquestioning worship, of im-

"PUNISHED! O GOD, PUNISHED!"

measurable peace of faith without flaw—of *woman's love!* Such a glance as must make any man shudder if he have not fathomed his own heart well and seen, not that he has the same thing to give back, for that man has not, but that in all that heart there is nothing he will not give. A glance that makes its receiver responsible for treasure beggaring a kingdom.

Derrick saw it and did not tremble: for, right in wrong, however wicked he might be to others in being true to her, he knew that he gave her all the love a woman's heart could ask. Passionately he caught her to his breast and kissed her again and again.

Then he resumed the conversation, telling her of the arrangements he had made to sell all his property in Kentucky, and have the funded proceeds sent to him in Paris—of his determination to make that his permanent home, and never to return to America any more.

"It will be like what Mr. Pulpiduster talks about, dear," said he, laughingly; "we shall be born again! We shall begin a life as new as if we had come into another world. I long for it so! My past has been so terribly, bitterly lonely. I never cared to live from day to day till I knew you, and now 'my life is to me more dear because 'tis dear to some one else!' Six weeks more, and we shall forget that there ever was a time when we were not each other's. O God! the days before I knew that you could be taught to love me—and saw that oaf kissing you like a great, meek, slobber-chapped boy kissing his aunt, while I was burning if I touched your finger-tips—I'll forget them! Sweet, sweet! It's like a heavenly dream to think they're past forever, and the bliss I waited for so long is right at my lips—never, *never* to be taken away, by night or day, any more!"

In a rapturous delirium the lovely creature lay with her head on her lover's breast, and for a mile they rode silently through the moonlight, feeling it heaven simply to be near each other—to touch each other and thrill all through without one rude, inadequate syllable of human speech to break the spell.

Descending into a green valley—the first fertile strip they had crossed since beginning to climb the arid hills—a beautiful brook appeared across their way, running out of a chain of dense woods on a hill about a furlong to the right. As the chant of its waters came chiming into their sweet reverie, the lovelier dreamer was aroused, and asked what stream it was.

"It is the last of the old associations we have to break away from," answered Derrick. "I'm sorry we couldn't have passed it without your knowing—it's Garnet Run."

"What—here!" cried his companion, in a startled tone.

"Oh yes. This road makes steadily toward the brook from the time we leave Owlieville; when we cross it we're not a mile from the old house we bid our last good-by to yesterday morning. That fringe of woods that shuts the horizon up there is part of the Dalmager demesne. 'The Pool' is only a few rods inside its edge. The Run must be fed by some new springs up there, I think, for immediately after it issues from that narrow chasm below the basin it becomes quite a deep, smooth stream, very different from the brawler it is above; and with the exception of this one rocky ledge across it where you hear the water singing right by the bridge, it remains a steady little river down its whole course till it empties into the Cumberland. It's very rapid, but so even that, when I was a boy, I often used to make a raft of old posts and sail all the way from our woods to this bridge without once bumping bottom."

The beautiful eyes grew sadder as they drew nearer the stream, and seemed fascinated so that they could not withdraw themselves. As the horses' hoofs struck the bridge, Derrick divined his companion's thoughts, and called his horses to "come up," that he might hurry her out of the brook's painful presence. But suddenly—lying wedged in between the bank and the cattle-gate that swung from the bridge's floor to the surface of the water—a strange white object at once caught the eyes of both, and, with a cry of terror, the lady seized her lover's arm.

"Oh, stop! stop!" she implored him. "What is that? See—for God's sake, dear Derrick, stop and see!"

He reined his horses and looked across the bridge-rail. The bank shelved over the water, and the recess beneath it, further obscured by the gate-boards, was so dark that, with the moonlight reflection from the surface of the stream throwing a dazzling cross-light into his eyes, he could but dimly get the outline of the object.

"I should think," said Derrick, after a moment's pause, "from the looks and the likelihoods, that it was one of my lambs drowned in the Run. They often get in from the woods, trying to leap the Pool. I shall have to fence that Pool!—well, that is, my successor had better. Poor little thing!"

"No! Look, Derrick! That white's not fleece! it's too long—see it ripple up and down with the stream—it's a garment of some sort. Oh, Derrick, it's a dress! My God, it's a child's dress!"

They leaned from the buggy as far as they could, pale as snow—their hearts leaped into their throats and stood pulseless.

"Yes," spoke Derrick, presently, with a tremor in even his deep bass voice—"yes, I believe you're right; it's a child!"

He leaped from the carriage and fastened his horse to the bridge-rail, Mrs. Kearney following him before he could return to help her down. They clambered over the fence at the road-side and ran to the water's-edge. Derrick, holding on by the end of the gate, swung himself over the in-shelving bank and caught at the white object which lay fluttering in the ripples to find it what they had thought. Then he stretched himself out prone, and, looking under the bank, saw—O God! what a sight for him!

With her little face white as her garment, but lying quite out of water on a broad, smooth stone—with a little crimson thread oozing from an ugly gash near the temple, and the waist of her dress caught on a splintered branch projecting from a floating billet of drift-wood, wedged between the bank and the gate—lay Lily Kearney.

"What is it? Oh, Derrick, quick—I am going wild with fear! What is it?"

There was no time to prepare her mind for the answer. Tactless and tactful alike: the most merciful-hearted lover, unless, like Christ, he held the keys of death, the most ensanguined assassin, and the most besotted boor must have found themselves on the same level of helplessness before the problem of breaking this news. Must have done as, with a groan of speechless agony, Derrick did—pulling out the little drowned lamb that was not of his fold, and laying her down on the meadow grass at her poor mother's feet.

The wretched woman uttered the piercing shriek that has gone up, rending all ears and hearts since Eve and Abel—the cry that makes the whole earth Rama—and fell, soul-stricken, dead as her child.

But such sorrow can not really die. A little uneasiness in an involuntary muscle, a little laceration of some tiny vessel, a little disorder in an insensible gland—to these death is granted—quick, certain, merciful. But the greatest agonies of life—pangs contrasted with which the rack were a bed of down—to these come no boon of extinction; their only respite is a moment's unconsciousness with a tenfold awful waking; and they even seem to confer on the sufferer the Kehama gift of an inexorable vitality. So, almost before Derrick could sprinkle on her face a handful of water from the Run, the poor mother revived to her unbearable punishment. Who but a mother's self shall paint, or, reading, understand, the torture which she felt as she sat pressing her pale, broken Lily to her breast, rocking to and fro, and moaning:

"Punished! O God, punished! My lamb is dead, and I have killed her!"

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

SOME general items respecting the graduating class of Yale College may be of interest, even to our *lady* readers. From the *College Courant* we learn that the total height of the 106 men who graduated is 607 feet 4-56 inches. The average height is 5 feet 8-76 inches. The tallest man is 6 feet 1 inch. Three others measure within half an inch. The shortest man is 5 feet 3¼ inches. The whole class weighs 15,152 pounds; average, 143 pounds. Aggregate age, 2394 years, 6 months, 17 days; average, 22 years, 4 months, 17 days. The oldest graduate is 29 years, 8 months; the youngest 19 years. In regard to professions elect, the record stands thus: Law 32, theology 18, business 13, medicine 5, teachers 3, civil engineers 2, editors 2, fruit-grower 1, undecided 30. Twenty-four expect to teach during the first year out. As to personal appearance, the descriptions given relate chiefly to the color of the hair, and the style in which the mustache—if any—is worn. Seven, however, wear eye-glasses, and three wear spectacles, which record speaks well for the eye-sight of the majority. And lastly, quoting from the matrimonial statistics, we find that the number engaged is 19; once engaged, but not now, 2; engaged to three girls, 1; engaged to two girls, 3; arrangements not quite completed, 21; not reciprocated, 7; unsuccessful, 4; indifferent, 5; vow of celibacy, 3. Several "not accounted for" remaining, the inference is that they are "in the market," it being Leap-Year.

Among the accidents which occurred on the Fourth, one of peculiar sadness took place at Sanbornton Bridge, New Hampshire. A little girl, five years old, was firing India-crackers in company with some other children, when her clothing took fire, and before assistance could be rendered she was so badly injured that, after three hours of intense suffering, she died. She was an interesting child, and the event cast a gloom over the entire village where she lived.

The sudden death of Mr. Vassar, the generous founder of Vassar College at Poughkeepsie, overshadowed the usually joyous exercises of Commencement Day. He died at the college, while attending the annual meeting of the board of trustees, even while he himself was addressing them. He has left a beautiful monument to his memory in the college for young women which bears his name, and which is admirably organized and managed. Previous to Mr. Vassar's death $500,000 had been placed in the hands of the trustees to enable them to carry out the designs of the founder. An additional sum is left to the college in his will of not less than $325,000, of which $50,000 is to constitute a "Lecture Fund," for the employment of celebrated lecturers not connected with the faculty; $50,000 for an "Auxiliary Fund," to aid indigent young women in their education; $50,000 is to be a "Library, Art, and Cabinet Fund;" $75,000 to pay a bond given by the trustees; the residue of his estate, or about $100,000, a fund for the improvement of the buildings and grounds.

"All sorts and patterns of good girls and pleasant women," remarks a recent writer, as a sort of apology, after having lashed the whole sex unmercifully, "are very dear and delightful; but the pearl of great price is the thoroughly natural and unaffected woman—that is, the woman who is truthful to her core, and who would as little condescend to act a pretense as she would dare to tell a lie."

The cubic contents of St. Paul's Cathedral are, in round numbers, 5,000,000 feet, the dome itself containing 2,000,000 feet. This vast edifice is thoroughly warmed by the use of the Gurney stoves, thirteen of which are placed in the crypt, and have large gratings over them through which the warm air ascends, while others are provided with downcasts for the cold descending current to be warmed. The average cost of the fuel consumed during the winter months is not more than five English shillings per week. There is seldom a variation of more than 20° Fahrenheit in any part of the Cathedral, the average temperature being about 54°.

The "freak of nature" recently described in a Wisconsin paper as "roses in full blossom on an apple-tree," inspired an Eastern farmer to search his apple-trees for roses, and he found a couple, as he thought, one of which he sent to the editor of the New Bedford *Mercury*, in proof of the fact. The editor whereupon remarks: "We believe it is just as much a rose as the one of Western growth, and that both are fine specimens of a double apple-blossom."

A great sale of autograph manuscripts of Sir Walter Scott's novels and poems is announced to take place soon in London. There are also proof-sheets of many of the novels, and about eighty notes, written on business during the progress of the works through the press. The proof-sheets are curious, for on them Sir Walter made his corrections and alterations. He wrote rapidly and carelessly, trusting to revising, when the proof was before him.

A submarine lamp has been invented in France, which consists merely of a common oil-lamp, supplied with compressed oxygen from a reservoir at the bottom. During a recent experiment a diver kept one under water twenty-five minutes, and the light was so powerful that he could distinctly see to write with a diamond on glass within a radius of six feet.

An Indian paper gives an account of a "suttee case" which has recently occurred. A woman living in the Cawnpore district received tidings of the death of her husband, a Brahmin, at Mhow. She showed great emotion, and soon announced her intention of sacrificing herself. The Pundit of the family being sent for, advised the test to be applied—viz., that her hand should be placed over a lighted lamp to see if she could bear the pain. The lamp was brought, the widow herself placed her hand over the flame, and kept it there until it was blackened and blistered, declaring that she felt no pain; she was then declared worthy to perform the sacrifice. The next morning some of the family started with the widow for Bithoor, for the purpose of performing funeral rites for the deceased husband. On arriving at the field the "suttee" mounted the pyre, and gave instructions that her son should set fire to it. This son, a youth of about eighteen years of age, fired the grass. On the flames rising, the "suttee" half rose from her sitting posture, on seeing which the spectators murmured in dissatisfaction, but the woman immediately resumed her seat, and signed with her hand that she had no intention of evading the sacrifice. Shortly after some of the by-standers threw on more wood, the flames rose and surrounded the victim, and the sacrifice was consummated. The spectators then brought flowers and offerings of various kinds, threw them on the embers, and dispersed. The district superintendent subsequently arrested all who took part in this sacrifice, except the chief offender, the widow's son, who escaped from the district

The following "item" is going the rounds: "A lady in New York, not long since, received a visit from a friend, who, in the course of a conversation, remarked, 'What a beautiful carpet you have!' The lady having heard 'Brussels' used in connection with handsome carpets, supposed it to be the maker's name, and replied, 'Yes, it is one Mr. Brussels has just sent up!'" Very likely this is entirely true; but, true or false, it will be extensively quoted as proof that New York ladies know very little. But here is another "item" which matches it, and should go along with it. A week or two ago a party of richly-dressed ladies, accompanied by a stylish young gentleman, were strolling through the Academy of Design. While standing in front of one of the pictures, one of the ladies referred to her catalogue and said, "This is 'Helen on the Walls of Troy.'" "Yes," remarked the young gentleman, "that is near *Albany*, I believe!" To go back, however, to Brussels carpets. It is pretty generally understood that this kind of carpet derives its name from Brussels, the capital of Belgium, which place is also celebrated for the manufacture of lace, looking-glasses, carriages, and many other commodities. Brussels carpets, however, are manufactured in many places—in France, England, Scotland, and America. They are made upon a ground of linen weft, which is concealed by worsted threads interlaced with it. These threads are usually of five different colors; in weaving these run the length of the web, and the pattern is formed by bringing to the surface rows of loops of the desired colors. A round wire is passed through these loops until they are made firm. Four colors always lie beneath the one that appears on the surface, and thus the carpet is thick and heavy. The Wilton carpet differs from the Brussels in having the loops cut before the wire is removed, thus giving it a velvety appearance. Various methods have been devised to simplify the processes of making Brussels carpets. Sometimes threads are dyed in colors, in the succession they are required; sometimes the carpet is woven plain, and printed with rollers afterward. But, of course, these varieties are far less durable than the genuine Brussels.

Green wall-paper is believed to be very injurious from the arsenic used in making it. A scientific journal says: "We have analyzed wall-papers which contained from ten to fifty grains of arsenic to every square foot."

"Poor Humanity," a novel by the author of "Christie's Faith," and other entertaining works of fiction, has been dramatized in London. The art of compressing a lengthy novel into the space occupied by an ordinary drama is not an easy one; but if the result in this instance does not satisfy the critic, it appears to suit the ordinary play-goer. There are plenty of striking scenes, and each act is worked up to an effective climax. The dialogue of the novel has, when practicable, been transferred bodily to the drama. The play has been warmly received at Surrey Theatre.

When Willie tumbles off a chair and bumps his head the first thing mamma does is to ask him where he is hurt, and the second is to hush his crying. Now, it is seldom of any use, in the first moment, to ask for the hurt spot—the longer the child is telling where it is the harder he cries. And a French physician writes a long dissertation upon the advantages of groaning and crying in general, by which performances, he assures us, nature allays anguish. Therefore the crying of children when in physical or mental pain should not be so much deplored by parents, nor systematically repressed, since it is a natural relief to the nervous system. Parents and friends may be more indulgent to noisy bursts of grief if they regard the eyes and mouth as safety-valves.

It is asserted that the fine green leaves of the red raspberry, gathered in a fair day, and cured in an open room, are not inferior to the China teas; and, furthermore, if they are shipped to China and back, that they will be superior.

The Sultan's emeralds are said to be the largest in the world—one weighs 1050 drachms. The pearls in the imperial treasury are unique in form, and some are as large as pigeons' eggs. One of them, shaped like a pear, and white as snow, is no less than two centimetres in thickness. Among the rich jewels of great value is a brooch, ornamented with 280 large brilliants.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

YEARLY SUBSCRIBER.—One of our best furnishing houses is making a specialty this season of calico morning dresses that are sold at $4 50 and $5 when completed. Such as you allude to are made sacque-shaped, the body and skirt in one, with a sloped seam down the centre of the back and under each arm. Coat-sleeves and turn-down collar. Pearl buttons down the front. Pockets with flaps slit downward. Bind the skirt with braid that has been well shrunk. Bias hems and facings are seldom well ironed, and the plain binding is quite sufficient on thick calico. A band of striped calico of the color of the figure in the dress will serve for trimming, or a wide braid of white mixed with a color. Border the sleeves top and bottom, also the collar, pockets, and belt. Fasten the belt permanently at the back, making a pointed lap in front buttoned with two buttons.

Cut the plaid muslin as a sacque by the same pattern as the calico, but half a yard or three-quarters shorter in the skirt. Finish out the length with a wide flounce with a three-inch hem at the bottom, and a ruffle at the top edge gathered by a cord. Trim the coat-sleeve with a ruffle or with cambric edging. Be careful that the shoulder seams are not very long. The trimming at the top of the sleeves makes the shoulders appear broad enough. Long shoulder seams are uncomfortable and unfashionable. Wear a colored belt and large ribbon bow at the throat. If your neck is short and fair cut the dress very low in the neck, and wear a black velvet ribbon tied at the back with long ends or clasped with a locket in front. Caution your laundress against putting too much starch in your muslins.

COMMON SENSE.—It is not "a vulgar error to suppose that plants are unwholesome in a room at night and wholesome by day." This, on the contrary, is a scientific fact, which is thus explained: Plants in the daytime purify the atmosphere by taking the carbon of the poisonous carbonic acid gas (carbon-oxygen) produced by the breathing of animals, and leaving the oxygen essential to all respiration of living beings. During the night, however, plants give out this poisonous gas of carbonic acid, and consequently corrupt the air. Care, therefore, should be taken to avoid sleeping in a close apartment where there are plants.

ANNA.—The sulphur bath alluded to by you is made by mixing five ounces of sulphuret of potash with as much hot water (98°) as can be contained in an ordinary bath tub. It is to be used as any other warm bath.

GENTLEMAN.—Large umbrellas of white alpaca are occasionally carried by gentlemen on Broadway. They are very much used at the watering-places. Those of white gingham and linen are more serviceable than alpaca.

COUNTRY GIRL.—Neck-ties, or large bows, or loose sailor's knots, are worn at the throat with wide linen collars. Striped ribbon, or a solid color of a becoming shade, is selected. The ends are raveled out to form fringe.

EFFIE.—We are sorry that we are unable to oblige you; but a little reflection will show you that it is impossible for us to give in our Supplements special patterns that may be called for. These patterns are arranged in Europe, with a view to giving the greatest possible variety, and are forwarded some time previous to their publication. You see, therefore, that it would be impossible to give particular patterns in the next Number, as we are often requested to do. Our great variety of patterns covers a wide range of useful articles, and is calculated to meet the needs of the majority.

MENAGE.—If a man marries a woman owing debts he is bound to pay them, but only to the extent of the property he acquired by the marriage: but the woman, on the other hand, is not bound to pay the husband's debts under any circumstances.

STUDENT.—The passage is a quotation from Lord Bacon, and will be found in the preface to his Essays. "I do now publish," he says, "my Essays, which of all my other works have been most current; for that, as it seems, *they come home to men's business and bosoms.*"

TRAVELER.—No passports were ever necessary for traveling in England; and they are, we believe, no longer required of English and American travelers, either in France or in Germany.

X. Y.—In saluting, the first recognition is conceded to be the lady's privilege; it is supposed to be a politeness to leave to her the right of accepting or refusing the acquaintance. Where, however, there is intimacy, there need be no question as to who is to offer the first courtesy. Both may do so simultaneously.

B. A.—Sugar *is* nutritious, and an essential element of all human diet; but this is no reason why it should be eaten in excess, although it probably has a worse name than it deserves, and does not do all the harm it is supposed to. Its bad effect is negative rather than positive. The eating of sugar in excess does its chief mischief by satiating the appetite, and thus preventing it from seeking that variety of food essential to health. It also, from the readiness with which it is converted into acid, often injures the teeth and weakens the digestion.

CASUIST.—No; decidedly no.

JONES.—You are wrong; your story is a good one to tell to the marines, but there is no such law. It is an old superstition that, upon an order to take the body of the debtor, a corpse can be taken in the coffin, and we have often heard this same story of the friends of the departed contributing to pay the cruel creditor, and releasing the corpse. There is no property in a dead body, and the coffin belongs to the executor.

CHARLES F.—You must give us more particulars before we can undertake to give an opinion.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We refer you to our answer to Effie.

KALLISTON.—To the beautifying influence of BURNETT'S KALLISTON thousands of ladies owe the preservation of their complexions during the season. Apply it in the evening, and it will undo all the mischief the wind and sun may have done to the skin during the day. Tan, freckles, morphew, redness, prickly-heat, blotches, etc., vanish under its cooling, purifying operation, like mists wafted away by the breeze.—[*Com.*]

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by News-dealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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FACETIÆ.

Two French actresses recently engaged in a violent altercation, in the course of which the question of age was broached. The younger was just getting the better of her adversary when she suddenly paused, and pathetically exclaimed: "Oh, *Ciel! Ciel!* what have I done? Abused her—called her such names! I never knew who was my mother, and she might be!"

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

He never smiled again—his lips
Were never wreathed with dimples merry.
His mirth had suffered an eclipse,
And he looked melancholy, very!

He never smiled again—his face
From that sad hour was fixed so grimly,
Nor sign of joy you there could trace,
But only sorrow shadowed dimly.

He never smiled again—beneath
Their cruel power what griefs restrained him?
He'd been a martyr to his teeth—
But, oh, it was not they that pained him.

For he had lost them every one—
Ay, one by one, his jaws they quitted;
'Twas then his business was done—
He went to get his mouth refitted.

And certain wicked dentists had
(I think it right the world should know it)
Put in a set so false and bad,
He never smiled lest he should show it.

A CANDID BANKRUPT.—At a recent examination of a bankrupt, it was observed that he kept a great number of banking accounts. "I see," said the learned judge, "that you have had six or seven bankers; what could you want so many for?" "To overdraw them, to be sure," was the frank and candid reply.

In a certain family a pair of twins made their appearance, and were shown to their little sister of four years. It happened that whenever a rather prolific cat of the house had kittens the prettiest were saved and the rest drowned. When the twins were shown the child by their happy father, she looked at them earnestly, and at length, putting her little finger tip on the cheek of one of them, looked up, and said, with all the seriousness possible, "Papa, I think we'll save this one."

Geographicus writes to inform us that the river Nile, in its infancy, was called the Juve-nile. We don't believe it.

UNANIMITY.—"We must all be unanimous," observed Hancock, on the occasion of signing the Declaration of Independence; "there must be no pulling different ways." "Yes," observed Franklin, "we must all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

YOUNG ADDERS.—A Boston teacher, who in a fit of vexation called her pupils a set of young adders, on being reproved for her language, apologized by saying that she was speaking to those just commencing arithmetic.

"A FRIEND IN NEED."

The baker and his customer
A kindred nature show:
The latter needs the "staff of life,"
The former *kneads* the dough!

NE PLUS ULTRA.—Why is the Gold Coast the best place to go to to have your leg cut off?—Because you will find the knee-grows there.

MELTING.—To plunge a young lady six fathoms deep in happiness, give her two canary-birds, half a dozen moonbeams, fifteen yards of silk, an ice-cream, several rose-buds, a squeeze of the hand, and a promise of a new bonnet. If she won't melt, it will be because she can't.

QUITE CLEAR.—A Sunday-school boy was recently asked what conscience is. He replied, "An inward monitor." On being pressed for the definition of a monitor, he replied, "One of the iron-clads." We have not heard conscience compared to iron; but have repeatedly heard the expression, "He *steels* his heart against conviction."

Bishop Meade, of Virginia, once said: "Our girls are poorly educated, but our boys will never find it out."

PIN-MONEY—What is expended in bowling alleys.

A real estate agent informs the public that he has "a beautiful cottage for sale, containing ten rooms and eight acres of land."

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

Subscription.—The cover to good works, with a monogram outside.
Suburbs.—The whiskers on a city's face.
Sugar.—Like a sweet temper makes much insipidity agreeable.
Summer.—That which one swallow does not make; but which makes one swallow any thing iced.
Swell.—A bubble on the sea of pleasure.
Sword.—A glittering blade which makes most havoc in female hearts.
Taste.—A sense denied to most, and abused by many.
Tea.—The beverage which cheers three times three for China, and a little one over for Assam.
Tender.—The quality which tugs many a man-of-war to port.
Tenor.—A rare bird with golden eggs.

DRESS MATERIAL FOR THE SEA-SHORE—Surge.

A boy eight years old, in one of our public schools, having been told that a *reptile* "is an animal that creeps," on being asked to name one, promptly and triumphantly replied, "*a baby.*"

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," applies particularly to advice.

An old salt sitting on a wharf, the other day, very soberly remarked: "I began the world with nothing, and I have held my own ever since." A terse and suggestive biography.

A Kentuckian becoming incensed at the boastfulness of an Englishman as to the superiority of British inventions, exclaimed—"Pshaw! They are of no account. Why, a house-painter in my neighborhood grained a door so exactly in imitation of oak, that last year it put forth leaves, and grew an excellent crop of acorns; and another fellow, up in Iowa, has just taught ducks to swim in hot water, and with such success that they lay boiled eggs!" The Englishman from that time exhibited a modest and subdued air.

"What is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner at a school exhibition. "The chief use of bread," answered the urchin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, "is to spread butter and molasses on."

The reason why whales frequent the North Pole is probably because they supply the "northern lights" with oil.

A NEW FEATURE IN HATS.—A couple of countrymen, looking at some new hats at one of our hatters, were delighted with a sample that had a small mirror on the inside of the crown; "it being put there," as one of them said, "so that a fellow can always tell just how his hat fits him."

Quilp, who has heretofore been a Universalist, now believes there are two things destined to be eternally lost—his umbrella and the man who stole it.

Arago once confidently announced that a big comet that was approaching the earth would not destroy it. "How do you know?" he was asked. "I don't know," he replied; "but in either case I am safe. If it does not knock the world to pieces, I shall be considered a prophet; if it does, they can't blow me up in the newspapers."

"How many regular, steady boarders are there in this house?" asked a census taker of a servant-girl. "There's fifteen boarders in all, Sir, but not more'n four of 'em is *steady* persons, Sir."

The wicked-est man in New York must be a tallow-chandler.

"My dear Sir," said an election acquaintance, accosting a sturdy wag on the day of election, "I am very glad to see you." "Needn't be—I've voted," was the reply.

AN ARCHITECTURAL INCLINATION—The leaning tower at Pisa.

AN UNFORTUNATE LOVER.—The young gentleman who sang

"My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee,"

was solemnly assured by the young lady's parental relative that it would be quite impossible to support a family from the receipts of such a store, and was earnestly enjoined not to undertake the experiment with any member of his household. The heartless wretch!

The-odorus ought to have a fragrant memory.

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CARD-BOARD COTTAGES.

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The material employed is perforated card, and the model for copying may be selected from any drawings at hand of pretty suburban villas or graceful cottage residences.

Having selected your model, first cut a pattern out of paper of the two gables and one side together in one piece, not forgetting, if there are dormer windows, to include the fronts of them in the pattern. Mark carefully with a lead-pencil the outline of the pattern upon fine perforated card, and then cut it smoothly out with scissors or penknife, allowing a margin along the peaks of the gables about a quarter of an inch for turning down.

Next mark out with a pencil the shapes of doors and windows, and with a sharp penknife cut them smoothly, following the rows of holes, and not forgetting to leave the divisions in the windows to represent panes: the narrow strips between the rows answer nicely for these.

For cottages such as we are supposed to be describing the windows will look well with only four panes of glass. Diamond-shaped panes can be made quite as readily as square when the style of architecture calls for them.

Have ready a little thick white gum-arabic, and prepare the mouldings for the windows and doors by gumming together narrow strips of card, cutting in every third row for the widest, and in every second for the next, with the width between two rows for the top layer; these may be cut the proper length and joined very neatly in the corners when gummed in place around the outside edges of the windows. In some cases the dividing lines between the panes may be cut wider and moulded in this way, and they may be very much varied to suit the shapes and designs of the buildings under consideration.

NET BREAKFAST CAP WITH CAPE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 33.

Thus, for large windows heavier mouldings will be required, and for small ones two layers will look better than three.

Having completed this part, we must next gum on pieces of mica over the windows on the inside, and over these may be placed pieces of colored paper, buff, blue, crimson, or green, according to taste, but all of one color; or, if preferred, some arrangement to represent lace curtains can be substituted; uniformity throughout will, however, have a better effect.

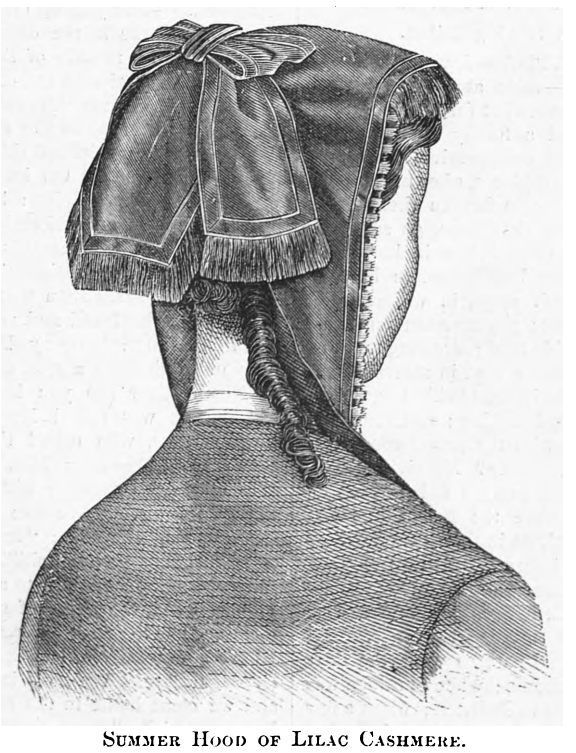
When all the mouldings, etc., are finished, the walls may be set up. First fold the card for the corners of the house, marking it with a penknife (not cutting through) on the inside; this will leave the outside angle smooth and unbroken, forming neat, square corners.

The two gables and one side of the house are now ready; next prepare the other side, cutting and finishing it to correspond with the first, but allow card enough to turn in about a quarter of an inch on each end. Fold this margin so as to make neat corners like the others, and put a little gum on the outside of the portions turned down, when the side may be slipped into its place, the gummed parts fitting inside against the gable walls, and thus holding all together. If done neatly, it will hardly be possible to discover where it has been joined.

This will probably keep the walls firmly in place; but if not, strips of white paper gummed on the inside corners may be added; then, in order to form a margin by which the whole structure may be fastened to the board used as a foundation, a strip of plain white card, one inch wide, and just the length of the side, may be folded lengthwise and gummed along the lower inside edge, so that, when placed upon the foundation, the other folded half of the strip will rest flat upon the board. This being also gummed or glued will cause it to stick firmly to the base in an upright position.

After setting up the walls the roof is next to be cut out and fitted, and this may be done easily if a paper pattern be first accurately prepared; this latter precaution will prevent all danger of waste in the card-board through mistakes. In cutting the shape allow for a suitable margin for the projecting eaves, and an ornamental drooping edge on the gables. Now mark the card

BREAKFAST CAP WITH SCARF STRINGS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 32.



SUMMER HOOD OF LILAC CASHMERE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 16.

through the centre of the roof to form the peak just as the corners were done, and bend it properly. Next, mark the drooping gable edges and turn them down, cutting out a triangular piece in the centre, which will make it fit properly in the points. The little openings around the dormer windows must be cut out, and then the roof will fit down nicely; the edges of the gable walls which were turned over may now be gummed on the upper side, and the roof pressed down upon them, which will hold it firmly in place. These drooping edges over the gables may be cut according to one's fancy—scalloped, pointed, or with figures cut out and plain edge, and they add very much to the beauty of the design.

The dormer windows having been cut with the side, need only to be bent at the sides, and tasteful roofs, with drooping edges like the gables, gummed neatly on. The chimneys may be made square, with a top put on to extend a little beyond the sides, but not turn over the edge. Several layers should be gummed on the sides and top so as to form panels and moulding, and then being cut to fit the point of the roof, they can easily be fastened on by the gum.

If there is to be a piazza or veranda, the pillars may be made by gumming together several strips of card of different widths, each strip being narrower than the last, until it approaches a square. If bases are desired, a square piece of the card, with graduating smaller ones above it, until the size corresponds with the thickness of the pillar, is then to be gummed on; for a small cottage or villa they are much prettier and more graceful without a base, and prettiest and lightest-looking of all are the graceful little supports for the roof formed of a narrow strip of card, say a quarter of an inch wide, cut in open-work figures. They are much more in keeping with the kind of architecture than any thing heavy.

The floor of the piazza is made by marking and bending the card so as to form steps on the front edge, and on the back a margin to gum against the wall. The roof is put on in the same

BREAKFAST CAP WITH PINK RIBBON TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 34 and 35.

way, only that the outer edge can be turned up, and, if cut prettily beforehand, will form a fancy railing around the top, finishing it as an upper veranda or balcony. The little supports described may then be gummed on the front, and thus the piazza will be completed.

Any other little ornament that the model may call for, or that may suggest themselves to the fancy, may now be added. The panels of closed doors can be well represented by laying on graduated strips in the way described, and the roofs of bay-windows by piling on layer after layer until the proper shape is obtained.

The color of the card used may either be white or colored, according to taste; if stone-color is preferred, two shades should be employed, and the mouldings should be made of the darker shade. The white is, however, most admired, and the contrast between the bright colors in the windows and the purely white walls is very pretty.

Graceful little summer-houses and rustic bridges may be made in the same way, and when the artist has completed one specimen he will be sure to try something further, as the beauty and novelty of the production will surprise and delight him.

Remember always to use the *finest* card; that with large holes will make coarse work.

The board on which the cottage is placed may be afterward

ornamented with moss, or merely sanded. A simple walnut stand will, however, look very well.

When completed it will be better protected from dust by being kept under a glass shade.

TO A LADY

WHO DECLINED AN INVITATION.

"You would not go with me," you said;
It would not do, it was not proper;
Which put to my request a stopper.
I went alone—at home you staid.

Yet, thinking afterward upon it,
I voted it an awful bore,
That you, and I, and many more,
Without a word to quiz and con it;

Could not a simple journey make,
Could not a trifling visit pay,
That we should be constrained to say,
In whispered words, with hearts that quake—

"How would the babbling neighbors talk?
How would each gossip shake her head?
Just think of all the scandal bred,
If you and I should—take a walk!"

A strange, stiff world, that every act
Must thus be measured out and weighed;
That we should have to be afraid
Of how our neighbors take the fact.

That men may not say "This I do,
Because I will, and it is right;"
But ask, in a perpetual fright,
"How will the world the action view?"

That we may not, in word and thought,
Be governed by an innate sense
Of right and wrong, and so dispense
With all the puny trammels brought.

By a close keeping to the way
Which custom marks. That we may not
Leave it behind, unheeding what
The babbling neighbors think or say.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1868.

A GOOD WORD FOR CRINOLINE.

A LITTLE while since it was predicted that crinoline, which had filled for so long a time such a large space in the world, was gradually slinking away, and was destined to disappear altogether. Had this been the case, it would again have been thrown whence it was taken, into the lumber-room of Time, with the cocked hat, laced coat and bag, knee breeches, buckles, ruffles, and other cast-off finery of our ancestral beaux and belles, only to reappear after a certain interval of time, for new fashions are but old ones furbished over again. As it is, our great-grand-daughters will no doubt bring out from the store-house of antiquity the skeleton crinoline of their great-grand-dames, and create a new soul within its ribs of death; and a future generation of female beauty will doubtless shelter its charms beneath the same ample skirt, provoke in the confidence of power the ardent host of lovers, and finally, after the many approaches, zigzags, parallels, parleys, summons, and negotiations of a regular siege, will, in spite of its triple defenses of whalebone, surrender. The everlasting comedy of fashionable life will be played a hundred years hence in the same old costume, though with a new cast.

Though the time may yet be far distant, the world, perhaps, will some day have to resign itself to the temporary absence of hoops or crinoline. That tyrant, Fashion, may issue against them his edict, which no one dare refuse to obey. Length and width will be forbidden, and we shall have to submit to the short and scant. We are glad to learn, however, that this calamity is averted for the present, and shall be pardoned, we hope, a protest, which is rather medical than æsthetical, against any attempt to do away with crinoline.

Hoops, in the fullest exaggeration of their periphery, are responsible for a good many minor accidents to glass and crockery. They are undoubtedly sometimes worn too large, and at unsuitable times. They certainly are not entitled, for one payment, to two seats in the omnibus, and to all the inside of the carriage, while coat and trowsers are obliged to ventilate themselves on the seat with the coachman. Bridget, who is hired for the convenience of her employers, though she may not think so, swells herself, unquestionably, to an irrational circumference, and, already too big for her place, becomes bigger still. Modesty, too, is occasionally shocked by a revelation of limb which reduces fastidiousness to silence, and prevents all comment.

All these inconveniences of the hoop are, however, owing to its abuse, and not proper use. If kept within moderate proportions there is no article of female dress more agreeable to the wearer. Were it not for the undoubted obligation of non-resistance to fashion, women would never willingly forego the hoop, but cheerfully seek refuge within its light and airy cage from the oppressive weight of manifold petticoat with which they were once accustomed to overlay and smother themselves. Worn as the hoop should be, with supports from a waist, its weight, and that which it may bear, is not only sustained by the hips, but the upper part of the body. Thus the burden is equally distributed, and a wholesome balance of power established between the organs of the abdomen and chest, and their various muscles. The affections peculiar to women, to which the weight of petticoat, bearing with an excessive downward pressure upon the lower part of the body, was supposed to give an increased tendency, are not at all favored by a hoop properly made and worn.

If fashion is destined to pronounce against crinoline we shall regret it, but console ourselves with the hope that the interval of its obscurity may be unusually short, and that it will soon reappear, if not in all the fullness of its broadest exaggeration, in those moderate dimensions which render the hoop so convenient and healthful an article of dress.

NURSING THE SICK.

IT has been truly said that a sick person has a better chance of restoration to health with a bad doctor and a good nurse, than with a good doctor and a bad nurse. Nursing, in fact, intelligently understood and properly applied, will do more toward curing disease than any system of medicine whatsoever. Now that medical science has discovered that drugs are always evils which are rarely mitigated by an occasional predominance of good, their administration should bear but a small part in the treatment of the sick, and nursing a proportionately large one.

Disease is but the effort of nature to get rid of some pernicious influence which disorders the body, perverts its functions, and inflicts it with pain. This natural process can seldom be much aided by a drug, however skillfully administered, and is sure to be greatly obstructed by a medicine given improperly. The main thing to do is to do nothing, but to leave nature to perform her own work freely. This, however, does not imply idleness on the part of the doctor or the nurse. All the vigilance and skill of both, and especially of the latter, are required to keep off what may disturb, and supply what may promote, the natural operation going on in every diseased body.

The labors of the nurse, indeed, are severe and constant. For example, repose is essential to most sick persons, as is indicated by their prostration; and to secure this what care and watchfulness are necessary! The slightest sound disturbs, and the gentlest touch ruffles it; for disease generally gives a preternatural impressibility to every sense. There are the ventilation, light, and temperature of the apartment to be regulated; the diet to be prepared, and the personal cleanliness to be attended to. There are a thousand other cares necessary in order to leave nature alone with disease, and give it a fair chance in the struggle for life or death. The nurse—though she may no longer be obliged, with watch in hand, to mark each slow division of time with a pill, a powder, or a draught, and thus vex in vain her own patience and torture the sensibility of the prostrate sufferer—will find in other more rational duties full occupation.

The nurse, now that she has more to do with the treatment of disease than the doctor himself, should have some acquaintance with those laws of nature whose operation it becomes her duty to watch, and no woman's education can be complete without it.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

To Agatha leaving Town.

MY DEAR AGATHA,—I wonder if our grand-parents—mine at least, for they carry our question somewhat further back than yours—used to hold a family council every spring to consider the comparative attractions of the various watering-places, after much meditation decide whither to betake themselves, and then, shutting up the house, go solemnly forth in the dog-days and live in hot, noisy hotels, in trunks and bandboxes, in bureau-drawers that wouldn't open, in whitewashed cells ten by twelve feet; paying enormous sums of money for detestable food; dressing and undressing a dozen times a day, in mortal terror of Mrs. Grundy; gossiping, backbiting, drinking mineral-water, and bathing; and returning home in September with the proud consciousness of a well-spent summer? My vivid conviction is that my grand-parents did nothing of this kind. Long before the Erie Canal was built they did, indeed, go in their own carriage to Niagara; and a picturesque and severe journey it was through that now amazingly flourishing country of Western New York. And they made summer visits to country friends. But the days of my grand-parents were the days when people staid at home; when Saratoga was not, and invalids went to Ballston; when a few Southern families went to Newport; when Sharon was known only to the Indians, and all the innumerable retreats, famous and unknown, to which we betake ourselves were still the forest primeval or the undiscovered hamlet.

But I don't think that wisdom died with my honored grand-parents. They knew not steam, nor gas, nor the telegraph, nor the house-furnace, nor the full blessing of water. It was a virtue then to arise from the feather-bed in the bitter winter morning and break the ice in the pitcher and wash in the not yet frozen water. There are people who call it manly now. I ask you whether it is likely to be cleanly. There are those who regretfully compare the modern register in the floor with the ample, snapping, singing, splendid wood-fire in the spacious chimney, glittering upon the burnished andirons, the oak or walnut core beating with intense heat as the flame declined. But that is not the comparison. Let the register be tried by the dumb, black stove, and try the wood-fire with the Cannel or the best Liverpool coal. Take into the account the trouble of the wood, the unsteadiness, and the other differences, then strike the balance, and see if modern times are so far astern. Romance is much in the distance. The castle is captivating while it is a form of poetry and is sung by long tradition. But how about living in it? Should we not prefer one of our best modern houses with all the conveniences? What a romantic hero Richard of the Lion Heart appears as he rides flashing to Palestine! But how would Sir Robert Napier have liked to wear chain-armor to Magdala?

So, my dear Agatha, because I stay in town, you must not suppose that I think all the Sir Roberts are fools because they do not wear chain-armor; or, to put it in another way, that I am of that Vulpine school which holds that short tails are the only wear; or—if I can contrive to explain myself this torrid day—you must not think that I am laughing at you for going out of town because my grandmother staid at home. This worship of your grandmother passes for conservatism nowadays. "My dear, don't wear an easy dress; your grandmother didn't." "My dear, sit in a straight-backed chair; your grandmother always did." "My dear, don't smile on Sundays; your grandmother thought it was wicked." "My dear, where is the patch upon your forehead? your grandmother always wore a patch." The truth is, that your grandmother did a great many ridiculous and uncomfortable things, because she knew no better. But she was not to blame, for science had not made it possible to do otherwise. But if you do them, you are ridiculous and uncomfortable without excuse.

It is, of course, very foolish to leave a comfortable home in the sultry weather, and make yourself unspeakably uncomfortable at a great expense, as so many and many worthy people do. But that is not the alternative. It is certainly very wise to leave a huge mass of brick and stone, heated over and over again by incessant batteries of the dog-star, so that every morning you get up to the dear old heat of yesterday and last week, and run away to breathe the briny sea air or the clear cordial of the hills. I make myself indeed very comfortable here. The walls are thick; the air draws through the house; the rooms are high; the beds are elastic. The mattings upon the floor and the muslin over the picture frames have a cool and refreshing aspect. There is plenty of Croton in the pipes, and of ice in the refrigerator. The market is at hand with every kind of green thing, of meat, of fruit, and I will not deny that there is a bottle at hand, in a wine-cooler, beaded with frigid dew. In the evening there is a scuffling of feet along the pavement, reminding me of people who are enjoying themselves. There is the little Italian boy with his shrill, metallic voice and his guitar, which waft me away, away to the shores of Baiæ and Salerno. There is the street-band playing the last waltz, or the old waltzes—even the Duc de Reichstadt's—and jigging off into Champagne Charley. There is the distant drone of the hand-organ, the rumble of the street car, the fire alarm, the welcome cry of ice cream; and as I sit in my linen coat, fanned by the evening breeze, and listening to the evening sounds in the street, I do not indeed think that all which my grandmother did not know and do is not worth knowing and doing; but I do feel that he who stays in a comfortable house in town through the intensest heats is not wholly without consolations and satisfactions.

Nothing is surer than that a change of air and scene is healthful and renovating. Even my friend, Mrs. Margery Honeysuckle, who lives in so pleasant a spot upon the Hudson, or North River (do you happen to remember that it was called North River by the early settlers, who called the Delaware the South River?)—even Mrs. Margery, I say, goes off in the summer with her children to change the air. "We live in this moist air all the year," she says; "and by July it gets to be so heavy that the children droop. So I carry them up to the hills to a little village that I have found, the name of which I shall not mention, nor the means of reaching it, because I have no intention of letting Mrs. Grundy take lodgings there. We have it all to ourselves; and we come home in the autumn brown and hearty and jolly."

Now I don't think it would be very sensible in Mrs. Margery to go to a famous watering-place, with chariots and horses and henchmen of every kind; a place where she must appear in wonderful raiment every day, and where the children must be perpetually upon parade. It seems to me that the excitement of such a life would more than destroy its benefits. It is often very comical, but it is a comedy in which I do not advise my friend Agatha to take a part. Queen Elizabeth was said to have had three thousand dresses, and it is some such quantity of costume that is required of the performers in this play.

You will perhaps remember Mrs. Semiramide, who died last year, by no means an old woman. She was a famous watering-place performer; but the comedy was a kind of tragedy for her after all. She was Psyche Brown, old Brown's daughter, the curiosity-shop man. But Psyche's heart was set upon a golden throne, and she knew how to win it, whether it were worth the winning or not. She laid siege to Solomon Semiramide, and finally carried him by open assault. She was married in May, and departed in July for a tour of the watering-places. Her object was to use the money which she had captured with Semiramide to secure a recognition by "Society;" for that suspicious goddess had regarded Psyche doubtfully, owning her beauty and her cleverness, but not quite sure that she would answer. Psyche's plan of campaign was to ingratiate herself into the confidence of Society at the summer resorts, where the rigors are somewhat relaxed. She would be affable and witty, and her toilettes should be unexceptionable. She would show that she understood things, and Society would succumb. She looked in her glass, she looked in her mind—she smiled, and counted victory as already won.

Mrs. Solomon Semiramide carried trunks innumerable. She had a fresh morning dress for every day—a fresh dinner and evening dress. The resources of her wardrobe were apparently exhaustless and certainly overpowering. Every morning at nine o'clock she breakfasted, and every morning at nine o'clock there was a little throng of ladies in the breakfast-room and of lounging gentlemen about the door, to see the newest marvel. Nothing could be more exquisite, more tasteful, more captivating than these morning dresses, nothing more beautiful and striking than her dinner toilettes. And all was carried off so cleverly! She wore each dress as if she had never worn any other, and chatted, and smiled, and bowled, and walked, and drove always in the gayest spirits and with the brightest wit. The men wrote to their friends to be sure and come. The landlords were in doubt whether they ought not to present her her bills. The newspaper correspondents invented new adjectives to describe her. But the women—ah! dear, dear! *Ma in Hispania!* The campaign was perfectly successful except in the one vital point, and there it was a total failure. "Society" was in fact crushed. The very duchesses, and countesses, and marchionesses, whose favor the lowly Psyche hoped to win, found themselves utterly outshone by her. Her dazzling succession of toilettes extinguished all their glory. Their newest devices were capped at their first appearance by Mrs. Semiramide's; and how did those old heathen furiously rage together when they reflected that on Friday they must wear the old dress of Monday, while this dreadful woman would arise as fresh and new from her dressing-table as a constellation from the horizon. The suspicion of Society became almost hate; its doubt grew to disdain; and the beautiful Mrs. Semiramide, by the very spell which she hoped would open the golden gates of social recognition, had closed them upon her forever.

She is gone, but the king never-dies. She has left many and many a successor, whom I sometimes see when I go to the summer retreats, or behold driving by my window upon the way thither. Mrs. Semiramide was unreasonable. Dear Agatha, I know that when you travel upon that road your manners will be different. May your summer wanderings be happy, and bring you back with fresher roses!

Your confident friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

INDIA GOODS.

A FANCY for India goods is one of the caprices of the summer. The French Empress, with characteristic love of variety, has clothed herself in the soft, fleecy India muslin, in Corah silks, and pongee, and of a sudden they are the fashion. Thus a new prestige is given to a host of beautiful materials which merchants sigh to remember they once possessed, but sold for a song to get rid of them. These quaint antique goods, so long out of use, are now as anxiously sought after as if they were the last novel emanations from the looms of Lyons. At present the supply is short, and it is necessary to go to the India stores to find a variety from which to select. There they are shown, tied up in bundles, wrapped about with gay bandanas and Hindoo kerchiefs, and from their folds is emitted that faint odor which clings to every thing brought from the Eastern seas.

INDIA MULL.

The real India mull is of the soiled-looking, yellowish shade of white which is thought to en-

hance the beauty of fine lace. It is entirely without starch, and is as sheer as linen cambric, which it very much resembles in appearance. Among the white dresses universally worn this summer India mull and French nansook are the materials most in favor. They should be trimmed with Valenciennes lace and worn over dresses of glacé silk. India mull is seven-eighths of a yard wide. The price varies from seventy-five cents to two dollars a yard.

CORAH SILK.

Corah silk is a glossy India foulard, of wiry material that is not easily crushed. It is of the pale nankeen shade now in vogue, and called by the French *écru*, or unbleached. It is a yard and a quarter wide, and is worth $3 a yard. A dress pattern contains eight yards.

PONGEE.

The name "pongee" is given to various poplin mixtures of silk and linen, or Lisle thread; but the real Delhi pongee is all silk, a light material, as cool as muslin, and pleasant to the touch. It is of a bright buff color. Twenty yards are required for a dress, as it is only half a yard wide. The price is $2 50 a yard. It makes very stylish traveling dresses, and is in favor for watering-place and sea-side suits, as the moisture does not affect it. The umbrella is of the same silk as the dress, and should have a bamboo stick.

TUSSORE SILK.

Tussore is a heavy foulard silk of a pretty fawn color. It is brought out in ten-yard pieces, at $3 a yard.

FOULARD.

One of the pleasantest fabrics for summer wear is the genuine India foulard. It has none of the disagreeable harshness of the Japanese foulard, but is soft, smooth, and cool, and falls into graceful folds. There is great variety of pattern this season in this goods. It is shown in stripes, dots, chintz patterns, and in solid colors. Foreign correspondents speak of the bridal white foulard and of shot or chameleon foulards. Pistache green and straw color are seen together, and pearl gray with blue. Foulards will wash, but should only be intrusted to a skillful laundress.

WASH SILKS.

The checked and "thousand stripe" India silks can not be too highly commended. They wash like muslin, and the wear is endless. The price is $1 40 a yard. The genuine article is shown rolled over a stick, and is very light and cool. For morning dresses and demi-toilettes they are very pretty, with the addition of a black lace apron or a white organdy fichu.

PINE-APPLE CLOTH.

This thin fabric is made from the fibres of the pine-apple, and is exceedingly durable. There is no more desirable goods for midsummer dresses. It was formerly objected to because the colors are not very decided; but vivid colors are not fashionable at present, and the delicate shades of green, and lavender, and rose-color on white, so often seen in this beautiful gauze, are especially stylish. The prices range from seventy-five cents to $2 25 a yard.

WHITE DRESSES.

During the heated term white dresses are chosen for all occasions. There are piqués, muslins, grenadines, Chambery, sultanes, and goat's-hair, made into morning dresses, promenade suits, dancing dresses, and trained robes, all of the universally worn white. Muslins are trimmed with tucks, puffs, ruffles, and Valenciennes worn over colored silk. Bunched-up tunics are made over short skirts and with trains. Infant's waists and fichus, Watteau paletots, and Marie Antoinette mantles of sheer muslin are ornamented with rosettes of ribbon and fringed sashes. Frills and flounces of every quality of muslin may be bought ready-made and fluted. The fluting shears are scarcely thicker than a knitting-needle, and the effect is similar to the old-fashioned crimping. Thin muslin flounces are also arranged in box-pleats.

A white organdy has a trained skirt with ten-inch flounces scalloped at the lower side and edged with Valenciennes. The fullness is taken up in inch-wide box-pleats. A wide puff forms a heading, above which is a row of Valenciennes insertion. A tunic, similarly trimmed, is caught up with a bow in the back, and forms an apron in front. Infant's waist and sleeves of puffs and lace. This is worn over blue silk. The cost, complete, is $275.

A short dancing dress of lavender silk, with seven narrow flounces, had an over-dress of India mull, edged with a row of wide Valenciennes. The back breadths are longer than the front, and gathered into the front seams, forming paniers. The puffed waist is cut square, very low in front and back. Sleeves puffed to the elbow, with fall of wide lace.

A nansook morning dress has an untrimmed round skirt of medium length, a compromise between short dresses and trains. The French waist, gathered into a belt, is tastefully trimmed with bretelles of inserted puffs, extending over the shoulders and narrowing toward the belt. Full coat-sleeve, with puffs on the wide cuff. Pink ribbon bow at the throat. Sash, with four loops and ends at the side. Pompadour slippers, with large pink rosettes.

Piqué is prettily ornamented with guipure medallions, or clusters of lace representing flowers, true-love knots, and stars, lined with colored silk or with Chambery. They are sold at from $1 50 to $2 a dozen.

A visiting dress of white poils de chevres, or goat's-hair, has a round skirt trimmed with an eight-inch flounce of butter-cup-colored silk. The lower edge of the flounce is scalloped and bound. A quilled ruche forms the heading. The upper skirt, trimmed with a narrower ruffle, is shaped like a reversed tunic, long in front and but three-eighths of a yard deep in the back. Bow and short sash behind. Coat-sleeves. A round mantle, that does not conceal the figure, is looped in the back by two bows and ends of the goat's-hair ruffled with silk. Rice-straw toquet, trimmed with a wreath of butter-cups, and blonde veil. Etruscan gold jewelry. Buff gloves and boots. Parasol of the silk with which the dress is trimmed. A second goat's-hair dress has five narrow flounces bound with blue. The upper skirt is *en paniers*. A narrow pointed hood is cut in the same piece as the back of the short jaunty jacket. Chemise Russe of nansook and Valenciennes. White chip hat of the Continental shape, trimmed with white and blue forget-me-nots. White silk umbrella lined with blue.

SHORT MUSLIN DRESSES.

Instead of the ponderous style of long, flowing dresses for morning, short gored skirts and sacques are adopted. These are convenient, as they are suitable for breakfast and for morning promenades, exchanging the fancy slipper for a walking-boot, being the only alteration necessary. Muslins, lawns, linens, cambric, and Chambery are made in this way, trimmed with ruffles of the same. A short suit of buff Chambery, made by a tasteful modiste, was sold at $15. The sacque should not be full, but must have a cool, négligé appearance. The seams under the arms are all that is necessary to give it proper shape. The under-waist should be prettily trimmed, and belted with a ribbon belt the color of the skirt.

HINTS ABOUT SLEEVES.

The two pieces of a coat-sleeve should not be cut together. Many ladies who make their own dresses spoil the sleeve by shaping the upper and under portion precisely alike. The upper part should be an inch and a half broader than the under piece. It should also be longer, and held next the sewer, that it may be slightly fulled into the under part as it is sewed. At the arm-hole the front should be a convex curve, while the under part is concave. The sleeve should not be straight, but rounded to fit smoothly on the arm when half bent, as that is the position most frequently assumed.

The sleeves of wash dresses are now shaped like the ordinary linen under-sleeve so much worn. Cut an ample coat-sleeve long enough to reach half-way between the elbow and wrist, and finish out the length with a deep, loose cuff. The cuff must be interlined to make it hold starch, and is fastened with two buttons on the outside seam, or closed to run the hand through.

BATHING COSTUMES.

Morocco boots with cork soles and linings are made for bathers. Those of moccasin shape, without heels, are preferred. A black oil-cloth cap with a visor to protect the face from the sun, and turn the water, and a bag net for the hair, is the best water-proof arrangement for the head. Bathing suits made with trowsers and blouse waist without skirt are objected to by many ladies as masculine and fast; but experience proves that they do not expose the figure more than a wet clinging robe, and are much more comfortable in the water, where all superfluous drapery should be dispensed with. For this reason the fancy costumes with double skirts are clumsy and unbecoming. All wool serge and flannel are the materials that cling least to the figure. Cotton and linen goods are penetrable at once by moisture, and are therefore objectionable. A toilette Russe for bathing is in good taste. It is a gray flannel Russian polonaise, buttoned diagonally in front, and trimmed with wide black braid. Trowsers and boots, or moccasins, of the same. A black oil-cloth hat with rim, and leather tassels hanging at the side. Very pretty suits of plaid and self-colored flannel and serge are sold at from $8 to $15. They are made with yokes and full waists, and trimmed with braid of a contrasting color. Trowsers should be full and gathered into a band at the ankle.

For information given, thanks are due Messrs. FOUNTAIN & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and Madame DIEDEN.

PERSONAL.

MR. EMERSON is said to have made the remark that he has done a fair day's work, with his head, when he has written twenty lines that may be considered finished and creditable to his reputation.

—The new United States Senator from Louisiana, Hon. WILLIAM PITT KELLOGG, was originally from Montpelier, Vermont. He is now Collector of Customs at New Orleans. He is the second "William Pitt" in the Senate, the first being WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN.

—The Alpha Delta Phi people were quite complacent at Amherst the other day, when, after the Alumni exercises, the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER was made a member of that mysterious and solemn organization.

—Mr. DISRAELI is never more happy and effective than in the language of compliment. He knew that his motion to grant a pension of £2000 per annum to Sir ROBERT NAPIER would afford him the opportunity of saying neat things, and he said them so admirably as to extort the admiration of his great opponent, Mr. GLADSTONE. Could any thing have been better than when he said, "Sir ROBERT NAPIER has planted the standard of St. George on the mountains of Rasselas, and led the elephants of Asia, bearing the artillery of Europe, over African passes which might have startled the trapper and appalled the hunter of the Alps." But the practical difficulties of the expedition were quite as well defined by a soldier, who, having been told that he was marching upon the tableland of Abyssinia, replied, "The table must have been turned upside down, and we're a-marching over the legs."

—The profound respect entertained for ROBERT CHAMBERS, ex-champion of the Thames and the Tyne, may be inferred from the fact that at his funeral, that took place four weeks ago at Newcastle-on-Tyne, upward of 50,000 persons were present, and 3000 walked in the procession, which was headed by a band playing the "Dead March" in Saul.

—President WHITE, of the Cornell University, writes home that he has had the good fortune to engage Professor GOLDWIN SMITH as Professor of English and General Constitutional History at Cornell University; also JAMES LAW, of Belfast, Ireland, as Professor of Veterinary Medicine and Surgery. Both gentlemen are to become residents of Ithaca immediately, and will devote themselves to the service of the University from its commencement.

—Judge HOLMES, of Missouri, who has written a clever book to prove that Shakspeare did not write Shakspeare, has been appointed to the Royal Professorship of Law in the Harvard Law School.

—JOHN ALLEN, who has been much written about in the papers, as being "the wickedest man in New York," has proved himself not to be so by formally promising to President ACTON, of the Board of Police Commissioners, that on or before the 1st May next, he will abandon his present dance-house business. Mr. ACTON says, "John has good points, lots of 'em; he really wants to be a man; he was up here with me an hour and a half last Sunday morning talking about these matters." This man has a little boy, and he wishes him to be a good boy. That is what is the matter with John, probably.

—Miss CUSHMAN has not come back to reside; only to pass the summer. She was in Washington a few days ago, and had a pleasant interview with Secretary SEWARD. She will neither act, give readings, nor sell her wardrobe. After doing the watering-places and visiting old friends, she will in November return to Italy.

—The KING OF BAVARIA ordinarily couches himself at about daybreak and gets up at noon. His father was rather rough with him, compelling him to go to bed at 9 P.M., sharp. His mother, the queen dowager, is still a very handsome woman, who does not look older than thirty-five. The other day a Frenchman was with the young King, when the Queen suddenly opened the door, but, seeing a stranger, retired immediately. "That must be your Majesty's sister," said the Frenchman. "What makes you believe so?" inquired the King. "Oh, she bears such a strong resemblance to you, Sire." "Bah," said LOUIS II., "it is my mamma."

—It is said of the late EDWARD EVERETT that when he was preparing a lecture or address, he arranged every thing carefully, with a view to the best possible effects. When about to deliver a speech at Lexington, in commemoration of the battle of the 19th of April, 1775, he inquired whether any one who had fought on that occasion was still living. Being informed that one old man survived, he called upon him, and, after some conversation concerning the events of the Revolution, he said: "In my address I shall make an allusion to those who fought in the battle of Lexington. I want you to sit in front of me, and when I begin to allude to those heroes I want you to stand up." The old soldier obeyed his instructions; but as soon as he rose from his seat, Mr. EVERETT extended his arm, as the statue now does, and exclaimed, "Sit down, venerable Sir! Sit down! It is for us to stand in your presence." The aged man obeyed the direction, but in the simplicity of his heart he was quite bewildered by such contradictory orders. He had no idea how effects were produced in oratory, and he afterward said to a friend: "I don't know what Mr. EVERETT meant. First, he told me to get up, and then when I got up, he told me to sit down."

—M. GUIZOT has just published the third volume of his "Meditations on the Christian Religion." The conclusions to which he arrives are, that the Christian religion and liberty are not only reconcilable but necessary the one to the other; that the Christian religion and science have nothing to sacrifice and nothing to fear the one from the other. He concludes his preface in the following language: "I have seen much and acted a little in my long life; I have taken a part in the business of the world; I have quitted it, and now only contemplate it. For twenty years I have been working at my tomb. I went into it living, and have made no effort to come out. I have at once experience and disinterestedness. If it were given to me to be still of use to the two grand causes, which, in my view, are but one, the cause of the Christian faith on men's souls and the cause of liberty in my country, I should await, with gratitude in the bosom of my repose, that Aurora of the Eternal Day, which, says Petrarch, fools call death."

"Quel che morir chiaman gli sciocchi."

—We regret to see the announcement of the death of Mrs. General HOOKER, which took place at Watertown, New York, on the 15th ult. She was the sister of the Hon. WILLIAM S. GROESBECK, of Cincinnati, one of the counsel of President JOHNSON in the impeachment trial.

—JUNIUS BROWNE furnishes the Chicago *Tribune* with a sketch of GEORGE RIPLEY, formerly a Unitarian minister, later a Brook Farm Communist, editor of the *American Cyclopedia* with C. A. DANA, and for many years past literary editor of the New York *Tribune*. When in the community he and DANA had only one hat between them. He is well off, deriving, as does DANA, between three and four thousand dollars a year from the sale of the *Cyclopedia*. Soon after the *Tribune* was started he bought two shares of stock at the par value of $1000 each, borrowing the money for the purchase. He is now the owner of five shares, worth, according to the latest quotations, $31,250. He does not work very hard, and is a very pleasant and fine-looking gentleman, a little after the old-school pattern, with gray curly hair, very neat, even fastidious, in his dress, a rather aquiline nose, and fresh complexion. Always smiling through his gold spectacles, he is fond of a pleasant story, a fluent talker, though a slow writer.

—Admitting it to be accurate, the description of King WILLIAM, of Prussia, given by a Yankee correspondent, exhibits any thing but the right sort of person who is now "monarch of all he surveys" in that Kingdom. "The Berliners," he says, "will tell you first that he is a very plain man, that he sleeps on a hard bed in a plain room of the palace—in short, that he is a born and bred soldier. How that he is niggardly of his wealth and spends very little of his income, which exceeds three million dollars per annum. That he does not favor building new palaces or refitting the old ones, but, if he makes an outlay of his private means, it is upon his army, and that very little of the money ever gets back into the pockets of the people. He has no thought for the welfare of his subjects, and has not the first element of statesmanship in his composition. The direction of affairs is left to his ministers, who seek for personal ends rather than for the good of the state. And so there are murmurings of discontent; and the gayly uniformed officers and soldiers, that give Berlin the appearance of a great camp, are regarded as so many interlopers, who eat the bread of the people and keep the masses in poverty."

BISMARCK (the same writer continues), is more the King than the King. Hats come off when he rides "unter den Linden." The Prussians have had good evidence of his abilities, and appreciate them. While the King is planning the arrangement of the leg stripes for his soldiers, the great Count is negotiating with the powers that be, and always for the good of Prussia. He lives in a plain row of buildings on Williams Street, with a thick shaded garden of lime-trees in the rear, in which he often walks to obtain relaxation from the cares of overwork. Look into any shop-window in Berlin, and there is his photograph. It is said that he cares very little for the King, but that the King cares much for BISMARCK.

—A gentleman who has been on a visit to Mr. JOHN STUART MILL, the distinguished English philosopher and member of Parliament, speaks of him as "a slight gentleman, of medium size, elegantly and fashionably dressed, with the air of a man who has been accustomed to regard the formalities of the courts, yet unassuming and kind. He speaks in a voice tremulous with infirmity, which, with his delicate organization, convinces you that, however well he may do with the pen, he has not the capacity for public speaking. His countenance is extremely refined and intellectual. His head is massive, less so than WEBSTER'S, but of a finer texture, and the physical so subordinate in its development that you feel it must be a perfect servant to the cold desires of the mind. Mr. MILL spends but a portion of the year in England—the remainder in the south of France, on account of his health, which he said the addition of political with literary duties had rather overtaxed. It is on account of these combined duties that he has not been able to visit the United States, which he has long had a desire to do, and where he has many friends.

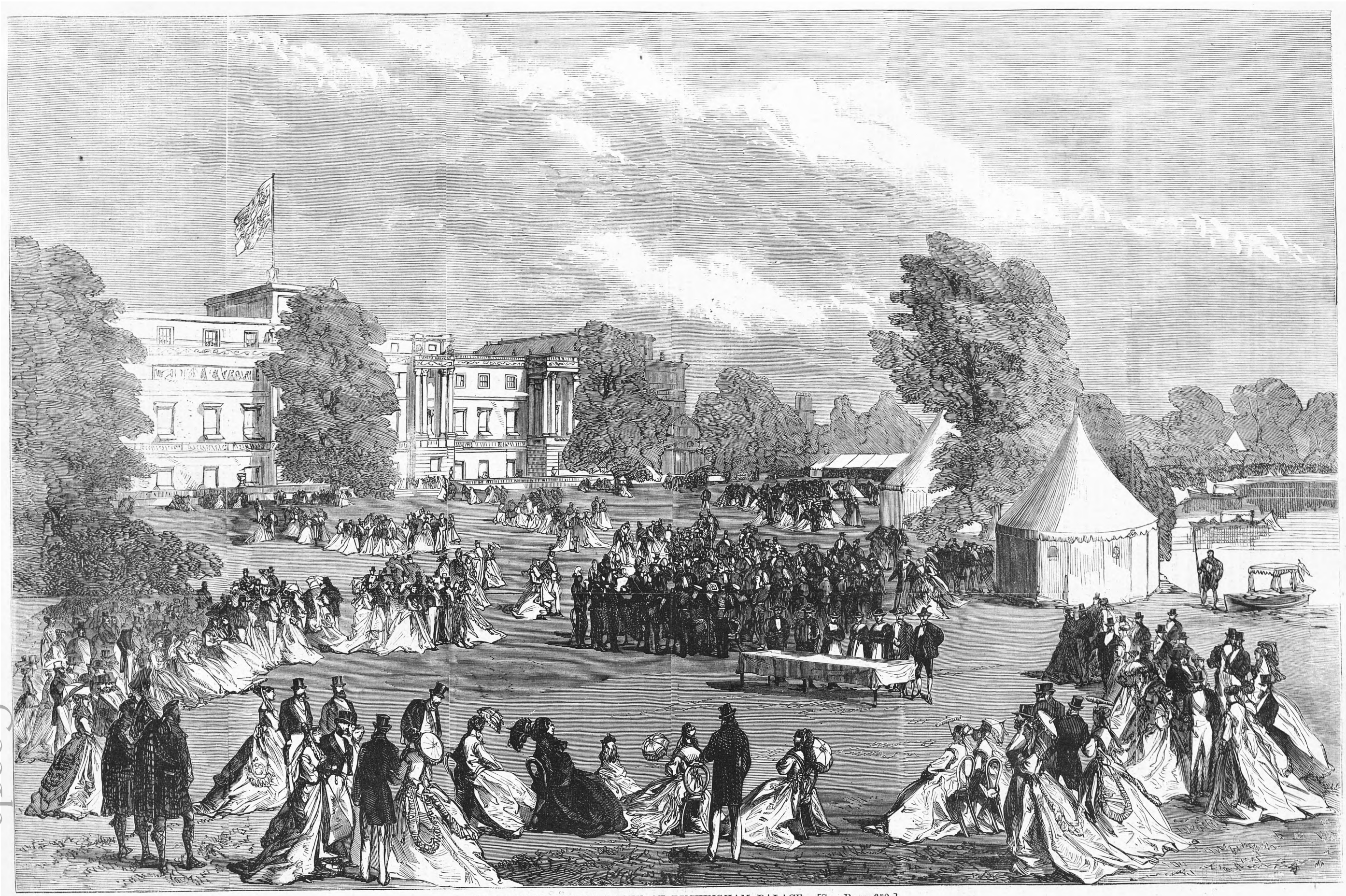
—United States Senator CONKLIN, from this State, married a sister of Governor SEYMOUR. Governor SEYMOUR is a nephew of the Hon. HORATIO SEYMOUR, of Middlebury, Vermont, who for twelve years represented that State in the United States Senate.

—Whether it was at Potsdam, at which residence of the Crown Princess of Prussia the Prince of Wales is said to have first met his future bride, or whether it was elsewhere, the historian has not as yet seen fit to divulge, or whether at some royal picnic or other entertainment; but the story as to the way in which he "popped" and how the Princess "yes-ed" is thus: "The Princess rose to depart. 'You would,' said ALBERT EDWARD, 'make a fortune in England by reading Shakspeare.' The maiden answered, 'If your Highness thinks so, why not engage me to be reader to the English Court? I am sure you could well afford to pay me.' 'That,' said the Prince, 'depends entirely upon the price you may put upon your transcendent powers.' (At this point it is difficult for an inquiring mind to resist a disposition to wonder whether ALBERT EDWARD was as yet aware of the identity of the lovely young lady whose powers of reading the works of the world poet had so greatly fascinated him, or whether his susceptibilities were leading him on into one of the little flirtations in which he is believed to have had a somewhat perilous tendency to enter with the unknown owners of pretty faces; be that as it may.) 'Oh,' said the Princess, smiling, 'I would not be greedy; you might engage me to read for life for the moderate sum of—let me see—well, for five-and-twenty shillings.' 'Five-and-twenty shillings!' exclaimed the Prince; 'you are too modest in naming such a sum as five-and-twenty shillings.' 'Not a bit too modest,' said the Princess, archly, stepping over the grass; "five-and-twenty shillings amount to something handsome; on reflection you will find that it is an English sovereign and an English crown.' Off went the royal maiden; she was scarlet with blushes, a tear was on her cheek, she wished she could recall her words, she thought she had been too bold. But ALBERT EDWARD stood transfixed—the little god had lodged a thousand arrows in his heart; for many days and nights he might have sung:

"'When I sleep I dream,
When I wake I'm weary:
Rest—I can get none,
For thinking of my dearie.'"

—Nuptualizing continues to be the fashion in Washington in Government circles. No sooner has Senator HENDERSON fairly become a Benedick than Senator CONNESS is announced as being ready to follow—the latter gentleman being about to wed Miss HILDRETH, the beautiful and highly accomplished niece and ward of General BUTLER.

—Mr. A. T. STEWART has been made the subject of a little waggery by the Hon. THADDEUS STEVENS. Not long since, in Washington, he was called before the House Committee on the tariff, and urged a reduction of the rates on foreign woolens. "Here," said he, "is this coat; I had to pay *thirty-five dollars* for this!" smoothing down its breast and skirt with his thin hand, as though the price was ruinous. "I had to give *seven* dollars for this vest!" taking hold of its lapel and exhibiting its quality, with a like expression of great extravagance. "It's too much—too much altogether!" Old THAD STEVENS was present, refreshing himself as usual with his plate of oysters. "So you think the tariff should be reduced, Mr. STEWART," said he, in the interim of the disappearance of the bivalves—"that clothing and other articles of personal apparel should be lower, do you?" "Yes, certainly, yes!" wheezed Mr. STEWART, in response. "Thank you! thank you! Mr. STEWART, for your valuable opinion. It will aid us, doubtless. But"—with a merry twinkle of the eye, as Mr. S. was moving out of the room—"good-by! We may never meet again; I fear we never shall! Let us hope, however," continued old THAD, "that as long as *you* stay *you may be sure of a comfortable living!*"



THE QUEEN'S GARDEN PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—[SEE PAGE 652.]

THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

A Story.

By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," etc.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER I.

AT THE PIED LAMB.

THREE years ago—that is to say, in the year of grace 1865—the little German principality of Lippe-Detmold came perhaps as near to being the realization of an ideal "Land of Cockaigne" as ever did any sublunary territory. It may still, for aught I know, be a pleasant residence, combining many advantages for those whose leisure is large, and whose means are not so. But the beginning of the little story which I have to tell concerns the state of Lippe-Detmold three years ago, and deals with the fortunes of some humble and obscure individuals who then resided in that tiny principality. Very beautiful and rich woodlands adorn the country, and afford an immense revenue to its ruler—a revenue which, in Germany, it would be saying very little indeed to term princely. But the woods and forests, although forming perhaps the chief boast and riches of Lippe-Detmold, are by no means the only signs of material prosperity to be found there. In every one of its few small hamlets and villages the stranger may perceive great barns of a very peculiar construction—which I shall presently have occasion to describe more particularly—with vast high roofs, and quaint inscriptions carved in wood over the doorways, importing that within is heaped goodly store of grain, and hay, and straw, food for man and fodder for beast, and always making reverent acknowledgment of the truth that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof," after a simple, pious, thoroughly German fashion. Farming, therefore, as well as forestry, is understood and practiced in Lippe. Perhaps a Norfolk proprietor of a thousand acres would scarcely deign to regard the small patch of corn-land, carved out of the skirts of the woodlands, as worthy to be termed a farm; and possibly an English agricultural laborer, accustomed to steam-plows and patent threshing-machines, might stare with contempt at the rude implements by whose aid the Lippian peasant tills his mother earth, and piles up great heaps of food in his granaries. But nevertheless, three years ago plenty smiled in the farmsteads of Lippe-Detmold, and peace brooded softly with sleepy, folded wings over the land. Political peace and social security were there. As to domestic peace, which depends not on "amicable relations" with great governments, nor on the mild sway of a sovereign, however light his yoke, that, I suppose, suffered the same occasional flaws and interruptions in this model state that it is subject to in other communities of the sons of Adam.

If external circumstances could have insured harmony in any assemblage of men, surely one might have looked for it among the little company gathered together in the Speise-Saal—eating-room—of the Pied Lamb inn at Horn, on one frosty September evening in the year 1865. Horn is a small and singularly picturesque townlet, about seven or eight miles from Detmold. Its one long, wide street contains a series of treasures for the artist, in the shape of old houses with towering steep roofs and carved gable-ends. The inn of the Pied Lamb is not one of the most picturesque of these tenements, having its front facing the street, instead of, as in the majority of cases, its narrow gable-end, and bearing a comparatively modern and smartened-up air. But there are worse places in which to spend the dark hours of an autumn evening than the long, low Speise-Saal of the Pied Lamb. Any lack of artistic merit in the fittings of the room was more than compensated for, in the eyes of its habitual frequenters, by the decided air of comfort—as comfort is understood in Horn—which pervaded it. The floor was strewn with fine white sand, that crackled under one's footsteps; a towering white earthenware stove, that filled up one end of the apartment, sent forth an oven-like heat which gave a baked flavor to the atmosphere; and breathing was rendered a yet more difficult process to unaccustomed lungs by reason of dense clouds of tobacco smoke that hung heavily in the air, and curled slowly around the thick, clumsy beams of the ceiling. But the place was undeniably very warm, and gave admission to as little of the outer oxygen as was at all compatible with human existence. So the inhabitants of Horn found the Speise-Saal of the Pied Lamb an extremely comfortable, and even luxurious place of resort. I have said that if external circumstances could insure harmony among men, the little company assembled there on the autumn night in question might have been expected to be very harmonious. They were all near neighbors and old acquaintance; they were warm; they had just partaken of a hearty supper; they were enjoying the ambrosial fumes of their pipes; each man had on the long, narrow table before him a tall glass filled with beer, while behind him there hung, fastened to a nail in the wall, a leather cushion covered with knitted work, so placed as to afford a comfortable rest for the back of his head; thus combining ease with cleanliness, and preventing the blue and white stenciled wall from receiving any soil or sign of having been rubbed. Outward circumstances were surely favorable to placidity and good-fellowship, but yet there were sounds of dissent and discord to be heard amidst the stream of noisy gutturals that was being poured forth by the various members of the party. Let us look and listen a while, and thus gather a little preliminary information as to some of the chief personages concerned in the simple tale I have to tell.

First let us glance at the host, Herr Quendel, landlord of the principal inn at Horn, and in his own and his fellow-townsmen's estimation a man of mark and authority. A man of weight he certainly was, being enormously fat and unwieldy. He had a shapeless clean-shaven face, a closely-cropped head of grizzled hair, which grew in so regular and marked a form on his forehead as to look at first sight like a gray velvet skull-cap, and a deep, grating voice. Next to Herr Quendel, who occupied an arm-chair nearest to the stove, sat Herr Peters, the apothecary of the town. This gentleman presented a laughable contrast to Quendel in his outward appearance. Peters was tall, and lean, and sandy-haired, wore glasses, and had hanging about his garments an undefined, but distinctly perceptible odor of drugs. That is to say, the odor of drugs was perceptible in Peter's garments under ordinary circumstances; but in the Speise-Saal of the Pied Lamb the smell of tobacco smoke victoriously asserted its supremacy over all other smells whatsoever. Next to Peters sat Simon Schnarcher, the sacristan, or Küster, as the Germans have it—by many years the oldest, and by many degrees the sourest and sharpest-tempered of the party—a keen-eyed, yellow-skinned, bald-headed old fellow, with thin bloodless lips, a nose like a hawk's beak, and a back so bowed as to present almost the appearance of a hump. These three worthies were engaged in eager discussion, and bore in fact the chief part in what talk was being held. The rest of the company—consisting of farmers, small shop-keepers, and a stray commercial traveler—uttered only occasional grunts of assent or dissent, and enjoyed the loud word-combat that was going on in their presence with a placid sense of being snugly out of harm's way in their stronghold of silence, such as one may imagine to have been the predominant sentiment in the breast of some smug Roman citizen looking down on the perils of the arena from the secure elevation of his seat in the Coliseum.

"But I say," cried Peters, the apothecary, in a high, thin voice, "I say that the world won't stand still, whatever we may wish!"

"It is our business, Sir," said Quendel, majestically, "to make it still, and keep it still."

Grunts of approbation from the prosperous farmers. The commercial traveler fidgeted slightly on his seat, and played with his pinchbeck watch-chain. He had not been driving a thriving trade in Horn, and possibly thought the doctrine just enunciated by the landlord scarcely calculated to extend his business connection.

"Still, still, still, I say," repeated Quendel in his deep, rough tones, and looking like the incarnation of immobility in his own ponderous person, "let us alone. Let us be at peace. Let us enjoy the blessings of Providence in quiet and thankfulness. The world is well enough, if we would but let it alone. I find it a very good world indeed, and I have lived now some five-and-fifty years in it, and not altogether in an obscure position either."

"Surely, surely, Herr Landlord," replied Peters, humbly, "there is no doubt that you are a man much looked up to, none more so in the principality. But what I mean is, that if the world won't stand still—and I'm afraid there's no use in our trying to make it—why, our business ought to be to—to guide, to direct the movement, as it were, into a right channel."

"And I," snarled old Schnarcher, "don't agree with either of you. I say and maintain that so far from encouraging new-fangled notions—so far from even letting things stay as they are—it is our business, and every man's business, to push them back into the old grooves."

"And how far back, Sir, would you push things into the old grooves that you talk of?" broke in the commercial traveler, impatiently. "I suppose you wouldn't quite go back to the beginning of the world? Would 1848 be your limit, for instance?"

Schnarcher glared at the speaker from under his bushy white brows. The eyes of all the assembly were turned upon this daring stranger. To them he did seem very daring.

"How old may you be, Sir?" demanded Schnarcher, with much deliberation.

"How old? Well, I don't see what that has to do with it, but I don't mind telling my age. I'm six-and-thirty—quite old enough to remember '48."

"And I," rejoined Schnarcher, still glaring steadfastly at the other, "was seventy-nine last Pentecost."

With that he turned his back full on the stranger with the air of one who had victoriously put a stop to any further attempt at argument from him.

There was a low murmur of admiration throughout the company. No man could have told why the fact of old Schnarcher's having been seventy-nine last Pentecost should be considered to have completely graveled his opponent, but each man had a vague idea that it was so. The commercial traveler shrugged his shoulders disdainfully, but said no more. Public opinion was too strong for him. After a while the sacristan resumed:

"We're all astray. New fashions and new notions are the ruin of us. The boys' heads are turned with them, and nowadays it seems that the boys are to rule the men. That used to be thought neither according to sense nor Scripture in my time. But I suppose we shall 'progress'—pouf! I hate the sound of the word!—until we come to be governed by babies in swaddling-clothes."

Old Schnarcher spoke with intense bitterness, and his sunken eyes sparkled angrily, and the grim laugh with which he finished his speech was not a pleasant sound to hear. There was a short, uneasy silence. Nearly all present were aware that the sacristan had lately been at variance with his grand-nephew, an orphan lad, whom he had partly educated and brought up, and whose rebellious behavior was a peculiarly sore point with the old man. Now this grand-nephew—Otto Hemmerich by name—was personally a great favorite with the little community at Horn. Simon Schnarcher, on the other hand, although a man of unimpeachably correct and orthodox principles, was not much beloved. Which state of things was certainly very strange, seeing that old Simon was always in the right, and poor Otto always in the wrong!

Herr Quendel poured forth an unusually large volume of smoke from his mouth, and remarked, as though the sacristan had been expressly discussing his nephew's behavior, "And how is Otto going on now, Herr Küster? I haven't seen him for some time past."

This abrupt descent from generals to particulars was not calculated to soften the acerbity of old Simon's temper. "Otto!" he repeated. "What, my boy Otto? Oh! he's all right enough, thank ye. Otto Hemmerich, eh? Now what put him into your head, I wonder?"

It was Simon's constant practice not only to ignore the fact that his grand-nephew differed from him on certain important points, but to assume, with dogged persistency, that any such difference of opinion between them was too wildly impossible a thing to be conceived. Presently he went on again:

"Ah, now I'd wager it was my talking of babies in swaddling-clothes set your mind running on Otto. 'Tis but the other day he was a baby himself."

"Lord, ay!" rejoined Quendel, solemnly. "How the time goes! Now he's as strapping a Junker as any in Lippe."

"And it seems to me," said Franz Lehmann, a weather-beaten farmer, "it seems to me no more than a week ago—though it must be ten good years, as I reckon—that his father, the head-ranger, was carried home one morning from the forest with three of his ribs broken, and his side bleeding and torn by the antlers of a stag, and his rifle twisted up just like—like—"

"Like a cork-screw," suggested the host.

"How the boy took on, to be sure!" said Lehmann.

"Took on!" echoed Peters. "Nobody knows how he felt it. Nobody but me knows how that motherless boy nursed his father, and sat up with him night after night, and gave him his physic, and placed his bandages, and— Talk of women! That twelve-year-old lad was a better nurse than fifty women."

Peters was a bachelor, and somewhat of a misogynist.

"Fifty!" exclaimed Franz Lehmann. "Well, I don't know about fifty! But women ain't bad to have round you when you're sick. My old woman looked after me, and cockered me up last winter when I had the rheumatism in all my joints, and I tell you there were times when I couldn't bear any hand but hers nigh me. No, no, women can nurse, mind ye!"

"And they can cook—some of 'em," said Quendel, musingly. His voice was almost tender as he spoke. There are reminiscences which have a softening influence on the least susceptible.

"And if a man's a bit of a fool to begin with, they can make a bigger fool yet of him," observed Schnarcher, with a ghastly grin on his puckered face.

Somehow, there had come to be a shade of constraint and ill-humor over the company, which nothing but a temporary separation would dissipate. One by one the guests rose to go, each man first putting on his hat, and then immediately taking it off again in parting salutation.

"Have you any commands in Detmold, Herr Landlord?" asked Peters, pausing at the door. The apothecary had cased his spare form in a long coat with a sheep-skin collar and cuffs, and peered out from beneath a cloth cap which left

"BUT I SAY," CRIED PETERS, THE APOTHECARY, IN A HIGH, THIN VOICE, "I SAY THAT THE WORLD WON'T STAND STILL, WHATEVER WE MAY WISH!"

but little of his face visible save his sharp pink nose.

"In Detmold? Ay, ay! Are you going to Detmold?"

"Yes, to-morrow, to buy drugs."

"I wish, Herr Peters," said Farmer Lehmann, "that you would do us the kindness to take a little bit of a parcel for our Lieschen. My wife has put some fal-lals together that the child needs, she tells me."

"Surely. I shall be driving by your place on my road, and I'll call for the parcel. Good-night."

Old Schnarcher hobbled out side by side with the apothecary. They walked together for some distance up the wide, dark, silent street. "Lehmann's Liese," muttered the sacristan, bitterly. "There's another of 'em."

"Another of what, Herr Küster?" was his companion's not unnatural query.

"Another of the pretty sly minxes that make fools of their betters."

"Lieschen is a right, good, honest little maiden," protested Peters. His general misogyny did not prevent him from making exceptions in favor of certain individuals of the sex.

"Bah!" cried the old man, savagely. I can not render on paper the sound he uttered. It was more like the bark of an angry dog than any thing else. "Don't tell me! They're none of 'em good for much, but the pretty ones are the devil!"

Peters took this outbreak very much as a matter of course. He possessed a clew which enabled him to understand Simon Schnarcher's bitter ill-humor. To make the reader understand it also must be the object of my endeavors in the following chapter.

CHAPTER II.

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

OTTO HEMMERICH'S father, the head-ranger, had married in a way that had gravely offended his uncle, old Simon Schnarcher. The head-ranger had lived a bachelor until he was close upon thirty years old, and had then wedded a pretty penniless peasant girl.

The sacristan of the parish church in an obscure, insignificant German town was not likely to be a rich man. But by dint of saving and scraping throughout the course of a solitary life, Simon Schnarcher had gathered some money together, and was popularly supposed to have gathered more. He had inherited a house and a piece of garden-land, and lived upon his own small domain. His connection with the church, and the rigidity of his Protestant orthodoxy, were considered in Horn to be extremely respectable. He had, too, that strong faith in his own wisdom and the foolishness of almost every body else which helped him, as it has helped many another man, to impose his will upon those around him. So that altogether Simon Schnarcher was little accustomed to meet with opposition either in word or deed. But one day his nephew and presumptive heir fell in love; and being in love, became at once insensible to the Solomonic precepts and authoritative advice with which the sacristan favored him on the subject of marriage.

In brief, he took to wife little Lotte Müller—Little Lotte Müller, whose brown bare feet were acquainted with every tangled path in the forest, and whose short, agile figure he had often furtively watched as she carried food to her father, the charcoal-burner. It was a connection entirely distasteful to Schnarcher, and he looked upon his nephew's marriage as a piece of unspeakable folly. Hemmerich, on the contrary, always declared that marrying Lotte had been the one wise action of his life. At all events, wise or unwise, he never once repented it up to the day of his wife's death. But this did not prevent old Simon from considering the marriage a very foolish one all the same. His nephew had been bewitched, he said, by a pretty face and an artful assumption of gentleness and simplicity. It was in vain to urge that Lotte the matron continued to be as simple and as gentle as Lotte the maiden had been. That was her cunning, said Simon. "It would be well then if other folks could be as cunning! Lotte's cunning makes my life sweet and my home happy," retorted Hemmerich. And then the uncle and nephew had quarreled seriously, and had ceased to speak to each other. After eight peaceful, happy years of married life, Lotte died, leaving to the care of her bereaved husband a little son named Otto. Many of the least personally selfish among women have a keen, shrewd eye to the main chance on behalf of those whom they love. For herself Lotte Hemmerich desired nothing. For her husband and Otto she could be almost greedy. The estrangement between Hemmerich and his uncle had given her many an uneasy and self-reproachful thought.

Had it not been for her, Hemmerich would still have been the heir to all the sacristan's savings. And when her son was born these regrets became intensified. But all her efforts to bring about a reconciliation between the uncle and nephew were unavailing. Hemmerich resented the terms in which Schnarcher had spoken of his wife, and the old man would neither recall his words nor yield an inch in any way. After his wife's death the head-ranger was still less inclined to seek his uncle with words of humility on his lips. To have done so would have appeared, he fancied, like a slight to Lotte's memory. He devoted himself exclusively to his boy, refusing to be separated from him even for a moment. The little Otto was his father's companion in all excursions through the wild woodland country which the nature of his avocations required him frequently to traverse.

Many a moonlit night saw them threading the forest paths side by side. Sometimes the little one was perched on his father's shoulder; but more often his short, pattering footsteps rustled ankle-deep in fallen leaves, and his shrill, childish voice, mimicking the hunter's cry, awoke the sylvan echoes and startled the drowsy deer from their lair.

A strong vein of romance ran through Hemmerich's character. He was a man of some education, and had the love of reading which may be said to be almost a national characteristic of Germany. Active as his life necessarily was, there were many hours of the long winter evenings when the lonely lodge in the forest sent forth a bright red glow from its windows, and in the shine of the flaming pine-logs sat the head-ranger, with his boy on the hearth at his feet, the father reading or reciting aloud some old ballad or more modern poem, while the son employed his strong, skillful young hands in cleaning a pet rifle, or in manufacturing some cunning springe to snare the woodland creatures. Hemmerich had, too, a store of legends. Many were such as are to be found throughout Germany, stories of wild huntsmen and magic bullets, of witch meetings and ghostly apparitions. But these were not Otto's favorites. He had not the dreaminess that formed part of his father's nature. The legends Otto loved were those which related the exploits, the vicissitudes, and final triumph of the German hero Hermann. The story of the Teuton chief's patriotic resistance to the Romans, and of his great victory over Varus, was one to which the boy was never weary of listening. And often in the summer dawn he would climb the commanding height whereon the Hermann's denkmal—monument—stands, and watching the sunshine creep over the wide plain spread beneath him, make high resolves in his boyish heart that should the day ever come to test his patriotism, he, too, would be ready to fight and fall for fatherland.

This wild forest life was Otto's until he was nearly twelve years old; and by that time he knew the haunts and habits of every sort of bird, beast, and reptile that dwells in the great leafy solitudes of Lippe-Detmold. Then came a change.

And accident, which it imports nothing to my story to relate in detail, brought the sacristan into contact with his grand-nephew, and the old man performed on that occasion an unprecedented act of generosity. He permitted the lad to fill his pockets from the ripe red store of apples on a tree in his own garden, and sent Otto home to the hunting-lodge in the forest, where his father dwelt, to give an account of the interview, which surprised the head-ranger not a little.

Men seldom avow their motives. And the good motives are quite as often disavowed as the bad ones. Simon would not have confessed it, but the real cause which produced in him the unaccustomed effect of kindness lay in a strong resemblance that young Otto Hemmerich bore to his great-aunt. The wrinkled, crabbed, grasping old sacristan had once been a young, smooth-cheeked boy, whose shortcomings were hidden, and whose selfish faults were condoned, by a kind, motherly elder sister, named Dorothea. Now little Otto, in some expressions of his frank face, was the living image of his dead great-aunt, this very Dorothea.

After the boy had gone home Simon Schnarcher sat musing until his pipe was cold. And there appeared before him out of the mist of the vanished years a sweet grave face and a girlish figure, to which a large family of younger brothers and sisters habitually turned for help and comfort in every trouble—from a stocking that needed darning to an unfortunate attachment.

"Dorothea was a good woman," murmured the sacristan. "There are no women like my sister Dorothea nowadays. I'm glad that boy doesn't resemble his mother's family."

Little more than a fortnight had elapsed when the tidings came into Horn that Head-ranger Hemmerich had been attacked and badly wounded by a stag, and that he lay on what the doctor pronounced must be his death-bed. Otto's devotion to his father was the theme of talk for many a mile round. The doctor, in the course of his daily visits, sounded Otto's praises unwearyingly, and thus there was much sympathy aroused for the motherless lad, and many speculations were afloat as to what would become of him when his father should be dead. These speculations were set at rest in a manner entirely unexpected by the good people of Horn. The day after his father's funeral Otto Hemmerich was installed as an inmate in the sacristan's somewhat gloomy house, and within a fortnight he had become a regular attendant at the principal school of the place, and had apparently settled down unresistingly into a life as different as it is possible to conceive from that which he had led hitherto.

How all this had been brought about neither Schnarcher nor the boy ever troubled themselves to relate, and there was consequently a good deal of disappointment among the gossips. But the matter had been very simple, and the reader may be put in possession of it in a few words.

The old man had visited his dying nephew, and had offered to adopt and educate Otto—should the boy be left fatherless—to make him his heir, and, in short, to place him in the position which Hemmerich had forfeited by his marriage. The situation of his son had been Hemmerich's chief anxiety. He was not afraid to die, but he was afraid to leave Otto unprotected in the world; and he suffered some pangs of conscience, which gave him more pain than his wounds, from the consideration that Otto's education had not been such as to fit him to help himself. The sacristan's offer was at once gratefully accepted by the dying man, who declared, and truly, that it had taken a load from his heart. But it was not found quite so easy to induce Otto to acquiesce in this arrangement. He shrank with the horror of some wild, untamed creature of the woods—and such in truth he was—from the idea of being shut up in a city. To him Horn was a city—nay, more, a prison. All arguments based upon his own welfare and interest fell powerless upon the weeping boy, who clung to his father's hand, and implored him not to send him away.

"Not as long as I last, my Otto. You shall stay with father to the end."

"But you won't die, father!—I'm sure you won't die! And if you were to be taken away, I don't care what becomes of me. I would rather be left alone here in the forest."

Then Hemmerich explained how great an anxiety the thought of his son's helpless condition had been to him, and how Simon Schnarcher's offer had relieved his conscience of a heavy load. "I haven't done my duty by you, my Otto," said he; "but you must help me to do it now, like a brave boy as you are. And besides, your blessed mother always wished so earnestly that my uncle and I should be reconciled."

"I will do whatever you tell me, father," whispered Otto, after a pause. And when the time came for fulfilling this pledge the boy kept his word to the letter.

Otto never uttered a complaint; and indeed his great-uncle was agreeably surprised by the quiet, almost stolid way in which he accepted all the somewhat stringent regulations that were laid down for his conduct, and by the implicit obedience with which he endeavored to comply with them. But no human being knew or guessed the sufferings undergone by the lonely boy during the early days of his new life. Perhaps Herr Peters, the apothecary, came nearer than any one else to understanding him. There had grown up a sort of intimacy between the apothecary and Otto when the latter was in the habit of coming frequently to the Apotheke in Horn to get medicines for his father; and Peters comprehended somewhat of the suppressed feelings which the lad hid instinctively from unsympathizing eyes.

"Some birds can't live in cages," said the apothecary, looking at Otto's downcast face, and shaking his head. But boys are not birds; and thoroughly healthy children of twelve years old do not—Heaven be praised!—pine away and die of grief. So Otto Hemmerich grew and throve, and gradually reconciled himself to his new existence. But the old free woodland life never lost its hold on his heart. Not a holiday passed, wet or dry, without his revisiting some of the well-loved forest-haunts that his father had taught him to know. For book-learning, to say truth, Otto Hemmerich showed no special bent; but in all sports or employments requiring personal courage, strength, or dexterity, he reigned supreme over his school-fellows by virtue of undisputed superiority.

Simon Schnarcher's theory of the education and bringing-up of young people did not, as may be supposed, err on the side of soft indulgence. Absolute, unquestioning obedience he exacted from his grand-nephew; and the lad's docility and natural sound-heartedness were such as to enable the sacristan to boast loudly—behind Otto's back—of the successful results of old-fashioned strictness in training and educating children. By degrees old Schnarcher grew to look upon Otto's good qualities and extended popularity in the neighborhood as being the direct results of his—Schnarcher's—profound wisdom. "Ah," he would say, shaking his head solemnly, "if Otto's father, my poor nephew Hemmerich, could but have had the advantage of being brought up by me, things would have gone differently, I promise you. You won't catch Otto disgracing himself by marrying a barefooted peasant-wench!"

Once some such word escaped him in Otto's presence, and the boy rose up instantly with such a fire of indignation in his young face as made the old man quail for a moment—albeit he had a stubborn will and tough nerves of his own—and declared that another word of disrespect to the memory of his dead mother would send him forth from that house forever, though he had to beg his bread on the highways.

"Tush!" cried Schnarcher, "you're a fool, boy." But he deemed it prudent to say no more about Otto's mother.

This was the first occasion on which old Simon Schnarcher had had a glimpse of the reserve-force of courage and decision that lay quietly beneath Otto's habitual gentleness. The feeling with which he discovered the existence of these unsuspected qualities was, strange to say, not altogether one of displeasure. Contest was very agreeable to Simon's nature. He looked forward with some zest to the task of battling with, and overcoming, his nephew's spirit. The idea that the victory might possibly be the other way never once entered his head. However, matters went on peaceably enough until Otto reached an age at which it was necessary to decide on his future calling in life. Then Schnarcher informed him, as one who pronounces an irrevocable decree, that he was to go into the church, and that the necessary funds would be forthcoming to complete his education with that view. "But, uncle," returned Otto, "I can not be a pastor; I have no taste for preaching and teaching. I know I could not be a good pastor, and I will not be a bad one." Astonishment made the sacristan quite meek for the moment.

"Might I inquire, Sir," he asked, with deceptive calmness, "what business in life you do intend to follow?"

"I should like best to be a Jäger, a huntsman and forester, like my father. But I will do whatever you desire as far as I can. As to being a pastor, that I can not do."

The storm that followed needs not to be described, but once more Simon retreated from the conflict, telling himself that it was absurd to argue with a mere boy, and that his will would surely prevail in the end. With this idea Otto was sent to college. Going to college in Germany is quite a different matter from being matriculated at Oxford or Cambridge. It implies—to mention one difference alone—no such social status as is, speaking broadly, understood among ourselves in the phrase, "a University man." Otto went to Halle, and returned to Lippe-Detmold from Halle; but he was as far as ever from consenting to embrace the profession on which his uncle had determined for him. Then the old man's heart became full to overflowing of bitterness and disappointment. He found himself baffled, and by one whom he had cited as the model result of his own training. In his anger he recalled Otto's words, "I will do whatever you desire as far as I can."

"If you are not a pastor you shall be a tradesman," said Simon. "There can be no scruples of conscience against that!"

The sacristan lost no time in going over to Detmold to see an old acquaintance of his there, a bookseller and stationer. It was agreed between them that Otto should be bound to the bookseller for three years as his assistant, and Schnarcher returned in triumph to announce this arrangement to his grand-nephew. For not only to the outside world, but to Otto himself, Schnarcher kept up the fiction that all was going in accordance with his will. "I have changed my mind about you," he announced with autocratic brevity, and the young man made no protest against the form of words. He did desire to obey his uncle as far as he conscientiously might do so. In refusing to become a pastor, it is possible that his conscience may have been invigorated by a strain of the family obstinacy.

Affairs were in this position on the September night when I introduced my reader to the Speise-Saal of the Pied Lamb. And Herr Peters's thoughts were running much upon his friend the sacristan's family affairs as the apothecary drove the next morning out of Horn behind his corpulent, old white pony.

CHAPTER III.

A LIPPE-DETMOLD FARM.

THE road from Horn to Detmold lies in great part through a country rich with noble woods. It winds along with gentle rolling undulations of hill and dale, skirted by beech, oak, pine, and birch trees. September had dyed the varied foliage with lavish wealth of color. The sun shone brightly out of a pale blue sky, and there was enough autumnal crispness in the air to make the sense of motion exhilarating. Herr Peters, the apothecary, jogged along pleasantly behind his plump pony. The roads were hard and smooth, so that the wheels of the clumsy chaise rolled over them very easily. In fact it would have given the pony more trouble to walk than to trot; therefore the pony trotted. Peters was very glad that the old Schimmel chose to go somewhat briskly, and I may say felt grateful for his steed's unwonted alacrity; for both man and beast knew right well that the Schimmel would not under any circumstances be incited to mend his pace by flogging.

I have said that the apothecary's thoughts were running on Simon Schnarcher's family affairs. He thought of the sacristan's angry bitterness in last night's talk. He thought of Otto, and wondered how the young fellow would endure life behind a counter in Detmold. He reflected that the new arrangement would content neither uncle nor nephew; for it is scarcely needful to say that old Schnarcher's pretense that there was not, and never could be, any question of disputing his will, imposed on none of his old friends and neighbors.

"Otto wants to be a forester, like his father," said Peters to himself. "Simon wants him to be a pastor. But the sacristan compromises matters by making the lad a tradesman, which pleases neither of them. Simon Schnarcher is a long-headed man, but in this I think him wrong. In his place, if I could not please myself, I would please the lad, instead of vexing both myself and him for nothing." But in so saying Herr Peters showed very little knowledge of human nature in general, and of his friend Schnarcher's nature in particular. In the midst of his meditations Peters arrived before the house of Farmer Franz Lehmann, and pulled up the pony rather suddenly. The Lehmann's house was an admirable specimen of a kind of dwelling which, as far as I know, is peculiar to Lippe-Detmold and the country immediately adjoining the little principality. In my first chapter I said that I should presently have occasion to describe with some minuteness one of the great buildings which give a distinctive character to the rural architecture of Lippe, and I can not better fulfill that intention than in placing before my reader, with what vividness I can command, a picture of the singular old homestead wherein the family of the Lehmanns had dwelt for generations.

A great, nearly square, timber-framed, brick building, low at the overhanging eaves, but with a sloping roof so extraordinarily and disproportionately vast as to run up to the height of a tall, three-storied house at its sharp apex. This roof is of bright red tiles, just sufficiently weather-stained and moss-grown to be picturesquely mellow in their tone of color. The cross-timbers of the house beneath are black, and rudely, though lavishly carved, the interstices between them being painted a warm cream color. The building, although nearly square, is not quite so, and stands with its narrowest side, or gable-end, toward the road. In the middle of this gable-end yawns an enormously wide and lofty arched doorway, the centre of which is precisely beneath the topmost angle of the towering roof; and the long lines of tiling slope rapidly down on either hand, and terminate in projecting eaves not more than ten feet from the ground. The reason for making so seemingly disproportionate an entrance as the great arch with its heavy wooden folding-doors is not apparent until you step within the

threshold, but then it becomes at once obvious. The whole centre of the building is a large and lofty barn, piled high with hay and straw and store of grain. It is, too, a store-house for farm implements, and so huge are its proportions that a harvest wagon laden with sheaves, and drawn by three or four sturdy horses, can pass easily through the doorway, and stand beneath its ample shelter. From the barn, which entirely occupies the central length and breadth of the building, is the only possible ingress to the dwelling-house. On the right hand and on the left are doors and windows giving access to the living and sleeping rooms of the family. Nearly all the light and air which reach these apartments gain admission through the wide-open double doors of the barn. Nearly all the light and air; but in the special dwelling which I am endeavoring to describe there was a range of small lattice casements under the eaves, into which the last low rays of the setting sun managed to penetrate. The majority of these barn-dwellings have absolutely no exterior windows whatsoever. And the existence of Farmer Lehmann's casements was by many persons considered to be rather a disadvantage than an advantage.

"It is so snug when there are no windows outside," said the Lippe-Detmolders, "and the barn keeps the house right warm. There is no stove so good as a barn full of straw." Which was doubtless all very true, granting—what the Lippe-Detmolders mostly assumed—that fresh air is neither necessary nor desirable. However, in a purely picturesque sense, no one could deny that the little diamond-paned lattices, half buried in vine leaves, improved the aspect of the dwelling immensely. Farmer Lehmann's was an old house, and the vine trained over one side of it was old too, and rich in leaves, if not in grapes. The aspect of the farm-yard would, I fear, have disgusted an English farmer. There was a great dung-hill at one side of the door, and an indescribably filthy pond, wherein some fat ducks disported themselves with obvious enjoyment. Three or four mild-eyed cows with steaming nostrils stood knee-deep in litter by the closed cattle-shed. A mastiff lay blinking in front of his kennel, and barked now and then at the passers-by in a lazy, muffled voice. A family of lean, long-legged pigs was busily investigating the delicacies of a heap of heterogeneous scraps flung out from the kitchen; cocks and hens promenaded, with the self-sufficient air peculiar to their species, in and out and about the barn; and on the high-peaked roof a tribe of patriarchal pigeons cooed and sunned their shining wings. Over the doorway was carved an inscription, which, as it is a fair sample of many similar inscriptions in the country, I may here translate: "Within is goodly store of food for man and beast. Behold, nowhere shall you find a garner fuller filled, or more overflowing with abundance. Gerhard Lehmann and Marthe Sieger, his wife, built this dwelling, and placed this inscription to the honor and glory of Almighty God, in the year 1679. He openeth His hand, and all things living are filled with good."

The sound of wheels on the hard road, and the barking of the old mastiff, brought Franz Lehmann to the door, and he advanced to greet Peters.

"Welcome, Herr Apothecary. I take it friendly of you not to forget us. So-ho, old Schimmel! You'd better drive right into the barn, Herr Peters. The threshing-floor is clear now, and 'tis ill standing still in this sharp air for either man or beast."

In this view of the case the fat pony appeared to coincide, for he immediately set off unguided for the shelter of the barn, taking the shortest line for the attainment of his object, and thereby tilting up the chaise and Herr Peters in it at a dangerous angle, as the wheels bumped heavily over heaps of refuse, and splashed through the duck-pond. However, steed and driver arrived safely within the great warm barn, and there Peters alighted to pay his respects to the Haus-frau. To this end he accompanied the farmer through one of the little low doors that opened from the barn, and passed into a long, stone-flagged kitchen. It was lighted on one side by three of the outer vine-draped casements, and on the other by two square, unglazed apertures near the roof, which were at this moment almost blocked up by a towering pile of wheat-sacks in the barn. On the floor were ranged a quantity of wide, shallow baskets filled with ruddy apples; and at an oaken dresser stood the Haus-frau and two sturdy maidens, peeling, coring, and cutting up the fruit, which was handed to them as they needed it by a barefooted little goose-herd, temporarily pressed into the domestic service. The farmer's wife dropped her knife and wiped her hands on her apron before offering one of them to her visitor.

"Ach je, Herr Peters!" she exclaimed, with as much astonishment in her voice as though she had not been expecting him all the morning, "now this is kind! I have the parcel ready for Lieschen—a small parcel it is—only a couple of neckerchiefs, real Manchester print they are"—I would that I could convey to my reader any idea of the sound Frau Lehmann made in uttering the word Manchester—"and two pairs of worsted stockings—a bit darned, it's true, but my own knitting, and real warm for winter wear; and I'm sure the child will be thankful to you, Herr Apothecary, for taking the trouble to carry them to her; for as to me, there ain't much chance of my getting to Detmold this side Christmas, and all the hams to cure, and—only see—the apple compôte but just begun, as one may say!"

Frau Lehmann uttered all this with great rapidity, and in the high cackling voice peculiar to uneducated German women; and when she paused for breath she wiped her hands once more on her cotton apron. She was a bony, active, hard-featured woman, with a shrewish light in her gray eyes, and her serving-maids were obviously afraid of her.

"I will do your errand willingly, Frau Lehmann," said Peters; "the more so that little Liese was always a favorite of mine from the first day I saw her."

"Ah, poor little maid," broke in the farmer, "how small and strange she looked among us all that first evening I brought her here! But she was so sweet in her temper and so soft and handy in her ways, that—"

"There, there, that's Franz Lehmann all over," said the mistress of the house, sharply. She was tying an extra string round the parcel to be sent to Detmold, and gave it as she spoke so sudden a jerk that it snapped. "Franz Lehmann, once he gets on one of his hobbies, will talk and prose and dream for an hour, and the precious minutes galloping away all the time, and every thing to do and to see to. Liese was small and strange then, sure enough; and she's small and strange now, for that matter! Nobody in all this world but Franz Lehmann would have thought of saddling himself with other folks' children, as if there wasn't mouths enough to feed already, and the boys especially, eating one out of house and home."

The little goose-herd, knowing himself to be one of the omnivorous boys in question, was so overwhelmed with confusion at being thus publicly alluded to, that he let fall an armful of apples, which rolled swiftly in various directions. And under cover of the consequent confusion, Peters made a hasty farewell and withdrew, bearing the parcel for which he had come. Lehmann accompanied him to the chaise, and walked at the pony's head as far as the high-road. The farmer broke silence only when they had reached the boundary of his own land.

"You won't take any notice of what my old woman says about Lieschen, Herr Peters?"

"Not at all," said the apothecary; but he had not a very clear idea of his own meaning.

"You see my old woman she's—she's an excellent body. Not a better wife in the principality. There ain't many housewives that would be as kind to a stranger's child, brought home to her without 'with your leave,' or 'by your leave,' as she has been to Lieschen. Are there, now?"

"N—no," answered Peters, the misogynist, "I don't think women mostly are kind to other folks' children."

"Well, there it is, you see, Herr Apothecary. We never had no little ones of our own; not to live, that is. Our only babe, she didn't stay many days in this world, and it well-nigh broke Hanne's heart. She has a sharp way with her sometimes, has Hanne; but, dear Heaven! if you had seen her then. Well, then, you understand, when I brought home little Lieschen, and said, 'Wife, this is the child of a dear dead cousin of mine, and we must give her shelter and home with us,' why, she just looked at the little one, and burst out a-crying, and got up and went away without a word. When she came back again she fed and tended the child right motherly, and she's done well by her ever since."

"I suppose Lieschen went to service at Detmold quite of her own will, then?"

Franz Lehmann's honest face grew a shade graver as he answered, "Yes; of her own will? Yes. It was better for her not to stay at home. Lieschen never was fit for hard country work, and my old woman keeps her lasses pretty tight to it. Then Hanne said I should spoil the maiden, and make a fool of her. Mayhap I might. But what I really think," added the farmer, confidentially, lowering his voice, "is that it fretted my old woman a bit to see me so fond of Lieschen. She was—"

"Jealous," suggested Peters, with a nod.

"Well, jealous, if you like, but in a queer kind of a way. My belief is that every time I patted the child's head, or took her on my knee, Hanne thought of her own little daughter, and what she might have been if the Lord had spared her to us, and felt somehow as if I was robbing the little dead babe—poor lamb! by— There, I can't speak it out clear, but I've got it all in my head like print."

However little the apothecary might agree with Frau Lehmann on most points, he could not but sympathize with her impatience of her husband's tendency to prose. Franz stood bareheaded, with his hand on the pony's mane, and his blue eyes placidly staring at vacancy, apparently unconscious of a keen north wind which made Peters sink his face deeper and deeper into his sheep-skin collar. Peters was a mild and irresolute man. He wanted to proceed on his journey, but he did not know how to arrest the flow of Lehmann's slow, musing utterances. The old Schimmel, however, was neither mild nor irresolute, and having by this time finished munching a mouthful of hay surreptitiously extracted from a truss in the barn, and feeling, moreover, rather chilly, he rid himself of Lehmann's hand on his mane by a vigorous shake of the head, and started off down the road at a round pace. The chaise had rolled some distance before Peters could pull up the Schimmel to listen to something which the farmer was calling after him.

"Heart's love to my little Lieschen. And hark ye, Herr Apothecary, you must promise to come and eat roast goose with us this winter. You've never tasted my old woman's apple compôte! Real good she makes it. Don't forget."

"Apple compôte!" muttered Peters. "I'd rather have peace and quiet to sweeten the roast goose than any sauce yonder shrew could make. I know she'd turn the fruit sour only by looking at it." But he nodded a sort of assent, and waved his hand to the farmer, who was still standing bareheaded in the road. And then the pony, whose small stock of complaisance was now exhausted, broke into a determined trot, and went steadily at his own pace until they reached Detmold.

A DRAWING-ROOM BALLAD.

In the dawn of a golden morrow
May Marguerite went away;
Naught of sin or sorrow
Had touched that perfumed clay.

Each morning sweeter and whiter,
In the city dark she grew;
Here, as in places brighter,
The clouds rain down such dew.

The splendor and power of Nature
Rank'd little in her sight;
She was a city creature,
Smiling by candle-light.

The nooks where Love might meet her,
Fashion from sunshine shrouds;
Yet her hue than roses was sweeter,
Her motion was like a cloud's.

Wherever the gas glared brightly
May Marguerite tript and flew,
O'er the flower'd carpet as lightly
As if it blossom'd and blew.

Under her gentle seeing,
In her delicate little hand,
They placed the Book of Being,
To read and understand.

The Book was mighty and olden,
Yea, worn and eaten with age;
Though the letters looked great and golden,
She could not read a page.

The letters flutter'd before her,
And all look'd sweetly wild:
Death saw her, and bent o'er her,
As she pouted her lips and smiled.

And weary a little with tracing
The Book, she look'd aside,
And lightly smiling, and placing
A flower in its leaves, she died.

She died—but her sweetness fled not,
As fly the things of power—
For the Book wherein she read not
Is the sweeter for the flower.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

THE Imperial family live at Fontainebleau in a very retired manner. The Emperor gives few audiences, and the Empress still fewer. Her ordinary costume is simple enough; for the last few days she has worn a dress of periwinkle taffeta, with high neck and long sleeves, and a broad sash slightly looping up the skirt, and forming puffs behind. The neck and sleeves of the dress are trimmed with a narrow quilling of silk. She is very partial to a chignon of curls, and scarcely ever wears any thing else, except on horseback.

The Emperor is very often in country negligé; a light cloth jacket, and a small round hat of gray felt, with a few jay-feathers. His principal amusement consists in digging holes in the ground with an American tube, and pumping in search of springs.

The Empress has conceived a liking for the velocipede exercise, which is at this time very much in fashion at Paris. She rides in the park, and makes tolerably long excursions into the country with her mechanical steeds. Ladies' velocipedes differ from those of gentlemen inasmuch as the riders are seated more firmly therein, and move the whole apparatus by turning a sort of crank with the right hand. The rapidity thus obtained is not, however, so great as that of the ordinary velocipedes.

The Emperor is very partial to the town of Fontainebleau; he does as much good there, it is said, as his overtaxed purse permits him; for although the Emperor has a civil list of twenty-four million francs, and two millions from the Imperial domains, he is almost always straitened for money; and this is not surprising when we remember that he has to defray the entire equipment and pay of the Hundred Guards, the salaries of all his military household and civil employés, and the expenses of the Louvre, the Tuileries, and all the Imperial parks of France, together with those of his private estates, his stables, etc.; that he is compelled besides on a multitude of occasions, such as journeys and others, to leave tokens of his munificence every where on the way; and that he also gives liberally for the relief of all unforeseen calamities, such as fires, inundations, and the like, so that really little is left for the multiplicity of other demands that are made on all sides; which is often painful to him, for he is very susceptible to pity.

The Emperor, who is very difficult of access at Paris, gives audience at Fontainebleau, if not with more readiness, at least with greater kindliness, to those persons whose positions do not permit them to be received in private by him. Very little ceremony is used in these audiences. An aid-de-camp, a chamberlain, or any other person patronizing the petitioner, introduces him into the Emperor's cabinet, announces him by name, and withdraws. The Emperor is usually seated on the low *causeuse* which figures in the celebrated picture of Gros, with an ugly little stand in front of him loaded with papers, and on which he leans his elbow. If the person received is not a woman he almost always smokes, and with his head inclining one side, and a calm and affable expression, listens to the request that is presented to him, and generally gives it an encouraging answer, but in very few words, slowly uttered. It is rarely that an audience lasts more than ten minutes. He then rises, walks to the mantle-piece, and leans his elbow on it, showing that the audience is closed. With the Empress it is very different; people find great difficulty in gaining access to her, but, once received, they can talk almost at their ease, and she often detains for a very long while the persons who chance to please her.

Although deprived of a court, Paris still beholds a few receptions, but for the most part private, though some are sumptuous, as for instance the ball lately given by Djemil-Pacha, the Ottoman embassador. In the absence of the embassadress the Princess de Metternich had consented to do the honors. She set the example of the relative simplicity of summer entertainments. Her white skirt had neither flowers nor lace; her corsage and tunic of yellow silk were trimmed with clusters of yellow glycine and trailing sprays of bright colored rosebuds. She wore absolutely nothing in her hair; two very long curls fell on her shoulders on each side. The diplomatic world were naturally almost all at the house of the Sultan's embassador, together with almost all the beautiful *Parisiennes* of the day. It appeared to us, however, that the crown of beauty was carried off this time by American ladies. Among those who made a real sensation was Mrs. Post, in cherry silk, with deep lace flounces caught up *en tunique* by clusters of *rose du Roi*, the Misses Beckwith in blue and white, and Miss Sims in pink striped Chambery gauze. The Turkish, or rather Armenian, ladies displayed a very original taste in the choice of their dresses. We will instance a Circassian lady, Madame Domate, in a yellow satin skirt covered with a long black lace tunic and sprinkled with pansies of all shades; Madame Della Suda, in blue gauze dotted with simple daisies, with no ornaments in her hair, and thick black curls falling around her face; and lastly, Madame Dus-Oglou, in pink silk, with a white lace tunic scalloped around the bottom over a bright pink dress. Madame Paskiewitch, the beautiful Russian who most particularly attracted the Sultan's attention, was simply dressed in gray Chambery gauze, with no ornaments in her hair; her corsage was very low, displaying the most beautiful shoulders imaginable. The embassador seemed to wear on his own person the precious stones that had deserted the ladies' dresses; his straight, blue Turkish frock, with gold inlaid buttons, was completely bedizened with gold, and embroidered as elaborately on the back as in front, beginning at the shoulders and running down to a point at the waist; his breast was covered with the diamond stars of almost all the great orders of Europe, across which was thrown the grand *cordon* of Medjidia, a green ribbon edged with white, which formed a brilliant contrast to this glittering back-ground; and he wore on his head that ugly red cap, with a long blue tassel, which is improperly called a fez, and the true name of which is tarbouch. The embassador, Djemil-Pacha, has great regularity of features, and that languishing yet cruel eye which so often accompanies Oriental beauty. He did the honors of his ball with that affable nonchalance which is habitual to him, and which stimulated the vivacity of the Princess de Metternich. The arrangement of the festival was magnificent. Part of the garden had been transformed into a ball-room. The heat rendered it necessary not only to open the windows but even to draw aside the curtains with which they were shrouded, so that the late promenaders returning from the Bois de Boulogne, passing along the *Rue de Presbourg* and the *Avenue de l'Imperatrice*, could easily look into the ball-room. Despite a Senegal temperature the guests kept up till daybreak the liveliest cotillions, well conducted by the secretary of the embassador, M. Haudy Bey, and Madame Dus-Oglou. Supper was taken standing at a magnificent buffet, which, after having been loaded till one o'clock in the morning with the most exquisite sherbets, was suddenly transformed, and appeared covered with a quantity of substantial dishes. The invitations differed from those usually given on such occasions, and read thus:

"On the occasion of the anniversary of the accession to the throne of his Highness, the Sultan, Abdul Medjid, entreats the company of M—— at a festival that he will give—"

The ball had been preceded by a grand state dinner, at which the embassadors or their representatives were present. The absence of Prince Richard Metternich was remarked. He was engaged, it was said, at a select dinner given by Count d'Ormont, where Madames de Pourtalès, de Gallifet, etc., were likewise present, without their husbands. There is a great deal of gossip just now about the journey of the Marquis de Caux, the husband of the celebrated Patti. It is said that the Emperor was willing to lend him horses from his stables to take to London. People ask how it is that the celebrated Marquis has obtained such special favor; if by leading the Court cotillions, it is an advantageous thing to learn how to glide adroitly over the slippery floors of palaces.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

THE WOMAN QUESTION IN RUSSIA.

THE *Courrier Français*, a French journal, having recently stated that England was the first to emancipate the negro, and would be the first to emancipate women, the *Nord* takes it to task for this assertion, and declares that the latter work has already been accomplished by Russia. In that country, it says, the emancipation exists, and always has existed, husband and wife being two persons entirely independent of each other in the eyes of the civil law. The husband not only can not dispose of the property of his wife, but she herself may dispose of it without consulting him in any way. Politically, too, there is complete equality between the two; and if the wife possesses the necessary property qualification, she can vote for the election of members to the provincial general councils newly instituted, her sex being no obstacle to the exercise of the right. It will thus be seen that in this question England has merely to follow—Russia having already led the way.

Close-Fitting Lace Paletot.

THIS lace paletot is without sleeves, and is trimmed around the neck and arm-holes with two pleated rows of lace, which are arranged in the manner shown by the illustration. A belt of black silk and lace completes the paletot. This paletot may also be made of guipure net or figured tulle, or may be lined with colored silk.

Chemisette with Revers and Cuffs.

See illustration, page 649.

THIS chemisette, with cuffs to match, is made of fine double linen, edged with a strip of brown and white striped percale an inch in width, which is set on so as to simulate a binding. A strip of brown percale, a quarter of an inch wide,

CLOSE-FITTING LACE PALETOT.

is stitched on over the seam. Cut for the collar one piece from Fig. 30, and for the cuff one piece from Fig. 31. The collar is joined to a chemisette of Swiss muslin, the pattern of which is given by Figs. 28 and 29. The front of the chemisette is fastened with buttons and button-holes. The cuffs may be worn alone, or may be fastened to muslin sleeves.

Swiss Muslin and Tatting Cravat Collar.

See illustration, page 649.

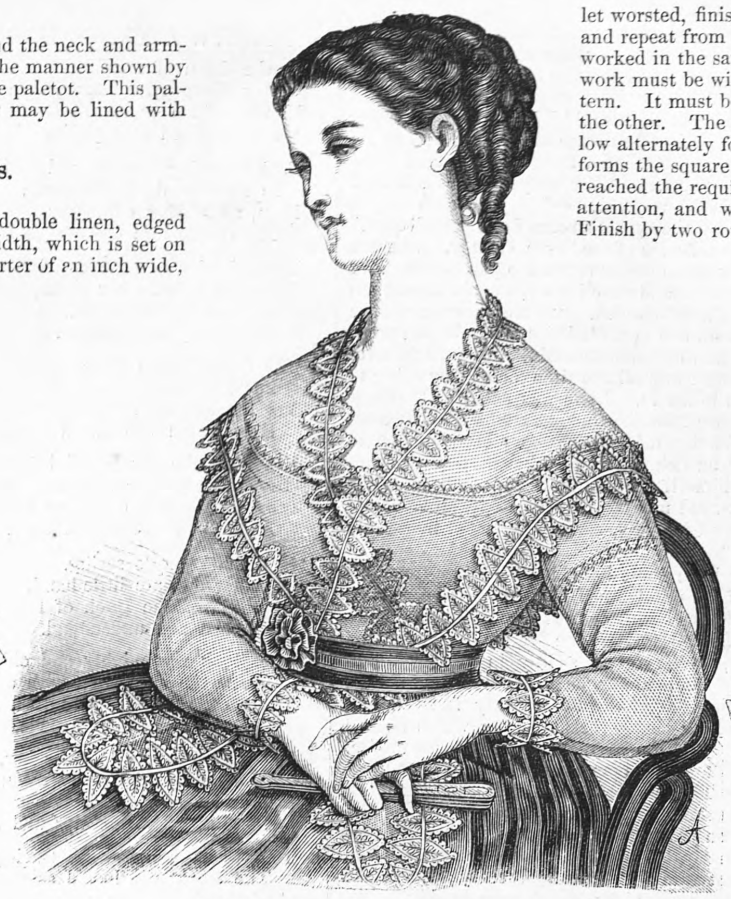
THIS cravat collar consists of a straight piece of muslin twenty-four inches in length by an inch and a half in width, both ends of which are rounded and ornamented with a tatted rosette, and the whole is edged with a tatted lace. It is fastened in front by means of a button and button-hole, and set over the binding of the chemisette. We have given several patterns of tatted rosettes in previous Numbers which may be used for this purpose.

Crochet Bathing Slipper.

See illustration, page 652.

MATERIALS: Gray and red twisted worsted, scarlet flannel, cork soles, scarlet worsted braid an inch wide.

The original is made of scarlet and gray worsted in knitted crochet stitch. The illustration shows a section of the crochet work of the full size. In working the knitted crochet stitch, which is formed of single crochet, always put the needle through the back vein of each stitch of the former round, by means of which both upper veins stand out on the right side; every round is always begun on the same side. The illustrations show the shape of the upper and the sole. Begin the slipper at the toe of the upper with a foundation of fifteen stitches. Passing over the first stitch, work back on this * with gray worsted 4 sc. (single crochet), finish the last with scarlet worsted, crochet 1 sc. with scarlet worsted, finish this with the gray which has been left on the wrong side, and repeat from * to the end of the round. The following three rounds are worked in the same manner; but in these, as in all the remaining rounds, the work must be widened or narrowed according to the requirements of the pattern. It must be observed that the scarlet stitches always come one above the other. The fifth round is worked entirely of scarlet. From now on follow alternately four rounds like the first four, and one scarlet round, which forms the square design that is seen in the illustration. When the upper has reached the requisite height leave the twenty middle stitches without further attention, and work on each side of this the pointed sides of the upper. Finish by two rounds single crochet in gray worsted around the upper edge.



SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE FICHU.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 7 and 8.

SCARF MANTILLA.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Fig. 1.

The sole is made of twine; Fig. 41 gives the pattern. Begin this also at the toe by knotting button-hole stitch over a piece of twine of the requisite length, then make a new loop backward and forward in every loop of the last round. Work each row over a foundation of the twine, which is to be run from one row to the next. Form the shape of the slipper by working a few stitches more or less at the end of the rounds. The illustration shows the sole reduced in size. Finish the outer edge by a plait of the twine. Line the upper with flannel, and join to a cork sole, which is sewed fast to the twine sole. Lastly, cover the seam, and at the same time the cork sole on the upper side, with a lining worked in single crochet from Fig. 41. Border this with a row of sc. In working the last round put the needle through the edge stitches of the sole, thus fastening it. Finish with pleated scarlet braid as shown by the illustration.

FICHU WITH REVERS.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 6.

Cane Skipping-Rope.

See illustration, page 652.

JUMPING through a rope or hoop is a favorite amusement of children, and the gayer and more tasteful the hoop the better they like it. The illustrations which we give teach the manner of preparing a hoop of this kind. The original is made of a Spanish reed, covered, as shown by the illustration, with narrow strips of reed and red worsted,

FICHU WITH GREEN SATIN BOWS.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Fig. 4.

BRETELLE BODICE.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Fig. 43.

and the ends are furnished with knobs of red worsted. For making the hoop take a Spanish reed fifty-five inches in length and half an inch in circumference. This forms the foundation. Then from another reed split off six very narrow splinters. Tie the ends to one end of the foundation reed by means of a piece of twine in such a manner that the flat sides shall cover it, after which fasten on a thread of red worsted and begin the winding by bringing the thread alternately over and under the narrow splinters, as shown by the illustration. The design alternates. Having completed the hoop, prepare of the red wool two balls each two inches and a half in diameter, made in the manner described for the worsted duster, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 23, p. 361. Join these to the ends of the hoop before taking out the pasteboard, and, in order to keep them fast, cover the part of the ends which is to be fastened to the balls with gum-arabic.

A MEDIEVAL BLUEBEARD.

IT is not impossible that the famous story of Bluebeard may have sprung from that of Gilles de Laval, Maréchal de Retz, whose castle of Barbe Bleu, or Blue Beard, was known in the Middle Ages as a centre for the infernal rites of demon worship and human sacrifice practiced by the necromancers of the times.

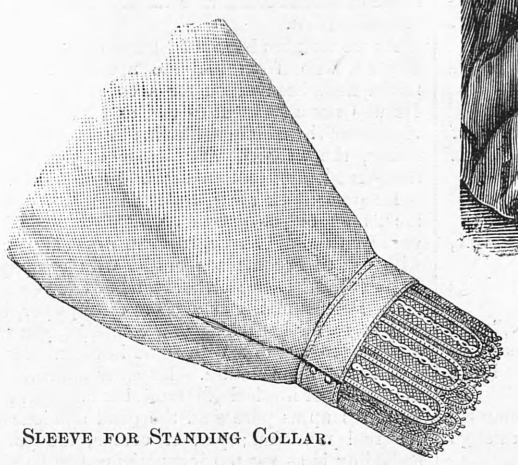
At twenty Gilles de Laval was probably the most rising man of his day, and assuredly he was the most favored by fortune. He was handsome, high-born, and enormously wealthy; he was clever too, highly cultivated, and as brave as a Paladin. And the times offered the amplest scope to his ambition and abilities. France had then entered on the last and triumphant stage of a highly popular struggle, and the crop which a former generation of warriors and statesmen had sown was ripening to reward their successors. For some years Gilles de Laval bid fair to realize the warmest hopes of his friends, displaying such valor and conduct that he was named almost immediately Maréchal of France. And to crown all, in the midst of his success he wedded a beautiful and high-born heiress; but, for a wonder, nobody envied him. So frank, generous, and amiable was he that he had not an enemy in the kingdom; and yet this man of unparalleled fortune died in the prime of life, utterly ruined in fame and estate, not as a gentleman and a soldier dies, but the vile death of a ruffianly thief, and so universally loathed that all France hailed his execution with a sigh of relief.

Retiring early from active service, he fitted up his castle like a palace in a fairy tale, took troops of musicians, players, and dancing-girls into his service, and made his life thenceforth for many years a gorgeous pageant. Keeping open house for all comers, and offering such attractions, it was not wonderful that his visitors should count by thousands; and a motley herd they were—counts, courtesans, and conjurors; bishops and bravoes; rhymers, roysterers, and reprobates of all sorts, elbowing each other at all times within his halls. Indeed, the court of the Maréchal de Retz completely eclipsed that of his suzerain, the Duke of Britanny.

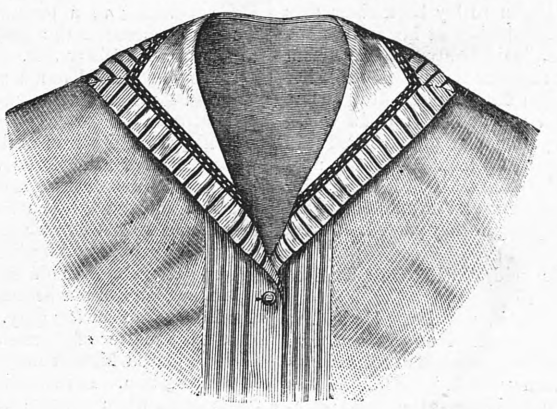
But depravity crept in, spread, flourished, and at length became so thoroughly master of the revels, that all who had any sense of morality left in them shunned the scene. The flight of respectability, however, was regarded as a positive relief by the mob that remained. Thenceforward they indulged without restraint, anticipating all that has been recorded of the Palais Royal or the Folies des Chartres. But corrupt as were the guests, they were infinitely surpassed in evil by their host. He liked indeed to contemplate and encourage, but he disdained to share their common vices. When he indulged, it was in secret; for to such extremity of excess had he attained, that he was compelled to shroud it away down in the darkest vaults of his castle from even the vicious eyes of that crew. We can not enter into the details of this man's fall; we can not pause to tell how impostors, knaves of mystic pretense, wormed into his confidence, and led him, step by step, to every sort of ruin. Nor dare we describe the orgies that were enacted daily in those horrid cells. It is enough to say that the victims of licentiousness—little children most of them, or very young girls—were afterward immolated to Satan; and that the choicest delight of this awful voluptuary consisted in dealing the fatal stab, and watching its dreadful consequences.

At length so many females had disappeared unaccountably from the neighborhood of Barbe Bleu, and so many continued to vanish daily, that the attention of the authorities was roused. And the sensation must have been great indeed to have effected such a marvel in favor of "unshod ribalds." From the very beginning, suspicion pointed with undeviating finger at De Retz. Not, however, on account of his embarrassments, his character, or the character of his confidants — most of them notorious alchemists and conjurors — nor even because of the number missing. For, had authority taken it into his head to lay hands on every high-born profligate who consorted with such vermin, and who resided in a neighborhood where lowly women were given to van-

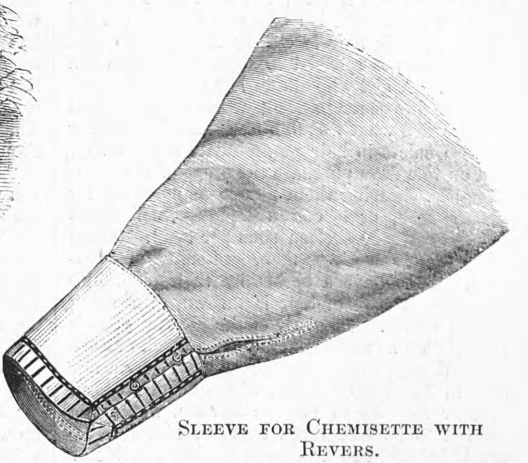
WALKING SUIT WITH FICHU MANTILLA.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 2 and 3.



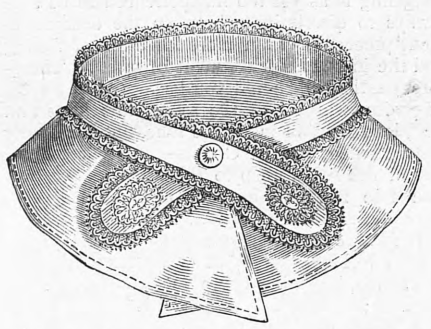
SLEEVE FOR STANDING COLLAR.



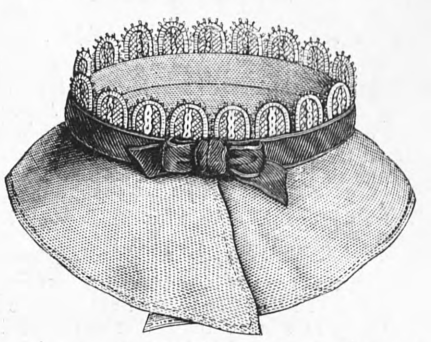
CHEMISETTE WITH REVERS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 28–31.



SLEEVE FOR CHEMISETTE WITH REVERS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 28–31.



SWISS MUSLIN AND TATTING CRAVAT COLLAR.



STANDING COLLAR OF MIGNARDISE AND LACE INSERTION.
For description see Supplement.

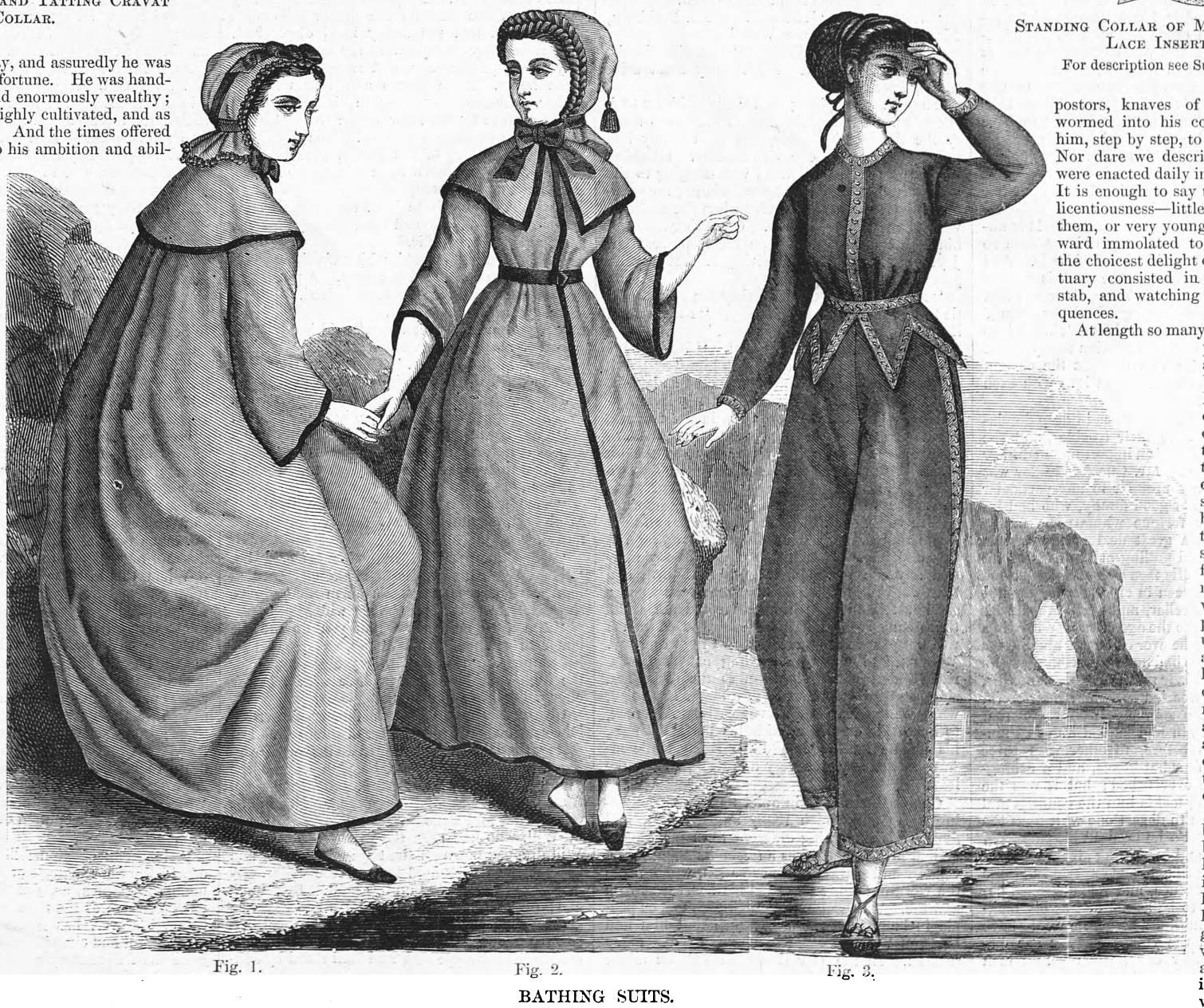


Fig. 1. Fig. 2. Fig. 3.

BATHING SUITS.
For patterns and description see Supplement., Nos. VII.–IX., Figs. 9–15.

ish mysteriously, very few nobles indeed would have been left at large in France or any where else. Nor was there any positive evidence adduced against the Maréchal prior to his captivity. But people generally felt, as they always feel in such cases, through a species of unaccountable but unerring instinct, that De Retz, and no other, was the guilty man. He was seized with his confederate and tutor in diablerie, one Prelati, and his castle searched. Heaps of bones, human skins covered with magical inscriptions, and all the sorcerer's hideous stock in trade, were brought up from the vaults. And the ensuing trial threw a fearful light on these things. It was fairly proved that considerably more than a hundred lives had been sacrificed by the Maréchal and his instructor within two years. And there were reasonable grounds for surmising that these were but a moiety of the victims. And yet this precious pair—the monstrous fool and the mystic knave—embraced tenderly on the scaffold, and comforted one another with the confident trust of meeting immediately in Paradise!

HAIR-DRESSING IN BRITTANY.

THE custom of wearing the hair in Brittany differs from that of other countries, and is not a little curious. The men here wear long hair flowing about in tresses; but not so the women, who do not regard it as an ornament. On the contrary, their hair is closely cut, and no part of the same is allowed to appear from beneath the cap. A girl who allows her hair to be seen, however fine or magnificent, would be considered to disregard what was due to the modesty of her sex. Dealers in hair perambulate the country, and on fête days purchase the crops of the peasant girls, shearing them like so many sheep for twenty sous, or a cotton handkerchief worth about twelve or sixteen sous per head. These dealers are sometimes men, and sometimes women. They have a basket by their side, into which each crop of hair is thrown, after being tied in a wisp. The hair of the peasant girls is remarkably fine and generally of a black or dark color, though sometimes chestnut. Many a fair lady in London or Paris, whose beautiful head of hair attracts so many admirers, would not wish it to be discovered that her *chevelure* recently belonged to a peasant girl in the wilds of Brittany.

JENNY'S CITY BEAU.

MISS JENNY WAYLAND was a peculiar girl. At least so said her friends; and if they know nothing about it, who does? It was the verdict of the dear five hundred in Painville. If asked in what she differed from the mass of womankind, they would have been at a loss to say. Taking a view of her as she walked or drove through the town, a gentleman would have noticed, first, that she had a bright, pleasant way, a good color, and a symmetrical figure; second, that she considered herself as the proper guardian of herself, and would not delegate the authority to others; third, that she dressed in good taste, not gaudily, but in colors which harmonized with each other and with her complexion. The young ladies voted her queer, and at the same time tried to imitate her—a sure sign that she was popular with the gentlemen; and after all, the voice of the daughters of Eve to the contrary notwithstanding, they do like to have the gentlemen notice them, and make it the aim of their lives. Probably this sentiment will bring down upon the head of the author the anathema of all womankind who read it; but that author considers himself safe by reason of distance. What he has written, he has written! It seemed, however, that Miss Jenny did not care so much for admiration as her female friends. And perhaps it was her indifference on this subject that made her a favorite. Then, she could talk well. Most gentlemen like good talkers, even if they can not talk well themselves. They fill up the awkward gaps in a conversation nicely where a company of people who exhaust the current topics of the day and are not in love with each other would be at fault.

At the present time Jenny was in deep desolation. All women have their troubles, and she had hers, in the shape of an importunate admirer who did not suit her. Mr. Chester Audley was a type of a class not peculiar to any particular city; a young man of good family, who had inherited the family fortune without the family brains. He spent a great deal of his time in combing his hair and pulling at the ends of his blonde mustache. His face was of the milk and water type so often seen in cities, for he was like a plant grown in a cellar, and had spent all his life, from babyhood to the age of twenty-five, in a crowded city. How he ever came to Painville is a mooted question. He had nothing in common with the people there. Their mode of life was not his, their amusements wearied him, and their fresh, healthy faces were a source of wonder to him. But the morning train had landed him in Painville three months before, together with three enormous trunks, four hat-boxes, and a fishing-rod. Not that he ever fished; but it was the style to carry fishing-tackle into the country, and he was not the man to depart one whit from the usages of society. So he brought his pale face, his languid smile, and his killing air into the society of the thriving village, and expected all there to yield to their influence, and was disgusted because they refused to be astonished at his magnificence. It is doubtful whether he would have staid two days in the village but for one circumstance. In other days, when young men were gifted with brains, his father had known Mr. Wayland in college, and gave his son, the brainless, a letter of introduction. Mr. Wayland, a keen man of business, looked him over with a smile, and came to the conclusion that this young dandy had inherited nothing of the sterling good sense which had characterized his old college friend. But he asked him to stay at his house while in town. Chester had taken rooms at the hotel, and thought he had better keep them. While they were speaking Jenny came in, and the young man was instantly enslaved. Mr. Wayland introduced him, and told her to take him in charge, as he had business to attend to.

"I am driving out, Mr. Audley," said she, glancing at his elegant costume. "Would you care to drive through the village?"

Chester assented, and they went out to the carriage. Chester looked at the spirited team, their flashing eyes, erect heads, and dilated nostrils, and wondered where the driver was.

"I—I don't see the man," said he.

"There *is* no man," she replied. "I intend to drive them myself."

"You!" said Chester, in unaffected astonishment. "Why it's impossible! You don't mean it! You can't drive that team! Let me do it!"

"If you like," she said. "But I can manage them easily enough." He took the reins in great trepidation, and the horses knew that he was no match for them. They pranced, tossed their heads, and tugged at the reins in a manner far from pleasant.

"What makes them act so?" he said, looking at Jenny, who was amused to see the manner in which he held the reins. "Don't you think we had better have a man? I don't like the way they act, do you? What makes him toss up his head so? It's as much as I can do to hold the reins. Whoa, there; whoa! Don't you hear me? That's a vicious animal, Miss Jenny. You should sell him; you should indeed!"

"Sell Diamond! I could not think of it. If you will allow me to say it, you hold your hands too far apart and too high up."

His attitude might, indeed, in the eyes of a turfman have been open to censure, as he held his hands about half a yard apart and nearly on a level with his breast. The horses, usually gentle, though full of spirit, became annoyed at the jerks he gave the reins and the timid voice of the driver. They began to lay back their ears and step out. Chester looked at her in despair.

"Give me the reins," said Jenny. He gave them up willingly. The moment the horses heard her voice, and felt the firm but gentle hand upon the ribbons, they ceased the demonstrations which had so appalled the young man, and dropped into the usual steady, swinging trot. A young man standing by the curbstone had been looking with considerable astonishment at the manœuvres of Chester, and was laughing as they passed. Jenny pulled up.

"Oh, Will!" she said, "will you please to come here a moment?"

Chester looked at her in surprise. He had no conception of such a breach of etiquette as this. A young lady calling to a young man from a carriage, and styling him "Will!" While he was deep in the vale of astonishment the young gentleman came to the side of the carriage. He had a pleasant face, brown, but comely, broad shoulders, and arms like a blacksmith.

"Will you ride?" she said. "Mr. Rathburn, Mr. Audley. Do come, Will."

"I don't mind," said he. "You will take the back seat, I suppose. Mr. Audley don't drive much, I see."

They changed places, and Will Rathburn took the reins. It was plain that he wanted to terrify the dandy, if possible, and even Jenny had never seen her horses go so rapidly. Glancing at Chester she saw that he was clinging to the seat with all his might, and calculating the probable injuries he would receive when the crash of which he was certain came. One thing annoyed him—that country fellow on the front seat enjoyed his fear, and was driving in that way on purpose.

"Don't—don't you think they are going a little too fast?" he managed to say. "I don't mind it myself, but *you* might get hurt."

"I am used to it," she replied. "Will always drives in that way. I can't stop him."

But Will stopped of his own accord at length, satisfied that he had given Chester a lesson in driving. If Jenny had not been in the carriage there is no telling to what extent he might have gone on. There probably would have been an upset. From that time Chester had no thought of leaving Painville. Wherever Jenny went there he was sure to go, like Mary's lamb, immortalized in verse. Will first endured him, and then began to get annoyed at his pertinacity; for it was understood in Painville that if Jenny married any one it would be Will Rathburn, and they were rather pleased than otherwise when a shadow fell on his path. He could not think that Jenny really liked the fellow. But then it was not pleasant to have him always in the way. Will used to enjoy an evening at Wayland's, when Jenny would sit down to the piano and sing the dearest old songs in a sweet low voice, which he had learned to love dearly. And now, to have this exquisite, with his perfumed hair, his blonde mustache, and his sickly smile always in the way was very annoying, to say the least.

Chester had a certain quiet tenacity in following any thing which really amused him, and Jenny was something different from the women he had met. There was a freshness about her, a vivacity and sparkle in conversation, which made the worn-out thing he called his heart beat with new life. The people in Painville talked, as people in country towns will talk, about him and her and Will. People in country towns enjoy scandal. In the city this little episode might have gone on, and the people in the next house would have known nothing about it. This sort of tattling annoyed Jenny at last, and she was more civil to Chester than ever. She did not dream that his attentions were any thing serious. But at last she saw, as others did, that she was the attraction which kept him in the town.

She had won a white elephant. What to do with the beast she did not know. And there Will was going about with a gloomy, misanthropic face, and talking of California and China as desirable places of residence for a young man who has his way to make in the world. It is a noticeable fact that most young men, when the world goes hard with them, talk of impossible places in an easy way which is refreshing.

It was early autumn, and the young people got up a nutting excursion. Will was there: no party was complete without him. Chester came in all his glory in company with Jenny. He had made up his mind. A man must marry some time, and might do worse than marry Jenny Wayland. He never dreamed of the possibility of a refusal. That was not in his books. Jenny was in a fitful mood, changing like an April day. He could not have chosen a more inauspicious time. She was full of life when they came to the woods, but lost her spirits when she saw Will leaning against a tree, looking ready for suicide or China, and ready to toss up a penny which it should be. He had been debating whether giving Chester a thrashing might not do his business, but was balked by the fact that Chester would not take offense at any thing.

"Will Rathburn," said Belle Sayres, a pretty little hoyden of the party, "do you come here this moment! What do you mean, Sir, by looking as if you would like to cut somebody's throat?"

"Am I such a desperado?" said he, forcing a laugh. "What do you want me to do?"

"Go up that tree and shake it this instant! How do you suppose we are to get any nuts if you don't move? Here are your climbing irons. Put them on at once."

He obeyed slowly. Jenny came up, followed by Chester, just as he took up the second iron.

"Perhaps you would like to try it?" said he, vindictively, offering the iron to Chester.

"May I ask what it is? Any thing to oblige a lady?" said Chester.

"Just to climb that tree and thresh it," said Belle, pointing to a chestnut which was three feet in diameter at the butt, and without limbs to the height of forty feet.

"Do you think I am a squirrel?" demanded Chester. "You must excuse me. I can not go up that tree."

Will put on the iron and slung a pole on his wrist. In five minutes he was in the tree, and the brown nuts rattling down about their ears. That merry time! You and I have had such days; and now, when we sit by solitary fires, or toil through hours of business, or pore over old books, the memories of those days will come again, and we feel our hearts grow fresher though our heads are growing gray.

It was a matter of some surprise that wherever Chester placed himself huge burrs would persist in striking him. It was nevertheless true. Will came down when the tree was stripped, the boys who had climbed other trees did the same, and the nuts were gathered and put in the wagons. Then came dinner. They found a grassy plot by the side of the stream; the dinner-pails were brought out, and the merry meal dispatched. This done, they paired off in the unaccountable way young people have, and rambled about for some hours. Belle Sayres and Will were together. Chester kept Jenny in his toils. They found a place by the river where the water fell over a high bank, and dropped into a deep pool below. The sides of the stream were of loose slate. Jenny sat down upon a log, and leaning her elbows on her knees, looked dreamily out into the woods, paying little heed to Chester's stale compliments. But he had been waiting for some such opportunity as this.

"Miss Jenny," he said, with refreshing coolness, "I have concluded to marry. A man must make some sacrifices; he must indeed."

Jenny hardly heard him.

"A person of my standing," said he, "is expected to marry a city woman; but I don't know that they are any better. A girl from the country can learn what to do in society."

Jenny began to be sensible that he was coming to something, and looked at him in astonishment.

"That is to say, a girl from the country is not expected to know all the things requisite to keep up standing in society, and people are not so hard on them."

"They are very kind," said Jenny, thinking, at the same time, "what can the blockhead mean?"

"Of course you understand me," said he. "There is no other girl out of the city I would marry. There is a certain form to be gone through with. Will you be my wife?"

"Am I to understand that you do me the honor to ask me?" said Jenny, exasperated by his manner. "Then, with my best thanks for the high consideration you have shown in the offer, I beg leave to decline."

Chester started up in astonishment, forgetting how near he stood to the edge of the bank. His feet touched the loose slate. In an instant, grasping vainly at empty space, he plunged into the deep pool below the waterfall, and disappeared from view. A ringing laugh sounded from the other bank, and Belle Sayres appeared, followed by Will, who had seen the whole performance. Will dropped down on the edge of the pool, and grasped the discomfited hero by the collar. A moment after he stood on dry land. But, Ichabod! thy glory had departed. He never spoke; he made no sign; but, turning on his heel, left them to their own devices. Belle, with great discretion, had disappeared, and Will stood by Jenny's side.

"You would not have the dandy, then?" said he.

"Did you think it for a moment?" she replied.

"Will you marry me?" he said. "I love you; and you need not go to the city to learn manners."

"I have a mind to say No, to pay you for that speech," she said, putting her hand in his. "You have been cruel to me, but I will not be to you."

Chester Audley returned to the city. He detests country girls to this day.

A QUARTET AT GOETHE'S.

IT was in the early part of November, in the year 1821, that three members of the Weimar Hof-Capelle, the writer of these lines being one of the number, were introduced by a servant into the well-known room of Goethe, the windows of which looked out upon the Plauplatz. Three music desks stood ready for us by the side of the opened piano; near by lay a pile of music in manuscript. Curious as I have always been and still am in such matters, I turned over the leaves and read, "Studies in Double Counterpoint;" another volume was entitled "Fugues;" a third, "Canones;" then came "Quartet for Piano with accompaniment of violin, viola, and violoncello." On each volume was inscribed the name of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. The notes were written in a firm, neat hand, and, so far as a hasty glance permitted me to judge, showed the work of a capable and accomplished artist. The name of Mendelssohn as a musician was at that time unknown.

As we were tuning our instruments a tall man entered, who, from his fine military bearing, might have been taken for a cavalry sergeant. He was not a stranger to me, as I had the previous year visited him at Berlin: it was Professor Zelter, the well-known director of the Berlin Sing-Academy, Goethe's fast and true friend.

He greeted us all in a friendly manner, and me as an old acquaintance. "I come before you, gentlemen," he began, "to ask a favor: I wish you to become acquainted with my pupil, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, a boy twelve years old. For his ability as a piano-forte player, but still more for his talent as a composer, you will probably regard him with some interest. He is a perfect child of nature. He cares but little for the praises of musical dilettanti, but longs for and treasures up as pure gold the good opinions of the real musician; yet, of course, the young fledgeling is as yet too inexperienced to be able always to discriminate between the encouragement proceeding from mere kindness of feeling and the just acknowledgment of merit. Therefore, gentlemen, should you be moved to a song of praise, which I at the same time hope and fear, lead it off in moderate time, not too loudly instrumented, and in C dur—the least colored key of the scale. Up to this time I have kept him free from vanity and self-conceit—those deadly enemies of all artistic improvement."

Before we could return an answer to this somewhat novel address Felix entered the room: a handsome, blooming boy, with decidedly Jewish features; slender and supple; his hair falling in rich, black ringlets over his shoulders; genius and spirit beamed from his eyes. He looked at us inquisitively for a moment, and then, coming forward, shook hands with each one as though we had been old acquaintances.

At the same time with Felix Goethe entered, and returned a friendly greeting to our respectful salutations. "My friend," said he, pointing to Zelter, "has brought with him a little Berliner, who will surprise us as a virtuoso; we shall also have an opportunity of knowing something of him as a composer, and to this end I beg you will give your assistance. Come, my child, let us hear what thy young head has produced!" So saying he passed his hand over the long curls of the boy.

The latter ran quickly to the pile of music, placed our parts on the stands, and the principal part on the piano, before which he hurriedly took his seat. Zelter stationed himself behind Felix, to be ready to turn over the leaves for him, and Goethe stood a few steps off, his hands clasped behind his back; the little composer gave us a look, we laid our bows on our instruments, a nod from his curly head, and the performance began.

Goethe heard the entire composition with the closest attention, without making other remark than an occasional "Good!" or "Bravo!" which he accompanied with a nod of approval. Remembering Zelter's admonition, we showed our satisfaction to the boy, whose face, as the performance progressed, became more and more flushed, only by our manner.

When the last movement was ended Felix sprang from his seat and looked at each one of us inquiringly, apparently longing to hear what might be said of his work; but Goethe, probably instructed by Zelter, said to him, "Bravo, my son! the countenances of these gentlemen," pointing to us, "doubtless tell plainly enough that your production has pleased them; go down, now, into the garden, they are waiting for you there; get your breath, and cool yourself off, for you look as if on fire."

In an instant the boy was outside the door. As we rose to take our leave Goethe said to us, "Stop one moment, gentlemen; my friend and I wish to have your opinion of this boy's composition."

A long conversation followed, the particulars of which, after the lapse of so many years, I am unable to furnish, as, unfortunately, I made no entry of them at the time in my journal; something, however, has remained in my memory, for my later and close intimacy with Mendelssohn gave me frequent opportunities of talking over with him the incidents of this first meeting.

Goethe regretted that we had to-day heard the little fellow only in quartet playing. "These musical wonder-children," said he, "so far as concerns technical ability, are at the present day

no longer very great curiosities, but what this little fellow is able to do in phantasy and sight playing borders on the marvelous, and I could hardly believe it possible in one of so few years."

"And yet you heard Mozart in his seventh year at Frankfort," said Zelter.

"Yes," replied Goethe; "at that time I myself was only twelve years old, and, like every body else, was greatly astounded at his extraordinary ability; but that which your pupil now performs is, when compared with Mozart's performance at that time, as the perfect utterance of a full-grown man to the lispings of a child."

"Certainly," said Zelter, smiling; "Felix executes the concerto with which Mozart then astounded the world as mere child's play, without a single note of it before him; but many others can do that now. It is for me to encourage the boy's creative talent; and now, gentlemen," said he, turning to us, "what do you think of his quartet?"

We all agreed that the production of Felix showed greater originality than did Mozart's, and that it was not unreasonable to believe that in this boy the world would find an amended edition of Mozart; the more so as he was in the bloom of health, and all his surroundings favorable to the development of his talent.

"May it be so!" said Goethe. "No one can tell how his genius may unfold itself; yet we have seen so much of promising talent led astray by false method, and our best hopes have so often been disappointed; by good luck he is in your hands, Zelter, and I know you will take good care of him."

"I give my most earnest attention to the youth," said Zelter, "and provide for him every facility to pursue the bent of his own genius untrammeled; at the same time that I restrain him constantly with the curb-bit of contrapuntal studies; but how long I may be able to continue thus with him, and how soon he may run away from my discipline, I can not tell. I can really teach him nothing more, and once free he will take his own course."

"After all," said Goethe, "the teacher's influence on great genius is at most somewhat problematical; that which makes the artist great and original can be worked out only by and in himself. Who are the teachers that Raphael, Michael Angelo, Haydn, Mozart, and all those distinguished masters have to thank for their immortal creations?"

I then asked whether this quartet, as we had heard it, originated entirely with the boy. "Yes, yes," replied Zelter, "all from his own hand, and from his own brain; I say all from his own brain. What you have heard he prepared entirely himself. I know that teachers, in order to procure to themselves credit for their teaching, often embellish the works of their pupils to such a degree that little or nothing remains of their ideas. This is nothing more nor less than downright swindling and charlatanry; they deceive not only the public, but the pupil, who is soon led to believe that he himself is the finisher of his work; it is a mischief that has ruined many a fine talent, and nipped in the bud many a genius. I allow Felix to do as he pleases; naturally his creative power remains always fresh, and I do not embitter his enjoyment in composition by too severe criticism. Criticism comes soon enough of itself; intelligence grows, and with it the impulse to improve; consequently this twelve-year-old boy has already written more than many a man of thirty. May Heaven shield this rare plant from all disturbing influences, so that, in good time, it may expand itself into full fruitfulness!"

This was, as nearly as I can recollect, the conversation that passed on this occasion.

Seventeen Years Later.—The boy had become a man. I had followed his pathway of glory and renown with interest, rejoicing to see that each one of his more important works, as they successively appeared, gave evidence of maturing talent; but for seventeen years I had not seen him. He was now Director of the Leipsic Gewand Haus Concerts, which, under his leadership, had been brought to a high degree of excellence; so much so, indeed, that the orchestra was universally conceded to be the finest in Germany. What wonder that I should wish to listen to it, and take part in it! So I sat down, wrote a grand orchestra composition, and when it was ready, sent a request to him that he would permit it to be performed at the Gewand Haus. I spoke of no pecuniary compensation, and only expressed the wish that my work might be well studied and directed.

Soon after I received a friendly letter from Mendelssohn, wherein he informed me that they were waiting the arrival of my work, and that the Direction would be pleased if I would allow it to be produced in public. I mention this letter particularly on account of a passage in it that characterizes his noble, loving, benevolent, and at times tender disposition toward artists. He wrote as follows: "It appears to me proper that, for the reimbursement of at least a portion of your traveling expenses, some remuneration should be presented to you, although you do not refer to it in your letter. Our means are limited, yet I thought it might be welcome to you; and furthermore, I understand the Directors are in favor of it." This was in November, 1838.

Soon after this I went with my work to Leipsic. Mendelssohn received me in the most friendly and heart-felt manner; during the rehearsal was particularly attentive, and labored ardently to make the performance as perfect as possible; and when he came to me from the orchestra, at the end of this to me most important evening, and noticed my nervousness, said he, "You look worried." "I am very much so," I replied. "You have no reason to be so," he answered; "your work is good; you can not help knowing it. Of what moment is it if the public does not happen to be pleased? Ought we to expect to succeed better than has many a master of former times in some of his very best efforts?"

The work, as the Leipsic critic wrote, was an equivocal success. I was very much depressed, and for the time being gave up all pleasure in composition. I mention this incident also as an evidence of the friendly interest taken in my music by Mendelssohn, who was pleased to find more in it than did the public. From that time our intimacy became closer than ever.

Since that time I have passed many a happy hour with this beloved Master. He came occasionally to Weimar, and played to us and a few chosen friends his latest compositions, either at my house or at Montag's, the music-teacher's. On these occasions he was unwilling that any great number should be present: he would say, "Let us have some music this evening, but entirely among ourselves, for we may want to take off our coats and play in our shirt-sleeves." One evening as I came home about ten o'clock from a rehearsal at the Opera, my wife ran to meet me, in great excitement, with the question, "Who do you think has been here? Mendelssohn! He stopped on his way through to Frankfort (where, if I am not mistaken, he is going to visit his lady-love), and regretted so much not being able to see you. 'Dear Madame L——,' said he, 'it is two hours before the post leaves, and I am going to stay with you: now, if you will let me, I will play something for you;' and thereupon he seated himself at the piano, and for two hours, without intermission, played for me the most beautiful things you can imagine." One may well believe that my wife has never forgotten that evening, and that she is very proud of it. On one occasion there was some music at Montag's; Mendelssohn played his D moll trio; then a quintet of music was taken up, in which he played the viola admirably.

Twenty-six Years Later.—It was known to few that this vigorous, healthy, jovial, always happy, and (in every relation of life) fortunate man, was subject at times to forebodings of an early death. Once, after the performance of his "Paulus" in the church at Weimar, we were seated together alone in his chamber, and I, at that time a great hypochondriac, remarked that I should not live to enjoy his later productions. He answered, "Ah, my dear L——, you will long outlive me." I began to joke with him for speaking thus, when he interrupted me, saying, in a low, solemn voice, "I shall never be old;" then, as if regretting what he had said, his features assumed the liveliest expression, and he began talking over the performance, particularly dwelling on the kindness with which every one had received his work.

Little did I think, at that time, that the prophecy of him who was seated before me, radiant with health, and only in the beginning of his thirtieth year, was so soon to be fulfilled. In 1846 I removed to Leipsic: he was then gay as ever, and laboriously engaged in composition. I had many delightful and profitable meetings with him, and hoped to enjoy very many more; but in one year thereafter, in 1847, in only his thirty-eighth year, twenty-six years after my first interview with the handsome, genial boy at Goethe's, I walked by the side of his coffin, in company with a multitude of mourners, to deposit in its last resting-place in Königstrasse, near the Paulina Church, the mortal remains of this great tone-artist.

THE CHILD-ANGEL.

LITTLE tongues that chatter, chatter—
Little feet that patter, patter
With a ceaseless motion all the day—
Little eyes that softly lighten—
Little cheeks that flush and brighten—
Little voices singing at their play—

In my memory awaken
Thoughts of one who has been taken—
Of a little heart that beats no more—
Of a little voice that's ringing,
'Mid the angels sweetly singing
Songs of gladness on a distant shore!

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

DRINKING iced lemonade and fanning yourself continually will not keep you cool during the heated term. True, the system will demand a moderate amount of cooling beverage, and fanning one's self is all very well if there is no air otherwise stirring; although in general the exercise of moving the arm constantly heats the blood more than the fan can cool it. But one can usually keep comfortable even in the hottest day by avoiding undue exercise, crowds, and the direct rays of the sun, and by preserving a quiet and equable frame of mind. The truth is, that a great many people *fret* their blood up to the boiling point. They do not like hot weather, and they complain about it; the sultry atmosphere makes them irritable, and feeling that a sufficient excuse they take no pains to restrain themselves. They find fault with the children, with the dinner, with the servants, with every thing. They drink ice-water, look at the thermometer every five minutes, fan furiously, declare it is the "hottest day"—and *fret*. Of course they feel as if they were burning up! If those who can, to some extent at least, choose for themselves how to spend the hottest days would avoid mental excitement, engaging moderately in some quiet employment, without thinking much about the heat, they would find life endurable, even when the thermometer is ninety and upward.

Among minor news items may be mentioned that a new hotel—the Ondana House—has lately been opened at Schroon Lake, in the vicinity of the Adirondacks; that there are to be two weddings on Mount Washington next month; that West Point is particularly attractive just now with the cadets in camp on the plains; that the clerk of one of the Saratoga hotels converses easily in the Chinese language, for the benefit, probably, of the Celestials; and that fashionable young ladies at Long Branch are having their photographs taken, seated in groups on the beach.

The New York *Evening Mail* thus describes the "Belle of Mahopac:"

"A plump, happy, delightful little face—she wears her hair in curl papers during the morning, with a net over her entire head.

"She takes her dinner in the same *négligé* head-dress.

"Later in the afternoon she appears in curls.

"Her favorite costume is pure white with blue ribbons.

"Age—between three and four."

Thunder showers have been very violent in some sections this season, and of course the lightning has played some freaks. But the most extraordinary performance that has come to our knowledge is that of a streak of lightning which recently entered a school-house in Illinois, and took a pair of boots from a little boy's feet and hurled them at the head of the master! The pupils thought it fine sport; but probably the master will immediately have a *rod* put on (or in) the school-house.

It is easy to commence a conversation nowadays. "Extremely hot!" is the universal introduction to all sorts of discourses, from the most familiar to the most formal.

It is really too bad to report it, even if it is true, and, of course, *we* don't believe it; but "they" do say that when the late collision took place on the Sound, a *gentleman* (!) on board the *City of Boston* fastened a life-preserver about his vigorous frame, and silenced his wife who begged for one with the words, "Don't make such a fuss about it; perhaps you will get one before long." Another stalwart fellow actually took a life-preserver from a young lady, and buckled it upon himself!

If a little piece of gum camphor be put into a tin cup, and held over a light, the smoke of it will presently pervade the room, and scatter the mosquitoes. Spirits of camphor sprinkled on the pillow will often drive them away at night. Probably neither camphor, nor any other remedy, will be always effectual; but these insects do not like smoke, nor any pungent odor, which fact will enable us sometimes to dispense with their unwelcome intrusion.

It is feared that women are gradually working their way into the watch business, and the old, established makers of delicate machinery are alarmed. Naturally they would be. Competition has its dangers.

An exchange says that during the heated term nothing is so invigorating as iced tea with a slice of lemon in it. Iced coffee is also a very refreshing beverage. Take cold coffee, mix it with milk or cream and sugar, to suit the taste, and let it stand on ice till wanted. Then add a well-beaten egg and some broken ice, and you have a delicious drink.

In Lisbon a paper is published called *A Voz Feminina*, which is written by ladies and devoted to the cause of woman's emancipation. The chief editor is Madame Francisca D'Assis Martinz Wood, the Portuguese wife of an English gentleman. Space is given to fiction, poetry, musical history, and fashions; the latter being described in French.

There is a lesson to be gathered from the following singular incident in real life, which may warrant the repetition of a story which must have caused great grief to family friends. It is said to be strictly true: Some time ago an accomplished daughter of a clergyman in Albany disappeared from home. A friend of the family at Quincy, Illinois, discovered the girl in the ballet troupe of a circus, going through the evolutions of *Undine*. The gentleman immediately telegraphed to her father, who came on, met the circus company in another town, and found his daughter. He discovered that when at boarding-school she had become infatuated with the tinsel of a circus ring rider, and had eloped with and married him. The father entreated her to leave the troupe and go home with him. The girl readily consented if her husband could go with her, but one of the provisions was that she should leave him. This she refused to do. The distress of the father was not sufficient to overcome his prejudices against the husband, and he was forced to leave his daughter in the exciting life she had chosen, and return sorrowfully home. She is described as a girl of striking beauty, not yet twenty years of age, very modest in her demeanor, but completely full of the romance of life, and infatuated with the cheap dazzle of the ring. Many friends and acquaintances have endeavored to persuade her to return to her home; but she resolutely refuses.

We can not conscientiously recommend the use of kid gloves as a suitable covering for the hands during the sweltering months of July and August! We vote for silk, or linen, or something cooler, if any thing there is. But for those who prefer kids the year around it may be useful to know that corn starch, applied dry to the hands, is recommended as a preventive of injury to the gloves during summer. The corn starch can scarcely be expected to keep dry with the thermometer racing up and down among the nineties; but the experiment is worth trying, for nothing gives a lady a more untidy appearance than spotted gloves.

Monograms are all the rage—monograms on cards, on note-paper, envelopes, pocket-handkerchiefs, and almost every thing else. Those who can afford to lavish money to indulge a fancy have monogram carpets; and recently a "monogram party" was given, at which a monogram dinner set was introduced. Our Artist's illustration of an affair of this sort will be remembered by the readers of the *Bazar*.

A woman has lately been released from the Iowa State Penitentiary, where she has been confined four years. She had confessed to the murder of her husband and was sentenced to be hanged, but her sentence was commuted. It was afterward found that she was entirely innocent, and that her son was the guilty person. To save him from the gallows she had avowed that she was guilty of the crime. A striking instance of maternal love.

Pretty little rustic frames for photographs or small pictures may be made of the smallest twigs of the common Norway spruce. After the twigs have been cut a few days the leaves will drop off. As the natural color is pleasing to the eye, no preparation is needful. Cut the side and cross pieces of suitable length, and fasten with pins, or needle and thread, or if the twigs are large enough, with glue. A great variety of tasteful patterns may be wrought, and with a little instruction boys and girls can make them easily. These little ornaments furnish pleasant occupation for the young folks who are roaming through the woods at this season, and also cultivate their taste and ingenuity.

In a private letter from Berne, Switzerland, a gentleman, speaking of the "Pension" in which he and his family are established, writes: "The first time we sat at the table, the servant, a tall, comely, Swiss lassie, spilled our milk while putting it upon the table. The second time, she spilled it over my coat. The poor girl was, of course, covered with confusion. Our English friends explained her awkwardness by telling us that she was not a servant, but an heiress, who, according to the custom of the country, was serving a sort of apprenticeship to the cook, in order to qualify herself to preside in her own household one of these days." A similar custom, followed for a moderate length of time, might not be amiss for some of our young girls.

It is stated that during the reign of Queen Elizabeth a blacksmith made a lock and key and fastened to it a gold chain, all of which articles were so minute that the chain was fastened round a flea's neck, and the lively little beast trotted about thus fettered with perfect ease. A gold chain could be put to no better use; but who held the "little beast" while it was being chained? and could a chain be constructed at the present day which would so encircle a flea that it would be a little less "lively" than common?

Among the wonderful discoveries of the present age is that of a professor in the Dublin University, who has lately discovered that Homer's name was originally O'Meagher, which became abbreviated into O'Mer, which was erroneously pronounced Ho'Mer by the English cockneys, and finally came to be written Homer!

A very good, if not a new story, is told of an ex-Governor of Georgia. He had a penchant for old irons, such as plowshares, old carriage irons, grindstone cranks, old shovels, and the odds and ends of plantation tools, and had accumulated a great pile in the corner of his yard, much to the annoyance of his wife. One day, unknown to her husband, she sent the rubbish to be sold at an auction. The Governor, however, happened to pass by the auction-yard, declared the old iron was just a match for some pieces he had at home, bid ten dollars for them and secured them. Delighted with the purchase, he paid the ten dollars, and left the articles in the yard for future movement. The auctioneer paid the ten dollars to the wife. In a few days she bought a handsome bonnet, and the Governor, admiring it very much, said:

"My dear, where did you get that pretty bonnet? It is beautiful, and becomes you."

"Don't it, husband, don't it? I bought it with the ten dollars you paid for your own old iron trash!"

The Governor wilted—he was sold by his own wife.

But time cured the chagrin, and the good Governor had frequently to join in the laugh at his expense over this little incident.

Some account is given in the English periodicals of the relative merits of the boys and girls in the last examinations at the Cambridge schools, and the absolute proficiency attained by them. It must be remembered that the whole idea of examinations for English girls is new, and specially so as in competition with boys. At the last examinations the proportion of girls who passed successfully was as high as that of boys, the same questions having been set for all candidates. With regard to comparative merit of work, the examiner in Shakspeare reports that the paper was "done excellently by those who had really studied it, especially by the girls, who surpassed the boys in analysis of character and choice of language." In English composition, while both did well, the best work came from the London senior girls. In English grammar the girls did well, as compared with the boys; but not so well in geography, about which the examiner complains that "the girls are frequently addicted to writing away from the point." In Latin and Greek no noteworthy difference was found between the performances of the girls and those of the boys. In French the girls did much better than the boys. One examiner says: "They appear to take a rational interest in the subject-matter, which to the large majority of the boys is evidently a **matter** of absolute indifference." In German, also, the girls were better than the boys throughout. While in arithmetic the girls equaled the boys, in the higher mathematics they did not, in general, distinguish themselves; yet, as an English writer remarks, "it can not be considered as proved that girls have an inferior capacity for mathematics until they have had mathematical instruction equally good with that afforded to boys." On the whole, these examinations are thought to be very encouraging for those who are interested in the training of girls.

Weakness of the eyes is a very common difficulty, and often a very serious one. The observance of a few simple rules in the use of the eyes will frequently prevent or relieve this trouble.

Never read or sew by twilight.

Do not use the eyes by artificial light which is so scant that it requires an effort to see.

Too much light confuses the sight, and is injurious.

Do not sit facing a strong light, if possible to avoid it; in reading or working let the light fall from above, over the shoulder.

Bathe the eyes thoroughly in tepid water morning and evening, and often during the day, if they feel irritated.

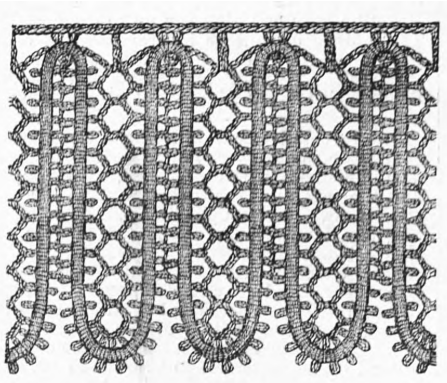
Never sleep so that the light from a window, or from a burner, shall fall on the eyes.

Cease using the eyes as soon as they begin to be weary or painful.

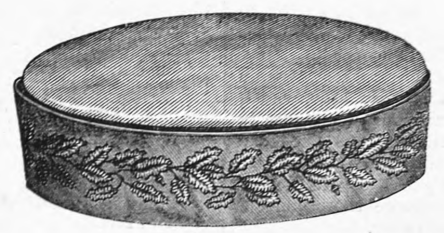
THE QUEEN'S GARDEN PARTY.

See illustration, page 644.

WE give a graphic illustration of the garden party lately given by Queen Victoria in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, and which was mentioned last week in the letter of our London correspondent. The time of the so-called breakfast party was from half past four to half past seven in the afternoon. These pleasure-grounds, which are seldom entered by ordinary visitors, are forty acres in extent. From the west front of the palace, which is of more architectural importance, with its Corinthian pillars and balustrade, than the east front, which looks on St. James's Park, the gardens stretch back as far as Grosvenor Place, and are bounded northward by Constitution Hill and the Green Park. The principal features in their arrangement and adornment are the lake, or ornamental water, which covers nearly five acres, and the lofty artificial mound, planted with shrubs and trees, on the top of which is a pavilion surmounted by fantastic minarets, and decorated in the interior with fresco paintings of subjects from Milton's "Comus," and from the poems and tales of Sir Walter Scott. Upon this occasion tents had been erected for the accommodation of the company, and refreshments were served both in the tents and in the lower dining-room of the palace. The bands of the 2d Life Guards and of the Grenadier Guards, besides the Queen's private band and the Tyrolese singers, contributed to the entertainment. A guard of honor of the Grenadier Guards was stationed in the front court of the palace, and the Royal body-guard of Yeomen of the Guard was posted in the grand hall. Her Majesty began to receive the visitors in the drawing-room tent, near the ornamental water in the gardens, at five o'clock. The Queen was attired in half mourning, but carried a white parasol. She was accompanied by Princess Louisa, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice. The Lord Chamberlain, the Duchess of Wellington, Mistress of the Robes, and the Lady in Waiting, the Duchess of Roxburghe, were in attendance on her Majesty. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Crown Prince of Denmark, Prince and Princess Christian, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince and Princess Teck, the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale, and the Duke and Duchess Philip of Wirtemberg, with many of the nobility, were among the company assembled.



MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET EDGING.

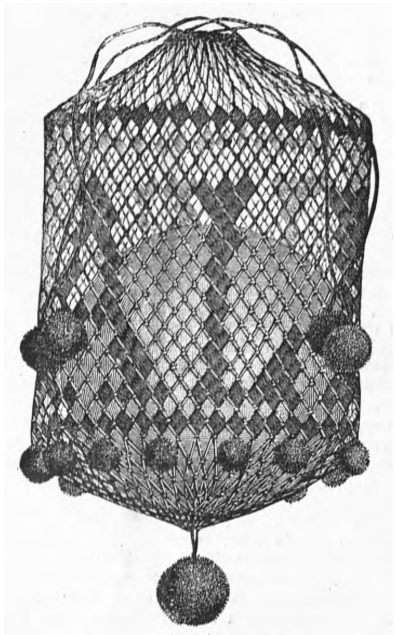


GYMNAST'S CAP WITH REVERS.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 36-38.

GYMNAST'S BELT.

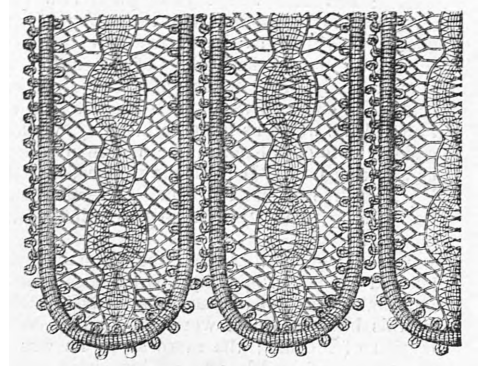
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXII., Fig. 44.



NETTED BAG FOR BALL.—FULL SIZE.

OIL-CLOTH BATHING BAG.

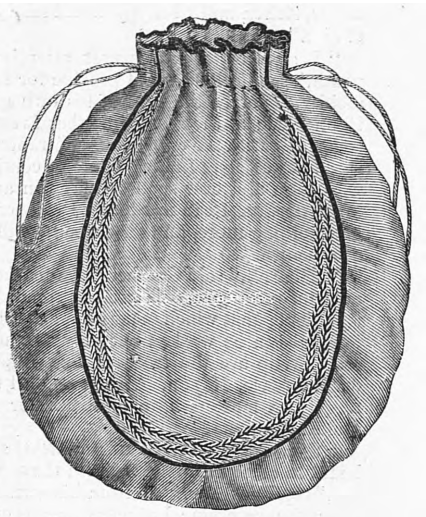
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Fig. 30.



SECTION OF CUFF FOR STANDING COLLAR, PAGE 649.—FULL SIZE.

Net for Ball.

IN order to make it handier for children to carry their balls, and easier for them to take care of them, we give a ball-net, which may be made with little cost and trouble. The original is of red and gray worsted; it is trimmed with small balls, and worked with the name of the owner. The original has the name "Albert," the letters of which are worked in point de reprise. For working the name the letters given in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 31, may be used. Begin the net on the upper edge by a foundation of fifty stitches of gray worsted over a mesh three-fourths of an inch in circumference; join this in a round and work forty-five rounds. Then work a round of red wool over a mesh an inch and a half in circumference, in doing which work together two gray stitches as one stitch. The red stitches are all to be firmly drawn. Then work the squares of the thirty-fifth row in point de reprise, as shown in the illustration, and above this work the letters and other row as shown by the engraving. Border the upper edge of the net with a few rounds in crochet, which are worked as follows, and serve for running the cord through: 1st round.—Alternately 3 sc. (single crochet) in one stitch of the netting, 5 ch. (chain stitches). 2d round.—* 1 dc. (double crochet) in a chain-stitch scallop of the last round, 3 ch., 1 dc. in the middle one of the next three sc. Repeat from *. Having run the cord through this band, finish the ends with the red worsted balls. Under the open row place small balls of red silk, and in the centre of the bottom a large red worsted ball. Just inside of each embroidered row arrange a wire wound with red worsted.



BROWN LINEN FRUIT BAG.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Fig. 40.

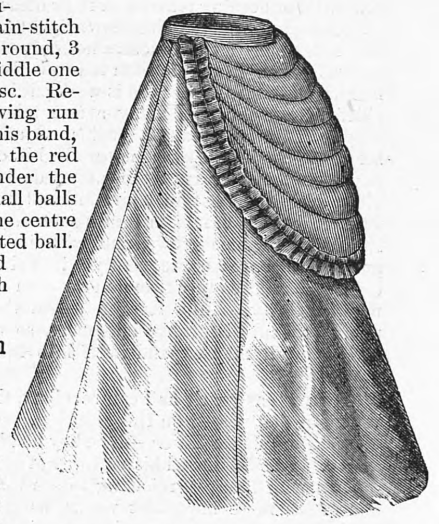
SECTION OF CANE SKIPPING-ROPE.

FRUIT APRON WITH BODICE.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 26 and 27.

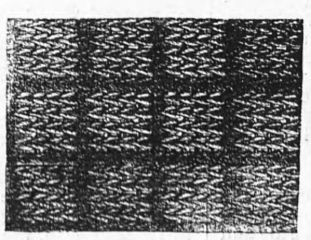
Fruit Apron with Bodice.

THIS apron is very useful in gathering fruit or vegetables, and may also be used as a clothes'-pin bag when hanging up clothing. It is of brown linen, trimmed with pleated worsted braid an inch in width. To the apron part a piece is attached somewhat wider than the apron itself, and reaching to the dotted line on Fig. 26. For the apron cut of linen, or any other wash material, from Figs. 26 and 27 each one piece. The pocket-pieces, which are about two inches wider, are set on the apron in such a manner as to bulge therefrom. The pieces of the material are bound together, and the apron trimmed with braid in the manner shown by the illustration. Fasten the upper edge to the belt, in the middle of which is a pleat, and which must be long enough for the ends to form the strings of the apron. These strings are rounded on the ends, hemmed, and trimmed with pleated braid. This done, take up the darts in the bodice, hem, and trim with braid, and fasten to the apron.



BUSTLE ADJUSTED ON UNDER-SKIRT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 5.



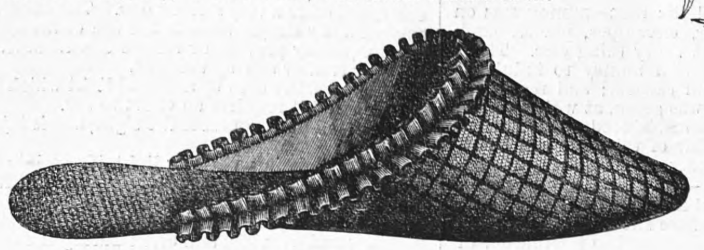
SECTION OF CROCHET UPPER OF BATHING SLIPPER.

Mignardise and Crochet Edging.

THIS edging is suitable for collars, cuffs, under-clothing, etc. Work of white mignardise or narrow cord or braid with small tufts on either side and fine tatting cotton as follows: In the first loop at the beginning of a piece of mignardise 1 sl. (slip stitch), * 5 ch. (chain stitch), passing over the next loop; 1 sl. in the following loop; from * repeat seven times, then 2 ch., passing over two loops; 1 sl. in the following loop; 2 ch., again passing over two loops, 1 sl. in the following loop, + then 2 ch., 1 sl. in the middle of the last worked 5 ch., 2 ch., 1 sl. in the second following loop of the mignardise; from + repeat seven times. This finishes one point of the edging. Now work 5 ch., which must lie on the under side of the point, pass over with this two loops, and work a second point precisely as the first was worked. Proceed in this manner till the edging has reached the length desired. Finally, join the points on the sides by joining them together, always in the opposite loops, in button-hole stitch (see illustration). The upper edge of the lace is worked in one round as follows: * 2 sl. separated by 2 ch. in the two upper loops of the mignardise, 4 ch. 1 double crochet in the first sl. of the next point; 4 ch. Repeat from *.

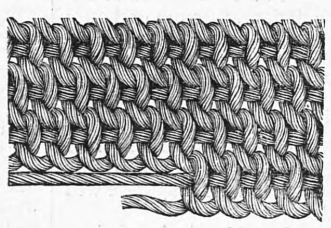
DUCK SUIT FOR BOY FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD, AND CANE SKIPPING-ROPE.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 17-25.

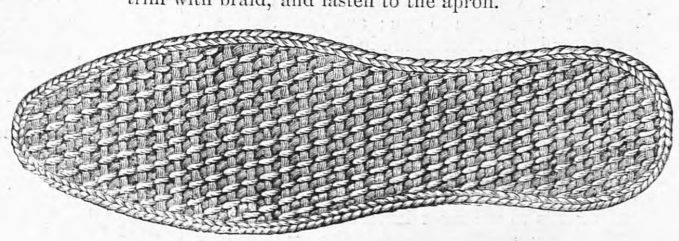


CROCHET BATHING SLIPPER.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 41 and 42.



SECTION OF KNOTTED WORK FOR SOLE OF BATHING SLIPPER.



KNOTTED TWINE SOLE FOR BATHING SLIPPER.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 41 and 42.

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

By FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

CHAPTER XI.

In the presence of this awful catastrophe Derrick stood dumfounded. He lavished his tenderest caresses upon the woman whom he loved; but their associations were all of passion—a passion which she charged with this worst of woes—and though she did not repel them, Derrick saw that they aggravated her wretchedness, and ceasing, looked on her with his hands folded in motionless despair.

This could not last, the night was waning, and both their lives for all the time to come depended on prompt action. His self-control returned to him—he saw clearly what must be done if they were not to lose all for which they had staked so much.

"Come, darling," said he, in a voice of sympathy free from any lover's blandishment and tender as with a brother's love, "we will take the precious baby with us. You must not sit here any longer—this place is very wet and cold—I can not lose you too, and you will surely be very sick if you stay on this damp grass. Let us drive on and reach the steamer where you can lie down and rest."

But she would not listen to him. She only wished to sit where she was and die beside the child.

"But you can not die," said Derrick, firmly.

"Yes! God will let me—he is not cruel—"

"No—not cruel, and he will not let you die. You can not if you would—and you shall not if you can. Oh, my darling, I beseech you, come!"

"Derrick, look at this angel face!—it is calling out of heaven to me, 'Back, back!' Oh, my God! I must go back! She has died to turn me—Oh, Lily, my dead lamb! Oh, my child! my child—you shall not die for me in vain!"

"And you will not go with me?" said Derrick, bitterly.

"Oh, Derrick! I am going mad! I can not! I can not!"

"Then—" he answered, with a terrible paleness blanching his olive cheek—"then all is over between us. You know what I have done for you—home, country, old friends, a life's associations I have freely given up for you forever. If my father had lain dying across my road to-night I would have lifted him up and taken him with me; but I would not have stopped for him. I love you—how much it is too late for protestations to tell you if you do not know already. I share the agony which has come on you—if you love me as you have said, there is no living soul who can comfort you like me. Staying here will not bring back the dead—it will involve us both in ruin. It makes nothing better—it brings all things to their worst. Oh, darling, darling! shake off this terrible lethargy and listen! Once more, for God's sake, for my sake, come!"

"Derrick, pity my agony—see the dead lamb that my going murdered—God slew her for my sin—standing at His side she beckons me—I dare not go—*she* calls 'come'—pity me—forget me—let me obey her"—and, with a bitter cry, she threw herself down beside the body. In an instant more she leaped up, laughing hysterically, "Derrick! oh, Derrick! she is not dead! I felt her heart beat!"

Derrick threw himself on his knees—tore open the little chemise and felt with suspended breath—then shook his head sadly, and said: "Ah no! no! Would to God it were so; but you deceive yourself. The night is going—my darling—my only one—once more, for God's sake, come."

"No, no! I felt it beat!—my lamb—my angel—my heaven on earth, live! live! and I will give my eyes—my limbs—my reason—let God smite me any way—only live!"

"Darling, will you come? Where can you go if we part—to *him?* Will he see that dead baby and not spurn you? Think—no! better stop thinking, and run to this only breast where there is any home left for you on earth!"

She rushed to the brook and began bathing the little golden head with water brought in her palms, brokenly answering as she smoothed the curls away from the cruel gash:

"No, Derrick, no! Living or dead she and I must part no more forever. Forgive me and forget me; but I can not go."

A spasm of terrible wrath convulsed his face—his eyes flashed fire and his lips grew livid. The flame that had burned for her was suddenly turned against her, and for a moment he hated her with that worst hate on earth—an inverted love. He looked as if he could have cloven her with one stroke. But the pale baby-face plead for her, and he turned away.

"Go back to *him*—follow up the brook—your way lies right through that wood yonder. You are a woman, and in trouble—I will not curse you. Go back to your sweet home and your dear husband. Good-night, Madam."

With these words he strode to the fence and began climbing over it.

"Oh, Derrick!" she moaned after him. "Would to God you could smite me with a knife instead of those words! I shall not return to *him*—but if Lily can only be spared, I will go far off with her and work for her humbly in some servant's place; won't you pity me and try to save her? Oh, Derrick, I have loved you enough to make you have mercy on me just thus much—I dare not rush right upon God's drawn sword when He may hear me if I stop! Won't you try and save her? Her heart *did* beat, dear Derrick! She is not dead—this hurt upon her little temple numbed her—that is all! Oh, strong, good, wise, noble Derrick—try and save her for me—I will be your dog—I will kiss the dust from your feet! You *can* save her—you who have performed such wonderful cures! Oh, Derrick, help me—that you may not cry in vain for mercy when you die!"

Her voice of supplication rose till it ended almost in a scream. He was already over the fence, but he turned, and, in a stern, low voice, said:

"Will you bring the child, and come with me?"

"God will not save her if I disobey Him! Oh do not tear me asunder between God and you—I can not! Oh, my God! I can not!"

"Then her blood, and the loss of any atom of a chance for her—your own soul and my blasted life—be on your ingrate head! For the last time, good-night, Mrs. Kearney."

He loosed his horses, leaped to his seat, and drove away, as she fell by Lily's side with the piteous cry of "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

He drove away, but not as he had set out, for his horses' heads were turned toward Owlieville. There might still be time to resume his position there. It was too early for Cuthbert to have published his misfortune. Derrick had read Mrs. Kearney's letter, and remembered that her woman's tact had avoided all mention of his name. If now he reappeared at once upon the scene, he might completely baffle suspicion, and save his good name. He had lost heaven, but he might keep earth. A man is little like a woman. He never throws away the one because he has missed the other; and at thirty-five a man does not long sit stupefied under catastrophes of the heart. Though he has failed of his crown he picks himself up quickly and secures the next best thing—praise, pudding, steady occupation, which will not let him go mad.

Derrick had gone but a mile from the bridge when his heart smote him. Not with any weak return of his passion; the last half hour he believed had made that impossible. The earthquake of his smitten pride and his fierce anger had opened between the woman and him a gulf wider than absence and the oblivion of years—a gulf bridged, at least as yet, by no relentings. With the simple act of turning from that fence by the meadow he had cast her behind him as utterly as the breath with which he bade her farewell. His compunction arose from the thought that she was a woman, helpless, with a dead child in that desolate place; and now that his anger had sunk to a silent, changeless purpose, he found room in his heart for such chivalric helpfulness as he would feel for any distressed stranger of her sex, such pity as he would have given the raggedest beggar-woman. He would waive all pride—his manner should keep her from misconstruing his motive—and go back to offer her conveyance to Owlieville, home to the demesne, any place of concealment and safety. She should see that he was not ignoble in his vengeance; she should at least have a chance to resume her proper garb before she wandered out into the desolate world alone. So again he turned his team, and drove back to the bridge. But when he got there she was gone. For the last time he changed his direction, and just as the moon was setting drew up his horses before the Roost. He waked his old janitress, got a cup of coffee, and learned of Cuthbert's visit on the preceding night. He was very weary, and would gladly have lain down, but it was his nature to face trouble at once. He never put off the evil day. He had to meet Cuthbert some time, and although his anticipations of that interview were curious rather than apprehensive, he felt as if it were better to have it over with at once. To see Cuthbert Kearney in the rôle of the outraged husband would be an amusing study for the philosopher, rather than a man of honor's test of pluck; somewhat like a popular lecturer's illustration of a terrific steamboat explosion with a tea-pot and a cork. Not being in the mood for mild scientific diversions, he thought likely it would bore him just now, but if Cuthbert got loose on the community with his grievance before he had time to turn off his steam, it might at least cause inconvenient scandal, and cost him professional reputation in the district where he was now resolved to stay. So instead of taking his nap he determined on an immediate return to Garnet Run. Another motive which led him to this conclusion was the merciful one of sending out Perro with the carriage to hunt up Mrs. Kearney in the neighborhood of the bridge, and offer her assistance to return with Lily's body to her husband. Possibly, too, she might have accepted his advice and gone back to the house by the short cut, in which case it was very desirable that he should put in an appearance. Entirely as he thought he had torn her from his heart, she should not be hurt if he could help it; and if he saw her in time it would be easy to cook up a consistent story for the salvation of her reputation. If she did not contradict him, he might explain her conduct to Cuthbert on the plea of temporary aberration of mind. So, after his cup of coffee, he drove out at once to the Dalmager demesne.

There was no one to open the gate for him—no sign of life about the grounds; but when he reached the house Perro and Kledda met him at the porch.

"Oh, Massa Derrick, I'se so glad you got back!" cried both the servants, with the tears streaming down their cheeks. "Such dreadful goin's on sence you been gone! Every body gone dead, and run away, and crazy!"

"Where's Mrs. Kearney?"

"Nobody seed Mrs. Kearney sence early yesterday mornin'—nobody heard ob her—axed ebery where. Massa Cuthbert went off to look for her in de night—took dat little angel Miss Lily 'long wid him an—Oh! oh! oh!" (Here Kledda, who was spokeswoman, broke completely down, and Perro followed her, till the walls resounded with their passionate anguish.)

"Come, don't cry!" said the Doctor, soothingly, as if talking to a pair of children. "Let's hear your whole story. What then?"

With a powerful effort Perro choked back his sobs, and brokenly took up the recital where Kledda had left it.

"An' Miss Lily. Oh, Miss Lily neber come back! Gwine with Jim down to de pool to git some sweet fern for old Aunt Nancy to make yarb-medicine, we foun' Massa Kearney wanderin' roun' de water, wile in his head, callin' after Miss Lily as if he broke his heart. Jim and I had de debil's own work to bring him brack, Massa Derrick. He try to jump into de pool, an' we only just cotch him. Little, weak gempleman like him, any body wouldn't tink how strong he was—all Jim an' I could do to hole him! We have to take him right up off de groun' and carry him like little baby. When we get him to de house, den he run up to his room an' try to cut his t'roat wid a razor. Jim an' I stop dat too; an' eber sence one or tudder ob us stay in de bedroom wid him all de time. Oh, Massa Derrick, he talk awful! He say he kill Miss Lily heself—dat why she not come back—kill her wid his own hand, he say—and dunno what to make ob it, Massa; but de rocks by de pool all covered with blood, and Massa Kearney not got one scratch on him. Den he say too that Mrs. Kearney run away and leab him wid nudder man; and scuse me, Massa, but he say you de man, and cuss and swore at you awful. Oh, Massa Derrick! ain't it nuff to make your blood froze? He's jess crazy as ole Mass' Kearney was, an' he's goin' jess de same way—drink, drink, drink! kissin' dat cussed debbil of a brack bottle all day long, and den from night till mornin'. Den he hasn't got de lights and de libber to stan' it like de ole Massa, an' he'll go mighty sudden afore long, sure as Scriptur. But oh, Mass' Derrick, Miss Lily, Miss Lily!"

And the loving creatures, at the mention of that beloved name, wept again as if their hearts would break.

Without a word Derrick ascended the stairs and entered Cuthbert's room. The unhappy man was sitting on the edge of his bed, with his back to the door, while Jim, a powerful negro, stood by him bathing his head, and watching to anticipate his first symptom of violence. There was no such manifestation at present. He had sunk into a lethargy which almost blotted all expression out of his countenance, and only gave token of the smouldering fire within him by a sigh which now and then came from the depths of his bosom, quivering as if it lifted weight after weight before it could escape. The instant Jim saw the Doctor, like Perro and Kledda, he exclaimed,

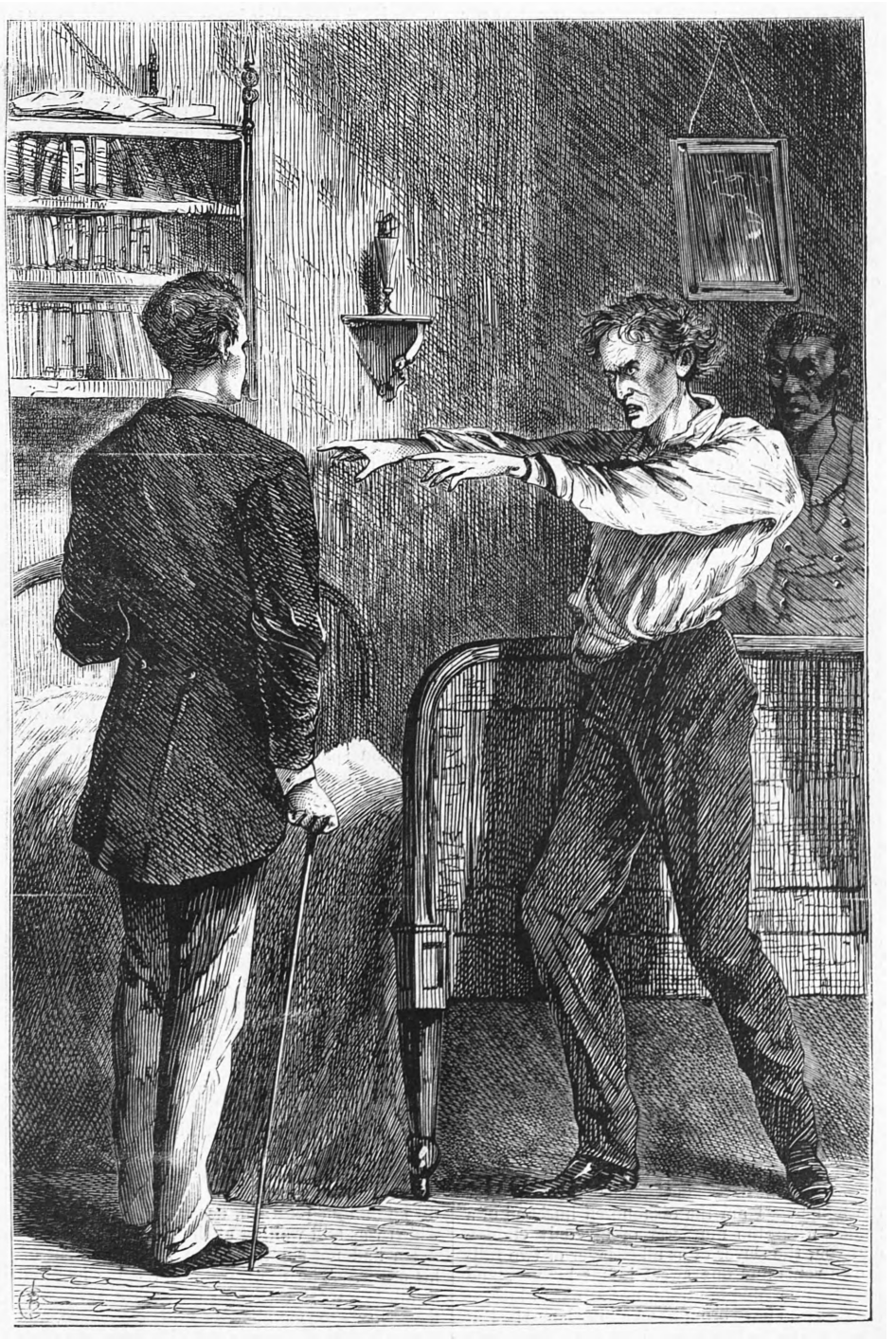
"Oh, Massa Derrick, I'se so glad to see you back!"

Derrick waited for the effect of this announcement of his presence. It was not exactly what he expected. Cuthbert put away the hand that was bathing his forehead, turned about, and seeing Derrick, rose, with his bloodshot eyes fixed steadily on his face. It was the same look which he gave him on the morning after his horrible dream; and this was the second time that he had ever dared thus to confront him. As on the previous occasion Derrick met his gaze without flinching, and began the conversation.

"Cuthbert, I have just got home, and the things I hear paralyze me. How much of all this dreadful story is true?"

"My God!" groaned the wretched sufferer. "Do fiends walk the earth in human shape that you are here to batten on my ruin? You should be on your way to New York with your paramour—would your rosy dalliance lack a zest and your death-bed a pleasant memory if you had not gloated with your own eyes on the hell you have lighted for me?"

"My friend, you are still sick, and you talk strangely. You have endured, if they tell me the truth, what makes it no wonder my own brain reels. I can not yet make sure but I'm the victim of some horrible dream. Still, let us clear our minds of all the bewilderment we can—we shall find the exact facts we have to meet



"BUT I CAN SEE GOD'S BOWMAN BEHIND YOU."

all the quicker. I have been away on business at Lenwick—I have never started for New York, and never proposed to. Where is Mrs. Kearney?"

Cuthbert leaned upon the bed's foot-board for support, as if the sublime hypocrisy of this question were a physical weight which had fallen on his head from the ceiling. Again he sought to repeat the Gorgon stare which Derrick's temperament, assisted perhaps by life-long practice at foils and poker, had enabled him to parry so effectually before. Its failure now was still more signal—not a muscle of his face any longer owned its proprietor's control. Looking into that quiet, inscrutable countenance his eyelids trembled with [illegible] wrath, and agony. He essayed to speak, [illegible]ngue failed him. He could only gnash [illegible] and shake at [illegible]errick his poor, pale, puny hand—lean, as the strong man had often said in banter, with overmuch writing of moral sentences in the cramped copy-books of sucking Puritans—clenched into a fist impotent as a girl's. As he trembled there, a spectacle of raging feebleness, Derrick saw his advantage and mercilessly pushed it up.

"Yes—where is Mrs. Kearney? Why should that question so displease you? You have conceived a strange hatred for your friend; but surely you are not changed to your own wife? Surely, my poor boy, you still love the best and most devoted woman the sun ever shone upon? Perro tells me no one has seen her since yesterday. It is a question how far those who care for you should let you go on in your own terrible career—be calm, Kearney! Nobody talks of restraining you as yet; but even if it be still open for discussion, whether we shall allow you to kill yourself—humanity can't be expected to preserve absolute neutrality while the fate of that angel on earth lies trembling in your hands. I ask, with only less anxiety than if she were my own wife, what you have done with her?"

The veins in Cuthbert's marble forehead grew purple as he listened, and on his temples there stood great beads of agony. Something like a nightmare at his heart held him choking for utterance several seconds after Derrick ceased, but at last the volcano that was in him exploded.

"God wither you, you upas of three lives! God write '*Homeless*' against your name throughout the universe! May you never have a bed to nestle in where the serpent shall not crawl—may the fiend breathe on every tree under which you seek shadow from the pelting sun or shelter from the scourging hail. May the pure arms of the woman you shall wed drop paralyzed on your marriage-night with the poison of twining round you, or slowly grow leprous with the shame of clasping the brother whom you trust. Or, if God pity her because she is a woman, for my angel Lily's murdered sake, then may she die of merciful swift horror at learning what you are. Where are His lightnings now? How does hell's crust sleep frozen under your feet that you are not cloven where you stand, that the abyss does not yawn for you, showing me your Judas face and asking me your hypocrite's question? Are you damnation-proof that you come here to see my living corpse, and laugh at the blood oozing afresh from its thousand stabs under your self-convicting finger? *Where* is my wife? *She is in perdition!* The kisses, still damp on your cheek, are seals on its thousandfold door—not to be broken till the Judgment-day—then to be sealed again for eternity with fire. Where is my wife? *He* shall ask *you* that to whom the blood of Abel cried, and compared with the mark which he shall set on you in that day Cain's shall be a bright star of angelic knighthood—a badge of glory and an honorable scar. Seeing it, no man shall kill you—you shall flee howling down eternity over all the deserts of the universe—mad with imperishable thirst for death, the immortal murderer of a soul! Of a soul? No; not one alone! Already those assassin hands of yours smoke with the blood of two. Wretch—villain—fiend! whatever name they drink your absent health by in the banquet-halls of Satan and pledge to your speedy coming home—murderer and maker of murderers—you have slain both husband and wife for all eternity; you have damned us two who never did your cruel soul aught but God's own kindness. Damned us—but not so deep as you; hell will be almost sweet with the thought that we shall never meet you. Pure, sweet womanhood—*hers*—chaste and holy as the star that shone over Christ's cradle, you have climbed to by a brother's heart-strings and pulled down into the mire and darkness of the pit. Manhood—mine—faithful as a hound, loving as a woman, trustful as a child, you have fuddled into a fool, and maddened into a tiger. Last night—wandering like a maniac, seeking through earth and heaven for the one sweet glory of my sky that you had pulled down to hell, I had still one little flame of celestial light left me—one guiding star of God's that might have led me home had I known and kept it. But your damning blight was on my brain! Your crime without a name had crazed me, and the fire with which *you* first taught me to commit arson on my soul, seething in my veins, made that craze a demoniac frenzy. In my blind wrath—because my angel Lily sought to save me by pleading against the poison—sought to keep from me the very weapon of my suicide, right on the edge of the pool—I struck her—foully struck her with my clenched fist, and sank back into a brutal stupor as she rolled over the brink to the black smooth death below, with the life oozing from a ghastly cut upon the temple. I am the dishonored husband of a ruined wife—the murderer of my only child—and you, the slayer of us all—slayer of two full-grown souls and one sweet infant body—stand here this horrible morning, not afraid to look at the ruin you have brought on all my house! But I can see God's bowman behind you—what shall I call your name? No, not '*Iscariot*' or '*fiend;*' but, begging from the future that which, wherever my story is told, shall be a synonym of wickedness and infamy—simply *Derrick Dalmager*. Oh, my Lily, my Lily! Oh, my own angel! Would to God I could have died for thee! Oh, Lily, my child, my child!"

Under this torrent of agony and malediction, poured forth with a volcanic force which knew no pause for breath and waited for no choice of words, even Derrick's wonderful self-control so far forsook him that he trembled and his face grew ghostly pallid. He showed that his nature was shaken to the foundations; and when Cuthbert's hollow voice uttered the terrible words, "*I see God's bowman behind you,*" he started with a shudder and turned half-way round, as if in the direction whither Cuthbert's long, thin forefinger was pointed he expected a visible executioner. Cuthbert's strength forsook him as the last word of his prophecy of doom ended at an intense pitch, well-nigh a shriek; with his apostrophe to Lily his voice sank into a broken-hearted sob, and, trembling so that he nearly fell to the floor, he bowed his head exhaustedly upon the scroll of the foot-board. Bitterly piqued to have been made the object of this blasting denunciation before a negro servant, and even more so to think that he had given his despised enemy a triumph in the sight of his unmistakable emotion, he speedily recalled his self-possession, and in a tone of bravado answered Cuthbert Kearney.

"A very fair sermon. Always thought you'd mistaken your profession. You'd make a good deal better preacher than a mongrel cross between a fast man and a pedagogue. Really, don't know but I prefer you to Pulpiduster! Got any more of that left?" (taking out his watch). "Only been three minutes!"

In his braced condition, a moment before, Cuthbert would have shed this cheap sarcasm off his own fiercer contempt like rain. But coming upon him, as it were, in his unlaced harness, while the thought of his dead child was racking his heart to its utmost endurance, and the mad drops were streaming from his eyes in the presence of a foe who would rather have died than to be seen making the womanly appeal for sympathy involved in tears, it stung the unhappy man to frenzy. Poor Jim, already so frightened by the late tremendous utterance that his athletic six feet three stood him in no better stead than a child's stature, could not recall his presence of mind in time to catch Cuthbert, until the latter, answering, "Any more left? d—n your soul, *this!*" had darted past him and, with the full impetus of his rush, planted his fist full in Derrick's face.

As I have said, it was a puny fist—but the merest boy's, if delivered entirely without warning, and with that momentum as well as the *vis a tergo* of such frenzied hate, might have inflicted a severe blow on a man even stouter than Derrick Dalmager. Striking him right between the eyes, for a moment it paralyzed his optic nerve; and while, white as snow with rage, he felt out blindly for his assailant, he received a succession of stinging buffets on the cheeks and ears, which, from their very impotency and lack of any numbing influence, added keenly to the exasperation of the first "facer"—as if he were being chastised by a school-ma'am. When at length he succeeded in grappling Cuthbert, his state of mind was such that he could easily have killed him on the spot. His vigor, compared with that of his puny antagonist, was as cat to mouse, and one good shake of his would have jostled the life out of him. He caught Cuthbert by the throat with one powerful hand, which nearly spanned its slender circumference, and struck him at half-arm's length with the other hammer of a fist; then was about to repeat the dose, when his sight returned, and the spectacle presented to it stopped him. Cuthbert hung limp and lifeless from the hand about his throat, the blood pouring over his face and bosom from an ugly cut across the nose. His pallor was corpse-like where the blood did not reach, and there was no pulse in the carotid where his fingers touched. At the same time Jim ran, with the tears coursing down his own black cheeks, to intercede for him. "Oh, Mass' Derrick!" he cried, "don't mind him—he's crazy, dat's all—wouldn't pay no 'tention to him—he no got more strength than lill' baby—one good lick such as you give an' he die right off!"

"Take him then!" growled the Doctor, casting one glance at the poor wet rag of a body as though he'd like, if it were not pusillanimous, to take Cuthbert by the heels and snap his head off, snake-fashion, with one jerk—then with a push sent him spinning into Jim's arms, who gently stretched him out upon the bed.

"You just watch the d—d Yankee till I come back, Jim," said the Doctor. "I'm going down to Owlieville, and may not be home for three hours. However long I stay, see that you don't leave him. I can't trust Perro—he's too old and weak. The fellow's like most madmen—infernally quick and strong when he gets a paroxysm."

"That's so, Mass' Derrick, you bettah b'lieb! When we was bringin' him from de pool dis mornin' early he gave Perro a paroxysm right side de head make him see all de stars in de almanac. Yi! Made de dust fly out ob his wool like de Bible-cushion Sundays when Mass' Pulpiduster gets 'spoundin'."

The Doctor laughed a little, dry laugh, wiped out of his eyes the tears that were coming to see what the matter was with his nose, once more heartily damned the same organs in the person of poor unconscious Cuthbert, and with a final injunction to Jim not to let him leave the room till he himself returned, descended to his buggy, which was still waiting at the porch.

He had not shown to Jim the full extent of his anger. The mortification of being lectured at all, but most especially on such a subject as that chosen for Cuthbert's terrific eloquence, and before his servant, combined with the bitter sense that he had incurred all the guilt of the late adventure—or rather all the reproach, for the other was no very heavy weight to him—without plucking the delicious fruit for which they had been so unhesitatingly encountered, was only less maddening to his pride than the loss of the woman whom he thought the most beautiful, and had loved with the fiercest intensity in the world, had been to his passion. These sufferings were black as death, but would have been kept *perdu* in his nature, and never roused him to any thing like vengeance upon a man who had already borne such agonies on his account, and whom he too profoundly despised to hate vindictively, even if he could have fallen into the meanness of weaker natures, and hated him in the second place because he had wronged him in the first. To stimulate him into any thing like revenge his disappointment and Cuthbert's verbal bitterness needed just this sharp culmination of physical insult which he had now received; and remembering those blows in the face, which, next to spitting there, his Southern education had taught him to regard the keenest insult which a man could suffer, his hatred became something implacable as the grave; and as he drove back to Owlieville he lashed his team into a canter to relieve the wrath which was clamoring for some outlet, and every few rods swore a tremendous soliloquy of oaths at the "Yankee scrub" who had invaded with his foul fingers the sacredness of a gentleman's visage.

When he left the house, and for the first mile or two of his drive, his scheme of punishment had taken the shape of an information before the magistrate against Cuthbert as the murderer of his child, upon his own confession and on circumstantial evidence. But as he grew cooler with exercise and distance from the scene of his affront, an idea occurred to him, putting his plan, on all sides, in a shape so much more satisfactory that he could not refrain from laughing aloud. An assize trial involved long delays. In that part of Kentucky the then existing grade of civilization was familiar with a much speedier tribunal which had done summary justice on several of the Hog Scramble horse-thieves within the last few months. If Lynch could finish the job that very afternoon his insult was wiped away; his worst enemy put beyond the possibility of any further annoyance; and the only obstacle which barred his possession of the one woman he had loved in his whole life with all his nature, was circumvented by the fact of her becoming an interesting widow. He knew well how to manage the matter so that it would never appear to *her* as having been contrived by him, but only as the process of a popular indignation in which she could not avoid partial sympathy, and he had stood a friend of the accused, helpless to stem the civic torrent for conviction.

On reaching Owlieville he managed his case well. He went from store to store, and tavern to tavern; into the streets, and about the race-track—wherever there was an idle crowd to listen to a thrilling account of the horror which had taken place at the Dalmager demesne. He was particularly careful to make the story telling where much liquor was undergoing consumption, and where he noticed faces that had been conspicuous about the grounds during the late Lynch trials for horse-stealing. When, finally, one of the foremost characters on such occasions jumped up from his tipped-back chair in the bar-room of the Boone House, and, thumping his glass on the table, swore a loud oath that this was decidedly a case for the "Chief Justice," Derrick so handsomely feigned perturbation and deprecated any interference with due course of law, that he left the hotel with all the landlord's customers following him, and in half an hour had a retinue of more than a hundred "prominent citizens," including some of the scurviest ragtag and bobtail of the town. Wherever it passed a corner grocery, or a row of gentlemen of leisure propping a side-wall, somebody called out to a friend in the procession, "What's all this yere faw?" and the friend nonchalantly replied, "Only gwine up to Dalmager's to a hangin," and the entire grocery emptied or wall bared itself to swell the march. In no case did the answer take any other form, the "hangin" seeming a foregone conclusion. A Lynch trial that ended in any other way would have been regarded as a fraud upon the moral sense of the community, like a church without a sermon, or a Sunday-school book in which all the bad little boys did not go out rowing on the Sabbath and get drowned.

WOMAN IN MEDIEVAL FRENCH SOCIETY.

ALL history concurs in confirming the veneration for women said to be possessed by the people of the North; a sentiment more or less deep, but common among the Celtic nations. These ferocious people, whose sensibility in love bore no resemblance to the emotion inspired by warmer climates, were, nevertheless, influenced by a kind of educated admiration for the sex whom they formerly held in bondage. They perceived in women something that appeared to them divine; they permitted to them the authority of oracular rulers, and confirmed the empire of beauty by a confidence that was almost religious. Whether it be considered as the result of that brisk imagination which renders women so susceptible of all remarkable influences; or whether it was that fine sagacity which enables them to penetrate the secrets of the heart, grasp the hidden springs of human action, and impart to men those wise counsels so superior to the results of their more deliberate meditations; or, lastly, whether it was owing to that insinuating and captivating address with which the beautiful subdues the strong, and sweetness triumphs over ferocity, it can not be doubted that all these causes, either separately or collectively considered, exercised an amazing influence over public manners, and over the most pithy and momentous enterprises. To merit the beauty whom he adored the warrior endured all fatigues and calmly confronted death. The spoils of an enemy slain by him formed a concomitant to his amorous pursuits. The ideas of war and love seemed inseparable, and the bard almost invariably confounded them in stimulating heroism and in celebrating heroes.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. D. L. THOMPSON.—The sample of fringe you send is very handsome. Guipure lace is not a suitable heading for fringe. Use instead three rows of satin piping, or an inch-wide fold of satin fastened in the centre by a row of piping. Do not trim the waist of your dress with fringe, as it waves about with every motion of the body, and looks untidy. Let the piping descend from the throat, forming a point on the bosom, and extending over the sleeves as epaulets. Put a row of the fringe at the top of the sleeves. Trim the cuffs simply with piping.

Tastes differ about the length of trains. For your height we would advise sixty inches as the length of the back width. In the most graceful skirt pattern there are three widths slightly gored on each side, with a straight width in the back. Many modistes prefer, however, to gore only two side widths. Get the proper length of the front and back widths, and slope the others gradually. If your gros grain is heavy do not line the skirt. Work button-holes up the front of corsage, by all means. Make a panier sash, with four puffed-out loops and two broad short sides. Bind the sash, and do not line it. Trim the sides with pipings, and the ends with fringe. Put your pocket and opening in the skirt in the second side seam.

E. G.—The law protects a woman fully in the possession of her property, and she can act in regard to it, and sue for debts due to her personally, without joining with or consulting her husband.

STUDENT.—The proverb, "Birds of a feather flock together," is best translated by the equivalent French saying: *Qui se ressemble s'assemble.* A literal verbal rendering of the English phrase would be hardly understood in France.

EVA C.—One of the best external applications for excessive secretion of oily matter by the skin is:

Oil of sweet almonds	1 ounce.
Fluid potass	1 drachm.

Shake well together, and add:

Rose water	1 ounce.
Pure water	6 ounces.

Powdered starch, a simple lotion of weak tea, or one made of equal parts of lemon juice and water, will also be found useful. With these external applications there should be a generous diet, including a daily beverage at dinner of claret wine and water. It is not necessary to abstain entirely from the use of butter.

NEWARK.—Large bows and wide collars are worn by girls of thirteen. Tie the bow carelessly. Loops hanging loosely look more unstudied than bows. We think the sailor collar pointed on the shoulders more youthful. Plain waterfalls are no longer fashionable. Girls of your age braid the hair in an oblong chignon, or roll it in thick cables, and wind it around the crown of the head. Fichus are very pretty and universally worn. They display a slender figure to fine advantage.

Powdered chalk	5 ounces.
Powdered camphor	2 ounces.

Mix.

This is one of the simplest and most innocent of tooth powders, none of which, however, are as good for the teeth as soap and water. The best hair cleanser is a raw egg. A mixture of lime juice and glycerine is also very good.

TEMPERANCE.—Of all refreshing summer drinks there is none better than a little iced sugar and water, with a few drops of orange flower water, which has the advantage of not only being palatable but very effective as a quieter of the nerves. The French use it a great deal, and have much faith in its efficacy in all cases of exhaustion from heat, fatigue, undue excitement, etc.

PHILOSOPHER.—In the centigrade thermometer, generally used in France, the scale is divided into 100 degrees; the freezing-point being marked 0°, the boiling-point 100°. In the Fahrenheit, used in this country and in England, the freezing-point is 32° and boiling-point 212°. In the thermometer of Reaumur, ordinarily employed in Germany, the freezing-point is 0° and boiling-point 80°. A simple formula for reducing a degree of one to a degree of the other will be found in most books on chemistry.

HEN. H.—The best means of avoiding the fatal effects of sun-stroke are temperance in eating and drinking, moderate labor and exercise in the shade, and a resolute resistance to irritable sensations and exciting or depressing passions. The best remedies are ice and cold water to the head, a mustard plaster to the pit of the stomach, warmth to the feet, and a few drops of brandy-and-water poured into the mouth. At the same time the sufferer should be placed in a lying position, with the head slightly raised, and kept refreshed by a free ventilation.

NO NAME.—The sample you send is pretty but very old-fashioned. Make it up tastefully, and it will be admired. Round the corners. Suspend a triangular pocket from the belt on the right side. Make pinked bretelles and short sash.

E. H. WILSON.—We have an article on Hanging Baskets in course of preparation, which will soon be published. You are right in supposing that we give no patterns except those contained in our Supplement; we give illustrations and lucid descriptions, however, of a great many useful and beautiful articles besides.

MRS. M. J.—We have already given several patterns for dresses of infants and young children, and shall give others within a short time. We are sorry not to oblige you, but we have already explained that it is impossible for us immediately to publish in our Supplement the patterns that may be demanded by individuals.

J. L.—Paniers are decidedly in fashion. Some gored skirt patterns have a sloped seam in the back, but it is considered safest, and paniers require it, to make the back breadth full. Black illusion fanchons, trimmed with purple pipings and Parmese violets, are worn for half mourning. Frosted tulle that seems to be sprinkled with steel is also used. A shepherdess round hat of black Neapolitan straw is surrounded with a wreath of white daisies. A "nymph" hat, which is merely a tall crown without rim, is trimmed with several rouleaux of lavender satin. A standing aigrette of purple flowers and wheat on the left, and long mantilla veil of spotted illusion.

Iron grenadines and Ernani, trimmed with black or purple, are worn for home and street dresses in light mourning. White linen with black polka dots, and with stripes, is selected for morning dresses. Linen lawn is selling at from twenty-five to forty cents a yard.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE is one of the most excellent and beautifying hair preparations to be found in this or any other country.—*Charleston Mercury.*

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by News-dealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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FACETIÆ.

AN editor whose subscribers were remiss in payment, lately published the following announcement in his paper: "To save our readers the trouble of sending their subscriptions by post, and to relieve two unfortunates, we shall send to each of our debtors in the course of a few days two collectors, one of whom has hardly recovered from the small-pox, and the other of whom has just taken the itch." The delinquents did not wait to be called on, but paid their dues promptly.

"My dear, what is the difference between exportation and transportation?" asked a wife of her husband, as they were walking on the beach at Long Branch. "A very great one, my love," was the answer. "Do you see that ship yonder? If you were in her, you would be exported, and I should be transported."

DANCE FOR MILKMEN—The can-can.

SIGNAL FAILURES—Railway accidents.

GREEDY.—During a series of wet days a gentleman ventured to congratulate his umbrella-maker. "Yes, that's all very well, Sir," he replied; "but then there's nothing whatever doing in parasols."

WHERE A FULL STOP IS WANTED.—To the girl of the period.

HOW HE PLAYED.—Ole Bull was once seeing the sights at Donnybrook fair, when he was attracted by the sound of a very loud violin in a tent. He entered and said to the player, "My good friend, do you play by note?" "The divil a note, Sir." "Do you play by ear, then?" "Never an ear, your Honor." "How do you play, then?" "By main strength, be jabers!"

HINTS FOR HOT WEATHER.

The papers contain a great variety of laconic advice to people in the hot weather. Much of it is so sensible that we desire to add to it more of the same sort:

Do not go in the sun and exercise yourself violently with dumb-bells at 2 P.M., with the thermometer at 107°.

Do not wear furs in July. Ladies should not wear muffs during the dog-days.

Ice-water is dangerous, if drank in quantities of a gallon and over at a time.

Do not eat more than four pounds of beef-steak at breakfast. It is heating to the nerves.

Standing on your head on the Broadway bridge, between 1 and 3 P.M. is decidedly injurious.

Wear seven flannel shirts next to the skin. In India, the West Indies, and other hot countries, the natives often wear fourteen red flannel shirts at a time.

Lager bier is harmless if taken in moderation. For a German, moderation is twenty-six glasses.

Do not eat more than four meals a day in this hot weather.

Never go without a substantial dinner, however. If you haven't money enough to get it, borrow enough. Do not let the repayment of it bother you, as it is not good at this season to be at all mentally excited.

If you have any friends with cool places in the country, go and spend a week with them. It will be economical. Don't invite them back to town with you, as it would *not* be economical to do so, and financial anxiety at this season might prove fatal.

Do not go out in the street without an umbrella. Borrowed ones are cheapest.

Do not drink any thing at all during the heated term, because a confirmed drunkard died yesterday from sun-stroke. Hence, drinking is fatal.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

Testament.—An act which proves the value of a husband.

Theatre.—A place of exhibition where the only serious comedy is played in the front of the house.

Thin.—A quality which, in woman's vintage only, recommends a good whine.

Thought.—A bird which flies too rapidly for woman to put any salt on its tail.

Time.—Woman's rival: for no tight lacing can compare with the waist of time.

Tinsel.—The patent of stage nobility—but all the world is a stage.

Tobacco.—A pleasant weed before marriage, a foul habit after. N.B. Widows' weeds are the only ones which don't end in smoke.

Tombstone.—The stamp on Death's little bill.

Tongue.—The unruly member for Ply-mouth.

Tooth, Teeth.—Singular, a tusk. Perfect-plural, a set of pearls.

Treasure.—The husband who has left you a widow.

Truth.—An invisible girl condemned in hatred of chignons and false charms to remain at the bottom of a well.

A NATURAL ARTIST—One who draws his breath.

The usual Leap-year advice to young women is "to act like men."

DEAR EATING—Venison.

In the harbor of San Francisco a wave struck a fishing-boat, and overboard went two disciples of Ike Walton. Some parties who happened to be in a boat close by went to their assistance, and rescued the half-drowned pair. On being questioned how the accident occurred, they replied, "We didn't capsize; we only went down to see why the darn fish wouldn't bite."

A SNEEZE.

What a moment! What a doubt!
All my nose, inside and out,
All my thrilling, tickling, caustic
Pyramid rhinocerostic
Wants to sneeze and can not do it.
Now it yearns me, thrills me, stings me;
Now with rapturous torment wrings me;
Now says "Sneeze, you fool; get through it."
Shee—shee—oh! 'tis most del—ishi—
Ishi—ishi—most del—ishi—
(Hang it! I shall sneeze till Spring),
Snuff's a most delicious thing.

A young lady being asked by a feminine acquaintance whether she had any original poetry in her album, replied, "No; but some of my friends have favored me with original spelling."

The principal difference between a luxury and a necessary is the price.

The most delicate way of giving a lady a key to your feelings is to send her a lock of your hair.

A soldier on trial for drunkenness was addressed by the magistrate: "Prisoner, you have the charge of habitual drunkenness, what have you to say in defense?" "Nothing, please your Honor, but habitual thirst."

The tourist who picked up Italian has recently dropped some expressions in that language.

During a steam-voyage, on a sudden stoppage of the machinery, considerable alarm took place, especially among the female passengers. "What is the matter? What is the matter? For Heaven's sake tell me the worst!" exclaimed one, more anxious than the rest. After a short pause, a hoarse voice replied, "Nothing, Madam, nothing! Only the bottom of the vessel and the top of the earth are stuck together."

A traveling life insurance agent applied to a Texan to "take out a policy;" but the Texan replied, "A fellow's life is so confounded uncertain in this community, it ain't worth insuring."

IRRITABLE SCHOOLMASTER.—"Now, then, stupid, what's the next word? What comes after cheese?" Dull boy.—"Mouse, Sir."

"What is it that causes the saltness of the water of the ocean?" inquired a teacher. "The cod-fish," was the reply.

Put two persons in the same bedroom, one of whom has the toothache and the other is in love, and it will be found that the person having the toothache will go to sleep first.

Mr. Smithers thinks the arithmetic of some phases of life very queer. He married one woman and found six—Miss Sprigleaf, her mother, two aunts, and two nieces. One can't always tell; and in this case it isn't probably overpleasant to tell.

A desperate lover committed suicide, leaving a note expressing a hope of meeting Susan in the next world. As he neglected to state his future address in full, she may have difficulty in finding him.

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VOL. I.—No. 42.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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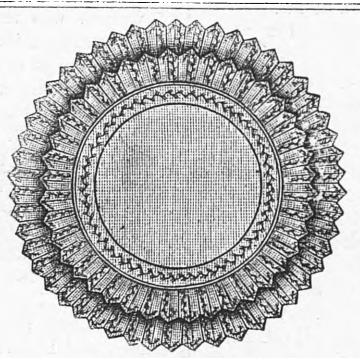

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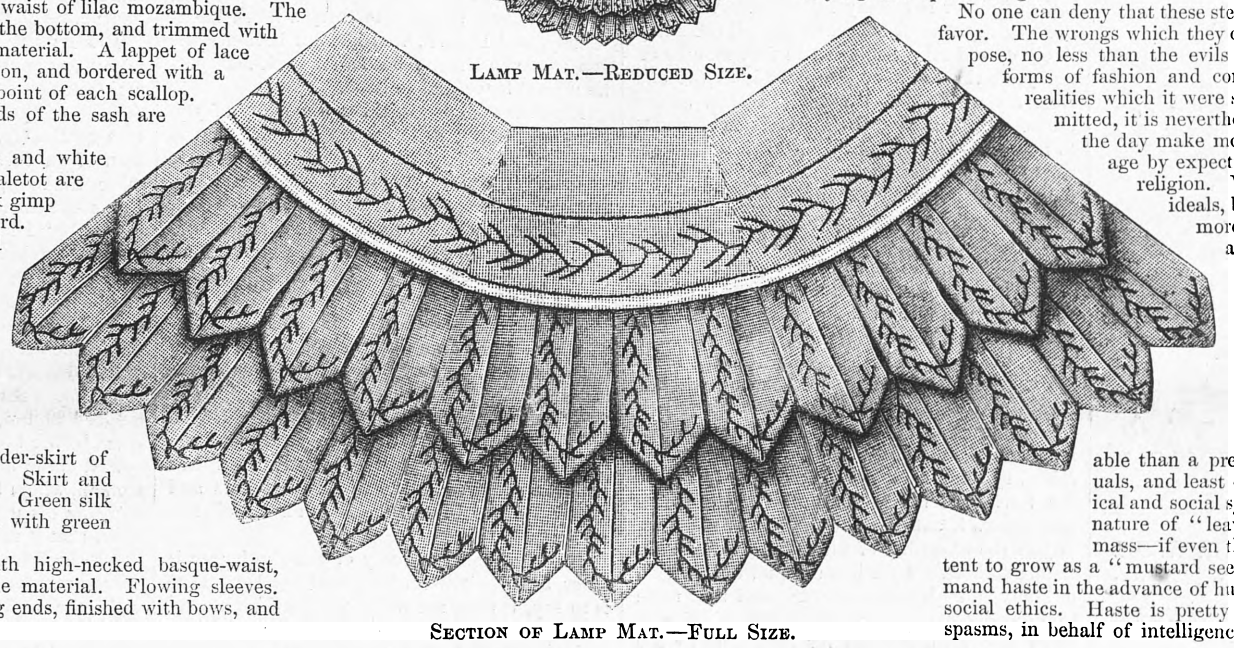


SECTION OF LAMP MAT.—FULL SIZE.

Summer Toilettes.

Fig. 1.—Dress with high blouse waist of lilac mozambique. The skirt is cut in large scallops round the bottom, and trimmed with two narrow flounces of the same material. A lappet of lace insertion, underlaid with lilac ribbon, and bordered with a frill of mozambique, is set at the point of each scallop. The blouse waist, sleeves, and ends of the sash are trimmed in the same manner.

Fig. 2.—Walking suit of violet and white striped foulard. Both skirt and paletot are trimmed with violet and white silk gimp and narrow puffs of white foulard. White Neapolitan hat trimmed with white ribbon and wild flowers.

Fig. 3.—Walking suit of light gray poplin trimmed with gray satin in the manner shown by the illustration. Skirt looped up in the Watteau style. Gray beret with gray feathers.

Fig. 4.—Walking suit of green and white figured organdy. Under-skirt of green batiste with three flounces. Skirt and paletot trimmed with green ribbon. Green silk sash. Italian straw hat trimmed with green ribbon and wild flowers.

Fig. 5.—Pink barége dress with high-necked basque-waist, with pleated trimming of the same material. Flowing sleeves. Sash with loops at the top and long ends, finished with bows, and trimmed like the dress.

ABUSING THE AGE.

WITHOUT doubt no age was ever abused like the present. The habit of censuring the times is no recent thing, for signs of its prevalence appear in the days of David and Solomon, and of Aristophanes and Seneca. Diogenes and Cato are products of every civilization that dissatisfies men with outward objects by awakening such hunger and thirst of soul as it can not appease. But old as the habit is of condemning the age, it was never so keenly critical, so unmercifully censorious as in our time. Of this spirit Carlyle is a striking illustration; and yet it is not seen alone in men of his sturdy build. Men and women of every variety of temperament, who have entered into the deeper realities of life and then yielded to the natural impressions of subtle instincts, have united in judgment upon the age.

No one can deny that these stern critics have some truth in their favor. The wrongs which they denounce, the enormities they expose, no less than the evils disguised under the reconciling forms of fashion and conventional usage, are formidable realities which it were sheer folly to question. This admitted, it is nevertheless true that certain thinkers of the day make most unreasonable demands on the age by expecting too much of its intellect and religion. We do not ask them to abate their ideals, but they would be much wiser and more useful men if, while holding up a high standard, they were more considerate of human infirmity, more lenient in their estimates of the difficulties obstructing the progress of reform, and more charitable in their comments on the world's tardiness in availing itself of ready means of improvement. A precocious development of society is no more desirable than a precocious development of individuals, and least of all should we covet it in political and social systems. If all goodness is of the nature of "leaven," that slowly permeates the mass—if even the "kingdom of heaven" is content to grow as a "mustard seed"—we should certainly not demand haste in the advance of humanity as related to political and social ethics. Haste is pretty sure to fall into spasms. And spasms, in behalf of intelligence and virtue, are quite as disas-

SUMMER TOILETTES.

trous as other kinds of convulsions. Grant that the mournful forebodings of many of the foremost thinkers of the age have some ground of justification. Grant that the stronger fibres of humanity are relaxing, and that our recent civilization is threatening to overmaster us. Grant that the old heroisms are waning, and that the beliefs of ages, so long precious to the heart, are losing their hold on many brave souls. All this is sad enough. But the doubts that perplex the better order of minds because the world grows pure and strong so slowly—the despair seizing great intellects in the presence of gigantic evils—the attenuated faith of multitudes resting in opinions rather than in convictions; in brief, all that we include in the skepticisms of this century, are symptoms of a very different state of the public mind from that which preceded the French Revolution. No man like Voltaire could be produced in our age; no book like the Sorrows of Werther; no body of writers like the Encyclopedists. And while it can not be denied that much downright perversity of intellect, much laxity of moral sentiment, and much love of evil, are found in the querulousness and ennui and unbelief of the times, yet it is also true that much of the current discontent is the price we are paying for the intellectual and moral progress of the age.

We are making vast demands upon ourselves and upon the world. We are clamorous for quick and long strides toward the goal we are eager to gain. People were never as restless under the restraints of Providence. Law is too slow and Justice too forbearing for our impetuous passions. Impulse has no vent in chivalry and crusades, but turns in fierce strength upon its own vitals. Through it all, however, human nature is destined to emerge; and hence, amidst the painful perplexities and gross iniquities that abound, we never had as much reason to hope in humanity and to trust in Providence.

TO TIMID WORKERS.

THE smallest things may work for good;
For every glistening drop of dew
That rounds without the bordering wood
In nature hath a part to do.
Its pearl may win a flower to birth,
The blossom thrive and scatter seeds,
And year by year the nursing Earth
With its fair children plant the meads;
Till keen-eyed Notice find the flower
A use as well as beauty hath,
That in the fibre lives a power,
When drops the circlet on the path.
'Twill lead to wider thought the world
While minist'ring to growing need;
And Use on Nature's flag unfurled,
E'en heart-locked Prejudice will read.
Then think not thou a little act
Too slight to lend a noble fact.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1868.

WHOLESOME INDIFFERENCE.

THERE may be too much as well as too little care of the health. An overanxiety in regard to the condition of the body or the mind even will produce the very ailment feared. Men of science tell us that if the attention is fixed with a persevering solicitude upon any corporeal organ or its function, however sound may be the condition of the one or perfect the performance of the other at first, disorder and disease will finally ensue. In a word, if any one cares to try the experiment, he can create a malady for himself at his pleasure—or rather, it should be said, his pain. Physiologists explain the *modus operandi* very satisfactorily. They say that with the direction of that act of the mind, attention, there flows a current of nervous fluid to the corporeal part, which becomes in consequence excited to an increased degree of vitality. This involves necessarily greater activity of the circulation, and, in fact, of all the organic functions. With each repetition of the mental act there is increased physical motion, until finally there is excessive irritability, congestion, inflammation, disease, and, of course, perverted faculty.

A perfect state of health—the *mens sana in corpore sano*, the sound mind in the sound body—implies, with a complete performance of the function of each, a total indifference to its mode of action. When the attention is powerfully drawn to, and a solicitude felt about, the means by which any ordinary physical or mental result is accomplished, it is certain that there is either disease or a state of irregular activity which will lead to it.

Hypochondriacs and nervous people, who are so often bantered about their ceaseless ailments, are more entitled to our sympathy than deserving of ridicule. Though termed imaginary sufferers, they are real ones, and, however fictitious may have been the original cause of their state, it could not long have existed without producing a genuine malady.

It is essential to health to be indifferent to it. A perfectly sound person should, for example, be unconscious of the possession of a stomach. It has been carefully packed away out of sight and reach by nature, and it was never intended to be revealed to the consciousness of its possessor. It only discloses itself to the disordered and diseased by various agitations, internal revolutions, noisy grumblings, and other uneasy reminders of its disturbed existence. To the perfectly healthy it gives not the slightest hint of its presence.

If the laws of health were faithfully applied to the education of the young, and strictly obeyed by those more advanced in life, this unconsciousness of physical and mental action, which is the ideal of wholesomeness, would be general. With a vigorous constitution, and an habitual regard to hygienic rules, there would be no occasion, as there would be no desire, to watch the performance of any function. We should all at first conform strictly to that regularity of exercise, mental and bodily, temperance in eating and drinking, and chaste restraint of appetite and passion, inculcated by nature, and then yield ourselves up unreservedly to the comfortable state of "wholesome indifference."

LONG VACATIONS.

THE practice of putting all the school holidays into one lump is becoming more and more common. The year is now generally divided into eight months of study and four of idleness. This is about as rational as the Irishman's plan of feeding his pig one day and starving it the next, that the pork may have a streak of lean alternating with a streak of fat.

There is undoubtedly a convenience to teachers, and sometimes to parents, in the long single vacation, as it affords opportunity for prolonged visits to the country and distant voyages. Schools, however, should be, we suppose, regulated in accordance with the interests of the pupil, and not of master and mistress. We can not believe that this complete separation of work and play is beneficial to the young. Their organization requires a daily alternation of the two, and without it there can be neither physical nor intellectual health. Too much or too little of either is equally injurious. With the prevalent system of concentrating all the study in eight, and all the idleness in four months of the year, the brain of the child is at the one time overworked, as it is underworked at the other. Daily moderate exercise is as essential to mental as to bodily health. It is a fatal error to suppose that prolonged idleness is beneficial to any soundly-constituted youth. Not only is regular occupation of the mind essential to its own health, but to that of the physical frame with which it is so closely allied.

An harmonious action of all parts of the human system should be preserved in accordance with their natural relation. It is absurd to attempt to separate the thinking from the moving being, and to provide for the one without regard to the other. Their mutual dependence is such that they must both be upheld by a common and simultaneous care. The prevailing school system, which gives exclusive regard to the forcing of the intellect during two-thirds and throws it out to waste the rest of the year, is just the absurdity of attempting to do what nature forbids. By a less unequal distribution of study and play we are convinced that more telling work could be got out of the child, and more enjoyment secured for him, than by the present system of concentrating all the labor in eight and idleness in four months. The effect upon his physical and intellectual health would be equally invigorating.

The plan we would propose implies the necessity of daily systematic exercise, both mental and bodily, which we believe to be in accordance with the human organization and essential to its well-being. We suggest that the months of holiday be equally distributed throughout those of work, so that each day may have its fair share of both. The school hours might thus be diminished from six to four, running from 10 to 2 instead of from 9 to 3. The protracted tedium of constraint, hard work, and hard benches, universally complained of, would thus be brought into a more endurable limit. Children who are now so clamorous for holidays, as they may well be—for the present system exhausts their patience and endurance—would be content to pursue an even tenor of daily but moderate study, unwearied by protracted labor and indifferent to long vacations.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

MY DEAR ALCIBIADES,—You tell me that you consider yourself a gentleman, and that you hope you know what becomes a gentleman. I sincerely hope so too; but I know of no word more misunderstood or more curiously misapplied. The old proverb says that manners make the man. But surely it is agreed that they make the gentleman. Taking the word in the large sense, as the whole conduct of a man in every relation, you may certainly tell a gentleman by his manners. Indeed, although the word can not be very precisely defined, it has reference to a human quality as subtle as aroma in flowers. There may be fine, manly, moral, trusty persons to whom the word gentleman does not exactly apply. But you can see from that very fact how easy it is to strain and misapply the word, and describe a foolish, finnikin, point-device Sir Percie Shafton as a gentleman; which is a ludicrous mistake.

Shakespeare is very fond of hitting this pseudo gentleman. Osric in Hamlet is one of them. He comes bursting in upon the moody Prince, and reveals himself in the manner in which he speaks of Laertes: "Sir, here is, newly come to Court, Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing. Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry; for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see." This was the Euphuistic strain of the time which caricatured truth as Osric caricatured the gentleman, and which Hamlet humorously satirizes in his reply. So in "a certain Lord" whom Hotspur describes, the hero who, "'twixt his finger and his thumb," held a pouncet-box, and who deplored the unmannerly bringing of a corse "betwixt the wind and his nobility," there is a sketch of the same kind of gentleman. Yet nowhere more plainly than in Shakespeare will you find an indication of the true quality which the word gentleman intends to describe.

Yet the modern idea of gentleman is perhaps better than that of Shakespeare's time. He was then a hero of chivalric manners; but his heroism consisted of personal courage and skill, and his chivalry hardly included absolute respect for women. Indeed, if the old theory of woman was that of a slave, chivalry was merely the reaction and made her a goddess. In neither was she an equal companion. In the time of Richard II. in England, as Mr. Charles Stuart Parker tells us in a late essay: "Gentlemen took care that their sons should learn 'courtesy,' to ride, sing, play upon the lute and virginals, perform feats of arms, dance, carve and wait at table, where they might heed the conversation (sometimes French or Latin), and study the manners of great men." And about the year 1500 a gentleman is represented as saying: "To blow a neat blast on the horn, to understand hunting, to carry a hawk handsomely, and train it, that is what becomes the son of a gentleman; but as for book-learning, he should leave that to louts."

My dear Alcibiades, there are many of you gay youth to-day at Newport and Saratoga who practically hold the same view. At any rate, you are very apt to leave book-learning to louts. And what happens? Those whom you call louts leave you in the lurch in the battle of life. Schiller said that genius was diligence. And in Germany to-day, as Matthew Arnold tells us in his admirable report upon the schools and universities of the Continent, the educated men, whether louts or not, bear away the prizes in trade as in every other career. Nor is this a new thing, for Roger Ascham said—Lady Jane Grey's tutor—"The fault is in yourselves, ye noblemen's sons, and therefore ye deserve the greater blame, that commonly the meaner men's children come to be the wisest councilors and greatest doers in the weighty affairs of this realm."

But the modern theory of the gentleman is truer, because it discards caste altogether. That is to say, it does not make the gentleman a result of rank and class, but wholly of character and manner. I shall not deny the value and result of training. There is no reason that the care which by thought, and labor, and persistence develops finer fruit and animals should not develop finer men. Manners are indeed the result of training; but, of course, there must be the substance to be trained. The modern theory requires that the gentleman shall be for use, not merely for ornament, as formerly. Shakespeare's gentleman could not help feeling that the only fit labor for gentle hands was that of the field or the tourney. We moderns hold it may be that of the field, but in another sense. I speak now of the better idea, not of Harry Diamond's, and Ned Turquoise's, and the Pounds, and Hundredweights. They are of the pouncet-box gentry. It is not our theory that a gentleman does nothing elegantly; but that, although an idler may be a gentleman, a man is so much the more a gentleman as he adds to his true courtesy true usefulness. But we must not topple over upon the other side. A scavenger is not necessarily a gentleman because he is useful; but a man, of whatever gentleness of manner, who despises him because he is a scavenger is not a gentleman.

For it is not in the manner only, I think, that the gentleman shows himself, but in the union of feeling and manner. Perhaps the basis of the gentleman is not merely good feeling, but humility. In this view gentlemanliness becomes what would be called a Christian grace. It is the instinctive apprehension of the divine element in man. For who knows—such is the mystery of divinity—that the very God may not be masking in the most squalid form? I advise you, my dear Alcibiades, to free your mind of the technical and traditional conception of the gentleman; for if you model yourself by that, you will probably end in the pouncet-box or the dandy like George IV., or Brummel, or D'Orsay. I wish I knew who first called George IV. the first gentleman in Europe. It was the most exquisite sarcasm. I have never been able to discover that he had a single trait of the gentleman, except that he wore clean clothes. At least they were so externally. But I have grave doubts whether, if we had climbed a tree and broken into his chamber at Carlton House, and had seen the potentate doing what N. P. Willis declared that he climbed a tree and saw President Lincoln do in the White House—I have, I say, grave doubts whether— But let it suffice that his coat was clean. That was much more than his soul was or his manners. And if I were Mr. Disraeli, Prime Minister of England to-day, I would recommend my liege lord Champagne Charlie, Prince of Wales, to study carefully the biography of his great uncle, and to avoid his example in every particular.

Indeed I would urge upon that Prince, and upon you, Prince Alcibiades, and upon all the princes of my acquaintance, to become familiar with the example of Mr. Joseph Paice, of Bread-street-hill, merchant, and one of the Directors of the South Sea Company, who was a subject of King George IV. I imagine him, for the surviving records are very scanty, and yet we can reconstruct him from a few hints, as fully as Cuvier or Owen could reconstruct an animal from a bone or two—I imagine him as having some of the general appearance of one of the milder and juicier of old Quaker merchants, such as we have all known—a hale, smooth-faced, large, benignant, quiet-spoken man. His brief biography says that he was bred a Presbyterian; but I perceive that he belonged to the broadest church, and I don't believe he supposed that the Archbishop of Canterbury was going to perdition because he did not go to the Presbyterian meeting. Indeed I can fancy Mr. Paice sitting in his pew on a tranquil summer Sunday afternoon, near the window, and while the worthy pastor pounds away on the pulpit cushions, hearing the pleasant music of hymns from another church or chapel of another faith, perhaps some of the beautiful verses of Charles Wesley, and inwardly smiling with satisfaction as he thinks of the great host of believers, all marching under their own banners to the same bourne.

But I do wrong to obtrude any crude fancy of mine upon the lovely sketch of him that remains to us, and which has always seemed to me one of the most delightful portraits of the true gentleman. Sir Philip Sidney, the gentleman of an earlier day, is not more delicately, more tenderly, more perfectly described by Fulke Greville, than Joseph Paice by his biographer. "I have seen him," says my author, "stand bareheaded—smile if you please—to a poor servant girl while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street, in such a posture of unforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer, of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptation of the term, after women, but he reverenced and upheld in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood*. I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman), with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier of Age; the Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks."

Joseph Paice lived and died a bachelor. But he owed this exquisite courtesy to the beautiful girl to whom he paid his addresses, and who died early in their courtship. It seems that she had heard him—it was in his youth, of course—"rating a young woman" who had brought home his cravats unseasonably—it was in the age of Brummell—and she said, If *I* were a poor girl and had been belated in bringing home cravats "what sort of compliments should I have received?" That just rebuke developed all his courtesy. It dissipated the thin cloud that obscured his true gentlemanliness or gentility. It seems to me that his politeness to the poorest woman was really an act of humility. He did not patronize her. His manner was not a pouncet-box between her and his nobility. It was a simple pushing aside of all kinds of thorny hedges of convention so that he and all whom he addressed stood together upon their pure humanity.

If you, and the other princes your companions, wish to read this biography, it will not occupy your attention more than a quarter of an hour, but it will enrich your memory and imagination forever. You will find it in the Essay of Elia upon "Modern Gallantry"—Elia, who was a gentleman of the same old school. How many of that school do you find at Newport this year? How many who are as courteous to Mrs. Tilbury's maid as to Mrs. Tilbury, and whose conduct to their washer-women cheers those hard workers with real human sympathy? I like to believe that Joseph Paice, as he read Edmund Burke, for I am very sure that he did read him, remembered Burke's answer to some one who expressed surprise upon seeing him touch his hat to a footman. "Sir, would you have me outdone in courtesy by a footman?" My dear

Alcibiades, I should feel surer that Sir Walter Raleigh was a gentleman if I knew that he had respectfully handed an orange girl over the kennel, than I do now when I merely know that he laid his satin cloak across a puddle for the Queen to step over. If I wish to know whether you are a gentleman I shall ask your washerwoman, not the rich and fair Miss Lapis Lazuli to whom I hear that you are devoted.

Your well-wisher,
AN OLD BACHELOR.

HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES.

REFRIGERANTS.

IN this heated term, when cooling devices are eagerly sought after, we are persuaded that a record of the latest novelties in this direction will interest our readers quite as much as the newest styles of bonnets and fichus.

A correspondent asks if the upright refrigerator is superior to the old-fashioned ice-chest. We think it is. The closet-shaped refrigerator is constructed on scientific principles. Cold air descends, consequently the compartment for ice is placed at the top, producing a cold, dry atmosphere in the provision chambers below, instead of the damp, heavy air common to the flat chest. Meats and fruit should not be placed on melting ice, as this hastens instead of arresting decay. The strongest-flavored fruit should be placed at the bottom. Zinc-lined refrigerators should be washed once a week with saleratus water.

The "Zero Refrigerator" is highly commended. The ice and provision chambers do not communicate. Thus no hot air reaches the ice except when the door is opened for putting in more ice. The drippings of the ice are retained and drawn off by a faucet. When the ice is kept clean this serves for drinking-water. Housekeepers will appreciate this arrangement, as there is no water spilled on the floor. An excellent wine-cooler is attached. The "Zero" is made of wood, grained in imitation of oak. It is lined with zinc, filled in with charcoal. The faucet and castors are silver-plated. The price ranges from $27 to $55.

An excellent refrigerator for family use is called the "Excelsior." It is a tall closet with double doors. The ice compartment, across the upper part, has an iron corrugated bottom, with openings at the side for the cold air to descend and force up the light, hot air. There are tinned wire shelves below for vegetables, fruit, and meat. A pipe at the back conducts the water into a basin underneath. A medium-sized refrigerator of this patent is sold at $37. The smallest size, with a single door, is $18.

The Nonpareil is very similar to the refrigerator just described, but is made in a greater variety of sizes. One suitable for a small family is sold for $16. The largest size, worth $58, has a wine-cooler attached, with separate lock and key.

A small, compact ice-cupboard, called the "Zero milk, wine, and water cooler," is invaluable to families boarding in private houses. It is about twenty inches high and twelve wide, is made of japanned tin, zinc lined, with charcoal between. A block of ice is put in at the top. The wine-cooler beside it has a separate lock. Below these are apartments for water and milk jars. It is used in nurseries for keeping milk sweet, and in dining-rooms for preserving desserts cool and fresh during the earlier courses of dinner. Price $15.

ICE-CREAM FREEZERS.

The "Arctic" is considered one of the best ice-cream freezers. It revolves by means of a fly-wheel. A long beating-knife inside turns at the same time, and cuts the cream as it freezes, making it smooth. A new freezer, much used in France, has just been introduced here. The can containing the cream is placed inside a larger cylinder filled with ice and salt; both are then placed on an iron frame, and by means of a crank they are moved together in a steady rotary motion. The outside cylinder is covered with a felt cloth, and is handsome enough to be brought to the dining-room. The "rotary" freezer is well adapted to making water-ices, frozen fruits, and Champagne frappé, as the constant plunging of the fluid makes it freeze smoothly without flakes. Four minutes is the time required. The price is $5 for a freezer holding three quarts.

ICE-PITCHERS

The greater part of the ice-pitchers now in use are lined with a mixture of nickel silver and Britannia. These different metals act upon each other in the water and corrode. It is said that water remaining four hours in such pitchers is deleterious to health, and in twenty-four hours the metallic poison is perceptible to the taste. We have been shown some pitchers with a seamless lining made from one piece of metal without soldering that are not open to this objection. The porcelain-lined pitcher is also commended by high authority as free from any thing poisonous or injurious. The enamel is very durable, and is easily kept clean. Still another pitcher has a galvanized iron plate inserted in the bottom, which makes it very strong and impervious to the sharp lumps of ice that careless servants are prone to thrust into it. Pitchers of white metal, heavily plated with silver, may be bought at from $8 to $25. Ice-urns of the same metal range from $30 to $40. Servants should be instructed to partially fill a pitcher with water before putting in the ice.

An improved wine-cooler has a cylinder for the bottle separated by a partition from the ice. A partial covering at the top conceals the ice in the basin. In plated silver the price is $10.

FANNING-MACHINE.

Before leaving the appliances for keeping cool we must mention a novel fanning-machine invented by a Frenchman residing here. It is a succession of broad, flat plates of tin, painted green, and arranged circularly on a frame. An arm at the side is moved by the motion of the foot in the same way that the sewing-machine is worked. This makes the fan revolve rapidly, producing a pleasant breeze. Invalids find a pleasant recreation in the new machine, as it requires but little effort to run it, but it will scarcely supersede palm-leaf fans, as the price is $18.

PLATED WARE.

Among a dozen kinds of cork-screw the most ingenious has a long siphon with a faucet at the top, by which a glass of Champagne may be drawn from a bottle, and the remainder kept closed to prevent effervescence. The price, when silver-plated, is from $3 to $6. We saw also long slender forks for taking olives and foreign pickles out of long-necked jars. The pickles are caught by a spring, which serves afterward to project them on the plate. A great assistance in carving is a silver ring with a handle for holding the large bone of a joint instead of making punctures in the meat with a fork. There were silver ice-tongs with sharp claws, and cheese-scoops with slides to propel the cheese into the plate; pie-forks with one prong sharpened at the side to cut pastry; lobster-scoops and slender, narrow spoons, well-shaped for digging out the dainty morsels so dear to epicures. A plated crumb-tray opened with hinges. Inside was a crumb-brush of soft bristles, the back mounted with silver.

WOODEN WARE.

On another counter was displayed innumerable articles of whitewood and box. Guests at wooden weddings need never be at a loss to select gifts. Here were bread-trenchers of whitewood with "Give us this day our daily bread" in illuminated letters on the rim, and others, oval-shaped, ornamented in the beautiful Swiss carving with wreaths of wheat. The price ranges from $3 up to $20. Cheese platters were shown with porcelain landscapes inside the rim, and butter-dishes with Bohemian centres and covers. A breakfast-trencher was furnished with egg-cups and salt-stands. There were salad casters for oil and vinegar, with salad spoon and fork to match, napkin rings of Swiss carving, and cracker jars with frosted glass lining, sugar-scoops, and table-mats of wood of contrasting colors.

TIN WARE.

Further on we came to the "tin wedding" table. The first attraction for us was the Cinderella slippers of polished tin for the bride, and the jewelry worn on that occasion, a tin brooch and ear-rings with illuminated centre. The more useful articles are all kinds of pans and basins moulded from solid sheets of tin without seams; pie and bread pans with perforated bottoms to bake the lower crust thoroughly; an egg-whip of steel springs, light and effectual; a rack for holding fruit jars, useful in canning fruit; ice-cream moulds in pyramids, and in small figures for the saucer; fluted moulds for pudding, small enough for "pudding for two" or large enough for a dozen; pie-moulds that open with a hinge, leaving a fluted crust around the game-pie; japanned tin toilette sets; and, for the little folks, a table tray that fits to the side of the table and protects the cloth. A seasonable novelty is a pea and bean sheller. The peas are put into a hopper at the top, whence they pass through rubber rollers operated by a crank. The pods fall out in one direction, and the peas in another with great rapidity. A bread-kneader consists of a tin basin screwed to a table. Inside a wooden roller or stirrer is attached by which bread is made with great dispatch and without using the hands. Price $3. Vegetable scoops were shown us for shaping vegetables for soup, and a lemon-racer to scallop a bit of lemon for a glass of lemonade; a fluted knife for ornamenting potatoes before frying, and an ingenious knife for stringing beans. A ham-knife has a saw on one side; and a pair of nippers, invented by Soyer, disjoints the sinews of fowls.

Next we came to laundry utensils—polishing-irons, self-heating, with leather-bound handles, and quilling, fluting, and puffing irons. The best crimping and fluting machine has brass rollers, heated inside, and turned with a crank.

Another new idea to us was the excellent papier-maché basins and pails for kitchen use. These are very light, they do not corrode, and may be thrown about like wood without breaking.

MAJOLICA.

Traveled people who have seen the antique majolica porcelain abroad say that the Minton majolica imported here copies the original faithfully. One of the handsomest pieces of this ware in the country is a large vase for a conservatory. The blue-lined bowl is for gold-fish, with an inner row for flowers, and a fountain in the centre. Price $200. A fruit-service with leaf design attracts attention. It has mounted composts, grape-dishes, cake-platters, and a dozen plates. $50 is asked for these. A pair of cornucopia vases that match this set are of the fine Minton ware, valued at $75. A basket for bonbons is $18. Another fruit-service represents pine-apples; on a third different fruits are painted on each piece in the set. A dish for game-pie has an inner dish of coarse porcelain in which the pie is baked. The outside is a beautiful specimen of majolica, with a hunting-scene moulded on the cover. Price $18. Candlesticks of classic design were shown us, with brackets for boudoirs, and jardinières of gray bright colors, substantial enough to endure exposure to the weather on piazzas and in the garden. A hall clock mounted on a column had a medallion bass-relief of majolica representing sea-nymphs and dolphins.

GARDEN SEATS.

Fanciful garden seats of majolica were shown us. A comic affair is a little negro sitting down with the seat resting on his head. The half-bent position, the red, grinning lips, and the inquiring expression of the ebony face, were wonderfully natural.

In another department we were shown bronzed iron chairs, entirely impervious to the weather, and too stout to be easily blown over. A comfortable sofa for the garden or lawn has a wooden, springy seat with bronzed iron back, in a pattern of fern leaves. Price $37. Light folding-chairs, easily portable, with slight frames of painted iron and seats of finest cane, are sold at $8 the single chair. A lawn settee of French fancy has an adjustable back that faces either way like railroad seats. A canopy, folded or spread by a pulley, affords protection from the sun or a passing shower. Price $60. Rustic divans, chairs, vases, and hanging baskets are shown of coarse woods in their natural state, with stems of knotted vines and twisted branches. Pine burs are pasted on the smooth surfaces.

A circular stand of bronzed iron for flower-pots is of pyramidal shape. A garden table of carved wood, with a vase in the centre and a self-acting fountain, is marked $175. Jardinières of English glazed tiles are selected for choice flowers in the centre of a mound. On the white porcelain ground are blackberry wreaths or grape-vines in natural colors. Price, singly, $20. A pretty edging for garden borders is made of earthenware in imitation of branches of coral. The bright red color affords a pleasant contrast to the monotonous rows of box with which flower-beds are surrounded.

For information given we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. WINDLE & Co.; EDWARD D. BASSFORD; LEWIS & CONGER; BALL, BLACK, & Co.; and DAVIS COLLAMORE & Co.

PERSONAL.

THE young Cretan girl who fought so gallantly in the revolution, and had five hundred men under her command, is named ANTONOUSA KASTONOPOULO. Miss K. is nineteen, rather pretty, smokes cigarettes, but can not read.

—MENOTTI GARIBALDI is about to marry a young lady of Padua, named ITALIA BEDESCHINI.

—"GEORGE ELIOT" (Mrs. LEWES), is greatly pleased with the brilliant success of the "Spanish Gipsy." She thinks it by far her best work, and says it cost more labor.

—Mr. BURLINGAME and the MANDARINS are going to Auburn to have a private little visit with Mr. SEWARD; after which to Niagara, down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, thence to Boston, where a grand entertainment awaits them, and where, "far into the night, under the brilliant gas-lights, amidst the bounding of Champagne corks, they will behold how the descendants of the Puritans emulate and perpetuate the ascetic virtues of their forefathers." Mr. B. and the Manchus (who are not cannibal manchewers) sail for Europe on the 18th inst.

—Mr. LONGFELLOW, we feel quite authorized to say, is not the author of the following verse. That gentleman is now in England, and *never* associates with persons whose conversation is devoted to that noble animal, the horse:

If lovely maidens will display
Their charms so freely to beholders,
What wonder sporting men should say
They're winning by a neck and shoulders?

Mr. LONGFELLOW has been invited, specially, by the Queen, to make her a little visit, and is the first poet or literary man from America who has been thus honored by royalty.

—Mlle. SCHNEIDER, the present reigning star in the comical musical firmament of Paris, who receives $500 a night for interpreting "La Grande Duchesse," is described as a fair, stout woman, with light brown luxuriant hair, shoulders as broad as those of a dragoon, a short neck, a waist that no one could clasp, except in a figurative sense, and wonderfully brilliant eyes, which last she uses to produce her greatest effects. Her costumes are something startling, the state robes in which she appears in the second act glittering with diamonds, and the gold-embroidered train, trimmed with ermine, requiring all the strength of the black pages to support.

—For the first time in the history of an American college the first prize was taken at the last commencement at Harvard by a colored youth, RICHARD THEODORE GREENER, of the junior class, the son of a poor woman in Boston, who fitted for college at Oberlin and Andover, and who is said to be a natural orator. His gestures were very graceful, his voice musical and flexible, and his whole bearing admirable.

—The Princess DE LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE has presented to the French Government the piece of ground on the Mount of Olives, which, according to tradition, is the very spot on which Christ pronounced the "Sermon on the Mount." The Princess reserves to herself the right of completing some religious edifices which will call to mind the Campo Santo at Padua.

—A writer in a Milan journal makes some curious statements about the Empress EUGENIE. He says that nothing can be more erroneous than the opinion generally entertained of the character of the Empress. He asserts that there is not a particle of sweetness in her temper. She is utterly heartless, exceedingly malicious, vindictive, and even cruel. All her hopes are based on her husband's death, when she will become *Régente* of France, in which event the first thing she would do would be to drive Prince NAPOLEON, PERSIGNY, and a host of other prominent Bonapartists, out of the country.

—The *Owl*, a weekly journal which has for its contributors some of the persons attached, in a confidential way, to the present Ministry, says that "it is the present intention of her Majesty to proceed, shortly after the prorogation of Parliament, to Switzerland. It is arranged that her Majesty shall stop at Paris on her way to Lucerne, in the neighborhood of which town a suitable residence has already been secured. The Queen will travel *incognito*, and will remain in the strictest privacy during her absence from England."

—The Chicagoans are making a bold attempt to capture the Rev. NEWMAN HALL. They have cablegrammed to him that if he will come to them he shall have a nice house, rent free, and a salary of $10,000 a year, gold. Dr. HALL married the daughter of the late Dr. GORDON, an eminent physician, whose life was written by his son-in-law. At the death of Dr. G., Dr. HALL received a fortune through his wife, rendering him independent. It is possible he may come among us, but not probable. At present the income of Surrey Chapel, where he now officiates, is $25,000, gold.

—Of Mr. BOGUMIL DAWISON, the eminent German tragedian, who performed in this city last year, an admirer says that he not only possesses a wonderful memory, but always learns by heart not only his own *rôles*, but the whole play to be performed, so that he has no need of the prompter's assistance; and there are few actors who can boast of so extensive a *repertoire* as his is; for in the course of twenty-five years he has performed upward of five hundred and fifty different *rôles*.

—A fresh "personal" of Mrs. SIDDONS, just imported: On being informed of the sudden death of a French minister who had died in his Bureau, she exclaimed, tragically, "In his bureau, say ye? *How got he there?*"

—Mr. BATEMAN, who has transferred his French opera from the French Theatre to Niblo's, and is consequently enabled to give OFFENBACH'S "Barbe-Bleue" with great effect, may read with profit the following effusion from the pen of a son of perfidious Albion:

"If Offenbach still pleases
More than fugues of Bach,
We shall not hear Bach often,
But often Offenbach."

—The death of Mr. JOSEPH MEEKS on the 23d ult., at Islip, has removed one of the very oldest natives of this city. He was ninety-seven years of age (ah! if he could but have touched *par l*) and had enjoyed the personal acquaintance of Washington, Lafayette, Pulaski, Steuben, Kosciusko, Rochambeau, Greene, Schuyler, Wagner, and many other officers of the patriot army. His mother, of Huguenot descent, spoke both French and English with equal fluency; and Mr. MEEKS related that while our French allies were encamped in his mother's orchard he had often seen her walking the piazza, supported on either side by Washington and Lafayette, and acting as interpreter between them. When the British evacuated this city, November 25, 1783, he, then a lad of twelve, was on the Battery, and assisted in pulling down the British flag. Mr. MEEKS was one of the founders of Tammany Hall. He began business in Broad Street nearly eighty years ago, and invested his profits from time to time in real estate on that street and its neighborhood. He thought no investment could be better than real estate in this city. At the age of sixty-five he retired from business, and at his death the annual income of his city property was more than the entire original cost.

—ABEL UNDERWOOD and ELECTA A. SANDFORD, two spiritualists of Akron, Ohio, took it into their heads, a few days since, to enter into the connubial relation, and this is the detail of the manœuvre: They married themselves, with a little aid of the Mayor, by repeating the following formula: "In the presence of our spirit and earth friends, I take ELECTA A. SANDFORD, whom I hold by the right hand, to be my lawful wife, hoping by kindness and affection to be to her a faithful and loving husband while in the earth form." The lady then repeated: "In the presence of our spirit and earth friends, I take ABEL UNDERWOOD, whom I hold by the right hand, to be my lawful husband, hoping by kindness and affection to be to him a loving and faithful wife while in the earth form." The Mayor then said: "Having pledged your marital vows in presence of these witnesses and of the world, I now, in the name and by the authority of the State of Ohio, pronounce you husband and wife." The *Beacon* says they would have no form of ceremony in which the word death occurred.

—The style of grief indulged in by the widow of a Chinese, who had left the "flowery land" to gain lucre in the auriferous region of California, will interest the (widow) readers of the *Bazar*. The writer says: "Among our twelve or fifteen Chinese passengers was a disconsolate widow who had resided in California for fifteen years, had accumulated about $20,000, and having lost her husband by death, was returning to China to abide for the future with her old friends and kinsmen. She was about forty years of age, good looking, when considered from a Chinese stand-point, and, being rich, would doubtless be considered a good catch by her countrymen. She had had the bones of her 'dear departed' polished after the Chinese style, boxed in a camphor-wood trunk, and was taking them with her to the Flowery Kingdom, in order that they might be deposited in the Joss House alongside those of his ancestors. Every day she would descend to the hold of the vessel where the remains were stowed and spend an hour or two with the skeleton, muttering a mixed sort of prayer, while tears streamed from her eyes. Her mummeries concluded, she would come upon deck, smoke her cigar, laugh and chat with her countrymen, as if she was the most light-hearted person in the world. One day, after she had terminated her hour's penance over the dry bones of her skeleton husband, I asked her why she said her prayers over him daily, and was not a little astonished to hear her reply: 'Me likee to fools Chinaman; he tinkee me likee husband belly much; then maybe bime-by me get another one. My husband in boxee belly good man, he belly dry and no smellee.'"

—The widow of King THEODORE, according to the letter of a British officer, is a lady-like woman of twenty-six, with very fair complexion, full eyes, fine aquiline nose, and beautiful hands. What most attracts attention, however, is her magnificent hair, arranged in neat plaits, and instead of being tied in a knot at the nape of the neck, as is the fashion of the country, it falls in a cascade of glossy ringlets over her shoulders. Her dress, on the occasion of the officer's visit, was the simple cotton dress of the country, gathered in a fold at the waist by a band.

—Governor SEYMOUR'S wife is a daughter of the late JOHN R. BLEECKER, of Albany, and is greatly admired for her intelligence, loveliness of character, and elegant manners. They have no children. Of Mr. SEYMOUR'S three sisters, one is married to LEDYARD SINCLAIR, of Cazenovia, another to Mr. SHONNARD, of Westchester County, and the third to Hon. ROSCOE CONKLIN, United States Senator from New York.

Netting Work.

THE materials required in *netting are a netting needle*, meshes of different sizes, and yarn. Wind on the needle (Fig. 1) with which you intend working the thread or yarn suitable for the work. The needle is either of brass or steel. A needle of the size shown by Fig. 1 is suitable for cord, crochet cotton, or fine woolen yarn. For heavier yarn, as knitting-cotton, worsted, etc., the needle must be longer and heavier; for twine, thicker wool, etc., select a needle of bone or wood (which are also called netting needles). In this case the corresponding mesh must of course be so large that the needle can be easily pushed through the stitches. The size, that is, the circumference of the mesh, must correspond to the thread. In selecting a mesh it must be remembered that the holes of the net-work will be as large again as the circumference of the mesh. For example, a mesh half an inch in circumference gives a hole a quarter of an inch on one side of the square. The mesh must be smooth and of equal size throughout the length, so that the stitches shall be even and easily slipped off. The best meshes are round, and are made of horn, ivory, whalebone, or polished wood, or steel. For long, fringe-like stitches, or for fringe itself, flat meshes are required. Select the material according to the design of the work. The thread must be smooth and without knots, so that the stitches shall be smooth and even. An unequal thread makes the work difficult.

Fig. 1.—NETTING NEEDLE.—FULL SIZE.

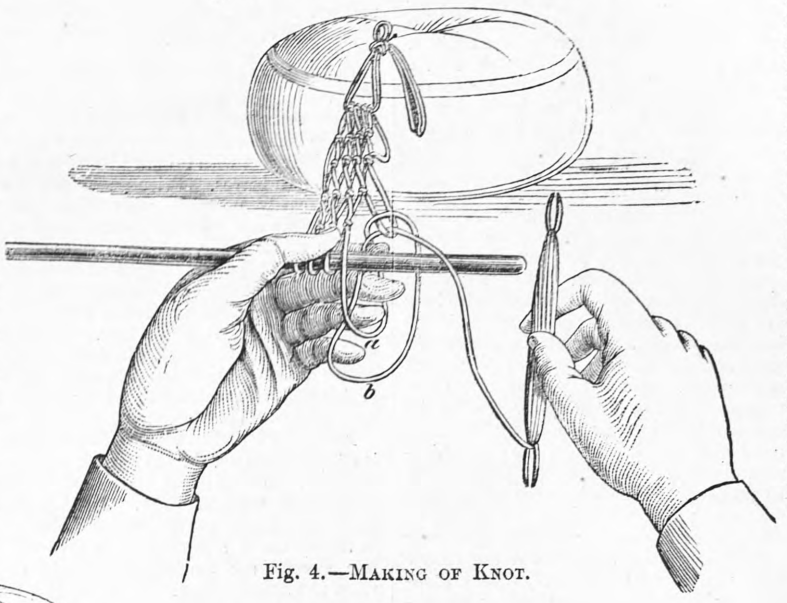


Fig. 4.—MAKING OF KNOT.

For beginning the work first wind the thread on the needle, which is done by winding through the split ends, but care must be taken not to wind on too much, as it would render it difficult to draw through the stitches. Make of strong thread a large loop, and fasten it to a heavy sewing cushion. To this loop tie the end of the working thread. Now take the mesh over which it is intended to work in the left hand, lay it between the thumb and forefinger, then lay the working thread over the mesh and over the inner side of the 2d, 3d, and 4th fingers of the left hand inward, run it up behind these fingers, and lay the thread to the left in such a manner that it can be held fast with the thumb. Fig. 2 shows the position of the mesh, as well as that of the working thread. Then run the thread in behind the 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th fingers (see Fig. 2), push the needle (Fig. 3 *b*) through the loop on the fingers and behind the netting mesh through the loop on which the working thread is fastened (see Fig. 5, which shows how the stitches are worked around the loop), so that now a second loop is formed, which must be held by the little finger of the left hand. Now draw in the working thread by degrees, by which the loop held by the thumb becomes loosened, and draw the 2d, 3d, and 4th fingers out of the loop marked *a* in Fig. 4, still holding the loop marked *b* in the same figure upon the little finger. Finally, drop the loop *b* from the little finger, and fasten the knot by drawing the thread firmly. This completes one stitch. The remaining stitches which form the foundation are worked in the same manner. Fig. 5 shows a row of foundation stitches, which are knotted on the loop. Having worked the requisite number of foundation stitches draw the mesh out of the stitches. At the beginning of the next round turn the work, as netting is worked backward and forward, so that the last foundation stitch becomes now the first stitch of the following round. Make the knot as already described, putting the needle, however, through a foundation stitch instead of around the loop. Continue to work, turning the work, and without cutting the thread. In this manner is worked the diamond netting, so called because the meshes take this form (see Fig. 15). The knots for the plain netting, which consists of squares, are worked in the same manner. Figs. 6 and 7 show the plain netting. For a four-cornered foundation in diamond netting make a foundation corresponding to either the length or the breadth of the work, and work over all the stitches backward and forward till the foundation has reached the size desired. The foundation stitches are cut away afterward, as they will be somewhat longer than the other stitches, or the necessity for cutting away may be prevented by working the foundation over a somewhat finer mesh. The plain netting, whether it be intended for a square or quadrilateral, is to be begun on one corner with two foundation stitches; on these work in rounds, turning the work, and add a stitch at the end of every round by working always two stitches over the last (see Fig. 6). When the work has reached the requisite width, if a square is wanted, work one round without widening, and narrow one stitch in every following round. This is done by working together the last two stitches in every round, in doing which run the netting needle through the last two stitches of the round at the same time. Fig. 7 gives the last knot somewhat loosened, which plainly shows the manner of working. When only two stitches remain work these together by a knot without laying the thread over the mesh. If a quadrilateral is desired, work in the completed portion, after having finished widening, a section as long as the long side of the figure, in doing which widen at the end of one round and narrow at the end of the next. The widening and narrowing is done in the manner already described. Then narrow off the end precisely as when working a square. Rosettes or small circular foundations are worked in two ways. Either make a foundation, the number of stitches of which corresponds to that of the outer row (see Fig. 23), tie the foundation thread and work around till it has reached the requisite size (see Fig. 8), or begin the same with a foundation of six, seven, or eight stitches, and work in the round, always making two stitches in one. The widening is repeated in every round, and the two loops are always taken in the added (little) stitches of the former round, as is plainly shown by Fig. 9. Triangular pieces are thus formed, which are regularly divided from each other by means of the added stitches, and are widened one stitch in every round. Fig. 10 shows still another kind of diamond netting, the so-called rose netting, which forms a pretty pattern. It is worked over two meshes of different sizes. The one mesh must be one half larger than the other. The knots are worked in the usual manner. The design is formed by weaving together two stitches. As is shown by the pattern, draw the first of every two of the stitches worked over the larger mesh through the second stitch, and work a knot in the stitch drawn through. Then with the point of the needle draw the thread of the second stitch out in the direction of the arrow, and work a knot in this stitch also. Fig. 10 shows one figure not yet finished; the

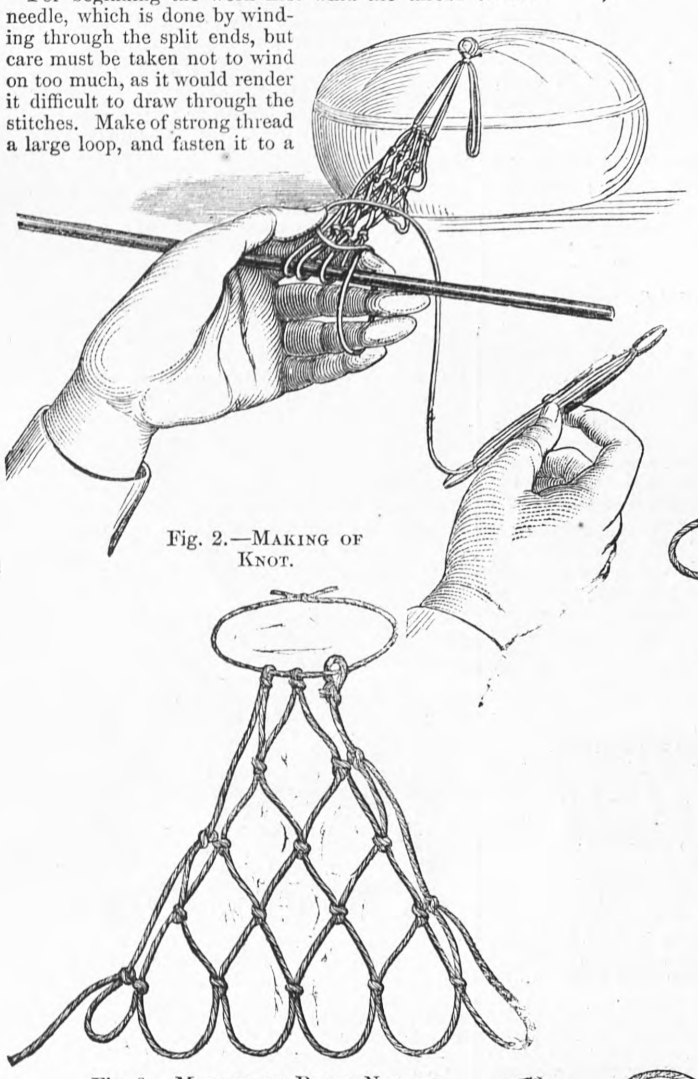


Fig. 2.—MAKING OF KNOT.

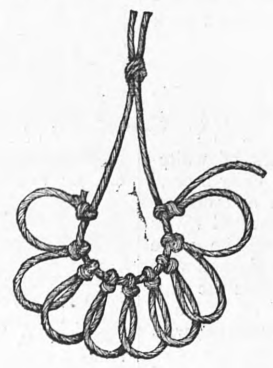


Fig. 5.—FOUNDATION STITCHES.

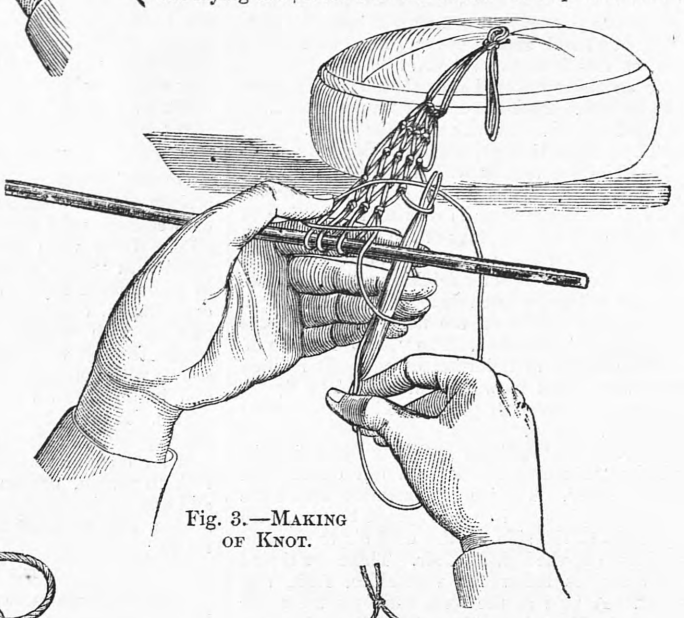


Fig. 3.—MAKING OF KNOT.

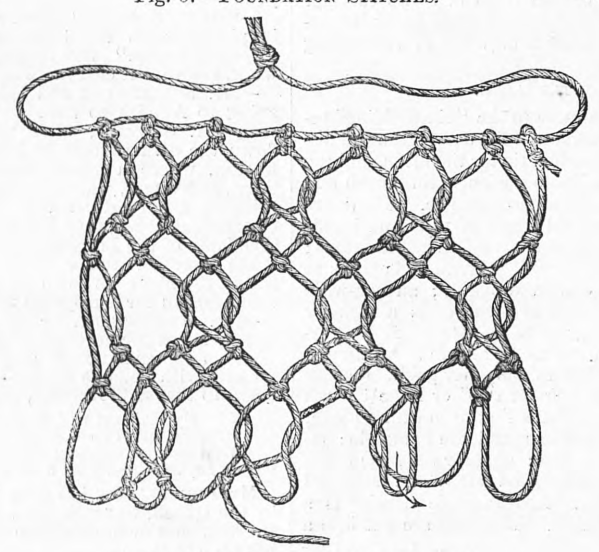


Fig. 10.—MAKING OF ROSE NETTING.

Fig. 6.—MAKING OF PLAIN NETTING.

Fig. 7.—MAKING OF PLAIN NETTING.

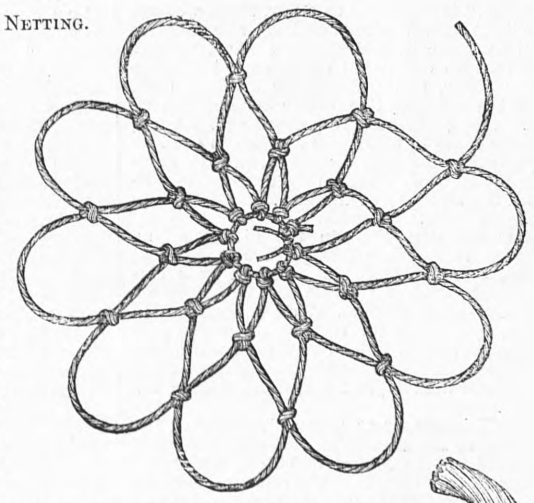


Fig. 8.—CIRCULAR FOUNDATION WITHOUT WIDENING.

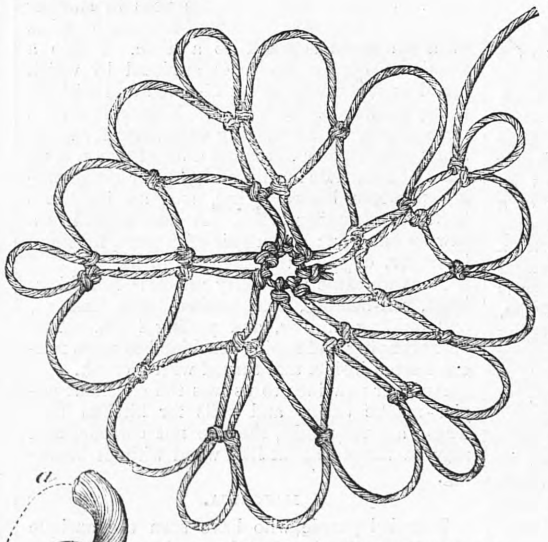


Fig. 9.—CIRCULAR FOUNDATION OF TRIANGULAR LOOPS.

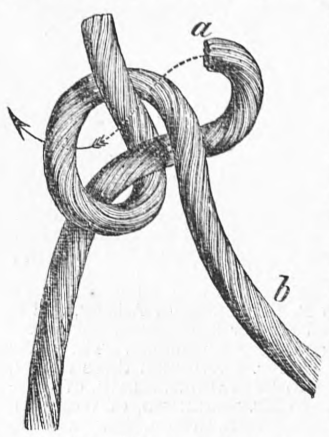


Fig. 12.—TYING OF SINGLE CROSS KNOT.

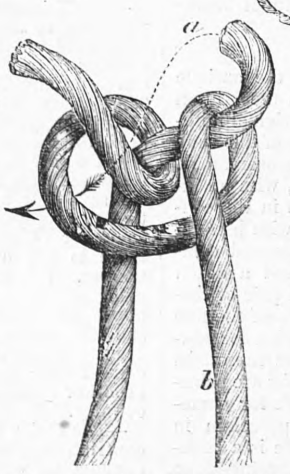


Fig. 13.—TYING OF DOUBLE CROSS KNOT.

Fig. 11.—SINGLE CROSS KNOT.

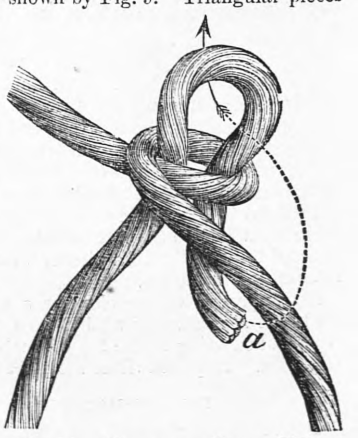


Fig. 14.—TYING OF CROSS KNOT.

others show the direction of the stitches. The round in which the stitches are woven together is always worked over the fine mesh. Work alternately also one round over the larger mesh, the next over the smaller. Fig. 17 shows the rose netting worked with fine thread. Figs. 2–10 are shown in coarse yarn in order to make them more distinct.

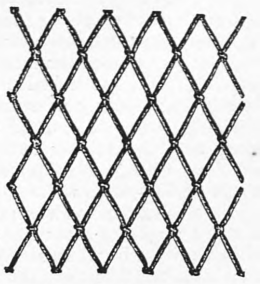


Fig. 15.—DIAMOND NETTING.

The fastening on of a new thread is done as shown by Figs. 11–14. These are the cross knots used in netting and knotted work. Fig. 11.—The simple cross knot. For tying this take the working thread about an inch and a half from the end between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand—this is the end marked *a* on Fig. 12. Then take the thread which is to be spliced on also between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand under the first thread, so that both ends of the threads cross, and wind the end *a* with the other thread marked *b* on Fig. 12; finally, draw the end *a* in the direction of the dotted line and of the arrow through the loop; take the ends of the threads between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, and with the left hand draw closely the thread *b*. Fig. 11 shows this knot finished. Fig. 13 teaches the manner of tying the double cross knot. Fig. 14 shows another kind of cross knot. Both are tied similarly to the last, and may be done by reference to the illustration. In tying the knot, Fig. 13, it must be observed that the under end of the thread *a* is to be drawn.

Fig. 15 shows the diamond netting worked with fine yarn. Fig. 16 is also a kind of diamond netting; the design is formed by alternating two meshes of different sizes. The figure shows where the meshes must be changed. Fig. 17 is the rose netting already mentioned. Figs. 18–21 show different manners of working the netting. This is done, according to the design of the work and the texture of the foundation, with coarse or fine yarn, coarse thread, or other materials. There are different styles of working. The simplest is point de reprise (darning stitch), Fig. 18. Fill the holes (squares) of the netting with the yarn by taking a thread of the foundation on the needle, letting the next lie under the needle, and running the thread through in this manner. In the next (backward) row take on the needle those threads which before lay under it. Point de reprise must always be worked in the same direction. Large spaces worked in the same design should always be worked together, as the joining of a new section would render the work irregular. Fig. 19 shows the stitch, point d'esprit, which is especially used in netted guipure. This

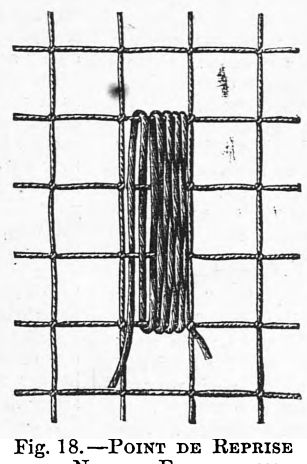


Fig. 18.—POINT DE REPRISE ON NETTED FOUNDATION (DARNING STITCH).

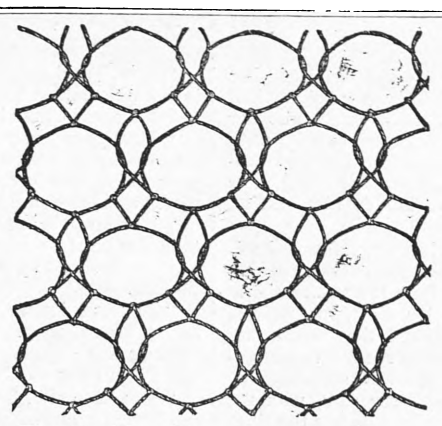


Fig. 17.—ROSE NETTING OF FINE COTTON.

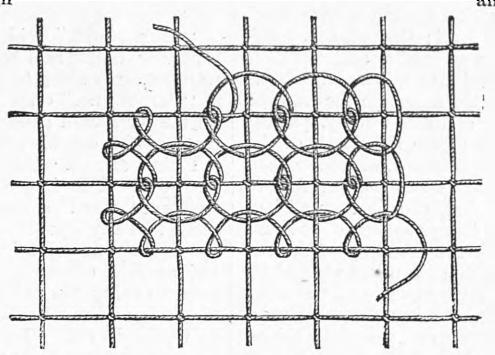


Fig. 19.—POINT D'ESPRIT ON NETTED FOUNDATION.

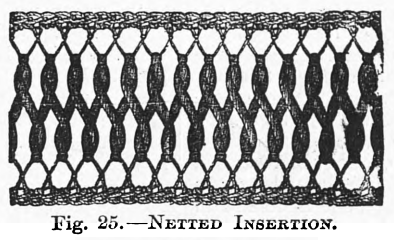


Fig. 25.—NETTED INSERTION.

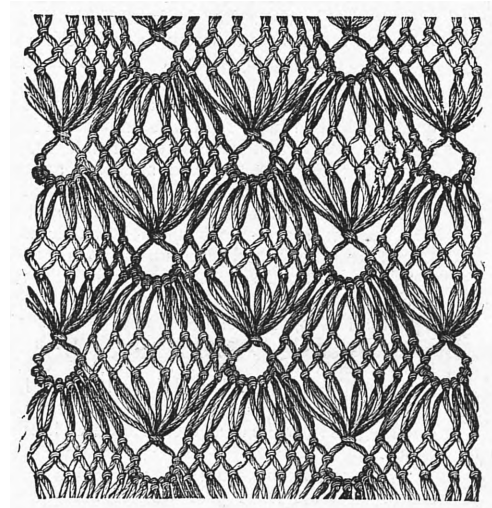


Fig. 22.—SHELL NETTING.

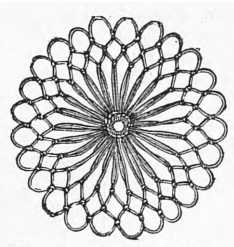


Fig. 23.—SMALL NETTED ROSETTE.

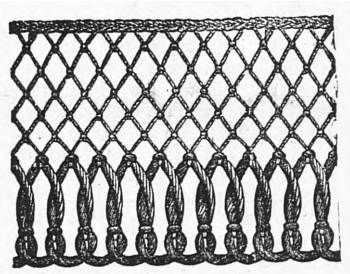


Fig. 28.—NETTED EDGING.

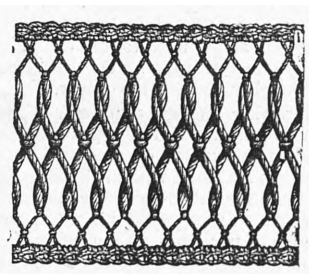


Fig. 26.—NETTED INSERTION.

They are worked with fine and coarse yarn, which lends a very pretty effect to the work. They are all worked in diamond netting. For Fig. 25 make with fine yarn a foundation of the requisite size, and then work a round with coarse cotton and over a mesh of about an inch and a half in circumference, then again two rounds with fine yarn and over a fine mesh, in doing which, in the first of these two rounds, twist every stitch of the preceding round from left to right in the manner shown by the pattern before working the knot. Now draw a thread through the stitches of the last round, cut away the foundation stitches, loose with a needle the knots out of the stitches worked with coarse yarn, and work now on this side of the insertion also two rounds with fine yarn and over the fine mesh, twisting every stitch as before. After this crochet a border on each side, which shall consist of single crochet worked in the netted stitches of the last round. The insertion, Fig. 26, is worked similarly to that of Fig. 25, and may be done by reference to the pattern. By the aid of the illustration may also be worked Fig. 27, the middle rounds of which are formed by rose netting.

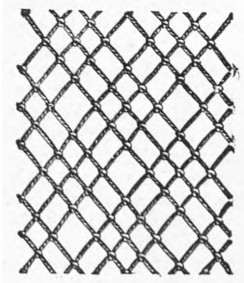


Fig. 16.—DIAMOND NETTING.

Figs. 28–30.—Three edgings in netting. These are worked similarly to the insertion. Take fine and coarse yarn. In Fig. 30 twist the stitches twice before tying the knots. On the upper edge fasten the netted stitches by a round of chain stitch, in doing which work in also the stitches of the netting.

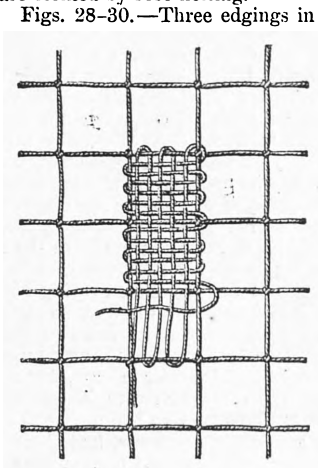


Fig. 20.—POINT DE TOILE ON NETTED FOUNDATION.

Figs. 31–36.—Different edgings in netting. The edgings are worked in diamond netting. They are embroidered, as shown by the illustrations, in point de toile, point d'esprit, and point de reprise. The under edges of Figs. 31–33 are worked in button-hole stitch; on Fig. 34 the under edge is only wound with a thread. The design figures are worked backward and forward like a row of cross stitch. The edging, Fig. 35, is in imitation of real Valenciennes lace. It is worked in fine thread over a fine steel knitting-needle; the under edge is worked in scallops with fine thread, and just above this a row of coarser thread, in working which fasten together several threads of the netting, by which means the scallops are formed. These scallops are bordered with nine picots. For making fine netting of this sort take a long sewing or embroidery needle, as a netting needle would be too fine to push through the holes.

Fig. 36.—This lace is worked lengthwise. Take, instead of a needle, an embroidery needle, and work over a fine knitting-needle five foundation stitches. Then work * five rounds, widening by one stitch at the end of the 1st, 3d, and 5th rounds, then follow three plain rounds, and after this six rounds, in which work together as one stitch the two last stitches in the 1st, 3d, and 5th rounds. Repeat from * till the edging has reached the length desired. Work the edge with knitting-cotton in button-hole stitch, and work the figures shown in the illustration.

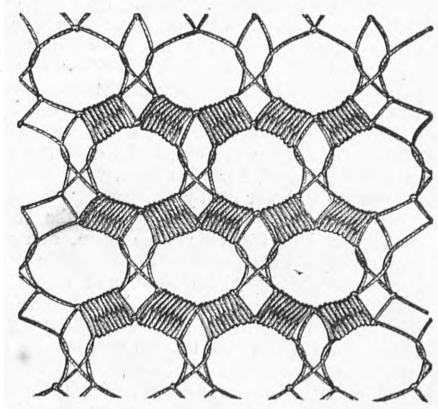


Fig. 21.—POINT DE REPRISE ON ROSE NETTING.

consists of button-hole stitch loops, which are worked around the netted squares in the manner shown by the pattern. Fig. 20 shows the point de toile, which is also much used in netted guipure. This is really a double point de reprise, being worked both ways in the same manner. Fig. 21 shows a foundation in rose netting, which is worked in point de reprise. This kind of pattern may be used for covers, curtains, etc. Fig. 22 may be used for the same purposes. For working, two meshes of different sizes are needed. Over the smaller mesh make a foundation of the requisite length, after which work one round over the same mesh. Now take the larger mesh and work over this alternately in the first seven stitches each a knot, then in the following stitch seven knots. In the next round, which is worked over the fine mesh, make in the seven single stitches taken together one knot, but one knot in each of the seven stitches which were taken from one stitch. After one plain round over the same mesh follows a round over the larger mesh, by which the design is continued as shown by the pattern.

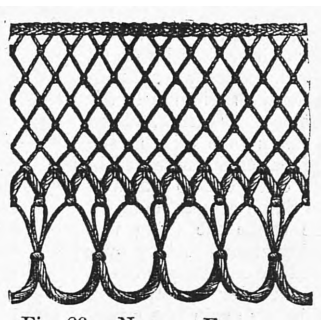


Fig. 29.—NETTED EDGING.

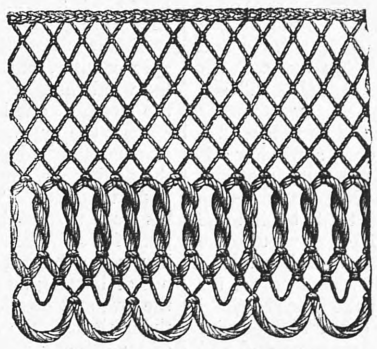


Fig. 30.—NETTED EDGING.

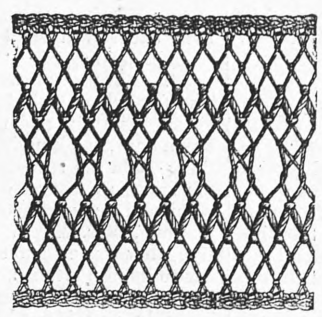


Fig. 27.—NETTED INSERTION.

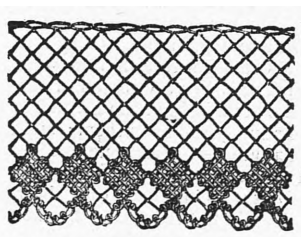


Fig. 31.—NETTED EDGING.

Fig. 23.—This little rosette may be used for trimming collars, cuffs, cravats, etc. Begin with a foundation of twenty-five stitches over a mesh three-fourths of an inch in circumference, and work three rounds over a fine knitting-needle. Join the middle stitches closely by means of single crochet worked in the foundation stitches.

Fig. 24.—This rosette may be worked with fine or coarse yarn. Several may be set together to form covers, etc. Begin the rosette in the centre by a foundation of twelve stitches. The rosette may be worked by reference to the pattern.

Figs. 25–27.—Insertions. These patterns may be used for trimming under-clothing and bed-linen.

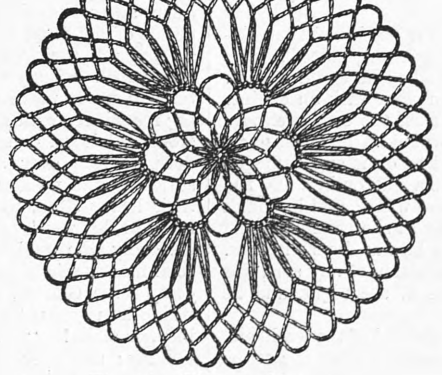


Fig. 24.—NETTED ROSETTE.

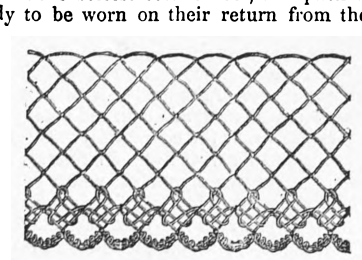


Fig. 32.—NETTED EDGING.

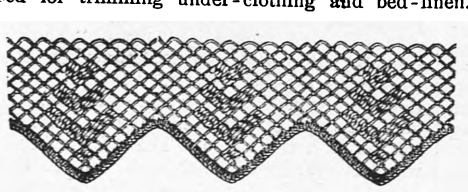


Fig. 36.—NETTED EDGING.

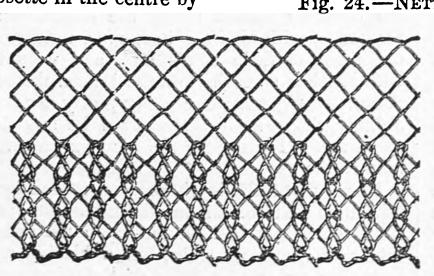


Fig. 34.—NETTED EDGING.

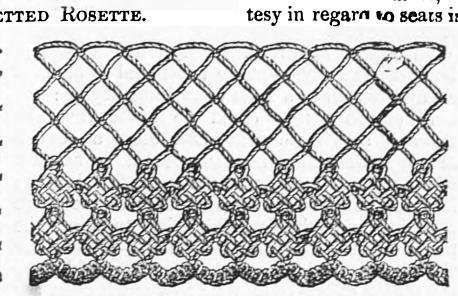


Fig. 33.—NETTED EDGING.

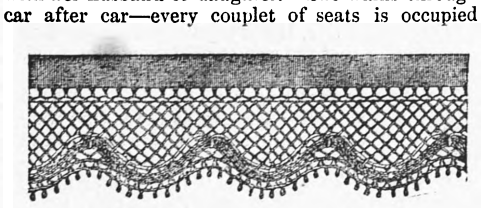


Fig. 35.—NETTED EDGING.

RAILROAD COURTESY.

TRAVELING is a test of genuine politeness; and at this season many are weighed in the balance and found wanting in this respect. Politeness has been well defined as "real kindness kindly expressed." But many persons seem to regard this as an accomplishment especially designed for parlors and drawing-rooms, and social circles, where they are individually known and recognized. They never think it worth their while to expose this choice jewel to the rude gaze of the public at large, on the highways and byways of life. So the Honorable Mr. Smith, and the beautiful and stylish Miss Jones, before commencing their summer tour, wrap their politeness very carefully in the softest cotton wool, and pack it away in their bureau-drawers, ready to be worn on their return from the White Mountains, or some more retired country retreat. Their identity will be swallowed up, they think, in the great traveling crowd, and they can behave as they please, and nobody be the wiser.

Yet, perhaps, there is no place where selfishness shows itself so disagreeably and so prominently as in the railroad cars. Travelers—or many of them—seem to fancy that having paid for one seat in the car entitles them to the occupation of as many as they can secure; to the exclusive right to the window, to the foot-board, to the rack, and to all other mutual conveniences, without the slightest regard to any body else. Courtesy in regard to seats is a rarity which attracts admiring attention. A lady goes from the boat to the cars in the middle of the night or in the early morning—she may be alone, or with her husband or daughter. She walks through car after car—every couplet of seats is occupied

—an apparently sleeping masculine, with hat over his eyes, in one seat, and his feet or valise in the other. It is excessively awkward to wake up a man, and ask him to move his boots to give you a seat! And as to a lady sitting with her husband or traveling companion the idea never seems to occur to any one—it appears to be generally supposed that she would prefer sitting next to a stranger. Perhaps she would, sometimes; but it would be a compliment to the husband to suppose the contrary.

On the part of both men and women there is a lamentable want of these minor courtesies which at once mark the well-bred traveler, and contribute immensely to the comfort of a journey. If you occupy the window seat, you perhaps have the *right*—in railroad parlance—to keep it open or shut at your pleasure. But if, though protected yourself, you can see with half an eye that the cinders are flying into your neighbor's face, wouldn't you feel happier, on the whole, to remember the old-fashioned golden rule? And if the sun from your window is scorching somebody else's face, why not draw down your blind, even though you *would* a little rather see the prospect? There is no need to be familiar with strangers, nor to make miscellaneous traveling acquaintances. But a moderate exercise of benevolent feeling, in kindly words and deeds, would brighten the long, weary hours of railroad travel exceedingly.

There is a pretty story told of—but we must only tell the story, not the names. And if it happened in the comparatively slow-going horse-cars, instead of the steam-cars, it does not detract from the romance of it. And if it chanced to occur in January instead of in July, the recital will only be the more refreshing. A certain young gentleman was escorting home a beautiful lady, to whom he was quite devoted. The cars were pretty full, but she found room to spread her voluminous flounces, while the gentleman stood near. Presently a poor, but neatly-clad woman came in, who deposited a basket of clothes on the platform. She had an infant in her arms, and a weary-looking little girl clung to her dress. The above-mentioned lady might have condensed her flounces—for there was no vacant seat—but she did not, and even seemed annoyed at the proximity of the new-comer, who though thinly clad, was neat and clean. Presently a lovely young woman succeeded in making room for the stranger beside herself, drew the little girl into her lap, and covered her half frozen little hands with her muff. Still the child shivered. The crowd was great in the cars, and perhaps nobody but the observant young gentleman and the wondering mother saw the young woman, as she quietly drew a small woolen shawl from beneath her cloak, and put it over the shoulders of the little one; and when the mother rose to leave the car, and would have removed the shawl, her eyes filled with tears, as the unknown donor gently whispered, "No, keep it for her." *Unknown?* Yes; but the young gentleman had his eyes wide open, and was making mental comparisons, not favorable to the lady under his special charge, and wondering what he should do, since he did not believe the fair unknown was in the habit of reading "Personals." But she rose to pass out, and he saw her bow to a mutual acquaintance. So he soon learned her name—and—well, of course, they were married in due time—just as in a novel, though this is not a novel. And though young ladies generally may not have little shawls to give away in the cars, they *do* generally like to know what dispositions are attractive to young gentlemen.

A RIDE IN THE DARK.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

JOHNNY M'TAVISH, as all the good gossips of Chatterton said, was going to the—dogs, just as fast as he could find any mode of locomotion to the destined spot; and, true to their instincts, each and every one among them all did the utmost to speed him along. To listen to the accounts of his total depravity that they gave one another you would have supposed him to be a hoary reprobate grown old in crime, for the years of manhood would never have been enough to contain one-half his commissions and omissions; every thing short of murder and theft was laid at Johnny's door—and he was exactly twelve years old. Johnny took down these signs and put up those; he rung door-bells, and left false messages when caught in the act; once he stealthily marked all the doors of the wealthier citizens of the town with cabalistic symbols in red chalk, it was supposed, so that the community was thrown into a perfect panic with fear of burglars; a vigilance committee was organized, and a patrol of forty men paraded the streets from night till morning for several weeks; it was true that he had once been known, for a fact, to build an immense bonfire of tar-barrels in the open street; he had raised such an alarm of fire at another time that all the engines were in full career before the imposition was discovered; he had made mouths at the constable; had passed a night in the lock-up, and had whistled all night; and had even been heard to declare that the highest apex and goal of his ambition was to drive an engine. In truth, Johnny was the regularly organized bad boy. If he had not yet taken his diploma and degree in the school of vice, it was popularly understood in Chatterton that the event would soon take place, and meantime he was trying for high honors.

If Johnny M'Tavish's mother had not been weaker than Taunton water, as the saying was, she would have had him by this time apprenticed at some trade where he could have found opportunity to work off a portion of all this superfluous spirit, and some sort of scope for the rest; but it was her intention to make a gentleman of her son, though she had nothing in the world to do it with, and all Mrs. M'Tavish ever found herself capable of was sighing and wrinkling her smooth forehead, and wishing "her Johnny had less vinegar in him." Johnny would kiss her pretty pink face all over, from cap to chin, after these feeble remonstrances, make her no promises, and not be home that night till long after the nine-o'clock bells had bidden him and all good boys to bed.

Meanwhile what time, when truant from school, Johnny did not spend round the wharves, learning mellifluous foreign oaths from the sailors there, and wearing off the sick honors of his first old Virginia leaf, he spent round the tunnel that traversed the town, and out at the railroad-crossing, waylaying the trains that were all obliged by law to brake up there, and securing, with the half dozen tiny scamps of whom he was the ringleader, delightful rides of a mile or more on the steps of the last car. He knew the whistle of every engine on either road; they all had a different note, which he recognized as easily as their own drivers would have done: this was the Endicott that rung such a bold note, like the trumpet of some mighty host; and this wheasy, phthisicky, fussy whistle came from the throat of the General; and this shrill, feminine, wicked screech belonged to the Satan. It was a queer fact to Johnny's active mind that, though they all had male names, they were always spoken of as shes; it caused him to study the economy of the engine to some purpose, but he never cleared up that mystery for all. Every evening he and his followers lined the railway when the great way-freight came tearing along, and pell-mell, helter-skelter, obeying his lead, they threw themselves on the long empty platform-cars, in the middle of the train, at the end, any where where one appeared, and knowing, better than they knew their lessons, that a misstep would cause them to be cut to pieces. One of the drivers of this line, who had a natural sympathy with Johnny's recklessness, had bidden the fireman pull him up on board several times, and had once given him a long midnight ride, wherein Johnny had watched his every movement as if his life depended on it, as indeed afterward it did, and had thanked him when they slowed and he jumped off, telling him that now perhaps he had stolen his trade. Johnny got back to Chatterton by boldly entering the passenger-train, and being infallibly put off at the next station for want of a ticket, until station by station he reached his home. But if he ever reached the pinnacle where that driver stood, and could control that fiery horse with his own hand, and be the despot of a train full of people, it seemed to him, building his air-castles, that he could ask no more.

Mrs. M'Tavish used mildly to expect that some time she should see the mangled Johnny's crumbs brought home on a shutter, and at one period she threw a glance into every wheel-barrow that went creaking by; but it took her only a little period to get used to any thing, and now she could see him walk round the eaves of the house on his head without a quiver.

One lowering and gray summer afternoon at tea-time Johnny made his appearance with unlooked-for punctuality, entered the house, and ate his bread and milk without kicking any thing over, made no motion to go out again, and finally went to bed. It surprised his mother so much that she could not sleep. Long after she sought her pillow her eyes seemed glued wide open; and at last, as she lay there turning from one side to the other, her wakeful ears caught sound of a rustle of the clothes on Johnny's little bed, a sliding, slipping, hurrying, hustling murmur, and then she saw a shadow stealing by, and sat straight up in bed. "Johnny! Johnny!" she cried. But never a word replied. "Johnny!" The front-door had closed softly as if behind a ghost. She ran and threw open a window; it was a dark, thick night—not one outline of any thing could she see—but two shoes pattering up the street as fast as one could fall behind the other told the whole story. He was up to some mischief, Mrs. M'Tavish said, with her fretful sigh, that was evident; but it was of no use for her to inquire into it now; by the time she could be dressed and out it would be over and done with probably, even if she knew where to go and find him as it was; and the comfortable soul adjusted her night-cap and went back to bed, only hoping that he was not going to set fire to a meeting-house, and shortly afterward was soundly sleeping the sleep of the just.

Meanwhile Johnny had no such nefarious designs. Set fire to a meeting-house, indeed! why, he never went near one when he could help it. He was only going to run away with an engine. And he wasn't going to steal the engine either; because, of course, that would be out of the question. Nor did he intend to do it any damage; he was just going to have a ride on her, and run her himself, he didn't know where, and he didn't much care; exactly as far as she would go, and they would find her when he was done with her. Collision, explosion, destruction of any sort, was not set down in his chart of the night, and he never gave it a thought.

"Perhaps we'll go to the end of the world and jump off," said Johnny to little Tim, one of the four confederates of the night, and a rather shrinking one.

On approaching the scene of immediate action, however, the engine-house was found to be locked and barred to a most dispiriting degree: the only entrance that could be made must be through a window-pane, and after a council of war it was Tim who was selected, on account of his appropriate size, to make the first breach; he must be lifted on the shoulders of the three conspirators in the darkness below to smash the pane, creep through, and raise the window for the others, for it was plain that it would need the united efforts of all four to wrench open the great doors; which last, after the engine-lantern had been found and lighted with Johnny's matches, was finally successfully effected.

"Now," said Johnny, "the first thing to do is to build the fire."

"That won't take long," said Fred.

"First your paper and shavings," said Johnny, suiting the action to the word; "and then your chips and charcoal. Here they are all ready, and here's the grate all dumped."

"He's an obliging fellow, that fireman—we'll take him on if he asks us. There's a roarer for you! have steam up in no time!" exclaimed little Tim.

"I guess I know. Don't you bother," turning on him sharply. "I'm captain here! I'm running this engine. A word out of your head and I'll put you off!"

"You keep still, Tim," exclaimed Will, making favor for himself at court.

"Why, I ain't doing nothing," whispered Tim.

"He's afraid," said the stout-hearted Lawrence. "Guess he'd better stay behind. Don't want cowards along of us."

"No, no, no," cried Tim in an agony, seeing all the whispered consultations and glorious secrets of the school-recesses vanishing into air. "I ain't afraid! I'm not a coward! Hope I may die! You just mind your own business, Lawrence, now!" as he grew desperate. "I'm going! I say I am!"

"Hold your noise," said Johnny, in his mysterious and commanding under-tone. "You want to bring the police in on us? Of course he's going. Where's the use? S'pose we'd leave him behind to set all the railroad on our track? Shut up and bundle in now!"

"Can't go south, can we?" said Lawrence.

"Just as well go north, then," answered Johnny. "We'll back her out for water, and the switch is all set for the main track, get on that end and put! Go the way she's headed now—ride twice as far as if we went south and were brought short up with a round turn in the city. Sha'n't we have a go? She's a tearer—is the Satan! Ain't I glad it's her?"

The roaring of the fire, the steam, and the sighing of the valves subdued the dialogue, the great black creature, the shadows on beams and rafters, the glow, and the obscurity gave the moment all it needed of mystery and wicked adventure. And as the chief of some banditti gives the heroic word, Johnny raised his hand and touched the rod, and—oh joy! oh fear! there was a snort, a pant, a puff, and the stately Satan glided slowly out of the engine-house.

For one second Johnny's heart sank into his very shoes; but with the next it bounded as high as the heavens—some visionary who found at last his waxen wings sustaining an airy flight could feel no more exultation; and he put up his hand like a king and brought her to a stop beneath the pump.

"How is it we get the water into her?" said Johnny then, after a moment's silence, in which his kingship had met with the first rebel. "I've seen them. But I'll be dashed," said the naughty Johnny, "if I can remember how."

"Guess she's got enough in her now," suggested Lawrence. "They stop for water in the last station, you know."

"So they do," answered Johnny. "And there's the gauge, if that's any sign—it says there's a plenty. So that's all right. Here we go, boys. One, two, three, now look out!" A long slide, a jerk, a jump half off the rails, and they were going indeed, past the long line of the work-shops and the freight-houses, out on the open country, cutting the air like a knife, a roaring wind themselves—for Johnny had let on all the steam at one blast, and, suddenly sending it against the cup-valve, turned in triumph to the three as one prolonged, tremendous shriek stabbed the aching air, and the Satan gave voice as she rushed forward. The proper engineer turned in his sleep that night, and cried out to his wife that if ever he heard the Satan scream he heard her now; but while he spoke the thing was out of hearing and fleeting along. Along over the low, still meadows and the causeway between them, through the wide dark fields, over the span of an echoing gully, whistling again like a raging demon as they dashed across the turnpike; and then, obedient to Johnny's hand, gently slackening speed as they approached the long, hollow bridge that rang out their thunder behind them, and where they saw the head-light laying beams of light and darkness for her to travel on as they felt their way over. The exhilaration with which Johnny was filled was a sort of intoxication—to move this mighty mass of glowing machinery with a touch of his finger, to slip along at leisure, or to shoot as a blazing rocket does, to rule over all the road, to fly along shrieking and waking the way-side people from their heavy sleep, to dominate the great black night in this way! And then the half dread of discovery, the exciting fear lest the awakened road-master might be after them with the Endicott or the General or the Demerara, each of which iron steeds had been left behind stabled in their stalls! "It's riproarious, boys!" cried Johnny; and after executing an Irish jig as well as circumstances and the narrow space allowed, the engineer walked round the engine-box on his hands, with his heels in the air, much to the detriment of little Tim's face, and wound up with another screech from the brazen throat of Satan. "I guess we're going pretty fast," said Johnny then—as if there could be any doubt about it. "I can hear the air sizz past us as loud as the engine."

Pretty fast indeed—those who, roused by the unwonted tread of this midnight special, sprung from their beds to look out upon the railway, said that it was no train, but a blazing arrow that shot by as if a flash of lightning sprung along the rails, and they trembled in a sudden superstition, and told one another there would be news of some horrible disaster in the morning after such an ominous appearance in the dead of the night.

Little did Johnny think of beholders, or dreamers, or ominous appearances, or disasters, as the Satan fled along—fled at a rate of speed that had never been asked of her before, jumped along the track, and seemed fairly to devour the space with her burning axles. Now they reached the tremendous trestle-work that strode across the valley of the Marravick River from hill to hill; every pound of steam was on, Johnny never lightened her, but ran down upon it full tilt, and plunged along like a thunder-bolt, while the enormous piles and pillars rocked beneath them. Far below the river rolled dimly its silent tide; the grave-yard on its bank lifted its white stones through the darkness; if Johnny knew any thing about the depth and danger underneath it only added to his wild enjoyment, inasmuch as he was triumphing over it. He stood with his feet wide apart, as he had seen the other drivers do; but could not fold his arms in their nonchalant manner, as he was obliged ingloriously to hold on that he might not lose his balance—for the rest of the boys were being tossed and jostled to a jelly as the Satan darted onward, trembling in every valve and joint, and leaping and springing as a panther does through the forest—and he gazed out unblenchingly at the lane of lustre that opened before them on the shining rails. Now they were on firm land, and two great oxen, relieved of their yoke, yet each following their yoke-fellow the night through, blundered across the way, after the stupid fashion of their kind; the cow-catcher tossed what was left of them upon one side before they knew any thing had happened, and the Satan bounded on. Now they cut through a lofty birch forest, every leaf of which gave them a hundred echoes, and left it out of sight; towns and farms and fields and hedges raced by; clouds of steam and smoke swept in volleys after them; and now all objects fled in one indistinguishable line of swiftness, till the children saw the darkling world go by them like some black comet's flight. Now the speed was a trifle less—they were going about the declivity of a mountain, and the wheels turned, one time in four, without clinging to the rail and getting forward; on one side here a precipice went down a hundred feet or more. Lawrence, looking out, and by the aid of the head-light, divined the peril, and shouted thereupon a shivering remonstrance in Johnny's ear. Johnny reviled him for a faint-heart, and made the engine jump; Lawrence summoned his braggadocio to the rescue, and kicked little Tim, who had curled himself into a heap and abandoned all thoughts of any thing but terror. And suddenly another sound from any made by the Satan seemed to burst and scatter all the air about them, and repeat itself in a prolonged and hollow roar as if Leviathan himself had lifted up his horn.

"What's that?" sung out Tim and all the rest in chorus.

"Good George!" said Johnny. "It's the Extra Freight! Sure as you're alive it's the Extra Freight to Chatterton! We're goners!"

"Slow her! Slow her, Johnny! Slow her, and we'll all jump off and leave her," they all cried together, while their teeth chattered in their heads.

"I guess so!" retorted Johnny, with a proud scorn. "Wait till I just whistle back first." And the Satan opened mouth in a shriek that echoed from side to side of the mountains and died away in the clouds, as if nothing less than Bellerophon's Chimæra had answered the challenge of Leviathan. And still they were tearing on. "Do you suppose," said Johnny, then turning on the three quaking mites behind him with severity—"do you suppose, you pack of little cowards, that I brought the Company's engine out here to smash her up and go safe myself? No! they shall have her as good as I found her, or they sha'n't have me! Do you suppose, besides, that I'm going to leave her on the track to throw the Extra Freight off the mountain and murder I don't know how many people?"

"What *are* you going to do?" queried Lawrence, then, doubling up his fists. "Do something quick, or I'll jump off!"

"You take care, or I'll pitch you off, you baby, and on the wrong side, too!" shouted Johnny.

They had passed the crest of the incline some time since, and were descending the opposite side, their momentum added to their steam. It was certainly high time that Johnny should do something. In a moment more, as they rounded the curve at this reckless rate, if they were not thrown off in doing it by very reason of the terrific rapidity, the great light of the Extra Freight would break blindingly full upon them; and then nothing but destruction—one cry, one pitiful pang, and shattered to dusty atoms.

Johnny knew it; he had been over the route once before. He did not tell them—but he shut off all the steam—they ought directly afterward, he imagined, to have been standing stock-still; and yet they were in motion, though but slightly so. The engine, too, was almost red-hot; his own place was absolutely scorching; he knew how low the water was now—any moment the whole thing might explode, and leave nothing but a thousand fiery sparks whirling down the mountain-side. Suddenly he faced about—there was an excuse to get the boys off, at any rate; they might reach the place, by running, before the engine did, and they might not. "There's a shunting here where they used to switch off the way-trains for the express," he cried. "You three stop your blubbering and spring off. It 'll take the three of you to move the switch. I'll run on with the Satan. The minute her last wheel is over lock it back again for the Extra Freight. Look alive now—for I've shut off all the steam and she's going of herself!" Johnny had risen to the emergency.

But the three boys listened to him as if they

had been stunned; he had to push and shove and swing them off, at last, or they would still have clung about him as being the stronger mind and the only safety. It was not dangerous to do, for the Satan only walked along now, though that walk was the walk of a Juggernaut.

It was little Tim who was the first to dart upon the switch and to pull upon it with all his weight, as nearly as estimated about as much as a feather's, and have it mind him no more than it would have minded a sparrow. The Satan belched out her thunder close upon him the moment he had touched it. He called in a frantic cry, though it was already too late, to Lawrence and Fred, who had contrived to scramble to his side, but had neither strength nor will nor courage enough to lift their hands, or do any thing with them after they were lifted. If they had it would have made no odds then, for before they had actually reached it the first wheel had gone over, and then the last; and though, in the ensuing spasm of fright at seeing the worst that could be happen, they all threw themselves at once upon the lever it was after the engine had passed the place, and the little fools failed to move it an inch when it was no matter whether they moved it or not.

Johnny must have known perfectly well that it would be so. It was a shunting disused this year or more, on account of its hazardous situation, and the switch was something too rusty to be stirred unless it were pried with picks. Perhaps just one shadow of ignorant hope that it might be done held him in suspense as he helped the boys off, the suspense of only a single second; for still slipping slowly and inevitably forward, with the roar of the advancing train, whose tread already shook the mountain, in his ears, he had left the children and the switch behind, and, gradually gathering velocity with every revolution of her wheels on the steep, descending grade, the Satan was crashing downward, round the curve, out in broad sight of the Extra Freight that was beating heavily and cruelly upward, like some panting, writhing dragon of old story, vomiting flame and bellowing and winding along in shining convolutions.

But Johnny folded his arms firmly. He had read about the sea-captains who never forsook the ship, and as for Satan, rather than desert her, he meant to die. He could not save her, but at least he would not survive her. All at once a last resort struck him, so that he almost staggered—to let on all the steam again, and then reverse the engine, and back her up the hill, and down the other side, and out upon the trestles, and the causeways, and the fields, till he could give her up in some station where the men were out with lanterns to meet the Extra Freight. The Satan would make ten miles to the Extra Freight's one. The thought flashed through his mind like a sunbeam, with an instantaneous sensation of relief and joy; he threw up his hand to execute the idea, and in the confusion and excitement of the moment—for Johnny was not altogether invincible—he touched the wrong rod. There was one bound, one dart, and then a withering, searing sheet of hot light that opened and blazed every where about him, the report of a thousand thunders; heaven and earth had met and crashed together, and then blank blackness, and nothing more.

The Satan was dust and ashes, and Johnny was nowhere.

When the people of the but slightly injured freight-train had exhausted themselves in vain search for some human remnant of the disaster, at last they came across a little heap of broken bones, clothed in scalded and torn flesh, one cluster of which was still grasping the extinguished engine-lantern. They lifted it tenderly, amidst much wonderment, and hurried with it to the nearest aid. It was a sight to make one shudder if it had given any sign of life. But the pain of the surgeon's efforts over this mangled object brought back a spark of vitality, and Johnny opened his eyes on the faces that were bent over him, and closing them again, caught sight, as he did so, of the engine-lantern, and would have started up on one elbow, had he had an elbow left to start upon. "I didn't steal it," said Johnny. "Indeed I didn't mean to steal the lantern. I only stole a ride."

"Never mind, never mind," murmured the surgeon, busy with his work, and not at all understanding the sighing sentence. "Nothing serious at all—patch you up as good as new." But Johnny, thinking then that it was the pretty pink face that he had left at home, above him, had fainted again; and he never knew what the comforting assurance meant till many weeks thereafter it had been fulfilled.

Upon the subsequent career of this young scape-grace the Directors of the Chatterton Railroad Company felt that they had a word to say, and they were in a sufficiently irate condition on the day succeeding the loss of the Satan to have run him through a gauntlet of raw hides so soon as his bones should be whole again, and they would for a time listen to nothing less than a youth passed in the Reform School, that there he might finish what neglect and the streets had begun. But the President of the Company had a soul, if the corporation had none. "The lad who can do so much can do more," said he. "His future must be adopted by us as a sort of redeemable pledge for the Satan. He shall be educated in the art he loves, at our expense, and when he is ready for work, we will find it for him in this great country, whose highways and byways, whose unbridged rivers to be crossed, and mountain-ranges to be tunneled, demand his courage, and coolness, and adventure. And when he is binding the Atlantic and Pacific together with his iron chain, he will have paid us for the Satan!" And the President actually did it. Mrs. M'Tavish cried, but made no further opposition to the adoption of Johnny by the Chatterton Railroad Company, and to-day there is not a more skillful or daring hand and brain employed in tying up the yawning chasms and fettering the mad torrents of the vast Rocky Mountain Valley than the hand and brain belonging to Johnny M'Tavish.

A SAD SONG.

In some covert by the sea
One day let me buried be;
On the long and lonely reaches
Of the white, wave-hardened beaches,
Where the sun burns, fixed as fate,
Shores unshadowed, desolate,
Let my corpse unserviced lie
In that august company—
Rock severe and stainless sky.

Press the earth well on my brow,
Lest it throb and swell as now;
Hide my visage from the sun,
Glad life-toil and heat are done.
Leave me then for Death to soothe,
Leave the tide my grave to smooth;
Prayer and song for me are done,
Leave the spot to winds and sun.

I, in traverse of my lot,
Seek my kin but find them not;
Alien somehow from my race,
Find no friend nor resting-place;
Some dark mixture of my blood,
Fatal warp of eye and mood,
Subtly holds from me apart
Tenderest grace of eye and heart.

Give me leave to lay aside
Heart of grief and brow of pride;
Love—the dole of charity;
Trust—that leaves hearts free to fly.
These for death's sincerity
I shall change with great content,
With the cliffs my monument,
And my locked and icy dream
Stirred not by the sea-bird's scream.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

THE Emperor went to the camp of Chalons last week, and is to go from there to Plombières. The camp at Chalons is at this moment occupied by twenty-two thousand men, whose barracks extend over a length of five miles.

The Emperor's tent is opposite the camp, on a little eminence. It is built of bricks, painted to imitate canvas, and contains nothing but a cabinet and bedchamber for the Emperor, and a cabinet for the aids-de-camp, all very simply furnished. A large mahogany bureau, cane chairs, and maps and charts hanging on the walls, are the sole furniture of the Imperial cabinet. The bedchamber, which is very simple, contains an iron bedstead with Persian hangings, a mahogany table, and two chairs.

In front of this tent stretch flower-beds in bloom, and a broad velvety lawn. A small building serves as a drawing-room, and another as a dining-room. The table-service alone reveals the luxury of the sovereign. It is as splendid as at the Tuileries. The Emperor never takes his meals alone. In the morning he has his aids-de-camp to breakfast, and at evening the general officers or some of the authorities of the country to dinner.

During the late sojourn of the Emperor admirable military evolutions were executed for his benefit. On the night before his departure a retreat by torch-light took place. During the day he had witnessed a review, terminated by a magnificent evolution, styled the *mouvement de front*. The cavalry, numbering eight thousand men, were drawn up in two lines at the foot of the little hill which was crowned by the Emperor's tent. At the command of the General-in-Chief, M. de Failly, they started up the hill at full gallop, seeming as if they must swallow up every thing under their steps. The horses' hoofs shook the earth as they sped along with the velocity of lightning. Suddenly, at six paces from the Emperor, this whirlwind stopped short, eight thousand sabres flashed in the sun, and eight thousand voices rung out the cry, "Long live the Emperor!"

The Emperor has very fine farms in the neighborhood of Chalons. The camp farm is excessively productive on account of the presence of the horses of the camp, by means of which the land is cheaply fertilized. The model farm cost seven hundred thousand francs in the first instance. It now brings in fifty thousand francs a year.

The Duchess de Morny, lately married a second time to the Duke de Sesto, has returned from her wedding tour, and is now living in the Champs Elysées at the corner of the Rue de Cirque. We saw her the other day returning from a promenade with her four charming children. She was dressed in a pearl-gray short costume, with a small paletot of black dead lustre gros grain, bordered with a lace ruche. Her black lace bonnet was extremely small, and was trimmed with wild grasses and flowers. The Duchess de Sesto wishes to change her name to that of Albuquerque, which also belongs to the Sesto family, and is much more illustrious. She and her husband set out this week for their villa of Deauville, where the Duchess is the queen of the elegant society that flocks to Deauville and Trouville.

Every thing is prepared for the speedy departure of the Emperor for Plombières. Nevertheless it is not known as yet what pavilion he will occupy this year. He usually leads a very retired life at the watering-places, and prefers a simple dwelling to the large hotels.

There have been no grand receptions at Fontainebleau, but only a few invitations addressed to intimate friends. Among this list we will mention the Prince and Princess de Metternich, who passed three days with the Emperor and Empress before their departure for Johannisberg, one of the most celebrated vine districts on the banks of the Rhine. The Emperor and Empress walked about a great deal with their noble guests. The Emperor took them to see the large abatises which he had caused to be erected on the side of Thomey, to increase the alleys and vistas of the park. He superintends all these works himself, and takes special interest in searching for springs. During the last part of their stay the Imperial party went to the banks of the Seine, about two miles distant from Fontainebleau, and amused themselves by crossing the river on a ferry-boat to a large meadow situated on the other side, where they picnicked. The Empress wore a dress composed of an under-skirt of blue foulard, with a tunic of white striped sultan trimmed with white silk fringe. Her toque was of rice straw bound with blue velvet and trimmed with blue curled feathers, which almost covered the hat, and long ends of blue velvet floating behind. She carried a very large parasol of *batiste écru*, lined with blue silk. The Princess de Metternich wore a white and buttercup striped skirt, with a *tunic à corsage* of Chambery gauze without sleeves, and a chemisette and sleeves like the under-skirt—that is to say, white and butter-cup striped. Her St. Mégrin toque, somewhat high in front, had an aigrette and bunch of mixed yellow and black feathers. The Princess de Metternich seems partial to yellow, perhaps through patriotism.

The pleasures in which the Court most delight are of a domestic character. A charming and eloquent writer, M. Octave Feuillet, who is the librarian of the palace of Fontainebleau, gives readings there from time to time. He lately won a great success by reading fragments of a romance which he is at this moment composing, and which is again devoted to that theory to which he is so partial—namely, that "it is the fault of husbands that there are ever any thing but happy households." Mr. Octave Feuillet is one of the youngest members of the French Academy. His subtle and refined genius is particularly pleasing to women, and he is a great favorite in the drawing-rooms of Paris. He lives there, however, only occasionally; he usually resides at Saint Lo, a little town on the shores of the Channel. He has married the Maire's daughter, and prefers this abode to any other. This retired life is quite exceptional among our literary men, and surprising on the part of a person so familiar with the language of drawing-rooms, and on whom nature has lavished every gift, even that of external beauty.

Two illustrious members of the French Academy are on the point of dropping off. The Count de Montalembert and Lamartine are so ill as to inspire their friends with great anxiety. Lamartine, who has attained the height of fame, has just received a token of homage which has greatly touched him. The King of Saxony has sent him a volume of his translation of Dante, with this dedication:

"FROM A PETTY TRANSLATOR TO A GREAT POET."

It is perhaps the last flower that will be thrown at his feet.

A very interesting reading took place a few evenings ago at the house of Madame Victor Hugo, who is still living at Paris. Charles Hugo read a few chapters of his new book, "Les Etapes de l'Exile." The book is not devoted, as might be believed, to the story of the misfortunes of illustrious exiles: it is much more interesting, and endeavors, on the contrary, to make known to the reader the sufferings reserved for obscure exiles. The biographical article devoted to M. Bérut, now secretary of the *Independence Belye*, especially moved the audience. The young author succeeded in vividly portraying the energy and perseverance that were needed for a man of courage and talent to rise from the misery into which he had been plunged by exile to an honorable and tolerably remunerative position.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

COBB'S ISLAND, about ten miles from the Eastern Shore of Virginia, has recently become a popular watering-place for Southerners. Indeed, for years past, its fishing and hunting have attracted many from the North. The buildings are commodious, surf-bathing fine, and sailing pleasant. The table is supplied with every kind of game and fish, and shark-fishing is attractive to those who are fond of exciting sport. At least such is the current report.

The history of Cobb's Island is remarkable. Within the last thirty years it has grown in an extraordinary manner. In the year 1840 an old fisherman from Cape Cod bought the island for $100 in money and $25 worth of Cape Cod salt. Last summer the son of this same fisherman was offered $500,000 for the island, and declined it. When it was bought it was scarcely large enough to hold the fisherman's hut with his seines. It is now eight miles long, with a beautiful beach seven miles in length. Within the last year one hundred yards of solid sand have, by the generous gift of nature, been added to the dominion of this wonderful island.

One of the present peculiarities of Newport is the universal *penchant* for driving ponies about the size of a Newfoundland dog. "Wicker basket" coupés, set low on four tiny wheels, adapted to the size and strength of the ponies, are extensively used. Of course the ponies are beautiful; and so are the ladies who are so often the drivers.

The lectures of M. Edouard Laboulaye, at the College de France, are regularly attended not only by the students but by hundreds of cultivated ladies and gentlemen. In his constant digressions upon political ground he brings into full play his wonderful powers of irony and satire. He has an inimitable, dry way of saying sharp and humorous things, which keeps his hearers in a state of pleasant excitement. Yet amidst roars of laughter and shouts of applause he always maintains a grave countenance, looking as though he could not understand why such demonstrations should be made. M. Laboulaye has also a pleasing voice, great fluency and beauty of expression, and readily retains the attention of his hearers from his first to his last word. His lectures are a rare intellectual feast.

A lady in Salem, Massachusetts, performed quite a feat the other day. A runaway horse was dashing through the street at a furious rate, when the lady rushed in front of him with her sun-umbrella spread, and flourished it toward the animal. The horse sank down upon his haunches, and was kept there by the lady until the driver came up. Then the lady walked quietly away, as though nothing unusual had happened.

It is announced that medical men in Cuba pronounce pine-apples of this year's growth as dangerous to health, and give their positive opinion against the propriety of eating them.

A touching incident is related of a poor Vermont widow, in connection with the floral tributes which were in May placed on the graves of Union soldiers throughout the country. Near her home was a little cemetery containing the remains of forty Union soldiers, including those of her own son. Assisted only by her children she wove wreaths of flowers, and laid one on each grave.

The wife of the noted Indian chief, Hole-in-the-Day—or rather his last wife (for he had many) and now his widow—is a white woman, whom he married a year or two ago on a trip to Washington.

Lake Mahopac has its advantages. A lady there is not obliged to appear in as many dresses as there are hours in the day. She may, if she chooses, take her dinner in her morning dress, and still retain her position in the "best society." When may the demands of fashion be relaxed if not in July and August at a country watering-place?

It is said that gold-fish may be kept ten or twelve years in globes, or other vessels, by following a few rules: 1. Allow not more than one fish to a quart of water. 2. Use the same kind of water, whether spring or river water, and change it daily in summer; every other day in winter. 3. Use deep rather than shallow vessels, with small pebbles at the bottom (to be kept clean), and keep them in the shade, and in a cool part of the room. 4. Use a small net rather than the hand while changing the water. 5. Feed the fishes with cracker, yolk of egg, lettuce, flies, etc., rather than with bread, and then only every third or fourth day, and but little at a time. 6. Do not feed them at all from November to the end of February, and but little during the three following months.

In Europe the deaf-mutes are now taught to speak. Dr. Hirsch, of Rotterdam, is the originator of the new system, which is in practical operation in Brussels, Ghent, and Antwerp. Also there is a school on this system for Jewish mutes in London. The process is at first slow and discouraging. Signs are cast aside, and the child is taught to read words by the motion of the lips. Slowly, at first, he acquires this singular power, but soon catches readily the names of strangers and even foreign names. Then he is himself taught to articulate. The teacher takes the children's hands and accentuates the words by raising or letting them fall. He feels their throats and makes them feel his, that they may understand articulation. After a little they make their first sound, and from that time progress is rapid.

The sphere of woman in Paraguay seems to have widened to a most unenviable extent. According to the London *Times* a strange phenomenon is now being exhibited on the banks of the Paraguay River—namely, that of four thousand female combatants actually in the field. The Brazilian journals declare that General Lopez is scandalizing the civilized world by thus forcing women into the service; but the women have already shared the hardships and the dangers of the campaign—digging trenches, lading and unlading vessels, and doing duty as couriers and messengers—to such an extent that their coming forward in second line on the field at the present moment, and bearing their own share of the brunt of battle, may seem scarcely an aggravation of their lot.

The double bronze doors for the Capitol at Washington, which have been in the hands of the Ames Company at Chicopee for the past three years, are nearly completed. Early in the autumn they will be in their destined place. On one side the panels represent "Peace," the "Ovation to Washington at Trenton," the "Inauguration of Washington," and the "Masonic ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Capitol, September 18, 1793." On the other side the panels represent "War," the "Charge at Yorktown," the "Rebuke of Lee by Washington at Monmouth," and the "Death of Warren at Bunker Hill." Crawford is the artist, and his designs have been executed with great skill. Each of the doors weighs 4000 pounds; yet they will swing with comparative ease, as has been proved by trial.

"At a house in Paris where I have staid," says an English writer, "the *cafe-au-lait* was prepared in the following manner: About a table-spoonful of a strong black liquid was poured into each cup, and the cup then filled with boiled milk. I was told that this very rich essence of coffee was made by putting a large quantity of coffee into a common French *cafetière* (which had previously been thoroughly heated with boiling water), and slowly pouring over it a small quantity of boiling water; the *cafetière* to be kept close to the fire, where its contents could be as hot as possible without boiling. When the water had drained through, the essence of coffee thus procured was poured off into a jug and put away for use. As to the exact proportions of coffee and water I was not enlightened, but any one could find out by two or three experiments. It must have been very strong, as a jug holding about half a pint lasted a family of seven persons nearly a week. It was always used cold, and was excellent."

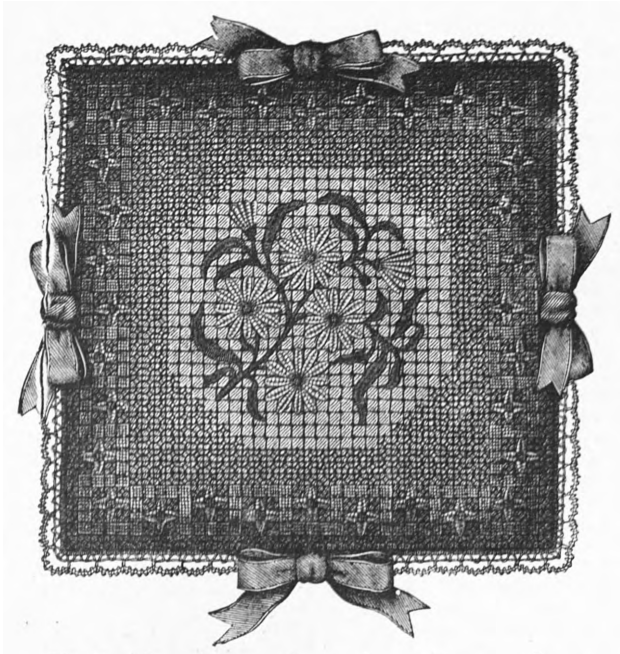


Fig. 1.—MOUCHOIR, OR GLOVE CASE.—REDUCED SIZE.

Mouchoir, or Glove Case.

HITHERTO we have given netted guipure patterns only in white yarn or thread. The present illustrations are designed for making this favorite and fashionable work with colored silks, by which a very beautiful effect is obtained. Fig. 1 shows a mouchoir case of light gray silk, covered with netted guipure. The design is a spray of daisies, worked in point de reprise and bordered with a Grecian pattern mixed with flowers. The daisies are of the natural colors; the flowers in white silk with yellow cups, the stems and leaves in different shades of green silk. The Grecian pattern of the border is worked with green silk in point de toile, and the flowers in the same manner as the daisies. The foundation is of black silk, as is also the work in point d'esprit. It numbers thirty-nine holes in the square, and is worked over a mesh half an inch in circumference. The foundation, when finished, must be stretched in a frame of copper or brass wire, or a wooden frame, as shown by Fig. 2. In the pattern the frame is eight inches square. The wire is half an inch in circumference. The guipure wrought in a frame of this sort is prettier and more regular, and the work is not liable to be drawn together. Fig. 3 gives the twig, and Fig. 4 a part of the border in full size. Fig. 5 gives a section of another border, which may be used instead of that given by Fig. 4. The completed square is laid on a piece of silk of the requisite size, and which has previously been lined with a thin layer of wadding covered with lining outside and quilted in small diamonds. The edge is finished with narrow black guipure lace. A second similarly-prepared piece forms the under part of the case, but this is not trimmed. Join the two parts by means of a binding of gray ribbon, and set bows on the side as shown by the illustration.

Gourd Work-Box.

MATERIALS: A round yellow gourd five inches in diameter, brown silk, heavy brown silk cord, transparent brown beads, golden-yellow silk twist, fine golden-yellow silk cord and ribbon an inch in width, nine round brown glass buttons, cotton batting.

Choose a gourd fully ripe, and hang it up to dry for several weeks, then cut it into two equal pieces, and scoop out the inside, after which bind each piece of the shell with brown silk ribbon half an inch in width; cover the outside of this binding with yellow ribbon folded together in the manner shown by Fig. 2, then cover this with brown beads as shown by the same illustration, in doing which always run the yellow working thread through the gourd shell. On the part of the shell which is designed for the bottom of the box fasten eight round buttons an inch and a half from the centre and an inch apart. Run the eyes through the shell, pass a cord through the eyes on the inside of the shell, and tie the ends together. Each piece is lined with a layer of pasteboard covered with brown silk. The pasteboard interlining consists of a strip of pasteboard three inches and a half wide, the length of which must correspond to the circumference of each edge, while on one side seven wedge-shaped pieces must be cut out at regular intervals, the ends are then sloped, and the points joined, thus giving the pasteboard the form of the inside of the gourd. Having arranged this, cover the pasteboard with brown silk, which is arranged in the same manner. The silk lining for the under part of the work-box must lap over the edge of the pasteboard about an inch on the other side, as the pasteboard lining extends half an inch beyond the edge of the gourd. Along the upper edge inside work two rows in button-hole stitch of yellow silk, which rows must be about half an inch apart, and worked in opposite directions; between these two rows work a row in herring-bone stitch. The seams which join the points of the silk lining are also ornamented with herring-bone stitch. Put a thin layer of cotton batting on the bottom of the work-box, cover this with silk, and ornament the edge with cord wound with bead cord. Besides this arrange two inches from the edge a piece of pasteboard covered with silk, with a double band of silk sewed along the middle. This band is half an inch wide; the outer edge is ornamented in button-hole stitch, and between these is a row in herring-bone stitch of yellow silk. This is so arranged that the larger and smaller divisions serve for the reception of scissors, thimble, etc. Ornament the seam where this is set on with cord wound with bead cord. Varnish the outside with brown varnish, and ornament with a bead trimming made as shown by Fig. 3, which represents it of the full size. In the centre of the upper half of the box finish by a glass bead ring which encircles a glass button that serves as the handle of the lid. On the opposite sides of each half set two bead loops, through which are drawn two heavy brown silk cords for the handle of the box. Plait the upper part of the cord in the manner shown in the illustration. The under ends of the cord are wound round a button and fastened together.

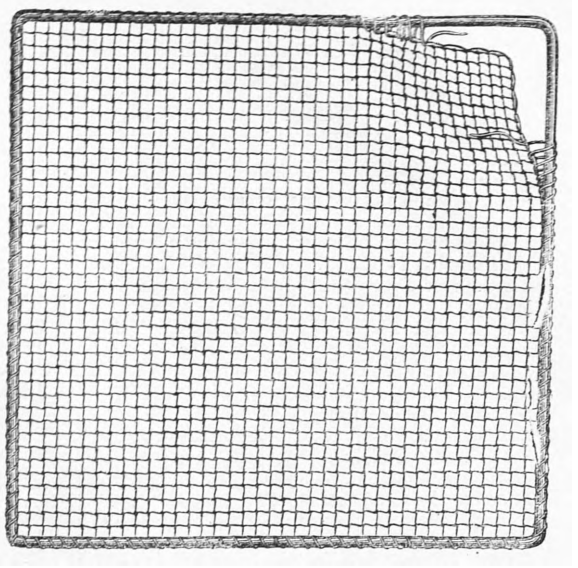


Fig. 2.—NET GUIPURE FOUNDATION FOR MOUCHOIR CASE.

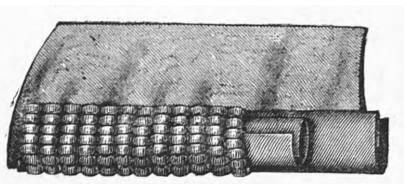


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF EDGE OF WORK-BOX.—FULL SIZE.

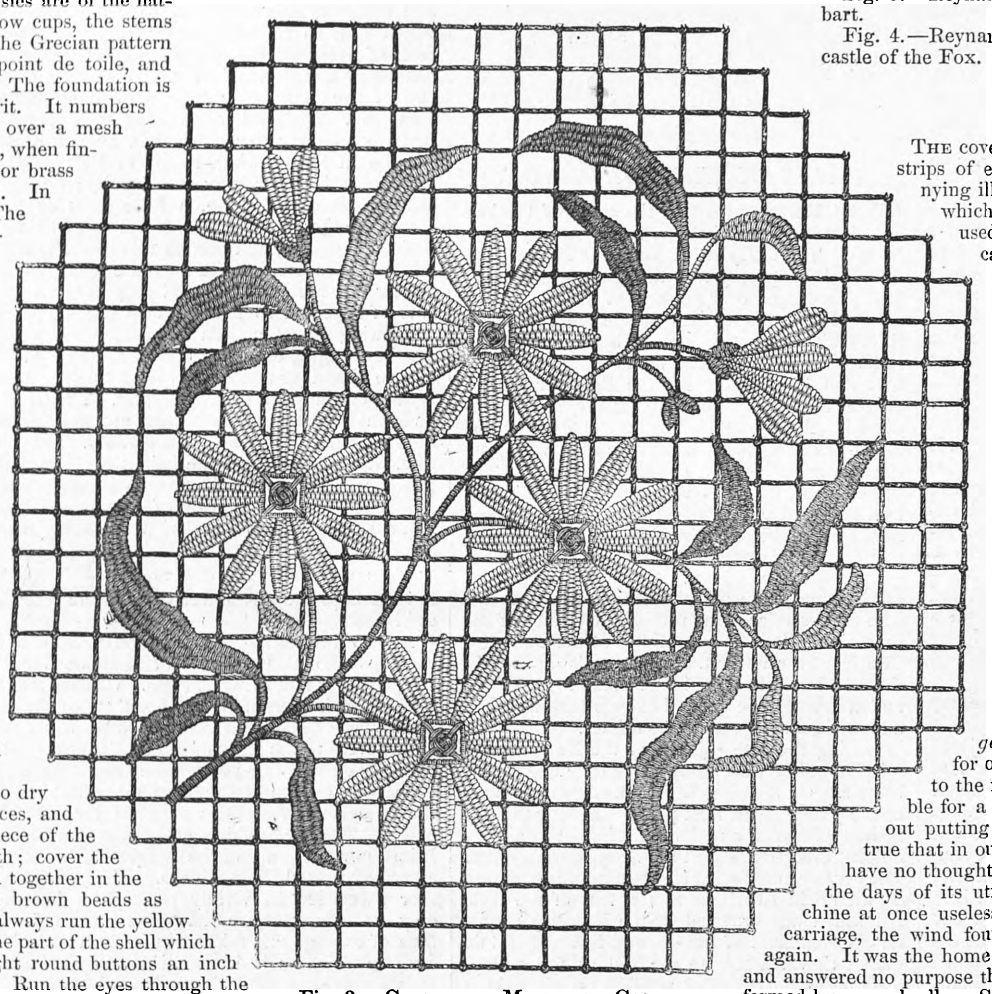


Fig. 3.—CENTRE OF MOUCHOIR CASE.—FULL SIZE.

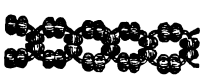


Fig. 3.—SECTION OF BEAD EDGE OF WORK-BOX.—FULL SIZE.

Four Embroidery Designs in Point Russe.

See illustration on page 665.

THE accompanying designs represent four of Kaulbach's well-known illustrations of Goethe's "Reynard the Fox," and are well adapted for letter-holders, cigar-cases, etc.

Fig. 1.—Bruin, the Bear, appears before Reynard the Fox's fortress Malepartus to accuse evil-doers before the king.

Fig. 2.—Reynard threatens the life of his innocent scholar.

Fig. 3.—Reynard confesses his sins to his companion Grimbart.

Fig. 4.—Reynard attacks the rabbit that has led him past the castle of the Fox.

Reclining Chair.

See illustration on page 665.

THE cover of this reclining chair is made of alternate strips of embroidered cloth and plush. The accompanying illustration gives the pattern for the embroidery, which is worked in cross-stitch. The colors to be used are designated on the pattern. Reps or brocatelle may be used instead if preferred. The edge is trimmed with a broad worsted fringe, as shown by the illustration. The cushion is made of the same material, and is trimmed with cord and tassels.

MODERN FASHIONS.

THE *Victoria Magazine*, while deploring the uncertain tenure of fashions, says, very sensibly, of those now in vogue: "If we are far from deprecating change within just limits, far from us also be the injustice of stigmatizing all that comes before us with the sanction of fashion. At the precise moment at which we write there is perhaps less to carp at in the make and shape of the garments in vogue than has been often seen to be the case. The waist is at its natural level; the moderately tight sleeve is harmless, if not especially graceful; the crinoline, when worn at all, is of modest size; the short skirt for the *sans gêne* of morning toilette, and the sweeping train for occasions of ceremony, the protection afforded to the feet by boots of strong kid—all make it possible for a woman to exercise both taste and sense without putting herself at war with the social tyrant. It is true that in our time the bonnet has been suppressed, but we have no thought of setting up for it a laudatory epitaph. In the days of its utmost glory the bonnet was a pasteboard machine at once useless, dangerous, and ugly. Like the hood of a carriage, the wind found its way under it, and could not come out again. It was the home of draughts, the nursing mother of face-ache, and answered no purpose that would not have been more consistently performed by an umbrella. Such was the bonnet as understood by our mothers in their youth, and we can hardly help believing that some lost secret of witchery must have been theirs to have enabled them to make their way under such a load of difficulty. Now the bow of ribbon with a veil attached, the few square inches of lace and spangles, which do duty in the place of this exploded poke (and which really ought to be rebaptized with a name

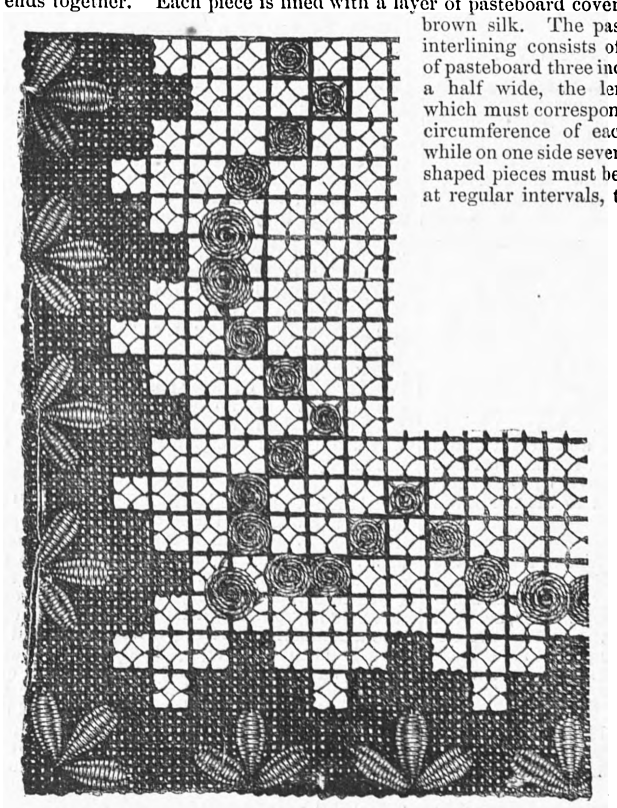


Fig. 5.—NET GUIPURE BORDER FOR MOUCHOIR CASE.—FULL SIZE.

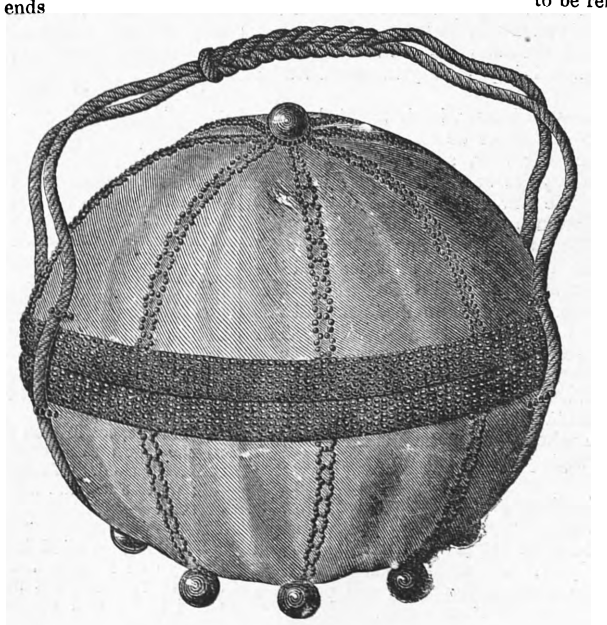


Fig. 1.—GOURD WORK-BOX.—REDUCED SIZE.

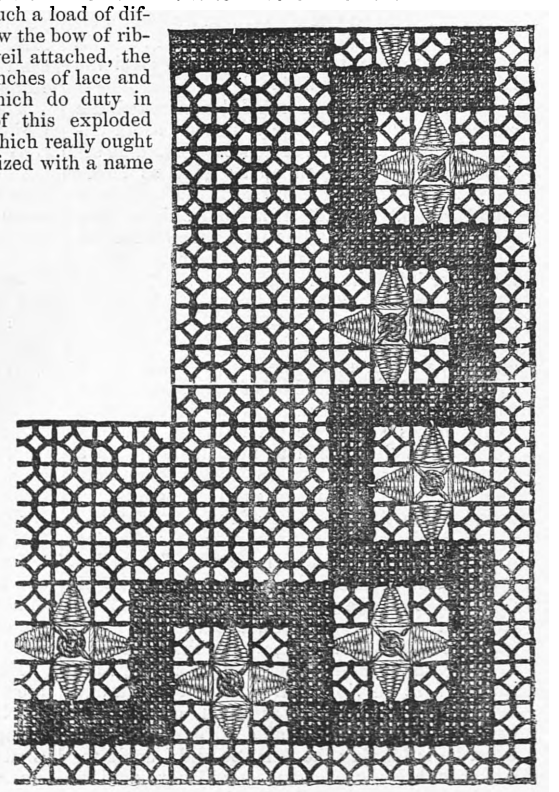


Fig. 4.—NET GUIPURE BORDER FOR MOUCHOIR CASE.—FULL SIZE.

of their own), can with a little modification, and the addition of strings, be made to suit all ages and to answer every desirable purpose. There is really nothing to be said against its arrangement on the score of lightness, adaptability, or convenience; and we have observed that such objections as have been raised have a moral rather than a practical or æsthetical basis. To this we can only reply that within our knowledge there is no law, either human or divine, which obliges a woman to wear a bonnet."

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

IN teeth-economy the principle should be established of keeping a tooth as long as it is useful, but no longer. When a tooth has ceased to be good for mastication, or for ornament, the sooner it is removed the better. When removed, an artificial tooth should be established in its place. The time has gone by for natural-

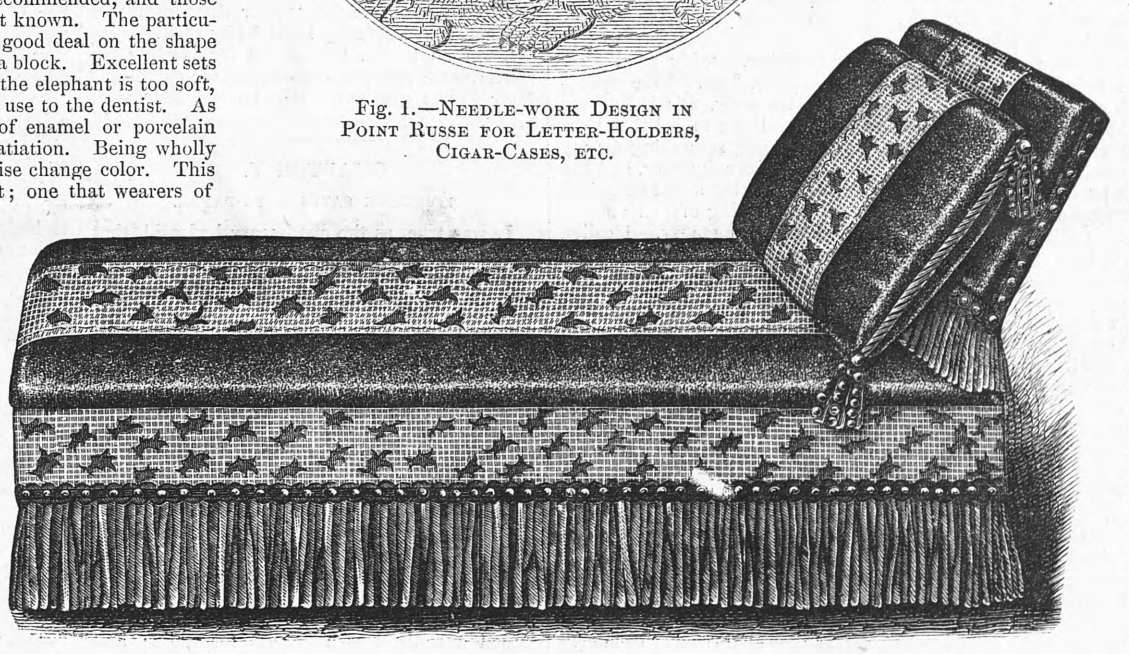
Fig. 2.—NEEDLE-WORK DESIGN IN POINT RUSSE FOR LETTER-HOLDERS, CIGAR-CASES, ETC.

artificial teeth to have preference; and the consideration of this fact should do away with the hesitation that some people have for using false teeth. Sentiment is a very powerful influence in this world; and the sentiment against fixing the teeth of dead human beings in the mouths of living ones is undoubtedly potent. There is now no need for doing this, so many excellent materials of non-human origin standing in aid. Taken all in all, artificial teeth of hard enamel are chiefly to be recommended, and those of American manufacture are the very best known. The particular sort of teeth, however, will depend a good deal on the shape of the palate and the number to be set in a block. Excellent sets are made of hippopotamus ivory; that of the elephant is too soft, and stains too rapidly, to be of any great use to the dentist. As a matter of sentiment, the advantages of enamel or porcelain teeth, as we may call them, need no expatiation. Being wholly non-absorbent, they never stain or otherwise change color. This leads up to an observation and a precept; one that wearers of this sort of artificial teeth should more frequently remember than they do. It is this—natural teeth are never white. Except sometimes in early childhood they have not the faintest claim to whiteness. A miniature-painter, or others having a discriminating eye for color, would not fail to discover in by far the majority of natural teeth those mingled tints of green, blue, yellow, etc., that, taken together, go to make up a general result of grayness of some preponderating shade. If this be so of natural teeth naturally, by how much more will the tint of teeth be varied from white by the thousand contingencies of colored food and drink, of physic, and perhaps of smoking?

A common failing with middle-aged and elderly, nay too often young, people is, that they choose artificial teeth of the most brilliant whiteness they can find. Nothing can be more absurd. To commit this error is to reveal to any apprehension of ordinary acuteness the secret of false teeth. Another common error is that of having artificial teeth more regular and more block-like than is ever seen in nature. If the most regular set of naturally-grown teeth be examined as to absolute mechanical evenness, they will be found deficient in this quality, and still that very defect will conduce to the general result of beauty. The fact is certain, though the foundation of it lies too deep for easy revelation—maybe for any—that some degree of irregularity of feature is needed to awaken in an appreciative mind the highest sentiment of beauty. Few of us but can remember to have seen faces so wholly regular, so feature by feature unexceptionable, that the result fell tame and unimpressive on the eye. As regards the teeth, it will generally be found that the most pleasing expression, male and female—nay, the highest types of male and female feature-beauty—is correlated with some sort of irregularity in the teeth. In one the precise irregularity is, perhaps, that a tooth slightly overlaps; in another, the front teeth are slightly parted, it may be. Of whatever sort the natural peculiarity may have been, the dentist should be allowed to follow it in his copy. Here, too, in a general way, the remark may be made, that if by any chance a set of teeth gives admiration for its pure white tint and general evenness of run, when seen on a table or under a case, that set will not be satisfactory when placed to do duty, for beauty and utility, in the mouth. Persons who foolishly select artificial teeth of greater whiteness than is ever seen in nature will perhaps be surprised to learn at what cost of trouble and ingenuity varying tints are imparted by the manufacturer of artificial teeth to naturally white materials. Yellow tints are given by titanium; blue by platinum; bright blue by cobalt; bluish yellow by titanium and platinum mingled. If the very whitest natural tooth be carefully examined, three distinct shades of tint at least will be noticed upon it. First there is the tint belonging to the general body of the tooth; then that of the crown, or bearing-edge, or surface; lastly, of the part running into the gum. All these three tints must be imitated and indicated by the true dental artist. Occasionally entire blocks—several teeth, gums, and all—are made in one piece of this porcelain or enamel material. In this case, besides the three tints appertaining to the teeth proper, the roseate aspect of the gum must be represented. To accomplish this, the coloring matter used is gold; to which also are due the lovely red tints we admire in certain pieces of Bohemian glass; but these block-teeth can not, on the whole, be recommended.

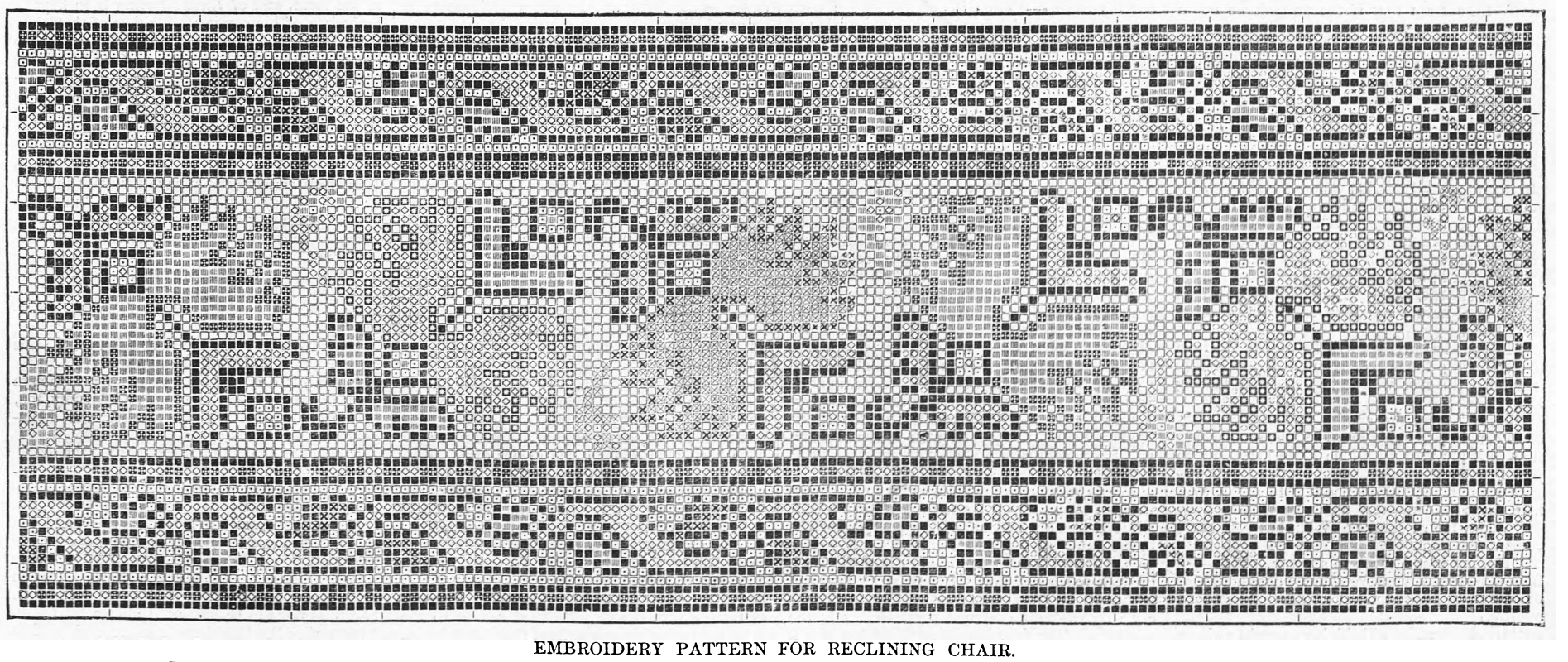
Fig. 3.—NEEDLE-WORK DESIGN IN POINT RUSSE FOR LETTER-HOLDERS, CIGAR-CASES, ETC.

Fig. 1.—NEEDLE-WORK DESIGN IN POINT RUSSE FOR LETTER-HOLDERS, CIGAR-CASES, ETC.



RECLINING CHAIR.

Fig. 4.—NEEDLE-WORK DESIGN IN POINT RUSSE FOR LETTER-HOLDERS, CIGAR-CASES, ETC.



EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR RECLINING CHAIR.

Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ▤ 1st (darkest), ▥ 2d (lightest), Yellowish Green; ◘ Reddish Brown; ▣ Red; ▩ 1st (darkest), ▨ 2d (lightest), Blue; □ White; ▭ Yellow (silk).

THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

A Story.

By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," etc.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER IV.

A METROPOLIS IN MINIATURE.

DETMOLD, the capital of the principality of Lippe-Detmold, is one of the pleasantest, prettiest, and most agreeably situated of the smaller Residenzen of Germany. The castle, or princely palace, is a fine old building, situated in the midst of well-arranged gardens, and around these the little town spreads itself in all directions. The streets are wide and clean and quiet. Beside the river Wern, which runs through Detmold, and is here banked in so as to form a canal, there are pleasant paths and picturesque houses, draped with the rich Virginia creeper, sombre ivy, or delicate woodbine. Further there are delicious woodland walks branching out hither and thither through the great forest which clothes the Grotenberg, upon whose lofty summit the colossal Hermann's statue is one day to stand.

But not of these romantic shades or river margins was Herr Friedrich Peters thinking when the old Schimmel paused soberly before the door of the chief inn in Detmold, and then allowed the hostler to lead him with much deliberation into the stable-yard. Herr Peters had his share of the German love for nature and appreciation of natural beauty; but it was the metropolitan aspect of Detmold which most attracted him. In his eyes the wide, clean streets, the well-dressed ladies who demurely paced them, the shops with windows filled with large squares of clear glass, revealing garments and stuffs of last year's fashion, were absolutely magnificent. He could have almost envied the chemist from whom he intended to buy a modest supply of drugs, when he contemplated the crimson, and blue, and yellow bottles in his shop-window, the little semicircular counter topped with marble, and the half dozen colored scent-bottles arranged symmetrically within a glass-case. It was very grand, certainly, and very different from the dark little shop at Horn.

Peters made his purchases, and ordered them to be sent to the inn, and then he walked down the principal street, glancing at the inscriptions over the shop-doors, until he paused before a stationer's window and looked in with a hesitating air. There were two persons in the shop, an old man and a young one. The old man was making entries in a ledger or account-book; the young man was piling reams of coarse packing-paper on to a high shelf. He had taken his coat off, the better to perform his work, and his shirt-collar was turned down, showing a round, muscular throat. His movements were quick and dextrous, and he lifted and placed the heavy packets of paper with the ease of one whose strength was but slightly tasked. Peters stood staring in at the window until the old man, lifting his head, observed him, and then the apothecary walked away slowly. Presently he returned on the opposite side of the street, and this time, on looking in, he perceived that the stationer's shop was tenanted but by one person. The old man had disappeared. The younger one was still working, but had nearly filled the high shelf. Peters crossed the road briskly and went in. "Good-day, Otto," said he. At the sound of the high, thin voice, the young fellow turned round sharply, almost letting fall the packet he held in his hands, and uttered a joyful exclamation. A brighter, franker face than he turned on the apothecary it would not be easy to find. Otto Hemmerich is a great favorite of mine, and I desire to make my reader also feel kindly toward him. Sure I am that if the portrait be not a pleasant one the fault will be wholly the painter's.

A well-balanced, somewhat square head, broadly developed in the regions of conscientiousness and firmness; thick, curling, brown hair, that lay in close rings on his forehead; bright, keen blue eyes, which might have been almost fierce but for the merry laughing spirit that danced in them; well-shaped, though not strictly regular, features; strong, white, wholesome teeth: a skin tanned to a dusky red by sun and weather; a powerful, well-knit figure, rather beneath the middle height; and in his voice and in his gestures, in all he said and all he did, a sense of youth, and health, and vigor, an atmosphere of clearness and honesty, which refreshed one's moral nature much as fresh air refreshes one's body.

"My good Herr Peters!" he exclaimed in a loud, ringing tone. It seemed impossible to imagine Otto ever whispering, or even talking low.

"Hem!" cried the apothecary, with an elaborate cough. "Don't shout so, Otto. I'm not sure that my visit would be quite agreeable to your master."

In Detmold it is still possible to speak to a man about his "master" without offending him.

"What, Herr Schmitt? Well, but you didn't come to see him!"

"No, my boy, I came to see you. But—the fact is, I—to shy truth, your uncle does not know of my coming, and I am not certain that he would approve."

"Oh, because he will think you ought to have told him first, so that he might have sent a message, eh?"

"Ahem!" cried the apothecary again.

"Oh, well, Herr Peters, that can't be helped now. Here you are, and I am right glad to see you."

"And how do you get on here, Otto? A fortnight is but a short time to judge of your new life. But do you seem to—to think you shall—like it?"

Peters put his head on one side, and looked at Otto insinuatingly, as though to persuade him that he ought to like it very much indeed. It was the kind of manner which the apothecary assumed in administering a peculiarly nauseous potion to a sick child.

"Not a bit of it, my good friend," replied Otto, in his fullest chest voice. "I don't like it at all. And, what is worse, I'm afraid I never shall like it. But I knew all that beforehand. I am not such a boy but what I know that it will be my duty to do a good many things that don't just please my fancy. I shall stick to it for the three years my uncle has bound me for, and then—"

"And then?"

"And then we shall see. Lord, we may be all dead and buried in three years! It's an awful long time to look forward to. But now tell me the news of the good people at Horn. How's my uncle, first and foremost?"

"The Herr Küster is wonderful for a man of his years. I saw him last night at the Pied Lamb. He was full of conversation, and very—very pleasant. He is a man of great experience and wisdom, is your uncle Schnarcher."

It may be observed, for the credit of Peters's sincerity, that he really believed what he said.

"And old Quendel? Is he growing any thinner? Ha, ha, ha! And the Steinbergs? And Granny Becker? And big Hans? And the blacksmith's poodle? And your own Schimmel? Tell me all about every body—dumb beasts and all!"

"They're all well, as far as I know, Otto. But there is an old friend of yours whom you haven't asked for. And he was talking about you last night, too."

"Is there? An old friend whom I haven't asked for!"

"Farmer Lehmann! I thought he was your prime friend and favorite, Otto. You used to be always at the farm before you went to Halle."

The last packet of paper, which Otto at this moment placed on the shelf, must have been peculiarly heavy, for the effect of lifting it seemed to bring the blood into his face, as he answered, "Ah, dear Farmer Franz! Was he talking about me, Herr Peters?"

"Yes. But, Otto, what dreadful weights you are lifting! Don't overtax your strength, my boy."

Otto burst out laughing. "My good Herr Peters," he said, "only see, I can lift these packets with one hand! Honestly, this is the part of my work I like best. I like to feel that I am using my muscles, and doing something for my daily bread. Head-work I'm a dunce at, and I'm afraid Herr Schmitt has got but a bad bargain."

"Yes, Lehmann was talking of you and of your poor father of blessed memory. I called at the farm this morning, and saw the Haus-frau. She's a bitter weed. Ach du lieber Himmel! And I got a parcel to bring to Detmold for Liese."

"For Liese! Is Liese in Detmold?"

"To be sure she is. Didn't you know it?"

"Not a word of it!" cried Otto, hotly. "I went twice or thrice to the farm after I came back from Halle, but I never saw Lieschen, and Frau Lehmann gave me to understand that she was purposely keeping out of my way."

"O Lord!" muttered Peters under his breath, "what a woman she is!" Then he added, more loudly, "I never heard there was any secret in Liese's being in Detmold in service. She went off almost on a sudden. I don't think things were going quite comfortably at the farm. Poor little Lieschen! She's a kitten that hasn't yet grown to be a cat, as they all do sooner or later."

Otto stood quite still leaning on the counter, with a thoughtful, frowning face.

"Well, good-by, lad," said Peters, holding out his hand. "Time is going, and the days are short now, and I have to dine and settle my score at the Blue Pigeon before I can turn the Schimmel's nose homeward. Besides, this errand for the Lehmanns will take up half an hour or so."

"Good-by, good friend. I'm thankful to you for coming. Give my dutiful greetings to my uncle, pray, and messages to any one who may care to hear of me at Horn."

"Shall I greet Lieschen for you?"

"No, thank you. Liese Lehmann wants to hear nothing about me."

Otto wrung his old friend's hand hard, and stood for a few minutes watching the apothecary's tall, lank figure disappear down the street. Then he returned to the shop, and having resumed his coat, sat down to label and number, from a printed list which lay beside him, a series of photographic views which were presently to adorn the window. But, as Otto had himself confessed, head-work was not his forte, and he was unusually absent and preoccupied to-day. Under his fingers many beauties of the Rhine scenery were unjustly attributed to the Moselle, and some views in the Harz country got labeled "Black Forest."

Peters meanwhile made his way to the house wherein Elizabeth, or, as she was always called, Liese Lehmann, was filling the post of servant in the family of the Herr Justizrath von Schleppers. It was a pleasant house to look at—built of dark red brick, partly covered with ivy, and with its long, low façade fronting the river. Every window-pane glistened crystal clear in the sunshine. The door-handle and knocker of polished brass were dazzling in their spotless cleanliness, and the white dimity curtains that shaded the parlor windows seemed to have come that instant from the hands of the laundress. But the house had an odd look of not being really used and inhabited. All its colors were as vivid and staring as those of a doll's house: the bricks very red, the door very green, the window-sashes and frames a bright yellow. Only the deep hue of the old ivy somewhat softened and harmonized the general effect. Peters's hand was raised to the knocker, when the door opened and a portly matron came forth, who looked at him with an expression of countenance which was, to say the least of it, not conciliatory.

"If you want the Herr Justizrath," said this stately dame, "you must go round by the back-door to his study. He receives no one on business by this entrance."

"My business is—" began Peters, mildly. But the lady interrupted him.

"Excuse me, I do not seek to know your business. I make a point of never interfering with law matters. The Herr Justizrath is in his study."

"But," said Peters, a little nettled at this cavalier treatment, "I don't want to see the Herr Justizrath. I have neither the good fortune to know him as a friend, nor the ill luck to need him as a lawyer. I suppose you are the mistress of the house?"

The lady made a magnificent bow, which might be translated into the vernacular, "I should rather think I am!"

"Then, if you please, Madam, I should like, with your permission, to speak with your servant-maid, Elizabeth Lehmann. I have brought a parcel for her from her home."

"Liese!" exclaimed the lady, sharply. "Liese is not within at this moment. I have sent her out on an errand, and she has already been twice the time necessary to do it in. You can leave your parcel on the table there, since you are here; but another time I beg you will be good enough to go round by the yard-gate. This entrance is only used by the family or our own visitors."

Peters was a man unapt to anger at all times; nevertheless he did feel considerable indignation at this lady's tone and manner. But Frau von Schleppers was stout and stately, with a deep voice and an unsympathizing stare; and, above all, she was a woman! So she frightened him. He put the little bundle down on the table without a word, and left the house.

The mistress of it waited to see him fairly off the door-step, and then she closed the door with a bang, and walked, or rather waddled, away.

Peters adjusted his spectacles firmly on his nose, looked after her for a second, and exclaimed, with a short laugh, "Poor Justizrath von Schleppers! From my heart I pity thee!"

Then he turned toward his inn, feeling his spirits much relieved by this sarcastic ebullition. Herr Peters considered that he had been very bitter.

CHAPTER V.

THE PINK SATIN NOTE-PAPER.

IT was true, as the apothecary had said, that before Otto Hemmerich had gone to Halle the young man had been a frequent visitor at Lehmann's farm. Every one liked him there. Even Frau Hanne, who did not like many people, extended her favor to Otto. He was handy, he was cheerful, he was able and willing to do numberless odd jobs of carpentering for the thrifty housewife. He brought her heaps of ripe blackberries in the autumn, and store of hazel-nuts. He helped in the apple-gathering, and did more work in play than the others got through in earnest. He mended, and made as good as new, some old leather harness that had hung disused for years in the stable. He cleaned and furbished up Franz Lehmann's rusty rifle, and with it shot—hear it not, ye British sportsmen!—shot a fox that had for many a night made havoc among Frau Lehmann's fat geese. He caught and tamed a squirrel as a present for Liese; and moreover, partly manufactured with his own hands a cage to keep it in. In brief, his accomplishments were highly esteemed and appreciated at the farm, and he was a welcome guest on any holiday afternoon that he chose to spend there. But notwithstanding her personal predilection for Otto, Hanne Lehmann did by no means approve of the spirit of rebellion which—rumor said—he was manifesting toward his uncle. Frau Lehmann's government of her own family was an absolute despotism. She would have honestly scorned the idea of giving her subjects a constitution. Her husband's nominal position as head of the household may seem to us a little incompatible with this undisputed female supremacy. But Frau Hanne Lehmann never theorized. She knew what was best for every body, and did it proprio motu. Otto's refusal to follow the profession his uncle had chosen for him was a high crime in Frau Lehmann's eyes. Above all was it a crime to decline to follow that special profession. A pastor! It was all that was respectable and reverend. It gave a man authority in despite of youth, and rank in despite of humble birth. In fact, she looked upon it as a piece of unparalleled presumption on the part of a boy like Otto to decline preferment which she, Frau Hanne Lehmann, would have been glad of for a son of her own. And then the thought struck her that Otto and Liese had been allowed to be a great deal together, and that perhaps— Well, she would put a stop to that, at all events. She would have no rebellious notions put into Liese's head. And Franz was so foolish and soft-hearted that there was no knowing what concessions or promises he might be led to make if the young folks had a chance of talking him over. Otto paid a visit to the farm soon after his return from Halle, but he did not see Liese. He saw no one but the mistress of the house, who received him any thing but graciously. Her husband, she said, was absent at Lemgo, selling some wheat. She supposed Otto knew his own business best—though at his time of life that was scarcely likely—but for her part she couldn't help thinking that it was a pity for him to go against his uncle Schnarcher. She should be sorry for their Lieschen to behave so, that was all.

"But, Frau Lehmann," cried Otto, bluntly, "it is better to go against my uncle than against my conscience, isn't it?"

"Rubbish!" answered Frau Lehmann.

She was not strong in argument, and she didn't like being contradicted. Then Otto asked for Liese; and, to punish him, the Haus-frau simply said that he couldn't see her, without explaining that the good and sufficient reason why he could not see her was that she was at that moment in the house of Frau von Schleppers, in Detmold. Then—Hanne being one of those women who are capable of talking themselves into a passion on the shortest notice, and whose anger makes their tongues terribly unscrupulous—she went on to say that she could not, as a matter of duty to Liese, approve of her having acquaintances whose ideas were so strongly at variance with all that a pious education had instilled into her mind; and that she must do the girl the justice to add, that she had heard Liese herself animadvert on the sin and evil of disobedience and presumption in young people. And so wound up a voluble and rather incoherent tirade, of which Otto understood very little save that the Haus-frau was in a furious bad humor, and that Liese had been speaking unkindly of him and refused to see him.

Otto walked away from the farm with a heavy heart. Frau Lehmann's sharp speeches he might have borne with tolerable indifference; but Liese! Could she turn against him? And then his old friend Farmer Franz too. He couldn't bear the idea of losing his friendship. He would go again to the farm on the chance of seeing Lehmann. But then came the announcement of Simon Schnarcher's resolution to send his grand-nephew to the stationer's shop in Detmold; and Otto's departure was so hurried that he had no time to revisit his friends at the farm.

The young man revolved all these things in his mind as he sat pasting the labels on to the photographs in Herr Schmitt's shop. He had refused to send greetings to Liese Lehmann, and now on reflection his heart misgave him somewhat for having so refused. Peters's announcement of Liese's being in Detmold had changed the aspect of affairs. Who knew how long she had been there? "But then surely the Frau Lehmann would have told me the truth about her when I was at the farm?" thought honest Otto.

"If you please, have you any pink satin note-paper?" said a soft voice in his ear.

"Any what!" Otto jumped off his seat with a bound, and took two little cold hands in his. "Why, Liese, is it you? Thou dear Heaven!"

"Otto!" and the two cold little hands were left confidingly in his, and a pair of brown eyes looked at him in glad surprise. Little Liese Lehmann was very small and shy. She had a clear, fair skin, soft brown eyes, and silky hair of the same color. This hair was coiled in a twisted knot at the back of her head, and one plaited tress was brought down low on either cheek, and put up behind the ears, after a fashion prevalent among German maidens. She wore a gray stuff gown, a blue cotton handkerchief pinned across her breast, and a large checked apron.

"Dear Lieschen!" said Otto, "I had only just heard by accident that you were in Detmold. How goes it, Lieschen? Do tell me, are you well? Are you content here?"

He was too glad to see her to think of any ground of offense he imagined himself to have against her.

"And I—did you think I knew that you were here, Otto? I never was so surprised to see any body!"

It needed not many words between the two young people to explain the history of Otto's visit to the farm, and of Liese's having been kept in ignorance of his coming. Neither of them had a suspicion that Frau Lehmann's desire to keep them asunder originated in any other motive than her disapproval of Otto's persistence in opposing his uncle Schnarcher. Every one who knew Hanne well was accustomed to see great anger arise from causes seemingly quite inadequate to produce it. None of her household or family ever thought of asking what reason the Haus-frau could possibly have for resenting this or that. They said, "She is angry," much as they might say, "It thunders." Both were phenomena which they could neither control nor account for.

"But she shouldn't have told a lie, and said that you had spoken against me," said Otto. "As to what she thinks, that don't so much matter."

"Oh, Otto!" cried Liese, timidly. This was a tremendous assertion, she thought.

"Well, it don't much matter to me, though Frau Lehmann used to be kind and friendly, too, in the old days. Do you recollect the apple-gathering two years ago?"

"Yes; and the time you brought her the blackberries."

"And the fun we had at hay-harvest, Lieschen!"

"And that day when Claus got tipsy, and you chopped the wood for fuel, and nearly cut your finger off. Ach Himmel! How frightened we were! But you didn't say a word. Cousin Hanne said you had the right manful courage. She likes folks to be brave. I ain't a bit brave. I remember she boxed my ears for crying when I saw the blood flow."

"What a shame!" cried Otto, indignantly.

"Well, but, Otto," remonstrated gentle little Lieschen, "you know if we had all cried, and

done nothing else, you might have bled to death. But I was only a child then. I hope I should be more helpful now."

"Yes; you are not a child any more, Liese. You are the same, and yet somehow not the same. You have grown so—so different."

No human being had ever told Liese that she was pretty. And it may be doubted whether Otto had ever thought of considering whether she was so or not until that moment. But as he looked straight into her innocent upraised eyes, he made up his mind very decisively on the subject.

"Yes; I've grown an inch," said she, simply. Then they talked of Otto's prospects, and of his Uncle Schnarcher. And Liese ventured timidly to ask Otto if it were not a pity that he could not be a pastor. It was so beautiful, she thought, to teach and comfort the poor people, and tell them good tidings to brighten their hard lives. And Otto, in the superior wisdom of his manhood and his two-and-twenty years, had to explain to Liese's simplicity why it would be impossible for him to play this lofty part in life well, and how wrong it would be to undertake it while his conscience told him clearly that he must fill it badly. And Liese listened with humility, and said that of course Otto knew best, and that it was right and brave of him to speak the truth that God put into his heart. And then—the town-clocks struck one! Liese jumped as if a bomb had burst in the shop.

"Oh dear, oh dear," she cried, in dismay; "there's one going by the parish church! And there's the castle clock now striking the last quarter. Oh, please, have you any pink satin note-paper? I couldn't find it at the shop where we generally deal, and that delayed me, and now I've been talking here and forgetting the time. My mistress told me to make haste. Oh dear, oh dear!"

Otto lost not a moment in searching for the required article, and after opening sundry drawers and boxes, he came upon a small store of it.

"Two sheets, please, and two envelopes," said Lieschen, who had been watching his proceedings anxiously. "How much is it?"

"I don't know. Pay me the next time you come by. "Here it is, Liese. And, I say, you'll find a parcel at home for you. Herr Peters from Horn has been over, and—"

But Liese had taken up her little packet, and with a hasty farewell nod had run out of the shop with it. She sped along at a pace very seldom seen among the sober denizens of Detmold. More than one housewife turned to look after "Frau von Schleppers's maiden," and shook their heads disapprovingly. But Liese was unconscious of their looks. Her heart was beating fast—partly from the haste she was making, partly from agitation. The surprise and pleasure of seeing Otto, disappointment at having missed Herr Peters, who doubtless had brought news from the farm, self-reproach at her delay, and dread of her mistress's displeasure, were all jumbled together in the poor child's mind. Still she sped on with agile feet, when, on turning the corner of a street, she ran against somebody. Some very heavy body it seemed, for Liese's light figure bounded off it again like a shuttle-cock, and on looking up, her eyes encountered the stern and astonished gaze of no less a personage than Frau von Schleppers herself.

PROVISIONING.

WE extract the following excellent rules for the choosing of meats and vegetables from "The Royal Cookery Book," written in French by Jules Gouffé, the chief cook of the Paris Jockey Club, and translated by Alphonse Gouffé, head pastry-cook to the Queen of England. This sumptuous volume, the most beautiful of its class that we have ever seen, is high authority in culinary matters; and we are sure that our readers will profit by the information which we design to give them from time to time from its pages:

It is quite evident that, without good materials, the greatest cook in the world will never produce any thing palatable. Too great a care can not, therefore, be paid to one's provisioning and marketing; this alone is a study of itself, to be mastered, as other branches of the culinary art, by experience and practice.

Before making your purchases, learn, first of all, the ruling prices of those things you require, which you can easily do by inquiring at different shops.

Never bind yourself to any special tradesman. Do not give your custom, nor your whole confidence, to one individual. Rely rather upon your own judgment and observation than upon a tradesman's word, however trustworthy he may be.

Whenever any article is pressed upon you, be more particularly on your guard; there are very few tradesmen who can resist the temptation of palming off, at all hazard, any remaining fish, game, or meat, of questionable freshness.

Be on good terms with all tradespeople, without becoming intimate with any. It is very seldom that a too great familiarity does not, in the long-run, result in some unfair advantage being taken of the purchaser.

The following are a few elementary principles which it will be well to be guided by in the selection of provisions:

BUTCHER'S MEAT.

Beef should be chosen of a bright red color, with light yellow fat, approaching the hue of fresh butter. If the beef should be hard and firm to the touch, with flaccid and little fat, of a brown and dull color, these are sure indications of inferior quality.

Veal should be chosen of a light color, with very white and transparent fat. Avoid lean veal of a reddish tint, and the kidney of which is surrounded by red-looking fat.

Prime mutton is known by the same signs as good beef, viz., a bright red color, freedom from gristle, and very white and transparent fat. Inferior mutton is of a dull red color, with yellow and opaque fat.

POULTRY.

In the first place, poultry should be selected very tender, particularly when not in season, from the 1st of December to the 1st of May. Spring chickens begin in May, but at any time they should be carefully examined before buying. A tender chicken is known by the size of its feet and neck; a young fowl always has large feet and knee-joints; these characteristics disappear with age. A tough fowl has a thin neck and feet, and the flesh of the thigh has a slight violet tinge. After examining these external signs, the flesh of the pinion and breast should be tried: if tender in both these places, the chicken can be used with confidence.

Never use Old Fowls.

I call particular attention to this principle, which I consider a very important one—Never use an old fowl in cookery. Whichever way you dress it, it will never be good. It is a great mistake to recommend, as in many cookery books, the putting of an old fowl in the stock-pot. Instead of improving the broth, it can do nothing but impart to it the unpleasant flavor of the hen-house.

A good turkey will be recognized by the whiteness of the flesh and fat. Beware of those with long hairs, and whose flesh on the legs and back is of a violet tinge.

To select a goose, try the flesh of the pinion and break off the lower part of the beak, which should break easily; the fat should be light-colored and transparent. Ducks are chosen in the same way.

Pigeons should have fillets of a light red color; when old, these darken to blackish violet, and the legs get thin.

FISH.

A fresh fish is recognizable by the redness of the gills, the brightness of the eyes, and the firmness of the flesh.

It is not enough to be guided by the smell: it may have laid days on ice without acquiring any noticeable smell, but the flesh in such a case will be dull and flaccid, and care should be taken not to employ fish in that condition. It should be borne in mind that fish will lose in quality in the spawning season; this should regulate one's purchases.

The remarks on old poultry apply even more particularly to old fish, which should never, on any consideration, appear on the table.

GAME.

Old hares should be discarded, they can be turned to no good account; leverets and young hares alone should be bought; you can tell a tender hare by the ease with which the fore-paw may be broken, by its large knees and short stumpy neck. Good wild rabbits are known by the same indications.

Pheasants should be selected with the spur but little developed; the tenderness of the bird is known by trying the flesh of the pinion.

Woodcocks are also tried by pinching the pinion and breast. Similarly with respect to wild ducks, teal, widgeon, and other water-fowl.

Partridges are also tested in the same way; their age can be ascertained by examining the long feathers of the wing—round at the tip in an old bird, and pointed in a young.

VEGETABLES.

The first consideration in the purchase of vegetables is to have due regard to the variations of taste and appearance which the same vegetables undergo in different seasons; spring carrots, for instance, are very different to those of autumn and winter. I will, at the proper place, state when each species of vegetables is in season; this should regulate their employment.

GROCERIES, ETC.

As to all articles to be had from the Grocer's, the Oilman, and Dairyman, I would more than ever recommend that none but the best be bought; this is sure in the end to prove more satisfactory and economical. An inferior quality of oil, used in cookery, will spoil the sauce or whatever else it may be added to; the same with butter, which should always be selected of the freshest and best. A small quantity of sweet butter will improve any preparation where it is required; whereas, with bad butter, the result will be exactly the reverse: the more you add of it the worse will your dish become. Never buy butter without carefully smelling and tasting it; these two tests are indispensable. If you have any doubts as to its freshness, do not on any account buy it, but try elsewhere; it is an invariable rule that "no good cookery is to be done with questionable butter."

Never employ eggs without examining them carefully, not only when buying them, but also when they are broken. An egg may appear perfectly good, and still have an unpleasant damp-straw flavor, which is sufficient to spoil a whole dish. Eggs should be broken, one after the other, and none put into the basin until their freshness has been ascertained.

With respect to bacon, one should likewise be very particular in selecting none but what is very white, with the least gristle possible, and quite fresh, and free from rustiness. Fresh pork should be of a light brownish hue, and free from any inequalities of color.

ROSE SONG.

See illustration on page 668.

SUNNY breadths of roses,
Roses white and red,
Rose-bud and rose-leaf,
From the blossom shed!
Goes my Darling flying
All the garden through,
Laughing she eludes me,
Laughing I pursue.

Now to pluck the red rose,
Now to pluck the white
(Hands as blossoms rosy),
Stopping in her flight:
What but this contents her,
Laughing as she goes?
Pelting with the rose-bud,
Pelting with the rose!

Roses round me flying,
Roses in my hair,
I to snatch them trying—
Darling, have a care!
Lips are so like flowers,
I might snatch at those;
Redder than the rose-leaves,
Sweeter than the rose.

AWAITING THE CONQUEROR.

See illustration on page 668.

I WATCH with a weary yearning,
I watch till my eyes grow dim,
For my hero home-returning,
And the chaplets weave for him.
For he comes from the fields of glory,
Where the foe lies stark and dead,
And his name for our children's story
Shall live when the years have fled.

He comes; and my heart to meet him
Goes forth o'er the shining sea;
We have tuned the harps to greet him
Who comes to be crowned by me.
And I would there were garlands fairer
Than these that our glad hands hold;
That nature had roses rarer,
Or a costlier gift than gold.

He comes; may the waves before him
Rest calm where the great sail swings;
May the gracious skies bend o'er him
With the fragrance summer brings!
And then, when a nation's altars
Are rich with the spoils of Rome,
I shall kiss with a lip that falters,
For joy that my love comes home.

THE GENTLE CRAFT.

An Echo.

See Illustration on page 668

AH, little maid, with the dimpled cheek,
That never has known a bitter tear,
All your thought is fishes to seek—
Roach and gudgeon and dace and bleak!
Wait till you come to twenty year.

Charlie may help to hold the rod,
Grasping it thus your cast to steer,
Lest the top-joint, with a needless nod,
Teach to the float behavior odd—
Wait till you come to twenty year.

If at a bite the float should throb,
Trust his teaching, although severe;
Heart may flutter and throat may sob—
But you don't get a catch for every bob:
Wait till you come to twenty year.

Twenty times over the season may pass—
Charlie may still be your only dear—
But you'll find all fishing is not, alas!
By the riverside, on the sunny grass:
Wait till you come to twenty year.

Try the swim again and again—
Only provided the swim be clear;
Just at present your only bane
Is when the lilies your float detain:
Wait till you come to twenty year.

The daintiest line that ever was dipped
Has brought the angler a basket queer;
Like the lithest rod that was ever unshipped,
And the prettiest stream that ever was whipped:
Wait till you come to twenty year.

I have angled in times gone by,
Little maid with the eyes sincere:
May you have luck no worse than I,
When in the river of life you try:
Wait till you come to twenty year.

Meanwhile, fishes alone to catch,
Give your mind to your angling gear
Time enough for a different match
When looks, not hooks, will the prey attach.
Wait till you come to twenty year.

Ah! little maid with the eyes of blue,
With a little lover so watchful near,
Hundreds there are that envy you—
And hundreds of boys that envy, too,
That little lover, as I would do,
Could I go back to twenty year.

Yes, little maid with the dimpled cheek,
Pure as the heaven of the upper sphere,
I but murmur an old man's pique—
Ah, to think of the love I'd speak,
Had I but come to twenty year!

MORAL.

Poor old dotard! and is this all—
All the wisdom and all the cheer
Sights like this innocent pair recall?
Sighing, "Could I but backward crawl
To the pure enchantment of twenty year!"

NOTE BY THE POET.

Dear little maid, with the dimpled cheek,
Though at your poet thus they sneer,
Do not think him a mean old sneak:—
'Twas because I love you my words were weak;
But I'll tell you all in the Kalends Greek,
When we've both come to twenty year.

PETTY CHEATING.

IT is mortifying to learn that, by the use of fraudulent weights and measures, cheating is continually on the increase, and one's indignation fires up on reflecting that it is the humbler and struggling classes who are for the most part the victims of it. Of many of the street traffickers it may be said that cheating, in some form or other, is their normal system of doing business. It would seem that the weights and measures of the outdoor traders are not subject to the supervision of the inspectors; at any rate, we never hear of these gentry being brought to account for their exploits. A pound of cherries bought from a hand-cart in the street is rarely found to weigh a dozen ounces; oftener, indeed, it may weigh eight or nine. The so-called pound weight of the street fruit-seller is a nondescript lump of metal, manufactured for the purpose, and has no definite relation to a pound avoirdupois, unless in appearance. In selling fruit by measure there is the same sort of sophistication. False wooden bottoms are common, as the buyers of nuts know well. If the measure is correct, which is assuming a great deal, the method of filling it is a delusion. A practiced hand will fill a quart pot with a pint of plums or gooseberries, and make it appear as though it were brimful and running over. Watch him narrowly, and you will see how he does it. He lays the measure horizontally, and covers the lower side with fruit; then raising the measure gradually he heaps a handful of fruit over the top with his left hand; at the same time having a good-sized plum, say between the finger and thumb of his right hand, he ingeniously inserts that as a kind of keystone to prevent the crowning heap from falling into the hollow beneath: thus the measure appears choke-full and filled up, though something like half the due quantity is lacking. This clever piece of cheatery is executed with astonishing rapidity—two seconds, we should say, affords ample time for it. When the measure, as in the case of strawberries and raspberries, goes with the fruit, the cheating, as every one knows, consists in filling the lower half, or more, of the box with some worthless material—grass, hay, fern-leaves, or any thing that comes to hand—so that half a pint of the fruit shall look like a pint, or a pint like a quart. It would appear that the summer fruits never have been honestly sold in the streets. It is cheapest in the end to buy of an honest, established dealer, whom you can trust as to the quantity and quality of your purchases.

HORTICULTURAL HINTS FOR AUGUST.

CONTRARY to the generally received impression, the months of August and September are very important months for horticultural labor; and a very large amount of work necessary to be done in the ornamentation of our country places and the cultivation of plants can be better executed and with more success at this time than in the spring or later in the season.

From the 15th of August until the end of September is a favorable time for the transplanting of evergreens. The past season's growth is then matured, the earth is warm and the nights cool, new roots are rapidly made, and the tree gets well established before winter sets in; and is, therefore, not so liable to be injured by the high winds of the late autumn and winter. Great care must be taken to prevent the roots of the trees to be transplanted from becoming dried. More trees and plants are lost from this cause than from any other; and if the trees are purchased at a nursery, the purchaser should insist that they be puddled as soon as they are dug up and kept moist. Puddling is dipping the roots into a mixture of fine pulverized clay and water of the consistence of thick cream, which, adhering to and encasing the roots, keeps them from being injured, as they otherwise would be if exposed to the air.

The trees should be planted as soon as taken up, and the earth well pulverized before being thrown over the roots. During the filling the tree should be well shaken up and down, so that the earth may fill up all the interstices between the roots, and not trodden down. When the hole is about three-fourths filled with earth pour in sufficient water to soak the soil well and settle it about the roots; when the water has all settled away, fill in the remaining earth, which will prevent the surface from becoming baked. If the surface of the soil becomes hard and baked it prevents the moisture of the soil below from being drawn up to the surface and so nourishing the plant, and also keeps the air from filtrating through the soil to the roots, the air being absolutely necessary to their existence. Should the weather be dry and hot it may be necessary, in ten days or a fortnight after, to draw the earth from the tree so as to make a basin three or four inches deep, and to give a good watering, returning the earth as before.

Do not use soap-suds, manure-water, or any other liquid except pure water, and do not fill in the hole with wood-pile earth, earth from the woods, or with manure, nor mix any such ingredients in the soil; they are almost certain death to a tree when it is transplanted, and are about as healthful to it as strong ale or turtle-soup would be to a sucking infant.

From the long list of species of evergreens to be found in the nursery catalogues, the best for general purposes—that is, those combining absolute hardiness, rapidity of growth, and beauty of form—the following may be selected. Among the Pine family are the Austrian Pine, the Scotch Pine, the White Pine, Lambert's Pine, the Corsican Pine, and the Bhotan Pine. Among the Spruce family are the Norway Spruce, of which there are many curious varieties, some being dwarf, others contorted or of cu-

rious monstrous forms; the Eastern Spruce, the Hemlock Spruce, or common Hemlock, one of the most elegant of evergreens, the Cephalonian Silver Fir, and Nordmann's Fir. — Among the Junipers the Irish and Swedish, the latter the most hardy, the Prostrate, and the Scaled Juniper. Among the Arbor-vitæs, the Siberian, the Golden, the Chinese, the Plicate, Hovey's, "Tom Thumb," and the Globose, are the best and most distinct, the last three being very dwarf varieties. Among the Cypresses, Lawson's and the Nootka Sound Cypress are the best. Among the Yews the English, the Upright Irish, the Golden, the Pyramidal and Dovaston are the finest. Box-edging may also be reset or planted at this season, taking care to water it well after it is planted.

In this month, preparation should be made for stocking the greenhouse for next winter's use. Seeds of Mignonnette, Sweet Alyssum, Schizanthus, Nemophila insignis, Rhodanthe, Calceolaria, Pansies, Daisies, Chinese Primroses, and Cinerarias may now be sown for blooming in the late winter and spring. The soil should be light and the seeds but barely covered, the pots containing them should be placed in a partially shaded place in a frame, and great care should be taken to keep them from becoming either dry or too moist by over-watering. Cuttings of Roses and Pelargoniums or Geraniums, as they are popularly, although erroneously, called, should now be made; they should be placed in a frame covered by a sash in a cool, shady place, and as they become rooted should have air gradually given to them.

Camellias, Azaleas, and green-house plants generally, which were not repotted in the spring, should now be repotted. The best soil for nearly all plants is well rotted old turf run through a very coarse sieve (say with meshes half an inch square), which, if not sufficiently light and friable, should have one-quarter or one-third coarse sand mixed with it, road sand answers a good purpose. Do not use any manure or leaf soil or wood soil—the tendency of all such matters is to produce fermentation, and to cause the soil in the pots to become sodden and sour. Plants grown in simple fresh turfy loam are always more stocky in their growth, and less liable to be drawn up or to make a spindling, weak growth. All the most successful growers are now abandoning the use of such materials, or if manure is given, or is considered necessary for such plants as Fuschias, Roses, Pelargoniums, and Cinerarias, it should be given when they begin to form flower buds, in a greatly diluted liquid state, once or twice a week until they are done blooming. Bear in mind not to put any crock, pot shred, or shell over the hole in the bottom of the pot, as it only prevents proper drainage; the hole is made there to afford drainage; to close it by covering it is only to do away with the purpose for which it was designed. The earth should be well shaken down into the space between the ball of roots and the sides of the pot into which it is shifted so as not to leave any open spaces, and then firmly pressed down with the fingers. The surface of the soil should not come nearer than within half an inch of the top of the pot in the pint, quart, half gallon and gallon sizes, and in larger pots a greater distance should be given. When the pots are filled too full of earth there is not space enough left to give a sufficiency of water at once; and while the top of the soil may appear moist, below it may be as dry as powder. This is one great reason why plants so often cast their flower-buds.

Hardy, herbaceous, perennial plants may be divided and transplanted after the 15th, and until the end of September. This class of plants has in a great measure gone out of fashion, and been replaced by what are technically known as bedding-out plants; and the leading florists of the country have fostered the fashion, as it enabled them to make larger profits and to do a more extensive business. Verbenas, Petunias, Zonale Geraniums, Salvias, and other soft-wooded plants are so readily propagated that there was no difficulty in growing a stock of from 5000 to 100,000 of any one of them in a single season; and as they can be sold at about one-half or two-thirds the price of hardy plants, short-sighted purchasers have bought them and planted them freely, forgetting that they would have none of them left after the first frost in the autumn, and that, during the months of April, May, and June of the succeeding year, their gardens would be flowerless, and that they would have to repeat the expenditure if they wished to have any flowers at all, so that after buying and planting for five or ten years they now have nothing to show for their money; yet, had they expended the same aggregate amount in purchasing herbaceous plants, they would have had in their flower-beds from one hundred to three hundred species and varieties, and they would have plants in bloom from the middle of March until November. We propose to give in our next article a descriptive list of some of the leading and choicest species and varieties as a guide to such of our lady readers as may wish to make a selection and trial of this beautiful and easily cultivated class of plants.

PELTED WITH ROSES.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 667.]

AWAITING THE CONQUEROR.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 667.]

THE GENTLE CRAFT.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 667.]

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

By FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

CHAPTER XII.

THE three hours were scarcely up when Jim, on looking out of the window of the room where he was bathing poor Cuthbert's mangled face, and keeping an eye on him as the Doctor had ordered, saw a great crowd approach the gate, led by Derrick's buggy. All of them who rejoiced in equipages of their own came in that aristocratic way; but there was a large following on foot, and quite a large one on horseback.

One of the latter class approached the buggy, and after a short conversation with him, Derrick drove rapidly to the stables. To the last moment he preserved his air of deprecation at the proposed proceedings, begging off from any attendance at the trial, on the ground that he was Cuthbert's friend; but telling the managers where they could find him, if necessary, in the garden.

Cuthbert was lying in a stupor of despair upon the bed, and Jim, with a terror natural at that day, was trying to frame some explanation of the concourse other than its having come to "roast a live nigger," when it poured through the gate and stopped. A short palaver took place, a wagon was unhitched and wheeled into the middle of the lawn, half a dozen men took their place on it, and a committee was sent to the house to secure the culprit.

Perro, in an agony of fear, showed them their way to Cuthbert's room. He was roused by their knocking, and himself called them to come in. They announced their mission with as little ceremony as is usual on such occasions, and with a calmness which surprised even them, used as they were to stolidity and bravado, he dressed himself to accompany them.

"Never mind a cravat," said one.

"No! we furnish that!" said another, with pleasant sportiveness, as if he quite enjoyed the lark; while a third, looking up at the sky, remarked that it was "fine weather for hanging."

The negroes about the house were secured for the witness-stand as roughly as possible, and the committee took back their prey to the crowd, who were already beginning to clamor with impatience at their delay.

Between two of his stoutest captors, Cuthbert was set in a conspicuous place on the wagon. Seeing his bruised face the crowd set up a shout of derision, for the impression that he had shown fight seemed exquisitely facetious to them. A strange peace buoyed him up. He had a thousand times thought of some distant, unknown dying day with inconceivable terror. Here it was! He could tell, almost to the minute, how long he would have to look upon this green earth, that blue sky; but he felt no fear. All that made life desirable had passed away from him in the last twenty-four hours. His mind was clear now from all the fumes of drink—even from the bewilderment of wrath with which he had pronounced his malediction upon Derrick. He could look back sanely on the horrors of the last night; and he saw that, however wicked he had been otherwise, he was free of the crime, because innocent of the intention, of infanticide. Would not Lily say so when she met him presently? And if Lily, not the merciful Lord whom she loved? Already that Lord seemed *so* merciful! This was not the way in which he would have chosen to die; but of how little consequence was that when the day had been so timely selected for him! The good Lord had compelled him to stay on the earth only for a few hours after all its light had gone out for him, and he would sup to-night on new wine in the Kingdom, with his angel at the banquet beside him, where light is eternal, and they need no sun nor moon to lighten them.

The negroes, Kledda, Perro, and Jim, were successively "put through" by eminently jocular prosecutors, amidst roars of laughter, and with the same general nonchalance that would greet witnesses to the spoliation of a hen-roost. They had but one short, simple tale to tell. All three had heard the prisoner say that he killed his daughter. Their testimony over, Cuthbert was asked what he had to say for himself. "Nothing," he replied, in a firm and courteous voice, "except that what they have testified is true, and to say, what can not make any difference with the result, that I did not mean to kill her. I had suffered from a late severe domestic affliction, and been drinking to drown my trouble. I took too much liquor for my reason or self-control, and while under the influence of it struck a little angel, before lifting my hand against whom, in my sober moments, I would have cut it off. The blow, and the fall into a deep part of the Run, caused her death. I am glad that I need not stay long behind her, for life would be very hard if I had to."

His dignified and gentle manner made a very favorable impression on several here and there among his crowd of judges, who, having lost children of their own, used their handkerchiefs surreptitiously when he spoke so touchingly about his little girl, asked if the body had been found, and, on hearing that it had not, started legal questions as to whether the execution ought not to be arrested till the Run was dragged and it discovered. But the mass understood none of these subtleties about the necessity of a "*corpus delicti*," and chafed for a vote, which resulted largely in favor of Cuthbert Kearney's immediate execution.

He was asked if he had any thing to say before he was "swung off." He replied, after looking around among the crowd, that he did not see Derrick Dalmager, and would feel much easier in his mind if he could have a few minutes' conversation with him before he died. There were some brutes in too great a hurry for the show to grant him that trifling request; but on putting it to vote a large majority acceded to it.

The Committee found him in the garden, and brought him back with them. It was the first time their eyes had met since the fight in the bedroom, and for the only time in their acquaintance did Derrick find it impossible to stand the ordeal—dropping his own almost immediately, though he raised them again, and showing so much perturbation that of the two who sat whispering in the wagon a new-comer might likely enough have selected the wrong one as he who was about to be hanged. Derrick had brought this all about, and he could not help feeling—though he was mistaken—that Cuthbert knew it. He had never before known such inward disturbance in his life. He was on the very threshold of all his fulfilled wishes. The fruit which had dropped out of his illicit grasp this morning to-night he might legally hope for. The object of his long contempt; the attempted possessor of his paternal demesne; his obstacle with the woman he loved; his eyesore every where; the only man who had ever dared to smite him on the face; the man whom he had smitten in the heart—was in a few minutes more to be removed forever out of his way: his chief desires were fulfilled on the very heels of their conception. Yet this man, over whom he had his final triumph, sitting there in such grave peace, seemed to triumph over him. He was going to the realization of all things—he could have no disappointment any more forever. Was what Derrick had got worth all he had paid for it? Would it pay hereafter? This man, with one foot in the eternal world, seemed strangely, immeasurably, his superior.

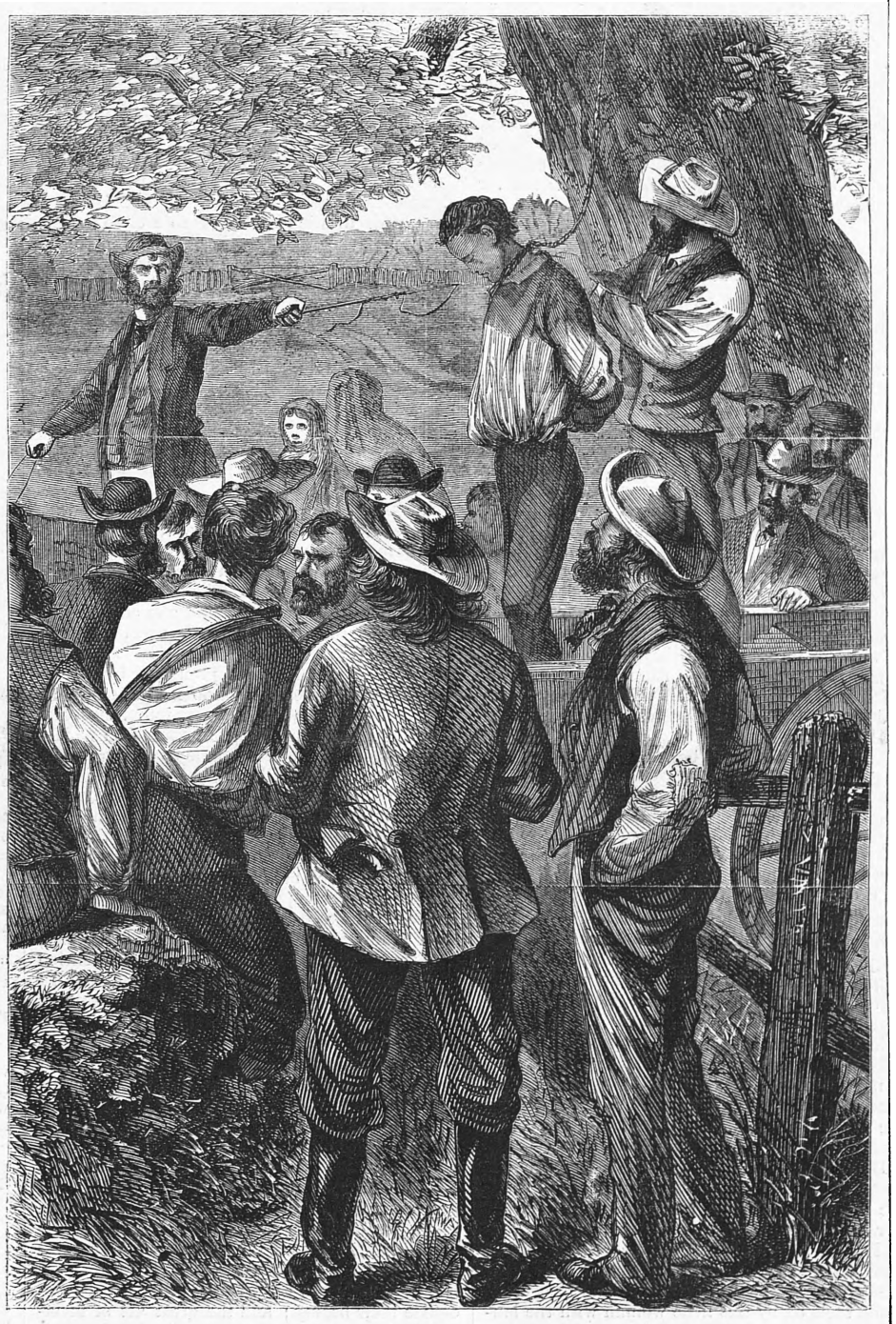
"Derrick!" whispered Cuthbert, "I know all. If you love her, and she loves you, you will make each other happy. I hope you both do love each other now, though it was hell to think so this morning. I never was worthy of her. I could see many a thing, after I knew you, where I lacked in those things that win a woman's admiration; and—dear me!—how many of them you had! Well, well! Love her, and be kind to her; tell her I don't wonder she loves you; and—you won't be angry with me *now*—take my forgiveness, both of you—freely, heartily. You can let me send a kiss to her *now*, to make up till we meet again, can't you? I want you to forgive me too. I'm very sorry I was so bitter up there in the room: I humbly beg your pardon for striking you. And remember that now as I stand, where the two roads part—where I can look before and after, and see what both worlds are worth—I take back all those curses; I don't mean one of them now—don't feel one—no, not one."

(Cries of "Time's up!" from the crowd.)

"They're calling me. Well, that's all I have to say, except that I pray you and she may be happy here, and that we may all meet by-and-by in a world where all our offenses are forgiven and forgotten. I've been a great sinner, but I love my little angel's Jesus in spite of that, and I hope that I'm going the right way—yes! I humbly know I am, for He's the Way. Be kind to *her*, and both of you come that same way. Now I'm going to see my baby! Good-by, Derrick!"

Cuthbert wrung his hand, and without a word Derrick slipped down from the wagon, feeling as if through that hand lightning had passed up into his heart.

The tree selected for the ghastly work was a noble oak in the middle of the lawn, the most venerable tree on the Dalmager demesne. A light one-horse wagon was driven under a limb which grew about fifteen feet from the ground—a rope was thrown over this limb, secured by a slip-knot, and another noose was made at its other extremity. An empty box was set on end in the wagon to raise the victim high enough for a fall of about four feet, and on this he was ordered to stand up. The noose was thrown over his head, and as he turned away his solemn eyes from the pitiless surging crowd, in which there was not one face that pleaded for him, to the bright blue sky, and the sun whose beams should cherish him no more, one of the managers fired a pistol, the driver started his horse forward, and with a prayer on his lips, he fell. As the victim's weight straightened the rope with a jerk the limb slowly bent downward, then came crashing to the ground, not broken off short at the arm-pit, but splitting out a long perpendicular splinter of the trunk itself from the point where it sprung to the very root of the tree.



"STOP THE HANGIN'!"

"D—d pretty business this!" said one of the managers, as he loosed the cord from Cuthbert's throat and bid him take a respite till they could find a more reliable branch. The nearest of the crowd pressing around the tree, curious to examine the cause of the catastrophe, found that time and weather had made the venerable oak a mere shell. That piece of the trunk which had splintered out with the limb was fifteen feet in length, and from four to fifteen inches in breadth, but in several places not more than an inch in thickness. Every body on the estate had known for years that the tree was hollow; on one side of the trunk, a little higher than a tall man could reach, was a hole extending into the interior, through which, if so minded, he might easily have poked a Webster's Unabridged; but the exterior appeared so solid that the thinness of the sound wood took the examiners by surprise.

Suddenly a man, peering into the great cavity large enough for a comfortable ticket-office, exclaimed "Hello! What's that?" and borrowing a friend's cane, with the curve of it hooked out through the crevice a rusty iron box about eighteen inches square. He wiped from it its crust of mould and rotten wood-dust, and holding it up to the light, read, in tarnished gilt Gothic text, upon the cover, the name

Seibert Kearney.

Cuthbert had paid no attention to the explorations going on beside him. Motionless, with his hands tied behind him, and his thoughts far away, he stood looking dreamily across the lawn toward the fields where but yesterday he had wandered in such bliss with his little girl, and wondering how much more beautiful those shining meads would be where he should stray with her, hand in hand once more, before they who staid on the earth had their sundown. He was rudely recalled from his reverie by the finder of the box, who nudged him, and pointing to the half-faded characters, said:

"Old man's name, isn't it?"

Cuthbert uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"My father's cash-box! My friend, I should have been saved a good deal of sorrow if that had been found earlier."

"Double-locked, isn't it? What's in here?" and the man shook it. There was a metallic chink which corroborated the presumption from its heaviness that the box was decidedly worth opening.

"Got the keys with you?" asked the finder, greedily.

"No; all the keys that belonged to my father are on a string in the house."

"Where? where?" asked the man, with gloating eyes. "I don't suppose there's much in it; but 't might be just as well to see—where are they?"

"Found another limb!" shouted one of the managers, from a distant magnolia—"sent up a nigger to jump on the bough and make a sure job this time. Bring him along!"

"Hold on a minute, can't you?" called the finder—"me and the prisoner's got a little business;" and he wrapped the box up in his coat, taken off for that purpose, to hide it from any neighbor who might claim shares.

"Oh, damn your business!—d'ye think we can wait all day?—bring him along!"

Carrying his bundle, and sticking to Cuthbert like a leech, with an occasional whisper about "*them keys*," and "*getting the matter off his mind*," to which the prisoner paid no attention, he followed him to the magnolia, and stood chafing at the tail of the wagon, which was driven under the newly-selected gibbet. The box was put in, and once more Cuthbert was called on to mount.

He was about to obey when a clumsy farm wagon was seen coming up the Owlieville road at a rate which made the wheels jump. The ill-matched span of heavy grays were in a lather of sweat and on the keen gallop. Just as the amateur hangman was bustling to prepare the lower slip-knot the team came back on their haunches with a jerk, and the lower gate of the Dalmager demesne, about twenty rods distant from the sacrificial magnolia, was thrown open by a shock-headed old man, who leaped from the wagon, in a striped jean coat, a hickory shirt, and pantaloons of corduroy. Every body on the outskirts of the crowd, and they who occupied that exalted central position where they could see the wagon beneath the magnolia, turned to look at the new-comer. Even Cuthbert and his executioner paused for a moment from their share in the dreadful ceremony. The old man jumped to his seat again with the same youthful alacrity he had shown in getting down, and laying the lash on his horses brought them, quicker than I have been able to tell of it, abreast the fatal tree. Thinking that this was only some worthy citizen who had got in a little late at the performance, and ascribing his *empressement* to the fear of a scolding from the two members of his family on the seat behind him who had nearly missed the show, the connoisseur Ketch was about slipping his noose over Cuthbert's head as the old man halted again, and, standing up on the seat where every body could see him, yelled,

"Stop the hangin'!"

An angry murmur ran through the crowd, with cries of "What for, d—n you?" "Who's that?" and "It's nobody but old Suggs!"

So it was. Our acquaintance of the Hog Scramble toll-gate turned to one of the figures wrapped in a coarse, light shawl behind him, and it climbed to the seat by his side.

"Ye ask Suggs what that's for, do ye? Give me your eyes, and I'll tell ye. Take off that kiver, gal!"

The shawl was dropped, and there stood Lily Kearney!

"Now go on with your hangin' if you dare!" cried the man of the toll-gate.

Just in time to avoid Cuthbert's completion of his own murder the executioner slipped the noose off his head, and he tumbled forward from the box a lifeless heap. Scarcely a person in the crowd had ever seen the little girl before, but Suggs told the nearest spectators who she was, and the information traveled among them like wild-fire. "It's his daughter!" "It's the little gal they said was murdered!" "By the Eternal, they were going to hang an innocent man!" Such exclamations went thrilling through the throng from circumference to centre. It was strange to notice how every man used the third person plural—"*they* said," "*they* were going to hang." All instinctively shunned the responsibility of the crime which in ten minutes more would have been on the soul of every one of them, and assumed the position of disinterested lookers-on, drawn to the spectacle by mere curiosity. Some besotted brutes grumbled at their disappoint-

ment, but there were other men to whom it became a salutary lesson of civilization—who for the first time were stricken with horror at a red-handed vengeance capable of making such frightful mistakes as this had come so near to being, and who resolved upon the spot that they would never attend a Lynch trial again.

The crowd parted for the little girl to pass through. She was deathly pale, and so weak that before she had gone three steps from the wagon her feet failed her, and her companion was obliged to lift her in her arms. This companion was a closely-veiled woman in a coarse, cheap gown of calico, cut after the most graceless fashion of "poor white trash" society, with a corresponding straw bonnet that seemed trimmed with odds and ends fished out of a rag-bag, and several sizes too large for her. They reached the executioner's wagon, and the woman, after helping Lily into it, stood motionless by the forward wheel.

The little girl fell upon her knees by Cuthbert's side, and kissed his pale face in a passion of daughterly tenderness. "Oh, papa! darling papa!" she cried, "won't you speak to your own lamb—your own little Lily?" Then she fell to chafing his poor cold hands, and tried to draw his inanimate face into her lap; but the man who had lately stood stolidly preparing to slaughter him had to help her, and did it with tears in his eyes.

By-and-by Cuthbert heard her entreaties sounding like sweet music from some far distance—it seemed to come closer and closer—and then he opened his eyes and fixed them on her face with unspeakable love. His poor pallid lips moved, but could frame no audible syllable, till one of the rude by-standers, touched by the little girl's pleading face, ran and brought her some water for her father in a rusty old camp cup from the Run. She wet his mouth, and in a tone of blissful, heart-satisfied peace, he murmured:

"Oh, my angel! I'm with you again—thank God, with my darling again!"

"Oh yes! thank Him—thank Him more than tongue can tell! You're safe, my own papa—you're safe!" and she hugged him with wild, joyful kisses as if she could never let him go.

"It was so quick—so easy," whispered Cuthbert, with half-open eyes. "I never thought how easy it *would* be—I never felt it—yet I am here—thank God! thank God!"

He paused a moment—struggled to open his dim eyes wider, and continued:

"I can't see very plainly yet, but it seems as if I saw a cut upon your forehead, darling—"

"Don't think about that," said she, hastily pulling down the handkerchief which was bound over the strip of plaster on her wound. "That's all over now. You didn't do it; it was the naughty little stone; but it don't hurt me, and it mustn't you, ownest own, lovely, loving papa!"

"But—the mark won't stay—will it? Such things don't show here—do they? I thought—"

"*Here*, papa? Where, precious?"

"*In heaven*," answered Cuthbert again, in the tone of immeasurable peace.

"Heaven? Oh yes! I know now! Did you think you had died?"

"Didn't I?" asked Cuthbert, in a voice of bewilderment.

"Look, dear papa! I'm alive—here on this earth!"

Cuthbert raised himself upon one elbow, looked hurriedly about him, saw the crowd, and dropped back upon Lily's lap, almost swooning again with astonishment.

"Don't faint, dear papa," said Lily. "Hark, and I'll tell you. When I fell into the pool, the dear old Run carried me out through that narrow crack, and as I was going down stream the Lord told it to wash me against a little log which was floating there. The little log had one little crooked finger, but it stuck it out and caught your Lily right by the waist of her frock, and I fell fast asleep just as we went sailing off together. I don't know how long it was, but by-and-by I was swept against a bridge, and the bridge held me. Then somebody passed by and saw me, and took me up and carried me to a house—queer old Suggs's house—a man that keeps a toll-gate—and got flannels and rubbed me and stopped my bleeding, and made me all warm and alive again. Then I woke, and in the afternoon, when I got just strong enough to sit up, somebody came to the toll-gate, and told old Suggs he was sorry, he was *so* sorry he had to go out to Hog Scramble, because there was going to be a hanging up at Dalmager's. The window was open right by my chair, and I could hear Suggs say, 'Who is it?' and the other man answered, 'It's that Yankee fellow, Kearney—they're going to hang him because he killed his little girl.'

"Then I and the person that saved me almost died. But Suggs was very kind to us, though he is a poor old man and drinks and swears like grandpa. And he took us with his own team, and whipped it all the way; and dear Jesus helped us, and we got here in time. Good man," she continued, addressing the pleasantest face in the crowd that stood pressing and gaping about them, "won't you please ask them to go away—just a little way off—so I can speak to my papa alone?"

"Yes, I will, you dear little gal!" said the man, wiping his eyes with the back of a brown, hairy hand. "I had just such a little rose-bud as you are up to six weeks ago last Sunday—come on, fellers, and leave 'em private."

All retired save the woman in the white trash gown, and Lily went on,

"Don't you love the good person that saved me, papa?"

"Oh, my Lily, I thank whomever it was next to God!" sobbed Cuthbert Kearney—"thank and love, too; so much that there is nothing I wouldn't do to show it."

"Suppose it was somebody that had been very wicked and cruel to you, would you forgive him?"

"If it were my worst enemy, darling. Oughtn't I when he had saved your life and mine? It wouldn't be forgiveness; for the debt, whatever it was, would be wiped off—nobody could be my enemy so much that to love him for to-day would be any thing but common gratitude."

"And if he hadn't any home in the world—but was cast off and wandering, with nowhere to go, nobody to take him—would you give him a home yourself, dear papa?"

"While I had a place for your head and mine, as long as I lived, he should share it."

"Then, poor thing, come here and see papa," spoke Lily, to the veiled woman standing behind Cuthbert by the wheel. "You've got Love and Home and Somebody to be dear to you always."

The woman leaned over Cuthbert, her whole frame convulsed with weeping, and tremblingly lifted her veil.

"My wife! My wife!"

"O God! Oh, Cuthbert!"

"Kiss her! oh, papa, kiss her!" cried Lily; "tell her you forgive her!"

"Can you—can you forgive? Let me hear you say it, and I'll go away satisfied!"

Cuthbert clasped his arms around her neck, and, pressing her to his bosom, told her that, if *she* would stay, she should go away from him no more forever.

"Oh blessed Jesus!" whispered Lily, her pale face lighted with Heaven's own peace, "I knew you would bring back my mamma—and you have, dear Jesus—how I love you! You have!" She threw one soft arm around the neck of each, and for a little space, with their cheeks bowed together, they all wept silently as if their hearts would break. Oh happy hearts, that break for fullness of bliss!

MEDIEVAL FRENCH COSTUMES.

THE costume of the period is worthy attention. Trowsers had no pockets like those of modern times. They were held up by a belt. Besides this belt, another belt was worn, which encircled the long gowns worn in common by both sexes. Upon this belt were suspended the keys, the purse, and the knife of the wearer. If he was a lawyer, he carried his desk slung upon it. The belt, which was visible, became after a short time a fashionable luxury among the women. It was sometimes made of silk, of silver, or of gold, and gave rise to the proverb so soothing to the jealousy of the women of the middle and lower classes, that *a good renown is worth more than a golden belt*. The same fashionable love of finery was extended to purses, which took different names according to their size and quality. When the charge of debt was brought against a man, his belt was taken from him in the presence of the judges, and this was interpreted into a declaration that his property no longer belonged to him. Widows who had resolved not to remarry, deposited their belts upon the graves of their husbands.

FLIRTING AS AN ART.

SOCIETY bears far too hardly upon flirts. The majority of these not uninteresting creatures are simply the victims of a peculiar temperament. Flirtation, in their case, is due to physiological, not psychical causes. They coquette with men for the same reason that kittens play with each other; it is their instinct thus to amuse themselves. Their pretty wiles are not the result of a theory, but the quite unconscious, unintentional, and innocent play of a natural impulse. The sly looks, the quaint graces, the pert airs which seem so very artificial are no more artificial than the color of the young person's eyes or the tapering form of her fingers. "Be natural, and abandon these meretricious pretentions and affectations," says society; and the flirt is natural, but alters neither her habits nor her manners. Then society, never very logical at the best, becomes angry. She sees her finest boys being tortured, and turned away from the serious business of their life, and altogether made fools of, by this little woman with the languishing eyes and the shapely mouth. Eldest sons as well as younger sons are the prey of the flirt; and more sedate young women, whom it would be highly advantageous for these boys to marry, sit unsolicited and alone. Society begins to call the flirt names. She regards the tiny woman (nearly all girls who are flirts by nature are small in person) with the virtuous indignation of a disappointed mother. She thinks it a monstrous thing that the dangerous little creature should be tolerated; and she is amazed to see the attentions paid to her by the men. Hence the name of flirt has become one of dire opprobrium. Out of mere self-defense society has been forced to excommunicate this subtle enemy. Flirtation is the secret poison which, introduced into the social body, disarranges its functions, upsets its equilibrium, and tends to produce decay and death. For it is the business of society to get people to marry. All its institutions have, more or less openly, that end in view. What are its balls, parties, picnics, and so forth, but so many opportunities for love-making and consequent match-forming? They are as much ruled by one ultimate aim as are the rustic games of villages, which are essentially so many ingenious devices for allowing young people to kiss each other. Now, flirtation enters this pretty scheme as the serpent entered Paradise. It is the one foreign element. It overturns all the nice calculations of prospective mothers-in-law. It defeats the prospects of many a very worthy and honest girl. It turns the head and empties the pocket of many a very tolerable young gentleman. Sometimes it occasions a suicide. Need we wonder that society regards this thing with horror? Unfortunately, however, society refuses to recognize the distinction between flirtation and the flirt. Flirtation may be—nay, is—bad enough; but if the flirt only acts in consonance with the unavoidable impulses of her silly little nature, how is she to be blamed? We shut the leper out beyond the gates, or we lock him up in a hospital; but we are not moved by any ill-will toward him. Why should we be angry with this gentle creature of nineteen, who can not help looking at you with her big eyes in a peculiar way; who can not help writing in an ingeniously suggestive manner; who sucked in a tendency to flirtation with her mother's milk? As yet, we have no hospital for the cure for flirtation in which we might shut up this fascinating invalid. Flirtation-doctors have not yet arisen; and while we take no precautions to prevent or cure the disease, we console ourselves by abusing and vilifying the persons afflicted. Such treatment does not accord very well with our generally professed notions of benevolence and mutual sympathy. It may be more or less satisfactory to ourselves, but it is not very logical.

If, in this matter, society must direct its rage against some one, that scape-goat should not be the flirt natural, but the flirt artistic. The one is the victim of a poison running through her veins; the other is a skillful elaborator of this poison, using it as a charm to produce all kinds of devilment and sorcery. The flirt natural is an unfortunate; the flirt artistic is a criminal. One may forgive a girl who owes to the chemic action of her blood a disposition for indefinitely making love to every body; but she who simulates the symptoms of this ailment in order to procure for herself a passing amusement removes herself into another class. The flirt natural is not nearly so dangerous as her artistic sister. The former is very likely to bring her career to a close by suddenly marrying, and then her husband, acting as keeper, prevents her committing ravages upon society to any great extent. But the flirt artistic is not caught by any of these sudden gusts of passion. She is too cool, self-collected, self-conscious. She does not flirt because she can not help it; she chooses flirtation as her favorite pastime, and prepares herself for it. Mr. Briggs, going out fishing with a splendid assortment of rods, gaffs, landing-nets, hooks, feathers, lines, reels, and what not, is but a feeble representative of the artistic flirt, when she enters a room clothed in æsthetic armor. She bristles with weapons. She can throw pointed knives with the precision of a Chinese juggler. Where the flirt natural draws out her forces so clumsily as sometimes to make her an object of ridicule in the eyes of the person attacked the flirt artistic manipulates them with the skill and accuracy of a general. She knows how they will best tell; she is further acquainted with her enemy's weak points. The natural flirt, prompted by her innocence, shows her hand too much. Making love to a widower she will get into rhapsodies over the beauty and angelic temper of as plain and pestilent a lot of little brats as ever tormented a visitor. She will grossly flatter to his face a cold-blooded author who is studying her for "material;" or she will pretend to be hurt by the negligence of a man who, instead of thinking any thing about her, is pondering over some railway-bridge he is building, or the price of some yacht he wishes to purchase. A woman who understands the true art of flirtation never commits such blunders. She knows, in the first place, that the easiest way to pique men into attention is by the display of indifference to them—a display, however, which must not be so overdone as to be apparent. She knows that men like to seek, not to be sought; and her object is to make herself, not worth the seeking, but seekable. That is to say, she does not care so much to possess that which men most love as to possess that which will provoke most men into fancying they love her. It is amusement she wishes; and she does not care to have the pastime grow too serious. *Then* there is the chance of exposure, scandal, and other unpleasantness. She prefers to make life agreeable to herself by reaping the gentle flatteries men bestow on the women who most attract them. The possession of beautiful eyes is only valuable to a woman if other people recognize their beauty; and the great art of flirtation is the securing of this attention by the skillful bringing out of the flirt's best points. The flirt's strongest weapon is undoubtedly her eyes. The eyes can utter so much without compromising their owner. They never blunder; they never shock unexpected prejudices; they never say any thing rude, or hasty, or injudicious. However great a woman's cleverness may be there is always a chance of her misrepresenting herself in a letter; however accomplished a talker she is she is always apt, especially in the subtleties of flirtation, to commit herself. But the eyes are never chargeable with inconsistency. They may be grossly inconsistent, they may make love to a man one moment and laugh in his face the next; but the victim of their inconsistency dare not complain. He can not prove his case against so intangible an enemy. It is this which makes the flirt's eyes so powerful and so dangerous. Her manner is also a strong weapon. Natural graces of form and feature she knows how to cultivate to the best advantage as well as other women; but in the acquired grace of her manner she has one of the principal instruments of her pet amusement. Other women may have as fine a neck, as pretty wrists, as delicate hands; but the artistic flirt knows how to make these speak the occult language in which she converses with her admirers. And it is to be noted that the woman who definitely chooses flirtation for her chief pastime, and who devotes herself to it with all the energy of which she is capable, has generally plenty of admirers and few lovers. The natural flirt, who flirts because her sympathetic and foolish little heart delights to bask in the sunshine of sham love-making, is far more likely to win the adoration of a real lover than the woman who treats flirtation as a science. The former may herself fall in love, if only out of a weak sympathy with a strong passion; the latter, loving a free life full of amusement, will not allow herself to be guilty of any such indiscretion, and takes care to stifle the premonitory tendency to it. A woman who is not swayed by any self-conscious theory, and who makes love to every body merely because making love comes naturally to her, is quite likely to be led, also naturally, into making love to some one in particular. Then comes the crisis of marriage, the cares of children and domestic duties, and the ceaseless battles with recusant servants, to drive the quicksilver of flirtation out of her blood and transform her into an affectionate, motherly, and pleasant little woman. The artistic flirt is seldom captured and tamed in this way. Sometimes she becomes the victim of a grand passion; and gives her former admirers their revenge by committing some prodigious act of folly; but more frequently she amuses herself with sham love-making until real love-making is no longer possible to her, and she subsides into the comfortable quiet of elderly single life.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A YOUNG LADY.—The great principle of all courtesy is to yield the advantage to the guest or stranger. Let this, therefore, be your guide, and adhere to no absolute law of precedence. If by letting your "guest step on first he or she would not know which way to turn" then take the lead yourself, for it is courtesy to save your guest every inconvenience or embarrassment.

In going down stairs the lady precedes the gentleman if there is not sufficient width for the two side by side. In going up stairs the same general rule holds good, unless crinoline or short skirts should suggest the propriety of an exception.

SIR.—While children and subordinates should never fail to say "Sir" or "Ma'am" to their elders or superiors in station, it is not considered good-breeding for equals, unless their relations are of the most formal or ceremonious kind, to repeat these titles of courtesy. The bluntness of "yes" or "no" can be avoided by the addition of "indeed," "truly," or any other phrase softener without the use of the "Sir" or "Ma'am."

INQUIRER.—Two, three, four, or more persons can play at Martelle, according to the number of balls provided. The price of Martelle is $15; of Planchette, from $1 50 to $8; and of Improved Croquet, from $16 to $20. Messrs. Kirby & Co., of New York, are the inventors of Planchette and Improved Croquet. By using only two colors, and designating the turn of the players by the number of stripes on the balls and mallets, the latter system greatly simplifies croquet.

GERTRUDE.—Trim your steel-colored silk with a cord fringe four inches wide of the same shade as the dress. Make a heading of a fold of the silk, cut bias, an inch wide, loose at the edges, and sewed on with a thick piping in the centre. We can not say certainly what will be the prevailing style in September. We anticipate that short dresses and paniers will still prevail, with scarf-shaped wrappings and mantles.

X. Y. Z.—The smell of a smouldering wick of a tallow-candle is hurtful, notwithstanding what you may have heard to the contrary. A case is recorded of destruction to life from holding such a wick under the nose of a sleeping boy.

MRS. H. L.—The law authorizes the arrest of persons for certain frauds not matters for criminal prosecution, but a woman can not be arrested except for willful injury to person, character, or property.

A. Y. L.—If your "gentleman acquaintance" is an intimate friend you may recognize him at any distance or height; if not, it is "not *the* thing to see him across the street or up at a window."

MRS. CHURCH.—We refer you to the answer given to "Yearly Subscriber," in *Bazar* No. 40, for the information you desire about morning dresses. Make the sleeves in the manner described in the "New York Fashions" of *Bazar* No. 41—a full coat-sleeve gathered into a broad starched cuff. In the same article you will learn that short gored skirts and loose sacques are in vogue for muslin morning dresses. We gave a pattern of a kitchen apron in No. 34 of *Harper's Bazar*, which combines utility and beauty. We do not consider mud-turtles a commendable article of food.

HELEN LITTLE.—Java canvas is sold here at $2 50 a yard. We can not make purchases for our correspondents.

CHARLES.—The spelling *Phyllipœna* would be correct if derived, as some think, from Phyllis, the daughter of a King of Thrace. Her betrothed took a journey, and not returning at the promised time Phyllis died of grief, and was changed, according to one tradition, into an almond-tree. Young lovers in consequence exchanged almond kernels in remembrance of her devoted love. Hence the *Phylli*, to which is added the Latin *pœna*, signifying sometimes "torment" or "regret." The whole word Phyllipœna would thus signify *Regret for Phyllis*. There are some who spell the word *Philopœna*, and derive it from a Greek word signifying "love" and a Latin one meaning "punishment." The term would thus mean "love of punishment," implying that those who play at this game of courtesy would like to pay the forfeit.

JANETTE.—Hypatia was a lady who flourished in the early age of Christianity, celebrated for her learning, beauty, and virtue; her father was Leon the philosopher of Alexandria, where she was born. She was regarded as the prodigy of her age and the glory of her sex, and is enrolled among the philosophers famous in history. She had acquired all the learning of the period, including the art of oratory, and became the wonder of the populace and the admiration of the learned. Her learning and her charms exercised also a strong political influence, and in a tumult at Alexandria between the Jews and Christians she was slain with the most inhuman cruelty, and her remains were consumed to ashes. Charles Kingsley made Hypatia the heroine of one of his novels.

PHILOLOGIST.—*Fair* used in the sense of genuine, as in the phrases "*fair* dollar," that is to say, not a counterfeit one, "fair horse," not a wooden imitation, or the picture of one, is an Americanism, chiefly employed by young New Yorkers. *Clever* is now being generally used in the United States by the cultivated according to its old English meaning of able, and not as amiable or good-natured, which was once the common acceptation of the word in America.

MRS. M. S. C.—You will find directions for making a long gored skirt in the answer to Mrs. D. L. Thompson, in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 41. It is quite impossible for us to give such details as you require by private letter.

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by News-dealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"AMONG THIEVES."

I.

BEAUTIFUL thieves!
When summer breezes lift the heavy leaves,
Brunette, châtaine, and blonde,
With eyes and lips that sweetly correspond,
Some gay, some sad, some petite, and some tall,
But robbers all—
From noon serene till rises evening's star
How prettily they vex
Our weaker sex,
When they sell nothings at a gay Bazar.

II.

Unscrupulous thieves!
Each ruddy little mouth sweet nonsense weaves:
Charmingly sweet are they
To any one who throws his gold away,
Buys purses, garters, cushions, babies' shoes,
Whate'er you choose.
The pretty rogues full of gay witcheries are;
Not quite so kind are they
On the next day,
If you should call just after the Bazar.

III.

Oh sweet young thieves!
Your merry game nor injures nor deceives.
We throw our V's away
For toys for which a dime would overpay,
But with those self-same dollars do we buy
Glance of an eye,
Flushed cheek and musical laughter, costlier far
Than aught that Fate can give
To men that live
Till Aphrodite sings at a Bazar.

VICTIMS OF THE FAIR—"AMONG THIEVES."

FACETIÆ.

TRUE IN ONE SENSE.—A writer may be said to be more free than a king, inasmuch as he can "choose his own *subjects*."

When is a scheme like the third of a yard?—When it's a-foot.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.—A mother, not long since, was lamenting the loss of a child (one of a family of eight). "Because," she said, "there was just enough for a cotillion, and they did dance so prettily."

An ingenious quack is trying to prove that Absalom must have used some of his "restorative," else he could not have had such long hair.

AN IMPERFECT ANGEL.—One of the younger members of the French Legation at Washington is noted for his gallant and exquisite compliments. A few evenings since, at a "German" at Governor M.'s, he was introduced to a witty lady who had an ugly flat nose. The polite Frenchman discreetly complimented her on her dancing, to which she archly replied, "Ah! I have heard you are a flatterer, but you can not find it in your heart to compliment me on my personal beauty, so you praise my dancing." "Madame," was the reply, with a Parisian bow, "you are an angel from heaven, but you fell upon your nose."

A CLOSE GAME—Courting.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

Tune.—Music's argument.
Twaddle.—Your writing and mine—especially yours.
Tyrant.—Sometimes Papa, sometimes Mamma, sometimes Baby—but very much Mamma.
Understanding.—What is beneath a woman's sole to discuss.
Undertaker.—Black Stick in waiting—for all of us.
Variations, mus.—Assault and battery on a favorite air.
Vice.—What women of the epoch assume, though they have it not.
Victory.—The happy possessor of a car woman is always wanting to drive.
Vine.—Wine in the wood.
Virtue.—A vice when made too prominent.
Voice.—What makes a nightingale of Mrs. Jay in her J.'s ears, and *voice versâ*.
Waist.—A moveable feast offered by Fashion to sight.
War.—Pluto's recruiting sergeant.
Water.—The lover's register.
Wedding-party.—The crowd at an execution.
Whim.—A fly that buzzes in the empty chamber of the brain.
Widow.—An old soldier on half-pay—ready to join at a moment's notice.
Wife.—A crown of glory to her husband—or a crown of thorns.
Will.—In her favor is as good as the deed.
Wine.—the juice to pay.
Wit.—The truffle of conversation.
Woman.—The first who added woe to man.
Youth.—The only age which feels too young.
Zoo.—A place of worship for monkeys.

THE FASHIONS.—The ladies go to such lengths now in dress, that their trains are as extensive as excursion trains. Even the short walking-dress, or *robe courte* is a little above two feet.

THE UNIVERSAL METRIC SYSTEM.—One measure in which all civilized nations agree—The church-yard.

QUERY FOR METEOROLOGISTS.—When a storm has been brewing in the air, has the downfall ever been known to take the shape of beer?

BLOW HIM UP!—A scientific correspondent writes to us that he sees in the newspapers "Borwick's Baking Powder," and wishes to say that if he is, he is doing a very dangerous thing, and that there's safe to be an explosion.

MATRIMONIAL.—A gentleman, endowed with a great deal of brass, desires to meet with a lady possessing a corresponding amount of tin.

WHO'S AFRAID?—A little three-year-old was in the habit of helping himself to crackers in the pantry—lifting the tin lid and plunging his hand into the stone jar for them. One day, after listening to stories about rats, he went after a cracker, and hearing some noise that he imagined was made by the rats, he rushed back to the parlor, and with flushed face said, "Muzzer, I ain't afraid of wats, but I'se so tired I couldn't lift the lid."

PRECIOUS (S)TONES.—Lovers' vows!

A long-headed man is never head-long.

"Little boys should be seen and not heard," as young Precocity coolly remarked to his teacher when he could not say his lesson.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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Summer Dresses.

Fig. 1.—Dress with double skirt of white alpaca, trimmed, as shown by the illustration, with lace insertion underlaid with blue ribbon. High corsage, with long, close sleeves, trimmed to match the skirt, and closed with blue passementerie buttons. Bandeau of blue ribbon. Belt and bow of blue ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Dress with double skirt of violet silk. The over-skirt is edged with a pleated flounce of the same material; the under-skirt is tucked, as shown in the illustration. Belt with long ends of violet silk. High corsage and close sleeves, trimmed to match the skirt. Hair without ornament. Plaited chignon, and two curls falling behind the ears.

Fig. 3.—Dress with double skirt. The under-skirt is of white foulard sprigged with lilac flowers, over which is arranged a puffed tunic of white Chambery gauze, trimmed round the bottom with lilac silk fringe. The Pompadour waist and sash are of lilac silk. Chemise Russe of pleated India muslin. Close sleeves.

Fig. 4.—Boy's suit of black silk serge, with white piqué vest and blue cravat. Short jacket, buttoning straight in front, and full trowsers reaching just below the knee. White stockings and black gaiters.

Fig. 5.—Dress of light gray foulard, trimmed with pink silk. Over-skirt of puffed light gray Chambery gauze. The waist is cut square in the neck and trimmed in the manner shown by the illustration with pink silk cord and tassels. Chemise Russe of lace and insertion.

Fig. 6.—Suit for little girl. Dress with double skirt of gray barége. The dress and sash are trimmed with blue ribbon. Waist cut square in the neck and worn over a muslin chemise Russe with long sleeves.

WEDDING BREAKFASTS.

OF all ceremonies popular among women there is none more deservedly so than that of a wedding. It unites in one form, and crowds into a short space of time, the various elements which go to make up a woman's range of enjoyment. Joy, sorrow, triumph, and the participation in it, Champagne, church-going, and new dresses make up such an *ensemble* as may well appeal to every woman who has not grown old in vinegary ways. To undergo so many phases successively is much, but to concentrate them all into two or three hours is to obtain the quintessence of enjoyment, to dissolve—as Mr. Swinburne might put it—the pearl of pleasure in the wine of life and quaff it at a draught.

The wedding breakfast forms decidedly the most enjoyable point of the whole proceeding. It comprises a tangible, appreciable

> Watch, or a vision
> Between a sleep and a sleep;

for the church business is too initiative a part of the ceremony and too dimly religious to convey the sense of reality, and at the parting stage again dreaminess supervenes: it is all a medley of kisses, tears, fictitious hilarity, and the rumble of carriage-wheels. When the bridegroom walks down the aisle to receive his *fiancée*, and the bridemaids come fluttering in, a diaphanous mist of prettiness, the whole party are mere somnambulists. Church, parson, choir, congregation, and chief actors simply constitute a dream; nothing is substantial to the principal actors. So, also, when the *nouveaux mariés* drive away on the 'moon. But the breakfast is a fixed point; there is time thereat to appreciate the situation. It is only unreal in a modified degree; a breathing-space is at least afforded, not for reflection, but for observation. There is the victrix and heroine of the spectacle at the head of the table—pleasant, modest, gorgeous of raiment, with a delightful air of self-consciousness overriding her evident desire to appear retiring. There is her companion on her right—conquered as to her, but triumphant as to the rest; with a curious sense upon him that he has reached the goal and terminus of life's journey; that the third volume is completed, the green drop about to descend, and that nothing lies beyond. He will awake to a different experience next week; but meanwhile the ideas of the present moment are intensely enjoyable. There is the gallant Best Man, a gay Lothario, the representative of manly chivalry, the spokesman of his sex and exponent of their devotion to womanhood; with no sense of responsibility on *him*, but with a powerful sense of physical enjoyment and the appreciation of cold chicken and full bumpers. There are the bridemaids, participants in the triumph of their sex, and with some prophetic fancy concerning their individual triumph at an unknown date. There is the heavy father, rotund of periods, philanthropic and hopeful to the last degree. There is the bride's mother, tearful yet reliant; and sometimes the bridegroom's mother, who years ago lost all proprietorial interest in her son, but who yet is capable of any amount of melancholy foreboding, if called upon to exhibit the same. There are the guests, related and unrelated, joyously sympathetic, but possessing an acute interest in the cold fowl and jellies, not to mention the liquids. Lastly, there are the curates, to whom the morning's experience is familiar, and who have known—alas, that it should be so!—dawns as brilliant end in disastrous noons.

SUMMER DRESSES.

Not to have got married, either personally or vicariously, is certainly not to have lived, from the feminine point of view. We should like to come across an ordinary girl—with the tastes and aspirations common to girlhood—who has never, in some shape or other, attended a wedding, and to ask her whether there was not an aching void somewhere or other in the region of her heart—some hope unfulfilled. We do not say that every unmarried woman has a frantic desire to attain the holy estate. There are crowds of decent, admirable girls who have neither call nor craving for matrimony; and they go quietly on their way in the world, adopt other missions, and make excellent spinster aunts. But what we contend for is that every girl, as a rule, either has, or at some one time has had, a longing to make one at a wedding.

The oratory of a bridal breakfast is not a theme to recapitulate when the table is cleared away and we have all gone home again. Like soda-water, its sparkle is lost if it is tasted after it has stood. It has that unsubstantial character which is of a piece with the artificial circumstances under which it is conceived. The bridegroom really intends at the time to be a very good boy and to live happy ever after, and his asseverations are tempered with no suspicions of the disagreements to be afterward evolved in the days of bills and duns and cold mutton. The Best Man is as loud-protesting and as trusting as his sex ever are before they have made the connubial acquaintance of woman. The rector is beneficent and amiable after the clerical pattern. The heavy father's confidence in the married happiness of the young people has the light of his own experience to guide him; he knows that he himself has had many rows with materfamilias, but his speech betrays nothing of this consciousness. Thus it may be said that all the earnest orations are dictated by inexperience, and all the others contain a goodly spice of hypocrisy. But it is best so. Who wants a *memento mori* at a wedding breakfast? The other knowledge will come in its own appointed time; be it never so late it is always premature. And when the carriage is out of sight, and we have gathered up the old shoes and returned indoors, let us endeavor to retain the remembrance of those two young people as we last saw them. The different knowledge which they will gain of each other a month hence, save in mercenary alliances, has nothing terrible in its reality.

THE SONG OF THE SKIRT.

BY WOMAN HOOD.

"And the *trail* of the *woman* is over it all."

WITH fingers scalded and worn,
With wash-board placed aslope,
A woman stood by the steaming tub,
Plying her cake of soap—
Wash! wash! wash!
While the soap-suds spatter and spirt,
And still, with a voice of frenzied pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Skirt."

"Wash! wash! wash!
While I sweat from every pore!
And wash—wash—wash—
Till I fairly flood the floor!
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a skirt to wash,
If this is decent work.

"Oh, Men with Sweet-hearts dear!
Oh, Men with Women of kin!
It isn't the linen they're *wearing out*,
But the linen they're *bringing in!*
Wash—wash—wash—
While the soap-suds spatter and spirt,
Cleaning at once, with a single wash,
A Crossing as well as a Skirt.

"Oh! but to smell the breath
Of the perfume bottle so sweet—
With the chandelier over my head,
And the 'Brussels' beneath my feet.
For only one short hour
To feel as my lady feels,
Gayly tripping along Broadway
With a yard or more at her heels!"

With fingers scalded and worn,
With wash-board placed aslope,
A woman stood by the steaming tub,
Plying her cake of soap—
Wash! wash! wash!
While the soap-suds spatter and spirt,
And still, with a voice that you wouldn't applaud
(Oh that its tones could reach Miss Maud!),
She sang this "Song of the Skirt."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1868.

NERVOUSNESS.

THERE is nothing so difficult to define in words, and yet so thoroughly understood by the sufferer, as that state of misery called nervousness. This is a condition to which men the most robust originally may be reduced by any thing which weakens the brain and other sources of nervous power. Dissipation, excess of wine, spirits, or tobacco, too much work, but oftener too little, and accidental disease of various kinds, are generally the causes of the nervousness of men. The same causes will undoubtedly produce the same effect in women; but their nervousness, though much more frequent than that of men, is generally to be traced to a different source.

For the development of this disorder in man some extraordinary cause seems necessary. In woman, on the contrary, the malady would appear to be almost inherent, so common and ready is its manifestation. Nervousness, though a disease, is, in fact, the normal state of modern women, hardly one of whom can claim the possession of health.

Notwithstanding that nervousness, to a greater or less degree, is almost universal among womankind, it is not in any respect a necessary result of their organization. There is no natural reason why woman should be more afflicted in this respect than man. On the contrary, there seems to be a very good reason why she should not be, for her life exposes her less to the gross debauchery and other excesses which are the common causes of the nervousness of men.

The fact is, however, that women do suffer much more than those of the opposite sex, and the reason is obvious. They are feebler, not by nature but by art; and physical, moral, and intellectual weakness is the great predisposing cause of nervousness. With the notion, carefully inculcated for ages by her master man, for reasons of his own, that she belongs to the weaker sex, woman's education has been conducted in conformity, and care taken that she should never dispute with her lord the claim to power. Her muscles have thus been allowed, by a calculating neglect of exercise, to dwindle away or lose themselves in layers of ineffective fat, and her brain and nerves designedly so enervated and unstrung as to be incapable of acting in harmony with the original strength and independence of her nature. She has been made delicate of flesh and unresisting in mind, that she might be pleasing to the touch and complacent to the humors of her master.

It is not only the faulty physical and intellectual education which has deprived woman of her natural robustness, and thus rendered her nerves weak and morbidly impressible, but her sensibility has been also directly cultivated to a degree of acuteness which is fatal to health. At the earliest period the female child is reminded of its delicacy, and prevented from doing a thousand things which are allowed to a brother, on the ground that they are wrong for the one though right for the other. Emotional indulgence is encouraged in the girl while rebuked in the boy. Fear of the dark, fright at a mouse, a sudden noise, or any harmless thing is deemed becoming in the former, while it is considered disgraceful in the latter. Tears are supposed to adorn the face of the future woman, while they are thought stains upon that of the embryo man. The mother can never get over the idea that she and her daughter belong to a weaker sex, and the female propriety she inculcates is a feebleness of which only debility is capable and strength would be ashamed. An excessively acute sensibility is thus engendered in woman from the earliest age, and she becomes an easy victim of nervousness or nervous diseases, the horrors of which are thus described by an intelligent female writer:* "There are many of these affections which take on a definite form, producing violent pain in a particular spot, or some special local derangement; but the majority assume the most protean forms, simulating all manner of organic diseases, but without producing any perceptible organic change. There is no kind of malady which the nervous person will not imagine herself to have—scarcely any which the physician may not be induced to suspect, from the presence of diagnostic symptoms, till the non-appearance of certain results proves that it is *only nervous*. But is the suffering any the less real because the victim of nervous disease lives on and the body preserves to some extent its integrity? All the nameless horrors and the tortures of morbid sensation are terrible realities to the sufferer; and when, after trying in vain to obtain relief from doctor after doctor, and resorting to every new system or to every quack till the sympathy of friends is exhausted and hope is gone, she finds nothing left but to endure existence till she dies, it is a mockery to tell her she is only nervous."

Such a frightful condition of mind and body it is unquestionably better to avoid by the certain preventives of the early formation of good habits and a rational education, than deliberately to incur with the probability of its settling into incurable disease. If parents could get rid of the notion that their daughters necessarily belong to a weaker sex, and bring them up with the robustness of their sturdy sons, our women would have less reason to complain of the wretchedness of nervousness.

IDEAS OF RESPECTABILITY.

IN a country like our own, where there are no class distinctions recognized by law, it is amusing to observe the fanciful contrivances resorted to for the separation of man—and woman—kind into various ranks, or sets. In our large commercial cities the social grade of a family is generally established by the occupation of the individual upon whom it is dependent for its daily bread. Thus banker, ship-owner, commission-merchant, lawyer, importer, dry-goods man, grocer, tailor, and shoemaker, not only indicate so many different trades and professions, but an equal number of degrees on the social scale.

It is curious to note the frivolous basis upon which some of our social pretenders found their claims to distinction. Mrs. A will not visit Mrs. B, for Mr. A is an importer of rags, and Mr. B, being a paper dealer, is only a vender of them in the manufactured state. The raw material seems to be a patent of nobility, and is sure to confer unequivocal rank upon every woman whose husband has the good fortune to deal in it. No one hesitates to give to the dame of the wool-dealer social precedence over the tailor's wife. Calico yields the way at once to Raw Cotton, and Pig-Iron turns up its nose, as as it undoubtedly should, at Tenpenny Nails. Wholesale has an immensely preponderating weight over Retail, and Mrs. Gross naturally gives the cold shoulder to Miss Singlestick. Banking is unquestionably the genteel thing; and Mrs. Bullion is, of course, respectability personified. Brokerage is somewhat equivocal, and Mrs. Tenpercent only smuggles herself into the best society under the pretense that Mr. Tenpercent is a banker. Commission Merchant, Importer, and Jobber are doubtless very good friends down town, but their wives up town are forever incompatible.

Money will undoubtedly cover a multitude of sins of retailing, tailoring, and shoemaking; but it must be of a very large amount to bring the possessor to the highest degree of social rank. Unless the fortune is enormous the aspirant for a place in fashionable society must content himself to be represented by a descendant.

Of course nothing can be more absurd than these various social distinctions, or arbitrary trade-marks as they may be called. All sensible people need but hear to laugh at such *Ideas of Respectability.*

* Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Dining upon Herbs.

MY DEAR CONSTANTIA,—Mr. Peter Paul Pry and I have been upon a little excursion of recreation from the city, not of many thousand miles, and yet quite far away. Indeed, as we awoke last Sunday morning, and looked around us and out of the window, we agreed that nothing is more illusive than distance. If you choose to go in one direction from the city you seem never to escape it, but to carry it with you in its most subtle and effective form. If you go in another you cast it off immediately and entirely. This time we went across the Hudson River into the Jerseys. I do not say whether we stopped upon the shores of the Hackensack or the Raritan—whether we saw the sea, or climbed among the hills at Morristown. Yet I will confess that no neighborhood of New York ever seems to me such absolute fairy-land as the western slope of the Palisades, which you can not by any possibility behold until you have scaled those perpendicular cliffs, unless you approach from the sunset, or follow up the placid river from the Newark Meadows. I remember that Mr. Sparrowgrass tells somewhere a legend of treasure hidden under the Palisades. And why not, since he used to live opposite, and must have been familiar with their enchantments?

Think of your friends then, dear Constantia, as over beyond the Palisades, in some still inaccessible land—two hours away—awaking on a warm Sunday morning, not to the matins of the milkman, but of the thrush and the bobolink, and descending refreshed to the plain, rustic breakfast-table. Yet that is a stroke of fairy which I can not advise you to anticipate at every country inn. You must never forget, my dear Constantia, that the poetic view of country life proceeds from citizens, not from countrymen. The idyls and the eclogues are written in town. The sailor does not see the beauty of the ship in which he sails. And the plow-boy tugging at his task, sweating along the dusty rows of potatoes which he is hoeing, or melting in the pitiless midsummer noon as he mows, does not perceive the romance of rural life, and would willingly risk his rustic virtue in "the sweet security of streets." Perhaps to the full and true enjoyment of the country—or to its purely poetic enjoyment, a little strangeness is necessary. But it needed no want of familiarity with clean linen and white bread to appreciate what we found on the morning of which I am speaking; and as we sat at table we heard that the new minister of the village was to begin his duties that very day. Mr. Pry, with his usual laudable disposition, proposed that we should "go to meeting;" and when presently the little bell rang out modestly, and the wagons began to roll lazily in from the neighboring country, we walked gravely forth and entered the church.

It was a very different spectacle from that which Mr. Pry and I sometimes contemplate in the city. The Gothic fashion in our church architecture is very sombre and unsatisfactory; and I wonder no committee or society have yet been heroic enough to build a light, graceful, spacious, and sunny church of the Roman or Italian style. Old St. George's, in Beekman Street, was a poor specimen of this style—a simple, open building, full of air and light and cheerful suggestion—but that has been finally knocked to pieces this summer. Mr. Parton has described the usual Gothic Protestant church with a great deal of vividness and fidelity; and as we see it in the city of New York it does seem to me to interpose a great many obstacles to Christian's progress to the other city. The poor pilgrim seems to be painfully conscious of his clothes, so to speak. As you look around the elaborate but insufficient and unimposing structure, the miniature or Lilliputian cathedral, you feel that he is nervously anxious that his religion shall present a highly respectable appearance; and that his view, his sect, shall hold its own with that of Peter Pharisee or Samuel Sadducee. But, at least, it is a genuine appearance. The building is neither tinsel nor tawdry, like so many of the Romish churches—which are both the most magnificent and the meanest in the world. But here, in fairy-land—I mean in the Jerseys—the little church was simple and very plain; the windows were wide open, and, as the congregation assembled, I heard the whistling of the birds and the dry zee-ing of the locust. Indeed, this music was the only voluntary.

Now, my dear Constantia, the text of the young minister suggested to me a different sermon from that he preached, although it was a capital and practical lesson that he drew. Indeed, a good text is like a good apple-tree: it bears an amazing quantity of fruit. You may eat it raw, or make it into sauce, or a pudding, or a pie. You may bake it, or roast it, or, indeed, fry it. You may mix it into fritters, or dry it. I think our friends of the clergy are a little apt to dry it. But the young divine of whom I speak roasted it for us in a good, homely way. "Better," said he, not with a nasal singsong but with an air of conviction—"better is a dinner of herbs, and content therewith, than a stalled ox"—and so on. The young man enlarged upon the virtue of contentment. He spoke with sincerity, I think; but when you hear the praises of the cardinal virtues you find yourself asking whether it is the sincerity of admiration and desire, merely, or the warmth of actual experience.

I listened with attention and edification. I was not seriously diverted from the good young pastor even by the extremely studious and unremitting gaze of curiosity which was directed at Mr. Pry and me by an evidently unmarried person of the other sex who must have had about fifty-five years, and, I humbly trust, content therewith. My dear Constantia, was it cynicism, or unkindness, or worldliness—or was it a perfectly fair and proper curiosity that made me wonder as I listened whether our young teacher were in possession of the virtue he extolled? If he ever climbs the heights above the river, and looks toward the city, do its bells ring to him alluringly, "Turn again, turn again?" He has his quiet little country parish; his small circle of rural interests; his gossip about the crops and the season; Squire Thompson's heifer, and Widow Jenkins's old Morgan mare. He has his few books; his little garden; his cure of souls: now a wedding, then a funeral. He has behind him the dreams of his youth, the vague hope, the illimitable ambition. He has indeed his dinner of herbs—has he content therewith? Would he not prefer the stalled ox of a city parish—with all its risks and consequences?

It seemed to me that he reasoned with a kind of desperation. He drew the picture of the contented man; but what was he? He was the individual whose desires are satisfied. It was an ideal portrait, and I think he felt it to be so. The old line that "Man never is but always to be blest," contains the wisdom of the subject. We must be content not to be contented. I could look from my seat out of the window, and I saw the oxen calmly grazing in the field. There, I said, is contentment—but they are oxen. Yet this was not at all the sermon suggested to me by the text, faithfully as I listened. The dinner of herbs and content therewith rather means the essential value and importance of little things; little words, if you please, little acts; little courtesies. Better the kind greeting of the humblest man than the supercilious nod of a stalled ox of a king. Better a hearty wish, a crust of bread given in sympathetic charity, than the most magnificently ostentatious alms. Or, refining it still further, it is the charm of merely pleasant words and pleasant ways.

On one of these tremendously torrid days I was dripping gently along a side street, and I saw a sign neatly painted, "Cool Iced Beer." Now, I am not Mr. Parton's coming man, and I paused a moment, surveyed the premises, and went in. Every thing was very plain, but very neat. The sign told the truth; and a clean young man brought me a glass of cold beer. I do not defend the beer, if you press me—I simply plead that I am the going man, almost gone. But better than the beer were the words "cool iced beer." It was, indeed, fair to presume that iced beer was cool; but the very words "iced and cool" were delicious in that temperature; and the man who so felicitously displayed them was fitly rewarded by the additional glasses of beer which they sold.

Or, again, in the omnibus as I was trundling up town in the stifling agony of one of those dreadful afternoons, there was a poor young woman carrying a hideous basket full of something or other. It was intolerably heavy, and I saw the poor girl actually panting upon the curbstone as we came up. I knew, moreover, she had no money to spare for her passage, but that she must pay it or sink on the street. The omnibus was full—crowded. Every body wished every body else out of it. Every body's elbows transfixed his neighbor. Every body's collar was prostrate, and an intense expression of "pshaw!" was imprinted upon every body's reeking countenance. The omnibus stopped, and the weary young woman with the enormous basket appeared at the door. There was a universal gasp of horror. But suddenly I heard a pleasant voice saying: "Here, my dear, sit here!"

I turned and beheld old Carbuncle the millionaire. He smiled, and squeezed, and said to his neighbor, "We must make room here!" And his neighbor was compelled to make room, and the girl came in, doing as well as she could with her load. Old Carbuncle took it as she approached, and rested the weight of it upon his knees, so that if any body had complaints to make, he might complain of him. Then he said to the young woman:

"My dear, this is a very heavy load for a very hot day."

She said something which nobody could hear, and the old gentleman did not insist upon conversation; but when she came to her stopping-place he had paid for her passage, and he handed her basket out at the door, and the young woman disappeared. I am very sure that she was happier for that little service than if he had given her ten dollars with a lofty air of conde-

scension. It was a dinner of herbs, and conten- therewith, which she found infinitely preferable to a possible stalled ox.

Now very few of us could give a great many tired young women a ten-dollar bill, as Mr. Carbuncle can, but there is nobody in town who can not help a poor girl with her basket, and relieve her mind as well as her muscles by taking upon himself the burden of his neighbors' indignation about nothing. There is nobody so poor that he can not spread this dinner of herbs for every wayfarer. And, oh, Constantia! if all of us did it, what a hospitable and happy world this would be!

I believe I have dropped a hint or two upon this very subject before; but the sermon can not be too often repeated. What a fearful amount of friction there is in the ordinary journey of life! What occasions it? Not surely the contest with wild beasts at Ephesus, for very few of us travel by the Ephesus road. It certainly is not the necessity of fighting with lions, for there are very few lions in any body's path. The difficulty is in our shoes. It is the little peg and the little pebble. We despise them; we won't stop for any such ridiculous thing. So we go striding on, wounded at every step, until there is a blister, a fester, a sore. We won't dine at all except upon stalled oxen, and therefore we starve. But, dear brethren—I would say if I were that young Jersey preacher—take the pegs out of your shoes, and you can jump over the lions. Dine every day upon herbs, and you will not care for the ox.

You, my dear Constantia, are soon to be married. I hail the day; and as for Charles Henry, I merely think that no man is worthy. You have never kept house, but I know what your method will be. You will not suppose that your domestics are all saints in disguise. You will not expect them to do all their work perfectly when some of us in the parlor are sometimes not absolutely perfect in our work. You will help them by pleasant little hints; you will show them that you are interested in them not merely to grind out a certain quantity of work for your own interest, but interested in them as human beings. If any thing will excite a response upon their part it will be this. If they do well, you will praise them; if they do ill, you will show them in what way, and with a patience that will persuade them to try to do better. This untiring, incessant attention to the little things in your housekeeping, my dear Constantia, is the dinner of herbs with which is content. But the great events, the magnificent parties, at which you and Charles Henry will entertain the President and his Cabinet—the Chinese Embassy of the future, or Alderman and Mrs. M'Patrick O'Bludgeon—these are the stalled oxen: infrequent, exceptional. And as for Biddy, do you not feel as sure as I do that your constant, kind consideration in little things, in little words, in little ways, costing you not a penny, will be incomparably more grateful and a hundredfold more valued than the handsome new dress which you will give her formally and coldly at Christmas? That gingham gown is the stalled ox; but the pleasant tone is the dinner of herbs and content therewith.

Your friend—and preacher!

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SUMMER STYLES FOR BOYS.

THE sailor costume is admired for boys of from four to seven years. A short blouse of navy-blue cloth, belted in at the waist, is cut low at the throat, with a linen collar, pointed on the shoulders. The coat-sleeves have a square cuff, bound with braid. Loose trowsers of white duck, and patent-leather boots with blue tops, or regular pantaloons reaching to the ankle, with white stockings and low patent-leather slippers. Sailor hat of white straw, with long blue streamers, completes the costume.

White piqué and linen duck are favorite materials for boys' summer wear. The jackets are short, rounding in front, with a pocket on the left breast. The trowsers, buttoned to the belt of the under waist, have but little fullness about the hips, and are shaped to fit the knee. Bound with white braid, and trimmed with a narrower braid with feathered edge, such suits are sold for $10. Mixed black and white braid, or blue and white, are much used for trimming. For a boy just beginning to wear trowsers a short cut-away jacket of buff piqué is open on the hips, and bound with scarlet galoon. A row of scarlet soutache, put on in scallops, follows the outline of the garment. Fancy pockets, turned-over collar, and chevrons on the sleeves. Tucked and ruffled habit-shirt. Full Zouave trowsers, buckled at the knee. Straw cap, with visor. Buff boots.

Blouses of linen duck are made shorter than last season, and in the Bismarck shape, buttoning diagonally from right to left. With trowsers nearly tight-fitting, the suit is furnished for $12. The hat and gaiters are also made of duck.

For everyday wear suits of brown linen are cut by a tailor, and neatly made, for $4. For small boys these have full waists, gathered into a pointed belt, with loose trowsers, trimmed with white linen braid. The regular suit of jacket, vest, and pantaloons is chosen for larger boys. Buff Spanish linen looks more dressy than the brown. A very good quality is bought for forty cents a yard. The Garibaldi waist and trowsers are trimmed with white figured braid, sold at about 75 cents for a piece of twelve yards. Suits of this kind are made at home at a trifling expense.

For cool mornings in the country light gray and chocolate-colored Cheviots are made in either fashion described. Delicate children at the sea-side wear suits of white Cheviot, like twilled flannel, for full-dress occasions. Gray Cheviot is prettily trimmed with blue. The trowsers reach to the knee, disclosing the bare limb above the short hose and blue gaiters. The blouse is low at the throat, with a turned-over collar of the material, with linen collar and cravat of narrow ribbon.

White linen, with hair-line stripes of color, is made into habit-shirts and Garibaldi waists, without fullness on the shoulders, and gathered into a pointed belt. The buttons that fasten the pants to the waist should always be concealed. The new Lancaster cambrics, in small stripes of black, blue, or scarlet on white, are suitable for everyday shirts. They have French finish, and are sold at from eighteen to twenty-five cents a yard.

Boys of nine years old and over wear short Cheviot sacks of skeleton make—that is, without lining—and close-fitting pantaloons. Brown linen and cassimere for ordinary use are made in the same style. Black cloth jackets, with fancy shirt bosoms and white duck pants, are chosen for better dress. Vests should be avoided for boys as long as possible, as nothing gives them such an old-fashioned appearance. Boys of twelve wear short frock-coats, made like their fathers', with low rolling collars faced with silk. Dark blue and plum-colored tricot is the favorite cloth. Vest and pants of light cassimere, or of white duck. Shirts for youths just entering their teens should be fastened behind, leaving the pleated front without the opening that is so liable to be too widely open. Small screw studs of Roman gold are the most suitable ornaments.

The sailor hat is the shape most in favor for small boys. It is worn in black oil-cloth by both girls and boys. Another stylish hat has a round crown, with brim turned up all around. This is shown in the white split-straw, with brown ribbon band and binding, and in brown straw. Rough straws, that have a coarse look, black or brown, mixed with white, are worn by large boys.

Neck-ties of grenadine, in gay stripes, with white and thick striped ribbons, give an air of style, and relieve suits of sombre color.

GIRLS' SUMMER DRESSES.

White, buff, and blue are the prevailing colors for children's dresses. Entire suits of each are made for the little folks with goffered frills, flounces, fichus, and sashes, very much after the fashion of those worn by their elder sisters who have reached the dignity of young ladyhood. White muslin, pure and simple, is the dress of the season for ladies, and we find it repeated in miniature for the little mimics who never look so well in any thing else.

A dress worn by girls of from five to ten years at the summer hotels is of white nansook, with body and skirt in one, confined at the waist by a ruffled belt with ends. The corsage buttons behind. A standing ruffle at the throat is edged with Valenciennes, or if the neck is short a turned-down collar. The skirt is trimmed with two narrow ruffles. Crimped ruffles are prettier than fluted ones for small children. Skirts for girls from eight to twelve reach to the ankle. Younger girls wear them just below the knee. With this dress the hat of muslin is puffed over the crown, with a quilling edged with lace on the drooping brim. Bows of ribbon or a wreath of wild flowers around the crown.

For afternoon and full dress thinnest muslins over colored silk slips are made up in this way, with Valenciennes trimmings and ribbon sashes. A second skirt, very full and puffed in the back, gives the panier appearance. Dotted and sprigged muslins, of fine ground with raised work like embroidery, are trimmed with ruffles of plain Swiss.

Piqué is the most serviceable goods for children. The corded pattern is in favor, but will not wear well, as it splits between the cords. The bird's-eye figure is more desirable. A good quality is sold at seventy-five cents a yard. Box-pleated ruffles of nansook overcast at the edge is the prettiest trimming, and newer than braiding.

The Scotch ginghams, at a dollar a yard, are worth the money. They are quite as pretty as India silks, in small checks and stripes, are a yard wide, fine and strong. French gingham, labeled sea-side gingham, is not so durable as the Scotch goods, and is only three shillings a yard. The American cambrics, at twenty-five cents, can scarcely be distinguished from the French at forty. Striped linen, thick and serviceable, and the low-priced buff linen make up the list of materials for girls' ordinary use.

A sea-side dress for a girl of twelve is of blue and white striped goats'-hair, made *princesse* fashion, with ribbon bretelles tied at the shoulder with a bow and ends. An over-skirt of solid blue silk, long in front, to within a quarter of a yard of the bottom of the striped skirt, is rounded at the sides and back to within three-eighths of a yard of the belt. A bow and sash ends behind. Buff gloves and boots. An Italian straw toquet, turned up on one side, with streamers of blue ribbon behind. Another buff and blue toilette is more conspicuous. The under-dress is blue and white checked India silk, with solid blue ruffles pinked at the edges. A peasant's waist and tunic of buff pongee is trimmed with fringe on the scalloped edge.

An elaborate dress for evening, for a child of nine years, is made entirely of Valenciennes insertion and appliqué embroidery over rose-colored silk. The lace dress alone costs, at one of the furnishing houses, $150. A simpler dress is of blue silk, ruffled on the waist and skirt, worn under dotted muslin, looped up at the side with rosettes. White stockings, with blue kid gaiters. The hair is worn in long plaits, tied with bows and wide ends of the blue silk of the dress, pinked at the edges.

Some hats of piqué, made on ratans, and ruffled around the crown, are preferred for girls, as they can be washed every week, and are much more light and youthful-looking than the broad-rimmed straws. A braid called cottonette, resembling chip, is made into pretty hats for school and the play-ground. Crinoline hats of the jardinière shape, with dented brims, trimmed with wreaths about the crown, and small flowers under the rim, are worn with the fancy country toilettes.

Buff or cuir-colored kid boots are worn with dresses of every color. They are buttoned at the sides. The heels are the concave French shape, but a careful mother will be sure that they are not very high, and that there is a broad surface, widened out at the bottom, after the heel has been narrowed in the centre. This is necessary for the child's comfort, and to prevent injury to the shape of the foot. High slender heels give a child an awkward gait, and are only tolerable for ladies who walk slowly. Bronzed and colored kid boots are worn with gay costumes, but a black kid stitched with white is suitable for any style of dress. Prunella clasps the foot tightly, and is consequently not so comfortable for growing children as the more elastic kid and morocco.

Victoria lawn aprons, embroidered around the skirt, pockets, and bretelles, with straps across the back and front, are imported for $5. They are large enough for girls of ten or twelve years. Muslin fichus, with long ends trimmed with fluted ruffles, and Swiss basques edged with lace or frills, are worn over blue and rose-colored dresses for the street.

There is no change in infants' clothing worthy of record. Some pretty crocheted bibs were shown us with raised flowers and shell borders, and others of quilted piqué covered with embroidery. Summer cloaks are two large capes of piqué ornamented with braid and embroidery. The price varies, according to trimming, from $11 to $16. A French affair is of Victoria muslin over blue silk. The trimming is Valenciennes insertion and lace.

Thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD, TAYLOR, & Co.; and Madame BAILLARD.

PERSONAL.

IT may interest some readers of the *Bazar* to know that the first Sunday-school in England was established in the city of Gloucester, in 1781, by ROBERT RAIKES, printer and editor of the *Gloucester Journal*, in conjunction with the Rev. THOMAS STOCK.

—A Monsieur JACQUES recently wrote to a Paris paper that he was a martyr to gout, led a stormy life, had a violent temper, but wanted a young and handsome wife, on whom he would settle 100,000 francs per year. He received forty-six replies, made his selection, and was married on the following Monday.

—SWINBURNE is about to shed the lustre of his countenance upon the peoples of this continent, and will make a special point of paying a visit to WALT WHITMAN. He is said to be a prey to morbid melancholy, and his physician has ordered him to travel. Some Whitman will do him good.

—CHRISTINA NILSSON has broken off her match with GUSTAVE DORE, who was opposed to her coming to this country, and who is said to be of a jealous turn of mind. He bothered her so much that she concluded to let the thing go.

—The Rev. S. H. TYNG, Jun., recently officiated at one of the Sunday open-air services in Central Park—having previously obtained consent of the rector of the parish, ANDREW H. GREEN, Esq. This parish is the largest in the city, and on Sunday has more attendants. It extends from Fifty-ninth to One Hundred and Tenth Streets, and from Fifth to Eighth Avenues.

—Miss STEBBINS, who ranks high among living sculptors, is a sister of HENRY G. STEBBINS, Esq. She has returned from Rome, and will soon, it is said, according to the advice of her brother, open a studio in this city. Her works have been great triumphs of art; and her friends believe that if she were to exercise her eminent talents in her own country her reward would be even more liberal than that which has been extended to her abroad. Her "Columbus," purchased by MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, and intended, we believe, for the Central Park, is regarded as a complete triumph by connoisseurs.

—Mrs. JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL, whose interesting memoir by her mother, Mrs. RHODA E. WHITE, has just been published, was the grand-niece of the celebrated Irish writer, GERALD GRIFFIN, whose eldest sister married the father of Judge WHITE, Mrs. DEL BAL'S father. ANNA GRIFFIN, the only surviving sister of GERALD, is now Mother Superior of the Convent of Mercy in Youghal, Ireland. It was to her that the poet addressed his beautiful lines, "The Sister of Charity." On her mother's side, Mrs. DEL BAL was related to Mrs. MYRA CLARK GAINES. She was the first American woman ever resident in New Granada, and accomplished immense good there by her untiring energy, founding schools, arousing public spirit, and organizing military hospitals among a people panic-stricken by revolution. Her memoir is a touching expression of a mother's devotion, and her charming letters give a graphic picture of South American customs and politics, together with an inside view of the domestic life of a high-minded Catholic family.

—Among the ladies present at the reception of Mr. BURLINGAME, at Washington a few evenings since, was Mrs. THORNTON, wife of the British minister. She is a tall, rather slender and angular, but graceful blonde, very lady-like and self-possessed.

—The CROWN PRINCE of PRUSSIA, the husband of VICTORIA'S eldest girl, has an income of about a million dollars a year, out of which he lays by, yearly, a couple of hundred thousand.

—Mr. GROTE, whose celebrated History of Greece, published by the HARPERS, is one of the best works of its class ever published, has been elected President of the London University in place of Lord BROUGHAM.

—Boston is about to honor itself by giving a public reception to the first of American historians, Mr. MOTLEY, on his return from Europe.

—The Rev. Mr. BEECHER, in announcing to his congregation the close of Plymouth Church until the 1st of October next, mentioned that when the vacation ended he would have completed 21 years of pastoral labor with that people. He had often rebuked them and they had rebuked him, but the essential harmony had never been disturbed. Men very much mistook the aim of his ministry and of his church when they regarded it as a Reformatory Church, placing any instrumentality above the Gospel. Men complained of him that he preached sometimes one way and sometimes another, and that it was difficult to tell what he was driving at. He said he had intended just such results. Sometimes he preached on one side of a subject and sometimes on another, but he never mixed things. Whatever subject or side he took up he completed it, and then left it. He trusted to his long ministry and to the education his people had in religious matters to equalize things, and he thought, judging by the fruits, that his people did it as well as any people. He cautioned his church against boasting and unduly praising Plymouth Church, its ministry, and its arrangements. It was in bad taste. They must remember that while they were not behind most congregations they were on the whole only an average lot.

—M. TAINE, an eminent French writer and lecturer, has just been married at Paris to Mlle. DENUELLE, in the Foreign Missions Church; Messieurs RENAN, VACHERAT, BERTHELOT, and many other celebrities in science, literature, and art, were present.

—Lord BROUGHAM was, at his death, the Father, or senior member of the Royal Society of England. He was elected a Fellow in 1803, at the age of 25. He was only 18, in 1796, when was published, in the "Philosophical Transactions," his paper on "Experiments and Observations on the Inflection, Reflection, and Colors of Light." The EARL OF LONSDALE, elected in 1810, has succeeded Lord BROUGHAM as "Father" of the Royal Society. Next below him are Sir HENRY ELLIS, late Librarian of the British Museum; Sir JOHN HERSCHEL, son of the astronomer and himself an illustrious man of science; and Lord BROUGHTON, better known as Sir JOHN C. HOBHOUSE, the friend, early and late, of BYRON, with whom he traveled, when both were young, in Greece and Turkey.

—Dr. LYON PLAYFAIR, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, and generally believed to have written most of the speeches and addresses which the late Prince ALBERT delivered as his own, is a candidate for the representation, in the House of Commons, of the new constituency formed by the conjoined Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews. If elected, he will resign his chair and devote himself to his Parliamentary duties. He is forty-nine years old, Companion of the Bath, Officer of the Legion of Honor, and several other knightly orders of Europe, and one of the best of British practical chemists.

—Miss MULOCH'S story of "The Woman's Kingdom," now in course of publication in *Harper's Magazine*, is one of that lady's best productions. It is noticeable that since Miss MULOCH was married her stories have been full of the joys of early matrimony—as though marriage had just been invented and she was the first who had tried it. Traces of this are here and there noticeable in "The Woman's Kingdom" (a very delightful kingdom); yet the story is sweet and good.

—The Queen of Mohely, who queens it over a few thousand mongrel Arabs occupying a group of islands (Comores), in the north of the Mozambique Channel, has arrived in Paris to see the lions. She is a young woman of 31 years, tall, reasonably good-looking, somewhat bronzed, and of strong will. She has ladies of honor with her, a lord chamberlain, and cook; which last little fellow is quite a wonder with sauce-pans. After he has cooked her Majesty's food, mostly of rice, her Majesty graciously adds, on her own hook (or "personal curve," as they felicitously phrase it in Mohely), a slight drop or two, or three, as it were, of best cogniac. Her Majesty dresses in scarlet and yellow silks, with plenty of diamonds and precious stones. Her husband's harem is said to contain beauties so fat that they can scarcely walk, dressed in a kind of jacket and pantaloons reaching to the ankle.

—Mr. LONGFELLOW'S three daughters are much admired in Europe. A gallant journalist of London calls them the Three Graces.

—Mr. E. D. WEBSTER, recently appointed and unanimously confirmed as Assessor of Internal Revenue for the Thirty-second Congressional District, is a practical printer and editor, having published for four years the Springville (Erie County, New York) *Herald*, and subsequently, for two years, the Omaha *Republican*. For some years he was Deputy-clerk of the Senate of this State. In 1861 he went to Washington as Private Secretary of Secretary Seward, and remained up to the termination of Mr. LINCOLN'S administration. After this he was appointed United States Commercial Agent at Bradford, England, and filled that position for nearly two years. Last year he was appointed Deputy-Surveyor of the port, and continued in that office until a few days since, when he was appointed to his present post. Mr. WEBSTER is a gentleman of fine abilities and great executive power, and will prove one of the most efficient Assessors in the service of the Government.

—EDWARD WILLIAMS, of Scranton, Pennsylvania, has quite eclipsed the swimming exploit of LEANDER (we don't know LEANDER'S other name) at Hellespont, Mr. W. having "swimmed" nine miles in two hours and a half. This, we believe, is the best man-and-water time on record; though at the Sandwich Islands young people, especially girls, paddle about in the water all day long.

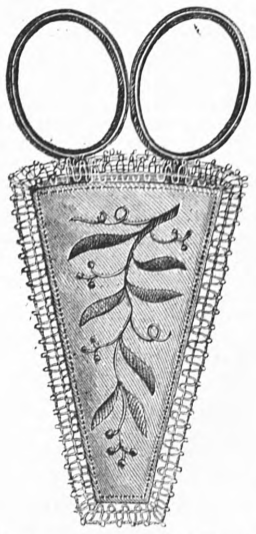
—As the old prima donnas pass from the public view new ones step in, just in time. The last Parisian sensation is JULIA HISSON, who has just made a successful *début* in opera. She is eighteen, handsome, gifted, and daughter of an officer of marines, who died in the Crimean war.

—BAYARD TAYLOR, now at Gotha, where his wife's people reside, comes home in time to attend the golden wedding of his parents at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, on the 8th of October.

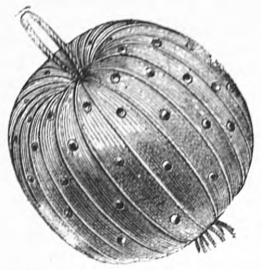
—CHARLES SPRAGUE, poet, banker, and octogenarian, sticks to South End, Boston, where he was born, and has not slept away from somnolent Boston for fifty years.

Squares in Worked Guipure (Point de Venise).

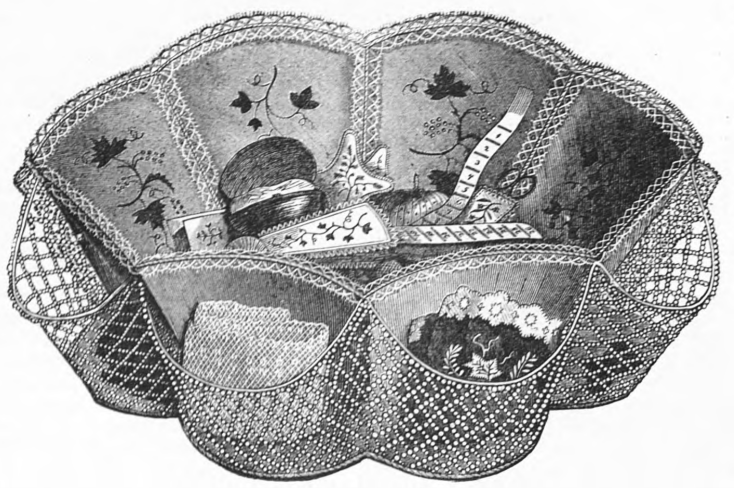
THE square, Fig. 1, is worked in guipure point de Venise. It may be set in with other squares, and used for tidies, toilette-cushion covers, etc. The fineness of the thread must correspond to that of the linen, and both to the object for which the square is designed. For beginning the work prepare a piece of linen of the requisite size by drawing out the threads both ways till regular squares are formed. In the original (Fig. 1), which is of fine linen, twenty-eight threads have been drawn out each way. This gives the squares shown on Fig. 1. After every twenty-eight threads which have been drawn out leave seven or eight threads, which form the frame-work. Stretch on pasteboard the linen thus prepared, and work the inner edge closely and firmly with middling coarse cotton, then work the threads of the material in point de reprise with the assistance of Fig. 2, which shows a quarter of the square magnified four times. This illustration shows the manner of working on the unfinished portions. Having worked the whole in point de reprise, make the figures of the design in button-hole stitch with the assistance of both illustrations. The circular and serpentine figures consist each of three button-hole stitch rows; the figures which imitate rosettes and parts of rosettes are worked with one row in button-hole stitch. For every row of button-hole stitch the working thread must be previously run around in the right direction, as shown by Fig. 2, in doing which the thread must be fastened to the bars. For the knots which are worked in the last row of the figures make, as shown by Fig. 2, another button-hole stitch in the one just worked, after which run the needle again through the last knot. Fig. 2, which gives the figures so much enlarged, renders any further description unnecessary. The dotted lines in the right-hand upper corner of Fig. 2 show the direction of the remaining figures. Border the edge with an open-work stitch, the manner of working which is also shown by Fig. 2.



SCISSORS-CASE FOR WORK-BASKET.

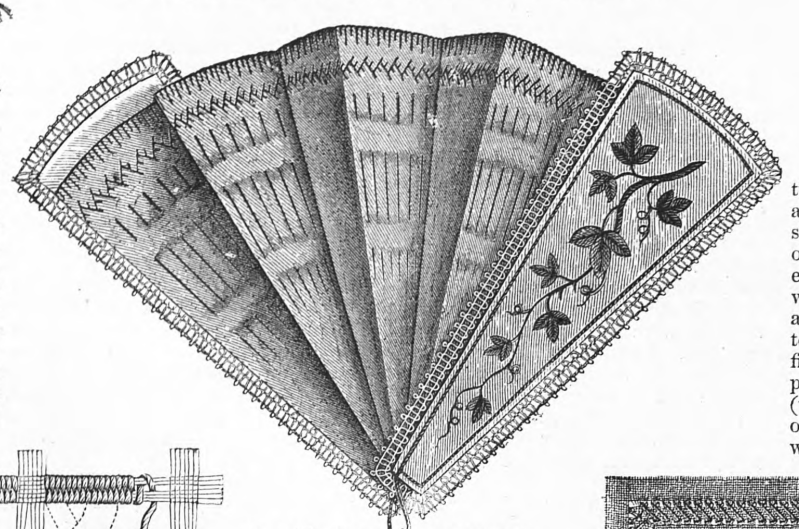


RUST-CUSHION FOR WORK-BASKET.



SILK WORK-BASKET.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 25 and 26.



FAN NEEDLE-WORK BOOK FOR BASKET.

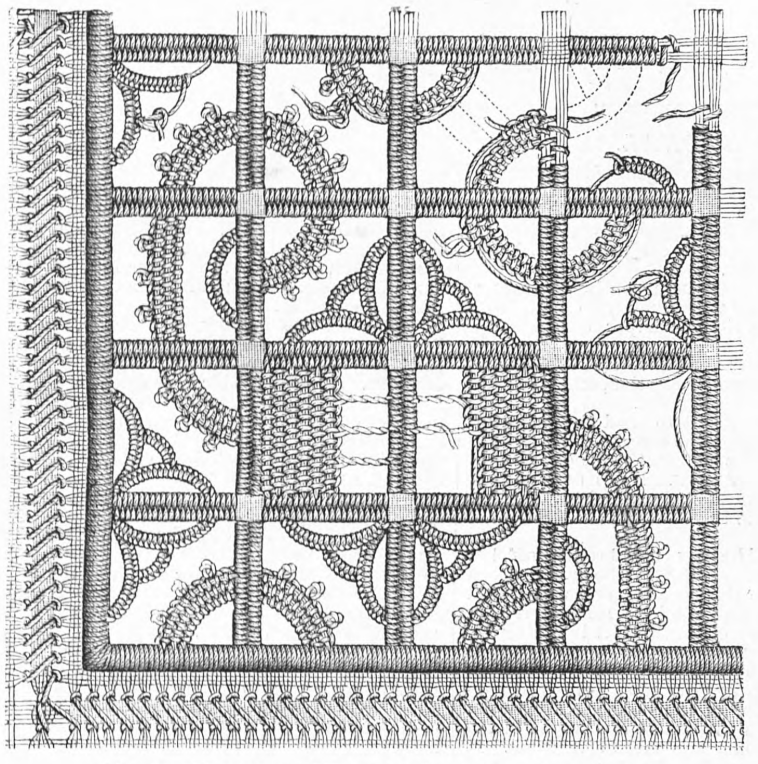


Fig. 2.—MANNER OF WORKING GUIPURE.—MAGNIFIED.

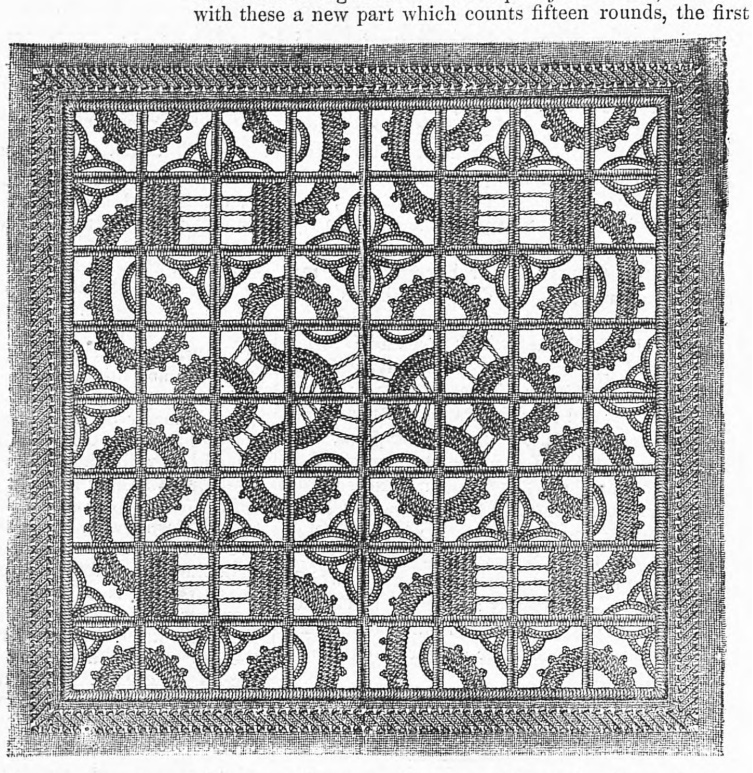
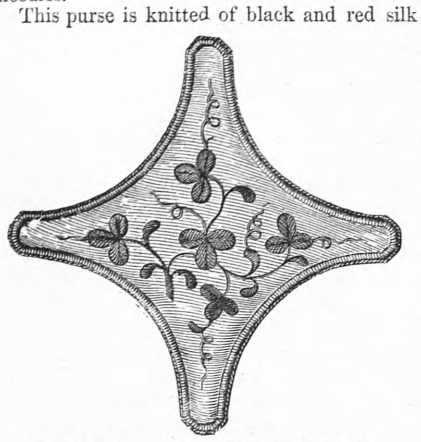


Fig. 1.—SQUARE IN WORKED GUIPURE (POINT DE VENISE).—FULL SIZE.

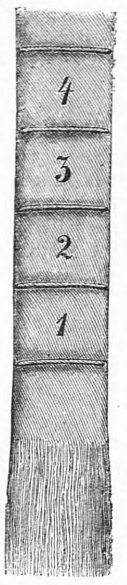
Lady's Knitted Purse.

MATERIALS: Two strands of red and two of black silk twist of average fineness, black beads, a steel clasp, a black bead tassel, five steel knitting-needles.

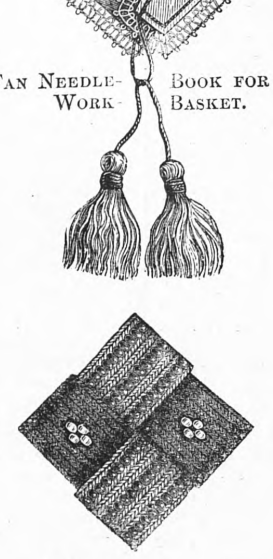
This purse is knitted of black and red silk twist, and trimmed with black beads and a black bead tassel, and is sewed on a steel clasp. Begin the purse in the centre of the lower part, and cast on seven stitches of black silk. With these knit backward and forward fourteen rounds in such a manner that the work shall be all knitted on one side and all purled on the other. Take off the first stitch of every round, and purl the first round of this part. * Then on the side where hangs the working thread (which is left alone) take on another needle the back veins of the seven edge stitches of the part just knitted, and knit with these a new part which counts fifteen rounds, the first of which must be knitted. From * repeat ten times. To avoid being troubled with too many needles the stitches of several parts may be gathered together on one needle. Having completed the twelfth part, take the under veins of the edge stitches of this also upon a separate needle, cast them off together with the foundation stitches of the first part, and fasten the thread. Now take the seven stitches of the edge on the right of one of the black parts on a needle, lay on the red silk on which beads have previously been strung, and work with this on the stitches of the edge just mentioned fifteen rounds, purling the first round; and in this as well as in all the other purled rounds the first stitch must be



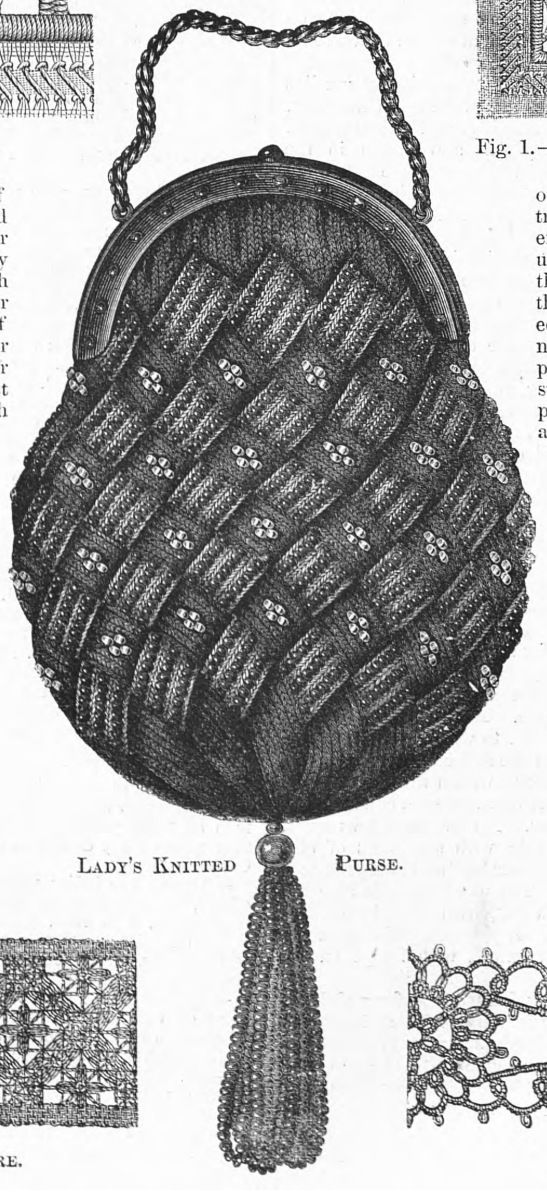
THREAD-REEL FOR WORK-BASKET.



TAPE-MEASURE FOR WORK-BASKET.



DETAIL OF PURSE.



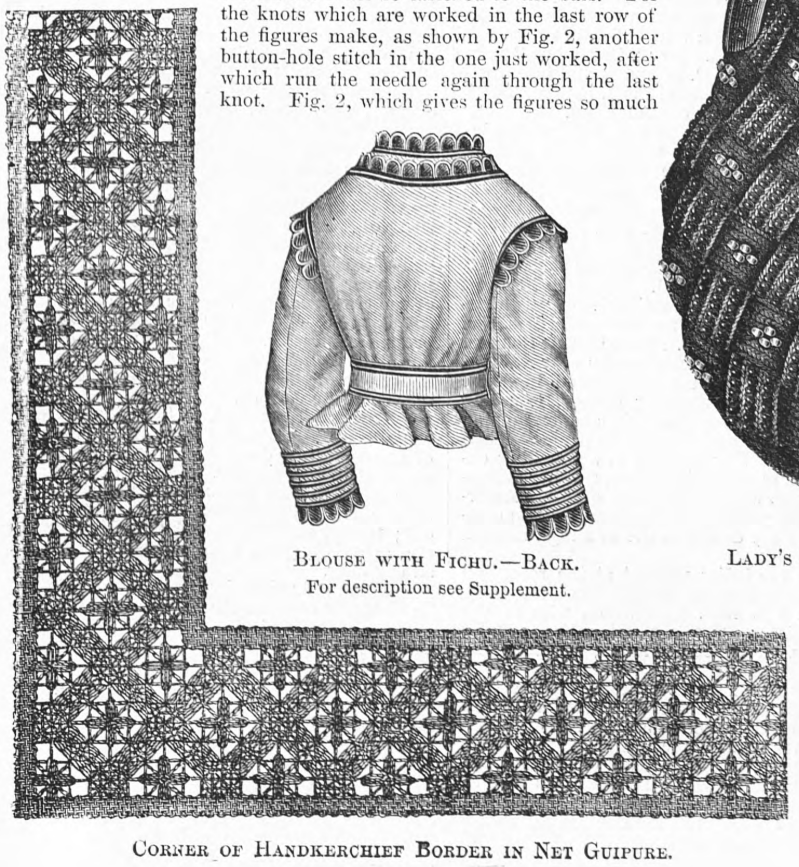
LADY'S KNITTED PURSE.

BLOUSE WITH FICHU.—BACK.

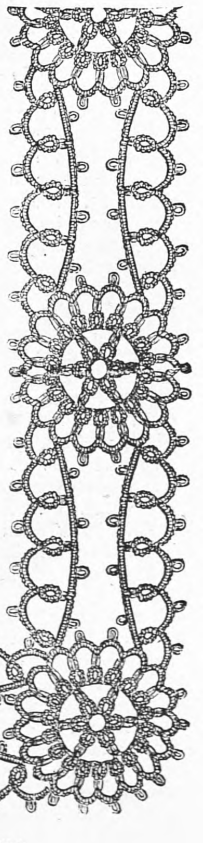
For description see Supplement.

CHEVALIER BLOUSE.

For description see Supplement.



CORNER OF HANDKERCHIEF BORDER IN NET GUIPURE.

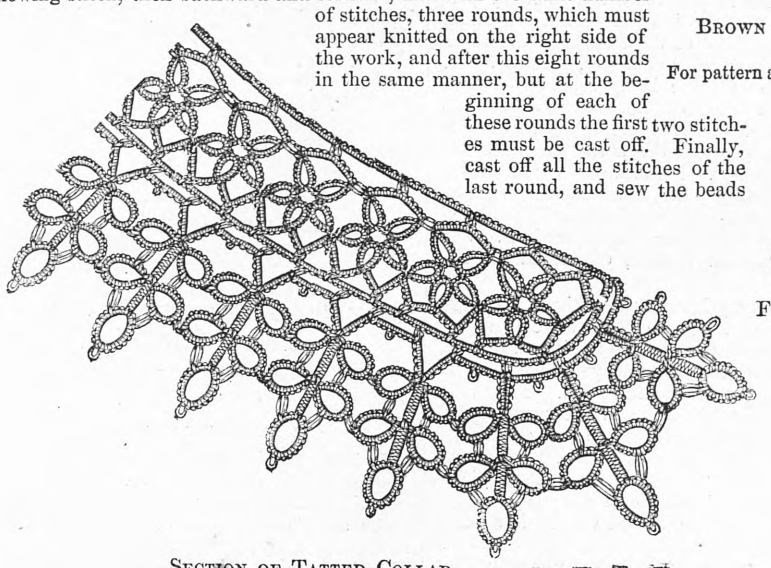


CORNER OF HANDKERCHIEF BORDER IN TATTING.

knitted with the next stitch of the next black part. Besides this a bead must be knitted in with the purled rows in the second, fourth, and sixth stitches (with the exception of the first and last round). This is done by knitting each of these stitches crossed, and pushing through the stitch the bead which is on the thread at the time of drawing the thread that was thrown over the needle, by which means the bead is brought on the right side of the work. In the following knitted round knit the bead stitches of the former round crossed. Having completed twelve such parts of the red silk, work on the edge stitches twelve black parts, on which the beads are not knitted, but sewed on after the completion of the purse. Then work again three times alternately twelve red and twelve black parts; but after the completion of the last twelve black parts the stitches of the last black part must be cast off with the edge stitches of the first part of the row. In the same manner cast off the stitches of the sixth part with the edge stitches of the seventh part. By this means the parts which are of red silk are lessened by two, but the second, third, and fourth, and seventh, eighth, and ninth of these parts must be knitted six rounds longer. Then collect the stitches and edge of the ten parts on two needles in such a manner that the two black parts of which the stitches and edge stitches were cast off together shall come on the sides of the purse, and knit of black silk, first with the stitches of one and then those of the other needle as follows: knit one round, in which knit together every third and fourth following stitch, then backward and forward, and with the same number of stitches, three rounds, which must appear knitted on the right side of the work, and after this eight rounds in the same manner, but at the beginning of each of these rounds the first two stitches must be cast off. Finally, cast off all the stitches of the last round, and sew the beads on the black parts in the manner shown by the illustration. Sew the purse on the clasp, and finish with the tassel.

BROWN LINEN SLIP FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. IX., Figs. 15-21.



SECTION OF TATTED COLLAR.

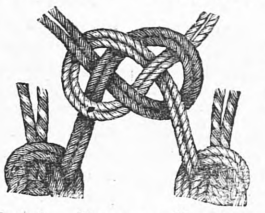
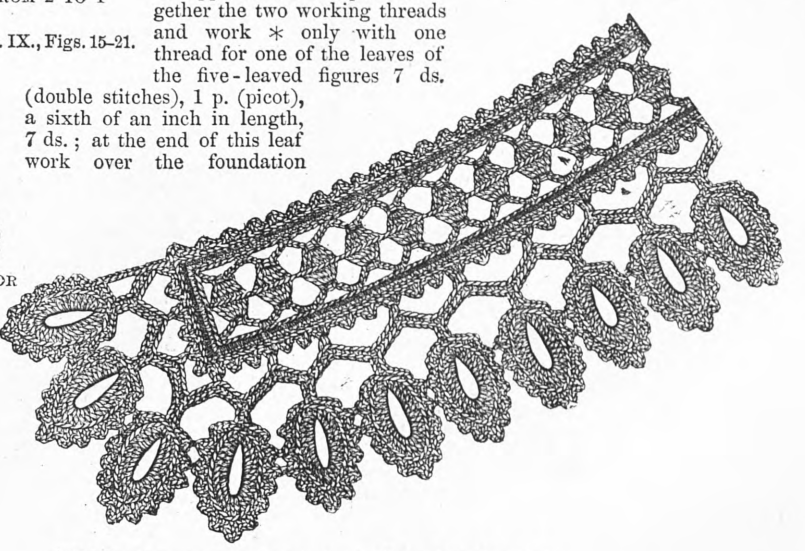


FIG. 3.—TYING OF KNOT FOR SCISSORS GUARD.



SECTION OF CROCHET COLLAR.

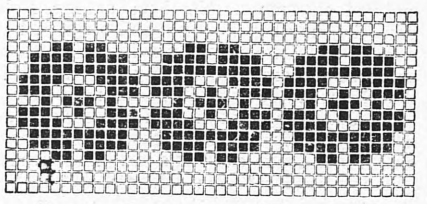


FIG. 3.—PATTERN OF CLOTHES-BAG.

Description of Symbols: □ Crochet Foundation; ■ Red Worsted run through.

Corner of Handkerchief Border in Net Guipure.

See illustration, page 676.

THE foundation of this border is worked with fine thread over a fine knitting-needle. The manner of working this is familiar to our readers. Begin the netting on a corner. The two outer rows of holes of the border are worked in point de toile, and the remaining in point de reprise and lace stitch.

Corner of Handkerchief Border in Tatting.

See illustration, page 676.

THIS border is worked in fine crochet cotton. It consists of small rosettes, which are joined by means of tatted scallops. Work, first, the rosettes with one thread (shuttle) as follows: work six small rings each composed of 5 ds. (double stitches), 1 p. (picot), 5 ds.; these rings must lie close together. Then tie together the beginning and end of the working thread, thus forming the small six-leaved figures in the middle of the rosettes. Now fasten the working thread to a picot of the six-leaved figure, ∗ work three rings as before, fasten to the next picot, and repeat from ∗ five times. At the end of the round fasten the working thread to the picot to which it was fastened at the beginning of the round, and tie the two threads together. Work the next round of the rosette with 2 threads, fastened first together and then to a picot of the former round. Now work ∗ over the foundation thread a scallop of 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds., fasten to the next picot, and repeat from ∗. At the end of the round fasten and cut off the threads. This completes a rosette. For the scallops which join the rosettes fasten both foundation and working thread to a picot of the rosette, carefully following the pattern. ∗ work over the foundation thread a scallop of 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds.; close on this work with only one thread a ring pointing downward of 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds., and repeat from ∗ four times. Then work another scallop like the preceding, and tie the working thread to a picot of a second rosette. Fasten the rings of the scallop row by means of a row of stitches worked over a foundation thread. For making this fasten both working threads in the manner shown by the illustration to a picot of the rosette and to the next ring of the scallop row, ∗ work over the foundation thread 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds.; fasten to the next ring of the scallop row and from ∗ repeat three times more, but in fastening to the last ring of the scallop row, fasten also to a picot of the next rosette (see illustration), then tie the thread and cut it off. The second scallop row is worked in the same manner.

Tatted Collar.

MATERIAL: Fine tatting cotton. This collar is worked with two threads (shuttles). Begin with the insertion-like part of the collar, in doing which work, first, the upper and then the under part. For making the upper half of this part tie together the two working threads and work ∗ only with one thread for one of the leaves of the five-leaved figures 7 ds. (double stitches), 1 p. (picot), a sixth of an inch in length, 7 ds.; at the end of this leaf work over the foundation thread a scallop composed of 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds., and then a leaf like the former, which must, however, be fastened to a picot of the former leaf instead of working a new picot.

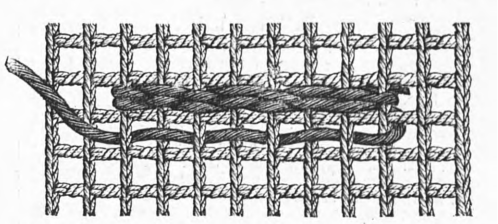


FIG. 2.—MANNER OF RUNNING WORSTED THROUGH CROCHET CLOTHES-BAG.—FULL SIZE.

Repeat from ∗ till the row is as long as it is desired to make the collar. On each end of the row work over the foundation thread a scallop of 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds., then ∗ a leaf of 7 ds.; fasten to the picot which joins the first two leaves of the upper row, again 7 ds.; then over the foundation thread a scallop of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., and after this a leaf, which must be fastened to the same picot of the former row to which the former leaves were fastened, a scallop of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., and another leaf, which must also be fastened to the same picot. This completes one of the five-leaved figures. Now repeat from ∗ till the insertion-like part of the collar is finished, after which fasten the threads. Border this with an edge, which is worked over a foundation thread. Fasten the threads on the first picot of the corner scallop (see illustration), work 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds., fasten to the following picot of the same scallop; work 2 ds., 1 p., 7 ds., 1 p., 2 ds.; ∗ fasten to the picot of the next scallop (on the under part of the insertion-like part), 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds.; fasten to the picot of the next scallop; 2 ds., 1 p., 2 ds. Repeat from ∗ till the round is completed. The other edge is worked in the same manner. On the upper edge the number of stitches between every two picots of the insertion-like part must count ten. Next border the ends and under edge with the following lace, which is worked with two threads. Fasten the working thread to the upper part of the end of the collar on the first picot (see illustration), work over the foundation thread a scallop of 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds., fasten to the next picot, then again over the foundation thread 4 ds., close on that with only one thread a ring composed of 10 ds., 1 p., 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds.; and, after three-tenths of an inch space, a ring of 2 ds.;

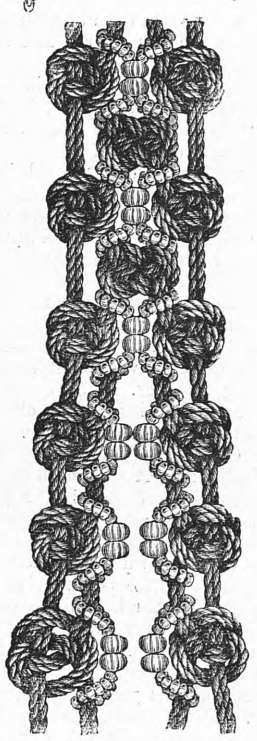


FIG. 2.—SECTION OF SCISSORS GUARD.—FULL SIZE.

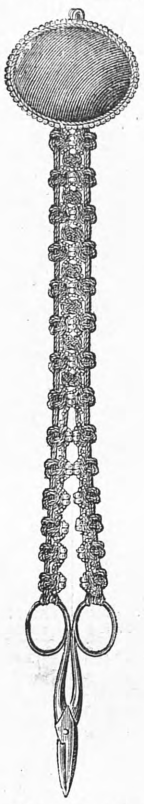


FIG. 1.—SCISSORS GUARD.

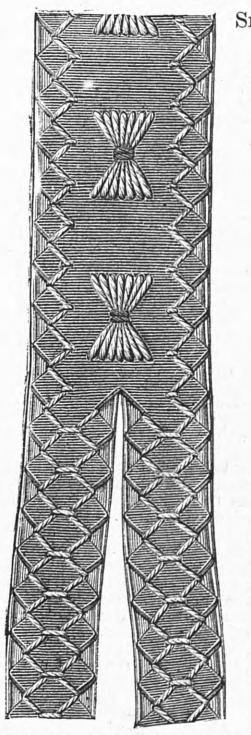


FIG. 4.—SECTION OF EMBROIDERED CLOTH SCISSORS GUARD.—FULL SIZE.

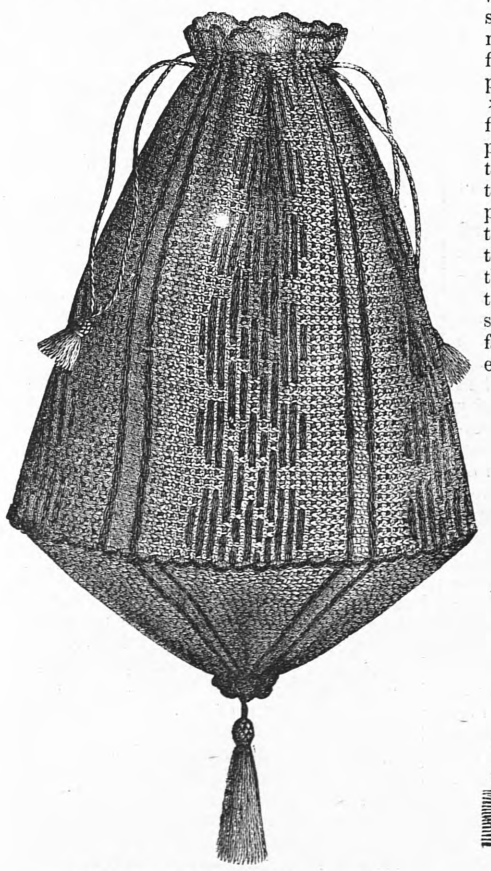


FIG. 1.—CROCHET CLOTHES-BAG.

SCARF MANTILLA.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1 and 2.

KNITTED EGG AND CRACKER BAG.

fasten to the last picot of the former ring, 8 ds., 1 p., 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds.; after three-tenths of an inch space, a ring of 2 ds., fasten to last picot of the former ring, 8 ds., 1 p., 8 ds., 1 p., 2 ds.; then again, after three-tenths of an inch space, a ring of 5 ds., fasten to the last picot of the former ring, 5 ds., 1 p., 8 ds., 1 p., 2 ds., and after three-tenths of an inch space, a fifth ring of 5 ds., fasten the last picot of the former ring, 5 ds., 1 p., 10 ds., then over the foundation thread 4 ds., fasten to the picot to which was fastened the working threads before working the first four ds., before the first four rings. This completes a leaf of the lace. The remaining leaves are worked in the same manner and joined to each other and to the collar as shown by the illustration. Work also between every two leaves 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., over the foundation thread. The threads which join the five rings of each leaf are worked in point de reprise as shown by the engraving.

Crochet Collar.

See illustration on page 677.

THIS collar is worked with very fine crochet cotton. Begin on the upper edge of the collar with a foundation of 254 stitches. On this work backward:

1st round: Passing over the last stitch in every foundation stitch 1 sc. (single crochet). Turn the work, crochet 1 ch. (chain stitch), then going back on the 1st round: 2d round.—Alternately 2 sc., 5 ch., passing over four stitches of the previous round. 3d round.—Fastening on a new thread at the beginning of the second round, work in the middle stitch of every chain-stitch scallop 6 dc. (double crochet), after this always 2 ch. 4th round.—Laying on a new thread; 3 ch., * 6 dc. in the dc. of the former round; but these are not worked singly but together by drawing the thread through all at once, 6 ch.; from * repeat. 5th round.—Fasten on the thread at the beginning of the second round, crochet 1 sl. (slip stitch) in the first sc. of this round, then 3 ch., 1 sl. in the first dc. of the 3d round, 3 ch., 1 sl. in the first ch. of the 4th round, then always alternating 5 ch., 2 sc. in the next chain-stitch scallop of the 4th round to the end of the same. On the other end work as in the beginning of the 5th round. 6th round.—Fastening the thread on anew; in each stitch of the 5th round 1 sc. 7th round.—1 ch., now turn the work and crochet back on the former round, in such a manner that the stitches on the right side of the work appear wrong side out, around the so far finished part with the exception of the foundation stitches, in every stitch 1 sc.; on the corner a few stitches must of course be added, and the threads on the ends must be worked in with the work. 8th round.—Again work 1 ch. and turn and work, going back over the entire edge, always alternately 2 sc. in the next two stitches, 1 p. (picot); that is to say, 2 sc. separated by 2 ch. in the third following stitch. 9th round.—From this time leave the foundation stitches of the collar alone. Crochet 10th round.—1 sc. in the first p. on one end of the collar, then three times alternately, 9 ch. 1 sc. in the second following p., then to the other end always alternately 9 ch. 1 sc. in the third following p.; then again as on the previous end, passing over only 1 p. with the last three chain-stitch scallops. The leaves which form the outer edge of the collar are worked together in one round as follows: 5 sc. in the first 5 stitches of the former round, * 18 ch. join these in a round by working 1 sc. in the 6th ch. (in the upper vein), then in this chain-stitch ring a round composed of: 1 sdc. (short double crochet), 12 dc., 3 stc. (short treble), 12 dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc., and on this a 2d round as follows: 2 sc. in the first two stitches of the former round, then always alternately, 1 p., that is, 2 sc. separated by 2 ch. in the next stitch, 1 sc. in the following stitch: the picot which comes on the stc. on the point of the leaf must count 3 ch.; at the end of the round 2 sc. in the last two stitches of the former round; 1 sl. in the first stitch of this round, then 2 sc. in the first two of the eighteen chain, working the second sc. fasten at the same time the next ch. of the 10th round; after this crochet 9 sc. in the next 9 stitches of the 10th round and repeat from *. In working do not forget to fasten the leaves together as shown by the illustration with the picots.

Scissors Guard.

See Illustration on page 677.

MATERIALS: Fine blue silk cord; large and small crystal beads; blue silk.

This scissors guard, which is shown of a reduced size in the illustration, Fig. 1, is made of fine blue silk cord and crystal beads. The upper edge is finished with a small, flat, oval cushion, which serves for holding pins. Under the cushion is sewed a hook, by means of which the guard is fastened to the belt. Take, first, four ends of fine blue silk cord, each forty inches in length, and in addition four ends of the same cord, each ten inches in length. Fasten every two of the cords of the same length on a sewing cushion in such a manner that the two longer cords are within, and the shorter without, at either side. Then wind each short cord with the longer one, as shown by Fig. 2, and make a knot of the two longer cords just underneath, as is shown by Fig. 3. When the cord weft has reached the requisite number of knots (Fig. 1) embroider it, as shown by Fig. 2, with crystal beads. Attach the scissors to the end of the cord-strands in the manner shown by the illustration, and fasten the top to the little cushion. Fig. 4 gives another style of scissors guard. This is made of a strip of red cloth of the requisite width, which is pointed on both sides, and stitched fast to two pieces of corn-colored ribbon, with corn-colored silk in point russe. The upper part of this ribbon is embroidered with figures, worked also in corn-colored silk.

Crochet Clothes-Bag.

See illustration on page 677.

MATERIALS: White knitting cotton, red zephyr wool, white cord.

This clothes-bag is crocheted with white knitting cotton in an open-work double crochet pattern, and is divided into six parts by means of stripes of close double crochet stitches. The open-work foundation is worked with red wool in the manner shown by the illustration. The bottom of the bag is finished with a crocheted rosette of red wool and a cotton tassel. Red and white crocheted cords, with tasseled ends (chain stitch), are run through an open-work row on the upper edge of the bag. Begin the bag in the centre of the under part with a foundation of 8 stitches, which must be joined in a round by a sl. (slip stitch), and on this crochet:

1st round.—Six times alternately 3 dc. (double crochet), 2 ch. (chain stitches). At the end of this, as of all the following rounds, work 1 sl. in the first dc. of the same round. 2d round.—At the beginning of this, as of all following rounds, work 3 ch., which serve as 1 dc., 2 dc. in the next 2 dc., * 2 ch., 1 dc. in the next chain-stitch scallop of the former round, 2 ch., 3 dc. in the next 3 dc. Repeat from *. 3d round.—3 dc. in the next 3 dc. of the former round, after this always 2 ch., 1 dc. in the next chain-stitch scallop, 2 ch., 1 dc. in the next chain-stitch scallop, 2 ch. 4th round.—3 dc. in the 3 dc. of the former round, after this always 2 ch., 1 dc. in the next chain-stitch scallop, 2 ch., 1 dc. in the next dc., 2 ch., 1 dc. in the next dc., 2 ch., 1 dc. in the next chain-stitch scallop, 2 ch. From the 5th to the 27th rounds the dc. must always be worked in the dc. of the former round, but the added dc. at each side of the thick stripe must be worked in the chain-stitch scallops; of course 2 ch. must be worked before and after the added dc. This adding takes place in the 7th, 9th, 12th, 15th, 18th, 21st, 24th, and 27th rounds. With this last round the bottom is completed. Then work 72 rounds in the same design, but without widening, and next an open-work round for the cord, in which work alternately 2 dc. in the first two stitches of the former round, 2 ch. passing over two stitches. Then work:

1st round.—Alternately 1 dc., 2 ch. passing over two stitches. In the following round always crochet in the 2 ch. of the former round a figure composed of 10 dc. 1 sl. in the first of the 10 dc., and after each figure 2 ch. On this figure-row work a round as follows: 1 sc. (single crochet) in the sl. of each figure, after this always 5 ch., 1 dc. in the first of the 5 ch. Lastly, crochet the last round of the bag with red wool as follows: 1 sc. in every sc. of the former round, putting the needle through the two perpendicular veins on the back of the stitch; after this always 5 ch. The two rounds last described are to be worked also on the round of the bag before the round designed for the cord, and in this crochet the sc. of the first of the mentioned two rounds always in the chain-stitch scallops. Then run red worsted through the foundation of the bag in the manner shown by Fig. 2 in the design given by Fig. 3. The row of holes each side of the single crochet strips are also worked in red. Next crochet on the round which follows the last (widest) round of the bottom the three last rounds (figures) on the upper edge of the bag in such a manner that they shall point upward. Now run through the last round of the bottom a reed or whalebone hoop wound with red wool; and finally trim the bag in the manner shown by the illustration, with the rosette and tassel, and run the crocheted cords and tassels through the rounds prepared for that purpose on the upper edge.

Egg and Cracker Bag.

See illustration on page 677.

THIS bag is knitted in the round, with coarse knitting cotton and large knitting-needles. Begin in the middle of the under part with a foundation of 6 stitches, join this in a round, and knit one round plain. 2d round.—Alternately the thread thrown around and one stitch knitted. 3d and 4th rounds.—Plain. 5th round.—Alternately throw the thread around, knit one. The threads which have been thrown around are always knitted as plain stitches. 6th–8th rounds.—Entirely plain. 9th round.—Alternately throw the thread around, knit one. 10th–12th rounds.—Knit plain. The work must now count 48 stitches in the round. As the number of stitches increases the number of needles must also be increased. 13th round.—* Throw the thread around, knit 4; from * repeat eleven times. It is understood without further mention that in the remainder of this description the work must always be repeated from *. 14th round.—Knit plain. 15th round.—* Throw the thread around, knit 5. 16th round.—Knit plain. 17th round.—* Throw the thread around, knit 6. 18th round.—Knit plain. 19th round.—* Throw the thread around, knit 7. 20th round.—Knit plain. 21st round.—* Throw the thread around, knit 8. 22d round.—Knit plain. 23d round.—* Throw the thread around, knit 9. 24th round.—Knit plain. 25th round.—* Throw the thread around, knit 1, throw the thread around, knit 3, knit together the next 3 stitches as one stitch, knit 3. 26th round.—Knit plain. 27th round.—* Throw the thread around, knit 2, knit 3 stitches together, knit 2. 28th round.—Knit plain. 29th round.—* Throw the thread around, knit 5, throw the thread around, knit 1, knit three stitches together, knit 1. 30th round.—Knit plain. 31st round.—* Throw the thread around, knit 7, throw the thread around, knit 3 stitches together. 32d round.—Knit plain. 33d.—Alternately throw the thread around, knit 5. 34th round.—Knit plain. 35th round.—Alternately throw the thread around, knit 6. 36th round.—Knit plain. 37th round.—Alternately throw the thread around, knit 7. 38th round.—Knit plain. 39th round.—* Throw the thread around, knit 1, throw the thread around, knit 2, knit three stitches together, knit 2. 40th round.—Knit plain. 41st round.—* Throw the thread around, knit 3, throw the thread around, knit 1, knit 3 stitches together, knit 1. 42d round.—Knit plain. 43d round.—* Throw the thread around, knit 5, throw the thread around, knit 3 stitches together. 44th and 45th rounds.—Knit plain. 46th round.—* Knit two stitches together, throw the thread around twice, knit 2 stitches together, knit 2 stitches together, throw the thread around twice, knit 2 stitches together. 47th round.—Out of every double thread thrown around knit 1, purl 1, knit the remainder plain. 48th round.—Knit plain. Now begin the figures above the bottom, as follows:

1st round of the figure.—(Take the last stitch of the round on the first needle.) * Knit 2 stitches together, throw the thread around twice, knit 2 stitches together, throw the thread around; knit 3, knit the next 3 stitches together, knit 3, throw the thread around. 2d round of the figure.—* Knit 5 (out of the single thread thrown around knit 1, out of the double thread thrown around knit 1, purl 1), throw the thread around, knit 2, knit 3 stitches together, knit 2, throw the thread around, knit 1. 3d round of the figure.—* Knit 6, throw the thread around, knit 1, knit 3 stitches together, knit 1, throw the thread around, knit 2. 4th round of the figure.—* Knit 7, throw the thread around, knit 3 stitches together, throw the thread around, knit 3. 5th round of the figure.—* Knit 2 stitches together, throw the thread around twice, knit 2 stitches together, throw the thread around, knit 3, knit 3 stitches together (these are the 2 threads thrown around and the stitch between), knit 3, throw the thread around.

From the 2d to 5th rounds repeat now four times, then follow 2 rounds, knitted plain, then knit the 46th to 48th rounds eighteen times, and cast off. Through the row of holes in the upper edge run crosswise two red ribbons, through the row of holes of the 46th round and the row of holes above the figured part each a reed hoop of the requisite length. Finish the bottom with a red worsted tassel.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

IN another week or two the Royal Academy Exhibition of Arts will be closed, for we are drifting swiftly toward the end of the month, and this—the best annual exhibition we have of oil-paintings—is only open from the beginning of May to the end of July; so, before it becomes, like its ninety-nine predecessors (the first exhibition was in 1768), a thing of the past, I must, I think, say a word or two about it, and enumerate a few of the chef-d'œuvres of the collection. This exhibition is to be seen in the east wing of the National Gallery, in Trafalgar Square, built in 1832, partly from the materials of the King's Mews, which formerly occupied the site. London, extensive as it is, presents few vistas, like Paris, which are calculated to please a stranger. Beside our finest edifices are often narrow streets and unsightly buildings which spoil their effect; but Trafalgar Square is the best portion of the metropolis as far as vista goes. It is paved with granite, and fountains play there every day from ten to four, while on all sides rise statues and trophies to our heroes, not always in the purest taste—some of them are very poor affairs indeed—but, as they are about the best we have, we are inclined to be proud of them, and you never see them to better advantage than from the elevated terrace running in front of the National Gallery. So much for the locality.

The Academy itself originated in a society of artists in Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane. Hogarth established the Society of Incorporated Artists, and from the seceders from that body sprung the Academy, under the presidentship of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It consists of academicians and associates, and its objects are the promotion of art and to assist artists. Lectures are given to the students free, and some are sent to Rome at the expense of the Academy. A good library and some choice works of arts are among its other advantages. About fifteen thousand works are annually exhibited, as selected by council—an almost equal number being often rejected. The present President, Sir Francis Grant, who succeeded Sir Charles Eastlake, has himself sent six works. The most prominent among them, and indeed one of the most notable pictures in the exhibition, is "H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge at the Battle of the Alma," leading the Guards up the hill in support of the Light Division. He is attended by Colonel the Hon. J. M'Donald and Colonels Clifton and Tyrwhitt, who, by-the-by, look far more as if they were about to attend a picnic than a battle. Having probably had to bivouac in very uncomfortable quarters the previous night, they would scarcely have been in such excellent trim.

The great fault people find with this said Academy every year is that there are so many portraits, which mar the interest of the collection. One of the prettiest of these is the Countess of Westmoreland and her daughter, painted by H. Weigall—one of those lucky artists who have made great way in the world, and who about two years ago married Lady Rose Fane, sister of Lord Westmoreland, so that this is the portrait of his wife's sister-in-law. He also sends "The Rival Babies"—a family group, consisting doubtless of his wife's aristocratic connections, for Lady Westmoreland and her child again appear in it. She is a fair, beautiful woman, celebrated for her toilettes.

Millais is a very favorite master here. He exhibits five works. One, called "Sisters," shows three pretty girls, from twelve to six, all dressed alike in white muslins trimmed with blue. It has attracted a great deal of attention. They look very bright and lovable, and are portraits of his own children. His wife, a very beautiful woman, was once the wife of Mr. Ruskin, the great art critic. "Pilgrims to St. Paul's," another of Millais's, is a favorite this year.

"No Thoroughfare," by S. Carter, is a large picture, hung very high, depicting the summits of the snow-covered mountains at the moment that Marguerite discovers her lost lover. The dogs are as eager as she is.

"Before Dinner at Boswell's Lodgings in Bond Street, 1769," by Frith, is as interesting as any. Another of his, "Sterne, and the French Innkeeper's daughter," is also popular.

E. M. Ward's picture of the "Royal Marriage, 1477," pleases one by its true touches of nature in the midst of so much art. Two children, the boy five, the girl four, arrayed in stiff, rich dresses of state, such as they might suitably wear some fifteen years hence—the one the Duke of York, second son of King Edward; the other the Lady Anne Mowbray—are being solemnly married. The Bishop, in full canonicals, is in the act of blessing the pair, whose fat dimpled hands he is joining together. The Queen, in the rich dress of the period, is present; also the King, Prince, and the Duke of Gloucester.

Faed's picture of "Worn Out" represents a humble cottage bedroom. A sick child lies on the wooden bedstead, and beside it the poor, hard-worked father, fast asleep, holding the small hand in his own. The ragged coat he has just taken off has been thrown over the child to give it extra warmth. There is plenty of evidence of tender care; but the homeliness of the scene gives rare life to it, only one can not help wondering how a choice china bowl in the foreground found its way there.

The Handel Festival this year was a greater success than ever. The Crystal Palace has been a great point of attraction lately, being the particular spot where it has pleased those who rule in these matters to exhibit our lions to the public. First of all there was a performance in honor of the Prince of Denmark, who returned home just a few days before the Princess of Wales gave birth to a daughter. Her royal highness is progressing wonderfully, and on the Saturday before the birth she was present at the display of fireworks which formed the conclusion of the entertainment in honor of the Duke of Edinburgh, who has returned to us to all appearance none the worse for his late wound. Your poet Longfellow is our other lion; but he has left us for a while for the Continent, with the promise to return in the spring.

The Queen has left Windsor for Osborne, and early next month goes to Germany, and thence to Lucerne, it is whispered. A few balls are going on now. One given by the Guards at the Knightsbridge Barracks not long since was one of the grandest of the season. Knightsbridge Barracks is a large unsightly building facing the fashionable drive in Hyde Park, but it had for the nonce been turned into a complete fairy palace. All the ground in front had been covered in, and tents and marquees scattered about, seeming to spring up amidst a flower-garden of choice exotics, so well planted that it was almost impossible to believe they had been only temporarily placed there. The riding-school had been turned into the ball-room and hung with flags and blue gauze drapery and garlands of flowers, and was so well disguised that a better ball-room could scarcely have been. All the world of fashion were there, and the dresses were magnificent. Certainly the fashions of centuries back are gaining ground daily. The hair is dressed higher than ever, paniers, sacs, and trains separate from the skirts, all these were to be seen, and in nearly every instance the dresses were worn shorter than ever in front, the back apparently being gathered as full as possible.

While enumerating our lions I quite forgot to speak of King Theodore's son, who lately arrived among us. He is quick and intelligent, and has won great favor in the sight of those who have seen him; and seems quite satisfied with his present quarters. His father's robes, seal, crown, etc., are being exhibited at the South Kensington Museum. They look but poor relics of kingly power, and seem nearly all of them to have come originally from England, not excepting the great seal. They look more like a few items of a theatrical wardrobe than any thing else.

After all that was promised about the grand fête at Buckingham Palace, that was to celebrate the return of Prince Alfred, there has been nothing of the kind, and we have had to content ourselves with one affair of the kind—a solitary morning party at the Palace. There is no doubt about it, whatever cavilers may say, that the Queen is really in a state of health that precludes much exertion. She is, it seems, subject to such terrible attacks of sickness that for a while she is quite prostrate, and the slightest excitement brings them on. Our Princess Louise has remained longer at home than any of her sisters.

Patti is singing at the opera every night nearly, and delighting every body. She is to be married to the Marquis de Caux on August 1, at least it has been so announced and not contradicted. The ceremony is to take place at St. George's, Hanover Square—a very fashionable church, but a very dark and dismal one, much begrimed with London smoke.

ARDERN HOLT.

BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY;

OR, THE

Adventures and Misadventures of Robert Ainsleigh.

CHAPTER V.

I RISE IN THE WORLD.

IF in my childhood I had regarded Hauteville Hall as a kind of enchanted castle of fairy legend, I had still better ground for the pleasant fancy after the coming of Lady Barbara Lestrange; for my life underwent a transformation as sudden and complete as that which befalls the prince who, after pining for years in the guise of some repulsive beast, is once more restored to his own image, and finds himself a prosperous and comely gentleman. As Robert the Nameless, dependent on an absent lady's bounty, I had endured extreme humiliation; as Mr. Robert Ainsleigh, my lady's cousin and favorite, I was courted and flattered in a manner which at once confused and amazed me. My late tyrant, Martha Grimshaw, was of all people most obsequious; and I perceived that, in her fear of my lady's anger, she would have stooped to any degradation in order to conciliate me. I received her advances with supreme coldness, and took occasion to inform her that she had nothing to fear from my malice or to hope from my regard.

"It was my misfortune to live with you for ten years," I said; "and it is difficult for any man to beat out the memory of so long a period; but, so far as it is possible, I will forget the slights you have inflicted upon me, and the petty spite which has influenced your conduct toward me from the day of our first meeting. Your husband's kindness to me has, however, been as unvarying as your own harshness, and you may be secure that my respect for him will prevent me from injuring you."

Mrs. Grimshaw's dull gray eye shone with a pale fire as she answered me.

"I am much beholden to you, Sir," she said, in slow, measured tones, "that you should condescend so far as to refrain from injuring me in the opinion of my mistress, whose last caprice inclines her to patronize you. You are as yet a stranger to the whims and humors of a lady of rank, and I scarce wonder that your sudden elevation has turned your head. It is a new thing for a penniless dependent to be raised from the society of such low persons as my husband and myself to the company of an earl's daughter and an embassador's son; but I would have you remember that it is easier to come down stairs than to go upward, and that you may some day find yourself turned out of doors, as Mr. Roderick Ainsleigh was before you."

"My father was not turned out of doors!" I cried, angrily.

"Your father! Who gave you an earl's nephew for your father? Pray where is your certificate of birth, or your mother's marriage-lines? You are quick to boast of your father; and I doubt not, if he has bequeathed you his face, you have inherited his wicked heart also."

"Why do you malign him?" I exclaimed; "he never can have injured you."

"Of course not," cried Mrs. Grimshaw, bitterly; "what should there be in common between low-born dirt like me and such a gentleman as that? Why, nothing. But I tell you this, Robert Ainsleigh—since it pleases you to borrow a bad man's name—your father brought sorrow wherever he came, and there were few who looked on his face who did not live to rue having seen it."

The inconsequence of this speech mystified me, but I did not question Mrs. Grimshaw, who departed malevolent as ever, more malevolent, if possible, since I had repudiated her civilities.

In my new phase of existence, however, I saw but little of the severe Martha. For me there was to be no more of Mr. Whitefield's Calvinistic discourse, no more tracts of alarming import, no more prim one-o'clock dinners in the oak parlor, no more silent, comfortless meals beneath the baleful gaze of my persecutor.

From the little whitewashed chamber at the top of a narrow wooden staircase, where I had slept ever since my first coming to Hauteville Hall, I found myself transferred to an airy and spacious tapestried apartment over the library,

with an oriel window opening on the Italian garden. A tailor from Warborough came to take my orders for several suits of the prevailing fashion, and Lady Barbara herself assisted me to select patterns and colors, while Mr. Snip waited respectfully with his pattern-book across his arm. My mornings were still given to the classics with my kind master Anthony Grimshaw; but after we had read an act of a Greek tragedy, or the funeral oration of Pericles, or a dozen pages of Tacitus, or dipped into the wicked romance of Petronius Arbiter, my tutor and I parted company; and unless I made it my business to join him as he took his after-dinner pipe on the terrace, we saw no more of each other till the next day. In short, I was now a gentleman, and my sphere was the drawing-room, where I sat by Lady Barbara's tambour-frame, or hung over Miss Hemsley's harpsichord, as if I had been to the manner born. How shall I describe the kindness of my kinswoman, who, having chosen to assume the care of my fortunes, was determined to fulfill her duty to the uttermost!

"It seems cruel to have left you so long to languish in this lonely place," she said, during our first *tête-à-tête;* "but I could not get Sir Marcus away from Madrid, and it would have seemed ungracious to leave him; so I waited, almost hoping for some breach between England and Spain, in order to bring about my husband's recall. And then the years slipped by so quickly. I knew Anthony would be kind to you, and I did not think Martha would be unkind, which I fear she was, though you refuse to admit as much. In short, dear cousin, believe me, I was not so cruel as I must needs have seemed."

"You never seemed to me any thing but my bountiful benefactress and friend," I replied; "I knew that I owed every thing to you, and must have perished but for your charity."

"No, Robert, I will not have that word."

"Nay, dear Madam, there is no other that fits your goodness."

And again my lady gave me her hand, which I once more raised to my lips in grateful homage.

I was now installed as one of the family, with as little sense of dependence as it is possible for a dependent to feel.

I was agreeably surprised by the conduct of Mr. Lestrange, who treated me with a cordiality which I was far from expecting to receive from him, after his supercilious tone on the night of our first meeting. He was something of a fop and fine gentleman; but pronounced himself, nevertheless, delighted with the park and woods, the noble trout-stream which intersected the estate, and in which I was able to show him the deeps and shallows, the shadowy inlets where his fly might do most execution, and the reedy margins where he might be sure of a gigantic jack. He suffered me to do the honors of Hauteville, and entertained me agreeably with his own adventures at home and abroad, which he was never tired of relating, and which were of a nature to induce me to believe that the descriptions of Petronius were not so entirely fabulous as I had hitherto supposed them. In plain truth, I discovered by-and-by that this gentleman, who was yet on the sunny side of his twenty-seventh birthday, was past-master of the knowledge of evil, and had long outlived his abhorrence of the vices and his respect for the virtues of his fellow-men.

I did not, however, make this discovery immediately, being too much unused to the society of fine gentlemen, and to the world in general, to be a skilled observer. Little by little these things revealed themselves to me; and I had been some months in Mr. Everard's company before I had learned rightly to estimate his civilities or to appreciate his value.

His father arrived at the Hall within a week of Lady Barbara's advent; and I was presented to that important personage with all due ceremony. He received me with a somewhat cold courtesy, and I was quick to discover that my presence gave him little pleasure. Toleration was, evidently, all I must expect from him; but the kindness of my benefactress would have compensated me for worse treatment from Sir Marcus, and while I took care not to intrude myself upon that gentleman, I rigidly refrained from any attempt to conciliate his good graces. My grateful affection for my protectress might be misinterpreted; but I was determined to eat no toads for Sir Marcus Lestrange.

Happily for me, however, the diplomatist was by no means a domestic character. He spent the greater part of his day in his study, and of an evening played piquet with my lady in her dressing-room, while Everard Lestrange, Miss Hemsley, and myself amused ourselves in the saloon, or strolled on the terrace and in the garden. He paid numerous visits to the seats of the neighboring nobility and gentry, traveling sometimes as many as thirty miles to a dinner, and altogether troubled us but little with his company. He was an elegant and accomplished gentleman, of about fifty years of age, in person much resembling his only son, but of more perfect although colder manners. Between himself and Everard there obtained a stately politeness which did not betoken a very warm affection. It was rather the manner of skilled fencers on guard than of a loving father and son. My lady told me in confidence that Sir Marcus desired to see his son united in marriage with Dorothea, or Dora, Hemsley, not only the most amiable of women, but a considerable fortune.

"Whether this will ever come to pass I know not," she said in conclusion; "but I am bound to assist my husband's projects. Dora is a very sweet girl, and my only fear is that Everard should prove unworthy of her."

"They are not betrothed to each other, are they, Madam?" I asked, perhaps more anxiously than the circumstances warranted.

"No, there has been no formal betrothal; but Dora can hardly be ignorant of her uncle's wish. She was left an orphan five years ago, and since that time has lived with me. I do not know what I should do without her. I have no children of my own, you see, Robert. There is a little grave in Spain that I can not think of at this day without a heartache, though it is fifteen years old; but no child of mine lived to call me mother. Yes, Dora is very dear to me," she added, abruptly changing the subject.

This confidence occurred within a week of Lady Barbara's arrival. In after-days, when I had suffered a bitter pain and languished under the burden of a secret sorrow, I could not help thinking that my benefactress had told me these things thus early in order that no peril might arise from my daily companionship with Dora Hemsley. But there is one disease against which antidotes and preventives are administered in vain, and from this cruel fever I was doomed to suffer.

CHAPTER VI.

I FALL IN LOVE.

During one of our earliest rambles in Hauteville woods I introduced Mr. Everard Lestrange to the warrener's lodge, where the traveled gentleman soon contrived to make himself agreeable to honest Dame Hawker and my sweet Margery, who had blossomed into rare beauty in the calm solitude of her woodland home. She was but just seventeen years of age, slim and graceful as the young fawns who had frisked around her and eaten from her rosy palm. Her beauty was that of a true wood-nymph, and had nothing in common with Dorothea Hemsley's white loveliness. Margery's skin was a pale olive, charmingly relieved by the deep crimson of cheeks and lips. Her eyes were hazel-brown, large, bright, and sparkling with the innocent vivacity of a pure and fearless soul; her hair also a rich nut-brown, tinged with gold—waving, rippling hair, which defied her girlish vanity when she would fain have pinned and pinched it into some semblance of the two or three fashionable heads which she saw at church.

I had happened to tell my new acquaintance that Jack Hawker was an excellent angler, and his daughter skilled in the fabrication of a famous trout-fly, whereupon Mr. Lestrange expressed himself eager to see my foster-father.

"A very bower of Arcadia!" he cried, as we approached the dear old white-walled cottage. "And so this is where you were reared? I declare, Ainsleigh, you were a lucky dog to have a scoundrel for your father."

"Scoundrel or no scoundrel, as he was my father, I would rather you called him no hard names," I answered, somewhat sullenly; for I had no idea of suffering this gentleman to throw dirt at Roderick Ainsleigh's grave.

We found the cottage tenantless. Jack Hawker was doubtless absent on his rounds, and it was market-day at Warborough, whither my foster-mother went every week to make her purchases, and dispose of small produce in the way of honey and eggs, and vegetables from the fertile rustic garden. The doors being all opened, in the sultry midsummer weather, we went into the kitchen, whence we beheld as fair a vision as painter ever perpetuated by the work of his brush.

At the end of a narrow garden-path, overarched by the straggling boughs of elder, quince, and hazel, stood Margery, in the centre of a little grass-plot, with the sunshine on her loose, uncovered hair and light chintz petticoat. She was feeding her poultry, which swarmed eagerly round her, and did sturdy battle among themselves for the barley which her pretty hands shook down on them from a well-filled sieve. So busily was she occupied as not to be aware of our approach till we stood within a few yards of her; and then it was a pretty sight to see her bashfulness and sweet blushing confusion when she glanced suddenly upward and perceived us watching her.

She came and shook me by the hand, and dropped a low courtesy to my companion. Her manner toward myself had much changed during the last year. She was no longer the familiar foster-sister who had been wont to hold up her rosy lips to receive the fraternal kiss, but a bashful maiden, whose eyelids drooped when we met, and from whom I had sometimes trouble to extort more than murmured monosyllabic replies to my talk, yet who would by fits and starts be vivacious and animated, playful and capricious, as some forest elf.

This I took to be the natural shyness of maidenhood, that tender early dawn of life in which a woman is wholly surprised and half ashamed to find herself beautiful and admired.

I requested Margery to show us some golden pheasants of her own rearing, the feathers of which were of inestimable value to the angler; and she conducted us to a roomy, rough wire cage, embosomed among roses and seringa, proud to exhibit her favorites.

After these had been duly admired Mr. Lestrange complained of thirst, and I begged a bowl of milk for him; whereon Margery led us to her mother's dairy, a cool, shadowy chamber paved with stone, and odorous with the perfume of eglantine and honey-suckle.

Here she made us welcome to such refreshment as the place could offer, and we loitered for some time drinking milk and eating cheese-cakes of a substantial quality. I was surprised to discover how quickly Everard Lestrange made himself agreeable to the rustic girl, contriving speedily to engage her in familiar conversation, and to amuse her by his talk of London, that marvelous city of which she knew less than she knew of fairyland.

We bade Margery good-by after she had promised to make us some flies against our next visit; and as we walked away from the cottage my companion complimented me upon my good fortune in owning so lovely a foster-sister.

"Methinks thou wert born under a lucky star, Robert," cried the gentleman, in that affected style which I found afterward to obtain between young men of his class.

"I do not know what you mean by good luck," I replied. "I love my foster-sister dearly; but I consider it no special good fortune that she should have grown up so handsome. Indeed, I doubt if beauty is the best of gifts for a cottager's daughter."

"Spoken like a true disciple of the saintly Noggers of Brewer's-yard, Warborough," cried Mr. Lestrange, with a sneer. "Beauty is a delusion and a snare, brother Jumper—do you jump in Brewer's-yard meeting-house, by-the-way, or do you belong to the quieter folks who only preach and pray?—yea, verily, comeliness of visage is but a snare to the wicked and a bait for fools; and 'tis better to be a flat-faced and pug-nosed damsel than a bright woodland siren, with great hazel eyes in which the sunshine plays at bo-peep, and lips like ripe crimson rose-buds."

I did not care to hear these florid compliments; and though at this time I knew but little of Everard Lestrange, I resolved that I would take him to Jack Hawker's cottage as seldom as possible.

"One would think, by your raptures, you had fallen in love with my pretty sister," I said, somewhat coldly.

"Why, thou simplest of rusties, such raptures are the common language with a man of the world where women are in question. We think and talk of them in hyperbole, and the homeliest among them is angel or goddess before marriage. It is only after the honey-moon that we descend to the regions of fact, and confess that Lesbia is a slattern and Marcella a scold. As for your pretty woodland nymph yonder, it would fare ill with me should I lose my heart in that quarter; for so surely as I am a skilled observer of womankind, hers is already forfeited."

"To whom, pray?"

"To you, Mr. Demure; to you, who pretend to be unconscious of your power. Did you mark how ready the sly puss was to converse with me, and how bravely her beautiful eyes met mine, stranger as I am! But at a word from you the dark lashes droop, and the gipsy face reddens with a sudden blush. I would forfeit my chances of favor with the Duke of Newcastle to be in your shoes, were I free to wish."

I understood these last words to allude to his relations with Miss Hemsley. I hastened to assure him that he was mistaken as to Margery's sentiments.

"We regard each other as brother and sister, but no more," I said. "I have watched her cradle many a day when I was little more than a baby myself. We were together for nearly eight years—constant play-fellows and companions—and the friendship between us has never been interrupted."

"And is that any reason that she should not love you?"

"The strongest. I don't believe that love is ever born of custom and affection. 'Tis the sudden sight of a sweet strange face that first tells a man he has a heart."

Mr. Lestrange stared hard at me, and I felt my cheeks crimson under his gaze.

"And what sweet strange face has Mr. Ainsleigh seen of late that has made him so wise?" he demanded, with a sneer.

"I speak of love in the abstract," I answered, and hastily turned the conversation; but on several occasions after this I caught Everard Lestrange watching my face with a somewhat unfriendly expression upon his own.

"The sudden sight of a sweet strange face." The words had escaped me unawares, and they hinted at a secret scarce known to myself. 'Twas the pale, wild white-rose face of Dorothea Hemsley that was in my mind.

And she was to marry this cold, cynical, supercilious worldling, with his sneers and affectations, because she had a fortune, and could advance her cousin's prospects! Remote and impossible a creature as she must ever be for me, I could but lament that family interests should assign her to so unfitting a partner; and I feared that so gentle a nature would never sustain any contest with the will of others, should the young lady's inclinations be opposed to the match.

This I had some reason to conclude was the case. I had seen Miss Hemsley and her suitor together, and had seen on her part an avoidance which was something more than maiden modesty. She was polite and gentle in her demeanor toward her cousin, as she was to the lowest servant in the house; but I observed that she artfully eluded all occasions of being alone with him. In order to do this she sometimes invited my companionship, and I was thus at an early stage of our acquaintance drawn into a dangerous intimacy with her. She volunteered to teach me chess, and instructed me in the performance of the simple symphonies and accompaniments in two or three easy bass songs by Handel and Gluck.

That these favors bestowed on me were displeasing to Mr. Lestrange I had, even at this period, no doubt; but he contrived to conceal his anger, and treated his cousin and myself with perfect amiability.

I found it no easy matter to keep my lady's step-son away from the warrener's lodge, where he managed to make himself vastly agreeable to simple Jack Hawker and his simpler wife, who thought this town-bred gentleman the most perfect specimen of courtesy and good-manners. Margery brightened at our coming, and seemed always alike delighted to receive us; nor was I well pleased to perceive the rapid progress which Mr. Lestrange appeared to make in her favor, since I had by this time become acquainted with the loose ideas and contemptuous opinions which he entertained of all womankind, from the duchesses whose favors he hinted at to the dairy-maids whose destruction he boasted. Toward me my foster-sister's manner was shyer and more subdued every time we met, but with Everard Lestrange she gossiped and laughed with perfect freedom.

This gentleman often rallied us upon our secret attachment, and his jests covered the poor girl with blushes and confusion, much to the amusement of Jack Hawker, who saw no reason why his daughter should be an unworthy alliance for Lady Barbara's penniless protégé. I had told my old friends at the warrener's lodge nothing of my cousinship with the mistress of Hauteville, and they still regarded me as a nameless waif, dependent on the charity of my noble benefactress.

I did not, however, continue to afford Mr. Lestrange occasion for his broadly-expressed insinuations, which were embarrassing to Margery, and to the last degree painful to myself. As the summer advanced I spent less time in the woods, and left my lady's step-son to go fishing by himself, while I read with Lady Barbara and Miss Hemsley in the Hauteville library. My benefactress was well pleased to resume her studious habits, and we formed a little company of students, with Anthony Grimshaw for our preceptor. Together we read Virgil, Dante, and Tasso, and my lady was so good as to express herself much pleased with my progress as a linguist.

"The dear boy has a rare talent for languages," said my gratified master, "and we have worked hard at the cultivation of foreign tongues, which of all accomplishments is the most valuable for a man who has to make his way in the world. For Greek and Latin I will match Robert against any lad of his age; he knows Italian thoroughly, and is a fair Frenchman; and he has, moreover, a smattering of Sanscrit, which may some day be useful to him."

"I doubt whether his knowledge of Sanscrit will ever serve him for much," my lady answered, smiling, "unless he should have a fancy for extending his travels as far as the court of the Great Mogul, or should turn Jesuit missionary and convert the heathens of Birmah or Thibet. But the habit of study is a good one, and I am proud to think my cousin has been so diligent a pupil."

While I did my best to improve Miss Hemsley's Italian, which was far from equal to the obscurities of Dante, that young lady was so kind as to instruct me in the Spanish tongue, of which she had made herself mistress during her five years' residence at Madrid. With this gentle instructress I speedily mastered the soft, sleepy syllables of that harmonious language, and read *Don Quixote* in the original before our studies were concluded.

For these studies Mr. Lestrange did not scruple to avow his contempt. He quoted Molière's *Femmes Savantes*, and christened my lady Bélise, and Dora Hemsley Armande. He spoke of us as the Hauteville Blue-stocking Club, and suggested that we should invite Lord Lyttleton and Mrs. Montague to join the party.

I for my part was too happy to heed his sneers; days, weeks, and months slipped by, and I well-nigh forgot that I had ever been solitary and almost friendless in that house where my life was now so pleasant. My acquaintance with Dora Hemsley had ripened into friendship. She talked to me of my lonely boyhood, of her own happy youth surrounded by friends so dear, and of the bitter grief that fell upon her with the loss of them. She told me of Lady Barbara's tender kindness, and of the affection which had gone so far to supply the place of the lost. But of her uncle's desire to bring about a marriage between herself and his son she never spoke; nor was she ever betrayed into expressing any opinion respecting Everard Lestrange. One day when Everard and she had been by chance alone together for some minutes, I surprised her in tears. Mr. Lestrange quitted the room by one door as I entered by another, and I found Dora seated on one of the window-seats, with her arms resting on the broad stone sill, and her head and face hidden in her clasped hands. I saw the tears trickling between the slender fingers, and had not sufficient command of myself to refrain from questioning her.

"Dear Miss Hemsley," I cried, "for God's sake tell me what distresses you!"

She lifted her head and turned her sweet face toward me, bathed in tears.

"That I can tell to no one," she answered; "I have my secret troubles to bear, Mr. Ainsleigh, though I am but just eighteen years of age, and I must endure them with patience."

I knelt at her feet, and begged her to believe that if the sacrifice of my life could have served her I would have freely given it. She turned her tearful eyes toward me.

"Yes, Robert," she said, "I think you would do much to save me from sorrow. But you can not. I must bear my burden."

The sound of my Christian name spoken by her lips thrilled my soul like a strange sweet music. But at the same moment there came another sound that startled me. 'Twas the stealthy opening of a door. I looked up and saw Mr. Lestrange peering in at us through a narrow opening from the doorway by which I had seen him leave the room. Our eyes met, and he clapped-to the door; but in that one instant I had seen the expression of his face, and never did I behold more malignant hate upon the human countenance.

I would fain have pressed Miss Hemsley further, but she entreated me to refrain, and I left her, sorely distressed by her grief, and only able to guess at its cause.

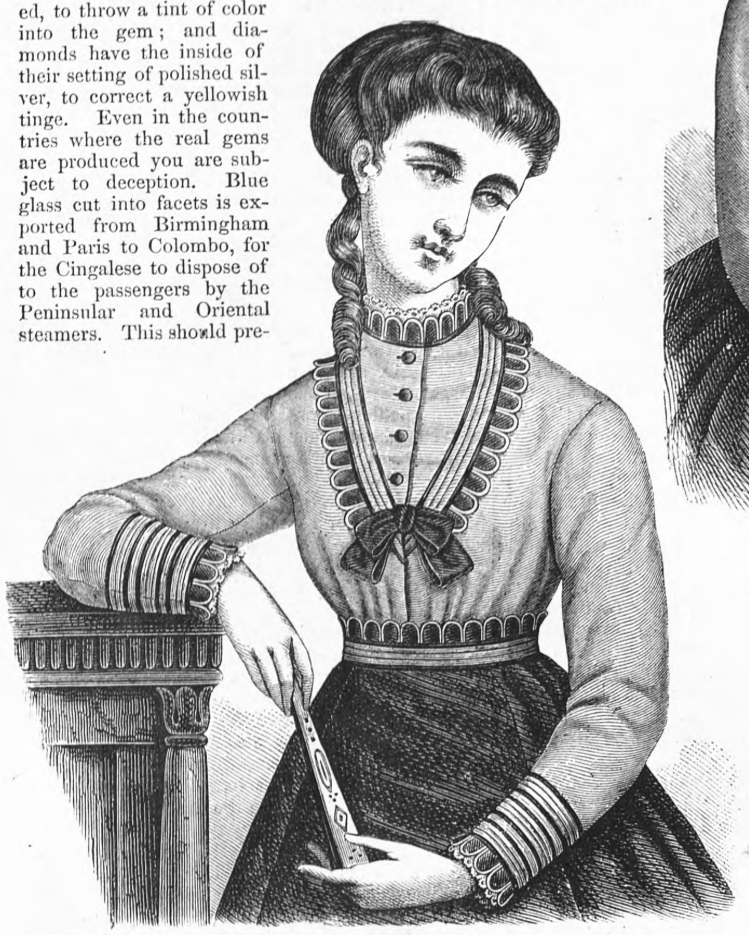
"Everard Lestrange has been urging his suit with her," I thought; "'tis clear she does not love him."

And then I suffered my fancy to beguile me with a bright dream of what might have been if I had not been a penniless dependent, and Miss Hemsley a fortune; and I cursed the wealth which made an impassable barrier between us.

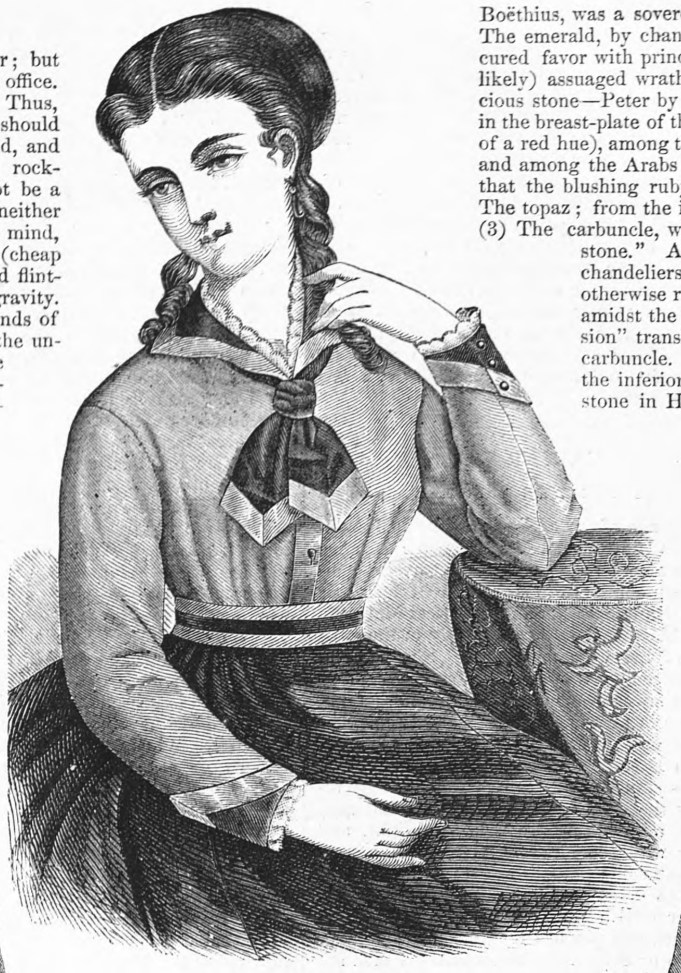
PRECIOUS STONES.

MOST precious stones, like human beings, will scratch one another; but sometimes, unlike them, they will refuse to perform that kindly office. This peculiarity affords one of the best tests of their true nature. Thus, supposing it were wished to ascertain what gem a white stone was, we should know that if it were scratched by a sapphire it could not be a diamond, and if it scratched glass it must necessarily be a beryl, or quartz, or rock-crystal. Again, if its specific gravity were less than 3.9 it could not be a ruby or a sapphire; and if it did not acquire electricity by heat it could neither be a topaz nor a jargoon. For the purpose, therefore, of satisfying his mind, all that is necessary for Aladdin to procure is a crystal of sapphire (cheap and easily obtained), a piece of quartz or rock-crystal, a piece of hard flint-glass, and a pair of scales for the purpose of taking the specific gravity. Then the African magician himself could not cheat him. But all kinds of frauds abound in this costly trade. There are "doublets" of which the under part is glass joined artistically without cement; or sometimes the top is sapphire, and the under part a gem of less value, such as garnet. Some stones have the interior of their setting enameled or painted, to throw a tint of color into the gem; and diamonds have the inside of their setting of polished silver, to correct a yellowish tinge. Even in the countries where the real gems are produced you are subject to deception. Blue glass cut into facets is exported from Birmingham and Paris to Colombo, for the Cingalese to dispose of to the passengers by the Peninsular and Oriental steamers. This should prevent persons residing in foreign countries from sending home worthless pebbles, under the impression that they are priceless gems. In one instance, a man actually left his business, and, at a very considerable expense, went to England to sell a quantity of diamonds which turned out to be nodules of rock-crystal. It is quite probable such persons are great pests to jewelers, and always fancy they are being cheated by them. Lapidaries themselves, however, are sometimes deceived. A noble lady in England formerly possessed a sapphire, which is perhaps the finest known. She sold it, however, during her lifetime, and replaced it by an imitation so skillfully made as to deceive even the jeweler who valued it for probate-duty; it was estimated at £10,000, and the duty paid on it by the legatee, who was doubtless chagrined when he discovered the deception.

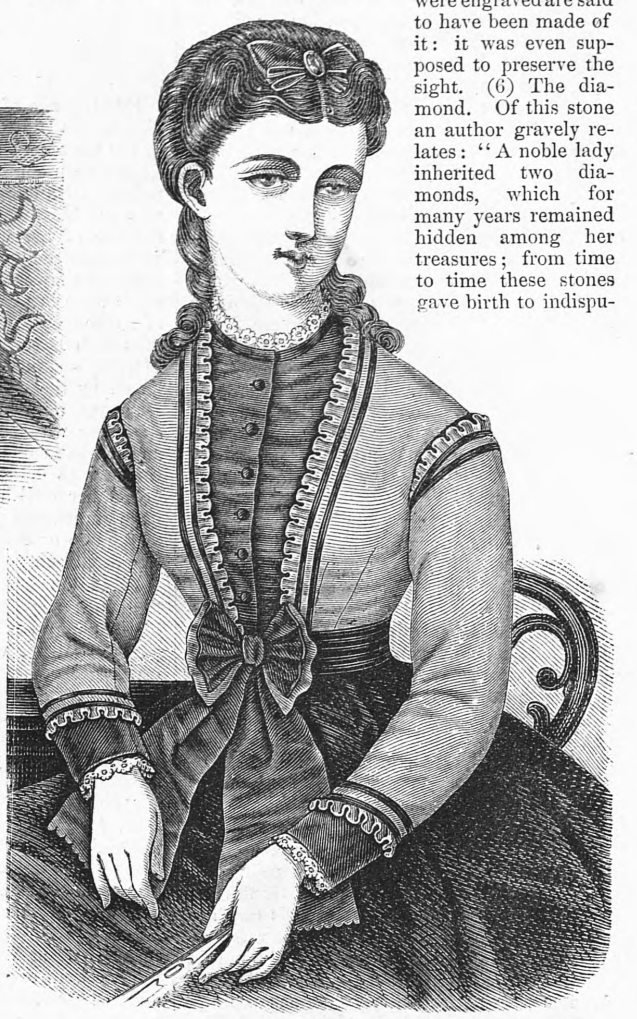
Cleopatra's pearl is evidently a myth, as a pearl of the magnitude which has been ascribed to it could never have been dissolved in vinegar, but would have required a much stronger acid, such as would have destroyed not only the Egyptian lady's teeth, but her existence. Perhaps the gipsy humbugged her Roman lover with a false pearl (such as we learn are made of fish-bone), and was not so extravagant as she appeared to be. It was easy in those days to deceive persons about precious stones, for little was known of them, and every thing was credited. Serapius ascribed to the diamond the power of driving away "incubes and succabos;" but, on account of our ignorance of the nature of these objects, we can not form a judgment as to whether this was an advantage or the reverse. The ruby, according to Boëthius, was a sovereign remedy against poison. The jacinth produced sleep. The emerald, by changing color, indicated false witnesses. The sapphire procured favor with princes (which seems likely enough), and the chrysolite (also likely) assuaged wrath. The twelve apostles were each symbolized by a precious stone—Peter by jasper, John by emerald, and so on. Of the twelve stones in the breast-plate of the high-priest, there was (1) the sardius (any precious stone of a red hue), among the Jews supposed to be a preservative against the plague, and among the Arabs an agent for stopping hemorrhage. Hebrew legends state that the blushing ruby became the symbolical representative of Reuben. (2) The topaz; from the island Topazion, supposed to be situated in the Red Sea. (3) The carbuncle, which, in its Hebrew name Bareketh, signifies "flashing stone." A carbuncle was said to have been suspended—like our gas chandeliers—in the Ark of Noah, where it must certainly have been otherwise rather dark. This stone was said to drop from the clouds amidst the flashes of lightning. (4) Although the "Authorized Version" translates Nophek as emerald, this seems to have been also a carbuncle. Those of superior brilliancy are ungallantly called males: the inferior ones, females. (5) Sapphire; the most favorite precious stone in Holy Writ. The tables on which the ten commandments were engraved are said to have been made of it: it was even supposed to preserve the sight. (6) The diamond. Of this stone an author gravely relates: "A noble lady inherited two diamonds, which for many years remained hidden among her treasures; from time to time these stones gave birth to indisputable fac-similes and likenesses of themselves." (7) The turquoise. This precious stone was also the subject of a precious falsehood. An ancient writer upon it narrates with seriousness: "One of my relatives possessed a turquoise, set in a gold ring, which he wore on his finger. It happened that he was seized with a malady of which he died. During the whole period in which the wearer enjoyed his full health the turquoise was distinguished for unparalleled beauty and clearness; but scarcely was he dead when the stone lost its lustre, and assumed a faded, withered appearance, as if mourning for its master. This sudden change in the nature of the stone made me lose



BLOUSE WITH LEAF TRIMMING.
For description see Supplement.

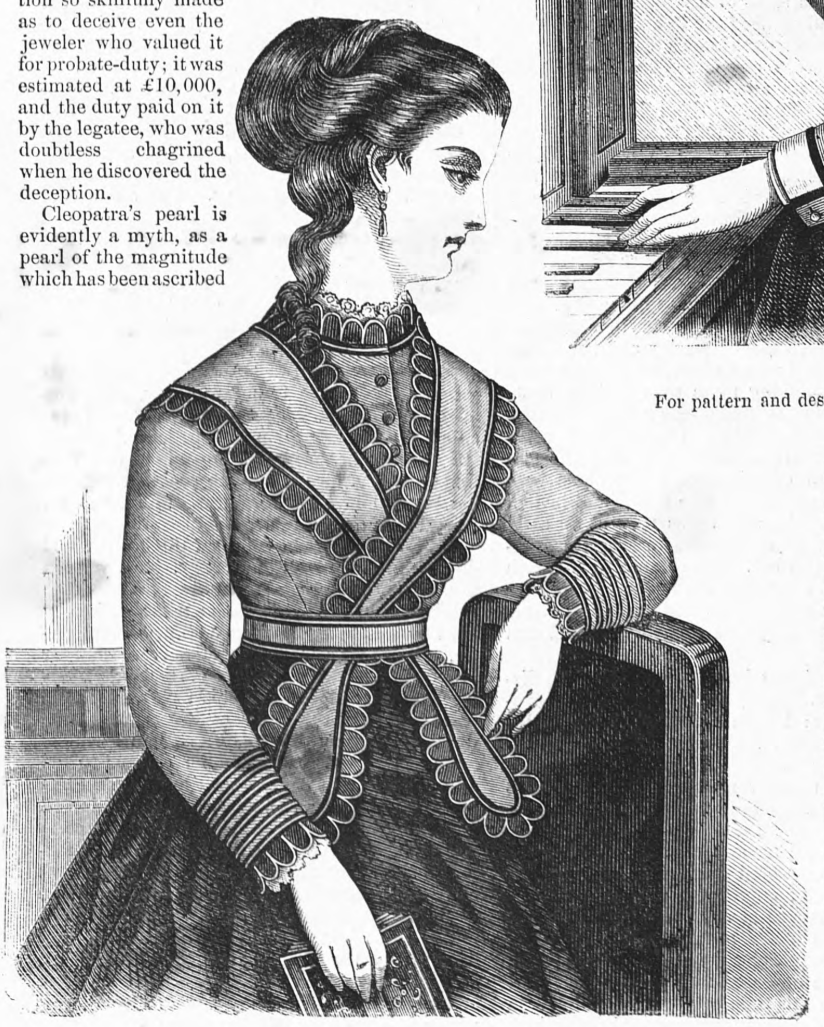


SAILOR'S BLOUSE.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VI., Figs. 9–11.



VEST BLOUSE.
For description see Supplement.

CHEVALIER BLOUSE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 6 and 7.



BLOUSE WITH FICHU.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 3 and 4.

BLOUSE WITH QUILLED TRIMMING.
For description see Supplement.

the desire I originally entertained of purchasing it, which I might have done for a trifling sum. However, no sooner did it obtain a new owner, than it regained its former exquisite freshness. I felt greatly vexed that I had lost the chance of procuring such a valuable and sensitive gem." One needs to be an emerald (or, at least, an Irishman) to credit this little story. (8) The agate. (9) The onyx, which has five variations; the fifth, black with white stripes, being the most valuable. (10) The chrysolite. (11) The emerald. Workers in precious stones, say the Rabbins, place this stone before them to rest their eyesight upon when engraving minute objects, since it bears so near a resemblance to the refreshing verdure of fields and trees. The best kind of emerald is found in the gold mines, and is excavated by excessive and painful toil. The griffin is said to build his (or her?) nest in its vicinity, and to keep a sharp look-out in the way of guarding it. (12) The jasper. According to tradition, the "Jashpeh" in the breast-plate represents the name of Benjamin. Jewels of immense value have been sometimes utterly lost in our own time, which is curious enough, considering the care necessarily taken of them, and their comparative indestructibility. The renowned Blue Diamond disappeared in the French Revolution, and has never been heard of since. There are said to be "sermons in stones;" but in each of the principal precious stones lies a gorgeous romance; and their histories, if written by a competent person, would make a charming volume. The largest diamond in the world seems to be the Braganza, belonging to the crown of Portugal. It was found in 1471 in Brazil, and weighs eighteen hundred and eighty carats; but great doubt exists as to its being a genuine diamond. It is imagined to be a white topaz; but the Portuguese Government are much too sagacious to permit it to be examined.

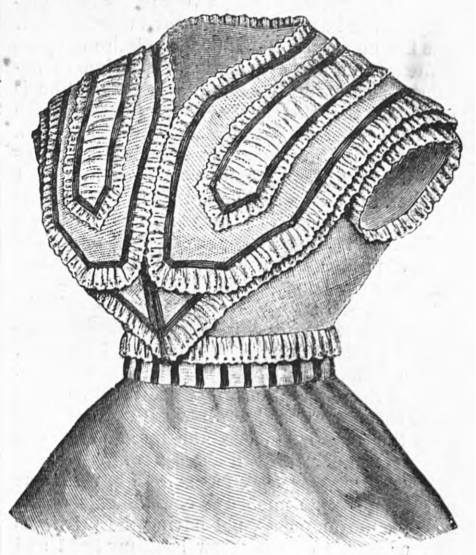
BERTHA FOR GIRL FROM 15 TO 17 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 14.

CAPE FOR GIRL FROM 14 TO 16 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 8.

LACE FICHU FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Fig. 5.

MUSLIN BLOUSE WITH CHEMISE RUSSE.
For description see Supplement.

BASQUE FICHU.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 12 and 13.



SHORT-SLEEVED MUSLIN BLOUSE.
For description see Supplement.

PINS.

IN the thorn Nature has provided man with the pattern and the first idea of the pin. When Adam and Eve, after their fall, but before their expulsion from Eden, made themselves aprons of fig-leaves, they doubtless used the thorn in the construction of their first garments. In the days of innocence there was no use for pins; and it was probably this fact which caused Byron to describe Juan when, metamorphosed into Juanna, he or she is unrobing in the seraglio, as

"Pricking her fingers with those cursed pins,
Which surely were invented for our sins,
Making a woman like a porcupine,
Not to be rashly touch'd."

The pins thus anathematized by the poet are, however, comparatively a modern invention. In all the records which we have of man's past history we find evidence that articles for fastening clothes always existed, but very unlike the present. In the museums which have been formed out of the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, or Uriconium in England, we find skewers of bone, of brass, of silver, or of gold, which were used for this purpose. In the representations of the life of the people found in the Egyptian hieroglyphics we discern the means which they employed for the like necessary purpose; but nowhere do we meet with a modern pin. In Strutt's illustrations we find ribbons, loop-holes, laces with points and tags, clasps, hooks and eyes, of every form, size, and variety of use, and often turned to very extraordinary and surprising account in completing the toilette of the ancient belle and the adornment of the ancient beau. The modern pin would have been of little use in sustaining that towering head-dress; in fastening that wonderful cloak; in keeping up those curiously-slashed tunics; or in retaining the stiff uprightness of that extraordinary ruff. After pins came into use these eccentricities of costume and fashion were destined to give place to other fashions, in which, perhaps, the modern pin has played tricks as fantastic as its many substitutes in the olden time.

History tells us that iron-wire pins were first introduced into England in the year 1460. The finer examples of brass manufacture required a queen to procure them. They were brought from France by the beautiful Catherine Howard, one of his wives whom the "great" Henry VIII. beheaded. But though introduced by a queen, and doubtless at first an article exclusively applied to aristocratic uses, they soon became a measure of value for things not valued at all. "Not worth a pin," is a proverb which we find in use soon after their introduction. Thomas Tusser, who wrote about 1550, writing of a not very reputable character, says:

"His fetch is to flatter, to get what he can,
His purpose once gotten, a pin for thee then."

And Shakspeare makes Hamlet show his utter indifference to life by saying:

"I do not set my life at a pin's fee."

At the present time millions of these useful articles are wasted in a year.

We find pins first mentioned as an article of commerce in a statute of 1483. From a law passed in the reign of Henry VIII. we meet with some specific description of the kind of pins made — at least, of what they ought to have been. For instance, it is declared to be the will of the Legislature that "no person should put to sale any pins but only such as shall be double-headed, and have the heads soldered fast to the shanks of the pins, well smoothed, the shanks well shapen, the points well and round filed, canted and sharpened." A pin possessing these qualities would not be a bad pin even now.

Birmingham is the centre of this industry in England. Of the

SUITS FOR CHILDREN FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
Fig. 1.—FROCK AND PALETOT. Fig. 2.—FROCK AND FICHU.
For pattern of Paletot, Fig. 1, and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 22-24.

extent of this trade, and of the enormous number of pins made, a word or two may be said. In one manufactory in Birmingham three and a half tons of brass wire are used every week for pins alone; and of the fineness and thinness of the wire from which they may be made, it may be stated that two miles and three-quarters of brass wire "have been produced from a three-quarter-inch brass strip." More than ten tons of pins are made in a week; and England alone consumes in their manufacture from ten to eleven tons of brass wire. The English pins are classed among the best-made pins of commerce.

FUN.

UP and down the river, through all the fine weather, ply the excursion-boats, like nothing so much as some married couples. Grimy little steam-tug, puffing and panting, all sweat and smoke, the life and mainspring of the whole concern, and nobody giving it a moment's notice —that is *paterfamilias*. Overshadowing it, the tow! broad and big, sluggish and helpless, double-decked and scoured, flaunting with flags and full of dancing and fiddling, eating and drinking —that is Mrs. H— But I find that I can not finish the sentence; that I am about to invade the sanctities of private life, and sneer to the public, as I do in Mrs. Lumpkin's ear, when I see Mr. and Mrs. H— There it is again! The subject is too dangerous for handling, except as it leads me to speak of our dog Tip.

Tip has, I was about to say, an ear for music. But though people shiver or cry for music, it is with pleasure; whereas Tip's howls are so purely lugubrious that his prejudice against church bells and wind music are only too evident. His kennel is close by the river; and as there pass and repass six excursions a day, on the average, Tip's life may be imagined. Before the faintest squeak of violin or thud of drum has reached our ears Tip hears, and announces it by a long, melancholy howl. Fore-paws stiffly out, and head thrown back, "Oh, here is another excursion!" he says, as plainly as dog can say it; "Ow! ow! here it comes! Ugh! ugh! how can I bear it? Wow, wow, wow, wow! *do* somebody stop it! Oh! oh! oh! thank goodness, it is over!"

And in thus doing he expresses my sentiments so much better than can be done by words, that I present it as an explanation of my feelings whenever my niece Betty flourishes before my reluctant eyes a ticket for some new excursion into society.

Betty is seventeen, and a very pretty little person, but she has not yet discovered this last fact. She has no suspicion that people admire the pure whiteness of her complexion. She knows nothing about using her fine brown eyes. She is not aware that she came home last Tuesday with six old gentlemen hobbling after her, to catch a glimpse of her No. 2½ gaiters, though Mrs. Lumpkin was vehemently indignant over it, and I laughed till I cried. She is that sweetest thing in the world, a lovely young girl with no twists and grimaces, no shrugs and tossings, no lisping and set phrases—in a word, no "manner!" and long may she be preserved from it! But—

She is fresh from the country. She exhibits the same magnificent digestion, and horrible avidity for matinées, receptions, operas, balls, etc., that a school-boy does for sour, green apples. And to these receptions, matinées, and so on, I must accompany her! for how can we expect to keep this little bit of brightness, sweetness, and freshness in our house, if she is not amused?

Therefore when Betty, as aforesaid, meets me at the door with somebody's compliments, or the list of entertainments, not having the privileges of four legs, I do not throw back my head and howl, but sigh resignedly and think of Tip; or I favor my wife with a private imitation of that prejudiced animal, which causes her to declare that I am growing old and grumpy. That I like to sit in a corner and do not care to talk. And that elderly people are apt to flout and fling at mirth, especially those who were keenest after it in their youth, which may all be true, but though Mrs. Lumpkin is generally correct, does not, I think, apply to me. I think, on due reflection, that it is not I who do not desire society, but it is that society has no yearnings after an elderly gentleman turning bald, with an elderly wife and a small income. I find myself tapping out the time of the Hilda or Champagne Charlie as significantly as any body, and sitting still because I know that any young lady would pout on being shown such a partner. I find myself very much inclined to talk on Mill's last book, on the Pacific Railroad, on reconstruction, on the woman question, on ventilation, on wooden pavements, on every body's duty to every body else, and sitting mum because society, which is principally composed of mature young ladies like Betty and their admirers, shirks me and my conversation, forgets me in my corner, or looks over my head, or, if it nods to me, does it with an air of condescension, as who should say, you can not help it if you are old, you know; and I am inclined to think that I am not mistaken about the position assigned me, because I see dozens of elderly gentlemen like myself occupying exactly similar positions. And not gentlemen only, but ladies, like Mrs. Mille Fleur.

Mrs. Mille Fleur sits in a corner also, and I often go and talk with her. She is still young; still pretty; a clever and amiable woman of ripe judgment and fine fancy, who might, in some localities, be courted as a charming woman; but to whom the young ladies, who rule society, nod with that pleasant condescension that I so much prize in my own case while they sail past her with the superior air of belles and beauties and fair destroyers when in contact with the homely and unattractive virtues.

If society, then, has no yearnings after a woman like Mrs. Mille Fleur, how much less should it yearn after me! And that it does give her the corner, and leave her there, is a fact so marked that it attracted the enthusiastic recognition of my shrewd friend Miacomo, the Japanese embassador, when on his last visit to our glorious Republic. This bridging over the noses of the Mrs. Mille Fleurs was, he contended, a distinguishing feature in our civilization, and one of those similar traits that bound the Japanese and American nations by friendlier ties.

"With us," he was fond of saying, "the married woman blackens her teeth, pulls out her eyebrows, and so signifies abnegation of vanity and desire for society; and with you a lady of wit and intelligence accepts a position which must be as trying as blackened teeth and gums. She has no longer individual rights. She is a fraction, and if her husband dies, she is described as a relict! a bit of broken human clay. She has not even a God except through her husband! 'He for God only; she for God in him.' Is not that what your great Milton sings? Her sole business is to wait on her husband's coffee and slippers, obey dutifully, and keep as much in the shade as possible. And so universally is this recognized that when she does appear in society, it is, as it were, by a sort of relaxation of authority, and in that unobtrusive manner and costume that in other countries is assigned to young girls; while she defers, even when supposed to lead, to the young ladies of sixteen and upward, who rule society with such good sense and knowledge of the world. This is quite as it should be. The American damsel acquires a certain hardiness and independence not to be witnessed in any other part of the world; while the American matron approaches so nearly to the lofty Japanese standard of wifely duty that I regard it as the best possible omen of that friendliness founded on similarity of ideas, though our excellent Mrs. Lumpkin would have me believe that I quite exaggerate the custom, and that such cases as I have described are isolated relics of barbarism."

As indeed my wife was fond of declaring with much warmth—and many will side with her—but here I am again strayed away from my subject, which, after all, is Betty, in the corner with Jack M'Donald. I talk with Mrs. Mille Fleur, but I keep my eyes upon her—Betty I mean. She is listening and looking down, and I know, as well as if I could hear her heart, under her little white lace tucker, that she is feeling that life might be an enchanted garden, all heliotrope, and Hilda waltz-beat, and eye-glances, and murmured compliments, and vague, delightful thrills, in a general atmosphere of love, and heroism, and romance, if Jack M'Donald could lead her through it; shaded off with a despairing consciousness that her gown is turned, her slippers cleaned, her whole life coarse and shabby, compared with that in which this inscrutable being must live, who is so wholly composed, who understands both himself and her, and who wears such perfect clothes.

Jack made the same excursions into society that Betty did, and till the memorable eve of Mrs. Dépense's ball there was the same tableau; Betty, with her thoughts written in blushes on her face; and Jack, murmuring in her ear, and looking tenderly at her. No "give" in his well-trained muscles betrayed that he was undergoing slow torture from his boots, and vowing to pull them off on the curb-stone. Nothing about him hinted that he fairly ran away from his friend Hughes when he found him with small-pox; or that he sat squarely in his seat while poor old Mrs. M'Intyre stood feeble and trembling, and gave it with a flourish to the first pretty girl who flounced into the car; or that he had money anxieties, and thought twice about two-and-sixpence; or that he was *not* in love with Miss Betty; and if he were would not marry her, because she has no money.

Every night, as I say, there he was with my poor little girl—the hero of Betty's modest admiration, her knight of chivalry, Bayard, without fear and without reproach. Every young girl knows that the race of Bayard is not extinct, and that there are still knights without fear, and without reproach. And if these be not young men with broad shoulders and lustrous eyes and fine mustaches, in Heaven's name where should a young lady look for them?

Betty, at least, would look no further. If I had pointed out to her Tom Dobson as Bayard, she would have laughed in my face. What! that insignificant man! and it would have been useless to tell her that Tom had the courage of a lion and the faith and gentleness of a woman. Tom admired Betty, but she never even saw him, leaning on Jack's arm. She gave Jack her flowers, and, touching them to his lips, he put them, he said, over his heart. Tom would never have thought of that. Betty wore Jack's ring, with the signet turned inside, as if every body would not know it by instinct; and when in the waltz Jack whispered "would that it might last forever," she did not check him.

Perhaps just then Mr. M'Donald was himself a little, a very little, in earnest. Betty's face looked up to his, fresh as a white moss-rose. The clear brown eyes knew no depths of guile or shadow of concealment. She was at that rarest and fairest moment of a young girl's life; possessed at once of a woman's loveliness and the simple grace of a child—the unconscious look still in her eyes, while all her face was brightening to an awakening love. So fair, so trusting, so much in earnest, Jack M'Donald himself must have loved her just then. The conservatory was just behind them, cool, half-lit, and sweet with jasmine; and Jack swung Betty through the open door into its twilight. There, of course, I lost sight of them. I could not interrupt Mrs. Mille Fleur, who was really so interesting that I felt less like Tip than usual. Neither can an elderly gentleman scuttle across the room, and pop in on two young people sitting under a rose-tree, or an oleander, or something of that sort, with "What are you doing here, my dears?"

The leaders of society must be left to conduct the battle of Life in their own way, and use what strategy they see fit. Therefore I *know* nothing of what passed in the conservatory. But I observed, as we rode home, that Betty's face wore a pale, transfigured look, as if some light in her thoughts shone out; also, that she was blind, deaf, and dumb; and as an old gentleman of some experience I drew my own conclusions, and said to Mrs. Lumpkin:

"My dear, we are at the dénouement."

What that dénouement must be I never doubted for an instant. Jack M'Donald had no money and luxurious tastes, and Betty had no money. Besides he was that nineteenth century ogre whose daily fare is a fresh, young heart served up with tears. But I did not hint my suspicions to Betty. Of what use would it have been? She was still in the deaf and dumb state of happiness, and dressed herself for Mrs. Dépense's ball as he liked to see her—in white, with a water-lily on her breast. She was never so lovely. I felt as if even M'Donald might relent, and questioned with myself all the way which were worse—that he should leave her and disenchant her at a blow, or marry her and disenchant her at leisure?

I might have saved myself the discussion. As Betty's first eager glance swept across the room she saw him in attendance upon a lady. The lady was dark and stout, and rustling and good-humored, and not handsome. But Jack bent over her with the air that Betty and I knew. When he saw us he smiled in a friendly, indifferent fashion, and I think he came to claim Betty for the third Lancers, and for one dance after supper. I urged Betty to come home, but she persisted in sitting there in the corner by me. She had been so long monopolized that nobody thought of coming to her. She looked and tried to smile and toss her head, and declared that she had a delightful evening—poor little hypocrite!—and she came down the next morning with a headache that made her eyes red, and fell into a habit of starting at every pull of the bell, no doubt expecting that Jack would come to make his peace. But he never came.

It was a bitter lesson: a sharp schooling that was being administered to our little Betty. But great is *amour propre*. However terrible the fall, there it is, always under us, a sort of cushion to let us down easy. Betty was deserted, but she could explain her desertion. She had offended Jack. He had asked for her ring, and she had refused, lest she should be teased about it; and he had retorted that she cared more for Mrs. Grundy than for him. And it was this frightful wound, this exhibition of a thorough selfishness on her part, that had sent this sensitive man about town, the arrow still rankling in his heart, to pay court to buxom, uncomely, rustling ladies with large fortunes, and square his shoulders in forgetfulness of poor little Betty.

Who has not heard such theories, and mercifully acquiesced in them, as we did, when Betty ingeniously contrived to ventilate her "explanation," declaring at the same time that she cared nothing about it? For that matter, she bore up well, and would go out every evening; and at Mrs. Upset's was quite the belle, and showed a brilliant, handsome girl, though for my part I liked the simple, clinging Betty better. Even Jack was surprised, and looked her way as if doubtful and half repentant. She saw the look, and her color and spirits rose. But, after all, it was a weary farce, played with an aching heart. She loved Jack all the more for her rebellion against him; and if he would have said to her three kind words she would have dropped her head on his shoulder, and believed in him more heartily than ever.

When the excitement was over and she sat cloaked and waiting, I never saw a sadder face. Head bent down, eyes downcast, she seemed to forget me, and so we sat quite still behind the curtains of one of Mrs. Upset's deep windows: so still that Jack, who was waiting for the rustling lady, never suspected our neighborhood. He, too, was tired, for he flung himself heavily on a sofa near our window, saying something to his companion about the "infernal din."

"The din is well enough," answered a voice that I knew to be Hughes's. "The twist is in your temper. What is the matter with you and Miss Betty? You seem to be out of her books."

"I do not know that I was ever in them," answered Jack, shortly enough, while Betty made a move to rise, and I held her fast like a cruel surgeon.

"She looked well to-night," persisted Hughes, with a spice of malice. "She was the finest girl in the room."

"She will do very well," returned Jack, patronizingly, but evidently stung, "when she takes life less in earnest."

"You mean when she takes men like you less in earnest," retorted Hughes. "What a pity that you have no heart, Jack! It is your only fault."

"No heart! why? because now I am cool to her?" asked Jack, rousing himself. "What is the use of talking that stuff, Hughes? She is a charming girl. Very charming. Something like morning dew on a landscape; but she has no notion of Fun. She takes every thing in dead earnest. She thinks all this delicious nerve quiver and flutter of flirtations would last forever. Her notions of love-making are patriarchal and prodigious. Love is to last forever, and cover a man's whole range of thought on sixpence a day at that. I know better. I have learned to analyze. Half of this love to begin with is music, flowers, gauzy dresses, and youth. I know, too, that she would grow stout and that I should grow gray, and that we should be to each other just an ordinary man and woman, and that we should probably jangle about the price of beef-steaks and flour, specially on sixpence a day. The morning dew and the aroma would be all gone, and we should be scowling at each other and wondering why the deuce we ever married?

"I can not say this to a woman, particularly to a little apple-blossom of a girl like that; and with my blood thrilling under the touch of her fingers, or the brush of her curls against my cheek. So I forget her. I do not see her surprise and her piteous looks. I devote myself to the stout lady, sure that I can do no harm; for if it comes to the worst, she has a hundred thousand in her own right. It is all fair. Somebody, I forget who, played me the same trick several centuries ago when I was as fresh as she is. Besides, it is the best thing for her. If we were married we should have short commons! And I am always the very devil on short commons. Here lie the pleasant paths of peace and safety. More nerve flutter, more waltz music both for her and me. She will play her part coolly enough by-and-by, and take her Fun out of some other poor fellow! do you see?"

"I see you are a brute," cried Hughes, wrathfully.

"No," answered Jack, pleasantly. "Only practical."

I looked at Betty's quivering face, and thought of Miacomo and of the leaders of society at the mercy of practical gentlemen like this in their search for fun. And then I took my poor little morning dew-drop home, and after that she had a long headache which kept her in red eyes for a great many mornings. And after that she was cured? I do not know that. She was calm! and at any rate Jack M'Donald had his Fun.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A MILLINER.—The best authorities say it is impossible to clean real blonde lace.

L. M. W.—You are mistaken in saying we have omitted all mention of shoes in the *Bazar*. We gave an illustration of boots and slippers in one of our earliest Numbers, and have more than once described the prevalent styles in the Fashion article. Notwithstanding the experience of your friend we are convinced that high slender heels will in time injure the shape of the foot and make the wearer walk ungracefully. A full dress boot for the street is made either of Grison's kid or of satin Français for $10 or $12. It is buttoned of course, the tops are scalloped and stitched with white, the heels of the French concave shape, not more than two inches high. The heel curves toward the centre of the foot, a fashion that at the first glance gives the impression of a short foot, but which spoils the symmetrical appearance by making the heel very prominent. Kid is preferable to prunella, as it is more elastic. A black boot is in good taste with any dress. Colored boots are too gay for city promenades. Bronze is very much worn. White kid, silk, or satin boots are used for full evening dress, buttoned with imitation pearls, and trimmed with blonde lace and silk braiding. The material of the dress, when of rich silk or satin, is made up for party shoes. Plain kid slippers are made stylish by the addition of curved heels, and a large rosette that extends high up on the instep.

B. Y.—By *pièce de résistance* the French mean the more substantial dishes of a meal—namely, the joints of meat.

TWO SUBSCRIBERS.—The "safest time to go to Cuba" is between December 1 and February 1. The price of passage from New York to Havana is $60 in gold. Board at the best hotels $3 50 in gold a day. Railway traveling costs 5 cents a mile, and carriage hire is about 20 cents an hour. A person can with economy live and move about on the island of Cuba for $5 in gold a day.

X.—Madame de Pompadour has the credit of having invented the "dumb waiter," so that her *têtes-à-têtes* with Louis XV. might not be interrupted by the presence of a third person who could either hear, see, or talk. "At the *petits soupers* of Choisy," says Rogers, the poet, "were first introduced those admirable pieces of mechanism, a table and a side-board, which descended and rose again covered with viands and dishes."

R. J. S.—The glossy taffeta silks are not now fashionable, but we hear they are to be restored to favor. At present corded silks, known as gros grain, and *poult de soie*, are the first choice.

H. W.—Lord Chesterfield, who was considered in his day a judge of manners, particularly enjoined upon his son always to pay his own "scot," and not allow himself to be "treated." In England it is the practice of gentlemen to insist upon paying their share of a casual entertainment. The practice of "treating" so prevalent in this country is a bad one, fatal, we think, to good manners as well as good morals. We hope you may have the persistency of courage to continue your protest against it.

LOUISE.—These words: "*Le ciel me prive d'une épouse qui ne m'a jamais donné d'autre chagrin que celui de sa mort*"—"God bereaves me of a wife who never gave me other cause for grief than her death," are generally supposed to have been uttered by Louis XIV. on the death of his queen. If they were, the grand monarch deigned to borrow them from the old and obscure poet Maynard. You are right in your high appreciation of the beauty of the sentiment and the nobleness of the words, which you justly say are worthy of a monarch's (*ideal*) lips.

MOTHER.—A flannel band of light texture, worn about the lower part of the body, is an excellent preventive of the prevalent diarrheas and other summer and autumnal ailments.

ANNIE F.—The exchange of portraits has lost much of its former significancy since photography has made it so easy and common a practice. You need not fear "committing" yourself, as you express it, by giving your photograph to H—— and asking his in return. This has become such an everyday affair that it means nothing more "serious" than that there is a vacant space in your album which wants filling.

M. N.—It is never safe in this latitude to leave open the window of the room in which we sleep. There is a good story told of Franklin, who was a great advocate for what he termed the air bath. He and John Adams, while on their way as Commissioners of Congress to the camp of Lord Howe on Staten Island, put up at a hotel where they were compelled to sleep in the same bed. Before bidding each other "good-night" a warm discussion took place between Adams and Franklin as to the propriety of leaving the window open. Franklin, who strongly advocated it, carried his point, but in the course of the night Adams heard him get up slily and close the window; for, as often occurs in our climate, the temperature had suddenly changed to an excessive coldness. These abrupt alternations of heat and cold render the practice of sleeping with the windows open very dangerous.

UNDER THE LIMES.

SHE sat beneath the linden trees:
Murmur of multitudinous bees
Was heard about.
She said, "A bee is in my hair;
And stings are things I can not bear:
Oh, take it out!"

"Lime blossoms in the summer-tide
To bees are sweeter," I replied,
"Than you can be.
A mere winged insect can not taste
Entangling hair, bewildering waist,
Which madden me."

THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

A Story.

By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," etc.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER VI.

FRAU MATHILDE'S TEA-PARTY.

FRAU MATHILDE VON SCHLEPPERS considered herself to be beyond question the leading character among the dramatis personæ of her somewhat limited society. Her self-importance was boundless. "We Von Schlepperses are not rich," she would say, grandly, "but we are noble." It was true that the Justizrath was descended from the younger branch of a respectable old family. They could scarcely be termed "noble," but they had been gentlefolks time out of mind. Now the Frau Mathilde's papa had been court shoemaker in Hanover. The good lady would volubly discourse of the "dear Baroness This," or the "charming Countess That," giving odd little personal details about them that would seem to argue a great intimacy on her part with these aristocratic dames. But the fact was, she had never seen them out of her father's shop. People in Detmold, however, knew nothing about that; and it was so long ago that Frau von Schleppers herself seemed to have forgotten the true circumstances of her early life. She and her husband had endured many vicissitudes before coming to settle in Detmold. There fortune seemed inclined to smile upon them. The Justizrath gained a lawsuit for a member of the princely family, and in return received some courtesies from an illustrious personage. This circumstance fanned Mathilde's smouldering aspirations into flame. She gave herself airs of aristocratic hauteur, boasted of an invitation she had had to the Castle, and constantly reverted to the nobility of the Von Schlepperses.

At first some laughed, some sneered, some quarreled with her. But in the end many people succumbed to her assumption of superiority. To such as did so she took care not to be too civil—which caused a great many other people to succumb also. Meanwhile her husband, the Justizrath, steadily increased his connection, and established a reputation throughout the principality as being a sound, cautious, old-fashioned lawyer. By the time at which this story begins, Frau von Schleppers, if not altogether so great a woman as she fancied herself, was undeniably somebody in Detmold.

Liese's life in service had hitherto been fairly comfortable. Frau von Schleppers was reputed to be a difficult mistress to content. But Liese was humble, submissive, and constitutionally incapable of giving a pert answer. She had been well instructed by Hanne in all branches of domestic industry. And she had, moreover, an air of natural refinement and modesty which her mistress felt was creditable to the gentility of her establishment. But for a week following her interview with Otto poor Liese led but a sad life of it.

"Barmherziger Himmel!" exclaimed Frau von Schleppers, tragically; "to think of a young person in my employ tearing through the public streets in that indecorous manner!" And then she would treat Liese to a twentieth repetition of the severe lecture which she had pronounced on the day of that great misdemeanor. And it must be owned that circumstances had combined to aggravate Frau von Schleppers's wrath. When Liese had rushed against her mistress in the street the latter was not alone. She was walking with a new acquaintance, a hochwohlgeborne dame, the wife of a major in the Prince's service. And this was not the worst. The pink satin note-paper had been needed to write an invitation to this very lady, and to impress her with an idea of Mathilde's elegance in the most trifling details. But lo! the unhappy Liese, frightened, bewildered, taken by surprise, and trembling under her mistress's stern gaze, blurts out breathlessly that the pink satin paper could not be found in such a shop, but was at last discovered in such another—that she had purchased two sheets, for which she had not paid, but which she supposed could not come to more than a groschen—and adds, by way of averting her mistress's wrath, that she is very sorry to be so late, but that she had carefully set the cabbage-soup on the fire before coming away from home. Such a jumble of vulgarities was mortifying, it must be allowed. Cabbage-soup and elegant stationery, laid in a couple of sheets at a time!

When the major's high, well-born wife did come to tea Liese scarcely dared to meet her eye as she handed round the cakes and the bread-and-butter. There were two or three other ladies present, each with her little bundle of fancy-work; but the major's wife, Frau von Groll, was the bright, particular star of the party. She was a wizened, greedy little woman, who gobbled up the crisp tea-cakes at a terrible rate. But Frau von Schleppers did not care for that. She thought her tea-cakes well paid for when Frau von Groll, having devoured the last fragment of them, observed that those she had eaten the other evening at the Castle were not half so good.

"I'm not sure that I quite like the Castle tea-cakes myself," said Frau von Schleppers, musingly.

Liese, engaged in waiting on the ladies, did not find this kind of talk very interesting. She supposed it must be her rustic education which prevented her from enjoying it as the "quality" seemed to do. Presently her attention was attracted by the mention of a name which had been familiar to her in Otto's mouth—"Hermann."

"The Hermann's Denkmal."

"You have not seen it yet, I suppose?" said a bony spinster, addressing Frau von Groll. The speaker was a lady of undoubted gentility, who existed on an infinitesimally small pension, which she enjoyed in consideration of her late father's services in some office in the princely household. "You have not been here long enough to have visited all the spots of interest around Detmold."

"No," answered Frau von Groll. "I don't generally care about seeing places. In my own country—the so-called Saxon Switzerland—people make a great fuss about the scenery; but, for my part, I can't find it charming. When you are not clambering up-hill, you are sure to be scrambling down-hill; and what pleasure is there in that? I like a nice flat pavement, or neat gardens, such as those at the Herrenhausen Palace in Hanover."

"Ah, dear Herrenhausen!" sighed Frau Mathilde, plaintively and parenthetically.

"Oh, really!" rejoined the bony spinster, who was romantic. "I adore scenery. And the view from the Hermann's Denkmal is entrancing. Himmlisch schön! But then you certainly have to go up-hill for it."

"What is the Hermann's Denkmal?" asked Frau von Groll of her hostess.

"Well, it—it isn't any thing exactly, just now."

"Isn't any thing?"

"That is to say, it is only a sort of—of stone—what do you call it?—a thing that they put statues on."

"Pedestal," suggested the spinster.

"Yes, a pedestal. Only it's very big, and there are stairs inside; and you go up to the top, and the wind is awful there. Very few days in the year are there when it doesn't blow a gale up in the Grotenberg."

"There is to be a colossal statue of Hermann there some day," said the spinster, enthusiastically; "an heroic figure with a helmet and a drawn sword defying every body like this." And the Fräulein brandished a long knitting-needle above her head.

"Ach!" exclaimed a stout, placid matron, who had not yet spoken, "that will look terrible."

"Well," asked Frau von Groll, rather contemptuously, "and who was this Hermann of yours? I never heard of him."

Mathilde von Schleppers positively envied the major's wife as the latter made this cool admission. There was something in rank, after all, which gave one wonderful courage, she thought. The Justizrath's wife had often longed to ask "who was this Hermann of yours?" But she had not dared to confess her ignorance.

Then the spinster explained to the hochwohlgeborne lady that Hermann had been a hero and patriot, who defended his fatherland in arms.

"Humph!" said Frau von Groll, pressing her thin lips together. "A patriot who fought for fatherland, and they are going to put up a statue to him? That sounds to me rather revolutionary."

Frau von Schleppers shook her head solemnly, in a manner intended to imply that the same thought had given her many an uneasy moment.

"Oh, but," cried the spinster, "it was so long ago! And he fought against the Romans. Of course it would be very different now."

Liese, carrying away the tea-cups, wondered very much why it would be "so different now." She pondered over the question as she sat at her work in the kitchen, and resolved to ask Otto all about it the next time she should see him. When would that be, though? She had not hitherto dared to allude to the fatal pink satin note-paper. But now she remembered that it was not yet paid for, and she thought she would venture to ask her mistress's leave to go to the shop to discharge the debt. After all, it was a week ago, and the storm had pretty nearly spent itself, and the gnädige Frau, the high-born major's wife, had been to tea, and nothing dreadful had happened in consequence of her (Liese's) ill-bred revelation about the cabbage-soup. Yes; she thought she would venture to ask.

Presently the Justizrath came peering into the kitchen to get a light for his meerschaum. He was a snuffy little old man whose clothes were too large for him, and he wore red slippers down at heel. The Justizrath generally spent his evenings at the Blue Pigeon in company with a few old cronies; but on this occasion he had been kept at home by some law papers which required close attention. He always wrote in what his wife called his study. It was a small, rather dark den, redolent of tobacco smoke, and littered with chaotic heaps of manuscript. Small as it was there was a stove in it, so that the Herr Justizrath did not, at all events, suffer from the cold there. But the bright glow of the kitchen fire was pleasanter than the dull, suffocating heat of the stove. Every thing in the kitchen was as clean as hands could make it—and cleanliness, like sunshine, has the power to beautify common things. And there sat little Liese, the fire-light playing on her soft brown hair and reddening the folds of her gray gown. She was industriously hemming a neckerchief—the real Manchester print neckerchief that Hanne had sent her—and her neat figure and modest face supplied a homely grace to this domestic scene. It was an interior such as Meissonier might have painted.

The Justizrath lit his pipe and sat down by the fire. Liese stood up respectfully, work in hand, but he took no notice of her. The Justizrath had the character of being very absent. He would look at you vacantly when you spoke to him, and answer wide of the mark. But three weeks afterward he was capable of correcting you in the minutest details of the interview, and of repeating your words letter by letter. He did not frequently choose to betray himself by doing so. It was convenient enough sometimes that people should behave in his presence as though he were a hundred miles away. But many were the unwary mice who had been terribly startled by the discovery that this motionless old Puss-in-Boots had been watching them unwinkingly with his half-shut eyes.

Liese sat down again after a while, drawing her chair away modestly into a corner, and stitching with downcast eyes. At first it made her uncomfortable to have her master sitting there silently staring at her out of a cloud of tobacco smoke. But by-and-by the feeling of shyness wore off. The Herr Justizrath wasn't thinking of her. No doubt his thoughts were busy with some of those wonderful law papers that she was forbidden to dust or move. Dear, dear, how clever and learned he must be to understand them all! And then she began to muse in a vague kind of way about the Hermann's Denkmal, and to wonder once more why it should be wrong and revolutionary to be a patriot nowadays. As she so mused her lips unconsciously formed the words, "I wonder."

"Eh?" said the Justizrath, sharply.

Liese knocked down the scissors by the great jump she gave, and her work nearly fell from her hand.

"Bitte, Herr Justizrath! I beg pardon," she stammered out.

"What's the matter?" asked her master, mildly. "Were you not saying something?"

"N—no, I—that is, I think I was thinking."

"Ah! So! You think you were thinking. Good. I think I was thinking too, but one never can tell."

There ensued so long a pause that Liese began to recover her composure. The Justizrath was so odd and abstracted. No doubt he had forgotten her very existence by this time. She ventured to glance at him timidly, and found his eyes fixed on a boar ham that dangled from the ceiling. But at the instant in which she looked he said, without removing his gaze from the ham, "What about?"

"What about, Sir?"

"What did you think you were thinking about?"

Liese blushed crimson. She felt very shy of discussing the subject of her meditations with the Herr Justizrath. But with her habitual obedient gentleness she answered, "About patriots, please, Sir."

This was by no means the kind of answer which the Herr Justizrath had expected. He prided himself on a great power of reading faces; and not less did he pride himself on the inscrutability of his own countenance. There had been a tender half-smile on Liese's downcast face which had induced him to watch it with some curiosity. But he certainly had not conjectured that the tender half-smile had been called up by thinking about "patriots." No trace of surprise, however, did he allow to appear in his wrinkled face, or in his dry, subdued voice. Herr von Schleppers was a man who had fought the battle of life in ambush, so to speak. His nature and his tactics were alike opposed to coming out into the open.

"Any special patriot, Liese, or only patriots in general?" he asked, gravely. Liese had no suspicion that she was being laughed at. Banter was a thing entirely out of her experience.

"I was thinking of Hermann, Sir."

"Ah! So! And is Hermann a patriot?"

Herr von Schleppers complacently supposed himself to have gained the clew to that shy, tender smile. Since Liese was a member of his household, it might be as well to know all about this Hermann. Sweet-hearts were inevitable evils; but a sweet-heart who was also a patriot might prove too troublesome. The Justizrath made a point of knowing all about every body with whom he had any dealings or relations in life. A large undertaking, one would say. But he fancied he accomplished it.

"Hermann," repeated Liese, doubtfully, "I—I—believe he's dead, Sir. He is renowned, I know."

"Oho! And you think people are never renowned until they're dead, eh?"

"Yes, Sir."

The Justizrath became interested. Liese proceeded, gaining courage as she saw her master's eyes still upturned meditatively, more as though he was talking to himself than to her.

"I know he fought for fatherland against the Romans; and that was right and good. There is the Denkmal on the Grotenberg that folks may remember him; but I was wondering—you know I am but an ignorant country maiden—I couldn't help wondering why it would not be right and good now."

"Now where the deuce did the girl pick up all this?"

That was what the Justizrath thought.

What he said was, "Ay, ay, indeed? Ach so!" and waited to hear more. Just then the door of the sitting-room up stairs was opened, and a sound of voluble and confused speech came forth. Above all other sounds, however, penetrated the shrill voice of Frau von Schleppers calling Liese.

"Oh, the ladies are going home, Herr Justizrath!" said the girl. "I must run and help them with their hoods and cloaks;" and she darted off.

When the honored guests were trooping down stairs they encountered the master of the house, pipe in hand, gazing confusedly from one to the other.

"Pardon, meine Damen," said he, bowing. The Justizrath's bow was peculiar. He always wore a mass of limp, and too often dingy, muslin round his throat, and when he bowed he merely stretched his neck so as to thrust his bald head a little way out of this envelope, and then drew it in again, in a way that reminded one irresistibly of a tortoise.

"Friedrich!" exclaimed his lady wife, with her most imperious air. "Now that is so like you! You bury yourself in your papers, and forget how time goes altogether. We wanted you among us this evening. Here is the Frau von Groll."

"Ach Himmel! I am so distressed! But you know I am a man of small leisure. There were all those papers in the affair of his Serene—I mean I have been very busy, meine Damen, very busy indeed."

"He is so absent," whispered Mathilde to her chief guest. "It is really terrible. But all these learned men are alike, I fancy. You will excuse the Justizrath on this occasion."

The ladies took their leave, and pattered home through the silent streets. As they went they observed to each other how henpecked the poor Justizrath was, and how much in awe he seemed to be of his wife. But in this opinion they were entirely mistaken, as it sometimes happens, even to our intimate acquaintances to be, in their judgments of us.

CHAPTER VII.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

ON the day after Frau Mathilde's tea-party, Liese asked and obtained permission to go to Schmitt's shop and pay for the pink satin note-paper. Her mistress was in good-humor. Frau von Groll had paid handsomely for her tea-cakes in words which would pass current in Detmold "society," as being good for a considerable amount of deference. Besides that, the romantic spinster, Fräulein Bopp, had—not to be behindhand in politeness—compared Liese to a picture of Goethe's Gretchen which she had seen once in the private sitting-room of a member of the princely family. "You are like the dear Princess!" Fräulein Bopp had exclaimed to her hostess. "You love to surround yourself with the Beautiful! That maiden's face is ganz poetisch!" And Frau von Schleppers had professed that she thought she might venture to say she resembled her gracious highness in her absorbing devotion to the Beautiful. This profession had not been made in the presence of Herr von Schleppers; but even had he heard it, it would have caused no uncomfortable emotion in his breast. For did he not know full well how far higher a thing is spiritual beauty than any mere perfection of form? And, judged by this standard, his Mathilde doubtless deemed her husband's loveliness seraphic.

"Yes," said the Frau von Schleppers, in answer to Liese's application; "yes, child, go and pay for the paper, and bring me another ball of gray worsted for the Herr Justizrath's socks. And mind you have your hair neat and nice. People know by this time that you are in my service, so it is of some little consequence how you look."

Liese had not long departed on her errand when the Justizrath shuffled into the kitchen. His down-trodden slippers made a clapping noise on the stone floor, and caused his wife to look up in surprise. That excellent lady, who was too thorough a German not to be a good housewife, was engaged in peeling and shredding onions for the soup. She prided herself on her cookery, and really was never so happy as when she could cover her gown with a large apron and devote her energies to the preparation of the daily food. But mere happiness was not Mathilde von Schleppers's end and aim. Noblesse oblige!

The Justizrath shuffled into the kitchen and shuffled to the fire-place, and stood there warming his hands.

"Do you want any thing, Friedrich?" asked his wife. He made no answer, but slowly rubbed his wrinkled hands together over the red charcoal fire made up for cooking.

Mathilde was not a very acute woman, but she had been the Justizrath's wife for thirty years, and in the course of that time she had gained a very thorough knowledge of his disposition. She could not have made a psychological analysis of Friedrich von Schleppers's character, but she knew it in a dumb, instinctive way, as a dog knows the nature of his master. Mathilde was quite aware that her husband had perfectly heard and understood her question, so she did not repeat it, but went on shredding the onions, and occasionally wiping her eyes with a corner of her apron.

"What were you women talking about last night?" asked the Justizrath, presently, in his subdued, monotonous voice.

"Lord, Friedrich! I don't know, I'm sure.' There was a pause.

"Well?" said the Justizrath, by-and-by.

"Well; let me see: Dear, how the onions make one's eyes smart! Frau von Groll said my tea-cakes were better than the tea-cakes at the Castle."

"Has she ever eaten or drunk in the Castle?"

"Oh yes, that she has! They're quite in the Court set, the Von Grolls. Why else do you suppose I asked them here?"

The Justizrath nodded gently.

"Well, Friedrich; and it's true that Major von Groll is to be the new land-steward of the Prince's Detmold estates."

"Ah, yes," murmured Von Schleppers, abstractedly.

"But it won't make a bit of difference to you. All the law business will be left in your hands. The old land-steward was a sharp, prying fellow,

"HAVEN'T GOT ANY," SAID THE CADAVEROUS BOY, IN A DESPONDENT TONE OF VOICE.

who thought he could manage every thing himself."

"Bopp was a good man of business, my dear, and very zealous for the Prince's interests. He thought he knew law, which was a mistake. But Bopp was a very good man of business."

"Ah, well; you'll be master now. See if I am not right."

In strictly private and confidential conversations Frau von Schleppers was apt to relax a little in the aristocratic majesty of her deportment, and to speak with more energy than dignity.

"Humph!" said the Justizrath, poking out his head from the muslin cravat, and then drawing it in again with the tortoise-like action.

"You'll see. Von Groll is as stupid as an owl. And he doesn't know a bit about the state of affairs here. His getting the appointment was all a matter of interest. He will have the salary and you will do the work. But then—you'll also have the power, Friedrich."

"Tut, tut, tut! What power? what power? Nonsense, nonsense!"

The Justizrath spoke quite sharply, and seemed genuinely displeased. He did not approve of such things being said, even in a tête-à-tête.

"Lord!" cried his wife, answering his thoughts though not his words, "who is there to hear? And if they did what matter? I should think you are the proper person to have the power, Friedrich. In our position it's only natural and fitting that we should help to take all trouble off the Prince's hands. He is away so much, and has so many occupations—and, besides, the well-born can always understand each other. As far as that goes I should hope that the Von Schleppers are as noble as the Von Grolls!"

"There's no question of being well-born or ill-born," said the Justizrath, testily. "I hope you didn't talk in that way last night."

"Why, Friedrich?"

But to this question her husband did not reply. There ensued so long a silence that Mathilde began to think her liege lord had extracted all the information he desired for the present. But after a while she felt that the catechism was not yet at an end. Von Schleppers said nothing, but he stood in an attitude of expectation, rubbing his hands over the fire, and turning his head sideways toward his wife.

"And then," she proceeded—"and then—oh dear me! how can I recollect every word? Fräulein Bopp was a good deal taken with Liese. She says she is like a picture of Goethe's Gretchen that she once saw in the Princess's private sitting-room. Do you think she is, Friedrich?"

"Let us hope so, my dear."

"Yes. It looks well to have nice-looking servants. I recollect the Countess von Stumpfennasen, in Hanover— What did you say, Friedrich? Oh, about Fräulein Bopp! Well, she made up to Frau von Groll a good deal, and asked her if she had seen much of Detmold, and if she had been up to the Grotenberg to see the Hermann's Denkmal. I was vexed at the foolish, romantic kind of way that Fräulein Bopp talked in, for the major's wife didn't seem to approve of the Denkmal at all. But of course poor Bopp, though her father was about his late blessed Highness so much, has no noble blood in her veins. And that makes such a difference!"

"How does the girl seem to get on?"

"Fräulein Bopp?"

"No; not Fräulein Bopp, Mathilde. I think I know pretty well how Fräulein Bopp gets on, and has been getting on any time these thirty years. I mean the little servant-maid—what do you call her?"

"Ah, to be sure! Well, now, as to Liese—"

"Liese Lehmann."

Frau von Schleppers evinced no surprise at finding her husband quite well acquainted with the name he had just asked her to tell him, but went on:

"Yes; as to Liese Lehmann I have never had a fault to find with her but once, Friedrich."

Then Mathilde related to her husband the history of the pink satin note-paper, and of Liese's awkwardness.

"But," added the good lady, whose eyes and nose were by this time so inflamed as to give her countenance quite a pathetic expression, "after all, I don't think much of that. She is very rustic and untaught, but she is a creditable-looking girl, a good hand at pastry, darns a stocking the way I like, and we get her very cheap."

"No sweet-hearts?"

"Ach behüte! No, indeed! Not a soul has ever come to ask for her since she has been in the house, except a person who brought her a bundle of clothes from Horn."

"What sort of person?"

"Rather a presuming person, I should say. Decently clad, certainly, but a common fellow. Came ringing at the front door instead of going round to the back yard."

"I think that sounds rather like a patriot," muttered the Justizrath.

"What, Friedrich?"

"I say that if he comes again I should like to see him. The girl is under our protection, and we are bound to look after her."

"I'll look after her, never fear!" said Frau von Schleppers, majestically. Then she knew that the catechism was over; for, although the Justizrath stood for some minutes longer warming his hands, he turned his face toward the fire and paid no further attention to his wife. Meanwhile Liese, having duly executed her mistress's commission respecting the gray worsted, tripped at as fast a pace as she dared toward Herr Schmitt's shop in the main street. There was no one in the shop when she entered it, but on tapping on the counter a boy appeared—a boy with a pale, long face and his jaws bound up with a black silk handkerchief. Liese had made so sure of seeing Otto that this cadaverous apparition startled her, and she stared at the boy for a moment unable to speak.

"I—I—want to know, please—how much—what is the price of pink satin note-paper?" she stammered out at length.

"Haven't got any," said the cadaverous boy, in a despondent tone of voice.

"No; but I want to—to—pay for it."

"I didn't expect you thought you'd get it for nothing!" retorted the boy, gloomily.

"No; but I did have some last week, and I want to pay for it. How much is it, please?"

"I didn't sell it you; and, what's more, I don't believe there is any in the shop."

"Oh, indeed there is! I bought some; two sheets and two envelopes. Ask Herr Schmitt, or—or the other gentleman."

"Herr Schmitt's ill in bed, and the other assistant is out. I tell you what it is, you'll have to come back again. I don't know what the paper costs. It may be two kreutzers or it may be four. I ain't going to name a fancy price, and get myself into trouble to oblige you. I haven't been here more than ten days, and you can't expect a chap to get a whole shopful of things by heart in that time. Specially if he's subject to the toothache."

"I'm very sorry," said Liese, gently. "I'll call again the next time I go by."

"Yes," said the cadaverous boy, a shade less gloomily; "it won't be any trouble to you, you know."

"Would you mind telling Otto that I think I can come on my way from the market to-morrow morning?"

"Telling who?"

Liese blushed crimson. "The assistant: I know him. Say Liese Lehmann, please."

As she left the shop she encountered her master walking at a brisk pace up the street. Contrary to her expectation, he recognized and stopped her.

"Tell your mistress, little one," said he, "that I shall not be at home until to-night, at all events, and perhaps not until to-morrow morning. Business will take me to Horn."

"Oh!" cried Liese, and then stopped short.

"Ay, ay," said the Justizrath, benevolently; "that's your home, isn't it? To be sure—to be sure. Your father and mother live there, eh?"

"Not quite in Horn, Sir, but just outside it. You pass the farm going to Horn from Detmold. And they ain't my father and mother, Sir, but my cousins. My poor mother's cousin, that is, and they adopted me. I beg your pardon, Sir."

Liese added the last sentence timidly, for the Justizrath's attention was apparently far removed from what she was saying, and he was absently forming letters on the pavement with the point of his walking-stick.

"Eh?" said he, looking up when she had ceased speaking. "Ah! No doubt;—no doubt, my good girl." And then he walked on, getting over the ground more quickly than one would have given him credit for, looking at his awkward, shuffling pace. As he passed Schmitt's shop he looked in and beheld the cadaverous boy seated behind the counter with his head resting on his hands, and a sheet of colored prints spread before him.

"That isn't the patriot," said the Justizrath to himself, with a transient grin. "No, no; the patriot must be the gentleman who rings at the front-door bell. I shall hear of him in Horn."

NELLY.

ONLY a little child,
Who sings all day in the street,
Such a tuneless song
To an idle throng,
Who pity her shoeless feet;
A poor, pale, pretty child!
With clothes so ragged and mean,
And a wild weird face,
On which ne'er a trace
Of childhood's joy can be seen.

Out in the damp, wet fog,
Out in the sleet and the rain,
Out when the cold wind
Sends its blast unkind
Through her again and again;
Out in the dreadful night,
By the hinge of the tavern door,
In hope as she sings
Of the pity that flings
Some pence on the beer-stained floor.

Mothers who pass her by
Shudder with terrible fear,
Praying her fate may
Never be some day
That of *their* little ones dear;
Children who hear her sing
Stare at her features so wild,
O'er her life ponder,
Thinking with wonder
"What, can she too be a child?"

Out in the damp, wet fog,
Out in the sleet and the rain,
Out when the cold wind
Sends its blast unkind
Through her again and again.
Brought up in Satan's school,
Hell's abyss falling in;
Is there no pity
In this great city
To save her from shame and sin?

NELLY.

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

CHAPTER XIII.

As Derrick Dalmager had said of Suggs, he was a man that knew every body's business. One of the shrewdest men in the county, he had been surprised when Derrick's companion, after coming to his house with her seemingly dead child, had been compelled to ask his wife for the loan of one of her own dresses before she could appear at the Dalmager estate, and forthwith putting his several data together, arrived with tolerable correctness at the facts of the case. He bore a lifelong grudge against the Dalmagers — both on account of a land dispute with Derrick's father, and because his favorite daughter years ago had been ruined by that grand-seignior, Derrick himself. When now, watching keen-eyed from his wagon, he saw the long mediation by which Lily had prepared her father to receive her mother, instead of that instant rush into his arms, which would have been inevitable at such a critical time to any loyal wife, he made up his mind that Derrick had run away with Mrs. Kearney; and, furthermore, contrived this Lynch trial to get Cuthbert out of the path of his nefarious triumph. Having neither Lily's tact, nor the motives which led her to send people away before she spoke of her mother's case, after tying his horses he went among the crowd and spoke his mind with unlimited freedom. Feeling the reaction of their disappointment, they were glad enough of any stimulus in the way of a sensation which should replace the disproved murder, and listened to Suggs with eagerness and indignation. Gradually they could be seen, gathered in little knots under the trees, with flashing eyes, wildly gesticulating hands, and vociferating voices.

The reunited three still sat in the wagon, with too much that was all-absorbing of their own to pay any attention to the mob, when Perro and Jim came running up with old Seibert's cash-box, which they had kept their eyes on ever since its discovery.

"De fellow wasn't gwine to give it to us, Mass' Cuthbert; but I spoke to some white gemplemen—dey made him take it out of his coat (reckon he was financin' to stole it), and tole us to bring it to you."

"Oh yes!" said Cuthbert, with a strange sensation at being called again to attend to worldly affairs. "I'd forgotten all about it. Perro, run up to my desk and bring down a bunch of keys on a red cord that you will find there."

"I wonder why the crowd don't go?" said his wife. "The kind old man that brought us here seems to be going around among them every where, and wherever he goes he talks, and they look *so* excited. What can he be saying?" And with a troubled glance she dropped her veil once more.

Perro ran every step both ways, and after about five minutes' absence brought back the keys to Cuthbert. He instantly found the peculiar, old-fashioned one belonging to the cash-box, and opening it, began examining the contents.

Imprimis—A short will, made before Seibert Kearney left Massachusetts, witnessed by friends there, and showing that thus early relentings had entered a heart too proud to acknowledge them, by leaving to Cuthbert unreservedly the entire estate of which he should die possessed.

"Poor father!" said Cuthbert, with a sad smile. "He did not know how little that would be. I suppose land speculations killed him—he was a rich man then. Why—what! really this is not so bad after all!" This he said because on lifting the will he found—

Second—a pile of United States bonds. He counted them with eyes opening wider every instant—Seventy-five Thousand Dollars!

"Oh, my darlings! Isn't God good? Two lives, riches, and new hearts to use them for Him—my heart's beloved, my little angel. I—saved—all saved—and this in one hour!"

The tears flowed down his cheeks so fast, as he said this, that he could not see to continue his examination till Lily and his wife kissed them away.

Third—a large file of mortgages. A gasp of astonishment almost took his breath away as he hurriedly glanced over their indorsements. They represented over a hundred thousand dollars more, lent on Kentucky real estate, houses in Louisville, and rich farms in other counties, to Derrick Dalmager's father! Old Reuben Dalmager had the name, when he died, of having largely encumbered his property by extravagance; but how, where, Cuthbert had never asked—knowing nothing, without this box, of his father as the creditor.

"And Derrick must have known of these things all the time!" he exclaimed, feeling as if he never again could put confidence in human honor. "Why, I have been working like a dog this whole year, thanking that man for every crust I ate, wondering at my over-large salary, while I took care for him of acre after acre which was all my own! You see I never thought of looking for mortgage records in any other county but this. He knew that on Genet's, and Baker's, and the Cherry Creek place, and I don't know how many other farms that I've managed, one-fourth of seven per cent. was lawfully mine every quarter; but he has let me go with my head and my heart bowed to the very dust all this time, and never paid me one cent. I can now foreclose and complete my title whenever I will. Oh, the wretch! No—God forgive me! I've forgiven him."

Fourth, a package of $100 New York bank-notes—$25,000.

Fifth, a moleskin wallet, with a ticket attached, bearing, in a feeble, cramped hand, the inscription, "For my boy's little girl, if I like her when I see her, to invest till she's married." This contained $20,000 more, in both gold and bills.

Sixth, an old ivory miniature and a gray curl, which moistened Cuthbert's eyes again, for they were his mother's.

Seventh and last—folded in a newspaper at the bottom of the box—a package of papers.

Cuthbert opened it, and—greatest astonishment of all—found it to consist of ten receipts for various large payments, the last being a receipt in full of all demands, dated just before the giver's death, for the Dalmager demesne—made to Cuthbert's and signed by Derrick's father.

Too astounded to utter the thanksgiving which their hearts paid God, Cuthbert sat clasping his wife and child to his bosom, when the crowd once more absolutely forced itself on their attention. The little knots of angry discussion once more coalesced into one excited, surging body, and pressed toward the wagon. The majority of the mob had brought its liquor along with it, and been drinking freely enough, ever since they reached the lawn, to intoxicate a score of them, and infuriate a majority of the rest. Suggs's story had come just in the nick of time to take advantage of their previous baffled fever-heat, and give society an object for the lofty moral indignation which it was bursting to pour out upon some victim's head.

"To the tree! to the tree!" shouted fifty fierce voices.

"No, no! Let go of him, d—n you!" cried a dozen.

"*Let go!*" was the reply, in a voice of sarcasm, from Old Suggs, who led the division which was rushing to the magnolia. "Yes, we'll let him go when t'other end o' this here rope's over that branch yonder."

"My God! whom have they now?" cried Cuthbert, in a voice of horror. His wife one moment stood up breathlessly on the box, the next, and with a scream, she fell almost senseless in the wagon. Cuthbert summoned all his strength to catch her, then tottered to his own feet, and saw, desperately struggling with his adversaries, Derrick Dalmager! His face was pale as death—his eyes wild with fury. His coat hung in tatters from his shoulders, and one shirt-sleeve had been torn off in his desperate effort to reach the bowie-knife which lay in a sheath hooked on to the crossing of his suspenders. For a few seconds he had fought successfully: half a dozen of his foes were examining and condoling over the presents which that brawny, naked arm had bestowed upon them; but fifty to one is not a long fight, and he was now writhing like a lion in the toils of the hunter—dreadful even for an antagonist to look at, but able no longer to do harm. Two stalwart desperadoes pinioned each of his wrists, and as he had shown signs of using the wild beast's weapon, those magnificent, strong, ivory teeth of his, Old Suggs had undertaken the task of disarming him in this respect by winding his hand, close to Derrick's scalp, in his long and splendid mane of jetty hair. Whenever the baited victim, with a muffled roar of rage, gnashed on his captors as if he would tear their throats, the vindictive old man would give his locks a deliberate twist, which almost brought the back of his head between his shoulders, and whisper savagely, "That's to remember Lucy by! She asked for a lock of it when she was a-dyin'—used to be fond of it, *she* did; so am I!"

Earlier in the afternoon there might have been a general knife-and-pistol fight before Derrick was left thus in the hands of the mob; but now many of his friends had dropped off, ashamed of their part in the proceedings, and returned to Owlieville. Such were the men who boasted property and social position, and therefore felt at least a class sympathy for Derrick, which could not be expected in the ignorant and besotted "poor white trash" who remained. The small minority who had resisted Suggs at first, sullenly gave over the unequal conflict when they saw how unequal it was, and without resorting to the arbitration of arms, which must have resulted fatally for them in a concourse where the lowest were as well equipped as the highest, and recklessly drunk besides—thus deaf to every remonstrance, and ready for any enormity.

Finding his own efforts vain and himself powerless in the hands of the mob, Derrick suddenly felt a reaction from the violence of his rage, and for the first time in his life experienced fear. The sensation of those iron hands, the look of those pitiless faces, that steady, involuntary march, which no bribe nor threat could slacken, toward the fatal tree—when he once fully realized his will's impotence, his friends' minority, and his own irrevocable fate—sent through his heart a shudder of anguish whose kind as well as degree was new in his life. His knees smote together—he gasped for breath, and but for his cruel supporters he would have fallen to the earth. His face, lately pale with rage, grew ghastlier through terror, and in an agony his white lips cried,

"Is there no man here to speak a word for me?"

Cuthbert heard him, and though faint with that awful experience of his own which had made almost a feeble old man of him in the last twenty-four hours, arose and stretched forth his hands to the mob:

"Gentlemen!" said he, forgetting the many deaths and worse tortures that he owed Derrick—rather paying the debt like a Christian nobleman—"Better, *Men!* Friends! Kentuckians! remember your honor—remember your State's—remember your manhood! For God's sake, wearing His image, do not this horrible wrong! You are not beasts nor devils—tigers disappointed of one victim's blood and raging till you find another to glut you. Even if it be ever right to take the law into your own hands, as you would have done with me—this is not a case in which such speedy punishment is ever wreaked—what has this man done that you should kill him? For God's sake ask yourselves that question now—even as you will ask it to-morrow when your blood is cool and the deed's done, when it's too late! As the law may ask it of you, and this man's influential friends ask it of you, calling to have the manner of his death examined at the legitimate tribunals."

Cries of "Damn the law!" "Influential friends be damned!" "We'll show the bloody aristocrats!" "Down with that parson!" and "Bring out the rope!" showed Cuthbert that he was on the wrong tack.

"Then forget all responsibility but that to yourselves and your God!" he continued, raising his voice to a clarion clearness under the stimulus of a horror for Derrick which he had not felt for himself, as he saw the chafing throng of madmen and Derrick's agonized look at the fatal wagon, the sacrificial tree, toward which they were slowly surging him forward intolerant of the harangue.

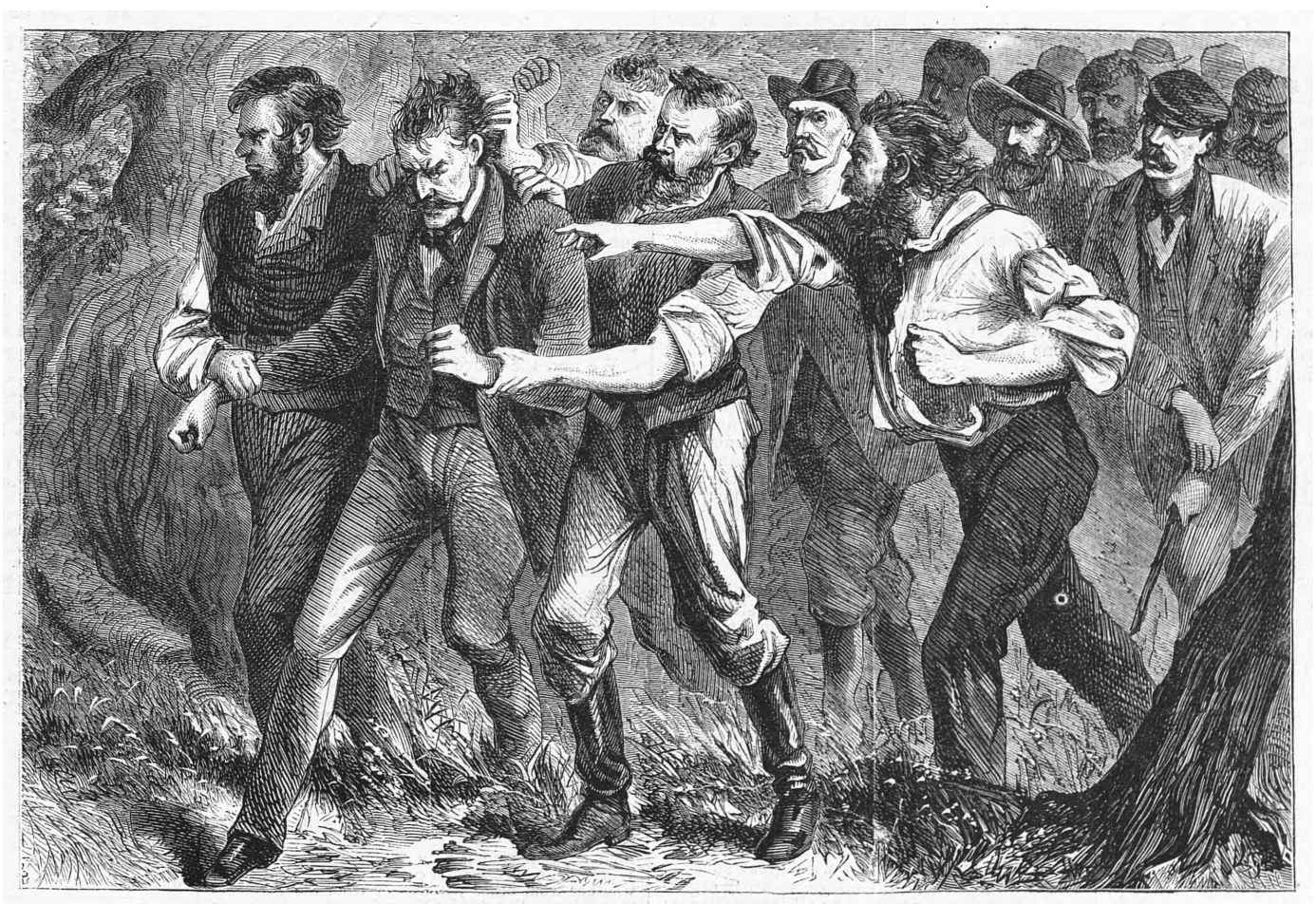
"Ask yourselves how you shall answer this question when you lie on your own death-beds; when your own souls shall ask it of you, and your God is to ask it again in even less time perhaps than you are giving this man to prepare his response for all the sins of a lifetime. Ask yourselves what has he done that is worthy of death—that a man is ever killed for even by such a court as this. Ask, and knowing that you are men, not devils—I believe that you will not do this wrong."

"Oh, noble—noble Cuthbert—good—great husband!" whispered his wife in a dream of astonishment at a chivalrous magnanimity she had never read nor heard of in her life, as he sank exhausted in the wagon by her side. "Oh, Cuthbert, thank God that even through great tribulation He has opened my eyes! I believe you are the grandest soul that ever lived. Oh, can you forgive even *me*, and let me worship you?"

"*Love* me, wife, and my soul is satisfied!" he answered, tenderly pressing her to his heart.

Suggs let go Derrick's hair, and stepped out before all the crowd.

"Look ye, young man!" said he, in a voice of cold, deliberate wrath that was far more terrible than any sanguinary barkings of the mob. "*You* want an answer to that question? *You?* I should ha' thought ye'd be the last one to hev to be informed. But I'll tell ye if ye want to know why this here Dalmager's going to be hanged in about ten minutes. He come into a happy family, and promised marriage to the prettiest little gal that ever God sent to make an old man's home happy and close his dyin' eyes. He took her off to Louisville, and when she come back she come alone—goin' to be a mother without no weddin' ring on her finger; and he was gone to Paris, with plenty of money, to see the world for six years longer when he ought to have seen hell the night she ran away with him. She died with her dead baby on her breast, and the old man was left with an old wife that had broke her heart. Is that true, Devil's Derrick? Oh! ye don't know your name; but, ha! ha! they know it where you're agoin' afore sundown! But we don't want your witness. Here's Jack Sterrett—him that was engaged to that little gal—him that loved her, him that she loved—sweet and innocent as babbies till Devil's Derrick took her away from him—a poor man—only a small planter—but as honest a boy as the sun ever shined on. Is that true, Jack?"



"TO THE TREE! TO THE TREE!" SHOUTED FIFTY FIERCE VOICES.

"It's God's truth—damn him!" replied a stern-faced young Kentuckian in the crowd.

"Then the old man laid for Devil's Derrick. *He* didn't know it—thought it was all hushed up and forgotten when he come back, just as it is under that plain flat rock in the church-yard, and in that heart of his that's rockier yet. But the old man was only layin' for a chance. He owed the Dalmagers money, and he couldn't be thrown into jail to rot out the few months that were left him, and leave his ole wife to starve as he would have done if he'd brought on a fight with Devil's Derrick then. So he waited till he'd scrimped an' scrimped an' saved the money and paid *that* debt. Then says he, 'T'other debt *next!* an' no dyin' till that's settled.' Good God! he couldn't have laid quiet in his grave.

"Bimeby Devil's Derrick crep into the family of a gentleman—lived with him like a brother—taught him to drink like a fish—pizened his wife agin him, an' one moonlight night ran away with her in boy's clothes, meanin' never to come back. But he had to come. God Almighty sent a little gal after him that was 'most made an angel—but not quite. When he found that he'd lost the woman he stole he come back where he'd done the mean, hellish, Dalmager trick, and, to make his theft good, set about gittin' the man he'd wronged out o' the way on a charge o' murder. Just as he'd almost done it up come the little gal that was 'most an angel and saved the man he'd wronged, and put him in the hands that had got t'other debt to pay. Is *that* all true, Mr. Kearney? Not a word to say for your client, heh? Here's another witness, boys. An' now yer question's answered—what's Devil Derrick done to be swung off that there limb in five minutes for?

"Now *I've* got a question for ye all! When ye see a rattlesnake crawlin' in and out among yer hearths, never shakin' his cussed rattle to warn ye, but stingin', and stingin', and stingin' —murderin' you, and your wives, and your daughters in the dark—how long does it take ye to answer 'God' and 'Law' and 'yer own souls,' and all the preachers that ever asked a question? Not over two minutes an' a half. Derrick Dalmager! You found my daughter an innocent little gal—jest as innocent as that little gal in the wagon—you ruined her—you killed her. You found another woman that loved her husband when you come, jest as that little gal o' mine loved Jack Sterrett, and you took her away from him. When you had to confess beat, you come back and engaged in a conspiracy to kill him. What's to be done with sech a man as that for the safety o' mankind? Answer, all on ye!" roared the old man, in a stentorian voice to the crowd which had grown madder at every sentence of his speech.

And Derrick heard irrevocable doom thundering down on his guilty head in the one fierce howl of "Hang him!"

They bound him tightly and rushed him to the wagon as before a wave of the sea. His lifelong reckless courage failed utterly in the moment that Cuthbert's nature, God-stayed, not self-trustful, had become calm as heaven, and, almost fainting, he was pushed upon the wagon rather than helped to climb it himself. Before the terrible onslaught Cuthbert and his wife were driven off—and retired too horror-stricken to speak, to a distance of several rods from the magnolia.

Not so went Lily Kearney. As Derrick Dalmager fell panting upon the bottom of the wagon the little girl put her arms around his neck and sat down in his lap, covering him with her body.

"Oh, dear Jesus!" she cried, lifting her loving blue eyes to heaven, "sweet Jesus, you have done so many, many things for me—please do this—save poor Uncle Derrick!"

"Take away that little gal!" shouted a man in the crowd. "It's no place for children."

"Yes, this is my place," answered Lily, with gentle firmness. "Mr. Suggs, I'd have been up in heaven with your little girl—your little Lucy you told about, if this weren't my place. I'd have seen her this afternoon if you hadn't been so kind to me and got mamma those hot blankets for me. Won't you please let me stay now? I can't go away! Jesus won't let me! He saved me—He helped you to save me so He could send me here."

"What's the matter, Suggs?" said Jack Sterrett.

"Yes, what's the matter?" cried others in the crowd. "Why don't you go on?"

Suggs stood perfectly dumfounded before the little girl, then the tears trickled down his rough, bloated cheeks, and, turning round to the crowd, he said,

"I can't get the little gal away—she talks just like mine—she says Jesus tells her to stay here."

Jack Sterrett came impatiently to the wagon, but the pleading little face with its bandaged brow so touched him that he could not unclasp her hands as he had meant.

"Mr. Sterrett," said Lily, as he stood bewildered and hesitating, "when you see Lucy again —won't you please tell her that you know where she is now she wouldn't want you to kill any body for doing her wrong—and that you were kind to a sick little girl and forgave this poor man for Jesus' sake? *Please*—please, Sir!"

And he likewise turned away, saying, "*I* can't do the job."

The crowd getting more and more impatient for somebody to do the job, pressed closer round the wagon and made as if any moment they might rush upon their victim *en masse*.

"Oh, please listen to me, dear men!" said the little girl, in a gentle, fearless voice, which all hushed their breaths to hear—"Jesus told us to love our enemies and forgive them. If Uncle Derrick has done any thing to be an enemy to any body, it's to Mr. Suggs and Mr. Sterrett and papa and mamma and me. We've all of us forgiven him, we won't hurt him, and Jesus will forgive him if he's sorry, won't *you* forgive him? Oh, please listen to me; I know Jesus will love to have you, and Mr. Suggs's and Mr. Sterrett's little Lucy in heaven will love to have you! I'm only a little girl and I can't say much, but I have been very near dead only so little a while ago that it seems almost as if I'd been close to heaven and looked in, and seen where dear Jesus forgives us all who've been much worse to Him than Uncle Derrick has to us—and I know it makes it so much more like heaven, and us like Jesus, if we forgive one another while we stay here. Oh, dear men, please do forgive Uncle Derrick then, for Jesus' sake!"

One rough cub, far gone in beastly intoxication, staggered forward as she ended, and, while the tears streamed from her eyes with the earnestness of her pleading, tried to pull her arms from Derrick's neck. This turned the scale in her favor. The assailant was taken by the throat and handed to the back of the crowd with a rapidity which almost sobered him. Jack Sterrett jumped up on the wagon and swore a tremendous oath that the first man who laid hands on Lily Kearney did it at the risk of his life. Several of the better men in the mob stepped out and came over to his side, which, though nominally that of chivalry to a lovely little girl, was in reality now the side of mercy. For a few moments the baser portion indulged their sanguinary feeling in sullen growls; but the influential men, and those who had any lingering claim to respectability, or sense of decency, were visibly moved in Lily's favor. Following their lead the crowd again broke up into little knots, and spent ten or fifteen minutes in consultation; then, one by one, saying, "We can't do it! The little gal is too much for us!" began to move away. Lily unbound the cords, and Derrick was saved.

The next morning he knew of the discovery of the cash-box and all which it revealed. At nightfall he was gone, never to return to Kentucky. All that belonged to him, after doing Cuthbert justice and paying his heavy sporting debts—a sum not exorbitant, but enough for a man of prudence and good habits—was forwarded after him to some address in the North known only to his lawyer. Cuthbert heard of him no more till the second year of the war, when a newspaper paragraph announced his death on board of one of the Union ships in the Gulf, where he had fallen nobly at his post, after bravely fighting the yellow-fever and saving multitudes of lives, during a three-months' struggle more terrible than any battle-field.

From the hour that Cuthbert's angel came back to him he abjured alcohol forever. Her life's one madness over, and the scales fallen from her eyes, Mrs. Kearney beheld in her husband, as she had said, "the grandest soul that ever lived" —loved him with an intensity compared with which her first love was but the passionless affection of babyhood—and became a wife whom he hourly thanked God for. And Lily, now a beautiful maiden of seventeen and the loveliest thing that blossoms on the banks of Garnet Run, continued and still continues to be the Household Angel.

THE END.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IN 1858 the Ladies' Christian Union of this city was organized. One of the principal objects of this society was the founding of a Home for Young Women, where those who were without friends in the city, and obliged to labor for their own support, might have safe and comfortable accommodations at a moderate expense. A house for this purpose was first taken in Amity Street, and when a larger building became necessary, one was secured in Fourteenth Street. But a permanent Home was purchased and taken possession of last May, situated in Washington Square, corner of Macdougal Street. There those engaged in industrial pursuits find home comforts at moderate charges.

In Boston there is a similar Home for Young Women in Beach Street. The rooms are neatly furnished and airy, and the charge for lodging varies from sixty-three cents to one dollar a week, according to the floor. A restaurant is connected with the Home, where the lowest possible charges are made—three dollars and a half will cover expenses of board, lodging, and washing.

A Woman's Home has recently been established in Chicago, on West Jackson Street, near Halstead. It provides board and lodging at the moderate price of $3 75 per week, with the use of the library and reading-room, and the privilege of listening to lectures given each week at the Home by the clergymen of all denominations in Chicago.

The "oldest man" lives in Cincinnati. According to his own statement he is four hundred years old. He also was on intimate terms with Queen Elizabeth, whom he calls "Lib;" he loaned Shakspeare five dollars, which the poet never repaid; and he presented Columbus with a bosom-pin just before his first voyage to America. This remarkable veteran resides, at present, in an insane asylum.

A Boston paper records a most startling development of the "eight-hour" system. An eight-hour-a-day man, on going home the other evening for his supper, found his wife sitting in her best clothes, on the front stoop, reading a volume of travels. "How is this?" he exclaimed—"Where's my supper?" "I don't know," replied the wife; "I began to get breakfast at six o'clock this morning, and *my eight hours ended at two P.M.*"

In the Western States women have in many instances devoted themselves to agriculture, and shown a decided "tact" for the business. Women left widows have taken their husbands' farms, and managed them with great success. The Iowa Agricultural College, recently organized, admits young women to all its privileges; so also the Kansas Agricultural College.

The English law has made it a misdemeanor to use mineral colors in candies and sweetmeats, on account of their poisonous qualities. Vegetable colors are now used as substitutes, and these are harmless.

It is said that a large proportion of the canned fruit put into the market last year was put up before it was ripe. In order to be really nice, all fruit should be perfectly ripe; green peaches and tomatoes are not ripened or improved in flavor by the process of canning. Nor will any brand of canned fruit, which is not properly prepared, be long popular.

In connection with other interesting exercises on "Alumni's-day" at Yale was the presentation of the Silver Cup by the class of 1865. This cup is given in three years to the first boy-baby born to any member of the class after leaving college. He is called "class-boy." This year the cup was received by proxy, the little boy being too sick to be brought to take his honors, and his papa being in California. A college chum of the father received and took charge of the cup, which was an elegant one, manufactured to order in New York. It was in goblet shape. A babe within a branch of ivy served as a standard, the leaves of the ivy spreading around and supporting the base of the bowl. The usual class and college seals, the inscription, and a heavily-carved monogram ornamented four sides of the goblet.

A gentleman living near Middletown went a gunning on the Fourth of July near the banks of the Connecticut River. In his rambles he went too near a slope, and slid down forty feet or more. He thought at first that he was lost himself; but, making sure of his own safety, he next thought of his gun, which was covered and filled with sand. To his surprise he found the barrel polished up very bright. On investigation he discovered that he had fallen into a deposit of emery, and at the same time fallen into a fortune. He at once bought the land; and as emery is valuable, and the deposit is large, he may regard it as a very fortunate Fourth of July excursion.

According to an English journal there is quite a rage among young English girls for young men of dark complexions. Lately, however, a young lady who had advertised that she "wished to meet with a young man of dark complexion" was sadly disappointed. She discovered, after "matters were arranged satisfactorily," that the young man was of African descent, and, though respectable and well educated, she objected to carrying "matters" further.

A bequest has been recently made to a Reformed Church in New Jersey on the singular condition that the church grounds should be kept free from Canada thistles and wild carrots. If the growth of foul weeds be permitted to any extent the legacy is to be forfeited.

The velocipede was invented by M. Drais, at Mannheim, in 1817. It has been used but little excepting in France; but it is predicted that its use may become general. A water-velocipede has been constructed by an architect of Paris, and has been successfully propelled on the Lake of Enghien, near Paris.

The Alaska *Herald* is a paper of eight pages, printed in Russian and American type and language, in parallel columns.

Although it is too late to try any novel methods of eating strawberries *this* season, it may not be amiss to be informed upon the subject, so that we shall be ready to experiment next June. It is stated that throughout Sicily it is the custom to eat strawberries along with sugar and the juice of oranges. The strawberries, a small kind, come to table without their stalks, are crushed with white pounded sugar, and the juice of an orange is squeezed over them. The result is a most fragrant and agreeable compound, much superior in the opinion of some to strawberries and cream.

SEWING MACHINES AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—"There seems to be considerable contradiction among the successful exhibitors as to the awards made in this department. The recipients of the two gold medals severally advertise that theirs is the only gold medal, thus contradicting each other; while all the other prize-holders concur that *no gold medal was awarded to any sewing machine whatever*. Happily, it is not our duty to decide this knotty question; but, be it as it may, the GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINES have received the very highest prize —above all medals—their representative in Paris having been decorated by the Emperor with the Cross of the Legion of Honor."

We find the above in one of our English exchanges, and transfer it to our columns with satisfaction. It is gratifying to find that the GROVER & BAKER MACHINE, which stands so high at home, should also receive the highest honor abroad.—*N. Y. Express.*

BURNETT'S KALLISTON removes Tan and Freckles, and imparts a velvety softness to the skin.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are unlike any others, and they are called the best.

BURNETT'S COLOGNE is unrivaled in richness and delicacy.—*Baltimore American.*

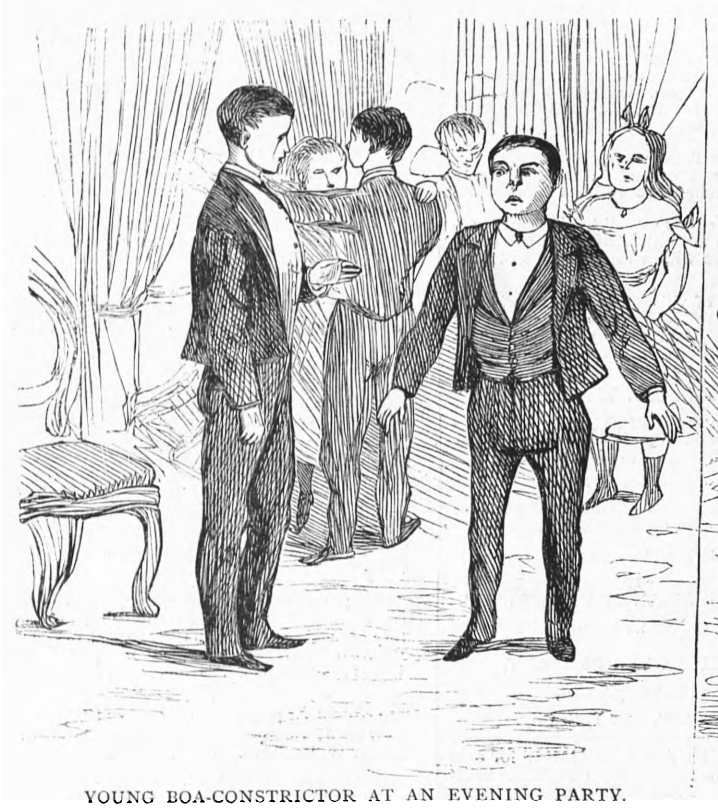
COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by News-dealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

THE LOVELY CLARA SCUDDING UNDER BARE POLES.

[*Dedicated to the inventor of high boots.*

MAN FRIDAY IN A SHORT SKIRT.

YOUTH (*with a decided taste for Beauty*). "I say, Bill, if Robinson Crusoe had seen them Feet on the Sands, I guess he would 'a been Scared!"



YOUNG BOA-CONSTRICTOR AT AN EVENING PARTY.

HARRY. "Why, what is the matter; why don't you come and dance?"
FAT BOY. "Oh! it's my Trowsers—they were all right before Supper, but now I think they're—going to—Burst!"

LITTLE TOMKINS (*to his new friend*). "Do you know who that 'orrid Fat old Woman is?"
MR. BOUNCER. "Yes, Sir; *that* is my Wife."
TOMKINS. "Oh, I don't mean that Lady; I mean that thin Old Maid setting by her?"
MR. BOUNCER. "Yes, Sir; *that* is my Maiden Sister."
[*N.B.—Tomkins goes out to sea in an open boat and hasn't been heard of since.*

SUMMER SEPARATIONS.

FRIEND TO ADOLPHUS. "Two hours ride from the city?"
ADOLPHUS. "Yes; but you know this thing of being separated from your wife half the time is a great bore—besides, she doesn't enjoy herself with me half the time away—quite a hermit."

MRS. ADOLPHUS (*in letter to friend*). "A delightful place, and quite gay. But I can't take any pleasure in any thing for thinking of poor Adolphus sweltering in the city—'moping about the house,' as he writes, and miserable generally."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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Summer Hats.

ITALIAN STRAW HAT.—This pretty hat is trimmed with a scarf of white tulle, the ends of which are finished with white blonde lace. The edge of the hat is finished in the same manner. A wreath of leaves encircles the front of the hat and completes the trimming. The ends of the scarf are loosely knotted behind.

BRUSSELS STRAW BONNET.—The trimming of this bonnet consists of folds of brown satin, brown blonde lace, and daisies. The strings are of brown ribbon brocaded with daisies, and loosely caught together under the chin.

BROWN NEAPOLITAN BONNET.—Trimming of green crape, green ribbon, and roses, and a spray of buds and leaves.

ENGLISH STRAW BONNET.—Trimming of lilac velvet ribbon and marguerites. Strings of lilac silk ribbon, fastened under the chin by means of a velvet bow, and trimmed with grelots and small loops. Grelots likewise encircle the edge of the bonnet in front.

BLACK STRAW TOQUE.—The broad revers is covered with black velvet, and the upper edge is edged with a row of small feathers. The rest of the trimming consists of a scarf of black tulle and an aigrette of pheasant feathers set on the front just above the revers.

WHITE STRAW TOQUE.—The side of this hat is covered with bias folds of blue silk, and the front piece with blue velvet. The upper edge is trimmed with a row of small blue feathers. On the left side is a tuft of long blue plumes.

TALL AND SHORT WOMEN.

GRACE DARLING, the light-house heroine, was tall. So was the Countess Isabella, who so stoutly held her castle against the besiegers, and foreswore the ministrations of all washerwomen until her beleaguered stronghold was relieved. Marie Antoinette, if we are to trust Paul Delaroche's picture, was tall; so was Mary Queen of Scots, and they both died heroically. Elizabeth had pluck enough for the whole 88th regiment, and I doubt not would have fought Philip II. and the Duke of Alva single-handed, had they landed at Tilbury Fort. Flora Macdonald was a lassie of considerable inches; the electioneering Duchess of Devonshire was tall; so was Queen Caroline, who, whatever may have been her morals, certainly fought a good fight against George IV. But I hold the tall heroines to be exceptional; and when we have all humanity to deal with, the exceptions are relatively numerous. I adhere to the Little Women. Boadicea, you may depend upon it, was short. Zenobia was not of exorbitant stature. Her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria is no giantess. The Princess of Wales is not colossal. Patti is diminutive, and Lucca quite a Lilliputian. So was Jenny Lind; so is now Madame Goldschmidt. Miss Nightingale is slight and slender; and where could you look for a more delightful Little Woman than Mrs. Keeley? I grant your exceptions; but for every ten tall heroines you bring me I will cap them with a hundred little ones.

BRUSSELS STRAW BONNET.

ITALIAN STRAW HAT.

BROWN NEAPOLITAN BONNET.

BLACK STRAW TOQUE.

ENGLISH STRAW BONNET.

WHITE STRAW TOQUE.

COUSIN ALICE.

AND so you're married, caught at last;
Well, here's your health, my dainty cousin!
You jilted me, but what of that?
I'm only one of half a dozen.

"Poor," that was it; ah, bitter word,
It seems but yesterday you spoke it;
I trust *he* wears a decent coat,
And has a shilling in his pocket.

I hope he brings what love demands,
And keeps you, proud one, in a palace.
I always was a graceless dog,
A useless fellow, cousin Alice.

I never had the knack to please,
My ways were not genteel—unsteady;
I had no chance with men of taste
To win, in sooth, so fine a lady.

And yet, who knows, I might have grown
Less wayward and a shade more tender;
I might have soften'd in the light,
Fair coz, of your bewitching splendor.

I might have learn'd in time, perchance,
To ape the fashionable graces,
Or found delight in lisping tongues
And laughing eyes and sunny faces.

But there, I'll turn it to the wall—
The face I worship'd madly, blindly,
Nor wear withal so poor a heart
As breathe a word of you unkindly.

I'll think you might have loved me yet,
Had fortune placed me in your station,
Or had I been a worthier man,
And, cousin, not "a poor relation."

I'll think—or better still, forget,
Nor wrong you with a thought of malice;
May peace and joy and bliss be yours,
And love and sunshine, cousin Alice!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1868.

PLAIN-SPOKEN PEOPLE.

THERE are certain people who take credit to themselves for seeing through all the illusions of life, and tearing away every veil of gauze which individual fondness or social propriety may throw over the ugly and painful. These run a muck through society, attacking all its cherished deceits however innocent and harmless. They would make a clean sweep of all the phantasms of the imagination, put to flight the airy creations of the fancy, and dispel the cloudless visions of dreamland. They would not that man should ever forget his primitive constitution of dust and ashes. With the least tendency heavenward before his time they tug him to earth at once.

These impertinent realists are the great destroyers of human happiness. They begin early, continue long, and never cease until the end of life. A mother's tenderness even can not soften their hard-hearted positivism. They will rudely blur the maternal vision of her child's beauty with the unwelcome assertion that it is ugly. "All babies are ugly," is a favorite proposition of these plain-spoken people. This may be a fact in natural history; but it is something that was never dreamt of in the philosophy of the mother to whom the ugliest child is most beautiful. In fact, as there are no absolute laws of beauty, there is no reason why the maternal fondness should not be accepted as the test in regard to the looks of her own infant. No indifferent person has the right to an opinion contrary to that of her who is so deeply concerned. A polite concurrence is the duty of every civilized being. Politeness, however, is never recognized as an obligation by the plain-spoken people, of one of whom we recollect an incident, strikingly illustrative of this statement. A fond mother was displaying her first-born to a circle of her husband's friends. Among these there chanced to be a plain-spoken person of the plainest kind. Every one but he hastened to utter the compliment appropriate to the occasion. He kept what he had to say until the mother had been warmed to the highest point of maternal vanity by the intense expressions of admiration of all but him, when he deliberately dashed upon her his bucketful of cold water. "Your baby, Madam," said he, "reminds me of a flat-headed Indian." The comparison, it is true, was not inappropriate. As for the suitableness of the remark to the occasion we leave it to all tender mothers to decide.

These plain-spoken people have the audacity to declare in the face of every boy that there never was such a person as Robinson Crusoe or his man Friday, and that Jack the Giant-Killer is a myth. Boys fortunately have a sturdy faith, sustained by a young and vigorous imagination; and they are generally proof to the unwelcome and improbable verities of plain-spoken people. It is, however, none the less cruel to torment the youthful credulity with the uncertainties of doubt.

Never invite a plain-spoken person to dinner, for he will be sure to detect the Newark cider in your Champagne bottle, and announce the fact before the whole company. Don't trust in his presence to the delusion of a wig, or confide in the artifice of a hair-dye, for he will penetrate the deceit, and expose you in all the baldness and grayness of age. After death, let not your family invite him to your funeral, for he will tell all your failings to his companion as he walks to your grave.

Plain-spoken people perhaps have their good side also. They are quick to detect every sham, and may serve as correctors of false pretension. If they would confine their detective propensities and their public denunciations to all the false shows of wealth, gentility, benevolence, and religion, we might wish them God-speed. While, however, they continue to run a muck at all the innocent illusions of the imagination and the heart we shall keep our doors closed, and ourselves, if possible, secure from the shock of all "plain-spoken people."

DAINTY FEEDERS.

MANY of our over-refined dames seem to have adopted Lord Byron's notion, that eating is unbecoming to woman. It is a marvel how some of them manage to keep body and soul together with the apparent regimen of starvation to which they subject themselves. To see them at table you would hardly think them capable of the solitary pea to which Beau Brummell confessed. "Do you eat vegetables?" he was asked. "I once ate a pea," was his answer. Our delicate dames have in reality reduced themselves to the fabulous abstemiousness of the single blade of grass to which the old woman had gradually brought her cow.

At the regular repasts of the day the would-be genteel woman never seems to be hungry. She takes her place at the table apparently only as a matter of form, and handles her knife and fork with the same lackadaisical air of indifference as she would her painted fan at the Opera. She may possibly sip a spoonful of soup, or swallow an occasional crumb of bread, to pass the time; but of the substantials of beef and pudding she does not take enough to "choke a daw withal." Breakfast, dinner, and tea are no better than so many Barmecide feasts as far as she is concerned, and she might as well, for all she apparently eats, take her seat at the illusive board of Sancho Panza in Barataria.

It is hardly the genteel thing, perhaps, but we shall nevertheless venture to say to our lady friends, as Petruchio said to Katharine: "I know you have a stomach." Granting the fact of the possession of this important organ by women, we do not see why the genteelest of them should be ashamed of acknowledging it, and frankly doing what may be necessary to secure it in all its integrity. There is only one way of doing this, and that is filling the stomach at regular periods with plenty of wholesome food.

In former times the most distinguished and refined of women were hearty feeders, and, without any of the sneaking delicacy of modern days, made no scruples of handling a vigorous knife and fork before the whole world. Queen Elizabeth and her maids breakfasted on great rounds of beef, washed down with full tankards of strong beer. "My lord and lady," records an observer of the habits of the Earl of Northumberland and his Countess, "have for breakfast at seven o'clock a quart of beer, as much wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red herrings, four white ones, and a dish of sprats." The Duchess of Orleans, the mother of the famous Regent, while in the full enjoyment of the luxury of Versailles, in the time of Louis XIV., wrote: "A good dish of sour-krout and smoked sausages is in my opinion worthy of a king, and there is nothing preferable to it; a soup made of cabbage and bacon is more to my taste than all the delicate kickshaws they make so much of here." It is not astonishing that there were strong women in those days, such as the stout wife of a Duke Ernest of Austria, who could crack the hardest nut with her fingers, and drive a tenpenny nail home with her fist. And the Duchess of Orleans was wont to follow the hounds from morning until night, had been in at the death of more than a thousand stags, and had many a serious fall. "But," she says, "of the twenty-six falls from my horse that I have had I have been seriously injured but once." Such was the toughness engendered by sour-krout, smoked sausage, and cabbage-soup!

There is very little doubt that much of the debility and disease so common among the women of our day is due to this genteel squeamishness in regard to substantial food. It is not that they absolutely starve themselves to death, for many of the most abstemious at the open dinner are the most voracious at the secret luncheon. Thus that fastidious dame, whose gorge rises before company at the sight of a single pea, will on the sly swallow cream tarts by the dozen, and caramels and chocolate-drops by the pound's weight. Women should know that health is not possible with a daily glut of bonbons and pastry, but that physiology teaches, and experience confirms, the necessity of a various and substantial diet, such as is supplied at the three regular meals of a well-ordered household. Let our dames get over their false shame of a vigorous use of the social knife and fork, and learn that in rejecting publicly beef and pudding, and devouring confectionery privately, they are in reality gross and not "dainty feeders."

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Touching Neo-Platonism.

MY DEAR LAURA,—I beg your pardon sincerely, but I could not help hearing, and as I am so old a man, and have so hearty a regard for you, what is the harm? I was standing in the shadow, looking in upon the enjoyment of the young folks, when you and Harry passed—so much absorbed in each other that you could not be easily conscious of any one else, and I heard him say,

"Well, at least we may have a Platonic friendship."

I did not hear what you replied. I do not know that you replied at all, for I turned so suddenly, and in turning revealed myself—of which, indeed, I was very glad—that you both became silent and quietly walked away.

The truth is, that the words I heard Harry speak reminded me of all that I had observed in your intercourse, and not without pain, for Harry is not a youth whom I can wholly, nor even very much, approve. And his tone, his manner, and your evident pleasure in his preference, have made me very serious; so that when my friend Peter Paul Pry has said to me, upon observing you, "How pretty and pleasant is the cooing of doves!" I have remarked to him, "Yes; unless you fear that only one of them is a pigeon."

I did not hear what you replied to Harry, but I have very little doubt of what it was. Whatever words you may have used, your meaning was that a Platonic friendship is a very sweet and agreeable thing. My dear, you are not the first who has thought so and said so—and the believers in that doctrine have usually paid the penalty of a very sudden and severe suffering. I heard no more of your conversation; but Harry is by no means the only Neo-Platonist. The school is old, and the scholars are all alike. I know what he said, precisely as if I had heard him. For why should I deny, my dear Laura, what ought indeed to give greater weight to my words, that in other days I, too, have walked in those groves of Academe? It was the advice of the old poet that if you would write truly, you must look into your own heart. If I would know what Harry said, I have but to look into my own heart and remember. You and he loitered along that piazza, and an ancient apple-tree was in blossom as you passed. Dear child, the same pink flowers—so much the same that no one could distinguish—bloomed upon that tree how many years ago! And there is no more difference between you and Harry and the lovers of twenty years ago, who used to whisper in that same shadow, than between those apple-blossoms.

I call you lovers, you see. Perhaps I am mistaken. Well, for Harry I will not insist, but for Laura I have no doubt. He said to you, did he not? that as he was going away he wished to have the satisfaction of writing to you, for it was delightful to have a woman for a true friend, and that he despised the folly of supposing that men and women could not have intimate friendships without falling in love. He said that he had few friends, and that in the heat and contest of life it would be refreshing to have one sincere and impartial counselor who would be a kind of conscience to him—a beacon-light in the dark and doubtful way. Moreover, he wished to compare opinions with you in literature and art; to exchange the impressions received from books and pictures; to converse in perfect confidence about persons and events; in a word, to pour out his mind and heart with absolute freedom, and that you should do the same. And you, my dear Laura, how did you feel, how do you feel about it all? Is it not your secret and most fixed desire to do this? If you were to know that it could not be, that Harry was not to write in this intimate manner to you, and that you were not to answer, would it not be a very sore sorrow to you? If your mother should forbid it absolutely, would you not believe her to be the most unreasonable and the most cruel of parents? Would you not renounce all other correspondents rather than Harry? Yet if you knew that he were engaged, would you still care to correspond with him? If you knew that he would rather write to another than to you, would you answer his letters with such unspeakable delight?

Certainly you would not; and why not? I need not reply—answer yourself. You think that Harry is a proud and ill-disciplined spirit, full of talent and accomplishments; and you have told your mother—she and I are old, old friends—that there is not the slightest fear of his ever being in love with you or of your loving him. That he is fascinating, of course, you do not deny. That he can persuade any other girl than you to fall in love with him, you have no doubt. But you understand each other so thoroughly, you have so positively and finally settled your relation to each other, that it is foolish to pretend any fear of unexpected consequences from the most familiar correspondence and the most intimate friendship. And, my dear Laura, you are twenty years old, I think, next October. How invaluable is experience! You have nothing, it seems, to learn. There are no surprises, no disappointments, for you. You and Harry have talked it all over, and there is no possibility that you should ever be lovers.

Ah, my Princess Rasselas, listening with credulity to the fond whispers of your wishes, listen also to a little story.

In my youth, dear Laura, I knew the most delightful of men. You would hardly believe that old Algernon Ridley, whose palsied form you see painfully tottering and shuffling along the avenue, was ever an Adonis. But he was. He captivated men and he conquered women, and like most heroes and conquerors he knew his own power. My cousin Mary Latimer and he were neighbors. They played together, first; then as they grew older they walked and rode and boated, while yet he was a boy and she a girl. Next came college, and away he went. They said a blithe good-by and parted, nor did they meet again until the long vacation. Home came the handsome Algernon, no more a boy. Frank, familiar, buoyant, he was even more welcome than before. The swift years flew. Each added a grace to her, a charm to him. He told her of his college life; the mad pranks; the hopes; the triumphs. She told him of the town gossip, of the books she read, the journeys she made, the friends she gained. "My friend Mary Latimer," said Algernon to his intimate college companions, "is one of the noblest of women, we are the best of friends." "My friend Algernon Ridley," said Mary to her mother," is the brightest man in college. I am very fortunate in having such a friend, don't you think so, mamma?"

It was curious how much she talked of Algernon, how constantly she congratulated herself upon her good fortune in his friendship, and how very intimate they were when he came home. "People seem to think that Algernon and I can not be good friends without being lovers, mamma; how foolish people are!" Then Mary told her mother a little of the heart history of her friend; how he was idolized by the cleverest girls; how they would fall in love with him; how sorry he was, but what could he do, and what a remarkable young man he was, needing, evidently, nothing but a firm and faithful woman for a friend, with whom there was no danger of his falling in love. Home came Algernon a graduate. For a few weeks he was to enjoy the delights of idleness before beginning the study of his profession. It was summer; it was a lovely country; and almost every day and almost all day Algernon and Mary were together. She took her work into the woods, and while she sat fair as a nymph upon the rock, he smiled and swung himself into the pine-trees with his stalwart arms, and, hidden in the evergreen foliage, his voice rang out in the warm silence of the woods in a tone half gay, half earnest, but rich and strong and sweet:

"So now my summer task is ended, Mary,
And I return to thee, my own 'heart's home,'
As to his queen some victor knight of faery,
Earning bright spoils for her enchanted dome."

Then down he bounded, laughing, to her feet, and said, "Do you know that? It is the prelude to Shelley's 'Prometheus.' I like Shelley because he despised the conventions. He thought the dismal old world a fool, and he told it so. And who had a better right to tell it so? He was a poet. Hark! hear that wood-thrush! Shenstone was a poet too, when he sang:

"'I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed,
But let me such plunder forbear;
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed;
For he ne'er could be true, she averred,
Who would rob a poor bird of her young;
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.'"

He looked up in her face as he repeated the lines. Fair as a wood-nymph, I say, Mary Latimer sat upon the rock, and her busy fingers flew and her soft eyes answered his, and her happy heart was contented with such a friend.

"Busy, busy—always busy," he would say. "Mary, you country girl, you village maiden, do you remember those lovely lines that gruff old Ursa Major used to like to repeat?

"'Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound;
Still at her work the village maiden sings,
And as she turns the busy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitude of things.'

Well, I too must turn the busy wheel around, although I am not exactly a village maiden; and, Mary, I shall want to hold in my hand some clew to the dear old days; so you will write to me, and we can be just as good friends as ever."

With the evening they returned; and so the summer days of idleness passed by—to her all poetry and music and manly beauty and fascination. He went, and Mary told her mother about the correspondence. Her mother was wise, and begged her not to consent. "Why, mother, how absurd! Algernon and I understand each other perfectly. Our friendship is purely Platonic." Then for an hour she talked of him, describing every thing he did, repeating every thing he said, until her mother replied:

"Mary, it is a matter in which my experience must decide. Unless you love Algernon more than me, you will not write to him. When you see him you are conscious of some faults, but they do not overcome your feeling for him. When he writes he will seem faultless. He has no right to ask you to give him

all your confidence, except upon one condition."

Mary looked at her mother, and burst into tears.

When she told Algernon that her mother was unwilling that she should correspond with him, he said that it was extraordinary, because they understood each other perfectly, and knew that they were capable of a Platonic friendship.

"We know that it is just that and nothing more, don't we, Mary?"

"Certainly we do," said Mary.

He went, and Mary had no life left but in remembering the wood-walks and the poetry, and his tones and his looks as he repeated it. But she did not write. The next summer he came again. The walks were renewed. There was more Shelley; and one day, soon after he returned, Algernon said to her:

"Mary, I am off for a week—for I am engaged to the most beautiful woman in the world. I want you to know each other, for I am sure we shall all three be as good friends as we two have been. And, now, I don't believe your mother will object to our corresponding. We, at least, have shown that a young man and woman may have a Platonic friendship."

Well, dear Laura, Algernon Ridley never brought the most beautiful woman in the world to see his Platonic friend, and Mary Latimer never married. If you see any moral in the little story you must apply it as you please. Don't say the moral is that young men and women should avoid each other's society, and never walk in the woods and never quote Shelley. No, no; consider the immense advantage that a man has. You think yourself able to cope with him. You believe that all baggage is at the risk of the owner. Perhaps it is so. Don't take any warning of mine, if you think it unreasonable; but let your heart and your consciousness decide if it be unreasonable. Is a rose less a rose because you choose to call it by another name? Is love less love because you and Harry call it Platonic friendship? Be frank with yourself, my dear Laura, and just to Harry. How if, under the Platonic mask, you should associate with perfect intimacy and suddenly you should discover that, although you had been mistress of yourself all the while, Harry had become your passionate lover? Could you feel quite guiltless? Would you not, upon the whole, think that, in the light of common-sense, the folly had been of the kind called criminal? But if, on the other hand, you should suddenly discover that, while Harry had been serene lord of himself, you had—

Trust my experience; trust that of Mary Latimer's mother; trust that of Mary Latimer, and call love love, and not Platonic friendship.

Your well wisher,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

TOILETTE APPLIANCES.

BRUSHES.

A MORNING at the fancy stores discloses many convenient appliances for the toilette. Beginning our inspection at a case filled with brushes we are advised that the most desirable are those that are trepanned, or made with holes drilled in the back through which the bristles are looped and secured by wires. The backs of such brushes consist of one entire piece, and are consequently stronger and less clumsy than those with an outside piece glued on to conceal the wires. French brushes are more readily sold than the expensive ones of English manufacture. The durable American brushes with rosewood backs are commended for ordinary use. The bristles are long and stiff, and cut in irregular points to penetrate the hair. Trepanned buffalo brushes at from $3 to $7 are chosen for nicer use. When inlaid with pearl they are quite ornamental. Valuable brushes with tortoise-shell backs are sold at from $15 to $30. Ivory backs, beautifully carved, worth from $10 to $40, are suitable for bridal presents. This expensive yellow ivory is called by dealers green or live ivory, as it is made of tusks taken from the animal while alive or immediately after it is killed. It has a peculiar yellowish color, is very beautifully grained, and is almost transparent. Tooth, nail, and cloth brushes, carved like the hair-brush, make up the bridal set. The monogram of the bride is painted in colors on each brush.

Tooth-brushes should always be trepanned to prevent the bristles from coming loose in the mouth. Those shown us of ivory and shell are sold at $2 50. The handles are jointed, and may be doubled into a small compass. A plated silver case, large enough to cover the bristles, is provided to protect them from the dust. This is a convenient device for stowing away a damp brush when traveling. Tooth and nail brushes are in sets with handles to match. A spool of white silk floss is sold with them for removing impurities between the teeth—a better plan dentists say than to use a pick. People who are fond of the odor of sandal-wood find a toilette luxury in tooth-brushes made of this wood. They are made in the best manner, and are very durable, lasting for years. To retain their fragrance they must be kept as dry as possible and in a close box. The price is sixty cents. Nail-brushes of sandal-wood are $1 25.

Small brushes for children have bristles of graduated stiffness, beginning with the soft hair of the badger for the tender scalp of an infant. A stiffer brush is used each year as time hardens the scalp.

COMBS.

Tortoise-shell combs are the most pleasant for dressing the hair. At first these are brittle, and require to be used with care, but with use they become saturated with the natural oil of the hair and with pomades, which renders them as tough as buffalo. Ivory combs are expensive and very frail, as they are made lengthwise of the animal's tusk. The short, fine-tooth combs are made crosswise of the ivory, and are more durable than the substantial-looking dressing comb. The buffalo comb is the standard article. Black and bleached buffalo range from fifty cents to $2. Rubber combs are cheap and strong, but they exhale a disagreeable odor when warm and saturated with the natural oil of the hair. A pretty, new enameled-steel comb is commended for durability and cheapness. Magnetic combs, made of lead, we believe, are said to darken red hair to a perfect shade of auburn. The best comb-cleaner has a stiff brush at one end, and a row of steel spikes at the other for inserting between the teeth of the comb to remove particles of dirt.

TOILETTE VARIETIES.

Hand-mirrors of French plate glass with ivory backs are marked $40. The high price arises from the large tusk required to give a solid piece of ivory wide enough for the broad glass. The glass is very fine, but the same quality framed in rosewood is sold for $4 50. Double glasses with a mirror on each side are shown. Others with rubber backs are low-priced, and desirable because rubber does not warp as wood and shell are apt to do. A fancy toilette mirror twelve inches in diameter is marked $50. The thick, beveled crystal is set in a frame of bronze enameled in colors to represent a wreath of eglantine. Another for the boudoir is of highly polished crystal framed in dark wood carved in Switzerland. Price $35.

Nail-cleaners, with brush, point, and file, are shown in ivory, pearl, and shell. A French addition to the toilette is a box containing all the appliances for fastidious treatment of the nails, viz.: a nail-cleaner of pearl, a small vial of powder for giving a pink tinge to the nails, slips of sand-paper for smoothing them, and a piece of chamois skin attached to a pearl handle for polishing them off. Price $7. Another is a pocket-piece, a nail-cutter, and penknife, for which somebody has taken out a patent—every thing is patented nowadays. It is used for paring, filing, and cleansing the nails, and by moving a gauge it becomes a penknife, eraser, and ripping-knife. The gauge on the knife fits over the nail, protecting the fingers from being cut.

An olive-wood ball, hollow with a screw top, not larger than a walnut, contains a tiny puff of swan's-down and a thimbleful of violet powder. It is small enough to be carried in the pocket for cooling a heated face.

Sandal-wood shavings for perfuming drawers are sold at one dollar a pound. Saw-dust of sandal-wood is seventy-five cents a pound.

The Mediterranean sponge is the best for toilette use. It is of thick, close texture. Only a small supply is brought to this country, as it is very expensive. A small piece of convenient shape for bathing is sold at $4. The common bath sponge is much cheaper.

Toilette-cases are of every variety and price. A neat and compact one called the "Indispensable" is furnished with a buffalo comb and brushes for the hair, teeth, and nails. Price $5. Another has an outfit of tortoise-shell including cloth-brush and nail-cleaner. Price $50. A dressing-case of Turkey morocco lined with blue satin has shell-combs and ivory brushes, glove-stretcher, and mirror. $75 in gold is the price. A combination-case for a lady and gentleman is made of Russian leather. Besides the usual supply of combs, etc., this is provided with shaving apparatus, perfume-bottles, cut-glass boxes with silver covers for cosmetics and soap, a knife, scissors, and tweezers. These are strapped to the lid and arranged in trays in a box not more than a foot square. Price $95 in currency. An elegant case, designed for a bridal gift, is of the pale Russia leather and scarlet-velvet lining, with a toilette outfit of carved ivory, including hand-mirror, glove-stretcher, and shoe-horn. Price $140. A fancy case, made in Nice, is of olive-wood inlaid with other woods in the beautiful French marquetry. The most valuable of all is of Coromandel wood, lined with velvet, and furnished with ivory and silver. Price $450.

Pretty odor-caskets were shown us made of onyx, a clear, transparent stone of pink, white, or green, with gilt bands, hinges, and pegs. They contain from two to six bottles of engraved glass, with mosaic landscapes on the stopples. Bohemian vinaigrettes with gilt tops are made double, with separate bottles for different salts, or with a small place for sal volatile at one end, with vinegar and sponge at the other. Glove-boxes and mouchoir cases are in sets matching the odor-caskets. Glove-stretchers of ivory, plain and carved, are sold separately at from $9 to $15. Sachet-boxes of bands of white china, resembling carved ivory, are lined with gay-colored satin bags filled with perfumed powder.

The jardiniére toilette-sets for cologne and powder are much admired. The stopples are hollowed out for vases. A beautiful set of frosted glass, ruby, and gold is marked $50. It has a douche-basin, carafe, ring-stands, cologne-bottles, cosmetic-box, and others for brushes and soap. Another set is white decorated with gilt bands studded with imitation emeralds. A light green Bohemian set has a Grecian border of gilt.

FANS.

A carriage fan just introduced serves also for a parasol. It is a circle of fluted silk covered with lace. The stick is of white-wood. It is easily adjusted. The price varies from $6 to $8. A larger fan of more complicated arrangement may be transformed into a flat parasol of the Japanese shape. These are made of painted wood, or of silk, with a border of marabout. They are chosen for driving in open carriages at the sea-side or in the Park. The Watteau fans of carved wood painted to represent flowers, introduced last season, are still used for demi-toilette. A tasteful novelty in wooden fans is of French origin. The sticks, of light-colored wood resembling ivory, are prettily carved. The centre is covered with mauve or azure silk, on which flowers are painted. A heavy tassel and ring or slide i he color of the silk. Price $9. The myall-wood fans are preferred by many to sandal-wood. This Australian wood and the orris-root are the only substances known in nature which ex e the odor of violets. The fans are either of the rich, dark wood, or are ornamented with wreaths of violets, painted in natural colors, and cost from $5 to $10. A bridal fan with pearl sticks, mounted with round point lace without silk lining, is sold for $60. Another of carved pearl, with white watered silk top covered with point appliqué, is $45. A third has pearl sticks tinted like opal. The top is white silk, with a basket of appliqué lace in the centre, and a painted medallion of gay French device, a wreath of flowers, a shepherd's crook, and rustic pipes. Price $34. Sticks of green ivory, mounted with black lace over white, are suitable for half-mourning. The brown and maroon colored pearl are only used by elderly ladies. A fan of pearl sticks has a black moiré top, on which are painted Pompeian designs in gilt and crimson. Carved and perforated bone like ivory is mounted with white satin embroidered. Price $20. Handsomely carved sandal-wood fans are bought for $6. Expensive ones ornamented with floral monograms cost $25. Small pocket-fans of silk are sold for $2. Muslin ones cost but fifty cents. Very pretty fans are made of ivory or white composition, with initials or monograms of forget-me-nots or rose-buds painted thereon.

For information received we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. HOWARD & SANGER; EDWARD GREEY & Co.; SARGENT, JOYCE, & HOLTON; CASWELL, HAZARD, & Co.; BALL & BLACK; TIFFANY & Co.; BROWNE & SPAULDING; STARR & MARCUS; and KIRBY & Co.

PERSONAL.

THE articles in the London *Pall Mall Gazette* on "Woman," written with great brilliancy, are from the pen of a daughter of the late Mrs. J. S. MILL, by her first husband. She is Mr. MILL'S private secretary, and a contributor to the *Westminster Review*. These articles, together with those in the *Saturday Review*, have turned the public attention of England to the Woman Question.

—Before this Number of the *Bazar* reaches our readers the marriage of PATTI will have taken place, as the last Paris papers contain the following extract from the bans placarded at the mayoralty of the First Arrondissement: "M. Louis Sebastien Henri de Roger de Calsuzac, Marquis de Caux, son of the Count and Demoiselle Huguet de Varange, now the wife of the Duke de Valmy, and Mlle. Adelé-Jeanne-Marie Patti, *propriétaire*, daughter of M. Salvatore Patti and Catherina Bhioza, *rentiers*."

—Count BISMARCK'S wages, as Prime Minister of Prussia, are but $9000 per annum, which is only $1000 more than this upstart government pays to its cabinet officers. LOUIS NAPOLEON pays better than any of the Old World potentates, his chief advisers receiving from $30,000 to $60,000 each per annum.

—The Duke of MONTPENSIER, youngest son of the late LOUIS PHILIPPE, has been banished from Spain. He married the only sister of the Queen of Spain. He was arrested at Seville, and allowed only two hours to prepare to leave the country. On being taken on board a Spanish frigate and asking where he was to be taken, he was told he would be informed when in open sea. He was subsequently allowed about twenty hours; but was unable to take leave of his five children, who were at a place a few miles distant. The Duke is accused of being involved in a wide conspiracy to overthrow the Queen of Spain; but the general belief was that he was in no way engaged in the plot.

—HENRY WELLS, Esq., one of the pioneer express-men of the time, has built and endowed a seminary for young ladies at his home in Aurora, Cayuga County, New York, and it was "inaugurated" a few days since with appropriate and very interesting ceremonies. The institution is situated on the margin of a beautiful lake, amidst beautiful grounds, and surrounded by scenery exceedingly picturesque and beautiful. Mr. WELLS is one of the *good* citizens, one of the invaluable citizens, of the State, and is universally respected and beloved throughout the county of his residence.

—STIGELLI, the tenor, who sang successfully in Opera in this country five or six years ago, and who composed some songs of great beauty, has recently deceased. His real name wasn't STIGELLI, but STIEGEL, for he was a German.

—VICTOR HUGO, although amnestied by LOUIS NAPOLEON, continues to be wroth with that potentate, and refuses to return to France until the NAPOLEONS are interred. He lives in fine circumstances on the island of Guernsey, and has the royal habit of allowing the crowd of common mortals and sight-seers to visit certain portions of his house at certain hours of the day, and, finally, as the supreme of happiness, to peep through a window at his back while at work in his library!

—Mons. THIERS is a droll in the matter of costume, *i. e.*, when he leaves his house to attend the Corps Legislatif: he then wears a jacket of gray silk and white trousers. Imagine Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS in such raiment.

—The mode adopted by Sir WALTER SCOTT to prevent his incognito being discovered during the publication of the Waverley Novels has just been made public by Mr. GORDON, in a letter to the London *Times*. The proof sheets of some of them have been offered for sale, and it is stated that not one of them ever went to the printer's hands. It was SCOTT'S custom to have two copies of the proof sent to him. On one of these he made the corrections, and both were then returned to JAMES BALLANTYNE, who transcribed the emendations upon the other. The object of this was of course to keep from prying eyes any scrap of his handwriting, which was familiar to many who frequented BALLANTYNE'S printing-office.

—Dr. JAMES CLARK, physician to Queen VICTORIA, and Dr. HUGHES BENNETT, a great light in the medical firmament, are among the professional gentlemen who have recently announced their belief that consumption can be cured.

—A personal admirer of ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, who has recently had the honor of a view of that gentleman, describes him as a pale person, slight, undersized in body, with a head of immense development in the upper regions. Notwithstanding his physical weakness he has great powers of application. His writings show a wide range of reading, and his conversation has no known limits. There is a very general belief among his friends that nothing he has yet published indicates the real scope of his genius; but there has, for some time, been an equally general apprehension that the demands he makes upon his strength would speedily overtask it, and that no adequate career could be expected for him.

—Mr. CHISHOLM ANSTEY'S investigations into old parliamentary documents have shown that women had anciently a right to vote for members of Parliament, and frequently exercised that right. It is the opinion of several learned barristers, that the common-law right of woman freeholders to vote for members of Parliament has always remained and does still remain in force to this day. In Austria not only do unmarried women and widows enjoy the right of voting, but married women who possess property of their own; nor is the right in either case a dead letter, but is freely and generally exercised, and without any of the evils which are apprehended, in other countries, from the granting of the franchise.

—The Catholics will soon have a notable "personal" excitement among them. Père HYACINTHE, the most eloquent preacher in Paris, is soon coming to Canada and the United States, to study our religious movements. Whether he preaches in the Yankee dialect or not is not stated; but in Quebec and Montreal, where people of the French persuasion do much abound, he will draw large houses. His habits are said to be as simple as his dress; and he believes he will yet, by the gift of tongues Providence has endowed him with, succeed in rousing the apathy of the Christian world. At Notre Dame he drew all Paris to listen to his castigating the vices of our age, and many who went to scoff remained to pray. He is the first of French pulpit orators.

—The youngest college president in the United States—probably the youngest in the world—is JAMES KENT STONE, just elected to the presidency of Hobart College, Geneva, New York. He is only 28 years of age, is a grandson of Chancellor KENT, a graduate of Harvard and Gottingen, a private in a Massachusetts regiment during the war, and lately Professor of Greek in Kenyon College, Ohio.

—It is proper, we suppose, to repeat a little thing about young S. H. TYNG, who was one morning walking to a church in which he was to preach. He was accompanied by his father. On the way they got into conversation with an old colored man, who assured them that he had rejoiced in a Christian hope for upward of fifty years. "Are you going to this church?" It was the only church in the village. "No, Sah—I neber go to that church." "You never go to church—and yet you have been a Christian these fifty years?" "No, Sah—I neber go to hear them young ministers prac-*tize*—I'z a preacher myself—I is."

—Mr. JOHN RUSKIN, the author and critic, is obliged to rough it on the income of $3,000,000. He has a superb collection of pictures, including many of TURNER'S best. He expends his entire income, after paying for daily bread, etc., in works of philanthropy, and the time of a confidential secretary is entirely occupied in answering calls upon his benevolence. He has some of the soundest, and some of the wildest notions on the subject of political economy; but being a millionaire and a genius is the fashion, and is listened to with a certain degree of respect.

—Professor WILLIAM D. WILSON, of Hobart College, Geneva, has been appointed Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy at Cornell University, and WILLIAM C. CLEVELAND, of Cambridge, Professor of Civil Engineering. The inauguration exercises are to be held on the 7th of October. Our Ithaca is just about the size of the ancient Ithaca (an island in the Ionian Sea) in its best day, whence ULYSSES, who was born there, sailed with his army to the shores of Asia; but it hadn't any Cornell University, nor any thing that will go down to history so creditably as the great benefaction of Mr. CORNELL, who is a Senator, and more of a man, probably, than ULYSSES was.

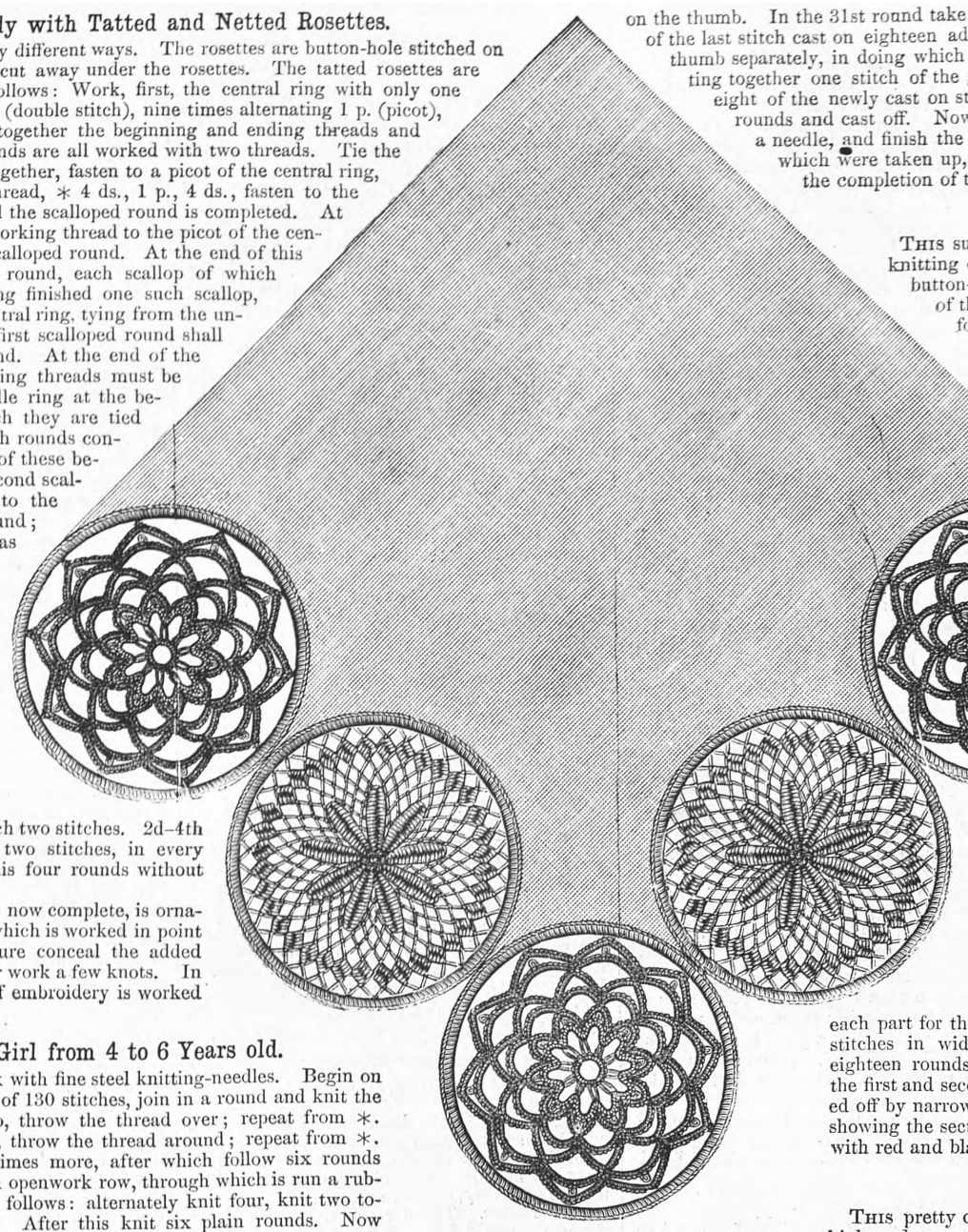
—The home of General GRANT in Washington is a very spacious house, built, and for some time occupied, by the late Senator DOUGLAS, and in its present arrangement shows the nature and taste of the occupant. Tall walnut book-cases surround three sides of the library. Every thing relating to the business of war is there, and histories in abundance. The usual display of fiction, essays, biography, philosophy, and works of general information and reference, line the shelves. On the mantle is a cigar-stand, a bronze statuette of a drummer, and another of a bugler. Engravings of WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, SHERMAN, and SHERIDAN, and several photographs of ROGERS'S statuettes are the only pictures in the room. Easy-chairs and lounges are placed carelessly about the room, and the library is without doubt the most cheerful and inviting apartment in the house. A miniature saddle and trappings in bronze and silver is fastened to cross sabres of the same metal. A bronze drum rests beside a stack of six-inch muskets; a cigar-case from the home of Burns; half a dozen curiously formed and elaborately decorated pipes and cigar-holders; powder-horns, mounted in gold and silver, each having its separate history, and a hundred rare little articles of *vertu*, adorn the tables and mantles. On a side-table, in tin boxes, are the five military commissions of Colonel, Brigadier-General, Major-General, Lieutenant-General, and General, with the parchments of brevet ranks which GRANT has received. Some very costly albums, prayer-books, and Bibles are also upon the table. An oil-painting of SHERIDAN and one of M'PHERSON are prominently hung in the parlors, and a marble bust and an engraving of President LINCOLN are also conspicuous.

Swiss Muslin Tidy with Tatted and Netted Rosettes.

THIS tidy may be used in many different ways. The rosettes are button-hole stitched on the muslin. The foundation is cut away under the rosettes. The tatted rosettes are worked with tatting cotton as follows: Work, first, the central ring with only one thread; this is composed of 1 ds. (double stitch), nine times alternating 1 p. (picot), 2 ds., then 1 p., 1 ds.; then tie together the beginning and ending threads and cut them off. The following rounds are all worked with two threads. Tie the foundation and working thread together, fasten to a picot of the central ring, and work over the foundation thread, * 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., fasten to the next picot, and repeat from * till the scalloped round is completed. At the end of this round fasten the working thread to the picot of the central ring at the beginning of the scalloped round. At the end of this round work a second scalloped round, each scallop of which counts 6 ds., 1 p., 6 ds. Having finished one such scallop, fasten to the next picot of the central ring, tying from the under side of the work so that the first scalloped round shall lie raised above this second round. At the end of the second scalloped round the working threads must be fastened to the picot of the middle ring at the beginning of this round, after which they are tied together and cut off. The 3d–6th rounds consist also of scallops, the first two of these being fastened to the picots of the second scalloped round, and the last two to the picots of the fourth scalloped round; this is done in the same manner as in the first and second rounds of the rosette. The scallops of the 3d round always count 10 ds., and are worked without picots; the scallops of the 4th round count 7 ds., 1 p., 7 ds.; those of the 5th round 7 ds., 1 p., 7 ds.; those of the 6th round 9 ds., 1 p., 9 ds.

For the netted rosettes cast on a steel knitting-needle one-fifth of an inch in circumference nine stitches, join these in a round and work 1st round: In every stitch two stitches. 2d–4th rounds.—In every added stitch two stitches, in every other stitch one stitch. After this four rounds without widening.

The netted foundation, which is now complete, is ornamented in the centre with a star, which is worked in point de reprise; the leaves of the figure conceal the added stitches. In the centre of the star work a few knots. In the round before the last a row of embroidery is worked as shown in the illustration.



SWISS MUSLIN TIDY WITH TATTED AND NETTED ROSETTES.—FULL SIZE.

Knitted Mitt for Girl from 4 to 6 Years old.

THIS mitt is knitted of fine silk with fine steel knitting-needles. Begin on the under edge with a foundation of 130 stitches, join in a round and knit the 1st round: * knit two, purl two, throw the thread over; repeat from *. 2d round.—* purl two, knit two, throw the thread around; repeat from *. Repeat these two rounds three times more, after which follow six rounds knitted plainly. On this make an openwork row, through which is run a rubber cord. This row is worked as follows: alternately knit four, knit two together, throw the thread around. After this knit six plain rounds. Now begins the figure, which consists in the continued repetition of the two rounds first described. Each pattern row counts seven rounds. In every 8th round reverse the design, as is shown in the illustration. Care must be taken to preserve the number of stitches. Make a seam on the under part of the hand by throwing the thread over the needle and knitting together the two following stitches; at the end of the round knit together the last two stitches, and throw the thread around the needle. In the following round knit together the thread which was thrown around in the last round and the stitch of the seam. Having worked four pattern rows, begin the narrowing on both sides of the seam. In doing this knit together two stitches in every 10th round of the work. Having narrowed eighteen times on each side, knit four pattern rows without narrowing, then divide the stitches exactly even, so that the middle stitches lie opposite the seam, and begin the thumb by throwing the thread around once between the two middle stitches in the next round. This thread is knitted as a stitch in the next round. In the following round (the 3d of the thumb), throw the thread around once at each side of the made stitch. In the 4th round also knit the threads as stitches. Proceed in this manner till the thumb counts thirty stitches. In the 12th round begins the design of the mitt, which is repeated three times on the thumb. In the 31st round take the stitches of the thumb on separate needles, at the end of the last stitch cast on eighteen additional stitches, join in a round, and finish knitting the thumb separately, in doing which narrow in every round on each side of the gore by knitting together one stitch of the gore and one of the stitches newly cast on. When only eight of the newly cast on stitches remain the narrowing ceases, after which knit five rounds and cast off. Now take the under veins of the eighteen cast on stitches on a needle, and finish the mitt with four pattern rows. Knit plainly these stitches which were taken up, and narrow on both sides till all are narrowed off. After the completion of the 4th pattern row, knit one round plain and cast off.

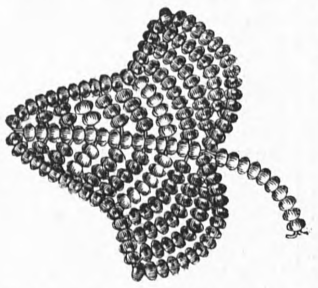
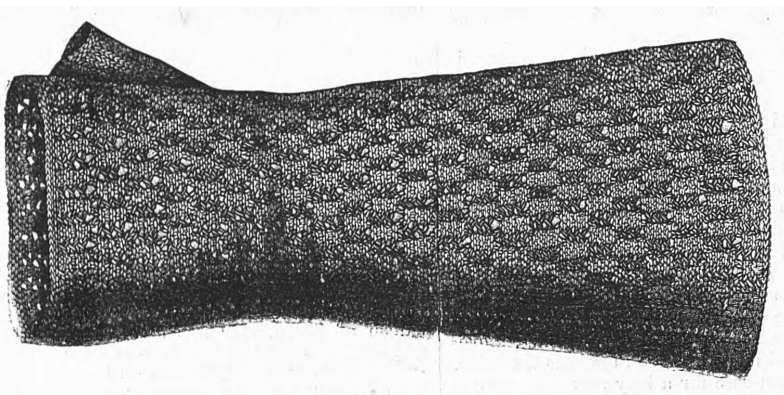


Fig. 3.—BEAD LEAF FOR CARD RECEIVER.—FULL SIZE.



KNITTED MITT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.—REDUCED SIZE.

Knitted Suspender.

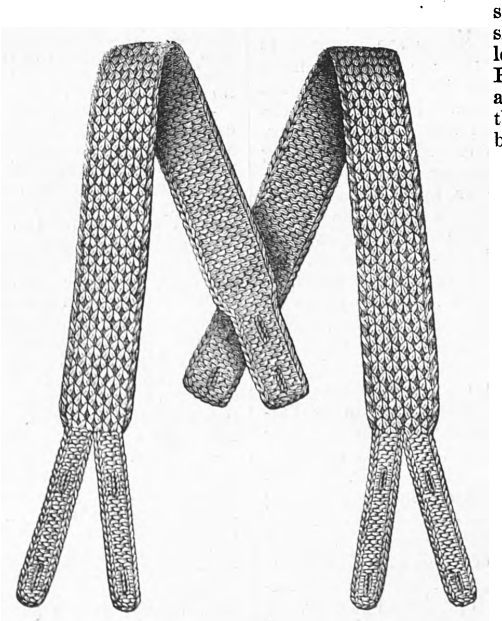
THIS suspender is knitted with a double thread of coarse white knitting cotton: the band is in net-patent, and the parts for the button-holes in common knitting stitch. Begin on the under side of the front, cast on fourteen stitches, and knit backward and forward five rounds. Then divide the stitches into two parts, in order to form the button-hole, and knit fifteen rounds further, keeping separate the seven stitches of each half; then take all the stitches again on one needle, and knit seventeen rounds over the entire row. Now follows a second button-hole like the first, after which knit six rounds plain, adding one stitch at the end of each, so that the row shall count twenty stitches. Now begin the band in net-patent as follows: Knit, first, one round plain, then slip the 1st stitch of the following 1st pattern row; throw the thread around the needle, slip the next stitch as if intending to purl, knit two stitches together. From * repeat 5 times. The last stitch is knitted plain.

2d pattern row.—Slip the 1st stitch; * knit together two stitches; slip the made stitch after the 2d knitted stitch. From * repeat five times. The last stitch is knitted plain.

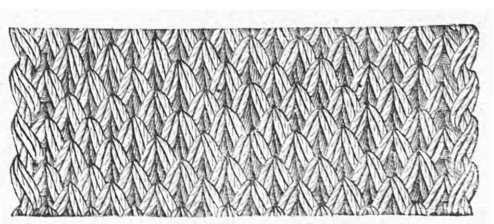
3d row.—Slip the 1st stitch; * knit next (here as in all the other rounds, the stitch with the made stitch immediately preceding it), throw the thread around, slip one. Repeat from *. Knit the last stitch.

4th row.—Slip one, * knit one, slip the made stitch, knit one, knit the last stitch.

Repeat these four pattern rows till the band has reached the required length. In the original it is nineteen inches long. Knit, now, six rounds entirely plain, taking off one stitch at the end of every round; then knit singly each part for the button-holes, dividing the stitches so that each is seven stitches in width. Each counts seventy-two rounds. After the first eighteen rounds make the first button-hole, as already shown. Between the first and second button-holes are eighteen rounds. Each part is rounded off by narrowing after the second button-hole. We give an illustration showing the section of a suspender which is worked in crochet lengthwise with red and black twisted wool over a foundation of fine elastic cord.



KNITTED SUSPENDER.



SECTION OF KNITTED SUSPENDER.

Bead Card Receiver.

THIS pretty card receiver is made of crystal beads. It is eight inches high and twenty-eight in circumference; and the stand of the stem is eighteen inches in circumference. For making the stand obtain, first, a frame made of wood and wire, as shown by Fig. 2. Then cover this with beads strung on fine wire, in doing which run the wire from one wire of the frame to the next, winding the fine wire once around it. Begin this in the centre of the cup and stand at the point where the wires diverge from the wooden stem. The single beads, as also the strings of beads, must lie closely; only that part of the wire which is wound around the wire frame-work is left without beads. This wire frame-work of the stand is covered with a row of gold beads as shown by the illustration. This is most easily done by stringing the beads on a thread five at a time, and running this around the wire by means of the needle. The edges are likewise wound with the beads strung on a fine wire, as is also the wooden stem. The trimming consists of a wreath of bead leaves. The stems are of gold beads, and the leaves of light and dark beads. Fig. 3 shows a leaf of the full size. For the leaves string on fine wire a sufficient number of green beads, and bend this into the proper form; in doing this bring both ends of the wire to the point of the leaves where they are turned back and gold beads strung on for the stem. At the opposite side of the leaf wind

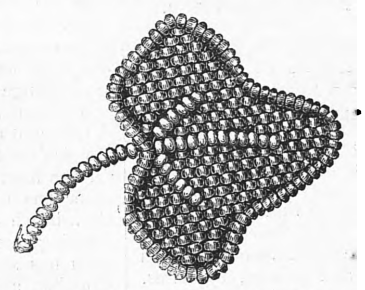


Fig. 4.—BEAD LEAF FOR CARD RECEIVER.—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 1.—BEAD CARD RECEIVER.

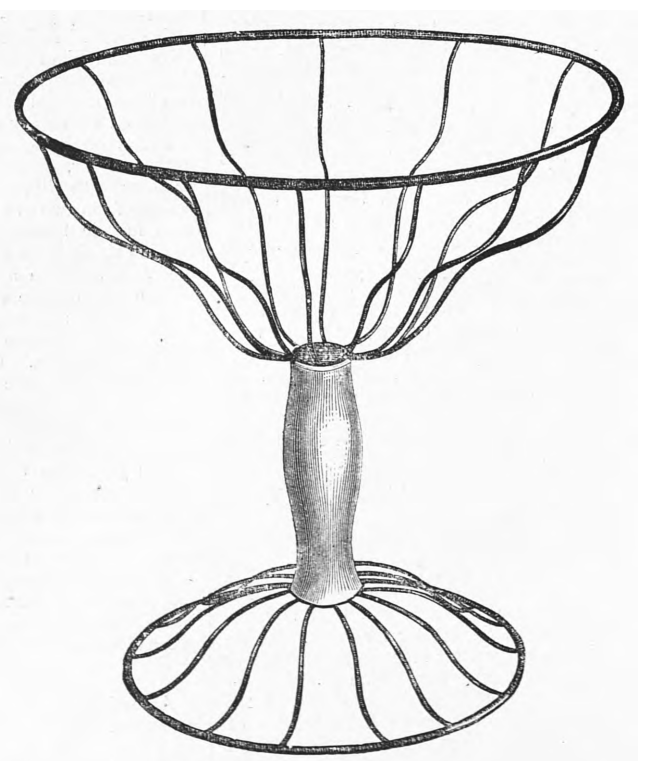


Fig. 2.—FRAME OF BEAD CARD RECEIVER.

the ends of wire around the edge, and then string on gold beads for the stem of the leaf. From the central vein run wires to each side; those for the veins are covered with gold beads, and the remainder with green. Finally, fasten the single leaves on a wire on which are strung gold beads, and arrange it on the stand as shown in the illustration. Instead of this style of leaves, that shown by Fig. 4 may be substituted. This is arranged on a foundation of thin material, of which the holes must be somewhat smaller than the beads. Sew the beads on this, as shown in the illustration, in such a manner that a bead shall come over every hole in the stuff; in doing which run the fastened thread—from the under toward the upper side—through a hole, string on a bead, run the thread back through the same hole, then back through the next diagonal hole, string on another bead, and continue in the same manner. The veins are formed of long bead stitches, and are of gold beads, as is also the outer row. For the latter string the beads on a fine wire, and button-hole stitch this to the outer edge of the leaf. Finish by cutting away the projecting material.

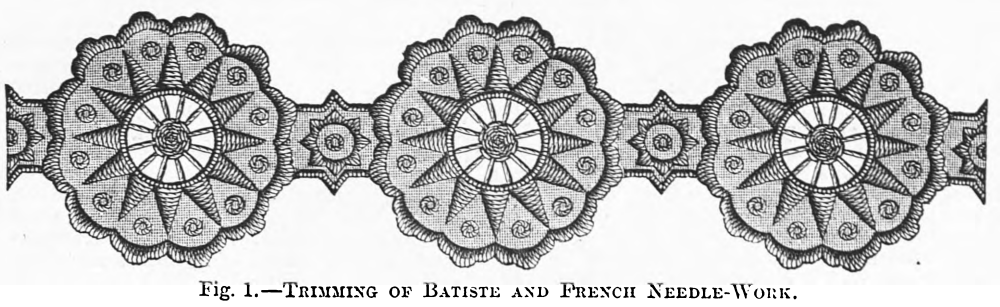


Fig. 1.—TRIMMING OF BATISTE AND FRENCH NEEDLE-WORK.

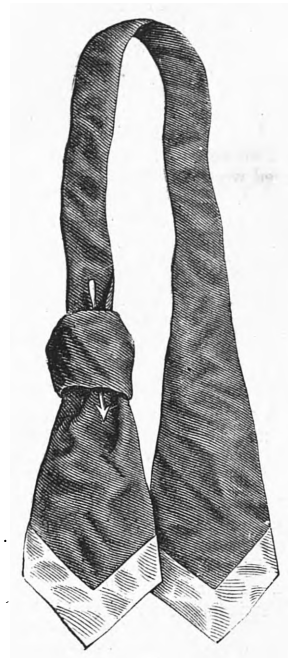


Fig. 1.—CRAVAT FOR SAILOR'S BLOUSE.

Cravat for Sailor Blouse.

THIS cravat, which matches the sailor blouse in our last Number, consists of a strip of blue foulard, two inches wide in the middle and three inches wide at the ends. The ends are pointed, as shown by the illustration, and edged with a bias strip of foulard écru. In order to fasten the cravat tie one end of it in a simple knot, as shown by Fig. 1, and run the other end through the knot, following the direction of the arrow on the illustration. The cravat may also be arranged in the manner shown by Fig. 2; in doing which turn the twist of the knot toward the right side of the cravat and run the second end through the knot under the first.

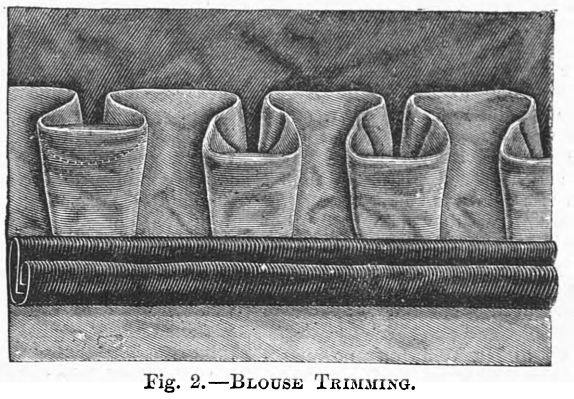


Fig. 2.—BLOUSE TRIMMING.

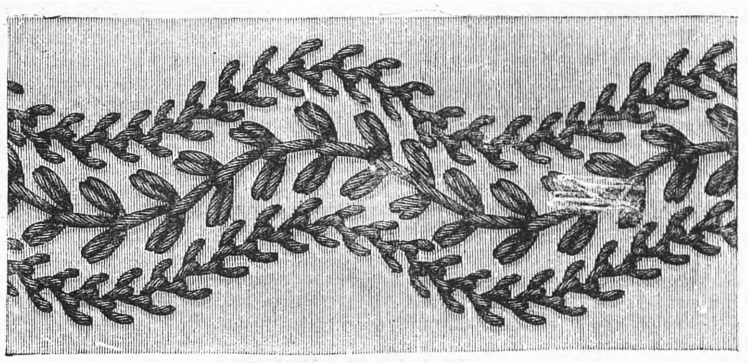


Fig. 3.—POINT RUSSE BORDER.

Trimmings for Blouses, Waists, etc.

Fig. 1.—Trimming of muslin and French embroidery. The centre of each rosette is a worked wheel.

Fig. 2.—This trimming consists of a double strip of white alpaca an inch and a quarter wide, which is laid in box-pleats half an inch in width. The upper edge of each pleat is turned back and fastened with a few stitches exactly in the middle of the pleat, in doing which fasten only the under layer of the material, thus preventing the stitches from showing on the right side. The place where the pleated strip is set on is covered by a double bias fold of blue silk a third of an inch in width, which is arranged as shown by the illustration. The vest blouse in our last Number is finished with this trimming.

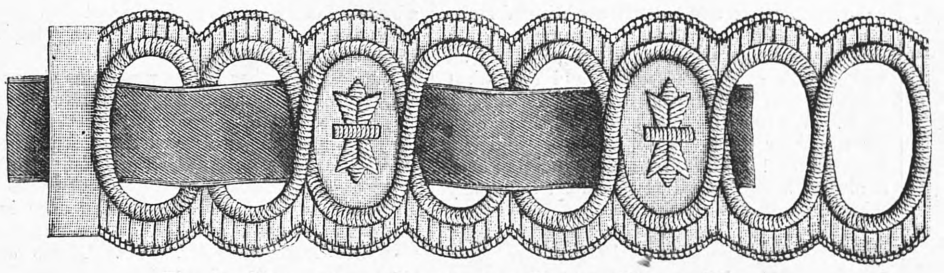


Fig. 4.—TRIMMING OF BATISTE AND FRENCH NEEDLE-WORK.

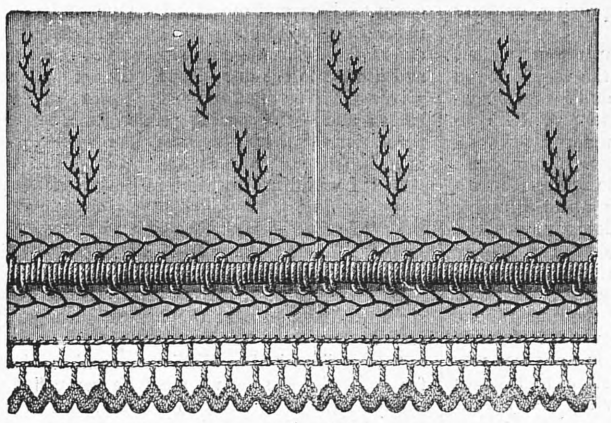


Fig. 6.—TRIMMING OF PIQUÉ, MIGNARDISE, AND POINT RUSSE NEEDLE-WORK.

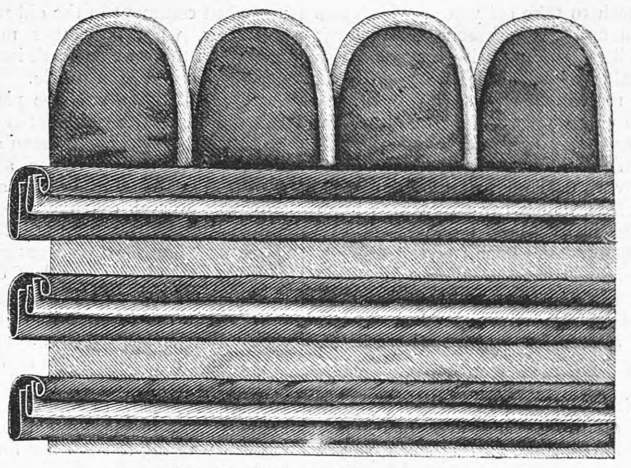


Fig. 5.—BLOUSE TRIMMING.

The border, Fig. 3, is on white piqué, worked in herring-bone stitch and point russe.

Fig. 4.—Trimming of muslin and French embroidery. Work the edges with fine black silk in button-hole stitch, leaving some distance between each stitch, then button-hole stitch the edges over this again with shorter and closer stitches. A black ribbon run through in the manner shown in the illustration completes this trimming.

Fig. 5.—This trimming, which is that used on the blouse with fichu in our last Number, consists of small rounded leaves of cherry silk, bordered with a piping of white alpaca. The back of each leaf is lined with linen. The folds which head the leaves consist each of a bias strip of cherry silk an inch and a quarter in width; on one side of this sew a narrow double strip of white alpaca in such a manner that it stands out like a cord, then lay the silk strip over in such a manner that the cord shall lie along the middle of the strip, as shown by the illustration, and sew the edges down.

The simple trimming, Fig. 6, is worked on piqué. First, sew on a mignardise cord, and fasten the picots with herring-bone stitch of fine black silk. The figures are also worked with black silk in the same manner. Border the outer edge with a lace which consists of fine scalloped braid, in which has been crocheted two rounds of open-work in double crochet stitch.

Fig. 7.—This trimming, which is used also for antimacassars, is worked on lace in muslin application. The edges of the application leaves are partly worked in button-hole stitch and partly in straight half-polka stitch. The veins of the leaves are also worked in the same manner.

Fig. 8.—This is a very pretty simple trimming of white piqué, especially intended for children's clothing. A strip of the requisite length is scalloped in the manner shown by the illustration. The edges of the material are laid over on the right side and covered with the braid which is sewed on in imitation of circles.

The insertion, Fig. 9, is worked of fine tatting cotton as follows: Work a ring of 6 ds. (double stitches), 1 p. (picot), five times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 6 ds.; turning this ring downward, work, at the distance of a third of an inch, a similar ring, and continue in this manner till the insertion has reached the requisite length. The rings must, however, be fastened together by means of the picots in the manner shown by the illustration. And in order to form the pointed contour, two rings must follow each other on the same side after every nine rings.

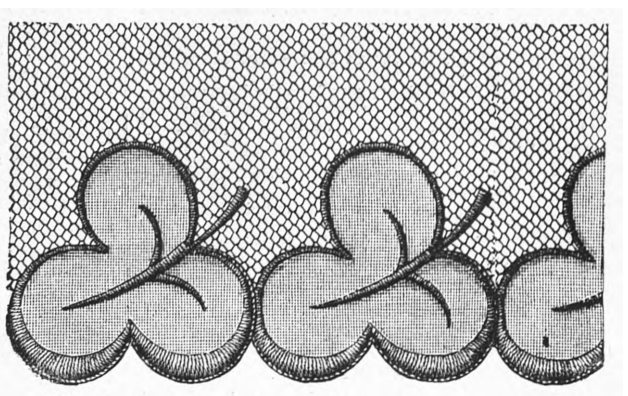


Fig. 7.—LACE BORDER WITH MULL APPLICATION.

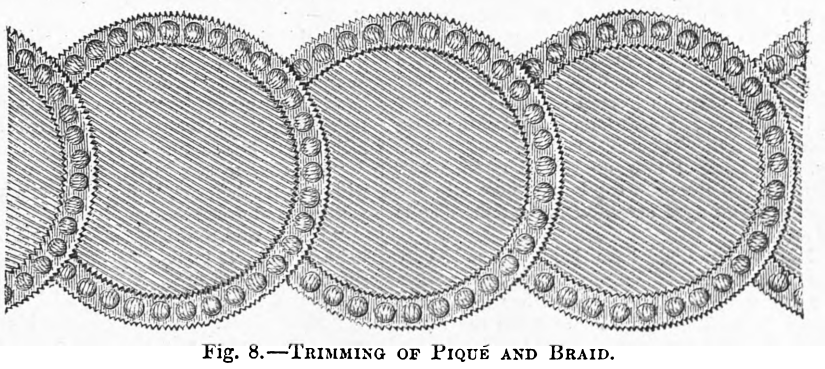


Fig. 8.—TRIMMING OF PIQUÉ AND BRAID.

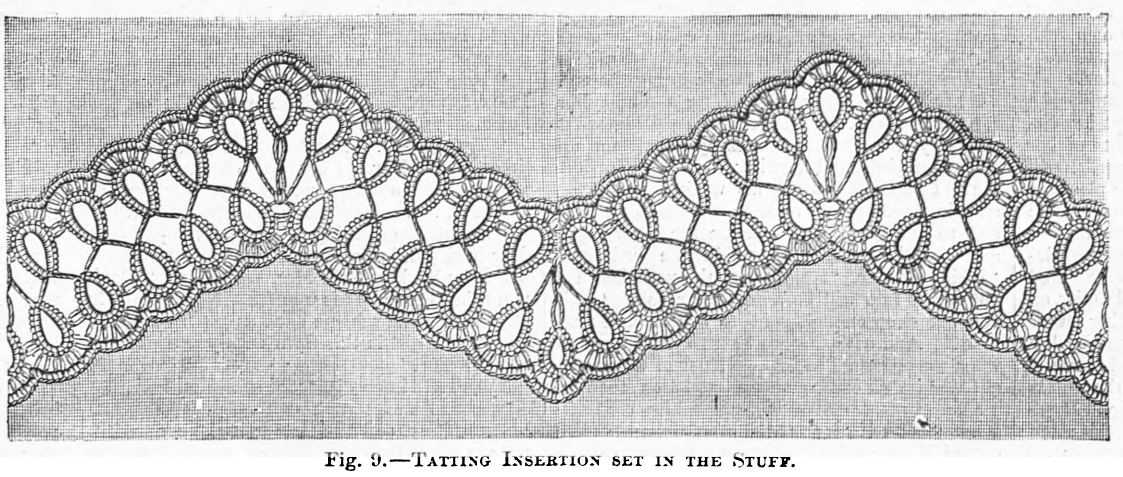


Fig. 9.—TATTING INSERTION SET IN THE STUFF.

BLOUSE AND WAIST TRIMMINGS.

Fig. 2.—CRAVAT FOR SAILOR'S BLOUSE.

MODERN MARRIAGES.

THE great obstacle to marriage in these days is the pecuniary one. This has been variously stated, but the result is in most cases nearly or quite the same. Every body knows the old proverb, "What is enough for one is enough for two;" but few realize how literally and absolutely true it is. A young man who has an income sufficient to maintain him in comfort as a bachelor will not find his means greatly restricted by taking to himself a wife. Of course willful waste and extravagance must be put out of the question; but supposing always that the wife is a good manager, and properly capable of ordering her own household, the balance will pretty certainly be in favor of matrimony. It is, of course, impossible to specify any particular sum as "sufficient income to marry upon," but the rule of the proverb is pretty nearly a universal one. Nor need a man fear that the wife he takes to himself will hesitate at the little sacrifices that may be necessary for the maintenance of his modest household. Girls are not quite so silly as some modern writers would like to make them out. Their mothers are certainly not always so wise or so generous as they might be, and they are as a rule too anxious for their daughters to marry "well" for them to consent readily to their receiving the addresses of poor men. Let the girl, however, but once overcome the prejudices of her friends, and settle herself down in a quiet home with her husband, and she soon develops into a very reasonable and sensible housekeeper. It does not cost her much to resign the luxuries of her father's table, nor, if she really love her husband, is she likely to give the sacrifice a second thought. The one great obstacle to full and immediate success in household matters will be the want of proper training. As a consequence, every girl is of necessity compelled to begin immediately upon her marriage the study of economical sciences as applied to the management of a small household—a business in which success is naturally at first impossible, and which requires a good deal of patience before success is finally achieved. In the course of two or three months, however, all difficulty will be overcome, and the wife, having learned economy, will find the rest of her management mere "plain sailing."

One element should by no means be omitted. No one should marry without a certain sum of ready money in hand. The present writer would be inclined to fix this at not less than two years' income, one year to be contributed by each party. Plenty of comfort may, however, be purchased with half that sum; and since in many cases there may be a difficulty in procuring the whole, it might be wiser to draw the line at the lower amount. For many reasons it would be well if the bridegroom could be induced to save his share; but seeing the innumerable expenses to which a young man is of necessity put, he will feel no shame in taking it from his parents. Too often, however, parents of the middle class, with an inexcusable cruelty, make no provision whatever for their sons in the event of their

marrying, nor, for that matter, for their daughters either. It is hard to use gentle words in describing this sort of conduct. Very few people indeed are so poor that, with a little self-denial, they could not save something toward the settlement of each of their children. A single shilling a week lodged in the savings-bank in the name of each would produce a very pleasant little sum by the time the children come to marriageable age. But so much is probably attempted in about one instance in ten thousand, the remainder being left to scramble on in the best way they can, and either to delay their marriage for an inconvenient and most dangerous period, or else to enter upon their married life burdened with a load of debt, which will to a certainty cause them almost perpetual misery. Parents, again, sin against their children in the marriage festivities in by far too many instances. It seems to be an understood thing—why, Heaven only knows—that money shall be thrown away in the most reckless fashion on all such occasions. Poor little Pen, the young lawyer, who marries on an income of, at the outside, $1500 a year, finds that the family of his bride will not be satisfied unless as much fuss is made over the wedding as was made over that of the bride's cousin on her marriage with Hickenbotham the wealthy banker. Fashion prescribes that all this display shall be made, and there seems nothing for it but to obey her behests. One can not be surprised, however, to hear Pen growl pretty audibly over the waste and annoyance and expenditure of the wedding-day. He would have liked—and Mrs. Pen, being an intelligent and sensible little woman, would have liked also—that all this fuss should have been dispensed with. They could have gone to church in a hack, and, after a domestic meal with the family of the bride and a friend or two, they might have started on the indispensable honey-moon tour without display, and with perfect contentment.

It is no wonder if the often-repeated sight of such things keeps a good many men out of marriage altogether. Those, however, who have had the courage to brave all these annoyances, and who have won their wives, will generally be able to say that they do not regret the step they have taken.

KATYDID.

THROUGHOUT the night I hear the cry go up toward the stars,
And the answer, in denial, seems to beat against the bars
That lie across the gates of pearl, as surf beats on the shore,
And th' night rings with a pleading I have never heard before.

For though full oft the Katydid its bold assertion made,
And still the prompt denial rang through the willow glade,
To-night they seem to hold in tune the harmonies of song,
And, half forgetful of the hours, I linger late and long.

But who has known what Katy did? and when was it all done?
How long will the contention last? When was it first begun?
When David watched his father's flocks upon the verdurous plain,
I wonder if he heard their cry with pleasure or with pain.

Or when adown the sacred Nile swept Cleopatra's barge,
I wonder if the Katy's cry rose from the Lotos marge.
Was Cheops, as his eye surveyed the mighty Pyramid,
Still puzzled with the query as to what poor Katy did?

Since Clio's page no record shows—since Thalia's lips are sealed—
It scarce can matter to us now though it were all revealed.
Oh, Katy! whether true or false, there's one thing that I know,
It all should be forgotten, since it happened long ago.

MISS BECKET'S SOCIETY.

By SHIRLEY DARE.

"DON'T you find Swampsidam rather dull?" was the inquiry with which its people were wont to preface that intellectual feat they called conversation—as people better informed are apt, through mental laziness, to descant on the heat this season, when as much effort as it takes to propel their feather fans would set a sensible conversation going.

Well, it was dull. The good wives of the village staid at home and made raspberry jam and canned tomatoes in the summer, and baked minced-pie and roasted turkeys in the winter; washed bedquilts in the spring, and shelled roasting ears for dried corn in the fall. Mrs. Salmon Barnes, the merchant's wife, and Mrs. Hillyer, the lawyer's wife, and Mrs. Williston, the minister's wife, had company all the year round, and, from first to last, pretty much the whole town were asked to tea or dinner at one or another of these ladies' houses. But the others contented themselves with visiting among their own relations once a year, and having "company to tea," as some of them phrased it, about as often.

Miss Becket was of an energetic, likewise of a reflective turn of mind. As she swept her sitting-room and pondered on the contents of her city newspaper, the idea quietly suggested itself why Swampsidam need be behind other places in the question of social reform; why it wouldn't be possible to have a nice little gathering once a fortnight, with light biscuit and tea and marble-cake, to ventilate the few ideas that gathered under the unique chignons of the good ladies on divers questions now profoundly agitating larger and more fashionable circles? A Woman's Club in Swampsidam! The old maid peered to see if any one was listening as she spoke the words mentally. No, that name wouldn't do. It savored too much of the fast and fashionable; but as a modest Society it might find favor in all quarters.

So after dinner—that is to say, about half past one—Miss Becket tossed her front-door mat into the entry, for fear of rain, turned the cat out, and hung the door-key under the dish-pan outside the kitchen door, and took her way over the hill to sow, not without fear and trembling, the seed of her new project in the rather muddy brains of Swampsidam. She meant to go to the minister's first, or at least to the minister's wife's sister, Miss Euphemia Lacy, who was known to have great interest in the family councils. She was anxious to affix the signet of ministerial sanction to her project at its first appearance. But as she passed a high-roofed cottage by the road, and a cheerful wrinkled leathern face, spanned by gray hair and a cap border, a hearty voice entreated her to stop.

"How are you, Mrs. Kingsley?"

"Right smart, thank ye. I was out taking in those quilts the men have up garret; hung 'em out to air this mornin'. I says to Anna Maria I didn't quite like the smell of 'em, sleepin' under 'em week after week, and just thought I'd put 'em where the sun and air could give 'em a real sweetnin', and happened to see you passin'. Wonder if you was goin' straight by and never give a body a word? How do you do, Miss Becket?" And having reached this point the worthy creature wiped her mouth on her checked apron, a queer nervous action she had, and looked Miss Becket straight in the face in an admirable manner.

"I'm goin' up to Mr. Williston's on an errand," replied Miss Becket, as she flattered herself evasively answering rather Mrs. Kingsley's curiosity than her query. "The fact is"—("I may as well say something to her about it, she has so many girls, and there's no use keeping any thing," she said to herself)—"I don't see why, Mrs. Kingsley, we can't have something going on here as they do in other places. We don't do any thing but stay at home and patch old shirts and go to meetin' from week's end to week's end. Seems to me as if it isn't the most profitable way of spending our years—tell you it isn't."

"That's so," chimed in the sociable, sympathetic old soul, easily moved to see things as her friends viewed them. "Jes' so. I tell Anna Maria there don't seem no such thing as ever gettin' through in this sort o' life. It's begin cleanin' in the spring, an' preservin' an' picklin' all summer, and I can't more 'n catch my breath before fall comes, and the men are bringin' home hay and pumpkins and squashes for me to see to; and then's killin' time; and I'm so drove all winter with sewin' and dyein' and knittin', I don't seem to have no time to *live*—only time to work. We take things easy to what some does, for we never let it get behindhand. S'ficient unto the day! But it keeps us springin' to keep it always before us. La! you don't know any thing about it, Miss Becket!"

"I guess I do," returned that maiden, rather resenting the imputation of having leisure and rest from care. "If you had every stick of wood to engage, and to see to its hauling and splitting, and every squash to take off your garden vines yourself, you'd find the difference. You don't know how well off you are, with six great boys and girls to wait on you. But I work hard and want a little recreation, and so do you, Mrs. Kingsley. So why can't we meet round once in a while and see each other, and have some talk about somethin' b'sides copperas dye and diptheria? Upon my word, the last time I was at Mrs. Barnes's, old Mrs. Culpepper and Mrs. Linton were there, and all they talked of was coloring their carpet-rags and the health of the district, with stories spiced in between all bearin' to the same point. Salome says up to Adrian they have a Society, and have sociables every week, and change books and patterns and hear the news, and it's real agreeable."

"Certain! I should think it would be. My girls now find it terrible dull here, and are always wantin' to go off to Highrack or Matt's Ferry, where they can have a time. Miss Becket, you've got time, an' you can speak a good word for yourself—why don't you stir round and get up somethin'? I'll go in for it. I tell Anna Maria I believe I'm as smart as any of my girls yet, only I hain't no chance to show it!" and the tea-tanned face broke into a smile that made it ten years younger. "But do I smell somethin' burnin'? or is't my nose? Those tomatoes is on the stove a-doin', and they're burnin', sure's I live! Good-by, Miss Becket! now do run in often, won't you?" And the prim cap-border flew into the house like an aged hen after her chickens, agile as any girl.

Miss Becket could have thanked the old lady for giving her, ex officio, these sort of credentials for her mission. Not alone in her own name could she offer the project; so when she found six ladies with their work seated in the ministerial parlor she was brave at heart, and being pressed to stay to tea with the others, ere long managed to slide her topic into conversation.

"I wish there was something going on in this dull old place," said Mrs. Steele, biting the end off her thread—she was stitching a shirt-collar for her husband. "I tell Steele I shall grow fat and lazy if there isn't something to stir me up once in a while, and then he will have to support me! I just get through my work after dinner and lie down and go to sleep. There's nothing else to do. Steele came home the other night and found me fast asleep in the bedroom. 'Well,' says he, 'Mary Jane, the next board I put a saw into will be a cradle for you. Can't you get sleep enough goin' to bed at half past nine?' And with that he went to ticklin' me to wake me up, and I took the pitcher of water and chased him all over the house, and Bob stood on his head and screamed, 'Give it to him, mother!' I never cut such a foolish caper in all my life," owned Mrs. Steele, the corners of her roguish mouth much belying her assertion.

"But what would we talk about if we were together?" asked Miss Delia Prune, a sharp young lady, who, being past her twenty-seventh year, was admitted to matronly society at times, as a compliment to her general shrewdness and discretion. "Conscience! there's mischief enough going on now from women's tongues, chattering gossip from morning till night. I heard the other day that Sue Hosford had gone crazy up at her father's place, and he had been seen chasing her round the house with a willow switch as long as he was himself to keep her quiet, when the truth was, she had pretended to be crazy one night, just for the fun of it, when some of the young folks were there."

"And what about the story of the whip?"

"Susie says she don't know what started that nonsense; unless it was that she and her father were chasing a horrid old cat off the place, that had got into the pantry and eaten half a chicken. Her father had a long switch, and they were both running, she laughing because she ran fastest, and shouting, 'No, you don't!' when he tried to catch up with her.

"My mother used to say, truth would stretch tied to a woman's apron string! But now, Mrs. Williston, don't you say it would be nice if we could have some sort of meeting to elevate the moral and social condition of the women of Swampsidam? Give us bread to eat, and we won't live on cheese parin's. Give us something to think of besides gossip, and we'll talk of something else."

"H'm!" sniffed a person who had, unobserved, been listening to the talk at the open door—Mr. Silas Williston, a bachelor brother of the minister's who lived with him and farmed the parsonage glebe, which eked out the salary the parish gave quite comfortably. The saying was that "Sile Williston was odd as Dick's hat-band that went half-way round and tucked under." And as it is impossible to amend this dialect, either for originality or expressiveness, it shall stand till Silas illustrates it further.

"Silas! How are you?" said the lady nearest the door.

"I'm well enough to do as much ill as my neighbors. What's this you're talkin' about? Delia, I wish I had a water-power as lively as your tongue."

"Then you'd have to sell it out very sudden, Uncle Silas, or it would be too much for you to take care of! I wish somebody would give me a brood of chickens as deliberate and slow as you are. I wouldn't have such a time catching 'em when I want one."

"Pity some other bipeds weren't as slow as I am, too, and you mightn't find 'em hard to catch as you seem to," responded Silas, provoked to a closer thrust than usual by the damsel's pertness. "Miss Becket, what mischief are you puttin' in these women's heads?"

"Want to have a social meeting once in a while, that we can see each other, and talk about somethin' improving, Mr. Silas. That's what you won't object to, I hope?"

"Improvin'? Well!" There was a world of unspoken comment in the old man's word.

"Now, what does that mean, Mr. Silas? Don't you think we're worth improving, or don't need it?" asked Mrs. Steele.

"Need it? As cabbage plants want water! But the improving you want is the very sort you won't strive to gain. Women don't want something to make them vainer, and puff them up with pride of wisdom as they are with pride of their virtue and quickness now. They don't want power and place, to use the refuse of men's slang, and imitate their vices at a safe distance, as some of 'em seem fond of doing nowadays; but they want setting down a good deal. They want to learn to keep secrets—their own as well as any body's else, and not to measure their own faults with a half-pint cup and their neighbors' with a three-quart basin. They want to learn enough generosity to stand having another woman praised and preferred before themselves without wanting to snub her for it. They want to learn respect for themselves and their husbands, and some knowledge of justice and obedience—"

By this time feminine instincts, which are opposed to hearing any one speak longer than they do, made revolt. "Uncle Silas!" "What a husband you'd make!" "The women would be a sight too good for the men then!" and such comments were lavished upon him.

"It's easy to see, Silas," spoke one of them, with country delicacy, "that some girl has given you cause to dread women."

"H'm!" said that philosopher. "She kindly refused me. It might have been as you say if she had accepted me. Ask your own husbands, and they'll tell you the truth in a joke."

"My husband would tell you that it's the other way at our house," said Mrs. Joy, a pretty blonde, with large, soft blue eyes. "If any man is lord and master, he is. There isn't a thing in this world I wouldn't give up for him, and he won't give up cigars for me, not to save my happiness."

"Does he know you dislike them?" asked Delia Prune, with a mixed expression on her quiet, shrewd face.

"Yes, indeed. I've told him so a hundred times, in every way I could think of. I'm sure it makes me unhappy weeks at a time, and he knows it, too. Men are such selfish beings."

"So there's one thing you can't give up to your dear husband," grimly observed Silas.

"Miss Becket," said Mrs. Williston. "Don't you think Franc Ferris would assist materially in proposing some scheme such as you suggested? If there's a girl in this town with practical ability it's Franc."

"And she knows it, too," said Mrs. Hill.

"Any one with such superior judgment, and opportunities for improving it, can be excused, we are sure, for showing that she knows what every one must admit," from the blonde, suavely.

Now the unconscious effect of this speech was to make every woman in the room feel set against Franc Ferris. This delicate Mrs. Joy intuitively felt. There are women born dissimulators, who never approach any thing in a straight line, and never, unless by a shock of electricity, are startled into the truth to themselves or others.

"Wouldn't it be a good thing to put her forward," suggested Mrs. Joy, feeling the impression she had made. "Dear girl! any such little attention goes for so much with her. And those who are out of the way of receiving such things value them more than you or I would."

"Yes, by all means," said candid Mrs. Williston. "I think that Miss Ferris needs neither your praise nor mine. Her fitness to lead is evident—born in her."

Vinegar on nitre was this provoking speech, spoken so plainly no one could misunderstand—so quietly no one could attack its meaning.

So it was agreed that Swampsidam should have a Woman's Society—the word Club being suppressed as alarming to the conservative part of society, and the title Association being summarily voted down by the younger members.

"Association!" said Franc Ferris, with spirit. "One would think we were all hairless and cappy by that three-legged word. Sounds like a board of cemetery directors. A thing can't be an association while I'm in it." Franc had all the vim and disregard which belong to the "girl of the period," with many underlying fine qualities.

"Now if Miss Ferris has the direction here, I don't see but the rest of us may as well take seats," said Mrs. Barnes, who had come to the meeting in her currant-colored velours, while most of the ladies wore sea-side poplins.

Franc was tinder to this spark. "I think I have just as much a right to speak and to rule here as any other member," she said, dauntlessly; "and I'd like to see the one who will deprive me of it," holding her head very straight.

"I wish I was strong-minded and could assert myself," sighed Angela Joy. "It looks so grand to see a young lady younger than any of us stand up in self-defense—put herself so forward, so to speak. I so admire it."

Perhaps Miss Ferris felt better after this balm of Gilead.

"Suppose we put it to vote?" said Mrs. Hill.

"An excellent idea." This rapturously from the Joy. "Thank you, Mrs. Hill; just the suggestion to help us out of our trouble. Only let little me suggest—though I hardly dare speak"—veiling her eyes modestly with their long lashes in a way that was Madonna-like and entreating—"before so many ladies of more experience and talent than myself. Only it seems to me so formal to put a question to vote, so stiff and masculine. Why can't we ladies just discuss matters in a friendly way, and find out what we think without formality?"

"There might be some trouble getting at the result," said Mrs. Williston, and she took care not to say it dryly, though she wanted to. "We will only use voting as a convenience."

"I understood," said Mrs. Hill, who was an ardent politician, "that one object of this society was to vindicate the rights of woman, the down-trodden and oppressed. One of her first natural rights is understood by the most enlightened half of Christendom to-day to be the ballot, and are we to see one of our own sex deny this privilege? We must use it as a sacred responsibility; and"—the speaker paused for a brilliant peroration—"there's nothing like getting used to it."

{ "I withdraw my view of the case."—Mrs. Joy.
"I sejest"—Mrs. Kingsley.
"Wouldn't the Cestus be appro"—Miss Willard.

Trio performed at this moment, with pizzicato accompaniment, under the breath, through the room.

"I see," said Mrs. Williston, smiling, "that for convenience sake we shall be compelled to call parliamentary laws to our aid, and decide that only one lady shall speak at once, and no one more than three minutes. Miss Willard made a proposition, I think?"

"Oh, nothing," said the schoolmistress, flushing and blushing. "I was going to suggest the Cestus as a pretty name for the society, expressive of the mutual union of all the joys and graces we hope to find in this circle, and the sweet fellowship of the members one with another." Miss Willard subsided very meek and agitated.

"I suppose Mrs. Hill is one of the joys, and Mrs. Kingsley one of the graces," said Franc Ferris to herself.

"Mrs. Joy, did you invite Squire Stearns's daughter to jine us?" asked Mrs. Kingsley. "She is a very well informed girl, and writes a good deal, and I should particular like my daughters to meet her here."

"I did," said the fair lady. "But the answer given, as I understood it, was that she declined joining unless one of the principal offices was assigned her; that she had always been used to lead in any thing of the kind, and could not consent to take a lower place—she should feel no interest in it."

"Why, Anna Maria was talking with her," said old Mrs. Kingsley, with frank surprise, "and Miss Stearns spoke very different from that. She did say she had seen a good deal of these Societies, and headed one or two, and had sort o' lost her interest in them, 'count o' the way they were conducted; and she said, laughin', that she didn't know how it would seem to be a member—she should want to be President, at least—Cæsar or nothin'; but I took that all for a joke, and so did Anna Maria."

"I don't think," said Mrs. Barnes, "that Sabrina Stearns would ever say such a thing as reported. If she wanted the best place, and said so, she was a fool, and every body knows Sabrina ain't of that year's brood."

"I may have misunderstood the dear girl's meaning," said Mrs. Joy, unabashed, with great sweetness. "I'm so apt to be mistaken in small things—I *never* trust my own judgment; but it seemed so natural that she who has always been used to lead should dislike a lower place, and, with her rare independence of spirit, be frank enough to say so. I admired her for it."

"What shall we say the object of this society is to be?" was the next question in debate.

"The Amelioration of Women," was a succinct reply. When Silas Williston heard that he lifted up both hands. "That's too much for one society," was his comment.

"To have a good time," was Franc Ferris's low-voiced answer.

"To vindicate the rights of women," suggested Mrs. Hill.

"Very good," said Mrs. Williston. "Only don't let us have too much of the wrongs of men along with it."

"I thought it was to give us a chance to see each other and have a little sensible talk on useful things," said Mrs. Steele.

"That's about it," said the chairwoman *pro tem.*; "only we'll fix the idea up with words a little."

And Miss Willard was assigned that duty.

"What topics shall we discuss?" asked the chairwoman. Mrs. Hill was prompt to assert that she should like to hear the question either of the equal rights of women to the ballot, or the moral and mental supremacy of women over the other sex, enlarged upon. With her various domestic duties as a wife and mother she had found time to prepare essays on each of these subjects which she would like to lay before the society. Woman, as a rule, was ignorant of her station and her privileges, and should be enlightened.

"Well," said Mrs. Steele, brightly, "I always thought I knew what *my* privileges were, and had about all I wanted. Steele thinks I do, any how, when I lie abed of a morning and have him put the tea-kettle on and the potatoes in the oven. If I've a right to let him cook the steak and make coffee I'd like to know it," with a roguish eye. Several members of the society frowned at this levity. Mrs. Steele was only a mechanic's wife.

Mrs. Barnes, instructed beforehand by Mrs. Williston, suggested that they should discuss the advantage of having women made familiar with business forms. Several lips looked scorn at this dry topic, and Mrs. Hill found breath to propose that they should, as the meeting objected to political discussion, take up the subject of the Social Evil.

"And send for a few copies of the *Police Gazette*," said Franc Ferris, *sotto voce*.

"I think we can let that subject wait a while," said the sagacious chairwoman. "Will some one suggest a topic more adapted to popular discussion?"

Miss Willard presented "The Contrast between the Condition of Women in the Nineteenth Century and the Middle Ages." It may be mentioned that this was the title of an essay read six years before with much applause during the commencement exercises at the county academy by Miss Willard at her graduation, and the copy still reposed, tied in faded blue ribbon, in that damsel's escritoire.

"There's one comfort," said Mrs. Williston to herself, "whatever subject is proposed they won't stick to it." So the "Contrast," etc., was allowed to be chosen, and the minutes of the meeting read before closing, after a most primitive fashion of parliamentary proceeding:

"This Society shall be called the Cestus of Swampsidam.

"Its object is to afford an opportunity for its members to enjoy unrestricted social intercourse, commune with one another, and participate in seeking for information on varied and important topics. Also, to vindicate the privileges and duties of women.

"The topic for the next meeting will be the Contrast between the Condition of Women in the Nineteenth Century and the Middle Ages.

"The next meeting will be held at the house of Mrs. Salmon Barnes.

"MRS. SETH WILLISTON, *President.*
"MISS FRANCES FERRIS, *Vice-President.*
"MISS GERTRUDE WILLARD, *Secretary.*
"MRS. SALMON BARNES, *Treasurer.*

"BY-LAWS.

"Each member must pay 50 cts. admission." ("Children half price?" whispered Mrs. Steele.)

"The Society is to meet at all the houses of its members." ("At once?")

"The meetings will be opened with prayer.

"For the privilege of being absent each member shall pay ten cents.

"Politics are not an object of this institution.

"Most of the members are in favor of suffrage.

"The meetings will be closed with singing; also, with supper at the house of the member with which it meets.

"No member is to have a luxurious supper. The course prescribed is one kind of cold meat, pickles, sauce, tea and coffee, bread or biscuit and butter, and one kind of cake. Any member having more than these articles will be liable to a fine."

This rule had been the subject of a long discussion, Mrs. Steele affirming she didn't want a great fuss cooking supper for the convention, as she styled the Society, and Mrs. Barnes saying she didn't consider the meetings would come to any thing without they had a nice cup of tea afterward. It wouldn't seem like business at all, in her estimation. So the moderate and beneficent rule above was adopted. The by-laws continued:

"No member shall speak more than three minutes at once, unless by permission."

"Law! I couldn't begin to say nothin' in three minutes," said Mrs. Obed, the flushed, cushiony wife of one of the deacons.

"No member shall speak ill of another."

"That breaks up the society," was Silas Williston's comment when he heard of the rule.

"Perfect courtesy and good understanding is to be observed in this society."

"Shall we let the gentlemen come to tea?" asked Mrs. Steele.

"No!" This was promptly vetoed by Mrs. Hill and others following her lead. "Men wouldn't let us into their Masonic lodges, nor billiard clubs, and they shouldn't come to our meetings, nor have a bite of supper."

"H'm!" said Silas on hearing this. "Jennie, I want you to press my cloth coat for me. I haven't worn it for three years. I expect to be asked to tea in about three weeks with your Cestus, and I'm goin'."

"Sha'n't I just let my husband run these rules over?" said Mrs. Williston, with great moderation. "Men put these things into rather better shape. We are not well up in the usual forms as yet."

This was agreed to, and the meeting put on its sun-bonnet and went home.

Miss Becket breathed serenely. "Under her efforts a brighter day had rolled upon Swampsidam," the old maid wrote to her married sister Selina, with quaint mixture of expression. "She felt to be thankful, and hoped some good would be done." After which she turned her currants in the sun to dry, and went to picking her gooseberries.

The new organization might be set down in its records as the "Cestus;" but its name in all the households of Swampsidam was "Miss Becket's Society."

Perhaps we shall see some day how it conducted itself.

TOADIES.

I HAVE often wondered what could be the origin of the term toad-eater, from which we get the now more commonly used toady, and its derived verb toadying. A toad-eater means a flatterer, I believe; but at first I imagine it meant one who put up with the ill-humor, gruffness, and disobliging speeches of another for an interested object. For this species of servility we have in French the expression, *avaler les couleuvres de quelqu'un*—swallowing a person's snakes—which is curiously on a parallel with the English phrase, substituting one reptile for another. I venture to conjecture that both figures of rhetoric have a common origin in the fairy tale about the amiable girl who was kind to an old woman whom she met in her walks, and received in reward the gift of dropping pearls as she spoke; while her churlish sister, for her contumelious treatment of the same old party, was judicially visited with the misfortune of emitting toads and snakes mixed up with her conversation. So, ill-conditioned people who grumble and scold may be said to drop toads and snakes, and those who endure their tempers and thrive on it are toad-eaters and snake-swallowers.

LINCOLN.

[*Extract from Vol. II. of* Dr. DRAPER'S *History of the American Civil War, published by* HARPER & BROTHERS.]

WITH infinite labor and anxiety, Lincoln had at length organized his administration, and settled its domestic and foreign policy.

One of his Illinois neighbors, who had long known him, says, "This tall, gaunt, melancholy man floated into our county in 1831 in a frail canoe down the North Fork of the Sangamon River, friendless, penniless, powerless, alone—begging for work in this city—ragged, and struggling for the common necessaries of life. This man, this peculiar man, left us in 1861 the President of the United States, backed by friends, and power, and fame." Notwithstanding his rustic manners and want of social polish, there was something in his demeanor which made even those who were greatly his superiors in these respects, but who looked only to the good of the country, feel that its administration was safe in his hands. Such as were hoping for the overthrow of the government regarded him with hatred and disgust. When Mr. Seward desired to present to him Mr. Mason, who subsequently became one of the agents of the Confederacy in Europe, that senator, with a scowl of horror and scorn, shook his head and declined.

But Lincoln soon found that there was a sustaining power behind him on which he could securely rely—the people—the plain people, as he affectionately called them. They cared nothing about his fashionable short-comings; they looked only to the greatness of his purposes. If he chose to speak in parables, they knew that it was not the first time in the world that that had been done, and that parables have been delivered which will instruct the human race to the end of time. When it was said in foreign countries Davis is creating a nation and making history in Richmond, and Lincoln is telling stories in Washington, they were content to await the event. They knew that for nations splendid talents are not always the safest guides. While Davis was driving his rivals from his presence, and throwing into obscurity or exile the ablest men of the South—those who could have made the rebellion successful, had that been possible—Lincoln was selecting his advisers from his political opponents. Davis was exasperating the passions of his people, and teaching them revenge; the weakness of Lincoln was benevolence. And the issue was such as might have been expected. The enthusiastic devotion which had welcomed Davis to power was succeeded by distrust, dissatisfaction, hatred. The wreck of the Confederacy, the ruin of the people, were at last imputed to him. On the other hand, the misgivings which attended Lincoln's accession were replaced by confidence; he ended by becoming politically omnipotent.

Clad in black, the ungainly-looking President might be seen, after the hour had come for visitors to be excluded, pacing to and fro past the windows of his apartment, his hands behind him, his head bent forward upon his breast, lost in profound meditation, a picture of sorrow, care, and anxiety. The artist Carpenter, who enjoyed frequent opportunities of thus observing him in his moments of retirement, says, "His was the saddest face in repose that I ever knew. His eyes, of a bluish gray tint, always in deep shadow from the upper lids, which were unusually heavy, gave him an expression remarkably pensive and tender, often inexpressibly sad. A peculiar dreaminess sometimes stole over his face."

As is not unfrequently observed of Western men, there were mysterious traits of superstition in his character. A friend once inquiring the cause of a deep depression under which he seemed to be suffering, "I have seen this evening again," he replied, "what I once saw before, on the evening of my nomination at Chicago. As I stood before a mirror, there were two images of myself—a bright one in front, and one that was very pallid standing behind. It completely unnerved me. The bright one, I know, is my past, the pale one my coming life." And feeling that there is no armor against Destiny, he added, "I do not think I shall live to see the end of my term. I try to shake off the vision, but it still keeps haunting me."

He began to receive threatening letters soon after his nomination. He kept them by themselves, labeled, "Letters on Assassination." After his death, one was found among them connected with the plot which had succeeded.

"I can not help being in this way," he said; "my father was so before me. He dreamed that he rode through an unfrequented path to a strange house, the surroundings and furnishing of which were vividly impressed on his mind. At the fireside there was sitting a woman whose features he distinctly saw. She was engaged in paring an apple. That woman was to be his wife. Though a very strong-minded man, he could not shake off the vision. It haunted him incessantly, until it compelled him to go down the unfrequented way. He quietly opened the door of what he recognized to be the house, and saw at a glance that it was where he had been in his dream. There was a woman at the fireside engaged in paring an apple. And the rest of his dream came to pass."

"There will be bad news to-night," he said on another occasion. "Why, how do you know that, Mr. President?" "I dropped asleep, and saw in a dream what has often before been the precursor to me of disaster. I saw a ship sailing very fast." And that night bad news came!

Perhaps, in the opinion of the supercilious critic, these idle stories are unworthy of the page of history. The materialist philosopher may say, "Had Lincoln taken the trouble to hold up a candle before his mirror, he might have seen a dozen pale images of it!" That is very true. But does not history record that some of the greatest soldiers, statesmen, lawgivers—men who have left ineffaceable marks on the annals of the human race—have been influenced by like delusions? There was connected with the most important of all proclamations ever issued by an American President—the proclamation of slave emancipation—an incident of the kind: a vow that in a certain contingency it should be put forth. Lincoln implicity believed that it is the Supreme Ruler who determines our fate. Trifles though these may be, it is not for the historian to hide them from his reader, who perhaps may add the reflection that it is better to have the childlike, innocent dreams of Lincoln than the guilty and appalling midnight visions of the conscience-stricken Davis.

Under a weight of responsibility and care pressing upon him unceasingly by day and by night, Lincoln instinctively felt the necessity of momentary relief. An anecdote well told, an amusing incident, would rescue him from deep depression. A strip of steel must be pulled back before it can spring forward. And so it was with Lincoln's mind—it must be relaxed before it could display its force. Perhaps this was never more strikingly seen than on the occasion of his submitting the Proclamation of Emancipation to his cabinet—declared by himself to be the great and central act of his administration. He introduced it by reading some of the grotesque sayings of Artemus Ward.

JAPANESE BOOKS.

JAPANESE books are printed from wooden blocks, metal type being unknown, on thin paper, one side of the sheet only being used. The leaf is doubled and the edges uncut; and the letters are arranged in vertical columns, beginning, like Hebrew, at the right-hand side of the page, and, as we should call it, at the end of the book. The covers are generally very plain, made of dark-colored paper, somewhat thicker than the interior sheets; and the gilding which is put on the outside on the edges of our books, usually adorns the inside of the cover, and what may be termed the fly-leaves, in irregular patches. The origin of the art of printing is lost in the obscurity of distant ages: it has been handed down from one generation to another without any trustworthy record of its discoverer being preserved.

Cheap common books are often badly printed, the characters being indistinct and blurred, a defect frequently arising unless special care is taken when printing from wooden blocks. Mind your stops, an injunction so often enforced on American juveniles, can not be needed in Japan, where punctuation is but rarely used. A simple alphabet is also wanting, various systems being in use, according to the style of literature. For instance, ordinary works, romances, histories, etc., are written in characters of a comparatively easy nature, representing syllables. Songs and popular poems have these easy syllabic characters mingled with others of a more complex kind. Works of science, religious treatises, some dictionaries and prefaces are written in ideographic characters, *i. e.*, characters representing ideas, not sounds, derived from the Chinese alphabet; and in many cases these are easily read and understood by educated Chinamen. In others only the roots of the words are given in ideographic signs, the Japanese inflections being written in the syllabic character and the Japanese arrangement of words followed, which renders such sentences almost unintelligible to one who has studied Chinese only. When the pure Chinese character or a modification of it is made use of, this has often a running commentary at the side in Japanese cursive writing, as an explanation of the text. There is also a system made use of only by the priests, called Bou-zi. Inscriptions on tombs and altars are engraved in these characters. Signatures and seal inscriptions are frequently written in a peculiar style of Chinese writing. All these diversities of method create great difficulty and confusion, and render the printed literature very puzzling to a learner, whether native or foreign.

The Japanese dictionaries contain more than 38,000 characters, each of which has a name derived from the corrupted pronunciation of the original Chinese; this is of one syllable, in accordance with the spirit of the Chinese language, and to it is added several words of Japanese origin, which translate it into the vernacular.

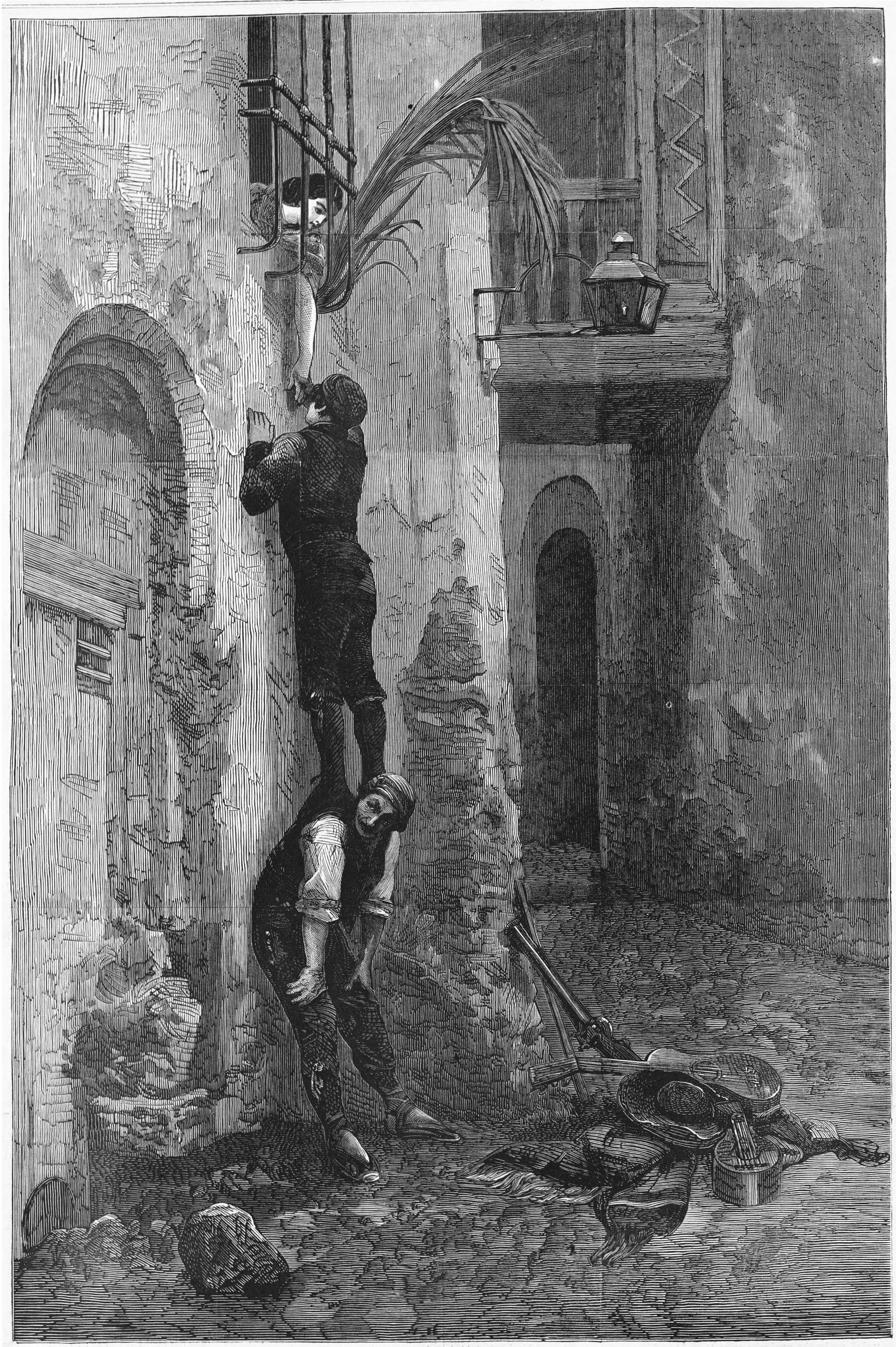
Pictures cut in wood have been also used to illustrate the text for many centuries; and printing in colors, an art of late development in Europe, has been practiced in Japan during many ages. Specimens of printing in colors have been brought to England. The colors are brilliant without being gaudy, the drawing is somewhat rude and conventional, and the perspective imperfect; but there is a certain life and animation in the figures and scenes which redeems them from being mere caricatures.

Periodicals are issued at certain intervals, giving tales and narratives in parts. As yet this system has not been extended to works of instruction or to newspapers. The power of the press is entirely undeveloped, public opinion being formed only by the interchange of ideas at the baths and other places frequented by the common people. Books and pictures are inexpensive, and booksellers' shops numerous: they appear to have plenty of customers.

Of late the habits and manners of foreigners have afforded a fertile topic for the native artist and author. Pictures of ladies in bright-colored dresses, with largely-developed crinolines, carrying parasols, may be seen in the shop windows; and naval captains, in bright blue uniforms and gilt buttons, are favorite subjects for representation. Sewing-machines and pianos, christening, wedding, and dinner-parties, children playing at tip-cat and hoop, and every thing European at all strange or new, are seized upon and depicted with sufficient accuracy to render them recognizable.

"LOVE UNDER DIFFICULTIES."

"THE course of true love never did run smooth" is an observation of a great authority which has probably been heard before by some of our readers. Of the justness of the observation we have a confirmation from the experience of the happy or unhappy pair of lovers, the Spanish Romeo and Juliet, figuring in the capitally-painted picture by an able Flemish artist—M. J. Worms—an engraving of which we give. But, then, what are all such petty obstacles to true love? Has not Love ever made mockery of them, and is not the word "impossible" unknown to the vocabulary of lovers? Have not all the amatory poets told us that "stony limits can not hold love out;" that Love is not to be caged or imprisoned; that he can scale the very walls of heaven; that he reigns every where and under all circumstances Amor Triumphator; that he is one of the oldest as well as the youngest of the gods; that he is stronger than Fate, and will survive the rudest and last stroke of Old Chronos? But what need of quoting the poets or Lemprière? Have we not before us an illustration from real life of the utter futility of attempting to keep lovers asunder? Here is space absolutely annihilated by means of a little love-prompted ingenuity and agility on the one side, and by watchfulness and "making a long arm" on the other. But, stay! A dreadful suspicion flashes upon us. *Is* the difficulty in the way of that so-much-coveted kiss entirely vanquished? Can that dreadful four-inch gulf be scaled? The arm of Dulcinea can stretch no lower; the Don or *Mayo*—whatever he may be—can raise himself, apparently, not a hair's-breadth more; the convenient though undignified accomplice (he of the rueful visage below) can evidently hoist his neither lean nor light-weighted friend not a fraction higher. What is, then, to be done? Is this, after all, to prove only a prosaic illustration of the old proverb, "There's many a slip between the cup (of bliss) and lip?" By "cup of bliss," be it noted, we, of course, mean the fair one's hand—a metaphor quite sufficiently appropriate in the language of love; besides, does not "bliss" suggest "kiss" as well as rhyme one with the other? Alas! we know we are writing of no poetical romance, but what seems to be hard, melancholy fact. Our poor caballero will be defrauded of the treat he so richly deserves. Fie! ye lying poets amatory! Love takes a long time to reduce a man's weight by even one stone, and he never yet raised a friend's stature by one inch, however unfortunately and inopportunely dwarfish that friend was ungallant enough to be. Fie! too, ye equally unveracious painters and sculptors! Love is certainly not always provided with wings; at all events, they are of no service to this poor fellow or to any body but himself; so forthwith, when making your portraits of him, clip them or cut them off altogether.



"LOVE UNDER DIFFICULTIES."—[SEE PAGE 695.]

CHILDREN'S SEA-SIDE COSTUMES.

Children's Sea-Side Costumes.

Fig. 1.—Polonaise toilette of striped foulard for girl seven years old. Mantilla of white cloth, trimmed with galloon to match the dress. Royal hat, trimmed with blue ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Hungarian costume for boy two years old of nankeen trimmed with black velvet, with velvet belt. Black velvet cap and feather.

Fig. 3.—Under-skirt and waist of crimson and white striped percale, for young girl fifteen years old. Waist trimmed with bretelles and sailor collar. Over-skirt of dark brown Corinth cloth, short and looped up behind with a bow.

Fig. 4.—Dress for girl eight years old. Under-skirt and waist of sky-blue China silk. Short tunic of white Florentine, caught up at the sides with a rosette. Sash of blue China silk. Florentine hat of rice straw, trimmed with a cluster of roses.

Fig. 5.—Dress for girl nine years old. Skirt and waist of light brown mozambique with two rows of quilled flounces round the bottom of the skirt. Marie Antoinette fichu of white muslin, confined at the waist by a knot of green ribbon. Prince of Wales toque, trimmed with ribbons.

Fig. 6.—Country costume for boy six years old. Blouse and pantaloons of French cloth, buttoned up the sides with pearl buttons. Leather belt. Hat of the same material as the dress.

Children's Country Toilettes.

Fig. 1.—Dress for girl six years old of white foulard striped with blue. Waist with bretelles, trimmed with pleated blue ribbon. Short sleeves. Tucked muslin under-waist, trimmed with needle-work insertion, with sleeves of the same. Blue satin Français gaiters, with pearl buttons.

Fig. 2.—Dress of toile écrue for young girl fourteen years old, trimmed on the bottom with a pleated flounce, over which is set white galloon. Marie Antoinette pelerine-fichu, rounded in the back and with broad rounded ends, the whole trimmed with a pleated flounce, confined by white galloon. Maroon straw toque, with a black figured lace scarf wound round the crown and knotted behind. Linen under-waist with sleeves. Kid gaiters of the same color as the dress.

Fig. 3.—Dress of Scotch poplin for girl five years old, trimmed round the bottom with three rows of narrow cherry velvet. Small scutcheon-shaped pocket, edged with cherry velvet. Scotch poplin corsage with jacket cut straight behind and reaching only to the waist, and also bordered with cherry velvet. Linen collar and cuffs.

CHILDREN'S COUNTRY TOILETTES.

English straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and wild flowers. Short white stockings. Black kid boots.

Fig. 4.—Costume for boy six years old. Pleated skirt of light marine blue French cloth, trimmed down the sides with bows of blue gros grain. Jacket with small pockets banded with galloon, each strip of galloon being studded with a silver lozenge. Jacket buttoned with silver lozenges. Sleeves trimmed in the same manner. Wide linen collar. Boating hat, trimmed with blue ribbon.

Fig. 5.—Costume for girl eight years old. Dress of pink silk, cut square in the neck, and trimmed with a pleating of the same. Short sleeves, trimmed in the same manner. Pink silk sash, with large bow, and ends terminating with a bow. Tucked muslin under-waist, with sleeves and embroidered cuffs. Pearl-gray satin Français gaiters.

Fig. 6.—Boating costume for boy from eight to ten years old. Light gray poplin blouse, confined round the waist by a patent leather belt. Wide collar, of the same material as the blouse, with an anchor embroidered in the corners. Full trowsers reaching to the knee. Red stockings.

Fig. 7.—Dress for young girl twelve years old. Skirt of mauve silk, covered with a white muslin skirt with small tucks and insertion trimming. Tunic simulated by points embroidered on muslin and surmounted with insertion, with medallions embroidered above the points. Waist cut square in the neck, and trimmed with points of embroidered muslin. Mauve silk bows on the shoulders. Bow of wide mauve ribbon with long ends fastened to the belt. Rice straw hat, trimmed with a wreath of blue-bells.

Fig. 8.—Dress for boy four years old. Trowsers of toile écrue, trimmed with narrow coral-colored worsted galloon. Jacket trimmed with the same. Tucked linen shirt. Russia leather boots.

TEARS.

WOULD some kind angel give me tears—
It seems a little thing,
A child's first need—I would not ask
The gems that crown a king.

The glad peace-bringers after storm
Are drops the sun smiles through;
The healer of the parching rose
Is but a bead of dew.

Yet what am I, an atom sole
In Heaven's creative plan,
That I should ask the tenderest gift
God ever gave to man?

UNMASKED.

ALMOST as soon as Mabel Ross had come into the world with her silver spoon in her mouth it was known that sooner or later she was to marry Post Harvard, who had already been eating with *his* silver spoon eleven months lacking a day. Sooner or later; *sooner* probably, for the Harvards always married young, and so did the Rosses when they married at all.

Post Harvard's father was a man who believed heartily in foreordination and election; himself being invariably foreordainer and elector. He was a man who always mapped out his journeyings from the hill-top of each new day and year, and then kept right on in the mapped-out course whatever obstacles came in the way. Every body's convenience and every body's wishes were inexorably bent to the fulfillment of these prearrangements, and even the elements of the air became their ministers.

So after once deciding that the little Post should in due season become the husband of Mr. Ross's baby, the marriage was as fixed as the north star, although the children did not meet after the day when Mabel cut her first tooth until she had cut the last—excepting the wisdom-teeth.

"Post, my son," said the elder Harvard, "you are to go to Chicago to-morrow."

"Yes, Sir," replied Post.

"There is a bill of Fletcher's to be collected, and that account of Ducharme's to be looked after. He charges too much for the last rose-pink, and you must make him abate something on it. Then there is a bill for ivory-black that we never have ordered at all, and there are two or three things more to be straightened. Bodkins will explain them to you. After you have got full instructions from him come back to me."

"Yes, Sir," replied Post again, immediately going to the outer office where the book-keeper and confidential clerk, Bodkins, sat behind his books, smelling of ink and paper, and looking, in his leather-colored suit with his lined and dotted face, like an old forgotten ledger that should have been balanced and locked up long ago.

"Well, Bodkins, how about those Chicago accounts I am to look after?" said Post, leaning upon the office railing and plucking at the growth of corn-silk upon his chin.

Bodkins put his pen behind his ear, and, straightway looking as mathematical as the Rule of Three, sprung open at once like a much-used book.

So and so. So and so. So and so. Dear me! how dull and dreary to every body but the parties concerned! But *they* were so much concerned that it was a full hour before Post went back to the luxurious inner office where Papa Harvard sat with his silver ice-pitcher, his gold-headed cane, his revolving arm-chair, and his Decrees.

"You have your directions all right from Bodkins, have you, Post?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well. And after settling satisfactorily with those parties you are to call upon Miss Mabel Ross. I wrote Mr. Ross by the morning mail, and you will be expected. I saw the young lady last winter, and found her very modest and pleasing. She is suitable for you in family, in property, and in person; and in this casket you will find a costly diamond ring which you may present her in token of your engagement."

"Yes, Sir," replied Post; and went off to buy his ticket for the sleeping-car to Chicago.

But Post, although accustomed to this patriarchal government, had, under the rose, tastes and habits of his own; and acting on the principle that obedience consists in doing nothing which has been forbidden, went in pursuit of many an undecreed pleasure, asking no questions and telling no lies. Of this class was a masquerade on the evening of the day he arrived at Chicago.

"Never in my life have I heard father say a word against my masquerading," said Post to his conscience, when a young man with whom he had some slight business acquaintance asked him to join the party.

No! And neither had Post ever heard his father say a word against his having leprosy; or his going to look up Dr. Livingstone. To tell the truth, Post's conscience was made of alternate layers of oak and India rubber, and the rubber had it this time.

So he turned into a Christopher Columbus, and then went around all the evening discovering things.

Presently he came appropriately upon "America"—a graceful figure, crowned with stars and dressed in sky-colored crêpe, covered with sprays of Southern palms and Northern cedars, and shining with gold and silver and bright feathers. Happily, for once, history did not repeat herself, and there was no Vespucius to follow and supplant him; so all the evening long he enjoyed the glory of his beautiful discovery, lingering about her as though she were what he had spent his life in looking for. And this America was by no means so coy and uncertain as the receding America that baffled the great Discoverer, and broke his heart centuries ago. In fact she was a flirt, and a bold one; and young Post Harvard flirted with her outrageously. They danced and ate and drank and talked together; till at last, sitting apart in a curtained alcove, Post proposed to open their masks.

At the suggestion America, with a certain hoydenish grace, unclasped hers, and showed for an instant a pretty girlish face, then sprung the mask in place again.

"Now I must see if your eyes are really the color of my dress," she cried, gayly, "and if your mouth is just as much like a red rose as I thought."

So Post, secure in distance from home and acquaintance, dropped the storm-beaten face and pointed beard of Christopher, and looked out with his own flossy mustache and smooth forehead. Then they flirted again, played at making love as children play at keeping house.

When the evening was at an end America made no objection to being kissed good-by by the red-rose lips; and so they parted forever, going out each their way into the whirling, hungry city that waited quickly to divide and swallow them.

"Well, I've had *fun* any way, and as nobody knows me, and I know nobody, where is the hurt?" said Post, as he tumbled into bed and tried to pretend he did not feel somewhat humiliated at having encouraged a young girl to behave with such indecorum toward a stranger. Any how his humiliation, if he felt any, was not deep enough to keep him awake or to distract his mind, as he went the next day about the duties of the business for which he came in part.

Neither did they disturb him with any sense of unworthiness as he went at evening with the costly diamond in his pocket to see Miss Mabel Ross.

Her home was a high stone-house looking out upon the lake; and as he walked through the deep yard Post thought, complacently, what a nice estate it was to belong to one's father-in-law!

Mr. Ross was at home, and so was Miss Mabel. Mr. Ross was expecting him, and received him cordially in a charming little room full of flowers and work-baskets and books and pictures.

"So home-like and sweet!" thought Post. "Just the way I want my rooms to look."

Then there was a flutter and a footfall as in floated an embroidered white dress with mermaid-green ribbons and a few moss-rosebuds.

Post looked up to see the sweet, shy face that should peep out from among the ribbons and roses, but saw instead, with a shudder of consternation, the black eyes and bright cheeks of the mask, "America."

The bright cheeks brightened, the black eyes dropped, the embroidered muslin turned to sackcloth, and the roses to ashes, as the young lady came forward and said the passing civilities of the day.

"What ails the girl? I never saw her so stiff and still in my life. Makes her bashful to see a handsome young man? I'll go out and leave them alone; young folks always get on better alone," mused Mr. Ross.

So he went out, but the young folks did not get on any better alone. He did not take the awkwardness and constraint with him, and when Post went home to his father he carried in its casket the diamond ring.

Mr. Harvard would have been less surprised to see the stars begin to fall instead of dew; but he found the time that comes one day to all had come to him, when instead of the fathers shall be the children; for it seemed that with his father's nose Post had inherited his father's firmness.

"She is well enough to play with for an evening, but I should not like to know *my* wife had ever flirted that way with *any one*," said he, looking more like Papa Harvard in this sudden self-assertion, than Papa Harvard did like himself.

So Mabel Ross is yet unmarried, and as she is now no longer young, according to the habit of the Rosses, she will never marry; but remain all her life a pointed illustration of the policy of behaving just as well when under a bushel as when upon a candlestick;

"For the gods see every where."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A DISTRESSING account comes from London of the murder of a baby eight months old. The child was absolutely starved to death by the woman in whose charge it had been placed by the mother. The day before it died the babe was left alone, without food, locked up in the bedroom from ten or eleven in the morning till between six and seven at night. A witness stated that the child was seldom fed, and then with unsuitable food.

This instance has its parallel in this country. Only a short time ago a wretch living in Wyandotte, Kansas, took his little step-son, two years old, out into the suburbs of the town, and deliberately killed him. It appeared at the inquest that he had been trying for some time to kill the child by almost every possible cruelty. The indignation of the citizens of Wyandotte could scarcely be restrained from breaking out into open violence.

According to the latest accounts from the Cape of Good Hope, great excitement prevails in regard to the gold discoveries beyond the Trans-Vaal Republic. Some of the stories are of the wildest description; but a sober-minded merchant declares the reports to be fully corroborated, and writes thus: "In fact, it is thought the ancient Ophir has been struck. What do you think of gold in heavy veins imbedded in white quartz—auriferous quartz—in thirty different localities, and immense surface strata, rich in gold, the one 22 miles broad and the other 60 miles long, with parallel veins, and width of from two to three miles?" Such wonderful expectations as have been excited almost invariably end in disappointment.

A French journal states that an adventurous English lady, Miss Rosa Glarkins, has successfully accomplished the ascent of the Grand Cervin (Valais). This daring "Miss" is said to have strangled with her own hands, a couple of years ago, a wolf "*dans la forêt de Burchase* (*Angleterre*);" and is now about to travel in Central Africa for the purpose of shooting panthers!

In the "Memoirs and Letters of Jenny C. White Del Bal" there is a little passage in one of her familiar home letters which contains a great lesson. She is speaking of her everyday life and surroundings: "The servants here are what they call 'mucha calma,' or they are regular Topsies flying around in the wildest manner imaginable. Mine are all of the 'mucha calma' order, which I think far preferable, although it is a trial to one's patience sometimes. *I have made up my mind never to expect any thing done quickly by them, and in this way live easily.*" There are many necessary evils in life—inconveniences which can not be remedied, but must be borne. Could we "make up" our minds to expect them, and endure them patiently, fretting would soon be out of fashion, and we might all "live easily."

The latest scientific exploit is said to be by a Prussian chemist, who has invented (if it is not all a joke!) a new method of warfare on the battle-field; it is a powder that makes a whole regiment sneeze for just half an hour. The sneezing powder is to be put in a packet with a handful of gunpowder, the whole to be shot off when at a calculated distance; the packet will explode, and its contents disappear. The result is very effective as well as affecting.

What *would* become of conversation if by some strange meteorological change, variations in weather should be abolished? As some poetical pen observes:

It is worthy of note when two friends meet together
The first topic they start is the state of the weather—
It is always the same, both with young and with old,
'Tis either too hot, or else 'tis too cold,
'Tis either too wet, or else 'tis too dry,
The glass is too low, or else 'tis too high;
But if all had their wishes once jumbled together,
No mortal on earth could exist in such weather.

Would gentlemen like to know a novel method of obtaining a nice dinner? A jocose husband took it into his head the other day that he would like a first-rate dinner. So after going to his office he sent his wife a note informing her that a gentleman of her acquaintance—an old and true friend—would dine with her that day. Of course the house was put in the nicest order, a sumptuous dinner prepared, and the lady herself arrayed in her best attire. On hearing steps at the door, she opened it with a smiling countenance, and saw—her husband only.

"Why, my dear," said she, in an anxious tone, "where is the gentleman of whom you spoke in your note?"

"Why," replied the husband, complacently, "here he is."

"You said a gentleman of my acquaintance—an old and true friend—would dine with us to-day."

"Well," said he, good-humoredly, "am I not a gentleman of your acquaintance, an old and true friend?"

"Oh!" she cried, "is there nobody but you?"

"No."

"Well, I declare this is too bad," said his wife, half angrily; but finally both joined in a hearty laugh, sat down cozily together, and for once had a good dinner without having company.

Glycerine, if freely applied to mosquito bites, is said to relieve the irritation and swelling at once.

The Red Sea is said to be the hottest place in the world. The atmosphere for about sixty miles in that sea is steamy and sticky. Every thing in the shape of iron or steel about a ship takes on a coat of rust. During the summer months no one travels on the Red Sea unless compelled by business or military orders to do so. In the winter and spring the passage is delightful. Yet navigation in that body of water is always attended with many dangers. The Red Sea is long and narrow, with sunken rocks and projecting reefs; and counter winds prevail, which produce dangerous currents. There are three light-houses in the sea, which must be kept by salamander-like men, since the thermometer runs up to 120 degrees in July, and approaches 90 in early spring.

The stereoscope is generally supposed to be a modern invention; but it has been found that the fundamental principle of this instrument was known to Euclid; that it was distinctly described by Galen 1500 years ago; and that Baptista Porta in 1599 gave a complete separate picture seen by each eye, and the combined picture placed between them. It has been shown that the stereoscope is a valuable aid in detecting the minute shades of difference between true and counterfeit bank-notes.

Education is steadily making its way among the masses in England, although it may be slowly. Twenty-five years ago, according to reports of the Registrar-General, 33.3 per cent. of the men who married in England, and 50 per cent. of the women, signed the marriage-register by making their mark instead of writing their names. In 1866, the number who signed by their mark was only 21.6 per cent. of the men, and 30 per cent. of the women.

The French have some very queer notions about the use of names for business purposes. For example, one establishment in Paris is known as the "Store of the Child Jesus;" and a competition concern, not to be outdone, has adopted the appropriate title, "Store of the Good Devil.' We once remember to have seen a large transparency in front of a mountebank's tent illustrating the birth of our Saviour. A company in France manufacturing steel pens have adopted the very singular trade-marks which represent the crucifixion of Christ and the descent of the Holy Spirit. Each pen is being stamped with these devices.

HOW TO GET INTO A LONDON CLUB.

THAT blustering and ferocious rascal, Fighting Fitzgerald, who was introduced to Louis XVI. as an Irishman of good descent, who had fought no less than eighteen duels, and always killed his man, once forced his way into Brookes's, and tried to cow the club. The impudent scoundrel, who it was afterward found wore steel cuirasses, and coats quilted with paper, had requested Admiral Keith Stewart, who dared not refuse, to put him up at Brookes's. The ballot was soon over, but not even one white ball was found in the box. The Admiral refused to carry the news to such a desperate madman, and tremulous Mr. Brookes was at last sent to inform Mr. Fitzgerald that unfortunately there had been one black ball in the box, and that there could not be a new election for another month.

Fitzgerald was delighted; he shook Mr. Brookes's damp hand: "I'm chose, I'M CHOSE," he cried, "and I give ye joy; I shall be the best customer ye ever had; but as there has been a slight mistake of one ball, just step up and make my compliments to the gentlemen, and ask them to waive all ceremony and re-elect their humble servant while he is finishing his coffee."

The members were panic-struck; some horrible catastrophe was evidently impending. At last the Earl of March (afterward Duke of Queensbury) said, "—— his Irish impudence, let's try *two* balls this time."

On Mr. Brookes informing the dangerous intruder of the result of this second balloting, Fitzgerald sent up and told them to try again, but bedad to make no more mistakes, as it was getting late.

A third time Mr. Brookes descended, at the request of General Fitzpatrick, and told the duelist that this time he was blackballed all over, and it was therefore hoped by the club that he would not persist in thrusting himself into society that begged to decline his company.

"I see it's a mistake altogether, Mr. Brookes," Fitzgerald said, "and there's nothing like daling with principals. I'll step up at once and put the thing to rights."

In vain Brookes, "the man who blushed to be repaid," protested against this subversion of all etiquette. Fitzgerald threatened to throw him over the balusters for daring to stop a "jontleman." He strode into the room and made a low bow, when the members rose indignantly.

"Your servant, jontlemen. I beg ye will be sated."

He first walked up to the fire, and addressed poor Admiral Stewart. "So, my dear Admiral, Mr. Brookes informs me that I have been elected three times?"

"You have been balloted for, Mr. Fitzgerald, three times, but I am sorry to say you have not been chosen."

"Well, then, did you blackball me?" flared out the duelist.

"My good Sir, how could you suppose such a thing?"

"Oh, I *supposed* no such thing, my dear fellow; I only want to know who it was who dropped in the black balls—by accident, of course."

Fitzgerald then went up to each individual, and put the same ordeal question seriatim:

"Did you blackball me, Sir?"

In every case the Admiral's courteous and jesuitical answer was returned. Every one was silent as Fitzgerald stood in the midst and addressed them as if they had been frightened children.

"You see, jontlemen, as none of ye blackballed me I *must* be *chose*, and it's Misther Brookes that has made the mistake. I was convinced of it from the beginning, and I'm only sorry so much time has been lost. Waither, come here, you rashcal, and bring me a bottle

of Champagne till I drink long life to the club, and wish them joy of their unanimous election of a raal jontleman by father and mother" (here every one laughed), "and a jontleman *that never missed his man.*" (Here every one grew more serious than before.)

There was but one remedy—to send the scoundrel to that quiet, cool place, Coventry; and so every one did. Admiral Stewart stole off as soon as he could. The rest sat down to their whist-tables, and made no reply to Fitzgerald's observations and nods and toasts, over his three bottles of wine. At last the ruffian rose, made a low bow, and took his leave.

"Jontlemen," he said, "I bid you all good-night, and I am very glad to find ye so sociable. I'll take care to come earlier next night, and we'll have a little more of it, plase God."

The moment the vaporing bully and assassin left, it was unanimously agreed that half-a-dozen strong-armed constables should be in ambush on the next evening, to lay the Irishman by the heels, and bear him off to the watch-house if he intruded. He never showed himself again; but he boasted every where in town that he had been unanimously chosen a member of Brookes's.

AN ARAB LOVE-SONG.

I HID my love, when near you,
  My pain for your sweet sake;
But now that you are absent,
  My heart must speak or break!
God save you from such passion!
  It never knows despair;
For whether kind or cruel,
  You are the only fair!

You will not see me, sweetest!
  Nor answer, when I call;
But I will follow, follow
  Beyond the giant's wall!
Go, shut your door against me,
  I will not doubt or fear;
God still leaves one door open—
  The door of hope, my dear!

Could I have loved another,
  That time is now no more:
I cover with my kisses
  The threshold of your door!
Open the door of pity,
  And hear my burning sigh,
For absent from you longer
  Is sadder than to die!

BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY;

OR, THE

Adventures and Misadventures of Robert Ainsleigh.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW I BECAME AN ORPHAN.

I WAS pacing the long corridor of the upper story in a despondent frame of mind, when the door of my lady's dressing-room opened, and Mrs. Grimshaw emerged, more than usually sour of visage.

"You are wanted by my lady," she said on seeing me. "I have been urging upon her that such an idle life as you are leading is not the way to fit a young man for earning his living, and she is so good as to acknowledge the wisdom of my remarks."

"You are very obliging with advice that has not been invited," I answered; "but since I doubt if you have ever wished me well, I should be grateful if you would abstain from all interference with my affairs."

I knew that whatever influence this woman brought to bear upon my fate would be of an adverse nature, and I could not patiently brook her calm tone of patronage and superiority. She gave me a malignant glance, muttered something about a beggar on horseback, and passed on, while I went to Lady Barbara's dressing-room, a spacious and cheerful apartment, hung with prints and chalk drawings, and furnished with japanned cabinets containing shells, dried flowers, Indian china, and many valuable curios of the monster tribe. It was the room my lady had occupied as a girl, and which she preferred to any other apartment at Hauteville. A large embroidered screen in tent stitch, representing the meeting of Joseph and his brethren, testified to Lady Barbara's girlish industry, and half a dozen dogs of the pug species sprawling on a rug before the sunniest of the windows, revealed the hobby of her childless matronhood.

She was writing as I entered, but closed her desk immediately, and looked up at me with an affectionate smile.

"Sit you down here, Robert," she said, pointing to a stool at her feet; and I seated myself there, and took the hand which she offered me. Thus seated, we seemed like mother and son.

"Robert," she began, presently, "I think you know that I love you."

"Yes, indeed, dear Madam; and your affection has made me very happy."

"Will you cease to believe in that affection if I should be obliged to make you unhappy?"

"I can not believe that you will ever act unkindly."

"Not willingly, Robert, God knows. But you remember what Shakspeare makes his Hamlet say: we must sometimes 'be cruel, only to be kind.' Dear boy, I think we have all been too happy here; you and I and Dora Hemsley. Do you remember what I told you about Dora when we first came?"

"I am not likely to forget it," I answered, gloomily.

"It was my manner of warning you, Robert. I can not thwart my husband's wishes with reference to his niece and ward; I can not, Robert, even to serve you. He was very generous when I asked leave to adopt you, poor orphan child; and it would ill repay his goodness if you became the instrument to bring about the disappointment of his favorite scheme. He has set his heart upon his son's marriage with Dora, and it must take place; or, at least, you and I must do nothing to prevent it."

"God forbid it should ever come to pass!" I cried.

"Why, Robert, have you any thing to say against Everard Lestrange?"

"Not much, except that I do not like him; and I can scarce tell you wherefore. *Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare*—"

"Heavens, how like that was said to your father! Ah, Robert, I doubt you inherit his headstrong, impetuous disposition."

I smiled, remembering how quiet and submissive had been my youth; and yet I was inclined to doubt whether under certain exceptional circumstances a fiery spirit, to which I was at present a stranger, might not reveal himself as my master. Surely if for every man there watches and prays a good angel, so each has his familiar demon, an invisible director stronger than himself, who leads him where he would not go, and urges him to deeds he would fain leave undone.

"Robert," said my benefactress suddenly, after a little pause, "I have watched you and Dora together, and I think it would be well for the peace, nay, indeed, for the honor of both, that you should part."

"I am ready, Madam," cried I, springing to my feet with a start. "I know that there is a gulf between that bright angel and me. Send me away this day, this minute. I am ready to go."

I dashed a tear from my eyes as I spoke. My lady watched me with a sad, perplexed face.

"Oh, Robert," she cried, "has it come to this?"

"Yes," I answered. "Your warning has been forgotten; I love her. I will not come between your step-son and his fortune. I love her; but I am not so base a viper as to sting the breast that has warmed and sheltered me. I will not bring trouble on you, dear lady. From these lips Dora Hemsley shall never hear that she is beloved. Oh, let me go; let me leave this dear place, where for the last few months I have tasted such dangerous, such fatal happiness!"

"Yes, Robert, you must go. It will be wisest and best that you should begin life at once; and your future will be my care, dear boy, do not doubt that. And so my gentle Dora has won your heart? 'Tis but a boy's love, a brief fever, more easily cured than you can believe while the disease rages. But do you know, Robert, that I have heard of another passion of yours?"

"How, Madam?"

"That pretty brown-eyed girl at the warrener's lodge, Margery Hawker—what of her, Robert?"

"She is my foster-sister, and as dear to me as ever sister was to brother; who told you she was more than that, Lady Barbara?"

"I have been *told* nothing; but I have had hints."

"Shame on the hinters, Madam! People who mean well can afford to speak plainly. I can guess who is at the bottom of this."

"Perhaps there are more than you think, Robert. Do not be so angry. If you have pledged your heart to poor little Margery, keep your faith with her. Better to have a peasant-girl for your wife than a guilty conscience and the bitter memory of having broken an honest woman's heart."

"I swear to you, dear Madam, that Margery has never been more to me than my foster-sister, and never will be. I know that she is beautiful—lovelier than Miss Hemsley; but she has never touched my heart, as one look of that young lady's touched me on the first night of her coming here. I think there must be some element of magic in such spells, innocent as they seem."

"I can not doubt you when you speak so boldly. But oh, Robert, let there be no broken hearts—no ruined lives. There has been too much of that already."

I looked at her wonderingly, and she answered my inquiring glance.

"Your father's heart and mine, Robert—your father's life and mine—both broken, both ruined, for want of a little more candor, a little more patience, a little more constancy. I loved him so dearly! Yes, that is why you are as dear to me as ever only son was to doting mother. I can not tell you how happy we were as boy and girl together, or how devoted he seemed to me. I know that in those days he was all truth, all goodness. There was no hidden evil in that proud young heart. He had his faults, perhaps, but they were the failings of a knight-errant. Who can say that Sir Philip Sidney was faultless? and we know that Raleigh was a sinner. His errors were ever those of a great mind. O God, how easy it is for me to pardon and pity him now, I who was so unforgiving then, when my pardon could have saved him! When he came from the University I thought him changed, and there was one about me who took care to call my attention to the change, and by-and-by to assign a cause for it. Martha Peyton, now Martha Grimshaw, my conscientious, confidential, trust-worthy maid, discovered an incipient intrigue of my cousin's, and brought me speedy news of it. Mr. Ainsleigh was always hanging about Parson Lester's vicarage, she told me. Mr. Lester was a hunting-parson, renowned for his knowledge of horses and his veterinary skill, and this might fairly be the magnet that drew Roderick to his house. But my confidential maid would not have me think this. Mr. Lester had an only daughter, a pretty, empty-headed girl, and Martha hinted that it was for her sake my cousin haunted the vicarage. I had seen the girl at church, and had invited her to tea in my dressing-room, and given her a cast-off gown now and then, to the aggravation of my confidential Martha, who was inclined to be jealous of intruders. I knew that Amelia Lester was weak, and frivolous, and pretty, and I believed my informant. I had no civil word for my cousin after this, and would hear neither explanations nor apologies, which at first he fain would have made. The breach grew wider day by day. Oh, Robert, I was madly, wickedly jealous. I hated my rival, my false lover, myself, the whole world. One day I met Roderick and Amelia together in the park, the girl simpering and blushing under her hat, my cousin with the conqueror's easy, self-satisfied air. He did not even blush on meeting me, but passed me by with a cool nod and smile of defiance, while Miss Amelia dropped me a low courtesy, with her eyes cast modestly to the ground. After this meeting I scarcely deigned to speak to my cousin, and suffered unspeakable torments with a haughty countenance. Women have a genius for self-torture. I would have given worlds to bring Roderick to my feet, to be assured that I alone was beloved by him. Yet I obstinately repelled his advances, and neglected every opportunity of reconciliation."

"Your mind had been poisoned, dear Madam," I said; for I knew but too well Mrs. Grimshaw's hard, cruel nature, and could now perceive that her hatred was a heritage that came to me from my father, whom she had pursued with that fury which the poets tell us to be worse than the hate of hell.

"Yes, my mind had been poisoned," replied my lady; "my confidante, from pure conscientiousness, no doubt—but there are no people can wound like these conscientious friends—kept me informed of my cousin's doings. His visits to the vicarage were notorious. Miss Lester had boasted every where of her conquest. 'Every where' is a vague word; but I was too angry, too miserable, to insist upon particulars. And then, was I not heiress of Hauteville? and should my cousin affect the most ardent devotion, how could I believe him? My confidante took occasion to remind me of my wealth; these prudent people have such sordid notions. Had I known the world then as I know it now, Robert, I should have valued your father so much the more for the pride that held him aloof from me after my numerous repulses had chilled and wounded him. But I believed myself deserted and betrayed for a person whom I considered my inferior; and when my father's anger was aroused by the discovery of certain debts which Roderick had concealed from him, I made no attempt to act as peace-maker. Then came a long and stormy interview, which resulted in my cousin's abrupt departure from Hauteville, never again to sleep beneath this roof. He went without a word of farewell. My father declared he would return, and I too hoped long in the face of despair. Oh, Robert, for me those were the days of retribution. What a long heart-sickness, what weary agony! For a year I listened and watched for Roderick Ainsleigh's return. Every sound of a horse's hoofs in the distance, every sudden stroke of the great bell, every messenger or letter-carrier who came to this old place, raised a hope that was awakened only to be disappointed. My confidential maid fell ill of the small-pox soon after my cousin's departure, but that fatal malady passed me by, though I would fain have courted any death-stroke. Within six months of Roderick's disappearance Amelia Lester left her father's house, secretly, as it was rumored, though the parson affected to know where she was. She had gone to some relations in Somersetshire, he said, and as no one but he had any right to be angry the assertion was suffered to pass unchallenged; except by Martha Peyton, who contrived to extort the truth from a servant at the vicarage. The young lady had been missing one morning, and the father had raged and stormed for a while, and then had cursed her for a worthless hussy, saying that no doubt she had run after Roderick Ainsleigh, about whom her head had been turned for the last three years. This was the story Martha told me, and she wanted to bring the vicarage servant to confirm it. I told her I required no confirmation of my cousin's baseness, and that she need trouble herself no more about my affairs. But the blow struck none the less severely because I was too proud to show the pain. I was so steeped in misery that my father's sudden death shocked me much less than it would have done at any other time; and when it was suggested that I should visit an aunt in London, I consented listlessly, with some faint sense of relief in the idea of leaving Hauteville."

"And there came no tidings of my father, even on the death of his benefactor?"

"No; but I have since had reason to believe that Roderick attended his uncle's funeral. A black-cloaked figure appeared among the group around the mausoleum in the park. The funeral was celebrated at night, and the stranger, who kept aloof from the rest of the mourners, drew upon himself the notice of the torch-bearers. One of these afterward declared that he had seen either Mr. Ainsleigh or his ghost."

"And did you never see him again, Lady Barbara?"

"Never, Robert, never. No sign reached me to tell if he were still among the living. I will not enter into the manifold reasons that prompted my marriage, which was never in any sense a love-match. Sir Marcus knew that I had no heart to give, and was content to accept my esteem and obedience. Nor have either of us, I believe, had reason to repent our union. Sir Marcus has ever proved a kind and indulgent husband, and my life has been happier than that of many a woman who marries for love. But I have not forgotten my girlhood, Robert, and all my old hopes and dreams and troubles come back to me when I look upon your face."

She opened her desk and handed me an oval morocco-case, containing a miniature. I recognized the countenance I had seen in the oil-painting shown me by Anthony Grimshaw, that dark strongly-marked face which bore so close a resemblance in feature and complexion to my own.

"You grow more like him every day," said my lady. "That miniature was his only gift to me. 'Twas taken before doubt or anger had arisen between us."

"And did you never hear more of him, Madam?"

"Yes, Robert. Six months after my marriage a letter reached me—a letter from my cousin Roderick. It was long and wild, telling me how I had been beloved, and how my coldness had angered that proud heart. I have the letter in this desk, but every word of it is burned into my memory, ineffaceable as the graver's work upon metal. 'If I could not be happy with her I loved, I could at least be wretched with one who loved me,' he wrote; 'and I found a faithful creature, Barbara, who was gladder to unite herself to my broken fortunes than a wiser woman would have been to follow a better man.' And then my poor proud Roderick went on to confess that he had fallen very low, so low that his sole hope for the partner of his wretchedness rested on my compassion. 'And you showed a great contempt for this poor creature once, Barbara,' he added."

"He had married the parson's daughter, then?"

"Ay, Robert, she was the sharer of his sorrows."

"Will you let me see my father's letter, Madam?"

My lady hesitated for some few moments, and then took the paper from a secret drawer of her desk.

"I know not whether I am wise, Robert," she said, "but perhaps it is best you should learn all that I can tell you."

She handed me the letter, written on tavern paper, in a bold clear penmanship, which was not without some family resemblance to my own.

Together Lady Barbara and I read the faded lines:

"I stood among the crowd that watched your wedding, cousin," continued the writer, "as I had watched unseen on a former occasion. I needed not the confirmation of that ambitious alliance to prove that you had never loved me. You but yielded to your father's wish that his sister's son should share his daughter's fortune, and were but too glad to find an excuse for breaking my heart. Great Heaven, what a wretch am I to reproach you!—a tavern-haunting, plotting reprobate to dare upbraid my lord embassador's lady because she is cold and cruel, and severed from me by a gulf that fate, or her pride, or my folly has dug between us! Ah, Barbara, I am very tired of this wearisome struggle, this muddled dream of a drunkard, called life. If I should make a sudden sinful end of it, wouldst thou have pity on a poor faithful wretch starving in a lodging near St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street? 'Tis at a dyer's, 17 Monk's Alley, a narrow court betwixt the church and the Temple—hard for a fine lady's footman to find, but not beyond the ken of charity. Go to her soon, Barbara Lestrange, if thou wouldst have one poor woman and her infant snatched from the many who perish unknown under the gracious sway of our beneficent Hanoverian ruler. A helpless woman and an infant cry to you, cousin. The child is of your own blood. But the messenger waits, and my paper will hold no more. I bribe him with my last sixpence to carry this letter to St. James's Square. God grant he may be faithful! God grant Amelia and my child may find you kind! 'Tis perhaps the last prayer of your wretched humble servant,

"RODERICK AINSLEIGH.

"Rose and Crown Tavern, Soho, November 15, 1731.

"N.B. Inquire for Mrs. Adams. I have spared the pride of my family, and am only known to the companions of my poverty as Robert Adams."

"As our evil fortune would have it—and there seemed ever to interpose a cruel fate between Roderick and me—I was away from London when this letter was brought; and the shabbiness of the messenger bespeaking no respect from the porter who received it, the poor letter was laid aside with bills and petitions, and other insignificant papers, to await my return. The date of my cousin's appeal was a week old when I received it, and prompt as I was to seek Monk's Alley, I was too late to see him whose face I so longed to look upon once more. I found only a dying woman—the very ghost of that vain village beauty whom I had known as Amelia Lester—and a sickly child. This poor, wretched soul was too far gone in fever to recognize me. She raved deliriously of her Roderick, and it was piteous to hear her imploring him to come back. Even in this dying state she tried to nourish her child; but the dyer's wife, a decent, charitable creature, who had received no rent for many weeks, took the babe into her care. For a week your mother lingered, Robert, and I visited her daily, and gave her such succor as was possible. She was past cure when I found her."

"And my father, had he deserted her?"

"No, Robert. From the dyer's wife I learned that your father had ever been kind to his companion in misery. He had come home intoxicated sometimes, roaring tipsy songs about wine and women, but had never been harsh to the poor soul, who watched and waited for him, and loved him with unchanging fidelity. Sometimes he had staid at home gloomy and brooding for days together. The woman believed that he had lived by writing political pamphlets for the cheap booksellers. Once he had written something treasonable, and had been threatened with a prosecution,

"SHE OPENED HER DESK AND HANDED ME AN OVAL MOROCCO CASE, CONTAINING A MINIATURE."

and had lain in hiding for weeks together. For a year and a half he had lodged in this mean, stifling alley, in this bare, wretched garret, while all Hanteville, of which he was to have been master, lay dark, and empty, and desolate for want of him. There never was a stable-help in my father's service lodged so meanly as this once-beloved nephew. Ah, Robert, the thought of this stung me to the quick. 'Let him come back, and I will share my fortune with him,' I said to myself, forgetting that my fortune was no longer mine alone, and that I had given another the right to counsel, if not to dictate, my disposal of it."

"And he never came back?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Never. He had been missing a week when I found Amelia. He must have disappeared on the very night when his letter to me was written. But the dyer's wife was not alarmed. He had often absented himself for two or three days at a time, it appeared. Yet 'twas strange, she owned, so kind a gentleman should desert a dying woman. He might have been taken to some prison, for debt, or libel, or treason. I caused the lists of every prison in London to be examined, but did not find my cousin. I sent my agent to the booksellers to inquire for such a pamphlet-writer. One among them knew him well as Mr. Adams of Monk's Alley, and had given him frequent employment, but had of late found no work for him. The town was beginning to tire of patriotism spiced with treason; Church and State had been reviled and ridiculed till not a rag was left from which to spin an essay. If a new Butler had arisen to write a new 'Hudibras,' the book would scarce have sold. I knew by this that Roderick's means of livelihood had failed him before he had written to me; and taking this in conjunction with that hint of a sudden sinful end to his wretchedness, I could but fear that my unhappy cousin had destroyed himself."

"Was he so miserable as to commit that sin?"

"No, Robert, he did not perish by his own hand; yet I know not if his end were less sinful. He fell in a midnight brawl at the tavern where his letter was written, and on the very night on which it was dated—a most wretched, profligate haunt near Soho Square. He had been buried ten days when my agents traced him; and so wretched is the manner in which the poor and friendless are buried in that vast wealthy city, that when I fain would have had the corpse exhumed, that I might look on the familiar face once more, and convey the remains to some more fitting resting-place, I was told that this was impossible. Into those festering charnel-houses where the obscure dead are thrust it is death to enter; nor could the men who buried the nameless stranger remember into which grave they had flung his unknown remains. It was only by means of a letter found upon him that my wretched cousin was traced. This letter—addressed to Mrs. Adams, of Monk's Alley—had been preserved by the keeper of the dead-house where the corpse was carried after the miserable drunkard's brawl in which your unhappy father perished. The man who slew him escaped in the confusion that followed his death. I doubt not that in such places they favor the escape of a murderer rather than be called to bear witness at his trial."

"And the letter, dear Madam—did that tell you much?"

"But little. 'Twas only a few lines of farewell to the unhappy Amelia. It convinced me, however, that my cousin had left her with the intention of never returning. He bequeathed her and his child to my compassion. Whether he had indeed meditated self-slaughter, as his letter hinted, or whether he had intended to seek new fortunes abroad when death by an assassin's hand overtook him, I know not. His ashes rest among the bones of paupers in St. Anne's churchyard, Soho, in which parish is the tavern where he fell; and all that affection could do for his memory was to put up a little tablet in the church, inscribed with his name and the date of his death."

"Affection for his memory has done more than that, dear lady; it has cherished his orphan son."

"That is but a poor atonement, Robert, from her whose pride helped to destroy him. If I could have brought him back to life by the sacrifice of my own I would have done it; but I could do nothing for him, though but two short years before one word of mine might have saved him. This is what makes the burden of our sins so heavy—there is no undoing them. Pride is a luxury that is apt to cost us dear, cousin."

"Did you find a certificate of my mother's marriage among my father's papers, Madam, which I presume you examined?"

"No, Robert. I did indeed ransack an old leather portmanteau crammed with papers, and poor ragged clothing, and tattered books. The papers were for the most part rough proofs of pamphlets and odd pages of manuscript, so scored and blotted as to be almost illegible. Scattered among these were a few tavern-bills and notes from boon companions, signed but with Christian names or initials, and all bespeaking the wild reckless life of him to whom they were addressed."

"And there was nothing more?"

"Nothing. Any more important papers your father had doubtless destroyed, not caring to leave the evidence of his former estate behind him. As he had suppressed his real name, it was natural he should do away with all documents revealing it."

"I am sorry you can give me no record of my mother's marriage," I answered, sadly.

Lady Barbara was silent, and I knew thereby that she doubted whether any religious ceremonial had ever sanctified the luckless union to which I owed my birth.

I inquired presently where my mother was buried.

"In the grave-yard of St. Bride's Church, near which she died," replied Lady Barbara. "Her father had been dead six months when I discovered the poor creature; and to have carried her remains to Pennington, where he had lived, would have been only to cause scandal. It was better that the poor soul should rest in the great city, where all private sorrows and domestic shipwrecks are engulfed and hidden beneath the stormy public sea."

"All that you did was for the wisest, dear Madam," I replied, kissing the beautiful white hand which was the bounteous giver of all my blessings.

"And now, dear Robert, I want to act wisely in the planning your future," my lady said, gently. "I can not give you a fortune, but I hope I may help you to make one. I have concluded that with your learning the Bar would be your best profession; and I would have you proceed to London without delay and enter yourself at the Temple, where you can study at your ease under the direction of a respectable gentleman to whom I can recommend you, and of whose kindness I have no doubt. I shall give you a starting sum of two hundred pounds, and will give you as much every year until your profession shall afford you a comfortable livelihood, since I wish you to live like a gentleman, yet with strict economy. I will not weary you with the hackneyed warnings against the perils of London life, but I will only bid you to remember the sad end of your father's reckless career. If you will not take counsel from that awful lesson, you will be warned by nothing. But I hope much from your love of learning and the natural steadiness of your disposition."

How could I find words to acknowledge so much goodness! I knelt at my cousin's feet and kissed the dear hands, which I bedewed this time with grateful tears.

"Come, come, Robert, you take these things too seriously," cried my lady, with affected gayety. "Let us talk of your journey. Foolish boy, I am in haste to be rid of you! Shall you be ready to leave us in a week?"

"It is my duty to be ready whenever you please."

"Ah, Robert, do you think it pleases me to banish you? But Sir Marcus would have no mercy if you came between him and his ambition. Yes, in a week, dear child; it will be best and wisest."

I was still kneeling at the generous creature's feet. She laid her hand lightly upon my hair, and bent her stately head until her lips touched my forehead; and with a tender motherly kiss she dismissed me.

DJOMBA FATOUMA, QUEEN OF MOHILLA.

WE give herewith a striking illustration of the Queen of Mohilla, Djomba Fatouma, who is just now creating a great sensation in Paris, whither she has gone on a diplomatic mission, to settle some differences which have arisen between her government and the commandant of a French frigate, who lately bombarded her island in retaliation for some slight affront. This African queen is in many respects a remarkable woman. She has four ministers, and a general, who commands an army of fifteen hundred men, equipped in the European fashion. This army she reviews herself, to the sound of guitars, fifes, and tambourines. She rules supreme in her island, where she and her family are the only free persons, all the rest being slaves, including the four ministers and the general. The whole island belongs to Queen Fatouma, who is the daughter of the Prince of Madagascar. She is thirty-one years old, and has been married twice, the first time, at fourteen, to an old Arab, a relative of the Sultan of Zanzibar. She has three children, the eldest of which holds the reins of government during his mother's absence.

Queen Fatouma is possessed of considerable personal beauty. Her features are regular, her hair thick, soft, and glossy, and her complexion very dark. She has received a European education, and speaks French without accent. Her singular jewels, and the bright colors of her dress, in which red and yellow predominate, help to make her conspicuous: it is said that the fashion of the former dates back to the primitive ages of Egypt and Ethiopia, from which races she is supposed to have sprung. She clings to her crown with strange tenacity, wearing it every where—in the cars, at home, and at the opera. At Paris she resides at the Grand Hotel, where she is accompanied by her general, several ladies of honor, and a suite of domestics, chief among whom is the sacrificer, whose duty it is to kill all the animals served on Queen Fatouma's table. She is the lion of the day at Paris; crowds flock together to see her as she passes, and Fatouma skirts, bonnets, and cravats are displayed in all the shop-windows. She has been received at Fontainebleau by the Emperor and Empress with great kindness—this graciousness being the sole atonement she is likely to gain for her affront. Mohilla, the domain of the Princess, is one of the Comoro Isles, situated in the Mozambique Channel, and remarkable for its delightful climate and exquisite fruits and flowers. It is styled by travelers a natural orchard and flower-garden.

DJOMBA FATOUMA, QUEEN OF MOHILLA.

GEORGE SAND.

ABOUT six hours from ancient and sombre Chateauroux, the capital of the Indre department, in the former Duchy of Berry, there lies, on a beautiful knoll, the charming Château Nohant. The windows of this château—which is not a very old structure, and partly built in the rococo style—look brightly upon the excellent turnpike leading past a small and exceedingly neat-looking village, behind which extend the meadows, the park, and garden of the château.

Here lives the greatest authoress of France, Madame Aurora Dudevant, better known as George Sand. Here she passed already the earliest years of her life; here her grandmother, Madame Dupin de Francueil, gave her the most singular education, teaching her horsemanship, swordsmanship, and marksmanship; and during the numerous excursions which she made in those years through the neighboring country, young Aurora filled her imagination with the pictures of those châteaux, villages, and personages we meet with in so many of her works. Her grandmother finally deemed it best to send the willful and impetuous young girl for several years to a convent, in order that, under the influence of that monotonous life, her exuberant spirits might cool down. But nothing of the kind had yet taken place when she was called back to Nohant to bid a last farewell to her dying grandmother. Soon after—she was scarcely sixteen years of age—she was married to a Captain Dudevant, who was neither a marquis, nor even descended from a good family, but head over ears in debt, and enamored more of Aurora's wealth and of her handsome château than of his young wife, who, it is true, was not beautiful, but wonderfully accomplished and gifted, and possessed of a heart longing to be loved and appreciated. Lansac, in her novel "Valentine," is a striking portrait of M. Dudevant, who pursued the same course as Lansac toward his unhappy wife. When his young wife spoke to him of the grief that filled her ardent heart, he scorned and derided her; when she wept and complained, he sought to amuse himself elsewhere; when she finally determined to separate from him, he raised no objections whatever, provided she should leave him in the undisturbed possession of her fortune and of Château Nohant. He allowed her twelve hundred francs a year, and upon this small sum Aurora Dudevant lived with her two children in a garret in Paris until, in 1832, she began to earn money and fame by entering the path of literature.

GEORGE SAND.

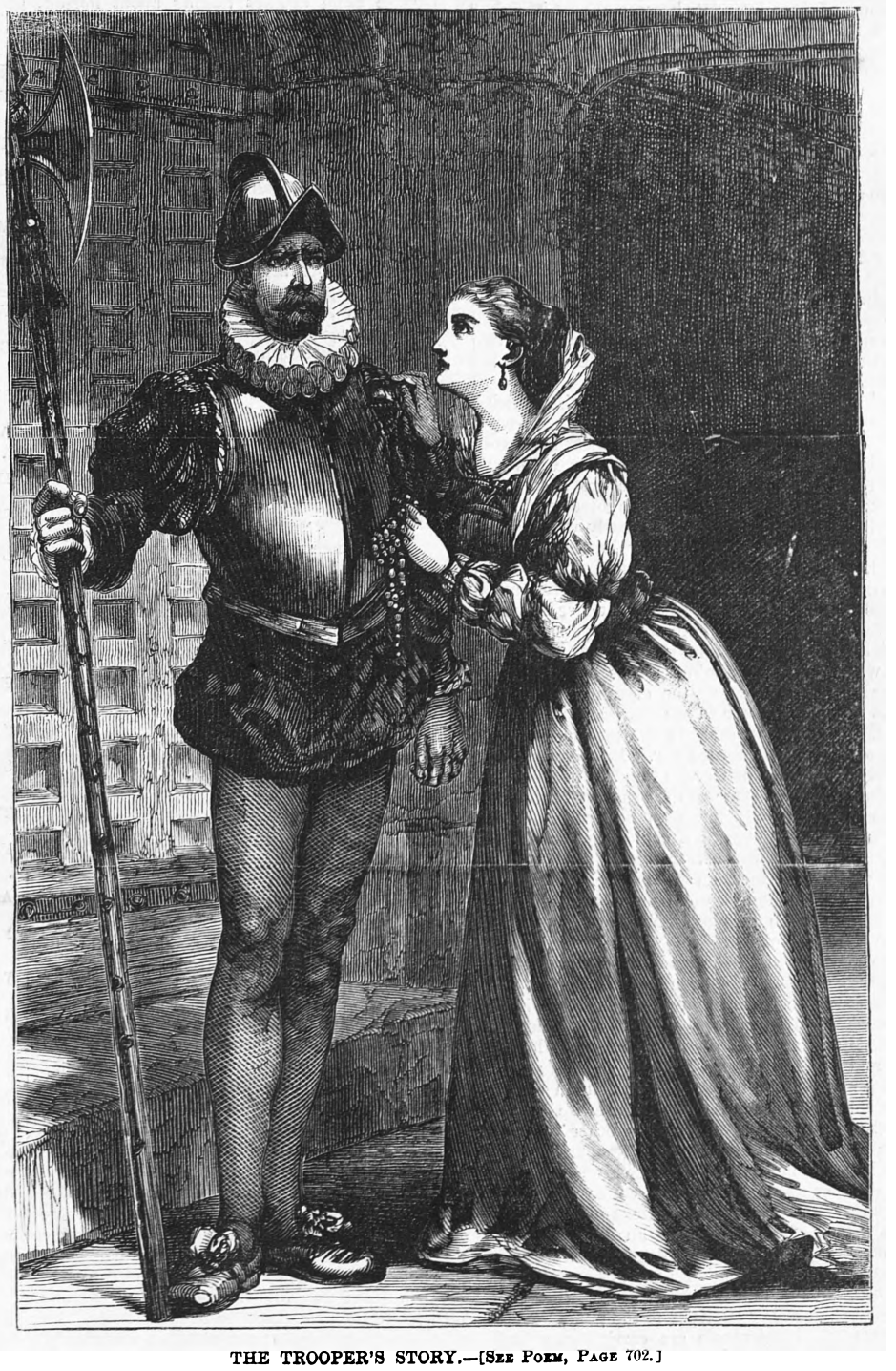
Poverty made her an author, like so many others who subsequently obtained great celebrity. At the outset of her literary career she wrote for the Paris *Figaro*. Henri de Latouche, then editor of that influential journal, a gifted poet and especially renowned and revered as the kind-hearted mentor of so many struggling young authors, introduced the poor deserted wife of twenty-seven to the literary public. He discerned at once her latent talent, and told her not to lose heart when all her earliest articles proved to be below mediocrity.

It was not until Jules Sandeau assisted her in her literary labors that Aurora Dudevant acquired the necessary routine. Sandeau was her friend, not to say her lover; he accompanied her everywhere; he took the utmost pains to promote her interests, and he lent her his able pen to impart more polish and fluency to her literary efforts. She confessed afterward that she did not love him, but esteemed him as a friend; however, she treated him somewhat ungratefully, for she separated from him as soon as she had reached the top of the ladder of fame, which he had helped her to climb. Be this as it may, it was together with Jules Sandeau that she wrote the novel "Rose and Blanche," which was published in 1832, and for which the two authors obtained from the publisher, not without a great deal of trouble, the wonderful remuneration of one hundred francs. The author's name, as stated on the title-page, was "George Sand," which Madame Dudevant henceforth adopted as her *nom de plume*, and on which she was not long in shedding a lustre completely eclipsing its father, Jules Sandeau.

"Rose and Blanche" had but a small sale, and met with a rather discouraging reception at the hands of the critics; but kind-hearted M. de Latouche urged her not to despair, but to try again and again. George Sand then wrote the novel "Indiana," which appeared first in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for 1832, and "Indiana" rendered George Sand famous.

The extraordinary sensation which this work created in literary and social circles was enhanced by the lawsuit which she had commenced against her husband. This lawsuit had socially almost the same importance as the famous suit brought by Baron Beaumarchais against Goetzman, the parliamentary counselor, had had politically. Behind Beaumarchais, as well as behind Madame Dudevant, stood a great principle. We must bear in mind that at the time when this gifted and unhappy wife demanded of her unworthy husband the restoration of her fortune, of which he had robbed her, society, literature, and especially the female world, both in France and Germany, were full of the teachings of Saint Simonism, and the ideas of emancipating society, and above all, reforming the relations between man and wife. *Le Père Enfantin* still haunted the minds of a great many, Saint Simonism preached its theories, woman and her position became subjects of profound philosophical investigation, emancipation clubs were formed—"Young Germany," Gutzkow's "Wally," Mundt's "Madonna," the writings of Wienberg, Laube, and Kühne advocated the same principles, and frightened even the sleepy German Diet. And now there arose a woman, an authoress, who carried all these theories into effect, and boldly struggled for the rights of her sex against the

MORNING DREAMS.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 702.]



THE TROOPER'S STORY.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 702.]

pretended superiority of the "Lords of Creation." George Sand gained her lawsuit, and the excitement of society subsided. The courts granted her a decree of perpetual separation from M. Dudevant, her fortune and château were restored to her, and now she was generous enough to grant, in her turn, a considerable pension to her former husband.

Thus she went back as *châtelaine* to Nohant. She had left it as a fugitive wife; she returned to it triumphant, and as a celebrated authoress whose novels filled all Europe with astonishment and admiration, and rendered her even during her lifetime, and young as she still was, a veritable myth. George Sand! That name had become the designation of an audacious woman, rebelling against the laws of society, defying the dictates of conventional morality, and representing the incarnation of female emancipation. Great Heavens, what stories were told about her! She rode on horseback, she fenced with broadswords, she practiced at pistol-galleries like a young lieutenant of the line. She had promenaded in male attire on the Boulevards of Paris, boldly blowing the blue smoke of her cigarette into the faces of shocked young ladies, loafing on the corners arm in arm with young Bohemians, brandishing her riding-whip, laughing as loudly and defiantly as a captain of dragoons; in short, horribly eccentric in every respect—a sort of female monster!

Hundreds of anecdotes were related to characterize her singularities, and to illustrate the fantastic turn of her genius. Mice were converted into elephants, and slander, falsehood, and the proneness of men to make what is singular look even more singular, finally created a George Sand that did not exist at all, but was a mere myth. Paris, gossiping, scandal-loving Paris, was the hot-bed of all the strange rumors circulating in regard to her, and abroad people repeated and even magnified these ridiculous stories.

The pamphleteers and *feuilletonistes* never tired of relating fresh traits, mostly fictitious or grossly exaggerated, about her, and a great many people looked upon her as an audacious virago, mocking and defying public opinion. Indiscreet curiosity constantly dogged her steps. No means were left untried by silly Paul Prys to gain access to her, even though it were but for a moment. All sorts of disguises were resorted to for that purpose; nay, one exceedingly inquisitive individual donned the sooty garb of a chimney-sweep in order to penetrate into her house. As the *châtelaine* of Nohant was not disposed to exhibit herself, like another Miss Pastrana, to all eccentric Englishmen, literary tourists, and impertinent intruders generally, she kept within the circle of a few intimate acquaintances, and it was not very easy to gain access to her without excellent recommendations. When the impertinence of these intruders became almost intolerable the authoress not unfrequently resented it by mystifying them in a very ludicrous manner. Thus a lawyer, who insisted on forming the acquaintance of George Sand, was solemnly introduced to her *femme de chambre*, while Madame Dudevant and her daughter, concealed in an alcove, laughingly witnessed the amusing spectacle. The lawyer spoke a few days afterward in terms of ecstatic admiration of the wonderfully interesting interview he had with the celebrated authoress, and came near being challenged to mortal combat for remarking in a tone of sincere regret that George Sand had already lost her teeth. On another occasion her son Maurice donned his mother's dress, and then walked past a number of English tourists who were lying in wait for the lady of Nohant on the terrace of a neighboring inn.

The original of the fanciful portraits which have been drawn of George Sand differs very widely from them; nay, it is by far less interesting than they would indicate. When I visited her I had really thought that she was a sort of Amazon, and that she rather delighted in showing her eccentricities. How greatly was I surprised to see before me a lady looking like a good, simple *bourgeoise* and housewife! Every thing about her was natural, unaffected, and in good taste. She was plying her needle very busily, even during the animated conversation in which six or seven persons participated, and told us with charming frankness that she and her daughter always got up the costumes for their little amateur theatre in the *château*, which, she said, added considerably to the pleasure which those theatricals afforded her. It is one of the favorite pastimes of George Sand to perform in conjunction with some of the peasants of the little village, which belongs to her, such of her plays as have met with a cool reception at the hands of the Parisians. Besides, all her new plays are performed on this stage. She tests them in this manner, and does not permit any Parisian theatre to play them until they have been tried at Nohant.

So the impression she made upon me was that of a very sensible lady—a model of propriety and common-sense. On another occasion a visitor found her cutting a dress pattern, and when he looked at her in amazement, she burst into laughter and exclaimed: "*Oui, c'est moi, cela vous étonne?*" Nay, I have no hesitation in saying that I believe she is a better housewife than a great many women who have no other vocation than that. Not only does she sew, embroider, and knit; she also attends to the kitchen, makes delicious sweetmeats, and the coffee which she prepares has often thrown Alexandre Dumas, that prince of *gourmets*, into an ecstasy of delight. That she is an excellent *châtelaine* may be ascertained by a chat with any of her villagers. All of them love and revere her as a mother, and she is lavish in her charities to the poor. Agriculture and horticulture are carried to a high state of perfection on her estate; and the numerous allusions in her works to such subjects are based on facts and on her own experience, and not, as has been generally supposed, merely drawn from her wonderful imagination. Beggars and want do not exist in the neighborhood of Nohant; and there is not a villager, not an humble servant, but whose name she knows, and whom she treats as a member of her family. Not a wedding is celebrated in the neighborhood until she has returned from Paris to the *château;* and when she is at Nohant she is present at every baptism and funeral.

As people generally entertain entirely erroneous opinions in regard to her manners and conduct, so they have formed very ridiculous ideas concerning her personal appearance. She does not look like a fantastic and eccentric woman; on the contrary, she makes such an impression of simplicity that those who see her can at first blush scarcely believe that she is George Sand, the great George Sand! Her face looks so quiet, so sober, so dull, that some of her enemies declared her to be a sheepish-looking woman, which she herself laughingly said was quite true. At all events, he who meets her for the first time is certain to be greatly disappointed. She is of medium height and quite corpulent. Her once jet-black, now gray hair, which she wears in a very plain manner, does not add to the intellectual expression of her head. Her nose is large, almost too large for the face, whose fine, soft lineaments indicate infinite mildness and kind-heartedness. Her mouth bears the same masculine expression as her nose, and her lips and chin seem to point to a rather sensual nature. But her fine, smooth, and expansive forehead, surmounting her round face, shows that her brains may bring forth mighty thoughts, however dull her countenance may look at first blush. Her eyes, too, seem to grow more and more remarkable the longer you look at them: they are so shapely, so gentle, so grave; there is trembling in them a melancholy which must have risen from the depths of her heart.

The longer we gaze into these deep eyes the more distinctly we feel that we have to deal with a woman of genius, whose plain outward appearance must not mislead us. This impression grows more and more irresistible when her lips open and the sonorous tones of her voice fall on our ears, and pour forth words of wondrous beauty. The fire of her thoughts then flashes and sparkles in her eyes, the housewife, as it were, vanishes from our view, and in her place appears a Muse—George Sand. The weak and mild, too mild expression of her features undergoes a marked change during our conversation with her; the face loses its former character, and grace is now enthroned on it instead of simple, unaffected kind-heartedness—genius, bright, radiant genius, instead of dull prosiness—the various lineaments are blended in a harmonious whole, and an expression of mild dignity and gravity beams from her countenance.

George Sand dislikes talking about herself, and even about literature. In her whole demeanor there is not a trace of the pains which so many French authoresses take to say sharp and witty things on all occasions. George Sand, who, in her novels, is the most sensitive and, withal, the most revolutionary, fiery, and defiant authoress, is in social intercourse perfectly dispassionate, conciliatory, and amiable. Her conversation, so far from being pretentious, is always modest and almost timid, although she can be very eloquent. Contradiction never exasperates her, and when it becomes too imperious, she repeats her previous argument in kind and calm, but somewhat peremptory language. She knows not only how to write and speak well, but also how to listen and keep silence. She dislikes debating and expatiating at great length on any subject, but pronounces in a few words in favor of an opinion, or as briefly declares her dissent.

Madame Dudevant and George Sand, in effect, are widely different characters, both in their principles and feelings. Madame Dudevant is a model mother and housewife. George Sand is a demoniacal nature that has thrown a blazing torch into society.

ORIGIN OF THE TEA-PLANT.

THE Chinese tell the following curious legend concerning the origin of the tea-plant:

Darma, a very religious prince, son of Kasinwo, an Indian king, and the twenty-eighth descendant of Tiaka, a negro monarch (1023 B.C.), landed in China in the year 510. Probably a Brahmin or a Buddhist of great austerity, he employed all his care to diffuse a sense of religion, and for this purpose denied himself rest, sleep, and relaxation. He lived in the open air, and devoted himself day and night to prayer and contemplation of the nature and beneficence of God, aiming at eventual absorption into the Divine Essence when purified by long prayer, fast, and vigil. Flesh is flesh, however. After several years, worn out by want of food and sleep, Darma the great and good involuntarily closed his eyes, and after that slept soundly, reckless of any thing but rest. Before dawn he awoke, full of sorrow and despair at having thus broken his vow, snatched up a knife and cut off both his offending eyelids. When it grew light he discovered that two beautiful shrubs had grown from them, and eating some of the leaves, he was presently filled with new joy, courage, and strength to pursue his holy meditations. The new plant was the tea-plant, and Darma recommended the use of it to his disciples and followers. Kempfer gives a portrait of this Chinese and Japanese saint, at whose feet there is always a reed to indicate that he had traversed seas and rivers, and had come from afar.

The legend seems to prove that from the earliest times tea was known among students and austere people as a dispeller of drowsiness. Its first use was no doubt accidental, as was that of coffee, the virtues of which, the Arab legend says, were discovered by some goats who had browsed on leaves of the coffee-plant, and became unusually lively after their meal. It is a singular fact, too, that Jesuit writers who visited China in the reign of James I. expressly state that they used the herb tea common among the Chinese, and found that it kept their eyes open and lessened the fatigue of writing sermons and hearing absolutions that lasted late into the night. No doubt the figure of Darma and his reed could be found on old China.

MORNING DREAMS.

See Illustration on page 701.

ALL the rosy chamber
Noontide glory dyes;
Like an infant sleeping
Still my lady lies.

Softly midnight slumbers
Weary eyelids close;
But the dreamful morning
Sweetens sweet repose.

Dark are dreams of darkness,
Gloomy with the night;
But the morning vision
Brightens to the light.

So, my lady sleeping,
Softly, sweetly smiles,
As a dream of rapture
All her heart beguiles.

She awaits her lover,
And the hour is late;
But how sweet the waiting
When for *one* we wait!

In the garden shadows
They embrace again:
Ah, the happy meeting!
Ah, the parting pain!

But she clasps his letter,
Clasps it to her heart;
Wherefore, then, this anguish,
Why this waking start?

From her breast its treasure
Some one snatching takes:
"Ah, my stolen letter!"
Moaning, she awakes.

"Chocolate, my lady?"
Betty softly cries.
"My letter!" "Here, my lady,
On the ground it lies."

Fallen from her fingers,
On the ground it gleams;
So end my lady's troubles
And her morning dreams.

THE TROOPER'S STORY.

See Illustration on page 701.

Do I plead guilty to it? yea, I do;
For I have never lied, and shall not now;
But give me a dog's leave to say a word
Touching what happened, and the why and how.

The night-guard went their rounds that night at one;
My post was in the lower dungeon range,
Down level with the moat, all slime and ooze,
And damp: but there, 'tis fit we change and change,

We sentinels. Besides, 'twas in a sort
The place of honor, or of trust, we'll say;
For in the cell there with the mortised door
The young boy-lord, guilty of treason, lay.

Well, with my partisan I'd tramped an hour
Down in the dark there—just a lantern hung
By the wet wall—when close at hand I heard
My own name spoken by a woman's tongue.

My hair was like to lift my morion up,
For the keep's haunted; but I turned, to see
A woman like a ghost—white face, all white,
Ready to drop, and not a yard from me.

How she had come there God in heaven knows.
However, long before my tongue I'd found,
She tore out of her hair the white pearls, big
As pigeons' eggs, and then dropt to the ground.

"One word!" she said, "only one word with him;
He dies to-morrow! See, my pearls I give,
My bracelets too"—she slipt them from her arms—
"One word, and I will bless you while I live!

"Your face is stern. Oh, but one word, one word!"
With my big hand I set her on her feet;
But she clung to me, would not be thrust off,
Still pleading in a bird's voice, soft and sweet.

"Only one word with him!" that was her plea;
One word; he would be dead at break of day!
She wept till all her pretty face was wet,
And my heart melted: yea, she had her way.

They spoke together. Did I hear? Not I;
Best ask me if I took her bribes. Well, there,
You know the rest—know how yon Judas-spy,
Yon starveling cur, crawled down the winding-stair;

And how he caught the bird fast in the cage,
And made report of me with eager breath
For breach of duty. Right; it was a breach,
And that means, in our soldier-fashion, death!

Well, I can face it: I'm no craven hound
Like yonder Judas-spy. Nay, had I leave
To slit his weasand for him, as I'd slice
An onion, I'd meet death and never grieve.

KING GEORGE'S CHERRY-TREE.

A REMARKABLE cherry-tree is found in the gardens at Windsor, which was planted there by George I., the head of the reigning dynasty, who mounted the throne of England in 1714. The monarch grafted this cherry-tree with his own hands about 1725. He was extravagantly fond of fruits, and died of a fit of indigestion, caused by eating melons, in 1727.

This cherry-tree is almost entirely hollow, but its branches still bear very large and excellent cherries, which are served only on Queen Victoria's table. The Queen, however, often sends a few of the Windsor cherries to those whom she designs to show especial favor. Lord Palmerston often received them from her.

George IV., who, like his ancestor, was particularly fond of cherries, set a standing guard of several men around the Windsor cherry-tree to keep off the urchins of the neighborhood, and the fruit wall which supported it was guarded from the passers by a special sentry, who was relieved only at night. These minute precautions are no longer observed, though the venerable tree still continues to be guarded with the greatest care.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INQUIRER.—Nothing can be more poetical, as you say, than the definition: "Gratitude is the memory of the heart." You are wrong, however, in supposing that La Rochefoucauld is the author of it. It has not the least resemblance to his cynical aphorisms. Its origin is generally attributed to a deaf and dumb pupil of the celebrated Sicard. His scholars having been requested, on the occasion of a public exhibition, to define gratitude, one of them wrote on the blackboard: "*La reconnaissance est la mémoire du cœur.*" As there is nothing new under the sun, it will not surprise you to learn that Cicero had, in entitling gratitude *animus memor*, anticipated Monsieur Sicard's deaf and dumb pupil.

MRS. C. S. B.—We are sorry that we are not able to tell you of a method for concealing crimping-pins. They *are* unbecoming, and no lady should venture out of her chamber when her hair is on pins. Small tongs or shears are used to crêpé the hair. These are convenient when it is desirable to dress the hair at short notice, or in the afternoon when the moisture on the forehead has destroyed the crimps obtained by wearing pins all the night before. They are sold at from $1 50 to $2. We do not recommend them for constant use, as they make the hair very brittle, aside from the danger of scorching it. Make a Marie Antoinette fichu to your piqué suit, trimmed with narrow cord fringe, with wide braid or cluny edging and medallions. If your figure is not slender enough for a fichu, make a gored sacque that may be worn either with a belt or without. To purl is to knit backward. Net stitch is not used in crochet. It is very difficult to remove coffee stains from silk; grease may sometimes be taken out by grease-balls, a species of soap-stone, or benzine; but much depends on the color.

ELISE.—*Après nous le déluge*—"After us the deluge," was not first said by Louis XV. but by Madame de Pompadour. It was caught up, however, by the king and became a favorite saying of the monarch, who seemed, amidst all his frivolity and debauchery, to have a sombre anticipation of the coming revolution.

MARY D. BURKE.—In dry stamping a perforated paper pattern is laid over the stuff to be marked, over which a blue powder is rubbed with a pouncet, thus making the impression desired.

A CONSTANT READER.—The braids of which you speak can be obtained from any of the parties named at the end of the New York Fashion article. They are easily kept in order.

HISTORIOUS.—Tar-water, though not such a *cure-all* as the good bishop of Berkeley would have us believe, is, notwithstanding, a useful remedy, which is not infrequently prescribed by the French physicians. With Berkeley's faith in tar he gave it not only in all human diseases but administered it to his plants and trees. "In his garden was a winding walk, nearly a quarter of a mile in length, inclosed for a considerable part of the distance by a myrtle hedge, six feet high, planted by Berkeley himself, each plant having a *large ball of tar* at the root."

R. O.—The meaning of Pascal's remark: "If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter Antony might have kept the world," is obviously that if the Egyptian queen had been less beautiful the Roman conqueror would not have been seduced from the path of glory.

H. Y.—

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

These words are Gray's, but were suggested, probably, by the following lines of Prior:

"From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise."

MRS. M. N.—The best remedy for mosquito bites and all insect stings is hartshorn and water.

B. Y.—The *chignon* or "waterfall" is decidedly bad for the hair, as the heat and pressure of the foreign substances of which it is composed are sure to produce baldness. It has the same effect as constantly wearing, indoors and out, a cap or any covering on the head, which is, as is well known, very hurtful to the most vigorous growth of hair.

GUSTAVE.—You should answer all invitations, especially dinner ones, whether R. S. V. P., *Repondez s'il vous plait*, is written on the card or not.

MABEL.—You will find the principal part of your question answered in *Bazar* No. 41 in a reply to another correspondent. The bran and oat-meal baths may be continued.

MRS. HELEN S.—Trim your dress with tassel or cord fringe about three inches wide, with a heading of two narrow folds of silk or satin with piping in the centre. If you do not want an outside garment make a tight-fitting basque, but we advise a plain waist instead, with a fichu or a scarf-shaped mantle looped in the back with rosettes. You are safe, we think, in goring the front and side widths of your skirt. Our best modistes continue to gore all but the back widths. There is always a risk in making up handsome materials in an intermediate season.

H. B. L.—Standing collars are still adhered to by ladies with long necks because they are becoming, but the Oxford collars are most stylish. Lace collars of the Oxford and Cardinal shapes are made for afternoon and evening wear. Linen is only suitable for morning toilettes. It is not a fixed custom for a bride to furnish the household linen. The bridal trousseau is usually marked with her maiden name. It is never good taste for a lady to make a display of jewelry, but a watch and chain are articles of necessity, worn more for use than ornament, and scarcely to be considered jewelry. Hence it is not considered objectionable to wear them on the outside of a street dress.

EDA.—Braid your hair and wind it about the crown of your head. Young girls *do* wear bows at the throat. A knot of ribbon with fringed ends is considered more distingué. Half a yard of ribbon is required to make it. Lemon juice used night and morning will remove tan.

A SUBSCRIBER.—There is no new style for engagement rings. A solitaire diamond or a large pearl with but little gold in the setting is most generally preferred. Every thing depends on the taste and purse of the donor.

M. C.—Green and white are the most fashionable colors for evening dresses at present. Pale buff, French gray, and white for street and house. Skirts are still gored in front and at the sides, and are quite full in the back, being frequently looped up in paniers. The wide Spanish flounce is more fashionable than three narrow ones. Cambric and grenadine are selected for neck-ties for gentlemen.

OUR readers will notice the advertisement in our columns to-day of LAPORTE'S PARIS KID GLOVES, and will, no doubt, recall the name of LAPORTE, whose peculiar signature they have seen in the beautifully-cut and elastic kid gloves brought home by many a returning tourist from London.

The introduction of these admirable and widely-known gloves into the United States deserves more than a passing notice. LAPORTE'S Kid Gloves have been in use for nearly a quarter of a century by the Queen and Royal Family of England, and also by many of the most noble and distinguished families of that and other countries. It is noted for its beautiful shape, giving to the hand that graceful outline so rarely seen in ordinary gloves, heightening the effect of a handsome hand, and concealing in a measure any natural defect in those that are otherwise.

Our enterprising merchants will not be slow in availing themselves of the advantages which have already been derived by European dealers in this glove. One house in London (the well-known firm of J. & R. MORLEY) sell annually 30,000 dozen of LAPORTE'S Gloves.—*Times.*

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by News-dealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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No. 15 RUE PIERRE LEVEE, PARIS, July 1, 1868.
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GENTLEMEN,—It has occurred to me that in introducing my Gloves for sale in your market, a few facts in support of my claims upon the consideration of your customers would be very opportune at this time.

Upon the introduction of a Glove into a foreign market, it requires a certain number of years of trial to establish its reputation. This has been the case with most Gloves heretofore offered for sale in America, as the public had no other means of judging of their merits.

Desiring that my fabrication should be placed in its proper position before your people, as a first-class Glove, without undergoing the usual tedious process of cautious trial to which all new makes have to submit which (unlike my own) have not an established reputation, I feel fully confident they will at once, upon their own merits, obtain that high position in the estimation of the American public to which they have attained in England.

In consideration of the foregoing facts, I deem it advisable to forward you a list of distinguished personages in England who, among many others, have worn my Gloves for several years, and whose special measures for a supply of the same are now in my possession, having been forwarded me through my London agents.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,
LAPORTE.

Personages above alluded to who are supplied with the "LAPORTE KID GLOVE," made from their special measures forwarded to Monsieur Laporte:

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COUNTESS OF STAMFORD.
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It is needless to add that the above list comprises some of the most noble and distinguished families, who, for many years, have patronized Mons. Laporte's establishment.

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FACETIÆ.

THE QUEEN OF TERRORS.—"Are you alarmed at the approach of the King of Terrors?" asked a man of a dying neighbor. "No," was the emphatic reply; "no. I've lived six-and-thirty years with the Queen of Terrors, and the King can't be worse 'n she, I'll be bound."

An incorrigible idler being taken to task for his laziness, replied, "I tell you, gentlemen, you are mistaken. I have not a lazy bone in my body; but the fact is, *I was born tired.*"

Crossing the ocean with Mr. H——, his readiness at repartee attracted the notice of all on board, and a wager was laid that he could not be caught napping, but would give not only a prompt, but witty reply. Next morning Mr. H—— was observed looking through the telescope, the atmosphere being damp and cold. The interested party, determined to win, touched Mr. H——'s arm, and asked, "What ship is that?" "Don't know; but I hope it's a Peruvian bark, for I'm in a perfect chill." There was a Champagne dinner.

HOW THEY DIFFER.—Jones has discovered the respective nature of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes many enemies, while "a little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.—As a lady of fashion now spends so much time and labor on her dress, it may be very fairly designated her "*toilette*!"

Mrs. Partington wants to know, if it were not intended that women should drive their husbands, why they are put through the bridal ceremony.

OBJECTIONABLE FEMALES.—Miss Ann Thropy, Big Amy, Polly Gamy, Charlotte Ann, Sali Vation, Carry On, Ma Lady, Sophy Stry, Una Vailing, Bet Rayer, Vic Timise, Fan Tastical, etc.

BEST.—The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

COMPASSION WASTED.—Two young ladies were examining a statuette of Andromeda, labeled, "executed in Terra Cotta." "Executed in Terra Cotta," says one; "where is that?" "I am sure I don't know," returned the other; "but I pity the poor girl, wherever it was."

A friend remarked the other day that there was a storm brewing. "What kind of a storm do you think it will be?" "Well, I think a 'ail storm."

WANTED—A fresh covering for the bells that have pealed.

"Buy Bulwer's last work?" said a sharp newsboy, the other day, to a gentleman on the ferry-boat.

"No," said the man; "I'm Bulwer himself."

"Well, buy the 'Women of England,' Sir; you're not Mrs. Ellis, are you?"

A young candidate for the legal profession was asked what he would do first when employed to bring an action. "Ask for money on account," was the prompt reply. He passed.

GOOD MEN TO ATTEND AUCTIONS—Men whose faces are forbidding.

ONE BAD THING ABOUT GOLD—Not having it.

A school-girl went through her calisthenic exercises at home for the amusement of the children. A youthful visitor, with interest and pity on his countenance, asked her brother "if that gal had fits?" "No," replied the lad, contemptuously, "that's gymnastics." "Oh, 'tis, hey?" said verdant; "how long has she had 'em?"

OUR NEAREST OF KIN—Mosquitoes. They are our blood relations.

"Sambo, did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?" "No, Clem; but I've seen the cats kill mice."

A CHEAP PRESENT—Giving the lie.

AMOR PATRIÆ.

BUFFLETON. "Who's that?"
SNUFFLETON. "Well, I hardly know; she lives close by. Half American and Half French, I'm told."
BUFFLETON. "Well, for our Country's Reputation, I hope and trust the Upper Half's French."

JOHN. "Now, Thomas, ain't you ready? The Carriage is waitin'!"
THOMAS. 'I ain't agoing. If *Missis* is equal to Carriage Hexercise in this 'ot Weather, *I* am not!"

AN EXPLANATION.

FREDDY. "Each wanted it, Mamma dear, and so Baby pullded it, an' I pullded it, an' then Dolly breaked itself in two, an' Baby falled over an' 'itted 'er 'ed, an' 'urted 'erself, an' callded out," etc., etc. [*And so on for five minutes.*

DEFINITION OF A LOVER.—A lover has been pithily described as a man who, in his anxiety to obtain possession of another, has lost possession of himself.

An orthodox divine, in the town of P——, in this State, who was in the habit of playing with his notes while the choir were singing, accidentally dropped them in a crack in his desk. After trying for some time to recover them without success, he arose, and addressed the congregation as follows: "My dear friends, I brought my notes with me this morning—have got them into this provoking crack and can't get them out—but I will read two chapters in the book of Job, which are worth two such sermons, if I had them."

A small boy stepped into a book-store and inquired the price of a spelling-book. On being told that they were twelve cents apiece, and being possessed of but nine cents, he was completely nonplused. At length an idea seemed to have struck him. Says he,

"Mister, can't you find me one that is torn that you will let me have for nine cents?"

The clerk looked in vain. The boy was dispirited. At length another idea seemed to strike him. "Please, Mister, can't you tear one?"

MAXIMS.

[BY IVAN THE IMMORALIST.]

To Intending Elopers.—Don't run away, when staying will do as well.

With fair words butter some parsons.

Never do any thing of which you would be ashamed—when any one is looking.

Consider your wife as an angel—a recording angel.

Never speak ill of a friend, as one day you may be seen walking with him.

QUITE RIGHT.—The gentleman who, a week or two back, "*spoke against time*" at a public meeting, has been obliged to apologize.

WEATHER WISE.—Always be particular in observing where the wind drops; you may be called on to raise it at a moment's notice.

MAN WHO HAS A TUEN FOR MUSIC—An organ-grinder.

Why is a New York omnibus like a lithograph?—Because it's drawn on stone.

CAUTION.—Ladies who wear long dresses, and dislike their being trampled on, should wear upon their backs a card with the inscription, "No followers allowed."

A TRANCE ACTION—Walking in one's sleep.

TO REFORMERS.—The man who would "mend the age" must put a "stitch in time."

The only tolerated murderers are the lady-killers.

HUB BUB—A Boston boy.

POPULAR NETS AT SARATOGA—Brunettes.

An exchange says the great demand for microscopes is occasioned by the ladies desiring to use them in finding the latest style of bonnets.

AN ACT OF GRATE POLITENESS—Polishing a stove.

A VOUCHER.—A man once went to purchase a horse of a Quaker.

"Will he draw well?" asked the buyer.

"Thee will be pleased to see him draw."

The bargain was concluded, and the farmer tried the horse, but he would not stir a step. He returned, and said, "That horse will not draw an inch."

"I did not tell thee that he would draw, friend; I only remarked that it would please thee to see him draw, and so it would me, but he would never gratify me in that respect."

An enthusiastic old fellow and his wife recently visited Niagara Falls. They worshiped the Falls all day from the piazza in front of their room, and retired talking over its wonders. At an early hour next morning the old gentleman was on the *qui vive*, and as soon as he saw the Falls again he sang out, "Wife! wife! I'll be durned if the water ain't still going over the dam!"

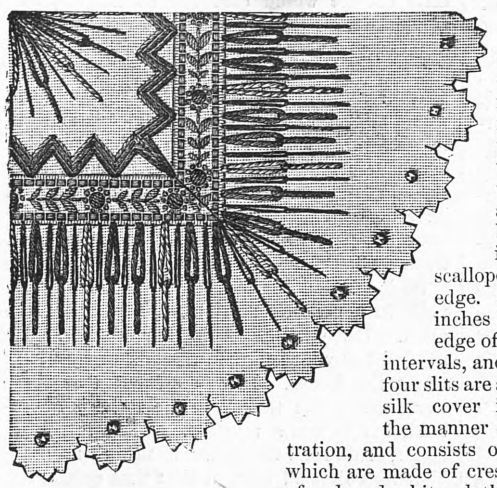
Is a mantua-maker amenable to law for hooking ladies' dresses?

ALL READY CUT AND DRIED—Sandwiches at a railway station.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

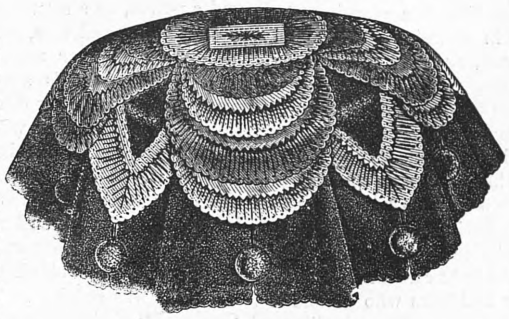
VOL. I.—No. 45.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



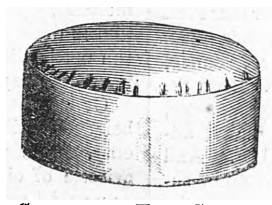
SECTION OF EMBROIDERY FOR FOOT-STOOL.

Foot-Stool.

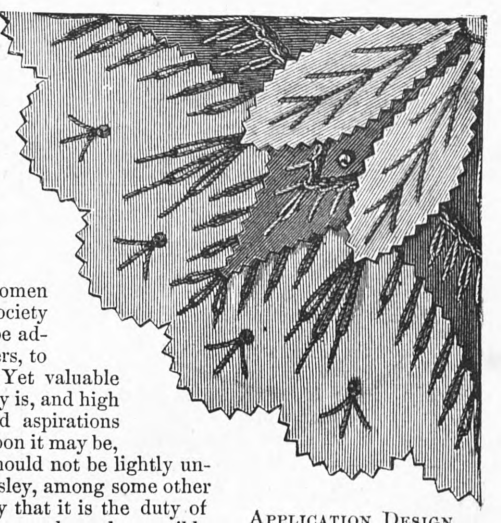
THE foundation of this foot-stool consists of a round flat cushion four inches in height by ten in diameter, which is shown in the illustration, with a round cover of blue silk, 21 inches in diameter and scalloped on the outer edge. Four slits, each two inches long, are cut in the edge of the cover at regular intervals, and the edges of these four slits are also scalloped. The silk cover is embroidered in the manner shown by the illustration, and consists of four large flaps, which are made of crescent-shaped pieces of red and white cloth, and embroidered in point russe with green, yellow, and red silk twist. The four flaps are joined in pairs by means of a similarly embroidered point of white cloth. The central circular piece which covers the place where the flaps are set on is also of white cloth. An illustration gives a section of this of the full size. The embroidery is worked in green, yellow, and red silk twist, with fine black and fine Turkish braid. Another illustration gives the pattern of a quarter of the cover with the design for the embroidery. On each piece of red cloth the points are embroidered in point russe with yellow, green, and orange-colored silk, the long fringe-like stitches with yellow silk in long chain stitches, which are fastened by means of an additional short stitch. On the white pieces of cloth the points are worked with orange, green, and red silk, the long stitches with the orange. Every single piece of cloth is scalloped, and a steel bead is sewed on each scallop. On the point between the flaps the long stitches are worked alternately with green, red, and orange silk. A small ball of red wool is arranged on the point of each point as well as on each flap. An illustration gives still another design for the central part of the cushion. This is worked in appliqué and chain stitch.



FOOT-STOOL WITH EMBROIDERED COVER.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XIII., Fig. 45.



STAND FOR FOOT-STOOL.



APPLICATION DESIGN FOR FOOT-STOOL.

MARRIAGE VERSUS *CELIBACY.*

THERE is no room for doubt that the married life is higher than the celibate. Churchmen, for some reasons not easily to be comprehended by those who are not students of theology, exalt the single life, and assert that wedded happiness, as a rule, is incompatible with saintliness. St. Elizabeth of Hungary affords, however, a very sufficient reply to this objection; and the lives of the many hundreds of good women who adorn modern society confirm all that can be advanced by her admirers, to the fullest extent. Yet valuable though it undoubtedly is, and high though the aims and aspirations of those who enter upon it may be, it were well that it should not be lightly undertaken. Mr. Kingsley, among some other crotchets, has a fancy that it is the duty of every man to marry as early as he possibly can. Other writers, of possibly greater authority, have taken a different view. Sir Walter Raleigh, for example, expresses an opinion that no man ought to marry before the age of thirty; "for as the younger times are unfit, either to choose or to govern a wife and family, so, if thou stay long thou shalt hardly see the education of thy children." The same view has been taken by a vast number of writers on the subject since Sir Walter's time, and it must be indorsed by every one who reflects on the condition of things in the present day. It is not until about that age that nine men in ten have learned to "know their own minds;" or, what is in some cases of even greater importance, it is not until then that they have the means of properly supporting the wife of their choice. A long engagement is not a matter for much dread. Two young people who love one another are not likely to go very far astray, provided only that their principles are sound,

BASCHLIK MANTILLA.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 30ª and 30ᵇ.

BASCHLIK MANTILLA.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 30ª and 30ᵇ.

and that their education has been decently cared for. The pause will be well filled up if the expectant bride busies herself in acquiring a knowledge of household matters, in which, to say the truth, women in this nineteenth century of ours are sometimes lamentably deficient. But, after all, a man does not want to marry a cook or a housekeeper. He wants a wife; in which word may be summed up all the perfections of the feminine nature. In the often-quoted words of Jeremy Taylor, "A good wife is Heaven's last, best gift to man; his angel and minister of graces innumerable; his gem of many virtues; his casket of jewels. Her voice is sweet music; her smiles his brightest day; her kiss the guardian of his innocence; her arms the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life; her industry his surest wealth, her economy his safest steward, her lips his faithful counselors, her bosom the softest pillow of his cares, and her prayers the ablest advocate of Heaven's blessing on his head." The words of the good bishop are as true now as ever they were, and to them it is impossible to add any thing.

SERENADE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

SLEEP, Darling, sleep!
The dark is deep;
Orion mounts his guard to keep;
And crystal-clear
From sphere to sphere
The spaces open: Dearest, sleep!

Sleep, Heart's Delight!
The shadowy flight
Of silent hours rounds into light;
O'er lucent rims
One planet swims
To heavens of silence through the night.

Up from the deeps
In flashing heaps
The midnight tide its music sweeps;
The tuneful tone
With drowsy drone
Across thy slumber croons and creeps.

So sleep, sweet Saint!
My words are faint,
My wishes fail thy bliss to paint;
Diviner powers
Shall shape thine hours,
And God Himself shall keep His Saint.

And, sleeping, dream!
Around thee stream
Heaven's visionary veiling gleam!
Sleep, while I wake,
And, sleeping, take
My song, and so forever dream!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1868.

METAPHORICAL CORNS.

THERE are a great many people, kind enough at heart, who are unconsciously responsible for a good deal of human torture. These apparently are of opinion that that complex structure, known as man, woman, or child, is composed solely of flesh and blood. The wounding of the one or the spilling of the other is all that constitutes, according to their notion, human cruelty. Happiness consists, they think, in a body well fed, clothed, and protected against injury. All the ills that flesh is heir to appear to them but so many corporeal ailments, for which remedies are to be found in every apothecary's shop. They would have us believe that

"The sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise."

Such people are often endowed with a benevolent disposition. They are, in fact, not seldom found among the most liberal *ante* and *post mortem* patrons of dispensaries, hospitals, and other institutions for the cure of bodily disease. They are, moreover, frequently possessed of the tenderest sensibility to bodily pain, and the quickest sympathy with the suffering it inflicts. Generally themselves of a hearty animal robustness, they have the nicest regard for ease and comfort, and are careful neither to suffer nor to inflict a corporeal hurt. Here, however, their benevolence ends, and seemingly unconscious of the existence of a human spirit, or, at any rate, of its capability of being bruised, they are constantly hurting it in the dark, or making it the open butt, as if it were an insensible thing, of their rude blows or tearing shots.

There is many a person who, fastidiously careful to keep off his neighbor's real corns, is constantly treading on his metaphorical ones. Yet the sensibility to pain of the latter is infinitely greater than that of the former. There is a dame we know of such delicate sympathy with corporeal suffering that she will faint at a pin-scratch of a neighbor's finger, but not hesitate to touch on the very raw of her sensibility with the sharpest lash of scandal. Her tenderness in the first case may be very woman-like, but it is worse than useless; and the want of it in the second, though deemed feminine too, is not necessarily so, but is positively cruel and hurtful. Women are far less regardful of each other's feelings than might be inferred from their natural gentleness of disposition. They are not so much disposed men to lessen the obvious social distinctions which exist even in our land of supposed equality. How quickly one woman shows her consciousness of the presence of an humbler sister! There is an unmistakable indication, though not easily expressed in words, which flashes at once upon the face of the superior dame at the first glimpse of a sham fur, a cotton lace, or any other evidence of relative poverty. The ill-concealed scorn, moreover, is at once felt—for none so soon to feel as well as give offense as women—by its unfortunate object, whose womanly sensibility is quick to suffer.

Again, what unnecessary torture women inflict by a superfluous exhibition of their superior advantages in the face of those who may be less fortunate! How "my" cashmere, "my" French bonnet, and "my" carriage and pair, are made to display their splendor, wave their feathers, and step their paces again and again, before the startled eyes of the poor cousin, humble dependent, or chance visitor! These wounds are inflicted most often thoughtlessly, and therefore it is well to remind our dames, young and old, that they should be careful in their course through life to avoid not only treading upon the real, but the "metaphorical corns."

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Clothes and Little Stitches.

MY DEAR TOM,—Shall we have a few words upon dress this fine morning, for I observed yesterday in church that you had donned the fall fashions, as they are called; and—I hope I may be forgiven—but as I watched you the good parson's voice seemed to subside into a kind of dreamy hum, and I asked myself who is it that invents the fashions, and what is the necessity that causes us all to submit to the fashionable law? You have remarked, of course, that it is curious how painfully a certain part of the world conforms to the changes in dress, and yet in what light esteem that same part holds the worthy artificers who enable it to conform. The contemptuous proverb alleges that a tailor is but the ninth part of a man; now the tailor is certainly the most important of all the artists who are responsible for that kind of personal appearance which depends upon clothes, much more important, for instance, than the shoemaker or the hatter. But St. Crispin is an honored saint despite the *ne sutor*, or the unhandsome Latin proverb which advises the shoemaker to stick to his last. And is it because the hatter covers the crown or superior part of the man that he is free from the obloquy that rests upon his brother craftsman who garnishes the body and legs?

The art of tailoring, I confess, never seems to me so historically impressive as when I read of the Merchant Taylor's Company in London. I am not sure that it is not also called Worshipful, and I am quite sure that it is worshiped. Hogarth somehow invests the profession with dignity. But if you ask me how, I can make no better answer than that his two famous apprentices always seem to me to have been bound to Merchant Taylors. It is a Merchant Taylor's daughter that the good young man marries, and a Merchant Taylor that he becomes. He also spells cloth with an *a*, and clothes in that Merchant Taylor's books are always cloathes. Yet, however closely you and I, my dear Tom, might study that Taylor's work, or indeed that of any of our immediate fellow-citizens here in the great city, I doubt if we could find any good reason for the change of fashion in clothes, except the desire of novelty. Why should not George Fox's suit of leather satisfy us? A stout and serviceable suit of leather, renewed when it became necessary by being cut upon the same pattern, why would not that answer? And what an enormous vexation of soul, and what vast expense it would save us all!

There is our young friend Alcibiades, to whom I was writing only the other day, and whose life is a kind of heroic pursuit of this phantom of fashion. It tasks all his acuteness of observation to keep pace with the changing forms of shirt collars: now upright, now turned over; now rounded at the corners, now pointed; now very long in front, now very short; but whatever the change, a momentous matter. So with cravats. What exercise and even torment of mind in respect of color and size, and the form of the knot and the breadth of the ends! I really believe that Alcibiades would rather be seen nodding in church than wear at a ball a cravat with long ends when cravats with short ends were worn by the models of fashion. And you may proceed step by step through the costume of that worthy youth, and at every step you shall find some point which arrests his attention and secures his most anxious thought. His sister Aspasia said to him one day, as she told me: "I wish I were a man, so that I need have no bother about my dress!" His only but impressive reply was, "Aspasia, I have been trying all the morning to decide upon a proper plaid for a pair of trowsers." And again he observed, with the gravity that the matter demanded: "The very limitation of color and form makes a man's dress a subject of very much more consideration than a woman's."

It is indeed surprising, and Alcibiades says, sadly, that it is positively painful, to remark how little women know of a man's dress. Of course, if he wears a bright purple cravat with a bright blue waistcoat, their delicate eye is offended; but I doubt if they can distinguish the morning from the evening waistcoat, or know when to wear peg-tops or splay-bottoms is to be out of the fashion. Yet they know, as I shall show you presently, when a man is properly dressed, although without comprehending the details. If, when bob-skirts are the thing, Alcibiades should by any chance—it could not happen, but I suppose it—appear in a long drapery, Aspasia would see that he was not right, while she would be unable to designate where he was wrong. "How contemptible it is to see a man giving his whole mind to his cravat!" exclaimed Melpomene Jones to me one day when Alcibiades passed and bowed. And the remark suggested to me this other and curious reflection, that while every body, Melpomene Jones with the worst of us, is properly obedient to the fashion, yet if any body is too obedient, if he becomes a devotee, an over-dressed woman, or a dandy, he does become liable to exactly the epithet of condemnation that Melpomene employed.

There was, for instance, Tyrtæus Squid, afterward one of the most honored and honorable of our statesmen. How his early eloquence kindled the hearts and imaginations of those of us who were then young! How ennobling was his influence upon thousands of those who had never seen him, who knew him only as an influence and a power, as a man who restored the hope of a golden age, and who, like Goldsmith's pastor, allured to brighter realms and led the way! We all had Squid's autograph; we all read every word of Squid's orations; we all vaguely imitated Squid. But when one day some fortunate companion who had been to the happy city in which he lived, when we all eagerly asked for personal details of our idol, remorselessly replied, "Gentlemen, Tyrtæus Squid wears the best-fitting coat of any man in Columbiopolis," the blank dismay that fell upon our souls was comical. That Squid should be thoughtful of his clothes, possibly a dandy, was so totally destructive of the ideal we had formed that I have never forgotten it. I learned in that moment, my dear Tom, that a too careful devotion to dress is a fatal weakness. Moreover, it can not be disguised, and if we have it, we must inevitably pay the penalty.

Or look at old Mrs. Mountain! There is a belaced, beribboned, bejeweled matron of seventy. She wears the bonnet of a Parisian grisette of eighteen. She wears such dresses as would become Aspasia; and she is so decorated in every way that the boys in the street turn and laugh at her. She springs and trips as well as she can. She says, with a ghastly gay toss of her old head, "I don't see why people should grow old." She studies the fashions and contrives trimmings and all the rest of it as if she were a dress-maker's apprentice; and every extravagant fashion appears first upon her poor old body. My dear Tom, it is not laughable, it is too melancholy. When I behold those old limbs tottering along, bedizened in all that finery, lace and ribbons seem to me an abomination, and artificial flowers the unpardonable sin. Peter Paul Pry exclaims, when she is out of hearing, "Get thee to a nunnery!"—and what can I do but cry Amen! Isn't that a dreadful spectacle? Could there be any more pitiful warning of the abject folly of devotion to fashion? Think of it, my dear Tom. She is a woman—but think of it!

But don't fall into the other abyss. The alternative is not Mrs. Mountain or Meg Merrilies; no, nor Madge Wildfire. I know sinners in the other extreme, both men and women. I know slovens who have dirty hands, and greasy clothes, and untidy shoes, and who say, with an air of lofty virtue, that they hate to be all the time thinking of their appearance; that it makes them vain, and is a wicked waste of time and substance. Indeed, my dear, I reply, if you say so, with those shoes and that dowdy gown, you merely wear a virtue to serve the devil in. Better a dandy than a sloven. My dear Tom, do you know why Bob Roberts and his wife separated? It was a great scandal, and every body, not knowing any thing, violently took sides. If you listened to one party Robert Roberts was the most infamous scoundrel that ever ruined a woman's happiness. If you trusted the other, Dorothy Roberts was the most tremendous Tartar that ever nagged an honest man's soul out of him. Turning to the right, Bob Roberts was the most surly and ill-tempered brute that ever infested a nuptial bower. Turning to the left, there were few saints since Anthony of Padua to be compared with the meek and long-suffering Robert Roberts. I think that I never knew Mrs. Grundy to be more exercised. But the wretched old woman could discover nothing whatever. To this day she has a hundred theories of that separation; but, thank Heaven! she knows nothing whatever. But I do know, and so shall you.

Robert and Dorothy were married, and every thing went smoothly and sweetly for a little while; until it began very slowly to dawn upon Dorothy's mind that her beloved Bob was very disorderly and not exactly neat. His dressing-room was a chaos. Every part of the house into which he went seemed to have been visited by an earthquake. Old stumps of cigars were in that house like seventeen-year locusts in the year of their return. And what he did, he encouraged his companions to do. Dorothy remonstrated sweetly but uselessly. "Oh, what's the odds, Dorothy? Don't vex your soul about my little comfortable ways. Don't let us be always upon parade." If she mildly suggested that such universal disorder was not only very distasteful and offensive to her, but that it took too much of her time to smooth up after him, Bob laughed in a jolly way and replied, "My dear, hen's time ain't nothing." So it went on, a very wearing and perilous friction, until the same indifference showed itself in his person. He wore the queerest old clothes; the shabbiest hats; his coats were out of fashion; his cravats and trowsers were painfully unlike those of other people. Grace, taste, almost decency, gradually disappeared. If Dorothy protested, she received for answer, "Drat the fashion! What are clothes for? You women always want men to be Brummels. You think of nothing but fashion, fashion, fashion."

"Well, but, Robert, I don't want you to be a dandy; but why be so unlike other men? Why not take a little pains?"

"Oh, Lord! I don't care."

"But I do; it troubles me and annoys me."

"Then don't let it."

"It isn't a matter of will, but of taste. A little change would cost you no trouble, and would be a great relief to me."

"Oh, you silly girl!"

This, you see, was the jolly modern Blue Beard: a great, selfish, contemptible lout, who would not renounce a single whim or habit even to please his wife. If Dorothy had tumbled overboard, and he could have saved her by reaching out a hand to her—I think he would have done it. But if it were evident that he must jump in all over and struggle for it—I don't feel so sure of it.

So it went on day after day. He stuck little nails in her shoes, as it were, for her to step upon. He put thorns in her clothes. He tripped her with invisible threads every where about the house. It was evident that there was some grave trouble in the Roberts household, but it was a mystery. "Bob is a little queer," said Mrs. Grundy, "but that's nothing. You may depend upon it that that quiet little Dorothy is a domestic snapping-turtle, and, for my part, I don't wonder that Bob can't bear it forever." The simple truth was that Bob would always dress offensively to his wife, would be personally unclean, would tumble the house into disorder continually, and to her remonstrances, which she knew to be reasonable, merely returned, "Pooh! pooh!" and "You silly girl!" for an answer. Dorothy saw that her husband loved himself very much more than he loved her; that he was a mere selfish boor, who would not yield a single fancy of his own to her evident wish, and who could see her forever vexed and worn by a hundred little things which he could easily have corrected, and which, if it cost effort to correct, he should not have spared it; and at last she said, "Very well! if you don't care enough about me to gratify any innocent wish of mine, while you expect me to sacrifice all my tastes and wishes to you, you shouldn't have asked me to marry you."

Bob's "Silly girl!" was not an adequate answer to that, but it was all he had to offer. Dorothy went home to her father's, and Robert to this day does not clearly understand why. "I really think," he once said to me, "that Dorothy left me because I don't dress in the fashion."

"Oh no, Bob!" said I; "but a man who resists personal cleanliness, domestic order, and the thousand nameless details of daily conduct, against the tastes, protests, and instincts of his wife, pricks her to death with pins."

Dress, you see, my dear Tom, is really manner. Our dressing is part of our manners upon the road. Our road is life. When you marry an even-tempered and sensible woman, and she asks you not to leave your cigar stumps upon the drawing-room mantle, and not to make yourself conspicuous either by dressing out of the fashion, or by giving your whole mind to your tailoring, is it too much of a favor for your High Mightiness to grant your slave?

Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

CRINOLINE.

THE rumor that crinoline is about to be discarded is untrue. The manufacturers are kept busy at work in filling the large orders of the dealers, thus proving that they at least are convinced that the reign of crinoline, and its fashionable adjunct the panier, will be a long one—as for the health and comfort of women we hope that it may. A return to the old fashion of wearing several heavy skirts instead of a light, flexible, supporting hoop, would be almost intolerable.

SHAPE OF CRINOLINE.

On visiting the factories and comparing the different styles of skirt worn since the revival of crinoline in 1856, we agreed with the proprietors that the shape to be introduced for the next sea-

son is admirable. In the first place, it is slightly larger than the shape worn during the summer. The heavy materials of winter clothing make this necessary. The panier fullness at the back is made to curve gracefully, instead of bulging out suddenly. The front of the skirt is perfectly straight, fitting smoothly over the figure, while in the back is a gradually sloping train, flaring out at the edge just enough to avoid coming in contact with the heels.

SIZE.

Promenade skirts, to be worn with short dresses, will be from two and a quarter to two and a half yards in circumference, for ladies of medium height. Skirts worn with trains on full dress occasions measure three yards and a half.

OPEN FRONTS.

The new open fronts, or "winged" skirts, are the novelty of the season. They give complete freedom for every motion, walking, sitting, dancing, or stepping in and out of a carriage. The upper part of the skirt is laced together, then comes a few hoops, and below there is the open winged front. It is an impossibility for the feet to become entangled in this skirt, as the limbs are free from hoops in front from the knee down. A spiral spring has been invented to hold the steels securely around the curved opening. This open front may be applied to any hoop, but the one with which we were especially pleased is called the "Winged-Lace" Skirt. The net or lace is similar to that used in the "Imperial Lace" Skirt, but of closer mesh. There are eighteen pliable hoops. The tournure is graceful. The skirt slopes toward the bottom, measuring eighty-five inches in circumference. The retail price is $3. This skirt may be put in the tub and washed thoroughly.

The Zephyrina Empress is a round skirt, slightly trained, and especially adapted to the short walking-dress. There are twenty-five exceedingly light hoops. The broad tapes are woven to receive the springs, which are of flexible, well-tempered steel. Two rivets in each tape hold the steel securely. The lower part of the skirt is lined or covered with muslin. The "winged zephyr" is larger, and has a more decided train, to be worn with full dress. A patented eyelet fastening penetrates the tape and the steel spring, holding them more securely than a rivet. Price $3 50. A walking-skirt *à panier*, called the "New Era," has a closed front. The panier curve is simply but perfectly formed by several springs almost contiguous to each other in front, but expanded to six or seven inches behind. The "Twin Spring," or indestructible skirt, derives its name from having two springs woven together in each hoop. In the fifteen hoops there are thirty springs.

The Duplex Elliptic skirt comes next on our list. The name Duplex is given because the steels in each hoop are double. The title Elliptic refers to the shape. We also saw a new walking-skirt made after the French model, with but few hoops at the hip and a great many at the bottom, or exposed portions of the skirt. This skirt may be bought with the panier shape very full at the back and beginning to enlarge just back of the point of the hip, or it may be plainly sloped, and supplied with a spiral panier to support the hoop and give the panier effect.

An excellent skirt, known as the Self-Adjusting, or Colby, has vertical wires, fastened by hinges to the lower hoop. This skirt is remarkably pliable, conforming as readily to the position of the wearer as an ordinary muslin skirt. It is very light, made of well-tempered steel, and is said to be very durable. A short skirt is sold at $2 75. Elaborate trains cost from $3 to $6.

FRENCH HOOPS.

The crinoline imported by modistes for their most exclusive customers are much more expensive than the American skirts. French skirts are always made of muslin, and contain only from five to ten hoops. A panier bustle is a part of each skirt, the hips are merely covered by muslin without springs, and the greater number of hoops, seldom more than ten, are between the hip and knee. There is usually an arrangement to lace the whole skirt back of the figure, leaving the front straight and plain. A skirt covered with net, in which the springs are woven, is marked $20. Another, of muslin, has a gored cover, trimmed with fluted ruffles. The cover may be buttoned on below, and will serve as a petticoat. This is an excellent idea for stout ladies with large hips, as the bulk is not increased by petticoats. Price $18. Another Parisian skirt, of very graceful shape, is covered with cambric around the outer edges, while the waist and hips have only tapes, with straps and buckles, by which the skirt may be shortened or lengthened for street dresses or for trains; $10 is the price. An American skirt has the front width without springs, and buttoned down the centre.

Muslin skirts, or those covered with net, are to be commended above the skeleton hoops, so productive of accident. Covers of muslin buttoned on the lower part of the skirt are absolutely necessary with the skeleton skirt. These covers do not fit every skirt, and are very clumsy-looking if badly fitted, consequently a set of covers must be made for each skirt. Net and muslin skirts are free from this objection.

PANIERS.

We are constantly asked if paniers will be worn this winter, and which is the best style. They will certainly continue in vogue. There are at least twenty different patterns from which to choose. We advise our readers to buy a panier skirt with the tournure *forming part of* the skirt, as this is less complicated, and does away with the necessity of having two belts about the waist. If a separate panier is worn we think those made of puffed hair-cloth give the most natural contour to the figure. They are soft, round, and yielding, and by enlarging the appearance of the hips make the waist look much smaller. As hair-cloth is expensive, an excellent panier is made of muslin with flexible whalebones running from the waist downward, held in the position by tapes underneath. These are sold at $1. Hair-cloth paniers cost from $1 50 to $2. Spiral-spring bustles are used beneath the hoop to support it, and give the panier effect to old style skirts. A variety of other paniers are made with steel springs, to be worn outside of the crinoline. The Bon-ton, one of the best of these, is very full at the back, with the necessary graduated slope on the sides. The price varies from $1 to $2, according to the size.

CORSETS.

The subject of tight lacing has received much attention of late from English journals of fashion, but no new or definite conclusions have been arrived at. There are earnest advocates of small waists produced by systematic compression, while their opponents declaim against any kind of stays, believing them to be the source of physical discomfort and confirmed ill health. Common-sense, we think, is opposed to tight lacing. A properly fitted corset, not tightly laced, however, is a support to the body, improves the figure, and is not injurious to health.

Ladies should make it a rule to have their corsets made to order, instead of purchasing those ready-made. The ordinary cheap corset has neither beauty of contour nor compactness of construction. The steel busks are too narrow to support the figure or form a proper foundation for the front of the corsage, and are often made of steel of so low a quality that it breaks easily. In giving an order for corsets it is necessary to send the measure around the chest below the arms, from beneath the arm to the hip, the circumference of the hips, and the waist measure.

French women, who are very particular about their figures, have their corsets made in three pieces, laced at the sides as well as the back. The busks and whalebones at the back are very long. An authority in matters of fashion says that the waist may vary from seventeen tc twenty-three inches, according to the general proportions of the figure. There can never be a prescribed size for the waist, since fashion changes the length and position of it. A line drawn halfway between the hip and the lowest rib gives the point at which the tapering waist reaches its smallest dimensions. The panier as now worn produces the appearance of a small waist.

The material of the corset should be very firm and strong. Flimsy and elastic materials soon stretch out of shape. Fine coutil is expensive, but it is economy to buy it as it wears well. The corset should be large enough to meet in the back.

The popular glove-fitting corset is worthy of commendation. It is made without gores, and cut on a correct principle, by which a perfect fit is obtained. It consists of three pieces; the bust, waist, and hips are cut separately. The spring-latch fastening is a great improvement on the old-fashioned clasps. The lower hook is constructed with a spring, which is pressed on the latch opposite, adjusting the other hooks and studs in a moment. The busks, of flexible steel, adapt themselves to every undulation of the figure. The price ranges from $3 50 to $7.

An imported corset, that took a prize at the Paris Exposition, has a hundred whalebones. A French corset, called the "Bride's Own," is made of glossy coutil that looks like satin. It is edged with Cluny lace and insertion. Price $12. Others are embroidered with white and with scarlet. Imported corsets are also made of kid and morocco. Perfumed corsets are also made in London: these are moulded by steam, and are very flexible. Gauze corsets for ladies in hot climates are also made.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A new spiral bosom pad is a good design, but is objectionable on account of being partly made of rubber. Very natural-looking busts are made of wire netting, in a solid piece covering the front from arm-pit to arm-pit. A muslin cover conceals the wire. It is held in position by elastic shoulder-straps and belt. Price $1 50.

Garters impede circulation and injure the shape of the limb, especially when worn below the knee. A growing child should never be allowed to wear them. An excellent stocking-supporter consists of an elastic waistband with two long tapes on each limb connected with an elastic strap at the knee which is buttoned to the stocking. It is made in different sizes for ladies and children. Price seventy-five cents.

For information received we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. THOMSON, LANGDON, & Co.; WEST, BRADLEY, & CARY; COLBY & Co.; T. H. GAYNOR; and Mesdames DIEDEN and BAILLARD.

PERSONAL.

DR. BELLOWS, the first volume of whose charming book of travels has recently been published by the HARPERS, is much in vogue with the clever people of England. The style of his addresses has taken cold English audiences by storm; and sets of people who rarely treat their own speakers to more than a hum of assent, vow that a prophet has come. Dr. B. has been courted by the ablest of English critics, and received the ungrudging homage of the ripest of English scholars.

—Young ROBERT LINCOLN seems determined to carve his own way to fame. His legal practice is larger than he can attend to, and he devotes himself to it with care, industry, and conscientiousness. He is said to be already a good and fluent speaker, and bids fair to take high position in that respect.

—Mr. J. GRAU, by means of his coupons and his suave way of doing things, has secured for the New York market some of the notable drolls of Paris, among them the excellent comic tenor, CARRIER, one of the most brilliant of his order; also M. BECKERS, who to an excellent voice joins culture and consummate acting; also M. BOURGOIN, a very funny member of the *Bouffes Parisienne;* also, and better, he has engaged Mlle. ROSA BELL, the most popular of SCHNEIDER'S rivals, with whom she divides the honors of the burlesque, and whom she excels as a singer. Persons of jocular temperament may, therefore, felicitate themselves upon much mirth during winter.

—A report is current that Mrs. HOEY is writing her recollections of the stage. She will be the first American lady to do it, and possesses every qualification to produce an exceedingly entertaining and brilliant book. Mrs. HOEY'S immediate successor at Wallack's—Mrs. JENNINGS (*née* MADELINE HENRIQUES)—is much admired in London for personal beauty, and most delightful social and domestic accomplishments.

—Among the papers f the defunct M. LEON GOZLAN'S was found an essay on the characteristics of the women of different countries, so far as love and that noble membrane, the heart, are concerned. A French woman, he says, will love her husband if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German woman, if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman, if he does not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a Spanish woman, if he wreaks vengeance on those who incur his displeasure; an Italian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman, if he thinks that her native country is the brightest and happiest on earth; a Russian woman, if he despises all Westerners as miserable barbarians; an English woman, if he succeeds in ingratiating himself with the Court and the aristocracy; an American woman if—he has plenty of money; which last is inexact. The American woman disdains money.

—Mrs. CADY STANTON has been on a visit to Mr. GERRIT SMITH, at Peterborough, and writes a pleasant letter about it to her *Revolution.* In athletics the coming women of Peterborough have already become quite spry. Miss NANNIE MILLER, Mr. SMITH'S grand-daughter, is "capting" of a girls' base-ball club, and on every Saturday afternoon, clad in white dresses and blue ribbons, the club has its game in the public square; young persons of the male species being permitted to look on. Mr. SMITH'S place is a very fine one. The house, a spacious one, was built by his father nearly a century ago. About thirty acres of land immediately around it are tastefully laid out in orchards, lawns, gardens, etc. On the banks of the little stream running through, in a quiet and shady nook, stands a mysterious-looking, cone-like tabernacle, covered with bark, with stained-glass windows and a rustic door. In this spot Mrs. SMITH, who is a Spiritualist, comes to commune with the invisible world. Mr. SMITH has for several years been "throwing off the shackles of Calvinistic theology," as Mrs. STANTON phrases it, and embracing a more material philosophy. He is now having a theological discussion with the Rev. ALBERT BARNES on the origin of sin, the limitation of the Divine power, and the authority of the Bible.

—ROSSINI proposes to pass his name down to posterity as founder of a music-school in his native town, Pesaro, to which professors of the first class are to be attached. He has curious notions, this old gentleman: he is especially fond of asparagus, and tells his friends that nothing but asparagus shall be planted over his grave.

—Since Sir ROWLAND HILL retired from the management of the British Post-Office he is beguiling his leisure in literary pursuits, and is now engaged in writing a complete "History of the Post-Office," in aid of which the authorities have placed at his disposal all the official documents of the department.

—The Congressional, gubernatorial, and other WASHBURNS—that is to say, ELIHU, CADWALLADER, CHARLES, SAMUEL, and WILLIAM A. D., who pervade various States of the Republic—have erected a summer residence on the old homestead in Livermore, Maine. The surrounding scenery is superb. The house is large enough to contain all the brothers and their families, who meet there every summer, and remain two or three months, or until the mercury commences to succumb. WASHBURN, *père*, now 80 and upward, is well and lively, and convenes with the boys.

—As potentate of a single island, the King of the Sandwich Islands is probably the best paid. They give that royal person $45,000 per annum, which, at the price of beef, vegetables, clothing, iron, etc., etc., is equivalent to $100,000 in this country. The Chief Justice of the Island receives $10,000, and his associates $8000, which is better than we do with Mr. CHASE and his Supreme brethren.

—Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE is employing her time this hot weather in writing a new novel at her country home in Stockbridge—at which place Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD has a fine house and grounds. The latter are now being artistically graded and ornamented by a select party of fifty laboring gentlemen, who have temporarily exiled themselves from the metropolis for that laudable purpose.

—The reason, probably, why KOSSUTH has been so little heard of during the last few years is, that he has been engaged on a twelve-volume history of Hungary.

—Mr. JOHN BROUGHAM'S play of the "Lottery of Life," which had a two months' run at Wallack's, has netted to Mr. BROUGHAM nearly $20,000, which is the best two months' work he has done. Mr. B.'s new theatre in Twenty-fourth Street, near the Fifth Avenue Hotel, is nearly completed, and the company engaged.

—The readers of the *Bazar* being mainly of the sex designed, happily, to be kissed, the following "personal" incidents relating to that slightly humid but charming contact of the male with the female lip will probably be approved:—GILBERT STUART, the portrait-painter, is said to have met a lady in the streets of Boston, who accosted him: " ! Mr. STUART, I have just seen your likeness and kissed it, because it was so much like you." "And did it kiss you in return?" "Why, no." "Then," said the gallant painter, "it was not like me."—The Rev. SYDNEY SMITH'S idea of how the feat should be accomplished was this: "We are in favor of a certain amount of shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be too long; and when the fair one gives it, let it be administered with warmth and energy—let there be a soul in it. If she close her eyes and sigh immediately after it the effect is greater. She should be careful not to slobber a kiss, but give it as a humming-bird runs his bill into a honey-suckle—deep but delicate. There is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered. We have the memory of one we received in our mouth which lasted us forty years, and we believe will be one of the last things we shall think of when we die."—At Boulogne, during the reception of Queen VICTORIA, June, 1855, a number of English ladies, in their anxiety to see every thing, pressed with such force against the soldiers who were keeping the line, that the latter, in some instances, were obliged to give way, and generally were—to use the expression of our policemen—"impeded in the execution of their duty." The officer in command, observing the state of affairs, shouted out, "One roll of the drum—if they don't keep back, kiss them all." After the first sound of the drum, the English ladies took to flight. "If they had been French," said a Parisian journal, "they would have remained to a woman."

—The best sketch, in little, of Sir ROBERT NAPIER is contributed to *Le Temps* by M. LOUIS BLANC, who says: "There is but one opinion as to the ability shown by Sir ROBERT NAPIER—of his consummate prudence, his cool, judicious delay, and the rapidity of his movement when, all his measures being taken, it became necessary to strike the decisive blow. I have had occasion to make the acquaintance of Sir ROBERT NAPIER, to converse with him, and to observe him closely. The idea he at first gives you of him is that of calm power. The first time I ever saw him, what struck me in his person was the gentle expression of his features, the gentleness of his manners, and the softness of his voice. I remember hearing him say that he had always an aversion to sporting, from a repugnance to killing poor, defenseless animals. I know nothing more admirable than the love of humanity in an energetic nature."

—Mrs. HARRIETT PRESCOTT SPOFFORD is said to be near-sighted, tall, domestic-looking, and has for a husband a leading Democratic lawyer of Massachusetts (formerly a partner of CALEB CUSHING), and one of the handsomest men in New England.

—Paris and the rest of this amusement-loving world need not be anxious about the "coming *artistes;*" for it is said that there are now in the Paris Conservatory two girls who will surpass, the one RACHEL, and the other Mlle. MARS. The tragic actress is Mlle. D'HERICOURT, a tall, majestic, well-made girl, of extraordinary beauty. The successor to Mlle. MARS is a fascinating blonde of great beauty. Both have taken the highest prizes at the Conservatory.

—Prince NAPOLEON is reported to keep the best private table of any gentleman in Paris. Six cooks conspire daily to please the princely palate, though the Prince himself is said to bend his gustatory energies mainly to roast beef and fried potatoes. His wife eats more ice-cream than any thing else, though her physicians tell her to abstain. She does not abstain. The kitchen of Queen VICTORIA costs, for "help," about the same as Prince NAPOLEON'S, viz., $26,000 per annum. The chief cook has $3600, gold; the three *maitres d'hotel*, or stewards, $1800 each.

The chief cook has the privilege of taking four apprentices, whose premiums vary from $600 to $800.

—That most charming of letter-writers, "IRENÆUS," in a recent communication gives the following pleasant "personal" of GOETHE. "IRENÆUS" was wandering in an old grave-yard in Frankfort, and came to one grave covered with wreaths and flowers, on the head-stone of which was cut:

"THE GRAVE OF THE MOTHER OF GOETHE.
BORN FEB. 19, 1731. DIED SEP. 13, 1808."

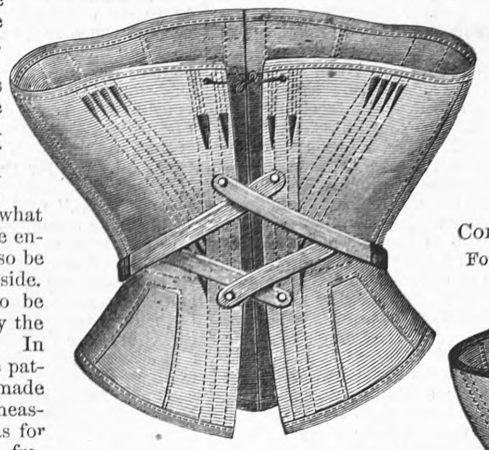
It was her request that this inscription should be put upon her head-stone. The mother's pride is in it, but so beautiful and so just! No man of this century has wrought himself more thoroughly into the German mind; and only one writer has led captive more minds in the world at large than JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE, whose mother lies under this brick wall, with deep shade trees hanging over her grave and fresh flowers lying on it, though she was laid here sixty years ago. "From my dear little mother," said the poet in one of his poems, "I derive my happy disposition and my love of story-telling." And she said of herself, "Order and quiet are my characteristics. I dispatch at once what I have to do, the most disagreeable always first, and I gulp down the devil without looking at him. I always seek out what is good in people, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind and knows how to round off the angles."

If this last sentence had been put on her tomb-stone, and had thus become a popular maxim for the German and the Yankee mind also, it would be a blessed addition to our household literature. The beauty and goodness of the trait of character thus charmingly expressed commend themselves, but the trait is one that we are always ready to admire in others, very slow to imitate. If this saying of GOETHE'S mother could be told in all the world as a memorial of her, it is quite likely it would do as much for the good of mankind as all that her son ever wrote, though he was the prince of German poets, and the master intellect of the age.

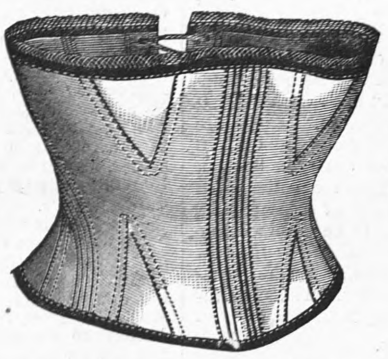
—Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S library is a small room at the rear of his house, the walls covered with book-shelves, on which are rare editions of the old poets and philosophers; histories, books of sketches and travel, political and literary pamphlets, evincing the variety of their possessor's interest. A large, open, old-fashioned fire-place, surmounted by a high mantle-piece, takes up nearly the whole of one side of the room; before this is a writing-table, whereupon are scattered books, pamphlets, letters, scraps of manuscript, blank paper, pens, and inkstands, by no means primly arranged. You will not fail to observe that pipes, cigars, and other convenient apparatus for smoking are distributed about here and there, hinting to you that LOWELL is wedded to "the weed." It is here usually that he receives his friends, and indeed all who call upon him. The ease of the host's manners, the utter absence of all snobbishness, the readiness with which he enters into conversation and brilliantly sustains it, the new ideas which keep coming to the surface, the veritable poetry which constantly characterizes his conversation, and the great extent of his æsthetical learning make the hours pass so swiftly and agreeably that one always deeply regrets the moment for bidding him adieu.

Corsets.

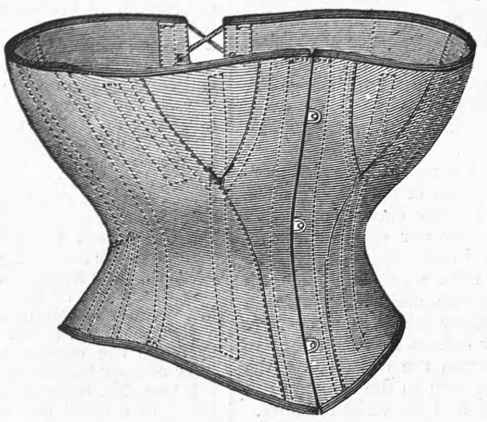
WE call the attention of our readers to the numerous corsets, the patterns and illustrations of which we give in this Number and the accompanying Supplement. The descriptions and illustrations also show the manner of sewing the seams and the most simple and easy way of making the gores; and, together with practical instructions for making every corset pattern given, the proper size for any figure. The illustration of this may be found in the Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 33–39. The contour of the figures (the heavy line) gives the original size of the brown drilling corset; the finer lines outside the contour on Figs. 33, 37, 38, and 39, show on which side and in what manner the pattern may be enlarged; the pattern may also be made smaller on the same side. The front gores may also be made smaller, as shown by the lines on Figs. 34 and 35. In order to know whether the pattern must be enlarged or made smaller, to fit the figure, measure in the same manner as for a dress waist. We have frequently explained how this is done; it remains only to say that the upper width of the corset must be at least an inch wider, and the dress an inch narrower than is given by the measure. The length of the corset is best determined by that of those usually worn. Having obtained the measure, enlarge the pattern, or make it smaller, in the manner shown above, till it is of the same size as the measure. If, however, the corset needs to be very much widened, leave a surplus in addition on the front and back edges. If the pattern be too long or too short, lengthen or shorten it on the upper edge. In cutting attention must be given to the rows of small lines (≡ ≡ ≡) which are seen on the pieces, and are marked *thread runs lengthwise*. The backs must be cut straight on the back edges; on each piece from half an inch to an inch must be allowed for the seams, as the pieces run over and under each other when set together. Cut the upper, under, and front edges according to the pattern; the edges of the back may also be cut according to the contour of the pattern, or allowance may be made for a hem. In the latter case the hem may be stitched through, as shown by the dotted lines, to make a sheath for the whalebones and eyelets; in the former case linen tape of the requisite width is set under. For running in the busk or steel spring, and the whalebone which are not brought under the seam, set on the under side of the corset, along the dotted line, a piece of linen tape of the requisite width, and stitch it down from the right side. The tape sewed on for the steel fastening remains loose on the front edge, and after the busk is run in is fastened with overcast stitches. For the buttons of the busk work button-holes in the outside material in the proper place. In order that the whalebones may be easily run in and taken out every time the corset is washed leave half an inch without stitching on one side of the lower end. Stitch the outside without taking up the tape, in order to preserve a neat appearance. If preferred, the whalebones may be fastened by means of long bias stitches, as shown by Fig. 1 on the second page of the Supplement. The back of the corset is usually finished by means of cord ends above the whalebones, which prevent the ends from being seen; these are stitched in as shown by the straight lines on pattern, and by Figs. 1 and 2 on the second page of Supplement. Work the eyelets as shown by the pattern; the cord is drawn tighter or loosened in the manner shown by Fig. 34. In the descriptions of corsets found in the Supplement the peculiarities and advantages of each model are mentioned, and the manner of setting together the pieces and sewing the seams are more particularly described.



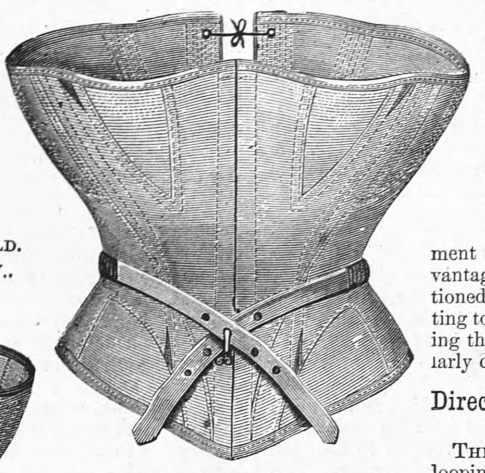
ENGLISH LEATHER CORSET WITH STRAPS.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7–12.



CORSET FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 25–29.



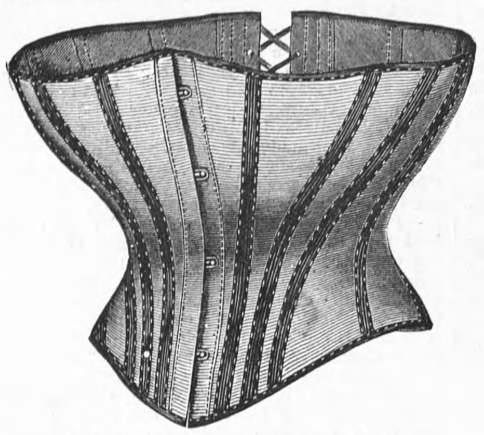
WHITE DRILLING CORSET.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 20–24.



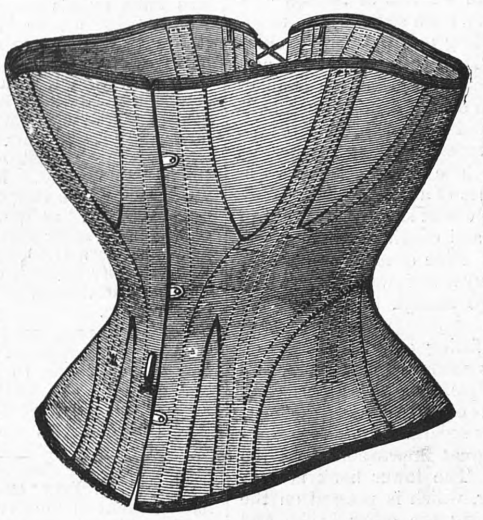
ENGLISH LEATHER CORSET WITH STRAPS.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7–12.

Directions for Looping up Dresses.

THIS new arrangement for looping up dresses is very simple and convenient. Sew three buttons on the skirt just below the belt, one behind and one at each side. Twenty-two inches below the belt behind, and sixteen inches below it at the sides, make loops, which are worked of silk the color of the dress, and are buttoned over the buttons when the dress is looped up. The distance of the loops below the buttons depends on the length of the skirt. The illustrations show the skirt before it is looped up and the front and back after it has been looped.



CORSET WITHOUT GORES.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 13–19.

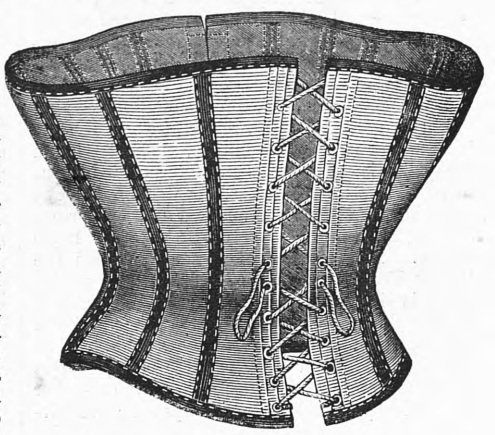


BROWN DRILLING CORSET.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 33–39.

Alphabet for Marking Linen.

See illustration, p. 709.

THE manner of working this alphabet is new. The letters are especially designed for marking pocket-handkerchiefs, as they present precisely the same appearance on both sides. They may be worked with white cotton, colored cotton, or silk. An illustration shows a letter enlarged and worked on canvas, so that the manner of working can be distinctly seen. Each figure of these letters consists of four threads crossed. From the centre take the stitches straight and bias the length of two threads, draw the thread somewhat tightly, so as to form the small hole in the centre.

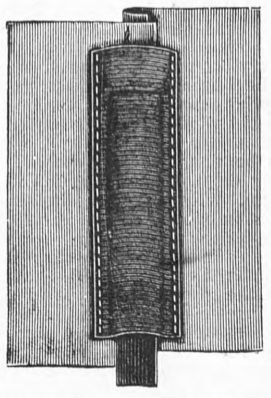


CORSET WITHOUT GORES.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 13–19.

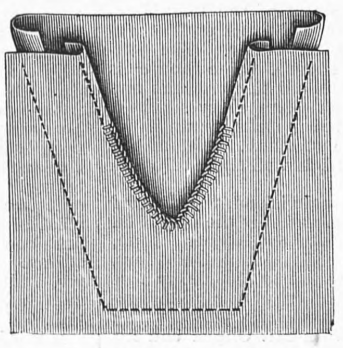
Corner of Border in Netted Guipure.

See illustration, page 709.

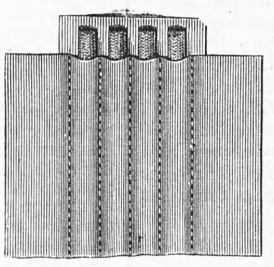
THIS border is embroidered with fine or coarse thread according to the object for which it is designed. The netted foundation must correspond in fineness. Begin the foundation on one corner, and work in backward and forward rounds, widening one stitch at



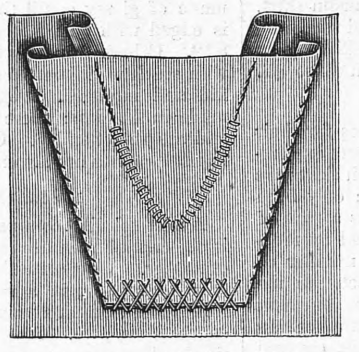
STITCHING ON OF WHALEBONE SHEATH OF CORSET. RIGHT SIDE.



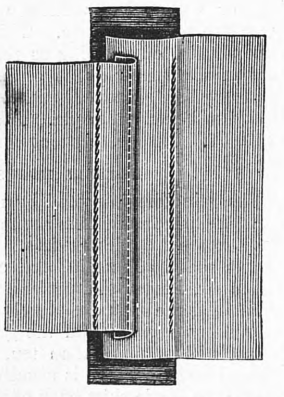
SETTING ON OF FRONT GORE OF CORSET.—RIGHT SIDE.



SEWING IN OF CORD ENDS FOR GIRL'S CORSET.



SETTING ON OF FRONT GORE OF CORSET.—WRONG SIDE.



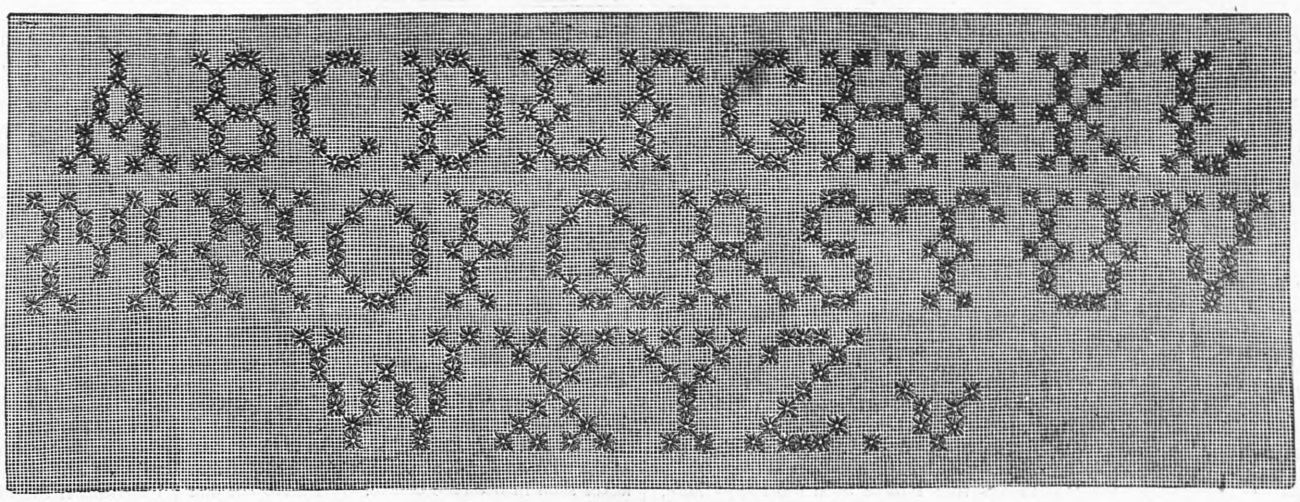
STITCHING ON OF WHALEBONE SHEATH OF CORSET. WRONG SIDE.

DRESS LOOPED UP.—FRONT.

DRESS BEFORE LOOPING UP.

DRESS LOOPED UP.—BACK.

the end of each round. The foundation may be worked in two ways: either widen till the number of holes is double that required by the width of the border; after which divide the number of stitches into two equal parts and continue to work on each for the sides as far as the next corners, in doing which add a stitch on one side and take off one on the other; work two such halves, which may then be joined to each other; or, net an entire square; after which cut out the inner part and work the inner edges with button-hole stitch, or work the middle portion to correspond with the border. Having completed the foundation, work the outer edge of the border in button-hole stitch in the manner shown in the illustration. Then work the corresponding squares of the foundation in point de toile, and the remainder, with the exception of those squares which form the centre of the flowers, in point d'esprit. The larger and smaller leaves which stand out in raised work on the foundation are worked in point de reprise.



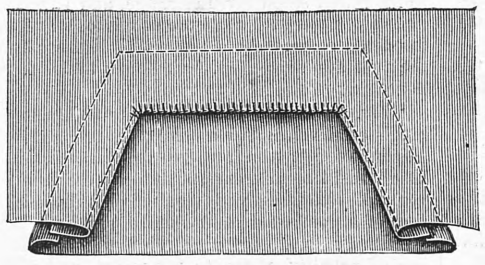
ALPHABET FOR MARKING LINEN.

JUST MARRIED.

A NEWLY-MARRIED man is like one who goes about as in a dream. His mind is perplexed, as it were, with a sense of added being. He has evolved out of something something more. He is surprised at finding the people in the streets jog by him with the same stolid indifferentism that they manifested before he was married. He imagines that every body must have seen the announcement of his marriage in the papers. Then, again, doesn't he *look* like a married man? Hasn't he considerably altered within the last few days? He may be wrong, perhaps, but it seems to him that marriage is deserving of more attention than it gets. It's a queer world, he knows, but not so queer as not to allow marriage to be a very queer institution amidst all its queerness. Yet nobody seems to think any thing of it, and particularly of *him*. His friends have collected round him, and, after their first expressions of congratulation and hopes for the future, have laid no more emphasis upon the subject than if he had been married thirty years. He can't understand it, he confesses. The world in its *nonchalance* seems to lay no significance at all upon marriage; but were the world to feel like he feels he guesses pretty truly that it would contemplate him with infinitely greater curiosity than it now evinces.

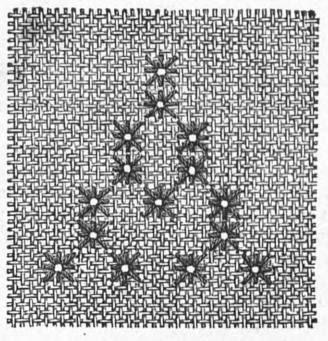
Would you have a newly-married man not keenly feel that he has been just born into a completely new world? Let the servant happen to range a pair of his wife's boots alongside of his own: what curious emotions the sight *must* inspire! If his wife happen to have a little foot and he a big one, no spectacle can be more suggestive. How dependent the little boots look! how protective the big boots! Once having seen the little boots ranged alongside the big boots it would be hard to imagine it possible for the big boots ever to be able to stand alone again. After all, the details that go to make up a young married life are very full of poetry. Let there be but love as a nucleus, and you will find the nebulous surroundings very beautiful and very pure. Still, the life of a newly-married man is very dream-like. The circumstance of a young, lovable creature hanging on his arm and calling him husband may make the fact of matrimony very actual; but there is so much of what is visionary in the new existence, so much of what is new in the present life when contrasted with the life of even a few weeks before, that a man had need to possess, indeed, the vividest perception of the Real, not to suffer himself frequently to sink into a kind of wonder and doubt as to whether things be really as they seem. It is a provision in nature—a startling discovery made by a Scotch usher—that a man must be a bachelor before he can become a married man. Now, as a bachelor, it is inevitable that he should acquire certain habits and forms of thought which it is the business, or, rather, the mission of a wife to modify or to put to flight. It is the abrupt subversion of an accustomed state of being that makes a newly-married man look upon life for a time as a dream. To find himself being constantly reproduced in the presence of his wife may inspire him with much such emotion as may be supposed to have animated the fabled gentleman, who, having accustomed himself to a shadowless existence for some time, suddenly found his shadow restored to him. Oddness may perhaps characterize the aspect with which life presents itself to him. It is odd for him, for instance, to find himself seated face to face with a companion at breakfast; to find the tea-pot being employed by some other hand than his own; to find food set before him of which he had not the ordering; to find the servants no longer appealing to him; setting him aside, in short, as if he were grown suddenly inconceivably inconsiderable. It is odd for him to hear people asking after his wife in his own name, as if the contingency of a Mrs. ever entering into *his* share of the family name had remained wholly uncontemplated. Then nothing can be more odd than the consideration he meets with at the hands of his wife's family—relations who had apparently before despised him, and treated him as if he had been an intruder and a robber. He is somebody now to them; but he can recollect the time when, in their eyes, he was the most emphatic nobody that ever entered a house. And what is very odd to him is the polite way in which he continues to treat these relations who had before abused him so warmly. He can not at all understand why he should, and yet he is constantly doing so. He feels perfectly sure that were they to ask to borrow fifty dollars he would lend it to them; he would tell you his motive was revenge—"nothing humiliates your enemy more than to lend money to him, Sir"—forgetful that, as a rule, men do not give away fifty-dollar bills to gratify a little personal malice, and forgetful, also, that he has taken unto himself a power which is silently and surely working him into all kinds of deeds—making him, in short, fulfill the matrimonial theory with a relentlessness of which there is every chance of his remaining for a long time ignorant.

We have considered newly-married people from a man's point of view; we have presumed to say nothing of the emotions and sentiments with which a newly-married girl may be inspired. At all times a man is a far easier study than a woman, but during the marrying period he is ten times more so. You can never get at a woman's thoughts either before or after marriage, especially after; you will, perhaps, be able to tell that she is happy or miserable, but to what extent she is happy or miserable it is given to very few to ascertain. Hence, in the consideration of newly-married people we have discussed only the one with whom we have the liveliest sympathy, satisfied that our fair readers will not misjudge us for not attempting to explain the riddle which it seems their especial mission and delight to reveal to us in their characters, but which, be it said, we sometimes fail to guess correctly.

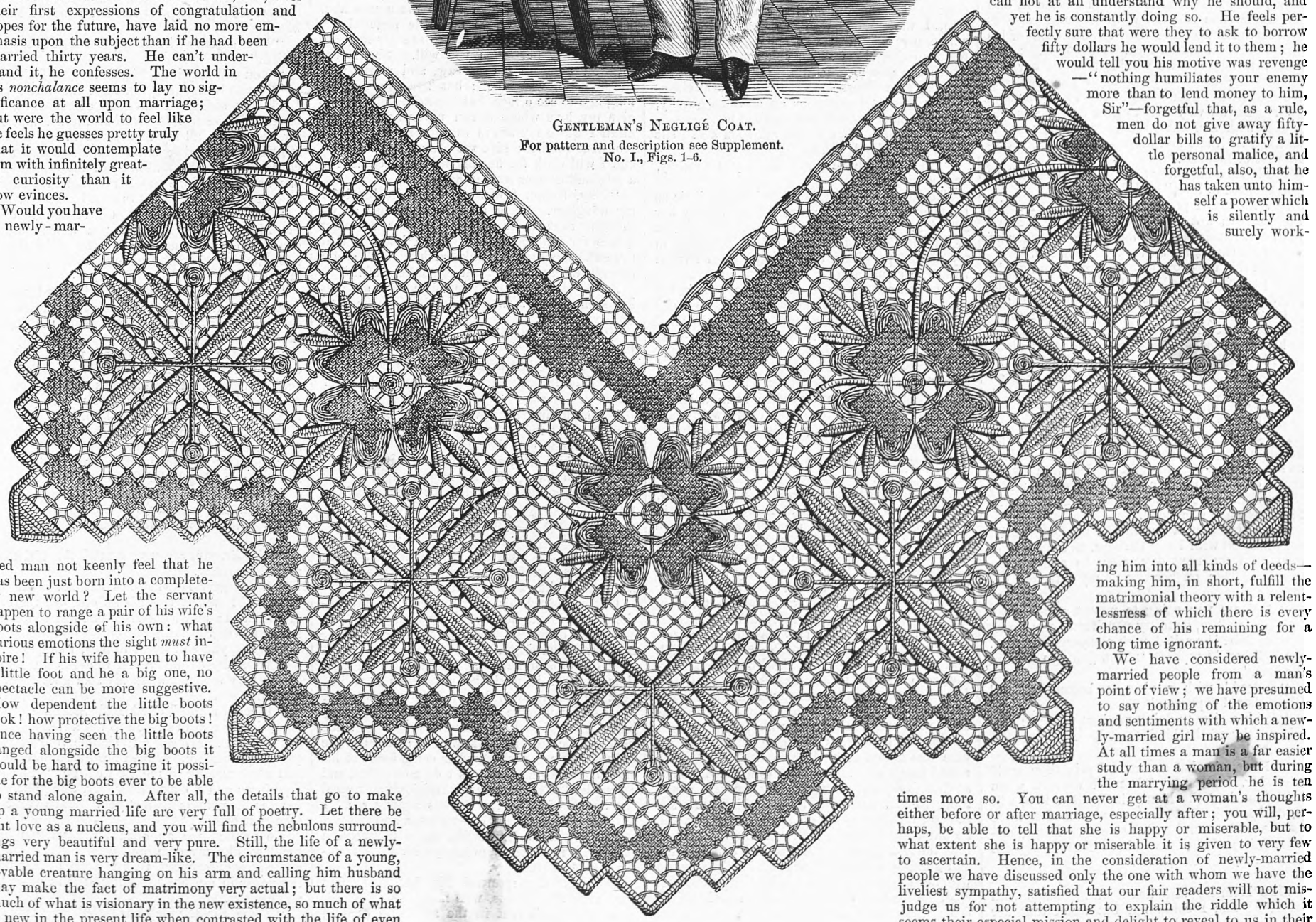


SETTING ON OF HIP GORE OF CORSET. RIGHT SIDE.

GENTLEMAN'S NEGLIGÉ COAT.
For pattern and description see Supplement. No. I., Figs. 1-6.



MANNER OF WORKING ALPHABET.—MAGNIFIED.



CORNER OF BORDER IN NET GUIPURE FOR COVERS, PILLOW SLIPS, ETC.

JUDGE NOT.

Do not rashly judge thy brother
If he stumble in the way;
Life's beset with sore temptation,
He *has* fallen—and we *may*.

Let us rather kindly help him
To regain the pathway lost;
Gentle words are never wasted,
Freely give—they little cost.

Take good heed unto thy footsteps;
Round thy walk lurks many a snare—
If like him thou shouldst be tempted,
Oh, my brother, watch, beware!

For we grope our way so blindly
Through the darksome shades of life;
And the best will err so often
'Mid its tumult, toil, and strife—

That I think it ill becomes us
Thus to judge our brother's case;
Let us wait until we've triumphed,
Standing in the self-same place.

BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY;

OR, THE

Adventures and Misadventures of Robert Ainsleigh.

CHAPTER VIII.

I FALL INTO DISGRACE.

'TWAS now late in October, and bleak autumn winds were fast stripping the park and woods of summer foliage. For some time past I had seen but little of Mr. Lestrange, who spent the greater part of his time out of doors, and left Miss Hemsley free to follow her own pursuits, and to give as much of her company as she pleased to Lady Barbara and myself. She seemed happy with us, after a subdued fashion of her own, but was never beguiled into gayety; and I could not refrain from the idea that her spirits were oppressed by the sense of a bondage which she had not the courage to shake off.

Mr. Lestrange, for his part, appeared to take little trouble to secure her good graces. He treated her sometimes with a free-and-easy politeness, sometimes with an ill-concealed anger; and bitter and biting were the speeches which he occasionally addressed to her. His insults she received with a noble dignity; and nothing could be more cold than her acknowledgment of his compliments.

One day, in a moment of vexation against this dear young lady, the gentleman was so ill-advised as to betray his anger to me.

"She hates me," he cried, savagely, "and lets me see that she hates me, and knows that I see it. But what of that? she will marry me all the same. My father means it, and I mean it, and when the time comes her whims and caprices will serve her no more than the fluttering of his wings serves a snared bird. Do you think that weak, timid creature would dare set her will against my father's—her legal guardian and trustee to her fortune—and say no when he says yes? 'Tis all very well to give herself airs and graces with me, but she knows that her fate is as fixed as if she had been bought in the slave-market of Ispahan."

"That is a hard way to talk of a woman whom you pretend to love," said I.

"Who says I pretend to love her? I make no pretense; but I mean to marry her. Mark that, Mr. Ainsleigh, and let no puppy-dog who values his ears come between her and me."

Upon this we came to high words, and might have perhaps proceeded to blows, but were happily interrupted before we came to that extremity.

I can not describe the contempt which I entertained for Everard Lestrange after this revelation of his character. I held myself as much aloof from him as possible, whereupon he affected to treat me with a haughty distance, and took no pains to conceal the fact that he considered me infinitely his inferior.

He had been absent from Hauteville several times during the summer and autumn, having business which compelled him to go to London, as he informed us; though I judged from his father's offended manner on such occasions that these visits were by no means so necessary as Mr. Lestrange pretended.

He was absent at the time of my confidential conversation with Lady Barbara, and did not return until the next day, when he affected extreme surprise on hearing of my intended departure.

"And are you going to mount a stool in a scrivener's office, or to try your fortune in trade, Master Bob?" he asked, with a supercilious grin.

"Neither," I replied; "I am going to read for the Bar."

"Indeed! with a view to becoming Lord Chancellor, I suppose?"

"With a view to doing my best to prove myself worthy of the kindness I have received," I answered.

"Heavens! what a starched prig thou art!" cried Mr. Lestrange; "but I'll warrant when once thou hast thy liberty in London thou wilt waste more time in taverns and run after more milliner girls than the wildest of us. For a thorough-going rakehell I will back Tartuffe against Don Juan, with long odds."

Miss Hemsley also heard of my plans with surprise; and I could not but think that her manner betrayed despondency. Our Spanish studies were abandoned.

"It is not worth while going on," she said; "a week is so soon gone, and you must have so many preparations to make. I fear you will soon forget your Spanish."

"Never; nor yet the kind mistress who taught me," I answered, warmly; and then we both stood silent, confused, and downcast.

"I hope we shall see you sometimes in town; we are to spend the winter there, you know," she said, at last.

"I hope so, dear Miss Hemsley."

"But surely you will come often to St. James's Square?"

"If Lady Barbara bids me, I shall be only too happy to come."

"And you—my aunt's cousin—will wait to be bidden? How ceremonious you have grown all at once!"

"Life has pleasant dreams, dear young lady; but sooner or later the hour comes in which the dreamer awakens."

"What does that mean, Mr. Ainsleigh?" she asked, with a timid, half-conscious smile.

"It means that I have been too happy here, that I have forgotten that the world is wider than this dear place, and that the time has come in which I must bid beloved friends farewell and go out to fight life's battle."

With this I left her, having already said more than I cared to say.

The first half of my last week at Hauteville passed only too quickly. I packed my trunks, which were amply furnished with the clothes supplied by the Warborough tailor, and a box of books, chiefly neat duodecimo volumes of the classics, which Lady Barbara bade me choose from the library.

My good Anthony assisted me to select these, and showed much regret at my approaching departure; while his sour wife expressed only one sentiment, and that a contemptuous surprise that a learned profession should have been chosen for me.

"I suppose you would rather starve as a fine gentleman than grow rich in a city warehouse," she said.

"I prefer a profession which befits my parentage, but have no more desire to become a fine gentleman than I have present fear of starvation," I answered, coldly.

"You carry yourself with a high spirit, Mr. Robert; but I have seen prouder spirits than yours brought to the dust."

As the time for my journey drew near I bethought me that I must bid good-by to my old friends of the warrener's lodge, and I blushed as I remembered how small a place those kind, honest creatures had of late occupied in my thoughts; nor had I seen them many times during the last few months, since I had preferred to absent myself altogether from the cottage rather than to go thither accompanied by Mr. Lestrange, whose manner of "smoking" me, as he termed it, on a supposed secret attachment between myself and Margery, was to the last degree unpleasant.

When my trunks were packed, and while Everard Lestrange was in London, whither he had gone suddenly and in hot haste a day or two before, I walked down to the dear old cottage where my childhood was spent. I found my foster-mother alone at her spinning-wheel, from which she rose to greet me. One glance at the familiar face showed me that its natural cheerfulness was exchanged for an anxious gravity, which at once puzzled and alarmed me.

"Oh, Robin, what a stranger thou art!" she cried, as we shook hands.

"And now I have come to bid you good-by, dear mother."

The good soul was grieved to lose me, little as I had of late done to prove myself worthy her affection. She talked of the wonderful change of fortune that had befallen me, and rejoiced in my altered prospects, even though good fortune was to carry me away from old friends.

"I shall always remember thee a babe in my arms, Robin," she said, tenderly. "I may call thee Robin still, may I not? though they tell me thou art called Mr. Ainsleigh at the great house. Jack and I always suspected as much."

"Suspected what, mother?"

"That thou wert Roderick Ainsleigh's son. Why, thou hadst his very face from a baby; and others suspected the same, or knew it, maybe. That is why Martha Grimshaw has always hated thee."

"Why should she hate me for being Roderick Ainsleigh's son?"

"Because she loved Roderick Ainsleigh. Yes, Robin, I was house-maid at Hauteville Hall in those days, and servants sometimes know more than their betters. Martha Peyton was mad for love of Mr. Ainsleigh, and was fool enough to fancy he loved her. I'll not say that he did not make her a fine speech now and then, or steal a kiss when he chanced to meet her in the corridor, but 'twas no more than such court as any fine gentleman may pay to his sweetheart's waiting-maid; and Roderick Ainsleigh had neither good nor evil thoughts about Martha, who was no beauty at the best of times. But she took it all seriously, and was always hanging about wherever her lady's cousin was to be met, and would run a mile to open a door to him; and when his marriage with Lady Barbara was talked of in the servants' hall Martha would laugh and say nobody would ever dance at that wedding. But one day she said something to Mr. Ainsleigh that let him know she thought he was paying serious court to her, and he burst out laughing, and told her the truth—that he had given her kisses and compliments and guineas because he wanted her good word with her mistress. I came upon him in the corridor as he was saying this, and saw Martha's face; 'twas black as thunder. She stood fixed like a statue on the spot where he left her, staring like one that was struck blind or foolish, and after this time I never saw her speak to Mr. Ainsleigh. If she met him she dropped him a low courtesy, and passed on. And I think from this time she began to plot mischief against him. When she found she couldn't have him herself, she was determined nobody else should have him."

"Why didn't you warn Lady Barbara?"

"I warn her? Do you think she would have suffered me to talk of her business? and could I turn informer against a fellow-servant? You don't know what the servants' hall is. Besides, I didn't think Martha could do much mischief, though I knew it was in her heart to try it. 'Twas only when Mr. Ainsleigh went away that I knew there was real harm done. Ah, Robin, 'tis a hard world we live in, and full of trouble."

She gave a heavy sigh, and I saw her eyes fill with tears.

"Yes, dear mother, for some of us; but God forbid trouble should come to you."

"It has come, Robin," she answered, gazing at me with an eager, scrutinizing look that I had never seen in her face before. "I have but one child, and to see her sad is the worst of sadness to me."

"Margery sad!" cried I; "when last I saw her she was as gay as a woodland fairy."

"When last you saw her? Do you see her so seldom, Robin?"

"Except at church, I have not seen her for weeks. You must not take it unkind that I have stopped away; I have had good reasons."

"Ay, Robin, good reasons I doubt not. But have you never met Madge by chance in the woods all this time? She spends much of her time in the woods. 'Tis hard to keep her indoors in fine weather, and she is not as easily managed as she once was. Oh, Robin, my child is wretched, and I can not find out the cause; and 'tis breaking this poor heart."

And here the good creature burst into tears. I tried to comfort her, but the tears flowed only the faster.

"She is wretched, Robin, and will not tell her mother the cause of her grief. Oh, if thou didst not love her, why didst beguile and deceive her with fine words and promises?"

"I beguile! I deceive! Mother, as God is my judge, I have never spoken to Margery but as a brother should speak to his sister. I have never loved her with more or less than a brother's affection, and I would not let the man live that should deceive or wrong her."

"Ah, Robin, thou speakest fair, but I know the child loves thee. Her father and I have joked her about thee many a time, pleased to see her blushes and smiles. We did not think thou couldst fail to love her, and we did not know they would acknowledge thee for Roderick Ainsleigh's son, and make a fine gentleman of thee. Yes, Robin, she loved thee better than a sister loves a brother, and I thought she was loved in return; others said as much."

"What others?"

"Martha Grimshaw and Mr. Lestrange. He told me thou wert mad for her."

"He told a lie. Those two are my enemies both, and would be glad to do me a mischief. But, mother, I do love my little foster-sister, and if it will ease your mind to see her my wife I will marry her when you will. She is the loveliest creature I ever saw, and might turn the heads of wiser men; but 'twas my fate not long ago to see a face that bewitched me, and to give my love where it can never be returned. Shall I waste my life in weeping for a shadow? No, dear mother; give me Margery for a wife, and I will work for her honestly, and be as true a husband as ever woman had."

"Nay, Robin, I will not beg a husband for my daughter. Thou dost not love her as we thought thou didst. 'Tis ourselves we must blame for judging amiss. All I know is that the child has some trouble on her mind, and I thought thou mightst be at the bottom of it."

Again she scrutinized my face with anxious looks, and then turned away, shaking her head sorrowfully.

"There is something amiss," she said, "but I know not what."

"You spoke just now of Mr. Lestrange," said I. "Has he been hanging about this place of late?"

"No, Robin; I'll have no fine London gentleman about my place. He came two or three times without you, but I gave him sour looks that told him he wasn't wanted; and the last time he was here, full two months ago, he told me he was going to London for the rest of the year."

"And since then you have seen him no more?"

"No."

"Yet he has not been all the time in town. He has run backward and forward, but has spent most of the time at Hauteville."

I remembered his broadly-declared admiration of the rustic beauty; I considered his hideous code of morals, and trembled for my little innocent foster-sister.

"God defend her from such a libertine!" I thought, and blamed the selfishness that had kept me so long away from the warrener's lodge.

I would fain have seen and talked to Margery before leaving Berkshire, and so waited for some hours in the hope that she would return, but she did not come. Jack Hawker came home to his supper, but his manner was cold and sullen, and I perceived that some dark suspicion had turned the hearts of these two friends against me. I left the cottage at last, disheartened and uneasy, and returned to Hauteville, there to spend a somewhat melancholy evening with my patroness and Miss Hemsley.

The next day returned Mr. Lestrange, and soon after Sir Marcus, who had been on a visit to a nobleman's seat in the adjoining county. I spent the morning *tête-à-tête* with Anthony Grimshaw, while Lady Barbara and Miss Hemsley drove to the nearest town to pay visits and make purchases. It seemed sad to me to lose their company on this, almost the last day of my residence at Hauteville; but I felt it was a fortunate accident which divided me from Dorothea Hemsley. In her presence I found it hard to fetter my tongue, and Lady Barbara's reproachful looks often reminded me of my imprudence. Soon, too soon, was I to be separated from her forever; for I felt that, once away from Hauteville, I should be as remote from her as if we had been inhabitants of different planets.

The day wore on; we dined in stately solemnity; and I was pacing the terrace alone, awaiting a summons to take tea with the two ladies in the long drawing-room, when I was accosted by a footman, who came to inform me that Sir Marcus Lestrange wished to speak with me in his study. It was the first time he had ever sent for me; but I concluded that he was about to offer me some parting advice, or bestow upon me some farewell benediction. I therefore obeyed without any sentiment of uneasiness, regretting only that if the diplomatist should prove tedious I might lose my privileged half-hour with the ladies.

The study in which Sir Marcus spent so many hours of his life was a dark and somewhat gloomy oak-paneled apartment, furnished with bookcases containing ponderous folios, and with numerous oaken chests and iron cases, which I supposed to contain papers. A carved-oak desk occupied the centre of the room, and on this, though it was not yet quite dark, some half-dozen candles were burning in a brazen candelabrum.

My patron was not alone; a solemn assembly had been convoked in haste, and I found myself placed before these as a prisoner at the bar of justice. Lady Barbara sat opposite her husband, pale as death; Miss Hemsley close beside her, with an anxious, distressed countenance. Next to his father stood Mr. Lestrange, and I thought he greeted me with a glance of triumph as I entered the room. At a respectful distance from the rest appeared Mrs. Grimshaw, and I knew her presence boded ill to me.

"Mr. Ainsleigh," began Sir Marcus, in a severe magisterial voice, "you have been rescued from abject poverty; you have been received into this house and liberally entertained for the last ten years of your life; you have enjoyed the education of a gentleman, and, finally, you have been admitted into the bosom of this family on a footing of equality, much to my regret, and all by the charity of Lady Barbara Lestrange yonder."

"No, Marcus," said my lady, "I will not have it called charity."

"By whatever name would your ladyship call it? What claim, legal or social, had your cousin's bastard upon you?"

At sound of that bitter epithet my lady winced as if she had been struck. "It ill becomes you to call him by so cruel a name," she said; "we have no knowledge that his mother was not lawfully wedded to my cousin Roderick."

"Have we any proof that she was? Mr. Ainsleigh's reputation is against the probability that he would make an honest woman of a parson's runaway daughter, who left her home to follow him."

"I can not stay here, Sir, to hear my mother belied."

"You will stay here, Sir, as long as I please."

"Not to hear you speak ill of the dead; that I will not suffer. I am fully conscious of the benefits I owe to Lady Barbara, and thank her for them with all my heart, and in my prayers morning and night; but I know not why I am called hither to be reminded of my obligations, or what I have done to deserve that they should be cast in my face with so much harshness."

"You know not what you have done!" cried Sir Marcus. "I suppose you are impudent enough to pretend not to know that John Hawker's daughter has left her home secretly, as your mother left hers?"

"Indeed I know nothing of the kind, nor do I believe that it is so. I was at the warrener's lodge yesterday afternoon, and heard nothing of this."

"And the girl ran away last night. Oh, no doubt you laid your plans wisely, and now you act astonishment as naturally as Garrick himself. But Hawker is in the steward's room; you will look otherwise when you see him."

Here Miss Hemsley would fain have left the apartment, but Sir Marcus forbade her.

"Indeed, Sir, I have nothing to do with this," she said; "I beg to be allowed to retire."

"No, Dorothea, I must bid you stay. This gentleman has been a favorite of yours, I hear; it is well that you should discover his real character."

"Oh, Sir, you are very cruel," the girl murmured, tearfully.

"If Margery Hawker has left her home, Sir Marcus," I said, "there is no one will regret it more than I; and there is no one less concerned in her leaving."

"What, you will swear to that, I suppose?"

"With my dying breath, if needs be. Yes, at the very moment when my soul goes forth to meet its God."

"I believe him," cried Lady Barbara. "It is not in my cousin's blood to tell a lie."

"You will have cause to change your opinion presently, Madam," replied her husband, coldly; and then, turning to me, he went on, "You are a perjurer and a blasphemer, Sir, and your own hand is the witness against you. Have you ever seen that before?"

He handed me an open letter, written in a hand so like my own, and with a signature so adroitly counterfeited, that I stood aghast with the paper in my hand, staring at it in utter bewilderment.

"Come, Sir, the play has lasted long enough, and 'tis time you answered my question. I think you'll scarce deny your knowledge of that handwriting."

"I know the handwriting well enough, Sir

Marcus, for it is the most ingenious forgery that ever was executed; but I never looked upon this paper before."

"Great Heaven, was there ever such an impudent denial! And you protest that you never saw that letter till this moment?"

"Never, Sir."

"Perhaps you will be so good as to read it aloud for the benefit of the company, and for Lady Barbara, who believes in your innocence?"

"I am quite willing Lady Barbara should hear this vile forgery, Sir," I replied; and then read the letter, which ran thus:

"DEAREST MARGERY,—For fear there should at least be some mistake about the coach, I write in haste to bid you remember that it leaves the George at Warborough at nine o'clock at night. Your place is taken, and you have nothing to do but alight at the Bull and Mouth in the City, where you will ask for Mrs. Jones, who will meet you there without fail. She is a good motherly soul, and will take care of you till you are joined by one who loves you better than life, which will be in three days at latest. And then, beloved girl, far from those new grand friends who would divide us, I will teach thee how faithfully this heart, which has long languished in secret, can love the fairest and dearest of women.—Ever and ever thy fond lover,

"ROBERT AINSLEIGH."

"What think you now, Lady Barbara?" asked Sir Marcus.

"As I have a soul to be saved, Madam," cried I, "no word of that vile letter was ever penned by this hand!"

"There are some folks to whom perjury comes easy, Sir," said the baronet. "You did not think that letter would fall into my hands; it was intended for your victim, who would have cherished the precious paper, and hidden it against her heart, I dare swear. Unluckily for you, the post played you false, and the letter was delivered this morning, twelve hours after the bird had flown. The wretched broken-hearted father of this weak and wicked girl brought it down to me, and calls upon me to punish the traitor who has ruined his child."

"That, Sir, I trust you will do, if Providence helps me to find him," I answered, looking straight at Mr. Lestrange, who received my gaze without flinching. Was he not, by his own account, steeped to the lips in vice, and past-master in the art of dissimulation? "But as for that letter," I continued, "I again protest, and for the last time, that it is a forgery."

"And pray, Sir, is there any one so much interested in your insignificant fortunes as to take the trouble to counterfeit your handwriting?"

"It is always the interest of an enemy to work mischief, Sir; and there are few creatures so insignificant as to escape all enmity. Again, Sir, self-interest may have prompted the forging of that letter. The traitor who is really concerned in the flight of this dear girl would best escape the consequences of his crime by shifting it upon the shoulders of an innocent person."

"I have not condemned you hastily, Sir," said Sir Marcus. "Here is a sheet of Spanish exercises in your hand, with your signature scribbled at the bottom of the page. I have carefully compared the letter and the exercises, and I find the signatures agree to the most minute curve."

"Conclusive evidence that the letter is a forgery, Sir," I replied, boldly. "Experts in handwriting have agreed that no man ever signs his name twice alike; there is always some minute difference. A will was once pronounced a forgery upon that very ground—the several signatures at the bottom of the several pages were all precisely alike."

"I see, Sir, you have already learned to advance precedents and argue like a lawyer. Perhaps you will be less eloquent when confronted with the father of your victim."

Sir Marcus rang the bell, and ordered the servant to send John Hawker. There was a dead silence while we waited his coming. I heard the slow, shambling step of my foster-father on the stone floor of the passage, and my heart bled for him in his trouble.

He came slowly into the room, and stood among us, with his bare head bent by the first shame that had ever bowed it.

"Your foster-son denies that he wrote the letter which you brought me this morning, Hawker," said Sir Marcus, in his hard magisterial voice.

"I know naught of that, Sir; I can't read writing myself. I took the letter to the parson at Pennington, and he read it to me; and when he came to the name at the bottom, I'd as lieve he'd put a knife through my heart as have read that name to me."

"It is clear that some person has tempted your daughter away. Is there any one except Robert Ainsleigh whom you could suppose concerned in her flight?"

"Nay, Sir, the poor child had no acquaintance except Robin yonder, and your son."

"My son! Do you pretend to rank my son among your daughter's acquaintance?"

"'Tis likely enough he'll do so," cried Mr. Lestrange, with a contemptuous laugh: "Ainsleigh took me to his cottage once or twice to get some artificial flies for our trout-fishing."

"Ay, Sir, and you came many times afterward without Robin, and won all our hearts by your pleasant, affable ways, till my wife bethought herself 'twas a dangerous thing to have a fine gentleman hanging about the place, and let you see that you wasn't welcome any longer."

"Why, fellow, it is three months since I crossed your threshold."

"And if you had crossed it but yesterday, Everard, I do not suppose this man would dare accuse my son," exclaimed Sir Marcus, indignantly; "and that in the face of a letter which proclaims the real delinquent."

"I accuse no one, Sir," replied Jack Hawker; "I only know that my child has left me and her mother, and broken two loving hearts."

On this I turned to my foster-father.

"John Hawker," said I, "you yourself have had as much hand in this miserable business as I have. I have ever regarded your daughter as my dear foster-sister, and my conduct to her has always been that of a brother. I told your wife as much yesterday before this trouble arose; I tell you so to-day. But if you can find her, and bring her to me, an honest woman, I will make her my wife, and cherish and honor her as such so long as I live; though I will hide from no one here that I have bestowed my heart elsewhere, where I have no hope that it can ever be accepted, and can never give her a lover's passionate affection."

"I protest that is an honest man's offer," cried Lady Barbara.

"Ay," sneered her husband, "your hopeful *protégé* promises to marry the girl if her father can find her; rely on it your honest man will take care she is not found; that good motherly soul, Mrs. Jones, will know how to guard her charge.—And now, Sir," he continued, addressing himself to me, "understand that you are found out, and stand convicted under your own handwriting, and that no cry of forgery will serve you, however impudently persisted in. You will therefore oblige me by quitting this house to-night at your earliest convenience, and you will further comprehend that Lady Barbara washes her hands of you, and that any communication which you may hereafter take the trouble to address to her will be returned to you with the seal unbroken."

"Honored Madam, my dear kinswoman, does this gentleman speak your will?" I asked, looking straight at my benefactress.

"There are circumstances, Robert, in which a woman's will must needs be that of her husband," Lady Barbara replied.

"In that case, dear Madam, I submit. No unconscious wrong which you may do me in the present can cancel my debt of gratitude for the past. I was doomed to leave this dear place. That I leave in unmerited disgrace can add but one more pang to the anguish of parting."

I bowed low to my lady and to Miss Hemsley, and turned to quit the room; but before going I approached my foster-father.

"Jack," I said, offering him my hand, "you can not think me so base a wretch as this vile counterfeit letter would make me? Shake hands, and bid me God-speed; and if it is possible for a man that's ignorant of the town I'll find your daughter."

"Ah, Robin, thou know'st but too well where to find her. 'Tis thy name that's wrote at the bottom of the letter. The parson said so, and he'd not tell a lie. I'll never shake thy hand again, Robin, for thou'rt a villain!"

This stung me more sharply than the abuse of Sir Marcus. I left the room hurriedly, ran to my own chamber, and packed a portmanteau in haste with my immediate necessaries. The rest of my luggage was ready packed; but this I left to be sent after me, leaving it to Lady Barbara's pleasure whether I had the things or not.

With the small portmanteau in my hand I ran down stairs. It was now dark; the lamps were not yet lit, and the great hall but dimly lighted by a wood-fire. I was leaving the house, when a door in the hall was softly opened, and I heard my name whispered.

It was Lady Barbara who called me. She was standing just within the door of a small waiting-room near the grand entrance, which was ordinarily used by footmen and humble visitors. She took my hands in hers and drew me hastily into the room, which was lighted by one wax taper. Even in that dim light I could see she had been weeping.

"Dear child," she cried, "it is hard to part with you thus; but our enemies are too strong for us, and we must submit. My little child lies in the cemetery at Madrid, and I am not allowed to cherish my cousin's orphan son."

"Oh, dear Madam, you do not think me guilty? Say but that, and I am happy."

"I say it with all my heart, Robert. The letter is a forgery, and it is all a base plot against you, because I am mistress of my own fortune, and might bequeath it to you. What do I say? My husband is incapable of such infamy; but there are those who would hesitate at no villainy that would bring them wealth and power. You are my adopted son, Robert; remember that. Nothing can sever that tie between us—no, not even ill-conduct or ingratitude of yours—for I am more charitable now than I was when my pride slew your father. Do not answer me, I have but a few stolen moments to give you. Take this note-book; it contains all the ready-money I can command to-night, and there is a letter in it, a few hurried lines of recommendation, which you will carry to Mr. Philip Swinfen, of Paper-buildings. You will go straight to London, and you must write and tell me how things prosper with you. Write to me under cover to Mrs. Curtis, at 49 Long-acre—she is my milliner, and a good soul. And now, good-by. Stay, I am to give you this from Dora: it is a book she has used for the last five years."

It was a shabby duodecimo volume, which I put in my breast, too much moved for words. If it had been some jeweled box containing the relics of St. Peter it could scarce have exercised a more healing influence upon the sore heart that beat against it.

"God bless her and you, dear cousin, and farewell!" and with this I wrung my kinswoman's hand, and left her.

The autumn night was chill and bleak, and the full moon rode high above the sombre leafless woods as I left Hauteville. The little book in my bosom—a Spanish translation of the *Imitation of Christ*—and the memory of Lady Barbara's goodness were the only consolers that I carried with me into the world of which I knew no more than an infant. Once, and once only, did I look back at the old Elizabethan mansion, with lighted windows glowing in the distance. O God, how long before I was again to look upon those walls! What perils by land and perils by sea, what agonies of hope deferred and dull despair was I to suffer before I revisited that familiar spot!

NINETEEN.

I AM so filled with unrest to-night!
I sit by my window and watch the light
Grow dim and faint in the western skies,
And my heart beats low, and my lips breathe sighs,
For something *so* precious is floating away
Just out of my reach in the twilight gray.

The last faint beam in the west has fled,
The stars come forth, the day is dead.
The wheels of time roll swiftly on,
And nineteen years of my life are gone.
I call to the sunbeam, "Return, I pray!
You know *what* you are bearing away."
But I watch, and weep, and call in vain,
It never will come to me again.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

ALL that is required by the law of New York to consign any person to a private lunatic asylum is a certificate of insanity, signed by two physicians. This is placing rather too much power in the hands of two persons, who may be neither responsible nor incorruptible. It is certainly a shameful fact that individuals of fortune and position, both in this country and in England, have been immured in the cells of a lunatic asylum while in the possession of health of mind and body. Instances of this kind are occasionally brought to light, as the recent case of a lady of sound mind having been confined in the State Lunatic Asylum at Trenton almost immediately after her marriage. Nobody can know how many similar cases never come to the knowledge of the public. And until this law is modified, at least, we had better all be careful to do nothing in an impulsive moment, which our worst enemy—if we have one—could construe into an indication of an unbalanced mind!

The alterations now in progress at the French Theatre will be a comfort, bodily and mental, to all who purpose to countenance the new Opera Bouffe Company when the autumn season commences. The former arrangement of this building was inconvenient, uncomfortable, and unsafe. It is frightful to imagine the fatal confusion which an alarm of fire would have caused, in connection with the former circuitous and perplexing arrangement of staircases and doors of egress. It is believed that the changes being made will render the theatre comparatively safe.

It is stated that a well-known diamond merchant estimates the value of the precious stones worn in Saratoga at the present time at over $4,500,000, and groups them as follows: $750,000 at Congress Hall, $750,000 at Leland's Union, $350,000 at the Clarendon, $200,000 at the American, and the remainder at various hotels and cottages.

The railroad to the top of Mount Washington is just opened, and now the rush to the White Mountains will commence in earnest. As to Saratoga, the races have had the effect to send prices up to six dollars a day, and new-comers up to the sixth story at that. Those who have not plenty of the "wherewithal" had better not make themselves uncomfortable at Saratoga during August.

There is a delightful prospect ahead for the lovers of the strawberry. A gentleman of Newark announces that with twenty years' cultivation he can raise strawberries as large as pine-apples, which will retain all the delicacy of the fruit now grown! If this wonderful cultivation goes on successfully, how pleasant it will be to say to a friend who drops in to tea on a June evening, "Will you take a slice of strawberry?"

Contrary to the ominous reports which are usually circulated at this season of the year, and before, it is now stated that the peach crop this year will be exceedingly large in some sections of the country. The great peach orchards on the east shore of Lake Michigan are loaded with fine fruit, which will soon begin to reach the market in that vicinity, and continue to supply it for a long time.

In this city before the war the highest salary for male teachers in the Public Schools was $1500, and $900 for females. At present it is $3000 for males and $1700 for females.

It may not be an agreeable consideration to those who are enjoying themselves at the seaside or among the mountains—yet it appears that burglars are pretty freely investigating the contents of closed houses in some parts of the city. Probably but few housekeepers were foolish enough to leave plate and similar valuables within their grasp; but nowadays bolts and bars avail little against the plunderers. It is to be hoped that the police will have their eyes and ears open.

It is a well-known fact that Southerners who come North feel the heat of summers here to be more oppressive than in their own homes. This seems singular; but it is stated that in midsummer the thermometer positively ranges higher in New York than in Southern latitudes, and sun-strokes are far more frequent. It is the long-continued rather than the excessive heat which is enervating to the Southern resident. The New Orleans *Picayune* says: "We have no doubt a Northern reader will smile when we tell him there is no city in the United States in which the months of July and August can be spent more comfortably than in the city of New Orleans. It is, nevertheless, true. Mountain air we can not give in this flat region, but the seashore is at hand, and its surfs and the breezes that come over the gulf from the south are as cool and refreshing as can be found any where else. A Northern man, who comes here for the first time in April, gets oppressed with the unwonted heat, and wonders, if such be the spring-time, what will it be when the Dog Star rises clear in the ascendency. If he remains, he is surprised that he bears the July and August heats so well; but in September and October, when he remembers how fresh and cool he used to find it in his own home, he is again panting under summer heats."

An immense skating-rink is now in process of erection in this city. Thirty lots were obtained for this purpose, between Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets, on Third Avenue. It will be finished by the middle of October, and will be 336 feet long by 168 feet wide, and 70 feet high. The sides will be of iron, supporting a roof on trestle arches. It will be handsomely decorated, and lighted by a patent magnesium illuminator. Around the rink a platform will be constructed, capable of seating eight thousand people. During the summer season the place will be used for public meetings, concerts, and balls. It is asserted that twenty thousand persons can find seats within the inclosure. Retiring-rooms, parlors, and refreshment-rooms will be provided.

During the month of July one hundred and twenty-seven lost children were found and restored to their parents by the police in Brooklyn.

Most of our artists are out of town, searching among hills and valleys for new material for their winter work. A few are at fashionable watering-places, but the majority prefer quieter resting-spots, where Nature may be studied in all her freshness and beauty. Some, however, are across the waters. Bierstadt is in London; Gifford and M'Entee are in Paris; Church is among the green hills of Tyrol; and Bradford is en route for Labrador and the icebergs.

Ladies will be wise to leave expensive jewelry safely under lock and key when they take a dip in the surf. A three hundred dollar ring slipped from a young lady's finger while bathing at Atlantic City the other day.

The Commissioners of Central Park are continually adding to its attractions. They have secured the services of a scientific gentleman, Mr. B. Waterhouse Hawkins, who will immediately commence the task of preparing a life-size group of the extinct animals which at a former period existed on the American Continent.

Recent developments show that it has been "a custom of trade" among Parisian makers of kid gloves to make four pairs out of skin considered sufficient only for three pairs by competent judges. A wholesale glover delivers to a workman a quantity of kid skin, which he considers enough for three perfect pairs of gloves. If, by his skill, the workman can contrive to turn out three pairs of marketable gloves from the skin, and yet reserve enough to make a fourth, he considers himself entitled to keep that fourth pair for himself. The Correctional Police have given a check to this practice by a sentence of fifteen months' imprisonment against some of the workmen, and of a year's imprisonment and more against several of the receivers of their stolen goods.

The Empress is organizing a Chinese Museum at Fontainebleau. All curiosities from the Celestial Empire contained in the Imperial palaces are to be forwarded thither.

The Free Reading-room of Cooper Institute, now closed, will be reopened September 1. It is furnished with 22 city, 24 country, and 9 European daily newspapers; 72 American and 35 European weekly newspapers; 41 American and 56 European monthly and quarterly magazines are already on the tables; and it is the intention of the Trustees to liberally add to this large supply before the reopening.

Report says there are one hundred and sixty-three children at the Gregory House, Lake Mahopac—but no crying! Also, report announces ten engagements at Long Branch—quite too small a number, and probably altogether incorrect. By-the-way, gentlemen who persist in smoking pipes on the piazzas of sea-side hotels are not at all in favor with the ladies.

A writer on "Words and their Uses," in a late number of the *Galaxy*, says that the proper form of a marriage announcement is not—Married, John Smith *to* Mary Jones, nor John Smith *and* Mary Jones, but—Married, Mary Jones to John Smith; that, properly speaking, "the woman is married to the man. It is her name that is lost in his, not his in hers; she becomes a member of his family, not he of hers; it is her life that is merged, or supposed to be merged, in his, not his in hers; she follows his fortunes and takes his station, not he hers. And thus, manifestly, she has been attached to him by a legal bond, not he to her; except, indeed, as all attachment is necessarily mutual. But, nevertheless, we do not speak of tying a ship to a boat, but a boat to a ship. And as long, at least, as man is the larger, the stronger, the more individually important, as long as woman generally lives in her husband's house and bears his name—it is the woman who is married to the man."

From late accounts we learn that for the last two months the Empress Carlotta has been subject to fresh attacks of delirium. On the approach of the anniversary of the tragedy of Queretaro, symptoms of internal agitation manifested themselves to such a degree as to occasion great apprehensions; and the excessive heat has aggravated her disordered condition. Her physical health is good; and she is able to feel the value of the care which is taken of her by the King and Queen of the Belgians, who watch over her with the most tender solicitude.

Nothing is secure from thieves and robbers in Paris. A short time ago several persons were gazing at a toy-shop in the passage Jouffroy, and among them a lady and gentleman with their little girl ten years old. On going away what was their dismay on finding that an adroit thief had cut off the child's magnificent crop of golden hair!

SUMMER TOILETTES.

Summer Toilettes.

Fig. 1.—Long skirt and sleeveless paletot of lilac silk. The latter is trimmed with bias folds of lilac satin and black lace. Short over-skirt looped up, and high waist of lilac grenadine, trimmed in the same manner as the paletot. White straw hat, trimmed with lilac braids, narcissus, and white lace.

Fig. 2.—Dress of white alpaca, trimmed with a pleated flounce of the same and three rows of blue ribbon. Bodice with peplum of blue ribbon and blue blonde, arranged trellis-fashion. White alpaca parasol with blue silk lining.

Fig. 3.—Round dress with short-looped over-skirt and fichu of black grenadine over a black silk under-skirt. Trimming of bias folds of light yellow satin, and yellow and black silk fringe. The under-skirt is cut out in the Greek fashion, the spaces being filled in with the pleated material. Toque of Italian straw, trimmed with a wreath of black feathers. Crimson silk parasol.

Fig. 4.—Under-skirt of pink silk. Over-skirt, paletot, and scarf of white batiste. Pleated flounces of the same material and chain-stitch embroidery in black silk complete the trimming. Straw toque, trimmed with black velvet braid and black lace strings.

Fig. 5.—Dress of green foulard, trimmed with bias folds and rosettes of black satin, set on in the manner shown in the illustration. High corsage and close sleeves. Swiss muslin chemise Russe.

Promenade Toilettes.

Fig. 1.—Dress with Watteau over-skirt of lilac poplin, trimmed with lilac satin pipings, rosettes of lilac ribbon, and lilac silk tassels.

Fig. 2.—India mull dress with double-skirt and fichu. The under-skirt is edged with a quilling of the same. The over-skirt is gathered in a large puff behind, and is furnished in front with two rounded lappets, also trimmed with quilling. The fichu is crossed in front and trimmed behind with a large bow of mull, as shown in the illustration; the ends are laid in two pleats. Swiss muslin petticoat, edged with needle-work insertion. Pink lace bonnet.

Fig. 3.—Dress with double skirt of light green silk barége. The under-skirt is trimmed in front with three pleated flounces of the same material, surmounted with bias folds of green satin; the upper-skirt is caught up on each side with rosettes of green ribbon, and is edged from the sides, where it falls over the under-skirt, with a pleated flounce. Two sash ends of green satin, trimmed with piping and fringe, are fastened on the shoulder with rosettes of green ribbon, and are crossed under the belt.

Fig. 4.—Under-skirt of pink foulard; over-skirt with long casaque of pink Chambery gauze. The trimming consists of puffings and pleatings of the same material. Bonnet of white figured lace. White parasol with pink silk lining.

LINEAGE OF THORWALDSEN.

THORWALDSEN was half Icelander and half Dane. His father was the son of a clergyman in Iceland, by name Porvaldur. Thorwaldsen's mother was the daughter of a clergyman in Jutland. It is not certain whether Thorwaldsen was born in Iceland, or on the voyage from Iceland to Denmark, or at Copenhagen.

Most families in Iceland are able to trace authentically their genealogies from the first settlers in the country. This is also the case with Thorwaldsen's genealogy, which has been traced from one of the earliest settlers in Iceland, named Hoskuldr Dalakollsson. On a visit in Norway—about the beginning of the tenth century—this chief perceived a beautiful lady in the possession of a slave merchant, who thought she was mute, because she would not speak. Hoskuldr, struck with her beauty, at once prevailed on the merchant to deliver her over to him for a handsome sum. She turned out to be no less than a princess, the daughter of the Irish king Myrkjartan. Her name was Melkarka, and she had been taken prisoner by Scandinavian pirates. Hoskuldr afterward had a son with Melkarka, the celebrated Olafr Pa. When Olafr was about twenty he went to Ireland, and was recognized by the Irish king Myrkjartan as his grandson. This Olafr Pa, the son of the *Irish* Princess, was Thorwaldsen's ancestor.

PROMENADE TOILETTES.

Pompadour Fichu.

THIS fichu is very stylish, and is especially suited to young ladies. It is made of black lace, bordered, as shown in the illustration, with white blonde an inch and a half in width. Having cut the two fronts from Fig. 30, and the back from Fig. 31, join these parts on the shoulder from 72 to 73, lay the ends in pleats, × on ●, and sew these to the sash ends, which are twenty-two inches long, the width of the ends of the front, on the upper ends, and ten inches wide at the bottom. Hem the edges on the right side and sew on the blonde. The front is ornamented with a bow of green ribbon. The ends are fastened outside the belt. This fichu is designed to be worn with a low-necked blouse or dress. The sleeves are made to correspond with the fichu.

GUIPURE LACE CAP.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XIV., Figs. 46 and 47.

Cap of Blue Ribbon and Lace Rosettes.

THE foundation of this cap consists of a straight piece of white buckram eight inches long by five inches wide, which is rounded off on one end to the width of two inches for the front, and bound with narrow blue ribbon. The back is finished by three ends of blue ribbon an inch and a half in width, which are ornamented with guipure rosettes in the manner shown in the illustration, while the lower ends hang loose and are notched. The front of this cap is ornamented with a large rosette composed of loops of narrow blue ribbon each an inch and a half long; this is arranged over a plain muslin foundation four inches long and two inches wide. The front of this is finished with a pleated frill of guipure lace an inch and a half in width. On each side of the foundation, as shown in the illustration, are strings of blue ribbon four inches wide and 23 inches long, which are fastened under the chignon. Instead of the guipure rosettes, rosettes in tatting, crochet, or netting, such as we have frequently described, may be used.

LACE CAP TRIMMED WITH BLUE RIBBON.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 42.

POMPADOUR FICHU.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 31 and 32.

LACE CAP TRIMMED WITH GREEN SATIN RIBBON.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 43.

CAP OF BLUE RIBBON AND LACE ROSETTES.

REMARKABLE DIAMONDS.

THE Mattam Diamond (367 carats, pear-shaped, and indented at the thick end) was found at Landak, in Borneo, and has been the cause of a sanguinary war. It still, however, remains in the possession of the Rajah of Mattam. He deems the fortune of his family to depend upon its retention, and refused two gunboats, with stores and ammunition, and fifty thousand pounds in money, offered for it by the Dutch governor of Batavia. The Koh-i-noor was taken at Delhi by the conquering Ala-ed-Din (some relation of our young friend Aladdin, no doubt, and perhaps his contemporary). Thence it came into the hands of the Great Mogul Baber in 1526. This prince estimated it at the sum of the daily maintenance of the whole world—a grand unit of measurement. It was beheld by Tavernier among the jewels of Aurungzebe, but reduced by the unskillfulness of the cutter (who, perhaps, lost his head over so tremendous a job, and nearly lost it afterward very literally) from 793 to 186 carats, the weight it possessed in the Exhibition in Hyde Park. At the capture of Lahore, during the Sikh mutiny, it fell into the hands of the British troops, who presented it to the Queen. This diamond has been recut by the famous Coster of Amsterdam, and reduced to 106 carats; but, instead of being a lustreless mass, scarcely better than rock-crystal, it has become a brilliant, matchless for purity and fire. The Cumberland diamond, bought by the city of London for ten thousand pounds, and presented to the conqueror of Culloden, was claimed by the crown of Hanover, and has recently been restored to it by the Queen. Perhaps Prussia has laid hands on it by this time. The Orloff is set in the sceptre of the Czars of Russia. It once formed the eye of an idol in a Brahmin temple—no unusual office for an Eastern jewel—a fact which forms the foundation of Mr. Wilkie Collins's interesting novel, "The Moonstone." It is also said to have been set in the famous peacock throne of Nadir Shah. At all events it was stolen by a Frenchman, and was eventually purchased by the Empress Catharine II., in 1774, for four hundred and fifty thousand rubles, a pension of twenty thousand rubles, and a patent of nobility. The tale of the Pitt Diamond is historical. It was bought by the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, of Pitt, the governor of Fort St. George, for one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds. The stone then weighed 410 carats. Pitt, in a pamphlet published to clear his character, asserts that he purchased it in Golconda; but the couplet of Pope:

"Asleep and naked as the Indian lay,
An honest factor stole the gem away."

has probably been more extensively circulated. However, the gem was really stolen from the Garde Meuble in 1792, and restored in a mysterious manner. Its cutting cost three thousand five hundred pounds, and occupied two years. Napoleon I. wore it in the pommel of his sword. The Florentine Brilliant belongs to the Emperor of Austria. It is supposed to be one of the gems lost at the battle of Garndson by Charles the Bold. It was found

MUSLIN NET-CAP.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 40 and 41.

MUSLIN CAP WITH LILAC RIBBON TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 44.

by a Swiss soldier, who sold it to a priest for one florin. The Piggott Diamond was sold by lottery for thirty thousand pounds, afterwards bought by Rundell & Bridge for six thousand pounds, and disposed of by them at the original price (no wonder some jewelers are rich!) to the Pasha of Egypt. The present possessor is not known.

HOME AGAIN!

HOME again! Spared the perils of years,
Spared of rough seas and rougher lands,
And I look in your eyes once, once again,
Hear your voices, and grasp your hands!

Not changed the least, least bit in the world!
Not aged a day, as it seems to me!
The same dear faces—the same dear home—
All the same as it used to be!

Ah, here is the garden! Here the limes,
Still in their sunset green and gold,
And the level lawn, with the pattern in't
Where the grass has been newly roll'd.

And here come the rabbits, lumping along—
No! That's never the same white doe,
With the pinky lops and the munching mouth?
Yet 'tis like her as snow to snow.

And here's Nep in his old heraldic style,
Erect, chain-tightening all he can;
With Topsy, wagging that inch of tail,—
What, you know me again, old man?

The pond, where the lilies float and bloom!
The gold-fish in it, just the same,
Too fat to stir in the cool—yes, one
Shoots and gleams, and goes out like flame!

And yonder's the tree with the giant's face,
Nose and chin against the blue;
And the two elm-branches here, with still
Our famous swing between the two!

No change! Nay, it only seems last night
That I returned your fond "Good-bys,"
As I heard the rain drip from the eaves,
And felt its moisture in my eyes.

Only last night that you thronged the porch,
While I choked the words I couldn't say,
And poor little Jim's white face peeped out,
Dimly seen while I stole away.

Poor little Jim! In this happy hour
His wee, white face our hearts recall,
And I miss a hand and a voice, and see
The little crutch against the wall.

So all life's sunshine is fleck'd with shade,
So all delight is touch'd with pain,
So tears of sorrow and tears of joy
Welcome the wanderer home again!

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

SOVEREIGNS shift about like common mortals. The Queen of Belgium is at Spa, where she lives in a small house of modest appearance with a suite composed only of a lady of honor and an equerry. The Queen of England will soon go, under the name of the Countess of Kent, to Lucerne to dwell there for a time in a villa. The Empress of Russia, under the title of the Countess Borodinski, rises at six o'clock every morning to drink the waters of the Kissingen spring; and, lastly, the Empress of the French divides her time between presiding over ministerial councils and lunches on the river brink. On Saturday she went to Paris to preside over the council; she wore a pearl-gray trailing dress with a black lace baschlik, a toque of rice straw trimmed with black velvet, and a green embroidered parasol. On Thursday she promenaded in a Lamballe costume of batiste écru, trimmed with Valenciennes, with a toque of black straw trimmed with black feathers, and a large parasol écru.

It appears that the Empress is not insensible to the delights of a fishing party, and that she is fond of going to eat *matelote* at Platreries, a little village near Fontainebleau, where *matelote* is made in an inimitable manner. It was Madame de Metternich that brought the inn of Platreries into fashion. She took the Empress there once several years ago, and since then they have been there every time they have staid at Fontainebleau. They go out in a yacht strictly incognita, and without any display. Scarcely have they arrived at Platreries when they jump into a boat, accompanied by a few chamberlains and ordnance officers; both take the oars, and they row about while the *matelote* is cooking by a bright fire in the kitchen. The inn is of the most primitive kind, with chickens and ducks pecking about the door. Mother Julienne, who is celebrated for twenty leagues around, insists on the honor of waiting with her own hands on her noble guests, whom she pretends not to know. They take their seats in a little papered room, with chintz curtains at the windows, from which they can look out on the Seine and the smiling landscape round about, and eat merrily from coarse earthen-ware, edged with blue, on a cloth of dazzling whiteness, the famous *matelote*, the celebrated omelette, and the exquisite fruits of the place, of which the celebrated Chasselas, the first grape in the world, is not the only one. Could Marie Antoinette return to the earth she would see all her memories and caprices of Trianon revived.

The splendid chateau of Beauregard, at Paris, is for sale. The Emperor superintended its entire construction. It is one of the most comfortable as well as the most luxurious residences in the suburbs of Paris. The marvelous furniture, objects of art, Sèvres china, and massive silver plate, with which the chateau is filled, are beyond description. Beauregard is built on a high hill near Versailles, half in the Louis IV. and half in the modern style. Two conservatories, wholly of wrought iron and glass chiseled like jewels, are placed at each extremity, and at once arrest the attention. The palace is celebrated for the admirable arrangement of its reception-rooms, and nothing can surpass its galleries. The lower end of the dining-hall is hung with a large Gobelin curtain, which, on being drawn aside, disclosed two columns of colored marble, between which is a white marble statue of Music. The *galerie des fêtes* is kingly. Twelve immense chandeliers, designed to give light to the musicians, are hung in basket fashion from the balcony below the middle dome. The ornamentation is composed of painted panels, representing allegorical personages larger than life, separated by pairs of columns of colored marble. The lofty porphyry mantle is supported by caryatides as large as life. The hangings for the reception-rooms were manufactured at Lyons especially for the castle; that of some of the rooms cost twenty thousand francs. Every where are seen the letters L. N., initials which consecrate the splendid gifts offered by the Emperor to Miss Howard, one of the morganatic queens who long held him captive, the most beautiful, and the most devoted to him, since she loved him at an epoch when, an exile at London, he was far from foreseeing the high destinies which awaited him in France. After the Emperor's marriage she espoused Sir Clarence Trelawney. She died quite suddenly two years ago, in all the lustre of a beauty which will remain celebrated. It was thought that the Emperor would marry her, and this might have happened if she had had children; but, despite the gossip which has confounded her with other personages, it is certain that she never had any by him. These details may be of interest at this moment, when the chateau of Beauregard is about to be sold. As by its splendor it could only belong to a prince or a Jewish banker, there is reason to fear that it will be dismantled. It is said that the King of Hanover wishes to buy it. The Count de Béchevet, to whom it now belongs, asks four million francs for it, and on seeing it, no one finds the price too high. It has a historic character of its own, and the interest of which will increase in proportion as time casts a shadow over the secret phases of contemporaneous history. Do not men visit Chambord, attracted most of all by the *salamandres* of King François I. and the *croissants* of the beautiful Diana de Poitiers; do they not even go to the pavilion of Louveciennes to seek some memories of the wretched Countess Du Barry, who was torn thence to lay her head on the scaffold. What is gossip to-day will be historical to-morrow, and a place must be given to those personages who are important from their position, for while there are sovereigns there will be favorites.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

BEEF BROTH.

FROM Gouffé's Royal Cookery Book, now acknowledged to be the first authority on culinary matters, we extract the following rules for making beef broth, that chief among wholesome articles of diet:

Beef Broth is the soul of domestic cookery; it constitutes the most nutritious part of daily food. Besides being extensively served as soup, it is also the basis of numerous preparations: such as stews, sauces, *purées*, etc. It is undoubtedly the best of broths; ranking far above other sorts, such as chicken, vegetable, fish, and game broths.

STOCK-POTS.

The two stock-pots in most general use are, a tinned iron one, and a tinned copper one; these are the best, being more easily cleaned—a consideration of great moment; the quality of the broth depending upon the cleanliness of the pot—two other very general stock-pots, one of cast iron, and the other of earthen-ware, are on that very account to be discarded.

INGREDIENTS OF A GOOD SOUP.

I make a distinction between a broth for everyday use and one for extra occasions.

For the first take:

1½ pound of beef (leg or shoulder parts), ½ pound of bone (about the quantity included in that weight of meat), 3½ quarts of water, 1 ounce of salt, 1 middle-sized carrot, say 5 ounces, 1 large onion, say 5 ounces, with a clove stuck in it, 3 leeks, say about 7 ounces, ½ head of celery, say ½ ounce, 1 middle-sized turnip, say 5 ounces, 1 small parsnip, say 1 ounce. Garlic is sometimes added. I do not recommend it; it imparts too strong a flavor to the broth, which would, for instance, make it unsuitable for the use of sick people.

For the second take:

3 pounds of beef, 1 pound of bone, 5½ quarts of water, 2 ounces of salt, 2 carrots, say 10 ounces, 2 large onions, say 10 ounces, 6 leeks, say 14 ounces, 1 head of celery, say 1 ounce, 2 turnips, say 10 ounces, 1 parsnip, say 2 ounces, 2 cloves in the onion.

The soup produced under the first recipe will be found amply sufficient for four or five persons; if there be only two to partake of it, the remainder will not on that account be lost, as it will do for a second time; it will also be useful to have at hand, to add to the sauce when warming up the beef.

THE MEAT FOR SOUP.

The pieces of beef best adapted for broth are: all the different parts of the leg, extending from the shin, and including the rump; the upper parts of the shoulder, known as gravy beef, are also very generally employed—besides producing a good broth they make a good *bouilli*. Nevertheless, it is admitted that the upper parts of the leg produce a more nourishing broth than the shoulder. Ribs of beef are also used for broth; they leave a good eating meat, but are not fleshy enough to give a savory broth.

In instances where the *bouilli* is not required, shin alone is sometimes used; but I do not recommend it, as that part, containing more gelatinous than nutritious substance, does not make a good broth. It is, however, well to add about a pound of shin when the rump or ribs are used, for it will increase the strength of the broth, while the latter will, when boiled, make good removes.

Perfect freshness of the meat is indispensable; a dried-up piece of beef would not make good broth, or leave a good *bouilli*.

MODE OF PREPARATION.

The first requisite is a good slow fire: feed your stove well with coal, so as not to have to replenish it for three hours; and, when you *do* have to renew the fire, be careful not to hurry the boiling, which should always proceed slowly. Do not close the pot hermetically, as this would prevent the broth being clear.

After boning the beef, tie it round with string, to keep it together and in shape; break the bones with the cleaver; put the pieces in the pot first, then the meat over them; add 3½ quarts of cold filtered water, and 1 ounce of salt, for the small pot; or, 5½ quarts of water, and 2 ounces of salt, for the large one; put the pot on the fire. When nearly boiling, skim, and add ½ gill of cold water for the small pot, or 1 gill for the large one, to accelerate the rising of the scum. Repeating this operation about three times will secure a clear and limpid appearance to the broth; add then the vegetables indicated above, and, as soon as boiling recommences, remove the pot to the stove corner, let it remain there simmering for four or five hours, according to the quantity. The fire should be kept steady all the time, so that a slight but continual ebullition take place.

When the broth is done, take out the meat, and put it on a dish; taste the broth, and, if any additional salt be required, add it—but only at the last moment, when the soup is poured in the tureen, it being best to keep the stock of light seasoning, as this will always increase in warming up and reducing for sauces.

SKIMMING THE FAT.

Freeing the broth from fat is one of the essential points to be observed for its preservation; it should be done with a spoon while the pot is boiling on the stove-corner. The fat can be made useful for frying purposes by clarifying it on a slow fire for about an hour, and then straining through the gravy-strainer.

REMARKS ON THE VEGETABLES FOR BROTH.

The vegetables add amazingly to the flavor of the broth; but they should not remain in the pot a minute longer than necessary to be well cooked, as they will otherwise absorb some of the flavor of the broth—a fact easily proved by tasting them when they have thus been allowed to linger in the broth after their proper cooking. It will then be found that they have taken much of the richness of the broth, of course to the latter's detriment.

In spring and summer, vegetables, being tender, cook more rapidly; it is therefore necessary to make proper allowance for the difference of seasons.

COLORING OF THE BROTH—CARAMEL.

It is generally required, with reason, that broth should be of a rich, golden color; although not really better on that account, it pleases the eye—always a desirable end in cookery. The essential point in coloring broth is not to alter its flavor; I therefore advise those who value its quality never to use burnt onions, carrots, or similar ingredients, which only impart an acrid and disagreeable taste.

The only innocuous coloring substance is *caramel*, or burnt sugar, prepared in the following manner: Put in a copper pan ½ pound of pounded sugar; stir it over the fire with a wooden spoon; when the sugar is thoroughly melted, keep it boiling very slowly for a quarter of an hour, leaving the spoon in to stir occasionally. When the sugar attains a very dark brown color, add 1 quart of cold water; boil for twenty minutes on the stove-corner; let cool, strain, and keep ready for use in well-corked and perfectly clean bottles. Good caramel should be of a dark brown color; if allowed to boil too quickly it will become black and impart a bad color. With this caramel color the broth only in the soup-tureen when wanted; it is better to keep the stock of its natural color for poulette sauce, blanquettes, etc.. It is always easy at any time to add coloring to it.

PRESERVATION OF THE BROTH.

The first requisite in order to preserve broth is to clear it entirely of fat, and strain it carefully; let it cool thoroughly before putting it away, and keep it in a cool place, without covering it. In winter it will keep sweet for two or three days. In summer it is necessary to boil it up daily and put it by in a very clean vessel.

ON PROLONGED COOKING.

With reference to broth I have often been asked the following question:

"Would not seven or eight hours' boiling produce a broth of more savor and better quality than five hours?" to which I answer: "By no means; after a certain time, when the meat is thoroughly cooked, it has parted with all its nutritive principles and flavor; and leaving it in the broth after that will rather tend to deteriorate than improve it; thus, to produce good broth, the meat should be done to a nicety—neither too much nor too little."

I indicate five hours' boiling for the larger quantity—but it must be understood that this is not an invariable rule; I have given the average time required, but it of course depends on the age and quality of the meat. To ascertain when the meat is cooked, try it, after four or five hours' boiling, with a trussing-needle; if this goes in easily, the beef is cooked, and the broth has arrived at perfection; further boiling will but spoil it.

THE LIGHTS ON GWYNETH'S HEAD.

I.

THE tide was out, and the air that blew over the long stretch of yellow sand was very fresh, and gentle, too, for March, which month does not always come in like a lion, but sometimes inverses the proverb. There was a boat high and dry on the beach; there was something that looked like fishing-nets; and there were two or three figures dotted about the sands.

All this Lucy Fernham saw from the drawing-room windows of the big, irregularly built house which stood in its own grounds, nearly a quarter of a mile inland, and which belonged to Sir Trevor Pole, master of the Redfield pack. There were a good many guests assembled in that drawing-room, and of these Lucy knew that she was the star and centre. She would have told you so very bitterly. She remembered, only twelve months ago, looking out of a cottage window on a wilder coast than this, and being superciliously questioned respecting the road by one of these very gentlemen who paid court to her so deferentially now. Neither, as a queen, did she always spare her subjects.

"You must remember, my lord," she would say to Lord Charles Fairstairs, "just such a coast-line as that, with the bits of white flecking it, down at Gwyneth's Head, you know, where you lost your way."

And my lord would fidget and stammer, and mutter internally "the deuce!" and outwardly twist the thing into the most winning of compliments. For Lucy was an heiress. I don't think she was any happier for that. Sometimes the fact seemed to have got into her life and poisoned it. It was always before her. She read it even in the invitation of Sir Trevor and Lady Pole, for had they not a son? And was not Sir Trevor notoriously half-ruined by the fox-hounds? She read it in the group of gentlemen that always gathered round her; in the deference which poor quiet Lady Pole showed to her; and she saw it, plainer than ever, in the tall figure of her uncle, Mr. Geoffry Fernham, as he came through the folding-doors of the inner drawing-room, smiling when he caught her eye.

He was a wonderful old gentleman; straight as a dart, his hair quite white, his manners perfect, and his wealth fabulous. This was the accepted version of him. No one knew exactly where he had originally sprung from, or, indeed, much about him. Venturous theorists affirmed that his money was the result of mercantile speculations; others, that it had descended to him in the form of large estates in North America. But, at any rate, it doesn't so much matter where money comes from, if it is an existing fact; and Geoffry Fernham's social status was unquestioned. He went every where; was rather deferred to than patronized; and if, through age and unconfessed infirmity, his popularity had at all threatened to decrease, he had recently sent it up above its former level by adopting his niece, and causing it to be understood that she was his sole heiress.

As he came through the folding-doors this evening he saw Lucy, as usual, like a queen holding a little court, and rather tired of it, just glancing toward him as he made his way with his accustomed quiet grace to a *prie-dieu* near her. For this extraordinary old man never lounged, or if he did, no one ever saw him do it.

They were talking about the Redfield hounds, and the next day's meet at the Cross Roads, which was to be the last meet of the season.

"Ah!" said Mr. Fernham, "that's a place where they would have buried a suicide some years ago—for punishment, I suppose. It's odd."

Nobody liked the interruption, unless, perhaps, it was Lucy herself; but young Trevor Pole, out of politeness, asked, "What is odd, Mr. Fernham?"

"The prejudice that existed—and still exists—against suicide. Death is generally a painful word," said Mr. Fernham, carelessly, as though to him all words were alike; "but of all deaths the one called natural must be the most terrible. In your own hands the work would be instantaneous, and, properly managed, painless; taking place at the very moment when life ceases to have any thing to offer in return for the burden of living. There was rather a good story in *Blackwood* touching on this. It's a long time ago, and was only the story of a dream. A very sensible dream, though. Suppose a man—take Sir Trevor here, for instance—has had his day, enjoyed all his good things in his time, and has now only to give up to his son, and sink into insignificance. Well, instead of dragging on the shadow of a life that was once good, suppose he ceases to be. There is no necessity to use hard words. He might simply *cease to be*. No one need inquire about him. He *was*; his son is. There is great simplicity in the theory."

Mr. Fernham looked up as he finished, saw the discomfort and perplexity on the faces around him, and his own lost its dreamy, abstracted expression.

"But you were speaking of the meet," he said. "It will be a splendid day for it. You can see that the sun will set without a cloud, and the wind is as it should be. Lucy, you will ride?"

"To see them throw off," replied Miss Fernham.

There was a chorus of exclamations at this from the gentlemen.

Mr. Fernham listened, and one white hand shaded his mouth. I think that the curl on Lucy's lip might have found its reflection there, only without bitterness. Bitterness involves, to a certain extent, suffering; and in Geoffry Fernham's creed it was not worth while to exalt the little amusements of social life into channels for irritation.

"Perhaps Lucy is right," said the old man. "She doesn't care for leaping, and I do not. I was mad enough in my young days, but now—"

"There's not likely to be a leap worth the name in to-morrow's run," interposed Trevor Pole, Jun. For which speech his guests and companion courtiers could have broken him upon the wheel, for why not, at least, make-believe there were gallant things to be done?

"Unless they take the Mallet's Collar," put in Sir Trevor.

"That reminds me," said his son, "I met Archer Denison prowling about the Mallet's Collar this morning. I asked him here, Sir."

A dead silence followed this speech. It was certain that Miss Fernham had looked up with a sudden change of countenance at the name young Pole uttered; but that might have been mere accident. Any how, there ran through the courtiers an instinctive feeling of jealousy and dislike to the new-comer. Each one of them flattered himself that he was getting on so well with the heiress, and here was, at least, a possible rival. Had she known him before? What made her turn so pale when his name was mentioned? The evening had grown dull, and couldn't recover itself. Lord Charles was consigning Mr. Denison to a broken neck over the Mallet's Collar; Sir Harry Dedham anathematized him as a pushing bore; and little Brandt—so called because he measured some six feet three—apostrophized him as a conceited jackass.

Lord Charles Fairstairs smoked a good deal that night, enveloped in a wonderful suit of green velvet, slightly dimmed; but he only asked one question—viz., "Can he ride?"

To which Mr. Trevor Pole, as soon as he understood the pronoun, replied most satisfactorily, "Who? Archer Denison? Not he. At least, I should say not. He's a capital fellow, and all that, but he's had a different training from ours. He's going in for an R.A., you know."

Altogether, I would not have given much for Archer Denison's chance, if his day's enjoyment had at all depended upon the new acquaintances to whom he was about to be introduced; but it did not. Sir Trevor Pole, standing at the breakfast-room window with a dog-whip in his hand the next morning, saw his new visitor sauntering about on the lawn with the two Fernhams, and he threw up the window in a temper.

"Why can't they mount?" he said to his son, who leaned against the window with a cigar in his mouth. "And why haven't you made the most of your chances there, Trevor? I can tell you I am hard enough pressed; and Lucy Fernham is worth winning, by all accounts, instead of leaving her to those dandies, and now bringing down this Denison to add to the number."

"And cut them all out," added young Pole, through his teeth.

"I must give up the hounds," said the baronet.

"I shall be sorry for that."

"Lucy Fernham sings with you, rides with you, flirts—"

Trevor broke into a laugh, and puffed out a cloud of smoke. Now the baronet couldn't smoke himself, and hated tobacco, so he drew back a little, and said, peevishly, "But if you addle your brains with a detestable narcotic the first thing in the morning, no wonder others get before you."

Trevor straightened himself and flung away his half-finished cigar.

"Lucy Fernham doesn't flirt, Sir; that's a mistake. She condescends to let a fellow weary her. I believe Denison is an old acquaintance—knew her when she was poor, and that sort of thing. It doesn't matter whom she marries, however, since it certainly won't be me."

"Yet you might have a chance if we join forces for Italy, which we are sure to do. I shall go to economize."

"So does Mr. Fernham," said Trevor, with a laugh.

The baronet laughed too.

"See that our economy isn't after his fashion, that's all. I can't afford it. Here comes Gladiator; you take care of him, Trevor; he's too good for you."

"I'll take care," replied Trevor, nodding to the compliment.

Once fairly on the road, Mr. Denison fell back from his place at Lucy's side, and kept behind. He knew that he had been a good rider years ago; but he knew also that Miss Fernham had no idea whether he was or not, and he watched her rather curiously. At first she rode on indifferently enough; but at a point which brought the Cross Roads in sight she just turned her head and gave one glance at his general appearance.

"I'd give something to know what she thinks of it," said Mr. Denison to himself. "Not that it matters to me though."

And there were the hounds dotted about among the yellow gorse, and the horsemen lighting it up with bits of vivid scarlet which it is the fashion to call pink—and on the horizon to the right the long low coast-line of dull red sand; and in front the purple moor.

"It's worth coming to see," said Sir Trevor. "Take my advice, Miss Fernham, and follow the hunt. It won't take you into any mischief to-day."

Somebody interrupted him to ask a question about the earthstoppers, and when he turned round again Lucy was in front with her uncle and Archer Denison.

"I thought Trevor said he couldn't ride," muttered the baronet. "He shouldn't have had the bay if I had known."

But whatever Lucy meant to do, Mr. Denison had no intention of being in at the death. At the first check he found himself still close to the Fernhams, and looking on while some dozen horsemen craned their necks over a fence in front. One by one they reached the weakest point, looked, and rode on. Mr. Denison saw Lucy watching them with a gleam of expectation that faded into something like actual sadness as each one turned away.

"I'll do this one leap," he thought; "and then go home."

"Use the snaffle," said Mr. Fernham, who was looking at him; "not the curb. The old bay is plucky, but I've ridden her and know her tricks. She'll swerve at the whip and answer to the spur."

Archer nodded and took the leap. After this the hunt saw no more of him. He turned the plucky old bay, much against the equine will, and rode slowly home. He got his sketch-book, and wandered off along the shore and over the rocks, till the sun began to sink, and the sound of the sea to get fainter as it crept away. He was thinking of many things: of his profession and its greatness; of the hollowness of the world, and the poor pitiful dreams which, after all, only mock us with their false coloring. And, turning suddenly round a sharp rock, he found himself face to face with Lucy Fernham and stopped.

At first they stood looking at each other without a word; then something came over Archer Denison which he could not control; a sort of brief madness, it seemed to him afterward, and he put out his hand and said, softly, "Lucy!"

She just looked at him and sat down on a big boulder, covering her face.

"Don't, Archer! It's like the sound of the sea on Gwyneth's Head. Oh, how I wish I was back again!"

"Back again where, Lucy?"

"In the dear old cottage with my aunt—my duenna, as you used to call her, you naughty boy! But I forgot," said Lucy, getting up with a forlorn resumption of her dignity, "I am Miss Fernham, and you are Mr. Denison. Richard isn't himself any more. I feel like the little girl in *Punch*, Archer. The world is hollow, and my doll stuffed with saw-dust; so, if you please, I'd like to be a nun."

Archer might have laughed at the plaintiveness of the poor little unthroned queen, but he saw Mr. Fernham at a little distance; and so he said, hastily, "Lucy, you called me a naughty boy just now. Think me a boy, if you will; your brother, for instance. I want to know if you are aware what you are doing; if you understand all these devoted slaves of yours?"

"I understand that they want my money," said Lucy, simply.

"And since they can not all have it, may an old friend ask which is the favored one?"

Lucy was silent a little, and then she said:

"I am very miserable, Archer."

"Why?"

"Because I have learned to doubt. If any one is kind to me I think at once it is 'money.' It's very shocking, I know, but I can't help it. I can not believe in any one. Now what do you think of me? I am worldly, of course, and you give me up. This is another thing the hateful money has done for me."

"Lucy," said Archer, "when you and I picked mosses in the Kentish woods last May you were as poor as I was."

"Well."

"Well. Things are changed. I do not give you up; it is the other way. I am poor. Are you quite certain that this universal doubt of yours would never, in any case, touch me?"

The painful red came up into Lucy's face.

"I—I am sure of nothing, I believe. How can I be sure?"

"Good-by!" said Archer.

"Not yet. Not in that way, Archer! Consider; my lesson has been 'Non e vero' so long, and I have learned it so well!"

"Good-by!" repeated Archer.

"At least we are friends?"

Archer could not answer, for Mr. Fernham had come up, and shaking off a rather odd, foreign-looking individual with a polite "Poste restante, Napoli, for the next fortnight; afterward Rome," and speaking a few matter-of-fact words to the artist, he walked off with his niece.

At the drive gate he paused.

"You have known this Mr. Denison before, Lucy?"

"Yes."

"But then he is poor."

"He is—"

A half smile on her uncle's lip checked her.

"Never mind," said Mr. Fernham. "He is a phœnix, no doubt. But, Lucy, I did not bring you away from Gwyneth's Head to give you to a struggling artist."

It was on Lucy's lips to say, "I wish you had left me there;" but she refrained.

"Listen to me," proceeded Mr. Fernham. "I have put you in a position to choose for yourself. Choose well, if possible; at any rate, choose. I want to see you married before I—die."

The word came with difficulty; it was hateful to him; it embodied the sublime climax of that suffering from which all his life he had sought to escape.

"However," he finished, "we will talk no more of it now. See, there are the lights springing up. Let us go in."

Archer Denison, glancing toward Lucy that night, went off into a fit of abstract contemplation of the girl who had sat on a big boulder only a few hours ago, and covered her face. It was altogether different now: she was holding her court, far away above him; bestowing her favors with tolerable equality upon Lord Charles, Sir Harry, and Colonel Brandt, Trevor Pole looking darkly on. For Mr. Denison she had not a word; and he could not know that she would go to her room with a sore heart when it was all over, to look out toward the sea creeping back again, and cry for the days that were dead.

II.

"Let us go into the country somewhere, uncle. This is too like the Ladies' Mile; only for the flowers."

Mr. Fernham had taken rooms on a breezy primo piano, professing always to economize, and keeping the joke up with immense enjoyment. He had escorted the untraveled English girl among the lions with praiseworthy industry, amply repaid, as he told her, by the sight of her fresh enjoyment. They had been through Castellamare to Sorrento and "done" Tasso's house; they had walked the paved streets of Pompeii, heard all about the skeleton of the priest before his altar, with the sacrificial knife still in the bony fingers—seen the fountains in mosaic; the temples and the great amphitheatre, which young Trevor Pole said made him wonder if his horse Gladiator was being properly attended to. They had submitted to be half choked with sulphurous clouds at the top of Vesuvius, and had inspected the "Devil's Kitchen." For Lucy's sake Mr. Fernham had even mounted again the hundreds of steps to St. Elmo and San Martino—and now he was riding, rather wearily, if the truth must be told, beside her in the Villa Reale, watching the carriages creep on, three abreast, and the exaggerated "swelldom" of the exquisites who rode at a snail's pace beside them. And with the Fernhams there was the Redfield party over again—the English milord Charles, the little soldier, and the baronet. No one knew why they had all fancied Naples at this peculiar time; each of them agreed that it was "odd;" and each of them sneered at the others for persevering idiots who had no chance.

"I'll tell you where we'll go," said Mr. Fernham, suddenly. "Lucy, we'll drive to-morrow to—"

Lucy, bringing her sunny head so close that it almost touched his white one, whispered, "Hush! I don't want these men. We'll go alone; you and I."

And they went alone, along the coast to Baiæ, Pozzuoli, and the smoking Solfatara; till Mr. Fernham, suddenly putting his hand into his breast-pocket, said, "My dear, I forgot; here is a letter for you. You shall read it here, by the little Lake d'Agnano—it's pretty, is it not?—and I'll go away while you enjoy it. I wanted to see this place once again; to say good-by to it," he added, looking at her with an odd mixture of melancholy and jest. "Lucy, I have hated suffering all my life, but I did suffer here, once; and up there among the trees there is a memento of it."

At another time Lucy might have puzzled herself a little over this speech; but she held her letter in her hand, and knew that the writing was Archer Denison's. While she read it; while two tears gathered in her eyes, but never fell; while the beautiful little lake was blurred, and its emerald setting a dismal mass, Lucy went back a year of her life, blotting out the interval with that passionate despair which is so vain and so intolerable. Archer had sent her only a few foolish verses, but they sounded to her like a farewell forever. Moreover they came from Gwyneth's Head; and she knew that he must have seen the letter which she had written to her aunt in the first flush of her pleasure in the scenes which already were beginning to weary her. Angry that he should have seen this; angry with him, with herself, with every body, she read the lines again, thinking that she would tear them up into small bits and fling them into the lake:

"So orange and myrtle are fair for you,
And your northern eye can gaze
On a wave half dark with shimmering blue,
Half steeped in a golden haze.
And your cup is filled to the brim, you say,
Filled with life's sweetest wine;
Thus I take from your hand, so far away,
A sting you can not divine.
For your sunlit wave creeps chilly and slow
To break on a northern shore;
I would it had parted us long ago
For ever and evermore.

"Your dreams are among the clustering vine
That fringes some southern bay;
Shall I tell you now what I see in mine
As I read your words to-day?
The shadows that fall from a feathery tree,
On a Kentish lawn to play,
That are touching your cheek so tenderly
With the softest kiss of May.
But when I see it, dull grows my pen,
And weary my heart, and sore;
And I wish the wave had parted us then
For ever and evermore.

"Your hair is touched with the glimmering gold
As the shadows come and go;
Like memory's light on a story told
In the twilight, long ago.
From the dear, dear life that was all a dream,
I turn to your words again;
And my heart, where sweet lay the golden gleam,
Grows chill with a sudden pain.
For the wave is between us now, you say,
Since the fair May dream is o'er;
I would it had swept us apart that day
For ever and evermore."

"Well, Lucy, you have been long enough over it. I hope it's a proposal."

Lucy folded her paper with wonderful calmness, considering that a moment before she had meant to tear it up and throw it into the lake.

"No, uncle."

A shadow passed over Geoffry Fernham's face. There were few of his acquaintances and enviers who would not have started back aghast from the thoughts and speculations which had occupied him during that solitary stroll. It was not his habit, however, to indulge in unpleasant reflections; so he shook them off and said, good-humoredly, "Lucy, I wish you would make up your mind. Here are four suitors at your feet; honorable, true men, holding good positions. They may not be very clever, but what of that? They are average. I was considered above that, and what has my cleverness done for me? I shall go out of the world without the regret of a single soul. Mind, I am not mourning over this. My object has been to enjoy to the very full all that life could offer, and I have done so. The question is not concerning me, however, but you. These gentlemen are all in love with you, Lucy."

"With your heiress, Sir," said Lucy, involuntarily.

Mr. Fernham smiled—a very odd smile, that somehow seemed to give a ghastly look to his face.

"At any rate they are my friends. They are going on with me to Rome. I should like you to be civil to them."

"I will be civil to them."

"I wish you would like Lord Charles. He's a very good sort of fellow. Try, Lucy. Hitherto, you have done nothing but queen it, but that can not go on. I have motives for wishing to see you settled. Give Lord Charles a chance, my dear."

Lucy did not answer, but she crushed Archer Denison's envelope into her pocket rather savagely. Yes, she would be civil to her uncle's friends. After all, he had some right to complain of her. She would forget all about her past life and the little cottage at Gwyneth's Head; and as to Archer, it was worse than childish to wear a sore heart for a man who openly declared that he wished they had never met.

So Lucy tutored herself into subjection, and tried to like Lord Charles. He was good-natured and attentive; she could not help seeing that her will was law to him. She wanted to get to Rome in time for the Easter splendor, and he managed this for her. He even went with her to hear the music in the Sistine Chapel, and the first Miserere in St. Peter's, though he hated music, and couldn't see the use of being made miserable by such melancholy sounds; and on Easter-day he, constitutionally an indolent man, submitted to stand from eight o'clock till twelve in St. Peter's, to hear the Pope celebrate High Mass. Lucy might have seen the hopeless weariness in his face if she had thought of him, but she did not. From the blast of silver clarions which heralded the Pope's entrance, to the moment when the papal troops drew up in the Piazza outside, under the balcony from which the benediction was to be pronounced, she forgot all about her companions.

As for my lord, he never spoke to her; the dead silence of so dense a throng had something awful about it to him; and when the cannon sounded from the Castle of St. Angelo, and the seventy or eighty thousand kneeling figures rose up after the Pope's blessing, he, stolid Englishman as he was, almost joined in the huzzas that followed, so great was his relief that the thing was over. It was at this moment that Lucy, starting from him, uttered a sudden cry:

"Archer, Archer—I am so glad!"

She checked herself at once, but Lord Charles had heard; had recognized that "snob" of an artist, and seen his face light up.

"Are you glad?" said Archer. "So am I then. It's a strange place to meet in, is it not?"

He was holding her hand still, and Lucy, hardly knowing what to do, turned with a slight gesture of introduction to Lord Charles.

"How de do, Mr.—ah—Densil?" said his lordship. "Impressive sight, I suppose. Can't say I care very much for it, myself. Stage trickery, rather."

"You will call, Archer," broke in Lucy, hastily. "We are on the Piazza di Spagna, and—"

"Thank you, but I'm afraid I must be a very unsocial animal just now. I am going to shut myself up and work hard; harder than such happy fellows as you, my lord, know any thing about."

Lucy swallowed the little sting of pain, anger, and self-contempt, as best she could.

"Well," she said, indifferently, "I dare say you are right. Good-by!"

"Good-by!"

My lord, walking sulkily by Lucy's side, made a solemn resolution that before the day was over he would have his answer, let it be what it might. Months afterward he used to reflect what a lucky chance it was for him that Miss Fernham turned restive on the score of propriety, and insisted on dragging poor meek Lady Pole with her to the evening illumination of St. Peter's.

Mr. Fernham had been out all day, no one knew where. He came in before they started, and went straight up to his niece, drawing her on one side.

"Settle it with my lord to-night, Lucy."

He spoke in such a strange tone that she looked up at him and started at the dead whiteness of his face.

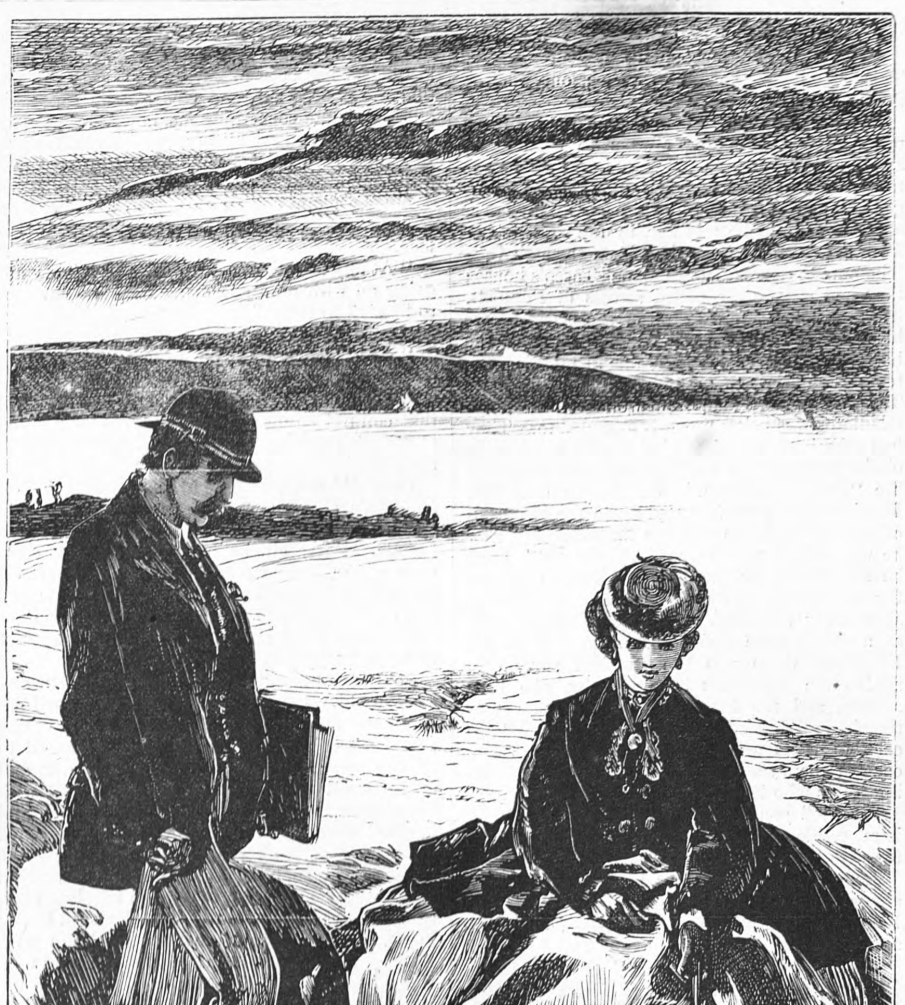
"You are ill," she said. "I will not go out."

He laughed.

"I never was ill in my life. Don't you take fancies, Lucy, but go, and come back to me—that is, come back to-night Lady Charles Fairstairs elect."

But Lucy was both tired and excited, and in no mood to take any notice of my lord's efforts to draw her into a confidential dialogue. There was, or she thought there was, something oppressive in the air; and she will never again think of that broad temple of fire against the starless sky without the shudder of a nameless terror creeping over her. She was haunted all the time by the strange white face that had looked down at her and laughed; and she was glad when Lady Pole confessed to being tired, and they turned homeward.

Lucy did not know what she was afraid of, but she was afraid. When she had said good-night to Lady Pole, and seen her walk away with my lord, she stopped a moment to still the unusual beating of her heart, and to tell herself that it was the heat, and the fatigue, and excitement of the day. Then she went into her own room to take off her bonnet; and from thence to the drawing-room. No one was there. A small



THE LIGHTS ON GWYNETH'S HEAD.

pan of coals smouldered on a tripod on one table; for Mr. Fernham was chilly in spite of the warm weather. A taper still burned upon a smaller table; and there was a smell of sealing-wax in the room. Going up to this latter table she saw a neat pile of papers tied together and labeled; and near them a note addressed to herself, in her uncle's hand.

Still fighting off that strange terror of she knew not what, Lucy broke this open and read it:

"MY DEAR LUCY,—I have been a consistent man all my life. When I took you from your aunt I promised to leave you all I had. So I do; and it is—nothing.

"There is only enough to pay my debts. I have had money, and have used it—to purchase every good thing which the world could sell. I saw you when my popularity was a little failing; and I adopted you, as the phrase is, for three reasons. I should thereby regain importance, experience a novel sensation, and make a good match for my niece. If I have not done this last, it has been your fault, not mine. And my money is gone. I thought it would have lasted longer, but it is gone. I have always determined that when life could no more give me the full measure to which I am accustomed, I would know no meaner portion. I would *cease to be*. If you have neglected your chances with Lord Charles, and willfully thrown him over, I can not help it. I have still done you no harm. And in that case go back to your mother's sister; you are no worse off than the girl whom I took away and to whom I have given at least one brilliant year in her life. Good-by! I am about to lock myself into my room. You need take no steps. I have borne about with me for years the means of a death, painless—even luxurious—and certain.

"Your uncle, now—when you read this, no one!"

In the morning all Rome was talking about the Piazza di Spagna, and the English milord who was rich and yet not rich; who had destroyed himself. And in a fortnight's time, before Lucy had recovered from the shock of the most terrible thing that had ever happened to her, there lay on her table three of the thinnest possible bits of pasteboard, with "P. P. C." scrawled at the bottom of each. Out of the four faithful and devoted knights, only Trevor Pole had asked permission to see her, and offer her his clumsy sympathy and his good-by in person. And day after day, in sore bitterness and desolation, there came up in Lucy's heart the thought that surely Archer Denison would write or come to her before she left Rome.

But Archer was at the Café Greco, absorbed in his studies; and if fragments of the nine days' wonder reached him, he caught no names and took no notice. When he did hear what had happened, it was too late.

III.

On Gwyneth's Head, cold, desolate, and beautiful; a dark mass with a granite face on its summit; the lines sharp cut; the stone lips compressed with a sort of strain upon them; the whole face bent forward in an attitude of watching. And the autumn wind was freshening; the waves lashing themselves up before it, dull yellow on the coast, green and olive-green farther out. Many a boat had been stove in, many a fisherman had gone to his long home here, under the calm face that never changed and never rested from its watching. The old people who had lived in the little town before it grew into the quiet, aristocratic watering-place told the story of the granite face with unquestioning faith. It was Gwyneth, a fisherman's wife, who had gone out to watch through the stormy night for her husband's boat, and had never come back again, but watched there forever, turned to stone by the sight of the broken boat on the rocks below.

In these later days a little lantern-shaped turret stood on Gwyneth's Head; and when the warning lights shone out at night, the lowest of them just touched the stone face here and there, like the white lights of a painter.

They were lighted now, though it was daylight, and they could do but little good. And below the rock, close to the pier, a crowd had gathered—a silent crowd, almost immovable, except for the glasses that were passed from hand to hand, and the occasional half-smothered exclamation. This crowd was watching the steamer from L——; and apart from it, on a seat sheltered a little by the cliff, there were two ladies watching also. The vessel had been at first only a dark speck upon the waves, but she was fighting her way nearer. The men on the pier said that she was nearer, certainly; that there was a chance for her. If she could only make out the lights on Gwyneth's Head and keep clear of the rocks, there was a chance for her; but how she rolled and pitched! and what madness to start in the teeth of such foul-weather signs!

"I am glad there's no one belonging to me in that vessel," said the elder of the two ladies on the seat. "Have you had enough of it, Lucy?"

Lucy Fernham turned her eyes for one moment from the sea like some one in a dream.

"Do you want to go home, Aunt Rachel?"

"Why," said the old lady, dryly, "it's not the very gentlest breeze in the world, my dear."

At this juncture some one offered Lucy a glass, which she took eagerly.

"There seems to be a good many on board," said the owner of this, steadying it for her. "One may almost distinguish faces."

So one may. Lucy, giving back the glass, said to her companion, quietly,

"There *is* some one belonging to you there. Let us stay, Aunt Rachel."

The old lady looked at her niece and refrained from questioning. Lucy was odd—the result probably of that shock in Italy, from which she had never recovered.

As for Lucy, when the glass was once more offered to her, she did not even see it. She saw nothing outwardly but the waves that leaped up on Gwyneth's Head, and fell back in spray into the boiling caldron beneath; and mixed up with this, like a confused dream, there came the May-day in Kent; the meeting on the sands at Redfield, when she sent him away; the vast kneeling crowd in the piazza outside St. Peter's, and a white-haired old man in a balcony uttering the Easter benediction. If she could but have had a small part of her life back again! But now it was too late; he would never know how true she had been in reality to her old faith in him; and here, underneath the lights on Gwyneth's Head, was to be the end of all!

"Lucy, wake up! There's no danger now."

A great shout rose up from the hitherto silent crowd; there was a swaying to and fro toward the wooden steps of the landing-stage; a policeman or two to keep off the press; and a few moments after that a voice she had never thought to hear again was speaking to her, and a hand whose touch somehow brought back the Kentish lawn was holding her own.

They did not talk much. The wind howled after them, and the roar and slush of the mad sea on the shingle would have drowned any voice of ordinary pitch. But Aunt Rachel was a discreet old lady; once within the familiar room at the little cottage she turned to Archer Denison, putting on her spectacles and looking him over as if he had been a natural curiosity, and said:

"So you have been hunting every where for the runaway! What simpletons men are, to be sure! As if the Poles, or any such people, would care about her now! But, Archer, she isn't satisfied with Gwyneth now. She wants to go gallivanting off as a governess. It's all a pretense, I know. She has had a taste of grand life, and wants more. But there, I'll go away. See if you can make her hear reason."

Archer Denison sat silent for a minute looking at the lights which he had once thought he never should reach.

"Old Gwyneth gave me a rough welcome," he said. "You didn't think I was in the boat, Lucy?"

"I didn't think about it. I knew. Some one gave me a glass, and I saw you."

"Were you frightened?"

She hesitated a little, and then said, "No."

"I don't believe you; I won't. You know why I didn't come to you in Rome? You got my letter last week?"

"Yes, I had your letter."

"What is all this about governessing? You used to be happy enough with Aunt Rachel."

"That is no reason why I should be a burden upon her. I am older now, and I am able—"

"Yes, a valiant woman. Will you come and be a burden upon me, Lucy?"

Lucy answered, readily enough, "No, I will not."

But he only laughed.

"I am not afraid of you now. You were almost my promised wife before they made an heiress of you, and nearly spoiled a good man's life—that's mine, you know. But you can not doubt me now; there's nothing to doubt about: no motive but the old one. I'm not so very poor, Lucy, and am rich in hope. What do you say?"

"Well, have you settled it?" inquired the spectacles, round the door.

"Yes," replied Mr. Denison.

"And she is not going to be a governess among the pomps and vanities?"

"No; she is going to marry a man of genius; to be great some time. And we are not going to travel about any more just now. When we go to Italy next you shall go with us, Aunt Rachel; but for the present—this is a very aristocratic place, you know, in the season—we shall be content to settle down under Gwyneth's warning lights."

THE WALTZ.

HE. The music stirs, her footstep flies,
SHE. So near, so dear! I meet his eyes,
HE. Her beauty swims before my eyes,
SHE. He sees not through my love's disguise;
HE. I clasp her mine to win and wear
SHE. Whirl'd through the dance alone I dare,
HE. So near, so dear—so false, so fair!
SHE. To meet his sigh upon the air.

HE. Her voice has music's changeful key,
SHE. No other's voice so dear to me,
HE. The airy dance less light than she;
SHE. No other noble, true as he;
HE. I gaze and mark as on she flies,
SHE. All else around me fades or dies,
HE. Another's image in her eyes.
SHE. Deep in my soul his image lies.

HE. 'Mid dazzling light and sounding strain,
SHE. Torn from his side my days are vain,
HE. We move united once again,
SHE. Gold is but dross, and life a pain;
HE. But when the ray, the tone depart
SHE. But oh! the world is strong to part
HE. Fly hand from hand, and heart from heart.
SHE. True hand from hand, true heart from heart.

HE. Then bid the harp be strung once more,
SHE. The music dies, the spell is o'er,
HE. Gleam, dazzling roof and shining floor!
SHE. He so shall clasp me never more.
HE. Wake, wake the light and sound the strain,
SHE. I dream his heaven of love in vain,
HE. Oh! let me dream her mine again!
SHE. Alas! I drop to earth again!

THE WALTZ.

BLUE BEARD.

By THEODORE P. COOK.

He is not dead, for I am he!
  Nay, little one, you need not start;
  That awful closet is my heart,
I pray you not to turn the key.

You hold the matter in suspense,
  You hesitate, ah! all is lost;
  The key is turned, the threshold cross'd,
Now you must take the consequence.

Seven dead loves you bring to view—
  No wonder that you stand aghast;
  You should not dive into the past
If you would trust that men are true.

Seven dead loves! a heavy load.
  You see the first, a little girl
  With violet eyes and teeth of pearl:
That was a school-boy episode.

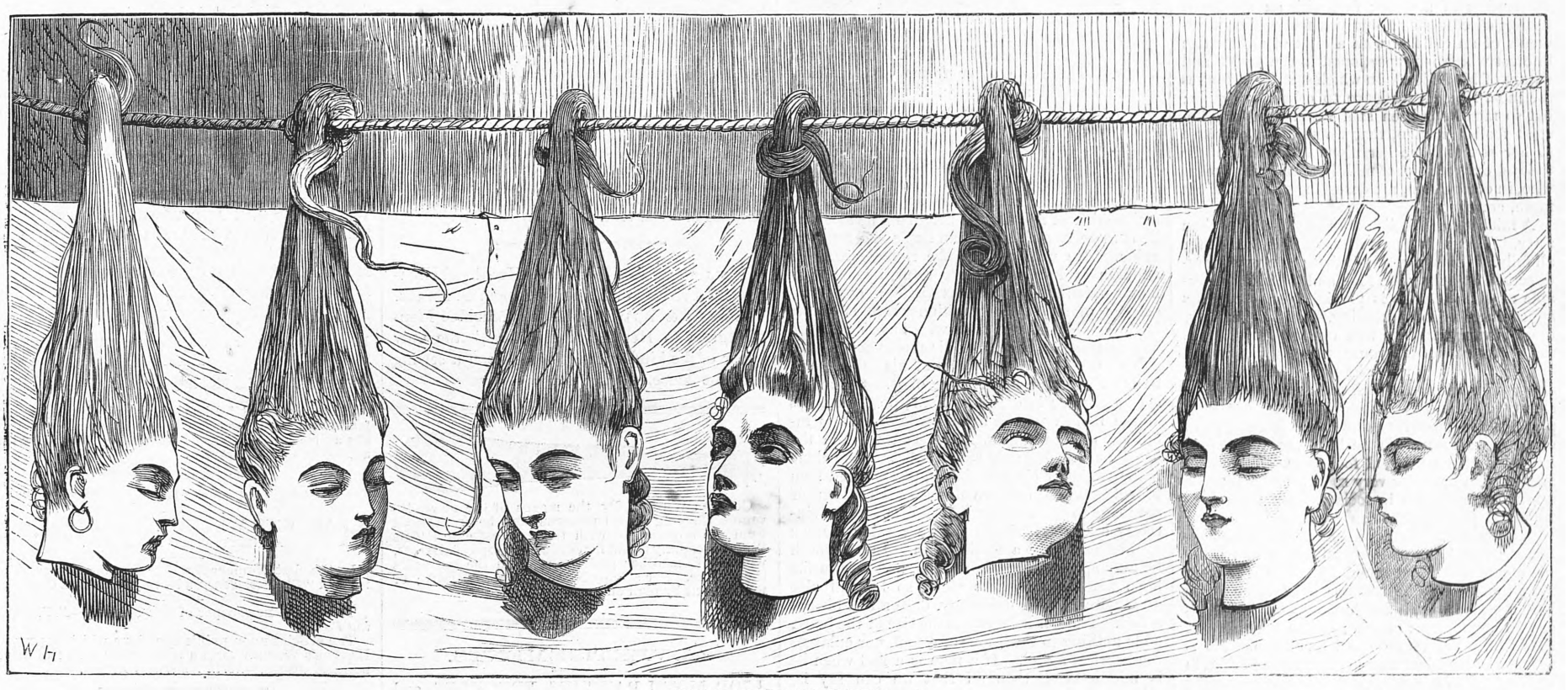
When college days gave life a glow,
  And tender hearts wrought rapid slaughter,
  I courted the Professor's daughter;
That's she—the second in the row.

I scarcely know how it occurred;
  I spent vacation with a friend,
  And ere the weeks were at an end
I loved his sister—she's the third.

A grim old lawyer taught me Kent;
  I made his mansion my abode,
  And spoke some words not in the "Code"—
His youngest girl knew what they meant.

When Fashion's flame was all alive,
  Where Pleasure flung her golden haze
  Athwart the pathway of the days,
I met and worshiped Number Five.

FATIMA ENTERS THE FORBIDDEN CLOSET.



WHAT SHE SEES THERE.

But yonder, where the maple-tree
  Casts shadows on the old stone-wall,
  And slumberous peace broods over all,
A village maid enraptured me.

You see one other figure stand,
  Her memory will forever last;
  I hold her sacred since she passed
The portals of the Silent Land.

So Blue Beard lives, and I am he;
  But come, Fatima, close the door,
  You can not love me any more;
The blood of knowledge stains the key.

THE BLUE BEARD TABLEAU.

At this season, when amusement is the order of the day, and even the most overtaxed allow themselves a brief respite from toil, every species of recreation is joyfully welcomed by the sojourners in country houses. What with riding and walking, fishing, sailing, and shooting, and croquet-playing on the smooth lawns, the days pass all too quickly; the evenings remain, and these sometimes hang heavily on one's hands, save in those crowded resorts where they are filled with hops and balls. In this emergency, *tableaux vivants* afford a fruitful source of amusement, being easily arranged and diversified by the aid of a little ingenuity, and with the resources which are afforded by any ordinary establishment.

That clever artist, Mr. Winslow Homer, has graphically illustrated a tableau of this sort, representing Blue Beard and his wives, and one which is peculiarly attractive at this period, when the music of Offenbach's sparkling opera of *Barbe Bleue* may be heard on every street corner. The thrilling story of Blue Beard crops up in various phases in all directions; Offenbach's version we have just cited; and a poet gives us another metaphorical rendering on the same page with Mr. Homer's literal picture of the original turbaned tyrant, with beard of cerulean hue and drawn cimeter.

This effective tableau is very easily arranged. A room with folding doors is the best, as the frame-work of the doors forms an excellent frame for the picture. A screen of rose-colored gauze or fine pink tarlatan is stretched very tightly across the opening, so as to subdue and harmonize the tints of the tableau; this, however, is wholly optional. Lights are placed so as to throw out the light and shade of the picture; colored lights, when they can be procured, add greatly to the effect. Two scenes, as depicted by the artist, constitute the tableau. The first represents Fatima, with the fatal key in her hand, having just unlocked and opened the door of the forbidden closet. In an adjoining room sits Blue Beard, gloating over the success of his cunning stratagem, which is to add another to the list of his disobedient victims. Both are dressed in Oriental costume; Fatima is clutching the key to her breast, and eagerly pressing forward to obtain a nearer view of the strange objects of which she has but a dim glimpse, but the bare suspicion of which causes her to shrink back with horror.

In the next tableau the door is opened wide, and the ghastly picture unveiled to the spectators. The heads of seven young and beautiful women are seen suspended by the hair from the ceiling, each face wearing an expression of its own, which the artist has happily portrayed. The picture only shows the heads, but, as a matter of course, in the tableau itself, Fatima is seen in the fore-ground cowering with horror.

The next picture shows the expedient resorted to in order to conceal the bodies, which are supposed to be severed from the heads. A piece of white muslin is stretched across the back-ground; the heads of the actors are thrust through this screen, and the loose hair is fixed to a rope suspended from hooks above. In this manner the bodies are effectually hidden by the cloth, and the optical illusion is complete. A piano accompaniment from the opera of *Barbe Bleue* may appropriately be played during the tableau. Other scenes may be added with good effect, as, for instance, the meeting between Fatima and her enraged husband, and the anxious looking from the tower for her deliverers, which gives an opportunity for the introduction of a new personage, in the shape of her sister Anne.

The pencil of our artist has illustrated one tableau of this sort, but there are scores of others which will suggest themselves to persons of taste and imagination. George Eliot's new poem, the "Spanish Gypsy," is rich in scenes which would make magnificent tableaux, the effect of which would be heightened by the picturesque Spanish, Moorish, and Gypsy costumes. Among many, we would suggest Don Silva's presentation of the jewels to Fedalma; the unwilling flight of the latter with her Gypsy father, Zarca; the meeting of Don Silva, Fedalma, and Zarca in the Gypsy camp, and the final farewell of Don Silva and Fedalma.

A very beautiful tableau is a wreath of young girls or children, called Living Flowers, and arranged in the following manner: A number of boxes, rising in height one above the other, are placed so as to form a circle; or a number of seats are arranged so as to effect the same purpose, reaching from the front of the stage to the ceiling in the back-ground. This circle should be ten feet in diameter. The boxes or seats should be entirely covered with white cloth, and the space in the centre of the circle with pink cambric. The "Living Flowers" should be attired in white muslin dresses, with low neck and short sleeves, and not very wide or full skirts. The hair should be crowned with natural or artificial flowers. The smallest performer must be

DISPOSITION OF THE BODIES (INVISIBLE TO THE SPECTATORS).

BLUE BEARD TABLEAU.

placed at the top of the wreath. She must recline in an easy position, resting her head on her hand, with the elbow touching the box. The next in size must take her place on the box or seat beneath, on the right side, and rest her arm on the lap of the first child placed, her head leaning on her hand, her face turned to the centre of the circle, and her eyes raised to those of the figure above. The remaining figures take similar positions, until one-half of the circle is completed. The other side of the circle is arranged in a similar manner, the faces turning inward. A large wreath of ever-green, mountain-ash, or holly berries, ivy, and trails of paper flowers, is put inside the circle of young girls, and fastened up to their seats; and small festoons of flowers are placed between and wreathed around the figures. The light for this picture should come from the bottom of the stage, and should be very strong. The tableau when finished appears at a distance like a beautiful wreath of charming faces, and the effect is well worth the trouble of arrangement. The beauty is greatly enhanced by a rosy light shed by colored lamps. Beautiful fairy tableaux can also be arranged from the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The popular fairy tales of the day also suggest an endless variety of scenes.

A curtain must hang before the stage or open doors, to be drawn up when the bell rings to announce that the tableau is ready. The curtain is kept up thirty seconds—the longest time possible, as no movement must be made by the actors in the tableau. It then falls, to rest them, for the space of two minutes, after which they resume their attitude, and the curtain is raised for the same length of time. Each tableau is usually shown three times.

FOOLS AT FORTY.

MIDDLE-AGED fools are the most enjoyable of all fools. There is a rare sense of cynical enjoyment suggested by watching the vagaries of one who has approached the period which, according to Tom Moore, needs the moonlight of friendship to console it. You survey the movements of a young fool with an unalloyed feeling of contempt; but you follow the movements of an old fool with a kind of pleasurable interest which is proportioned to the extent and nature of his follies. In which sex folly deserves the most ridicule we leave to others to decide; but so much has been said against the middle-aged foolish woman, that we think it only due to her sex to leave her alone for a little while to level our remarks at middle-aged foolish men, who, in our opinion, are deserving of equal, if not more, contempt.

A middle-aged foolish man must be older than forty. The right age is fifty. He is then fit for all folly. Given a man of fifty with a strong predilection for acting the fool, and the most enjoyable of all spectacles is provided for you. His appearance matters nothing. If he be ugly, there is vanity to help him on; if he preserves the good-looks of his youth, there is vanity still. So whichever way you take him, he is independent of your opinion. Such a man may be a bachelor. If he be a bachelor his vagaries are comparatively inexpensive—from an emotional point of view, we mean. If he be a married man—but more of the married fool anon. A middle-aged foolish bachelor very soon wins for himself a kind of reputation in society. He will always be found paying attention to some young lady with prospects. Herein is one phase of his foolishness, that he allows every body to know that the object of his matrimonial pursuits is money. And that is why he remains a bachelor for so long a period. Girls find him out; his attentions are no compliment to them but to their means, they feel. Yet they do not repel him. He is thought so harmless and so good-natured that, in the absence of a better, his arm is esteemed good enough to take, his attentions innocent enough to be received, for the time being. Then again, his whole air is so unconsciously humorous that he is a perpetual subject of secret mirth to a girl possessed of the least sense of the ridiculous. This makes him an amusing companion. He would no more believe you could tell that he dyes his whiskers and mustache than he would believe that you could guess his age—or at all events imagine him to be more than thirty-eight. Yet he is old enough to be unconsciously fatherly in his manners, and this peculiarity, blended with an obvious and constant effort after juvenility, renders him singularly droll. If he wears a wig, his determination that you shall not guess it to be a wig makes you suspect it at once. He will twist nonchalantly the curls of it over his forehead, with just enough nature in the action to suggest at once that the curls are false. You can always detect his false teeth too. You might not suspect them, perhaps, in another person's mouth; but somehow or other, in the mouth of the middle-aged foolish man the truth is rendered obvious in a very short time. Then he has a knack of falling away in the right or left leg of his trowsers. He would have you believe this to be no more than a habit, and he always recovers himself with as graceful a gesture as he is master of; but there is no misapprehending the suggestiveness of weak knees. As he walks about it is almost impossible to help thinking that only half of him as he now is goes to bed at night, and that he must leave the other half on a chair near his bedside, or hang it up on pegs in his cupboard. All this is characteristic of the foolish middle-aged man. Yet he is very good-natured, though good-natured in a fashion that makes his foolishness more striking. He is always the first to arrive at an evening party; always the last to leave. You will see him down stairs when the carriages are announced busy in helping young ladies on with their opera-cloaks, whispering funny things to them as he inquires whether he shall put the hoods over their heads, accosting the waiters with droll, stupid sentences in order to win a laugh or a smile from the women servants who hang about to criticise dresses and to pocket fees. At picnics he is the man who ruins a cherry tart by accidentally sitting on it; who picks nosegays of butter-cups and daisies for the prettiest girl of the party, utterly oblivious of the fact that the prettiest girl has a beau by her side who is secretly wondering what "the old fool's game is," and what the "dooce" he means by this kind of intrusion. All this may seem very harmless, and not deserving of the ridicule we say it deserves. As to its harmlessness, Heaven knows! we would be the last to dispute that; but, as to its being deserving of ridicule, we do honestly believe that there can be nothing more absurd in this world than the foolish middle-aged bachelor: not so much from individual traits as from the *tout ensemble*, so to speak, of his life as it is presented to us at the period at which we first find him.

The more dangerous fool, however, is the married middle-aged foolish man. Here is a fit object of scorn, not of derision, as in the former case. The one mixes no viciousness with his folly, but the other does. If the middle-aged foolish bachelor flirts he only makes a helpless ass of himself—nothing more. But the married fool can not flirt. The only class of women with whom he *can* flirt are women whom he is permitted only to know outside of his own house, and with whom he can correspond only under initials or under cover of his club. Yet he is so foolishly vicious, or so viciously foolish, that he is incapable of drawing the line between himself and his family, and is sometime beast enough or fool enough to attempt to introduce his connections of the street to his wife and family, and get ladies—ladies in spite of such a father, such a husband, and such an example—to mingle with members of the meetings that society will allow only to be held at midnight, and in the light of the street-lamp. Middle-aged foolishness, typified by such husbands as these, are, of course, rare enough, and are only fit to be advanced as instances of what "fools of forty" will do, or are capable of doing. It is the most vicious, the most iniquitous characteristic of the foolish middle-aged husband, and is, of course, utterly impossible among men whose foolishness suffers them to retain the least instinct of refinement or honor. There are other forms of foolishness among married men, which, if not actually vicious, yet surely deserve a harder name than foolishness. One of these forms is extravagance. The foolish middle-aged married man lives only in the present, and knows not of such a word as to-morrow. He will waste the substance of a year in a single day, for the foolish satisfaction of making his neighbors believe that he is more considerable than he fancies they imagine. He will provoke the ridicule even of children by boasts, by pretensions, by claims to honor which melt under investigation, and by an amount of reckless ostentation which is simply inconceivable in any man who has lived. He will sacrifice all things to his foolishness; and, though professedly conscious of his foolishness, he is the devoutest worshiper of it. Of course his foolishness is different from the foolishness of the foolish middle-aged bachelor. It is infinitely more reprehensible, because, while the bachelor provokes only laughter because he alone is the victim of his foolishness, the married man provokes disgust because others as well as himself are made to suffer through his follies. Most sincerely and emphatically do we caution women against marrying a foolish man. In his youth he may appear tractable enough, and inspire the hope that, as he grows older, so he will also grow wiser. But, unhappily, once a fool always a fool. Time, if it increases the size of the body, adds nothing to the brains of a fool, nor enlarges the heart of a fool. If a man is a fool when he is middle-aged, then all that we can say is, Heaven help the woman who is his wife. He is sure to be perverse, obstinate, reckless—a dubious friend, an unnatural father, a vicious husband. Let no woman wed a fool with the hope of making him a wise man. Should middle-age come upon him and discover him still the same vacillating, reckless, foolish individual he was twenty years before, then his wife will learn that through the time she has been living in hope for his amendment she will have to live again without hope; for one of the truest lines in English poetry is that of Young's:

"A fool at forty is a fool indeed."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LOTTIE.—The engagement ring is worn on the first finger of the left hand.—The three front breadths of a gored skirt are put on the waist plain, with an inch-wide pleat at the seams. The back widths are gauged without pleats, or arranged in French gathers, made by alternate long and short stitches.

THOMAS H. AVERY.—Braiding hair into jewelry is a branch of the jeweler's trade that requires time and patience to learn. We could not give you directions.

JOHN H.—When you are in doubt whether the party is to be a ceremonious one or not you will do well to present yourself in full dress, which will always be a proof of courteous respect to your hostess, though the particular occasion may not demand it.

L. L.—A well-bred host or hostess will always take care not to eclipse his or her guests by any inordinate display of fine dress. This is a canon, however, of social propriety frequently disobeyed.

L. A. Mc.—Woolen morning wrappers made in the long sacque shape, with body and skirt in one, are very stylish, as they have the effect of a gored skirt. There is a seam under the arms and in the back. Coat-sleeves, and wide "all-around" collar. Quilled ribbon three inches wide surrounding the whole garment is the trimming.

CARRE.—If you mean by paniers merely the *tournure* or bustle we refer you to the New York Fashion article of this Number. If you allude to the dress skirt, we warn you that you are attempting a difficult task, and one that is seldom well done by unpracticed hands. The simplest arrangement is to make the front width plainly gored, with three or, if you choose, four other widths also sloped, and from a quarter to three-eighths of a yard longer than the pattern of your upper skirt. Join these widths by a band, two inches wide, cut bias, and corded. The bands are the proper length of your skirt. The long widths are gathered into the bands, producing a puffed appearance. A lining of coarse net is sometimes used to stiffen the puffs. Strictly speaking this is the Watteau skirt, but it is called paniers here, and fashionably worn. The real panier puff is formed by a cord extending from the side-seams across the back widths.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Tea will remain hot longer in an earthen-ware than in a metallic pot, for the latter being a better conductor conducts away the heat sooner. The better polished the metallic pot is kept the longer it will retain the heat of its contents, for the radiation of a metal is diminished as its polish or reflecting power is increased. If you want then to have your tea or coffee hot, you must keep your silver pots brightly polished.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The silk skirt worn beneath grenadine should be made separate, but cut similarly. It is simply a petticoat. The silk waist lining should be sewed in with the grenadine, as grenadine is not strong enough without lining to bear the stress on the arms. A trained skirt requires a different pattern from a short skirt as it is much fuller at the bottom. Ruffles of the same are used to trim grenadine. Yours may be prettily bound with purple. Ribbon for binding flounces is sold at sixty cents a piece of twelve yards. The Spanish flounce three-eighths or half a yard wide is much worn on trained skirts.

BACHELOR.—Hufeland says: "All those people who have become very old were married more than once, and generally at a very late period of life. *There is not one instance of a bachelor having attained to a great age.* This observation is as applicable to the female as to the male sex.....The greatest example of this is a Frenchman, named De Longueville, who lived to the age of 110. He had been married to ten wives; his last wife he married when in his ninety-ninth year, and she bore him a son when he was in his hundred and first."

A. M. B.—Modistes continue to gore the front and side widths of trained skirts. The back widths are full, and from sixty to seventy inches long. Use real thread lace to trim your black gros grain, with a heading of satin folds and piping. Lace is always valuable, and is more suitable for an indoor dress than fringe. You will observe in our plates that the corsages of plain silk dresses are very little trimmed. An epaulet and cuff on the sleeves is all-sufficient. A thick cord of white and black silk will make a stylish heading to your lace if you do not object to using white. The sample of pretty foulard which you inclose will look best trimmed with ribbon or satin of the same shade as the gray ground of the goods, or with the violet shade of purple in the figure. The Norderney skirt is a good pattern for walking dresses. The pattern reduced to one-twelfth the size, of course requires to be enlarged twelve times. Did you inclose money for copying wheel?

CORDONNIER.—In *Harper's Bazar* No. 4 you will find an illustration of boots and shoes from the French Exposition. There are paragraphs on the subject in the New York Fashion articles of Nos. 6, 30, 31.

A FAITHFUL READER.—You will find in the New York Fashion articles of *Harper's Bazar*, No. 33, a description of bridal veils.

WELL DESERVED HONORS.—Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has appointed Messrs. WHEELER & WILSON "Sewing Machine Manufacturers to Her Royal Highness," the only honor of the kind ever conferred upon a sewing machine house.—[*Express.*]

COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by News-dealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

CONTENTS:

In the Number for January was commenced "*The Woman's Kingdom: a Love Story*," by DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

The most popular Monthly in the world.—*New York Observer.*

We can account for its success only by the simple fact that it meets precisely the popular taste, furnishing a pleasing and instructive variety of reading for all.—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

"A Complete Pictorial History of the Times."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

In the first Number for 1868 was commenced the issue of "*The Moonstone*," a Novel, by WILKIE COLLINS.

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The articles upon public questions which appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY form a remarkable series of brief political essays.—*North American Review.*

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

In it is now being published "*The Sacristan's Household*," a Novel, by the Author of "Mabel's Progress."

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"VANITY FAIR."

I.

THERE'S a market for folly and quackery,
Absurdity, nonsense, and vice:
First BUNYAN described it—then THACKERAY;
Who visits it, visits it twice.
There fragrant and huge the regalias—
The Clicquot is plentiful there.
It's name—I won't give it an *alias*—
Is Vanity Fair.

II.

Soft flashes of sensuous sin burn
The buyers this market-place knows:
Its favorite poet is SWINBURNE,
And OUIDA'S its favorite prose.
Thither throng stylish girls, but too often
They change the bright hues of their hair;
And they've tricks the complexion to soften
In Vanity Fair.

III.

The scraggiest party, who's seen us
Turn away, when her angles appall,
Is moulded a Medici Venus
If she goes to one marvelous stall.
Rich ringlets redundantly cluster
Round foreheads grown haggard with care;
Old cheeks get an infantile lustre
In Vanity Fair.

IV.

If it were not all folly and vanity,
If only these fictions were truth,
How gladly would weary humanity
Drink deep of the fountain of youth!
But pity and scorn are our duty
When paste mocks the gem with its glare,
When the skeleton walks as a beauty
Through Vanity Fair.

A STALL AT VANITY FAIR.

FACETIÆ.

QUEER STORY.—An Irishman said he saw a man beheaded with his hands tied behind him, who directly picked up his head, and put it on his shoulders in the right place. "Ha, ha!" said a by-stander; "how could he pick up his head when his hands were tied behind him?" "An' sure what a fool you are!" said Pat. "Couldn't he pick it up with his tathe?"

EASY SHAVING.—Taking the beard off an oyster.

AN INTELLECTUAL YOUTH—"*Master* Mind."

Little Daisy's mother was trying to explain to her the meaning of a smile. "Oh yes, I know," said the child; "it is the whisper of a laugh."

ANN DANTE.—A country paper remarks that Ann Dante, the composer of so many popular but rather solemn pieces of music, is not a descendant of the poet bearing the same surname.

CAUTION LARGE.

VOLUNTEER (*to Old Lady, who is calling the Guard, and making a great fuss about "the loaded Gun"*). "I assure you it's all right, Mum. I fired it off before I left the camp."

OLD LADY. "Oh, but one can't be too careful. There may be some of it left in!"

That man was indeed a philosopher who, on being obliged to postpone a very interesting ceremony, wrote the following letter to his tailor: "Dear Sir, I do not care for the velvet collar, so you may do as you please about putting it on. It was no serious disappointment, only I should have been married if I had received the goods."

THE KEY OF A MINOR—The latch-key.

THE UNFASHIONABLE DANCE.

MUSIC THAT MIGHT BE SUPPLIED TO THE CAN-CAN—The nightingale's "jug-jug."

WHAT THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN OUGHT TO SAY TO THE CAN-CAN—"Sha'n't, sha'n't."

MUCH OF THE TALK ABOUT THE CAN-CAN—Cant, cant.

MATRIMONIAL.—A Belgravian mamma, who has succeeded in getting her own seven daughters "well off her hands," has determined to extend to others the benefit of her "system." She is going to open a "class" for the instruction of young ladies in the art of husband-catching. It is to be called the "School of Design!"

THE MOST POPULAR VERSES—The obverse and reverse of the current coins of the land.

A Yankee lawyer, who was pleading the cause of a little boy, took him up in his arms and held him to the jury, suffused in tears. This had great effect until the opposite lawyer asked the boy: "What makes you cry?" "He's pinching me," said the boy.

When is a man thinner than a shingle?—When he is a shaving.

The "old line Quakers" of Chester, Pennsylvania, are said to be so neat a people that they whitewash their coal before they burn it.

THE ART OF BOOK-*keeping* TAUGHT IN ONE SHORT AND EASY LESSON—Don't lend 'em.

A Texas paper publishes the following notice: "Persons wishing their marriage or obituary inserted will please send or hand it in."

Some ladies use paint as fiddlers do rosin—it aids them in drawing a bow.

THE BEST STIMULANT FOR THE HARE—The greyhound.

A HINDRANCE TO MARRIAGE—The government tax on matches.

Why is twice ten the same as twice eleven?—Because twice ten is twenty, and twice eleven is twenty two.

ARMED NEUTRALITY—When a man fondles two women, and proposes to neither.

A WOMAN OF METAL—A belle.

THE MOST POPULAR MAN OF THE BOOT AND SHOE TRADE—The sherry cobbler.

SENTIMENTAL AQUATICS—Eyes swimming in tears.

Jenkins thinks he will be married soon, since he has got the refusal of a lady's hand.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 46.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

NAPOLEON AT ECOUEN.—[SEE PAGE 726.]

DEDICATION OF AN ANCESTRAL LIBRARY.

We consecrate the storied place
Their hallowed feet have trod
Who smoothed the way where Liberty
Leads up the arts to God.

They sowed, we reap, and garner in
Such lettered treasure here,
That sweet enchantments of the pen
Rule all the atmosphere.

Here silently the Poet's song
Perpetual music makes;
The forum, long since overgrown,
Its silver thunder wakes:

The Drama's splendid phantoms here
Move real to the sense,
As heroes that once shook the world,
And battling vanished hence.

Turn but aside, and overhead
Ægean skies burn blue,
And to his crowd of eager Greeks
Homer recites anew.

A step, and Science to the search
Her awful gate unbars—
The riddle of the earth is read,
The secret of the stars.

Kind Heaven, upon the finished work
Thy blessing we implore;
To fair and holy purposes
Serenely guide its lore!

Here may no tumult of the day
A troubled shadow fling;
Within these cloistered walls may Peace
Forever fold her wing!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1868.

FAST GIRLS.

THERE are fast women every where; but the fast girl seems to be more particularly an American product. A tendency on the part of the young, unmarried female to eccentric flights of any kind is effectually checked in most countries by parental control. This continues to assert itself vigorously until marriage. A young girl in Europe, except in England, where the social customs are more like our own, has thus little opportunity of indulging in fastness, or any other maiden vagary.

The unmarried American woman is discerned at once by the freedom of her manners. Her bearing, of course, is modified more or less by the natural disposition, education, and surrounding influences; but there is always apparent, even in the most reserved, that sense of independence characteristic of the republican maid. You see at once in the face of the most modest the well-assured look of the conscious will.

Without the least disposition to fasten European social fetters upon our daughters of Freedom, we would remind them that there are certain laws of taste and propriety as obligatory on their obedience as upon that of their sisters of monarchical England or imperial France. Liberty is not necessarily license; and the claim to the one is not to be vindicated by the lawlessness of the other. The American girl is no more free by right than any other to indulge in those bold coquetries, with indecorum, whether of dress, conversation, or manners, comprehended within the slang term of fastness. It is, moreover, a paltry ambition, and not without risk to virtue, to aspire to the distinction of being pointed out as "the low-necked" Bel Smith, or the "high-stepping" Fanny Jones, or the girl who drank a whole bottle of Champagne, or she who smoked one of Frank Tripup's fifty-cent regalias. These, or the improprieties they may symbolize, are too common to be considered any longer eccentricities. They are indeed fast becoming such prevalent characteristics as to mark the type of the young girl of fashion. Her essential defect is a vulgar ambition for notoriety. She will endure any thing but obscurity, and therefore takes care that she is seen, heard, and talked of by all the world. Her dress is accordingly flaunting, her voice loud, her words slangy, her manners obtrusive, and conduct audaciously irregular. All this may be, and is, doubtless, done without any overt act of vice; but it looks so much like it that the difference is hardly perceptible to the external observer. In fact, it seems to be the purpose of the fast damsel to assume the semblance of wickedness, for in this exhausted age the piquancy of sin is essential to awaken admiration; and hypocrisy, ceasing to pay its tribute to virtue, pays it to vice. The danger of this is obvious, for familiarity with the forms is apt to engender indifference to the substance. The effect upon manners and character, even when the last and fatal step is not taken, is exceedingly hurtful. The young maid, in dropping her reserve, loses her distinctive charm, and the steady eye and defiant forehead alarm those to whom the look of modesty is so alluring. The bold and flaunting girl can never become the orderly housewife and patient mother, for will she be contented to perform the quiet duties of home, and accept the secret approval of her own conscience, after having been accustomed to public display and notoriety?

It would seem that American parents might curtail somewhat the liberty of their children, without interfering too much with that independence of action so essential to the strength of character. Girls are allowed to consider themselves women too soon, and are thus prematurely emancipated from parental control. They are, moreover, after leaving school, permitted to remain mistresses of their own time, when they should be held in subjection to a systematic discipline of study and conduct. With less idle time, and a more watchful parental care, there would be fewer of those fast girls, whose eccentricities are becoming daily more remarkable and alarming; and who are destined, if not checked in their growth, to have a disastrous effect upon social manners and morals.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of a Fine Fortune.

MY DEAR FREDERICK,—I suppose that it is only courteous to congratulate you upon the fine fortune which you have received from your grandfather, and there are probably plenty of old gentlemen like me who are ready to advise you how to spend it. Whether a fine fortune is a good fortune is hardly worth discussing, for I have generally found that those who most felicitously set forth the advantages of poverty have never been poor, while those who do not believe that wealth is a snare have never been rich. My experience shows me, my good Frederick, that most of us are willing to be the camel and risk going through the needle's eye. And, indeed, the kind of respect which is felt for rich men, and the almost contemptuous pity for those who can not succeed, by which we always mean those who can not make money, are facts worth considering.

There is nobody, for instance, better known than John Plutus, and there are few men who are more generally thought to have been so successful. It is the good old story of a poor boy, who begins at ten years old to work hard; gets a scanty schooling; takes care of the pennies; swaps jack-knives to great advantage; pleases an employer of the same kind; "gets a start;" and by rising early and toiling late and always, doubles and doubles his dollars until he is enormously rich, and, according to the phrase of the time, can buy and sell railroads. John Plutus, meanwhile, is noted and indeed is known for nothing but his riches. His scant schooling has not taught him to spell correctly, nor given him any general knowledge; nor has his life developed any generous instincts or liberal sympathies. It has led him to think of men meanly, and to regard human society as a huge opportunity of a good swap. He is inclined to look upon a man who sells a foundered horse for a sound one as a man who is sure to make his way in the world, and he despises a man who is cheated, however plausibly. Yet Plutus is conspicuous and honored. His support for every kind of object is sought with deference. Mrs. Grundy may object to his coarseness at first, and to the *relations* who have not succeeded as John has, but she gradually surrenders. His coarseness she consents to regard as quaint character, and his ignorance and essential vulgarity as a pungent social flavor. She surrenders, and every body surrenders, while the object of respect is still the same John Plutus, an ignorant little boy, plus years and money.

Now I ask myself what is the secret of this respect? Are we so mean as to suppose that money is a noble object of endeavor? "Fiddlestick!" says my friend Pry; "walk through Wall Street, and see what a crowd it is! Any ninny can get rich, if he chooses. The contemptible thing is to choose it." But I answer my friend Peter with Sir James Mackintosh, who said: "I am ashamed of my poverty, as it shows a want of common-sense." The mistake of Peter Paul Pry is that of many otherwise sensible persons. It is not the money that is generally respected in a rich man. It is the implied sagacity, industry, tenacity, patience that go to the making of money. Of course I do not include people who make money in a lottery of any kind, such as a stock-room or a faro-table. But when, for instance, a man, informing himself of the supply of any necessary commodity in one country which can only be supplied by another, ascertains what has been done to procure it, decides to send for it, and realizes a great profit, he has shown a reflection, foresight, prudence, and boldness which are justly honorable. They are the qualities of a great soldier and of a practical statesman, and the money is chiefly precious to him, like the victory to the General, as the reward of the skillful exercise of those qualities.

You will pardon me, my dear Frederick, if what I say of the respect felt for rich men implies that it is felt only for those who make their money, not for those who inherit it. But as you do not expect to be honored for your money, but are already known and respected for quite other merits, you will not feel offended. I do not deny that there is a reverence paid to mere money also. The snobbishness against which Thackeray directed his great guns is not confined to a worship of rank only. There is a snobbishness of wealth which is just as contemptible. You will find enough of it. All the scions, male and female, of the great families of Fawn, Sycophant, and Parvenu will burn incense before you. Old Mrs. MacTermagant Fawn has one daughter unmarried, and she has doomed you already, you may be sure. The young men will be dining and driving you, and you will suddenly find yourself of great importance. It will be very fortunate if you do not acquire a habit of suspecting and half despising all who approach you.

Indeed it has sometimes seemed to me as if there were a kind of fairy spell about great riches in quite another than the usual sense. There is a shadow with all the light. It is what the philosophers call compensation. Do you love me or love my money? is the horrible question with which the child of fortune comes to regard every one who approaches. And I have seen the most charming young women who were conscious of being bewitched within their money. It was a golden barrier between them and the rest of the world. The confounded lucre colored every thing within the range of its gleam. It seems to me that Aurea Jones was one of the unhappiest persons I ever saw; for in the midst of her highest enjoyment she could not avoid the suspicion that she was cherished for what she had, not for what she was. If you remonstrated with her—and for my own part, Frederick, I confess that I improve every proper opportunity of remonstrance with the young and fair—if, as I said, you remonstrated with her, and reminded her that it was folly to feel so, and that she wronged herself and others by such a morbid view, she did not deny it, but she said that that very thing was part of the melancholy penalty. She said it was unavoidable, and she could not help asking herself: "If I were not Aurea Jones with a great fortune would these fine things be said to me, and would my society be so eagerly sought?"

I do not defend her. I think it is a pity that she should feel as she does, nor do I care whether other rich girls feel so or not. But it is nevertheless true that there is just this kind of penalty which a peculiarly sensitive nature must pay. My heroic Frederick, however, would probably take the chances of this also, and would prefer not to buy with his whole fortune the knowledge that what was proffered to him is probably honest. So would I. If Mr. Plutus offered to give me half a million of dollars upon the condition that I did not prefer my present modest resources, I should, so far as the condition is concerned, feel brave enough to receive the gift. Whether I should care to feel that I was under that kind of obligation to that gentleman is another question.

I think, also, that I should know how to pass the torch along, for there are two of my friends who are very poor, and who will, I think, never be what they might be, because they will never have money. It is true, my dear Frederick, and experience confirms it, that many honest souls are forever embittered and perplexed by the want of money. They are plants that need that tropic air. They can not bloom except in the soft warmth of ease. They do not require to be rich. They have no mean ambition to gratify. They do not want to have more splendid plate than their neighbors, nor to drive faster horses and excite the envy of fools. But their peculiar talents will never develop while they are compelled to drudge hard all day long to get food for a family. If they had only more energy, you say; yes, but they have not. Then they can not expect the prizes, you think. I will not dispute it. I am not speaking of heroes, but of a very pleasant class of people whom prosperity would make the most delightful social benefactors.

There is Claudio, for instance, one of the most guileless and charming of men. He has all the little talents that adorn society, and the most sympathetic and gentle spirit. His hair, I believe, is gray. It has, perhaps, been gray for ten or twenty years; but Claudio has drunk of the fountain of youth, and is an immortal boy. He loves all good and beautiful things, with the instinct of an artist as well as with the sympathy of a good man. He is married to his first love, and they are surrounded with children who do not grieve or disappoint their parents. Claudio has many fascinating gifts, but he has not money. His occupation why should I mention, dear Frederick, since you know it so well? You know, also, how it engrosses him—how he has no opportunity of gratifying his tastes, or of exercising his talents, except in the most limited and unsatisfactory way. He is fond of music and a musician—no man is more fitted than he to appreciate all that is best in the best composers. But he can not hear them. The great concerts are beyond his means. If he thinks of a Philharmonic ticket he remembers the book that his daughter so longed to possess, and the concert ticket seems an odious and selfish pleasure. He does not think of it again; but he does not hear the music. While you and I, my dear Frederick, go to the concert to kill time, and we yawn and chatter and snicker, and I have no doubt that we are the very persons who are requested by the indignant critics in the newspapers to stay at home next time, and not come to a public assembly to steal the honest enjoyment of those who have honestly paid for it.

This is but an illustration of the constant sacrifice which he makes and must make. He has no money, I said, except his slender earnings, and he has not the genius of success. In practical affairs his fingers are all thumbs. No man knows what he loses more distinctly than he, and no one is more uncomplaining. Yet he does not pretend not to want what he can not have, for it would be a foolish denial of his most characteristic tastes and habits. He is not soured by the constant baffling of fortune, nor by the reflection which he sometimes hears that his temperament is his fortune. He knows a great deal better. "Would not life have been rather more tolerable for Maud Muller," he asks, "if she had had no vision of her possible life as the Judge's wife? Since I can not go to the concert would it not be quite as pleasant for me not to care to go?" He asks these questions but he is not quite sure of the answer, for he recalls the lines of the other poet:

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

Now, my dear Frederick, if Mr. Plutus should give me the half million of which I spoke, the first luxury in which I should indulge myself would be giving a neat little competence to Claudio. It would sweeten his life and that of those around him inconceivably. It would smooth that wrinkle of anxiety that has so deeply furrowed his forehead. It would be like a warm south wind in spring that starts the sap and is the first tender persuasion of flowers. Money is the root of all evil, is it? It is not more so than fire is the source of all ruin. I will not refrain from kindling a cheerful blaze upon my neighbor's wintry hearth because fire is able to burn his house down. My dear boy, you have now what is called a good fortune. But is not the goodness rather in the use than in the amount of the money?

Yours, as you deserve,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FALL GOODS.

LARGE cases, filled with the gay, bright materials for the cool days of autumn, are arriving by every steamer. We have examined the earliest importations, and gathered from these *avant-couriers* some indications of the future, in order to give our readers the first reliable information of the fall styles, but, at the date of going to press, a full stock of dress goods has not been received.

BEAR'S EAR COLOR.

The shade that is to replace the conspicuous colors of last season is a brown garnet. This is not the purple garnet of two years ago, or the cranberry color of last winter, but a soft dark shade, such as is sometimes seen in seal-skin. It is distinguished, in French parlance, as *oreille d'ours*, or bear's ear. This bear's ear color is shown in velvets, satins, silk, and cloth, with feathers and fringes of the same hue for trimming. A deeper tint, called *cachou*, has more of the dead leaf brown in it.

GOLD-YELLOW AND BLACK.

Gold-yellow and black promises to be a favorite combination for the autumn. Brunettes, whose range of color is limited, have met with special consideration of late at the hands of the fashion makers, as all the new colors will serve to heighten their brilliant charms.

CHAMELEONS.

The feature of the season above every thing else is the ever-changing chameleons. In the lavish abundance of color, three or four contrasting shades are reflected where once all was uniform. We have not only changeable silks and gros grains, but poplin and woolen serges are made to reflect different colors. Gold and garnet are combined with every shade.

WOOLEN GOODS.

Serge is still in favor. All rough-surfaced goods are called serge. The diagonal reps is no longer its distinguishing feature. Changeable serge, with double fold, is sold at $1 50 a yard. Gold, with blue, green, or purple, Bismarck and blue, garnet and gray, are the colorings most frequently seen.

All-wool poplins, in narrow stripes of a bright color, with black, are shown for petticoats, or for the lower skirts of suits worn under a polonaise of changeable serge, $1 50 a yard. double width. Glossy poplins of high colors in large plaids are marked $2 a yard.

Water-proof tweed, a lighter gray and finer material than that now in use, is imported for fall. Suits of this new tweed, of Parisian make, with short paletot and gored skirt, are sold for $25. The trimming is cross-cut bands of silk. Material for the waist is furnished.

THE CARRICK AND POLONAISE.

The Carrick, or coachman's cloak of many capes, is a novelty in process of construction in Paris. It consists of but three capes or of several, as the fancy of the wearer may dictate. White cashmere circulars trimmed with black lace are worn at the foreign spas. As the weath-

er grows colder those of embroidered black cashmere, lined and wadded, will be substituted.

Manilas are not yet received, but we are informed from abroad that the polonaise with looped capes will be worn. The Baschlik hood pointed behind, with lappets in front, will be an important adjunct of the fall wrappings.

TURKISH JACKETS.

Small loose jackets of French cloth, black, white, and red, have borders of embroidery in seed-stitch, representing flowers of gay hues. They are buttoned in front, square at the belt or vandyked, and are worn for breakfast and indoor toilettes. The price ranges from $14 to $20.

TRIMMINGS.

Pinked ruches of silk, cross-cut bands elaborately stitched with the machine, pleated frills, and fringe are the trimmings for dresses.

BONNETS.

Importations of millinery settle the fact that the size of the bonnet is not to be increased. Frames are as tiny as ever, but are made to look imposing by the trimmings with which they are laden. The conspicuous feature of the new styles is the quantity of trimming heaped high on the top. Feathers, flowers, lace, and jet all appear on one bonnet, and our foreign advices say that embroidery of precious stones is used to make coiffures more brilliant.

We are sorry to say that the fanchon is passing away, indeed is already abandoned by Parisian ladies of fashion. The new shapes have the fanchon effect; they frame the forehead, leaving the ear exposed, but are radically different from the triangular bonnet so long worn. It would puzzle a conjuror to say precisely what this new shape is, so completely is it concealed by the puffed and shirred material that covers it.

Let our readers recall to mind, if they can, the round coiffure worn by Ristori in the first act of *Marie Antoinette*, and further description of the "coming bonnet" will be unnecessary. Those who can not must imagine a round bonnet with high double front, or rolling diadem, and a broad half-crown. The frame fits the top of the head closely, and is worn far forward. A large ornament, such as a jet star, a full-blown rose, or a humming-bird, is placed directly over the forehead in the centre of a ruche of quilled lace. Back of this, and above it higher still, is the trimming, usually an erect aigrette of white heron's feathers, or short tufts of curled ostrich plumes. We have examined pattern bonnets from the establishment of Madame Virot, from the Maison Laure, and from Graux, the successor to Charles Marx, and we find the shape we have described prevailing to the exclusion of almost any other. It is said to have been designed with reference to the voluminous chignons now in vogue.

FEATHERS.

Feathers are employed without stint as trimming. Short curled tufts of ostrich are used instead of a long feather. Four tufts of different shades of a primary color appear in the same cluster. Aigrettes of the stiff white heron's feathers are stuck on the bonnets in erect positions, *à la* Marie Antoinette. Peafowl's feathers, the slender graceful plumage of the lophophore of dark changing hues, pheasant's tails of golden, red, and silver, the Argus feather dotted with an hundred eyes, and green and gold tufts from the breast of the colibri are a few of the varied importations. The heads of small birds with long bills and breasts are seen on many hats, and sometimes the whole bird nestles amidst laces and flowers. On one of Madame Virot's bonnets are four humming-birds. A wide feather fringe of shaded colors is intended for falls over the chignon fastened under the chin.

FLOWERS.

Instead of the tiny flowerets in vogue during the summer we have now large flowers, full-blown roses, pansies of the largest species, and marguerites of rare size. Shaded metallic leaves and flowers are brought to perfection. Grapes and the brown foliage of autumn are imitated to life. The crystalized flowers are especially beautiful. Crystalized dragon-flies, beetles, and cockchafers are among the ornaments.

CORAL AND JET.

Branches of pink coral can scarcely be told from the real Neapolitan. Jet in large flowers and leaves for bandeaux is worn again. Gilt and steel have disappeared.

COLORS FOR BONNETS.

A new color called Florence partakes of the tints of Metternich green, but is lighter, with yellow predominating instead of green. This light maize color shot with green is the fashionable chameleon for bonnets. The many shades of yellow from the light Prussian to dark capucine are so conspicuously shown in the milliners' rooms that they arrest the eye at once.

SPANISH LACE.

People who can afford the outlay of money consider it economy to buy only the best of laces, such as pure thread and Chantilly. Nevertheless, many ladies of fastidious taste wore the Spanish lace last season, and will purchase it again for the winter. Although a woven lace it has irregular meshes like real lace, and the edges being woven instead of cut it has the appearance of valuable lace. It is of the thinnest mesh with set figures of diamonds and flowers that resemble embroidery. Mixed laces are also shown, black embroidered with green, blue, or maroon. The colored blondes of the summer are passée.

PATTERN BONNETS.

A few notes of the model bonnets are given:

A bear's ear velvet has a double rolling front covered with quilling of black lace. An immense rose and buds is in the centre over the forehead. A drooping ostrich tuft over the chignon. Black lace fall in front. Sprigs of No. 7 ribbon.

A black velvet with curled diadem has a shirred border of velvet of the delicate new Florence shade. This green-yellow is displayed to best advantage in conjunction with black. Pointed narrow thread edging is over the forehead. A large jet star in the centre of the diadem. Black ostrich tuft and double bows of narrow ribbon across the back. Long *suivez-moi* of No. 7 ribbon.

One of Madame Virot's bride-like bonnets is of white satin and royal velvet. The material is in quilled shells, stiff and erect. A tiny humming-bird poises over the forehead, with on each side of it curling white ostrich feathers. Narrow strings behind. White velvet folds in front edged with white Spanish blonde.

A fall bonnet is of black Brussels net and erect folds of fluted satin. Thread lace interspersed with jet leaves softens the satin gloss. Two scarlet ostrich feathers stand prominent at the back. A fall of lace carelessly tied hangs at the side. Another tiny bonnet for autumn is of black lace with a coronet of large yellow pansies, and a golden pheasant's plume. An evening hat of white blonde has four small colibri for trimming.

ROUND HATS.

The novelty in round hats is the Sultan, made in imitation of the cap worn by that functionary during his late visit to Paris. It is merely a high, bell-shaped crown without rim or visor, and is not unlike the Nymph hat of last season. Ribbon strings, instead of elastic, are used to tie it under the chignon. A sultan of dead-leaf brown satin is puffed horizontally on the frame. Precisely on the top are four short ostrich feathers of different shades, falling down about the hat. A large tea-rose and buds at the left side. Pendants of jet are at intervals on the lower puff. Brown satin strings of No. 7 ribbon tie under the chignon, with loops and ends long enough to form a *suivez-moi*.

Another hat peculiarly appropriate to the picturesque French costumes now in vogue is called the Deauville. It is a triangular shape, pointed over the forehead, rising in the centre, and receding again on the chignon. A black velvet hat of this shape, trimmed about the edge with fluted thread lace, has on the right side four ostrich tufts of different shades, Magenta, garnet, maroon, and cachou.

Hats with rims have tall, sloping crowns, while others are flat and square. Names from French history are given them. There is the Valois, the Bourbon, and three of the Louis Quatorze, Quinze, and Seize. The rims are caught up to show a lining of pleated satin or velvet of bright color.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Short suits will continue to be worn. A light cloth is imported for street dresses. Dresses will be cut similar to those of last season. An effort is being made to abridge trains, and round skirts of medium length are imported. The front of the corsage is heart-shaped, open almost to the belt, disclosing an embroidered chemisette.

Fichus are no longer worn with ends. Wide sashes with large bows made so that they stand upright replace the fichu ends. The newest shape is the Ninon de l'Enclos, combining the paletot and fichu, a sacque front with sash paniers behind. The trimming is gimp and fringe.

Many ladies of fashion have abandoned sashes as common, wearing instead a narrow waistband fastened at the side with sharp pointed ends, the bow at the side being what is called a sword bow.

High back tortoise shell combs surmount the the large chignons.

The reign of the panier is only just begun. We read of three tournures filled with down at each side and behind.

A distinguished feature of foreign extravagance is embroidery of precious stones, emeralds, rubies, turquoises, and amethysts on sashes, bonnets, and dresses.

An excellent glove, called the Laporte, has just been introduced into the American market. Though new here, this glove has long enjoyed a great reputation in England. It is made of superfine kid, well fashioned and sewed; the current price is somewhat higher than the Alexandre glove, being $2 25 a pair for ladies' and $2 50 for gentlemen's gloves. The "Aline," a second quality by the same manufacturer, sells for $2 00 and $2 25 per pair.

For information received we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; PARTRIDGE & BALLARD; Miss M. A. PAGE; and Messrs. FISK, CLARK, & FLAGG.

PERSONAL.

IT has been given out that Mr. MAPLESON intended to bring over from London, in October, his Italian Opera Company, but the latest rumor is that he declines to do so unless a certain sum is guaranteed to him. He exacts this on account of the extravagant salaries he is obliged to pay his artists—viz., to TITJENS, $5000 per month; KELLOGG, $3200; DEMERIE LABLACHE (contralto), $1600; BULTERINI (tenor), $2000; FINENZI (tenor), $1200; SANTLEY (baritone), $2200; FOLI (basso), $1600; ARDITI (Conductor), $2000. All these monthly payments to be made in gold. Add to them the salaries of the *comprimari*, chorus and orchestra, traveling expenses, rent, advertising, etc., and an aggregate is reached far in excess of any thing hitherto paid an opera company in the United States.

—On every blank wall and advertising place in New York may be seen life-size portraits of the Siamese Twins, who are to be exhibited this month at Wood's new Museum and Theatre, corner Thirtieth Street and Broadway. We are reminded thereby of an anecdote of one of those people who know every body and every thing, who, having been airing his wisdom, was asked by a crabbed person if he knew the Siamese twins. "Well," he replied, "*one* of them I knew exceedingly well, but I'm not quite sure whether I ever happened to meet the other!"

—Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS had the reputation of being a very unselfish man. Not more than two weeks before his death, while conversing with a friend, Mr. STEVENS spoke freely of his own affairs. "A year ago," said he, "I had so fully made up my mind to die that I parted with nearly all my money, and now, when I find I may last a little longer I find myself really in need of the ready cash."

—The Sultan has sent his little son and heir to Europe to be educated. He talks Turkey quite well, but the old gentleman, his father, thinks it desirable that he should learn something of the languages, manners and customs, etc., of the peoples whom railways have brought near to the Ottoman Empire.

—Miss KATE FIELD, who may now be regarded as one of the *has comes* of the writing ladies of this country, is described as somewhat *petite* in figure. She is fair-haired, blue-eyed, and would look fragile were it not for a certain indomitableness of expression. She is neat in her dress and personal belongings, and evidently takes kindly to fine fabrics and daintily-fitting boots and gloves. She has any amount of the go-ahead element in her character; sees her way to her object straight as an arrow, and has little patience with people slow of apprehension; is neither sentimental, sensitive, nor soft; and, if in command of an army, would rout the enemy by rapidity of movement and unexpectedness of attack. Writes well.

—Pope PIUS IX. has come to the conclusion to pay a special compliment to LOUIS NAPOLEON by admitting to the Œcumenical Council, to be held next year, a special representative of the Emperor, independently of any decision he may come to respecting the other Catholic Sovereigns, of whom Cardinal ANTONELLI, with grim humor, remarked, "Who can assure us that the kings now reigning will be on their thrones at the end of 1869?" The Pope has a little matter to settle with Austria on the school and other questions, hence his ambiguous language as to the "other Catholic sovereigns."

—Newspaper folk in England are looming up in public affairs. Among candidates for the new Parliament are several who are or have been connected with the press—notably Mr. WALTER, principal proprietor of the London *Times;* Mr. ROBERT LOWE, an editor of that journal; Mr. MORLEY of the *Fortnightly Review;* Mr. MIALL, of the *Nonconformist;* Mr. TILLETT, of the Norfolk *News;* Mr. JAFFRAY, of the Birmingham *Post;* and Mr. GORRIE, formerly editor of a Scotch paper.

—Professor MAX MULLER, of the University of Oxford, denies the report that he is coming to this country as a lecturer. "Much," he writes to an American friend, "as I should like to visit the United States, I should feel that as a lecturer on language and religion I was carrying coals to Newcastle, considering how many excellent lecturers on those subjects you possess in America."

—The Rev. Mr. PUNSHON, the distinguished Methodist divine from England, was recently married in Toronto to the sister of his deceased wife. They came over from England for that purpose, such a marriage in England being illegal. Mr. P. proposes an early return home.

—Miss ANNA E. DICKINSON has availed herself of the leisure and quiet of the watering-places on the sea-shore to complete the novel upon which she has for several months been engaged. Of course it will ventilate her views on various social and political topics, and urge such reforms as she has advocated from the lecture-room. If her imagination and constructive talent are equal to her fine gift of tongue, the fiction is sure to be a success.

—When Mr. DICKENS was in Philadelphia he was so much pleased with Mr. JAMES HAMILTON'S painting, "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" that he wished to buy it, but it had been sold. He then offered to purchase the original sketch, but Mr. HAMILTON gave it to him. When Mr. DICKENS returned to England he sent to Mr. HAMILTON a beautiful edition of his novels, with an autograph letter.

—After the marriage of PATTI with the Marquis de CAUX she received the congratulations of the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, as well as those of many leading members of the English aristocracy. In felicitations sent to her by notable persons of rank, and persons famous in literature and art, PATTI'S wedding may be regarded as having been the greatest success ever realized by a musical or dramatic *artiste*. Although many eminent singers and actresses have been married to the nobility, none other has had her nuptials honored by the presence of an Embassador as a subscribing witness, or received the written congratulations of royalty. It will be nine years on the 24th of November next since she first made her appearance in opera in this city in the character of *Lucia*. Among the wedding presents sent to her few were more beautiful than those of MARIO and Madame GRISI. The gift of the former was a very handsome and beautifully executed arabesque pendant, composed of pearls, diamonds, and large turquoise, with enameled scrolls, suspended from a large gold chain. Madame GRISI gave her a pair of very large and handsome gold and coral pendent ear-rings, the pendants being formed of coral about two inches in length, carved in the shape of Etruscan vases, with festoons, the top being formed of gold, with a solid carved coral bull's head.

—Mr. STRAKOSCH, having closed up his successful managerial career with PATTI, is about to engineer Miss MINNIE HAUCK through the operatic shoals and quicksands of Europe. Mr. STRAKOSCH will enable her to pick up much stray cash, and make much reputation.

—ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS, a favorite authoress of this country, is having quite a merry time abroad. In a private letter from Havre she says: "I am very happy here, surrounded by books, etc.; solitude, writing, swimming. What a beautiful world of my own making! Life passes like a beautiful dream." The fair authoress, when the summer is over, intends to visit Lisbon, Seville, Cadiz, Malaga, and Athens, passing some weeks in each of these places. It is well known that Madame LEWIS is betrothed to the COUNT OF ROBELLA, and it is not unlikely that their marriage will take place during the next winter in Genoa.

—Lord NAPIER, of Magdala, is a very religious as well as a very modest man. It is little to say that he is brave and clear-headed; genuine unselfishness and humility are his special characteristics. He shrunk at first from being made a peer of the realm, and his hesitation and reluctance were only overcome when he remembered that the acceptance of such a dignity would, for the first time in history, bring the old Indian (company's) officers and soldiers into the front rank, and reflect honor on a race of officers who pre-eminently were trained, educated men, and had gone through the fiery baptism of many a battle fought and won, and many a strong-hold stormed. The conferring of the peerage on NAPIER ("Lord NAPIER, of Magdala"), with a pension of two thousand pounds a year, to extend over his own life and that of his son and successor, has really and truly united the Indian forces and the Queen's regiments in a very remarkable way; and it is creditable to the Queen, as well as to her cousin, the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, that they have, in every possible way, indicated their admiration of NAPIER. More than this, the employment of Indian native troops in the Abyssinian Expedition has tested the loyalty of the Hindoo race. Their love for the General was intense. If ever England wants a General, as brave and skillful as any of the knights of old, and *sans peur et sans reproche*, he will be found in Lord NAPIER.

—Notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. GAINES has succeeded in recovering her estate worth $5,000,000, gold, she has thus far realized from it only about $15,000, consisting of a portion of the estate of JOHN SLIDELL, surrendered to her because it had been confiscated.

—DUMAS is always in a state of impecuniosity, notwithstanding he has earned over $700,000 by his pen, and is in receipt of large sums from current works. We have a little anecdote characteristic of his prodigality and his humor. A melancholy author went to him and moaned that unless immediately provided with three hundred francs he would have to charcoal-smoke himself and his two children. DUMAS rummaged his coffers at once, but could only find two hundred francs. "But I must have three, or I and the little loves are lost." "Suppose you only suffocate yourself and *one* of them!" said DUMAS. To an American this would have seemed a reasonable and practicable proposition; how the Frenchman received it is not quoted.

—Precisely the way in which the present Emperor of Austria made the acquaintance of his wife is thus related by a newspaper gentleman: In the winter of 1852, then fourteen, she was at Dresden, skating with her sisters. Suddenly an old woman, carrying on her back a load of brushwood, slipped and fell on the ice. The young Princess, followed by a gentleman in a white uniform, hastened toward her to lift her up. They arrived at about the same moment, though the Princess was the first to seize the arm of the old woman. When she had put the latter on her feet again she turned toward the officer, who was no other than the young Emperor of Austria, and asked him to lead the old woman, who had seriously injured herself, to the shore. FRANCIS JOSEPH, dazzled by the surpassing beauty of the young creature, with her flushed face, eyes beaming with kindness, and handsome skating-dress, did as she told him, but returned immediately to chat with her. He then ascertained that she was a cousin of his, and, although she was almost a child yet, determined to marry her.

—The recent decease, in Boston, of Mr. JOHN WILSON, has elicited from the press of that city several eloquent tributes to his merit as a man and his talent as a printer and proof-reader. To be a perfect proof-reader requires a knowledge of many languages, a familiarity with many sciences, and a mastery of style and forms of expression. All these acquirements Mr. WILSON possessed. He was not only familiar with the modern languages, but he was an authority on Greek accents and Hebrew points, and he was often at the cases setting up matter which no person in the office but himself could understand. Many a young author, and many old writers also, have had lessons in style from his lips and his proof-sheets, for which they have occasion to revere his memory. And all this instruction was imparted with such kindness and fatherly solicitude! The idea that he was working for money, at so much a thousand ems, would never suggest itself in intercourse with him. There was no limit to his patience under delays, and to his care that a work should appear without fault in matter and style, as well as in typography. It was nothing to him that the press was waiting if a question of fact or date was undecided, and no one was more keen to detect such errors in the last revision than himself. If he had been less conscientious, he would have made more money; but he would not have been *par excellence* the "Printer" of the land.

—So well satisfied are the Universalists of Cavendish, Vermont, with the ministrations of the Rev. Miss DAMON, that they have hired that clergywoman to preach to them another year. It *is* pleasant to hear the Word preached by a pretty woman. Miss DAMON has not yet found her Pythias.

—Mr. G. M. TOWLE has made a little tour to the homes of several of the "American Literati," and written sketches of their personal surroundings. Down at Mr. LONGFELLOW'S, which he thinks is one of the finest mansions in the country, visitors are admitted to the house at seasonable hours. The poet's hospitality is proverbial. You may see him through a half-open door, busy at his desk; you may find him frolicking with his children in the hall; it is not even unlikely he may come out and welcome you, though a stranger, and with winning courtesy offer to guide you through the rooms which have a peculiar interest. On the left, as you enter, is the poet's study; on the right, the parlors; at the back of the study, the dining-room. There is little to describe; it suffices to say that the interior is what the exterior has promised—home-like simplicity and comfort. Low, studded rooms; a wide, cheerful-looking hall; parlors substantial and cozy, with certain little indications here and there of the presence of a scholar, and of a home-like womankind. The study of the poet is simple and elegantly furnished; a high desk near the window, where Mr. LONGFELLOW sometimes writes standing, is, it may be conjectured, that piece of furniture which will be most valuable as a relic—if, as may be the case, it is hereon that his poems are written.

—"GRACE GREENWOOD" is said to be on the shady side of forty, with sallow, but clear complexion, deep brown, sparkling eyes, nose with unmistakable aquiline arch, and quite beautiful. She dresses in plain and simple, but elegant and faultless style, with blue or purple flowers in her hair when such posies are obtainable.

Crochet Border with Fringe.

THIS border is especially suitable for trimming bed and table covers, curtains, etc. It is crocheted with coarse knitting-cotton. Work, first, the rosettes singly as follows: Make a foundation of 4 ch. (chain stitches), join these in a round and crochet thereon,

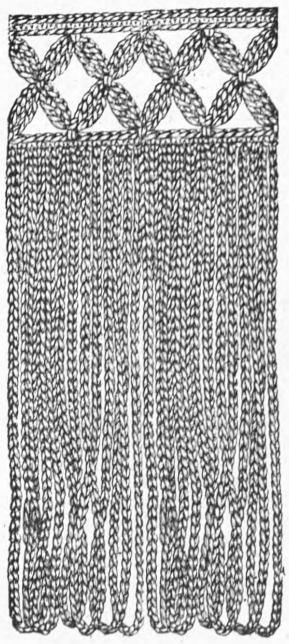
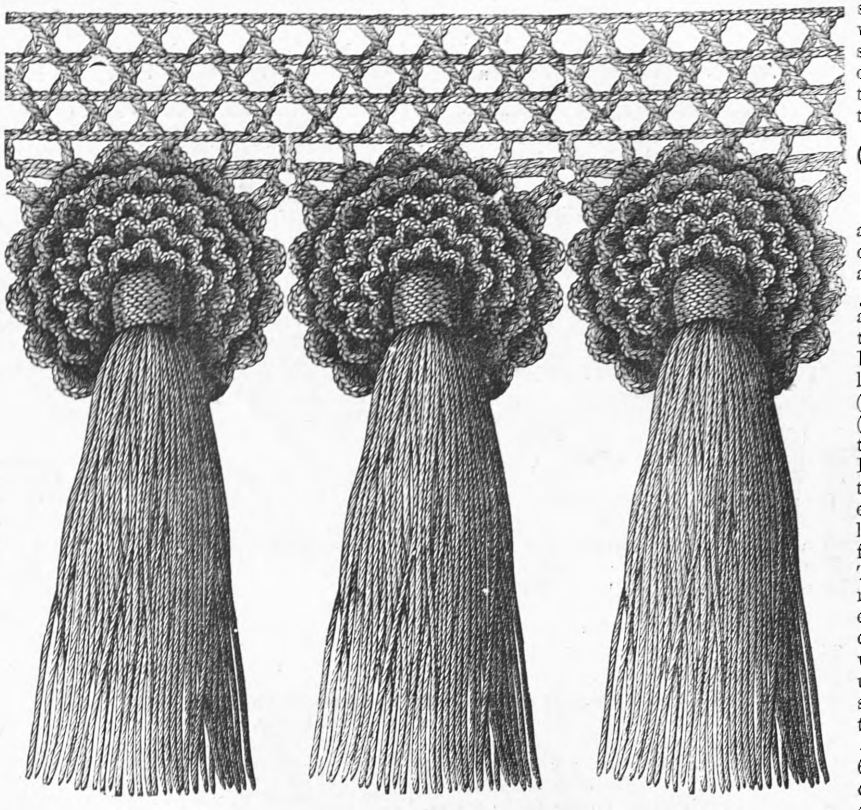


Fig. 1.—CROCHET FRINGE FOR TIDIES, ETC.

1st round.—7 sc. (single crochet). 2d round. — In each stitch of the former round crochet 2 sc. 3d round.—* Putting the needle through the front vein of the next sc., work 5 dc. (double crochet); through the front vein of the following stitch 1 sc. From * repeat six more times. 4th round.—Put the needle always through the back vein of a stitch of the second round, and crochet in each stitch 1 dc., and after this always 1 ch. 5th round.—Like the third round, but in working always put the needle through the former vein of the dc. of the round just finished; besides this, 2 sc. follow every 5 dc. in this round. 6th round. —Like the fourth round, but put the needle through the back veins of the stitches of the fourth round. 7th round.—* 2 sc. in the next two stitches of the former round (always putting the needle through the front veins of the stitches), and always 3 dc. in the two following stitches. Repeat from *. 8th round.—Alternately 1 dc. in the back vein of a stitch of the 6th round, 1 ch., passing over one stitch. 9th round.—Like the 7th round. 10th round.—Alternately 1 dc., 1 ch., 1 dc., 2 ch.; in working the ch. pass over only one stitch of the 8th round. 11th round.—Around every 2 ch. of the former round work 7 dc., around each ch. only 1 sc. This completes a rosette. The remaining rosettes are crocheted in the same manner, but, in working the last round, the rosettes must be fastened to each other by means of two of the scallops, or they can be left without fastening and sewed together afterward.



CROCHET BORDER WITH FRINGE.

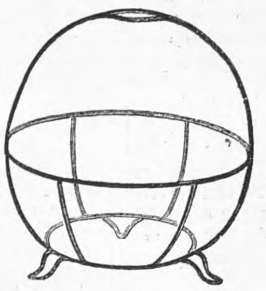


Fig. 2.—WIRE FRAME OF BEAD BASKET.

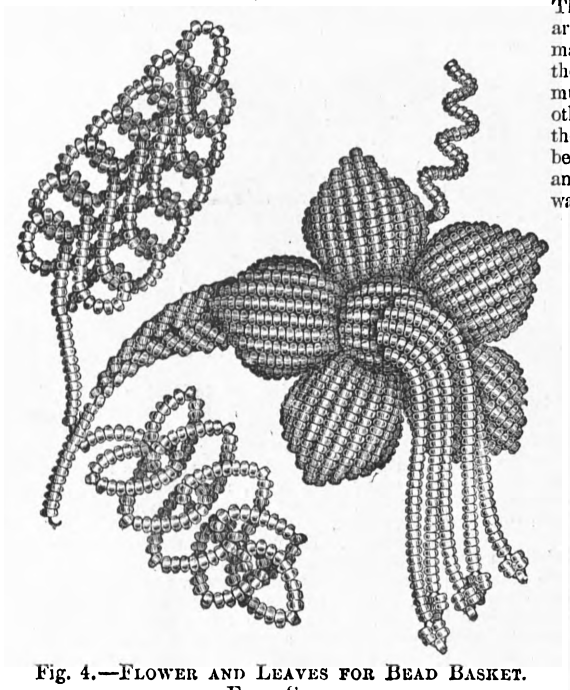


Fig. 4.—FLOWER AND LEAVES FOR BEAD BASKET. FULL SIZE.

Next work the part which joins the upper part of the rosettes as follows: crochet 2 dc. (double crochet) in the middle stitches of the first of the two scallops which lie just before the scallops of the rosette already joined, 2 sdc. (short double crochet) in the middle stitches of the next of the two scallops, 2 dc. in that scallop of the next rosette which immediately follows the scallops already joined, 2 dc. in the following scallop, 2 ch., 1 sc. in the first crocheted dc. Then cut and fasten the thread.

Fig. 1.—CRYSTAL BEAD BASKET.

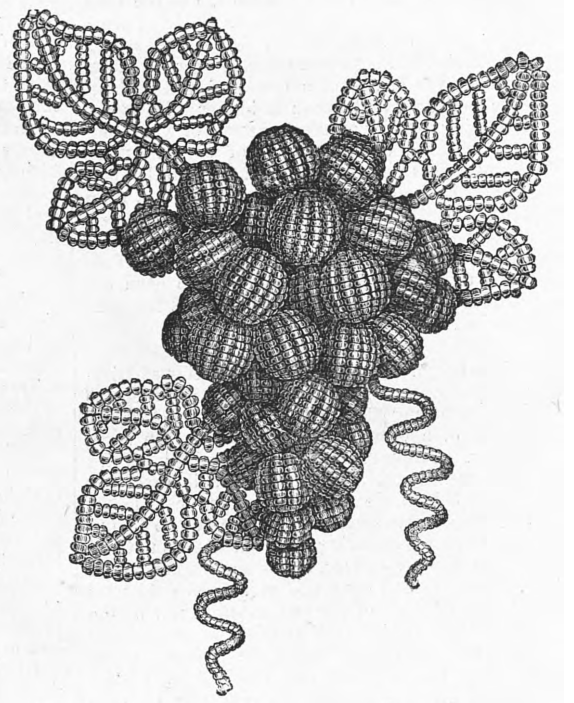


Fig. 3.—GRAPES AND LEAVES FOR BEAD BASKET. FULL SIZE.

stitches, fasten the thread, turn the work so that the wrong side shall be on the outside, and fasten on a strand of threads four inches long by sewing the stitches of the last round fast to the threads. Finally, sew the tassel in the centre of the rosette as shown by the illustration.

Crochet Fringes for Tidies.

THESE fringes are worked of finer or coarser thread according to the object for which they are designed. For the first round of Fig. 1 work as follows: * 100 ch. (chain), then 1 sc. (single crochet) in the first of these. Repeat from * till the fringe has reached the requisite length, working from left to right. Then work the 2d round.—1 sc. in every sc. and in every ch. of the 1st round which the sc. took up. 3d round.—1 sc. in the first sc. of the former round; * 1 leaflet, that is 6 ch., 1 dc. (double crochet) in the second of the 6 ch., 1 stc. (short treble crochet) in the first of the 6 ch. Both stitches are worked off together, 1 leaflet passing over 6 stitches, 1 sc. in the next stitch. Repeat from *. 4th round.—Like the 3d round, the sc. are, however, crocheted in the vein of the stitch between the two leaflets. 5th round. —Alternately 1 sc. in the vein of the stitch between two leaflets, 6 ch. 6th round. —In every stitch 1 sc.

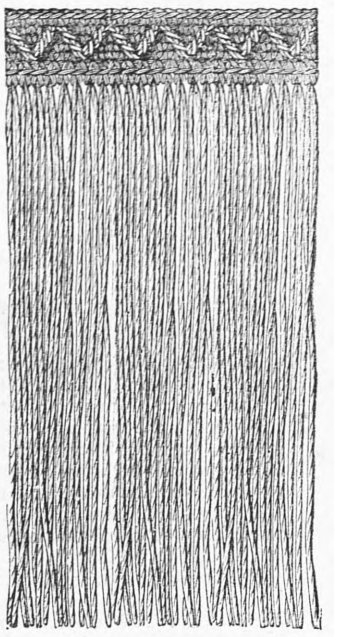


Fig. 2.—CROCHET FRINGE FOR TIDIES, ETC.

Fig. 2.—For this fringe make a foundation of the requisite length, and crochet a round in single crochet. In the next round form the strands of the fringe. In doing this crochet in the first stitch of the former round 1 sc., and draw out the loop formed by working off this stitch till it is of the length desired for the fringe, then take a loop out of the same stitch in which was crocheted the sc., work 1 ch., and draw this out till it has reached the length of the first fringe strand. In each following sc. of the former round crochet next, in the same manner as the two stitches just described, two stitches, of which the loops are to be drawn out at the same length. The stitches of this round must be firmly crocheted. Then crochet on the other side of the foundation five rounds single crochet, always putting the needle through both upper veins of the stitches of the preceding round. In the 4th round, however, work the

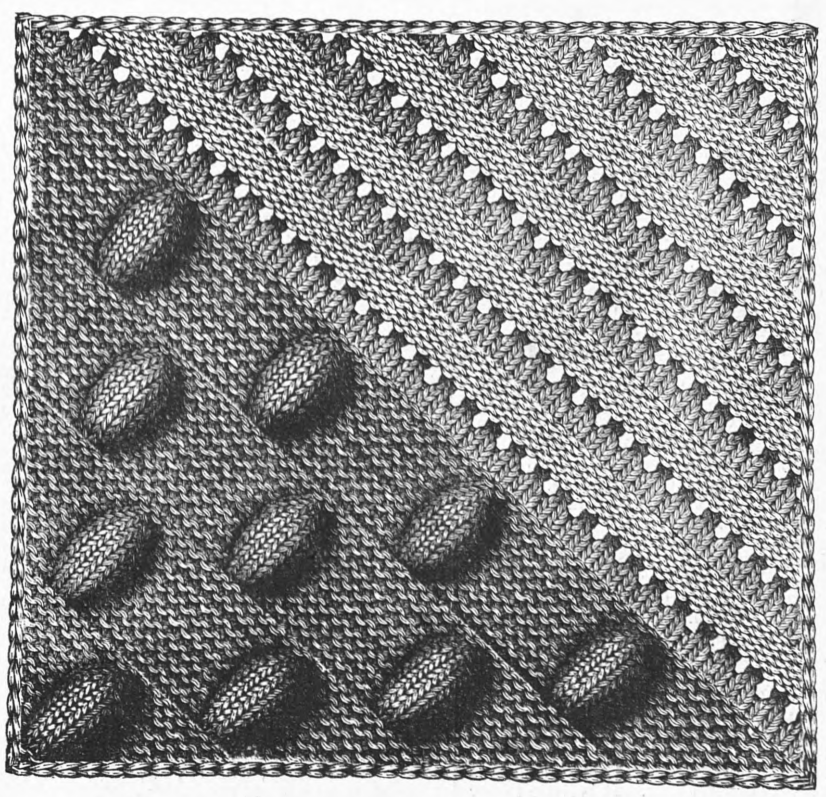


Fig. 1.—KNITTED SQUARE FOR COVERLET OR TABLE-COVER.

Having in this manner formed the figures between the rosettes, crochet next the upper part: * 1 dc. in the middle stitch of the scallop which had taken up the last 2 dc., 5 ch., 1 sc. in the middle stitch of the next scallop, 5 ch., 1 sc. in the middle stitch of the next scallop, 5 ch., 1 dc. in the middle stitch of the scallop which took up the first 2 dc. of the connecting part, 5 ch., 1 dc. in the next 2 ch., 5 ch. From * repeat. On this follow three rounds crossed dc. separated always by 2 ch. and the same number of stitches' space.

Lastly, work the head of the tassel, which is fastened in the midst of the rosettes. Make a foundation of 9 ch., join this in a round and crochet on it 16 sc. Then work six rounds sl. (slip stitch) with the same number of

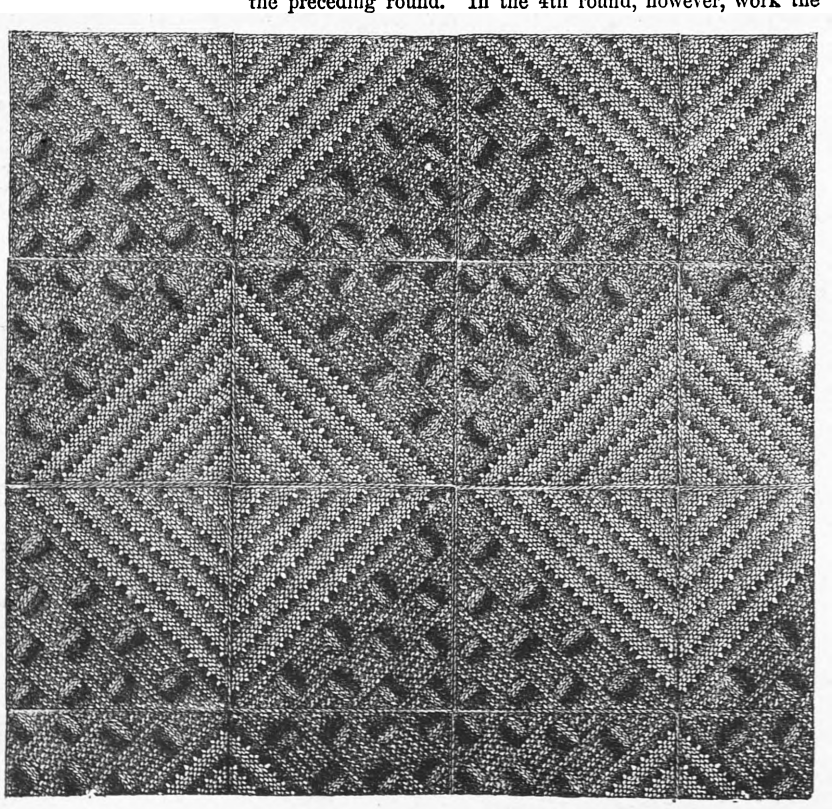


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF KNITTED COVERLET OR TABLE-COVER.

raised dc., which are always crocheted after a space of three stitches, and always in the upright vein of a stitch of the first of these five rounds. The direction of the dc. stitches is shown by the illustration; the two dc. which meet are always worked off together. Lastly, even off the fringe.

Crystal Bead Basket.

See illustration, page 724.

THIS pretty little basket consists of flowers, leaves, and grapes of fine crystal beads strung on a silver wire, and forms a very effective relief over the blue glass dish which serves as the foundation of the basket. The wire foundation is in the form shown by Fig. 2. This is wound with cotton and afterward with crystal beads. This frame-work is twenty inches around the upper edge; the circumference of the bottom is twelve inches, and the entire height (including the handle) is six inches. At each side of the basket, and concealing the places where the handle is set on, is arranged a twig of grapes and leaves, as shown by Fig. 3. The grapes are made singly, and afterward fastened by means of a thread. These are composed of a milk-white bead, which is covered with the crystal beads. The leaves and tendrils are worked as shown by Fig. 3. The spaces between the bunches of grapes are trimmed with a large five-leaved flower. Cut for the foundation of this, by reference to Fig. 4, a piece of gummed linen; cover this crosswise, each leaf on the upper side, with two layers of beads, not, however, entirely reaching the outer edge of the leaf, then a third layer lengthwise, as shown by the illustration. The cross rows of beads must lie somewhat higher in the middle of the leaves, so as to give them an arched appearance. The centre of the flower is also covered with two rows of beads, one lying crosswise over the other. For the filaments of the flower arrange five bead cords as shown by Fig. 4. The other leaves are made in the same manner. The tendrils, as well as the remaining small leaves which fill out the rest of the space between grapes and flowers, are easily made with the assistance of Fig. 1. A heavy blue glass dish completes this pretty ornament.

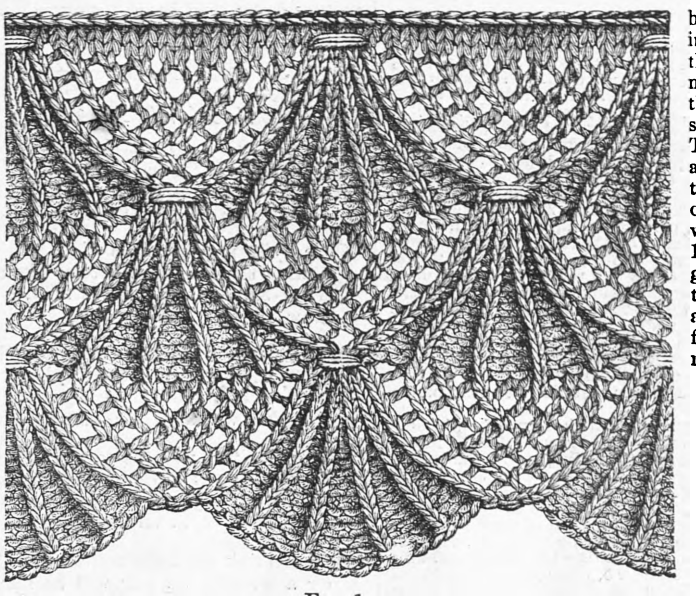


FIG. 1.

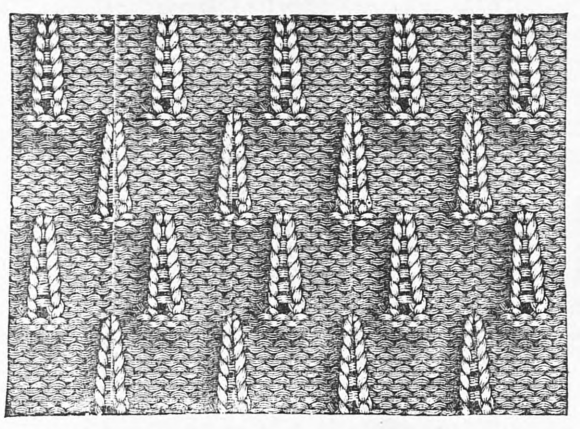


FIG. 2.

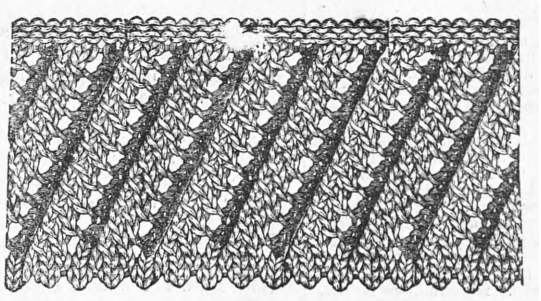


FIG. 4.

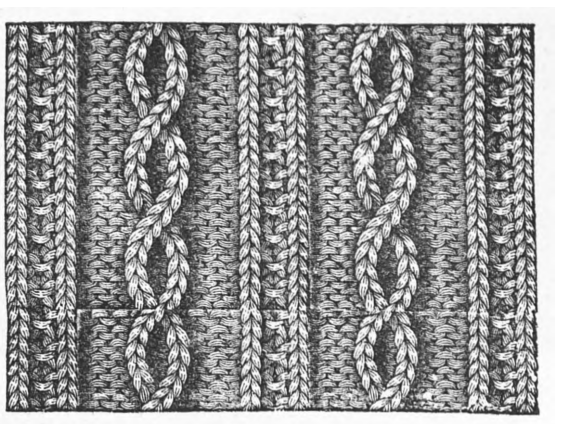


FIG. 3.

Section of Knitted Coverlet or Table-Cover.

See illustration, page 724.

THE square, Fig. 1, is used for bed and cradle covers when knitted of material as coarse as that shown by the pattern; knitted of fine thread, it may be used also for table-covers or antimacassars. Fig. 2 shows the manner in which the squares are set together. Begin on one corner with a foundation of three stitches, and knit with these two rounds plain. The first stitch of every round is slipped. In the next, the first pattern row of the square, which is also knitted plain, begins the widening. This always occurs after the first and before the last stitch of a round, and is repeated in every other round. For this knit at the beginning of the round the first upright vein of the second stitch of the round before the last; at the end of the round the second perpendicular vein of a stitch of the round before the last. The 4th round is knitted plain without widening. In the 5th plain round begins the first figure. For this throw the thread once around the needle on both sides of the middle stitch of this round. In the next (6th) round purl the threads which were thrown around the needle as well as the stitch between them, and knit the remaining stitches plain. This throwing the thread around is repeated in the 7th, 9th, and 11th rounds at both sides of the added stitches, so that the figures are widened by two stitches in every round knitted over these. These must all be plain on the right side of the work. When the figure counts nine stitches, knit in the 13th, 15th, and 17th rounds the last two and first two stitches together, and in the 19th round the three remaining stitches of the figure as one stitch, by doing which it retains its oval form and stands out raised. The 20th round is knitted plain; the foundation must then count 21 stitches in width. In the 21st round begins the second pattern row, the first figure with the 5th (counting in the added stitches), the second figure with the 18th stitch of the round. The figures are all knitted in the same manner. Continue the work by reference to the pattern. As will be seen the position of the figures alternate. Every two figures are separated by twelve stitches space. When four such rows of figures have been completed (the work must then count 68 rounds and 69 stitches in width) the square is half finished. In the other half narrow to correspond with the widening of the first half; for this last half knit alternately four rounds which appear plain on the right side and five rounds which appear purled on the right side. The first of these last five rounds forms a row of holes, and is knitted as follows: alternately knit two stitches together, throw the thread around. This design is continued till the square is completed. The squares are crocheted together on the wrong side in the manner shown by Fig. 2.

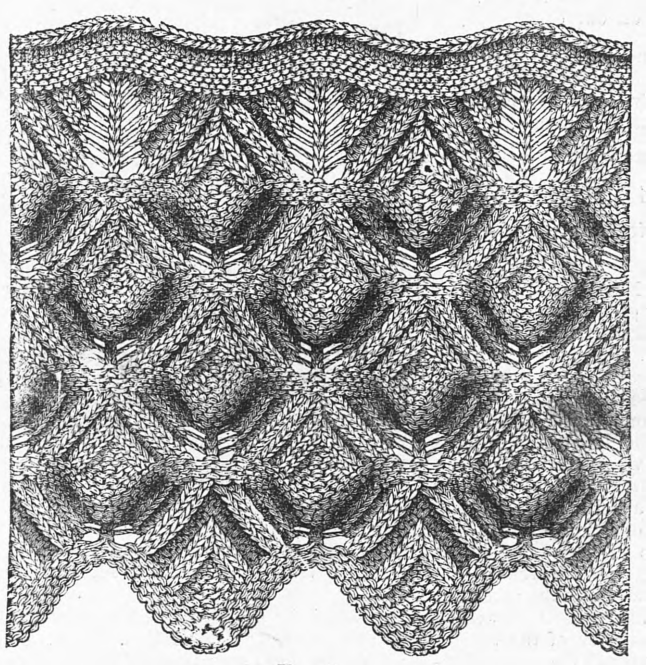
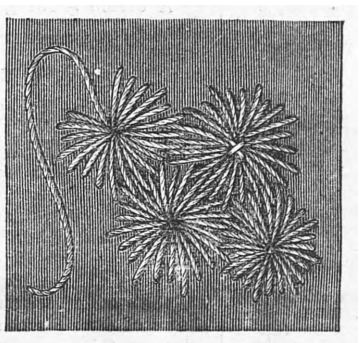


FIG. 5.



MANNER OF WORKING FOUNDATION OF SOFA PILLOW.—[See page 729.]

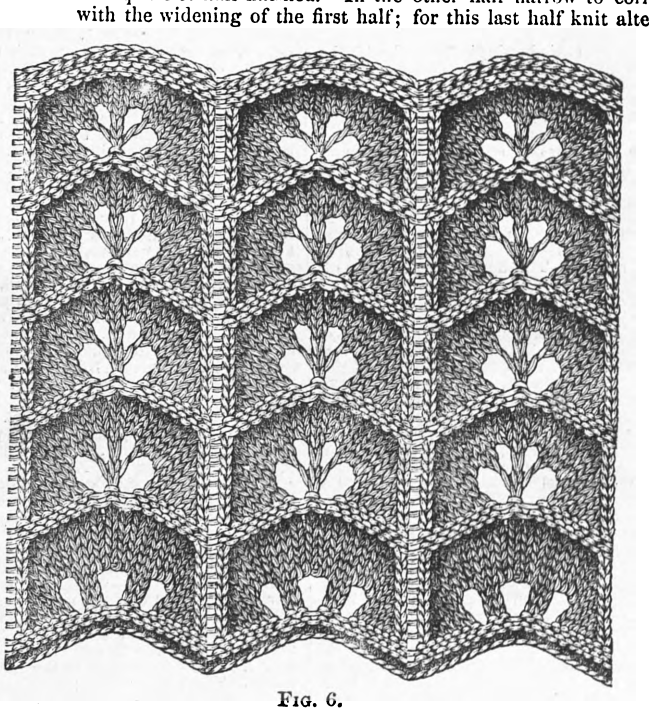


FIG. 6.

Worsted Borders for Tidies, Under-Skirts, etc.

THESE patterns may be knitted with fine or coarse worsted, according to the object for which they are designed.

Fig. 1.—The number of stitches for this design must be divisible by 21; knit as follows: 1st round.—* Throw the thread around the needle, knit 1 crossed, five times alternately purl 3, knit 1 crossed. Repeat from * to the end of the round. The repeating from * takes place in every round of this description, therefore we shall not mention it again. 2d round.—* Knit 1, five times alternately knit 1 crossed, purl 3, then knit 1 crossed. 3d round.—* Throw the thread around, knit 1, throw the thread around, knit 1 crossed, five times alternately purl 3, knit 1 crossed. 4th round.—* Knit 3, five times alternately knit 1 crossed, purl 1, purl 2 together, then knit 1 crossed. 5th round.—* Throw the thread around, knit 1, throw the thread around, knit 2 together, throw

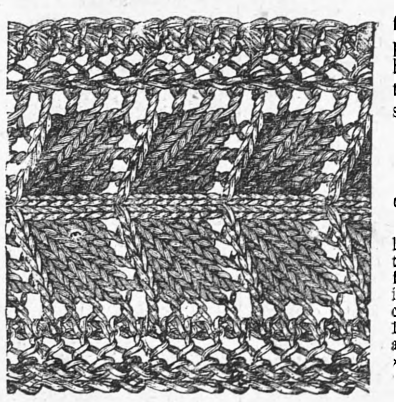


FIG. 7.

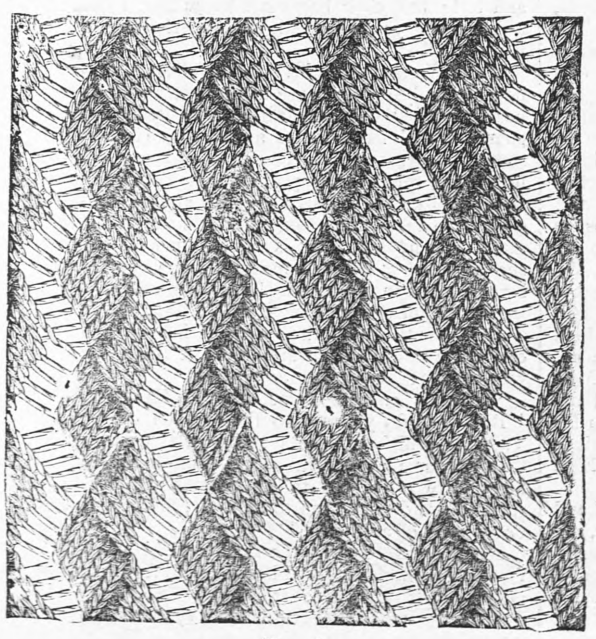


FIG. 8.

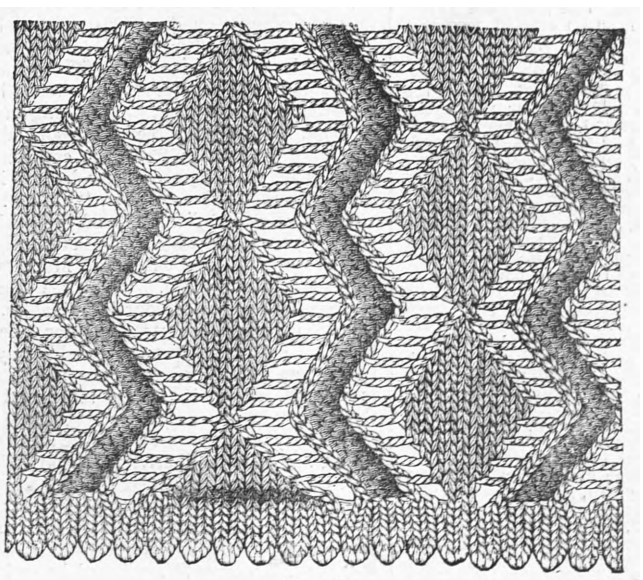


FIG. 9.

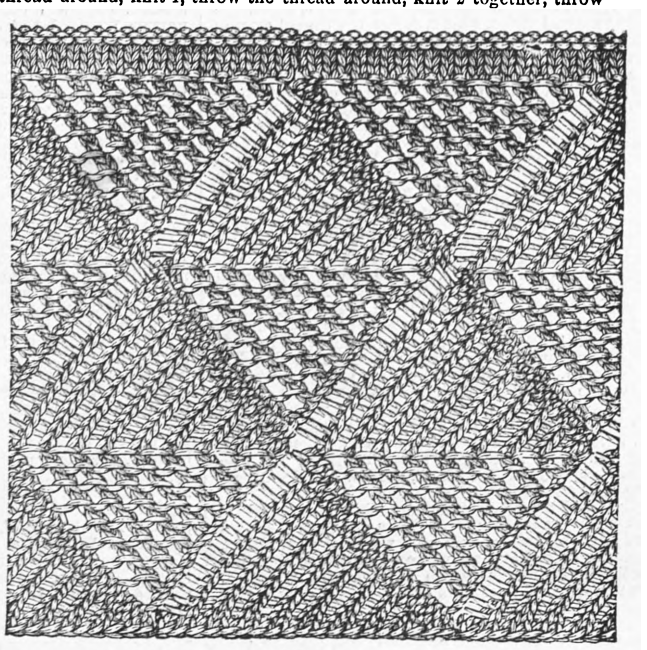


FIG. 10.

WORSTED BORDERS FOR TIDIES, UNDER-SKIRTS, ETC.

the thread aronnd, knit 1 crossed, five times alternately knit 2, knit 1 crossed. We remark here that in the ribs which appear entirely purled the stitches are always *purled* together, but in the open-work part they are always *knitted* together. 6th round.—* Knit 5, five times alternately knit 1 crossed, purl 2, then knit 1 crossed. 7th round.—* Throw the thread around, narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 1, throw the thread around, narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 1 crossed, five times alternately narrow 1, knit 1 crossed. 8th round.—* Knit 7, five times alternately knit 1 crossed, purl 1, then knit 1 crossed. 9th round.—* Throw the thread around, narrow 1, throw the thread around, narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 1, throw the thread around, narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 1 crossed, five times alternately purl 1, knit 1 crossed. 10th round.—* Knit 9, five times alternately knit 1 crossed, purl 1, then knit 1 crossed. 11th round.—* Throw the thread around, narrow 1, throw the thread around, narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 1, throw the thread around, narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 1 crossed, five times alternately purl 1, knit 1 crossed. 12th round.—* Knit 11, five times alternately knit 1 crossed, purl 1, then knit 1 crossed. 13th round.—* Throw the thread around, narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 1, throw the thread around, narrow 1, throw the thread around, narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 1 crossed, five times alternately purl 1, knit 1 crossed. 14th round.—* Knit 13, knit 1 crossed, narrow five times crossed. 15th round.—* Three times alternately throw the thread around, narrow 1, then throw the thread around, knit 1, then three times alternately throw the thread around, narrow 1, then throw the thread around, knit 6 crossed. 16th round.—Knit 15. Now knit the following six stitches on another needle, then wind the work close under the six stitches just knitted four times with the thread, then take the stitches on the working needle, and knit again the following 15 stitches, etc. Repeat now from the 1st round, but in such a manner that the pattern may alternate as shown in the illustration. The first time the thread is thrown around must be in the middle of the six wound stitches.

Fig. 2.—On a foundation, the number of stitches of which must be divisible by seven, knit as follows: 1st round.—* Purl 5, throw the thread around, purl 2 together. 2d–7th rounds.—* Purl 6, knit 1. In the first of these six rounds the knitted stitch is taken in the thread previously thrown around. With the 8th round the design is alternated as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 3.—For this pattern the number of stitches must be divisible by thirteen. 1st round.—* Knit 1 crossed, purl 1, knit 1 crossed, purl 3; of the four stitches following, cross the 1st and 4th by knitting first the 4th stitch in such a manner that it shall lie over the 1st, then purl the 2d and 3d stitches, and lastly knit the 1st stitch, after which purl 3. 2d round.—* Knit 1 crossed, knit 1, knit 1 crossed, purl 3, knit 1, purl 2, knit 1, purl 3. Knit four rounds like the last, but henceforth knit the stitch between the two crossed stitches alternately purled and knitted. After this repeat from the 1st round.

Fig. 4.—The edge of this border is finished with the pattern styled mouse-teeth. On the foundation knit four rounds plain, then one round alternately the thread thrown around, two stitches knitted together, and after this four rounds knitted plain. Then take the under veins of the foundation stitches on other needles, lay the two rows of stitches together, and knit them off together, always one stitch with a foundation stitch, after which begin the design. 1st round.—* Throw the thread around, knit 1 crossed, knit 2 crossed together, purl 1. 2d round.—* Knit 3, the first of which is knitted in the thread which was thrown around, purl 1. The design consists of alternating these two rounds. The upper edge consists of two rounds purled.

Fig. 5.—This design is scalloped on the edges. The number of foundation stitches must be divisible by 22. 1st–3d rounds.—Entirely purled. 4th round.—* Throw the thread around, knit 1 crossed, throw the thread around, knit 2, purl 2, knit 2, purl 3, purl the next 3 stitches together, purl 3, knit 2, purl 2, knit 2. 5th round.—* Purl 1, throw the thread around, knit 1 crossed, throw the thread around, purl 1, knit 2, purl 2, knit 2, purl 2, purl the next 3 stitches together, purl 2, knit 2, purl 2, knit 2. 6th round.—* Purl 2, throw the thread around, knit 1 crossed, throw the thread around, purl 2, knit 2, purl 2, knit 2, purl 1, purl the next 3 stitches together, purl 1, knit 2, purl 2, knit 2. 7th round.—* Purl 2, knit 1, throw the thread around, knit 1 crossed, throw the thread around, knit 1, purl 2, knit 2, purl 2, knit 2, purl the next 3 stitches together, knit 2, purl 2, knit 2. 8th round.—* Purl 2, knit 2, throw the thread around; knit 1 crossed, throw the thread around, knit 2, purl 2, knit 2, purl 2, knit 1, knit the next 3 stitches together, knit 1, purl 2, knit 2. 9th round.—* Purl 2, knit 2, purl 1, throw the thread around, knit 1 crossed, throw the thread around, purl 1, knit 2, purl 2, knit 2, purl 2, knit the next 3 stitches together, purl 2, knit 2. 10th round.—* Purl 2, knit 2, purl 2, throw the thread around, knit 1 crossed, throw the thread around, purl 2, knit 2, purl 2, knit 2, purl 1, purl the next 3 stitches together, purl 1, knit 2. 11th round.—* Purl 2, knit 2, purl 2, knit 1, throw the thread around, knit 1 crossed, throw the thread around, knit 1, purl 2, knit 2, purl 2, knit 2, purl the next three stitches together, knit 2. 12th round.—* Purl 2, knit 2, purl 2, knit 2, throw the thread around, knit 1 crossed, throw the thread around, knit 2, purl 2, knit 2, purl 2, knit 2, purl 1, knit the next 3 stitches together, knit 1. 13th–15th rounds.—Entirely purled. 16th round.—* Knit 2, purl 2, knit 2, purl 3, knit the next three stitches together, purl 3, knit 2, purl 2, knit 2, throw the thread around, knit 1 crossed, throw the thread around. This last round is a repetition of the 4th round. The design which alternates in this manner forms the raised work instead of the scallops on the under edge. The work may be continued by reference to the illustration and the description already given.

Fig. 6.—This design forms a scalloped edge. The number of stitches must be divisible by 21. 1st round.—Knitted plain. 2d and 3d rounds.—Entirely purled. 4th round.—* Narrow 1 by knitting 2 crossed together. This is continued on this line. Knit 6, throw the thread around twice, knit 2, throw the thread around twice, knit 2, throw the thread around twice, knit 7, narrow 1 by knitting always 2 stitches together on this line. 5th round.—* Narrow 1, knit 5, in the now following thread which was thrown around knit 4 stitches, 1 purled, 1 knitted, 1 purled, 1 knitted, knit 2, again take 4 stitches in the following thread which was thrown around, knit 2, again 4 stitches in the next thread which was thrown around, knit 6, narrow 1. 6th round.—* Narrow 1, knit 25, narrow 1. 7th round.—* Narrow 1, knit 23, narrow 1. 8th round.—* Narrow 1, knit 21, narrow 1. 9th round.—* Narrow 1, knit 19, narrow 1. 10th round.—* Narrow 1, knit 17, narrow 1. 11th round.—* Narrow 1, knit 15, narrow 1. 12th and 13th rounds.—* Entirely purled. 14th round.—* Narrow 1, knit 6, throw the thread around twice, knit 1, throw the thread around twice, knit 6, narrow 1. 15th round.—* Narrow 1, knit 5, in the thread which was thrown over knit 4 stitches as above, knit 1, again knit 4 stitches in the thread which was thrown around, knit 5, narrow 1. 16th round.—* Narrow 1, knit 8, throw the thread around, knit 1, throw the thread around, knit 8, narrow 1. 17th round.—* Narrow 1, knit 7, in every thread which was thrown around take 3 stitches (1 purled, 1 knitted, 1 purled), knit 1 between, then knit 7, narrow 1. 18th round.—* Narrow 1, knit 19, narrow 1. 19th round.—* Narrow 1, knit 17, narrow 1. Repeat always from the 12th round.

Fig. 7.—KNITTED INSERTION. This is worked in back and forward rounds. Begin with a foundation of 27 stitches, and work the 1st round—slip 1, knit 2, throw the thread around, narrow 1 (knitting 2 stitches together), throw the thread around, knit 3, purl 1, knit 2, narrow 1, purl 1, narrow 1, knit 2, purl 1, knit 3, throw the thread around, knit 2, throw the thread around, narrow 1, knit 1. 2d round.—Slip 1, knit 2, throw the thread around, narrow 1, purl 4, knit 1, purl 3, knit 1, purl 3, knit 1, purl 4, knit 2, throw the thread around, narrow 1, knit 1. 3d round.—Slip 1, knit 2, throw the thread around, narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 1, throw the thread around, narrow 1, knit 1, purl 1, narrow 1, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 2, throw the thread around, narrow 1, knit 1. 4th round.—Slip 1, knit 2, throw the thread around, narrow 1, purl 5, knit 1, purl 2, knit 1, purl 2, knit 1, purl 5, knit 2, throw the thread around, narrow 1, knit 1. 5th round.—Slip 1, knit 2, throw the thread around, narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 3, throw the thread around, narrow 1, purl 1, narrow 1, purl 1, narrow 1, purl 1, narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 3, throw the thread around, knit 2, throw the thread around, narrow 1, knit 1. 6th round.—Slip 1, knit 2, throw the thread around, narrow 1, purl 6, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, purl 6, knit 2, throw the thread around, narrow 1, knit 1. 7th round.—Slip 1, knit 2, throw the thread around, narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 5, throw the thread around, knit 3 together, purl 1, knit 3 together, throw the thread around, knit 5, throw the thread around, knit 2, throw the thread around, narrow 1, knit 1. 8th round.—Slip 1, knit 2, throw the thread around, narrow 1, purl 8, knit 1, purl 8, knit 2, throw the thread around, narrow 1, knit 1. Repeat from the 1st round till the insertion has reached the length required.

Fig. 8.—The number of stitches must be divisible by seven. 1st round.—* Narrow 1 (that is, knit 2 stitches crossed together), knit 5, throw the thread around (here, as in the remainder of the work, twice around the needle). 2d round.—* Narrow 1 as in the 1st round, knit 4, throw the thread around, knit 1. (This is knit crossed out of the thread thrown around, which is repeated in the following rounds.) 3d round.—* Narrow 1, knit 3, throw the thread around, knit 2. 4th round.—* Narrow 1, knit 2, throw the thread around, knit 3. 5th round.—* Narrow 1, knit 1, throw the thread around, knit 4. 6th round.—* Narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 5. 7th round.—* Knit 1, throw the thread around, knit 4, narrow 1. (In this round purl 2 stitches together, which is repeated in the work following.) 8th round.—* Knit 2, throw the thread around, knit 3, narrow 1. 9th round.—* Knit 3, throw the thread around, knit 2, narrow 1. 10th round.—* Knit 4, throw the thread around, knit 1, narrow 1. 11th round.—* Knit 5, throw the thread around, narrow 1. Repeat from the 2d round.

Fig. 9.—The number of stitches must be divisible by 28. The under edge is formed of a scalloped edge, which is knitted like that under Fig. 6, but with 6 rounds. Having completed this edge, begin the design. 1st round.—* Narrow 1 (knitting 2 stitches together plain), throw the thread around, knit 3 crossed together, knit 8, knit 3 together plain, throw the thread around, narrow crossed, purl 3, narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 2, throw the thread around, narrow crossed, purl 2. 2d round.—* Knit 1, in the following threads thrown around knit 1 and purl 1. This is continually repeated. Knit 10, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, purl 2, knit 1, knit 1, purl 1, knit 2, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, purl 2. 3d round.—* Narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 3 crossed together, knit 6, knit 3 together, throw the thread around, narrow 1 crossed, purl 2, narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 4, throw the thread around, narrow 1 crossed, purl 2. 4th round.—* Knit 1, knit 1, purl 1, knit 8, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, purl 2, knit 1, knit 1, purl 1, knit 4, knit 1, purl 2. 5th round.—* Narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 3 crossed together, knit 4, knit 3 together, throw the thread around, knit 1 crossed, narrow 1, purl 2, narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 6, throw the thread around, knit 1 crossed, narrow 1, purl 2. 6th round. * Knit 1, knit 1, purl 1, knit 6, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, purl 2, knit 1, knit 1, purl 1, knit 6, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, purl 2. 7th round.—* Narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 3 crossed together, knit 2, knit 3 together, throw the thread around, narrow 1 crossed, purl 2, narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 8, throw the thread around, narrow 1 crossed, purl 2. 8th round.—* Knit 1, knit 1, purl 1, knit 4, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, purl 2, knit 1, knit 1, purl 1, knit 8, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, purl 2. 9th round.—* Narrow 1, throw the thread around, narrow 1, knit 2, narrow 1, throw the thread around, narrow 1 crossed, purl 2, narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 10, throw the thread around, narrow 1 crossed, purl 2. 10th round.—* Knit 1, knit 1, purl 1, knit 4, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, purl 2, knit 1, knit 1, purl 1, knit 10, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, purl 2. 11th round.—* Narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 3 crossed together, knit 3 together, throw the thread around, narrow 1 crossed, purl 2, narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 12, throw the thread around, narrow 1 crossed, purl 2. 12th round.—* Knit 1, knit 1, purl 1, knit 2, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, purl 2, knit 1, knit 1, purl 1, knit 12, knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, purl 2. 13th round.—* Narrow 1, throw the thread around, narrow 1 crossed, narrow 1, throw the thread around, narrow 1 crossed, purl 2, narrow 1, throw the thread around, knit 3 crossed together, knit 8, knit 3 together, throw the thread around, narrow 1 crossed, purl 2. This last round is the repetition of the 1st round. The work may be continued from the illustration and the description already given.

Fig. 10.—The number of stitches must be divisible by 20. 1st–3d rounds.—* Knitted plain. 4th round.—* Throw the thread around, purl 2 together, nine times alternately purl 1, knit 1 crossed. 5th round.—* Throw the thread around, purl 1 crossed (this is in the thread which was thrown around), narrow 1 purled, eight times alternately knit 1 crossed, purl 1, then knit 1 crossed. 6th round.—* Throw the thread around, purl 1, purl 1 crossed, narrow 1 crossed, eight times alternately purl 1, knit 1 crossed. 7th round.—* Throw the thread around, narrow 1 purled, throw the thread around, purl 1 crossed, narrow 1 purled, seven times alternately knit 1 crossed, purl 1, then knit 1 crossed. 8th round.—* Throw the thread around, purl 3, purl 1 crossed, narrow 1 purled, seven times alternately purl 1, knit 1 crossed. 9th round.—* Throw the thread around, narrow 1 purled, throw the thread around, narrow 1 purled, throw the thread around, purl 1 crossed, narrow 1 purled, 6 times alternately knit 1 crossed, purl 1, then knit 1 crossed. 10th round.—* Throw the thread around, purl 5, purl 1 crossed, narrow 1 purled, six times alternately purl 1, knit 1 crossed. 11th round.—* Throw the thread around, narrow 1 purled, throw the thread around, narrow 1 purled, throw the thread around, narrow 1 purled, throw the thread around, purl 1 crossed, narrow 1 purled, five times alternately knit 1 crossed, purl 1, then knit 1 crossed. 12th round.—* Throw the thread around, purl 7, purl 1 crossed, narrow 1 purled, five times alternately purl 1, knit 1 crossed. 13th round.—* Throw the thread around, narrow 1 purled, throw the thread around, narrow 1 purled, throw the thread around, purl 1 crossed, narrow 1 purled, four times alternately knit 1 crossed, purl 1, then knit 1 crossed. 14th round.—* Throw the thread around, purl 9, purl 1 crossed, narrow 1 purled, four times alternately purl 1, knit 1 crossed. 15th round.—* Five times alternately throw the thread around, narrow 1 purled, then throw the thread around, purl 1 crossed, narrow 1 purled, three times alternately knit 1 crossed, purl 1, then knit 1 crossed. 16th round.—* Throw the thread around, purl 11, purl 1 crossed, narrow 1 purled, three times alternately purl 1, knit 1 crossed. 17th round.—* Six times alternately throw the thread around, narrow 1 purled, then throw the thread around, purl 1 crossed, narrow 1 purled, knit 1 crossed, purl 1, knit 1 crossed, purl 1, knit 1 crossed. 18th round.—* Throw the thread around, purl 13, purl 1 crossed, narrow 1 purled, purl 1, knit 1 crossed, purl 1, knit 1 crossed. 19th round.—* Seven times alternately throw the thread around, narrow 1 purled, then throw the thread around, purl 1 crossed, narrow 1 purled, knit 1 crossed, purl 1, knit 1 crossed. 20th round.—* Throw the thread around, purl 15, purl 1 crossed, narrow 1 purled, purl 1, knit 1 crossed. 21st round.—* Eight times alternately throw the thread around, narrow 1 purled, then throw the thread around, purl 1 crossed, narrow 1 purled, knit 1 crossed. 22d round.—* Throw the thread around, purl 17, purl 1 crossed, narrow 1 purled. 23d round.—* Nine times alternately throw the thread around, narrow 1 purled, then throw the thread around, purl 1 crossed. 24th round.—* Throw the thread around, purl 19. Repeat from the 5th round on, but in such a manner that the design shall be alternating, as shown by the illustration. The edge is formed by three rounds knitted and three purled.

A LOVE MATCH.

I AM happy: I do not show it,
You say; but I have my will
At last, and if we two know it,
It is better to be quite still.

Once I set my face as a flint,
Once I sharpened my tongue like a sword;
Then I battled and did not stint,
Now, now I have my reward—

In the peace that has nothing to tell,
In the life that has only to live;
We know one another so well,
The rest we know too, and forgive.

What is it you wish us to say
Or to do? Is it rapture you miss?
Should we always be fainting away,
In your sight, in an exquisite kiss?

Do not think we have secrets to hide,
Or a treasure we fear will be spent;
I have all when I sit by his side,
There is no more love to invent.

A hush more sweet than I sought
Has fallen on him and on me:
You ask, Is it all as I thought?
No; why should I wish it to be?

Would I barter the trance of noonday
For the stormy glimpses of morn,
And the height of the level highway
For steep thickets of flowering thorn?

Though the flowers unplucked lie behind,
The white sun goes shining before,
Where we follow and drink up the wind
That pants to a far-away shore.

But you think we shall weary too,
When the weary sun sinks from the skies;
But the twilight will come, and the dew
Will fall like a seal on our eyes.

Do not think that I find it lonely
In the hush of the hot sunbeam;
Though the child at my breast seems only
A dream growing out of a dream.

NAPOLEON AT ECOUEN.

An Historical Tale.

I.

IN 1804 the Emperor Napoleon founded the Institute of the Order of the Legion of Honor in the fine château at Ecouen, built by Francis I., in which four hundred young ladies of noble families received their education.

It was on the evening before the examination, and the students were tremblingly discussing the claims of each for the laurel wreath, the usual prize on this occasion, when the sudden announcement, "The Emperor!" rung through the halls, and in a moment all else was forgotten. It was not the brilliancy of his appearance that caused this general hush of reverence, for he came alone in simple dress, with uncovered head, holding his hat in one hand, while the other was thrust into the bosom of his coat. Followed by Madame Campan, the manager of the institution, he walked smiling through the rows of students, who stood with blushing cheeks and cast-down eyes as if each felt that the slightest upward glance must meet the eagle eye of the Emperor. The remarks which he made were directed to the students themselves, with respect to whose names he was never in doubt; for he knew each of these girls as well as their fathers, who were almost all either in his army, or had already served in it.

"This writing might be plainer, and the main strokes not so heavy," he said to one; then to another, whose father had just become General: "When you write to your father congratulate him in my name on his advancement;" and next to a third: "Is your health better, Amelia? You look very pale; but I could judge better, perhaps, if this large ink-spot did not disfigure your pretty cheek." Then, passing on, he said to another, patting her friendlily on the head, "Why are these curls in such bad order? The adornment which we men best like in a woman is a well-arranged head of hair. Here is a curl that has escaped—a deserter that must be punished." With good-natured jocularity he pulled the curl looser, so that it hung far down over the shoulders of the young lady, who stood in indescribable embarrassment. So, passing from class to class, he reached three girls about eighteen. One of these sprung from her companions as soon as he entered, and threw herself into his arms with the tender greeting, "Father!"

"Yes, Hortense," he replied, returning her embrace, "a father who loves you tenderly. But how are your friends, Clara and Marie?" added he, greeting them both. "You see I have not forgotten the name of your inseparables. Miss Clara," he continued, "your father, one of my bravest Generals, is just now on his way to his new command. I know he has your marriage in view. His choice is also mine, and I hope that it may be yours equally."

"Marie," said he, turning to the third girl and taking her hand familiarly, "as your father, my poor captain, has lost his sight in the Rhine campaign, and can not himself choose for you, I must do it in his stead. But we must talk this over alone."

"Well, Hortense!" continued he to his step-daughter, "to-morrow will be the distribution of the prizes. Do you hope to receive one? Your mother has intrusted me with a secret that I can keep no longer. A few days ago she found, I don't know where, one of my crowns—a crown obtained without the shedding of blood. It was given me, if I remember rightly, as a prize in mathematics when I was a boy in the military school. Josephine has shaken the dust off it, and if you win a prize to-morrow, she will put this old faded crown on your head—"

"Which will be doubly valuable to me," interrupted Hortense as she kissed the hand of her step-father, who embraced her tenderly, and completed his visit with the customary request to Madame Campan to give the pupils a holiday. The sight of these expectant faces might well have revived his memories of those days when his highest pride was in the crown of laurel which he received as a boy—a crown which had nothing to fear from the capriciousness of fate, and which Josephine on the following day placed with her own hand on her daughter's fair brow.

II.

The distribution of prizes was over. The girls had scattered in groups through the garden to talk over their triumphs. It seemed, however, as if the anticipations of one of the eldest in the little circle were not joyful, for tears were falling from Marie's eyes, the traces of which she hastily brushed away as she arose from the green bank where she had been awaiting Clara and Hortense, who now approached arm in arm.

"My dear friends!" said Clara, tenderly, to Hortense and Marie, "my marriage with M. d'Herville, the Paris banker, will very soon take place, and I leave Ecouen to-morrow."

"So soon!" cried Hortense, surprised.

"So soon!" repeated Marie in a sorrowful tone, and burst into tears.

"Foolish child!" said Clara, kissing her tenderly. "Paris is not so far from Ecouen but that I could visit you often even if no equipage were at my command. And you will not always remain in school either. Did not the Emperor tell you yesterday that he would himself attend to your marriage and dower?"

"I know," replied Marie. "The Emperor has promised my hand to my cousin August, an under-officer, who is just as poor as my father. I should be happy, therefore, if I had never seen you. Believe me, I do not say this out of any unsatisfied ambition, but in foreboding of the bitter experiences that await me. You, Hortense, as the daughter of the Emperor, will perhaps be married to a king or a grand-duke; and you, Clara, the only daughter of one of the Emperor's favorite Generals, will marry the richest banker of Paris. But it is not your higher rank and riches that I envy. I grieve only at the thought of the wide distance that must exist between you and the child of a poor, blind captain, or the wife of an under-officer. I know that a dividing line will be drawn between us, which my pride will enlarge to an impassable wall, and yet it will pain me when you allow it to be a dividing line—as you must. Do not reply, my dearest. I know all that you would say and promise; but I know, also, too well, that circumstances will be more powerful than you can withstand."

"Do you believe yourself then to be more prudent and wise than we?" said Clara.

"And to have more experience?" said Hortense, and both tenderly kissed away the tears that now fell unchecked from Marie's beautiful eyes.

"Yes," she added, with an expression of the deepest love and pain; "it is indeed so! Pardon me if I say that I am wiser and more experienced in life than you. I have the experience which can only be learned in the school of sorrow. You are both too happy to understand me. You do not realize the power of circumstances. I tell you that the world will separate us, and it can not be otherwise!"

"Never!" cried Hortense and Clara, simultaneously.

"God reward you for these words!" said Marie. "I would kiss them from your lips, for they are balsam for my heart. I will try to believe them; it will make me glad to feel that the world can not separate our hearts, and that you will sometimes think of poor Marie, your school-friend. But the high position which you will take has its claims on you. Your company will not be mine. I pray you again, promise nothing. I know all that you would say, what you think and feel; but, even because I know this, I can foresee what you will think and experience in a few years."

"Marie may be right," said Hortense, who had suddenly grown grave at the last words of her friend. "Our friendship may remain unchanged, and nevertheless a thousand circumstances may prevent our coming together. But listen, one thing let us promise solemnly. Let us mutually bind ourselves under any circumstances to meet again ten years hence, on the same day and hour. It is now seven o'clock," she added. "We will meet in ten years, at seven o'clock in the evening! But where?"

"In one of our dwellings," said Clara.

"That is too indefinite," said Marie. "Who can tell where we shall any of us be living ten years hence? God alone knows."

"That is only too true," added Hortense. "But what do you say to the Garden of the Tuileries, which is open for all? Let us take that as our place of meeting. But, hold, we must have a witness to our promises. Fortunately we do not need to seek far, for here is one worthy of any trust."

A smile chased away the shadows which had for a few minutes obscured her beautiful features, and she called the gardener.

"George, come here and witness the vow that we are about to make. We three, Clara, Marie, and I, promise to meet ten years hence in the

Garden of the Tuileries, at the Pont Royal. Whoever comes first shall await the others on the Terrace des Feuillants."

The three girls shook hands in confirmation of the promise.

"On the 17th of August, 1817," said George, counting on his fingers. "Well, God willing, I will put on my Sunday clothes on that day, and see you all again."

A few days later the three friends separated, and all left Ecouen.

III.

On the 17th of August, 1817, as the clock of the Tuileries struck seven, a brilliant equipage stopped at the Pont Royal. A young and beautiful woman, leading by the hand a little girl, and followed by an elderly lady, alighted from the carriage.

"Mamma," said the child, "why have you come to the Garden to-day, when no one is here? I see no ladies nor children. Why is it, mamma?"

"I will tell you another time," answered the lady, as she looked around anxiously and searchingly. Then she turned to her companion with the words:

"Madame Germain, will you be kind enough to take my little Hortense into the Orange Path? I shall be engaged here for about an hour."

As soon as they had disappeared in the direction indicated, the young Duchess walked hastily toward the Terrace des Feuillants.

"Not here," she said to herself; "neither of them here? In one, I can unfortunately explain it; but the other!—oh, Clara! And yet I am the same—unchanged as then!"

"I must indeed be very much changed that even Marie does not recognize me," said a timid voice.

The lady turned and perceived a woman whose dress, though exquisitely neat, nevertheless told that she belonged to the poorer classes, and whose pale cheeks were furrowed with care. For a moment she threw a searching glance at the features of the stranger, and then cried:

"Clara, my Clara! Oh, how you are changed! My dear, dear friend! What does it mean? What sad fate do I read in your face?"

"A sad, but not unusual one," replied Clara, weeping, as she suffered the warm embraces of her friend, and allowed herself to be led to the nearest bench. "I am ashamed of my weakness, but this meeting awakens so many sad recollections. Who could have believed, Marie, when we separated at Ecouen, that we should become so entirely separated, and that in our reunion, which we almost childishly planned for to-day, one of us would be wanting? When you went into the country to remain with your blind father, while your husband, under the Emperor's colors—" but here the voice broke down, and, throwing an anxious look around, she added: "*our* Emperor, for is he not that still to us, Marie, our good, loving father of Ecouen?—when you went into the country, and Hortense left Paris, in order to ascend a throne, I alone of us three remained in Paris, plunged in a vortex of pleasure, out of which I finally awoke to find myself impoverished, my father dead, and my husband bankrupt. He did not long survive his misfortunes. For three years I have been a widow with my one child. Now you know all the outward circumstances of my life, and now—"

"And now, dear Clara," interrupted Marie, smiling sadly, "you wish to hear my history? It is soon told. My husband rose from the rank of lieutenant to that of general. You know that we both belonged to old emigrant families, and that the restoration of the Bourbons gave us back our titles and possessions. From that time forward I have made every effort to discover you. Tell me, Clara, how was it possible that all my attempts should have been unavailing?"

"Because I was equally anxious to hide myself from you—I, who laughed over your prophecies, and would not believe that circumstances could have any power to separate us. But our positions had changed, therefore I avoided you."

"False friend," answered Marie, "how can you say that to me? But you shall make amends now! Think of Ecouen and our perfect confidence. Yes, Clara, we must renew our old life, and share every thing—house, home, and heart!"

Clara would have made a gesture of refusal, but Marie continued more earnestly:

"No, Clara, you have but one choice! You can not be my friend if you refuse to share my home with me. But I am too anxious in my own interest, and, perhaps, ought not to urge you so strongly."

"You have conquered," replied Clara, in tears. "Perhaps I have already abused your friendship by so studiously avoiding you, for I followed my heart more than my judgment when I persuaded myself that it was my duty to fulfill our vow, and await you here to-day."

A short silence ensued—the silence of satisfied love. Both broke it at the same instant with the involuntary cry: "Hortense!" Then followed another silence crowded with painful recollections.

At this moment an old man in the dress of a peasant approached and accosted them:

"Pardon, I am waiting for two young ladies who promised to be here to-day."

"Here we are, my good George," said the young Duchess, "for you are surely the gardener from Ecouen?"

"I am, indeed, and have long been so. But I should not have known either of you, you are so changed. It is ten years, just ten years; and I have fulfilled my duty and appeared here as I promised. You are waiting for the third? She can not come, but has intrusted me with this to bring to you."

The old man produced a letter and two caskets. Hastily opening the latter the friends found in each the half of a withered laurel wreath. The letter read as follows:

"Of all the crowns that my family have worn *this* is the lightest and most imperishable. I send it to you my sisters, my happy sisters—happy that it is not forbidden you to tread your native soil and breathe your native air. Pray for the poor exile.

"HORTENSE."

Their tears fell over the letter and the crown of the unfortunate queen. Madame Germain returned with the child. They entered the carriage and drove to Marie's home. The closest friendship united them during the remainder of their lives, but they never again beheld their unfortunate friend Hortense, the beautiful Queen of Holland, who, unloved and unwept by her husband, found an early grave in a strange land.

HINTS UPON CROQUET.

BY A COMMITTEE OF CROAKERS.

THE following hints have been drawn up in accordance with the practice of several successful players of our acquaintance:

When you arrive at the lawn look over the implements, and if there is a crooked or a crazy mallet among them, or a ball that is cracked or bruised, or not well turned, take care not to be on the side to which these belong. Perhaps they have been provided on purpose, and do not you be the victim.

Upon your own lawn, if any one brings a heavier mallet than yours, either take him upon your side or forbid his using it. Upon a strange lawn, under the same circumstances, refuse to play till it is laid aside.

Upon your own lawn you will, of course, place the best players upon the side that you join, or you will weight the opposite side with one who has never had a mallet in his hand before, or with one of peevish temper who will not be told what to do, or is inattentive to the game, or a little child, or an invalid, or you will give one of them a crooked mallet or a bruised ball; and, with these advantages, joined to that of knowing the ground, you ought to come off with some *éclat*.

If you meet strangers, deny all knowledge of the game, or at least that you have played it more than about twice before. It looks modest, and may get you a weak opponent instead of one who is your match.

Above all things, endeavor to come to the lawn in a perfectly tranquil state of mind; and, while others are merely amusing themselves, be you wide awake to your interests.

We will now suppose the parties to be made up, and the contest begun. In the course of it you will have opportunities for many tricks and delicate stratagems, or "dodges," and you may gain the character of a fine player by carrying them out adroitly. The more there are in the game, the better your chance; for while others are waiting for their turn they are tempted to get into conversation, and withdraw their attention from it. You will always, therefore, be in favor of the full number of eight.

Thus, you may say that your ball is in a hole, and pick it up and put it before your hoop, or unwire it, or bring it to where it is safe from an enemy's ball. You may miss a troublesome hoop altogether, and go on to the next. You may safely say that your ball struck the turning stake and clicked, if it went at all near it. You may say that it is well through its hoop if it stops under it, and go on to the next. You may spoon if there is nobody looking. You may pick up your ball and carry it in your pocket-handkerchief to where you want it. You may hint to your lady partner to trail her dress over it.

In all these cases, and others such that we shall recommend you, and fifty besides that will occur to you if you have any genius for the game, be sure, if you have the ill luck to be found out, not to apologize or say that it was done unintentionally, or for a joke, or to plead ignorance of the rules. Put a bold front upon it, and, if your opponent says positively that you did so or so, answer him as positively that you did not; tell him that he is strangely mistaken; pledge your honor to what you say; tell him any thing you will, but *go on*. People generally give way rather than have a disturbance. In any case, go on. We have known players extricate themselves from the greatest difficulties by that simple and decisive course of *going on*.

If you are asked your hoop by an enemy, refuse to tell it; or, if you think you can without discovery, tell your impertinent querist the wrong one.

In any dispute about a lady's ball, decide against the lady, unless she is your partner. Your doing otherwise would be imputed to courtesy; and at croquet courtesy is a weakness.

Always have two codes of laws to appeal to; for, as they none of them agree, you may usually pit one against the other and carry your point.

If your best player or yourself should, upon becoming a rover, be knocked out by an enemy, protest against it, and declare knocking out to be mean, to be cowardly, to be most unhandsome, and no longer allowed; but if you have yourself put out an enemy, stand up for a rigid adherence to the laws of the game as laid down in the books.

If your ball has been croqueted beyond a gravel-walk, it may prove very advantageous to you with a little good management. Nobody can say to an inch where it left the grass, and it would be arrant folly not to bring it back to a more convenient place.

If there is a bush on the lawn, or a shrubbery near it, you may find it to your advantage to drive your ball into the same, fetch it out, and place it beside your partner's. Maintain, in this case, that a ball shall be placed opposite to where it lay in the bush; and, as nobody else will have seen where it lay, nobody can contradict you, say what you will as to where you found it.

If there is pitted against you a delicate lady, or a grandpapa whose hand is feeble and his sight failing, discard all generous feelings, whack away at their balls, send them to the farthest end of the lawn, follow them up unmercifully. The strength of a chain is the strength of its weakest link. It is your policy, therefore, to weaken the weakest.

If one of your partners should prove to be a bad player, and, in spite of all your endeavors to assist him or her, should be left behind, change balls. It is a chance if you are found out; and if you are, maintain that such exchange between partners is allowable.

If your ball is in a good position, but exposed to be croqueted out of it by the enemy, get a lady partner to stand over it and hide it; or stumble over the enemy's ball, and pick it up and place it so as to be wired from your own. Nobody can charge you with doing it willfully, and, at the worst, you have merely to put it back to where it was before.

It is often worth your while to kick down a hoop quite by accident, and set it up again a few inches to the side, or forward, or backward.

Ladies have an easy and ready means of assisting their partners and themselves. They need only to stand over the balls and scuffle them along with their feet—a very common practice, and a very effective one.

If your ball is lying so near a wire or a turning-stake that you can not strike it with the end of your mallet, use the side of it, and overbear all objections by stating that at cricket you may strike the ball with any part of the bat, and even with the handle. Whatever privileges you claim for yourself, you will, of course, deny them to an enemy, unless you have already availed yourself of them.

If a lady's ball is in a good position do not let any ill-timed feeling of gallantry prevail with you to spare it. Knock it away—send it to Jericho. If she has a pretty foot she may like to display it as she trips over the grass. We have known very good games thrown away by mistaken acts of courtesy to the ladies.

Should your opponent be at all nervous, you may baffle him and cause him to make a bad stroke by suddenly exclaiming, as he is about to deliver it, that he has already croqueted that ball, or made that hoop, or that it is not his turn, or by distracting his attention in any way that occurs to you. With ladies there is none better than inquiring, just before they begin their turn, for the little dear baby or their eldest son, whom you may laud as the model of the growing generation, or asking for some one in whose welfare they are supposed to be particularly interested.

With either the one or the other there is nothing more likely to balk a good stroke than expressing a firm conviction that they will miss, and offering to bet upon it. Thus, at the end of a game, the rovers of the more successful side may often be prevented from hitting the stick till the other side comes up to them and wrests the victory from their hands.

Talking to people while they are playing is a very effective check to their progress, and leads them to make oversights from which you will derive advantage. A dispute upon some point of the game, or a good story, or a bit of scandal, or a mere joke, will sometimes insure you a victory.

There are those who see no harm in mixing up a little fun with a serious contest, and consider it an excellent joke to croquet a ball into a flower-bed, or a pond, or a running stream, especially if the lady of the house is fond of her flowers and a little irritable, or the water deep. If this occurs, exclaim against it as inconsistent with good-manners and the spirit of the game; but while the attention of others is diverted to the recovery of the ball, or they have got into conversation, you may avail yourself of the opportunity to change your position or that of your antagonists, or to move a hoop, or to do any thing else that is advantageous to your party.

If there is a cage and bell in the middle it will afford you many fine chances if you are quick to see them. For instance, if your ball should miss its hoop, hit the bell with your mallet, and say that the ball went through. If it has really gone through one, maintain that to be the right one, whichever it was.

Young ladies are of course inclined to collect into a group and chat over the approaching ball or wedding, or cricket match, or any other subject of interest to them. Let them do so. It is their captain's duty to call them when it is their turn to play, and to tell them their hoop and what they have to do. Ladies meet for an afternoon's amusement, and not as men meet for a drill; and it adds greatly to their enjoyment to see their captains lose temper. In the mean while you can carry out many clever sleights of hand with little fear of detection; and if you miss a ball or a hoop say nothing about it, but go on. We have seen a clever player upon such occasions pull up a turning-stake and take his stroke, and put it in again.

If in making a loose croquet you fail to move the croquet ball, say that it did move, and positive evidence is always stronger than negative. So again, if it does move in making a tight croquet, and is not observed by any one near, go on as if it had not moved. We have known many a good game lost by superfluous honesty that might have been saved with a little common prudence. At the same time we would caution you not to venture these practices against a schoolboy; and as a general rule be very much on your guard before any of that class, for they have keen eyes, and a disagreeable habit of expressing their opinions without any respect of persons.

Cases will now and then occur for which there are no rules laid down in books. Upon your own lawn you will decide them in your own favor, and admit of no appeal. Upon a stranger's, maintain your view, which of course is the one favorable to your party, as that of all the best players. Nobody can contradict you.

Avail yourself of every opportunity to carry out these maxims, even where the weakness of your enemy makes it unnecessary to do so; but it is only by constant practice that you can hope to acquire any remarkable quickness of thought, and facility and dexterity of application.

We have now merely to add the rights and privileges of those who do not take a part in the game.

As a by-stander you are at liberty to make your remarks aloud; to tell the players what they should do, or should not do, and where their partners' or their enemies' balls are lying; to act as umpire in any dispute, whether appealed to or not; to applaud a good stroke, or censure a bad one; to countermand the captains' orders; to walk about among the hoops, and talk to the players; in short, to do just what you please, short of hitting a ball with a mallet.

Ladies also are allowed to show their sympathy with the lady players. They may bring a baby upon the lawn, and give them the opportunity in the intervals of their turns to nurse and caress it, and talk to it, and hand it from one to the other. The nursemaid's duty is to be in attendance, and she too may walk about among the hoops. As these are the acknowledged privileges of those who do not play, do not lose temper, but consider how you may improve your game. Let that be the one object of your thoughts; the single object of the croquet player being to win the game.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CLARA C.—There is no depilatory which is safe to intrust to common hands. They are all composed of poisonous substances, which are dangerous to handle without the utmost care. Glycerine or cold cream will probably answer your other requirements. The shirt-bosoms are simply and literally double linen. Two rows of stitching either side of the studs are the only ornament.

W. E. G.—You should consult a physician. It is impossible to give safe advice in such a case without seeing the patient.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—New-Year's Day is always considered here as a full dress occasion, when the dame "receives" in complete toilette, even to the gloves. Her visitors are offered refreshments at any opportune moment. It is deemed a modish affectation to light the gas, lamps, or candles before the darkness makes it necessary.

KATE S.—You should, in writing to a clergyman, address him as "*The* Reverend," and not simply "Reverend."

ROLAND.—Be resolute; you are right, and it is your duty to persevere.

ELLA C.—The *Venus of Milo* is so called from having been found on Milo, one of the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, where it was unearthed by a French Consul, and deposited in the Louvre at Paris. It is allowed to be the most perfect expression of ideal female beauty in existence—a statue unequaled by any work of modern or ancient art. Somewhere in one of Thackeray's novels there is a glowing appreciation of the charms of the Venus of Milo.

MOTHER.—We doubt that "rocking is good for babies." An old physician of our acquaintance condemns it, emphatically declaring that it "addles the brains of children." Rocking is undoubtedly an artificial mode of quieting and putting a child to sleep, which should be used, if ever, with great moderation. It produces a species of intoxication, tending, if carried to excess, to congestion of the brain and various nervous affections. The effect upon the eyes and sight is not seldom hurtful, and it is probable that squinting and other ophthalmic affections are due to it. The excessive use of the rocking-chair seems not without prejudice to grown-up people, who often swing themselves into a state of stupid inability or disinclination to work. The effect of continued crouching in the rocking-chair is certainly very damaging to the graceful and well-proportioned growth of the figure, and young, growing girls should be particularly forbidden the practice.

ROSALIE.—"No man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*" owes its origin to a Madame Cornuel, one of the cleverest women of the time of Louis XIV. Montaigne had, however, said before her in one of his essays: "Few men are admired by their domestics."

J. N.—The lines are Wordsworth's, and form a part of his charming portrait of a lovable woman. Here is the full picture:

"I saw her, upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty,
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet,
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

MATRON.—*Fifteen pounds weight!* You must be mistaken. There is no record in all the medical books of a child at birth weighing so much. The weight is generally six, not seldom six and a half or seven, sometimes eight, and rarely nine or ten pounds. Of four thousand children born at the principal Lying-in Asylum of Paris there was not a single one who weighed at birth as much as twelve pounds. General Grant, say the newspapers, weighed ten and a half pounds at birth.

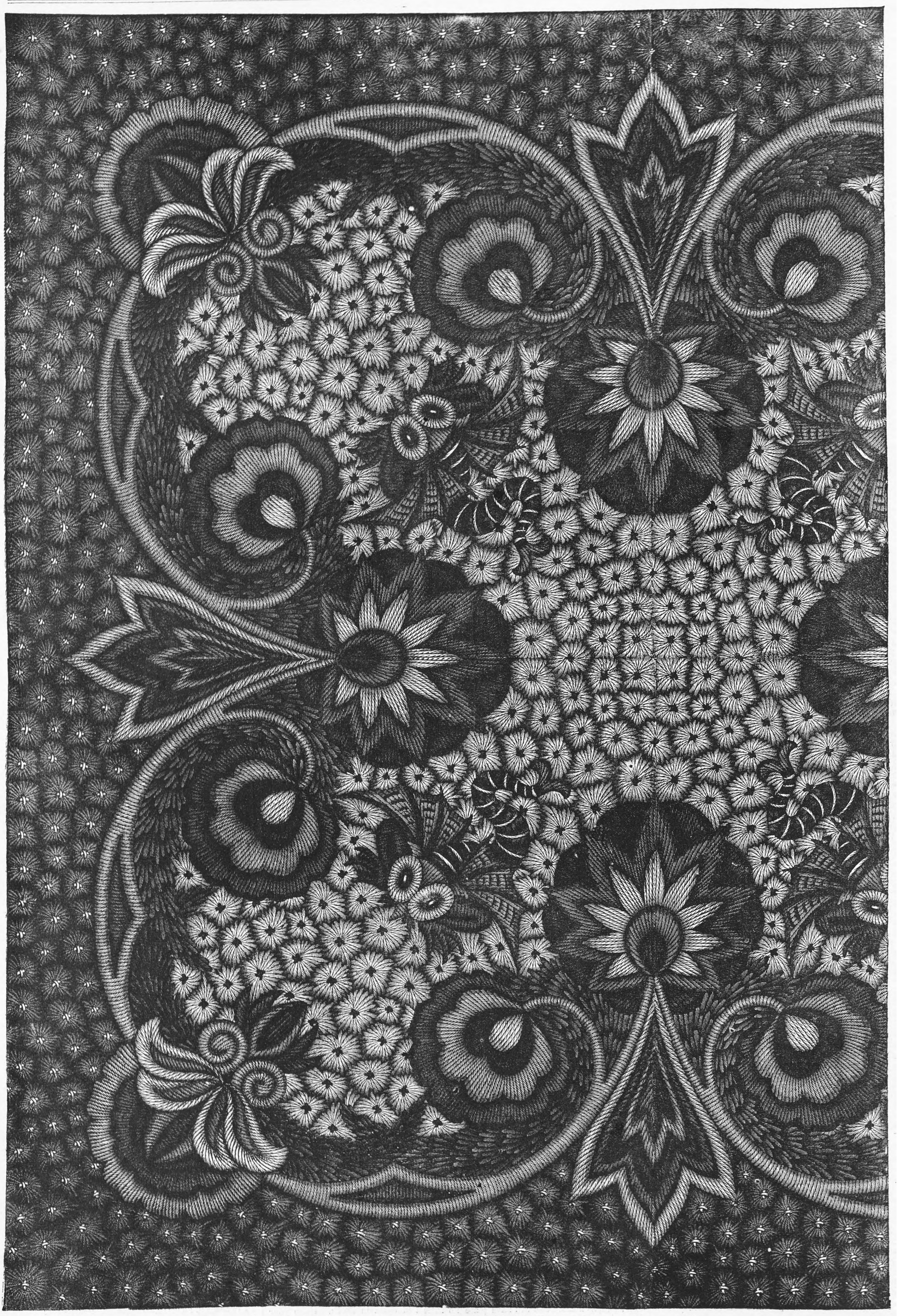
A HOUSEKEEPER.—Papier-maché pails and basins are only fit for kitchen use. This ware is not made into toilette sets. The samples described in the *Bazar* are $1 50 each. Fluting-scissors with three prongs are the best for small families. The price is from 50 cents to $1 25. The fluting-machine costs from $12 to $18. It consists of two brass cylinders, mounted on a frame. Heated irons are placed inside the cylinders, and they are made to revolve against each other by turning a crank. The muslin is passed between the cylinders. The fluting, or crimping, if you prefer it, is done with great rapidity, and is perfectly exact, besides which there is no danger of scorching it. An Arctic freezer holding a quart is sold for $2. Every additional quart adds a dollar to the price. It can be procured of the house-furnishing firms named at the end of the New York Fashion article to which you refer.

E. A. P.—A blue or garnet silk poplin, or a Scotch plaid, made as a gored princesse dress, would suit the child you describe. Trim with pinked silk frills. For the younger child, soft cashmere of any bright color, made with a gored skirt and jacket.

A SUBSCRIBER.—This correspondent will find her inquiry about fluting-irons answered in the reply to Housekeeper.

LAWRENCE S. FREEMAN.—The reply to Housekeeper will give you the information you desire.

FANNIE RISLEY.—We have no knowledge of the lithograph. We shall publish articles on cooking, etc., from time to time.



NEEDLE-WORK DESIGN FOR SOFA PILLOW IN SATIN STITCH WITH FILOSELLE.—[SEE PAGE 729.]

Embroidered Design for Sofa Pillow in Satin Stitch with Filoselle.

See illustration on page 728.

THIS design is intended for the embroidery of a sofa pillow, and is worked on cashmere in straight and interwoven satin stitch. The small figures which form the foundation are worked in the interwoven stitch. The design is worked in filoselle silk in Turkish style, that is, in different colors variously arranged. The foundation of the original is red cashmere lined with muslin. The stars of the outer border are worked with golden-brown silk, the cross stitch in the middle being lighter; the stars of the foundation of the middle part of the pillow are worked with corn-colored silk with a central cross stitch of brown silk. The large rosette figures which point toward the middle are worked with three shades of blue and the middle part with two shades of red. The leaf pointing outward is of four shades of the same color. The rosettes at each side of these, as also the corner figures, are in shaded green. The figures between the middle rosette are worked with grass-green, light brown, and white silk. The scale stripes are worked in long satin stitch with dark violet, blue, or red. Work the large figures first in straight satin stitch, after which the figure of the foundation in interwoven satin stitch. The illustration, page 725, shows the manner of working the stars, given, however, in silk twist, in order to render it plainer.

Walking Suits.

VIOLET AND LILAC SILK DRESS.—This dress has a double skirt of violet and lilac silk, the under-skirt with a narrow and the upper with a wide flounce of the same material. The front of the upper skirt is shorter than the back, which is arranged en panier, as shown by the illustration, and trimmed with a violet silk bow.

LIGHT BROWN SILK DRESS.—This dress is made with two skirts, both of which are trimmed with a pleated flounce. A separate piece, also trimmed with a pleated flounce, is added to the upper skirt, which is looped. At each side of this piece are arranged long and broad ends of the same material as the dress in the manner shown by the illustration.

LIGHT BROWN SILK DRESS.

MOZAMBIQUE DRESS.—Under-skirt of gray mozambique, dress of lilac mozambique with short skirt, which is pleated as shown by the illustration, and finished with two sash ends.

Black Silk Fichu Mantilla.

THIS pretty black silk mantilla is richly trimmed with lace and satin folds. The fronts, which are finished with long, broad sash ends, are fastened down under the belt. The back is completed by a short square skirt, which is fastened to the belt; over this skirt is arranged the bow and sash. The pattern of this mantilla is the same as that given for the basque-fichu in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 43, but the skirt and sash ends require to be lengthened.

BLACK SILK FICHU MANTILLA.

PATHETIC TOYS.

THERE are few sights more capable of bringing out a sentimental gush of thought than a glance into a shop in which toys are sold for the very poor. These establishments are to be found in low neighborhoods, and generally do not confine their commercial operations to a single branch of business. You see in the window, next the wooden dolls, green bottles of sweet-stuff, boxes of matches, candles, twine, and often a small pile of apples or some other cheap fruit; inside will be found those tales and songs written for what Mr. Trollope has termed the unknown public, along with whistles, jews-harps, and a few masks of a hideous kind, which are supposed to be especially attractive to the youthful mind.

To children toys are as necessary as fresh air and exercise. The little creatures when learning to talk appear to have a certain consciousness that grown-up people either laugh at them, or do not understand them; with a toy, however, they can be at once familiar and at home. Jack-in-the-box is always ready to play with them—a doll never refuses her company, will submit to any amount of kissing, beating, or dressing, and, as long as the wax, cotton, and bran keep together, will amuse her owner and remain faithful. But it is curious to note the difference between a poor and a rich child in the treatment and management of dolls. To the child lady the doll is a familiar presence. It has not the charm of novelty or unexpectedness; she regards it as an accompaniment of her station. Then if she wants to trick it out she has not the piquant trouble of hunting for bits of ribbon, of gauze, or of tinsel. Then again her doll is horribly mechanical, and allows but small room for fancy. It may squeak and open and shut its eyes, thereby preventing its proprietress from doing the conversation herself. But the meagre, starved present which the workman brings to his cottage or lodgings is differently cherished. It has twice as fine a life. Its mistress never ceases prattling to it, will search and ransack every corner for the dingy shreds of cotton that are to render the effigy magnificent in her eyes. Then it is not subject to the whims which fine ladies take to their favorite even in their tenderest years. It is petted with a constant affection until grime or accident obliterates its features, and in the end it is seldom subjected to a toasting at the bars of a grate—an experiment which has been known to tell unfavorably on the countenance of a wax figure. Poor children must indeed have a good deal of imagination to enjoy the queer things constructed for a few cents to please them We have referred to Jack-in-the-box. Jack can be bought at a very low price or a very high one, but the poor child gets better value out of him for the money than any toy we know of, except the doll. The entertainment he furnishes both at the Five Points and Fifth Avenue is identical. He lives, as all the world knows, in a constant state of compression, from which he is released by opening a wire hasp. He always surprises you, that is his fun, and the one joke for which he has been made. His ferocity to a little boy is something awfully delicious. He has him securely fastened down, and that gives him a certain sense of power. It is a long time before he disbelieves in Jack's whiskers and the energy of that spring of his. We have heard that the first doubts on the subject arise when a boy begins to think of Jack's legs, Jack possessing a quaint organization in that respect. However, this toy is as democratic as the French gilt jewelry now in vogue. Indeed, of the two, we should prefer the cheap Jack; he is generally of fiercer aspect than his more aristocratic prototype, and the steel in him is stronger and stiffer. This may arise from some law of compensation not yet quite developed. Another favorite toy which is found in low as well as in high places is Noah's Ark. It would be interesting to learn who first invented this. We suspect it must have been the writer of a miracle-play. It is certainly old enough to have been the freak of such an author, and the costumes of Shem and his brethren suggest—like Mr. Pickwick's gaiters at the *soirée*—the Dark Ages. Or was it the genius who alighted on the design of the willow pattern plate who constructed the first child's ark? *He* would have made the elephant and the duck (not according to their kind) of exactly the same proportions as you may now see them, and he would have also sacrificed a custom of old standing to economy, by freighting the ark with only *one* animal of each species. But let all that pass. Noah's Ark is immortal, although the constituents are occasionally swallowed. If the flock thins they are easily replaced. What a joy is a whip with a whistle at the end of it to a child? There is a combination of delights; you may have a sly lash at the cat, or at the pet dog, and when *blasé* of these luxuries the whistle still remains to the good. A whistle with a small pea in it is an improvement, giving a tremolo and artistic air to the instrument; but then it is likely to choke it now and then, so that perhaps the whistle pure and simple is to be preferred. This, too, is within the reach of the poor child; so is a drum, or at least a small one, out of which a good deal can be got with perseverance. To see a half-clothed urchin with a drum, albeit a paltry and diminutive drum, whacking it until he falls asleep over it, is a more enjoyable sight than the appearance of Master Howard with an expensive affair that might be played in an orchestra. Master Howard's drum has a hole in it months before the youngest of Brown's children has yielded to an impulse to see what was making the noise inside the sheep-skin of his. We doubt whether a spade and a small cart may be considered as genuine toys. We are inclined to think not. They are of modern growth. A poor child would not see much fun in a spade and cart; perhaps it has a dim notion of its own future at the tail of a plow or the side of a real wagon. A sword, however, or a gun, may be included in the catalogue. Those symbols reveal the common masculine disposition, and are sought by all boys of whatever class.

VIOLET AND LILAC SILK DRESS.

MOZAMBIQUE DRESS.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

WEDDINGS all the world over are very interesting topics, and so I am going to tell you a word or two about our weddings in general, and those at which I have myself been present lately. One's attention is much directed toward weddings just now, because every one is talking of Patti's marriage with the Marquis de Caux, which took place lately at Clapham Church —the Roman Catholic church, of course, for both bride and bridegroom belong to that sect. People seemed to forget that, and it was announced in the papers, a few weeks back, that the ceremony would be performed at St. George's, Hanover Square, one of our very fashionable Protestant churches. Patti, it seems, looked wonderfully pretty, and was very quiet and self-possessed. She wore a white satin dress, with a long tulle veil over it. Mario and Grisi, and a vast number of friends, were present, among them the Duke of Manchester and Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne. One of Mario's daughters was one of the bridemaids. The prima donna is not going to relinquish her professional engagements, but will still continue to sing for the next two years. She is twenty-five; her husband, forty-two. I don't think any one thought her so much.

There is a saying in England, that it is more lively to go to a funeral than a wedding; but this is rather hard, when people make so much fuss and preparation for weddings. From six to eight bridemaids is the usual number. White dresses—either silk, grenadine, or tarlatan, with colored ribbons—have been the most fashionable attire for them, and blue has, I think, been the favorite color — the bright Alexandra shade, which looks so well by daylight. Bonnets are more worn than wreaths and veils, but then bonnets are nothing more than wreaths. The veils mostly fall from the back of the bonnet, but now and then they are worn over the face. The mistake of the present fashion of bridemaids' dresses is, it seems to me, that they are beginning to be too much like the bride's. A week or two ago I was present at the marriage of Sir John Murray's only daughter with Sir John Trelawny's only son, and the bridemaids all wore silk dresses, white dog-rose wreaths, and white tulle veils. There is a very good custom, however, prevalent now, viz.: that the bridegroom gives all the bridemaids handsome lockets, with his own and his bride's initials intertwined, as a memento of the event.

Wedding presents now are handsomer and more costly than ever. They are generally exhibited with the trousseau a day or two before the event, when the bride and her family are "at home" to her friends; but this is very much disliked by some people, and then they only show the presents on the wedding-day to the friends who are invited to the breakfast.

Friends and relatives meet at the church on the day appointed, between eleven and twelve. Marriages, with us, unless by special license, must take place before twelve. The guests do not go to the bride's house first. The bridemaids await her coming in the porch, and when she arrives on her father's arm, follow her in procession up the aisle, and group themselves round her at the altar. In fashionable life it requires one or two clergymen to marry the happy pair, and if a bishop is to be had, so much the better. The Bishop of Oxford did the principal part of the service when the Duke of Marlborough's daughter married Sir Ivor Guest, a very wealthy Welsh baronet, whose grandfather was a hard-working ironmaster. This was one of the most brilliant weddings of the season, and took place at St. James's, Piccadilly, a fashionable church, and a very handsome building, which St. George's, Hanover Square, certainly is not—one of the dullest, most smoke-begrimed edifices you can well imagine. These two, and St. Peter's, Knightsbridge, are the three churches where the great folks in London are united, for better and for worse. At the latter Lord Dudley married his present countess, a Miss Moncrief, one of the prettiest women in London. She belongs to a pretty family and a lucky one. There are, I think, seven sisters, but I am not quite sure of the number, and they all marry well, though they are only a poor baronet's daughters. One is Duchess of Athole; another, Mrs. Forbes, the wife of a millionaire; another, Lady Mordaunt, and the younger sisters are following equally brilliantly their elder sisters' example.

But to return to my account of an English wedding, or rather a London one. The service over, the party repair to the vestry to sign and seal — that is, if kissing is sealing — for every body here claims a kiss from the bride; and the affair which has hitherto been of the serious, nervous, and trying order, begins to assume a brighter aspect. The bells peal, the organ plays the wedding march; and the bride, half smiles, half tears, walks down the church on her husband's arm to the carriage and is whirled home again, quickly followed by the bridemaids and the rest of the company, who tender their congratulations. After an hour's waiting—a rather tedious hour, which used to be diversified by the handing round of tea and coffee, but this is out of date now—breakfast is announced and a very substantial meal follows, mostly cold, save cutlets and soup, but very prettily served, the table covered with flowers. The newest thing in table decorations lately has been the ribbon bordering as it is called, viz., little tin troughs filled with flowers made in a kind of vandyked form and arranged down both sides of the table. These are so low and flat that they look as if the flowers were growing from the table-cloth. Large blocks of ice for the centre-piece, surrounded by flowers, are also much in vogue; in fact, we have been suffering so intensely from heat that any thing cool has been pleasant. Besides, these blocks of ice cool the atmosphere wonderfully. At the famous India House ball last year there were several of them dotted about on raised gilt stands, and they did a great deal toward keeping the temperature even.

But at weddings the most prominent object on the table is, of course, the wedding-cake on a raised silver plateau. This the bride is expected to cut with her own hands, and morsels of it are slipped through her wedding-ring and presented to the bridemaids, who, if they put the valuable atom under their pillows, are sure to dream of their future lords, they say. The decrees of fate are a good deal thought of on these occasions. Round the cake there are often bows, as many as there are bridemaids, who each of them untie one in turn. One contains a ring, and whoever this falls to will be the first bride; another a thimble, the sure sign of spinsterhood; another a piece of money, the sign of wealth.

No wedding breakfasts would be complete without a few speeches at all events, though they are trying to do away with these as much as possible. The bride and bridegroom's health must, of course, be drank, for which the latter must return thanks, and propose the bridemaids'; then the best man must return thanks for them. The father and mother of the bride must also come in for their share of pretty speeches, and then the bride leaves to prepare for her journey, and in a very short time disappears with her husband amidst a shower of old satin shoes. No wedding would be considered complete without this, and if one should happen to lodge on the top of the carriage, and so tell its tale to all the passers-by, so much the better for the fun of the thing. The bride and bridegroom have a month's tour, or go for the time to some friend's house, and then their friends welcome them back. "No cards" are used now, and a great pity, too, for if you happen to miss the announcement in the morning papers, it is very difficult to know who's married.

The wedding favors have been prettier this season than ever, and at one or two weddings I noticed that they were mixed with colored flowers.

Country weddings in England are far prettier than any in London. There the church, if not the whole village, is decorated, and the village children strew the path with flowers, and shower flowers on the bride and bridegroom as they drive off; and there are school feasts, and poor men's dinners, and all kinds of fun. In London the guests very often disperse as soon as the bride and bridegroom leave, though now and then there are balls in the evening in honor of the event, or the whole party go to the theatre. This year there have been more fashionable weddings than at any previous season I can remember; but now nothing can exceed the heat and dullness of London. Every body is rushing away, for it is almost unbearable. The House of Commons is prorogued this week, and that will take the rest of the people who have not yet taken their departure. At Goodwood there is a large and merry party for the races which are this week.

The Princess of Wales is recovering very rapidly, and was out driving yesterday. The poor Princess of Teck, the Queen's cousin, has been in great trouble about her baby's illness, but it is recovering now. Prince Alfred is not to remain long in England, but will soon be starting off on a fresh voyage. The Queen is going to Lucerne next month, and travels as the Countess of Kent. There is not the smallest doubt that her health is in a very weak state. She suffers from most fearful sickness. At one of the Drawing-rooms there was a great hue and cry because she left so soon, for people are by no means well pleased that she shows herself so little among them; but one of these attacks assailed her then, and she is always in a state of nervous agitation lest they should come on.

Cricket matches have been more eagerly patronized this year than ever. Lord's was crowded to suffocation for the Eton and Harrow match, which, with Oxford and Cambridge, are the two great events of the cricketing year. Great improvements have been effected of late at Lord's. It has been bought by the Marylebone Cricket Club, and a capital grand stand built, and new refreshment buildings also. The carriages are as thick there as they well can be, tier upon tier all round the ropes which mark the space appropriated to the players. Hampers are brought by pretty well every carriage, and you see people enjoying a picnic meal just as they would on a race-course. Every cabman and omnibusman in London sports the light or dark blue that week, and every private carriage, too. You hear of nothing but of this match from morning to night. The boys from both schools have a holiday, and, of course, they enter into it with great gusto, which is not surprising, but it does seem surprising that their elders should be quite so enthusiastic. In nearly every village there is a cricket club, and all the young nobility and gentry play a fair game—the Prince of Wales an excellent game, they say.

There was a grand match at Sandringham the year before last, in which his Royal Highness played. Now Sandringham is being almost completely rebuilt, and it will be some time before any more entertainments of any kind can be given there, which is, perhaps, as well; for the Princess of Wales has so much gayety in London she wants rest now and then; but people are perfectly unreasonable in their demands upon her. They would like to see her from morning to noon; and if you can only show your country cousin our pretty Princess, they leave the metropolis quite satisfied.

Lord Cranworth's death came upon us quite unexpectedly, and now every body is on the *qui vive* to know who are to be the new peers, for there is to be a new batch at the end of the session.

ARDERN HOLT.

HOW FRANK THORNTON WAS CURED.

"LOOK here, Bob! I just put this to you; you're not a sentimental fellow — you're hard as nails, I know that—but I ask you, What do you say to a woman who, when she hears the family doctor declare that her husband, the man she married for love three years ago—no, it ain't three, it's but two and seven months—when she hears that his heart is affected; that the valves—the valves, mark you—are attacked; that ossification is apprehended—I suppose worse couldn't be; the very evening she hears this, goes out to a ball, and says, 'Poor Frank couldn't come: he imagines he has a something—a something!—the matter with his heart; and the stupid doctor humors him, and I'd not wonder if he kept the sofa these six months?' I pledge you my sacred word of honor these were her very words. I had them taken down verbatim, and I made Leonard and Mrs. Crawford sign their names to the document, declaring that they heard them as she uttered them. Now, none of your hair-splitting or refining; but speak out in a frank, manly way, and say, what do you think of this?"

"I simply think that your wife did not agree with your doctor."

"Oh, indeed! that is, that she formed another impression of my case; that her experience of heart-disease led her to a different conclusion from Duffey's—the first man in his profession, by-the-way; and that doubtless she would have suggested another line of treatment."

"No, no; don't run away with the theory. I merely meant that she thought there was not much the matter with you, and that old Duffey was a bit of an alarmist."

"By Jove, I must say he did not alarm her! She had that confounded toy terrier in her lap while he was telling it to her, and the first words she said were, 'Do tell me, Doctor, will it hurt Tricksey to have his ears cut? My cousin Staples says they must be pointed.' If there be a fool in the Household Brigade—and I suspect there are some—I'd back Howard Staples against the field. But to come to what I was saying, please to answer if you ever heard of a woman talk about her terrier's ears at the moment they were breaking to her the news that her husband was doomed: that any day, any hour—"

"Come, come, don't take on in this fashion. Be a man; keep up your pluck."

"It's not for myself I am moved—not a bit of it. It is the heartlessness of that woman stabs me. It is the cold indifference of her whose life ought to have been bound up with my own—it is *that* unmans me. I declare to you, on my honor, I didn't believe it was in human nature to behave so. I tell you, Bob, if that woman heard of my death to-morrow, her first thought would be to send over to that milliner in the street yonder to inquire what was the most becoming mourning she could wear in a recent affliction."

"I take it you don't want suttee in Europe, nor expect that your widow is to burn herself in honor of you."

"No, Sir; I ask no such sacrifice; but I certainly do ask that while here, above ground, though sentenced to all the tortures of a heart affection, I may meet with some tenderness, some sympathy, some—some—never mind. She sha'n't unman me—that I'll promise you; but I promise you, also, I'll be shot if she shall keep her jointure if she marries Howard Staples. It's insulting enough the way that idiot treats my house. If there's a thing I detest, it is to hear the clank of a sabre on one's stairs. And then the cool way those fellows unbelt, as though your drawing-room was a mess ante-room. 'Well, old boy,' he said to me t'other day, 'how are the valves?' 'Not exactly so safe, Sir,' said I, 'that you may not apprehend an explosion.'"

"That was very ready."

"I should think it *was* ready. The heart may be attacked, but it's all right up here;" and he touched his forehead significantly as he spoke.

"All the more reason, Frank, not to take a gloomy view of life. There can not be much amiss with a man who carries himself as you do. Why, it was only yesterday you sent the groom back with your horse, and walked the whole way from Waterloo to this."

"A great feat, truly! it's under twelve miles; and I'd rather have walked forty than ridden back with that idiot Staples. I told Georgina so; and as she didn't send him off, I just dismounted and left them there."

"And very wrong of you it was."

"Oh, of course. I know the theory; I know the whole case. A well-bred husband sees little, and resents less."

"In this case there was nothing either to see or to resent."

"Very nice of you to say so, considering you were full a quarter of a mile to the rear, and riding with your own wife—whom, by-the-way, you never quit for an instant."

"No; I like to keep her company."

"People remark it, though. I assure you, people make the most absurd comments upon it. I've heard you described as a sort of Othello for jealousy."

"With all my heart. So long as they don't come to tell me their opinions, I'll not quarrel with them for holding them."

"Well, I don't pretend to be as indifferent about public opinion, and it pains me severely when I am told things people say about Georgy's high spirits and gayety of temperament. I know well the world calls these by another name behind backs."

"I wonder how you can go on worrying yourself in this fashion. It is little short of insanity."

"I'm quite prepared to hear *that* name for it some of these days. Only look here, old fellow; I'd rather, for old acquaintance sake, that you would not be one of my accusers. Take my word for it, they'll get the thing up quite cleverly without you; and it's a sort of case an old friend never figures in very gracefully."

He arose as he said this, put on his hat, gave me a familiar nod, and walked out, leaving me, not exactly angry, though I was a little irritated, but certainly not at all disposed to prolong the conversation.

A few words will suffice to tell my reader all I need say of him. Frank Thornton had served in the 8th Hussars in India, and distinguished himself several times in the campaign of the Mutiny. He was a splendid soldier, who gloried in his profession, and was greatly loved by his comrades; though all acknowledged that, while Thornton was a fellow to go through fire and water for a friend, he was so touchy, so nervously sensitive, so alive to things which never were meant to hurt him, that his life was one unceasing round of tortures and explanations. This disposition, strengthening with years, made him at last so irritable and quarrelsome that, popular and liked as he once had been—the pride of his own corps and the delight of the mess—men heard with pleasure the news that he had "sent in his papers," and was about to leave the service.

"You'll be glad to know I'm going to leave you," he said, one night after mess; "and I'm only sorry I didn't go when you might have regretted me. A fretful temper is like the 'prickly heat'—it doesn't make a man an agreeable neighbor; but take my word for it, the poor devil who has the malady is worse off still."

"He's going to marry," said one of his comrades as he left the room.

"To marry!"

"Yes, he's going to marry Georgy Gordon. Poor girl! she'll need all her high spirits to carry her through it."

"She's got what's better than high spirits," said an old Scotch major; "she's got the sweetest temper of any lassie from this to her father's house in Aberdeenshire."

"Has no one told her what a temper Thornton has?"

"She's a sort of cousin of mine," said another; "and I had a long talk with her about him t'other day. Her notion is that men only make each other worse when they attempt to correct faults of disposition; that a woman only can do so with success, but that she must be wife or sister."

"That's possible enough in ordinary cases; but where a man contrives to invert every thing he looks at—where he never will believe that the world has not some covert design to deny him his due or sneer at his deserts—where it's an even chance every day that he shoots one of his best friends before night—all I can say is, that if I were Miss Gordon's brother—"

"She has none."

"Well, her father—"

"Dead twelve years ago. She was brought up by her uncle, Sir Hercules."

"Well, I'm not particular as to the degree of the relationship. I only mean, if I had the claim to counsel her, I'd certainly say, Rather never marry at all than marry Frank Thornton; though I'm quite ready to admit he's as true-hearted a gentleman and as gallant a soldier as ever served her Majesty."

It would appear that Miss Gordon was not to be terrified by the stories which reached her, or that she relied implicitly on her own powers to avert the evils with which they menaced her; for she returned from India Thornton's wife, and accompanied him to visit his mother, who lived in a beautiful part of the Isle of Wight.

A few lines announcing his marriage and return to England were all I had from him for years, when one morning the post brought me the following:

"MY DEAR BOB,—I have just got an ugly blow. I had invested all the stray cash I possessed in indigo, and the ryots have gone and smashed the dykes and played old gooseberry with the young crop. They say I shall lose twelve thousand pounds, which may turn out to be fifteen. At all events I must economize; and as I hear Brussels is cheap, and as I know you are there, I mean to try it. Look me up a small house—furnished, of course—rent not above a couple of hundreds, and stabling for a pair of horses. I'll bring our riding-nags and job a carriage. Tell me all you can about the place—I don't mean socially, for we shall not go out any where—but about its markets, servants, and the other abominations of house-keep. By-the-way, old fellow, isn't this domesticity a devil of a mistake? Wouldn't you and I give something to get back again to the place from whence we came? I take it we'll have plenty of time to talk this over together. I hope our wives will 'hit it off' with each other. Yours always, FRANK N. THORNTON."

I was not able at a moment to secure the sort of house he wanted, but pressed him to make ours his home, till he could look about and suit himself. They came in due course, and certainly nothing could be more complete than the friendship which at once grew up between our wives. Some points of resemblance there certainly were between them, but in many things they were totally unlike. At all events they were both young and good-looking, and as happy and well pleased with life as is permitted to most of those who are supposed to have drawn fair prizes in this big lottery.

The Thorntons had not been our guests above a week when I saw that Frank's temper, so far from having been bettered, had been painfully aggravated by marriage. He no longer, indeed, permitted himself those outbursts of passion he once indulged in. There was nothing violent or demonstrative in his anger; but the control he exercised over himself almost drove him to madness, and he would come into my smoking-room, after dinner, in a state of excitement and irritability that were almost fearful to witness.

"I suppose you saw it to-day?" cried he to me one evening as he walked the room. "I take it that you could not help remarking the considerate manner in which my wife corrected me about Kechmacarrachee. Now, I tell you distinctly and deliberately, the durbar was not held there, and the place where they poisoned

her uncle's elephants was Tammadar, on the other side of the Ganges. I only wish they had poisoned the old beggar himself, and he would never have lived to come to Calcutta, and I should never have—no matter what. But I'll tell you why she did it, Bob. You couldn't guess that, nor your wife either, though she is as keen as any woman I ever met. She did it just to bring up the name of a fellow whom she knows I hate as I hate nothing else on earth. It's a woman's way to stab a man. She watches till she has you before the world; she waits till she catches you at a dinner, or one of a party round the fire; and she'll beat about till she finds an incident or an event in which a fellow figured, and she'll bring him in with a sort of half-consciousness as though she knew the ground was dangerous—just the most offensive thing she could do, except the appealing look she'll give you across the table, as if saying, 'Don't be angry with me.' Your wife saw that to-day—I'll swear she did. As for *you*, I don't expect you to remark any thing, nor tell it if you did."

It was no use to protest ignorance of all he assumed. He only grew more irascible and violent at each assertion. Nothing short of my fixed resolve not to take offense at any thing he should say in his passion saved me from feeling deeply wounded by some of the expressions which escaped him.

"There now!" cried he at last, "it only remains that you should turn me out into the street, and my blessed temper will have lost me the last man of all who once befriended me."

He rushed out of the room after this, and I saw him no more till next morning. I will not pretend that my life at this time was a very agreeable one; for, while Thornton never ceased to make me the depositary of his grievances, my wife, with equal insistence, persecuted me by stories of his peevish, nagging disposition, invariably concluding with the assurance that no patience could hold out much longer, and that in the end Georgina must sink under it. Not that Mrs. Thornton looked at all like sinking. She was a blooming, bright-eyed young woman, on whose features, with the closest scrutiny, I never could detect the trace of sorrow, except a slight darkness about the eyelids, and a very faint "drag" at times—only at times—on the angle of the mouth. She had a variety of accomplishments—sang, rode, drove well, was always ready for any plan for pleasure, and the life of it when it came off. It was plain enough that her high spirit occasionally chafed against her husband's humor; and I was often struck with the tact she exhibited in subduing her buoyancy and sobering down her gayety to the tone of his temper.

My wife hinted that she had seen her in other moods, and often came away from her looking herself so sad and depressed that I shrank from inquiring the cause. It is scarcely necessary that I should say Thornton was not a favorite with my wife. She was ready enough to admit that his manners were easy and polished, his tone invariably well-bred, and his conversation charming; but against these gifts there was the terrible set-off of his captious nature, his unceasing suspectfulness, and that morbid tendency to inquire whether every the slightest incident had not some covert meaning which it was his duty to resent or repel.

"I don't think I shall pitch my tent here," he said to me one morning as we sat over our cigar; "the place does not suit me. It's not English, and it's not foreign. You have a continual influx of our own people who trouble society without contributing to its pleasures; and I shall either go back at once to town, or seek out some out-of-the-way old place in Germany and barbarize."

"Will your wife like that?" asked I, carelessly.

He turned suddenly on me with a glance of keen penetration, and, after staring fixedly at me for some seconds, said, "I suppose she has declared she will oppose this plan?"

"Not that I have heard," replied I, coldly.

"I'll do it all the same, however," said he, sternly. "Your wife may break the news to her when she will."

I said nothing. I was certainly provoked both by his words and the manner in which he spoke them; but I resolved that nothing like anger or even impatience should escape me, and I sat mute.

This was said on a Saturday morning; it was settled that the Thorntons were to leave us on the following Tuesday—for the Rhine at first, and thence as chance or caprice might determine after.

What with packing and preparing for the road, getting maps and guide-books, and consulting them for routes and roads, I saw little of Thornton for the whole of two days. I was sitting alone in my study on Monday evening when he entered the room and threw himself into a chair. I had but to give a mere glance at him to see that he was unusually agitated and excited; his face was lividly pale, except a small red patch on one cheek, which, with the unnatural lustre of his eyes, imparted a look of something like hectic to his features.

"I suppose, Bob," said he, with a forced effort to seem calm, "I *am* the most unhappy fellow as regards temper that ever you knew."

"You certainly do contrive to give yourself no small share of misery."

"To give myself! I understand," said he, fiercely. "I am one of those with whom the world has gone admiringly. I have all the blessings of health, fortune, and affection around me, but I manage, by an ingenious use of my faculties, to make myself a terror to my friends and a torment to my own home; and without a reason, or the shadow of a reason, I pick out all the disagreeable accidents of life and make my world out of them. Isn't that the theory? Out with it, man; I'm not so terrible but you can be frank with me."

"I'll not go so far—" I began.

"But I'll go farther," cried he, wildly. "I'll finish at once this dreary comedy. I have only to look at your wife's face, Bob, to see what she thinks of me. I never meet her that I don't read a perfect indictment in her looks:—You are killing that dear sweet wife of yours. You are making her life a bitterness and a sorrow. You know you are, and that you hate yourself for it. You can't desist; there is something demoniac within you that cries, 'Go on, go on—she must succumb at last.'"

"Why, this is all madness," said I, not thinking in my eagerness of the word I used.

"That is exactly the name for it," exclaimed he, "though you never had courage to say so before. It's precisely the amount of incoherency and misdirection that medical men call insanity, and on which one's friends obtain leave from the Lord Chancellor to lock him up and administer his fortune for him. Well, now, I do not like that part of it. I tell you frankly, I couldn't stand the being immured in a mad-house, and so I have resolved, fairly resolved, to cut and run for it. I'll no longer be the cause of misery to others. I'll keep my stock of wretchedness for home consumption, and I'll go away where I shall never be heard of again. Georgy, once free, will marry again, if she has the pluck to take another ticket in the lottery she has fared so ill in. You'll be quit of a very tiresome friend, and your wife relieved from the acquaintance of one who never could be a pleasant intimate or a very safe example. Don't try to turn me from my plan. I declare to you on my honor I am irrevocable. I shall go off to-morrow to Tervueren for a day's shooting. I have been talking of it for some time back. When there, I shall meet with a gun accident—that's the phrase they have for it in the newspapers; you'll hurry off naturally at once, but it will be all over before you arrive. I don't trouble myself about the details. You shall fill them in with all due regard to your own respectability, and what becomes your regard for a friend's memory. I mistake Georgy much, or the first shock, the horror of the event, will be the worst of it."

"You mean to shoot yourself," said I, with perfect calm.

"Not necessarily," said he, in the same easy tone, "if you will agree to aid me by propagating the story of my death. I have no particular desire to die. I can go away to New Zealand or some out-of-the-way place, under another name, and never be heard of. All I really want is, to cut the tie that binds that poor woman to my wretched identity, and by leaving her free, to make her the only reparation I can for all the misery I have brought upon her."

I will not repeat how eagerly I tried to combat this resolve, and turn him from his rash purpose. I exhausted every argument I could think of, and told him at last that it was a cowardly submission to his own selfishness that prompted a measure which could be infinitely better secured by the exercise of some self-control, and a victory over his own temper.

"It may be all as you say," replied he, "but there are certain things I *can* do, and there are others that are above my strength. Let me at least be the judge of what I am equal to."

The utmost I could obtain from him in the way of concession was, that he would await in some secret place the result of his experiment, and if it should turn out that, contrary to all his belief and conviction, his wife should prove inconsolable for his loss, and given up to unceasing sorrow, that he would concert with me what steps to take to satisfy her he was yet living, and at the same time not unworthy of her love and affection. I own I did not see my way to this at all, but as it left something open to a contingency, I accepted it as the best compromise that offered. The plan was then modified to this extent, that he was to go first to Tervueren, thence to Wavre, where there was a small cabaret where he could stop unnoticed, and receive my daily bulletin of the state of things in Brussels—how his wife bore up, and what effect the terrible event seemed to have upon her.

We accordingly arranged a few ciphers for correspondence by the use of numbers, all of which I can remember now was that the number "three" thrice repeated meant extreme dejection, four "nines" implied she was taking things with much resignation, and "five" suggested she would soon get over her affliction. He was very eager to supply signs to represent a heartless degree of indifference and even joy, but I suppressed these as mere emanations of malice and bad temper.

He amazed me that evening at tea. There was not a form of agreeability that he did not display. He talked his very best; he sketched little descriptions of places he had visited and people he had met with in a style of picturesque brilliancy I had not believed him capable of. He was all good-humor too, and took the banter we had the courage to bestow on him for once with a geniality and pleasantry positively charming; and finally sang seconds to my wife with an expression and correctness that vouched for a warm desire to please, in which I must say he had a perfect success.

"How delightful he can be!" whispered my wife, as he left the room. "I declare he has no equal when he condescends to be agreeable. I wonder why he will not be always thus;" and then, after a pause, she added, "Is it that Georgy does not understand him?" I made no reply, but took my flat candlestick and walked away.

If my reader be married, he or she will easily guess what I did next: I went and told the whole to my wife. She was terribly shocked at first. She even wanted me to hasten off to the Legation and bespeak the Minister's interference, as though her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary had any special power to control the bad passions of British subjects, or could make ill-tempered people keep the peace toward themselves. Next, she suggested that Thornton should at once be put under restraint. She would not hear of any other name for it but madness. I warned her strongly against this course; and then, as she calmed down, we talked over the whole "situation," canvassing it under every aspect we could think of, and imaging how the public would pronounce upon each distinct view of it.

I knew well enough what my wife was drifting at all through. She clearly thought that if every thing tragic could be avoided—if there were to be nothing to shock the feelings or leave a terrible memory behind it—the very best thing that could happen to dear Georgy would be to be well rid of him. She did not like exactly to say this in so many words, but she dropped little half-pious sentiments and devotional apophthegms that showed me what worldliness was passing in her head; and when she said something about "a happy release," I felt poor Frank's sentence had been pronounced beyond recall.

"Stay," cried I, suddenly; "another notion has just occurred to me. Frank is to loiter about the neighborhood in disguise till he learns how his wife bears up under his loss. What if we were to go and tell the whole story as it stands to Georgina? She may feel shocked for a moment, but she has plenty of good sense and plenty of courage. She knows Frank far better than we do, and she will know exactly what it is he calculates on in submitting her to this test—whether, in fact, he would like to think that she was inconsolable for his loss, or that she struck a sort of balance between her affection and her sorrow, and left him at the end with a small sum to his credit. I say neither you nor I could possibly guess this, but she might. She has abundance of brains, you say, and she is so fond of him. Reason the more to do what she can in his behalf. Now, I remember a physician once telling me of a case where a lunatic of the most violent and hopeless kind was perfectly cured of his insanity by having jumped out of a window three stories from the ground. He smashed both his legs, but he recovered his intellect, and never relapsed into madness. Now, Frank is not insane, or any thing like insane, but there is a morbid excitement in his brain which can not be healthy. Who is to say what a smart shock—something that would give his whole nature the effect of a sudden awakening to new perceptions—might not do for him? At all events, it is worth the trial. Go and see Georgy, and if you find the moment favorable, break the whole affair to her, and ask her advice."

My wife was away rather more than two hours. I don't think I ever passed two such hours in my life. It was a perfect eternity of feverish anxiety. I sat down, and got up, and walked the room. I opened the window and shut it. I listened at the door to hear if my wife were coming; the dead silence appalled me, and my heart sank under a weight of something inexpressibly heavy and oppressive. As the clock struck three, I heard the rustle of her dress on the stairs. I went out to meet her. She looked calm and composed, but I could see traces of fatigue in her features, and she passed into the room and sat down before she spoke.

"You told her?" asked I.

She nodded an assent.

"And how did she bear it?"

"I should say wonderfully. She never once interrupted me, or even interposed a word till I had finished; then she lay back on the sofa, and, heaving a heavy sigh, said, 'I had hoped he had given up these sort of things.'

"'You don't mean to say,' cried I, 'that he has done this before?'

"'No, not this. This is perfectly new; and, indeed, it is a piece which does not admit of repetition; but he used to be very fond of these "surprises," if that be the name for them, and when we were first married I think I was subjected to as many temptations as St. Anthony. His great anxiety seemed to be to know how I should behave in certain contingencies which need never have occurred. His theory—he announced it openly—was this: No man knows any thing whatever about the nature of the woman he marries till he has submitted her to certain tests. So long as she lives surrounded with affluence and luxury, how can he possibly say in what spirit she will meet poverty and privation? If he is eternally at her side, showing her all the assiduities and attentions of a lover, how is he to know in what way she will behave if she should have, or fancy she should have, cause for jealousy? Indeed, on this last, he tried me pretty sharply. He made himself very remarkable with a beautiful widow at Calcutta before we were two months married, and only desisted from the pursuit when he found that I had fretted myself into a low fever, in which, for a time, I was despaired of; and on my recovery he declared that the whole thing had been got up to satisfy his mind on the score of my susceptibility to jealousy, and that, as I had come through the ordeal apparently to his satisfaction, I should not in future be exposed to a test on this score. I assure you I never was quite certain—I am not yet—how much of truth there was in that story of our losses in India. I could not say that it was not another of these experiments on my disposition. If so, he must have been charmed with my conduct, for I care less than most people for luxuries, and am not a bit afraid of narrow fortune.'

"'And now, dearest Georgy, as to this last threat, if he should really go away—if he should imagine that there is no other reparation to make you for all the misery he has caused you than to banish himself forever—can you possibly frame to your mind in what spirit he hopes to see you meet this new disaster?'

"'First of all, let me assure you that what he says he intends; he is not a man to make vain menaces. As to your second question, it is harder to answer; but my impression is, that though all he means is generously intended, he would be heart-broken if he thought I could accept his loss as a relief.'

"We talked a long time after this, but I don't think we ever arrived any nearer to a solution of the difficulty. She continually repeated, 'I rely on your husband's friendship, and on his judgment for every thing.'

"'If this should be happily his last trial of you, and that, after it, he had no more doubts to solve about your character, it is all-important to divine now the exact way in which he wants you to behave.'

"'Very wretched and miserable, I have no doubt, and with something not very remote from self-accusation for all that has happened.'

"These were her words to me at parting. I came away hurriedly, for I was afraid to excite her further."

"Well, he's gone now!"

"Gone!"

"Yes; he wrote me one line to say good-by. It ran thus: 'They'll find a hat on the river's bank, near the falls, easily identified as mine. I am at Wavre. Address—Jean Maurice, Cadran Jaune.' He's to be drowned it seems—not shot."

"Humph!" said my wife, with a toss of her head not at all complimentary to the hero of the adventure. "And have you hit upon any thing to be done?"

"Not as yet; I must turn over the whole matter quietly in my mind. It is a case where the least mistake might be ruin. He is a man who would resent any publicity as an offense never to be forgiven; and this makes the affair all the more difficult to deal with. Leave me now to think over it, and perhaps I may chance on some expedient to get us well through the scrape."

It was late in the afternoon of the following day when I next saw my wife, and was obliged to confess that I was just in the same condition of doubt and indecision in which she had left me. "Georgy's in the garden," said she; "come out and speak to her."

It was not exactly an easy thing to do, but I went. She was very pale, and her eyelids swollen, but she met me with a faint smile, and said, "I know you have not been to bed, and have been thinking of me all night; but I believe we must just suffer some events to roll on, and if a happy moment to intervene should occur, seize it. Isn't that your own thought?"

I nodded twice, and we walked along without a word on either side.

I remember very little of all that passed between us that day; the impression I carried away, however, was, that she was one of the best-natured, best-tempered women I had ever met; and this thought certainly did not in any way tend to the elevation of Frank in my esteem.

My reflections, as I sauntered about that evening, were not very agreeable ones. I pictured to myself all the versions of the story, each containing some minute particle of truth, that would get abroad, and I fancied how many little heightening incidents would be added by an eager and truth-loving public. I next bethought me of the comments that would be pronounced—those acute and wise remarks half-informed people deliver like solemn judgments. What was Mr. Considine about all this time? Can any one explain this gentleman's inactivity, his actual apathy? Then I fancied the impertinences of the press holding me up to rebuke or ridicule. Mr. Considine, who knew every thing and did nothing, does not appear to us the least reprehensible actor in the unhappy drama. It is sure to be a drama, occasionally to be called tragedy. There would be indignant inquiries, Why is not Mr. Considine examined? What steps have the authorities taken to ascertain the part played by this gentleman in this disastrous history? One is never very sure of what foreigners will not dramatize, and I had no fancy for figuring on the boards as the villain of the piece; perhaps—by no means unlikely—announced in the bill, "secretly in love with Frank's wife." I will not recall the horrors that tormented me; but I calmly declare that I think my sufferings on that occasion were scarcely inferior to Frank's own, though I don't suspect he would have agreed with me in this conviction.

I hastened off to a friend closely connected with the press, and engaged him on no account to let the newspapers occupy themselves with this story if it ever reached them. My friend consolingly assured me that I might set my mind at ease on that score, as the sharp-shooting "verein" from Dusseldorf had just come down to contest for a prize, and drink beer with the brothers of St. Joseph te Noode; and that an earthquake that should swallow up half Europe would not obtain a paragraph at a moment so interesting and eventful. Although, then, the man who brought me the first tidings of the missing Englishman at Tervueren went the round of the papers with the news, not one of them would condescend to "set up" the information.

The piece had now begun—the curtain had risen; and I at once determined that, if possible, it should be a comedy—melodramatic, if you like—but still comedy. If I could not give it this turn that poor young woman would sink under it. I must make it droll, or it would be the death of her; and so I announced my news at the breakfast-table, saying, "First tableau—A stranger missed—hat found near the river—maker's name Whitty, Bond Street;" and then, before they had time for a word, I opened a note written in pencil. "Wavre.—Got here at twelve; shaved off beard and whiskers, not to be recognized by any one; engaged as second hostler; send news of her at once."

I led the way by a hearty laugh; my wife chimed in; and Georgina, though her eyes were very glassy, could not help joining; and thus, by one *coup de tête*, my victory was won.

"Here's the cipher," said I, taking out my note-book; "what am I to report you? Supremely wretched, or will you be stunned and insensible?'

"Put down 'three' four times," said my wife.

"That's one too many," said I; "three threes means a triple X. of affliction.

"I'd rather say, 'Bearing it wonderfully,'" murmured Georgina; and her lips trembled with a struggle between a smile and a sob.

"I'll say, 'Behaving like an angel,'" said I; "and I'll write it in a bold hand, and no cipher at all;" and accordingly the bulletin was sent off by post: "Behaving like an angel—11 o'clock A.M." A special messenger arrived from Wavre the same evening with the following: "What do you mean? No enigmas. Report at once, and intelligibly, how does she bear it."

It was almost with a cry of triumph I read this aloud in the drawing-room. "I see every card in his hand," I exclaimed; "the game is won already."

"You are right," said my wife; "he is in torture till he hears that she's inconsolable. The man can't endure the thought that you are able to survive him, dearest! There's the whole secret out! Yes, darling; it was one of those beautiful instances of the way husbands love their wives. They invariably expect that devotion is to be the return for the most outrageous bad treatment."

It was such a very rare thing for my wife to give way to a burst of eloquence after this fashion that I stared at her in speechless amazement.

"Look astonished if you like, Berto," said she to me, while her cheek was hot and her eyes flashing; "but it is not a thing to be calm upon. I know that if I—"

"Well, dear," said I, "continue."

"Don't ask me, or rather don't give me the provocation," said she, warmly, "that's all."

This was a curious and somewhat unexpected turn for the discussion to take, but, on the whole, not altogether unfortunate. It created a sort of diversion which relieved Georgina from the uncomfortable prominence of being the person under consideration; and this enabled her, after a brief pause, to ask, with an air of calm, "Will you tell me why you believe that we have won this game?" She smiled as she repeated my own words.

"I'll tell you," I replied—and I spoke now slowly and collectedly. "Whenever your husband submitted you to any test you always came through the ordeal precisely as he desired you should. He wished he could make you jealous, and you satisfied him that he could. He wished that you might bear up courageously under a change of fortune, and confront even poverty without repining. This test also you stood victoriously. — Last of all, he would ascertain what effect his loss would produce upon you; and you have only to content him on this point to minister to that inordinate self-love which is never weary of feeding itself by your sacrifices, and the man will go on with this game forever. Just read his message, and you can not help seeing that I am right: 'No enigmas. How does she bear it?' means, Tell me she is overwhelmed with affliction—tell me she will listen to no words of comfort or consolation—that the cup of her misery is full to overflowing—that life must henceforth be a blank to her. In one word, he wants to hear that you sorrow without hope, and never care longer for life. This is what he asks for, and this is exactly what I'll not send him."

"I declare I believe Berto is right," said my wife.

"I know I am. Frank would have given up these persecutions years ago, but his success dazzled him. With every fresh experiment he came out a gainer. He had only to fancy that you would be more lovable by this or that quality, and straightway you proved to him that you were what he so wished you to be. Now, without being in the least his apologist, I declare frankly I'm not a bit surprised at his being led away by such a bait to his vanity. Take my word for it, I have hit the blot. This is the true explanation of all he has done—of all he is doing."

"Am I then to appear as if I was indifferent, as if I was unconcerned?"

"No, not that. That would be as great an error on the other side. Utter heartlessness would revolt him as soon as he could be brought to believe it. We must go very cautiously to work here; and, to begin, we shall puzzle him a little; his impatience will soon show what our next move ought to be. My present message will not be a great deal clearer than my last. I will say, 'Health not worse—fortitude incredible.'"

"It's clear enough what you mean," said my wife; "you intend he should taste a little of those same anxieties he was so fond of inflicting on Georgina."

"Precisely word for word what I meant. He shall have a few days of that torturing uncertainty he has given her years of, and if he disapprove of the regimen the chance is he will not return to it."

I will not dwell on the days that followed this. I will simply state that I continued, by a system of partly vague, partly significant messages, to keep Thornton in a state of suspense, anxiety, and anger only short of mania. His interest in the game—for game it was—became intense; and when, to his wildest entreaties for a "Yes" or "No" answer to some urgent question, I returned an equivocal or totally unintelligible reply, I could see that there was great hope of his being cured at last of his fatal infatuation.

If I can not, however, dwell on this, as little do I like to recall the scenes I had to encounter at home; for though at first my wife and Georgina consented to aid me in my project, and appeared assured of its success, they soon began to feel misgivings about "our right" to do this, that, or the other. They questioned the propriety of one thing, and retreated from any partnership in another. In fact, they behaved like people who were already preparing their defense against some future accusation, and comporting themselves like persons already arraigned. This sort of opposition did not conduce to my comfort, and probably did not contribute to my prudence, and I am afraid—yes, I am obliged to own—I lost all patience, and told my wife, "If Georgina continues to thwart me I give you warning I will pitch up the whole affair—tell Thornton he may come back, or go to Jericho if he likes better—and leave the imbroglio to unravel itself how it may."

"What in the name of all patience," cried my wife, "do you want the poor woman to do? She does her utmost to look cheerful and contented, but if I go to her room I always find her in tears. She went with you at first when you said that her husband might be cured of his unhappy misgivings if he only once experienced the sort of misery they produced; but now she owns she sees him no nearer to this goal than ever; and I agree with her perfectly."

"And whose fault is it if it be so? Did she not refuse me t'other day permission to tell him, as I suggested, that she was actually shocked with herself for being so happy?"

"Yes, and quite right, too. The poor thing cries her eyes out, and why should she say an untruth?"

"But don't you see it is a finesse of the game?"

"Oh, I'm sick of the game! If a man can not behave well to his wife without being cheated into it, the sooner she gets rid of him the better."

I believe the discussion grew animated, and even warm; but after many little sallies into each other's lines, we came back to where we started, by my wife abruptly asking, "Is this, then, to go on for years? He was, if I understood you aright, to be so stung in self-love, so wounded in pride, by finding that his wife could live without him, that he would hasten back to assure her of his undying affection. Wasn't that the theory?"

"Yes," said I, haughtily, "that was the theory."

"And has it proved a success?"

"It would have had a triumphant success if she had followed my advice."

"Oh, are we back there again?" cried she, with a weary sigh.

Controlling my temper as well as I could, I made a few turns in the room, when suddenly a thought shot across my mind, and I said, "You were advising the other morning that we should take Georgy out for a drive. It is above a month since she was in the air. Let us go and dine in the wood at Boisfort. There is no fear of meeting any one at this time of the year. Let us make a day of it, and try if we can not rally her spirits and amuse her."

"Is this to be another move of the game?" asked she, smiling.

"Well, as you ask me so frankly, I will own it is."

"There's Georgy now in the garden; let us go and talk it over with her;" and so saying we opened the glass door and went out.

We had not gone many steps when we saw Georgina running toward us, her face radiant with joy. "Oh, what do you think?" cried she, in a voice ringing with delight; "I have seen him—he was there."

"Where?"

"In the stable-yard. Your people were taking in hay, and there he was among the country people, dressed like a peasant, beard and mustaches shaved off, and so changed that no eyes but my own could have recognized him. He crossed over the little pathway and stood looking up at my window till apparently some one remarked it, when he moved away and disappeared. But I knew him. Poor fellow, how worn and ill he looked! not but it has done my heart good even to catch a glimpse of him, and to know that he was longing to see me."

"I told you how it would all turn out," said I, triumphantly. "It only required a little patience and persistence, and I knew he must succumb."

My wife said nothing, a clear proof that she felt vanquished at last. With a half irritable tone, as of one who did not like to quit the field without a shot, she said, "And your fine project about Boisfort, and the dinner in the wood—how does it fit into the present conjuncture?"

"As if it was made expressly for it. Frank has now shown how miserable he is at not having any intelligible news of Georgina. But my messages, as I meant they should, have almost driven him crazy. He could endure the uncertainty no longer, and hence, at any risk, he came up here to try and see her. Boisfort, or I greatly mistake, must finish the drama, and display him penitent and imploring pardon at the fall of the curtain."

"It is all far too astute and too subtle for *me*," said my wife, saucily. "I am heartily glad that the success of the piece depends on much finer intellects."

We were again getting into skirmishing-ground, so I beat a retreat into the house, and sent off the following few lines to Frank, at Wavre:

"We mean, by way of a little change of air and distraction, to take her out to dine at Boisfort on Saturday. I shall order our table to be laid in the garden, near the lake. If you wish to judge with your own eyes how she looks, you could easily disguise yourself, and affect to be engaged in arranging another table in the vicinity. The hour will be five o'clock."

That little garden at Boisfort, in the midst of the forest of Soignies, is a very pretty spot, and never prettier than in the spring, when the fruit trees are in blossom, and the bright green grass is covered with a perfect shower of apricot and cherry buds, and the air loaded with their delicious perfume. One is sure to have the place to himself, besides, at this early season; for, no matter how fine the weather, or how tempting the day, no sensible Belgian would go out to dine under the trees till the almanac had given him assurance that the time for such festivities was duly come; nor is it by any means certain that the carp in the pond would permit themselves to be tempted to the surface by crumbs of bread at a season unconsecrated by custom and tradition.

Never, and I have had a long experience of it, did I see it looking more beautiful than on this bright day of early May, as we drove into the little *cour*, and were surrounded by a cordon of delighted waiters, beaming with joy at the first harbingers of the coming season.

I had ordered a very choice "little" dinner—that is, there were to be very few dishes, but each was to be a *capo d'opera*, executed by the *gran maestro*, Mons. Dubos, himself; and how glad am I to commemorate, even thus passingly, one whose genius has so often delighted, whose resources have so often refreshed me! Oh man of many *entrées*, separated by long distance of weary miles from you, how often do I wonder whether your oyster *pâtés* are as exquisite, your *suprèmes* as superlatively delicious, as of yore! Your little garden amidst the feathery beech-trees, with its clear fish-pond, its myriad of singing-birds, and its snow-white napkins, rises before my mind's eye; and I can revive hours of enjoyment as I recall the time when I sipped my iced Champagne, lying, Melibœus-like, among the cowslips.

Our table stood under a magnificent beech-tree, whose lower branches were perfectly festooned with a gorgeous japonica, that hung in graceful clusters above and around us: a little hedge of sweet-brier flanked us on one side, and a small artificial mound, covered with hot-house plants for the occasion, delighted the eye on another. A tiny fountain threw a spray-like shower over the leaves, imparting that sense of cool and freshness so pleasant at meal-times.

My wife and Georgina were in ecstasy with it all. There is nothing like a woman to appreciate the double delights of rusticity and an exquisite dinner. The charms of nature, the song of birds, the odor of flowers, seem to dispose her to a higher sense of enjoyment of the good things of the table; and she can blend her delights in a way utterly unknown to our coarser natures.

"Yes," said my wife, in reply to a whispered remark of Georgina's—"yes, it is one of the things he excels in."

I knew this was a panegyric on my talents as a host; and as I arranged my napkin I felt a thrill of proud triumph through me. I ought to mention here that Georgina, yielding to my wife's insistence, had given up wearing black, which she had done since Frank's departure, and was dressed in a gray silk, with a quantity of lace about it, that became her vastly; indeed she looked handsomer than ever I had seen her.

I read over the bill of fare aloud, and we began our dinner. I will own I sipped my soup with an anxious heart. I had given Georgina her lesson—I had taught her all she was to do—I had thoroughly drilled her in her part, and made her even rehearse it in my library before we started; but what assurance had I that she would not break down, after all? What certainty was there that her agitation might not overcome her at the eventful moment, and a pitiable exhibition of emotion end in utter failure? I did all that prudence could suggest; and when I had filled her glass with choice Madeira I muttered to myself, "the Fates must take charge of the rest."

I could notice that her agitation was very great, but that she fought nobly against it, and especially that my wife should not observe her emotion. Our talk at first was chiefly of the dinner; and fortunately there was nothing to say on this head but praise.

As I deemed it likely that I might detect Frank and his disguise before his wife might be aware of his presence, I had prearranged with Georgina that I would signal the fact of his being come by ordering the waiter to give me Champagne, which if I took in a glass intended for Bordeaux was to mean that I saw him. I was relating some commonplace anecdote when I gave this order, and then went on with my story. I watched her, however, steal a glance toward my glass, and saw a slight tremor pass over her as the man filled it.

"Do you really like dining in this fashion?" asked I, with a half-careless air; "or is it too irregular, too disorderly, for your taste?"

"I like it," said she, hastily, but not raising her head as she spoke.

"I like it too," said my wife; "but I own M. Dubos and his good cookery go a considerable way in biasing my judgment; and I half suspect, if we were able to have such a *chef* at home, I'd rather dine *there* than *here*."

"I protest loudly," cried I, "against any warped opinion. I stand up for my rural delights, and will do battle for my rose-buds and nightingales and almond-blossoms against all comers." I watched Frank while I was speaking, and by a concerted sign encouraged him to draw nearer, and busy himself at a side-table. I then filled Georgina's glass with Champagne,

"FRANK WAS NOW STANDING BEHIND HER CHAIR, ALMOST BENDING OVER HER."

and whispered a few words to her.

"Yes," said she, timidly, but still aloud—"yes, *he* liked it; but, as in every thing else, he was so capricious that one never could say when he would declare it was odious."

My wife actually started with astonishment at these words. Never before had she heard from Georgina any thing but unqualified praise of her husband.

"How tiresome these capricious people are!" said I. "They impart to existence all the miseries of the ague; to think when you are not burning you are shivering."

"Worse than that," chimed in Georgina, "they make one distrust his own nature. The very fact that you see what you intended accepted as something exactly the opposite, leads you to suppose there must be some terrible want of right perception in yourself, and you begin to distrust not only every thing but every body."

"If one were to analyze all his food before he began to eat it nutrition would go on somewhat slowly," said I.

"And wouldn't the food be very appetizing, besides?" said Georgina, laughing.—"I declare to you, I was quite worn out with eternal trials; for I wasn't merely questioned, like the man in the book, what I should do if I saw a white bear, but I was threatened with a whole region of bears."

Frank was now standing behind her chair, almost bending over her, his face glowing with rage, and his eyes starting out of their sockets.

"I don't think I ever heard you speak in this way before," said my wife, whose voice had a twang of rebuke in it very palpable and remarkable.

"Perhaps not. Perhaps these surroundings," said she, with a laugh, "have led me on to expansiveness; perhaps I couldn't repress it any longer."

"What was the feather that broke the camel's back?" said my wife.

"My dear friend, it was a wool-pack! Please tell this man not to lay his hand on my chair."

Frank started back, almost staggering, and then recovering himself he walked slowly round the table till he came directly in front of her.

Georgina glanced at him hastily, and said, "These people, I take it, don't understand English?"

"Of course not," I replied; "but why do you ask?"

"There's a creature yonder has a wonderful look of Frank, if it were possible that cutting off his beard could make him so hideous."

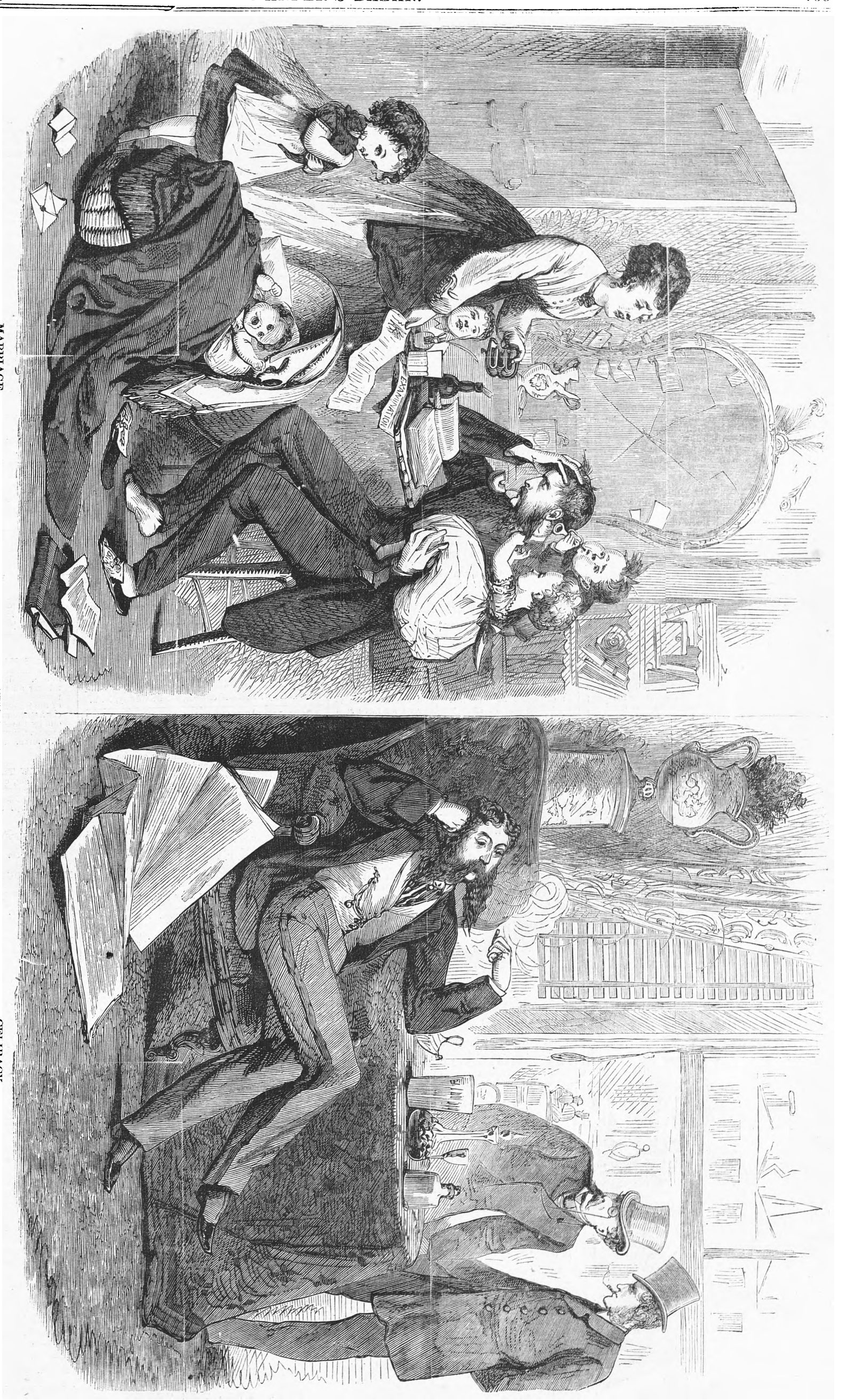
"Good Heavens, woman!" shouted he, in a voice wild with passion, "are you so utterly heartless, so shamelessly lost to all feeling as this?"

Before this short burst was over Georgina had fallen fainting to the ground. Her effort had been more than she had strength for, and it was long before we could bring her back to life and consciousness. When at length her heart rallied, and the film passed from before her eyes, the first object she saw was her husband kneeling at her feet and covering her hand with kisses.

We had told him every thing, and his delight was boundless.

Frank was cured; but I declare I'll not treat such another case as long as I live.

MARRIAGE VERSUS CELIBACY.



MARRIAGE OR CELIBACY?

I.

MARRIAGE or Celibacy? That's the question
Which worries men and women nowaday:
Our land's too small for us, so people say;
And no one has a sensible suggestion.
What is the luckless bachelor to do
Whose wants are numerous, whose hundreds very few?

II.

See at his club he sits, and the effervescent
Fluid beside him laves the lucid ice;
Witty his friends, his coats extremely nice,
Fragrant his weeds. Why can't he be quiescent,
Dismiss his matrimonial dreams, and harden
His heart against the girl he saw at Winter Garden?

III.

Her voice was musical, her eyes were luminous,
Her fair fresh face was like a rich rose-cluster,
She was a dream of loveliness and lustre:
Ay, that's the way our friend becomes voluminous
In eulogy. His cronies, in derision,
Should ask him what 'twill cost to keep the pretty vision.

IV.

No: best keep single, if you are not strong.
Eat your gay dinners by the breezy shore;
Laugh with light LESBIA; deem a wife a bore;
Do all that's pleasant, whether right or wrong.
What though you pass, and leave no name or trace?
Our country little needs your weak and frivolous race.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE old-fashioned method of converting fruit into rich sweetmeats by adding "a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit," has been almost entirely superseded by the various processes of "canning." By hermetically sealing fruit the original flavor is very perfectly preserved, and a much more wholesome condiment for the table is secured than the rich preserves in which our mothers used to take so much pride. To be sure their store-rooms made a fine display of rows of glass jars and tumblers filled with brilliant-colored contents. And it was a matter of friendly competition among housewives whose sweets should look the handsomest. But nowadays the great point is not so much the *color* as the *flavor* of the fruit.

Great care should be taken in the selection of fruit for canning. Some varieties can not be preserved at all, unless canned when perfectly fresh, and success is more certain if this particular is always regarded. The fruit should be nearly or quite ripe, but bear no signs of decay. Instead of boiling the fruit, it has been recommended to steam it, thus preserving it unbroken. Many put it into jars before cooking at all, boiling it in water a few minutes afterward. A little sugar is frequently used in canning, but many who have been very successful in this business say that no sugar is necessary, and that the flavor of the fruit is retained better without it.

Nova Scotia is recommended as a summer resort. It is said that throughout all of our heated term not a single case of sun-stroke was reported there, and the residents and visitors—of whom there were many—were enjoying splendid weather, with pure and refreshing breezes from the Atlantic. Halifax is much frequented by summer visitors, and yet the Province contains many pleasanter spots, which would be specially attractive if there were good accommodations for visitors.

An exchange cautions young ladies against traveling alone in the cars—mentioning the case of a young lady who was recently traveling on one of the principal lines of railroads in this State, and in order to make certain connections, was obliged to prolong her ride through the night. An intelligent-looking gentleman occupied the seat with her, and commenced conversing. The lady made little reply, and soon turned toward the window; and leaning her head upon her hand, appeared to be asleep. She was, however, too well experienced in traveling to sleep under such circumstances. It was not long before she became conscious of the fumes of chloroform arising beneath her face, and instantly the real character of her would-be companion flashed upon her. Waiting a moment in calm self-possession, she distinctly heard the motion of the villain's hand, which had found its way behind her, compressing a rubber vessel from which the deadening fumes were arising; and then suddenly throwing open the window, she breathed the fresh air before her senses had become affected. Having thus rescued herself, she bestowed one significant look upon the rascal, who speedily left the car. She preferred going on her way to being subjected to the delay that would be caused by seeking an exposure of the attempted villainy.

The happiness of a family depends largely upon a wise regimen of food. Yet, as a general thing, there is too much cooking done. Rich cakes and pastry are not what children or even grown people should indulge in freely. But ripe fruit might with great advantage be used instead of hot breakfast dishes and unwholesome desserts. If it is desired to cook the fruit, excellent puddings, far more healthful than those compounded with the ordinary rich or heavy pastry, may be very easily made with apples, peaches, huckleberries, or any well-flavored and juicy fruit, in this way: Take a fresh loaf of baker's bread, or better still, what are called "Sally Lunns," cut in slices, spread with butter, and line a pudding-dish with them. Put in the fruit, properly prepared; when peaches are used, the flavor is better to retain the stones. If the dish is deep, put a couple of slices of bread-and-butter between the fruit. Cover the whole with slices, and bake. If the fruit is not very juicy a little water should be added. With a nice, sweet sauce the pudding is excellent.

There is an article used in Paris for cleaning watches called "Essence Lemoine." It has been proved that it is simply pure benzine, combined with some substance to give it a pleasant odor. Benzine is said to be excellent for cleansing watches, removing all the grease and dirt, without disturbing the gilding or affecting the shellac cement used for fastening in the jewels.

Those who are now in the country might lay up treasures for winter by gathering grasses, ferns, and leaves, and drying or pressing them. A tasteful combination of these make pretty and enduring bouquets, which will give the parlor a cheerful look in winter when fresh blossoms are difficult to obtain. Even the common grasses are graceful and beautiful; and by adding to what can easily be obtained in summer, a good selection of autumn leaves, the variety in color is charming. Ferns need to be pressed with great care, but when well pressed and carefully placed in vases, they last a long time, and look well.

What is said to be the prettiest cottage at Nahant is a log-cabin, every log of which was brought from Canada wrapped in cotton wool. This cottage is embowered in trees and shrubbery, and, with its vermilion-colored wood-work, and the gray lichens on its sloping roof, is one of the most picturesque objects in the village.

The French impart an artificial flavor to apples and pears by plucking the fruit before quite ripe, pricking it all over with a fine needle, and placing it in a vessel with essence of any desired kind. The exhalations of the essence are absorbed in a few seconds by the fruit, and the operation is repeated several times until the fruit is ripe, when it will be found to have acquired the desired taste.

The Marine Garden at Toulon, France, boasts of containing the largest rose-bush in existence. It is called the Lady Banks, and covers a wall seventy-five feet in width and eighteen feet in height. The trunk measures, near the root, two feet eight inches. During the month of April it produces 50,000 white roses. The oldest known rose-bush is the one which grows upon the wall of the cathedral Hildesheim, Prussia. It is one thousand years of age, and from its trunk, which is one foot in diameter, extend six branches fifteen feet in height.

The recent eclipse of the sun, which was visible only in parts of the eastern hemisphere, was, from a combination of many circumstances, a very remarkable astronomical event. According to all calculations, a similar one will not occur for centuries to come. The duration of the total eclipse, in places where the phenomenon reached its highest point, was estimated to be not less than six minutes and fifty seconds. England, France, and Germany sent expeditions to various places in India and elsewhere, which promised to be favorable points for observation. The physical structure of the sun is a matter which science has found but little opportunity to investigate; and the results of these expeditions will be looked to with much interest.

A singular occurrence—the bursting of a glacier—occurred the latter part of July, at Chamounix, Savoy. It was announced by a peal of thunder and a continuous roar, which aroused every one in the village. Presently what seemed a puff of smoke was seen on the crest of the mountain that supports the Glacier des Pelerins, and a cry was raised that the glacier had burst, bringing with it part of the moraine that had kept it within bounds. The avalanche rushed on, bringing with it pine-trees, huge boulders, rude bridges, and deserted chalets, until it reached the pretty Cascade du Dard. Here, tearing down trees, it opened an immense track and overflowed the meadows and gardens of the Hotel Royal. After spending its fury for twenty minutes on meadow and peasant land, this muddy mass formed itself into a large lake, which will remain some time, to be regarded by tourists as an event which is very rare in the valley of the Chamounix.

A stylish-looking young girl was standing on the piazza of Congress Hall, Saratoga, a short time ago. She was chatting with a gentleman who *appeared* to be a highly respectable business man. She was overheard to say to him:

"Now, I bet on the horse you told me to bet on, and I lost my ten dollars."

"Well, I lost twenty-one hundred dollars on the same horse," was the answer.

"Too bad, isn't it?"

What a pity that young girls should be drawn into the practice of betting!

Punch says that fashion, in regard to color and caloric, is more unscientific as touching male than female attire. It requires men to put themselves into suits of black when they go to dance in crowded ball-rooms. The consequence is liquefaction. In such weather as we have had lately men should wear a fatigue dress-coat, waistcoat, and trowsers made, as the *Lancet* suggests, of white flannel. It might, if needful, be trimmed with pink, scarlet, or sky-blue, or any other tint suitable to the tomfoolery of capering, and satisfactory to the ladies.

A snow-storm is reported from Mount Washington. Very refreshing in August!

From Rome we learn that Miss Hosmer has completed her "Waking Fawn," satisfactorily to herself. Her first conception of this idea did not please her, and although completed in marble, and a large offer made for it, she refused to allow it to leave her studio. Its successor is undoubtedly finer, and it is already bought, and will be immediately put into marble and sent to England.

In Madrid it is not the custom for ladies to take any special care of their children: they commit them, when infants, to the charge of Asturian nurses. These nurses are dressed by their mistresses, who seem to vie with each other in adorning them as richly as possible. The costume is very pretty. A short skirt of silk or velvet, generally scarlet or bright blue, with a bodice opened in front and laced across. An apron of black and silver, or black and gold, tied behind with a bow, and long ends; a colored silk handkerchief over the head, from under which the hair hangs in two long plaits below the waist. The skirt of the dress is generally trimmed with broad bands of velvet, sometimes edged with gold or silver, and the body, which is cut square about the throat, with innumerable little silver buttons. Long ear-rings are worn, and a chain of silver or coral is coiled many times around the neck.

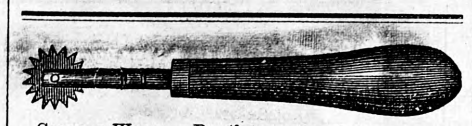
A highly cultivated circle in Paris are at present much interested in a new and great marvel. A young girl, about thirteen years old, who has received only an ordinarily good education, has exhibited remarkable mental precocity. She speaks a number of languages with extraordinary ease, and has rapidly developed within a few months a depth and extent of knowledge of every kind which is literally miraculous. Her reading has been limited, and her knowledge of the world slight, yet there is scarcely an event in history, a great work of art, a distinguished man of letters, an artist, monarch, or statesman, unknown to her. Of all these she speaks as if they were known to her by experience. Her mind darts like lightning in conversation from hint to conjecture, and she surmises and draws forth facts and truths with a strange power. There is nothing supernatural about her, but the power she has appears to be purely mental.

The latest fashionable diversion in Paris is to spend an hour in the air in a balloon, which is confined to the earth by a strong cable. Elegant ladies and gentlemen take their afternoon airing thus instead of on wheels.

There are a good many people in the world who are about as reasonable in their complaints about men and things as a certain little boy we once heard about. His dinner did not suit him, so his mother made that all right; then his cup did not satisfy him, so another was brought; then his chair was not right, and his father took him on his lap, saying, "Are you all right now?" The boy looked around the room, and seeing the cat crossing the floor with tail erect, he said aloud, in a vexed voice, "There! the old cat's tail sticks up!" The cat's tail was, in his case, the straw that broke the camel's back.

Market-prices in Alaska present a great temptation to emigrate—not to mention the weather. For example: Deer, from $3 to $4; grouse, 25 cents each; ducks, 25 cents each; wild-geese, 75 cents to $1; snipe, 50 cents a dozen; clams, 25 cents a basket; halibut, as much as you can carry for 75 cents; cod, 50 cents for a big fish; salmon, during the season, from 10 to 25 cents each.

In a recent "Book About Spain" the writer gives a more pleasant view of the Queen of Spain than is usual. "She is exactly like her photographs, except that you must add to them a nose and lips that look as if newly stung by a wasp. She has, however, a frank, pleasing expression, which makes you fancy she must have been comely enough when she was young; and her manners are said to be singularly agreeable, and withal queenly Every one says that after you have been a short time in her company you forget what she is in the charm of her manner. Among the lower classes and the country people she is popular. Whatever the Queen may be, she never had a fair chance of being an honest woman, and she is at least as much sinned against as sinning. In her younger days she was regularly encouraged and trained in all sorts of excesses by her mother, who was anxious to keep the power in her own hands by any means within reach. The King looks like a little boy who has been very well whipped, and he is almost lost to sight behind his wife's portly figure. He is always spoken of with the greatest contempt, and is called '*Paquito*,' the extreme diminutive of Francisco. He is a meagre, weak-looking little man, with a high treble voice, which makes him still more ridiculous."



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by News-dealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

FACETIÆ.

A HINT.—If you want to induce a friend to *give up* any unnecessary habit, this is the weather to do it.

A traveler, among other narrations of wonders of foreign parts, declared he knew a cane a mile long. The company looked incredulous, and it was evident they were not prepared to swallow it, even if it should have been a sugar-cane. "Pray, what kind of a cane was it?" asked a gentleman, sneeringly. "It was a hurricane," replied the traveler.

One of our crockery merchants will hereafter import fashion plates. He has an eye to business.

An elderly Pennsylvania woman, with her daughter, looking at the marble statue of Girard in the college building the other day, startled the by-standers by exclaiming, "La! Sally, how white he was!"

In Nevada, a contemplative Digger Indian sat watching a party of base-ball players, who seemed to him to be working very hard. Turning to one of them, he asked, "How much you get one day?"

A widow lady received a present of a turkey. "Who sent it?" she asked of the Irish porter. "I was tould not to tell," said he. "Ah! I can guess," said the lady. "Bedad," said the porter, "that's just what I tould Deacon Grant."

Biddy came back from whortleberrying, and was asked if she found the berries plenty. "Sure, yes," said she, "but the dry weather has made them so small that it takes the whole of a peck to make a quart."

A WRIT OF ERROR—The slip of the pen.

EPITHALAMIUM.

Something Patti-cularly gay
We're called upon to tell;
How dainty Patti, t'other day,
Got married to a swell.

For *Diva's* reasons, to be wed
Patti resolved, we know;
Co-partnership, no doubt, was one
That made her take a Caux.

In church sweet Adelina leaned
On Caux, so brave and strong.
The Cockneys said, "'Twas plain, for him
She 'ad a leaning long."

The bridemaids, as in duty bound,
In copious torrents shed
Salt tears—when Caux his Patti kissed
And patted on the head!

The *déjeuner* was served, of course,
In silver Patti-pans;
And all the beverages were
Brought up in cocoa-cans!

But here we hope that Patti may
Be happy as she's meet,
And some fine day, his new *bonne bouche*
Caux may not try to eat!

That Marquis Caux may never find,
We pray, his Patti cold—
Nor Patti lose her appetite
For love, and turn a scold!

EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

SCENE—"THE PARK."—LADY'S BACK HAIR FALLS OFF, AND IS WORRIED BY TWO LITTLE DOGS (UNMUZZLED).

SISTER. "Come along, Ellen; why don't you Look as if it did not Belong to you?"

HEATED FANCIES.

DEAR SIR,—In this unusually tropical weather any hints that conduce to the comfort of our suffering fellow-creatures must be very acceptable. I venture to send you a few ingenious devices by means of which I have experienced great relief during the intense heat of the last few weeks:

Diet.—This is a very important point. All sweet things should be avoided, as tending to heat and acidity. By taking a tea-spoonful of common salt in a large cup of hot tea every two hours, the whole system will be refreshed, and the stomach kept cool. Meat should be avoided. West India pickles and capsicums are an excellent prophylactic.

Dress.—This should be light and porous. Thin sponges sown together, and kept moist, form a very comfortable garment. I have tried as a head-dress a square helmet of light wicker-work covered with green gauze curtains to keep off the flies; it should be lined with cabbage-leaves at the top; or a few branches of the sycamore-tree, arranged like a wigwam, will be found to shade the eyes and keep the head cool.

Bathing.—This should be carefully avoided, except in very hot water. I have found it very useful to have my bath fitted with a large spirit-lamp, and I stay in till the water boils; I find, on coming out, that the air feels comparatively cool, even in the hottest part of the day.

As for general directions, I strongly advise the avoidance of all excitement or emotion of any sort. For instance, if you should happen to fall head foremost into a wasps' nest, as I did the other day, you will find it much better to lie still and allow the busy little insects to amuse themselves by stinging you than, by trying to escape, to heat and flurry yourself.

Above all, avoid politics, unripe fruit, duns, strong spirits, fatal accidents, and high animal food; you will then find that the heat is by no means so unbearable as some would lead us to think. I remain, Sir,

Yours coolly, ISIDORE ISIR.

COUNTRY FARMER (*at the Art Exhibition*).—"I've heeard as the paint on some o' these yere 'picters' comes to a matter o' ten dollars sometimes, let alone the man's time a-layin' of it on, yer know!"

ARMY LITERATURE—Magazines and reviews.

SUGGESTIVE ADVERTISING.

We read in a paper:

A FOREIGN LADY, who is about to travel, wishes to meet with a *cheerful* young widow, who would join her.

The lady is, no doubt, particular; but would not some hilarious bereaved mother or jolly young orphan do as well?

TRUE INDEED.—He who would make a name in life must have an aim in life.

A PRACTICAL ARTIST—A man who can always draw his salary.

NO PLACE LIKE THE CITY.—The man who has a stake in the country writes to say that he is longing to get back to a chop in town.

A COLLECTION OF GOOD CONS.

Which of the English monarchs had most reason to complain of the laundress?—John, when his baggage was lost in the Wash.

What roof covers the most noisy tenant?—The roof of the mouth.

Why is a woman who has lost her lover like a whale?—Because she is a se-creter of great sighs (size).

What is the difference between a belle and a burglar?—One wears false locks and the other false keys.

Why is a washer-woman the most cruel person in the world?—Because she daily wrings men's bosoms.

Why did William Tell shudder when he shot the apple from his son's head?—Because it was an-arrow escape.

How much does a fool weigh generally?—A simple-ton.

What part of a ship is good for youngsters?—The spanker.

Why is a laundress like an insult?—Because she gets up your collar.

When does a member of Congress display most physical strength?—When he moves the House.

Why is the gamut like a gambling-saloon?—Because it's full of sharps and flats.

Why is a fast horse not a fine horse?—Because he's a coarser (courser).

When is a literary work like smoke?—When it comes in volumes.

A THOUGHT.—"Man is a mere machine." At the present time he is principally a bathing-machine.

A "STEADY STEP"—The taking of "the *pledge!*"

THE CLOTHES OF THE SEASON—The "Latest Fashions!"

APPROPRIATE EPITAPHS.

On a Liar.—He *lies* here, his spirit's fled; he can not lie because he's dead.

On a Cobbler.—He spent his all (*awl*); he lived too fast; and at death's call he breathed his *last.*

On a Printer.—He locked up forms while he had breath, and now he's *locked* in the arms of death.

On an Editor.—He who lies in this small space was good for he did right (*write*) always.

On a Beer-seller.—In life he measured out his *beer*, and now he measures his length here.

On a Fishmonger.—No longer in good fish he deals, for death has got him by the (h)eels.

An apothecary, even in the streets, is known by his *lineaments.*

TO ARTISTS ON WOOD.

SUGGESTION FOR A CUT—Sticking-plaster.

MENTAL ARITHMETIC—Abstraction.

A GOOD CUTTING REASON.

ALICE. "Angela, what *have* I done to Offend you? You have avoided me the whole Evening."

ANGELA. "I'm not Offended, but your Dress perfectly Kills mine, and I really can't be seen with you."

DESIGN FROM NATURE.(?)—TOILETTE DU SOIR À LA SIRÈNE.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 47.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

CARRIAGE AND DINNER DRESSES.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Carriage and Dinner Dresses.

Fig. 1.—CARRIAGE DRESS. Under-skirt of plain blue foulard, with a deep flounce, three-eighths of a yard wide, cut in points on each side; these points are edged with white guipure, the top ones forming the heading of the flounce. Over-skirt of white foulard, sprigged with blue, and trimmed with two flounces bordered with narrow white guipure; this skirt is caught up on each side by two blue ribbons, an inch and a half wide, covered with guipure insertion, and edged on both sides with narrow guipure. Low corsage and Marie Antoinette fichu like the over-skirt. Round, flat hat of white straw, trimmed with roses, with black lace strings.

Fig. 2.—DINNER DRESS. Pink silk under-skirt, trimmed with three flounces. Over-skirt of white gauze, with stripes alternately opaque and transparent, trimmed with a flounce, surmounted by two ruches turned in the contrary direction, and confined by a fold of pink silk. This skirt is looped up on each side by bows of pink ribbon, and is short in front and very long behind, in the Watteau fashion (with large pleats in the back).

A GLIMPSE.

OFT, when the night is clear, I meet,
Reeling through his yellowing vines
Tired Autumn, both his ivory feet
Stained in the brown juice of his wines.
With purple grapes his forehead crowned,
And shocks of corn about his ears,
And from his shoulder to the ground
Long webs of rime whose woven spheres
Trail torn and hoar and grayly drowned
In myriad twinkles, and the year's
Aroma in his bosom bound.
Seeing no artifice be vain
In these cool hours he numbers them again,
With his completed work a moment lingers,
Powders with golden dust the millet glume,
Curls the crisp leaf, and in his dripping fingers,
Pinches the pomegranate's carbuncled bloom.
Threading with cunning care his gorgeous mazes,
Freezing fantastic mist above the springs,
Veiling the distances in happy hazes
And all the woodland under filmy wings,
Slowly he glides, rapt in his subtle fancies,
Now burnishes a bough with golden gleams,
Now reddens all the leaves beneath his glances,
And, beckoning the northern lights' wild streams,
Smiles well content among his necromancies
And seeks the sweet companionship of dreams—
What time with one star on the tip
Of each extended wing alway,
While his meridians wheel and dip
The Swan flies down the Milky Way.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1868.

BEFORE THE DOCTOR COMES.

IN case of any sudden attack of disease it is well to know what to do, or avoid doing, to the sufferer during those anxious moments before the doctor comes. Specific directions can be given for particular cases, but there is this general rule applicable to all: *Don't go to the medicine chest*, if you have the misfortune to possess one. More maladies are to be found in it than remedies, and it is an axiom that in those houses where most drugs are used the greatest number of diseases prevail.

There are, however, certain things which can be done by unprofessional persons even, for the relief of most diseases, provided that they will take the trouble to inform themselves of what is proper to do. This information, indeed, it is the duty of every one to acquire, for upon its completeness and proper application may depend the lives of thousands. There are few diseases, if any, which require active interference, and the main thing to learn is how to abstain judiciously from it. There is an almost irresistible tendency to force some disagreeable stuff or other down the throat of a sick person. No drug of any kind, unless its action is thoroughly understood, and the occasion for its use perfectly apparent, should ever be given by other than the doctor. It is a mistake to suppose that medicines are essentially beneficent in their operation, or, if not positively beneficial, are innocent. If drugs do no good they are sure to do a good deal of harm, and physicians of the wisest experience are the most distrustful of them. As a general rule, then, in case of a sudden attack of disease, whatever it may be, don't look to the medicine chest for relief.

The main object of a non-professional person should be, as in fact it must be of the professional, to facilitate the satisfaction of the apparent wants of the sufferer from disease. If there is evident thirst, give him drink; if a gasping for air, let him have it; if there is a sensation of heat, apply cold; and if of cold, supply warmth. It is always more prudent to act in accordance with the instinctive desires of the patient than the acquired opinions of the attendant. Nature is a surer guide than art.

There is no greater mistake than the prevalent idea that when we have a sick person we must always be doing. A great deal of mischief arises from this benevolent but harmful diligence. A person falls down in a swoon, and we forsooth, in our well-intentioned but fatal ignorance, murder him by putting and keeping him on his legs. Another lies prostrate from exhaustion, and while a provident nature strives to restore him with repose, we torture him to death by an affectionate but worrying solicitude.

In case of any sudden attack of disease, the first thing to do is, of course, to remove any apparent cause of it. The next is to place the patient under those circumstances known to be favorable to the comfort, convenience, and health of all people, well or ill. Unloose every tightened garment, lay the sufferer upon a bed or sofa where the limbs can be stretched at perfect ease, and after supplying the immediate and apparent want, whether of air, water, heat, or cold, let him alone until the doctor comes.

CHILDREN'S NAMES.

PARENTS are apt to think that they have the right to call their children what they please. We would remind them, however, that, apart from the claims of good taste, which should never be disregarded, every mother's son and daughter have a vested interest in the names bestowed upon them. Parents have no right, socially, to disqualify their offspring by affixing to them either inappropriate or unseemly appellations.

In well-regulated families the simple rule is followed of giving the children the names of their grand-parents, parents, and other relatives. In Scotland the first son is named after the father's father, the first daughter after the mother's mother, the second son after the father, and the second daughter after the mother. This is a good general rule to follow, which however admits of exceptions. No one, for example, should perpetuate an ancestral name which has graced the Newgate Calendar, been affixed to the village stocks, or swung from the gallows-tree. If the appellation, moreover, should be positively ugly, it ought to have the go-by. There is nothing gained by reviving the Hezekiah Hogsflesh, for example, of some near relative, however reputable and dearly beloved. Parents can do no better than strengthen the family bond of union by a repetition to the furthest generation of the family names from which the ugly and disreputable have been weeded out.

The prevailing Christian names in an English or American family are an indication more or less of its origin. The predominance of Franks, Charleses, Hughs, Isabels, Louisas, Catherines, etc., is a proof of cavalier, as that of Hezekiahs, Reubens, Jonahs, Jonathans, Rebeccas, Marthas, etc., is of Puritanic descent.

Names, however, are now frequently given which indicate nothing more than the peculiar sentiments, tastes, caprices, and fancies of those who bestow them. The pious are apt to turn to the Bible for a choice, and affix to their children, with a fond and almost superstitious hope of sanctification, the names of some patriarch, saint, or apostle. It is curious how little discrimination is sometimes used in selecting appellations from the Holy Book, which is supposed with simple reverence to render sacred every thing it may contain. We have all heard of the mother who insisted upon calling her first-born Beelzebub, for it was, she declared, a Scriptural name, which none could gainsay. We know two promising scions of a serious family, who bear respectively the names of Abiathar Benaiah, and Jonah Jonathan.

The sentimental are apt to be guided by the last novel they have read, and to borrow the name of a favorite hero or heroine for the beloved son or daughter of their house. "Our second child, a girl," says the Vicar of Wakefield, "I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who during her pregnancy had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia."

The patriotic choose national names; and thus the Patricks abound in Ireland, the Georges in England, the Andrews in Scotland, the Hermanns in Germany, the Louises in France, and the Washingtons and Franklins in the United States. In selecting the names of distinguished people for their children, it would be wise for parents to await the full verdict of posterity before committing themselves to any one's reputation for greatness. It is not safe to assume the excellence of any contemporary name, and affix to a child a supposed honorable appellation which time may turn into a stigma of disgrace.

It is better perhaps to avoid altogether the names of mark, for the children who bear them will necessarily suffer by the continually suggested comparison with those who first bore them. If their careers should be humble, their humility will be increased; if aspiring, their utmost reach will be deemed a shortcoming. Ridicule or disappointment must be the inevitable result. No William Shakspeare Smith, Francis Bacon Jones, Isaac Newton Brown, Julius Cæsar Jenkins, or Marcus Tullius Cicero Higgins can ever by any possibility, however gifted by nature and improved by art, reach a degree of poetry, philosophy, science, military heroism, and eloquence to justify his name, and, if but a simple mortal without extraordinary endowment, survive the ridicule of bearing it. Dickens has committed this error in regard to his children, among whom there are a Sydney Smith, a Francis Jeffrey, and an Alfred Tennyson. Dickens, however, thought no doubt that the splendor of his own name was such as to condemn already to comparative obscurity his offspring, and that they thus might not be harmed by any additional contrast of brilliancy reflected from his distinguished contemporaries.

If parents are, for want of family names, in search of others for their children, we would commend them to the familiar and unobjectionable ones of William, John, Francis, Charles, Henry, Mary, Margaret, Louisa, Sarah, Helen, etc. The early English names are getting greatly into vogue; and you may hear in almost every nursery the pretty appellations of Arthur, Edith, Ethel, Edgar, Alfred, and Edwin. These are mellifluous, and come from ancestors common to Americans and English, by both of whom their memory deserves to be perpetuated.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Behavior in Public Places.

MY DEAR ASPASIA,—When it was known that you were coming to Newport there was a great excitement among all the young persons of both sexes. I am of years beyond ruffling of that kind, but I confess that I was interested to see you, and awaited your arrival with pleased expectation. And what could be more natural, since you were heralded not as the most beautiful woman of the year—of which kind, indeed, I see a great many during the twelvemonth—but as a person of the most charming and perfect manners? My friend Mr. Pry is of the opinion that there is a fascination in manners beyond beauty. For he contends that while beauty is a natural endowment which may consort with a foolish mind and a vulgar nature, manners are the revelation of the soul, and nobody who has not a good heart can have fine manners. It is a bewitching theory which I am far from rejecting. Indeed, when I recall Aurelia, and trace her influence upon all who knew her intimately, I am disposed to take sides with Mr. Pry. Certainly intellectual refinement and a delicate mental apprehension usually accompany truly fine manners.

The evening that you came I repaired to the drawing-room to observe your entrance. You were very tastefully dressed; *with* the fashion rather than in it. For I have remarked that it is with fashion as with dancing. To take the steps carefully is ridiculous, but to move as if with the steps and in proper time is the height of easy motion. So to follow the fashion scrupulously in every fold and form is sure to give the impression of a strict worship of the fashion-plates, or of being a dress-maker's advertisement. But to dress generally and not rigorously in conformity with the mode is to be well-dressed. The test of true taste is the knowledge where and how to avoid the letter of the fashion while the spirit is retained. And in this sense I was pleased to remark that you were a person of true taste, and not a dandy, for the word seems to me no less applicable to your sex than to ours. I was not very near to you, so that I could not engage you in conversation, but I was near enough to hear your little remarks as the compliments of welcome were paid to you. I was particularly glad to see your demeanor toward the spoiled youth who figure most conspicuously in the dancing-room, and whose manner toward ladies is insolently familiar. This offensive familiarity the young gentlemen strangely mistake for ease. But the lady who suffers it permits herself to be insulted.

Presently, however, came the trial, and I fear that you failed, or, more justly, that you did not fully succeed. When Mrs. Stilton accosted you before the entire company as an old friend, your reception of her said plainly, "You vulgar woman, know your place!" Now Mrs. Stilton is vulgar, but she is well-meaning, and she has no sinister intention, when she speaks to you or to any one, of "presuming," as the expression is. It is an exuberant tone, a gushing manner, which is really harmless, however loud and warm. But it seemed to me that while your manner said what I have described, it also said: "It will never do for me on this first evening to have it appear that this dreadful dowdy is one of my friends." Consequently it seemed to me that your manner was haughty, and a little contemptuous; and when I afterward heard Mrs. Stilton say to Mrs. Shrimp that you were "very high and mighty," and "dreadfully stuck-up all of a sudden," I knew precisely what she meant, and I fell then and subsequently into a meditation upon behavior in public places. That little incident was merely a text, however, and you are not to be considered guilty of any thing more than has been mentioned.

In church, for instance, the Furbelow family always enter just as the service begins, and come pattering and rustling up the aisle, and settle themselves ostentatiously in their pew, while their neighbors are bending their minds to the hymn or the reading or the prayer. The best disposed can not avoid a little distraction. Their eyes are caught by a bonnet or a bow, and their minds are diverted from the solemn theme. Besides, those who seriously wish to attend are annoyed, and fall into a temper of mind which is not favorable to religious reflection. This is not an accident upon the part of the Furbelows, it is a habit, an intention. They come late to church that they may excite observation. It is the lowest form of vulgarity, the cheapest ostentation. You may have observed upon Broadway people who wear queer hats, or very long hair, or some odd costume. They are people who can not attract public regard by any good deed or word, and so gratify an itch for observation by becoming at once ridiculous and notorious. I never see the Furbelows flourishing untimely into church but I think of some of the queer objects in Broadway, who attain the same distinction in the same manner.

At concerts or other secular entertainments, as they are called, we may remark this same conduct. During the winter I was at a concert with a friend who is very fond of music—to whom, indeed, it is a kind of religion; and who is as much shocked by inattention during a symphony of Beethoven as by levity in church while the litany is read. Near us sat the gay young bride Adalgisa, and with her was a mob of gentlemen. The bride was very pretty and very proud of her retinue. She giggled, and whispered, and tapped with her fan, and engaged half a dozen gentlemen at once in conversation. My friend Serena, whose attention was incessantly diverted from the noble music, grew very red, and I saw an expression of indignation gathering upon her face. But she is much too wise a woman ever to speak when her face is red, so she sat quietly and listened as well as she could, while the chattering bride became noisier than ever. At length Serena was wholly calm again, and when the movement was ended, and there was a pause, she turned to Adalgisa and said: "My dear, you ought not to be allowed to go to concerts until you know how to behave. Remember that sensible people come to hear music, and those who wish to laugh and talk should stay at home." Adalgisa and her company stared, and then looking at each other, burst into loud laughter. But they could make no other reply; and I suspect they saw in the faces of those of the audience who heard what Serena had said, decided sympathy and approval of her words. I know that the bride did not giggle again, and that we had silence during the rest of the concert.

In the cars, also, I have often observed, and I have not omitted to record, various instances of unhandsome behavior. The most obnoxious is the occupation of seats by shawls and bags and bundles, and the air of injury with which they are removed upon request. Sylvius and Chloe come into the car and turn over the seat in front of them, upon which Chloe throws her traveling-bag and Sylvius disposes his boots. Have you observed the guilty air with which they regard the gentleman and lady who are passing through the car looking in vain for a seat? The very tone in which Chloe remarks, "There's plenty of room in the next car," convicts her. She ventures upon an untruth to relieve her uneasiness. What does she know of the seats in the next car? The blushing hussy! Why does she not yield to her consciousness of blame? Yes, Chloe, take up that bag; say courteously, "Here is a place," and content yourself with the seat for which you have paid, and with the space that satisfies every body else. It is not Chloe only, however, who is to blame. There are other offenses against good manners in cars than those of occupying seats that do not fairly belong to us. When Vinegra opens the door and glances over the passengers as if they were in conspiracy against her happiness, and then rapidly advancing, says loudly to her companion, "These seats seem to be all taken up by one person in each," she puts them all in conspiracy against her. The most courteous gentleman in the car, who instantly rises to offer the seat which he alone occupies, feels that he is offering it to a termagant. But he is loyal to the sex, and does not suffer himself to murmur. Chloe and Vinegra must, I think, have graduated at the same school of deportment.

There is also a habit, which is very much cherished, of staring at the strangers whom you meet at a friend's house; while it is a still higher stroke of fine behavior to annihilate them by your manner. Adalgisa, for instance, and Chloe meet in the drawing-room of Vinegra, and await her descent to receive their calls. Not knowing each other, which is to say not having been introduced, they obliterate each other. Adalgisa looks at a photograph album; Chloe gazes out of the window. Yet each, careful not to catch the other's eye, furtively studies the other's dress, and can report exactly what novelty it disclosed. They do not exist to each other until Vinegra enters. She breathes a word of introduction, and each begins to be to the other, but very vaguely and remotely. Each is upon guard, and behaves as if the other were probably a washer-woman in disguise. In some countries it might be assumed that we could not meet in a friend's drawing-room any one who was not worthy to be our friend, or at least acquaintance. And as for the washer-woman, all is not gold that glitters, every body is not a lady whom you meet in a drawing-room.

There is a reverend and pleasant habit in the country of gravely bowing to every body whom you pass upon the road. The patriarch and his wife, who jog by in a wagon, salute, without

curiosity or impertinence, the utter stranger. Among the lonely hills those who pass, although they never met before, nor shall ever meet again, recognize each other's humanity, and do not pass a fellow-man as they pass a cow in the field. So in foreign cities, when a funeral goes by every body upon the sidewalk stops and raises his hat in mute salutation. It is a very simple act, but it is very humanizing. It is a gentle and becoming tribute of respect. For coldness and hardness are not noble qualities, nor is the appearance of them beautiful. Superciliousness of manner is not loftiness, nor an affected superiority dignity. But our manners in public places seem to show that we think otherwise.

Read this on a rainy day, dear Aspasia, and write me privately if I am wrong.

Your ancient friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SILKS.

THERE is an advance of ten per cent. on all silks imported for the fall and winter. The supply will be very small. Importers say it has been difficult for American merchants to get their orders filled at the Lyons factories, owing to an unusually large demand for silk goods in Europe.

The glossy taffeta silk, a plain surface without cords, will be again worn. This is less expensive than gros grain and *poult de soie*. Changeable silks are promiscuously called glacé, shot silks, or chameleons. For the sake of perspicuity we will call them changeable silks. All the hues of the rainbow are reflected in the ever-changing surface of these beautiful goods. Instead of the plain black silk so generally worn, for street dresses we have this season a variety of dark shades blended with black, such as invisible green, blue, or purple. Bismarck is only seen in unison with blue or green; garnet and green combine, and a strange blending of colors forms the antique "frog" shades of last winter. There are heavy gros grains, seven-eighths of a yard wide, marked $8 a yard. Light silks for evening at $2 50 a yard are the "sunset" purple and gold; moonlight-gray, over which the colors flit like shadows on the water; and the beautiful opal, reflecting pink, white, and blue, like the gem after which it is named.

Striped silks are conspicuous among the importations. These are to be used as the foundation skirts of the elaborate costumes to be worn this winter. A changeable stripe alternates with one of solid color. Striped satins of gorgeous colors are shown for petticoats. Good taste suggests a black over-dress for these gay skirts. A bias border, twelve inches wide, of striped satin sewn on a black silk skirt makes a rich dress. The satin bought for this purpose is the linen back, worth $3 a yard.

SERGE.

The silk-faced serge that proved so perishable during the summer is not seen this season. A plain all-wool serge takes its place, and promises to be the standard woolen material. It is shown in solid colors of every shade, in changeable hues, and newer still in stripes. The buyer of the largest dry-goods house in the country said, "I was told at home not to buy stripes, but when I got to Paris there was nothing else to buy."

The gay plaids always seen in profusion in the early winter months are in smaller blocks, often merely checks, and of fewer colors. The Rob-Roy plaids, crimson and black blocks, and light blue and white, or scarlet in irregular checks, are suitable for children.

FRENCH CHINTZ.

French chintzes are in the usual small figures of bright colors on dark grounds at fifty cents a yard. Gay cashmere patterns in broad stripes are shown at seventy-five cents.

COSTUMES.

The first invoice of costumes indicates but little change from those lately worn. The wide Marie Antoinette flounce still remains. Sleeves are the straight coat shape, with very little trimming, and over-skirts are puffed and looped in a variety of ways. The regular panier over-skirt, a large puff behind made by a draw-string extending from the side seams across the back, is not so popular as the reversed tunic, long in front and tied loosely at the waist behind, or the Camargo skirt, which is looped at the back and sides by a bow or rosette. It is all-important that the skirt be flat in front, only slightly full at the sides, and very full at the back.

Striped costumes will be worn in all materials, woolen, silk, satin, and velvet. The petticoat is in wider stripes than the over-dress. The upper skirt and mantle are of the same material, in narrow stripes, or a changeable goods in which the colors of the petticoat are blended.

A Camargo costume of Parisian make has a serge petticoat of Humboldt purple striped with black. Plainly gored skirt, with bias flounce twelve inches wide sewed on in gathers. The corsage also striped is a mere chemise Russe, or blouse with drawstring instead of belt. Coat-sleeves trimmed with a fold of the same at top and bottom. Over-skirt of solid purple serge, laid in six deep pleats at every seam. Bias folds of striped serge on the seams. The back is long and caught up to the belt, forming a kind of scroll on the tournure. Black fringe surrounds the skirt, headed by a fold of bias stripes. Scarf mantilla of solid purple. The ends are round in front and crossed under the belt. No seam on the shoulder. A bias seam behind gives the proper shape. Two rosettes loop the back seam. The trimming is like that on the upper skirt. Price $80.

A costume of *cachou* poplin has a plain gored skirt. Graduated folds of the same piped with satin are on the front width. The polonaise, though almost tight, is worn with a belt. It is cut rounding in front to display the trimming of the skirt. The back also rounded is open and caught up in pleats, beneath a broad box-pleated sash, pendent from a bow on the belt. Folds and fringe are the trimming. Bretelles form a bertha at the back. Coat-sleeves with pointed cuff simply piped, and ornamented with three long buttons.

A fall costume for a Miss of fifteen is of gray winsey dashed with blue. The gored skirt is bordered with an eight-inch band of striped serge, blue and black. Short loose paletot trimmed with a blue and black fold. No waist. This is a French suit, valued at $25.

MANTLES.

Fall wrappings are mantles of various scarf shapes, round at the back and looped with rosettes. The ends are square, or if crossed under a belt, long and pointed. One of black faille at $35 is simply trimmed with a two-inch ruffle of the same, notched at the edge, and set on in small double pleats. Another of white French cloth is similarly shaped, with a narrow pointed hood at the back. Small scallops of the material piped with green satin is the trimming. The ends cross in front.

CLOAKS.

The polonaise with a round cape, a Watteau fold, or pelerine ends, is the standard shape for cloth and velvet cloaks. The narrow coat-sleeve still prevails. We have seen but one velvet cloak with wide, loose sleeves. The material is necessarily so thick that the garment must be cut almost tight-fitting to prevent a dumpy appearance at the waist. If the body of the garment is full it should be separate from the skirt, and pleated into a belt. Skirts are long, and puffed out as in costumes. The cloak of the season has evidently been designed by the modistes to form a complete constume, with merely the addition of a striped petticoat.

TRIMMINGS.

The trimming most used is fringe with rich headings, so elaborately made that the expense is equal to that of valuable lace. One piece on a velvet cloak has a netted heading four inches wide. The price in Paris was $12 a yard. Plain tassel fringes are very handsome, especially those of camel's-hair. Loops of ribbon, squares of velvet, feathers, quill shavings, chenille, and buttons, are in the headings.

A great deal of guipure lace will be worn on velvet with a passementerie heading of leaves and vines formed of tiny buttons. Passementerie rosettes, with long pendent tassels, are newer than sashes. Buttons are very large, sometimes three inches in diameter. Bows of faille, bunches, knots, and shells of ribbon are seen among the trimming and folds in great profusion. Cross-cut bands of velvet are edged with narrow satin. Faille and satin folds are placed alternately, or velvet and faille. Jet, which still remains on bonnets, has disappeared entirely from cloaks and dresses.

MODEL CLOAKS.

The fall cloaks are of purple, dark brown, and black cloth. A brown cloth polonaise is almost tight-fitting, but is worn with a belt. A large cape conceals the waist and arms. It is looped in the back with a rosette of passementerie, and bordered with fringe. A purple cloth of similar shape is trimmed with a two-inch band of velvet cut bias from the piece. Three narrow satin bands are stitched on above this. A fluted frill of satin edges the garment. Belt with long sash. Price $80.

A black velvet polonaise, intended for a slender figure, has a full pleated waist like a Garibaldi. The skirt is open at the sides, and connected with bands of lace. The trimming is pointed guipure, headed with passementerie of buttons, forming roses and leaves. Open sleeves, but not wide. Rosette and long tassels behind. A graceful garment of velvet fits the figure. The back is long and square, as if a lappet were added. Bands of faille piped with satin, headed with elaborate passementerie, border the skirt. A fall of wide guipure lace finishes the back. The open sides are ornamented with netted fringe. A round cape falls to the waist, trimmed with passementerie and fringe. Coat-sleeves, with deep lace cuffs. Large sash ornament and tassels. Price $250.

The costume cloaks are very long, reaching nearly to the edge of a short dress. A plain one for an elderly lady is marked $350. The velvet is the finest quality, the fringe $12 a yard. It is a Louis XV. polonaise, with large cape, looped in the back by an immense bow of faille, with ends. Another at $300, to be worn over a striped satin skirt, is of Lyons velvet. The waist is tight-fitting, like the corsage of a dress. The skirt is long and full, forming four large puffs, very *bouffante!* Bands of faille are laid on the seams between the puffs, with bow and ends halfway down the skirt. Guipure lace around the edge. A false cape, like a bertha with pelerine ends, may be taken off at pleasure. Coat-sleeves, with guipure cuff.

Most elegant of all is a long Polish casaque, trimmed with knots and bows of faille. The belt is set in, as so much velvet belted in enlarges the waist. A bertha square in front falls into pelerine lappets behind, with a bow of faille and velvet edged with fringe. The back of the skirt is open, with an inserted sash that widens gradually, and is finished at the pointed ends with wide guipure. The outline of the sash is marked on the skirt by knots of faille, strapped with velvet. The front of the garment has bows of faille from the throat to the hem. Coat-sleeves trimmed with guipure lace. Price $300.

BONNETS AND HATS.

There are no new developments in bonnets since our last issue. Strings of Syrian net, beaded with crystal, are placed over satin, in square set shapes. The advantage claimed is that they do not become limp and stringy as plain lace falls are apt to do. Garnet is prettily used in conjunction with gray and brown. A royal velvet, a French gray shade, is trimmed with leaves of shaded garnet. A handsome bonnet for an elderly lady is made of alternate folds of brown and garnet uncut velvet. Double rolling diadem with a Brazilian oriole head in the centre. Garnet ostrich plume at the side. Price $35.

In round hats we have the Deauville in black and white felt, and a startling novelty that we think rather *prononcée*—garnet and green felt. The Ophelia, with crown and rim in one, like an inverted basin, fits the head closely. A new variety of the Sultan cap has the upper crown of bright green or blue velvet, with a band of black Astrachan. A coquettish cap of black velvet, called the Robert, has a soft crown of two careless puffs. Quilted silk linings are among the desirable things in French hats. The yelva is similar to the Deauville but smaller, and round at the centre. This hat is the favorite with the leading milliners. A yelva of black velvet has a gold and green feather aigrette high in the front, with satin rosette on the forehead. Satin bow with lace ends behind.

The jauntiest hat shown us, and one which we predict will be in favor with skaters, is the Polonaise—a cap with stiff sloping sides, and sunken tip or crown. It is brought out in black Astrachan trimmed with jet aigrettes and chains. This Polish cap should be worn far back on the head, tipped slightly to the right; but it is the custom nowadays to carry every thing into extremes, following one fashion blindly without regard to the character of each garment. So we anticipate that the Polonaise will find its way down over foreheads and eyebrows, and the real design of the hat be thus lost.

The Figaro resembles a gentleman's smoking-cap. It is a turban of Astrachan with a network crown of chenille falling into a pouch at the side with tasseled ends. Colored silk may be placed beneath the open netting of chenille.

For information received thanks are due to the courtesy of Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co., and PARTRIDGE & BALLARD.

PERSONAL.

EVIDENTLY Mr. MARK TWAIN is a personal favorite with his friends, some of whom recently presented him with a silver brick worth fifty dollars, with an inscription referring to Matthew v. 4: "And whoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him, Twain."

—Drs. ELIZABETH and EMILY BLACKWELL are about to found a Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, designed to take a higher rank than any similar institution in the United States. A three years' course of study is required of the graduates, who will be thoroughly instructed in medicine and hygiene, the latter being made a very prominent feature under the special charge of Dr. ELIZABETH BLACKWELL. The professors and examiners rank among the leading physicians of New York, and the students are promised free access to all the City hospitals and dispensaries. The Drs. BLACKWELL desire to enlist the most intelligent young ladies of the country as students, and are ready to offer every facility to those whose limited means prove a barrier. The establishment of a first-class medical college for women has been the object of their life-long ambition, and we are glad to know that it will become a promising reality on the first of next November.

—Mrs. DE CAUX'S husband, the Marquis, has been dismissed from his place in NAPOLEON'S household. His successor is Count D'AULAN, a man of high lineage, and personally a favorite of the Emperor. Besides, he has a pretty wife, and the Emperor and Empress like to be surrounded by pretty women. PATTI, by-the-way, has by her marriage become cousin to M. DE FALLOUX, the famous ultramontane champion, and to Monsgr. DE FALLOUX, the rector of the Apostolic Chancery, and who is named as one of the future cardinals soon to be created.

—The last "personal" relative to that much-wedded person, BRIGHAM YOUNG, is copied from a late number of the principal journal of his capital: "Married, in Salt Lake City, 16th inst., in the presence of the Saints, BRIGHAM YOUNG to Mrs. J. R. MARTIN, Miss EMILY P. MARTIN, Miss L. M. PENDERGAST, Mrs. R. M. JENICKSON, and Miss SUSIE P. CLEVELAND, all of the county of Berks, England. *No cards!*"

—A citizen of Nevada having determined to enjoy a little of the pleasures of the fashionable world at Virginia City, went to the theatre where Mrs. D. P. BOWERS was performing Lucretia Borgia. He watched the lady with deepest interest. At the end of the act he gazed at the green curtain, and asked of a neighbor: "Does Mrs. BOWERS enjoy good health?" "I believe so; why?" "Well, I don't know, but it somehow struck me that a woman who is obliged to have so many darned bad spells, and has 'em so natural, couldn't be exactly right, you know, between whiles!"

—ABD EL KADER was recently visited by the Rev. Dr. BELLOWS. A few years ago he was released on parole by LOUIS NAPOLEON, with a pension of £4000, and established himself in Damascus. In the massacre of the Christians at Damascus in 1860, his conduct was so noble that France, in honor of his humanity, increased the pension to £6000. He lives in a fine house, and is represented, by a competent authority in Damascus, as a man versed in all Arabian sciences and studies, a man of marked intelligence and great personal worth. He is, moreover, very pious, after the Moslem fashion, and the Vice-Consul said, spends the month of Ramadan in the great mosque engaged exclusively in his devotions, going home neither day nor night—an extraordinary act of reverence for his religion. He is reported to be of the blood of the Prophet, and his mild, regular face is far more that of a scholar or saint than of a war-like prince, or even astute politician. He does not meddle with politics, it is said.

—Gallantry hath ever been a marked characteristic of the Massachusetts youth. At Newport, recently, some visitors to the Massachusetts school-ship were examining the boys. To the question, "For what is Philadelphia famous?" several of the naughty nautical boys eagerly responded: "For being the birth-place of ANNA DICKINSON!" which oratress had been on board the ship and was a great favorite with the young salts.

—LOUIS NAPOLEON is having an edition of all the literary remains of his uncle, the great NAPOLEON, printed at the imperial office. Every thing is chronologically arranged. In the collection will be twenty-three quarto volumes, devoted entirely to the letters written by Bonaparte, 20,000 in number.

—Mr. POWERS, the sculptor, is a prominent member of the Swedenborgian Church, recently organized at Florence.

—The Rev. Dr. PUSEY, now and for thirty years past one of the most prominent theologians of the Church of England, lives a quiet, retired life in apartments in one of the corners of the great quadrangle at Oxford, and is looked upon with awe by the students. He is seldom seen outside his rooms, but, nevertheless, keeps up a constant communication with the outer world by means of the stream of visitors who call upon him, and are ushered into the great man's presence by a cadaverous individual, who looks as if he never enjoyed a good meal, and whose whisper through the crack of the half-opened door is the first sniff the visitor gets of the mysterious doctrines supposed to prevail within. Dr. PUSEY'S corner is a sort of "Ghost's Walk" at Christ Church College, Oxford.

—BRILLAT SAVARIN was a personage whose thoughtfulness for the comfort of ladies entitles him to respectful remembrance of readers of the *Bazar*. In a letter to his cook he wrote: "Remember, my dear *Professor*, remember I am to have ladies to dinner to-day. You have not forgotten, I hope, my former instructions to you on the subject of dishes for ladies..... Always have a variety of little side dishes, chops, small birds, wings of fowls, things with bones in them; things they can take in their fingers. In short, pickings; for I observe that ladies apply themselves with delight to things they can pick. And I observe, too, that they never look so charming as when extracting the delicate juices of bones which yield themselves only to the caressing of lips; except, perhaps, when they are wiping their lips and fingers on their napkins, which they will do frequently and daintily."

—The last volume of GUIZOT'S Memoirs is rich in reminiscences of distinguished personages of France. The following of LOUIS PHILIPPE is good: Queen VICTORIA told GUIZOT, one day, that she knew of no old man whom she liked better than the Orleans King. "You see, Monsieur GUIZOT," she said to the Minister, "your royal master is so unaffected, so polite, and yet so simple-hearted." And then she told him that when she visited the Court of LOUIS PHILIPPE the King promenaded one day with her along the magnificent peach-trellises in the palace garden of Versailles. These trellises were covered with peaches so large and fine that the Queen burst into an exclamation of delight, and said to the King she would like to eat one. The old King climbed up the trellis, plucked the finest peach he could find, and presented it to her Britannic Majesty. The Queen took it, but seemed not to know how to get it peeled. The King, however, immediately drew a knife from his pocket and presented it to VICTORIA, saying, laughingly, "A man like me, your Majesty, who often had to live on forty sous a day, carries all such little practical instruments about him."

—Mr. JENNINGS, of the London *Times*, in one of his letters to the daily *Times* of this city, writes that Mr. THURLOW WEED is still in London, and, to the great delight of his friends, is making manifest progress toward recovery. He is almost as well known in London as in New York, and there are many here who heard of his illness with great personal regret. Later letters, we are glad to say, confirm the intelligence of Mr. WEED'S convalescence

—Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, who has recently arrived in Liverpool, has received, it is reported, an offer of a very liberal character, to become a partner in a great English commercial house, whose business operations are not only large with this country, but extend to the principal business marts of the world. He holds the proposition under consideration.

—Pope PIUS NINTH'S most intimate personal friend is said to be Cardinal HOHENLOHE. Curiously enough all the sisters and other relatives of that Cardinal are Protestants.

—Mr. SOL SMITH, the veteran actor and manager of many theatres in the West and South, closes up his public career by an Autobiography, now in press by HARPER & BROTHERS. It is full of humorous incident and anecdote, admirably told, and can not fail to meet with an immense demand.

—ELLIOTT, the great portrait-painter of America, has had ample justice done to his genius as an artist and his merit as a man by the best pens of the metropolis. His remains were brought to this city on the 27th inst.; and on the 28th, from 9 A.M. until 2 P.M., were laid in the main room of the National Academy of Design, where they were looked upon for the last time by gentlemen and ladies most distinguished for position and attainments in the learned professions, in art, in literature, and in commerce. It was a silent but eloquent testimony to his great talent as an artist, and to his large and kindly heart.

—Miss MENKEN, as she was called, who recently died abroad, had prepared a volume of poems for publication, with the following letter, handsomely printed in *fac-simile*, as a preface:

"GADSHILL PLACE, HIGHAM-BY-ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday, October 21, 1867.

"DEAR MISS MENKEN,—I shall have great pleasure in accepting your dedication. I thank you for your portrait as a highly remarkable specimen of photography. I also thank you for the verses inclosed in your note. Many such inclosures come to me, but few so pathetically written, and fewer still so modestly sent. Faithfully yours, CHARLES DICKENS."

The poems are said to be very much of the WHITMAN sort. She was an impressionable woman, as plastic as wax, on whom the last influence had the strongest effect. The animalism of the prize-fighter affected her one moment, the philosophy of the poet at another. She leaves several widowers to divide the grief between them.

Cravat Ends with Medallions in Tatting and Lace Stitch.

THE cravat ends, shown of the full size by Figs. 1–3, are of Swiss muslin trimmed with tatted medallions.

We remark in the beginning that the work must always be turned when a downward ring follows an upward one, and vice versa. Begin the medallion for the cravat, Fig. 1, with the two rows of rings worked in one round which lie next the central lace stitch part. Work with one thread, fine yarn, as follows: * First a ring of the inner row composed of 6 ds. (double stitches), 1 p. (picot), an eighth of an inch long, 6 ds. Turn this ring downward, and work after

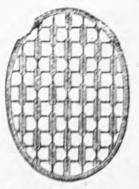


Fig. 1.—NET GUIPURE MEDALLION.

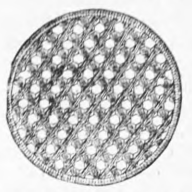


Fig. 3.—MEDALLION IN LACE STITCH ON TULLE.

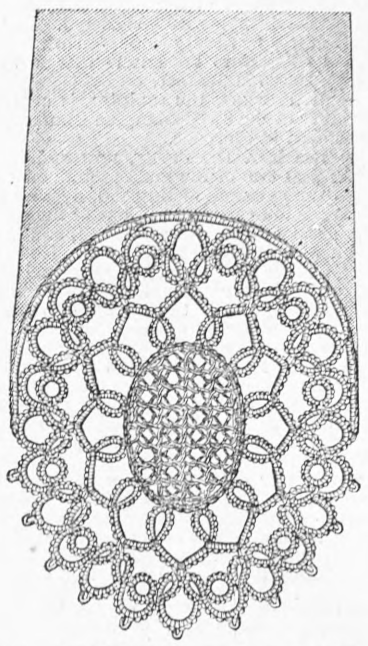


Fig. 2.—CRAVAT END WITH MEDALLION IN TATTING AND LACE STITCH.

an eighth of an inch space a ring of the second row composed of five times alternating 2 ds., 1 p., and then 2 ds. Turn the work anew, and, after an eighth of an inch space, work again a ring like the first, but instead of forming the picot, fasten to the picot of the similar ring. Again turning the work, make another ring of the second round as before, in which fasten to the last picot of the previous ring instead of working the first picot. From * repeat nine times. At the end of the rows join in a circle by fastening to the first picot of the first ring of the second row instead of working the last picot of the last ring of this row. At the end of the rings of the second row now work the outer row as follows: Tie together two threads, * work with one thread a ring composed of 6 ds., fasten to the middle picot of a ring of the outer row, then 6 ds., close on this a similar ring, which must be fastened to the middle picot of the next ring of the outer circle. At the end of this ring work over the second thread (foundation thread) 9 ds., fasten to two corresponding picots of two rings at the same time, as shown by the illustration, then again 9 ds. over the foundation thread, and repeat from * nine times; the first of two rings, however, must always be fastened to the next free middle picot. Having completed the last row, fasten the working thread to the foundation thread under the first two rings of the row. Finish the centre of the medallion with lace stitch as shown by the illustration; in working this fasten also the picots of the inner round. Sew the finished medallion to the cravat by means of button-hole stitches, as shown in the pattern, and cut away the material underneath.

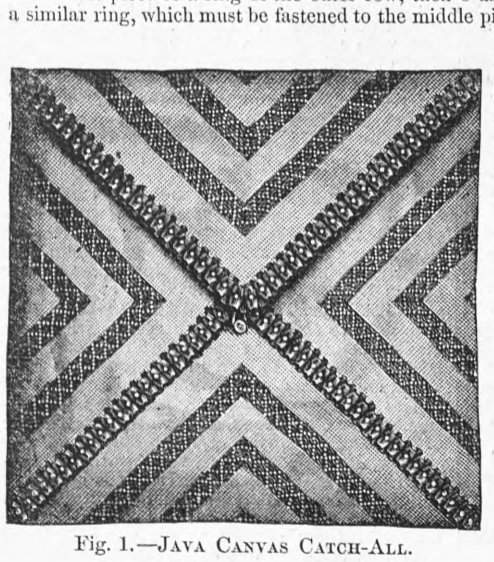


Fig. 1.—JAVA CANVAS CATCH-ALL.

In making the medallion of the cravat, Fig. 2, begin with the inner circle with two threads. Fasten together the two threads, * work next, with only one thread, a ring composed of 8 ds., 1 p., 8 ds., then close to this, over a foundation thread, a scallop composed of 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds. Repeat from * eleven times. Having completed the last scallop, join the row in a circle by fastening the working thread to the first ring and then cutting it off. For the outer row of the medallion work next, with only one thread, a ring by working 3 ds., fasten to a picot of a scallop of the finished round, and work again 5 ds., * a scallop (over the foundation thread) composed of 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds., close on this a ring of 5 ds., fasten to the former ring 5 ds., then again a ring as before, which must be fastened to the picot of the next scallop of the former round. Make again a scallop and a ring as before, this last being fastened to the same picot to which the former ring was fastened. From * repeat ten times. Then work another ring, and close on this a ring which must be fastened to the former ring, then again a ring which must be fastened to the same picot to which the first ring of this round is fastened, and finally another scallop. Fasten the working thread to the first ring. The inner part of the medallion consists of fine tulle, which is closely worked in button-hole stitch with fine cord on the outer edge, on which the finished tatted edge is fastened as shown by the illustration. Work the tulle foundation in point d'esprit (see illustration). This is done in the same manner as a netted foundation. (See *Harper's Bazar*, No. 42, p. 661, Fig. 19.) The finished medallion is button-hole stitched to the end of the cravat.

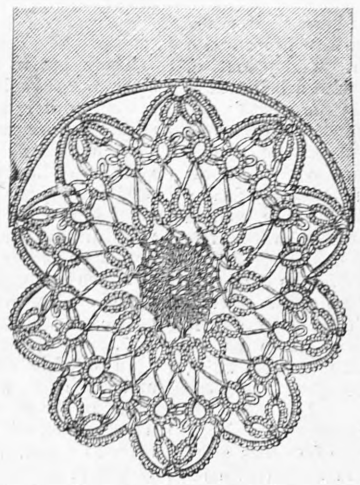


Fig. 1.—CRAVAT END WITH MEDALLION IN TATTING AND LACE STITCH.

Fig. 1.—COVER FOR SOFA PILLOW.

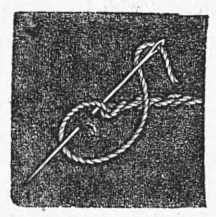


Fig. 3.—MAKING OF CHAIN STITCH FOR SOFA PILLOW.

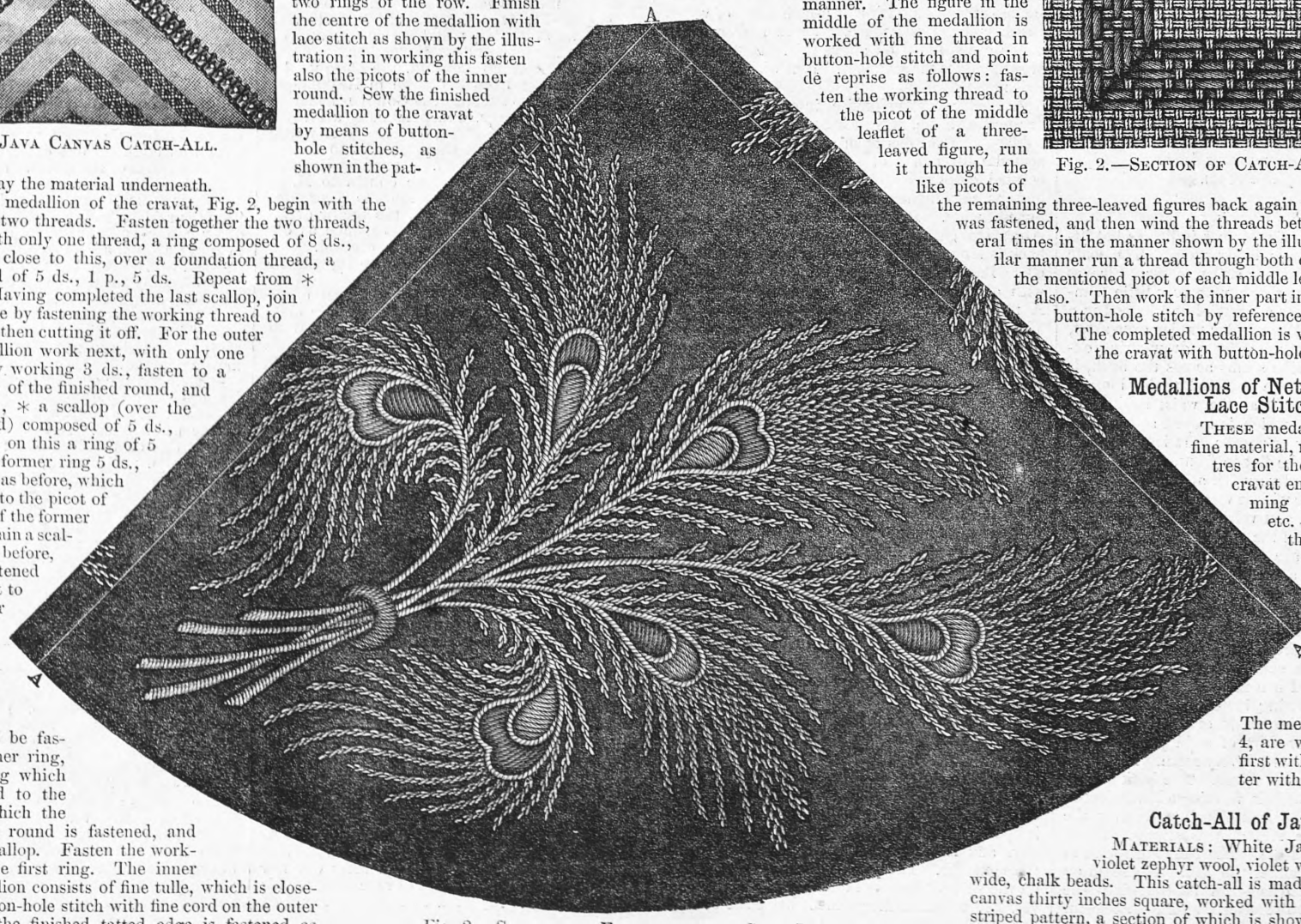


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF EMBROIDERY OF SOFA PILLOW.

For making the medallion of the cravat, Fig. 3, two threads are required: fasten these together; * then work, first, with one thread one of the three-leaved figures of the inner circle, which must be fastened to the middle part of the lace stitch. For every leaflet work 3 ds., 1 p., 5 ds., 1 p., 3 ds., but in working the 2d and 3d of the three leaflets fasten to the last picot of the former leaflet instead of working the first picot. (See illustration.) Having completed the third leaflet fasten the working thread to the middle leaflet where the row is fastened, and work over the foundation thread a scallop composed of 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds., fasten the working thread to the picot on the point of the third leaf, work a scallop as before, and continue repeating from * yet six times, but the three-leaved figures must be fastened to each other by reference to the illustration. At the end of the round fasten the working threads to the first leaflet of the first three-leaved figure and cut them off. For the next round tie together again the two working threads, work next a ring with only one thread, in doing which work 7 ds., fasten to a picot of a scallop of the former round, and work again 7 ds.; * then, over the foundation thread, work a scallop composed of 6 ds., 1 p., 6 ds., then a ring as before, which must be fastened to the same picot of the former round to which the former ring was fastened, then a ring as before, which must be fastened to the picot of the next scallop of the former round. Repeat from * twelve times more, work again a scallop, then a ring, which last must be fastened to the same picot to which the former ring was fastened, then fasten the working threads to the first ring of this round in a firm manner. The figure in the middle of the medallion is worked with fine thread in button-hole stitch and point de reprise as follows: fasten the working thread to the picot of the middle leaflet of a three-leaved figure, run it through the like picots of the remaining three-leaved figures back again to the picot where it was fastened, and then wind the threads between the picots several times in the manner shown by the illustration. In a similar manner run a thread through both double knots beneath the mentioned picot of each middle leaflet, and wind these also. Then work the inner part in point de reprise and button-hole stitch by reference to the illustration. The completed medallion is worked on the end of the cravat with button-hole stitch.

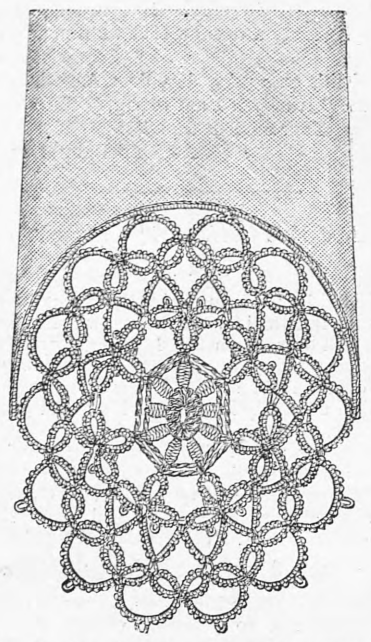


Fig. 4.—MEDALLION IN LACE STITCH ON TULLE.

Fig. 3.—CRAVAT END WITH MEDALLION IN TATTING AND LACE STITCH.

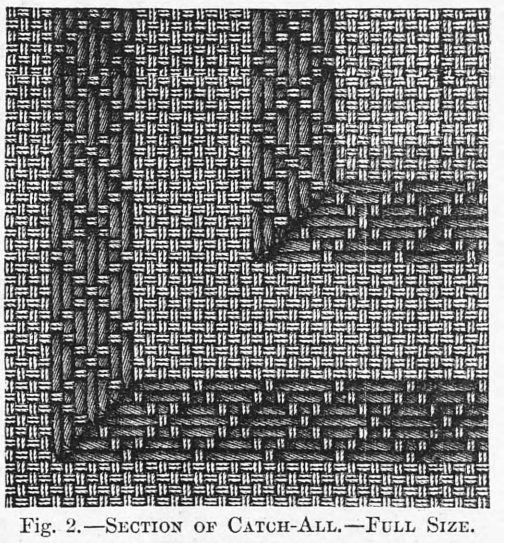


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF CATCH-ALL.—FULL SIZE.

Medallions of Netted Guipure and Lace Stitch on Tulle.

THESE medallions, if worked in fine material, may serve as the centres for the rosettes given for cravat ends, and also as trimming for blouses, collars, etc. The foundation of the medallions, Figs. 1 and 2, is fine netting, worked over a very fine knitting-needle, and then worked in the patterns shown in the illustrations with very fine thread. The medallions, Figs. 3 and 4, are worked on tulle, the first with double and the latter with single thread.

Catch-All of Java Canvas.

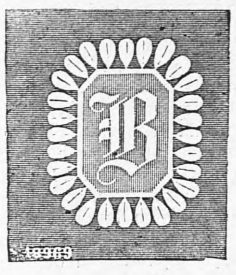
MATERIALS: White Java canvas, muslin, violet zephyr wool, violet woolen braid an inch wide, chalk beads. This catch-all is made of a piece of Java canvas thirty inches square, worked with violet zephyr in the striped pattern, a section of which is shown of the full size in the illustration, Fig. 2. The squares formed by the stripes are

repeated at regular distances, and become smaller as they approach the middle. When this is prepared, line it with muslin; then turn over the corners, as shown by Fig. 1, and sew three of them together along their edges, so as to form a bag. The fourth corner forms the cover, and is trimmed on the outer edge with a pleating of violet worsted braid, which is sewed on with single chalk beads in the manner shown by the illustration; a similar pleating covers the seams of the remaining corners. The catch-all is fastened by means of a button and button-hole stitch loop.

Cushion Cover.

See illustration on page 740.

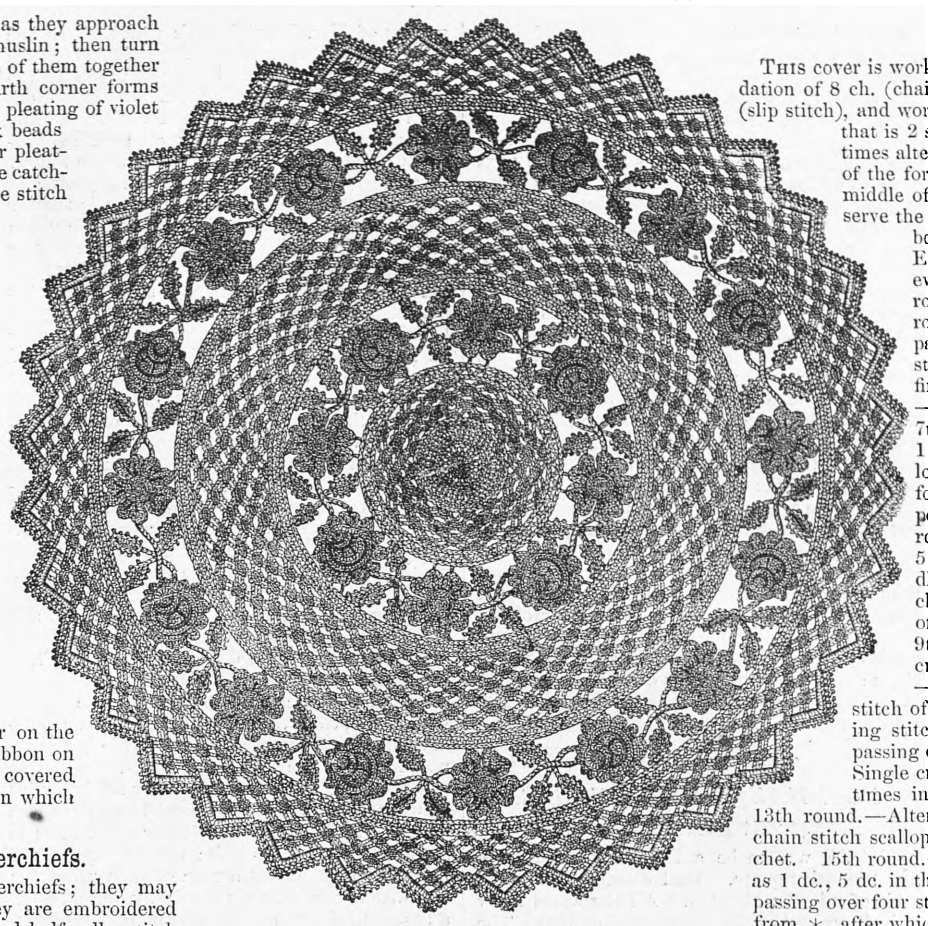
THIS cover is of black cloth embroidered with colored silk twist. The stems of each twig of the design are worked in bias half-polka stitch with fawn-colored silk twist of different shades. Fig. 2 shows a branch of the design of the full size. For those parts which are worked in satin stitch, and must be raised, use red and blue silk. The fine feather-like parts are worked with green silk of different shades in herring-bone stitch and in a kind of chain stitch, the manner of working which is shown by Fig. 3. The middle of each twig is dark, and is shaded lighter on the sides. The trimming consists of a frill of green ribbon on the outer edge, the seam where it is set on being covered with black lace, and of a ruche of the green ribbon which covers the seam with which the lace was sewed on.



VIGNETTE FOR POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

Two Vignettes for Pocket-Handkerchiefs.

THESE vignettes are designed for pocket-handkerchiefs; they may also be used for table-cloths, napkins, etc. They are embroidered with white or red cotton, or black silk, in satin and half-polka stitch and application.



CROCHET COVER.

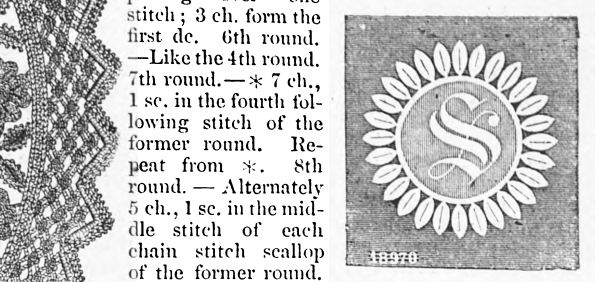
Crochet Cover.

THIS cover is worked in the round. Begin in the centre with a foundation of 8 ch. (chain stitches), join this in a round by means of a sl. (slip stitch), and work on this the 1st round.—16 sc. (single crochet), that is 2 sc. in each foundation stitch. 2d round.—Eight times alternating 7 ch., 1 sc. in the second following stitch of the former round, after which work slip stitches to the middle of the next chain stitch scallop. In order to preserve the regularity of the design, crochet a few slip stitches before the beginning of each round. 3d round.—Eight times alternating 8 ch., 1 sl. in the middle of every chain stitch round of the former round. 4th round.—1 sc. in each stitch of the last round. 5th round.—Alternately 1 dc. (double crochet), 2 ch. passing over one stitch; 3 ch. form the first dc. 6th round.—Like the 4th round. 7th round.—∗ 7 ch., 1 sc. in the fourth following stitch of the former round. Repeat from ∗. 8th round.—Alternately 5 ch., 1 sc. in the middle stitch of each chain stitch scallop of the former round. 9th round.—Single crochet. 10th round.—∗ 1 dc. in the next stitch of the former round, 2 ch., 1 dc. in the third following stitch, 2 ch., 1 dc. in the third following stitch, 2 ch. passing over one stitch. Repeat from ∗. 11th round.—Single crochet, widening one stitch at regular distances six times in the round. 12th round.—Like the 7th round. 13th round.—Alternately 4 ch., 1 sc. in the middle stitch of every chain stitch scallop of the former round. 14th round.—Single crochet. 15th round.—Now begins the pattern figure: 3 ch. which serve as 1 dc., 5 dc. in the next five stitches of the former round, ∗ 13 ch. passing over four stitches; 6 dc. in the following six stitches. Repeat from ∗, after which 13 ch. 16th round.—∗ 1 sc. in the 3d of the next dc. of the former round, 5 ch., 1 sc. in the fourth dc.—by which is formed a picot—7 ch., 1 sc. in the fourth of the 13 ch. of the former round, 1 sc. in the tenth of the 13 ch. (the 5 ch. passed over form a picot directed inward), 7 ch. Repeat from ∗. 17th round.—1 sc. in the fourth of the next 7 ch. of the former round, 2 ch. passing over one stitch, 6 dc. in the next six stitches, 2 ch., 1 sc. in the second following stitch of the former round, 15 ch. Repeat from ∗. Repeat now the 16th and 17th rounds, widening by two stitches in the chain stitch scallops of every fourth following round of this stripe. The illustration shows the number of pattern figures for the width of the stripe. The last round consists of single crochet.

The leaves and flowers of the wreath which follows this stripe are crocheted singly, mostly in Tunisian crochet stitch, but take the stitches on the upper horizontal veins of the stitches instead of in the perpendicular.

For each of the five-leaved flowers (narcissus) make a foundation of 12 ch., join this in a ring by means of 1 sl. and crochet: 1st round.—∗ 5 ch., 1 sc. in the second following foundation stitch. From ∗ repeat five times; 2 sl. in the first two chain stitches of this round. 2d round.—1 sc. in the next ch., ∗ 4 ch., 1 sc. in the middle stitch of the next chain stitch scallop of the last round. From ∗ repeat four times, after which 4 ch., 1 sl. in the first sc. of this round. 3d and 4th rounds. All single crochet stitches, but widen by five stitches in both rounds, so that the fourth round counts 35 stitches. This completes the centre of the flower.

Now crochet in the next two sc. of the last round two Tunisian stitches; that is, take a loop out of each stitch and crochet these loops singly on the needle in the manner familiar to our readers. This completes one pattern row (one backward and forward round). On this pattern row work now three pattern rows, of which work the first stitch in the first horizontal vein, and the last stitch in the last perpendicular vein of the former pattern row. The first stitch at the beginning of the following (5th) pattern row must be worked in the first horizontal vein in the stitches of the former pattern row; leave, without working, the last perpendicular vein of this round; work the 1st stitch of the sixth pattern row also in the first horizontal vein of the stitches of the former pattern row; the last perpendicular and the last horizontal vein of this pattern row remain without working. Work the seventh pattern row on the stitches of the former pattern row (passing over the first) and in the four edge stitches of the next four pattern rows before



VIGNETTE FOR POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

Knitted Negligé Handkerchief.

THIS handkerchief is knitted of fine worsted, and is bordered with a fringe which is knotted in. Figs. 2 and 3 give the designs in coarser wool in order to render them more distinct. Begin the handkerchief, which is square, on one side with a foundation according to the size desired (the original is 250 stitches). The needles selected must not be too fine, as the work mus present a light and flexible appearance. Knit, first, two plain rounds, then three rows of the design, Fig. 3.

1st round.—(Design for Fig. 3.) Slip the first stitch, ∗ narrow one crossed, then slip one again, narrow one, throw the thread around twice. From ∗ repeat. 2d round.—In every thread which was thrown around knit one and purl one. The remainder must be purled. In the next round repeat this alternating. Also, after the first slip stitch, knit one, then throw the thread around, and take up two stitches in succession. Having completed three such rows of holes, knit one round plain, then a narrow stripe of the pattern, Fig. 2, which forms the foundation, and is knitted as follows:

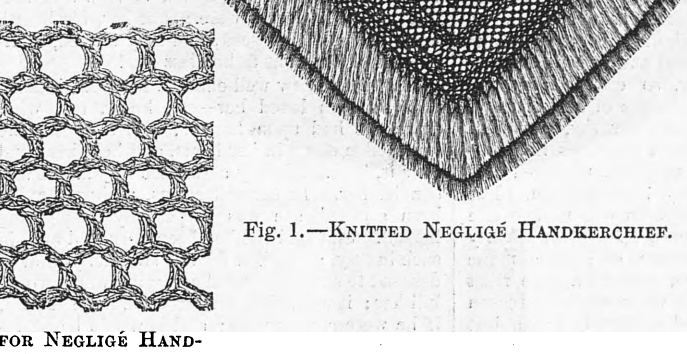


Fig. 1.—KNITTED NEGLIGÉ HANDKERCHIEF.

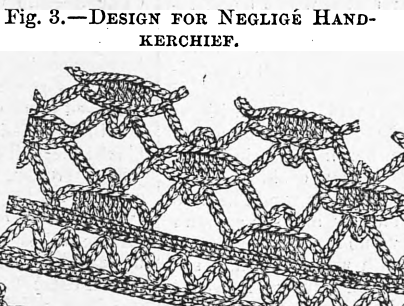


Fig. 3.—DESIGN FOR NEGLIGÉ HANDKERCHIEF.

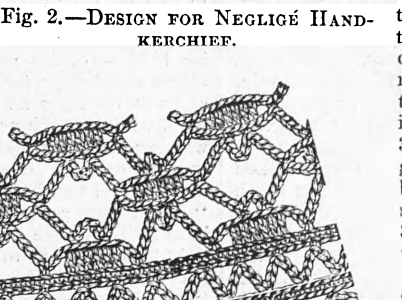
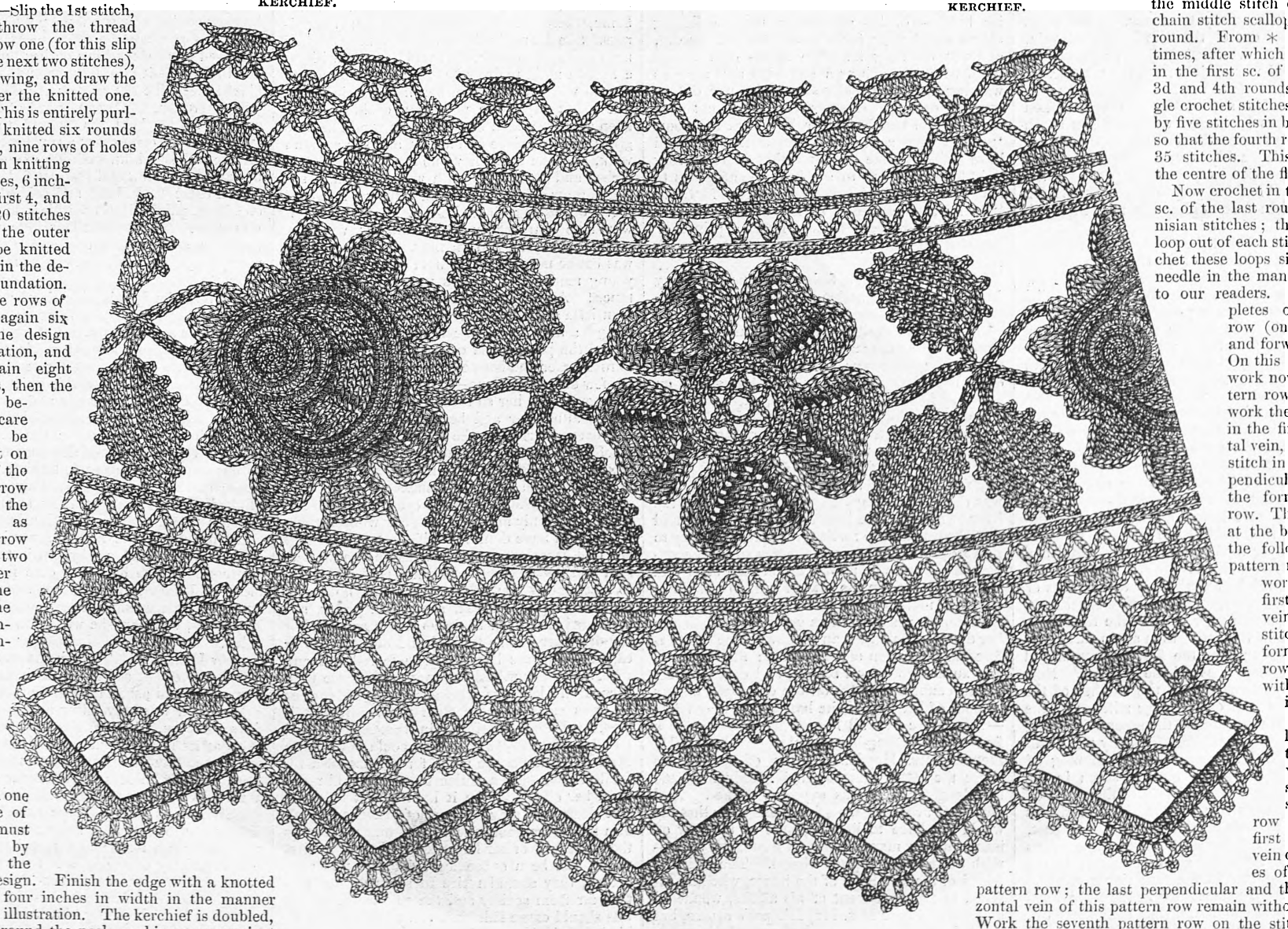


Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR NEGLIGÉ HANDKERCHIEF.

1st round.—Slip the 1st stitch, alternately throw the thread around, narrow one (for this slip the first of the next two stitches), knit the following, and draw the slip stitch over the knitted one. 2d round.—This is entirely purled. Having knitted six rounds in this design, nine rows of holes follow; but in knitting this, two stripes, 6 inches wide, the first 4, and the second 20 stitches distant from the outer edge, must be knitted on each side in the design of the foundation. After the nine rows of holes follow again six rounds in the design of the foundation, and on this again eight rows of holes, then the foundation begins, but care must now be taken to knit on both sides of the work the narrow stripes of the foundation, as also the narrow outer and the two broader inner stripes of the border with the requisite number of stitches. When a square has been knitted in the design, Fig. 2, complete the border, as in the beginning, by two wider and one narrow stripe of holes, which must be divided by stripes of the foundation design. Finish the edge with a knotted fringe about four inches in width in the manner shown by the illustration. The kerchief is doubled, and thrown around the neck, making a convenient protection against the chill of early autumn.



SECTION OF CROCHET COVER.—FULL SIZE.

worked (the veins of the stitches lying between every two edge stitches of two rounds remain without working); work the eighth pattern row in the stitches of the former pattern row (passing over the first stitch), on the remaining edge stitches and on the next sc. of the middle part of the flower. Now follows one pattern row, of which work the first stitch in the second stitch of the former pattern row, and the last stitch in the sc. of the middle which was taken up by the last stitch of the former row. In the following pattern row crochet 1 sc. in the second, third, and fourth stitches of the former pattern row, then again Tunisian on the remaining stitches, in doing which do not overlook the last perpendicular vein in the stitches of the former pattern row. Now crochet two pattern rows, bringing the first stitch on the first stitch of the first horizontal vein, and the last stitch on the last perpendicular vein of the former round. Work the following pattern-row on the stitches of the last pattern row (passing over the first), on the edge stitches of the pattern row worked before and on the next sc. of the middle part; leave the last perpendicular vein of the former pattern row without knitting. Having completed this pattern row, crochet four sc. in the second to the fifth stitch of the former pattern row, then Tunisian stitches on the remaining stitches of the pattern row (including the last perpendicular vein of the stitches), and on the sc. of the middle part which was taken up by the last stitch of the former pattern row. Finally work single crochet on the Tunisian stitches of the former pattern row, in doing which pass over the first stitch, three sc. on the next three sc. of the middle part. This finishes a leaf of the narcissus. Work the remaining four leaves in the same manner, fastening them together as shown in the illustration, during the process of the work. Between two leaves crochet always 3 sc. on three stitches of the middle part.

For the roses, make a foundation of eight stitches, join this in a ring, and crochet on that one round single crochet, in doing which widen by five stitches; at the end of this round crochet 1 ch., turn the work, and crochet in ribbed crochet stitch back on the row of stitches, widening five times at regular distances, one stitch each time; at the end of the round work 1 sl. in the first stitch of the same round. Now follow two rounds worked in the same manner. In these, also, widen by five stitches, including the ch. worked before the work was turned; close the rounds in the same manner as the last. The last (4th) of these rounds counts thirty stitches. Now turn the work, and crochet nineteen stitches in the next fifteen stitches of the round; again turn the work, and crochet twenty-one stitches on the nineteen of the former round; turn the work again, and crochet one round in the round, in doing which always crochet a stitch on the edge stitch of the last half round. In this round widen by six stitches; and at the end of the round crochet 1 sl. in the first stitch of the same round. Now turn the work again, crochet eighteen stitches on the next eighteen stitches of the former round, also in ribbed crochet stitch, and continue in Tunisian stitch. In the first pattern row, which joins itself to this point of the rose, take up the stitches out of the back veins of the stitches of the former round. Crochet next one pattern row on the next two sc., then one pattern row, the first stitch of which take out of the first horizontal vein, and the last stitch out of the last perpendicular vein, and at the same time from the next sc. of the middle part of the rose. Now follows a pattern row, the first stitch of which is again taken out of the first horizontal vein, and last stitch out of the last perpendicular vein of the former round. In all the following pattern rows, where no especial mention is made of it, pass over the first horizontal and last perpendicular vein of the stitches. Then follows a pattern row, in which take the first and last stitches out of the first and last horizontal veins of the stitches, and two pattern rows, in which also take the last stitch out of the last horizontal vein of the stitches. Now a pattern row of six stitches in the two parallel stitches of the former pattern row, the edge stitches of the four former pattern rows, and from the next sc. of the middle part. After this work three pattern rows, in which again pass over the first horizontal and the last perpendicular stitches. The next following pattern row is worked on the last pattern row, on the edge stitches of the three previously worked pattern rows, and on the first single crochet of the middle. Now follow four pattern rows over the entire row of stitches; at the end of each of these four pattern rows work the last stitch always in the first single crochet of the middle. After this work three pattern rows, in which pass over again the first horizontal and last perpendicular vein of the stitches, then one pattern row, which is worked in the stitches of the former pattern row, in the edge stitches of the previous pattern rows, and in the first stitch of the middle of the rose; then again three pattern rows passing over the first horizontal and last perpendicular veins of the stitches. Now crochet one pattern row on the stitches of the former pattern row, on the edge stitches of the former pattern row, and on the second following single crochet of the middle. Finally work still other three pattern rows, at the beginning of which crochet one single crochet stitch in the second following horizontal vein of the stitch of the former pattern row, and at the end always one stitch in a single crochet of the middle part, this is taken in the first of the three pattern rows in the second following single crochet; in the second pattern row in the first single crochet, and in the third pattern row in the second following single crochet. Having completed this last row, crochet slip stitches on it and on the next single crochet of the middle. Now turn the work and crochet on the edge stitches of the part worked in Tunisian stitch one row of single crochet, always putting the needle in the back vein of the stitches, at the end of this row one slip stitch in the first single crochet of the middle of the rose. Then turn the work again, and returning in the same manner on the last row, at the end of the row one slip stitch in the next single crochet of the middle part. Now work around the so far completed rose three rounds in ribbed crochet stitch, in doing which work at the end of every round one slip stitch and in the first stitch of the round one chain stitch, after which turn the work. The larger flower-like leaves on the outer edge of the rose are worked, as shown by the pattern, in the same manner as the leaves of the narcissus, in Tunisian crochet stitch; the five smaller consist, as the pattern shows, in short double, double, and short treble crochet stitches. The leaves between the flowers are worked also, as shown by the illustration, in Tunisian crochet stitch, and the edges bordered with little picots. The stems of the leaves and flowers, by means of which the parts of the wreath are joined, consist of a chain stitch foundation of the length shown by the illustration; on this work slip stitches. The wreath is edged on both sides with a row of chain stitch which is joined to the leaves and flowers by means of single crochet, short double, and double crochet. On this round work one round single crochet, after which the chain stitch points by means of which the wreath is fastened with slip stitches to the previously worked centre of the cover.

THE HAZEL-NUT PEARLS.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THERE was to be a Diamond Wedding in Sumach Square. Real diamonds, and not a bit of mistake about it. All the world knew it, had received cards, had ordered dresses. The mantua-makers and milliners to the gentility were nearly beside themselves, and looked with entire envy on the scrubs and hod-carriers, to whom the names of bouillons, and poufs, and gauffres, and jupes, and fichus, were so many cabalistic and diabolic words of mystery; while as for Miss Henrietta Huydekoper's dress-maker, her existence was a mere nightmare, and tulle and lisse became to her a demoniac white wraith overshadowing the whole visible creation.

For Miss Henrietta Huydekoper was destined to be the principal player in the drama of this Diamond Wedding—the star of the company—since as nobody ever dreams of glancing a second time at that poor creature, the bridegroom of any common wedding, who is present merely as an attendant on the filleted and wreathed Chief Victim before the altar, so certainly nobody would give more than one stare of curiosity and another of amazement at the swarthy, shriveled, dark-lipped Spaniard, whose treasures in Trinidad had, it might be suspected, procured this *fiancée* that half the city grudged him. For Miss Huydekoper's bridegroom was no one else than the Don Gaspar Lazaro Ildefonso de Isla y Pasamonte—noble, of course, as such a name could imply no otherwise, perhaps a little rillet of the Hebrew in his thin veins, showing reason in part for his undoubted wealth, but with just enough blue Castilian blood to make him, as he was, as simple a soul of honor as any old Spanish hidalgo of his ancestors; never believing others cared more for his millions than he did, and not insulting his bride in his own inmost mind with so much as a suspicion that she was wanting in perfect fealty and faith; nor did he ever discover that she was, and would not have married him had he been a beggar at her door. "Had I been a beggar at her door, she would have smiled on me the same that smile of rosy light," he was wont to say in his confessions to his unwilling confidant, his cousin M'Lean. "And I *was* a beggar at her door! I was a beggar at her door and she made a prince of me! *La hermosa, fresca como una mañana de Abril!*"

Miss Huydekoper's father had passed away from this scene of action a little more than two years before. According to his last will and testament he had designated his wife and one intimate friend as the executors of his estate, entertaining the disastrous mistake that he had left one; but when their labors were brought to an end they found that speculations, extravagances, bad debts, and worse investments, had left of the original sum a mere pittance. Mr. Huydekoper died, as many men of business do, with the idea that his wife and daughter would always enjoy a large sufficiency of the root of all evil; when all was done, Mrs. Huydekoper discovered that the lease of her house had yet three years to run, and that she was able to realize just enough money to retire into the country, and there in strictest economy drag out the remainder of her days and Henrietta's, or, on the other hand, to remain in the city, making little or no retrenchment, and spending as usual for three years, and trusting to her daughter's making an ambitious marriage before the expiration of that period; for Henrietta was an acknowledged beauty, and could not begin to count her lovers on the combined fingers of both of her little white hands. If they failed—why, there was all her furniture ready for a first-class boarding-house. "But we'll not fail!" thought Mrs. Huydekoper, for, of course, she chose the latter scheme, having duly informed her daughter what was expected of her. And Henrietta acquiesced, perfectly conscious that she would not have to lift her finger in the way of intriguing or manœuvring, in order to accomplish all that her mother wished. The intimate friend of the late head of the house, who had assisted in the settlement of his affairs, wondered and worried over Mrs. Huydekoper's course, but fancied afterward that he had unlimited reason to compliment her sagacity.

It came near being very unfortunate for the success of Mrs. Huydekoper's plan that, at one of the many tournaments of fashion to which she chaperoned her beautiful daughter, one of the legion in the lists somehow singled himself out from the host of dancing-men and artistically executed a—shall I say a *pas seul?*—on Henrietta's recollection. He was a handsome fellow, this Gaspar M'Lean, and people said as good, and high-spirited as he was handsome. His mother had been a West Indian heiress, and the union of her dark and lustrous traits of countenance with the Scotch descent of her husband gave their son a beauty that was something dazzling. To her husband, however, there seemed to cling the hereditary taint of misfortune, which it may be he in his own turn transmitted to the next of kin. He had wasted all her fortune, and now they had both gone where it made no matter whether the fortune were wasted or not, and their son was only an insurance-broker, making small commissions, but with talents that promised much more in the future; but people with a tether of three years can not wait for the future. Mrs. Huydekoper, believing her daughter's intentions and her own so thoroughly one, and making no allowance for the possible frailty of youth, never thought of interfering with the young man; he increased Henrietta's train, and that was agreeable and what she wanted—for the rest, she did not even dream of forbidding him the house; and, when he one day introduced there Don Gaspar Lazaro Ildefonso de Isla y Pasamonte, from the Island of Trinidad, a cousin of his deceased mother's, and privately and innocently, and like a fool, informed them that he was traveling through this country solely for his amusement, and had expressed himself so well pleased with it that he fancied he should like to spend all his summers in it; that he was still unmarried; that he was a man of high principle; and that he was worth, pecuniarily, untold gold, a thousand slaves, and endless mountain plantations, then Mrs. Huydekoper could actually have hugged M'Lean.

Henrietta herself was delightfully gracious to the stranger whenever they met, and that was often. She allowed him to lead her in his stately way through more dances than she had ever allotted to any other admirer; she walked with him; she trifled with sherbets which she abominated, while he bent over her and made his flowery speeches. If she recompensed herself therefor by one mad fling in the German afterward with M'Lean her mother never guessed the meaning of it—one brief, mad moment, when the music itself was a passion of love and languor, when his arms were about her, his breath upon her flushing cheek, and they floated, floated—out upon what fathomless sea!

Henrietta knew well enough, too well, indeed, that M'Lean loved her—she knew, too, what power he had upon herself; but she shut the knowledge down in her heart, and held her hand over it, lest the deadly assurance should rise and convict her. In her reflections, without having been accused, she was perpetually exculpating herself. She said she had been born and bred in such luxury, so spoiled for any simplicity, that to descend to small cares and cramping wants would kill her; it would kill her husband, too, she said, if he were a poor man; and it would be an injustice to him for her to consent to marry him, since there could evidently be no happiness in his home, where he looked for the perfection of happiness. She did not know how to economize, she did not know how to work, she could not exist without a French maid to dress her hair, and what would she do without Emeline, her little sewing-girl? She didn't suppose a poor man could afford to keep a butler; then of course she would have to give up her carriage and horses, and she couldn't walk, and she could have no fresh air or fit exercise, and then her health would fail, and she would grow old and faded and ugly, and he would leave off caring about her. And then, too, it would be a treachery to her mother, who had embarked all she had on the venture—oh no, it was better not, far better not; let her teach the young man, the nameless young man, his distance! And if you believe it, and if you don't, Henrietta actually cried. Cried—not very much though; as soon as she found it out, and observed the phenomena of the operation, she fled to rose-water and cosmetics to repair the damage the few drops had done—and M'Lean thought he had never seen her so lovely, so brilliant, so gentle, so altogether and bewilderingly enchanting and overpowering as she was that night. Don Ildefonso de Isla thought so too; and on the next day he laid before her mother a formal offer of his hand and heart for Henrietta.

Mrs. Huydekoper's greedy eyes glittered—she was not the only mother in the city whose greedy eyes would have done the self-same thing. But she told him that Henrietta must choose for herself, and that, except to bid him God-speed and to recommend him to favor, she had no power in the matter. Indeed, she would prefer, she intimated, not even to do so much as that, for her daughter was so faithful and obedient, so in earnest to please her, that she feared lest any word from her might have more influence than even Don Ildefonso would desire. This, after all, was scarcely more than the truth, and it confirmed Don Ildefonso in thinking he had found a priceless jewel, and he could not admire Mrs. Huydekoper too much for her unselfish refusal to grasp such a settlement as he could make upon her child—for be it known that Madame had deemed it only the part of prudence to tell him they were poor, and to add that so soon as the settlement of her lamented husband's affairs, which had been exceedingly delayed, was concluded, they should retire to some distant cottage far from society and the gay world. That this should cause Ildefonso to hasten matters by his indefatigable exertions was not at all surprising. He determined to speak to Henrietta on the first opportunity, opportunity being the one thing which he found it difficult to obtain; and, meanwhile, he exhausted his invention in endeavors to win from her some expression beyond that complaisance which she accorded to all her lovers, which, however, was not so difficult. For Henrietta had something of the coquette in her, and liked to see her power, to play with her line before she drew it in. Having been informed by her mother of all that had passed she felt secure enough, and was determined not to allow Don Ildefonso to speak with her plainly just yet; for if she accepted him too readily he might suspect that there was less love than lucre in the case; neither was she quite sure she should accept him at all, nor yet was she prepared to refuse him. She preferred for the present to leave the question an open one, and at any rate to enjoy her liberty and the sunshine yet a while longer. For if she married this islander, and rolled in his untold gold, it would all the same be a poverty: the glitter of his diamonds would be darkness; his sumptuousness would be a separating and imprisoning wall than which a convent has no thicker, no crueler, no more impenetrable. If she did not acknowledge that to herself it lay like a leaden load somewhere in that inner consciousness at which she had so often laughed when other people asserted its reality. But the very thought of possibly marrying the Don one day made her treat him now with a sudden coldness—coldness better than the best of art, for it only fired his ardor doubly; and then, seeing she had grieved him, her natural kindliness rose uppermost, and she smiled on him with a sweetness that was intoxicating, and that only welded his chains like heat. Indeed at this time she was the creature of twenty moods an hour.

One day, at last, the Spaniard burst forth with the whole story; and Henrietta had nothing better to do in return than to burst into tears. If her mother had but beheld her then, the worthy woman would have been willing nearly to annihilate her.

"Ah! I see!" cried the Señor de Isla. "I have alarmed you, I have shocked you, you do not yet love me. But is it impossible that you should? Can I not teach you by my own love? It is true that I am twice your age; yet my heart is so young—it has never felt the sun before; and now love springs up in it like a great flower; for ah, I adore you, sweet eye of my soul!"

And the more he talked the more Henrietta cried; and at last his emotion, his pity, his desire to soothe her, going far beyond the bounds of Spanish propriety—but then he knew he was not among the Spanish proprieties—he took her in his arms to hush her; and that was too much for him, and he covered the beautiful face and hands with his kisses, and that was the end of it.

Henrietta did not go out that night—it was at the beginning of Lent. That was very fortunate, Mrs. Huydekoper said, this opportune happening of the Lenten season; for Henrietta and Don Ildefonso would be able to see so much more of each other than if it were in the height of gayety; and then all the preparations could be going forward during Lent, and the marriage could take place as a continuation of the Easter festivals. Henrietta did not go out that evening, but M'Lean came in—she was alone just then—and as she took his proffered hand, shyly for her, shy in her new position and wretched, for all, in the sudden knowledge that now she must put him away from her and forget that he existed—as she took his proffered hand something on her finger cut that hand sharply—it was the diamond ring, that had blazed there like the ransom of a kingdom since that afternoon. M'Lean gazed at it a solitary second, as he held his wound to the light. "That blood comes from my heart," said he. Henrietta heard him, standing white as the statue behind her, faint and ready to fall. He turned about, came back, bent and robbed her lips of one long, palpitating, breathless kiss, and then was gone. The wicked Henrietta remembered that kiss, and cherished it, and felt its burning warmth again long after memory of it had become a sin.

But now the Spaniard's suit was swift. Never did any one better fulfill the rigors and exactions of the court of love. At first, too, Henrietta was so dull, so really miserable, that she submitted with what he took for tenderness to all his adulation. He liked this quiet, serious side far better even than her gay and sparkling one; it fitted more his ideas of Spanish state. Every day he brought fresh gifts; the house overran with the rarest exotics—not bouquets, but whole shrubs—enamels, carvings, bronzes, cashmeres, laces; and such jewels—Mrs. Huydekoper's eyes blinked and watered at their splendor; other people's mouths watered. Henrietta looked at them listlessly; she had a sensation that she should like them by-and-by, but just now nothing mattered. "She does not care for such baubles," said the Spaniard to her mother; "she is an ardent nature—ah, she loves, she loves! But by-and-by, one day, she will know them at their value."

Poor Henrietta! Though she would not confess it to herself, she knew them at their value now—dust and ashes, dust and ashes!

Henrietta was only fairer and lovelier as the days went on. The excitement kept her rich color at its richest flame, and the wear and tear of her emotion did not serve to make her thin, since the careful Mrs. Huydekoper fed her like a mother-bird herself, perpetually bringing her some delicious dainty, some rare liqueur, and urging her to take it in such a way that it was no better than force; and Henrietta, to please her, invariably complied, and received nearly as much benefit from the treatment as if she had brought the best of appetites to the best of banquets. The rich young blood that bounded up her cheek, the Don Ildefonso asserted, was like the wine in the veins of the roses.

Meanwhile the milliners and mantua-makers,

and slaves of the needle and lamp generally, were breaking their hearts and their backs, and wearing their brains threadbare, over Mrs. Huydekoper's orders, wishes, and suggestions; and as Easter approached, the city talked of little else than the wedding. Mrs. Huydekoper could afford all this and much more now; for if out of the gifts of her future son-in-law she ate only one precious stone a day, she had still enough for a feast every day of her life remaining.

Every body sent the bride their Easter gifts. Don Ildefonso brought her a golden egg; when it was opened by its secret spring there lay inside a tiny bird made all of resplendent diamonds, and fluttering its rainbowed wings in the light; that was to fasten her bridal-veil—a thing that flashed and sparkled in its miniature splendor as the swan does sailing down the great, bright stream of the heavens. Some anonymous person also sent her an odd trifle. It was a chain of tiny eggs, rifled from nests in reeds and rushes, in branch and hedge; blue and silvery, brown, pearl-white, speckled, and green; a lovely little amulet, full of suggestions of summer and the wild-wood music of bird-songs and breezes. But Henrietta saw that every egg was hollow, blown from end to end, and strung on a black thread; she remembered that "there are no eggs in last year's nest"—and she knew from whence it came. As she sat and played with it one night, when Don Ildefonso brought his cousin M'Lean as his witness to some legal papers that were being drawn up preparatory to the marriage—the first time, since that night when her engagement-ring had bruised him, that M'Lean had entered the house—she pinched each egg into fragments between her white fingers, and then burned the thread in the flame of the drop-light, and blew it carelessly and absently away as it burned. She was so ill the next day with a blind fury of headache that both Don Ildefonso and Mrs. Huydekoper were—if one may use so vulgar an expression in connection with such elegant people—nearly out of their heads with alarm. As for M'Lean, if he had known it—so differently are lovers constituted—I suppose, instead of alarming him, that it would have made his heart leap with joy, and he would have broken into the house and carried Henrietta off by force of arms—to repent the rash act, most probably, for all the rest of his natural life. However, he never did know it; he cursed her for a vain and heartless girl, who loved money better than love, better than virtue; who was selling herself as much as if she were a woman of the street; who was no longer any ideal of his; and then he agonized over her picture that long ago he had stolen, and confessed that he loved this abandoned wretch to distraction!

One day, about a fortnight before the day that was to make them one, Don Ildefonso came into Henrietta's presence with a parcel in his hands. It was a tarnished old shagreen case, as old as time immemorial apparently.

"I have reserved my most precious gift for my last," said he. "Every bride in the succession of the De Islas for three hundred years has worn this chain. We call it *Las avellanas de las perlas*, the hazel-nuts of pearls, for they are large and white as the blanched kernels of the nuts on the hazel-hedges. But it was a necklace of the Empresses of the Incas. My ancestor brought it back from America to Spain, and hung it on his daughter's throat upon the day of her espousals; another ancestress than she carried it to Trinidad. With the exception of three pearls that have mysteriously and at intervals disappeared, it is the same now as when it was snatched from the treasure-chests of Peru. It never has been worn by any bride so fair as mine will be, most fortunate of my race, by any bride so best beloved of all the world! It is but a trifle to you, lady of my heart—a dead leaf, a fallen petal, in your hand. Yet wear it for its old tradition's sake." And he laid it in his grand fashion across her palm—so grand a fashion that she would have smiled at it if she had not almost lost the trick of smiling.

It was a row of pearls, ancient, yellow pearls, each pearl, as he had said, the size of a hazel-nut's kernel, the color of a low summer moon, iridescent too, almost as an opal, full of phosphorescent and silvery flakes of light—polished, flawless, perfect pearls, each one a little fortune in itself.

Henrietta, indifferent or not, could not help admiring these; in all her life she had seen nothing half so beautiful. "It is only a sample," said Mrs. Huydekoper, when the Don was gone, "of the hidden, unremembered riches that he will be all the time discovering to you, without thinking that he is doing any thing extraordinary. I can see you now as you will look next summer at the Springs—you will be encrusted with diamonds; you will be radiant, yes, radiant; you will shed lustre as you walk. And what spiteful things Mrs. De Laine and her girls will have to say, and never dare to, and the venom stinging their tongues! You are a fortunate girl. And he is so noble, so trustful, so good—one grows easily attached to him. I am fond of him already, and I have reason to be. I could never have hoped for such a son-in-law; he is all sweetness and kindness to me; I am completely suited. Do you know, my love—I may as well confess it now—I once had quite an anxiety lest you were not so sensible and discerning as I hoped, and would let yourself be led away by a fancy for that young M'Lean without a penny to his purse? And it has turned out so well as it is now, for we have scarcely enough left to pay the wedding-bills. But that will be easily arranged," said the beaming Mrs. Huydekoper.

But before this confidential harangue of her mother's, before Don Ildefonso had taken his departure—which, as was intimated, he of course had done ere Mrs. Huydekoper ventured to open her lips in that manner, and before Henrietta, tired of gazing, had sent the pearls up stairs, and while she still was thanking him for them and praising them, she ran her fingers idly, though rather lingeringly, over their round cold softness. "There are thirty-seven of them," said she, without having known that she had counted them.

"Yes," said Don Ildefonso, taking again the beautiful moony things and counting them himself. "There are thirty-seven. Once they were forty; but, as I told you, three have disappeared—stolen, it must have been, by some cunning thief who knew how to penetrate into the coffers of the De Islas better than rust and decay ever knew." And unwilling to weary her with his potentiality of magnificence, to be continually, as it were, setting a price and reward before her, he swung it as if it had been a chain of daisy-balls plucked to-day to fade to-morrow, into the hands of Emeline, the young waiting-woman and sewing-girl, who had been summoned, and who was told to take it and lay it on the table in Miss Huydekoper's dressing-room, where the young woman sat at her work. Don Ildefonso, in the unsuspiciousness of his heart, never thought of being happier when Henrietta, after proper thanks, dismissed his gifts from sight and apparently from mind: but Mrs. Huydekoper did not know how to express the satisfaction which she felt in her child, for whether it were native beauty of character or mathematical manœuvring, in her eyes it was equally admirable.

That night, before Henrietta descended to answer the ring upon which Don Ildefonso had been admitted—that ring which all the house knew by this time, with its sharp, imperious tinkle and sudden stop, as if he were aware that it was too loud and had tried to muffle it—she opened the tarnished, shagreen case to admire the hazel-nut pearls once more. They answered her gaze in the shimmer of their pure beauty; and yet there was a certain curious appearance about them, they looked more like opals than pearls after all—there was a spark of fire apparently twinkling under each separate surface; one who was fanciful would have said that strange sprites residing in their spheres had been caught in the midst of some conspiracy ere they had time to relapse into their white invisibility. But Henrietta was not fanciful; all that she saw was that the pearls seemed just now to wear a different look from that they had when Emeline shut them into the shagreen case. Henrietta looked again more narrowly, and saw that there were three gaps on the golden wire that threaded their coil. In a swift panic she bent and counted them—thirty-four. There were but thirty-four, and there had been thirty-seven! Three of them were gone, and in their place was only the round impression of some lint-like dust that might have dropped from the fingers that had stolen them. All in an instant, with a cold shudder, as if a dead person had arisen and tapped her with an icy touch upon her shoulder, she felt as if those buried brides of the De Islas, the ladies, of whom she was soon to be one, and who, in their line of three hundred years, had separately owned these pearls, had essayed to interfere and prevent their possession by an intruder like herself; or else had they all, those Spanish ladies, been purchased loveless brides, and did they reach forth ghostly fingers and ominously destroy these things to warn her that she might flee their fearful fate in time? That was only a momentary folly; in another instant she had seized the case, calling her mother, and had run down with it to the drawing-room and to Don Ildefonso.

"What shall I do?" she cried, still in her superstitious horror, and half afraid that she was beginning on some insanity, and glancing over her shoulder, in spite of herself, to see if any white women were following her. "What shall I do? What will become of me? Oh!" she exclaimed, resuming her common-sense. "This chain that all your ancestresses have worn—some one has stolen from it—since I sent it up stairs three of the purest, the clearest pearls have disappeared!"

"*Ay desdichada!*" uttered Don Ildefonso. "There is then a thief in the house!"

"It can be no one but Emeline!" cried Mrs. Huydekoper. "There has been no one else in the dressing-room, and she has not left it since she went up with them!"

"They must be found, if it may be possible!" said Don Ildefonso, angrily. "I will not have my bride despoiled of so much as a pin's head. She is to be a De Isla; she shall wear all that any De Isla ever wore before her; she shall not be stripped of her possessions, and I alive—"

And while the Spaniard ejaculated his indignation, Mrs. Huydekoper speedily had a policeman in, and Emeline was ordered down to receive his arrest and to answer the charges against her as she might.

"Indeed; oh, indeed, ma'am," cried Emeline, clasping her hands, and paler than a trance, "I can not be guilty of any such thing! I have never touched the case since I took it up stairs. I might have stolen before if I had been a thief. Oh, I will not say the word! I am innocent. Why, you know me! Do not rob me of my character—it is worth more to me than all the pearls that ever were—it is all I have in all the world!" She was frantic in her tone and manner, and broken down with sobs. The whole of her life's happiness was at stake; she had a lover who would never believe the disgraceful charge; yet what could a poor mechanic do against the law and evidence of Fortunatus?

"Emeline," said Mrs. Huydekoper, severely. "You took the case with the necklace in it into the room where you were at work. No other individual has entered that room except yourself. Here are the marks of your fingers with the very lint of the linen on which you sewed. It is idle for you to speak. You knew the worth of the pearls; you knew the three would establish you and Mr.—Mr.—the young man—for life. Perhaps you would have been less vicious if I had ever told you that Miss Huydekoper had asked of the Señor De Isla to establish you suitably in a little house of your own on her wedding-day. You ought to know it and to be tormented by your ingratitude; for I am overcome with your faithlessness—after all I have done for you—after all Miss Huydekoper's kindness to you—when I trusted you so! Take her in charge, Mr. Policeman, if you please." And Mrs. Huydekoper's eyes were saved the harrowing sight—for such the poor girl's cries and exclamations rendered it—by the application of her laced handkerchief, which seemed to have a healing power in it, like the mantle of some famous saint, as she presently emerged therefrom dry-eyed and smiling. Mrs. Huydekoper had a horror of thieves—it had never crossed her mind that she was one herself; that she obtained goods on false pretenses; that she was selling now to the Señor De Isla an article with the very thing which he wished in it abstracted from it.

It was useless indeed for Emeline to speak, to shriek, to wring her hands—quite useless for her to appeal to Miss Huydekoper, though in reality that young woman had still some genuine sparks of feeling left, together with a sort of affection for her little sewing-girl; Henrietta had become unable to bear the scene, had cried out against her own culpability in ever receiving these gifts at all; and then had sank and quietly fainted away in the recesses of an arm-chair; and the Spaniard was far too much occupied with her restoration to remember that a pearl or a policeman or a screaming sewing-girl was in existence.

Thus it happened that, as the proper tribunal chanced to be in session at that season, Emeline was brought that very week to trial, and though Don Ildefonso failed to recover his three pearls, he had the satisfaction, he declared, of inflicting the merited punishment of a severe imprisonment upon their thief. He begged Henrietta not to distress herself, and to free her mind from any solicitude or interest in so treacherous a servant.

"It would have been enough to dismiss her!" cried Henrietta, in a sudden passion then. "It was wicked, it was terrible, it is not to be forgiven, that you ruin her, yes, irretrievably ruin her, for the price of three miserable pearls. I shall never put the others on! I should feel that they ought to throttle me! oh, I detest them! the sight, the thought of them! I detest them!"

"*Ay de mi!* Do I offend you?" cried her lover, gazing at her, forgetful at the moment even of his offense, as she stood commanding and blooming in her beauty, and burning in her indignation—loving her none the less for her compassion on the girl, and too much accustomed to the tempestuous outbreaks of Spanish women to think strange of the tempers of this one who could do no wrong. "Do I offend you?" he cried again, in a moment. "Alas, it seemed to me but justice. I would release her, if I could, since you desire it—but the law is inexorable. I will endeavor, I will mitigate, I will provide for her future, I will testify that I have found the pearls—ah, but that is impossible to me—not even for thee! Thou shalt do as thou wilt for her thyself, only smile again and not consume me with anger. To-morrow is our wedding-day. Let no cloud cross our sky. I have been wrong, I see. *Que lástima!* It is so difficult to remember that our menials can suffer from an accusation on their honor, as we others do. Ah, I pity her, *la pobra muchachita!* she said she was alone in the world. Doubtless she was tempted. I will do what I can—I will send my cousin M'Lean to soothe her—that will please her, it will occupy him too, for I suspect the poor beggar has some love-affair of his own on hand, he mopes so the day long; I have told him if it were money in the way, I would give his bride a portion worth a prince's, and I will indeed! We will repair together the fortunes of the little sewing-girl, only smile again, redden thy sweet face with a smile, thou sunrise of my heavens!"

It was only a fleeting fury of Henrietta's. She could not care enough about any thing just then to be indignant long, or pleased: she felt as if she had sat down by the road-side, and the world was sweeping past her like the procession of a pageant—she had no lot or part in it. If Don Ildefonso did not have a care, indeed, she would soon verily have no lot or part in it. Already she could see herself, as her mother had pictured her, sweeping past the gaping crowds at the Springs or on the sea-side, ensphered in splendor, but cold and dead and listless, with her withered heart as if she already were a corpse. She might meet another woman there, as stiff with gems as she—some simple woman who had dared to love a man even though he were fortuneless, and who in return had been dowered by his Spanish cousin with the marriage portion of a princess. When she passed through the room, that night, where her wedding-gown lay in its thick folds, stretched out in state and covered with a sheet like a grave-cloth, she wished to Heaven that she were lying dead beneath it. She took out a little note from some hidden place, and read it, and kissed it, and dropped great blistering tears upon it, and held it to her warm breast, and then suddenly she twisted it and burned it in the gas-jet, and shut off the light, and sprang into bed with the kind darkness to cover her sobs. But after that morning dawned, they say that Henrietta never shed another tear.

The wedding-day broke as if the heavens were in the secret of it, a golden April morning, the sky softly strewn with clouds that soared with all their pearly flakes till lost in the absorbing blue above.

The church was crowded with the guests of Mrs. Huydekoper upon the appointed hour; for there were numbers against whom that lady felt herself to have cause of complaint and enmity, and she knew of no more powerful avenging angel than cards to her daughter's wedding with Don Gaspar Lazaro Ildefonso de Isla y Pasamonte, with his unreckoned wealth, his thousand slaves, his miles on miles of mountain plantations, where every grain of dust was gold, where every falling rain-drop was a diamond, when it was caught. Wisely enough, Mrs. Huydekoper did not attempt the monograms. There were kindly people, friends, there too, for Henrietta's sweet, if spirited, ways and words had always caused her to be warmly cared for; and there was the train of the disappointed lovers, who, since they could not stand in the bridegroom's place themselves, went, perhaps, in order that they might curse Don Ildefonso with all their hearts. The dust of the streets surrounded the coaches and blew after them and before them in such golden clouds as encircled the heathen gods and goddesses when they moved; the bridal train at last swept up the aisle to the clash of heavenly music, a line of light and glory.

The White Lady of Avenel was not whiter than the bride that day, white as the great pearls upon her throat; the stars of the sky seemed in her dark and steady eyes. She was moving like one in a dream; neither ceremony nor sacrament had any meaning to her; her soul entered into nothing of it—in the next life she would no more remember it than an awakened sleeper remembers a somnambulistic freak of the night.

Not so with the stately figure by her side—stately for all his shriveled stature—it was real, vivid life with him; he surveyed his wife with a dazzled glance; he was jealous of all this staring throng that beheld her, yet proud to wear her on his arm before them; he wore also, but in her honor, every star and ribbon that his race had ever received; a blur of diamonds on his coat; he would have omitted one of them that day as soon as have dropped a title, a name, a rent-roll from his list; but this new decoration was something worth them all—he had laid them and his devotion at her feet.

Again the rich resounding music pealed; the beautiful bride turned and paused one instant like a splendid angel ready for flight before them all—then the train swept out, and all the world prepared to follow to Mrs. Huydekoper's drawing-rooms in Sumach Square, wonderful as the rooms were with flowers and sunlight.

As the bride of the De Isla took her place beside her husband under the arch of the long drawing-room and its canopy of woven orange-blossoms, a little incident marred the scene with a sort of ill omen—an incident quickly forgotten in another, and both, for the time, forgotten together as the tide of guests flowed in with their rustling trains and delicate voices. It was just as the mother of the bride and the intimate family friends were saluting her, and young M'Lean, whose cousin had, as it were, compelled his presence, moved forward in his turn to address her. He bent low over her hand for one long breathing-space; but as he raised his head the white face of his had become empurpled, and then a little red stream gushed from between his lips, and the Señora De Isla y Pasamonte caught and kept the wild, cruel look of his eyes, with death in them, before he was borne from the place. The Señor De Isla was looking at his wife at that moment in a rapture, and all at once he cried: "*Oh fatal estrella mia!* the pearls! the pearls!"

The pearls? There were no pearls. Instead, their golden wire alone encircled the swan's throat of his wife, and there lay upon it and fell away from it in asbestos-like flakes and linty ash down the sheen of her satin and cloud of her lace (if any one had counted them) thirty-four pinches of gray dust. The pearls had perished. They had perished as ancient pearls, long hidden away, will do at last beneath the quick corrosion on their fibres of the unwonted heat and light and air. And Henrietta, longing, longing to escape, where in the rooms above she might take the last breath of dying lips, the last look of dying eyes, looked vacantly into the opposing mirrors. And seeing there a ghost, she saw, too, Don Ildefonso lightly flirting away those perished pearls with her handkerchief. And she knew that she had sold herself, and that her price was dust and ashes!

Promenade Dresses.

See illustration on page 744.

Fig. 1.—Suit of bear's ear poplin. Under-skirt trimmed with three narrow flounces; short over-skirt edged with wide black lace, and caught up in the back under a basque-ceinture formed of two rows of pleats. Close sleeves, with mousquetaire cuff of black lace. High corsage, pointed in the neck. Linen collar and cuffs. Small black lace toque, with lavender flowers.

Fig. 2.—Under-skirt of Mexican blue silk, trimmed with India galloon. High corsage and sleeves of the same material. Over-skirt of white foulard, with cashmere stripes, looped up very high with a puff of the same. Sash and bow of the same foulard. Corsage of white striped foulard, edged with a blue ruche, and open to the waist in the front and back. Magistrate collar. Puff-coiffure of lace and flowers.

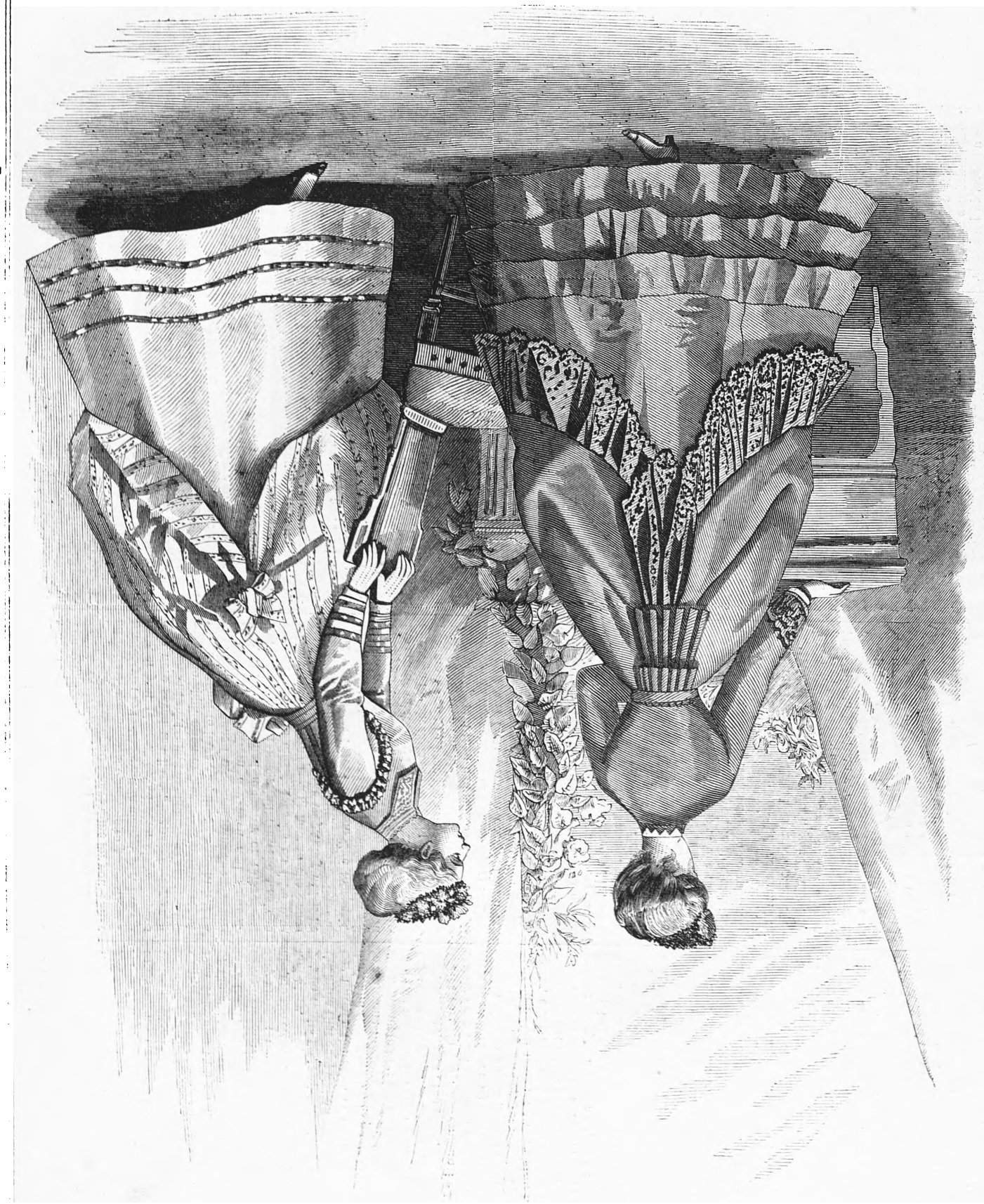
Evening and Dinner Dresses.

See illustration on page 744.

Fig. 1.—White tulle evening dress for young lady. Under-skirt trimmed with a flounce and three bouillonnés. Over-skirt looped up on each side with clusters of roses. Abbé mantle, fastened with roses in the back alone, and loosely caught up on the arm, or can be left flowing.

Fig. 2.—Dinner dress of blue silk. Under-skirt plain and trained; over-skirt, edged with a ruche of black silk bound with orange, and caught up in the Watteau fashion, very full behind. The *engageante* which holds the folds is trimmed with a ruche of black silk, bound with orange, with large bows at the sides. The folds which depend from the neck are likewise trimmed with bows. High corsage and close sleeves.

PROMENADE DRESSES.—[SEE PAGE 743.]



EVENING AND DINNER DRESSES.—[SEE PAGE 743.]

RAILROAD SALOON—TWENTY MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS.

IMPROMPTU FURNITURE.

WE propose to give a few simple directions for furnishing a country residence, or, if need be, a spare chamber, so as to look neat and pretty, at a small expense when compared with the high cost of cabinet furniture. With a few rough but strong packing-boxes, half a dozen barrels, some boards, tacks, etc., and a good supply of bright furniture chintz, a wonderful amount of useful and really pretty articles may be produced.

To begin with a sofa or divan for the parlor: Take a long packing-box of the desired dimensions—say about six fee long, and at least three feet wide; height, about a foot and a half. If one box of this size is not to be had, two shorter ones can be fastened together. If casters are to be had, let them be put on the corners, so as to have it roll easily when required to be moved. Now tack on coarse muslin or bagging over the top, letting it be loose, so as to allow for stuffing. Or, as will be easier, perhaps, to most persons, spread evenly over the top of the box a good layer of straw; then over that a thick covering of cotton, or any other material suitable for the purpose, and over all the muslin or bagging, tacking it down tightly on all sides. Care must be taken that there are no hills and hollows, but that it is stuffed evenly all over. Next cover it with chintz, tacking it down smoothly and firmly in the same way on to the sides and ends.

When that is done the sides may be covered either with a flounce of the chintz, or it may be put on plainly, using gimp tacks to nail it along the top, and having the bottom either hemmed or bound with binding.

Square pillows, stuffed with bran or straw, and covered with the same chintz, will form the back. For a sofa six feet long three or four pillows will be required.

Sometimes it is desirable to use the box for holding bed-clothes or linen, especially if the lounge is to be used as a bed, as the sheets, pillow-cases, etc., which are spread upon it during the night, can thus be put out of sight in the daytime. This is easily done by putting hinges to the lid. It will be best to nail a strip about ten inches wide along the side (a part of the lid itself may be sawed off for the purpose), and let the hinges be put on the edge of it, fitting the lid thereto. This will enable you to raise the lid at any time without the necessity of removing the pillows first. When covering it care must be used to let the chintz and muslin both fold over on to the under side, so as to allow it to be raised. The inside of the box may be covered with newspapers pasted on smoothly.

Persons having old suites of damask curtains, or who may choose to go to the expense of buying more elegant materials and trimmings, can have much handsomer looking furniture; but for a summer home or temporary arrangement the chintz will be very suitable.

With the barrels are to be made the most comfortable chairs imaginable. The aid of a carpenter's saw will be required to cut them into proper shape, and with a pencil first mark the outline on the barrel; then secure the hoops, nailing them near the mark on each side before they are cut. The engraving will show the shape required, but the back can be varied according to the taste of the workman. (See Fig. 1.)

FIGURE 1.

Casters can now be put on the bottom, or turned balls for feet, although it will answer very well without either. Next form the seat by fastening webbing tightly across the seat, two or three strips each way, and then tack on coarse bagging or muslin all around the top and sides of the barrel, and also around the edges of the seat. The barrels used may be of various sizes, the smaller ones being cut with very low arms, for reception-chairs, while the larger ones will form luxurious arm-chairs.

For a toilette-table (Fig. 2) use a barrel with a few heavy stones in the bottom to make it stand steady; then place upon the top a board wide enough to extend slightly over the edge, and rather longer than wide; all that is needed to complete it is to put a flounce of the chintz around the board, letting it extend to the floor, finishing the top with a scalloped border of the same, or with any thing else convenient and appropriate. (See Fig. 3.) A white fringed cover for the top will look pretty and be very suitable and serviceable, as it can be washed when soiled. If something rather more elegant and grand is desired it can be had by adding drapery to the above. A narrow strip of board, about four feet long and six inches wide, should be nailed to the back of the top, so that it will stand perpendicularly against the wall. On the top of this nail a semicircular piece of wood; a hook may now be driven into the upright piece for a looking-glass, and it will look better if the latter is large enough to conceal the back entirely and extend down to the table. (See Fig. 4.)

FIGURE 2.

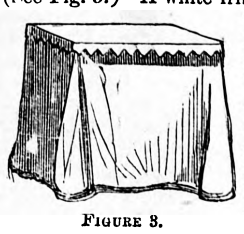


FIGURE 3.

Now take two breadths of white wash blonde or nice mosquito netting, and cut them long enough to extend from this semicircular top to the floor; gather it along one end of each breadth, and hem the other; then draw it up so as to reach exactly around the top, and tack it on, letting the opening come precisely in the middle. A little strip of gilt cornice, or one formed of leather-work, will make a pretty finish; and when this light drapery is looped up on each side a very ornamental table will be the result.

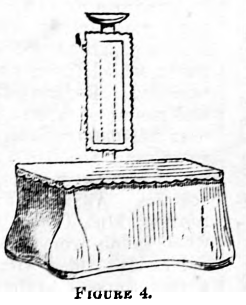


FIGURE 4.

A wash-stand may be made of another box without a lid, set up on its end against the wall, having the opening outward. Choose one of about the height and dimensions of an ordinary wash-stand, and it will add to the convenience of the article if a shelf be placed across the inside. Then cover it with a flounce of the chintz, letting it be open down the middle, so as to be able to set a pitcher or slop-jar inside. Next take a planed board large enough to extend about three inches beyond the sides of the box; have a smooth strip six or eight inches wide nailed on for a back, and either paint the whole white or marble it. With this laid on for a top the wash-stand will be complete. (See Fig. 5.)

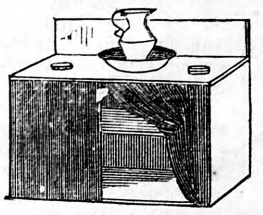


FIGURE 5.

A work-table will be a useful article in the sitting-room, and this may be made very conveniently. Procure a nice cheese-box from a grocery store, with a lid belonging to a larger sized one, that will extend one or two inches beyond the box all around; get a piece of board either round or eight-sided, several inches smaller than the box itself, and connect them together by a stout stick, so that it will be perfectly firm, making the whole of the proper height for a table. (See Fig. 6.) Place casters or turned balls on the bottom circular piece. Now line the box and lid by pasting on smoothly either paper or chintz. Then cover the outside with chintz, having the edges scalloped or pointed, and extending below the lower edge of the box. The top, or lid, can be covered in the same way with a pointed strip, to match the lower edge, put on so as to fall around the sides.

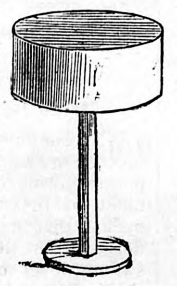


FIGURE 6.

Next tack a piece of chintz to the board at the bottom of the table, and then plait up the other end, and tack it around the top of the centre stem, close up under the box. A piece of bordering of some kind put around the bottom will finish it off neatly, and the scalloped edge of the box will conceal the fastening at the top. (See Fig. 7.)

FIGURE 7.

Another variety of these is the hour-glass table, formed by joining together two round boards with a stout stick between, as seen in the cut. (See Fig. 8.) Then cover the top with chintz, and tack another piece to the edge of it, letting the other end be tacked in like manner to the bottom, the material being long enough to hang loosely between. A cord and tassel tied about the middle gives it the shape of an hour-glass, and a little fringe around the top, or a ruffle of the same, will finish it off. (See Fig. 9.) By adding pockets on the inside of the lower half it may be improved, and some are made quite ornamental with little circular pockets drawn up like the hood of a cloak hanging down around the top.

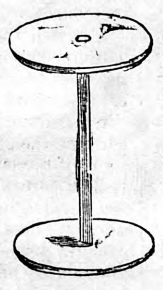


FIGURE 8.

Ottomans, foot-stools, etc., can easily be made from boxes of various sizes, and then, with the addition of muslin curtains to the windows, the house may be pretty comfortably furnished without calling in either cabinet-maker or upholsterer.

FIGURE 9.

A set of corner hanging-shelves for books may be made by sawing three boards in a triangular shape, the largest measuring eighteen inches on the side, the next fifteen, and the smallest twelve inches. Have them made perfectly smooth, and then stain them with thin black varnish or vandyke brown mixed in turpentine, using extract of logwood if a reddish tinge is wanted. Then rub them smooth with sand-paper, and ornament the edge with leather-work, cone-work, or with the burs of the sweet gum tree, which, when sawed in half, may be nailed or glued on to cover the edges.

Round auger-holes in all three corners of each shelf should then be made, and with three strong cords or sash-ropes they may be strung together. Knots tied under each shelf will keep them in place, and they must be hung so as to be entirely level, and with greater space between the two lower than the upper shelves. A strong iron staple driven into the corner of the wall near the ceiling will be best to hang them on, and they will hold a large number of books or other articles usually placed on an etagère.

Single brackets for a corner also look well, to hold a clock, lamps, vases, etc.

Side-wall brackets are easily made in this way: if there is a turner within reach you can have a round, solid block of wood turned according to any pattern drawn on paper. An acorn shape, spreading out into a fluted, broad top, looks well. It will, of course, be entirely circular, and may then be sawn into two equal halves, which, when stained, varnished, and hung up, will make a pair of very pretty brackets. They will be much improved by the addition of leather-work grapes, leaves, and flowers around the upper edges to look like carved wood.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

TO be alone in a crowd is, they say, the most utter solitude; but to be alone where a crowd was wont to be—in the familiar haunts where friends were used to greet one at every turn—is more lonely still. Not so many years ago *Punch* parodied that well-known poem of Campbell's, "The Last Man," and therein described the desolation of a denizen of the Clubs left alone in London at the beginning of September. The tale was so pitifully told that one's heart ached for him. Quite a fortnight earlier than usual London is even more deserted now than it generally is at the end of the season. A week ago in Rotten Row, just at the fashionable hour for riding, there were literally not half a dozen equestrians there; and in the afternoon, when I paid a visit to Marshal & Snelgrove's, one of our most fashionable linen-drapers, where usually at that hour the carriages stand four or six deep, and the shop is so full of the *beau-monde* that you can hardly make your way to the different departments, having an opportunity the while of studying the latest modes as worn by the women of the highest rank and fashion, I could have counted the people there. I do not, however, wish to excite your pity by allowing you to suppose that I am one of the unlucky mortals who have still to endure the almost unbearable heat of the metropolis with none of the usual brilliancy which characterizes it to reconcile one to the infliction. I have now winged my flight to the ancient town of Norwich, awaiting the meeting of the British Association, which is to take place here on the 19th instant, and will last a whole week. In my next letter I shall hope to give you a full, true, and particular account thereof; but before I take you quite away from the modern Babylon, I must gather up my "orts"—an expression, by-the-by, peculiar to the good County of Norfolk, where I now am—which means that I must collect the odds and ends, the stray webs of my story, and tell you a little more of our London doings.

The Queen, you know, is traveling on the Continent as Countess of Kent, and is for a few weeks quietly domiciled at Lucerne. The very weak state of her health is the main cause of her undertaking this journey; and as people all the world over are given to make mountains of mole-hills, the general gossip is, that she is worse than is given out, more especially as the papers announce, in a somewhat peculiar phraseology, that Her Majesty is traveling "under the care" of Sir James Clark, one of the Queen's favorite physicians, who has a pretty home at Bagshot, in Surrey. He was himself very ill in the spring. Once or twice on her way to Aldershott Her Majesty stopped to inquire after his health. The public press does not admit that there is any serious cause for alarm, but the gossips, which abound every where, do.

Ten days ago I was at a charming ball, given by the officers of the Royal Engineers, at the Brompton Barracks, Chatham. Prince Arthur, the youngest of the Queen's sons except Prince Leopold, is an officer of that body, and danced away to his heart's content the whole evening long, and to the great delight of the many young ladies among the company whom he honored with his hand. He wore the engineer uniform, like the rest of the officers present; and, indeed, appeared in every way one of them, receiving no special mark of deference. He is just eighteen, tall, fair, and gentlemanly-looking, bearing a most striking resemblance to his eldest brother. He not only, it seems, takes part in the gayeties and pleasures of his comrades, but in the duties of his calling, too; and when, a few days after, a sad accident occurred at Chatham, by the breaking down of a temporary bridge, whereby one man was killed and many wounded, no one was more active or prompt in rendering assistance than the young Prince. But we will not dwell on the doleful side of the royal visit here. The mess-room at the balls is turned into the ball-room. It is a large square room, with nothing particular about it, except portraits of the Queen and Prince Consort, and a few distinguished soldiers, and the admirable way in which it is lighted, by sun-lights, from the roof. The band of the Royal Engineers played from a gallery running across the lower end of the room; the side-board and the window-sills were crammed with flowers, and dancing throughout the evening was well kept up.

Military balls are far more effective than any others, because officers are supposed to wear their uniforms, the only opportunity their fair friends have of seeing them in them, save perhaps at a levee, or drawing-room, or at a review, or something of that kind, as they do not appear in them except on duty, when with their regiments. The suppers and the refreshments generally are always of a first-rate order, and they could not have been better than on this occasion. They were served in the library, and the corridor leading to it, and a kind of impromptu tent made on some adjacent leads by means of flags and tarpaulin, were crowded throughout the evening. Supper is always partaken of standing. "Sit-down" suppers, as they are called, are quite old-fashioned. Programmes of the dances, which used to be presented to each guest on entering the ball-room, are not by any means as general as they were in England at balls; but they were used at this one. Waltzes, Lancers, and quadrilles follow each other in pretty regular succession. One galop in an evening is the usual thing now, and that the last dance. We used to have as many waltzes as galops, but "*Nous avons changé tout cela*," and a very bad change it is, owing, they say, to the Prince of Wales's strong passion for waltzing. He never stops dancing all the evening long.

The present House of Commons is virtually defunct. It is prorogued now until the 8th of October; it will then be further prorogued until the 9th of November, when the writs will be issued for the General Elections, and the strife of war will have really begun.

I wended my way to the House of Lords to see the ceremony of the prorogation, but it was so tame and dreary an affair that I was scarcely repaid for my trouble. The Lords Commissioners—the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Malmesbury, the Duke of Buckingham, the Duke of Beaufort, and the Earl of Devon—appeared in the full glory of their scarlet and ermine-bedizened robes, and listened to the Lord Chancellor (Lord Cairns), as he read as commonplace a royal speech as could well be. One of the most famous of diplomatists tells us that the power of speech was given us to conceal our thoughts; surely this must be peculiarly applicable to royal speeches. Besides the Lords Commissioners there were present some half dozen peers—scarcely more—a few ladies seated on the Opposition benches of the Peers' Chamber, a reporter or two, and the Speaker, and perhaps twenty M.P.'s, and that was about all save and except the three Clerks of the House, very important personages, especially on this occasion, who appear in silk gowns and white wigs, like barristers. In letters of this kind one is allowed to skip from subject to subject, like bees from flower to flower in pursuit of honey, and if one only manages to furnish amusement to her readers she may be forgiven a little want of sequence in the narrative, so I must tell you that during the late fearful heat from which we have been suffering, in one or two of the law-courts the bar have been permitted to doff their wigs for a while. A sad trifling this with the majesty of the law which is not likely to become a precedent; for people here would lose a great deal of their faith in its inscrutable dictates if it were shorn of any of its outward adornments.

But *revenons à nos moutons*. The Clerks of the House of Lords took a prominent part in the day's performance when Parliament was prorogued, because previous to the prorogation the royal assent was given to several bills—over a hundred, in fact. A pile of these said bills are placed before one Clerk, who hands them to another, who bows first to the Lords Commissioners, and then turning toward the bar of the House, where the representatives of the House of Commons are stationed, declares the royal assent in one of the three following forms, according to the nature of the bill: "*La Reine le veut;*" "*Soit fait comme il est desiré;*" or "*La Reine accepte la bienveillance et remercie ses bons sujets.*" The formal reading of the royal speech concluded the proceedings, and after a few words of farewell the Palace of Westminster—at least that part of it usually occupied by the third and fourth estates of the realm—was left in the possession of servants, and under the protection of brown Holland.

I have been a very frequent visitor to the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons this season, and the heat I have had to endure in consequence is better imagined than described. This Ladies' Gallery goes often enough by the name of the "Black Hole of Calcutta." It has always been the fashion to grumble at and abuse the accommodation provided for the fair sex here, but, considering all things, it really is not so bad, especially when coupled with the fact that the M.P.'s themselves can not possibly all find places on a full night, even when they betake themselves to the galleries on either side of the building. The evil of this has been so apparent of late, and so keenly felt, that it has been seriously canvassed to rebuild the Commons Chamber altogether. Rather extravagant this, considering how recently it has been completed, and at what an enormous cost. I do not know whether this Commons Chamber generally is familiar to my readers, but, for the benefit of those who may be ignorant on the subject, I will describe it. The floor of the House is occupied—first and foremost—by the table, which plays a prominent part in the proceedings. On this are books, papers, etc. Various papers and petitions have technically to be "laid on the table of the House." To fulfill the form they are not, however, literally "laid on," but dropped into a receptacle on purpose for them underneath. At the further end of this table rests the Mace, that is, when the Speaker is in the Chair; when the House goes into Committee it is removed and placed beneath the table. On Lord Charles Russell, brother of Earl Russell, who is Serjeant-at-Arms, the duty devolves of removing it. He always appears in a black Court dress, bag-wig, sword, breeches, and silk stockings complete. His lordship is elderly, tall, and very thin, and his long, lean figure traversing the length of the House, from his own particular seat not far from the door, to the table, a proceeding which often occurs many times in an evening, is a familiar sight to the M.P.'s. In a chair of state, at the top of the table, in his black gown and white wig, sits

the Speaker; in front of him are the clerks of the House. The rest of the House is filled with leather-covered benches, some running lengthwise down the chamber, others (the lower ones) cross-way. Those on the right of the Speaker are occupied by the Ministry and their supporters; those on the left by the Opposition and its partisans. The cross-way benches are supposed to be appropriated by the Independent members. Up against the wall, by the door, are other cross-way seats for peers and illustrious visitors. In the end gallery, over the doorway, are the Speaker's and Strangers' Galleries. Those on each side belong to the members, while the reporters occupy the front row of the gallery before the Speaker's chair, and behind them comes the brass lattice-work through which the ladies—unseen themselves—are supposed to be silent spectators of the proceedings. There are three rooms for the use of the fair sex filled with chairs, each supposed to hold about twenty, until quite recently the chairs were replaced by large unwieldy benches, which took up more room and supplied less seats. An attendant is there specially to see to the wants and requirements of the occupants, and ices, fruits, etc., can be had if wanted. Altogether, womankind is not so badly treated here as it might be. The whole character of the building is richly decorated Gothic, and the ornamentation is exquisitely carried out. The painted windows on either side contain the arms of various cities and boroughs, the ventilation and the lighting is on the most approved principles, but it is in no way so gorgeous in its details as the House of Lords, this being more adapted to business.

My budget of news of people and things is small. In parts of England they are getting the harvest in by moonlight—the nights are so bright, the days so hot. The wheat harvest has been, and is, particularly rich; barley and turnips bad—the latter very bad.

Mr. John Douglas Cook, editor of the *Saturday Review*, died at the Albany this week. "*Le roi est mort—vive le roi!*" Every body is asking who is to reign in his stead. Adah Menken, the actress, who made her fame here in Mazeppa, has lately died in Paris of rapid consumption. Her life reads like a romance—a romance of which some pages had best be omitted. According to her own request two words alone are to appear on her tombstone, "Thou knowest." Mrs. Lincoln is coming to visit the Queen here, which is rather your news than ours. Fashion books now are only filled with traveling costumes. The newest things of this kind are the water-proof suits, consisting of a short skirt and jacket, trimmed with braid, and sold for thirty shillings. They are made, of course, of the water-proof tweed, like the cloaks for which, with us, the good town of Shrewsbury is so famous.

ARDERN HOLT.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

AN abundance of good water is a luxury in hot weather, and the inhabitants of New York city enjoy this luxury. The city consumes, on the average, 60,000,000 gallons a day, and seldom does any one stop to consider what distress would follow should the supply fail. We fancy the Croton River, with its tributaries, an exhaustless source, and that the Croton Lake, and our other three Reservoirs, contain an unlimited amount of water. It is very true that the capacity of the Lake is about 500,000,000 gallons, and that the Reservoir on Murray Hill, and those in the Central Park, are together capable of holding something like 1,199,888,145 gallons, which seems a good deal in figures. But in some dry seasons in years past only about half as much water has flowed into these reservoirs each day as has been consumed by the city in the same time. A serious calamity might result from any long continued drought. Consequently, about two years ago, a new Croton reservoir was commenced in Kent Township, Putnam County. The work seems to have progressed slowly, and as yet the dam of masonry-work necessary to secure an extra supply of water is not finished. This dam is to be 58 feet in height above the bed of the stream, and 650 feet long. The reservoir will be irregular in shape, its extreme length being 11,000 feet; its extreme width, 2300 feet; its average depth, 25 feet; its area, 300 acres; and its capacity, 2,400,000,000 gallons. This new reservoir, being filled by the early spring rains, can be made useful in any dry season by supplying the Croton Lake with water.

Of the 1200 graduates of Oberlin College, 250 have graduated from the Theological Department, 460 gentlemen and 90 ladies from the Classical Course, and 434 from the Ladies' Course. A large number, both of ladies and gentlemen, have assumed positions of special responsibility and honorable distinction.

A lady has been appointed Professor of English Literature in Rutger's College in this city. She is from Brooklyn, and daughter of the Rev. Dr. T. J. Conant, the well-known Biblical scholar and translator. She is said to have excellent qualifications for the position.

Chicago has three prominent public parks—Union Park, Dearborn Park, and Lincoln Park. The latter, about forty or fifty acres in extent, extends along the lake-shore in the northern part of the city, and is laid out in a very artistic manner. It is a sort of Central Park in miniature, and on Saturday afternoons a band discourses popular music.

A mammoth hotel is to be built on a spot in the White Mountains known as the Giant's Grave, from which a fine view of the whole mountain-range can be obtained.—A young lady—name not known—at the White Mountains, has fallen—in love with a guide.—The hegira has commenced, and rooms at Saratoga can soon be obtained at a more moderate price. The perfumed gloves "for bets" which have been offered for sale in that village will be at a discount.—Guests at the Catskill Mountain House are still enjoying themselves immensely. They have not been altogether idle during the season either, as the rocks, embellished with hundreds of names, in various fanciful styles of handwriting, will testify.—October is a delightful month in which to visit Lake George; and the Fort William Henry Hotel enjoys the reputation of setting one of the "best tables" of the season.—Some of the Newport *trunks* are ready to return home. Being too large for the doors, they stand on the lawn in front of the Ocean House.

Three or four years ago a young lady in Richmond, Virginia, declined proposals of marriage from a young gentleman who has recently died. She has received notice from the young man's administrator that all his property, amounting in value to about $20,000, is bequeathed to her.

According to statements made by his son Francis, Victor Hugo is now finishing a romance in four volumes, the scene of which is laid in England, near the commencement of the eighteenth century. The title is not yet determined on, two having suggested themselves to the author's mind. The first is *L'Homme qui Rit* (the man who laughs). The second is *Par Ordre du Roi* (by order of the King). The result of Victor Hugo's deliberations on this point will soon be known. The few who have seen something of this promised work predict for it a success similar to that of *Les Miserables*.

Alphonse Gouffé, head pastry-cook to Queen Victoria, has translated and adapted for English use a new cookery book, written by Jules Gouffé, *chef de cuisine* of the Paris Jockey Club. It is scarcely adapted for common use, however, since the London price is two guineas for each copy. It has over one hundred and sixty woodcuts, and some of its illustrations are large chromo-lithographs. Extracts from this work, which is acknowledged a first-class authority in culinary matters, have appeared in the *Bazar*.

"The Moonstone," which was published as a serial in *Harper's Weekly*, and has now been issued in regular book-form, is a story of absorbing interest, as, indeed, are all of Wilkie Collins's works. "The Moonstone" has also been published in London; but the price of the English edition is a guinea and a half, while the American edition costs only a dollar and a half. The latter also has many original engravings of very high merit.

A singular accident recently occurred at Fontainebleau, which might have proved a very serious one. The "Chinese saloon" was a favorite resort of the imperial pair, and here one morning they had been closeted, writing letters with ink out of the marvelous Chinese inkstand, on the table beneath the great chandelier. They had only reached the threshold, in retiring from the room, when the monster chandelier fell with a tremendous crash, smashed the table, pulverized the inkstand, and half buried itself in the floor. The Empress did not faint, but it is said she has been more serious ever since, and more fully bent on making pilgrimage to the Holy City.

A sarcastic writer says that "the British made a mistake in abolishing the law that compelled the widow to burn herself with the remains of her husband. If such a rule were applied here, the ladies would take better care of their husbands' health."

A wonderful story is told of a native of Switzerland, who, at the age of sixty-six, had arrived at an astonishing degree of perfection in reckoning time by an internal movement. He was, in fact, a living clock. In his youth he was accustomed to pay great attention to the ringing of bells and vibrations of pendulums, and by degrees he acquired the power of counting a succession of intervals exactly equal to those which the vibrations of the sound produced. His accuracy in indicating the lapse of time has been proved by many experiments. His own account of his power is as follows: "I have acquired, by imitation, labor, and patience, a movement which neither thought, nor labor, nor any thing can stop. It is similar to that of a pendulum, which, at each moment of going and returning, gives me the space of three seconds, so that twenty of them make a minute; and these I add to others continually."

MISS BURDETT-COUTTS.

WE give on page 749 the portrait of one of the wealthiest women and most earnest philanthropists of the time, the well-known Miss Angela Georgiana Burdett-Coutts.

Miss Burdett-Coutts was born April 25, 1814. She was the youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, a distinguished politician and member of parliament. Her mother, Lady Burdett, was the daughter of the famous banker, Coutts, who was world-renowned for his immense wealth. The Burdetts are a very old family—Miss Burdett-Coutts's brother, Sir Robert Burdett, being the sixth baronet. She has two sisters living; Susannah, married in 1830 to John Bettesworth Trevanion, Esq., and Clara Maria, married in 1830 to the Rev. James Drummond Money. Her grandfather, Coutts the banker, had married Miss Mellon, the celebrated actress. On the death of Mr. Coutts, his widow had married the Duke of St. Alban's. Her first husband had left her the whole of his fortune, and there seemed but little chance of any of his grandchildren ever participating in his wealth. However, the Duchess was too kind-hearted to be capable of any thing like injustice, and as she had no children of her own, she resolved that the granddaughter, who, we believe, had passed much of her time with her, should enjoy the whole of her grandfather's fortune, on condition that she should assume the name and arms of Coutts. Accordingly, in 1837, on the death of the Duchess of St. Alban's, Miss Burdett became known as Miss Burdett-Coutts.

Miss Burdett-Coutts's vast wealth has been employed for the good of her fellow-creatures; and in no direction has her sympathies been so fully and practically expressed as in favor of the poor and unfortunate of her own sex. By her exertions the teaching of sewing and other household occupations was introduced into the girls' public school, from which they had before been excluded. For the fallen she provided a shelter and means of reform at a small establishment near Shepherd's Bush, which existed for seven years, and one half of whose inmates became happy and prosperous residents of the British colonies. Again, in Spitalfields, a mass of destitution, Miss Coutts founded a sewing-school where adult women are not only taught, but fed and provided with work, and from which nurses are sent to the sick, and outfits are distributed to servants and warm clothing to destitute women. One of the plague-spots of London was purchased by her, and on the large area of squalor and wretchedness she founded a large pile of magnificent model dwellings, consisting of separate tenements let at rents ranging from 50 cents to $1 25 per week, to upward of three hundred families; close by which she reared a market, church, and mission-school. Her last work in the way of model dwellings has been the erection of a village for her work-people, near her residence, Holly Lodge, Highgate. The beautiful drinking-fountain, erected by her at a cost of £5000, in Victoria Park, is one of the ornaments of London.

Miss Coutts's purse is constantly open to every good work. She has endowed, at an outlay of £50,000, the three colonial bishoprics of Adelaide, Cape Town, and British Columbia; built and endowed numerous churches and schools, and aided large numbers of the poor to seek their fortunes in other lands. The amount of her private charities it is impossible to estimate. She is a liberal patroness of the arts, and is herself an accomplished artist. To her own order, to the titled and the wealthy, Miss Coutts sets a noble example, and we rejoice to think that her example has not been in vain. Her friends are the purest and truest of her sex; Florence Nightingale is one of them, the widowed Queen another. Need we say more?

THE RELIC VENDOR.

[From a Painter's Note-Book.]

ONE summer I was seated on the diligence on my way to Quimper, one of the most important towns of Brittany. It had rained overnight, and the roads were very muddy. It helped us little that the morning broke in dazzling splendor over the forests, the green hills, and the swampy lowlands; we made our way forward but slowly in spite of the cracking of the whip and the fantastic oaths of the driver. At last the diligence stood still, having gracefully courtesied itself into a ditch near a desolate hillock. The lash and oaths were alike in vain. The horses refused to move from the spot, and when at last, urged by repeated blows, they made a sudden jerk, two of the wheels broke. The breaking down of a diligence in France is in itself too unimportant an affair to be worthy of notice, were I not indebted to this detention for a beautiful sketch for my port-folio, as well as for the relation of a sad history in real life.

I preferred seeking out the next village to following the example of the remainder of the passengers, and staying to make useless efforts and proffer unskilled assistance. I took my cane and sketch-book out of the coach, and walked briskly toward the next little place, over the wretched cottages of which arose the high towers and battlements of an old gray castle. The cottages were poorer than I had previously noticed in Brittany; the castle appeared uninhabited and dilapidated. The highway passed through the court-yard.

I passed through the half-ruined porch-door. The upper portion of the castle was almost entirely in ruins. Through the broken window-panes I could see the heavy tapestry hanging in shreds from the cracked walls. The lower rooms between the stable and the hall alone showed any signs of human life, and those who had sought a shelter here were plainly very poor. The space was divided into rooms by means of board partitions. Threadbare clothes were hanging to dry over the proud coat of arms at the entrance; a dilapidated hat crowned the single half-broken statue which yet remained, and children were playing in the court-yard among swine and cackling hens. Only on one side of the castle, where a small door led to what had once been a garden, did there seem to be an attempt at neatness, for some plants stood by the little window, and carefully-trained ivy was creeping up the walls.

I went through the Gothic doorway upon a dilapidated gallery, from the parapet of which the eye took in the neglected garden and a desolate landscape of barren hillocks, relieved only by a stretch of wood-land in the distance.

At the end of the gallery, a few steps lower down, was a small, airy wooden shed, used as a tavern, as the table and chairs before the door, as well as the sign, sufficiently indicated. I resolved to remain here while waiting for the diligence. I sat down at the table, and was soon sipping a glass of miserable wine which the good-natured host had brought me. While I was contemplating the contrast between the present desolation and the former magnificence of the castle, a new picture presented itself. Two young girls, the noble features of one of whom I especially remarked, had stepped out of the door on the gallery, and were leaning over the parapet talking gayly. They were dressed in the picturesque costume of the country, with caps trimmed with lace, and neatly fitting bodices and dresses of different colors; while the paleness of their countenances was set off by their glossy black hair and their coral lips. They appeared to be waiting for some one.

I soon discovered a pilgrim who was toilsomely making his way over the stony hills toward the castle. A few moments later he was standing before the two girls. I perceived that the pilgrim, a member of some spiritual brotherhood, was blind. The poor sightless friar was led by a faithful dog, round whose neck a string was passed, with the other end fastened to the pilgrim's crucifix. His countenance and his finely-cut features betrayed the nobility of his origin; but he was pale and sickly, and seemed to be suffering. Around his neck was suspended a relic-box, containing a wax image of the Virgin and Child. There may also have been a relic of some saint, a shred of clothing, or a handful of holy earth, for the two girls, who bowed their heads in pious simplicity, seemingly overawed by the sacred relics before them. I was so delighted with the scene, the effect of which was heightened by the peculiar light reflected in the galleries, that I immediately seized my brush to make the sketch, which I afterward finished. As I was thus employed the host stepped up, and watched me curiously.

"Do you know whom you are sketching there?" he asked. "That is our honored lord, the possessor of the old castle which you see before you?"

I looked at him in astonishment.

"Yes, it is a sad history. It is now twenty years ago. Our young lord used to spend a few weeks here every year on account of the curiosities, for the castle was already almost uninhabitable. It was said that he was interested in a young girl here. He was a good, kind master, and we were always glad when he came. What was our terror when he was found one evening at the edge of the forest yonder unconscious, and with his eyes torn out. He soon regained his senses, but refused to tell any particulars of the outrage. When partially recovered he went away from here, blind. No one discovered who had perpetrated the horrible deed. A year after he returned as you see him to-day. He gave his property to the poor, and wandered around the country as relic vendor for a cloister. He comes here every year at this time, and remains a few days. Every day he prays at his mother's grave; on Sunday he preaches in the old chapel. His sermons work wonders, and the people honor him as a saint. He sleeps in a lonely corner of the castle."

I had no more time to inquire into the particulars of the peculiar circumstances connected with the pilgrim. The diligence was ready to start, and it was important that I should reach Quimper that day. But as I was climbing to my seat, I cried to the host who had followed me that I should visit him on my return.

Having completed my business in Quimper, I sent my baggage ahead and walked across to the old castle which had so interested me on my journey hither. As I caught sight of the old battlements of Quinbras—as the castle is called—I caught the clear tones of a bell that rang out distinctly through the morning air. The distant forest was hidden with fog, the dew shimmered on the highway, and the stones and grass at either side; but the walls and battlements, lighted by the morning sun, stood out in relief against the sky. The bell ceased as I reached the spot. The old host came forward and said, with a friendly greeting:

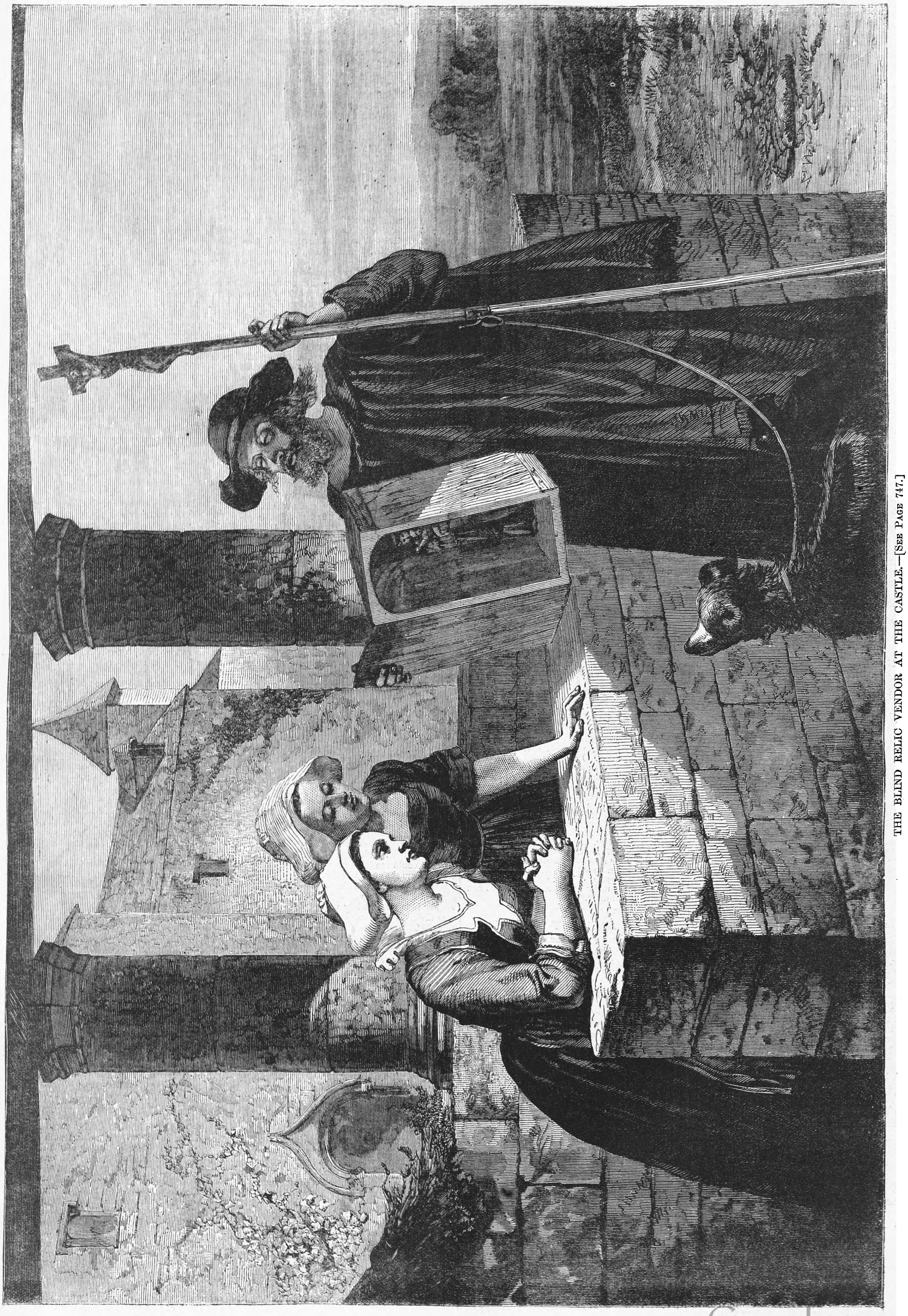
"It is well that you sketched our lord when you did; to-day it would have been too late. He has gone to his everlasting rest."

"How was it that death overtook him so suddenly?" I interrupted.

"On the very first day that he came here, the day you saw him, he complained of feeling ill. We thought it was only a slight indisposition, but in the same night Claudine knocked at my door and begged me to go over, as he continued to grow worse. Claudine is the youngest of the two girls you saw here, and the pilgrim was at her house. We both prayed for him devoutly. When morning came we stood by his couch ignorant what to do; when suddenly a suggestion came to me from above. 'Claudine,' I said, 'what if you should go for your father? he is acquainted with healing herbs.' 'My father,' answered the girl, 'avoids men, and has lived for years alone in the forest, but I will go to him.' When she returned he was with her; but what a sight I witnessed! Scarcely had he caught sight of the sick man, who lay as if in a deep sleep, when he sank on his knees as if struck by lightning, and burst into tears, muttering unintelligible words. As the sick man heard them, he raised himself up on the couch like a ghost—I shall never forget the sight—spasmodically stretched his arm in the direction whence came the voice, and then sunk back upon the bed. What occurred afterward I did not witness; but Claudine told me, under a promise of secrecy, that it was her father who, moved by jealousy, had, with two other men since dead, attacked the Count, and put out his eyes. Claudine's father threw himself, moaning, on the pilgrim's couch, and prayed for forgiveness. The blind man raised himself up for an instant, laid his hands in blessing on the head of Claudine and her father, while his countenance shone with a holy light, and passed to the dwelling of the angels."

I followed the host into the old, crumbling chapel. The fresh morning light and air played over the desolate place, while the trees stretched their branches in greeting through the ruined windows. A fresh grave had been made among the broken grave-stones; and a tablet pointed out the resting-place of the noble Count Gaëtan de P——. Under this earth lay the last branch of this noble house; perhaps the noblest of all, for he had overcome grief, and, dying, had blessed the enemy who had robbed him of the light and the joy of his life.

I gladly took the relic-box, and, often when overcome with sadness, I open the little door and think of him whose consolation it had been through a joyless life.



THE BLIND RELIC VENDOR AT THE CASTLE.—[SEE PAGE 747.]

THE QUEEN AND "VICKY" AT THE HIGHLAND COTTAGE.

THE accompanying graphic illustration portrays the visit paid by Queen Victoria and the Princess Royal, now Victoria of Prussia, to the aged Highland widow, past fourscore, which all will remember who have read that touching idyl of royal domestic life, "Our Life in the Highlands." The young Princess had just pledged her hand to the Crown-Prince of Prussia, and the Queen herself announced the approaching event to Widow Symons. The old woman straightened herself up, bent almost double as she was, and stretching out her hand toward Vicky, in an attitude of benediction, exclaimed, "May the Lord be a guide to ye in your future, and may every happiness attend ye!" For some time after the marriage, as it will be remembered, grave doubts were entertained as to the fulfillment of this blessing; the air was full of rumors about the unhappiness of the bride and the harshness of the bridegroom; and it was generally believed that this was one of the matches not made in heaven. The origin and relative truth of this gossip, with many other interesting facts, will be learned from the accompanying article on Victoria of Prussia, which gives a succinct narrative of the later history of the young Princess, perhaps the most talented of the royal family of England.

VICTORIA OF PRUSSIA.

THOSE who, during the summer months, visit Babelsberg, the delightful country seat of the royal family of Prussia, and the only truly beautiful spot in the sandy plains of Brandenburg, will be especially charmed with the noble avenues extending from the two wings of the palatial villa toward the park. If they saunter up and down the western avenue, between five and six in the afternoon, they will be likely to notice there a lady, apparently twenty-eight or thirty years of age, below the medium height, neither very slender nor inclined to *embonpoint*, and dressed in a tasteful, though simple and unassuming, manner. This lady, who leads a little girl by the hand, and is, besides, accompanied by two little boys, the elder of whom bears a striking resemblance to her, is by no means beautiful, nor even pretty; her features lack regularity, her head is not very shapely, her mouth seems somewhat too large, and her complexion looks slightly faded; but her face is lit up with so marked an expression of kind-heartedness, there is so much genial sunshine in her bright eyes, and, withal, such an air of distinction about her, that strangers who meet her there for the first time will be much struck with her appearance, and, even without knowing her, think she must be a good and remarkable woman.

MISS BURDETT COUTTS.—[SEE PAGE 747.]

This favorable impression is certain to be confirmed and enhanced when they see a gentleman, in the prime of life, and evidently enjoying the best of health, tall, strong, and active, with a pleasant, bearded face, and dressed in the uniform of a superior officer of the Prussian army, entering the avenue from the side of the Potsdam highway, and advancing with a quick step toward the lady, who has evidently been awaiting him, and who, as soon as she catches sight of him, accelerates her gait, while the boys run to meet the officer. When they meet, the sunshine in the lady's face has become still sunnier, and she looks with an expression of great tenderness into the good-natured face of the handsome officer, who shakes hands with her, or, still oftener, gives her a kiss, draws her arm into his own, and takes the little girl by the hand; and then the happy couple, smiling, chatting, and laughing, walk back to the villa.

The stranger who has witnessed this meeting, as it may be witnessed at the aforesaid place and hour nearly every afternoon in June, July, and August, will, in all probability, turn to some passer-by and inquire who the lady and gentleman may be. The reply will be, "Why, that is our little Crown-Princess Victoria and her husband!" While the stranger may still be somewhat surprised, as he is very apt to be, that this pleasant little woman with the sunny face should be no other than the second lady in the kingdom, and destined to occupy before long the royal throne of Prussia, and, perhaps, to wear the still prouder imperial diadem of Germany, he will find his interlocutor, no matter to what class of society he may belong, rather talkative about the merits of the "little Crown-Princess." The Germans generally, when conversing about their princes, do not speak of them in very flattering terms; and those who are acquainted with most of these distinguished persons can not blame their subjects for alluding to them in such a dis-

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL (NOW VICTORIA OF PRUSSIA) AT WIDOW SYMONS'S HIGHLAND COTTAGE.

paraging manner. But, whether noblemen or peasants, the Prussians of to-day will with one accord bestow the most enthusiastic praise on their Crown-Princess; and it is now already predicted by every body that, next to the good and beautiful Louisa, she will be the most popular queen that ever sat on the throne of Prussia. Hundreds of anecdotes are told about her great popularity. She herself is fond of relating what an old peasant-woman said to her several years ago in a village near Culm, where she and the Crown-Prince were waiting for relay-horses, and whiled away their time by chatting with the villagers. An old woman asked the Crown-Prince who they were. "I am the son of your King," he replied, "and this is my wife." "Oh," exclaimed the old woman, her eyes brightening up, "this, then, is the young lady of whom every body speaks so well!" In the most radical circles of democratic Berlin, where the King is sneered at as a prejudiced old fool, and the Queen derided as a blue-stocking, praise is lavished on the Crown-Princess; and Count Bismarck has been insisting for eighteen months past that the best way of putting an end to the disaffection still prevailing in Hanover would be to send Victoria to the ex-capital of George the Fifth, and have her reside in the deserted palace on the banks of the Leine, which, as a near relative of the dethroned King, she has thus far steadily refused to do, although the great Premier has time and again assured her that she could and would win over the disaffected Hanoverians.

If her popularity nearly equals that of the lamented Louisa, she is certainly not a prey to sufferings, such as hurried the beautiful mother of the present King to a premature grave. On the contrary, Victoria herself said, not many months ago, that she was the happiest woman in Prussia. It was on the last but one birthday of her husband. The royal family, including the young Grand-duchess of Baden and her children, was assembled in the King's parlor at Sans-Souci, and playing at "Questions and Answers." Somebody had written on a piece of paper, "Who is the happiest woman in Prussia?" And it was Victoria's turn to answer. "You may think me very egotistical, or very silly," she said, smilingly; "but, if I am to tell the truth, I must say that I believe I am the happiest woman in Prussia!" The warm-hearted, impetuous old King hastened to her, and kissed her tenderly, exclaiming, "*Brav, mein Töchterchen, brav!*"

Now, will it be believed that this little princess, who calls herself the happiest woman in Prussia, who will soon wear a dazzling diadem, who is idolized by her husband and nearly her whole family, and whose name is mentioned with respect and affection by every member of a people until very recently not noted for great attachment to its dynasty, during the first ten or twelve months of her wedded life deemed herself a very unhappy creature, and bewailed the day when she had consented to become the wife of Prince Frederick William? And yet it is but too true, and to those who saw and observed her in the first time after her arrival in Prussia, the change which she has undergone since then must seem well-nigh miraculous.

She first set foot on Prussian soil at a time when both the court and the people were in a gloomy and depressed state of mind. The King, a prey to incurable mental and bodily disease, was stretched on a bed of suffering, from which he was never to rise again, so that the royal family led a very retired life, and no festivities took place at court. The ambitious Queen Elizabeth, who saw the sceptre slipping from her hands, and the star of her hated sister-in-law Augusta in the ascendant, received young Victoria coldly, and, as soon as she had withdrawn, exclaimed, "I think I shall not like her"—a prediction which has since been verified to the fullest extent; for of the few adversaries whom the Princess has, the Queen-Dowager is the most prominent. The Princess (now Queen) Augusta, Victoria's mother-in-law, a kind-hearted lady, but generally in feeble health, disliked Berlin, whose air did not agree with her, and where she had always been slighted and neglected, and returned at once to her quiet retreat at Coblentz. She had, moreover, entertained from the very first the belief that she and her little daughter-in-law would not harmonize very well—an apprehension which time has proved to be entirely groundless. The other princesses, who had hitherto always sided with Queen Elizabeth, and who were naturally cold-hearted and indifferent, manifested very little kindness toward their new relative. Besides, little discrimination had been displayed in the selection of Victoria's ladies of honor. A stiff old mistress of ceremonies tormented her at nearly every step she made, and her younger companions were remarkable for nothing but their haughtiness and aristocratic descent. Thus every thing was calculated to chill her warm little heart. The keen-eyed Princess had also noticed very well that the royal family was any thing but popular. The faults which her father-in-law had committed in 1848 and 1849 were not yet forgotten, and the people generally treated him with reserve and distrust. The Berlinese, who never are very enthusiastic, received her quite well under the circumstances; but she felt that there was a marked contrast between her reception and that with which the royal family used to meet at the hands of the people of England. In the midst of a country which at bottom is nothing but an endless sandy plain, she longed for the hills of Balmoral, the white cliffs and blue waves of Wight, and the gardens and halls of Windsor Castle. The home-sickness which seized her was still aggravated by the morbid belief which constantly haunted her, that her husband was cold-hearted and cared nothing about her. Her *beau ideal* of a husband was her father, Prince Albert; and Prince Frederick William, in whom Queen Victoria had erroneously believed to recognize the best qualities of her own consort, was so unlike her father! He treated her with a sort of chivalrous reserve, which she took for coldness, when it was nothing but his respectful admiration for her intellectual superiority. Yes, it was the young husband who looked up to his English wife, and although he was certainly well educated, the accomplishments of the brilliant young creature dazzled him and filled him with something like timidity. Shyness, moreover, was at that time one of his prominent traits; it was engendered chiefly by the persistency with which he had thus far been kept in the back-ground, and has since then, owing, above all, to the happy influence exercised over him by his wife, entirely worn off. But at that time her home-sick eyes did not see what was the matter, and she arrived at the conclusion that her husband did not love her, and that of all unhappy little princesses she was the unhappiest. Tears, sighs, complaints—all of which the young Prince vainly tried to stop—were the consequence. The scandal-mongers at court hailed this state of affairs as a very sweet morsel for their tongues, and, as usual, distorted every thing in the most shameful manner. Some said the Princess had in England already fallen in love with a young British officer, for whom she was weeping now; and others asserted in the most positive manner that the Prince was treating his young wife with shocking brutality, and had struck her repeatedly.

These rumors spread very rapidly, and even reached the ears of Victoria's parents. One day, after she had been married for eight or nine months, Prince Albert arrived quite unexpectedly at the palace of his son-in-law, who happened to be in Magdeburg; and the anxious father had a long interview with his daughter. He was not long in ascertaining that those rumors were utterly unfounded, and exhorted her to be good and sensible.

Matters, however, did not mend much until the arrival of a very important personage—the Baby Peace-Maker!

The Crown-Princess gave birth to a prince, and it is said that the rapturous joy which her husband manifested on seeing his son and heir, and the tearful tenderness with which he knelt down by her bedside, melted the crust of ice with which her morbid apprehensions had surrounded her heart, and made the two a truly happy and loving couple. To the dismay of the Mistress of Ceremonies the Prince established his head-quarters in his wife's room, drove the nurses out of it, took their task upon himself, slept on the sofa, carried the young mother, as soon as she was well enough, in his arms into the adjoining room—in short, behaved as well as Queen Victoria says in her book Prince Albert did on a similar occasion. The Crown-Princess, on her part, was supremely happy. She never tired of saying pleasant, pretty things to her overjoyed and devoted husband, so that the courtiers said, wonderingly, "Their Royal Highnesses have after all fallen in love with one another!"

So they had indeed. Henceforth they were almost inseparable. The Princess now commenced studying her husband's character, and found that he was worthy of her affection and respect. Her influence over him soon became very marked, and the people say that but for her he would have become a very different man from what he is now. Above all things, she urged him to take a more active and decided part than heretofore in the political affairs of the country. Happier than her mother-in-law, the Queen, who does not share the political views of her royal husband, she warmly sympathized with the liberal tendencies with which she found the Crown-Prince imbued. She herself became quite a politician, and repeatedly created quite a sensation among her relatives by engaging at the royal table in a regular political discussion with his Majesty the King, who good-naturedly allows his "*Töchterchen*," as he is fond of calling her, to tell him a great many things which he would frown down if uttered by any body else.

When Bismarck was placed at the head of the Prussian cabinet, the Crown-Princess became the most determined opponent of his policy. She thought that the British system, by which the dynasty was kept aloof from the strife of contending parties, was decidedly preferable to that in which the person of the King himself was constantly involved in political quarrels; and she, moreover, considered Bismarck an unsafe and even dangerous adviser. Bismarck, on his part, rather liked his fair little adversary. "She has got a head of her own," he would say, and he tried very hard to win her over to his side; but all to no purpose. The two have since then made peace, and are now on very good terms; but that was long afterward, and certainly not at the time when Bismarck issued his famous press-decree of 1863. Victoria and her husband were at that time traveling in East Prussia. When the news of the promulgation of the obnoxious decree reached them, she urged the Prince to express his earnest disapprobation of what Bismarck had done, at the first public reception that would be given to them. The Crown-Prince did so in a speech which he delivered at Königsberg, while his wife was leaning on his arm, and evidently heartily indorsing every word he uttered. When the King heard of his son's speech he exclaimed, half angrily, half laughingly, "This is of course Victoria's doing; the next thing we shall hear will be that she has made a speech herself." On another occasion he called her his "little rebel" on account of her undisguised sympathies for the Liberal cause. It was owing to her courageous advice that the Crown-Prince constantly manifested his sympathies for that cause in the most unmistakable manner, and frequently invited the leading men of the opposition, who were frowned upon by the other members of the royal family, to his house and table. At first the Court and aristocracy were highly indignant at the course pursued by their royal highnesses; remonstrances and rebukes were showered upon them, but as they turned a deaf ear to all of them, they were finally allowed to do as they pleased. The Crown-Prince was then ridiculed by his adversaries as being a hen-pecked husband, a "booby led by his restless and ambitious wife," and especially was he derided for frankly acknowledging in some of his political speeches that he had consulted his wife before delivering them. Now, this acknowledgment was by no means so silly as his enemies pretended, for not only was it well received by the people, but it confirmed the impressions which had previously already prevailed among them as to the liberal tendencies of their future queen. At the dinner which the king gave to the members of the first North German Parliament, the Crown-Princess and her husband created no little sensation by walking down to the seats of the Democratic members, and the Princess conversed there principally with representatives whose Republican proclivities were well known to her. To Mr. Schultze-Delitzsch, the celebrated Democratic leader, whose works on Co-operation have obtained a world-wide reputation, she said that she had studied his books with the greatest pleasure and interest, and that she herself had built upon his teachings certain theories concerning the employment of women, which she was very desirous to carry into effect.

This subject, the profitable employment of women, is Victoria's special hobby; and the extraordinary energy which she displayed in trying to open new and profitable careers to the poor of her own sex has done much to endear her to the people of Prussia. She it was who brought about the organization of the Female Labor Exchange in Berlin—an institution which confers untold blessings upon the working-women of the capital, who consider the Princess their special protectress, and never mention her name but in terms of fervent gratitude. The Princess deserves their attachment, too; for she is indefatigable in her efforts to alleviate their sufferings. A thousand little anecdotes are told about her in this respect. One day she was at the large dry-goods store of Mr. G——. After making her purchases she said to the proprietor of the store, "Mr. G——, how many clerks do you employ here?" The merchant named the number. "Why do you not employ saleswomen?" she added. The merchant shrugged his shoulders. "I like best to send my orders to dry-goods stores where female clerks are employed," she said. Mr. G—— took the hint. On the first of the following month twenty saleswomen were engaged at his store.

Having read in the newspapers accounts of the successes achieved by the sanitary fairs during the American war, the Crown-Princess thought she would try to avail herself of the same means for the benefit of her charitable enterprises. She set about it with her usual energy, and astonished the court and people of Berlin by the tact with which she managed her fairs, and by the handsome sums which she realized thereby. Few of those who visited last year's fair for the benefit of the wounded Prussian soldiers, and saw the little lady officiating as saleswoman, will forget the charming picture which she presented at her "mother's store," as she called the beautiful tent where she sold children's dresses, shoes, and a thousand little articles such as mothers buy for the nursery. She secured plenty of customers by informing all the wealthy gentlemen of her acquaintance that she wished particularly to see them at the fair.

At the recent fair for the suffering East Prussians she set certain aristocratic ladies a very salutary example under the following circumstances. It was on the eve of the day on which the fair was to be opened. When the Crown-Princess arrived in one of the halls she found there some twenty ladies, all in great consternation; for they had just heard that the *décorateurs*, who were to arrange the flowers, branches, and draperies along the walls of the hall, had so much to do in other rooms that they could hardly fix up this hall in time. The ladies, therefore, looked very uneasily at the piles of flowers, evergreens, etc., which were lying on the tables. "Why, ladies," said the Crown-Princess, "it seems to me we have got hands and, I hope, some taste too, and may arrange this hall perhaps as well as the *décorateurs* would do. Let us try it." So saying, she took up a number of flowers and commenced festooning the wall. Her example was, of course, imitated by the rest of the ladies, among whom were to be found the Duchess of Ujest, the Countess Bismarck, etc. When M. von Hülsen and M. von Olfers, Inspector of the Royal Art Galleries, entered the room after a while, they were almost dumfounded at the unexpected scene that met their eyes. But the Crown-Princess and her companions did not allow themselves to be disturbed, and the work went bravely on until the hall was beautifully decorated.

Feeble as the Princess looks, she has shown on more than one occasion that hers is a very brave little heart. During the war of 1866 she repeatedly displayed the most remarkable fortitude. She had tried to prevent the outbreak of that war to the best of her ability, and she knew that her husband took the field not without many misgivings. But, although she was in very feeble health at the time, and although the life of her infant son was already in danger, she restrained her tears in order not to make her husband's heart heavy, and constantly took pains to cheer him up. The Crown-Prince was in Breslau with his troops when he received the sad news of the death of his little son. Next day he received a letter from his wife, who did not ask in it any consolation of her husband, but entreated *him* not to grieve. The Prince was not ashamed of the tears which this letter brought to his eyes.

A month or two afterward she was at one of the military hospitals in Berlin, when Baron von der Heydt, the Minister, stepped to her, and told her he had just received a list of killed and wounded officers from the seat of war. The Princess seized the list with trembling hands and glanced over it. Suddenly she uttered a low cry and said, "Poor Madame von K.!" A young captain who had married an English lady, with whom the Crown-Princess was well acquainted, had fallen, sword in hand. "Shall I inform the lady of her sad bereavement?" asked the Minister. The Princess was silent for a moment. Then she said, "No, I will do it myself." And she went on her mournful errand. She did break the news to the poor young widow, and as she knew that Madame von K. was without means, and, with her two children, would have to live on a very small pension, the Crown-Princess told her the King would pay her the same amount which her brave husband had hitherto received. The King, of course, redeemed the promise which his daughter-in-law had made in his name.

Such is Victoria of Prussia. A good wife, a good mother, indefatigable in charitable works, humane, enlightened, and brave-hearted; she is an honor to her sex, and will be an ornament to the brilliant throne which she is destined to occupy.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MINNIE.—A stylish costume for a girl of sixteen is made of striped serge, blue, garnet, or green, with black. The dress proper is plainly gored in the skirt, with a Marie Antoinette ruffle, cut bias, about ten inches wide, and gathered so as to form a narrow ruffle at the top. The waist may be tight fitting, but the loose chemise Russe will be much worn. An overskirt of serge of a solid color, the same shade as the stripe in the dress, is trimmed with a bias fold of stripes. A short jaunty sacque similarly trimmed is worn without a belt. We shall shortly give illustrations of new chignons.

SUBSCRIBER.—You are right in regard to the quotation from Pascal's *Pensées* in No. 44 of the *Bazar*. It is not *verbally* correct. In the original the words are: "*La nez de Cleopatre; s'il eut été plus court toute la face de la terre aurait changé.*"—"If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter the whole face of the world might have changed."

H.—The name of bridegroom was formerly given to the newly married man because it was customary for him to wait at table on his bride and friends on the wedding-day. The original meaning of *groom* is serving-man.

HUMBLE SERVANT.—The use of "Your humble servant" began first in England on the marriage to the English monarch of Mary the daughter of Henry IV. of France. It is a literal translation of the French: "*Votre très humble serviteur.*" Before its introduction the usual English salutations were: "God keep you," "God be with you," and among the vulgar, "How dost do?" accompanied always by a thump on the shoulder.

MRS. PEACOCK.—Four yards of single width material are necessary for a dressing-gown. Merino or solid colored cashmere is preferred to figured materials. The trimming is wide flat braid, or thick cord sewed on plainly or in waves. The lining should be of soft pliant stuff slightly wadded. The front is neatly quilted. The back is only tacked. There are a number of establishments in this city for the sale of patterns, but we can recommend none in particular.

NELLIE MAY.—Girls of fourteen do not wear long trained dresses. Prairie Dell, Maryland, Prairie View, Valley Home, are names appropriate to your country house. Ticknor & Fields are Longfellow's publishers. Folds are from one to three inches wide. Striped materials cut bias are fashionable as folds on plain goods. Cardboard cottages can be made of any size desired. The satin stitch is done by a succession of stitches, always across the work, and lying close to but not over each other. French embroidery includes all the delicate and most expensive kinds worked in satin stitch, with overcast and the various open and fancy stitches.

E. J. K.—The exact size of the pillow is determined by the size of the bed. The two pillows should extend across the head of the bed, with a space of two or three inches between them. The pillow is simply two square pieces of ticking sewed together, *without* a connecting band. In making the slip let the material be an inch and a half larger in every direction than the pillow. Seam these together at the edges, turn, and with a row of machine stitching an inch from the edge form the tuck. Rolled gathers are the neatest for the ruffle. It is then overseamed to the edge of the tuck. If you prefer to sew the ruffle in without rolling it must be placed in the first seam and all sewed together, but this makes a bulk at the edge of the tuck that can not be neatly ironed.

MRS. E. M.—Make your moiré into a scarf mantilla such as is described in the New York Fashions of this and the previous Number of the *Bazar*. The narrow guipure you speak of is suitable trimming.

MISS S. W., BELFAST.—Dry stamping, as we have already explained, consists in rubbing blue powder with a pouncet over a perforated paper pattern laid on the stuff to be stamped. Your copying wheel has been sent.

ALICE F.—The Apollo *Belvidere* is so called from being placed in the pavilion *Belvidere* of the Vatican at Rome. The Venus *de Medicis* derives its name from the Medici family, under whose auspices it was brought to Florence.

HERMAN D.—You can have your surname changed by application to the legislature of your State, but there are many worse sounding appellatives than yours. *Devil* is not an uncommon name. In an old book mention is made of one *Rogerius Diabolus*, which does not sound so ill in Latin.

FACETIÆ.

QUESTIONS FOR SHAKESPEARIAN STUDENTS.—Whether the "weak invention of the enemy" was patented, and required seven days to complete it?

Did grim-visaged war smooth "his wrinkled front" with a flat-iron?

Would the "bondman's key" that Shylock proposed to use open the "gory locks" that Banquo shook at Macbeth?

Was Hamlet thinking of his mother-in-law when he spoke of "an eye like Mars to threaten and command?"

Did Richard apostrophize the "Winter of his discontent" because he thought of going on a slaying excursion among his relations?

After the Ghost had told Hamlet he was his father's spirit, and requested him to "mark" him, would he have been justified in putting "S.T. 1860 X" upon his back?

When the witches wished Macbeth "all hail" was it because they thought he would have a stormy *reign?*

Was it not something of a *waste* when Puck put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes?

When King Richard exclaimed "So much for Buckingham!" was there any extra demand for seamstresses?

Why "What Ho, Apothecary," in the play of Romeo and Juliet, as represented on the stage, does not have his name over the door of his shop?

What was the amount of the "dreadful note of preparation?"

Were the mob "corned" when Marc Antony wished them to lend him their ears?

Why Cassius did not scratch his "itching palm?"

A correspondent asked if the brow of a hill ever becomes wrinkled? The editor replied: "The only information we can give on that point is that we have often seen it furrowed.

SHAVINGS.

The barber shaves with polished blade,
The merchant shaves in constant trade,
The broker shaves on twelve per cent.,
The landlord shaves by raising rent,
The doctor shaves in patent pills,
The tapster shaves in pints and gills,
The farmer shaves in hay and oats,
The banker shaves on his own notes,
The lawyer shaves both friends and foes,
The peddler shaves where'er he goes,
The office-holder shaves the nation,
The parson shaves to men's salvation,
The wily churchman shaves his brother,
The people all shave one another.

AN AMPHIBIOUS ANIMAL—A Finlander.

A sculptor, who was engaged to carve a monument and select an epitaph for a deceased manufacturer of fire-works, seeing the inscription on the tombstone of a celebrated musician—"He has gone to the place where only his own harmony can be exceeded"—and thinking it was a very neat thing, adapted it to his purpose by changing one word, and carved on the monument, "He has gone to that place where only his own *fire-works* can be exceeded."

"Mary, is your master at home?" "No, Sir, he's out." "I don't believe it." "Well, then, he'll come down and tell you hisself. Perhaps you will believe him."

An excellent cure for dyspepsia is to give a hungry dog a piece of meat, and chase him till he drops it.

ARTISTS IN MUSIC AND DRAWING—Mosquitoes.

"SHORT AND SWEET"—A baby.

A farmer, who was sympathizing with his neighbor Jones on the death of his son, said, "You should remember, Mr. Jones, there is no loss without some gain. John, you remember, was always a monstrous eater." "I know he was," responded the bereaved parent, "but to think he was laid up with rheumatism all the winter, and died *just in haying time*, is pretty tough, neighbor Jenkins, pretty tough!"

A little girl, attending a party, was asked by her mother how she enjoyed herself. "Oh," said she, "I am full of happiness. I couldn't be any happier unless I could grow."

A boy eight years old, in one of our public schools, having been told that a reptile "is an animal that creeps," on being asked to name one, on examination day, promptly and triumphantly replied, "A baby."

That was a triumphant appeal of an Irishman, who was a lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said, "Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?"

"Really, my dear," said poor Mr. Jones to his "better half," "you have sadly disappointed me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman; but you've turned out only a bit of matrimonial paste." "Then, my love," was the reply, "console yourself with the idea that paste is very adhesive, and will stick to you as long as you live."

["MEANING ME, SIR?"

SWELL (*pointing to dog*). "There's a little Beauty, Frank!"
MISS JENKINSON (*mentally*). "What a delightful Fellow!"
SWELL. "And worth Money, Sir."
MISS J. "Oh, the horrid Mercenary Wretch!"

A clergyman, who has a bad habit of adding "ah" to many of his words, told, last Sunday, of "those who have been brought up on the Lord's side-ah!"

We have heard of another who thus addressed his congregation, "My dear brethren listen to the words of an old man-ah, who has one foot in the grave, and the other all but-ah!"

A lady asked a gentleman how old he was. He replied, "What you do in every thing." What was his age?—XL.

SARATOGA GRECIAN BEND.—1868.

Euphemism is a high art in California. A paper of that State speaks of an enterprising and highly successful murderer as having "a wonderful talent for bereaving any family he does not happen to like."

SITUATION NOT WANTED. (A FACT.)

LADY'S MAID (*come after a place*). "I beg Pardon, M'm, but was you the Lady I was to Attend?"
LADY MARY. "Yes."
LADY'S MAID. "Oh, then, I think I was best say Good-morning. There isn't the Style I have been Accustomed to." [*Exit.*

DOMESTIC RECIPES BY A HOMŒOPATHIC DOCTOR.—*A good, wholesome Breakfast*—Take the billionth part of a roll, crumble it in the fiftieth part of a pint of milk; boil the two together, and serve up with 18-50ths of a hard egg.

A Refreshing Luncheon—Half a dram of cheese and two ounces of stale bread, with ¼ pint of table-beer in a quart of water.

A Healthy Dinner—1 ounce, 6 drams, 2 scruples of lean rump-steak, ½ potato, and 18 grains of greens. For pudding—10 pennyweights of boiled rice, with 10-17ths of a spoon of moist sugar. If fruit is in season a handsome dessert may be sent up of 2 gooseberries, 6 currants, and the 48-100th part of an apple.

A Stiff Glass of Grog—16 drops of gooseberry wine in a tumbler of water.

A Light Supper—Two scruples of gruel, with the thousandth part of a grain of nutmeg, and half as much of sugar.

An Infallible Cure for a Cold—Drink 20-785ths of a Seidlitz powder dissolved in a jug of water, put your feet in a pint of warm water, and apply to your nose some tallow, but be careful it is not more than the tenth part of a pin's head, or else it will do no good.

Somebody says the best way to get rid of weeds is to always put your cigar-case and its contents at the service of your friends. Jones says that the most effective means he ever tried was by squeezing the hand of a plump young widow lady in deep black. The next day she was in half-mourning, and a second kindly pressure resulted in a pink gown, with a white bonnet.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES—If you have taper fingers mind that you don't burn them.

AGRICULTURAL MAXIMS.

Large horses are generally most admired by farmers; but farmers are most admired who *pony* up.

Prosperity is generally based upon knowledge and industry; the swine will always get most that *nose* most.

Farmers are like fowls; neither will get full *crops* without industry.

Because a man who attends a flock of sheep is a shepherd, makes it no reason that a man who keeps cows should be a *coward*.

We like to see a farmer increase the growth of useful plants and shrubs around his home, but do not like to see him use rails, poles, and boards to *prop-a-gate* with.

A young man of great gallantry recently rescued a beautiful woman who was in danger of drowning. She stood in high-tide shoes, surrounded by forty springs under a watered silk, with a cataract in her eye, a waterfall on the back of her head, and a notion in her brain.

At Dieppe, in France, a famous bathing-place, there is a police established whose duty it is to rescue persons from danger. The following notice was recently issued to them: "The bathing police are requested, when a lady is in danger of drowning, to seize her by the dress and not by the hair, which oftentimes remains in their grasp. Newfoundland dogs will govern themselves accordingly!"

"I wonder where those clouds are going?" said Flora, pensively, as she pointed with delicate finger to the heavy masses that floated in the sky. "I think they are going to thunder," said her brother.

SAFETY MATCHES—Early marriages.

BEYOND CONTROVERSY.—"Ignoramus" ought to know that Milton's Minor Poems are those which he wrote before he was One-and-Twenty.

TONED PAPER—Sheets of Music.

A lady asked her little girl, on returning from church, if she remembered the text. "Oh yes," said she, "it was 'The ladies' sewing society will meet at Mrs. M'Cracken's house on Monday evening next.'"

A Western editor, when in durance for libeling a justice of the peace, was requested by the jailer to give the prison a favorable notice.

A COLLECTION OF GOOD CONS.

Why is a clock the most modest piece of furniture? Because it covers its face with its hands, and runs down its own works.

Why are corn and potatoes like Indian idols? Because they have ears that can not hear, and eyes that can not see.

What comes after cheese? Mice.

How many wives does the Prayer-Book allow? Sixteen—four (for) richer, four (for) poorer, four (for) better, four (for) worse.

If I were in the sun, and you were out of it, what would the sun be? Sin.

Why are your eyes like friends in different climes? Because they correspond, but never meet.

Why is a pig in a drawing-room like a house on fire? Because the sooner it is put out the better.

When does a cow become real-estate? When she is turned into a field.

Why are fowls the most economical things a farmer can keep? Because for every grain they take they give a peck.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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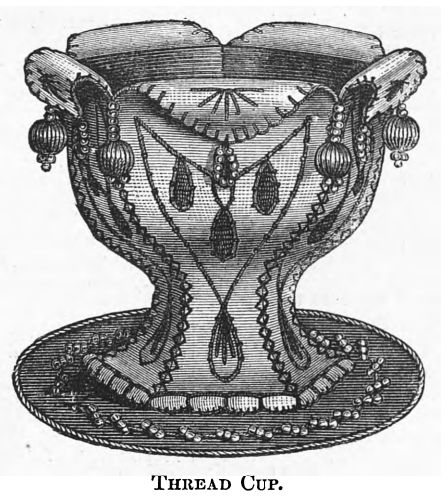
Thread Cup.

THIS cup is designed for holding small balls of thread or spools of cotton, though it may be made larger and be used for worsted balls. Cut of pasteboard and violet-colored cloth from Fig. 85 five pieces of equal size; each piece, however, must reach only to the dotted line of the pattern, and a fifth of an inch must be allowed on the upper edge of the cloth pieces. Then cut five pieces of gray cloth the full size of the pattern. Embroider these as shown in the illustration in satin stitch and point russe of violet silk twist and gold cord, and border the edge as well as the under scalloped edge with button-hole stitch of violet silk. Glue the violet lining and gray outside to the pasteboard pieces in such a manner as to leave the scallops free, and join the pieces by means of a cross seam of violet silk. The scallops are furnished with a loop of crystal beads, and are fastened in the manner shown by the pattern. Between each scallop set a grelot of crystal beads. Lastly, sew the under edges of the cup part to a stand composed of a pasteboard foundation covered with violet cloth four inches in diameter, and edged with gold cord. The upper part is trimmed with beads as shown by the illustration.



THREAD CUP.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXXII., Fig. 85.

Ormolu Stand for Toilette-Table.

NOTHING spoils ornaments more rapidly than leaving them exposed to the air when not absolutely in wear. This small contrivance of a bag at the top of an ormolu stand will be found very useful for depositing jewelry rather than laying it on the dressing-table. It is made of green silk, and fastened to a cardboard foundation, a ruche being added round the stand. The bag is drawn with a green cord.

ORMOLU STAND FOR TOILETTE-TABLE.

Newspaper Port-folio (Application).

A STAND for this port-folio must first be procured. Our model is wicker-work of a deep straw color, and varnished. The feet and handles are wicker-work. The sides of the port-folio are cut in cardboard, and lined with blue rep; they are then decorated with appliqués of palm leaves. The appliqué is white cloth, and commencing at the wider end of the palm there is a figure outlined or traced in gold cord, the four leaves being worked in satin stitch with scarlet silk. The three-cornered figures are satin stitches in blue silk; the remaining figures are black silk. The small white figures

NEWSPAPER PORT-FOLIO (APPLICATION).

RECEPTION, VISITING, AND BALL DRESSES.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

are chain stitches of green silk with gold beads in the centre. The handles of this basket portfolio are further decorated with blue tassels and bows of blue ribbon.

Reception, Visiting, and Bridal Dresses.

See illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—Reception dress of lilac silk. The skirt is arranged in three puffs at the back in the manner shown in the illustration, and trimmed on the bottom with a deep flounce, surmounted with a bias fold of silk and five rows of white blonde, with the scallops pointing upward. Lappets at the side, trimmed with a bias fold of silk, white blonde, and rosette. High corsage and close sleeves, trimmed with bias folds of silk.

Fig. 2.—Visiting dress of lilac mozambique. Black lace scarf fichu, trimmed on the upper edge with a ruche *à la vieille* of black silk. The ends of the fichu are crossed in front and confined in the back by a black silk bow. Black lace bonnet with yellow roses.

Fig. 3.—Visiting dress of brown silk, with two puffs of the same at some distance from the bottom of the skirt, and a bow of brown satin ribbon set on the right side. Baschlik mantilla of black lace, with the ends confined at the back by a small bow. Black tulle bonnet, trimmed with black lace and brown leaves.

Fig. 4.—Bridal dress. Under-skirt of white mull, with a deep flounce. Over-skirt of white persane, open at the left side, and trimmed with a wide puffing of the same and white blonde. Lace veil with orange blossoms.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1868.

KEEPING A CARRIAGE.

THE influence of a carriage upon the civilized mortal is something astounding. It may be doubted whether of all the social forces there is a single one which equals this in power. It elevates its possessor at once so high in the esteem of society that none are disposed to question her right to the loftiest place. "She keeps her carriage" settles doubt, removes suspicion, and stifles all inquiry into character and conduct.

Women who are ordinarily so fastidious in regard to the reputation of their associates, so nice in their investigations of social claims, and so minute in their distinctions of class, lose all discrimination before the fortunate mortal who keeps her carriage. There is many a delicate dame who will strain at obscure virtue afoot, but swallow a whole coachful of flaunting vice.

Many persons in our large cities have driven triumphantly and at once into the "best society" who could never have walked there in a lifetime. We can not cease to wonder at this extraordinary social influence of the carriage; for what is it, after all, but a painted box drawn by a pair of brute animals? The influence, however, is undoubted and irresistible.

The private vehicle, in some form or other, seems to be the standard of respectability, which is graduated according to the shape of the thing drawn or the nature and number of the beasts which draw it. A witness in a celebrated trial in England was asked what he meant by a respectable man. He answered: "One who keeps his gig." There are still lower standards than this. Each class, in fact, has its own vehicular mark of distinction. The cart and donkey, the *one horse shay*, and the single wagon, are enough to make their lucky possessors objects of admiration and envy, and place them in a social position relatively high to the compulsory pedestrians of their own order. The "real carriage people," as they complacently term themselves, have also their degrees of vehicular distinction. While they all look down with contempt upon a "one-horse person," they graduate their mutual consideration according to the kind and style of their respective equipages. Those worthy folks who are restricted to a sort of compromise between a close carriage and a Jersey wagon may be deemed respectable, since they drive a pair of horses, but they are by no means to be confounded with those higher-placed individuals who can indulge in a genuine specimen of each. Again, the *char-a-banc*, the barouche, the coupé, the landau, the dog-cart, provided they be only accessories and not principals of the establishment, are all progressive steps of advancement, bringing us to that pinnacle of social respectability, the coach and four. Here, by the curious law of compensation, extremes meet. The private carriage becomes the stage-coach, the gentleman who drives the swaggering Jehu, and the dame the outside passenger, exposed to the vulgar eye and undistinguishing dust. There are, besides the form of the vehicle and the number of horses, other distinctive marks of graduated respectability. The addition of a footman, of course, gives a superior social claim. Livery is an undoubted title to reverence, and a pair of yellow-tops in the coach-box, four well-stuffed calves in the rumble, and a display of over-coats and plated buttons from the back, are idols before which all true believers prostrate themselves in worship.

The carriage is such a power in society that every sacrifice is made to obtain it. It may be questioned whether in the large cities, where it mostly flourishes, it is ever a convenience. The hackney-coach and that democratic vehicle, the omnibus or street-railway-car, are far more available for all purposes of use. The private carriage is, in fact, striven for, obtained, and kept merely for show or the social *éclat* it gives to its possessor.

The physician complains of the hard necessity of driving about in a carriage in search of patients, when he can hardly afford to keep himself in shoe-leather. He is obliged, however, to submit to the expense, for if he went afoot he would be refused at every "respectable" door. It is thus that the scientific physician, who is too high-minded and conscientious to resort to ostentation and incur a cost he can not afford, often starves, while the impudent quack, with his coach and pair, makes his way into the "best society," and flourishes with an undeserved wealth and honor.

WOMEN'S HOMES.

WE hear a good many sermons nowadays from the text that the chief duty of woman is to render home attractive to her husband. No doubt any good wife will make this her crowning pleasure; but where duty is in question, there is another phase of the matter which is sadly overlooked—the duty of the husband to make home pleasant for the wife. As a very small portion of his waking hours is spent in the house, where his wife's whole life is passed, it would seem quite as important that her convenience and tastes should be consulted as his. But there is a strong disposition to regard home simply as a resting-place for the husband, and so long as he is refreshed therein very little is thought about the rest and happiness that she finds there during the remainder of the time.

In their capacity of head of the family men think that the ordering of the house naturally belongs to them. They build it to suit their own tastes and convenience, lay out the grounds according to their fancy, and manage things generally with some deference to their wife's wishes, it is true, but a great deal more to their own. And sometimes their caprices conflict woefully with the comfort of the household. We have all heard the story of the wife who was suddenly torn from her pleasant and convenient house and set down in a most desolate abode, and could assign no reason for the change except that it was the man's notion. Patient Griselda submitted to the notion of her lord and master, as it is the fashion for Griseldas to do, and was duly patted on the back and applauded for her docility; but it strikes us that there was something wrong at the root of the matter.

The home should belong to the wife; she should plan the house, arrange the furniture, lay out the garden, and order all the details. She knows from experience better than her husband can possibly do what arrangement best conduces to her housekeeping convenience. It would be just as absurd for her to undertake to be the architect of his warehouse, and to place the desks, drawers, and pigeon-holes of his counting-room, as for him to divine from his omniscience the most convenient spot for her cupboards. In the same manner, if trees are to be cut down or left standing, or flower-beds to be laid out around the house, her tastes should be first consulted, for the sight of these things must delight or chafe her all day long, while they are of very little practical consequence to the husband in the evenings, which are his chief time at home. Again, the homestead should belong to the wife in fee-simple; she has a right to the nest in which she rears her young, and ought to be assured that it can never be torn from her by those reverses of fortune to which in this country all are so liable. Women all feel this, though they are apt to lack the courage to say it; and if their comfort and convenience were once made paramount at home, and they were quite certain that the spot to which they are so often advised to confine their aspirations really belonged to them, and was wholly within their control, they would gladly assume the responsibility, and strive with much greater alacrity than they do now to force their husbands to acknowledge the ability of their generalship, and to appreciate the delights of home.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Alms-giving.

MY DEAR MR. BARNWELL,—I take great pleasure and a little pardonable pride in writing to you, for every body likes to be on familiar terms with distinguished people. Mr. Fungus, of whom you may never have heard, was very fond of saying, "My friend Daniel Webster used to remark that he preferred his beef rare;" or, "I remember that my friend Washington Irving once declared that he thought string-beans very good, but he was inclined to believe that Lima-beans were better;" or, "A man once called upon Mr. Clay, and when he left said that Henry Clay was a perfect gentleman; for when he put out the whisky-bottle for a friend, he turned his back, so as not to see how much he poured into his glass. I know the story to be true, for I had it from my friend Mr. Clay's own lips, who was greatly amused by it." When Fungus came home from Europe he had so much to say of his friend Gladstone, and his friend Laboulaye, and his friend Garibaldi, that he was known altogether by the nick-name of "My friend." We all laughed at him good-humoredly in private, and none more heartily than those who did the same thing more delicately.

Indeed, what is this but snobbishness? And does not the great historian of snobs himself confess that he will not disguise how satisfied he should be to be seen walking down Pall Mall with a duke on each arm? The other day I was talking with Don Pompo, who prides himself upon his Spanish descent, and who steps so very high in consequence that, although he is merely John Pump, we have insensibly come to calling him, and not without great gratification to himself, Don Pompo—I was talking with him, I say, upon the subject of custard, whether it should be baked or not, when Don Pompo said to his daughter, "My dear, go and bring me my file of letters from Mr. Cooper." When they were brought he said, "My friend Cooper and I had a similar difference upon the custard question, and he wrote me a very pleasant letter, which I should like to have you read." He handed me the letter, which began, "My dear Pump," and proceeded in a familiar strain of badinage, giving, I ought to say, the weight of his judgment to the baked rather than the boiled custard. "You see," said the Don, "my friend Cooper was of your mind." Yes, I saw that, and Pompo had also dextrously shown me upon what intimate relations he stood with the famous novelist. The sly fellow knew that I should esteem him the more highly for that association.

I suppose it is from the inspiration of this same feeling that I take pride in writing to you; and I wonder whether I could possibly reproduce Don Pompo's air in mentioning his friend Cooper if some one should ask me if I knew George Barnwell, and I should say, "Oh yes, we correspond!" There are a great many persons, and very respectable and worthy they are, who, if they should know that I was the correspondent of the great merchant, George Barnwell, would at once feel that they had been mistaken in their estimate of me. "Why," they would say, "we had always thought old Mr. Bachelor a mild, moony, impracticable but harmless old gentleman; but, good gracious, there must be something in him, for he is a correspondent of George Barnwell's!" It is so difficult to resist a general judgment. When I was a young man in Italy I was one day at the studio of our most famous native painter of the day, then resident in Rome. He had been telling me of the people who came to see him, and among the rest mentioned a Mr. Bryant, whom he described as "a pleasant enough young man, rather silent." But the name struck me, and I exclaimed so ardently that it might be Bryant the poet, the one man whom I had hoped to encounter somewhere in Europe, as I knew he was then traveling, that the painter, who had considered him merely Mr. Bryant, an American traveler, was very much excited, and calling his wife, said: "My dear, I am going to invite my friend Mr. Bryant to dinner to-morrow, and we'll put the best foot foremost, if you please." Upon my warm statement that Bryant was a famous poet the good painter felt abashed that he had not known it, accepted my ardor as the assurance of a settled renown, and instinctively associated himself with it by talking about "my friend."

This, however, my dear Sir, is a long introduction to the subject of my letter, which is this. Some of your customers, conscious that they have not paid you the real worth of the goods which they have bought of you, propose to call upon you next Tuesday evening, and some will bring you a cane; and others a ham to boil; and others a feather-bed; and others a pound of sugar; and others a door-mat; and others a ton of coal; and others a box of prunes; and others a kettle of yeast; and others—well, really, I do not know what they will not bring—so vast is their generosity, and all as gifts! They are to be your own and Mrs. Barnwell's. Think of that! You can eat the sugar and the ham, and warm yourselves with the coal, and raise your bread with the yeast, and sleep on the feather-bed. And the next day you will have the satisfaction of reading in the paper a full account of the whole proceeding, detailing the various gifts, and mentioning their money value. Now, my dear Barnwell will of course be humbly grateful, because in the case of ordinary paupers this is not done. We give them a pound of tea or of sugar, or a few dollars, and say nothing about it. But we publish you. Yes, and we expect a neat little speech of gratitude from you, which shall also be printed, and which will inform the reader what very generous and noble friends you have.

I hope that you are not bewildered by what I tell you. But if you understand it, and declare that if any body comes to insult you in this way you will kick them out of the house, I beg you to remember what Nathan said unto David. For I think I am not mistaken in thinking that I saw your name signed to a call for a donation party to the good clergyman of the country parish in which you pass a few summer weeks. What has he done that you should exhibit him as a public pauper? If any body wants to give a faithful man, a neighbor, and friend, and good citizen, a barrel of flour or a dozen of Scotch m[illegible]ade, Amen! It is a praiseworthy generosity, and if it were practiced upon me I should be humbly grateful. Indeed, I hereby give public notice that if any friend thinks fit to send privately to Mr. Bachelor a good book, or picture, or fish, or basket of fruit, grapes or other, now in season, Mr. Bachelor will very highly approve the proceeding, will gratefully consume the bounty, and will solemnly promise to say nothing about it. Send a sound horse to your doctor, send a superb sirloin to your minister; do it often, and you will do a good deed.

But when your customers say to you, my dear Mr. Barnwell, that, conscious of not having paid you your honest dues, they will make them up by what they call gifts, which they will cause to redound to their own glory, then I confess that I should feel very much disposed to come and help you show them the door in that emphatic manner of which I have spoken. When you go into the pleasant country where you pass the summer, and where your good-nature leads you to sign such a paper as that proposing a donation party, say to your neighbors, "My friends, the laborer is worthy of his hire. I employ many clerks, and I pay them honest and sufficient wages; and if at Thanksgiving I beg them to accept a turkey and on the 4th of July a heaping basket of strawberries, it is from friendly feeling, and not because of any consciousness that I keep them upon starvation wages. I don't do it to eke out their salaries. But when I come here and see the hardest working man among you with a salary of seven hundred dollars a year, and observe that every year or two you descend upon him in a body with the necessaries of life, or still oftener with a purse of money, I know that it is because your consciences prick you. You know that you are keeping him upon starvation wages. The rule is simple. Give your minister enough to live upon as he ought to live, and leave the rest as it is left in the case of every body else, to individual generosity."

There is nobody for whom my pity is more excited than the shy scholar, as he so often is, the country clergyman. In the loveliest village of the Irish plain, a hundred years ago, he may have been "passing rich with forty pounds a year." But this is not a hundred years ago, and I never knew but one clergyman who was passing rich. When some rural brother walked with him around his beautiful estate, lost in delight and apprehension, he exclaimed, "Oh, brother Samuel, all this and heaven too!" The clergyman is regarded from that point of view. He is sure of heaven, so he must not enjoy the earth. He may leave that to us sinners, who are not quite sure of what is in store for us. And he must be the servant of every body, not only in the ordinary parochial round of duties, but in the general public work of the town. Who so fit for chairman of the school committee? Who so proper a speaker for the anniversary meeting of the Mothers'-Small-Clothes? Indeed, who so just the person for every thing that is to be done, if it involves intellectual work and no payment, as the clergyman? He must live in the public eye, and satisfy the public expectation in conduct and costume. Every silly old woman of both sexes sits in judgment upon him with an impertinent familiarity that would be very summarily repulsed in the case of any one else. What confidences he is forced to receive! What weak pious deliriums and fantastic fancies he must postpone his studies to hear! I wonder how many of the youth who look out from Princeton or Andover or Cambridge or Newton and dream of the green meadows and still waters by which they are presently to lead their gentle flocks reflect upon the extraordinary whims of sheep. The most wonderful of all is the ostentatious assurance with which they present the shepherd a leg of mutton, and publish it to their own praise.

I say, Mr. Barnwell, until you are willing to have part of the just price of your goods offered to you as alms, you ought not to connive at a self-glorifying donation party to increase the income of your minister. If it is really needed you have no right to make it a charity. If it be not needed, then be as generous as you will, but not in so suspicious and ignoble a manner.

Your obedient servant,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

DRESS GOODS.

WITH the breaking up of warm weather the shop windows are draped with bright-hued goods for autumn, a few of which we have described in advance, from preliminary glimpses obtained at the wholesale houses. In examining the complete stock at our leisure we have been especially pleased with a superior black silk called *cashmere de soie*. This is a corded silk, rich and heavy, yet as soft and pliant as cashmere. It has a fine lustre and an intense blackness, obtained by a peculiar dye, the secret of which is known only to a few persons. It is in two widths; that at $5 50 a yard is twenty-seven inches wide; another at $7 50 measures thirty-two inches.

The Parisian taffeta of beautiful lustre, and all pure silk, is largely imported. The revival of this goods, so long out of use, will be a cause of congratulation to all who have worn it. It will outwear the best gros grain, and always looks

fresh and new, as there are no cords to fray or catch the dust. A superfine quality costs from $3 to $3 75 a yard. An excellent article is sold at $2 50. Black *poult de soie* is heavily brocaded. This is suitable for elderly ladies. The styles do not differ from last season, except that the brocaded figures are smaller. The average price is $5 a yard. A thick black satin is brocaded with shaded autumn leaves, with the leaf-shadow reflected beside it. Price $185 for the dress pattern. Striped satins of the gay Roman colors, like the scarfs worn by gentlemen, scarlet, yellow, and black, or blue, green, and gold together, are imported for petticoats at $5 a yard. Stripes of two colors, something bright with black or white, are sold at $3 a yard.

The changeable and striped silks are shown in profusion. Soft rich ponsons in single shades are in the whole range of dark colors at $6 a yard.

EVENING DRESSES.

A line of ponsons in delicate tints, turquoise-blue, pearl-color, and Florence green, that require gas-light to develop their beauty, are displayed for evening dresses. The variations of color in the light, changeable silks are marvelous. Maize and scarlet enter into almost every combination. Black and a purple shade called Marguerite combine with gay hues. An elegant reception dress is of pearl-colored gros grain, with brocaded crescent leaves of maize and white. The dress pattern is marked $175. A blue of purest azure has clusters of elder flowers embroidered in silver and gilt.

White will continue in favor for evening. White tarlatan robes are the newest thin dresses. These are in good taste and inexpensive, varying from $12 to $25 in price. There are floral designs on the front widths of embroidery in one color—green, blue, or purple—with rouleaux of crape on the side seams and bordering the skirt. Garniture of embroidery and crape for the waist and sleeves. Another pattern has wheat-ears of crape, while on a third are folds of maize-colored silk worked with a feathered edge in black, and finished with black lace.

POPLINS, ETC.

Pyne's Irish poplin, always considered the best, is shown in changeable effects at $3 a yard. While the chameleon hues are most novel, single shades in the new bright garnet and green are stylish and desirable. These are $2 75 a yard. Pongee poplin, a light fall material of silk and wool, heavier than that worn in the summer, is sold at $1 75 a yard, double fold. It may be had in grave colors or in gay combinations. Glacé poplin at the same price is suitable for mid-winter. Striped poplin, with both sides alike, is chosen for petticoats. Price $1 12½ a yard. Heavy Russian skirting in broad stripes of black with gold or purple is five quarters wide at $1 a yard, a stylish and serviceable material. Epingeline and crape Eugenie, rough-surfaced goods no longer new, are imported in stripes and changing colors at $2. The velours are ribbed diagonally, and instead of one solid color, four are combined, producing a beautiful glacé effect. On a green and gold ground are broad bias reps of green and scarlet. Gold and black is especially handsome in this elegant fabric. The price is from $2 25 to $2 75 a yard. A cheap article of serge, in striped and changeable patterns, is mixed linen and wool at $1 a yard. At a little distance it would be mistaken for silk. A new silk-finished winsey, resembling poplin, but not so perishable, is $2 25 a yard. The all-wool plaids are very reasonable this season, the best article costing $1 50 a yard. An inferior plaid slightly mixed with cotton is $1 25.

MORNING ROBES.

Cashmere robes de chambre are in bright, warm grounds, poppy-red, garnet, green, or black, with gay cashmere borders in which yellow predominates. The border extends around the skirt and up the front widths. The robe is worn flowing loosely from the shoulders, unconfined by a belt. Flowing sleeves are represented on the diagrams that accompany each pattern, with narrow borders for trimming. The price ranges from $15 to $24. Cashmeres sold by the yard at $1 75 have white or scarlet grounds with wide-spreading figures and palm leaves.

CLOAKINGS.

Silk plush will be worn again for fancy sacques. It is imported in every shade of color. The fancy plushes are a yard and a half wide at $20. Purple, gray, and white are blended together; the cloth purple, the pile gray and black, giving a changeable effect. Worsted plush is $13 a yard. White Astrakhan cloth, an excellent imitation of the real lamb-skin, is $20 a yard. It is almost two yards wide. A soft white plush, worsted back with silk pile, is sold at $15. Ermine cloth, white plush spotted with black, is handsome for evening wraps, and will be much used for trimming children's cloaks. Among the darker goods is a cut Astrakhan, smooth instead of curled pile, of the new bear's-ear garnet, $16. A frosted beaver of rare thickness is a golden brown shade. Price $9 a yard. The curled cloths and beavers, white spotted with blue or scarlet, are admired for children. Plaid cloakings for fall wraps are $3 75 a yard. The winter stock of ready-made cloaks is not completed. From imported models and patterns shown us we discover that the prevailing styles are longer than those of last season. Designers say from four to six inches is the added length. They are nearly tight-fitting. Sashes are abandoned abroad, but will probably be worn here during another season. Wide-spreading fan-shaped bows and knots are arranged in an ingenious manner.

DRESSES.

Many of the leading New York modistes are still in Paris, and we defer speaking at length on the making-up of dresses till their return. We hear from abroad that long pointed waists are to be revived. These are already worn in Paris, and serve with paniers to make the waist look exceedingly small. This is the finishing stroke which completes the resemblance of the dress of our day to that of the French *marquises* of the old régime. Short skirts barely escape the ground. Sleeves are no longer plain, but very much puffed and frilled. Lace as a trimming will be greatly worn. Valenciennes is especially suited to the Pompadour silks—light grounds brocaded with gay medallions. Bright red dresses of the flaming Sultan color are in special favor with Parisian blondes. A Mexican material called Laintown, half wool and half silk, of a glowing poppy-red color, is much used for fall costumes at French chateaux. The Empress, it is said, is determined to set the example of simplicity in dress, and thereby inaugurate an era of economy in matters of toilette. She made simple *batistes* and striped cambrics fashionable during warm weather; and now that fall has come she delights in self-colored cashmeres, a simple and inexpensive material. It is necessary that this goods be artistically made and trimmed to be effective, after the elaborate costumes to which we have become accustomed. An imported costume of ashes of roses cashmere has a straight flounce on the lower skirt. The fullness is arranged in box-pleats at wide intervals, with passementerie ornaments between the pleats. The apron front of the tunic is trimmed with cross-cut satin bands descending from the belt to vandyked points at the edge trimmed with fringe. The back is in panier puffs. Scarf mantilla with square lappets under a belt in front and looped with a passementerie rosette behind.

CALICOES AND MUSLIN.

Calicoes remain at the reasonable prices of the summer. Hoyle's double purple, in small figures and stripes, is three shillings a yard. Pacific Mills and Sprague's prints are fourteen cents; Merrimac D. is the same price; and a better quality, known as Merrimac W., is seventeen cents.

A bleached muslin, dubbed night-gown muslin, is appropriately named. It is a strong, heavy goods, but very soft, and entirely without dressing. It is a yard wide, at twenty-five cents. New York Mills shirting, the standard favorite, is retailed at twenty-eight cents. Wamsutta, a popular brand for general use, is twenty-five cents, Kearsarge twenty, and Lonsdale eighteen. The fine Lonsdale cambric for petticoats is twenty-eight cents. A very fair muslin, known as the Branch Mills, is a yard wide, sold at a shilling. Heavy Utica Mills sheeting, two and a half yards wide, is seventy cents.

UNDER-LINEN.

The European custom of ordering outfits of under-linen is fast being adopted here. The plan is a good one in many respects, as competent needle-women who sew by the week are difficult to find, and nicety of fit and artistic trimming are as desirable in under-clothing as in outside garments. Imported lingerie is always expensive, as French seamstresses do not use the sewing-machine, but in New York establishments machine-made garments are sold at very little advance on the price of the material. We have seen ordinary muslin skirts gored for short dresses, with a group of tucks above the hem, sold at $1 50. If Wamsutta or New York Mills is used the price is $3. Diagonal tucks, puffs, ruffles, and embroidery trim the more elaborate garments, and increase the expense. Plain chemises with straight bands strengthened by cords neatly stitched in the centre, the upper part of the body tucked in the shape of a yoke, are $2 50. Drawers to match are $2. If scallops and embroidery in vines are added the price reaches $6, or perhaps a trifle more. In the embroidery stores the same amount is asked for the bands and sleeves alone. Yoked gowns with three widths of muslin slightly gored are the favorite shape, as they conceal the figure, and yet are not full enough to be clumsy. These are embroidered and ruffled around the neck and sleeves, and sold at $6. Short peignoirs have the fronts tucked perpendicularly or in yokes, with cambric ruffles very narrow and fluted, or strong Valenciennes borders. The loose coat-sleeve with deep cuff is appropriate. Standing collar, or the all around turned-down shape.

An elegant pair of pillow-covers recently shown us does not come under the head of plain lingerie, but are too handsome to be omitted. They were perfectly square, formed of smaller squares of blue satin alternating with white guipure lace; a border of guipure around the edge. The price is $50. A bed-spread not yet completed will be of the same design.

For information received we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. LORD & TAYLOR; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

MISS FANNY FORBES, a daughter of PAUL S. FORBES, Esq., of this city, is announced, in Paris, as being engaged to marry M. ODILLON BARROT, nephew of the distinguished Senator of that name.

—The Rev. Mr. SPURGEON is reported, in English journals, as having engaged to deliver a series of lectures in this country during the present year. Mr. S. would be a great success. His reputation as an orator would cause every body to run after him; and as for the Baptists, water certainly would be powerless to extinguish their enthusiasm for him.

—An inquisitive person of New England having, with the characteristic pertinacity of that people, sought to find out all that was findoutable of the two principal Mandarins ranking next to Mr. BURLINGAME in the Chinese Embassy, feels free to communicate that CHIN TAJEN and SUN TAJEN are known in China as gentlemen of the highest culture and accomplishments, and were especially selected by the Emperor for this mission on account of their profound learning and abilities. Mental acquirements are not only more thought of in China than with us, but are imperatively required of all who are intrusted with affairs of the government. "Rings," caucuses, and conventions are not yet in vogue in the "Flowery Nation."

—Mrs. SCOTT SIDDONS (a descendant of *the* SIDDONS), who has achieved distinction on the English stage, has made quite a hit at Newport as a reader. One evening last week she read TENNYSON'S *May Queen* with such effect as to bring many little waters from the eyes of the ladies who were present. She will come to New York by-and-by, to see how pathos will do here.

—"Mlle." IRMA, as she is announced on the bills, the prima donna of Mr. BATEMAN'S operatic company, is "Mlle." only on the stage; off she is the wife of M. COLON, and mother of two children—little semi-colons, as it were.

—His Royal Highness Prince WILHELM WURTEMBERG, general in the Austrian army, has been spending some days in the city, and been made the recipient of many courtesies from people of position. It was fortunate for him that a gentleman so thoroughly conversant with every thing worth seeing and every body worth knowing, in New York, as the Austrian Consul-General, Mr. DE LOOSEY, was at hand to suggest the how, the when, and the where to pass the time pleasantly and profitably. His Royal Highness has gone to the West for a tour of five or six weeks.

—Colonel T. B. THORPE, an intimate friend of the late CHARLES L. ELLIOTT, suggests that an exhibition of the paintings of the great artist be given, the proceeds to be devoted to the erection of a monument. ELLIOTT was, beyond doubt, the best portraitist this country has produced. GILBERT STUART'S faces were fine, but not so strong. Some of COPLEY'S earlier portraits were perhaps as good, but none better.

—M. ROEST VAN LIMBURG has been appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs at the Hague. M. VAN LIMBURG was formerly Minister of the Hague at Washington, and while in that position became enamored of and married Miss BELLE CASS, daughter of the late LEWIS CASS.

—The Right Hon. ROBERT LOWE, whose great ability as an editorial writer on the London *Times*, and equally great ability as a debater in Parliament, has just appeared in a new character, viz., as Chairman of the London Board of the new Atlantic Telegraph Company.

—Mr. BAYARD TAYLOR and lady returned last week from Europe, where he has been spending a year or so pleasantly, dining and breakfasting with the second-rate kings and first-rate grand-dukes of the Continent; visiting out-of-the-way places, and writing clever letters to the *Tribune*.

—Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER has made a little statement on the Coffee (not Cuffee) question, which the readers of the *Bazar* may ponder: "The best way I know of to make good coffee is to go to the principal hotels, restaurants, railroad eating-houses, etc., and ascertain just how they make coffee—then make it as they don't."

—Princess DAGMAR—known in the court circles of Europe as the Pretty Princess—writes very graceful sonnets, and is not disposed to hang her harp on a willow, even though she is married.

—TENNYSON "realizes" about $35,000 a year, gold, from his writings, likes to make money, and knows how to keep it. So does our poet, LONGFELLOW, though his figures have not yet attained to the comfortable size of the English gentleman's.

—Dr. BARSTOW and wife, of Keene, New Hampshire, celebrated their golden wedding on the 19th of August last. During their half century of married life this couple have never removed from the house where they first began housekeeping, and which was the scene of the touching and thankful festivities of their golden wedding.

—Mr. MARK LEMON, the editor of *Punch*, has at last yielded to the importunities of friends and managers, and will soon appear as a reader of "Falstaff." The performances are not to take place in any theatre, but will belong to the class of amusements recognized as entertainments, although the action and costume of a stage-play will be in part retained.

—Ex-Secretary of the Navy JOHN P. KENNEDY, with his family, is passing a few weeks at Hombourg-les-Bains. Mrs. ELLEN KEY BLUNT has been giving readings at the same place.

—A daughter of G. P. R. JAMES, the novelist, has adopted the stage as a profession, and on the 30th of May last made her *début* in a Melbourne theatre in the drama of the "Willow Copse." She was not very successful, and the impression seemed to be that she had entirely mistaken her vocation. Her acting name is Mrs. FLORENCE WILLIAMS, and she has a fine commanding figure.

—Mr. GEORGE PEABODY has temporarily ceased from giving away his millions, and gone to Enniskillen to be entertained by Sir JAMES EMERSON TENNANT and Lady TENNANT, and a very agreeable tenant he will make of himself.

—M. AUBER is becoming a wag in his old age. Recently he entertained a party of friends at his house. During the convivialities a white hair fell from the venerable head of the *maestro* into a glass of Bordeaux which stood before him. "Ah, gentlemen!" exclaimed the renowned composer, taking out the silver hair with his fingers, and holding it up, "you can not say my wine wants age, for here you see is one of its gray hairs."

—Rural readers of the *Bazar* may form some idea of the magnitude of stock operations in Wall Street, when we inform them that on the 3d instant Mr. WOODWARD sold, and Mr. JOHN M. TOBIN bought, 14,600 shares of stock of the Chicago and Rock Island Company at 103—the purchase-money amounting to $1,460,474 50. Mr. TOBIN is said to have been a heavy seller at higher prices, while Mr. WOODWARD is supposed to have all the stock on hand. Both gentlemen are large professional operators, and wager their millions as other men do their pennies. There are not, however, nor never will there be, at the Stock Exchange, any quotations for those two best-paying of all stocks—*happiness* and *comfort*. Those are not on the regular list.

—Miss AUGUSTA J. EVANS, of Mobile, the distinguished and favorite authoress of the South, was in town a few days since, having come North with her father, whose health was infirm, to consult some of the more prominent members of the medical faculty. They advised an immediate return, and she acted promptly on the advice, Commodore VANDERBILT generously placing at her disposal a car on the Hudson River and New York Central roads, besides commending her to the courtesies of railway officials further west. While in New York Miss EVANS received a portion of the amount due her on the copywright of her novel of "Inez," out of which she paid the premium on her father's life insurance policy of ten thousand dollars, which was wise, as Mr. EVANS only lived to reach Chicago.

—The Rev. CHARLES F. ROBERTSON, of Malone, Franklin County, New York, has been elected Bishop of Missouri, in place of the late Bishop HAWKS. Mr. ROBERTSON'S name has been mentioned in connection with the new diocese of Central New York, to be formed, in November next, out of the eastern portion of the diocese of Western New York. Mr. ROBERTSON is spoken of as possessing, in a high degree, the peculiar administrative ability required for that position, and is, moreover, an excellent preacher and an excellent man.

—Dr. NELATON has been made a Senator of France, the first time that an operative representative of the medical profession has received such an honor in that country. Count DE SARTIGES, minister at Rome, and formerly the representative of France at Washington, was at the same time made the recipient of senatorial distinction.

—Only one of Queen VICTORIA'S daughters is said to be remarkable for personal beauty—the Princess LOUISE. She is fair, tall, and graceful, with well-cut features, a pensive cast of countenance, and blue, German eyes. Her walk is singularly *distingué*. Her youngest sister is said to be plain, pert, and self-conscious.

—When a queen of Madagascar dies it costs a little something to defray the requisite ceremonials. The last one was buried in a silver coffin worth $30,000, and a box of coin, which it took fifteen men to carry, was buried with her. The mourning requires all her subjects to shave their heads and go barefoot for ninety days. They must also sleep on the ground, and do no work during that time.

—The Rev. Dr. CUYLER, of Brooklyn, is the oldest regular visitor at Saratoga, having done the waters there for over twenty years, and preached to the waterers seventy-one sermons.

—ALEXANDRE DUMAS lives an odd and very French life—goes to bed at four in the morning, rises at noon, breakfasts at noon, lunches at five, dines sumptuously at eight, sups at midnight; drinks little wine—generally two or three glasses of Burgundy at dinner. Works about nine hours a day, and generally furnishes to the printer daily ten large sheets, written in a beautiful, flowing hand, and almost entirely free from corrections and alterations.

—"I think there be five LELANDS in the field," the fifth being CHARLES E., for whom the United States Hotel, at Saratoga Springs, is to be rebuilt. It will be the largest hotel in the world, and will accommodate a population of sixteen hundred souls. It is to be a stock-company concern, with a capital of $800,000 to $1,000,000. It has been remarked that each of the male LELANDS was born with a hotel license in each hand.

—To their shame be it said that MICHAEL ANGELO, BOYLE, NEWTON, LOCKE, BAYLE, SHENSTONE, LEIBNITZ, HOBBES, VOLTAIRE, POPE, ADAM SMITH, THOMSON, AKENSIDE, ARBUTHNOT, HUME, GIBBON, COWPER, GOLDSMITH, LAMB, WASHINGTON IRVING, and HALLECK, were bachelors.

—Mr. JOHN D. DEFREES, formerly printer to the House of Representatives, was many years ago proprietor of the Indianapolis *State Journal*. When the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, then on the eve of his ministerial life, came to Indianapolis, with his new wife, his temporal prospects were not very brilliant. His church had agreed to pay him $1000 a year, but was unable to raise it promptly, so he eked out a little time by writing and editing a farmers' and gardeners' column for the *Journal*. This column became, directly, so popular, that Defrees started an agricultural paper and made BEECHER the editor of it. It was at Indianapolis that Mrs. STOWE visited her brother, and there, it is said, obtained the name and suggestion of Uncle Tom's Cabin, which she derived from a venerable negro, once enslaved, who had a hut near the city, dubbed, by general consent, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

—Madame PAREPA ROSA is in such poor health that her friends are quite alarmed about her. The California doctors have ordered her to cease professional work and go to the White Sulphur Springs.

—The personal changes in professional and business life, constantly going on in New York, are made the subject of an interesting communication in a Rochester paper, in which it is mentioned that NATHAN D. MORGAN, who commenced life as a retailer of dry-goods in Brooklyn, is now president of a life insurance company. HENRY C. BOWEN, who was bred amidst silks and satins, and who for so many years was at the head of the firm of BOWEN & M'NAMEE, is now a publisher and issues the *Independent*. JOHN MASON, who a few years ago was one of our heaviest dry-goods men, was originally a tailor; and the clothiers BROOKS BROTHERS, who own a million dollars' worth of real estate, began with the needle. VANDERBILT himself once sailed a periauger, which now seems a very petty business, and DANIEL DREW kept a drovers' tavern.

We Americans will not stay put, as they say, and men are continually flitting from one trade to another. Sometimes an entire mercantile house will make a somersault, as in the case of COMAN, HOPKINS, & Co., who shifted from the wholesale dry-goods to the wholesale grocery trade, and made a fortune in the latter. In the same manner SHELDON & Co. exchanged the dry-goods for the book trade, and are now among our leading publishers. The same changes appear in our professions. PHILIP REYNOLDS, who was one of our most successful lawyers, began life as a tailor, then became an editor, and subsequently pursued law. Dr. BAYARD, who is one of the first physicians in the city, practiced law up to his fortieth year, and then made a successful exchange for medicine. Even the clerical profession shows similar features. The late Dr. CONE was at first a play-actor. MAGOON was a stone-mason. The eloquent JONES was a sailor. EZEKIEL LORD was a lawyer. On the other hand, E. W. ANDREWS, once pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, exchanged his sacred calling for the law; and a number of other clergymen have gone into the insurance business.

Button-Holes for Under-Clothing.

THE specimens of button-holes given are pretty, and especially commendable on account of their durability. Each stitch is described in detail. Figs. 1 and 2 show different ways of barring before working. The barring is done before cutting, and may be done either by running around the button-hole, as shown by Fig. 1, or with chain stitch, as shown by Fig. 2. In the detailed descriptions this is not mentioned.

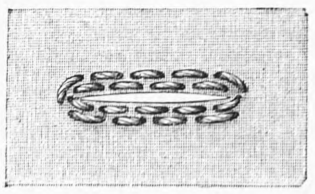


Fig. 1.—BARRING OF BUTTON-HOLE.

Figs. 3 and 4.—Button-hole in button-hole stitch points. This is worked with long button-hole stitches, each of which is fastened by a shorter stitch. Work, first, a long stitch, of which Fig. 4 shows the thread and the needle, then from left to right take a short stitch in the manner indicated by the needle in Fig. 11.

Figs. 5 and 6.—Herring-bone stitch button-hole. The manner of making this stitch is familiar, and is given also by Fig. 6. Make a cross chain stitch, and one stitch putting the needle downward as shown by Fig. 2, the other in the opposite direction or upward, taking in the edge of the material. Having completed the herring bone stitch row, work inside of this a row in common button-hole stitch.

The button-hole with knotted finish, Figs. 7, 8, and 9, is very pretty. Make, first, an ordinary button-hole stitch, then lay the thread outward and bring the thread again through the loop in the manner shown by Fig. 8. The finished round is ornamented with a row of knots, which are worked in the manner shown by Fig. 9.

Figs. 10 and 11 give a button-hole worked in double button-hole stitch. For making this stitch work, first, a common long button-hole stitch, and on this a shorter stitch sideways from left to right as shown by Fig. 11.

For the button-hole, Figs. 12 and 13, which is worked in tatted button-hole stitch, lay a cord under instead of barring; having cut the button-hole, overseam this cord to the edge. The stitch is worked after Fig. 13, being careful to follow the thread of the material. Fig. 13 gives the stitch without the cord in order to render it plainer.

Figs. 14 and 15 give a very pretty button-hole in twisted stitch. Having run the needle through, as shown by Fig. 15, wind it from seven to eight times with the thread, after which draw the needle and thread through, pressing the twisted thread down on the right side, and run the needle back through the same place through which the stitch was taken preparatory to taking the next stitch.

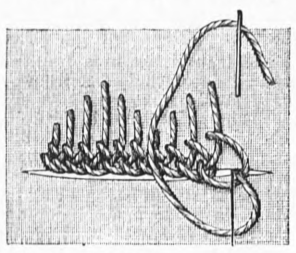


Fig. 4.—MAKING OF POINTED BUTTON-HOLE STITCH.—ENLARGED.

Buttons for Under-Clothing.

IT is well worth while to take the trouble of making these buttons, for they are both prettier and much more durable than those that are purchased. They are all worked with fine thread.

Figs. 1 and 2.—Flat button crocheted. For this button work, first, beginning at the middle, seven rounds in single crochet in the round, in doing which crochet from left to right, as shown by Fig. 2, which shows the crochet work magnified. In the second of these seven rounds crochet always two stitches in one of the former round. The next following (8th) round is worked in single crochet like the others, but a brass ring of the requisite thickness must be covered by it. In working this work two stitches in every second following stitch of the former round. The under side of the work is the right side of the button.

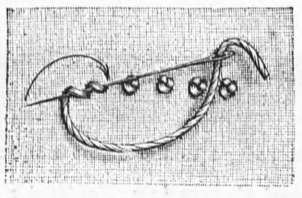


Fig. 9.—MAKING OF KNOT FOR BUTTON-HOLE.

Figs. 3 and 4 show how to re-cover the foundation of a worn-out button with little trouble. Take the ring, lay it between two circular pieces of linen of equal size, and fasten the outer edge with a few overcast stitches, after which work as shown by Fig. 4, which is magnified, and shows a piece of the linen turned back.

The button shown by Figs. 5 and 6 is worked in single crochet, and is especially commendable, as it can be washed without injury. Work from the centre outward first, three rounds in the round over a foundation of cord, adding a few stitches in every round. Then crochet without cord and with the requisite widening two rounds, after which two rounds with the same number of stitches, and finally the 5th and 6th rounds, in which narrow sufficiently. The working thread may serve for sewing on the button. Fig. 5 shows the upper, and Fig. 6 the under side of the button.

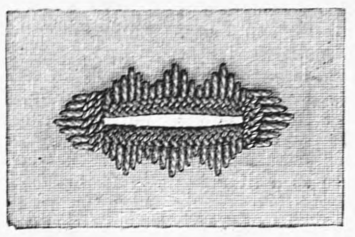


Fig. 3.—BUTTON-HOLE IN POINTED BUTTON-HOLE STITCH.

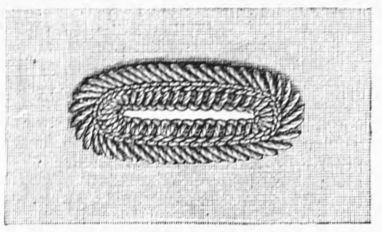


Fig. 5.—BUTTON-HOLE IN HERRING-BONE STITCH.

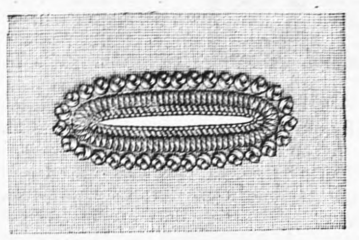


Fig. 7.—BUTTON-HOLE IN KNOTTED STITCH.

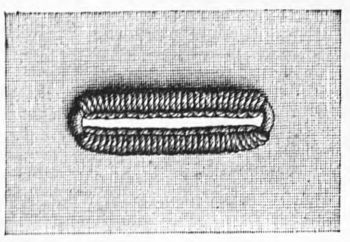


Fig. 12.—BUTTON-HOLE IN TATTING BUTTON-HOLE STITCH.

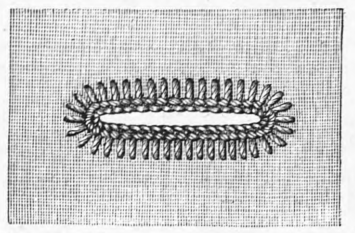


Fig. 10.—BUTTON-HOLE IN DOUBLE BUTTON-HOLE STITCH.

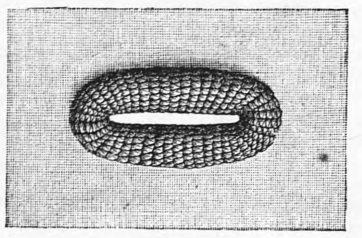


Fig. 14.—BUTTON-HOLE IN TWISTED STITCH.

Towel Loops.

THESE loops are greatly to be commended for their durability.

The crochet loop, Fig. 1, is worked with fine cotton. Make, first, a foundation of 36 chain, and, having joined this in a round by means of a slip stitch, 20 chain more; passing over the last of these, work back on these chain stitches and around the loop, and on the other side of the chain stitches a round single crochet, and on this, backward and forward, three additional rounds in the same manner. A few stitches must be added around the upper rounding of the loop, as shown by the pattern.

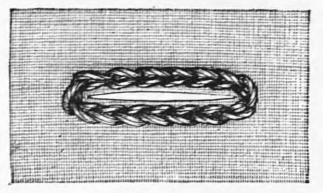


Fig. 2.—BARRING OF BUTTON-HOLE.

For the loop, Fig. 2, which is also worked with fine thread but crosswise, cast on nine stitches, and, passing over the first stitch, work backward on these one round single crochet, after which thirty-eight similar rounds backward and forward, always putting the needle through the upper vein of the stitches; also crochet a chain stitch at the end of every round. After this edge the loop with little scallops of white and red cotton as follows: one red stitch in an edge stitch, three white stitches in the following edge stitch. Finish the red stitches with the white thread, and the last of the white stitches with the red yarn.

The loop, Fig. 3, is made of a strip of linen an inch wide and as long as may be desired. Double this and sew down the edges, after which work it round in button-hole stitch in white thread and then once with red thread, making the two colors alternate.

Fig. 1.—FLAT CROCHET BUTTON.

Fig. 5.—BUTTON WITH CROCHET COVER.

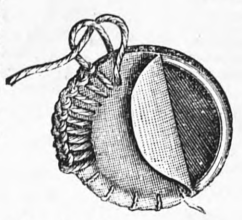


Fig. 4.—COVERING OF WORN-OUT BUTTON.

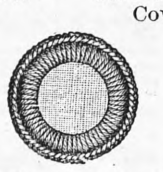


Fig. 3.—BUTTON COVERED WITH LINEN.

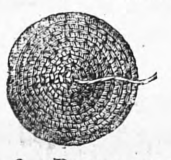


Fig. 6.—BUTTON WITH CROCHET COVER.

Fig. 2.—MAKING OF CROCHET BUTTON COVER.

Crochet Chemise Yoke.

THIS yoke is crocheted in open-work foundation, and worked in point de reprise with medium coarse white thread. The illustration, which shows a section of the open-work foundation in full size, shows also the design and the manner of working. The form of the yoke is given by Fig. 65, Supplement, and must be carefully followed in crocheting. Begin on the under edge of the front with the requisite number of stitches (in the pattern 16), and crochet on these alternately one double crochet, two chain passing over two stitches. The entire yoke is worked in this manner, double crochet always coming on double crochet; the rounds must also always be begun from the same side, and widened or narrowed to suit the form; the fronts are straight. Having completed the foundation, border the yoke on the upper edge and on the fronts with two rounds of single crochet (in the first of these rounds crochet around the projecting threads). The rounds double crossed crochet follow; the crossed crochet have two stitches space, and must lie one over another. On the upper corner of the yoke the under veins of the crossed stitches must lie close together, so that the yoke shall not be stretched. On the last round of cross stitches crochet the following round: * one single crochet between the first two cross stitches, seven chain, one double crochet in the first of the seven chain. Repeat from *. Now work the open-work foundation in point de reprise as shown by the illustrations, bind the under edge with a narrow bias strip of fine linen, and finish the front with buttons and button-hole stitch loops.

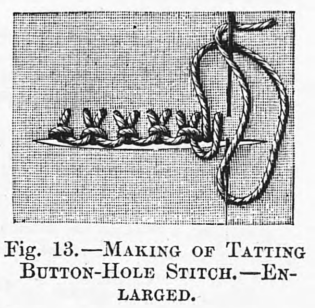


Fig. 13.—MAKING OF TATTING BUTTON-HOLE STITCH.—ENLARGED.

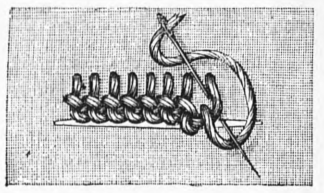


Fig. 11.—MAKING OF DOUBLE BUTTON-HOLE STITCH. ENLARGED.

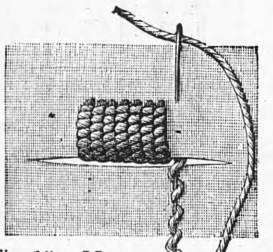


Fig. 15.—MAKING OF TWISTED BUTTON-HOLE STITCH.—ENLARGED.

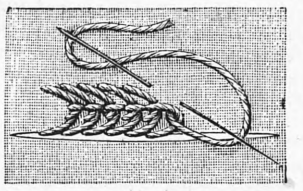


Fig. 6.—MAKING OF HERRING-BONE BUTTON-HOLE STITCH. ENLARGED.

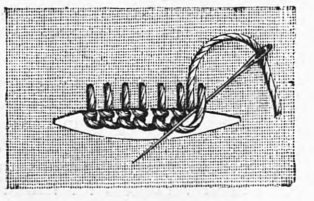


Fig. 8.—MAKING OF KNOTTED BUTTON-HOLE STITCH.—ENLARGED.

Crochet Edge for Coverlets.

THIS edge is especially designed for trimming for coverlets, though it may also be used for other purposes. The pattern is crocheted on the edge of the coverlet, which has previously been worked in button-hole

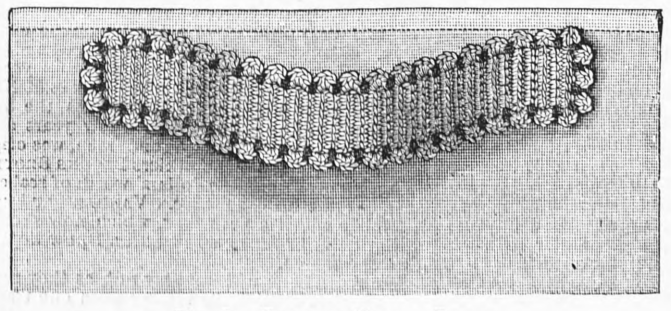


Fig. 2.—CROCHET TOWEL LOOP.

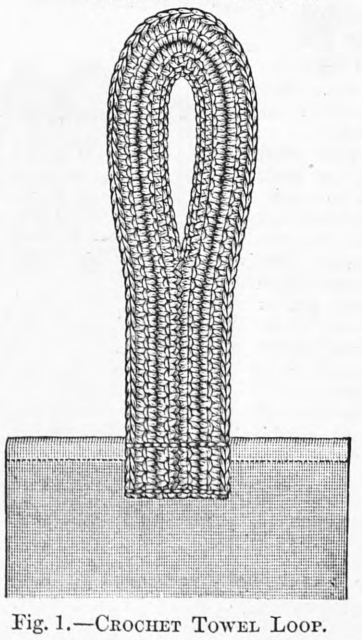


Fig. 1.—CROCHET TOWEL LOOP.

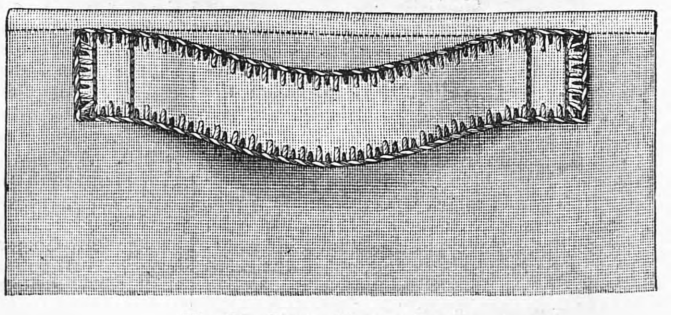


Fig. 3.—LINEN TOWEL LOOP.

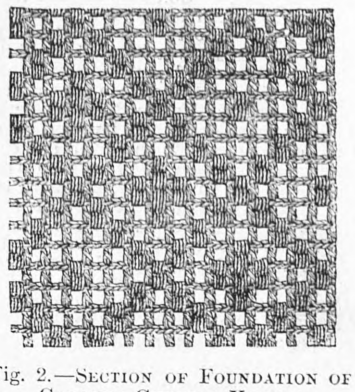
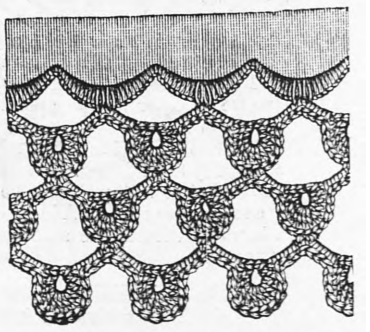


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF FOUNDATION OF CROCHET CHEMISE YOKE.

Fig. 1.—CROCHET CHEMISE YOKE.—[For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Fig. 65.]



CROCHET EDGE FOR COVERLET.

stitch. Of course the edge may also be worked on a chain stitch foundation. According to the pattern crochet: 1st round.—2 sc. (single crochet) separated by 1 ch. (chain stitch) in the middle of the first button-hole-stitch scallop, 11 ch. of the last six of which form a picot by working 1 sc. in the fifth of the eleven, 5 ch., 2 sc. separated by 1 ch. in the following button-hole-stitch scallop, etc. 2d round.—1 sc. in the ch. between the first 2 sc. of the former round, * 3 sc. in the next ch., 12 double crochet around the picot, 3 sc. in the following ch., 1 sc. in the ch. between the next 2 sc. of the former round. Repeat from *. Repeat these rounds twice, and in such a manner that the shells shall alternate as shown by the illustration.

Needle-Worked Figures for Trimming Lingerie and Under-Clothing.

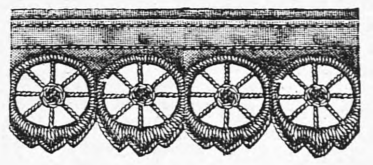


Fig. 1.—TRIMMING FOR LINGERIE AND UNDER-CLOTHING.

THESE figures are embroidered on muslin, Swiss muslin, piqué, etc. They are suitable for trimming blouses, collars, cuffs, and pin-cushion covers, as well as under-clothing. The lightest parts of each design are in appliqué. The black stitches are worked with black silk in the manner shown by the illustration. The stitches used are straight and diagonal half-polka stitch, button-hole stitch, knotted stitch, satin stitch, lace stitch, and common back stitch.

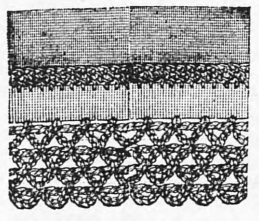


Fig. 1.—CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE.

Trimmings for Under-Clothing.

THE trimmings here given are used for the most diverse objects. Some are designed for trimming blouses, collars, pocket-handkerchiefs, etc., while others are for under-clothing, children's clothing, etc.

Fig. 1.—This edge is worked on fine linen, partly in overcast and partly in button-hole stitch. The centre of each figure is composed of a wheel in lace stitch.

Fig. 2 consists of two rows of open cross stitch which join two rolls of cloth together, and connect these with a double collar, cuff, etc. The manner of arranging the rolls is distinctly shown in the illustration.

Fig. 3 gives a very pretty insertion, which may also be used as embroidery for a pocket-handkerchief above the seam. It is worked on muslin. The edges of the material, which are left in cross bars, are corded, while the portions cut out are filled with lace stitch in the manner shown by the illustration.

The trimming of Fig. 4 is made of linen or muslin. The material is laid at regular distances in very narrow tucks, which are joined to a pointed band. This band of trimming serves as the binding and sleeves of the chemise with small sleeves as shown on the double page.

The trimming shown by Fig. 5 consists of strips of muslin two inches long and an inch wide, which are arranged in a box-pleat a third of an inch wide. These strips are joined by cross stitches to very narrow strips which are worked with a row of herring-bone stitch. Each side is completed by a strip of muslin stitched down.

The middle part of the trimming, Fig. 6, consists of a strip of muslin two inches wide, which is set underneath pointed strips on each side. The edges are stitched down.

Fig. 7.—This trimming is made on Swiss muslin. The edges of the twisted strips are corded, the material is cut away between, and the space filled with lace stitch. This embroidered strip is pointed on both sides and stitched down on a strip of muslin.

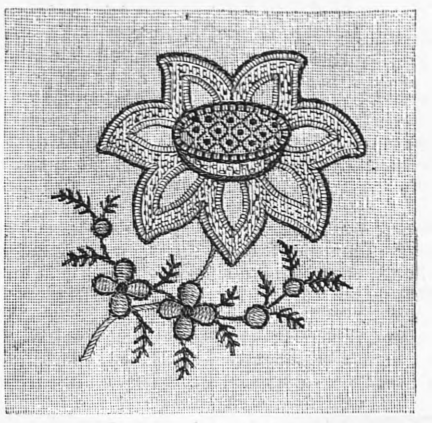


Fig. 1.—NEEDLE-WORKED FIGURE FOR LINGERIE AND UNDER-CLOTHING.

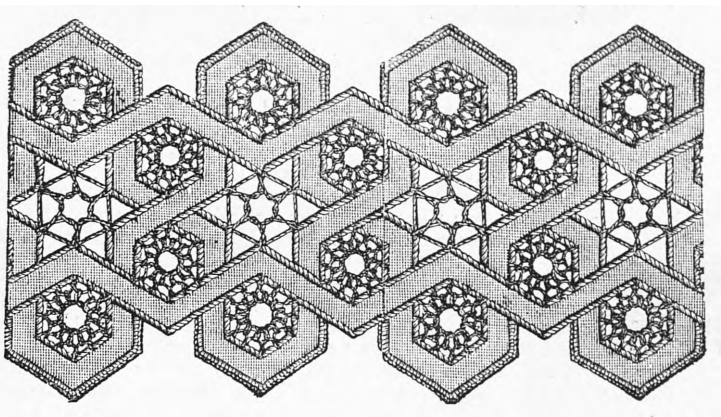


Fig. 3.—TRIMMING FOR LINGERIE AND UNDER-CLOTHING.

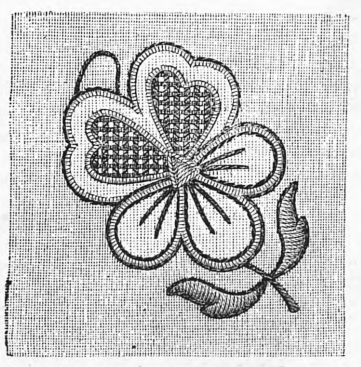


Fig. 2.—NEEDLE-WORKED FIGURE FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

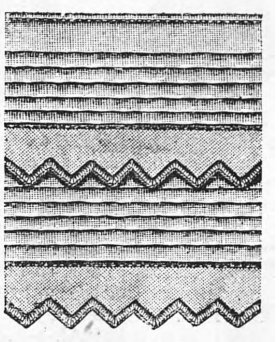


Fig. 4.—TRIMMING FOR LINGERIE AND UNDER-CLOTHING.
Section of Chemise with Small Sleeves.—See double page.

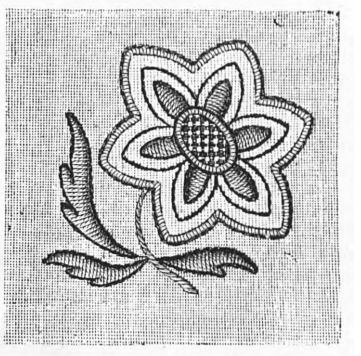


Fig. 3.—NEEDLE-WORKED FIGURE FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

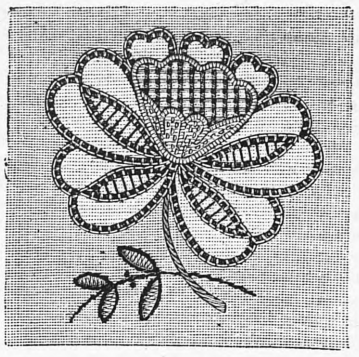


Fig. 4.—NEEDLE-WORKED FIGURE FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

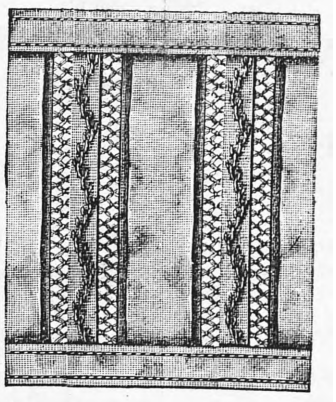


Fig. 5.—TRIMMING FOR LINGERIE AND UNDER-CLOTHING.

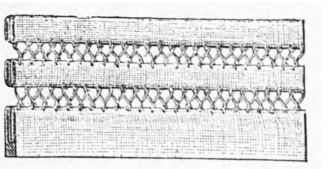


Fig. 2.—TRIMMING FOR LINGERIE AND UNDER-CLOTHING.

Chemise Yoke.

THE straight front of this yoke, which is two inches and a half wide, the straight back, which is an inch and a quarter wide, and the shoulders of the same width are all worked together.

Having cut the yoke of linen in this manner, draw out threads at regular distances each way, so that small squares shall be formed (see Fig. 2, which gives a section of the yoke of the full size). Now fasten the corners and spaces between in the manner shown by the illustration, and work in the centre of each square four knots. Scallop the outer edges, and work with button-hole stitch; as a heading for which work a straight row in button-hole stitch.

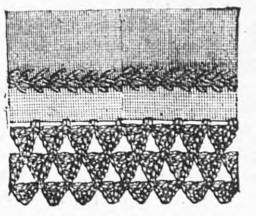


Fig. 2.—CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE.

THE SECRET OF ECONOMY.

WE will suppose that a mistress, desirous of keeping within her allowance without curtailing the real comfort of her husband and children, has asked herself that simple question—"Can we do without it?" on more than one occasion, and found it answer, in so far that, though several superfluities, such as dessert after dinner and preserves and cakes for tea, have disappeared, all the solid necessaries remain, and the weekly bills are no longer higher than they ought to be. How should she act in order to keep down her expenditure to a settled sum; to be sure that as much, but no more than is needful, is used, in the kitchen, the dining-room, and the nursery; and yet to prevent her servants resenting her interference, or exclaiming at her meanness?

It is really very easy, if women would only believe it to be so. It needs no store-room full of hoarded goods, with the key of which the servants are more familiar than yourself; no stated times for measuring out half pounds of sugar and dispensing tea by ounces; no running down to the lower regions a dozen times a day to give out what may have been forgotten; or to satisfy one's self whether they really *do* cut the joint at the kitchen supper, or revel in fresh butter when they should be eating salt.

But it does require the knowledge necessary to keep the housekeeping books properly. A thorough acquaintance with the prices of articles, and the different quantities which a household should consume; and above all, to have what is commonly called "one's wits about one." If every tradesman with whom you deal has a running account with you; if nothing in his book is paid for but what you have written down yourself; if your cook has orders to receive no meat without a check; has proper scales for weighing the joints as they come in, and makes a note of any deficiency (the checks being afterward compared with the butcher's book); it is impossible that the tradespeople can cheat you, and if your money is wasted you must waste it yourself.

It is an old-fashioned plan to pay one's bills at the end of each week; but it is a very good one. Little things which should be noticed may slip the memory at a longer period; besides, it is a useful reminder; it shows how the money is going, and if the tradesmen find you are careful it makes them so.

Following this plan, a quarter of an hour every morning sees the housekeeping affairs settled for the day, leaving the mistress at leisure to pursue her own avocations, and the cook to do her business in the kitchen. It is

Fig. 5.—NEEDLE-WORKED FIGURE FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

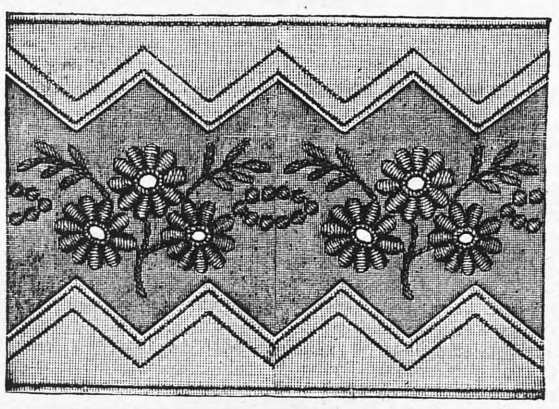


Fig. 6.—TRIMMING FOR LINGERIE AND UNDER-CLOTHING.

Two Crocheted Edgings for Under-Clothing.

BOTH of these edgings are crocheted on a hemmed edge.

Fig. 1.—The seam is joined to the cloth by means of an open-work seam composed of three rows of button-hole stitch. The edging consists of four rows of small picots. 1st round.—* 1 sc. (single crochet) in the hem, 5 ch. (chain stitches), 1 dc. (double crochet) in the first of these, passing over a sufficient space. Repeat from *. The remaining rounds are made in the same man-

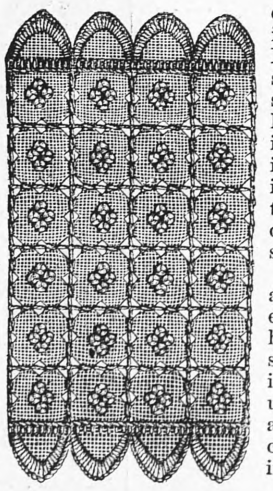


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF CHEMISE YOKE.—FULL SIZE.

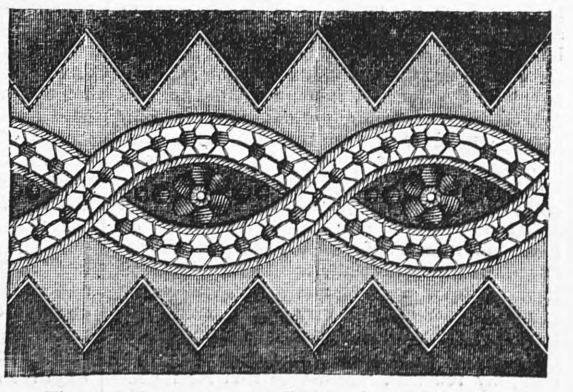


Fig. 7.—TRIMMING FOR LINGERIE AND UNDER-CLOTHING.

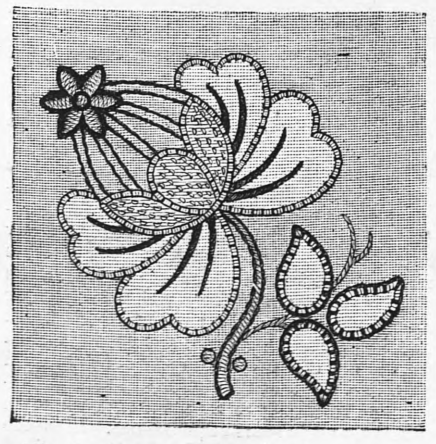


Fig. 6.—NEEDLE-WORKED FIGURE FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

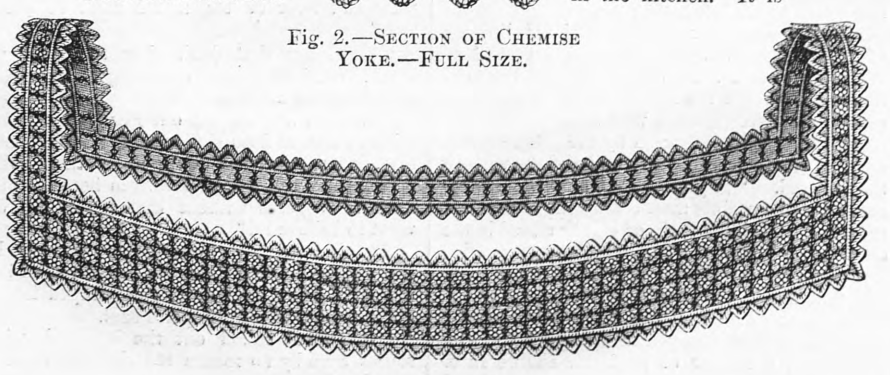


Fig. 1.—CHEMISE YOKE.

Fig. 7.—NEEDLE-WORKED FIGURE FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

simply a glance at the larder, and then to write down all that will be required until that time on the morrow; the dinner and breakfast orders on a slate, and the other articles in the books appropriated to them. After a little while it will be found that the labor is purely mechanical; in a quiet family the consumption is so regular that the weekly bills will scarcely vary, and the mistress's eye will detect the least increase, and find out for what it has been incurred. At the close of each month the debit and credit accounts should be balanced, and then, if the allowance is at any time exceeded, it will generally be proved that it has gone on the superfluities before-mentioned, and not on the actual expense of maintaining the household. When people talk of the difficulties of "living," the thoughts of their listeners invariably fly to the cost of bread and meat; and they unite in abusing the tradespeople who send their children to fashionable schools on the profits they extort from us. But there are various ways in which men and women can save besides dispensing with unnecessary eatables.

What woman, for instance, in these days, buying a dress, does not pay twice as much for its being made and trimmed ready for her use as she did for the original material? And who that has feet and fingers, and a sewing-machine, could not sit down and make it in a few hours for herself?

But she will tell you, most likely, that she can not cut properly; that she has not the slightest taste for trimming, and that she was not brought up to dress-making like a dress-maker. Ah! my dear sisters! are not these the days when we should all learn? *Men* may go through life with the knowledge of but one thing; for if they are acquainted with the duties of their profession they succeed; but women need to know *every thing*, from putting on a poultice to playing the piano; and from being able to hold a conversation with the Secretary of State to clear-starching *their* husband's neck-ties.

I don't say we must *do it;* but I maintain that we should know how. Men are really needed but in one place, and that is, public life; but we are wanted every where. In public and in private; up stairs and down stairs; in the nursery and the drawing-room; nothing can go on properly without us, and if it does, if our husbands, and our servants, and our children don't need us, we can not be doing our duty.

Above all, we have the training of the mistresses of future households, and the mothers of a coming generation; the bringing up, in fact, of the "girls of the next period." If we can not amend the faults we see in ourselves (an assertion which should be paradoxical to any one gifted with the least energy), if we think it is too late to sit down in our middle age, and learn to rub the rust off our brains, and to work our heads with our fingers, we can rear them in a different fashion. If we are wasteful, and extravagant, and useless—deserving of all the hard things which have been said of us lately—let us at least take heed that our daughters are not the same.

MEN OF THE PERIOD.

DEAR BAZAR,—I have been thinking for a long time of writing to you on a subject very near to my heart; for I believe when we have thoughts that clamor for expression, and yet are too sacred to be mentioned even to our nearest and dearest, we are expected to tell them to the newspaper; and for my part it is such a strange thing for me to have thoughts at all, that I am anxious to display them to the world as quickly as possible.

I am not sure, after all, that mine *are* thoughts, but only feelings. I leave it to you to decide. I honestly confess that, as I have had a pretty good time in life for twenty years or so as demoiselle, I am not unwilling to look forward to a sweet little home of my own, with a pretty library, a nice conservatory, and various little notions I will not stop to talk about now, all preceded by the sweetest trousseau a doting mother could give her daughter out of a limited income. But dear mamma is nothing of a manager, and it costs a great deal to get married nowadays when men are so fearfully indolent and ruinously extravagant, and our people around here are not quite millionaires. So I really do not know what I am to do, unless you will befriend me with a little advice and some information. I know a great many excellent young gentlemen, whom I am very sure I could bring to my feet (that's the story-writing phrase, isn't it?) with a word; but as Dr. Holmes's John pathetically remarks, "Marriage isn't for them." No sensible girl could think for a moment of trusting her future in their hands unless she has a million or two a year of her own; when people have *that* they can give themselves up to any absurdity they wish. What with their cigars, their pipes, their clubs, their utter ignorance of all domestic affairs, the men nowadays, though very pleasing visitors and charming beaux, are deplorably unsuited for husbands. I have heard my grandmother say—dear old lady! *she* was a wonderful woman; could cook, and spin, and make cheese as easily as you would dance the galop, went five times to church of a Sunday, and never saw a railroad, read a dozen newspapers, or heard of the Atlantic Cable in her life; one of the women of a past era whom all good people now deplore—well, I have often heard my grandmother say that my grandfather, when he was a young man, sawed his own wood, put in his own coal, carried his own bundles, mended his own fences, and with his own hands built his own log-cabin; if he had been traveling he would have wheeled his own trunk to the station. If we only had such men nowadays! If we had, then good, pleasant, well-bred girls would not have to sigh in single blessedness for want of millions, and billions, and trillions to support matrimony with. But the good old days are gone. Nowadays, if one's coy lips do let slip the frightened yes, such an array of tailors' bills, and porters' bills, and carpenters' bills, and the-man-that-puts-in-the-winter's-fuel bills, and all that sort of thing, arise before one's eyes that indeed, even though *he* pays them, one is really staggered; for how is one ever to keep up appearances, have pretty bonnets, and pay the dress-maker, let her sew and turn and economize her best, when she is yoked to so useless a mate? I am sure that I need not enlarge upon this text—we women have all heard something like it ever since we were as tall as a cookery book. It's "the beam in their own eye" which our young men do not seem even to dream of. If you should chance to know any handsome, high-born, high-bred young gentleman of unexceptionable habits, who dresses in the best of material and in perfect taste (I am not fastidious, but I have nerves), holds a high position in the best society, reads Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and speaks all the modern languages fluently; who has, in short, all the modern accomplishments and a thorough education (no superficial smattering of this, that, and the other for *me*), with a perfect knowledge of all the arts and sciences; who never stepped on a lady's dress, nor ever made a social blunder; who can saw wood, bring water from the well, and who is in fact a first-class carpenter, farmer, coal-heaver, coachman, mason, picture-hanger, gas-fitter, and plumber, besides his regular profession; who never has his collars rumpled, or his hands hard or soiled, whatever he is doing—if you know such a one, frugal, industrious, intellectual, and good-tempered, I should like well to know and be supported by him. For I am not exacting. I believe in humoring a husband when he knows his place, and religiously tries to save all the money he can to pay for his wife's wants; and I am not one of those who would insist on his *never* smoking a cigar, or once in a while, when I haven't any one else to take me, going to the Opera with me or for a drive; for we are a provincial people, and do not often hear a genuine song bird.

What do you think about it? Won't you speak about it to some of those modest young gentlemen who require that the woman they marry shall not be out of her teens, shall be simple as a dove, gay as a linnet, fresh as a morning-glory, wise as Cornelia, discreet as Susannah, a superb musician, a first-class cook, a belle of the first water, a housekeeper of more than Napoleonic talent, a brilliant conversationalist, and a neat chamber-maid and nursery governess, all with the most profound respect and humble submission to her natural lord and master?

SOPHRONISBA.

THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

A Story.

By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," etc.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FOX AND THE CROWS.

EARLY in my first chapter I announced that this tale would deal with the fortunes of very humble and obscure individuals. But, inasmuch as the fortunes of the most insignificant personages are linked inextricably with those of the high and powerful, whose doings history delights to chronicle, it fell out that certain great questions which began to agitate Europe about the period of which I write had a very considerable influence on the lives of the little group of persons who figure in my story. Storms which make the deep seas upheave, also ruffle the rivulets.

Times were coming when it grew necessary to take sides on the great questions affecting Germany; when even silence might be construed into an expression of opinion; and when the most cautious found themselves compelled to abandon their attitude of neutrality.

A man may say, "I am resolved to go straight onward, turning neither to the right nor to the left," and so long as the path shall be straight and even beneath his feet, he can do so. But one fine day he arrives at a point where one road divides into two roads, stretching away on either hand, and diverging ever more widely one from the other. What is to be done then? In front, proceeding straight onward, there is nothing but a stone-wall, or maybe a duck-pond, dull, muddy, and stagnant. If he would not assert his principles by ending his days in the duck-pond, or knocking his head against the stone-wall, the man must choose either the right-hand path or the left-hand path.

Now in Detmold people began to have glimpses of the duck-pond at the end of their political vista. There were some folks, better educated than old Simon Schnarcher the Sacristan, but perhaps not greatly more enlightened, who would have counseled avoiding the dilemma by the simple expedient of going back again to the place whence they started. "If you go on," said these wiseacres, "you certainly must choose the right-hand path or the left-hand path, or else be stifled in the duck-pond. That is true. But why go on?"

Very often people were unable to answer why. But they mostly felt the necessity.

To the tiny community at Horn, however, the condition of European politics was, with very few exceptions, a matter of profound indifference. The echoes from the great noisy world penetrated thither but faintly. It is true that some distorted and diminished photographs of the more important doings of the time were presented to them in their local newspapers. They descried from a distance kings and kaisers, princes and potentates, moving hither and thither, troops advanced and withdrawn, and a kind of general running the hayes and changing of places. But they were as a deaf man who looks on at a dance. They saw the bustle and movement, indeed, but had no inkling of the music which regulates the figure.

In the speise-saal of the Pied Lamb, at Horn, there is warmth and good cheer at the usual supper hour—that is to say, about half past seven o'clock. It is more than a month ago since that September night when the reader was first introduced to Fuendel's hostelry, but nearly the same company is assembled within it as on that former occasion. Simon Schnarcher is there, and Peters, and the fat host. There are, too, a few tradesmen and farmers, old habitués of the place. But Franz Lehmann is not present, nor the commercial traveler, whose temerity in defying the sacristan is remembered and still occasionally discussed among them with great gusto. At this present moment, however, the serious business of eating and drinking is occupying the faculties of the company. The night without is very dark and cold. In the speise-saal it is light and warm. The lingering odor of tobacco is still there, but the atmosphere is clear from the thick clouds that sometimes obscure it. They will arise by-and-by. For the present the steam of hot meats ascends unmingled from the table; for, even by a German, the operations of supping and smoking can not conveniently be performed together. The one waiter, assisted by a stout kitchen-maid, has been attending to the wants of the guests, but now there comes a lull in his labors. All are served, and the waiter sits down alone at a side-table to enjoy his own portion of the food.

After a while Herr Fuendel, sitting at the head of the board, wipes his mouth with his napkin, pushes his chair heavily back toward the stove, takes from his pocket a very attenuated cigar, and holds it over his shoulder without turning his head. Johann, the waiter, jumps up, brings a lighted candle in a little, quaint, old-fashioned brass candlestick, and sets fire to the attenuated cigar. Forthwith every man in the room pulls out either a meerschaum or a cigar; they are lighted, all the chairs are pushed back, scraping noisily over the sanded floor, and a semicircle is formed in front of the stove, of which semicircle the landlord's chair on one side and Simon Schnarcher's on the other are the points nearest to the fire. A smaller table is set before the guests, so that each man may have his tankard of beer at hand without the trouble of turning to reach it, and all is made snug and comfortable.

"Ah-h-h!" exclaimed Peters, drawing a long breath and stretching his legs out before him enjoyingly. "Well, to be sure, it's wonderful times we live in!"

Fuendel grunted. The rest puffed thoughtfully at their pipes and cigars. Only old Schnarcher turned his bright, sunken eyes watchfully on Peters, with the expression of one who lies in wait.

"I've been reading to-day," went on the apothecary, "an account of the Atlantic telegraph cable. Now, you know what that is?"

A silence. Fuendel nodded, ambiguously. Old Schnarcher put forth his hand and took a draught of beer, without removing his eyes from Peters's face. The latter proceeded. "A great wire laid right through the sea—through the deep, deep sea, meine Herren—from Europe to America. Wonderful times, wonderful times!"

"I don't see that there's any thing so wonderful in dropping a wire into the sea," observed Fuendel, in his deepest bass. "If the wire was only long enough you might twist it all round the world, I suppose."

"And what's the good when you've done it?" asked a horse-faced man, who was proprietor of the general shop in Horn.

"The good? Why only think of the science, the enlightenment, the progress—"

The word was scarcely out of his mouth when Schnarcher—morally—pounced on him with such suddenness as to startle the circle. It was the opportunity for which he had been lying in wait.

"Progress, forsooth! Ay, ay! that's what you're after, is it? You and your friend, the commercial gentleman, who talked so big here the other night—"

"He's no friend of mine," protested Peters; "I never saw the man in my life before."

"You and your friend—that's what you were both driving at," repeated the sacristan, doggedly. "And a nice down-hill drive you'd make of it, if there wasn't some older and wiser folks to put the drag on a bit and pull at the reins."

The illustration was received with many approving words, and one or two murmurs of "Ja so!" "Ganz richtig, Herr Küster."

"I want to hear nothing of your wires and rubbish," snarled the sacristan, on whom the effect of his friends' encouraging approval appeared to be the exacerbation of his contentious humor; "I won't hear of 'em, and I don't believe in 'em."

"Well, but that don't alter the facts, you know," retorted Peters, returning to the charge with a certain mild persistency.

"Ay, ay, ay," rasped out Fuendel, solemnly rolling his head from side to side, "I don't know that, Herr Peters—I don't know that. Herr Schnarcher hasn't been sacristan here for more than forty years without knowing pretty well what to believe in."

At this moment a stumbling step was heard in the passage leading from the street to the interior of the inn, and some one bumped heavily against the door of the speise-saal.

"Johann!" called out the landlord, whose senses were by no means too sluggish to be instantly alive to the prospect of a customer: "Johann! Go with a light. See who is there. Is there no lamp in the passage? Donnerwetter, don't leave the guests to tumble about in the dark!"

"There never is a lamp in the passage now after supper-time!" said the waiter, hurrying to the door with the little brass candlestick in his hand. "Who's likely to be coming at this hour of an October night?" As he spoke, he opened the door of the speise-saal, and admitted a stranger, whose advent caused a shudder to run round the assembly. Let me hasten to explain that the shudder was in nowise due to any thing horrible or threatening in the appearance of the new-comer; on the contrary, he was a very quiet and peaceable-looking old gentleman, wrapped up in a loose great-coat, and with a white knitted comforter wound round his throat. But he brought in with him so great a quantity of the outer air—which was by this time very bleak and piercing—as to make the denizens of the hot, close room shiver. And, besides, he looked pinched and nipped with the cold.

"Can I have a bed here?" he asked, blinking round the room. His eyes were dazzled by coming from the darkness without into the comparatively bright speise-saal.

"Surely, surely, Sir," replied the landlord, rising from his arm-chair with as much alacrity as his ponderous size permitted. "Johann! Take the gentleman's coat. Have you any luggage, Sir?"

"Not more than I carry in my hand," said the stranger, showing a very shabby black leather bag, whose contents had been rammed into it so tightly as to make it bulge out in an ungainly fashion.

"Oh," said Fuendel, sitting down again in his chair. Travelers were by no means plentiful at the Pied Lamb, but they had not yet become so rare that such attentions as the waiter could bestow unassisted did not, in Herr Fuendel's opinion, amply suffice to do honor to a guest who carried no luggage beyond a shabby black leather bag.

The stranger, perhaps, perceived something of what was passing in his host's mind, for when Johann had relieved him of his outer coat, he pulled from his breast-pocket a massive gold snuff-box, and took a pinch from it so noisily as to insure the observation of all present. Then he ordered a fire to be lighted in his chamber, and desired that some supper should be got ready with as little delay as might be. "And, Kellner," said he, in a subdued voice, that yet was so distinct as to be quite audible to every one in the room, "give me a bottle of the best wine you have. I am cold and tired."

Then he followed the stout servant-woman out of the speise-saal, saying that he would go and look at his room.

"Number five; Marie," called out Fuendal. "The yellow bedroom."

"The Herr came on foot," observed Johann, busily spreading a clean napkin over one end of the table-cloth, and laying a plate, knife, and fork on it.

"I know that, Sir," said Fuendel, with severity, "I know he came on foot, but he's going to have the yellow bedroom all the same. I haven't been an inn-keeper for five-and-twenty years without knowing a gentleman when I see him!"

It was clear, at all events, that the host knew a gold snuff-box when he saw it.

"I wonder who he is!" said the horse-faced man. Every one else wondered who he was.

"I understand there's a new land steward for the Prince's Detmold property, appointed to fill old Bepp's place," said Peters. "It may be this is the gentleman."

"Bah!" cried Schnarcher. "Nothing of the kind. The new land steward is a major—I forget the name. But that doesn't look much like a military man, does it?" And the old sacristan jerked his thumb upward in the direction of the yellow bedroom.

"Do you suppose, Mr. Apothecary," said Fuendel, reprovingly, "that his most gracious highness's land steward—his representative almost I may say—would come prowling in among us for the first time after dark, and afoot? You surprise me."

Every one was surprised. It seemed to be the cue, ever since the memorable evening of the commercial traveler, to fall foul of Peters and to consider him a dangerous speaker, whose hand was against every man in their society. No one really thought he was so, unless it might be old Schnarcher, whose opinion of his old friend had recently been much lowered by the apothecary having developed a tendency to favor modern theories on various subjects. But the company at the Pied Lamb, speaking generally, enjoyed the gentle excitement of having a victim in common. It promoted good-fellowship, and was pleasant for every body—except the victim; and even he did not suffer much, for, save when the sacristan grew extraordinarily venomous, Peters was mostly placidly unconscious of his own victimhood.

"Well, Herr Landlord," returned the apothecary, "you said yourself that the traveler looked like a gentleman. So he might have been the Prince's representative. And, at all events, there is no disrespect to his highness in saying so!"

The host was about to give utterance to some rejoinder, when the subject of the discussion returned to the speise-saal, and a solemn and unnatural silence fell upon the company. They moved their chairs somewhat, so as to give the new-comer the benefit of the stove's heat, as he sat at his supper; a courtesy which the stranger acknowledged by a silent bend of his head. It was a bald head, very round and yellow, and he thrust it out of his cravat, and then drew it in again, in a way that the reader will perhaps recognize as belonging to a person with whom he has already made some acquaintance. For some time the old habitués of the Pied Lamb remained with closed lips, furtively glancing at the unknown guest. But the latter was very quiet—

"mouse-still," as the Germans say. And even while he was yet discussing the viands set before him he brought forth from the same capacious pocket that held the snuff-box a well-worn note-book, bulky with papers, and laying it by the side of his plate, soon became seemingly absorbed in its contents.

Gradually the rest of the company resumed their talk. They would have liked to discuss the stranger, but as that was a luxury which must necessarily be deferred, inasmuch as it could not be enjoyed in his presence, they got back to the conversation which his arrival had interrupted. Still, very still, sat the stranger, and sipped his wine in silence. So still did he sit, and so silently did he sip, keeping his eyes on the worn note-book the while, that the others by degrees ceased to be conscious of his presence, and warmed into their talk unrestrainedly.

"Why, after all," said Peters—of whose character, as has been stated, a certain mild persistence was a leading trait—"After all, it isn't one thing much more than another. We can't shut our eyes to the great changes going on in the world. I read my newspaper regularly, and I can tell you, meine Herren, that scarcely a day passes without some new invention turning up that would have seemed just like Kindermärchen —fairy tales—to our grandfathers. And then in politics—look at the foreign intelligence! Why every thing is changing—changing, in such a way that the geography books can't keep pace with the times."

"Well, Sir," said Fuendel, "and what does all that matter to us? There's the mischief. We will be meddling instead of sitting still and minding our own business. Ain't we very well off here in Lippe-Detmold?"

"Yes, certainly. But you see it will matter to us before very long, if it don't matter now. There's a movement taking place throughout Germany, that—"

But here the apothecary was interrupted by a chorus of loud and angry exclamations. What did Peters mean? Was he a revolutionist? A republican? A mad studenten-burschi? It was all very well to enjoy, like Goethe's burghers in "Faust," the spectacle of the folks knocking each other on the head "far away in Turkey;" but when it came near home—when it came to one of themselves, an old inhabitant, a peaceful tradesman of Horn, talking about a "movement going on throughout Germany!"—Dear Heaven! What would happen next? The temerity of the commercial traveler who had defied Schnarcher and alluded to the '48, was completely thrown into the shade. Peters looked quite scared at the storm he had raised.

"But," protested he, feebly, "I said nothing about republics or revolutions. I was alluding to the growing power and influence of Prus—"

"Stop!" cried the landlord, authoritatively, letting his fat hand fall by its own weight on to the table in a way that made the glasses quiver, "stop there, Herr Peters. You've said enough, and more than enough. If any gentleman can't digest his supper without politics, there's a public house across the street that may suit him. Any way the speise-saal of the Pied Lamb is not for such. I'm a man of few words, but what I say I mean."

There was profound silence for a few moments, and then the horse-faced man—who had been peculiarly stolid all through—remarked slowly that for his part he thought Herr Fuendel was right, and that if they couldn't talk of any thing better than politics they had better hold their tongues altogether, which latter mode of passing the time was, in his opinion — when combined with due allowance of beer and tobacco—a pleasant resource enough.

"Right, friend," said the landlord; "and I've known the day when five or six, or eight or ten, burghers could meet together socially, and not say as many words in an hour as folks nowadays will let off in a minute. Ay, and be no worse company either!"

But, somehow, the result of persistently holding their tongues for some ten minutes failed in this instance to be as convivial and harmonizing as might have been wished. Schnarcher's eyes, indeed, sparkled with spiteful gratification at the apothecary's discomfiture. But the others appeared to be a little oppressed and uneasy. At length one man stretched forth his hand, took his glass of beer, drained it, and then rose slowly to his feet. His example was followed by all the rest, except Fuendel and the sacristan. Good-night was said, and Johann, lamp in hand, proceeded to light the guests down the passage and out of the house-door.

"Broke up early to-night," said the waiter when he returned, glancing at Schnarcher, who remained immovable by the stove.

"I," remarked old Simon, in his sourest tones, "go home at nine o'clock—neither sooner nor later. I've left the Pied Lamb as St. Mary's clock strikes nine, every night, winter and summer, except when kept at home by the rheumatism, for the last fifty years. In your time, Herr Fuendel, and in your father's time before you, that has been my custom. New ways may come up, and new inns may come up, and such as likes 'em are welcome to take 'em. But Simon Schnarcher, sacristan, don't allow his habits to be broken in upon by any body."

Fuendel nodded his close-cropped head admiringly. "Ah," said he, "that's the sort of sentiment I like to hear in this speise-saal."

"Gentlemen," said a dry, subdued voice, "will you allow me to draw up to your table, and finish this excellent old wine in your company?"

It was the stranger who spoke, and who now advanced, bottle in hand, toward the host. Fuendel had more than the ordinary innkeeper's pride in his cellar. He reckoned himself, and with some justice, a first-rate judge of wine, and he had somewhat of the enthusiasm of a connoisseur on the subject. Indeed, eating and drinking, in general, were the only topics on which Fuendel might be said ever to display any thing like a glow of feeling.

"Glad you like the vintage, Sir," said he, pulling forward a chair for his guest, and beginning to form an exceedingly favorable opinion of his taste. Old Schnarcher, too, looked at the stranger approvingly. The gentleman was staid, slow in speech, sombre in dress, took snuff, and was not young. "Good," muttered the sacristan to himself, and made an attempt at a bow.

"You seem to have a very agreeable society here, Herr Landlord," said the Justizrath; for it was he.

"Ach Himmel! Well enough, Sir; well enough. We mostly are pretty pleasant together. But you have chanced on us rather unluckily this evening."

"How so?" asked Von Schleppers, raising his eyebrows inquiringly.

"Well, you see I had to be a little hard on an old acquaintance. A very respectable man—none more so—but weak, weak hereabouts," said the host, tapping his forehead.

"Truly? truly? Well, the fact is, I don't believe I heard six words of what you were saying. I am afraid I am what people call absent. That is to say, I mind my own business, and don't pay much heed to what other folks are talking about. Unless, of course, they happen to be talking to me."

The grin with which the Justizrath concluded his speech was intended to be agreeable, no doubt, but the majority of people would have found it repulsive. Neither Schnarcher nor Fuendel found it so, however. They willingly allowed themselves to be drawn into talking very freely about their fellow-townsmen, and notably about Peters, whose opinions, they regretted to say, were very far from being what they ought to be. Then they answered various adroitly-put questions as to the prosperity of the town and neighborhood, and the value of land and house property in Horn, and gave a good deal of information which the Justizrath carefully stored in his retentive memory, while seeming to pay scarcely any heed to it. When nine o'clock struck from the spire of St. Mary's church the sacristan was still seated by the stove, and still holding forth dogmatically for the benefit of his new acquaintance.

"Good-night, Sir," said the latter, rising as the sacristan rose; "much obliged for your improving society. Ach leider! one doesn't often hear such sound opinions nowadays."

"No, Sir, that's true enough," the old man made answer, decisively. "But I belong to the old school. I like old-fashioned ways and old-fashioned wisdom. I was brought up to think old heads ought to govern and young hands to work. And I was seventy-nine last Pentecost."

"Ay, ay," answered the Justizrath, as admiringly as though to have been seventy-nine last Pentecost involved the exercise of the highest moral qualities, "to be sure, to be sure. Old heads to govern, as you say, and old wine to drink, eh! Herr Landlord?"

Fuendel was wonderfully tickled by this, and lighted his guest up to the yellow bedroom in person.

When next day the news ran through Horn that the stranger who had passed the night at the Pied Lamb was Lawyer von Schleppers from Detmold, that he was to have the chief management, under Major von Croll, of the Prince's estates, and that he had already paid a visit to Franz Lehmann's farm on business connected with a piece of land which the farmer had rented of his highness, both the sacristan and the landlord felt sundry twinges of regret at having been led into making such confidences to an official personage who might put them to what use he pleased. Neither of them were in general communicative men, and yet both were conscious of having been singularly unguarded in talking to the lawyer.

"I don't know how it was," said Fuendel, smoothing down the crop of hair that looked like a grey velvet skull-cap, "but the old gentleman had such a very pleasant way with him. Even the Herr Küster, a man of great experience, took to him astonishingly."

Come, come, to be just, the gorgeous and graceful peacock is not the only vain bird in creation.

Was there not once a certain crow, black and grim, and wise in his own conceit, who let fall his bit of cheese into the flattering jaws of the fox?

THERMOMETERS.

WHEN hot weather comes thermometer readers always try to outdo each other in the amount of heat that their instruments show. "My glass read 86° in the shade to-day," says one. "Mine gave 91°," says a second. "Bless you, mine rose to nearly a hundred," chimes a third; and each insists that his temperature is the truth. The fact is ignored that the reading of a thermometer depends to a very great extent upon its position with regard to surrounding objects—trees, buildings, and the like. One of the greatest difficulties a conscientious meteorologist has to contend with is that of placing his instruments so as to obtain the true temperature of the free air. They may be apparently in the shade, but a proximate wall, upon which the sun shines, may affect them well-nigh as much as the direct solar rays; or they may be so protected by surrounding buildings that they are in a reservoir of stagnant air, which stores up the heat it receives till it becomes a veritable hot well; or again, they may be so near the ground as to receive its exhalations, which are much hotter than the air a few feet above the soil. Several high-class thermometers, disposed about a building in positions all seemingly good, will differ in their indications to the extent of eight or ten degrees. One in a sheltered corner, looking north, will read too low; another upon or near a south or sunny wall will be too high. Judgment and experience are required to mount a glass in a position that will yield a fairly true temperature. It must be in a free current of air, sheltered from the sun, and protected from the radiation from neighboring objects. He who buys a thermometer without knowing any thing of the errors of its scale, and sets it up outside his window, or against his garden wall, without regard to the above conditions, deludes himself with its readings, and misleads every one to whom he communicates them.

"ALL FOR NOTHING."

A SOFTENED tone, a speaking glance:
"Did he mean it?—or was it chance?"
She asked herself, while her eyes grew dim
With foolish tears, for she worshiped him.

Once, indeed, when her hand he took,
Held it until her pulses shook—
"Now," she thought, "is the moment come!
Now he will speak!" But his lips were dumb.

All was over within a week;
Time enough to have blanched her cheek
And wrung her heart, and made life seem
Blank, all blank, since that fever dream.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IT is said that a French photographer has obtained very accurate panoramic views of Paris from a balloon nearly one thousand feet in the air. If true, this step in art will be one of great importance. By-the-way, it has been proposed to use the word *photogram* instead of photograph, and considerable discussion has arisen in connection with the topic. *Stereogram* and *lithogram* would naturally follow. *Cablegram* and *cabled* have been suggested. In this progressive age new words are constantly being coined as a matter of necessity.

About one hundred years ago a remarkable spring was discovered at Ballston, and its waters were regarded as very efficacious. For years Ballston was a favorite resort of invalids; but some attempt was made to improve the spring, and it was lost in the porous sand. Recently borings for oil were made in the vicinity, when, at a depth of about six hundred and fifty feet, instead of oil, the old mineral-spring made its appearance, much to the astonishment of the workmen. The water is very clear, and tastes like the Congress water, but is more pungent. Ballston will be likely soon to become a famous watering-place.

A large number of children were lately poisoned in Boston from eating castor-oil beans which had been thrown among useless garbage by a manufacturer of castor-oil. The refuse beans were spilled out of the barrel in which they had been placed for the city scavengers to remove, and a number of children in the vicinity thought they had discovered a store of peanuts. They helped themselves generously, and reported the treat to all the juveniles in the vicinity. Suddenly they were all taken violently sick—about seventy children, it is said, and twenty adults. Great alarm was felt, and the most exaggerated reports of deaths were circulated. When, however, the cause of the sudden epidemic was ascertained, physicians went to work to relieve the sufferers, and in most cases were successful.

It is said that there is a great deal of intentional fraud in Washington and other large markets. Fruit is frequently sold in "quarts" which have false bottoms.

Lightning seems to despise all attempts to chain or control it. In a late storm the gable of a house in Cleveland, belonging to a lightning-rod seller, and which was protected by nineteen rods, was torn into splinters by the electric fluid. It should be remembered that lightning-rods which are not in perfect order are worse than useless.

Borax has many excellent qualities. Just at this season it will be a comfort to those who suffer from the bites of mosquitoes and other poisonous insects to know that a solution of borax is a valuable remedy. It is made by dissolving one ounce of borax in one pint of water that has been boiled and allowed to cool. Instead of plain water, distilled rose-water, elder, or orange-flower water is more pleasant. The application causes almost instant relief—the alkaline reaction of the borax neutralizing the acidulous poison deposited in the skin.

It is stated that about eight hundred thousand watches are annually made in the canton of Neufchatel, Switzerland. The trade employs not far from thirty thousand hands.

Ten thousand dollars' worth of books has been offered to Mount Holyoke Female Seminary by a benevolent woman, on the condition that a suitable fire-proof Library building be erected to receive them.

The difference between religious denominations is often more in name than in reality; otherwise such mistakes as the following would more speedily be discovered: Two ministers named Miller, one a Baptist and the other a Methodist, were engaged to supply pulpits in Rahway, New Jersey, a few weeks ago. The Methodists sent a carriage to the dépôt first, and there a gentleman in black was found waiting; and on giving his name as Rev. Mr. Miller, he was made welcome by them. Soon after the Baptists found at the same dépôt another Rev. Mr. Miller, and took him along to supply their pulpit. Both supplies proved very acceptable to all parties; and it was not discovered until after service that the two Millers had got mixed.

A pigeon flying match recently took place, in which twelve London pigeon-fanciers were engaged. The race was from Dover to London, a distance of about eighty miles. The swiftest bird performed the trip in two hours and six minutes, being at the rate of one mile in one and a half minutes. The weather, moreover, was not favorable, a heavy atmosphere and a drizzling rain impeding the progress of the pigeons.

It would be a satisfaction if the police in all cities were as vigilant as they are in New Albany, Indiana. There, strangers who are found upon the streets after eleven o'clock, are, to say the least, *noticed* by the authorities. A few nights ago a ludicrous incident occurred. New Albany was honored by the presence of the State Geologist—a man well versed in science, but somewhat careless in dress. In a rough garb he encountered two policemen about midnight, while he was plodding along the street with carpet-bag filled with hammers, chisels, and other geological implements suitable for digging out specimens.

"Ho! there! Halt!" challenged one of the policemen.

The Illinois State Geologist halted.

"Who are you, Sir, and where are you going at this late hour of the night?"

"Well, Sir, my name is ——, and I am the State Geologist of Illinois. Who are you?"

"You are, eh!" returned the officer. "Well, we've heard of such fellows as you before. What have you got in the carpet-bag?" sounding it with his foot, and hearing the tinkling of the tools. "We are policemen, Sir."

"Well, I have some hammers, chisels, etc., for digging out specimens."

This did not exactly seem to suit the policemen, and they looked suspiciously upon the rough-looking stranger. The geologist saw their quandary and said: "Well, gentlemen, I commend your vigilance as guardians of the peace; but I would thank you to conduct me to the DePauw House, where I will satisfy you as to my identity." His request was complied with, and the policemen were convinced that he was no burglar, but a veritable live geologist.

It is now announced that Victor Hugo's new romance is entitled "93." The French publisher has given 100,000 francs for the work.

The Union Pacific Railroad has issued a card time-table, closely printed. The list of stations occupies about eight inches. When the road is finished what will be the length of the card containing the names of all the stations on the route?

The catastrophe which recently occurred near Abergele, Wales, is one of the most fearful and fatal yet recorded in the history of English railways. The Irish mail train was on its way from London to Holyhead, when, shortly after passing Abergele, a collision took place between it and some trucks loaded with barrels of petroleum. The oil exploded on coming in contact with the engine, and in an instant the front carriages were enveloped in flames. Becoming saturated with petroleum, they blazed with a fury that no human appliances would have been capable of quenching. Every thing combustible fell a victim to its fury. The wood-work of the carriages fed the flames, while their unhappy inmates were in a very short space of time reduced to a mere charred mass, in many cases all semblance of human form being quite destroyed. It is hoped that the victims were unconscious of more than momentary suffering, as the dense smoke must probably have suffocated them almost immediately. It is supposed that about thirty persons were in the carriages which were consumed, several of whom were individuals of high rank.

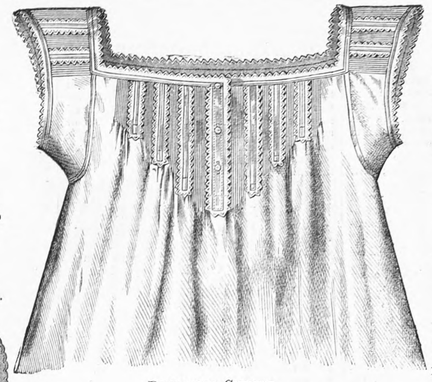
The orderly citizens of Meriden, Connecticut, are resolved to sustain the good old-fashioned habit of showing respect to elders—if the following incident be true. Not long ago a young man disrespectfully saluted a respectable gentleman, whose head-covering was somewhat peculiar, with the ejaculation, "What a hat!" The judge of the police court immediately fined him five dollars and costs.

The great Shoshone Falls of Idaho seem to compare favorably with Niagara. The Snake River, in its descent over the elevated plains of Idaho, forms these falls about four hundred miles from its source in the Rocky Mountains. The river runs through a narrow rocky gorge, which widens and terminates abruptly in precipitous cliffs, the summits of which are about one thousand feet above the level of the rapids, and so steep that the traveler can descend at only one point. The rapids form a series of cascades, ranging from thirty to sixty feet each in height, and just below them the river, in one unbroken mass, leaps two hundred and ten feet into the abyss below. Although the river is not quite so wide at this point as the Niagara River, the falls are higher and quite as beautiful. The scenery about the Shoshone is most romantic and picturesque.

Quite recently a wanton outrage has been perpetrated in the vicinity of Dublin, which has awakened feelings of regret and indignation in the neighborhood. About ten miles from Dublin, in a deep valley at the base of the Kippine Mountain, was a beautiful and romantic spot known as Lough Bray, which has long been a favorite resort of excursionists. The lake was encircled by lofty precipices, covered with dark fir-trees and heather. An old Elizabethan cottage stood in picturesque beauty on the margin of the lake, surrounded by scenery of great grandeur. One evening the residents of the cottage noticed a solitary figure on the opposite side of the lake, then came a puff of smoke, followed by the bursting forth of flames, which rapidly spread from crag to crag, till the entire side of the mountain was in a blaze. Help was sent for, and every effort made, but the fire raged all night, the fir-trees flaming like torches. The house escaped the devastating element, but one of the most beautiful scenes on which the eye could rest has been transformed into a scorched and blackened desert; many years must elapse before the damage of that one night can be repaired.

It is a curious fact that almost all flowers sleep during the night. Go out into the garden at twilight, and you will observe many blossoms just shutting themselves up. There are, however, some exceptions. The Night-flowering Cereus begins to expand its sweet-scented blossoms at twilight, and is in full bloom at midnight, and closes forever at the dawn of day.

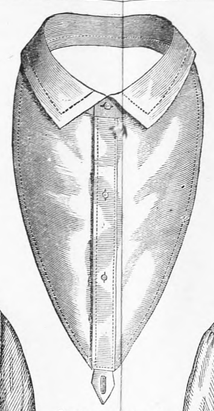
Fig. 1.—Lady's Negligé Collar.



Pompadour Chemise.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 56-58.

Linen Night-Cap.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 31 and 32.

Challenge Collar.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXV., Figs. 73 and 74.



Gentleman's Shirt-Front and Collar.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 25-27.

Exposition Collar.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVII., Figs. 77 and 78.

Muslin Night-Cap.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 34 and 35.

Chemise with Small Sleeves.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 23 and 24.

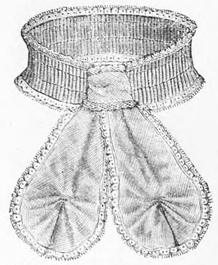
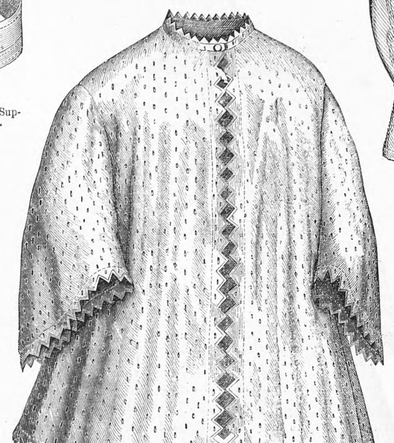


Fig. 2.—Lady's Negligé Collar.

Night-Cap in One Piece.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 33.

Conference Collar.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIV., Fig. 72.

Gentleman's Cuff.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XVIII., Figs. 79 and 80.



Percale Peignoir.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 52-55.

Night-Dress with Revers.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 39-44.

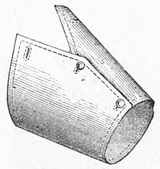
Night-Dress with Plain Yoke.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 17-20.

Oxonian Collar.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIII., Figs. 70 and 71.

Night-Cap for Elderly Lady.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 28-30.

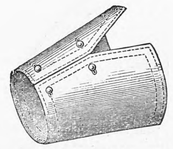
Gentleman's Cuff.
For description see Supplement.

Lady's Night-Dress.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 6-12.



Gentleman's Cuff.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXX., Fig. 89.

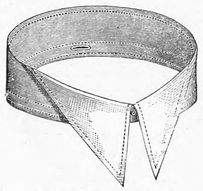
Belted Night-Dress.
For description see Supplement.



Gentleman's Cuff.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIX., Fig. 81.

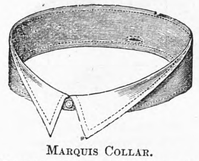
Muslin Peignoir.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 13-16.

Gentleman's Night-Shirt.



Said Pacha Collar.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Fig. 67.

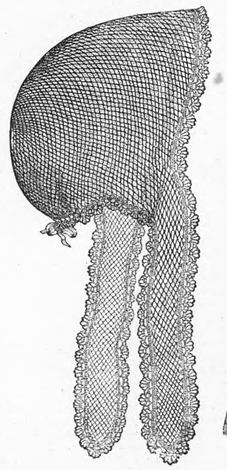
Jean Bart Collar.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXII., Figs. 68 and 69.



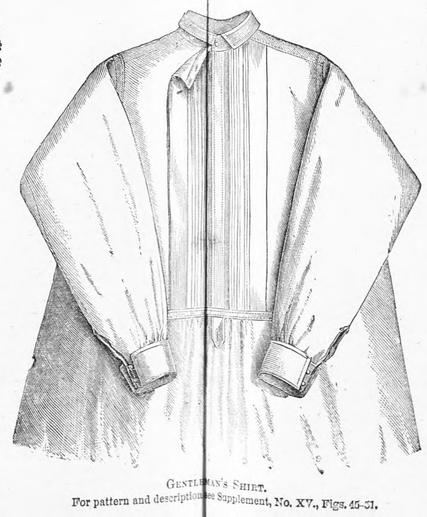
Marquis Collar.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Fig. 66.

Chemise with Binding.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 21 and 22.

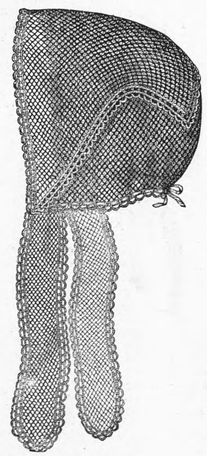
Drawers with Shirred Binding.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 4 and 5.



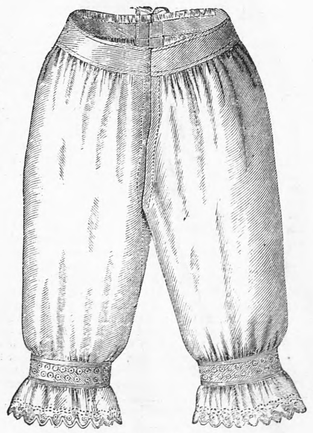
Netted Night-Cap.



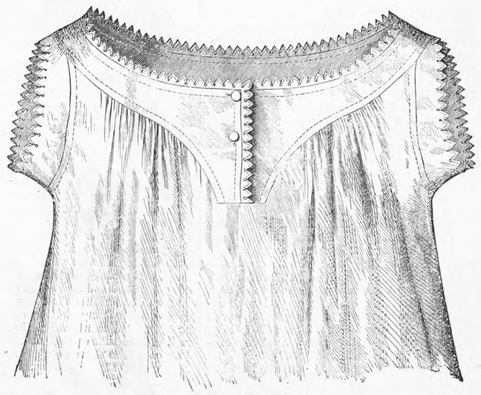
Gentleman's Shirt.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 45-51.



Netted Night-Cap.



Drawers with Round Belt.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-3.



Chemise with Pointed Yoke.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 62-64.

Ladies' Negligé Collars.

See illustration on double page.

Fig. 1.—This collar is made of a piece of muslin thirty-six inches long and six inches in width, which is pleated in narrow pleats lengthwise and cut sloping on the ends. It is hemmed around the edge, and bordered on one side and on the ends with lace one-third of an inch in width. The edge, which is left without lace, is laid over on the right side and ornamented with a row of herring-bone stitch in white cotton. Knot one end of the collar and draw the other end through the knot in the manner shown by the cravat for sailor's blouse, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 44. This saves tying the ends every time, and keeps the collar neat a longer space of time.

Fig. 2.—For this negligé collar take first a piece of muslin twenty-eight inches long and two inches wide and pleat it cross-wise in narrow pleats. Finish the upper edge with a muslin frill edged with lace and two-fifths of an inch in width, and the under edge with a similar frill an inch in width. For the ends sew on two plain pieces of muslin each eight inches long by four wide, which are hemmed, edged with lace, and laid in three small pleats on the under edge. These are sewed together from the under side.

Netted Night-Cap.

See illustration on double page.

For making this cap, which is entirely plain and netted over a mesh half an inch in diameter, work first a long, straight, four-cornered piece for the middle of the foundation by laying on 28 stitches and working backward and forward twenty-seven rounds. Work around this 34 rounds in the round and fasten the thread. Now count off 43 stitches for the front and 24 for the back edge, and leave these untouched. On the stitches remaining at each side work the strings with 95 backward and forward rounds, round off the ends with 11 additional rounds, in which narrow 1 stitch in each round. Sew the back to a narrow band, which, as well as the remaining edges, border with four rounds of crochet lace.

1st round.—3 dc. (double crochet) in every edge stitch of the cap. 2d round.—1 sc. (single crochet) between every 3 dc. of the former round, after each of which 4 ch. (chain stitches). 3d round.—* 1 sc. around a ch.-scallop of the former round, 1 ch., 3 dc. each separated by 3 ch. around the next ch.-scallop, 1 ch., 1 sc. around the following ch.-scallop. Repeat from *. 4th round.—* 1 dc. around the next ch. of the former round; 1 p. (picot) composed of 5 ch. and 1 dc. in the first of these, 5 ch., 2 dc. separated by 1 p. around the next ch.-scallop, 1 p., 2 dc. separated by 1 p. around the following ch.-scallop, 1 p., 1 dc. around the next ch. Repeat from *.

Netted Night-Cap.

See illustration on double page.

This night-cap is simple and very serviceable. It consists of two similar three-cornered pieces which are sewed on each other in a double triangle. The point of this triangle is laid over in the manner shown by the illustration, and fastened on the under half of the triangle. The edge and seam which join the two halves are trimmed with a crocheted lace. The pattern is worked over a mesh half an inch in diameter. Begin each half on the corner with a foundation of 2 stitches. Work in backward and forward rounds, adding one stitch at the end of each round till the number of stitches counts 60. Then sew the two pieces together and border the edge and the edge of the band, which is arranged as in the cap previously described, with the lace. This lace consists of two open-work rounds made by dc. (double crochet), each separated by a ch. (chain stitch) and 1 round sc. (single crochet), working 4 sc. in every ch. between 2 dc.

Gentleman's Night-Shirt.

See illustration on double page.

Having cut out the shirt, overcast the body together on the sides, beginning ten inches from the upper edge. At the end of the side-seams leave also ten inches for a slit and set in a small gusset. Make a slit in the upper part of the front seventeen inches long; at the under end of this cut on each side a cross-slit an inch long, and at the upper end nine inches on each side for the neck. Make a hem an inch in width on the fronts, and stitch the left hem over on the right a fifth of an inch from the under edge. Gather the edge left by the slit in the body of the shirt, and sew this edge between the two seams. Stitch down on the right side the two small pleats which by this means are made on either side of the hems. Next stitch on the shoulder-pieces and cut these in the shape of the arm-holes, lay the edges together and set in the three-cornered gore. Gather the neck, and bind it between the edges of a collar which must be stitched around the edge and furnished with a button and button-hole. Join the sleeve with the gusset, sew it together, leaving a slit on the under end, and fasten between the two edges of the binding of the wrist. This is also provided with a button and button-hole. The upper part of the sleeve must also be gathered, after which sew into the arm-hole.

WAS SOLOMON RIGHT?

WITH all due respect for the opinion of that venerable sage, I am strongly inclined to the belief that if he had lived in these days, and kept house on a smaller scale than a palace, he would not have written that the borrower is servant to the lender.

It may be all very well for men who have no conscience or delicacy about dunning one another for little debts of honor; but for a woman there should be quite another set of rules, and in my secret heart I do think of the two the lender is the servant. At least it has always been so in my case. It may be on account of my generous and confiding disposition, which, as it comes by nature, I can not overcome; but throughout my school-days nobody ever wanted a sponge that they did not sponge on me, my knife was continually the prey of some sharper, and many a time have I impoverished myself of my books and slate-pencils to relieve the pressing necessities of my neighbors. At length, taking the advice of one more worldly-wise, I established a sort of second-hand lending apparatus, but always felt inexpressibly mean when responding to appeals for aid, and it was not long before the strongly expressed preference for better articles started me in the old habits again.

And so it has gone on, until here I am to-day with a house, and husband, and two small children to look after, and no more prospect of servants from the lending process than if I had been a borrower all the days of my life. Indeed, no sooner do I get a handy maid-of-all-work than even she discovers my failings, and is sure to entreat the loan of "Missus's nuby, just to wear to the ball with Patrick"—or if it happens to rain, her water-proof—"they are such mighty convanient things, they will fit any body."

But never has my bondage reached such a pitch of servitude as since last month heralded the arrival of our neighbors, the Dunns, from Great Dunnington. They duly moved in and took possession of the little brown cottage just opposite our own, and on account of my husband's frequently expressed desires that I would be neighborly on account of the advantage to him, I called forthwith. Mrs. D. had no sooner made her appearance than she entreated the loan of half a dozen cups and saucers for tea, as she had not unpacked all their crockery, and what she had was unfortunately broken; then, as the family was large, six children, she could not possibly make out with less. I assented, of course (what else was there for me?), with visions of our own tea without tea-cups, for I knew but too well that we possessed but the solitary half-dozen. As I was beating my retreat she called after me, "And, by-the-way, Mrs. Lendemall, a pound of butter, if you please. I haven't time to send to the store to-night."

Now, if I have one weakness, it is the quality of my butter. I'm a born Philadelphian in that respect, notwithstanding my early emigration from the Quaker City, and I would not dare to tell in Gath the prices I have been beguiled into paying for an extra article. My butter-man comes but once a week, and so nicely do I calculate for keeping a fresh supply that my seven pounds just lasts me.

All these facts flashed rapidly through my mind as I heard the order for butter, but scarcely conscious of what I did, I hastily responded, "Yes, ma'am," and ran across the street, not knowing what might come next. If Mr. and Mrs. Dunn had been young married people just setting up their first housekeeping, I should have joyfully acceded even to a request for butter, for there is nothing in which I take more delight than assisting a pair of cooing doves; but for this old, experienced couple, with six children, and Mr. D. a retired grocer to boot, was a little too much. However, cups and saucers, and a good pound of butter (for I can't bear to do any thing by halves), were sent over, and like a discreet and prudent wife, I said nothing about the latter to my husband.

He grumbled a little at drinking his tea from a tin cup, but was quenched when I informed him it was only in furtherance of his neighborly desires, and, after all, it was nothing more than he used to do in the army.

The next morning after breakfast appeared my cups and saucers, dirty, of course (I never lent a dish that returned as it went forth), and one of them minus a handle.

"Our little Gerty," Mrs. Dunn explained, "is so playful that she sometimes knocks over the dishes for mere sport, and it is no use to say any thing to the dear child. Children will be children." With which comforting reflection I stowed away my crippled cup, and wondered where might be the butter. It came at last, preceded by an odor that was not of green pastures and balmy breathed cows, but rather of the stale and musty precincts of the store-cellar. Happily the pound had dwindled to a half by the Dunn discount; and, reflecting that my fresh supply would be due on the morrow, I set it on the table.

My better half's nose, generally a most aquiline Roman, was elevated into an unmistakable pug as he took his seat and wonderingly looked to me for an explanation.

"My dear, the Dunns," was all I had occasion to say, and he subsided into the meekest man woman ever gazed on.

In the middle of the following night we were aroused by a tremendous pounding at the door. Fire and burglars were my first thoughts as my husband hastily threw on his dressing-gown and ran down stairs, to return shortly with an expression of supreme disgust on his usually amiable countenance. On inquiry it appeared that dear David (the hopeful heir of the Dunn family) could not sleep, and his mother thought a mustard plaster might be beneficial by bringing on a perspiration. They had forgotten to provide themselves with the necessary article, and if I had it, would I please spare them some?

Of course I had it. Nobody ever applied to me yet that I did not have just precisely what they wanted, and was only too happy to lend it. Moreover, Mrs. Dunn had confidentialized to me extensively on the subject of dear David, who, she declared, was so weak in his lower limbs, and so disinclined to exertion generally, that they were beginning to fear spinal complaint.

I had myself seen him quite active among the branches of our cherry-tree in the morning, when he came over to borrow a few cherries for a pudding; and thinking it not impossible his sleeplessness might proceed from too great exertion then, I chose my very sharpest mustard and sent over with directions for a good strong plaster. Since then dear David has comparatively subsided, with the exception of requisitions for one or two eggs to mix him a little egg-nog and an occasional glass of wine.

"Our little Gerty" was the next applicant. I had just finished embroidering a white merino sacque for Clara when Mrs. Dunn appeared to request the loan of it as a pattern, that Gerty might have one for a juvenile tableau party, in which she was to enact the female Babe in the Wood. With a slight reluctance unworthy of my nature I handed it forth, and when it reappeared the day after the performance, was not surprised to find that "the pattern" had served in lieu of a copy, and was plentifully sprinkled with stains from the green leaves which the robin had scattered, and occasional grease-spots from the cake the male Babe had insisted on chewing.

Clara was furious; for I regret to observe she does not inherit my yielding and generous disposition. "You might have known better than to lend it to those people, mamma. You may just give it to them now, for I will never wear it—no, *never!*" and she stamped her little foot with a vehemence quite unworthy of a young Lendemall. I reproved her accordingly, and tried to inculcate some of the proper feeling. But I fear it is no use, and can only comfort myself with the reflection that she will hardly experience such a length of service as I have had. A few days afterward I was surprised to see the Dunn windows bowed and craped in the most approved style, with a long rosette flying from the bell-handle. What could be the matter? Had dear David dropped off suddenly? I wondered; when the mystery was solved by Mrs. Dunn's appearance with a countenance lengthened to an extremity of woe. She explained to me that they had just heard of the death of their former pastor's sister-in-law, and proposed going on to Connecticut to be present at the funeral. To be sure they did not know her so intimately; but it would be a nice little trip for the children, who were beginning to need change of air; and, as they would stay at the pastor's house, they need not be under much expense. She went on to say, that of course she would not like to attend the funeral without a nice suit of black; and as I was in mourning, and had just had my spring suit made, would I be so kind as to accommodate her with it? She must leave that afternoon; and our figures were so nearly alike she knew it would fit her charmingly, so I must not trouble myself about that.

Now I was particularly pleased with this new suit of mine, made in the very latest fashion, and fitting to a T, and, as I was just lightening my mourning, by no means devoid of trimming. This latter fact I hinted to Mrs. Dunn, and my doubts as to its suitability for the occasion, but she instantly set them all at rest by assuring me that it was exactly what she would choose for herself, and if she ever had an opportunity of accommodating me in the same way she would be delighted. Whereupon the dress was delivered, the family departed, looking properly melancholy, and I retired to meditate on the uncertainty of all earthly possessions.

Three, four, five days passed, and no tidings of the Dunns, until night before last the stage drove up to unload the family. With characteristic promptness Mrs. D. sent over my dress, "thinking I might like to wear it to church on Sunday." But what a sight! Was this spotted, bedraggled, cinder-hued, tobacco-stained garment the glossy alpaca I had so set my heart upon! Alas for my vanity! The three little ruffles were torn and mussed, the dress had lost its fit, and with unwonted energy (when a woman is roused to battle for her costume what will she not do?) I forthwith returned it to Mrs. D., with the request that she would make use of it for future funeral occasions. She received it very graciously, but a few days afterward remarked to my most intimate friend that she really was quite disappointed in Mrs. Lendemall—she had thought her at first a very pleasant, amiable neighbor, but found she had considerable temper.

It is wash-day. I am reminded of the fact by the smell of hot soap-suds; by the reflection that we have no dessert for dinner on this most monopolizing day; above all, by the glowering looks of my domestic as she inquires when I expect her to put out the clothes. When, indeed! for across the street I recognize my clothes-line laden with the garments of the Dunn family—my clothes-pins officiating to keep them in place. It is but the weekly occurrence, and I ought to be used to it by this time; but it only brings me to the point where I began: the question of King Solomon's writing as he did on the relation of borrower and lender. Were it true, I should surely have a small army of servants at my call, and first and foremost Mrs. Dunn and her family; but it is all I can do to retain a solitary maid, and I live in daily expectation of Mrs. D.'s sending over to borrow her services for washing dishes or rubbing silver.

Of course I should let her go—it is my destiny. Do I not know as well as if I had been told that to-morrow is ironing-day, when two or three of the Lendemall irons will be called in to assist the Dunn laundress, and I shall not dream of saying nay.

King Solomon was undoubtedly a very wise man, but he could not have written altogether with reference to the female sex in this glorious nineteenth century.

HORTICULTURAL HINTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

DURING the month of September the leading florists and seedsmen receive their annual importations of bulbs, and as it is desirable to plant them as early as possible, especially for house culture, we shall now give some directions for their cultivation. No class of plants are more desirable for this purpose than these; none are more easily cultivated; none can be grown in such a variety of ways; and none combine in a greater degree such beauty and gracefulness of form, fragrance, and brilliancy of color. Among them all for general cultivation the Hyacinth is the most useful, and we shall commence with directions for its culture in pots and glasses.

Hyacinths require a rather light and rich soil: a compost of three-fourths well-rotted turfy loam, and one-fourth fine sand, somewhat gritty, with a little well-rotted cow manure added, suits them very well. If the cow manure is not to be had, it is well not to use horse or other manure, but to water them occasionally, say once or twice a week, with well-diluted liquid manure when they have commenced growing. If grown singly in a pot each bulb will require a pot four or five inches in diameter. If three are grown together, and this produces a pretty effect, especially if different colors are mixed, a pot seven inches in diameter will be sufficient.

In planting them put about half an inch of clean sand immediately under the bulb, and let the bulb project about one-third of its depth above the surface of the soil, which should be pressed down very firmly. After they are potted water them and plunge the pots in some dry, sheltered situation out of doors, and cover them to the depth of five or six inches with sand, coal-ashes, or old tan-bark, protecting them from heavy rains by placing a piece of board or other water-proof material over them, but watering them moderately when the soil appears dry. In a few weeks the pots will be filled with roots, and the leaves and flower-stems will begin to show themselves, when they may be removed into the house; but care must be had not to expose the young leaves in their blanched state to the full rays of the sun, as the ends will become burned and disfigured. They should be kept in a shady part of the room, yet where they can get plenty of light until they become green, when they will be benefited by being exposed to the sun.

It must be borne in mind that good blooms can not be obtained unless the bulbs are previously well-rooted, and this they will not do if exposed to a higher temperature than 50° or 55°; after they are well-rooted they will thrive well in the ordinary temperature of a sitting-room or parlor. The principal reason why persons fail in blooming them well is because they put them into too high a temperature at first, which excites them to growth before they have made sufficient roots to sustain it. If it is not convenient to plunge them out of doors they may be placed in a dry, cool cellar, or even in a cool cupboard, in either case covering the pots with damp moss to the thickness of three or four inches, and surrounding the pots with the same. In this case it is perhaps more convenient to place the pots in a box—say an old soap or candle-box—filling the interstices between the pots with moss, and then covering them with the same material. If from any cause the flower-stem should not appear to elongate itself sufficiently, or to remain close set among the leaves at the crown of the bulb, a flower-pot of the same size as that in which it is planted, or a paper funnel, inverted over it for a few days will remedy the defect by drawing the stem up. When the blossoms begin to show color, and during the whole time of flowering, they should be moderately supplied with manure-water, as this greatly strengthens the flowers; but when the flowers begin to fade the manure-water should be withheld, as then it is very apt to be injurious to the bulb.

Hyacinths may also be grown in pots or any other vessels of an ornamental character, filled with moss or pure sand; but in such cases especial care must be taken that they are very carefully watered, for if the roots become dried in the least, the whole plant will become sickly and perish. When grown in such materials the same preparatory treatment is required as when grown in pots with mould.

All roots appear to have as instinctive a dislike to light as leaves and flowers have an ardent desire for it; for this reason the glasses best suited for growing bulbs in water are opaque, or of very dark colors, such as blue and green. Transparent glasses should never be used.

The glasses should be filled with water so that the base of the bulb just comes in contact with it, and then placed in a dark, dry, cool cellar or closet for three or four weeks, by which time the glasses will have become partially filled with roots, when they may be removed to the sitting-room or parlor, giving them but a moderate supply of light until the leaves become green, after which they should have as much light as possible, with plenty of air. The water in the glasses should be changed every two or three weeks, care being taken that it is of the same temperature as that in which the bulb has been growing; if this is neglected, the bulbs will receive a check, and the flower-stems will be much weakened. In changing the water, withdraw the bulb about half an inch from the glass, and then pour the water off, refilling the glass from a pitcher or other vessel with a spout. If the roots are wholly withdrawn they are apt to get broken, being very brittle, and are very liable to injury when being returned to the glass.

Sometimes the tips of the roots become enveloped with a pellicle of mucous matter, which is very injurious to them. This should be removed by withdrawing the roots from the glasses and gently cleansing them by immersing them in a basin of milk-warm water, and then drawing them gently through the hand a sufficient number of times to remove it. The glass should also be cleansed by washing it with soap and water before returning the roots to it. These pellicles may be in a great measure prevented by cleansing the glasses—when giving the bulbs fresh water—with milk-warm water very dilutely alkalized with lime-water, common washing-soda, or cooking-soda. First pour off the water in the glass without fully withdrawing the roots; then fill it half full of warm water alkalized by dissolving a piece of washing-soda about the size of a hazel-nut, or half a tea-spoonful of cooking-soda, or a tea-spoonful of lime-water, to a quart of water; agitate rather gently, as in cleansing a bottle; then pour it off and refill the glass with fresh water.

After the flower-buds make their appearance the plants are much benefited by having a small quantity of diluted manure-water added to the water in the glass every fortnight. An ounce of guano dissolved in a quart of water, and a tea-spoonful of the solution added when the water is changed, answers a good purpose; or about a dram of carbonate of ammonia dissolved in a quart of water, and a tea-spoonful of the solution added when the water is changed, will be found to be beneficial.

When grown in the open air, Hyacinths and most other bulbs will do well in any light friable soil, having a liberal dressing of well-rotted manure well dug in; cow manure is the best. The soil should be dug deep and well pulverized; a spading fork is preferable to a spade for this operation. The crowns of the bulbs should be about four inches under the soil. They can be planted at any time until heavy frost sets in,

when it is well to cover them with two or three inches of leaves, or long litter of any kind, so as to shield the bulbs from the effects of thawing and freezing during the winter, removing the litter early in the spring. They show to much better advantage when grown in groups of three or five bulbs than when grown singly; the bulbs should be from four to six inches apart from each other, and on no account touch each other.

As a general rule Hyacinths grown in glasses or moss are scarcely worth the trouble of saving; yet if it is considered desirable to do so, it can be done by taking them out of the water when they are done blooming, and planting them in pots filled with a light friable compost—say two-thirds loam and one-third sand—and watering them freely as long as the leaves are green, gradually withholding the water as the leaves become yellow and dry up. They may be planted out of doors in the ensuing autumn, and after remaining in the open ground for two or three years will then become flowering bulbs, suitable for outdoor culture. Those grown in pots are to be kept in a growing state after they are done blooming, and as soon as the weather is warm enough in the spring—about the middle of April or the beginning of May—they may be planted in the flower-beds out of doors, where they will eventually make good bulbs for pot culture again.

In selecting bulbs it should be remembered that the size of the bulb is not to be considered as a criterion of its value; many of the best sorts for general cultivation have but comparatively small or moderately-sized bulbs. Select bulbs that are hard and firm, and free from any fungus or signs of decay, rejecting such as give readily to a slight pressure of the hand, or appear to have the coatings or layers of the bulb laying loosely together. For indoor culture the single ones are far the best, blooming earlier and much more freely than the double ones; the spikes of bloom and the bells are also much larger.

We append a list of a few of the leading varieties that have been found to be most suitable for indoor culture:

DOUBLE RED.

Bouquet Tendre, fine deep red.
Grootvoorst, delicate blush.
Comtesse de la Coste, delicate rose, purple eye.

DOUBLE BLUE.

A la Mode, porcelain blue, purple eye.
Activité, agate blue.
La Grande Vedette, pale blue.

DOUBLE WHITE.

La Tour d'Auvergne, pure white.
Anna Maria, white, violet eye.
Sultan Achmet, white, yellow eye.

DOUBLE YELLOW.

Louis d'Or, straw-colored, reddish eye.
La Grandeur, clear yellow.
Goethe, cream-colored.

SINGLE RED.

L'Ami du Cœur, dark red.
Mars, deep red, green tips.
Lord Wellington, blush red.

SINGLE BLUE.

L'Ami du Cœur, dark blue.
Baron von Thuyll, deep blue.
Orondatus, clear blue.

SINGLE WHITE.

La Candeur, pure white.
Grand Vainqueur, pure white.
Voltaire, blush white.

SINGLE YELLOW.

La Pluie d'Or, pale yellow.
Heroine, yellow, green tips.
Roi des Pays-Bas, copper yellow.

For general outdoor cultivation it is not necessary to purchase the named varieties unless a person makes a specialty of this class of plants, or it is desirable to have some precise shade of color. The bulbs can be bought in mixtures of each leading color, either single or double, at much lower rates than when named. The sorts selected above would cost at any respectable seedsman's or florist's from twenty-five to fifty cents each, whereas the mixtures would cost from one dollar and a half to two dollars per dozen; but, being smaller bulbs, they are not suitable for growing in glasses, although they do tolerably well for pot culture.

The culture of Early Tulips in pots, moss, or glasses is the same as for Hyacinths, only that they may be planted in smaller pots, or if planted several in a pot five of them may be put in a seven-inch pot or three in a five-inch pot, and of the Early Duc Van Tholl varieties even a larger number may be planted. Tulips when planted out of doors should be planted in groups of five or more together; they make a much finer show than when planted singly or only two or three together.

The Early Dwarf Duc Van Tholl Tulips form a distinct class, being very dwarf, very brilliant in color, and blooming very early. They are to be had of red, carmine, rose, vermilion, scarlet, white, and yellow, all single with the exception of a double variety which is red edged with yellow. There is another class of Early Tulips, blooming somewhat later than the Duc Van Tholl varieties but quite distinct from the ordinary garden tulips, which are very desirable for indoor culture on account of their brilliancy of color and their freedom of blooming, some of them being double. We select a few varieties:

EARLY DOUBLE TULIPS.

La Candeur, pure white.
Purple Crown, dark crimson.
Mariage de Ma Fille, white striped with red.
Admiral Kingsbergen, yellow striped with red.
Couronne des Roses, deep rose.
Imperator Rubium, deep scarlet.
Yellow Rose, deep yellow.
Tournesol, scarlet edged with yellow.
Duke of York, crimson edged with white.
Extrémité d'Or, crimson edged with yellow.
Gloria Solis, scarlet edged with yellow.
Blanche bordé Pourpre, white edged with purple.

EARLY SINGLE TULIPS.

Pottebakker, canary color.
Pottebakker, pure white.
Pottebakker, yellow and red striped.
Belle Alliance, crimson and gold.
Alba Regalis, cream white.
Pax Alba, pure white.
Wapen Von Leyden, white edged with rose.
Vermilion Brilliant, scarlet.
Cramoisi Royal, white with rose stripes.
Grisdelin Aimable, violet striped with lilac,
Lac d'Asturie, violet with white edge.
Bride of Haarlem, white edged with crimson.

When planted out of doors the bulbs should be planted about six inches apart, and the bulbs covered with three to four inches of mould and protected by leaves or litter.

The Polyanthus Narcissus are a very beautiful tribe of bulbs for indoor culture, requiring the same treatment as the Hyacinth, but the bulbs being larger they require somewhat larger pots, they are generally best grown singly in a pot. The best varieties are:

Grand Primo, white with citron cup.
Grand Monarque, white with yellow cup.
Grand Soleil d'Or, yellow with orange cup.
Paper White, pure white.
Bazelman Major, white with yellow cup.
Double Roman, white and yellow.

If the Double Roman is planted early, it can be made to bloom by Christmas.

Crocuses can be grown in any ordinary sitting-room window, by planting them in any convenient-sized pot, placing the bulbs about an inch apart and covering them with about two inches of mould, and treating them in other respects as Hyacinths. They are, however, generally grown in vases, pots, and other vessels made purposely for them, of various shapes and forms, as pyramids, hedge-hogs, baskets, etc. They can also be grown in sand or moss in saucers, bowls, etc., care being taken that they are never allowed to get dry; small glasses are also made for growing them in water. They can be had of various colors, viz.: white, blue, yellow, purple, and striped. Jonquils should be grown in pots only, treating them as Hyacinths, only more of them can be planted in a pot, as the bulbs are small.

Many other species of bulbs are found in the seedsmen's and florists' catalogues, but the above comprise all that can be grown successfully by the majority of persons who have not got the facilities afforded by green-houses or conservatories. If, however, any of our readers should desire to enlarge their collections, or to try their skill in cultivating other species, they can obtain catalogues from the leading seedsmen and florists, some of whom give short directions for the cultivation of the different species.

BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY;

OR, THE

Adventures and Misadventures of Robert Ainsleigh.

CHAPTER IX.

I GO TO LONDON.

IT was at the George Inn, Warborough, that I spent the wretched night of my departure from Hauteville; but not in sleep. Slow and dreary were the hours of that hopeless night, as I lay in a small room of the inn, thinking of all I had lost, and the utter loneliness of the life that lay before me. I had opened and kissed Miss Hemsley's little Spanish volume, and had striven to pin my mind to those pious sentences of Kempis, or Gersen, or whoever was the saintly creature that composed them. But my spirit was too wide of that calm mystic region which the recluse inhabited, and I could not yet bring myself to take comfort from a consoler whose experience had so little in common with my own sorrows. I could but lay the precious volume under my pillow, as a charm or talisman, and then lie broad awake, thinking of my hard fate, which had from my very cradle—nay, before my birth itself—made me a mark for the poisoned arrows of hate.

I had not even so much curiosity as to open the note-book thrust upon me by my generous mistress. What cared I how rich or how poor I was to enter on my strange, friendless life? It was enough for me to know that my dear benefactress still loved and trusted me; and this knowledge was more precious to me than all the wealth of the Great Mogul, of whom I had lately read in the Jesuit Bernier's travels.

Before leaving Warborough I made all possible inquiries about the missing girl for whose absence I had been so unjustly blamed. After much questioning, and going from one person to another, I found one of the hangers-on of the coach-yard, who remembered to have seen Jack Hawker's daughter leave by the night mail, so close-hooded that it was only by accident he had caught a glimpse of her face, which he remembered by having seen her at market with her mother. He wondered what should be taking the girl to London, and made bold to ask her whether she was going out to service; but she had answered only by a shake of her head.

On this I went to the coach-office and questioned the clerk who booked the passengers' places; but here I could discover nothing to cast light upon Margery's departure. The places had all been engaged by persons of the male sex, but the clerk remembered one of these persons saying that the single place he engaged was wanted for a young woman. I sought in vain to obtain a description of this man. The clerk could only tell me that he looked like a gentleman's servant.

"I suppose you know all the servants at Hauteville Hall by sight?" I said; but the young man replied in the negative.

"Was the man who took the place short and stout, with reddish hair?" I asked.

"I rather think it was some such person," replied the clerk; "but as I didn't observe him closely I would scarce venture to be positive. He seemed in amazing haste to be gone."

The person I described was Mr. Lestrange's valet and confidential follower; for I could not but think that gentleman was at the bottom of my foster-sister's flight, and had forged—or ordered the forging of—the letter which flung the guilt on me. I had good cause to know him as an unprincipled profligate, by the witness of his own lips; and I had heard his broadly-declared admiration of Margery's beauty. Nor could I forget the malignant look which he had given me when he surprised me on my knees at Miss Hemsley's feet. To gratify his own wickedness, and at the same time to ruin me in the estimation of my Hauteville friends, would be a double stroke of mischief to delight that cruel and treacherous nature.

I arrived in London at dusk, and great was my wonder at the vastness of the city; the noise and riot; the gaudy, painted signs of merchants and chapmen swinging across the street; the sedan-chairs with running footmen carrying flambeaux, which we met at the court-end of the town; the stark, ghastly heads of the Scottish traitors rotting on Temple Bar; the roar and turmoil; the noisy hucksters and impudent beggars who assailed the coach-door; the news-boys bellowing and blowing horns with as much excitement as if the Pretender had again landed on our shores, or the king been stabbed in his coach by some Jacobite desperado. At any other time I should doubtless have been both amused and delighted by the strangeness of these things; but my heart was burdened with too many cares and troubles, and I looked upon all I saw as on the scenes that pass before one's eyes in a dream—mere confused pictures in which one has no part.

It was of course too late to deliver my letter of recommendation to Mr. Swinfen, so I lay at the inn where the coach stopped, and spent another sleepless night in a stifling chamber, the one small window whereof opened upon a covered gallery that ran round the inner quadrangle of the house. The strange noises, the brawling of some drunken revelers in an apartment below, the arrival of ponderous wagons and coaches which lumbered into the court-yard long before cock-crow, would have deprived me of slumber even if my own uneasy thoughts had not been sufficient to keep me awake; and at cock-crow began shrill cries and bawlings of hucksters in the street without, mingled with a constant rumbling of wheels.

Never, I think, had I known the meaning of the word solitude until that bitter morning when I seated myself in a darksome little den, or partitioned corner of the coffee-room, called a box, and breakfasted alone in London. Crusoe on his desert island had at least the animal creation wherewith to consort; but I, in all this vast metropolis, knew not so much as a dog. Nor did the friendly looks of strangers invite my confidence. Roughness and impoliteness marked the manners of all I had hitherto encountered. Even the waiters seemed to regard me with suspicious looks; and I doubt not that my gloomy face and dispirited manner were calculated to inspire curiosity and disgust. The man who can not face the world with a smile is likely to be suspected of having some sinister cause for his despondency. I breakfasted quickly, and it was but eight o'clock when I had finished—too early an hour, most certainly, for a ceremonial visit to Mr. Swinfen. Nor had I the smallest inclination to explore the town, of whose wonders I had heard so much. What are sights and wonders to the man who has just been abruptly torn from all he loves? St. Peter's of Rome may be at his elbow, and he will scarce raise his weary eyes to look at it. The shadow of Pisa's leaning tower may slope across his pathway, and he will not take the trouble to glance from the shadow to the substance. I sat listlessly, with my arms folded on the little table before me, listening idly to the talk of customers ordering breakfast, and waiters attending upon them.

I had sat thus for nearly an hour, when I bethought myself of Lady Barbara's note-book, and, to while away the time, set myself to examine its contents. It was a little memorandum-book, originally of some twenty pages, but all except three of these had been torn out. One little silken pocket was crammed with bank-notes, which I unfolded, and found to amount to near three hundred pounds. But in another pocket there was something more precious than these bills on the directors of the Bank of England. This was an oval crystal locket, with gold rim, containing a miniature likeness of my dear lady, and a lock of dark hair, which I knew for hers. Nor was this all the comfort hidden in the tiny volume. One of the pages was inscribed with sentences of hope and counsel in Latin and English, hastily written for my consolation by the hand of my dear benefactress:

"*Sperate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.*

The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble.

Commit thy way unto the Lord.....Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him.

The wicked plotteth against the just.

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in His way.

Though he fall he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with His hand.

Tu fortis sis animo, et tua moderatio, constantia, eorum infamet injuriam."

I was thus rich in money and in friendship; and I began to feel that to persist in a dull and obstinate despair when so much yet remained to me would be beyond measure sinful. How different must have been my feelings if Lady Barbara and Dora Hemsley had believed in my guilt! as they might reasonably have done, considering the ingenious evidence that had been contrived against me. Revolving this in my mind, I resolved to face my position boldly, supported by the hope that my own actions might be made to prove the falsehood of my enemies. "I have my future all before me," I thought; "and am my own master. Hitherto I have been a child in leading-strings; my manhood dates from to-day, and it shall be my study so to plan my life that treachery itself can not assail it. I am not of so proud a nature as my father, and I freely accept this money from the hands of the dear lady to whom, under Providence, I owe my very life; nor is there any painfulness in the knowledge that I am so much indebted to her. I have youth, strength, and an excellent education; and it must go hard with me if with these weapons, and a resolute fortitude, I do not conquer in the battle of life. But I have first to learn something of the battle-ground, of which at present I know no more than a baby."

I called for a newspaper, hoping therefrom to learn something of what was stirring in this busy city, to which I was so utter a stranger; but the *Daily Courant*—a sheet which the waiter brought me—gave little information on this head. It was chiefly taken up by our foreign politics, the enormous subsidies or gifts granted to the Empress Queen and certain German princes; by which it appeared that Britain had been made to pay very dearly for a peace that was worse wanted by her allies than by herself. One paragraph that attracted my attention was an account of a new colony that had just been formed in Nova Scotia. Four thousand persons, with their families, had lately embarked for this wild, unknown region, tempted by the liberality of the Government, which offered a free passage out, and a freehold of fifty acres to each settler, with ten years' exemption from all taxes.

"Why should I not go thither," I thought, "and flee like a new Æneas from the ashes of my Troy? In that new world, if I have no friends, I should have at least no enemies, and I might make myself a name and a home among settlers as friendless as myself."

The thought was but for a moment. What would home or friends or name be to me without Dorothea Hemsley?

"Perish the thought of new lands across the sea," I said to myself; "I will stay in England and be near the dear girl I love, perhaps to serve her in some hour when she may need the strong arm of a faithful friend."

To this bold outburst followed sudden despondency. Alas, poor wretch! should I be any nearer Dora at London than at Nova Scotia? She was severed from me by a gulf more impassable than that sea which the American emigrants had traversed under command of Colonel Cornwallis.

At noon I left the inn, and inquired my way to the Temple. Being now in a somewhat more hopeful frame of mind, I regarded the bustle of the streets with curiosity, and was even amused by the strangeness of all I saw. My way took me again beneath the gloomy arch which I had ridden under in the coach, and I looked up with a shudder toward those ghastly severed heads which were impaled there as bloody memorials of a nation's severity. I could but think this dreadful exhibition eminently calculated to keep alive the Jacobite feeling which Lady Barbara had told me was by no means drowned in the blood that had been shed since '45, and I wondered much at the foolish policy which had elevated traitors into martyrs.

I was much pleased with the tranquil and studious air of the Temple, whose shadowy courts and solemn squares seemed to me to bespeak it a retreat for learning. I had yet to discover how such appearances may deceive, and how many a shallow pate idles and drinks and games away existence in a suit of chambers, the very atmosphere of which whispers of a Bacon or a Selden.

Mr. Swinfen's apartments I discovered in a noble row of houses commanding a view of the river, on which I saw innumerable boats plying, and all the pleasant water-traffic I had read of in the *Spectator*. Towering grandly above all meaner roofs I saw the noble dome of St. Paul's, and beyond many spires and steeples dimly blue in the hazy distance, for there was a notable difference between the sky that overarched this city, and the clear ether above Hauteville Woods.

The gentleman to whom I was recommended was happily at home, and received me with much graciousness.

"I would do a great deal to serve any relative of Lady Barbara's," he said, courteously, after he had read my patroness's letter; "I knew her father, and I remember her ladyship before she married Lestrange. She spent but one short season in London before her marriage, and would have been one of the reigning belles of that season but that she was too modest to assume so public a position. And so you are an Ainsleigh? Are you nearly related to that Roderick Ainsleigh of whom Lord Hauteville was so fond?"

"I am his only child, Sir."

"Indeed! I did not know he lived so long as to marry."

I felt my face flush at this.

"His marriage was an obscure one, Sir, and he died in poverty. But for Lady Barbara's goodness I doubt if I should be living to tell as much. I owe every thing to her."

"And I am glad to see that you are proud to acknowledge your indebtedness," replied Mr. Swinfen, kindly.

After this he talked much to me, examining me as to my education, and directing me in the course which I should have to take in order to prepare for entering the profession that had been chosen for me. I will not linger over the details of this period of my life, since the labor I devoted to the study of the law was wasted work. The career which I thus begun was destined to have neither middle nor end, but to be abruptly cut short almost at the outset. Fate called me to a harder life than that of a law-student, and it was

my lot to play my humble part in a more stirring drama than was ever enacted in that grave sanctuary of legal lore in which I now took up my abode.

My patron kindly sent one of his clerks with me to hunt for a set of chambers suited to my purse and position.

"You can not practice too much economy at the outset of your career," said Mr. Swinfen, just before he dismissed me. "Advancement at the Bar is a plant of slow growth, and the man is lucky who, after some eight or ten years' patient industry, can command bread and cheese, and wear a decent coat. But if the struggle be a hard one the prizes are splendid; and the man of parts who can dine on a red herring and a dish of tea, or a four-penny plate of beef from the eating-house, may hope to mount the wool-sack. I trust you have an inward conviction that you are destined to be Lord Chancellor, Mr. Ainsleigh?"

"Indeed no, Sir," I answered, smiling.

"Then I am sorry for it. Every man who passes the Temple gate should say to himself, 'Bacon, or nothing!'"

"And suppose it is nothing, Sir?"

"For such a man there is no possibility of utter failure. In trying for the highest rung of the ladder he will at least contrive to scramble to the middle. But for the fellow who enters his name at the Temple because it is a genteel thing to do it, who spends his nights at Vauxhall, and wastes his substance at cards and in cock-pits, and brings loose-lived women to his chambers, and cheats his tailor to sport a suit of cut velvet in the Ring, the road he travels is the highway that leads to the dogs. I hope you are not come to London to be a man of pleasure, Mr. Ainsleigh."

"I have little inclination for pleasure, Sir, and not a single acquaintance in this city."

"So much the better," growled Mr. Swinfen; "and now go along with you, for I have half a dozen attorney fellows waiting in the next room. My clerk will find you decent chambers, and will see you safely through the formalities of your entrance. Good-day. Dine with me on Tuesday next, at four o'clock. I have a haunch from a ducal demesne that will be in prime order by that time, and you will meet some gentlemen from whom a nod in public is a patent of social standing for a youngster."

I thanked Mr. Swinfen for his kindness, and departed in company of the clerk, a decent elderly person, who quickly found for me a couple of small rooms in a house in Brick Court, which was afterward destined to become famous as the abode of genius and poetry. The rooms were at the top of the house, and commanded an extensive view of roofs and chimney-pots; but they were cheap, and of this advantage I was fully conscious, as I was bent on extreme economy in my management of Lady Barbara's handsome gift.

When all preliminary ceremonies had been duly gone through, at an outlay which absorbed a good deal of my dear benefactress's money, Mr. Swinfen's clerk left me, and as I stood alone in my somewhat cheerless garret I felt that now I had begun the world in real earnest.

I sent to the city inn for my portmanteau, and went out myself to purchase certain books which Mr. Swinfen had informed me were necessary for me to possess, at the same time that he offered me free use of his own noble library of law-books, which he bade me convey to and fro from his chambers to my own as I needed them.

On the following Tuesday I dined at my patron's chambers among a party of gentlemen, the youngest of whom was at least twenty years my senior. The talk was of politics and of legal matters. I heard much of the Duke of Newcastle and his brother, Mr. Pelham, and of that rising politician, Mr. Pitt, then only paymaster of the forces, but already exercising considerable influence in the senate. There was also much discussion of the great will-case of Barnsley *versus* Powell and others, that had been decided in the previous year, and the details of which had lately been published by a bookseller in Fleet Street. To this and all other conversation I listened with respectful interest, pleased to hear the discussion of clever members of that profession in which it was my earnest desire to prosper.

And now began for me a life of the extremest loneliness. Secluded day after day in my garret-chambers, waited on at rare intervals by a deaf old woman, who came and went with a stolid mechanical air, and looked at me with a dull unseeing gaze as she flourished her well-worn broom or knelt to light my fire, as if scarce conscious of my existence, I was little less remote from the world than if I had been the pious inmate of some cave hewn in the solid rock by one of Iona's early bishops.

On the days when I dined in hall I did certainly exchange some civil commonplaces with my companions at table; but these were would-be beaux, who knew the town, and boasted loudly of their acquaintance with fine gentlemen and their conquests among fine ladies. I was, indeed, at once horrified and disgusted by the tone in which these scoundrels talked of women of quality, whom I have since discovered they knew only by name. Sometimes toward evening I found my spirits oppressed by an almost painful sense of solitude. I felt a desire to hear my own voice, nay, sometimes even a panic-stricken notion that I had lost the faculty of speech, so strange sounded the syllables when I tried to roll out a few lines of Demosthenes, or demanded with Cicero how it came to pass that, for the last twenty years, no man had been my enemy who had not also shown himself a foe to the republic.

On these occasions, when my eyes ached with long hours of reading, and my head was heavy from the continuance of study, I snatched up my hat, ran down stairs, and went out in the fog and drizzling rain, or in the bleak winter wind, to loiter in the crowded streets, and amuse myself with the busy life about me. And in this the hermit of London has a supreme advantage over the rustic solitary. Friendless he may be, but never quite companionless, for in every coffee-house or city tavern he can find company which, if not select, is by no means uninstructive. While my legal education progressed steadily in the solitude of my garret-chamber, the streets and the humbler class of coffee-houses enlightened me as to the ways of the world. I learned to talk politics, became vastly familiar with the affairs of the Prince of Wales and his party, railed against the old king for his devotion to ugly women, reviled the Duke of Cumberland, growled at the money taken from us by the Prince of Wolfenbuttel, and eagerly perused the adventures of the young Ascanius, a romantic history of the Chevalier Charles Edward's adventures in the year forty-five. I purchased this luckless Prince's bust in plaster, which was at this time much sold in London; while a wealthy squire in Staffordshire went so far as to clothe a fox in a scarlet military coat, and hunt him with hounds clad in tartan.

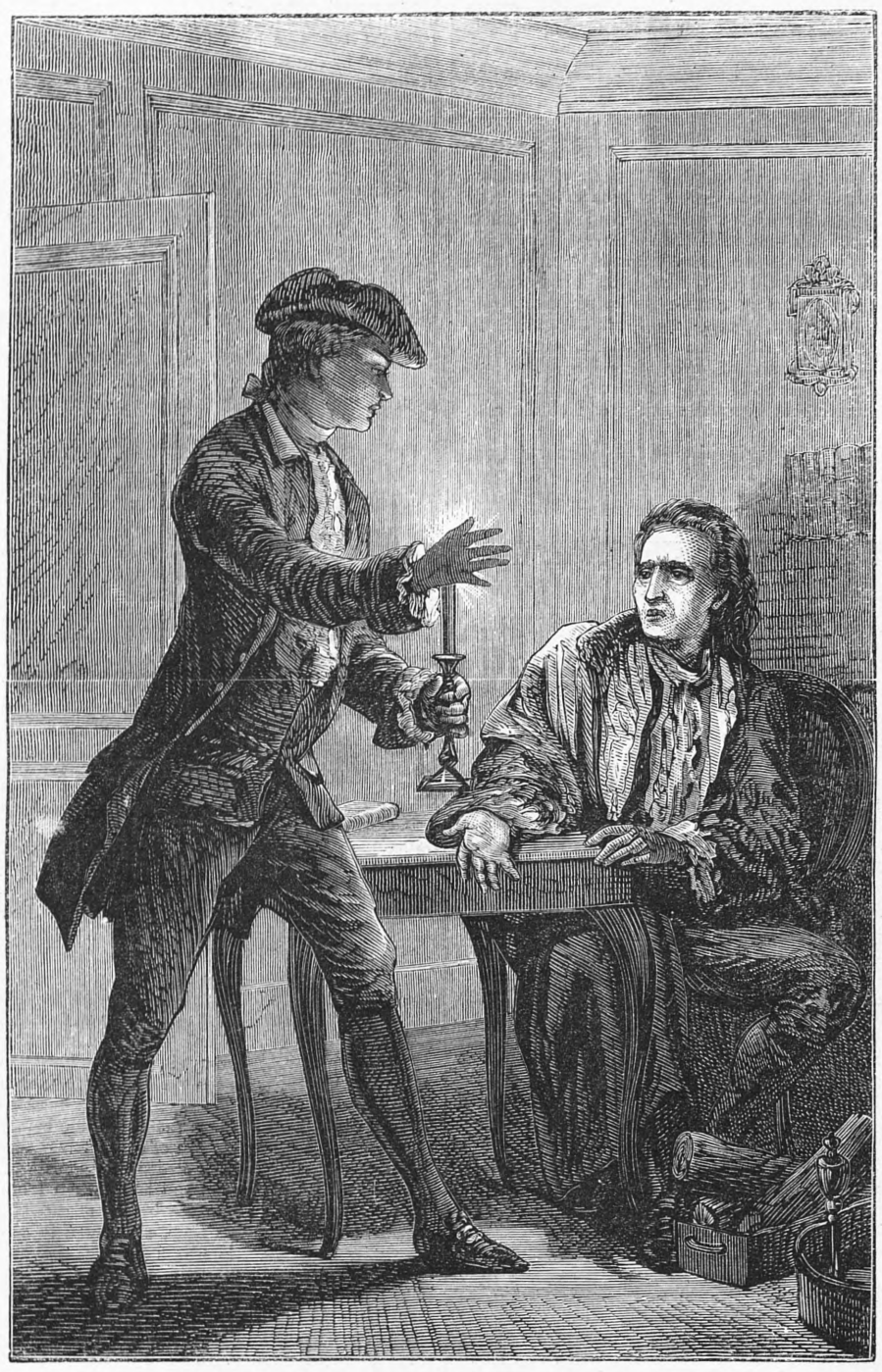
I remembered what Anthony Grimshaw had told me of my father's sentiments on this subject, and was already at heart a stanch Jacobite. Nay, I think the frequent sight of those ghastly trophies on Temple Bar would in itself have been sufficient to inspire me with sedition. But in the character and fortunes of the Pretender there was an all-powerful magnet which drew to him the youth of the nation. What generous lad or sentimental woman would be faithful to an elderly German ruler while the brave young heart of an exiled Prince was pining in obscurity, dependence, and banishment, and while the country from which he was excluded seemed to have gained so little by its ill-treatment of him?

I had lived in London three months, and had eaten my Christmas dinner at a tavern in Fatter Lane. Once only had I heard from Lady Barbara, though I had written to her at the milliner's address several times. Her letter was long and kind. She gave much comfort and wise advice, but, alas! little news of her whose name alone would to my eyes have shone upon the page as if written in starlight. Of my foster-father and his wife the charitable lady wrote with deep tenderness. Nothing had been heard of the poor runaway, and the hearts of father and mother were all but broken. Lady Barbara had been many times to see them. Sir Marcus and his family were to come to London in January, and then my dear benefactress said she would contrive to see me, though it must needs be by stealth.

From this letter I derived new comfort; to this promised meeting I looked forward with eager hope. Should I see *her* as well as Lady Barbara? Alas, I knew that no good could come of any meeting between us two. But none the less eager was my longing—none the less sweet the dreams in which sleep restored my lost happiness, and I fancied that Dora and I were seated side by side in the sunny window at Hauteville, with our books about us, as we had sat so often in the summer days that were gone.

It was while I was looking forward to the arrival of the family in St. James's Square that a change took place in my mode of life, and the loneliness of my humble chambers was exchanged for company which I found sufficiently agreeable.

I had returned to my chambers late after treating myself to a sight of Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, which was then being played at the rival houses, at one Garrick and Miss Bellamy, at the other Barry and Mrs. Cibber, on which the wits declared that one saw at one house *Romeo and Juliet*, at the other *Juliet and Romeo*. Several distinguished members of Mr. Garrick's company had withdrawn themselves to Covent Garden, and there had been complaints made of him in a prologue, whereon Mrs. Cibber replied sharply in an epilogue spoken by her at Drury Lane, and there was war between the patent Theatres. It was to see Garrick that I had spent my shillings, and the delight afforded me by that great man's genius had amply repaid me for my extravagance.



"WHEN I HAD MANAGED TO LIGHT MY SOLITARY CANDLE I TURNED AND SCRUTINIZED THIS NEW ACQUAINTANCE," ETC.

It was black as Erebus on the staircase leading to my garret, but I was accustomed to the crazy old stair, and mounted quickly without tripping. But close by my own door I stumbled against some heavy body.

"Who is this?" I called out, surprised.

"A wretch who would be lying on a door-step in the open street if he were not sheltered here. You are new to London, Mr. Ainsleigh, and should have some spark of charity's divine warmth yet left in your heart. I crept here at dusk, thinking to find you at home, and have lain here in hiding ever since. Will you give me a supper and a night's shelter?"

"I would rather give you the money to pay for them," I answered, "since you and I are strangers."

"That is your true London charity—alms given at arm's-length," replied the stranger, with a sneer. "I don't want your money; I want your friendship."

I could see nothing of the man's face or figure in the darkness, but he spoke like a gentleman, or at least a man of some education.

"Come, Mr. Robert Ainsleigh," he continued, "you had best take me into your chambers, and strike a light. We shall understand one another better when we see each other's faces. I do not come to you as the first that offers, and a crown from you is not the same as another man's five shillings. For the last week I have been hanging about the Temple, where I was once a student-at-law, and have watched you come and go. I like your face. I feel an interest in you that I don't feel in other men, because you are beginning life pretty much as I began it, and with the same chances before you. You stand almost alone in the world, as I did, and you belong to a good old family, as I do."

"How do you know all this?"

"From a clerk of Swinfen's, who remembers me when I was a gentleman. Come, Mr. Ainsleigh, you had better unlock your door and strike a light."

I had no inclination whatever to admit this forward stranger into my rooms, but yielded weakly because I knew not how to refuse. I opened my door, and the unknown followed close upon my heels, as if determined I should have no time to change my mind. When I had managed to light my solitary candle I turned and scrutinized this new acquaintance as closely as the feeble glimmer of the tallow-candle would allow me.

He was a man of from thirty to five-and-thirty years of age, with a face that had once been handsome, but which was prematurely worn by care or dissipation. He wore no wig, but his light brown hair, plentiful at the back though his brow was bald, was tied with a greasy black ribbon. His clothes were of the shabbiest, but had once been fine. His eyes were large, gray, and penetrating; but I was at this time too bad a judge of countenance to perceive their sinister expression. As it was, however, his face did in no wise prepossess me, and when I too weakly yielded to him I was influenced by his conversation alone. He had groped for a chair while I lighted my candle, and sat by my cheerless hearth, shivering.

"Let me light your fire," he cried, espying the fuel in a box by the rusty fender. "I can make a fire as well as any Temple laundress, and cook a steak better than most of them."

He suited the action to the word, and was on his knees piling up coals and fire-wood in the little grate before I could object.

"And now, Mr. Ainsleigh," he said, flinging himself into a chair when the fire was lighted, "let us talk reasonably. You are a solitary young man, just beginning the world, with fair prospects of success, and with, I have no doubt, a decent allowance from your aristocratic kinswoman."

"What right have you to be so certain of my business?" I asked, angrily.

"The right which knowledge of the world gives to every man who is not an arrant blockhead. I know you are living on money from your kinswoman by the left hand—"

"Sir!"

"Pshaw! let us have no affectation of anger. What if I knew your father? I'll not say I did, but I know those who knew him. I know you are a dependent on the bounty of Lady Barbara Lestrange, and that you were turned out of doors by her husband."

"Oblige me by carrying your knowledge elsewhere, Sir. It is close upon midnight, and I do not care to be entertained with your version of my biography."

"I want to show you that I am no flatterer, and that I can beg without licking the shoes of my patron. Come, Mr. Ainsleigh, you want a servant and I want a master. Give me a closet to sleep in, or let me lie on the mat at your door. You pay your laundress something, and I will do her work for nothing. I know more law than many a prosperous counselor, and can give you some help in your studies if you will consent to take it from such a vagabond as me. I can valet you, and cook for you, run on your errands, and show you the town, which I know by heart, and which is a profounder science than you may fancy. I want a shelter—and a friend."

"Friendship is scarcely won by such means as you employ."

"Say, then, an acquaintance, a companion. Some one fresh, and young, and true, with whom a battered wretch may consort to the profit of his soul and body. Mind you, Mr. Ainsleigh, I am a beggar to-night, but not a beggar always. I suppose you have heard of that notorious beast of burden, the bookseller's hack? That is my species. I have a prose translation of Homer that I hope yet to turn into cash, in a portmanteau in pawn at my last lodging."

"From the Greek?"

"No; from Chapman. I know something of Greek too, but we bookmakers prefer adapting the labors of a predecessor. I have also a history of that strange extinct race the Amazons, which I think might tempt Mr. Cave, could I but approach him in a decent coat."

It is needless to dwell longer on my conversation with this gentleman, whose persuasion ultimately prevailed with me. That he was a man of some education and had fallen from a better estate, was very obvious; and this touched me, for I remembered that my father's condition must have much resembled that of this penniless stranger. And then common humanity pleaded for this unfortunate. Could I, who had been reared by charity, refuse a shelter and a crust to another? True, the man might be a rogue; but true compassion first feeds and clothes the reprobate before it essays to reform him. Swayed by these considerations I consented to share my lodgings with the stranger. I assisted him to make up a bed on the floor of my sitting-room, selected for him a few articles from my well-stocked wardrobe, and promised that, so long as he proved honest and I had money, he should not starve. And thus, on the very threshold of manhood, I suffered myself to be coaxed into an alliance with a vagabond, of whom I knew nothing save that he was impudent and persevering.

Work-Basket.

MATERIALS: Perforated card-board, steel, crystal, and chalk beads, black and blue zephyr wool, blue filoselle silk, fine black sewing-silk, black ribbon two inches wide, blue cashmere, heavy cord.

Four illustrations show the manner of making this pretty flat basket. The inner surface is of perforated card-board worked in Berlin work, while the outside of the basket is covered with blue cashmere. The handle and edge consist of a roll which is covered with black silk and a bead net-work. First work a piece of perforated card-board ten inches long by seven inches wide. Embroider the squares, which are worked with black silk, in the manner shown by Fig. 2, seven rows half cross stitch (backward and forward). This done, embroider the squares which are worked in satin stitch, in doing which work, first, the under layer with blue wool and only over four holes, and after this two other layers with wool, and lastly one with blue silk, each successive one in the opposite direction from the last. Fig. 2 shows this distinctly. Lastly, sew on the steel beads which edge the squares. Now cover the other side of this with cashmere over a pasteboard lining and fasten to the border, in doing which full in the edges sufficiently to give the basket the form of the illustration. For making the border take a heavy double cord of the requisite length, join the ends, and wind it regularly with black wool until it is about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, after which cover with black silk and with a bead net-work. Work this net-work as follows: having

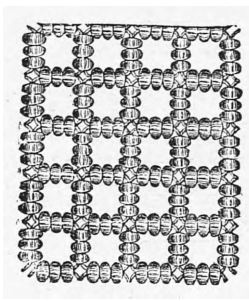


Fig. 4.—BEADING FOR EDGE OF WORK-BASKET.—FULL SIZE.

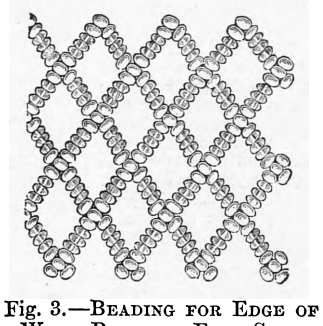


Fig. 3.—BEADING FOR EDGE OF WORK-BASKET.—FULL SIZE.

fastened the thread on the roll, string on two chalk beads, then six times alternately three glass beads and three chalk beads, after which three glass beads, and join this in a ring around the roll by running the thread through the first chalk bead. Now string on the thread one chalk bead, three glass beads, three chalk beads, three glass beads, one chalk bead, and run the thread (passing over an equal number of stitches) through the middle one of the second next three chalk beads of the ring, and continue in this manner till the roll is covered with a bead net in the manner shown by Fig. 1. Fig. 3 gives a section of the beaded net spread out in full size. Fig. 4 gives another way of making the net. This can be executed by reference to the illustration. The handle of the basket is arranged in the same manner as the border, and fastened between the embroidered part and the outside cover. The sides where it is fastened on are covered with rosettes of loops of crystal beads, which have been strung on wire. Under the roll arrange a fringe of crystal and chalk beads, which are interwoven in the manner shown on Fig. 1.

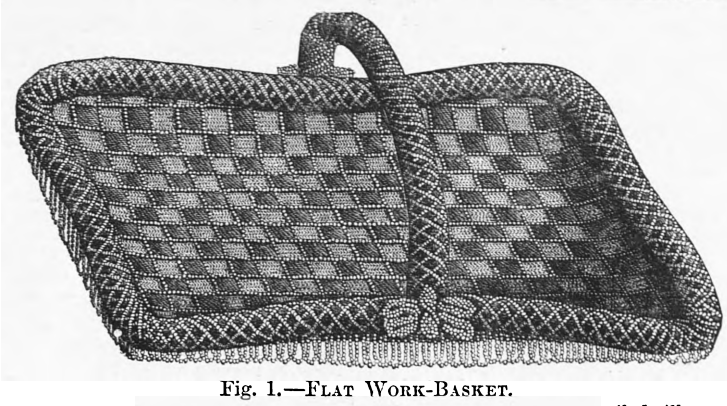


Fig. 1.—FLAT WORK-BASKET.

Case for Drawing Materials.

MATERIALS: Golden-beetle-colored leather, brown silk, brown silk braid one-third of an inch wide, muslin, oiled silk, green silk twist and sewing silk, yellow silk twist, narrow brown silk, elastic braid.

This case is made of golden-beetle-colored leather, lined with brown silk and edged with brown silk braid; the braid is ornamented with a row of herring-bone stitch of green silk twist. The initials are embroidered on one end with green and yellow silk in satin stitch and oblique half-polka stitch. In the inside of the case are arranged several bands for the reception of the implements. The little pocket is lined with oiled silk, and is designed for the reception of stamps, crayons, colors, etc. Figs. 36–38, of the Supplement, give the pattern of the case. The pieces may be sewed together by reference to the illustration and to the corresponding figures on the pattern. In Fig. 37 run the seam from 71 on 71 to 70, then from 71 to 72.

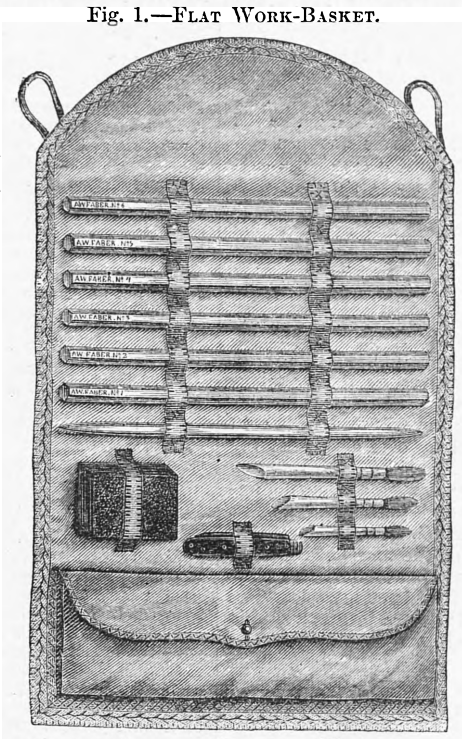


Fig. 1.—CASE FOR DRAWING MATERIALS. OPEN.
For pattern see Suppl., No. XIII., Figs. 36–38.

Spectacle Case.

MATERIALS: Pasteboard, brown silk, fine brown silk cord.

This convenient spectacle case is easily made. The original is covered with brown silk, and embroidered with brown silk cord. Cut of silk from Figs. 83 and 84 of the Supplement each one piece, baste each of these pieces on a piece of stiff muslin, sew on the cord according to the design given, then line each piece with the pasteboard, and this with a brown lining. Having cut the two cross lines shown on Fig. 84, and corded the edge of the openings, join the two pieces according to the corresponding figures on the pattern, and edge with the silk cord.

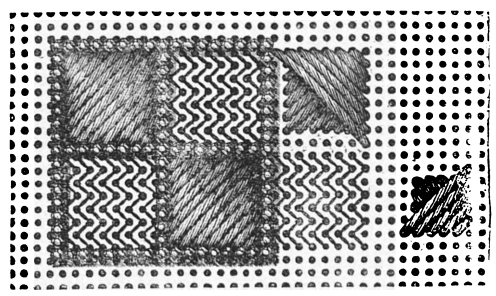


Fig. 2.—PERFORATED BOARD FOR WORK-BASKET.—FULL SIZE.

Sofa Pillow in Berlin Work.

THIS pattern is quickly and easily worked with very little material, and

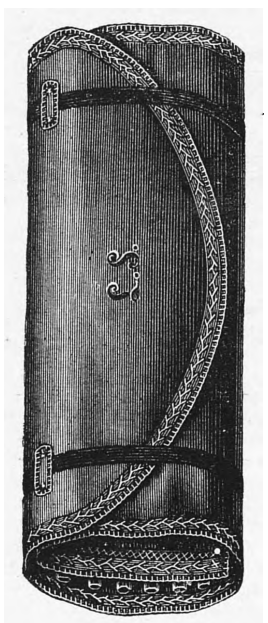


Fig. 2.—CASE FOR DRAWING MATERIALS.—CLOSED.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 36–38.

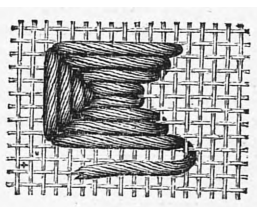


Fig. 2.—MANNER OF EMBROIDERING SQUARES OF SOFA PILLOW.

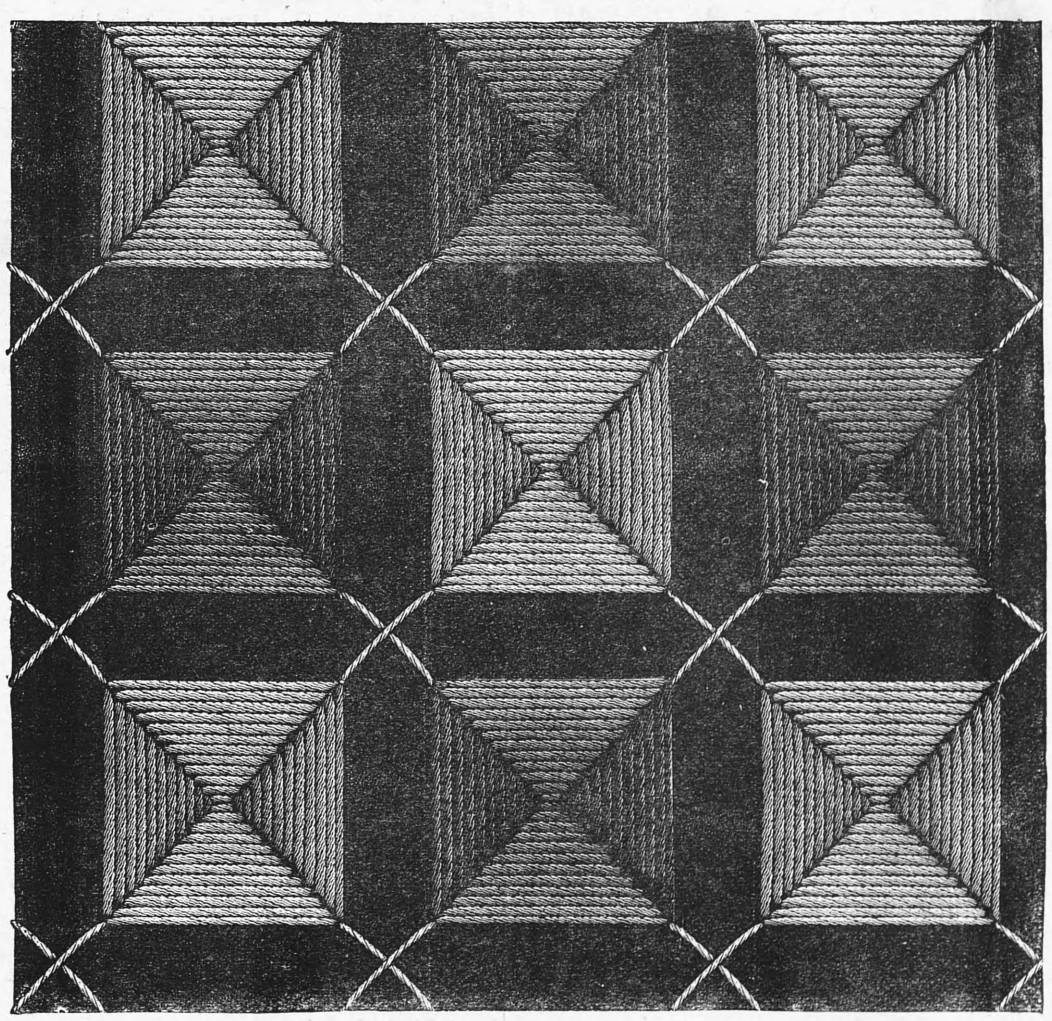


Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERY DESIGN FOR SOFA PILLOW.

SPECTACLE CASE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXXI., Figs. 83 and 84.

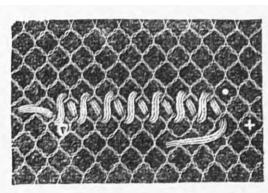


Fig. 4.—MANNER OF WORKING LACE FOR FIGS. 1–3.

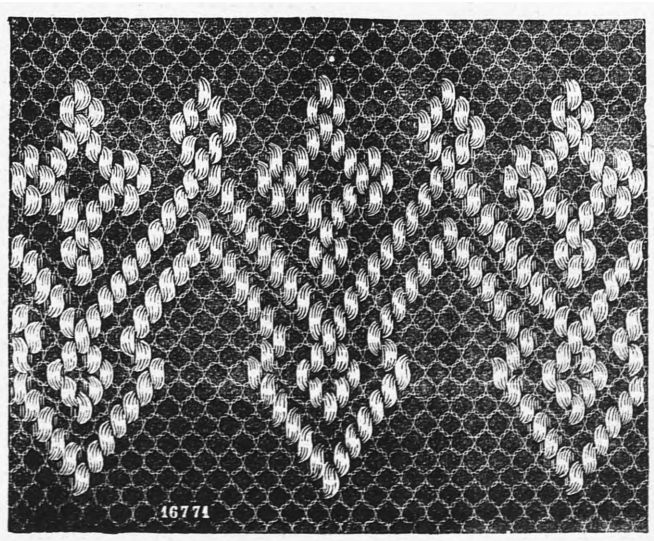


Fig. 1.—DESIGN FOR WORKING LACE.

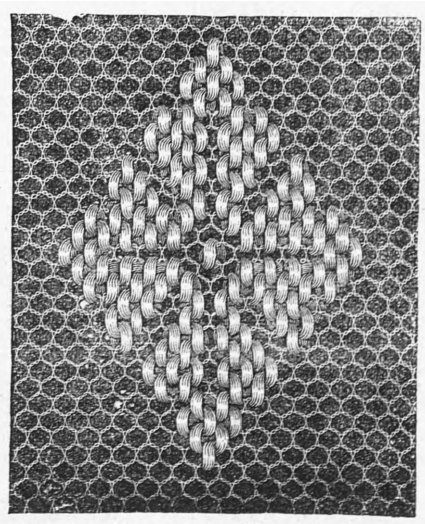


Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR WORKING LACE.

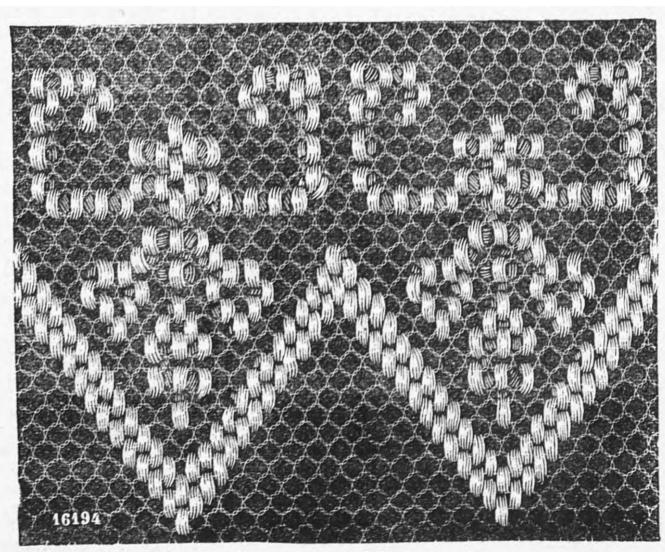


Fig. 3.—DESIGN FOR WORKING LACE.

is at the same time extremely pretty and effective. It is worked on canvas, while the space between the squares is filled in with black velvet ribbon a third of an inch wide, which is fastened at the corners by means of a cross stitch of silver-gray silk twist. The squares are alternately worked with two shades of gray and green wool. Begin each square in the middle, and work two sections opposite each other with one color. Fig. 2 shows the manner of working both the length of the threads and the manner of putting the needle through the canvas. The places through which the needle is put for the next stitch is designated by ● and ×. Complete the square before arranging the velvet.

Designs for Embroidering Lace.

See Illustrations on page 765.

THESE designs are worked in a new and very pretty stitch. Work with tolerably coarse cotton, or other thread, so that a straight stitch comes on the right side and a diagonal stitch on the wrong side, as is shown by Fig. 4. The designs Figs. 1 and 3 serve for borders of an antimacassar; the design Fig. 2 gives the figure for the foundation. These designs may also be worked on fine black lace for a veil.

SERENE SEPTEMBER.

THE purple clusters of the grape against the trellis lean:
And just beyond the tassels of the red-sage grace the scene;
And here and there the bushes wear the faint yet certain sign
Of the decay that marks the flowers, the blossom, and the vine.

September's hand is on the land; her lap is full of corn,
Whose tassels to the umber change; in sign their strength is shorn;
Though still the bold nasturtium lifts its yellow face on high,
It can not draw the kisses down as under August's sky.

And in the woods the leaves begin to doff their dress of green;
The squirrels chatter of the nuts that soon will grace the scene;
And where the lilies touched the wave a murmur runs along,
In memory of bird and bee that mourn the loss of song.

The fields lie shorn of all their strength; the barns their treasure hold;
The orchards wait the farmer's hand, with fruit that gleams like gold;
And all the air the echoes bear that follow in the train
When sad, serene September steps across the yellow plain.

And so the year renews its cheer above the autumn drifts;
The treasury of nature groans with all its goodly gifts;
The promise given in the spring lies on our open hand,
The blessings of kind Providence hang o'er a happy land.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

THE festival of the 15th of August was, as usual, splendidly celebrated in Paris, and, as usual, drew thither an immense concourse of provincials and foreigners. The Parisians, on the contrary, fled it as much as possible.

A very happy innovation in the illuminations is worthy of note. Garlands of luminous globes were stretched along the avenues of trees in the Champs Elysées; but these globes, instead of being of different colors, were all yellow, which made them resemble balls of fire or wonderful oranges, lighted on the inside. The illumination of the monuments of Paris was so brilliant that it was seen at Fontainebleau. The Emperor and Empress viewed it from the terrace of the palace at Fontainebleau, sixteen leagues off.

Several official dinners were given on the occasion of the Emperor's fête. The Marquis de Moustier gave one to the Corps Diplomatique and the dignitaries present at Paris, at which the guests appeared in full dress. The absence of the charming daughter of M. de Moustier, recently married to the Marquis de Clermont Tonnerre was regretted at this dinner.

The marriage in question took place at St. Clotilde. Mlle. Beatrix de Moustier wore a very simple dress of heavy white taffeta, with an illusion veil and a delicate wreath of orange flowers in her beautiful black hair. She is the second daughter of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The eldest daughter is married to the Marquis de Marmier. She is tall, slender, dark, and extremely stylish, and has been brought up by her mother in the strictest piety. She presents that accomplished type of virtue and dignity which is fast disappearing to-day, even in the noble faubourg.

On the same day of their marriage, after a grand breakfast, the Marquis and Marchioness de Clermont-Tonnerre set out for Arcachon. Before their departure, however, the newly-wedded pair drove alone around the lake in the Marquis's coupé. The Bois de Bologne was almost deserted, and they had nothing to fear from the crowd. Nevertheless, the few promenaders could not help noticing the elegant coupé and the powdered footmen with silk stockings and bouquets of orange flowers in their button-holes, and the elegant lady leaning back in the carriage in traveling costume—short skirt and tunic *en panier* of gray cashmere trimmed with a *tuyauté* and ruche of the same, Marie Antoinette mantelet of cashmere, and round hat of white straw with cherry feathers. The Marquis was married according to the new fashion, in light vest and pantaloons and blue coat.

The Marshal Vaillant also gave a grand dinner to the artists who had been decorated and had received medals at the Exposition of Paintings, and also to the pupils laureate of the École de Rome. At the distribution of medals Mlle. Nélie Jacquemart was remarked. This young lady had exhibited a portrait of a lady, which won her a reward. On going up to receive the prize, the Minister of the Emperor's household and the Superintendent of Fine Arts gallantly kissed her hand. Nevertheless she was not present at the dinner which followed the distribution. One lady alone was seen among the sixty guests, the niece of the Marshal-Minister, a blonde beauty, who was greatly admired, Madame Cirodde. She was dressed in white muslin, covered with point de Venise guipure over cherry taffeta, with a fichu of point de Venise. She was seated between Alphonse Gautier, Secretary-General, and Camille Doucet, the witty author of "Forbidden Fruit," and director-general of the theatres. General Fleury, the Count de Nieuwekerke, Eugene Tisserand, Du Sommerande, and Auber were also present at this dinner.

The Emperor returned to Paris on the 14th, to witness a grand review in the Champs Elysées. The Empress and the Prince Imperial accompanied him. The Prince Imperial was on horseback, in a suit of black cloth, with trowsers confined at the knee, and white straw-hat with a red gros grain ribbon. The Empress was in a carriage; she wore a white gauze dress over a sky-blue silk skirt. The dress was trimmed with Russian pleats of gauze, as well as the white mantelet, which was closed in front. Gauze hat with a blue feather and aigrette. Broad, sky-blue sash, tied behind.

The weather not being very warm just now, the Empress wears a great many cashmere dresses, as well as a thin white cloth. This last is extremely pretty. These costumes have been adopted by the fashionables at the watering-places. It is said that they will even be seen this winter in Paris. They are trimmed with gold buttons, and are looped up over a skirt of the same material, or of colored silk. The Empress wears, and will continue to wear at Biarritz, under-skirts of velvet and dark poplin, with a short sash of the same color as the skirt.

The watering-places on the coasts of Normandy are very brilliant just now. The Deauville races draw crowds of the fashionable world. The Duchess de Sesto is living there in a pretty villa built by her first husband, M. de Morny. The Princess Murat resides close by at Villers. The Duchess de Persigny is also there with her five children. She goes out but little; she is in deep mourning.

Many were made happy on the 15th of August by the decoration of the Legion of Honor. It is said that the Empress will be decorated. Why not? It would be less singular than to see M. Carette decorated simply because he is the husband of Mlle. Bouset, formerly reader to the Empress and now lady of the palace.

M. Emile Augier is commander. Bravo! He does honor to the cross by wearing it.

Madame Paul Demidoff has just died in childbirth, leaving a son. This youthful life, so soon cut short, is a strange romance. I give the current rumors. Madame Demidoff, the daughter of Prince Adam Metcherski, added to the lustre of exquisite beauty a brilliant intellect which she inherited from her gifted father, who also died very young. She was one of those women who inspire ardent but respectful passions. The second son of the Czar, now the Czarowitz, was so deeply enamored of her that he entreated his father's permission to make her his wife. After many prayers and long hesitation the Emperor at last yielded. Unhappily, the death of the Grand Duke and Crown-Prince rendered his brother heir-presumptive to the throne. The Emperor then withdrew his promise, and the two lovers were separated. It is said, we know not how truly, that the Czar himself had not seen without emotion the radiant beauty of the young Princess Metcherska, and that in breaking off the marriage he yielded to a secret jealousy. No one is exempt from human weaknesses, sovereigns least of all. The Czarowitz was compelled to marry the Princess Dagmar, and it was signified to Paul Demidoff that the Emperor would regard his union to the Princess Metcherska with the greatest satisfaction. It appears that after the marriage the bride confessed to her husband her chaste love for another. She tried to be happy, and was seen at Paris last winter smiling faintly but gratefully on the young husband who adored her; but memory was stronger than reality and regret than hope. Her broken heart could not be healed. After transmitting to her child the little life that remained to her she expired. Such are the mysteries often concealed under the most brilliant and envied existences.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. T. C. H.—Substantial poplin alpaca, a stronger material than the ordinary alpaca, is selected for gymnastic dresses. If you are wearing mourning, twilled serge is suitable. The loose Garibaldi waist may be prettily made with fluted or melon tucks, formed by shallow seams sewed on the wrong side of the materials at intervals of an inch. The full sleeve is arranged in the same way, with a band at the wrist. A fluted ruffle is the trimming. If you use white, vandyke or scallop the skirt and bind with white alpaca braid. Three narrower rows of braid follow the outline of the scallop.

TRAVELER.—We know of no cure for sea-sickness except that sold for a guinea to the suffering Englishman by Hood's Yankee Captain. "Go to sea," said the skipper, "for thirty years, man and boy, as I have done and you won't be, I guess, any more sea-sick than I am." The best palliative of this most annoying malady is a good dry Champagne.

ANNA P.—Line the skirt of your delaine dress with cambric. Make the ruffle straight. Delaine and cashmere do not set well when cut on the bias. We can not at present give the illustration you require.

DYSPEPTIC.—Cheese is a very nutritious article of diet, and, for persons of good digestion, not unwholesome. It is, however, not easily digested, and should be avoided by persons of delicate stomach. Its digestibility is greatly increased, as are, in fact, most articles of food, by breaking it up into very fine particles with the teeth before swallowing. It is a vulgar error to suppose that old cheese aids the digestion of an indigestible diet.

ANONYMOUS.—There is undoubtedly a good deal of exaggeration in the accounts of the bloody days of the French Revolution. Of all the horrible stories the most horrible proves not to be true. Many historians relate that a certain Mademoiselle de Sombreuil was forced to drink a glass of blood in order to save her father's life. Louis Blanc gives this version of the affair: "Mademoiselle de Sombreuil was about fainting, when one of the attendants, seized with a sudden emotion, hurried to her with a glass of water into which a drop of blood fell dripping from his hands." There is no other foundation for this frightful fable. Lamartine is one of the least faithful of chroniclers. Of his charming narratives it has been said that nothing could be added to them but the truth.

IGNORAMUS.—Frock-coats are admissible even on full-dress occasions. The swallow-tail is regular full-dress, and is only suitable for evening. Chintz refers both to the quality and pattern. It is a heavy French calico. The figures are bright and gay on sombre grounds. Furniture chintz is glazed. *Poult de soie* is pronounced as if spelled *pool de swa*.

MINNESOTA SUBSCRIBER.—Pearl-color, lavender, or French gray are the next choice for brides after white. A bride should wear a bonnet, not a round hat, except for morning or traveling. Black velvet ribbon is always used, but bands of velvet cut bias from the piece are more stylish. A belt and sash would be better for your merino than a fichu.

INQUIRER, TEXAS.—The *de bège* you speak of has not been worn at the North for a year or two. We advise instead a woolen serge, winsey, or one of the many varieties of poplin designed for traveling dresses. *De bège* is not thick enough for this climate, or for the cool nights you will encounter in your travel through the Southern States. Southern ladies coming North are apt to forget the difference in climate which is so marked in spring and autumn, and they appear at great disadvantage in clothing too light for the season. Get a dark all wool material of grave color for your dress. Let the short skirt barely escape the ground. Make the wrapping of the same. The polonaise with cape is a stylish garment now, but there will probably be something different before you start on your journey. A plaid circular, with sleeves and cape, is comfortable for extra wrapping. Water-proof cloth is made in the same way. One of these or a large traveling shawl is indispensable. A round hat is more convenient than a bonnet for traveling long distances. Blue or brown grenadine veil a yard long, with elastic in one end. Gloves of undressed kid with wristbands. High Polish boots of black kid, buttoned at the side. Gray tweed or cassimere suits for the children. For the boy of twelve the trowsers are straight, the jacket a roundabout. Knickerbocker trowsers for the younger ones, gathered below the knee. Garibaldi waists or Zouave jackets. Shirts of striped cambric, with collars and cuffs of the same, in fine hair-line stripes of black, blue, or purple on white. The fine Lancaster cambric is cheaper and wears better than French goods. Linen dusters and water-proof over-coats, made long sacques, will be serviceable. The best wrapping for the little girl is a merino walking dress with wadded cape and hood. We shall give new patterns for children's clothing in a few weeks.

HARTFORD.—Changeable poplin, brown with blue or green, is more fashionable than any solid color. Trim the French gray silk with ruches of satin of the same shade. The green poplin will look well trimmed with alternate bands of white faille and satin. On the brown put bias bands of velvet, with fringe. Flounces will continue to be worn. Your blue silk may be trimmed with white lace. Valenciennes on silk is very fashionable abroad. Cluny is passée. Jet is not used for dress trimming. Read descriptions of costumes in the *Bazar* for directions about walking dresses. We can not afford the space to tell you *how* to make and trim each dress separately.

MEDICAL STUDENT.—We do not care to express an opinion in regard to the comparative merits of the institutions to which you refer. There is one, we believe, in New York, and by writing to "President of New York —— College" you could probably obtain the information you desire.

LAURA M.—The best application for thin eyebrows is:

Sulphate of Quinine	5 grains.
Alcohol	1 ounce.

Dip a bit of fine linen in the lotion and rub the eyebrows lightly morning and night.

B.—According to the analysis of Liebig there are in 16 ounces of natural Kissingen water:

	Grains.
Chloride of potassium	2.2034
Chloride of sodium	44.7133
Bromide of sodium	0.0644
Nitrate of soda	0.0715
Chloride of lithium	0.1537
Chloride of magnesium	2.3331
Sulphate of magnesia	4.5088
Carbonate of magnesia	0.1309
Sulphate of lime	2.9904
Phosphate of lime	0.0431
Carbonate of lime	8.1482
Carbonate of protoxyd of iron	0.2425
Silica	0.0991
Ammonia	0.0070
	65.7094

There are also small quantities of iodide of sodium, borate of soda, sulphate of strontia, fluoride of calcium, phosphate of alumina, and carbonate of magnesia with

Carbonic acid ..... 41.77 cubic inches.

The natural Vichy water is thus composed, the quantity taken for analysis being 16 ounces:

	Grains.
Sulphate of potash	1.567
Sulphate of soda	0.904
Phosphate of soda	0.0324
Chloride of sodium	4.445
Bromide of sodium	0.001
Iodide of sodium	0.0002
Carbonate of soda	29.194
Carbonate of ammonia	0.036
Carbonate of lime	1.9277
Carbonate of strontia	0.0178
Carbonate of magnesia	0.271
Carbonate of iron	0.009
Carbonate of manganese	0.003
Alumina	0.006
Silicic acid	0.492
	38.9061

Carbonic acid ..... 14.7 cubic inches.

The artificial waters, when honestly made, contain all the ingredients of the natural, but generally a much larger quantity of carbonic acid, to render them more palatable.

KATHRINA.—"It is often desired to render the eyelashes longer and more silken; but this," says Cazenave, the best authority on the subject, "appears to me difficult, if not impossible." A little borax and water is one of the best applications.

RURALIST.—Your friend should be indulgent toward his intended, and allow a certain latitude to the natural coquetry of a damsel in her position.

MISS C. M. DAVIES.—Your papers are sent regularly, and must be lost in the mail. We do not replace papers, but will supply back numbers on the receipt of the price, or ten cents per number.

FACETIÆ.

TIM B—— is a life insurance agent, and a most inveterate punster. Walking down street not long ago he met a friend who is largely in the tobacco trade, and who, knowing Tim's fondness for the "weed," was exhibiting a sample, and dilating upon the exceeding good qualities of the same, when Tim interrupted with, "I say, old fellow, why don't you set your wife up in business?" The question was a poser, but brought the proper inquiry of "What do you mean?" "Why," said he, coolly, "nothing, only you have so much *capital to-backer*" (capital tobacco). Cigars were in order, and Tim, "feeling relieved," walked down to the wharf just as the good steamboat *Elector* was leaving port, when he called to her second officer, "I say, Jack, are you the *mate*, or *the man that buys the mate?*" (meat).

WHAT THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SWITZERLAND REALLY MEANS.

As some anxiety seems to exist in the minds of certain politicians as to the real objects of Queen Victoria's trip to Lucerne, we are happy to inform them that they are:

1. The establishment of an alliance, offensive and defensive, between England, Spain, Italy, Russia, the Pope, Austria, Sweden, and Montenegro, for the total absorption of France by the various members of this new Grand Alliance.
2. The propagation of Orleanist documents throughout France by means of white mice] trained for that purpose.
3. The total removal of the Alps, and rearrangement of the same as an ice barrier around the coasts of England, provided only that the Wenham Lake Ice Company can be induced to consent to the measure.
4. The creation of large vineyards all round the Swiss Lakes, to the infinite prejudice of the French Champagne trade.

ABOVE THAT KIND OF THING.

SISTER. "Come, now, go and talk to little Miss Brown, Freddy, and be agreeable."

FREDDY. "Oh, bother, no. I'm not going to make myself conspicuous and spooney, like you and Captain Noodle!"

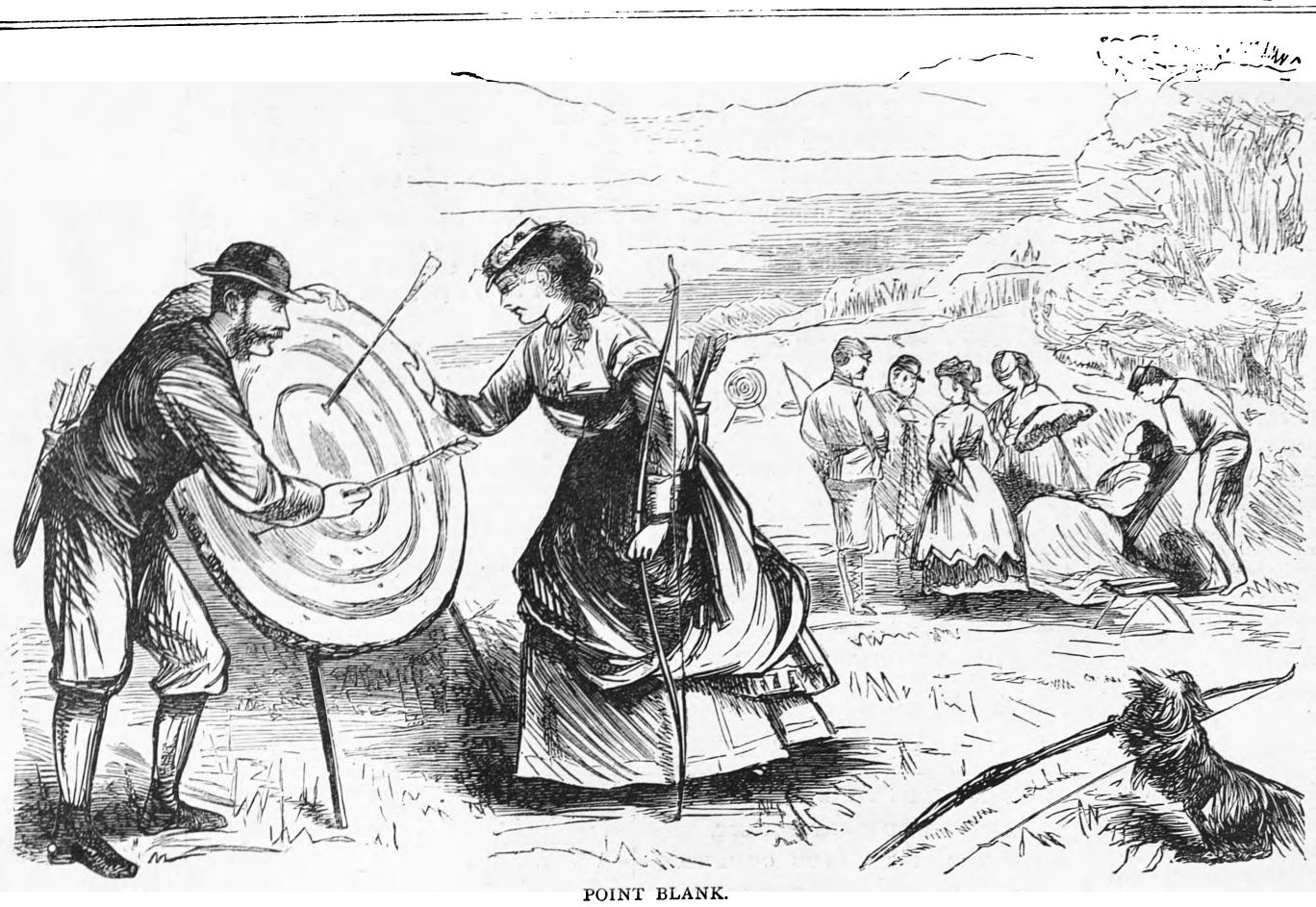
A wag suggests that a suitable opening for many choirs would be: "O Lord, have mercy on us miserable singers!"

NAUTICAL NEATNESS—Sweeping the horizon with a glass.

SCIENTIFIC NOTE.—The appearance of the mosquito may be regarded as the immediate effect of a gnatmospheric change.

An orator, who had raised his audience to a great height by his lofty soarings, exclaimed: "I will now close in the beautiful and expressive language of the poet—I forget his name—and—and—I forget what he said, too."

THE FASTEST THING OUT—A conductor's baton. It beats time.



POINT BLANK.

ELLEN. "Now, don't you Like this much better than Croquet, and a lot of Stupid People?"
[*The Major thinks he does—RATHER!*

PATERFAMILIAS, SURROUNDED BY HIS FAMILY, WRITETH AN ODE TO THE OCEAN.

The sea, the sea, the wide, the open sea—
(My dear! I'm sure I've heard that line before;)
Thou art the blue, the fresh, the ever free—
(John, I don't think you locked the bedroom door.)

O, Father Ocean! how these words recall
Our navy's glories, reaped in many zones—
(If Jane's not careful, dear, that baby'll fall;
And Charley, you give over throwing stones.)

I love thee, Ocean, in thy calmer mood,
When, like a mirror, in the morning sun
Thy surface shines—(now, Ellen, don't be rude;
And Tommy, give the baby back her bun.)

I love to be upon the open sea,
With the waves dancing bright beneath the keel—
(If in the cupboard, John, you left the key,
We sha'n't have meat left for another meal.)

O, Father Ocean! I must leave thee now,
Though half thy glories I have not yet told;
Farewell! I leave thee—(Johnny, stop that row,
Ma's beckoning to us—dinner's getting cold.)

LOSS OF TIME.—A lady, who was desperately addicted to play, was confessing herself. The priest, among other arguments to dissuade her from gaming, said "she ought to consider the loss of time." "Ah, father," said she, "that is always what vexes me, so much time is lost in shuffling."

The stars are called wicked because they sin-till-late.

THE NOVEL STYLE OF NOVEL-READER.

HUSBAND (*Old style question*). "What! dipping into the third volume, to see if every one is married?"

WIFE (*New style of answer*). "Oh, they were married in the first volume. I only wanted to see if it was really her husband who poisoned her."

A clergyman was sent for the other day. The man was rather deaf to whom he was called. "What induced you to send for me?" pompously said the clergyman. "Eh?" "What induced you," he repeated, "to send for me?" "What does he say?" said the man to his wife. "He says, what the deuce did you send for him for?"

A temperance lecturer, descanting on the superior virtues of cold water, remarked: "When the world had become so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing with it, he was obliged to give it a thorough sousing in cold water." "Yes," replied a toper present, "but it killed every critter on the face of the earth."

The following advertisement appears in a Canada paper: "Will the gentleman who stole my melons last Saturday night be generous enough to return me a few of the seeds, as they are a choice variety."

A lady who changed an *i* for a *y* and added an *e* to her name, while abroad, was recently asked if she had seen the Dardanelles. "Oh yes," she replied, "we dined with them in Paris."

Are people who attend hops naturally fond of ale?

A fresh arrival from England went the other day to a livery stable, and expressed a wish for a carriage. The man in attendance asked if he would like a buffalo. The cockney seemed startled, and stammered out: "Well, I think I'd rather 'ave a 'oss."

A swain visiting his girl the other day found her putting up preserves, and covering the jars with his love-letters. Those beginning "Darling Susan" were put on the peaches, and those with "My Own Love" on the apples. He left in disgust when she asked him to write another of the latter sort to make up the number she wanted.

THE MOST POPULAR MAN OF THE BOOT AND SHOE TRADE—The sherry cobbler.

A critic, speaking of Parepa's vocalism, says: "We hang upon every note." "This," says a contemporary, "is a proof of the lady's remarkable powers of execution."

A physician stopped at the shop of a country apothecary, and inquired for a pharmacopœia. "Sir," said the apothecary, "I know of no such farmer living about these parts."

"Waiter, I'll take my hat," said a gentleman at a party, who was about going home. "What kind of hat did you wear?" "A bran-new hat, that I bought this very morning." "Well, Sir," said the waiter, "all the good hats have been gone more than two hours."

A lady was once declaring that she could not understand how gentlemen could smoke. "It certainly shortens their lives," says she. "I don't know that," replied the gentleman. "There is my father, who smokes every blessed day, and he is now seventy years old." "Well," was the reply, "if he had never smoked he might have been eighty."

When Adam and Eve partook of the tree of knowledge did they study the higher branches?

THE REFRESHMENT AN IDLE MAN WOULD PREFER—Loaf cake.

What is smaller than a mite's mouth? Its tongue.

RIGHT AND LEFT.—Two Quaker girls were ironing on the same table. One asked the other what side she would take, the right or left? She answered, promptly: "It will be right for me to take the left, and then it will be left for thee to take the right."

PLEASANT FALLS—Falling in love with a pretty girl falling heir to a hundred thousand dollars.

A CRAFTY OCCUPATION—Ship-building.

There's a gentleman in Philadelphia so considerate for the comfort of others that he won't have a mosquito canopy over his bed. He wouldn't deprive even a gallinipper of fulfilling the evident ends of his creation.

NATURE'S TAILORING—A potato patch.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—(*AT THE SEA-SIDE.*)

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 49.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Fig. 9.—Manner of using Crimping Pin.

Fig. 3.—Fleur de Lis Coiffure. Front.

Fig. 1.—Coiffure for Girl from 12 to 14 Years old.—Front.

Fig. 6.—Negritine Coiffure.—Back.

Fig. 4.—Fleur de Lis Coiffure.—Back.

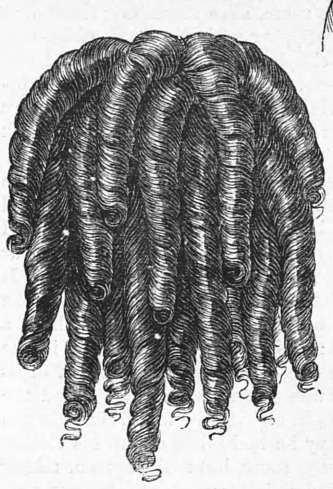


Fig. 12.—Chignon of Curls.

Fig. 11.—Marguerite Knot.

Fig. 8.—Coiffure of Curls.

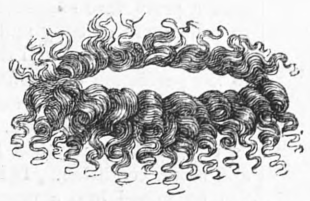


Fig. 10.—Diadem of Curls.

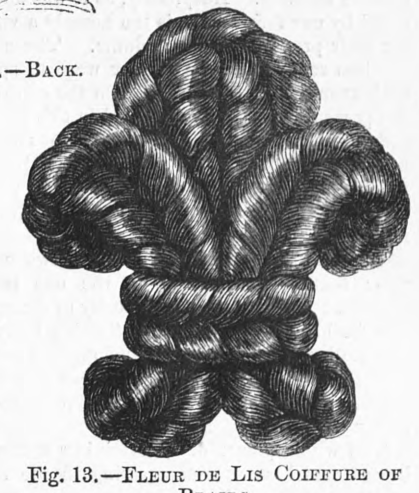


Fig. 13.—Fleur de Lis Coiffure of Braids.

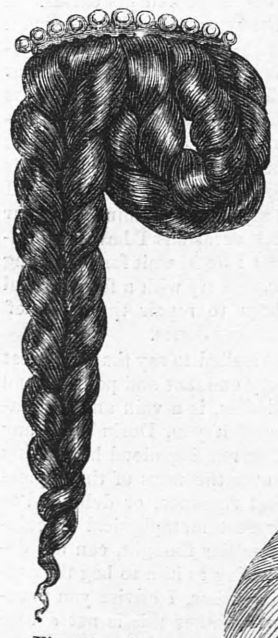


Fig. 14.—Braid Chignon fastened to Comb.

Fig. 5.—Negritine Coiffure.—Front.

Fig. 7.—Manner of Making Negritine Coiffure.

Fig. 2.—Coiffure for Girl from 12 to 14 Years old.—Back.

Fig. 15.—Chignon of Long Curls.

FALL STYLES OF HAIR DRESSING.—[See next Page.]

Fall Styles of Hair Dressing.

See Illustrations on first page.

WE give several illustrations of the newest styles of hair dressing, some with the natural hair and some with chignons, braids, and curls.

Figs. 1 and 2.—Coiffure for girl from 12 to 14 years old. The front of the hair is rolled back as shown by the illustration, then joined with the back hair and plaited together on each side in a three-strand braid, which ends in a curl. A colored velvet ribbon is wound around the top of the head and the braids. If the hanging braids are not desired, they may be arranged as shown by Fig. 2, or in any other manner that individual taste may direct.

Figs. 3 and 4.—Fleur de lis coiffure. The chignon belonging to this coiffure is in the shape of the well-known fleur de lis, the royal flower of France. The front hair is combed down over the forward and back at the sides, and arranged at the back as shown in the illustration, with a braid across the front.

Figs. 5–7.—Negritine coiffure. This chignon consists of interwoven strands of crimped hair, the hair being puffed on the top of the head. The puffs are separated by a tortoise-shell band, and a similar band passes over the top of the chignon. Fig. 7 shows the manner of parting the hair preparatory to dressing it in this manner. On the small braid which is made of the middle front hair fasten the ends of the front hair as well as the chignon.

Fig. 8.—Coiffure of curls. This coiffure consists of a curled chignon (Fig. 12), a strand of knotted hair (Fig. 11), and a band over the front. The natural hair is combed backward and covered with the chignon.

Fig. 9 shows the manner of using the crimping-pin.

Fig. 10.—Diadem of curls.

Fig. 11.—Marguerite knot.

Fig. 12.—Curled chignon.

Fig. 13.—Fleur de lis chignon of braids.

Fig. 14.—Chignon of braids fastened on a comb. The end left hanging is to be fastened under the braids already arranged.

Fig. 15.—Chignon of long curls.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1868.

☞ *The first of a series of Elegant Colored Plates of the* FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS, *prepared in Paris by the proprietors of the* MODE ILLUSTRÉE *expressly for* HARPER'S BAZAR, *will be presented to our readers in an early Number.*

MODERN HOSPITALITY.

HOSPITALITY is a word seldom used nowadays, and as the virtue is nearly extinct, it is not surprising that its verbal symbol should become obsolete. Hospitality, as it was understood by our forefathers, is too homely a virtue for their pretentious descendants. These are not less ready than the former were to spend their money in entertaining. On the contrary, the present age is more prodigal in this respect than any which has preceded it. A modern host will give in a single night's entertainment more than his ancestor, however rich, would have distributed among his guests in a twelvemonth.

There is this marked difference between the two: that the prodigality of the one is for himself, and the prudent generosity of the other was for his friends. This distinction between the motives of the modern and ancient entertainer seems to justify the statement that hospitality, as it was understood by our forefathers, no longer exists.

The whole power of entertaining seems to be more and more concentrating in the form of large parties. These are becoming recognized as such social necessities that no woman the least nice about her "gentility," and discreetly regardful of Mrs. Grundy, will venture to dispense with them. The sacrifices made to satisfy the requirements of respectability in this regard are heroic. What deprivations are submitted to! What sufferings endured! Such humiliations of mind! Such tortures of body! A single night's prodigality, painfully wrung from the moderate income, and thrown promiscuously to a throng of scornful and wasteful wantons of fashion, shrinks a whole year's housekeeping to a frugality close to starvation. If the effect were only to leave the larder bare, and shorten the commons of those who commit the act, it would be hardly worth while to waste words upon such consummate folly. It, however, has a wider and more disastrous influence, ruining whole families, and blighting society.

This substitution of party-giving for social entertainments, apart from its expensiveness and the consequent deprivation which ensues, not only of domestic comfort and convenience, but of essential advantage, is fatal to character. Our youth become mere party-goers, with no conception of social duties beyond dressing, dancing, and flirting. Display becomes the main purpose of life, and hence a false standard of respectability is raised where, if not too dazzled by the glitter, we may read the inscription: "Show, not worth." Fashionable acquaintance takes the place of sober friendship, and even alliances for life are formed without any other bond of sympathy than a common pursuit of the frivolities of fashion. It may be possible that, for certain people and on certain occasions, those demonstrations of cost, waste, and ceremony, called fashionable parties, are necessary; but it is certain that they are not desirable for general adoption. The motive of the modern entertainment is a selfish love of display, which must be harmful to all, and ought and can not be confounded with a disinterested hospitality which blesses those who give and those who receive.

PREMATURE EMANCIPATION.

IT may be said, without much exaggeration, that there are no boys and girls in America. It is not that the Divine injunction, Increase and multiply, is disobeyed in this country. On the contrary, the production of the human kind is no exception to the general fertility of our prolific land. Babies are born in abundance, but their transition to the habits and manners of grown people is so rapid that, as in the change of the grub to the butterfly, there is apparently no intermediate state. The pap is hardly dry in the male mouth before it is puffing a cigar; and on the female lips ere they talk about the latest fashions.

In old times there were many reminders of childhood which have become obsolete in these modern days of rapid progression. The bib and tucker have departed with the nursery meal of beef and pudding, and Master Augustus and Miss Euphemia dress for dinner, and eat their way through a succession of French dishes with all the appreciation of *fins becs* or finished epicures. In their eating and drinking, in their dress and address, in their talks and walks, they are but men and women of a smaller growth. The amusements of the boys and girls of a former generation are rejected by those of the present. The ball, the kite, the hoop, and the marble are pronounced by these Lilliputian gentlemen and ladies of the best families as too juvenile and vulgar, and are left accordingly to the scanty-breeched and meagrely educated offspring of the poor, who, fortunately for mankind, still keep up those venerable traditions of childhood so essential to the conservation of the robustness of our race. Our little cavaliers and dames prefer the drawing-room and fashionable promenade to the field and the play-ground. To dance and flirt, to dress and ogle, and to get up and break off *affaires de cœur* are their amusements when together. When apart they seek those distractions usual with their fashionable elders. The boys smoke, frequent the bars and billiard-rooms, and the girls loll over a fashionable novel, or stroll into Stewart's or Dieden's.

In former days, such was the immediate demand in our country for labor of all kinds that youth was called on to fulfill the duties of manhood. It was better that these should be performed imperfectly by boys and girls than not performed at all. The necessity of filling the various occupations of life with immature men and women no longer exists, but the aspirations of the young survive, and impel them to seek a premature emancipation. This is fatal to robustness of body and mind, as it curtails those periods of gradual development essential to the perfection of the human being. There can be no sound men or women without a genuine boyhood and girlhood. This is so not only as regards their physical but their intellectual and moral condition. It is true human beings can be forced into a premature development, but this is "as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and can not last."

The dress is responsible for much of this fatal precocity of our youth. If boys and girls were clothed more as boys and girls they would be easier reconciled to the conduct suitable to their age, and less disposed to rival full-grown fools in their frivolities and vices. Let parents restore to use the old-fashioned bib and tucker, and prolong the epoch of jackets and short frocks, and we shall have fewer precocious gentlemen and dames, but more mature men and women.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

On not Seeing Sights.

MY DEAR DORINDA,—I lately went to pass a few of these brilliant September days with Tomasino, who has a very pleasant country retreat near Trenton Falls. It is so near indeed that in the still nights, when I have awakened and have lain reflecting upon my many shortcomings, making the most strenuous good resolutions for the future, I have heard the steady, monotonous sound of the Fall, and have suddenly wondered if that was what the poet meant by hearing Time flowing in the night. Tomasino would hardly be considered a romantic man, but I have found a touch of genuine romance in him, as, indeed, there always is in a true humorist.

"I observe," said he one morning after breakfast, "that you are commenting upon our traveling manners."

I replied that it was true I was treating of some little aspects of conduct upon the great journey of life.

"Yes, yes, I see," continued my friend; "the world is our carriage, and space is our road. Very well; very well, indeed. But do you know the chief charm of the journey?"

I involuntarily turned my eyes to Mrs. Tomasino, who, clad in a fresh and becoming negligé, seemed to have just emerged from the chamber of the morning. The husband followed my glance and smiled.

"No," said he, "I don't mean exactly in that sense. I mean the charm of the journey irrespective of our fellow-travelers."

This, of course, was one of the questions that are not meant to be answered. They are merely parts of a soliloquy. So I smiled in turn, and blandly waited.

"The charm is that you never arrive and know nothing of your bourne."

Tomasino spoke very gravely, and his wife now, in her turn, looked at me with a smile.

"Who is it," continued Tomasino, "that somewhere says, 'What's won's done; Joy's soul lies in the doing?'"

"I don't believe it was Sisyphus," said Madame, demurely.

Tomasino bowed to his wife and said, "No, it was a much wiser man. But it is a very universal experience, and many a man feels it without knowing it. Don't you suppose, Bachelor, that many a married man looks at his wife, say after twenty years, and wonders where is the girl—I mean the nymph, the goddess—he asked to marry him? Perhaps, after all, Daphne was more coquette than coward. 'He will love me always,' she may have said, 'if he can never have me.' Women have such fine instincts."

It was peculiarly impossible for a bachelor to reply to such a remark from a husband in his wife's presence, and I did nothing, therefore, but beam benevolently about the balcony upon which we were sitting. Luckily I thought of the serviceable line of Campbell, and said:

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,"

and Mrs. Tomasino murmured in reply,

"In notes by distance made more sweet."

Tomasino instantly added, "Oh yes, the poets understand it. Poetry is full of it; so is painting and music. 'What's won's done.'"

The morning was very beautiful, and the autumn air exhilarating, and I said, after a little pause,

"These speculations and reveries are very pleasant; but, my boy, I am going away in a day or two, and you have not yet taken me to Trenton Falls. Why not to-day?"

Mrs. Tomasino smiled, and Tomasino answered, dryly,

"I have never been there."

I looked in amazement at him, and with an interrogation point in each eye—as Dickens says of the Yankee traveler—at his wife.

"Never been there?"

"Never."

"Why it's the finest thing in this part of the country."

"I believe it," answered my friend, with an air of profound satisfaction.

"I have heard," said I, "of dull bumpkins living within the roar of Niagara, who have never seen the cataract, nor cared to see it. But you are not a dull bumpkin."

"You do me too much honor," replied Tomasino, laughing heartily.

"What the deuce, then, do you mean?" said I.

"'What's won's done.' I like some perspective to my picture. I want this actual landscape to melt away into the ideal. I want some point for my imagination, and I have much more enjoyment in my fancy of Trenton Falls than I could have in seeing a river tumbling over rocks—and there an end of it."

Tomasino laughed softly and smiled; and I found that there was no doubt of the fact, and that he had never seen the chief attraction of his neighborhood.

Thereupon I fell into the most prodigious reverie. Here, thought I, is a queer passenger enough, and his manners upon the road are astounding. Fancy a man always going to Boston and stopping always at Newton Corner, or to Washington and refusing to go beyond Bladensburg, or to Florence and unbundling at Leghorn, or to Rome and settling in Civita Vecchia, or to Jerusalem and never putting foot further than Gaza, or to New York and alighting in Harlem? And yet, on the other hand, how many a man is content to remember famous places without going to see them again! Why not keep them in the future as well as in the past? I reflected that in other years I had seen St. Peter's at Rome. I wouldn't—I was just going to say that I wouldn't surrender that remembrance for a thousand dollars. But I will restrain myself, and look at the subject calmly. Tomasino has never sailed across the Atlantic Ocean, consequently he has never—been sea-sick? No, no. I do not say that. All in good time. Not having crossed the ocean, he has never been in Italy. Never having been in Italy, how could he have been at Rome? And not having been in Rome, it is demonstrated that he has never seen St. Peter's.

Now, then, he has an image of it; so have I. He keeps his in fancy; I keep mine in memory. He beholds a vast, vague temple; the genius of Michael Angelo made visible; a dome—the Pantheon hung in air; all is symmetrical, magnificent, faultless. I, for my part, behold a great church, mingled of various designs and times. I step inside, and there is an odd medley of statues and tombs, good and bad, tawdry and grotesque. There are snuffy monks and priests shuffling about. There is a motley crowd loitering curiously. Here is a rosy Englishman in bouncing shoes and a bob coat, staring about with his red "Murray" in hand. There is a shepherd from the Abruzzi, in his goat-skin and sandals, kneeling before the bronze statue of Saint Peter and kissing its great toe worn smooth with multitudinous kissing. But it isn't a statue of St. Peter at all. It is a figure of Jupiter. Hark! there in a side chapel they are singing vespers through their noses. And here comes a cardinal, a Prince of the Church, a withered old man in red stockings, attended upon his carriage by three gorgeous flunkies. And, oh! how my leg itches! Excuse the truth, I am a mere flea pasture. And these wretched people, evidently so poor, so ignorant, so superstitious! The heart sinks and aches for them; the mind protests. This is the temple of the power that keeps them what they are; and as I hear the chant dying away—the chant a thousand years old, and whose strange monotony seems weaving a spell upon the life of my time, as a dull cobweb is stretched and catches flies—I think of the sweet ringing of Sunday bells among the hills of New England, and the big, shapeless, old barn of a meeting-house, and I wonder if I would not prefer to sit by the window there and see St. Peter's in fancy rather than in memory.

Or I thought of this whim of Tomasino's in another light. Jones, the great author, whom we all know through his beautiful novels and philosophies and epic poems, and whom we all admire as the happy and long-expected individual who has at last laid the corner-stone of American literature—Jones is a neighbor of mine in the house where I lodge, and I am, without any fault of mine, necessarily familiar with many of his ways as well, I hope, as with all his works. Jones is a very worthy man, but he is of an age which can not now be precisely determined; also, when you see Jones, you can by no means accurately say how much of Jones you see. Let me explain. I, as you know, am no chicken, and when I was a boy, Jones was a young man—and if Jones does not still look like a young man, it is no fault of his. Do you understand? That hair, for instance; it is certainly very brown and curly and glossy, but, upon the whole, do you inwardly believe that it is Jones's own hair—own, I mean, by growth; for Jones is a strictly honorable man, and punctually pays all his bills? Yet it is a fact personally known to me by involuntary observation that Jones goes to a drawer in his room, clips something there, and incloses the clipping with a *carte de visite*, and sends both clipping and card off in a letter by mail to—somebody, any body: you, for instance, gentle and dear reader, who admire Jones's poetry so sincerely and treasure a lock of your poet's hair.

One evening I was returning late from the theatre, and I passed the room of the poet and philosopher Jones. His door was open, and I unconsciously glanced in as I passed. Dear Powers divine, what a figure I beheld! It had an entirely bald head; livid and sunken cheeks; a dark cavern of a mouth without a single pearl; and as my eye fell upon it, the figure was engaged in removing the calf of its leg! This was Jones undressing. And the horrible thought entered my mind, that when in that ceremony he had taken off all his clothes he did not stop there, but still went on, taking off and off indefinitely, until, as I believe, that man actually goes to bed in his bones. But I fear it is not only in the matter of appearance that Jones is so—if I may use the expression—evasive. I am of opinion that his manners are like his hair, and his teeth, and his calves. I hear him rating the poor little chamber-maid dreadfully, and when his washer-woman's daughter brings home his collars too limp, I pity that young woman with all my heart, for she hears the most petulant and disagreeable words flying at her out of the mouth of Jones, the poet and philosopher, and popular novelist—words which I certainly shall not repeat, although I too frequently for my peace of mind overhear them. Upon which occasions I have no hesitation in saying that I lie in wait for the young woman at my door, and try with a few cheerful and courteous words to repair the mischief wrought by that ruthless Jones.

Indeed, I am compelled to say that the great Jones, although very eminent and popular, and the idol of young ladies, is a vain and ill-tempered coxcomb; and if you, Dorinda, or any of your friends, after reading aloud his flowing lines, or weeping over the woes of the hapless heroine of his latest romance, or delighted to find that his abstrusest metaphysical speculation is your most familiar thought, can not delay a moment in writing to him to beg the precious favor of an interview, I advise you to reflect for a moment, whether this is not a case in which you would prefer to keep your Trenton Falls unseen. Leave something to the imagination, Dorinda. "I have at last seen the great Mr. Pope," said an ardent admirer of the poet. "Ah, happy fate!—and what was he do-

ing?" was the response. "He was bl-w-ng his n-se!"

You see Tomasino's humor is not without reason. If I were he, indeed, I should certainly go and see Trenton Falls; but there are some Trentons that are wisely left unseen.

Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

CHIGNONS.

"ADDITIONAL hair," as the French call false locks, is now universally worn, and is indispensable for full dress. Plaited chignons and coils of crimped hair are worn for morning toilettes, and light short curls, in the Diana Vernon style, for evening. Two long locks are worn over the left shoulder, partly crimped and partly curled. Newer than this is a short, crimped fall extending around the lower edge of the chignon, concealing the back of the neck. The ends are in ringlets. The price of this novelty is $15. It is made of the boiled hair, in which the crimp is permanent. Crêpés for the front hair are arranged to represent natural waves, and are put on in a way that defies detection; a harmless deception, much better than destroying natural hair with crimping pins. The chignon is still worn very high and large. Tortoise-shell combs are in favor again. All fancy combs are to give place to the plain straight band of tortoise-shell, engraved with gold.

A simple chignon for morning is made of hair sixteen inches long, plaited over crêpés. These are made into three wide plaits, each of three strands. The two outer ones form a curve with the centre plait between. Plain shell comb at the top. Another, very stylish, is formed of two puffs placed crosswise above a shell comb. Several short ringlets below fall on the neck. A dressy chignon for evening has only two plaits, with curls of different lengths between, and falling from the sides. The front hair is drawn back over a high Pompadour roll, with short frizzed curls on the forehead.

Evening head-dresses are coronets of flowers, high and prominent on the forehead; large carnation or rose in the centre, with buds and shaded leaves at the side. A bridal wreath has full-blown orange flowers in the centre of the diadem, with branching vine and buds.

KID GLOVES.

An improved glove fastening is a movable chain adjusted with studs at either side of the wrist, and caught by a hook when drawn together. The fashionable colors for kid gloves this winter will be Vesuve, flame color, bear's-ear garnet, and the glowing Sultan red. Tastes will change, and ladies who a year ago would have shuddered at the idea of wearing a red glove are making haste to adopt the new fashion.

A forest of colors in the wood browns and bright capucine are in unquestionable taste, as are all the shades of gray and purple, from the dark Humboldt, more red than blue, to the delicate pearl color. A box of gloves shows fine gradations of color, the difference between the shades being so slight as to be scarcely perceptible; but it is necessary to keep this variety in order to match silks of all shades. The most popular glove is that with two buttons or studs on the wrist. A shorter glove has the centre stitching extending to the top of the wrist between studs of gilt or silver. The silk tirettes with crimped tassels are the exact shade of the kid. Useful black kids are enlivened by stitching of purple, magenta, green, or white between silver eyelets laced by a cord and tassel of the same bright hue. The wristband is also bound and welted with a color. All the light tints of cream, salmon, flesh color, and white are made in long gloves for evening, with three, four, or six buttons extending above the wrist, and sloped to fit a tapering arm. Many of these are stitched in contrasting colors with beautiful effect.

The substantial undressed kid for demi-toilette is made in the very best style. The castor gloves of light doeskin, for walking and driving, are soft and pliant, fit as neatly as kid, and are numbered in the same way. Children's gloves are double stitched on the seams, with a band and two buttons at the wrist. These are new this season and very desirable. Misses' gloves are numbered like ladies' gloves, but are much shorter in the fingers. Ladies are not generally aware that there are two sizes of each number, a small six and a large six, a slender and a broad glove.

VEILS.

New veils of real lace are larger than the mask veils, are square-cornered, and long enough to fall below the chin, instead of cutting the face in two as did apparently the shallow veils of the summer. The dots are small, and the border not very deep. Some of them have inch wide bands of insertion to tie across the chignon. Fancy veils for round hats are round and short with long tabs. They are of Spanish net in diamond and polka spots, with embroidered borders. The modistes affirm that colored embroidery on veils is too pronounced to please the fastidious. Gauze and grenadine veils are a yard long, with a string in one end, worn around the crown of the hat.

COLLARS AND NECK-TIES.

Embroidery on Swiss muslin and linen cambric is revived this season for collars and chemisettes. The French needle-work is the handsomest and most expensive. The collars are not very wide, and are turned down and slightly pointed in front, or with a square revers. The edges are scalloped and bordered with narrow Valenciennes. A few standing collars are imported, straight behind with points turned down in front, a style becoming to long necks. A knot or bow of lace is worn in front. Muslin chemisettes for surplice waists are embroidered in a point to the belt, and cut low in the neck with a standing frill of Valenciennes.

Collars of French cambric in stripes or figures of color are being generally adopted for morning toilette and traveling. Black and cherry stripes are in favor, but require to be carefully worn, especially on the street, where they look best with black costume. Deep cuffs are made of cambric of the same pattern as the collar, and if in stripes a belt is sometimes added, fastened with a jet buckle. This fashion seems to be in imitation of the gentlemen who wear in public the striped linen shirts that were once considered *en déshabille*.

The neck-tie has become an important feature of feminine dress. It is not really a neck-tie but a bow that takes the place of the breast-pin. Broad ribbons, shaded, striped, or self-colored, are tied into loose bows and knots, with a studied carelessness that is the perfection of art. The rich Sultan red, matching the color of the feathers so fashionable on hats, is most often used. A half yard is all that is required for a knot with fringed ends.

Velvet dog-collar necklaces, with lockets attached, or fastened with an ornamental slide, are becomingly worn above turned-down collars. If the neck is long the band may be an inch wide. On short necks narrower velvet is tied behind with long loops and ends.

SHOES.

The half Polish boot of the summer will give place in cold weather to the full Polish fitting high up on the calf of the leg. Toes are medium round, the shank is very narrow, and the heel high, slender, and curved. The fashionable buttoned boot for walking has the uppers of glove kid, or, if preferred, the glazed kid, the lower of pebbled morocco. Very dressy boots are stitched with white, and buttoned with imitation pearl buttons. Models of English shoes are much lower on the ankle than those worn here, with heels of the broad military shape. These are comfortable for walking, but are not so showy as the French shape now in favor, with Louis XV. heels. The fashionable shoe is ruining the shape of the feet by producing bunions and corns. A short shoe is more apt to disfigure the shape than a narrow one. High heels throw the weight of the body forward, and if the foot can not find room in front the joints at the side are enlarged or the heel made prominent. It is best to have shoes made to order, as scarcely any two persons have feet alike. Polish boots made to order cost from $6 to $12 a pair, according to the material and decoration.

Tassels and satin bows no longer decorate the top of the boot, but are removed to the instep. A new rosette of kid, bound with silk, extends high up on the instep, and transforms the plainest slipper into the stylish Pompadour shape.

FRENCH WALKING DRESSES.

Some French walking dresses just arrived have the tunic or upper skirt without a front width. The side widths are buttoned to the front seams of the under-skirt. This is a good plan as it gives the flat front so desirable with paniers. The simple trimming may be easily made at home by any expert needle-woman. The tunic is scalloped and bound with silk. Inside each scallop is a button the color of the binding, with a button-hole simulated beside it. Sleeves are close-fitting with a puff at the top, and sometimes a puff at the elbow.

A suit of purple ribbed cloth—a beautiful material, as soft as cashmere—has two skirts, basquine, and cape, trimmed with four rows of black satin braid half an inch wide. The upper skirt forms a long square apron, which is edged with fringe. Price $95.

Black and white together are in favor for fall costumes. A silk suit of black striped with white has a petticoat of broader stripes than the upper dress. The petticoat is untrimmed. Black and white folds of corded silk, with fringe of the two colors, is the trimming. Price $90.

An economical suggestion is a black silk tunic or over-skirt, with a small cape reaching to the waist, to be worn over short silk dresses that may have become defaced. A small cape of black silk, composed of successive collars like the carrick, is trimmed with satin folds, and, with the addition of a tunic, gives variety to costumes.

The Cheltenham suit just introduced abroad would be convenient in our fickle climate and for traveling. It is of water-proof tweed, in black or any shade of gray. The skirt is made like a short dress skirt, but rather more ample, and is buttoned down the front. The jacket is short and loose. This suit may be worn as protection for another dress in bad weather, or, if made in good style, as the only dress.

It is early to speak of velvet suits, but we have just seen some that are too elegant in their extreme simplicity to be omitted. They are made with short gored skirt and loose sacque. The trimming is placed on the edge of the skirt and up the front seams. It consists of folds, half of which are satin, the other half faille, joined in the centre by a row of stitching. The price is $200 each.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cushions filled with down are worn in Paris instead of horse-hair tournures. These will be comfortable only in cold weather.

Buttons and ornaments for cloaks are pendants, long and slender. The frog-button, round with pointed drops, is also fashionable.

Pretty chatelaines, furnished with all the implements for needle-work, are made of pale Russian leather, attached to a belt of the same.

Parasols are trimmed with borders of marabout feathers, and with fringe made of quill shavings. White marabout on black satin is very stylish.

Handkerchiefs for the street are of fine cambric with two-inch hem, with a vine of embroidery or a Grecian design.

For information received we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. W. J. BARKER; A. T. STEWART & Co.; MILLER; and Miss PAGE.

PERSONAL.

GOUNOD, the composer of the opera of "Faust," was, some fifteen years ago, walking about the streets of Paris as an abbé, and determined to devote himself to the Church; but he long ago abandoned the idea, and has since given himself up to music. He lives in good style, is a polished and cultivated gentleman, has a fine face, and easy and affable manners, and is a general favorite. He is fifty, but looks younger; is married to the daughter of the late German pianist and professor of music, ZIMMERMANN. His next opera will be "Francesca di Rimini."

—M. THIERS, it is said, has been offered £10,000 for the ten volumes of "L'Histoire de la Restoration" on which he is now engaged; but he has not yet accepted. Some American historians have done better than that.

—There is a Mr. SMITH in Boston, a colored man, whose business is that of a caterer. He is a well-educated, modest, sensible man, and enjoys in a high degree the respect and confidence of many of the best and most cultivated people of that city. We have heard that Senator SUMNER invited him to his wedding, though he did not attend. Mr. SMITH recently gave a very fine dinner to a few of his friends at his residence in Bulfinch Street, and seated at table with him were the Hon. CHARLES SUMNER, the Rev. Dr. BOLLES, Rev. Dr. POTTER, Rev. J. W. DADNUM, Mr. PARKMAN, Hon. MOSES KIMBALL, and several other persons of the best social position in Boston. All sides, in politics, were represented; and the entertainment was, doubtless, in every respect, refined and delightful.

—Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, the energetic, sagacious, successful, genial proprietor of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, goes to Europe next month, with his accomplished wife, for a little respite from the arduous duties of journalism. No man is better entitled to it. Not long since Mr. CHILDS, with characteristic generosity, presented to persons employed in responsible positions on the *Ledger*, life-insurance policies amounting in the aggregate to $40,000—undertaking, at the same time, to pay the premium—about $3000 per annum—for ten years, at the expiration of which time the policies become, by their terms, self-paying.

—On the evening preceding the delivery of Mr. WEBSTER'S reply to Colonel HAYNE, Mr. W. was at Colonel SEATON'S residence until near midnight, and on leaving Mr. SEATON took Mr. WEBSTER'S arm and insisted upon seeing him home. On reaching Mr. WEBSTER'S the latter insisted upon seeing Colonel SEATON home. The scene was amusing, but Mr. WEBSTER'S object seemed to be to take exercise, enjoy the conversation of his friend, and look upon the star-studded sky, now descanting upon the wonders of astronomy, and then repeating passages from the Bible, Virgil, Shakspeare, and Milton, while not an allusion was made to the impending event of the morrow.

—The Springfield *Republican* says of the Japanese pupils at the Monson Academy, Massachusetts: "That gentlemanly 'Jap,' OHARA REYNOSKE, was in town on Wednesday on a furlough from the Academy, where himself and brother natives of the Orient are making good proficiency in the language of the Occident, and in the customs and usages of the best New England society. The two older ones of the five are called home to join the army; the others will remain some time longer. All like Mr. HAMMOND for a teacher, Yankee boys for fellow-students, and Monson for a place to live in. They attend the Congregational Church."

—Mrs. LESLIE STEPHEN, a daughter of THACKERAY, is traveling in this country in company with her husband.

—The Rev. Mrs. P. A. HANNAFORD, editress of the *Ladies' Repository*, officiated before the Universalist Society at North Adams, Massachusetts, two weeks ago last Sunday. She preached from the words, "I shall be satisfied." Of course her hearers *were* satisfied, as she is a lady of ability, culture, and refinement; besides, men *do* love to hear clever women talk.

—A prominent Albanian has a wife who is often seen rowing her own canoe upon the Hudson, above the State Dam. She has ordered a fine paper shell-boat of the manufacturers at Troy. She is a fine oarswoman, and has no end of health and muscle.

—The daughter of Mrs. GASKELL, the well-known English authoress, superintends a public kitchen at Manchester for the sick. This kitchen was started some three years ago in one of the poorest and most populous districts in Manchester, with the object of supplying dinners gratuitously to the patients of the Ardwick and Ancoats Dispensary, and of St. Mary's Hospital, during their illness or convalescence. VICTOR HUGO has written a letter to Miss GASKELL, highly complimenting her on her good works.

—Young authors who are really conscious of having the right stuff in them need not be disheartened at a polite refusal of manuscript now and then from publishers. VICTORIEN SARDOU says that the first eighty of his manuscripts, plays, poems, etc., were rejected, and that for two years he did not make a sou by his literary labors. Since then he has become popular, rich, and is in great demand from those who once declined his productions.

—Lord LYTTON is said to have rewritten his drama of *The Sea Captain*, originally played in London in 1839 for thirty successive nights. MACREADY, HELEN FAUCIT, and Mrs. WARNER then played the leading characters. It is now to be produced at the Lyceum Theatre, London, under the supervision of Mr. BANDMANN (well known in theatrical circles here), who will himself take the character of Norman, the hero of the play.

—A gentleman of Cincinnati (his name is not given though it ought to be), who owns one of the finest country seats in the suburbs of that city, on leaving home for the sea-shore, gave his gardener orders that twice each week all the roses on his place should be gathered and sent to St. Luke's Hospital, which was done throughout the summer. The delight that that kind-hearted gentleman imparted to the weak and weary invalids was such payment as money could never give. Fortunate man to have the roses; happier to have the thought to put them beside the pillow of sickness!

—Swiss inn-keepers must live, as well as inn-keepers elsewhere; so at least thought the honest Boniface who prepared a plain breakfast for Queen VICTORIA, not long since, and charged for it the modest sum of seven hundred francs. He was remonstrated with on the ground that eggs were plenty, but remarked, pleasantly, in reply, that "sovereigns are scarce."

—Mr. G. VICTOR LE VAUX, an eminent journalist staying at Niagara Falls, states that the Horseshoe Falls have receded more than six feet at the great bend, or "central bight," since his visit last year, and that the average rate of retrogression from this point along the precipice to the "Canadian bend" has been five feet. During the last year the rate of the retrogression of the American Falls was three feet at one point (the Luna indentation or bight) and one foot at another. Elsewhere the retrogression is not perceptible.

—The Queen of the Belgians recently was driving a spirited span among the mountains where she was temporarily sojourning, and once ventured into a road which was barely passable for carriages; she met one of the simple and honest peasant women of the Ardennes, and inquired of her if she could continue upon that road. "Yes," she replied, "but it would be a shame to break your carriage, and spoil those pretty horses, and the man who has let them to you will not be well satisfied."

—A new star has arisen in the musical firmament of Paris—Mlle. HISSON, who recently *débuted* in "Trovatore," with unusual success. LA MARQUISE DE CAUX was among her warmest applauders; and M. MERMET, the composer of "Roland à Roncevaux," has selected her to be Jeanne d'Arc, in his new opera, now in preparation.

—MATILDA HERON now gives her entire attention to the instruction of young ladies for the highest rank of the drama. Terms from $100 to $500 per quarter. Poor aspirants taught gratis.

—THADDEUS STEVENS, when jocular, never kept back a witticism, whether it hit friend or foe. On one occasion he called on President LINCOLN. "It was a hot day," said Mr. STEVENS, "and he was lying about on sofas and chairs, in a disjointed way he had. *I knew him by the fragments*, and so was able to reconstruct him."

—Mr. LONGFELLOW, when in London, visited the Temple, to see where GOLDSMITH and JOHNSON once had resided, and rested beneath the old sycamore-tree, now fenced round, under which they used to sit and chat. In the burial-ground of the Temple GOLDSMITH found his final resting-place, though his grave can not now be identified. He died at forty-six, and a bust, by NOLLEKENS, with a Latin inscription, by JOHNSON, do honor to his memory in Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey. GOLDSMITH was a little of every thing good, with a strong dash of every thing bad. GARRICK hit him off with tolerable accuracy when he said:

"This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet;
Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals be GOLDSMITH his name."

—Royalty does not always forget the pecuniary *meum* and *tuum*. A Paris letter to London says: "The other day the Archduchess SOPHIA was asked by her chaplain for money to pay for masses for the repose of her unfortunate son MAXIMILIAN'S soul. Without reflecting, she put down her name for a considerable amount. Encouraged by this success, the chaplain took the list to Archduke ALBERT, and begged him to subscribe. "I will gladly subscribe to a collection in memory of my unfortunate brother, but I shall insist on the money being applied to pay his creditors, which appears to me the first thing to be done." A proper reply, though not regarded as vitally pious by the chaplain.

—TERESA TIETJENS, the new prima donna, soon to make her appearance in this city as the prominent *artiste* of Mr. MAPLESON'S company, is at the head of the tragic opera of the day. Great as PATTI and NILSSON are, TIETJENS stands higher as a lyric artist. She was born in Hamburg, and is now thirty-four years old. Her voice is a pure soprano, fresh, penetrating, even, and powerful, unusually rich in quality, extensive in compass, and of great flexibility. She possesses every requisite needed by a cantatrice of the highest order, personal beauty, physical strength, originality of conception, a superb voice, and inexhaustible spirit and energy. She is a blonde, is well educated, speaks English, and is otherwise quite accomplished.

—The reports that Count BISMARCK is much broken in health are without truth. He is simply on a prolonged visit to his estates in East Prussia, and is in good health; rises early, rides over his farms, dines, rests a while, and then looks after his office-work. A telegraph wire extends from his castle to the capital, and he communicates instantly and directly such orders as may be required. He has not had occasion to see a medicater since he left Berlin.

—All France is talking of the audacity of young EUGENE CAVAIGNAC, who refused recently to accept a college prize at the hands of the PRINCE IMPERIAL. The young man was educated in stern hatred of Imperialism by his energetic young mother, who was but nineteen years old when her illustrious husband died. CAVAIGNAC died very suddenly in the country, and his wife, though overwhelmed with grief, had the corpse placed in her carriage, and drove with it to Paris, which she reached in nine hours afterward. Her son was only a year old at that time. When THIERS called on her she showed him the child, and pointing to him, said, "He shall never take the oath." The French Government has long since placed her under the special *surveillance* of the police.

—The recent unveiling of the new monument to MARTIN LUTHER at Worms has excited fresh interest in matters relating to his family. Of his lineal descendants only one, JOACHIM LUTHER, survives. MARTIN LUTHER had six children: HANS, ELIZABETH, MAGDALENE, MARTIN, PAUL, and MARGARETE. Of these only three—HANS, PAUL, and MARGARETE, reached maturity. The HANS branch expired early in an only daughter who died a childless wife. The PAUL branch multiplied, but expired in the male line in the fifth generation.

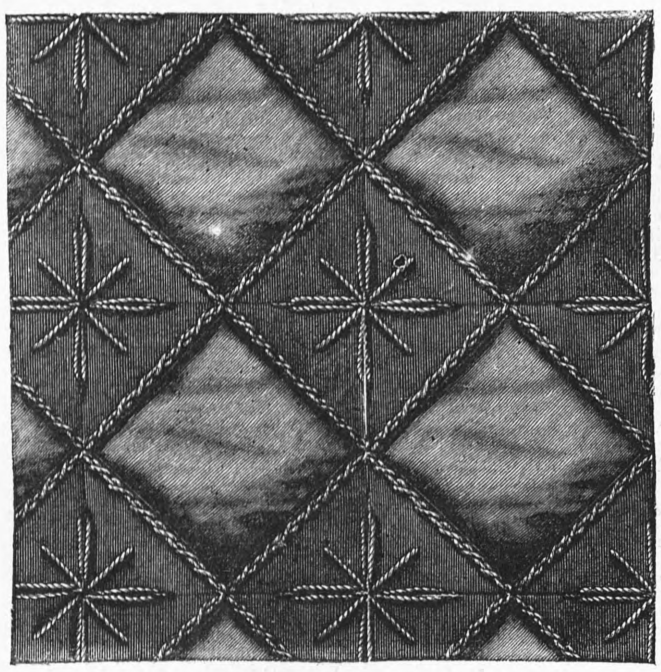
Tidy with Rosettes in Crochet and Point de Reprise.

MATERIALS: Green cloth, green twisted wool, black sewing-silk.

This tidy is made of green cloth, and ornamented, as shown by Fig. 1, with rosettes, which are worked with green wool in crochet stitch and point de reprise. Fig. 2 shows one of the rosettes for the outer edge of the tidy of the full size. For working these make, of green wool, a foundation corresponding to the inner circumference of the crochet edge of the rosette, join in a round by means of a slip stitch, and crochet on this two rounds sc. (single crochet), in which widen one stitch eight times at regular distances; in the second round the made stitches must lie over the made stitches of the former round; also in the second round crochet around both the upper veins of the stitches. On this work one round picots as follows: * 1 sc. in the first stitch of the former round, 1 picot composed of 3 ch. (chain stitches), 1 sc. in the first of the 3 ch., pass over one stitch of the former round and take one stitch, and repeat from *. At the end of the round crochet a slip stitch fastened to the first stitch of the round and the thread. Arrange this crocheted edge on pasteboard, and work within it the star composed of eight leaves in point de reprise. We have already frequently described the manner of working these leaves. Lastly, finish each leaf and also the edge with a row of herring-bone stitch worked in black sewing-silk, as shown by the illustration, and make a few knots of the green wool in the centre of the star. The large rosette in the centre of the tidy is made in the same manner, as shown by Fig. 1. Sew the rosettes when finished on the cloth, and cut the latter away underneath.

Sofa Pillow in Application.

THIS embroidery is worked on cloth laid over satin; it is extremely pretty with the materials all in green, and the satin and silk twist in a lighter shade than the cloth. Mark on the cloth the square of the design, lay the satin under the cloth, and, following the lines marked, work through the double material the rows of chain stitch seen on the illustration.



SOFA PILLOW IN APPLICATION.

The manner of working this chain stitch has been already described in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 47, page 740. Next work the alternate squares with point russe figures as shown by the illustration, and cut away the cloth of the plain squares so that the satin squares shall appear on the surface.

Section of Patchwork Cloth Tidy.

THIS tidy is formed of small pieces of black cloth sewed together. These squares are of the size shown by Fig. 1, and are worked on the edges with a kind of button-hole stitch of green wool. Fig. 2 shows the manner of working this stitch. Join the squares thus prepared on the right side with chain stitch of black wool, putting the needle through the edges of the stitches worked on the outer edges of the squares. Remnants of cloth of the same or different colors may be made useful in this manner.

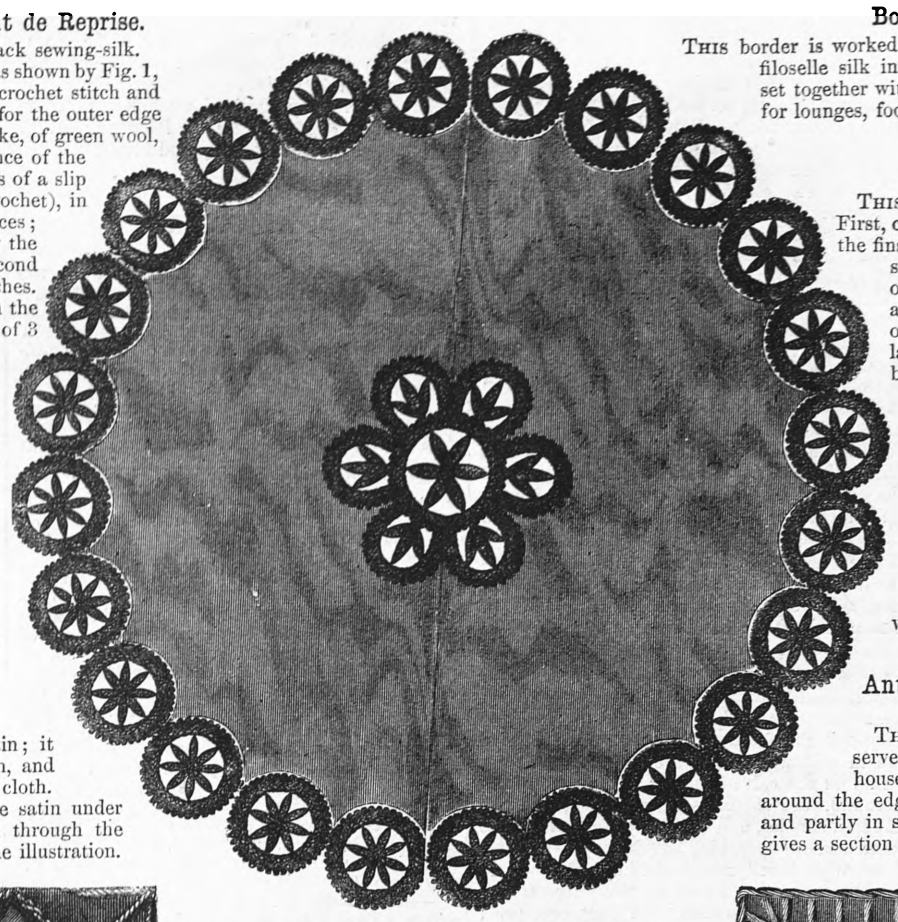


Fig. 1.—TIDY WITH ROSETTES IN CROCHET AND POINT DE REPRISE.—REDUCED SIZE.

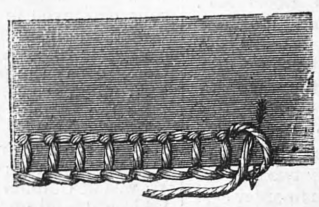


Fig. 2.—BUTTON-HOLE STITCH FOR CLOTH TIDY.

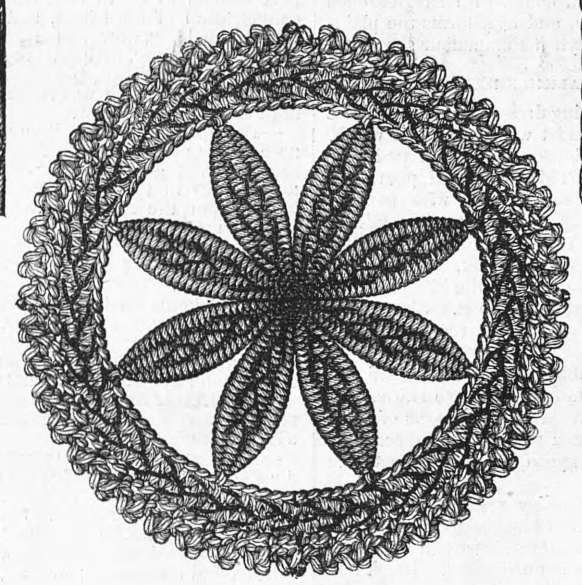


Fig. 2.—ROSETTE FOR TIDY.—FULL SIZE.

Border of Worsted Work.

THIS border is worked in ordinary cross stitch with zephyr worsted and filoselle silk in the colors designated on the illustration. When set together with alternate strips of plush it forms a pretty cover for lounges, foot-stools, etc.

Fish-Shaped Emery Bag.

See illustration on page 773.

THIS elegant little emery bag is simple and easily made. First, cut in the form given by the illustration, exclusive of the fins, two pieces of white muslin, gray drilling, or some such material, and sew them together around the outer edge with the exception of a small opening, after which fill the bag thus made with iron filings or emery and close the aperture. Then cut two similar pieces of red or gray cloth, ornament these in button-hole stitch with gold-colored or red silk, in imitation of scales, and overseam them together with fine silk of the same color. The eyes are made with a small round piece of white cloth and a black bead. The fins are formed by sticking in pins in the manner shown by the illustration.

Two Embroidery Patterns for Shoes, Cushions, etc.

See illustrations on page 773.

THE design, Fig. 1, is to be worked in cross stitch with wool and silk.

The design, Fig. 2, is worked with beads.

Antimacassar of Embroidered Bits of Linen.

See illustrations on page 773.

THIS antimacassar is pretty and easily made, and serves to use up the bits of linen which collect about a house. The pieces of linen are button-hole stitched around the edges and embroidered partly in herring-bone stitch and partly in satin stitch, in the manner shown by Fig. 2, which gives a section of the full size. The centre is adorned with a sprig

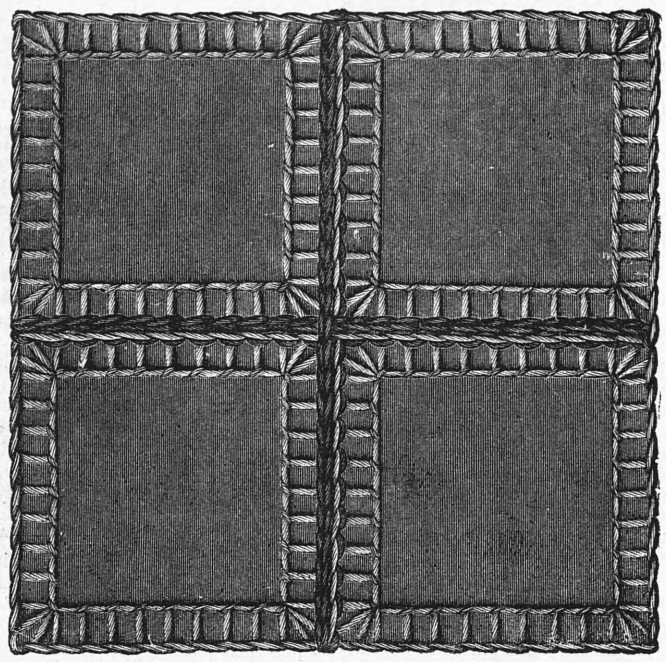
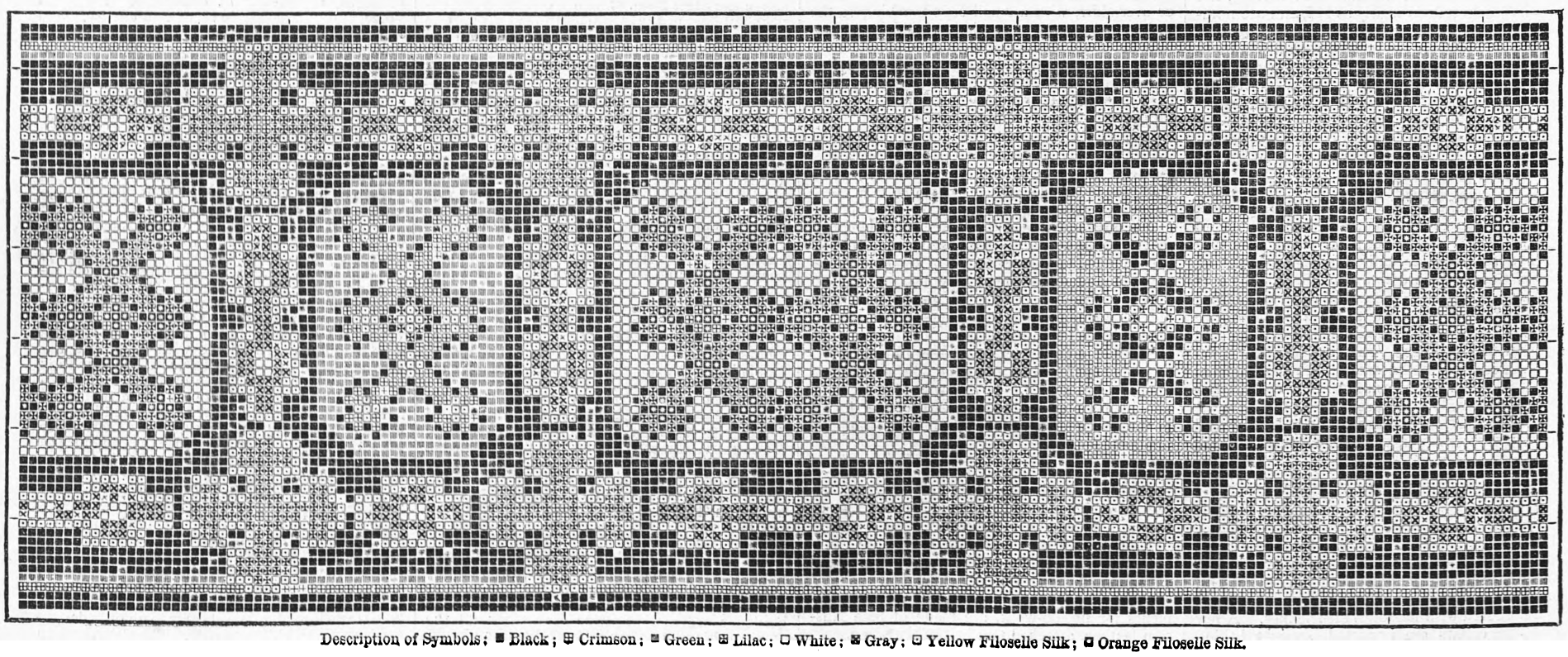


Fig. 1.—SECTION OF PATCHWORK CLOTH TIDY.

in satin stitch, which can be easily worked by referring to the illustration. In working the separate pieces embroider the centres, and then work the outer edges, after which cut away the surplus material. The illustration shows the manner of joining the pieces. The circular bands are made of straight strips in which small pleats have been laid on one side at regular intervals, after which the surplus material is embroidered and cut away. The cross bars may either be joined to the circular bands on the under side or when the edge is button-hole stitched.

EGYPTIAN MUMMIES.

THE greater part of the national existence of Egypt, it has been said, seems to have been spent in a struggle against the natural laws of corruption for about four or five thousand years; and the



Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ⊞ Crimson; ▣ Green; ⊠ Lilac; □ White; ▩ Gray; ⊡ Yellow Filoselle Silk; ◘ Orange Filoselle Silk.

EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR BORDER.

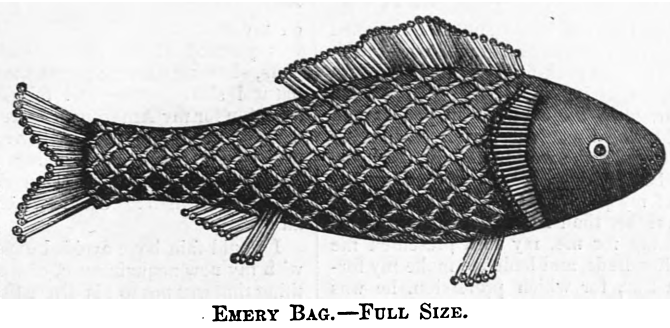
long ranges of mummy cases, with their painted decorations, with their monotonous uniformity of almond-shaped eyes and hieroglyphics indecipherable to the uninitiated, stowed away in countless crypts and vaults, like the rolls of papyrus on the shelves of a Roman library, represent well the interminable similarity of the years of Egyptian history.

What a strange spectacle must Thebes, the great necropolis of Egypt, have presented when the business of embalming was in full fashion! The quarter devoted to the manufacture of the mummy was in the centre of the city. There, in silence, under the supervision of the priests, the various castes of embalmers worked day after day. In interminable alleys and halls these busy artisans expended their care and their labor with the regularity of a Birmingham manufactory on the production of the mummy, and, like the razor or the pin, the body required the joint and successive manipulations of many hands before it was raised to the mummy state. Girt with panther-skins and helmeted with the skin mask of a jackal's head, the disembowelers were busy in one alley on ghastly rows of thousands of corpses. These, when thus prepared, were passed on to the spice-stuffers, who filled the corpse with aromatic preparations; a third set of workmen plunged the corpse in a seething bituminous bath, which, like the Styx, was to render the body invulnerable to corruption. Then the blackened form was delivered over to other artificers, who deftly swathed it in the interminable folds of the long bandages of linen, after which it was consigned to its papyrus-case, and received the outer embellishments of the painter and the varnisher, and the scribe in hieroglyphics, who with brush and reed-pen gave it the last touches of ornamental labor.

But even these classes of mummy-workmen were subdivided again into others, for the mummy manufactory necessarily was fashioned out into grades which represented all the hierarchical castes of Egypt; there were distinct mummy manufacturers for the aristocracy, for the citizens, and for the populace and slaves—nay, even for the birds and beasts. The mummy of the king, or the priest, or the noble, or the rich man, was delivered over to the guild of wig-makers, who devised for it a wonderful structure of intricately-woven jet-black hair, and a beard knit with elaborate skill, while eyes of precious stones and enamel were fitted into its mask. On ladies of rank no pains or expense was spared in preparing this mortuary toilette, which was intended to endure forever. There was a sort of special *gynæceum* in the establishment for them; and there the perfumer and the goldsmith and the worker in precious stones expended all their art in impregnating their delicate forms with unfading perfumes, and adorning them with gilding and jewelry for eternity: they gilded the lips and the nails and the bosoms; they crossed their hands upon their breasts in attitudes of prayer, or in other ways: a mother disinterred in Thebes presses against her bosom the little mummy of a newly-born child.

The mummies of persons of a lower class had less of this delicate manipulation; their swathing-linen is coarser, and their outer adornments likewise of a rougher fashion; while the pauper and slave, having gone through the embalming process, were bundled and rolled up into common cases woven out of dried palm leaves. But not only the pauper and the slave were submitted to embalmment, but all animals, domestic or wild, consecrated by the fetich worship of Egypt, were also subjected to the process—cats and dogs, ichneumons, crocodiles, scarabæi, and serpents. Egypt, as we have said, expended its existence in one interminable revolt against the tyranny of death, and undertook the defense not only of humanity, but of the brute creation, both in its useful and its noxious members, against the laws of corporeal dissolution; and indeed so mechanically fossilized became life in Egypt that the innumerable inhabitants of each gigantic necropolis must have seemed in their silence and darkness almost as much alive as their descendants whose whole energies were expended in making preparations for sepulchral state when released from the *ennui* and monotony of daily life.

For the whole land of ancient Egypt became but a kind of vestibule of the sepulchre—the people lived in order to die, and the chief care of men and women must have been to become decent mummies—the houses and palaces of the living were but mere temporary objects of consideration compared with the eternal resting-place on which, according to the condition of each, all the skill and art of Egypt was to be lavished.

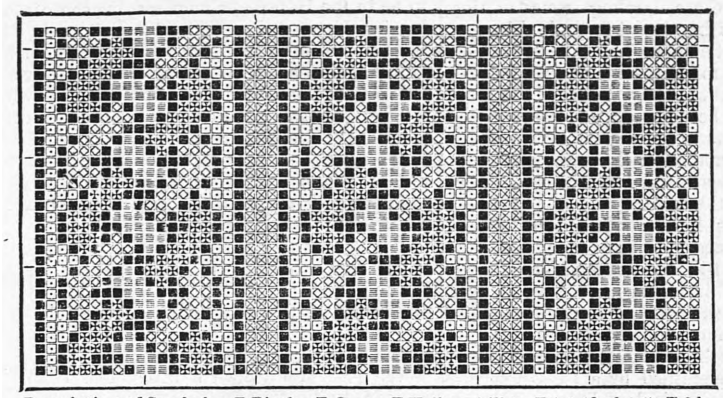


EMERY BAG.—FULL SIZE.

The king or the priest of Egypt did not, like the Bishop of St. Praxed, merely give orders about his tomb on his deathbed, he was preparing it his whole life long—all his aspirations were posthumous and subterranean. How often must Ramees or Sesostris have come to superintend the construction of his palace-sepulchre as thousands of naked, onion-fed workmen proceeded, under the whip of the inspectors, to hew out gallery after gallery, ante-chamber after ante-chamber, colonnade after colonnade, and burrowed deep into the bowels of the mountain! How often must he have wandered with pleased and vacant eye, while his dreamy inner vision was fixed beyond the horizon of the grave, before the quaint skeleton-like representations of his sports, his festivals, his hunting-parties, his battles, his sieges, and his conquests, with which the painter had lined the walls of his eternal subterranean palace; how lovingly he must have regarded the innumerable slabs of hieroglyphic inscriptions which were to record for all time the monotonous grandeur of his reign, and in the midst of which he was to repose forever! For these Pharaohs of Egypt must have been as like each other as the Noahs, Shems, Hams, and Japhets made by the Nuremberg toy-maker. The great wonder is that Nature did not grow weary, and either put an end to the race, or produce something fresh by way of change; then, if ever, was there room for a *lusus naturæ*.

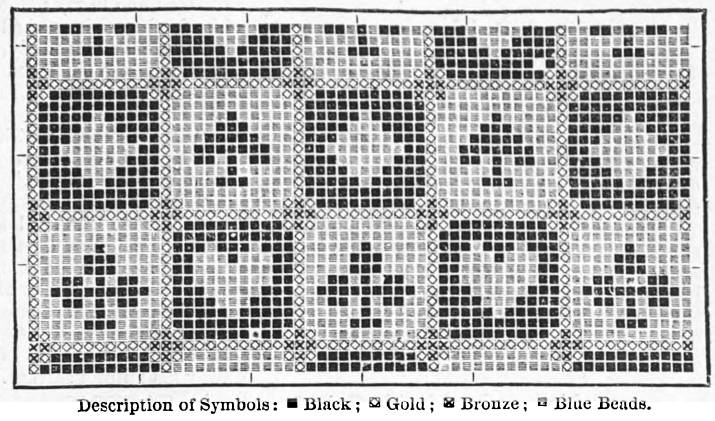
What worth, indeed, could the living man figure to himself to possess in the vicinity of forty or fifty centuries of the dead, embalmed and preserved religiously, in the serenity and sanctity of post-mortem habitations! Forty or fifty centuries of the dead of Egypt must have represented millions and millions of inhabitants, who claimed eternal possession of the soil, which was honey-combed and covered with stupendous constructions for their protection. The living were a mere appendage of the dead, and the long history of Egypt was a subjection and a slavery to extinct forms. All notion of progress was utterly absorbed in the past; hundreds of millions of witnesses and guardians of the past were there close by and beneath the living, to plead for and defend it; how could the little army of breathing men form any notion of departing from traditional observances and beliefs, of which this vast army of the dead were the representatives? If these dark millions of the tombs were to emerge into upper air, disturbed in their sepulchral ease by the violation of the rites and customs which give them still a hold on existence, it would have been a frightful parody in rehearsal of the day of the Last Judgment, and the valley of the Nile would wave swarmed with bituminous crowds some hundred and fifty times more numerous than the existing population of Egypt. If old doctrines and ideas still so often rule from the tombs of the dead over mankind, what must it have been in Egypt, where conservatism was embalmed, and stuffed, and perfumed in countless forms, and allowed a realm of sanctity to itself, and adored in the shape of countless human fetiches, whose shrines were to remain forever inviolable!

The greatness of the reign of a monarch was measured by the size of the pyramid he could raise, or the depth of the *hypogeum* which he scooped out of the mountain for the reception of his shriveled bituminous corpse. Egypt was little else than a kind of tomb. The pains, and prodigality, and expenditure of human life with which a king endeavored to hide within a mountain of stone one small chamber where his worthless remains might rest forever in inviolable security, denote one of the most singular psychological conditions of humanity in the whole history of the race; but there is



Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ⊠ Gray; ⊡ Yellow (silk); ⊞ 1st (darkest), ⊠ 2d, ■ 3d (lightest), Lilac (the last silk).

EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR TIDIES, CUSHIONS, ETC.



Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ⊠ Gold; ⊠ Bronze; ⊡ Blue Beads.

EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR LAMP MATS, ETC.

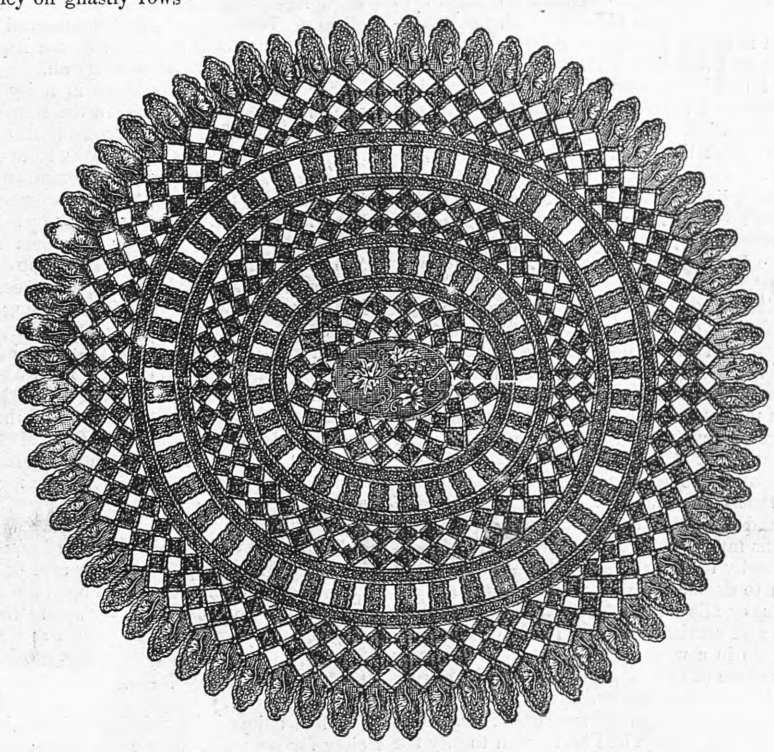


Fig. 1.—ANTIMACASSAR OF EMBROIDERED PIECES OF LINEN.

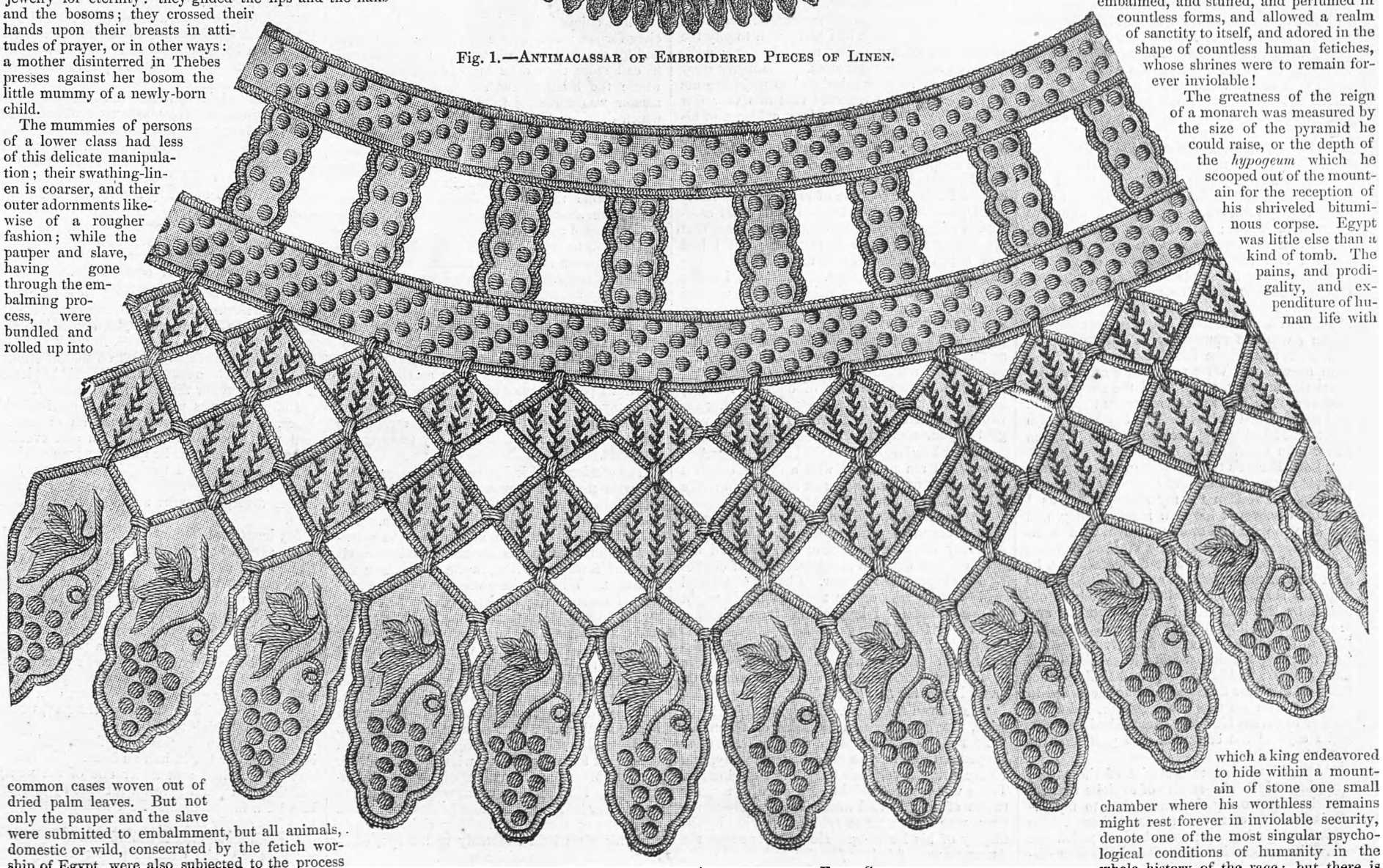


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF ANTIMACASSAR.—FULL SIZE.

one thing still more curious, and that is the unerring sagacity with which a Belzoni—gifted with a finer scent for a royal mummy than a jackal or a hyena for a corpse—arrives, after the lapse of thousands of years, and drives onward through a tortuous up-and-down labyrinth of stone, in spite of every cunning device of Egyptian architects to mislead the explorer, right to the heart of the pyramid, disinters Cheops or Ramees, and makes his body a show for holiday people.

BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY;

OR, THE

Adventures and Misadventures of Robert Ainsleigh.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN I arose next morning I found my breakfast comfortably prepared, the room swept and dusted, and the char-woman who had hitherto attended me dismissed, while my new acquaintance, dressed in the clothes I had given him, presented a decent and even gentlemanlike appearance. He certainly had not exaggerated his handiness, for my room looked cleaner than ever it had done under the *régime* of my deaf laundress; and the steak which he had cooked for my breakfast might have gratified the senses of a Lucullus.

He would fain have breakfasted off the fragments of my own meal, but this I refused. If he was good enough to live with me, he was good enough to eat with me. I had a lurking consciousness that I had done a foolish thing, but felt that I could not amend my folly by a haughty treatment of my unknown companion. While we breakfasted he gave me a brief sketch of his career and fortunes.

"My name is Philip Hay," he began; "and I am the son of a parson, a man of great learning, but a poor spirit, who spent his life in the seclusion of an agricultural district, neglected his flock while he read the classics, and brought up his family on the produce of his garden and pigsty. I can hardly remember wearing a shirt that was not ragged, or a coat and breeches that had not served my elder brother faithfully before they fell to my share. At our table butcher's meat was not the rule, but the exception; and I am somewhat inclined to attribute my want of moral stamina to that deficiency of beef from which I suffered in my boyhood. Butcher's meat is the foundation of your true Englishman. I will not say that my father gave me a good education, for he suffered me to pick up the crumbs of his learning very much as the cocks and hens that stalked about our carpetless parlor at meal-times were accustomed to pick up the fragments of each repast. I may say, without boastfulness, since my education has never been of the smallest use to me, that I had a natural aptitude for learning. Nothing in the way of scholarship came amiss to me. I knew my Greek alphabet before I was breeched, and read Erasmus in the original while other lads were blundering over their first declension. This early proficiency soon attracted the notice of neighbors, who, entirely unlearned themselves, were disposed to regard me as a juvenile prodigy, very much as they would have done had Nature gifted me with two heads, or enriched me with a superfluous arm. My reputation at twelve years old spread as far as the mansion of a wealthy nobleman, who sent for me one day when he had a house full of company, and bade me repeat an ode of Horace, and specimens of other classic poets, for the amusement of his guests. The result of this exhibition was an invitation to spend the holidays with my lord's son, an idle but by no means stupid young jackanapes, whom my learned example might possibly convert to industry. My father was but too glad to accept such an invitation; friends and neighbors declared that my fortune was made; my mother patched and turned the soundest of my old clothes, and my father pledged his credit to procure me the first suit of new ones I ever owned. I left home in high spirits, and ingratiated myself at once with my patron's son, Viscount Escote, whom I was so fortunate, or so unfortunate, as to amuse, and whose friendship or fancy I was soon master of. With this young gentleman I spent the merriest, and indeed the happiest period of my life, and the acquaintance thus begun was not destined to lapse. The boy had a warm heart, and I had perhaps reason to love him even better than I did.

"Lord Escote's tutor, a very grave and pompous gentleman, was at first inclined to object to his pupil's affection for my society; but as I speedily discovered his own incompetency, and was able to pose him at any moment by a seemingly-innocent inquiry about a crabbed sentence in Juvenal, or an obscure verb in Æschylus, he soon became more amiable, and permitted me to enjoy my share of the good things which he obtained by the exercise of grave humbug and sanctimonious imposture. When his lordship went to the university, some four years after our first meeting, nothing would please him but I must go also; and his father, Lord Mallandaine, being by this time deceased, and he succeeded to the title, with no one but a foolish, indulgent mother to govern him, he of course had his way, and I enjoyed the education of a gentleman at my patron's charge.

"I could tell you rare stories of those wild days, Mr. Ainsleigh—stories of exploits that redound rather to my cleverness than to my patron's morality or my own sense of honor. To sum up the whole, we were both expelled the university under circumstances of peculiar disgrace; and Lord Mallandaine, not caring to face a doting mother, proposed a continental tour, with me for his companion. Together we visited France, Italy, and the Low Countries, intrigued with Venetian courtesans and gamed with Parisian dandies, got up cock-fights in the Coliseum at Rome, and sparring-matches in a Florentine palace, returned to England low in pocket and broken in health, discontented with each other and disgusted with the world. I happened fortunately to be master of more than one important secret of my patron's, and in consideration of this fact, rather than from any remnant of his early friendship for me, my lord presented me with a few hundreds, and bade me make my fortune at the Bar, for which profession, he was good enough to observe, my natural impudence and capacity for lying eminently adapted me. I thanked him in my politest manner, and, cursing him in the spirit, wished him good-day. Since then we have met rarely, and then only by accident, and my chief consolation while going to the dogs has been to know that he is treading the same road."

"That is scarcely a Christian sentiment," said I, "since, by your own showing, Lord Mallandaine was kind to you."

"Kind? yes! He kept me about him so long as I amused him, and kicked me off when he tired of me. You do not know—your simplicity can not conceive the things I have done for that man, the degradations to which I have submitted, the perils I have encountered. Believe me, your Sganarelle's situation is no sinecure. And some day, in a brief fit of virtue, Don Juan turns away his faithful servant."

"How came you to succeed so ill at the Bar?"

"You will understand that better ten years hence. I began steadily enough, and for the first two years ate my dinners and studied with a pleader; but the habit of dissipation was too strong upon me. I took to spending my nights in gaming-houses, and even worse places of entertainment, brought discreditable company to my chambers, got into ill-repute with the Benchers, and it ended by my being kicked out of the Temple, as I had been kicked off by my patron, and as I had been expelled from my university. You perceive I have a genius for getting turned out of doors."

"And since that time you have lived by literature?"

"I have lived by writing for the booksellers, if you call that literature: I don't. I have composed more biographies of lately-defunct celebrities than I can count; have written a history of the Greek and Roman heroes, adapted for schools, and stolen from Plutarch; have composed metrical translations of such Latin poets as are least fit for translation; have invented a scandalous history of the Princess of Wales, whom I have no grounds for supposing any thing but a very estimable matron; and have written pamphlets for and against every party. And now, Sir, you know the worst of me. Upon my merits I have not presumed to touch; but even my enemies admit that I have an easy temper and a daring spirit, and that I can be a firm friend to the man who wins my regard. I have flung myself upon your charity because I like your face; and it is for you to decide whether you will turn me out of doors, or allow me to remain as your faithful drudge and servitor until my luck turns, as it is sure to do in a week or two, when I will freely pay my share of our expenses, and continue truly grateful for your company."

And now came my fatal moment of weakness. I was but just twenty, and easily won to pity the misfortunes of my fellow-men, however well-deserved might be their woes. The man's story was in every manner calculated to prejudice me against him; but I reflected that this very fact told in his favor, and was at least evidence of his candor, since it would have been easy for so clever a rascal to give a plausible account of himself. There seemed a reckless honesty about the fellow that fascinated me in spite of myself. How often had I felt the solitude of my chambers intolerable, and here was a learned and jovial companion eager to share them with me. True, that his character might be against him; but I had now begun the world, and must expect to encounter strange characters. And then, I doubt not that my vanity was tickled by his avowed fancy for me; and I suffered this adroit flattery to influence me in his favor. What chance has rustic youth against a citizen of the world such as this? The snare had been ingeniously prepared, and I walked blindfold into the meshes.

"I'll not turn you out of doors!" I cried, heartily; "and if you possess the learning for which you give yourself credit, I shall be very glad of your company."

"Your hand on that," said Philip Hay. "And now that I am provided with a decent coat I'll go and look up Mr. Cave, and see if I can strike a bargain with him for my Amazons."

On this he departed, and was no sooner gone than I began to ponder seriously whether this Mr. Hay would ever return, and if I had not been cheated out of a substantial suit of clothes by this eloquent adventurer. I had been warned against the tricks of the town, and this might be one of them. I laughed aloud as I thought how easily I had been cheated.

In this matter, however, I was agreeably disappointed. At five o'clock in the afternoon in comes my gentleman, with his hat cocked on one side and his face triumphant.

"Look you there, Mr. Robert Ainsleigh!" he cried, flinging a purse of guineas on the table. "Your clothes have brought me luck. Mr. Cave happened to be in rare good-humor to-day, and I have struck a very fair bargain for my history. There was a great hulking fellow, with a queer twitch of his face and limbs, hanging about the shop, who went near to spoil my market by the display of his learning. He cried out that the Amazons were fabulous females, and that I could know as much of them as I knew of Achilles—just what was told in Homer, and fragmentary snatches of the Cyclic poets. But I extinguished my twitching friend—who wore a coat that was patched at the elbows and ragged at the cuffs, showing at once premeditated poverty and natural slovenliness—and talked Cave into an affection for my Amazons. Here are ten guineas earnest-money, and by your leave, Mr. Ainsleigh, we'll spend a pleasant evening. Shall it be at Marylebone Gardens or Don Saltero's, Ranelagh or Vauxhall? Under which king, Bezonian?"

I would fain have avoided appearing in public with my new acquaintance, of whom I knew nothing that was not to his discredit; but his good-humor and joviality soon vanquished my scruples. I had a natural curiosity about the pleasures of the town, those dazzling scenes of riot and delight which I had heard so praised by my fellow-students in the dining-hall—the places not to know which was to be in some manner behind the age. In a word, I suffered Mr. Philip Hay to lead me where he pleased; and those evenings which had hitherto been spent in the studious quiet of my chamber, or the grave gossip of an obscure coffee-house, were now given entirely to the pleasures of the town.

I might perhaps have continued to regard Philip Hay's assumed affection for myself with doubt and suspicion if that reprobate individual had required any thing from me. But his fortunes revived from the first day of our acquaintance, and he was more extravagant in his expenditure than myself, notwithstanding that my purse had been replenished by a bank-note inclosed in Lady Barbara's last letter. He reproached me loudly for my parsimony when I refused to drink or game in the vivacious company to which he introduced me at Vauxhall and other public places; and on more than one occasion, by his somewhat scornful offers to pay my score, drew me into an outlay which I afterward regretted, for I never forgot that I owed all to my benefactress; and the natural pride of manhood was only sustained by the hope that I should one day be able to repay all.

Nor were my nights spent in noisy pleasure at Don Saltero's, or wasted in the Ranelagh Rotundo, unattended by the after-bitterness of remorse. From scenes so frivolous, from company so loose and unprincipled, my thoughts went back to Hauteville, the calm days and happy evenings, the pleasant conversations over my lady's tea-board, the summer sunsets Dorothea Hemsley and I had watched from the Italian garden, when the night-dews hung heavy on the roses, and the last of midsummer's nightingales sang loud in the dusky distance of the wood. But, in spite of these better thoughts, the pleasures into which my companion plunged me were not without their charm. The restraint in which my boyhood had been spent especially fitted me to be the fool of such frivolous temptations; and my Mephistopheles contrived his snares with a rare genius. Seldom did he suffer weariness to mar my amusement. A skillful courtier, set on by wily ministers to lure a crown-prince from thoughts of statecraft into the vile slough of dissipation, could not have acted his part with greater care or wisdom. In a word, my tempter played upon me as Prince Hamlet bade the courtiers play upon "this pipe;" and it was only afterward, when I saw the other side of his cards, that I knew the subtlety of his game, and how utterly helpless I had been in his hands.

I had enjoyed the privilege of Mr. Hay's society for six weeks before Sir Marcus Lestrange and his family came to London. I had ventured to call more than once in St. James's Square, where the house-porter informed me that his master was suffering from an attack of gout, which detained him at Hauteville, and that Mr. Lestrange was in Paris. I was relieved to hear of Everard's absence, and to know that Dora was for the present free from the attention, or persecution, of her enforced suitor.

We came through St. James's Square one night, after an evening spent at Vauxhall, whence it had pleased us to return on foot. I have since had reason to believe that Mr. Hay had his own special purpose in bringing me this way on this particular night. We had supped with some of his rackety acquaintance at the gardens, and he had induced me to drink a little more than usual. The punch, the company, and the long walk in the night-air had combined to excite my brain, and for the first time during our acquaintance I had spoken freely of my friends at Hauteville; nor did I perceive until afterward, when considering my night's folly in the sober reflections of the next morning, how artfully my companion led me on to the revelation of my most secret thoughts.

The windows of Sir Marcus's house were blazing with the light of numberless candles as we came into the square. The family had arrived, and Lady Barbara was holding a reception. The great hall-door was open, and we saw the splendor within, with guests ascending and descending, and footmen bawling in the hall and on the staircase. Without there was a crowd of chairmen, footmen with flaming torches, link-boys, and lantern-bearers, though it was a fine spring night, and the stars shining high up in the clear cold gray. We stood to watch the company passing in and out, powder and diamonds, rustling trains of gorgeous hues, and gold and silver brocade that flashed in the glare of the torches. The crowd proclaimed the names of beaux and belles, soldiers and statesmen. Now there was a hush and murmur in the crowd as Mr. Pelham descended from his chariot, with ribbon and star upon his breast, and a smile upon his florid countenance. How soon was that respected head to be laid low! And here, close behind him, came the Duke of Newcastle, looking right and left, with his glass held affectedly to his eye, challenging the plaudits of the crowd.

"What a grinning baboon goes yonder!" cried my companion, who knew every one; "it is a monkey that clambers into power on the shoulders of better men."

A thick-set, clumsy-looking man, with a dark, scowling face, came presently through the crowd.

"Yonder goes the Secretary of War, Henry Fox," said Mr. Hay; "one of the greatest statesmen we have, but not eloquent as a speaker. Did you ever see such a hang-dog countenance? One would say 'twas a fellow that had just committed murder and hid the body in a ditch. But the man is a genius! If he and Pitt could but combine their forces, the brotherhood of Pelham must bow their diminished heads. Sir Marcus is well in with the Ministry, you see, and I doubt not will get some new berth abroad or at home. Why, with such interest you ought to be in the House of Commons, instead of slaving for the reward of a shabby stuff gown, and the right to cross-examine the witnesses for the crown against a sheep-stealer! But come away; it is sorry pleasure hanging about the door when we feel ourselves good enough for the best company in the drawing-room."

"I am not so sure of my own merits as you are of yours, Philip," I answered, laughing; "but there is one in that house I would give a great deal to see."

"And that one is Miss Dorothea Hemsley, a young lady with fifty thousand pounds for her fortune, who is engaged to her cousin Everard Lestrange, and who would marry you to-morrow if you had the courage of a mouse!" said my companion.

We had now drawn a little aloof from the crowd; Philip Hay had thrust his arm through mine, and was leading me homeward.

"What do you mean?" I cried, aghast at such sacrilege as this light mention of a name that was, and has ever been, sacred to my ears.

"I mean that I am a man of the world, and know what stuff women are made of. You tell me that Miss Hemsley is plighted, or all but plighted, to young Lestrange, as hardened a sinner as my late patron Mallandaine, from whom I have heard his character. And you have watched her, and seen her unhappy; and you surprised her once in tears, and she owned that the burden of her sorrow was hard to bear. Yet with all her sorrow she found time and patience to teach you Spanish, and was pleased you should polish her Italian; and sang with you, and walked with you, and watched with a face white as a corpse while Sir Marcus reviled and banished you, and sent you a little pious monkish book for your comfort. Why, man alive, the woman loves you—it is as plain as the nose on your face—and would marry you out of hand if you had the spirit to ask her."

"That is impossible—even if I could do such an act of dishonor against Lady Barbara, which I could not. Those who have authority over her would take care to prevent such a marriage."

"Yes, if you were so dull a blockhead as to ask their permission. But I don't suppose even your rustic simplicity is simple enough for that. There are parsons by the score in May Fair and the Fleet who will marry you without leave or license from parents and guardians; and you will surely not let the young lady be sacrificed to a man she hates for lack of a little courage on your part."

"If daring of mine could secure her happiness there are few perils I would not dare," I answered, boldly.

"Pshaw! thou art a creature of ifs and buts. Had I such good fortune as to win the heart of an orphan heiress, I would not stand shivering on the door-step while my lady-love was pining for me within."

The cold night and the walk had sobered me by this time, and the man's tone offended me. I begged him to trouble himself no more about my business, which I assured him I could conduct without his advice. He received my rebuff with his usual good-humor, and for some time forbore to offend by any mention of Dora's name.

CHAPTER XI.

WE PLIGHT OUR TROTH.

ON the following day I received a note from Lady Barbara. It had been written before the assembly of the previous night, and it informed me that the writer would walk in the Mall in St. James's Park at three o'clock on that afternoon, attended only by a footman, and would be pleased if I could join her there, as if by accident.

Philip Hay was present when I received this letter, and soon after proposed an expedition that would occupy the afternoon and evening. When I declined this he questioned me so closely that I confessed I was going to meet my patroness. He congratulated me on being so high in her favor, and went out upon his own business.

My heart beat high as I entered the Mall. If Dora should be with Lady Barbara!—if!—but I knew this could not be. My lady herself had been anxious to banish me from that sweet society, and would she again expose me to the danger which had already well-nigh wrecked my peace? No; I felt sure my benefactress would be alone; and yet it was with a pang of disappointment I saw her solitary figure approach me.

It was not the fashionable hour for promenaders, and, except for an occasional passer, or a strolling nurse-girl with her brood of children, we had the walk well-nigh to ourselves.

Lady Barbara dismissed her footman, bidding him return for her in half an hour. She led the way to a retired seat under one of the newly-budding elms, and here we sat side by side, my lady for a few moments silent with emotion, and I no less deeply moved.

Presently she took my hand and kissed it.

"Dear Robert! dear adopted son!" she murmured gently, "it is hard to meet you thus by stealth."

"Nothing is hard to me, dear Madam, except the loss of your affection."

"And that loss can never happen to you. I have only to look in your face, and the past comes back to me, and I fancy you are your father, and I am young, and jealous, and wicked, and miserable once more. No justice that I can do to you will atone for that old wrong to him. Oh, if it could! But that is a vain wish; a wrong done to the dead is done forever. How well you look! how manly you have grown! You had never much of the rustic air, but even that you had is gone, and you are a courtier, a man of the world. In what school have you been graduating?"

I blushed as I bethought myself that it was in those notorious seminaries of Ranelagh and Vauxhall I had acquired the manly air on which my dear lady was pleased to congratulate me.

"Speak to me of yourself, dear Madam," I said, "and of—"

"And of Dora!" said Lady Barbara, as I paused, confused. "Ah, Robert, that is a business which sorely troubles me."

"What business, Madam?"

"Dora's marriage with Everard. As the time draws near I begin to doubt the wisdom of my husband's conduct in this matter."

"As the time draws near!" I cried, my heart beating painfully. "What do you mean by those words, Madam?"

"Ah, I forgot. You know nothing of what has happened since you left Hauteville. Sir Marcus has hurried on this marriage between his niece and his son. I fear he has pressed his suit somewhat too persistently. The dear child yields, but I am sure she is unhappy; and oh, Robert, I sorely fear it is for her fortune Everard is so eager!"

"I know as much, Lady Barbara," replied I, and proceeded to repeat the remarks on this subject with which Mr. Everard had favored me. "No man who loved a woman would speak of her thus," I said, in conclusion.

On this my lady became very thoughtful.

"Oh, Robert, would to Heaven I knew what is best to be done!" she cried, after a pause.

"Any thing is better than that Miss Hemsley should be unhappy," said I; "and I do not believe *that* marriage can result in her happiness. Oh, Madam, believe me, this is no selfish argument. It is not because I love her that I say this. Alas, what hope have I? Sever her from Everard Lestrange to-morrow, and she is no nearer me. But why should her peace be sacrificed to any ambitious design of her guardian's?"

"It was her father's wish also, Robert. Mr. Hemsley was a rich city merchant, who owed his position in society to his alliance with the Lestranges. He had a great friendship for my husband, and it was he who first mooted the idea of Dorothea's union with her cousin. His will was made with a view to this; and if Dora marries without her guardian's consent she forfeits half of her fifty thousand pounds, which sum goes to Sir Marcus."

I was inexpressibly glad to hear this; it seemed to lessen by one-half the distance between the heiress and me.

"Ah, Madam, how happy the lover who should win her against her uncle's will!" cried I.

"Even then she would have no despicable fortune. The stringent terms of Mr. Hemsley's will are by no means singular in days when clandestine marriages are so common, and an heiress the mark for every adventurer. There is some talk of a bill to stop Fleet marriages; but they say Henry Fox will oppose it with all his might, since he owes his happiness to a stolen match."

"You spoke of Miss Hemsley's marriage as near at hand, Madam. When is it to be?"

I faltered, and felt myself cowering like one who waits his death-blow.

"Alas, Robert, very soon; in a few weeks."

"That is indeed soon. But surely, Madam, if this young lady does not love her cousin you will interfere to prevent her misery? If Sir Marcus be the guardian of her fortune you are as surely the proper guardian of her peace; you can not consent to see her sacrificed."

"I know not what I ought to do, Robert," replied my lady, helplessly; "I wish I better knew the dear girl's heart; and yet I dare not question her. I have tried my uttermost to dissuade Sir Marcus from this hasty marriage, but he is inflexible. And Dora is *his* niece and ward, not mine. Everard is in Paris, where he is appointed Secretary of Legation; but he comes back to-morrow night. He is on the road at this moment, and the preparations for the wedding are already begun. The milliners are busy with the bride's finery; but the poor child takes no pleasure in laces and brocades. I remember the fuss about my own wedding-clothes, and what weary work it all seemed to me. Ah, Robert, these loveless, joyless marriages must surely be displeasing to Heaven! But I see my servant coming back to us. You must go, dear; I shall write to you soon. Good-by, and God bless you!"

So we parted; I to return to the Temple, sorely depressed in spirits. Nor were Mr. Hay's persuasions of any avail with me for some time after this. The very thought of crowded public gardens filled me with aversion; I sickened at my comrade's boisterous jokes; I buried myself in my books, and would have given much to be rid of this old Man of the Mountain, who had contrived to fasten himself upon my shoulders. I think Mr. Hay's tact enabled him to perceive this; for he left me to myself for upward of a week soon afterward, absenting himself upon his own business, as he said.

Days and weeks passed and brought me no letter from Lady Barbara. I suffered tortures of anxiety, and every evening after dark stole away from my books and walked to St. James's Square, where, under cover of the friendly night, I reconnoitred the mansion that sheltered Dorothea Hemsley. The lighted windows, more or less brilliantly illuminated, told me nothing of her who was perhaps sad and sorrowful within. Sometimes the thought that she was being forced into a hateful marriage went nigh to drive me to desperation. I remembered what Philip Hay—that soldier of fortune and citizen of the world—had said to me. The great doors of the diplomatist's house stood open before me. Why should I not rush in and rescue my darling from her oppressors by force of arms—my own strong arms, which should be able to shield and save her from all the world? Why should I not do this? Why, indeed, except that I had no right to suppose such a proceeding would be agreeable to Miss Hemsley. Could I have been assured of her love there would have been little need of hesitation. But how was I, the least learned of students in the science of woman's heart, to interpret with any certainty tender looks, and gentle blushes, and downcast eyelids, and faint fluttering hand, and low, tremulous voice? Those sweet signs of maiden bashfulness might mean so little, or so much.

One night that I found the house in St. James's Square dimly lighted, and the porter standing at the open door tasting the evening air, I made so bold as to ask that functionary whether there was not soon to be a marriage in the family he served. The man had not been at Hauteville, being no doubt too burly and ponderous a person for removal from his leather-hooded chair in London, and I therefore ran no hazard of recognition.

Yes; he informed me that on Thursday fortnight the young lady of the house was to be married. The blow struck hard. Thursday fortnight! It was now Tuesday; in sixteen days Dora would be gone from me forever.

I returned to my chambers with a distracted mind, but happily found a brief note from Lady Barbara awaiting me.

"We shall be at Vauxhall to-morrow evening," she wrote; "be sure to be at ten o'clock in the dark walk to the right of the statue of Neptune—and be cautious. We shall not be alone."

"We." Did "we" mean my lady and Miss Hemsley? I thought as much; and I know not how I lived till the next night. Philip Hay's presence and lively interest in my welfare seemed at this time particularly obtrusive. He questioned me closely as to where I was going to spend my evening, and said he had made a special appointment for me with some friends of his own at Vauxhall.

I doubt not that some movement of vexation at this intelligence betrayed where I was going, if he had not the knowledge already from another source.

Evening came, and I found myself for the first time alone in the gardens, fluttered with unspeakable hopes, and very anxious to avoid any encounter with Mr. Philip Hay. Though I had meant to arrive only a few minutes before the hour named by Lady Barbara it was but nine o'clock when I entered the gates, so swiftly did my desires outrun time. I kept entirely to the dark walks, and looked at my watch every time I came to a solitary lamp. Every footstep fluttered me, every rustle of brocade set my heart beating with a sudden tumult. I thought the gardens could never have been so full of fops and belles, the dark alleys never so affected by the company.

At last the clock struck ten; the distant music grew confused in my ears; placid stars above and twinkling lamps below swam before my eyes. Two ladies in hoods and masks approached, and in another moment Dora was at my side.

"Dora—Miss Hemsley!" I faltered; and then I know not what impulse possessed me, but, forgetful of all except the delight of this meeting, I clasped the dear girl in my arms. "My love, my darling!" I cried, "this hateful marriage must not be."

"No, Robert," she murmured, gently withdrawing herself from my embrace, "it shall not be. I have been very weak and cowardly; but when the time drew near despair made me bold, and I cast myself upon Lady Barbara's mercy. Dearest aunt! she is all goodness, and she will not suffer me to be wretched for life, as I should be if I married one I can not love, whom I can not even respect."

"Yes, Robert," said my lady, "we must save this dear girl. I knew not her heart till the night before last, when some tearful words she let fall tempted me to question her. We must save her—but how? I can not openly oppose the will of her guardian, my husband; and I *know* nothing against my step-son. It is a faithful lover must save her, Robert."

My lady and Dora had both removed their masks. The sweet girl stood before me, one moment pale as a lily, and in the next blushing crimson.

"There is one, Madam, who would shrink from no dangerous service if he might be permitted to save her, and who would take her for his wife penniless more proudly than as heiress to a great fortune. But he is obscure, dependent, almost nameless. Would you not despise such a one, Dora?"

"Despise you!" faltered my angel tenderly; and she gave me a divine look from her blue eyes.

"I begin to think I am not wanted here," cried my lady, laughing; "I will go and pay my respects to Neptune. Ah, Dora, will you hang your pearl necklace on the sea-god's trident if you escape shipwreck on life's troubled ocean?"

She was gone. I led my darling to a bench, and we sat down side by side. She put on her mask again. Was it to hide those maiden blushes? And then, emboldened by sudden joy, I spoke to her of my love, and implored her to consent to a speedy clandestine marriage.

"I would not offer you a name so obscure, Dora," said I, when I had pleaded in swift passionate words that came from the very depth of my heart; "I would rather wait and work patiently till I was worthier so dear a partner. But by this way only, or by a resolute refusal on your part, which would expose you to all the tortures of domestic persecution, can your union with Everard Lestrange be avoided; and oh, my darling, I think I would sooner see you dead than united to that man, for I know he is a villain. Who else should have forged the vile letter that banished and disgraced me? Who else should be privy to poor Margery's flight? Ah, Dora, you know how little of my time was spent at the warrener's lodge after one dear person came to Hauteville. I was but too forgetful of my old humble friends. No, darling, you must not marry Everard Lestrange; but can you consent to share a lot so lowly as mine?"

"Yes, Robert," she whispered; and for a few blessed moments we sat silent, with clasped hands. This was our betrothal.

A faint rustling of the bushes behind startled us. I sprang to my feet.

"Who is there?" I cried, with my hand on my sword-hilt, for I was inclined to suspect an eaves-dropper.

Again I heard a stealthy rustling, and swift footsteps in the next walk. I examined the hedge, which grew thick and high; but the listener, if there had been one, was gone. Those rapid retreating footsteps were his, no doubt.

Lady Barbara came hurrying toward us.

"Come, children," she cried, "is all settled?"

"There is nothing settled, dear Madam, except that Miss Hemsley has blessed a most unworthy creature with her love."

"Oh, Robert, if I can read you aright, she will have no cause to repent her confidence. Dear children! But there is not time for another word. We are here with a party, you know, Robert, and have stolen away from them. Our friends will be looking for us. Am I to arrange every thing? Yes, I suppose mine is the only cool head among us. I will write to you, Robert."

"Lady Barbara!" called a gentleman, running toward us.

"See, here comes Mr. Dolford, one of our beaux! Away with you, cousin, away!"

I pressed Dora's hand, murmured a blessing upon my cousin and my love, and vanished as my lady's cavalier approached her, complaining bitterly of her absence.

"We have all been hunting you, ladies. Calcavanti, the conjuror, is just beginning his wonderful performance. It is the best thing to be seen this year, and I would not have you miss it. Lestrange has been positively distracted, I protest, Miss Hemsley."

I felt like a creature in a dream after leaving Dora. My head swam with the sweet intoxication of so much happiness. I could not tear myself from the garden, but hung about the darker walks in the faint hope of seeing her again. It was not till after midnight that I left the pleasure-haunt and walked eastward under the pale April stars.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE old proverb that "truth is stranger than fiction" seems verified in the curious history of a diamond pin, which an ingenious writer might take as the basis of a novel. The facts, in brief, are as follows: In 1861 the wife of a Hartford merchant purchased at a prominent jeweler's a cluster diamond pin, as a birthday present for her husband. Last May, wearing it, as was his custom, he went by steamer to New York; and on the passage he either lost it, or it was stolen from him. No traces of it could be found; and a short time ago the gentleman's wife, desirous of replacing the lost gift, went to the same jeweler, and from the diamond pins shown her, selected one resembling the lost jewel. The resemblance was so striking that she finally called her husband's attention to it. On examination, he became convinced that it was the identical pin he had lost. Further investigation revealed the number of the pin, which corresponded with the number of the pin sold by the jeweler in 1861. The jeweler had purchased the pin from a New Haven merchant, and it was traced through several hands, one being a diamond-setter, and another a pawnbroker. The jeweler promptly surrendered the pin upon its identification. A few days later the owner embarked again on the same steamer upon which he had lost the pin months before. Some casual remark made to an employé on board resulted in the strange discovery that the employé once owned the pin himself—he had bought it of a watchman on the boat, who said he found it. Preferring a ring to a pin, he took it to a diamond-setter in New Haven, who engaged to reset the diamonds in a ring, and, as he supposed, did so. At any rate, he returned him a cluster ring. An examination of the recovered pin, however, showed that the original setting has never been disturbed. The sharp diamond-setter palmed off the ring upon his customer, kept the pin, charged for resetting, sold the pin to a pawnbroker, and finally, after many wanderings, it found its way back to the same store from which it was purchased seven years before, and a second time selected by a lady as a birthday gift to her husband. Such a chain of circumstances is very remarkable.

During a game of base-ball on Boston Common the other day, a young lady who was passing by was struck by a ball in the temple, and fell insensible. She was taken into the police officer's room, but it was some time before she was sufficiently recovered to be conveyed home.

The *Scientific American* recommends onions as a specific against epidemics. If sliced and kept in a sick-room they will absorb all atmospheric poison. A fresh one should be used every hour. It is noticed that in the room of a small-pox patient they blister and decompose with great rapidity, but will prevent the spread of the disease.

A novel appointment of officers was recently made in a Philadelphia church. Five ladies were ordained as deaconesses. A sermon was preached on the occasion, in which it was stated that the office of deaconess was common in the primitive church, and recognized in the Scriptures; that such an office was needful, since there were many duties in a church which ladies were specially fitted to perform, but which should be done with the authority of the church. The ladies, who received a solemn charge from the pastor, were all well-known residents of the city.

An importation of velocipedes from Paris is threatened. But the great question which is being discussed in that city is, whether ladies shall adopt the novel vehicle. Be that as it may, the project is on foot to supply all the rural letter-carriers with these simple and useful machines. The rounds of distribution which are now finished on foot at six o'clock in the evening may be finished at two o'clock in the afternoon with velocipedes, and there is, besides, a great saving of fatigue. A velocipede journey has been arranged by some amateurs of Marseilles. They are to go from that city by way of Corniche, Geneva, Turin, and Susa, over Mont Cenis, and return by the valley of the Rhone.

The latest novelties are trembling flowers covered with ants (artificial ones, we hope), which are used in Paris for bonnet-trimmings. This is nearly equal to the "spider" ear-rings announced a short time since.

It is said that any honest business is respectable; but we should think the man at Lake George who makes his own and his wife's living by catching rattlesnakes, and selling the oil obtained from them, would like a change of employment.

A few years hence, when the country through which the Pacific Railroad runs is settled, we may expect Rocky Mountain fruit will be among the novelties of our markets. It is said to be a fine orchard country.

An English lady, having been informed that the Medical School of the University of Paris was open to women, applied to the Minister of Public Instruction for official confirmation of the report. The Minister replied that English ladies who desired to follow the profession of medicine would be authorized to pursue their studies under the Faculty of Paris and to present themselves for examination. They must be provided with the diplomas required for admission.

Ladies—American ladies we mean, of course—should be thankful they do not live in Warsaw. There black dresses have been forbidden for some time, but now the interdiction extends to gray and other colors. Policemen are stationed at the church doors in order to assure themselves that the ladies do not even wear skirts of the forbidden colors.

Burglaries have been frequent at many of the fashionable watering-places during the past season. The following instance has some novel features: A lady of timid disposition was suddenly waked from sleep by a slight noise in her room. Giving her husband, who was slumbering soundly at her side, a tremendous pinch, she whispered, "Charles, Charles, wake up, there's a burglar standing right by my bedside." Charles *did* wake up, and seeing the outline of a dark figure bending over toward him, dealt it a sudden backhanded blow, with such effect that it landed backward with a crash on the chamber floor, while the room resounded with his wife's shrieks of "Thieves! help! murder! the burglar; he's killed me!" The husband sprang to his feet and grasped a chair, when his chamber door was burst in by a porter, with a candle, and two gentlemen whom he was escorting to their rooms. There lay the lady prostrate, with the blood streaming from her nose, and the husband stood fiercely brandishing a chair. He was unceremoniously disarmed by the newcomers.

"Ain't you ashamed to be fightin with your wife, you ruffin?"

"Fighting with my wife; what do you mean? I knocked over a burglar, just now, who was leaning over my bed, trying to steal my watch."

"Oh dear! no, Charles, that was me sitting up in bed," sobbed the lady; "and I thought it was the burglar that struck me with a club." The intruders retired.

A very simple dish is often relished by an invalid whose stomach rejects more elaborately prepared articles of food. Pudding or gruel made of corn, roasted brown like coffee, and ground in a coffee-mill, is agreeable and wholesome. It is often a decidedly remedial agent in cases of diarrhea and dysentery.

We hope the Boston cigar-dealer who makes the startling statement that he sells an average of three hundred cigars a day for the use of ladies in that city, has reliable data to establish his statement. Such a report should be investigated before it is taken for granted to be true.

A NEW THEORY IN VOCALIZATION.

ABUNDANT evidence is found by practical anatomists to prove that the ability to sing depends far more on some undiscovered condition of some part of the brain, than in the muscular tissues of the larynx or vocal box at the upper part of the windpipe.

All the singing birds have their musical box just at the root of the lungs, whereas in man it is at the top, making a projecting prominence in front of the throat below the chin. The tracheal tube is an elastic pipe with the lungs at the lower extremity, acting as bellows, and the air which they force up through it, in passing through the larynx, rushes by the thin edges of some tense horizontal membranes that vibrate, and sound is the result. Every terrestrial animal, therefore, can make some kind of vocal sound, which is varied in character and intensity as it rises in the scale of organic life. The serpent hisses; so does the goose also, but it can do more, and squawk. Additional power or ability to modify

the original tone depends on additional muscular developments which invariably bear a certain correspondence to a further cerebral development.

Notwithstanding these well understood facts, Sir Duncan Gibbs, a new writer on physiological subjects, has published the results of a series of observations on a certain part of the vocal box called *epiglottis*, or cover of the box, on the essential condition of which, according to his theory, the ability to sing, that is, in the highest sense of artistic vocalization, depends, and consequently laryngeal muscles or brain influence is quite ignored. With a laryngoscope—an instrument for looking into the back part and far down the throat—in the examination of 4600 healthy persons of all ages and both sexes, varying positions in life, he found the epiglottis in 513 to be quite pendent, and not in a vertical position. He ascertained also, that it was hereditary in many instances, for he found it thus in a mother and child. He makes the percentage in this condition 11 among Europeans, but much greater in the natives of Asia and Africa, 280 of whom he examined.

Next this epiglottic philosopher believes the compass of the voice in female singers very much depends on the canting or out of place aspect of the valve. Young girls, he says, with a pendency of the glottis, can never expect to become singers of any note, unless the epiglottis can be readjusted. The voice is not clear and silvery either in them or boys when thus displaced, as it were. Consequently when the voice is thus defective the cause of it is apparent. Lastly, to show how many epiglottises are out of place in Great Britain he puts the unfortunate down in round numbers at over 3,000,000. In other words, they either can not sing or have no music in their souls.

Now let us look a little further into this matter. To the closest anatomical critic the difference between the vocal mechanism of an ourang-outang and that of a man, singer or no singer, could not be demonstrated very satisfactorily if at all. With a brain which can only receive and transmit, a knowledge of music would be an utter impossibility. Birds never make any progress although year after year they are subjected to the full influence of musical instruments. The canary repeats the same notes while it lives, and so do other song birds, and simply because the brain has not the susceptibility for appreciating a sound beyond the range of its own voice.

This imagined varying position of the epiglottis is simply absurd. It has nothing to do with the voice, except in rising or falling in the slightest degree for varying the air current; but the vibration of the edges of the vocal chords gives the sound, and the widening or narrowing of the chink—a mere slit between two little cartilages, controlled by exquisitely developed muscles—gives the voice its whole character as a simple tone. Its modifications into singing are wholly due to the mouth, nasal cavities, lips, teeth, and the varying tension of all the muscles on both sides and front of the neck, together with the elongation or shortening of the windpipe.

The first and essential office of the epiglottis in animals where it exists is to fall over the top of the air-tube leading to the lungs, acting as a valve to prevent any foreign matter from falling into it. Thus, in swallowing a morsel it slides over the top of the epiglottis and drops into the esophagus, or tube leading to the stomach. If, by accident, a crumb or a drop of fluid gets under the edge of the air-pipe cover, or glottis, into the air duct, a sudden paroxysm of coughing instantly ensues, which is nature's readiest method of dislodging it, because, should it fall still lower down the bronchial tube into or among the air-cells of the lungs, suffocation is almost sure to follow.

If the learned throat inspector, who imagines he has discovered why some persons can not become opera-singers on account of some awry position of the epiglottis, were to inspect that organ in cattle, horses, and dogs, he would unquestionably find it out of place or canting in the wrong direction as frequently as he has in man. And if his theory were correct, it would be equally philosophical to say that some of them could not bellow, others could not neigh, and many dogs must necessarily bark out of time, or perhaps not at all. Voice and a musical ear depend on the anatomical conditions of the controlling organ of the system—the brain.

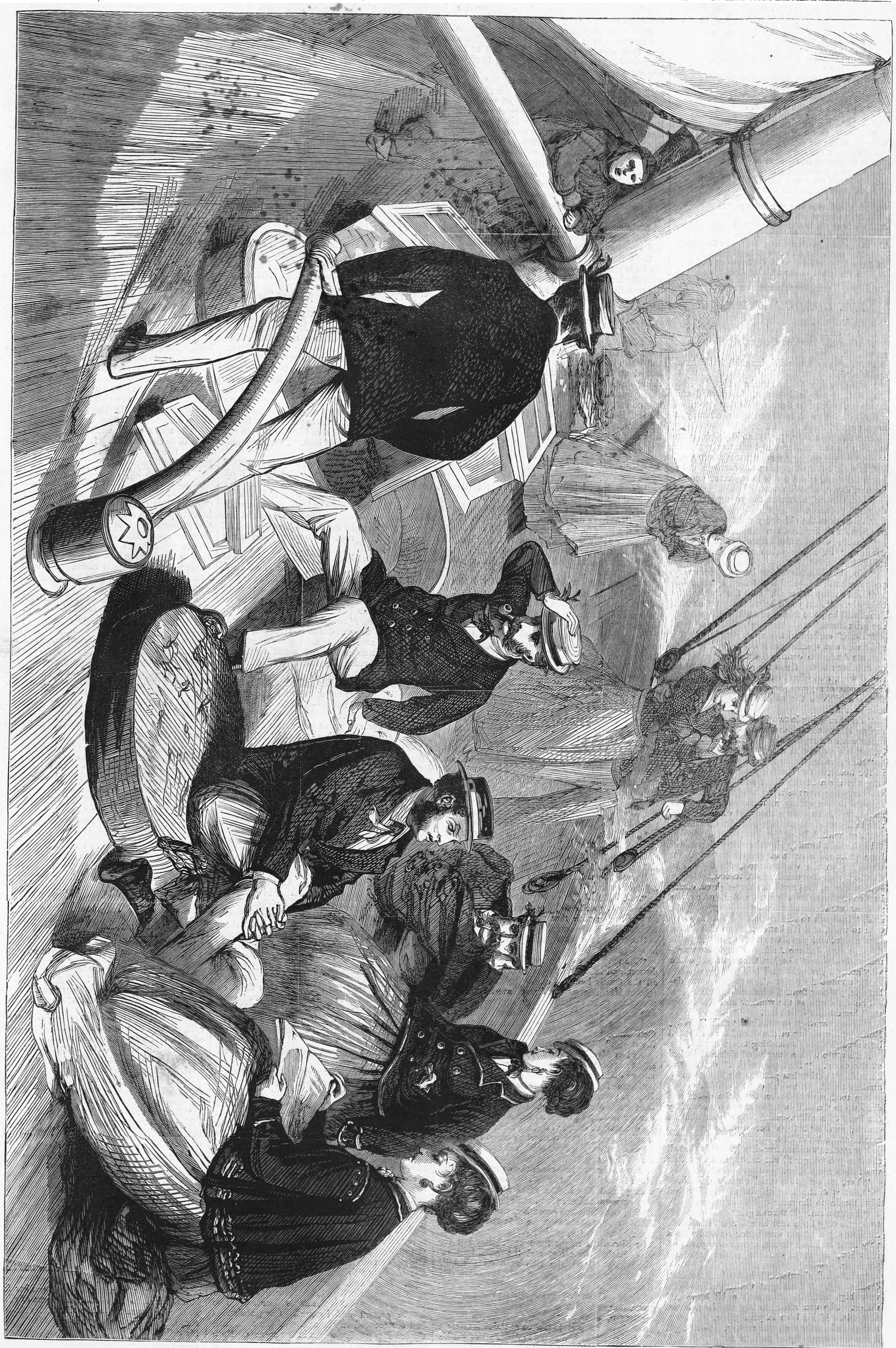
Promenade, Dinner, and Carriage Dresses.

Fig. 1.—Promenade dress of foulard écru, with a deep flounce, bordered with a band of foulard of a darker shade, and surmounted by a double ruche. Low corsage with long sleeves. Mantelet with crossed ends, of the same material as the dress, edged with *bouffette* trimming of foulard of a darker shade, and with black guipure two inches wide. The sleeves are trimmed in the same manner. Black lace bonnet with pomegranate blossoms.

Fig. 2.—Dinner dress of bright blue silk with train. The trimming consists of a pleated flounce of the same material as the dress, a flounce of white silk gauze, and a pinked ruche of rose-colored silk. Three rows of this trimming encircle the skirt. Tunic like the dress, and trimmed in the same manner. The tunic is looped up on each side by a bow and ends of rose-colored fringed ribbon. Low-necked fichu like the dress edged with a rose-colored ruche. Coiffure of white tulle, composed of a pleated diadem and a veil, and trimmed with roses.

Fig. 3.—Carriage dress of reseda taffeta. Over-skirt of black silk grenadine edged with fringe, and caught up on each side by a large bow of black satin ribbon. Mantelet like the over-skirt. Silk bonnet of the same shade as the dress, and trimmed with grasses and wild flowers.

PROMENADE, DINNER, AND CARRIAGE DRESSES.



YACHTING.—[See Page 778.]

YACHTING.

See illustration on page 777.

Our yacht flies free o'er the foaming sea,
Where green lawns slope to the tide—
Or we sail her away to some far bright bay
Over the ocean wide:
A merry breeze blows, while the cutter goes
Gayly before its breath;
And the fair hours flit amid wine and wit
To which music answereth.

Our yacht hath a crew such as never knew
Ulysses, wanderer wild;
When at morn they emerge in their suits of serge.
'Tis as if the stern sea smiled:
'Tis as if once more, far from any shore,
Came a marvelous gift to earth,
And Cythera's pride was multiplied
In these darlings of love and mirth.

Our yacht can race at a wondrous pace,
And many a cup has won;
And we hear the tale under easy sail
By the light of the setting sun.
Then there's naught to check our lounge on the deck—
For we've left all cares at home;
And the Skipper (why not?) declares our yacht
Is the queen of the flashing foam.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

"I SAY, Ruth!"

"Well?"

The first tone was sharp, eager, significant, and masculine.

The response was mild, languid, indifferent, and feminine.

"Whose wagon tracks are these?"

A farmer past middle age, sunbrowned and muscular, pointed to fresh tracks that described a circle on the moist earth and stretched away in long, parallel lines.

The feminine face, pretty and girlish, grew crimson as the answer was hesitatingly given: "Mr. Olcott's carriage was here this afternoon."

"It's only fair to suppose the carriage had a horse before it, and a driver in it," remarked the farmer, dryly. "Who drove?"

"Mr. Olcott," answered the young girl, with deepening blushes.

"What does the old covey want to come here so often for?" inquired the farmer, testily.

"Jacob," called a shrill female voice from the window, "have you taken the wheat to the mill?"

"No; but Ruth is taking her eggs to a very poor market," answered the farmer, shortly.

"Don't tease the child," said the woman, rebukingly. "And you'd better hurry up, or Mr. Jones will be gone from the mill before you get the grist there."

"Ruth," exclaimed the man, stepping to the girl's side and speaking in a low tone, "if I see Jerome Anderson coming here I shall put him on another track. He is too good a fellow to be trifled with, and Olcott isn't a circumstance—"

"Jacob, are you ever going to get off with that grist?" was the shrill interruption to the man's remark.

"Yes, I'm going in two jerks," was the prompt reply. His voice sunk to a whisper: "Ruth, don't make work for repentance," he said, impressively. "It's a dreadful thing."

"Ruth," called the shrill-voiced woman, "come in the house. You'll catch your death-cold sitting out there in the dew; and last night you was traipsing over the wet grass as if you wasn't subject to the quinsy and rheumatiz in your shoulder. It must be a thousand times nicer to ride in a handsome carriage like Mr. Olcott's."

"Yes, ma'am."

Ruth said it humbly; but the affirmation would have provoked a score of queries had she been testifying on the witness-stand, for there was that in it that suggested mental reservation.

Mrs. Beebe, the practical, sharp-sighted, clear-headed woman, as she was called, noted the manner with displeasure. "Of course," she said, "it stands to reason that it's better to ride than to walk, and it's better to wear silk gowns than calico, and you'd be standing in your own light to give Jerome Anderson any encouragement when a man like Mr. Olcott worships the very ground you walk on."

Ruth made no reply. The question was debatable, judging from the indecision in her face.

She sat down at the window and looked out until her mother called her.

"Whatever upon earth ails the child! Why, Ruth, you're sitting in the draught, and there'll be a sore throat or something worse to pay!"

Ruth arose with a smothered sigh and looked at the clock. "Half past eight!" she said to herself. "Father has put Jerome Anderson on another track. He won't come to-night."

She took a work-basket from the closet and drew up to the table where her mother sewed by the light of a tallow-candle. Ruth snuffed the candle, and took from her work-basket some muslin and a bit of lace.

Her mother watched her closely. "Is that all the lace you bought?" she asked, in a tone that was full of calculation.

"Yes, ma'am; it is real," explained Ruth.

"But it didn't take all the money?" asked Mrs. Beebe, in the same calculating tone.

"Yes, ma'am. It takes a great deal of money to buy a very little real lace. Aunt Catharine used to say a person was better dressed with a very little real lace than a great many yards of imitation," answered Ruth, in justification of her purchase.

"Humph!" ejaculated Mrs. Beebe, somewhat disdainfully. "Your aunt Catharine has some very high notions. She ain't a bit like your father. She can afford to buy real lace, if she wants it. If I'd been in your place, I'd rather had more lace for the same money. You've got some very extravagant notions for a poor girl, Ruth Ann."

When Mrs. Beebe meant to be very impressive, she addressed her daughter as Ruth Ann.

Ruth blushed guiltily. She was conscious of her failing in that direction. She remembered how that very morning she had stood at the counter of the little village store, trying to reconcile those very condemned notions with her limited ability. It had not been an easy task. The notions were so extravagant, and the ability so very small. Then the ability was so uncompromising. The shillings could not by any possibility expand themselves to meet her tastes, and there had been no alternative but for the tastes to succumb entirely to the shillings.

A very trifling thing this balancing of lace and filthy lucre in a young girl's mind, say you? Perhaps so to men who never look at lace with reference to their own toilettes, and to women who have lost their love of dress with their youths; but to a young girl who knows that the frill around her throat has much to do with the tint of her complexion, and that a web of delicate threads softens the beauty of plump, round arms, this question of lace is an all-absorbing one.

Ruth Beebe had other thoughts, standing at the little counter, comparing the lace she wanted with the lace she did not want, trying to reconcile quantity, and quality, and price. From tangled thoughts of lace it was a step to tangled thoughts of life, for Ruth's life was somewhat tangled now. It had been a very smooth life until Mrs. Beebe's ambition had changed it. Ruth Beebe, only a year younger than she was now, standing under the apple-trees, with pink and white blossoms falling on her chestnut hair, looked up beyond the brown hands that sifted the apple-blossoms through his fingers, into Jerome Anderson's honest, love-lit eyes, and there was no entanglement in her life then.

Mrs. Beebe, from the farm-house window, looked into the orchard with a brow piled full of frowning wrinkles.

"Jacob!" she called, in a loud, decided tone.

Jacob did not hear. He was either asleep or dreaming just in sight of the pretty picture in the apple orchard.

"Jacob!" exclaimed Mrs. Beebe, this time touching the man on his shoulder.

Jacob Beebe came to consciousness with a start. "What's the matter, Rachel?" he asked. "Are the cows in the corn, or—?"

"No, no!" answered his wife, impatiently. "It's about Ruth."

"What's about Ruth?" inquired the man, subsiding into a seat.

"What I've got to say," answered Mrs. Beebe.

"Oh, I thought it was young Anderson's arm," said Jacob Beebe, with a low, chuckling laugh.

Mrs. Beebe rose up in her wrath. "Jacob," she said, "you're a—"

The angry woman changed her mind, and modified her remark. "You're enough to try the patience of a saint," she said.

Jacob Beebe laughed. The laugh, interpreted, said, "That is not you."

"Ruth is a woman," continued Mrs. Beebe, emphatically.

"Hardly," answered her husband, meditatively. "It's only a few years since she was a baby."

"Eighteen—just eighteen, the tenth of last month," corrected Mrs. Beebe. "But that's neither here nor there. She is a woman and is thinking of beaux, and the next thing she will be getting married."

"Married!" echoed Jacob Beebe, sadly. "Yes, of course; but it's a pity."

"Now the question is, who shall she marry?" continued Mrs. Beebe, as if she were stating a problem in algebra or a proposition in geometry.

"It ain't for you nor me to say," was the calm reply of her husband.

"She is pretty enough and good enough for the Governor," exclaimed Mrs. Beebe.

"Or the President," added Jacob Beebe, with a proud smile.

"She ain't likely to marry any body that will be a credit to her family, staying around here and going on with that young Anderson," said Mrs. Beebe, indignantly.

"Jerome is a likely lad," answered Jacob, in a kindly tone.

"He isn't the man for our Ruth; only an Anderson, and his father in debt when he died, and all the family hanging on to Jerome," remonstrated Mrs. Beebe. "If you haven't ambition enough to want to settle your daughter better in life than that I have, and I've been thinking it would be a good thing to send Ruth to her aunt Catharine's in the city, and let her see a little of the world."

At last Mrs. Beebe had said what she intended to say when she aroused her husband from his nap or dream with that shrill cry of "Jacob."

There had been remonstrance on Farmer Beebe's part. It was hard to give up his daughter for a few months even. He did not see her danger in staying home as her mother did, and he did see her danger in going away as her mother did not. But Mrs. Beebe carried her point. It was her way to overcome all obstacles that Jacob Beebe could interpose.

From this visit had come the entanglement of Ruth Beebe's life. It was easy to engraft on a young mind like hers a taste for the luxuries that surrounded her in her aunt's home, and Mrs. Beebe, ambitious and scheming, was gratified on Ruth's return to see that she did not settle down quite content with the old simple ways of living. The discontent might have worn away but for Mrs. Beebe's fostering, and the attentions of Humphrey Olcott, the rich man on the hill. These attentions in their ultimate meaning settled so satisfactorily the troublesome questions of taste and ability that Ruth was tempted to make the most of them. But there was Jerome Anderson, the honest young farmer, who looked tenderly on Ruth and askance at the rich man on the hill; and with thoughts of him all of Ruth's life, with its opposing claims and counter forces, twisted itself into a tangle as perplexing as the Gordian knot.

She was working away mentally at the tangled web that night, as she sat at the little work-table, with the poor candle-light falling on the white muslin and bit of lace.

Mrs. Beebe looked at the clock. It would soon be time for Jacob's return, and she had something to say to Ruth in her husband's absence.

"I don't know what you're thinking of to encourage a poor man like Jerome Anderson," she said, at length, biting off her thread with a jerk. "If I was you I'd give him his walking-papers."

Ruth recognized that as a bold advance movement to draw her into a wordy combat. She had been there before, and knew the ground well. She snuffed the candle without a word of comment. Silence was the only intrenchment into which she could retire.

Mrs. Beebe changed her tactics. "These candles are miserable," she remarked, in infinite disgust. "That last tallow wasn't tried right; and if there wasn't water in these dips they wouldn't splutter like all-possessed. I expect it comes tough for you to see by these feeble lights after enjoying your aunt's gas."

"The gas-light was very pleasant," answered Ruth, meditatively.

"Humphrey Olcott's new house is going to have gas in it," remarked Mrs. Beebe, glancing at her daughter to note the effect of her words. "He is building a fine cage. Almost any bird might be contented in it."

"Olcott's house is pretty sure to have gas in it," commented Jacob Beebe, who had returned from the mill in time to hear his wife's last remark concerning Mr. Olcott. "It's pretty sure to have gas in it when its master is home; and if I was a bird I'd rather have the poorest, homeliest nest an honest bird could build me than Olcott's cage with its golden bars. That's my opinion!"

"Oh, Jacob, you are so set in your notions!" exclaimed Mrs. Beebe. "And here is Ruth sighing and longing for things every day that you can't afford to buy her. Just look, Jacob, at that little piece of lace! Ruth would buy the real stuff. She don't approve of imitations. There's a pretty girl for a poor man's wife! I tell you, Jacob, men don't understand these things."

Jacob Beebe sighed. "Lace is not the worst want in the world," he said, in an under-tone. "And I hope Ruth will remember that the love of a married woman ought to be the real stuff, and no imitation. Wives can get along better without lace than love. Are you going to your cousin's wedding?" he asked, turning to Ruth.

"Yes, Sir," answered Ruth. "Mother thinks I had better, and I am trimming my dress."

"And you want more lace?" asked the farmer, gravely, as the colored servant called Mrs. Beebe into the kitchen.

"It's a little scant, but I don't mind much," answered Ruth, looking up with a feeble smile.

"I wish I could afford—" began the farmer.

Ruth stopped him. "I don't mind a bit," she said; and her smile was brave now as she put her arms around her father's neck. "Don't think of it again. I don't care."

Farmer Beebe smoothed his child's hair tenderly. "You're a good girl, Ruth," he said, with a trembling voice. "Don't let them spoil you."

Mrs. Beebe came in, and Ruth took her candle and went up stairs.

"Jacob," said Mrs. Beebe, sharply, when they were alone, "you're enough to try the patience of a saint, as I've told you before. Here I am trying to do all I can for Ruth Ann, and you just upset all I do by your unreasonable talk against Mr. Olcott. It isn't doing justice by your child nor me. If Ruth Ann ever makes any body she won't have her father to thank."

Jacob snuffed the candle and picked up the Bible. The act was strangely like his daughter's an hour before. Experience had taught them both to avoid unequal warfare with this woman.

Mrs. Beebe, frowning, went into the kitchen to look after affairs for the night. She knew better than to hope to draw him out of the silence wherein he had intrenched himself.

And Jacob read his Bible, his eyes fixed on one verse on the open page. When his wife was gone he read aloud: "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation—" He stopped there with a groan. "Yes," he commented; "I suffer for my father's wrong, and my child suffers for mine. God help us!"

Ruth Beebe stood in crowded city parlors watching the throng around her. There was much to please Ruth's fancy. The shimmer of the silks, the glitter of the jewels, the fragrance of the flowers, the music, and the brilliant lights were very beautiful in her estimate. There was a stir at the door, and ushers cleared the way for the bridal party. For a moment Ruth saw nothing but the trailing satin and flowing lace, the orange blossoms and the pearls. Then her eyes sought the bridegroom, a little, hard-faced, and wrinkled man. She started visibly, and glanced to the corner where stood a young man with a look of intense scorn on his handsome features. Ruth remembered her cousin Nellie's words in a confidential mood: "I shall never love a man as I love Walter Dwight." The young, scornful face in the corner was Walter Dwight's; and Nellie was vowing love, honor, and obedience to this dark-faced and wrinkled man. Ruth shuddered as her father's words came to mind: "The love of a married woman ought to be the real stuff, and no imitation." She looked around and listened. Congratulations had commenced in the centre of the room and rippled into gossipy waves in the corners. Ruth gathered that the groom was rich as a Jew; that the bride's silks would stand alone; that her laces were fine as cobwebs and rare as guinea gold; that the groom's past life would not bear close scrutiny; that the bride was listless and indifferent; that—

She heard no more, watching her cousin's white face as Walter Dwight approached. "How could she do it?" was her involuntary thought—and then she checked herself in self-condemnation. Suppose she married Humphrey Olcott what better was she?

Ruth never lost sight of that white face in the supper and dancing and merriment that followed. Even when the bride and guests and caterers and musicians were gone, and all the house was still, as she sat upon the floor with her chestnut hair falling in unbound beauty, and the simple white dress laid off, the bride's pale face haunted her still. She closed her eyes to shut out the sight, and stopped her ears to drown the words of the Service: "Until death do us part." A lifetime! She had hardly thought so far. A girl's thoughts go so little beyond the wedding-day, the bridal trousseau, the gifts, and first establishment as mistress of a home. She ignores so totally the plain common days that follow—days, like those in the past, full of vexations and trials—days when the sun is hidden and the wind blows from the east, when the nerves are all unstrung and trifles become tests of temper, when men and women lay off their social armor, and stand revealed to each other with all their weakness and littleness and blemishes uncovered. Ruth's thoughts grew personal. Humphrey Olcott and a lifetime! Years of fading and growing old! Years of pain and grief, perhaps! She began to have faith in her father's words: "Wives can get along better without lace than love." She almost resolved to make sure of the love if she missed the lace; and, girl-like, fell asleep before the question was quite settled.

There was a golden wedding in the neighborhood of farmer Beebe's. It was not much of an affair; the couple were too simple and unpretending for that.

"There will be very little gold and a great deal of wedding," farmer Beebe remarked on their way.

Ruth, just returned from the city wedding, looked up with a smile. She understood her father's meaning. She had gathered some facts from her aunt Catharine concerning her father's marriage. It had been the result of his father's ambitious scheming that he had wedded Rachel Crane; and he had not married her without a haunting memory of a mild-eyed, gentle-voiced woman.

That golden wedding settled Ruth Beebe's fate. Her eyes scarcely left the old couple. She had always known them and pronounced their devotion beautiful years before. No bride and groom with the vows of marriage fresh upon them had interested her like this aged man and woman. Here was love whose genuineness fifty years had proved—trust half a century old, and confidence that time and trial had not shaken.

"Fifty years!" Ruth Beebe kept saying, looking at Humphrey Olcott. "Fifty years with lace and jewels, and a modern house!"

She came out of that reverie with a start. The old couple were singing:

"John Anderson my jo, John,
When Nature first began
To try her canny hand, John,
Her master-work was man;
And ye amang them a', John,
Sae trig frae top to toe,
She proved to be no journey work,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
Ye were my first conceit—"

There was a movement at Ruth's side. She glanced up and saw Jerome Anderson standing there. Her eyes dropped, and she did not raise them till the song was finished. It was a simple song, and poorly sung; but the band of skillful musicians at the city wedding had failed to make such melody for Ruth's ears. Her eyes filled with tears as the old people tremblingly sang the last verse:

"John Anderson my jo, John,
We've climbed the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo."

She could never sing that with Humphrey Olcott, never. She took Jerome Anderson's offered arm, and went out on the porch.

Mrs. Beebe, laying off her bonnet, said to Ruth, "I expect this golden wedding was a very poor affair by the side of your cousin's wedding."

Ruth shook her head gravely. "No," she answered; "it was a thousand times richer in the essential elements of a wedding."

"Essential elements!" echoed Mrs. Beebe, in a frightened tone; "what's that?" She remembered seeing Ruth go out on the porch with Jerome Anderson. "You don't mean to say—" she began.

"But I do," answered Ruth. She was smiling. All the tangled life was straightened out. She had cut the Gordian knot that night.

Mrs. Beebe gasped, "Not Jerome Anderson!"

"Yes, Jerome Anderson," answered Ruth, bravely.

Mrs. Beebe poured out the vials of her wrath. They were very bitter. She always knew it would be so. Ruth Ann was just like her father for all the world. It was all his work. She had never done any thing for Ruth Ann but he had spoiled it with his folly.

She ceased after a time. Ruth and her father had retired into the old intrenchment of silence. Ruth was humming to herself "John Anderson my jo," and Jacob Beebe was thanking God that his child had missed the rock on which his happiness had split.

LOVE OF THE PERIOD.

BY FRANK DASHMORE.

I've just left the ball-room, dear Harry,
To drop you this bit of a note,
Which the Captain has promised to carry
Direct by the four o'clock boat.

The season is certainly over—
Sue Summers refused Colonel Chute—
Don't swear like a savage sea rover,
Because our affair follows suit.

We only engaged for this season—
You're prince of all partners, I vow—
I'll tell you, directly, the reason
I'm writing so hastily now.

Please send me at once, by Tom Tinberne—
His whiskers are simply divine!—
My picture, that copy of Swinburne,
And every thing else that is mine.

My letters, my notes, and that poem—
The one signed "Anonyma," dear—
I know that you never would show 'em;
I want to look over them here.

Please send me my pink satin slipper—
I think I can cover the stain—
You pulled off and used as a dipper,
To pledge me in Clicquot Champagne.

And, Harry, don't fail to see Barker—
You *would* cut my curls off you know—
Should you send some a half a shade darker,
The difference never will show.

Send ribbons and ring; I think this is
The last of the things I must ask.
I'm sure that to *send* back my kisses
You'll vote an impossible task!

Now, Harry, don't rage and be horrid,
Don't bluster and swear and abuse;
Our love was deliciously torrid—
To drop it quite gives me the blues!

I've viewed it in every direction,
And find in its limitless range,
A pure, Pantheistic perfection,
Progressive, electrical, strange!

I know that its bliss unalloyed—
If once I were bound as your wife—
Would fade in a fortnight, destroyed
By dullness of everyday life!

And so I've determined, dear Harry—
As girls of the period do—
Although I must certainly marry,
'Twill not be, my lover, to you!

We winter next session at Willard's;
Dear Hal, you must surely be there,
I shall be Mrs. Daniel Dillards—
He's a hideous, humpbacked millionaire!

A BASKET OF STRAWBERRIES.

BY BARRY GRAY.

"IT is a good many years, my dear," I said to my wife, as together we walked down the lane in the twilight, "since, in the lush days of my youth, I went a strawberrying. The little girl I went with is lying under the violets, and the fingers that picked the berries, the stains of which were so deep I could not kiss them off, long ago mouldered into dust. The basket she used, empty, and discolored with the juices of the berries it contained, is carefully put away and kept as a slight, though sufficient, memorial of that happy day. What that young maiden, had she lived to be a woman, might, in after-years, have been to me I can not tell; I only know that she was very, very dear to me in those early summer days, and that I have never been a berrying with any one since then."

My wife leaned softly on my arm, and for a few moments we walked on in silence.

"Strawberries, my dear," I said, "are as old as the hills. I don't believe there was ever a hill made whereon the strawberry did not grow."

"I don't know about that," my wife said.

"Of course you don't," I replied, "and, consequently, you can not deny it. The fact is that strawberries have strayed from the Garden of Eden all over the world: and it is from this very circumstance that they derive their name. The best authorities say that it comes from the straying, spreading nature of its growth, and we find that the word straw, an active verb, means to strew, to scatter. Others, however, declare that they owe their name to the practice of placing straw under the stems of the plants to keep the fruit from being soiled by contact with the earth. But that in my opinion is sheer nonsense, and to accept it one must admit that the strawberry had no name until the gardeners undertook its cultivation."

"Which would be preposterous," said my wife.

"Most certainly," I replied. "But a Mr. Phillips, whoever he may be, thinks that the name came from a still older practice, viz.: 'that among children, of threading the wild berries upon straws of grass.' He says, declares our authority, 'that this is still a custom in parts of England where strawberries abound, and that so many *straws of berries* are sold for a penny.'"

"That, certainly," said my wife, "is a much prettier, as well as a more primitive and rustic interpretation of its derivation."

"The botanical name," I continued, "is *Fragaria*, and the Italians call it *Fragola*—fragrant."

"Than which," chimed in my wife, "nothing can be better; "for they are as fragrant as a bunch of posies, and as beautiful to look at."

"Yes," I added, "and they are delicious to eat. I scarcely know whether I like them best, when I gather them fresh from the vines, and eat them one by one—for then each berry yields its individual flavor; and let me tell you that there is as much character in a strawberry as there is in a human being—"

"Oh!" exclaimed my wife.

"Or," I went on, paying no attention to her interruption, "when heaped together in a saucer, with sugar sprinkled over them, and, if you like, smothered in cream—"

My wife said she did like.

—"They remind me of a lovely maiden on her bridal couch."

"My dear!" said my wife, reprovingly.

"Well," I replied, "one can't admire or praise the strawberry too highly. And there was an Italian poet—I get my information from Leigh Hunt—a Jesuit, and a very honest man, too, who wrote a poem in two cantos, containing upward of nine hundred lines, ending in the following bridal climax—he has been apostrophizing two young friends of his, newly married—and this is the blessing with which he concludes:

'Around this loving pair may joy serene
On wings of balm forever wind and play;
And laughing Health her roses shake between,
Making their life one long, sweet, flowery way!
May bliss, true bliss, pure, self-possessed of mien,
Be absent from their side, no, not a day!
In short, to sum up all that earth can prize,
May they have sugar to their strawberries!'"

"Many a young couple," said my wife, looking thoughtfully upon the ground, "who embarked on the sea of matrimony, expecting to have sugar, and even cream, with their strawberries, have been grievously disappointed."

"Yes," I said, "their strawberries have been sour, their peaches have been bitter, and their cherries have moulded in the mouth."

"I never heard before," said my wife, "of cherries, or indeed any fruit, moulding in the mouth."

"There are probably, my dear," I said, "a great many other things of which you have never heard, and, for that matter, never will hear. But what says this Italian poet further: 'They must hide themselves,' he declares—'put on their veils; to wit, of sugar.' 'Strawberries and sugar were to him,' as our genial gossip has it, 'what sack and sugar was to Falstaff—the indispensable companions, the sovereign remedy for all evil, the climax of good.' Throwing physic to the dogs, he says:

'For my part, I confess I fairly swill and stuff myself with strawberries; and abuse
The doctors all the while, draught, powder, pill:
Give me a glut of strawberries; and, lo!
Sweet through my blood, and very bones, they go.'

All authorities speak of strawberries as healthful and medicinal. Fontenelle attributed his longevity to them, in consequence of their having regularly cooled a fever which he had every spring, and he used to say: 'If I can but reach the season of strawberries.' Hoffman says they 'cured even consumptions;' and Linnæus declares that, by eating plentifully of them, he kept himself free from the gout, which strikes me as being a capital remedy."

"And one," said my wife, "which I would not object to follow myself."

"I was not aware before that you were troubled with that complaint," I said.

"Nor am I," she replied; "but can't I take the remedy without having the disease?"

"Yes, if you wish to ward it off," I said, "of course. Even their leaves are wholesome, and we read in Sir John Suckling's tragedy of *Brennoralt* of their preciousness. In his portrait of a beautiful girl he says:

'Eyes full and quick,
With breath as sweet as double violets,
And wholesome as dying leaves of strawberries.'

When I brought home, not long since, a pottle of strawberries—"

"Why," my wife interrupted me, "you never brought home a bottle of strawberries in your life."

"I said *pottle* not *bottle*," I replied.

"What in the world is a pottle?"

"A pottle," I answered, willing to display my little learning, "is a small, cone-shaped basket, made especially for holding berries. The word is not in common use here, but it is well known in England, and Leigh Hunt employs it familiarly in his writings. He thinks, too, that 'no other sort of basket would do as well for them,' and gives as a reason that 'it carries well; it lies on your arm like a length of freshness; then there is the covering of leaves, and beneath them, fresh, and fragrant, and red, lie the berries—the best, it is to be feared, at the top.' We see from this that the Yankee vendors of berries are not alone in their attempts at cheating; but that the English hucksters are equally tricky. Well, as I was about to say, if you had not interrupted me, when I brought home that pottle of strawberries you were not very well—indeed you were quite ill; but after eating of them, you immediately grew better. Ah, there is undoubtedly a virtue in strawberries greater than what dwells in blue-pills."

"I hope so," said my wife.

"One of the best things, too, about a strawberry is," I said, "that it is never necessary to make two bites at it; though, to be sure, if that gentleman of Newark, who declares that he can, with cultivation, raise strawberries as large as pine-apples, should succeed in his attempts, we might make one berry go round a tea-table. He wants twenty years to do it in, however, and as he may die in the mean while, it is hardly worth our while to count as yet on his success. I confess I would rather not see the feat accomplished; for where then would be the 'little red mouthful of strawberry' of which the poet speaks? No, there is a grossness in the idea which the lovers of strawberries should not tolerate. The smallest berries, as a rule, are the highest in flavor; nothing in the way of deliciousness can exceed that of the small berry that grows wild on the hillsides, and you will find, almost invariably, that the cultivated berry loses in flavor as it gains in size. Who, too, with strawberries so large, would think of sending a dish of them, or even one, as a gift to his lady-love? One might as well send a cabbage, or a pumpkin—at least if size has any thing to do with it. And do you for a moment think that Sir Philip Sydney, the knight *sans peur, sans reproche*, would, as he has in his *Arcadia*, have made Amphialus send to Philoclea strawberries, if they were otherwise than they are? He says: 'Thus the first strawberries he could find were ever, in a clean-washt dish, sent to Philoclea.'"

"And it was most proper," my wife said, "that the dish should be washed clean."

"It was so," I answered; "but let me remark that strawberries themselves should never be washed. Water carries off their best juices, and robs them of their finest flavor. If you have no confidence in the cleanliness of the hands of the picker, you had better leave the strawberries untasted. Picking strawberries is not an arduous task, especially if you are young, and have one you love beside you. Three together are often one too many; and Spenser, in 'The Fairy Queen,' seems to have been aware of this when he wrote:

'One day, as they all three together went
To the greene wood to gather strawberries
There chaunst to them a dangerous accident.'

Of course no accident would have chanced to them if there had been but two in company."

"I don't see that," said my wife, inquiringly.

"Of course you don't," I replied; "I didn't think you would. Other poets, though, than Spenser have written about picking berries. Our friend Stedman, in his 'Battle of Monmouth,' has sung charmingly about it. Hearken:

'The strawberry vines lie in the sun,
Their myriad tendrils twined as one;
Spread like a carpet of richest dyes,
The strawberry field in sunshine lies.
Each timorous berry blushing red
Has folded the leaves above her head,
The dark, green curtains gemmed with dew;
But each blushful berry, peering through,
Shows like a flock of the underthread—
The crimson woof of a downy cloth
Where the elves may kneel and plight their troth,
Run through the rustling vines, to show
Each picker an even space to go,
Leaders of twinkling cord divide
The field in lanes from side to side;
And here and there, with patient care,
Lifting the leafage every where,
Rural maidens and mothers dot
The velvet of the strawberry-plot:
Fair and freckled, old and young,
With baskets at their girdles hung,
Searching the plants with no rude haste—
Lest berries should hang unpicked, and waste,
Of the pulpy, odorous, hidden quest,
First gift of the fruity months, and best.
* * * * * *
From the workers a maiden parts:
The baskets at her waistband shine
With berries that look like bleeding hearts
Of a hundred lovers at her shrine;
No Eastern girl was girdled so well
With silken belt and silvery bell.
* * * * * * *
But on, with a sister's smile, she moves
Into the darkness of the groves,
And deftly, daintily, one by one,
Shelters her baskets from the sun
Under the net-work, fresh and cool,
Of lily-leaves from the crystal pool.'

I wish, my dear, that for your sake I could remember it all; but you will gather, even from these detached passages, something approaching to the charming picture of the strawberry-pickers which the poet has drawn, and in the song they sing while at labor, he says:

'Here, where the whitest blossoms blow,
The reddest and ripest berries grow.'"

"It is, indeed," said my wife, "a charming picture, and almost makes me wish that I were a 'fair' and 'young' berry-picker."

"It is better as it is, my dear," I answered, "although, like Halleck's Fanny, 'you were younger once than you are now,' but never fairer in my eyes than you are at present."

"Flatterer!" my wife exclaimed.

"Indeed, my dear, not so. I am sure I could, as Fletcher, in the 'Faithful Shepherdess,' when he makes his hero, in speaking of strawberries, pay a compliment to his love, address you thus:

'See how well the lusty time
Hath decked their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread:
These are berries for a queen.'

And now, my dear, tell me something about strawberries; how to preserve them; how to make strawberry short-cake."

My wife being very willing to inform me, spoke as follows: "To preserve strawberries, to one pound of fruit put a pound of white sugar; boil them five minutes, skim them and put them into your jars, and seal."

"Simple and sweet," I said. "Now for your short-cake."

"First make your short-cake," she said, "cutting it as large as a dining-plate; then bake it; open it while hot, and butter each half well; spread strawberries upon the lower half, sprinkling them thickly with sugar; lay the upper half on, and butter the upper side; cover it with strawberries, finishing it nicely with white sugar, and eat it while warm."

"Capital!" I said. "I think I'll have one when we go home."

"There are no strawberries," said my wife, plaintively.

"I am sorry for it," I answered; "but we will plant some—it is just coming on September—and then next season we shall have plenty. Let me recall to mind what old Tusser says in his September's 'Husbandry':

'Wife, into thy garden and set me a plot
Of strawberry roots, of the best to be got;
Such growing abroad, among thorns in the wood,
Well chosen and picked, prove excellent good.'

And again:

'The barberry, respis, and gooseberry too,
Look now to be planted as other things do;
The gooseberry, respis, and roses, all three,
With strawberries under them, truly agree.'

Further on he gives this advice in his verses for December:

'If frost do continue, take this for a law,
The strawberries look to be covered with straw,
Laid over, trim, upon crotchets and bows,
And after uncovered, as weather allows.'

And now, wife, let us turn our steps homeward, for the twilight is fading, and it will be dark before we reach the house."

"Do you know," asked my wife, "that with all your talk about strawberries, you have said nothing concerning the white strawberry?"

"I had forgotten it," I answered; "and though it is fair to look at, it lacks the flavor and juiciness of the red. I regard it as an anomally among strawberries, and think it bears very much the relation to its red kindred that white crows, white mice, and albinos do to their kind."

"In my eyes," said my wife, "it is the bride of the strawberries; fair and delicate as a young maiden among matrons, a lily among roses, a morning in May as compared to a noontide in August. Any one can realize the lusciousness of a red strawberry; but only the most sensitive and cultivated taste can understand and appreciate the superior flavor of the white berry."

"You may be correct in what you say," I replied, "but I doubt if I shall live long enough to enable me to cultivate my taste up to the standard requisite for such appreciation. And when I die, my love, and am buried, I hope there will grow upon my grave only red strawberries; so that children, as they gather them, will say: 'He must have been a good man, or else so nice a fruit as the strawberry would not have grown so freely above him.' And I would like, too, to have a raspberry bush planted at my grave's head, and a blackberry at its foot."

My wife answered only by a little sigh, as she pressed closer to my side, and we walked on in silence.

I broke it at last by saying, in the words of simple-hearted old Izaak Walton: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry [than the strawberry], but doubtless God never did."

THOUGHTFULNESS IN DRESS.

WOMEN no doubt care enough, talk enough, dream enough, and spend enough (both of time and money) about dress, but they do not generally put enough thought into it; and the result appears in the wretchedly meaningless and inharmonious toilettes which fill our houses and streets. The defect is common to all classes, from the maid-of-all-work, whose imitation of her betters is as unreasoning as that of a monkey, to the lady of fashion who spends hundreds a year in producing a result which suggests nothing but a fashionable jeweler's.

A perfect dress would be one in which every part was harmoniously combined so as to produce a whole perfectly adapted to the wearer's personal appearance, character, and circumstances, due regard being at the same time had to time, place, fashion, convenience, and economy.

The harmonious and tasteful combination of parts is one of the great difficulties of dress in all cases where expense is not a matter of indifference. A woman's outdoor attire, for instance, must be considered as consisting of at least three parts—bonnet or hat, mantle (using the word as a generic term for all outdoor garments), and gown. If these were bought in equal numbers, so as to be bound together in life-long alliances, things would be comparatively easy; but it is not so. Their average longevity is different. That of bonnets is by far the shortest, while the extraordinary variations in the duration of shawls introduce a disturbing element into our calculations in respect of outdoor garments; and in the case of gowns, the question of their probable duration is complicated by the necessity of providing for all sorts of contingencies; so that no one can count upon reserving any one of these articles as the inseparable companion of any other, and the difficulty, therefore, of securing that each of the three outdoor costume shall bear witness of intentional adaptation to the other two is considerable. Some precautions may be suggested for the prevention of the most glaring inconsistencies. For instance, with respect to color, there are two ways of lessening the danger: either the wearer may choose some one color, with which every separate article of dress she buys shall harmonize, or she may decide in which of the three parts of her costume variation of color shall be allowed, restricting herself in the other two parts sternly to neutral tints. Colors which harmonize with the same color do not necessarily harmonize with each other. Besides this, regard must be had to the quantity and situation of each color. Two colors which, if combined in very unequal proportions, are perfectly harmonious, may even as mere color be intolerable in equal quantities. Again, the rule that two of these principal divisions of the outdoor costume shall be of neutral tint would, if severely followed, produce an unduly sombre effect, and would afford no further security against the very dangers just described. These rules, as I have said, only aim at preventing some of the worst catastrophes in mere color, and leave many other very important questions—that of light and shade among others—quite untouched. Another point in which harmony is to be observed is that of texture. A very common error is to put on a mantle of more delicate or richer texture than is suitable to the gown, as, for instance, lace over woolen stuff; the opposite error is less offensive, because it may always be supposed that the mantle is thrown on by way of *bonâ fide* protection to the gown, and is related to it in some degree as the husk is to the kernel. Discrepancies between the bonnet and mantle are obviously more inexcusable than discrepancies between these and the gown, because the two former are understood to be assumed or laid aside together, whereas the gown may have to be worn for a greater number of hours, and under different circumstances.

THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

A Story.

By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

"NO SPONGE WIPES OUT SPOKEN WORDS."

THAT excellent housewife, Frau Hanne Lehmann, sat by the warm broad hearth in her kitchen on the evening following that on which the Justizrath von Schleppers had slept at the Pied Lamb in Horn. The hour was about six o'clock. It was nearly dark, and the fitful fire-light played on the heavy rafters and the polished metal dishes. Black cavernous shadows rested in distant angles of the room, and every now and then a pale quick flame leaped up, shedding a yellow glare over the darkness, and then sank again, and left only the hot core of the wood-fire glowing red and steady. Tick, tick, went the old clock over the dresser. Tick, tick, tick, tick. Drop by drop the waters of life, grain by grain the sands of time, one by one the hopes and fears, the joys and griefs, the loves and angers of humanity, flowing, flowing, falling, falling, ebbing, ebbing—whither?

That twilight hour is a melancholy time. Sweet in its sadness to the young and hopeful; cruel in its voiceless memories to those whose life is on the wane. Melancholy, dreamy, pathetic to all. Even to Hanne Lehmann, in spite of the hard, dauntless front she shows to the world; even to Hanne Lehmann—sitting with the eternal knitting-needles, glancing rose-tinted by the fire, and her head bent down upon her breast—the twilight brings a softening influence. Tick, tick, goes the old clock over the dresser, tick, tick, tick, tick. But that is not the sound she hears. Redder and redder glow the embers through the gathering dark, but that is not the sight she sees. In her ears little baby-feet patter over the floor, and a sweet small voice lisps garrulously, or an infant's plaintive wail breaks the silence. A tiny white face—the face of a week-old babe—shines out of the shadowy corner, still and solemn, with shut violet-tinged eyelids; or older now, a prattling little one, with flushed round cheeks, smiling, as that lost babe had never smiled, upon its parents.

"Poor little baby! poor little pretty baby! And it had blue, blue eyes like its father's!" One, two, three bright tears drop and glitter on the knitting; presently the work falls from the busy sunburnt hands, and Hanne's head droops yet lower on her breast. There goes out a low sound of sobs through the dim room, the cry of a bereaved mother mourning for her little one—Rachel, who will not be comforted. Ah, mother, mother, does no thought that such twilight hours as this might have awaited that small human creature in after-years—does no remembrance of pain and sorrow and toil and carking care and self-reproach and bitterness come to tell you that it is better so; that the tiny head is at rest, and the tiny heart at peace beneath the daisies? No, no, no; only this cry out of the depths of the ignorant woman's nature—at one here with the most cultured lady in the land—only this cry, "My little baby, my poor pretty little baby! And it had blue, blue eyes like its father's!" Tick, tick, still says the old clock over the dresser. Tick, tick, tick, tick! Counting these moments, too, with steady pulseless finger, dropping them, too, one by one, into the dread gulf of the irrevocable Nevermore!

"Wife," said a voice at Hanne's ear. "All alone, old woman?"

She bent her head almost to her knees searching for a knitting-needle on her lap. "Yes, Franz, all alone. Martha and Lotte are getting their supper with the farm-people in the great room on the other side of the barn."

There was an unusual softness in Hanne's voice. Her husband did not see the tears on her cheek, for she kept her face in shadow, and the kitchen was very dark; but he knew that she had been crying. He knew, too, that her thoughts had gone back to the early days of her wifehood, and that she had been mourning for the baby whose coming she had looked for with such passionate joy, and whose death had struck so heavy a blow to her heart.

He sat down beside her, putting his broad rough palm on the back of her hand, and gently stroking it. Franz Lehmann was an ignorant, rustic, uncultured man, but no eloquence could have spoken more plainly to his wife's apprehension than that silent action.

"I wasn't idle, Franz," said Frau Lehmann, after a pause. "I was finishing your stocking. But I never want any light to knit by, and what's the good of wasting oil or candles? Sometimes I think that if I was to go blind I shouldn't be quite a burden. I could knit—I know I could."

"Tut, tut, old woman, don't talk about being a burden, and going blind! And as to being idle—well, if no housewife in Germany was more idle than my Hanne, there'd be full barns and empty poor-houses all over the land." Still the rough, broad palm was stroking the wife's hand caressingly.

"I wanted to say a word to you, wife," resumed Franz presently, "about that old lawyer that was here yesterday. But somehow we don't get much time to talk together, do we?"

Had Franz Lehmann spoken out fully the thought that was in him, he would have said that it was not so much opportunity for confidential talk that was rare, but rather such a disposition on the part of his hearer as might give any hope of a peaceable and amicable discussion; and that he seized on the present moment, encouraged by finding his old woman in a softer mood than was usual with her.

"What about the old lawyer, Franz?"

"Well, you know, we've got a new land-steward for the Prince's property here—one Major von Groll, I think they call him. The post has been vacant ever since old Bopp died."

Hanne nodded.

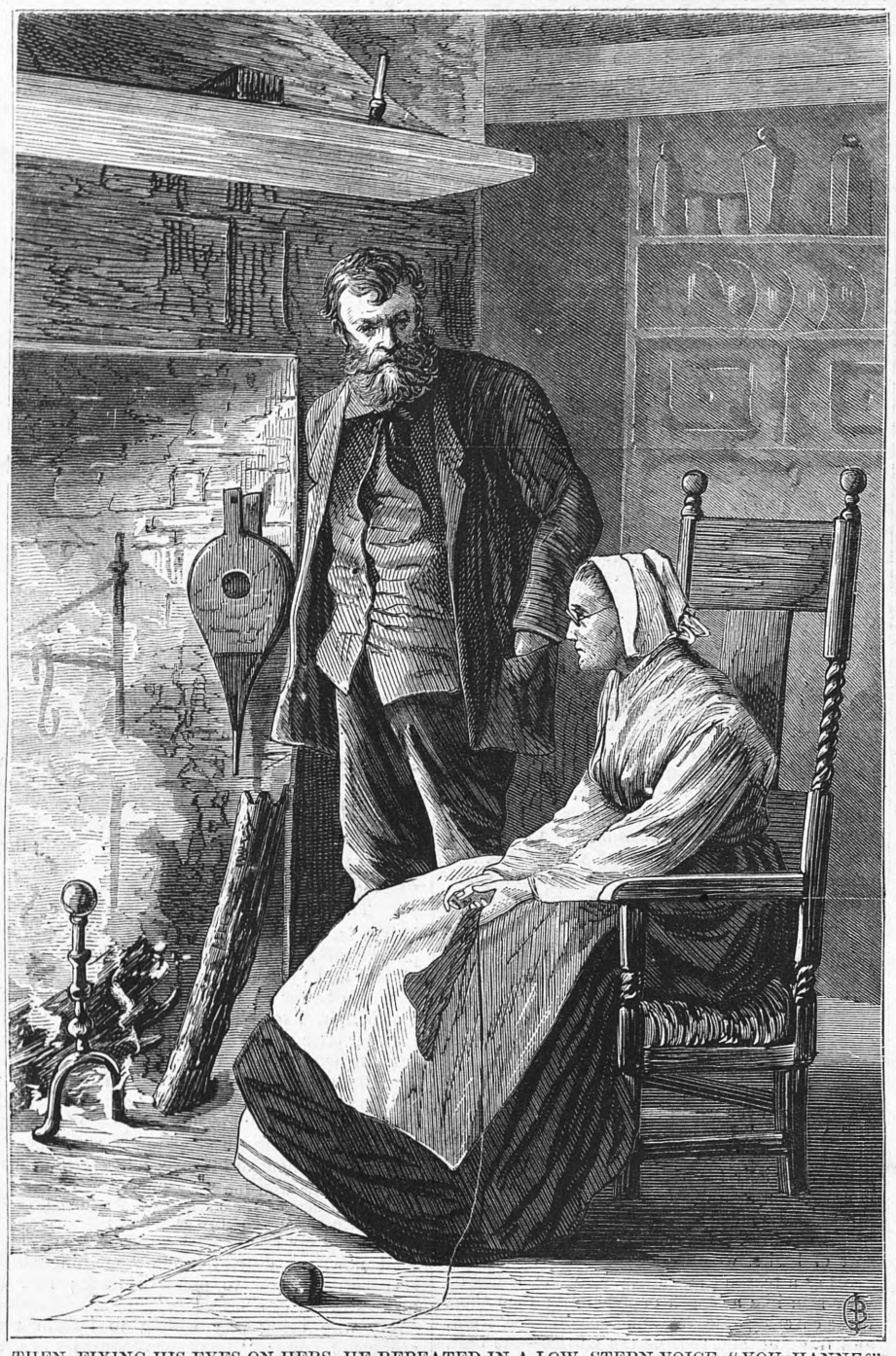
"This Herr Justizrath von Schleppers," resumed Lehmann, mouthing out the full style and title with a true German enjoyment of long-winded appellations, "this same Herr Justizrath was lawyer in Bopp's time, and is lawyer still, for all the Prince's legal business in Detmold. Now it seemed to me yesterday that he was getting a step beyond just minding his own part of the business, and was poking his nose into things that don't concern him."

"I suppose he came here in the land-steward's place? The land-steward is quite a noble gentleman, and has been in the Austrian army, I've heard say, and of course he won't be of any real use to the Prince. How should he? It will fall on the Justizrath to do the work. And all right enough. The Von Schleppers are well-born, too; I don't say but what they are; but then you see the Justizrath is a lawyer, and that makes all the difference."

"You don't understand, wife," began Franz, incautiously.

"Don't understand? Why, what will you say next, Franz Lehmann? If I don't understand, things are in a bad way with us, for it's little other understanding than my own that's to be found under this roof."

"I know you've a head upon your shoulders, old woman—none better in the Principality—and I know too, well enough, that my own is apt to get a bit muddled at times, when I set off thinking" (it may be observed that Franz Lehmann here spoke in perfect sincerity); "but what I mean is, that you wasn't with us, you know, when we were going over the farm yesterday, and you didn't hear all the old fellow said, and the questions he kept asking, nor see the way his eyes were upon every thing, peering and prying and poking out his bald head."



THEN, FIXING HIS EYES ON HERS, HE REPEATED IN A LOW, STERN VOICE, "YOU, HANNE?"

Hanne began to bridle. The picture presented to her mind of a stranger—Justizrath and Von Schleppers though he might be—peering, prying, and asking questions on her homestead, was not agreeable to her.

"Dear Heaven!" she cried, "I suppose he didn't find much amiss! He might have gone into every hole and corner of the place for all I should have cared. I'm not afraid for folks to see how I manage. But, all the same, he'd no right to set his foot on a sod of the ground, barring the hill-side meadows that you rent of his highness. As to the house and the rest of the land, they're yours, and were your father's and grandfather's before you."

"Just so, old woman; just so," returned the farmer, patting the hand on which his palm still rested, and congratulating himself on the accord between his feelings on the subject and his wife's. "The old gentleman was smooth-spoken enough, though, and praised the look of the place, and all that. But, someway—I can't tell why, exactly—I didn't much take to him. I didn't altogether like the way he spoke of Lieschen."

"I hope they're not dissatisfied with her. I hope he had no fault to find?"

"Fault! Why no; it would be hard to find fault with my little Liese, I'm thinking."

Hanne sharply withdrew her hand from her husband's, and the softness that her solitary musings had left behind them disappeared from her voice and her face and her manner. "Stuff and nonsense!" said she, angrily. "Hard to find fault with Liese? Hard enough not to find fault sometimes—as you'd know, if you had the house to manage instead of mooning about the farm all day! But so it is with you men. If you are pinched in a soft place yourselves, though, you roar out to be heard on the top of the Grotenberg. What a long face would you pull if I was to declare it was hard to find a fault in Claus, your wagoner! And yet I don't know that he gives me much bother."

"Why, old woman! you don't liken our Lieschen to drunken old Claus, do ye?"

Franz tried to force a laugh by way of turning the matter into a joke, but his hilarity was received with supreme and chilling disdain. Presently he resumed, gravely: "When I said I didn't quite like the way Lawyer von Schleppers talked about Lieschen, I meant that he seemed so prying and eager—all in a sly, quiet way, though—to learn all about the child's story, and about—her poor mother. I can't think who had been putting it into his head to ask the questions he did. No one here, except you and me and Peters, knows aught of that sad tale."

Hanne flushed a deep crimson to the roots of her hair, but the fire-light did not suffice to reveal the flush to her husband's eyes.

"Ah, Franz, that's so like you!" she made answer. "You fancy folks don't know things just because you never told 'em. But, Lord! don't you go to believe that there's so much kept secret in this world."

"Well, but who told the Justizrath that Liese's name wasn't Lehmann?"

"Who told him?" retorted Hanne, with an unnecessary assumption of being injured. "Why, who should tell him but me?"

"You, Hanne?" Franz rose up from his seat, and, taking up a dry pine-log from the corner of the hearth, threw it on to the smouldering fire, where it presently blazed up into a bright flame, by the light of which he could distinctly see his wife's countenance. Then, fixing his eyes on hers, he repeated in a low, stern voice, "You, Hanne?"

Either the sullen glare, or something menacing in her husband's tone, made Frau Lehmann nervous; for she began to speak in a fluttered manner, very unlike her usual one.

"Yes, me, to be sure. Who else? And what matter? We were chatting—and—you were away with the plow, and I had sent for you, and the lawyer was mighty civil-spoken—and—I suppose you don't think I ought to sit with a guest in my own house quite mum-chance, do you, Franz?"

"No," said Franz, slowly, still keeping his eyes on hers.

"Very well, then. And I suppose it was natural to get talking about Liese, since she lives in the lawyer's house, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Franz, in the same manner.

"Very well again, then. The old gentleman spoke with a great deal of interest about the child. I'm sure I thought you'd have been pleased."

"Did you?"

"Yes, of course. Pleased to know that the child was with folks who—who—cared about her."

"And was it to make them care about her the more that you told—"

"I told nothing, Franz, but that her name was not Lehmann. Nothing else. We were speaking of how old Liese was, and how long it was since you had fetched her here from Hanover, and such like. And—and—it slipped out."

"Slipped out! You're not one to let things slip out against your will, unless so be you're in a temper. But that was it—you were in a temper. You had got one of your cursed spiteful fits on you, when you hate the innocent lass and think of naught but how to run her down and belittle her. The lawyer, mayhap, said a word in her praise, and that was enough to set you off against her."

"Franz, Franz! I declare, solemnly—"

But Hanne's attempt to arrest the torrent of her husband's wrath was an utterly vain one. Like many men who are constitutionally slow to anger, when once aroused his rage overbore all bounds until it had thoroughly spent itself. His deep voice rolled out thunderous German oaths that seemed to shake the low-raftered ceiling, and his dull blue eyes were lighted up with that peculiarly sinister and savage sparkle which a blue eye is capable of giving forth.

"I wonder you are not ashamed—you who say you have a mother's heart in your breast, and are so soft and pitiful over a little dead babe that needs nothing from any of us any more. I wonder, for very shame, that you can be so hard and sharp and spiteful to the poor, gentle, motherless thing!"

"Franz, Franz!"

"You are hard and sharp and spiteful and jealous—deadly jealous of her in your heart. I never give the child a kiss but you look as though it was poison to you. I never stroke her hair, nor say a soft word to her, but you find some fault or pick some hole in her coat, poor maiden! And then you must needs blab what you think will hurt her with other folks. Not that it can hurt her with any honest man or woman, either—the poor, innocent, helpless lamb. As for him—as for yon prying, meddling old lawyer—if he comes here prowling and sniffing like Reinecke Fuchs, he shall have a dose on't. I'll make his crafty old carcass acquainted with my cudgel."

"Franz, Franz! In Gotte's namen, don't talk like a madman!"

"I'm none so mad but I've sense to take care of my own, and none so meek but I'll do it against any lawyers or land-stewards in Detmold. Potztausend! What is it to him who Liese came of, or where she came from? I've a half mind to take her away from his house. And to-morrow morning, as sure as the sun rises, I'll go to Detmold and see the lass for myself; and if so be she is not happy, nor comfortable, nor well treated, home she comes without more ado. And let me see the man, woman, or child that will ill-treat her under my roof!"

With that Franz stormed out of the kitchen, and his heavy step was heard stamping across the barn and splashing through the wet mire outside in the farm-yard.

Hanne sat by the fire and cried—cried hot scalding tears of vexation, not such soft weeping as she had indulged in before. Franz was very, very seldom roused to such a manifestation of anger, and the indefeasible masterhood of his sex. Not more than half a dozen times, perhaps, in the whole course of her wedded life, had Hanne Lehmann seen her husband thus moved. And now it was not so much the fact of his being in a passion that hurt her as the cause of it. She had neither delicate nerves nor fine-spun sensibilities, but she had a very deep, though narrow and jealous, affection for Franz. "I wonder what Liese could have said of me that would have put him out so?" thought she, bitterly. And thus she went on tormenting herself and nursing her wrath against Liese. But she had no fears that her unlucky confidence to the Justizrath would lead to any further serious consequences. And she was right. Franz's habitual mild inertness resumed its sway as strongly as ever after his storm of rage had subsided. That next morning, which has such a marvelous power to modify the resolves and calm the emotions of most of us, witnessed no journey to Detmold on the part of the farmer. "I will go and have a peep at the dear little maid before long," said he to himself. "But to-day is corn-market at Lemgo. Liese must wait. Aufgeschoben, ist nicht aufgehoben. What's put off, isn't finished. So."

Then things fell into their old track at the farm. The housewife bustled and toiled, and scolded her maids as usual, and Franz smoked and mused, and lounged about his fields. But Hanne felt in her heart a secret accession of jealous bitterness toward the orphan girl. For she mentally credited Liese with all the suffering and mortification consequent upon her husband's outburst of anger. It never occurred to her to blame her own tongue and temper for the mischief.

Which clearly proves Frau Hanne Lehmann to have been a very singular woman indeed.

THE HAPPY CONFESSION.

"Written in sand!" it sounds mournful to many—
The dirge of bright hopes that might never expand!
But I count that one day far the dearest of any
That showed me my name had been written in sand—
Written in sand!
But then understand
'Twas the girl that I loved wrote my name in the sand.

Ah! I had wooed her and worshiped her daily—
Yet ever lacked courage to ask for her hand.
Had my love won her heart? She smiled ever so gayly,
I fear the impression was written in sand.
Written in sand!
How vainly I scanned
Her face for an answer, not written in sand.

Time passed away, my brief holiday speeding
Too soon to an end; when at duty's demand
I must go with a heart that was wounded and bleeding,
And leave but a memory written in sand—
Written in sand!
But a meeting I planned
To learn if my love was but written in sand.

I sought her at eve where she sat by the ocean,
When slowly the tide ebbed away from the land,
She sat like a statue—so still, without motion—
Yet, no! She was writing a name in the sand!
Written in sand!
I stole to her—and—
Oh, joy!—'twas my name that was written in sand.

She turned in surprise—as I leaned o'er her shoulder,
Her cheek my warm breath so audaciously fanned.
Oh, she blushed like a rose when she saw the beholder
Was he whose loved name she had written in sand.
Written in sand!
As her sweet waist I spanned
I whispered, "My fate you have written in sand!"

PAULINE, PRINCESS OF METTERNICH.

At no great distance from the village of Neuburg, and about sixteen leagues from the imperial city of Vienna, there rises on a knoll overhanging the wooded banks of the majestic Danube the ancient castle of the Counts of Sandor, in a region famous for its wild and romantic scenery.

At this castle, which in times of yore was strongly fortified, and of very considerable extent, and which, having partially been allowed to sink in ruins, combines in its appearance the charms of a picturesque medieval ruin with the imposing grandeur of a modern palace, there was born, on the 26th of February, 1836, the Countess Pauline Sandor, who was afterward, as the wife of Richard, Prince of Metternich, to play so distinguished a part at the imperial court of France.

Already in her earliest childhood little Pauline displayed many of those characteristics which were to distinguish her in after-life. She was tenderly attached to her parents, Count Maurice and Countess Estelle of Sandor, whose only child she was; but her independent and self-asserting spirit often brought her in conflict with their wishes. She was wonderfully bright, and learned with amazing rapidity whatever pleased her fancy, but she proved the dullest of pupils whenever the subject of a lesson seemed uninteresting to her. Generous and kind-hearted to a fault, but petted as she was by her parents, she was exceedingly impulsive, would rarely brook restraint and contradiction, and was no less quick to resent insults than to beg pardon of those whom she had offended.

Among the children of the noble families residing at the neighboring country seats there happened to be very few girls; hence her intercourse with other children was principally confined to boys, in whose outdoor sports she gladly took part, with whom she romped about the fields, angled in the river, hunted butterflies in the park, and rode on the pony, which her father had presented to her on her seventh birthday, all over the environs of Sandor Castle. The boys treated the bright-eyed girl with that deference which she was not slow to exact, and the villagers and their children, who looked up to her as if she were a much superior being, yielded to her an obedience the more willing and submissive as she always treated them with the utmost kindness. — Whenever her parents gave her money she was certain to present it to the first person who seemed to be in distress. On Christmas-eve she would insist on having a number of the children from the village with her, that they might enjoy with her the magnificent Christmas-tree which her parents always presented to her on that festive occasion. Once —she was scarcely seven years old — she ran away from home, and performed a walk of five leagues on a sultry day in midsummer, in order to visit her former nurse, who was lying very sick at the house of her mother, and brought her some jars filled with preserves, and all the money her little purse contained. Upon reaching the distant village she was so tired that the village priest had to send her back in a carriage to her parents, to whom her unaccountable disappearance had caused the most intense anxiety.

When she was ten years old a Parisian governess and a music-teacher were engaged for her. Pauline threw the former into an ecstasy of delight by the rapidity with which she learned to speak French, and drove her to despair by the contempt with which she treated her lessons in grammar, history, and geography. Good Mademoiselle L—— also praised her young pupil for the readiness with which she adopted her advice concerning certain questions of *tournure*, dress, and manners; but one day, on entering the servants' room, she was shocked beyond measure to find there little Pauline with the bonnet of her governess on her head, and her shawl wrapped around her shoulders, mimicking Mademoiselle L—— to perfection, and convulsing the assembled servants by her indescribably droll performance. As regards the music-teacher, she met with no better success. Pauline would sit for hours and hear the teacher play; she could sing every melody she heard; but the piano exercises of Czerny and Hünten filled her with no less aversion than the grammars of Debonale and Meidinger.

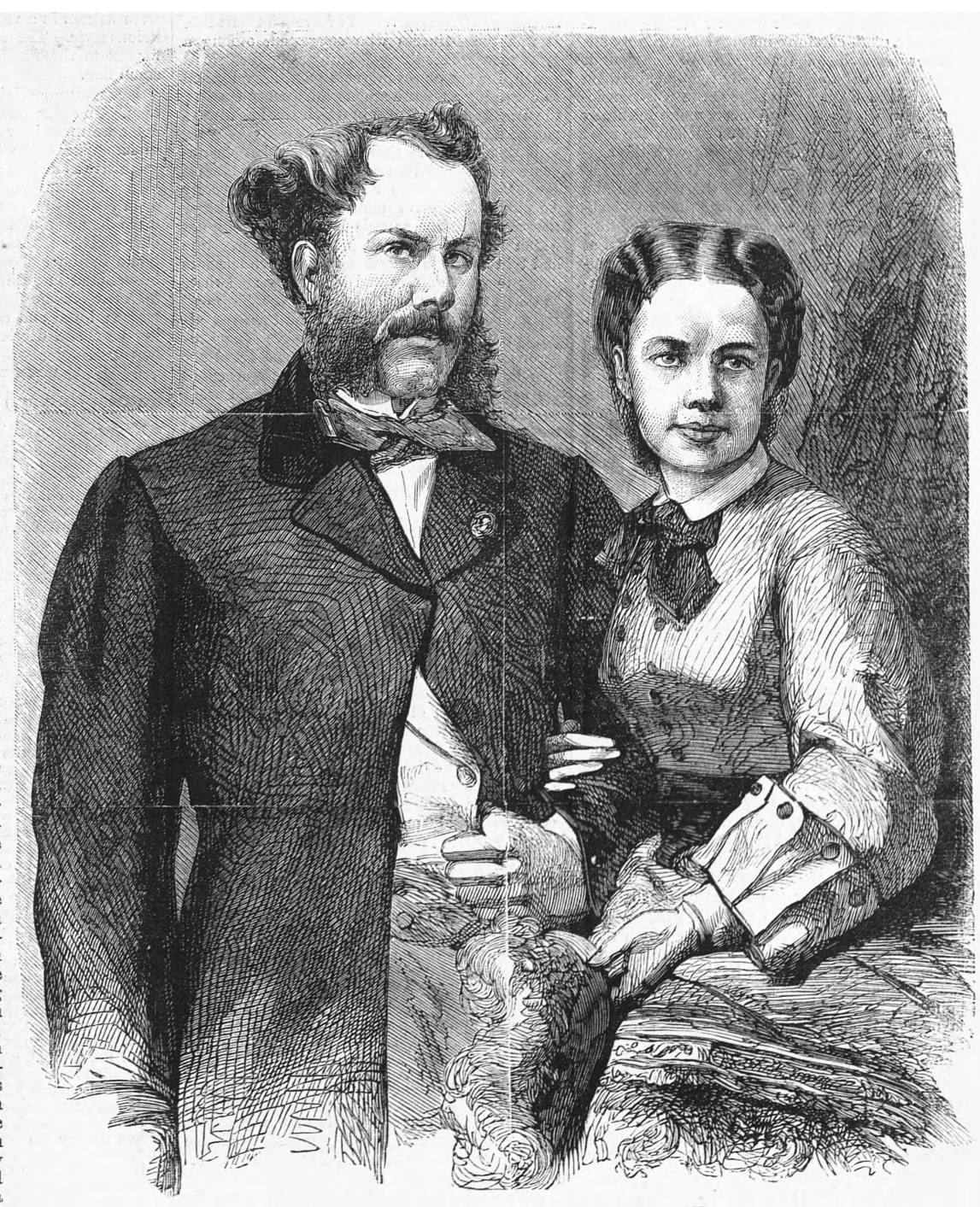
Her mother, when told of a new freak which her daughter had committed, would often say to her husband, half in despair, "What is to become of Pauline?" Count Maurice, smiling, replied, "I believe I shall have to get her a cornetcy in a regiment of hussars; and then, my dear, you know that the old gipsy predicted Pauline would one day rule over an empire!"

However, he did neither the one nor trusted in the other, but sent her in her thirteenth year to the Neubrunner Stift, where Pauline perfected her somewhat neglected education. Two years afterward she accompanied her parents on a journey through Italy and Western Europe; and on their return to Austria she was presented at court. She was then a young lady of sixteen, neither beautiful nor even pretty; her features bore too strongly the somewhat coarse Austrian type; her mouth was a little too large, and her nose *à la* Roxelane did not add to the attractiveness of her face. Nevertheless she created a decided sensation in the aristocratic world of the imperial city, and she was soon surrounded by a much larger circle of admirers than the most beautiful ladies could boast of; she was so vivacious, so bright, her smile was so sunny, her impulsive temper was curbed by so much amiability and tact, she was so witty and arch, so clever and fascinating, that most of the young princes, dukes, counts, and barons at the court of Vienna, despite her rather plain face, were soon at her feet.

The Archduchess Sophia, the Emperor's mother, who had long been an intimate friend of Pauline's mother, selected the young Countess Sandor, as soon as the union between Francis Joseph and the gentle and beautiful Elizabeth of Bavaria had been decided upon, as one of the ladies of honor to the young Empress. The Archduchess, however, was not long in regretting the choice she had made, not on account of any misconduct on the part of Pauline Sandor, who performed the duties of her new position to the great satisfaction of the young Empress, but because of the impression which the Countess made on the susceptible heart of the young Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, who met her every day in the apartments of his sister-in-law, and was soon head over ears in love with Pauline Sandor. There was now a prospect of the gipsy's prophecy being realized; for the young Archduke, despite the remonstrances of his mother, who wished to marry him to a sovereign princess, made formal proposals to Pauline, who, to the astonishment of nearly every body, and to the great relief of the Archduchess Sophia, informed him that she could never become his wife, her heart belonging already to another man. The reply drove the young Archduke, who was afterward to play so prominent a part in one of the gloomiest episodes of contemporary history, well-nigh to despair; and, to drown his sorrow and disappointment, he set out on that long voyage which he himself has so well described in his writings, and which kindled in his mind that predilection for life in the tropics which contributed not a little toward leading him afterward to the distant shores of Mexico.

The man to whom Pauline Sandor had given her heart was Richard, Prince of Metternich-Winneburg, son of the celebrated old Chancellor of State and the beautiful Baroness von Leykam. Born on the 27th of January, 1829, he had entered the diplomatic service of his country already in his twentieth year, and displayed so much tact and ability that he was promoted with great rapidity, and sent already in his twenty-seventh year as minister-plenipotentiary of Austria to the court of Dresden. Already in 1850 he had made the acquaintance of the young Countess Sandor, and, although she was still a child, she made so favorable an impression on him that, as he afterward confessed to her, he then already resolved to make her his wife. Pauline, on her part, was likewise most favorably impressed with the handsome, dashing, and courteous young diplomatist. During the following years they met repeatedly, and after Pauline's return from the extended journey which she had made with her parents, the Prince proposed to her, and she gladly laid her hand in his. The wedding took place on the 30th of June, 1856, and the young couple immediately afterward set out for Dresden.

Pauline loved her young husband with all the tenderness of her fervent heart, and Prince Rich-



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF METTERNICH.

ard, who found in her not only a devoted wife, but an invaluable assistant in the career in which he was soon to achieve so much distinction, has always treated her with the chivalrous fondness of an ardent young lover. The birth of a daughter, which took place on the 17th of May, 1857, added to the happiness of the young couple.

No sooner had the young Countess Sandor become the wife of Prince Metternich than she began to take the liveliest interest in diplomacy and public affairs, to which she had hitherto devoted little or no attention. Early in 1866, when Count Bismarck was maturing his great plans against Austria, he dictated some of his most important dispatches to his wife, who, whenever he was sick officiated as his secretary; but few persons are aware that the Princess of Metternich, whom her enemies have often pronounced a vain and shallow butterfly of fashion, not only has been her husband's secretary ever since the year 1857, but has for a number of years past been consulted by him at every important diplomatic step which he took; and it is a well-known fact that on several critical occasions he adopted her views in preference to his own, and even, when suddenly compelled to leave his post, as, for instance, in June, 1866, he intrusted the management of the affairs of the legation to the hands of his young wife. It is true, her impulsive and imperious temper often carried her too far; but her remarkable presence of mind, her ardent desire to promote the interests of her fatherland and to add to the lustre of her husband's name, her ambition, her energy, her tact and adroitness generally enabled her to retrace her steps without damaging the cause which she advocated.

Meanwhile the star of Prince Metternich was constantly in the ascendant. A memoir which he presented to his imperial master in January, 1859, when the relations between France and Austria had already assumed a critical aspect, and in which he advised a conciliatory course toward France, made so deep an impression upon the mind of Francis Joseph that, although he did not adopt the views advocated by Prince Metternich, he took him as his diplomatic adviser to the seat of war. The Princess accompanied her husband to Verona, and remained there till the peace of Villafranca, shortly after which Prince Metternich was intrusted with a diplomatic mission to the court of the Tuileries. After the conclusion of the treaty of Zurich he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary and Embassador Extraordinary to the same court — a position which he has held ever since, and filled with consummate tact and ability.

The Princess hailed this change in the fortunes of her husband with unbounded enthusiasm. Now both he and she were to have a field of labor worthy of their talents, and holding out to them brilliant prospects of fame, distinction, and success. A view of her whole career in Paris, from her arrival there in December, 1859, down to the present day, can not but lead to the conviction that the course she pursued was the execution of a plan, carefully matured and rigidly adhered to, ever since she reached the French capital. To establish the most friendly relations between Austria and France; to render the Austrian legation, which her husband was to make politically the most influential, as well as socially the most brilliant one; to ingratiate herself with the Emperor and Empress, and render them such important services in enhancing the splendor and attractiveness of their court that they could absolutely no longer do without her and her husband, which would render the latter's position at the French court perfectly proof against the intrigues of his enemies in Vienna; and to popularize the cause of Austria in France: such were the ends which she, in conjunction with her husband, strove to accomplish.

If we keep this in view, and bear in mind the peculiarities of her nature, we are able to harmonize the various aspects in which this distinguished lady, whom Sainte-Beuve called a "female Proteus," appears before us, and which, when viewed separately, would seem to justify the charges which her enemies have so often and persistently preferred against her. Whatever may be thought of some of the means by which she sought to attain her objects, it is undeniable that her efforts, in the main, were perfectly successful. Not only have the harmonious relations prevailing between France and Austria not been disturbed, and even outlived such terrible trials as the war of 1866, and the disastrous failure of the Mexican expedition, but the Prince and Princess of Metternich are *personæ gratissimæ* at the Imperial Court, and all attempts to displace the Prince have been thwarted by the emphatic and often-repeated declaration of the Emperor Napoleon, that he preferred Prince Metternich to any other Austrian embassador. Not only is the Princess, as Prince Napoleon, who never liked her, once sneeringly remarked, "the second lady in the empire," and, next to the Empress, the leader of the fashionable world of France, but also, no matter what her enemies may say, exceedingly popular in nearly all classes of Parisian society.

Her influence over the Emperor is so great that, whenever the ladies at court desire to obtain his consent to any measure to which they know him to be averse, the Princess is requested to persuade him to it; and, having always carefully abstained from troubling the Emperor about political affairs, she has seldom asked of him a favor but which he has almost granted already in advance. Perhaps his Majesty treats the vivacious little Princess with such marked favor and distinction because, in 1862, she saved his life. It was at Fontainebleau, where the favorite exercise of the Emperor was rowing in a little nut-shell of a boat on the beautiful lake in the vicinity of the palace. One day he and the Princess of Metternich were seated in one boat, and the Empress and the Prince in another. The Emperor, trying to turn his boat, suddenly lost his balance and fell into the lake. The Empress uttered a piercing shriek and fainted; but the Princess of Metternich, even before her husband was able to come to the Emperor's assistance, with admirable self-possession, stretched out an oar to him, and as soon as he had grasped it, drew him with a firm hand toward the boat, and helped him to re-enter it.

The Princess is a great admirer of Richard Wagner's music, and she considers *Tannhäuser* the greatest opera of the age. She was exceedingly anxious to have it performed at the Grand Opéra; but both the Manager and the Minister of State would not hear of it. So she appealed to the Emperor. She gave a soirée, at which their Majesties were present. In the course of the evening she said to Napoleon III.: "Sire, will you permit me to propose a rebus to you, and, if you are unable to solve it, will you grant me a favor?" The Emperor, smiling, replied in the affirmative. The Princess then caused a servant to place a roast pheasant in a silver dish (*un* METS) on the table. When the dish had been removed, she went to the piano, and played the beginning of the *Tannhäuser* overture three times (*ter*); and finally, she stealthily approached the Emperor on tip-toe, and boldly pulled his Majesty's ear a little (*faire une* NICHE —play a little practical joke). The Emperor reflected a while, but said then he was unable to solve the rebus, and wanted to hear the favor which the Princess wished to ask of him. "Sire," she said, "order the Minister of State to have Wagner's *Tannhäuser* performed at the Grand Opéra." "Granted," replied the Emperor, and the order was issued next day. At the request of the Princess, Richard Wagner came to Paris, and conducted the rehearsals of his opera. His kind patroness rendered him the most valuable and energetic assistance during all the trials through which he had to pass before his great work was performed; and when the Parisians finally hissed *Tannhäuser*, as, in 1825, they had hissed Weber's *Freischütz*, she burst into tears in her box at the Opéra, but immediately seized the hand of the composer, who, deeply mortified and dejected, was standing by her side, and told him to cheer up; the Parisians would do him justice at no distant day.

It has often been asked if the Empress Eugénie is not jealous of the great influence of the Princess over her imperial husband? This question must be answered in the negative. Eugénie is on as good terms with Madame de Metternich as the Emperor himself. She is, in the first place, well aware that the Princess is the best and most affectionate of wives and mothers. She has often been at the house of the Metternichs, and seen how happily they live together. To be jealous of a lady who loves her husband and children so dearly would be worse than absurd. And, then, the Empress can not well afford to quarrel with the little Austrian Princess, who renders her invaluable services in adding to the splendor and attractiveness of French Court life. It was the Princess who suggested, among a great many other things, those parlor theatricals which, for six or seven years past, have formed so charming a feature among the amusements of the Imperial Court, and in which she has always played a leading *rôle*.

It was on one of these occasions that she appeared as *vivandière*, and sung Theresa's famous song, "*Le Sapeur*," for which she was severely censured by a great many who did not know that she had done so only in order to win a bet which she had made with the Emperor. She had told Napoleon about the *rôle* which she was going to play, and he had laughingly said that, in that event, she ought to sing "*Le Sapeur*." "I am going to do so," replied the Princess, although she did not know the song. The Emperor jocularly offered to bet that she could not sing it, and the Princess immediately accepted the bet. The same evening her husband went with her to the Alhambra, whither Theresa at that time attracted large crowds night after night, and the musical ear and good memory of the Princess enabled her to remember the air and text of "*Le Sapeur*," after hearing it once or twice.

We have repeatedly alluded to the enemies of the Princess. Notwithstanding her popularity, she has a great many of them, and, considering the prominent *rôle* she has played so long at the Court of the Second Empire, it is surprising that her enemies should not be more numerous than they really are. They consist of the Legitimists and some of the Orleanists, who think the Prince and Princess degrade themselves by lending the lustre of their name to the parvenu Court of the Second Empire; of the Democrats, who hate her because she is the friend of Napoleon and Eugénie; of the friends of Italy, whose hostility, though, is fast dying away; of the advocates of a close alliance between France and Prussia; of some of the austere mortals who look upon her as a vain, giddy priestess of fashion, and even charge her with frivolity and heartlessness. A great many stories are told to substantiate these charges. The Princess, we are assured by her enemies, is dreadfully extravagant; her milliner's bill never is less than a hundred thousand francs a year. But what of it? She is enormously wealthy; and if she spends so much for this purpose, and dresses so well, it is not so much because she likes to display a fine, showy *toilette*, as because the exigencies of her position in the capital of Fashion render it also incumbent on her to be a leader of fashion. Her admirable taste in this respect never misleads her. No matter what changes fashion may bring with it, her costume always fits well on her, and at the balls in the Tuileries and the hôtels of the Ministers and foreign Embassadors, her *toilette* is almost always pronounced the most becoming and tasteful.

As regards the stories destined to prove the charges of frivolity and heartlessness against her, they will mostly be found to rest on innocent manifestations of that gay and impulsive spirit which made her father say that "he would get her a cornetcy in a regiment of hussars." We have room for but one of these anecdotes. The last court ball in 1863 was at an end. It was past one o'clock, and the weather was so fine that the Princess of Metternich and several other ladies dismissed their carriages, and, escorted by some gentlemen, preferred walking home. When they were close to the Maison Doré the Princess said, "I am so hungry: suppose we go to the Maison Doré and eat some oysters?" The other ladies and the gentlemen readily consented, and the oysters were ordered and consumed. When the party prepared to leave, the Duke de Grammont-Caderousse said to the Princess, "It is two o'clock: what would you do if you had no one to escort you home?" "Bah!" she replied, "I should go alone. *Une honnête femme* can walk along the whole length of the Boulevards without needing to fear any insults." The other ladies differed with her, and the Princess then offered to walk two hundred yards in advance, in order to prove the truth of her assertion. She did so; but, unfortunately, already after she had walked a few steps, an impudent stranger commenced molesting her. The Duke de Grammont-Caderousse immediately hastened to her assistance, and rebuked the stranger, who drew a card from his pocket, presented it to the Duke, and asked for his name. The idea that a duel was to be fought in consequence of her whim immediately restored full self-possession to the Princess, who, in her mortification and confusion, had clung to the Duke's arm. Turning to the stranger, she said to him imperiously, "Take back your card, Sir, and apologize to Monsieur; you have deserved every word he has addressed to you!" The stranger, muttering an apology, bowed and slunk away.

One of the greatest blunders which the Princess ever committed, and which largely increased the number of her enemies, was the libel suit which she instituted against the *Courrier Français*. Always quick to resent insults, and as quick to forgive, she afterward generously paid the fine imposed upon the offending editor; but the prosecution was generally disapproved, and but few persons heard of her magnanimous conduct toward M. Vermorel, so that the Liberal press still treats her with extreme coldness.

She might have entirely overlooked the insulting article, inasmuch as she herself has likewise, on several occasions, written newspaper articles calculated to wound the feelings of her adversaries. It is well known that the *Mémorial Diplomatique*, nominally edited by the Chevalier Debrauz, was in reality edited by Prince Metternich and his accomplished wife. The latter contributed, especially shortly after the war of 1866, a number of spicy articles, in which she pretended to expose certain outrages committed by the King and Princes of Prussia in Bohemia, and which were written in a very spicy but exceedingly malicious style. The nominal editor was prosecuted for one of these articles, and sentenced to pay a small fine.

Her nature, as Sainte-Beuve truly said, is Protean. In order to form a correct idea of her character we must bear in mind that she is a clever diplomatiste, and yet often as light-hearted and impulsive as a child; a friend of the Second Empire, and an ardent lover of her country; a leader of fashion, and an excellent wife and mother; often haughty and imperious, but still oftener extremely generous and kind-hearted; equally at home in the ball-room and in the nursery; no less skilled in getting up parlor theatricals and *tableaux vivants* than in directing a political intrigue; loved and respected by those who know her best, and decried most by those who know her least.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NYACK.—If you prefer silk for your walking suit get one of the frog greens, a dark garnet, or a blue and brown chameleon. Black silk is most serviceable, because it is always fashionable. The striped satin skirts worn beneath it this season make it very gay. In woolen goods get a changeable poplin or an all-wool serge. You will find full descriptions of the new dress goods in last week's Fashion Article. Make two skirts, the under one plainly gored, trimmed with a bias flounce; the upper skirt plain in front and caught up almost to the waist at the back and sides. Many upper skirts have no front width, being attached to the side seams of the under-skirt. If you like a sacque, make it short and almost tight fitting, with revers front and coat sleeves, but scarf capes are newer, crossed under the belt in front, and looped in the back by rosettes.

MARIA LOUISE.—Gore the skirt of your black alpaca suit similarly to those worn last winter, that is, with the front and two side widths gored flat, and the back width left full. Trim with a bias ruffle eight inches wide, or ten if you are tall. It is a matter of fancy whether the ruffle is gathered or pleated. If gathered one-third extra fullness is required. The polonaise is worn larger this season, reaching almost to the top of the ruffle on the skirt. It is almost tight, is fitted into the figure and worn with a belt, the skirt looped by four deep pleats on the hips, high up in the side seams. A newer polonaise has wide spreading puffs at the back but is too complicated for you to attempt to make without seeing it. A small cape like a bertha in front with pelerine ends, forming a sash behind, gives an air of style to the plainest polonaise. Trim this garment with two narrow bias ruffles on the skirt and sleeves. We can answer questions concerning fashions only through our columns; to send details and patterns to individuals by private letter would be an endless task. Correspondents need never expect an answer in the next paper, which is usually made up, if not printed, when their letter arrives. Your suggestion relative to this is altogether impracticable. We exercise our full discretion in our answers to correspondents, who must not expect replies to questions which are irrelevant, have already been answered, or would involve too much time and trouble. Thanks for your kind appreciation.

HISTORIOUS.—The ordinary story is that Louis Philippe, visiting Talleyrand on his death-bed, asked him: "Do you suffer?" Talleyrand replied: "The torments of the damned." The King rejoined: "Already!" Louis Blanc, the historian, accepts this story, and adds that the dying statesman hearing it, took immediate vengeance by giving to one of his attendants some secret directions, full of danger to Louis Philippe. It is stated, however, on good authority, that the King never uttered the cruel remark, which, moreover, has been traced to a much earlier source.

LOUNGER.—Work is undoubtedly favorable to health. "No instance," says Hufeland, "can be found of an idler having attained to a remarkably great age."

X. Y.—A quarter of an hour is quite long enough to remain in the cold water. A longer time is apt to fatigue or chill, and disposes to colds and cramps.

MRS. A. M. J.—In altering a full skirt the shape depends on the number of breadths you have. A sloped front width, three gored side widths, and a full width behind, is the popular style for trained dresses. Only two gored side widths are sometimes used, but they are as broad as the three widths when finished. Trim your wine-colored silk with satin or faille of the same shade, cut in bias strips five or six inches wide, caught in puffs at intervals by bands of velvet. Place this around the skirt, ten inches from the edge, and up each side of the front to the belt. A row of handsome fringe falls from beneath the satin around the skirt, but does not extend up the front. With the same trimming design a bertha on the waist, and deep cuffs on the sleeves. The bias velvet bands you mention will trim your poplin stylishly. Put pleated ruffles of double silk on each side of the band, sewn in with the velvet. The pleats all run the same way. The ruffle is an inch wide when completed. Make your merino house dress with short gored skirt, with one flounce, and a short jaunty jacket, rounding in front to disclose a white linen waist, tucked and embroidered. Striped cambric waists, with turned-over collars and wide cuffs, are worn for morning. Directions for making an alpaca suit will be found in answer to Maria Louise. Large bows of ribbon four or five inches wide are used instead of a breast-pin on the collar. The ribbon is either striped, changeable, or a solid color, to match the trimming of the bonnet. It is a regular bow, or four or five loops, or merely a knot with ends.

MISS TAYLOR.—Our reply to Maria Louise answers several of your questions. New cassimere wrappers are made with a shallow yoke, into which the body and skirt, all in one, are pleated. The long part of the wrapper is sloped like the sacque wrappers of last summer, and produces the effect of gores. The Empress cloth dress, if made with a train, may have a dressy addition of a short over-skirt in lengthwise puffs behind; or if you understand making panier puffs, add them as part of the long skirt.

L. M. J.—A high round bonnet of corded silk of the bear's-ear garnet will enliven your black suit. Black crinoline straw is seasonable, with glowing carnations, or cactus. Black lace, with a shirred coronet of scarlet or capucine satin, and cock's feathers of the hue of the satin, is very stylish. Shaded velvet leaves of the yellow-greens, bird's heads, four short ostrich tufts of varied shades, and large satin rosettes, adorn fall bonnets. The most exclusive ladies in New York attend the Jockey Club races, attired in short dresses, very jaunty and gay, or stylishly plain, as the fancy of the wearer may dictate.

JOSEPHINE.—We think you will find answers to your questions embodied in those of other correspondents, and we have no space for repetition. Get a changeable poplin, gray and blue. If you are fair trim it with blue satin and fringe. If you do not object to expense get a silk of the exquisite combination of colors called moonlight-gray, which is very delicate, but nothing could be handsomer for a bride. One skirt and a polonaise is most suitable for traveling, as the polonaise may be lined with flannel, but as you will want your wedding suit to be very dressy you can have two skirts, the under one plain. The other in paniers, and a scarf mantilla. Trim with an inch-wide bias band of velvet with fringe beneath it or pleated ruffle of satin. A Watteau bonnet of satin of the same shade with long flowing plumes and veil.

MRS. BRAINARD.—Make a steel-gray beaver-cloth sacque, long and loose, and bind with silk braid of the same shade. Pockets with wide flaps. A closer fitting garment with a large cape is shown in heavy brown and dark green cloth for winter over-coats.

NEW YORKER.—The stone slab in Trinity Church yard with this simple record: *Charlotte Temple*, covers the grave of the heroine of the romance "Charlotte Temple," a favorite book with our grandmothers. It was written by Susanna Rawson, and "is the story," say the authors of the Cyclopædia of American Literature, "of a young girl brought over to America by a British officer and deserted." The ground about the tomb, kept constantly bare of grass by frequent steps, shows that the pathetic story of Charlotte Temple has still its readers and her fate its sympathizers.

S. P. HOBART.—Skeleton bouquets are prepared by macerating the leaves in soft water till skeletonized, and then bleaching them in a solution of chloride of lime or of soda; the latter is preferable; after which they are washed and dried and arranged to suit the taste. Great care, skill, and patience are needed for this delicate process. The cleansing of the vascular or green matter from the vein-work requires from six weeks to two months, according to the kind of leaves used. From six to twelve hours is required for bleaching.

FACETIÆ.

A SEA-CAPTAIN, trading to the African coast, was invited to meet a committee of a society for the evangelization of Africa. Among numerous questions touching the habits and religion of the African races, he was asked, "Do the subjects of King Dahomey keep Sunday?" "Keep Sunday!" he replied. "Yes, and every other darned thing they can lay their hands on."

A little five-year-old, who was hungry one night recently just at bedtime, but didn't wish to ask directly for something more to eat, put it in this way: "Mother, are little children who starve to death happy after they die?" A good big slice of bread-and-butter was the answer.

THE MOST APPROPRIATE WOOD FOR WOODEN SHOES—Sandal-wood.

A lady speaking of the gathering of lawyers to dedicate a new court-house said she supposed they had gone "to view the ground where they must shortly lie."

THE FLOWER OF THE FIELD—Wheat.

Squib thinks the dearest eyes he knows of just now are those of potatoes.

A LOVE-LETTER.—"Deer—I send u bi the buoy a bucket of flowers—They is like mi luv for u. The niteshaid menes kepe dark. The dog fenil menes I am ure slaiv.

"Rosis red and posis pail
My love for u shall never phale."

A gentleman traveling on a steamer one day at dinner was making way with a large pudding close by, when he was told by a servant that it was dessert. "It matters not to me," said he, "I would eat it if it were a wilderness."

OF COURSE SHE WOULD.

YOUNG LADY. "It was rather bold of Captain Blazer to kiss my Hand, wasn't it Aunty?"
AUNTY. "Bold! I should think so. I should like to catch him kissing Mine!"

OCCASIONS WHEN I AM SUSPICIOUS.

When, in a public billiard-room, a gentleman wearing a white hat with black band, massive jewelry, and leaky boots, asks me to have a quiet game at pyramids.

When a young lady writes to say she is too unwell to keep an engagement, and I meet her the same day on the staircase at the Stetson House with my bosom friend, whom I introduced to her the day before yesterday.

When the intelligent rustic declares "he arn't seed a partridge that marn'n," and you distinctly detect two brace of those birds peeping from a pocket in the region of his spine.

When a widow told my rich uncle (a widower) that he was the very image of her dear first.

When a spinster asked my father (a widower) "if that dear interesting boy of his wore flannel next his skin."

When a lady, the instant she gets in front of me in the street, draws up her dress, disclosing a clean petticoat with a deep frill.

When a picture-dealer says business is awfully flat, and that he is the only man who is doing any.

When an individual, apparently of sound mind, reads any other paper than ours.

WHAT THE SIGNS ARE.—For the benefit of the superstitious we give the following translations of signs, all of which are true, and hold good at any time: If you break a looking-glass, it is a sign that you will have to get another one. If you help yourself to a piece of butter when you have already a piece on your plate, it is a certain sign you will have two pieces. Never start to go any where or to do any thing on Friday, because you can't get a great way before Sunday. If you drop a fork, and it sticks in the floor, it is a sign it is a good fork. If you spill salt, it is a sure sign that you have a salt-room. If you spill the dish-cloth on the floor, it is a sure sign you will have to pick it up again.

"William, thee knows I never call any body names; but, William, if the Mayor of the city were to come to me, and say, 'Joshua, I want thee to find me the biggest liar in all Philadelphia,' I would come to thee and put my hand on thy shoulder, and say to thee, 'William, the Mayor wants to see you.'"

THE FOURTH OF A MAN—A quarter-master.

A rather fast youth was relating the experience of his voyage across the ocean to a sympathizing friend. Said he: "I tell you what, old fellow, there's one good thing about it, though. You can get as tight as you please every day, and every body thinks you're only sea-sick!"

If mankind are animals, can fashionable ladies be called "trained" animals?

The apple Eve longed for and ate at last must have been a pine-apple.

Never waste your time; waste somebody else's.

It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics that, when statesmen get into place, they often become oblivious of their antecedents, but are seldom forgetful of their relatives.

"How are you getting along at Newport?"—"Oh, swimmingly!"

CONUNDRUM PROPAGATED BY THE DOG-DAY HEAT.—Why is a paper collar like a railway ticket?—Because it's good for one day only.

Women are generally in quest of something. Conquest seems to suit them about as well as any thing.

A girl with a "ringing laugh" caused an alarm of fire the other day. They took her for a *belle*.

"Three-and-sixpence per gal!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, looking over the price-current. "Why, bless me, what is the world coming to, when the gals are valued at only three-and-sixpence?"

THE "AID" THAT IS BY NO MEANS DISAGREEABLE NOWADAYS—Lemon-ade.

A *CROSS*-LOOKING ULTRA RITUALIST.

"I am burning to be at the enemy again," as the man whose physician had advised him to give up smoking remarked, when he lit a fresh cigar.

A FAVORITE AMERICAN LETTER—An X.

THE VOICE OF NATURE—The blowing of flowers.

What is the most dangerous ship to embark in?—Authorship.

SEA-SIDE SENTIMENT—The Atlantic Ocean; long may it wave!

PIN-MONEY—What is expended in bowling-alleys.

THE GREATEST BET EVER MADE—The alpha-bet.

COLORED PREACHERS—Blue Presbyterians.

Who is the fastest woman mentioned in the Bible?—Herodias—when she got *a-head* of John the Baptist on a charger.

What two sciences are employed by teamsters in driving oxen?—*Haw*-ticulture and *gee*-ology.

DRAWING-ROOMS—One of the regular apartments of a dentist.

While crossing a ferry a little three-year-old was heard to exclaim, as she saw a sail-boat, "Oh, mamma! there's a boat with a bonnet on!"

NATURAL COOKING—Boiling of the blood.

The clerk of a cockney church recently made the following announcement to the congregation: "You are desired to attend a meeting in the vestry at four o'clock, to consider on the best means of 'eating the church, and to digest other matters."

WEATHER WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS.

If Candlemas Day be bright and fair,
It will sooner or later rain here or there.
If Candlemas Day be dark and foul,
Expect fine weather, at times, ere Yule.

If the storm-cock sing on Lady Day,
Some showers will fall 'twixt then and May.
On Lady Day if the tom-cat mew,
Fine days will follow—many or few.

On Easter Eve, if skies do frown,
The sheep will graze on the southern down;
If fair upon Easter Eve it hold,
The sheep will graze on the northern wold.

At Whitsuntide when the hawthorn's white,
Ere Midsummer dew will fall at night.
At Whitsuntide when the hawthorn's green,
Ere Midsummer dew will at morn be seen.

At Lammas, an it ever hail,
At Martinmas beware a gale.

At Michaelmas if the wind be high,
Look for thunder and lightning in July.
At Michaelmas if the wind be low,
Look out for frost, if not for snow.

When the moon at Yule doth shine,
An' wet do come not 'twill be fine;
When the moon you can not see,
Then, thereafter, as may be.

A Mr. Hen has started a paper in Iowa. He says he hopes by hard scratching to make a living for himself and his little chickens.

A debating society had under consideration the question—"Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" The decision arrived at was, "No; but impossible."

An Irish dragoon, on hearing that his widowed mother had married since he quitted Ireland, exclaimed, "I hope she won't have a son oulder than me; for if she does I shall lose the estate."

Mrs. Poyser don't deny that *women* are foolish enough, for she thinks they were made to match the men.

Many people at the sea-shore are said to be waiv-ing the question of a return to their homes. They are "tide" they say, for the present, to the fascinating delights of the "long shore" life, and therefore want to "see" a little more.

What two animals took the least baggage into the ark?—The rooster and the fox.

How do we know that Noah had beer in the ark?—We read that he had a bruin there.

How did he get the hops with which to make the beer?—The kangaroo made them.

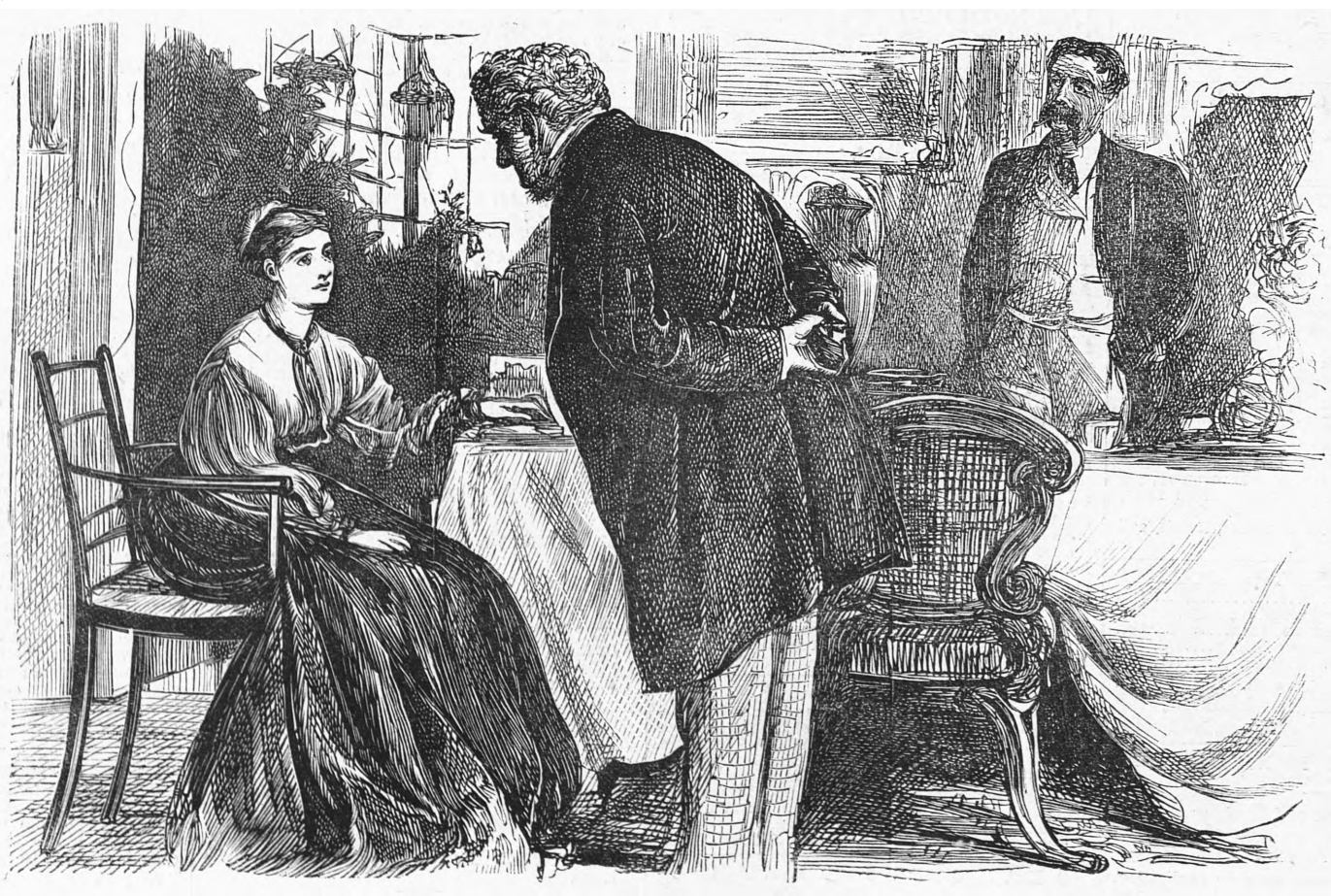
Why was Noah never hungry?—Because he always carried his Ham with him.

Men are like bugles; the more brass they contain the more noise they make, and the farther you can hear them.

A thief of funny tastes lately entered a house in Springfield and carried off two sets of false teeth and a pair of gold-bowed spectacles.

It is a good thing to be above-board, but generally a bad thing to be overboard.

CHEAP LIVING—Living on excitement.



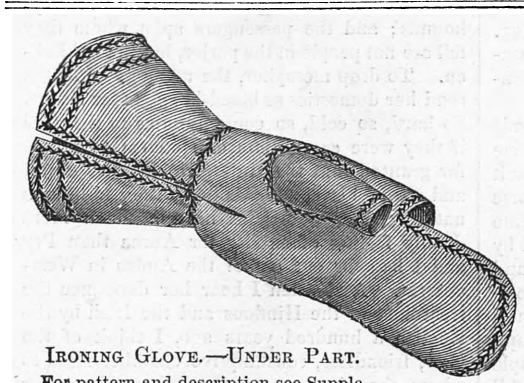
DIFFERENT VIEWS OF ONE AND THE SAME THING.

YOUNG MAMMA. "I trust you Slept well, Mr. Mountfidget, and were not Disturbed too Early. Did you hear the dear Children pattering overhead?"
OLD BACHELOR. "*No*, Madam, I did *not* hear any '*Pattering*!' What *I* heard was *POUNDING*!"

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 50.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



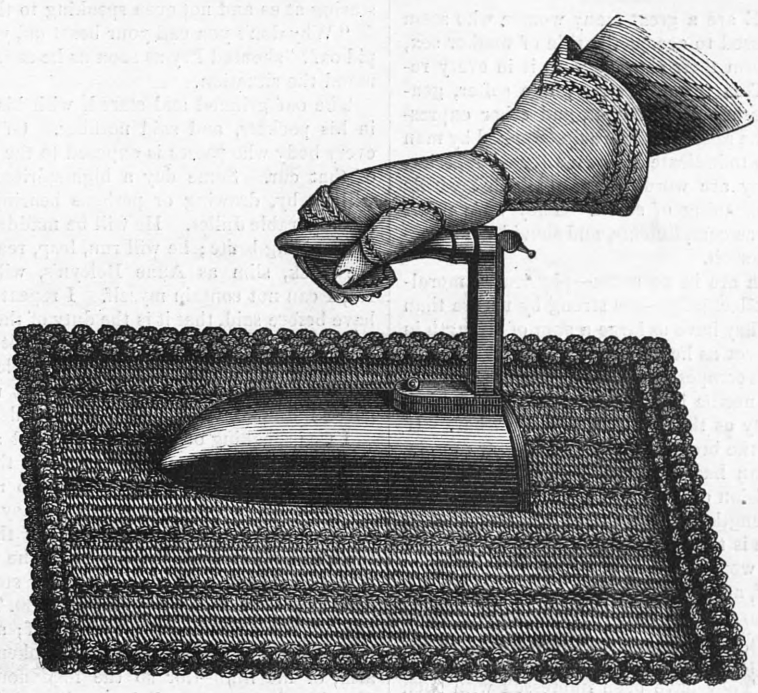
IRONING GLOVE.—UNDER PART.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 43–45.

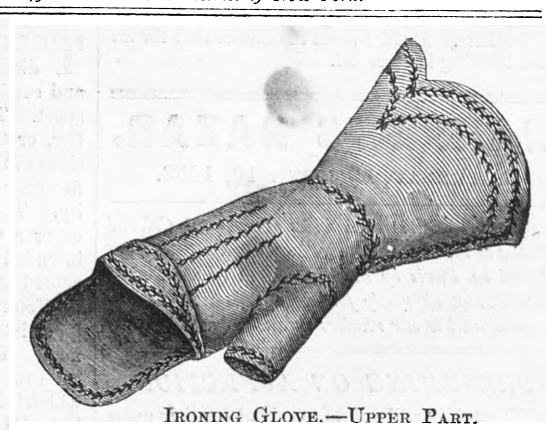
Ironing Mat.

THIS mat will be found very convenient in ironing to rub off the starch which collects on the iron from damp starched clothing. It is made of twine, and consists of single strips worked in point de reprise and joined by a kind of cross stitch. The outer edge is ornamented with a threefold row of picots crocheted of twine. For making the point de reprise strips take a wooden frame corresponding in size to the length desired for the mat, drive four small tacks a sixth of an inch apart on two opposite sides, and stretch around these tacks a double thread of twine, so that four rows of twine shall lie parallel, two threads of twine in each row. These rows are worked in point de reprise, as shown by the illustration on page 788. Having completed the requisite number of strips join them with single twine in the manner shown by the illustration. For the trimming of the outer edge crochet, next, a double picot row, each picot composed of six chain and one single crochet in the first of the six. The picots must alternate, one turning inward and the next outward. On this row crochet another row of picots, each separated by one chain, so that the upper picots of the former row form the middle row of the edge.

Another illustration on page 788 shows a different kind of mat designed for the same purpose. This is worked in single crochet, always putting the needle through both the upper veins of the stitches of the former row, and in raised double crochet. These double stitches are worked in the manner described for crochet fringe for tidies, Fig. 2, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 46.



IRONING MAT.



IRONING GLOVE.—UPPER PART.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XIV., Figs. 43–45.

THE NEED FOR TRAINING WOMEN.

TRAINED women—whatever may be the occupation which they follow—possess a value which their untrained sisters, however great their willingness to do well, can never equal. Moreover, a trained woman can always obtain remunerative occupation. Miss Nightingale says, "People cry out and deplore the unremunerative employment for women. The true want is the other way. Women, really trained, and capable for good work, can command any wages or salaries." This is about the employment of nursing; and it is true about all other occupations. Even the overcrowded ranks of teachers bear distinct witness to the fact that the trained governesses (of

BLACK CASHMERE TALMA.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement., No. I., Figs. 1ª, 1ᵇ, and 2.

BLACK CASHMERE TALMA.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1ª, 1ᵇ, and 2.

whom there are so few) are in a demand which far exceeds the supply.

The apathy of parents, and of women themselves, in this matter is astonishing. They must see daily the miseries which beset women thrown on their own resources, when, in fact, they have nothing to meet the demand; and yet they do nothing, or almost nothing, to prevent the occurrence of such evils in their own cases. Let it once be understood that women desire training, it will soon follow that the training will be regarded as a matter of course. Let them take advantage of work which is offered, and more will follow.

But, at the same time, women ought to recollect that if they desire training, and undertake the work necessary for its accomplishment, it must be with no half will or intention. They must be serious about their work. They must not expect that they can have all the pleasures to be enjoyed by idle people and all the advantages that accrue to busy ones. It is not possible to be butterflies and bees at one and the same moment. Life is too serious to be wasted in frivolities. But to many women hardly any opportunity is afforded for serious occupation. When it is granted, or when they have the power to attain or to command it, let them take heed that they use it well. As they become capable of doing work they will find a pleasure and an interest in it which will make up for the difficulties encountered in acquiring the power of performing it. They will be saved from the blank *ennui* of the lives which idle women endure, and will become members of society of value to themselves and others. But let them remember that for all this training is essential.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1868.

☞ *The first of a series of Elegant Colored Plates of the* FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS, *prepared in Paris by the proprietors of the* MODE ILLUSTRÉE *expressly for* HARPER'S BAZAR, *will be presented to our readers in an early Number.*

PRESUMING ON AFFECTION.

IT certainly will not do to rely altogether upon the force of natural affection, if in fact there is any such thing. Benjamin Franklin, as we all recollect, tested its existence in his mother, by presenting himself to her, after a long separation, as a stranger. She failed to recognize him, and he came to the conclusion, contrary to his previous belief, that there was no natural affection.

Though we may not all be disposed to accept the result of Franklin's test as an ultimate decision of the question, we can not deny, whether the origin of family attachment be instinctive or not, that its force depends greatly upon cultivation. This it would be well never to forget, taking care not to presume too much upon the mere natural ties of relationship. There is more family happiness destroyed by this presumption than by any other single cause whatsoever. There is unquestionably a strong coherency given to the family bond by the pressure of social obligation, and to this may be added whatever tenacity may inhere from the natural affection supposed by many to exist. But with all this, it is not prudent to rely upon either the duty or the instinct of conjugal, parental, or filial love.

Rousseau has said that it is never safe to place our affections, however strong, in opposition to our selfish interests, however weak; and he illustrates the danger and the fatal consequences by an incident in his own life. His father showed every mark of paternal love to him, until, by the death of his mother, Rousseau became heir to a small property. He now showed an apparent dislike of his son, and allowed him to leave his home forever without a protest, and without a settlement, as Rousseau avows, of the maternal legacy.

There are some—we hope there are many—who have such a high sense of duty that they will perform it for its own sake, and without regard to personal inclinations or interests. Still it is not wise to separate duty from pleasure, as is often forcibly done. There are parents who seem to think that the disagreeable is an essential element of domestic virtue. They assume relatively to their children a constant air of severity, and never impose a duty without the threat of a penalty. Their household gods are cruel deities, only to be appeased by the sacrifice of the young and tender, by the tears, lamentations, and painful contortions of childhood. Home thus associated with pains and penalties may still retain a strong hold upon the heart of youth, for it is home withal; but it is preposterous to suppose that its good influence has been strengthened and not weakened by the remembered pangs of suffering.

Wives and husbands are apt also to presume too much upon their mutual obligation. In their case it will be hardly pretended that there is a resource of natural affection wherewith to prop the heart in every shock of violence, or repair each damage of neglect. Marriage surely is a conventional affair, originating in a mutual agreeableness, and depending entirely for its continued happiness upon the ability of each to administer to the other's pleasure. Yet husbands and wives not seldom are seen galling each other's neck by pulling, like two ill-matched hounds, as hard and contrariwise upon the common chain as if they believed it incapable of giving way. Married people should recollect that the obligation to be mutually agreeable in its widest sense, in small as well as in great things, does not end with the last day of the honey-moon. It is more particularly in matters which may be deemed petty, though they are never so considered before marriage, that married people are apt to disregard their mutual obligations. A man and wife are proverbially less courteous to each other than an unmarried pair. The secret marriage of a couple was disclosed by the fact that on the dame dropping her handkerchief the cavalier made no effort to pick it up. His want of politeness proved beyond a doubt that he was that uncourteous creature—a husband. In dress and verbal courtesy married people are wont to be exceedingly careless. The superfine miss becomes the slouchy madame, and the nice-spoken young man the boisterous master of the house. If they desire to remain together we commend them not to limit their mutual agreeableness, as regards the smallest matters, to the first six weeks of their marriage, but to continue perpetually sweet in manner and neat in dress.

THE WEAKER SEX.

THERE are a great many women who seem disposed to accept the title of weaker sex, and conform their characters to it in every respect. This term, however, like softer, gentler, or tamer as is meant, and other expressions of the same sort, were first applied by man to woman to indicate his own affected superiority. They are words of pity which scantily cover a meaning of scorn. They were never intended as compliments, and should not be accepted as such.

Women are in no sense—physically, morally, or intellectually—less strong by nature than man. They have as large a sum of strength in each respect as he, although the particulars of which it is composed are different. The threading of a needle is as great a proof of physical superiority as the wielding of a crow-bar. If man has the broader grasp and stouter muscle, the woman has the greater delicacy of touch and precision of movement. There may be as much strength in the one as in the other, though its nature is totally different.

Many women have, however, unfortunately we repeat, accepted weakness as an essential of their nature. We thus find them doing their best to enfeeble, and reduce themselves to attenuated ghosts of humanity hardly to be seen or felt. They have been impressed with such an artificial horror of the substantial that they will make any sacrifice of health and comfort to avoid it. Thus they tighten their waists, they squeeze their toes, they starve their stomachs, they blanch their faces, and shut themselves up indoors without light and exercise until they become almost disembodied.

They have such an aversion to the least indication of the ruddy hue of health that they conceal it with chalk and paint, and to the activity of vigor that they affect a languor when they have it not. They reach their ideal of a perfect woman when they have reduced themselves to the fewest possible pounds avoirdupois, diminished their power of locomotion to the minimum necessary to getting in and out of a carriage with the aid of a helping arm, whitened their faces to the pallor of disease, and accomplished the feat of a daily headache in the morning and a fainting fit at night.

A claim to the title of the weaker sex may thus be made good, but at a fearful sacrifice of health, happiness, and—according to all unperverted taste—loveliness too. Women should scorn all such enfeebling appellatives as insults to their nature, and strive, in accordance with their original organization, to become robust physically, morally, and intellectually.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

On Keeping Dogs.

DEAR READER,—I was driving on Friday afternoon with my friend Peter Paul Pry, and we were enjoying the soft air and the lovely view near the beautiful village of Assyria, in Westchester County. The clouds were very heavy, sweeping across the heavens in magnificent folds, and our view of the landscape was panoramic, for the road lay across the famous spur of the Andes which extends into the pleasant county watered by the Amazonian Bronx. Peter Paul Pry is peculiarly susceptible to fine scenery, which is always finer under striking atmospheric effects; and he was, so to speak, wholly abandoned to his enjoyment of the scene, so that I was obliged more than once to remind him that he held the reins, and was responsible for our necks.

"Do you see," said Pry to me, "that cloud in the west fringed with sunlight, and just touching the top of Chimborazo? I remember precisely such an effect among the Alps. We had left the Weissenstein in the morning, and went cheerily along the valley of the Aar—Excuse me, Bachelor, if I pause to pay a tribute to the most charming of traveling companions. Oh Juliet, how far away and unreal are the days in which thou seemedst to me more beautiful than Helen of Troy, more an angel of mercy than Mrs. Fry or Miss Dix! How the morning breeze of blank years ago—for why should I obtrude needless details?—lifted those golden locks, while those 'sweetest eyes were ever seen' turned not unkindly upon the most unworthy—"

"Hi! hi! Hold on! Pry! Take care! What the deuce is it?" exclaimed I, as the horse shied and our carriage seemed to be lurching sideways.

"Bow-wow-wow! Bow-wow-wow!"

Pry's hat flew off, and he pulled violently at the reins, and ejaculated something which sounded to me like d—mn—tion, or words to that effect; while I clung manfully to the seat, and, gradually collecting myself, saw a huge dog standing in the road in front of a farm-house and barking at us furiously, while our horse was thoroughly alarmed and tried desperately to run. After a short struggle Mr. Pry was victorious, and we resumed our drive peacefully. But he was in no humor to finish the little romance of his youth upon which he had entered, and the story of which had had rather a ridiculous interruption.

But during all the time that the dog was barking at us and frightening the horse, the owner, a hulking clodhopper, stood in his door staring at us and not even speaking to the dog.

"Why don't you call your beast off, you stupid oaf?" shouted Pry as soon as he could command the situation.

The oaf grinned and stared, with his hands in his pockets, and said nothing. Of course every body who passes is exposed to the assault of that cur. Some day a high-spirited horse will go by, drawing or perhaps bearing some incomparable Juliet. He will be maddened by the snarling brute; he will run, leap, rear; and the neck, slim as Anne Boleyn's, will be—No, I can not contain myself. I repeat what I have before said, that it is the duty of the grand inquest of the neighborhood to present people who keep wild beasts at large and liable to fall upon innocent passengers as the most unmitigated nuisance, to be abated without delay.

I was speaking of this little incident at Tom Touchy's, where I happened in to tea the next evening. Tom is a good fellow, who married Patience Jones a few years ago. They have a little rural box in Westchester, less than ten thousand miles from the banks of the Bronx, where they pass every summer. My story was heard with the utmost sympathy. Mrs. Touchy agreed that it was horrible to think of; and oh! if poor Mr. Pry had had his neck broken, or his arm, or his limb—for so the ingenuous Mrs. Touchy chooses to call leg. "And indeed, yes, to be sure," said she, suddenly remembering that I had also been in the same peril with Mr. Pry; "ah, yes, Mr. Bachelor, how sorry I should have been if any thing had happened to you!"

I don't know why it was, but something in her tone or manner, or in his own humor, irritated my friend Tom, and he made a series of half sneering, contemptuous remarks at his wife who sat silent and coloring and drooping, until the tears came into her eyes. But I saw that she was determined not to seem conscious of ill-treatment before me. I must say that Tom was surly and snappish toward his wife to an abominable degree. The word "limb" had evidently offended him, and he rung an endless sarcastic change upon it. "My dear Bachelor, don't spill your tea upon your limb, and don't strike against the limb of the table. You had better spread your handkerchief upon your limb; don't you think so, Patience, my dear? By-the-by, Bachelor, the new fashion in trowsers, I observe, is to have them fit close to the limb. But very few men of our acquaintance have handsome limbs, have they, Patience, my dear?"

So he snapped and snarled at her in the most petulant tone—not with good-natured raillery, but with the most offensive air of contempt. His conduct not only suddenly stopped my little story as effectually as the dog's barking stopped the romance of Peter Paul Pry, but it put an end to all conversation whatever. Indeed it presently began to seem to me very much the same thing. I felt as uncomfortable at Tom Touchy's tea-table as I had felt insecure in the carriage; and when I took leave, which I did very soon, and felt very glad too to be clear of that gloomy and ill-tempered head of a family, I asked myself as I walked home what essential difference there was between the oaf standing at his door and suffering his dog to attack a passenger and Tom Touchy sitting at his own table and allowing his bad manners to attack a friend and drive him out of his house? Bachelor, said I to myself, there are many kinds of barking dogs, and the worst is not the four-legged species.

Must I, alas! call the fashionable Aurea an oaf also? Is it possible that a lady who prides herself upon being the very queen of society; who goes to England and passes weeks at the country seats of noblemen; who speaks French and Italian so nimbly, and reads so many of the new books; who gives such dinners and knows the most *comme il faut* shade in gloves; is it, I say, possible that this paragon keeps dogs to snarl and bark at quiet travelers? Even so. She does it. There is in this respect a very striking resemblance between the superb Aurea and the bumpkin of whom we were speaking.

I say that she keeps dogs; and you think that it is a very proper and pretty thing to behold a gracious lady proceeding to the Park attended by a King Charles with a broad blue ribbon, as if he were, excepting the ribbon, a dukeling incognito; or by an Italian greyhound with a neat blanket, bound with blue or red as the case may be, and a magnificent letter A embroidered in the corner. But I do not speak of such animals. Why any woman should wish to play at dolls in that manner I can not imagine. Yet I see that some women, and often very charming ones, do, and I am silent. I am silent, but I reserve my rights. If, upon entering the drawing-room, one of these animals advances to the assault of my heels or my calves, I do not hesitate to defend myself with the weapons that nature has provided. I kick lustily and leave consequences to Heaven. If I also leave the enemy upon the field I am resigned. If the mistress darkens her face and refuses me at the door forever after, I am equal to that fortune. I am willing to be the Curtius to leap into this horrible canine gulf to save decent society.

But the dogs of which I speak are more ferocious than the King Charleses and the greyhounds; and the passengers upon whom they fall are not people in the parlor, but in the kitchen. To drop metaphor, the manners of Aurea rend her domestics as blood-hounds tear slaves. So hard, so cold, so contemptuous to them, as if they were caterpillars or spiders; so taking for granted that they intend to lie, and cheat, and steal; her conduct is derogatory to human nature. Her domestics have a much more deadly feeling of enmity for Aurea than Pry and I had for our oaf of the Andes in Westchester. And when I hear her denounce the treatment of the Hindoos and the Irish by the English a hundred years ago, I think of the poor, friendless, consumptive chamber-maid to whom she gives no quarter, whom she never consoles with the proofs of warm human and sisterly sympathy, and I am tempted to cry aloud, "Thou art the woman!" I would rather Aurea had a body-guard of Italian greyhounds, and a drawing-room full of wretched little pug-nosed King Charleses, than that she should keep such a pack of hounds to hunt innocent travelers; and should she chance to read these words, I will not equivocate, I say frankly—Yes, Madame, I *do* mean you. It is you who stand by unconcerned while your fierce dogs fall upon strangers, but fellow-beings.

And would you believe that Jeffreys—yes, even Jeffreys—keeps a whole pack? He is apparently the mildest of men. He stoops a little in a scholarly way, and he can no longer conceal that he is the editor of the new Review. He keeps his dogs for service in its pages, and tremendous service they do. I am very glad that I am not an author. If I were, I should always hear the baying of those hounds of Jeffreys in the distance, and feel like a frightened fawn whenever I sat composing poetry, or philosophy, or history. Some placid poet passes—call him poetaster, if you choose—and when you have gratified yourself sufficiently in that way, tell me if every body who is not Shakespeare, or Dante, or Homer, is to be snuffed out? Because of Etna and Vesuvius, shall there be no pretty bonfire in our garden? Some placid poet passes, and Jeffreys stands at his door with his hands plunged into his pockets, and out rush his great dogs, and bark, and growl, and bite the luckless passenger. "Do you call this stuff poetry?" cries Jeffreys, and he pours out all kinds of sarcasm and ridicule upon the luckless poet, like a chamber-maid in old Edinburgh emptying slops from a window upon the passer-by. Criticism is a noble art, but sympathy is a nobler. Let the one elevate the other. Justice is divine, but mercy is diviner. If justice were done—good lack, brother Jeffreys!

No; I do not ask you to say that naught is every thing and every thing is naught. I do not ask you to praise Martin Farquhar Tupper's poetry; I do not say that you shall not make fun of it—how can you help it? It makes fun of itself. But, for Heaven's sake, good farmer at your door, remember that even tramps have calves to their legs, and that the ankles of beggars are sensitive. Bear always in mind that the traveler is a man—think of him, not of yourself, good master of the hounds, and no damage will be done. When I read the early *Blackwood* and its various modern imitations I merely go to a bull-fight. Here are animals teased and tortured for the amusement of the populace—for no other purpose under heaven. The criticisms are written to show how smart the writers are, and to make the readers laugh. That is the manner of Jeffreys, master of the critical hounds. He keeps dogs not to preserve his sheep but to bark at travelers and bite their legs—or limbs, if Mrs. Touchy prefers. And, upon the whole, I think that I had rather be driving with Peter Paul Pry and attacked by the Westchester mastiff, than a writer of books and articles, and bitten by the blood-hounds of Jeffreys.

My dear reader, life is short. Let me beg

you to reflect. Do not put off the inquiry by thinking of Tom Touchy, of Aurea, and of Jeffreys; but ah! remembering how many canine breeds there are, ask yourself the solemn, the momentous question: *Do I keep dogs, and do I stand idly by while they bite my neighbor's legs?*

Your anxious friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FALL MANTLES.

OUR readers at a distance are asking for instructions about fall mantles. We tell them in reply that the universal adoption of short costumes for the street is rapidly doing away with extra over-garments. A lady no longer finds it necessary to provide herself each season with a separate wrapping, since her suits are complete in themselves, each with its own wrapping, made of heavy or light material, as the weather requires. The cloak stores find their occupation gone, and have become costume stores, devoting their best work-women to making suits. Instead of the variety of silk and faille wrappings usually imported at this season only a few new patterns are brought out. These are scarf-shaped with baschlik hoods, Watteau casaques with a broad pleat in the back, or the long polonaise with capes. The trimming is pleatings of the material in frills, or the flat marquise ruche sewed at top and bottom. Cashmere is more stylish than silk. It is made in baschlik mantles and in large circulars with capes, trimmed with lace or fringe. Braiding embroidery, and a little jet may be used on cashmere.

PLUSH JACKETS.

Some very dressy plush jackets are made in the bright Alexandra blue, garnet, and French gray. They are short and jaunty, fitting the figure closely, are slightly wadded, and trimmed with satin piping or silk cord. A hood cut in two points from which long tassels are pendent is a stylish addition. White buttons of velvet or pearl. The cost varies from $30 to $40.

CLOTH CLOAKS.

Cloth cloaks are gored pelisses or tight-fitting basquines with capes or a hood, and are to be used as the upper garment of suits. As the prices are high, often reaching $200 for what appears to be a very simple garment, but few persons will care to buy more than one during the season. It is therefore best to be content with a black cloak that may be worn with petticoats of every color. The gay, warm-looking garnet cloth, a novelty this winter, the rich Humboldt purple, the dead-leaf brown, and the soft violet-gray are very alluring in their beauty, but will neither combine nor contrast well with other colors, and are too conspicuous to be worn all winter.

TRIMMINGS.

Scarcely a cloak is shown without fringe on some part of it. A new fringe has slender, pear-shaped pendants. The wide netted heading is suitable for velvet, and is in favor with old ladies. Bullion cords and tassel fringe are more dressy. Faille and satin are pleated in a variety of ways for frills and ruches, and as a heading for fringe. Six or eight bands of satin the color of the cloth, cross-cut, half an inch wide, are stitched on at both edges. Wider bands have several rows of stitching, done with accuracy, in straight lines. Flat satin braid of different widths is newer than folds. Buttons, both small and large, are used in profusion. The wide serge or military braid is serviceable on plain garments. Velvet bands cut bias from the piece are piped with faille or satin. Tassels of unusual length and grelots of passementerie adorn the hoods and capes. Rosettes and triple bows of satin or faille, or both together, are features of the Watteau casaque.

MODELS.

The handsomest model in cloth is a polonaise of heavy purple beaver, fitting the waist as closely as a dress. Pleats are introduced in the back of the skirt to give sufficient fullness of tournure. The skirt reaches just below the knee, and is looped at the sides by passementerie ornaments with long pendants. The trimming, of black Russian lamb-skin, forms a collar that does away with the necessity of furs. It is bertha shaped, covering the shoulders. Fringe at the edge. The belt is also of the wavy black fur, and a three-inch band surrounds the garment. The price is $200.

A stylish casaque of bear's-ear garnet beaver is short, tight-fitting, and double-breasted. Two groups of satin bands, six in a group and each band half an inch wide, are stitched around this garment. Large square pockets at the side. Narrow coat-sleeves. Price $75.

A black basquine has velvet fronts and back of satin. Guipure lace and satin ruches trim this unique garment. Price $150. A black ribbed cloth is a gored circular with large cape. Price $75. Another is a polonaise with cape and pointed hood. Trimming of knots of faille and fringe. Price $60.

CARRIAGE WRAPS AND SHAWLS.

Heavy plaid flannels, a yard and a half wide at $2 a yard, are made up into extra carriage cloaks. These are serviceable for traveling, and are worn over suits on cool mornings on the promenade. The royal Stuart plaid, the M'Gregor, M'Farlane, Rob Roy, and plaids of every clan are in favor. Ladies of quiet tastes choose large blocks of black and white, or the irregular blue and green plaid. Gay young misses wear the bright colors in which Highlanders delight. The shape is a gored circular, pointed behind and at the sides, with arm-holes concealed by a large cape with pointed fold forming a hood. Folds of satin and fringe of the several colors of the plaid form the trimming. The price asked is from $16 to $35.

Woolen shawls, soft as merino but very heavy, are in stripes and plaid. The stripes are wide and regular bars of black, scarlet, and gold together, or the broken Roman stripe with all the hues of the rainbow. $18. The chlamys, of which we have already spoken, a cashmere circular laden with colored embroidery and appliqué, is a gorgeous opera cloak to be worn later in the winter. Shawl-shaped garments with an Arab fold are trimmed with fringe and black lace. White plush with pink or blue stripes, having the effect of fringe, is sold for evening wraps at $10 a yard, double width.

PLAIDS.

For several seasons large invoices of plaid goods have been thrown upon the market here, and merchants anxious to sell have declared plaids would prevail; but they were never seen except in the shop windows or on school-girls, and it became a problem to know what was done with the plaids. Again it is affirmed we are to be arrayed like Scotchmen; and as our Parisian sisters have conceived a fancy for northern fashions, it is probable we will have at least a short reign of this gay attire for demi-toilette. It can never be full dress. The modistes just returned from Paris report as among their importations Highland costumes for morning promenades and traveling, which we describe below. They are also using plaid poplins, silk, and velvet, as trimming, "but very carefully," say the modistes; "not broad bands of plaid, but narrow cords, piping, and binding."

The heavy poplin reps, with thick raised cords, silk and wool together, are the handsomest plaids. They are a yard wide at $2. Smooth poplins in plaids of all the clans are from $1 10 to $1 50 double fold. All-wool flannels in large plaids for cloaks, and in smaller checks for children, are from $2 to $3 a yard.

A traveling costume of Parisian make is of large plaid, irregular, blue and green together. It has two skirts, a ten-inch flounce bias, and pleated on the lower skirt, three folds of the material piped with black silk on the upper skirt. Short full sacque with belt, caught up with rosettes at the sides and back. A scarf of the material, half a yard wide, is knotted on the right shoulder, and tied loosely under the left arm.

Another French suit, marked $200, has a skirt of royal Stuart plaid, narrow, only four widths, bordered with a pleating half a yard deep, cut in saw teeth at the bottom edge. A corsage of plaid is tight-fitting in the back, with four deep pleats on each side of the front from belt to shoulder, lapping toward the right. This much of the suit may be used as a breakfast dress. A long polonaise of black ottoman reps, square in front, round at the back, trimmed with bias bands piped with plaid, and variegated fringe, completes it for the street. Rosettes of passementerie, in which plaid is introduced, loop the skirt. An elbow cape has a hood lined with plaid.

Among other costumes were two of a new garnet and leaf-brown velours, checkered instead of in straight reps. Wide marquise ruches of satin on the skirt extend above the knee. Short polonaise, tight in the waist, with added fullness in the skirt to form a panier puff. The lower edge of the puff was formed by gathering the end of the polonaise beneath the trimming.

STRIPED DRESSES AND PETTICOATS.

The zebra-striped dresses are growing into favor. Handsome striped poplins, woolen and satin together, blue, gold, green, and garnet, with black, are a yard wide, at $2 50. A good material not so heavy is $1 65 a yard. Excellent all-wool poplins are shown at $1 a yard in inch-wide stripes for skirts, and narrower stripes of the same color and material for the over-dress. Modistes announce among their expected novelties striped velvets as the climax of extravagance in petticoats. The velvet skirts are trimmed with bias folds of the silk of the over-dress, and the dress with folds of the velvet petticoat.

The seamless boulevard skirts are in new colors, softer material, with new borders like appliqué, and are from a dollar to a dollar and a half cheaper than last year's prices. Balmorals have broad Roman stripes, and a new pattern in imitation of the borders on camel's-hair shawls.

PERFUMED CORSETS.

New corsets of good shape and make are of strong yet thin coutil, less clumsy than the thick corset jeans. The whalebones are in cases stitched on the outside, leaving a smooth surface next the body, a great comfort to corset wearers. A novel feature in these new stays is a perfume in the whalebone cases that counteracts the disagreeable odor emitted by whalebone when warmed by the natural heat of the body. This perfume remains permanently, and is said to be applied to these corsets under the superintendence of Eugene Rimmel, perfumer to Queen Victoria. The price ranges from $2 50 to $5. Another novelty is the crinoline corset for dancing. It is of crinoline or canvas, manufactured for the purpose, thin, cool, and comfortable for crowded receptions. It is made in three horizontal pieces, clasping the waist tightly, with graceful slope on the hips and bust. They are sold at the low price of $3. There has been a marked reduction in the price of corsets lately. Handsomely embroidered corsets are sold at $4.

NEW CRINOLINE AND PANIERS.

A new crinoline called the "Elite Petite" has a well-arranged panier produced by a stout, curved spring of combination metal in the back, with a straight tongue resting on the corset to hold the panier in place. This is much better than the ordinary steel spring panier, which loses its elasticity and gets out of shape. It is also a protection to the spine, as it supports the entire weight of the skirts. The trail to this skirt is very slight. Price $2 50. A panier of this shape detached from the skirt is sold separately.

SWISS APRONS.

The imported Swiss aprons at $5 are trimmed with tiny tucks or appliqué folds, stitched or in braid patterns, medallions of Valenciennes, and lace borders. Bands and pockets are lined with ribbon to display the work on them. Bretelles of lace and ribbon pass over the shoulder. Infants' bibs, shaped like large round collars, are made of diagonal tucks of Swiss muslin, separated by insertion and lace. These are more ornamental than useful, and are sold at $3.

TORTOISE SHELL AND JET.

Instead of tawdry French gilt and wooden jewelry for morning toilette we have a return of plain jet and tortoise shell in massive blocks, cubical pendants, bars, and crescent shapes. Combs, brooch, ear-rings, buttons, and bracelets are made *en suite*, and engraved with gold in Greek patterns, initials, or monograms. Sets of plain tortoise shell, of very fine quality, are sold for $16. These are only the pin and ear-rings. Tuck combs having broad straight bands of shell are from $6 to $12.

PORTEMONNAIES, ETC.

Pale blue leather is a novelty more fashionable for pocket-books than the buff or russet color. Chatelaines for needle-work of this new blue are $5. A treasure to ladies when shopping or traveling alone is a leather belt with a small bag attached, divided into separate compartments furnished with pencil and tablets for memoranda, a portemonnaie, and sewing utensils. Price $8.

For information received we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; JAMES A. HEARN & SON; KIRBY & Co.; and Mesdames DIEDEN & BAILLARD.

PERSONAL.

THE late Governor THOMAS H. SEYMOUR, of Connecticut, was in many respects one of the best specimens of New England character. Well educated, modest, liberal, simple in his habits (six hundred dollars a year he used to say was sufficient for his wants), and discharging with marked ability the various high offices he was called upon to fill, it was no wonder that as Minister to Russia he at once became one of the prime personal favorites of NICHOLAS and ALEXANDER, and that after six years of service he returned home laden with presents from them such as no foreign minister of this government had received before, or has received since. In his modest parlor stood the famous table given to him by NICHOLAS, the top of which is of solid malachite, about six feet long by three feet wide, and worth, under the hammer, thirty thousand dollars—the only such table on this continent. On the table lay that magnificent volume, about three feet square, containing a pictorial history of the coronation of ALEXANDER, each face a portrait, the whole colored and bound in a style of unsurpassed skill and elegance. Of this work only fifty copies were printed, after which the plates were destroyed by order of the Emperor. One of his first acts on reaching St. Petersburg was to seek out impecunious Americans detained in that city, some in prison, pay their debts, and provide for their passage home. When Colonel RANSOM, of the New England Ninth, was shot down, SEYMOUR led the charge against Chapultepec, and pulled down with his own hand the flag that floated on the Mexican fortress. A massive monument is to be erected to his memory.

—Colonel FITZGERALD, editor of the Philadelphia *City Item*, has another new play, "Wolves at Bay," nearly ready for production. Within a year past Colonel F. has written five plays, and bids fair to become one of the most prolific as he is one of the most successful of American dramatists.

—Mrs. MYRA BRADWELL, of Chicago, proposes to publish in that city a paper to be devoted entirely to law intelligence, to be called the *Legal News*. Her husband is County Judge.

—Mr. LESTER WALLACK is biographied in the October *Galaxy*. He was born in Hudson Street in this city, and is therefore a sort of English Knickerbocker. His wife, a lady of much beauty and gentleness, is a sister of JOHN MILLAIS, the celebrated painter; she has four children—ARTHUR, FLORENCE, CHARLES, and HAROLD—charming boughs of the parent tree. His youngest brother, CHARLES, who was in the First Madras, Indian Army, died in New York. His second brother, HARRY, is a captain in the British Army, having served with much distinction in the Ninth and Seventy-seventh regiments. He fought through the Sikh campaign, and wears a medal and three clasps for Sobraon. He is now Governor of Millbank Prison, and attached to the royal household in the Queen's body-guard, composed of picked officers, who must all have won decorations.

—The old LONGFELLOW house still stands in Portland, Maine, overshadowed on one side by the Preble House, and on the other by a block of stores. It seems like some lingering relic of the past shrinking from public gaze. It is now and has always been, in the occupancy of the LONGFELLOW family, and still preserves its old-fashioned interior arrangements. Some of the furniture dates back nearly seventy years to the time when the poet's father first went to housekeeping. On the walls hang a picture of the poet as he appeared in his college days, and also of his uncle Wadsworth. The poet's great-grandfather came to Portland in 1745 to open a grammar-school at the invitation of the town, and was the ancestor of all of that name that now reside in or have gone out of Portland.

—At his own request General HOOKER has been ordered before the Retiring Board, now in session in this city, for examination as to the propriety of his being placed on the Retired List. The General has been quite infirm for two years past, and the recent death of his excellent and accomplished wife must have tended to aggravate his ailments.

—The editorship of the London *Saturday Review* has been conferred upon Mr. PHILIP HARWOOD, formerly a Unitarian preacher and assistant to Mr. W. J. FOX. He was long assistant to the late editor, Mr. COOK (who, curiously enough, is said to have never written a line for the paper he edited). The chief proprietor of the *Review* is Mr. BERESFORD HOPE, known for his opulence, aristocratic connections, and that sort of thing.

—Mr. EMERSON, Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE, HENRY JAMES, and other prominent people of similar tastes, are to read articles of interest to the Boston "New England Women's Club," during the coming winter. These entertainments are to be social as well as intellectual; talk-y and tea-y; a pleasant mixture of food, fancy, and fun

—It is proposed that Sir RODERICK MURCHISON, Sir JOHN HERSCHEL, and Sir HENRY JAMES be constituted a Board of Trustees for a fund to survey the peninsula of Mount Sinai, to determine the true line of march of the Jews, and the true mountain of the law.

—The Marquise DE CAUX (PATTI) has just bought, for $10,000 currency, a lot on the Boulevard Alma, on which she proposes to build herself a house. This is a street answering, in the character of its residents, to Fifth or Madison avenues.

—An American writer in the German *Kirchenblatt* says that if HENRY WARD BEECHER could speak the German language, and be prevailed upon to preach for a year in one of the capitals of Germany, he would succeed in stemming the tide of infidelity in the old country. He says it is but the plain, unvarnished truth when he asserts that there is on the whole continent no pulpit orator that could be compared with him.

—The little difficulty that lay in the way of the marriage of the KING OF BAVARIA with the daughter of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is said to have been removed, and the marriage will be solemnized in a few weeks.

—A grandson of Madame DE STAEL has quitted the French navy and entered the monastery of St. Sulpice—became weary of the worry of the worldlings, and now proposes to be good.

—It turns out that Miss KELLOGG'S return to New York was not for the purpose of appearing in opera with Mr. MAPLESON'S company. She has been engaged by MAX STRAKOSCH for four years, one of which is to be passed in a professional tour through the United States, and the other three in Europe. Nor is TIETJENS coming this fall. What the eminent MAPLESON proposes to do is among the great unsettled problems of the future. It is quite sure, however, that Mr. KINGSLAND, the managing gentleman of the Academy of Music, has MAPLESON'S contract to occupy the same this autumn.

—Ambitious young ladies need no longer think about Mr. COLFAX. That gentleman has "popped" to Miss NELLIE WADE, a niece of Senator WADE, and it is all arranged. She is represented to be a sweet, sensible, accomplished lady of thirty years, an Ohio farmer's daughter, quite worthy the place she has won in the heart of the second man in public life in the nation, and of the position by his side in home and in society she is destined soon to take. Her father, the brother of the Ohio Senator, died several years ago, and she spent part of a winter in Washington with her uncle two years since, when the acquaintance began with Mr. COLFAX and his family, which has ripened into this interesting relationship.

—Since Madame VICTOR HUGO'S death we learn through the Paris papers that, although married for forty years, never was there a wife, unless it was, perhaps, the wife of EDMUND BURKE, so wrapped in her husband as Mme. HUGO was in VICTOR HUGO; she idolized him; lived for him. He was "the ocean to the river" of her thoughts. The annals of love scarcely contain a more blissful history than the narrative of their love. Neither could remember a period of time when they did not love one another. Their families were intimate before their birth, and it is said their fathers on their, the latters', wedding-day exchanged wishes: "If I have a daughter, may she marry your son." Brought up together, they were companions in childhood's sports, and had exchanged troth long before fame had circled the poet's brow with its halo. So he knew (how few men do know it!) she loved him for himself; so he knew she must love him better than any man on earth, for he was indeed bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh, herself. Was not his whole life hers?

No wonder that the Parisian journalists make much of the memory of so admirable a woman.

—Another rich Bostonian has "gathered the drapery of his couch about him, as one who lieth down to pleasant dreams"—Mr. AUGUSTINE HEARD, who accumulated large wealth in the China trade. He was born in Ipswich, in which town he took great interest. A large library and building, fitted up at a cost of $50,000, given by him to the town, was to have been dedicated last week.

—There are to be great times at Princeton on the 1st of October, at the inauguration of Dr. M'COSH as President of the College. Ex-Governor POLLOCK, of Pennsylvania, JOHN P. STOCKTON, and Rev. Dr. HODGE are the orators selected from the Alumni to deliver the principal addresses.

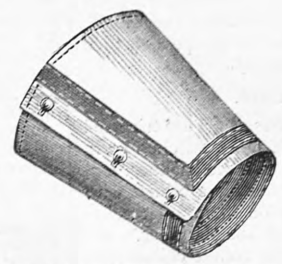
—Mr. THOMAS DONOHO, for many years cashier of the Washington *National Intelligencer*, just before he died requested that the old sign-board, that for half a century had hung over the door of that establishment, might be used as a part of his coffin. The request was complied with.

—Madame METHUA SCHELLER, who has some reputation as an actress, writes to a German paper a letter in which she speaks in the highest terms of the theatre at Salt Lake City and its management. She says that the stage is one of the largest in America, but that the people, being deficient in greenbacks, pay for admission with orders for wood, potatoes, or corn.

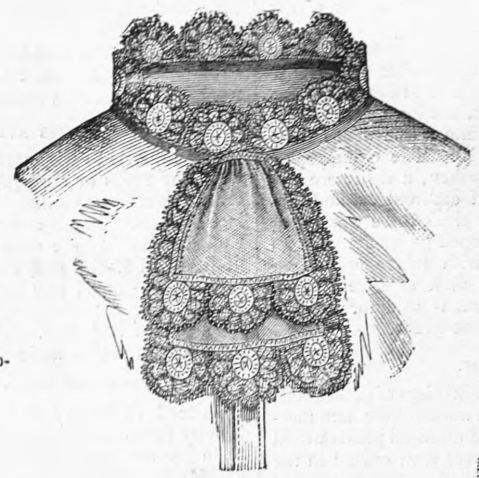
—NAPOLEON III. rewards right regally those who have filled faithfully confidential relations in his household. He has just promoted to be a Senator of France the Abbé DE GUEVY, a most excellent man, who has, up to the present time, had charge of the religious education of the PRINCE IMPERIAL. He has done many good and useful works, such as establishing schools for apprentices, funds for sick workmen, etc. He is Curé of the Madeleine, but happens to possess a splendid house in the Rue de la Ville l'Evêque. This he has fitted up for the accommodation of any of his clergy who may be in want of lodging, who are his guests as long as they please.

Hortense Collar.

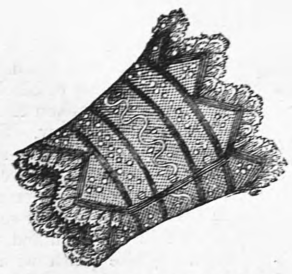
THIS collar is made of Valenciennes insertion half an inch wide, bordered on each side with embroidered insertion a fifth of an inch wide, and trimmed with an embroidered figure on the ends. The under edge is bound with a strip of muslin a third of an inch in width, and the upper one is bordered with Valenciennes lace half an inch wide. For the jabot, which is arranged on the front, prepare a strip of double muslin ten inches long and one inch wide, and trim this with Valenciennes lace an inch in width in the manner shown by the illustration. Between the rows of the lace set loops of green satin ribbon half an inch wide. The same ribbon is also laid under the collar.



CUFF FOR LINEN AND PERCALE COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 22.



ADELINE COLLAR.
For description see Supplement.



CUFF FOR POINTED COLLAR.

Two Standing Collars of White Braid and Lace Stitch.

MATERIALS: Very narrow white cotton braid, fine white thread.

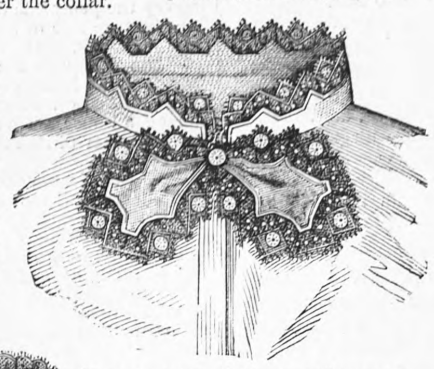
Both these collars, full-sized sections of which are shown by the illustrations, are made of white braid and lace stitch. The edging alone of the collar, Fig. 1, is crocheted.

For making the collar, Fig. 1, first draw the lines for the braid on stiff paper, fasten the braid on these lines and join with button-hole stitch of fine thread, as shown by the illustration, after which crochet the lace on the edge of the collar. This consists of two rows of chain stitch scallops, in which each scallop counts five chain stitches. The last round is worked in picots as follows: one single crochet in the first chain stitch scallop of the former round, seven chain stitches, one slip stitch in the second of these, one chain stitch, and continue in this manner.

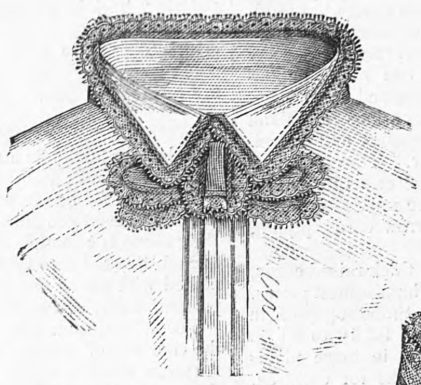
The standing collar, Fig. 2, is worked in a similar manner. In this case join the braid with a kind of cross stitching of thread, which is again wound in the manner shown by the illustration. The lace on the outer edge is formed of three rows of button-hole stitch loops, but each of these rows must be worked by the winding of the thread before working the following row, the stitches of which must be worked in the loops made by this winding. By this means the three rows of button-hole stitch follow each other in such a manner as to bring the stitches perpendicularly over each other.

Marquise Collar.

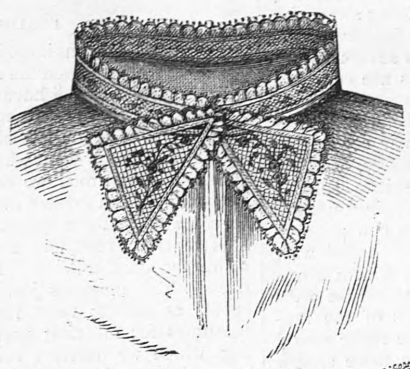
THIS collar is arranged in the same manner as the Hortense collar just described. For the foundation of the jabot prepare two pieces of double muslin eight inches long and an inch wide, sew them together at the upper ends, and finish with gathered lace two inches wide in the manner shown by the illustration.



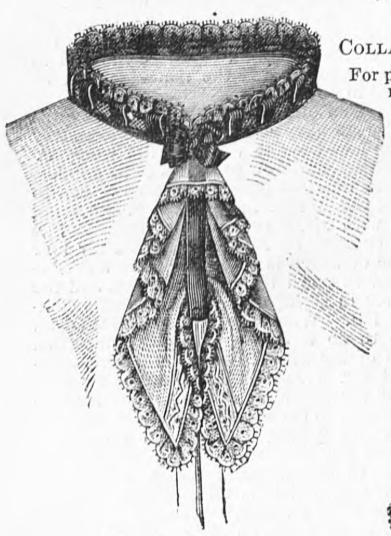
COLLAR WITH ROUNDED BAVETTES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 25 and 26.



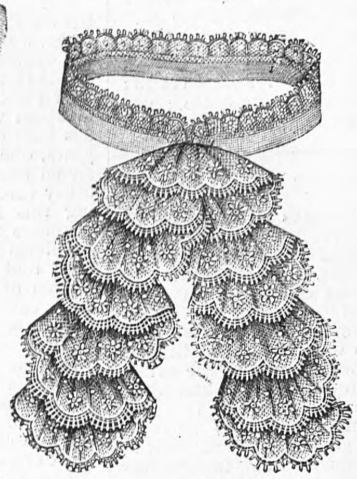
COLLAR WITH CRAVAT BOW.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 16–18.



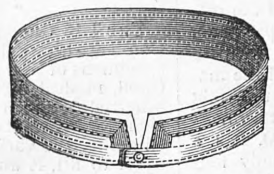
COLLAR WITH POINTED BAVETTES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 20.



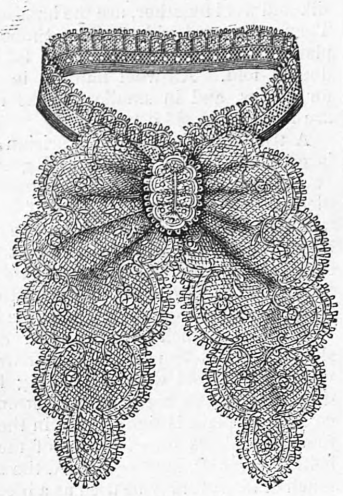
LOUISE COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 24.



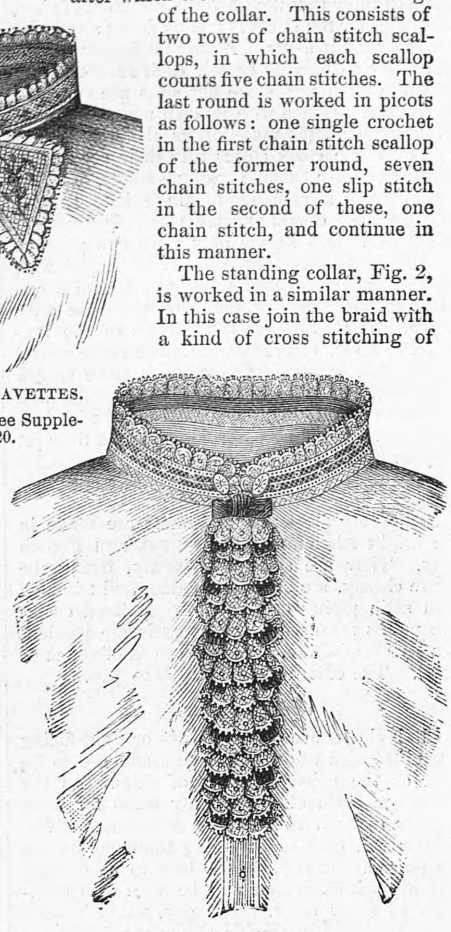
MARQUISE COLLAR.



LINEN AND PERCALE STANDING COLLAR.



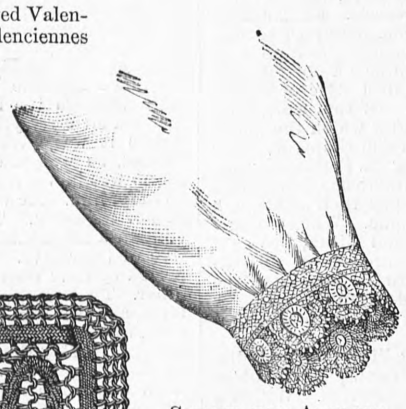
DUCHESSE COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 23.



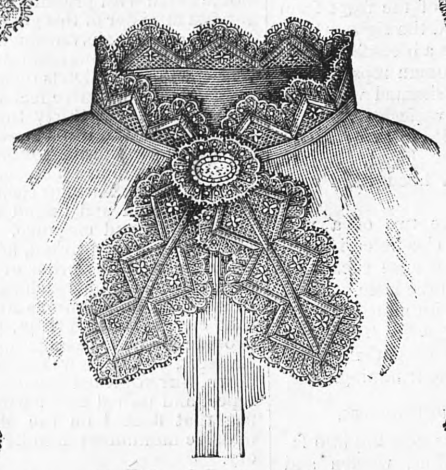
HORTENSE COLLAR.

Pointed Collar with Cuff.

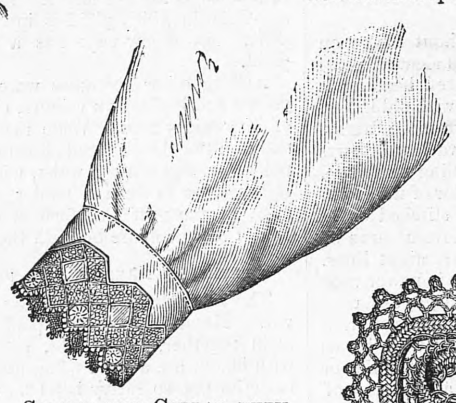
THIS pointed collar is of figured Valenciennes edged with gathered Valenciennes lace half an inch wide. The seam on the edges is covered with a very narrow bias strip of muslin, which is set on with a double row of stitching. The collar is joined to the chemisette with a muslin binding half an inch wide. The ends match the collar; they consist of two pointed strips sewed together in the middle, the seam being covered with a very narrow bias strip of muslin stitched down twice. Join the two ends in the manner shown by the illustration, and finish with a rosette edged with the lace. The cuffs may be made corresponding to the collar by referring to the illustration.



SLEEVE FOR ADELINE COLLAR.



POINTED COLLAR.



SLEEVE FOR COLLAR WITH ROUNDED BAVETTES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 27.

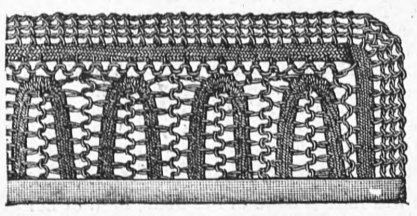


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF BRAID AND LACE STANDING COLLAR.

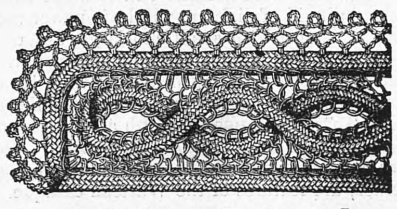
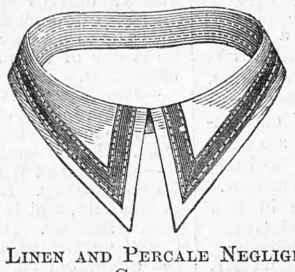


Fig. 1.—SECTION OF BRAID AND LACE STANDING COLLAR.

Linen Standing Collar with Percale Trimming.

THIS collar is of double linen bound with a narrow binding and trimmed with a straight strip of blue percale half an inch wide. Cuffs to match may be made from the pattern, Fig. 22 of the Supplement.

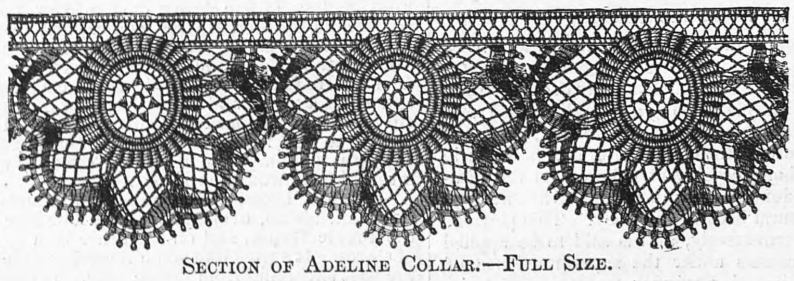


LINEN AND PERCALE NEGLIGÉ COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 21.

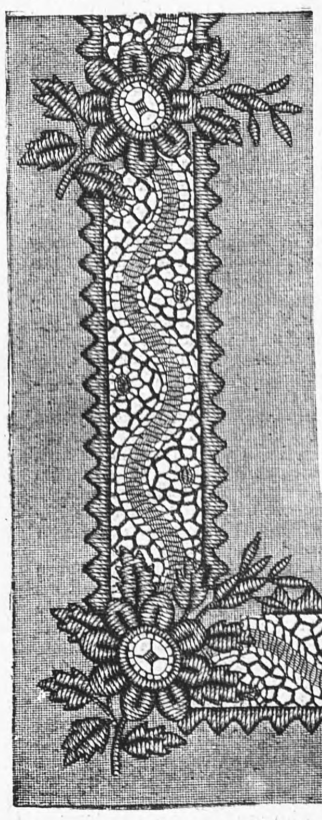
Two Corners of Pocket-Handkerchief Borders.

BOTH these borders are worked above the hem of the pocket-handkerchiefs. The open-work stripe on Fig. 1 is formed of Valenciennes lace, which is worked fast to the muslin on each side with satin stitch points. At regular distances work flower twigs in satin and straight half-polka stitch; the centre of the flower is composed of lace stitch. Having completed the embroidery, cut away the material from under the insertion.

The border, Fig. 2, consists of insertion of netted guipure and single embroidered twigs of flowers. Work the



SECTION OF ADELINE COLLAR.—FULL SIZE.



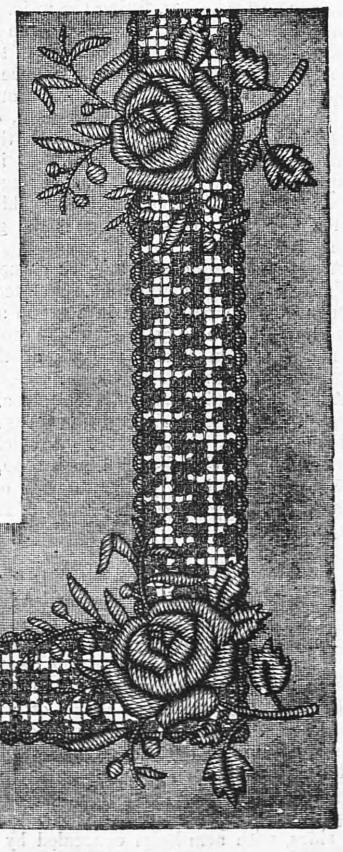
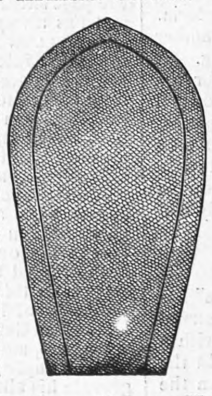


Fig. 1.—CORNER OF HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.



FRAME OF NILSSON HAT.

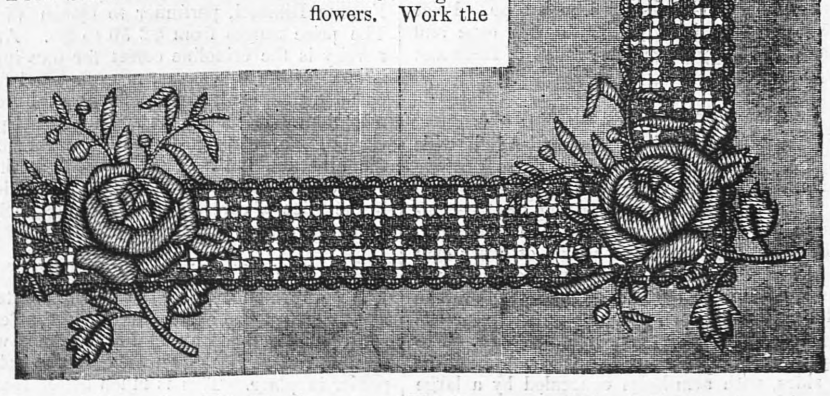
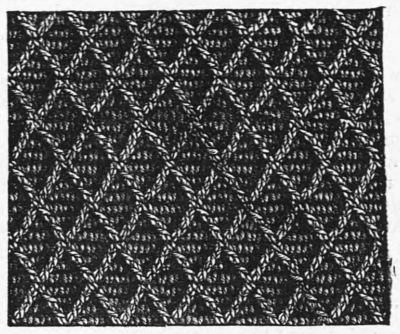


Fig. 2.—CORNER OF HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.

insertion with fine thread over a fine steel knitting-needle, and then work the strip in point de toile with the aid of the illustration. Having done this button-hole stitch the strip on the muslin (see the pattern), work the embroidered figures, and cut away the muslin under the insertion. The embroidered twigs may also be in application.

Brown Linen Shoe Case.

THIS case is of brown linen, scalloped deeply on the upper and lower edges, bound with red worsted braid, and trimmed with red worsted fringe and point russe embroidery of red split wool. Single pockets made in the form of slippers serve for the reception of the shoes. Fig. 46 of Supplement gives the shape of the pocket. Cut of linen from this pattern five equal pieces, then for the back two pieces each eighteen inches in width (the width of the pocket) and eleven inches deep, and a piece of pasteboard of the same size; finally, cut the outside piece also of linen, twenty-two inches wide by eleven inches deep. Now embroider the outside according to the design given by Fig. 2 in point russe with red worsted, scallop the under edge as shown by the pattern, bind it and the sides with the braid, and work three button-holes on each side. Having scalloped the upper edge of the back, join the material over the pasteboard with the exception of the under edge, and bind the back with the braid. Sew on the outside piece just under the scallops. Lay a pleat at each side in the upper material. Bind the under edges separately, and join them only here and there over the pasteboard, so that it can be taken out every time the case is washed. Next arrange the five pocket pieces at regular distances on the back. Each pocket is bound with the braid and laid in two pleats on the under edge, bringing × on ●. Trim the edge of the back, with the exception of the upper edge, with red worsted fringe two inches wide. Lastly, sew three buttons on each side, corresponding to the button-holes of the upper part, and finish the top with two loops of braid, which serve for hanging up the case.



SECTION OF CROCHET MAT.

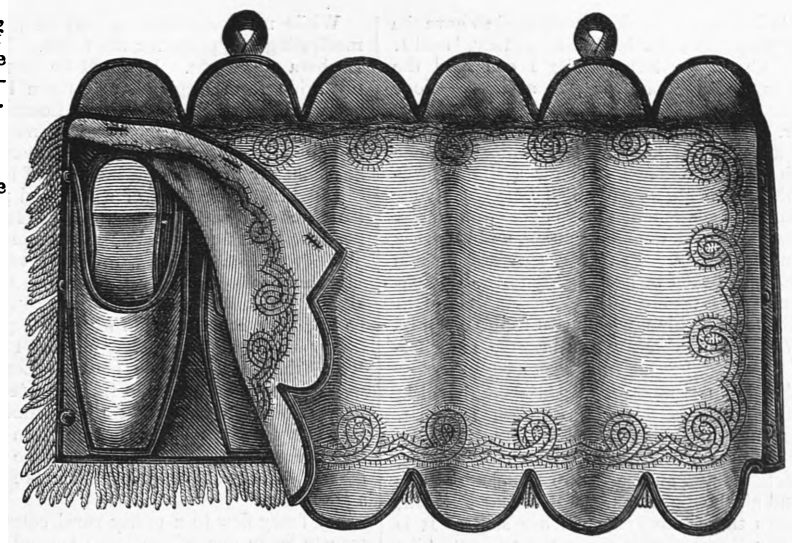


Fig. 1.—BROWN LINEN SHOE CASE.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 46.

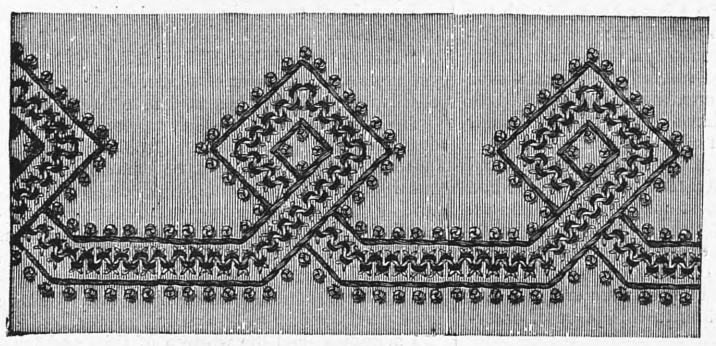
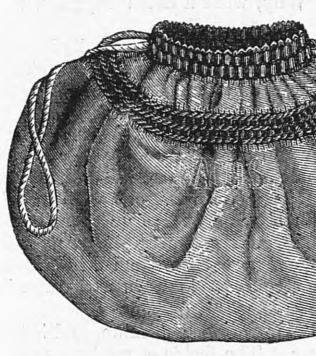


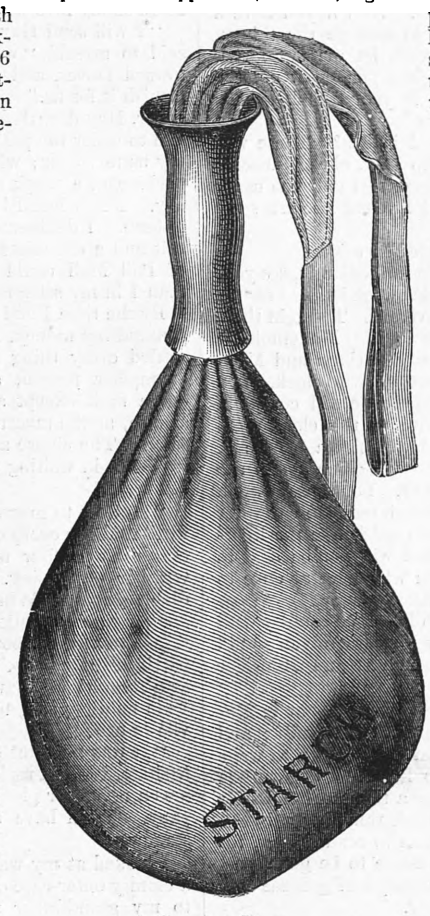
Fig. 3.—EMBROIDERED BORDER OF SHOE CASE.



WAX BAG.

Starch Bag.

THE peculiar feature of this bag is the wooden cylinder, by means of which the hot starch may be strained through the bag without bringing the hand in contact with it. The bag is made of coarse, loose-textured linen. Cut two pieces twenty inches square, round off a corner of each, bind the edges of the stuff with a narrow strip of linen, and overseam both pieces closely together, six inches on each side of the corners unsewed. This forms the opening of the bag. Finish each of these corners with a linen strap eight inches long. On the under part of the upper side work the word "Starch" in cross stitch with red worsted.



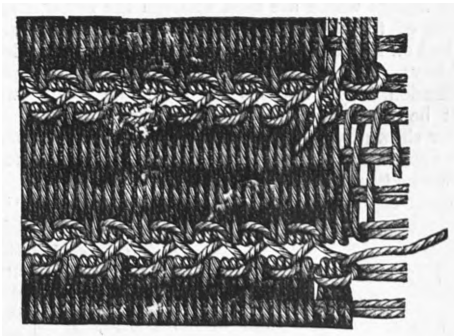
STARCH BAG.

LAUNDRY BAG.

Bags for Wax and Indigo.

THE first of these bags contains a piece of wax for the purpose of rubbing flat-irons, in order to cleanse them from the starch that may have collected thereon. The bag is made of a circular piece of muslin about seven inches in diameter. Hem the upper edge and border with crochet insertion and lace. Run narrow linen tape through the insertion whereby to draw the bag together.

The second bag is designed for indigo. It is made of the same size as the preceding, of flannel, edged with lace, and insertion through which the drawing-string is run.



SECTION OF IRONING MAT.—FULL SIZE.—[See first Page.]

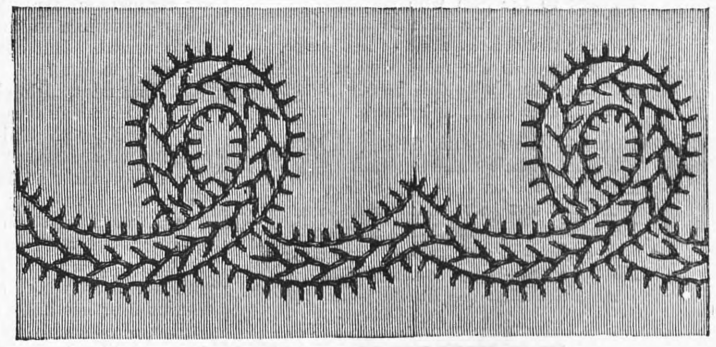
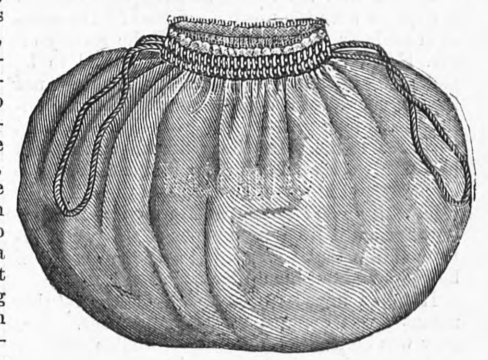


Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED BORDER OF SHOE CASE.

Laundry Bag.

THIS bag is designed to hold the different articles used in starching and ironing, such as gloves, wax, sponge, etc., and is therefore provided with several inside pockets. The model is of red and white striped drilling, worked in point russe with black silk twist and white embroidery cotton. For making the bag take a strip of drilling twenty inches long and twelve (the height of the bag) wide, embroider this as shown by the illustration, button-hole stitch the upper edge, and line the under part six inches deep with muslin. On the lower edge, and also on the upper edge of the lining, back stitch the outside and lining together with two rows of stitching, so as to form a sheath for a whalebone or reed. Next prepare a strip of drilling six inches wide, which must be lined and bordered on the upper edge with a black and white cord. Lay this inside the under part of the bag, and tack them together lengthwise at irregular distances apart, so that several pockets of different sizes may be formed. Now sew together the sides of the bag, and set in a bottom of linen stiffened with pasteboard, run in the reeds, and sew on the black and white cord. The top is drawn together by means of cords and tas-



BLUING BAG.

Fig. 1.—CORNER OF BORDER FOR COVERS, ETC.—WHITE EMBROIDERY.

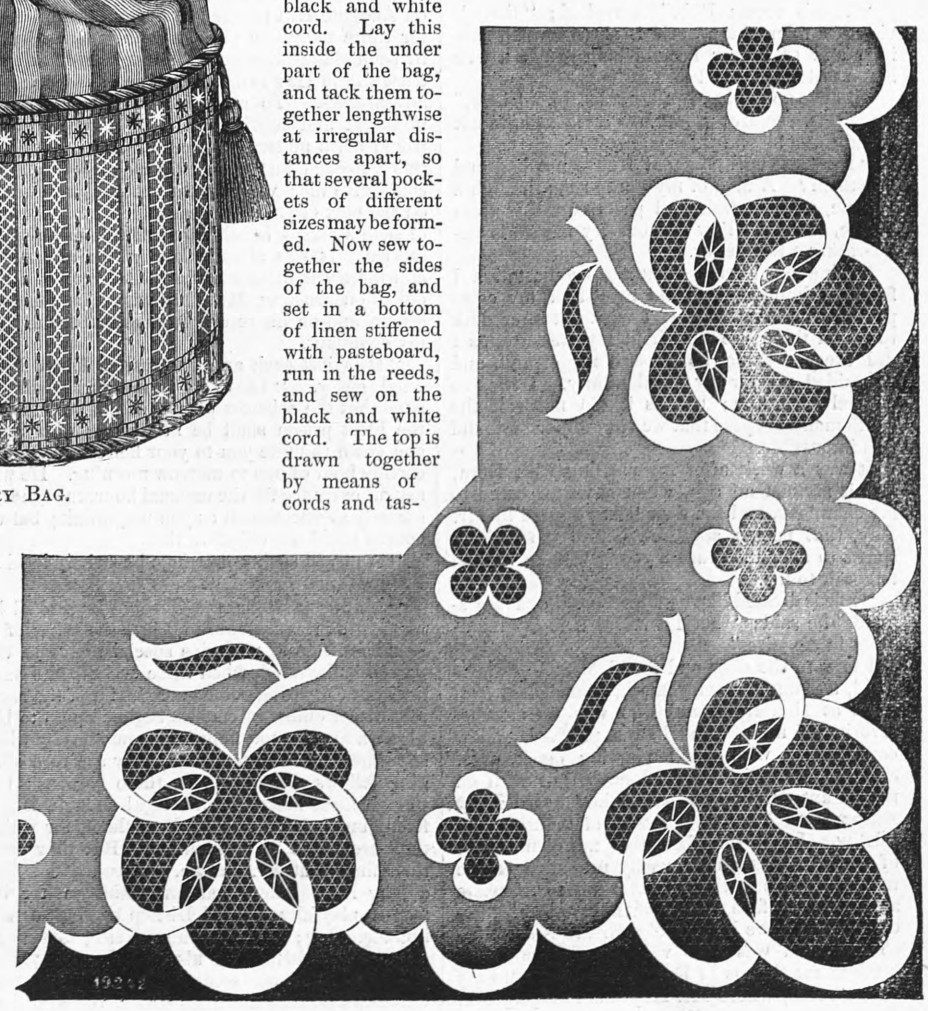


Fig. 2.—CORNER OF BORDER FOR COVERS, ETC.—WHITE EMBROIDERY.

sels arranged in the manner shown by the illustration.

Two Corners of Borders for Covers, Curtains, etc.

See Illustration on page 789.

THESE borders may be used in various ways. They are well adapted to covers or curtains, the ground of which may be ornamented with the small figures which are seen between the larger figures of the borders. The border, Fig. 1, is worked on nansook in French and English embroidery. The white parts are of nansook in application. The scallops on the outer edge must be worked in button-hole stitch. The border shown by Fig. 2 is worked on mull with tulle application. The four wheels in each leaf are worked in fine thread, and the scallops on the outer edge in button-hole stitch.

VERSES IN MY OLD AGE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

COME, from the Ends of the World,
Wind of the air or sky,
Wherever the Thunder is hurled,
Wherever the Lightnings fly!
Come, with the bird on your bosom
(Linnet or lark that soars),
Come with the sweet Spring blossom,
And the Sun from Southern shores.

I hate the snake Winter that creepeth,
And poisons the buds of May;
I shout to the Sun who sleepeth,
And pray him awake to day.
For the world is in want of his power,
To vanquish the rebel storm:
All wait for his golden hour,
Man, and beast, and worm.

Not only the seasons, failing,
Forsake their natural tone,
But Age droops onward, sailing,
And is lost in the seas unknown.
No wisdom redeemeth *his* sorrow,
For thought and strength are fled:
No hope enlightens to-morrow,
And the Past (so loved) is dead!
Dead!—Dead!

BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY;

OR, THE

Adventures and Misadventures of Robert Ainsleigh.

CHAPTER XII.

I AM CHEATED INTO RUIN BY A TRAITOR.

AFTER that too happy meeting at Vauxhall my spirits were too much distracted for the common business of life, and I found the society of Mr. Hay far from agreeable. I longed to be alone with my hopes and anxieties, but knew not how to get rid of a companion who cost me nothing, and took pains to make himself useful and necessary to me. In telling him what I had told him of my secrets I had given him some right to be interested in my affairs, and this privilege he used with much freedom, and to my extreme annoyance, until I lost my temper one day, and informed him that I preferred to manage my own business without his advice or interference.

If I had hoped to rid myself of him by this means I was doomed to disappointment. Mr. Hay was blessed with an imperturbable temper, and an easy impudence not to be disconcerted by any rebuff.

"That's wrong, Bob," he replied; "the advice of a man of the world is always worth having; and I'll wager I could help you to a wife and a fortune if you'd let me."

"I have no doubt of your genius for intrigue," I answered, coldly, "but how is it you have not found those blessings for yourself?"

"How do you know that I have not had and lost them? A man of my stamp runs through a fortune, and quarrels and parts company from a wife, while a fellow of your icy nature is deliberating a love-letter."

During this period of anxious expectation I found it impossible to rid myself of my companion's observation. If I went out after dark to watch the house that held my treasure, as I did every evening, he guessed my errand, and upbraided me for my pusillanimity. I tried to quarrel with him; but, as it did not suit the gentleman's purpose that we should part, I found this impossible.

It was a week after my meeting with Dora, and it seemed an age, when a visitor came to my chambers, and the door being opened by Mr. Hay, that person appeared before me in high spirits to announce that a young woman wanted to speak to me.

"She is dressed like a milliner's girl or a lady's-maid," he said; "but I'll wager it is thy inamorata in disguise."

I flew to the door and found Miss Hemsley's maid, a young Frenchwoman, whom I had seen often at Hauteville, and who was no especial favorite of mine. She had a pinched, sallow countenance, with small piercing black eyes. She spoke English very tolerably, but with an unpleasant nasal twang, and I had heard Lady Barbara extol her as a model of industry and fidelity. I felt, therefore, that my own dislike of the girl was an unworthy prejudice of the masculine mind, which is ever apt to associate an unpleasing face with an inferior nature. To-day I could have hugged Ma'amselle Adolphine, so delighted was I to welcome any one who brought me tidings of Dora. I led her into my sitting-room, where Mr. Hay was lounging over a newspaper.

"As this young woman has come to speak of private business I should be very glad to have the room to ourselves for half an hour, Hay," said I.

"With all my heart, Bob; I can read the news at a coffee-house as well as here.—Your servant, madam."

Mr. Hay saluted my visitor with a profound bow, and favored her with a significant glance which I at the moment took for a simple fashionable leer, much affected at a time when your spurious fine gentleman's language to women was always spiced with double meaning, and his every look a declaration. I saw Mr. Hay safe outside my door, and then turned eagerly to the Frenchwoman.

"Now, Adolphine, what news from your mistress?" I cried. "Have you brought me a letter?"

"Ah, but no, monsieur!" shrieked the girl; "mademoiselle is too well watched for that. She can not run the hazard of writing. It is nothing but drums, and dinners, and masquerades, and picture-sales, and parties to Ranelagh all the day and all the night, and he, Monsieur Everard, is always there—always upon her steps. It is my Lady Barbara who sends me to-day. The marriage that you know of is to take place at once at the Fleet, at May Fair, any where that they will ask no questions. And if you have a friend who can help you to arrange the things, my Lady Barbara says—ah, let me not forget what it is she has said—since you know not the town, you are to confide in your friend, *pourvu* that you care to trust him."

A friend? What friend had I? There was my companion, Mr. Philip Hay, clever, unscrupulous, practiced in intrigue, and only too eager to be useful. But could I venture to trust my happiness to him?

"What next, Adolphine?" I cried.

"The marriage must be immediately, see you, Monsieur Robert. This day week is fixed for the wedding with Monsieur Everard. To-night there is a masquerade at Ranelagh. Mademoiselle will be there, with my Lady Barbara and Monsieur Everard. At half past twelve o'clock, when the rooms are most crowded, she will complain of the heat, and will retire to the cloak-room with her aunt, where she will slip a black silk domino over her dress and will come out to the portico, always with her aunt. You must be upon the spot with a hackney-coach ready to carry her away. It must all be done quick like the lightning, for Monsieur Everard will not be slow to take alarm; and then you will drive at once to your parson and he will marry you *sur-le-champ*. And after, you had best to leave the country with your bride, says my Lady Barbara, if you would not have bloodshed between you and Monsieur Everard."

"I can protect my wife and my honor in England or elsewhere," I answered, proudly; and then with a throbbing heart I sat down to write to my dear girl, assuring her of my gratitude and love, and thanking her a thousand times for her confidence; a long, wild, rambling epistle I doubt not. I had not time to read it over, for the Frenchwoman was in haste to be gone, so I crammed the letter and a couple of guineas into her hand and dismissed her.

When she was gone I paced my chamber thoughtfully for some time, debating the prudence of confiding in Philip Hay. After serious reflection I decided in his favor. True that I knew him to be a rascal, yet if well paid for his fidelity he would surely be faithful. And what interest could he have in betraying me? Some help in this matter I must assuredly have. I knew nothing myself of Fleet marriages or the law relating to them; and there was no time for me to obtain such knowledge from strangers. I had often enough been hustled in Holborn and on Ludgate Hill by the low wretches who touted for those reprobate parsons who made a living by such clandestine unions; but I could at least trust Philip Hay rather than one of these vulgar adventurers. To arrange a marriage between midnight and sunrise might be, nay, no doubt would be, a matter of some difficulty; and for this I needed just such help as my companion could give me; while in the event of any pursuit on the part of Everard Lestrange, the assistance of such a sturdy henchman would be of no small service. It was already late in the afternoon, and there was little time for indecision; so I decided on trusting Mr. Hay with this precious secret, and on his return hastened to make him my confidant.

"It is just such an adventure as I love!" he cried, gayly. "Leave all to me, and I will engage that the soberest parson in the purlieus of the Fleet prison shall be in waiting with book and gown to unite you to your heiress at the unearthly hour of one to-morrow morning. He will ask an extra fee for the unusual hour, though it is scarcely so uncommon as you may think; but of course you'll not object to that."

"And will such a marriage be strictly legal?" I asked.

"Faith yes, Bob; the Gordian knot shall be as tight as if an archbishop had the tying of it—unless, indeed, you give special notice to the parson beforehand, when these ecclesiastics have a way of forgetting some essential bit of the service, which omission enables Signor Sposo to bid Signora Sposa good-morning some fine day when she grows troublesome. Oh, they are rare obliging fellows, I assure you, these parsons; but though these marriages are legal enough, it is a felony on their part to perform them, for which they are liable to prosecution. But they snap their fingers at Mr. Justice, and contrive to live a jolly life. There was Dr. Gainham, for instance, playfully entitled Bishop of Hell, a rare impudent dog; and the famous Keith, who made a handsome fortune by his chapel in Mayfair; and when there was some talk of his brother ecclesiastics putting down his traffic, vowed if they did he would buy a piece of ground and outbury them."

While my companion rattled on thus, I was meditating my plans for the night. Yes, Lady Barbara was right. It would be best to carry my bride from England, and place her where she would be safe from Everard Lestrange's persecution. I could come back to my native shores to fight him, if my honor should demand such an act; but my first thought must be of Dora.

I had luckily upward of a hundred pounds in hand; and this, after feeing Mr. Hay with a twenty-pound note, would leave me plenty for a journey to France, and a month or two's living in some pleasant rustic retreat, which Dora, who knew the Continent, should choose. "And I will be her slave, and lie at her feet, during the brief happy holiday of our honey-moon," I thought; "and then I will come back to London and work for a position at the Bar, and redeem my name from the stigma of the fortune-hunter, and every penny of the income from her five-and-twenty thousand pounds shall be spent on herself, so that she may forget she is married to a poor man."

My fancy flew to a pretty rural cottage I had seen to let in one of the lanes beyond Kensington, during a recent pedestrian jaunt to that quarter, and which I imagined just such a simple paradise as my love would like.

"I will send Hay to secure it to-morrow," I said to myself, "while Dora and I are posting toward Dover, and I will ask Lady Barbara to furnish it for us."

Mr. Hay departed in search of a sober parson, and to order the post-horses and chariot to convey us to Dover; while I busied myself with the packing of a trunk to take with me on my journey. Never had I been so particular about my toilette. I deliberated solemnly between a blue suit and a chocolate one, and no elegant trifler of Pall Mall could have been more particular than I in my selection of cravat and ruffles.

By the time I had made my arrangements and counted my money, Mr. Hay returned. He had settled every thing most pleasantly—found an exemplary parson, a real Oxford man, without a fault except a capacity for losing money at faro, at the tavern of the Two Sawyers, Fleet Lane. The chaise and horses were ordered, and would be in waiting close to this place of entertainment.

"And by to-morrow noon you will be in Dover," said my coadjutor, "in time for the packet that sails at four in the afternoon, wind and weather permitting. And now let us go and dine together. What, man alive!" he cried, in answer to a dissentient look of mine, "will you refuse to crack a bottle with a faithful friend at parting? By ——, Mr. Bob, unless I am used as a friend I will have no hand in this business. I am no dirty tool, too base to touch but not too vile to use!"

"It was no want of friendship that made me hesitate, Phil," I replied; "but I am in too anxious a mood for pleasure, and shall be poor company. We'll have a bottle together, notwithstanding."

I looked at my watch, a bulky Tompion with a clumsy outer-case of leather, that had belonged to my grandfather the Colonel, and had been flung aside as old-fashioned by my father when he went to Cambridge, and left in a drawer at Hauteville, where Lady Barbara found it, and gave it to me. It was early yet, and indeed, but for Mr. Hay's invitation to dine, I know not how I should have got rid of the hours that must pass before my appointment at Ranelagh.

My officious friend took me to a tavern that was strange to me, a house in Chelsea, where he ordered an excellent dinner, and so much wine that I remonstrated with him for his folly. But he informed me that we were not going to dine alone, and presently arrived a person of military aspect, in a uniform which I had never seen before, whom Mr. Hay introduced as Sergeant O'Blagg of the East India Company's service, a gentleman who thought no more of storming a Mahratta fortress than of cracking a bottle of Burgundy, and who stood high in the estimation of Major Lawrence.

This brave warrior, whose Hibernian accent was in nowise modified by long service in the East, favored us during dinner with many wonderful stories of his adventures in those distant lands, and dilated with a somewhat florid eloquence upon the wealth and glory to be won there.

"You gentlemen who know no more of war than those petty European skirmishes about which you kick up such a row, with firing of big guns and ringing of big bells, bedad, for a victory that you're neither better nor worse for, except in the matter of a new tax on your boots, or your wig, or your tay, ye've no notion of our conquests out yonder, where, at the sack of a town, there's diamonds as big as beans to be picked up in the streets, and the pearls fly as thick as hail-stones about our soldiers' heads; and there's big brazen idols in the temples, with their stomachs full of rubies, and emeralds, and such-like, just as you stuff a Michaelmas goose, Sir; and him as splits the haythen image asunder with the butt-end of his bayonet gets the stuffing for his pains. Why, the Great Mogul has seven golden thrones—or maybe some of 'em's silver—covered with jewels"—the sergeant called them "jools"—"every one of 'em handsomer than t'other, except the one that's called the paycock throne, and that whops the lot, and is valued at forty millions of rupees."

So he ran on, to the apparent delight of my companion, but to my own unutterable weariness. What were the jeweled thrones of the Great Mogul to me, who knew but one treasure, and sighed but for one dear prize? The sergeant's company vexed me; but Philip Hay explained to me in an under-tone that he had met this old friend by accident in the street, and could not well avoid asking him to join us at dinner. I observed that the soldier drank ferociously, and both he and Hay pressed the wine on me; but this kindness I resolutely declined. I would have given much to have been away from these boisterous boon-companions, and heartily repented my confidence in Mr. Hay, which had placed me in such an unwelcome position.

I gave but little attention to the sergeant's stories, which he told in a noisy, uproarious manner peculiar to the lower orders of his countrymen, and garnished with military oaths. My thoughts were far away from that boisterous table. When the bottle was pushed toward me, with clamorous protestations against my abstinence, I filled my glass mechanically, and in this manner, when the night grew late, I had drunk some three or four glasses of a claret which seemed to me a thin, poor wine, ill-adapted to steal a man's brains. Yet by ten o'clock I felt a kind of stupor creeping over me—a confusion of the brain, in which the strident voice of the Irish soldier, roaring his florid stories of Indian conquest and loot, of Dupleix and the Great Mogul, peacock thrones, and royal elephants in jeweled harness, seemed strange and distant to my ears.

In this condition of my mind I was perpetually troubled by the idea that I had no right to be here. It was in vain that I looked at my watch, which showed me that I had nearly three hours to wait before my presence would be required at the gates of Ranelagh. At last I started up from the table in haste, telling Philip Hay that I could stay no longer, and if he was not ready to accompany me, would go alone.

He pointed to an eight-day clock in a corner of the room.

"Art thou mad, Bob?" he cried; "it has not yet gone the half hour after ten. Drink a glass of this rare old Hollands, and take things easy."

He forced a glass of spirit upon me, which I drank unwillingly enough. It had a strange, burning taste, and I had reason afterward to know that it was no such simple liquor as Hollands I was thus made to drink, but a dram doctored with an Indian spirit that maddens the brain.

"We can get rid of the sergeant in half an hour, and then go out and get our hackney-coach," whispered Hay close in my ear. "There is no need for him to know our business."

I acknowledged the wisdom of this, and tried to listen with some degree of patience to the soldier's long-winded stories, and my friend's comments upon them; but before I had listened long, the voices of the two mingled confusedly, then grew to a buzzing sound, and at last died away into a low murmur, like the pleasant rustling of trees on a summer afternoon, as my head sank forward on the table, and I slept.

I was awakened suddenly by a violent slap on the shoulder, and a loud voice crying:

"Twelve o'clock, Bob; the landlord is shutting his doors, and 'tis time we went in search of our coach. Why, what a dull companion thou hast been!"

I staggered to my feet. My eyeballs burned, and my head ached to splitting; for a moment I scarce remembered where I was, or the events of the day.

"Heavens, I have slept!" I exclaimed at last; "and Dora waiting for me, perhaps. Why, in perdition's name, did you make me drink?"

"You must have the weakest head in Christendom, child, if three glasses of French wine can muddle it. Come, the reckoning is paid, and a long one, for that Irishman drinks like a fish; we can settle that between us by-and-by. *Allons!*"

He slipped his arm through mine, and led me from the house. The feeble street-lamps swam before my eyes, and I could hardly have walked without my companion's support. Not far from the tavern we found a hackney-coach that had just brought a family-party from the theatre, and this carried us at a good pace to Ranelagh, before the doors of which pleasure-place we alighted.

Here all was confusion and riot—torches blazing, chairmen bawling, footmen squabbling, ducal chariots stopping the way, and a crowd of finely-dressed people going in and out of the lighted doors.

My companion held me tightly by the arm, and it was as much as we could do to keep our places in the crowd. Standing thus, hustled and pushed on every side, we waited for a time that seemed to me very long, but no black-robed mask approached us. Maskers in red, and blue, and yellow, Great Moguls and Turkish princesses, shepherds and shepherdesses, sailors, sultans, chimney-sweeps, harlequins, Punchinellos, Sir John Falstaffs and Abel Druggers, passed and pushed us, but she for whom I waited with throbbing heart and burning brain did not appear.

At last I felt myself tapped on the shoulder by some one among the crowd behind us, and turning, found myself face to face with two women in black dominoes and masks. One removed her mask instantly, and I recognized Mademoiselle Adolphine.

"Get us to a coach as quick as you can, Mr. Robert," she entreated, hurriedly; "my young lady is like to swoon herself. Oh, but I pray you to sustain yourself, mademoiselle! The coach is all near, and monsieur will lead us there. Lean you on his arm, mademoiselle, and on me. And you will tell the coachman where to drive, and follow us in another coach, is it not, monsieur? Ah, what of dangers, what of hazards, we have run to rencounter you! Monsieur Lestrange is yonder in waiting for mademoiselle, who has gone away with her aunt to the cloak-room; and Miladi Barbara goes to monsieur to say that mademoiselle is too ill to return to the dance. Word of honor, it is a pretty comedy!" and chattering thus, the French maid hurried and bustled us to the door of a coach, into which she pushed her timid companion, who did indeed seem half-fainting.

I pressed the poor little trembling hand, which clung convulsively to mine.

"Shall I not come with you, Dora?" I asked.

"Great Heaven, no!" the French girl shrieked, almost hysterically; "and if one pursues us, and Monsieur Lestrange came to overtake us—the beautiful affair! Go you into the other coach, monsieur, with your friend, and tell to our coachman to follow yours. Go, then. Is there the time to lose in follies?" cried Adolphine, as I kissed the little hand that still clung to mine, alas! with but too natural fear.

Philip Hay pulled me from the carriage-door, directed the man where to drive, and thrust me into our coach before I had time to remonstrate.

"Drive like ten thousand devils!" he shouted to our Jarvey, who, no doubt used to such clandestine errands and the double or treble pay attendant on them, whipped his jaded horses into a gallop, and in another minute we were tearing, rattling, jolting eastward at a pace that shook every bone in our bodies, and precluded any attempt at conversation.

I looked out of the window several times on the journey, to satisfy myself that the other coach was following. I think we could scarce have left Ranelagh an hour and a half when we pulled up in a wretched dirty lane, before the dreary entrance of a tavern, whose dinginess was but just made visible by an oil-lamp hanging over the threshold.

"Is this the house?" I asked, with a shudder. "What a horrid place!"

"Zounds, Bob! what a fool thou art! Does it matter by what gate a man goes to heaven? Quick, man! here are the ladies; there is no time for dawdling. My parson will be drunk or asleep if we're not quick; 'tis an hour after our time. This way, mademoiselle; support your mistress. The stairs are somewhat rotten, and might be cleaner. The chapel is an ugly one, miss; but this dirty stair is like Jacob's ladder, for here are seen angels ascending and descending. Come, Bob."

He opened a door and ushered us into a chamber lighted with two tallow-candles in brass candlesticks. These stood on a table covered with a dirty cloth, and surmounted by a greasy, dilapidated-looking prayer-book, upon the cover of which, in tarnished gilding, appeared the arms of one of the colleges. A man, dressed in a grimy surplice, and with a red cotton handkerchief tied round his head in lieu of a wig, was nodding half-asleep over an empty bottle; but he was broad awake in a moment at our entrance, saluted us briskly, clapped himself behind the table, opened his book, and began to gabble the marriage-service, as if for a wager.

The irreverence of the whole affair shocked me inexpressibly. Was this, save one, the most solemn of all ceremonials, to be thus rattled over by a drunkard?

"Stop, Sir!" I cried; "let the lady at least remove her mask."

"*Mais tu es bête!*" roared Philip Hay. "*Veux-tu que tout le monde saurait demain ce que se fait ici ce soir?* The lady will keep her mask; 'tis the custom with people of her rank. Go on, parson, and let us have none of your clippings of the service. This is a *bonâ fide* marriage, remember; but you'll be paid as well as if we wanted to play fast and loose by-and-by."

I took the little hand in mine. It trembled no longer, but was now icy cold. The parson rattled on with the service. Mr. Hay stood grinning at us, with his arms akimbo and his hat on. The bride's responses were given in a faint murmur that was almost a sob. The ring was slipped upon the slender finger, and the ceremonial being concluded, a greasy book was produced, in which I signed my name, and the bride after me. As she took the pen Mr. Hay gave a loud huzzah, which withdrew my attention from the register. It seemed the signal for a fresh arrival. The door of an inner room opened, and a gentleman entered, who took off his hat and saluted me with a bow of mock ceremony. This new-comer was Everard Lestrange. His ironical courtesy, and the sardonic grin upon his hated face, told me that I was undone. Till this moment my brain had been dazed and muddled by the stuff that had been mixed with my drink; but my enemy's presence sobered me.

"Let me be first to salute the bride!" exclaimed my lady's step-son. "You may remove your mask now, Mistress Ainsleigh, and let your husband imprint a hymeneal kiss upon the prettiest lips in Christendom."

She—my wife, bound to me irrevocably by the ceremonial just gabbled over by a half-drunken parson—took her mask from her face, and looked at me pleadingly, piteously, tenderly, with her soft brown eyes.

It was my foster-sister, Margery Hawker!

HARMONY OF DRESS.

FOR a harmonious toilette three things should be consulted—personal appearance, character, and circumstances. First,

Personal Appearance.—On the simple principle that harmony is in itself better than discord, and beauty better than ugliness, I should wish to see every dress adapted, as perfectly as can conveniently be done, to the coloring, the shape, and the size of the wearer. Words are so inadequate to describe color that it is scarcely possible to lay down any rules about the becomingness of particular colors to particular complexions. Every thing depends upon variations of tint too slight to be translated into language. The great thing, therefore, to be impressed upon the students under this head will be that they must choose their colors by the eye, and by that alone, never allowing themselves to act upon any theory without constant reference to it. Some of the most unusual, and, so to speak, unrecognized combinations are, in skillful hands, the most beautiful. But then the hands must be really skillful, and it is perhaps more dangerous to recommend than to forbid such combinations. One common notion, however, I must protest against, viz., that two different tints of the same nominal color—for instance, turquoise and French blue—should never be combined. All the most brilliant effects, not only of nature, but of Oriental coloring, are produced by such subtle combinations, or rather gradations of color; but the more subtle and lovely the more difficult they are to manage, and the more carefully the quantity, as well as the exact quality of each tint, must be chosen. The different effect of the same colors in different materials is very remarkable, and should be carefully pointed out to students. It is perhaps safe to say, as a general rule (but not without exceptions), that delicate colors (such as lavender, dove color, sea-green, pale blue, etc.) require fine materials. They not only soon fade and get spoiled in common or rough materials; but even when new such colors are apt to look washy and unsatisfactory in coarse stuffs—their beauty often depends upon a sort of bloom which is to be seen only in silk or other fine textures. The principal combination of color will, in some cases, be between the dress on the one hand, and the coloring of the wearer on the other; while in other cases the coloring of the wearer is so neutral or insignificant that the whole interest of the effect, in point of color, must be obtained by combinations between the different parts of the dress itself. In every case, however, it is important to take care that the dress shall not overpower the wearer, either in color or any other respect.

In adapting the dress to the shape and size of the wearer a certain knowledge of drawing and of the proper proportions of the figure is of course the chief help. There are, however, a few well-ascertained rules which may safely be taught. One, for instance, is that transverse shapes generally tend to lessen height and increase breadth, while longitudinal forms have the opposite effect. Another well-known rule (which I believe is easily explained by a reference to optical science) is the tendency of light colors to increase apparent size, and *vice versâ*. People of more than average size should be cautious about wearing white or very light colors for this reason, although it must always be remembered that proportion and color impress the eye so much more sensibly than mere scale that this rule is a very subordinate one, and only to be applied after those more important subjects have been thoroughly considered. It should, however, be remembered that more than average size necessarily involves a certain degree of conspicuousness, which makes any peculiarity of dress doubly undesirable in such cases. A small person may wear with impunity both colors and shapes which would be inexcusably striking on a large figure. Nothing goes so far to redeem unusual size as complete repose both in form and color. Much trimming, loose ends and streamers, frills and furbelows, and caprices of all kinds, are apt to become intolerable when magnified, while on a small scale they may please, by a certain fluttering airiness which is in keeping with the impression of a tiny creature. But here also proportion may almost reverse the effect of scale. A short, heavy figure may even more imperatively need quietness in dress than one of twice its actual volume which has run up into slenderness. And this naturally leads me to the second respect in which dress should be adapted to the wearer, namely, character; which, indeed, is scarcely separable from the form on which it is impressed, and according to which such questions as the last should mainly be decided.

Character.—It is as hard to draw the line between person and dress as between mind and matter, and there is, perhaps, no form of matter into which, and by which, mind can infuse a more subtle and incalculably radiating influence than it does by and into dress. Dress which is not informed and animated by individual character is to that which truly expresses the mind of the wearer what a dead body is to a living one. This life of dress, individuality, is, perhaps, not quite extinct in any one, being to some extent independent of the will, but all its vigor depends upon the degree in which dress is the result of the real working of the wearer's own mind. It is therefore generally seen in the greatest perfection in the dress of women who are neither very rich nor very poor. Like animal life, it depends for its health upon a due balance of restraint and abundance: wealth overlays it, and poverty cramps it. A woman who has no need to think of the price of her clothes, must have a singularly strong, natural tendency to the use of dress as a means of self-expression, if she does not leave a good deal of the arrangement of her toilette to her maid and her dress-maker, merely to save herself trouble; and the succession of the articles of which her wardrobe is composed is so rapid as to make each one worth much less thought to her than it would be to a woman who expected to spend a longer time within it: and, on the other hand, it is a task beyond ordinary powers to express one's mind fully within the limits of a very narrow purse. On this subject, therefore, great allowances must be made for individual difficulties, and great credit should be given for any clear indication of real inventive power or even of real thought and adaptation. The best advice which can be given to students on this head is that they should never set aside any instinctive preference of their own in regard to particular shapes and colors, unless for a definite assignable reason. As in the choice of wholesome food, inclination is to a person in good health a better guide than any rules of diet, so, in dress, a woman who has a genuine instinctive preference for any particular color will generally be safe in indulging it in the absence of any distinct reason to the contrary; and though, no doubt, the free play of individual tastes would at first give rise to a fresh crop of mistakes, yet those very blunders have in them an element of life and progress which is utterly absent in the dull uniformity of merely imitative dress. There is a broad distinction between mistakes prompted by real pleasure in color, even if uncultivated, and those which are the results of a desire to attract attention, or of mere carelessness; and we ought to beware lest in our desire to discourage vulgarity we crush the germs of growth by too unrelenting a spirit of criticism. As to the manner of indicating character, that will no doubt be as various as character itself; but some general correspondences might be pointed out, as, for instance, that between gravity of temperament and quietness of coloring; and the distinction between the quietness of severity, which, in dress, means cold and hard colors, such as steel-gray, black, dark brown, and the quietness of simplicity, represented by the use of primary or very delicate colors—for instance, pure blue, white, or clear soft gray, and the quietness of a balanced and self-controlled character, which seems to me to indicate the fitness of deep, full colors, such as violet, deep blue, maroon, or crimson. But any colors may be either quiet or the contrary, according to their quantity and treatment, especially as to trimming. Perhaps the chief point to be observed for obtaining quietness of coloring, is that the trimming should be either of the same color as the dress (a difference in shade, great enough to be perceptibly intentional and yet not sufficient to produce an actual contrast, is perhaps the best calculated to give a subdued effect to the whole), or else in sufficient quantity, and sufficiently mixed ("united," as painters say) with the color of the ground, to be almost confounded with it, as is best seen in the case of lace; or else in such a very small quantity as to escape observation, merely producing a sense of finish, and perhaps a slight glow or shade, the cause of which must be sought for to be perceived. But quietness, though it is one of the safest and most inexhaustibly charming characteristics which can belong to dress, is not the only quality which we should wish to see expressed by it. Delicacy, freshness, simplicity, liveliness, elaborateness, sternness, dignity, caprice, cheerfulness, gloom, evenness, or variability of temperament—all these and countless other varieties of character and disposition have their appropriate influence on dress—and no toilette is fairly entitled to the praise of individuality which does not distinctly reflect some such quality really characteristic of the wearer.

Circumstances.—That dress should be adapted to the circumstances of the wearer is a sufficiently obvious, not to say trite remark, but it is not only constantly disregarded in practice, but also very insufficiently developed in theory. The wearer's circumstances may be considered under the heads of age, rank, and domestic relations. Black, white, and gray are the only tints which seem thoroughly appropriate to the very latest period of life; and there can not be much difficulty in arranging these. Besides this process of simplification, the traditions of the wearer's life can hardly fail to have supplied some characteristic and becoming types; and a slight adherence to these, in disregard of the progress of fashion, gives at once a graceful touch of quaintness to the costume of an old lady which has a special charm for younger generations.

Perhaps a more discouraging period to deal with is that vaguely called "elderly;" when the obvious beauty of youth has not yet been replaced by the picturesqueness, the cultivated significance, or the pathos of old age. Yet even at this age there is a difference, and an important difference, between a well-dressed and an ill-dressed woman; and the importance of the art of dress may surely quite as reasonably be supposed to vary in a direct, as in an inverse proportion to the difficulty of the problem. That the difficulty of the problem does increase somewhere about the middle period of life, I fully admit. But that very difficulty affords the greatest scope for skill in the choice of those delicate gradations by which a woman may adapt her costume to her years; and the wisdom of such a well-considered and carefully executed adaptation to the facts of the case, instead of any attempt to disguise or ignore them, is evident on the grounds both of morality and policy. If it were only for the sake of the perpetuation of interest which results from the necessity of continual adaptation to a changing position, it would be worth while to recognize the lapse of time; and it is, of course, unnecessary to point out how essential to the moral propriety and dignity of a woman's appearance it is that her dress should be suitable to her age. The general tendency of the alteration of style suitable to middle age is toward elaborateness in trimming and appointments and richness of materials. Complicated and intricate patterns and trimmings seem to shadow forth the complexity and intricacy which is the distinguishing characteristic of the middle period of life. They also, if well arranged, bear witness to the gradually increasing mastery in the art which has been acquired since the early days, when to plan a simple white dress was enough for the beginner; while, later in life, any such elaborate arrangements would become burdensome or lifeless, and a return to some degree of simplicity naturally accompanies the gradual withdrawal from the multiform activities of middle life. The richness of material, however, which becomes especially suitable when the first youth is passed, need never be laid aside, and indeed seems, in a sense, especially appropriate to those who are no longer exposed to the wear and tear of the busiest years of existence.

Dress also has to be, in some respects, adapted to the social position of the wearer; and on this subject it is very difficult to lay down any very well-defined rules. For there is no saying beforehand what social position any individual may assign to herself; nor is it easy to say exactly what, in the way of dress, is due to any particular assignable rank; still less how the rival claims of rank and wealth ought to be adjusted. But some general principles may be laid down with confidence. One is, that no everyday costume (*i. e.*, no costume which is not avowedly planned with a view to some special festivity) should be such as to be manifestly unsuitable to any company in which the wearer is liable to find herself. Black silk and white muslin are the typical representatives of the kind of gowns which can hardly be unsuitable in any company. The important truth is, that the thing which really gives an impression of refinement and good-breeding is not the particular *pitch* of dress chosen, but the degree in which that pitch, be it what it may, is sustained by perfect finish and "keeping" in every detail. It is obvious that the higher the style aimed at the more difficult and expensive it will be to carry it out in this sustained manner, and therefore the most really refined women in each class will generally be those who pitch their dress lowest for that class—they having the highest standard of completeness, and the keenest sense of its necessity.

Under the head of domestic relations come all such questions as those respecting the appropriate distinctions between the dress of young ladies before and after their entrance into society, between that of married and unmarried women, and questions respecting mourning and the use of costumes generally. I think that, as a general rule, the more significant dress can be made the better; and I would therefore encourage every attempt to indicate the circumstances of the wearer by appropriate diversities of style. But any sort of costume depends for all its effect upon common consent.

THE MISERY OF GREAT AFFECTION.

WHEN we have a great affection or a great veneration for any person we are too apt to idealize that person, and to think that we stand, for the time, face to face with perfection. A fond mother can not see any defects in her child, which other people consider pert and disagreeable. Now, to sustain an idealization for any length of time, we must not be too familiar with the subject of it. If, in this case, too much familiarity does not actually breed contempt, it is an effectual shatterer of idols.

It is the old doctrine that a man can not be a hero to his *valet*, and it applies to all conditions of life, and very much to marriage. We are never fully appreciated by our friends till we are separated from them. "Distance decidedly lends enchantment to the view." Before marriage every thing is looked at through a glass of *coleur de rose;* but after the first flush of sentiment has passed away, and the two people begin to settle down into everyday life, the imperfections of human nature begin gradually to peep out, shaking our faith, if not altogether disappointing us in our idol.

However fond of each other two people may be, it is possible to see too much of each other. Though they may utter all sorts of protestations, it may be doubted whether a bride and bridegroom are really sorry when the honey-moon is over. As Adam says to Eve:

> "Solitude is sometimes best society,
> And short retirement urges sweet return."

Corydon and Phillis may think a rural dwelling a little Paradise—that they will never want any thing but their own company to make them happy; but, somehow or other, if they have not many acquaintances in their neighborhood, or if their house is situated some distance from town, they will find that, after a month or two, the time begins to pass very slowly and with great monotony; and the more so if either of them has been accustomed to much society before their marriage.

Disappointment therefore is nearly always an attendant on great affection, and often it brings real unhappiness and sorrow with it. There is also another source of unhappiness in intense affection; and that is, that very great love is closely allied to very great jealousy. Even in ordinary friendships we are always sensitive to appearances of forgetfulness on the part of our friends; we do not like to be superseded in the affections of any one. This jealousy is naturally intensified when the cause of it receives all our greatest possible love. It was the very greatness of his love that made Othello torture himself to find out the infidelity of Desdemona. It may then be asked, "If disappointment be an attendant on love, how is it that the social world, on the whole, is contented and happy?" The answer shall be given in the words of a noble novelist: "Few of either sex are ever united to their first loves, yet married people jog on and call each other 'my dear,' and 'my darling,' all the same." These terms of endearment are more the result of habit than affection, and are used to make life "jog on" somewhat smoothly. The greatest number of marriages are not made solely for love—on one side or the other interest, whether in the shape of money, position, title, or convenience, will be found to be mixed up with them. The tastes of the two people most likely agree. But the husband does not expect perfection in his wife, and consequently is not disappointed in not finding it. He does not think her invested with the beauty of Venus, or the wisdom of Minerva; and, being fond of his comfort and peace of mind, would not go out of his way, as Othello did, to prove her unfaithful. She is not tortured with jealousy if she prefers to dance or talk with other people; and, if no very great disagreements arise, their lives pass very happily together—running smoothly on, unvexed by the distresses and annoyances which have their origin in the too great affection of those who "love not wisely but too well."

Jabot of Lace and Satin Ribbon.

THIS jabot is made of a piece of Valenciennes lace twenty-eight inches long and an inch and a half wide, arranged on a small tulle foundation, and ornamented with bows of red satin ribbon an inch wide. In arranging the jabot on the bodice turn down the upper edge at about half the width of the lace as shown by Fig. 1, and arrange a narrow piece of similar lace in the neck of the dress as a standing collar. If it be desired to wear the jabot as a cap, set two long strings of satin ribbon on the sides, and wear it on the head as shown by Fig. 2. For making the jabot gather the lace with wickel or over stitch, cut from Fig. 19, Supplement, the foundation of tulle, hem the outer edges and sew on the lace. Begin at ; on Fig. 19, and sew the lace on the edge, following the direction of the arrow as far as × on Fig. 19, after which lay the lace so that the scalloped edge points downward. Next arrange the upper part in an oblong rosette, and again proceed to the point marked ×. From × to ∗, where the end of the lace must reach, sew it to the foundation under the upper row of lace. The ends

BLOUSE FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 7–11.

are easily hidden under the overlapping lace. Arrange the bows in the manner shown by the illustrations.

Nilsson Hat.

Two long black ostrich feathers, a tuft of violets, and a few sprigs of mignonnette form the tasteful and stylish trimming of this hat, the foundation of which is made of black foundation lace and figured tulle. An illustration, page 788, shows the foundation of the hat in reduced size. Cut of foundation lace, from Fig. 47,

NILSSON HAT WITH FEATHERS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 47.

Supplement, one piece, cover this with gathered tulle, and bind the foundation with a strip of black silk an inch and a half wide, in which a layer of stiffening has been placed. Lay a wire on both sides of the binding. Bend the foundation into the desired shape and trim with feathers and flowers as shown by the illustration. A sash of the tulle edged with lace may take the place of the feathers. A second illustration shows the hat trimmed in this manner.

LOW-NECKED PLEATED WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 45–52.

Fig. 1.—JABOT OF LACE AND SATIN RIBBON.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 19.

Fig. 2.—LACE AND RIBBON JABOT WORN AS CAP.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 19.

Silk Brush.

See illustrations on page 793.

THIS brush is both useful and pretty. It is pointed at both ends, and therefore especially suitable for brushing the dust out of the folds of silk dresses. The brush consists of four pieces of red baize, of graduated size, which are fastened one on the other. On the top of these is a piece of black cloth, and on this is set a small piece of white cloth in application worked in point russe embroidery with silk of different bright colors. The handle is formed of a piece of white cloth embroidered in application over black cloth. For making the brush, cut first of red baize the under longest piece eight inches long and three inches wide, and point the ends in the manner shown by the pattern ; after which cut three other pieces, each a trifle smaller than the preceding. Work the edges of these pieces with black worsted, and fasten them together at the ends. Next prepare a piece of black cloth of the same size as the upper piece of baize, and a small piece of white cloth for the centre, and embroider from the design, half of which is given in Fig. 48 of the

JACKET FOR GIRL FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 12–15.

Supplement. The middle sheaf-like part is worked in single chain stitch with coarse violet silk twist, while the stems are worked with fine brown silk in herring-bone and half-polka stitch. The scallops on the outer edge are worked in long button-hole stitches of red and shorter ones of blue silk. The plain lines which lie within the scallops are worked of green and white silk in chain and button-hole stitch. Fig. 2, which gives a full-sized section of the handle, more distinctly shows the manner of working the stitches. Having arranged the embroidered white cloth on the black cloth, edge it with a row in half-polka stitch, and one in button-hole stitch, line

NILSSON HAT WITH LACE SCARF.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 47.

the black cloth with pasteboard, and fasten it to the pieces of baize, sewing in the handle at the same time.

Border for Java Canvas Tidy.

See illustrations on page 793.

THIS border is worked in point russe and cross stitch with filoselle and sewing silk. The colors may be chosen to suit the taste, but it is prettier when both kinds of silk correspond in color. Zephyr worsted may be used instead of the filoselle silk.

TIME AND PLACE FOR DRESS.

Time.—There is a vague code, which ought to be better defined, regulating the articles appropriate to morning, afternoon, and evening dress. The morning, of course, should be distinguished by freshness and simplicity; the evening by splendor. It may be almost an unreasonable demand in connection with most ladies, but the sentiment of morning attire appears to me to require that it should, at least in some remote degree, suggest a working dress. For this, as well as for the sake of freshness, as large a proportion as possible of it should consist of what are rather ungrammatically called "washing materials;" and it should at least look as if that part of it were washed every day. In summer, cottons and muslins make it easy to carry this out approximately; in winter, the sentiment must be represented by the collar and sleeves. Some kinds of lace are more or less, and should be stringently, set apart for evening, and some for morning use. But there is room for a good deal more definition in this branch of the subject. One anomaly

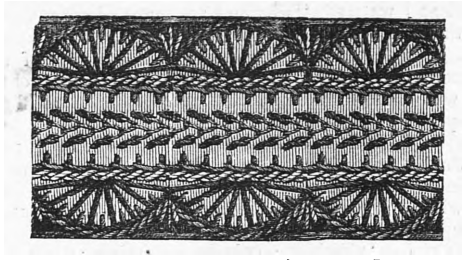


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF HANDLE OF BRUSH.

calls for a passing remark—it is, that the distinction between morning and evening lace is so little regarded in bonnets, probably because they are not considered as meant to be washed. But in their present beautifully simple form what would be prettier or more easily managed than morning bonnets made of muslin and Valenciennes lace, and washed as often as their freshness was in the slightest degree impaired? And how much more ladylike such clean and simple head-dresses would be than the tulle and blonde constructions now too often worn at all hours of the day! The sentiment of evening costume is, I suppose, that it is improvised for the one occasion on which it is worn; and, therefore, no degree of flimsiness or fragility in the materials can offend one's taste, whatever one may think of them in point of economy. The afternoon is a compromise between morning and evening which it is hard to treat philosophically. To dress three times a day seems scarcely worthy of a rational creature, and this is indeed theoretically recognized by the technical use of the word "morning dress" for every thing worn before dinner. It would be well if practice were more nearly in accordance with theory in this particular.

The time of year need be noticed only as still further complicating the problem of dress for those who have to think much of expense. It is easy enough to adapt one's clothing to the temperature, if one can afford it. I may mention, however, that some regard is due to other people's eyes as well as one's feelings, that dress should *look* cool in summer and warm in winter, even if the wearer should be abnormally indifferent to the sensations of heat and cold. Also, when artificial flowers are worn, it is essential that they should be such as are really in season, at least in greenhouses. Under the head of time we have also to consider the question of repetition. It is not only in buying new articles of dress that thought is needed, but in the daily selection of such as shall be worn together, so as to secure enough and not too much variation from day to day. Abrupt changes of the whole costume, or perfectly uniform repetitions of the same arrangement on successive days, seem to me almost equally undesirable. The most perfect arrangement, I think, is a combination of continuousness with variety by means of alterations of detail, while the foundation remains the same; and when that is changed the transition may be rendered less abrupt by the reappearance of some familiar ornament, redeeming the new attire from strangeness. Rapid and total changes of dress destroy the web of pleasing associations which time weaves round clothes as well as round other inanimate objects.

TYROLEAN SUIT FOR BOY FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 31-41.

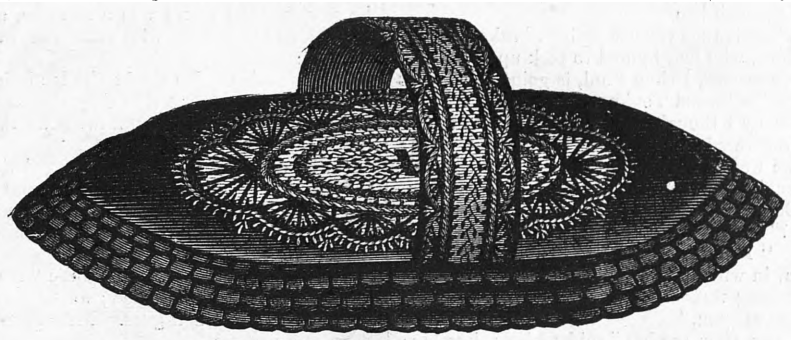
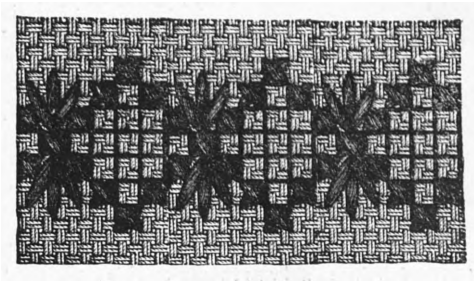


Fig. 1.—SILK BRUSH.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 48.



BORDER OF JAVA CANVAS TIDY.

In the consideration of *place* the distinction between town and country corresponds in some degree to that between morning and evening. In the country there is always a charm in what suggests rural occupations even when it is manifestly only a suggestion. A lady's outdoor dress in the country should always be one in which, if she did milk a cow or make hay, she would be picturesquely and becomingly, even if really unsuitably, dressed for the occasion. Tried by this test, silk and black lace and all sorts of gauzy materials would be condemned, and, I think, rightly, as unsuitable to the country. For the sea-side a similar test might be founded upon the possibility of carrying any given costume into a boat. This test would be even more exclusive than the last; and should perhaps be less rigorously applied, though it ought never to be quite lost sight of. Some regard may be had, when it is possible, to the probable surroundings in respect of furniture, etc.; and furniture might be chosen more than is now done with a view to its relations with the dress of its owners; but it is impossible to insist very strictly upon attention to such varying combinations as these.

WALKING DRESS WITH BASCHLIK FICHU.—BACK.

WALKING DRESS WITH BASCHLIK FICHU.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 3-6.

WALKING DRESS WITH WATTEAU PALETOT.—BACK.

WALKING DRESS WITH WATTEAU PALETOT.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 28-30.

FELICIA.

By SHIRLEY DARE.

Ah, the scarlet vine leaves! Ah, the sparkling sea!
Ah, the hazy afternoon my lady smiled on me!
The white steps to the foam,
The boatman steering home,
Her dress that swept the stair,
And sunshine-blended hair,
Like the fluting cadence of forgotten measure,
Such days to me bring the sweetest, saddest pleasure.

Ah, the eyelids tender! Ah, the bearing proud!
Singing voice and subtle meanings half allowed,
That thrilled me as they went,
Like chance-struck instrument.
Ah, to my dying day
That voice and speech alway
Bring that flushing autumn's overflow of glory,
When I took life's rapture—one day's passion story!

Queen of sun-haired women, jewel-eyed and gay,
Promise filled your sweetness, you had no heart to pay.
But one day's grace to me
You left in memory
That binds me evermore,
Content, your servitor
All that women woo by, slighted turns for aye,
Since I keep thy sweetness, thy smile, Felicia.

PRINCE PAUL.

WHEN Prince Paul was twenty-one his tutor said to him:

"Your Royal Highness is of age. You know every thing that a man can teach you. You have now only to govern your kingdom as gloriously as the king your father; and so, your Royal Highness, if it is quite convenient, could you pay me that twenty shillings that your Royal Highness owes me for your last month's instruction?"

Now, the first sentence in this speech was true. Prince Paul was certainly twenty-one. The second was such a prodigious falsehood as could not be uttered without laughing, except to a prince; for Paul had learned no more than he liked; and that was little enough. The third sentence was a compliment, which I must explain to you.

In the days of Prince Paul's father the court etiquette was so strict that if you once forgot to address the king as the most powerful and glorious of monarchs, off went your head. But one day it happened that all the king's generals lost all the battles that they were fighting, by sea and land, and that Paul's father had no longer a kingdom.

Here was a predicament. Somebody, of course, should tell the king that he was no longer the most powerful and glorious of monarchs; but nobody was quite willing to lose his head; consequently nobody told the king. The king pretended not to know that any thing particular had happened; consequently the court etiquette went on as before, and his courtiers still addressed him as the most powerful and glorious of monarchs. Having no subjects to give him any money, the king became very poor. He got out at elbows, and out at the knees, and the court seamstress was obliged to patch him; but the courtiers only said, "that no cloths were made nowadays fit for the wearing of a king;" and so the most powerful and glorious of monarchs preferred his old clothes. By-and-by, they could no longer pay the butcher's bill, and were obliged to live on vegetables raised by the court gardener; but then it became the fashion to say that there was no longer any good mutton and beef to be bought in that country, as there was in the good old times. One after another, the courtiers went away to find better living; but those who remained always spoke of them as absent on business for the king. The palace fell into decay; the bricks mouldered; the pavements were broken; half the lights in the windows were out; the roofs leaked; but the poor old king, and his poor old servants, only said that there was much more rain, and wind, and cold weather, than in the good old times; and though Prince Paul wore copper toes on his shoes, and only owned one suit of clothes, it was the fashion to say to him that he would soon be a glorious monarch. And now you see why his tutor paid him this compliment.

But that last sentence, about the twenty shillings! Let us see what they did about that; for Prince Paul had not twenty shillings in the world.

The Prince sat down and wrote an order on the treasury for twenty shillings. The tutor took the order, and went away to the treasurer's office, but found nothing there but damp cobwebs and an old owl; and came back in a rage.

"There is no treasurer but an owl, and nothing in the treasury, and you are as poor as a mouse in an empty barn," he said to the Prince.

Prince Paul looked sternly at his servants.

"*Is* there no treasurer?"

"No, your Royal Highness," said they, trembling.

"*Am* I as poor as a mouse in an empty barn?"

"Yes, your Royal Highness," said they all again.

"Then something must be done," observed the Prince, and went away to think what this something should be.

But he could not think of any thing; which vexed him so that he would not eat his supper.

"How can I eat," said he, "when I can not think what should be done?"

"But why should your Royal Highness disturb yourself with trying to think," answered his servants, "when every thing that is worth knowing was written down in books, in the good old times, to save the trouble of thinking hereafter?"

"Why did you not tell me before?" said the Prince. "Bring me all the books in my father's library."

But when the books were brought they were covered with mould and eaten by worms, so that of them all there were only three or four that could be read.

But no books in the world could have been more proper just then, for these all were filled with stories of princes, who met with a variety of surprising adventures; but Prince Paul observed that one thing happened to them all.

They all went to seek a fortune.

"There," said Paul. "Here is what I should do. I must go seek my fortune."

Paul spoke to the Lord High Fiddlestick, and there was nobody else in the room. At least we should say that there was nobody. But the Prince's dog lay by the hearth, and, being a dog of intelligence, he not only comprehended but thought of the proposed journey so much that he could not eat.

"What are you thinking about to leave your dinner?" asked the cat, Grimalkin.

"The Prince is going to seek his fortune, and I am wondering if there will be any meat fit for our eating in the strange countries that we shall visit," answered Fido.

"Oh, meaow!" snarled the cat, who was a jealous body, and hurried away lest she should hear more. But she could not forget what the dog had said, and though she laid down to bask in the sun as usual she turned and twisted so uncomfortably that Topknot, the speckled hen, asked her what was the matter.

"I have a colic, from pure grief," replied Grimalkin. "Here is this blundering mastiff going with our master to visit foreign lands where they have meat, while I shall be left behind to lap milk."

"Then," said Topknot, much delighted, "the black Spanish hen in the next yard need not toss her head so high. We shall have some one who can speak of foreign countries also," and she ran to tell the news.

"I don't believe a word of it," answered the black Spanish hen.

"What is that you are saying?" asked a chipping bird, who had lighted to pick up crumbs.

"My master, Prince Paul, is going to seek his fortune," returned Topknot, proudly.

"Really I thought that was quite out of fashion," answered Chippy, flying away to the forest; but she was so busy with thinking that she flew by mistake into the owl's nest instead of her own.

"Odds! nightmares! madam! What do you mean?" hooted the owl, waking up in a fine passion. "You have waked me from a delightful dream, in which I was just solving the problem of catching three mice at one snap. I have a mind to eat you."

"I beg your pardon," said Chippy, humbly; "but I was thinking so much that I was not thinking—I mean, if you please, Sir, that I have just heard that Prince Paul is going to seek his fortune."

"What!" and the owl opened his eyes so wide that Chippy tumbled back out of his nest in a fright, supposing that he would really eat her.

The owl was wide awake now.

"Did you hear that?" he asked the pines. "Prince Paul is going to seek his fortune."

Now telling news to the pines is very much like publishing it in the newspapers, and it was not long before Prince Paul's intention was known in fairy-land, where it made more stir than you may think; for whereas in the old times the fairy people were positively overworked, what with finding invisible cloaks and travelling-shoes, and turning stupid and wicked folks into cabbages and clocks, they have had nothing to do for the last hundred years or so but to sleep and gape, so that when they heard the news it was as if you had told fifty boatmen that one passenger was coming. The brook-goblin, who was so tired of the slop, slop, drip, drip of his waterfall that he had not visited his own brook for a year, started off for it at once, as he knew that Prince Paul would pass that way. The fairy with the enchanted sword, hearing the tumult, was ready to pinch every body for not telling her sooner. The queen of the fairies, who was snoring when the news came, boxed all their ears, and seizing her knitting-needles, hurried off on foot lest she should be too late; and every fairy who could find a wishing-ring, or an invisible cloak, or a truth-telling cap, seized it and hurried after her.

So here were half the fairies in fairy-land, ready and anxious to make Prince Paul's fortune for him. If he had only known it!

But he did not know it. He only went to the forest because all the princes of whom he had read struck at once into the nearest forest, and he had not the least idea what to do when he got there. However, he walked slowly, and looked around him on all sides to see if he could spy any thing like a fortune, till he heard a heavy, droning sound and saw a mill whose wheel was turned by the brook.

"I never saw that before," thought the Prince, and it would have been strange if he had, for it was built there an hour before by the brook-goblin; but it looked just such an old-fashioned, red-painted mill as you may see still in the country, with moss growing on the roof, and the miller standing in the door.

This was the brook-goblin; but he seemed to Prince Paul like a fat, rosy man covered with flour.

"Where are you going?" asked the miller.

"To find my fortune," replied the Prince, haughtily, for he thought the miller too familiar.

"Then you have found it," answered the miller. "I am in want of a hearty young man like you. Stay and help me grind, and half of the profits shall be yours."

Here was a fine offer, you see; very different from what the goblin would have said a hundred years ago, when he would have told the young man in a rough voice that he could have bread and a bed if he chose to work for it. But in these days fairy customers are scarce, and to make sure of Paul, the goblin had even arranged that at the first turn of the wheel all the corn should be turned into gold, and should come tumbling down through the trough in eagles and gold dollars.

Unfortunately Prince Paul knew nothing about this, and he walked on as if he had not heard the miller.

"Stop!" shouted the goblin. "Here is your fortune."

"You are mistaken. It can never be the fortune of a prince to turn miller's man," replied Paul with dignity, and walked on.

The fairies hidden under the leaves began to titter. As for the goblin, in his anger, he pitched the mill into the brook.

At the crash Paul looked around, and seeing the mill tumbling over the waterfall,

"Ah, I was right!" said he. "If I had listened to that impertinent miller I should have drowned. This proves that I have excellent judgment;" and he held his head higher than ever.

Before long he spied a shop, or rather a booth with a counter, behind which sat the fairy who had the enchanted sword, looking like an apple-cheeked old woman.

"Now," she said to herself, as she saw Paul coming, "we shall see if I let him slip through my fingers. I have not muddled my brains with tumbling over rocks and stones, like the stupid goblin. I say, young man, where are you going?"

"To seek my fortune," returned the Prince, haughtily, as before.

If he had answered her like that a hundred years before our fairy would have turned him into a puppy on the spot; but now she said, in a wheedling tone,

"If you are going to seek your fortune, my lord, you will need a sword; and here is one, with a hilt of gold, which you may buy for a sixpence."

"No," answered the Prince, stoutly, for though he saw that the sword was a fine one, and that the golden hilt was set with diamonds, he said to himself:

"It is stolen. No doubt she is afraid of the police, and would like that they should find the sword on me. But I thank my stars that I am not such a fool!"

"Buy a pair of boots, then," urged the fairy. "I see your shoes are old and worn, and you can buy these for a shilling. You see how finely these are made. In them you could feel neither cold nor wet! Besides—"

She was about to say that these were seven-league boots, but she stopped; for fairies are forbidden to explain their gifts. Mortals must take them at a venture.

"No," answered the Prince, still more shortly, "I have read the newspapers, and I am not to be caught."

"My stars!" cried the fairy, staring after him. "He has refused the Enchanted Sword and the Seven-League Boots, for which five hundred princes have lost their lives."

Oh, how the vines and leaves in the forest shook! The elves came out of their flower-cups, to roll on the turf as they laughed, and the brook roared; but Paul heard nothing. He only thought that the wind was high, and that the brook was very noisy, and walked on, wondering whether he should find his fortune, and how he should know it.

All this time the fairy queen was waiting for Paul, knitting as she sat, by the side of the road; and Paul was so astonished to see her there that he asked her what she was doing.

"Knitting houses, and men, and castles," replied the queen. "How many will you have? I will knit you a hundred men, on horseback, in fifteen minutes; six strong castles in half an hour; and a coach-and-four to carry you to court. Will you have them?"

"What nonsense you talk," answered Paul.

The old woman's fingers flew like lightning, and before Paul could count twenty a handsome coach with four white horses dropped from her needles.

"You are a witch!" screamed Paul, and ran for his life.

It was nearly dark, and in his fright Paul plunged into a swamp. Sometimes he sank to his knees in the thick, stiff mud, and sometimes he was caught and horribly scratched among the brambles as he struggled to find his way out.

Just then he saw a light.

"Ah!" he said to himself, "there I shall find a house," and he hurried toward it.

But though he ran he came no nearer, for the light moved also.

"Hillo!" shouted Paul, but nobody answered; only the light quivered and danced about, and at last came close to him and settled in a tree.

"Oh!" said Paul to himself, "I understand, this is my fortune. It will lead me to some kind fairy, or to some princess who is waiting for me in her castle. I will follow it."

So he did. Deeper and deeper into the swamp. The mud was so stiff that he could hardly force his way through it, and the thorns tore his clothes until they hung in rags, but he persevered.

Suddenly he gasped and screamed.

He had stepped from a high ledge of rocks, and he fell with such violence that he broke his leg, and lay quite helpless till an old woman found him and dragged him into her cottage.

"This is a rough way of coming into my fortune," thought Paul; "but very likely this old woman may be some lovely princess, who has been enchanted. She will ask me to cut off her head, or bring her something or other, and then she will become a beautiful lady, of great wealth."

But the only thing that the old woman asked him to cut was fire-wood, and what she wished him to bring was water, for the dinner.

"I am a prince," said Paul. "I know nothing of cutting wood and such servant's tasks."

"Prince!" screamed the old woman. "You are a pretty prince, in rags! You can eat, it seems, though you can neither pay nor work," and she began to beat Paul with her broom till he fairly took to his heels.

He ran till he was quite out of breath, when he saw a city, with a crowd in the streets, and asked the man of what they were talking.

"Why, I thought that all the world knew that," answered the man. "The king has no money in the treasury; and he has heard that there are mills that can grind corn into gold. So to any man who will find him one of the sort he offers a quarter of his kingdom."

"Ah!" thought Paul. "What a pity that I saw no such mill in my travels!"

"Next to such a mill," continued the man, "the king most desires an enchanted sword, which will bring its owner victory; and for such a sword, he offers six of his finest palaces."

"Oh!" murmured Paul, whose mouth really watered, "why do I not know where to find such a sword?"

"Finally, the king desires a pair of seven-league boots, for he can never travel fast enough; and to the man who can find them he will give—his daughter."

"It is of no use wishing," said Paul, mournfully; "but why could I not have found some kind fairy who would help me to all these things."

"What is the matter?" asked a man, who was passing.

"Nothing; only I am starving, and fit to drop with weariness," answered Paul.

"Come with me," said the man; "I am a baker, and I want a boy to carry the trays from my oven to my shop. If you are honest and willing, you shall have your food and a shilling a week."

Here was a fine fortune, but what else could Paul do? So he went with the baker, and if you look sharp, when you pass the right door, you may see him, any day, coming up from the ovens, in a white paper cap, and carrying trays of nice hot buns and biscuits.

Is it not a pity?

SPARKS FROM THE KITCHEN STOVE.

By a Young Housekeeper.

MY DEAR BAZAR,—Is your heart too full of sashes, and double skirts, and fichus to be kindled by these sparks from my kitchen stove, which would fain find lodgment somewhere? I am well assured there are other new beginners who peruse your columns, and who will unite with me in the opinion that a kitchen stove or range, whichever it may be, is at times a very awe-inspiring object. For oh, most charitable *Bazar*, I have been left without that invaluable and greatly-to-be-desired creature vulgarly styled "help," but in my vocabulary a queen. For does she not in reality reign over me, notwithstanding my assumed title of mistress? Dare I say beef-steak when her voice is for mutton-chops? Not a bit of it. On Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays, just half of the working-week, am I not in terror lest by some thoughtless act or word I distract the even tenor of her way, and upset her for those trying but necessary pursuits of washing, ironing, and general cleaning up? Do I not, on the contrary, do whatever I can to make those duties easy for her by setting tables, making beds, and the dear knows what all?

It has even been whispered that I have allowed my adorable Augustus to wait a whole half hour for his dinner because my handmaiden so willed it, and my only excuse was to assure him the kitchen clock was out of order, whereupon Augustus reproachfully reminded me of the days of courtship and honey-moon, when his comfort was the first and most important consideration. It is a mournful fact, however, that he is not now so easily satisfied as then—that whereas in those never-to-be-forgotten times his appetite was entirely absorbed in the tender passion, beef-steak and coffee are now far more essential to his happiness.

But, as I was saying, the muse who superintended the commissary department has left me, beguiled into the higher sphere of matrimony and her own establishment, and I find myself help-less.

Then my kitchen stove stares me blackly in the face. I am aware that a fire is a necessity; but how to make it is the question.

I have a firm conviction that my calling in life is not to build wood-fires, so resolutely do they refuse to burn for me, and the harder I try the more obstinate is the refusal. In vain do I artfully arrange and rearrange the wood and kindlings, and insinuatingly poke in the paper; countless matches are expended on the pile; but it continues *in statu quo*, until by some unlooked-for accident a flame appears. And when you reflect that this operation must be repeated three times a day, invariably with the same experience, you will feel for me. Then the dirty dishes! With what horror do I regard them! How anxiously do I economize plates and cups and saucers; how carefully scrutinize Augustus's every movement, lest his extravagant habits make me another half hour's work.

But when it comes to greasy pots and kettles, my soul recoils in horror at the thought—my appetite is gone for the things I prepare in them just by reason of the cleansing operation. I don't mind cooking; in fact, I always liked to dabble in the kitchen; but my mixing and baking over, I have no desire to see any thing more of the dishes used. In truth, I would like to forget that they were required; but when I am reminded of the ever-present considerations of scouring and scalding, from all these things I beg to be delivered.

And yet it is a necessary operation. My objections to eating any more dirt than the necessary peck swallowed in hotels and boarding-houses are strong, and I see no reason for abandoning them. At the same time, when one re-

flects that this performance of washing-up must be of daily occurrence for weeks, and months, and years to come, the prospect is disheartening, to say the least. It seems an incontrovertible fact that people must eat to live, and, moreover, that civilization no longer permits them the easy satisfaction in food enjoyed by our first parents.

Then the bills of fare. It is true they are simple; but the necessity of suiting the tastes of my Augustus, which are rather epicurean, and at the same time keeping within bounds of a somewhat slender purse, are two things difficult to reconcile. The last thought at night is what shall I have for breakfast; the first in the morning is an involuntary mapping out of the three daily meals. Augustus does not fancy salt meat, and despises fish; consequently my range is limited, and I vainly study half a dozen receipt-books in hopes of acquiring useful hints. In my opinion the generality of receipt-books are a farce. The ingredients are either so unattainable or so expensive, or, worst of all, so complicated, that I give them up in despair, or, if I conglomerate them, am disgusted with a mass of uneatable material. Variety being generally considered the spice of life, I try not to have boiled eggs more than three times a week; but the science of their preparation is so simple that I am often inclined to fall back upon them.

Augustus being naturally of a dyspeptic turn of mind, or stomach—whichever you please—I am compelled to study up hygiene extensively. As for myself, I really have not time to think whether things agree with me or not.

Then my trips to market. These necessary aids to domestic economy are accomplished early in the morning, after a resolute endeavor to screw my courage to the sticking-point. For, between you and me, I am afraid of the market-men. If I order porter-house steak, I am by no means sure I may not get a tough one, notwithstanding my persuasive entreaty for "something nice and tender." My roasting pieces are very apt to be minus fat, my chickens frequently of an uncertain age; for all of which misfortunes I console myself by the reflection that I am a young housekeeper, and will do better in future.

Then when it comes to vegetables. The tomatoes are painfully apt to be rotten, the corn of a golden yellow, the potatoes specked. I *have* been known to bring home rotten eggs; fortunately thus far have escaped boiling them for breakfast, but constantly anticipate some such casualty. It is such a nuisance to know just what one is going to eat. Never for me nowadays are any of those pleasant little surprises, the more palatable by reason of their unexpectedness, but every dish the production of my own brain and hands. I confess it quite takes away my appetite.

Oh *Bazar*, have you any idea the fair virgins whose portraits adorn your plates, gorgeously arrayed in the latest Parisian styles, are acquainted with the mysteries of a kitchen stove? If not, and any of them are contemplating matrimony, I beg of you to impress upon them the study of culinary engineering, especially the science of dampers and ovens, of bread and coffee. For I was once one of those butterfly damsels; I also was splendidly attired in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, without once considering the preparation involved or the method of its attainment. In that far-off past my Augustus thought not of pies or puddings, and I vainly imagined the halycon days of the tender passion would never end.

But, most excellent *Bazar*, such is not the case. A good dinner is, in these times, very necessary to his good temper, and I wish you would make known to those fair maidens formerly alluded to, that it will be even so with them.

Also urge upon them the importance of keeping on the right side of the kitchen luminary, of propitiating her in every possible way, sooner than allow themselves to be abandoned to the hard fate of their own devices.

It is six o'clock, and I am consequently reminded of the near approach of supper-time, of my empty stove, indeed of the truth of all I have been saying. I betake myself to my pots and kettles, and remain;

Yours, very warmly, A. Y. H.

SPANISH GIPSIES.

THE Gitanos are divided into three distinct tribes: first, the nomade Gitanos, who are met on the high-roads, and frequent the fairs; secondly, the stationary Gitanos, who are half savage, and live in the grottoes and woods, and have nothing to do with the Christian population; thirdly, the gipsies who still preserve some types of their race, but speak the language of the country they inhabit, even sharing the occupations of the natives, and mixing with their families. They have sickly and rickety children, and are known to hasten the death of old people, who, from their age and infirmities, are objects of care and anxiety. It is supposed they burn their dead, in order not to bury their corpses on ground where they are only wanderers, and leave without any hope of return. These accusations are perfectly in accordance with their wandering existence, which does not allow them any permanent cemetery—consequently sickly children and old men would be a considerable embarrassment. Such is the character of the tribe, who spread all round the basin of the Ebro in the fourteenth century, and who, desiring solitude, established themselves in the wildest passes of the Pyrennees, and crossed these mountains in great numbers; for we find them again in Roussillon and Lower Navarre. Their religion does not interfere with the Christian rites; we never hear of any bans being issued against them, even from the superstitious Catholics of Spain, and they have been always allowed to dwell in the grottoes and huts in the forests without molestation.

The men are idle, and employ themselves in clipping their mules. The woman have singular dances. They practice chiromancy, and have become so intermixed with the inhabitants, with whom they have married, and shared their fishing occupation, that, except for their physiognomy, some traditions, and some primitive idioms which they still retain, they would hardly be distinguished from them; for they have even adopted the costume of the Basques and Labours; whereas the other tribes, though they wear the trowsers and loose Catalonian shirt, and the handkerchief twisted round the head, "à la Aragonais," or the Basque blouse, always add some curious tinsel ornament, or brilliant-colored garment, which shows that they still have their savage tastes, though adopting European fashions.

Although gipsies are found in all parts of Europe, it is only among the Pyrenees, and in the Asturias, that there are sufficient numbers to be considered as a nation; and after having seen these mountains successively the refuge of the Gauls, Latins, and Germans, is it not curious to find them populated by a horde who have been banished from the Indian continent, and who have slowly crossed Asia, Egypt, and the Mediterranean to stop their wandering career in these wild district fastnesses, which have been the asylum of so many nations?

PUNCTUALITY IN MEALS.

IT is always better to be in advance in the preparation of any meal rather than behindhand. It is always easy to proceed slower when one finds one's self ready too soon; but when you are compelled to hurry things for want of time there is every probability of doing badly, and it is rare that some part of the meal should not suffer. It is a mistake to suppose that a well-dressed meal will be sufficient to cause its want of punctuality to be forgiven. How many times have we seen excellent dinners, both as regards choice and execution, badly received, and fail on account of the time which the famished and impatient guests had been kept waiting, and who felt on that account aggrieved and indisposed to acknowledge its merits! An unpunctual cook will never be a true cook, to our mind.

SONNET.

A LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS'S JEWELS.

FLASH, happy gems, and hide from prying glance
The rounded forms you clasp, but can not grace:
Your frigid glitter serves but to enhance
The myriad charms that sparkle from her face:
Ye can not ape the lustre of her eyes,
Nor price the smile that dimples round her mouth:
Your changeless gleam is sharp as frosty skies,
She, sweet as roses from the rose-strewn south:
The drooping pearl which nestles at her ear
Pales at the maiden fairness of her throat,
While happier diamonds, pure and crystal-clear
Reflect the beauties they have learned by rote:
Yet doth her touch restore your gemmed array
Tenfold the worth her beauty takes away.

GENTLEMEN'S PARIS FALL FASHIONS.

See illustration on page 796.

Fig. 1.—Low-crowned hat, slightly swelling, with a narrow brim; and full suit of light chocolate cassimere, with diagonal stripes. Sack-coat with rolling collar, closed in front by two buttons, the first of which is placed just below the roll, and skirt rounded in front. Transverse pockets with narrow welt, sleeve of average size, with cuff simulated by two rows of stitching four-fifths of an inch apart. The coat and vest are finished in the same manner around the edge. Double-breasted vest without collar, buttoning somewhat high. Semi-tight pantaloons with a stripe at the side, formed by a pleat stitched down. Plaid red and white cravat, Colin collar, and flesh-colored gloves.

Fig. 2.—Short sack over-coat of plain blue cloth, full and straight in the back, buttoning high and overlapping considerably in front, with four buttons on each side. Pocket on a line with the lowest button, and furnished with square lapel. Sleeve of average size, with a somewhat broad cuff, the upper edge of which is bound with wide galloon. The same galloon finishes the edges of the pocket-lapels and coat. Semi-tight pantaloons of plain fawn-colored cloth, with a stripe down the sides of a darker shade, standing collar, red cravat, and straw-colored gloves.

Fig. 3.—Hat with moderate-sized brim, turned up slightly at the sides. Short Spanish tobacco-colored over-coat, seen in the back, with front of the same cut as that of Fig. 2. Semi-tight pantaloons, of light brown cloth with narrow vertical stripes and a plain stripe of a darker shade down the sides. Standing collar. Pearl-gray gloves.

Fig. 4.—Low hat with moderate-sized brim, slightly turned up at the sides. Iron-gray over-coat, with facings rolling rather low and about an inch and a half wider than the collar, and closed with three large buttons on each side below the roll, the top of which is finished with a button-hole. Skirt-pockets on a level with the hand, and another in the left front, just outside the lapping. Sleeve with broad cuff, the upper edge of which, as well as the edges of the over-coat, is finished with two rows of stitching, an inch apart. A row of stitching is also seen in front on each side of the buttons; and the pockets are finished in the same manner. Semi-tight pantaloons of blue-gray cloth, with diagonal stripes and a band down the sides. Light blue scarf-cravat. Standing collar. Straw-colored gloves.

Fig. 5.—Low-crowned hat. Dark mastic-gray sack over-coat. Light brown semi-tight pantaloons, with diagonal stripes and a band down the sides. Standing collar. Blue-gray gloves.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IT is estimated that not less than thirteen millions of the human race have perished by earthquakes. The terrible convulsion of nature which has recently buried in ruins numerous cities and towns on the western coast of South America brings freshly to remembrance similar awful visitations in times past. Even if the horrors of ancient earthquakes seemed lessened to the mind through the long lapse of years, the records of more recent ones are still thrilling. Among those which stand out prominently in history is one which occurred a little more than two hundred years ago, in 1662, whereby 300,000 persons were buried in the city of Pekin alone. In 1693 Sicily was visited by a great earthquake which overturned fifty-four cities and three hundred villages, destroying 100,000 lives. Probably there have been no earthquakes equal in intensity to those which ravaged different parts of the world in the eighteenth century. According to the records 100,000 persons were again swallowed up at Pekin, in 1731; in 1755, 60,000 persons are believed to have perished in six minutes at Lisbon; about 40,000 lives were lost in Calabria in 1783, and nearly the same number were, in 1797, buried in an instant by an earthquake which destroyed the whole country between Santa Fé and Panama. During the present century these fearful visitations have frequently occurred in both hemispheres. The valley of the Mississippi was violently shaken during the year 1811 over an extent of country three hundred miles in length; in 1812 Caraccas, the capital of Venezuela, was reduced to a heap of ruins, beneath which 12,000 of the inhabitants perished; indeed, both in South and Central America, earthquakes have been working fearful destruction. In 1822 and in 1835 Chili experienced desolating shocks; Quito, in Ecuador, was entirely destroyed in 1859, and in 1858 Mexico suffered severely. Naples and surrounding towns were shaken in 1857; the city of Mendoza, in the Argentine Republic, was destroyed with many thousands of the inhabitants in 1861; and still more recent earthquakes in Mexico, San Francisco, St. Thomas, and other parts of the West Indies, and in the Sandwich Islands, are fresh in the minds of all.

In this latest calamity, the details of which would fill many columns, the whole western coast of South America has severely suffered. All of the dreary facts may not come to our knowledge for weeks, and it is to be hoped that the appalling accounts have been exaggerated. Yet there is reason to believe that not less than twenty towns have been ruined, thirty thousand lives lost, and property destroyed to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars. Arica, a flourishing and important sea-port town of Peru, has ceased to exist. It had a population of about 30,000, but premonitory symptoms of the calamity enabled a majority to seek places of safety. Arequipa, one of the oldest and most beautiful cities of Peru, is a thing of the past. Its population was variously estimated from 35,000 to 50,000, and many perished. Iquique, the most important place in Southern Peru, was almost totally destroyed. The city of Quito has sustained serious injury; and along the coast of Chili the disturbed sea came forth from its depths, submerging whole towns, and dealing destruction to every thing in its path. And now many wretched, homeless creatures are wandering through the country in search of food and shelter. Meanwhile, the Government is endeavoring to relieve their distress as far as possible.

It is said that fifteen thousand dollars have already been raised toward the erection of a hotel at the Gettysburg Katalysine Springs.

News has recently been received of a singular and terrible accident which befell a missionary in Siam—the Rev. Dr. House. He was on a long and tedious journey to a new station to render medical assistance, and was accompanied by his four native guides and three large elephants to carry the baggage. When near the end of his journey, while passing one of the huge beasts, the animal suddenly turned upon him and smote him with his trunk, laying him prostrate, and then with his great tusks pierced his flesh in a terrible manner. He lay under the tree where he was stricken down for two weeks, being himself his only physician and surgeon, with great fortitude sewing up his own wounds. He was attended only by ignorant natives, had but a pint and a half of water with which to wet his lips and dress his wounds, and the thermometer was ninety-two degrees in the shade. Yet he recovered at length sufficiently to be carried to the end of his journey.

A mercantile house in Boston offer for sale a new article—American gros grain black silk—manufactured in Hartford. It is represented as being heavy, beautiful in fabric, and durable. In addition to this, being free of duty, it is much cheaper than a similar quality of imported goods. It is always well to encourage American manufactures.

An exchange says that if the word "cabled" is allowed we shall then have people "steamboated," "carred," "schoonered," and "sloop-ed" before long.

The entire course of study at the Cooper Union occupies five years. The schools are capable of giving instruction to two thousand pupils at one time in the various departments. Students are admitted to all the benefits of the institution upon the formal application of their employers or some known citizen.

At the Philadelphia School of Design for Women, which has recently reopened, lectures on various branches of art are given frequently by different members of the faculty. The pupils are taught drawing in all its varieties, figure painting, landscape painting, lithography, pattern drawing (for printed dress-goods, wall-paper, and carpets), flower painting, architectural ornamenting, etc. Physiology and anatomy, in their relations to art, are also taught. The museum and library comprise many works of great value to students. The school has already enabled many young women to obtain a good living by the practice of the arts it teaches.

A gentleman given to enigmas stepped into the St. James's Hotel, in Boston, the other day, and asked the proprietor what he could have for dinner.

"Any thing you please to order, Sir."

"Very well," was the reply; "then give me woman's crowning ornament, roasted; the most active member in Congress, boiled; what England never can be, for dessert; mock misery for my beverage."

"All right, Sir," and the guest's order was shortly filled, as follows: Roast hare, boiled tongue, floating island, Champagne.

A peculiarity of the Missouri bottom is said to be the wonderful growth of sun-flowers. For miles they extend in unbroken and profuse luxuriance and utter uselessness. They were first brought there by the Mormons, and have spread until they have extended for a thousand miles along the river.

"Carleton," in the Boston *Journal*, describes a magnificent Chinese garden which he has visited, containing about a dozen acres, and consisting of gardens within gardens—with arbors, tea-houses, canals, tanks filled with gold-fish. There were straight paths, winding walks and labyrinths, a wonderful variety of tropical vegetation—a place where the florist and botanist might find unspeakable pleasure. The proprietor had Italian vases, French fruits, Japanese carved work, windows of German stained glass, floors of English encaustic tiles, flower-pots from the potteries of their native land—a jumble of fine things; but arranged without much regard to taste. A Chinaman's ideas of art are all grotesque. He has an utter disregard of perspective in painting. The pictures which we see on chinaware are excellent representations of Chinese comprehension of art.

It is said—and housewives may often find it convenient to try the recipe—that fresh meat may be kept perfectly sweet for several days by placing it in a dish and covering it with milk. Sour milk or buttermilk will answer.

A kind of watch is now manufactured in Switzerland, which is wound up by opening and shutting the case six times. When the watch is wound up it may be opened and closed an indefinite number of times without effect. Very likely—but why can not they invent something convenient while they are about it?

Difficult cases of neuralgia are said to have been cured by a new and powerful sedative which has been discovered in Paris. It is nitrate of oxyd of glycile, diluted. It is obtained by treating glycerine at a low temperature with sulphuric or nitric acid. One drop, mixed with ninety-nine drops of spirits of wine, constitutes the first dilution.

A singular crime has been detected in Munich. For some weeks the families living at a certain hotel had been subject to alarming attacks of illness. Investigation revealed that a young lady at the hotel, named Erminia Schlug, had a lover who was enthusiastically devoted to the study of physiology, and similar branches of knowledge, and spared no one in his experiments. With the aid of the lady, he had been administering various drugs to the boarders; not, however, sparing either her or himself, upon whom many serious experiments had been made. The pair escaped with a nominal punishment, and a leading paper spoke of their "heroic, though mistaken, devotion to the cause of science!"

Cleveland, Ohio, bids fair to become famous for the culture of the grape. One of the finest vineyards is situated on Euclid Ridge, and covers an area of 22 acres of high land. The vines are now five years old, and will produce, this year, more than 25,000 gallons of wine. The grapes grown on the high land command three to five cents per pound more than those of lowland growth. They include the Catawba, Isabella, Clinton, Delaware, Virginia Seedling, and many other varieties. Other vineyards in that vicinity have been bearing sixteen years, and have never failed to produce a good crop.

A New England four-year-old pet, who is called "Arlit," has a way of saying some funny things. The other day her father cut open a large water-melon, when "Arlit" astonished every body by looking at the seeds and exclaiming, with the most natural childish astonishment, "Oh my! beans in a cucumber!" She had her share of that melon.

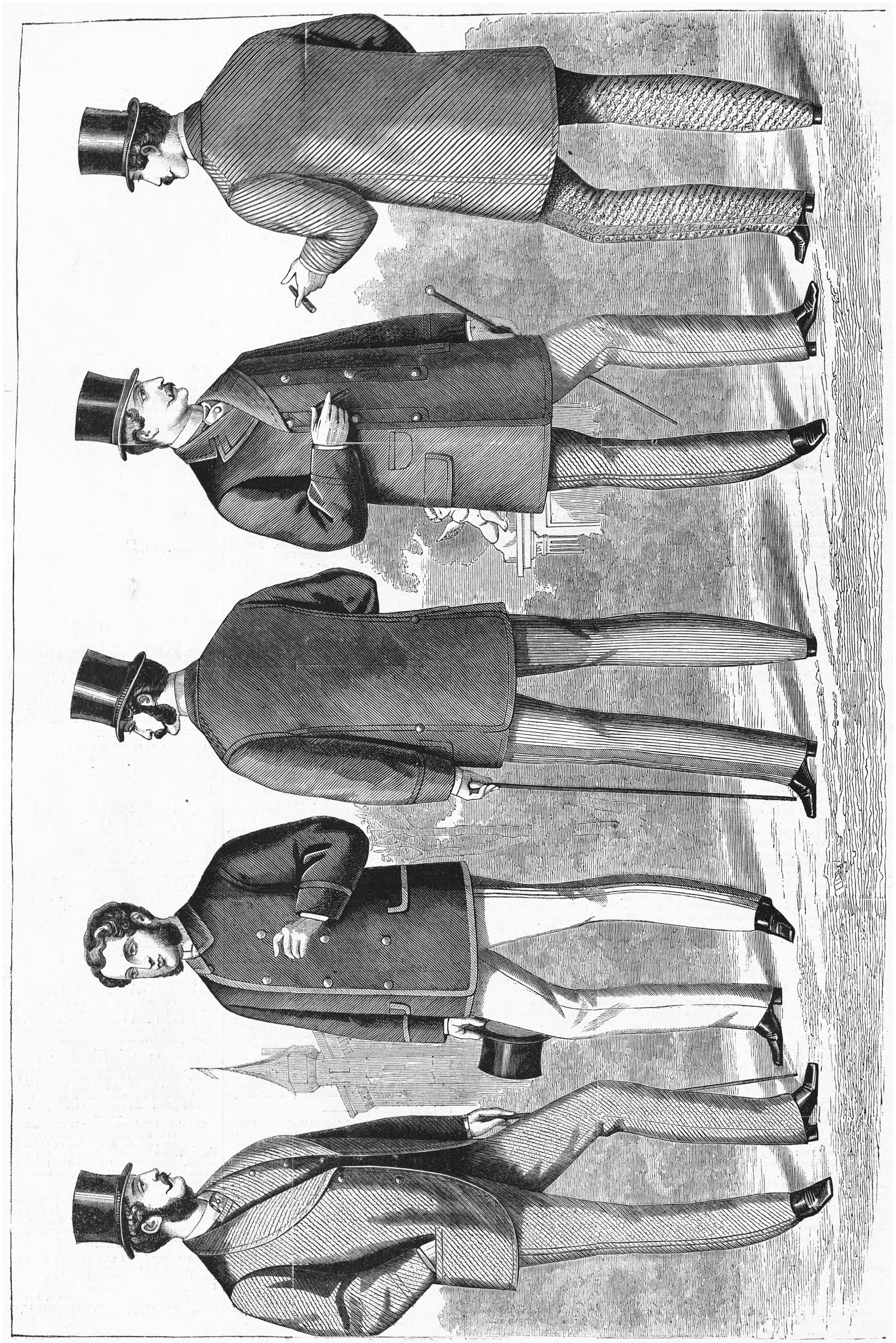
There is one gymnastic association in Cincinnati which numbers over a thousand members, and includes the best young men of the city. The statement is made that of the nine thousand who have been enrolled on the books of the Young Men's Gymnastic Association not one has died with consumption, or any other pulmonary disease, though many were formerly strongly inclined to consumption.

At a recent book-sale in London six volumes, printed by William Caxton, brought the sum of $5480. Most of the books were defective; one, supposed to have been the first printed in England, wanted three leaves. A single volume sold for $2225. All the prices are in gold.

The richest Chinese library in the world, according to the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, is now in the Russian capital. It consists of 11,607 volumes, 1168 wood-engravings, and 276 manuscripts. Among these books are many rare works, of which there are no copies even in the largest libraries of China.

In 1852 the number of telegrams sent in France amounted only to 48,105, whereas in 1867 they figured up to 3,213,995, without taking official telegrams into account, which alone numbered 519,088 messages.

Two young ladies who recently went to a camp-meeting in Massachusetts, thought it no sin to illustrate their faith by their works, and taking their needles, plied them industriously on some charity garments. They were, however, reminded by a pious sister, that being on "consecrated ground," work was out of place. They accordingly put by their needles. While, however, they continued attentive listeners to the earnest and vivid words of the preacher, their sister rebuker was soon fast asleep.



GENTLEMEN'S PARIS FALL FASHIONS.—[SEE PAGE 795.]

THE LATE MADAME VICTOR HUGO.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

MADAME VICTOR HUGO.

I SHOULD like to tell you some news, but my pen, dipped in tears, can trace naught but a name—Madame Victor Hugo. The noble woman who so worthily bore this illustrious name is no more. She passed through all the pangs of glory. She suffered much for her adored husband, whom she worshiped till her dying breath.

With the beauty of Anne of Austria, she had also her pride, but her native loftiness was swallowed up in her inexhaustible goodness. I have before me her photograph, taken some five years ago. She is represented standing, in a dress of violet silk. Her magnificent black hair, rolled back on the temples, falls in thick curls behind her ears, leaving uncovered her broad full forehead. Her large velvety eyes are shaded by finely arched and thick brows, her nose is aquiline and perfectly shaped, and her mouth small, with the full under-lip which belongs to all generous natures. Her beautiful white hands are of an ideal perfection—royal hands, which remind one of those of a marble Venus. Such was her picture five years ago; though fifty-five, she was still in the lustre of a dazzling, full-blown beauty, calculated to inspire an ardent admiration.

Sickness had greatly changed her. She had grown frightfully emaciated; her large black eyes were the sole vestiges of her former beauty.

She passed the last months of her life at Paris, in obscure furnished lodgings in the Rue du Pré aux Clercs, near the Rue de l'Université, where a wretched little drawing-room, with worn garnet velvet furniture and woolen damask curtains, bounded the sole horizon of the poor invalid. She preferred it to her splendid house at Guernsey, because there she could see her friends. The greatest sacrifice which she made her husband was in supporting exile for his sake. She adored Paris, where she was fêted and understood as she deserved. All party hostility vanished in her presence.

No one could help loving this good and great woman. Women, above all, never consulted their husbands as to whether they should visit her. At her house the most aristocratic ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain were seen, side by side with the wives of the highest functionaries and dignitaries of the government.

She was always surrounded by a swarm of young girls, like a queen in the midst of her maids of honor. "I love young girls," she would say, "they are all flowers in soul and in face."

Her reception hours were from four to six. She was seated at the end of the drawing-room in a *causeuse*, where she greeted her visitors with a smile. She said little of herself, even on the days that she suffered most: "I have had a crisis," she would say, simply. "This detestable sickness gives me the blues." She was ignorant of the nature of her disease, hypertrophy of the heart, and believed herself treated for an affection of the stomach. She drew out every one by interesting herself in his private affairs, as well as talking of things in general. Although she could no longer read, being threatened with loss of sight, she knew all that was written at Paris, and gave kindly but well-digested opinions thereon. Her last conversations were of great amplitude. Her soul seemed trying its wings before soaring into infinite space. She talked much about God and human responsibility, and anxiously questioned herself—dear saint!—as to whether she had done enough in the past to assist the unfortunate and help them bear their burdens. I am sure that she is no longer afraid, and that she has found her reward.

A month had not passed since Madame Hugo quitted Paris when she breathed her last at Brussels. On the day before her death her eldest son, Charles, wrote to a friend, "I am perfectly happy; my mother is much better." A little child had just been born, George, the son of Charles Hugo, and she had the joy of embracing her grandchild before quitting the earth; but God took back the angel whom he had sent in the course of the week.

Madame Victor Hugo, *née* Adéle Foucher, married the great but then obscure poet at the age of sixteen. They lived for several years in the Rue Jean Goujon. It was here that Victor Hugo wrote "Notre Dâme de Paris," which rendered him illustrious. From the Rue Jean Goujon they removed to the Place Royale. The celebrated *salon* of the Place Royale was for fifteen years the rendezvous of all the illustrious men, in whatever department, of Paris. Prince Napoleon was a constant guest there, and always remained the devoted friend of Madame Hugo.

On leaving the Place Royale, Madame Hugo went to the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, which she quitted for a life of exile. After an absence of seventeen years she returns to France forever, unaccompanied, alas! by those who loved her so well. She is buried at Villeguier, in Normandy, by the side of her daughter, Leopoldine, who fell a victim to a frightful accident, having been drowned with her husband when very young while on a pleasure excursion. The inconsolable mother made it a special request that she should rest by her child. Charles, François Victor, and Adéle, who is married to an Englishman, are the only children remaining to Victor Hugo out of five.

Madame Hugo leaves several works, among others one entitled "The Tombs." This is a profound and exquisite book, full of feeling and study, in which she has drawn the portraits of celebrated friends whose death she had witnessed—Balzac, Madame Dorval, Nodier, and some others, judged as she knew how to judge men.

Paul Meurice made the following speech at her grave:

"I only wish to bid her adieu in the name of us all. You who stand around her know well what she was—this soul so beautiful and so gentle; this adorable mind, this great heart—ah! this great heart above all! How she loved to love, how she loved to be loved, and how she knew how to suffer with those she loved! She was the wife of the greatest man alive; and through her heart she raised herself to a level with his genius. She almost equaled him by knowing how to understand him. And she must quit us! We must quit her! Already she has found some one to love. She has found her two children yonder in the heavens. Victor Hugo said to me at the frontier last evening, 'Tell my daughter that, till I come, I send her her mother forever.' I have delivered his message, and believe it has been heard. And now, farewell, farewell for the present; farewell for the absent; farewell, our friend; farewell our sister! Farewell, but *au revoir!*"

ELIANE DE MARSY.

THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

A Story.

By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," etc.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER X.

OTTO AND LIESE.

OTTO'S early training has been sufficiently described to enable the reader to understand that his father, the head-ranger, had imbued him with a large-hearted love for his whole fatherland that is more usually found among the inhabitants of populous cities than among the comparatively isolated dwellers in obscure nooks and corners of Germany. Hemmerich himself was unaware what deep root the feelings evoked by his old legends and modern ballads were taking in his boy's heart. The father's mind, dreamy, imaginative, and somewhat timid—though of physical courage Hemmerich never showed any lack—was content to wander in the past, and speculate on the future. Otto, more prosaic and less irresolute, lived in the present, and translated his ideas into action as far as it was possible to do so. To Otto's character no speculations were attractive which did not involve the possibility of doing something as their first result. And if this doing were tangible work to be accomplished by thews and sinews, so much the more was it attractive to Otto. He was yet such a mere child when his father died, that to suppose any thing like a political bias in his young mind would have appeared to be an absurdity. But, nevertheless, such a bias was there, and only circumstances were needed to call it forth. In his school-days Otto had been a peculiarly bad subject for the reception of those wise saws which deal in vague generalities, and are not intended by their enunciators to be uncompromisingly acted upon. He had a disconcerting habit of taking you at your word, which had been a source of much aggravation to old Sophie, the sacristan's one domestic—laundress, cook, housekeeper, and gardener. And, indeed, the said habit had more than once occasioned some inconvenience to the despotic Simon Schnarcher himself. "Thou blessed Heaven!" old Sophie would exclaim, querulously, "the boy does it to provoke me! He came into the kitchen yesterday with his clothes one cake of mud, and I told him he had best eat his dinner in the cow-shed, for that was all the place he was fit for; and—would you believe it?—he walked off with his bowl of broth, and ate it up in the old cow-house; and it was pelting with rain as hard as it could pelt, and the water coming through the roof into his broth—for it hasn't been mended since there's been no beast kept there! It was all aggravation. He knew I didn't mean what I said."

But Otto had really acted in straightforward simplicity; and, in truth, the only method of dealing with him was this: when you did not mean a thing, not to say it.

In Halle, during his uncle's unsuccessful experiment of trying to mould this unmanageable conscience into a somewhat more plastic condition, it had been the same. Yet, although he returned from the university as fixed as ever in the resolve not to be a clergyman, Otto nevertheless brought away with him some good results of his sojourn there—a respect for learning and intellect, and a clearer comprehension than he had ever before attained of his own aptitudes and deficiencies. Under the roof of Herr Schmitt, the stationer at Detmold, Otto's individual opinions on politics—or, indeed, on any other subject—were, he thought, of no consequence whatever to the people around him. He had at first a return of that sensation of utter loneliness, of being apart from all love and care, which he had experienced in his boyhood, on exchanging the free forest life and his father's fond companionship for the narrow rule and gloomy roof of Simon Schnarcher. But gradually he grew to like his new master very much, and to respect him very sincerely. A mild, silent, honest man was Herr Schmitt, with an omnivorous appetite for books. Simon Schnarcher had not thought it necessary to confide to the stationer his grandnephew's dislike to the life of a tradesman, and Schmitt had at first no idea but that Otto was well content with his lot. Soon, however, the two simple, honest natures began to understand each other better. The essence of the young man's character was a transparent candor, and it was not very long before Herr Schmitt was put

OTTO AND LIESE.

in possession of all the events of Otto's simple history. Little did the sacristan suspect that the respectable, old-established—in Schnarcher's mind the two words were almost synonymous—tradesman was capable of sympathizing with Otto's perverse fancies. But so it was, nevertheless. However much Otto might like Herr Schmitt he could not reconcile himself to the prospect of being a tradesman all his days. He pined for a freer life, for an occupation that should give scope to the exercise of his bodily activity, and should call forth the powers of his quick, observant eye, light foot, and steady hand.

"If I had been a bit older when poor father died," said he one day to Herr Schmitt, "I believe I should have gone straight to the Prince and asked to be taken into his service as jäger. The Prince thought a good deal of father."

"Umph!" answered the stationer, musingly. "Is it too late? I am not at all sure that it is too late."

Which words fanned the spark of hope that had never ceased to glow in Otto's breast. But then Schmitt, who was always more or less an ailing man, fell sick, and the subject was put out of sight for the present.

Detmold folks are old-fashionedly early in their habits. Liese was out at market, making such purchases as it did not require her mistress's experienced judgment to select, by seven o'clock on the morning after her master's departure for Horn. "I wonder," thought she, trotting homeward, with a heavy basket on her arm, "whether Herr Schmitt's shop is open yet?"

It was open. The shutters were down, the pavement swept, and at the door stood some one looking for her. Some one whose jaws were not bound up with a handkerchief, and whose brown face glowed brightly at her approach.

"Good-morning, Otto."

"Good-morning, Lieschen."

Otto managed to throw a good deal of eloquence into the ordinary greeting. Liese tripped into the shop.

"How glad I am that you happened to be here, Otto!"

"Happened to be here! Why, of course I was here. Where else should I be, when I knew there was a chance of your coming?"

"Oh! he did tell you then? He—he isn't a very nice boy, is he, Otto? I thought he seemed rather cross. But perhaps that may have been the toothache."

"Oh, come! he is not a bad fellow, Lieschen," remonstrated Otto. "He gave me your message faithfully, and he remembered your name and all."

Otto was too grateful to the cadaverous boy for giving him the chance of seeing Liese, to speak otherwise than well of him.

The young man was standing behind the counter, leaning his arms upon it so as to bring himself very near to Liese. The young maiden stood resting her market-basket on the broad wooden ledge. One little red hand clasped the wicker handle, the other was hidden beneath her coarse apron. Liese certainly looked very pretty. Her cheeks had been kissed into a soft pink glow by the eager morning air, and her eyes were bright and joyous. Happiness is a great beautifier; and Liese felt very happy in Otto's presence.

"How is Herr Schmitt?" she asked, gently. "The boy told me he was ill in bed."

"So he is, more's the pity. I don't know, but I'm afraid he is very ill. The doctor shakes his head. He's a right good man, Herr Schmitt."

"I'm glad you like him, Otto."

"Yes; I do like him, though I don't like the business a bit the more. Herr Schmitt has notions that Uncle Schnarcher wouldn't approve of if he knew them," added Otto with a smile.

"Has he?"

"Ay, Lieschen, that has he! Uncle Schnarcher fancies that none but hot-headed young fellows have such notions, but Herr Schmitt is old enough, Heaven knows! more than fifty. And yet he is a strong patriot. Ah, and he reads all the liberal journals, and I believe he writes letters to some of them."

"Thou dear Heaven!" exclaimed Liese, profoundly impressed.

"Yes, I believe he does. He and I have long talks together sometimes of an evening, and I've learned a great many things from him."

"Do you know, Otto," said Liese, earnestly, "I wanted to ask you something."

"Did you, Lieschen?"

"Yes; you always were so good to me, and I am not so afraid of you as I am of most people."

"Afraid of me? I should think not! Why, Lieschen, if I thought you were afraid of me, it would grieve me to the heart."

"Would it, Otto?"

"Yes, it would. Because I don't believe folks are afraid of those they like."

"I don't know," returned Liese, pondering. "I think I am afraid of people I like, sometimes. But then I am a coward—Cousin Hanne always says so. However, I am not afraid of you, Otto, at all events. So I want you to explain to me why it was right to be a patriot in Hermann's time—Hermann on the Grotenberg, you know—and yet it would be wrong now?"

"Who says it would be wrong now?" shouted Otto, impetuously. "Wrong! Wrong to be a patriot, and to love Fatherland! Why, Liese, I am astonished to hear you say such things!"

"Well, Otto," answered Liese, half smiling, half timid, "you are determined to try whether I do really like you or not, for you are enough to frighten any body when you look and speak like that!"

"Dear Lieschen, did I startle you? I'm so sorry! You are such a tender little thing. But do tell me what put such an idea into your head! Wrong to be a patriot?"

Then Liese related the talk of the hoch-wohlgeborne damen at her mistress's tea-table, and Otto proceeded with much gravity to give the simple maiden the benefit of his superior wisdom and knowledge on the subject of patriotism. Liese listened with very flattering attention and interest; and then, descending from the general question to the particular case, after the fashion of womankind, she asked, with a very grave look in her brown eyes, "And would you be a patriot too, Otto?"

"Well," returned Otto, after a short pause, "I hope I am one, Lieschen."

"Are you?" The brown eyes looked up with a great deal of surprise in them, and a gleam of something that was made up of admiration and timidity.

"I mean, you know, that I hope I feel like one. As to doing, I couldn't be of much use, of course, because wise heads are wanted as well as warm hearts."

"Oh, Otto!" Little Lieschen's soft chestnut eyebrows came together in an indignant frown. That was too much! "Oh, Otto, I am quite sure your head is not silly."

Not silly? No, indeed! In her heart she looked upon Otto as a marvel of cleverness. And as for learning—had he not been to college? And could he not construe the Latin epitaphs on the tomb-stones at Horn?

Otto found it very pleasant to be looked at and spoken to as Liese Lehmann looked and spoke. He was a very good fellow, sound at heart; and, although far from inaccessible to the flattery implied in his old playmate's undoubting faith in him, he yet accepted it gratefully, as one receives not a debt, but a gift.

"What a dear little thing you are, Lieschen!" said he.

Then the brown eyes took refuge behind a hedge of long lashes a shade darker than themselves, and a bright blush deepened the pink glow on the soft cheeks.

"I say, Lieschen, couldn't I come and see you sometimes, after working hours?"

Liese's heart palpitated with terror.

"Oh no, Otto, I'm sure you couldn't," said she, breathlessly.

"I don't think it very kind of you to be so dead sure about it. We are such old friends. And I want to know why not?"

Now somewhere in some secret hidden nook of Liese Lehmann's heart there existed a very sufficient answer to this question. But scarcely to her own consciousness did she own what the answer was. As to boldly blurting it forth to Otto Hemmerich's face, there was hardly any wild audacity which she would not have been more capable of accomplishing than that. The answer put into words would have run thus: "You can not come and see me, because you would come in the character of my sweet-heart, and Frau von Schleppers utterly disapproves of and forbids sweet-hearts."

And there was Otto chafing and fuming because he fancied that Liese did not wish him to go and see her, and having not the faintest suspicion of the reason that kept her tongue-tied and abashed. And upon the whole, I, for my part, am inclined to like them both all the better for their foolishness. Otto would not have been the Otto I knew and am trying to describe, had he been capable of jumping to the conclusion that he was much too dangerous a fellow to be admitted by the mistress of a household as a visitor to her pretty serving-maid.

There was a pause.

"Please, Otto," said Liese, in an unsteady little voice, "would you tell me how much I owe for the pink satin note-paper? I must pay for it. That's what I came for."

"Three kreutzers," responded Otto, briefly.

"There they are. Good-by, Otto."

"You are going?"

"I must go; mistress is alone. Master went to Horn last night, and is not come back yet. I don't know whether he would see Cousin Franz or not. I didn't dare to ask him to take any message."

"Who is your master? Is he cross to you?"

Otto was very fiery at the idea of any one but himself being cross to Liese.

"He is the Herr Justizrath von Schleppers, and he isn't cross a bit. But I feel afraid of him all the same. Good-by again, Otto."

"Good-by, Lieschen. Shake hands. I dare say I may be having a holiday myself soon, to go and see Uncle Schnarcher. If I do go, I suppose I might call at the Justizrath's to ask if you had any message to send to Horn?"

Liese felt rather dubious about that even, but she had not the heart to say so. So she made no verbal reply, but put her hand into Otto's, and then set off homeward with her market-basket.

"The Justizrath von Schleppers," mused Otto, still leaning with folded arms on the counter. "Folks say he has all the management of the Prince's estates now. I wonder—"

And then Otto's thoughts went off into various wanderings, branching out hither and thither; and the most prominent figure in his wanderings was not that of the respectable Justizrath von Schleppers, but a very small, slight form, belonging to a meek little maiden who was meanwhile actively engaged in household labors—rubbing, and scrubbing, and sweeping, under the jealous eye of her mistress—and breaking forth every now and then into short, sweet snatches of song, like the pipings of a young bird. Being impelled thereto by the irrepressible forces of youth, and a loving heart which instinctively felt that it was loved again.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AGNES H.—Gore your green poplin closely, the skirt just escaping the floor. Over this make a tunic, open in front, rounded and held up in a short panier puff behind, by gathering the edge under the trimming. Straps underneath hold the puff in position. Around the skirt put two flat quillings of white satin eight inches wide, the box-pleats nearly touching each other, and sewed flat at top and bottom. Narrower quill on the tunic. High corsage open to the belt, with white satin revers. Belt with fan-shaped rosette behind. No sash. Lace chemisette. Sleeves puffed to the elbow, and finished with a frill. White satin boots. Gilt boots are tawdry and theatrical. Make your opera wrap a burnous, trimmed with heavy chenille fringe.

MOURNING.—Make two skirts and short basquine. Trim with corded silk in box-pleats. Loop the upper skirt and basquine at the sides and back with rosettes of silk. If you wear white, put a white silk cord in the quilling. The picot of which you speak has been repeatedly described.

EVA C.—The front and side widths have a pleat under the seams. Back widths are gauged. Brown satin braid half an inch wide, three rows, above corded fringe, will trim your dress stylishly. We have not seen a sleeveless jacket this season. Cloaks are longer. Black is the best color, as it suits any dress. Benzine, ammonia, or potter's-clay may remove the soil. It is difficult to lay down a positive rule of etiquette in the case to which you refer, and which may be modified by circumstances. As a general rule we should say yes.

HELEN F.—The skirt of your alpaca habit should be from three and a half to four yards wide, and about three-eighths longer than your short walking dresses. Gore the front width and one each side of it. The right side is an eighth of a yard longer than the left. Gather the full widths to the belt, as pleats are not easily arranged in the saddle.

MRS. C. N. W.—If your boy still wears skirts, make gored skirts and jackets of piqué, of Scotch plaid flannel, cashmere, or velveteen. Braid the piqué, vandyke the plaids, and put folds of plaid on plain goods. If he is in trowsers, make full Knickerbockers, and short blouses of navy blue tweed or brown ladies' cloth. Scallop the edge of the blouse and outside seam of trowsers, and bind with braid.

R. W.—Skirts are gored like those worn in the summer. High corsages are buttoned before; low ones laced behind. Points are worn in Paris. The polonaise with cape is the standard shape for cloaks. Paniers are *not* universally worn, but an appearance of fullness at the back is adopted by the plainest-dressed ladies. Write to the "Upright Trunk Company, New York," for the information you want.

MRS. H.—Wait if you can until the styles are established. Striped satin and velvet are the most elegant materials for petticoats. Looped and puffed dresses of all sorts are called paniers; but the panier proper is horizontal puffs across the back width.

A MOTHER.—A gored circular with cape is the best cloak for an infant. As you object to elaborate trimming, it may be merely scalloped and bound with colored satin, plush, or velvet. If you prefer embroidery or braid, trim the cape only.

READER.—You can wear the shape of collar most becoming to you, as the Byron and standing collars are both suitable. The neck-tie is white or light colored satin for evening, and a darker shade, or black, for traveling. Dark brown or blue cloth, coat and pants alike, are worn for traveling.

H. L. P.—All kinds of pleated trimming are fashionable, especially for mourning. Trim the poplin alpaca with wide pleated frills, bound with purple; the school dress with bias folds of striped poplin, purple, and black.

MRS. D. B.—If you wish your daughter to wear white but object to Marseilles, get cashmere or merino, and trim with striped velvet or plaid. Soft wool poplins in small irregular plaids, of scarlet or blue with white, are pretty and serviceable. Make a gored walking dress with cape for winter of silk, poplin, or merino. Straw or felt hat with round crown, trimmed with white velvet.

MRS. C. H. C., IOWA.—In *Harper's Bazar*, No. 24, you will find full instructions for working point russe.

MINNIE, KATE, AND MOLLIE.—The directions which you require would occupy too much space, and could only be properly given by a professional hair-worker. Martelle requires about the same space as croquet, but is much more difficult to set up. The new game of Silver Chimes is much easier, and seems destined to become a favorite.

S. C. MILLER.—We can not recommend special machines through the columns of the *Bazar*. If you write to us, inclosing a stamp, we will send you the addresses that you desire.

J. A. C., MICHIGAN.—We can not at present give the information you desire, but will endeavor to do so at some future time.

O. P.—The procession of the Flitch of Bacon is peculiar to England, where connubial bliss is so uncertain that a continuance of it for only a year and a day was celebrated with pomp and ceremony, the happy couple being exalted and carried on men's shoulders to the sound of music, etc. It was very rare that any married couple claimed the gift of the Flitch. It was provided that they make oath in the church porch of their qualifications, such as never having regretted the tie, never having quarreled, etc. But this, like many other old English customs and holidays, is disappearing with the "progress" we boast of. In the *Gentlemen's Magazine* of A.D. 1751, is an account of John Shakeshanks and his wife having claimed their gammon of bacon.

GEORGE B.—The phrase *sub rosa*, or "under the rose," is the Latin for the ancient Greek expression. The rose was dedicated to the God of Silence, and it was customary among the Greeks at their entertainments to place a rose above the table to signify that whatever was spoken was private. The presentation of a rose to any person admonished him to be silent. Hence the expression, equivalent to the French *entre nous* or the Latin *inter nos*.

GILBERT.—The word "Dandy" has been ingeniously derived from the French *Dindon*, a turkey cock, and this comes from Dinde or *oiseau d'Inde*, bird of India. He who is called a dandy is supposed to resemble by his strut and self-importance a turkey cock.

L. G.—When there is no dancing the guests at a party can amuse themselves with music, games, and conversation. One large party seems to us so much like another that we should suppose you would not require any special instructions how to give one. Do as others do.

LOTTA G.—There is nothing less than a surgical operation with the knife, ligature, or cautery that can remove moles.

L. G.—You may sup with or without gloves according to your discretion.

SENEX.—About 350 cubic feet of air are inspired and expired by the human lungs every 24 hours. There are about 20 respirations a minute.

R. T.—The time taken by the blood to make the complete circuit of the body, from and back again to the heart, is only half a minute. The whole quantity of blood in a man of the average size is 18 pounds.

BRUNETTE.—Bear's grease which was recommended by the beautiful Cleopatra has been in repute ever since. The following is a favorite modern application to prevent the hair from falling out:

Vinegar of cantharides	½ ounce.
Cologne-water	1 ounce.
Rose-water	1 ounce.

Mix.

C. K. S.—Mourning is worn for a husband's brother.——Dickens's "Child's History of England" is unquestionably the best.——It would be equally proper to call with your guest upon the neighbor and invite the neighbor to meet your guest. You in fact can do both.——If you want to get rid of the "troublesome suitor" all you need do is to cause your daughter to refuse to see him. If you wish to compel him to "make his intentions in regard to your daughter known," you, as her mother, might frankly ask him.

COUNTRYMAN.—Paint your house one of the dark neutral tints which abound in nature. The grays, browns, and deep buffs which you find in the trunks of trees, the rocks and soils, as natural contrasts to the bright green of the grass and foliage are all good colors.

HELEN.—Rizzio, the favorite of Queen Mary, was not a handsome man, though most of the modern pictures represent him as such. He was hunchbacked and comparatively old, and it is not likely that the beautiful young queen regarded him otherwise than as a faithful servitor.

MRS. C. A. S.—We have no personal knowledge of the article to which you refer. If you send us your real address, with stamp, we may be able to give you some further information on the subject.

J. C. G., Bryan City, Texas.—We comply with your request in this instance, although it is contrary to our practice. Your papers are mailed regularly from this office.

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THE *John O'Groat's Journal* says that a certain clergyman in the North told his congregation the other day that it was by eating the forbidden fruit that toothache was first caused.

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At a recent Second Advent meeting in Wisconsin the preacher was very much annoyed by a Republican and a Democrat, on the outskirts of the meeting, discussing as to who would be the next President. The preacher approached them, and said: "My dear friends, you are exciting yourselves unnecessarily, and wasting precious time, in speculating as to the future President of the United States; for before an earthly election takes place our blessed Lord will be President every where." "I'll bet you $25," said the Democrat, "he can't carry Kentucky!"

BODY AND RAIMENT.—It was said in the olden time that the body was more than raiment; but now the raiment is often a great deal more than the body in value, and full five times as much in circumference.

"Biddy, did you put an egg in the coffee, to settle it?" "Yes, mum; I put in four; they were so bad, I had to use the more of them."

Which letter of the alphabet, if ailing, would make an instrument used in harvest-time? A sick L (sickle).

Some wags took a drunken fellow, placed him in a grave-yard, and waited to see the effect. After a short time the fumes of the liquor left him, and, his position being confined, he sat upright, and after looking around exclaimed: "Well, I'm the first that's riz, or else I'm confoundedly belated!"

ELEMENTARY PAGES—Sheets of water.

A CHINESE-AMERICAN PLAY—Burlingame.

What is the difference between a schoolmaster and a railroad conductor?—One trains the mind and the other minds the train.

Our friend F. E. Bust, who has just published a volume of "poetry," that has been widely reviewed, favorably and unfavorably, declares that there are three degrees of critical expression—criticism, hyper-criticism, and viper-criticism.

A city exquisite, having become agriculturally ambitious, went in search of a farm, and finding one for sale, began to bargain for it. The seller mentioned, as one of the farm's recommendations, that it had a very cold spring on it. "Ah—aw!" said the fop, "I won't take it then, for I've heard that a cold spring ruined the crops last year, and I don't want a place with such a drawback upon it."

A fellow, anxious to see the Queen, left his native village, and went to London, to gratify his curiosity. Upon his return his wife asked him what the Queen was like. "Loikh?" cried Hodge. "Why, I ne'er was so cheated in my loife. What, don't think, Margaret? Her arms are loike thoine and moine, although I have heard excisemen say a score of times her arms were 'a lion and a unicorn.'"

Would Eve have eaten apples in the Garden of Eden if they had been seven dollars per barrel? We expect not. The state of Adam's funds would not have justified any such extravagance.

Ye who are eating the apple-dumplings and treacle of wealth should not forget those who are sucking the herring-bones of poverty.

ALL MOONSHINE.—A canard has been flying about to the effect that the authorities at Paris have seized the moon, on account of its being the parish *Lanterne*.

What is the difference between an auction and sea-sickness?—One is the sale of effects, the other the effects of a sail.

Why is an elephant forcibly running against a large tree like a traveler on a railroad?—Because he gets his trunk checked.

When Steeptea married his fifth wife he sent the usual notice to the papers, with the addition, "To be continued."

A SATISFACTORY CHARACTER.

MRS. BRISKET (*about the Master's new Bride*). "Oh yes, Mum, She come in 'ere Yesterday, Mum. Bless Yer! a puffect Lady, Mum! Don't know one J'int o' Meat from another, Mum!"

A VERY OLD HABIT.

COUSIN LUCY. "Lor, Henry, you don't mean to say you Smoke?"
COUSIN HENRY. "Smoke! why, my dear Gal, I have smoked ever since I was a Boy!"
COUSIN LUCY. "What a long, long Time! How Tired you must be of it!"

Fortune knocks once, at least, at every man's door. Some men must have been out when she knocked at theirs.

THE BEST HEAD-QUARTERS—Brains.

Why are good resolutions like fainting ladies?—Because they want "carrying out."

MUSICIANS THAT NEVER FAIL TO DRAW—Mosquitoes.

BEHIND TIME—The back of a clock.

A FLORAL SWELL—The dande-lion—the lion that lambs are not afraid of.

The leaves of the forest are ill-bred—they are always whispering in company.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—Four letters.

Mosquitoes never trust, of course—they invariably present their bills in advance.

A LEGAL TENDER—A lawyer's proposal of marriage.

A FACT.—A lady was deterred the other day from eating a cucumber with the peel on, for fear of the *rinder*-pest.

FANCY FARMING—Harrowing up the feelings.

When is a bow not a bow?—When it is a bow-knot.

A Frenchman, being hard up for a dinner, stole a pig. He was caught in the act, taken before a magistrate, and called upon for his defense, when he thus delivered himself: "Oh, mon Dieu! I steal ze pig? No, Sar, I never! Aha, you shall see. I tell ze pig, will he go wiz me? He says, 'Oui, oui!' and zen I take him. Is zat vat you call steal de pig, ven he go viz his own consent?"

"I fear," said a country curate to his flock, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have understood me to say *specie*, which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, by your present contribution, that you are no longer laboring under the same mistake."

A FEE COMMON TO EVERY BODY—Coffee.

Why is chicken pie like a gunsmith's shop?—Because it contains fowl-in-pieces.

THE MOST ENDURING TRESSES—Fortresses.

A waggish spendthrift recently said: "Five years ago I was not worth a cent in the world; now see where I am through my own exertions!" "Well, where are you?" "Why, I owe more than $3000."

Which times are the best?—Meal-times.

An advertisement in the London *Times* seriously announces a new song, with the modest request, "Oh, give me back but yesterday!" A companion to the above, "Oh, could you spare to-morrow?" is in the preparation, to be afterward followed by the sequel lyric of "You haven't got such a thing as next week about you, have you?"

BILL OF THE PLAY—William Shakspeare.

Little Julia L——'s mother lay very ill, and the sweet child having heard some one say that "perhaps mamma would die," went in great grief to the bed, to ask if it were so. When her mamma replied that she *might* die and leave her dear little girl, the poor child, in the midst of her sobs, said: "Then, mamma, when you are dead I am *afraid* I shall play on Sunday!"

THE MOST COMMON LACE IN THE METROPOLIS—Popu-lace.

"Waiter, I want a napkin; s'pose you have 'em here, don't you?" said a customer yesterday, at one of the by-street restaurants. Waiter (just from the rural district) reads the bill of fare, and says: "All out, Sir; few in the market just now. Nice roast corn-beef; have some of that, Sir?"

The longest line in existence must be the telegraph line, for it extends from pole to pole.

Who can speak all languages?—Echo.

A PROMISING BOY.

UNCLE. "Well, Johnny—why, what a Fine Fellow you are, Johnny, aren't you?"
JOHNNY (*whose temper is uncertain*). "No; I shall be a Fine Fellow when I can Beat Ev'ry Body wiz my Whip and Knock zu Down!" [*Uncle speaks of* JOHNNY *in future as a "singular child."*

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.—AN APPEAL TO CHARITY.

LOVELY HELEN. "Oh, won't a *Single* Gentleman come and take Me off!"

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 51.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Reed Key Basket.

THIS simple and pretty basket is made of reeds and large and small round enameled beads, and is lined with green silk. Cut thirty-eight slender reeds, each four inches long, and two each sixteen inches long for the handle. Make holes through the shorter reeds an inch from one end and half an inch from the other, and through the longer reeds half an inch and three inches from each end. Run through each row of holes a thick wire, stringing on a bead between each reed, and fasten the ends of the wire. Fasten together the two reeds for the handle with three beads strung on yellow silk, which is also run through the holes bored for that purpose. For the lining of the basket take a piece of green silk fifty-two inches long and five inches wide, hem the upper edge an inch wide and the under edge narrow, and lay it in box-pleats; sew the ends together, and overseam it to the basket with green silk twist over the wire. For the bottom cover a piece of pasteboard of the requisite size with a strip of green silk, pleating one edge of the strip for the centre. On the bottom arrange six reeds, the two middle ones of which are each two inches, and those on each side an inch and a half long; these reeds are slit, and are cross stitched to the bottom with green silk twist. Fasten the bottom to the sides by overseaming it over the lower wire. Lastly, cover the stitches made by sewing in the lining and the bottom with heavy green silk cord.

REED KEY BASKET.

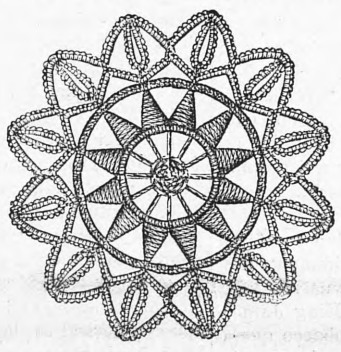


Fig. 1.—NEEDLE-WORK AND TATTING ROSETTE.

Needle-Work and Tatting Rosettes.

THE middle part of the rosette, Fig. 1, is embroidered. It consists of a star, which is worked on muslin in button-hole, satin, and half-polka stitch; the centre of this figure is formed of a small wheel. The illustration shows where the foundation is cut away. On this central part of the rosette work the following edge in two rounds: 1st round.—Tie together the foundation and working thread, fasten the foundation thread to the point of one of the figures of the star, and work * over the foundation thread a scallop composed of 7 ds., 1 p., 7 ds., fasten the foundation thread to the next embroidered point, make a picot with the working thread, and repeat eleven times from *. At the end of the round fasten the threads and cut them off. 2d round.—Again tie the threads together, fasten them to a picot in the middle of a scallop of the first round, and work * over the foundation a half scallop composed of 8 ds., then close on this, only with the foundation thread, a ring composed of 8 ds., fastened to the picot between the next two scallops of the former round, and then again 8 ds., and close on this now completed ring, again over the foundation thread, a half scallop of 8 ds. Fasten to the picot in the middle of the next scallop of the former round, and repeat from * eleven times. On the end of the round fasten the threads and cut them off.

The middle part of the tatted rosette, Fig. 2, consists of eight rings, and is worked with only one thread. On this work six rounds of scallops of graduated size, which are worked with two threads. Work, first, the central part of the rosette, in doing which work (with only one thread) a ring composed of 3 ds., 1 p., 2 ds., 1 p., 2 ds., 1 p., 3 ds., and close on this a similar ring, which must, however, be fastened to the last picot of the former ring instead of working the first picot. After this work six such rings, fastening the last to the

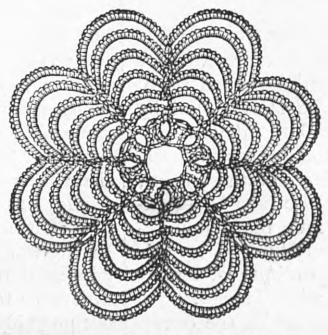


Fig. 2.—NEEDLE-WORK AND TATTING ROSETTE.

WALKING, HOME, AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

first ring. Then cut the thread off. For the first scalloped round tie the foundation and working thread together and fasten to the middle picot of a ring, then work * over the foundation-thread a scallop composed of 6 ds.; fasten to the next ring, and make a small picot, and repeat from * seven times, after which fasten the threads and work five scalloped rounds in the same manner. Each round must, however, count more stitches than the preceding one.

Walking, Home, and Children's Dresses.

See Illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—Walking suit, dress, and paletot of light gray serge. The skirt is trimmed round the bottom with two narrow flounces of the same material; the paletot is bordered with netted fringe, and is looped up at the side with a bow and ends. Straw bonnet, trimmed with brown blonde and flowers. Brown silk parasol.

Fig. 2.—Walking costume. Dress of dark green Cretonne. Scarf-mantilla of black silk and lace. Straw round hat, trimmed with lace and wild flowers.

Fig. 3.—White alpaca dress and fichu. The under-skirt is striped with violet; the over-skirt, as well as the waist and fichu, is trimmed with a fluting of the same material, with a heading of pinked violet silk. The over-skirt is looped up with a bow and ends of violet ribbon in the manner shown by the illustration. Sash and ends of violet ribbon.

Fig. 4.—Dress of gray summer poplin, with violet silk trimming. Gray straw hat, trimmed with violet velvet and an aigrette of feathers.

Fig. 5.—Suit for girl from six to eight years old. Skirt with peasant-waist of white piqué; trimming of yellow piqué; blouse of white tucked batiste.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1868.

☞ *The first of a series of Elegant Colored Plates of the* FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS, *prepared in Paris by the proprietors of the* MODE ILLUSTRÉE *expressly for* HARPER'S BAZAR, *will be presented to our readers in an early Number.*

DOWN TOWN.

IN most of our large cities there are two very distinct regions—up town and down town. The former is supposed to be more especially the scene of pleasure, and the latter that of business. Up town there are the dwelling-houses, the markets, retail shops, places of amusement, promenades, and whatever else may be essential to administer to the immediate requirements of social and domestic life. Here enjoyment is the object, expenditure of money the means, and woman the willing agent.

Down town there are the banks, the counting-rooms, and wholesale warehouses. Here the making of money is the object, business the means, and man the devoted agent.

This separation between up town and down town is becoming daily more marked. With the increase of population, and consequent enlargement of cities, the distance between the dwelling-house and place of business is rapidly widening. This severance of the two—the original motive for which was nothing but convenience—has not been without its effect upon social life and character. Business and pleasure have got so wide apart that they never, by any chance, come together. The mutual influence of the prudence of the one and the cheerfulness of the other, once so beneficial, is no longer felt, and it is now either all work with the man down town, or all play with the woman up town. The husband is, in fact, too busy, and the wife too idle. He is daily becoming more greedy, and she more prodigal. Their lives are passed in scenes so unlike, and their occupations and companions are so different that they naturally acquire such dissimilar habits and manners as to weaken the bond of sympathy between them. The husband is apt to be gross and matter-of-fact, and the wife superfine and sentimental. He might be refined by her delicacy, and she sobered by his prudence.

This wide separation of the place of business from home has a still worse effect, in severing the ties of father and child. During the youth of his children the male parent, actively engaged in business, can see but little of them. When he starts for down town in the morning they have not yet risen, and when he returns up town in the evening they have gone to bed. So, except on the Sunday, and one of our rare holidays, the father, having little of the society of his children, can not exercise upon them that controlling influence he should, or receive from their innocent prattle the lessons of purity and tenderness he so greatly needs.

Conceding all that convenience may demand, there is still an unnecessary separation between the home and the place of business. However widened the space may be between up and down town by the natural increase of the population and expansion of a city, it is more than compensated for by the proportionate facility of communication of various kinds. There is really no absolute necessity for the long daily absence of most men of business from their homes. In the busiest times it is astonishing how many hours are wasted by the busiest men, not only in superfluous talk about their affairs, but in mere gossip which has not the remotest relation to dry-goods, hardware, or stocks, and in lunching and drinking at Delmonico's or elsewhere. With a more systematic regulation of time, merchants would be able to spare easily two or three hours out of the middle of each day for the enjoyment of the society of their wives and children. The luncheon eaten at home would cost less, digest better, and be more unlikely, under the watchful eye of the mistress of the household, to be moistened with those dangerous fluids of the restaurant and bar-room. This frequent companionship, moreover, would enliven and perpetuate the domestic sympathies, and man and wife, thus sharing each other's daily thoughts, and having more interests in common, would no longer, as now, live as strangers to each other.

There seems no reason in fact why people of moderate means in this country should not, as they do in Europe, carry on various kinds of business in the same houses where they dwell. Any thing would be better than that constantly widening space between the daily lives of married people, which is fatal to domestic character, causing the husband to devote himself more and more exclusively to business, and the wife to pleasure. If they were more closely associated with each other in both there would be more prudence in the one and moderation in the other; and thus there would remain fewer greedy, speculative men, and idle, spendthrift women.

DRESSING FOR COMPANY.

IT is the overdressed dame of the promenade and drawing-room who is the most apt to be the slattern of the domestic parlor and nursery. The woman who makes a point of dressing, as she calls it, for company, is generally very indifferent to the aspect she presents at home. With her there is no decent mean between dress and undress, the stiffness of formality and the laxity of negligence. She is like the tragedy queen of the play-house—a splendid sovereign before the foot-lights, and a dirty drab behind the scenes.

The moderately dressed woman, on the contrary, generally makes a uniform appearance of becoming neatness. Guided by good taste and sense she dresses for home, knowing that what is decorous there will be always presentable to any company elsewhere. There are many wives of a fashionable tendency who presume too much on marital indulgence or indifference. These think that, after having caught their birds with chaff, they may throw it to the winds; but birds thus taken are only to be kept by a continued supply. Any woman who, after having won a husband by her fashionable airs, expects to retain his affections by a careless indifference to her appearance at home will find out probably her mistake, and, it is to be hoped, before it may be too late.

The most fatal error a woman can make is to presume thus far upon her privileges as a wife. No man can long endure a slattern at home, and especially if she appears the fine lady abroad, and thus shows her contemptuous preference of the opinion of others to his.

Women of moderate means, instead of concentrating their pecuniary forces upon this or that showy and expensive article of toilette, in order to dress for company, while they remain in a shabby negligence at home, would do more wisely to provide themselves with an abundant and decorous household wardrobe. A wise and true wife will take care that her house shall always wear an aspect cheerful and alluring to her husband. Men confess to the weakness, if a weakness, of being greatly attracted and influenced in their disposition to love by the mere dress of woman. Fielding, who had a wife whom he loved, and who was altogether worthy of his love, says of her in that minute portraiture of her charms, in his "Amelia," that with the assistance of a little girl, who was their only servant, she managed to dress the dinner, and likewise "dressed herself as neat as any lady who had a regular set of servants could have done." This charming woman was also equally attentive to every other domestic duty. She took as much pleasure in cooking "as a fine lady generally enjoys in dressing herself for a ball." She, moreover, "never let a day pass without instructing her children in some lesson of religion and morality; by which means she had, in their tender minds, so strongly annexed the ideas of fear and shame to every idea of evil of which they were susceptible, that it must have taken great pains and length of habit to separate them." Neatness and order in the personal dress of the housewife are thus generally accompanied by regularity and completeness in the performance of every domestic duty.

To appear well-dressed, in the eye of the man, requires no great outlay of money, for it is notorious that he prefers the elegance of simplicity to all the display of expensive art. The neat maid thus is not seldom more to his taste than the showy mistress. He asks only for neatness, fitness, and harmony of color. If women dressed only to please him, they might dispense with nine-tenths of the expenditure upon their toilettes. But women dress to please—we were going to, but should rather say, displease—each other, for their main object seems to be to provoke the envy of their sisters by an impossible costliness of attire.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

On Fast Horses.

MY DEAR ECLIPSE,—How many thousands of dollars did you pay for your new horse? and is it true that he can trot a mile in two minutes and seventeen seconds, instead of two minutes and eighteen seconds, which is the speed of your neighbor Nimrod's mare? My dear fellow, I congratulate you with all my heart. If any thing ought to suffuse your rosy cheek with a brighter hue, it is the consciousness that your horse will do a mile in one second less than any other. The night before taking Quebec and making himself immortal, General Wolfe was reading Gray's Elegy and he said: "I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec to-morrow." I suppose you have something of the same feeling. You would rather be the owner of a two-seventeen horse than write another "Hamlet."

I wonder if your horse is better than other horses—that is, stronger and surer? I wonder if any human or other animal is benefited by his existence? I see the value of a Normandy cart-horse. I watch the noble creatures in the express wagons with immense admiration. They help us in the great and necessary work of life. They draw enormous burdens. The strong horses pull the plow, the harrow, the mower, the reaper. I stop in the road and see them with infinite pleasure, and I should like to look into their stables, and see if they are treated with proper gratitude and consideration. But when I see Nimrod sitting in a light wagon or a trotting-sulky, leaning forward over the dasher, holding the reins with both hands, and flying along the road, passing every thing, his horse all aflame, and Nimrod's whole soul bent upon his horse, I look at them both, and I have some sympathy for the horse, but I feel toward the good Nimrod very much as I should toward the excellent Mr. Blondin who used to walk upon a tight-rope across the Niagara River. Or very much as the daughter of a friend of mine, whose active mind caused her to speculate for some time upon the baldness of the family clergyman, until, overpowered by curiosity, she stood before him, and rubbing the top of her head symbolically, said to him: "What did you do it for?" Why does a man put one end of a rein into a horse's mouth and himself at the other end, and then tear along the ground at the rate of a mile in two minutes and seventeen seconds?

Yes—I confess that I am trotting too fast. I make no allowance for the excitement, the exhilaration, the glow. "Why be narrow and hypercritical?" you justly ask. King James certainly did not dispose of the tobacco question when he said that it converted a man's mouth and nose into a chimney. The wretched old pedant would doubtless have been a happier man and a better king if he had smoked. That he did not was probably no virtue. I have no doubt tobacco made him sick, and that he had a personal spite against it. Besides, if James be a specimen of a non-smoker and Milton was a friend of the weed—I hear you say—who would not rather put himself at one end of a tobacco-pipe than at that of a sceptre? Certainly, and the truth is that tobacco has nothing to do with the question. The Paradise Lost is certainly not a tobacco fume, and James was undoubtedly a miserable king. But still tastes do indicate character. The modern James who blows his counterblast against tobacco with all the geniality of the most accomplished player upon the pipe, remarks the peculiar fondness of Mr. Webster for cattle. He liked to look upon a spacious green pasture full of great cattle calmly grazing. There was a largeness, a repose in the spectacle which charmed him. Were they not also keys to a corresponding largeness and placidity of nature? You feel it, I think, at once. Webster is a type of the man who delights in stately cattle. And the type of the man who is fond of fast horses—he is different from Webster.

And what is the magic which seems to pervert a man's character when he is dealing in horses? It really seems as if he would cheat his brother if he were selling him a horse. There are men who are evidently more ashamed of being taken in in "a trade" than they would be of a very serious moral offense. And there are jockeys who enjoy as much unalloyed satisfaction in doctoring a horse so that his defects are hidden from the shrewdest eye, as if they had performed some great act of mercy and had relieved vast suffering. Is it to be considered the satisfaction which always springs from the triumph of skill? Does a burglar perceive it when he does his dark work dextrously? Is this what De Quincey means by the fine art of murder?

It would be an extremely curious study to trace character in taste for animals. I mean to trace it carefully, and to treat it scientifically, and philosophically, and seriously, and all that. You, for instance, my dear Eclipse, are devoted to horses. I really think you would prefer a fine horse to the welfare of your country. I should fear that your moral firmness would be awfully shaken if Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Robert Bonner should say to you, "Eclipse, we will each give you our best animal if you will write a letter to the New York *Observer* publicly renouncing the Christian religion." Mind, I do not say you would do it; and I am far from saying that they would reward you in that manner if you did. But let us make the supposition—and how do you feel about it? Is there not a nervous reaching for the pen and ink, and a vague dawn of wonder whether you will become Mohammedan or Ashantee?

But are you a horse at bottom? that is the question. Thackeray says of George the Fourth that if you come to analyze him you find a coat and then a waistcoat, and then another, and then more waistcoats, and then—nothing. Now if we proceed to analyze you, shall we find first a coat and then a waistcoat, then a shirt, then Eclipse, and then horse? The old story of Circe, you remember— *You* remember! I beg your pardon. I suppose you remember no classical, historical, or mythological character but Bucephalus. However, it is none the less true, the old story of Circe had just this moral. She was the enchantress who invited the unwary wanderers into her palace, and they became brutes of every kind. Nowadays we are not content to believe that stories are stories. We think that they are parables. The pretty tale is a mask and a cloak, and we fall to prodding it to discover what kind of figure is hidden under it. It is agreed that this pleasant old legend of Circe depicts men imbruted by a favorite vice. So if we can at last discover a horse under your waistcoat it is because there is too much horse in your fancy.

Is it so unreasonable an idea? You have seen, I think, my aunt Flora. She is an authority upon humming-birds. It is beautiful to see her and to hear her when a bird is actually near or the subject is introduced. Her house is embowered in honey-suckles. Her walls are hung with pictures of the dear little charmer, "the most exquisite of the feathered tribe," as Aunt Flora poetically says. Her books are all ornithological, and the humming-bird pages are all worn away and carefully mended. I suppose my aunt Flora is in a state of metempsychosis. She is really a humming-bird, and is now passing through the human stage. But her humming-bird soul remains—and if you saw the amount of sugar she takes in her tea you would have no doubt of it.

Her son Ned is not a humming-bird. Far from it. He eats enormously. That young boy is an old glutton, and I have known him to burst into tears because he could eat no more apple-dumpling. "I have shook myself," said that ungrammatical child, sobbing heavily—"I have shook myself awful, but it—it—it—does no goo-o-o-d!" and his remarks ended in a loud hysterical explosion of grief. He is fond of sitting in the sun near the pig-sty, and watching those fat sleek porkers. If he were astray upon Circe's island, and ventured near her palace, I should know exactly where to look for Ned. If, distracted with her grief, Aunt Flora hopped and flew about, twittering piteously, and looking into all the honey-suckles to find her truant son—and I heard a grunt—I should exclaim, with the utmost confidence, "There he is, dear Aunt Flora; I heard his voice."

So the other evening, when I went to the caucus with my friend Pry, and heard the eloquent orator, who was introduced as a great statesman upon whom all honest men might rely, I looked at him with surprise and curiosity. He seemed as smooth and shining and slippery as if he had been covered all over with soap, and meant to slip into our confidence whether we would or not. He says nothing frankly: he pursues no end directly. He twists and turns, and prefers turning and twisting as, upon the whole, the surest way to success. Now, you may call him what you will—but I am sure if we could only put him ashore upon Circe's island, we should very soon see a huge serpent gliding away in the shrubbery.

As I go wandering about in the Central Park, and see you and your friends dash by with all your souls absorbed in your fast horses, I can not help believing that there is something essentially equine in you, and that your good and bad qualities are really those of horses. Then I go on and wonder if here is not a vague confirmation of the Darwinian theory of endless development and selection; whether life, in whatever form, wholly loses the characteristics of its earlier types; whether there is not in your devotion to your team, and your unspeakable delight in owning a two-seventeen horse, an indication of the unity of creation!

Here you see I am on a high horse, from which I make all haste to descend. Wolfe the soldier would gladly have been Gray the poet. I suppose it was because the talent of another seems to us so beautiful that we can not believe it to be only another form of the power that works in us. On the other hand, I, an old pedestrian, can not understand your ecstasy in a fast horse. It is then my business to remember that it is because I am still in the bondage of narrowness with King James, and have not comprehended that human nature is large enough to delight with honest pleasure both in a fast horse and an epic poem.

Yours, dear Eclipse,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

NEW BONNETS.

AT the millinery openings a great many Fanchons and Fanchonnettes were displayed as pattern bonnets from the best Parisian houses. This shape is universally becoming, and will continue to be worn throughout the season, perhaps longer, but, as we told our readers some time ago, it is no longer the only choice. Milliners say they are making for their most fashionable customers a high, round *pouf* bonnet that encircles the front of the head above the ears, sloping upward at the back to fit snugly on the edge of the high chignon. The diadem, a conspicuous feature this season, is better adapted to this round shape than to the Fanchon with long ears. Puffs and erect aigrettes behind prevent the diadem from looking too high and prominent. When properly adjusted to the head the new shape will be found to have the becoming effect that has kept the Fanchon so long in favor.

All the different materials, satin, faille, velvet, lace, feathers, and flowers, enter into each bonnet. Diadems are of jet, flowers, feathers, and lace quillings, but most frequently of velvet lined with satin of another color, the lining showing at the edges like piping. On the body of the bonnet the material is shirred, puffed, or in reversed pleats, never plain on the frame. Narrow strings tied behind with falls of lace and velvet in front still prevail, but not to the exclusion of bows under the chin as during the summer. With the present fashion of cutting dresses low at the throat the front bow is becoming and comfortable in cold weather.

Lace drapery falling low at the sides, and caught at the back of the chignon by a bow and ends, is a graceful feature of winter bonnets. A novelty in lace falls has a wide pleat behind, pointed like a hood, and trimmed with bows, *à la Renaissance*, down the centre. The front of this drapery has revers fastened by a bow without ends.

The Sultan red introduced last season is a favorite color for bonnets, as it is becoming to dark and fair alike, provided the complexion is clear. Florence green, lighter than Metternich, and the royal pink, so long out of use, are selected for youthful faces; garnet, the rich, warm crimson, leaf-brown, and gold-yellow with black, are chosen for those more mature. The light shades of French gray, drab, and brown are contrasted with Alexandra blue, with scarlet and cherry. Violet is trimmed with deeper purple. White still prevails for evening hats.

Straw bonnets are not largely imported at this season of the year. A few waved and plaited braids, gray, brown, and black, and the yellow Italian straws, are shown. Wreaths of scarlet berries, shaded autumn leaves, or pansies of different color, form the diadem; loops and bows of velvet and short ostrich tufts complete the trimming. The diadem may be of pleated velvet, with a jet Marguerite or a humming-bird in the centre.

Crape bonnets for fresh mourning cover the frame smoothly, with a diadem of reversed pleats. Jet diadems of square blocks are designed especially for mourning. Black royal velvet and lustreless faille are used for more dressy mourning, trimmed with Brussels net and jet ornaments.

HATS.

Round hats are almost universally worn at this transition season before new bonnets are purchased. A black straw hat, high crowned with turned-up rim is the shape most generally adopted. It is called promiscuously the Valois, the Louis Quinze, and the Rupert. Small birds with long, graceful plumage ornament the left side. The black velvet Deauville sloping from the middle, back and front is the most elegant of the new styles, and is too expensive to become common. The trimming of quilled lace and flowers is massed over the forehead. The Sultan's fez, a round crown like an inverted cup, is a piquant novelty, becoming to a pretty face. It is made by sewing successive rows of lace or puffs of satin around the frame. Clusters of flowers, feathers, and lace, or ribbon rosettes, are arranged on the top of this Turkish cap. Long strings of narrow ribbon tie under the chignon. Lace veils drooping at the side are sometimes added, but they detract from the character of the hat. Sultan red is the proper color for this hat, but all others are used. The felt hats are of excellent material. High colors, such as garnet, are shown in felt. Skating turbans have tops of colored velvet with sides of Astrakhan seal-skin, or wreath of curled ostrich feathers.

SPECIMENS OF NEW BONNETS.

A pouf bonnet of sultan velvet has a diadem of pleated lace and velvet with a jet Marguerite in the centre. Light puffs of velvet cover the frame. A large rose, the petals of satin, is on the left. Behind is a fall of thread lace pointed like a baschlik hood, with small velvet bows down the centre, and fastened under the chin by a larger bow. Price $50.

A black velvet is made with reversed plaits over the frame. A wreath of wild roses with satin leaves is in front, with a trailing vine at the side. Narrow strings of bias velvet with a jet pendant.

A blue velvet in three puffs is trimmed with scarlet velvet leaves. Blue feathers at the side clasped by a jet ornament. Lace falls at the side connected behind by scarlet bows.

A Fanchon of light gray velvet has a diadem of scarlet ostrich feathers, with a humming-bird in the centre. Loops of wide velvet ribbon behind. An evening bonnet of white royal velvet has a wreath of apple-blossoms in front, and drooping at the sides. A veil of white embroidered lace is fastened by a bow in front. Price $25. A brown uncut velvet for an elderly lady has a diadem of cut jet, with garnet ostrich feathers among the puffs. A leaf-brown velvet has velvet leaves clustered over the front. Purple velvet and satin combined has an aigrette of black ostrich and white heron's feathers.

A Sultan hat or fez of black velvet puffed around the frame is studded with jet ornaments with pendants. Short black and orange feathers on top drooping around the hat. Strings of velvet ribbon a yard and a quarter long are tied behind. Price $20. A second of Sultan red satin placed smoothly over the frame is covered with gathered thread lace. A scarlet rose and buds with brown leaves on top. Satin strings. A high-crowned Valois hat of black straw has the turned-up brim lined with black satin pleated, and held against the crown by jet ornaments. Folds of black satin around the crown. A small bird in front with gay plumage.

The Spanish mantilla is an elegant coiffure for drives in the Park during the soft twilight of Indian Summer. In Paris it is worn to the Opera. It is of thread net, edged with fine lace. Two rows of lace over the head are caught by a rosette of black ribbon. The ends, a yard in length, are crossed in front and thrown over the shoulders. A rosette of bright colors would enliven the black, but Spanish ladies never introduce a color into this part of their costume.

BONNET MATERIALS.

FRAMES AND LINING.

As many ladies make their own bonnets, thereby saving a large outlay, we give a few hints about the materials. First, select the frame. The new *pouf* bonnets are complicated, requiring the skill of an experienced milliner; hence it is best to attempt only a simple Fanchon with a high front. This should be narrow across the top, short at the ears, with a raised diadem. Milliners prefer wire frames with lace cover for silk or satin bonnets, buckram for velvet. Fifty cents is the usual price of frames. Turbans and Deauville frames of light buckram are bought at the same price. An eighth of a yard of Marseline silk, cut bias of the proper shape for lining, is furnished for fifteen cents; muslin for five. Silk is preferred, as it does not catch in the hair. A slip of argentine or oil-paper is placed inside to protect the bonnet from the oil of the hair.

SILK, SATIN, AND VELVET.

Buy silks, satins, and velvets cut bias from the piece. Narrow silks, plain taffeta, and corded, cut on the bias, cost from $1 50 to $2 a yard. If shirred on the frame half a yard is necessary; three-eighths covers the frame plainly, and affords enough for folds. Satin of all the fashionable shades is bought at $3 a yard. If only used for trimming, such as binding the frame, for piping or folds, the quantity required is from an eighth to a quarter cut bias. Half a yard makes a shirred or puffed bonnet. Scotch plaid satin, in high colors, for trimming, is $4 50 a yard. Bonnet velvets with good pile cost from $3 50 to $6. A fair quality of black velvet is sold at $5. The drab shades are in great variety. A puffed Fanchon with pleated diadem requires half a yard of velvet, with some satin for trimming. The fine corded velvet called royale is $6 a yard. Uncut velvet with coarser cords is less expensive. Silk plush, for round hats, is from $3 to $4 50 a yard. This is much narrower and lighter than the cloak plush. For mourning bonnets the best English crape should be selected. It is heavier than the French crape, with deeper crimps, and is worn for winter and summer. The roll crape is better than that brought in boxes, as there is no crease in the centre. A good quality is $4 a yard. From a quarter to three-eighths is the quantity for a plain bonnet; if made in folds, half a yard is necessary.

Two yards of satin ribbon, two inches wide, for strings, are tied behind. Fifty cents a yard. Corded ribbon for the same purpose is seventy-five cents.

ORNAMENTS.

A factitious value is given to fine flowers, making it difficult to give a positive guide in prices. A fashionable diadem for a lady of thirty is of black Marguerites with yellow centres, or a coronet vine of crystallized autumn leaves. Large pansies, different colors in the same wreath, are bought of fair quality for $3 50. A diadem of scarlet berries for a young girl is $4. Sprays of the wild rose made of velvet and satin for eighty cents adorn the black velvet hats of blondes, while the scarlet pomegranate clusters, mountain-ash berries, rose geranium, and yellow butter-cups are selected for dark-haired brunettes.

Tiny humming-birds, with long bills and outspread wings, nestle amidst laces in the centre of the coronet, or are poised on the left side of the bonnet with long plumage attached; an objectionable fashion because not true to nature. A variety of small birds are sold at $2 apiece. The stylish feathers, white and colored, are from $2 to $3 50. The prettiest aigrettes are of curled ostrich feathers with heron's feathers erect in the centre. Breasts of peacocks and of gulls for round hats are from $2 50 to $4. Short ostrich tufts are inexpensive and very fashionable. Four tufts, different shades of one color, adorn a hat. Long white plumes of the ostrich are $5. The pretty wreaths, made of the tips of peacock's feathers, cost $2. They encircle a round hat, trimming it completely. Cheap feathers are pieced together and colored. The natural feathers are more expensive, but it is economy to buy them. We have spoken of the jet ornaments in a previous Number.

We give as a model that can be easily imitated a simple bonnet that attracted admiration at a recent opening. It was made in royal pink satin and black velvet for a fair young face. Sultan red, green, purple, or gold-yellow, may be substituted for pink. The shape is a diadem Fanchon. The satin is shirred on the frame, each row of gathers an inch apart. The black velvet diadem is lined with pink satin. It is two inches wide at the top, sloping narrower at the sides; is sewn in the centre in small box-pleats, and continued below the ears in strings three-eighths of a yard long. These are merely for ornament; a jet pendant is at the ends, and a small satin bow joins them together. On the left side of the bonnet is an aigrette of black ostrich and white heron's feathers, clasping a satin rose, shaded pink with brown leaves. A velvet bow without ends, with a jet flower in the centre, is placed on the back of the bonnet. This bonnet is sold at $25, but can be made by any one of taste and ingenuity for half that price.

We have said nothing about lace, because it is most frequently used for elaborate bonnets that require the artistic hands of a milliner.

For information received thanks are due to the courtesy of Madame FERRERO; Miss M. A. PAGE; and Messrs. G. & W. SLOANE.

PERSONAL.

A REPORT comes from Berlin that VON GRAEFE, the most eminent of living oculists, promises restoration of sight to the Rev. Mr. MILBURN, who is now in that city for the purpose of undergoing the necessary operation.

—It was very neat and complimentary in DE QUINCEY, on being asked why there were more women than men, to reply: "It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature; we always see more of heaven than earth."

—The QUEEN OF PRUSSIA is off on a little private pleasure tour in France, traveling under the name of COUNTESS HOHENTHAL. At Marseilles it was only after she had gone that people became aware that she had been there. The Queen visited nearly all the public buildings and curiosities, not forgetting the hospitals, where she remained longer than in other places.

—Colonel ROBERT M. DOUGLAS, son of the late STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, has made his *début* in the political world in a speech delivered a few days since at Raleigh, North Carolina. It is spoken of as a very creditable performance. The young gentleman has been thoroughly educated, is very ambitious, and, as Private Secretary to Governor HOLDEN, starts out in his public career under the most favorable auspices.

—In reference to Mr. BURLINGAME'S mission, "Carleton," the correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, says that he has information from the interior of China to the effect that the Chinese suppose that Mr. B.'s mission will result in the opening of the whole of the empire to foreigners, and before long the Canton, Yang-te-ze, and all other navigable streams will be open to steam, and that railroads will be introduced. All of which will come to pass, John Bull to the contrary notwithstanding.

—The Rev. Mr. BELLEW, whose fame has not yet reached the hamlets of this country, but who is spoken of as one of the most earnest, fervent, and impassioned preachers in England, is on the point of emerging from the English realm to give a series of readings in the United States. A London admirer says that there is no reader in the present century that can at all compare with Mr. BELLEW—not the late Mr. THACKERAY nor Mr. C. DICKENS. Mr. B. is about thirty-five years of age, although his hair is as silvery white as that of a man of eighty. His person is commanding, eyes black and fine, voice melodious and sonorous, and his whole manner, while speaking, most fascinating. If this "account of stock," as taken by an admirer, be correct, Mr. B. will go back to his native hearth laden with much coin.

—We make a "personal" note of it that a few weeks since, during the progress of the Annual Regatta of the Columbia Boat Club, on the Hudson, Miss DAVIS, of Pleasant Valley, in company with Dr. WITHERS, pulled a two-oared boat, and for some distance held her own with the competing boats. Her skillful manner of handling the blades attracted much attention. The champion rowers affected to sneer at it; but "let the galled jade wince; our (Dr.) WITHERS are unwrung."

—CHARLES READE, the eminent English novelist, contemplates a visit to this country. He is a tall, stately, handsome man, of about forty-five years of age, with hair just turning gray. He is affable and witty in conversation, and thinks the republic of the United States a good style of things because it buys many novels written by C. R.

—If there were more General SYLVANUS THAYERS in the world American colleges would soon rival, in the magnitude of their endowments, the Oxfords and Cambridges of the Old World. The General has added $10,000 to his previous donation of $40,000 for the endowment of the "THAYER School of Architecture and Civil Engineering." The college has also had the good fortune to receive, lately, a legacy of $10,000 from the estate of the late Hon. WILLIAM REED, of Marblehead.

—WORMLEY, of Washington (every body who has been in Washington for many years and enjoyed the comforts of his *cuisine* knows WORMLEY), has just returned from England, whither he went with the Hon. REVERDY JOHNSON, to assist in arranging the household matters of that gentleman. WORMLEY is a good man.

—Mr. DISRAELI has, during his brief premiership, given the strongest evidence of his sympathy with the widows and dependents of literary people. His last kind act in this particular was to grant to the widow of SAMUEL LOVER a continuance of the pension of £100 per annum which her husband received in his lifetime from the Government. To various living authors and artists Mr. DISRAELI has been noticeably considerate; no man knowing better than he the toils, the cares, the anxieties of him whose daily bread is daily kneaded from the brain.

—RISTORI is made the subject of huge exaggeration when her profits from her American trip are written about in continental journals. One enthusiastic figurer states her receipts to have been 317,000 francs, about one-third of which the eminent artiste has expended in the purchase of a splendid estate, which she calls the "Villa Ristori."

—The lady preachers are taking full part in the higher ecclesiastical ceremonies. Some two or three weeks since Mrs. HANAFORD, of Hingham, Massachusetts, and OLYMPIA BROWN, of Weymouth, both of them ordained ministers took part in the ordination of Rev. WILLIAM G. HASKELL, at Marblehead. Mrs. HANAFORD read the hymn, and read the Scriptures to the candidate; both ladies, with two male clergymen, performed the laying-on of hands, and Miss BROWN made the concluding prayer. In delivering the charge Mrs. HANAFORD described herself as "Phebe, servant of the Church of Hingham," and declared it as her belief that "there is neither tribe, nor caste, nor sex in the religion of Jesus." As a whole, her charge is said to have been "masterly, womanly, and impressive."

—Baron JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD is a maker as well as consumer of good claret. He has purchased the famous estate of Château Lafitte, and expresses the opinion that the wine crop this year will be the best since 1811. Its value is estimated at two hundred thousand dollars.

—It may possibly agitate the bosom of some male reader of the *Bazar* to know that a paper in Decatur, Illinois, contains the advertisement of a lady who wants a husband. He must be handsome, well off, temperate, anti-tobacco, and go to church regularly. The lady is twenty-seven, fair, and good-looking, and has money.

—The millionaire of Chicago is Mr. POTTER PALMER, and this is the way in which he manœuvred to become so: He went to Chicago shortly before the war with $7000 worth of dry goods, did business on the high-pressure principle, bought enormously before gold went up, made a vast sum, bought again immensely in the nick of time, run his fortune up among the millions, and then sold out clean, putting his money into real estate in Chicago, which he is now covering with marble blocks. Mr. PALMER is near forty years of age, slim of stature, dresses very richly, is a bachelor, and, considering his gigantic enterprises in Chicago, probably the most noteworthy man in the West. He began life as a farmer's boy.

—We have a fresh and very good "personal" of ALEXANDRE DUMAS. An American gentleman called on him on his 78th birthday (in August last), and found him reclining in a huge easy-chair, clad only in a pair of linen pants and a white shirt, whose front was entirely open displaying his bosom. Although he reads and writes American fluently he can not talk it a particle. He said he was as familiar with the writings of FENIMORE COOPER as with those of any writer in France, and his idea of the United States seemed strongly impregnated with the romances of Indian life and legend, and his conversation tended in a great measure to recall the scenes so beautifully depicted by his favorite American author. He is extremely obese, and moves about with great difficulty. He is a man of powerful frame, as well as mind, and labors almost incessantly with his pen. His features are decidedly African, and his woolly hair reminds us in its grayness of the old Uncle Tom. As age grows upon him he becomes the victim of peculiar whims and fancies; he cooks his own food, conducting the culinary ceremony with a religious exactitude, and is always satisfied with his *cuisine* productions. When he eats, and that is very irregularly and seldom—he apparently enjoys his food. After his meals he returns to his chair and dictates to his amanuensis until nature prevails and he drops off into a calm slumber. He scarcely ever retires to a bed, but sits and sleeps an hour or two and instantly upon awakening calls for his amanuensis and proceeds with his work. He is said to have been greatly attached to MENKEN and grieves much at her decease.

—Mr. BRIGHAM YOUNG, of Utah, has "popped" to Miss ANNETTE INCE, the actress, offering her the undivided one-fiftieth fraction (a "vulgar" fraction), of his heart and hand; but Miss I. is said to have dropped a stage courtesy to the hoary old sinner, and declined the honor.

—ISABELLA, Queen of Spain, who is now a fugitive from her country, and whose further occupancy of the throne depends upon the result of the revolution now in progress, weighs 225 pounds, has become very homely, and when she appears in public with her two eldest daughters, both of whom are handsome, the contrast is striking. The Queen's husband is said to be quite stupid, both in intellect and appearance. He is always in debt, and the Queen herself is generally "short." The better class of Madrid look with contempt on the royal family, and in Madrid there are very few girls bearing the name of Isabella.

—The father of Prince MENTCHIKOFF must have been a jocose old gentleman. He was a mechanic; and when he first visited St. Petersburg was much pleased with the Opera. He asked his son, then at the head of the Government, for an office, and on being asked what office, replied that he should like to supersede the leader of the orchestra!

—A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, writing from this city, gives a column of pleasant chat relative to Mrs. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, whose fine productions have often graced the pages of *Harper's Magazine* and *Bazar*. She was married several years since to RICHARD S. SPOFFORD, a young lawyer of Boston, who is an active politician, and spends much of his time in Washington. She refutes the argument, so often put forward, of the unhappiness of literary marriages, and of the unfitness of literary women for wives. She is the embodiment of affection and devotion to her husband, with whom she fell in love, it is said, at first sight, fifteen years ago, and whom she loves with all the fervor and intensity of her girlhood. She is very retiring and domestic, and so shy, withal, that she seldom goes into the smallest company when she can avoid it.

She lives, from the beginning of January to the end of December in the pleasant but stagnant old town of Newburyport, writing from one to eight hours a day, laboring so contentedly and cheerfully for others that she shames the paltry exertions men often make and boast of in the name of sacrifice.

She is probably twenty-eight now, good-looking, graceful, and seemingly self-possessed, though really so shrinking and timid that she can hardly be induced to meet the most commonplace stranger. She is tall and lithe; her face pale and oval; her eyes large and dark, and full of poetry and passion; her hair deep brown; her nose of the Grecian pattern; her lips rather thin, but red and symmetrical. She talks eloquently and fluently before her friends; but before those she does not know she withdraws into herself, and is so reserved and silent that no one would imagine for a moment that she is the fine creature NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE called the most gifted woman in America.

Patterns for Worsted Work.

WE give several different patterns for worsted work, which may be easily executed with the aid of the accompanying symbols.

Fig. 1.—This design may be used for a note-book or cigar-case. If it be desired to use it for the outside it is best worked in fine beads, but if for the inside, work with worsted and silk, or entirely with silk on perforated board, or even in petit point on silk canvas.

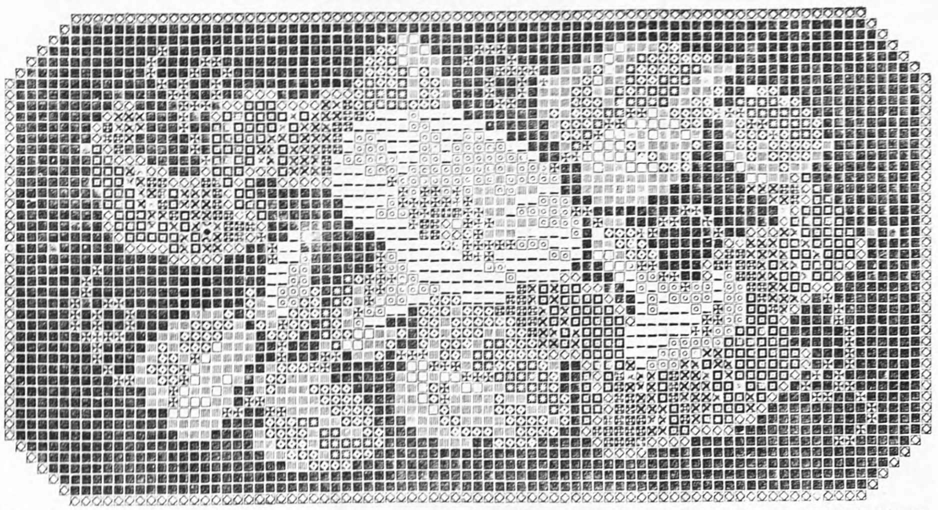
Figs. 2–4.—These figures give different designs for slippers, bags, sofa-pillows, etc. These patterns may also be worked with very coarse worsted for hearth-rugs, etc.

Fig. 5.—This design is intended for a purse, but may also be used for a note-book, brush, etc.

Fig. 6.—Slipper pattern. The light shades are best worked with silk twist.

Figs. 7 and 8.—These designs are for mats, cushions, etc.

Figs. 9 and 10.—Two borders for baskets, tidies, etc.



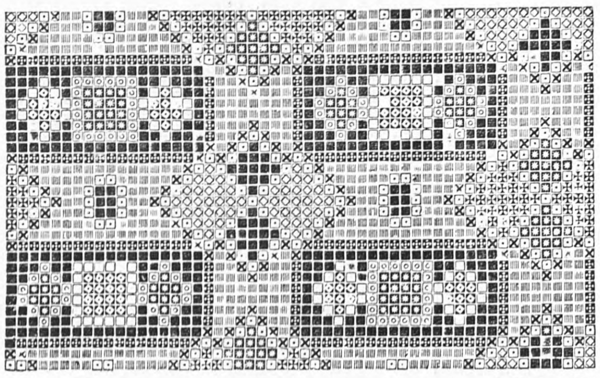
Description of Symbols: ▨ Orange; ■ Dark Green; ⊞ 1st (darkest), ☒ 2d, ▣ 3d (lightest) Green; ▣ 1st (darkest), ⊡ 2d, ▥ 3d, ☐ 4th (lightest) Fawn Color; ⊞ 1st, ⊡ 2d (lightest) Gray; – White.

Fig. 1.—PATTERN FOR NOTE-BOOK, CIGAR-CASE, ETC.

Tirettes for looping up Skirts.

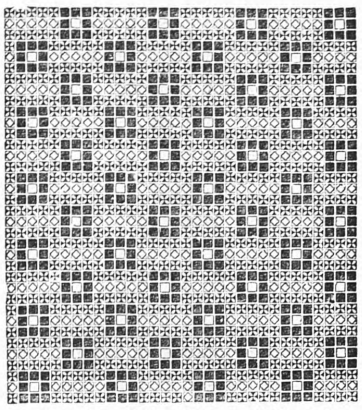
See illustrations on page 805.

THE illustrations which we give herewith show an easy and simple manner of making tirettes, by means of which a trained dress may be looped up in a puff behind in the Watteau or Camargo style. Sew small brass rings on the back of the skirt in the manner shown by Fig. 2; the distance of these rings from the belt varies according to the length of the train of the dress. Through these rings run two silk cords of the color of the dress, sew one end of these cords fast inside the belt of the dress, and run the other end through a small button-hole between the front and side breadths of the skirt. Finish the ends on this side with a button covered with the material of the dress, which prevents them from slipping through. When it is desired to loop up the dress draw the cord, thereby puffing the skirt in the manner shown by Fig. 2. In letting it down, pull the skirt slightly behind, whereupon it falls easily.



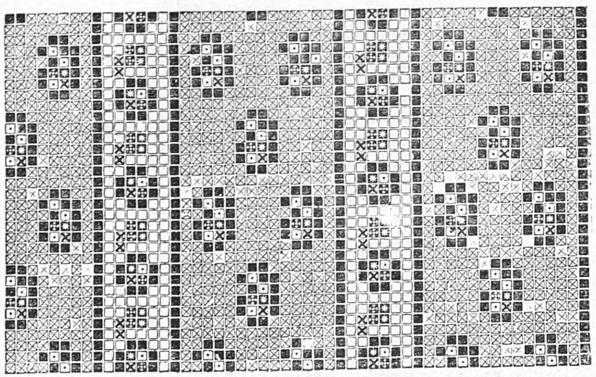
Description of Symbols: ▥ Green; ■ Black; ⊡ 1st (darkest), ☐ 2d (lightest) Gray; ▣ Reddish Brown; ▨ Lilac; ⊞ 1st (darkest), ⊡ 2d (lighter) Red; ⊡ Maize; ⊞ 1st (darkest), ☒ 2d (lighter) Fawn Color.

Fig. 2.—PATTERN FOR SLIPPERS, TIDIES, CUSHIONS, ETC.



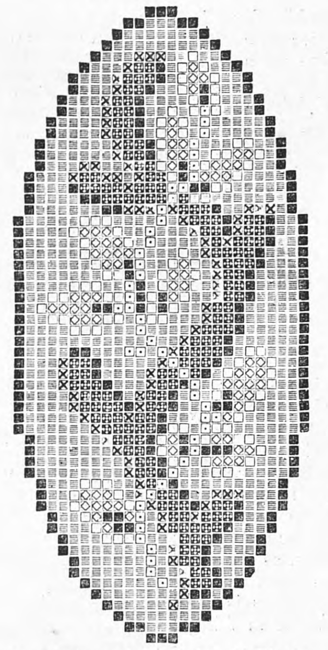
Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ⊞ Dark Green; ▨ Light Green; ☐ Yellow (the last two silk).

Fig. 3.—PATTERN FOR SLIPPERS, TIDIES, CUSHIONS, ETC.



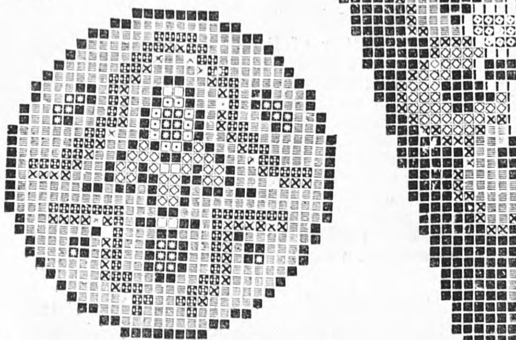
Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ☐ White; ☒ Bluish Green (light); ☒ Bluish Green (dark); ⊞ Red; ▣ Violet; ⊡ Yellow (the last silk).

Fig. 4.—PATTERN FOR SLIPPERS, TIDIES, CUSHIONS, ETC.



Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ▤ Dark Green; ⊡ Orange; ⊞ 1st (dark), ☒ 2d (lighter) Fawn Color; ▨ 1st (dark), ☐ 2d (lighter) Lilac.

Fig. 5.—PATTERN FOR PURSE, NOTE-BOOK, ETC.



Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ▤ Dark Green; ▣ Reddish Brown; ⊞ 1st (dark), ☒ 2d (lighter) Fawn Color; ▨ Violet; ⊡ Orange; ☐ Gray.

Fig. 7.—MEDALLION FOR BOTTOM OF BASKET, MAT, ETC.

Section of Embroidered Silk Cravat.

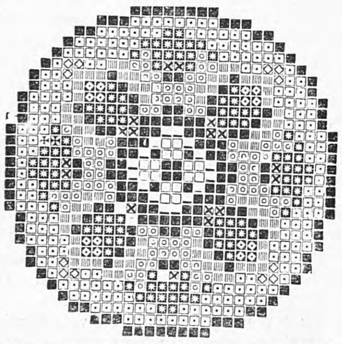
See illustration on page 805.

THIS cravat, one end of which is shown of the full size in the illustration, is of green silk ribbon, embroidered after the design given on the pattern. Work with light green silk in satin, half-polka, and knotted stitch, and point russe. The ends of the cravat are worked in button-hole stitch, and ornamented with green silk tassels.

Needle-Work and Crochet Edging.

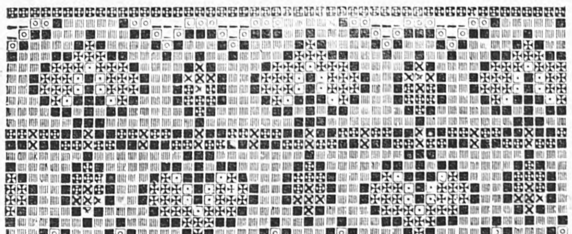
See illustration on page 805.

To make this edging, work first the three small berries together on muslin with medium knitting cotton. The crochet work is done with fine cord. Sew around the berries in half-polka stitch, cut the material away close, and work together the three leaflets as follows: 8 ch., passing over the last of these back on the next six, 1 sc. (single crochet), 1 sdc. (short double crochet), 2 dc. (double crochet), 1 sdc., 1 sc., after this two leaves worked in a similar manner and 1 sc. in the first stitch of the first 8 ch. and in the first berry, on which fasten the thread. Having finished the requisite number of these leaf-twigs and berries, join them, first, by means of one round of crochet. Crochet 1 sc. in the outside edge of a berry, putting the needle through from the left side; work 5 ch., 1 sl. (slip stitch) in the edge of the opposite berry of the same twig, 7 ch., 1 sl. in the outer edge of a new twig, etc. Then work for the scallops on the outer edge of the lace three rounds as follows: 1st round.—1 sl. in the middle of the chain stitches which join two twigs, * 3 ch., 1 dc. in the next berry, 4 ch., 2 dc. separated by 5 ch. in the middle berry, 4 ch., 1 dc. in the next berry, 3 ch., 1 sl. in the middle of the chain stitches which join the next two twigs. Repeat from *. 2d round.—1 sl. in the first sl. of the former round, * 4 ch., 1 sc. in the next scallop of 4 ch., 6 ch., 1 sc. in the following chain-stitch scallop, 6 ch., 1 sc. in the next chain-stitch scallop, 4 ch., 1 sc. in the next joining stitch. Repeat from *. 3d round.—* 4 sc. on the first chain-stitch scallop, 1 p. (picot), 2 sc., 1 p., 2 sc., 1 p., 2 sc. around each one of the two following chain-stitch scallops, 4 sc. in the next chain-stitch scallops. Repeat from *. Four rows now follow, which form the upper edge of the lace and are crocheted on the other side: 1st round.—* 1 tc. (treble crochet) in the joining stitch between two twigs, 1 sc. in the point of the next leaf, 7 ch., 1 sc. in the point of the following leaf, 7 ch., 1 sc. in the point of the following leaf. Repeat from *. 2d round.—* 1 sdc. in the tc. of the former round, 2 ch., 1 sdc. in the fifth of the next 7 ch., 2 ch., 1 sc.



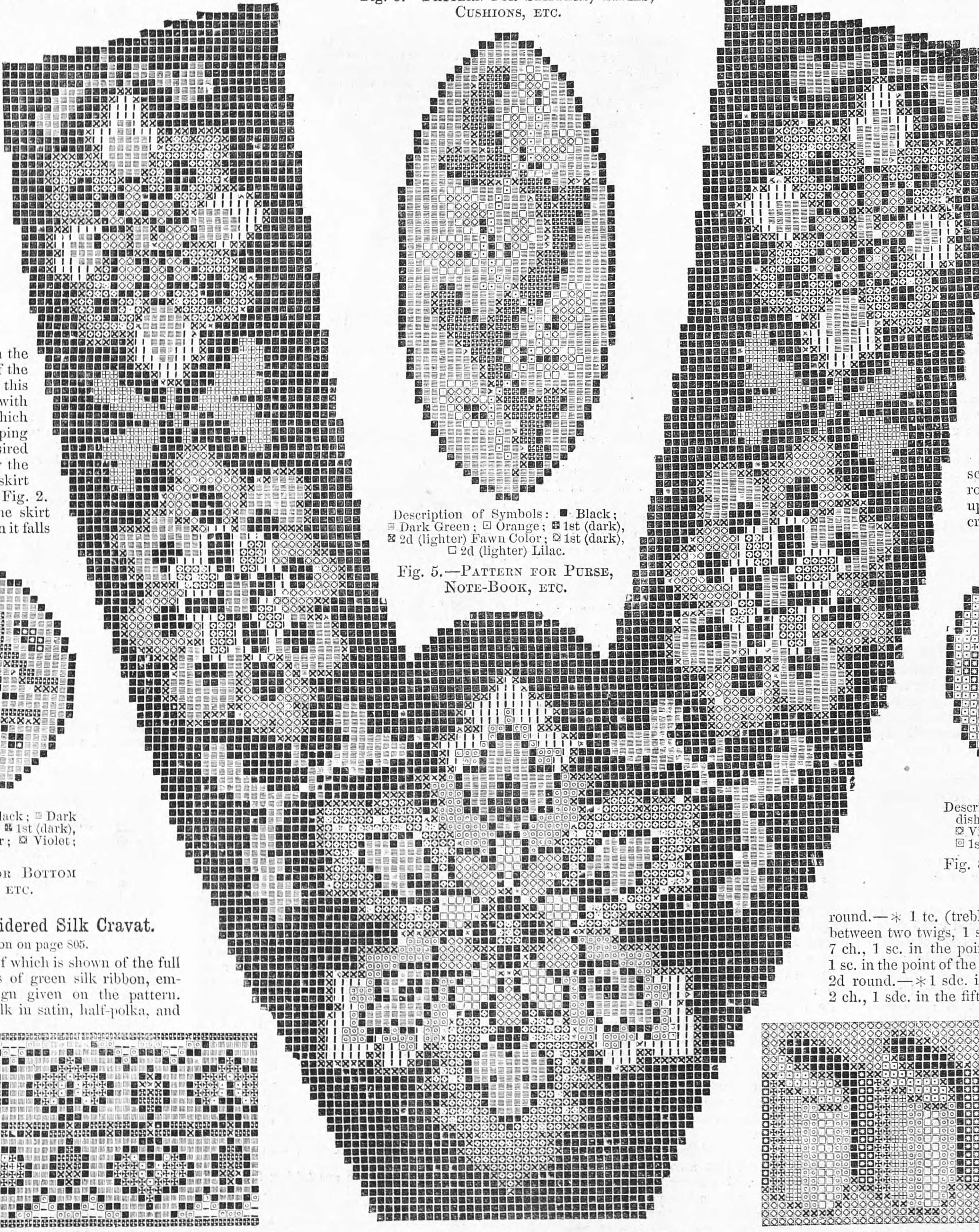
Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ▣ Reddish Brown; ⊡ Red; ▥ Dark Green; ▨ Violet; ☒ Orange; – White: ☐ Gray; ⊡ 1st (dark), ⊡ 2d (lighter) Fawn Color.

Fig. 8.—MEDALLION FOR BOTTOM OF BASKET, MAT, ETC.



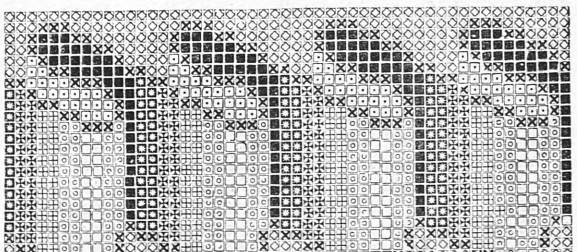
Description of Symbols: ▥ Dark Green; ■ Black; ⊞ Red; ⊞ 1st (darkest), ☒ 2d, ⊡ 3d (lightest) Fawn; ⊡ Dark Gray; – Light Gray.

Fig. 9.—BORDER FOR BASKETS, TIDIES, ETC.



Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ☒ Orange; ⊞ Reddish Brown; ▤ Green; ▣ Red; ◇ 1st (dark), ☐ 2d (lighter) Lilac; ǀ White; ⊡ Gray.

Fig. 6.—SLIPPER PATTERN.



Description of Symbols: ◇ Violet (silk); ☒ Gold; ☐ Steel; ⊞ Dark Gray; ⊡ Light Gray; ⊞ Crystal, ⊡ Milk, ☐ Chalk, ■ Jet (Beads).

Fig. 10.—BORDER FOR BASKETS, TIDIES, ETC.

in the sc. at the point of the next leaf, 2 ch., 1 sdc. in the third of the next 7 ch., 2 ch. Repeat from ∗. The two following rounds consist of open-work double crochet stitches as shown by the illustration.

Needle-Work and Crochet Edging.

FOR this lace, which is very pretty when worked with fine material, work, first, the figures which imitate a pansy. These are embroidered singly on fine lace in button-hole stitch and in point de reprise. Then with fine thread work the part between the figures, crocheting first the leaf twigs together with the stems which are continued to the upper edge of the lace. Crochet, beginning with the stem, 6 ch. (chain stitches), 1 dc. (double crochet) in one of the two side leaves of a flower which was worked in button-hole stitch, putting the needle through from the leaf side, 7 ch., 1 dc. in the same leaf of the flower, 4 ch., passing over the last of these work back on the next 3 ch. 1 sc. (single crochet), 1 sdc. (short double crochet), 1 dc., 1 dc. in the next dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc., 1 sl. (slip stitch) in the next 3 ch., this forms one leaflet of the twig, after this crochet 6 ch., 1 dc. in the former leaf (see illustration), 4 ch., passing over the last of these, work back on the remaining stitches 1 sc., 1 sdc., 4 dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc., 1 sl. in the same stitch which took up the sc.; this completes the second leaf. Continuing crochet now 5 ch., as shown by the pattern, 1 dc. in the former leaflet, after this 6 ch.; passing over the last of these, work back on the remainder 1 sc., 1 sdc., 5 dc., 1 sdc., 3 sc. Now follow two leaves, which are worked in the same manner as the first two, and, as shown by the illustration, joined to each preceding leaflet by means of a double crochet stitch, and to the opposite leaflet with a slip stitch; in working the last leaflet fasten on a new flower in the manner shown by the pattern, putting the needle through from the under side; on the chain stitches between the leaflets, as also on the chain stitches of the stem, work single crochet, in doing which fasten by means of a double crochet stitch to the same leaflet of the new flower. Having worked the number of twigs required for the length of the lace, work the scallops on the outer edge in two rounds as follows: 1st round.—∗ 1 sdc. in the button-hole stitch edge of the middle lace leaflet of a flower, 1 ch., 1 sdc. close to the former sdc., 1 dc. in the point of the next crocheted leaflet, 2 ch., 1 tc. in the next joining stitch between two leaflets, 3 ch., 1 dc. in the point of the next leaflet, 3 ch., 1 tc. in the following joining dc., 5 ch., 1 sdc. in the point of the middle leaflet, then crochet around the other side of the leaf twig in the same manner as far as the next flower, after which repeat from ∗. 2d round.—∗ 1 sc. in the ch. between the 2 sdc., 3 sc. in the next 2 ch., 2 sc., 1 p. (picot, which is composed of 4 ch. and 1 sl. in the first of the four), 1 sc. around the following 3 ch., 1 sc., 1 p., 2 sc. around the next 3 ch., 1 sc., 1 p., 3 sc., 1 p., 1 sc. around the following 5 ch. Work in the same manner on the other side of the scallop, and repeat from ∗. Crochet now two rounds for the upper edge of the lace in the following manner: 1st round.—1 sc. in the stem of a leaf twig, 1 tc., as shown by the pattern, in the next button-hole stitch leaf of a flower, ∗ 4 ch., 2 sdc., each separated by 2 ch., in the next point de reprise leaf of a flower, 3 ch., 2 sdc., each separated by 2 ch., in the following leaf, 4 ch., 1 sdc. in the next lace leaflet of the flower, 1 sc. in the stem of the next leaf twig, 1 tc. in the side leaflet of the following flower. Repeat from ∗. The next round consists of dc. each separated by 3 ch. and three stitches space.

Fig. 1.—SKIRT LOOPED UP WITH TIRETTES.

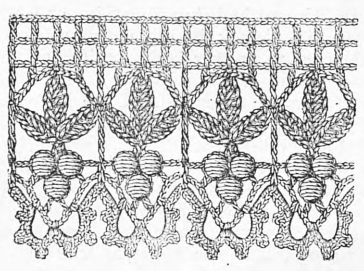
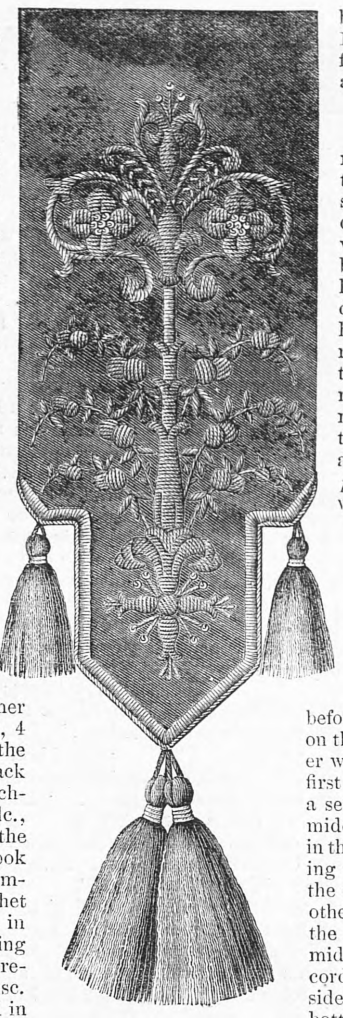
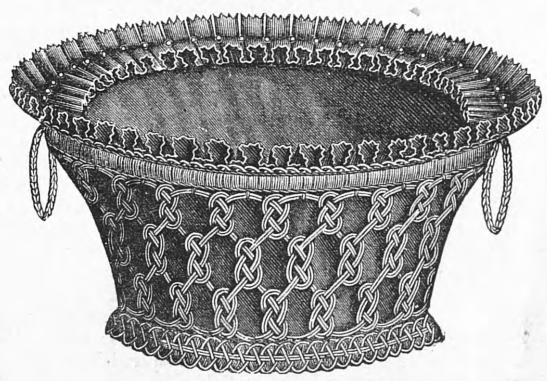


Fig. 1.—NEEDLE-WORK AND CROCHET EDGING.



SECTION OF EMBROIDERED SILK CRAVAT.



WORK BASKET.

Work Basket.

THIS pretty little basket is intended to hold pins, thread, and buttons, and is made of fine white cord, while the lining and ruche is of blue silk. The piece for the side of the basket is in knotted work, and, in order to avoid being obliged to work with two long ends, is begun in the middle as follows: Take in the hand two double cords of the requisite length, double them together in the middle so as to make four equal ends, and make a knot in the middle in the manner described for tying a knot for scissors guard, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 43. Next work with the two cords on one side (leaving the other two cords alone) by fastening with another double cord the knot on one side, and in the same manner, with the ends before unused, a knot on the other side, after which tie with the first two double cords a second knot in the middle, and continue in this manner. Having used up one half the cord begin on the other end, and work the other half of the strip. The pattern counts nineteen middle knots. Fasten the ends of the cord firmly together, thus fastening the sides. For the outer covering of the bottom, which is made of a circular piece of pasteboard, make of the same cord a three-strand braid, and coil it around till it is of the same size as the pasteboard. Line the inside of the bottom with blue silk, embroidered in point russe with white silk and steel beads. Around the edge of the bottom sew a strong wire which has been wound with cord. Next join the bottom and sides of the basket, in doing which push the knots on the side into their proper places. On the upper edge sew another wire which has been wound with cord, and finish both edges with a braid loosely plaited over a foundation of double cord. Lastly, sew in the lining, and finish the upper edge with a pinked ruche, in sewing on which string on a steel bead with each stitch.

Fig. 2.—TIRETTES FOR LOOPING UP SKIRTS.

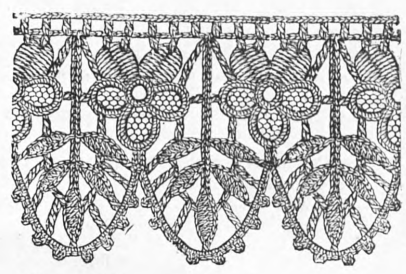


Fig. 2.—NEEDLE-WORK AND CROCHET EDGING.

Trimmings for Dresses and Skirts.

THE prettiest trimmings used this season for dresses consist of ruffled or pleated flounces of different widths, joined with various kinds of ruches and frills. The trimmings, Figs. 1 to 6, are shown of one-fourth the full size.

Fig. 1.—A strip of cloth six inches wide and pointed on one side is made into a flounce by box-pleating it in the manner shown by the illustration. This is surmounted with a pleated bias fold, which is corded on both sides and edged with a narrow box-pleated frill.

Fig. 2.—Melon trimming. This trimming consists of a strip of cloth seven inches in width, which is cut into deep points on one side and gathered in the manner shown by the illustration. A strip only three inches wide is cut into smaller

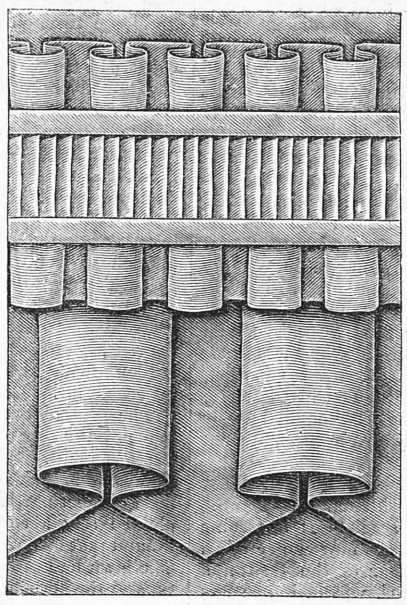


FIG. 1.

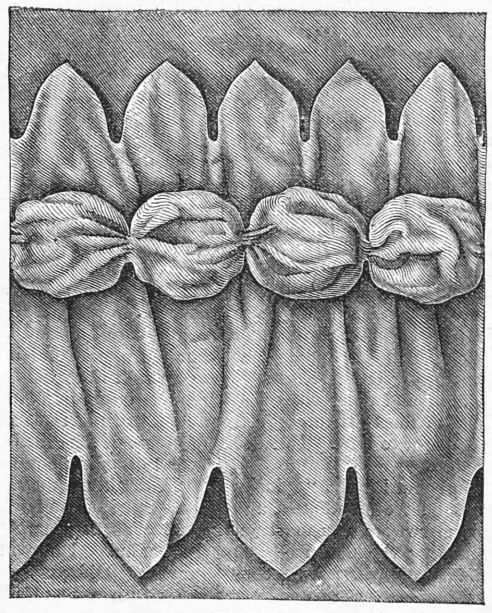


FIG. 2.

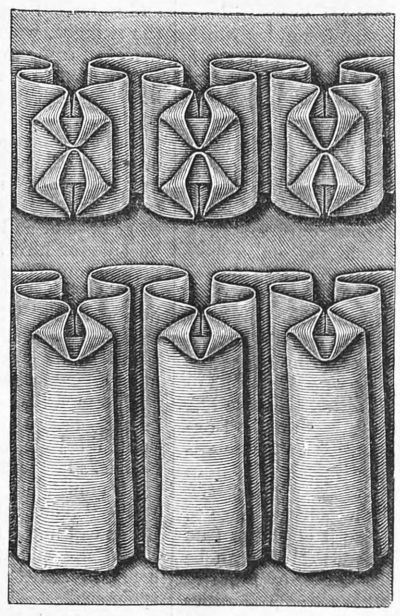


FIG. 3.

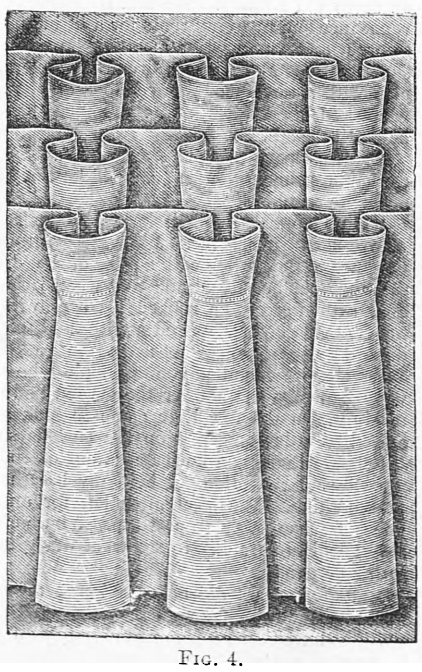


FIG. 4.

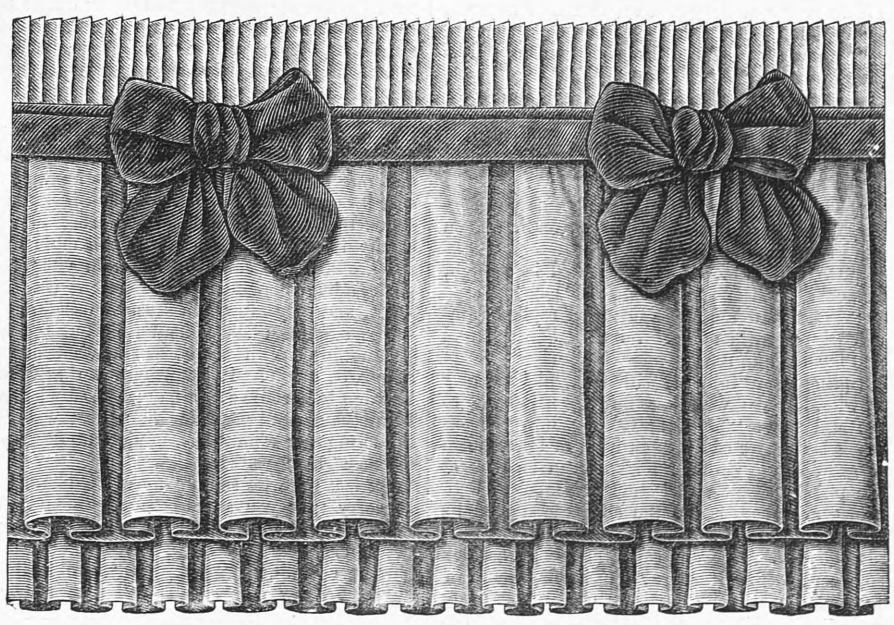


FIG. 5.

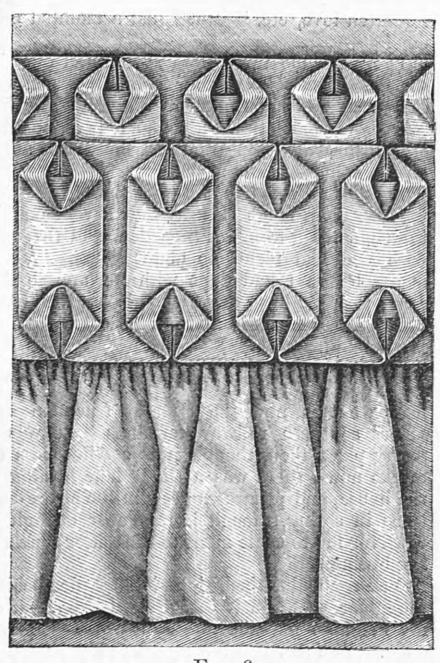


FIG. 6.

TRIMMINGS FOR DRESSES AND SKIRTS.

points and set opposite. The place where these are set on is covered with a fold, which is gathered up crosswise in the manner shown by the illustration.

Fig. 3.—This trimming is made of a strip of cloth eight inches wide, which is doubled down two inches on the upper edge and laid in double box-pleats. The upper fold of each pleat is laid back on the right side and fastened with a stitch. About an inch above the flounce is set a ruche two inches and a half wide, which is pleated in the same manner.

Fig. 4.—This simple trimming consists of pleated frills two inches wide pointing upward, and a similarly pleated flounce nine inches wide, the heading of which covers the seam where the narrower ones are sewed on.

Fig. 5.—This rich trimming consists of a pleated flounce eight inches wide, the lower edge of which is finished with a narrower pleated strip and the upper with a close pleating. In addition to this the upper edge of the flounce is finished with a double bias fold, on which is set, at regular distances, bows of the same material as the trimming.

Fig. 6.—The lower part of this trimming is formed of a gathered flounce six inches wide. Six inches above this is set a pleated frill two inches wide, each pleat of which is laid back on the right side and fastened with a stitch. A pleated strip of trimming five inches wide covers the place where this frill and the flounce are set on.

A RECOLLECTION.

A LADY sat in her garden bower
In the wealthy Eastern clime,
And her dark eye brightened as hour by hour
Passed on to the day's decline.
And her heart beat higher as she looked for the one
Who would be at her side ere the set of sun.

The autumn came with its days of light,
And again that girl was there:
But the burning cheek shone so intensely bright
They saw not the still despair.
Or that he, for whose love she had bartered her own,
Knelt at the shrine of a fairer one.

The seasons passed on till the spring came round,
With its chill, deceitful breath;
And men looked on the girl, and sagely spoke
Of consumption: which leads to death.
But none of them glanced at the cause of doom,
As they followed the girl to her forefathers' tomb.

THE HAUNTED GARDEN.

WHAT is it to be haunted? Who can explain or understand the laws which regulate the "night side of nature," or trace to their source the phenomena that seem to stand beyond those ordinary facts of everyday experience, which long custom has caused us to look upon as a settled order of the universe, though they are truly all miracles and wonders, into whose remote depths we can not penetrate? Yes; we may well ask, "What is it to be haunted?"

It were perhaps best to pass over, without comment, the most recent manifestations which the wisdom and enlightenment of this nineteenth century have produced, and to refrain from trying to fathom the shallow mysteries that require the intervention of a "medium" to interpret them, lest perchance they should rap out to us on the table an order to sign a check for a few hundred pounds in favor of the medium, pelt us with stale fruit and mouldy flowers, or rattle trumpets and accordions about our ears in a dark room. These beings seem, indeed, in their spiritual state, to profit so little by the expensive and liberal education bestowed on them in their lifetime by their parents, and to have sunk from the entertaining, learned, and genial friends we once knew, the men of power and influence the world once admired, into such very illiterate and stupid dolts, such feeble inanities, that the less we have to do with them the less we shall expose our character and reputation to the deterioration and disgrace which necessarily arise from keeping low company.

It is, however, possible for a man or a place to be haunted. I did not believe it once, but I do now. "Oh yes!" you tell me; "one can be haunted by remorse for evil deeds, by a horrid secret, by the memory of neglected opportunities that never returned, by lost or by buried, but unforgotten love, etc." But *I* had a haunted garden!

Don't tell me that yours is haunted too—by the cats that roll on your choice flowers, and shriek under your window at night, making you start from your pillow with your hair on an end, and with a vague sensation that murder or burglary is going on close at hand.

My garden was haunted by a plant!

Now, don't laugh and say that it was exactly the right thing to haunt a garden, and that you wish you had plenty to haunt yours. *I* had plenty before I had done with it; and to this day I turn my head away when I pass the green-grocer's, lest I should find my old enemy following me still.

You must know that when I married (it is years ago now) I bought a pleasant little villa near what is now the "Great Cheatem and Doer" southern railway terminus. It was a pretty place then, though it is a wilderness of bricks now; there was a shady lane leading to the house, and primroses grew in the hedge-bottoms in spring, though it was near enough to town for me to come home to dine after concluding business.

You remember the little strip of garden behind the house, and how it was divided from that of my neighbor on each side by a well-kept privet edge. You saw it a few months after I went to live there; and you know how nicely I laid it out with small gravel-walks and intricately-shaped beds bordered with box. Ah! my friend, when you went away to India, you little thought what trouble that small plot of ground would bring me; how one, only one, mistake in its cultivation would imbitter some of the best years of my life!

"Clara," said I to my wife, "with a little garden, such as ours, it is of no use trying to grow vegetables or fruit; you know, my dear, every potato and cabbage we grew would cost us half-a-crown; and, perhaps, after all, there would not be one worth eating. Let us cultivate flowers only, and then we can look after them ourselves, and a gardener can come twice a week, just to do the rough work, and dig and rake and hoe the ground when it wants it."

"Oh yes, George!" replied my wife; "and I know of *such* a nice old man who will garden for us; he keeps a small nursery ground of his own, and he says he can spare just two days a week from his work; and then, too, he can supply us with plants as many as we like to buy. So, if you wish, we will go and see him at once and engage him, for old Mr. Dunlop, who lives next door, tells me that we ought not to miss him, and you know Mr. Dunlop cultivates choice geraniums, carnations, and pansies, which he sends to all the flower-shows in the county, and, he says, if it were not that Samuel Spikenard, the gardener, nearly always has better plants than his own, he should certainly win every prize that he puts in for."

So we went to the Nursery Gardens. Samuel Spikenard undertook to do all that we wished, and for a few happy months no garden could be gayer than the little patch behind Elm Tree Row. Such pelargoniums, fuschias, and verbenas—such dahlias and petunias—I never saw before nor since! It was Christmas time, and a few old friends were to dine with us. On Christmas-eve the good cheer had just come in from the grocer's, the baker's, and the butcher's—from the last a splendid sirloin, and from the green-grocer's the vegetables and trimmings—when my wife came into the room with a serious face. "George," she said, "I have scolded Turnips, the green-grocer, over and over again about his vegetables not being fresh and nice, but it is of no use. Just look what herbs he has sent! This parsley is just like an old rag, and I might as well scrape your walking-stick as this horse-radish. You know it has no flavor at all unless it is fresh, and your aunt Judith is coming to our Christmas dinner, and she is so fond of it. It is all very well, my dear, to grow flowers in the garden, but you really must let me have a corner to grow some herbs, so that we may run out and gather them fresh whenever they are wanted."

Could I do otherwise than fall in with so reasonable a suggestion? Alas! had I known what would follow, I would cheerfully have paid Turnips a sovereign for every penny bunch of parsley rather than have taken the unadvised step that I was led to do!

Before the early spring came round again Samuel Spikenard was busy at his work, turning over the ground and planting his bulbs in the anticipation of a glorious show of crocuses and tulips. I was strolling round the garden in the twilight, when the request of my wife for a herb-bed came to my recollection.

"Samuel," I said, to him, "I want a few herbs grown this season, if you can find a spare corner for them. Just a little patch of parsley, and some sage and mint and thyme, and a root or two of horseradish."

"Well, Sir," said Samuel, "I thinks if a gentleman means to grow flowers as he ought to grow 'em, and if he wants a market-garden, he'd better hire a market-gard'ner to tend his bit o' ground; an' I thinks, Sir, as you'll do a deal better not to have none o' that sort o' rubbish a mixin' with my flowers here, for there isn't never a square inch as I can spare 'em, and Turnips, the green-grocer, he'll sell 'em cheaper and better nor ever you'll grow 'em here, Sir."

The mention of Turnips, and the recollection of the musty trimmings to the Christmas beef, determined me, when I ought to have yielded to Samuel's better knowledge.

"Samuel," said I, firmly but kindly, "I desire you will plant the herbs I have mentioned, and if you can find no room elsewhere, you must put them here and there among the flowers—just a few in each bed, where they will not be conspicuous."

"Well, Sir," returned he, "that's not *my* way; but, howsumever, if you horders it, Sir, I'll do it;" and he wiped his forehead with his sleeve, and looked sulky.

"Samuel," said I, "I *order* you to follow the directions which I have given."

Next day the seeds were brought and sown (just a little bit in each bed), and neatly labeled.

"What are those things, Samuel?" I asked, observing about a dozen little whitey-brown sticks in his hand.

"These ere's orsradish," said he, as you *hordered* me to plant; so I'm jest a stickin' one on 'em in the middle of each bed."

"Do you think one in each bed is enough, Samuel?" said I. "Try half a dozen."

"You'll find 'em sufficient, Sir," replied Samuel, with a grim smile. So they were planted and labeled like the rest.

Spring came fully in, with its genial weather and its flowers; when one day my wife came to me and said: "My dear George, how provoking it is that we can not get a bit of horseradish to grow in the garden! I have been looking at the place where Samuel stuck the label in February, and there is not the slightest sign of its coming up; I do not believe the tiresome man planted any. And did you ever see the garden so weedy before, George? There is a sort of weed like a dock-leaf coming up all over every bed, and I have pulled it up, oh so often! but there seems no end of it. It comes up in the night, I think, when one is not looking. I spoke to Samuel about it, and asked him what it was; but all his answer was, 'Ax Master, mum, he orts to know, *he* orts; it's none o' *my* plantin', mum.'"

Samuel was working gloomily in the garden; he seemed to have lost his love for it. The miserable weed my wife had noticed was green on all the beds; the flowers were scanty and poor; the white stick labeled horseradish stuck up by itself in the middle of each bed. I was vexed, and, I dare say, I spoke harshly.

"Mr. Spikenard," said I, "I am afraid you have lost all pride in my garden; look how weedy it is! And you could not oblige me by raising a few plants of horseradish. I believe you never put in those roots at all!"

Samuel laid down his spade and ran his horny fingers through his grizzled hair. He evidently took me for a lunatic, and believed that what I now said was the development of a mania that had first shown itself in February.

"Orsradish!" exclaimed he; "good lawks! orsradish! Surely you don't mean to say as yer wants *more* on it? And look at my garden, as was so bewtiffle, overrun with it! But I won't serve no one as is gone out o' his senses on the subjeck o' orsradish! so I'll leave yer, Sir; I'll leave yer service; but I'll jest dig over yer garden after the spring things is tuk up, and *then* p'raps ye'll be 'appy—with yer orsradish!"

"Samuel, you are insane!" I replied. "Look at those labels; not a single leaf near them; and *you* tell *me* that the garden is overrun with horse-radish!"

"Good lawks, Sir! and what do yer call *them?*" pointing as he spoke to what I had taken for dock-leaves. "Did ever a gentleman's garden look sich a sight as that before? Don't ye know, Sir, as orsradish never grows straight up at wunst, but it strikes out roots as runs all round like a star?"

"Oh!" said I, somewhat mollified; "then it has really grown, and come up, after all!" And I went cheerfully to my wife to explain how matters stood, and that the coarse-looking plants, which she had supposed to be weeds, were really fine specimens of that useful but pungent vegetable which she had so long coveted.

"My dear," said I, "you can pull up the spare plants and leave a few to grow to maturity, and we will have roast beef and horseradish of our own growing when aunt Judith comes to see us again."

The next week Samuel Spikenard came and took up the spring bulbs, which had ceased flowering. He was quiet and surly; but there was a malicious twinkle in his eye which I did not understand. This work completed, he began to dig over the garden for its summer show of flowers. My aunt was to dine with us the next day, and I had my reasons for keeping on good terms with her; she was wealthy, and her money helped me in my business.

Dinner-time came. My wife met me with tears in her eyes. "Oh, George!" she said, "aunt Judith is here, and dinner is ready, and that tiresome, nasty Samuel has dug over the garden and cut up every single plant of horse-radish into little bits, and aunt *won't* eat beef without it."

It could not be helped. There was no time to send to Turnips, and if there had been I would not have humiliated myself to him, after having proudly told him that in future I should grow my own herbs.

So dinner was eaten, and we all were cross and out of temper over it. My aunt ate only potatoes and gravy, and refused beef shorn of her favorite garnishing. Before she left she said to me: "Oh, George! I wish to invest that thousand pounds that I lent you in 'Cheatem and Doer' stock, and I am sorry to have to ask you to repay it to me so soon, but you must contrive to let me have it next week." I paid her the money, but it injured my business, and, as I sat at the window, looking into my garden, now bare and desolate (for Samuel had left me, and I had not replaced him), I thought bitterly of my fancy for growing my own herbs, and what it had brought upon me.

"I think, my dear," remarked my wife, "that I see some of the horseradish coming up again." Yes! It *was* coming up again! It *did* come up again! Do you know how horseradish grows? Did you ever hear of the Hydra, a beast with a hundred heads, which, if one was cut off, burst out with a new crop of half a dozen? Have you read of the marvelous vitality of wheat? Of its growing, when planted, after it had been clasped for thousands of years in the hand of a mummy? Have you heard of seeds, buried in the earth for unknown ages, germinating into new forms of vegetable life, when some railway cutting exposed them to air and light? Well, they are nothing to horseradish! Cut it up into pieces, and every piece sends out a dozen shoots and offsets; bury it, and it forces its way up; cast it down on the naked soil, and it puts up a shoot to the light, and sends a root into the earth; its stringy fibres run like a mole under the ground, and come up again in unexpected places a huge bunch of pungent green; it scatters seeds, and they grow in a season to seed and increase again. I learned all this, but too late. In another month my garden was a wilderness of coarse green! Every fragment that Samuel had dug in became a score, ay, a hundred plants, I tore them out of the walks, the beds, the borders, uprooting my trim box-edging and destroying my neat gravel-walks.

At last my wife said to me: "George, I am so sorry that you should be mortified in this manner by that dreadful horseradish. Let us get it carefully dug up, and we will have the garden sown with grass and make it into a lawn. A few nice shrubs will look nearly as well as the flowers, and we shall have no trouble with them."

So we got a man to fork up the plants as well as he could, and my garden disappeared; the roots were carefully thrown aside in a heap, and grass was sown over the place where my flowers had been so gay.

But the grass would *not* grow into a lawn. It did certainly come up here and there in patches, but, before it could grow, the broad curling leaves of my enemy began to spread over it. It was vain to cut it down; it sprang up again in a day or two; the fine threads from the roots grew quickly into cords, so that to pull it up was to destroy my lawn.

I humbled myself so far as to send for Samuel Spikenard; but all the advice he gave me was to try sodding, saying, "Them as 'ad it put in orts for to know 'ow for to get it hout." He treated me as one would do who sees a gleam of returning reason in a lunatic.

"I will have it sodded," said I to Clara; "it will make a croquet-ground." (The game had just then been invented.)

Not long after this my neighbor, old Mr. Dunlop, came to call on me. He was an old salt, and had been a captain of a ship, where he had seen some rough service. He had a mast fully rigged in his garden, and two ship's carronades and a pile of shot menaced all those who approached his veranda. His head was bald and shining, and his strong heavy face was of the color of mahogany. His back was broad as that of a turtle, and his legs were like pillars set wide apart. He had been a strict disciplinarian in his ship, and he now ruled his house and garden by the most rigid and inflexible laws. Not a thing was out of its place; nothing was permitted to go wrong, especially among his geraniums, pansies, and carnations, which engrossed his whole care and attention. Do you know how a man of that kind can swear when he is angry? Do you know how he can act when he is crossed? Yes; you have not been so long in the world without knowing something about it!

It was five o'clock in the morning, when I hurried down to answer his impatient rattle at my door (I am not an early riser). I dare not repeat the language he used. Clara looked out of the window, fearing he would kill me, and trembled as she listened.

"Do you know, Sir—do you know that you've been and piled five tons of nasty stinking horse-radish against my hedge, Sir, and that it's grown through, Sir, into my garden, and is smothering the carnation that I was going to send to Dogglebury Flower Show, Sir? Do you think, Sir, that because you are such an idiot, Sir, as to grow it yourself, Sir, that I want it straying on my premises, Sir? I hold you liable for all consequences, Sir; and if you don't have it cleared away, Sir, before the end of the week, I'll—" The remainder of the sentence I can not record here.

I stammered out my regret, and promised in a faltering voice to have it removed. Alas! how often had I tried in vain to remove it!

The next day the pile was taken to the opposite side of the garden. I tried to burn it, but it would not burn; it was growing at every joint, and was as green and moist as it could be. How bare the hedge looked where it had been, and I could see through it the long shoots that had crept into my neighbor's garden.

"I will try to pull them out," said I to myself, but my heart sank in my bosom. I knew how vain it would be to try to get rid of the plague. I carefully drew the long, ropy roots toward me. I saw them leave a long furrow in my neighbor's soil! Some of his choice flowers seem to move! I gave a stronger pull; there was a crash of glass, and I fell backward, drawing through the hedge the prize carnation entangled with my intrusive plant; and I had pulled down also a glass frame, to the utter ruin of the remaining flowers.

From that time forth I had an enemy next door. My poor wife could no longer walk in the garden, owing to the growling and cursing of the venerable tar. Her health began to droop.

The ground had been sodded, and was kept mown, but a day or two would cover it with the noxious plant. Simpson, who used to be considered the crack croquet player, would join our little croquet parties now and then; but he complained that his eyes smarted so much on my ground that he never could make a decent stroke. The lawn had to be freshly mown for every party, and the horrid effluvium of the root filled our nostrils. Our crochet meetings were finally broken up by old Dunlop. He had treasured up his vengeance and my stray roots for a fitting opportunity; and, at our last meeting, he poured a shower of roots and leaves over the hedge, mingled with a torrent of imprecations on the fools who liked horseradish, and who should have all he had to spare.

"Let us leave this place, Clara," said I; "I can endure this no longer; we will let this house and take another."

"Oh, George!" replied she; "it is just what I have been wishing for. Baby has been nearly poisoned in the garden with a piece of that dreadful stuff that he picked up; and when it bit his dear little tongue, he rubbed his eyes with his fingers, till they are as red as fire, and, oh! so dreadfully sore! Yes; let us go!"

At last we found a young couple who were willing to take the house; the garden had been nicely mown the day they came to look at it, and they only remarked on the curious smell. "I should like some flower-beds cut out in this grass," said the bride. I held my breath, and said nothing. We soon after left for another house farther away from town. You may be sure I looked carefully to see what was growing in the garden!

But my tenants did not stay long; they said nothing could be done with the garden, and that we must have been accustomed to supply all London with horseradish.

For a long time the house was unlet. Mr.

Dunlop was dead, and I visited the place occasionally. It was embedded in a forest of rough leaves.

At last I found a tenant who, I thought, would suit me exactly. "I don't care for the garden," said he. "If you'll do a little papering and whitewashing, and build me a stable for my hunters, you can pave the garden and make it into a yard, and, as the situation suits me, I will take it on a five years' lease."

You may be sure I was not long in coming to terms, and in having the stable run up and the garden nicely paved over. "And now," thought I, "that matter is settled for good." You may judge what were my feelings when Tom Tandem, my tenant, came, with a long face, into my counting-house three months afterward, saying, "I want you to take that lease off my hands. I am not particular about terms, but I *must* be rid of the place. There is some nasty plant that grows between the paving-stones of the yard, and we can not get it out, though half the pavement has been disturbed by pulling at it. But that is not the worst. A lot of it began to grow in the stable, and when my groom pulled it up, Sir, there was a smell just like new mustard, that set my horses coughing and sneezing and kicking as if they were mad. They have smashed the stalls to pieces, and half-killed the groom into the bargain."

"Call to-morrow," said I, "and in the meantime I will think about it." But I mentally determined that I would not let my tenant off his lease if I knew it.

The next morning I received a letter and my tenant at the same moment. Having read my letter, I turned to him. "'Tandem," said I, "I am glad to be able to meet your wishes, and to let you off your lease on easy terms. The 'Cheatem and Doer' Railway Company have just sent me notice that they require the property that you occupy for their new Swindlum Junction Extension, and I mean to send them word that they can have it on reasonable terms, and without giving themselves the trouble of passing it through the hands of professional valuers."

Well, the "Cheatem and Doer" took my house and demolished it. The country-lane, the Elm Tree Row disappeared; a great cutting, like a half-healed scar, ran through the desolated fields, where bricks were now burned, and shabby little rows of houses, fit neither for town nor country, sprang up. Close by Elm Row Station there was a rough verdure on the bank, though all else was black cinders or grimy clay. I lived some way down the new line now, and noted that last landmark of my old residence, where all else had disappeared before the ruthless tide of so-called improvement. *I* knew what it was, but it was no trouble to me now.

Two years after the line was opened my aunt Judith sat, as usual at Christmas time, at my table.

"Ah, George!" sighed she, "I wish I had never taken that thousand pounds from you to invest in that shocking 'Cheatem and Doer' Line! Ever since they made the new Swindlum Extension they have never paid a penny of dividend, and they tell me I could not give the shares away!"

No doubt she would have run on with a long catalogue of troubles about her railway property, had not the wail of a wretched song from the hard-frozen road fallen upon our ears. Somehow the note seemed familiar to me, and I went to the window. A poor, broken-down, ragged old man was shuffling along the street. In spite of his battered hat and cracked boots, his ten days' beard, his shrunken limbs, and withered, famine-stricken face, I recognized my old gardener, Samuel Spikenard.

One feels soft-hearted at Christmas time; so, forgetting the wrong he had done me, I ran to the door and called him. "Why, Samuel," said I, "what has brought you to this?"

"Ay, Sir," replied he, "*you* may well ax me that! I'm a ruined man, Sir—a ruined man! Ay, deary me! To think of my bewtiffle gardin, as I owned an' tended like a pet child!"

"And what has become of it, Samuel? Why did you part with it, when you were doing so well, and with so many new customers coming to your neighborhood, too, by the Swindlum Extension?"

"'Twas that as done it, Sir! Yes, yes! that done it. You know, Sir, I was allus so pertickler to hev' rich, fresh soil put in every year; that was the secret of my flowers, Sir; an' two year ago a contractor come to me, and, 'Samuel,' sez he, 'I've a splendid lot o' soil as 'll suit you.' 'Where does it come from?' sez I, for I was allus so pertickler to know as it should come from a right sort o' place. 'Well,' sez he, 'it's jest been dug from a stable and stable-yard, as the new line's a goin' through, an' it's as full o' likkid menure as it can be.' 'Send me ten loads,' sez I. So when the soil came, Sir (my eyes isn't as good as they was, Sir), there was a smell about it as reminded me o' you, Sir; but, thinks I, it's the likkid menure. So I digs it into the strawberries, an' I pots all my choice plants in it, and spreads the rest through my gardin. You can guess the rest, Sir, I sees by your face. Yes, Sir! So it was, Sir! When I digged that ere orsradish into you, Sir, I never thought as 'ow it would come back to be digged into myself; but so it was, Sir. Next summer it was orsradish here, and orsradish there, and every wheres around me. I fought it till the next spring, but it beat me then, and I had to turn out. I was too old to go out gardnin', and here I am, Sir, as you see."

I gave him five shillings. I confess my eye brimmed with a tear. "Samuel," said I, "you know what retribution is; but I forgive you." I have not seen him since. I know not whether the evil spirit that haunts that spot, in the form of horseradish, is laid by my forgiveness; we shall see.

But here comes my eldest son from school, and I can see "news" in his face.

"Well, my boy! What wonder have you to tell us of to-day?"

"Oh, papa! have you heard of the frightful accident at Elm Row Station to-day? A poor old man tripped just at the same part of the platform that Sir Joseph Dollars fell down on when he broke his collar-bone, for which he recovered six thousand pounds damages from the 'Cheatem and Doer' Company. The poor old man fell under the wheels of the express-train, and is killed. They say there is a lot of horseradish from some old garden under that part of the platform, and that it forces up the paving-tiles so that it is impossible to keep them level for a fortnight together."

"Did you hear the man's name, my boy?"

"Yes, papa; it was rather a curious one; it was Samuel Spikenard."

My wife looked at me and said, in a low voice, "My dear, you are right. The place *is* haunted!"

AN ANCIENT DUCHESS.

THE Duchess of Orleans, the mother of the dissolute Regent and great-great-grandmother of the sober-sided Citizen King Louis Philippe of France, has revealed herself by an abundant and intimate correspondence so fully and thoroughly that those who read it may know her better than even her contemporaries.

The Duchess was a German princess, born in Heidelburg, in 1652, and at nineteen years of age was taken to France and given in marriage, for reasons of state policy alone, by Louis XIV. to his brother, *Monsieur* as he was called, the Duke of Orleans. She frankly tells us, and her story is not belied by her contemporaries, that she was horribly ugly. "I was always ugly and was made still more so," she says, "by the small-pox. My waist is of a monstrous thickness, and I am as square as a cube; my skin is red and mottled with yellow spots; my hair is turning gray; my nose is quilted by the small-pox, as are also my cheeks; I have an enormous mouth and rotten teeth." With all this ugliness by nature she was not disposed to beautify herself by art had it been possible. "I do not see," she exclaims, "what people want with so many costumes; all I have got are my single grand Court and hunting suit; I have no other; I never wore in my life a *robe de chambre* or a cloak, and in my whole wardrobe I have but one night-gown to put on." This is a confession of a scantiness of costume on the part of a genuine Duchess which must sound strange in the ears of our democratic dames, who, with all the resources of a Saratoga trunk at their command, still complain of "nothing to wear."

The Duchess was fond of horses and dogs, of the latter of which she had always at least a dozen in her bedroom. According to one of her letters, in which she never fails to chronicle the daily life of her pets, Charmille pupped upon the skirt of that "single grand dress" in the august presence of Madame the Princess of Condé, who was paying her a visit at the time. Charmille was accordingly rebaptized and known ever after as *Robe*.

The Duchess was not more nice in diet than in dress. She thought a good dish of sour-krout and smoked sausages worthy to set before a king, and declared that a soup of cabbage and bacon was preferable to all the delicacies of Versailles. "I can not bear," she says, "your tea, coffee, and chocolate. What I would like is a good beer-soup; but I can not get it, for the beer in France is good for nothing."

With such a diet, requiring the digestive power of a horse, it is not surprising that the hearty Duchess made use of a regimen of living and exercise of proportionate rudeness. She had been in at the death, according to her own account, of more than a thousand stags, and was in the habit of following the hounds twice a week from morning to night. With sour-krout, smoked sausage, beer-soup, hard riding, and the invigorating air of the country, the kennel, and the stable, she became so tough of flesh, skin, and bone that she was almost invulnerable. "Of the twenty-six falls," she says, "that I have had from my horse, I have been seriously injured but once."

She was no great favorite with her contemporaries of the licentious court of the debauched Regent. This is not surprising, for she did not like what they liked—gambling, dancing, and conjugal infidelity. For these were the dames who, as Sydney Smith says, violated all the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers. The Duchess had too sound a conscience for the one, and too wholesome a stomach for the other.

Though on her marriage her parents had, for state reasons, turned her over nominally to the Catholics she remained in heart a Protestant. She read her Bible fearlessly while Louis XIV., under the command of the "saintly" Maintenon, was dragooning the reformers. During the Regency she interposed and saved the lives of hundreds of Protestants, condemned for reading their Bibles and worshiping according to their consciences. The toleration of her son, the Regent, which was the saving virtue of that sinful mortal, was due mainly to the teaching and direct influence of his Protestant-born mother.

The Duchess never fears to speak her mind in regard to Catholic observances and priesthood. "I am well persuaded," she says, "that we can perform a better work than spoil our stomachs with eating fish." On another occasion she writes to a Protestant sister; "Believe me, the object of Christianity among all sects is the same; the difference, we notice, is the mere idle talk of the priests, and does not concern honest people; but this is what concerns us, to live righteously like Christians, to be merciful, and practice charity and virtue."

She had a horror of the excesses of her day. The drunkenness of women, which was common, she denounces with the vigor of a temperance lecturer, and cries out with horror at the ladies of the court putting their fingers into every proffered snuff-box. The Duchess was not all virtue; but the worst that could be said against her by the French was that she was a German princess, haughty, reserved, and alike averse to the emasculated refinements and gross debauchery of the Court of Versailles. "Her ugliness," says a chronicler, "was repulsive, and she displeased every one by her moody pride. A stranger in the brilliant court where she was forced to live, she was always a German in France. To her husband, whom she despised (and with good reason), she was complacent and amiable, in order that she might be well treated, and left undisturbed. Louis XIV. esteemed her virtue, and the loyalty of her rude frankness; her masculine tastes, her passion for dogs and horses had his approbation and sympathy."

She spent all the time she could spare from the hunt and other outdoor exercise with her horses and dogs in writing letters. Her correspondents were her relatives on the thrones and in the courts throughout Europe, and not a day passed that she did not indite at least a dozen sheets. She frequently says: "I must stop, for I have five letters yet to write to-night."

Though, like most High Mightinesses of those days, she was a believer in the divine right of kings and other royal folks to enjoy, and of people to suffer, she does not seem to have been without sympathy with the oppressed of France. In this story there is a muttering in advance, and a lurid gleam of the future storm. "Yesterday," she says, "I was told a painful story of a woman who stole a loaf of bread in France. The baker wanted her arrested. She said, as she wept, 'If you knew my misery, you would not wish to take this bread from me. I have three little naked children. They cried for bread; I could stand it no longer, and I stole the loaf.' The policeman went to her home, and there found three children wrapped in rags, and lying in a corner trembling with the cold. He asked one of them: 'Where is your father?' The child replied, 'Behind the door.' The policeman looked, and drew back with horror: the wretch had hanged himself in despair. Such occurrences take place every day," adds the Duchess.

It is curious to learn that this masculine woman had for a husband one who was the most effeminate of persons in mind and body, cheated and despised by his favorites, intriguing, incapable of keeping a secret, indulging in the most abominable tastes, to which scandal gave the greatest publicity. A prince clinging to life with a cowardly tenacity, passing his days in total idleness, incapable of any application to business or serious study. He was adorned like a woman, covering himself with rings, bracelets, jewels, and ribbons wherever he could put them; saturated with all kinds of perfumes, and accused, apparently with justice, of using rouge.

By some curious *hocus pocus* of nature the souls of the Duke and Duchess had evidently been misplaced. She says herself that when she was a child she preferred playing with a sword and gun to a doll, and would have liked to be born a boy. "This wish," she declares, "almost cost me my life; for having heard it said that Marie Germain had become a man by jumping, I set to work leaping, so that it is a miracle I had not broken my neck a hundred times."

Madame the Duchess died in the full odor of sanctity at the age of seventy, a year before the death of her son the Regent. She was buried in that tomb of kings—St. Denis; and her memory was honored with a funeral eulogy by the eloquent Massillon.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

I CAN no longer chronicle for the benefit of my American readers the doings in London. Every one has flown from the hot, dusty town to the quiet and rest of a country life, or are seeking fresh excitement—living before a new world—at the sea-side. As I told you when I last wrote, I had repaired to the good old town of Norwich, in order to be present at the meeting of the British Association there. You, too, have but recently had a meeting of this kind in your hemisphere; so it may interest you to know how we manage such things here, more especially as ladies now are beginning to take an active interest therein. Intellectual women are on the increase, and are brave enough to dare public opinion and own their special penchants.

This British Association is purely of a scientific character. It holds yearly meetings at different parts of the country for the sake of discussing scientific subjects. It selects from among the various places which yearly solicit the honor of its attendance the one most suitable for the purpose. Last year the little town of Dundee, in Scotland, was the spot chosen. The great manufacturing town of Birmingham has had its turn not long ago, as well as the University city of Oxford. The annual meeting is always fixed for the autumn, and lasts a week. The Association divides itself into seven sections, each under its special professor, viz.: A. Mathematical and Physical Science—President, Professor Tyndall. B. Chemical Science—President, Professor Frankland. C. Geology—President, Mr. R. A. C. Godwin-Austin. D. Biology—President, the Rev. J. M. Berkely. E. Geography and Ethnology—President, Captain Richards. F. Economic Science and Statistics—President, Samuel Brown. G. Mechanical Science—President, G. Bidder, C.E. All these Presidents are men whose names are household words among us in connection with the special science over which they presided. All the lecture-rooms, libraries, ball-rooms, etc., the town possessed were hired, and each section took up its quarters at one of them. The Masonic Hall at Norwich had been turned into a reception-room, which was the head-quarters of the Association, where the General Committees sat, the reporters wrote, and the members generally met to write and read, stationery and papers being liberally supplied. The principal room thus became the general rendezvous, and a very pleasant rendezvous, too. A post-office was attached to it, as well as a luggage-office. Indeed, the comfort of visitors was in every way consulted and provided for. A payment of one sovereign made you a temporary member, and enabled you to enjoy all these advantages, and to attend every section, as well as a flower-show which was going on simultaneously, and all the other entertainments and amusements—every thing, in fact, connected with the meeting of the Association.

Norwich is usually a dull country town, one of the most interesting and the largest, nevertheless, in the eastern part of England. It is a quaint, curious old town, such as one lights upon often in this little island of ours; a town which had its origin in a Roman camp probably, and has gone on growing century by century, the new patched on to the old until it has grown into a modern manufacturing city of no little importance.

Colman, the maker of mustard and starch, who exports a great deal to your country, has large manufactories here. Crape, mohair, rich shawls, paramattas, bombazine, poplins, are all specially Norwich goods. These are the modern side of the picture. Its grand old Norman castle, now used as a jail, the fine cathedral, older still, but well preserved; the narrow streets, with here and there overhanging upper stories, curious pieces of carving, centuries old, tell of age and past grandeur and beauty, as well as modern prosperity.

For a few days before the meeting actually took place the usually quiet streets were wondrously full and bustling, and each train brought an influx of visitors, mostly very palpable savans with long hair and fully developed bodies, and of somewhat eccentric dress, accompanied by the female members of their families—fine, elegant women, who formed a strong contrast to their lords and masters.

The proceedings commenced by an Inaugural address from the new President of the Association, Dr. Hooker, a Norfolk man and a savant in every sense of the word. His father, Sir William Hooker, held for many years the head appointment at Kew, our chief Botanical Gardens, and at his death this son succeeded him. The Duke of Buccleugh was last year's President; he also was present, and gave up his office in a graceful speech to his successor, and then Dr. Hooker delivered his address, which occupied two hours, and touched on scientific progress generally throughout the country. This set the ball rolling, and next day all the sections begun their labors at eleven and continued until three, and so on for a week. They all work simultaneously, and it is somewhat amusing to meet the people at every corner of the street rushing from one to the other. They have never been better attended, especially by ladies; half the audiences pretty well every where were of the fair sex. Section E, Geography and Ethnology, and Section F, Economic Science and Statistics, were the favorites. They were crowded every day, the committees of the various sections occupying the platform, the public the body of the hall, meeting-house, or lecture-room, whatever it might be. In the centre of the platform was the President in his high carved-back chair, and the secretaries beside him, all seated at green baize covered tables.

Any body who chose to send in a paper within the province of the science of which any particular section treated had to submit to the decision of the committee as to whether it were read or not. About six each day in every section was the average number.

One of the principal features of this year's meeting was the presence of two of the Abyssinian prisoners, Dr. Blane and Mr. Rassam, and of Mr. C. R. Markham, who formed part of the expedition sent to their rescue. I was fortunate enough to hear Dr. Blane and Mr. Markham both read papers. After that of the former Mr. Rassam came forward, at the suggestion of the President, for the benefit of those who cared to see him. He is a large, strongly-built man, with a bronze complexion and plenty of jet-black hair. He spoke a few words in broken English, in which he assured us that, though he had been glad enough to get away from Theodore, he regretted very much that an engagement prevented his remaining with us. Neither he nor Dr. Blane showed any signs of the hardships they had endured. This latter, a German, formed a perfect contrast to his companion; short, and stout, and very fair, with gray-blue eyes and a pleasant expression of face; his skin was bronzed with exposure, but not more than many of our own countrymen after a few weeks' shooting. Very quiet, very gentlemanly, and very well dressed, he looked more like a London beau than the hero of so sad and trying a captivity. When one thought of it all it seemed almost unaccountable that the two should be walking arm in arm about the quiet Cathedral Close just like any other mortals.

Another event, even more interesting to us, was that a lady read a paper in person. In America this is by no means as uncommon a proceeding, I suppose, as it is here, though it is not the first time it has been done even at the British Association; for when the meeting took place at Oxford Miss Carpenter read a paper on a subject with which her name is so justly and honorably associated, viz., Female Emigration. This year Miss Becker read a paper in Section F. (Economic Science and Statistics) on "Some supposed Differences in the Minds of Men and Women with Regard to Educational Necessities."

She is a most clever, clear-headed woman, between thirty and forty, with a pleasant physiognomy, and wearing spectacles. She was well and suitably dressed in a black silk and a white bonnet, and she said all she had to say with perfect self-possession. She delivered her opinions in clear, logical language, and was received with the greatest applause. This section met in the Museum of the town, and every nook and corner of it was crowded. A most animated discussion followed; but the fair orator found no entire or hearty supporters of her theories save in two other ladies, who addressed a few words to the meeting—a Miss Robertson, who merely seconded the propositions, and Mrs. Fellowes, a daughter of Sir Rowland Hill, who made a few very sensible remarks on the imperfect manner in which girls are educated in fashionable ladies' schools.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon, the author of "New America" and "Spiritual Wives," read a very interesting paper, "The Great Prairies and Prairie Indians;" Mr. Gifford Palgrave, the author of a very generally read book on Arabia, another on the "Northeast Turkish Frontier and its Tribes;" Mr. Glarshier one on Meteors, etc. In fact, many of the papers were so intensely interesting, and read by men the sight of whom was in itself a sufficient attraction, that I could write you pages about them instead of columns. I have only time and space, however, left to tell you that two soirées were held in St. Andrew's Hall on the Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and were crowded to suffocation. It is at this St. Andrew's Hall the triennial festivals are held. It reminds one of a cathedral almost; indeed, at one time it formed the nave of the Convent Church of St. Andrew's. It was hung with flags and evergreens, and the Marine's band played, while a few objects of interest were exhibited; but the company was the chief attraction, and seeing and being seen the order of the day.

The hospitality of the Norwich people knew no bounds. Every house was filled with visitors, often strangers, whose scientific celebrity secured them a welcome. The Mayor gave a *déjeuner*, and Mr. Harvey—a neighboring landowner, banker, and probable M.P. for the town in the next Parliament—threw open his grounds and gave a princely entertainment at the cost of some five or six thousand pounds. We were invited at four in the afternoon, and all kinds of amusements were provided—Japanese jugglers, Chang the giant, the Tyrolese minstrels, Christys minstrels, gipsies, etc. A magnificent lunch was provided, and a display of fire-works, which kept us there until midnight, though it was nominally a morning fête. The grounds of his house, which is about two miles from Norwich, slope down to the river's banks, and the colored lights thrown on the water as soon as the shades of night closed in was a sight never to be forgotten. The banks were loaded with flowers. A boat-house had been turned for the nonce into an elegant kiosk, where ices, tea, and American drinks were dispensed, and the bright light on the water displayed to full advantage the fine back-ground of trees which ran the whole length of the estate.

So you see we had science presented under a very pleasing aspect, which was thoroughly enjoyed by every body.

I see among the list of those present the name of Professor Gross, from Philadelphia, as well as other names well known to you on your side of the Atlantic.

ARDERN HOLT.

Carriage and Evening Toilettes.

Fig. 1.—Dress of violet taffeta, trimmed with two bouillonnés, encircled with three bias folds of violet satin. Short over-skirt of black silk gauze, bordered with a flounce of the same, and looped up at the sides by gauze rosettes. Gauze fichu like the over-skirt, and trimmed in the same manner.

Fig. 2.—Dress of light-blue faye, trimmed with white moss fringe arranged on the front *en tablier*, and round the bottom in irregular points. Low corsage trimmed with fringe arranged *en plastron*.

Fig. 3.—Dress of rose de Chine satin, glacé with white, with flounces of the same, arranged as a tunic, and rosaces of ribbon to match, looping up the skirt so as to form a large puff behind. Soutane corsage, with piece adjusted behind and falling loose; this piece is edged with narrow bias folds of velvet of the same color as the dress. Close sleeves, trimmed with similar folds and ribbon rosaces. Black lace bonnet, trimmed with green leaves and large China rose. Gloves to match the dress.

CARRIAGE AND EVENING TOILETTES.

MORNING AND RECEPTION DRESSES.—[SEE PAGE 810.]

WALKING AND TRAVELING DRESSES.—[SEE PAGE 810.]

Morning and Reception Dresses.

See Illustration on page 809.

Fig. 1.—Trained skirt of white alpaca, embroidered round the bottom with a wreath of blue braid, with sprays running up each breadth. Little Moldavian jacket, cut square at the bottom and heart-shaped in front, trimmed like the skirt and bordered with a ruche of blue ribbon. Chemise Russe of white muslin, with puffed sleeve; a narrow blue ribbon is run through the last puff and tied at the wrist. Dead gold medallion on a blue ribbon round the neck. Hair dressed in the Watteau style, combed up very high from the nape of the neck, and confined by a blue ribbon with rosette at the side. Blue satin slippers with silver buckles.

Fig. 2.—Dress of green taffeta, glacé with chestnut. Short skirt trimmed with three scalloped flounces, each of which is headed by a narrow pinked ruche. Large puff at the back, caught up very much on the sides. Flat, square tunic in front, connected with the puff by a broad hanging lappet at each side. The bottom of the puff and tunic is edged with a scalloped flounce, and the lappet is trimmed with a narrow pinked ruche. Plain corsage and close sleeve; a scalloped frill forms the epaulet and cuff, with a pinked ruche as the heading. Sash with broad ends, bordered with a scalloped frill. Swiss standing collar and cuffs. Saxony gloves. Bronze gaiters.

Walking and Traveling Dresses.

See Illustration on page 809.

Fig. 1.—Street dress. White straw bonnet, depressed in front, with round crown encircled by pleated black lace and bunches of leaves. Rose and leaves under the front and on each side over the lace strings. Dress of bear's-ear Japanese foulard, trimmed with black satin folds and silk fringe. High corsage, with three satin folds passing round the neck and extending down the front. Face trimming of the same on the back. Sleeves somewhat full from the elbow downward. Swiss sash, with bretelles in front and back, and large bow with pleated ends half a yard wide. Very full over-skirt, pleated at the top, and looped up behind under the sash and on each side with satin fan-bows. Underskirt scalloped and trimmed with bias folds, with a pinked flounce set underneath.

Fig. 2.—Traveling dress. Russian toque, edged with curled feathers or fur, with golden pheasant's plumes and a pink ribbon rosette at the side. Pink ribbon strings tied behind. Long dress of plain green cashmere. Half-high corsage. Sleeves rather full. Swiss chemisette of tucked muslin. Large cloak of Scotch plaid without sleeves. Two cloak capes, the upper one looped up behind by two rosettes, and the under one round. Skirt of cloak short in front, cut up at the sides and longer behind. Silk rosettes and ruches. Round plain belt.

Fig. 3.—Street dress for girl from four to six years old. Straw toque with revers open in front and bound with satin. Blue curled feather at the side. Dark blue poplin skirt, in close pleats. Light blue Russian tight-fitting basque, cut low in front, and overlapping under the belt. The skirt of the basque is short, and plain in front with two pleats behind. Border and buttons of blue satin. A little cape of poplin like the dress, trimmed with a pleating of the same, is set on the back, and slopes up in front under the arms. High chemisette.

AUNT LENORE'S BURGLAR.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

WE sat round the feeble flicker of fire that had been lighted on the hearth that damp September evening, all of us secretly thankful, no doubt, that it was too damp and chill for a single unclosed window on the ground-floor, and some of us openly, and without fear of rebuke, giving frightened glances over our shoulders now and then, to make sure there was no face peering in from the outside of the unguarded window-panes, and that the scrambling of the mice behind the panels, or the tapping of the branches on the blinds, was not the preliminary challenge of some desperate highwayman ere he demanded our money or our lives. For it was more than suspected that there was an association of that class of gentlemen in the neighborhood, since it was only the night before that our house had been entered by thieves, and Quintilia, a Roman woman in stature but not in courage, had all in a flash started wide awake in the dead of the night to find a man in the room, busily absorbed in the delights of rifling her toilette-table drawers. There were all her corals, her curious, costly corals, that Uncle Robert had purchased for her only that day week, as dear to her vanity-loving heart as the apple of her eye until the bloom of their possession should wear off, and the thief would have his hand on them presently. But oh, he might take them and welcome, if then he would only go! She lay there, staring through her lashes; those languid lashes of Quintilia's, that people raved about so, never did such a stroke of work in all their lazy lives before—and suddenly, when waiting and terror had surmounted the very last pitch of her power of endurance, she rose with her whole immense height upon the bed, wrapping herself in the sheets as she rose, towered there one trembling instant, and then sprang past the man into the hall, a horrible apparition of white silence, so terrifying the poor house-breaker himself that, not to be outdone, he leaped from the second story window into the garden, breaking his ankle and leaving behind him the useless incumbrance of three gold watches and a diamond brooch with which he had enriched himself in some other outraged domicile.

"It is the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of," said Aunt Lenore, "his being overcome and vanquished by Quintilia, who is afraid to speak loud to a kitten. They are just like stray cows in the streets, it seems—these thieves—more afraid of us than we can possibly be of them; for we have only our jewelry to lose, and they have 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness' at stake."

"What a scare he must have had!" exclaimed young Rob. "He took you for a ghost, Kinny, the white Death, or something else as annihilating. Try the idea on the next lover that besets you like a fly in August."

"Why didn't you speak to him?" asked Aunt Lenny, demurely.

"Speak to him!" cried Quintilia, every thing else in her mind evaporating before the bare fancy of such a proceeding.

"Oh, you little coward!" cried Aunt Lenny, laughing. "You Brobdignagian coward, rather! So great a coward that your very fright was frightful; and a man who came prepared to take life, if he couldn't take silver, flings himself out the window at the risk of breaking his neck rather than confront your terror. Oh, degenerate generation! Unworthy of the one that went before you!"

"Why, what would you have had me do?" asked Quintilia, rousing a little, her ray of indignant inquiry having the effect upon her quietude of a single fire-fly in a whole summer night. "Should I have lain still," said she, "and let him go on? You would have laughed in a different fashion if I had turned over and gone to sleep, and you had found an empty plate-chest in the morning and not a brooch for a collar in all the house."

"Do you mean to say that you had a single thought of us, or the plate-chest, or the collars in the morning, at the moment when you executed your grand conception?"

"Of course not. I only meant to get away from him. That was all. I don't pretend I thought of any thing else—that one thought was big enough to fill all the mind I have, you know. Besides, I was afraid; oh! I was fear itself; I don't believe any of you can ever have known what it is to be absolutely afraid—it is like the beginning of total annihilation. Why, what would you have had me do?" asked Quintilia again, somewhat warmly. "You say yourselves that those wretches always come prepared to take life if they should be discovered; should I have opened a conversation with him and had a bullet for reply?"

"That is what I did with my burglar twenty years ago and over," said Aunt Lenore. "And I had no bullet for reply at all."

"With your burglar?"

"Certainly—my burglar."

"Didn't know you had such a piece of property, mother," said young Rob. "Stock company or private enterprise? Did you charter him? Run him on shares? What were the net profits, may we ask?"

"Private enterprise undoubtedly, I should say; very private. And as for the net profits, you young scape-grace, they were nearly every thing that your father and I have in this world. Didn't I ever tell you about it, girls? Rob has heard it twenty times before, I'm quite sure, for all his new counting-room impertinence. No? Then I will now. But it's one of the family secrets, remember. It was very much such a night as this one is, if I recall it rightly—one of those thick nights that seem to muffle sounds, damp and chilly, with a watery moonlight drifting every where through the spongy air. The very sort of a night for ghosts, Quintilia—you're not afraid of ghosts? Well, thank Heaven, we're not going to talk about ghosts, or we should soon see whether you are afraid of them or not! I will confess, in the first place, that I have a slight prejudice myself against moonlight nights; they always take moonlight nights for their operations, these breakers and enterers do; it gives them great advantages. And on the night in question your Uncle Robert was away on business, and I was all alone in my wing of the house, and if I had screamed till I brought about a hemorrhage of the lungs and no less not a single soul could have heard me. Knowing this fact, when I had entered my room at night I had locked the door fast, and tried it, had put a pair of scissors as securely as I could over the side-window, whose spring was broken, looked under the bed and the lounge and the secretary, with great particularity, and into the corners and behind the towel-rack and the old-fashioned arm-chair; and had peered into the closets, and poked all the dresses there up against the wall with a stick in order to make sure that there was no one hidden among their folds. I reflected whether any one could get into the drawers of the clothes-presses, but gave up the conundrum, and contented myself with fastening them so that if one were hidden there the fate of Ginevra was his portion; into my great empty trunk, where a couple of thieves could very well have bestowed themselves, I hesitated to examine; I locked and strapped it down and let them stifle if they were there. One of the closet-doors, I remembered, held fast, as if some one were trying to keep it closed on the inside; it was only an atmospheric pressure, I presume; but it disturbed me. You are the image of what I was at your age, Quintilia. I got into bed with an uneasy sensation that some one would seize my foot, and I lay awake for a time with my heart beating a tattoo; and in consequence, when I did sleep, I slept soundly. They say that when burglars are going to attempt a house they usually watch it first for a while, and so learn the habits of its residents; my burglar then must have ascertained that I always kept a lamp burning at night, turned down just low enough to make a twilight in the room—a bad habit for me, but an exceedingly convenient one for him; he must also have discovered that your Uncle Robert had gone away for that night, and that night only, and that he had sold a field on Rashleigh Hill for a thousand dollars and left the money with me, and that I was a timid woman in delicate health, who had never so much as handled fire-arms—for I shut my eyes when I see a pistol now—and without the strength of a fly. He might have learned all this and a good deal more if he was the quiet lodger in an opposite house commanding the one where we were, as I have always supposed he was. We were boarding at that time, and as Mrs. Furness, our landlady, used her own silver and left it openly of nights on the dining-room table down stairs, so that a thief might seize it and run—a sort of reward of merit or bounty upon house-breaking—she evidently had no need of mine, and far from trusting a spoon of it in her hands I kept it in the shelter of my own bedroom above. As for locking-up, though it might answer to keep a thief in a trunk if you had him there, it would never keep a thief out of a trunk; I had no real faith in it; if thieves found a thing locked, of course they imagined there was something inside worth locking up. I believed far more in strategy; and possessing a Chinese wicker-chair, the lower part of which was in the shape of an hour-glass, I every night deposited my basket of spoons and forks and ladles, cream-pot, sugar-dish, and urn, underneath this chair, confident that no burglar would ever have dreamed of looking for it there, though the open wicker-work hardly hid it. Nevertheless I am free to confess that that wicker-chair was the pest of my life. It had a way of expanding and contracting unaccountably with the variations of the atmosphere, like the mercury in a thermometer, which in the daytime I hardly noticed, but which at night drove me frantic. How many a time, in the still night when my lamp had gone out, had I heard that evil-minded chair give a crack like a stealthy step on the stairs of the old house, stretching itself so cautiously yet so suggestively, and I had started up on my elbow to listen, and all at once the step had seemed to be in the room itself, squeaking across the floor, and then visions of sudden death danced across my eyes in the dark and were forgotten in the absolute certainty that the thief was cautiously lifting the chair and making away with my basket of silver—all wedding-presents and the best of coin! When I discovered that it was the wicker-work itself that made all that cracking and creaking, I became convinced that the chair was haunted, and used to lie awake nights imagining that I saw a ghost sitting uneasily in its embrace, a horrible antipodean ghost with almond eyes and queue; but finally Robert explained the Chinese puzzle to me, and my waking nightmare disturbed me no more. On the night of which I am telling you, and when your uncle was away, I put the silver beneath the chair according to my custom, and then I bethought myself where I should conceal my other valuables. I was not exactly a fool, but had a little show of reason in being somewhat more anxious than usual, because there had been several burglaries committed lately in the town; and, not a week before, the little child of our next-door neighbor had told her mother when she came to bed that she had seen a great black gobbler walking over the carpet that night, and was laughed at and lullabied for her pains, until the morning, when it was discovered that the gobbler had 'gobbled up' every thing precious and convertible that he could reach. I did not believe in locks, as I have said, so I took my jewelry and scattered some of it under the confusion of my laces in the upper drawer of the bureau; some I inclosed in a little calico spool-bag tossed down beside my work-basket with the thimble and tape-measure. I liked to outwit a thief when I could. It was of no use to hide my watch, its ticking would betray it; so I boldly hung it in view, as if I had taken no precautions against thieves at all; and also left openly upon the toilette-cushion my old breast-pin which I had worn all day. Meanwhile, the money. If we lost that thousand dollars, I had a conviction we should be utterly undone. Your Uncle Robert was up to his eyes in speculations, blowing bubbles that shone like mines of jewels in the air, but which invariably broke in nothingness if he went to touch and draw them in; and on the principle of hydrostatic pressure, where a drop of water balances a ton, this thousand dollars of real money was to balance a world of speculative paper, to buoy up goodness-knows-how-many promises to pay; it was to be the means, and the sole means, of all the fortune we could hope for in the future. Moreover, there were the two hundred laid by to meet a note of Robert's that came due the day after to-morrow, and there was the hundred which we always endeavored to keep on hand for our current expenses of the month. You see we were in mighty different circumstances from these which we enjoy at present, my dears. I sat down to cogitate. If I put away all this money in a lump it might all be taken in a lump, and nothing left, whereas if I parceled it in several portions, should one portion be stolen another might be overlooked. Acting on this idea, I took one of the five hundred-dollar bills, and tugging away with all my might at the marble slab of the bureau-top I contrived to lay it flatly between the marble and the wood, and replace every thing as it was before: the other one I folded and creased into small compass and laid in the tiny dish carried by two plaster-of-Paris angels representing the San Graal, where

> 'With folded feet in stoles of white
> On sleeping wings they sail.'

These angels hung high up under the cornice, and one would have been a detective as well as a thief to have thought to look there, and a man of such genius as to deserve all he found. My purse, with a half-eagle and some loose silver in its meshes, I left apparently in all unsuspiciousness on the bureau, and even ran a pin into the cushion there and through my washing-bill and a couple of small bank-bills with which to pay it. I flattered myself that was as good diplomacy of its kind as ever eluded justice. But then, what should I do with the rest? Blessed be nothing, I said, and said again; how much easier I should have slept if I had not had a cent in the world to keep guard over! I must have had a premonition, a presentiment, a warning from somewhere of the coming of a burglar that night. There was a one hundred-dollar bill. I twisted it up like a gray wisp of waste paper, and inserted it into the bunch of parti-colored lamp-lighters. If I should forget, or if any body—a thief himself, perhaps—should light that one particular wisp! The remainder of that which I had to dispose was in bills of lesser denomination. I divided it into two packages; one I laid out flat in the sole of my shoe down beside the bed, the other I inclosed in an envelope and hid under the pillow. 'There,' I said to myself, 'if any one says, Stand and deliver! I can deliver this envelope, and, if I should lose a hundred, save twelve hundred dollars by the means, any way.' Nevertheless, I had my doubts about the success of all these manœuvres of mine, for I always coupled burglars and ghosts together in one category; and back of every other fancy had a fancy that one was as omniscient and as impossible to deceive as the other. But nothing venture, nothing have. I had enjoyed my little drama of fright, concealment, and the confusion of the robbers almost as much as I do the theatre; so I turned down the light at this its close, and sprang quickly into bed, and quaked there like the miserable coward I was—a worse coward than you, Quintilia, my dear, after all, for your cowardice was sublime—imagining and conjuring up every thing in the world, whirlwinds, ghosts, days of judgment, fire, and thieves; and finally, I went to sleep, and slept soundly, as I said. I remember starting bolt upright once in the night at some slight noise, then assuring myself that it was rats, lying down and dropping off into my deep dreams again. But if my heart had beat a tattoo when I went to sleep, it was beating a reveille when at last I woke up a second time—woke up in the same entirely wide-awake way with which you woke last night, Quintilia, and to behold the same object, a large dark man completely engaged in examining and helping himself to the contents of my bureau drawers. For one long, curdling moment every drop of blood forsook my cold hands and feet to lie in a hot oppression on my sinking heart; every nerve quivered in terror and refused to obey me. I stared wild-eyed at the man, who was just then too busy to mind my insignificance, feeling the bed begin to shake beneath me with my one unending shiver. That would never do, I knew very well; yet such knowledge is not very apt to assist one to better behavior, and I suppose that it was seeing the interloper so occupied with his possible plunder, and not with thoughts of murder, that allowed me to recover myself from the dominion of the dreadful fear that had at first seized me; for, presently, I was observing his size and probable power, and, for all my fear of him, thinking rather admiringly, that he was as dark and mighty a man as Saul, a prince among men for main strength. I had best lie still and let him steal on—he could crush me with his thumb. Just then the cautiously rummaging hands of the man came across something satisfactory; he held it up to the pale ray of my friendly lamp. Ah, me! it was Robert's diamond scarf-pin, a relic of two or three generations. I had always counted upon it as equal to the emergency of another thousand dollars if the worst came to the worst, and, to postpone irretrievable disaster or gather time for fresh effort, Robert had to take it to a pawnbroker's. You see I had entered so deeply into his own speculative spirit that I was prepared for almost any contingency of that nature, and took every thing in the true determination of surmounting difficulties in one way if not in another. To-day we were respectable, to-morrow we might be paupers, but next week certainly millionaires. However, not if I suffered this man to carry off one of our main levers—that diamond scarf-pin; for, to people in our precarious circumstances, it was a lever to fortune, I can assure you. I had half the mind to speak with him, and see what would happen if I did. All he could do was to make an end of me, and, perhaps, he would do that any way when he found out that I was not asleep; for I was not one of those heroic women who can have their eyelashes burned off by a match without a quiver to signify they know it; in such case as that I should scream and he would shoot, and Heaven only knew what the rest would be if he were of the butchering order that had a fancy for making mince-meat of their victims. In the mean time, I never could bear suspense—if murder it was to be I did not want to lie there and expect it. What if I should try my persuasive powers? They had worked very well on Robert many a time. What if I should try them now? What if I should take this uninvited guest into my confidence! My teeth were chattering so, just then, that I couldn't have spoken if I would; and I was mortally afraid, every moment, that he would hear them. Moreover, how was I to begin? Suddenly? Then he would start back and trip against that hateful wicker-chair, and that of course would give way and rattle all the silver underneath it as it went; and on that silver I relied against the time when all Robert's bubbles broke, as I was sure they would some day, to have it sent to the Mint and coined into sufficient specie to stock the Western farm to which we should then retire for a period. I should hate to do it, and Robert would not let me if he knew it, but I should not tell him. I should surprise him one day with the sum in hand when he was fairly desperate. You see I was long-sighted in those days, and had my plans

running years ahead of time. What else were wedding-presents good for, I should like to know, if you could not use them as you wished? Speak to that creature I must before he dropped that scarf-pin into his pocket, whether my teeth chattered or not; and that not suddenly, but after his mind had gradually become familiarized, unconsciously, with the idea of some interruption. Of course all this mental action of mine had been instantaneous; not so much thoughts and ideas succeeding one another as stamped all in a single die upon the mind. But, perhaps, after all, I should not have found the courage to play my destined part if I had not seen him turn to open the drawer where were laid away in lavender the clothes of the little children we had lost. I could not bear that he should touch them, desecrate, profane them. In a moment the sense of it sent the blood back to its proper channels, my nerves were my own; I was as cool as ever I had been in the coolest moment of my life. I reached out my hand gently and slowly, ever so slowly, turned up the lamp, so that gradually and unsuspectingly, as twilight dawns into day, the man found himself surrounded with full, soft light, and for one instant ceased his explorations and rubbed his eyes. 'Stop a minute,' said I then, in as quiet a tone as was ever uttered, 'and look here, if you please.'

"He almost jumped as I spoke. Then he moved his head and glanced at me, and laughed in a sudden, malicious way.

"'Oh, it's you, is it?' said he. 'Well then, you just lie still or I'll put daylight through you—or lamplight either, it's all the same—in no time!'

"'But I want to speak with you,' said I, half rising and leaning upon my elbow.

"'Don't want any preaching,' said he, with quick intuition, and turning back to his work again.

"'I've no idea of preaching,' said I. 'I don't know how.'

"'Look here,' he cried, in a subdued voice, pulling out the drawer with the words, to lose no time. 'Shut your mouth, or I'll shut it for you with this!' And he showed me the but-end of a revolver.

"'I had just as lief you would as have you open that drawer,' I answered. 'There is nothing there—oh, please don't! Truly, there is nothing there but the little clothes of my children that died; and I couldn't bear, oh, I couldn't bear to have them touched by a hand with guilt on it!'

"'Guess there is,' said the man, although he paused in his undertaking; 'guess there is something there, or you'd never make that sort of fuss.'

"'I am telling you the truth!' I exclaimed. 'If you'll promise not to touch me I'll come there myself, and take every thing out and shake it, and show you that there is nothing there worth a pin to you, though they are worth all the world to me!'

"'Well,' said he, turning his face round full upon me, 'you're a game one. I'll take you at your word. You'll be so kind though in return as to show me where there *is* something worth a pin to me, and a diamond pin at that.'

"'Very well,' I said, hurriedly. 'There's my watch, and there's my purse with some change in it—several dollars—and there's the washerwoman's money; and I'll show you some more presently if you'll sit down there and let me tell you why I don't want you to take my husband's diamond pin—I think you wouldn't if you only knew.'

"'Don't catch an old bird with chaff,' said he, with a grim laugh, rather amused than otherwise by my temerity, and gathering the various articles as I pointed them out. 'And you don't catch me in your traps either. Come, hurry up your cakes! I've no time to lose.'

"'There isn't any trap to catch you in,' said I. 'You know very well that nobody could hear me if—'

"'If you screamed the top of your head off! No. And I know too that your husband can't come till to-morrow without he flies; and I know too that he was paid a thousand dollars yesterday, and that you'll tell me where it is or—' and he grasped his revolver again with meaning. But I felt convinced that he would put off screams and a noise like that as long as possible.

"'I should think if you were so badly off as to be obliged to do this,' still urged I, 'that you would have some sympathy for people that would be worse off than you are if you took all their money—for you can steal and they can't!' I added, determined he should hear me if I had to die for it, and speaking so fast that he couldn't interrupt me. 'If you had notes due at the bank, where grasping, cruel directors won't hear a word about delay or accommodation, and it is pay or protest, pay or ruin of all your credit and business prospects, being turned outdoors or having a keeper indoors, and nothing but death and despair ahead; and if you left what little money you had with your wife for her to take care of it for you, what would you think of her if she surrendered it to any body that just threatened her life, when it was as good as losing your own life to lose that money?'

"'I vow!' said the man, grinning from ear to ear of his great dark face, as much entertained as if a sparrow had suddenly perched on his finger and laid a case before him, 'if you ain't the first person I ever heard attempt to argue with a house-breaker!'

"'Why, I'm not arguing,' I said. 'I only wish I could but tell you about our difficulties, so that you'd go somewhere—somewhere—'

"'Where they can better afford to have such visitors. Well, people that have diamond scarf-pins of this sort,' and he held the live splendor up to the light with gusto, 'can afford it as well as the best, I guess. Come, make a clean breast—'

"'As for that diamond pin,' I broke forth wildly again, 'you might be welcome to it, if it were my property, for I don't care about such things to wear. But it isn't. It was Rob's great-grandfather's.'

"'It's mine now,' said the man, with a sort of ghastly humor; 'finding's having!'

"'Of course I can't help your taking it if you will, but I wouldn't take it if I were you,' I went on. 'I've been relying on it so—we haven't any friends, you know—no one to help us if we fall; so long as we had that I didn't feel quite lost, because if Rob had to produce the shares of the Quicksilver, that he bought long to sell short, and hasn't paid for at all, this would be some security; and if the Lime Burners' Company bursts, as I know it will, this would be a nucleus for something else to start from its ashes; and if the Widows and Orphans' Bank fails, this would pay back the only widow and orphan that he persuaded to invest there, and Rob would cut his throat, I know he would, if he couldn't pay her back then! And if the mortgage is foreclosed on his mother's house—he has his old mother and three helpless sisters to support—this would be enough for the first payment on another house for them. Oh, there's no end of ifs!' I exclaimed, in the swift and unstemmable torrent of words that I was pouring forth. 'And if all these ifs all came down together, it would be enough at any rate to pay our passages to California, where we could begin again—'

"'By George!' cried the man, who had listened to me perforce, with his mouth open in amazement at my audacity and impetuosity. 'There's your pin, little woman. You're one of us. Be blamed if I'll go back on any of the craft. Make it up somewhere else!' And he shut his eyes and tossed the glittering thing to me. It fell short, of course, struck against something, a stone loosened, dropped out, and rolled a little way along the carpet. The man stepped instinctively to pick it up for me; and as he stooped to do so, he caught sight of my shoe and of its false sole, snatched it into his hand, and emptied it in a twinkling, while the wicked bills hurriedly fluttered out, as if they wanted to go.

"'Aha!' said he. 'And what is this?'

"'I told you I could tell you where there was something more, if you would listen to me,' I stammered.

"'You're a cunning, lying fox, with your tongue!' he cried. 'I'll listen to nothing more! And I'll—'

"His face darkened, and I trembled before the unuttered threat. But if the shoe were gone, let me save the envelope, and the San Graal, and the bill beneath the slab. 'No, I'm not!' I answered. 'I'm only a woman defending her husband. And as for the rest, you promised to befriend me kindly a moment since, and you'll keep your promise. I'm going to make you pledge it!' I said, gayly, smiling on him as sweetly as I ever smiled on Rob (I was very pretty in those days—it's so long since, and I've got over it so bravely that I may say so now safely), and pulling the shawl, which I had caught when I first rose in the bed, more closely about my shoulders. 'I've heard of people,' I continued, 'staying to take supper in the houses they—they had—'

"'Robbed,' said he, imperturbably, supplying the word I had not liked to use on our present good terms, his greed of gain and his anger evidently both being overcome by my persistency and daring, which were so novel to him.

"'I can't invite you to do so here,' I resumed, swiftly, 'because this isn't my house. But there's a bottle with a couple of glasses of wine left in it in that secretary behind you—'

"'How do I know but it's poisoned?' he asked, gruffly with his voice, almost good-naturedly with his face.

"'Oh, I'll taste it first, if you wish me to,' I responded. 'That's right. Help yourself. And now I want to ask you a question,' for he was no longer a burglar, but an acquaintance with whom I was having a confidential conversation, afraid of him to the roots of my hair though I was.

"'You'd best be careful,' said he, taking a sip of the Madeira. 'You've wheedled me out of one job with your tongue—'

"'You said you'd make this up somewhere else,' I said, paying no attention to that pleasantry. 'Does what you make so last you long?'

"'No,' he responded, in a surly fashion, not exactly as if vexed with me, but as if disturbed by the remembrance of his frequent impecuniosities. 'Light come, light go.'

"'I shouldn't think it was very light come,' said I.

"'Well, it isn't!' he replied, quite put off his guard by any such unheard-of demonstration as sympathy with his dangers and distresses.

"'I should think you'd enjoy, a great deal better than this sort of work, a piece of land such as any one can have for the asking in this country, turning over the soil by day, watching the corn spring—your own corn—knowing that you make something out of the earth that never would have been made but for you; smoking your pipe at night, with the women going and coming about you—'

"He set down his glass, which he had paused in the act of draining, in order to wheel about and see again what manner of woman it was talking to him in this sort; then I saw his face fall, and it made me feel sure that he must once, even if ever so long ago, have certainly had such a home, where cheerful women came and went.

"'And you could send for your mother,' I said, 'or a sister. What pleasure it would give them! I suppose they have not heard from you in a long time. They love you, you know—people never get over that—or, perhaps, some good innocent girl would by-and-by marry you, and think there never was any body like you, and you would have dear little children toddling round, and be so happy.'

"He sank down in the chair and gave one great sob. 'Don't you talk that way to me,' said he. 'It's all up with me—that lay. Once—I'll not think of that! No, I'll never think of that! But I'll tell you what!' he exclaimed, glancing up directly, with a flushed face and a look like another man's. 'If I could get away from my mates, and go to that new country you speak of—I'd try! I swear I would! I hate the life! I hate it! I was not born to it—I fell—I got there—I can't get away—but, God! if I could, I'd try—I swear I would!'

"'Would you really?' said I, hesitating only a moment. 'Then see here! Now I am going to trust you—for I believe, in spite of your being here, that you are in reality a man of honor—'

"'That sounds odd, doesn't it? Well, I am!' said he, straightening himself suddenly, as if he meant to kill me if I dared to doubt it.

"'I said so,' I returned. 'Now, in that drawer where you got the pin there's a box, and *that* belongs to me. It's an heir-loom; it belonged once to my great-grandfather, or rather to his wife, what is in that box, I mean. It's an old-fashioned stomacher of amethysts and topazes and big whole pearls. Nobody wears them nowadays. Now Rob would starve before he'd use it the way I talked about using the other things, because it isn't his. And his mother would too; she doesn't like me very well. And I'll take it to-morrow and sell it; the pearls and filagree-work will bring a good price, I know, and Rob will get you out of the scent of those men, and put you safe on board a ship for California, passage paid, and money in your pocket. Rob can get around those men you can't avoid; he can do any thing. And I don't think I can ever do any thing better than that with the money, if you'll just promise me you'll never steal a pin again. Will you?'

"'As true as there's a Lord in Heaven, I will!' he cried out, with tears streaming over his face.

"'And then you needn't feel any obligation for it,' I said, 'because it's only a rightful recompense to you for not exerting your power over me when I was so helpless. That shows you have a great deal of goodness somewhere. Only I know you wouldn't take the money for that.'

"'How do you know I wouldn't take it for that?' he cried again. 'How do you know there's any goodness in me? How could you tell, in God's name, that there was any thing in me to save at all? Oh, God bless you! You're an angel! You've got a voice like my little sister that died years ago. Never touch a pin again? I'd do more than that for your sake!'

"'You said I was a fox, a little while ago,' I said. 'But I don't want you to do it merely for my sake, or my asking. I want you to remember please that the Lord made the earth, with all its treasures—somebody must have made it, you know—and the one that made it it belongs to, of course, and he has a right to do as he chooses with it and put it wherever he thinks best. And if he puts more in my charge than in yours, you have no right to alter it, but only to know that he always has a good reason for every thing, and so of course for that; and to remember that if you rob me you really rob him, because he does not *give* it to me; I must leave it when I die, he trusts it in my keeping for some purpose of his own that you don't know any thing about. And when he has given you health and strength and life itself, the world to live in, blue sky over you, and so many other blessings, it is not only wicked, it is mean, to go and take still more by violence. That's all my preaching,' said I. 'And you heard it after all. And I haven't a single doubt but that you'll always do right. Won't you? Now I'll ask you to take this diamond as a pledge, and when you bring it back to-morrow my husband shall do every thing just as I give you my word!'

"The man flung back the diamond, stepped forward and seized my hand and kissed it till I, not liking to withdraw it, felt guilty and ashamed myself. Then he sprang through the window at which he had found entrance, and as he swung himself down from bough to bough, I heard him muttering to some one below: 'No go, Jem. All a mistake. A set of beggars, no swag there, every thing plated from garret to cellar, and a gamy little woman with a tongue like all artillery!' and so on, and so on, interspersed with jargon.

"I had a parcel by Adams Express a few years since. It was that little gold box on my centre-table, of exquisite workmanship outside, and more exquisite still inside, for it was filled with gold dust. And folded at the bottom of the box was a little parchment engrossed with what appeared to be a gift to me of the freedom of the city of San Juacita. And I always supposed that He must be the Mayor."

"Well, well!" said Rob, when Aunt Lenore had finished. "I don't see but that you and cousin Quintilia, mother, are on equal ground. She sent her burglar to Coventry, and you sent yours to California. You put your burglar into office; and she put hers into jail."

ADVICE GRATIS.

THE passion for proselytizing—for making converts—for imposing our own modes of thinking and acting on others, is not confined to religion, or the more serious affairs of life; it penetrates the most trivial details of existence. Nearly every man believes himself to be infallible in all he does, and wishes to share his infallibility with others. He rises at six o'clock every morning, and consequently wishes every body, old or young, idle or busy, strong or weak, to rise at the same hour. He plunges into a cold bath the moment he rises, and, consequently, wishes every body to indulge in the luxury or penalty of early cold bathing, without reference to habits or constitution. He eats underdone steaks for breakfast, and wishes every body to do the same. He dines early or late, as the case may be, but whatever may be his hours he always wishes to impose them on his friends and acquaintances. He drinks claret instead of beer, or beer instead of claret, and is resolved that every body shall patronize his favorite drink. He has faith in a particular doctor, or a particular medicine, and every one must share this faith, if he can possibly make them. His attempts at conversion are sometimes only amiable and foolish, but in most cases they are dogmatic and disagreeable. He knows, or thinks he knows, the best wine-merchant; and he wears, or thinks he wears, the best clothes, made by the best tailor. He goes to a particular watering-place, and all his friends must go there also; or he changes his mind, and prefers the bustle of foreign travel, and all his friends must follow his example. His favorite books, his favorite opera, his favorite pictures must be made other people's favorites; and his antipathies in matters of art must be made other people's antipathies. He hates driving or he likes driving; he hates walking or he likes walking; he hates riding or he likes riding; but whatever he hates or whatever he likes must be hated or admired by his companions. He invests his money in particular schemes, or he declines to speculate in any thing more risky than the national funds, and his commercial judgment must regulate the investments of his friends. He admires one system of education, or he hates another, or he objects to all recognized systems, and those who know him must think as he does. The Great Mogul is not more tyrannical; the Pope is not more exacting.

What he gains by this passion for proselytizing he probably never asks himself. He may gratify his sense of self-importance, but he does so by incurring great trouble and responsibility. The responsibility may not be pressing, but it exists nevertheless. Out of twenty more or less patient or impatient listeners he may make one convert, and this convert may not be benefited by the conversion. A sedentary man may be started on walks that overtax his strength; a weak creature may be hurried into an illness by being baked in a Turkish bath, or chilled in a cold-water tank. An impressionable man may be ruined by an injudicious speculation, and all by the advice of our practical dogmatist. The pleasure of giving advice and seeing it followed is dearly bought by the giver. If the advice is bad the adviser is blamed by those who took it, and by hundreds who knew that it was going to be taken; and if it is good, and proves successful, the adviser is rarely thanked for his trouble.

TABLE SERVING.

THERE have been endless discussions as to the relative merits of the two systems of serving; named, rather arbitrarily, the one *à la Française*, the other *à la Russe*. The first consists in setting the whole of a course on the table at once, taking each dish off to carve it; in the second mode the dishes are brought to table already cut up, which makes it difficult to present them otherwise than in fragments, set up together again in the best practicable way.

The differences of opinion as to which is the best of these two systems have now nearly been settled, as most questions of this kind are, by a compromise. Both systems have their advantages and disadvantages; the mode of serving *à la Russe* is undeniably simpler and more expeditious than that *à la Française*, the complications and slowness of which have been justly criticised; but in the former system the necessity of cutting up all the dishes before the guests see them puts an end to the opportunities of decoration, which many cooks turned to so good account, and tends to destroy the tasteful and rich appearance which formerly characterized high-class cookery.

On the other hand, we must admit that it is very objectionable to keep such dishes waiting on the table as are likely to suffer thereby: dish warmers and covers are of little avail; for many of the most *recherché* dishes require to be eaten immediately they leave the kitchen. In such cases there need be no uncertainty as to the right mode of serving; it would be folly to make a display of dishes of this kind, which can not wait. The question of appearance must be made quite subordinate to that of consumption. Thus, when weighing the *pro* and *contra* of both modes of serving, there is little need to waver long between one or the other; the compromise is self-indicated by experience.

For instance, nothing is to prevent putting on the table, to dress and deck it as it should be, first, large cold pieces, capable of receiving such great richness of ornamentation; also removes and hot *entrées*, which are generally equal to waiting on the dish-warmers without deteriorating.

In this way the guests, when they sit down, will not be greeted by a table decked out merely with fruit, *compôtes*, bronze articles of *vertù*, vases of flowers, and similar objects, little nourishing in themselves, and unlikely to act as appetizers, so as to insure justice being done to the dinner about to follow.

Neither will there be any objection to merely sending round the cut-up dishes, which require immediate eating, without seeking to use them for show purposes. By these means the dinner will be sooner and more evenly served, and ample time will be obtained to carve the large dishes properly.

I aver that a dinner presented in this way, from the fusion of both systems, can not fail to please the cook who has prepared it, and the guests who partake of it; the latter will not pause to consider whether they have been served more particularly *à la Française* or *à la Russe*; but they will admit that the dinner has realized the essentials of gastronomy.

LINES

TO A FELLOW-PASSENGER ALIGHTING AT A SUBURBAN RAILWAY STATION.

O GLAD young father, coming from the city—
One, maybe, of the throng who think the gate
Of heaven will swing unto their camels' freight,
Though mountainous with riches—'twere a pity
Not to joy with you in the sweet embrace
Of wife and infant at your stopping-place.
And, fortunate father! if your blushes rise,
Confessing all the error of the day,
And that even as this child the way
Into the Kingdom lies, and only lies.

So much allow me of self-righteousness,
For I am jealous of your tender greeting;
Me there awaits no little one's caress,
My coming sets no baby-heart to beating.
And in your ointment I must find some fly,
Or from excess of envy I shall die.

Ah, wait a little! thus it shall not be
Always—no, nor for long;
Not in a day bloomed your paternity,
And I am young.
Wait, then, and if you will, exult,
But not too proudly, in your morning glories;
At noon my modest garden-plot consult,
And you shall see upspringing
The rarest flower that earth can show,
On which the winds shall fear to blow,
The sun to shine too fiercely, or
The chill rain recklessly to pour;
And you shall hear me singing:
"Shepherds! among the number reckon me
Of those blest souls that dwell in Arcady"—
Et ego in Arcadia, pastores!

WOMEN PHYSICIANS.

THE question as to the fitness of women for the medical profession has been solved in this country in the practical way usual with our people. The daughters of America, waiving all theories on the subject, have set to work and turned themselves into doctors, and with such good effect that they are already sharing the fees in all the large cities with their male competitors. In England they are more slow to act, and, though apparently disposed to follow our example, they retain evidently some misgivings as to the fitness of women for the practice of medicine. A writer who, in the last number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, discusses the question at length, thinks that the doubt sometimes expressed, as to whether average women have sufficient force of brain to justify the hope of success in a pursuit which makes a considerable demand upon mental power, is difficult to answer in the absence of data to go upon. Till women have the same educational advantages as men there can be no basis of comparison. All women who do any thing are self-made, and can only be fairly compared with self-made men. The achievements in science and literature of such women as Mrs. Somerville, Harriet Martineau, Anna Swanwick, and the author of "Adam Bede" must be taken as representing, besides what is actually accomplished, a reserve of force expended in overcoming special obstacles. For women have to contend, not only with the negative drawbacks of incomplete education and a secluded life, but also with that peculiarly subtle and deadening influence which consists in feeling constantly—or, at least, till they have conquered a high place for themselves—that nothing very good is expected from them. Among all the heavy burdens and discouragements which weigh them down there is, perhaps, none more universally depressing.

The exceptionally strong, no doubt, rise above it. But a portion of their strength is consumed in the struggle. Effort can not be put forth without corresponding exhaustion. In the mean time the success which has been attained by women, in the face of peculiar difficulties, encourages a sanguine estimate of what they may do under more favorable circumstances.

The same consideration must be borne in mind while dealing with the further question, Have women sufficient physical and nervous strength to endure so arduous a life? Will they not break down in the attempt?

It is tolerably easy to answer this question in so far as it relates to the influence of the mere study of medicine on the health of the student. No one who knows what the course of study really is doubts that women of good average health could prepare themselves for examination without any undue tax upon either their mental or physical powers. The important part of the question is that which relates to the after-life of practice as a physician.

Are women strong enough for *that?* In the absence of experience we can but suggest a few considerations which tend to reassure us on this point. It may be noticed, in the first place, with regard to physical strength, that wherever it is needed in other callings women are not, as a rule, incapacitated by the want of it. A physician would not need to be so strong as a nurse, a washer-woman, or a char-woman. She might be much weaker, physically, than the woman who stands behind a counter or who does needle-work for fourteen hours daily. Moreover, the demand for both muscular and nervous strength comes gradually to a physician. During the first few years of professional life he is not overwhelmed with work, and he has time to become accustomed to a fair amount of exertion. When in really full practice he can afford to spare himself much fatigue, as, for instance, by keeping a carriage instead of using cabs or walking. The same is true of night-work. Inexperienced people are apt to think that, because a doctor is sometimes called up, he scarcely ever gets a good night's rest; whereas the truth probably is, that a physician in even large practice is not often called up more than once or twice in the week.

With regard to the mental strain involved in a physician's life, it must be remembered that there is a good deal of practice which does not bring anxiety. A young physician is more or less anxious about all but the most trivial cases when he has not much practice. As his experience widens he finds the work more easy, and the proportion of cases which tax his nervous strength does not very rapidly increase. For some years, too, it is his duty to obtain in all serious cases the support of an opinion based upon wider experience than his own, and by doing so he is relieved of much of the responsibility and anxiety he would otherwise incur. Moreover, as his knowledge increases he learns to recognize the cases in which the failure of his art is certain, cases beyond the skill of any physician; he sees what is *not* to be done, and from that moment is anxious only to relieve suffering: he can not be anxious about a result which is beyond his control.

It is possible, however, that some women would be unable to free themselves from what might become an intolerable burden of anxiety. Also to some the constant sight of suffering would be more than could be borne without serious injury to health. The condition of exalted, almost morbid sensibility, in which every sense is preternaturally acute, and every mental act a keen excitement—the condition which, in the absence of an English name, is known as *l'état nerveux*—would certainly unfit its victim for the work of a physician. But, happily, this is a rare and exceptional condition, and one which a life of unselfish and varied activity is the least likely to engender. In considering the effect any proposed change in the lives and habits of women may possibly have upon their health, we must not forget what may be urged against the mode of life now prescribed. It is conceivable that a life of greater activity and of increased responsibility might be found too exacting in some individual cases. What we have to consider is whether this risk is worth incurring. No one knows how many women there are whose physical and mental health is now destroyed by the dreary vacuity of the lives they are compelled to lead. It is not true that enforced idleness—a life empty of any keen interest, empty of invigorating moral and intellectual discipline—is merely "rather dull." It is terribly demoralizing. It is the immediate parent of hysteria, insanity, and vice.

An objection of even greater practical weight is, that if women entered the medical profession one of two things would happen: either they would marry, and by so doing lose the benefit of all that had been spent on their professional education, or they would be tempted to abandon their natural sphere as wives and mothers, and, in fact, to give up their *raison d'être.* Assuming for a moment that a married woman could not practice as a physician, and that, therefore, a woman would have to choose between marrying and remaining in her profession, it may be fairly asked if to have such a choice would be a misfortune either to herself or to any one else? Is it desirable that women should be *driven* into marriage by the erection of artificial barriers before every other path leading to happiness and dignity? Would any man like to think that he had been taken into the holiest and closest of relationships as the only mode of escape from an *ennui* which was rapidly becoming intolerable? Men give up a good deal for the sake of marriage—would it injure a woman to have something to give up also? A profession which brings to those who practice it worthily a source of keen and lasting interest, and the dignity of a good social position, would remove the humiliation of celibacy, while it would not hinder the right kind of marriage.

But it is not necessary to assume that a woman must certainly abandon her profession if she marries. This would not be the result if she had no children. Childless wives—and they number one-eighth of all married women—are not much less in need of an occupation than they were before marriage; and a woman who had previously had the care of a house in addition to her professional work would find no difficulty in combining both duties afterward. The fact of her marriage would perhaps increase the value of her services as a physician to some of her patients. Even if she had children it is difficult to see why she should not retain her consulting-room practice, although it might be necessary to give up some of the general family visiting. In the lower branches of the profession, where the consulting-room practice bears a very small proportion to the visiting, a married woman with children could still share the practice with her husband if he were a doctor. They could work together as partners even if, owing to her other duties, she could not undertake as much of the work as he did. The experiment has been successfully tried here in America, where there are many examples of wives working with their husbands with signal advantage.

In thus expressing our opinion that women physicians need not consider themselves pledged to celibacy, it must be understood that we refer only to those who have completed the course as students, and have gained a foothold of their own in the profession by some years of steady and diligent work as general practitioners or as physicians. If they choose to marry before or immediately after receiving their diploma, they must be prepared to give up the hope of attaining eminence in their profession, or indeed any independent position at all. Even in this case they would probably have no cause to regret their knowledge of medicine.

THE CROSSING SWEEPERS.

BY EDMUND KIRKE.

ALL the day long, with naked feet,
In the driving rain and the blinding sleet,
In the biting cold and the scorching heat,
The boys stand there in the crowded street,
Saying to all who pass that way:
"A penny, Sir—a penny, pray;
We've swept the crossing—every stone—
Till it's clean as a broom and dry as a bone,
And you can cross without wetting your feet:
A penny, Sir, for something to eat."
But a surly word or an angry frown
Is all they can get—those waifs of the town.

All the day long, from morn till night,
In the garish sun and the dim gas-light,
Ahungered and cold, in wretched plight,
Those boys stand there, a piteous sight;
But never a passer stops to ask
If they get bread by their thankless task;
And never a Christian gives a thought
To the tender souls his Lord has bought;
For things like these can have no needs;
In God's great garden they are but weeds.
So on they go, in their saintly pride,
Like him of old, on the other side.

The moon comes out, and the stars look down
With pitiful eyes on the pitiless town,
And then these waifs whom none will own
Sink down to sleep on the cold, gray stone.
To sleep, and to dream of another day,
In some fair country, far away,
Where all the streets—so they've been told—
Are paved with gems and shining gold;
And many a sweeper rides about
In gaudy livery and grand turn-out;
And many a poor, neglected thing,
Becomes a great and mighty king.

Dream on, poor boys, nor wake again,
In the blinding sleet and the driving rain;
Where all for you is sin or pain—
The pauper's bed or the walk of Cain.
Better than that is the silent flow
Of the peaceful river there below;
For in its depths is a pitchy slime
That is purer far than vice or crime;
And on its breast is a wintry tide
That is kinder far than the men of pride,
Who build great temples of goodly stones,
And leave to perish Christ's little ones.

THE CROSSING SWEEPERS.

THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

A Story.

By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," etc.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER XI.

PUSS-IN-BOOTS.

IT was not very long before the Prince's tenants in Horn and its neighborhood began to feel the pressure of an unseen hand, which weighed rather heavily upon them in various ways. The new land-steward, Major von Groll, was by no means a popular character in the district. He was never seen, and it was therefore safe to attribute to him all the disagreeable and tyrannous qualities which the imaginations of the people who suffered from the severity of his rule were able to conjure up. True, he used a cat's-paw to pull sundry ripe, plump, temptingly-cooked chestnuts out of the fire—a very soft cat's-paw covered with a velvet glove. But what comfort was this, seeing that the chestnuts were infallibly taken? And then, too, poor Grimalkin got scorched in the process.

A mild, fair-spoken gentleman was the Herr Justizrath; always ready to listen to reason and to sympathize with trouble. But his chief, the Major, was inexorable. It cut him (Von Schleppers) to the heart to be obliged to refuse to renew a lease, or to have to raise a rent, or to eject a tenant. But his duty clearly was to carry out the orders of the Prince's steward. And he must say, hard as it was in many cases to make the admission, he must, as a jurist, confess that the Herr Major von Groll had law if not justice on his side, and always kept strictly, though sternly, within the limits of his right.

Poor Grimalkin!

It struck some people as singular that Major von Groll, who was a stranger in the Principality, should possess so intimate a knowledge of the state of affairs in Detmold. And such persons as found this strange, frequently expressed their wonder to Lawyer von Schleppers.

"Ay, ay," he would answer, dreamily. "Indeed, indeed! Well, I own that I am sometimes surprised myself at the extent of the Herr Land-steward's private information. Yes, I don't mind saying that it frequently surprises me. And, to speak truth, I have more than once doubted his accuracy on certain points, and have said to him, 'Lieber Herr von Groll, I think that here you are mistaken. The rent has hitherto been so many thalers, and not so many, and the value of the land has not increased in such proportion as to make it fair to the tenant to raise his rent.' I desire above every thing to be fair to the tenant—always with due regard to the interests of my gracious master, his highness. But I have always been wrong in my facts. Always wrong. Ach Himmel! The Herr Major von Groll knows it all as I know my alphabet. And you see in Bopp's time I had no chance of knowing much of the land-steward's business. Because old Bopp—rest his soul, an excellent man!—did the work of managing the estate himself, and only employed me professionally when any case of litigation arose. It is nominally the same now. Oh yes, quite the same—nominally. But—"

And then people would go away and say how hard it was that the foreign Major should take the salary, while the indefatigable Justizrath did the work. And in the privacy of their own houses many would go a step farther than this, and regret that Herr von Schleppers had not all the power in his own hands, since, if he had the power, poor folks would surely meet with kindness and consideration. All which would of course have surprised the Justizrath very much could he have heard it.

Poor Grimalkin!

On his return home after the visit he had paid to Horn, the old lawyer set to work in earnest to initiate Major von Groll into the duties of his new office. But it was an up-hill task. Von Groll was—if not, as Frau von Schleppers had so trenchantly observed, "as stupid as an owl"—still a slow-witted, simple, solemn man. His two predominant ideas were, firstly, that nobility of birth conferred almost limitless privileges, and rendered its possessor incalculably superior to all other mortals who were not born noble; and secondly, that it behooved a gentleman, out of respect for himself and his order, to use this superiority and these privileges with forbearance. To have endeavored to sway Major Ferdinand von Groll by any representation of the effect of his conduct upon those whom he looked on as his inferiors, would have been about as hopeless as to try to persuade him to leave off riding on the plea that his horses considered equestrian exercise to be highly objectionable. His mind was inconceivably indolent. Thinking was a process utterly distasteful, difficult, and laborious to the Major. So much the more tenaciously did he cling to any conviction once arrived at. He had arrived at the conviction that it would be profitable, and in no way degrading, to accept office under the Prince of Detmold. He had also, assisted by his wife, arrived at the conviction that Von Schleppers (himself a well-born man, and therefore, to some extent, a fellow-creature) ought to, and could, and would bear the main burden of the business. The duties of a real acting land-steward were, it seemed, onerous enough; involving memory, clearness, activity, and considerable special knowledge for their due performance. All Von Schleppers's explanations and observations served but to puzzle the ex-cavalry officer, and to convince him that he could not do better in the interests of the Prince than leave matters as much as possible in the lawyer's hands.

Meanwhile Lawyer von Schleppers was steadily making hay—the Prince's hay, of course—while the sun shone. But his business employments did not prevent him from prosecuting those private studies of character in which he considered himself to be so acute.

"Every scrap of information about people is of value, and comes to be useful some time or other."

So thought the Justizrath in justification of what some might have stigmatized as mere idle curiosity. But the truth was that Von Schleppers had the magpie instincts of acquisitiveness and secretiveness very strongly developed, and loved collecting and hiding odds-and-ends of information, even when it was out of the question that he should ever be able to use them.

Much stealthy enjoyment had the Justizrath in thinking over his evening at the Pied Lamb in Horn. And he did not forget to keep a quiet watch on Liese. He thought he had discovered the "patriot" who instilled hero-worship into her simple little mind, in the mild apothecary, Herr Peters. But then that shy smile! Could the thought of the spectacled, middle-aged, sandy-haired apothecary have conjured up that look on Liese's pretty face? It appeared unlikely, but the Justizrath von Schleppers knew very well that in judging of such matters the words "likely" and "unlikely" ought to be blotted out of one's dictionary. Jack and Jill seldom come together in accordance with the preconceived theories of their friends as to what would be fitting and desirable; and their friends are not unfrequently very angry in consequence. The Justizrath was by no means angry, however, because he thought he had discovered something which it had been intended to keep secret from him. Von Schleppers would have been grieved if you had murdered his brother—he was a far from inhuman man—but it would have been a decided consolation to him to have found out how you did it.

When the old lawyer returned home from Horn he gave the wife of his bosom a full account of his doings there. Mathilde was duly edified by the progress her lord had made in learning by heart the carte du pays of so considerable a portion of the scene of his future operations. Regarding only one part of his adventures did he show some reticence in his recital to Mathilde. That was his visit to Lehmann's farm. Frau von Schleppers, knowing that her husband had been in the neighborhood of her serving-maid's home, asked with some curiosity what sort of people were these Lehmanns, and whether he had brought any message for Liese.

"Dear me!" said the Justizrath, dreamily; "I had forgotten all about that. Yes, yes; kind greetings, hearty greetings, for the little maid. I must deliver them, if I can think of it. What sort of people are they? Oh, good, quiet country-folk. A fine old homestead, and a well-filled garner. Lehmann has that hill-side meadow too cheap, though. To be sure; Liese's kin, eh? Ay, ay, ay!"

He continued to "forget" the message to Liese, until an opportunity occurred of delivering it without witnesses. Frau von Schleppers had promised to grace with her presence a little réunion at the house of Frau von Groll. The Justizrath was invited also, but he never gave an unconditional assent to such invitations. Business as he avowed—and the Blue Pigeon, as he did not avow—had superior claims on him to those even of such highly polite society as was to meet at the Von Grolls'. He might be able to look in during the evening, or he might not. As soon as his wife had set off for the party he went into his own den, and, taking out a bulky leather pocket-book—the same which had figured at the Pied Lamb—began attentively to examine some hieroglyphical notes in it.

"Humph!" muttered the Justizrath; "seventeen in April last. She has been thirteen years with them, the housewife told me. Thirteen from seventeen. Only four years old. Well, well, all information is valuable. Sure to come in, every scrap."

With that he slowly rubbed his hands over one another, and walked into the kitchen.

There sat Lieschen, with a great brass pan on her knees, which brass pan she was polishing and rubbing until it shone in the fire-light like gold. A row of brass and pewter pots and dish-covers, already brightened by her busy hands, stood glistening on the dresser. As she rubbed she sang softly to herself with the little bird-like chirp I have spoken of before, and her head was bent down, so that she did not see her master enter. Hear him she could not; for, noisy as the clapping slippers were sometimes, their wearer could shuffle along quietly enough when it so pleased him.

"Liese!"

"Ach, Herr Justizrath! Bitte! Did you call me? I didn't hear you."

"Ay, ay, child; how you jumped! Do you know what folks would say if you were a fine lady, eh?"

"N—o, Sir," stammered Liese, blushing violently.

"Why, they would say to your face that your nervous organization was extremely delicate; and they would say behind your back that you were a lump of affectation. Your mother is a braver woman than you, little Lieschen. It wouldn't be easy to frighten her, I'm thinking."

"My mother, Sir? Ach Gott! Poor mother is dead, gnädiger Herr, these many years."

Here a big round tear dropped on the brass pan and dimmed its lustre; and then Liese's slender wrist resumed its rapid oscillations to and fro with redoubled activity.

"Oh, true, child, true! There, there, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. What would you have? I believe I am the most absent man in the world."

The Justizrath threw as much kindness into his voice as he knew how, and expressed his regret by thrusting out his yellow tortoise-like head, and wagging it deprecatingly from side to side. So he stood and rubbed his hands over the fire in his old fashion, and gradually seemed to lapse into one of his waking dreams, and to be abstracted from all outward circumstances.

Liese dried her eyes and scrubbed away at the brass pan; and she found the employment soothe her fluttered spirits very efficaciously. I have no idea that this panacea for over-sensitive nerves will ultimately supersede aromatic vinegar or eau de Cologne, but I throw out the hint for the benefit of those whom it may concern.

Presently Liese looked up, and beheld her master still planted before the fire as though he had taken root there.

"He must have come into the kitchen to give me some order, or to ask me some question, and has forgotten all about it," thought she. So she made bold to speak to him.

"Were you seeking any thing, gnädiger Herr?"

The Justizrath slowly turned his dull eyes upon her, and then answered, after a pause, "Right, child, right—I had nearly forgotten. I have to deliver a message to you from your—from the good people at the farm yonder."

"Oh! you saw them then, Sir? How was my dear cousin Franz? And cousin Hanne?" This last a shade less eagerly than the first inquiry.

"I saw them. Yes. Both the farmer and the hausfrau. They were well, and they sent you—let me see—ay, they sent you lovingest greetings. Those were Lehmann's very words. I am scrupulous to be exact. A message intrusted to you should be as precious as a sum of money given into your charge, and it would be equally wrong to take away a word from the one as a doit from the other. Remember that, little one."

"Yes, Sir," answered Liese, humbly.

And she thought within herself what a good true-hearted man the Herr Justizrath was, and what a weak little fool she must be to be afraid of him.

"They said too," proceeded Von Schleppers, "that they should send you over another parcel at the first opportunity."

"Heart's thanks, gnädiger Herr."

"LIESE! LIESE, I SAY! WHO WAS IT THAT CAME JUST NOW?"

"I saw more than one friend of yours in Horn, Liese. There was the fat landlord, a solid-minded, honest fellow. And the old küster—what's his name?—and Peters the apothecary."

Again the bright flush flitted over Liese's face, and the shy smile hovered round her lips.

"Oho!" thought the old lawyer, sagely; "I was right enough. That look was most surely not called up by the thought of the ancient sacristan. The lank, sandy-haired seller of drugs is the 'patriot,' after all."

You see the Justizrath did not know that the ancient sacristan had a nephew who was neither lank nor sandy-haired.

"Peters brought you a parcel from home some time ago, did he not?" said Von Schleppers, speaking carelessly, but watching the girl narrowly out of his cold cunning eyes.

"Yes, Sir, he did. But I did not see him. I was out on an errand for mistress."

The remembrance of the pink satin note-paper, and of the meeting with Otto, combined to deepen Liese's blush.

"He has known you a long time, this Peters?"

"Almost all my life. He remembers my coming to Horn in cousin Franz's wagon after poor mother died. I can scarce remember that myself."

Ting, ting, ting, jingled the house-bell, as though tugged at by strong, fearless fingers. Liese jumped up, and then stood hesitating.

"It's too soon for mistress to be home yet," said she. "I wonder who it can be!"

"You are surely not afraid to open the door, Liese?" said the Justizrath, testily. "No doubt it is some client come to consult me. Say I'm busy, very busy—d'ye hear?—but that you will ask if I can see any one should the case be urgent. Wait until I am in my study before you open the door."

Then the master of the house shuffled away to his sanctum, and closed, but did not quite shut the door. It would ill have comported with his social or professional dignity to have been caught in the kitchen. He had scarcely gained his own room when a second vigorous pull set the wire quivering, and made the thin-voiced bell jangle noisily.

He listened stealthily, and heard Liese's faltering footsteps approach the house-door. "What a little timid fool the girl is!" muttered her master, impatiently. He heard the bolt withdrawn, and almost immediately afterward a little exclamation from Liese; then another voice—a man's, as it seemed. But not all the sharpness of the Justizrath's hearing enabled him to distinguish what was said, and he did not venture to advance nearer, lest he should be caught by the visitor whose approach he momentarily expected. All at once, after a more protracted colloquy than he had anticipated, the house-door was closed and bolted, and the Justizrath, turning to his desk with a rapidity of movement which would have much surprised any of his acquaintance who should have witnessed it, plunged

his hands into a mass of documents, and waited, with head bent down, for the expected client.

To his surprise, however, only little Liese's light tread came to the door. She paused a moment, and then knocked, seeing her master apparently absorbed in his papers.

"Well?" said the Justizrath, looking up.

"It was somebody for me, please, Sir."

"For you?"

"Yes; a friend of mine is going to Horn tomorrow, and came to ask if I had any message to send home."

"Ach, so-o-o!"

The Justizrath stared up at his little handmaiden with a genuineness of expression to which he could not often plead guilty. Liese mistook the bland surprise of his face for the vacancy of abstraction more usual to it. So she turned round quietly and trotted into the kitchen again before her master could recover from his astonishment. By-and-by he called out to her:

"Liese! Liese, I say! Who was it that came just now?"

"A friend of mine, gnädiger Herr, is going to Horn, and called to ask if—"

"Ta, ta, ta, child! You said all that. Who was it?"

"Oh! the young man at the stationer's shop, Sir; Herr Schmitt's assistant," answered Liese, greatly abashed.

The Justizrath dismissed her with a wave of his pen.

"Humph!" thought he, with a vivid recollection of the cadaverous boy whom he had seen through Herr Schmitt's shop-window, "this meek little damsel of ours has an odd enough taste in admirers. Or maybe this youth—who, by-the-way, comes pealing at the front bell with a boldness worthy of the 'patriot' himself—is only a tool and messenger of Peters's."

At half past eight o'clock the lawyer set forth to fetch his wife away from the festive and fashionable society at Major von Groll's. But never a word did old Puss-in-boots say to his Mathilde about Liese Lehmann's evening visitor.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

PROBABLY there are few architectural structures in our city which will be of such absorbing interest to ladies during the month of November as the magnificent retail store of Mr. A. T. Stewart. The opening of the new section will make this, beyond comparison, the largest and most elegant retail dry-goods establishment in the world. The entire building has about 200 feet frontage on both Broadway and Fourth Avenue, and 325 feet on Tenth Street, and is six stories above the street with basement and subcellar. The superficial area of each floor is nearly two acres, and of all the floors, including the basements, more than twelve acres. The subcellar is to be used for storing carpets before they are opened to the public; and the basement, which is amply lighted from the street, will be filled with every variety of carpet known in the markets of the world. The first story will be the most beautiful portion of the edifice. It is to be divided into sections, each devoted to some special department, the goods being so arranged as to be perfectly displayed without obstructing the view of the room. Near the centre an immense rotunda will rise to a height of more than one hundred feet, the top of which is tesselated glass. This rotunda is supported by heavy iron columns, which are elaborately embossed; and in each story the sides of the rotunda are surrounded by ornamented balustrades. The second story is devoted to cloaks, shawls, traveling suits, and similar special articles. The third story is occupied by the "cutting" department, where garments of every kind are cut according to the most approved styles. These are made up in the fourth and fifth stories. A sixth story, which has been added to the whole building, will be used for storing purposes. Two tanks for supplying water to every part of the building are upon this floor. All the stories are well lighted and ventilated. In the sub-cellar there are four large boilers for generating steam by which the entire building is to be heated, also the engine by which the four large elevators connected with the upper part of the building are to be raised. The new additions to this establishment, which are now nearly completed, are in accordance with the original design of the architect, and will result in a structure of extraordinary symmetry, grandeur, and solidity.

The first sewing-machine is said to have been invented by Madersperger, a German citizen of Vienna, in 1815. But the inventor was not a man calculated to successfully introduce it; and the public mind was too much occupied in political and national affairs to receive any new impression easily. Mr. Corliss, of engine fame, invented a sewing-machine, which was in constant use in his family, and he fully intended to have it patented, but was so busied with his new engine that he neglected it until it was too late.

A gentleman, who has ascended the snowy range of the Colorado, says that flowers were blossoming to the very summit, and among them the most fragrant ones of the mountains. In some cases they were growing up through the snow and ice, and in one instance he was compelled to break the ice with his heel before he could get the flower.

An anecdote is related of the English actress Clara Fisher, which illustrates her happy conception of character, and her extraordinary presence of mind. On one occasion she was to personate Richard III., and a new and elegant crown had been made for her. It was accidentally made too small, and was with difficulty kept on the head. When Richard, personated by Clara, descended from the throne in the presence of his nobles, and was delivering one of his most impassioned speeches, the crown fell off upon the stage. Little Clara took no notice of the circumstance, but concluded her speech with the same energy and commanding deportment with which it commenced; then beckoning to Catesby to approach, "Catesby," she said, pointing to the fallen diadem, and stood erect and motionless, with the haughty dignity of monarchy, until, the brief mandate understood, he lifted it and solemnly replaced it on her brow. A less gifted performer might have found it difficult to save the whole scene from derision; but she, sternly maintaining the royal character she had assumed, commanded the respect and admiration of the audience.

In Russia ladies eat and sleep so much that when quite young they grow out of what we would regard as good shape and proportion; but there excessive corpulence is thought perfectly charming. "How beautiful and thick she is!" they regard as a complimentary phrase.

Diamonds threaten to become too common. Those who have money to lavish may be obliged to look around for something else upon which to expend it. A French chemist has discovered a method for producing diamonds, colorless, colored, or black. They are obtained from cast iron in a liquid state, by means of a current of dry chlorine, introduced into the crucible containing the iron. This produces the crystallization of the carbon in the iron, and thus the diamonds. The required shade is given to the crystals by means of metallic oxyds of different colors.

Many years ago an intelligent boy was sent to school with others of his age. But his teacher could not make him learn his letters, and flogged him again and again in old-fashioned style.—Still the boy could not or would not distinguish A from B, and he was finally given over as incorrigibly stupid. Yet he was bright enough in many things outside of books, and though he could not learn to read, he was not behind his mates in other knowledge that came within his power. It was not until he had attained his majority that, putting on a pair of spectacles from accidental curiosity, he discovered how the words and letters, which always before had appeared blurred, indistinct masses of a grayish color, looked separate and clear, and knew how it was that he had been flogged in childhood, and had never learned to read. He availed himself of his new knowledge with promptness; and is now a successful business man in Buffalo.

Children are too often blamed and punished in cases when, if proper investigation was made, they would be found entirely innocent of any fault. The above incident recalls many similar ones which have come to our knowledge. Not long ago a lady remarked that, when a little girl, she was often reproved because her work was not thoroughly done. Her mother, wisely believing in the expediency of instructing her daughter in domestic duties, committed to her, each morning, the care of certain rooms. But seldom were the sweeping and dusting performed well enough to suit the mother's critical eye. She found crumbs on the floor, dust on the table, and cobwebs on the walls, where the child could find none. Of course she was often reproved—so often that she felt quite discouraged. Years afterward, when she discovered for herself that nothing was plain and distinct to her vision a few feet distant from her eyes, she understood why it was, that when a child, she could never see the specks of dirt that her mother's eye so quickly discerned.

The man of fashion in 1720 wore the full-curled flowing wig, which fell in ringlets half-way down his arms and back; a neck-cloth tied tight round his neck; a coat reaching to his ankles, laced, straight, formal, with buttons to the very bottom, and several on the pockets and sleeves; his shoes were square at the toes, had diminutive buckles, a monstrous flap on the instep, and high heels; a belt secured the coat, and supported the sword.

On the eastern side of Lake Bombazine, not far from Castleton, Vermont, is a large manufactory of slate-pencils, said to be the only one in the country, and the greatest in the world. About 100,000 pencils are made here every day.

The virtues of borax are gradually becoming known. In fact, if we can rely on numerous statements, it is good for almost every thing. It is said to be a sovereign remedy for cockroaches. It should be sprinkled at night on infested places, and the process repeated for two or three nights in succession.

A favorite condiment with many is tomato sweet pickles. Sweet apples may be prepared in a somewhat similar manner. Make a sirup in the proportion of one quart of cider-vinegar to one pint of sugar, sufficient to cover the desired quantity of apples. After the fruit is carefully prepared it should be boiled in the sirup until tender, spice of various kinds being added according to taste. The sirup may be boiled a few minutes after taking out the apples. Pears and peaches are very nice prepared in a similar way.

The peach crop in Ohio has been unusually large, and some dealers have been extensively engaged in canning the fruit.

The late Queen of Madagascar lost faith in her idols some time before her death. When dying she called upon some Christian officers who were attending upon her to pray to the true God. And to the great astonishment of every body, no idol was present at the funeral. The national idols have now been abolished in Madagascar.

The idea that to educate and train women thoroughly is to develop them into an inferior kind of man is precisely the reverse of the truth. The highest results of culture are to give control over the will, and to enable either man or woman to submit theirs when it is right that they should do so. A graceful obedience to a power which has the right to such obedience, although in both moral and intellectual force it may be inferior, is the surest evidence of true magnanimity. The petulant self-assertion of underbred women is one of the surest, as it is one of the most irritating, proofs of the absence of all true education. If a woman can not get through her housekeeping duties in sufficient time to inform herself in regard to the topics of the day, the probabilities are that she gives her husband a bad dinner, dresses her children and herself in bad taste at a great expense, and changes her servants constantly. Such are often the consequences of a defective education, and of marrying a husband who, never having known a true living woman, does not dream of the possibilities of happiness and life which lie within his reach, if he himself only had the intellect and will to call forth and develop the capabilities of the woman he has sworn to love, honor, and protect.

The *Rast Goftar*, an Indian paper, gives an account of a singular marriage which recently took place in Bombay between a Maharaj, long past the meridian of life, and a girl of ten years old. These Maharajs are believed to be incarnations of the Deity, yet are they said to incorporate in themselves the very essence of sensuousness and depravity of the blackest character. The bride was the daughter of a poor Telinga Brahmin, who received a large sum of money for giving the girl in marriage. The Maharajs are considered as outcasts, and no Brahmin gives his daughter in marriage to them without a large compensation in money, as he and his family lose caste immediately after the marriage. Every fraction of the large sums expended on this marriage was drawn from the blind devotees of Chimunlaljee Maharaj. On his marriage-day Chimunlaljee sat in his own temple with a wealth of smiles upon his face, and the people vied with each other in offering at his feet presents of money, jewels, and clothes. Later in the day, when in the immense procession, he was the "cynosure" of all eyes. A sight of the bride was a secondary matter.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BLANCHE.—Fluting is used this fall to trim alpaca and other worsted goods. We will give the information you want in a future Number.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Seventy-five dollars a pound is paid for hair a yard and a half long in its rough state. Why does your friend wish to part with such fine hair? Only necessity should compel her.

LOUISE.—Make a petticoat of black and brown striped satin, or of poplin with satin stripes. Cut the upper-skirt and baschlik fichu by the pattern given in No. 50 of the *Bazar*. Trim with a marquise ruche, or with bias folds of the striped skirt, and fringe. Pleat a ten-inch flounce on your white dress headed by a chain of puffs bound with a color. Puffed trimming on the cuffs, and as epaulets. The fichu will be in good taste.

MISS G.—The walking dress with Watteau paletot illustrated in *Bazar* No. 50 is a proper model for you.

INDIGNANT.—Possibly you have only yourself to blame. You doubtless requested the editor in case of the rejection of your MS. to "return it to Jennie R. Smith, Smithville, etc." How was he to know you were a Miss and not a Mrs.? Of course he did not prefix either. If you are "touchy" on this point you should always sign yourself when writing to strangers thus,

(MISS) JENNIE R. SMITH,
SMITHVILLE.

and *always inclose stamps!*

MRS. G., ALBANY.—The chemise pattern to which you refer is in No. 48 of *Harper's Bazar*, Supplement No. VI., Figs. 21 and 22. You have made the common mistake of confounding the Number of the paper with that of the Supplement patterns.

MISS M. D. AND SACHET.—We do not purchase goods on commission. On receipt of a stamp we will send the addresses of the parties from whom the articles described in our paper can be procured, so that our correspondents can communicate with them directly.

GRAMMARIAN.—*Whose* is the genitive of the relative pronoun *who*, and should be used instead of *of whom*, which is becoming so common.

O.—"What will Mrs. Grundy say?" is a quotation from the old English comedy "Speed the Plough." The phrase is now commonly put in the mouths of those who are oversensitive in regard to the opinions of others.

ZENIA.—Square linen cuffs are worn inside the dress sleeve. They fit best when attached to an undersleeve. Make your black silk long, the front width and one each side of it gored, the others full, and looped in a panier puff by a sash. Pleated flounce with puffs at the top formed by reversing the pleats. Passementerie braid with tassels on each seam. Heart-shaped surplice corsage, with lace chemisette. A baschlik with fichu similar to the illustration in No. 50 is one of the most fashionable wrappings. You can make it warm enough by lining with flannel. The samples of lace you send will probably wear and wash well. We prefer the coarse Valenciennes for underclothing.

LUCRETIA.—Gray, garnet, and black are the fashionable colors for street dress. Changeable goods are newer than solid colors. The shoes may match the dress in color and material, but black kids are most generally worn.

AN ADMIRING SUBSCRIBER.—For directions about your dress we refer you to the reply to Zenia.

ENGLISH ACTRESS.—You ask: "Do the remains of the celebrated actor, George Frederick Cooke, lie beneath the monument to his memory, erected by Edmund Kean, in St. Paul's church-yard, New York?" Part of them we presume do, but what part it may be difficult to say. In Dr. Francis's "Old New York" we are told of the removal of the remains "from the strangers' vault," where they had been deposited, to be placed beneath the monument raised by Edmund Kean, in St. Paul's church-yard. This was in 1821. Strange liberties must have been taken during this removal, for, if we recollect rightly, the skull of the actor was for some time in the possession of Dr. Francis, and on one occasion, we believe, figured on the boards of the old Park Theatre, to point a moral in the grave-digging scene of some starring Hamlet of the day; and we read further, in a letter of the American actor Maywood to William Hazlitt at London, that another vital portion of the great George Frederick Cooke was sent to London. "I feel assured," says Maywood, writing from New York, April 29, 1821, "that any part of so great a being as George Cooke will be esteemed a curiosity and richly valued. *The bearer of this will offer a morsel of the liver of this wondrous man.*"

FLIP.—A high-crowned hat with turned up rim, and the round Turkish fez, will be the styles for winter.

SEVERAL SUBSCRIBERS.—Make the black gros grain according to the directions given Zenia. The lavender silk may have a tunic trimmed with a pleated ruche of satin or of black velvet. The flounce on the lower skirt is bound with the material of the ruche. Square corsage with puffed chemisette. Sleeves puffed to the elbow and ruffled. Traveling suit of gray serge or changeable poplin.

T. M. A.—Wait until your visit is returned before you make a second call on a stranger. Drab is trimmed with garnet this season—brown, with a darker brown and black.

FLORENCE.—If your wrapping is for evening, make a scarf barnous with Arab fold, trimmed with camel's-hair fringe. If it is for a day garment, make a polonaise, with Watteau folds in the back. Trimming of white Astrakhan or plush.

INQUISITIVE.—Brocade silks do not require much trimming. Make the long gored skirt plain. A bertha of fringe or lace on the high corsage. Coat-sleeves. Make the white dress a baby waist, with puffed sleeves and fichu, trimmed with Valenciennes.

JEAN.—Try benzine on your skirt. Castile soap, used with a brush, may be effective. Trim your poplin with bands of the same, edged with faille; the striped dress with pleated bias ruffles, bound with blue. You will find illustrations of walking dresses in *Bazar* No. 50.

LOUISE.—You can order sets of hair jewelry from any of the jewelers whose names are used in the New York Fashion article of the *Bazar*. The prices range from $12 to $20. Hair three inches long will answer. Colored jewelry is not admissible in mourning. Watch-chains of jet are worn in deep mourning. Black velvet beaver cloth, trimmed with folds of faille, or Astrakhan, is the material for mourning cloaks. Alpaca is used for serviceable house dresses, but is too glossy for the street. You can have aprons of white organdy trimmed with folds, but not ruffles. A widow is addressed by her own Christian name, not her husband's.

CABIAN.—Read directions to Zenia.

EAST ABINGTON.—Thibet cloth and bombazine are the only cloak materials that you can trim with crape. If these are lined and wadded they will be quite warm enough for the Southern climate. Velvet beaver is a better material. It is six quarters wide, requiring only two yards for a cloak. The price is $13 a yard. Astrakhan cloth is used for deep mourning. It is also six quarters wide, worth from $10 to $20 a yard. We would not advise you to make skirts without goring them. The front and sides are gored perfectly flat, the backs are full.

LAURA.—Payson's is the best indelible ink. A small quantity of borax is put in the water when boiling. A set of Roman gold will suit your style, and may be worn both morning and evening. You can get good styles of the bright yellow gold for $60. A handsome set of mosaic will cost you $75 or $100.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—You will find directions for making infants' clothing in No. 14 and No. 17 of the *Bazar*. We will attend to your request.

FACETIÆ.

A LITTLE girl was asked whether she could explain the meaning of bearing false witness against one's neighbor. "Please, Sir, when no one does nothing to nobody, and some one goes and tells on't."

Kratsalatt's wife discovered her old hen sitting in the back yard, and "bust up her nest." Soon after the poor wife came in much excited, and said, "My dear Kratsalatt, I took the eggs from Brownie, and she has gone and sat on an old meat-axe." "Let her set," said the bilious old fellow; "if she sets on an axe, maybe she'll hatchet!"

The papers speak of a man who discovered that he is his own grandfather. That is nothing to what happened to a certain venerable friend of ours, who found out that he was an old woman, and therefore possibly his own grandmother.

There was a ferryman whom some of his classical neighbors had entitled Charon. "Why do they call you Charon, Donald?" inquired a passenger. "Weel, I suppose, because I take *care on* the boat, Sir."

Some one who was swindled in the Nevada mines insists that the coat of arms of that State ought to be a sham rock and a lyre.

A doctor, recently installed in a new house on one of the new boulevards, Paris, received a visit from an unknown person.

"Mr. P——, being a neighbor, I have taken the liberty of calling on you."

"Ah! you are—"

"Yes, Sir. I have established myself on the floor below, and I have taken the great liberty to beg you to recommend me, when the occasion demands, to your patients."

"Willingly; but what is your—"

"I have opened a mourning store."

BAD STUDY FOR ARTISTS—Daggers drawn.

A CANDID EPITAPH.—Tombstone inscriptions are generally accused of want of candor. The following lines, which are to be found on a stone in the church-yard of Darenth, near Dartford, England, certainly do not err in that direction:

"Oh, the liquor he did love, but never will no more,
For what he loved did turn his foe;
For on the 28th January, 1741, that fatal day,
The Debt he owed he then did pay."

What forts are the best for soldiers?—Com-forts.

AN ACCOMMODATING SERVANT.—A gentleman addressed his servant, "James, I have always placed the greatest confidence in you; now tell me, James, how is it that my butcher's bills are so large, and I always have such bad dinners?" "Really, Sir, I don't know; for I am sure we never have any thing nice in the kitchen that we don't send some of it up in the parlor."

THE FIRST VEGETABLE EVER KNOWN—Time.

A lady in New York called at the shop of a maker of chimney ventilators to see if he had any contrivance which would make her husband stop smoking.

CONVIVIAL TOAST (*for a Temperance Fête*).—Fill high, Drink *L'eau*.

A MIEN ADVANTAGE—A superiority in appearance.

"You and your wife should be *one*," said a friendly adviser to a hen-pecked husband. "Become *one!*" exclaimed hen-pecked; "why, we are *ten* now." "How so?" "*She's* 1 and *I'm* 0."

"Mr. Smith, the hogs are getting into your corn-field." "Never mind, Billy, I'm sleepy. Corn won't hurt 'em."

DINING-ROOM SCENE.

AUNT (*who, as a rule, can't bear tobacco*). "You know, Harry, I don't like Smoking in the Dining-Room; but as you enjoy a Pipe, I have had a Chair put for you in the Conservatory."

CONSERVATORY SCENE.

Harry has a Nap after the Second Pipe, and is treated to an expiring Shower of the Old Lady's Enemies.

ZOOLOGICAL.

Which animal is never old?—The gnoo.

Which is costly?—The deer.

Which is a good boatman?—The roe buck.

Which is often elected to office?—The mare.

Which makes a good light?—The tapir.

Which is a horrid nuisance, and tackles you every where?—The boar.

Which beast is most used by cooks?—The spider.

Which dogs is the Pope of Rome fond of?—Bull dogs.

Which dogs always go in pairs?—Spaniels.

Which is the most unbending dog?—The mastiff.

Which dog would you recommend hair-dye to?—The greyhound.

Which reptile would drivers prefer?—The whip-snake.

Which would boys and girls rather have?—The hoop-snake.

Which is best for watchmen?—The rattle-snake.

Which do Indians have the most use for?—The moccasin snake.

Which is best for school-children?—The adder.

"LEVELING DOWN"—Going to bed.

A man very much intoxicated was sent to jail. "Why did you not bail him out?" inquired a bystander of a friend.

"Bail him out!" exclaimed the other; "why, you couldn't pump him out."

An apothecary, who is continually troubled with the inquiry for the time, was asked the other day, "Please, Sir, tell me what time it is." "Why, I gave you the time not a minute ago!" said the astonished apothecary. "Yes, Sir," replied the lad, "but this is for another woman!"

When are fish a little crazy?—When they get in-seine.

THE EARLIEST PARTICIPANTS IN THE FALL TRADE—Adam and Eve.

Is it bad grammar to say, "That *air* gun?"

THE BALL-ROOM ALPHABET.

A—was an Angel of sweet seventeen.
B—was the Ball-room in which she was seen.
C—was the Chaperon devoted to cards.
D—was the Deux Temps with Doyle of the Guards.
E—was her Eye, of fine rolling black.
F—was the Fan that Doyle would not give back.
G—was her Glove of exquisite kid.
H—was the Hand it so spitefully hid.
I—was the Ice the fair angel demanded.
J—was the Juvenile rushing to hand it.
K—was her Kerchief of exquisite art.
L—was the Lace that formed the chief part.
M—was the old Maid that sat through the dances.
N—was the Nose she turned up at sly glances.
O—was the Olga waltz then in its prime.
P—was the Partner who could not keep time.
Q—the Quadrilles that should have been Lancers.
R—the Remarks that were made on the dancers.
S—was the Supper they went to in pairs.
T—was the Twaddle they talked on the stairs.
U—was the Uncle who said, "Let's be going."
V—was the Voice the fair angel said "No" in.
W—was the Waiter who staid very late.
X—was his Exit, which wasn't quite straight.
Y—was the Yawn which comes after a ball.
Z—was for Zero, nothing at all.

"How do you get that lovely perfume?" asked one lady of another. "It's scent to me," was the reply.

CURIOUS ANOMALY—That bakers should always *need* bread.

THE END OF ALL LOVE—The letter E.

HIGH SOCIETY—In the Arctic Circle.

A DEAD SET.

MAJOR GUMMY. "By Jove, what a Bore! Here come those Girls that are always making up to me, and I've got my confounded Teeth in my Pocket."

INDIGNANT CUSTOMER. "Look here, I thought you said this Cloth was shrunk. It's disgraceful!"

COMPLAISANT SNIP. "Well, Sir, we can Shrink it a little more for you, I've no doubt." [*Customer literally bursts with indignation.*

NEW FRUIT—A man-date.

A ROOM VERY RARELY RENTED—Room for improvement.

An Edinburgh journal, a little while since, inserted under the "Deaths" the demise of a Mr. W. W. W. The gentleman being alive, protested, and the week after the following correction appeared: "We regret to find that the announcement of the death of Mr. W. W. W. is a malicious fabrication."

HOW TO GET RID OF RATS—Kill them.

Why does a sailor know there is a man in the moon?—Because he's been to sea.

"Off she goes," said a lady, speaking of the train as it was starting. "You have mistaken the gender, Madam," said a gentleman; "this is the mail train."

A good story is told of a "country gentleman" who for the first time heard an Episcopal clergyman preach. He had heard much of the aristocracy and pride of the church, and when he returned home he was asked if the people were stuck up. "Pshaw! no," replied he; "why the minister preached in his shirt-sleeves."

A gentleman who has recently lost an eye begs to intimate that he has now a vacancy for a pupil.

Young women should beware of marrying an accountant. If they do so they take an adder to their bosoms.

The Brown Family return from their Sea-Bath and have forgotten the Number of their Bath-House. [*Result may be imagined.*

HARPER'S BAZAR.

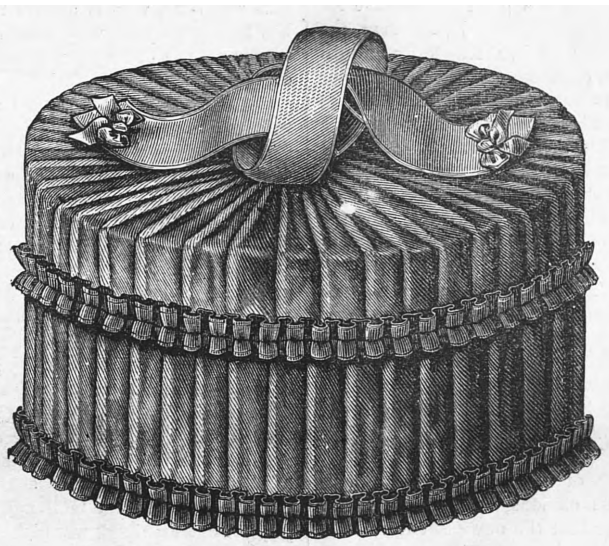
A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 52.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Toilette Box.

MATERIALS: A round pasteboard box four inches in diameter and two inches high, blue silk, blue ribbon three-fourths of an inch wide, pasteboard.

This pretty box makes a useful adjunct to the dressing-table as a receptacle for powder, small toilette articles, etc. A round paper box of the size given above is covered with pleated blue silk in the manner shown by the illustration. The silk covering of the cover is gathered in the centre; the edge of the cover is finished with a ruche of ribbon three-fourths of an inch wide. In the centre of the cover is placed a knot which is made of pasteboard three-fourths of an inch wide covered with blue ribbon; the ends of this knot are ornamented with little blue bows and fastened to the box. Bind the upper edge of the box covering, and finish the under edge with a ruche.



TOILETTE BOX.

Lady's Fall Suit.

THIS pretty and serviceable fall suit is made of violet serge. Plain high corsage and close sleeves. Over-skirt, trimmed with black silk fringe three inches wide. Cape cut short and straight in front, with long ends knotted behind as shown by Fig. 2. The cape is closed with small passementerie buttons, and bordered with black silk fringe and two rows of black silk piping.

SEED WORK.

A PERSON who has never pursued the habit of observation, as applied to the common and homelier objects around him, can scarcely realize how great a variety is to be found among the garden and field seeds with which we are all familiar. Nor will they fully appreciate the curious shapes and colors of these humble things until they are brought together and displayed in some artistic form.

With this object in view let us collect throughout the season every variety of ripe seeds within reach, nothing being considered too homely or common for a place in the collection. Beans of all kinds, the various melon seeds, coffee, rice, and Indian corn—of which last there are to be found a great variety in size and color, from the deep red and mottled grains to almost white or deep golden yellow. Every seed of size sufficient for handling will be acceptable for our purpose.

Then the garden flower seeds will answer to form a miniature wreath, such as convolvulus, hollyhock, larkspur, pear, apple, the shining black seeds of the tiger lily, and others too numerous to mention.

Having thus collected a large assortment, a frame-work of wood must be provided; if intended to be a picture-frame, the shape and size will of course be regulated by the dimensions of the picture to be placed in it. But many prefer making the wreath itself the centre, and, when finished, have it framed neatly, with a glass to protect it from dust.

If the latter be the style fixed on, a circular frame of thin wood should be prepared and stained slightly with walnut staining materials, or simple black varnish. The upper surface of the wood should not be very smoothly finished, or the glue will not adhere so firmly, but will be constantly liable to scale off. When the frame is ready and the glue hot spread a portion of it over a space of about two inches in diameter, and begin at once to arrange or group your seeds; taking, for instance, one kind of bean for one flower. Form it by sticking them close together around the outside edges of the glued space with the points inward, thus making the circular outline of the flower. Allow the beans to radiate evenly, but lie perfectly flat against the wood, and then form the inner row by sticking the ends of the beans into the glue, letting the outer ones be slightly elevated by resting on the inner points of the first row. A third tier is then placed in like manner inside the last, and so on until the space is entirely filled and finished with a round bean of either the same or a different kind. If the glue stiffens too much before the whole flower is completed more must be added.

An almost endless variety of shapes and styles of flowers will suggest themselves as the work proceeds, and, since accurate resemblance to nature is not attempted nor aimed at, no exact rules need be given or followed, taste and ingenuity being sufficient guides to the artist.

When the whole surface is occupied with the greatest possible variety of designs, there will still remain considerable intervening space in which the rough wooden foundation will be seen. In order to cover this properly thin the glue with a little water, and with a small brush spread it over the wood wherever there is a bare space around and between the flowers, doing about one-quarter of the frame at once, giving it a pretty good coat; then while wet sprinkle over it any small seeds that may be most abundant, so that the wood shall be entirely covered with them; this will form a suitable ground-work, and afford a proper relief to the flowers, especially if these seeds are of a dark color.

Proceed with this part of the work until the whole space is covered, and then apply with a camel's-hair brush an even coat of good copal varnish. If this is not enough to give the whole a fine gloss, it can be retouched, some seeds absorbing a large quantity of varnish before showing the required gloss.

If it is to be set into a frame as described it can now be fastened on to the board that is to form the back, which should first be covered with white paper, or any other material that may be preferred, studying to produce a good contrast. The space in the centre of the wreath may be occupied in any way desired, and the whole inclosed in a deep frame

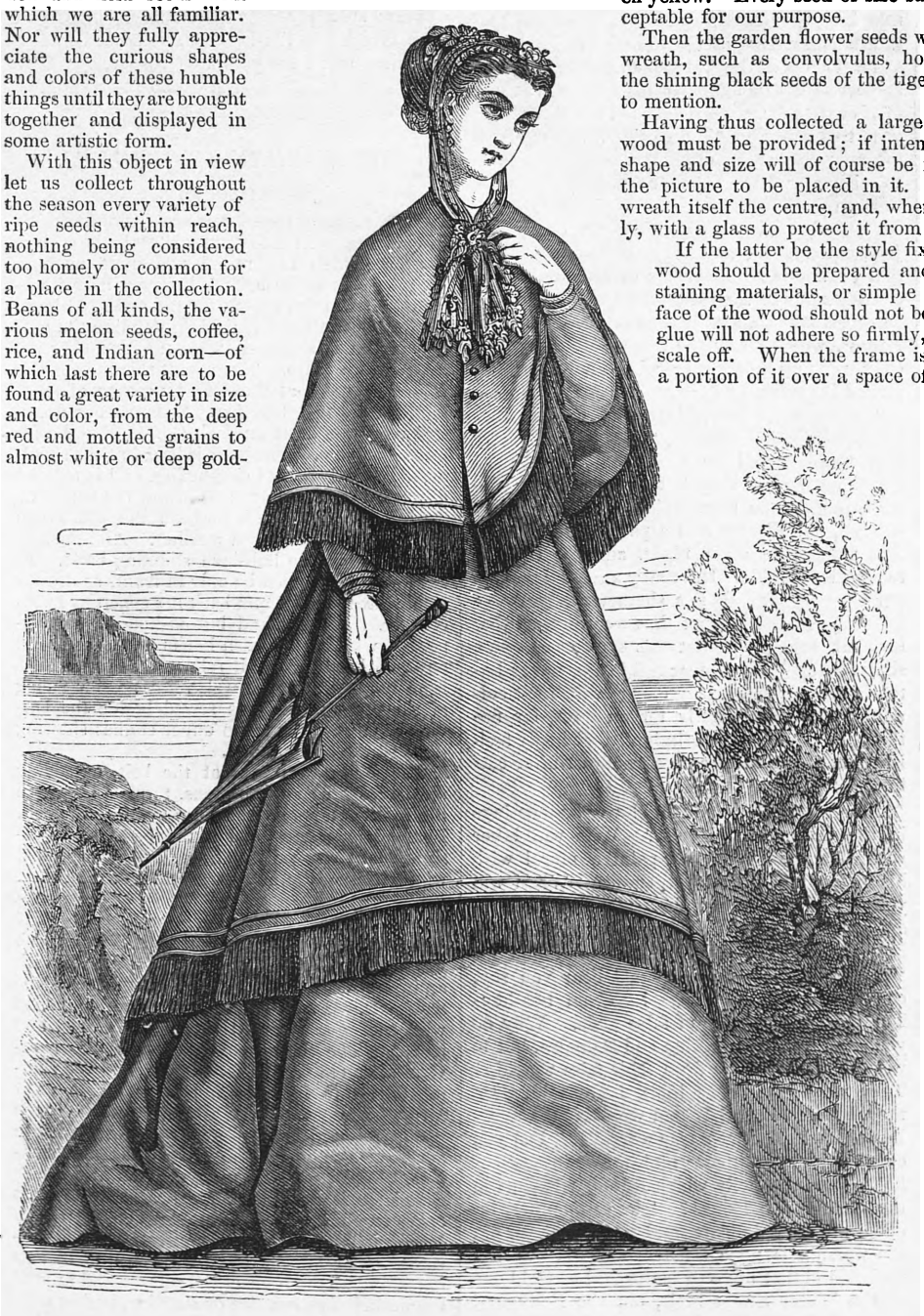


Fig. 1.—LADY'S FALL SUIT.—FRONT.

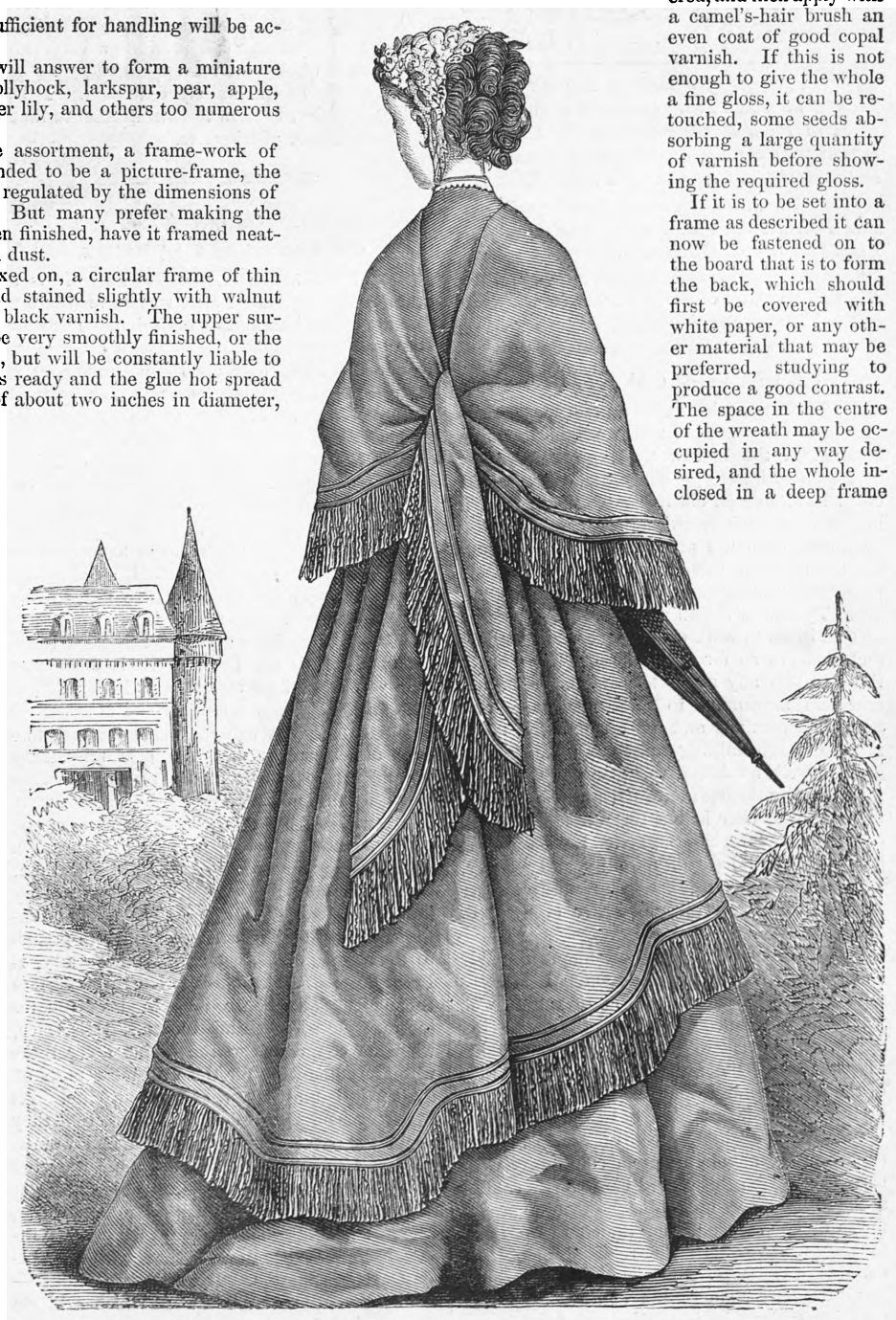


Fig. 2.—LADY'S FALL SUIT.—BACK.

which will allow room for the raised surface of the wreath. For picture-frames the seeds must be glued in the same manner on to the wooden frame, which must be first prepared with a back, and groove for the glass; and, if desired for a standing frame, a hinged foot should be fastened to the back.

For large frames use the larger and coarser seeds; but for small and light ones, the more delicate seeds of flowers will be most beautiful and appropriate.

This work may be applied with excellent effect to ornament boxes for the toilette-table, brackets, hanging-baskets, wooden vases, flower-stands, book-racks, and many other articles. In general effect it differs from the cone-work or leather-work on account of the variety of colors to be found among the seeds, which are also much heightened by the application of the varnish.

A fine specimen of this work was exhibited at a late Horticultural Fair in Philadelphia, and received a special premium, besides attracting universal attention and admiration.

THE WELCOME.

ANITHER bairn cam' hame—
Hame to mither and me!—
It was yestreen in the gloamin',
When scarce was light to see
The wee bit face o' the darlin',
That its greetin' cry was heard,
And our crowded nestie made a place
To hold anither bird!

Sax little bonnie mouths,
Ah me! tak' muckle to fill,
But to grudge the bit t' the seventh
For mither and me were ill!
Oh! nestle up closer, dearie,
Lie saft on the snawy breast,
Where fast life's fountain floweth
When thy twa warm lips are prest.

The rich man counteth his cares
By the shinin' gowd in 's hand,
By 's ships that sail on the sea,
By 's harvests that whiten the land.
The puir man counteth his blessings
By the ring o' voices sweet,
By the hope that glints in bairnies' een,
By the sound o' bairnies' feet.

An' it's welcome hame, my darlin'!
Hame to mither and me!
An' it's never may ye find less o' love
Than the love ye brought wi' ye!
Cauld are the blasts o' the wild wind,
An' rough the warld may be;
But warm's the hame o' the wee one
In the hearts o' mither an' me!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1868.

☞ *The first of a series of Elegant Colored Plates of the* FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS, *prepared in Paris by the proprietors of the* MODE ILLUSTRÉE *expressly for* HARPER'S BAZAR, *will be presented to our readers in an early Number.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a Double Sheet with a rich variety of full-sized Patterns for* LADIES' WINTER CLOAKS; *together with Cloak Trimmings, Fall and Winter Bonnets, etc., etc. Children's Cloaks will appear in the following Supplement.*

CONVENIENCE OF ETIQUETTE.

THERE are undoubtedly a great many ceremonious practices which would be more honored in the breach than the observance. There is no innate propriety that we can discover in kissing an old man's toe, Pope though he be—no grace inherent in the act of stumbling backward from the presence of Majesty—and not the least advantage in crawling with belly prostrate on the ground into the presence of the great Tycoon of Japan when one has a pair of feet and legs to walk erect upon. We may, in fact, venture so far as to say that it is a dirty thing to kiss any man's toe, an unnatural and graceless movement to walk backward, and both inconvenient and undignified for biped man to forego walking and creep on all fours.

It is well, no doubt, to show our reverence for authority through external forms of respect to those who bear it, but there is no necessity of outraging nature in the act. Regard should be had to the laws of morality and gravity, and no human creature be required to swerve from a decorous rectitude either of mind or body.

Ceremonious observances are unquestionably carried often to an absurd extent. It is Montaigne, we believe, who tells us of a king who punished his courtier with death for having dared, at the risk of his own life, to pull his Majesty out of the fire. He had been guilty of the unpardonable sin of so far forgetting the divinity that doth hedge a king as to touch with sacrilegious hand the royal carcass. The saving of the monarch was in conformity with the duty of the subject, and his Majesty condescended to bestow upon him the royal approval for so much of the act; but the contact of commonalty with royalty which resulted, though inevitable, was deemed an offense, and accordingly punished. Though the courtier's act was both benevolent in intention and fact, it yet involved, accordingly to kingly wisdom, an insolence. This indeed is the reduction of ceremonious observance to the utmost absurdity.

The proper thing unquestionably is to yield to those requirements of etiquette, though they may seem absurd, which do not involve any necessary sacrifice of self-respect. There are many ceremonious observances in foreign countries which have no meaning for the American, but which are full of significance to the European. Some of them are symbols of authority essential to government, or traditional records of event and incident of great historical interest and value. It is becoming in the stranger to treat such with the common respect, and comply, if he can conscientiously, with the public requirements in regard to them. If he can not conform, let him keep away from such positions and places in which reverence for them is exacted.

There will be often found, on investigation, some good reason for the existence of a ceremonious observance which appears at first sight to be entirely frivolous. Among the rules of social etiquette, many of which are undoubtedly trifling, a good number will be found to be based on a sound common-sense. Consider, for example, that rule of the dinner-table, Do not ask twice for soup. This appears at first sight both silly and arbitrary. It is, however, a very sensible ordinance, and is to be justified by the laws of health and the general comfort and convenience. The soup, being a fluid substance, can easily be absorbed in small quantities, and, thus taken, is a good preparative for the solidities of the dinner. If, however, the stomach is deluged with it, the appetite and digestion become weakened, and there is neither the inclination to eat nor the power to digest the more substantial food essential to the due nutrition of the body. As for the convenience or comfort of the single-plate rule, no one can deny it who has ever looked upon an array of hungry guests whose eager appetite for the coming roast is compelled to an impatient delay by some social monster capable of asking for soup twice. The cook in the mean time is, of course, thrown out in his calculations, and the dish, when it does come at last, is either spoiled by overcooking, or cold from being withdrawn so long from the fire. The guests thus are not only tried in temper by a protracted expectation, but balked of their anticipated enjoyment.

The advantage of not putting the knife in the mouth will be obvious, we suppose, to all who are conscious that the one can cut and the other is capable of being cut. There is an excellent chemical reason for that other table rule which forbids the use of a knife of steel with the fish, the ordinary sauces of which combine with that metal, and produce a composition neither wholesome nor appetizing. These proofs might be indefinitely extended. It is, in fact, less easy to show the inconvenience than the convenience of etiquette.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

On Converting the Heathen.

MY DEAR MELANCHTHON,—It is a long time since I have written to you, but you are never long out of my mind. For how can a man walk about this city, in every part, and not feel that here are the appealing Asia, Africa, and Polynesian Islands which demand the missionary? If it had been only generally suspected the attention recently directed to the Water Street Dance Houses would certainly have confirmed it. Indeed the Canadian Indians, to whom the early Jesuits went to preach and who put them to death with every kind of horrible torture, do not seem to have been so truly barbarous, so dehumanized, as many of the dwellers in the dens not five miles away from us to-day. You will never know nor imagine the orgies of Water Street and the wharves. It is not necessary. It is enough that you know how instant and imperative is the claim upon your sympathy and effort.

But I hope you will not make the sad mistake of supposing that the sole missionary ground in the city is in the region to which public attention has lately been so strenuously addressed. Why, my dear Melanchthon, one of the most common sights is that of a heathen giving money for the conversion of the heathen. One of the busiest of persons in the missionary line so to speak, that is, in the promotion of enterprises for sending men and women to preach to the people of Thibet and Crim Tartary, is Peter Pagan. The old gentleman subscribes copiously. His house is a kind of inn for the poor vic—I mean missionaries. His voice, when he commends to the divine favor those who are embarking for the uttermost parts of the earth, is most sonorous and edifying. As the story-books say of certain ogres, that they could not see plump young men and women without a smacking of the chops and watering of the mouth, so do the spiritual chops of Peter Pagan smack and his spiritual mouth water, when he beholds a serious youth or maid. Inwardly he instantly devotes them to the remotest Christian station. He seems to hanker—if I may venture to use a word which Addison did not disdain—to afford them an opportunity of translation by fire or water, to secure to them the most exquisite tortures of martyrdom that they may triumphantly bear witness to their faith. Indeed old Peter Pagan with his perpetual pushing off of callow young missionaries of both sexes reminds me of the sympathetic hangman of old King Louis whom Scott commemorates in Quentin Durward, who was never weary of cheerfully encouraging his victims, as if strangling were the most agreeable ceremony in the world.

Now if I were a missionary I should certainly concede that "a great work," as the phrase is, was to be done at John Allen's, but I should feel myself especially called upon to devote myself to the conversion of that tough old King of the Cannibal Islands, Peter Pagan. I should tell him that he could not be saved by proxy. I should show him that although he might fit out twenty missionaries to Timbuctoo at his own expense, and although each of them might convert four of the natives every year, yet it would not be passed to his private account, which he must settle for himself. And if you ask me what on earth I mean, and whether so eminent a saint as Peter Pagan, who sustains the Feejee mission almost at his own cost, himself needs conversion, I reply that I certainly do mean just that. Let him be converted from his intolerable greed of money, from the passing of false invoices at the Custom-house, from his faith and practice that all's fair in trade—in a word, from his worship of the false god of gold. Indeed old Peter Pagan, who pays his bills regularly, who is always respectable, who has family prayers, very long and very loud—who is a kind of missionary patriarch, and has a great many good qualities, is as fond of "the stamps" as John Allen, and he degrades himself by lying and the false morality of trade to obtain them, just as John Allen does, although in a different manner. The same false god is worshiped in John Allen's dance-house and in Peter Pagan's neat office. The ceremonies are different, but the worship is the same. My dear missionary, if John Allen's house is your Burmah station, Peter Pagan's office is your Siam.

And here is Latour, the irreproachable bachelor of the old Union Club, one of the most delightful diners out in the city; a man always in request, and as apparently antipodal to Allen as the superb palace at the corner of Twenty-first Street and the Avenue is different from the house in Water Street. I saw him the other morning just after his breakfast at the Club, tranquilly picking his teeth and reading the paper. That breakfast would have been a study for Ude. I doubt if Soyer ever conceived any works of gustatory art more perfect in their way than the breakfasts and dinners which Latour orders at the Club. You may depend that he gives his mind to them, and meditates sauces and salads as he walks by the way and as he reflects in the watches of the night. The subject of his thoughts, of his studies, the end of his existence, so to speak, is his dinner. He goes to Paris from time to time, and explores the new discoveries of the cuisine at the cafés as other men go to listen to the lectures in the College de France, or to study art in the Italian galleries. He is an authority upon all subjects of the table; and it is generally understood that he has the free entrée of Delmonico's in consideration of the valuable suggestions which he occasionally offers to that *maestro*. This is Latour, whom I saw the other morning at the Club reading his paper while he tranquilly picked his teeth.

"Upon my honor, Margaux," said Latour to his companion at table, "it is extraordinary that there should be such heathenism in a Christian land as they have unearthed in Water Street. The newspaper accounts are bad enough, but Friscoe and a party went through that region the other night, and the sight is really unspeakable. It is really a reflection upon our Christianity. It is a shame, a disgrace.—By-the-way, don't forget that we are to try that new sauce with the fillet this evening at seven sharp.—Really too disgraceful." So saying Latour's eyes slipped gently along to the next column, and he sat quietly for an hour, for nothing, he says, is more criminally, wickedly foolish than any kind of excitement just after eating.

Now who will go and hold prayer-meetings in the Union Club House? Who will labor with Latour? Who will point a moral with his name and his performances? When will you, dear Melanchthon, depart for that missionary ground? and will old Peter Pagan subscribe liberally for the conversion of Latour and his "companions?" Conversion, I hear you say, conversion, and from what? From heathenism, from the worship of false gods. Why do you good men go to China and Sumatra, but to win the sinners there from their false worship? They worship hideous idols, I am told. Do they, indeed! And Latour worships the awful Belly-God! Is that a true worship? Did you ever see a more hideous idol in a Chinese Joss-house than the Belly which Latour worships in the Union Club House? The ceremonies, indeed, are very delicate, and not repulsive, but the worship is none the less sincere. Now I understand that not only is the God of Gold one of the Water Street idols, but the Belly-God also. I insist, therefore, my dear Melanchthon, that if Christian zeal requires you to denounce the idols and false gods in the Dance House, you must not spare the Club House. I assure you, my excellent spiritual soldier, that we are encompassed round about with the heathen host, and how can you justify yourself in leaving the very heat and stress of the battle to undertake the light skirmishing upon the edges?

You think, I am told, of going to China. Now I learn from Mr. Embassador Burlingame, and other learned and experienced men, that the Chinese are mainly a frugal and temperate people; and that whatever the degradation of some of the inhabitants of China may be, it is not comparable to that of the inhabitants of John Allen's Dance House. Let us, then, suppose that the whole force of the Alphabetical Missionary Association were brought to bear for the next ten years upon the heathen lands and people upon Manhattan Island, don't you believe that the general average of human welfare would be raised? I confess that Ignatius Loyola does not seem to me a truer Christian missionary than John Howard, nor Henry Martyn than Mrs. Fry, or Mrs. Dix, or Florence Nightingale. You shall not, indeed, surpass me in honoring the fervor and devotion of the Jesuit missionaries in Canada, of whom I have spoken, nor the unselfish heroism of Loyola and Martyn. But the very circumstances of their missions sustained them. They were conspicuous, renowned, and they lived and died in the gaze of an admiring world. If they braved the perils of Persia and of Tartary, they had the supporting sense of the sympathy and thought of Christendom. But after the present newspaper excitement passes away, I suppose there would be very little renown in braving the fury of the savage wharves, or in penetrating the benighted Paganism of the Dance House, or the sumptuous idolatry of the Club House.

How much did you tell me the Great Alphabetical Missionary Society pays for the support of the Howard Mission? I have forgotten, but I hope it is a very large sum, for I doubt if any missionary station in the world is more effective than that. There is a very fine Gothic missionary station at the other corner of the street from Latour's Club House on the Avenue. I suppose it spiritually bombards its neighbor, as it were. I suppose the preacher shows that a house in which the Belly-God is adored is a baser sort of Joss-house. I suppose, when Latour attends the missionary services there, he hears that if the poor, ignorant, outcast sailor who worships the great Belly-God in one way at the Dance House is a sinner, the refined and intelligent Latour, worshiping the same God in another way at the Club House, is not a saint.

I am sure, my dear Missionary, that if you wish to convert the heathen, you need not go to China, and I am your well-wisher,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

DRESS BODICES.

THE shape of closed corsages is not materially altered from the styles given in the spring. French models are round waists of medium length with narrow belts. Points will be introduced later in the season for full dress. Shoulder seams are short and high, defining the outline of the shoulder—a fashion that makes the figure look square. To prevent this the corsage is cut very full at the bust by means of short darts placed near together. Some French dresses have three darts on each side to give the required fullness. The back is broad at the shoulders, has well-curved side-bodies, and is tapered down to measure only one-third of the length of the belt. The bodice is higher at the throat than the styles worn in warm weather. All imported dresses retain the half-inch standing band. If cut low at all it must be only in front, as dresses sloping at the sides and back are generally unbecoming. Buttons and button-holes are indispensable. Half a dozen hooks and eyes sewed on the belt and above it relieve the button-holes from the strain at the waist. A narrow facing of the dress material is sewed beside the buttons to prevent the white under-clothes showing through the button-holes.

The trimming begins at the belt, extending up the front near the buttons, forms a square in the back, and is brought down again to the belt. Pompadour squares and round berthas are designed on plain waists. Several rows of piping, with fringe on the last row, form a round collar.

OPEN WAISTS.

Open waists with chemisettes are very much worn. The Maria Theresa waist, square with an inside fichu of folds is suitable for handsome materials. It should always be accompanied with the open sleeve, tight to the elbow, and ruffled. The rolling collar, or revers, is a revival of an old fashion familiar to all. We commend this to ladies with narrow chests, as it gives the appearance of greater breadth. It is fashionable for demi-toilette, both for the house and street, with a chemisette of muslin or cambric. When used for more dressy attire a lace chemisette is necessary. The heart-shaped waist opens very low, and will not admit of lace alone. Young ladies with plump figures wear two narrow puffs of muslin edged with lace, or of net, extending up the front of the corsage and around the neck. The surplice or shawl waist has deep pleats on each shoulder falling in folds to the belt and crossed like a fichu. This is becoming

to slender figures. The back is slightly fulled into a belt, or sloped over the hips, and held in place by a draw-string. French modistes make all waists and skirts separate; a bad plan for any but slight persons, as it requires several thicknesses at the belt, making the waist large and clumsy.

LOW CORSAGES.

Evening corsages are very low and square and filled out to the proper height with tulle folds *à la-Grecque*, and lace. When made entirely of the dress material they are not cut so indecorously low as were many dresses last season. Lace is to be the favorite garniture. Wedding toilettes this winter will be conspicuous for their elegant simplicity.

SLEEVES.

Coat-sleeves still prevail for street dresses, but with additional trimming. They are small at the wrist and trimmed to simulate a wide pointed cuff. A bias puff at the top gives the appearance of broad shoulders. A new idea is to add three or four inches to the length of the front half of the coat-sleeve and hold it slightly full from the elbow to the arm-hole. A broad pleated puff at the elbow is gaining favor. A pointed cap put on in box-pleats is a good style. There is greater variety in sleeves for house dress. The styles called Cavalier and Marie Antoinette are similar to the Maria Theresa sleeve. A French sleeve is half long, straight, and nearly tight. It is cut off square at the elbow, and the lower part of the arm is covered by a puffed under-sleeve.

TRAINED SKIRTS.

Trains are more moderate and graceful than the extreme styles worn of late. With the exception of the panier puff the general effect of the skirt is similar to those of last season, though made with fewer gores. To particularize, a trained skirt should measure from five yards to five and a half in width to prevent hooping. It should be flatly gored in front and at the sides, but very full and *bouffant* behind. The front width is gored closely. Stout figures require two gored side widths, slender persons only one. New skirts are not made with three side gores unless the material is so narrow as to compel it. A word of advice here; never piece gored breadths at the bottom. Design the shape and number of gores with reference to the width of the material. Two full widths are placed behind, and some French dresses have three full back widths. The front and the first gored widths are sewed to the belt without fullness. The back widths are gathered or arranged in small pleats all turned one way. A thick silk cord is used around the skirt instead of binding braid.

PANIERS AND TUNICS.

The panier puff is generally adopted on long dresses. It is very becoming to tall, slender forms, but requires to be worn with moderation by the short and stout. To form a panier puff a quarter or half a yard extra length is added to the top of the full back widths and gathered in to the side seams. The fullness extends a quarter or three-eighths of a yard below the belt. A drawing-string or a row of trimming is then extended across the back widths, drawing them in to fit closely over the crinoline. The full material then falls over the drawing-string and forms a puff. The sash is fastened at the side seams under the belt, and tied in a large bow below the centre of the panier.

A closely-gored skirt may be modernized by the addition of a double panier puff. This consists of two lengthwise puffs attached to a belt. A band two inches wide and half a yard long extends down the back. Into this is gathered on each side a width of the material of the dress three-fourths of a yard long. The front is rounded at the lower corners and held slightly full beneath the trimming, which consists of folds and fringe or a ruffle. Bows or buttons on the band in the back. The puffs should be lined with thin crinoline or stiff muslin. This panier may be made of black silk, with a small square apron and bretelles, and worn over colored dresses that have become defaced.

Tunics are worn reversed, fastening behind like an apron. They are long in front, rounding to the belt in the back, disclosing a panier puff on the trained skirt. A good plan, designed for a lady too stout to wear a double skirt, is to simulate a tunic on the front and adjacent side widths, adding a crescent-shaped extra width at the second side seam, on which the trimming is extended up to the belt. On a heavy black silk the tunic is simulated with a pleated flounce of satin. This is an economical arrangement, and has all the effect of a full tunic.

Belts with fan-shaped bows are more worn than sashes. If a sash is preferred it must be double of the material of the dress, tied in a large bow with short fringed ends.

SHORT DRESSES.

Short dresses are adopted for breakfast, for the promenade, for church, for dancing, and on all occasions but those of great ceremony, such as bridal calls and wedding receptions.

Street suits are made with two skirts, or a polonaise with added fullness behind that produces the appearance of a double skirt. The lower skirt barely escapes the floor, is quite narrow, hanging almost straight from the waist, and seems to cling to the figure. It is worn over very small crinoline, without steels in front, like the "winged" skirts before-mentioned. The upper skirt has an apron front, with panier puffs behind made in the manner already described. If the upper skirt is looped at the sides and back instead of puffed do not be afraid of looping it too high. It is only necessary that the edges do not "hoop." Over this is a short loose basque confined by a belt. A round cape, caught up in the back and shoulders, completes the suit. The baschlik mantle is in great favor. This and other styles of wrapping have been made familiar to our readers by frequent descriptions of French suits. Mantles and basquines are lined with flannel or wadded to make them comfortable in cold weather. Flannel is preferred as it is most pliable. Cloth suits are sufficiently heavy for the coldest weather. Six yards and a half of double width cloth makes a suit. The trimming is bands of faille edged with satin. Thirteen yards of Empress cloth of stripes of two sizes, are sold for suits. A diagram shows the style in which it is to be made up. There is no trimming necessary. The price is $15. Modistes require from fifteen to twenty yards of material for a flounced suit.

TRIMMINGS.

Gathered flounces are obsolete. All kinds of trimmings are pleated. The last novelty is a ruche of diagonal pleats. The lower skirt of suits is trimmed with one flounce, two or three eighths wide, in pleats all turned one way and secured at both edges. A lining of stiff muslin makes the flounce set better. The pleats at the top are sometimes reversed to form a marquise ruche. The upper skirt has a pleated ruche and fringe. Illustrations of pleated trimmings were given in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 51. We commend the melon trimming in the same Number, a chain of small puffs.

A cheaper trimming is of serge braid, all wool and coarsely woven. The twelve-yard pieces cost from $1 75 to $2 50, according to the width. Another simple garniture is three rows of rich wide velvet ribbon on which are set buttons the color of the dress at intervals of an inch. Black ruffles are bound with plaid. Gay plaids are scalloped and bound with black silk sewed on with a cord of scarlet merino.

Gros grains and satins are trimmed with lace and fringe. Rich passementerie ornaments, tassels, and bows are placed between groups of pleats on flounces.

MORNING DRESSES.

Morning dresses are worn loose and flowing from a round yoke like a collar. They are lined throughout with white mohair or alpaca, and are slightly wadded in front. The Watteau wrapper has a broad fold in the front and back. Trimming extends down the centre of the fold. Serge braid is a serviceable trimming for cashmere. Another wrapper is short at the sides to disclose a striped petticoat. Lavender and cherry is a pretty contrast for robes de chambre. Pale blue cashmere is trimmed with white serge braid.

INFANTS' CLOTHING.

An infant's outfit just completed at a popular furnishing house has a dozen of each of the most essential garments. The dresses are of French nansook, trimmed with tucks, puffs, and ruffles, and a little lace. Neatly "done up" and folded in boxes a wagon was required to carry them home. The price was $375. The christening robe at $75, all Valenciennes and linen cambric, was not included in the bill. Dresses both for day and night were made high at the neck with long sleeves. The bodies have round yokes of lengthwise tucks and puffs edged with ruffles, and are shirred into a belt all around, or only in front with long sashes tied behind. A yard and a quarter is the full length, including waist and skirt.

The outer petticoat, slightly shorter than the dress, consists of two widths of cambric with a wide band of double linen about the waist. The flannel skirt, graduated still shorter, is scalloped and embroidered, or plainly hemmed and tucked with feather stitching above each tuck. The barrow coat, or protector for the feet, is a straight width of flannel three-fourths of a yard long attached to a wide linen band. The tiny shirts are of sheer linen lawn, or Kenting, with revers at the neck trimmed with appliqué embroidery and ruffles of fine cambric or Valenciennes. Gauze merino undershirts are superior to those knit of Berlin wool, as they do not shrink in washing.

Quilted muslin bibs are preferred to all others. They are softer than piqué and thick enough to absorb moisture before it reaches the clothing. Dots or sprays of embroidery are in each quilted diamond, with "Baby" wrought in front. Half handkerchiefs of muslin and lace, or round collars fastened behind, are worn over cloaks.

The shawl or blanket is a square of white merino embroidered, or simply scalloped, or bound with ribbon. It is sometimes shirred in the centre to form a hood for covering the head when carrying the infant to another room.

Cloaks are two large capes and hood of merino, lined with silk and interlined with flannel. When the child puts on short dresses the upper cape serves for a short cloak. Boy babies wear turbans of white cashmere embroidered on the crown. A ruche of narrow satin ribbon is over the forehead, and rosettes on the ears. Little cape bonnets of white satin or cashmere are made for girls. The head-piece is quilted. A rosette trims the forehead. The cape is pointed behind and edged with fringe. A light blue velvet bonnet is trimmed with Valenciennes lace. Shoes are of knitted zephyr, and of linen quilted in diamonds, and tied with cords and tassels.

Infants' baskets, covered with corded muslin, worked with scarlet wool, are sold for $7 50. A neat model, lined with Swiss muslin, costs $15. The basket is first lined with thin wadding, then with white cambric; over this is blue Marseline silk, covered with Swiss muslin laid in inch tucks. The outside ruffle, three-sixteenths of a yard wide, has but scanty fullness, and is bordered with hair-line tucks and thick Valenciennes edge. Triangular pockets at each side, trimmed with quilled ribbon and rosettes. Pin-cushion in the centre. Ribbon quilling around the mouth of the basket, with rosettes at the corners.

SHORT CLOTHES.

When long dresses are discarded, little muslin slips are substituted, made of two widths of the goods gathered into a tucked yoke, and confined at the waist by a sash instead of an inserted belt. Low-necked dresses are sloped in the side seams, to give the appearance of gores. They fit loosely about the waist, hanging from a band at the shoulders. The chemise, of linen or percale, is sack-shaped, with neck-band and sleeves in one piece with the body. The yoke is without opening in front.

Merino dresses of delicate colors have sloped skirts and low waists, with small sacques embroidered or braided to match the skirt. A wrapping for a child of eighteen months is a gored walking dress with cape, made of pearl-colored merino, trimmed with narrow satin folds. Large pearl buttons. Sacque over-coats of blue plush or white pheasants' cloth are simply made with a hood intended for use.

Boys wear closely-gored skirts and jackets of velveteen or cloth until they are four or five years old. The Highland suit is in great favor this season. It is not necessarily of plaid. One for a boy of three years is of light gray cloth. The skirt reaches to the knee, is folded plain in front in a large box-pleat, and laid in successive pleats around the figure like a Scottish kilt. Velvet ribbon is sewed down the centre of the pleats to hold them in place. The close tight jacket is lapped diagonally on the breast. Turned down collar. Plaid stockings are very much in vogue for children. Velveteen is no longer worn by ladies, and is now a low-priced material. Dark brown, gray, and black velveteens make handsome suits for boys —simply scalloped and bound.

For information received thanks are due the courtesy of Mesdames DIEDEN, GREGG, FERRERO, PROVOST, and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co., and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

M. DU CHAILLU, the celebrated explorer of Gorilla-land, is about to set out on an extended lecturing tour through the West, in which he will doubtless win golden opinions, especially from the ladies, with whom he is a prime favorite, and many greenbacks. M. DU CHAILLU is a thorough master of the lecturing art, and never sees a yawn on the faces of his audience.

—A few days since, at the State Teachers' Convention held in this city, it was remarked by Mr. LUCIUS HART that he once had a poor little boy in his Sunday-school whom he had missed for several years past, but met him recently at Washington, and was fervently greeted by him as his "dear teacher." His name was SCHUYLER COLFAX.

—A party of the name of HULL—DAVID HULL —residing in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, is the proprietor of a cat who has seven claws upon one foot, and who may therefore be considered quite "up to the scratch," as cats go.

—Mrs. MOWATT RITCHIE plies her pen successfully in England, realizing thereby some $4000 a year, coin.

—M. DE CHAMPS, one of the Secretaries and Interpreters of the Chinese Embassy, will soon return to Boston to marry the widow of the only son of HARVEY D. PARKER, proprietor of the Parker House. M. DE CHAMPS doesn't seem to have lost any time in coming to an understanding about it.

—SILAS G. BURDICK, of New London, Connecticut, is a quaint style of a man. For forty-eight years he has been the "E. Merriam" of that town; has kept a meteorological record, making observations morning, noon, and night. But the odd part of it is, he has kept this record, and also his business accounts, in common pass-books, of which he has used over 35,000, according to the New London *Star* (two a day!) and which are stowed away in a dozen barrels. He can tell you of any notable thing that has happened in the bailiwick during the last half century.

—A journalist with a fondness for figures has ferreted out the prices charged by the prominent lecture-people the coming season. OLIVE LOGAN'S quotation is the highest, her price being from $125 to $250. This is pretty good for an hour's talk on "Stage Struck." Professor E. H. HITCHCOCK is more modest, asking from $25 to $50. Mr. TILTON, of the *Independent*, wants from $125 to $150; Colonel T. W. HIGGINSON asks from $50 to $75; E. P. WHIPPLE, from $75 to $100; HENRY NICHOLS, the same; Rev. G. H. HEPWORTH, ditto; Professor E. L. YOUMANS, ditto; T. W. KNOX, $50 to $75; C. OSCANYAN, $75 to $150; Brevet Brigadier-General FRANCIS J. LIPPITT, $30; J. F. MANNING, $60 to $100; J. O. MILLER, $50; Rev. E. H. CHAPIN, $100; and WILLIAM B. CULLIS, $50.

—The daughter of Count BISMARCK is to be led to the "hymeneal" by a young Polish diplomatist in the Russian service, who is impecunious but clever. It was supposed that the indigent condition of the "popper" might prevent the match, but the old Minister gave his cheerful consent the moment the young man mentioned it.

—The new Rabbi of the Jewish temple in Rivington Street is Dr. SONNESCHEIN, a genial, sunshiny man, who has already created a favorable impression by his eloquence and learning.

—NICHOLAS, the late Emperor of Russia, did his courting in a novel and expeditious manner. During a visit to the King of Prussia, while at dinner, the Emperor rolled up a ring in a piece of bread, and handing it to the Princess Royal, said to her, in a subdued voice: "If you will accept my hand, put this ring on your finger." She didn't lose any time. She put it on.

—The fashionable world of New York as well as Paris is in a pleasant flutter about the approaching wedding of Miss FANNY FORBES (daughter of PAUL S. FORBES, Esq., and niece of Rev. Dr. FORBES), and one of the old BARROT family. The *fiancé* of Miss FORBES is a brother-in-law of Count JOACHIM MURAT, a great-nephew of CAROLINE BONAPARTE'S husband.

—EMERSON, who seldom goes away from his home in Concord, frequently strolls about the country, and enjoys chatty talks with the farmers of the town, from whose homely conversation he derives recreation and delight. Sunday evenings are set aside for informal receptions, and to these all the towns-people of the intellectual set—and there are very many of them—or all casual visitors, are welcome. There is probably no town of equal size in America which includes among its inhabitants so many bookish people and authors. HAWTHORNE and THOREAU lived there in their day, and besides EMERSON, BRONSON ALCOTT, Miss LOUISA ALCOTT, Mrs. AUSTEN, Miss HUDSON, and other writers known to the public through the magazines, are citizens of the sleepy little hamlet which saw the first battle of the Revolution.

—Sir PERCY SHELLEY, son of the poet, is one of the best practical yachtsmen of England, living on board during the summer, and sailing mostly about the Mediterranean. The people where he lives take him on his merits, and never associate him in their thoughts with his father. He goes to church once on Sunday, but doesn't stand high for vital piety. In his pew is a prim little stove. He is married but childless. Fond of children, he has twice adopted a child. One has lately married, and a second—a beautiful girl—is living with him. He and his wife are extremely fond of amateur theatricals, and are accustomed to invite all the chief trades-people of the place to Boscombe House (Sir PERCY'S residence) for a night to entertain them royally, and to give them the opportunity of seeing the baronet and her ladyship perform. Lady SHELLEY takes deep interest in the memory of her husband's father; and the "Memorials" published in the name of her husband were really put together by her. She has the best qualities of an English lady. She was a widow—Mrs. ST. JOHN—when she married Sir PERCY.

—Queen VICTORIA'S model farm, situated about a mile from Windsor, is probably the most perfect, as it is the most expensive, thing of the kind in the world. It is thus described by a gentleman writing from London to the Philadelphia *Bulletin*: "We entered a beautiful cottage, and were shown by one of the Queen's favorite servants into a room about thirty feet square, the roof supported by six octagonal columns of white marble, with richly-carved capitals. The floors were of white porcelain tiles, the windows stained glass, bordered with May-blossoms, daisies, butter-cups, and primroses. The floors were lined with tiles of porcelain of a delicate blue tint, with rich medallions inserted of the Queen, Prince Consort, and each of the children. Shields, monograms of the Royal family, and bass-reliefs of agricultural designs, representing the Seasons, completed the ornamentation of this exquisite model dairy. All around the walls ran a marble table, and through the centre two long ones, supported by marble posts, resting on basins, through which runs a perpetual stream of spring-water. By this means the table slabs are always cold, and the temperature of the dairy is chill, while the white and gilt china milk and butter dishes resting on the tables are never placed in water. We drank the delicious milk, just brought in bright metal buckets, lined with porcelain, the Queen's monogram and crest glittering on the brass plates on the covers. In the room where the butter was made, milk skimmed and strained, we feasted our eyes on the rows of metal porcelain-lined cans of every size, made to lock, and sent to the Royal family even as far as Scotland; so they always have good milk and butter. The churn was of metal also, and lined with porcelain, made in two compartments. The outside chamber surrounding the cylinder could have warm or cold water poured in to regulate the "coming of the butter" without disturbing the cream. The lid was screwed on, and the stationary stand on which the whole was turned made the work easy and rapid. But while over sixty cows are daily milked, and as many more are out grazing, the Royal family are more than satisfied, and the Londoners more than dissatisfied to see rolls of golden butter and cans of cream *sold* from the model farm for *saving money* for the Queen! I know the butter is sold, for we breakfasted on it this morning, and we paid for it, not as a bribe, but a regular market bargain at the dairy."

—People's handwriting is made the subject of an article in a recent number of the *Autographe*. BISMARCK'S handwriting is very similar to that of his old opponent BEUST; and, what is still more singular, there is strong resemblance between the handwriting of the Russian autocrat and GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI. NAPOLEON III. writes a hand very similar to that of his mother HORTENSE. The Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH writes a small and rather beautiful hand. Queen ISABELLA'S penmanship is very poor; she writes a large hand, awkward and ugly. EUGENIE writes better; her handwriting is of medium size, regular, and somewhat angular. The KING OF PRUSSIA writes the strong, legible hand of an old merchant. His Queen's handwriting is long, thin, and airy. The EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA evidently does not write much; her hand is that of a school-girl. Old GORTSCHAKOFF writes a plain, legible hand, but the MARQUIS DE MOUSTIER'S penmanship might be greatly improved. DROUYN DE L'HUYS and ROUHER write a large and rather elegant hand; their colleague PINARD scrawls his signature in a perfectly illegible manner.

—Miss CLEVELAND, a niece of Mr. GREELEY, clever with pen and brilliant in voice, will return from abroad soon, and probably form one of the attractions at concerts during the coming season.

—New Orleans now claims for one of its residents a man who has had more "hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field" than any other in the United States. His name is EDWARD CARRUTHERS. Being engaged in a personal difficulty with a man named SIMPSON, at Madison, in the fall of 1846, he killed his antagonist and fled to the American army, then entering Mexico. At the battle of Chapultepec he was taken prisoner, and lay for months in a Mexican dungeon. Being released at last he married a Spanish girl, and settled on the Rio Grande. Here being attacked by the Indians, himself and family were carried into captivity, where he again spent two years. Effecting his escape he joined a ranger company, and was shot in a fight with the Comanches, scalped, and left for dead. He, however, recovered and joined the Walker Expedition to Nicaragua, where he was wounded, captured, and again imprisoned. Being again released he sailed for the United States. The vessel he was in was wrecked, and he barely escaped with his life. He was one of the passengers on the ill-fated *Evening Star*, and again escaped death where so many perished. He is now a resident of New Orleans, and delights in relating his remarkable adventures.

Embroidered Table-Cover.

THE ground of this cover is red cashmere. The centre is composed of a circular piece of dark brown cloth nine inches in diameter, bordered with a braid; outside of this is arranged an arabesque circle of the same material. The outer edges are worked in application in Turkish style. Fig. 2 gives a full-sized section of the arabesque work. First draw the design on paper and paste this to the back of the stuff, leaving the drawing outside, after which cut out the arabesque with sharp scissors. This done, work the edges in button-hole stitch with dark brown silk twist, and wind the working with lighter silk in the manner shown by Fig. 2; the veins inside the arabesque are worked in half-polka stitch, also with light brown silk. When finished the arabesque circle is sewed fast to the outer edge in the manner shown by the illustration. Fig. 3 gives a full-sized section of the outer border; this is worked partly in application of cloth of different colors, and partly in point russe, with coarse and fine silk twist in different brilliant colors. The design for the corners of the cover is also in Turkish style, and is given under Fig. 111 of the Supplement. Having completed the embroidery, line the cover with red cashmere or Turkey red, and finish the edge with red worsted fringe.

Fig. 1.—MEDALLION WITH INITIAL. WHITE EMBROIDERY.

Two Embroidered Medallions with Initials.

THESE medallions are designed for the embroidering of pocket-handkerchiefs. They are worked partly in application and partly in satin stitch. The open-work part of Fig. 2 is worked in ladder stitch.

Tatting Rosette.

FOR this pretty rosette work with fine thread and only one shuttle the middle ring of 1 ds. (double stitch), 1 p. (picot), seven times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 1 ds. Having joined the ring, fasten the thread and cut it off. For the second round of the rosette fasten the thread to a picot of the middle ring, work at the distance of a sixth of an inch space a ring composed of 8 ds., 1 p., 8 ds., fasten the working thread after a sixth of an inch space to the next picot of the middle ring, and repeat from * seven times. Then tie the beginning and end of the thread together and cut it off. Work the outer part of the rosette with two threads as follows: tie the foundation and working thread together and work next * only with the working thread one of the three-leaved figures seen on the pattern, in doing which work, first, a leaf composed of 3 ds., 1 p., 3 ds., 1 p., 3 ds., 1 p., 3 ds., and close on this a similar leaf, which is fastened to the last picot of the former leaf instead of working the first picot, and close on this a third leaf like the second. Now turn the work, so that the three-leaved figure points downward, and work over the foundation thread a scallop which consists of three times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 2 ds., fasten to the picot of a ring of the second round, 2 ds. three times alternately 1 p., 2 ds., turn the work and repeat seven times from *, but, instead of working the middle picot of the first leaf of every three-leaved figure, fasten to the middle picot of the last leaf of the former three-leaved figure. The scallops are fastened each to a picot of a ring of the second round of the rosette. In working the last three-leaved figure fasten to the middle picot of the first leaf of the first three-leaved figure instead of working the middle picot of the last leaf.

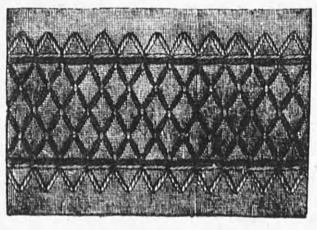


Fig. 2.—BORDER IN POINT RUSSE.

Three Borders in Application and Embroidery.

THESE borders are for trimming covers, baskets, etc. Fig. 2 is also designed for dresses, etc. The ground of the border, Fig. 1, is of red cloth; the light part is of white cloth in application, the scalloped lines are made of red braid, which is sewed over with black silk; the loops are of blue braid, to which is added a gold cord. The remaining embroidery is worked with different colored silk, partly in satin stitch and partly in point russe.

The simple border, Fig. 2, is worked in point russe with two colors of silk in the manner shown by the pattern.

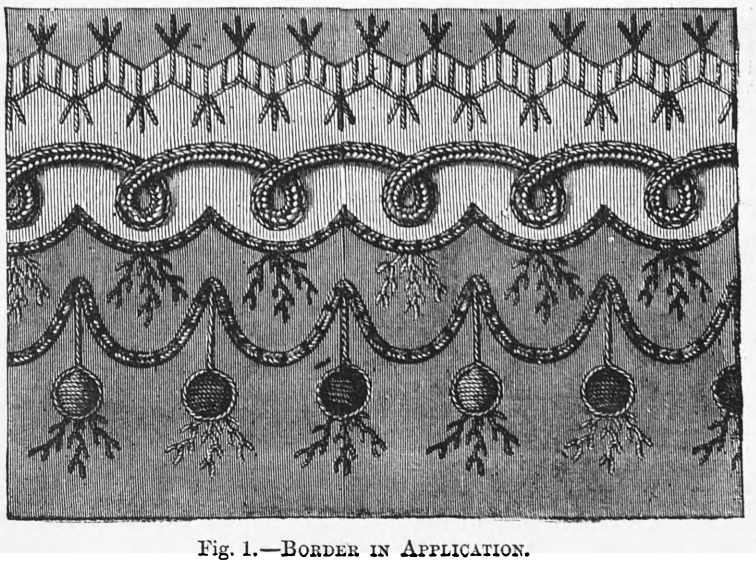


Fig. 1.—BORDER IN APPLICATION.

Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED TABLE-COVER.
For design see Supplement, No. XXXVIII., Fig. 111.

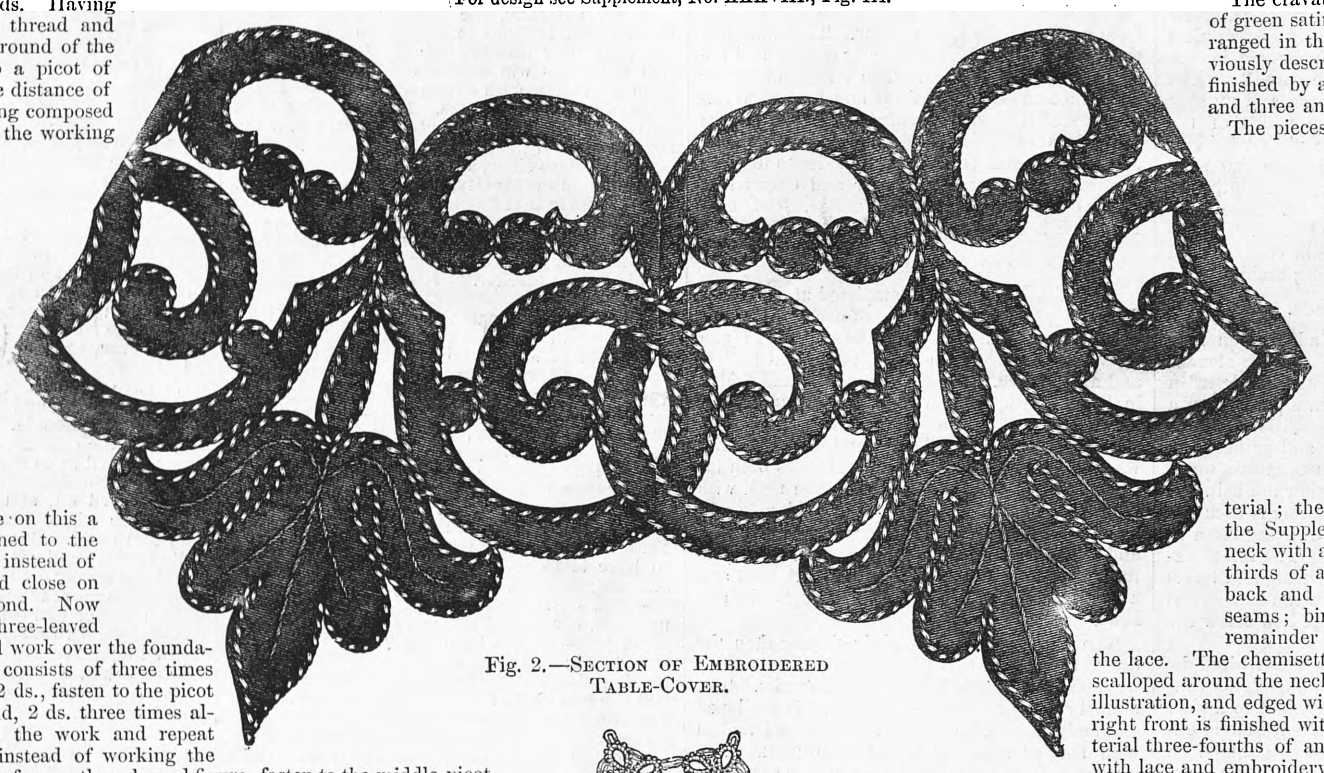
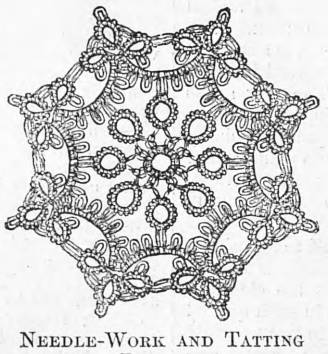


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF EMBROIDERED TABLE-COVER.



NEEDLE-WORK AND TATTING ROSETTE.

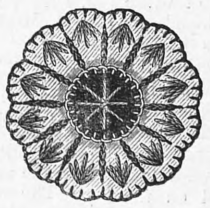


Fig. 1.—MEDALLION IN APPLICATION.

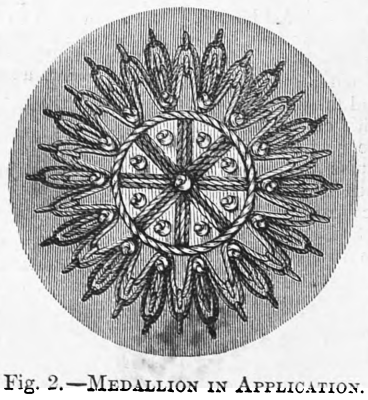


Fig. 2.—MEDALLION IN APPLICATION.

The middle of the border given by Fig. 3 is composed of a narrow black velvet ribbon: this is button-hole stitched down on both sides with green silk: the button-hole stitching is also wound with white silk. On each side of this work a row of large loose chain stitches in black silk, followed by other rows of button-hole stitch, and finally rows in half-polka stitch.

Two Medallions in Application and Embroidery.

THESE medallions are used for trimming colored cravats, toilette cushions, little baskets, etc. The centre of each is formed by a circular piece in application; the embroidery is worked in colored silks in point russe, button-hole, and knotted stitch.

Cravat Bows.

See illustrations on page 821.

THE cravat bow, Fig. 1, is made of loops of blue satin lying one over the other on a foundation which is cut in the shape given by the illustration. For each loop take a piece of satin an inch and a quarter long and three-quarters of an inch wide, and turn the edges of the stuff under. Fix a pin on the under side of the cravat. (See Cravat Bow, No. 29, p. 456 of *Harper's Bazar.*)

Fig. 2.—Cravat bow of black satin ribbon. The ribbon used for the upper rosette and the ends is three-fourths of an inch wide; that for the smaller rosettes is narrower. Each rosette consists of single leaves which are arranged on a circular piece of black foundation. For each leaf cut of ribbon a piece from Fig. 110 of the Supplement, fold it down along the dotted line, and turn down the under corners, bringing × on ×, so that a leaf shall be formed in the manner shown by the illustration; the edges of the ribbon come on the under side. The centre of each rosette is finished with a round jet button.

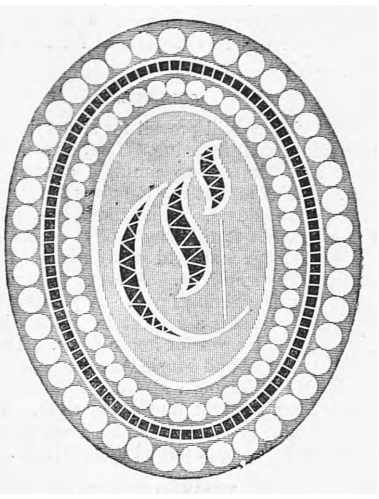


Fig. 2.—MEDALLION WITH INITIAL. WHITE EMBROIDERY.

The cravat bow, Fig. 3, consists of leaves of green satin ribbon half an inch wide arranged in the same manner as those previously described, in the form of a rosette finished by a bavette an inch wide above and three and a half inches wide below.

The pieces for the leaflets of the cravat bow, Fig. 4, are an inch and a half long, and are arranged on a stiff foundation in the manner shown by the illustration.

Two Chemisettes for Maria Theresa Dresses.

See illustrations on page 821.

THE chemisette, Fig. 1, the fronts of which are crossed, is made of muslin, and is trimmed on the edge with lace an inch wide. The fronts are arranged in pleats two-thirds of an inch wide, bias of the material; the back is cut from Fig. 95 of the Supplement. Face the back on the neck with a bias strip of the material two-thirds of an inch wide, sew together the back and fronts, cording the shoulder seams; bind the bottom, and hem the remainder narrow, after which sew on the lace. The chemisette, Fig. 2, is of fine nansook, scalloped around the neck in the manner shown by the illustration, and edged with lace and embroidered. The right front is finished with a straight piece of the material three-fourths of an inch wide, which is trimmed with lace and embroidery. The chemisette is fastened with small linen buttons. It is cut from the same pattern as Fig. 1, except that the fronts are straight from the edges where they lap over.

Trimmings for Blouses, etc.

See illustrations on page 821.

BOTH these trimmings are formed of rolls which are made of strips of satin three-fourths of an inch wide. If designed for trimming a thin black blouse, use black satin; if for white blouses, colored satin. Cut strips of the requisite length and breadth, make rolls of this of the size shown by the illustration, and sew them to a bias strip, having first arranged them according to one or the other of the styles given by the illustration.

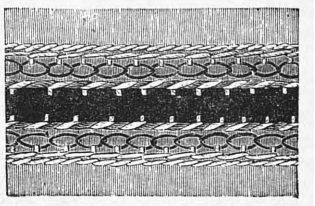


Fig. 3.—BORDER IN APPLICATION.

Child's Crocheted Bib.

See illustration on double page.

MATERIAL: Fine Estremadura knitting cotton, a Tunisian crochet needle. This bib is worked in knitting-cotton in Tunisian cross crochet stitch. As we

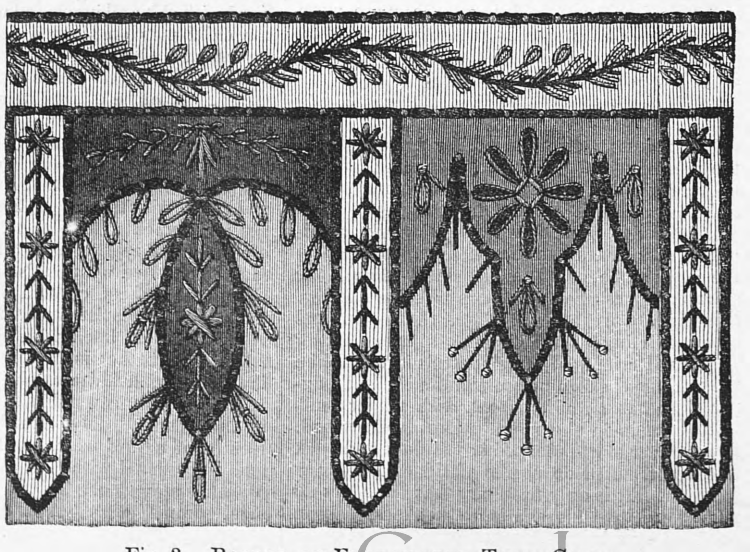


Fig. 3.—BORDER OF EMBROIDERED TABLE-COVER.

have received repeated inquiries with regard to the manner of working Tunisian crochet stitch, we herewith give instructions: It is done with a hook having a knot at the end, and somewhat larger than those usually employed, in proportion to the material to be worked. Begin by making an ordinary chain of the required length. Keep on the last loop, which will make the first of the next row. Insert the hook in the next, and bring the thread through with a loop on the needle. Work every chain so to the end, when all your loops will be on the needle. 2d round.—Put the thread round the hook and bring it through *once*. After this put the thread around and bring it through *two* every time till one stitch only is left, which will form the first of the following row. 3d round.—Insert your hook in each *upright* loop of thread, and bring the thread through in a loop. Work so to the end of the row, when once more you will have all the stitches on the needle. To decrease at the beginning of a row in this stitch draw the thread through two instead of one the first time. In any other part of the work draw it through an extra stitch, as three instead of two. The Tunisian cross crochet stitch is very similar to the ordinary Tunisian crochet stitch, but in the first round of each pattern row, of two stitches lying together, take up, first, the second stitch and afterward the first, by which means the stitches are crossed. The bib is edged with a narrow scalloped crochet lace, and is fastened with ribbons. Begin on the under edge with the requisite number of stitches in the foundation, and crochet in the manner above described according to the pattern, Fig. 33, which gives half the bib. Widen by crocheting the requisite number of chain stitches at the end of the second round of a pattern row, and taking up out of these the loops for the first round of a pattern row, but at the end of the first round of a pattern row take the loops out of the horizontal stitches of the former pattern row. Having completed the body of the apron, crochet the scalloped edge as follows: ∗ seven double crochet in an edge stitch of the bib, passing over one edge stitch, one single crochet in the next edge stitch. Repeat from ∗. Sew on the ribbons as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 1.—BLUE SATIN CRAVAT BOW.

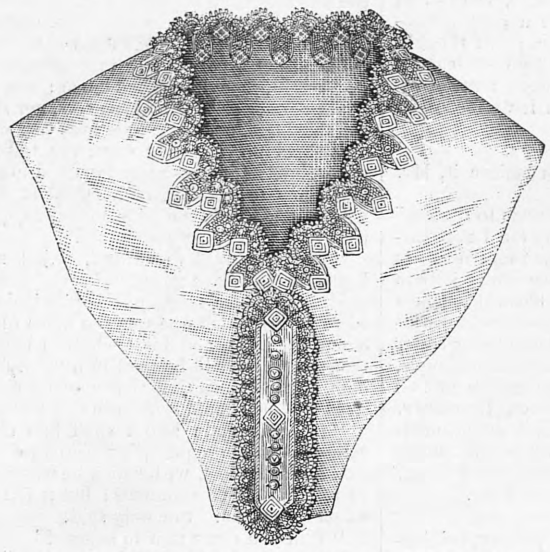


Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED CHEMISETTE FOR MARIA THERESA DRESS.

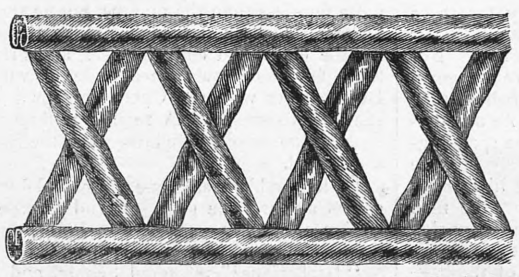


Fig. 1.—TRIMMING FOR BLOUSES, JACKETS, ETC.

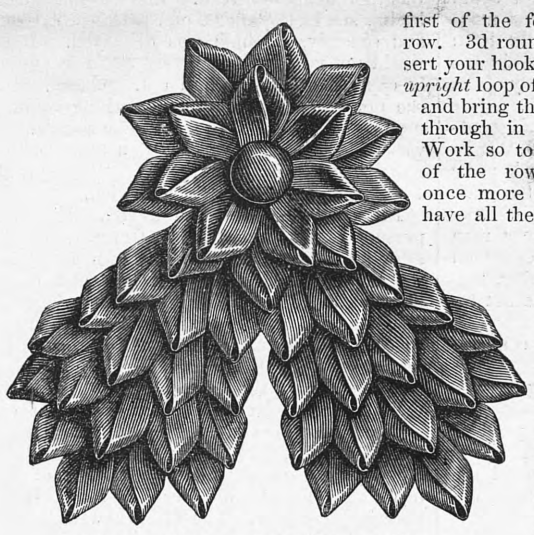


Fig. 4.—VIOLET SILK CRAVAT BOW.

Fig. 2.—CRAVAT BOW OF BLACK SATIN RIBBON.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXXVIII., Fig. 110.

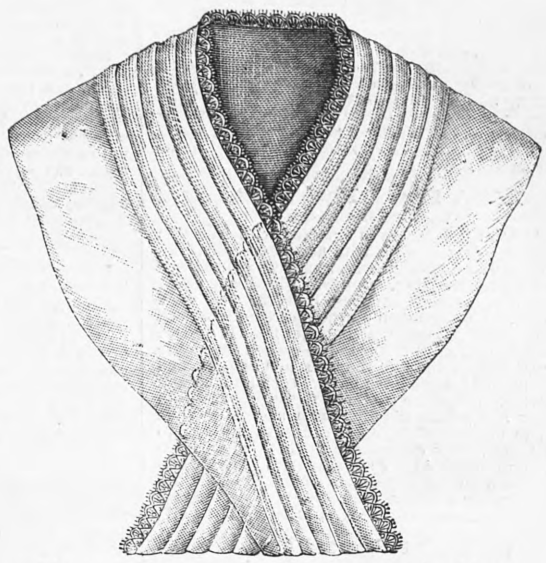


Fig. 1.—PLEATED MULL CHEMISETTE FOR MARIA THERESA DRESS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXIX., Figs. 94 and 95.

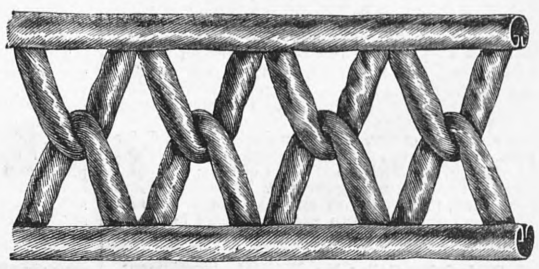


Fig. 2.—TRIMMING FOR BLOUSES, JACKETS, ETC.

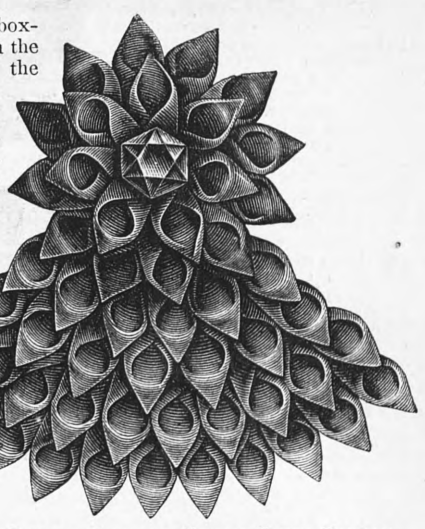


Fig. 3.—CRAVAT BOW OF GREEN SATIN RIBBON.

MARIA THERESA DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 19-22.

Next take up the box-pleat in the front in the manner shown by the illustration, hem the backs, and put on the buttons and button-holes, and sew together the front and backs according to the figures on the pattern. Next trim the sleeves with the gathered edging, facing the inside of the edge to make it look like a hem, and sew them into the arm-holes. Trim the bretelles with the gathered edging, and line them with muslin, then sew them on the waist according to the figures on the pattern. Finish the neck also with the gathered embroidered edging. Make a shirr on the under edge of the waist, which may be drawn when it is desired to make the waist smaller.

Infant's Flannel Petticoat.

See illustration on double page.

THIS flannel petticoat is made of one piece, twenty-six inches long and fifty-four inches wide. It is not sewed together behind, but the waist is fastened with strings. The waist is formed by closely pleating the upper part. Take a piece of flannel of the length and breadth given above, and arrange the upper part of this in box-pleats six inches long and an inch wide; these pleats lie close together, and are stitched down along the edge to a lining of white muslin. The waist is twenty-two inches around. Having finished pleating, cut out the sides two inches deep for the arm-holes, and bind the skirt all around with narrow white ribbon. Finish by sewing on the shoulder straps, which consist of flannel strips an inch wide and five inches long, which are bound with the ribbon. The front of the arm-hole must be somewhat sloped. Lastly, sew on the strings for tying.

Infant's Flannel Protector.

See illustration on double page.

THIS protector is arranged in the form of drawers. The original consists of a three-cornered piece of fine flannel, the straight sides of which are each twenty-five inches long. Bind the straight sides with soft white cotton tape, pleat the bias side till the width is reduced to twenty-three inches, and bind with a strip of flannel two inches wide. The binding is fastened by means of two buttons and button-holes. Make a shirr in the middle part of the binding, by which the protector may be more firmly tied around the waist. Next sew on two pieces of linen tape three inches from the ends of the binding, and on the under corner a loop of the same tape. Fasten the protector by running the strings through the loop and then tying. Two illustrations show the protector opened and fastened.

Infant's Jacket with Inserted Bib.

See illustration on double page.

THE pleated and embroidered front, imitating a bib, renders this jacket very elegant. The bib and sleeves are edged with needle-work insertion and edging. Cut the front from Fig. 36 of the Supplement, and from Fig. 37 both backs, of fine muslin. In cutting, allow for hems on the backs and bottom. Cut out a piece in the front along the double line, gather the under part and stitch on the bib part, and at the same time the edging which borders it. Cut away the material under the bib and fasten the edges down. Next join the front and backs according to the figures on the pattern, and hem the edges with the exception of the neck, which is finished with needle-work edging and faced on the wrong side, with a

Infant's White Dimity Slip.

See illustration on double page.

THIS slip is fastened behind with small linen buttons. The waist is trimmed with bretelles of the same material as the slip, edged with gathered needle-work edging. The skirt of the dress is thirty inches long and a hundred and twelve inches wide, with a wide hem around the bottom; in cutting allow three inches in length for the hem. For making the waist cut from Fig. 90 of the Supplement the front, allowing in the middle an inch and a half for the box-pleats; from Fig. 91 cut the backs, allowing for the hems; and from Figs. 92 and 93 the bretelles and sleeves.

narrow bias strip of muslin. This forms a shirr, through which run narrow linen tape. Cut the sleeves from the pattern given for Fig. 49, trim them, and sew in with a cord.

Infant's Jacket with Gored Front.

See Illustration on double page.

FOR making this jacket cut of suitable material from Fig. 86 one piece, and from Figs. 87–89 each two pieces. Sew together Figs. 86 and 87 from 78 to 79, backstitching the seams on the right side, press out the seams and cover them on the right side with a needle-work band, which is stitched down. Trim the front with insertion stitched on and edged with a needle-work band on each side. Join the backs and sides, hem the backs, and face the bottom. The collar consists of two muslin bands an inch and a quarter wide, which are sloped in front, hemmed narrow around the edge, and trimmed with needle-work edging. Each band is ten inches long, and is gathered at the neck and bound in with the neck of the jacket. The binding is a third of an inch wide; a tape is run through it for fastening. Sew up each sleeve from 84 to 85. Trim the sleeves at the wrists with insertion and needle-work edging and set them into the arm-holes, bringing 85 on 80. Cut away the material under the needle-work insertion.

Infant's Figured Piqué Jacket.

See Illustration on double page.

THE front of this jacket is hemmed with insertion an inch and a quarter wide, with five narrow pleats on each side. The collar, sleeves, and cuffs are finished with needle-work edging. Cut from Fig. 82 one piece, allowing for the pleats, and from Figs. 83 and 85 each two pieces. Having taken up the pleats and stitched on the embroidery, backstitch together Figs. 82 and 83. Cut away the material under the insertion. Hem the backs and bottom and join the neck to a collar which consists of two embroidered bands, each an inch and a half wide. Slope the fronts of these pieces. Join the collar and jacket together with a binding wide enough to permit a string to be run in with which to tie the jacket. For each sleeve cut from Fig. 84 two pieces, join these from 74 to 75 and from 76 to 77, and set the revers on the upper side of the sleeve at the wrist. Trim the wrists with needle-work edging and set the sleeves into the arm-holes, bringing 77 on 77.

Children's Collars and Cuffs.

See Illustration on double page.

THE collar with chemisette for girl from eight to ten years old, No. X., Supplement, is of fine linen, edged with guipure lace, and is set on a muslin chemisette. Cut the latter from Figs. 38 and 39. For the binding cut of linen from Fig. 40 one piece, double, and from Fig. 41 two pieces also of double material. Stitch the corners of the collar and bind it according to the corresponding figures on the pattern; then join this to the chemisette and the collar edged with lace. For each cuff cut from Fig. 42 two similar pieces, stitch the outer edge, sew on the lace, and finish with buttons and button-holes.

The standing collar, with chemisette and cuff for girl from eight to ten years old, consists of a straight band of linen, on which is set a frill of lace; the band is fastened to a nansook chemisette. The cuff is of fine double linen, trimmed with lace like the collar, and embroidered figures. Both chemisette and cuffs are cut from the patterns given for the previous illustrations.

For Boy's Sailor Collar, No. XXXIII., Supplement, cut from Figs. 102 and 103 each two pieces, the right side of the collar and binding being of fine linen and the wrong side of muslin. Stitch the collar and bind it according to the figures on the pattern. Set a button and button-hole on the binding.

The Boy's Linen Collar, No. XXXII., Supplement, is of double material, stitched around the edge with a narrow, straight binding. Fig. 101 gives the pattern of half the collar.

CHILD'S LINEN COLLAR.—This collar is worked in button-hole stitch around the edge. It is cut from Fig. 101, making the corners somewhat less pointed.

CHILD'S PLEATED COLLAR.—This collar consists of a pleated band an inch and a half wide and twenty-eight inches long. The collar is pleated up to suit the size of the neck, and then bound with a bias strip of nansook. This binding forms a shirr, through which is run a cord with tassels on the ends.

CHILD'S COLLAR WITH ROUNDED LAPPETS.—The rounded pieces which form this collar are of striped nansook. The edges are trimmed with lace, headed by a fold. These pieces are set on a strip of lace insertion half an inch wide and sixteen inches long, with which they are joined by means of a fold of the material stitched down. The lace insertion is slightly fulled on the other side and overseamed to another piece of insertion only thirteen inches long; this last is pleated up to eleven inches in width, and then set on a narrow muslin binding. The collar consists of eleven pieces in all; each piece is an inch and a half long and two inches wide without the lace.

CHILD'S MUSLIN, LACE, AND INSERTION COLLAR.—This collar is made of pleated muslin, lace, and insertion in the manner shown by the illustration.

The Girl's Collar with Bavette consists of insertion an inch wide, bordered with edging of the same width. It is set on a muslin chemisette, which is pleated in front. The bavette consists of a fan-shaped piece of muslin, ornamented with lace and insertion in the manner shown by the illustration.

CRAVAT COLLAR FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.—This collar is formed of insertion three-fourths of an inch wide, edged on each side with somewhat narrower lace. The ends are crossed in the manner shown by the illustration. The collar is set on a nansook or muslin chemisette.

Boy's Shirt Front.

See Illustration on double page.

THIS shirt front is of fine linen, opening with a wide hem in front. Cut the collar and binding double, and stitch them on the edges. The material for the front of the shirt front is tucked and the edges hemmed, after which it is joined to the collar, as shown by the figures on the pattern. Figs. 98 and 100 give the pattern of half the bosom and collar.

Cape for Girl from 4 to 6 Years old.

See Illustration on double page.

THIS cape may be made of white piqué, linen, or muslin. The edge is finished with a row of linen points, headed by a bias fold. The cape is fastened by a button and loop.

Infants' Caps.

See Illustration on double page.

INFANT'S LINEN CAP.—This simple cap is made of fine linen, edged with thread lace. From Figs. 104 and 105 each, cut of linen one piece, allowing for a hem on the edges. Having hemmed the crown, sew the head-piece together from 107 to 108, hem the edges, gather the back from the middle as far as × on each side, and overseam to the crown, according to the corresponding figures on the pattern. Lastly, sew on the lace and the strings.

INFANT'S MUSLIN CAP.—This pretty cap is made of Swiss muslin, and is trimmed around the edge with frills of the same material. Cut the crown from Fig. 107; for the head-piece arrange from Fig. 106, with the assistance of the illustration, a piece consisting of muslin in narrow tucks, and needle-work insertion. Along the middle of the head-piece stitch a band of needle-work edging, headed with a bias fold of the muslin. Now gather the crown from the bottom as far as ×, so that in sewing together the crown and head-piece the × and figures of one shall come on × and the corresponding figures of the other; and cover the seam on the right side with a bias fold of muslin. Bind the cap around the neck, and run in hemmed strings on the back. Set a muslin frill, edged with lace and headed with a bias fold, round the edge. A second frill like the first is set about a third of an inch further back, so as to lie over the other. On the back of the cap the frill is two-thirds of an inch wide. The strings are of fine linen, hemmed.

INFANT'S HERRING-BONE STITCHED CAP.—This is a very pretty Swiss muslin cap. Make the round crown by cutting a strip of muslin twenty inches long and three-fourths of an inch wide; lay the edges of this over till they meet in the middle, and then double it again, which brings the edges inside. Work this strip in herring-bone stitch with white cotton; wind this spirally on paper, each round about a fifth of an inch from the preceding, and join the rounds by means of simple open-work cross stitch. Cut the head-piece from Fig. 104; ornament, as shown by the illustration, with herring-bone and open-work cross stitch, and join it to the crown. Sew on a narrow piece of muslin inside at the back of the neck for a shirr, and run in narrow strings, the ends of which must be brought outside and tied. Trim the front with three narrow muslin frills, laying one over the other, the under one extending round the neck of the cap. The strings are of muslin hemmed.

INFANT'S RIBBED PIQUÉ CAP.—This cap is of ribbed piqué, and is very simple. Cut from Fig. 109 one piece, and from Fig. 108 two equal pieces, and join the pieces according to the corresponding figures on the pattern. The seams are pressed out and cross-stitched down on the wrong side. Bind the edge with narrow linen tape, which forms the shirr on the back; run in two narrow pieces of linen tape and tie behind. Lastly finish the border with needle-work edging, and sew on the strings.

Infants' Shoes.

See Illustration on double page.

INFANT'S WHITE FLANNEL SHOE.—This pretty shoe is made of fine white flannel, lined with blue flannel, and edged with points worked in blue wool. Over the top arrange bands of narrow velvet with pearl buttons, which also serve for fastening the shoe. Cut of the outside material and lining from Fig. 45 two pieces, and from Fig. 46 the sole. Next sew together the shoe pieces from 68 to 69 and from 70 to 71; work the edges with the wool, and overseam the upper to the sole. The bands are sewed down on one side, but fastened on the other by means of the buttons and button-holes.

INFANT'S WHITE PIQUÉ SHOE.—This shoe is of white piqué, lined with muslin, and thinly wadded; and is bound with red worsted braid, and ornamented with herring-bone stitch in red split worsted. Cut of the outside, wadding, and lining from Fig. 43 two pieces, and from Fig. 44 the sole. Sew together the wadding and lining, and embroider the outside, after which lay it on the wadding; bind the shoe with braid, and join the pieces from 63 to 64, and from 65 to 66; then join this to the sole. Fasten by means of a button and button-hole on the band.

Infant's Pillow.

See Illustration on double page.

THIS pillow will be found a very convenient portable couch on which to carry young children, especially when ill, as it protects them from the cold, and being fastened, there can be no danger of their rolling off. The pillow is of figured dimity, trimmed with nansook puffs, needle-work frills, and needle-work insertion. Cut of dimity with muslin lining from Fig. 58 one piece, and a piece also of dimity and lining reaching only to the smooth line on Fig. 58. Join these parts around the rounded edge with a cord. On the under straight edges sew other pieces also of dimity and lining which are only half as wide as the under part and are knotted together in the middle. The outside cover is also of dimity and lining, and of the length and breadth of the straight under part; this is stitched around the edge and joined to the under edge of the pillow. The straight side of the small rounded part is stitched together and left loose so as to place a pillow under it. Next ornament the upper part of the pillow and the outside cover with embroidered insertion, a puff two inches wide of nansook, and a needle-work frill. The puff on the cover is four inches wide. The illustration shows the manner in which the cover is fastened to the cushion.

SCHULZ DELITSCH'S PINE-APPLES.

"I HAVE my article to get up," said Schulz Delitsch—

But, to make my story clear, I see that I must introduce my young friend more formally.

Schulz Delitsch is a ragman—I mean in a literary way. He is the gentleman who makes up the interesting and instructive articles about the manufacture of domestic bristles, the lives and experience of that peculiar people who fill brass letters, the statistics concerning table-knives, or the biography of the struggling individual who invented leather porte-monnaies. He (Schulz) is possibly thirty, well-dressed, good-looking, and has a vast deal of manner. He reads omnivorously, has a good memory, and a surprising faculty of invention. He is an overpowering man in conversation, for he seems to have measured the superficial area of every subject, and, if you venture to doubt whether he has really passed the universe through his sieve, is always ready to show you the grains sticking fast. As for the real man, the actual Schulz Delitsch, no one has ever struck on him, and some are uncharitable enough to conclude that he does not exist, and that the brilliant Delitsch is simply manner, memory, and audacity. Be that as it may, I like him, though it is as I do tomatoes, with a secret wonder that I can relish them, and he dines with me every Thursday. This premised we can come back to his article.

We had dined, and were smoking our cigars.

"What is your article?" said I.

"The Girl of the Period," answered Delitsch, pouf! pouf! "Capital subject. No end to the go there is in it; and you are in no danger of putting on your colors too strong. First-class virtues those." Pouf! pouf!

"Complimentary—to the sex, I mean."

"My dear fellow, you write for the press, and ask that! Of course not. All the world is like the fellow who preferred deviled enemy with cayenne to an insipid slice of cold roast friend. Nothing pays like a slashing article."

"But when the credit of our mothers and sisters are concerned," said I, not sorry to air my doctrines on this point, "you should be more tender, Delitsch. Men instinctively believe what they read, and to teach young men to despise women—"

"The facts warrant more than is said," put in Delitsch, coolly; "there are subjects that will bear touching up, but in this case the facts must be toned down. What you and the world call satire is only an expurgated edition of the reality."

Mrs. Lumpkin rose, reddening and indignant.

"Beg your pardon! sorry to offend!" drawled Delitsch; "but don't condemn a fellow in that way, without benefit of judge or jury. Few ladies are like you, Mrs. Lumpkin. I wish more were. You would not see me a bachelor to-day. I know some five hundred ladies—reckoned them up only the other day—but of these there may be fifty who neither paint, talk slang, nor dress immodestly; in a word, who may be styled modest, womanly women. The rest—the rest, Mrs. Lumpkin, would make my fortune if I dared show them as they are; but it won't do, as I said. In these days you are not to state that the devil is black, only hint that he is blackish."

"I don't believe it," cried Mrs. Lumpkin, warmly.

"Neither did I," said Delitsch, eying her compassionately. "I actually had an idea at one time of writing something contradictory—a patient Griselda, wives and mothers, violets and rose-buds sort of thing. I am a good-for-nothing sort of a fellow, you know, and I thought that my experience might have been particularly unfortunate. But it wouldn't do. I made inquiries and satisfied myself that it was too dead against facts."

Mrs. Lumpkin stuck to her colors.

"Don't believe it. I can not believe it, Mr. Delitsch. You are mistaken."

"But, my dear Madame, it stands to reason," said Delitsch, warming. "Why am I not married? Why are so few young men married? Is it because there is any thing particularly jolly in boarding-house coffee and a bleak bachelor's room. I know plenty of men—good, warm-hearted fellows; they would like nothing better than a home. They are sick to death of hotels, theatres, and billiard-rooms, fast galops at two in the morning, and fast girls on Broadway. They would be ready to worship a sweet, modest, intelligent woman, who would love her home and children. But where are you to find them? Your style, Mrs. Lumpkin, has died out."

"I think—"

"My *dear* Mrs. Lumpkin," interrupted Delitsch, eagerly, "I do not think—I *know*. Girls nowadays sneer at men with fifteen hundred or two thousand a year. They want spending-money, not husbands. Plenty of money for three hundred-dollar cloaks and one hundred-dollar terriers; trips to Saratoga and Europe. Nothing could induce them to wear a calico gown or to cook the breakfast, and I really believe they would die outright in the country. As a consequence, while they are waiting for the spending-money, they flirt—the more recklessly because they are not to marry the men they like, but a bank-account. Consequence of that, the men who can afford such luxuries are somehow sick of the sex, and the men who want wives are too poor to marry. Shocking state of things—but it makes screaming articles. You needn't look so indignant, Mrs. Lumpkin. If I could find a girl who was pretty, intelligent, and modest, I would marry to-morrow, and settle down into the steadiest kind of a family-man—in the country at that; I am sick of the frivolity of the city; but as it can't be, good-night."

"The puppy!" said Mrs. Lumpkin, indignantly, almost before he had closed the door. "If he could find—why, I could name twenty whom he knows as well as we, any one of them too good for him."

"My love," said I, "there was once a man who detested pine-apples. His wife doted on them. 'My dear,' she said every morning, 'remember when you pass through the market to-day to bring me a pine-apple.'

"'Certainly,' always answered the complaisant husband.

"'My dear,' she asked every evening, 'where is my pine-apple?'

"'My sweet,' always answered this pearl of husbands, 'I really could not find any;' which would have astonished his wife less, could she have known that he never looked for them, except in the Stock Exchange."

Mrs. Lumpkin's eyes sparkled with sudden mischief.

"I wish—" she commenced, and stopped short.

"Exactly," said I, "I was thinking that myself. You would like to send him to look for pine-apples—"

"Where the pine-apples grow! Yes," answered Mrs. Lumpkin. "Here is my bag."

Mrs. Lumpkin's bag has a peculiar quality. I can find in it whatever I wish for others. So I simply said:

"My dear, I will take out a wish for Schulz Delitsch."

On the following day Delitsch rushed in, carpet-bag in hand, and breathless.

"I am off, Lumpkin. Bound for Lotos."

"Where is Lotos?"

"Don't know; never heard of it, or of my uncle Jacob either. But I have the most convincing proofs that there is such a place, and there was such a man. He has had the consideration to die, and appoint me his heir. He will cut up splendidly—something like twenty thousand a year. They telegraphed me, and of course I started at once. Good-by."

Mrs. Lumpkin looked at me and smiled. I had my wish.

A man on his way to twenty thousand a year is not apt to be critical about the route. Delitsch, besides, was haunted by the fear of some practical joke. So he considered what he should do with his money if he got it, and what excuse he should make for his sudden trip out of town if he did not get it, and never once looked around him till he reached Lotos station. There his first inquiry was for Jacob Delitsch, and he drew a long breath of relief on being shown his house, close by the dépôt. Still his heart beat fast as he lifted the heavy knocker. The closer he came to the twenty thousand a year, the more monstrously incredible it seemed to him. He let the knocker fall, and a—well, Delitsch could not at first decide what she was, so we will say—a young person opened the door, who said, "Yes, this was Mr. Delitsch's house," in a very sweet voice. "If you are Mr. Delitsch's nephew you are expected. Please to walk in;" and showed him the way into what in New England phrase is called the keeping-room: a small-windowed apartment, with much yellow paint; but a very cheery room, thanks perhaps to its exquisite neatness, and the wood-fire and brass dogs in the old-fashioned chimney.

In this room the young person was preparing supper, and she continued her preparations with quiet simplicity. I call her the young person. She was a very young person, hardly over eighteen. She had fine gray eyes, and a beautiful fairness and clearness of look. Her features were handsome, her accent peculiarly pure, and she talked to Delitsch with lady-like ease, although she was moulding something like biscuits in a tin vessel. But for this circumstance, and that she wore a calico gown, Delitsch would have pronounced her a lady. Her manner was refined, he thought, though it lacked flavor; and certainly she neither arched her eyebrows, nor shrugged her shoulders, nor opened her eyes very wide, nor shut them up very tight when she talked; and she walked as if she simply intended to get from one place to another, and looked at Delitsch, who was a handsome young man, as quietly as if he had been her grandmother.

"Pity," he said to himself, "that so much beauty should have no style!"

Meanwhile the object of this pity had explained to Delitsch that she was the niece of the late Jacob Delitsch, and his (Schulz's) cousin, and that the will would be read in a week from that date, during which time their uncle earnestly desired that he should remain in this house.

"If you remain also I shall find it easy to comply with the request," answered Schulz, with that admiring look with which he was accustomed to point his compliments; but it fell unheeded on his cousin. She only said,

"Will you come now to supper?"

"I must say I like a little coquetry," thought Schulz, much piqued, and sitting down in a mood to find fault with every thing. Nothing could be more faultless than the muffins, but he reminded himself that he had seen her make them—also lay the cloth, and chip the beef, and bring out the honey, and brew the tea, under his very eyes. He tried her with the Opera and town gossip; she only listened. "A regular milkmaid!" he thought to himself. He brought up the fashions; she smiled.

"I have a black silk, one white, and four calico gowns a-year," she said. "And for the style, we are a simple people here in Lotos, and have no need of trains and panier skirts."

"Barbarians!" muttered Schulz, and turned the talk to books. She lighted up at once. She was thoroughly well-read. She was not pedantic, but she had opinions, and reasoned correctly and sensibly. Schulz was dismayed. Rattle would not pass current here. She was perfectly capable of finding him out. Query. Had she not found him out? and nothing could be more awful than that to a man like Schulz. He was seized with a new sensation that he knew must be either death or shyness. "Hang it all! I hate superior women!" he growled.

All night he dreamed uneasily. His uncle pursued him with a speaking-trumpet, shouting after him quotations from his own articles, or the articles themselves took legs and chased him, shrilly calling on him to acknowledge his own children. And yet, if you had waked with him in the morning, you must have wondered at his uneasiness. His cousin looked so fresh and blooming; and though she was unmistakably making an omelet she did it with such ease and deftness that even Delitsch admitted to himself that knives and eggs and salt-boxes and frying-pans must have pleasures of their own. As for the old keeping-room, it was cheerier than ever. The little snow-white table glittered with the daintiest silver and china. The room was full of sunshine streaming in across geraniums. The clock ticked, not in the solemn, reflective manner of some grouty old clocks, but with a pleasant home sound, that chimed in well with the kettle and the cat. The air came in crisp and cool, and you saw through the open windows bronzed corn-fields and a rising of hills, and between a ripple of water. A picture for Dickens; a paradise for the warm-hearted man, always wiping his eyes, in Schulz's articles, over dead, old-fashioned simplicity!

"Bah!" said Schulz, and thought impatiently of Newport piazzas, and Fanny Fichu sweeping across in an écru foulard over-skirt *à la Camargo*, waist *à la Pompadour*, hair *à la Metternich*, and walk *à la Saratoga;* and of other rooms, long and dark, heavily carpeted, and heavier curtained, with India vases, and bronze and buhl trifles, and little gilt chairs, and huge mirrors; and Valeria Valenciennes, large eyed and smiling faintly, a mass of lace and ruffles, listening while he talked. "Bah! how shall I manage to exist! What a pity that breakfast could not last all day!" A miserable man was Delitsch. He strolled out into the garden, and looked with deep disgust at the salvias and stocks. He came back and found his cousin sewing. When he questioned her she said that she was fond of sewing. She made all her own clothes and the house linen, and she often sewed for Dolly Jones, who was getting blind. Schulz felt the situation getting too much, for flirtation was quite out of the question with a person possessed of the simple dignity of his cousin. Schulz proposed a walk. His cousin went readily enough, but she wore a large straw bonnet and a printed shawl. It was a sort of uniform in Lotos. The pretty girls and kindly-looking women whom they met were similarly attired. The houses looked sound asleep. The street was taking a nap. The effect on Schulz was indescribable. He forgot his politeness.

"What could have ailed my uncle to require me to stay a week in this place?"

The young lady smiled faintly, blushed for the

first time, and handed him a letter, saying, briefly, "You will find the explanation here," and vanished.

Delitsch examined the handwriting. It was unfamiliar. He broke the seal and read as follows:

"MY DEAR NEPHEW,—You are doubtless curious to know why I have selected you, a stranger, for my heir, and I, as a man of business, will answer at once, and to the point. My reasons are, your articles and my niece Julia. Julia is rather my dear daughter than a niece, and I desire to leave her my property. I desire also to insure her a husband, who shall treat her with kindness and manage her property. Your articles, which I have read with attention, proclaim you the man. My niece is beautiful, intelligent, well-bred, well-educated, a perfect housekeeper, economical, simple in dress, modest, affectionate, and fond of home. This is a quiet, old-fashioned place, and the worst thing that has happened to it yet is the railroad. Rents are low, provisions cheap, habits simple, hours early. Here is the cheap Paradise and the paragon of women, for which you have been sighing. When a man gets precisely what he wants, and twenty thousand a year besides, I conclude that he should make an amiable husband. Therefore I leave you my property, on condition, as you will find in my will, that you marry my niece, settle one-half of the money on her and her children, and always reside with her in Lotos, otherwise the entire property reverts to her.

Yours, JACOB DELITSCH."

As Mrs. Lumpkin and I were sitting at dinner Schulz burst in upon us.

"How about the twenty thousand?" I asked.

"Hang the twenty thousand!" he answered, peevishly. "Fifty thousand wouldn't tempt me. The old man wanted me to marry and settle in Lotos. Me! Why the very mud of New York looked pleasant to me, and I heard a hand-organ with a sort of rapture."

"And the lady?" inquired Mrs. Lumpkin.

"Had every virtue in the catalogue. Amiable, beautiful, careful, diligent, economical! It is true, you needn't look. She was a great deal too good for a fellow like me. Her every look was a reproof, and I never felt sure she wasn't laughing at me. Splendid housekeeper; I should like her for a cook; but my ideal will not make omelets. Handsome, but no dash, no go about her! no style! you couldn't flirt with her. It makes me gape to think of her; and then fancy! she wore calico, and went out in the street with me in a great bonnet like her grandmother's."

"Why, I should think you were describing your ideal, after all," remarked Mrs. Lumpkin, maliciously.

"Mrs. Lumpkin," answered Delitsch, solemnly, "I have come to the conclusion that a man does not always know just what his ideal is. I met Fanny Fichu as I came here. She had the Grecian bend till you would think she must fall on her nose, and a panier bunch on her back; and her hair flying; and her elbows stiffly out; and wore four different materials in her dress; and seemed as if she creaked in her tight corsets, and said, 'How funny you are, Mr. Delitsch!' But she is stylish and jolly wide awake. She isn't slow, and she doesn't look as if she were looking you through; and she reminds one of Saratoga, and the races, and Delmonico's, and Stewart's, and lots of money. She is *natural*, and, Mrs. Lumpkin, I could have hugged her."

Mrs. Lumpkin looked at me.

"I think Mr. Delitsch does not like pine-apples after all," she said, slyly.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Delitsch, quickly; but we have never told him to this day.

THE END OF THE REVEL.

WE have all seen a garden ablaze with its blossoms on a late September afternoon—here the geraniums lifting their fragrant fires, here the verbenas with their purple and crimson beauty bathed in the mellow sunshine, here the intense azure of a sage, here the nasturtiums creeping in coils of scarlet and gold, here the lingering lilies filling the air with deliciousness, the mourning-brides with rich pungency, a perfumed wind wandering over all as idly as if it had the summer before it, every where a tossing life and lustre in the plots and alleys, disguising the decay of fallen plum and trodden leaf. A swift twilight gathers; and then a messenger comes in the night; another day dawns, the rimy webs sparkle from hedge to hedge, but the gay and vivid splendor of the garden-beds has vanished; not a blossom hangs untarnished on its stem; the vines are lying dead, like mere juiceless and discolored threads; neither sweet odor nor fine tint is to be had. There has been a black frost, and the Season is over.

Just such a black frost, one would say, has there been at all the summering-places of our coast and country lately. A few hardy perennials yet hold up their heads there, but the fragile things, the brilliant beings, fair and fragrant and frail as the blossoms to which one compares them, have disappeared; not so utterly destroyed as their prototypes, to be sure, but, as in old days' excellence, was transferred to the heavens, so these delights of the eye—these lilies that toil not, neither do they spin—have suffered a translation into the Avenues; and the beaches and springs and hill-sides are deserted, and the squares and parks and city streets are alive once more—alive with furbelows and flounces and folderols, and with the bloomy faces blushing above them and making the furbelows and folderols seem only like the petals and pistils and adornments of a flower. For they are delights of the eye, these damsels whose wild whirl of pleasures, whose extravagances and wayward vagaries threaten to bring back upon us the days of the Decameron; and when one reproves their follies and their enthrallment in the fanaticism of fashion, their chignons and ciphers and monograms and Grecian bends and diamond-powders, one yet gives them the whole meed of loveliness, and confesses there is no beauty beneath the skies beyond that of their fruity outlines, their warm flesh, their shining eyes, their marvelous tresses, and the soft fabrics that enwrap them. But the places that knew them now know them no more; now there is no more death by drowning at Atlantic City; the honey-moons are over at Cape May; Macaulay and his New Zealander may have it all their own way among the broken bridges and the bitterns at Long Branch; the Catskill has become a howling wilderness. The surf may send its horns of spray spouting up round the Great Boar's Head, there are no more sidelong lovers'-glances to catch its fleeting rainbows. Yellow Jersey sands may lick a sparkle from the deep sea depths, there are no elastic little feet to fall lighter than the touches of the breeze along their shifting length. The great harvest-moon may part the mists among the mountains, like some vast spirit dividing the walls of heaven, only to swim out over splendid solitudes of Flume and Notch. Autumn may stain his parallels with all the blood of summer, no one has staid to see; for are there not pictures as gorgeous as these now waiting in the halls of the Exhibitions?

Yes, the Season is over. One is seen no longer on the drive, rivaling the tan, behind eight thorough-breds harnessed four abreast, lying back among the cushions or handling the reins upon the box, and gaudy in toilettes eclipsing the orioles with orange and scarlet and black and silver. One leans no longer on a suitor's breast while promenading up and down the verandas of public houses in the full gaze of twice one hundred eyes. The garden-scenes of Watteau, with their bare bosoms and paniered hips, which a lady used to blush over when she carried them painted on her fan, are no longer revived every day at Sharon and Saratoga. The secret owner of African barracoons, where coffled slaves sweat and shudder together in waiting for the Cuban slave-ships, no longer swings down the too-familiar waltz with the fair and pure daughter of a good man in his embrace. The great gaming-houses are as dark and silent as tombs, unless troubled ghosts return and haunt their halls, searching for the life they lost there when they left them ruined. Heaven be thanked, the Season is over, and such scenes as these, which should mark only the corruption and decadence of a people, are no longer spread abroad to the open gaze of all the countryside, but their elements are gathered back into their local centres again. For the Season is fast becoming a social vice as monstrous as the hotels that accommodate it.

But it is a pity that the innocent things should end with the shameful ones. Pity that one has no longer all day in which to anticipate the drive from the station with husband or father or friend returned from the sun-dried town, the drive through overarched lanes of greenery spiced with the sweet-brier, and along roads where the ditches on either side are white with pond-lilies. Pity there are no more evenings to be spent in idle, blissful peace, the boat rocking on the warm wave, where the dipping oar with all its feathering drops flashes and outlines itself in light, while a land-breeze full of flower-scents kisses the hair, and the music of a song steals offshore as if it stole from heaven. Pity at least it would be if, to those that love simple pleasures, every day of the year, whether in city or at seaside, did not bring its own with it; if it were not as delightful to welcome returning feet to the bright wood-fires of October, if the divine music of some concert-hall did not need to vary the simple song round which all nature has thrown its accompaniment of twilight and flower-breath and passion. But such pleasures are hardly a part of the Season; they do not belong to the Saturnalia; do not require a suit of thirty trunks; they laugh to scorn these single ones, those huge bureau-boxes too large to enter the bedroom-doors of the inns and forced to wait outside: to them a modest pair is as good as a coach and six with footman and postillion; a farm-house, with the breath of cows, more comfortable than the glare and musk of hotel saloons; they do not return home to parlors whose chairs and lounges are draped in Indian cachemires.

The Season is over—and what has it accomplished? A cynic new to scenes of dissipation might propound the riddle as safely as the Sphinx was wont. Has it enlarged, as every season should do, where city-bred and country-born mingle together, the humanity, the brotherhood of the race? Has it filled the foreign visitor of our shores with admiration for the gracious and gentle virtue of our women, and shown him into what beautiful nobility they can develop under the fostering of freedom? Has it advanced our social and public manners in purity, in refinement, in antipathy to vice, in attraction toward godliness? Has it given even the poor art of dress one impulse forward toward that perfection it seeks and fails to find? Has it done any thing whatever to help the upward progress of man and womankind?

As human eyes see—far from it. It has made the country sigh with gladness when the city returned to its limits; it has filled the foreigner with self-complacence over the women he left at home, in view of the beauty spread before his purse in the stalls of its Vanity Fair; it has drawn our manners one degree nearer the great maelstrom of indecency; it has experimented on freaks of fashion to find what ones may be ventured upon to settle safely down into wintry incrustations; it has done its utmost, with the display of unmeasured wealth in the hands of a few, to crush a great mass of people in hopeless poverty without the liberty of an aspiration, to cause yet others to grind their teeth in a blind agrarian rage. It has made some sporadic marriages; it has created some insane entanglements; it has broken some hearts—ruined many fortunes and more reputations; it has vanished like a plague, to appear again and work fresh havoc when New-Year's Day throws the best houses open to it once more.

And now autumn winds are blowing the land clean from the lush decay of September. The black frost came to the rank, brilliant gardens no moment too soon. Now the great rural fairs make the county towns gay with big beets and mammoth pumpkins, and processions of sleek cattle with silken sides wind along the dusty highways; the roses bloom again in the cheeks of country lasses as they take the prize for their choice handiwork; the maples kindle their torches to illumine the coming of the chill and dark side of the year as they may; and a ripe redolence fills the atmosphere from the heaps beneath the apple-tree—that thing of beauty from the time when its rosy snow drifts over all the orchard hill-sides of the north till it stands, a ruddy cloud, dropping fruit when a wind waves its breadth boldly, or when a bird lightly stirs its topmost spray. One would say that some new Masque of Comus had swept through the fields, and leaving them at last, he saw, by the comparison, faint foreshadowings of the Golden Age again. Not that the country lass has less frequent bickerings and heart-burnings than the flutterer of fashion—not that she has more loveliness—but that she has less latitude; and one thing, at least, she guards a hundredfold more jealously, and no one speaks lightly of her good name!

It is, doubtless, too much to hope that a population so crude as ours, so boundlessly enriched with sudden wealth, should do much more at present at its centres of gayety than indulge in a frivolousness for which the lookers-on may offer thanks if it does not accelerate itself into wickedness. That it shall not do so is the censor's task to endeavor. By-and-by it will weary of all that, let us trust. Opportunities of wealth, when one has exhausted their first material enjoyment, are opportunities of culture. The spiral progress of the universe, whether seen in the mounting life of plants or in the starry systems, is a thing so wide and general that it may even underrun society; and if to-day we touch the lower wing of the screw, to-morrow we shall but wind so much the higher. To-morrow, then, perhaps, these damsels—whose hour-glass runs with gold dust, and who now scatter its precious sands upon the four winds, who know nothing better to do with their day than to waste it—may cause us to remember that, in the ancient times, a parasol, now the emblem of frivolity, then was sacred to Pallas Athene, even to such extent as bestowing upon the goddess an epithet; and that one of the loveliest months of the Attic summer, where June and July combined their splendor, was named for her festivals, in which Skiron, a white parasol, was borne in pageantry by the priestesses from the Acropolis. And so remembering, we shall turn, then, to see, while blossoms breathe upon the sod, and ephemera have their day; while there is the life of bird and insect to be studied till it tells God's meaning in creation; while there is succor to be carried to the poor or to the dying; while there is innocent love to be made and listened to with all outdoors for a confidant—to see our own priestesses of the parasol carrying it to as good, if not a better, purpose.

THE SWING IN THE APPLE-TREE.

THE sunbeams come, the sunbeams go,
The boughs droop gently over;
I hear the breezes laughing low
Among the blossomless clover.
A-swinging to and fro, I pass
Through leaves that autumn dapples,
And watch, upon the fading grass,
The fall of russet apples.

I listen for the babbling creek
That stirs the noonday quiet;
Of summer gone its quavers speak,
Of dag-flowers running riot.
Oh, lonely creek, your shallow brink
Another spring will grow them;
For flowers bloom full sweet, I think,
Where'er the angels sow them!

I hear across the meadow lots
The sheep-bells softly tinkle—
They crop the tender daisy plots
That frosts begin to wrinkle.
My swing goes up, my swing comes down,
The zephyrs hurry after;
And hope and youth triumphant crown
The day with joy and laughter.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FASHIONS AND THE FASHIONABLES.

THE watering-places are still brilliant. At Baden the dresses are of an unheard-of eccentricity. Crinoline is no longer seen; the skirts cling close to the body, and are made either with prodigious trains for evening or excessively short. New modes of looping up the skirt are invented daily. Some dresses are even looped with agrafes of precious stones.

Gambling is the order of the day. A pretty Parisian actress, Léonie Leblanc, one of the so-called three Graces (the other two are Mdlles. Montalaud and Purson), has just lost three hundred thousand francs at roulette. She threw every thing, even to her jewels, on the *tapis vert*.

Prince George of Prussia, on his side, has won about sixty thousand francs. He is a charming Prince, and a great lover of art and artists. Rachel inspired him with a lively passion, which has survived the tomb. He always has before his eyes a portrait of the celebrated tragedienne, and even carries it with him when he travels.

Apropos of Rachel, I must tell you an anecdote which is not generally known. She was greatly beloved by Count Walewski, who has just died, the reputed natural son of Napoleon I.; so much so indeed that when going on a journey he left the keys of his apartments in her care. Shortly after the Count's departure Rachel learned that he was about to be married. She hastened to his house, and, in order doubtless to have some souvenir of this well-beloved friend, or perhaps to punish him for his forgetfulness, carried off with her all the little objects of art and portable pieces of furniture that the rooms contained, leaving absolutely nothing but the large articles which were too heavy to be moved. When M. Walewski was ready to bring his young wife to Paris he wrote to one of his lady friends, asking her to have an eye to the servants, and see if every thing in his apartments was ready to receive the bride. When the lady reached the house you can judge of her consternation. A few heavy wardrobes, tables, and easy-chairs, and nothing besides! Not one of those elegant trifles, not one of those exquisite articles of *vertu*, which the rich scatter with such art and taste around them. What would the Countess Walewski think of such dreary bridal apartments? The newly-wedded couple were to arrive the next morning. There was no time to buy any thing, and it was an embarrassing question to know what to buy. The minister's friend was struck with an idea that could only have come from a woman. The idea was charming. She ordered wagon-loads of grasses and flowers of all kinds to be brought, and tastefully arranged them all over the rooms, on the mantles, the tables, the empty étagéres—every where, in short. The effect was enchanting. When the young bride arrived she thought herself in Eden. The master-pieces of men had given way to flowers, those master-pieces of nature. Had the thing been expressly arranged it could not have succeeded better.

The Emperor and Empress are at Biarritz. An interview between the Queen of Spain and Napoleon III. is announced.

They arrived at two o'clock in the morning. At nine they were already promenading on the beach. The Emperor is greatly amused at the sight of the bathers. Very few persons look pretty in these frightful bathing costumes. There are such caricatures, among the men especially, that the Emperor can not help laughing.

The Empress was very simply attired. She wore a black cashmere suit drawn up *en paniers*, and trimmed with guipure, the whole covered by a large water-proof cloak. She was exquisitely *coiffée*, with a Spanish toquet of black felt, turned up with black velvet, with silk balls scattered over it, and two large heron's plumes at the side. This sombre coiffure admirably sets off the delicate whiteness of her complexion and the dazzling gold of her hair.

The Empress has ordered the pretty cutter, *La Nive*, presented to her by a Bordeaux deputy, to be moored in the harbor. It was in this cutter that she and the Prince Imperial were nearly drowned last year while in the country.

The Emperor has given his beloved Nero a successor. He has bought a large Pyrenean dog that answers to the name of Picou.

Distinguished ladies from all countries, especially Spaniards and Russians, are daily arriving at Biarritz. The American colony is smaller than usual. These ladies come to enjoy the magic spectacle of the surf, and to display the magnificence of their toilettes. The Princess Galitzin is one of the most noticeable; an intrepid swimmer, who goes out as far as the eye can reach, followed by a huge black dog, her probable savior in case of accident.

A piquant Spanish lady, the Marchioness de C——, attracts much attention by the art with which she varies her black dresses. She is devoted to black without being in mourning, for she is often seen with bright-colored sashes and precious stones such as emeralds, garnets, and lapis lazulis. She always wears jewels to match the trimmings of her dress. She has a suit of black poult de soie, embroidered with wreaths of large blue corn-poppies, with a lapis lazuli necklace, ear-rings, and buttons.

The most successful dress of the season has been a complete Watteau costume, with large bow behind; dress of black China crape, trimmed with uncut coral fringe; and broad belt of large coral beads.

The ladies of the highest rank at Biarritz especially affect simple costumes of cashmere and dark cloth. Dark green and bottle-green are favorite colors. An under-skirt is made with a narrow flounce of the same material, trimmed with black worsted galloon. The over-skirt is trimmed with the same galloon and caught up very high at the sides. The jacket is furnished with a revers, and is tight-fitting or loose according to taste. It is frequently buttoned at the side.

The styles of jewelry are as eccentric as most of the dresses. I can not imagine what pleasure one can take in wearing such hideous things. Owls and death's-heads are seen for ear-rings, as are also the famous lantern of Henri Rochefort, and miniature boats, and sonnettes or little bells. Victorien Sardou made this prediction in the Benôiton Family, that when the daughter put on grelots the mother would want sonnettes. Apropos of Victorien Sardou, it is said that he is writing a drama after the style of Paul Féval. The *Bossu* and the *Benôiton Famille* mixed must surely make a spicy work.

Mademoiselle Patti, or rather the Marchioness de Caux, is at this moment at Hombourg, where, after singing before a parterre full of princes, she is the object of the most flattering attentions. There is one person far prouder than she of her triumphs, namely, her husband, who is puffed up at every compliment he hears. It is he that receives the bouquets and applause. He said the other day, "We are going to America. We shall sing there for some months; we have an engagement worth a million." Bravo! Marquis de Caux; we did not give you credit for so much talent.

JULIE DE PUISIEUX.

BIB WITH NEEDLE-WORK FRILL.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 32.

CRAVAT COLLAR FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

FLANNEL PETTICOAT FOR INFANT FROM 3 TO 12 MONTHS OLD.

FIGURED PIQUÉ BIB.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 30.

CHILD'S MUSLIN, LACE, AND INSERTION COLLAR.

CHILD'S COLLAR WITH ROUNDED LAPPETS.

SHIRT FRONT FOR BOY FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXXI., Figs. 98–100.

WHITE DIMITY SLIP.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XXVIII., Figs. 90–93.

COLLAR WITH BAVETTE FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

CAPE FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.

CROCHET BIB.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 33.

CUFF FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 42.

CUFF FOR COLLAR AND CHEMISETTE FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.

COLLAR AND CHEMISETTE FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.

BIB OPEN IN FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 27.

BIB WITH BELT.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VII., Figs. 24 and 25.

CHILD'S BATHING CLOAK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 23.

BIB WITH NEEDLE-WORK TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 28.

NANSOOK BIB.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 26.

COLLAR WITH CHEMISETTE FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 38–41.

INFANT'S FLANNEL PROTECTOR. CLOSED.

CHILD'S FRILLED COLLAR.

SHIRT FOR NEW-BORN INFANT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXX., Figs. 96 and 97.

BIB WITH NEEDLE-WORK EDGING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 31.

PIQUÉ BIB.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 29.

SHIRT WITH SHIRR FOR CHILD UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 59 and 60.

BOY'S SAILOR COLLAR.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXXIII., Figs. 102 and 103.

WHITE FLANNEL JACKET FOR CHILD UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 34 and 35.

JACKET WITH BIB INSERTED FOR CHILD UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 36 and 37.

DIMITY JACKET FOR CHILD UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXV., Figs. 77–81.

SHIRT WITH NARROW BINDING FOR CHILD UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 16–18.

CHILD'S LINEN COLLAR.

SHIRT FOR BOY FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. I., Figs. 1–7.

BOY'S LINEN COLLAR.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXXII., Fig. 101.

SHIRT WITH REVERS FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 61 and 62.

JACKET WITH GORED FRONT FOR CHILD UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXVII., Figs. 86–89.

FIGURED PIQUÉ JACKET FOR CHILD UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXVI., Figs. 82–85.

SHIRT FOR BOY FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 47–51.

MULL CAP FOR CHILD UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXV., Figs. 106 and 107.

INFANT'S FLANNEL PROTECTOR.—OPEN.

CAP ORNAMENTED IN HERRING-BONE STITCH FOR CHILD UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.

WHITE PIQUÉ SHOE FOR CHILD UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 43 and 44.

CHEMISE FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXII., Figs. 69–71.

CHEMISE FOR GIRL FROM 13 TO 15 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 63 and 64.

WHITE FLANNEL SHOE FOR CHILD UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 45 and 46.

CHEMISE FOR GIRL FROM 11 TO 13 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 65 and 66.

RIBBED PIQUÉ CAP FOR CHILD UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXXVI., Figs. 108 and 109.

DRAWERS FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 57.

INFANT'S PILLOW.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 58.

DRAWERS FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 13–15.

LINEN CAP FOR CHILD UNDER 1 YEAR OLD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXXIV., Figs. 104 and 105.

NIGHT-DRESS WITH REVERS FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement, No. XXIV.

CHEMISE FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 67 and 68.

SHIRT FOR BOY FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 52–56.

NIGHT-DRESS WITH PERCALE TRIMMING FOR GIRL FROM 11 TO 13 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XXIII., Figs. 72–76.

SHIRT FOR BOY FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. II., Figs. 8–12.

DEATH AND THE SEASONS.

ANNIE, as a rose-leaf tender,
As the morning fresh and fair;
Little form, so light and slender,
Little face, of beauty rare!
Childhood's hours are fleeting, Annie,
Spring is changeful, well-a-day!—
Death came by and look'd on Annie,
Look'd, and slowly turn'd away.

Annie, blooming, gentle maiden,
Deck'd with blushes like the rose!
Droops thy head with sweetness laden,
Or with grief, that no one knows?
Summer clouds will ofttime, Annie,
Veil the glad, bright, golden ray.—
Death bent, threat'ning, over Annie;
Gazed a while, and pass'd away.

Annie, Autumn's glowing treasures
Bend the lusty orchard's bough;
Spring-time's beauty, Summer's pleasures,
Into fruit have ripen'd now.
Round the spreading pear-tree, Annie,
All thy little children play.—
Death came by and look'd on Annie,
Would not strike, but pass'd away.

Annie, feeble, worn, and wrinkled,
Bent with weight of care and years.
Snows upon thy head are sprinkled,
And thy beauty's quench'd with tears.
Winter closes round us, Annie;
After toil for sleep we pray.—
Death stoop'd gently over Annie,
Took her with him; then, away.

LAURA STANTON.

NO one who has not actually been the principal of a boarding-school for young ladies and gentlemen can rightly appreciate some of my peculiar trials. The foremost one of all arises from the necessity of having teachers of both sexes. I wish some one would tell me how I am to manage them. If I find the scholars inclined to pay more attention to each other than to their books, I know how to deal with them; but when I hear—overhear, if you like—Mr. Smith telling Miss Brown that she is an angel, which she is not by any means, I confess I am somewhat puzzled as to the best plan of action.

I think my teachers must have a peculiar fondness for marrying, or else I have a peculiar talent for selecting suitable wives for my neighbors; for the neighborhood of the Seminary is mainly peopled by my ex-teachers and their families, excepting the families into which my pupils have married. And sometimes my teachers have even married each other. Now I do not see the propriety of this. *I* did not find it necessary to propose to every girl I met when I was a young man. In fact, I did not find it necessary to marry at all. The matron of my establishment is a most excellent person, who fulfills all her duties in a praiseworthy manner, and I have never felt any need whatsoever of a wife, nor any patience with a set of teachers whose heads are full of love-nonsense when they should be occupied with the greatness of their mission. Do they ever reflect that they are, perhaps, educating future senators and presidents, or mothers and wives of great men? That the bias given by them to the young, unformed minds under their care may change the whole tenor of America's future?—nay, of the world's future? Not they! Their kind hearts are too much absorbed in sympathy with poor Mr. Scott, who is just beginning to look cheerful after his second wife's death; or in trying to comfort Zachariah Jones, who must have had some terrible love disappointment some time or other, or why is he still a bachelor, with his fine fortune and fine appearance? He did not show any symptoms of a broken heart that I could see, but he accepted the comfort with a very good grace nevertheless.

I grew tired of this sort of thing, and so, when two of my teachers announced to me, at the close of a session, that they were about to be united in the holy bonds of wedlock, and take their departure together for parts unknown, I resolved to go to the city, and stay there until I had secured the services of a gentleman who would positively promise not to marry, become engaged, or even make love to any one during his stay in my house. One lady and one gentleman were needed to complete my corps of resident teachers. The latter was easily found—a mild-looking gentleman, thirty years old, or thereabouts, who professed himself an inveterate woman-hater; and, indeed, he appeared to have general misanthropical tendencies. "I have not loved the world, nor the world me," he said.

Somewhat startled by this quotation, I asked him if he was fond of Byron. He assured me that he never read poetry at all nowadays; that he learned that line when he was a boy at school; and I engaged him.

Then came the hardest part of my work. I, a crusty old bachelor, must find a woman who was not a coquette, who was not a scold, who had a good intellect, a good education, a lady-like appearance, and not beauty enough to attract admirers of the opposite sex. It seemed a hopeless task. Where are all the stately ladies of whom Shakspeare wrote? Did Scott's heroines leave no descendants? I certainly saw no traces of them in the numerous visitors who called in answer to my advertisement. Toward night I sat ruefully thinking over my sorrows when another applicant was announced, and looking up, I saw a plain, soberly-dressed young lady, whose whole appearance corresponded so well with my ideal of a school-teacher that my heart gave a sudden bound.

"She is found!" I said to myself. "If she knows her A B C's I will engage her."

She knew rather more than the alphabet. Her acquirements, particularly in the languages, were so great, and she was so ready to give proofs of her ability to teach, taking it for granted that I was able to converse fluently in all the modern languages usually taught in schools, and to read the ancient ones at a glance, that, fearing to dispel her illusions, I dropped that subject, and engaged her. I was sure that she would be just the one I wanted; I was sure that a lady whose everyday friends and companions were Homer and Sophocles, Virgil and Schiller, was not very likely to attract or be attracted by the honest farmers of Marshdale, nor the superficial collegians upon whom I usually had the luck to light for teachers.

It so happened that the lady, whose name was Miss Stanton, and I went to Marshdale by the same boat. I met, besides, two of my young ladies who were returning to school. Considering it highly improper for them to travel without an escort, I immediately took them under my protection; which I did by introducing them to Miss Stanton. For a time all went well. The young ladies were homesick, and just a little sea-sick, and behaved with the utmost propriety. But, returning to them after one of my excursions round the boat, I found Miss Stanton herself engaged in an animated conversation with a gentleman, while the young ladies, with restored cheerfulness, were busily engaged in demolishing the contents of a basket of fruit that had made its appearance on the scene since I left them.

I am not a quick-tempered man; so, before I let my angry passions rise, I came forward to see who the stranger was, and what business he had there. Seeing me he rose, and put out his hand.

"Don't you know me?" said he, laughing. "I have come fifty miles to-day to see you again."

"You ought to have left those brown whiskers at home," said I. "How am I to guess whose face is hidden behind them?"

"Yes," said he; "you are right. I did not have much hair on my face when I left school fourteen years ago. I'm Mark Torrington, and these young ladies are my nieces."

"I am glad to see you, Mark," said I. "You will find Marshdale very much changed since you were there. You are acquainted with Miss Stanton?"

"Oh yes," he replied. "I've always known her." And we fell into a general conversation respecting schools, memories of boyhood, the changes of time, and other interesting subjects. But after we reached Marshdale I took the first opportunity when I was alone with Mark to ask him some questions about Miss Stanton. He did not seem inclined to be very communicative; but he told me that she was an orphan, with one brother, Archibald. Although they were nearly the same age she had always taken care of him, more as a mother than a sister; thinking no sacrifice too great that conduced to his comfort or pleasure. When he went to college she gave up nearly all of her income to add to his, in order that he might live well in New Haven. But his expenses continually increased, while she had made hers so small that it was impossible to make them any less; so, giving him her whole income, she became a teacher. Archibald had left college, and was now nearly through studying law.

"Then she will not teach much longer?" said I, somewhat dismayed.

"I hope not," said Mark, in any thing but a hopeful tone.

Miss Stanton proved to be an excellent teacher, and a very pleasant inmate of the house in every respect. But she was not so plain as I thought at first. She had beautiful hair, and clear frank eyes that made one forget to look at the rest of her face; and then she had the only beauty that can take a real hold upon the heart, the beauty of expression. I dreaded more and more the time when she would no longer teach for me. I was sitting one evening, thinking partly of this, and partly of the general incomprehensibility of human nature—for my cook had just given warning in order to marry my ex-gardener—when I heard some one trying the garden-gate; and looking out, I saw a female figure enter the garden from the house just as the person outside, finding the gate firmly locked, climbed over the high board-fence into the yard that had been held sacred to the young ladies from the beginning of its existence; where no male feet but my own and my gardener's were ever allowed to penetrate. I am sorry to say this was not the first scene of the kind that I had watched and interrupted at the proper moment; and I was able to control my indignation sufficiently to listen a while in order to find out how far the affair had progressed before interfering. It progressed farther than was consistent with my ideas of propriety then and there. For the stranger caught the lady in his arms and kissed her, not once but many times; and then, with his arm still around her, they began to walk up and down the garden, talking in low, earnest tones. As they came nearer my window I heard the gentleman say,

"I couldn't help it. I couldn't come before Sunday unless I came at night; we are so busy. And you know what a time there would have been if I had come to see you at this time in the evening. Ten to one the house would have been locked up."

"Couldn't you have come Sunday?" said she. "Suppose some one should see such a mysterious meeting here?"

"Suppose they should?" said he. "I have something to say that will not keep till Sunday, Laura."

"Not bad news, Mark?" I could see their faces quite plainly as she looked anxiously up to him in the moonlight. Mark Torrington and Miss Stanton.

"Just as you take it," he replied. "I call it good news. Are you willing to go with me to make a new home in a new country, Laura? Will you—" But by this time they were too far off for me to hear what they said. I had already heard and seen enough to know that it was not necessary to interrupt them. Mark Torrington and Laura Stanton were quite able to manage their own affairs. I did not for an instant suspect them of any further impropriety than the mere act of meeting in this clandestine manner; and as they did not seem inclined to come near enough to the house for me to overhear any more of their conversation, I sat still. But the current of my meditations was completely changed by this added proof of the nature of the tendencies of humanity, something on the principle of the old philosopher who injured his eyesight by jumping into a bramble-bush, and cured himself by the very simple process of jumping into another one. So my thoughts ran in such a very peaceful channel that I must have grown sleepy, for I suddenly became aware of voices near me, without having any definite idea of where they were, or what they were saying. But presently I saw Mark and Laura standing near me, and heard him say, "Then I must go alone, Laura?"

"How can I leave Archibald now?" she said, pleadingly. "You know I can not, Mark. All my work for him would be thrown away; and in another year he will not need my help."

"And in another month I shall be in South America," said he.

"Why do you tempt me so? You know it is harder for me to stay than for you to go," she replied.

"Then go!" he exclaimed, vehemently. "What right has your brother to keep you from me? Isn't it enough that you have made a slave of yourself to him ever since—"

He hesitated slightly, and she interrupted him, "Ever since I nearly made him blind. No; nothing could be enough to atone for that."

"Nonsense!" said he, impatiently. "As if it did him any harm! Nobody can tell that his eyes are not all right; and he can see as well with one as with two."

She did not answer; but shook her head.

"Laura," he went on, seeing that she was unconvinced. "I can not believe that this is your real reason. Your going away need not injure Archibald. He can have your money all the same. Of course I shall sign away all right in it, and you could give it all to him."

"That would not be quite right, would it? Besides—" and she paused.

"What!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean to tell me that it would not be enough? Does that scamp use all his own money and all yours, and then take your salary in this miserable place besides?"

"You don't know. You can not understand," she said. "Oh, Mark, can't you see that it would be this way all the time if I went? And it has been the hope and work of my whole life to make some reparation to him of the injury I did him. You could not always be patient with him; and he would not take one cent from you, Mark."

"Wouldn't he?" said Torrington, with a short, bitter laugh. "I know I'm no favorite of his, nor he of mine; you are right about that. So, if you prefer your brother to me, I have no more to say."

He might have known that if his pleading could not move her, his anger certainly would not. Perhaps he did; for, taking both her hands in his, and looking down into her face, as if he hoped to read some change of purpose there, he said,

"Then we are never to see each other again, Laura?"

But she had said all she had to say, and she remained silent. So after a little he simply said, "Good-by, Laura," and went away. She fastened the gate, and stood watching him until he was out of sight. Then she came into the house.

I heard, incidentally, in the course of the next month, that Mark Torrington had sailed for South America. He had been made partner in a large New York house, on condition of going there, and had every prospect of becoming a wealthy man in a very short time. After that I heard no more of him for years. Archibald Stanton finished his course of study, and entered upon the practice of his profession, but still Miss Stanton said nothing about giving up her position in my school. Her brother married, as brothers will, and she seemed more completely alone in the world than before. She spent her vacations at his house; but she did not seem to enjoy being there much. Notwithstanding her self-sacrificing devotion to her brother I think she took very little real pleasure in his society, and still less in that of his wife. Mrs. Archibald Stanton was rich; and both she and her husband were absorbed in the frivolities and dissipations of fashionable life; they could have very little in common with Laura Stanton.

She was always cheerful, as far as I could see; yet I knew that she must often have had a heavy heart. She was not unsociable, but she made no intimate friends. Every one went to her with their joys and griefs, sure of finding a ready and sympathizing listener; yet no one ever seemed to think it possible that she could have a story of her own to tell, or could wish for sympathy in return. And she, on her part, appeared to have no need of it; she lived her quiet useful life among us, doing more good by her unconscious influence and unselfish example of cheerfulness and good temper than many women do in a long life. After her brother's marriage she had the use of her money again; and then she made arrangements with me to have less of her time occupied in teaching; but she wished to remain in Marshdale. She wanted some work in life, she said; some definite daily employment to keep her, by the necessity of constant exertion, from falling into indolent habits; or, still worse, from getting the blues. Then she liked Marshdale. The world is a large place, and such an insignificant part of it as herself would soon be lost in the crowd if she moved about too much. If her friends had to be constantly looking in different places for her they might, after a time, forget where to look, or cease to look at all.

I thought I knew who these "friends" or friend might be; and whenever Mark Torrington's nieces had a South American letter, as they did sometimes, I used to ask Miss Stanton to deliver it to them; and made a point of asking them, in her presence, for news of their uncle afterward. It may have been foolish; it was a thing which I certainly would not have done in many cases. But as one year after another went by, and no message came to Laura Stanton from Mark, my interest in him began to flag, and I naturally supposed that hers did the same. My interest in Mark, not my interest in Miss Stanton. I had now, by means of fortunate investments, economy, and general good management gathered together money enough to make me independent of my profession, even with the additional expense of a family; and the "light of household fires" was beginning to have a stronger attraction for me than in the days when I thought that marriage, for a man with a small income and good position in society, meant anxiety, labor, and, worst of all, debt. If I ever meant to have a home, this seemed the most suitable time; and Laura Stanton the most suitable woman. But watching her with the new attention awakened by these reflections I perceived that I was not the only one who had discerned her merit. There was Chauncey Osgood, who had lately come into possession of the Bellman place. He was young—younger than I by at least ten years; rich, and passably good-looking. He had very few opportunities of seeing Miss Stanton, however; and she made them as few and unsatisfactory as possible; in which laudable conduct she was vigorously aided and abetted by me.

I met her one evening, when Mark Torrington had been gone five years, in the garden in which she had parted from him that summer night. As the day had been a warm one, the doors and windows were all open to receive the cool air; and, as I walked up and down the path with her, I heard the door-bell ring. Not wishing to exchange the pleasant twilight and Miss Stanton's society for the dull parlor and still duller visitor who had probably arrived, I turned toward a part of the garden where the shrubbery would hide me from sight. The soft air, the rich sunset colors, the odor of the flowers, all conspired to fill me with more sentimentality than I had felt for many a long year; and I came as near the verge of talking nonsense as I consider myself capable of doing. I had fully made up my mind to ask Miss Stanton to marry me; but I had intended to state my case in a plain, straightforward manner, as a sensible man should in speaking to a sensible woman, putting clearly before her the wider sphere of usefulness and happiness open to her as my wife than as my teacher; and now I found myself speaking so earnestly, so passionately, that she blushed suddenly, and then as suddenly turned very pale. I had never seen her so much excited before; could it have been love for me that had kept her so long in Marshdale? But I had not time to solve this problem; for, while I had been talking, I heard the door open and some one ask for me; and, although I purposely went still farther into the shade, the servant who was looking for me walked directly to the spot where I was, and led me triumphantly into the house. As I passed the open hall-door on my way to the parlor I saw Chauncey Osgood coming up the steps. He asked for Miss Stanton, and I told him that she was particularly engaged, but I would call her if it was important. He had not the courage to insist upon seeing her, being somewhat doubtful as to his reception, poor fellow; and leaving a message for her he went away again. I went into the parlor, still holding the card the servant had given me, and which I had not read, and found Mark Torrington. Why, in the name of all that is sensible, couldn't he have waited a year or two longer if he must come back? Earnestly, but silently, wishing him in the heart of the Andes I shook hands with him, endeavoring to appear cordial, and tried to talk of every thing but Laura. But it was of no use. He began almost immediately after the first commonplaces.

"So Miss Stanton is still with you? I thought I heard some one asking for her just now."

I could have knocked the man down with pleasure. The impulse to throw him out of the window was so strong that I went to the one nearest me and closed it, by way of resisting temptation. The impertinent wretch! To leave her without a word or a sign these long years; to let her waste the best part of her life in mourning over his absence, for all he knew to the contrary; and then to come back and expect to find her waiting and ready, like patient Griselda, to come or go according to his will. But I had to say something; and I could not very well deny her presence in my house; so I said,

"Yes, she is still here; and I should be glad to have her here as many years more; but that gentleman calls very often; so often, in fact, that I am sometimes obliged to send him away. You must have heard me to-night."

"I did," said he; "but I did not recognize his voice."

I saw that I had touched him, and the temptation to go on was too strong for me.

"Probably not," said I. "He has not been in Marshdale long; but you must have heard of him. His name is Osgood—Chauncey Osgood—and he inherited the whole of Chauncey Bellman's property. It will be an excellent match for Miss Stanton."

"Ah!" said Mark. "An elderly man, I presume?"

"About thirty," I replied. "But don't mention this to any one. I really had no right to say any thing about it just yet; but you are such

an old friend of hers. I hope you mean to stay in Marshdale some time, now you are here."

"Yes," said he; "I have cast anchor at your hotel for the present. I am looking for a farm in this neighborhood."

We were both ready to drop the subject of Laura's future life by this time; and to quiet my uneasy conscience I entered into a detailed account of the best farms in the vicinity. He went away at last, without asking for Laura again, or leaving any kind of message for her.

I never asked Laura for an answer to my offer of marriage. I could see by her face that she knew of Mark's return, before we spoke of it; and that she had not forgotten him. But as day after day passed, and she knew that he was only a few doors off, without coming to see her, her courage began to fail. I could see it in her slower step and paler face; and in her nervous way of looking up whenever a door opened or the bell rang. I saw her one day standing before a glass with a single gray hair in her hand, looking, with a deeper feeling than mere vanity, at the dim and indistinct foreshadowings of wrinkles in her face. Two pictures lay on the bureau before her; one of herself, taken several years before, and one of Mark. We saw him in church the next Sunday. He was with the De Forrests, and was so much taken up with one of the young ladies, Lena, that he could only bow across the church to us as we came out. Laura returned the bow quietly, without the slightest change of color or expression; she did not even retaliate by letting Chauncey walk home with her. She shook him off, as usual, in the course of the first two blocks, and walked with the school. Mark and Lena De Forrest were on the other side of the street; and even I could not help seeing that they were a remarkably handsome couple. She was so fresh, so bright, and so stylish; a complete contrast to Miss Stanton in every respect; and Mark was a tall, fine-looking man. But whether the sight pleased our eyes or not, it was one we were destined to see many times in the course of the next few weeks. They rode on horseback, they drove, and they walked; and no matter where they went, they always passed my house before they reached home.

For a few weeks only. Then the flirtation ceased as suddenly as it had commenced. Whether Lena, having found some one she liked better, had dismissed Mark; whether he was tired of her, or whether the whole thing had been merely a way of passing time, while he watched to see what changes the years had made in Laura, I do not know. Lena De Forrest is a sensible girl, perfectly well able to take care of her own heart and her own affairs generally. I did not feel troubled on her account. But I did feel indignant when, after a day's absence, I found that Mr. Torrington had called, insisted upon seeing Laura, and after a long call had taken her out riding. Of course the sequel is easily guessed. I did think that Laura Stanton had more spirit than to put up with such treatment, and more sense than to love a man who was capable of it; but no, I am afraid the story of Patient Griselda is true after all. If the end of that tale was considered poetical justice in the days of Chaucer, I am glad that I live in the nineteenth century, when I have a right to be indignant at such conduct as Mark Torrington's. Chauncey Osgood is worth fifty such as he. But Laura does not think so.

PEACHES AND CREAM FOR TWO.

By BARRY GRAY.

WE drew around the tea-table—my wife and I. Tea, save in the summer time, when I take my month's vacation, is almost an obsolete meal with me; for the hour—six o'clock—wherein it is proper for it to be partaken, is usually devoted by me to dinner. All day in town, with just a chance to run into Delmonico's for a sandwich or a tart at noon, finds me at six o'clock, with the vesper-bell from the college sounding in my ears, as I reach my cottage-home in the country, possessed of an appetite which demands more than the simple tea, which, in the days of my boyhood, with dinner at noon, was all-sufficient for my wants.

Having, however, a regard for the habits of early life, my wife and I, in these idle vacation days, take our dinner at the primitive hour of half past twelve, and so are enabled to enjoy our cups of Oojee tea, with the accompanying light biscuits and fresh butter, sponge-cake, and peaches and cream, with exemplary zest, in the good old-fashion way.

Tea is the most social, too, of all meals. At breakfast the thoughts of the duties of the day often interfere with our proper enjoyment of the same; while dinner is a business that nature regards as a most important affair, not to be slighted or hastened, but treated with the attention and observance which it so eminently deserves. Tea is the only meal which may be dallied over. Then the labor of the day is done, and as we stir the sugar in our cups, we may fearlessly laugh and chat and be merry. The tea-cup is your true gossip's bowl, and, next to the ancient wassail-bowl, merits the encomiums of all gentlefolks. The tea-table is the most proper, too, of any for the display of flowers; still, a shallow dish, filled simply with nasturtiums and morning glories, looks well on the breakfast-table. On the dinner-table, however, with the steams of hot dishes mingling with their perfume, flowers, unless, indeed, they come in with the dessert, are extremely out of place; but on the tea-table a vase containing a few roses or sweet-peas, "on tip-toe for a flight," as the poet hath it, or other flowers, of mild odors, is an elegant and appropriate ornament.

I said something very like the above to the lovely woman who, for many years, has honored me by sitting opposite to me at table, pouring out my coffee in the morning and my tea at evening with a cheerfulness and punctuality creditable alike to her good taste and her kindness of heart.

She acquiesced with a smile in all I had said, but reminded me that my tea was getting cold, and my peaches and cream remained untasted.

"Peaches and cream, my dear," I said, taking a spoonful or two of them, "form a repast fit for a poet; and if there be one dish more than another which I like, it is peaches and cream. Indeed, nothing can be better."

"I think," said my wife, blushing ever so slightly, "that in the days of our courtship your preference was for strawberries and cream."

"Strawberries and cream, my dear," I replied, "is exceedingly proper food for lovers; but for matrons and graybeards, peaches and cream is better."

My wife said that she didn't see why.

"Well, the only reason I can give at present is," I answered, "that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; here are your peaches and cream; but where are your strawberries? Besides, I always had a weakness for peaches. They have ever had an attraction for me which no other fruit possesses. In my earliest years, when I was the wickedest boy in my native town, I was more given to the rifling of peach-trees than of any other trees which flourished in the grounds of my neighbors. I remember I used to take much satisfaction in walking through the peach orchards, even in the spring time, when the trees were only covered with pink blossoms, for I enjoyed, by anticipation, the rich harvest which the summer would yield. True, too, I took delight in looking at the beauty of the blossoms, and in listening to the ceaseless murmur of the bees extracting honey from them, and in hearing the song of the robin, hidden from sight amidst their pink clusters.

"Even dried peaches in the winter time had a relish for me which dried apples or plums never possessed; and the tarts the pastry-cook made of them were in my school-days much sought after."

"And I remember," said my wife, "that when we were first married my brandied peaches, which I kept in a store-room off from your library, were also much sought after by some one, and disappeared in a most mysterious and rapid manner. I know you laid their disappearance to the little black boy, but I have always had doubts as to whether he took them."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed. "But I confess I like brandied peaches very much, and I trust you will not neglect to put a jar or two of them down. Brandy, I know is dear, but don't let the price stand in the way of your fulfilling my request."

"Oh, for that matter," said my wife, "good whisky will answer quite as well. Take"—and here her housewifely qualities triumphed over every other consideration, while, with commendable zeal, she spoke as follows: "take," she repeated, when she found she had gained my attention, "a pound of sugar for every two pounds of peaches. Select the best fruit, large and plump, and take off their skins by dipping them into hot water, when with a napkin they will easily rub off. Boil your sugar until it is ready to candy. Then take the kettle off of the fire, and pour upon the sirup as much brandy or whisky as will serve when united with the sirup to cover the peaches which you have already placed in the jar to receive them. Pour the liquid while still warm over the peaches, and close and seal the jar."

"Excellent," I said. "Now, how about preserved peaches?"

"To preserve peaches," said my wife, becoming more interested as she proceeded, "first rub off the skins. Halve or slice them, take out the stones, weigh them—"

"What—the stones?" I asked.

My wife deigned no reply.

"To one pound of fruit," she continued, "add half a pound of sugar—"

"That is just the proportion," I interrupted, "that you use in brandying them."

"No," said the excellent woman, "that was one pound of sugar to two pound of fruit."

"Well, what is the difference?" I asked.

"Why, the difference between half a pound and one pound," she replied, and so, without waiting for me to reply, she went on. "Cook them a little, till the sugar is well dissolved and the fruit heated through. Skim it well, fill your jars, and seal securely. The 'Morris Whites' are the best peaches for preserving."

"A capital recipe, my dear; and now observe," I said, "how the topaz and ruby tints of these sliced peaches blend into each other, for all the world like the color on the cheek of a brunette. Notice, too, how naturally the cream, aided by the granules of white sugar, unites with the sweet juices of the peach. Cream, yellow and thick, but not clotted, is the proper element to pour over the slices of ripe peaches. Milk, even of the best, is scarcely rich enough, and the city mixture under that name—to which the cow with one arm that produces what callow classical students call *aqua pumpaginis* contributes largely—should be rigidly kept from contaminating the luscious fruit."

"I suppose," said my wife, with a sorrowful look turned cityward, "that there are people in the town who can not get cream, and who, indeed, scarcely know it except by name."

"I suppose so," I said.

"People," she continued, "who have no milkmaids, as you and I have, who at early dawn and dewy eve come tripping over the meadows, or rather over the grass, at Madison Square, with pails brimming with milk both pure and creamy."

"I presume so," I said, dolefully.

"But if they have never known," she added, her countenance brightening as she spoke, "what cream is, why then, of course, they can never miss it."

"That's so! Why, you are a philosopher, my dear," I said, admiringly.

"I had rather be a poet," she replied.

"Well, poets are not bad creatures," I said. "They have spoken well of the peach. And there was one poet—I've forgotten who—of whom it is recorded that he was accustomed to walk in his garden of an afternoon with his hands stuffed into his pockets, and taking a position beneath a peach-tree, lazily eat from the pendent branches the sunny side of the fruit which hung temptingly before his lips."

"He must have been a perfect epicure," said my wife, "and extravagant withal."

"He was so," I answered. "Poets have ever been partial to peaches, and have seldom failed to give them their meed of praise. Thomson, in 'The Seasons,' speaks of 'the downy peach;' and Walter Savage Landor, in his 'Last Fruit off an Old Tree,' sings:

> 'Bring me a cool alcove, the grape uncrushed,
> The peach of pulpy cheek and down mature,
> Where every voice, but bird's or child's, is hushed,
> And every thought, like the brook nigh, runs pure.'

Cowley, in his 'Thoughts on a Garden,' referring to the process of grafting, says:

> 'We nowhere art do so triumphant see
> As when it grafts or buds the tree:
> It does the savage hawthorn teach
> To bear the medlar and the peach;
> And bids the rustic plum to rear
> A noble trunk, and be a pear.'

From this we see that the peach was grafted upon the hawthorn, but I doubt very much whether the fruit amounted to much. Leigh Hunt babbles of the peach in this tailor-like way: 'The peach, whose handsome velvet coat strips off so finely;' and again, in his 'Story of Certumnus and Pomona,' printed in his 'Indicator and Companion,' he makes an old woman say to and of the fair Pomona, 'and so my lady is mighty curious in plants and apples, they tell me, and quite a gardener, love her! and rears me cart-loads of peaches. Why, her face is a peach, or I should like to know what is. But it didn't come of itself neither. No, no; for that matter there were peaches before it; and Eve didn't live alone, I warrant me, or we should have no peaches now, for all her gardening.'

"One might infer from this that Leigh Hunt believed it was a peach instead of an apple that Eve ate in the Garden of Eden. And for my part I seriously incline to that opinion; and think that after the woman had eaten the pulp of the fruit she handed the stone to Adam, and he, poor man, in attempting to swallow it got it lodged in his throat, where, under the common but erroneous name of Adam's apple, it remains to this day. It is preposterous to presume that Adam was so great an idiot as to attempt to swallow an apple, whereas it is not difficult to imagine that his disturbed conscience might drive him to seek to dispose of this evidence of his disobedience in this way."

My wife said tut! tut! to this, and declared that she was very glad the children were not present to hear me express such unorthodox views.

"At all events," I said, "peaches are about as old a fruit as is known, and there is no reason to believe that they did not grow in Eden. Besides it is a much more tempting-looking fruit than the apple, and ought, *per se*, to have been selected in preference. Indeed it grew in Persia ages ago, and the Latin name *Persica* plainly indicates its origin.

"Tradition says that the peach was poisonous, but lost its deadly effects by being transplanted. Now, if it was the peach instead of the apple which was eaten by our first parents, its deadly effects can well be said to be felt to this day. Perhaps the peachy odor of prussic acid may have originated this libel of deadliness on the peach, though it is true that poison may be extracted from the kernel. All medical authorities nowadays, however, attest the healthfulness of the peach, and even so long ago as when Sir T. Elyot wrote 'The Castel of Helth' the peach, as compared with other fruits, was thus spoken of: 'They doo lesse harme, and doo make better iuyce in the body, for they are not soo sone corrupted being eaten.'

"Ben Jonson, in his description of Penshurst, the family-seat of the Sydneys, thus alludes to the peach:

> 'Thou hast thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
> Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours.
> The blushing apricot and woolly peach
> Hang on thy walls, that every child may reach.'

"It used to be the fashion to train peach-trees against a wall with a southern exposure, very much as grape-vines are trained—this explains the last line of the stanza. In some hot-houses peaches, nectarines—which are really peaches proper—and apricots are thus cultivated.

"The ancient Romans liked peaches, and paid high prices for them. An old English writer states that for a couple of Persian peaches a Roman would give a score of pounds—which, at the present rate of gold with us, would be about seventy-five dollars apiece in greenbacks. Of course these peaches must have been perfect ones, plump and round, and of a good size, the pink blending beautifully with the white on their cheeks, and free from fleck or speck; no worms had been born and bred in their hearts, nor had the dandy-waisted wasp—and the only good trait I know of wasps is that they are partial to peaches—stung them with his poisoned dart. They must have been indeed such peaches as poor Charles Fenno Hoffman would have used in concocting his favorite drink, and which, in his anacreontic song, 'The Origin of Mint-Juleps,' he has happily expressed in this stanza:

> 'Pomona, whose choicest fruits on the board
> Were scattered profusely in every one's reach,
> When called on a tribute to cull from the hoard,
> Expressed the mild juice of the delicate peach.'"

"Where in the world," exclaimed my wife, arching her eyebrows in surprise, as I paused to take breath, "did you gain all this information? Why, you're a perfect encyclopædia."

"Of course I am," I replied, with a modest air. "And now I'll thank you for another saucer of peaches and cream."

"Another?" she asked, with surprise, seeing that I had already eaten two.

"Yes," I answered; "and the highest praise I can award to peaches and cream is, that it is never necessary to have an appetite to appreciate them. They are ever grateful to the palate, and with the last, as with the first spoonful, we are ready to exclaim, 'That was delicious!'"

MOURNING.

THE subject of mourning is one on which there is much to be said, and plausible reasons may be given for or against the whole system. It seems to us natural and inevitable, and to most people's feelings probably grateful, that there should be some such shelter from the ordinary cares of dress in times of real sorrow, and the adoption of mourning can not be such a shelter unless it be so strictly conventional as to give no indication of the actual feelings of any individual wearer. But the form which it takes in this country is to the last degree troublesome and unreasonable. The addition of so many inches of crape for every degree of affinity is irritatingly absurd. Apart from this, crape itself is a peculiarly bad material for the purpose, from its expensiveness and its liability to injury from every drop of rain. The too common addition of quantities of jet ornaments, or, still worse, of black flowers and other dismal translations of finery into funeral trappings, is both lugubrious and ill-timed, and nobody can think the result really beautiful. To lay aside one's ornaments is the natural symbol of grief, and a relief when the feeling is real. The French plan of signifying "depth" of mourning by increasing the degree of plainness of the simple black dress, and by the absence of ornaments and trimming, seems to us much the most reasonable and appropriate. The period of wearing mourning is considerably shorter than ours. We believe they never wear crape at all, and we can not see how any one living or dead is the worse for it. The free use of white in all cases of mourning, however deep, would also be a great gain. In hot weather to condemn mourners to the use of heavy black clothes is a mild form of suttee, and should, in common charity, be abolished. But it is too much to expect that individuals should have the courage to break through such customs as these, and there seems no present prospect of any means being provided for united action in such matters.

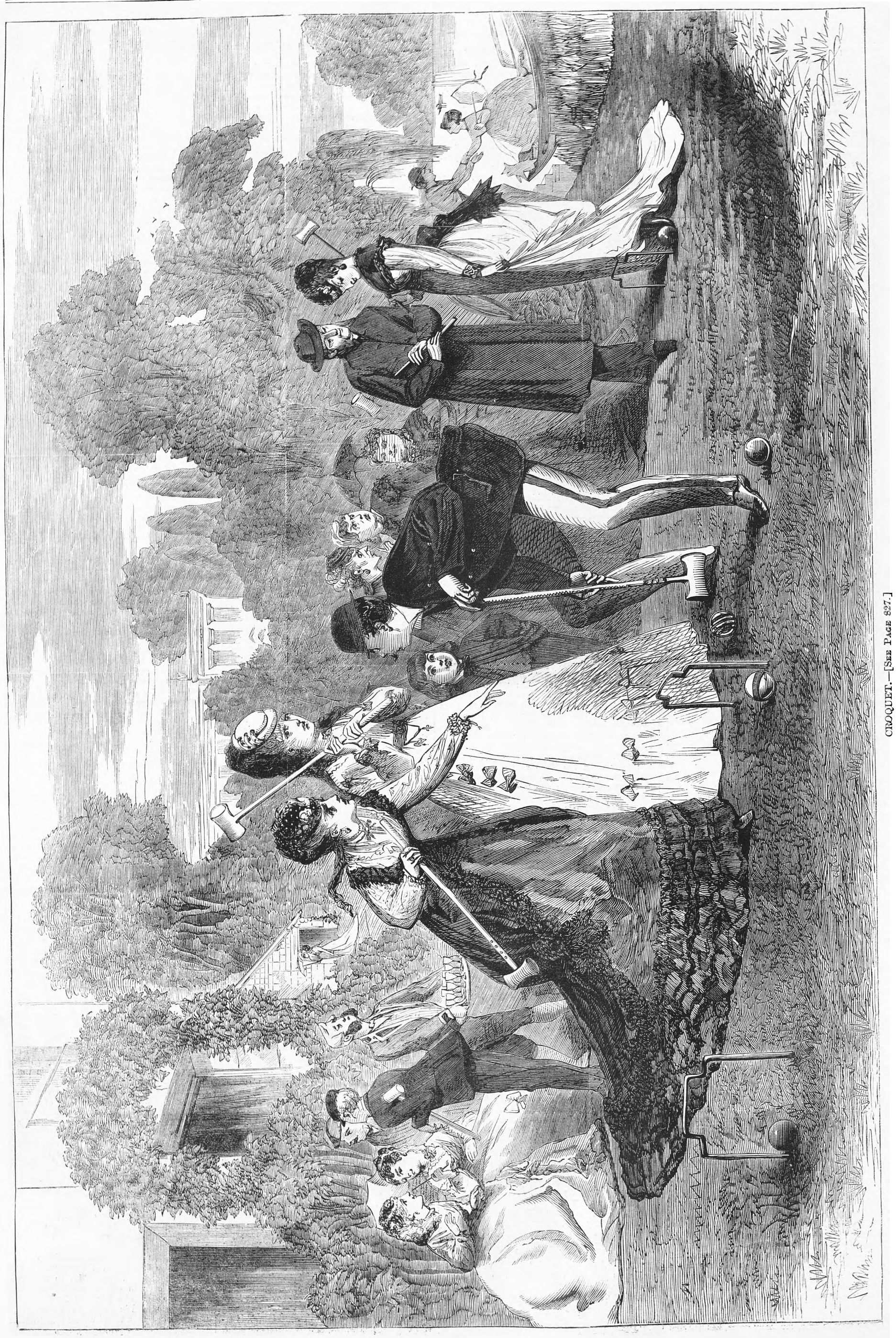
MOSQUITO SLAYING.

THERE is something terrifying, says Sala, in slaying a satiated mosquito. To kill a flea is a lively and cheerful operation. You talk to him ironically when caught, and crack him as you would a joke. The bug, even, you dismiss to limbo with one deep and not necessarily loud adjuration, wash your hands, and there is an end of the matter. You feel no more remorse for having played the part of Cainifex than does the head-master of Eton after the victims of the "Bill" have been brought to the block. It is a very different thing to kill a plethoric mosquito. The monster, minute as he is, bleeds; and *it is your own blood* which is expressed from his crushed carcass. You wonder, as Gloster wondered over Henry's corse, that he could have had so much blood in him. The wall is absolutely bespattered, and that too from the body of an assassin no bigger than a pin's head. You are appalled, you shudder; for that great crimson stain on the wall is YOU. The wretch has robbed you of so much salt and iron, and consequently vitality. The blood is the life. From your sum of existence how many hours may not be deducted on account of the mosquitoes?

CROQUET.

MUCH as croquet is affected by pleasure-seekers in the heats of summer, the cool, bracing days of autumn are the true time for this exquisite game, at which the stakes are soft glances and wreathing smiles, and where hearts are lost and won. At every blow of the mallet Cupid's shafts are driven deeper and deeper into the willing victim, and the fortunes of a life depend, perhaps, on a "fluke." And then how many of the charming damsels who enter the arena discover too late that the meshes into which they have fallen eventually bind them in matrimony, and lead to "nursing."

Many a "rover" finds himself hopelessly captured at last, and others become "scape-goats" to the more wary; while we should say that the demurely flirting young clerical in our picture is an admirable personification of a "booby." Then, looking at the young lady who is being evangelically addressed, we take it she is well versed in the game, and is making admirable use of "the foot;" and if the parson does not take care she will cheat him to a certainty. After all, even in croquet one can not always "turn the corner" safely, and frequently much difficulty is found in shooting the "bridges," as we may see by the vexed waters that trouble the plain-sailing of our principal group.



CROQUET.—[SEE PAGE 827.]

LA PREMIERE JEUNESSE.

Sweet seventeen! with eyes downcast,
Of modesty's roses rich thy store;
Fair *débutante*, they will fade full fast,
Wait till your first few seasons have past:
What will life be at twenty-four?

Society waits you, all untried:
Yes, you have beauty and youth galore:
Changes enough are sure to betide:
Will you be maid, or widow, or bride,
When you have come to twenty-four?

Gayly you'll tread the dance to-night,
Gayly you'll dream when the ball is o'er;
The world as it opens promises bright,
Girlhood's heart is happy and light,
Will it be so at twenty-four?

Votaries many soft words and sweet
Into those pink sea-shell ears will pour;
All the world will seem at your feet,
Looks of worship your eyes will greet;
What will you think at twenty-four?

Sweet seventeen! when those years are sped,
Broken vows may you none deplore;
Idle visions and bright hopes fled,
Ne'er may these rise round your weary head
When you have come to twenty-four!

THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

A Story.

By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," etc.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER XII.

A VERY GENTEEL CHAPTER.

Every thing in this world is comparative, we know, and only to be judged of in relation to something else. Let not the reader, therefore, despise the smallness of the ambition which led Mathilde von Schleppers to rejoice and triumph mightily in the social distinction conferred on her by an invitation to the saloons of Frau von Groll. I have written "saloons," so let the word stand. It sounds well; which, as Frau von Groll herself would have considered, is a great thing. But, in truth, the aristocratic Major's wife had but one reception-room, and that one was scarcely grand enough to deserve to be styled a saloon. Nevertheless, Mathilde von Schleppers felt it to be a very fine thing to be sitting there, drinking weak, flavorless coffee, and surrounded by the "elect" of Detmold society. Every thing in this world is comparative, as we began the chapter by saying, and it may be doubted whether the entrée to the private theatricals at Compiègne, or an invitation to meet a royal highness in a Belgravian mansion, ever gave more pleasure to a votary of fashion than Frau von Schleppers felt as she sat majestically on a worsted-work cushion in one corner of Frau von Groll's sofa. Indeed, to Mathilde, St. James's or the Tuileries would have been barren and worthless in comparison. What satisfaction could she find in being elbowed by duchesses, or stared at by peers of the realm, unless the doctor's wife, and the rich brewer's widow, who were not in Detmold "society," could be made to pale with envy at the knowledge of such glory having fallen to her share? Of course folks in the great world have greater aims. But I am writing of a small place and small people, and, to say truth, the social ambitions were a little ignoble—in Detmold. How satisfactory it is to reflect that yours and mine, dear reader, are so infinitely higher!

As Frau von Groll's drawing-room was a fair average specimen of similar rooms in the little capital, I may as well describe it. It was tolerably large, rather long in proportion to its width, and with three windows on one side which overlooked the gardens of the noble old Schloss. These windows were high up in the wall, and were approached by two rather deep steps. There was another shallower step dividing the room nearly in half, after the fashion of a mediæval dais. The door gave access to the room at its highest end, and many unwary or near-sighted strangers had made an ignominious and embarrassing entrance into Frau von Groll's presence by plunging awkwardly over the unseen and unsuspected step, and coming heavily down to the lower level with the peculiar jarring shock which most of us know by experience. The walls of the apartment were of a deep, bright, glaring blue. A color of that insincere, bloomy kind very often to be seen in toy-shops, and which one instinctively feels would be liable to come off on contact with any other surface. The floor was of white wood, also recalling the toy-shop in its look and in its smell, with rectangular pieces of bright, many-colored carpet of various dimensions scattered here and there upon it. There was a round table at the lower end of the room, where Frau von Groll usually sat, covered with a green cloth bound with yellow. The chairs were covered with crimson velvet, usually concealed by chintz, but on this festive occasion the richer material was revealed in all its glory. It was doubtless very glorious. Nevertheless, it had the drawback of sticking tenaciously to any woolen or stuff garment with which it came in contact. Gentlemen in broadcloth and ladies in bombazine alike found an unexpected difficulty in getting up again when once they had sat down on one of these magnificent velvet cushions. At one end of the room stood a broad, massive sofa in mahogany and black horse-hair, on which were disposed sundry specimens of Frau von Groll's woolwork, in the shape of pillows and cushions. The blue walls were adorned with three colored prints, surrounded by gilt-paper in lieu of carved frames, and representing respectively Spring and Autumn and Napoleon Bonaparte crossing the Alps. Spring was a plump, fair young lady, in a chemise and a wreath of wild flowers of Parisian manufacture. Autumn was a plump, dark young lady, with very broad shoulders and a very small waist, who, notwithstanding the evident tightness of her stays, had been doing a good stroke of work without apparent fatigue, for she stood, sickle in hand, contemplating a newly-reaped corn-field, and leaning elegantly against a pile of impossibly-yellow sheaves. As to Napoleon Bonaparte, he was crossing the Alps apparently to slow music, being preceded by a military band, and mounted on a fiery steed, whose action was of that eminently pawing character only to be seen in perfection in a circus-trained animal. There was the inevitable white china stove, and a French looking-glass over it. There were several groups of paper-flowers, in pink, blue, and green vases, disposed on every available table or shelf; and, lastly, there was in one corner a small piano-forte, whose outer surface appeared to consist chiefly of gilding and crimson silk. Such was the aspect of Frau von Groll's drawing-room. And it certainly could not be objected to on the score of want of color, or a too prevailing sobriety of tint.

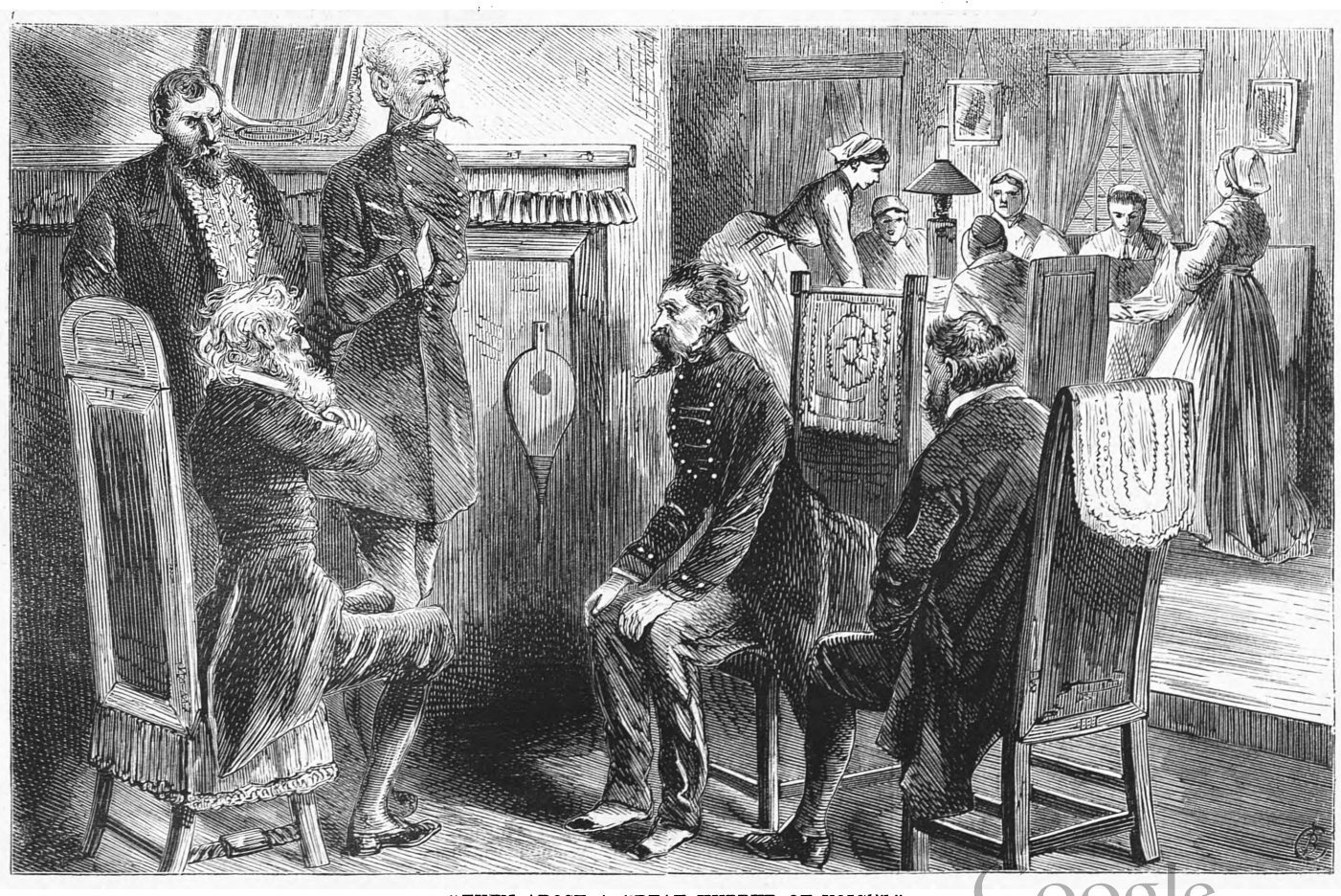
The company assembled within it was not very numerous, but it was of irreproachable gentility. There was the Justizrath's portly wife, and Fräulein Bopp, and the stout, placid matron who had made one at Frau von Schleppers's tea-party, and two other dames, who need not be more particularly described, inasmuch as they have no concern with my story. There was the Major von Groll standing with his back to the stove conversing with a group of gentlemen; and about the Major's personal appearance I may be allowed to say a word or two. He was of middle height, but owing to his extreme leanness, and the military erectness of his carriage, he appeared at first sight to be a tall man. He had a long peaked face, which seemed yet longer than it really was, owing to a high, bald, narrow forehead which rose above it. His naturally fair skin was tanned to a dull, deep red color, and his long, elaborately-pointed mustaches were of the lightest flaxen. He had high cheek-bones, immediately below which his cheeks sank into so deep a hollow that one might have supposed him to be purposely sucking them in to that shape. His eyes were light blue, widely open, and rather deep-set, under shaggy eyebrows of the same flaxen hue as his mustaches. The prevailing expression of Major von Groll's face was intense and hopeless melancholy. But this was merely an illusory effect caused by his meagreness, by the downward curve given to the line of his mouth, by his long, drooping mustaches, and by the unsmiling gravity of his eyes. Major von Groll was in reality by no means a melancholy man. But he was undeniably a dull man. The "melancholy," which some beholders found in his countenance, was no more a real sentiment than the "melancholy" which one may see in the eyes of a ruminating ox. Our imagination connects an idea of sadness with those large, dark, wistful orbs that the dumb beast turns on us so mildly. But all the while the ox is chewing the cud contentedly enough. The Major wore a military uniform, but even had he appeared in any other costume it would have been impossible to mistake his profession. And one might even have pronounced pretty safely to what branch of that profession he belonged. His whole air, his gestures, and especially the habitual attitude of his legs, proclaimed the cavalry officer. He was listening with his usual solemn, silent gravity to a warm discussion going on among his male guests, and occasionally throwing in a monosyllabic contribution to the argument.

The principal disputants were a learned Professor, whose long, leonine locks were shaken hither and thither in the heat of his discourse, as though a high wind were blowing about him, and a brother officer of the Major's.

"Erlauben Sie, permit me, I beg," said the latter in loud, abrupt tones. "I admit your erudition. I should never dream of disputing your opinion on a point of—of—" The military gentleman hesitated here for the weighty reason that he did not know precisely what it was that the Professor professed. But receiving no assistance from the by-standers—who indeed were not conscious of the nature of the difficulty he experienced in finishing his sentence—he presently added, with a circular wave of the hand, "On any scientific point, in short. But with regard to military questions you must allow me to say that no civilian—no civilian—is competent to discuss them."

"Good," grunted the Major, from beneath his mustache.

"Listen, Captain!" said the Professor, with much solemnity, at the same time putting back his hair behind his ears with both hands. "Not long ago I was visiting the fortress of Königstein for the purpose of studying the rock formation on which it is built, and of which I have spoken in my book on the Quadersandstein of the Saxon Switzerland" (this with a significant glance at the captain, who had shown himself so ignorant of the Professor's special and distinctive reputation in the scientific world), "and while there I



"THEN AROSE A GREAT HUBBUB OF VOICES."

got into conversation with an old officer—a veteran soldier who had seen service" (again with a significant glance at the captain); "and speaking of the strength of the place, I observed, jestingly, 'Ha, so Herr Lieutenant, then when the French come, you are ready for them, eh?' Upon which he shook his head, and made answer thus: 'Her Professor, the French will not come—but the Prussians will.'"

At this point the Professor's elf-locks were made, by some dextrous twist of the head, to release themselves from bondage behind his ears, and to tumble in wild disorder about his face, and the man of science folded his arms and gazed sternly on his adversary.

Then arose a great hubbub of voices. All talked together with none the less vehemence that no one could hear what the other said. "Prussia," "Austria," "National Movement," "Young Germany," "Anarchy," "Aristocracy," "Principles of Government," and "Revolutionary tendencies of the age," flew about hither and thither over the heads of the disputants, like showers of shot and shell, and one or two spent balls—to carry on the metaphor—reached the ladies, who forthwith began to fire off blank cartridges of shrill exclamations, that made a considerable report, but did nobody any harm. In the midst of the noise in walked the Justizrath von Schleppers. He went straight to where the hostess was sitting, and saluted her with the tortoise-like thrusting forth of his head which we know of. The gentlemen were still in the thick of their wordy war, and did not observe the Justizrath. The latter was at once seized upon by Frau von Groll as a promisingly taciturn recipient of her political creed. And the good lady proceeded to edify her guest by the enunciation of some rather stern and terrible sentences upon those who were so lost to all sense of right and religion as to desire to change in any way the existing order of things. Frau von Groll was quite Draconian in the simplicity and ferocity of her theory of punishment.

"Hang them all, or cut off their heads," said she, with a terrible resolution in her eye. "That appears to me to be the most direct course."

And Puss-in-boots put his head on one side with a thoughtful air, as though he was giving the proposition his best attention. Presently came a lull in the discussion going on near the stove, and then the Major saw Von Schleppers, and came across the room to greet him.

"We were in rather a stormy debate, and I did not perceive you at first, Herr Justizrath," said his host.

The Justizrath was reminded of his evening at the Pied Lamb, and the thought just flitted across his brain that the mode of conducting a political discussion did not differ so widely at the two poles of Detmold society as might have been expected beforehand.

"I wish you gentlemen wouldn't talk politics at all!" exclaimed Fräulein Bopp, clasping her hands.

Frau von Schleppers struck in with dignity.

"My dear," said she, "that is all very well for you; but people in official positions have to consider public topics. When one belongs to the governing classes politics must be talked about."

"Well, I don't know," said the stout, placid matron, innocently; "I used always to go to her highness's Wednesday receptions when she was at the Residency, and I'm sure the Prince never said one word about politics at all. He used to chat about the theatre and the weather and the company at the baths of Meinberg, just like any body else."

The Justizrath hastened to smoothe matters down with his velvet paw. He thought it would be well to change the topic of discourse from the manners and customs of the "governing classes" to some less dangerous ground. So he said, "Ah Meinberg! Baths of Meinberg! What a charming little place! You know it well?"

"We always go to Pyrmont," observed Frau von Groll, with a superior air.

"Oh! I know Meinberg, Herr Justizrath," said the stout matron. "We have not been there for years, it is true; but when I was first married we went to Meinberg every season, and that is fully nineteen or twenty years ago."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Fräulein Bopp, with the ingenuous astonishment of one to whom nineteen or twenty years appear an immense period of time.

"Oh, yes it is, truly. And the second year we were there quite a romance happened that made a deal of talk at the time."

"A romance? Theuere Frau Oberhausen, do tell it us!" This time Fräulein Bopp was sincere and unaffected. She loved romance dearly, and was apt to believe in it with a fervor and simplicity which would have been pronounced quite charming if only the poor lady had been young and pretty.

"Oh, well, I don't know that there is much to tell," replied the stout matron, who had been addressed as Frau Oberhausen. "It created an interest at the time because the girl was known so well and was so pretty."

"What girl? Oh, do explain to us!"

"Why the poor girl that ran off with a young gentleman of good family. She was only a waitress at the Rose, but such a lovely creature. They say she was the very image of the Belle Chocolatière in the picture-gallery at Dresden."

"Hussy!" exclaimed Frau von Groll, waspishly. Frau von Schleppers's feelings were too deep for words. She raised her eyes to heaven and clasped her fat hands together in silent horror.

"Ah, well, dear me!" said Frau Oberhausen, softly; "of course it was wrong, and all that, but I know I was very, very sorry for her, poor thing! The young gentleman abandoned her after a time, and got married—so the story went—and I couldn't help crying over her fate. I was but a young bride, and I put the case to myself, if my Max had run off and left me—Ach Gott!"

"Why Frau Oberhausen," cried the hostess, pursing up her mouth, "you don't suppose such creatures have the same feelings that we have, do you?"

"What became of the girl?" asked Fräulein Bopp, timidly.

"No one ever knew for certain. Her old mother maintained for a good while that she was really married. But then folks heard of the young nobleman's marriage with a rich lady at Vienna. So, of course, it couldn't have been true what the mother said. The old woman died broken-hearted. And by degrees the whole affair was forgotten in Meinberg. New people came who had never seen the girl, and knew nothing about the story; but for two or three years the landlady at the Rose used to show a portrait of her that had been sketched by some foreign artist who came to the baths. It was a lovely face; so lovely that somebody bought it at last for its beauty, and paid a handsome price for it, too."

"Ah—h—h!" exclaimed Frau von Schleppers, rising and drawing her shawl about her with a virtuous shudder, "of course, what became of her was what always becomes of such creatures. I don't think you need waste your sympathy on her, Fräulein Bopp."

Then Mathilde majestically bade farewell to her hostess, and sailed out of the room with the Justizrath shambling meekly along in her wake.

"I think Frau Oberhausen's story was in very bad taste," said she to her husband as they walked homeward together.

"Ach so! I'm afraid I was not listening to it, my dear. My head's full of business just now—full of business."

Then Mathilde perceived that for some occult reason the Justizrath desired to avoid discussing the matter. But the experience of thirty years sufficed to make her morally certain that her lord and master had perfectly heard and clearly remembered every syllable that had been said.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A KNOWLEDGE of geography is a matter of no little importance in these days. And it will not answer to rely upon ideas gained at school twenty, or even two years ago. To realize how great a change has taken place in the political geography of our country it is only necessary to glance over an old map of the United States—on which, for example, Missouri is the most Western State, and the Territories are four in number, Michigan, Wisconsin, Arkansas, and Florida. In olden times the great West seemed of but little importance, and it did not matter so much if we were ignorant of its vast extent. It is very different nowadays.

Not long ago, the President of a New York Bank inquired of a Western friend, "Do steamers run above Omaha?" An exchange makes this question the basis of an entertaining article. And it may not be fully realized by others, besides the President of that Bank, that steamers do run twenty-three hundred and sixty-eight miles above Omaha, diagonally across Dakota, into the very heart of Montana, to Fort Benton. The Eastern conception of the extent and rapid growth of the West is very vague. A good investment for every family would be made by purchasing one of the latest and best maps of the United States, and spending half an hour every evening in social study of our great country.

The great Skating Rink in Boston, which was recently opened to the public, and dedicated by a grand concert and other festivities, has been unfortunate. It was insecurely built, and the roof has fallen in, causing the death of one person, and severely injuring others. On one occasion since the opening of this rink not less than fifteen thousand persons were under this roof; and it is, therefore, a matter for thankfulness that when the accident occurred there were only a few painters at work inside. Whatever may have been the definite cause for the falling of the roof, architects may well learn a lesson from it.

A rocking-chair without rockers has been invented by a Massachusetts man. It is to all appearance an ordinary "easy-chair," but the chair-seat is detached from the lower frame, and, when the seat is occupied, moves backward and forward on two stout coil springs: the upper and lower frames being firmly held together by upright iron bearings. It is said to be far superior to the ordinary rocker.

It is a very good thing to know how to read. Mr. Charles Dickens has agreed to give one hundred readings in England at £100 each—£10,000 for the season.

According to the *Jewish Messenger* the sum of $750,000 was realized at the auction sale of pews in the new Temple Emanuel. The highest price paid was $4600, the purchaser selecting the pew directly in front of the pulpit. Many of the seats were sold at a comparatively low price, the trustees declining to neglect the claims of the poorer members. The lowest priced pews were sold for $300, accommodating seven occupants each. By this sale, the Temple stands free from debt, and with a sinking fund of $100,000, which will be increased when the pews remaining unsold are disposed of.

Longfellow's new volume, which has been announced, is entitled "The New England Tragedies," and contains two dramatic poems. One of them is based on the persecution of the early Quakers in New England, the other upon the witchcraft delusion.

Steinway Hall has been undergoing various improvements. Skillful artists have quite transformed the plain and dreary-looking hall of last year into an elegant and attractive concert-room. The ornamentations are beautiful, and many important alterations have been made, among which is the addition of a new stairway, making egress from the hall much easier than before. It is announced that Mrs. Siddons Scott is to read for the first time in America, at the opening of the hall on Monday, the 19th of October, and that on the evening following Ole Bull will give a concert.

Numerous attempts have been made to discover something that would answer the purpose of the albumen used on paper prepared for photographs, and yet leave the surface dead instead of shining. The object has been at last attained in Paris, by Chambay, the photographer of the Champs Elysées, whose new mode of coloring photographs attracted notice about two years ago. The photographs have a much greater softness upon the dull paper, and when taken from engravings are undistinguishable from the originals. The process to which the paper is subjected is still a secret, but can hardly fail to come into general use soon.

A curious collection of forty thousand playbills, from all countries, has recently been donated to the library of Brunswick, Germany. The donor has spent upward of twenty years in gathering these oddities together, some of which date back to the last century.

Among the curiosities to be seen at the Paris Exhibition was the spinning-wheel used by Queen Marie Antoinette during her imprisonment. After her execution it was given to one of her ladies in waiting, and a grand-daughter, who has recently married a Hungarian of high rank, has inherited it.

It is said that Milwaukee has had a "Peach Festival." Here in New York peaches have been too high and scarce and poor to admit of using them with much freedom.

The Florida air-plant is a great curiosity. It grows freely on the bark of living trees. Its favorite locality appears to be the bank of the St. John, where it flourishes on the large oaks which overhang that glorious river. It does not penetrate the bark like mistletoe, but merely sends its roots into the cracks and fissures, and is really an "air-plant," as it appears to live entirely on air and moisture. It grows readily when taken from the tree and transplanted. When plucked the plant is found to contain pure ice-cold water, obtained, it is said, from the heavy dews which prevail at night in Florida.

A Philadelphia paper states that New York depends largely upon Philadelphia for its supply of cut-flowers—that a bouquet sold there for a couple of dollars brings five here. The flower trade of Philadelphia has attracted a great deal of capital as well as skill. At Tiverton a hundred acres of rich land are being converted into a flower and seed farm. A range of hot-houses is now in construction upon it on a new plan. The means of heating will be hot-water pipes, but the method of building is what is known as the ridge and furrow system. Thus, instead of a range of buildings being under one great roof, leaving a vast space to be heated, each building has a ridge and furrow covering, requiring but half the fuel used under the usual plan.

Prang has several new pictures in process of lithographing, which will soon be issued. "A California Sunset," after Bierstadt, "Horses in a Storm," after Adams, a German artist, have just been published; and "Our Kitchen Bouquet," after Harring, will speedily appear. These chromos are beautifully executed, and serve to decorate a home inexpensively and tastefully.

The name given to the fashionable drive in Hyde Park—Rotten Row—has a curious origin. It is a corruption of *Route du Roi*—the King's Road. The crowded thoroughfare of the Strand was formerly a mere river-strand—a narrow, thinly-settled suburban lane, washed by the Thames. Temple Bar is the only gateway now standing of the ancient city of London proper, and separates it from Westminster. It is never closed except when the sovereign is going to enter the old city, when a herald sounds a trumpet before it, and after a parley in proscribed and ancient forms the sovereign is admitted by the Lord Mayor.

A novel invention is announced, which threatens to throw the most skillful musical performers into the shade, and to deprive music teachers of their means of livelihood. The apparatus is called the *pianautomaton*, or the *organautomaton*, and is expected to perform on the piano or organ the most difficult music which can be procured at "first sight," and without hesitation. This will be a great improvement upon living performers! The patent of the inventor covers three different kinds of instruments: one which contains within it a magneto-electric apparatus, and which is worked by a crank; another, provided with a galvanic battery, and also worked by a crank; and a self-acting instrument, which performs alone, without any apparent aid. The apparatus can be attached to any piano or organ. The music played by this novel performer must be written in a special manner, and can be rendered with the nicest variations of style. Such, at least, are the reports. The inventor is Mr. Eugene Trastour de Varano, a native of New Orleans.

An insect exhibition in the Champs Elysées is attracting considerable attention in Paris. The collection shows every variety of insect, from the largest to the most minute. The transformations of the silk-worm, and the habits of the bee are displayed, and form instructive studies. It is curious to find in this entomological collection some cases contributed by scientific milliners. A fashionable *modiste* sends three bonnets sparkling with rows of beetles' wings of prismatic charm, evidently from the tropics. To adapt the green and gold wing of a beetle to Parisian *modes* is considered by the scientific promoters of the exhibition an art worthy of place in their instructive collection. Another case shows the gem-like glitter of the insect's body and wings mounted as jewels.

A singular ceremony took place not long since in Mandalay, Burmah, in connection with the "boring the ears" of the daughters of the king. The whole of the royal party were bedecked with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and pearls. His Majesty and two of the principal queens were scarcely able to walk from the weight of the ornaments on their robes. The king and the queens were supported on either side by maids of honor of rare Burmese beauty. The orchestra was filled by dancing girls, who performed on sackbuts, drums, and harps. It is estimated that the whole affair will cost upward of ten lacs of rupees. The gates of the palace were thrown open to all—men, women, and children—and theatrical performances went on day and night.

It is well worth while for women to learn to swim. Not long ago, one of the bathers at Nahant was carried out beyond her depth and suddenly sunk. A friend, attempting to save her, as quickly disappeared; but a young servant-girl swam out to the spot, and after a serious struggle brought them both to a place of safety.

Whatever may be said in opposition to women leaving what is considered their special "sphere" to enter the more public walks of life, there seems to be a good degree of liberality shown in regard to their becoming physicians. Many are very willing to concede that they are well fitted for certain departments of medical practice, provided they are properly educated. The Women's Medical College of this city, under the charge of Dr. Lozier, has been for some time in successful operation; and a new medical institution will soon be opened by the Drs. Blackwell. Both receive the support of the medical profession. A Women's Hospital has been established in Philadelphia, where a systematic course of instruction is received. A great deal of opposition has been made in England to the policy of educating women for physicians. Years ago Miss Nightingale, desiring to prepare herself as an intelligent nurse, could find no institution in England suited to her wants, and went to Germany to study. Miss Garrett found great difficulty in obtaining admission to any English institution, and was compelled to pay a much larger entrance fee than was required of a man. But in France the greatest liberality is shown to women in this respect, and the French schools have been patronized by those desiring medical instruction from both England and America.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FLORENCE.—To alter a skirt gored closely about the waist into the present full style you must substitute two full widths behind for the sloped widths worn a year ago. A more economical way of modernizing a gored skirt is to make a separate panier put on over the skirt, according to the directions given in the New York Fashions of this Number. The sample of striped poplin you send will make a stylish petticoat for a suit, with over-skirt and mantle of changeable poplin, scarlet and black, or, if this is too gay, solid black. You will find hints about over-skirts in this Number of the *Bazar*.

FAYETTEVILLE.—Bustles are almost universally worn. Dresses are not cut so low in the neck as they were during the summer. Read the article about dresses in another part of this paper.

ROMANCE.—A large nose, if of nature's making, can not be cured, and must therefore be endured; if a product of disease, then probably it is an efflorescence of what the doctors call *acne rosacea*, which requires this treatment: The nose should be well fomented every night with a decoction of marsh-mallows, as hot as can be borne, the fomentation being continued for full half an hour. As soon as the part is dry, dab it with this lotion:

Sublimate of mercury	2 grains.
Almond mixture	½ pint.

Mix.

Then lay over the nose a piece of lint dipped in the same, covering the whole with oiled silk. In the morning wash with soap and water, and make a single application of the lotion, to last the whole day. When the size of the nose becomes exorbitant it is sometimes necessary to have it pared down with the surgeon's knife. The lotion above-mentioned is also a very effective one for the "removal of pimples from the face and making the complexion clear."

HORACE.—We can hardly advise you as regards "the proper mode of declaration to your lady-love." If the affection is mutual we should suppose there would be no difficulty in coming to an understanding. Where both are "willing" there is very little necessary to be said on either side. You may, as you propose, make your declaration by letter; but if you have not the courage to do it by word of mouth, we should doubt either the strength of your love or the proof of hers.

E. SURBEY.—Black continues to be worn, especially with colored skirts. Changeable blacks in which a tinge of blue, maroon, or purple is introduced are newer. Pleated flounces and fringe, headed by bias bands, are the trimmings most used. Trim your changeable poplin like the design No. 2 of the illustrations of dress trimmings given in *Bazar* No. 51. The chain of puffs on the flounce called melon trimming should be of silk.

ELLA BELLE.—The plaid you speak of is more fashionable than merino. The skirt should just clear the ground. Trim with three bands of the same edged with silk of a solid color. Sacque of blue plush, of velvet beaver cloth, or white Astrakhan cloth with a hat to match. Fluting machines are from $12 to $18. Fluting scissors from seventy-five cents to $1 50.

MRS. G. M. B.—A stout lady should not wear a Garibaldi dress. We can not promise to give you the patterns you mention.

LUCY L.—More exercise and the heartier appetite which will come with it are probably all you require.

A. L.—Your frequent fits of hiccough are due, probably, to too hasty eating and drinking after long abstinence. If a greater regularity of meals and more deliberate consumption of them don't cure, a drop or two of ether on a lump of sugar probably will.

ANNIE F.—One hour is a small enough allowance for dinner, not that you require all that time for masticating and swallowing your food, but you need some time for repose after before resuming work.

X. Y.—It is not a good practice to sleep after dinner. It is a dangerous one even, especially where there is a great inclination to it, as this indicates a tendency to fullness of the head, and its more or less remote consequences of apoplexy, etc., which are favored by the habit of taking a daily *siesta*.

NURSE.—A quarter of an hour is generally long enough to keep on a *good* mustard plaster. Such a one retained for "an hour or more" might cause a severe burn, which thus produced would be dangerous and very difficult to heal.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Stoves *are* unwholesome if their use is not combined with means for thorough ventilation. An open fire-place, with a fire in it, is one of the best ventilators.

LIDA.—Make a gored slip of the merino, shaped by seams at the side. The fullness front and back forms a broad box-pleat like the Watteau fold. A wide sash of ribbon or of the merino embroidered confines it at the waist. There is no way of getting rid of the front

seam in your dress. It is the buttons that are so objectionable. Remove them and place trimming over the seam.—"No Thoroughfare" was written jointly by Mr. Dickens and Wilkie Collins.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.—You will find a complete alphabet of capitals designed for pocket handkerchiefs in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 45, page 709.

JANIE.—Pearl-colored silk is becoming to brunettes. Select a steel-gray poplin for your bridal traveling dress, made with a flounced skirt polonaise and small cape. Line the polonaise with flannel. Trim with satin bands and fringe.

E. P. W.—We do not publish individual monograms. The Watteau wrapper described in this Number will suit your style and material.

ZULETTE.—We have said before that we can not always give precisely such patterns as each reader may want. If you have a file of the *Bazar* you will probably find the designs you ask for in a former Number.

ADELINE.—Take four deep pleats about the hips on the side seams of your polonaise. Put a large button on each pleat. A sash of gros grain depends from the centre of the belt. It is composed of several loops or a very large bow. The ends must not be more than half a yard or three-quarters in length. You will find information about short dresses on another page of this Number.

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COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by News-dealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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FACETIÆ.

THE following announcement lately appeared in a paper: "Edward Bacn, painter, is requested to communicate with his brother, when he will hear of something to his advantage—his wife is dead."

PRECIOUS STONES AND METALS.

The head of these is of course the king of diamonds (which, if genuine, are always trumps). Diamonds resemble over-obtrusive friends—it is so difficult to cut them. Like men, however, they frequently cut one another. In fact, diamond only can cut diamond, and it is impossible to cut even diamond panes of glass with any thing else. But, when once cut, diamonds take an exquisite polish, or rather they have it given them. They are procured from Brazil, and in India from Viziapoor and Idrapoor—in short, many places ending in *poor* are rich in them. They are found in the bed of the River Ganges—who evidently sleeps in his jewelry.

Then comes the ruby. This gem is frequently seen to sparkle on the nose of the topaz—I mean topers—who imbibe too much ruby wine.

The carbuncle is the richest uncle any one need wish for.

The emerald is distinguished by being the softest and greenest of all jewels: softness and greenness generally go together.

The sapphire, found in far Peru, resembles in its depth of hue the bright, the glowing Prussian blue. The sapphire is a kind of sapphiry blue color, darker than azure, *as* you're probably aware.

Then there is the chrysolite, and its opposite the chrysodark, although where the latter is found I certainly can not say.

The pearl, the pearl! who can help admiring this per-r-riceless gem, and eating any number of oysters to arrive at its semblance in the denuded shells? Oysters are found in the Persian Gulf, and thereabouts, where, of course, there are many divers, such as the Maldivas, the Laccadivas, and divers others.

The onyx is an onyx-pensive gem, whose hue is sometimes Brown—and occasionally Jones and Robinson. Then among others is the opal, which is distinguished by a kind of milky tint, easily detected by a lapi-dairy.

Of course there is no end of other precious stones, such as the hearth-stone, the paving-stone, and the cherry-stone, but these I need not particularize. The loadstone, although not so showy as the diamond, possesses much attraction.

There is one kind, too, called a free-stone. A stone hitting one on the head is more free than welcome. Free-stone is of course principally worked by Freemasons. The blarney-stone makes a man invincible with the ladies.

We now come to the metals. (N.B.—Some of them are slow in coming to us, especially the precious ones.)

Gold is the hardest—to get—of all metals, and yet, strangely enough, it is most easily got from soft people. It is much used in jewelry, the general recognized standard being two parts of gold to forty-eight of alloy.

That useful metal, iron, is largely used in medicine. A little iron insinuated into a man's system inspires him with an iron determination. It is not generally known that iron ores are always used to propel the boats attached to our iron-clads.

Steel dumplings are made by putting iron ones into a furnace, and subjecting them to the usual processes. All steel requires well tempering, and a knife sharpened upon a good-tempered steel will always insure a pleasant dinner.

Copper is principally known in connection with halfpence, washing-days, and the fortifying of those ubiquitous vessels that carry experienced surgeons.

Silver is a quarrelsome metal. You should take care of any property composed of it, for you know that there is always fighting going on near the Plate.

Old Nickel is, as may be guessed, of a sulphurous origin.

Zinc is very useful to literary men, for it's ink that they write with. The oxyd of zinc is called calamine, for which reason, when it is dug up, a chorus of "My dear boys, it's a calamine!" is invariably sung by the miners.

Among all these minerals we have not mentioned the philosopher's stone, because it is a substance that has never been found in any mine, nor yet found out. Oceans of philosophers have tried to discover it, but in vain.

AN ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISEMENT.

"IF THOMAS SMITH, aged fourteen, who left his home, will return immediately, he will meet with a Warm Reception."

THE ARRIVAL FROM THE BEACH.

PUMPKINS. "Why, Dawkins, how thin you've grown! One could hardly say, now, whether you've three Umbrellas or three Legs!"

DAWKINS. "Ah, my boy! and you'd have been Thin too if you'd passed the Season at Long Branch, as I have! But I hope City Air and Regular Hours may set me up again!"

SUBTRACTION.

PAT. "Why, what's the Matter wid you, Andrew?"

ANDREW. "E—eh! A've had sic a Fa'! Toom'led doon aff a Ladder, Mun, Seeven or Aight Feet!"

PAT. "Be Jabers! that wasn't far for ye to Fall. Shure and you're Six Feet High yourself!"

An old lady attended Episcopal service for the first time just as the congregation were rising. "Oh don't, don't, good people!" she exclaimed; "I am not deserving such honor. Pray, keep your seats!"

A FISH STORY.—An Alabama paper, speaking of Florida, says, "There are also numerous small lakes of pure water, filled with fish, some of which are only a few rods in extent, while others are from two to ten miles long."

SARAHPHIM.

Are you beauteous as the rose,
Sarahphim?
Have you snub or Grecian nose,
Does a smile white teeth disclose,
Does a dimple sweet repose
In your chin?

Have you black and glossy hair,
Sarahphim?
Over forehead broad and fair—
With your arching eyebrows rare—
Do you friz or braid it there,
Sarahphim?

I am trying to surmise,
Sarahphim,
Have you sparkling, speaking eyes,
Does your bosom fall and rise,
In response to lovers' sighs,
Sarahphim?

Though our eyes have never met,
Sarahphim,
My fond heart can ne'er forget,
And 'tis wildly beating yet
For its little stranger pet,
Sarahphim.

POSSIBLY NOT.—Is it an original remark that the "estate" of matrimony may be said to be in a "ring fence?"

A QUEUE-RIOUS FASHION.

Tomkins, who is short-sighted, says that the new style of Sash the ladies are wearing renders it difficult to distinguish between fair Pedestrians and Equestrians.

A certain Justice was called to the jail to liberate a worthless debtor, by receiving his oath that he was not worth twenty dollars. "Well, Johnny," said the Justice, "can you swear that you are not worth twenty dollars, and that you never will be?"

"Why," answered the other, rather chagrined at the question, "I can swear that I am not worth that at present."

"Well, well," returned the Justice, "I can swear to the rest; so go along, Johnny." And the man was sworn and discharged.

THE CENTRE OF GRAVITY—A modern comic song.

THE CHIEF OF THE MINT AUTHORITIES—Lamb.

HORRIBLE CUSTOM.—We have been credibly informed that during the season a large number of persons have been observed picking up flesh at the sea-side. Surely the authorities, including the coroners, ought to make some inquiries about so horrifying a habit.

"Peter, what are you doing to that boy?" said a schoolmaster. "He wanted to know if you take ten from seventeen how many will remain, so I took ten of his apples to show him, and now he wants I should give them back." "Well, why don't you do it, then?" "Coz, Sir, he would then forget how many is left."

What makes the sun rise?—Why, the East, of course, stoopid!

A New York tradesman having three customers, a father and two sons, by the name of Wheeler, and fearing a confusion of accounts from their different orders, solved his difficulty by styling the stern parent "Stern Wheeler," the eldest son "Side Wheeler, and the youngest, rather a fast youth, "Propeller."

MOTTO FOR CONFECTIONERS' FLIES—"What I-ces I sticks to!"

Why is the letter D like a sailor?—Because it follows the C (sea).

THE STATE OF THE MARKETS.

Breadstuffs—Rising every day.
Gunpowder—Goes off easily.
Bitter Beer—This article has a *downward* tendency.
Indigo—The trade is dyeing.
Pickled Pork—Dead, and very inactive.
Brandy—Very spirited.
Vermilion—Finds a reddy sale.
Nutmegs—In grater demand.
Soda-Water—Brisk and lively.
Lead—Very heavy.

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.—A little girl in a Sunday-school was asked by her teacher:

"Mary, do you say your prayers morning and night?"

"No, Miss, I don't."

"Why, Mary! are you not afraid to go to sleep in the dark without asking God to take care of you and watch over you until the morning?"

"No, Miss, I ain't afraid, 'cause I sleep in the middle."

A German wrote an obituary on the death of his wife, of which the following is a copy: "If mine wife had lived until next Friday she would have been dead shust two weeks. Nothing is possible with the Almighty. As de tree falls so must it stand."

The following rather remarkably worded advertisement was lately printed in a newspaper among the "Situations Wanted:"

A LAZY, Idle, Indolent, Sleepy, Slothful young man of 20 wants a boss who will compel him to banish the above habits. Dabbles in all trades; situation not so much an object as good pay.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 53.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

HANGING BASKETS.

THESE have become such a common accompaniment to almost every parlor window that it may seem almost superfluous to describe them here, or give any directions for their manufacture. Still, we will venture on a few hints to those who may yet wish to make them either for themselves or for others.

One of the prettiest styles is made by taking a common horse muzzle, made of wire, and have it painted, with oil color, green. Then, when dry, take large pieces or sheets of the bright green moss, which abounds in the woods and by the road-sides in the spring, and line the inside with it, letting the green side be turned outward; then fill up the centre with earth, and plant your vines and flowers, three cords being fastened to the top wire at regular distances, by which it is to be hung up. (See Fig. 1.)

It can be watered occasionally, and the moss freshened, by dipping it into a bucket of water.

Another variety is the Rustic style, so popular and beautiful. (See Fig. 2.) In order to make one of these, procure from the woods a quantity of the bilsted branches, or other crooked, rough, or knotty twigs. Put them to soak in hot water, or steam them, so as to render them perfectly pliable. Get one of the turned wooden bowls such as are to be found in house-furnishing stores, stain it with some of the brown staining materials or black varnish, and then bore holes, or insert screw rings on the outside, for the cords or chains to pass through. Now bend around the outside of the bowl one of the pieces of bilsted, and nail it securely at the top edges on either side. Several pieces can be twined around in this way, according to one's taste, until the whole surface is covered; then finish off with one around the edge for a border.

When this is varnished it is very pretty, and the vines will of course be trained to hang over the edge.

Various styles of home-made hanging baskets and vases are to be found, but we will only give one more, which, being so delicate in its size and construction, will answer only for the house. Take an egg, the larger the better; make a little opening at the broad end, so as to let out the contents. Then with a pair of scissors cut around the hole until about one-quarter of the entire shell has been removed, and it is tolerably smooth on the edges. If this cutting is done immediately the shell will not be very brittle, as is the case in a little while after it is opened. (See Fig. 3.)

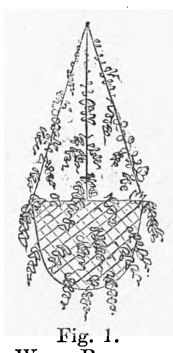


Fig. 1.
WIRE BASKET.

Fig. 3.
EGG-SHELL BASKET.

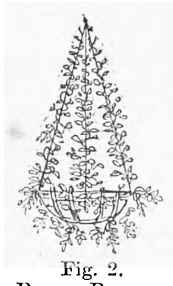


Fig. 2.
RUSTIC BASKET.

Now make a little net-work bag of split zephyr wool, choosing some dark, rich color, such as purple, crimson, or blue. Set on 28 stitches, and net 19 rows around, using a small mesh. When done, put a little tassel to the end where it was commenced, which must be drawn up to form the bag. Next draw this bag over the egg-shell, and then, with a needle threaded with the end of the zephyr, draw it over the edge of the egg, and finish it neatly off with a sort of button-hole stitch all around.

Twist three little cords of the wool, and fasten them at regular distances, making them of the same length (about seven inches), tie them together, and sew on little tassels at the places where they start from the egg.

An open-work crochet bag will be quite as pretty, and will suit those who do not understand netting. A little border of the same work around the edge will make a variety in the style.

These little vases will hold either earth or water, and when filled with little flowers are very pretty. A few violets or other early spring blossoms will fill the tiny cup, which, when suspended from a side gas-burner, or over a centre-table, shows to good advantage.

FALL COSTUMES.

Fig. 1.—Dress for girl from 10 to 12 years old. Over-skirt and waist of pearl-gray cashmere, trimmed with bias folds and a narrow flounce of the same material, and caught up in a panier behind by two lappets edged with bias folds. High corsage and close sleeves. Plain under-skirt of blue cashmere. Hair brushed back, with a braid across the top, and worn in a net behind. Black gaiters.

Fig. 2.—Suit of bear's-ear garnet poplin. Skirt plain. Paletot lined with flannel, and trimmed with a narrow frill and bias folds of silk down the front and along the side seams. Small cape on the paletot and close sleeves, with cuffs trimmed in the same manner. Hair crêpéd and drawn back from the temples, with long curls behind the ears.

Fig. 3.—Morning dress of changeable gold and brown cashmere, trimmed up the front with brown silk bows consisting of a knot and two ends on each side, bound round the edge, and passementerie gimp. Dress loose, in the Watteau style, with demi train. Rather loose coat-sleeves, with three rows of gimp round the wrist. Chignon of curls. Hair crêpéd in front and drawn back from the temples.

Fig. 4.—Suit of church purple gros grain. Paletot loose in the back, and trimmed with a narrow frill and bias folds of the same material, and large passementerie buttons. Fronts scarf-shaped, and longer than the back.

Fig. 5.—Dress of lavender poplin, long, with double pouf behind, trimmed with passementerie points and tassels. High corsage and close sleeves, trimmed in the same manner. Skirt plain, with demi train. Hair crêpéd, with high chignon and long curls behind the ears.

Fig. 6.—Under-skirt of Sultan-red gros grain, trimmed with a deep flounce and bias folds of the same. Over-skirt of black silk, trimmed with puffing, passementerie points, buttons, and tassels, and looped up in the back with two black silk rosettes. High corsage, with pointed basque and fichu cape.

FALL COSTUMES.

NOON.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

NOT a murmur the stillness breaks,
Deep are the silences, deep and rare,
Nor leaf nor petal a humming makes
Singing vibrating on answering air.
Scarcely a murmur the stillness breaks,
Save where the sinuous sibilant snakes
Slip like fire through the crackling brakes
And coruscate to a sunnier lair
With barbarous brilliance as they go—
Save where the poppy trembles and shakes
One silver drop to the pool below—
Save where the light, that drips in flakes
Through the lush-leaved roof with a flame and flare,
Falls on great uncurled roses, where,
With a din and a far bewildered blare,
The gauzy swarm from drowsy dreams awakes.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1868.

DESCRIPTION OF

COLORED FASHION PLATE,

ACCOMPANYING THIS NUMBER FOR OCT. 31, 1868.

To be followed by others in quick succession.

Reception, Carriage, and Evening Dresses.

Fig. 1.—RECEPTION DRESS. Dress of green gros grain, bordered with three narrow flounces, surmounted by five bias folds of satin. Over-skirt in the form of a tunic, of the same material as the preceding, trimmed with three bias folds of satin and a trellised fringe. This tunic is open at the sides, and *bouffant* at the sides and in the back. High, plain corsage with belt.

Fig. 2.—CARRIAGE DRESS. Dress of Sultan red taffeta, trimmed with a deep flounce, surmounted by three bouillonnés, with high corsage and long sleeves. Over-dress of black silk grenadine, shorter than the preceding, and of the Watteau shape; this dress is caught up at the sides by large black velvet bows, and the front breadth is trimmed with black fringe.

Fig. 3.—EVENING DRESS. Dress of pale gray taffeta, trimmed with three small flounces. Corselet of the same, with short puffed sleeves, trimmed with a pink ruche. Sash, trimmed with a similar ruche; high corsage, and long sleeves of puffed muslin.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a Double Pattern Sheet, with a rich variety of full-sized Patterns for* LADIES' WINTER CLOAKS; *together with Cloak Trimmings, etc., etc. Children's Cloaks will appear in the following Supplement Number.*

GROWING OLD TOO FAST.

IT is an old saying that men and women are but children of a greater growth. This might have been so in former times, but nowadays it is more true to say that children are but men and women of a smaller growth. Boys and girls have gone out with the old stage-coach and other slow and obsolete modes of progress of a past generation. The age has become as impatient of the deliberate course of ancient Nature as of the tedious processes of old-fashioned Art. As man now lives so much faster it is presumed that he should grow with proportionate speed, and the child is accordingly forced at once to manhood without being allowed to pass through the successive stages of a gradual development.

It may be questioned whether the premature manhood and womanhood so characteristic of our day, and especially of the United States, is a judicious manifestation of human power. It has, no doubt, the advantage of bringing into quicker activity the forces of our great continent, which otherwise might have had a more lengthened slumber. Men and women with nimble wits and flexible hands were greatly wanted to give immediate movement to the torpid resources of the country, and as they could not be readily obtained, it became necessary suddenly to turn the boys and girls into men and women. As a temporary expedient the plan may have served its purpose; but the same hurried demand for human force, however immature, no longer existing, it would be well to recur to the ancestral distinction between the greenness of youth and ripeness of age.

It is bad economy to take the days which belong to youth and transfer them to manhood with the view of saving time. This always proves a loss instead of a gain. There can be no sound and fruitful age without a full childhood. This is true in regard to all the conditions of life, physical, moral, and intellectual. The body needs the free play of every hour of growth, the mind all the unlimited range of the wayward thought of childhood, and the heart the full joyousness of youthful wantonness, in order to acquire the muscular strength, the mental vigor, and moral buoyancy essential to bear the weighty labors of mature life.

There is perhaps no quality more essential to happiness than elasticity of spirits, and there is none which fails the American so soon. He persists in his work, no doubt, with a tenacity unequaled by few, and his enterprise lasts as long as that of most, but the very length and persistency of his labors are proofs of his fixedness and his incapacity to unbend. Old age with us is apt not only to shrink the body to bones, but to dry the soul into a skeleton. This is mainly owing to the want of that succulency of animal spirits which can only be stored up during a long and joyous childhood.

We should be sorry to admit that the advance of age necessarily brings with it progress in immorality. We will by no means allow that this is an essential, but we can not deny that it is generally an accompaniment. We therefore would insist upon a prolongation of youth, if it were only to secure a further continuation of its innocency. Apart from the greater vices there are the minor ones, the chief prevalence of which may be fairly attributed to the premature manhood of our day. Is it not probable if our male youth were checked in their taste to become men that they would be less likely to acquire the habit, for example, of using tobacco, or would, at any rate, postpone the acquisition until they had become so old and tough as not to be injured by it? The supposed manliness of this, as well as other more vicious and fatal habits is the main inducement for our would-be men to acquire them.

Our Lilliputian women, too, with all their coquetry of dress and manners, and their early initiation into the frivolities and dissipations of fashionable society, are the natural results of a too early emancipation from the nursery and school-room. Girls fancy themselves women so soon that they cease to study, at the very moment they first become capable of learning. Abandoning their books and all other means of improvement, and fancying their education finished, they do what they are only capable of doing, dressing, flirting, visiting, and getting or trying to get married.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

On Capital Letters.

MY DEAR PYTHAGORAS,—In my afternoon walk yesterday I passed the new place which Omicron has just been laying out at great expense. It was Sunday, and I am afraid that my frame of mind was not exactly what it should have been, for I could not help thinking of Mr. Omicron in a manner which was not full of Christian sympathy. The house was bought of the old widow Scrawney, who has gone to live in Europe, and on the gate-posts I beheld the capital O, as on the façades of famous palaces I have seen the coats of arms of renowned families. The capital O—it stands for Omicron certainly. Nobody who sees it, and who asks what does O stand for, but will receive that answer. "That is Omicron's place, the famous rich Omicron. O stands for Omicron." Yes, some passer will observe, when this rather obvious remark is made to him—yes, O stands for Omicron, and what does Omicron stand for?

That is a question which I doubt if our good friend has ever asked himself. Indeed, I wonder if you and I have ever asked ourselves that question, my dear Pythagoras, in regard to certain other initials and names, such as P and B. What, in fact, do the names stand for, for which those initials stand? However, our present business is with Omicron, and as I continued my walk, I could not find that Omicron stood for any thing but a rich man. That stately house, those pleasant grounds, that sumptuous carriage with O on the doors, and O on the hammer-cloth, and O on the blinders, and O on the saddles, rolling in by the massive gate-posts with O carved in the eternal sandstone, or sanded pine, I have never been sure which it is—all this is very impressive, but as we stand in the dust of it all, only the great truth remains impressed upon the mind—Omicron stands for a rich man.

Now I do not think it is a friendly thing to say of any man—I mean it is not friendly or agreeable to be able to say nothing of a man but that he is rich. We have no vulgar prejudices against riches, you and I. I confess for myself that nothing would be pleasanter to me than to hear that my uncle from India had just made his will and mentioned somebody whose initial letter is B, as his sole heir. I do not think I should use that great fortune foolishly; and, indeed, in a recent letter I mentioned at least one of the uses to which I should devote a part of it. But if I merely marked all that fortune with a capital B, if, so to speak, upon all my gate-posts and carriages and harnesses there were nothing but a great B, if I myself went around marked with a great B, and it could be truly said that B stands for Bachelor, and Bachelor stands only for his Indian uncle's fortune, I should feel somehow as if my life had wholly miscarried.

What should I like Bachelor to stand for? What ought Omicron to wish O to stand for? Why, if it were not almost too personal, my dear Pythagoras, I could mention the names of rich men that stand for very much besides riches. And I will make bold to name one. I will mention Bellamy. That B stands, I was about to say, for all the cardinal virtues. It stands for humanity, good sense, charity, intelligent sympathy. It stands for the blessings of the poor, for the admiration of the wise, for the confidence of the sagacious. I am not sure about the gate-posts and the harness and the hammer-cloth. But I am entirely sure of the hearts of a hundred widows and orphans. There is a very large B stamped upon them, and it stands for Bellamy, and blessings on him. I doubt if you find the Omicron O in similar places, and yet they are more enduring than hammer-cloths and sandstone gate-posts. Suppose you saw on some faded old saddle-cloth, or upon some mouldy blinder, the initial W, and were told that it stood for Washington! There would be something more in that letter, I fancy, than a Virginian planter.

Well, now, if I had continued my Sunday walk into Monday and into Wall Street, or other busy quarters of the city, I should have seen O, and in fact all the letters of the alphabet, as busy as they could be in their various occupations. I should have seen the eager Omicron leaving his family at eight o'clock in the morning to be gone all day, barely sparing himself half an hour for lunch, steadily intent upon his work, and not relaxing his hold until sunset. I should have followed him, possibly, in the carriage adorned with large O's, into the gate-posts of his villa similarly decorated, and I should have seen him giving a few minutes to his children before they went to bed and he went to dinner. I should have multiplied this by six and have had his weekly life before me, with the Sunday relaxation of a drive with the children and a few friends to an earlier dinner. Suddenly, if I had continued my walk long enough and far enough, I should have seen a dropping of the capital O, a fit, a paralysis, an apoplexy, and then the newspapers would "regret to state that Belah Omicron, well known in financial circles, lies in a very critical condition." After a few months the loiterers at Greenwood, or in some quiet country churchyard, would see a new head-stone with a very large O cut on it. Would it mean merely finis, zero, cipher—nothing?

Now that is what I call letting your name stand for riches only. Who wants to be Midas? When Oliver Goldsmith died there was not money enough in his purse, I imagine, to pay for a coffin. But the poor women, his neighbors, sat on the stairs crying. That capital G, it seems, stood for goodness. If Bellamy died I don't believe any body would think that a rich man was dead. Every body would say that a good man was gone. And yet I am sure that Omicron does not think of this. He does not even know that people come into that fine gateway and laugh at the huge O upon the posts, and eat his O dinners from his O silver, and see all the O magnificence, and yet laugh and joke about Omicron and his ridiculous O's all the time. I don't say that they are any better than he, and I have no doubt he has his laugh in turn at their letter in the alphabet. Do you suppose, my dearest Pythagoras, the girls who distort their figures into what is called the Grecian bend do not laugh at each other? It seems to me women dress mainly to provoke each other's criticism. Do you remark how jealously every woman studies the dress of every other? We men have the same kind of contest in different ways. When Omicron altered the pretty villa which he bought he had Kappa's in mind, or Mu's or Nu's, and he resolved that his should be a little finer.

Some men, I have observed, write their initial letter over their whole lives, not only upon their gate-posts and note-paper. Indeed, not only upon their lives, but upon their very persons. There is Gregory Gumbo—he decorates his face with an enormous G. It isn't goodness in his case; for as twenty-four letters have to do all the spelling in the language, they each begin a great many and very different words. Just now in Goldsmith's case—the dear, pensive poet, the sweet, genial soul, Goldy, who seems so personally known to all of us—G stood for goodness. But in Gumbo's it stands for Glutton. When Peter Paul Pry sees Gumbo's hammer-cloth, he says, "Certainly I see it, Greedy. But why embroider the fact? Is it so pretty that it must be told in scarlet?" Greedy and Glutton, yes, and if it were in soups and gravies only, it would be tolerable. But he is greedy of other people's rights and feelings. Do you know Mrs. Gumbo? Poor cadaverous lady! She is the mere sparerib of a cannibal. Gumbo consumes the comfort and happiness of his wife, as well as venison steaks and truffled turkeys. And the whole world sees it. He complacently carves G for Gumbo all over his silver, and he has also involuntarily carved G for Glutton all over his life.

The mischief of this business of ciphers is that they will not conform to the intention while they do conform to the fact. Omicron means that his great O's shall express the name Omicron, but they do not. All his O's, to any body who knows the family history, as I do, always stand for C, for Clynche—Cephas Clynche, the old miser of Boppart on the Kennebec. I remember Clynche. Every body who has been in Boppart knew him. He used to trudge about the streets, and turn over scraps of paper with the point of his cane, and pick up pieces of orange-peel, and was never known to do a generous deed or utter a human sympathy. He screwed, and squeezed, and starved, and accumulated a great fortune. I wish it had gone into good hands, but Providence gave it to Omicron. Now all his O's can not hide that repulsive original C. If old C ever revisits the glimpses of the moon, how he must sneer and sniff as he sees all his savings labeled O! Does he think, also, in that other sphere that the gate-posts tell the truth, and that all his enormous savings have truly amounted to O, cipher, zero, nothing?

Yes, my dear Pythagoras, when you resolve to put a great *P* upon your household utensils, and upon the bright trappings of your carriage, don't forget that there is many an old Bachelor plodding along upon the side of the road who will certainly ask what P stands for, and being told that it is Pythagoras, will immediately demand, "And what does Pythagoras stand for?" Indeed, that is the only question worth answering, and it is worth while to answer it well. The significance of the letter may be various, but that of the man is not. G stands for Goldsmith and Gumbo, but Goldsmith and Gumbo stand for one kind of man only. On the whole, if I were you, I wouldn't carve my initial upon a gate-post. To be sure, Napoleon used to have a huge N every where about his palaces. But he contrived to put his mark in other places too.

Your steady pedestrian,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN.

FULL DRESS.

THERE are but few new features to report in the shape and general appearance of gentlemen's clothing. The standard style for full dress is substantially the same as that given at our last quotation, viz., black dress-coat with full collar rolling low, white vest, or of the material of the coat, and black doeskin pantaloons. The English fashion of blue coat and white vest, with lavender pantaloons and gloves, has been seen at some fashionable entertainments of late, and will be more generally adopted during the winter by gay young gentlemen.

An effort is being made in England to alter the whole character of evening attire, taking away its resemblance to a livery and making it more varied, and in better keeping with the picturesque toilettes in vogue for ladies. The design is a coat with broad collar rolling low, and meeting the front edge of the skirt. The vest is white, or of black cassimere embroidered, open to the waist, and displaying an elaborate shirt front, trimmed with narrow ruffles and embroidery. Gray or drab trowsers complete the costume. By way of variety velvet and rich blue cloth with mounted gilt buttons are suggested for coats, and even ruffles at the wrist are talked about. We give the rumor as it has reached us. If this style is adopted abroad it will soon become popular here, as gentlemen have long been weary of the monotonous and sombre dress prescribed for them on the most joyous occasions.

WALKING DRESS.

The fashionable walking suit is a short double-breasted frock-coat made of diagonally ribbed coating or of plain dark cloth. Vest of the same material, with broad collar rolled to suit the shape of the coat. Gray or drab pantaloons with diagonal stripes, or of a solid color with a side stripe of darker shade. Pantaloons still fit closely, but are cut wider at the ankle, giving the necessary spring over the boot. Suits of black cloth made in this manner are chosen for visiting. The coat, in this instance, is single-breasted, with wide roll. For business purposes the entire suit is of heavy Scotch goods, a dark brown dashed with a lighter shade. Later in the season the sack of Elysian beaver will be worn. It is short, double-breasted, and square in front. The vest is buttoned high and worn with a scarf. A more fanciful shape has the collar, rolled to the waist with vest to match.

OVER-COATS.

The fall over-coat is a loose sack of light drab or tan-colored cloth, with wide dark facing of silk on the roll in front. A closely-fitting surtout, made moderately long, will be worn in winter. It is of Elysian beaver, a thick warm cloth with rough surface, but as soft as flannel.—Brown, dark claret, and blue are the colors.

RIDING AND HUNTING JACKETS.

Short coats for riding are single-breasted, buttoned up high on the chest, and cut away at the waist to show the waistcoat. Tight corduroy pantaloons. Hunting jackets are long-waisted, with short skirts with a printed border or stripe around the garment. A pouch-pocket is outside each breast. Easy fitting pantaloons faced with leather to resist the brambles and mud.

LOUNGE JACKETS.

Billiard and smoking jackets are short sacks of gray cloth, lined with purple, crimson, or green flannel, trimmed with soutache the color of the lining. Smoking caps to match are cut in very narrow gores, braided with gilt. A long tassel droops from the centre.

Serviceable dressing-gowns are made of dark gray woolen serge, wadded and lined with delaine. Outside facings of green silk stitched in small diamonds with gold-colored silk. A silk cord, gold and green, edges the garment. Heavy cord and tassels at the waist. Soft cashmere, and Empress cloth in cashmere patterns, are made into handsome robes, and faced with satin.

The Cardigan jackets of ribbed wool are shown for office wear, or as extra street wrapping over the vest. A handsome one with wide fur border, called the Magyar, is marked $22.

SHIRTS.

Heavy linen with coarse threads is chosen for shirts for ordinary day use. Thin fine linen soon becomes flimsy. The broad pleats are still in favor, and plain linen doubled and shaped at the sides to prevent breaking. The style for full dress is of fine linen lawn with a delicate vine

of embroidery in the centre, or medallions around the studs. An elaborate pattern for a bridegroom has two rows of fine needle-work made to simulate revers. Collar and cuffs embroidered to match. Embroidered fronts are sold singly at from $5 to $12. Half a dozen shirts neatly made and fitted, with muslin bodies and fancy pleated bosoms, cost $30. A plainer set of good materials is $20.

COLLARS AND CUFFS.

Collars are detached from shirts, and shown in a variety of shapes. The popular turned down collar, called the Faust, has rounded corners, similar to the Dickens shape. Several cords are stitched on the edge, or a narrow bias band forms a border. The Pall Mall standing collar, square in front, worn with a sailor's scarf, is a favorite style with young gentlemen. The "Wallace" has the points broken at the throat. Cuffs are square and wide, with cords and bands stitched to suit the collar.

UNDER-WEAR.

The merino underwear, manufactured by the Norfolk and New Brunswick Company, is fast superseding the English goods. These garments are shaped automatically by machinery, dispensing with clumsy gores. The seams are flat and smooth, and the material is beautifully fine and soft. They are also much cheaper than imported goods. Under-vests of American manufacture, retailed at $3 50, are of better quality and shape than a foreign article sold at $5.

The Patent Pantaloon Drawers, of linen, muslin, and flannel, are made in the neatest manner possible. They are gored in an original way at the waist and ankle, that makes them conform to the figure, and fit perfectly. The Shield under-shirt, of Canton flannel, is comfortable for delicate persons, as it has a double front, which serves as a protection to the chest.

NECK-TIES, ETC.

The neck-tie most worn is folded to resemble a sailor's scarf. It is of plain reps of quiet colors, or in diagonal stripes. It is known both as the Wallace and the Opera scarf. The Lord Stanley scarf, in broad folds, concealing the shirt-front, is popular for street wear. Tartan plaids, chameleons, and the gay Roman scarfs of rainbow stripes are worn now by fastidious gentlemen who have hitherto avoided high colors. Young gentlemen of nautical tastes wear the yacht handkerchief—a square of blue silk, bordered with white, folded around the neck, forming a loose sailor's knot at the throat. A good idea is a combination of neck-tie and watch-guard called the Norwood.

Evening ties are of white lawn, lavender satin, or black gros grain. White satin is reserved for bridegrooms.

Golden brown and maroon are the fashionable colors for gloves. Dog-skin gloves are preferred to kid for street wear. They are more durable, and cost only a trifle more. The Laporte glove, lately introduced here, is already sought after. It has great elasticity, is of good shape, and is well made, attention being paid to the smallest details. An excellent seamless glove of the same manufacture is shown. The serviceable black kids are faced inside with white, to prevent the wrist from being stained. A novel glove-button is shown that may be attached to any glove. It is in gilt, silver, and jet. Glove-powder, or Hygienique, used to facilitate putting on a new glove, is said to soften and bleach the hands.

Negligée handkerchiefs, just imported, have hems only half an inch wide, striped with hair-lines of cerise, blue, or purple. Others have solid-colored hems, either tan or maroon. Sheer linen, with wide hem and monogram, is selected for more dressy occasions.

SHOES AND BOOTS.

Buttoned and laced shoes are more fashionable than boots for street wear. The shoe is in the full English shape, with stout soles and low broad heels. The design is not to make the foot look small, but symmetrical.

For evening, gaiters will be worn made of light calf-skin cut all in one piece, with elastic sides. The tongue-boot of fine calf-skin, with light soles and morocco legs, is considered full-dress, though boots are objectionable with the present scant trowsers. Patent leather is but little used.

HATS.

The fashionable silk hat has a medium crown slightly bell-shaped, with a two-inch brim curved at the sides. Cashmere under the brim. A new felt hat, introduced by a leading house, is called the Alpine. It is shaped like the army hat on a smaller scale. The crown is carelessly dented in the middle. The wide ribbon band has a bow at the side.

FASHIONS IN CARDS.

Visiting cards for the coming season are of unglazed card board, large and almost square. Tinted cards, especially buff, are fashionable. The lettering is in old English text, or in script. The expense of fifty cards is $3 50. The plate is then given to the owner. Extra cards are furnished at $2 a hundred.

One corner of the card is turned down to denote the object of the visit. In different cities a different signification is attached to these broken cards. We give the custom of New York society. On the left hand upper corner the word *Visite* is engraved on the reverse side. This corner is turned down, displaying the word on the front of the card to signify that an ordinary call is made. On the right hand corner is *Felicitation*, to be used when making a visit of congratulation on some happy event, such as a marriage, or the birth of a child. On the left lower side is *Congé*, or Good-by. The remaining corner is marked *Condolence*.

WEDDING INVITATIONS.

All abbreviations in invitations, such as eve. for evening, Jan. for January, are in bad taste. If there is sufficient room on the card the day of the month and the hour of the entertainment should be written out. Invitations to ceremonious weddings consist of a square note-sheet embellished with a white monogram of the initials of the bride and groom, containing the invitations to the church at a specified hour. Inside this is the "At Home" card, inviting to the house immediately after the ceremony, the cards of the bride and groom united by a satin tie, and still another announcing reception days in the month following. These are inclosed in a large square envelope, adorned with a monogram.

A plainer style has the "At Home" on a note-sheet inclosing a ceremony card and cards of the bride and groom. A simple formula for a quiet wedding at home is as follows:

Mr. and [illegible] Black
Request the Pleasure of your Company at Breakfast on
THURSDAY, APRIL [illegible], 1 O'CLOCK.
999 *West Third Street.*

Cards of the bride and groom are inclosed.

ANNIVERSARIES.

Invitations issued to the wooden wedding, celebrated on the fifth anniversary of the marriage, are engraved on cards of wood as thin as Bristol-board. The date of the marriage and of the anniversary are given. The form is

WOODEN WEDDING.
1863 AND 1868.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. White,
At Home,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 7,
AT 8 O'CLOCK.
(*R.S.V.P.*)

Another style has "Fifth Anniversary" for the caption, and "receive their friends" instead of At Home. The tin wedding, celebrated on the tenth anniversary, is announced on sheets of tin; crystallized cards are for the fifteenth year, or crystal wedding. The silver wedding, celebrated twenty-five years after marriage, requires a silvered note-sheet, with monograms stamped in silver; the golden wedding, on the fiftieth anniversary, has the monogram and lettering in gold-leaf. The approved form, headed with a monogram, is as follows:

GOLDEN WEDDING.
Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Smith,
1818. AT HOME, 1868.
Monday Evening, September 20, from 8 until 11 o'clock.
NEW YORK.
R. J. SMITH. SOPHIA JOHNSON.

GENERAL INVITATIONS.

The simplest forms are in best taste for general invitations. The formulas given are varied to suit déjeuner, dinner, or reception.

Mrs. Thompson,
AT HOME,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 5.
999 *Fifth Avenue.*
Cotillion at 10.

Or this:

SOIREE DANSANTE.
Mr. and Mrs. Day
Request the Pleasure of your Company on Monday Evening at 9 *o'clock.*
999 FOURTH STREET.
(*R.S.V.P.*)

An afternoon wedding reception was announced:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Robinson
Request the Pleasure of your Company at the Wedding Reception of their daughter, on
WEDNESDAY APRIL 15, FROM 2 UNTIL 4 O'CLOCK.

At private dinners, conducted with great ceremony, the *menu*, or list of dishes, is laid at each plate. An illuminated monogram is engraved at the top of the page. The list of the dishes is usually written. An illuminated and perfumed card, laid on each plate to designate the seats of the guests, has grotesque figures and chubby cherubs bearing aloft a scroll on which the name of the guest is written. A tasteful plate card is of plain white edged with scarlet. *Bon appetit* in red letters is engraved above the name of the guest.

ACCEPTANCE AND REGRET.

When invitations are marked R. S. V. P., or reply if you please, etiquette requires a prompt answer. Engraved notes of acceptance and regret contain the skeleton reply with spaces for names. These are sold at twenty-five cents a dozen, with envelopes to match. If the invitation is accepted, the form is:

Mr. Jenkins's Compliments to
MR. AND MRS. CHARLES J. WHITE,
Accepting with Pleasure their kind Invitation for Wednesday Evening.

If regrets are necessary, "regretting the necessity to decline" is substituted.

MONOGRAMS AND STATIONERY.

We are often asked the expense of cutting monograms. Large white bridal monograms of the initials of the last name of the bride and groom cost $8. Smaller monograms for stationery are from $4 to $6. Two white letters are $4; two colored letters $5; three letters $6. The die is then given to the purchaser for future use. The same die may be used for illuminated letters, which cost a trifle more.

French figured paper, large and almost square, is the fashionable stationery. It has delicate tracings of lines sufficient to guide without hampering the writer. Real French paper of the best quality is thin but firm and substantial. An imitation of French paper is so thin and flimsy that it is worn out while the letter is being written. The thick English paper is used by gentlemen. Calico paper in bars and stripes is a kind of negligée paper, restricted by etiquette to correspondents who are on terms of great intimacy. The name of country residences in letters of rustic design is placed at the top of note-paper—the monogram in the centre. Illuminated monograms show brilliant colors contrasted with most delicate tints. The first name in full is sometimes placed in the centre. A jockey monogram is formed of whip, horseshoe, buckle, and bit. Croquet monogram of mallet and ball. Would-be-facetious gentlemen have profiles of the Grecian bend on their paper.

For information received thanks are due, for gentlemen's clothing, to Messrs. DEVLIN & CO.; and WILLIAM R. BOWNE; for hats, DUNLAP & CO.; for shoes, G. J. GLAZE; for furnishing goods, FISK, CLARK, & FLAGG; JOHN J. HINCHMAN & CO.; UNION ADAMS; EDWARD H. PURDY; JOHN M. DAVIES; and for cards, JOSEPH N. GIMBREDE.

PERSONAL.

BISHOP ALFORD LEE, of Delaware, who preached the sermon at the opening of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, now in session in this city, stands sixth on the roll of Bishops. There are thirty-nine his juniors. He was consecrated in 1841, and, with the exception of his immediate predecessor, Bishop WHITTINGHAM, of Maryland, is the oldest graduate among the bishops of the General Theological Seminary. He is an advanced Low Churchman, as much if not more extreme or "evangelical" in his views of Church polity than any of his brethren in the House of Bishops. He is a gentleman of fortune, a scholar, and has a pleasant little diocese to occupy his time with. The sermons before the General Convention are preached by the Bishops in the order of their consecration. Each Bishop, of course, avails himself of the opportunity to ventilate his own peculiar views, which are not, however, to be taken as the expression of the views of the body, or even of that particular party in the Church to which he is attached.

—The Princess CLOTILDE, wife of Prince NAPOLEON, and daughter of the King of Italy, is said to be dying of consumption. She is well-remembered in New York as being a modest, intelligent, delightful woman, very religious, and a great admirer of the late Rev. Dr. CUMMINGS, at whose church she was a regular attendant. On her return to France the King of Italy acknowledged the many courtesies of Dr. C. to his daughter by conferring upon him, at her request, the Cross of the Knight of the Old Catholic Order of S.S. Mauritius and Lazarus. On the morning of the day on which she sailed she sent to the Doctor a beautiful silver chalice, with an autograph letter, speaking in the warmest terms of all his kindness and services to her.

—A young lady of high position in Boston society—Miss FANNY KIMBALL—is about to make her musical début under the direction of MAX MARETZEK.

—Wedding-tours, "with the modern improvements, and all the comforts of a happy home," are becoming quite common with notable people, as in the case of Mr. ROBERT LINCOLN, who recently wedded, at Washington, a daughter of Senator HARLAN. After the ceremony they left in a special car for New York, and partook, on board, of a splendid "spread," prepared by the great Washington caterer, the excellent WORMLEY, jun. You observe, therefore, that no time was lost.

—It is announced that the large and valuable library of the late Rev. Dr. RAPHALL is to be raffled (or raphall'd) for early next month. Tickets $10.

—Governor BULLOCK, of Massachusetts, was prominent among the attendants of the recent State Agricultural Fair of that State held at Northampton. Governor BULLOCK is a good man to go to any *cattle-show*.

—A young woman who went out to Russia recently as governess in a Russian family, writes to the London *Queen* as follows about the better class of people, their acquirements, the weather, and the respect that intelligent people show to those engaged in the business of instruction: "On the whole, as far as I could judge, the Russians are intelligent, generous, and kind-hearted; they generally speak several languages. The salary given to an English governess is almost always a high one, say £100 per annum, and often more. The cold is excessive in Russia for about five or six months. It freezes hard, and fur cloaks are indispensable, I think; but I have heard that English people do not wear more than they would in a cold winter in England. The atmosphere is dry and clear; therefore the climate is not really so trying as it frequently is in England. The summers are as hot as the winters are cold, which has been specially observed during the present summer. The mode of living is not like what we are accustomed to in England, but of course the tables vary according to the habit of the family. My experience is of recent date, having only returned from Russia a year and a half ago. As far as my experience goes, the position of a governess is recognized in a more becoming manner than in England."

—To say that fish-culture is not entirely practicable is to doubt the veracity of GEORGE STARK, of Nashua, who is to-day proprietor of 500 trout, weighing from one-half to two and a half pounds each. And, what is better, he has nearly 10,000 fish-eggs already hatched, which are speedily to become speckled, and grow firm, fat, and toothsome for the STARK family.

—Mr. SPURGEON is actually coming. A gentleman of this city has heard from him. He is to be here in '69, but whether to preach or lecture is not stated. We reckon to lecture, and take home many pounds sterling. He will be a success. Every Baptist in the country would rush to hear him, regardless, of course, of wet weather or any other damper.

—The old legend, that "the Bourbons never learn any thing and never forget any thing," is untrue, as applied to the recently deposed Queen ISABELLA of Spain; for she had learned enough not to invest too much in Spanish securities, but rather to come to the United States and place confidence in 5-20's and Water-Works stock. Possibly she may come over here to live, though, *on dit*, she has a short temper and a long tongue.

—Mr. GEORGE PEABODY, an American by birth, an Englishman by residence, an Irishman and Scotchman during the fishing and hunting months, proposes now to take out naturalization papers in Hungary, having instructed a real estate agent at Pesth to look him up some little estate thereabout worth, say 200,000 florins. He goes to Pesth next year.

—The Emperors of France and Austria, and the King of Italy, have just entered the twentieth year of their reign. Twenty years is far beyond the average length of time that any sovereign occupies a throne, and it may be reasonably expected that some change will occur before long.

—Miss JOANNA QUINER, a self-taught sculptor, though not very celebrated, died in Lynn, Massachusetts, a few days since. She was visiting in Dr. Bass's family at the Boston Athenæum in 1843, when she was about forty-seven years old, and there saw CLEVERGER modeling in clay. A daughter of DANIEL WEBSTER and another young woman were furnished with clay by CLEVERGER, that they might attempt modeling. On viewing their measure of success, Miss QUINER declared that she could do better. She also was furnished with clay, and at once produced a good likeness of Mrs. Bass.

—Admiral FARRAGUT is having an especially good time among the potentates of the Old World. In fact, his whole cruise seems to have been little else than a prolonged jollification. This is what is said of him by an Ostend correspondent of the Paris *Univers Illustrée*: "It did me good to notice how pleasantly the gallant American Admiral (FARRAGUT) smiled at the good-looking Queen of the Belgians when he escorted her all over his magnificent ship. The Queen, on her part, was all smiles and graciousness, and it was evident that she enjoyed the rough but chivalrous politeness of the old sailor ten times as much as the honeyed phrases of the courtiers who had accompanied her on board the American ship; and when she finally left the ship she shook hands with the Admiral so cordially that it was evident the American hero will long preserve a warm place in her Majesty's little heart."

—M. EMILE DE CHAMPS, who is soon coming back to these shores to marry a daughter of Mr. PARKER, of Boston, is a young Frenchman of fine natural abilities and great accomplishments. He is the Second Secretary of the Chinese Embassy, which position he gained by his intimate knowledge of the Chinese language, customs, and manners, which he acquired with remarkable rapidity during his residence in China. He was once connected with the American house of AUGUSTINE HEARD & CO. at Shanghae. Young M. DE CHAMPS has had much experience in public affairs, and has every promise of a brilliant future. He graduated at the great University of Sorbonne as early as 1857, receiving the degree of brevet bachelor of arts. He is held in great estimation by Mr. BURLINGAME, who has taken much interest in his approaching nuptials.

—Mr. KIT BURNS has consented that his celebrated rat-pit, in Water Street, may be used at certain hours of the day for prayer-meetings, when the terriers are not in conflict with the varmints. Should there be preaching, an appropriate text might be taken from the words, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

—The British Government have a small elephant in the son of King THEODORE. They know not what to do with him. It would not be creditable to turn the youngster adrift, or make a shoemaker of him, or a news-boy, and it would be scarcely the thing to saddle him as a pensioner on the Government after spending five millions to accomplish the downfall of his father. To keep him permanently in England would also be a mistake, for one section of society would go wild with delight over a king's son, and would soon contrive to render him good for nothing. A plan has therefore been adopted which affords him a career of usefulness, and will probably satisfy his ambition hereafter. He is to be carefully trained for the Indian civil service. He will have to enter through the open gates of competition; but he is said to be a quick boy, and there will be no unusual difficulty in rendering him fit to appear before the examiners. He is to be brought up, it is stated, in the house of a private gentleman.

—Captain WILLIAM H. WEST, formerly commander of the *Quaker City*, of the Savannah steamship line, has entered the service of the Pacific Mail Company, and been placed in charge of the *Sacramento*, one of the finest vessels in the Pacific.

—People in New Hampshire seem to have little else to do than to grow old, as was the case with Mr. LOVERWELL, of Dunstable, who recently "shuffled off," etc., at the age of one hundred and twenty, which is the greatest ever positively known to have been attained by a citizen of that State. WILLIAM PERKINS, of New Market, reached one hundred and sixteen, and ROBERT MACKLIN, of Wakefield, one hundred and fifteen. Mr. P. died in 1732; Mr. M. in 1787. The age of FLORA STEWART, who died recently in Londonderry, is not positively known, but was at least one hundred and eight.

—Another young, beautiful, and accomplished American girl is about to "change her local habitation and her name" by marrying, in Paris, an Italian nobleman. The lady is Miss LORILLARD SPENCER, and her intended is Count BOLOGNETTI CENCI, a name which recalls the heroine of so many romances, dramas, and paintings, BEATRICE CENCI, Duchess of San Giuliano.

—Sir JOHN YOUNG, the new Governor-General of Canada, is a trained official, of long parliamentary experience, who has filled the offices of Lord of the Treasury, Secretary to the Treasury, Chief Secretary for Ireland, Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, and, lastly, Governor of New South Wales. He is esteemed one of the "safe" men of the time. In politics he is a Liberal, but has been selected for his present position on the score of superior fitness and ability.

—An invalided subscriber inquires whether a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* was justified in attributing to ANDREW MARVELL the authorship of the familiar and beautiful hymn beginning "The spacious firmament on high." ANDREW MARVELL was the writer of the poem, which came to be attributed to ADDISON through the essayist's omission of the author's name when he inserted the lines in a *Spectator*.

Various Crochet Edgings.

THE edgings given are of different widths, and are worked partly with fine and partly with coarse thread.

Fig. 1 is worked lengthwise. On a foundation of the requisite length crochet, first, one round sc. (single crochet), then one round crossed dc. (double crochet), after each crossed double crochet 2 ch. (chain stitches), passing over two stitches of the former round, and after this another round sc. Now work on the other side of the foundation stitches the fourth round as follows: 12 sl. (slip stitches) on the first twelve foundation stitches, always putting the needle around the back veins of the stitches, * 9 ch. passing over five stitches, 24 sl. in the following twenty-four stitches of the foundation. Repeat from *. It will not be necessary to mention the repeating from * in the remainder of this or the following descriptions, as reference to the illustrations will render it sufficiently clear. 5th round.—9 sl. in the first 9 sl. (putting the needle around the entire stitch), * passing over 3 sl. of the former round, work 19 dc. in the next ch. scallop, pass over the next 3 sl. of the former round, and work 18 sl. in the following eighteen stitches of the former round. 6th round.—4 sc. on the first four stitches, * passing over the following five stitches of the preceding round, + 1 tc. (treble crochet) in the first dc. crocheted in the ch. scallop, 10 ch., 1 sl. in the third of these (counting from the beginning), 2 ch., passing over 1 dc. From + repeat eight times, after which work 1 tc. in the last dc. of those worked in the scallop, passing over the next five stitches of the former round, 4 sc. on the following four stitches, 7 ch., 4 sc. in the next four stitches. 7th round.—1 sc. in the first sc. of the preceding round, 2 ch., 1 sc. in the next chain-stitch ring, then * seven times alternately, 7 ch., 1 sc. in the next chain-stitch ring, then 7 ch., 1 sc. in each of the three following chain-stitch rings. 8th round.—* seven times alternately 1 sc. in the middle stitch of the next chain-stitch scallop, 3 ch., 1 picot of 5 ch. and 1 sl. in the first of the 5 ch., then 3 ch., 1 sc. in the middle stitch of each of the next two chain-stitch scallops.

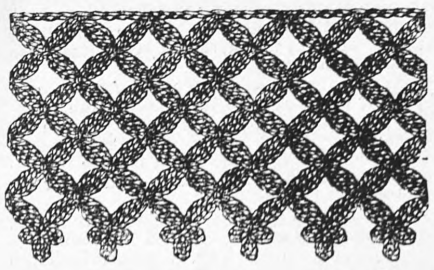


Fig. 2.—CROCHET EDGING.

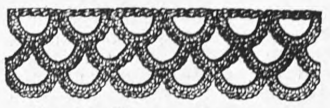


Fig. 4.—EDGING CROCHETED CROSSWISE.

Fig. 6.—EDGING CROCHETED CROSSWISE.

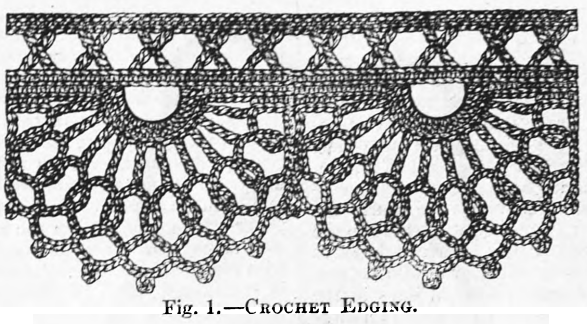


Fig. 1.—CROCHET EDGING.

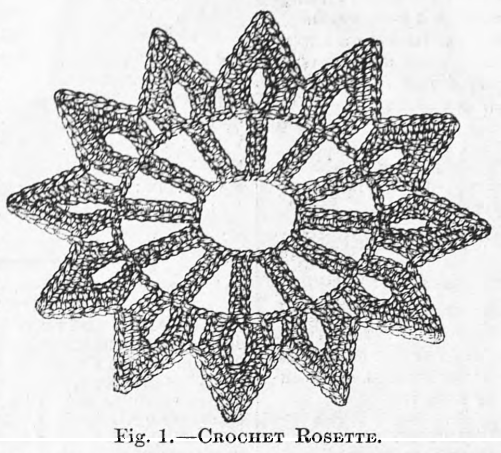


Fig. 1.—CROCHET ROSETTE.

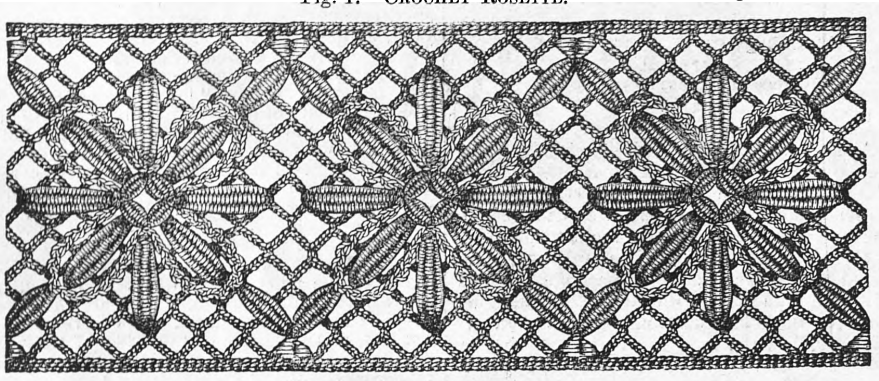


Fig. 6.—CROCHET INSERTION.

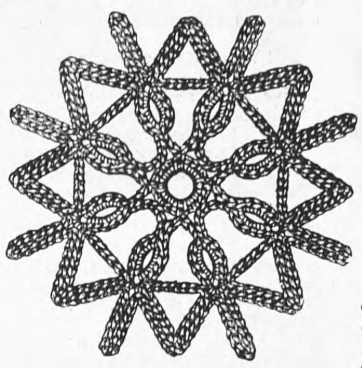


Fig. 2.—CROCHET ROSETTE.

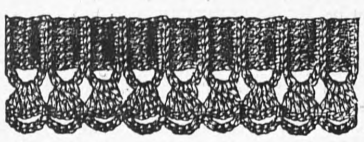


Fig. 9.—EDGING CROCHETED CROSSWISE.

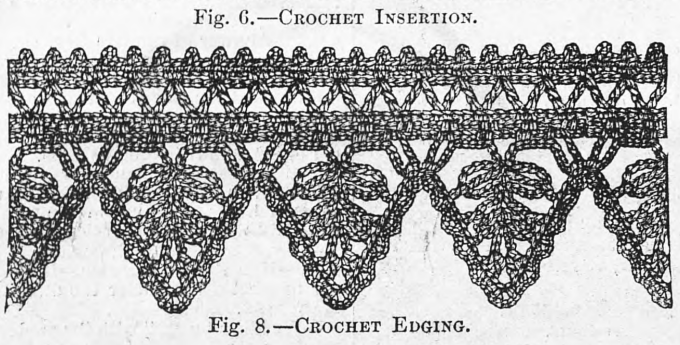


Fig. 8.—CROCHET EDGING.

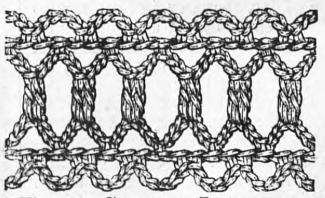


Fig. 7.—CROCHET INSERTION.

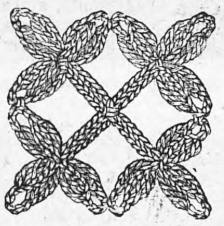


Fig. 4.—CROCHET SQUARE.

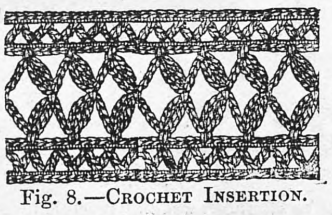


Fig. 8.—CROCHET INSERTION.

Fig. 2.—For this lace, which is also worked lengthwise, make, first, a foundation of the requisite length, and crochet, returning on this a row of leaves as follows: 5 ch., in the second of these 1 tc., which must not, however, be entirely worked off, 1 tc. in the first of the 5 ch., work this stitch off with the remaining stitches on the needle. This completes a leaf. Close on this work a second leaf; with these two leaves pass over five foundation stitches, and crochet 1 sl. in the following foundation stitch. 2d–6th rounds.—Like the 1st round, but in these the slip stitches must always come between two leaves (see illustration). 7th round.—* 1 sl. between the first two leaves of the former round, one leaflet, then three picots, each composed of 5 ch., and 1 sl. in the first of the 5 ch., 1 sl. in the point of the last leaflet, and again a leaf.

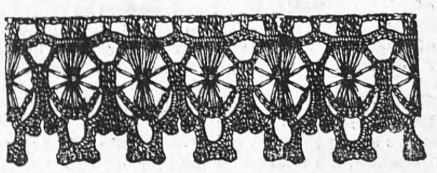


Fig. 11.—CROCHET EDGING WITH LACE STITCH.

Fig. 3.—This lace is also crocheted lengthwise. Work on a foundation of the requisite length three rounds of chain-stitch scallops. Each chain-stitch scallop consists of 7 ch. In working the first round always pass over three foundation stitches; in the following rounds work the sc. stitches in the chain-stitch scallops of the former round.

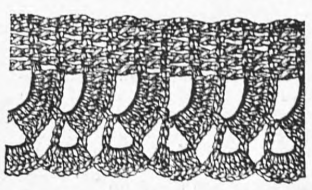


Fig. 12.—EDGING CROCHETED CROSSWISE.

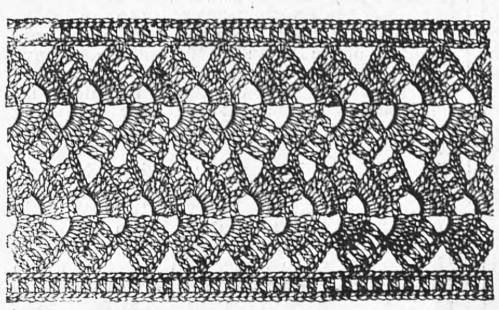


Fig. 9.—INSERTION CROCHETED CROSSWISE.

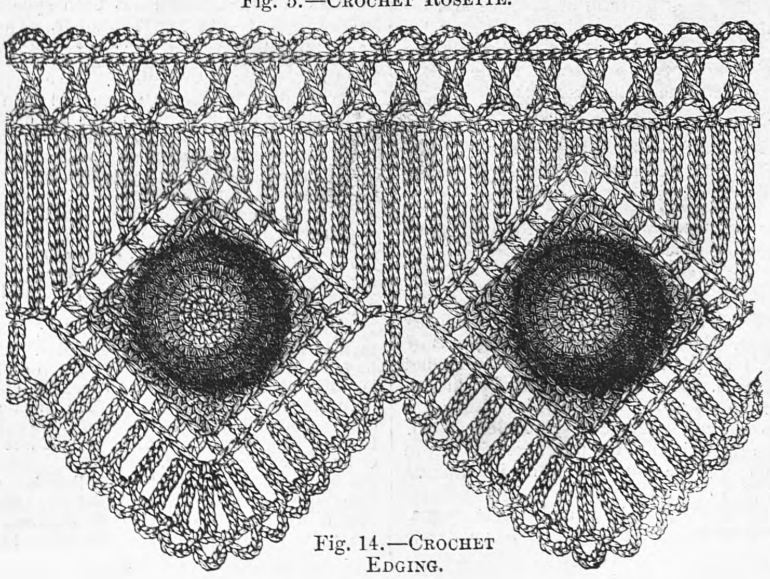


Fig. 14.—CROCHET EDGING.

4th round.—* 1 sc. in the first chain-stitch scallop of the former round, 7 ch., 1 sc. in the next chain-stitch scallop, 4 ch., 1 leaflet (for the manner of working the leaf see description of Fig. 2), 1 sc. in the following sc. of the former round, 1 leaflet, after which drop the loop from the needle, and run the needle through the first of the 5 ch. of the first leaflet, and draw through the dropped loop of the second leaflet, so that the two leaflets are joined together, then 4 ch. The 5th–8th rounds may be worked by reference to the pattern and to the description already given.

The description of the remaining crochet laces, as also the description of the knitted edging, Fig. 11, will be found in the next Supplement Number.

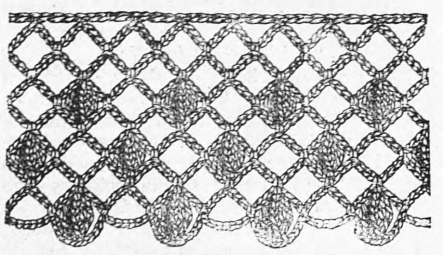


Fig. 3.—CROCHET EDGING.

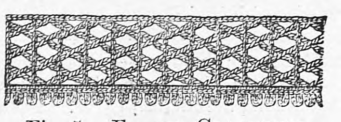


Fig. 5.—EDGING CROCHETED CROSSWISE.

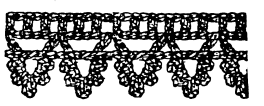


Fig. 7.—CROCHET EDGING.

Crocheted Rosettes, Insertions, and Square.

THESE rosettes, worked in fine cotton, are for trimming cravats, collars, etc. Worked in coarse cotton they may also be set together for large or small covers. In the following description the repeating from * will not be mentioned, but is always to be understood.

Fig. 1.—This rosette is worked in three rounds: 1st round.—Begin as follows, * 15 ch. (chain stitches), passing over the last work 1 sl. (slip stitch) in the preceding stitch, and 1 sc. (single crochet) in the one before that, 5 ch., 7 sc. in the first seven of the 15 ch., at the end of the round 1 sl. in the first ch. of this round (putting the needle through from the under side), and fasten the thread. 2d round.—1 sc. in the eighth of the first 15 ch. of the first round, * 7 sc. in the next seven stitches, 2 sc. separated by a ch. in the point of the scallop, 7 sc. in the following seven stitches, 2 ch., 1 sc. in the eighth of the next 15 ch. of the former round; at the end of the round 3 sl. in the first three stitches of this round. 3d round.—5 sc. in the next five stitches of the former round (putting the needle through both the upper veins of the stitches), * 2 sc. separated by a ch. in the next chain stitch, this forms the point of one of the points; 5 sc. in the following five stitches, 5 sc. in the last five of the next 8 sc., at the end of the round 1 sl. in the first sc.

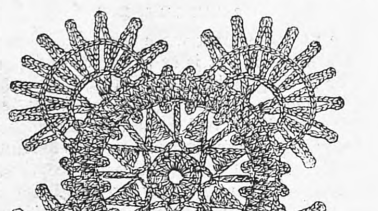


Fig. 3.—CROCHET ROSETTE.

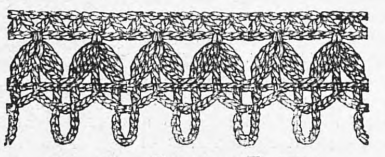


Fig. 10.—CROCHET EDGING.

The descriptions from Figs. 2–10 will be found in the next Supplement Number.

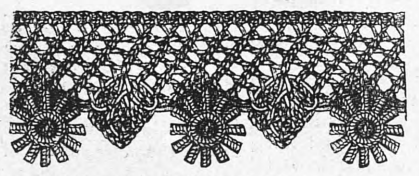


Fig. 11.—KNITTED EDGING.

Lady's Embroidered Purse.

See illustration on page 837.

THIS elegant purse is made of white silk reps with embroidery in fine colored silk twist. The illustration shows the purse of the full size. The embroidered rays of the central rosette, which is the same on both sides of the purse, are worked in close button-hole stitch with silk in various bright colors, while the knots between are worked alternately with yellow and black silk. The feathered circle which incloses the rosette is worked in one color (violet in the original), either with fine silk in half-polka stitch, or with coarse silk in point russe; it may also be worked with gold tinsel, which must be cut into small pieces of a suitable length, and sewed on in the manner shown by the illustration. The two pieces of silk are joined around the edges with close button-hole stitch of violet silk, with every second stitch of which sew on a gold bead. Line the inside with white leather, and join the top to a bronze clasp with stitches in violet silk; these stitches are covered by sewing on gold beads. The grelot fringe on the edge of this purse is especially beautiful. The loops of the fringe, which are interwoven, are crocheted in white silk, and

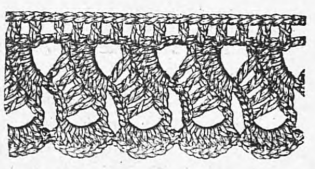


Fig. 13.—EDGING CROCHETED CROSSWISE.

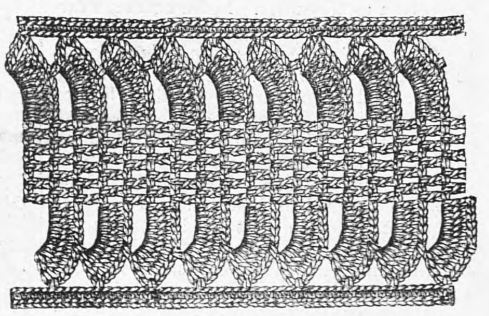


Fig. 10.—INSERTION CROCHETED CROSSWISE.

and afterward embroidered with knots of different colors of silk. The grelots are worked in single crochet over a round piece of wood or a large bead; the darker ones are worked of violet silk, and the smaller ones of white, and all are ornamented with bright colored knots.

Two Embroidered Figures.

BOTH these figures are designed for trimming cravats, blouses, underclothing, etc. They are worked in satin stitch and raised embroidery.

Bag of Splints and Soutache.

THIS bag is not only very pretty but also very durable. It is made of fine wooden splints, which are woven with violet soutache. The foundation of the bag is eleven inches long and nine inches wide, and is sloped off to the width of six inches at the sides. On this sew or glue the splints, not too close together, and with the ends covered by a strip of violet silk three-fourths of an inch wide. Next weave the splints with violet soutache according to the design given by Fig. 1, a full-sized section of which is shown by Fig. 2. Line this with violet silk, bind the edges with violet ribbon, and join the sides in the manner shown by Fig. 1 with two pieces of violet silk which have been gathered with an elastic cord. Cover the seams with a ruche of violet ribbon three-fourths of an inch wide. Cord and tassels and a button for fastening complete the bag.

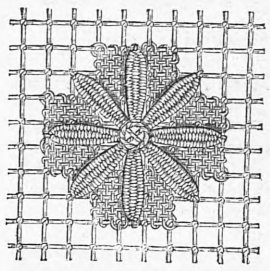


Fig. 1.—FIGURE IN NETTING.

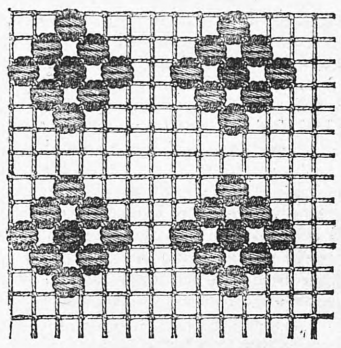


Fig. 3.—EMBROIDERED FIGURE ON NETTING.

Netting Figures and Edgings.

THESE figures are suitable for tidies, cushion covers, insertions, etc., and are worked on plain, bias, and figured netting. Fig. 1 is worked in point de toile and point de reprise; in the centre of the point de reprise star make a cross and wind the threads of the central hole of the netting. Fig. 2 is worked in point de toile, point d'esprit, point de reprise, and button-hole stitch. Fig. 3 is worked on plain netting with coarse thread; it is worked in a kind of double cross stitch. Fig. 4 shows the manner of working this. In the pattern the under part of each stitch is worked with red and the upper part with gray thread. The lower edge of the corresponding lace, Fig. 5, is worked in button-hole stitch. Fig. 6 is worked on bias netting. For the thick points work four squares of the netting with fine thread in point de toile, and work around the edge as shown in the pattern with twist or enameled cotton. The remaining part is done with fine thread, and is sufficiently clear from the illustration. The lace corresponding to this figure is shown by Fig. 7, and is to be worked around the edge in button-hole stitch. The figures, Figs. 8 and 9, are to be worked on figured netting. The manner of netting this was given in No. 42 of *Harper's Bazar*. The figures on Fig. 8 are in point de reprise; those of Fig. 9 are overcast in the manner shown by the illustration.

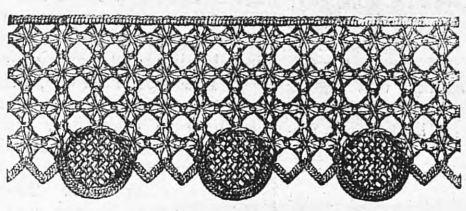
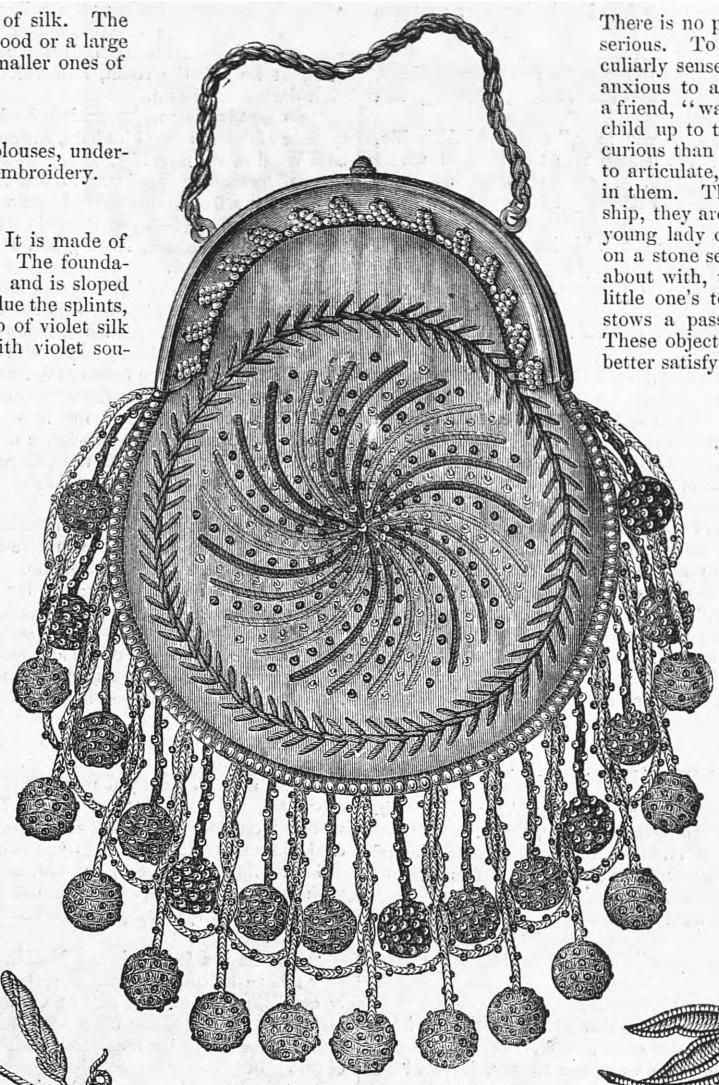


Fig. 7.—LACE IN BIAS NETTING.

Section of a Table-Cover in White Java Canvas.

FRINGE the edges of this canvas in the width shown on the pattern. Fill in the corners with some of the raveled out threads. The embroidery is worked in point russe with black silk.



LADY'S EMBROIDERED PURSE.

Fig. 1.—FIGURE IN WHITE EMBROIDERY.

Fig. 2.—FIGURE IN WHITE EMBROIDERY.

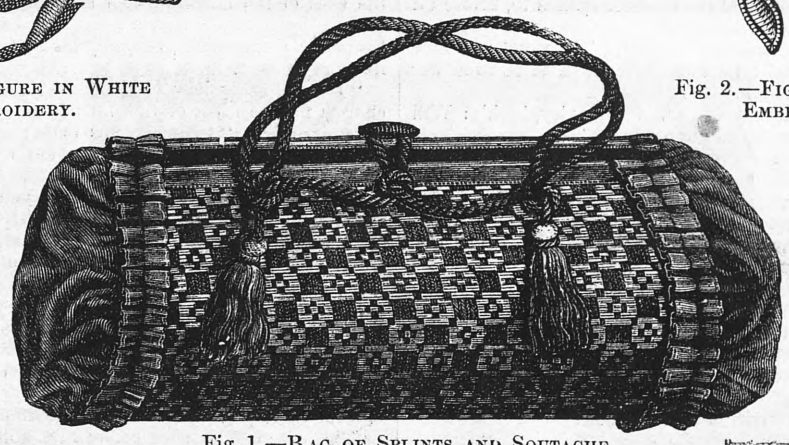
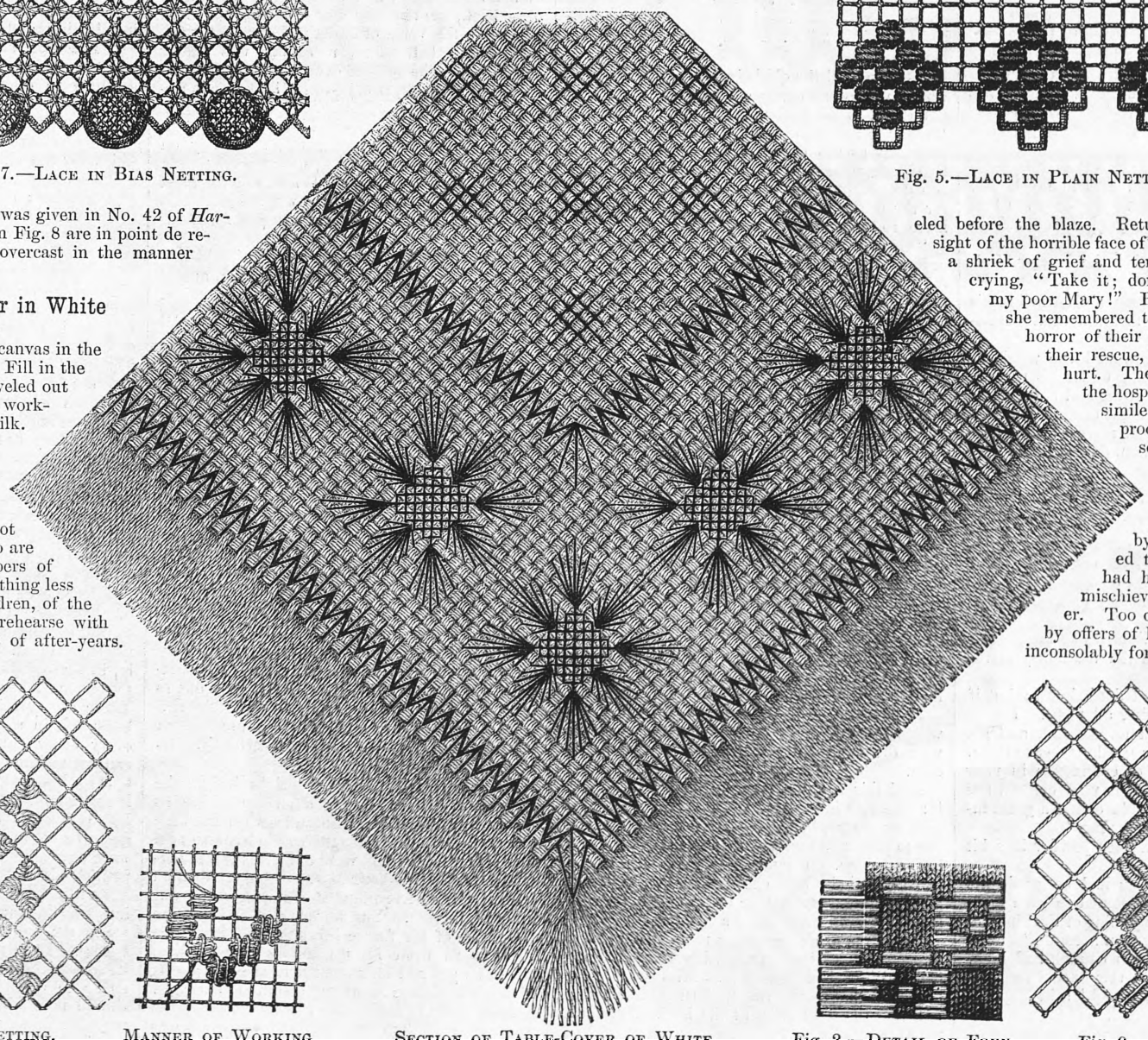


Fig. 1.—BAG OF SPLINTS AND SOUTACHE.

Fig. 7.—LACE IN BIAS NETTING.



SECTION OF TABLE-COVER OF WHITE JAVA CANVAS.

DOLLS.

WE have sometimes wondered that more has not been written about Dolls, who are surely very important members of the family. For they are nothing less than the children of the children, of the mothers of the future, who rehearse with them the delights and cares of after-years. There is no play, not even the business-like plays of manhood, that is more serious. To careless older observers, even to some children, it seems a peculiarly senseless amusement; it really is a miniature life, earnest and even anxious to a degree which is sometimes alarming. "There never," writes a friend, "was a more sobered, care-crazed mother than I, from a mere baby-child up to the lamentably advanced age of sixteen." Few things are more curious than to see how the little creatures, sometimes before they are able to articulate, pitch upon some object which is to satisfy the maternal instinct in them. The strangest object it often is. Like savages when they worship, they are content with the rudest imitation of the human figure. One young lady of our acquaintance, then not two years old, set her affections on a stone seltzer-water bottle, which she wrapped in flannel, and staggered about with, to the alarm of her mother, who was in constant fear for the little one's toes. Another has adopted a hot-water can, on which she bestows a passionate affection, and with which she holds endless dialogue. These objects, of course, are exchanged, as time goes on, for others which better satisfy newly developed tastes and feelings. A girl of six will generally not be satisfied except *her* baby bears some resemblance to her mother's. Helped by this concession to reality, the imagination knows no bound in its inventions. But it is checked, on the other hand, by too studied an imitation of life. The splendid, elaborately-dressed creature of wax is never really loved. Its tameness chills the fancy. It is imposed upon the affections, not created by them. And too large a doll is seldom much liked. Of course there are exceptions; but a small doll, not too handsome, is generally the favorite. With these darlings about them, some girls, like actors, who are said to look upon the world as a show and upon the stage as a world, live a life which is more real to them than is their daily existence.

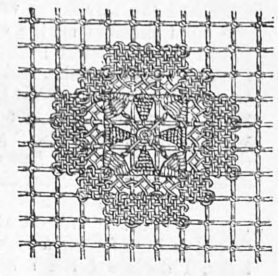


Fig. 2.—FIGURE IN NETTING.

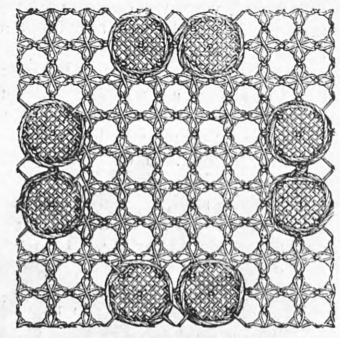


Fig. 6.—FIGURE IN BIAS NETTING.

Of these phenomena the first and chief cause is obviously the mother-instinct. Hence the satisfaction of the very young child, whose faculties of observation and comparison are as yet feeble, with the rudest *effigies* of the human form, and hence the partiality—a touching suggestion of a familiar fact in real life—on the part of older children for the weakest and least-favored of the doll family. Sometimes other feelings, the sense of beauty, for instance, in an unusually early development, comes into conflict with this instinct. So it was with one young lady of our acquaintance. She, being then two years old, had placed her dolls in a row, and among them one, Miss Betsey by name, of preternatural ugliness. She was seen, as she held a spoon with food to the mouths of each of her family in turn, to administer a slap on the face to her ill-favored daughter. A short time, however, wrought a marvelous change. About a year after this event she had placed her little family, after their Saturday wash, to warm before the fire. One who had a delicate India rubber constitution shriveled before the blaze. Returning to them, she caught sight of the horrible face of her once comely child. With a shriek of grief and terror, she ran to her mother, crying, "Take it; don't let me see it again; oh, my poor Mary!" But in the midst of her agony she remembered the others, and mastering her horror of their possible condition, ran off to their rescue, and happily found them unhurt. The injured Mary was sent to the hospital and cured; that is, a facsimile was with infinite difficulty procured. Happily it had a little scar on its neck, which passed as the remains of hospital treatment and cure. Another epoch in the child's moral growth was marked by a catastrophe which happened to a later favorite. "Katie" had her cheek torn open by the mischievous fingers of her baby brother. Too old now to be imposed upon by offers of hospital cure, the child wept inconsolably for days. Alarmed at the vio-

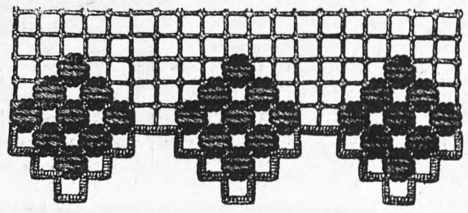


Fig. 5.—LACE IN PLAIN NETTING.

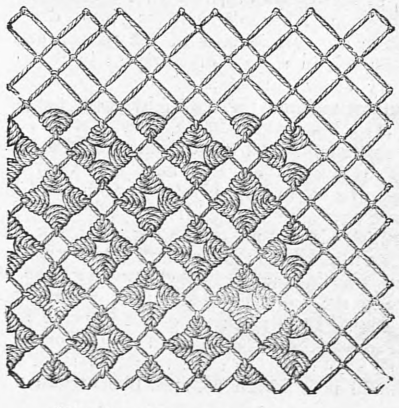


Fig. 8.—FIGURED NETTING.

MANNER OF WORKING NETTING OF FIGS. 3 AND 5.

Fig. 2.—DETAIL OF FOUNDATION OF BAG.

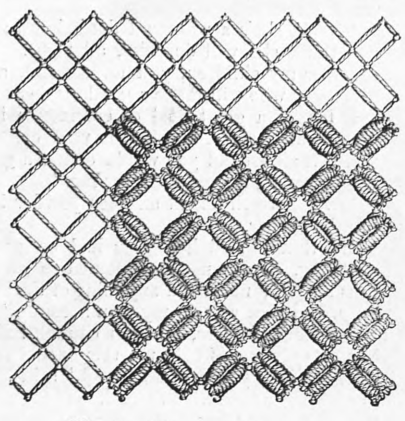


Fig. 9.—FIGURED NETTING.

lence of her grief, her mother attempted consolation. She should have a new doll, the image of that which she had lost. With a reproachful glance, the child said, still weeping bitterly, "Oh, it will never be my own, own Katie!" "And," writes the mother, "I felt positively ashamed of myself at having suggested such a thing; I saw that Katie was *dead* to the child, and that I had wronged her as much as if, instead of burying some woman's dead child and weeping with her over it, I had offered to buy or borrow another baby in its place."

"I was never *désillusionnée*," writes the friend whom we have quoted before, "because my dolls did not eat. I had a wash of my dolls' clothes every week, and thanked Heaven they did get really dirty. If they would only have worn out as well, every thing would have been perfect. I rubbed the tiny socks very hard and dragged the dolls shoeless on the ground, in the hope I might but once before I died have to darn 'baby's' socks." How genuine and thorough the illusion was in this case may be judged from a little trait which every mother will appreciate. "I never woke in the night without getting up to turn my dolls in their beds." But even so lively an imagination as this did not disdain assistance from without. There was a sister very clever at imitating sounds. "When, *at my own request*, she would imitate for me a sick or suffering fretting baby, I declare I felt my heart ache, and felt aged and worn with care as I lulled my 'Freddy' or 'Selina' on my lap." We can not refrain from giving one more extract from the letter of our friend, who, we ought, perhaps, to tell our readers, has had from babyhood a passion for *books* at least equal to her passion for dolls. "I once cried myself nearly ill because my brothers had to perform a surgical operation on my doll. Its winking machine would not go, and total blindness or permanent leer and hopeless squint were threatened. I would not abandon my doll, but, mother-like, stood by while my brothers, with infinite skill, beheaded my baby, and wound up its eyes to go right, and then sewed the head and shoulders on for me. I do not think *agony* is too violent a word for my grief at the sight which my headless babe presented."

The purely domestic life to which these experiences belong satisfies most children. Some, indeed, like to realize in their dolls the wider interests which are awakened by their reading, to reproduce incidents of travel or of history. "He," said a young lady of our acquaintance, when questioned about the disappearance of a favorite doll—"he has fallen down that crack, but they (the other dolls) don't know it. They think that he has gone to India." We have heard of the niece of a distinguished historian, accustomed to hear of great personages, who identified her dolls with kings and queens, and who, when the Revolution of 1848 occurred, promptly accepted the situation, and treated her Louis Philippe with indignity, as a monarch who could not keep himself upon his throne.

ONLY A BLUNDER.

"DON'T you know of some one who would make me a good wife, Dr. Ellsworth?"

Salmon Hayden chewed anxiously on a bit of shaving as he spoke.

"Well, Hayden, I don't know. Can't you find somebody for yourself?" replied Dr. Ellsworth, folding a powder in a bit of blue paper.

"No, Doctor, I can't," answered Hayden, helplessly; "I have been refused so many times I feel rather delicate about trying. If you *could* do something for me! I should like to get married. It is very difficult finding help, and the best of help don't take that interest a wife would. Why, every thing's at loose ends in my house. Samantha—that's my oldest—she does the best she can; but what do young girls know about planning and contriving?"

"Sure enough," responded the Doctor, feelingly.

Having taken to himself a "child-wife" in his old age, he was supposed to know what "shiftlessness" is.

"And then again," continued the would-be Benedict, rolling the shaving under his tongue, as if it had been a cud of sweet and bitter fancy—"then, again, it costs a sight of money to *hire* so much. Says I to myself more'n six months ago, says I, 'Salmon Hayden, do you look round for some smart, driving, go-ahead woman, and marry her if you can!' But somehow I haven't seemed to have any luck."

The Doctor rubbed his left ear reflectively.

"Suppose now I should say Priscilla Danley. She would make an excellent wife, I am sure; and I really think she would be willing to change her situation. There is nobody else who occurs to me at this moment."

Salmon Hayden's eyes lighted like the eyes of Jonathan after he had tasted the honey in the wood.

"Well, she's a woman I don't know; but if you think she will do, why, all right. I must consider my children, you understand, and get somebody who will make a good mother to them. But I have a great deal of confidence in your judgment, Doctor, and if it is your opinion she will suit all around you would confer a great favor by saying a good word for me."

Dr. Ellsworth folded another powder in a bit of *white* paper.

"I think," said he, "*you* had better do the speaking. I am not accustomed to such business myself; never did any thing of the kind but once, and that was on my own account."

"I can't, Doctor, I have so much bad luck. If you only *would* help me this once I shall always account you my best friend," said Hayden, in a pathetic tone which struck home to the Doctor's benevolent heart.

So he promised; and that very evening took occasion to call at Mr. Danley's under pretense of asking after old lady Danley's rheumatism.

Priscilla met him at the door.

"I would like to see you a few minutes alone, Miss Danley," said the Doctor, blushing like Aurora.

"To be sure you may," answered Priscilla, briskly, "if you'll step into the kitchen where I'm paring apples. It's a busy time just now, and I can as well keep my hands going while I talk."

"What has he got in his head now?" thought she, as they walked along together. "Come to borrow money, I'll warrant. He may as well save his breath; for I've taken all the money out of my stocking to pay off that mortgage—as far as the heel."

"Miss Danley," said the Doctor, after a few desultory coughs, and a few preliminary ahems, "I would like to ask you your candid opinion in regard to—to matrimony."

Priscilla punched the apple-corer a little way into the ball of her thumb.

"My opinion, Doctor? You didn't come all this length of ways to hear that?. If you did it's a pity you shouldn't get it, though; so I'll out with it, and not wait to be coaxed. It's my candid opinion that matrimony does very well in its place."

"But in your own case, Miss Priscilla? Suppose now a good, likely man, and an excellent provider—"

Priscilla sprang up as if one of Cupid's arrows had suddenly hit her, and ran to the sink in the most irrelevant manner, to wash her hands.

"A man that would give you a comfortable home—"

"No more of your 'supposes,' Dr. Ellsworth. If you've got any thing to say, say it."

"So I will, all but the name. I've no idea of trifling with you, Miss Priscilla. He is a man I can recommend."

"A widower?"

"Yes."

"How many children?"

"Six."

"What are his means?"

"Well to do, Miss Danley, or I wouldn't have come here on any such errand."

"What do you want me to say, Doctor? I shouldn't like to have the certificate made out, you know, and the minister spoken to, before I'd set eyes on the man!"

Dr. Ellsworth laughed. The worst was now over, and Miss Priscilla's matter-of-fact manner had set him quite at his ease.

"All I ask of you, Miss Danley, is this: Will you or will you not see him?"

"I will; certainly; why not?" replied Miss Priscilla, looking at her questioner with eyes as penetrating as two blue gimlets, and with as much composure as though it had been a suit of clothes instead of a wife Dr. Ellsworth was bespeaking.

"Oh, well! Then it's all right. I will call over with the gentleman and introduce him," returned the Doctor, hastily drawing on his gloves. "By-the-way," he added, remembering his pretended errand, and turning back at the door, "how is your grandmother, Miss Priscilla?"

Miss Priscilla threw up her nose, which was as sharp as a fish-knife, disapprovingly. "Grandmother is no better," said she, "and she will be no better while she continues to live on blue-pills and Dover's powders. All my wonder is that she is alive."

"I have told the old lady," observed Dr. Ellsworth, mildly, as became a warrior who would not speak to the prejudice of his own weapons, "that too much medicine may affect one as unfavorably as too little; but she thinks she has lived long enough to judge for herself; and as I can do nothing for her I will wish you good-by for the present, and call again soon, with your leave, to introduce the gentleman referred to."

"Of course. Only not Monday of the week, or Saturday—that is baking-day. Men *are* such fools, and the most foolish thing about them is, they don't know they are fools," said Miss Priscilla aside, taking up a pan of apples and setting it down again with an emphasis.

Miss Danley's figure was adapted to wiry strength rather than grace, and she carried decision and capability in every thread of her chocolate calico. Her hair, which was the color of white pepper, had a way of coiling itself up in a tight twist, fastened by an inflexible steel comb; and her complexion was more like a russet apple than an apple-blossom. But, though not strictly beautiful, Miss Priscilla Danley had other attractions besides those in her money-stocking. She never made a failure of any thing she turned her hand to, from pies to poetry; and in sickness she was worth her weight in diamond dust.

Dr. Ellsworth was quite conscious of this as he shut the door of the thrifty Danley mansion; yet somehow, such is the perversity of the heart of man, he went home to his silly "child-wife's" pretty face and gay spirits with especial satisfaction that night.

Next week, on the afternoon of ironing-day, which every body knows is Tuesday, he called, with the impatient Mr. Hayden, on Miss Priscilla.

And this was the way the Fates had ordered it: She and her cousin Mrs. Pillsbury, not expecting visitors before tea, were engaged in taking to pieces and putting together again the sewing-machine. Round Miss Priscilla's slender waist was tied a blue checked apron; in her left hand was a kerosene lamp with the top off; while her right hand brandished a feather.

It was not at an opportune moment that nephew David, aged sixteen, roguishly ushered the two callers into the sitting-room. Miss Priscilla was conscious that scarlet vied with russet in her face, and that the tight twist at the back of her head was stuck full of knitting-needles.

Introductions were hurried over, and the Doctor took his leave, feeling very guilty, and very much afraid of the severe glances which the gimlet eyes were boring into his soul. The moment he left the room, however, Miss Priscilla darted after him.

"So that is your widower, is it? And a pretty time of day to bring him here, without so much as a word of warning!"

The Doctor lingered for no further reproaches, but shut the front door behind him with the utmost dispatch, while Miss Priscilla ran up stairs to arrange her toilette, leaving Mr. Hayden and her cousin together.

As it was a day of blunders, and the Fates had matters in their own hands, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Hayden had made a mistake at the outset—the trifling mistake of supposing Mrs. Pillsbury was the lady of his love.

"I am glad it was not the other one," said he to himself, complacently; for Mrs. Pillsbury's comely face and plump little figure did certainly contrast very favorably with the grimness and angularity of "the other one." There was not the shadow of a doubt in Mr. Salmon Hayden's mind that the lady with her hair full of knitting-needles had left the room on purpose to give him an opportunity to express his sentiments. There was no time to be lost, he thought; for she might come back again as suddenly as she had gone.

"I am a poor, bereaved man," said he, trying to get a view of the sole of his left boot, "ahem! as I suppose my friend the Doctor has told you." Mrs. Pillsbury looked up sympathetically.

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Hayden."

There was a tear in her eye, which was very encouraging to the poor stammerer.

"Yes, a poor, bereaved man," repeated he, in more assured tones; "and really, Madame, a word of condolence from *you* is worth a great deal to me—worth more than you can think."

Mrs. Pillsbury looked up again, and this time with innocent surprise. It was not really clear to her why her sympathy should be so especially valuable.

"You have a feeling heart, Madame."

"I hope I have, Mr. Hayden; but your lonely condition must touch *any* one, I am sure. I always thought a house must seem utterly desolate when a man goes home and finds motherless children in place of his wife."

Mrs. Pillsbury, as she spoke, looked up into the eyes of the bereaved with such tender pity that his heart leaped with a great bound toward his gentle sympathizer, instantly taking her into its empty corner.

"I don't know how to thank Dr. Ellsworth enough for the favor of this introduction," said he, gratefully. "I suppose you understand the object of my visit upon this occasion, and are willing, I hope, to receive my attentions with a view to marriage? I suppose, too, you must understand that I must wish to hasten matters as fast as is convenient to you. I am all ready now, and I hope you will name as early a day as possible."

So saying—the mind of Mr. Hayden reverting to the old days of his first courtship—he took Mrs. Pillsbury's pin-cushion of a hand in the most affectionate manner—the very hand which ought at that especial moment to have been frying fritters for its impatient owner, her husband. Impatient, sure enough; *for* before Mrs. Pillsbury, in her amazement, had time to speak, or even draw back, the opposite doors opened, and from one came the voice of Mr. Pillsbury, inquiring, with conjugal freedom, if supper was nearly ready. Then he stepped over the threshold, and stood in dumb surprise, just as Miss Priscilla appeared in the other doorway.

"Sarah Matilda! my wife!" was all the astonished husband could utter; while "Mercy on us!" fell from the pursed lips of Miss Priscilla like a quick storm of hail. Which was the most astonished one of the party it would be difficult to say; but the first to regain equipoise was Sarah Matilda.

"An apology is due to Mr. Hayden," said she, with ready tact. "He has mistaken me, an old married woman, for my cousin, Miss Danley. Priscilla, he has asked for my hand, and I refer him to you for an answer."

"Yes, yes," gasped Mr. Hayden, with as good a grace as he could command. "A natural mistake, ladies; and I hope you'll excuse it, Miss Danley, I mean Mrs.—Mrs.—"

"Pillsbury," suggested the outraged husband, severely.

"And I sincerely hope"—faltered the father of six, with an appealing glance at the spinster's top-knot of steel-colored ribbon, which protruded from each side of the tight twist like a two-edged sword—"I sincerely hope, Miss Danley, it will be so you can overlook this little blunder, and take me for—for better or worse."

"Tea is ready," said Miss Priscilla, without bending her head; "walk out and sit down with us, Mr. Hayden."

This invitation looked propitious. If the lady had been offended beyond all hope of reconciliation she would not have asked the enemy out to tea. Mr. Hayden's India rubber spirits had suffered collapse on account of his innocent mistake; but they inflated and rebounded as Miss Priscilla spoke.

He watched her, sitting upright before the little Japan tray, pouring a stream of tea as nearly as possible at right-angles with the nose of the tea-top; and thought within his own soul that this "other one" would rule his house better than the sympathetic Mrs. Pillsbury, on whom he had wasted five minutes of hopeless and unlawful adoration. Yes, he was satisfied that the happiness of his future life depended upon one short word from Miss Danley's decisive lips, which as yet had only opened to ask her guests if they would take sugar and cream in their cups.

Miss Priscilla did not for a moment forget the proprieties of the occasion; but, while she was acting her part as hostess with the strictest decorum, her mind was busy with thoughts of the future. Should she, or should she not, accept the horny hand of Salmon Hayden, and with it the six responsibilities which romped around his hearth-stone?

There was Sam—that was Priscilla's brother—he had a wife, just now gone visiting—she usually was gone visiting—and eight children. Was it Priscilla's duty to stand forever over those children with a towel, a cake of soap, a darning-needle, and a pair of scissors? She had done it thus far ever since Sam married that incapable Hannah Lovejoy, and do it she might to the end of the chapter, and who was there to thank her for it? Six was not as bad as eight. She could take these six into her own hands as no maiden aunt might dare, and there would be only an irresponsible, easy-going man to say, "Why do ye so?"

Miss Priscilla considered and considered. As for the mistake Mr. Hayden had made in addressing Mrs. Pillsbury instead of herself, it did not weigh a feather with the sensible Priscilla. It only showed what an absent-minded, flighty man was the Doctor, to risk the possibility of such a blunder. If the distracted Salmon had made love to Sarah Matilda he *supposed* he was making it to Priscilla; so pray what was the difference? It is not best to "split a hair from west to northwest side," and Miss Danley never wasted time in such puerile employment. She had been weighing this matter of marriage ever since the Friday before; and now that she had seen the bridegroom expectant she had no particular fault to find with him, except that he would talk with his mouth full. She considered and considered; and before the pile of fritters had quite sunk to nothingness Mr. Hayden's prospects had risen in inverse proportion. Miss Priscilla had decided that he would do to sit at the foot of the table at which she should preside as head. She would as lief pour tea for him as for any man she knew; and being a woman who did what she had to do in the shortest space of time and with the fewest possible words, she soon made the ecstatic man acquainted with the state of her heart; whereupon he smiled like the sun after a shower, and immediately called together all the scattered rays of his affections, and beamed down upon her tropically.

After supper Mrs. Pillsbury stepped into her cousin's place once more. Not, as before, in the affections of her suitor, but this time more acceptably in her work of clearing away the table and overlooking Mrs. Sam Danley's eight children, who, from oldest to youngest, inherited their mother's incapacity; "Hannah all over," as their Aunt Priscilla often said, with a discouraged sigh. And thus Miss Danley had time for a little necessary conference with her elected bridegroom in the parlor. A season not wholly lost, for Miss Danley always carried a ball of yarn and a crochet-hook in her pocket, and many was the tidy and the yard of edging that had grown out of such odd minutes.

"I hope," said Mr. Hayden, with the impatience of a householder rather than of a lover—"I hope you won't keep me waiting long."

"Nothing to wait for, as I know of; I was never one to dawdle. When there is any thing to be done, do it, say I," returned the intended bride, making a rapid calculation of the necessary time for the preparation of a state dress and bonnet, with the inevitable contingencies of washing, baking, and ironing thrown in.

"Tuesday," said she, with a reflective thrust of her hook into the heart of a tidy, already predestined to cover Mr. Hayden's best rocking-chair—"Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday—yes, well—two weeks from to-day is as early as I can arrange to leave here. There are the dresses to finish for the children, and I have promised to make some bottles of sarsaparilla and cordial for grandmother; and then there will be some little things for myself. Yes, to-day two weeks, we will say; and you can call again about next week on Wednesday; there may be something to talk over. I shall not expect you more than that once, for I shall be very much engaged, and it must be just the busy season with you."

Thus, in her practical way, Miss Priscilla took at once the family reins, which she held with a firm hand ever after. As a housekeeper, a wife, and a step-mother, she showed herself all she had been recommended, giving Mr. Hayden no reason to regret that his momentary admiration for any lady but herself proved to be only a blunder.

DRUDGERY.

THE most enthusiastic eulogist of work will scarcely pretend that it is a blessing to those in whose case it has degenerated into drudgery. Drudgery does not produce happiness or beauty of character. On the contrary, its tendency is to mar all that is fair and lovely in the most cultivated natures. And it is astonishing how quickly, in these days of passion for exhaustive performance, labor degenerates into drudgery. There are certain laws of the proper and the becoming in respect of work, as in respect of every other condition of existence, which we can not violate without forfeiting our happiness. Our work must be suitable, or at least not strongly repugnant, to our tastes and capacities. Race-horses must not be yoked for plowing, nor should geese be set in high places. Lamb and Clough were not content in their red-tape fetters. Little men should not undertake big tasks, nor should large-minded men allow themselves to be turned into machines and propelled along a groove. Our work, too, must be moderate, not rushing into excess. Even when its object is noble it may be excessive in amount, and may so overwhelm us as to crush or stifle that fine spirit which should lurk within us, and, like certain unsuspected atoms in Sydney Smith's salad, should "animate the whole." Lastly, our work should,

like our diet, be varied. Not that we ought to sacrifice excellence to that other modern idol, Manysidedness. We ought to try to do some one thing well; and we ought to take care that that one thing is a good thing. But we ought also to avoid narrowness, and that want of sympathy which is the besetting weakness of professional men, experts, and all who have a specialty; which is the more dangerous in proportion as our work has a tendency to be mechanical, and which therefore often reaches its climax in the case of permanent Government officials. If we neglect these and other reasonable precautions, our work will soon become drudgery; and drudgery, even if it does not make us absolutely miserable, yet destroys the bloom and grace of life. We shall be deluded if we think that work under such circumstances will bring happiness. Rather we shall feel an anguish which is far greater than the misery of idleness.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

THE worthy mayor of Norwich, at the opening meeting of the British Association, told a little anecdote which I will give you. It seems that, when crossing the Channel a week or two ago, some trifle among his belongings attracted the attention of a fellow-passenger on board the steamboat. After a few remarks came the natural inquiry, "Where did you get this from?" "Why from Norwich to be sure," was the reply. "Norwich! where's Norwich? You'll excuse my ignorance; I only left New York some few weeks since, and I have never been in England in my life." This of course drew from his worship, the mayor, a good deal of information with regard to his native town; and as probably a few of my readers may know but little about it either, and as it certainly is a fair and fine specimen of that class of old east of England Cathedral towns, I think I must dwell upon it a little.

It is of Saxon origin, and has been more than once totally destroyed. In 1004 Sweyn, King of Denmark, razed it so completely to the ground that not one stone was left standing on another. It has, however, survived sieges and changes, fire and water, and shows more traces of its ancient origin than almost any other town. Every street is narrow; London Street is the principal one as far as shops go; and here on Saturday—market-day—all the world and his wife assemble. Farmers of course come for business; and the county people, who make it a rule to come too, get through a vast deal of shopping, and have many pleasant meetings among themselves into the bargain. Country-town life in England is a dull one—an occasional ball, a concert now and then when some of the brilliant metropolitan stars condescend to visit them, an archery meeting, and a few formal dinner-parties are the chief excitements. The lawyer, the doctor, the prosperous manufacturer are the reigning monarchs of the domain; the county folks—the land-owners, that is—keep to themselves and consider the town folks without the pale of their acquaintance. Norwich differs in no way from its neighbors in these respects. Small interests, small rivalries, and plenty of small gossip abound.

You get as good a view of the quaintness of the town from the Gentlemen's Walk, as it is called, as any where else. This Gentlemen's Walk is a kind of general promenade when the town is full. On the one side are some of the prettiest shops, where books, photographs, and French wares and the like are sold; on the other the market-place, backed by the Guild-hall and a row of tall, irregular houses. Anciently this market-place was the Magna Croft of the Castle, a cross stood in the centre, erected in the reign of Edward III., containing a small chapel or oratory; this was, however, taken down in 1732. Now the scene here, especially on the evening of a market-day, is worth seeing. The poultry, eggs, vegetables, etc., are sold under covered stalls, lighted as night comes on by large stable-lanterns, which shed weird gleams on every thing; the poor people seem to prefer the evening for buying, and the scene is a busy and bustling one. If the market-women only wore a pretty, picturesque costume, as they do often on the Continent, instead of the ordinary, shabby, colorless English dress, the effect would be even prettier. The Guildhall adds a good deal to the picturesque aspect of the market-place. It occupies the site of the old Tolbooth, and was completed in 1413. In the Common Council Chamber here Queen Elizabeth was entertained at a magnificent banquet when she visited the city. The exterior is very curious, made of black flint, arranged in triangles, and here and there are square panels with the remains of shields and supporters of bluff King Harry's period; within the Council-room too there is a great deal of furniture of that reign. Treasured in one of the smaller apartments here are some curious vestiges of old times and old customs when municipal processions were more imposing spectacles than they are now. Snap or dragon, which used to be carried before the mayor on his election, is shown to the curious visitor. It is a large basket-work frame, covered with painted cloth to resemble a dragon, and big enough to contain a man, whose business it was to snap the jaws of the creature as he walked. Accompanying Snap were the whifflers, men clad in curious picturesque dresses of red and white, who flourished their whifflers or short swords as they went in front of the procession.

From the market-place, as almost every where throughout the town, you see the Castle—or rather all that remains of one of the finest old Norman castles in the country. All that exists now is what was originally the keep or donjon tower, the last resort of the besieged, on the east side of which is Bigod's Tower, a mere ruin. The keep has been refaced, and is kept in most perfect repair, as it is used now for the county jail; and several times within the last century the black flag has waved from its summit, and the shedder of his fellow-man's blood has paid the last penalty of the law on the top of the Castle Hill. Now, public executions are abolished in England, and all criminals for the future will be hung within the walls. The view from the front of this Castle, on which the dying eyes of such criminals must have often rested, is one of the prettiest the county affords; the town in the fore-ground, and in the distance a wide expanse of very picturesque country. In front of the confines of the jail a weekly cattle-market is held on Saturdays.

Norwich Cathedral is not one of the largest in the land, but it is certainly one of the prettiest. The interior is cruciform, consisting of a nave, side aisles, north and south transepts, choir, and chapels. The choir is exceedingly handsome, and the richly-carved oak well worth seeing. It is unhappily placed, with the grand organ, in the middle of the nave, which is much to be regretted as it contracts the building so very much. Among the most notable tombs are those of Sir William Boleyn, grandfather of Anne Boleyn, Sir Thomas Erpingham, who built one of the grand old gateways leading to the Cathedral, and Sir Thomas Windham, a Privy Councilor of King Henry VIII. I have no space now to dwell upon its many beauties and its many histories; every tomb, every stone has its own tale to tell. Here, where Chancellor Spenser finds his last resting-place, the Dean and Chapter formerly demanded payment of their rents; there, through an aperture by Rudolph Pulvertoft's inscription, the ancient custom of "watching the sepulchre" was performed. Old customs have passed away, and Norwich flourishes in the present through its manufactures, shawls, crape, paramatta, and the like. I must now bid it farewell for a while and turn to my other budget of news, though this is the time of year when news is scarce even in the papers; and the *Times* itself permits the public now and then to ventilate their own particular grievances or hobbies through its columns. In the many and varied retreats to which the London world have betaken themselves, the tidings which come from the great metropolis are not such as to make them anxious to return thither. There is a strike among the cabmen, as inconvenient a proceeding as can well be imagined. The grievance is, that certain cabs are allowed the privilege of taking their stand at the various railway stations on condition that they submit to the regulations the railway companies impose. The cabmen's cry just now is, "No cab monopoly"—viz., that this privilege should be open to all. How it will end it is impossible to say at present. If it brought about a change or improvement in the cabs generally it would be a consummation devoutly to be wished. At present a London cab is as small, unsightly, dirty a conveyance as can well be imagined. They are licensed to hold four persons, it is true; but when so occupied, these four unlucky mortals are wedged as closely together as cattle in a railway van. The bottom of these vehicles is mostly covered with straw, which on a wet day becomes most damp and dirty. The windows open and shut with difficulty, and have no attempt at blinds, so that on a hot day, with the sun pouring in, they are almost unbearable. The velvet which covers the seats is generally faded and worn from constant wear; and the seats themselves (at all events those back to the horses) are so polished that people whose legs are not of the longest are continually slipping off. The drivers are a weather-worn race of men, clad in old, much-mended garments. If I have not succeeded in bringing before my American readers a picture of as dreary a vehicle as can well be imagined, I have failed in my description of a London cab. And for this we pay sixpence a mile, and sixpence for every extra passenger beyond two for the journey. For a better article I am sure the public would gladly pay more, especially ladies, who patronize them necessarily a great deal, even those who have carriages, though they are by no means improving or suitable for pretty toilettes.

The *cause célèbre* of Mrs. Borrodaile and Madame Rachel, to which I alluded in a previous letter, has just come to a satisfactory conclusion, Madame Rachel having been sentenced to five years' imprisonment with hard labor. Nothing could have been more amusing than the scene in court during the proceedings, especially when Mrs. Borrodaile gave her evidence. A vainer or more flippant witness has surely rarely ascended the witness-box. The charge against the prisoner was, that she had obtained money from the prosecutor under false pretenses. This the evidence scarcely proved in a legal way. A great deal of money had changed hands, but it was by no means shown why, or for what purpose, it was used, save that Mrs. Borrodaile applied to Madame Rachel for certain cosmetics, etc., which were to make her "beautiful forever," and that for these she was to pay some £1000. A pretty good sum, considering that these cosmetics had certainly not had the desired effect, though the prosecutor evidently possessed a quantity of golden hair; and she offered one of the barristers present to take off her bonnet, and show that it was all her own. With all this complicated story Lord Ranelagh's name was somewhat unpleasantly mixed up. Some of the money which changed hands was, it seems, intended for him. Mrs. Borrodaile being possessed with the idea that she was about to marry him, and having only seen him once, imagined that she was engaged to him, writing him a variety of letters, and in return receiving some rare specimens of amatory correspondence, which his lordship positively denies ever having written. The mystification altogether is so complete that, notwithstanding the long trial, no real light has been thrown upon the mystery. Mrs. Borrodaile has passed a good deal of her life in India, and has really lived in good society, and her daughter, who is considered an heiress, has married well. Lord Ranelagh is an unmarried nobleman, whose name has attained before some celebrity with regard to womankind, as well as Volunteers. He is tall and thin, and nearer fifty than forty, and is at present High Sheriff of Norfolk, where, at the recent assizes, as elsewhere, whenever the occasion permits, he appears in the gray and silver uniform of the Middlesex Volunteers. Some year or two ago he was bound over to keep the peace toward a certain Captain Norton, who, if the charges brought against him were true, richly deserved almost any thing his lordship might inflict on him. One of the Brighton hotels was roused one night by the piteous cries of a young lady, an acknowledged daughter of Lord Ranelagh's, whom he was endeavoring to introduce into society, and when the cause of this outcry was investigated, the said Captain Norton was accused of having grossly insulted the fair damsel, for which offense his lordship naturally vowed vengeance. The scene and excitement in the hotel is better imagined than described.

The Queen is now in Scotland, safe once more in her own domains. The Prince of Wales, it is said, is to pass the winter in Egypt; whether the Princess accompanies him is not yet announced. If he carries out all the arrangements which have been talked of for him he will have enough to do. A visit to Copenhagen and to Greece is also on the tapis.

Patti is singing at Homburg, Baden, etc., as charmingly as ever. At the former place the King of Prussia threw her a bouquet the other night. Indeed, the furore in her favor is as great as ever, both with crowned heads and peasants.

ARDERN HOLT.

SEA-SICKNESS.

If your enemy is a bad sailor, shake hands with him when you land, for you have been revenged in watching him at sea. Of all dismal ills, the dismalest is sea-sickness. Let a man break his leg, he will lie in bed with no desire to die. Let him lose his arm, or catch the small-pox, or get bloated with the dropsy, the desire to retain life is ever with him. He will live while he can. But let a man be sea-sick, and life grows an intolerable burden. He will gaze over into the depths of the blue wave with a yearning to set his stomach to rest beneath it. Can any thing be more morbid than the expression of his eye? what more suggestive of suicide than the color of his cheek? How he hates every body! The officious steward, not unmindful of some prospective fee, who bobs so untiringly about him with a mop and a basin, he loudly execrates between the gulps of his ever-recurring meal. He smells a distant cigar—there is a flavor of death in the hideous odor—ah! what would he give to be on shore again. There is something so awful in the going up of the vessel; and something so abominable in the going down. It is a rising that seems only to carry one's head with it, leaving it in the air, horribly giddy and confused. Then follows the slow sinking—a movement that seems to subvert the whole anatomy of the body — thrusting the stomach into the throat — the heart into the feet—while the head is left still up in the air, dazed, yellow, emptied. How a man envies the bow-legged steward, who seems as incapable of being upset by the jerk of the steamer as if he were one of those china figures with round bottoms which you may sometimes see in the toy-shops. How cheerily he thrusts his mop about; how gayly he answers to the choked and distant cry of "Steward!" How astonishing to watch his steady progress along the heaving deck, his arms full of basins and his complexion as unpaled by the proximity of the horrid vessels as if each cheek were an apple!

A DAY'S NUTTING.

See Illustration on page 840.

How well that day do I remember—
The fairest of a fair September!
At early morn a merry set
Around the breakfast-table met.
At each strange dress the laugh went round,
For we on nutting jaunt were bound,
And so in roughest garbs were dressed,
That suit the brambly thicket best.
Breakfast soon over, in a crack
Each of the men-folk on his back
A satchel slung, filled, as befits,
With medley picnic requisites.
A loving octave, in firm grip
Of a most close relationship,
Were we—four youths and maidens three,
With aunt as Dame Propriety;
And, every one with crook in hand,
We sallied forth, a gleesome band.

An ample space of brightest green
Gardens and river spread between,
There lay our path. Then o'er a stile,
Along the roadway for a mile,
Across a rustic bridge or two,
Our destination full in view,
And, richest meadows being passed,
Reached Farmer Skinner's woods at last.
Steep slanting to the river-side,
Facing due south their acres wide,
Rightly they were the owner's pride;
For hazel-nuts and filberts too
Here to luxuriant fullness grew.
Our bourne thus reached, with joyful cries,
Eager to clutch our long-sought prize,
We through the fringing bushes broke,
And laughter hundred echoes woke.

The woods we roved, now deep in shade,
Now bursting into sunny glade;
And ever as the treasures spread
Of the plump hazels overhead,
Around, about us every where,
How to begin was all our care;
Embarrassed by our riches, we
Felt first a strange cupidity;
Craving the many fingers' use
Of hundred-handed Briareus.
But, as in life one's duty lies
In doing what's before his eyes
Promptly, and with such means as he
Can bring to bear on it, so we
Soon settled to our pleasant spoil,
Nor wished for helpers in our toil.
No milksop dainty ones were we,
But to our task stuck valiantly;
And crooks were plied with busy skill,
And satchels soon began to fill.
Some bent the loftier branches down,
Well laden with their clusters brown,
Of far-extending full-grown trees,
For gentle hands to pick at ease.
And we by this time were subdued
Into a hush of quietude.
At times a bird unloosed his throat,
And gave one sweetly-plaintive note;
Sometimes a laugh at awkward fall,
The stumbler loudest of us all,
As bough, released, with quick rebound,
Would lay one sprawling on the ground,
Rang with strange shrillness through the wood;
Then all was brooding solitude,
Except a note of glad surprise
As choicest filberts met the eyes;
And save the soft, incessant rustle
Of boughs as we with quiet bustle
Full quickly turned them to bare poles,
As their ripe treasures fell in shoals.
Ere long huge heaps of woodland spoil
Stood the proud trophies of our toil.

So, as the day was at its prime,
We thought of resting for a time,
And from our pleasant labors steal
An hour to take our noonday meal.
All hands struck work; and round we went
In widening circles, deep intent
To find some space of open ground
Where best to dine; this soon was found—
The very place—bright-green and level,
Fitted for pixies' gayest revel;
Round it half looped a crystal brook
That elsewhere headlong passage took,
But dallied round this cozy nook.
Here on white cloth were duly spread
Meat pasties, fruit, and piles of bread,
With viands delicate and light
For ladies' daintier appetite.
Round these we promptly took our place,
Hap-hazard, and fell to apace.
At length, our hunger somewhat stayed,
With choice nick-nackeries we played;
And luscious blackberries, the last,
Ripened, it seemed, for our repast,
That from close-neighboring bushes we
Gathered while lolling lazily,
Blent (food for gods) with clotted cream;
Our thirst we slaked from nearest stream.
Soon fell we into easy chat,
Which swayed at will from this to that;
And, cracking jokes and nuts, one said,
"Why toil as for our daily bread?
We've nuts enough to fill a dray;
I vote we pick no more to-day."
"Agreed!" was each one's ready cry—
"Agreed!" was echo's prompt reply.
So a delicious afternoon
Was spent in talk, with many a tune
Sweet interspersed, and echo rang
A blithe refrain to all we sang.

The sun, by this time sinking, threw
Long shadows eastward; so we knew
'Twas time to gather up and go;
But first we rambled to and fro
A little in our new domain,
For eye and ear new joys to gain.
Sometimes, quick-darting, squirrels whisked
Above our heads; and rabbits frisked
Around us freely every where,
Thick as the leaves they kicked in air.
The woods their voices had renewed,
And sparrows twittered, ring-doves cooed,
The thrushes, blackbirds, linnets plied
Their throats as in the sweet spring-tide;
And faster still their song-shafts flew,
More tremulously tender grew.
Down the steep hill we quickly went,
Startling the birds in our descent,
By many a zigzag course that wound
Easily to the lower ground;
And, having gained our picnic nook,
Each youth his satchel gayly took,
Big with our spoils. The ladies too
Had all some trifling task to do.
Then echo many times repeating,
More plaintive each our farewell greeting,
Sank at the last to one low knell.
And faltered out a sad "Farewell."
So homeward we retraced our way
In the pale flush of dying day.

NUTTING.—[SEE PAGE 839.]

Fall Bonnets.

Fig. 1. — Bourbon hat of gray felt, with round crown and narrow depressed brim. The trimming consists of a frill of lace, which covers the brim, and is completed by a rose with buds and leaves, and a small veil fastened behind with flowing barbs.

Fig. 2.—Fanchon of tulle and black lace, trimmed on the side with a cluster of daisies with velvet petals and frosted leaves. Purple satin bow, tied behind, under the chignon, and lace mantilla caught together with a cluster of daisies.

Fig. 3.—Maria Theresa bonnet of pink crape, trimmed with a bunch of feathers of the same shade, and finished with a mantilla of pink tulle and blonde. Small pink satin bow, with long flowing ends, set on the top of the bonnet.

Fig. 4. — Black velvet toque, edged with satin, and trimmed with a black feather lying along the side.

Fig. 5. — Mexican blue velvet fanchon of the small Empire shape, encircled with a wreath of leaves and berries, arranged around the frame, and forming a cluster on the front of the bonnet. A black lace barb falls over the chignon behind, and is crossed in front and held by a spray of blue velvet flowers.

Fig. 6. — Patti hat of bronze straw, encircled with a wreath of large Sultan red roses, and held on the head by a ribbon tied behind under the curls of the chignon.

FALL BONNETS.

Street, Home, and Children's Dresses.

Fig. 1.—Dress with double skirt of gray poplin, for girl from 10 to 12 years old. The trimming consists of bias folds of blue silk. High waist, cut square in front, and worn over a tucked Swiss muslin chemisette. Blue silk sash and parasol.

Fig. 2.—Dress with double skirt and Marie Antoinette fichu of brown poult de soie, trimmed with bias folds of brown satin. Tucked Swiss muslin chemisette; straw hat, trimmed with heron's plumes and brown ribbon. Brown parasol.

Fig. 3. — Suit of white duck, trimmed with black worsted cord, for boy from 6 to 8 years old. Leghorn hat.

Fig. 4.—Dress with double skirt of white alpaca. The under-skirt is embroidered with black silk; the over-skirt is trimmed with a band of Scotch plaid silk, surmounted by narrow black velvet ribbon. High corsage and close sleeves. White parasol.

Fig. 5.—Dress with double skirt and paletot of green and black striped silk. The trimming consists of a narrow flounce and bows of the same material as the dress, and bias folds of green satin. Sash and bows with long, rounded ends, bordered with a flounce.

Fig. 6.—Dress with double skirt of light gray poplin, trimmed with lilac silk. Brussels straw hat, trimmed with lilac silk, flowers, and lace girdle. Lilac parasol.

STREET, HOME, AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

COMMON-SENSE IN FASHION.

ALL theory scouts the dominion of fashion as baseless, while all practice bends to it. It is of no use to ignore it; it can hardly be worth any woman's while to resist it; but it need not be allowed to tyrannize every where, and it is mere folly for every body to attempt to keep pace with it. Its proper function seems to me to be like that of rules in a game of skill, to give scope for ingenuity in observing it. Were there no succession of fashions, dress would sink to a mere mechanical repetition of established models. Whether this would be a moral gain or not it would clearly destroy half the interest of the spectacle. That interest is equally destroyed when mere fashion is allowed to decide every thing, as it is in too many instances. You know the fashion, and can, therefore, predict such a one's dress.

The more remote any part of a woman's dress is from her own personality the more completely it may be abandoned to fashion. Thus, the shape and length of a skirt, the choice of a flat trimming which does not alter the outline of the figure, such extraneous adjuncts as muffs, parasols, fans, etc.—all these things are the mere prey of fashion, and the variations which it may work in them are mostly too remote to disturb the stamp of individuality. But when fashion creeps up to the sleeves and the cut of the body of a gown, its influence must be more jealously scrutinized—grave individual exigencies may begin to encounter it here; and when it comes to a question of hair-dressing, the whole expression of the face being at stake, fashion should be almost the last consideration to be admitted, although even here it should never be ignored. Coloring also should always be determined rather by the permanent characteristics of the wearer than by any variations of fashion. Another rule always to be borne in mind is, that personal inclinations rank above fashion. No woman of fine moral sense would wear what she herself felt to be distinctly ugly in mere deference to fashion. Personal inclinations are to fashion what the individual conscience is to public opinion — much influenced by it, but reacting upon it, and paramount while opposed to it. The eye is so much affected by habit that the sense of ugliness rarely long withstands a very strong current of fashion; and when the sense of ugliness is lost the reason for holding out is gone; but it is almost morally important that as long as it exists it should not be outraged. It can rarely even seem necessary to do so, for there are few fashions which may not be adopted in moderation, and so discreetly adapted to the taste of the wearer as to become fresh sources of beauty. And in the course of its revolutions, fashion every now and then develops really beautiful forms, which it would be well if we could in some way stamp with public approbation, so that they might be saved from the lot of oblivion.

The last caution which I should wish to impress upon students with regard to fashion is the necessity of taking a sober measurement of the degree in which one really either can or ought to dress fashionably. To make snatches at occasional fragmentary bits of fashion when one's purse does not allow of the whole wardrobe being kept up consistently to the same degree of novelty, but would amply suffice to keep one neat and fresh in the style of a few weeks or months ago, is simply to throw away the substance for the shadow, and to make one's unavoidable deficiencies doubly glaring. Also, it must be remembered that fashionable dress is as unbecoming in a lady living in a quiet, unfashionable society as the attempt to look like a lady is in her house-maid; though it is very likely that she severely condemns the latter error, while she has not strength of mind to refuse her connivance, at least, at her dress-maker's attempts to make her commit the former.

In turning to the subject of *convenience*, we emerge from the enchanted grounds where invisible powers exercise their mysterious authority, to the plain light of common-sense and reason. That sleeves intended to be worn at meal-times should be so constructed as not to dip into dishes; that outdoor gowns should either be short or capable of being shortened; that bodies and skirts, having different periods of existence, and needing to be occasionally packed up, should be separable; that gowns to be put on by human creatures should have their fastenings within reach of the human hand; that hats should be light and shady, parasols for a variable climate large enough to serve as a shelter both from sun and rain; that cloaks should be water-proof, and winter petticoats made of stout colored stuff instead of white cambric: all these obvious truths have recently dawned upon the minds of this generation, and it is much to be hoped that we shall be able to retain our hold of them. The hope would be more consoling if the records of past fashions did not bear testimony to the extraordinary eclipses which such truths have formerly undergone.

WHAT IT COSTS TO LIVE.

DEAR BAZAR,—I am a young married lady with but little or no experience in household matters; my husband's salary is $1600 a year.

I wish to live within his income, and to economize as much as possible. Can you give me any information as to how to begin?

Of course I have to dress as well as the majority of ladies who are said to be "comfortably off," my husband's position requiring such.

Is there any work published that would assist me in my endeavors?

Hoping to hear from you very soon, I am

Yours sincerely,

"YOUNG MATRON."

The first suggestion we would make to "Young Matron" is that she should get rid of the notion that she has "of course to dress as well as the majority of ladies who are said to be 'comfortably off.'" What does such a notion imply? Simply this, that "Young Matron" thinks she is obliged to dress not according to her own income, but the expenditure of others. While she persists in clinging to this absurd idea, we can not understand what her husband's salary of $1600 has to do with the questions she asks us; unless she supposes that we have some secret of necromancy to impart to her by which her hundreds may be turned into thousands. The prevailing extravagance is so great, in this latitude at least, that if "Young Matron" must dress like "the majority of ladies who are said to be comfortably off," there will be very little of the sixteen hundred dollars of her husband's salary left after the settlement of her annual bill of dry-goods and sundries. What does "Young Matron" think of $1000 *per annum* as a yearly allowance for dressing the daughter just "coming out" of a family "comfortably off?" We are assured that this is considered quite a moderate sum to expend in a twelvemonth for the requisite dry-goods suitably to set off a respectable New York damsel. Indeed, there are many young girls yet in their teens to whom a thousand dollars would seem a scant allowance, for when that sum was lately proposed to an expanding belle we know of she answered, "It might do provided mamma would start her with a good outfit."

If "Young Matron," as we advise her, will be unto herself a law, and not subject herself in dress or any thing else to the will or rather the caprice of the majority, she and her husband will be able not only to clothe themselves decorously, but live comfortably on their sixteen hundred dollars a year. There are a great many things we might enumerate that she can not have for that sum; but they may all be dispensed with without damage to respect of self and friends, comfort, health, and life. It is certain that "Young Matron" can not long live with her husband on a salary of $1600 a year in a house at the rent of 500 or 600 dollars a month, keep half a dozen servants at $15 or $20, expand in *paniers* of rustling silk, and drape herself in lace and cashmere. She can, however, realize her youthful dream of love in a cottage, somewhere in the suburbs, at $300 a year, water and gas complete; supply her table daily with an abundance of substantial beef and pudding and sundries for two dollars a day; do her own work up stairs and down, which will cost 0 all the year round, and have $500 or so left. Out of this sum there will be enough for annual calico for the wife and broadcloth for the husband, with something to spare for the welcome of little consummations of love in a cottage—to be naturally expected by young matrons—and other small luxuries.

"Young Matron" seems to think that her "husband's position" makes it imperative upon her to dress expensively. His "position" where? we would ask. Surely not with Jones, Smith, & Brown, whose sense of the security of their greenbacks is not likely to be strengthened by seeing their clerk's wife spreading her *paniers* of silk across Broadway. It is her own "position" our "Young Matron" must allude to, and what is this worth? just the cost of the dry-goods she puts on her back, and no more. If she must persist in trying to hold such a position at any expense, she must make up her mind to her husband's loss of his; and the next question we shall have to answer for "Young Matron" will be: "How can I live on nothing?"

Our correspondent asks for reference to some book. We commend to her as the most impressive works on the subject, and the most likely to teach people *How to live within their income*, the "Records of Bankruptcy" and the "Police Register," which are filled with striking illustrations of the crime and ruin which inevitably result from living beyond one's means.

NUMBER FORTY-FIVE.

A SULTRY, listless afternoon in midsummer, and I, Susan Fenton, spinster, hot, languid, and tired of life, lying on a lounge thinking of nothing and fretting at every thing. The whites of my eyes—I am a brunette—had not been milky white, as they should be, for a fortnight, and when I had thoughts they were bilious-hued thoughts. Life had been deliciously sweet to me once or twice; and I myself had been, as all women are, enchantingly beautiful for an hour or so; but all that was long ago, and now I felt I was growing old, my hair would soon be thin, and my teeth, that were so good for cracking nuts, would come out; and—why, already chits that I had taken out to walk with me when I was shy about meeting Edwin and Jack and the rest of them alone, and yet did not wish to be interrupted, were having Edwins and Jacks of their own, and were by no means inclined to return the compliment and invite *me* to walk out with *them*—though, perhaps, but for that creamy shade in the whites of my eyes I might have found comfort in the reflection—I should lack for partners some day, no doubt, and for bouquets, and all that sort of thing. True, I was heartily sick of them all long ago, and had had the love-in-a-cottage fever desperately bad, and never got it wholly out of my system; but one must dance and smile and live when one is an "Old Maid," you know. So I lay on my lounge, blue, moist, bilious, and careless if "school kept or not."

"Where is Number Forty-Five?" demanded a rich voice, a man's voice, rolling the *r's* and separating the syllables in such manner that our Irish maid, of whom the question was asked, was fain to have it repeated.

"Indade an' its nowhere about here, I'm sure," was her answer, kindly spoken.

"Is not this Washington Street?" with an indescribable broadening of the *a*. Yes, it was Washington Street, and no more was said; but a man's light, quick step, not hurried, and perhaps not so much light as elastic, went creaking past the shuttered window through which his voice had reached to me. To me? Yes to my very innermost soul, to the very depths of my heart. The heat and languor had gone as if never to return.

Katie went back to her work wondering what language it was at all that the stranger spoke—and I put my hands over my eyes, as if so doing could shut out from my ears the ring of the accent I knew so well, that I had ached to recall, although I had heard it only from one person before, and that was—oh, ages on ages ago! This was a rich voice, certainly, and clear; and that other, though rich and clear too, was sweet and low; deep, yet ringing, like "sabbath bells a long way off," and took my heart from me before ever my eyes had seen the speaker's face; yet unlike as the voices were, they spoke with the same sweet accent, and my heart—not my every-day heart that you see upon all occasions, but that other kept saved for Sundays and high holidays—sprang like a prisoner suddenly got loose upon his jailer, and held me, trembling, quivering, without voice to cry for help, in its desperate grasp.

There is no Number Forty-Five in our Washington Street; that is to say, Number Forty-Five is a vacant lot, which fact I knew Katie's interrogator would soon discover for himself; so I went out on the porch that I might see him, when having gone to the end of the street, which is only a little beyond us, he should retrace his steps. I did not wait long for his return: a stout, middle-aged, middle-class man, in fresh broadcloth, rugged and ruddy as Americans never are—there was no doubting the man that owned the voice. Even if I had not heard him speak I should have known his country from his face, for it was the "representative face" that I had seen in a hundred paintings—rugged and ruddy, I said, but no redder blood, though of a coarser flavor, than that which glowed under the bronzed cheeks, and once, *twice* (never-to-be-forgotten times!), burned on the forehead, white as a blonde maiden's, that I knew. Emphatically—if any face so unmarked can be called *emphatic*—a common face had this passer-by, though foreign, and that other, its features would hardly have seemed too large for a girl; but how in the street, in the cars, every where, people turned, looked, and bowed down to the quiet eyes and the chiseled mouth, that told, even when smiling—and how they could smile—they would carry their owner right to the stake if need were. But both faces had taken their first look at heaven under the same far-away skies; so I stood by a pillar of the porch, and watched the stranger as he came toward me, with nothing of disappointment or irresolution in his step; speaking hopefully and kindly, as if Number Forty-Five were but a yard away, to the child whose hand he held, a girl of ten or so, whose hot dress, large hat, and most of all, whose meek, patient, unasking, uncomplaining expression, such as all the Old-World children have, made her look even more foreign than her companion. As they came near, their eyes, hers dark and wistful, his blue and curious, met mine fully, and did not drop as long as they did not need to turn their heads in order to see me—very likely there was that in mine which did not rebuke the gaze.

Straightway I built a romance for the two, father and daughter, as they undoubtedly were. They had likely just arrived in our "sweetest land beneath the sun," and I could not rid myself of the fancy, born of I know not what, that they were seeking not home, money, liberty, or any of the usual bubbles that bring foreigners by the thousand to our shores, but some *person;* and my man, for all his commonplace air, was not the one to be easily discouraged. I could see that by his undaunted manner as he turned back the weary length of Washington Street after the vain search for Number Forty-Five. He wasn't the man, either, to come all the way to America for a purpose and make a mistake in a given number—don't ask me how I knew that, be satisfied that there was no question about it. Number Forty-Five he had been told, whether in ignorance or with design, and now what was he to do? What did he feel? Where would he go? I asked myself a thousand questions, I thought of a thousand things as I stood on the porch after they had passed out of my sight; but most of all, I know not why, I could not help thinking of weak, wandering women, blushing maidens, happy wives fairly wooed and won once, now blind to the old love and wild for something new, who have left home and country and their good name, mad for love or some passing fancy misnamed love—of a "brief happiness" or a wild emotion that passed for such, then desertion, remorse, misery, poverty, illness, desolation, death. Number Forty-Five would have been a tenement-house had it been a house at all, just such as that to which such a woman would finally sink; and my stranger, commonplace, well-to-do, unsentimental as he seemed, and doubtless was, was just the one to cross the dividing ocean—twenty oceans if need be—find, and save her. There would be no scene, you may be sure, should he succeed: supper for himself, a bed for the child, a doctor and some broth for her—all in the same matter-of-course way.

There are a few notes, a flat, dark photograph full of hollows and lines such as *I* never saw on a human face, of an officer in United States uniform, some tarnished gold-lace, a scrap of MS. poetry, and a few such trifles that I keep—to burn some day. I did not look at them that night—where would have been the good of it? and how could I? But that heart that had got out of prison, that maniac that had burst open the door of his cell, clamored for the brown eyes, the bonnie, bonnie brown eyes, dear eyes, tender eyes, smiling brown eyes that showered such delicious love on mine in the grand old days before the key was turned in the prison door. I used to feel the answering light come dancing to mine all the way from my heart, such light as I can never bring to my eyes now, however recklessly I flirt with Edwin and Jack and the rest of them. I used to feel the blushes, joyous blushes, long before they rejoiced his eyes on my happy face; they would come at a look of his, at the sound of his voice—that sweet, sweet accent, you know—and never came without a welcome from him, you may be sure; but they come no more, though I pinch my cheeks, or Jack or the others talk folly to me by the hour.

Now I am hot and impetuous, I like fiery words and blows to correspond; but his was the white kind of heat that speaks mildly and does not seem inclined to strike at all. Perhaps it does not strike, but it lays its hand ever so gently on its foe, and no blows that ever were given are half so avenging as that consuming heat; but I was younger then, and did not know this; I wanted an outburst, and when none came I became possessed of a terrible fear lest I had been deceived—had deceived myself, and that he did not love me. Perhaps he did not; no *man* ever gives up the girl he loves who has once shown love for him. Stung by this terror I crushed my heart into silence and spurred my pride into speech; cold, angry words, an answer kind and gentle, and all was over. I never saw his face again, I never heard his voice again, I never heard his name again; I knew of him only that he was lost to me, that all, all was over. I fancy my soul grew to look like the children you see sometimes in alms-houses—they hardly seem human, they are so lean, so pinched, so hollow-eyed, so ravenous and hungry-looking; but if so, my body showed no sign; there was still enough of it to give my soul a habitation, and that is all our bodies are made for, is it not?

I tell you all this so that you will understand why I watched the strangers, not in themselves especially attractive, with so much interest, and why I spent the long summer twilight thinking of old times forever gone, and wondering what fate or fancy had crossed my path with these foreigners. It did not occur to me they might have been an innocent couple looking for board, or come to pay a visit to some country cousin. I could not divest them of a certain romance, and over and over again I wished I could know whom they were seeking, and where that child would rest her tired head that night. We are told the world is full of romances; there was a love-story under the grim looks of the sour-faced wearer of the black bombazine, you know, and why not here? But sleep came to me at last, and tender dreams of the bonnie eyes, looking up to heaven under what skies, north, south, east, or west, who could tell me? And oh! who could tell me if looking up at *any* sky? But if only for those happy dreams they had not crossed my path without a purpose.

Now, my little dears, who are so kind as to read my story, listen to me and take a word of warning from me: whatever else you do, never say that there is *one* thing that you will never do; for, mark my words, that is the very thing that of all things you will be most sure to do. If there was one thing more than another that from babyhood up I most despised, it was indecision; decide on something and stand by it, had always been my rule; "unstable as water" my judgment upon those for whom I had the most thorough contempt, and, of course, I was to be punished for it. I was to learn that indecision in a weak mind is to indecision in a strong mind as the bubbling of a brook to a storm-tossed ocean. Spite of the one night's happy dreams, it was an ill day for me when that sturdy foreigner rolled his *r's* and broadened his *a's* so near my window. I had been nourishing a wholesome, well-behaved, perfectly commendable affection for an excellent gentleman, young, rich, handsome, brave, and good—in every way just suited to me, who had for months honored me with his exclusive attention, and what purpose could it serve that these memories should be stirred up again? The Captain had come and gone, he had had the first flowers of my garden, perhaps; but in reality we know the first flowers are only prized because they are the first, and could never hold up their heads, pale violets and shivering crocuses, if they came in the time of roses; he had gone and there was the end. I almost hated these foreigners, and the more so when I became convinced that they were boarding very near us, so that I could not go out without meeting them; and they never met me without the same look into my eyes that I had noticed in the beginning, and oh! I did so love their language! There was a struggle between the present and the past that whatever else it did, bade fair to hopelessly wreck my future. I saw well all the folly, knew well all the madness of lingering near that child, smiling on her as I passed, giving her flowers for the sake of the sweet "thanks" that would send me on my way with a tingling in my ears, and a pleasure so keen that it was pain, or else pain so thrilling that it was pleasure in my heart. I knew it was folly, but still I lingered, still I drew her to me, still I was mad to hear her speak. And evidently the child dearly loved me. Her father, when he was at home, always kept her in sight and hearing even when I spoke to her, but he never addressed me himself, the lines are so firmly drawn in those old countries. "I will give him a touch of New World independence," I said to myself one day, and taking Jessie's hand, I went toward him, as he sat on the steps of his boarding-house. He arose instantly, independent but respectful, and showing no surprise. "I should like to take Jessie home with me," I said; "the dearest friend I ever had came from your country, and has made that land very dear to me; for that alone I should love the language she speaks, had she not herself won my heart." I am afraid the last phrase was a little bit of a story, but it was the natural ending of the sentence.

"You are very kind to my lonely child," he said; I have often wished that I might thank you."

"Will you trust me? May she come to me?"

"I am proud to have her with you," he answered, courteously; and Jessie and I thanked him, each in her way, and from that time out she was daily with me. Clarence came and went, tender and thoughtful for me as ever, brought Jessie toys and candy, and little dreamed of what she was to me a symbol. She was a quiet child enough, no care to any one; not shy, but undemonstrative; if at times some word, or name, or unconscious allusion—so like—so like—let loose a flood of memories upon my heart, and I would catch her in my arms and passionately kiss the lips that blessed yet tortured me, she would take my kisses quietly, making no return, and when my hold loosened slip gravely from my side; yet I was sure she loved me. "It must be their way," I explained to myself, and the Captain's quietness, that I had lately called indifference, became more comprehensible to me. No childish sports for Jessie; even picture-books aroused but slight interest; but she would listen all day if one would tell her stories, and she was always happy in her staid, reserved way if I gave her work to do—stringing my buttons, sorting my silks, or putting my ribbon-box in order. She could talk, too, in a quaint manner, doubly odd in so young a child, of the great ocean, of the steamer in which she came out, of people who had noticed her, and now and then, not often, of some one at home; but never a word, could I have stooped to seek it, of her father's mission here. She was born with a full share of Scotch caution, in comparison with which, as we all know, a stone-wall is an irreclaimable babbler. She was once with me for a whole week, night and day, while her father was away on business, and a weary week it was to me. I was not used to children, and she often put a restraint upon my thoughts just by her presence, and prevented, for she was constantly with me, any thing definite from Clarence, to whom alone I now looked for escape from the confusion and distress of my divided heart; if he would only *force* me to love him! I sighed to myself, forgetting, or trying to forget, that force was not in his nature; but when most I felt little Jessie as a restraint I compelled myself to remember that she was a forlorn little stranger—motherless, brotherless, sisterless—all alone but for me; and my heart was not so hard but that at the thought I would put aside my dreaming, draw the child to me, and, however weary work it seemed, tell her the stories that were her greatest delight. But I no longer loved her gentle accent, it only irritated me, for it was ever reminding me that it was *not* that which I had known of old, and, honest truth to tell, I was not sorry when her father came for her at last, and, taking her hand from me, said, not entirely without emotion:

"You have been very kind to my poor, motherless child, that never felt a tender woman's

touch but yours, ma'am. May you be rewarded for it!" At which I felt ashamed, as at receiving praise not my due. "All her life," he added, "the lassie will be the better and the sweeter for having known you these few days. You'll remember that when she is gone, and perhaps it will repay you."

"It will, indeed; but I hope to do more for her before she goes—in truth, I have not commenced yet. I hope it will be a long time before she goes away from here."

"I do not know," he answered, and said with hesitation, and as if surprised at his own communicativeness. "My business in this country is almost finished, I think; and if it ends as I hope it will be a good day for the people over yonder."

"I am glad to hear that," I answered, not knowing what else to say.

"I do not know yet, it may be all a mistake, but I have hope," he said, and, taking Jessie's hand more decidedly, raised his hat and was about leaving, when once again he grew communicative: "I may know to-morrow, if so we shall leave at once; if ever Jessie seems likely to forget to pray for her benefactress she shall be reminded."

The next morning Jessie came to tell me all was happily settled, and they should leave that evening or the next morning; and then I began to realize how much I had grown to love the little thing, who now, excited by the thought of going home, became for the first time since I had known her a real child. She laughed, she almost danced, and talked almost by the hour, a thoroughly childish babble, new names, new delights springing up from every part of her talk until my head ached at the meaningless, monotonous flow, and the shrill, childish treble.

I sat a long time putting up some presents for her, and for those whose names had been oftenest on her lips, not forgetting a cake for "Jamie," a new name; some one who was to return with them, and for whom I judged the fatted calf was to be killed; for now I divined that "Jamie"—adventurous laddie, and no worn consumptive!—had been the object of the sturdy foreigner's resolute search. I sat a long time putting up little trinkets for her to give her friends, for I was trying to understand for what purpose these people had crossed my pathway, or I theirs, for it could not have been without a purpose, surely; but I could make nothing of it. "It must be that I am to be rich some day, and when I die I am to leave my money to Jessie; so she will be able to marry the one she loves, and enjoy the happiness I have missed. It is for this she has been sent across the ocean to win the old maid's heart, or whatever there is left of it," I said at last.

And, truth to tell, this was not all: Clarence, who was swinging her on the lawn now, was bewitched by her as much as ever a grown man was by a child—not in love, of course; she was too young for that; and I do not think his heart was at all free, but bewitched by her as by some little pet sister. "Good-by, dear, sweet accent!" I said, as the time grew near for her father to come for her. "Good-by! shall I ever, ever hear it again? Yes, perhaps; but when it comes again I shall be a hopeless old maid, or somebody's dutiful wife. If I die soon enough Clarence may make Jessie his second wife, and so—good-by!" And if the tears worked themselves up to my eyes was it strange? I was saying farewell to the last link that bound me to the golden past—the farewell I was not permitted to say to it. "I will marry Clarence, and be a good wife to him, and never again shall the old romance leave its prison; nay, I will destroy it altogether to-night." And so resolving—and I knew I had strength for the resolve, and would be happier keeping it—I rose to meet the foreigner, as I still must call him, whose step I already heard on the gravel-walk, coming to take Jessie home for good and all.

Poor Jessie! how I should miss her! How I hate partings! I could hardly turn to greet her father, who was just raising the curtain of the low, open window which we used as a door, saying:

"I beg your pardon; is Jessie here?"

How I ever did turn I do not know, for it was not the voice that had asked for Number Forty-Five, but, unless I had passed into another world, the voice that I had given my heart to ages on ages before. Then slowly, like people walking in their sleep, our eyes never moving nor changing their fixed gaze, we approached each other and took up the silver cord just where it had been hacked at years ago, and the first words that were spoken were the three that should have been said then; the music of the sweetest accent on earth filled my aching ears with joy unutterable; the red color and the loving light came back again as gayly as of old; and never, I think, while life shall last, can they fail to come at his bidding.

When, long afterward, a light step and a child's shrill voice were heard, and I drew my hand from his, I was hardly surprised to hear Jessie say, smiling up to Clarence who looked sadly and tenderly down at her: "This is Jamie come for me, and he is going home with us to-morrow."

"No, not to-morrow, nor to-morrow, nor for any to-morrow until you, my darling, go with me," he whispered.

There is a stout, middle-aged, middle-class man who has a right to feel greatly aggrieved; at the supplication of anxious friends he came to this country, and sought day and night for a young gentleman who had contrived to make nearly every one fear, if they could not believe, he was dead, and when at last he found the long-looked for youth, was forced to travel back without him! It *was* hard, I own, and, if any thing *could* happen without a reason, would make it seem certain that his had been a useless chase; but he does not seem to think it such, and I have never wondered, since that night, why Jessie and her father came across the ocean to find NUMBER FORTY-FIVE.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF NAPOLEON I.

IT will always be the chief pride of Ajaccio that she gave birth to the great Emperor. Close to the harbor, in a public square by the sea-beach, stands an equestrian statue of the conqueror surrounded by his four brothers on foot. They are all attired in Roman fashion, and are turned to the west, as if to symbolize the emigration of this family to conquer Europe. There is something ludicrous and forlorn in the stiffness of the group—something even pathetic, when we think how Napoleon gazed seaward, westward, from another island, no longer on horseback, no longer laurel-crowned, an unthroned, unseated conqueror, on St. Helena. His father's house stands close by. An old Italian waiting-woman, who had been long in the service of the Murats, keeps it and shows it. She has the manners of a lady, and can tell many stories of the various members of the Bonaparte family. Those who fancy that Napoleon was born in a mean dwelling of poor parents will be surprised to find so much space and elegance in these apartments. Of course his family was not rich by comparison with the riches of French or English nobles. But for Corsicans they were well-to-do, and their house has an air of antique dignity. The chairs of the entrance-saloon have been literally stripped of their coverings by enthusiastic visitors: the horse-hair stuffing underneath protrudes itself with a sort of comic pride, as if protesting that it came to be so tattered in an honorable service. Some of the furniture seems new; but many old presses inlaid with marbles, agates, and lapis lazuli, such as Italian families preserve for generations, have an air of respectable antiquity about them. Nor is there any doubt that the young Napoleon led his minuets beneath the stiff girandoles of the formal dancing-room. There, too, in a dark back-chamber, is the bed in which he was born. At its foot is a photograph of the present Prince Imperial sent by the Empress Eugénie, who, when she visited the room, wept much at seeing the place where such lofty destinies began. On the wall of the same room is a portrait of Napoleon himself as the young general of the Republic—with the citizen's unkempt hair, the fierce fire of the Revolution in his eyes, a frown upon his forehead, lips compressed, and quivering nostrils; also one of his mother, the pastille of a handsome woman, with Napoleonic eyes and brows and nose, but with a vacant, simpering mouth. Perhaps the provincial artist knew not how to seize the expression of this feature, the most difficult to draw. For we can not fancy that Letizia had lips without the firmness or the fullness of a majestic nature.

The whole first story of this house belonged to the Bonaparte family. The windows look out partly on a little court and partly on narrow streets. It was, no doubt, the memory of this home that made Napoleon, when Emperor, design schemes for the good of Corsica—schemes that might have brought him more honor than many conquests, but which he had no time or leisure to carry out. On St. Helena his mind often reverted to them, and he would speak of the gummy odors of the macchi wafted from the hill-sides to the sea-shore.

SWITZERLAND IN WINTER.

WINTER is always present with the traveler in Switzerland, even under the glowing August sun. The ice crowns of the Bernese Oberlands never melt; and their silver beauty under the red shimmer of the rising and setting sun, or their fairy forms under the full moonlight, is one of the most glorious of the changing scenes offered by Nature among the Alps. Often during the hot afternoons, when an almost drunken lassitude exhales from the meadows, heavy with flowers, and the more distant fir forests, a refreshing coolness wafts down from these ice regions, whose everlasting winter has been consoled by the sunrays of centuries, whose aspect in the midst of the summer world possesses something so contained, so rejoicing, and pure, and whose liquefying snow-springs feed the waterfalls rushing among the ravines, often so hidden with underbrush as to be invisible, but still always heard like the hollow resounding of Time.

But winter has also a frightful aspect in Switzerland, up among the glaciers, the ascent of which has already demanded so many offerings—so many human lives—drawn on by their secret grandeur, and now lying thousands of feet below, launched over the cliffs into the abysses, as the Sphinx hurled the wretched man who could not unravel its riddle. On approaching this grand solitude, having left behind the smiling valleys below, one asks himself how it is possible that the winter—the real winter, from October to April—could add any thing to the desolation where the whole year was such a winter as this.

But it is nevertheless possible. In winter the tinkling bells of the flocks are no longer heard sounding merrily from summit to valley; the cows are no longer seen feeding on the patches of green-sward that glitter like emeralds among the silver glaciers; and no herdsmen or peasant women, with bouquets of Alpine roses in their hand, break the monotony of the solitude that reigns every where around. Then even these last signs of life disappear from the higher Alpine world; then it is still and noiseless here; even the trickling of the water is no longer heard; for the Frost catches the waterfalls, and rivets them to the rocks as they fall. Then it is lifeless—not even a bird ventures into the snowy atmosphere, and only here and there, in two or three hospitals, man and his faithful companion the dog still remain, sheltered behind a rampart of stakes and straw, in order to rescue a wanderer or to bury the dead.

But winter is the time of rest for the Swiss villages which nestle at the foot of the cliffs. In summer half the village is empty; for the herdsmen and flocks are above on the declivities, where are produced the milk and cheese, the chief produce of these regions.

Our illustration gives a picture of winter on the Rosenlaui. The pines are covered with snow, and the ground glitters with ice. In summer it is a beautiful spot—a charming resting-place for the traveler on his way from Meyringen to Lauterbach or the Wengern Alps: but now no one would willingly seek this pass, through which the freezing blast whistles and moans so drearily. But what matters this to the villagers? In the earthen stove in the cottage a comfortable fire is burning, and in the stalls is abundance of straw and hay for the cherished cow. Life is happy enough here for them, even if they are far from the world without. How much these men and women have to love!—their children, their servants, their cows, and the mountains—and these are all with them; and in the mean time the winter passes, the ice melts, the meadows grow green, and the pines send out new shoots, while the Alps again resound with the merry sounds of life.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE new oxygen gas-light, about which so much interest was manifested a few months ago, is to be introduced into some parts of New York as a matter of experiment. A laboratory is to be erected, and by the middle of November consumers may be supplied, unless some unexpected obstacle arises. In brilliancy and cheapness this light is said to be altogether superior to any which has hitherto been in ordinary use. It is stated that a double set of pipes are placed throughout Booth's new theatre on Sixth Avenue, so that advantage may be taken of this oxygen light when it is fairly introduced into the city.

Subscription books for the relief of the sufferers by the recent earthquakes in South America have been opened by a number of prominent persons in this city. Whatever is received will be forwarded to the Peruvian Minister at Washington, and be sent to Peru and Ecuador according to the directions of subscribers.

A "Matrimonial Office" has been established in San Francisco, under the control—according to the advertisement—of a lady of "discretion, mature years, and conscientious principles." A California paper remarks in regard to the "concern:" "It is our candid opinion that a fellow who hasn't got nerve enough to do his own 'courting' would make a poor apology for a husband; and a woman who can't get married without resorting to a 'Matrimonial Agency' for aid had better be allowed to 'paddle her own canoe.'"

The scandal-monger does not require much capital to start business. A rumor was recently spread abroad that a highly respectable citizen of San Francisco had left town in company with a young lady twenty-two years of age. The gossip was only silenced by an authentic statement that the respectable citizen was an undertaker, and that the young lady was dead. Akin to this is a story circulated in the papers not long ago, that a wealthy elderly gentleman of Portland, Maine, had "gone off" with a young lady about eighteen, leaving a wife and several children at home. It was very true. The old gentleman had taken his eldest daughter with him to visit friends in Boston.

Some enterprising young people in the vicinity of the city of Boston have announced their approaching marriage by sending to their friends envelopes containing *eight* cards each. First the individual names of bride and bridegroom, *two* cards; then their joint title after marriage, *three;* the reception, *four;* ceremony at church, *five;* name of clergyman, *six;* ushers, etc., *seven;* times of special trains to and from Boston to accommodate guests, *eight.* Is this a reaction from the custom of "no cards?"

In the old Roman times fancy and poetry entered even the kitchen. It was not thought out of place to have the kitchen-walls covered with pictures in fresco, to have a marble floor, and utensils of the finest bronze lined with gold and silver. "It might be a pleasant pastime," remarks a facetious writer on the subject, "to broil on a gridiron whose silver bars represented the ribs of a skeleton fish, or to fry in a silver tortoise or in a huge, terrible spider. To boil water in an elephant's head, and to pour it through the trunk for a spout, might be rather entertaining." Perhaps modern ladies would enjoy domestic avocations more if some of the expense of the parlor was transferred to the kitchen furniture.

Are our sidewalks designed to be mere storehouses for goods belonging to private individuals? Such seems to be the case in certain parts of our city. There are not a few streets where no regard is paid to the convenience of pedestrians; they may go into the middle of the street, or clamber over the boxes, barrels, trucks, and impediments of all kinds, which block up the sidewalk, just as they please. Those who are at work, filling up the public thoroughfares with bales of goods, seem to regard it as too great an act of courtesy to give a thought or look to the convenience of passers-by. If they can crowd through, at the risk of life and limb, very well. If the ordinary sidewalks must be used exclusively for bales and boxes of goods, let us have an extra plank of two for people to walk upon.

In connection with this topic we are reminded of an incident. The other day a lady was walking along the sidewalk of a certain street where some building had been recently erected; and there are several similar streets in our city just at present. She happened to have on a new silk walking suit, though that fact does not affect the real character of the act we are about to speak of—it is only an incidental circumstance which will awaken the sympathies of our lady readers. Suddenly the lady felt a shower of clammy drops which besprinkled her from head to foot. In amazement she looked up. A careless painter, perched upon a railing attached to a building, had shaken his paint-brush over the sidewalk. That was all! And so little did he think or care about it, that when some observer called out, "You've spoiled the lady's dress!" he never stopped his work an instant. As to the lady—bottles of benzine, ether, and turpentine, procured from the nearest druggist, failed to restore the dress to a respectable condition. The new suit was ruined.

An English antiquarian, who really must have been in pressing want of occupation, has found that between the years 1276 and 1419 the most fashionable name for girls was Joanna, or Joan, and that after that the following names, in their respective order, were considered most desirable: Cristina, Isabel, Matilda, Juliana, Alcson (now Alice), Lucy, Pernel, Agnes, Idonia, and Avice.

Dr. Holland, writing from Scotland to the Springfield *Republican*, remarks: "Loch Katrine is a beautiful lake, but no more beautiful than a thousand lakes to be found in the length and breadth of America. The Highlands are picturesque and fine eminences; but there is nothing about them more beautiful than about those one sees from the steamer's deck, as he sails up Lake George."

A young couple were recently married in the Gothic chapel of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. It is reported that during the ceremony, attracted by the Bengal lights, all the bugs and insects in the cave congregated about the bridal party to witness the marriage.

It is dangerous nowadays to be the possessor of beautiful hair—*real* hair, growing on one's own head, we mean. A story comes from abroad of two young Parisians who went to spend Sunday in the country with their lovers, and having enjoyed themselves through the day, were seen safely home. But they both had beautiful hair, and the next morning they found it had been cut off. Another young woman, possessing a like treasure, was assaulted at night in her own room by a false lover, who announced that he had come to "shear" her. While he was cutting her tresses the police, attracted by her cries, arrived, and rescued her.

Professor Augustus Matthiessen, F.R.S., in his lecture on "Alloys" and their uses, before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, declares that no two metals are known which do not dissolve when in combination and acted on by water.

A wealthy lady, living in the country, went to consult a celebrated oculist, complaining that her power of vision was diminishing. The doctor perceived she was a lady of wealth, so he looked at the eyes, shook his head, said there was reason to fear amaurosis, and advised her to move to the city, where he could see her daily. She followed his advice, and days ran into weeks and months, but the cure had not been effected. The patient devised a scheme. She disguised herself, and, in poor clothing, visited her physician, waiting, as other poor people did, in the ante-room. "Very bad eyes, doctor," she said, when at length admitted. The doctor took her to the light, looked into her eyes, but failed to recognize his patient. Shrugging his shoulders, he said:

"Your eyes are well enough."

"Well?" she said.

"Yes, yes; and I know what I am saying."

"But I have been told that I was getting the a—a—forgot how it is called."

"Amaurosis?"

"Yes, that is it, doctor."

"Don't you let them make you believe any such nonsense. Your eyes are a little weak, but that is all. Gracious, Madam!" stammered the physician, as the lady suddenly revealed her identity by changing her voice and removing her uncouth bonnet. No apologies, however, were accepted—the patient left indignantly.

To be able to speak one's own language with correctness, propriety, and elegance, is really a matter of the highest importance. "Does she speak English well?" was an inquiry made, abroad, respecting a lady whose position at home it was desired to ascertain. For vulgar speech betrays, if not a vulgar origin, at least vulgar associates; whereas a correct pronunciation, a proper choice of words, and a gentle tone of voice and inflection, universally produce a favorable impression. Still, people who are not gifted with those acquirements must be very cautious about what they do. A person's natural phraseology, even if incorrect, is better far than affectation. Unusual turns of phrase and fine words unnecessarily dragged into a commonplace conversation are simply ridiculous, especially as they are very likely to be misapplied.

London is becoming alarmed about its water supply. It is both inadequate in quantity and impure in quality. Every gallon of water delivered in London has to be pumped up from nearly the sea level to an average height of two hundred and fifty feet, and then the supply is unreliable. Immense engines consuming two hundred tons of coal per diem are necessary to raise the present daily supply of one hundred million gallons to the required level. Several schemes are being agitated for supplying this great city thoroughly and permanently with water. One scheme promises a daily supply of 220,000,000 gallons at a cost of about $55,000,000; another will furnish 250,000,000 a day for about $68,000,000. Whatever plan is adopted will involve an immense expense.

Victor Hugo and Lamartine were long ago firm friends. Madame Hugo was a French woman; Madame Lamartine was born in England; but both were deeply devoted to their husbands. When Madame Lamartine died, Victor Hugo wrote to Lamartine the following note:

"HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, *May* 22, 1863.

"DEAR LAMARTINE,—A great misfortune has befallen you. I am anxious to place my heart side by side with yours. I venerated the one you loved. Your high mind sees above the horizon; you distinctly perceive the future life. It is useless to say to you 'Hope.' You are one of those who know and wait. She is still your companion, invisible though present. You have lost the woman, but not her soul. Dear friend, let us live with the dead.

"Yours, VICTOR HUGO."

SWITZERLAND IN WINTER.—[See Page 848.]

BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY;

OR, THE

Adventures and Misadventures of Robert Ainsleigh.

CHAPTER XIII.

I BEGIN MY APPRENTICESHIP.

"WHAT devil's work is this?" I cried, drawing my sword, and looking toward Everard Lestrange, who stood at some distance from me, and very close to the door, as if anxious to secure a convenient retreat.

"Oh, Robin, they told me 'twas your wish to marry me!"

"And the desperado draws his sword on the prettiest girl in Bucks!" exclaimed Everard Lestrange; "was there ever such a savage?"

"It is upon you that I draw my sword, liar and traitor!" I gasped. "Your life or mine shall answer for this night's work."

"I decline to cross swords with a—"

Before the foul word could pass his lips I sprang toward him with uplifted hand, and should have struck him across the face with my open palm but for Philip Hay and the parson, who clutched at my arm, and held me off by their united strength.

"What a fire-eater this foundling of my lady's is!" cried Mr. Lestrange, with his languid sneer. "But why all this outcry? The wife we have given you is young and pretty, and 'twould only have served you right if we had tied you to some wrinkled harridan of the town. True, 'tis not the lady to whose hand and fortune your insolence aspired; but it is scarce six months since you swore you were ready to marry this one at a moment's notice, if her father could find her for you."

"I offered to marry an honest woman," I answered, "not your cast-off mistress."

My foster-sister sank to my feet with a stifled groan. God help us both! I had but hit the mark too well.

"No; 'twas my other mistress you wanted, with twenty-five thousand pounds for her fortune. You were welcome to my mistress—when I had done with her."

"Devil! Will you fight me in this room—this moment?" I cried, huskily.

"No; I will fight you neither here nor elsewhere, neither now nor at any future time, for a reason which I hinted just now, and which you need not force me to state more broadly. You are no mark for a gentleman's weapon.—Hold the fellow tight, Phil Hay; I have but a few words to say, and am gone."

"Let me go, Hay!" cried I; "why do you obey that scoundrel?"

"Because he is paid to obey me, as ma'amselle yonder has been paid for her part in the comedy. Do you suppose a man of the world like myself was to be ousted and cheated by your bumpkinship, without trying to turn the tables on you? I saw how you were playing your cards from the day we came to Hauteville. Your father was my father's rival, and it was natural to me to hate you. And you, my lady step-mother's beggarly foundling, must needs come between me and the girl that was betrothed to me. A pretty gentleman indeed to steal my mistress! I saw through your artifices, and when you came to London took care to place my spy upon your track."

"What!" I roared, shaking myself free from Philip's grasp.

"Yes, Mr. Simplicity; your chosen friend and boon companion is my led-captain, Mr. Hay, a gentleman who has been in my service for the last five years."

"Oh God, what a dastardly world!"

"Forgive me, Bob; thou'rt the best fellow I ever knew, and I love thee with all my heart," said Hay, with a strange softness in his tone; "but I am a scoundrel by profession. 'Tis one of the trades poor men live by, you see, and men must live."

"Yes, and vipers too; they plead their privilege to crawl and sting. Great God, this is hard!"

I sank into a chair, touched to the very heart by this hideous treachery. I had grown fonder of the man than I thought. As I sat for some moments, confounded, forgetful of Everard Lestrange, I felt a little hand thrust gently into mine. It was Margery's. The wretched girl had not yet risen from the spot where she had sunk down at my feet.

"Forgive *me*, Robin," she pleaded; "indeed I did not know it was a trick that was to be played on thee, or I would have died before I had taken part in it. He—Everard—told me it was your wish to marry me; and oh, Robin, I have been cruelly deceived, and am not so guilty as I seem. I will never trouble you, dear; you shall see me no more; and the marriage can be undone."

"Yes," cried Everard Lestrange; "by grim death! Pallida mors is the only parson who can cut the knot which my friend yonder has just tied."

"The bride was married under a false name," I said.

"Yes; but the true one is in the register."

I turned eagerly to the greasy volume that lay open upon the table. Yes, there, below my own signature, appeared that of Margaret Hawker. I remembered how my attention had been distracted while the bride was writing.

"The ceremony could not be more binding if it had been performed in Westminster Abbey. Mrs. Margery is as honest a wife as Lady Caroline Fox. Ma'amselle Adolphine will go back to her service the richer for a fifty-pound note, and will carry her young mistress the pleasing intelligence of your marriage."

"And do you think I will not carry the truth to Miss Hemsley?"

"That will depend on your opportunities. You made an engagement this evening which you may find somewhat inconvenient to you in your character of bridegroom, and which will certainly put a stop to any stolen visits to the ladies in St. James's Square."

"I made an engagement! What engagement?"

"Sure, 'twas an engagement to serve the honorable East India Company over in Bengal, and a glorious career it is for a courageous young man!" cried a familiar voice close at hand, and Sergeant O'Blagg came into the room, closely followed by a couple of ruffianly-looking fellows in military trowsers and dingy ragged shirts, while three or four others looked in from the doorway.

Before I could utter so much as one cry of anger or surprise, these two scoundrels had gripped me on either side. What followed was the work of a few moments—a sharp, brief struggle for liberty, in which I fought as a man only fights for something dearer than life, striking out right and left, while the hot blood poured over my face from a wound on my head.

I had but just time to see Everard Lestrange and the Frenchwoman rush from the room, dragging Margery with them, while a long, piercing shriek from that wretched girl rang out, shrill above the clamor of the rest; the floor seemed to reel beneath my feet, a roaring thunderous noise sounded in my ears, and I knew no more.

"IT IS UPON YOU THAT I DRAW MY SWORD, LIAR AND TRAITOR!"

I opened my eyes upon the semi-darkness of a dilapidated garret, where I found myself lying on a dirty mattress of hay or flock. The atmosphere was thickened with tobacco-smoke, and what feeble light there was came from two small windows in the slooping roof, closely barred, and festooned with cobwebs. It was the most wretched place I had ever seen, and for some time after waking from sleep or stupor I knew not whether it was not an underground dungeon in which I found myself prisoner.

I lay for some time but half awake, staring at the bare walls of my prison with a kind of stupid wonder, as if it had been a strange picture in a book which I contemplated half asleep, and nowise concerned in the matter. Then, by slow degrees, came a little more consciousness, and I felt that I was in some remote degree interested in this dreary place, and in this aching mass of flesh and bone lying on a mattress but a little softer than the ground.

I tried to lift my right arm, but found it powerless and smarting with some recent wound. On this I raised my left, which moved freely enough, but not without some pain, and felt my head, which was bound with wet rags. After this effort I closed my eyes, and was awakened presently by a faint odor of vinegar and a hand pressing a mug of water to my lips with almost womanly softness.

"Who's that?" I asked, opening my eyes.

"One who has deserved your scorn and hatred, but will do his best to merit your forgiveness," answered a familiar voice; and I saw that the face bent over me was Philip Hay's.

"You here!" I cried; "I don't want your services. I would rather perish of thirst than take a drop of water from the hand of such a traitor. Go to your worthy employer, Sir, and claim your reward."

"I have got it, Bob. When a wise man has done with the tool he has used for his dirty work he takes care to put it out of the way. Everard Lestrange promised me a hundred pounds—I have his written bond for the sum—for the safe carrying through of last night's work; but, you see, he finds it cheaper to hand me over to the Honorable East India Company. Dead men tell no tales, you know, Bob; and a man shipped for Bengal is as good as dead; for what with war, and fever, and famine, and hardship, 'tis long odds if he ever sees Europe again. Drink the water, Robert, in token of forgiveness. You and I are in the same boat, and it is best we should be friends. I was never your enemy but in the way of business, and plotted against you for hire just as better men will plot against a king. Say you forgive me, child. We are too miserable to afford ourselves the luxury of resentment. But for my care it is ten to one if your eyes had ever opened on this wretched place, and if you had not been thrust into a nameless grave by night with scarce a prayer said over your poor clay."

"I do not thank you for that," I answered, bitterly; "death would be better than to waken in such a place as this."

"Alas, I claim no thanks, Bob; I only ask you to believe that I love thee."

"Is it possible for me to think that after the way you have used me?"

"It was in my bond, Bob. You have heard of the honor that obtains among thieves. I had pledged myself to carry through this business; and then there was another inducement—I desperately wanted that hundred pounds. Egad, Bob, I could have sold my own brother for less money. Joseph's brethren did it, you know, and he treated them uncommonly handsomely afterward. Besides, I was in that reptile's pay."

"And your liberal Mr. Cave, and your history of the Amazons?"

"All purely mythological as those ladies themselves, Robert. I have done an occasional article for Cave; and I know his scrub and hackney writer Samuel Johnson—a man that talks better than Socrates, and is content to toil in a garret for the wages of a hackney-coachman. But the money I spent while I was with thee came from Everard Lestrange."

"And that account of your life and adventures with which you entertained me was as mythical as the rest, I conclude?"

"No, 'fore Gad, Bob. I gave you a tolerably true account of myself. My sins there were but of omission. I did not tell you that after leaving Mallandaine's service I became henchman and hanger-on of your kinswoman's amiable step-son, Mr. Lestrange, curse him!"

Here a thought flashed across me.

"And you have pandered to his vices, no doubt, as you did to those of your first patron. You can tell me how my poor little foster-sister was robbed of innocence and friends and home."

"In the usual fashion, Bob," my companion answered, with a sigh. "It is as common as an old street-ballad. The very staleness of the thing makes it hateful to a man of genius. But your man of genius must keep body and soul together somehow. There were all the old hackneyed promises—intentions honorable, family reasons why secrecy must be preserved—the old worn-out pleas; and the poor child was but too easily deluded. Your modern fine gentleman will swear to a lie with the easiest air in the world. Men have always done these things, you know; but there was a time when they did them with a bad grace, and were liable to be sorry afterward. Shame and remorse are out of fashion now. Mr. Lestrange carried his prize over to Paris, where he introduced her to seven other spirits worse than himself, if that's possible, and was angry with the poor little thing because she sickened at such company. In short, our Don Juan soon grew tired of your little rustic beauty.

"He would have planted her on an elderly scion of the *haute noblesse*, who wanted something young and fresh and pretty to complete the furniture of his summer pavilion near Choisy le Roi. But against this arrangement the girl rebelled sturdily; and by this time Sir Marcus had begun to urge upon his son the necessity of an immediate marriage with the heiress, who might slip through their fingers at any moment. So Mr. Lestrange hurries back to London, bringing his mistress with him, whom he hides in a shabby lodging hard by Covent Garden; and being well-informed of your movements by my agency, he sees that his case is somewhat desperate, and that only violent measures can serve him. Whereupon he buys over the French maid—a deceitful, abandoned creature, always ripe for treachery—and plans the agreeable plot to which you—and I, worse luck!—have fallen victims."

"And that forged letter, on the strength of which Sir Marcus was so quick to condemn me? I make no doubt you could give me some enlightenment on that subject."

"Well, yes, I have heard of the forged letter. Sir Marcus Lestrange is a diplomatist; and it is just possible he played into his son's hand. Be sure he never relished the notion of your inheriting the bulk of Lady Barbara's fortune, which it is likely you would have done had father and son not succeeded in blasting your character. They have done their work pretty well this time, and may congratulate themselves on a rare success."

"But do you think I shall not tell my own story, and denounce their hellish stratagems, when I escape from this place?"

"Yes, friend Bob, *when* you escape from durance. God grant you and I may live to see the day that sets us at liberty; but I fear me my hair and yours too will be white as silver when that day comes."

"What!" I roared, "do you mean to say that in a Christian land, in this free country, of whose liberty Englishmen boast so loudly, they can make us as close prisoners as if we were clapped in some underground cell of the French Bastile, by virtue of Madame Pompadour's *lettre de cachet?*"

"I mean to say that the crimping sergeant into whose jaws I introduced you—more shame to me for a treacherous scoundrel!—will swear to an engagement between both of us, which latter turn of fortune but serves me fairly for my wickedness. He will hold us to an engagement never made, Bob—for the difference between crimping and kidnapping is only a distinction of words—and we shall be kept in this loathsome hole with the rest of those unlucky wretches whom you see sprawling yonder, until the Honorable East India Company are ready to draft us on board ship secretly somewhere down the river, and keep us close under hatches till we are out at open sea; and then they will land us among the cobras and tigers, to defend John Company's factories, and fight the yellow-faced Hindoos."

"But is there no such thing as escape, Phil?" I asked, in a whisper, and with a glance toward one of the small close-barred windows.

"Alas, no, Bob! We are a valuable commodity; and rely on it they keep us in a strong box."

"What! and we are held in durance within a hundred yards of the Mansion House, and can find no means of communicating with the authorities?"

"Nay, Bob, our jailers will take care to prevent us. We are here in the very heart of savage London; and not that jungle to which we shall by-and-by be drafted is better stocked with foul creeping reptiles and beasts of prey. Alas, my simple Templar, thou hast heard men talk of Alsatia, but didst not know that in this civilized city there lies a wilderness more dangerous than burning Afric's sands or Agra's pathless mountains, peopled by creatures as deadly, and even more treacherous than tiger or serpent. Thou hast not heard of the ruined houses of Shoe Lane and Stonecutter Street, and the deeds that are done in the darkness behind those blind-shuttered windows. To thee Black Mary's Hole and Copenhagen House are empty sounds, signifying nothing; but to the citizen of London those names have a sinister meaning. All this part

of London is dedicated to infamy and crime; and I know not when the reforming power shall arise to sweep away these dens of iniquity. Sure 'twould take another great fire to purify them, and another plague would be scarce a calamity if it decimated their inhabitants."

"But where are we, Phil?" I asked, addressing him with my accustomed friendliness, and for the moment forgetting what reason I had to hate him. I was indeed, as he had said, too wretched to be very angry. Every other feeling was swallowed up in the overwhelming thought of my misery.

"In the next house to that where you were married. It was Mr. Lestrange made his bargain with the parson, not I. They were lies I told you about the business. My noble patron made his plans, and found the crimping sergeant, and you and I went meek as sheep to the slaughter. We fought lustily for our lives though, Bob, both of us. Half a dozen hulking wretches, armed to the teeth, surrounded us, and when you went down I had my battle for liberty. But the odds were too many against me; and when I felt my arms pinioned, and the iron rim of a pistol's muzzle unpleasantly cold against my forehead, I threw up the sponge. 'Tis little good wounding a hydra; and I saw more hulking scoundrels lurking in the doorway. I knocked under, luckily without much hurt, and with all my senses about me, while you, poor wretch, lay like a dog at my feet. They picked you up, and carried you through a passage and doorway leading from that house into this—I following. I got a glimpse of other rooms as we were led up to this, which is at the top of a somewhat lofty house; and I saw they were full of poor wretches playing cards, and sprawling on mattresses, and drinking and brawling by the light of foul-smelling tallow-candles, prisoners like ourselves. Whereby I conclude there is a house full of recruits for the Honorable East India Company's service, waiting till there is a vessel ready on which to draft them. The Company charter ships nowadays; but not long ago they did all their trading on their own bottoms."

It was quite dark by this time; and I asked my companion how long we had been in this dismal place.

"Something less than twenty hours. It was last night, or this morning at two o'clock, that we were taken prisoners. There has been an old hag in and out half a dozen times to see you. They want you to live, you see, for you are of some value alive, and dead there is the trouble of your burial. Folks have a knack of dying under this kind of durance. It is not three months since the good citizens about St. Bride's Church-yard were scandalized by frequent funerals that were performed under the cover of night, with maimed rites, and no entry made in the register. 'Twas found on inquiry that the corpses came from a receiving-house for East India recruits hard by, where a fever had broken out among the unhappy creatures. But this is no cheering talk, Bob, for a sick man."

"Death is the only cheerful thought you can give me," I answered, bitterly. "Death! Sure, I am dead. What can death do more than treachery has done for me?—to cut me off from all I hold dear; and, alas, I die dishonored, and my darling will be told I was a liar and hypocrite, who never loved her, and married another woman, scorning that sweet girl's affection. Death! 'Tis a thousand times worse than death. It is purgatory, a state of torment dreadful as the inextinguishable fires of hell. Get from the side of my bed, Philip Hay; for the first time I can lift my right arm I shall surely raise it to slay you. 'Tis by your help I lie perishing here."

"I deserve no better at your hands," he answered, moodily; "but you will scarcely care to murder a wretch so ready to die. It would be like slaughtering a rotten sheep. What have I to live for more than you, Master Robert? Toil and danger and scanty food, and death from the hand of some tawny heathen. Faith, we are in the same boat; and to fight and throw each other overboard would but be mutual charity!"

I heard a key turn, and the hag of whom Phil Hay had spoken came into the room with a candle and our suppers—a tempting banquet of mouldy cheese and coarse bread.

"If you want beer you must pay for it," she said, with an imbecile grin; and Philip threw her a shilling, for which she brought by-and-by a quart of liquor which my companion declared to be the vilest twopenny he had ever tasted.

"These places are on the model of spunging-houses," he said; "and if a prisoner has money he is made to bleed pretty freely. The penniless they must feed somehow, to keep life in the bodies which are wanted as food for gunpowder."

"I have a pocket-book full of notes," said I; "would it not be wise to spend them in bribing yonder hag?"

"Be sure you have the money before you talk of spending it. In such dens as these they are apt to be handy at picking a pocket. Your coat and waistcoat lie under your head for a pillow. The money was in your coat-pocket, I suppose?"

Yes, the pocket-book had been there, and it was gone—stolen in the scuffle, no doubt. I bitterly regretted this money, for I could not but believe it might have enabled me to buy over my jailers to my own interest; but I think I still more regretted the book, which contained those comforting sentences of Scripture and philosophy hastily scribbled by the hand of my benefactress.

"Is it my fate through life to lose every thing?" I asked. "Parents, before I had ever known them; friends and good name, and money and liberty. Did I enter this world doomed to loss and slavery; predoomed because of my father's folly? Are my teeth to be forever set on edge by the sour grapes he ate?"

Happily—and this amidst such utter misery was the solitary consoling circumstance—I had yet the locket with my lady's portrait and hair, which I had long ago hung round my neck by a stout black ribbon, and had worn faithfully every day of my life.

"Even if you had the money I doubt if it would serve you," said Phil Hay, seeing me lost in a gloomy despair. "The crone who waits on us is half an idiot, and too silly to aid you if she had the will. Our jailers are surly ruffians who would take your money and laugh at you afterward. 'Tis as well to be spared the anguish of a delusive hope. No, Bob, there is no chance for us but to serve our time out yonder, with the chance of coming back some day, if it is our destiny to escape fever and sword, and famine and shipwreck."

"What is the period? or is there any fixed period for our slavery?"

"Alack, I know not, friend. Were it the regular service to which we were bound, there are rules I could tell you; but of this irregular trader's company I can tell you nothing. It is an accursed monopoly, opposed to all laws of justice and common-sense; and its members make their own regulations. There was a sturdy endeavor some ten years since to throw open our commerce with the East to all adventurous merchants; but by specious argument and solid bribery, in the shape of a loan to government, the Company got their charter renewed, and have now a pretty sure footing in that distant world for which you and I have our places booked."

After this I sought no further knowledge. I was weakened by the pain of my wounds, and lay languid, almost apathetic, while Philip Hay watched and nursed me with a tenderness that could not but touch my heart, despite my sense of his late infernal treachery. 'Twas strange to be thus cared for by the man who had destroyed me.

I remained in this half-torpid condition for some days, eating scarce any thing, and only nourished by some very vile broth which Phil induced the hag to procure for me on his assertion that I was at death's-door, and a little brandy, obtained from the same source, and paid for almost as dear as if it had been melted gold.

Under my companion's care my strength slowly came back, and I was able to rise from my wretched pallet, wash and dress myself, and pace slowly to and fro our dreary dungeon—than which I little thought ever to inhabit a more dismal abode. Then came upon me in all its intensity the agony of despair; and never in all my after career did I suffer pangs so keen as those that rent my heart during my habitation of this loathsome garret. Cut off alive from all I loved, tortured by the certainty that the woman for whom I would have given my life must needs believe me the basest of men, there was no source, save One to which I had not yet learned to apply myself, whence I could hope for comfort.

"Dora will believe me a hypocrite and a liar," I repeated to myself perpetually; and this one idea seemed to be the beginning and end of all my misery. My noble benefactress's ill opinion, her bitter disappointment in one she had trusted, I could not yet bring myself to consider. My dear love, my plighted wife, forsaken by me without a word, abandoned to the slow tortures of domestic persecution; it was of her I thought, and for a long while of her alone. No, not alone; one lurid image glared red across the sad picture of my love's despair, and wore the shape of Everard Lestrange. I had not yet learned to entreat compassion from the Divine Judge of all mankind, but daily and nightly did I implore the vengeance of Heaven on the head of this consummate villain, and that I might be permitted to become the instrument of that almighty wrath. For a meeting with this man, foot to foot and hand to hand, I thirsted with even a more passionate desire than that with which I languished to fling myself at Dora Hemsley's feet and assure her of my fidelity. Alas, not for years were either of these meetings to take place; and here was I, at twenty years of age, prisoner in a garret, with no hope of change except that which would send me forth to eternal exile; yes, eternal; for what were the chances of future distant years to a wretch who hungered for present relief to his immeasurable woes? It was just possible that some day in the remote future would restore me to liberty and England; but could I live upon the sorry comfort of such a possibility? And I might come back to find Dora's grave, or to know that she was married and happy, and had long forgotten me. It would be the return of a ghost, not a living man, a miserable shadow of past hope and joy restored from the grave to trouble the peace of the living. Great Heaven, what an ingenious torment had Everard Lestrange imagined for the gratification of his malice! To have murdered me would have been a poor revenge compared to this hellish conspiracy, which cut me off from all that constitutes life, and yet left me to exist and suffer.

The injuries I had received in the brief skirmish that followed my wretched wedding were severe, and in spite of Philip Hay's care of me I suffered a relapse, and lay prostrate with a low fever, while the garret we inhabited received several new inmates in the person of recruits voluntary and recruits involuntary, like Hay and myself. The former smoked, drank, and played cards, with much contentment and jollity, the latter alternately bewailed their fate, cursed their captors, and joined in the amusements of their happier companions. Of the land to which we were destined to travel, most of these had but a vague and foolish notion. Some confounded the East Indies with the two Americas, others believed the great Mogul still powerful as in the days of Aurungzebe, and ruler over millions of African negroes. All had a confused idea that the Indians of Asia scalped their enemies like the copper-colored natives of Canada, that an Englishman single-handed was a match for about fifty of these Hindoo pagans, that diamond-mines and temples amply furnished with jeweled idols accessible to the greed of any European adventurer abounded throughout the Oriental continent, and that gold dust was the staple of the soil. Ignorance so complete, or half knowledge so bewildering, as obtained among these men it would have been almost impossible to conceive, had one not overheard their conversation; and I was amazed to find that a couple of fine gentlemen who had been surprised into an engagement under the influence of a tavern punch-bowl were no better informed than the tag-rag and bobtail that formed the rest of the company.

Utterly helpless though I was I could not shut from my mind all idea of escape. I questioned Philip Hay upon this subject; but he bade me at once dismiss so futile a hope from my mind.

"You can't suppose I should omit to reconnoitre our quarters," he said. "I took my survey before those fellows came in, and discovered the hopelessness of our case. If you were strong enough to climb like a cat—instead of which you can but just crawl across the room—there would be no chance for us. We are here at the top of a lofty house; below us a stone-paved yard amply furnished with spikes, and in which half a dozen soldier-fellows, with a stout bull-dog for their companion, seem to make their perpetual abode. Nor is this all; for, as your own eyes will inform you, our windows are stoutly barred; and our friends, the recruits who have joined of their own accord, would no doubt be prompt to curry favor by giving the alarm and joining against us in any shindy that might follow. No, Bob; so long as we remain here there is nothing for us but patience and fortitude. They must convey us somehow from here to shipboard, and on that passage rests our sole hope. If you see any chance of escape *then* snatch it without wasting a moment on consideration; you *can't* easily be worse off than you are, for once safely shipped our doom is sealed. And now keep yourself quiet, Bob, so that you may the sooner get the better of this foolish fever, which unfits you for seizing any opportunity that may offer."

I did not recover from the fever in time to avail myself of any chance that might have arisen between our removal and our shipment, for, within a few days of this conversation, we were suddenly aroused in the dead of the night with a summons to prepare for our journey. Our preparations were of the briefest, the wealthiest among us possessing no more than a bundle; and then, amidst hurry and clamor unutterable, we descended the steep dilapidated stair, dimly lighted by a single oil-lamp, and guarded by Sergeant O'Blagg and half a dozen private soldiers. I was hardly able to limp down stairs, leaning heavily on Philip's shoulder.

"Oh, Phil," I cried, as we went down, "I hope they won't part us!"

Yes, strange as this may seem, in the utter abandonment of my state I now clung to him who had betrayed me into this misery. In the living grave to which we had both descended his was the sole familiar face that linked me with the past and assured me of my own identity; and even the sense of this I might well have lost amidst surroundings so strange, and under circumstances so far beyond the limits of everyday experience.

Myself and two other invalids, whom I had not encountered until this moment, were thrust into a wagon, where we lay helpless upon the straw at the bottom. The wagon was then filled as closely as it could be packed with other recruits, among whom I was glad to perceive my betrayer, Philip Hay. Half a dozen sturdy fellows, in military dress, and armed to the teeth, sat at the entrance of the wagon, and kept guard over those within. My late acquaintance, the Irish sergeant, took his post beside the driver, whom he directed; and in this order (the wagon holding in all about twenty people) we rumbled along the deserted streets by many windings and turnings, which led I knew not where. I did, indeed, contrive to lift a corner of the covering of the wagon and peer out into the night, but could distinguish nothing except that the streets were dark and narrow. Chance of escape there was none, had my condition been ever so favorable to the attempt.

After a journey which seemed to me interminable, the wagon came to a stop, and we were taken out in a dreary spot down the river, on the Middlesex shore, and as I believe, somewhere opposite Greenwich, for I perceived a steeple and houses backed by rising ground, which I supposed to belong to that place. Here we had little time for looking around us, but were at once huddled into a boat, like a flock of animals destined for slaughter; and as the rowers' oars dipped slowly into the river, I could but think of that other boat in which we were all of us destined to journey, and that it might be better for most of us were we but shadows hastening to the lower world under the grim convoy of Charon. A little way ahead of us we saw the stern of a large vessel, with lights burning dimly in the faint glimmer of early morning. This ship was our destination. We were handed up the ladder, and conducted to a dismal region between decks, where we were ordered to shake down as best we might, and where an allowance of hot coffee and ship-biscuit was served out to such as had the capacity to eat. I had none, nor any inclination to stir from the spot where I had placed myself. I sat in my wretched berth staring blankly before me, with such a sense of anguish as was even yet new to me. Until this period I must have hoped, or the despair of this period could not have been so bitter to me. I listened idly to the perpetual tramp of hurrying feet, the roar and clamor of preparation above my head; and yet not quite idly, for I knew that every movement of those eager sailors speeded the ship that was to carry me from all I loved.

The sun rose as the vessel weighed anchor; and the scene between decks, as the glorious eastern light streamed in upon us through every cabin-window and open hatchway, would need the pencil of Mr. Hogarth to depict. Women and children huddled in corners, invalided wretches groaning on their narrow mattresses and cursed by the hurrying seamen whom their presence incommoded, soldiers and recruits for the most part half drunk and already bawling for more liquor, while some determined gamblers had contrived to settle to a game of cards, with the top of an empty cask for their table. On every side riot, confusion, squalor, and debauchery; while above us rose the mellow sound of the sailors' voices singing as they heaved the anchor.

"We're off, Bob," cried Philip Hay, as a loud cheer rang out from every quarter of the ship. "Good-by, mother country, and bad luck to you! No cruel step-dame ever treated her brats worse than you've served me; and I wish you no good at parting, except that you may be rich enough to provide a gallows for one gentleman of my acquaintance. Nay, Bob, cheer up; things mayn't be quite as bad as they seem. There are fortunes to be picked up out yonder by clever fellows, and who knows but you and I may have our chance? We're beginning the world like new-born babes, and it may fall out we have silver spoons in our mouths."

I turned from him, sick at heart, and flung myself, face downward, on my mattress, sobbing aloud. Yes, I had hoped until now. I had believed that some event—nay, even a miracle from Heaven itself—must befall to save me from this hapless fate; and now I knew that hope was gone, and Dora, reputation, friends, and country were alike lost to me!

And thus, for the second time, I began the world.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORA.—Get a blue and white striped silk. Gore the skirt in front and at the sides, make a panier puff behind, and cut the edge of the skirt in sharp vandykes and bind with satin. Low corsage, laced behind. Short puffs for sleeves. Over this a Watteau overdress of white Chambery gauze, falling in loose drapery from the neck. Large bow and short sash ends. White boots of silk or satin.

MRS. J. E. S.—The polonaise is more suitable for winter than a fichu. The baschlik is newer than either. Make two skirts to your dress trimmed with quilled satin of the same color. You will soon tire of garnet or blue, and they will look tawdry in the street. Blue lace is decidedly objectionable. Put fringe on the upper skirt and baschlik. Short broad sashes are still worn. For your boy of three years make cloth blouses lapped diagonally and belted. Let them reach to the knee, and be worn over a gored skirt. Plaid stockings and high buttoned boots. The Highland suit mentioned in *Bazar* No. 52 is a good style. Black velveteen skirt with white shirt and jacket are worn by boys under five years.

SACRISTAN.—You will find the information you want in the New York Fashions of this Number..

STELLIE.—Six or seven yards of alpaca will make your skirt. Trim with a flounce put on in pleats reversed at the top to form a puff. For a handsome and serviceable suit get a black silk or poplin polonaise with panier puffs or a Watteau fold. Line with flannel or quilted wadding. Any kind of petticoat, plaid, striped, or a plain color, may be worn beneath. Hat, gloves, and bow at the throat the color of the petticoat. A black straw hat, bound with black velvet or satin, with a ruche of the same around the crown may be adapted to any dress by adding a feather the color of the skirt.

MISS ALICE M.—Patterns of cloaks will be given in the next Supplement of the *Bazar*.—Coffee is generally supposed to be more injurious to the complexion than tea.—Put your velvet on the frame in reversed pleats. To subdue the high color make a quilling of black lace over the velvet diadem, and a fall of lace behind, forming strings in front. A jet marguerite on the diadem, and Renaissance bows of satin folded without ends.

BESSIE H.—You can use either, but double zephyr is preferable. If the skirt is lined with thin crinoline it will suffice.

J. E. H.—Get gray or snuff-brown cloth for your traveling dress. Steel-gray poplin is the prescribed material for bridal traveling costumes, but as you are to take a long journey the light ladies' cloth will be more serviceable. Six and a half yards double width is the quantity. Make a short dress with polonaise and cape, trimmed with bands of silk and fringe. A hat is most convenient for traveling. We do not make purchases for our readers. Your bridal bonnet should be of white or lavender velvet. The Boulevard skirts have taken the place of Balmorals. Any thick striped material, closely gored, with a pleated flounce eight inches wide, will serve for a petticoat. Gore the front and side breadths of your dress. You forgot to inclose the sample you mention. Fichu is pronounced as if spelled fe-shu. The embroidery patterns you speak of can be bought singly.

MRS. C. H. C., IOWA.—You will find full instructions for working point russe in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 24, to which we have already repeatedly referred correspondents.

MRS. K. G., TENNESSEE.—The rates of European postage differ with the countries; you can obtain the list from the Post-Office Department. We can not give you the address you desire.

DENVERS.—Warm fomentations applied with cloths wrung out of hot water are the best applications in the first instance to sprains. Subsequently, when inflammation is past, cold water may be useful, and the common practice of holding the limb under a spout of water is not a bad one.

ADA.—It is better to answer all notes and letters immediately, and there is no reason why an invitation to a party should be an exception to the rule.

YOUNGSTER.—The first thing to do is, as you presume, to speak to the hostess on entering the ball-room. As for "what to say," bow and be silent if you can't think of a suitable word to utter; but surely you need be at no loss to ask at least the usual conventional question, "How d'ye do?"

COUNTRY CLERK.—We should say three hundred dollars a year where you are would go further than five hundred in New York. It is true that success here will bring with it a larger result than in the country, but you must not forget that with the greater competition in this immense metropolis success is more uncertain.

GOURMET.—If the oyster is without spawn it is good and wholesome. The Shrewsbury is the first in market, because it lies in shallow water. As it is the first, for that reason, to spawn, therefore it is the first to fatten. Before it is fully in condition for market, and while filling its shell, it has a higher flavor. To breed oysters properly you must have a gravel bed or brush

wood to which the spawn can attach. This was very early known to one Sergius Orata, mentioned by Pliny.

"MR. EDITOR,—I have often read in the newspapers that some person in England sold his wife, with a halter around her neck, for a few shillings. Can you tell me whether this is English law, or the origin and meaning of the practice, and oblige your constant reader, SARAH."

Answer.—By the old law a husband had a right to administer moderate correction to his wife. This is also the old Roman civil law, which yet prevails in many countries. But modern England countenances no such custom; yet in some provinces the lower classes claim and exercise their ancient privileges, uphold the ducking-stool for scolding spouses, and sell them, thereby surrendering any claim against the purchaser for damages under pretense of harboring them.

INQUIRER.—The phrase is to be found in one of the epistles of the poet Young. We give two stanzas from memory:

"Few to good-breeding make a just pretense;
Good-breeding is the blossom of good sense."

FRENCHMAN.—The original name of the Bonaparte family was *Calomeros*, the Greek for the Italian *buona parte*, or beautiful part. Corsica, the birth-place of Napoleon, in the seventeenth century received a Greek colony, and the original name was subsequently Italianized.

LEARNER, HUDSON, AND OTHERS.—In Tunisian, as also in some other stitches in crochet and knitting, it requires more than one round to complete the pattern. The rounds forming the pattern, whether two or more, are called the "pattern row."

ANNA S.—Throwing the thread around the needle makes a stitch. To make one stitch, bring the thread in front merely, if the next stitch be knitted; or bring it forward and put it round the needle, if followed by a purl stitch. You will have to use your own judgment with regard to the size of the needle.

A SUBSCRIBER.—When a * is used in knitting or crocheting it signifies that the work is repeated from the point so designated.

R. J. A.—In *Harper's Bazar*, No. 42, in the article on "Netting Work," and also in the description of "Mouchoir, or Glove Case," will be found ample illustrations of the stitches, *point de toile* and *point de reprise*.

MRS. J. W. B. AND W. D. R.—You will find a full description of the Tunisian crochet stitch in the last Number of *Harper's Bazar*.

MOTHER.—Surgical operations for stammering are no longer in vogue. Much, however, can be done toward curing this defect of utterance by a careful discipline. The child should be made to pronounce each word very slowly, and his nervousness, which is often the cause of stammering, be relieved by the gentlest and most encouraging treatment. Any thing likely to startle or depress the mind of the child will be sure to increase the evil.

ETIQUETTE.—There is no more necessity for drinking wine if you don't like it than for eating onions if you have an aversion to them. The wine is now ordinarily served at dinner as a beverage, and social courtesy has got rid of the absurdity of insisting upon its being drunk. No one hardly ever asks you at table to take wine except the waiter, who serves it to you as he would a potato, leaving it entirely to your own taste or discretion to take it. No one in these days can hold fashion or social rules responsible for wine-drinking. It is left entirely to the individual to decide as to its propriety.

FACETIÆ.

SAFE OFFER.—An eminent journalist has offered a reward of 1000 dollars for a tale that will make his hair stand on end. Before ambitious authors enter the field of competition it may be well for them to understand that the generous journalist is perfectly bald.

Some time since a bright little fellow was shipped on board a hermaphrodite brig, and his opposition to the step was very decided. He remonstrated, and begged, and entreated, but all in vain. At last, when all other means had failed, he came to the chief director with a long face to urge his objections.

"So you don't want to go in the brig?" said the director.

"No, Sir."

"Why not?"

"I want to go in a big ship."

"But every thing will be done for you on the brig, and you will be perfectly happy there."

"Well, there's something in the Testament against my going in a brig," said the boy, brightening up with a new idea.

"What is it?" asked the director, somewhat surprised.

"Why, it says," continued the youngster, with a broad grin, "that nobody can serve *two masters*, and I don't want to go in a two-master either."

The boy was allowed to stand his chance for a ship.

NOT SEW!—A young lady writes to inform us of a curious phenomenon. She has a sewing-machine which is an accomplished vocalist. It begins with a little "hemming" to clear its throat, and then "runs up" the seam or scale with "Should he up-braid." We presume it is a "Singer Sewing-Machine."

A BRIDAL ROAD—Courtship.

LOST—The buttons from a coat of paint.

What is that which, by losing an eye, has nothing but a nose left?—A noise.

When is the book of nature studied?—When autumn turns the leaves, and they are red.

A FACETIOUS PHYSICIAN.—A gentleman went to a physician last week and said, "Doctor, I want to see you touching my little boy." "All right," replied the modern Galen, "where is he?" "At home." "At home! Then how can you expect to see me *touching* him! The arm of the law reaches all over the land, but that of medicine is of limited dimensions."

When the clergyman makes man and woman one, the dispute generally arises as to which is the one. The question is sometimes difficult to settle.

JUST LIKE.—A Yankee, traveling in Europe, being asked if he had seen Mount Vesuvius, replied, "Yes, I saw her spouting away, and made up my mind we must have a mount just like her near Chicago."

"Is your house a warm one, landlord?" asked a man in search of a tenement. "It ought to be; the painter gave it two coats recently," was the reply.

A LINGUIST.—A Hartford paper says that a member elect of the Connecticut Legislature is "short, fat, red-headed, and speaks several languages, among which is profane, with great fluency."

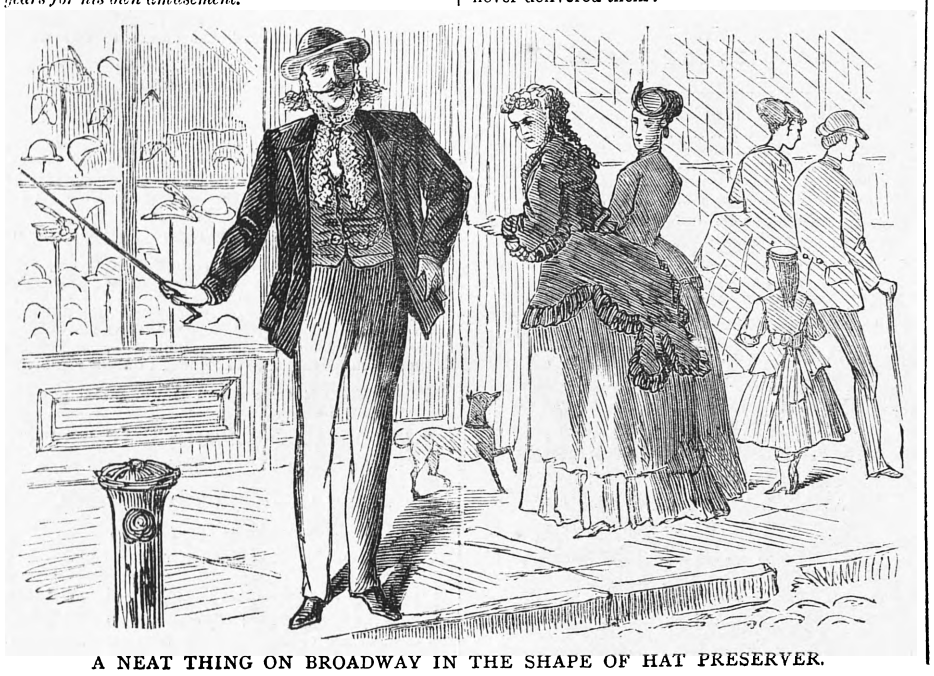
WELL "POSTED"—The telegraph.

LITTLE ACCIDENT IN A HIGH WIND.

GIRL. "My goodness! If that Lady's 'ead ain't Blowed clean Hoff!"

The editor of a newspaper thus introduces some verses: "The poem published this week was composed by an esteemed friend *who has lain in his grave many years for his own amusement.*"

The gentleman who, a few weeks ago, *directed* his *steps* to his native village, has written to the postmaster-general, complaining that the local postman has never delivered them!



A NEAT THING ON BROADWAY IN THE SHAPE OF HAT PRESERVER.

SPANISH PROVERBS.

He is a rich man who has God for his friend.

He is the best scholar who has learned to live well.

A handful of mother-wit is worth a bushel of learning.

You had better leave your enemy something when you die than live to beg of your friends.

Enjoy what little you have, while the fool is looking for more.

Saying and doing do not dine together.

May you have good luck, my son, and a wit will serve your turn.

Gifts break through stone-walls.

Go not to your doctor for every ail, nor to your pitcher for every thirst.

There is no better looking-glass than an old, true friend.

A wall between two preserves friendship.

A creditor always has a better memory than the debtor.

"Sam," said a young mother to her darling boy, "do you know what the difference is between the body and the soul? The soul, my child, is what you love with; the body carries you about. This is the body" (touching the boy's shoulders and arms), "but there is something deeper in. You can feel it now. What is it?"

"Oh, I know," said he, with a flash of intelligence in his eyes: "that is my flannel shirt."

A beggar who was in the habit of sitting on one of the London bridges, accompanied by a dog with a placard inscribed "Blind" attached to his neck, was fortunate enough to awaken the charitable sympathies of a gentleman, who every morning when he passed the mendicant dropped a penny into his hat. One day the usual donation was omitted, and the supposed blind man ran after his benefactor as fast as his crutches would permit, and boldly asked why the usual penny had not been forthcoming. "Why, I thought you were blind!" exclaimed the man of charity, amazed. "No, Sir, it is not I," replied the beggar; "it is the dog."

CAPER SAUCE AND CANTALOUPES.—There is a man in Boston, the father of two rompish daughters, who attributes their wildness to feeding on *caper* sauce, of which they are excessively fond. He is a second cousin to the man who, to prevent his girls from running off with the young men, fed them on *can't-elopes* (cantaloupes).

"Are you a Christian Indian?" asked a gentleman of one of the Cattaraugus tribe.

"No," was the answer. "I whisky Indian."

Farmers are like fowls; neither will get full *crops* without industry.

A TELL TALE.—What did William Tell's son say to his parent after the apple was shot off his head?—"Father," said he (probably), "I've had an *arrow* escape." This, however, is only a supposition, because what Tell junior really said to Tell senior on that occasion can never be told. Mrs. Partington is of the opinion that when old Tell asked the "brave Swiss boy" whether he should shoot, the youthful hero emphatically replied, "*Du*, Tell!"

THE GAME MARKET.

Partridges have been rising and falling.

Hares have been very unsteady, although a good deal has been done at a long shot.

Grouse still keep high, and don't keep afterward.

Why is a watch like a river?—Because it won't run long without winding.

BEAUTIFUL FOREVER (?)

MRS. MODE. "Good gracious! Hodson, do you mean to say that there's no more 'Arabian Enamel' to be obtained? Why, I'm positively *cracking all over!*"

HODSON (*improving the occasion*). "So you are, Ma'am! And what's worse, Ma'am, it's beginning to *chip off!*"

COULDN'T SPARE THE BLACKSMITH.—A blacksmith of a village in Spain murdered a man, and was condemned to be hanged. The chief peasants of the place joined together, and begged the alcalde that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith to shoe horses, mend wheels, etc. "But," the alcalde said, "how, then, can I fulfill justice?" A laborer answered, "Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place one is enough; hang the other!"

LAZY.—One of Marshal M'Mahon's aids is an excellent officer, but lazy beyond expression. Some mornings ago his servant entered his tent at the Chalons camp, and said, "Colonel, the general is up and dressed." "Really! The general is up and dressed, and I am still abed! I'm a wretch—unworthy to see the light—so draw the curtain, boy."

COLONIAL LEGISLATORS.—An unfortunate member, whose education has been sadly neglected, was reading out a document to the Parliament House, and vainly endeavoring to decipher an obscure letter; turning to his next friend, he asked, anxiously, "Is that a hem or a hen?" "Oh," replied his friend, "call it a hen, and move that it lay on the table."

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—Two boys, one of them blind of an eye, were discoursing on the merits of their respective masters. "How many hours do you get for sleep?" said one. "Eight," replied the other. "Eight! Why, I only get four." "Ah!" said the first, "but recollect you have only one eye to close, and I have two."

An old carpenter, who had been employed at jobwork by an old lady, was asked why people of his trade always charged more in proportion for coffins than they did for chairs and tables. "Well, you see, ma'am, it's just because people won't bring coffins back to us to be repaired."

A preacher being sent to officiate one Sunday in a country parish in Scotland was accommodated at night in a manse, in a very diminutive closet instead of the usual best bedroom appropriated to strangers. "Is this the bedroom?" he said, starting back in amazement. "Deed, ay, Sir; this is the prophet's chamber." "It maun be for the *minor* prophets, then," was the reply.

Adam and Eve escaped two serious annoyances of modern lovers. In the first place, Eve had no mamma to make judicious inquiries as to Adam's social position, prospects of patrimony; and Adam had no "governor" to see that he did not throw himself away on a portionless girl.

It is the fashion now to say that a man a little the worse for liquor is on a "Grecian Bend."

A STRANGE AFFLICTION.

MAMMA. "Well, Dear, if you've really got a Headache, you must have some Medicine."

MARY. "Well, I *have* got a dreadful Headache, but it doesn't hurt!"

HARPER'S BAZAR.

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RECEPTION AND VISITING TOILETTES.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Reception and Visiting Toilettes.

See illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—RECEPTION DRESS. Dress of pink taffeta, with low corsage and short sleeves, trimmed with three flounces, occupying a space of about twelve inches. Over-skirt of black gauze, bordered with deep lace, which is surmounted by three rows of black velvet ribbon, the upper and under row being edged with narrow fringe. The over-skirt is slashed on each side, with the lace extending upward on each side of the opening. Princesse tunic of the same gauze, trimmed like the over-skirt, with the exception of the lace, and slashed at the sides, with a large black satin bow at the top of the opening. The nigh corsage is cut on the tunic. Long gauze sleeves. Pink coral comb.

Fig. 2.—VISITING DRESS. Dress of Alexandra blue taffeta, trimmed with a flounce surmounted by three narrow bouillonnés and a ruche made of a double strip of silk, and set on upright. Mantelet of the same material as the dress, and trimmed with a flounce and wide lace. The ends of the mantelet are crossed in front, then carried back and fastened behind; these ends are not trimmed with lace. The mantelet is looped up in the middle of the back by a large bow. Bonnet of black tulle and lace with long barbs; with a large rose at the side.

TO-MORROW.

SAY, oh, swallow! say;
The year is on the wane,
The golden sheaves are gathered, and the day
Comes drooping to its end in the even's chilly rain.
The autumn mists arise
To hide the ruddy sun;
The dew all heavy lies
On dead leaves, crisp and dun—
To soothe our wintry sorrow,
Wilt thou come again to-morrow?

Fly, oh, swallow, fly!
The morrow of the year
Can never come to us while thou art nigh;
With thee the tender gleamings of the golden time appear.
The roving stream must bear
The ice-grip in its flow;
The widowed earth must wear
Her flower wreath in snow,
Ere thou canst soothe our sorrow,
And the spring-time be "to-morrow."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1868.

☞ *Our next Number will contain a Double Pattern Sheet, with a rich variety of full-sized Patterns for* LADIES' WINTER CLOAKS; *together with Cloak Trimmings, etc., etc. Children's Cloaks will appear in the following Supplement Number.*

FEMALE EXTRAVAGANCE.

IT is the fashion just now to attribute all the evils of the day to the manifold extravagances of women. Since the clever Mr. Anonymous drew the picture of the "Girl of the Period," his conception has been taken as the type of modern women, and changes have been rung on the text till our dinned ears can scarcely distinguish fact from fiction. One or two of the errors which have come to be accepted amidst this confusion may as well be pointed out.

First, it is safe to say that wives very seldom ruin their husbands. In these days of colossal fortunes, made and lost in an hour, gigantic speculations, and visionary projects of all sorts, to say nothing of clubs, fast horses, racing, gambling, and kindred amusements, the money that the most extravagant woman can squander on her personal adornment, after all, counts for little compared with that of the masculine extravagance which she sees around her. Set a spendthrift man and woman side by side, and the prodigality of the latter is but a drop in the bucket as compared with that of the former. The brother of the young girl who finds an allowance of a thousand a year insufficient for dress, will probably grumble at five thousand for pocket-money. The woman who sees her husband, brothers, or sons scattering money by handfuls, in business or pleasure, soon accustoms herself to think that so small a leak as her own expenditures can not matter much, and that if the ship finally goes down, she will at least have saved something from the wreck. When a merchant prince fails—and it is this small class alone whose wives and daughters have it in their power to indulge in the marvelous prodigality so often quoted—it will generally be found that this prodigality has not been the real cause of their downfall, however plausible it may be to make the assertion.

This is not said to encourage foolish girls and frivolous women in wasting their substance on jewels and laces, or in making themselves ridiculous by Grecian bends, stilted shoulders, and grotesque chignons, but only to defend justice, and put the blame where it belongs. The idea that this class is to be taken as an exponent of modern women is equally unjust. It may represent what is called "society"—that is, certain close corporations in large cities who call themselves the world, and all outside their circles nobodies, sneer at intellect as prosy, and labor as degrading, especially in women, and estimate persons by their wealth, dress, equipage, fashion, and capacity for small talk. But by what right are these cliques regarded as representative types? No one is found therein who has a capacity for aught above fashionable gossip and the intricacies of the German. What man or woman of any intellect whatever could be content to feed on the husks found in fashionable drawing-rooms? The truth is, the real leaders of the world, both men and women, turn their backs with scorn on the so-called "society" as a pestilence which devours time, energy, and money, without rendering any equivalent beyond mere ceremony, and in which there is so little of real acquaintance that cards often continue to be sent to persons for years after their death, their names not happening to have been erased from the visiting-book of their so-called friends.

Back of these few hundred fashionable Pariahs lie millions of earnest, thoughtful, provident women, who are pained and scandalized by the diatribes indiscriminately launched against their sex. These are the true modern women, whose families form the bone and sinew of the land. Life to them is something more than a pastime. They have nothing in common with the fast women who make such fine targets for would-be wits. They inform themselves about their husbands' affairs—when they will let them, worse luck for them if they do not. Having learned their exact income they adjust their needs to it with wonderful accuracy. They manage their household with economy. Their tasteful but inexpensive wardrobe they fashion as far as may be with their hands or under their eye, perchance by the aid of our own *Bazar*, for it is this class that chiefly benefits by our efforts. And we will say here that if a comparison is instituted between their dress and that of their husbands, the result will not be very unequal. They train up their children to a life of honor and usefulness, and have time enough left to read the current literature, and form intelligent opinions on the questions of the day. Or if unmarried, instead of leading a purposeless life, they seek some fitting avocation by which to secure an independence, ennoble existence, and raise themselves above the rank of drones. Such are the average modern women as we have found them, and we counsel our friends the reviewers to seek their acquaintance.

POPULAR PHYSIOLOGY.

IT is not necessary to urge the importance of a general knowledge of physiology. No one can hesitate to recognize the value of a science which explains the mode in which the various organs of the living body perform those functions essential to health and life. We have all a complicated machine to take charge of, which, if we do not study physiology so as to understand the vital mechanism and its operations, is sure to become deranged, with the certain result of disease and premature death. We have always, as the readers of the *Bazar* will bear witness, done our utmost to commend this science to popular acceptation, and shall continue to do so, being thoroughly persuaded of its importance as a branch of general education. We also naturally sympathize with the efforts of others in the same direction, and accordingly welcome the little work of Professor Dalton. His "Treatise on Physiology and Hygiene for Schools, Families, and Colleges" is excellently adapted to its purpose of instructing pupils and general readers who have no previous knowledge of medical subjects. The book, though containing but a few short pages, is so comprehensive as to embrace the whole outline of the science, and to give all the information necessary to any one but the professional student. The style is remarkably condensed, but precise and clear, and leaves nothing vague to puzzle the unscientific reader. The questions annexed to each chapter and the glossary at the end of the book will facilitate its use in schools and colleges. The well-drawn figures and diagrams by the accurate hand of Professor Dalton himself, which are liberally scattered over the pages, attract the eye at once by their appropriateness of illustration, and will be found of essential service to every reader and student.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

On "Fast" Women.

MY DEAR MRS. TRINKARD,—When you stepped into the cars at Peanut station on Thursday morning last I watched you with a great deal of interest; for—excuse me—you were young and pretty, and I am too old a traveler not to be grateful for such favors. Probably you remember me as the elderly gentleman next the window who was reading the newspaper. It was but a deception—or, let me say, it was an illusion of yours; for, as usual, I was merely intrenched behind the sheet, and was pursuing my study of man and woman. I am very far from saying that that is always and necessarily a superior study to that of the newspapers. I much prefer to read what a thoughtful and accomplished man writes upon the Spanish question, or upon the chalk cliffs, or upon the last good book, than to hear Mr. Smith tell Mr. Jones that he has sold two hundred dollars' worth more in Peanut this year than he did last, or Mr. Jones tell Mr. Smith that he can never eat boiled pork, because it is sure to distress him at night. I have heard a great deal of that kind of valuable information during my many journeys, but there is information in the newspaper which I find more edifying.

But on Thursday morning when I saw you come into the car the newspaper ceased to be interesting. Will you forgive me, dear Mrs. Trinkard—for such I learned from the conductor is your name—that as I observed you I had all kinds of pleasant fancies about you; that I wondered who Trinkard was, and how he came to be so lucky; and whether he deserved such a charming fortune as you; and how gladly the good fellow, if he were at all worthy of you, surrendered himself to the sweet influences which you diffused about his life. Indeed, you had hardly seated yourself before I was contemplating as pretty a romance as you have read for a long time, and it was all made out of your pretty face and your pleasant ways. But it did not immediately occur to me that the youth who accompanied you was Trinkard. Indeed, I scarcely thought of him. But immediately upon the happy opening and rapid progress of my romance he said something, or did something—I am sure I don't know what—and then the astounding truth dawned upon me that this was the hero of my romance, and I began to tremble for the effect of the sweet influences of which I had been dreaming.

There is a very impertinent line in Tennyson's Locksley Hall which began to jingle in my memory as I looked at Trinkard—"as the husband is the wife is." And I began in turn to peer at you more curiously than you would have permitted could you have seen me as I saw you, to try to discover some sign of the truth of the poet's semi-cynical sentiment. But I defy any body to see any thing more in Trinkard, at least upon so sudden an inspection, than a self-indulgent man; a lover of good eating and drinking and fast horses; a man whose mind lies utterly fallow—for even the smallest farms are sometimes left uncultivated. I suppose Trinkard to be a broker in Wall Street, a gambler in stocks, a waiter upon the Providence of Broad Street, a sensual man, or a man of the senses entirely; and as I observed him more closely the lines of Locksley Hall jingled at a tremendous rate through my memory. Just at their loudest ring Bob Guano, whom we all know in town, came through the car in his peculiar way, which is an insult to every body, and spoke to you as if you had been rather a fine pointer or setter. Why does the society of to-day tolerate such manners as Bob Guano's? For my part, although I hope that I am a tolerant and catholic traveler through the world, I have an immense sympathy with old Mr. Hotspur, who told Bob Guano that if he dared to speak to one of his daughters he would horsewhip him.

But, my dear Mrs. Trinkard, imagine my amazement when, before he had had a chance to do more than nod and wink, you—you, of whom I had been cherishing such pretty fancies, said to him:

"Good-morning, Mr. Guano; why didn't you come up last evening? I had the terrapin ready, and all the liquors in the house. Jim has some of the best brandy and whisky you ever tasted, and I could have made you such a rum-punch or gin-sling!"

Jim, by which name I understood Trinkard to be designated, smiled proudly, as if there was a wife worth having. But how shall I describe the voice in which you said this—so coarse and loud—and the impression of yourself which you made upon my mind? Perhaps you think I am a teetotaler, or an emissary of Father Mathew or Neal Dow. But I am not. I am merely an elderly personage who does not disdain his glass of sherry, and who am by no means classed as an ascetic.

It was not so much the words you used as the tone of your voice and the vision which that tone and the appearance of Trinkard and my knowledge of Bob Guano instantly evoked. It was a vision of what is called a "fast" household. My fancies of you and yours curiously changed. I saw you and a company of Bob Guanos of both sexes loudly joking and going off to see the *Grande Duchesse*. I saw you returning toward midnight and sitting down to supper, humming snatches of the opera, you and the other ladies making slings and punches for the male Guanos, drinking yourselves also, and presently not refusing to light a cigar and to smoke, while the men sang a little louder, and the jests became a little broader—indeed, until the men, or some of them, were more or less tipsy; and the ladies, or some of them, in the same condition. I saw extravagance, recklessness, folly. "As the husband is the wife is." As he becomes more boorish and sensual and self-indulgent, so does she.

And you think that this is a fine thing, that it is sucking the orange, squeezing the honey-drop out of life, and enjoying yourself with a hey slap-bang. My dear young woman, you were never so cruelly mistaken in your life. This is merely the stale old attempt to reproduce the demi-monde in what is called reputable society. It is the ridiculous old effort to square the circle, to eat the cake of sensual pleasure and have the cake of virtue. You can't do it. Nobody ever did it. The *Rue Breda* you have heard is a very, very something—what shall I say?—improper street in Paris. My dear young woman, the *Rue Breda* is a street in which you may see done with spirit and sparkle what is done in a very clumsy and dull way in the Rue Trinkard. The idea of life is quite as lofty over the sea as in the spot named nearer home. I say if young married or single women among us want to imitate lorettes, let them expect the consideration due to lorettes. I say again, that I don't wonder old Hotspur threatened Bob Guano with a horsewhip. Old Ned Hotspur is not a fool, and he knows that he needn't go to Paris to see the *Rue Breda* and its inhabitants. Don't misunderstand my warmth, dear Mrs. Trinkard. I do not say that you are a lorette—Heaven forbid! But I do distinctly say that the tone of your life is not essentially superior to that of the Parisian *rue*. I say distinctly that the kind of respect for your sex which Bob Guano learned in the *Rue Breda* is not heightened or purified in the Rue Trinkard.

Last year my most excellent friend the rector of—well, why should I mention it?—preached a sermon from one of the Commandments. It was a tremendous sermon. There were people in his parish who said that they were shocked and grieved, that they had not supposed the Doctor would ever do such a thing, and so on, in an endless drip of that weary twaddle which usually follows a good, honest purification of the moral atmosphere. The Doctor preached from the Commandment, Thou shalt not commit adultery, and he fired straight at his most fashionable congregation a solid shot of declaration that to marry for money was to violate the Commandment. Do you wonder that Mrs. Dives, who at the age of twenty had espoused Dives at sixty-five, and Mrs. Gorilla, who had devoted her daughter Jane at the same age to old Midas, were shocked and grieved, and were ready to expire with mortification at the Doctor's extraordinary conduct?

Well, my dear Mrs. Trinkard, this thing is going on all the time. In the most flagrant cases we speak of it and shrug our shoulders. Jane Gorilla marries the long-eared Midas. Do you suppose any human being does not know that she marries him for money? Would she marry him if he were poor? And when she marries him for money she sells herself, does she not? Very well, what do they do in the *Rue Breda?* Now if you and I go to the *maison* Midas, and have roystering little suppers after the roystering little opera of the *Grande Duchesse*, and we all drink and smoke and talk whisky and tobacco talk, do you mean to tell me that I have not had a little orgy in the *Rue Breda?* Names don't change things. If I had arrived yesterday from "fast life" in Paris, from the demi-monde and the rest of it, and had landed in Mrs. Midas's drawing-room, I should have quoted the Latin grammar, and the motto of the old *Albion*, *Cœlum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.*

My dear little woman, I hear you say, with amazement, "Why! we are not really bad!" Excuse me, but you are. Such a life is necessarily bad. It wastes money, time, mind, health, life, soul. It is a degrading process. You are becoming meaner and more selfish all the time. You are learning to despise all pure and beautiful ideals. And what I complain of is, that you are justifying the melancholy line of the poet. Instead of lifting this poor Trinkard out of his tobacco and whisky, you descend into it with him, and you force yourself to think that it is a good thing. Ah me! little woman, with your Grecian bend and your panier and your absurd toggery, and your hail-fellow-well-met manner with Bob Guano and the rest, if Circe should pass this way—oh my! oh my! I saw what Trinkard was, because I know the kind, and I see what my young and pretty passenger who stepped in at the Peanut station is becoming. For pity's sake, don't do it! If you must have models, don't choose the worst! Believe me, for I am a man and I know, no man truly respects the fast woman. She may amuse him, but that is all. No man would wish to remember his mother as "fast," and what decent man would wish his sister to marry Bob Guano?

Good-by, little woman, young and pretty! Listen to an old stager; and if you would see who it is, when you take the morning train on Thursdays at Peanut station, look out for the elderly gentleman near the window behind a newspaper, and you will see

Your true well-wisher,
AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FURS.

ALL furs of lower grade than sable are cheaper this season than last. Mink has fallen twenty-five per cent. Reliable furriers say they are selling ready-made sets of mink for less money than the skins cost them.

Small collars, boas, and sacques are the fashionable choice in shape. Two styles of collars are shown. The most dressy shape is the Imperial collarine, very small, only eight inches deep behind, with short, square fronts trimmed with the tails of the animals. Ladies who consider comfort the first essential prefer the new pelerine cape, slightly pointed back and front, and sufficiently large to afford protection to the chest and shoulders. The half-cape with long,

square ends is entirely out of fashion. The Princesse boa introduced this season is a graceful style, short in front, and shaped to fit the neck. A short, straight boa tied at the throat, or fastened by passing the head of the animal through a loop, is in favor with young ladies, but the long Bertha boa is more *distingué*.

The fur cloaks are gracefully-shaped sacques, made thirty-four inches long, with coat-sleeves, standing collar, and pockets. The large, clumsy capes are not in keeping with the present style of street dress, and have entirely disappeared. Sacques are more comfortable, as they fit closer to the figure.

Muffs are smaller even than last season. The round shape is preferred for full dress, the flat pocket-muff, suspended by a cord around the neck, for shopping and skating. Three, four, and sometimes five dark stripes adorn mink muffs. The ends are trimmed with a single tassel of brown bullion attached to a diamond-shaped head, or with the tails of the animal pendent from a passementerie acorn. Changeable silk linings are not used. Snuff brown satin, or Turkish serge of the shade of the fur, are in better taste and more durable. Sables have a soft lining of eider-down.

SABLE.

The great value of Russian sable places it beyond the means of the general reader. A single muff shown us is valued at $600. It is made of dark sable of the finest quality, with the tails of the animal left hanging in the centre—an original idea of the wearer, who selected the skins in St. Petersburg. Sets consisting of collar and muff range in price from $80 to $900. The sets at $80 are coarse and of light color; but there are ladies who will have Russian sable, even though of an inferior quality. Mink or Persiani at the same price is in better taste, because the best of its kind. Cloaks cost from $1800 to $6000.

Hudson Bay sable ranges from $50 to $400. The cheap sets are lighter than mink at corresponding prices, but are much warmer. $200 buys a collar and muff of fine color and quality. Cloaks of American sable, lined throughout with satin, cost from $300 to $2500.

MINK.

The reduction in furs is most evident in mink sets. The skins of mink caught in the mild temperature of the Middle States are of light color and quality. Sets made of these skins can be bought for $30. A year ago they were sold for $40. Canadian mink, and those caught in the Eastern States, especially Vermont and New Hampshire, are dark in color and a fine body of fur. A very small mink collar, made of two skins, trimmed with tails around the neck, with pendent tails on the short square front, will be the favorite collar of the winter. It is more stylish than the round collar, and only a trifle more expensive. A dark set of this kind, made of fine fur, the muff with three stripes in the centre, or a flat muff trimmed with the animal's head, is well worth the money asked for it, $80. The darkest shade costs $100. The Princesse boa is only half the price of a collar, ranging from $17 to $35. A sacque cloak made of mink requires thirty-six skins, consequently it is an expensive garment, varying in price from $300 to $1000.

FUR SEAL.

Fur seal is not reduced in price, and promises to be higher in future. Dealers say they could not replenish their stock at the prices for which they are now selling. Two reasons are assigned for this. First, a vessel laden with a valuable cargo of seal-skins belonging to Messrs. Oppenheim, the great London furriers, sprung a leak in mid-ocean, and the salt-water rushing in damaged the skins to such an extent that out of fifty thousand only eighteen hundred were saved in good condition. This great loss affects the seal market all over the world. The second reason is, the fear that the race of seals will soon become extinct through the indiscriminate slaughter now going on in Northwestern waters. The sale of Alaska annulled the Russian laws for protecting this animal, and our Government has not yet enacted similar laws.

The rare golden seal is the most beautiful of the species. Seal-skin, in its natural state, is a light tan color; but it is more admired when colored a rich maroon brown. Dark seal sacques, smooth and glossy, are as handsome wrappings as Lyons velvet, and are infinitely warmer and more durable. They vary from twenty-four to thirty-eight inches in length, costing from $125 to $150. Long boas are sold for $10. Seal-skin gloves for midwinter are faced with kid. They are thick and warm without being clumsy. Price $10.

CURLED LAMB FURS.

The curled lamb furs worn last season will be widely adopted this winter. Russian lambskin, Astrakhan, and Persiani are all erroneously called by the general name Astrakhan, but a marked difference is perceptible to the initiated. The heavy Russian lamb is the most popular of the medium-priced furs, and divides public favor with mink. It has a smooth glossy surface, with peculiar wavy figures, and is the cheapest and most durable of the curled furs. A sacque of this skin edged with wide Angora fringe, with muff also trimmed with fringe flowing from the sides around the hands, constitutes a suit, which may be had as low as $50, and as expensive as $100. Genuine Astrakhan, known in Southern Europe, where it is found, by the name of Ukrainer, has short curly fleece with but little gloss. It is more durable than Russian lambskin, and may be worn for deep mourning as well as colored dress. A sacque and muff of good quality can be bought for $75. The next higher grade is Persiani, a silky fleece, with long irregular curl. A suit handsomely made and lined with satin is worth $100. The breitschwanz is a peculiarly fine skin taken from still-born lambs, or those very young. It is as lustrous as satin, with smooth surface in large crinkled waves natural in the fur but resembling appliqué. It is lighter than the Russian lamb, yet very warm as it is soft and pliable, clinging closely to the figure. The price ranges from $120 to $300. A very handsome sacque is round behind with square mantilla fronts.

Gray krimmer, shaded from black through gray to white, has a short fleece in curly tufts. White Angora fringe over black is the trimming. Gray and white Astrakhan and Persiani are objected to because they are perfectly imitated in cloth.

A collar and muff of any of the curled furs is fashionably worn, trimmed with Angora fringe. $30 to $50 includes the range of prices.

CHINCHILLA.

Chinchilla, the softest of all furs and most fragile, is more highly appreciated abroad than here, where we have so many imitations. The best quality is as soft as down and in delicate shades of gray. It is brought from Arica, that ill-fated South American province devastated by the earthquakes last summer. Its value is about the same as ermine. A handsome set, a wedding gift to a Philadelphia bride, was sold at $50.

ERMINE AND ANGORA.

The royal ermine is of immaculate whiteness, without that yellow tinge erroneously believed to enhance its value. The black tails with which it is spotted should be marked and distinct. It is no longer called Opera fur, as it is worn with full day dress. The pelerine cape and the collarine, with muff trimmed with Angora tassels, are sold for day attire. The best quality costs $50. A yellowish white set may be bought for $30. A shaped boa a yard and a half or two yards long is admired for evening. Sacques are made for Opera cloaks, but are inconvenient, requiring assistance in taking them off. The old-fashioned circular is preferred, as it may be gracefully thrown from the shoulders. An exceptional novelty in Opera cloaks is a circular made of tufts of down of the Russian eider swan. The tufts are sewed on soft muslin, forming a smooth surface wonderfully light and soft. An arabesque border of the down of the gray swan is inserted for trimming. Price $250. These cloaks are made only in Archangel, a Russian hamlet, whose people depend upon this labor for subsistence.

A collar and muff, formed of the wavy white fringe made of the long fleece of the Angora goat, is admired for evening. The muff is lined with bright blue silk. Sets of the Swiss grebe, a glossy white, bordered with delicate fawn color, are worn by very young ladies and misses. Price $25.

FUR HATS.

Jaunty hats of fur seal, of krimmer, and of breitschwanz, are made for the promenade and for skating. Heavier furs with long pile are too clumsy for hats. The crowns are high and sloping. Brims narrow. The only trimming is slender plumes directly in front, extending over the crown, without destroying its well-defined outline. The lining is of quilted satin. Another style has a rolled brim. Turbans are out of fashion. Seal-skin hats cost $15. The black furs are $10.

Traveling hoods are made of velvet or plush, bordered with beaver.

CHILDREN'S FURS.

Gray Persiani and krimmer are the fashionable furs for children. A small collar and pocket muff cost $12. Sets of the white Iceland lamb, a soft shaggy fleece, are sold for $10. A little boa and muff of fine ermine is worth $20. The muff is lined with bright blue or scarlet silk. Only the poorer grades of chinchilla are made up for children. The Siberian squirrel is no longer in vogue. Tiny little flat muffs of Iceland lambskin, lined with down and faced with silk, are shown for babies. Price $4.

FUR TRIMMINGS.

Fur borders on cloaks and dresses are the height of style, but are too expensive to be greatly used. An imported dress is being trimmed with fur at the cost of a thousand dollars. We were shown a border of sable tips, only two inches wide, marked $30 a yard. Chinchilla is a favorite fur trimming on velvet. A two-inch border costs from $6 to $10, according to quality. An inferior article brings $2 a yard. Astrakhan krimmer and Russian lamb are cut for trimming in different widths at corresponding prices. A mink border, two inches wide, costs from $4 to $7, according to quality. Astrakhan will be popular for trimming skating suits. A band of good quality, two inches wide, is worth from $1 50 to $2 a yard.

GENTLEMEN'S FURS.

Seal-skin is the most fashionable fur for gentlemen, taking precedence of sable, Persiani, krimmer, beaver, and otter. A set consists of cap, collar, and gloves. Vests and coats of fur seal are costly luxuries. A handsome seal set, the cap flat without a centre peak, wide rolling collar, and short gloves, costs $40. Seal-skin coats, of which there are not a dozen in the country, are worth from $200 to $400.

A sable cap made entirely of the paws of the animal is marked $15.

Otter sets, including the three most important pieces, cost $40. Beaver is $30. A driving set of seal-skin has a jockey cap with bell crown and visor, and gauntlets reaching to the elbow. Coachmen's caps are of the heavy black jenet fur, with visor and ear-pieces. The broad collar is fastened with jet links.

LAP-ROBES.

The favorite carriage robes are wolverine and white polar bear skins. Wolverine is a yellow brown fur resembling fitch. Robes of fine quality cost $150, coarser ones $110. Small polar bear robes may be bought for $75. The long, white fur of the Arctic fox makes beautiful robes, costing from $115 to $135. The soft gray beaver is sold for $75, and the glossy, luxuriant fur of the Isabella bear for $100. The height of elegance is found in a robe of Hudson Bay sable ornamented with the tails of the many skins used in making. Mink robes are made of inferior skins, colored probably, or taken from animals found in warm latitudes where nature does not provide heavy furs. Gray chamois skin, fox, coon, wolf, badger, and black jenet are the lower-priced robes.

A sleigh-robe is made of the skin of an immense Bengal tiger with tail and claws preserved intact, and the huge stuffed head arranged to fall over the back of the sleigh. A polar bear robe with stuffed head costs $150. Black bear is the same price, and the grizzly bear $100. Heavy buffalo-robes are not handsome but are warm and stand rough usage.

Carriage-mats of heavy pile, into which the feet sink as if in cushions of down, are shown in bright colors—blue, magenta, white, and green—bordered with Angora fringe. Price from $10 to $15. Foot-muffs into which both feet are thrust are of spotted leopard skin, or of lynx or wild-cat, lined with soft fur; $5 to $10 is the price.

METHOD OF PRESERVING FURS.

Ladies living in cities usually consign their valuable furs to a reliable furrier during the summer months. For the benefit of those who take care of their own furs we give some advice gathered from the highest authorities. Do not wear your furs late in the spring. On the first advent of warm weather beat each piece separately, whipping it with small rods in order to cleanse thoroughly; then wrap with paper, and place in a paper-box made as air-tight as possible and kept in a dry closet. During the whole summer this process should be repeated once in three or four weeks, according to the heat of the season, in order to keep the hair smooth and straight, and to prevent the accumulation of animalculæ. This is the only positive preventive. Camphor and cedar trunks are excellent for preserving furs, but even these are only partial mediums, requiring that the furs be aired during the season.

For information received thanks are due to the courtesy of Messrs. C. GODFREY GUNTHER & SONS; F. BOOSS; and F. LASAK'S SON.

PERSONAL.

ON the 20th of September, at the good old age of 83, died Mrs. MARY L. HUTCHINSON, the mother of that family of singers once so famous. She knew the psalms and hymns of the late Mr. WATTS by heart, so that she never needed the printed page, and so delighted in them that lines and couplets and verses would find their way into her ordinary conversation, often with amusing appropriateness.

—The report is authoritatively contradicted that that most witty and able of Southern journalists, GEORGE D. PRENTICE, has ceased to be connected with the Louisville *Journal*. He still lends the brilliancy of his pen to the columns of that paper.

—The best illustrations in the English magazines are the work of young ladies who have adopted drawing as a profession. Some of the most amusing sporting pictures in *Punch* are from the pencil of a lady, and several of our American magazines are illustrated by lady artists. Miss LUCY GIBBONS and Miss MARY L. STONE are notably clever. Miss STONE has a great deal of fancy, an excellent eye for grouping and composition, and is rarely at fault in drawing the human figure. She was for many years the pupil of EDWIN WHITE, and more recently of Professor RIMMER. The fine illustration entitled "Thridding my fingers through my hair," in the *Galaxy* for August, was from the pencil of Miss MARY HALLOCK, a young artist whose compositions contain promise of no ordinary kind. Miss C. W. CONANT is also giving attention to drawing on wood, and some of her compositions show great taste and culture.

—The young CROWN PRINCE of the Netherlands, who is soon to be married to the young PRINCESS OF HANOVER, is said to be a naughty young man of the most pronounced type, compared with whom WALES and young HUMBERT are models of propriety. A gentleman writing from Vienna says: "I saw the princess yesterday—a very pretty, modest, intelligent-looking girl. Two weeks ago I saw the young gentleman who is to be her husband, and, knowing both of them, I can not but pity the young lady, though a dower of a million dollars and a royal throne await her. If her heart will not be broken within a few weeks after her wedding, and if she will not then envy the fate of the poor but happy wives of the fishermen of Amsterdam, I must be seriously mistaken. I used to sympathize with her blind and dethroned father, and with her mother, whose hair has grown so prematurely gray; but since I know that they can sacrifice their lovely daughter in such a ruthless manner (for they are well aware of the character of the husband whom they have selected for her), all my compassion is gone; and I believe now what the Prussians say, namely, that the EX-KING OF HANOVER fully deserves the fate which has befallen him, and that he is a bad, heartless, and excessively proud man."

—Madame GEORGE SAND has been made the subject of a little personal sketch by the younger DUMAS, according to whom she lives, moves, and has her being in the following, to wit: "It is noon, the hour when every thing is visible. Notice yon woman coming down the steps of her porch. She has under her little straw-bonnet hair which is turning gray. She is all alone. She walks quietly in the sun. She contemplates her ordinary horizon. She listens to Nature's vague noises. She amuses herself following with the eye the clouds which are nothing to you. She talks with the gardener. She stoops to smell flowers which she takes good care not to cut. She stops. She listens. What? She herself doesn't know! something which is not yet, and which will be one day. She sits on her stone bench. She does not move. She merges into immensity, she is plant, star, blade of grass, ocean, soul. She recollects. She divines. Every thing you hear amidst the waves she hears as well as you, under her dome of lilacs, and the birds and the storms, and every thing which sings, and every thing which weeps, and every thing which laughs. She wanders, observes, listens in this way, without exactly knowing—somnambulist of the day—what she does; but as the shadow steals over the fields—like those plants which are impregnated from morning to night with dew and sunbeams, with rain and sun, and which do not open and exhale their perfumes except at night—at night this woman will restore to the world of the soul and the mind every thing she receives from the material and visible world." Which, in brief Anglo-Saxon, is, that GEORGE SAND walks in the garden in the daytime, and writes in the evening—that's all!

—The "coming woman" of the opera continues to come. The last comer is Mlle. MALLINGER, of Munich, who has achieved sudden celebrity by her charming performance in RICHARD WAGNER'S new opera, "The Meistersanger." She knows that she is popular, and has therefore informed his Bavarian Majesty that she will condescend to remain at the Royal Opera of Munich, provided the king will make a contract with her by which she would receive ten thousand florins a year for ten years. Several years ago she was glad to receive forty florins a month.

—A very excitable gentleman sat near a very phlegmatic one at one of the concerts of the famous CLARA SCHUMANN in Leipsic. Excitable gentleman almost beside himself in his rapture, and is "fidgeted" to the extremity of endurance by the phlegmatic individual, who hears piece after piece played cold as an icicle.

EX. GENT. (*who, after a splendid performance of a piece by* CHOPIN, *can endure it no longer*). "I say, Sir, do you not like her playing?"

PHLEG. IND. "Why, yes, I like it very well."

EX. GENT. "Why the deuce, then, Sir, don't you applaud?"

PHLEG. IND. "I—? Applaud? Oh, I am her husband!"

—The boy prince-royal of Belgium, whose life is despaired of, and whose sufferings are said to be of the most painful character, has exhibited qualities that ought to endear him to the people of whom he may become the ruler. His father, King LEOPOLD, has been so affected by the boy's sufferings that at times he has been unable to remain in his room. A small door behind the bed has been made to admit the King unperceived. By this he enters to ascertain his state. The child knows the peculiar sound of the bolt being withdrawn, and that his father is the only person who enters his room thus. On hearing it he immediately pretends to sleep. The King calls him in a low voice. He makes no reply. His father, knowing the importance of sleep to him, goes back to his apartments more tranquil. The child opens his eyes, and says to his tutor, to whom he is devotedly attached, and who never quits him, "The King will be satisfied now." It is a little strange that all the world should know of this loving stratagem except him whom it is intended to deceive.

—Our American sculptor, STORY, has just finished, in Rome, a fine bust of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, a lady who has expressed, in the following delicious bit of poetry, her belief that there is such a thing as a generous gradation in love-caresses, from the hand to the lip. Thus:

"First time he kissed me he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And ever since it grew more clean and white.
....The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half-missed
Half-falling on the hair....
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud and said, 'My love, my own.'"

—Mr. A. T. STEWART'S income is said to be not less than $10,000 per day, yet the poor gentleman is obliged to give at least fourteen hours out of every twenty-four to looking after business matters, else they would get into confusion and bother him. Why should a $10,000-per-day man permit himself to be bothered? (Not a conundrum.)

—The Emperor NAPOLEON has written the MARQUIS DE CAUX congratulating him on his marriage, and notifying him that while a Chamberlain's salary will be continued to him, and his place kept open for him in the Imperial household, he can not appear at Court so long as his wife remains on the stage.

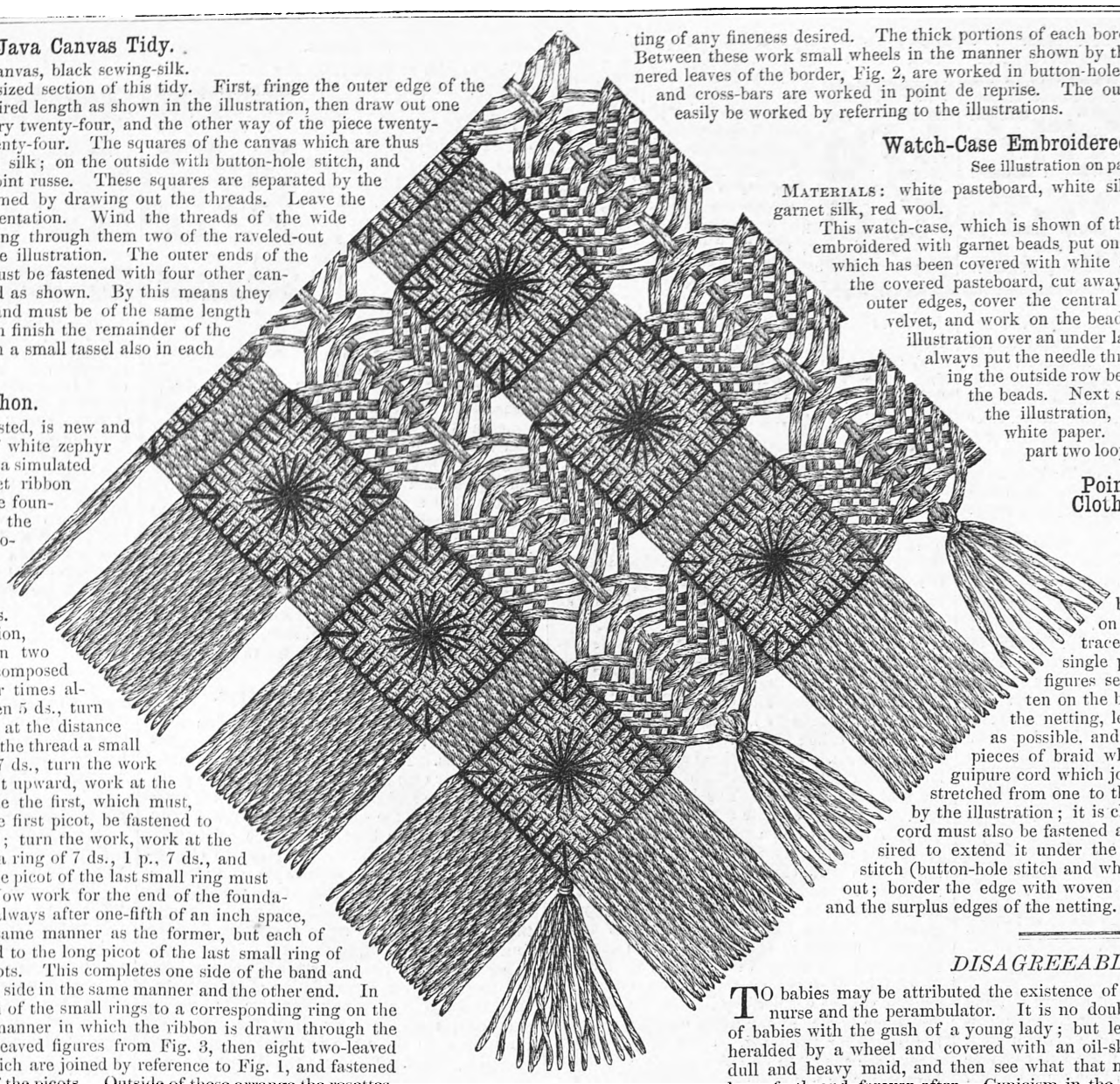
—The old KING of HANOVER, who was supposed to be hopelessly blind, is really recovering his sight, and has hopes of its complete restoration. His children, even his handsome young princesses, are all near-sighted. The King still believes in spiritualism, and carefully notes down all the dreams he has. He is firmly convinced that he will recover his lost throne at no distant day, and speaks in terms of unmeasured contempt of the King of Prussia, whom he calls KOSSUTH'S and GARIBALDI'S boon companion, and predicts that WILLIAM I. will be the first to mount a revolutionary scaffold.

—The Rev. Mr. PUNSHON, whose oratory is just now the topic of conversation in religious circles, is spoken of as follows in "The Pilgrim's Wallet," a book of European travel, by Rev. GILBERT HAVEN, now the editor of *Zion's Herald*: "London fame settles on two men—PUNSHON and SPURGEON. PUNSHON reminded me of BACON and CHAPIN. He reads fast, has but few gestures, is no orator, at least in the pulpit, and carries his crowds by the splendor of his language more than by all other gifts. He rushes on with such impetuosity that you are swept along as in an express train. His subject was Jeremiah's complaint against the Jews for abandoning the living fountains and hewing out to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water. His description of the Jews was masterly, so was the portrayal of the labor of man to save himself. His sermons are very ethical orations. His house was full, and were it known where he preached the crowd would be enormous. His forte is in these rushing tides of gorgeous rhetoric, not overflowing but full to the brim. Reading his sermon spoils it for oratory, but does not seem to conflict with his style. He may break away from these inky fetters on the platform; if so, his sweep must be grand."

Java Canvas Tidy.

MATERIALS: White Java canvas, black sewing-silk.

The illustration gives a full-sized section of this tidy. First, fringe the outer edge of the piece of canvas used to the desired length as shown in the illustration, then draw out one way eight threads between every twenty-four, and the other way of the piece twenty-four threads between every twenty-four. The squares of the canvas which are thus left are ornamented with black silk; on the outside with button-hole stitch, and in the centre with a star in point russe. These squares are separated by the wider and narrower strips formed by drawing out the threads. Leave the narrow strips without ornamentation. Wind the threads of the wide strips in one another by drawing through them two of the raveled-out canvas threads, as shown in the illustration. The outer ends of the threads thus drawn through must be fastened with four other canvas threads and wound around as shown. By this means they are made to imitate a tassel, and must be of the same length as the fringe-like threads which finish the remainder of the outer edge of the tidy. Fasten a small tassel also in each corner.



JAVA CANVAS TIDY.

Tatted Worsted Fanchon.

THIS fanchon, tatted in worsted, is new and serviceable. The pattern is of white zephyr worsted, and consists chiefly of a simulated band of insertion with a violet ribbon drawn through. This forms the foundation and extends to form the strings. It is completed with rosettes and small figures. Fig. 1 shows the foundation in reduced size; Fig. 4 the full-sized end of one of the strings. Begin with the simulated insertion, which is worked lengthwise in two rounds. Work, first, * a ring composed of 5 ds. (double stitches), four times alternately 2 ds., 1 p. (picot), then 5 ds., turn this ring downward, and work at the distance of one-fifth of an inch space on the thread a small ring composed of 7 ds., 1 p., 7 ds., turn the work so that the first ring shall point upward, work at the same distance another ring like the first, which must, however, instead of working the first picot, be fastened to the last picot of the similar ring; turn the work, work at the distance of one-fifth of an inch a ring of 7 ds., 1 p., 7 ds., and repeat from * forty times. The picot of the last small ring must be one-fifth of an inch long. Now work for the end of the foundation six times alternately, and always after one-fifth of an inch space, a large and small ring in the same manner as the former, but each of these six rings must be fastened to the long picot of the last small ring of the band instead of working picots. This completes one side of the band and one end; work, now, the second side in the same manner and the other end. In working the other side join each of the small rings to a corresponding ring on the other side. Fig. 4 shows the manner in which the ribbon is drawn through the band. Work, next two three-leaved figures from Fig. 3, then eight two-leaved figures and two single rings, which are joined by reference to Fig. 1, and fastened to the finished band by means of the picots. Outside of these arrange the rosettes. Of the four large rosettes which count each twelve rings, and of which Fig. 2 shows one of the full size, three are arranged on the back of the fanchon and one on the front, as shown by Fig. 1. The small rosettes, arranged as shown by Fig. 1, number but eight rings each around the edge. Instead of white wool the fanchon may be worked in lilac, gray, or red. When knitted of black wool they are especially suitable for elderly ladies.

Netted Barb.

THE accompanying illustration gives one end of a netted barb worked of white wool with colored ribbon run in. It may be used also for a fanchon similar to that just described, with a foundation completed with rosettes. Different styles for these last have been given in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 42. For making this barb are needed, first, a flat fringe mesh about four inches around (a piece of heavy pasteboard may be used instead of this); next a round netting mesh three-fifths of an inch, and one of an inch and one-fifth circumference, and a coarse knitting-needle. Work, first, for the middle part of the barb, on a coarse thread, the ends of which are tied together, the 1st round: over the broad fringe mesh 94 stitches; then, as 2d round, over the smaller round mesh, in every two stitches of the last round which are joined together two knots. Now draw the thread out of the stitches of the first round, string the stitches of the last round on it, and work on the other side of the first round in the same manner as in the second round, always fastening two stitches with two knots. Now work the ends of the strip over one of the last stitches (see illustration) as follows: fasten on a thread; over the smaller mesh three stitches, over the larger mesh six stitches, and again three stitches over the smaller, then returning, work over the large mesh in each of these stitches one stitch. Having completed the ends thus, work around the entire barb two rounds as follows: 1st round.—In every stitch between the two knots which fastened two stitches of the first round four knots—the knot between the second and third knot over the larger mesh, the remaining over the smaller. On the ends work the 4 knots only in every second stitch. 2d round.—Over the knitting-needle, in each stitch of the last round one stitch. The ribbon is drawn through as shown by the illustration.

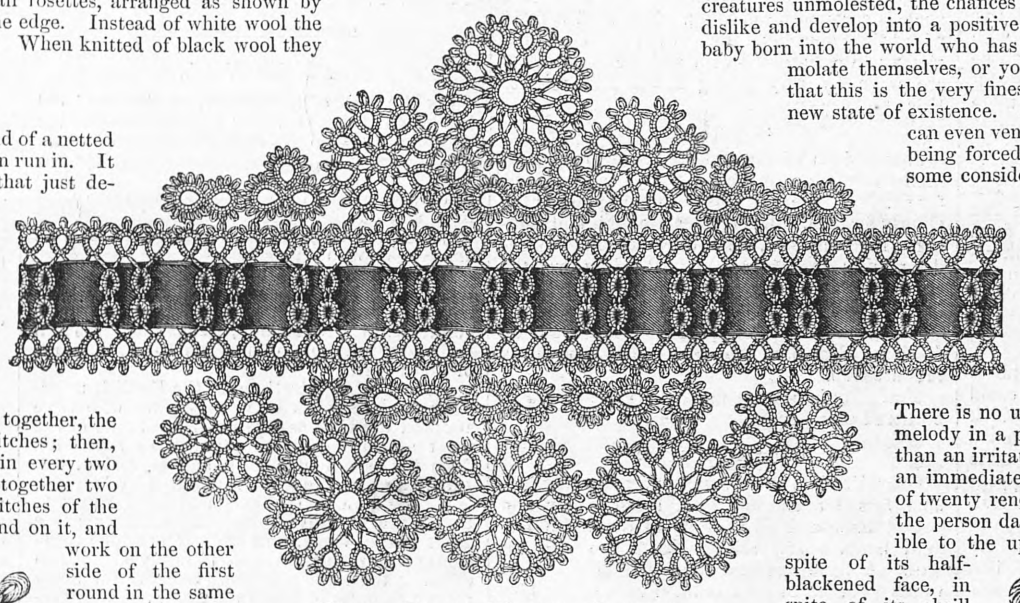
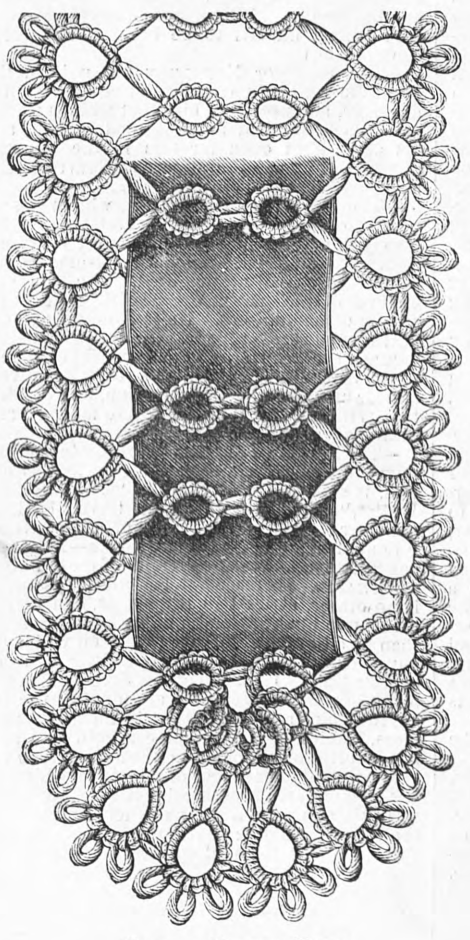


Fig. 1.—TATTED WORSTED FANCHON.



END OF NETTED BARB.

Two Corners of Borders in Net Guipure.

See illustrations, p. 853.

BOTH these designs are worked on netting of any fineness desired. The thick portions of each border are darned in point de toile. Between these work small wheels in the manner shown by the illustration. The three-cornered leaves of the border, Fig. 2, are worked in button-hole stitch, while the smaller leaves and cross-bars are worked in point de reprise. The outer edges of both borders may easily be worked by referring to the illustrations.

Watch-Case Embroidered with Beads.

See illustration on page 853.

MATERIALS: white pasteboard, white silk, black velvet, garnet beads, garnet silk, red wool.

This watch-case, which is shown of the full size in the illustration, is embroidered with garnet beads put on in satin stitch over pasteboard which has been covered with white silk. First trace the design on the covered pasteboard, cut away the surplus pasteboard on the outer edges, cover the central shield-shaped part with black velvet, and work on the beads in the manner shown by the illustration over an under layer of red wool, in doing which always put the needle through the pasteboard. In working the outside row be careful to cover the edges with the beads. Next sew on a brass hook as shown in the illustration, and paste the case on heavy white paper. Lastly, arrange on the upper part two loops by which to hang up the case.

Point Lace Border for Altar-Cloths, Curtains, Lambrequins, etc.

THIS border is made of white braid, guipure cord, fine netting, and lace stitch. It must be worked over stiff white paper on which the design has been traced. First fasten to the paper single pieces of netting for the netted figures seen on the illustration, next fasten on the braid, and join the braid around the netting, letting the stitches show as little as possible, and in the same manner join the pieces of braid where they meet. The bars of guipure cord which join the figures of the design are stretched from one to the other in the manner shown by the illustration; it is closely sewed to the braid. The cord must also be fastened at the edge, even when it is desired to extend it under the braid. Lastly, work the lace stitch (button-hole stitch and wheels) in the figures not yet filled out; border the edge with woven picots, and cut away the paper and the surplus edges of the netting.

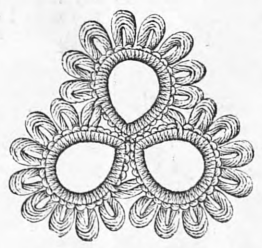


Fig. 3.—TREFOIL FOR FANCHON.

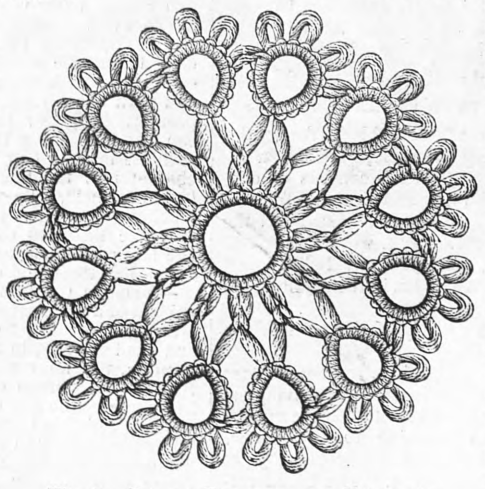


Fig. 2.—LARGE ROSETTE FOR FANCHON.

DISAGREEABLE BABIES.

TO babies may be attributed the existence of two public curses—the stupid nurse and the perambulator. It is no doubt very pretty in a man to talk of babies with the gush of a young lady; but let such a man have a fat child, heralded by a wheel and covered with an oil-skin, driven into his shins by a dull and heavy maid, and then see what that man's opinion of babies will be henceforth and forever after. Cynicism in the consideration of babies is, perhaps, of the bad traits in a man's character the most pardonable. If a man who is born with a natural aversion to infants were suffered to contemplate the little creatures unmolested, the chances are that he might in time come to master his dislike and develop into a positive lover of babies. But, unhappily, there is no baby born into the world who has not at least four or five backers ready to immolate themselves, or you, at any possible moment, in order to prove that this is the very finest baby that ever shrieked an approval of its new state of existence. Now, when one comes to reflect that no man can even venture on a cursory inspection of a baby without being forced by its backers into an exhaustive and wearisome consideration of all its beauties, its virtues, and its "little ways," it will become obvious that such a man's natural objection to a baby is very reasonable, and not to be reprobated with any show of justice. There is a better argument still to support a man's dislike of babies, and that is the fact that of every hundred babies born there are at least ninety who, to every body but the mother, the father, the aunt, and perhaps two more relations, are thoroughly disagreeable babies. There is no use denying it. The infantine squall may be melody in a parent's ear, but to others it is nothing more than an irritating noise, a disturbance from which it grows an immediate necessity to flee, and in nineteen times out of twenty rendered the more aggravating not only because the person dandling the bawling child seems utterly insensible to the uproar, but because, in spite of its kicking, in spite of its half-blackened face, in spite of its shrill clamor, you have to sit patiently by with a painfully assumed expression of admiration in your face, feeling called upon during the intervals of the hideous noise to confess the delight you experience in having made the acquaintance of so remarkably fine a child.

It may be consolatory, perhaps, to a mother to feel that the struggling little portion of herself upon her lap may grow up a very sweet-tempered daughter or amiable son. We do not know whether the observation is based upon the result of any experimental science; yet it seems true enough that the irritable baby always makes the good-tempered man, and *vice versa*. But that hardly alters the fact that a disagreeable baby is a very great grievance in the society which moves about it. Goldsmith says that we cried when we came into the world, and every day that we live tells us why. Perhaps the disagreeable baby is nothing more than the intellectual baby—gifted with a foreknowledge of the inevitable ills it will have to encounter ere it subsides again into the blackness of the world from which it has so recently arrived. It determ-

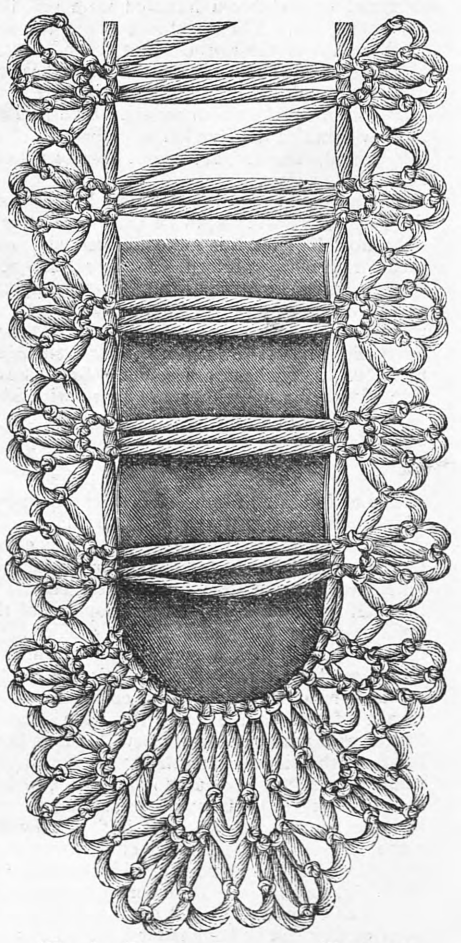


Fig. 4.—END OF BARB FOR FANCHON.

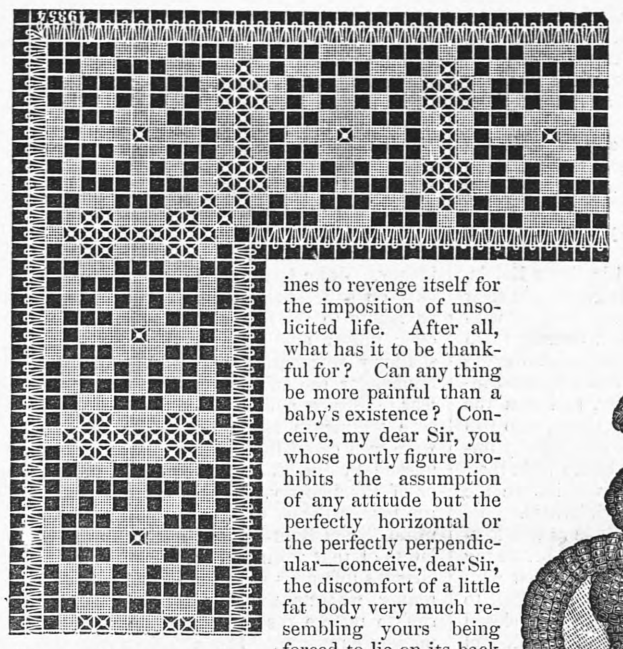


Fig. 1.—CORNER OF BORDER IN NETTED GUIPURE.

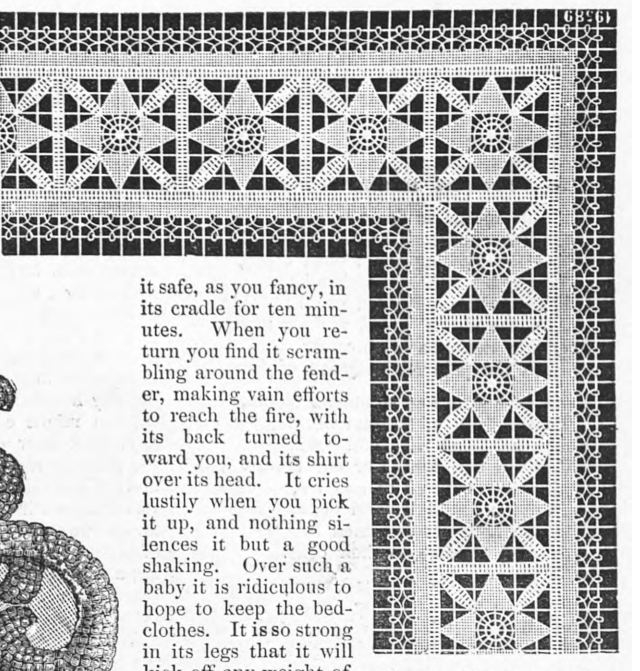
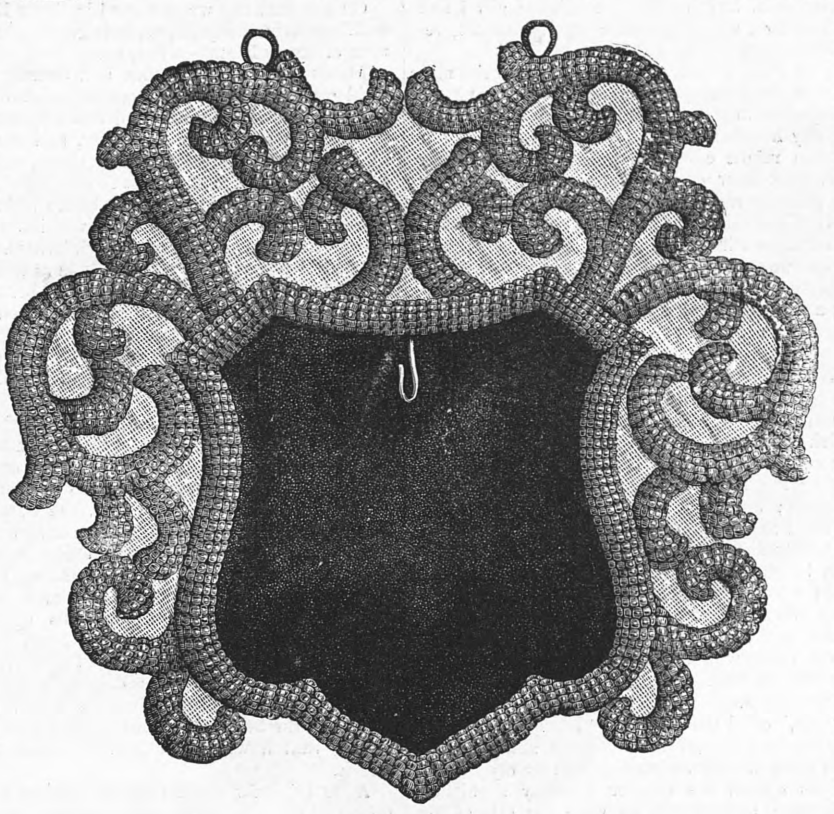


Fig. 2.—CORNER OF BORDER IN NETTED GUIPURE.

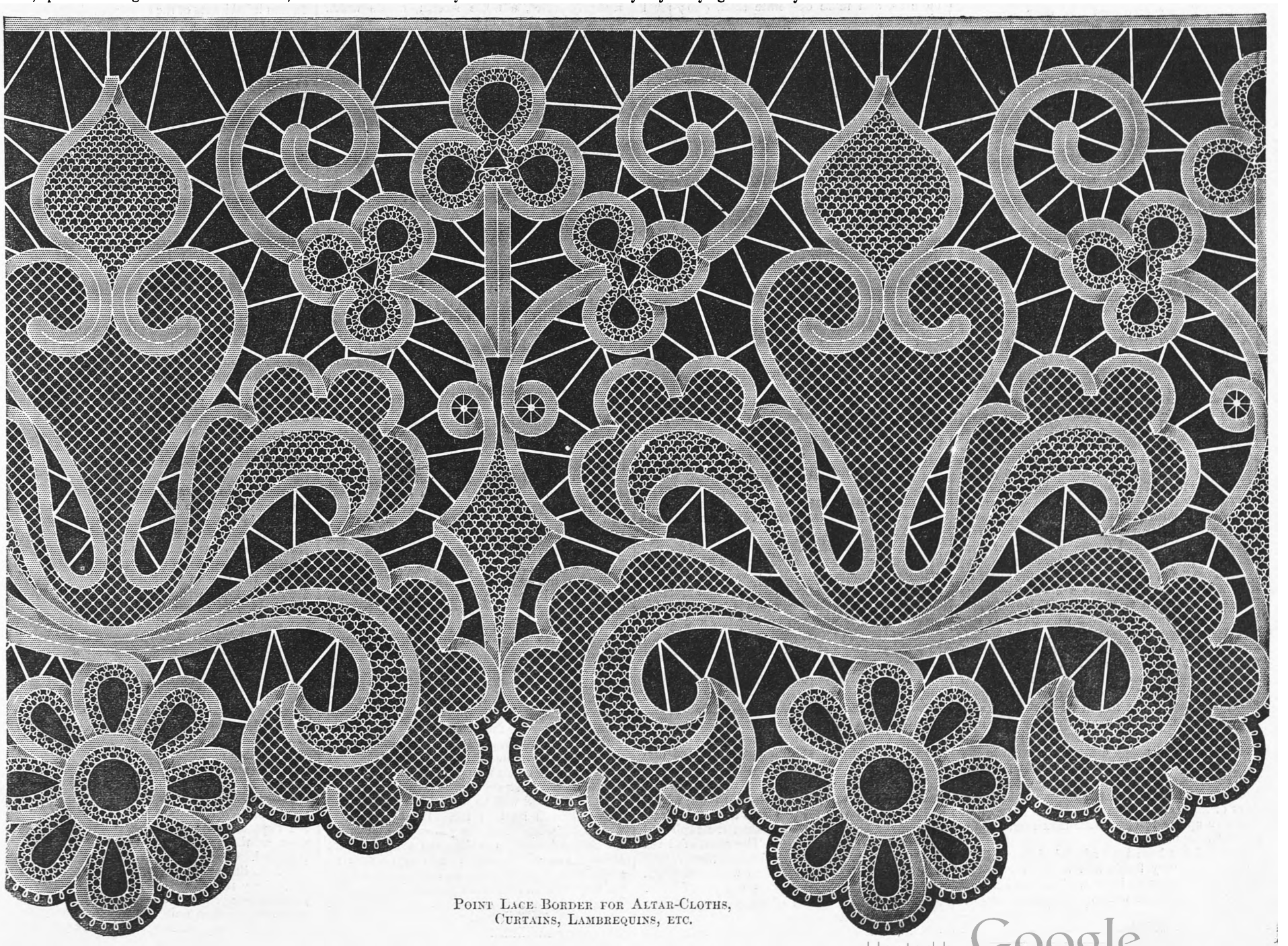


WATCH-CASE EMBROIDERED WITH BEADS.

ines to revenge itself for the imposition of unsolicited life. After all, what has it to be thankful for? Can any thing be more painful than a baby's existence? Conceive, my dear Sir, you whose portly figure prohibits the assumption of any attitude but the perfectly horizontal or the perfectly perpendicular—conceive, dear Sir, the discomfort of a little fat body very much resembling yours being forced to lie on its back in a mother's unequal lap, with its limbs outstretched like a dead bird's legs! You, who have the keenest appreciation of the luxury of ease, can you picture to yourself any more horrid discomfort than to be turned abruptly, first on your back, then on your stomach, then on your back again, while your waistcoat is being buttoned in front or your coat-tails adjusted behind; your face rubbed over with a moist sponge, in spite of your wrinkled nose and whistling-shaped mouth; your back scoured; your little hair carefully brushed over the surrounding baldness, and your hands dried with a vexing towel? Who can blame a baby for rebelling against such a series of indignities? No wonder it clenches its fat fist and takes unequal aims at its mother's nose and mouth! No wonder if it catches hold of her hair it won't let go! No wonder, in the absence of speech, it yells its irritation with the most convincing form of eloquence—the eloquence of noise! Placed in its position, dear Sir, you would do the same thing—and so would we!

But, whatever excuses may be framed for such a baby, there is no use in denying the fact that it is a disagreeable baby. Yet there is another kind of baby much more disagreeable than the noisy baby; we mean the baby that never utters a cry—the baby that you can lay upon the sofa and leave—we were going to say from one year's end to another—and find that it has not budged an inch. There is something *living* about a noisy baby; you watch the animation of its legs and listen to the uproar of its lungs with anger, to be sure, yet with a sense upon you that after all it is human nature. But what shall be said of the pallid, minute infant with great big motionless eyes which never *will* shut; with thin, sparrow-like legs which never *will* kick; with unfolded fingers that never *will* close? It is healthy enough. The doctor has assured the mother that its existence is perfectly secure. And yet it lies in the arms or on the hearth-rug, swathed in flannel, as motionless as if it meant to assert that, having been born against its will, it was determined to have as little to do with existence as it possibly could, and so spite its mother. This is a disagreeable baby. It will cry to be nursed perhaps once a week; and the noise that it utters is thin and weird. It has eyes like those you see in a picture, which follow you about wherever you go and yet never move. Their want of speculation perplexes you. You would give worlds to see them screwed up preparatory to a good, healthy, hearty yell. It is just the kind of baby that, on being asked by its little inquiring brothers and sisters where it came from, you would be justified in answering it was found by the doctor, say, or the gardener, or the nurse, in a wood said to be haunted by weird fairies. It seems overawed by the astonishing condition of being into which it has suddenly been launched. There is a querulousness in its infrequent cry suggestive of an earnest desire to be off once more to the land of shadows and silence. It is an unpleasant baby. It is a disagreeable baby. When you go to bed at night you dream of its eyes. You wish you had never seen it.

Another opposite type of the disagreeable baby is the restless baby. It has a wondrous faculty of journeying. You may leave it safe, as you fancy, in its cradle for ten minutes. When you return you find it scrambling around the fender, making vain efforts to reach the fire, with its back turned toward you, and its shirt over its head. It cries lustily when you pick it up, and nothing silences it but a good shaking. Over such a baby it is ridiculous to hope to keep the bedclothes. It is so strong in its legs that it will kick off any weight of covering. The sense of decency has no influence over the mind of such a baby. Its recklessness of appearance is intense. But, oddly enough, such animated babies never come to harm. It tumbles about with the safety of a drunken man. Let it roll off the bed; there will be the noise of a fall and a loud cry, but never any injury. Let it grab at a lighted candle, and put the flame in its mouth. The flame is at once extinguished; there is no burn, only excessive irritability, and many a wry face over the disagreeable taste of the wax and the smoke. This is a miraculous kind of baby. It makes its nurse's life a burden to her; but it is always its mother's darling pride. Its predilections are all destructive. Its grabbing powers are amazing. It will seize and overturn any thing in the wink of an eye. It is a dangerous baby to touch—certainly for a man to handle. If it does not succeed in putting his eye out, it will certainly entangle its hand in his mustache or whiskers, and cause him intense agony, or crumple his collar, or destroy his shirt-front, or break his watch-guard. Yet on the whole we confess to a weakness for this type of disagreeable baby. It will revenge for you any indignity. Put it into the arms of your worst enemy, and you may rest assured that human malice can devise no more subtle annoyance than this baby will subject him to. This, indeed, is the one great use of this kind of disagreeable baby; and to judge from our experience, we are afraid that there are a good many mothers who are in the secret. At all events, they have an especial fondness for testing the endurance of their acquaintances in this manner, and woe to him who winces beneath the torture.



POINT LACE BORDER FOR ALTAR-CLOTHS, CURTAINS, LAMBREQUINS, ETC.

LOOKING BACK.

On the sea lay opal lights,
Qn the fields the autumn gold,
And the heather on the hills
Rose and purple hues unrolled.
O'er the green of waving woods
Lay a rain of fiery leaves,
And the scarlet poppies burned
In the reapers' rustling sheaves.

Oh! the morns so dewy bright!
Oh! the gorgeous breezeless days!
When the glowing sun looked down,
Through a veil of floating haze.
Oh! the crimson-clouded eves!
And the nights' grand mellow moon,
Shedding radiance brighter far
Than the pale Night-Queen of June.

Faint and wan was summer's bloom,
To the flush of autumn flow'rs,
Velvet soft, and rich, and dark,
Climbed late roses o'er our bow'rs.
Bright moths flitted to and fro,
'Mid the fuschia's coral bells;
And the honey-bees droned by,
Bearing treasure to their cells.

In that golden bounteous time
First we met—'tis long ago—
And all dreams but this have paled
From their early morning glow.
But I see, as 'twere to-day,
All that garden bright and fair,
And the shadows of the plane
Moving o'er thy sunny hair.

What was I, to look on thee?
In the blue veins of thy hand
Ran a tide that well might mate
With the proudest in the land.
But the peasant lad that toiled
For thy pleasure, or thy gain,
Felt thy beauty like a spell,
Loved—though love brought only pain.

Once I saw *him* at thy side,
Him whose name thou bearest now,
And I marked his earnest mien,
And thy downcast maiden brow.
Then I cast my spade aside,
Ay, forever and a day,
And a poet-heart rose up,
Where youth's life in ruins lay.

Time and change have wrought their will;
I am poor and low no more,
And I draw the fame I own
From the agonies of yore.
Furnace fires must purge the gold,
Ere it shineth free from stain;
Rocks are rent ere gems shine out,
That had else been rich in vain.

Art thou happy in thy home,
With *his* children at thy knee?
Does the world's loud voice of praise,
Ever speak to thee of me?
Dost thou ever dream how dear
Once I held, and hold thee yet?
For the true heart knows no change—
It can all things—save forget.

BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY;

OR, THE

Adventures and Misadventures of Robert Ainsleigh.

CHAPTER XIV.

MY HONORABLE MASTERS.

Now followed a passage of my life so long and dreary, a period of such utter and hideous monotony, that the memory of it is rather like the confused recollection of a procession of nightmare dreams than of an actual experience in this waking world. For ten months our ship plowed the waters; for the greater part of a year we wretches huddled together in our dingy quarters, or snatched a brief respite from gloom and suffocation at such times as the captain graciously allowed us to take the air on an obscure corner of the upper deck. No words can tell how we suffered; and if the helpless African bondsmen in the middle-passage suffer more than we did, man's cruelty to his fellow-men is indeed an illimitable quantity. Our quarters were of the closest, our food of the roughest; water was doled out to us by the veriest thimblefuls; the atmosphere we breathed was a compound of foulest stenches; the very pigs and poultry—narrow as was the room allowed them—fared better than we. And this slow torture lasted for ten months.

Brief was the excitement which the sight of land afforded to us; 'twas a bitter, desperate kind of pleasure, a very passion of longing and despair, like that of a lover who snatches one fond look at the mistress who can never be his. To this day I can recall the violent throbbing of my heart as, through the thick haze of evening, Madeira rose upon our larboard bow, and we poor wretches crowded together at the narrow port-hole, and almost fought for a sight of that strange island. 'Twas a month after this that a shoal of dolphins played round the ship; and as these free and happy creatures sported in the sun I could but remember the legend of Arion, and long for some friendly monster whose scaly back might bear me to the shore. Alas! the days of fable are long gone, and the gods come no more upon earth to rescue man from his fellow-man's oppression!

We had not been long afloat before my fever left me, still very feeble and unlike my former self, but no longer an invalid. The first business of my convalescence was to obtain the means of writing—which I accomplished with some difficulty, so scant were the accommodations of these dismal quarters. Provided at last with these, I penned a long letter to Lady Barbara, detailing the story of my capture, and describing my present miserable condition. I besought her, by the love she had borne my father, by her Christian piety for undeserved misfortune, to attempt my early rescue from a fate so hopeless. I warned this generous friend that the same treachery which had compassed my ruin would blacken my character, and that slanders the most plausible would be invented to rob me of her confidence; and then followed the incoherent entreaties of despair, passionate lamentations, wild messages of affection for the beloved girl I had forever lost, which, in some small measure, relieved an overcharged heart and brain.

This letter I directed under cover to the milliner in Long Acre, and having secured it, placed the packet in my waistcoat pocket in readiness for any homeward-bound vessel with which our captain might exchange greetings. Day after day, week after week, I watched and waited for the friendly sail that was to convey this letter; and my heart sickened as the days wore out, and no vessel came within hail of us. Nor was this all; for on one occasion I endured the sharper agonies of disappointed hope, when, on our captain hailing a trading-vessel, she turned out to be a brig laden with Spanish wine, and bound for the Mauritius.

We had been more than six months afloat when the opportunity I so longed for at last arrived in the shape of a homeward-bound Indiaman, to which the long-boat was speedily dispatched with a couple of officers. I was not the only one among the recruits eager to send home some greeting; but when I and half a dozen others crowded to the open hatchway and besought the captain to dispatch our letters, the kindly gentleman laughed us to scorn. Did we think he could trouble himself with the whims and humors of such dirt? And what had we to write about, pray? Complaints of our treatment, no doubt, which would only make mischief at home, and rob the Honorable East India Company of good soldiers.

"No," cried the captain, "I know what a set of lying, ungrateful rascals you are, and you shall send none of your lies to England by my help."

This speech the skipper liberally garnished with such blasphemies as were the salt of his daily discourse, and then roared to one of his men to shut down the hatchway and drive that vermin into their holes.

There is no despot so awful as the tyrant who reigns upon his own quarter-deck. Against his cruel will there is no resistance except crime, and to oppose his hellish tyranny is to be at once involved in rebellion and bloodshed. The spark of mutiny is a fire that spreads swift as flame among the parched jungle-grass of the Sunderbunds, and I knew that it would need but little to stir that idle Pandemonium between decks into an active Inferno. So I crept back to my hole with the other vermin, and lay there as desolate as, and more desperate than, Job; for I needed no tempter to bid me curse God and die. I think at this time my sufferings had banished all Christian feeling from my mind; and if I endured life when self-murder seemed a relief so easy, it was from no faith in the Divine Providence, no fear of the almighty wrath, but from the one savage hope that, in some time to come, when my cup of anguish had been drained to the very dregs, Fate would give me the opportunity of being revenged on the author of my misery.

After the captain's refusal to send my letter I abandoned myself utterly to despair, and fell into a state scarcely less degraded than that of my companions. Like them I no longer kept count of the wretched days; like them I slept a dull dreamless sleep through the dreary nights; like them I ate and drank the scanty portion given to me with the appetite of some half-savage beast; like them I forgot the existence of a better world than this floating hell, and blasphemed the God who ruled above that happier earth. And thus the time went past us somehow; in days that had far less of color and variety than the waves that rolled by our narrow port-holes; in nights that were darker than the storm-clouds that brooded over our vessel in the time of the monsoon; until one dull, stormy morning there rose the cry of land, and a friendly sailor told us that the temple of Juggernaut was visible about fifteen miles to the northwest.

Every creature among our luckless herd felt a curiosity to behold this first spectacle which our new country offered us. We crowded to the hatchway, and in the confusion of the moment were suffered to gaze our fill. Dimly discernible to the naked eye appeared the dark outline of a pagoda which, at that distance, seemed not unlike a rude church-tower. Bernier's *Travels* had made me familiar with the monstrous worship that prevails in this temple of the Indian Moloch, the road to which for fifty miles is bestrewn with bleaching bones and rotting carrion, and I felt that the shrine of a religion so ghastly was a fitting object to greet my eyes at the end of this fatal voyage.

"Would to Heaven I could believe in the Brahmin's Paradise, and after steeping my senses in some maddening spirit cast myself beneath the wheels of the monster god's triumphal car!" I said to myself, as I stood among the squalid crowd, gazing at that dim outline in the distance.

We fancied ourselves now at the end of our journey; but we were doomed to lie within sight of Juggernaut for two days and nights, and then made but slow head against the swell and current from the northeast. The coast of Orixa is so low as to be indistinguishable from a very short distance, and our sailors were compelled to feel their way by soundings every half hour. Meanwhile the situation of the herd below was, if possible, a little increased in wretchedness, for the ship was being painted in order to make a fair show in harbor; and we, poor creatures, had the worst of the paint, which did much to render an already stifling atmosphere utterly unbearable. Nor did we fare any better by venturing on deck, whence we were driven by execrations from the busy seamen, and had thus no alternative from the misery of our hole below.

I wondered, as I heard the men whistling gayly at their work, to think how brave a thing the vessel would look riding at anchor, and how little any stranger who gazed upon her would suspect the anguish and cruelty that had been suffered between her decks.

On the next day we anchored in Sagor Roads, and from an unoccupied port-hole I enjoyed a clear view of Sagor Island—a flat, swampy shore, with tall trees that looked like firs, and beneath them vivid green jungle. Here I saw animals browsing among the swampy grass, and was afterward informed that these were wild deer, and that the island is furthermore infested by tigers, who will even swim off from the coast to destroy any imprudent boatman who trusts his bark within their ken—whence it is that no bribe will induce the natives to approach this savage wilderness.

While I peered from my port-hole at this low-lying island a dark object floated close beside my post of observation, and drifted slowly past with the tide. It was a human corpse, consigned to the sacred river—perhaps ere death had closed the scene—by the pious hands of its dutiful progeny.

"Alas, poor ghost!" I said, "art thou the sole friend who dost welcome me to this barbarous shore, where superstition has added her own peculiar horrors to the natural terrors of death?"

While we lay at anchor a crowd of boats surrounded us, laden with fruit and other merchandise, while Sircars—men who practice as agents and money-lenders, and who surpass their fellow-practitioners, the Jews, in the arts of their profession—exercised their fascinations upon the captain and officers of the ship. Now, for the first time, I had the opportunity of observing the living Gentoo, and in his delicately-moulded form and finely-chiseled features I saw much to induce the belief that from this Oriental stock sprang that flower of antique civilization, the Greek.

After lying for some hours at anchor we approached the side of the river opposite Kedgeree, and I beheld a dismal shore, thickly wooded, black, monotonous—the very home of all noxious and fatal creatures, from the tiger and the cobra, down to the scorpion and mosquito. Night closed in as I gazed upon this dreary coast, and lightnings flashed incessantly above the fever-haunted woods. The sailors spoke of the place as the grave of all hapless wretches who were doomed to remain many days in its neighborhood.

At Diamond Harbor we anchored again, and here we recruits were drafted into a smaller vessel sent down from Calcutta for our reception; and on board this we made our voyage up the Hooghly River, a noble stream, across which our vessel tacked as in a sea.

And now the end of our troublous transit had come, or not quite the end, for we were put ashore some miles from the British settlement to which we were bound, and had a weary march through rank woods of Oriental foliage, and afterward by an ill-made sandy road, scarce worthy the name, with ditches of stagnant water on either side. This being the dry season, we tramped through an intolerable cloud of dust, which, together with the heat, well-nigh stifled us; and so onward, with but brief respite, till we came to one of the ill-guarded gates of Calcutta.

Hence we were marched to the fort, and here we found a very meagre force of mixed soldiery—English, Hindoos, and Topases, so called from the fact of their wearing hats, a species of native Christians, a mixed race, produced by the intermarriage of natives with the early Portuguese settlers. I had heard and read so much of Oriental magnificence as seen by Jesuit travelers at Delhi and other cities of the East, that I had good reason to be disgusted with the English settlement to which fate had brought me; but it was yet the humble beginning of British rule, and the conqueror who was to trample on the neck of Indian power, and transform a trading company into a splendid despotism, was but upon the threshold of his marvelous career. I look back to this period, remembering that it was then I first heard the name of Robert Clive, and can still but wonder at the obscure commencement of that heroic romance of which this young man was destined to be the protagonist. When I landed on the shores of the Hooghly in February, 1751, it was but six years since Clive had arrived at Madras, with no higher hope than belongs to the position of a clerk or writer in the Company's civil service. He came, poor, friendless, and lonely, to the shore of that land which he was fated to hold by a grander power than India had felt since the sceptre of the Moguls slipped from the loosening grasp of Aurungzebe. I, who have drained the bitter cup which stepmother Fortune offers to the lips of friendless youth, can but think with a peculiar sympathy of this unfriended lad, who was sent to India chiefly because his father knew not what to do with him in England, and whose lofty spirit sickened at the common round of daily drudgery, while his warm heart languished in the loneliness of a land so strange.

Nothing could well be more insignificant than Robert Clive's start in life. He whose name was to be in less than ten years the wonder of the civilized world, and the chief glory of Great Britain, had not a single friend, nay, scarce an acquaintance, in Madras, and was of a temper too wayward and reserved to seek introductions by the common arts of society. Studious as he was proud, he esteemed the admission to the Governor's excellent library the highest privilege he enjoyed. I have been told how that constitutional melancholy, which was so near akin to madness, displayed itself even at this early age, and how one day, on a companion coming into the young man's room in Writers' Buildings, Clive begged him to take up a pistol and fire it out of the window. The man complied. "Then, by Heaven, I am reserved for something," cried Clive; "for I have twice snapped that pistol at my head." Alas, 'twas but a premature rehearsal of a future tragedy!

When I first saw Calcutta, nothing could well be darker than the aspect of affairs in that presidency. John Company held his ground as yet only on sufferance, and by virtue of handsome payments to the Soubahdar, whose rule was at once nearer and stronger than the somewhat shadowy sovereignty of Delhi. Nor was the Soubahdar the only power our Company had to fear. France had in these days an apparently sure footing in Hindostan, while her interests were well cared for and her power audaciously pushed by Joseph Francis Dupleix, the Governor of Pondicherry. It was but five years since the bombardment of Madras by the French admiral, De la Bourdonnais, ending in the capitulation of that town and the Governor of Pondicherry's infamous violation of the treaty of surrender, whereby the Admiral had pledged himself to restore the settlement on payment of a moderate ransom. This notorious treachery had resulted in triumph to the traitor and disgrace to the honorable man, who strove hard to redeem his word with the English, and who, on his return to France, was flung into the Bastile, and left to languish there for a period of three years, as an encouragement for future honorable-minded admirals. For here I think we may retort upon M. de Voltaire the jest which he afterward made about our own unfortunate Admiral Byng; since the iniquitous sentence that deprived Byng of life was no more cruel than the slow torture which murdered De la Bourdonnais, a much greater man.

Dupleix, on the contrary, had succeeded in elevating himself to the giddiest summit of power by a series of intrigues with native princes and native usurpers. He was now Governor of the Mogul dominions on the Coast of Coromandel from the river Kistna to Cape Comorin. He affected an Oriental magnificence known only to native princes, and displayed among his splendid insignia the princely badge of the fish; while his friends boldly affirmed that ere long the Mogul on his throne would tremble at the name of Dupleix. The English beheld these triumphs of a rival nation with an indifference that might proceed from either apathy or despair. They made no attempt to stem a torrent that threatened to overwhelm them; and Major Laurence, the commander of the troops, chose this critical juncture as a fitting time for his return to England.

The fort at Calcutta was ill-defended and worse garrisoned. The wide ditch, dug in 1742 by the Indian inhabitants of the colony, at their own expense, and under a panic-like terror of a Morattoe invasion, had never been completed. It was designed to completely encircle the Company's bounds, and would have been, when perfect, seven miles in extent; but when three miles had been completed, after a labor of six months, the Bengalese, with true Indian supineness, desisted from the work, nor did the Company care for its completion, seeing that no Morattoes had ever been on the western side of the river within sixty miles of Calcutta, and that Allaverdy, the Soubahdar of Bengal and Orixa, exerted himself vigorously to prevent their incursions into the Island of Cossimbuzar.

When I first entered Fort William I was completely ignorant of the present condition of the country in which I found myself. Hakluyt's voyages and Bernier's pleasant book had made me tolerably familiar with the splendid court and city of the Mohammedan conquerors of Hindostan, but of Indian history since the death of Aurungzebe and the decline of the Mogul power I knew scarcely any thing; and I can not but wonder at the small degree of interest which Englishmen at home felt in the adventures of their countrymen in this strange land.

When Philip Hay and I, with some twenty other recruits, reached our destination, we found the meagre garrison of Calcutta commanded by five captains, with corresponding subordinate officers, who agreed in nothing so heartily as their contempt for the station to which they were appointed, and their neglect of all duties connected with it. To drink, to sleep, to gamble, to intrigue with loose-lived native women, and to absent themselves from their quarters on every possible occasion, in order to indulge their fancy for the field-sports of the adjoining country, formed the rule of their lives. They had indeed sorry inducement for fidelity to their posts. Nothing could be more dismal than life in the fort and in the town of Calcutta, where the few European houses scattered among the ruder native habitations were in the occupation of British traders and merchants, who thought of nothing but the rapid increase of their wealth, or were absorbed in the discussion of their petty disputes with the managers of the Company at home.

And thus did Sergeant O'Blagg's florid promises of Oriental glory and plunder result in the guardianship of a factory, or store-house for cotton-stuffs; and I found myself at twenty years of age the companion of a mixed assemblage, and subject to the tyranny of the Irish sergeant, who proved himself a truculent scoundrel, before whom the Topases and native soldiers—spahis, or seapoys, as they were called by us—quailed and trembled.

I have little need to linger over this first portion of my Indian experiences. My life for the space of one year was a blank, the monotony of which was broken only by some petty variety in the details of my suffering. I, whose youth had

known only the refined labors of a scholar, found myself working in a ditch with a mixed gang of British recruits and tawny Hindoos, at some necessary repair of our feeble fortifications, exposed to the glare of a meridian sun in a copper-colored sky, and threatened with the lash at every symptom of flagging industry.

Our military education meanwhile was of a most primitive order. We shared the drill of the sepoys, who wore their native costume of turban, shirt, and loose cotton trowsers, and wielded their native arms of sword and target. The number of our officers was in ridiculous proportion to the pitiful handful of troops, not two hundred in all, and but sixty of these Englishmen. They were too lazy to give us much instruction, too indifferent or unexpectant of danger to be interested in their duty; nor did the seizure and French occupation of Madras, with its loss of millions to the Company, arouse the garrison of Calcutta to any extraordinary exertion. It appears to me, indeed, that it has ever been a quality of the British mind to await the imminent approach of a peril before taking measures to prevent it; and it was only in the fatal summer of '56 that the five captains of our garrison discovered how ill we were defended.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

THE affairs of Spain absorb every one's attention just now, but all definite intelligence stops at Biarritz; and there are few, except those directly in the Court circle, who are fully informed of what is taking place.

The Empress sets such an example of simplicity at Biarritz that extravagance in dress seems to have somewhat diminished. She always appears on the beach in short suits of woolen, cashmere, flannel, poplin, or Scotch plaid. She is especially partial to black and gray. She has several suits, some pearl-gray and others dove-colored, simply trimmed with the same material; the under-skirt has a deep flounce, the tunic is caught up at the sides *à la Pompadour*, and edged with a narrow cashmere flounce. The mantilla with square tabs is lined with silk of the same color. A belt of cashmere without ends, or of gros grain with fringed ends, is fastened over the mantilla. A gray straw-hat with curled feathers of the same shade as the dress completes this toilette. The Empress usually wears long Saxony gloves without buttons, and buttoned kid boots, or slippers with silk stockings of the same color as the dress.

The Emperor rises very early at Biarritz as well as every where else; and if he has no urgent business on hand goes out alone at seven in the morning to walk in the suburbs. These are his happiest moments; he chats with the peasants whom he meets, questions the children, gives a few louis to the poor of the neighborhood, and returns to the Eugenie villa as late as possible.

The family breakfast is very unceremonious; the ladies of the Empress appear in the dress that they intend to wear the rest of the day, and that they have already worn in the morning on the beach; for the Empress goes down to the shore the moment she is dressed. What is more astonishing is that the dinner also is entirely without ceremony; the gentlemen appear in frock-coats, and the ladies' dresses are not low, but simply heart-shaped or square in front with long close sleeves. When the Empress wears a low-necked dress she often adds a lace fichu, open in front, like those that are seen in the portraits of Marie Antoinette.

I will describe one of the dinner dresses worn by the Empress. A trained dress of sky-blue taffeta trimmed with ruches, with a flounce of point d'Angleterre between each ruche; both ruches and lace extend up the *en tablier*. The heart-shaped corsage is edged in front with a ruche and a frill of lace, with lace *tuyautée* inside. Medallion of turquoises and diamonds, suspended round the neck by a black velvet ribbon; coiffure of curls behind, with Grecian knot on top of the head, and short curls in front; long pendants of turquoises and diamonds in the ears.

The young girls at the imperial table generally wear white corsages of muslin and Valenciennes, with light silk skirts, or dresses of silk gauze with high corsage over a low-necked silk dress.

There are but four young girls staying at this moment with the Empress; these are her two nieces, the daughters of the Duchesse d'Albe, and Mdlles. Marion and de Lermina, her readers. The Emperor sits in the middle of the table with the Empress at his right, and the Prince Imperial at his left. Opposite the Emperor is the Prefect of the palace, who has at his right and left the daughters of the Duchesse d'Albe. The other persons are seated by the Chamberlain in waiting. The elder of the Empress's young nieces, who is but fifteen, is dark like her mother, and slender, with an exquisite rosy complexion. Her finely-cut features are charming. She promises to become a great beauty. The table service is almost always double; for instance, there are always two soups, eight entrées, two roasts, etc., etc.

The winter fashions are already beginning to appear. The Scotch or tartan plaids will be very much worn for negligée street dresses. A very pretty fashion called the Arabella costume has lately been invented by the celebrated modiste of Paris, Mme. Elisé. This is the Forty-second costume (green and blue), so called because it is worn by the Forty-second Highlanders. The under-skirt is pleated around the bottom; the tunic is caught up very high at the sides, forming a little apron in front, and is fringed all around with large chenille balls of the same colors as the plaid. The tunic is looped up with black gros grain rosettes with flowing ends. Small paletot of the same material, simulating a tight jacket in front, and buttoning at the side with two square tabs falling in front, the whole fringed with chenille balls. A small cape notched at the bottom forms the back of the paletot. Rosettes of black gros grain with flowing ends are set on the shoulders and the back of the cape. The belt is of the same material as the dress, and is worn over the paletot. This costume is extremely pretty and coquettish.

JULIE DE PUISIEUX.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE Bois de Boulogne, which is the pride of Paris, is a park of magnificent distances. It contains over twenty-three hundred acres, and has a thick growth of various kinds of forest trees. Indeed, since the improvements were commenced in 1851, more than two hundred thousand trees are said to have been planted in the Bois. It is also abundantly watered, its lakes and little streams being supplied by an Artesian well at Passy, which springs from a depth of eighteen hundred and seventy-five feet. There are no less than fourteen lakes in this renowned pleasure-ground, the largest being about a mile in length. Many of them are well filled with fish, which flourish remarkably. There are nearly seventy miles of carriage-roads, and over thirty miles of shady paths for horseback riders. Moreover, it contains one of the largest race-courses in the world. There are in this Park some immense oaks and cedars, which are supposed to be four or five centuries old. No wonder the Parisians are proud of the Bois de Boulogne.

A London paper thinks that agricultural meetings will soon become the rage. Reason, as follows: A short time ago, at the annual dinner of the Huntingdonshire Agricultural Society, one of the gentlemen proposed as a toast, "The health of Mrs. Fellowes and the ladies of Huntingdonshire." Presently Mrs. Fellowes, wife of a well-known member of Parliament, who was chairman of the evening, rose and "with great distinctness" responded in a pretty little speech which was received with enthusiastic cheers.

In Paris the question of woman's rights and wrongs has recently been warmly discussed in a series of public meetings held in Le Vauxhall. Only one of the speakers is charged with having said any thing original and worthy of notice. She—for it was a woman, Mlle. Maxime Breuil—claimed for women equal political rights with men, but did not wish to see them in possession of those rights at present. She remarked that until women were properly enlightened respecting their duties, men must continue to bear alone the responsibility of the lamentable incapacity of which they have given proof hitherto. In presence of this incapacity, and while bearing with them the burden of its grievous results, she could without temerity assert that women might have done better, and there was great consolation in thinking that at any rate they could not have done worse!

The women of Germany have held a conference at Stuttgart recently—but not to discuss the popular question of suffrage. They desired to find out the best ways and means to teach young mothers how best to regulate the physical education of their children. They also wished to make some arrangements for establishing small museums of literature, art, and industry, connected with schools or academies where proper instruction on various topics could be given to women. Furthermore, they desired to commence a reform in dress, and as a basis for this reform the following points have been accepted: That nothing be declared "old-fashioned" which has once been found useful, appropriate, and becoming. That nothing new be adopted unless it has proved itself to be both to the purpose and answering the demands of good taste. That all garments and articles of toilette that are hurtful to health be put away. And, finally, that all suitable saving be effected in articles of dress, so that expenses may conform to the income. The German women are very sensible.

The number of lives lost by the late earthquakes in South America is estimated at 60,000; but it is probable this can not be relied upon as being correct. Additional accounts of damage from inundations have been received, but there is some confusion in them, and it is difficult to know the truth definitely. Gradually the whole dreadful reality will be revealed.

A very interesting and ingenious instrument is reported from inventive Paris. It is a "universal alphabetical piano," on which children can be taught instantaneously to read, to calculate, and to play music. Price six francs, which is certainly a good deal cheaper than sending children to school.

An Englishman criticises "cablegram" as mongrel and unsatisfactory. He suggests, as a word that is regularly and analogically formed, "calogram," the first half of which is from the Greek word signifying cable.

Twenty-seven public evening-schools have been opened this fall in our city by the Board of Education. The facilities thus afforded for instruction are largely accepted by persons of mature age; and experience has shown the wisdom of making such liberal arrangements for the educational wants of those whose avocations prevent them from attending day-schools.

In commenting upon the precocity of American children, Mr. Macrae, a Scottish writer who recently visited this country, remarks: "One thing that astonished me was the food given to the children. It seems to be the rule in America to let the children have a share of every thing on the table. A New England lady told me that every one of her eleven children had been brought to the table at seven months old, and at thirteen months could handle their forks as neatly as she could! Brought to the table so soon, and hearing all that goes on, they begin at a preternaturally early age to take an interest in general affairs, and to acquire the ideas and language of grown people." Among other instances he mentions a family-party which attracted his attention at a hotel breakfast-table at Niagara. One of the party was a child between two and three years of age. The first thing this small gentleman had was a cup of milk and biscuit. Then he had two eggs and a slice of "Johnny-cake." He sipped very little of the egg, and then called for fish. After fish he had beef, and after the beef bacon and biscuit. What more he might have needed was left uncertain by reason of his spilling the eggs over his own and his mother's dress, which caused him to be carried away from the table in a state of humiliation.

Madame Rachel, who has long been imposing upon the ignorant and superstitious people of London, by promises to make them "beautiful forever," has at length come to the end of her business for the present. She has been sentenced to five years' penal servitude, as punishment for various frauds which her recent trial unveiled. One of the wonderful preparations which she sold to credulous customers was "Magnetic dew-water, from the Desert of Sahara, two guineas a bottle." The story is that in the interior of the Great Desert of Sahara there is a magnetic rock, from which water distills sparingly in the form of dew, which is possessed of extraordinary property. Whether a latent electricity be imparted by magnetism, or an additional quantity of oxygen enters into its composition, is not known. But it is said to have the property of increasing the vital energies, and to restore gray hair, and to give the appearance of youth to persons of considerable antiquity. Whether Madame Rachel filled her bottles in Sahara may be open to doubt.

"A well-cooked piece of meat," says Professor Johnson in his "Chemistry of Common Life," "should be full of its own juice." In roasting, therefore, it should be exposed to a quick fire, that the external surface may contract at once, and the juice be retained. In boiling, the meat should be put into boiling water at first, unless beef-tea, broth, or soup is to be prepared from it; then it should be put into cold water and slowly brought to a boil.

The old statuary-gallery of the Boston Athenæum has been transformed into a large, light, and attractive reading-room. Much of the sculpture and statuary remains as appropriate ornamentation of the room.

"Sidewalk Etiquette" is a topic which might be studied up advantageously. If promenaders in Broadway would follow a few well-known common-sense rules, there would be much less friction on the sidewalks of that great thoroughfare than we now frequently observe. If those walking *up* Broadway are resolved to follow a straight line close to the shop windows, they had better take the east side of the street, unless they desire to endure collisions and reproving looks. Stopping in the middle of the sidewalk to chat a few minutes with a friend creates an obstruction less easily avoided than a good-sized pile of bricks. We have seen a party of three or four spread across the sidewalk as if linked together, slowly promenading, quite unconscious that they are seriously annoying those behind, who can not pass without seeming rudeness. When a gentleman and lady are walking together, a common rule, and a very good one, is that the lady should always be at the gentleman's right arm; then the lady will be protected against any friction incident to passing those coming from the opposite direction.

The Cornell University, which has been recently opened in Ithaca, New York, is located about three-quarters of a mile from the town, on a sightly ridge. The entire country in the vicinity of Ithaca is exceedingly romantic and picturesque, the beautiful Cayuga Lake forming a marked point of interest. The buildings of the University are not yet entirely completed by any means—the plan embracing a large number designed for various uses. Two buildings, however, are ready for occupation, and about three hundred pupils have been admitted upon examination. The public exercises in connection with the opening were of much interest. A valuable gift was made to the University by a lady of Ithaca—a chime of nine bells, weighing about six thousand pounds. Cornell University will afford to students the means of obtaining an education, in which the literary, scientific, and practical are happily combined, at a very moderate expense.

In Paris there are a number of negro and mulatto families among the wealthy foreign residents, who associate with aristocratic French families on terms of equality. M. Pontchery, a wealthy negro from Port-au-Prince, lives with his family in one of the finest houses on the Chaussée-d'Antin, keeps half a dozen white servants, and was invited into society last winter. He is a millionaire, and has a very fine gallery of paintings and statuary. Candoris is another rich negro resident. His eldest daughter is a great belle, and receives much attention in society from many who seem to care nothing about her ancestry.

There is a pleasant superstition, supposed to have originated in Poland, that the nativity of every individual has a mysterious connection with some one of the precious stones. Hence it is considered by many as appropriate to wear those jewels which are imagined to give significance to a certain month, if the birthday occurred in that month. That is, one born in January should wear garnet or jacinth; amethyst belongs to February; blood-stone to March; sapphire and diamond to April; emerald to May; agate to June; carnelian or ruby to July; sardonyx to August; chrysolite to September; opal to October; topaz to November; and turquoise to December. Of course each of these gems, in their fated character, is supposed to have a special signification.

Victoria is reported to be busy—writing a novel! This, with her attempts to regulate the conduct of the Prince of Wales, is sufficient occupation.

Sydney Smith is said to have cut the following extract from a newspaper and preserved it: "When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air—will do it, at least for twenty-four hours. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person, only one, happily through the day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year. And supposing you live forty years only after you commence such a course of medicine, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred beings happy, at all events for a time."

Who is a "lady" now, in the original sense of the term? The word "lady" is an abbreviation of the Saxon "leofday," which signifies "bread-giver." In olden times the mistress of a manor was accustomed, once a week or oftener, to distribute among the poor a certain quantity of bread. She bestowed the gift with her own hands, and made the hearts of the needy glad by the soft words and gentle actions which accompanied her benevolence. The poor regarded the "leofday" as a sort of ministering spirit in a world of sorrow and suffering.

FALL AND WINTER CLOAKS.

See Illustration on page 856.

Fig. 1.—VICTORIA. Black velvet paletot rounded in front and shawl-shaped in the back. The paletot is edged with a bias fold of black satin, above which is set a double row of passementerie rings. The point is bordered with deep fringe. Cardinal pelerine rounded in the front and back, and trimmed with the same passementerie and fringe; a few pleats are laid in the back of the pelerine and confined by a black satin rosette. Dress of Irish poplin, slightly looped at the sides. Cashmere skirt of the same color, trimmed with a pleated flounce. Fanchon of iris velvet, with a ruche of black lace sprinkled with small velvet bows, and a black and white aigrette at the side.

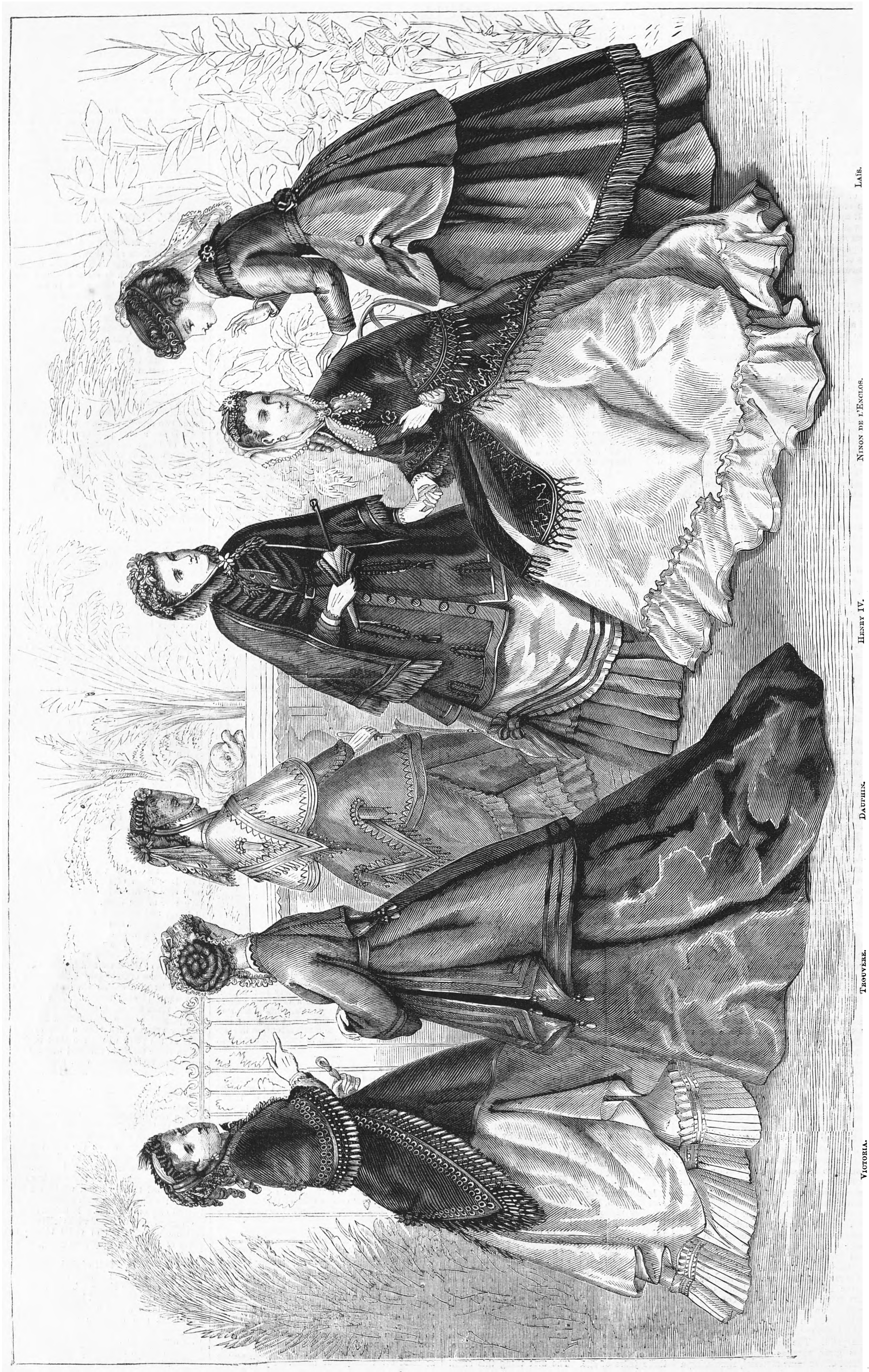
Fig. 2.—TROUVÈRE. Negligée paletot of dark blue velveteen, open square at the sides, where it forms two draped pleats. At the angle of each pleat is set a blue passementerie olive. Three rows of black silk galloon encircle the whole paletot, which is confined round the waist by a blue belt, fastening in front. The back is very full, forming pleats to match those at the side. The sleeve is full at the elbow, widening to the bottom, and is trimmed with black silk galloon. Fanchon of blue satin, bordered with a ruche of black lace, with a large blue velvet bow on the top and a diadem of the same velvet in front. Black faille dress.

Fig. 3.—DAUPHIN. Short paletot of black faille, bordered with a bias fold of satin, with a heading of *cocotte* points of the same satin. A long point, edged with passementerie fringe, surmounted with a satin bias fold and cocottes, extends below the back of the paletot. Two passementerie rings, through which are passed a short bias lappet ending with three tassels, are placed at the top of the V that forms the point. Cardinal pelerine, slightly looped up in the back, and trimmed with a bias fold and cocottes of satin to match the rest of the paletot. A sharp-pointed Armenian hood falls below the pelerine, and matches the point on the lower part of the paletot, being trimmed in the same manner with fringe, and having in the middle a passementerie ring and bias lappet. Sleeves trimmed with black satin cocottes. Bear's-ear taffeta dress, with two flounces round the bottom and a third round a tunic which is rounded at the sides and slightly *bouffant* behind. Black felt toque with large bow of lace with long ends at the back, and small toque of velvet and lace and tuft of bear's-ear velvet in front.

Fig. 4.—HENRY IV. Black velvet circular, bordered with a broad bias fold of satin, and with large buttons extending all the way up the front. Close-fitting corsage, with brandenburgs of black satin cocottes, arranged diagonally, which begin at the shoulder and end under the band that holds the buttons. Adjusted belt. Two long rings of black cocottes extend from each side of the belt and simulate pockets on each side of the front. A large pelerine, open in front, and reaching only to the shoulder, is set on the paletot and bordered with fringe. The bottom is trimmed only with cocottes set on in narrow ogives. The paletot is without sleeves, and, the pelerine being very open, shows both the sleeves of the dress and brandenburgs on the front. Dress of light gray Irish poplin, with an under-skirt of a darker shade, trimmed with a very deep pleated flounce. The over-skirt is caught up at the sides, and bordered with a narrow pleated flounce, surmounted by three rows of gray velvet which form a bow of loops and ends at the place where the skirt is festooned. Green crape fanchon, trimmed with a diadem of grapes and vine-leaves, with a small mantilla-veil behind, extending so as to form barbs under the chin.

Fig. 5.—NINON DE L'ENCLOS. Large violet velvet mantelet, shawl-shaped behind and trimmed with a rich passementerie fringe formed of detached tassels, and embroidered around the bottom with black silk and several shades of violet. Cardinal pelerine above the shawl-point, and trimmed in the same manner. The pelerine begins at the side seam, which is covered by the raising of the arm. The mantelet has two long, half-rounded tabs in front, which are trimmed around the outer edge with embroidery and are fringed only on the ends. Fanchon of very light pearl-gray crape, trimmed with violet velvet chrysanthemums, with fall of violet blonde behind. Dress of very light gray gros grain, with Louis XV. flounce.

Fig. 6.—LAIS. Suit of dark capucine serge. Plain under-skirt. Rounded tunic trimmed with fringe of the same shade. Tight-fitting paletot, looped by two large shell buttons. Round belt, fastened behind with a rosette, from which fall two black and capucine passementerie cords. Fringe round the shoulders like that on the tunic, with a rosette in the middle. Gray felt toque, bordered with a large black and capucine curled feather, with lace veil at the back.



LAÏS.

NINON DE L'ENCLOS.

HENRY IV.

DAUPHIN.

TROUVÈRE.

VICTORIA.

FALL AND WINTER CLOAKS.—[SEE PAGE 855.]

Autumn and Winter Bonnets.

Fig. 1. GARNET VELVET BONNET.—On the front arrange a diadem-shaped piece of the same velvet, which is cut out into points at the top and continued as strings on each side. The trimming consists of a spray of convolvulus and a white feather.

Fig. 2. BLACK VELVET BONNET.—On the front is set a high puff. The back and strings are edged with a pointed satin band, which is trimmed with beaded feather fringe. The strings are fastened with a rosette of satin ribbon. A heron feather and a few red leaves complete the trimming.

Fig. 3. VIOLET VELVET BONNET.—This bonnet is bound with satin of the same color. A pointed piece bound with satin and edged with white blonde is set over the front, which is also edged

Fig. 2.—BLACK VELVET BONNET.

with white blonde. In the middle of the back set a bow of velvet, satin, and blonde. Finish the front with violet flowers, and sew on narrow velvet strings bordered with blonde.

Fig. 4. VIOLET CRAPE BONNET FOR ELDERLY LADY.—This bonnet is of violet crape and silk trimmed with blonde of the same color. The strings, which are fastened to the back of the bonnet, are also of crape, bordered on the front with narrow ribbon, and on the other part with blonde headed with a narrow roll of violet silk. A simulated veil is set on the back under the ends. The front is caught together with bows of the same ribbon. The trimming consists of violet flowers and leaves.

Fig. 5. BLACK VELVET ROUND HAT.—This hat is trimmed on the edge with black satin folds and bead grelots. On the back

Fig. 5.—BLACK VELVET ROUND HAT.

of the hat are fastened two lace ends edged with wide lace; a spray of flowers covers the place where the strings are sewed on. The strings are fastened in front with a spray of roses.

Fig. 6. BROWN VELVET BONNET.—This bonnet is of brown velvet, arranged in two puffs in front. The strings, which begin at the top of the crown of the bonnet, form, first, a frill on the back, and then extend down to the front, where they are fastened with a satin bow. These strings are of brown satin ribbon with brown velvet figures and edged with lace. A bow of plain satin ribbon is also set on the back, while narrow strings are tied under the chignon.

Fig. 7. BLACK VELVET BONNET.—The front of this bonnet is arranged in a high puff. The trimming consists of wide black lace, satin, and roses.

A HARDANGER WEDDING.

AN English tourist gives an interesting account of an old-fashioned wedding or *bryllup*, which he was fortunate enough to see during a journey through the Hardanger Province. The word signifies the race for the bride, and alludes to the custom of marriage by capture which has been shown to have prevailed in ancient times among all the savage nations in the world. The traces of the same custom have survived in the "Welsh weddings," and

Fig. 1.—GARNET VELVET BONNET.

in the ceremony of stealing the bride which prevails, or not long ago prevailed, at weddings in the country districts of the Border. "A wedding cortége in Sweden," says Mr. Maclennan, "was long after the introduction of Christianity a party of armed men, and for greater security marriages were generally performed at night. A pile of lances is said to be still preserved in the old church at Husaby in Gothland, into which were fitted torches; these weap-

Fig. 4.—VIOLET CRAPE BONNET FOR ELDERLY LADY.

ons were borne by the groomsmen, and served the double purpose of giving light and protection." In those turbulent times every church had a rack in the porch for holding the axes and spears of the congregation, so that the lances of Husaby may not have had any special or symbolical reference to the theory of marriage by capture; but we thought that we could trace the influ-

Fig. 6.—BROWN VELVET BONNET.

ence of the tradition in the wedding which we attended, where the shouts and excited rushings, with the firing of guns and pistols, raised all the din and confusion of a real battle for the bride. The bride's father sat outside the house among the elders of the village with a silver spigot in his hand. Ale was served from the barrel at his side into a massive peg-tankard, inscribed with verses in the Hardanger dialect; and the bride herself, smiling through her tears, handed the stronger drinks in finely-embossed cups to all who wished to drink "Skaal" and long life to her. At last the time came for the service in a church across the water. The bridegroom no longer dangled his bonnet, but helped to push off the boats; the flags waved, the bride was embraced, and amidst a parting salute from all our artillery at once, the wedding cortége departed. We had been permitted in the morning, while the bride's hair was being plaited in thick coils of a shape fit to receive her crown, to inspect her ornaments, which had been heirlooms in the family for several generations. The most valuable,

Fig. 3.—VIOLET VELVET BONNET.

of course, was the crown, silver-gilt and adorned with garnets, which was of a more massive pattern than those in the Bergen shops; it differed from them, moreover, in being hung with gilt pendants, beads, and tufts of colored wool. A fine breast-plate, filigreed brooches, and a silver marriage-belt, complete the list of her principal adornments. The following description of the belt of a rich lady in Iceland applies exactly to that of the Hardanger bride: "The petticoat is fastened by means of a girdle nearly five feet in length, composed of a number of oblong pieces of silver about an inch and a half long and one inch wide, sewed with their extremities close together upon a piece of green velvet, so that it forms a number of joints and is easily bent round the body and fastened with a buckle: one end is suffered to hang down in front

Fig. 7.—BLACK VELVET BONNET.

of the apron and nearly reaches the bottom of it. All the joints are gilt and beautifully ornamented with open work and raised knobs of silver." After the wedding a feast commenced which lasted for nearly three days, as far as we could judge by the succession of jaded revelers who returned in scattered boat loads from the bride's new home across the water. The king of the feast was her father, who boasted afterward of the strength of mind and body which had enabled him, like Socrates, to drink down all the boon companions, and return unconquered by the flow of "*Port og Punch og Braendeviin.*" A few nights afterward we joined a revel of a more pleasing kind, the lads and lasses of the village having been invited to a dance in the kitchen of the chief farm-house. A fiddle and a wooden black-jack of beer completed the simple preparations of the host, and the company were soon merrily engaged in their favorite Sultan Polka, and the Jenny Lind, which here they call the Hamburg Dance. We were much amused at the strangeness of the Halling dance, which was performed with great success by the most agile of the village lads. He marched round the floor with a solemn face to a soft fantastic tune, casting his eyes now and then upon a large nail which had been driven into the centre of the low wooden roof. Then at the right note, as he passed beneath the nail, he turned a sudden somersault, and struck it with his clouted boot, which brought down great applause at each successful repetition of the feat.

BY THE PEACH-TREE WALL.

WHERE the manor-house garden is tangled the most,
By the door in the peach-tree wall,
You bid me farewell—for an hour, as you thought—
But we parted for once and all.

Through the long white glare how the peonies flamed,
In the noon of the July day,
As you crossed the grass with the gold on your hair,
And the crickets leaped up where they lay!

The sunflowers unwinking, looked straight at the south,
And the hollyhocks stood tall;
And the butterflies wavered brown, azure, and red,
In the hush by the peach-tree wall.

After midsummer days with never a night,
Came the winter, the chill, and the rain,
When the hollyhocks' life was asleep in the ground,
Till the peach-blossoms flowered again.

And the wearisome months of waiting in vain,
Ever stealing my youth from me,
Ever straining my eyes through the darkness,
Ever stretching my arms o'er the sea.

For the fire of that sultry summer sun
Has burned down so deep in my heart,
Though years and the autumn bring calmness, my dear,
I am scarce now content to part.

For still when the July noons are come,
And the hollyhocks grow tall,
I walk and dream dreams as we dreamed, my dear,
Under the peach-tree wall.

When the passionate life-strife is over,
The folly, the chill, and the pain,
A shadow, in shadowless noontide,
Perhaps I may walk here again.

SPOKEN IN IDLENESS.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

"IT is of very little consequence where he met her, or how he met her, he has married her!—that is the point that concerns us most painfully," Mrs. Armitage said, with a sad severity, when she first heard of her brother's marriage. But Ethel, her daughter, felt a great curiosity on the subject, and so when her mamma dropped the letter that contained the tidings, Ethel picked it up hastily, and asked:

"Very likely uncle tells you where, and how, and when, and all about it, mamma, if you will only have patience to read on and see—or may I?"

Mrs. Armitage waved her handkerchief and hand, which she had the moment before pressed to her eyes, assentingly, and Ethel read on to the end of the letter without delay.

"What can have induced him at his age to be such a fool?" Mrs. Armitage said, angrily; and Ethel, without looking up, replied:

"What? oh! he tells you 'what' here; uncle says 'he thought their marriage would make her happier, and he knew it would make him so.' Bravo, old gentleman! what a capital reason!"

"Pray do not be so flippant," Mrs. Armitage sighed; "no one knows the difference it may make to us—it's the breaking up of our home, I see that."

Ethel blushed, and looked up now. "Mamma," she said, gently, "we only came on a visit, and we have been here ten years; we can't complain of having to turn out now."

"But I am not sure that we shall have to turn out, and I shall feel that I have every right to feel it if we do," Mrs. Armitage exclaimed, energetically. Then she got up and rang the bell, and when the old servant, who had been butler, footman, and valet for the last thirty years to Mr. Lee, came in, she said:

"I have had news that has upset me very much, Warner—your master is married!"

The news had such an effect on Warner that he nearly upset the breakfast service; still he was able to say he was glad, and to ask "who the lady was?"

In answer to this Mrs. Armitage shook her head, and looked a look that was published by Warner, and remembered in the village long after it had escaped the memory of its author. "Ah! that I can not tell you, Warner; I only know that she was a Miss Chester, and that she is Mrs. Lee; say as little about it as possible."

"Mamma, how could you say that?" Ethel asked, reproachfully, as soon as they were alone.

"I am acting for the best," the lady said, grimly.

"No, mamma, you are making things look strange when you needn't. Tell people out and out that Uncle James is married; 'saying little about it' won't unmarry him again, and why should it?"

"I really can not answer frivolous questions," Mrs. Armitage said, testily. "I have many things to think about; we may not have a roof over our heads long."

"That will be our own fault, then," Ethel said, defiantly; "we can afford to have one." And then Miss Armitage deemed it discreet to go out for her morning's ride, and to leave her mother to chew the cud of mournful meditation alone.

A young, careless-natured girl, well endowed by nature with good looks, and feeling tolerably certain that fortune had very good things in store for her, Ethel Armitage could very well afford to be tolerant to the change which her uncle's marriage would make in their manner of life. True, his house had been like a father's house to her for the last ten years. But there was no grievance to her in the thought that this state of things must come to an end now, for, as she said, her mother "could afford a roof of her own;" and, as for herself, her cousin Frank, the young Squire up at the Hall, had asked her to be the mistress of it—so no wrong was done to Ethel by the Rector of Everton bringing home a wife.

The Lees of Everton were a flourishing, well-rooted stock. There was always a son to spare to the church, a good thing for the family since Everton was a family living. It had been given to James Lee by his brother, the "old Squire," as he was called by the present generation. And it had been held by James Lee for thirty years, with satisfaction to himself and his parishioners, with the exception of certain of these latter who had wanted to marry him.

Ten years before the opening of this story their only sister, Mrs. Armitage, had come back to Everton a widow with one daughter. She had come back for several reasons, among which affection for the soil and the scenes of her youth was the least potent. Like a sensible woman, she argued that it would be a very good thing indeed if her eldest brother's eldest son, the heir, should fall in love with and marry her pretty Ethel in years to come. Likewise she thought that, waiting the arrival of those years, it would be a very good arrangement for her to live at the rectory with her bachelor brother James, and so save house-rent.

During these ten years all things had gone precisely as she desired. The old Squire died; Frank, his son, reigned in his stead, and asked Ethel to reign with him. And Mr. Lee, the Rector, thought no arrangement could have been so perfect as that which devolved the management of his liberal establishment upon his sister.

But now apparently he thought so no longer, for he had taken to himself a wife without beat of drum—a stranger in the land—one over whom Mrs. Armitage could not hope to have any manner of authority. It was easy enough for Ethel, who was going to a grander home of her own, to bear this blow gallantly; but Mrs. Armitage made room in her heart for the hardest thoughts of her new sister-in-law, as she thought of the carriage and other comforts which that sister-in-law's advent would wrest from her.

Still, for all her annoyance, she could not resist the dear delight of uttering many words about the matter. In the course of the walk she took through the village that day, she contrived to make known to a great many people the great fact of her brother's marriage. Before nightfall, the knowledge that the Rector had married a young lady, quite a stranger to him, of whom his family knew actually nothing, was pretty widely diffused.

"I suppose you hardly know what to hope, Miss Armitage?" an elderly maiden lady, who had at one time made herself a district visitor toward the subjugation of the Reverend James, said with a sort of satirical grimness that was infinitely aggravating to Ethel.

"Yes, I do know what to hope," that young lady replied; "I hope she'll be young and a pleasant companion for me." And this Miss Ethel said in a tone that implied that she had not too many pleasant lady companions in Everton.

Miss Armitage made a very pretty picture as she sat upon her horse outside the garden-gate of the cottage in which Miss Anstruther lived, and talked over the topmost bar to that lady. Her Saxon name was well borne out by her Saxon beauty. She was a fair-skinned, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, with a broad brow and a resolute nose and mouth, and a figure that was beautifully developed by health, and those best of all gymnastics, plenty of horse and walking exercise. She made a very pretty picture—there was something very winning about her; moreover, she was going to be mistress of and dispenser of hospitalities up at the Hall, so Miss Anstruther did not care to differ with her. The elder lady, therefore, only said in reply:

"To be sure—very nice for you, and I'm sure it's high time that your uncle should settle in life; he's not so young as he was," and she smiled.

"No," Ethel said, carelessly, "we none of us are. I was ten when I came here, and I feel rather more than that now, don't you?"

"You can only sincerely hope that, hasty as his decision has been, it may prove a wise one," Miss Anstruther said, solemnly, evading giving any answer to Ethel's last remark. And then Ethel said "good-by," and rode home refreshed by her ride to the extent of being able to support a repetition of her mother's doubts and fears on the subject.

"Mamma," she began, when they were alone in the evening, "don't you think we ought to take some steps about giving treats to the school-children and the choir, or will you leave that till Uncle James comes home?"

"I shall have nothing to say about it," Mrs. Armitage replied.

"Then I'll ask Frank," Ethel said, quickly; "he is coming here to-night, and after all, as he is the Squire, it will be the greater compliment if he organizes every thing."

"Please, Ethel, do not try to make your cousin put himself in a ridiculous position; we may all have bitter cause to rue this marriage; I never knew a case yet of a young woman marrying an old man turn out well; if she is flighty and frivolous, and anxious to join in all the amusements of the neighborhood—"

"They're not too numerous," Ethel interrupted. But her mother went on unheeding:

"Your uncle will lead a pretty life, and some people will not scruple to say that it serves him right."

"Poor dear Uncle James!" Ethel said, heartily. "I won't look forward to his being punished in such a way when no one can deserve punishment less; at any rate, let us wait to see before we pronounce her flighty and frivolous; time will show what she is like."

Then Mr. Lee, the Frank of whom mention has been made, came in, and heard the great news, and laughed good-temperedly at the idea of his uncle having stolen a march on him in the matter of marriage. "Dear old fellow! when is he coming back?" he asked, and he was told in three weeks.

The three weeks soon passed, and then the happy pair came home in the light of a glorious August evening. The young Squire and Ethel had taken care that all fitting show of rejoicing should be made. As the Rector and his bride drove from the station to the rectory, the bells pealed most joyously, and all the parish seemed to have turned out to welcome the lady, and see what she was like.

It was quite a young face that which was turned quickly from one side to the other, as they drove along. A young, pretty, but most observant face. And it was a young, graceful figure that sprang to the ground without help the moment the wagonette stopped at the door, and a young clear voice that said:

"How delicious to be home at last, after all the knocking about we have had!"

"Yes, she talked of 'knocking about,' and before strangers, too," Miss Anstruther told a friend that evening. "I had it from the best authority; talks slang! Well, he has waited for something, I must say!"

"My new home and my new niece!" Mrs. Lee exclaimed, as she entered the hall, and Ethel came to meet her; "how delightful they both are!"

She was perfectly composed and self-possessed, and very, very quiet. There was something that was infinitely prepossessing in her appearance and manners; there was refinement, intelligence, grace, and dignity—all, indeed, that is most charming in woman. Additionally she was very pretty, too. Her eyes were large, dark, and luminous, and their beauty was enhanced by the thick, long fringe of lashes that fell over them. Her fair, straight-featured little face varied in expression with every change of thought—and these were many. Though her figure was slight and supple, and full of yielding, graceful lines and curves, she walked erectly, with her head proudly poised in a way that marked her well-bred. On this August evening, too, she was dressed with such an exquisitely fitting regard to time and circumstances and situation. Ethel had been, all her grown-up life, at the mercy of the first dress-maker and milliner resident in the county town of the shire in which Everton was situated. This arbiter of fashions was a star of magnitude compared to the lesser luminaries; still, she was resident in the county town, and she did not get the latest cut, and shape, and length, and color, and gore. Ethel felt certain that she was behind the time, as she looked at her new aunt's dress. How far behind she could not say, but it was perceptible that Mrs. Lee's garments were, so to say, in advance of hers (Ethel's).

There was no discomposing embarrassment to combat in the bride. She made herself at home in the easiest manner in the shortest space of time—not at all as though she were impatient to rule, but as if it were only right and proper and becoming that she should do so with as little delay as possible. Accordingly, though there was no unseemly haste to usurp authority manifested, a complete reorganization of the arrangements which had been too long standing took place in the house. She transposed old furniture and introduced new, and put painters and paperers to work before she had been at home a week. She had brackets put up in gloomy corners, and white statuettes, or majolica pots holding brilliantly-colored flowers placed upon them. She brought life and fresh air into the house in a way that enchanted Ethel, who soon looked upon the Rector's young wife as a great authority in all matters where taste and cultivation were concerned. She won every body's heart in the neighborhood, though she would neither play the harmonium, nor teach in the Sunday-school, nor visit the poor. Above all, she evidently made her husband supremely happy, despite that disparity of age from which so much evil had been augured.

She talked freely about herself. Told how she had been educated abroad, at Paris for many years, and later, when she was grown up, in a little German town where she had resided with some English relatives. "Those had been the happy days," she told Ethel, "the sunny, happy days of her life—with the exception of one little cloud which" (with a gay shrug of the shoulders) "it wasn't worth while to talk about it. She was younger then, and better-looking." (This statement Ethel objected to strenuously.) "Yes, yes, much better-looking; and she was English, and, somehow, was always made a great deal of at the balls. Those balls! She had never been to any thing like them in England. There was always a regiment quartered in the town—and—they had been happy days!"

Mrs. Armitage, actuated thereunto by the representations of her daughter principally, had moved down into a smaller house in the village. But the two young women, having very little else to occupy their time, spent the greater part of it in each other's society. Even Mrs. Armitage came to feel it as truth that it was the greatest advantage which had yet fallen to Ethel's lot, this unfettered, familiar, constant intercourse with one of her own sex, who was well endowed with accomplishments and knowledge, and with the power of imparting these pleasantly, as she did to Ethel. Miss Armitage felt a hitherto unknown interest in all her old pursuits, which she had first been taught to pursue under the best, *i. e.*, the most expensive local instructors, when she recommenced them under the auspices of her aunt. Mrs. Lee played brilliantly, and sang, with no great power of voice, perhaps, but with a taste and management that made it a divine treat to hear her. Her linguistical powers were great also. German, French, and Italian were to her as her mother-tongue, and as she was untiring in her endeavors to make Ethel feel that the tongue is a flexible organ, and can be taught to turn itself tunefully to any articulate sound, and that some of the printed mysteries of German literature were well worth unraveling, Miss Armitage, in time, came to adventure upon the speaking of French and the reading of German with an assurance that was most comforting to herself. To say nothing of its being comforting to the young Squire, who contemplated taking her to Paris on their wedding tour, and who did not wish to be reduced to the ignominious necessity of evading every spot where "English was not spoken."

It ought to have been mentioned before, that the hasty nature of her marriage arrangements was a subject that Mrs. Lee did not shun by any means. With the utmost frankness she told every one who cared to hear about it how she had met Mr. Lee, and why she had married him. She had seen him at a luncheon given by a nephew of his—a younger brother of the Squire's—in the Temple. How came she to be there? Oh! she was invited with the Dalmaines—some people Arthur too knew very well—old friends of hers, or at least old acquaintances; for, years ago, before the happy German town days, she had been at the Paris *pension* with Ada Dalmaine. Well, it was at Arthur Lee's, in the company of these old friends, that she had met Mr. Lee, and he seemed to be interested in her at once, and sorry to hear that she was going away to Germany again soon, as a teacher in a school this time. So, as he showed himself interested in her, she did not mind showing him how utterly miserable such a prospect made her; and then he offered her marriage as an alternative, and she accepted it, and "hoped he would never, never, never have the slightest cause to regret his generous precipitation." So she said, looking up at his niece with tears in her lovely eyes as she said it, and his niece's firm belief and assertion was that "it would be impossible for Uncle James, or any one else, not to think how wonderfully lucky he had been."

All through the autumn and winter succeeding her marriage Mrs. Lee was an immense success in the neighborhood. She proved herself to be neither flighty nor frivolous, but a remarkably charming, intellectual, agreeable woman, and as such a great acquisition at the social gatherings in and around Everton. Her house was well ordered, her conduct as a young matron irreproachable, even in the eyes of many who would willingly have seen it a shade less so, for the sake of bearing out the adage as to May and December. She never gave any one an opportunity of thinking that her mind was dwelling with regret upon by-gone days and dead gayeties. She was, as she looked, supremely happy, and Mr. Lee was well justified in believing that he had made a wise choice in his maturity. They had been married nearly a year, when the birth of a son made them happier than they had been before even—a son who was christened Frederick, in order to gratify a whim of his mother's, who always insisted on her boy being called Fritz. "It's so much prettier than the English Frederick," she pleaded, when it was observed to her by Mrs. Armitage that there was a slight want of purpose in the name, "as it was not in the family;" Mrs. Armitage being one of those excellent people who think it a proof of family affection to perpetuate in their children the least euphonious names the tongue can utter, provided they have been borne by their forefathers or cousins. "Fritz Lee! it sounds outlandish!" Mrs. Armitage said. "I could have wished—but there, it's no use saying."

"Yes, do say," Mrs. Lee pleaded, politely; "it can't be helped now, you see, because I have taught every one to call him Fritz, and I believe he knows his name already" (he was three weeks old at the time!), "but do tell me what you could have wished."

"Why, that he had been called James."

"Oh! James would have been corrupted into Jim or Jimmy, to distinguish him from his father," Mrs. Lee said, shaking her head.

"Well, I shall never like it, and never know how to spell it; and as for writing it, I never can write a 'z' so that any one can read it; English names have always been good enough for the Lees before this."

However, in spite of this disapproval of his name on the part of Mrs. Armitage, the Rector's little son was known to every one as "Fritz," and his mother, in consequence, came to be regarded as "more foreign-looking" than ever in the uneducated mind—which was very much divided at this time between distrust of Mrs. Lee's French nurse and wild interest in the preparations for the young Squire's approaching wedding.

For Ethel Armitage was to be married very shortly, and in these latter days she relied more than ever on her aunt. Mrs. Lee was invaluable to the girl as regards all those arrangements which it is the lady's part to make before the great change. Ethel's dresses, the number of bridemaids, the paper for Ethel's morning-room, and the color of the drawing-room furniture, what the guests were to do after the happy pair left—all these things were left to the choice and direction of Mrs. Lee, whose administrative genius was quite equal to the occasion. It was finally her proposition that Ethel should be married from her uncle's house, a proposition to which every one agreed without demur.

About a fortnight before the wedding, the regiment—a crack corps—quartered in the county town, gave a ball in return for the hospitalities which had been lavished on them. At first, when she received the invitation, the Rector's wife was indifferent about going; but gradually, as she heard speculations and brilliant anticipations about it on all sides, this indifference vanished, and she did begin to wish that her husband did not set his face quite so decidedly against all public balls and amusements in the vicinity of his own parish. Only to go once, this once, and see Ethel in her glory as Miss Armitage for the last time; she really never would

bother him to let her go to a military or any other public ball again, if he would sacrifice his prejudices for once and take her.

She was a very winning woman, and her wishes were strongly set on carrying her point. Need it be said that she won? Sadly against his own intense conviction of what it would be wise and well to do, Mr. Lee agreed to let his wife chaperon Ethel to this ball, and to go with them himself.

The evening came, and she was a most radiantly lovely, happy-looking woman who bent over little Fritz's cradle to say good-by to him. She was excited into a state of deeper fascination than ever by this thought of mingling again in a scene that would be so like those that had once been familiar to her. "Really I ought to feel more like an old woman with that before me," she said, apologetically, pointing to the cradle; "this night shall be my farewell to dancing: James, I will show you that I know how to grow old gracefully."

"I am glad that I shall never see you grow old, my darling," he said, proudly, as he led her down to the carriage; and the remark startled her, and made her look up affrightedly, and realize that he was, in sad truth, too much her senior for her to dare hope that she might pass her life with him.

He was about fifty-five or six, looking young for his age, certainly; but fifty-five or six in spite of his looks. His had been a quiet, good, useful life, and he carried the certificates of its having been so in his face and bearing. A frank-eyed, fresh-colored old gentleman, with a juvenile power of feeling things acutely and being readily impressed, as was evidenced in his marriage. It had been a characteristic of his from his boyhood, that impressionableness. He had been one all his life who would have suffered from slights as women suffer, who felt kindnesses with an intensity of feeling that never quite matured. He had been known to keep aloof from people for months, even for years, if he could do them no good, when they had fallen under any cloud that might have made them, as he fancied, less glad to see him than formerly. In fact, he was most tenderly sensitive for the feelings of those on whom the breath of scandal had blown ever so lightly, and though this susceptibility might render him a less strong character than it is well one filling the position he held should have, it greatly endeared him to many who cared more for sympathy than strength.

This was the nature of the man who went to a public ball for the first time in his life, at the bidding and for the pleasure of his beautiful young wife.

It is not necessary, for the furtherance of my story, that I should place a panorama of that ball-room and its occupants before the reader. It was very much like other ball-rooms at great hotels in county towns, and it was filled with very much the same sort of people one sees under similar circumstances elsewhere. Suffice it to say, that among the guests was one, a young civil engineer, who turned to one of the officers of the ——th the instant the Lee party entered the room, asking eagerly:

"Who is that lady, do you know?"

"That is Miss Armitage, going to marry the young fellow by her side; he's rather a swell down here—the Squire of Everton."

"Her name is not Armitage?" the stranger said, half laughing.

"Yes, it is," the other replied; "I often meet her at her uncle's house; the lady in front on the old fellow's arm is his wife, and she's worth a dozen of Miss Armitage, or any other Miss in the county that I have seen."

"It's the lady in front whom I asked you about," the stranger said, quickly. "I used to know her in Düsseldorf."

"Then I advise you to renew your acquaintance with her as soon as possible," his friend said, at which suggestion the civil engineer only shrugged his shoulders, and answered:

"She was very much blown upon then—under a most awful cloud, in fact; she may not care to be recognized, now she's married, by any one who knew her then." When he had said that, the young man walked away to confide the same particulars to another friend he had in the regiment, and then to another, and so the thing grew.

Grew—until it attained such proportions that it forced itself upon Frank Lee's ears and understanding before the evening was half over. He heard half allusions to it, caught murmurs respecting it, knew that it was suddenly dropped as he approached on all sides, for Mrs. Lee was a popular favorite and a prominent beauty. In his dread that his uncle should hear it then, with the eyes of the world upon him, the young man was imprudent enough to confide it to his own betrothed, who indignantly repudiated the bare idea of so much as a breath ever having been raised about Mrs. Lee. "I will go to her at once, Frank, and ask her if she recognizes this man who says he knew her, and tell her what he says." It was in vain Frank entreated Ethel not to do so; all he could wrest from Ethel was a promise that she would not tell Mrs. Lee what the stranger had uttered respecting her until they reached home.

He was pointed out to Mrs. Lee, not as a man who claimed to have known her of old, but as a man who had been engaged in superintending mining operations in Prussia, and who spoke German fluently. And Mrs. Lee put up her glass and looked at him with the blank gaze of unrecognition. In a cowardly way the man seized upon this as "a proof that he had been right in assuming that she did not wish any back numbers from her life to be read," and then laughed about "little Kate Chester" in a way that made some other men long to wring his neck.

However, the story grew, gained monstrous proportions, finally reached Mr. Lee's ears, and broke his heart. And then, when all the world seemed ready to turn against her, when her husband's relations said "little Fritz ought to be taken from her and put under proper guardianship," then she stood at bay and defied all the inhabitants of Düsseldorf combined to say that she had been more than maligned. She had been the object of jealousy, the object of the basest falsehoods, the object of fierce female rancor, envy, and evil-speaking, but she had never been the object of a bad man's guilty love, or a good woman's scorn. And the man who blighted her life when it was promising to be so fair, who crushed her husband's heart with shame, who made her an alien to her child's father's kin, and robbed her of a home and peace, knew all these truths, and still spoke in foul-mouthed idleness.

CONTENT.

I WEIGH not fortune's frown or smile,
I joy not much in earthly joys;
I seek not state, I seek not style;
I am not fond of fancy's toys;
I rest so pleased with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack;
I tremble not at noise of war;
I swound not at the news of wrack;
I shrink not at a blazing star;
I fear not loss, I hope not gain;
I envy none, I none disdain.

I feign not friendship where I hate:
I fawn not on the great in show;
I prize, I praise a mean estate—
Neither too lofty nor too low:
This, this is all my choice, my cheer—
A mind content, a conscience clear.

PROPER CONSTRUCTION OF FLORAL DEVICES.

ONE of the greatest faults in the present fashion of arranging floral designs is their stiffness and formality; bouquets are made in the form of a stone-cutter's mallet, and exhibit a ponderosity almost as great; the centre-piece for a dinner-table displays a solidity of form almost if not quite equal to that of a sirloin of beef, or any other *pièce de resistance* which the culinary artist may find necessary to introduce. If a gallant sends a basket of flowers to his inamorata it will be found arranged in ribbons of color, perhaps with a five or six pointed star in the centre, or maybe a spread eagle; if we attend the obsequies of a deceased friend we find the coffin literally covered with crosses, anchors, harps, crowns, and similar designs, as though such things could ever be appropriately made out of any other materials than wood, metal, or precious gems. At our floral exhibitions we find spades or plows smothered in dahlias or marigolds; or, as such occasions frequently occur near election time, we find temples of liberty, suggested by the political poster, posted on the nearest dead wall, made of verbenas and asters, and, what is worse, we find premiums awarded to their manufacturers as for floral designs. All such things are execrably devoid of taste, and should be eschewed by all persons of refinement; they are only outrageous impertinences in the exhibition-rooms.

The fundamental principle of taste is creative power, and it must always be exhibited if we would command respect or consideration for our work. It is this which distinguishes genius from talent; genius in works of art imitates nature, talent copies her. The one paints a picture; the other makes a scientific or anatomical drawing. He who creates or produces the greatest effect from the smallest amount of material has the greater genius, as showing the greater creative power, and his works give greater pleasure than do those of him who has to bring in a larger number of accessories to produce the same or similar effects. For this reason sculpture always ranks higher than painting, and is of a higher order of genius, and is the rarer of the two gifts; for, comparatively, there are sculptors few and painters many. One has to depend entirely upon beauty of form and simplicity of material to produce pleasant emotions in the beholder; the other has to call in the aid of colors and certain accessories of light and shade to produce the same or similar emotions.

On this account floral designs made of fern-leaves or other foliage always, to a cultivated and critical taste, produce the most pleasant emotions, as the effects produced always indicate greater creative power than if they had the accessories of color and the greater variety of lines to be found in flowers. Some of the exquisite designs of the silversmith, wrought in bright and frosted silver, of palm-leaves, or fern-leaves, or similar foliage, will exemplify what I mean if contrasted with the elaborately-wrought and colored work of the choicest Sèvres or Dresden china-ware. The exquisite beauty of well-arranged phantom bouquets is referable to this source; the material itself is almost despicable, yet the wonderful creative power displayed in the marvelous traceries, and wondrous variety and grace of form, fill us with astonishment and call into play the highest and most delightful emotions of the mind.

Success in such designs depends much upon the objects in view, which necessarily can be but two, and they the opposite of each other, and yet according to the character of the artistic treatment will equal degrees of pleasure be given. Either we must use simple and delicate forms to ornament some other object, when they become subordinate, or we must make them the principal objects to the eye, and so make them of primary importance. In the first case the object decorated must be of more value intrinsically than the material used in the decoration; in the second case the object containing them, or to which they are attached, must not appear to be of as much value as the material used. For instance, if you have a beautiful vase or central piece of silver you may arrange fern-leaves around its foot, or upon its stem, or in its cup, and so produce delightful effects of beauty by contrast; by contrasting the elegant lightness of the foliage with the more massive elegance of the silver; while beauty by harmony is preserved by the foliage being all of one color, though in different shades. In the other case you require more rare and less known species, and a greater variety of curious forms and shades of color; as in this instance they are presented to the eye on account of their value as rarities, as well as for their beauty, we must be careful that the object which contains them, or to which they are attached, shall not appear to be of greater value than themselves, hence a fine glass or simple porcelain vase or ornament is the most suitable for the purpose. But care must be had that we do not go to an extreme; the glass or vase must be of sufficient value, either in intrinsic quality or workmanship, as to aid in suggesting the idea of the value of its contents by showing them to be worthy of such a support.

This brings us to the consideration of another principle, viz.: that the material must be worthy of the labor bestowed upon it.

There ought to be in all productions of art a certain nobility of character, which should show that they are the products of intelligence or mental effort, and not the result of mere mechanical skill; and the embodiments of such intelligence or thought should be of materials correspondent thereto. Many years ago there were exhibited in this city some pictures or cartoons made of tufted wool. dyed of the necessary and suitable colors, to render them, not copies, but representations of some of the noble paintings of the old masters. They had cost the artist, if such he could be called, infinite labor and manual skill, and yet for all that they were not pictures; they were simply tufted wool dyed and skillfully arranged. Our City Hall Park is disgraced by a statue cut in red sandstone, which, no doubt, cost the workman who made it much manual labor, but it is not a statue, it is an effigy, and would be so even if it had been cut by Powers or Crawford.

At our floral exhibitions premiums are offered and given for bouquets of wild flowers, yet whoever has seen an instance of an elegant bouquet or floral design made of such materials?

There is among plants, as among all other forms of created objects, a certain nobility or aristocracy of class. Some are no doubt created simply to provide for the sustenance or similar needs of mankind; for others we can discover no other use, though this is a noble one, than to please the eye or gratify the olfactory sense of men; or, looking further, they may be the gems with which the Creator may be pleased to decorate his footstool. Eschew, therefore, all the sentimentalities and poetry, so called, of the woodland and forest, for, while they are all proper enough in their place, they are not suitable for the object we have in view; and if a beautiful thought or design suggests itself to your mind, work it out in the best flowers you can procure. Let them be cultivated flowers, suggestive of care and skill in their production, and suggesting also the sacrificing of the material for the intellectual.

Fitness of purpose is another principle which must be attended to in floral decorations. As such decorations are used on so many occasions, each having a more or less remote significance, it is very necessary to avoid any incongruity of purpose. A design intended for a festive board, when its elegance or beauty would be suggestive of the most joyous emotions, would be out of place at the funeral of a friend, as its tendency would be to attract attention to itself and away from the considerations suggested by the mournful occasion. At a funeral the flowers should be subdued in color, and should be arranged in a more careless and unaffected way than on other occasions. They should simply be accessories to the occasion, not prominent features of it; should be suggestive of affectionate regard, and be a simple token of our love and esteem for the deceased. Elaborately wrought designs of anchors, harps, crosses, crowns, etc., are entirely out of place; they are only impertinent displays of vulgarity, varnished over with a sickly sentimentality. Simple wreaths, as, for instance, of Lamarque or Safrano rose-buds, with their own foliage, are not only elegant, but appeal to our better feelings through their simplicity; aside from these, bouquets of choice and fragrant flowers, such as we would offer to the deceased if in life, are appropriate. Convenience requires that they should be made flat, if to be laid on the coffin.

It is the custom to decorate the fonts and chancels of our churches on Easter-Sunday, and on other occasions, with flowers, and an ignorant fashion requires that the flowers should be white. From time immemorial, in all countries of the earth, there has been a symbolism, which, especially in religious ceremonies and decorations, has been strictly observed and practiced. According to this symbolism, two principles, light and darkness, produce all colors. Light is represented by white, and darkness by black; but as light does not exist without fire, red is also used to represent it; and on this basis symbolism admits two primitive colors—red and white. Red is the symbol of divine love; white the symbol of divine wisdom and uncreated light. Red, in its various shades, was continually used as a prevailing color in the vestments of priests, as it is to this day in the Roman Church; and by a tradition of practice the cushions of our pulpits and the covering of the communion-tables are of this color. In the great Mysteries of Eleusis a child was always initiated dressed in red, and performed a character emblematic of death; hence he was called the child of the sanctuary; and to this day the acolytes in the churches wear red vestments. The artists of the Middle Ages always gave to Christ, *after* His resurrection, robes of red and white. Yellow was a symbol of the revelation of the love and wisdom of God. Azure was the symbol of divine eternity and of human immortality. From this it will appear that if we undertake on such occasions to emblematize we should do it with studious care, or else we shall be apt to commit anachronisms. In placing flowers on the communion-table, or in the font, on such festivals, we should not choose white only, but such colors as are befitting to express the ideas we wish to symbolize. As those who so use flowers believe in the divinity of Christ, the flowers in their prevailing colors should be red, white, yellow, and azure. Red, as indicating his divine love; white, as indicating his divine wisdom and emanation from the Father; yellow, as a revelation of his love in dying for us; and azure, as emblematic of his immortality and divine eternity. This curious and interesting subject could be pursued much further, and the symbolism of other colors and their various shades explained; and also the ideas conveyed in their different combinations and use; but the above will suffice for the present.

Stiffness and a regular formality are especially to be avoided in arranging bouquets for vases. Lightness and gracefulness are especially to be sought for; but if heavy solid flowers, such as camellias, or roses, or peonies, or similar flowers, are used, they ought to be used by themselves, with their own foliage, and not intermixed with lighter flowers or foliage. Such flowers, however, are better adapted for baskets, where massiveness of effect is not so much out of character.

Always use as much as possible the foliage properly belonging to the flowers themselves; it invariably harmonizes better with the flowers than the foliage of any other species. As a general rule it will be found, upon close examination, that the foliage belonging to every plant suitable for decorative purposes has a certain beauty, either by harmony or contrast, with the flowers it produces. Take the rose, for instance, in its full-blown state; its petals are rounded and involved in their lines of arrangement, while the foliage is pointed and simple; in this state it produces beauty by contrast of lines and forms. But the buds are pointed and plain, the swelling curve of the outline being similar to the beautiful curve of the leaves; in this state it produces beauty by harmony of lines. Again, take the camellia; alone without foliage, it is a cold, unimpassioned flower; but when combined with its rich, glossy foliage, with its acute termination, it produces a magnificent effect through the beautiful play of light reflected from its leaves, and the contrast of the noble curved lines and their harmonious substance with the regular, solid, wax-work appearance of the flower.

Bouquets for the hand should be made of the choicest flowers, gracefully arranged; heavy, solid flowers, or massive arrangement, should be as much as possible avoided. Such bouquets are necessarily brought under the closest inspection of the eye, and should be composed of flowers of delicate structure, or great variety, or exquisite fragrance. The present style of immense size, composed of solid flowers, scarcely if at all relieved by foliage, is only suggestive of some enormous variegated or pied fungus, hung with silk fringe or put up in lace paper. When carried at evening entertainments they frequently appear to be a burden to their fair possessors.

For successful effect in floral decoration much depends upon the judicious arrangement of color; violent contrasts are also to be avoided, as is also the sameness produced by having too much of one color. In producing harmonious contrast of colors it should be remembered that there are only three primary colors—red, blue, and yellow. From these arise what are called the binary, or secondary colors, namely—orange, composed of yellow and red; purple, composed of blue and red; and green, composed of yellow and blue. These form contrasting colors to the primary three, with which they are in harmonious opposition—as, the orange with blue, purple with yellow, and green with red. From the combination of these secondary colors arise three tertiary colors—olive, from purple and green; citron, from green and orange; and russet, from orange and purple. These tertiary colors harmonize with the primaries, as they stand in the relation of neutral tints to them, but are in harmonious opposition to the secondaries, from which they were combined. Red, blue, and yellow harmonize with each other, and may be placed in juxtaposition; but purple should not be near red or blue, as it is composed of those two colors; for the same reason orange should not be placed next to yellow or red, or green next to yellow or blue, the rule being that no primary color should be brought into contact with a secondary color of which itself is a component part, nor any secondary color brought in contact with a tertiary color of which it is a component part.

Another rule is, that the secondary and tertiary colors, and the neutral hues arising from combinations of the tertiaries, such as brown, maroon, puce, slate, lavender, etc., should be used in the greatest quantities, and the primary colors used in smaller quantity, for heightening the effect. If you lack the proper shades for producing the necessary harmonies, and find that two colors do not harmonize well, separate them by a white flower.

Again: always place the brightest colors in the centre of your design, and gradually decrease the intensity of the tints as you approach the exterior; and avoid spottiness or patchiness by using, as much as possible, one prevailing color.

AT THE WINDOW.

AT THE WINDOW.

By the Author of "Woman's Kingdom," "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc.

ONLY to listen—listen and wait
For his slow firm step down the gravel-walk;
To hear the click-click of his hand at the gate,
And feel every heart-beat through careless talk.
Ah, love is sweet when life is young!
And life and love are both so long.

Only to watch him about the room,
Lighting it up with his quiet smile,
That seems to lift the world out of gloom,
And bring heaven nearer me—for a while,
A little while—since love is young,
And life is beautiful as long.

Only to love him—nothing more;
Never a thought of his loving me:
Proud of him, glad in him, though he bore
My heart to shipwreck on this smooth sea.
Love's faith sees only grief, not wrong,
And life is daring when 'tis young.

Ay me! what matter? The world goes round,
And bliss and bale are but outside things:
I never can lose what in him I found,
Though love be sorrow with half-grown wings;
And if love flies when we are young,
Why, life is still not long—not long.

And Heaven is kind to the faithful heart;
And if we are patient, and brave, and calm,
Our fruits will last though our flowers depart:
Some day, when I sleep with folded palm,
No longer fair, no longer young,
Life may not seem so bitter long.

* * * * * *

The tears dried up in her shining eyes,
Her parted lips took a saintly peace:
His shadow across the door-way lies—
Will her doubts gather, darken, or—cease?
When hearts are pure, and bold, and strong,
True love as life itself is long.

BEFORE THE DOCTOR COMES.

CUTS.

WHEN it is so easy to let out the current of life, and put an end to its flow forever, "with a bare bodkin," it is surprising that so many of us survive the reckless handling of the dangerous implements of daily labor and household economy. Though so large a proportion seem marvelously to escape death, there are but few who pass through life without a reminder of their mortality in the form of some ugly scratch or other, and are not scored with an enduring record of the risks they have run.

The simple or clean cut, however produced, should be first bathed with cold water until the bleeding is checked. The parts adjacent should then be wiped dry, and the edges of the wound brought and kept close together by strips of sticking-plaster. A bit of old linen, however, will answer if there is nothing else at hand; and by wrapping this carefully about the cut its lips may be kept together, which should be the sole object. There should be no application of any kind in the shape of balsams, ointments, or other medicinal substances. There is nothing to be done but to keep the edges of the wound together, that they may be in a favorable position for union, which will in ordinary cases take place in a day or so. If, from the swelling which generally ensues, the bandage should become too tight, the best way of relieving the pressure is by slipping a sharp knife under the dressing behind, and slitting it up. You will thus avoid any disturbance of the plastic or uniting process going on in the wound.

If the simple cut, from some peculiarity of constitution of the sufferer, or neglect, should take on an unhealthy action, become greatly swollen, inflamed, and full of a thin, ill-smelling matter, it will be necessary to remove the original dressing. This is easily done by soaking in warm water, or applying a poultice over all, and leaving it on for a few hours. The poulticing should be repeated so long as the wound remains inflamed and pours out an unwholesome watery discharge. At the same time a single band of plaster may be used to approximate the edges of the wound, with the view of diminishing the size of the probable scar. In cuts of the face, neck, shoulders, and arms of the female especially, it is important, for the sake of saving her beauty, to avoid if possible a cicatrice, made distinct by size, irregularity, or discoloration. This is best done by dressing the wound immediately, before its edges become inflamed and swollen, and bringing them closely together. *Black* court-plaster must be avoided, for its coloring matter is apt to get entangled in the cut, and remain as a perpetual *tattoo* of the skin.

A penetrating wound, or clean stab, though not generally serious if extending no deeper than the flesh, is ordinarily slow to heal. It may close at the outlet while it still remains open in the interior, and thus burst out again and again with a discharge of matter. In such a case it will be well not to bring the edges of the external wound too close together.

A torn wound, if light and confined to the surface, may be treated like a simple cut, by bringing the shreds together with adhesive plaster. If the deeper parts are involved there will probably be considerable inflammation, requiring a series of poultices, which should be applied after the integuments have been washed gently with warm water, smoothed down, and kept in place by strips of plaster.

Scratches, though at first of little moment, are apt to become, if exposed to filth or any irritating substance, serious sores, in which case they should be treated with poultices. Pricks with thorns or splinters are apparently trivial, but are often serious accidents. A gentleman while out shooting was pricked with a thorn, and died with lockjaw in consequence. If the splinter, or whatever it may be, can easily be got at, it should be plucked out at once; but if difficult of access it is better to leave it alone, for the efforts to reach it may cause a good deal of subsequent harm, as they will much immediate pain. The wounded part must be carefully fomented during the day with flannels wrung out of hot water, and poulticed at night. When matter is formed, and causes great suffering by its presence, it should be let out by a free opening, which a surgeon may be called on to make if the necessary courage is wanting to the patient or his friends.

Anglers sometimes prove that they are not only the idiots, as Dr. Johnson called them, who attach themselves to one end of the rod and line, but also fools enough to be caught at the other. It is a very common accident for fishermen to get a hook in some part of their bodies. They are very apt, in such a case, to try to remove it by *pulling* it out. The right mode is to *push* it out. The hook should be severed from the line, and thrust through the flesh past the barb, and thus extracted by the sharp end.

A child, while playing with a fishing-rod and line, got the hook by some means or other far down into his gullet, where it stuck. After many unsuccessful trials to extract it, an ingenious bystander suggested making a hole in a bullet and stringing it on the line. This was done, and proved effective. The bullet by its weight slid readily down to and over the hook, pressing against the flesh into which it was imbedded, and thus extricating it.

IS IT THE FIRST?

DEAR BELLA, you've shown me this morning
The rarest of tropical blooms,
Your green-house and hot-house adorning
With exquisite tints and perfumes.
There are plants of great beauty abound there
With buds just preparing to burst.
But—see—here is something I found there,
Now tell me, dear—is it the First?

No! It is not a Japanese lily—
It is not a rose of Cashmere—
Don't smile, miss, and say I am silly,
Or else you will make me severe!
It's a something I chanced to discover
Where the flower-pot yonder's reversed.
It's a small *billet-doux* from a lover:
And, Bella, pray—is it the First?

Confess that you know who 'twas hid it—
"You can not divine, on your word!"
You don't "'spect it growed there"—now did it?
I don't think 'twas brought by a bird.
Is it one of those favorite cuttings
That the whole winter long you have nursed?
Come! It's useless attempting rebuttings,
So tell me, dear—is it the First?

Well, give me some slight information
My doubts on the subject to clear.
'Tis a note of—I guess—admiration;
And mine's interrogative, dear!
No! I don't mean to give up the letter
Till the postman's full charge is disbursed.
So please pay the fee—you had better—
By answering—is it the First?

Oh! it's useless to get in a passion
At Chance which your secret unveils.
You know flower-pots placed in that fashion
Are meant to catch earwigs and snails!
And I just turned it up to inspect it
For earwigs—or slugs at the worst!
'Twas by chance that I came to detect it,
So tell me, now—is it the First?

Nay! I'll not give it up till you tell me.
'Tis vain to petition and sue.
You know that you can not compel me
Unless I'm assured it's for you!
So let's have the truth—the whole truth, dear,
For which I confess I'm athirst.
Come, who is the fortunate youth, dear,
Who wrote it—and is it the First?

Unless, miss, this silence soon ceases,
You'll pay for it dearly! For, mind,
I shall tear it in thousands of pieces,
And scatter the bits to the wind.
You'd grieve were the tender epistle
By pitiless breezes dispersed
Far and wide—like the down of a thistle:
So answer me—is it the First?

Do you know what we do with the vermin
Thus under a flower-pot found?
You'd scarce wish that fate to determine
The end of this note, I'll be bound!
You'll hope that no letter so sweet 'll
Be e'er in hot water immersed,
As we serve master earwig or beetle—
So you'd better say—is it the First?

You won't? Then I'm bound to destroy it—
My eloquence moves you no whit.
Oh! I see that it's vain to employ it
While you're in an obstinate fit.
What's that? Oh! "You'll answer my question,
But will not be forced or coerced!"
My love! who made any suggestion
Of that kind? Well! Is it the First?

IS IT THE FIRST?

ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

IN the last days of the year 1852 the palace of the King of Saxony at Pillnitz presented a most animated spectacle. The royal family had invited its distinguished relatives throughout Germany to spend the holidays there, and most of them had accepted the invitation. Since Napoleon, in 1812, had received at Pillnitz the homage of the princes of Germany, the palace had not sheltered so many distinguished guests. Among those who had already arrived were the Queen of Prussia, Ex-King Louis of Bavaria, his son Maximilian and the whole royal family, some of the Thuringian princes, the Archduchess Sophia, and her son, the young Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria.

Early on Christmas morning a fine-looking young man, dressed in the handsome uniform of an Austrian staff-officer, emerged from the western portal of the Pillnitz palace and slowly wended his way toward the two large ponds in the northwestern part of the park. For a week past the weather had been very cold, and the ponds were completely frozen over. On the morning of which we are speaking, however, the cold had moderated, the sun was shining brightly, and the air was pleasant and bracing. When the young officer had leisurely sauntered past the first pond his attention was suddenly attracted by the laughter and gay shouts of girlish voices; and when he advanced beyond the fir-trees which had hitherto prevented him from seeing the second pond, his eyes suddenly beheld a scene of the most charming character. He saw before him on the smooth, glittering surface of the second pond three young girls skating with great dexterity, trying to catch one another, laughing and shouting with delight, and evidently enjoying themselves greatly. The strong resemblance which they bore to each other showed that they were sisters. Two of them were scarcely beyond the age of childhood; all of them were very pretty and graceful, and in their handsome Polish *cassavicas* and square red caps trimmed with ermine and adorned with a sparkling agraffe, they presented a most charming appearance.—They did not perceive the young officer, who had stood still and watched them a while in mute admiration. Suddenly another person appeared on the pond. It was a poor old peasant woman who had gathered a bundle of fagots in the neighboring grove, and now, almost staggering under her load, tried to cross the pond. She advanced a few steps slowly and cautiously, but suddenly she slipped her foot, and, uttering a cry of pain and terror, fell to the ground. The young girls, who had not noticed her hitherto, now turned toward her, and one of them, a lovely girl of fifteen, who was closest to her, hastened immediately to her assistance. Upon reaching the old woman, she stretched out her hand to her and tried to lift her up; but as she had skates on her little feet, this was a matter of some difficulty, and she succeeded only after repeated efforts in raising up the old woman. The young officer had meanwhile hastened toward them, and he reached the two at the moment when the peasant woman, muttering words of gratitude to the young girl, went on her way. The girl now turned toward the officer, who stood two or three steps before her, and seemed fairly dazzled by her surpassing loveliness. Her natural beauty was much enhanced by the cold air, the exercise and the excitement of the moment having flushed her sweet face to the rosiest hue of carnation; and her sparkling eyes looked half laughingly, half timidly at the young man, about whom there was such an air of distinction, and who now uttered a few words of regret that he had been unable to help her in time. A few words more passed between them, and the officer finally asked her to be kind enough to tell him her name, saying that she must excuse the question, as he was a guest of the King of Saxony, and, having never before been at Pillnitz, was as yet entirely unacquainted there. She hesitated a moment, and then told him her name was Elizabeth, and that her father was Maximilian Joseph, Duke of Bavaria. "Ah!" exclaimed the officer, "I am very happy to hear that. We are cousins, then; the Archduchess Sophia, your aunt, is my mother. I am Francis Joseph."

The young lady was for a moment overwhelmed with surprise and confusion as she heard that the young stranger with whom she had chatted so unconcernedly was no other than the ruler of the Austrian Empire. Francis Joseph, however, shook hands with her so kindly, and seemed so exceedingly glad to have met his "dear cousin," as he called her, that she was soon perfectly reassured, and chatted with him again in the same manner as before. She told him that the other two girls were her sisters Caroline and Mary; that they had accompanied their father to Pillnitz; that this was their first journey from home; that her parents and all who knew her called her Betty; that she was delighted with Pillnitz; and a thousand little things, in all of which the Emperor seemed to take the liveliest interest. Her sisters had meanwhile approached, but kept at a slight distance from them, wondering who might be the young officer with whom their sister Betty was engaged in such an animated conversation. As soon as the Emperor saw them he turned toward them and told them politely that he had just heard that they were near relatives of his, and in two or three minutes he was surrounded by the three girls and talking with them as merrily and familiarly as if they had been acquainted for years. As they told him that they thought it was time for them to return to the palace, he gallantly assisted them in taking off their skates, and throwing their skates over his shoulder and offering his right arm to Betty and the left to Caroline, who blushingly took it, he started with them for the palace, young Mary walking in front of them. They entered the palace by a side-door, and parted at the foot of the large staircase, promising to meet again in the course of the day.

Important consequences were to arise from this little scene on the frozen pond in the park of Pillnitz. Francis Joseph had found in the lovely young girl whom he had met on the ice under such peculiar circumstances more than a cousin: seven months afterward, in the paradisiacal garden of the imperial villa at Ischl, he offered her his hand and his heart, and on the 18th of April, 1854, Betty, then scarcely seventeen years of age, became his consort, and seated herself by his side on the imperial throne of Austria.

She was the daughter of Duke Maximilian Joseph, the head of the Birkenfeld branch of the Wittelsbach dynasty, noted throughout Germany for his talents as a poet and novelist, and, like most of his relatives of the house of Bavaria, an ardent lover of music and of the fine arts. In the environs of Castle Possenhofen, his beautiful country seat in the neighborhood of Munich, his personal amiability has made him very popular with all classes of society. His second daughter, the subject of this sketch, was born on Christmas evening, 1837, and her father, whose favorite child she always was, called her ever after, for this reason, his "little Christmas-gift." At the baptismal font the Archbishop of Munich christened her three weeks after with the names Elizabeth Amelia Eugénie, the Queen of Prussia, the Queen of the French, and the Queen of Saxony being her god-mothers.

Her young mother had been dangerously ill before and after giving birth to her, and it was as if the joy which her little daughter afforded her from her earliest childhood forward was to indemnify her for the sufferings amidst which she had first seen the light of the world. The sweetness of her disposition developed already at a very early age. She was obedient to the slightest wishes of her parents and nurses, extremely patient, and especially susceptible of the religious lessons which her excellent and pious mother always took pains to inculcate upon her. In her fourth year a very malignant attack of scarlet-fever prostrated her for weeks, and during the whole of her malady she was confined to a dark room; but not a complaint, not a murmur escaped the lips of the poor little girl. Some time afterward a fire broke out in the night-time in the wing of Castle Possenhofen where the nursery was situated, and in the confusion the key to the bedroom where little Betty was sleeping, and which her foolish nurse had locked, could not be found, so that it lasted some time before the door could be forced open. When the overjoyed mother clasped her child to her bosom she asked the little girl if she had not been frightened. "Yes," replied little Elizabeth, "I was frightened; but I prayed the good God to save me."

The beauty of the little girl was at that time already so great that old King Louis, whenever he saw her, admiringly called her "You little angel from heaven," and said he had never seen a lovelier child in his life. When she was five years old the King caused a full-size portrait of her to be painted. This painting, on which the artist represented her standing by the side of her father's large Newfoundland dog, with one of her little arms wound round the dog's neck, may still be seen at the picture-gallery of the royal palace in Munich.

ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

As she grew up with her two young sisters the contrast between the characters of the three girls became more and more marked. Caroline, the eldest of the three princesses, was a rather cold and reserved child; and Mary, Betty's youngest sister, who was afterward to bear such a conspicuous part in the closing scenes of the downfall of the Neapolitan Bourbons, was bright and pretty, but exceedingly self-willed, impatient of restraint, and impetuous—a regular little hoyden. The eldest sister was fond of fine dresses, proud, and ambitious; and little Mary liked to romp with her brothers and their young friends, to row on the lake, and ride on horseback — to all of which Elizabeth was decidedly averse. Both of them, however, idolized their tender-hearted little sister; and whenever they had done wrong, or wished to obtain something from their parents, they invariably begged her to intercede in their behalf. One day the Princess Mary and her youngest brother had been playing in their father's studio, and had been incautious enough to upset the easel containing an oil-painting which the Duke had nearly finished. The painting was much injured, and the children were afraid that the Duke would punish them severely. So they went to Elizabeth and implored her to ask their father to forgive them. Elizabeth found her father greatly exasperated, and was magnanimous enough to tell him that it had been she who had caused the accident. This generous little falsehood seemed so ludicrous to the Duke, who refused to believe that his gentle daughter could be the offender, that his anger gave way, and he forgave the two little culprits, who had tremblingly awaited the result of their sister's mission. Once the Duke had written a little play which was to be performed on his wife's birthday, and in which his three daughters were to appear as pages. Three handsome velvet suits were made for them for this purpose, and on the day before the performance the Princess Mary, dressed as a page, and her pretty face flushed with vexation and disappointment, burst into her father's room and exclaimed, "Oh, papa, this will never do. Betty has put on her costume, but she does not look a bit like a boy!" The first time when the parents took the daughters with them to the royal theatre at Munich, Schiller's "Mary Stuart" was performed. All three of them were profoundly affected by what they saw on this occasion; but the tragedy made the deepest impression on Elizabeth, who wept bitterly during the whole of the last act, and upon her return to Possenhofen she told her governess, Mlle. Renouard, with streaming eyes, what she had heard about the fate of the poor Queen of Scotland. Mlle. Renouard, who afterward accompanied her pupil to Vienna, says that little Elizabeth was not so bright as her sisters in most of her lessons, but that she excelled in needle-work; that some of her embroideries excited general admiration, and

that with her fine voice and delicate ear she soon became an accomplished musician.

Toward the close of 1852 the Duke went with his three daughters to Pillnitz, where occurred the scene related at the beginning of this sketch. It was generally noticed by the guests of the King of Saxony on that occasion that the young Emperor of Austria, during his sojourn at Pillnitz, paid a great deal of attention to the three daughters of Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria; and every body, including the Emperor's mother, the Archduchess Sophia, believed that Francis Joseph had fallen in love with the eldest of the three princesses. Now, inasmuch as this princess was a most charming young lady, of very graceful and dignified bearing, and a union of the imperial dynasty with the house of Wittelsbach was considered peculiarly desirable at that time, the Archduchess resolved to bring about a match between her son and the princess, whom she believed to be the girl of his heart. For this purpose she entered into a correspondence with Maximilian Joseph, who received the idea very favorably, and they agreed that the betrothal of the young couple should take place in the following July at Ischl. When the Duke and his three daughters, of whom the eldest considered herself already as engaged to the Emperor, arrived at Ischl, the Archduchess Sophia and her son Francis Joseph received them at the landing of the staircase of the imperial villa in the stiff and ceremonious manner then still in use at the court of Austria; but, amidst the deep bows and obeisances on all sides, suddenly a sweet, girlish voice was heard exclaiming joyously, "Oh, dear cousin Francis, how glad I am to see you again!"

It was the Princess Elizabeth, who had just alighted from the carriage, and, holding out her hand, and with a radiant face, hastened toward the Emperor, regardless of the ill-concealed astonishment of the old Archduchess and the dismay of the courtiers at this terrible breach of etiquette. Francis Joseph, however, blushing with pleasure, cordially shook hands with his young cousin, and, offering his arm to her, conducted her to the reception-room, to the surprise and mortification of the Princess Caroline, who thought she was entitled to the attention which the Emperor bestowed upon her younger sister.

Half an hour afterward Francis Joseph informed his mother that he would marry his cousin Elizabeth, and not her elder sister, who had been perfectly indifferent to him all along; and as all the remonstrances of the Archduchess were unavailing, she finally gave her consent. The young Emperor then immediately sought a *tête-à-tête* with Elizabeth in the garden adjoining to the villa, and, after wresting a low, sweet "Yes" from her lips, led with a radiant face the blushing and yet so happy maiden to his mother Sophia.

Nine months afterward the young couple were married in Vienna amidst imposing ceremonies. When the people of the beautiful old imperial city on the Danube saw the lovely young bride, with her childlike face so full of innocence and amiability, with so much grace in her every movement, and such a depth of warm feeling beaming from her fine large eyes, riding at the Emperor's side through the streets of the capital to the old imperial palace, all hearts throbbed enthusiastically toward her; all hailed her as the good genius of Austria that had returned at length; and all hoped and believed that a new and better era had dawned upon the country, still bleeding with so many wounds.

From Vienna the Emperor went with his bride by slow stages to Trieste. The journey was a continual ovation: the scenes of popular enthusiasm which had marked the reception of the Empress at Vienna were re-enacted at every station. Elizabeth thought her happiness complete. She looked with proud affection upon the husband of her heart; she knew that her own popularity had enlisted new sympathies for the dynasty itself; she saw Austria holding a commanding and imposing position in the councils of the world, and enjoying profound tranquillity at home: how could she have suspected that it was but the tranquillity of the grave-yard, that the greatness of Austria was only apparent, and that the first storm would wreck it? How could she have suspected all this when the rulers and statesmen of the empire themselves had no idea of it?

The birth of her first child added greatly to her happiness. It is true, the child she gave to her husband was not a son and heir, but a daughter—the Archduchess Marianne, and there was some disappointment manifested at court; but the Empress herself was overjoyed as she gazed at her baby, and the Emperor shared her happiness and delight.

Clouds, however, were not long in darkening the serene sky of Elizabeth's happiness. The child to which she gave birth a year afterward was again a daughter, the Archduchess Ghisela; and this time the disappointment manifested by the whole imperial family, and even by the Emperor himself, was so great that it reached the ears of the young mother and filled her heart with grief and anxiety. The greater was her joy when, on the 21st of August, 1858, she was at length able to fulfill the wishes of her husband and his family. At setting in of dusk on that day a hundred and one guns announced to the people of the capital that the Empress had given birth to a son—the Crown-Prince Rudolph. Now followed again a few months of unalloyed happiness, to be succeeded by many, many days of tears and anguish. On the 28th of December in the same year the Empress lost her eldest daughter, Marianne; and, a few hours after the remains of her child had been deposited in the imperial vault of the Church of the Capuchins, she heard the terrible news which the telegraph had flashed from Paris to Vienna, that a war between France and Austria was well-nigh inevitable. What added to the grief and anxiety of the young Empress was the change which her husband had undergone some time ago. Ever since Libenyi had stabbed him on the glacis of Vienna, Francis Joseph had been fretful and irascible; and, what was worse, it was notorious that he kept up a love-affair with the fascinating daughter of a well-known circus-manager.

After the peace of Villafranca, however, Francis Joseph returned with fervent protestations of love and devotion to the arms of his young consort, and, as he embraced her amidst tears and sobs for the first time after their long separation, he told her to cheer up, for a new era of happiness would dawn upon them, their children, and their country; but, alas! these hopes were not to be fulfilled. The unhealthy climate of Vienna, the rapid succession of her confinements, the excitement and grief of the last year, had undermined the health of the Empress, and consumption threatened to hurry her to an early grave. Her physicians told her that a change of climate was indispensable, and reluctantly and tearfully she bade her husband farewell in the spring of 1861, and embarked for Madeira. She looked so pale and emaciated that people were afraid she might die during the journey to that island; but she reached it safely, and the balmy air of Madeira checked the inroads of consumption, and enabled the Empress, after a prolonged sojourn, during which she had treated her fellow-sufferers on the island with the utmost liberality and generosity, to return to Europe with renewed health and vigor. In midsummer, 1862, she arrived again at Vienna, and, with her children growing up around her, and the affections of her husband restored to her, looked forward to the future with the brightest anticipations of happiness. For four years these hopes were fully realized; but then broke out that terrible war of 1866, which, in course of a few days, brought the Austrian monarchy to the brink of ruin, and presented to the lips of the Empress a bitterer cup of sorrow than ever before. While her heart was filled with despair as she looked upon the ruin which, to all appearance, was impending over the house of Hapsburg, the poor lady was sent to Pesth to prevent the Hungarians from deserting the cause of Austria in the hour of her direst distress. Little fitted as she naturally was to play such a *rôle* under the circumstances, she at once consented to depart for Hungary, and restrained her grief until the moment when she took leave of the Emperor at the railroad dépôt. There, regardless of the large crowd that was present, she broke out into loud sobs, and the Emperor mingled his tears with hers. Few of the many startling scenes which the Viennese witnessed in those gloomy days made a deeper impression on them than this parting of the imperial couple. When the Empress reached Pesth a deputation of prominent ladies waited upon her to assure her of their heart-felt sympathies. A reply had been prepared, which her Majesty was to read to the ladies; but she crumpled the paper in her hand, and, bursting into tears, sobbed: "Your consolation does me good, dear ladies; I have lately suffered so much, oh, so much!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SOUTH WEST.—Gentlemen's furs are described in this paper. Trim your dress with black worsted braid and bullion fringe.

MRS. K.—Your inquiry about furs is answered in this Number.

MATILDA S.—Poplin alpaca, Irish poplin, and satin-faced serge are handsome goods for black suits. Satin braid half an inch wide, bullion fringe, or pleated frills are the trimmings. Make with two skirts and a half-fitting basquine belted in, or with a scarf baschlik. Alter your loose velvet sacque to a half-fitting basquine worn with a belt. Trim with guipure lace or wide fringe with a satin pleated heading. Renaissance bows or else large dahlia rosettes of satin down the front give an air of style. Your morning dress may be either long or short according to your fancy. A loose gored dress is admired for long dresses, with a small pelerine cape. Trim with bias velvet two inches wide. The short dress is similarly made.

MRS. C.—Make your reps with demi-train and a panier or tunic, for which you will find directions in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 52. Make a revers waist, and puffed coat-sleeve. Trim with rich fringe and several rows of narrow satin braid. Black velvet ribbon studded with colored buttons would enliven it.

EITTAM.—The chignon will cost you $15 or $20. Tie your own hair securely, leave it hanging, pin on the chignon with hair-pins, and wind your own long hair around the chignon. Many narrow folds of the material overlapping each other is the fashionable trimming for mourning. Serge braid is also much used. You are not definite enough about your dress. Is it for the house or street? You will find directions for both in answers to other correspondents. Information about mourning will be given soon.

S. S. H.—So small a sum as you speak of is best deposited in a Savings Bank. When you have added to it sufficiently you could not do better, in our opinion, than invest in Government securities, which can be obtained in as small sums as fifty dollars.

MARY H.—There are several ophthalmic hospitals in New York where provision is made for lodging strangers during treatment.

ELLA M.—When quinine fails to act favorably in fever and ague there are substitutes for it. One of the best is a preparation of arsenic called Fowler's Solution, but you should consult a physician before using it.

FRANK G.—A narrow satin braid is the best trimming this season for beaver-cloth. Seven or eight rows are stitched on.

BLISS AND MARY.—Make your plaid dress with a single skirt and basquine, with a small cape looped with rosettes. Scallop the skirt and basque in deep scallops bound with black silk sewed on with a thick cord covered with scarlet or blue merino. A Highland scarf over the left shoulder is fancifully worn by girls of your age. Make your garnet Empress cloth with two skirts and a baschlik. Trim with pleated flounces.

ESSIE.—Read the answer above to Bliss and Mary.

FLOUNCE.—Get a black velvet or satin fez, trimmed with shaded blue ostrich tufts.

MRS. S. G.—Cloth suits are very fashionable. The cloth used is called ladies' cloth, is double width. Six and a half yards make the single skirt, basquine, and cape. Dark blue and snuff-brown are the colors. Trim with narrow bands of fur, or bias bands of silk the color of the dress, edged with black. For your boy make a Bismarck suit of gray cloth or black velveteen. There is nothing new in boys' clothing. Scallop the edge of the blouse, and the outer seams of the pantaloons. A sacque over-coat of gray Elysian beaver, with a large cape.

MRS. CORA M. JONES.—Soft warm lap-robes of lamb's-wool may be bought for the price you mentioned, and are preferable to plush. They may be had in grave dark colors, or in bright grounds dashed with black.

CLERGYMAN.—It was Louis XIV. who made the remark to Massillon: "I have heard many preachers who greatly pleased me, but every time I hear you I am displeased with myself."—It was Massillon, too, who commenced his sermon preached before Louis XIV.—*La grand monarque*—and his courtiers with the words: "God alone, my brethren, is great."

READER.—*Pour encourager les autres* is from Voltaire, who, in one of his tales referring to the execution of Admiral Byng, said that the English Government "killed an admiral in order to encourage the others." The witty sarcasm is apparent.

ELIZA.—Though we do not relish being made the object of an experiment, we will answer your questions. Descriptions of shawls and patterns of cloaks will be given in the next Number. A plaid gored circular with hood, now greatly worn here, is the carriage wrap you need. It was described in a late *Bazar* under the head of Fall Mantles. Water-proof tweed is a superior article of water-proof cloaking, in lighter shades of gray, brown, and gold with black. Make your questions about hoods and petticoats plainer.

MARY THOMAS.—Read directions given to Country Parsonage. Make a black silk or Irish poplin polonaise with panier puff for the street. Lined and wadded throughout such garments are worn in mid-winter. Bonnet of blue satin, with black lace and ostrich plumes.

MOURNING.—A border of Astrakhan fur is a stylish trimming for mourning cloaks. Wear an Astrakhan collar and muff trimmed with Angora fringe. Large passementerie buttons, two rows looped with cord. Line your bombazine skirt. Face with stiff wigging sewed merely to the lining. Put one puff around the arm-hole of your coat-sleeve. The puff is bias, about a quarter of a yard wide before sewing on. Trim the waist with a quilling of crape beginning at the belt and extending over the shoulders like a bertha.

M. A. T.—Dresses for girls of eight years are made quite short and gored. Handsome materials are made with two skirts after the manner described for ladies.

INQUIRER.—You are not sufficiently definite. Long *crêpés*, or topseys, for stuffing the strands of hair when forming a plait, are sold at the hair-dressers'. Mohair plaits, imitating plaited hair, are also to be had.

COUNTRY PARSONAGE.—In order to be stylish, your dresses should have demi-trains, say from a foot to half a yard in length. Short evening dresses just escape the floor. The length you mention is neither short nor trained. Take one of your seven breadths and piece the three full back breadths. Gore the remaining three breadths. Make a black silk panier to conceal the joins, according to the directions given in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 52. It is inexpensive, requiring only a yard and a half of silk, with some fringe or lace for trimming. If you think the panier puff too dressy, let the material hang plainly from the belt, like an apron. The Russian gored skirt is sold at the principal retail dry-goods stores on Broadway.

R. E. F.—Boots of the material of the dress or of white satin or kid are worn with short dancing dresses. They are cut high at the ankle, buttoned with Roman pearls, and trimmed with blonde lace and embroidery. The French heel, covered with the material of the shoe, is very slender, tapered to the middle and enlarged at the end to twice the size of the pattern you send. Two inches is considered a high heel; three and a half would cause a lady to be stared at even on Broadway. The shank is only half an inch wide. A steel spring is sometimes inserted between the leathers of the shank to preserve the arched shape, but this is very objectionable. The best authorities say if the shoemaker understands the anatomy of the foot, and fits the shoe properly over a Spanish last, it will retain the curve without the aid of iron or steel. The "pocket rubber" worn with the present style of shoes is a sandal or "mule," consisting merely of a sole with a strap over the back of the boot, through which the heel is passed.

Dr. R. C., of Princeton, Illinois, writes: "In Answers to Correspondents, in No. 46 of *Bazar*, to "Matron," you say there must be a mistake in the weight of the child, and that it would be impossible to have children weighing 15 pounds at birth. Medical works and hospital records are not the only means of information. A lady at Troy Grove, in this State, gave birth to a child weighing 15 pounds. One in Mendota, Illinois, 16¾ pounds. A lady in Blackberry, Illinois, 15 pounds and some ounces. A Dutch lady in Blackberry gave birth to triplets, weighing respectively 8, 8½, and 7 pounds each. She went to the baby-show and received the premium. The children, with the exception of one, are alive and well at the present time in all the above cases. If you want large babies come out West, we can beat the world."

TENA.—The effective depilatories are composed mostly of poisonous substances, and we therefore hesitate to intrust them to unknown and possibly indiscreet hands.

CURIOUS.—Hallow-eve, or All-Hallow-e'en, is the night before All-Saints'-day, which comes on the 1st of November.—We are not familiar with "the poet James A. Barker," or the passage you quote, and therefore can not tell you in which of his poems it can be found.—"The Old Bachelor who writes such charming letters" is an *attaché* of the *Bazar*, and we must refuse to disclose his name to any young lady, for fear of annexation or any other consequences which might deprive us of him.

FACETIÆ.

THERE is a Gaelic proverb—"If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes."

A lady in Leavenworth has been on a new-fashioned Grecian bend, and her husband has been on an old-fashioned American bender.

To make a valuable speckled dog bullet-proof, Mark Twain says, "Take off his hide and line it with sheet-iron. Russia iron is the best, and is slicker and more showy than the common kind. Dogs prepared in this way do not mind bullets."

POOR BOY!—A good story is told in Paris of a son of M. Bixio. This eminent man was for a short time incarcerated in the fortress of Vincennes, after the *coup d'état*. His wife, accompanied by one of her sons, went to see him. They dined together in his chamber. The son was extremely sad and taciturn during the dinner, and at last attracted his father's attention. "Why, my dear boy, what is the matter with you?" "Nothing, father," replied the lad of eleven. "Nonsense; I see something *is* the matter with you. Come, tell me what it is." The boy blubbered: "Why, pa, I am so disappointed. I made sure of seeing you in a dungeon, chained to the wall, and you ain't."

"I buy two cravats, which last me a whole year," said the famous Bach; "a black one and a white one. In about six months the one does duty for the other. The black, by constant use, comes rather white; and the white turns very black."

AN ARROW ESCAPE.

CONSTANCE. "Why, Tommy, whatever are you about?"
TOMMY. "I'm *only* playing at 'William Tell' with Grandpa!"

GERMAN WITHOUT A MASTER.

SCENE—*Railway Terminus, Cologne.*

AMERICAN TOURIST (*ignorant of the German language*). "Hi! Porter, can you speak English?"
PORTER. "Nein, Herr."
AMERICAN TOURIST. "Then can you tell me who does?"

"Give the devil his due"—but be careful that there ain't much due him.

A scarecrow has been invented down East of so hideous a character that the crows in the neighborhood are busily engaged in bringing back the corn they stole last summer.

TENNYSON ON THE RAIL.

Break, break, break!
  Oh! where can the breaksman be?
And in ladies' cars I can not utter
  The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh! well for the "Railway Arms,"
  Where the breaksman is smoking, they say,
Quaffing huge draughts of ale,
  And forgetting the "permanent way,"

While the stately train goes on
  To destruction under the hill,
And the blame is laid on a vanished hand,
  Or a signalman's fickle will.

Break, break, break!
  I hope no collision may be,
For compensation when I am dead
  Will bring small comfort to me.

To communicate with the denizens of the deep—Drop a line.

Mrs. Partington's niece, upon being told by a young lawyer that in the country where he resided they held court four times a year, exclaimed: "La me! why you ain't half up to the business—the young fellows here comes a-*courting three times a week.*"

Why is an omnibus strap like conscience?—Because it is an inward check upon the outward man.

The shortness of life is very often owing to the irregularity of the liver.

THE MOST UNPOPULAR FRUIT IN SPAIN—Isabella grapes.

How does a horse regard a man?—As the source of all his whoas.

The length of the north pole is not known. It has never been measured.

POMPS AND VANITIES.—The mayor of a country town was questioning the boys at a ragged school, and he asked them what were the pomps and vanities of this wicked world? He asked them one by one, but they could not tell him. At last a little boy near the bottom said, "I know, Sir. The mayor and corporation going to church, Sir."

Can an excellent grammarian be called parsemonious?

PUDDING IT PLAINLY.—Why is a promising cricketer like flour and eggs?—Because he's calculated to make a good batter.

Why do cabmen prefer tall ladies to short ones?—Because the higher the fair the better they like it.

STARTLING ADVICE.

MEDICAL MAN. "And then with regard to the Swelling at the back of your Head, I don't apprehend any thing serious, but you must *keep your Eye on it!!*"

A CHANGE IN THE WEATHER.

PATERFAMILIAS (*with a sigh: his Family have been to Lake George on a visit to his Wife's Mother*). "It's all up!"
BACHELOR FRIEND (*who has enjoyed these little Dinners*). "What's the Matter?"
PATERFAMILIAS. "Telegram! She says they've Arrived safe at Albany, and will be Home about 10.30!"

An old unloved deacon, in his last hours, was visited by a neighbor, who said:

"Well, deacon, I hope you feel resigned in going?"

"Y-e-e-s," said the deacon, "I—I think I—I am resigned."

"Well," said the other, "I thought it might be consoling to you to know that all the neighbors are resigned also."

ABSENCE OF MIND.—Lessing, the celebrated German poet, was remarkable for a frequent absence of mind. Having missed money at different times without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servants to the test, and left a handful of gold upon the table.

"Of course you counted it," said one of his friends.

"Counted it," said Lessing, rather embarrassed, "no, I forgot that."

Baron Platt once, when visiting a penal institution, inspected the tread-mill with the rest, and, being practically disposed, the learned judge trusted himself on the tread-mill, desiring the warden to set it in motion. The machine was accordingly adjusted, and his lordship began to lift his feet. In a few minutes, however, he had had enough of it, and called to be released; but this was not so easy. "Please, my lord," said the man, "you can't get off. It's set for twenty minutes; that's the shortest time we can make it go." So the judge was in durance until his *term* had expired.

An old fellow of the ultra-inquisitive order asked a little girl on board the train, who was sitting by her mother, as to her name, destination, etc. After learning she was going to Philadelphia, he asked, "What motive is taking you thither, my dear?" "I believe they call it the Locomotive, Sir," was the innocent reply. The "intrusive stranger" was extinguished.

JOSH BILLINGS ON MILK.

I want to say sumthing.

I want to say sumthing in reference to milk az a fertilizer.

There are various kinds ov milk. There iz sweet milk, sour milk, skim milk, butter milk, cow milk, and the milk of human kindness; but the mostest best milk iz the milk that hazzent the most water in it. Butter milk izzent the best for butter.

Milk iz spontaneous, and has done more to encourage the growth of human folks than enny other likwid.

Milk is lacteal; it iz also acquatic, while under the patronage of milk venders.

Milk iz misterious. Cokernut milk has never been solved yet.

Milk is also another name for human kindness.

Milk and bread iz a pleasant mixtur.

Sometimes if milk iz aloud to stand too long, a scum rises to the surface, which iz apt to skare fokes that live in cities, but it duzzent foller that the milk iz nasty. This scum is called kreme by fokes who inhabit the country.

Kreme is the parent ov butter, and butter iz 70 cents a pound.

The most kommon milk in use, without doubt, iz skim milk; skim milk is made by skimming the milk, which is considered sharp practiss.

Milk is obtained from cows, hogs, woodchux, rats, sheep, squirrils, and all other animals that have hair. Snaix and geese don't give milk.

I forgot to state, in conclusion, that cow milk, if well-watered, brings ten cents per quart.

A worthy citizen of Boston was desirous, some years ago, of being presented at a French state ball, but lacked the costume. Military uniform or a court dress was then, as now, indispensable, and it was too late to get either. His more fortunate friends, "in full rig," took leave of him at his hotel, with many expressions of regret that he could not accompany them. No sooner were they out of the house than he determined he would, at any rate, try the experiment. Within an hour he made his appearance at the door of the throne-room at Versailles, arrayed in all the glory of his best blue coat, white vest, and nankeens. Here the horrified master of ceremonies stopped him, and, pointing to his nankeens, endeavored by word and sign to convince him that his dress was not *comme il faut*, and that he must retire. "Dress! dress!" said the traveler, "not pass! not enter! Why, it is the same dress I always wear in the General Court at Boston!" No sooner were the words uttered than the door flew open, and the obsequious attendant, "booing and booing," preceded him, and announced in a loud voice, "Monsieur le General Court de Boston!" to the infinite amazement and amusement of his American friends.

A NATURAL SLAVE—The *surf* of the sea.

The little son of a Brooklyn tailor was saved from drowning by a workman at the risk of his life. While the dripping preserver placed the boy in his parent's arms, in a gush of gratitude the father offered to "iron out his clothes if he would send them along."

The Rhode Islanders have got a new name for clam-bakes. They call them "aboriginal festivals."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 55.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Winter Cloaks.

THE Supplement accompanying the present Number will be found to contain patterns for nearly a score of stylish winter cloaks, which can be economically made by any one with ordinary ingenuity. Illustrations and descriptions of various kinds of trimmings for the same are given on page 859. Tight-fitting paletots are preferred, although the sack is still worn. Sacks are often arranged in the Watteau fashion by setting a belt under the back, bringing it outside at the side seams, and fastening it in front, thus forming a wide pleat at the back. For elderly ladies we recommend the burnous shape, with hood or cape, the latter being pleated very high. The trimmings are principally of satin and gros grain. They may be selected of different colors, but must always be in harmony with the color of the cloak. They consist of flutings, flounces, cords, pipings, etc. Trimmings which imitate scallops or squares are particularly stylish; revers, tabs, and bows are also in favor. Tight-fitting paletots are finished with sashes. The materials most used for cloaks are velvet, Astrakhan, beaver of different kinds, and cashmere, lined with flannel or silk and wadded.

Marketing Bag.

MATERIALS: dark brown carriage leather, thin brown enameled cloth, brown worsted braid three-fourths of an inch wide, pasteboard, black buttons, silk, etc.

This bag is very convenient for marketing, and is easily and cheaply made. The model is of brown carriage leather, lined with coarse linen or thin enameled cloth which can be scrubbed out; the under four-cornered part of the bag is stiffened with pasteboard in order that it may not lose the proper shape. The edges of the bag are bound with brown worsted braid, which is worked in cross stitch with yellow silk. For making the bag cut of the material chosen from Fig. 59 of the Supplement one piece (Fig. 59 gives only a quarter of the pocket); join the outside and lining from 62 to 63 on 63, and from 63 to 64 on 64, with long overcast stitches, in doing which fasten in the pasteboard at the same time. Leave the bag unsewed on two of the upper sloping sides from 63 to 64. Next bind the seams and edges with the worsted braid, work this in cross stitch, and sew buttons and loops on the upper part. The handles consist of strips of carriage leather an inch and a quarter wide and seventeen inches long, bound and worked like the binding of the bag. The handles are sewed on in the manner shown by the pattern.

MARKETING BAG.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 59.

SENTIMENTAL WOMEN.

BY a sentimental person is generally understood one who indulges excessively in feeling, which is supposed to be confined to the emotion and to exhaust itself in an expression by words, tears, or some of its usual outward manifestations. The character may be found in both sexes, but it is less common among men than women. This is not owing so much, if at all, to any original difference of physical or moral constitution as to the enervating system of education and modes of life to which the female sex is subjected.

The whole tendency of the prevailing influence of society upon woman is to make her sentimental. Her vocation is supposed to be to feel, not to act; and a helpless woman in tears yielding to despair is thought to be a more lovable object than one who, with dry eyes and a strong arm, battles spiritedly with her destiny. This is by no means a complimentary view of woman, and she should refuse to conform to any such unsubstantial ideal.

Sentimentality is not only weakness but heartlessness. Softness of feeling is not by any means generally accompanied with kindness

Fig. 1.—SYLPHIDE PALETOT.—FRONT. Fig. 2.—SYLPHIDE PALETOT.—BACK. Fig. 3.—CAMARGO PALETOT.—BACK. Fig. 4.—CAMARGO PALETOT.—FRONT. Fig. 5.—SULTANE PALETOT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 55-57. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 45-50. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. IV., Figs. 14-15

of act. Those who weep the easiest over real or fictitious scenes of misery are not the most ready to stretch a hand to help the sufferer. The wife of one of the cruelest of the Roman emperors turned away fainting from the agonies of a victim of the circus, but was heard to whisper, "Don't let him escape!" It has often been said of Sterne that he could weep over a dead ass and yet allow his mother to starve for want of bread.

Where feeling is cultivated to the excess of sentimentality it becomes all-sufficing. There is no disposition to look beyond the indulgence of personal emotion for the exercise of the natural compassion of every human creature. That most social of virtues thus becomes a pre-eminently selfish quality. Every one knows the relief of tears; and yet there could be nothing so useless to others, however grateful to the individual who pours them out.

It is a well-established fact that as the practical benevolence increases the sentimental diminishes, and the converse is equally true. John Howard, the philanthropist, was never seen to shed a tear, and yet was always doing good. Rousseau wept with greater facility than most women, and wrote more about sentiment than any man, and yet put all his children into a foundling hospital.

Tears are not worth cultivating for their own sake, and they indicate, after all, only a weakness of the lachrymal glands from too much use. We would commend our damsels, instead of saturating their lace handkerchiefs with the damp theatrical sympathy of tears for the Miss Angelina who was jilted by the elegant Augustus of the last novel, to dry their eyes and muster energy enough to turn a corner, look up the cases of genuine misery abounding in the neighborhood, and relieve them by a substantial charity. A little practical benevolence of this kind would do a double good, improve their own eyes, and better the condition of their suffering fellow-mortals. They would thus become more useful and better if less "sentimental women."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1868.

CHILDREN'S FEELINGS.

OF all human monsters the most monstrous are those who are deliberately cruel to children. It is creditable to our race that these are so rare, and when they show themselves are overwhelmed with the public indignation. Though the conscious torturers of childhood are few, the unconscious ones, unfortunately, are by no means scarce.

These, to whom we allude, would not for the world knowingly inflict pain upon a child, and yet they ignorantly make it suffer agony. They are careful of the delicate little body, nursing and nurturing it with the utmost tenderness, covering it with the warmest and softest envelopes, pampering it with sweets and shielding it from every rude touch. No labor, time, or expense is spared in rearing the corporeal frame and guarding it from the least hurt or injury.

With all this diligence of attention and unequivocal proof of tenderness, there is often a total disregard of the child's feelings. The little charge is not to be considered exclusively as a vegetative being—merely a delicate plant to be grown. Provided it be kept well watered with mother's milk, or enriched with pap, neatly trimmed, warmed with the sunshine of maternal affection, and secure from all rudeness of a material kind, it is expected to mature to full bloom of flower or richness of fruit.

The child, however, is not merely a vegetative being, but the most sensitive little animal possible, and if its true nature in this respect is disregarded much misery must ensue. The youngest infant is endowed with an exceedingly acute sensibility to mental impressions. "I have seen," reports Saint Augustine, "a jealous baby; it could not pronounce a single word, and yet it showed unmistakably, by its pale face and its fiery little eyes, that it was jealous of another little nursling fed at the same breast." The *marasmus*, or wasting away, frequent among children, is supposed by good medical authorities not seldom to be owing to the effect of a jealousy awakened by the ill-concealed partiality of parents.

The sense of ridicule is excessively acute with children, who can generally better bear to be whipped than laughed at. It is astonishing how ruthlessly parents and teachers will provoke this sensibility, and thus torture childhood and youth. A slight natural defect, perhaps no more serious than some irregularity of the shape of the nose or color of the hair, is caught at and pertinaciously thrust into the child's daily consciousness by his thoughtless but most cruel persecutors. His life is thus often rendered miserable, and darkened with a gloom of which the shadow will extend to the end of his days. Nicknames fastened upon a youth, or some objectionable peculiarity of dress noticed and ridiculed, will often be sufficient to embitter his whole existence.

Parents, teachers, and others, who have the control of the young, have the notion that this over-acute sensibility is to be laughed away. They accordingly take every occasion to provoke and jeer at it. This is as absurd as it is cruel. Do they suppose that by exercise they can weaken or eradicate a perverted instinct? Are they to get rid of it by fixing it into a habit? The natural sensibility of youth should not be irritated to a vice but strengthened to a virtue, of which it is the germ that, under proper cultivation, will develop into delicacy of sentiment.

GENTLEMEN'S CABINS.

THIS name is given to the half of the ferry-boats set aside for tobacco-smoke. Otherwise it is a misnomer, seeing that the gentlemen who do not smoke crowd the ladies' cabins and fill up the seats, to the exclusion of scores of standing dames, leaving the seats in their own proper apartments empty. We would not cavil so much at this if one side of the boat were made a true Tabagie—a Tobacco Parliament, to which chewers as well as smokers were banished during the journey across the river; but so long as those who use the weed in its most offensive form practice expectoration in the cabins devoted to ladies, regardless of the broad river around them, which would seem the fittest place, it is only just to protest against the present division of room. As the case stands, gentlemen have a monopoly of one half the ferry-boat, and all they can get of the other.

What is the use of "gentlemen's cabins," unless indeed men are willing to confine themselves as exclusively thereto as ladies do to theirs? We can understand how necessary "smoking cars" on long railroad routes are to the unfortunates who can not exist long without a cigar. But surely any man can forego this luxury during the few minutes he spends in crossing the river, or if he thinks he can not, he had better be made to learn. Ferry-boats are public vehicles, in which nothing should be permitted that is offensive to the inmates at large. If the cabins were made equally attractive to all the passengers the general comfort would be infinitely increased, and the overcrowding in particular localities diminished. As it is, one half the space is given over to tobacco and its attendants; the result of which is that the part ostensibly set apart for the gentlemen becomes so filthy and unbearable that even gentlemen smokers abandon it in disgust to the roughs, who find there a congenial atmosphere, and take refuge in the ladies' cabins. We presume that the great majority of men would cheerfully acquiesce in the abolition of the tobacco cabin, supposed to be set apart for them, but which they never use. When the golden age for travelers arrives neither smoking, spitting, swearing, nor rowdyism will be tolerated in any part of public vehicles, and these luxuries will be reserved for strictly private life, where they can not interfere with the comfort of others.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Upon Eating Toads.

MY DEAR ADOLPHUS,—As I came down town yesterday morning I met our old friend Tom Vine, who was hurrying along to catch somebody in front of him, and I soon saw that it was old Oaks. But Tom stopped for an instant to speak a word, and then said, "Ah, I must overtake Mr. Oaks," and away he went. As Thomas left me I found myself repeating that ridiculous ditty in Pickwick:

"On a log
Expiring frog!
Can I see thee panting, lying
On thy stomach, without sighing,
Can I unmoved see thee dying,
On a log
Expiring frog?"

And as I was repeating the lines and smiling, Peter Paul Pry suddenly accosted me and said,

"A penny for your thoughts."

"Dear for a toad," said I. But when I told him what I was repeating he said,

"That's a frog."

"Same thing this time," I answered.

The lines, you remember, my dear Adolphus, are Mrs. Leo Hunter's—a lady who received distinguished people, and whose name, being literally interpreted, means lion-hunter. Mrs. Hunter hunted lions. That is perhaps an invigorating pursuit. But to hunt tufts, to eat toads—is that a vigorous or manly business?

I have heard of eating humble-pie. Indeed, my friend Adolph, your correspondent has made many a repast exclusively of that pastry. He does not pretend to like it; but he owns that, like many other unpalatable bits, it may be of great sanitary service. Who has not eaten humble-pie? Who will affect that he is fond of it? It is served up to us as *elixir pro* used to be at Mr. Rodd's school in the country, long and long ago. Did you ever hear of Mr. Rodd? Poor old gentleman! I suppose he meant well, as they say. But what a mess his well-meaning made! For my part I like people who do well rather than those who mean well. When we were ill, how hard it was for Mr. Rodd to believe it! Or let me more kindly say, when we said that we were ill, how hard was belief? I suppose it is so in all great schools. A boy who sees an awful arithmetical morning before him will very often say, probably, that his head aches, and his stomach aches, and that he aches all over. How is even the best and most humane Rodd to know whether the boy tells the truth? Our Rodd of long ago did not pretend to do it. All the complaining boys were put into a little room together, and just as the bell rang which summoned the other boys to the school-room, the door of the little room opened, and Mr. Rodd entered with a small tray covered with generous wine-glasses, of the kind that in later days we discovered to be claret-glasses.

"Well, boys, I am sorry you are not well, but I hope this will make you so!"

As I look back and think of that scene, the poor little boys, many of whom I am afraid had no pain whatever in the head or elsewhere, gazing at him and his tray of glasses with a horrible foretaste, I can not help thinking of Lucrezia Borgia confronting the revelers.

"Here is a little *elixir pro* for the sick boys."

That was the next word, and then the sick boys fell to and drank the dreadful draught. Do you know *elixir pro*, Adolphus? Did you ever drink it? By the claret-glass full? It is inconceivable! It is a kind of rhubarb run mad. But you see the philosophy of the prescription. If the boys really had stomach-aches it was a warm remedy. If they had not, it was a prompt and memorable punishment.

Now humble-pie, I say, may be eaten often as this bitter draught was drunken, and morally may be of service. But deliberately to eat toads—not frogs, for which our French friends have a traditional fondness—to smack your lips, to say "How delicious!" and to pass your plate for more, and with an appetite, this seems to you an incredible and impossible thing; but this is what Tom Vine daily does. It is upon this that he lives. His constant food is toads. Do you know what I mean? I mean that he subsists upon the flattery that he offers, and from which he derives in turn an ample support. Here is Coke Oaks, Esquire, the distinguished lawyer. He is a gentleman who privately believes that a certain gentleman whose initials are his own is at the head of the profession in this State and country. It is an opinion in which many agree with him; and what is certain is that he is a gentleman of an immensely prosperous practice. I should be willing to exchange my revenues for his. If his income is not larger than that of the whole Old Bachelor family I am very much mistaken.

Now Coke Oaks, Esquire, must have all kinds of friends, agents—what say? what say? as poor old George the Third used to exclaim—I mean runners, puffers—toadies. All such men have. All kings have courtiers. Is it Canute or Coke Oaks, Esquire, it is the same thing. "Please your Majesty, the waves will retire at your bidding." "Mr. Oaks, you have only to speak, and your weight of character will settle the whole matter." I seem to hear the same voices, and I am very sure that I am encountering the same spirit. I take up the evening paper and I read that Coke Oaks, Esquire, has returned from his summer vacation, and the profession and the public will be glad to know that this eminent jurist is in the highest possible condition. I read, and I inwardly mark, and I know that the author of the neat little paragraph is T. V. He blows a small horn in advance. He swings the incense-vase like the young deacon whom I saw before the altar in the cathedral. He chin-chins before the illustrious idol. The opinions of Coke Oaks, Esquire, are Tom's opinions. His projects are Tom's plans. His words are Tom's wisdom. He is the marrow of Tom's bones, and it is a dreary and disgusting reflection.

Coke Oaks, Esquire, invests large sums of money in the Sewer and Refuse Association, and all the papers begin to celebrate its excellences, and to promise enormous dividends upon its stock. Certain journals publish pressing little articles at the request of Thomas Vine—little articles which Tommy Vine has written, and most seriously urged upon his friend the editor. By-and-by his friend the editor discovers that the head of the bar in this country has an enormous interest in the matter, and the feeling with which he regards Thomas Vine is inexpressible. Toad-eating! Why toad-eating? Is it that the idea of such food is the most disgusting of all, and that nothing less odious can adequately suggest the wretched fact of which I am speaking?

Why, Adolphus, I remember when the great Demosthenes delivered the oration at the annual clam-bake of the Company of Chowder-Heads. There is no guild, no society, of a prouder name or a more illustrious history, and this was the millennial anniversary of the association. The attendance was extraordinary. The music was glorious: but the discourse—my dear Adolphus, the great Demosthenes was, not to equivocate, drunk. Now it makes no difference to a worshiper that the idol is a brute, and the genuine toady shines only the brighter under adverse circumstances. When the oration was ended the orator went to a little meeting of admirers and made a maudlin speech. But *his* Vine—I forget his name, fortunately—stood by him with open mouth of admiration and ready hand of applause, and no human being was ever in a more mortifying position. In him we were all humiliated, and in his toadying we all fell down.

Why, what is Coke Oaks, Esquire, that little Tom Vine should crawl upon his belly before him? Is it a genuine admiration of his character and his powers? Is it a true affection for that man? Is it the magnetic charm of his manner, the winning tenderness of his heart? Is he in a manner in love with Coke Oaks? If this be so how gladly I should watch the young man and cheer him in his course; how warmly I should say to him, "Tom, you are a good fellow, and your admiration for a true and noble heart shows your own nobility." But I find that Coke Oaks's clerks and young students have no such feeling. They say that he is a pinch and a grind and a screw. They declare that they would gladly snub him if they dared. I learn that he constantly squeezes down their wages, and is so disagreeable that they hate to see him come into the office. Now I think you may judge the character of a General from the feeling of his army. If they love him so that they will follow him into any peril he is a man worth loving. If they cordially dislike him there is something wrong in the man.

Upon inquiry I find that the secret of Tom's toadying of Coke Oaks, Esquire, is his money—nothing more. If there should come a great earthquake to-morrow and engulf Oaks and all his fortunes, I am afraid our friend Tom would be stretching out toward another support. It is not, therefore, the man that he clings to, but only the man's wealth; and that shows you, my dear Adolphus, the difference between true hero-worship and toad-eating. The last is not a lower form of the first; it is essentially different, as different as meanness from manliness. When I see the steady and tender regard of Primus for Belisarius—old Belisarius, very poor, very blind, very forlorn now, yet who but a few years ago was the very favorite of fortune—when I see Primus as faithful now as ever he was, I think of the touching Bible story; I think of the sweet tale of Ruth, but with even a softer and more pathetic beauty. Tom Vine also used to eat the dinners of Belisarius and sun himself in his pleasant fortune. Doesn't he know that every body sees and despises his sycophancy? Doesn't he know that he is really what an actual bondman is theoretically—a chattel, a slave?

"I am Tommy Tinker's dog, whose dog are you?" I am Coke Oaks, Esquire's man, whose man are you? That is the question of which Tommy Vine, hurrying after his patron, is the mere interrogation point. My dear Adolphus, be your own man. Expunge the word patron from your book of life. Beggars may have patrons, not sound, self-supporting men. I am not the patron of my shoemaker, for I pay him an honest price for honest work, and that is what I used to demand for myself in the days when I called myself a lawyer. Here is our old acquaintance Tilbury. He drives I-don't-know-how-many-in-hand—Mrs. Tilbury crushes every body with her diamonds and her various glories. Tilbury thinks trades-people are very much his debtors because he patronizes them. Let Tilbury touch his hat obsequiously to me then, for I yesterday bought a bill of exchange of him to send to my sister traveling abroad. I am your patron, Tilbury—hats off!

Spew out the whole thing, Adolphus. Look at Tom Vine and be warned. Be yourself, not somebody else's man or shadow. Sell your honest work, your honest service, not yourself. Then we shall have a community of men, and not of toads—or of toadies. Again I say to you, as I say good-by, eat humble-pie as often as you find it necessary, and be grateful for such a medicament; but do not forget that under no circumstances whatever is it necessary to eat toads.

Your well-wisher,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW MUSIC.

WE would call the attention of our musical readers to the following pieces of new music published by the well-known house of WILLIAM HALL & SON, 543 Broadway, New York.

"'Tis but a little Word." Ballad composed by ARTHUR W. HAWTHORN. Price 35 cents. One of those sweet, plaintive songs, which go directly to the heart.

"Bright Stars that shine above." Ballad, with English and German words. Composed by CHARLES FRADEL. Price 35 cents. One of FRADEL'S best songs, and is already a great favorite in our musical circles.

"Oh, ye pretty twinkling Stars!" A very pleasing song by CHARLES HENRY. Price 35 cents. Sung nightly at BRYANT'S Minstrels, with immense applause.

"Prayer at Sea." Nocturne by J. de JASIEUSKI. Price 50 cents. This is one of the most beautiful nocturnes ever published. Easy and very melodious, and will be immensely popular.

"Magic Spell." Romance by FRANCIS H. BROWN, author of "Pride Polka," etc. Price 60 cents. An easy, beautiful, and graceful composition.

"Barbe Bleue" Lancers. By JULIUS BERNSTEIN. Price 60 cents.

"Barbe Bleue" Galop. By ADOLPH BERNSTEIN. Price 50 cents.

These are two of the best arrangements from OFFENBACH'S popular opera "Blue Beard," introducing the best airs, and are well adapted for dancing.

"Rejoui." Polka Mazourka by PAUL STEIN-

HAGEN. Price 50 cents. Capital dancing Mazourka, and already very popular.

Our friends throughout the country who wish to procure very choice selections of music should send for the catalogue of WILLIAM HALL & SON, 543 Broadway, New York. Any of the above pieces will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the marked prices.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

WINTER CLOAKS.

CLOAKS for the winter, as we have said before, are designed to serve as the outer garments of costumes, consequently we advise the reader when selecting a cloak to consider the color of the skirts with which it is to be worn. This consideration makes black cloaks serviceable and fashionable, as they may be worn with skirts of any color, while cloths of high colors are objectionable, because they will not blend harmoniously with more than one or two shades.

It is in the smaller details of trimming rather than in shape that the endless variety is made in cloaks. Two leading styles are seen at all the best houses, viz.: the polonaise, or paletot, with a belt, and the basquine with loose fronts and tight corsage back, the fullness of the panier skirt added at the belt. Coat-sleeves, small at the wrist, are universal. The polonaise requires a slender figure with tapering waist, on account of the fullness under the belt caused by gathering thickly wadded materials. The close-fitting basquine is adapted to full figures. Capes of various shapes and depths, usually to the elbows, are worn with both styles. Narrow-shouldered persons seek the appearance of breadth given by the small pelerine cape of the cloak material, while the broad-shouldered wear pointed hoods on cloth, or lace over-capes on velvet. An ingenious modiste makes a pretty hood of the round-cornered thread lace veils, now out of fashion, by fastening the top to the neck of the cloak, and gathering the edges toward the centre by an elastic cord run through the border. When ornamented with Renaissance bows of satin, this forms an elegant and economical finish for a velvet cloak.

The panier puff is seen on many velvet cloaks. Cloth is more frequently caught up with pleats in the Camargo style. Immense bows, pleated loops, like fans, and puffed ends hanging from the back of the belt, give the Grecian bend tournure without the aid of the torturing straps, said to be worn for this purpose. Long broad sashes make any cloak look old-fashioned and dowdy.

The Watteau polonaise, illustrated on another page, is largely imported. It is a most stylish garment for a tall, erect figure, but the round-shouldered should beware of it, as the broad fold in the back increases this in appearance. The Louis XV. basquine, more youthful and dressy, is similar to the Watteau, differing only in having the fold begin lower in the back, and being caught up in a panier puff. The Camargo, represented in the engraving, is the best choice for stout figures. Mantillas of satin, velvet, and cashmere, with round backs and long square fronts, are worn by elderly ladies. The scarf baschlik, described in former papers, is more youthful. A style to be commended is a talma, slightly shaped to the figure, held at the waist by a belt under the cape. The front continues in long ends that are fastened low down behind like a sash. The skirt of a long dress may be drawn out in a puff over these ends, thus forming a panier, and adapting a house dress for the street.

MATERIALS.

Heretofore the choice in cloakings was limited to velvet, cloth, and fur. This season lighter materials, such as satin, faille, and cashmere, thickly wadded and interlined with flannel, are shown as novelties among French cloaks. A sleeved bodice made of thin silk, wadded and quilted, is worn under these cloaks—a comfortable device for people who suffer with cold, but designed by the French to give that *embonpoint* which they consider so desirable.

The blue-black velvet is more fashionable than the dead black. In buying velvet for a cloak, remember that the twenty-eight-inch width cuts to greatest advantage. The best Lyons velvet is the Ponson brand. It is not affected by water, and the pile is so close that it is not crushed when pressed against the back of a chair or pew. $16 a yard is the price. Yard-wide velvet of the same quality costs $25, and the additional width is of little service in cutting a cloak. The seventy-two-inch Ponson is $50 a yard. German velvet, all pure silk, but with lighter pile, is sold in the three-quarter width at from $10 to $14. A twenty-inch velvet, used in making jackets and for trimming, is from $5 to $8.

The serviceable tricot beaver is not a new cloth, but it retains its popularity despite the advent of novelties. It has a ribbed surface, which is scarcely perceptible in the finer qualities, becoming merely a waved thread, but is plainly defined in coarser goods. It is a yard and a half wide, ranging from $3 to $8. Two yards and three-eighths are required for a paletot with cape. Heavy castor beaver is smooth, glossy, and more expensive than tricot, but we do not commend it as it is stiff and unyielding, and consequently cold. Many French cloaks are of the thick Esquimaux beaver, weighty and warm, a smooth outer surface with rough nap inside. Soft pliable chinchilla beaver, with short, curled fleece, and the velvet meltons are shown in high colors—garnet, mulberry, purple, and green. A black velvet cloth without lustre is desirable for mourning cloaks. $9 a yard.

There are excellent imitations of fur, seal, and Astrakhan sold at prices ranging from $9 to $20. These can scarcely be told from the genuine article, but we do not advise their purchase for the reason that we deprecate all imitations. The same money is better spent in a tricot beaver, which is all that it professes to be. Moreover, these shaggy clothes are not durable. The long fleece is woven into a coarse, sleazy fabric, and with very little wear the fleece falls out, leaving a thread-bare surface. The same thing is true of plush with very long pile.

The basket-woven cloths, white grounds with scarlet or blue spots, are chosen for children—$6 a yard. Three-fourths of a yard makes a short, loose sacque. The white velvet cloth, half an inch thick, soft, and pliable, is quoted for opera cloaks at $9 a yard, double width. A silky plush of immaculate whiteness is $18. An article called racket cloth, like a heavy opera flannel, is sold for breakfast jackets at $4, and the heavy corduroys for the same purpose cost $2 a yard, and are three-fourths wide.

TRIMMING.

The handsomest velvet cloaks, costing $400 or $500, are almost covered with thread-lace, or are bordered with sable or chinchilla. Velvet muffs trimmed to match accompany these. Berthas, Watteau drapery, bretelles, and rosettes with looped ends at the throat and back are of the finest Chantilly. Lower priced velvets, the cheapest we have seen, costing $90, are trimmed with satin bows, chenille or netted fringe, leaf passementerie, a row of alternate loops of satin and faille, or a pleated faille frill, raveled at the edge to form fringe. The value of these garments is in their stylish fit. A simple and elegant trimming is the diagonal pleating illustrated in this Number, made of satin edged with velvet. Another good style is a box-pleated frill of faille four inches wide, cut straight, and raveled half an inch on each edge. This is around the wrist and elbow. A ruche of the same is on the neck, with large bows on the shoulder sides of the skirt, and the back of the belt. Thick ruches of satin, faille, and velvet about the neck of French cloaks are worn in lieu of furs, which are said to be losing favor with the fickle Parisiennes.

Fringe and faille are the favorite trimmings for cloth. Satin is restricted to velvet. Handsome netted fringe, very full, with heavy trellised heading costs from $5 to $12 a yard. Chenille fringe, each strand tipped with satin, is $4. Wide tassel fringe, each tassel long and full but distinct, costs $8. The novel fringe made of quill shavings, solid black, or in well blended shades, costs $3 or $4, according to the width. Leaves and vines of passementerie for heading lace and fringe are made of satin braids or cords without jet, at prices ranging from $1 25 a yard to $5. Pointed serge braid is shown for cloth cloaks. Rosettes of passementerie, with long tassels pendent in the centre, are looped with cords for fastening cloaks. Similar ornaments are on the shoulder and sides of skirt. Buttons and button-holes on a faced slip are concealed in front.

Russian lamb, Astrakhan, and Angora fringe are used to trim cloth and cashmere. A pinked ruche of cashmere is in good taste.

LENGTH AND PRICES.

The added length prophesied for cloaks is not evident. A very long garment would appear clumsy with a short dress. Fancy French cloaks, of course, bring fancy prices, but we have seen cloth garments at $50 made here in good style. Thirty-five dollars buys a tricot paletot trimmed with several rows of satin braid or with very good fringe. The handsomest cloth cloak costs $180.

MODELS.

A Camargo of black velvet is lined with white satin. The skirt is caught in pleats at the side disclosing the lining at the edges. A frill of pleated faille surrounds the garment. Bows on the sides and shoulders. Belt of folds of faille with a large pleated fan-shaped bow at the back. Price $200.

A regular Watteau of Lyons velvet is trimmed with Chantilly lace set on the velvet above the edge with a heading of passementerie. On the top of the back fold is a passementerie rosette from which fall three tassels reaching below the waist. The wide lace is gathered around the wrist and elbow, and arranged on the waist in the square Pompadour style. Price $250.

A half Watteau or Louis XV. polonaise has the fold behind beginning low on the back, forming a panier puff. The belt of satin folds passes under the Watteau fold. The edge of the garment is untrimmed. Renaissance bows of satin form bretelles. Larger bows are on the wrist and sides of the skirt. Price $250.

Another of velvet with panier puff is for a young blonde. The waist is close fitting, with a pointed jacket frill pleated over the puff. The trimming is a two-inch band of chinchilla.

For elderly ladies we noted an elegant velvet mantilla round behind and square in front, shirred at the back and held in to the figure. A fall of Chantilly lace almost covers the back. Wide lace and passementerie around the edge. Large rosettes and tassels. Price $350. One of the most distinguished looking garments is a black satin mantilla lined with white satin beautifully quilted. A gathered flounce edged with lace is the trimming. The small hood is lined with white satin. The back is caught up in the centre with a rosette and ends. Fancy pockets in the square fronts. Price $150. A short Assyrian paletot is half velvet half satin. The side bodies are covered with satin and ornamented with appliqué embroidery.

In cloth goods we saw a handsome purple velvet beaver, with a sash hanging from the back of the neck to simulate the Watteau fold. The simple trimming is two cross-cut bands of faille piped with satin. Four passementerie rosettes down the centre of the sash. The front is in revers. This is a loose unbelted garment.

A black beaver is a shaped talma with ends to support the skirt of the dress in a puff. Gentlemen call this the Grecian bend cloak. Trimmed with faille and fringe, in very good style, it is sold for $55. An imported cloak of invisible green cloth of this Grecian bend shape is trimmed with braid and fringe, and marked $125. A jaunty mousquetaire jacket of bear's-ear garnet cloth is short, lapped on the breast, and trimmed with satin braid *à la militaire*. Price $45.

CARRIAGE WRAPS AND OPERA CLOAKS.

The carriage wraps in general use are the plaid circulars and burnouses mentioned before. Four and a quarter yards of double-width plaid make a double circular with hood. This appears to be a large quantity, but even more than this is sometimes necessary to make the plaids fit when joined together. The graceful burnous requires a yard and three-eighths of double-width goods. This is cut in two down the centre fold and sewed together at the ends. The seam is concealed in the Arab fold at the back. White plush striped with scarlet or with orange is made in the same way, trimmed with llama tassels and fringe.

A few sacques with wide sleeves, or with full sabot sleeve, held by a band near the wrist, are shown for opera, but these are troublesome to get off and on at an entertainment, and circulars and burnouses are preferred.

A blue cashmere burnous has a silver bullion fringe headed with embroidery in silver. Tassels of blue and silver combined are at the point of the Arab fold and in front. A scarlet merino baschlik has the hood deeply pointed, and trimmed with straw braid and fringe. Price $35. A circular for a bride is of white satin trimmed with ermine. A more youthful style is white merino, ornamented with rosettes of faille and satin. A white plush circular, with long pointed ends to be thrown over the shoulder like a burnous, has the gay Roman stripes for a border, and a drop fringe of gilt bells that jingle with every motion of the wearer. Price $135.

SHAWLS.

India shawls have new waving designs in the border, and gorgeous colors rather than the quiet subdued hues hitherto considered essential. In real India cashmere Magenta, white, and Metternich green are blended with fine effect, and are not thought too striking and pronounced because the material is fine, and the black and dark brown dresses with which such shawls are worn admit a gay wrapping.

Scarlet centres are most fashionable for square shawls with borders, black for the long shawls when filled up. A Calcutta bordered shawl at $200 is very handsome. Those made up in New York may be sold as low as $75. Striped India shawls for extra carriage wrap, shopping, and traveling are from $50 to $200. They make very comfortable Afghans, and endure any amount of wear.

A marvelous imitation of cashmere shawls has been introduced this season. The color and design represent India shawls perfectly. But after all it is only an imitation, and the $75 expended for it will buy a handsome Paisley that none need hesitate to wear. For a stylish, serviceable wrapping, economical, and that will last for a generation, we recommend a handsome French cashmere. Those sold at prices varying from $45 to $75 are well filled up with the brocaded borders and small scarlet centres. A white Paisley with gray centres is in favor with old ladies. $40 or $50 buys a good quality of long Paisley shawl. A long broché cashmere for country use, at $25, is in as good size and pattern, though not so fine material, as the cashmeres sold for $200. Plaid and striped long shawls, at $9, are stylishly worn as scarfs, the end thrown over the left shoulder.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames DIEDEN; VIRFOLET; FERRERO; PINCHON; BAILLARD; PROVOST; and Messrs. GEORGE A. HEARN & CO.; A. T. STEWART & CO.; LORD & TAYLOR; ARNOLD & CONSTABLE; and H. PINCHON.

PERSONAL.

THE distinguished German tragedienne, Madame VON BÆRNDORFF, has come to America in the wake of RISTORI and JANAUSCHEK, and will appear in her most successful rôles this winter at the German Stadt Theatre of New York. Madame VON BÆRNDORFF is considered one of the most gifted dramatic artists in Europe. After winning brilliant triumphs at the imperial theatre of Russia and royal theatres of Berlin and Hanover, and a handsome fortune withal, she retired from the stage some time since; but has been tempted to return to it by a call from the United States, where we hope she will reap a golden harvest both of laurels and coin.

—SAXE continueth to make puns, the last having struggled out of him on board a steamer, where he met a lively young lady to whom he made himself agreeable. Of course he made an impression upon the damsel, who said at parting, "Good-by, Mr. SAXE. I fear you'll soon be forgetting me." "Ah, Miss," replied the many times defeated candidate for Governor of Vermont, "if I was not a married man already, you may be sure I'd be for getting you."

—Mr. DISRAELI is of a family notably long-lived. His mother and his grandmother both attained a good old age; his father died at eighty-one; his grandfather at ninety. The family became English denizens in 1748; and the present Prime Minister's grandfather, to use his own words, was "an Italian descendant of one of those Hebrew families whom the Inquisition forced to emigrate from the Spanish peninsula at the end of the fifteenth century, and who found a refuge in the more tolerant territories of the Venetian Republic.

—The SULTAN OF TURKEY, though his paper has been under protest for over a year past on army account, is constantly building new and beautiful palaces, and living at a grand old rate. His yacht, just arrived from the makers in England, is said to be the finest bit of naval elegance and luxury afloat. The cabin fittings cost a million of dollars. The Sultan is greatly feared by the people. He raises all his favorites to power. The general of the army was formerly a sergeant in the Austrian army (from which the rogue deserted!).

—A romance in little is told of Mlle. LUZGEL, a pretty French actress at St. Petersburg, and how ingeniously she was "popped" to by Prince TOLSTOI, a wealthy young Russian nobleman. The lady was presiding over one of the tables at a fair held for the benefit of a hospital. The Prince, wishing to do a little something for benevolence, banteringly asked her how much she would take for a kiss. She glanced at him rather sternly, and replied that she would not kiss any man but her betrothed. The Prince passed on, but returned to Mlle. LUZGEL'S stand a quarter of an hour afterward, and said, rather thoughtfully, to the young actress, "Will you permit me to ask you another question, Mademoiselle?" "With pleasure, Sir." "Have you a betrothed?" She eyed him a moment in surprise, and said then, with a blush and smile, "No, Sir." "Would you like to have one?" "That depends on circumstances," said she, laughing. "Well, then, would you take me?" So saying, he handed her his card. She was greatly astonished, and finally stammered out she would give him an answer next day. On the following morning he called at her house, the reply was in the affirmative, and to-day Mlle. LUZGEL is a Princess and a happy wife. And thus the *Bazar* presents what is usually elaborated into a volume. Much better this way.

—A new style of "cigar-girl" has appeared in Moscow, in the person of the Princess KOZIOSKY, who is very beautiful; but the paternal noble having lost all his rubles and real estate, the young daughter comes to the rescue, and proposes to secure "the comforts of a happy home" (as the boarding-house advertisements say) by retailing "conchas," "cabanas," and such to the young males of that old Russian city.

—It is reported in German papers that although nominally Mrs. LINCOLN has gone to Germany for the purpose of having her son educated there, she intends to make that country her permanent residence. Her income would enable her to live very comfortably at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and as the widow of an ex-President she would be received with the utmost respect by the rulers and nobility of the continent.

—A gentleman with a fondness for connubial statistics has ferreted out the fact that the age at which several people of a certain degree of celebrity were married is as follows: Adam and Eve, 0; Shakspeare, 18; Ben Jonson, 21; Franklin, 24; Dante, Kepler, Fuller, Johnson, Burke, Scott, 26; Tycho Brahe, Byron, Washington, and Bonaparte, 27; Penn and Sterling, 28; Linnæus and Nelson, 29; Burns, 30; Chaucer, Hogarth, and Peel, 32; Woodworth and Davy, 33; Sir William Jones and Wellington, 37; Wilberforce, 38; Luther, 42; Addison, 44; Wesley and Young, 47; Swift, 49; Buffon, 55; Old Parr, last time, 120.

—Ex-President FILLMORE, the halest and heartiest of the ex-Presidents, is on his usual autumnal visit to town, and is made much of by people who like to have their ex-President to dinner, etc., etc. His wife—excellent lady—is with him.

—Those CLAFLIN people, of Massachusetts, are not only solid, able men, but are not to be obstructed on the political highway. Last year while Mr. WILLIAM CLAFLIN was Lieutenant-Governor, his father, LEE CLAFLIN, was a member of the Senate. The former will be chosen Governor at next election, and if the latter should be returned to the Senate, as is probable, the spectacle will be presented for the first time in Massachusetts of a son occupying the highest office in the State, while the father fills a seat in the highest branch of the Legislature.

—Good thing to be leading editor in Russia, such as KATOFF, the "chief" of the Moscow *Gazette*, who receives a salary of ten thousand silver rubles and lives in a house which the proprietors of the paper have placed at his disposal. Next to the Emperor he is considered the most influential man in Russia.

—The elder BOOTH had a broken nose. A lady once remarked to him, "I like your acting, Mr. BOOTH, but, to be frank with you, I can't get over your nose." "No wonder, Madam," replied he, "the bridge is gone."

—The Rev. Mr. PUNSHON, whose lecture on "Daniel in Babylon," recently delivered at the Academy of Music, has been made the subject of so much commendation, is said to have made a fortune by his lectures, but not for himself. He has always given the lion's share of the proceeds to benevolent and religious objects. His disinterested life, indeed, and his unostentatious liberality, have done as much as the charms of his elocution and the eloquence of his discourses to endear him to his countrymen, and to the church which he so signally serves and honors. After enumerating a series of benefactions which Mr. PUNSHON had showered on struggling churches and local charities, an English paper says that "it is impossible to speak too warmly of his unselfishness and generosity. In 1862, seeing the poor accommodation provided by Wesleyans in several popular watering-places, he undertook to raise within five years, by lecturing and personal solicitation, the sum of ten thousand pounds in aid of a fund for the erection of chapels in those places. Every thing seemed against the project. The cotton famine and the financial panic occurred, his own health failed; and beside this nearly £200,000 were raised in the period for the Missionary Jubilee. Yet the promise was fulfilled. Such manifold labors, however, nearly broke down his health." Mr. PUNSHON, still refusing to lecture for his own benefit, is to speak in Boston during the next month, the proceeds to be divided between a city charity and the erection of a college in Canada.

—When Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, came on to New York to make his *début* on board a Cunard steamer for Liverpool, he was accompanied by a car-load of the wealth, wit, taste, and enterprise of that city, so famous for Godey, MORTON M'MICHAEL, Girard College, Independence Hall, and Quakers. Mr. CHILDS is now a carpet-bagger in Europe.

—Well-bred English and Scotch women are usually good horse-women, but we were not aware until now that the Scotch ladies are experts with the rod and line. At a fishing party at Gordon Castle, on the Spey, the COUNTESS OF SANDWICH killed a grilse weighing seven pounds; Lady CAROLINE LENNOX landed a salmon weighing seventeen pounds; and Lady FLORENCE LENNOX caught another weighing twenty-three pounds.

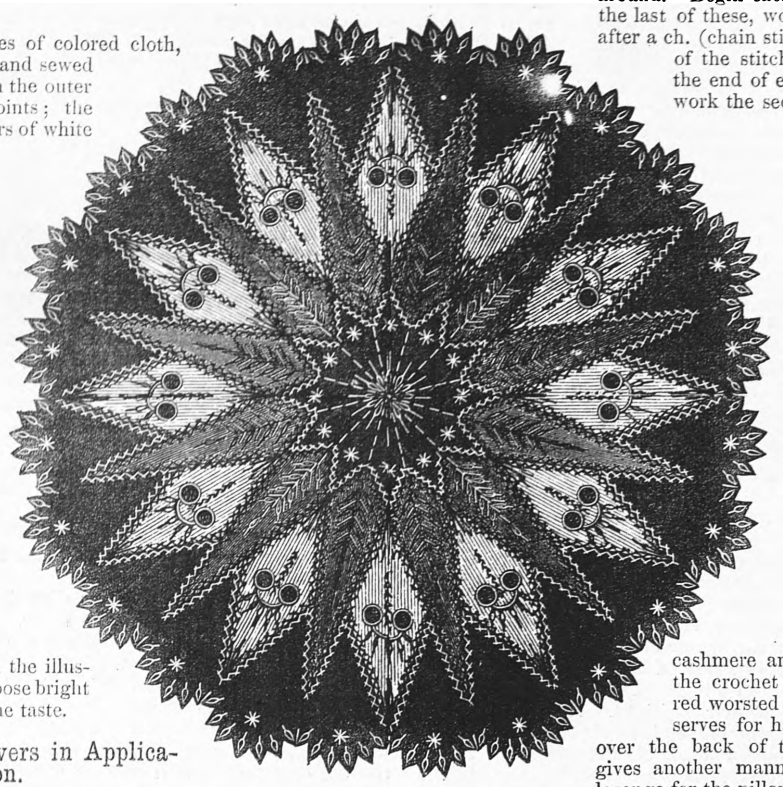
Lamp Mat in Application.

MATERIALS: colored cloth, silk twist, pasteboard, etc.

This pretty lamp mat is made in mosaic of single pieces of colored cloth, which are embroidered in point russe with colored silks and sewed on over one another. The middle part and the scallops on the outer edge are of black cloth. The scallops are cut into points; the points which begin from the centre are of red, and the others of white cloth. For making cut from Fig. 60 of the Supplement (which gives one-sixth part) a circular piece of white percale, and draw on this the design given on Fig. 60. Then cut the middle part, as also the points and scallops of the design, of paper, paste these pieces of paper to the under side of the cloth of the color desired, and cut out the cloth. The contour must be preserved very particularly. Next paste these pieces fast to the percale foundation. The pieces are now cross-stitched on the outer edge, the black with blue, the red with yellow, and the white with brown silk. For the remaining embroidery, which may be worked from the illustration and design, choose bright colors according to the taste.

Fig. 2.—STOPPER COVER IN APPLICATION.

For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XVIII., Fig. 61.



LAMP MAT IN APPLICATION.

For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 60.

Two Stopper Covers in Application.

MATERIALS: pieces of cloth of different colors—as black, white, red, and blue; silk twist in green, yellow, blue, black, and red.

These covers are arranged over corks, on the top of which have been placed circular pieces of pasteboard an inch and a quarter in diameter. This pasteboard prevents the cover from coming against the stopper. Both cork and pasteboard are covered with red cloth. On Fig. 1 the largest pieces are of violet cloth; the little twig is of white cloth and green and yellow silk. The tabs which fall over in imitation of feathers are of black cloth, and the embroidery on them in herring-bone stitch of red and yellow silk. Above these is placed a circular piece of blue cloth scalloped on the edges, and embroidered in point russe with black and yellow silk. In the centre is a small rosette and handle of crystal beads. The tassels are of red, black, and green silk twist. Figs. 62 and 63 of the Supplement give the pattern and design.

Fig. 2.—The tabs of this stopper cover are alternately of red and white cloth. The figures are embroidered on the white pieces with green and red, and on the red pieces with white and blue silk. The chain and herring-bone stitches are also worked with silks in different colors. The ends of the tabs are furnished with either red or blue grelots and a few black beads. The remainder of the cover is made like the previous one, but a ruche of blue silk is arranged around the edges of the upper piece. Fig. 61 of the Supplement gives the pattern of the tab and the design.

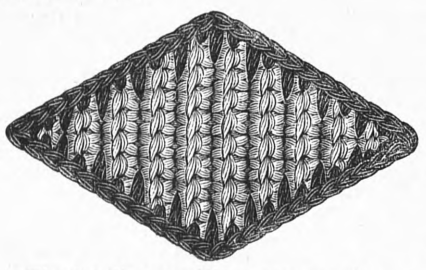


Fig. 2.—CROCHET LOZENGE FOR SOFA PILLOW.—FULL SIZE.

Sofa Pillow.

MATERIALS: green and red zephyr wool, red cashmere, gray lining, horse-hair, wadding or flax, red worsted cord, red worsted tassels.

The outside of the pillow, Fig. 1, consists of lozenges or diamond-shaped figures, which are of gray wool worked in ribbed crochet stitch, edged with red wool and joined in the manner shown by the illustration. The spaces are of violet cashmere. The original is twenty inches long and eighteen inches around. Begin each lozenge with a foundation of two stitches, passing over the last of these, work 1 sc. (single crochet) in the first, then turn the work, after a ch. (chain stitch) work 2 sc., putting the needle through the back vein of the stitch. Continue in this manner, always adding one stitch at the end of each round till the lozenge counts ten stitches, after which work the second half, narrowing one stitch at the end of each round.

Having completed the requisite number of lozenges, border each of them with a row of single crochet in red wool, in doing which work the long stitches which come between the ribs by putting the needle deeper through the crochet work. Join the corners at the same time when the edge is being worked.

For the ends arrange nine lozenges in a star in the manner shown by the illustration. The points of the star must come on the corners of the lozenges of the outer stripe. For the foundation make a pillow of the gray lining, filling it with wadding, flax, or horse-hair, and sew in end pieces. Cover this with red cashmere and afterward with the crochet cover. A heavy red worsted cord with tassels serves for hanging the pillow over the back of the sofa. Fig. 3 gives another manner of working a lozenge for the pillow. This is worked in Tunisian crochet stitch with gray wool, and is also begun on a corner, edged with single crochet of red silk twist, and embroidered in point russe with silk of the same color.

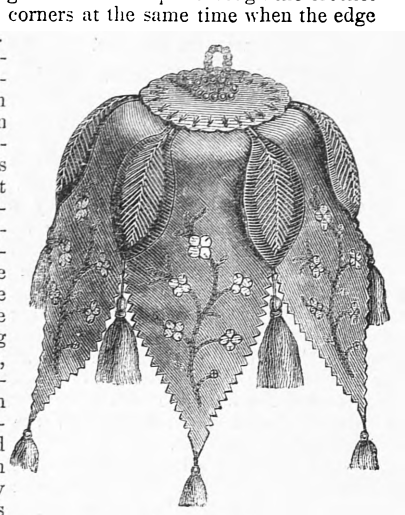


Fig. 1.—STOPPER COVER IN APPLICATION.

For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 62 and 63.

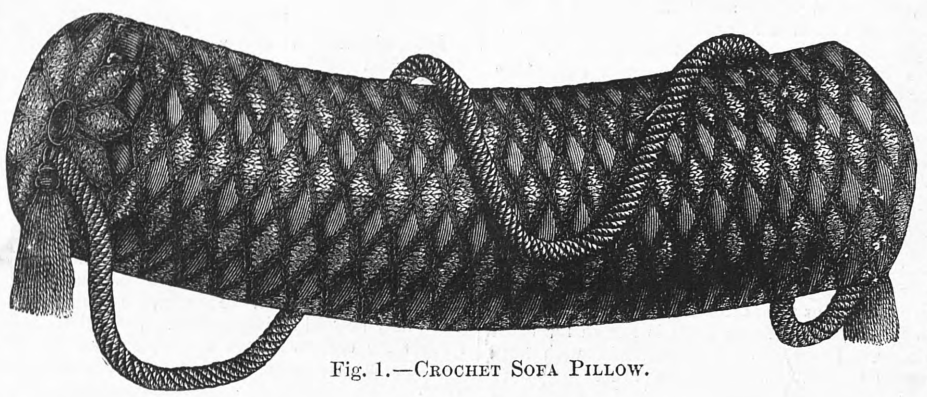


Fig. 1.—CROCHET SOFA PILLOW.

Cover for Sofa Pillow.

THE knotted stitch is a new and pretty style of Berlin work, and is easily executed. Before making the knots work a foundation diagonally in the manner shown by Fig. 2, which also shows the manner of working the knots. In doing this put the needle from underneath up through a hole of the canvas, wind the thread once around the needle in the manner shown by the illustration, turn the needle, following the direction of the arrow, and put it back through the same hole. The thread must not be drawn too tight, and the knots must be worked regularly. Fig. 3 shows the design. Having worked the diagonally-wrought foundation in light gray, work the knots of the leaves and stems in yellow and bluish green, and those of the foundation in light gray. The pillow may be enlarged by making the foundation larger.

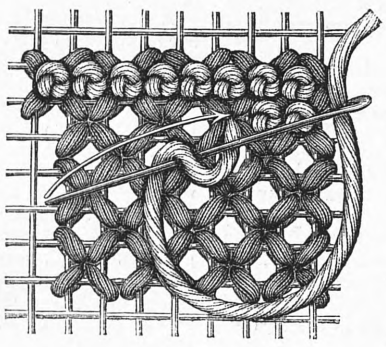


Fig. 2.—MODE OF MAKING KNOT STITCH FOR SOFA PILLOW COVER. MAGNIFIED.

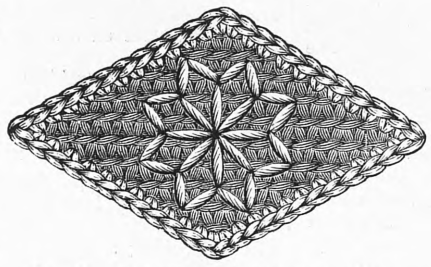


Fig. 3.—CROCHET LOZENGE FOR SOFA PILLOW.—FULL SIZE.

Cloak Trimmings.

See illustrations on page 869.

THESE trimmings, etc., are designed for the cloaks given in this Number. Fig. 1 is a section of the trimming of the Sylphide paletot. It is made of satin with lustring lining. The strips are cut straight of the same material as the cloak, and are stitched on each side, pleated, and finished with a narrow bias fold along the middle.

Fig. 2 shows a trimming made of a strip three inches wide pleated diagonally, and another one pleated straight. The two strips are fastened together with a bias fold.

Fig. 3 shows the section of a cloak trimming. This consists of a satin strip, which is stitched on with four cords, and forms the binding at the same time. The illustration shows the manner in which the cord is stitched down.

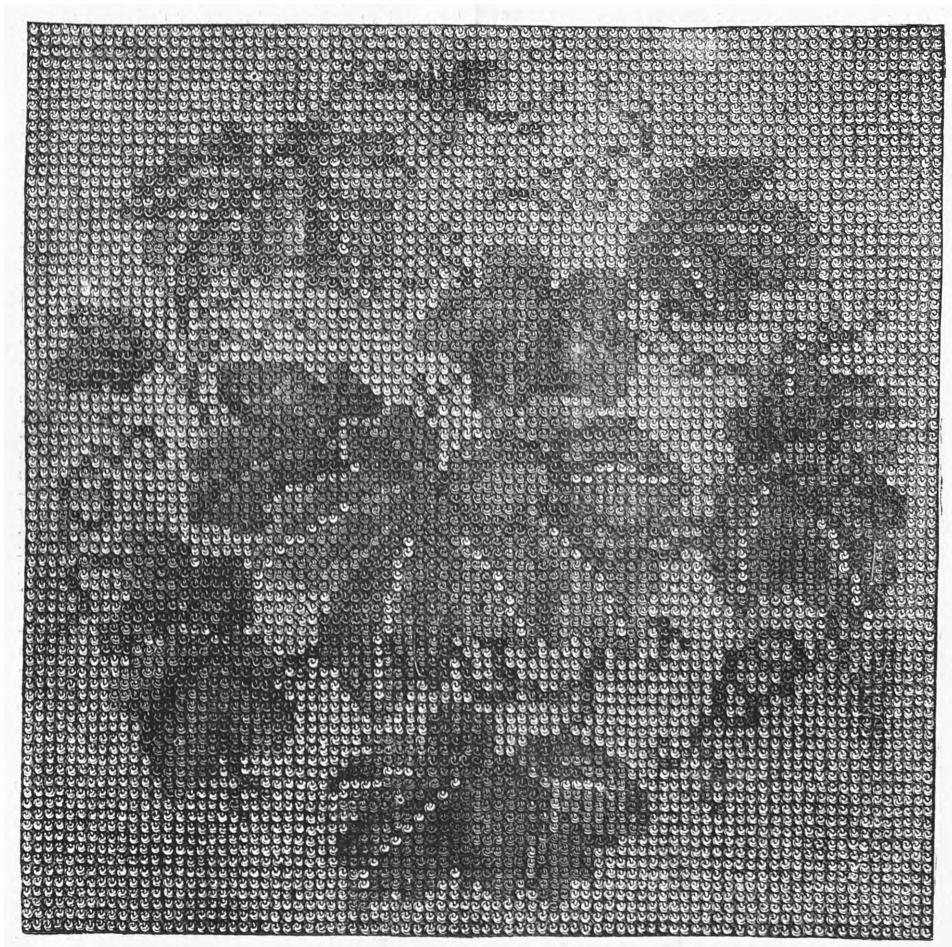
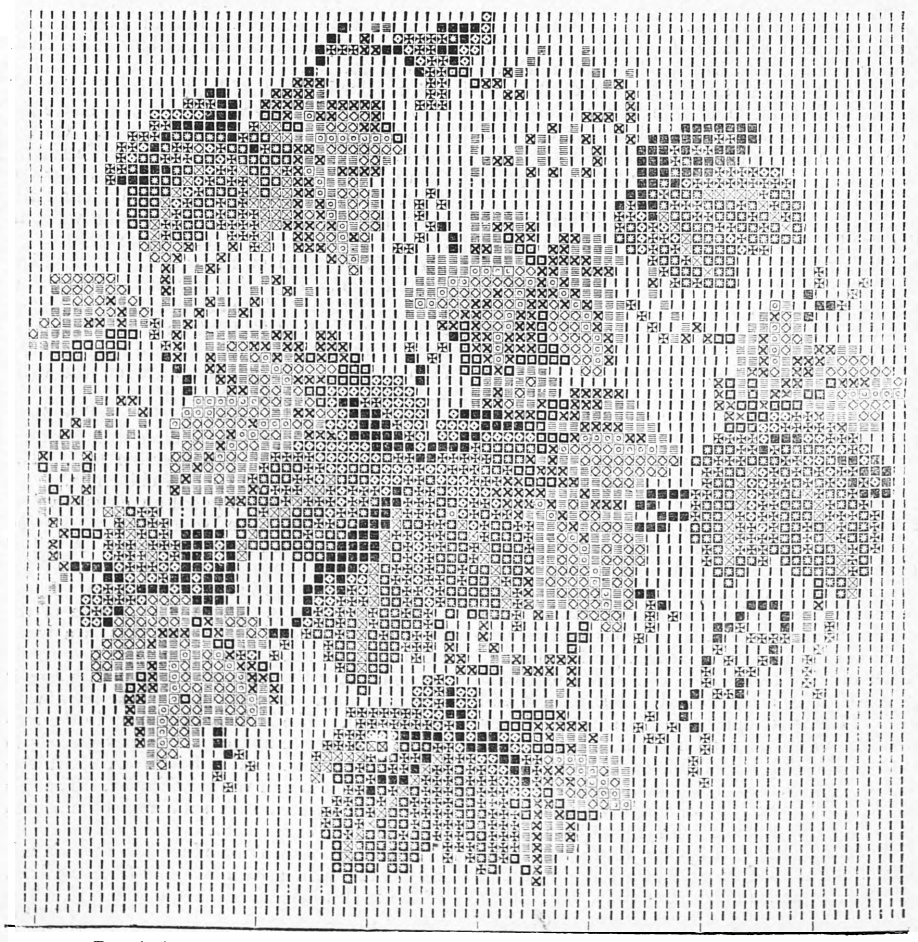


Fig. 1.—COVER FOR SOFA PILLOW IN KNOT STITCH ON CANVAS.—REDUCED SIZE.



Description of Symbols: ■ 1st (darkest), ⊠ 2d, ⊞ 3d, □ 4th, ⊡ 5th (lightest) Yellow-Green; ◘ 1st (darkest), ◙ 2d, ▣ 3d, ⧈ 4th, ⧇ 5th (lightest) Blue-Green; ! Light Gray.

Fig. 3.—EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR SOFA PILLOW COVER.

Fig. 4 shows the manner of sewing in a double cord, which is much used for the edge of cloaks. It requires a bias strip about an inch and a half wide, in which is sewed two cords in the manner shown by the illustration. The edge of the cloak is stitched over the edges of the cord.

Figs. 5 and 6 show the manner of arranging piping of different colored satin. Double the first bias strip through the middle, sew fast to this one edge of the second bias strip, and hem down the other edge. Fig. 5 shows the right side, and Fig. 6 the wrong side of the trimming.

Figs. 7 and 8 show the manner of binding a button-hole. In cloaks of heavy material the button-holes are bound with silk or satin instead of being worked in the ordinary manner. Fig. 8 shows how this is done. For each edge take a bias strip about an inch wide and of the requisite length. Sew the strip along the edge, after which turn it over, putting the stuff through the button-hole, where it is sewed down on the wrong side without allowing the stitches to show on the right side. Finish the ends with a few button-hole stitches. Fig. 7 shows the button-hole completed.

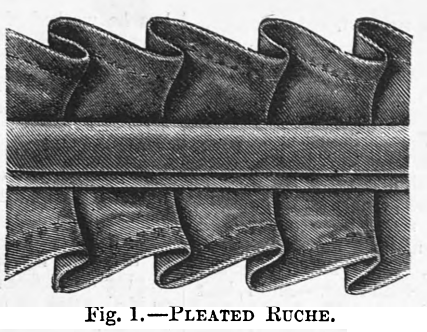


Fig. 1.—PLEATED RUCHE.

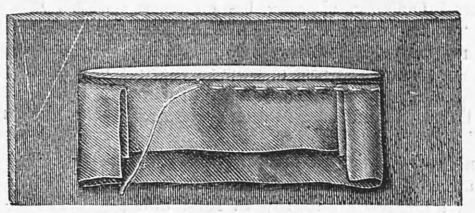


Fig. 8.—BINDING OF BUTTON-HOLE.

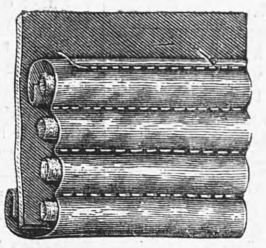


Fig. 3.—SATIN CORDING.

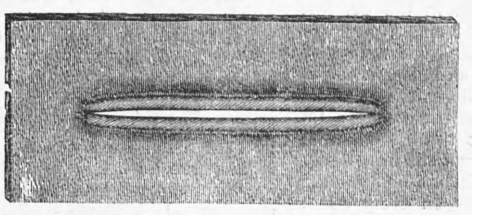


Fig. 7.—BUTTON-HOLE BOUND WITH SATIN.

Fig. 9. — This illustration shows the manner of sewing on a button-hole strip. Many cloaks are so fastened that the buttons and button-holes are not visible. In order to do this a button-hole strip is sewed on the under side. The buttons are either sewed on the left front or on a piece of the material set on underneath for that purpose. Make the button-hole strip of a piece of silk double and lined with some heavy material; work the button-holes, and sew the strip to the cloak along the ends and the inner side. The front edge is left loose, but the strip is fastened with a band between each button-hole. The illustration shows the strip reduced in size.

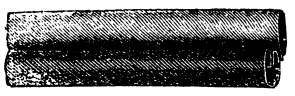


Fig. 5.—SATIN PIPING OF TWO COLORS.

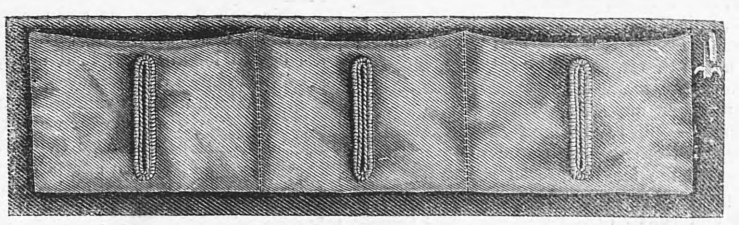


Fig. 9.—BUTTON-HOLE STRIP SET ON THE WRONG SIDE OF CLOAK.

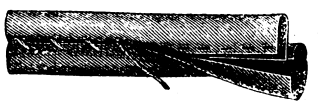


Fig. 6.—SATIN PIPING OF TWO COLORS.

Fig. 10 shows a loop made of two colors in the manner shown by Figs. 5 and 6. The loop is fastened to the cloak by means of a button covered with satin. The trimming of the Servian paletot consists in part of such loops.

Fig. 11 shows a strip of stuff arranged in such a manner as to serve at the same time for trimming and binding a cloak. In this case lay the edges over in the manner shown by the illustration, and stitch it down on the cloak, after which turn the other side over the edge and hem it down on the under side. If it be desired for trimming alone stitch down only the upper side.

Fig. 12.—This trimming consists of a bias strip arranged so as to form a double piping on each side of a cord.

Fig. 13.—This shows a section of a pleated belt. The illustration shows the manner of arranging the material.

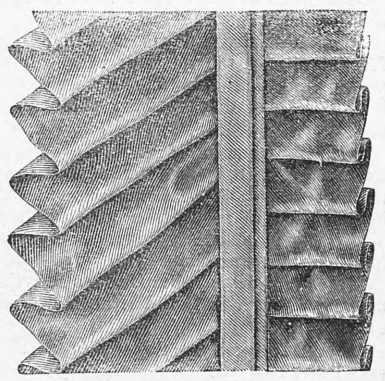


Fig. 2.—PLEATED TRIMMING.

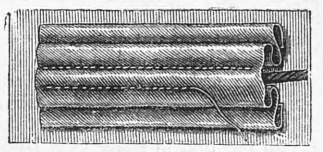


Fig. 12.—BIAS CORDING.

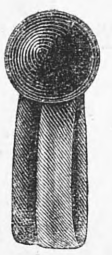


Fig. 10.—SATIN LOOP OF TWO COLORS.

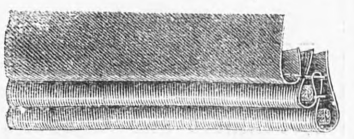


Fig. 4.—DOUBLE CORDING.

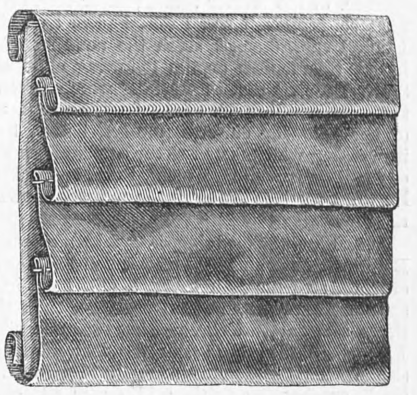


Fig. 13.—SECTION OF PLEATED BELT.

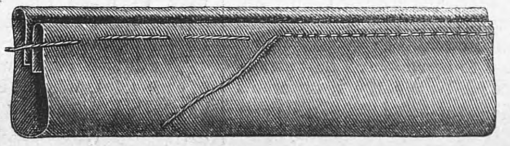


Fig. 11.—BIAS FOLD FOR BINDING AND TRIMMING CLOAKS AND JACKETS.

Crochet Edgings.

Continued from No. 53.

Fig. 4.—This lace is crocheted crosswise as follows: Work 12 ch., join these in a ring by means of 1 sl., and work 13 sc. in the following eight stitches of the ring (the remaining 4 ch. remain free). Then crochet close on this a second ring composed of 12 ch., work 6 sc. in the first four of these, then 8 ch., and returning, 1 sl. in the middle stitch of the first scallop. Then crochet 13 sc. in the next 8 ch., after this 7 sc. in the next 4 ch. of the second scallop; close on this work another ring composed of 12 ch., crochet 6 sc. in the following 4 ch. of these, then 8 ch., and returning, 1 sl. in the middle stitch of the next scallop to the right, then passing over 12 sc. work 6 sc. in the following four of the 8 ch., again 8 ch., and returning, 1 sl. in the middle stitch of the scallop at the right. After this, 13 sc. in the next 8 ch., 7 sc. in the 4 ch., still free of the following scallop, 6 sc. in the next 4 ch. of the next scallop. The edging has now reached its full width, and is continued in the same manner.

Fig. 5.—This edging consists of alternated cross treble stitches which are crocheted crosswise. The edge is finished by a picot row.

Fig. 6.—This edging is worked lengthwise in two rounds as follows: 1st round.—* 14 ch., passing over the last two of these, work in the twelve following each 1 dc., but each of these dc. stitches is only half crocheted, retaining the last loop on the needle, and finally finish the loops on the needle by working them off, drawing the thread through all at once; draw the thread tightly, and crochet 2 ch., then 1 sl. in the stitch before the last of the two stitches which were passed over of the fourteen, putting the needle through from the back of the stitch. Repeat from *. On the straight side of this round crochet an open-work row of dc., referring to the pattern.

Figure 7. — 1st round.—On a foundation of the requisite length work alternately 1 dc., 1 ch., passing over 1 foundation stitch. 2d round.—1 dc. in the following dc. of the former round, * five picots, each composed of 5 ch. and 1 sl. in the first of the five, 1 dc. in the previously-worked dc. of this round, 2 dc. separated by 2 ch., in the third following dc. of the former round.

Fig. 8.—For this lace make a foundation of the requisite length, and crochet on this: 1st round.—* 2 sc. in the following two foundation stitches, 2 ch., passing over two foundation stitches. 2d round.—1 stc. in the second of the next 2 sc. of the former round, * 2 ch., 1 stc. in the same stitch in which was worked the preceding stc., 1 stc. in the second of the following 2 stc. of the former round. 3d round.—1 sc. in the first stc. of the former round, 2 ch., * 2 sc. in the next 2 stc., 2 ch., passing over two stitches. 4th round is like the 3d, but the single crochet stitches fall on the single crochet stitches of the former round. 5th round.—1 sc. in the first sc. of the former round, 2 ch., pass over two stitches, work two stitches in the next 2 sc. of the former round, 3 ch., * 1 sc. in the following sc., 5 ch., 1 stc. in the next sc. of the former round, pass over two stitches, 1 stc. in the following sc., 5 ch., 1 sc. in the next sc., 3 ch., passing over two stitches, 2 sc. in the following 2 sc.; then for the twig in a point work 7 ch., 1 stc. in the third of the 7 ch., 5 ch., 1 sc. again in the third of the 7 ch., then 6 ch., 1 dc. in the second of the 6 ch., 4 ch., 1 sc. also in the second of the 6 ch., 8 ch., 1 sc. again in the second of the 6 ch., 4 ch., 1 dc. in the second of the 6 ch., 4 ch., 1 sl. also in the second of the 6 ch., then 2 ch., 1 sc. in the third of the 7 ch., at the beginning of the twig, 5 ch., 1 stc. again in the third of the 7 ch., 5 ch., 1 sc. also in the third of the 7 ch., then 2 ch. This completes a twig. Crochet still 2 sc. in the next 2 sc. of the former round, and 3 ch., passing over two stitches. 6th round.—* 3 sc. in the double crochet figure before the first twig of the former round, and the first of these 3 sc. in the first scallop composed of 5 ch., the second between the 2 dc., and the third in the following scallop of 5 ch., then 3 ch., 1 dc. in the stc. of the first leaf of the next twig, 2 ch., 1 dc. in the next ch.-scallop of the second leaflet, 1 ch., 1 dc. in the following ch.-scallop of the same leaflet, 2 ch., 2 dc. separated by a ch. in the little leaflet at the point of the twig, 4 ch., 2 dc. separated by a ch. in the same leaf, 2 ch., 1 dc. in the next ch.-scallop of the following leaflet, 1 ch., 1 dc. in the following ch.-scallop of the same leaflet, 2 ch., 1 dc. in the stc. of the following leaflet, 3 ch. 7th round.—1 sc. in each stitch of the former round, after every 3 sc. crochet 3 ch. Widen at the point; in the inside of the points the picot of 3 ch. is omitted. Finally, crochet another round like the 7th on the other side of the foundation stitches.

Fig. 9.—This edging is worked partly crosswise and partly lengthwise. Begin with a foundation of six stitches, work a scallop composed of 6 ch., and crochet on the foundation stitches 6 dc., 1 ch., then turn the work, crochet 6 sc. on the 6 dc. then again a scallop of 6 ch., and 6 dc. on the 6 sc. Continue in this manner. Lastly crochet in each chain stitch scallop 4 dc separated by 1 ch

BLACK CASHMERE TALMA FOR ELDERLY LADY.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 35-37.

BLACK CASHMERE TALMA FOR ELDERLY LADY.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 35-37.

and then the last round of ch. in the manner shown by the illustration.

Fig. 10.—This edging is worked lengthwise. On a foundation of the requisite length crochet a round as follows: 1 dc. in the first foundation stitch, * 2 ch., 1 dc. in the same foundation stitch, work this stitch off with the following dc., which is worked in the third following foundation stitch. 2d round.—1 sc. in the first stitch of the former round, * 2 leaflets by 3 ch. (the leaflets are worked in th manner as those for the edging, Fig. 2), passing over five stitches of the former round, 1 sc. in the following stitch. 3d round.—* 1 stc. in the first sc. of the former round, 2 ch., 3 sl. in the 3 ch. between two leaflets, 2 ch. 4th round.—* 1 sc. in the first stc. of the former round, 3 ch., 1 dc. in the next sl., 10 ch., 1 dc. in the dc. just worked, 1 dc. in the third sl., 3 ch.

Fig. 11.—This lace is worked lengthwise of fine white thread, and is worked in lace stitch in the manner shown by the illustration. On a foundation of the requisite length crochet: 1st round.—* 3 dc. in the first three foundation stitches, 3 ch., passing over two stitches, 1 sdc. in the following foundation stitch, 3 ch., passing over two stitches. 2d round.—In every stitch of the former round work 1 sc. 3d round.—4 sl. in the first 4 sc., * 9 ch., pass over five stitches, 5 sl. in the following five stitches. 4th round.—7 ch., * 3 dc. in the next ch.-scallop, 11 ch. 5th round.—1 sl. in the first of the 7 ch. at the beginning of the round, 5 ch., 1 sc. in the second following ch., 5 ch., * 1 sc. in the middle stitch of the next 3 dc., 5 ch., 1 sc. in the fifth of the 11 ch., 5 ch., 1 sc. in the second following ch., 5 ch. 6th round.—* 1 sc. in the first sc. of the former round; around the next ch.-scallop, 1 sc., 1 sdc., 1 dc., 1 picot of 4 ch. and 1 sl. in the first of these, 3 dc., 1 picot as before, 1 dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc., then 1 sc. in the next sc. of the former round; after this, on the next sc.-scallop, 1 sc., 1 dc., 1 picot as before, 1 dc., 1 sdc., 3 sc., 1 sl. in the next sc. of the former round, then on the following ch.-scallop 3 sc., 1 sdc., 1 dc., in working which fasten to the corresponding dc. of the former round, then on the following ch.-scallop 3 sc., 1 sdc., 1 dc., in working which fasten to the corresponding dc. of the former scallop, 1 picot, 1 dc., 1 sc. Finally, work the lace stitch in the manner shown by the illustration.

Fig. 12.—This edging is worked crosswise. Begin with a foundation of thirteen stitches and crochet, returning on these, 3 ch., 1 dc. in the second following foundation stitch, then three times alternately 1 ch., passing over one stitch, 1 dc., then 7 ch., 1 sc. in the last foundation stitch. This completes a round. Now turn the work, crochet 7 ch., then 11 dc. in the chain-stitch scallop of the former round, 1 ch., three times alternating 1 dc., 1 ch., the dc. are always crocheted in the next single ch. between 2 dc. of the former round, 1 dc. in the third of the 3 ch. at the beginning of the first round. This completes the second round. Now repeat both rounds till the edging has reached the length desired.

Fig. 13.—Work, first, the middle part of the edging crosswise, as follows: 11 ch. as foundation, then 7 ch., and returning on the foundation 1 dc. in the first foundation stitch, then three times alternating, 1 ch., passing over a foundation stitch, 1 dc., then 6 ch., 1 dc. in the last foundation stitch. * Now turn the work, crochet 3 ch., then 9 dc. in the scallop of 6 ch., again turn the work, crochet 7 ch., 1 dc. in the second following of the 9 dc., then three times more alternately 1 ch., passing over one stitch, 1 dc., then 6 ch., 1 dc. in the third of the 3 ch. *before* the 9 dc. On the straight side of the edging crochet an open-work round of dc., work 9 dc. in each chain-stitch scallop on the under edge.

Fig. 14.—For working this lace crochet, first, the thick squares singly as follows: make a foundation of 4 ch., join this in a round with 1 sl., and crochet then in each foundation stitch 2 sc., and after this four more rounds sc. In each of these rounds add two stitches four times at regular distances by crocheting always 2 sc. separated by 1 ch. This widening must always come in the same place, by which means the square is formed. Then crochet on two sides of each square (these are the under sides on the illustration), going backward and forward, two rows sc., in the middle of each row, and also on the corner of the square, add always two stitches; lastly, edge each square, in the manner shown by the illustration, with an open-work round of dc. Now join these squares by means of the bars of different lengths which come on the upper sides of the squares. Begin with one of the shortest bars, crochet 4 ch., then 1 sc. in the first of the 2 dc. which were crocheted in the upper corner of the square, then working from left to right back, 3 sl. in the first three of the 4 ch. just worked, always putting the needle in the under vein of the stitch; after this work a bar of the same length in the following dc. of the square. Work the remaining bars by reference to the pattern. In working the two longest bars join the square with the corner of the next square as shown by the illustration. The bars on the under sides of the square are worked in the same manner as those already described, after which edge the under edge with one round chain-stitch scallops. On the upper straight edge of the lace crochet in the manner shown by the illustration one round chain-stitch scallops, one round of cross treble stitch, and, finally, another round chain-stitch scallops. Lastly, crochet a figure in single crochet on each square. From these work five rounds on a foundation of four stitches joined in a round, widening in such a manner that the circular part shall not draw, and after this five rounds narrowing to correspond to the previous widening; in these it must be observed that the wrong side of the work makes the outside of the figure.

KNITTED EDGING.

Fig. 11.—This pretty edging is knitted with fine thread. The thick parts are of alternate embroidered figures and imitation leaflets. Begin the edging, which is worked in backward and forward rounds with a foundation of 11 stitches, and knit for the 1st round.—Slip 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together twisted, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2. 2d round.—Slip 1, knit 1, purl the remaining stitches. 3d round.—Slip 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, 1, knit 2 together, knit 2, widen 1, knit 1. 4th round.—Slip 1, knit 3, purl the remaining stitches. 5th round.—Slip 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 4, widen 1, knit 1. 6th round.—Slip 1, knit 5, purl the remaining stitches. 7th round.—Slip 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 6, widen 1, knit 1. 8th round.—Slip 1, knit 7, purl the remaining stitches. 9th round.—Slip 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 5, knit 2 together. 10th round.—Slip 1, knit 5, purl the remaining stitches. 11th round.—Slip 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 3, knit 2 together. 12th round.—Slip 1, knit 3, purl the remaining stitches. 13th round.—Slip 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together. 14th round.—Slip 1, knit 1, purl the remaining stitches. 15th round.—Slip 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1. 16th round.—Slip 1, purl the remaining stitches. Now repeat from the 1st round till the edging has reached the length desired. The little figures are worked on nansook in button-hole stitch, cut out and sewed to the edging. The leaflets are worked with enameled cotton in the manner shown by the illustration.

BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY;

OR, THE

Adventures and Misadventures of Robert Ainsleigh.

CHAPTER XV.

PROVIDENCE SENDS ME A FRIEND.

DURING my first dismal year at Calcutta the native magistracy of that presidency was chiefly in the hands of a black zemindar, or magistrate, one Govindram Metre, who acted as subordinate of the English zemindar, and deputy during the intervals that frequently occurred between the lapse of one appointment and the commencement of another. It is not to be supposed that a government which depended upon the instructions of a committee at fifteen thousand miles' distance, and was subject to the caprices and often ignorant errors of private individuals, actuated sometimes by private interests, and frequently by private dislikes, could be exempt from abuses; and this frequent change of zemindars, who rarely held the appointment long enough to learn the least of its arduous and numerous duties, was one of the worst among them.

Before Govindram Metre all native causes, civil and criminal, were at this particular period adjudged, in a tribunal entitled the Court of Cutcherry. In common with most Hindoos, his ruling passion was avarice, and his mercy was only to be propitiated by gifts, while his power extended to the dispensation of the lash, fine, and imprisonment. The luckless wretch who had not so much as a handful of pice to offer as tribute could expect but scanty grace from this functionary; and before the first year of my residence was ended I had seen many among my colored comrades writhing under the lashes administered by Govindram's subordinates. I had seen a good deal of the black zemindar, and had heard many scandals concerning the supposed sources of his reputed wealth, when it was my own ill fortune to become subject to his tyranny.

The Hindoo year, which commences in April, was not quite three months old, and the summer solstice was still at its height, when I began to suffer from a low fever resembling that which had chained me to my mattress in the Fleet Lane crimping-house. The damp enervating heat of the Bengal climate was in itself enough to cause sickness among Europeans, who were compelled to labor without regard to the conditions which only render residence in this country tolerable to the foreigner. Joined to this, I suffered from inadequate food, miserable lodging, a fitful indulgence in spirituous liquors, that were only agreeable to me because they enabled me for the moment to forget my wretchedness, and a constant depression of mind, unrelieved even by hope: for the letter of appeal which I had contrived to dispatch to Lady Barbara soon after my arrival was yet unnoticed. It is not to be wondered, then, that my health languished and my strength declined. The repairs of the fortifications, trifling as they were, were not yet complete; for an absolute want of system prevailed at this station, whereby no necessary work was ever finished; and, ill as I was, I was made to perform my share of the arduous labor—now employed in digging the foundations of a wall, now in wheeling barrows of rubbish for the construction of an earth-work.

I was like to have dropped one day under this work, when Sergeant O'Blagg, who was superintending our labors, attacked me with a sudden fury that for the moment well-nigh took away my breath.

"Look at that rascal, now," he cried to a young ensign who was lolling beside him on the curtain above us. "Did your Honor ever see such a lazy vagabone? Oi've had my oi upon him for the last tree days, and divil a bit harder has he worked than ye see him now. Don't dhrag the barrow along like that, ye scoundrel, but put your showlther to it with a will, or oi'l know the raison whoy, ye idle omathawn!"

For the moment I was too weak to answer him.

"Don't you see that the lad's ill?" roared out a voice from the distance (Philip Hay's), while the tawny wretches digging near me looked on and grinned.

"Ill! yes," cried the Sergeant; "he shams ill to skulk his work, the idle beggar!" and, leaping down from the curtain, he ran forward as if about to hit me. But I had just mustered strength to wheel my barrow of rubble to the summit of the mound, and the position of advantage was now mine. "You unconscionable skulk!" roared O'Blagg, shaking his clenched fist at me; "this comes of enlisting a sham gentleman. I might have known you'd make no soldier, and never earn the cost of your passage; and if it hadn't been to oblige a gentleman who wanted to be rid of his step-mother's bastard cousin, I—"

He had no opportunity of finishing the sentence, for anger lent me a spurious kind of strength, and I hoisted my barrow of sand and rubbish aloft, and emptied its contents upon the head of my assailant in a suffocating shower.

A dozen fellows seized and dragged me up to the little terrace on the top of the curtain, where the ensign lolled with folded arms, grinning at his subordinate's discomfiture.

My outrage upon my superior was sufficiently obvious. The ensign, who was about my own age, and obviously amused by O'Blagg's stifled execrations and frantic efforts to get rid of the earth and sand that covered his head and shoulders, felt it nevertheless his duty to punish me.

"Upon my word this is too bad," he said, very mildly; "though that fellow O'Blagg deserves to get into trouble with his long Irish tongue. But insubordination of this kind won't do, you see, my lad; and as the captain's out of the way—in point of fact, so uncommonly cut last night that he can't show to-day; and the senior lieutenant has gone up the country pig-shooting—I think you'd better take him to the Black Hole."

"In irons; ye'll put him in irons, your Honor?" remonstrated O'Blagg, in a suffocated voice.

"Oh, very well, put him in irons if you like," cried the ensign, with a merciful wink at the men, which plainly meant no irons.

On this I was conveyed to the Black Hole, that too famous prison, which I was doomed once again to occupy under circumstances that were to make that occupation distinguished among the darkest records of man's cruelty to the end of time.

The dungeon itself was in no manner alarming of aspect. It was the common prison of the fort, in which European or native delinquent was indiscriminately cast for any military misdemeanor.

I found myself in a square chamber of some twenty feet by eighteen, with two small windows looking westward—a direction from which no breath of air is to be expected during this summer season. To say that the dungeon was somewhat close and airless in the occupation of one person is perhaps to be fastidious; but I would gladly have preferred a more airy apartment for my night's repose; and I lay down in a corner of my cell with a supreme distaste for my strange quarters; though Heaven knows the great barrack chamber where I ordinarily spent my nights with the rest of the private soldiers on a wooden platform was no Sybarite resting-place.

Great God, could I but have conceived the horrid sufferings that were by-and-by to be endured in that very dungeon, what nightmare-visions must have broken my fitful slumbers, what hideous cries and groans must have sounded upon my sleeping sense, prophetic of agonies to come! But this one exquisite anguish of foreknowledge being spared to mankind, my feverish slumbers were undisturbed by painful dreams.

I was awakened soon after daybreak by a jemmautdaar, or colored sergeant, who came, attended by a couple of peons, to carry me before the Black Zemindar.

To this I immediately objected, as I had been given to understand that the Court of Cutcherry had no authority over Europeans, and was a supreme tribunal only for the subjects of the Mogul. The jemmautdaar answered with the usual slavish stolidity of these people. He knew nothing except that he had been ordered to convey me before the Black Zemindar. In vain I remonstrated and asked to see the captain or one of the junior officers of my company. The jemmautdaar was bent on executing his orders, which I afterward discovered he had received from no one but my enemy, Sergeant-major O'Blagg, who enjoyed an extraordinary power in consequence of the prevailing supineness among his superiors.

I was taken to the Cutcherry, and there found myself accused of a murderous outrage upon my superior, with intent to do serious bodily harm; in proof of which Sergeant O'Blagg showed the somewhat inflamed condition of one eye, which had suffered from the shower of rubbish I had discharged upon my enemy's head.

I had seen something of English courts during my brief residence in London, curiosity having led me to Westminster and the Old Bailey on more than one occasion; but although I had there beheld enough to shock my sense of the sacredness of justice, I was completely unprepared for the flagrant iniquity of a tribunal presided over by an almost irresponsible despot. Enough that I, a subject of his Britannic Majesty King George, was condemned to receive a hundred lashes at the hands of a gentoo, whose national skill in the administration of this punishment I had heard and seen too much of. The Mohammedan abhors our British mode of capital punishment by the gallows, and hanging is therefore forbidden by the Mogul; but, on the other hand, the ruler of Delhi has no objection against his subjects being whipped to death, and the gentoo flagellant will lash his victim with a diabolical dexterity, the exhibition of which would have afforded a new sensation to Nero or Caligula.

The sentence was pronounced, and half a dozen black fellows advanced to lay their skinny paws upon my shoulders in order to convey me to the compound or open yard behind the court, where summary justice was to be executed; but as they were in the very act of doing this the sound of a cannon booming across the Ganges arrested them as if spell-bound, while a sudden unnatural stillness fell upon the court.

A Hindoo cooly entered the next moment, and prostrating himself slavishly before the Zemindar, informed him that a British vessel had arrived off Govindpore, and that Mr. Holwell had just landed, having come on to Fort William in a boat.

I had heard of this Mr. Holwell as a civil servant of some importance in the presidency. He had returned to England between two and three years before, there to end his days, as it was supposed, and nothing could have been more unexpected than his reappearance in Bengal.

My eyes happened to wander toward Govindram Metre at this moment, and never did I see terror more vividly painted upon the human countenance. The dusky change which is more ghastly than pallor spread itself over his copper-colored visage; but the man was past-master of all dissimulative arts, and when Mr. Holwell himself, three minutes afterward, came into the court-house, Govindram Metre received him with florid Oriental compliments and servile smiles.

The Englishman accepted these greetings with exemplary coldness.

"What are you doing here, Govindram?" he asked, looking at me; "and how comes a dispute between British soldiers to be submitted to the Cutcherry?"

"If it will please the most distinguished and favored among the deputies of our honorable masters to hear the matter, he will perceive that it is a case of extraordinary character, which called for—"

"Not for your interference, Govindram," interrupted Mr. Holwell. "This young man is a military servant of the Company, and can only be punished in accordance with military law. You ought to have known better, Sergeant, than to bring your complaints here."

Mr. O'Blagg, whose importance shriveled into nothing before this new arrival, muttered some excuse.

"Were they going to flog this young soldier?" asked Mr. Holwell.

The gentoos assented; and Govindram Metre began a rambling justification of his proceedings.

"Upon my life, it is shameful!" cried Mr. Holwell, indignantly. "But it is of a piece with all the rest. The president is absent at his country house, and the five captains of the garrison are asleep under shelter of their mosquito curtains, or away at their sports up the country, and this poor sick lad is brought hither in order that public justice may be prostituted to private malice. Why, the young man looks fitter for a sick-bed than the lash." And then, turning to me, he said, "You are free of this tribunal, but will have to answer to your captain for your offense against the Sergeant-major. Have you been ill?"

"I have been ill of a low fever for the last three weeks," I answered; "but they have made me work all the same, since I have just the strength to crawl about under threat of the lash."

"You shall be put upon the sick-list. How long have you been in Bengal?"

"A year, Sir. I was kidnapped by the Sergeant-major yonder."

"Kidnapped! Pshaw! There is no such thing as kidnapping allowed in the Honorable East India Company's service. You mean that you enlisted, and were sorry for it afterward, and were held to your bond, as all recruits are."

"I mean that I was betrayed into a house in Fleet Lane, Sir, and there detained close prisoner, in company with others, till we were shipped secretly, under cover of night, on board the *Hecate*. I mean that I could not have escaped from that crimping-house but at peril of my life, and that men have lost their lives in the attempt to escape from such houses."

"Humph!" muttered my new friend; "you speak as if you were telling truth. I know nothing of abuses in England. Abuses here are so many that the study and investigation of them would occupy a life as long as that of Nizam-al-Mulk, lately deceased at the venerable age of one hundred and four."

This was said with a somewhat ominous glance at Govindram Metre, who gazed upon the newly-arrived Englishman with upturned eyes, expressive of such veneration as he might be supposed to entertain only for the gods of his fathers.

"What is your name, young man?" asked Mr. Holwell.

"Robert Ainsleigh."

"Ainsleigh! That is a good name, and one I am bound to honor. From what branch of the Ainsleigh family do you come?"

"My father was Roderick Ainsleigh. My grandfather was a colonel of dragoons, who married Lord Hauteville's daughter, Lady Susan Somerton. I was brought up at Hauteville, in the county of Berks; entered at the Temple as a student, and intended for the law, when it was my ill fortune to fall in with that kidnapping scoundrel yonder."

"Not so fast, Mr. Ainsleigh. You must not call names, though you do come of a good English family, and a family that I have reason to respect. If what you tell me be true, I am in duty bound to befriend you; for your grandfather, Colonel Ainsleigh, served with my father

under Marlborough in the Low Countries; and at the bloody battle of Malplaquet the colonel carried my father, then a lad, from under the enemy's batteries. So you see, Sir, I have to thank your ancestor for my entrance into this world, since, had the French cannon made an end of Ensign Holwell on that famous occasion, there could be no such person as your humble servant.—What say you to this gentleman's story, Sergeant-major? Did he go by the name of Ainsleigh when you picked him up in London?"

"Sure he did, your Honor; but divil a bit of an Ainsleigh is he for all that, but the bastard son of Roderick Ainsleigh, a profligate scamp that got himself stabbed to death in a tavern quarrel; and my Lady Barbara Lestrange, wife of his Majesty's plenipotentiary to Spain, adopted the young scoundrel and brought him up in charity, and he turned upon her like an ungrateful varmint as he is, and wanted to elope with Sir Marcus Lestrange's niece—a great fortune, and a beauty into the bargain; but luckily for his family, that he was nothing but a disgrace to, he enlisted himself to me in a drunken fit, whereby the Lestranges got rid of him."

"If you will let me tell you my story, Sir, I think you will believe me," I said, addressing myself to Mr. Holwell.

"I think I shall, Mr. Robert Ainsleigh," he answered, kindly. "Your face is hardly the countenance of a liar; and if the blood of my father's friend does flow in your veins I care little in what illegal manner you came by it."

"On my honor, Sir, that fellow has no warrant for his foul assertion, except the one fact that the obscurity of my father's death and latter days left me without the means of proving my legitimacy."

After this Mr. Holwell ordered me to be placed on the sick-list, and I was taken to a somewhat dilapidated building on the outskirts of the fort that served as an infirmary.

"I will make it all right with your captain," he said; "and you, Mr. Sergeant-major, must look over the lad's delinquency on this occasion, to oblige me."

Mr. O'Blagg replied with extreme obsequiousness, and I began at once to discover what it is to have a friend at court.

The doctor pronounced me suffering from a low intermittent fever, and sorely in need of rest; so I lay at the infirmary for several weeks, during which Mr. Holwell frequently visited me. He questioned me very closely upon the subject of my education, and appeared much surprised to find me possessed of several languages, among these Sanscrit—which I owed to the scholarship of my old friend Anthony—and a tolerable proficient in Hindoostanee, the acquirement of which, *viva voce*, from the native soldiery, and from such meagre books as I could obtain, had been my sole recreation during the last dreary year.

"Why, you are just such a fellow as I want for a clerk and secretary," he said; "the young writers they send out are for the most part raw ignorant lads, who are dispatched here only because their friends know not what to do with them at home. You have but to improve yourself in Hindoostanee, and to thoroughly master the native character in which their business documents are written, and you would be invaluable to me. Would you like to exchange the military for the civil service, if I could effect such a transfer?"

"To exchange the ignoble slavery I have endured here for your service would be to pass at once from the depths of Onderah to the Mahah Surgo; or, in plain English, to exchange hell for heaven."

"I see you have been studying the Shastah," said Mr. Holwell, who had already revealed to me that taste for Oriental research which was afterwards usefully displayed in his numerous pamphlets. "You can not do better than pursue such studies, for the Gentoos will respect you so much the more for being acquainted with the Sanscrit language, the knowledge of which is confined to their Brahmins and learned Pundits. And you would really like to be my secretary, Robert?"

"Nothing would please me better."

"I warn you that the work will be of the hardest, and tax your powers of accountancy. I am now engaged in the investigation of a series of frauds committed by that scoundrel, Govindram Metre, which involve the conduct of our finances for the last ten years, and by which that black rascal has pocketed thousands. Do you feel yourself capable of performing the mere mechanical drudgery of such a work?"

"I feel myself capable of making any endeavor to serve you, Sir. I was well drilled in accountancy by my lady's house-steward, who had an old-fashioned veneration for figures; and with a little direction from yourself, I doubt not I should soon master the mysteries of finance."

Mr. Holwell was contented with this assurance, and set to work immediately to redeem me from my hateful bondage. He was a person of considerable influence in the presidency; and among a supine and indifferent community his industrious and energetic habits multiplied that influence tenfold. So by the time I was sufficiently recovered to leave the infirmary I found myself a free man, and went immediately to Mr. Holwell's house, where I was provided with suitable clothes, and a decent chamber, and began life for the second time in the character of a gentleman.

It is not to be supposed I was so base as to forget my companion in misery, Philip Hay, in this happy alteration of my own fate. I tried to enlist Mr. Holwell's sympathy for that reckless scoundrel, and carefully suppressed his share in my betrayal. My new friend promised to do his best to serve my late brother in arms; but he remarked that Mr. Hay bore his lot with supreme equanimity, and was a fellow who would doubtless fall on his feet, tumble from what pinnacle he might.

"We may have some fighting by-and-by," said he; "for at the first hint of a war between the two countries Dupleix will be down upon us here. It is not to be supposed that the French will let us alone forever after their good luck at Madras. In the event of an attack upon this place your friend will have an opportunity of distinguishing himself; and be sure the fight would be a desperate one, for while I have a voice to raise in council the motto of Fort William shall be no surrender."

I lived to see this promise kept, and against a more cruel foe than the French. I lived to witness the base abandonment of Fort William by its chief military protectors, and its heroic defense by a civilian.

SINGULARITY.

A SIMPLE and dignified admission of special ignorance, or indifference, or want of skill, seems to be a virtue most difficult of attainment, and indeed is any thing but generally recognized as a virtue at all. If the admission is made it is apt to be accompanied with a certain boastfulness, as men will brag of their bad handwriting, or inability to reckon aright. There is, of course, nothing to pride one's self on in being ignorant of any thing, but nothing necessarily to be ashamed of in being unacquainted with many. Perhaps one of the choicest results of culture is the magnanimity which enables a man when he does not understand what other people are talking of to say so frankly and easily. It may even keep him unmoved and unashamed in the terrible conjuncture imagined by a recent writer, of being unable to join in the conversation at a dinner-table on some book of the day which has created an impression, and is being discussed by the rest of the company, simply through not having read it. Of course his not having read it may be very far from being to his credit, but it is none the more so beeause other people have. Life is, after all, but limited, and it is simply impossible to master every thing. Nor is to be in the fashion by any means a sound principle by which to guide one's studies. A few years ago ferns and sea-anemones were the rage. Now an intimate acquaintance with ferns and sea-anemones is wholesome and profitable enough, but yet a good deal of ignorance of both can hardly be held to involve any very heavy condemnation. If a man has brains, if he has read and can think, he will generally find in the course of any conversation ample opportunities of impressing the fact of his possessing these qualities on all persons similarly gifted, and need not fear faring the worse in their estimation if he for a while hold his peace, as having nothing to say worth the utterance. No doubt, if his companions are fools, he may; but such a result one would think was not unendurable.

Feeble as a man may be when he is natural and himself, he is always stronger so than when aiming at being something else. Imitation does not "pay." What failure, for instance, can be more thorough and deserved than that of the would-be sportsman, who, utterly unskilled in riding or shooting, yet dares not avow his ignorance of what is considered a "manly" accomplishment? Even if he is so fortunate as to avoid doing some serious damage to himself or some one else, he invariably makes himself ridiculous. No doubt one who frankly owned his deficiencies in such matters would in many, perhaps in most circles, have to encounter a little raillery; but no man or woman whose good opinion was worth five minutes' exertion to gain would seriously think the worse of him simply because he could neither ride nor shoot, if he only had the courage to say so, and not show himself at once a bungler and an impostor. And although in other lines it may be possible to escape such open disgrace, yet is there an effort, a ceaseless unrest, perceptible in the talk and bearing of one who "goes in," as the saying is, for being a wit, or a critic, or a "ladies' man;" not because either is natural to him, but because he thinks the assumption of the character will promote his social success, which robs him of all grace and attractiveness. He is forever doing or saying something, not because it is natural to him, but because he thinks it in keeping with his part; and his effects all miss fire from being so manifestly sought after. Indeed it is doubtful whether the last class we named—the "ladies' men"—do not often fail as ludicrously even as the sportsmen. No doubt there is among women a greater *superficial* conformity to a given type than among men. Whether it is more than superficial is by no means so certain; but that is a question too long to be discussed in this place. But, however that may be, it is a great mistake to assume that the characteristic is one they admire in the other sex; and many a man who has fondly flattered himself that he has been made "to order" after the most approved fashion, in polite speeches, and assiduous and perhaps officious attentions, has had for his reward only the doubtful satisfaction of being taken at his own estimate of his merits, and used, like the laborious but unillustrious quadruped to which he has taken pains to liken himself, as a serviceable beast of burden.

By *shamming*, a man never deceives any one in the long-run, and loses his own soul. We do not, of course, mean that it is well to *aim* at being singular. Singularity in itself is no more a virtue than it is a reproach. The tendency to a dead level of uniformity, however, is at present so strong that really a good many mistakes in this direction may well be pardoned. There are indeed certain matters of etiquette and general tacit agreement—such, for instance, as the wearing of a special costume in the evening—slight and worthless in themselves, but which have become by tradition, as it were, part of the social bond, with which a man would be a boor and a fool to refuse compliance. But, given conformity with these—and the inroads they make on freedom are inappreciable—let him, after satisfying himself as far as may be that the light within him is real light, and no mere will-o'-the-wisp, follow it, and dare live his own life and be himself, heedless whether or not he is "like other people," or is adequately posted up in the new book of which every one is talking. "Other people" are, for the most part, neither saints nor sages; and an ignorance of the newest of new novels, or the latest account of African explorations, is not incompatible with soundness of judgment and delicacy of taste.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

"DYNAMITE" is the name given to a new explosive preparation designed for blasting. It consists of seventy-five per cent. of nitro-glycerine, and twenty-five per cent. of porous silica. An interesting paper was recently read before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, giving some account of this new compound. Its introduction is so recent that many of its advantages over other blasting agents can not be proved by statistics; but while it is analogous to nitro-glycerine in most respects, dynamite is far less dangerous. Indeed, it has been so tested that it appears to be the safest of all known explosives. At Glasgow a box containing several pounds was placed over a fire, in presence of witnesses, and it burned slowly away. Another box filled with it was hurled from a height of sixty feet upon a rock below, but no explosion followed; nevertheless, the explosive force of dynamite, as compared with gunpowder, is as ten to one; but it is exploded by percussion-caps.

A story is told of one of the royal generals in Spain, which seems too barbarous to be true. A child only five years old was condemned to be shot as the son of a rebel. The child, not understanding the situation, moved about, and by extraordinary luck was not touched. The general then coolly threw it an orange, and while stooping to pick it up a second volley stretched it dead. A wretch who could do such a deed is wanting in *every thing* that makes a man.

An address was recently delivered in a medical college in this city with the design of impressing upon the students the importance of a most extensive and thorough knowledge of the science of medicine, so that effects might easily be traced to causes. The speaker—a cultivated physician—mentioned as a case illustrating his remarks that a young woman, after having been under treatment for disease of the spine for two years without benefit, placed herself under his care. His knowledge of chemistry satisfied him that she was suffering from paralysis caused by lead poison; but the patient asserted that she had in no way been exposed to the influence of such poison. After some time, however, he learned that she had been accustomed to use a cosmetic for the face, which chemical analysis proved to contain enough poison of lead to reduce her to a very helpless condition. The students for whose benefit this instance was cited may learn *one* lesson from it; ladies who use cosmetics should learn *another*. It is said that this harmful compound is extensively used. If ladies prefer boughten cosmetics instead of pure water and fresh air, which are the best of all, do let them make sure that those they use contain no poison.

We are accustomed to regard silk exclusively as an article of dress; nevertheless, it possesses peculiar medical properties, as was long ago ascertained. In Pomet's history of drugs it is stated silk was in his time used as medicine by reducing the pure part of the cocoon into a powder. Silk thus prepared has, as affirmed, "the virtues of cleansing the blood, making the spirits brisk, and heart pleasant." Neumann found that but few materials afforded an equal quantity of volatile alkali. Tournefort obtained from fifteen ounces of silk two drachms of volatile salt: this, which was called the spirit of raw silk, when rectified with some essential oil, was the medicine formerly celebrated under the name of "Guttæ Anglicanæ," or English drops. The volatile alkali obtained from silk was then supposed to be of a different nature from that contained in any other substance, and it consequently was held to possess virtues peculiar to itself.

At a meeting recently held in this city by women who earn a livelihood by sewing, the following fact was stated. A young woman once worked seventy-two hours on a piece of embroidery, and her employer told her as it was very well done he would pay her an extra price. The whole sum paid, including the premium, was $3 50. She soon after entered the store for some purchases, and saw her work in a glass case. On asking the price, she learned it was $85. She remarked to the clerk, who did not know her, that the material could easily be bought for $20. "Ah," said the clerk, "but remember the labor! The labor cost $35. We pay the highest price for labor." The young girl happened to have her note-book with her, and set the young man right regarding the price paid.

A rich old man recently died in England leaving a young widow, whose conduct had rendered his latter days so miserable that he promised to be revenged upon her. His will revealed his vengeance. He left all his property, about $100,000, to his wife, on the condition that she passes every day from 8 A.M. till 6 P.M. in his tomb. Should she miss one hour the whole fortune reverts to the natural heirs.

The great sea-ports of the Chinese Empire are to be connected by submarine electric telegraph cables, and land lines are also to connect the prominent inland towns. A company has already been organized to commence the work.

On the southern coast of California, near Santa Barbara, is a monster grape-vine, concerning which the following story is told: A Spanish girl, having driven her mule a day's journey with a grape cane for a switch, took a fancy, on her arrival home, to stick it into the ground and see if it would grow. It did grow, and was allowed to extend itself, without pruning. A few years ago, when she had attained a green old age, and the vine covered an acre of ground, a petition in her behalf was presented to Congress, and secured the passage of an act confirming to her the title to a quarter section of public land on which it stood. The annual yield was then put at eight thousand pounds; and, according to a recent visitor, the crop now upon it is estimated at ten thousand pounds.

The *Journal des Connaissances Médicales* contains an interesting article, by Dr. Ozenam, on treating diphtheria and croup with bromine. By experiment it has been found that bromine, when introduced into the respiratory organs, first hardens the adventitious membrane, and then reduces it to dust. The researches of Dr. Ozenam also show that bromine prevents contagion. As a preventive to epidemic diphtheria, he administers ten or twelve drops a day in sugar and water. Fumigations of bromine he has found remarkably successful in cases of croup.

A singular fact was recently communicated to the French Academy of Sciences. In August last a violent thunder-storm visited the city of Nantes, during which a gentleman, who happened to be crossing one of the bridges of the Canal de Bretagne at the time, suddenly found himself enveloped in a blaze of light. The phenomenon lasted little more than a second, and caused no unpleasant effect. Afterward, having occasion to examine the money in his purse, he discovered that a half Napoleon was covered with a thin coating of silver. This strange phenomenon was thus explained. The gold piece had been put in the compartment of the purse adjoining that containing the silver coin. The electric fluid volatized part of the latter metal, which, in this state, had penetrated through the leather partition, and deposited itself on the gold piece with remarkable uniformity. This is the first time such an effect has ever been observed.

As an instance of the difficulty of transferring delicate shades of meaning in translating one language into another, may be mentioned the oft-quoted line, "Frailty, thy name is woman," which a Frenchman rendered, "Mademoiselle Frailty is the name of the lady!" While a German, who attempted Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," could give it no better title in his own tongue than "The Old Sailor."

A writer in *Chambers's Journal* gives the following pithy counsel: "Woman, woman, take my advice and learn to cook."

A novel scheme has been conceived by an Italian who has been for many years residing in Africa. He aims at nothing more nor less than the reclamation of the Great Desert of Sahara, and its conversion into a fruitful region, by means of Artesian wells! The springs of water which fertilize the oases might, he believes, if properly directed, make the wilderness blossom like a rose.

Many estimates have been made of the number of smokers in our country. The truth might be somewhat difficult to state in exact numbers; but it is said, on good authority, that our metropolitan pipe-smokers number about 45,000, and cigar-smokers 50,000. Something like 200,000 cigars are, on the average, consumed every day in the city of New York. Paris is said to smoke about the same number. Then New York chews fearfully, but Paris *snuffs*. Between seven and eight thousand tons of snuff are annually consumed in France.

The microscope makes fearful revelations. A physician announces that he has discovered numerous infusoria in the air expired by children suffering with whooping-cough. They are about one-thousandth of an inch in length, and of a large, slender, cylindrical form. It is to be hoped that the microscope, or something else, will also suggest some effective method of destroying the "cylindrical" creatures.

A lady in writing about the best method of washing lace curtains, says she always soaks them two or three days in warm water, by which process they are so much cleansed that very little rubbing is needful. All attempts to iron lace stretches it entirely out of shape. The curtains should be spread smoothly upon the floor of a spare room—clean sheets having been laid down—and allowed to remain until dry.

According to a French journal, an astonishing variety of articles are used by celebrated singers for the purpose of strengthening the voice. Madame Sontag used to take sardines in oil between acts; Dorus ate cold veal; Desparres drank warm-water; Cruvelli took Bordeaux wine mixed with Champagne; Adelina Patti favors beer; Sass eats beef-steak; Cabel ate pears; Ugalde potatoes; Lucca took peppermint-drops and candy; Michot swallowed an enormous draught of coffee; Troy drinks milk; and Mario smokes continually. It is even hinted that a certain *prima donna* in New York depended for success upon sliced sausage between acts.

In an article on Insanity in *Putnam's Magazine* for November, a curious instance is given of insanity manifesting itself by great extravagance. A gentleman, who by speculation had suddenly become a millionaire, went to consult a physician about some chronic disease. The first time he went he handed the doctor a fifty-dollar bill, saying, as he did so, "Your fee, doctor, I prefer to pay as I go." Nothing was thought of this, for it was precisely what any grateful and free-hearted patient might do; but on the next visit, two or three days afterward, he again handed the doctor a fifty-dollar bill, with the same remark. His disease demanded a protracted course of treatment. He visited the doctor at his office several times a week for a number of months, and each time invariably offered a fifty-dollar bill. Afterward he became so reckless in his expenditures that it was necessary for some friend to travel with him in order to keep him from throwing his money away. He would throw a ten-dollar bill to the porter who carried his trunk up stairs, or to the boy who blacked his boots. A year's travel in Europe ultimately restored him to a measure of health, and, at last accounts, he was fully capable of managing his affairs.

WATTEAU PALETOT.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1 and 2.

ADELINE PALETOT.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 25–28.

COLOMBIÈRE PALETOT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 33 and 34.

SERVIAN PALETOT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 19–24.

ADELINE PALETOT.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 25–28.

WATTEAU PALETOT.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1 and 2.

MOUSQUETAIRE PALETOT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 29–32.

BURNOUS FOR ELDERLY LADY.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 3–6.

MARION PALETOT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 58.

ASSYRIAN PALETOT.—FRONT AND BACK,
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 51–54.

ESTELLE PALETOT.
For description see Supplement, No. XX.

GALOTTI PALETOT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 7–13.

SCARF PALETOT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 41–44.

TALMA.
For description see Supplement, No. XXI.

TALMA FOR ELDERLY LADY.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 38–40.

THE BRIDAL.

THE darkest day of all the year,
And yet the sky is bright!
A funeral from the quiet church,
With coaches decked with white!

A group of mourners sore at heart,
Who studied smiles bestow;
A bridal that a burial seems,
And better far were so!

The pride and idol of the town—
A shrew, with evil eyes—
Oh Love will go where Love is sent:
'Tis folly to be wise!

He might have won whom'e'er he would
Of all the maids in town;
Not one among the train had met
His wooing with a frown.

But, free of will and light of heart,
Rare forms of queenly grace,
And cheeks like Eden's rose, he passed
To win a gipsy face.

No spell of beauty has his bride
A manly heart to stir;
But Love will go where Love is sent,
And he was sent to her.

He did not seek her for her gold—
She has a beggar's hand;
She has no station to bestow,
No influence to command.

He must have known his choice was blamed
By friends beloved for years;
His mother sobbed upon his neck,
His sister prayed with tears.

He must have heard the gossips' tales,
He knew her tarnished name,
The license of her fiery tongue
His presence could not tame.

A dimmer sight than his had seen
The witchcraft in her eyes;
But Love will go where Love is sent—
'Tis folly to be wise!

Oh village oracles renowned!
Oh prophets never dumb!
When you henceforth with fateful lips
Shall speak of days to come,

Say what spring mornings will be gray,
What evening skies be red,
But never venture to foretell
Who man or maid shall wed.

In vain alike are hope and fear,
We waste our weary sighs;
For Love will go where Love is sent—
'Tis folly to be wise!

"BUTTERED BACON."

LAMOILE CLAREMONT kept his heart wrapped in a napkin.

A very large and a very thick napkin. And he kept it, besides, hidden in a remarkably secret spot, nobody knew where. A great many people had looked for it in a great many places; but only one person had had so much as a glimpse of it.

This person had once skittered stones, and sailed chips freighted with pebbles on the pond with him. A little later in life they had fished for pickerel together, and spelled each other down in the long lines of boys and girls at the red school-house under the hill.

But for several years they had hardly met, and in this time John Handiford had turned into a well-preserved householder, with a regular orchard of olive-plants about him, while Lamoile Claremont had not so much as a tame mouse by way of family ties.

"What *is* the reason your friend Lamoile Claremont doesn't marry?" said Mrs. John Handiford, time and again.

"I can not tell you," replied Mr. John Handiford, time and again. "I have given him both my advice and my example, but he is blind to the one and deaf to the other."

"I do not understand it," returned Mrs. Handiford, who was a bit metaphysical, and felt obliged to go to the root of every matter. "He seems like a man of very domestic tastes. Has he ever had any love affair?"

"*He* hasn't, that I know of. I have seen plenty of girls who have had concerning him, at one time and another, but he has never seemed especially interested in the matter," answered Mr. Handiford upon one of those times when he was a good deal engrossed in mending a toy-pump for his youngest but two, who stood watching him with an eager face.

"Here, Willy, here it is, all right," he added, tossing down the pump, and tossing up the boy. At the same time tossing his old friend entirely out of his thoughts; for one has never but half a place in the heart of a friend who is parent of a child.

But, as it happened, Mrs. Handiford, not having a case of measles or immediate teething on hand, gave poor Lamoile more attention, musing upon the unsatisfactory problem of his life all day at intervals.

"Such a waste!" she meditated. "There are so many girls who need a home, a husband, and love. I don't know really but he is guilty of neglect of duty as well as neglect of opportunity. Now, there is Kate Landon. She ought to be married; she would make the nicest kind of a wife, and she hasn't a very pleasant home. If I could only bring them together!"

But dear me! Little Mrs. Handiford might as well have thought of bringing the Southern Cross to shine beside the Polar Star.

"Where is Lamoile Claremont now?" she asked her husband that evening. "We haven't seen him in a long time."

"He is at Bolton for aught I know. He was book-keeper in that same paper-mill where he has been for so long the last I heard from him. He seems to have got over his wanderings and settled down, and I suppose he is making money. He owns a good deal of stock in the mill, and paper has been very profitable, though it seems to be a little down now."

"Do you ever write?" queried Mrs. Handiford.

"Well, no, not often. Why?"

"Nothing," replied the lady, not minded to take the cover off her broth till it had begun to boil. "Only you used to think so much of each other it seems a pity not to keep up at least a correspondence."

"That is so!" returned Mr. Handiford, who was very ready to see when his wife held a candle. "I will write him a letter to-night."

Which accordingly he did, and Lamoile replying at once cordially, Mrs. Handiford felt that kid had begun to go.

But what isn't to be will not be.

"Why don't you ask Claremont to come and make us a visit?" suggested Mrs. Handiford at last.

"Oh, he is coming next week. Didn't I tell you? Yes, I had a letter from him last night. Going to be this way on business," returned Mr. Handiford.

"Well, I am glad of it," replied his wife, secretly proceeding to examine and set her traps, which was not an easy bit of work, her bait being as shy as her game.

"If Kate has the least hint of what I am thinking I can't get her within a hundred miles; and if I invite her up to spend the day when Claremont is here it will look suspicious, I suppose," thought the little lady, drawing herself up on the corner of the sofa, and slowly plucking the hairs, one by one, from the crown of her head; which was her habit when she wished to stir her brain into action. "Let me think—oh! a picnic! an impromptu picnic to the beach! That will do. I will get it up all of a sudden the day Claremont comes. Oh yes!" she said to herself, jumping off the sofa and running to the brine-barrel to see how many cold boiled tongues she could furnish forth.

But "woman proposes and man disposes."

In the first place, Claremont didn't come; and in the next place, Kate Landon's brother fell sick, and she had to stay and nurse him. Of course. Nobody had so much as a toothache in the Landon family but Kate was looked to to bring the anodyne and cotton.

"Yes, they tell me," said old Aunt Betty, who lived where four ways met, and kept a carrier-pigeon, "that Morton Landon has got the real typ'oid fever, and if that is the case Kate will have a stent of it with him, for the typ'oid is a bad complaint if it sets pretty hard."

Aunt Betty was right, as she usually was, in her inferences, and for a long, long while Kate Landon might as well have been out of the body as in it for any thing that the world saw of her.

But nothing ever lasted forever, not even the impeachment trial; and so at last Morton Landon slowly crept into fretful, fidgety convalescence, and Kate drew a long breath, and appeared again at Sunday services and Friday evening prayer-meetings, meek and pale as a white violet.

"I declare! It is a brutal shame the way that girl has to slave for her family; and if *I* had the ordering of events she should have a taste of the land of Beulah before she leaves the world. Kate would make a most excellent wife," said Mrs. John Handiford one day, going off in a fit of musing.

Which was broken into by her husband. "Are you thinking of naming your successor, Kitty?" said he, in a hopeless hope of making an acceptable joke.

"Why, John! How can you speak in that coarse way?" returned his wife, in a tone both grieved and indignant.

John repented at once, and wondered he could have mistaken such foolish levity for wit; while his wife relapsed into her puzzle over the obstinacy of events.

At last, however, a second letter came from Lamoile Claremont, making a second appointment for his visit; but alas! by the same mail came a letter telling of the dangerous illness of a half-sister of John Handiford's: a simple-minded, inopportune invalid, who meant well enough, but who always blundered.

"It is too bad, there! that Celia should take this very time to—to get worse, after being sick all her life; just when every thing was beginning to work around right," thought Mrs. Handiford, as she folded her best black silk. "I wonder if I can not get Kate Landon to stay here while we are gone. Then if Claremont comes the house will be open," she said aloud, in a gush of inspiration.

"I have telegraphed to Lamoile, telling him we should be off, and not to come," replied her husband, with the comfortable air of having been equal to the emergency.

A useful capability for a man to possess, but sometimes terribly in the way, as now.

"What a bungler a man is!" thought Mrs. Handiford, feeling as discomforted as a child whose castle of cards has been tumbled down by an awkward playmate just as it is ready for the last turret.

"But there are changes and chances helping the hopeful;" and in time Lamoile Claremont made another more fortunate appointment for the deferred visit.

"'The last of the week,' he writes, and to-day is Thursday: Friday—Saturday," mused she. "Likely he will come Friday. I wonder if it isn't my best way to invite Kate up to tea to-morrow, and go from here to meeting with us. But then he may not come before Saturday. We can't tell. And I dare say I can't keep her so long. Dear me! how I wish I knew the day he is coming! Well, any how I will invite her."

So the first thing after breakfast the next morning Mrs. Handiford put on her bonnet and went down the street to the mouldy brick hive where the Landon brothers and sisters lived in one overgrown swarm. Then she came back, and put on her apron and went to making cake.

"Not to have it look marked I had to invite Sarah as well as Kate, and then while I am about it I thought I would ask May Hanson. I have been owing her an invitation for this ever so long," said she to herself, confidentially, as she whisked away at a pan of eggs and sugar. "Well, there!" she continued, still in the secrecy of her own thoughts, "why not have Tibby Jones and Toney Skenon? Make a comfortable little party, and then there will be nothing awkward or stiff about it."

So she sent off the children with these fresh invitations and broke another dozen eggs into her pan, dipped into another bowl of sugar, and whisked away again, every beat of her egg-spoon keeping time to some new detail in her plan of action. But

"The best-laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft agley."

And just as she had poured out half her batter into pans for plain cake and was sifting raisins and citron and Zante currants into the remainder, she heard the outer door shut with an ominous bang. By which token she knew that her husband, who always did every thing with an emphasis, had come home untimely.

A moment after he put his head in the pantry.

"Lamoile Claremont is here," said he, with the assurance of good tidings in his tone. "Can't you hurry dinner a little? He is going to leave on the first train."

"Not to-day!" gasped Mrs. Handiford, dropping a spoonful of mustard instead of cinnamon in the cake-batter.

"Yes, to-day. He says he must be back home to-morrow afternoon and will have to ride half the night in order to stop at all."

"Oh, you mustn't listen to his going off to-day when he hasn't been here for so long!" answered Mrs. Handiford, with returning courage, as she took off her wide kitchen-apron.

But she might as well have kept it on. Claremont had the exaggerated notion, so common to male creatures, of the importance of his own business in comparison with the plans and wishes of every body and every thing else, and of the importance of himself to his business.

So he whistled out of one end of the town on the express train, as Kate Landon came down her door-steps at the other end; which was as near as Mrs. Handiford could bring the quarry and the snare.

But her tea was strong and her cake was sweet, so she comforted herself with her guests while she cast about in her thoughts for some more efficient way of bringing the spark and train together.

"What spice did you use to give your cake such a pungent flavor?" asked Tibby Jones, who happened to have "Benjamin's portion" of mustard in her slice, and who had a weakness for recipes.

"Only bring them together," answered Mrs. Handiford, absently.

Her guests looked up astonished and she recovered herself.

"Oh, the cake, yes," said she, quickly, tasting it and then laughing. "Well, to tell the plain truth my husband and I had some words just while I was making this cake, and I think it got an extra tang of sharpness then."

Tibby Jones was so literal a person that she could hardly manage the Bible parables without stumbling, and was entirely at sea in Æsop's fables; so upon this speech she stared till, as Bridget Vance—who happened to be coming in with a fresh pot of tea at the moment—said, "Ye'd thought the two eyes of her would le'p out of her head."

If her eyes did not her tongue evidently did, for

"They tell me," said Aunt Betty, the next morning, "that Handiford and his wife don't get along so smoothly as might be; but I guess it isn't so."

The year hurried on past its Thanksgiving-day, its Christmas, and New-Year's. Past St. Valentine's, All-Fools', and May day. Still Lamoile Claremont went his ways and Kate Landon went hers. And still little Mrs. Handiford plucked at her hair and schemed.

So at last the year, having brought every thing else, prepared to bring Midsummer-night. And a little before the sun took himself good-naturedly out of the way that it might come Mrs. Handiford and Kate Landon went down to the beach at turn of tide for the first bath of the season.

"The water is just delicious to-night. Let's take one run more into it," said Mrs. Handiford, holding out her hand to Kate, as two men, turning a corner, came down upon the sand behind them.

But Kate, looking back, like Lot's wife, turned away and ran into the bathing-house.

"Well, perhaps we have been in long enough for once," returned Mrs. Handiford, surprised at her abruptness, and turning back herself: thus facing the two men, who were her husband and his friend, Lamoile Claremont.

"What idiots men are! Didn't John know any better than to let Claremont have his first sight of Kate in that horribly unbecoming black-and-white check?" cried she, in her heart, forgetting John was not in the secret of her hopes and fears.

Then she made a little smile and bow to the gentlemen, and disappeared into her own section of the bathing-house to dress herself, in a great flutter of vexation.

"After I have tried so long to bring them together! And Claremont is so distressingly fastidious! I never did see! I am thoroughly annoyed! John all over! Why couldn't he know better?"

She came out at last, minded to make the best of a decidedly bad matter, just as Kate emerged from her bathing-house shell—like a bright-winged butterfly from a brown chrysalis.

"Well, there! I never did see her looking prettier than she does this minute. What a sweet color, and how her eyes shine!" thought Mrs. Handiford, with gratified surprise, coming forward to shake hands with Mr. Claremont and make the long-attempted introduction.

When, to her amazement, Claremont, without seeing her outstretched hand, went quickly up to Kate Landon and kissed her.

"What do you mean? When did it happen?" gasped Mrs. Handiford, sitting down helplessly on the wet sand.

"I believe it began while Kate was dropping medicine into a spoon for Morton, when he had that typhoid fever; didn't it, Kate?" replied Lamoile.

Kate smiled and blushed.

"It could not have begun before that," said she.

"Why, what! How! Do tell me! How came you there, any way?" asked Mrs. Handiford, staring like Tibby Jones.

"Morton's testimony was needed in a law-case that couldn't go on without it, and I came to get it. It was the week I first wrote of going to your house, but found I couldn't make the two calls before the train left. It might have come to nothing, though, if John's sister Celia hadn't taken that fidget about making her will and thinking she was going to die. But I didn't, luckily, get John's dispatch in time to prevent my coming, and when I found your house shut up I went home with Morton Landon, as I happened to meet him and he happened to invite me."

"How much better things arrange themselves than we can arrange them!" sighed Mrs. Handiford, thankfully. "And then I suppose you went to see Kate again the time you were here before?" said she, "when I wanted so bad that you should stay to my tea-party and meet her?"

"Why, yes; I suppose I did. Spent the night before at the Landons, didn't I, Kate?" replied Claremont, complacently, drawing Kate's hand over his arm. "She would have worn her engagement ring to your party, only I couldn't believe any woman had such a little set of fingers, and had to take it back to exchange for a smaller one," he continued, looking down with the admiration of a possessor at the little pink fingers.

"They tell me," said Aunt Betty, some months after this, on the day of their wedding, "that Mrs. Handiford had something to do with making the match between Mr. Claremont and Kate Landon; but I don't make out what."

COLORS AND COMPLEXIONS.

THERE is an old story familiar to every lady of an old and ugly and spiteful queen who played a sorry trick on one of the most beautiful blondes of her court by inviting her, at a time when she was magnificently attired in white, to sit beside her brunette majesty in a chair trimmed with yellow and with yellow tapestry surroundings. The poor blonde blushed at divining the motive of the queen but dared not decline the honor. She had no sooner taken her seat, it will be remembered, than she changed to a faded, sallow, dirty-yellow complexion, while the queen, who was a brunette, looked all the better in her yellow surroundings for the contrast with her rival. The maid of honor appeared to such disadvantage beside the queen that the beauty of the latter and the ugly complexion of the former were the court gossip for weeks. That queen understood better than most modern ladies the philosophy of colors, and she owed her triumphs to that knowledge.

If portrait painters were ever practical fellows they could and would give their lady friends and patrons a wise suggestion or two in regard to colors and how to blend them; but we may learn of them if not *from* them. We may learn a lesson or two from the different colored screens which are found in their rooms, and which many ladies imagine are kept to conceal the artist's toilette arrangements. They are really used for "backing up"—that is, to form the back-ground which is to relieve the figure of the model or subject which is being painted. The lighter colored ones are for brunettes; the dark ones are placed behind blondes when they are being painted, the effect being to more clearly mark the outlines of face and figure, and to improve the complexion.

Again, every artist if asked will tell you why the colors on his pallet appear so inferior to the same when put on the canvas, by explaining that they are placed on the pallet at random and as is most convenient, while they are arranged on the canvas with careful study of effect. Certain colors, side by side on the pallet, appear dull and dirty, though they came from the tube a moment before in all their purity and brilliancy of tone. Yellow beside white makes the white look yellowish, and the yellow becomes paler; so red beside orange reddens the orange; green gives a greenish tinge to white, yellow, and orange. The colors thus placed appear dull and dirty, not because they are really dirty or inferior in color, but because of their arrangement. Thus white and yellow, placed side by side, injure the tone of each other, because there is not sufficient contrast, and appear to the eye as if really run together, just as the faded colors that do not wash look. But if the artist places red between yellow and blue the tone of each will be heightened and improved; for red, yellow, and blue, as any tasteful lady

knows, or red, white, and blue, as every patriotic lady knows, blend most harmoniously.

The beautifully blended colors of the Gobelin tapestries have long been admired, and it is common to hear the colors, as well as the material, spoken of as of a superior quality. This is not the case. The beauty and magnificence of the Gobelin carpets are due less to the richness of the colors than to the skill and taste which has directed their blending. They are the result of years of study of the effect of colors. Many years ago black tints used to be employed as shadows to the popular blue draperies and carpets of the Gobelin make, until it was discovered by the manager that black not only did not wear well, but that it never had its deep glossy appearance when blended with blue, but took a dirty, brownish hue. The latter fact discovered the cause was sought for, and it was found that the black was spoiled by contrast with the blue. Further experiments resulted in its disuse in that connection, and hence you seldom see black in carpets of modern make.

Many of the beautiful India shawls which are imported into this country contain black in large quantities, but it is not a popular color; and hence American importers find it to their advantage to change the black for more agreeable colors. The changing of the colors in India shawls for the purpose of increasing the effect is as much a branch of needle-work as the repairing of shawls.

Upon the same plan, and guided by the same rules which influence the artist and the needlewoman in the choice of colors, a lady should compound or arrange and blend the colors which compose her dress, furnish her room, plant her flowers, and arrange her bouquets. The same principle applies to one as to all. All that is necessary to success is a slight knowledge of the grand laws of colors.

The effect of each color or tint in one's dress is increased or modified by its neighbor. Every lady can test this by arranging a bouquet, or, better still, by making a pieced quilt. To do the latter she will, in the first place, have previously gathered together a large quantity of scraps or pieces left from her own and her friends' dresses, and these she will have cut into diamond or hexagon squares, or some other shape, according to her taste and design. Before beginning let her discard all figured pieces, so that each of those to be used shall be of one uniform tint. Then in arranging them in the quilt, let her form a regular scale, beginning with the lightest tinted piece and ending with the darkest, or *vice versa*. The result will be that every square will be modified by those on either side of it. The border next a darker square will be lightened in effect; the border next a light square will be darkened in effect. The whole row or circle of squares, seen from a little distance, will be made in this way to appear not flat but fluted. Such is the effect of tints upon each other.

The same effects can be produced in dressing, in arranging a bouquet, and in furnishing your house, if the same plain fact is observed in relation to the laws of color. The main laws of color to be borne in mind are as follows: Blue, yellow, and red, principal or primary colors, when mixed together produce white; but when either two of them are mixed, another shade is produced which is naturally the opposite of the one which does not combine to produce it. Thus blue and yellow mixed create green, and hence green is the opposite of red. Green will, if placed beside blue, yellow, orange, violet, or white appear to redden them; while red placed beside either of the same colors gives it a greenish tinge. But green and red when placed side by side set off each other, not "making the green one red," but greener by the contrast, and the red is also heightened in color. Red and yellow produce orange; hence orange should always go with blue, and not with the other primary colors. In the same way red and blue produce violet; and for the reason before given, violet goes best with the color that does not aid to form it. Hence green and red are contrasting colors; so are yellow and violet, and blue and orange. In the same way the shades of these primary colors may be contrasted to advantage. Yellow tints of green contrast with violet, yellow tints of orange with blue, and orange tints of red with bluish-green.

Blondes should wear blue or green. Blue imparts orange to the blonde, thereby enriching the white complexion and light flesh tint, and improves their yellow hair. Green is becoming to blondes who have little color, because it heightens the pink of the cheeks and the crimson of the lips, but it should be a delicate green. If the blonde has much color she should indulge most in blue; but if she wears green it should be very dark. If the complexion is, as is often the case with blondes, of a brownish-orange hue, the green should be very dark, or else it will impart to the countenance of the wearer a brick-red hue. Yellow imparts violet to the pale complexion of the blonde, and this hue is not desirable to the Circassian race. Orange makes a blonde look still paler or yellow. In fact, it becomes neither light nor dark beauties, and should not be worn near the skin. Red increases the effect of whiteness in the blonde, and suggests a greenish hue to the pink of the face. Rose-red destroys all the freshness of a good complexion.

Brunettes should wear yellow or red. Yellow has the effect of neutralizing the yellow in the orange complexion of the brunette, and at the same time increases the red, thus giving freshness to the black-haired beauty. Red is chiefly to be used to increase the whiteness of the brunette's skin, and it should be used sparingly even by the darkest ladies. Blue should be carefully avoided by all brunettes with much orange in their face, as it imparts orange. Orange, of course, does not suit an orange complexion, nor any other for that matter. It gives a brunette a dull, whitish, bluish, pallid appearance, without increasing her red as does yellow. It has the same objections for brunettes that red has, and in a still greater degree. Violet imparts yellow, which, in a brunette, is not highly desirable.

In the same way these facts may be applied in furnishing one's house. The drapery of a room should be blue, green, amber, or yellow. Blue and green drapery tends to increase the color in the face of all standing near it. Hence the popularity of blue and green reps with blondes. Amber and yellow hangings and furniture are suitable only for brunettes. Rose-red, wine-red, and light crimson curtains give a green tint to a lady standing near them, and are therefore objectionable. Dark crimson draperies tend to whiten all faces, and to neutralize the natural color; hence they are objectionable for blonde and brunette.

Wall-paper should be yellow, light green, or blue. The same reasons which are given with regard to drapery apply to colors in wall-paper. Yellow combines well with mahogany, though damaging to the effect of gilding. Light green goes well with both mahogany and gilding. Light blue does not suit mahogany quite so well as yellow, but is admirable for gilding; and is the color for rooms with yellow and orange furniture.

It should be remembered that the color of the furniture should be in proper contrast to that of the drapery and wall-paper. Thus, yellow hangings should accompany blue furniture, crimson hangings should accompany green furniture, and *vice versa*.

The carpet should be chosen by the same rule, which each lady can apply for herself.

LIFE IN MAURITIUS.

AN Englishman, journeying in Mauritius, gives some interesting glimpses, in the *Cornhill Magazine*, about the modes of life in that island, whose inhabitants are not as others are in many respects. They eat differently, and drink differently. There is novelty in the way they dress, and in the manner of their lying down. The climate of Port Louis is that of a half-heated oven; and the state of nature, were it permissible, would be the nearest approach to bodily comfort. Here, however, extremes meet, and we have people clad, in the height of tropical summer, as though they were shivering under an Arctic winter. Their fondness for black garments at noontime is inscrutable. From the hats that cover their locks, to the polished boots that encase their feet, they are black entirely. No creole seems to think himself a man while in Port Louis, or at least a gentleman, unless he is dressed like an undertaker. Some of these sable-clad gentry half starve, and in other ways pinch themselves, in order to wear a black surtout. This vision of black coats affects a stranger most uncomfortably. Another paradox is the assumption of white garments in many creole families as correct evening dress. One gentleman of my acquaintance received the earnest apologies of his host for the tailor's inability to supply his guest with a white coat fit to dine in. Herein the islanders are truly wise in their generation; it would be well for them were they to begin the custom earlier in the day.

Mauritius ought certainly, if the nursery rhyme has any truth in it, to be "healthy, wealthy, and wise," as it goes to bed early and rises early. At six in the morning every body seems up and enjoying the best hours of the day. Now it is that the marketing is done, and the papers are read, and the shops are opened, and the strolls are taken. Having sipped his cup of coffee—strong, aromatic, and inspiring; having laved his feet in the foot-pan, miscalled a bath; having rubbed his face with a small excuse for a towel, and dipped his fingers in the apology for a basin; having attired his languid person *à la mode*, and scanned it in a mirror of generous area, the creole will handle his dandy bit of a cane, and descend to the *pavé*, whose intricacies he will traverse for the next hour, while the sun is scarcely yet above the huge hinder hills, and the dew still clings to the leaves. Or, perchance, he will call his carriage and take a drive, or, if more lazily disposed, may lounge away the early morn in the shade of his veranda. If he be a man of business he will go to the Exchange rooms, and have a prefatory gossip over the latest journal as he sits beneath the trees that adjoin that institution. Then comes breakfast; and thereafter, toward eleven o'clock, the inactively active duties of the day begin. About four, or earlier, maybe, he returns to the bosom of his family, who occupy the interval between noon and sunset either in drives about the town, or in dreary siestas in the garden or piazza. Thus may be seen many households, from paterfamilias and his spouse down through the gradations of youths and damsels to the little infant in arms, smoking cigars on the male part, or chatting on the feminine part, until the dinner hour arrives; when the whole of this happy family gather round the common board and eat curry and conserves for the next hour. There will be no exodus of the fair sex. Those gentle beings abide at the table until coffee has been served; then there is a general adjournment to the veranda, where cigars, gossip, and music are the order of the evening. Not for long though. Rarely after nine is a respectable household out of bed. Before ten o'clock most of the lights are extinguished, and the family sleeping, or courting sleep under their solitary sheets, and inevitable mosquito curtains.

As illustrative of Mauritian hospitality, I may state that to most planters' residences a "strangers' house" is attached, where accommodation of the most comfortable character awaits any passing friend or stranger. In no country can a visitor meet with kindlier treatment than in the populous Isle of France.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

I AM going to ask you, my readers, to follow me now to one of the most charming country houses in the eastern part of England, where for the last few weeks I have been sojourning. Imagine, then, a large, square-built house, with a row of fine Corinthian columns at the entrance, to which you ascend by a flight of steps. On either side of the portico is a bank of red geraniums, which has a very bright and pretty effect against the white stone-work. Passing through the doorway, you find yourself in a spacious entrance-hall, used also for a billiard-room, a billiard-table occupying the centre. Round the room, in the several corners, are sets of croquet, and stands for billiard-cues, interspersed with flower-stands well filled and blooming. Opposite the door, on the other side of the hall, is the principal staircase of the house: pretty pictures line the walls as you ascend, groups of statuary occupy the niches which the winding of the stairs create, and on the landings pieces of fine old china worth a king's ransom are displayed to admiring eyes on inlaid tables, brackets, or any ledge, or shelf, or window-sill that can be made available. Various corridors and landing-places on the first-floor lead to the numerous bedrooms appropriated to the guests—bachelor quarters being mostly a story higher. The reception-rooms are all on the ground-floor. A well-stocked library, a double drawing-room, and a dining-room where about five-and-twenty people dine pretty well every day from the 1st September until Christmas time is over. One other room must not be forgotten, viz., the smoking-room, used also as a gun-room, where nightly, after the ladies have left the drawing-room, a good many pipes and cigars are smoked, with the help of a fair supply of hot spirits-and-water.

This house, which I have been thus slightly sketching, stands in a well-wooded park, separated from the entrance only by a slight wire fence and carriage-drive, which stretches far away to one or two distant lodges. You can see nothing beyond it. Fine trees and pretty pasture land are on all sides of you; and many pleasant rambles under those wide-spreading trees are undertaken daily in search of mushrooms, or health, or pleasure, or whatever else they may afford. How charming it was in that late intensely hot weather to sit on the gnarled root of that ancient oak, just on the left there, with an engrossing novel and a pleasant companion or two, and to forget in this *dolce far niente* the heat and bustle of the great metropolis we had left so recently! Then at about half past four a footman in the full glory of powder and red inexpressibles would appear, bearing that most charming of all inventions, the five-o'clock tea-tray, which was herewith deposited on a round rustic table in the centre of the group. Such a dainty silver tray! Such a pretty silver tea-pot, coffee-pot, sugar-basin, and cream-jug, all of the Queen Anne period, which we reckon almost worth its weight in gold. Pretty china cups, and a china plate filled with a good supply of bread-and-butter, and you have the full description of the whole affair, save and except the red tea-pot cozy, which gives a little touch of coloring to it. Doubtless you have these in America; in England they are pretty universally adopted, at these *al fresco* entertainments at all events, having come to us from Scotland. It is the fashion here to bestow a great deal of care on the paraphernalia of five-o'clock tea just now, and housekeepers are not a little proud, many of them, at their success on this head.

Flower-gardens, orchards, hot-houses for grapes and flowers, the archery ground, and kitchen-garden are at the back of the house. You reach them across the green, level croquet ground, gathering a flower as you go, or maybe a tempting apple near your hand. The estate is a large one, the shooting excellent.

The possessor of this enviable domain is not a nobleman, merely a good, substantial country squire, who has inherited it from a race of forefathers, of whom he is not a little proud. He spends what he has liberally, and his doors seem ever hospitably open to his friends. From the time the shooting season begins some one is sure to be staying there, and mostly a large party. The programme of one day is very like another. The breakfast hour is at nine, but breakfast can be had any time up to half past ten, or you can partake of it in your room if you please; but it is a pleasant, sociable meal; and it is worth the trouble of getting up to be present when most of the party assemble for it. The side-board groans with game pies, raised pies, and cold meats of all kinds; one end of the long table is occupied by the hostess, busy at tea and coffee making. It is much the fashion now to have this done on a side-table by the butler; but it is by no means so pleasant a fashion, and has never been adopted at the house of which I am speaking. I have staid at places, too, where each guest had his separate tea or coffee equipage to himself—a very independent mode of doing things. At the opposite end of the table is, of course, the host. A couple of silver raised dishes are before him, with hot cutlet or kidneys, perhaps; and on each side of the middle of the table are others with sausages, fish, etc. Scattered about are silver egg-stands, toast-racks, plates of hot rolls and of various kinds of bread, and white glass dishes full of sweet things, honey, preserves, and jam. While partaking of this sumptuous fare the fun and repartee never fails, save perhaps in the momentary lull which follows the entrance of the post-bag, when, the letters having been delivered to their respective owners, various little items of news they contain are quickly circulated for the public benefit. "Dear me, Mr. Allen is going to be opposed at Brentwith by an out-and-out Radical." "That match is made up at last; Miss Dorrington, the girl with the three thousand a year, you know, has accepted John Ferguson, Sir Edward's eldest son. She refused him twice. It's a capital thing for both of them; he has a good estate and a baronetcy in prospect, and is not a bad fellow into the bargain, though he hasn't too much money. Her income will do wonders for the old place when he gets it." "Charles is still in Scotland, having fine sport; he's killed seven stags, two of them Royals; had some fine grouse-shooting notwithstanding all the grumbling at the decrease; and has hooked a good salmon or two," and so on.

Breakfast over, the shooting party soon make a start, and the ladies watch them mustering with the dogs and keepers ere they bid farewell. Old coats are the order of the day; swell costumes are considered cockneyfied, and the best sportsmen often look more like farmers than any thing else, in well-worn, rusty coats which have seen good service. You watch them disappearing down the avenue maybe, waving their farewells as they go, and then for the morning, at all events, you are mostly left to your own devices. One or two of the gentlemen may perhaps forswear sport for once, and make themselves useful as cavaliers for a ride, or pick up the arrows as they are shot on the archery ground, or play a well-contested game of croquet; but shooting is generally the most overwhelming attraction, especially in the eastern counties, and there is rarely a man left to console the fair sex. Sometimes the ladies meet the shooters in the woods at mid-day, and have a picnic lunch with them, or sometimes they walk to meet them as they return in the evening. The arrangements for horses and carriages are announced at breakfast-time, but these are not generally called into requisition until after lunch; till then you are left to yourself. The hostess is very often invisible; busy with her housekeeper, or with her letters, or with the hundred-and-one occupations which fall to the lot of the mistress of a great house; and a good, healthy, busy life hers is. There is always some kind of mania rife in the country. Just now it is poultry; and the ladies among country folks know the breed of every cock and hen in their yard, and bestow no little thought and attention upon them. The great charm of country house visiting is the freedom from restraint which characterizes it. You find yourself luxuriously housed and fed, and you have nothing to do but "enjoy the goods the gods provide you."

At lunch, after a morning spent as pleases you most—writing, reading, playing croquet, or whatever else it may be, the lady part of the community in the shooting season meet for a meal by themselves. After that riding, driving, or walking follows, and a little before the dressing-bell rings the gentlemen come back. At dinner, when there is a large party, every body appears in full evening dress, though lately, in the height of summer time, square-bodied dresses and high white muslins have been a good deal adopted. After dinner is perhaps the merriest part of the day; dancing, music, whist, and games of all kinds, impromptu charades, etc., are often indulged in. You get to know people more in a few days so than in years of formal visiting in town, and a great deal of love-making and many happy marriages originate here. If I have failed in drawing a very tempting picture of a very happy kind of life I have failed to give you a real notion of what I have attempted to describe just now.

The *Times* is filled every day with letters on the much-vexed question of fees to servants, and the disclosures which have arisen from these letters prove that country-house visiting is certainly not an economical process. The game-keeper, butler, coachman, footman—to say nothing of women-servants—all expect heavy fees, and you must, of course, dress well. Most people take their own maid to assist in this; many a man his own valet, and, perhaps, a couple of horses and a groom to boot. I have only slightly sketched the house of an ordinary squire; in some of the ducal mansions things are, of course, done on a grander scale; but then the visit extends over a few days only, and now that the Prince and Princess of Wales have taken to visiting about among their subjects things are assuming even a more luxurious aspect. In their case a whole suite of rooms have to be specially appropriated to them, and a vast number of attendants invited as well as they.

My budget of general news is not large. General M'Clellan, after a two years' residence in England, left with his family a short time since for New York. The woman-question is more rife among us now than ever, for women are claiming the right of voting for Members of Parliament wherever the revising barristers are completing the registrations. In nearly every case the claim has been disallowed, notwithstanding a very determined fight for it on the part of some of the more energetic members of the fair sex. In a solitary case or so, however, it has been allowed, in one instance on the plea that the word *man* is meant legally to include men and women unless the contrary is specially stated. One unlucky Quakeress was fined ten shillings for urging her request, the barrister present declaring that the claim of women to vote was not reasonable, but frivolous and vexatious. Women among our upper classes are doing more than they have ever done in many ways. When Lady Londonderry for years addressed her colliers in person, the case was looked upon as startling and unique, but her example is being largely followed; the Duchess of Beaufort erewhile made a capital speech to the farmers on the estate, and Lady Clifden addressed her tenants last week at Gowran, Kilkenny, in as able a speech as one could have desired. It was delivered in a clear, audible tone, with no superfluous matter whatever.

Among the recent obituary notices appear the names of Dean Milman, one of the most shining lights of our church, a voluminous writer, and a good man; and Mr. Higgins, the well-known

"Jacob Omnium" of the *Times* celebrity; the tallest, broadest man ever seen in the ride or drive in Hyde Park. We shall miss him next year from his old haunts. He died quite suddenly at his pretty house at Kingston.

It was with a feeling of general regret that we read in the morning papers the other day in sensational type, "Great fire at Northumberland House;" but it was quite a relief to know, subsequently, that, though the fire attacked both the ball-room and picture-gallery, the mischief done was very slight. This gallery is very fine, about 106 feet long by 27 wide, and contains some first-rate copies of some of the best masters, with a few originals of value. The best pictures in the possession of the Northumberland family, however, are at Alnwick Castle. Northumberland House is quite one of the most notable houses in London; it was built in 1605 by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, on the site of the Hospital of St. Mary Brumeval. It was not until 1642, when Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, married the then Earl of Northumberland, that it was called Northumberland House. The historical reminiscences connected with it are endless. It was here, in 1660, that General Monck proposed and planned the restoration of Charles II., here the proud Duke of Somerset resided in great state after his marriage with the heiress of the Percy estates. Now, after various changes and enlargements, it presents a fine stone façade to the Strand, the central gateway surmounted by a lion passant, the crest of the Percys. It is an old joke among Londoners to make a bet whether the said lion's tail points up the Strand or down. Within there are long ranges of private apartments as well as state ones worthy of the fine old edifice. Several entertainments have been given within its walls this year. The true cause of the fire, as it generally happens, has not yet transpired.

The Marquis of Bute, one of the richest noblemen of the day, came of age lately. He is the happy possessor of £300,000 a year, and the world is prepared to fall down and worship him accordingly. Columns of the daily papers have been filled with the accounts of the rejoicings at his coming of age. At Cardiff, where a great deal of his property lies, there was quite a week of gay doings, and the young Marquis was welcomed with almost regal honors. So busy have people been with him and his concerns that it has been circulated about that he had joined the Roman Catholic Church, an assertion which he has written to some of the papers to refute. It seems to be pretty certain that he is engaged to a daughter of the Marquis of Abercorn—a family so celebrated for their beauty that they are known by the name of "the handsome Hamiltons." It is to be hoped that he will not waste his substance in the way that some other young noblemen have done. Lord Hastings—the Marquis I mean, for there are several Lord Hastings—had, when he came of age, over and above a magnificent income, a large sum of ready money, which had accumulated during his minority; he has contrived to run through it all very nearly by gambling, and he is now described as much broken in health and spirits. What careful forefathers take centuries to accumulate a spendthrift can squander in as many months!

ARDERN HOLT.

THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

A Story.

By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," etc.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CHARCOAL-BURNER.

THE afternoon sun was declining as Otto Hemmerich approached Horn. He had walked from Detmold, and had taken more time for his journey than would have been necessary had he kept steadily to the high-road. But he could not resist the temptation of turning aside into the thick woods that he knew and loved so well. They were not leafy and green at this time of year, but in Otto's eyes the winter forest had a beauty of its own. Here and there evergreens showed a mass of dark foliage, contrasting with the silver stem of the beech, or the long, delicate, drooping boughs of the birch. In many a tangled growth of thicket and underwood the dog-rose bushes put forth their crimson berries, and the plume-headed mountain-ash was studded with rich clusters of coral fruit. In the darkest and most shaded hollows patches of snow still lingered, sheltered as they were from the noontide sun. By-and-by lily-of-the-valley, crocus, violet, and primrose, would peer out in these woodland dingles, but now the white snow lay light and warm above the tender plants, like a coverlet of swan's-down on a sleeping infant.

Otto walked on briskly, drinking in the air and odor of the forest with intense enjoyment. Presently, with the scent of dead leaves and the aromatic breath of pine-trees, mingled the pungent smell of burning wood. "Charcoal-burners," thought Otto to himself; and as he thought so he came upon a space cleared in the heart of the woodland, where stood a pile of logs plastered over with earth and turf. From this pile an acrid smoke ascended. The grass was charred and blackened in a circle all around it. One long, half-decayed trunk of a tree lay on the ground, and served as a seat for a solitary man who was eating his supper there. He appeared to be the only living thing in the cleared space of land, and looked wild and strange enough with his blackened face and garments, and an unkempt shock of long hair that fell nearly to his shoulders. He held a formidable-looking clasp-knife in his hand, and kept cutting off huge lumps from a loaf and a sausage that lay on the tree-trunk across which he sat astride. Every now and then he took a draught from a flat stone bottle, and then began eating again.

"Good-evening, friend," said Otto, coming cheerily out of the forest path, checkered with sunlight, into the damp, desolate hollow.

The man looked up without raising his head, and the whites of his eyes gleamed ghastly out of his black face. He surveyed Otto very leisurely and deliberately for a few moments, and then took another pull at the flat stone bottle without having uttered a word.

"Good-evening, friend," repeated Otto, in a louder tone, thinking that the man had not heard him.

"Good-evening, cousin," answered the charcoal-burner very slowly, and in a gruff voice.

"Cousin! Nay, how may that be?" said Otto, laughing, although there was something in the man's manner that impressed him in spite of himself. "All men are brethren, I've heard say, but cousin!—that's another matter."

"Ay, ay," said the grim stranger, nodding his head once or twice, "you're ashamed to call kin with such as me. But you and I are cousins, my youngster, all the same."

"Ashamed!" cried Otto, in his clear, ringing tones, that made the woodland echo, "not I! Whether there's any thing shameful about you, you best know. But, any way, it can't be my fault, seeing that I never set eyes on you until this moment."

"Don't be too sure of that. I've seen you many a time when you were a little toddling brat, and I carried you on my shoulder once up the Grotenberg to see a great hunting there was down in the valley, when your father, the head-ranger, was brave in his green and gold."

Otto passed his hand over his forehead and looked fixedly at the man.

"What you say seems to bring back something that I saw once. But it is like a dream. Who are you? And why do you call me cousin?"

"Humph! Who am I? Well, I should think you could see for yourself that I'm neither king nor kaiser, but only a poor charcoal-burner—unless you take me for the Black Huntsman that head-ranger Hemmerich used to tell so many stories about."

"I don't think any of his stories related that the Black Huntsman was ever seen to eat wedges of bread and sausage as big as my fist. But you haven't answered my question. Why do you call me cousin?"

"Ach so! You stick to that? Well, first answer me one thing. Do you remember your mother?"

"Remember her! Remember my blessed mother! It's but little I shall remember when I've forgotten her."

"Your mother and I were first cousins—brothers' children. Ach, little Lotte Müller! How pretty she was, and how good! Yes, for all she was but a charcoal-burner's daughter, and your father was the Prince's head-ranger, I always said, and I say still, that Hemmerich got a prize when he got Lottchen to be his wife."

Otto came close up to his new-found relative and held out his hand. The charcoal-burner looked at it doubtfully for a moment, and then said, "Well, I shouldn't have thought that old Simon Schnarcher's grand-nephew would have gripped the hand of such a one as me."

"Try!" said Otto, and taking the other's grimy paw in his, he pressed it with all the force of his vigorous young muscles.

"Potztausend! You've a neat little fist of your own. And so you are not ashamed of your mother's kin, then?"

"Ashamed? That's the second time you have said something about being ashamed. Look ye, cousin—if cousin you be—if you go on in that way I shall begin to think that there is some special reason for being ashamed of you."

"GOOD-EVENING, FRIEND."

"Well, so there is," answered the charcoal-burner, doggedly. "I'm poor. I have to work hard for my living—and scant living it is sometimes. I have neither land nor learning, nor—worse than all—money.

'Redet Geld,
So schweigt die Welt.'

When gold speaks the world holds its tongue. Ask the Herr Küster if it be not so. I'll warrant he'll tell you that that is good doctrine."

"So much the worse for the world then, that's all. And, at that rate, I am no better off than yourself, for I have not a kreutzer to call my own. But now tell me your name, cousin, and tell me, too, why I have lived all these years without hearing that there was any relative of my blessed mother's left alive."

The man hesitated for some time before replying, and gazed very searchingly into Otto's frank young face.

"Ah!" said he, at last, "you look honest and kind. But I've known as honest and kind-looking as you turn out hollower at heart than a rotten apple."

"You have been unfortunate, kinsman?"

"Unfortunate! Well, my misfortunes are neither here nor there. You asked me what my name was. I'm called Joachim Müller."

"Joachim! Joachim Müller!" repeated Otto, pondering. "I'm quite sure I have heard my father and mother speak of you, cousin Joachim."

"Like enough. But it must be many a long year ago. Umph! 'Cousin Joachim!' I never thought to be so called again. I don't know what bewitched me to speak to you as I did. I'd best have left it alone. There's neither pleasure nor profit to be got out of my acquaintance."

To appeal to Otto's pity was to appeal to a very soft place in his heart. And there was something that touched him in the downcast, drooping attitude of the solitary man, and in his half-sullen, half-melancholy manner. Otto seated himself beside the charcoal-burner on the tree-trunk, and spoke to him cheerily.

"Come, come, cousin Joachim, you'll have to get used to being called by the old name again. I haven't so many relations but what I'm glad enough to cling to any of my dead mother's kinsfolk. But tell me how it has happened that we have not made each other's acquaintance before now."

It was not easy to resist Otto's pleasant voice and open manner. There was the ring of sterling metal about all he said. He was utterly free from small suspicions, and seemed habitually to expect other people to be sincere and straightforward—not a bad method, by-the-way, of making them so.

Gradually Joachim thawed under his young cousin's influence, and began to relate his history—in a disjointed, rambling way, however, and with many suppressions and reservations. His father, he said, had been a charcoal-burner employed in the princely woods of Detmold. He and Lotte (Otto's mother) had been friends from childhood, and when his pretty cousin made the prosperous marriage with the head-ranger, Joachim—then a lad of sixteen—had been kindly treated by her and by her husband. But about three years after the date of Otto's birth, Joachim Müller's father removed with his family to Pyrmont. And the Hemmerichs lost sight of them altogether. About his subsequent life and adventures Joachim either could not or would not speak very explicitly.

At Pyrmont he had been employed as a donkey-boy, to guide the animals provided for the use of the fashionable visitors who came to drink the waters there. In this capacity he had attracted the notice of a noble family, and had been taken into their service as stable-boy. He had traveled with them. He had been south as far as Vienna. But this opening had not availed to bring him permanent prosperity. Ill-luck, he averred, had pursued him all his life. After many vicissitudes, he had returned to his own part of Germany to find all his kinsfolk dead, and his very name forgotten. With difficulty he had obtained employment in his father's old trade of charcoal-burning, and had now been for some months leading a lonely, half-savage life in the forests of Detmold.

"But," said Otto, who had listened attentively to the man's narrative, "if you have been so long absent from Detmold, how did you recognize me?"

"As to knowing you by sight, youngster, I have had my eyes on you more than once during the last three months, when you have been tramping through the woods about Detmold. There is never a jager in the Prince's service but could tell me who you were."

"Then why, in Gottes namen, didn't you hail me sooner, cousin Joachim?"

"Why, lad," cried Joachim, rising suddenly and standing before Otto, "you ask why? Could I suppose that you would care to have any thing to say to me when I was told that the miserly old sacristan had adopted you for his heir? He never loved any of my kith and kin, and 'twasn't likely that he would teach you to love them. Besides, there are some would tell you that it was a disgrace to shake me by the hand. Oh, you needn't be afraid, Otto Hemmerich! The worst that can happen to you will be a little charcoal-dust. There's no stain on my hand that can't be washed off. Believe that, Otto. I have met with so much injustice that I thought I had grown to care nothing for the opinion of man or woman. But I shouldn't like your father's son to think ill of me. I had made up my mind never to speak to you; to make no sign, but just to slink out of sight if you came in my way, like a wild beast of the forest. But you took me unawares, and something in the look of you, and in the tone of your voice, brought back the old times somehow. You have said the first kind words that have been spoken to me for this many a day, and I sha'n't forget them."

He made as though he were going away, turning in the direction of a narrow foot-path that led into the heart of the forest. Otto stopped him.

"Stay," said he; "halt a moment, kinsman! When and where can I see you again? Don't run off and disappear in that fashion, as though you were really the Black Huntsman in earnest."

Joachim Müller stood for a while with his eyes fixed moodily on the ground. Then he raised them to Otto's with a piercing glance, and answered, "You are a right good fellow, Otto Hemmerich, and I would not get you into trouble with your grand-uncle if I could help it. Take my advice, and keep your own counsel about having seen me. The sacristan, likely enough, has never heard my name, but any way he could hear nothing about me that would please him overmuch. If ever you wish to see and speak with me, chalk three white crosses on the bark of the hollow oak-tree that stands in the glade leading to the Denkmal, on the top of the Grotenberg. Within four-and-twenty hours afterward I will be there to meet you. Lebe wohl. Auf Wiedersehen."

With that he turned abruptly, leaped over the prostrate tree-trunk, and plunged into the fast deepening twilight of the thickest woodland.

SISTER PATROCINIO, "THE BLEEDING NUN."

ISABELLA THE SECOND OF SPAIN.

ON a raw, chilly, winter day in the year 1865, between eight and nine in the morning, a middle-aged gentleman of distinguished appearance, and dressed in the gorgeous costume of Spanish Minister of State, was seen hastening from the Puerta del Sol in Madrid toward the royal palace. Upon reaching the latter he entered the main portal, scarcely deigning to acknowledge the salute of the sentinels who presented arms to him, nor the greeting of the lackeys and courtiers, who, at that early hour, already were lounging in the vestibule and hall of the palace. Evidently a prey to the utmost agitation, the gentleman hurriedly ascended the broad staircase, turned on the first-floor into the corridor on the left, leading to the apartments occupied by the royal family, and entered the ante-chamber of the Queen's reception-room almost before the lackey in his gold-embroidered blue livery, who opened the door to him, had had time to shout, "His Excellency the Prime Minister, Duke de Tetuan, Marshal O'Donnell!"

In the ante-room the Marshal was met by the sleepy-looking Chamberlain in waiting, who had just jumped up from the easy-chair in which he had been dozing, and now fixed his eyes inquiringly on the flushed and agitated face of the then all-powerful soldier and statesman.

"I must see her Majesty immediately," said O'Donnell, imperatively. "Go and tell her that I must see her immediately."

"But your Excellency is aware," replied the Chamberlain, respectfully, "that her Majesty never rises at so early an hour, and that we have received stringent orders not to wake her up under any pretext whatever."

"I *must* see her Majesty," impatiently said the Minister, knitting his brow; "I have intelligence of the highest importance to communicate to her. You must have her waked up. Do so at my responsibility."

The Chamberlain hesitated for a moment, but the almost threatening scowl on the Prime Minister's face quickly overcame his scruples, and, with a bow, he disappeared by the door leading to her Majesty's reception-room. The Prime Minister meanwhile walked up and down in great agitation. When the door opened again a few minutes afterward the Chamberlain reappeared, accompanied by the royal Mistress of Ceremonies. Bowing deeply to the Prime Minister, who acknowledged her greeting merely by a slight nod of his head, she informed him that her Majesty had gone to bed at a very late hour last night, and that she could not venture to wake her up under any circumstances. Something like an imprecation burst from the lips of the Prime Minister, and for a moment it seemed as if he was determined to force his way into the Queen's apartments in spite of the Mistress of Ceremonies, the Chamberlain, and the rules of Court etiquette. But he thought better of it, hastened to the window, drew a memorandum-book from his pocket, tore a leaf from it, and with a lead-pencil dashed off a few lines on it. "There," he said, folding up the paper, and handing it to the Mistress of Ceremonies, "you will deliver this immediately to her Majesty, do you hear, immediately!"

The tone of the Prime Minister was so imperative that the Mistress of Ceremonies bowed in silence and left the room. When she returned, ten minutes afterward, something like a malicious smile played around her lips; and, bowing even more profoundly than before, she said, "Her Majesty instructs me to inform your Excellency that she will receive you at noon."

The Prime Minister, firmly compressing his lips, replied not a word, but, turning on his heel, rushed out of the room and slammed the door after him. Outside he turned at first toward the staircase in order to leave the palace; but he suddenly changed his mind, retraced his steps, and opened the door leading to the apartments of the King-Consort, Don Francis de Assisis. He was instantly admitted to the presence of this distinguished man, whose habits and tastes were in every respect widely different from those of his royal wife, and who, while Isabella generally slept until noon and even longer, always rose at daybreak to work during the morning hours in his room, which looked more like a mechanic's work-shop than the apartment of a king, now as a mechanic, now as a wood-turner, in both of which trades Don Francis is quite a proficient.

Nothing could be more striking than the contrast presented by these two men as they now met face to face; O'Donnell, tall, dignified, and bearing the stamp of his manly and resolute character in his every movement and feature; and the King-Consort with his by no means intellectual, pale face, his lustreless eyes, his slender figure, and awkward, shy bearing—the very embodiment of weakness and insignificance. Don Francis is naturally a well-meaning, kind-hearted man; but fifteen years of court-life, and, moreover, Spanish court-life, the false position in which he always found himself there, the contempt with which his consort treated him from the first day when her mother told her that Don Francis was to be her husband, the open disdain which he always met at the hands of his children, and the impertinence of the courtiers, who often made him the butt of practical jokes, and never spoke of him but in terms of derision—all this, coupled with his strange thin soprano voice, his awkward manners, and his timidity, made the King-Consort a downright caricature upon royalty.

On this occasion, as he stood before O'Donnell, he appeared to even greater disadvantage than usual. The Prime Minister told him, almost in the tone of a superior, what he had written before to Queen Isabella on the leaf torn from his memorandum-book; he told him that an insurrection had broken out; that General Juan Prim, Count de Reus, was at the head of the rising; that it was not a mere pronunciamento, but that the situation was grave; and that it was of the utmost importance for the Government to take quick and decisive steps: he complained bitterly of the Queen's refusal to admit him, and urged the King-Consort to procure him an interview with her Majesty at the earliest moment possible. Poor Don Francis was greatly frightened, and promised to do all he could; but the manner in which he shrugged his shoulders seemed to indicate that he himself did not think he could do much in that direction. A few words more passed between the two gentlemen, whereupon O'Donnell left the palace hurriedly.

Instead of accompanying him or remaining with the King-Consort, who went back to his work-shop, let us return to the Queen's apartments, and see how Isabella the Second passed that day on which both her Ministers and the people of Madrid believed that the fate of the Spanish Bourbons hung trembling in the balance. The "Open Letter to the Spanish Nation," which General Prim issued after his first attempt to overthrow the Government had failed, and in which he gives a somewhat minute account of the doings of Queen Isabella on that eventful day, enables us to follow Her Castilian Majesty from hour to hour, and almost step by step.

It is 12 o'clock. The Queen has just risen from her bed. The startling lines which Marshal O'Donnell had sent her a few hours ago, and which had not prevented her from continuing her repose, to all appearance had not filled her with the slightest uneasiness. She reclines with a most serene face in her sumptuous *chaise-longue*, chatting gayly with her three maids, who are engaged in dressing her. One of these maids is Pepita, the Queen's foster-sister, a tall, slender, handsome Basque woman, with dark hair and flashing black eyes. As she played with little Isabella thirty years ago on terms of perfect equality, so she treats Her Majesty now with the utmost familiarity. She is exceedingly talkative, and as she retails to her royal mistress little bits of palace gossip Isabella interrupts her every now and then with loud laughter. Nor is her bearing toward the other servants more dignified. The two other maids occasionally drop remarks in a scarcely less familiar tone, and the Queen never rebukes them for it, but rather seems to like it. Surely royal majesty never seemed less royal and majestic than in the person of this Spanish Queen as she appears to us at this moment. Her every movement is undignified, and a certain careless languor, not to say laziness, and, we may add, vulgarity, seem to be the principal traits of her character. She is only thirty-seven years old, but she looks like a woman of forty-five. Her face is broad and almost round; her features are not exactly irregular, but coarse and hard. Her nose is slightly *retroussé*, and the peculiar and rather unpleasant manner in which she every now and then draws down her upper lip seems greatly to enlarge her not very shapely nostrils. Fortunately she did not inherit the enormous nose of her father, Ferdinand, who was indebted to it for the unpleasant nickname Nazirotas; but she did inherit his blue eyes, which, small as they are, seem still smaller in her large, fleshy face. Her hair is of a fine chestnut color, and still exceedingly luxuriant, though not so beautiful as that for which her mother, Maria Christina, was so much admired. To her mother the Queen bears no resemblance whatever, and no more striking contrast could be imagined than when the still graceful, slender, and refined-looking Maria Christina and the coarse and awkward Isabella were seen side by side.

The Mistress of Ceremonies opens the door and ushers in a tall, shriveled old lady with gray hair and small, twinkling eyes, in the unbecoming garb of a prioress of Ursulines. It is the famous nun Patrocinio, whom the Queen almost worships, and who, at that time, enjoyed alone in all Spain the privilege of entering the Queen's room without being announced to her. Isabella's acquaintance with her was not of very long standing. In 1860 one of her little daughters was dangerously sick, and the Queen, who—to her honor be it said—is a very affectionate mother, was overwhelmed with grief when the physicians told her that her child could not live for any length of time. Her attention was then called to the fact that the prioress of the Ursuline convent at Capistra in Aragon had for several years past performed a number of miraculous cures by allowing patients of all ages to wear shirts or underclothing that had touched her body, on which there were five running sores. The Queen instantly set out with her little daughter for the Ursuline convent at Capistra. Upon her arrival there Sister Patrocinio wrapped the little patient in one of her shirts, and it is said that the recovery of the Infanta began with the day on which the Queen reached the convent. In her gratitude toward and veneration for Sister Patrocinio, Isabella prevailed on the nun to accompany her to Madrid; and thenceforth the nun Patrocinio became the most influential personage at the Spanish court, the Queen treating her, not as an inferior, but as a mother and an adviser, to whose views ought to be paid more deference than to those of any body else. The nun, a woman of an intriguing turn of mind, thus became the soul of the court-camarilla; she was hated alike by the Ministers and the people, and, till her death, exercised a decisive influence upon the policy of Spain. As the people of Madrid used to say, she was the biggest nail in the coffin of the Bourdon dynasty.

Her appearance in the Queen's room immediately hushed the merry conversation of the Queen with Pepita and her other maids; and the Queen, rising respectfully from her *chaise-longue*, offered her lips to the nun, who kissed them as well as the Queen's hand. A chair was then placed beside that of the Queen, and the two ladies were soon engaged in an animated conversation, during which the maids continued dressing the Queen. At last Her Majesty's toilette was completed, and she prepared to leave her bedroom. Her toilette, as usual, was rather gorgeous, but by no means tasteful. She mostly wears dresses of heavy crimson velvet trimmed with golden fringes, and embroidered with the same material on the sleeves and breast. Massive golden bracelets, often three and even four at the same time, encircle her full, round arms; a small black lace cap adorns her head, and a large white lace collar fastened with a superb brooch covers her bust and neck, the broad ribbon of the Isabella order being wound round her waist and right shoulder.

The Mistress of Ceremonies has already informed Her Majesty once or twice that the Cabinet Ministers are waiting for her at the Council Chamber; but the Queen, forgetful of the maxim that punctuality is the politeness of kings, does not start for the Council Chamber until long after the appointed hour, and, to all appearance, with the greatest reluctance.

When she finally, preceded by the Mistress of Ceremonies, who is joined outside by two chamberlains, enters the corridor we are struck by the strange manner in which she walks. Nothing can be more ungraceful than her gait. It is slow, and the people of Madrid were justified in saying, rather irreverently, "Her Majesty does not walk, she *waddles*." In fact, Isabella moves to and fro at every step as she advances, owing to the shortness of her left leg, caused by a heavy fall in her early childhood.

At the Council Chamber she is received by her whole Cabinet. O'Donnell, Yzquierdo, Berollaz, and their colleagues, look exceedingly grave; but their care-worn and anxious expression seems not to disturb the serenity of the Queen at all. To all appearance she is utterly indifferent to the fact that the revolution is thundering at the gates of Madrid. She listens languidly to the reports of the Ministers; it is but rarely that she interrupts them with a monosyllabic remark, and she signs all documents that are laid before her, scarcely designing to glance at them. In justice to the Queen, however, we should bear in mind that she was then already accustomed to pronunciamentos and insurrections, and that she had been gradually led to believe that these risings, headed as they were by one or more of her ambitious generals, were directed, not against her dynasty, but against the Cabinet and party then in power. So her extreme indifference and *nonchalance* are not entirely inexplicable. In signing the documents laid before her the Queen never takes off the straw-colored kid gloves which she wears; for her hands are covered with a repulsive eruption, owing to a disease from which she has suffered from her earliest childhood, and of which she has never been cured in consequence of her unwillingness to confine herself to a spare diet. The Spaniards, as a general thing, care but very little for the pleasures of the table; but their Queen always was an epicure, as we shall see now that she leaves the Council Chamber and repairs to the dining-room to take luncheon. Having breakfasted in bed already on a cup of chocolate and a few cakes, she now lunches on *pâté de foie gras*, drinks Champagne and sweet Alicante to it, and, during the hour which she passes at the table, she scarcely finds time to exchange a few words with her sister, Donna Luisa, or the husband of the latter, Louis Philippe's fourth son; nor does she say any thing to her husband, Don Francis, who sits opposite to her. When luncheon is over she goes to the chapel to hear what is called early mass; but it is already between three and four in the afternoon, and the poor chaplains who officiate in the royal chapel, and who have had to fast entirely till that hour, do not think that it is so very early in the day. Although the Queen is exceedingly particular in the performance of her religious duties, it is said that she often dozes in the royal chapel, the close atmosphere of the gorgeous sanctuary, impregnated with incense, probably proving too much for her natural languor.

From the chapel Queen Isabella proceeds to the nursery. The nursery is a suite of four or five rooms in the western wing of the palace. It is here that her Majesty makes the most fa-

ISABELLA THE SECOND OF SPAIN.

vorable impression upon us. As we said before she is an affectionate mother, and her small blue eyes beam with delight as she embraces her children, who are brought to her by their nurses and governesses. The Queen has seven children living, of whom, at the time of which we are speaking, the eldest, a beautiful dark-haired and dark-eyed girl of fourteen—now the wife of the Duke of Girgenti—was the Queen's darling. The young lady was noted at court for her somewhat petulant and self-willed character; but at the same time she was exceedingly kind-hearted, and, in consequence, her relatives and servants were much attached to her. She was at first decidedly opposed to her union with the brother of the ex-King of Naples; but when she made the acquaintance of the husband whom her mother had chosen for her, and who, though he is the son of King Bomba, is believed to be a very good young man. She told him at once with charming *naïveté* that she would be glad to take him, and the young couple are believed to live very happily together. As regards the rest of the Queen's children they are mostly pale and sickly, and by no means good-looking. Especially is this the case with the young Prince of the Asturias, a scrofulous boy of eleven, whose stubborn, peevish character has already driven a dozen governesses and tutors to despair, and who was already in his earliest boyhood so unpopular in Madrid that the people freely expressed the hope he might never ascend the Spanish throne. We can not wonder, therefore, that the recent attempt to proclaim him King of Spain under a liberal regency proved so utterly fruitless.

As usual the Queen went on that day with all her children to the Retiro—that quiet, charming promenade close to the royal palace, from which the general public was carefully excluded whenever the royal family intended to take a walk in it. On very fine days the Queen would appear in a carriage or on horseback on the public promenade; for, awkward as she is as a pedestrian, she is a very graceful and even intrepid horsewoman; and the people of Madrid say that she takes special and rather malicious delight in asking the King-Consort, who is known to be utterly averse to riding on horseback, and who can never find a charger gentle and quiet enough for him, to accompany her on such occasions.

From the promenade the Queen went to dinner, where she never staid less than between two and three hours. Isabella has always been a gourmande, and from her earliest youth her appetite has been enormous. In Madrid she is considered a glutton; and to the Spaniards, who are so abstemious, gluttony is even more repulsive than to other nations: so that Isabella's performance at the dinner-table have added as much to her unpopularity as her love-affairs. She seldom admits many guests to her table beside her relatives, and few of her Ministers or of the foreign embassadors can boast of having often been invited to the royal table.

After dinner the Queen used to hold a short siesta, or chatted and played for half an hour with her children; and then the gala carriages were ordered, and the whole family drove to the opera. The Opera-house is situated very close to the royal palace, but the Queen never repaired thither but with the display of considerable pomp. Outriders heralded her coming on these occasions, and her equipage was escorted by half a squadron of dragoons of the guard. The regularity with which the Queen visited the opera, however, should not be taken as evidence of her musical taste; on the contrary, it is said that she never inquires for the name of any opera which she sees performed, and often falls asleep during the representation; at all events, she always left the opera shortly after 9 o'clock. Upon her return to the palace she used to receive her Ministers and distinguished foreigners, spend an hour or two at the supper-table, and then retired to her private apartments.

It was in this manner that the Queen spent nearly every day for many years past. Her mother, Maria Christina, was by no means destitute of accomplishments. She possessed great skill in all kinds of needle-work, took much interest in the new productions of *belles-lettres*, and was a very pleasant and entertaining conversationalist. Her daughter Isabella inherited none of these qualities. Her enemies say that she never read a book in her life, and that she seldom opens the newspapers which are laid before her. In needle-work and all other employments in which the royal ladies of Europe engage, she takes little or no interest. Listening to the gossip of her confidantes, most of whom are persons that would hardly be admitted to respectable families; extending the hours of repose until a very late hour; devoting five and often six hours daily to the pleasures of the table; playing with her children in the nursery, or walking with them in the Retiro; yawning at the opera, and paying very little attention to state affairs: such was the routine of the Queen's life. That a sovereign leading such a life, and constantly identifying herself with the most oppressive despotism, was thoroughly detested and despised by a people, despite all its faults, proud, ambitious, and high-spirited, can not surprise any one.

"OUR COMPANY."

A PASSAGE in Miss Austen's "Sense and Sensibility," one of those novels which still live, and deserve to live, were it only to remind us how writers of the pre-sensational school contrived to amuse and instruct the novel-reading public, has just revived my recollections of a somewhat interesting little chapter in my own family history.

John Dashwood, a husband of the Caudle style, suggests to his managing wife Fanny, that his sisters Elinor ("Sense") and Marianne ("Sensibility") are in London, and might very well be invited to spend a few days with them. Fanny did not like these young ladies, and was startled at the proposal.

"I do not see how it can be done," said she, "without affronting Lady Middleton, for they spend every day with her; otherwise I should be exceedingly glad to do it. You know I am always glad to pay them any attention in my power, but *they are Lady Middleton's visitors. How can I ask them away from her?*"

Her husband, but with great humility, did not see the force of her objection. "They have already spent a week in this manner in Conduit Street, and Lady Middleton could not be displeased at their giving the same number of days to such near relations," said he.

Perhaps John Dashwood, over-goodnatured himself, mistook the temper of Lady Middleton as much as I did that of Sister Sarah, and might, if his selfish and shrewd wife had not defeated his plan, have found himself in as much trouble as I did when I ventured, conformably to my wife Katy's hospitable wishes, to invite some of our near relations who were visiting Sister Sarah to come out into the suburbs and pass a few days with us.

"My dear," said Katy, as I was kissing her and the girls good-morning on the piazza of our cottage at Wildwood one lovely June morning, when starting for my office in the city—(my wife and children always prepared me in this way for my official labors, sometimes on the piazza, but oftener at the front gate under the woodbine)—"My dear, I wish you would call on Sister Sarah to-day or send her a note, and ask her to let Jessie and the Newport boys come out with you and stay here a few days. Tell her we all want to see them, and shall be glad to have her and Brother Jim drive out while they are here, and have a regular feast of strawberries."

"Oh do!" cried Dah-Dah; "do, father, and tell them about the new boat, and what capital fishing it is. The boys love fishing!"

"Yes, do, father," echoed Bel-bel; "and don't take 'no' for an answer. I wish you would see them yourself, and *make* them come."

I was delighted with the suggestion. We all loved Jessie, our niece, and the boys Ed and Sam, our Newport cousins, and felt that it would be a shame to let them go home to New Hampshire and Rhode Island, after a fortnight's visit with Aunt Sarah, as my girls called my smart Boston sister-in-law, without a taste of the Wildwood boating, fishing, and strawberries. Little did I foresee the excitement that would be created by my assenting to their proposition, and honestly endeavoring to carry it into execution. Unluckily I had not recently studied Sense and Sensibility, volume ii., chapter 14, and so, in a rash hour, I promised to do all that my darlings desired.

It does not need long to inform you that Jessie was a charming girl, tenderly loved by us all—that we saw her only once or twice a year, and every time we did see her wished to keep her as long as possible in our society. I might say substantially the same of the Newport boys—handsome, gay, and intelligent youngsters—the unspoiled pets of all who knew them. Nor need I linger long to state that while *we*—that is, my family—lived in the country in just the prettiest cottage that Gilman ever planned, Sister Sarah resided in the city, and occupied an elegant mansion in a stylish street. She was hospitable, generous, loving, but rather young and quick-tempered, and sometimes I fancied she put on city airs. Doubtless it was mere fancy.

I got to my office before nine o'clock, and, finding several clients waiting, determined to send a note to Sister Sarah, instead of calling on her in person with the invitation. Posterity will lament that I kept no copy of that note; but I remember that it was full of kind messages, and begged her to spare Jessie and the boys to us, her rustic relations, for a few days, and during that time to come out with Brother Jim and spend a long afternoon and evening.

My office boy, after a delay so long as to remind me of Dick Swiveller's loiterings on the Bevis Marks errands of Sampson Brass, Esq., returned with an answer to my untimely billet. That answer was inscribed on elegant note-paper, surmounted by an elaborate Gimbrede monogram, and inclosed in a superb envelope; but, oddly enough, the envelope was fastened by a pin—yes, a common brass pin half an inch long!

The contents were as follows:

"*21st June, Thursday.*

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Jessie will not be able to visit you at present. We invited the young gentlemen from Newport particularly on her account, and we shall not consent to her leaving us while they are with us.

"Ed and Sam say they will try to call on you at Wildwood; but I doubt it—for they have an engagement for this evening, another for to-morrow, and for next week several others.

"Now, you see, we are very determined not to part with our company. I think you will have to wait till the next time they visit Boston.

"Very truly, SARAH ——."

It is many years since I received that note; and as I read it now it does not seem charged with the electricity which snapped from it into my elbows as I read it then. Then it both vexed and amused me, and I resolved to answer it with a humility of penitence so elaborate that her elbows should, like mine, tingle a little.

In a few minutes my Swiveller was on his way back to Mount Vernon Street with the following reply, duly enveloped, and sealed with perfumed wax:

"*21st June.*

"*From my benighted and obscure den in Court Street.*

"ACCOMPLISHED AND DEARLY-BELOVED SISTER,—Many thanks for your note of this morning. I confess that I had not, until after the reception of that note, fully felt or understood how complete a monopoly you are entitled to hold and enjoy in those charming cousins, male and female, whom you have yourself imported, 'regardless of expense,' for your own special, individual, and peculiar use, comfort, and ornament, from Concord and Newport.

"But my eyes and my understanding are opened now, and my conscience pricked deep. I humbly beg pardon, feeling the full enormity of my error. My only excuse is that I sinned without malice. My only hope is in your extraordinary and enormous clemency. I ought, I now admit, to have reflected that if I myself had procured an elephant from Siam, a lion from Sierra Leone, and a boa-constrictor from Brazil they would have been my own exclusive luxury, not to be borrowed, nor even seen, without *my* being first consulted. Stupid mortal that I am! I had till now foolishly fancied that, when my Rhode Island and New Hampshire relatives came to Boston, even if specially invited by my hospitable friends in Mount Vernon Street, we 'outside barbarians' of Wildwood could properly come in, without invitation, to see them, and might, without sin, invite them to come and see us.

"It was a grievous mistake, I now perceive, and would fain expiate my offense. What can I do to atone for my transgression?

"Dah-Dah was intending to call this very forenoon at your house, with the culpable, though ignorantly culpable, purpose of—trepanning—kidnapping—abducting—what shall I call it?—either one or all of your elephants and lions—pshaw! I mean *guests*—as well as some of your children, and carrying them captive to that *terra incognita*—Wildwood. But since receiving your note"—(this was true, and ought to have been mentioned before, but it had escaped my memory)—"I have forbidden her to perpetrate or attempt such an enormity. You see, I *try* to do right. Be merciful, therefore. We will wait penitently and patiently till we receive some gracious intimation of your forgiveness; and, in the mean time, we shall try not to be too envious of your good fortune in being the sole proprietor of so rich a collection, each one of whose members is a unique specimen.

"It is wonderful (not that living so long in the country should have made us forget that we have no right to a share in the society of friends who come into our neighborhood on other people's invitation; oh no! that is not strange; but it is, I submit to you, somewhat wonderful) that, after *I* have been rusticated so long, and so long shut out from that glorious gas-light of conventional civilization which shines only in the metropolis, *I* should still be able, within one minute after reading your brief note, to remember and feel so deeply how right you *are*, and how wrong I *was!* Is there not some hope of me, even now? At least, believe me anxious to be well-taught and grateful for all good lessons.

"Your affectionate though erring Brother,

"SISTER SARAH. NOEL."

"P.S.—Please don't let the young gentlemen invited from Newport, nor any other of the invited, know how great a mistake I was about to commit. Spare my '*jealinx*.' Excuse me, also, for *sealing* instead of *pinning* my envelope. It would be rude, I suppose, to send back *your* pin, and, alas! I have no other, and so I must be content with obsolete WAX.

"Ever yours, N."

This too elaborate reply was received with a good-nature that it did not wholly deserve. I would never have recorded it or its fate had it been the occasion of any unkind feeling or act.

Sarah answered it *instanter* in these words:

"DEARLY BELOVED,—I have just received your letter, and acknowledge myself completely used up. Of course I should not think of replying to it, but that I am really sorry that you feel a little *wrathy* with me. Why not come and bring Dah-Dah to dinner? I will be *dreadfully* polite to you.

"I have taken the idea that I ought to have sent for Dah-Dah (she can come to-day or to-morrow) to come and see *our* elephant (Jessie), rhinoceros (Sam), and *bore*-constrictor (Ed); but it was thoughtlessness on my part, not willful neglect. Come.

"Your very affectionate Sister, SARAH."

Dear Sarah! We went, I and my child, and dined there, that very day, and a delightful dinner did we all have—menagerie, proprietors, and guests! We all laughed heartily over this correspondence, and then we all adjourned by an early train to Wildwood, and there, at eight in the evening, over our strawberries and ice-cream, did the two families and their three well-loved guests hear read these now almost ancient letters with infinite amusement, and unanimously vote that they should be preserved among the family archives of NOEL.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IMPATIENCE.—As we have often said, it is impossible to answer questions the week after they are received. The replies to our correspondents exact much time and pains, and are given at the earliest possible moment; those who do not find this speedy enough must necessarily seek advice elsewhere. When their letters are received, the following Number of the paper is usually made up and nearly ready for publication.

MATRON.—All that are essential to a good poultice are heat and moisture, and, provided these are secured, its composition is of no moment, whether it be of bread and milk, or water, or flax-seed. A flannel, in fact a piece of woolen cloth, wrung out of hot water, will answer every purpose.

LESLIE.—

"The glories of our earthly state
Are shadows, not substantial things."

These lines are not from Shakspeare, but from James Shirley, a poet of the same time.

ANNA.—Consult your parents; you should have no such intimacy with a gentleman who does not visit your father's house.

HÉLOISE.—Mlle. de Camargo, whose name is now being used so freely by the *modistes* of Paris to dignify their various frivolities of dress, was a celebrated dancer in the time of Louis XV. She was famous for her beauty, coquetry, and graceful audacity of costume. In her own day all the fashions were called after her. There were dresses *à la Camargo*, hair *à la Camargo*, and sleeves *à la Camargo*. Her biographer says: "All the ladies of the Court imitated her grace; there were not a few who would have liked to copy her face."

STUDENT.—The state of the stomach has a great deal to do with the activity of the mind. The great Napoleon was paralyzed in action at Dresden by an indigestion caused by eating of a shoulder of mutton "stuffed with onions." At Leipsic and Borodino, too, he would have done more if he had eaten less. His stomach on both occasions was suffering from a surfeit.

H.—*Entremets* is the name the French give to what we call the *side dishes*.

SUBSCRIBER.—We consider the practice decidedly a bad one. Children should not be put off in the middle of the day with a meagre luncheon of a crust of bread or a cake and an apple. The most solid meal should be taken, especially by the young, as early as one o'clock P.M. Regularity also is of the utmost importance. The stomach always digests best when food is eaten habitually at the same hour.

H. L.—Corduroy is a thick heavy ribbed material, three-fourths of a yard wide, worth $2 a yard; is entirely of cotton, and may be washed without injury to the pile. It is the same material, with a slightly broader rib, that hunters choose for pantaloons on account of its durability. Ladies' suits of corduroy are made in the plainest manner—merely a short gored skirt and sacque. We think it will answer your purpose.—Round capes are more worn than jackets. They are made of scarlet cashmere, trimmed with pinked ruches of the same or of small Rob Roy check. These are worn both by young girls and ladies for home dress.

MAG E.—A braided chignon placed so high that it meets the front *crépés* is worn by young ladies. If the forehead is high wear frizzed curls falling over it; if it is low, plain *crépés*. A long tress of crimped hair takes the place of the flowing curl.

MRS. J. A.—Lama or Angora fringe is not a suitable trimming for silk. Any of the many pleated trimmings described in our previous Numbers would be in better taste. Your idea of the black silk over-dress and striped skirt is good; but as you are fond of novelty, we suggest that black cashmere and ribbed poplin are stylish materials for over-garments, especially when the striped under-dress is of woolen poplin like your sample. Lama fringe trims these tastefully. If you wish to make a street costume, only use the Camargo cloak pattern given in this Number. It will complete your costume stylishly, and serve to wear with other skirts. If you adhere to the silk skirt, make the front and side widths gored, the back full, Loop with deep pleats at the side. Short tight sacque with a pointed hood or a bertha. Silk should be wadded, only woolen goods are lined with flannel. We described at length the manner of making a panier in *Bazar* No. 52. While Gabrielles are no longer quoted in Fashion reports they are occasionally made and indeed imported. Shorten your dress and trim with brown military braid. Loop the large cape in the back with rosettes. The three-cornered hat you allude to is probably the new Deauville. You can order it from the milliners whose names appear at the end of the New York Fashion article on bonnets.

Back Numbers of the *Bazar* are supplied at ten cents each. The Number on the wrapper of the *Bazar* is that with which the subscription ends. The first year ends with No. 61. Covers for the *Bazar* can be obtained at the end of the year.

C. L. C.—By "French models" we mean the dresses imported by modistes as patterns. Different systems are used by different dress-makers.

MRS. S. A. N.—An Astrakhan cloak and muff sold for $100, or a French Cashmere shawl at $75 would suit your age. Read the article on cloaks in this Number of the *Bazar*.

CHLOE.—Silver chimes is a very pretty parlor as well as field game. It may be played either on the floor or a board provided for the purpose. The latter is preferable, as the balls are apt to roll under the furniture. In this form it consists in driving the balls against the raised edge of the board so as to rebound through little wickets, to which a bell is attached. The tinkling of this bell announces the success of the stroke and gives the game its name. A carom game can be played with the balls without the wickets; a sort of ladies' billiards. It can be procured at almost any book and stationery store.

VERONICA.—Read Fashions in Cards in *Bazar* No. 53. The titles Miss and Mr. are not so generally used as formerly.

L.—Modistes are making the wadded polonaise of silk, satin, poplin, and cashmere sufficiently heavy to be worn throughout the winter. Read the article on cloaks on another page. The cloth wrapping you speak of is in good taste trimmed with pleated frills or ruches of faille, fringe, or bands of Astrakhan, or bias velvet and satin are also used.

MRS. H. B. J.—If you are very short and fleshy the double skirt will not be becoming. A single skirt and baschlik is better for you. If you prefer two skirts, make the upper-skirt without a front width, buttoning to the under-skirt on the seams of the front. Trim with a pleated silk frill three inches wide, the pleats all running one way. The material of the dress makes a very nice trimming.

NELLIE.—Cut your corsage heart-shaped and wear with a white chemisette. You can also make a kind of yoke of the same material, to be worn inside the dress when you do not wish to use a chemisette. Tapes at the corners, tied under the arms, will keep it in place. Trim with two bands of velvet, bias, an inch wide, edged with narrow crocheted passementerie. Put these around the heart-shaped opening, one band on the wrist, another slanting at the elbow. Belt and loops at the back are trimmed in the same way, and a pointed apron is outlined on the front width. Small tassels at the points. If you object to velvet, use ruches of the material or of silk. Cut your green plaid poplin just to escape the floor, scallop it, and bind with black silk, piped with green merino.

M. F. P.—When you do not gore the skirt at all you must begin the gathers far forward, within about three inches of the front. The ends of the blouse pattern fall over the hips under the belt of the skirt. This is the *chemise Russe* fashion adopted by French modistes instead of sewing the body and skirt together.

A SUBSCRIBER.—It is always etiquette to express gratitude for any service or act of courtesy however slight. You need not fear to "thank a gentleman for taking you to the opera," etc. All laws of ceremony worth obeying are in conformity with common-sense and require no profound insight to understand.

HATTIE.—A safe *rouge* may be thus compounded:

Powdered *talc* or French chalk....	1½ ounces.
Carmine.....	18 grains.

INTERESTED INQUIRER.—The lotion recommended is perfectly safe and will have probably the desired effect. Try it.

MRS. F. V. N.—White is first used to lighten mourning, then purple or gray, but always in conjunction with black.

J. B. M'K., FORT BARANCAS, FLORIDA.—As an honorable man you should inform your betrothed that since your engagement with her you have met with another woman whom you prefer. She will probably release you; if not, you will have nothing to do but to fulfill your pledge and abide the consequences, whatever they may be.

C. C. R.—Drawing, engraving on wood, music, and the natural sciences, are taught *gratuitously* at the "Cooper Union" of New York. The schools are day and evening, but *not* boarding. Pupils must furnish their own books and materials. For admission satisfactory references as to character are required; and for the *School of Science and Art*, applicants for admission to the class in algebra are required to be proficient in arithmetic, as far at least as square root. Those who desire to enter any of the higher classes must be able to present satisfactory proof of a sufficient knowledge of the preliminary studies.

HENRY H.—We do not know that there is any rule in regard to the time allowed to expire between the engagement and day of marriage. This is generally left to the convenience of the parties interested, and especially to that of the lady. It is better, however, not to make too protracted a trial of "hope deferred."

OPINION OF RISTORI.

PEOPLE will have the best of many things; and, moreover, the lady community demand for their own use LAIRD'S "BLOOM OF YOUTH," who seem to appreciate its intrinsic virtues, the bland influence of an artistic combination of purity—a harmonious whole that realizes the highest desire; who, conscious of the dignity of American refinement, can transfer their sanction from foreign articles of mediocre quality to an American production of high intrinsic excellence and *chastely beautiful* exterior; and who have abandoned the conventional fashions of the Old World for truthful developments in the New. Use nothing else for discolorations of the skin, brown and yellow spots, disagreeable blemishes, and particularly where the skin has been ruined with chalk and bismuth. Ladies, remember! The proprietor defies all competition in the production of the "BLOOM OF YOUTH." For sale by all druggists and fancy-goods dealers generally. Office, No. 74 Fulton Street, New York City.

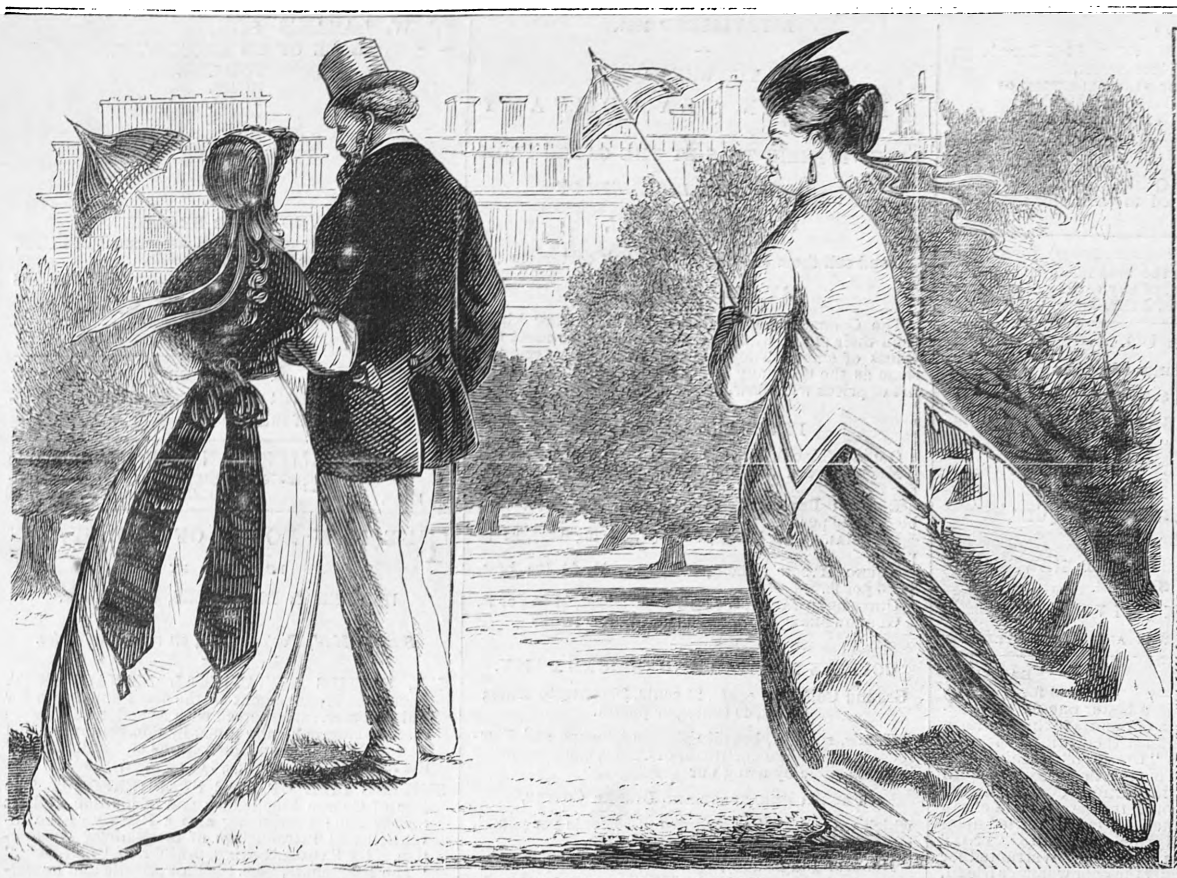
Be particular to see that you get the genuine. It has the name of G. W. LAIRD blown in the glass on the back of each bottle.

Worthless imitations are in circulation. Beware of them. Do not allow yourself to be persuaded into buying other preparations.

READ THE FOLLOWING FROM MADAME RISTORI:

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK, *September* 16, 1866.

SIGNOR GEO. W. LAIRD,—By direction of Signora Ristori, Marchioness del Grillo, I have the pleasure to inform you that she has received your kind present of one dozen of the famed "Bloom of Youth" with the greatest delight, for which she begs to return you her most sincere thanks. Yours, with great esteem, LUIGI TROJANI,
Secretary to Signora Ristori.



BETTER BE ENVIED THAN PITIED.

MISS VIRGINIA VERJUICE, *sol.* "H'm! Yes! Newly married, I should say. Disagreeable creatures! How happy they do look!"

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

TOWN COUSIN. "Ah! my Dear, when you've lived a little longer in the City you won't be quite so Green."

COUNTRY COUSIN. "Better Green than Withered."

"EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY."

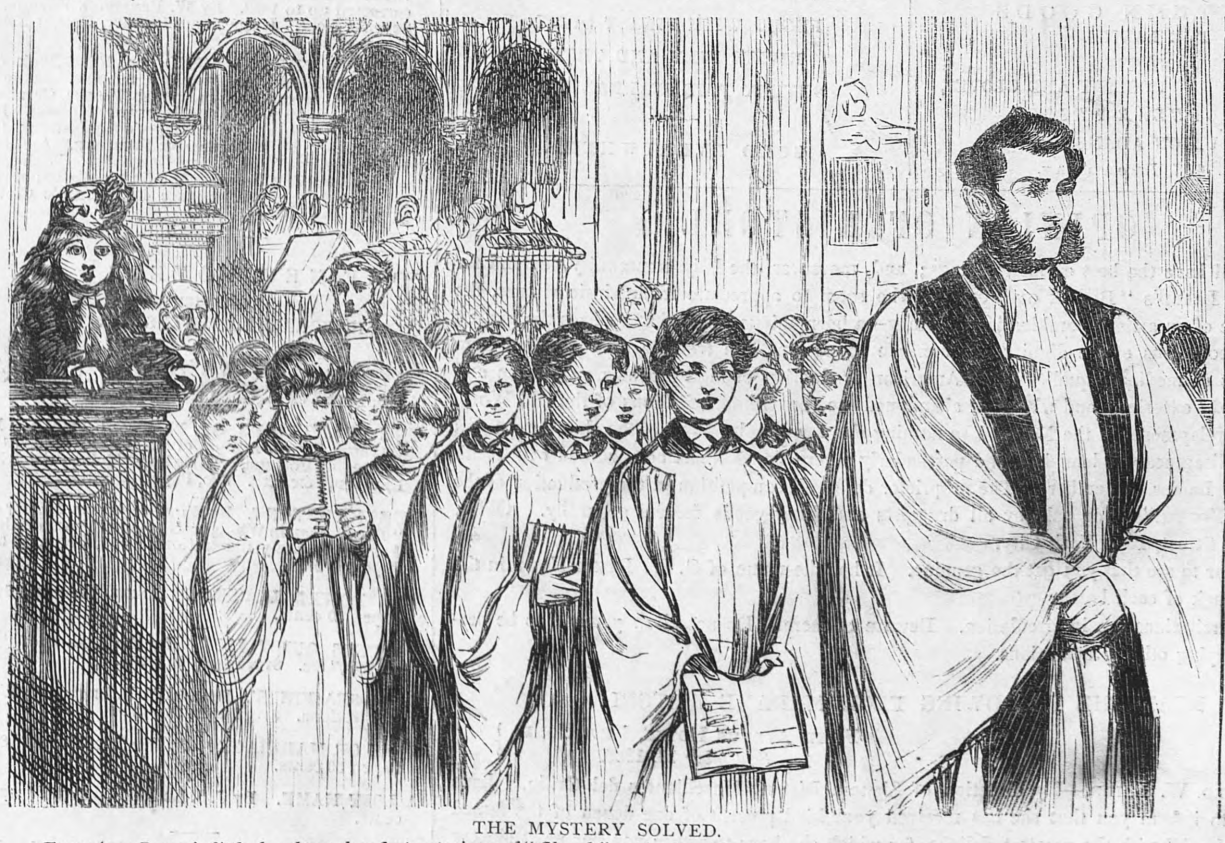
MISTRESS (*who will be constantly in the kitchen*). "Why, Cook, I've looked every where for you Down Stairs. How *dare* you be Sitting there?"

COOK. "Well, you see, Mum, as you prefers a taking my Place in the Kitchen, I've taken yours 'Ere."

A "LOSER'S" NATURÆ.

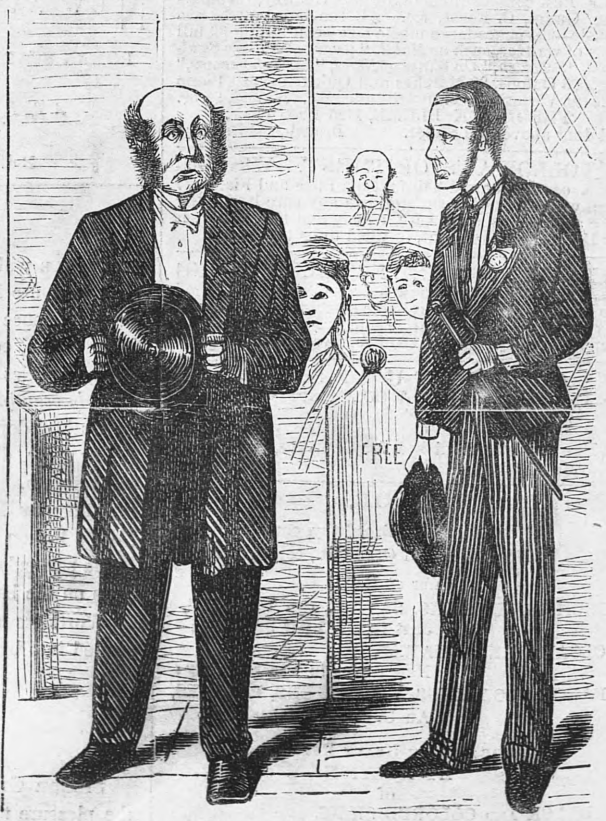
SCIENTIFIC PARTY. "How wonderful are the Works of Nature! This then is, no doubt, some curious Specimen of the various Littoral Tribes which—"

YOUNG (?) LADY (*with acerbity*). "I'll take my Chignon, if you please, Sir!"



THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

EFFIE (*our Parson's little daughter; her first experience of "Church." Aloud—with intense surprise*). "Pa and all the dear little Boys, in their Night-gowns, going to Bye-Bye!"



THE SHOW BUSINESS.

YOUNG MAN (*to Church-warden, in an audible voice*). "I say, look here; I can't see a Thing in these Places. How much are the Reserved Seats?"

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 56.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

MISS KELLOGG'S RETURN.

WE give herewith a new portrait of the favorite American prima donna, Miss Kellogg, taken since her return from Europe, where she won so marked and deserved a success. Miss Kellogg's reappearance at a concert at the New York Academy on the evening of October 19 was a true ovation. The building was crowded in every part by the admirers of the young cantatrice. The concert itself was a secondary consideration; and the audience had evidently come to welcome Miss Kellogg home. Whenever she appeared the house rung with applause, and the stage was literally heaped with floral offerings of the rarest and most beautiful kind, prompted doubtless by the well-known determination of Miss Kellogg to accept no other gifts than flowers. Some of these devices were remarkably tasteful and unique; such as a floral temple surmounted by a dove, a parterre, ingeniously wrought baskets, etc. These were collected, by Miss Kellogg's desire, and photographed after the concert, that she might preserve a tangible souvenir of a welcome so grateful to her heart. The graceful picture thus obtained we are permitted to lay before the readers of the *Bazar*, who will doubtless gladly rejoice in the successes of their gifted countrywoman—successes which were chronicled a short time since in our columns. We are glad that she has wisely determined to return to her native land, which first recognized her genius, and where she has always been so signal a favorite.

CLANDESTINE RELATIONS.

THERE are no youth held with so loose a rein as the American. Boys and girls are allowed to have their head, as the jockeys say, and to take what course they will. We see them, in consequence, running a helter-skelter race through life, swaying from the straight road and overleaping its barriers. They possibly arrive at the goal at last in fair time and average condition, but only after some extraordinary and unnecessary risks by the way.

There is no doubt that the freedom from parental control is favorable to that self-reliance which is characteristic of our young people, and gives them the courage with which they prematurely begin the struggle with life. It also endows them with a vigor of resistance to evil unusual in those of their age. These are great benefits not to be lightly passed over; but this early emancipation of our youth has also its disadvantages. If it bestows strength to oppose, it also gives the audacity to provoke; and youth, with a characteristic overestimate of its powers, often engages itself in an unequal struggle.

It appears quite practicable to extend the parental authority over our American youth without any dangerous encroachment upon their freedom of will. The young male adult perhaps requires less tightening of the domestic curb than the female. He generally, on being let loose at home, is bound to some occupation, and thus only exchanges one subjection for another. The subordination is in his case continued, and though more voluntary, is still of sufficient force to sustain the habit. Our male youth, withal, could bear, without fear of injury to future strength of flight, some clipping of their superfluous spread of wing.

It is our young girls, however, strange to say, who are most in need of domestic restraint. Though still fed and housed in the parental dove-cot, these fledgelings are constantly essaying the most eccentric and dangerous flights.

At the early age of sixteen, seventeen, or so, our young girls of respectable parentage (which means nothing more than a father or mother who are well enough off to bring up their daughters in idleness) have nothing to do but to try to get married. They have left school, and have abandoned with the well-inked desk and thumbed geography all idea of study. They find themselves suddenly with the free control of youthful energies, caprices, and passions—for it is not customary with American parents to subject their "finished" daughters to any systematic discipline. Without any intellectual or moral guidance to direct their minds to study and to household and social duty, they are left in that state of mental weakness most favorable to the indulgence of excessive sentiment. This takes naturally, at that early age of womanly development, a matrimonial direction; and thus our young girls, looking for nobody else, see a prospective husband in every impudent good-looking fellow who passes. It is not surprising that these volatile damsels, unguarded by parental vigilance, and left for want of a sound education to the mercy of a capricious sentimentalism, should indulge, as we are told they do, in such vagaries as making acquaintances in omnibuses, appointing rendezvous in the streets, and keeping up a correspondence in the newspapers with the well-dressed Tom Jones of our day.

The best remedy unquestionably for this perverted sentiment is occupation and a continued mental and moral discipline. In the mean time it might be well for mothers to keep a sharper eye upon their girls. American parents certainly do not approve of their daughters showing off in the newspapers as "the young lady with green hat to whom her sincere admirer showed his card," or as "Violet who can not on Thursday evening," etc.; but they allow them a liberty of conduct which naturally leads to such a violation of female propriety. There is no other country but ours in the world where a respectable mother would allow her daughter to keep up an intimacy with a young man unknown to her parents. In our large cities unmarried girls are constantly meeting, walking, and conversing for hours together, day after day, with cavaliers who have never crossed the parental threshold. Far from us be the implication that these intimacies are absolutely improper, but we do say that the liberty of making and keeping them up is decidedly so. No child, boy or girl, should have a friend who is not admitted to the home of the father and mother; and a young girl should never be permitted to form clandestine relations of any kind.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. GURNEY & SON.]

FLORAL OFFERINGS TO MISS KELLOGG.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. GURNEY & SON.]

EVENING.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

DRIPPING, dripping from a hand,
Some almighty hand half guessed,
Drops of light might hang as grand
As yon planet doth at rest.
While peering poised upon the rim
Of airy upper zones alight
With outlines delicately dim
And growing from their darkening height,
Far and fine a beaded cluster,
Mirroring themselves in hidden meres,
Proclaim with faintest points of lustre
The silent marshaling of the spheres—
Still shivering as the drapery of light
Dropping, leaves their snowy splendor
Golden-aureoled and bare,
Till stealing tremulous and tender
They palpitate upon the heart of the gray evening air.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1868.

HUMANITY OF SERVANTS.

"THERE is a great deal of human nature in the world," said Jacob Faithful, and it is to be presumed that servants have their fair share of it. Housekeepers, however, would seem unwilling to concede this; and we should judge from the manner in which many of them treat their domestics that they regarded them as of an organization entirely different from their own, with no portion of that abundant human nature of which Marryat's hero spoke.

Servants are ordinarily regarded by their employers as so many pieces of mechanism constructed to do a certain quantity of work of a particular kind, according to their especial functions, whether as cook, nurse, chamber-maid, or waiter. There are indispensable household results to be accomplished daily. The beef must be roasted and the potatoes boiled, the baby fed and dandled, the rooms swept and beds made, the hall-door opened and table served, and the Irish Bridgets and German Katerinas are the machines provided to execute these operations. Should they by chance show any tendency to rest from work or diverge from its object the ever-watchful superintendent infers that the machinery is imperfect, and rejects it. If Bridget, for example, should by hazard fancy that she was human, and fall in love with some stray Patrick, and Katerina, under a similar delusion, become conscious of a patriotic sentiment, and steal away with Hermann to the Schuetzenfest or some other festive reminder of the father-land, they would be sure to be condemned as worthless by many mistresses of the household.

It is astonishing how completely the human nature of the servant is ignored by her employer. The single pair of stairs which leads from the parlor to the kitchen would seem to separate, as it were, by an unfathomable abyss the woman above from the woman below. The former has no sympathy for the feminine instincts of the latter; she will not, in fact, admit of their existence. The mistress, however conscious of her own feminine tendencies and inclined to indulge them, will not recognize or give any scope to such in her servant. The former may coquet, love, and marry, and will complacently regard herself as fulfilling her vocation; the latter is forbidden the companionship of her male friends, and is denounced as a trollop if she is caught passing a stolen word to the baker or butcher at the back-door. In England a female servant is always asked before she is employed whether she has any "followers." By "followers" are meant suitors. If the poor creature confesses to this very natural result of a pretty face or some other female attraction she is condemned at once. This cruel exaction of the servant-woman that she should neither love nor be loved is also not unfrequently made in this country, though differently expressed. "No visitors allowed" is the usual form of the harsh ordinance of our task-mistresses.

The want of a due recognition of the claims of the servant to human sympathy is shown, moreover, in the habitual reserve of their mistresses. There is not only that cold formality of relation which forbids any warmth of attachment, but a studied avoidance on the part of the employer of all knowledge of the intimate and personal interests of the employed. Hence there is complete ignorance and a consequent want of mutual confidence. Fidelity can only come from love, and love implies intimacy. Mistresses, in fact, are not sufficiently intimate with their servants. If they have real dignity and a personal superiority of their own they need not fear any degradation from a closer contact with their subordinates, for the advantage of height will only become more apparent by the opportunity of comparison with lowness.

A closer sympathy of the employer with the employed is particularly important as regards the servant in relation to children. The education of the latter is greatly dependent upon the character of the domestic with whom the child must be necessarily in constant and close communion. By improving her servant the mother will find that she is indirectly but surely elevating her offspring.

A more complete recognition of the human element of the servant will be found not only advantageous, but may soon become absolutely necessary. The servant has her future in America as well as others. We can not always calculate upon the present supply of the raw material of Germany and Ireland, which requires only to be kept in working order by an abundance of beef, potatoes, and wages. Employers will be forced sooner or later to seek for their servants exclusively among civilized people, and to compensate them not only by a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, but by a treatment which will recognize to its fullest extent their human dignity.

THE HAIR.

THERE is no part of the human body with which the busy hand of Fashion has so much interfered as the hair, and especially that of woman. Female ingenuity seems exhaustless of device in twisting, plaiting, frizzing, knotting, heaping up, scattering, and torturing into every possible form and direction the flexible material which naturally covers the head. Now it has been built up by painful art into (*h*)airy castles (as a London cockney might say) of such superincumbent weight that our grandames could hardly make the effort to balance themselves on their high-heeled shoes without toppling over. Now it has been smoothed and plastered down with pomatum so tight to the head that our women, as we recollect them, seemed all to be doing penance in monks' cowls. Again it is stuffed out, as we now daily see it, into a tumor-like excrescence, disfiguring the top of the head with the appearance of a monstrous growth of disease, which would seem to call for the knife of the surgeon, did we not know that it could be placed and displaced at the will of the wearer—sufferer, we were about to say.

We are grateful to modern fashion for its tasteful rejection of the front of false hair, and the graceful submission of old age to its whitened locks. There is no severer trial of reverence than the sight of one of those ugly patches of black stuck over the eyes of a matron, and nothing can accord so ill as its positiveness of color and precision of outline with the mottled mellowness and wavy lines of an aged face.

Dyeing the hair is the most preposterous of all attempts at human deceit; for it deceives no one but the deceiver himself, whose vanity leads him to believe that his artifice is successful. There is no one who has once commenced this practice of giving an artificial color to her hair but must regret it. It is generally begun with the idea that a single application will be sufficient for all time, but when it is discovered that it must be continued, the constant repetition of the dirty and fatiguing process soon becomes wearisome and disgusting. Each application of the dye, whatever it may be, colors, or discolors rather, only that portion of the hair above the surface of the scalp. The new growth, which is constantly taking place from the roots, appears always with the natural tint.

There is a premature grayness which sometimes occurs in the young, chiefly in those of light complexions and light-colored hair, which is the consequence of weakness of the nervous power. This, as well as the loosening and falling out of the hair, which come often from the same cause, may be checked by increase of the general vigor and the use of proper local remedies. A useful practice, when the hair is sufficiently short to admit of it, is to plunge the head in cold water morning and night, and, after thoroughly drying, to brush it briskly until the scalp is warmed to a glow. A simple lotion composed of half an ounce of vinegar of cantharides, and an ounce each of Cologne and rose waters, rubbed on the scalp, will probably be found beneficial. The dandruff, which is a natural formation composed of the scales of the skin which are being constantly thrown off, requires only a proper cleanliness to prevent its too great accumulation, and a moderate use of oil or pomatum to moisten the scalp.

The depilatories of the nostrum vendors for the removal of superfluous hair are dangerous. If dame or damsel should be troubled by the show of a mustache or beard, we know of no means of checking this masculine encroachment but by the patient use of the tweezers.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Thumb-Screws.

MY DEAR CALVIN,—Have you read Longfellow's new volume, the "New England Tragedies?" I observe that the critics are severe with it. One finds in it nothing but elegant simplicity run into sheer vapidity and folly. Another can see nothing but the same tragedy as it appears in all the old school histories, and stoutly denies that there is any invention or any dramatic power whatever, or, indeed, any of the author's characteristic quality, although it concedes the evident and irrepressible quality of the man—a certain gracious sweetness and tenderness. I read some of these criticisms before I read the little book, so that my mind was, as it were, upon its guard. Perhaps—I say perhaps—that was the reason that I was not so bitterly disappointed as the critics seem to have been. Indeed, as a student and lover of the poet, I did not read them as dramas at all. They were to me merely the story of the Quaker and Witchcraft persecution told very simply in a dramatic form—a form adopted for the sake of convenience. They retouch the sombre lights and tragical shadows of that time, and for a purpose. I think that the poet makes very skillful use of Cotton Mather, whom he introduces. The reluctant assent of the old divine suggests that it is unfair to judge the Puritans by their Quaker hanging and witchcraft madness merely. Those tragedies were no more the whole of Puritanism, and no more exclusively characteristic of it, than the guillotine and the reign of terror exclusively represented the French Revolution. It is an exquisite stroke of art by which the poet suggests this in his treatment of Cotton Mather.

However, my dear Calvin, my purpose is not to write a criticism upon the poems. Read them for yourself, and don't let any critic read them for you. As I was reading them aloud to my sister, Mrs. Smith, I saw her eyes moisten, and she did not speak for a minute or two after I closed the book; and I confess that I too sat looking silently into the fire. Then she said, without raising her head, and busily stitching,

"How glad I am, Bachelor, that we live in an enlightened age, when Quakers are not hung, and when poor old women and honest men are not tortured and pressed to death with horrible weights!"

"And when they do not have their thumbs screwed, sister," answered I; "and when their feet are not crushed in boots; nor their limbs torn upon the rack; nor their flesh plucked out by red-hot pincers; nor their teeth wrenched away like those of poor old Isaac of York; when they are not burned at the stake," I added, my dear Calvin, "as Servetus was in Geneva, for a difference of opinion. No, dear sister Smith," said I; "we live in an age when every body is welcome to think and talk as he pleases."

Was it something in my tone, or what was it, that made my sister Smith raise her head and look at me? I smiled at the dear old lady, and said:

"Well?"

The answer she made was not direct. She said:

"Did you remark that part of the first tragedy in which John Endicott, who has condemned the Quakers to death, protests against the order of King Charles to release them as tyranny?"

"I certainly did."

"What did you think of it?"

"Dear sister Smith, I thought it was another delicate stroke of art. It was one of those unconscious inconsistencies that ought to make us all very humble."

We lapsed into silence again, and presently my sister remarked:

"Yes, I am very glad that we live in so enlightened an age that every body may hold and express his opinions unmolested."

This time I looked at her. She was stitching composedly, and did not raise her eyes. I lifted a weekly paper from the table and saw that it discussed various meetings that had been held and sermons that had been delivered and books that had been issued during the week. It denounced this preacher as an idolator of the Romish school, this author as an infidel, that speaker as an atheist.

"Hi! hi!" exclaimed Peter Paul Pry, who opened the door at that moment, "that's pretty talk! Who are these wretched sinners you are dealing with?"

"They are no sinners of ours," replied my sister Smith, her eyes laughing over her spectacles; "it's only Brother Hopkins hunting Quakers and witches, and squeezing them with the heaviest weights that the times allow."

Wasn't my sister Smith right? I fell into a really profound study, and the next day I consulted a file of the *Christian Exterminator*, and I found as pretty an arsenal of instruments of torture as I should have expected to find in any highly vigorous branch of the Inquisition. There was a carefully selected, a truly choice, collection of epithets which, upon investigation, I discovered did duty as thumb-screws. There were savage sentences that were substitutes for the antiquated boots, but the object of crushing was supposed to be just as fully but more dextrously accomplished. There were paragraphs in large capitals, and even whole columns of tremendous talk, that were designed as racks adapted to the times. There were innuendoes which were as neat and deadly as a pinch of poison in your plate or cup; denunciations that were to serve the same purpose as the huge stone under which Giles Corey's life was pressed away; declarations which were like the evidence of the bewitched; and conclusions that had all the horrible creak of the gibbet. I was never more confounded in my life, and I thought, as I had just read the "New England Tragedies," I would look into the matter a little and see whether actual suffering was inflicted by all this terrible enginery.

But upon the whole, reflecting that they were words merely, I began to smile, and took comfort as I looked at the soft autumn sun in the sky. Then a witch-like fancy came fluttering into my brain—"Are words never things?" So I resolved quietly that, without saying a word to sister Smith or to Peter Paul Pry, I would investigate the matter for myself.

The next week John Endicott sat in judgment upon the Quakers—I mean, of course, that the *Exterminator* put young Selah Simple to the torture. He is, as you know, or ought to know, just settled in Pumpkin Corner, and is a zealous, modest, sincere, clever young man. He is generous, manly, and sensible; and as he doesn't think that a clergyman ought to be a Miss Nancy, or belong to a third sex, or separate himself from the life that he is called upon to influence and improve, he takes care to know what it is; and as the human mind is infinitely various in its tendencies and range of sympathies, he seeks the society of all clever men, whatever their opinions may be.

This seems to me an extremely reasonable course for any man; and Simple does not spare himself. Wherever men go, there goes Selah. He is a friend of the Catholic priest, who is a man of superior mind and great accomplishment; he is the associate of the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Universalist, Moravian, Congregationalist clergymen and deacons and members. He preaches in any pulpit that is honorably open to him, and he is the judge of what is honorable for himself. Meanwhile he has started the school system with new vigor, and he has been felt as a force and a power in the whole neighborhood of Pumpkin Corner. It seems to me a very Christian, a peculiarly Christian business. If the Master were among us now, I can not help feeling that he would still sit at meat with publicans and sinners; that he would still say what he said to those who would fain have stoned the woman.

The *Christian Exterminator*, I say, put the Reverend Selah Simple to the torture. It printed a letter from Pumpkin Corner in which the retrograde condition of that community was bewailed. The writer described the shock which all serious people had experienced in watching the course of a young pastor whose name was not mentioned, but who was described so that no one could help knowing who was meant. He was consorting so indiscriminately with every body—he was present at such questionable places—he had even been seen bowling lustily in a bowling-alley—he was upon such suspiciously familiar terms with a certain Campbellite of the vicinity, that the scandal was enormous, and the church members were very much disturbed, and would probably take some kind of action. There was a stout adjuration to the faithful in Pumpkin Corner to beware of wolves in sheep's clothing, and not to be swept away in any current of false doctrine however speciously urged, but to mark the first approaches of Belial, and to clear their skirts of atheism and infidelity.

Well, it was only a volley of words, as you say, my dear Calvin; it was certainly better than an actual rope around your neck and an actual stone upon your breast; words only, which are wind merely. Let us see. The *Exterminator* came down to Pumpkin Corner by the weekly mail, and every body fell to reading it. It made a scandal, if there had been none before. It planted suspicion where there had been chiefly confidence. It was a veritable hornet's nest about somebody's ears. Give a dog a bad name, says the proverb, and it ends him. The old ladies and the gossips of the other sex began to shake their heads. "I thought so," and "Did you see?" and "Did you hear?" and "Well, well, I suspected," and "It certainly *is* very strange;" and suddenly every eye in Pumpkin Corner had become a watcher of Selah Simple, and every word, movement, act, was so closely scrutinized and so shrewdly suspected that the young man was confounded. Then the Campbellite and the rest, with the best purpose in the world—that is, lest he should be compromised by too much association with them—kept a little aloof, and Simple thought that they distrusted him. The serious people, as they were called, began to frown in good earnest, and hoped they had been warned in time. Indeed, by the end of a week the town of Pumpkin Corner was in such a bubble and a trouble that Selah Simple was conscious that he had lost the confidence of many good but foolish people, that he had become something of an outcast, and that he had been put upon his defense, and was somehow called upon to establish that he was not an infidel nor an atheist. He became indignant, and indignant men do foolish things sometimes; and presently the tea-kettle was so ridiculously tempestuous that the Reverend Selah Simple resigned his charge, and last week departed from Pumpkin Corner.

John Endicott sat in judgment and banished the Quakers from Boston. If the *Christian Exterminator* did not banish Selah Simple from Pumpkin Corner I am an unveracious historian. The truth is, my dear Calvin, there are other ways of being tortured than the actual breaking of thumbs and crushing of feet. The spirit of intolerance is as unmanly and wicked now as it always was. The times do not allow it to gratify itself with actual blood and strangula-

tion, hereabouts, at least. But when a man's ecclesiastical sympathies are permitted to decide the question whether he is a good teacher of mechanics, or of chemistry, or of the Latin grammar, a post upon which his bread and butter may depend, you see precisely the kind of intolerance which wrenched out poor old Isaac's teeth because he was a Jew, and which hung the Quakers upon Boston Common.

I think now I understand what the tone in my voice and in my sister Smith's voice meant. It was that we have enough of the Witch-burning and Quaker-hanging spirit left to understand the "New England Tragedies." And don't you think so, my dear Calvin?

Yours, in no doubt,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

WINTER BONNETS.

SOME additional novelties are found among late importations of winter bonnets. A new and improved Marie Antoinette has a flaring front pointed over the forehead, and a sharp half crown edged with a cape or curtain of bias velvet two inches wide, forming two waved scallops and also pointed in the centre. It will be seen that this new style approaches the real bonnet of long ago. A stylish feature of its trimming is a satin rosette of numerous loops placed on the point of the crown. For elderly ladies this bonnet is made in black velvet, purple, or brown, trimmed with rich black lace and satin, at a cost of $52.

For younger ladies the flaring fronts of black velvet Marie Antoinettes are shirred and lined with green satin, or gold, or royal pink. A gay model is of scarlet velvet thickly gathered over the expanded front. A spray of jet leaves half concealed in a black lace ruche forms the diadem. Black aigrette and scarlet ostrich tuft low down on the left. Black satin rosette over the crown. The cape is lined with satin. Strings of bias velvet, satin lined, and trimmed with black lace held slightly full and waved across the velvet. Narrow ties behind. Price $40.

A Marie Antoinette for evening is of pink velvet, with a diadem ruche of white blonde lace, in which are half-opened rose-buds of shaded satin, with brown autumn foliage. Pink satin rosette on the top, and an oblong rosette of lace behind.

Another shape admired by young and *petite* ladies has a narrow, rolling front that frames the face, then curves away from it. High diadems are not becoming to diminutive faces. The crown, or head-piece, is deeply indented in the centre, displaying the chignon to advantage. A reception bonnet is of lavender velvet closely covering the frame. A coiffure of blonde lace in a forget-me-not pattern covers the velvet. White aigrette tipped with pearl leaves. A china blue velvet of similar shape has a rouleau front, with a blue feather in the point on the forehead and an aigrette at the side. Narrow black lace edges the bonnet and strings.

A novel fastening for velvet strings is a slip-knot made to resemble the sailor's tie. It confines the strings at the throat, or can be moved lower down, as the wearer chooses. It is prettily made of carelessly folded satin, or of velvet in narrow pleats. Many bonnets have long satin strings fringed at the ends, one slightly longer than the other, so that they may be tied at the side. Strings entirely of lace are easily crushed, and are too light for street use in winter, hence they are confined to full dress bonnets. Velvet strings lined with satin and bordered with lace are more suitable for promenade hats.

A pretty diadem is formed by ostrich tips arranged against the front of the bonnet, to fall on the forehead with that becoming effect ladies seek when permitting frizzed curls to escape from the front of the coiffure. Long ostrich feathers are curled by the application of heat, giving them a downy, light, and wavy appearance. These are used as diadems and as fringe, taking the place of the lace fall at the back of the bonnet.

La Seville, a peculiarly Spanish bonnet, black, without an atom of color, is something between a hat and a bonnet, like the stylish *pouf* introduced early in the season. It is straight and high over the forehead, made of black velvet in careless puffs over a half crown, with a bandeau of jet Marguerites. A mantilla veil of black embroidered blonde, half a yard deep, covers the shoulders like a round pelerine, and is fastened in front by a jet ornament. An aigrette and pompon of feathers at the side.

We commend these black hats on the score of economy, as they are suitable for every costume, and all black is no longer restricted to mourning, or all white to brides. Jet, lace, and the spirited little aigrettes relieve the hat of the accusation of sombreness; and fair young faces adopt this Spanish head-dress with impunity, depending on their own natural color for warmth and beauty, without the aid of foreign hues.

A stylish little fanchonnette, just imported from a leading French house, does not even require a frame. Two box-pleated quillings, or ruches of black velvet lined with orange satin, the lining showing at the edges, are mounted on cap-wire, and extended across the head from ear to ear. The ruches are two inches and a half wide in the centre, narrowing toward the cheeks. Narrow black lace edges the back and front of the bonnet. A black ostrich tuft curls at the side from beneath a large tea-rose. Strings of poult de soie ribbon, thickly ribbed, tie either front or back.

This simple little fancy is easily imitated by ladies who make their own bonnets, as many must do now that a bonnet of a bright color can only be worn with a suit of that color, or with black. Lapis lazuli blue velvet, the deepest blue imaginable, is faced with white satin, or with pale amber. Evening bonnets are of white royal velvet, the golden-green Florence, rose-pink, or lavender, with satin linings of self color, or of white. Shaded satin roses with autumnal foliage, feather tufts, aigrettes, and blonde lace complete the trimming.

The Pompadour colors were shown in an elegant opera coiffure, for such it was, though called a bonnet. Three broad pipings of china blue velvet on cap-wire were separated as they crossed the head to display Pompadour rolls of hair. A white ostrich feather was curled over the front. Pink and white eglantine, with dark foliage, clustered low on the left. White blonde lace behind. Blue velvet strings edged with blonde, and fastened with a pink eglantine spray. Price $40. Another of the faintest shade of gray royal velvet had large moss roses in a rosette of blonde, with a drooping spray of mossy buds at the back.

At another house, where only French bonnets are seen, the prevalent diadem is the high round *pouf* with lace drapery. A claret-colored velvet, marked $38, has a diadem of the velvet pleated to form five hollow shells or leaves, and in each of these a tiny humming-bird rests, as if in a nest. The chameleon hues of the breast-feathers—green, gold, and crimson, as lustrous as jewels—are in vivid contrast with the velvet. This diadem, with a black lace drapery fastened with velvet bows, completes the trimming. An antique red velvet has a Marie Stuart point. A jet ornament is in each shell or *coquille*. Lace drapery behind, and an aigrette of red herons' feathers at the side, held by a jet butterfly. A French gray velvet is in high puffs, with a diadem wreath of purple lilacs. Price $22.

The few straws shown are trimmed with a toisade, or twist of velvet, over the front, a many-looped rosette of thickly-ribbed ribbon on the back, and an erect ostrich tuft at the side. Sultan red ribbon, with black feathers, trim the black straws tastefully. Gray and the yellowish Italian straws are trimmed in the same manner, with green or lapis blue.

Mourning bonnets are of pleated crape, arranged in the styles we have described for colors, and trimmed with a little dull jet.

Round hats are more worn than ever. Many ladies who considered round hats unbecoming to them have had their minds disabused of this idea by wearing the new bonnets, which have the same effect as a hat, and they are rapidly resuming the graceful and convenient hat. High-crowned hats of velvet and felt, with turned-up side-rims, are most in favor. The round fez in scarlet or black, and the Louis XVI. toque, made of dark crimson velvet, are trimmed with black lace and small green humming-birds. Gray felt is trimmed with maroon velvet and ostrich feathers, or with the brown garnet.

HOUSE JACKETS.

Serviceable breakfast jackets are of corduroy, cashmere, and opera cloth, made half-fitting with points at the front and back. A gayer fancy is a white velvet cloth with polka dots of blue or scarlet, bound and piped with velvet. The wide sailor collar and the front revers are also of velvet with tassels at the points.

Elbow capes looped at the back are newer than jackets. They are of blue or scarlet cashmere or merino, trimmed with pink ruches of the material. Rob Roy check, and the small blue-and-white plaid are made in the same way. The ruche is of silk. Pretty pelerine capes of split zephyr, overcast with white silk floss, take the place of clumsy breakfast-shawls. Garnet centres with black frilled borders, black bordered with orange, or blue with white, are among the prettiest.

HEAD-DRESSES.

Evening head-dresses are full garlands across the front hair with trailing vines over the chignon. The same flower in different colors is in each coiffure. Sweet-pea wreaths and small honey-suckles, prettier than one could imagine, pink, white, and scarlet on the same vine, are large and full in front with a long spray at the side. Price from $10 to $12. Mossy vines and tendrils have large half-opened roses over the forehead, with small buds on the trailing branches at the side or back. Price $12.

A diadem of garnet velvet and frosted grape leaves, with curled tendrils, has a bouquet to match for the corsage. Price $15. A lovely wreath was formed of the tiny white elder blossoms and dark green ivy leaves. Price $12. A cluster and spray of eglantine, the beautiful wild rose, has crystallized leaves. $10 is the price. A satin rose-bud just bursting from its mossy calyx and a drooping spray of mossy foliage is worn on the side *crêpés*.

A stylish ornament for the hair is a feather and gilt aigrette, the gilt tipped with turquoise. This is attached by a hair-pin to the chignon. Price $8. In others each strand of the gilt is tipped with stones of a different color. Real humming-birds with gold beaks and gilded wings are beside aigrettes of heron feathers tipped with colored stones. Price $14. Butterflies, with pins to fasten them on, are made of transparent mother-of-pearl. Price $8.

Tortoise-shell combs, the top held on by hinges, form a short bandeau in front of the chignon. The plain, straight headings, or those ornamented with carving heavier than the light perforated carving used long ago, cost from $9 to $16. Plain tortoise-shell bands large enough to clasp under the chignon are also worn. Price $3 50. Jet vines for surrounding the chignon, made of balls, leaves, and the favorite Marguerite pattern, are large in the centre, smaller toward the sides.

CHIGNONS.

Crimped and braided chignons for the street are worn very large and high, and are surrounded with a crimped tress, or else a plait. The boiled chignon, permanently crimped, can be bought for $16. Two long strands of small, light curls form a handsome coiffure for evening. There is no chignon necessary. The natural hair is formed into finger-puffs at the side, with the curls floating between. One strand of curls attached to a comb is worn in the street between wide braids. Two strands cost $12. A single strand $6. Short curls to be worn under the chignon are $4. Artificial crimps for the front hair are $4.

For information received we are indebted to the courtesy of Miss M. A. PAGE; Madames FLAMMÉ; and FERRERO; and Messrs. BRAITEAU; and BARKER.

PERSONAL.

ONE of the most beautiful tributes to the memory of Madame VICTOR HUGO is from the pen of GEORGE SAND, who says that, despite the numerous calamities and disappointments which fell to her share during her wedded life, she was one of the happiest women she ever knew. And she adds that, but for the influence which this sweet-tempered, yet spirited and talented little woman exercised on VICTOR HUGO, he would have never reached the exalted place which he now occupies in French literature. GEORGE SAND says that VICTOR HUGO's literary nature is too sensitive. Rebuffs and obstacles, which every author has to encounter, often disgust him so that, in a paroxysm of despair and indignation, he resolves never to write another line in a certain style; and whenever he did so he was dissuaded by the low, sweet voice that whispered into his ear, "Persevere!"

—The descriptions of Queen ISABELLA have been for the most part so adverse to her personal manners and beauty that a favorable paragraph ought to be received with the courtesy due to a lady of her position. A French newspaper correspondent who saw the Queen when she alighted from the Bayonne train, at Hendoze in France, writes: "I have often heard the expression of her face described, and I must confess I did not expect to find as much nobility as I saw in it. Had she lived under other influences she would have wielded her sceptre in a very different manner. Her eyes, red with watching the preceding night, and with the tears which must have flowed the last few days, could not be judged; but despite the marked sensuality of the lower lip, the features express rare energy. Queen ISABELLA is afflicted with baldness. Her two evil geniuses were Father CLARET, her confessor, and MARFORI.

—Newspaper men are looking up in Spain. The present President of the Junta started in life as a journalist. Born in 1806, he was taken prisoner by the French in 1823 as one of the defenders of Castle Monzon, and ever since he has been foremost in the contest for the liberties of Spain as jurist, as member of the Cortes, as journalist, as tribune of the people, and as Minister of Finance. He is also author of the best work on the Geography, Statistics, and History of Spain; it appeared in Madrid from 1848 to 1850 in eighteen quarto volumes. He is a native of Catalonia, and has probably a more intimate knowledge of the character and wishes of his countrymen than any one of his colleagues.

—The estate of the late NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, in Concord, New Hampshire, is offered for sale. Mrs. H. is off for Europe again, where Mr. JULIAN HAWTHORNE, the only son of the novelist, is expected to pursue his studies. Mrs. HAWTHORNE has edited the journal of her husband, which will be soon published. She is the sister of Mrs. HORACE MANN and Miss ELIZABETH PEABODY, the latter of whom has just returned from a tour in Europe.

—The young KING OF BAVARIA raves on the subject of music, and does the most extraordinary things. Twice a week he has a concert at the palace. The orchestra consists of seventy performers, among whom are frequently some of the most celebrated musicians; and frequently cantatrices of world-wide reputation sing airs from operas. But the odd part of it all is, that the whole audience consists of the King and his aid-de-camp, who, like his sovereign, is a passionate lover of WAGNER'S music. Even the King's mother and the royal princes and princesses are not allowed to be present at these concerts, for the King says that he never enjoys them so well as when alone. True, probably, but selfish.

—The young daughter of the Emperor of Russia, who will next year be Queen of Bavaria, is a slender young girl of medium height, with a very sweet and regular face, beautiful hands and feet, and long, dark brown ringlets. She and her betrothed will be the handsomest royal couple in Europe.

—FELICITAS JUAREZ, daughter of the Mexican President, and a favorite in Washington society last winter, was married a few days since to a merchant of her own city of Mexico.

—The following are the seals used by some noted French authors:

Victor Hugo: Make and Remake.
Dumas: Tout vasse, tout passe, tout casse.
Balzac: The right compels me.
Soulie: Marking time, not marching.
Karr: I fear only my friends.
Souvestre: Nor Hope nor Fear.
Sue: A hedgehog—I stab to defend.
Trelat: Reeds in a gale: Shaken, but not felled.
Joliet: I move alone.
Michelet: Oh, for wings!
Gavarni: Auteuil (his country residence).
St. Beuve: Truth.

—Royalty has not altogether gone out in Spain, if we assent to the statement of a Spanish paper, which says that the revolutionists have exchanged one queen for two, viz.: the beautiful DUCHESS DE LA TORRE, wife of SERRANO, and the COUNTESS DE REUSS, wife of PRIM, creoles both, the first a Mexican, the latter a Havanese.

—That dear old Admiral of ours, FARRAGUT, continues to be principal lion among the crowned heads of Europe. The honors paid to him have been more numerous and distinguished than were ever conferred on a naval hero. Not long since his ship was visited by the King of Greece and the Grand-Duchess CONSTANTINE. The Grand-Duchess came over first, conducted by the Admiral, and then the King and the other visitors. The Grand-Duchess is a noble-looking lady, and is said to be the most regal-looking woman in Europe. There was royalty in her very look and action. She is pretty, but not handsome. Her complexion is not very clear; but at a distance she looks quite attractive. She was dressed in white satin. On the skirt of her dress were rosettes, and she wore American colors as a tie—a red, white, and blue ribbon with stars. After being shown all over the ship, they went into the cabin to do justice to a "spread" given by the Admiral, and from the length of time they staid there they must have been pleased with it. They were on board fully two hours, and when they left the same honors were paid to them throughout the fleet. As they passed by on the quarter-deck, La Grande Duchesse said "Good-by." They all talk English very well.

—An enthusiastic admirer of CHRISTINA NILSSON favors the public with an estimate that she receives a franc for every note she sings in Paris. She refuses to warble at a private concert for less than five thousand francs, which is about double the price STRAKOSCH demanded for private singing by ADELINA PATTI. NILSSON has no manager, but attends herself to all her financial affairs. IRMA DE MURSKA, the rising star at the Paris Grand Opera, it is believed will soon eclipse NILSSON. She is a fair-haired, robust beauty, and goes about accompanied by an enormous Newfoundland dog.

—JULES JANIN, certainly one of the cleverest French writers of the day, in one of his late *feuilletons* expresses the opinion that Mlle. CASTRI, of the Italian opera in Paris, is a better singer and better actress than the Marquise de CAUX; that the proverbially shrewd management of M. STRAKOSCH had much to do with the popularity of the latter, and that Mlle. CASTRI will still be admired when PATTI and NILSSON are forgotten. That is what he says; but he is probably prejudiced.

—Dr. RICHMOND was a man who had "views." He once lived in Rhode Island, but removed himself to Connecticut to "shuffle off," etc. This event occurred in Stonington, and upon a white marble monument there is this inscription: "When Rhode Island, by her Legislature from 1844 to 1850, repudiated her Revolutionary debt, Dr. RICHMOND removed from that State to this borough, and selected this as his family burial-place, resolving that the remains of himself and family should not be disgraced by being a part of the common earth of a repudiating State." On the reverse of the monument is the following: "A trust fund is given to the town of Stonington to keep this ground, walls, etc., in good repair forever. See town record." The cemetery is triangular in shape, and is cared for faithfully by the authorities of the town. He did not love Rhode Island.

—EMMA, Dowager Queen of the Sandwich Islands, who was quietly but nicely lionized in New York last year, is now at home devoting her energies to the civilization of the little nation in the North Pacific Ocean—at home, happily, at Honolulu, the capital, which has not been affected by the late earthquake. Queen EMMA'S husband, KAMEHAMEHA the Good, was the Hawaiian King who invited the planting in his dominions of a branch of the English Church, the King who himself translated the English Prayer-Book into the native language, and wrote the preface to it, which the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge have published as one of their own tracts. The Queen is partly of Hawaiian and partly of European race: her father was one of the native chieftains, and her mother was a grand-daughter of JOHN YOUNG, one of the companions of VANCOUVER. She was married to the late King in 1856, but her only child died in 1862, and the throne is now filled by her husband's brother, with the title of KAMEHAMEHA V., who has upheld the constitutional government which was instituted in 1848.

—"TIMOTHY TITCOMB," after noting carefully the English girl, is of opinion that her cousin across the water is more beautiful. She matures earlier and probably fades earlier. The English girl, under the usages of English society, is a suppressed creature without the freedom that favors vivacity. The American girl is perfectly at home in society before the English girl sees society at all, or has ever been permitted to escape the eye of her governess or her mother. Female education in the two countries differs greatly, and, singular as it may seem, the education of the English girl is more showy than that of the American. As a general thing, the English girl knows little or nothing of mathematics and the natural sciences. These branches in America absorb a great deal of time, as you know; and you will find multitudes of American girls who are adepts in them. That, in the education of the English girl, which strikes an American, is her knowledge of language, of literature, of music, and of drawing. Every thing which contributes to show in society is acquired by the English girl. I can not recall among my English traveling acquaintances a lady who could not speak French, and several of them have spoken French, Italian, and German with entire facility. With these languages at command, with a wide acquaintance with history and *belles-lettres*, and with the accomplishments of sketching and playing the piano, it must be acknowledged that the English girl shows for all that she is, and that for social purposes her acquisitions are greatly superior to those of the American girl.

—Little Miss HENRIETTA MARKSTEIN, only thirteen, a pupil of Mr. S. B. MILLS, is soon to make her appearance as a pianist. She is said to be quite remarkable—in fact a genius for the difficult things of that instrument.

—Dr. LEMERCIER, of Paris, a distinguished professor of anatomy and physiology, is coming over this winter to deliver in New York a popular course of lectures, accompanied by a large collection of clastic models.

—There has not been much in the papers of late relative to Mrs. YELVERTON, but a St. Louis person, an enthusiast in millinery, thus describes the lady's costume on a recent public occasion: "She was magnificently dressed, her robe being of blue moiré antique silk—an exhibition dress at the Paris Exposition. The trail was long, the corsage low, coming under her arms, and fringed around the top with delicate gold-lace. In her hair she wore delicate sprigs of green and silver-lace belt. Her shoes were of white satin, and her stockings of white silk. She came in with the confidence of a lady of fashion, walking with easy grace a little to the left of the reading table, and making a low courtesy, which gave the audience a full view of her snowy bosom, which was but partially concealed by the delicate lace ornamenting her bodice. Her arms were bare to the shoulder, and rather small."

APPLICATION DESIGN FOR LAMBREQUIN, ETC.

Pattern in Appliqué for Lambrequin, Curtain, etc. White Embroidery.

THIS design is on lace with muslin application, and is worked in half-polka, button-hole, and satin stitch. Lace-work stitch is also used in a few figures. Having completed the embroidery, cut away the muslin, following the outlines of the figures as shown in the pattern. This border may be worked on either lace or muslin curtains, embroidering on the curtain material instead of on a separate strip, which would afterward need to be set on. If the curtains be of muslin place under the edge a piece of lace of the width of the border; if of lace, a piece of muslin on the upper side of the border. In the lace curtains small figures must be worked, either the six or eight leaved rosette shown in the lambrequin pattern will be found suitable. Muslin curtains need no such figures.

SECTION OF CROCHET RUG.

Sealing-Wax Holder.

THIS is a thick brass wire furnished with a handle, and is

SEALING-WAX HOLDER.

APPLICATION BORDER FOR TABLE-COVER, CUSHION, ETC.

Fig. 3.—BEAD NAPKIN RING.

employed for using up short pieces of sealing-wax. For making the holder take a brass wire five inches long, cover two-thirds of the length with a coat of thick glue and wind it with coarse knitting-cotton, repeating this till the handle assumes the form shown by the illustration. Next crochet a cover for the handle in single crochet. Begin on the edge with a foundation of eight stitches, which must be joined in a ring; in the first round crochet over a small metal ring, after this widen for the shape of the handle. Next fasten the cover on the handle, crochet on the upper end a small rosette of chain-stitch scallops and single crochet, and bronze the work as follows: apply several coats of copal varnish, after this is absorbed, put on the bronze with a dry brush, taking care to make it regular. Lastly, cover the handle with a sort of net of fine beads in brown and gold. First make a ring of gold beads, which must fit closely around the wire under the edge of the handle, and after this work as follows: 1st round.—Run the thread through the first two

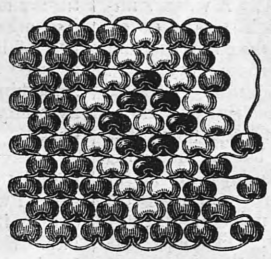


Fig. 2.—MODE OF MAKING BEAD-WORK FOR CRUMB TRAY.

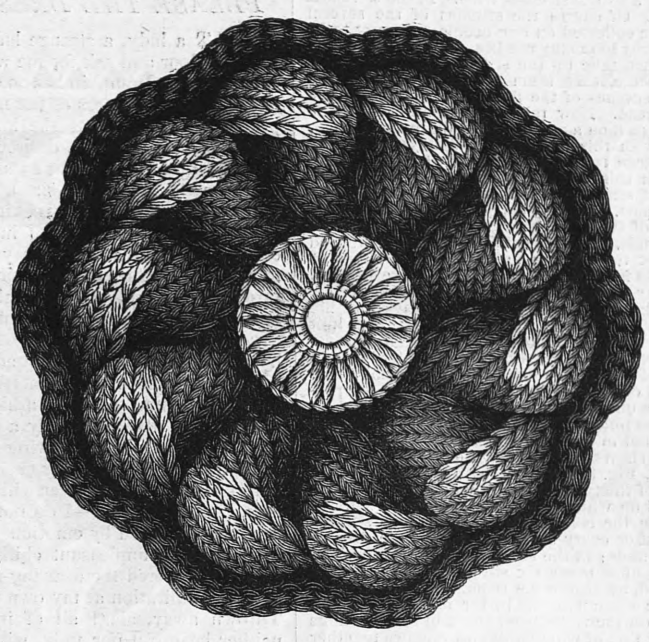


Fig. 2.—KNITTED ROSETTE FOR CRADLE COVER.

Crocheted Rug.

See illustration on page 884.

THIS rug is worked in red and gray castor wool. The foundation is of gray wool in single crochet; in working this work at the same time the picots which form the gray and red stripes. The red stripes consist of three rounds of picots, and the gray of six rounds. Work the picots as follows: one single crochet in the front vein of a stitch of the foundation, then one picot (4 chain and 1 slip stitch in the first of the four), with a picot pass over a stitch of the foundation. Crochet the picot rounds in every second following round of the foundation. Begin the rug with two rounds of the foundation, crochet the picots on the first round, work another round, then again a round of picots, etc. The picots must come regularly over each other. The illustration numbers eight red and seven gray stripes. The border is all gray, and consists of twelve rounds single crochet. On this is arranged crocheted rosettes as trimming. For each rosette work a circular piece in single crochet (about five rounds), and on this five rounds of picots, the two middle ones of red and the other three of gray wool. Sew the rosettes close together around the edge. The lining of the rug is of gray linen, and is intended to button on, as the rug can thus be more easily shaken. Make a wide hem on the edge of the lining and work button-holes in it. Sew buttons on the under side of the rug, and, in order to have a firm foundation, sew on previously a border of red woolen braid on the under side. The illustration shows only a section of the rug, which may be made of any size desired.

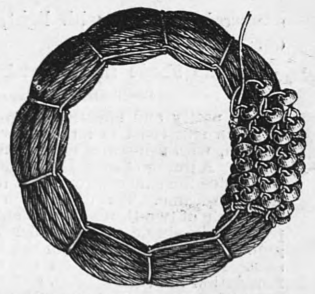


Fig. 2.—MODE OF MAKING BEAD NAPKIN RING. ORIGINAL SIZE.

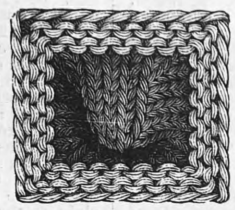
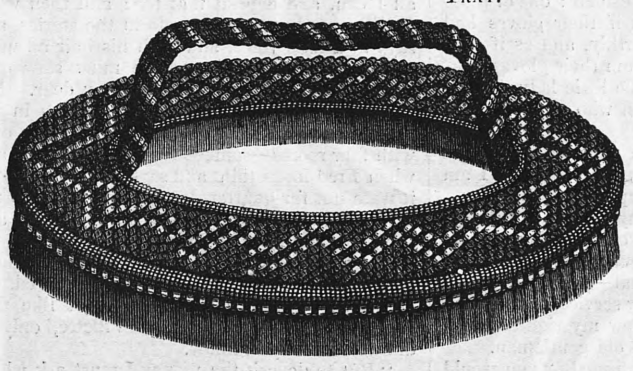


Fig. 3.—KNITTED SQUARE FOR CRADLE COVER. ORIGINAL SIZE.



CRUMB BRUSH.

Fig. 1.—CRUMB TRAY.

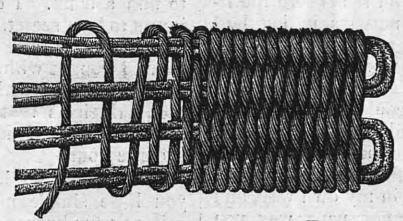


Fig. 2.—MODE OF MAKING POINT DE REPRISE GARTER.

beads of the ring, string on 3 g. b. (gold beads), 4 b. b. (brown beads), 3 g. b., then, passing over two beads of the ring, run the thread through the two following beads of the ring and repeat in the round. 2d round.—Always run the thread through the first 4 b. b. of the former round, string on 1 g. b. between. 3d round.—Run the thread through the first g. b. of the former round, string on 1 g. b., 3 b. b., 3 g. b., 3 b. b., 1 g. b., run the thread through the following g. b. of the former round, etc. In this manner all the rounds are worked, always putting the needle through the middle one of the 3 g. b. of the former round. In order to increase the width around the larger part of the handle, string on four b. b. instead of three. Work a small bead rosette over the crochet rosette.

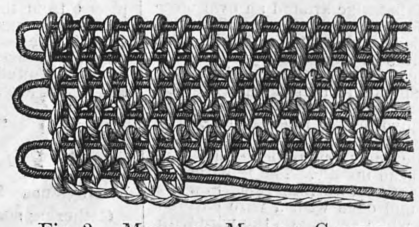
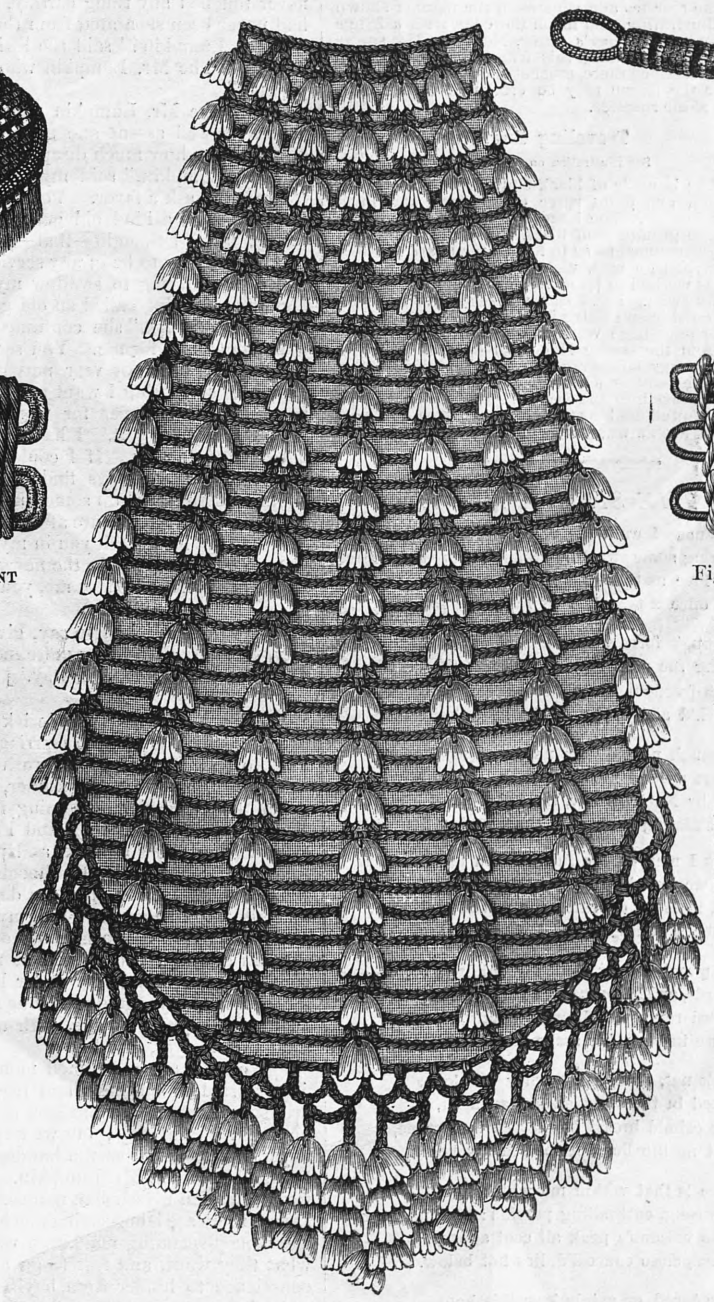


Fig. 3.—MODE OF MAKING GARTER.



SECTION OF LAMP SHADE. 2/3 ORIGINAL SIZE.

Border for Table-Covers, Cushions, etc.

See illustrations on page 884.

THE foundation of this border is black cloth, the application flower-like figures are of green silk, and the leaves of green cloth, which are sewed down with fine green cord and silk to match on the outer edge. Half-polka stitch, satin stitch, and point russe are also used in working the design. These stitches

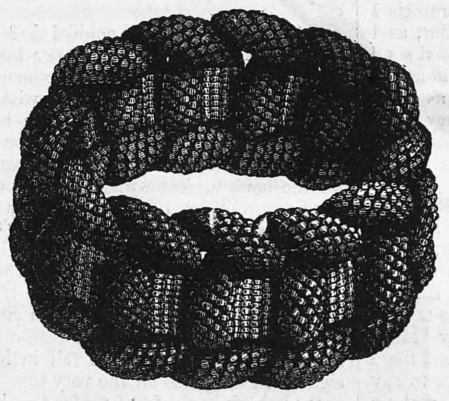


Fig. 1.—BEAD NAPKIN RING.—REDUCED SIZE.

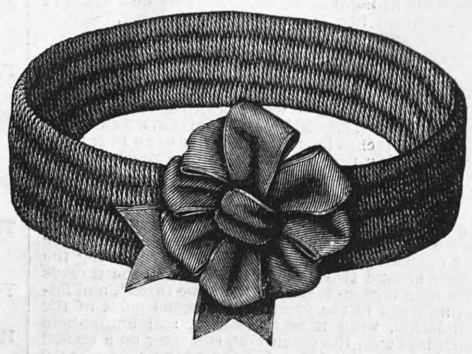


Fig. 1.—ELASTIC CORD AND WORSTED GARTER.

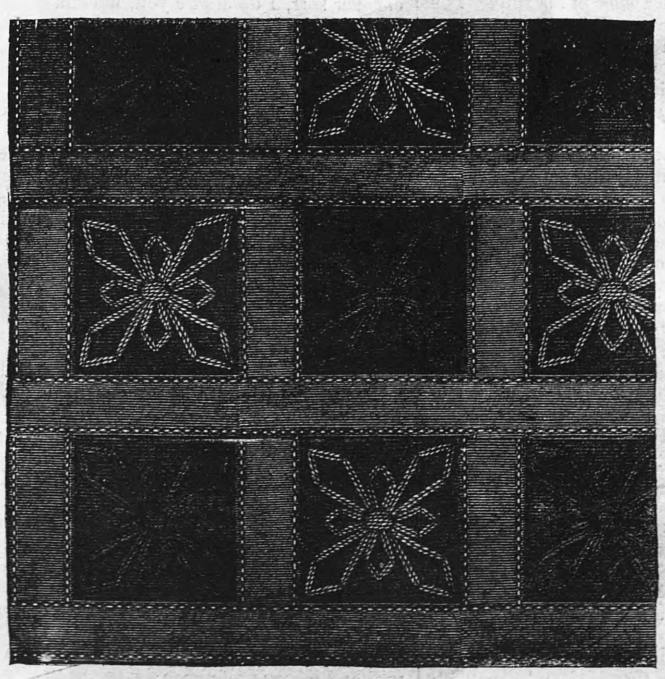


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF APPLICATION FOR BAG.—ORIGINAL SIZE.

Fig. 1.—BAG IN APPLICATION.

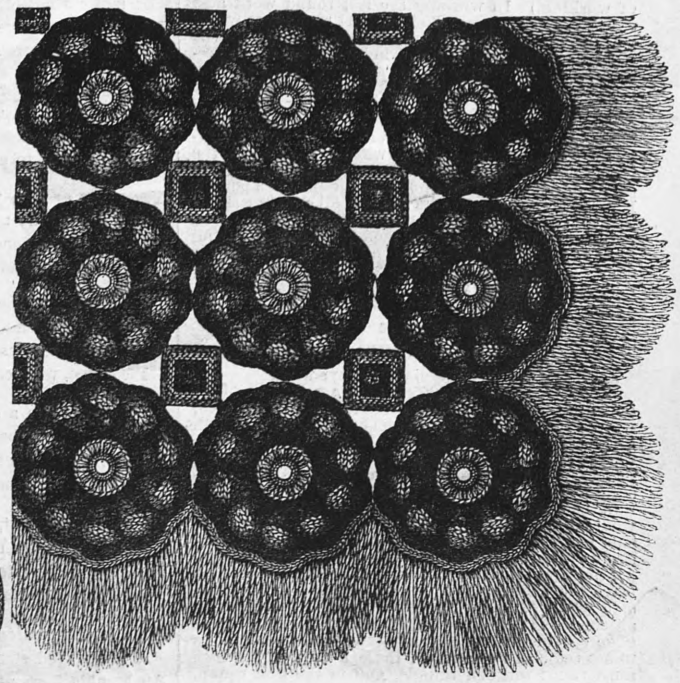


Fig. 1.—SECTION OF KNITTED CRADLE COVER.—REDUCED SIZE.

are worked partly with light, and partly with dark green silk.

Lamp Shade in Silk and Fish Scales.

See illustration on page 885.

THIS pretty and effective lamp-shade is crocheted of green silk twist in an open-work double crochet pattern, with fish-scales crocheted therein instead of beads. A lining of several thicknesses of green crape completes the shade, after which it is arranged over a skeleton frame. The illustration gives one piece of the shade of two-thirds the full size. Make from this pattern six single pieces, which must be sewed together along the sides with the seam on the under side. Begin each piece on the upper edge with a foundation of 31 ch. (chain), and work backward and forward 41 rounds dc. (double crochet). Before working prepare fish-scales of equal size by washing them in warm salt-water, and rubbing them dry with a fine linen towel. The scales of perch are the best. Then string the scales on the silk by threading it in a coarse needle, and work as follows: 1st round.—Always 2 dc. separated by 3 ch. in a stitch of the foundation, and after these 4 ch., passing over four stitches. In each middle stitch of the 3 ch. string on a fish-scale in the manner shown by the illustration. 2d round.—Returning, always 2 dc. separated by 3 ch. in the next 3 ch. of the former round, and after this 4 ch., passing over four stitches. In this manner work the remaining rounds, but the number of stitches must always be increased after the 2 dc. separated by 3 ch., and in the lower part the form is produced by gradually shortening the rounds in the manner shown by the illustration. The scales are only crocheted in the rounds worked on the right side. Edge the bottom with a round of chain-stitch scallops, on which crochet a grelot fringe of the scales. For each grelot work 5 ch., and after this a scale, then six times alternately 4 ch. and a scale, and after this again 5 ch. Having joined the parts sew in a lining of green crape three double, or of green marcelline, then work the upper edge in button-hole stitch, and run in a wire ring.

Crumb Brush and Tray.

See illustration on page 885.

THE back and handle of the crumb brush are of bead work. Cut a piece of canvas corresponding to the upper surface of the brush, allowing a sixth of an inch to turn in on each side, and sew on the beads, red, white, and black, after the design showed by the illustration. Turn the stuff down on each edge, and overseam thereon a covered wire, stringing on with each stitch a sufficient number of beads to completely cover the circumference of the wire. For the handle take a wire nine inches long, and bend the ends so as to form an eye a third of an inch long; wind the wire with untwisted cotton, and afterward with red, white, and black beads, leaving, however, the width of the brush without beads; after which fasten it on under the brush in the manner shown by the illustration. Glue the bead embroidery to the top of the brush. This brush can be made at home by substituting strips of cloth for bristles. For this take a long strip of black or colored cloth two inches wide, and cut it so as to form a fringe; wind this fringe around an oval piece of pasteboard, of the form given by the pattern, till it has reached the requisite width for the brush; after which paste it to a piece of pasteboard of the same width. For the tray, cut of canvas a piece six inches long and seven wide, slope it so that one end shall be only five and a half inches wide, and work on this the bead embroidery as shown by the illustration, and in the same design as the cover of the brush. This done, line with black percale and thick pasteboard. The edge of the tray is of bead mosaic. The illustration, page 885, shows the manner of working this. Sew the edges to the bottom, and edge with a wire covered with beads strung on while sewing on the wire with overcast stitches. The handle is also of wire wound with beads, and must be joined to the wire on the edges. For this, bend the wire out at the back of the tray, and bend it back in such a manner as to form the ring, after which wind both together with black cotton and beads. Secure the handle in the manner shown by the illustration, with three wire braces, also wound with beads.

Elastic Cord and Worsted Garter.

See illustration on page 885.

This garter consists of four black silk elastic cords, which are doubled in the middle and worked together, as shown by the illustration, in point de reprise, with blue twisted worsted. The worsted thread must run alternately over and under the two cords. Sew the ends together, and hide the seam with a rosette of blue ribbon as shown by Fig. 1. Instead of working the cords in point de reprise, they may be worked in button-hole stitch loops, as shown by Fig. 2.

Bead Napkin Ring.

See illustration on page 885.

MATERIALS: Coarse white knitting cotton, light green silk twist, crystal beads, white silk, a thin whalebone eight inches long and a quarter of an inch wide.

This napkin ring consists of twelve rings made of crystal beads and green silk, which are joined, in the manner shown by the illustration, with a whalebone which has been wound with crystal beads. For making each of these rings, make first a foundation of coarse white cotton; this foundation must be of the size shown by Fig. 2, and is formed by winding the cotton around two fingers. Next fasten the threads with long button-hole stitches of fine thread, and fasten a thread of the green silk to some point of the foundation, wind it twice around, and button-hole stitch this with the green silk, stringing on a crystal bead before each stitch. Continue in this manner till the foundation is covered, but after the first round work always around the button-hole stitches of the former round. (See Fig. 2, which shows the manner of working.) In working the last round work also over the threads over which the first round was worked. Having finished twelve of these rings, cover the whalebone with white silk, wind it closely with crystal beads, which must be strung on a white thread, and run it through the rings in the manner shown by the illustration. Do this by first running the whalebone from underneath out through a ring, then push another ring half through this ring, also from underneath out, and then put the whalebone through the upper part of the second ring, then again push another ring half-way in, and continue in this manner. Having run the whalebone through all the rings, push the last ring half-way through the first, run the whalebone through, and sew the ends together, allowing them to lap over slightly. The rings for this napkin ring may also be made like that shown by Fig. 3, the manner of working which is shown by Fig. 2.

Knitted Cradle Cover.

See illustration on page 885.

MATERIALS: Gray and violet zephyr wool.

This cover, of which Fig. 1 shows a section of reduced size, is made of rosettes and small squares, which are knitted singly on steel knitting-needles with gray and violet zephyr wool. In the centre of each rosette is a tatted ring of gray wool. The edge is finished with a fringe of gray wool. Make for each rosette a foundation of six stitches with violet wool, and knit backward and forward on this with the same wool twelve rounds in such a manner that the right side shall be entirely knitted and the under side entirely purled; the first of these twelve rounds is purled, the first stitch of each round is slipped; * then leave the working thread, and take up, on the same side where it hangs, the back veins of the first five stitches of the part just knitted, on another needle (the edge stitches which lie next the foundation remain unnoticed), and knit with these a new part, which must count thirteen rounds, and in the first round, which is knitted plain, make of the *first* stitch two stitches, one purled and one knitted, so that this new part is now also six stitches wide. From * repeat eight times. Of course the stitches of the several parts may be collected on one needle, so as not to be embarrassed by too many needles. Having completed the tenth part, take up the stitches at the left on a separate needle, cast them off, together with the foundation stitches of the first part, and fasten the working thread. Now take the six stitches at the right of one part on a needle, splice on the gray wool, and work with this backward and forward on the stitches thirteen rounds, the first of which is knitted plain, and in this, as in every round plain knitted, knit the last stitch with the following stitch of the first violet part. Having completed ten such gray parts (each of the nine remaining parts counts also thirteen rounds, and begins with one round knitted plain), collect the stitches and the edge stitches of these parts on four needles, and knit on these stitches, also with gray wool, one round plain, in which narrow every six edge stitches to three by always knitting two together; in each of the remaining stitches knit one stitch as usual. Then knit two rounds purled, with violet wool, and cast off. For the tatted ring in the centre of the rosette work with gray wool a ring composed of one ds. (double stitch), 11 times alternating 1 picot a quarter of an inch long, 2 ds., and 1 p., 1 ds. Sew the finished ring in the centre of the rosette with gray wool in the manner shown by the illustration. Fig. 2 shows a similar rosette in full size. The little square, Fig. 3, is begun with gray wool on a foundation of thirty-six stitches, which are joined in a round, and on which work two rounds purled. In order to form the corners knit together two stitches four times after every seven stitches in the first of these two rounds; in the second round knit together two stitches after every six stitches; the narrowing in this round, as also in the remaining rounds, must come on the same point as in the preceding round. Now splice on the violet wool and knit seven rounds plain, in the first of which knit two stitches together four times after every five stitches; in the 2d, 4th, and 6th rounds is no narrowing; but in the 3d knit four times three stitches as one, and in the 5th and 7th rounds four times two stitches as one. Having completed the 7th round knit the remaining stitches as one, after which fasten the thread. Lastly sew together the rosettes and squares in the manner shown by the illustration, and finish the edge with a fringe of gray wool. *Harper's Bazar*, No. 46, p. 724, shows the manner of making this fringe. Instead of the heading described there, crochet one round single crochet; or the fringe may be crocheted in the edge stitches of the rosettes.

Traveling Bag.

See illustration on page 885.

This bag is made of black cloth, ornamented with application and point russe embroidery, and lined with red leather. The handle of an old bag may be used. The ground is of black cloth, while the bars, which are arranged so as to form a plaid, are of violet cloth stitched on with violet silk. The star in the squares is worked in point russe with light and dark violet silk twist. Fig. 2 shows a section in full size. Cut the outside and lining from the pattern furnished by a worn-out bag; work the outside, and join the pieces from the wrong side with overcast stitches. The seam may be covered on the right side either with a fine cord or a row in cross stitch, or a cord may be sewed into the seam. The handle may be made of plaited double strips of cloth, or an old steel handle, or even a whalebone covered with cloth.

THE SINGLE LADY.

IN singleness I walk the vale of life,
Gathering some sweet-lipp'd flowers upon my way;
Though love at times may wake its tender strife,
Heart, once a tyrant, must resign its sway.

What though for me no husband smiles at morn,
Showing the path my duteous feet should tread,
My lot is freedom, on whose wings I'm borne,
Uncheck'd and happy as the lark o'erhead.

What though no children nestle on my breast,
Or sport around me 'mong the garden flowers,
Making, by Nature's law, the heart most blest,
And sandaling with gold the tripping hours:

Methinks I may escape full many a tear;
Those we love best and cherish oftest die;
Sad, too, to leave on earth the prized and dear:
Then for a mother's joys I will not sigh.

Fancies, sweet fancies shall my children be,
And birds, and flowers, and all bright things around;
No discord reigns in Nature's family,
Pleasure in each fair scene and soothing sound.

But think not, though I journey on alone,
Unmated in the crowded human mart,
That my calm'd breast has frozen into stone,
Or that no fire lies dormant in my heart.

Yes, there is that within me which might love
With strong, enthralling passion; resting snow
Hides the volcano's peak all cool above,
The lava, close conceal'd, lies hot below.

If I have loved, or vainly love this hour,
It matters not—the dream will soon be o'er;
Man can pray, urge; poor woman hath no power,
Hiding her sorrow in her bosom's core.

Such is the law for womankind; we gaze,
We sigh, we love, then feign to feel no smart;
The loved love not; and so we pass our days,
And can not to some other yield our heart.

Yes, other eyes may smile, but naught to me
The smile I do not prize; flow on, ye years!
Untroubled singleness my lot will be,
I heal my wound, I dash away my tears.

I need no pity—that my soul would scorn;
Strong, independent, I can walk alone:
Sorrows, if sorrows come, in patience borne;
Pleasures, with cares unmingled, all my own.

Call not my life a cold and barren waste,
Which naught but weeds of selfishness can bear;
Nay, with the flowers of feeling it is graced,
And love for human kind flows rill-like there.

Books, Nature, Art, unfold for me their store,
Music and song to time give silver wings,
Bee-like, life's varied sweets I wander o'er,
And in my breast content forever springs.

Then lone, unmated, let me onward go,
A faint-rayed star that singly still must shine,
An humble flower that by itself must blow;
Some sweets I miss, but countless joys are mine.

PLEASE THE DRESS-MAKERS.

THAT a lady, a strange lady, should ring at my door and ask for me was an unheard-of event! Mrs. Lumpkin has no conception of jealousy; but the corners of her mouth were rather primly drawn down as she informed me that a young lady, a stranger, desired to see me. For myself I do not deny that I was fluttered. I am quite aware that under-sized, middle-aged gentlemen, who wear blue stockings and incline to baldness, are not objects of interest to the general female mind; but literary talent has its admirers. There are enthusiastic and sensitive natures who ask only for sympathy, and spurn the narrow calculations of the rules of beauty and the cold decrees of propriety. Should my visitor have been drawn by such an admiration, in what a difficult position was I placed! A writer's imagination is necessarily in a high state of development. There are barely a dozen steps from my den to our little drawing-room; but I had time to fancy the stranger (beautiful of course), her appeal and my answer, chivalric but loyal to Mrs. Lumpkin; and—I do not know how other people are thrilled by emotion, but my method is to have little unpleasant chills down my back! So that I entered the drawing-room in a positive ague of admiration at my own noble sentiments! Thrown away, alas! all of it. The lady was neither beautiful nor ugly, with that intelligent ugliness that works up so well in heroic positions; but simply pretty! with a mediocre prettiness. A dear little woman with a stylish air; one of those dainty dames who look as if their gloves had never touched any thing earthly, and as if they had never been separated from their gloves.

"Mr. Lumpkin?" said the little lady, inquiringly. "The Mr. Lumpkin who writes for the papers?"

And "the Mr. Lumpkin who writes for the papers" bowed assent and seated himself, I am afraid to say how much disappointed.

"Mr. Lumpkin," said my visitor, nervously, "I came to ask a favor. You seem to me, from your writings, a kind old gentleman" (think of that!), "and I thought—that—perhaps—"

"Very happy to be of any service, I am sure," mumbled I, trying to swallow my righteous indignation at being called an old gentleman.

"That perhaps," she continued, "you would write something for me. You see" (here the lilac-gloved hands got very nervous in her lap) "there is something I want to say to the *Bazar*, because it is a paper for women, you know. And I can not say it. I have tried, and I can not put it in words. If I could, some of those people who are always finding out something about women might do something or other; and I am sure other women are afraid besides me; and if you would let me tell you in my own way, and you would write it out in the newspaper way, you might help others besides me, you know."

[What the lady had to say, given in her own way, Mr. Lumpkin being quite incapable of putting it in "the newspaper way."]

"I am Mrs. Daisy, Frederick Daisy's wife; and no doubt you saw the marriage in the paper. I try to be a good wife. I brush my hair three times a day, and dress for dinner, as if he were a dozen young gentlemen coming in the evening. And he adores roast beef, and I hate it; and I order it four times a week, and pretend to like it; and if it were not for chocolate caramels I think I should starve on those days. But, as I told Ma when I married Fred, my husband shall never say that I drove him out of the house to stay till one and two o'clock at night, as some gentlemen do, though I wonder how they dare, for there is always some one being found drowned about thirty years of age, with a white muslin shirt and no eyes, you know.

"We have not very much money. Fred has just started in business, and needs to be very prudent; and we are anxious to make an umbrella for a rainy day; but we haven't a stick of it yet, not so much as the handle; and it is my fault, all my fault, Mr. Lumpkin. I hate myself for it, and call myself bad names. I say 'Mary Daisy, there are labor-saving machines, and there are money-spending machines, with eyes to spy what they want, and feet to go after it, and no conscience to hinder from buying, and you are one of them. You are a slow fire in your husband's goods. You are a leak in his ship. You are a dragon to swallow up all his pet plans and prospects.' And when that does me no good I get out the pictures about me, and look at them, and the newspaper articles about me, and read them; that is, I mean not literally about me, Mary Daisy, but about women like me. I read how I prevent young men from marrying. They see poor Fred growing mealy and flabby, and getting an anxious twist to the corners of his mouth, and going about in a coat worn on the shoulders and at the cuffs, and he is a sort of scarecrow in the matrimonial field, or a walking light-house. It is just like the picture of celibacy and marriage. The splendid bachelor on one side; and Benedict, with two puffy children blowing trumpets in his ear while he tries to read, on the other; and their side-board mirror is smashed; and if we should have children, I wonder if they *will* smash ours? Because it was a present, and I do not believe we could get another. We could never buy one; at least with a drag like me on the wheels.

"And that makes me remember the newspaper articles again. I read them, as the monks used to whip themselves, for penance; and while I read I am awfully guilty. But there is also a smart and tingle in my conscience that makes me feel virtuous after all. I think I will never wear long curls down my back, or trains, or paniers, like a woman of the period, any more, and that I have turned over that leaf, and done with it forever.

"But Mr. Lumpkin, when you make a good resolution and set your foot down on it, did you ever notice how many circumstances tug at your foot to lift it up? I begin to imagine that, as there is a demon of war and a demon of money, so there may be a French mantua-making demon on the watch for rebels like me. Only the other morning, after my last magazine whipping, I said to myself, 'Now, Mary Daisy, you *shall* be economical, and a help-meet, and not a help-cat.' That very night Fred came home, and pulling out his pocket-book handed me a fifty-dollar note.

"'Indeed, Fred,' said I, 'I had rather not take it. Put it in the bank, and I shall get on very well as I am.'

"'And I would prefer that you did take it,' answered Fred. 'Don't I know that you are on tip-toe for a fall bonnet and a new walking suit like other women, and that you have been the best of little wives, and have never so much as glanced at a bear's-ear poplin or a dying-frog something else? Take it and spend it, and look as pretty as ever you can for the money, my dear.'

"Now, you know, Mr. Lumpkin, that a wife is bound to obey her husband. And when Fred says 'I would rather' he means 'you must.' Of course, it became my duty to take the fifty dollars. So here, you see, was my plain duty flying in the face of my virtuous resolution. But when I took the money I thought, 'I will deposit this money in the bank myself. I will save all I can, and deposit that too; and then when Fred comes home, as they do in the stories, and says in a bass voice, and with his hair all wild, "Mary, I am ruined, and we must starve," I shall say, "Nothing of the sort, my dear. We are rich. We have a thousand dollars in the bank;" or else I shall buy a house—a little one, with four rooms—somewhere in the country, and when Fred looks thin, and says with a sigh, "If it were not for quarter-day we might get up the ladder," I shall invite him to an excursion, and show him my little house, and when he says, "I wish we had one like that," I shall dance about him, and answer, "My dear, darling Fred, we *have* one. This is *our* house"'—just like that queer little black Professor in 'Villette,' only he did not dance, you know.

"But to deposit the money I must ask where to find a bank. I could not ask Fred, because it was to be a secret. So I ran over in the morning to ask Ma, and every new walking suit that I saw I bought with my fifty dollars till I did so wish that the earth had been constructed on such principles that you could have your cake and eat it too! And the moment that I told Ma she cried out,

"'Put it in the bank! Put it on your back, you little simpleton! Get yourself a walking suit, as your husband bids you. You must have been shabby when *he* discovered it' (Ma always will fling at Fred); 'and let me tell you, Mary, do you never begin the economical business or it will finish you. Live on little, and by-and-by your husband will grow like the man who leased a house for nothing, and complained that he must break his lease unless he could get it on easier terms. Take my advice. Buy yourself a new black silk dress; black silk is economical; it is never out of fashion, and will wear for years; and really, Mary, for Fred's own sake you should keep up a good appearance. If you look shabby people will at once conclude that he is pinched.'

"Mr. Lumpkin, what could I do? If you are to honor your father and mother how can you impudently do the thing they tell you not? Every thing urged me. My husband wished it; my mother advised it. I decided to buy a plain black silk, and have it made in sensible style. No paniers and no ruffles! I consoled myself for the bank project with the notion of setting a good example on Broadway; and a little comforted went to buy it of Hardware & Co.

"I dread shopping, I am so much afraid of the clerks. They look so scornful if you say that an article is too dear, and so fierce if you ask to see something else. But there is a civil clerk behind the silk counter of Hardware & Co. That is why I went there, and I fell in love at first sight with the piece on the very top.

"'I think,' said I, 'I prefer this.'

"'Yes,' answers my civil clerk. 'That costs four dollars the yard, and is worth two of [illegible] cheaper sort, I do assure you, ma'am.'

"Then he twitched it, and straightened it, and gathered it, and puffed it out with his hand, and held it in the light, and talked about Bounet & Cie., and what he saw in Paris, and all the time I was doing a sum in my head. Twelve yards at four dollars a yard would cost forty-eight dollars. Forty-eight dollars from fifty dollars leaves two. Could I make my summer bonnet answer for fall? Could I scrimp the dress-maker's bill from the market money? I was so flurried and so guilty that I should have liked to go away, but I did not dare, for my civil clerk was getting snappish; so I said,

"'Cut me twelve yards, if you please.'

"And there was I with a four-dollar silk, and the most wretched little woman in New York. Benedict Arnold could hardly have writhed under guiltier agonies than I did that night pouring tea for Fred, poor, unsuspicious fellow!

"There was only one consolation. A good quality wears better and is more effective than a cheaper article, and I might set a more striking example to the girls of the period.

"Laure is my dress-maker; always has been. She is a perfect fit, and has the real 'sacred fire' of the modiste. As the Old Bachelor says about his Mr. Latour, I really believe that she meditates ruffles and puffs in the still watches of the night. She revels in wonderful and complicated trimmings, and, apart from her bills, has a natural and inborn preference for the trimming that takes the most stuff to the square inch. To car-

ry my reforming dress to her was like taking the temperance pledge to a distillery.

"I knew that; but, on the other hand, if there is any real life in Truth, why should not my truth upset her false system, and my arguments convert her to a noble and severe style? Laure can do what she likes with her customers. She need only say to them, 'The latest thing from Paris is to wear on the promenade a straight black petticoat, untrimmed, and a short white night-gown, also untrimmed,' and Broadway would be convulsed by the spectacle of several hundred ladies of fashion in black petticoats and white night-gowns. Think of the gratitude of the husbands and fathers to the one who should introduce these reformed dresses, and those poor gentlemen who are all the time tearing the fashions and their hair in newspaper paragraphs—of the adulation and the national gratitude with which I should be overwhelmed if I could bring about a revolution where the best wits in the country have failed! I actually shrank at the thought; but it would be better than to deposit the money in the bank, and I am sure Fred would think so.

"Laure opened the bundle mighty coolly. She had no idea that she was handling the seeds of revolution done up in a packet, treasonable to the first principles of her establishment.

"'Oh, a gros grain!' handling it with an indifference sacrilegious, positively, when I remembered the agonies it had cost me. 'If you had more stuff I should recommend you a double skirt, but, as it is, I can make a panier possibly.'

"'But, Laure—'

"'You must trim it with satin,' she proceeded; 'a flounce, an eighth in width, simulating a tunic; satin puffs on the sleeve, and frills of real thread; square neck, trimmed with satin folds and lace; sash ends and large bow of satin below the panier.'

"'But, Laure, I want a plain dress.' (This is me, you are to understand, quavering already, and not one of my arguments on hand.)

"'I beg your pardon, Mrs. Daisy; I call that a plain dress,' answered Laure, with much dignity. 'With more of the stuff I should propose to you a row of graduated puffs, say fifteen or twenty, on each side; satin folds between each puff, and fringe on the bottom; an apron-front and back scalloped and bound with satin, with a tiny button in each scallop; a Marie Antoinette flounce, bound with satin and laid in pleats, with ornaments between the pleats; or, instead, three rows of full satin frills bordering the puffs, and sweeping around the entire train, and the front breadth trimmed with a deep flounce and folds of satin, edged with lace. Mrs. Devine and Mrs. Love had each such a dress as I describe, and the effect was superb. They wanted puffs as a heading to the frills, but I could not consent. I am opposed to over-trimming. I like simplicity.'

"As Laure talked she traced with her finger the pattern she was describing on a pattern on the wall. Her eyes lighted and her face glowed; but I can't see why I should have felt so weak and damp, and how she could put me out so entirely, unless—maybe—she was real and I am not. She was a Pythoness, devoted to puffs and ruffles! She burned with that enthusiasm, so mysteriously kindled by a monstrous waste of stuffs that cost the most money; and now that I was away from my magazines, I could not help thinking too that it would be really a glorious thing to be all puffs at the sides, and have yards and yards of satin sweeping around one's train. I believe there is something in atmospheres, and that one of you newspaper gentlemen in Laure's fitting-room would come to consider 'paniered hips,' a necessity, and noble and severe styles so much poverty and awkwardness.

"For myself, I could as easily have withstood a park of artillery as Laure. She crushed me with polite disdain, nipped my poor little projects with satirical force, and made me feel skimped and mean and poor and mistaken, all on the spot.

"Well, I may as well get to it. Here is my bill:

To making Dress	$20 00
For 5 yards Satin, at $3 50 per yard	10 50
For Linings	1 50
For 6 Buttons, at $7 the dozen	3 50
For 3 yards Thread Lace, at $2 the yard	6 00
	$41 50

There! Forty-one dollars! Just look at it! And when I remonstrated, Laure said, 'Why, think of your trimming, and the labor of putting it on! I should have charged some ladies forty dollars for the making alone,' which is true. But what am I to do? How long would it take me to scrimp forty-one dollars from the market money? I look just like a fashion-plate, and how can I tell Fred, after all his generosity! I am sure that I shall find myself in a magazine article; I am a fit subject for one! And yet, I neither bought the dress and ordered the trimmings to please myself, nor to displease any other woman, as people say. I am miserable in it, for how can I sit down on that great panier-puff and satin bow? and I should have been happier in a cheaper stuff. No! it was to please the clerk, and still more to please the dress-maker; and as wretched as I am, if I had another dress for Laure, and no one else can give it the style she can, I believe I should do it again. I can never say that my soul is my own with that woman.

"Now, Mr. Lumpkin, do, do ask the *Bazar* if it will consider my case; and if it will undertake some sort of a Ladies' Protective Union against such dress-makers as Laure before we are reduced to the point of buying the trimmings first and the dress afterward, if we have money enough left. Suppose each member of this Union should bind herself never to visit a mantua-maker alone; but always accompanied by two of the most courageous and sensible members of the Association to prop her rickety resolution, and argue down the dress-maker. Suppose a set of by-laws restricting trimmings for members, and prohibiting any costume that shall swamp the lady wearing it, and make her an advertisement simply for her dress-maker, like those men who go about Broadway in white coats with 'Remember Fox's Double Distilled Vermifuge, No. 90 Halifax Avenue!' in red letters all over them. Suppose, finally, a committee of wives and mothers, who shall find out by their wits whether young men are similarly bullied by their tailors, as a set-off to the articles about us! And oh! dear Mr. Lumpkin, when my story is printed *will* you send a copy to Fred marked, as the easiest way of presenting Laure's bill, you know?"

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

THE court has not yet returned to Paris, and it is said that the Emperor is seriously indisposed; but this did not prevent him from taking part in an excursion made by the Empress a short time since to her domains on the Amosty, where she wishes to found reformatory colonies. The whole court repaired thither on a pleasure-party in four large carriages drawn by four horses. The Emperor was dressed in a frock-coat and gray pantaloons; the Prince Imperial in a Breton suit, with a small hat turned up with scarlet. The Empress wore a very short chestnut delaine dress, disclosing her little boots of dead-lustre kid. A blue cloth mantle was thrown over her dress, and her simple white straw toque was encircled with a wreath of ivy with an aigrette of oats. The costume was rustic in the extreme. Her two nieces, the daughters of the Duchess d'Albe, wore Havana poplin dresses, with simple tunics, looped up, and sailor-hats tied with black ribbons with the word *Nive*—the name of her Majesty's bark—braided in gold letters thereon. The ladies of honor were dressed in the same style.

The projected reformatory colony is in a bright and beautiful spot near the Spanish frontiers. Wide expanses of land which now lie there uncultivated are to be laid out, the different soils prepared for the crops most suited to them, and the dwellings and farm buildings will be begun before the autumn is ended. At eight in the morning the imperial party had driven in *char-à-bancs* from the Villa Eugénie, and after walking over the ground, examining its advantages and deciding upon the arrangements, they breakfasted, seated on the grass in true picnic fashion, under the shade of an old ruined chapel which stood solitary and moss-grown by the road-side. When the repast was over a visit was decided to the grottoes of Sare and Zuguramudy. The only way there being impracticable except on horseback, the Empress, seconded by Mlle. Marion, her *lectrice*, arranged her dress *en Amazone*, and they then rode up the picturesque road. The grottoes are excessively wild in aspect, and total darkness reigns within them. To enable the visitors to enter Bengal fires were lighted and thrown in, illuminating the mysterious arched recesses, and chasing from them numbers of winged guests that their sombre shades had drawn there. The Empress and Prince showed so much courage and curiosity that the Emperor at last nervously interposed. It was nightfall before they returned from their long ramble. They returned to Biarritz at twelve o'clock, and in the twinkling of an eye the scene changed and the Empress presided at dinner in a pink silk dress covered with Valenciennes flounces and pink sash, with high corsage, however, for the Empress is rarely seen décolletée at Biarritz.

It was my good fortune to see Mlle. Nilsson at home a few days ago. She lives at No. 176 Rue de Rivoli, in a very modest suite of apartments on the fourth floor, in a magnificent house, however, and her little balcony looks out on the palace of the Tuileries, where she receives a hearty welcome whenever she is announced. It is a veritable bird's-nest that holds the Swedish nightingale—modest, elegant, and chaste. The little drawing-room has a single window; it is not papered, but is painted in wide panels with gilt frescoes. The white marble mantle is adorned with a nymph in gilt bronze, and two blue and gold Sèvres vases. The window is hung with white muslin embroidered with clusters of stars. The furniture is of sky-blue brocatelle. Over against the window stands a mahogany piano, the confidante and echo of that voice which is compared by its admirers to that of Malibran.

The bedroom is hung with pink chintz sprigged with gray; the bed is canopied with white curtains embroidered with clusters of stars; the bedstead is white threaded with pink; an armoire à glace to match is in front of the bed, beside which is a little fur rug with a white fox in the middle, a souvenir of some rural hunting excursion. The whole furniture seems the realization of a young girl's dreams. A few beautiful wreaths of fresh exotics hanging about the room alone indicate the recent triumphs of the songstress.

Mlle. Nilsson, the worthy successor of her countrywoman, Jenny Lind, bears little resemblance to her Swedish sister; she is thinner, taller, and of a prouder bearing. She has a very beautiful face, and large, brilliant eyes with a peculiar expression and of an undefinable shade. Her pale gold hair appears very abundant, and her mouth is grave and somewhat disdainful. Her complexion has not the brilliancy usual to brunettes, for which reason she looks far better at evening embellished by the artifices of the stage. The prevailing characteristic of her physiognomy is extreme purity, united to great will. If there be a secret in her artist-soul it is an honorable one, and will be religiously kept.

Mlle. Nilsson's home-life is a model of extreme simplicity. On the day that I saw her she wore a plain black dress, with linen collar and under-sleeves; not a jewel was seen, not even ear-rings. While I was there an invitation came for her to visit Brussels, where she was offered 5000 francs to appear in Ophelia. She refused. "Not," she said, "that the sum appears to me insufficient, but I do not like to displease myself."

The great songstress is known to all. It is not of her talent that I wish to speak, but of the individuality of the woman, who appears to me to realize the idea of calmness and purity united to culture in impassioned art. It is not yet decided whether she will sing Faust in the opera. The ex-director in the Lyric theatre, who, it appears, has sundry rights over the partition, refuses. It is said that M. Carvalho's claims will be disallowed; nevertheless, they form an obstacle at present. The public solaces itself by listening to Ophelia, for not having Marguerite; however it is impatient, for it has a presentiment that this will be an admirable incarnation of one of the most poetic figures created by genius.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE friends of Princeton College will long remember October 27, 1868, as a memorable day. The exercises in connection with the inauguration of the new President, Dr. M'Cosh, were highly interesting, and brought many distinguished visitors from various sections of the country. The old-fashioned church was crowded with eager listeners, who sympathized with the venerable institution, about to take, as it were, a new lease of life. The former President, Dr. M'Lean, having resigned on account of declining years, Dr. M'Cosh, a native of Ayrshire, Scotland, was invited to accept the vacant chair. His successful connection with Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland, and the valuable works which he has published, have secured him a reputation in this country, as well as in Great Britain. He is about fifty years of age, of prepossessing appearance, and seems well calculated to gain the respect and win the love of students. The inaugural address was long, occupying nearly two hours, yet contained so much vigor and good sense, so many happy allusions and wise suggestions, that the audience gave the closest attention to the end. In his address, Dr. M'Cosh made some reference to the necessity for a gymnasium, which was enthusiastically responded to by the students. After the audience had separated, it was stated that two gentlemen of New York city had given $10,000 each toward the erection and furnishing of a suitable gymnasium.

A London journal states that about one thousand women will probably cast votes at the Parliamentary election. It appears that some of the barristers who have final supervision of the registry in England declined to strike out the names of women who have claimed that the word "men" in the act regulating suffrage includes them. Hence they will be allowed to vote.

The first quarterly report of the Brooklyn Eye and Ear Hospital indicates that this charity has been most successful in relieving those suffering with diseases of the eye and ear. Nine cases of blindness have been cured by surgical operations, numerous outdoor patients treated, and a number received into the hospital. Of the 400 patients 295 were afflicted with diseases of the eye, and 105 with diseases of the ear.

An exchange tells an extraordinary story of a young lady of Susquehanna, New York, who was recently found dead in her bed. It is stated that physicians have extracted from her body during the past ten years at least one thousand needles and pins. She would never give any account of the manner in which they were introduced, whether she swallowed them or thrust them directly into her flesh, nor did her friends by watching her ever find out. They were found at different times working on the surface of almost every part of her body, but chiefly on the limbs. A lady, who refused to believe the stories about their removal, states that she went to satisfy herself, and saw a physician extract nearly fifty from one arm.

The *Evening Mail* suggests as a matter for serious consideration, in view of the near completion of the Pacific Railroad, that when the two ends of this road meet, what will prevent an earthquake coming East from San Francisco at any time!

A young actress, daughter of Louisa Mühlbach, was recently hissed in a Berlin theatre. She had been severely criticised in the newspapers, and the audience, seeing the justice of the criticism, and that the young lady made no attempt to avoid errors which had been pointed out, hissed her. The actress burst into tears, and buried her face in her hands, whereupon the audience relented, and applauded as much as they had hissed before.

The Philharmonic Society is announced to give six concerts and eighteen public rehearsals this season, under the leadership of Mr. Carl Bergmann, and with the full force of one hundred instruments. The solo performers are to be Madame Rosa, Madame Camilla Urso, Ole Bull, and Mr. Mills. Some specialties are also promised.

Cincinnati is said to be more densely populated than any other Western city. Its area is much less than any other city approximating to it in point of population. Within the last fifteen years a large part of the people who do business in the city have removed their residences to the suburbs and along the railroads, for a distance of twenty miles. In laying out Cincinnati its future growth was not provided for, or it was not expected to grow very fast.

A week or two ago, at a theatre in Louisville, a young ballet-dancer approached too near the foot-lights, and her gauze dress took fire. Her companions were too much panic-stricken to afford assistance; indeed, from the light material of their attire, it would have been dangerous for them to have done so. A gentleman in the audience had the presence of mind to throw his over-coat about the unfortunate girl. She was removed to the green-room, and medical assistance was called into requisition. She had been dreadfully burned on all parts of her person, and was but a scorched and withered relic of her former youth and grace. It was thought impossible that she could survive till morning. It was scarcely a moment after the dreadful calamity before the audience had regained its composure, and the merry plays, light dances, and jolly buffoonery were continued as if nothing had happened. In one room lay the poor girl suffering the tortures of death, while in the next the music and revelry went on with undiminished ardor.

It has been proposed by some of the earnest women of this city, who understand the needs and sorrows of the lower classes, to establish a "Night Refuge for Homeless Women." They desire to make this a charity of protection as much as one of reformation. One definite object is to offer a shelter to the discharged women from the hospitals and other institutions on Blackwell's Island, who are otherwise thrown upon the station-houses, or back to their old and unprofitable haunts.

A Kentucky paper relates a very singular freak of lightning. Recently a severe thunder-storm passed over the village of Morgantown. A young lady was standing at the window of a private residence, looking out upon the contending elements, when suddenly a flash of lightning passed through the window, severely shocking the young lady, but otherwise doing no damage. Upon investigation it was ascertained that the likeness or photograph of a beautiful ailanthus-tree, which stood in the immediate front of the window, by the electric flash had been impressed upon the bosom of the young lady, where it still remains plainly visible.

The sugar crop in Louisiana is now reported to be better than it was expected to be earlier in the season. The present estimate is about 1,200,000 hogsheads, which is a great increase over last year's crop.

Among the Scotch peasants courtship is curiously managed. For a young man to call on a young woman in the daytime, or to talk with her in the presence of other people, even though they may be her nearest relatives, is a grave offense against the conventionalities. The time for such intercourse is at midnight. The lad comes under the lassie's window and whistles, or in some other way informs her of his presence. She thereupon lets him into the house, or, oftener, goes out to him. The call lasts from one to two hours, and fathers and mothers do not consider it in any wise objectionable.

Among the Chinese the child who dies without having his head shaved, not being entitled to a coffin, is reckoned as a nobody—a nonentity; but if he lives to grow a tail he is entitled to respect after death. In Shanghae there is what is called the "Baby Tower"—the common mausoleum for all babies who die before they are old enough to have their heads shaved, and their hair long enough to be braided into a pigtail. It is a square brick structure, fifteen or twenty feet high, standing over a deep well. The tower is full now, the window bricked up, the whole structure whitewashed. It is well filled with the decaying dust of thousands of children. No greater insult can be given to a Chinaman than to cut off his braided hair, or to speak slightingly of it. A common punishment for small offenses in the courts against criminals is the tying of two offenders by their tails; and a punishment still more severe is the cutting off of the tail altogether. It is a mortifying humiliation.

When the Czar visited Warsaw the most remarkable precautions for his safety were taken. The police entered all houses on the route of the imperial procession, and searched the premises for concealed arms and assassins. The owners of the houses and the principal tenants were notified that they would be held responsible for any attack on the Czar.

The basis of genuine Castile soap is olive-oil. But the pure oil costs more than the soap itself will bring. So the manufacturer takes the *marc* from which all the oil has been pressed that profitably can be, and washes out the remainder with a solution of soda. American Castile soap is a palm-oil soap that resembles the real article in color only.

An experienced Vermont dairyman states that butter made in winter is greatly improved by heating, almost to the boiling-point, about a pint of each milking, and adding it to the remainder. The effect of this is to prevent the cream from turning bitter.

What are the changes going on in the heavenly bodies, or in our atmosphere, or in the illimitable space which lies between us and the stars, whereby a change in their color is observed? Sirius was described as a fiery-red star by the ancients; some years ago it was a pure white, while it is now becoming of a decided green color. Capella was also called a red star by the ancients; it was afterward described as a yellow star, and is now bluish. Many other instances of change of color, though less decided, have been detected.

It is said that a French chemist has invented a new way of preparing glass for mirrors. It is coated with an exceedingly thin layer of platinum, and becomes, mysteriously, not only a perfect mirror, but also remains so transparent that it may still be used for windows.

A little village in Connecticut, Thomaston by name, contains a manufactory which turns out about thirty clocks a day. The movements for these clocks are finely finished, with pinions of steel, and made upon the French plan. They are warranted good time-keepers, and are put up in elegant cases of most beautiful design.

The Springfield *Republican* is responsible for the statement that there is a married couple in that city who have not spoken to each other for years, and are not dumb either. They are trying to see which will hold out the longest—and at present make their little son a medium of communication.

FIG. 1.

Winter Bonnets.

Fig. 1.—Bonnet of light yellow crape, bouillonnée. Diadem composed of two black feathers with a yellow poppy with black centre. Large mantilla veil of black tulle, trimmed with black lace, fastened on the bonnet and falling back in the form of a fichu.

Fig. 2.—Bonnet of gray velvet, almost entirely covered with loops of pink ribbon. On the left side two roses are placed above the ear. Pink strings, edged with pink lace, and attached to a pleated piece of gray velvet, which extends downward and forms the beginning of the string.

Fig. 3.—Round hat of deep orange velvet, encircled with leaves of the same shade, a trailing spray of which falls over a little black lace veil. Aigrette at the side. The crown of the hat is ornamented with two bias folds of satin.

Fig. 4.—Black velvet bonnet, with diadem of the same velvet pleated. Cluster of pansies in front. Strings of black velvet, bordered with lace and fastened by three little papillon bows of black satin.

Fig. 5.—Shirred bonnet of garnet velvet, trimmed with an aigrette of black lace and pomegranate. Satin flowers with leaves of yellow satin. A cluster of these flowers is set on the top of the bonnet, and sprays fall behind in the fashion of a cache-peigne.

FIG. 3.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

House Dresses.

Fig. 1.—Dress with double skirt of light gray poplin, trimmed in the manner shown by the illustration with piping of dark gray satin, satin buttons, and gray silk fringe.

Fig. 2.—Dress of dark blue serge, caught up behind in a panier puff, with a black silk sash and bow, in the manner shown by the illustration.

Fig. 3.—Short dress of gray foulard. The under-skirt is trimmed round the bottom with a narrow flounce of the same material surmounted by a bias fold of satin; the upper skirt is formed into two puffs behind, and is trimmed with a flounce and bias satin folds. High corsage, closed with satin buttons.

Fig. 4.—Dress of black silk. Under-skirt, under-waist, and sleeves of striped satin. The trimming of the dress consists of black satin piping and silk fringe.

Fig. 5.—Dress of brown moire antique, with long peplum, trimmed with brown satin folds and buttons.

HOUSE DRESSES.

Dinner and Opera Dresses.

Fig. 1.—Dress of antique red gros grain shot with black, with plain corsage, and trimmed round the bottom with a pleated flounce *à la Russe*. Tunic of black gros grain, caught up at the sides, and trimmed with a similar flounce. The tunic has a Swiss corsage with black bretelles, confined on the shoulders by two large bows with ends. Coiffure, a shell comb confining a plain chignon, and forming a diadem above the forehead, with round bow of antique red silk or satin at the side.

Fig. 2.—Dress of pink taffeta, with crape puffs round the bottom. Sleeves of taffeta, puffed in the same manner. Tunic of white cashmere or silk gauze, bordered with a ruche formed of large pleats, banded in the middle. Loose sleeveless corsage russe, bordered with a ruche of the same kind. This tunic possesses the advantage of serving for several toilettes. Demi-Ninon coiffure, with short curls behind and loops in front, trimmed with a small wreath of grape leaves, with a few clusters of black grapes. Dauphine slippers of pink satin with mother-of-pearl buttons. White kid gloves. White fan, covered with lace.

Fig. 3.—Dress of plain green poplin. Opera baschlik without hood of white cashmere, caught up in the back with a large bow without ends, and trimmed with deep chenille fringe.

Fig. 4.—Dress of iris satin, trimmed round the bottom with a netted fringe, surmounted by two rows of satin piping of the same shade. Long tunic, square in front *en tablier*, trimmed with a satin flounce of the same color, surmounted by two rows of satin piping. Pouf or panier of iris satin, of considerable size, terminated behind by two flounces, and forming in front two elongated rounded tabs, or butterfly-wing basques, reaching to the knee and meeting near the waist. A narrow flounce encircles these basques and meets those of the pouf. Above this flounce is a broad band of velvet, which rounds with the basque, and is finished at the side with a large velvet bow, which masks the place where the basque ends and the pouf begins. Raphael corsage of iris satin, square in the front and back, with flat sleeves. The neck and sleeves are trimmed with velvet points. Belt of the same velvet, with bow behind. Cluster of chrysanthemums in the hair. Thin organdy chemisette, with large tucks and opening low. Violet velvet gaiters. Straw-colored kid gloves.

DINNER AND OPERA DRESSES.

Street Dresses.

Fig. 1.—Dress of violet silk trimmed round the bottom with a broad band of violet satin. Tunic of striped violet and lilac silk, looped up at the sides with bows of violet ribbon. Scarf-mantilla of violet velvet, trimmed with a bias fold of violet satin and violet silk fringe. Bonnet of violet silk reps trimmed with lilac flowers.

Fig. 2.—Dress with double skirt of bear's-ear poplin. The short over-skirt is looped up at the side with buttons and tassels. Paletot of the same material, trimmed with a darker shade of satin and silk fringe. Felt round hat and veil.

Fig. 3.—Watteau dress and paletot of light gray silk trimmed with dark gray satin folds. The paletot is trimmed also with silk fringe and passementerie of the same color. Bonnet of bear's-ear velvet trimmed with a spray of satin leaves of the same color.

Fig. 4.—Black silk dress and paletot. The dress is trimmed round the bottom with several rows of black satin piping; the paletot is trimmed with the same piping, together with silk puffing and fringe.

Fig. 5.—Long dress of light and dark brown striped satin. Over-skirt of light brown silk, caught up behind, and trimmed with

STREET DRESSES.

bias folds of a darker shade of satin. Mantilla of the same material as the over-skirt, trimmed with satin folds of a darker shade, and looped up behind with a bow and ends.

INTO ETERNITY.

WE were young and foolish, she and I,
As we roamed the summer woods,
Where the flowers grow and the breezes sigh,
And the pine-tree gravely nods;
And I told her of a promised home
Beyond a wide, troubled sea,
Where she and I together might roam
Into eternity.

And I held her hand in my burning hand,
As we stood 'neath the nodding pine,
While I spoke of that far-off golden land
Which flows with oil and wine;
And I saw her face, like an angel's face,
And her blue eyes turned on me—
"I would follow you, love, from place to place
Into eternity."

We were young and foolish, she and I,
As we roamed those summer woods;
And I think, with a weary, bitter sigh,
Of the place where the pine-tree nods;
For the distant home that I told her of,
Across a wide, troubled sea,
Is the land where angels dwell in love—
Into eternity.

In my dreams alone I am with her there,
And I hold her patient hand;
But I still keep looking for my share
Of that long-promised land—
Where once again, on her angel face,
That glad light I may see,
And by her side I shall take my place
Through all eternity.

THE LITTLE WOMAN IN THE RED CLOAK.

WHEN old Aunt Sally Stephens died, and it was found that she had left her nephew John the whole of her vast property, it must be confessed that his head was slightly turned by this unexpected good fortune. He, like every body else, had taken it for granted that pious Aunt Sally would bequeath the bulk of her property to the charitable institutions of which she had always been so generous a patron.

Mr. Stephens almost immediately resolved to abandon the dear old homestead, and build a splendid mansion to correspond with his new fortune.

Up to this time he had lived contentedly on the old homestead, in a commodious wooden dwelling built by his grandfather, and until the shower of Aunt Sally's gold fell around him had never dreamed that any place in the world could be half as pleasant as the dear old home, into which the sunshine fell so brightly in the summer, and which the great wood-fires lit up almost as brightly when winter winds howled and whistled and snow fell and drifted out of doors.

He was an intelligent and sensible man, but gold will blind the clearest eyes sometimes, before they get accustomed to its glitter. Mr. Stephens's eyes must have been dazzled in this way, or he would never have thought of removing his dear wife Bess and their sweet little children—Dick, Nell, Harry, Kitty, and "Baby"—from the dear house in which they had been so happy.

But of course his eyes *were* dazzled, and his head *was* turned, and so he engaged a fashionable architect to plan him a perfect palace of a house—a building which every body would be sure to call the handsomest mansion in the country, and an honor and ornament to the town in which it was built. Well pleased with his success in this preliminary step, he proceeded to select a site worthy of such an edifice, and to lay out grounds suitable for so splendid a residence. He purchased a large and lofty tract of land overlooking the river, the broad harbor, and the blue hills which encircled the bay.

The house was built of the handsomest and most expensive stone, and finished in the inside with the nicest of woods and the finest of marbles, while the surrounding grounds were laid out by a famous landscape gardener, who came from Europe for the express purpose of superintending this portion of the work.

At length the building was completed, and a very grand and imposing edifice it was, as unlike the dear old house as can well be imagined. And oh, how splendidly it was fitted up! All the furniture had been imported from the best manufacturers in France and England, and was of the most expensive description.

As you wandered through the gorgeous rooms you could almost fancy yourself in the abode of princes—so rich, beautiful, and luxurious was every thing around you.

Every one said that it was a perfect palace of a house, and of course every body envied the fortunate possessor of such a magnificent establishment. The grounds about the new house were worthy of the building which they inclosed. Lawns and groves, gardens and hot-houses, trees and shrubs, and flowers of every description delighted the senses and caused the visitor to exclaim: "Oh, what a Paradise it is!"

And yet when at last the day of removal came, Mr. Stephens and his sweet-faced wife and their little ones all hated to say good-by to the dear home, and shed many tears at leaving that silent witness of all their old joys and griefs; the dear old house which had for so many years folded them safely and warmly in its faithful embrace. There was the kitchen with its broad, hospitable fire-place, around whose hearth the children had cracked their nuts, and eaten their apples, and drank their cider, every winter since they could remember; the "sitting-room" where they had sewed, studied, and read those fairy-tales which, somehow or other, used to seem much nicer to mother and children than they did now that they had really come true. As for the parlor, it had been a parlor only in name in their day, for, as it opened into the sitting-room, it was considered and used as part of that room until it had completely lost its own identity.

Then the library and its sunny south windows hardly looked like the same place now, with its dismantled shelves; for even gold had not blinded the good man's eyes to the value of the well-worn and well-marked books; so that the faithful old friends took their place by the side of their gilded fellows in the new house with a look of bashful humility, as much as to say: "We beg your pardon, but we will try to take up as little room and be as unobtrusive as possible."

In like manner the two old chairs from the kitchen—one covered with leather, in which Mr. S. was wont to sit so comfortably, and the other a dear little calico-covered rocking-chair, which had been Mrs. S.'s pet seat in the long, cozy winter evenings when she mended the family stockings—were too precious to be left behind, and so, though looking out of place and almost scared to death, were carried over to the new house and deposited in its splendid kitchen.

At length the family were fairly installed in their new house, and the old one was rented, furniture and all, to a portly grocer with his noisy family of eight rude and turbulent boys, and very soon looked so little like its former self that Mrs. S. and the children hated to drive by it, and avoided it when they went out to ride; for it grieved them sadly to see the dear old place looking so unkept and strange.

Now of course you will suppose that Mr. S. and his wife and family were very happy when they were settled in the midst of such luxury, and courted and flattered by the wealthiest and most fashionable people, and that they grew more and more thankful for this unexpected gift of riches, which had come to them as if by a fairy's wand. I, too, might suppose so if I did not know the contrary; but I know that Mr. S. grew ungrateful, and more and more ungrateful and dissatisfied every day, until sometimes he gave his fortune such very hard names that, if it had had any spirit or power of indignation, it would have "taken to itself wings and flown away," as wealth has sometimes been known to do.

To tell the truth, after Mr. S. had resided in the new house a year he reluctantly confessed to himself that he was not half as happy as he used to be at the old homestead, and that he began to feel as though he should never be really happy again.

Let him open the windows of the great tall rooms as he would in summer, or heap up the coal in the furnaces as he would in winter, there was no longer that genial sunshine, that hearty warmth, which used to radiate through the dear old rooms, warming and gladdening their very hearts. There were no more family gatherings in the summer arbor, or by the winter hearth; for either the house was full of visitors, or part of the family were absent on visits or excursions, or, when they were at home, that home was crowded by nurse, governess, tutor, seamstress, and servants scattered about every where—"up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber." He had few of his old pleasures and occupations. The education of his children was given into the hands of others; and his wife, even, no longer had time to spend with him, entering into all his plans, assisting him in his perplexities, reading with him in the library, or administering to his wants with her own hands as in the old days.

Besides these things, the care of his great mansion and grounds, and the oversight of the large number of people whom he was obliged to employ, rendered it almost impossible for him to call any hour really his own, or to indulge in the quiet enjoyment of those literary tastes and habits which had heretofore been his chief enjoyment. His life seemed all at once aimless and useless. Even that he was no longer obliged to labor for the support of himself and family seemed to him at length a misfortune and grievance.

As for Mrs. Stephens, although she forbore to tell her husband that she was less happy than of old, she was, in reality, far more miserable than he. Domestic in her tastes and habits, the change had been a terrible one for her. Her first and greatest trial had been the necessity of giving up the care of her children, in order that she might perform the part which devolved upon her in her new station, and conform to the customs of the society in which she moved. Even her dear little baby, which she had been accustomed to keep almost wholly in her own charge, had been given up to a nurse, and was sometimes out of her sight for a whole day at a time, while she made calls, entertained visitors, or superintended the affairs of her large household. As regarded the older children, she was no longer their ever-present mentor and friend; and they, being thus deprived of her wise and loving counsels and control, became, of course, much less orderly, quiet, and pleasing in their manners, and their very dispositions and characters seemed to have undergone an unfortunate change. They were, however, the least conscious sufferers from their altered circumstances. If they were less happy than of old, as they undoubtedly were, the novelty and variety of their new life, the beauty of their clothes, and the splendor of their home, kept them constantly excited, and the thoughtlessness common to their years prevented their realizing the full extent of the losses which had attended their worldly gain.

Matters continued in this way for several years, with no changes except for the worse. Mr. S.'s face wore gradually less and less of its old kindly, composed expression, and his wife's grew more and more thin and pensive, while the children were so altered that one could scarcely have recognized in the pert, willful, conceited little boys and misses the modest, courteous, well-behaved children of a few years ago.

One cold winter's evening Mr. S. returned home from a long ride with hands and feet almost stiffened with cold. To his vexation he found that his family and the fires had all gone out. Not a soul greeted him as he came in. Even the servants seemed to have disappeared, and in vain did the poor man try every register in every room—all were cold, or nearly so.

"I must go and see to the furnaces myself," said he, rubbing his hands and making his way down stairs as fast as his benumbed feet would permit.

On his way to this underground region of furnaces he passed the open kitchen door, and oh! how his heart leaped! It was something like the old kitchen at home. The great range glowed red with heat, and through its bars the coals shone dazzlingly bright, the tea-kettle sang softly to itself, and the boiler bubbled and bubbled as if full of glee.

Glancing in, he found the kitchen empty; the cook, too, had evidently gone out.

He stole in as if he were an intruder, and softly seated himself in the great leather arm-chair—his own old familiar Sleepy Hollow—placed his benumbed feet on the hob, and looked around him.

The oaken floor was neat and bright, his wife's comfortable old rocking-chair, with its familiar calico cushion, stood on the opposite side of the range, and the large kitchen table bore bravely up under a huge array of breakfast preparations.

"This is the pleasantest part of the house that I have seen yet," he said to himself, musingly; and while he mused with bended head the whole scene seemed to fade softly away, and after a time, during which he seemed to have lost all consciousness, to reappear again, but with certain fantastic additions.

The kettle no longer sung and the boiler no longer bubbled like unconscious, inanimate things, but as though they were alive, and very bustling and talkative, and over the whole scene there seemed to rest a thin blue mist, which gave it all an appearance of vagueness and unreality. Soon, however, and most wonderful of all, the steam of the kettle began to mingle and take form and color—a color so bright that at first Mr. S. could not see what the form resembled. The apparition descended airily from its first position under the ceiling, and seated itself in the wooden rocking-chair opposite.

It was a little fat woman, in a bright flame-colored cloak and hood, with a happy, good-natured face, and a smile so bright that the blue mist turned to a kind of golden halo round about as soon as she began to part her rosy lips and show her pretty teeth, as she did as soon as she had fairly finished seating herself in her bustling little way, and had leaned back and folded her dimpled hands, as if she were fully contented with every thing in the world.

At first Mr. S. felt a little alarmed, but seeing that his companion had such a pleasant countenance, he soon became as much at ease as ever, and was inclined to feel very well disposed toward the merry, nice-looking woman.

"You are not the cook, I suppose?" said he, thinking that perhaps there was a new woman in Nancy's place.

"Oh no! I am Comfort!" and here the little woman smiled again, at which the room glowed more brightly than before.

"Comfort?" said Mr. S., interrogatively. "Did you come to see Nancy?"

"Nancy? No indeed! I see Nancy every day. I live here in the kitchen."

"Ah!" said her companion, not thinking at the time but what it was the most natural thing in the world that she should live there, "I didn't know that before."

"No; you haven't known much about me lately, I should think."

"You don't mean that I have ever been acquainted with you?" said the puzzled gentleman, scrutinizing her features in the endeavor to awaken some recollection of having seen them before.

"Oh, yes indeed!" and here the little woman fairly laughed—a silvery and very sweet laugh. "I used to be at your old house all the time, and I tried to follow you here, but I couldn't get any further than the kitchen. Your old home was a dear, familiar place to me. I had lived there ever since your grandfather's day. Ah! he was a nice man; but it was just as pleasant in your day, Sir—just as pleasant;" and the little woman shook her head, and for a moment you might have thought she was going to look grave; but, as though that were impossible for a person of her happy disposition, in the next moment you began to think you had made a mistake, and that her face had only been growing brighter.

It made Mr. S.'s heart warm toward her to know that she had lived with him in the old house, and with his father and grandfather before him; and he thought she was a cheery little body to be in any one's house, lighting it up so marvelously; and it occurred to him that even his new house would be a very different place if she would consent to go farther than the kitchen. He thought that even the two great parlors, which he always carefully avoided, might look homelike if she would only enter them. He began to believe that she was some good fairy, as indeed she was, and is.

"Why can't you go farther than the kitchen? I should like ery much to have you occupy the whole house."

"Oh no!" said the little red woman, putting up her hands in horror at the idea. "I couldn't breathe in any room but this! I should die instantly! Don't speak of it!"

Ashamed at having asked any thing apparently so preposterous, Mr. S. proceeded more cautiously.

"Ah, Comfort," said he, "I wish we were back in the old house, you and all of us; but it's hardly fit to live in now. I am afraid that if we were to go there it would never seem like the old house again. But do you never live any where but in old brown houses and kitchens? for if you don't I think we had better go back and make the best of the changes."

"Oh yes! I live in a great many very handsome houses," replied Mrs. Red Cloak; "and I rather prefer them, all other things being equal; but they are seldom as large as this; yet I *have* lived in houses as large"—and here she leaned forward and spoke in a low, confidential tone—"yes, a few times, even, I have lived in kings' palaces; but seldom, very seldom. Kings usually sleep on thorny pillows, you know, and I never stay in houses where pillows are made of thorns—they may look ever so downy, but I am never deceived by appearances;" and she shook her head and leaned back in her chair again, and for a moment the golden haze changed back to the blue mist.

"Do you think this house could be rendered habitable for you?" said Mr. S., meekly.

"One—two," said she, counting that small number with her thumb laid on the little finger and its neighbor as if she were no great expert in figures, while her face took on a thoughtful air. "One—two; and none of the children will be grown up these seven years. Doubtful—doubtful! Two are not enough to work such complicated machinery noiselessly, and I can not endure noise and disorder any more than I can primness and silence. There are not enough of you, and there are none whom you love and trust who can assist you. No, it can not be done. You must concentrate—you must concentrate; that is the secret. And of *all* things," said Mrs. Red Cloak, lifting her hands impressively, "beware of vanity and fashion, for I never live in the same house with them long. Whatever you do, do it for convenience sake, or some sensible reason, and not merely because others do it. If you follow the customs of others without being assured of their excellence, some day you will find me missing. I shall be gone in a flash. I like sensible people who have minds of their own. You used to be twice as sensible as you are now, Mr. S. Who would have thought you could have been so misled by good, plain Aunt Sally's money? Why, don't you remember that, rich as she was, she always staid in that old square brick house of her father's, where she was born, and every one used to say that a turtle would as soon think of leaving its shell as she of deserting the old brick house? A happy old lady she was, too—always so cheerful and smiling. When she made her will I know how she said to herself: 'Now there's John—such a fine, sensible fellow!—yes, he takes after the Stephenses; and there was never one of the good old stock who was selfish or worldly or aped gentility—pah!—although they were all so thrifty that the poorest of them was well-to-do in the world. I'd trust John with any thing, even with a fortune, although that is about the hardest test to which you can put a man's good sense. Yes, and he shall have the management of this troublesome fortune of mine. It is a heavy load of care to put upon any one's shoulders; but if his poor, weak, old Aunt Sally has borne it so long, such a sturdy young fellow ought to carry it bravely. I believe he would do more good with it than all the good institutions. He is a noble man, a wise and good man.' You see I knew Aunt Sally well."

Mr. S.'s eyes had filled with tears during this discourse, and he visibly trembled with emotion.

"I am very fortunate in having caught a glimpse of you to-night, Comfort," said he, meekly. "I thought a little while ago that I should never be like my old self again, but now that I find what it is I have been missing I can try to regain it. Yes, Comfort, if I can make you live with us again it will be all right. I shall know when you come by every thing being so bright and cheerful once more. But shall I ever see you again as you are now?"

"No," said Comfort; "not unless something remarkable happens; but, as you say, you will always know when I am about. There is no place where I am so often found as by a warm blazing fire on a cold winter's night, when the grate is red and the biting wind whistles angrily around the house and down the chimney, vexed at being kept out so securely. Then, if you hear the fire snap and crackle, or the kettle sing, you may know that it is I humming and talking; and if you listen perhaps you may hear something that I say; and when the flames leap up, glowing and waving, it is I laughing to hear the wind rave and roar because I won't let him in."

Just then there came a gust of wind which blew Comfort out of her chair, and in a twinkling she rose and vanished in the warm steam from which she had at first emerged.

Mr. S. started too, and saw the door wide open, and Nancy standing in it wonder-struck, staring at him with expanded eyes.

"Don't be alarmed, Nancy," said he, rising; "it was rather cool up stairs, and I stepped in to warm my feet." With this explanation he retreated.

You may be sure that the very first thing Mr. S. did was to tell his wife all about Comfort; and you can imagine how delighted she was to think they were to try and have her back again, fully agreeing with her husband that it would be far better to give the new house up as a failure than attempt to change it, with the danger of failing in the end to make it pleasing to Comfort.

At first they imagined that the old house could not be repaired to advantage; but after they had dismissed the grocer, and the place was restored, indoors and out, to something of its former tidiness, it looked so sunny and cozy and inviting that even the children fell in love with it again, and thought, in spite of their first reluctance to

give up their fairy palace, that this was the nicest, dearest home in the world after all.

They made quite a number of improvements about the dear old house, and at every alteration Mr. and Mrs. S. would say to each other: "I think Comfort will like that." "That will suit Comfort better."

But they did not remove the old-fashioned chimney in the kitchen, and they had open stoves and grates in the other rooms, so that the fire could be every where visible, and they could see Comfort laugh and hear her sing.

And this ancient dwelling, thus rejuvenated, is the pleasantest house in the world, summer or winter, fall or spring, and the grounds the loveliest that ever were seen; with the smooth lawns, the neatly cut, white-graveled walks, and the fine old rows of trees planted by Mr. S.'s grandfather.

The house does not look or seem like a palace, but it looks and seems like the residence of the very Genius of Home, and Comfort delights to dwell in it continually.

Once more under the entire control and instruction of their sensible and intelligent parents, the children became the most cultivated and engaging of young people, and were respected, admired, and beloved by all who knew them.

As for the great house, no private purchaser was found sufficiently wealthy, and correspondingly foolish, to buy it; and it was finally sold to the State, and fitted up for an insane asylum.

The neighbors, who naturally supposed that Mr. S. had left his house because he was unable to support so large an establishment, condoled with him, saying that he must have greatly lamented the necessity of leaving his beautiful mansion, and were invariably surprised at his apparently very cheerful resignation.

"And it must have been a still greater trial to see it used for such a melancholy purpose," said one sympathizing old lady.

"The most appropriate use to which it could have been put, ma'am," said Mr. S., emphatically. "I am very grateful at not having been confined there, as one of the first of its lunatic inmates, for having built it."

At which the old lady bade him a hasty good-morning, and inquired of the next acquaintance she met if he had ever heard it hinted that Mr. Stephens's recent losses had unsettled his mind.

But there were other changes than these. It was not long before the shade of Aunt Sally must have looked down upon her nephew with gratified approval.

When Mr. S. came to his senses he came to them at once and for good, and from that time there was no one who would not have indorsed Aunt Sally's confidence in him as described by Comfort. His wise and energetic stewardship of Aunt Sally's gold was something wonderful. If it dazzled his eyes no longer, its glitter gladdened the eyes of the poor for miles around.

The sudden and wonderful prosperity of the town of V—— (in which the asylum was situated) soon attracted universal attention; manufacture, commerce, agriculture seemed all at once to have sprung into the greatest activity.

"What has given rise to these improvements?" said a stranger to one of the citizens. At which the latter pointed out to him a fine-looking man with a remarkably calm and pleasant expression of countenance.

"There, Sir, is the benefactor of V——, a gentleman of great intelligence and culture, who a number of years since inherited from his aunt an immense property, which he has not, apparently, touched on his own account, but has judiciously invested in means of public benefit and advancement. The rich, who are envious of his popularity, say that he is ambitious, but it is the general opinion that he disdains mere worldly applause as much as he disdains mere riches."

To which the other replied:

"It is not usually supposed that ambition conduces to happiness and contentment, from which I should judge that the gentleman is *not* ambitious, for I never saw a countenance before so indicative of perfect repose and cheerfulness."

MODERN AMERICAN WOMEN.

THE *Nation*, in an able criticism of the recent *Saturday Review* articles on women, makes the following sensible remarks on the adaptability of such strictures to American girls: "What do you see when, on a clear autumn day, you measure the length of the Fifth Avenue, or ascend the sunny slope of Beacon Street? Do you encounter a train of youthful Jezebels with plastered faces and lascivious eyes and a general *dévergondage* of mien? You meet a large number of very pretty and, on the whole, very fresh-looking girls, dressed in various degrees of the prevailing fashion. It is obvious that their persons betray a very lively desire to be well dressed, and that the idea 'well dressed' has, to their minds, a peculiar significance. It has a sacred and absolute meaning. Their bonnets must be very small, their paniers very large, their heels very high, and all their appointments as elegant as possible. A young girl of fashion, dressed to suit her own taste, is undeniably a very artificial and composite creature, and doubtless not an especially edifying spectacle. She has largely compromised her natural freedom of movement. The most that you can say of her is that she is charming, with a *quasi*-corrupt arbitrary charm. She has, moreover, great composure and impenetrability of aspect. She practices a sort of half-cynical indifference to the beholder (we speak of the extreme cases). Accustomed to walk alone in the streets of a great city, and to be looked at by all sorts of people, she has acquired an unshrinking directness of gaze. She is the least bit *hard*. If she is more than this—if she is painted and touzled and wantonly *chiffonnée*—she is simply an exception, and the sisterhood of 'modern women' are in no way responsible for her. She would have been the same in the good old times of our great-grandmothers. The faults and follies that can be really fastened upon the younger women of the present day are, in our opinion, all caused and explained by the growing love of luxury and elegance. The standard in these matters is so much higher than it was thirty and forty years ago that a young girl—even when she has money—needs a great deal more time to maintain herself at the proper level. She has frequently no time left for any thing else—for study, for reflection, or sentiment. She is absorbed in the care of her person. A young girl given up to dress is certainly a very flimsy and empty creature, and there is something truly ignoble in the incessant effort to gratify and stimulate the idle taste of a host of possible 'admirers.' But between this sort of thing and the sort of thing described by the *Saturday Reviewers* there is a very wide gulf—a gulf made by that strong conservative element in the feminine nature of which the writer in question seems to have so little notion. Women turn themselves into painted courtesans for two reasons—as a means of gaining a subsistence which is impracticable in any other way, or because they have a natural taste for the business. The first motive is common, and the second is rare; so rare that where the first does not exist, the *rapprochement* of the *Saturday Reviewer* is a wanton exaggeration in the interest of sensationalism. The whole indictment represented by this volume seems to us perfectly irrational. It is impossible to discuss and condemn the follies of 'modern women' apart from those of modern men. They are all part and parcel of the follies of modern civilization, which is working itself out through innumerable blunders. It seems to us supremely absurd to stand up in the high places and endeavor, with a long lash and a good deal of bad language, to drive women back into the ancient fold. Their extravagance is a part of their increased freedom, and their increased freedom a part of the growth of society. The lamentable results—the extremely uncomfortable 'wreck' society would be sure to incur from an attempt to fasten again upon womankind the tether which was sufficient unto the aspirations of Miss Hannah More and Miss Edgeworth, the authors of these papers would be the first to denounce. We are all of us extravagant, superficial, and luxurious together. It is a 'sign of the times.' Women share in the fault not as women, but as simple human beings. As women, they strike us as still remarkably patient, submissive, sympathetic—remarkably well-disposed to model themselves on the judgment and wishes of men. They reflect with great clearness the state of the heart and imagination of men. When they present an ugly picture, therefore, we think it the part of wisdom for men to cast a glance at their own internal economy. If there is any truth in the volume before us, they have a vast deal to answer for. They give the *ton*—they pitch the key."

THE DAY THAT HANNAH LONGED FOR.

LITTLE HANNAH sits on the door-step, and the scarlet-runners make a canopy over her head. She is sunning herself in the doorway on this July afternoon, and her head is as full of happy thoughts as the day is of brightness.

Would you think she hadn't much to make her happy? That little brown house, with its tangled bit of garden and its broken fence; a patched calico gown, a plain, sun-burnt face, and hard brown hands, with overgrown joints, that had too early become acquainted with the wash-tub and the broom. And then it seems so lonely there! So it is sometimes, but to-day Hannah's thoughts are company enough, and she smiles and looks over her shoulder through the low window toward the kitchen cupboard, wherein lie hidden two little wooden wagons with wheels that will turn, and brightly painted sides. You see to-morrow will be the twins' birthday; Tom and Aggie will be three years old, and these wagons are their beautiful birthday presents from Hannah. Dan made them, Hannah's brother Dan, a man grown, although she is but a child of ten years. And Dan has staid away from the tavern and his gay companions, and worked on these toys to give his little sister pleasure; for he has a kind heart when he can keep away from drink.

And the twins. Are they her little brother and sister? Oh no; they are Agnes Wilson's babies; Agnes who lives next door, and has been such a help and comfort to Hannah ever since she was left to be housekeeper all alone for her father and Dan.

It was no harder, perhaps, than before; for her mother's drunken fits came oftener and oftener at the last, and the poor little daughter lived in constant fear until her father came home at night from his work in the coal-mine, and protected his trembling child from the blows that were aimed at her. And so when, one night, her mother was found dead in the road, Hannah scarcely found life harder than before, although for a child of seven it was no light matter to take the burden of even their little housekeeping; and sometimes, in the midst of her work, she would hide her face and sob, and wish she could even hear her mother scold again. Then Agnes would come in and lighten all her cares with a helping hand and a word of advice. How many times Hannah had to run and ask Agnes if the bread was risen enough to bake, or how she must make the stew for her father's supper. She has learned it all now, and is a wise little housekeeper for one of her years.

And now about the twins. Hannah is thinking of the time when they were born. It was just such a July day as this; not too hot, but very bright and beautiful. It was only a few weeks after her mother died, and she was so lonely that she had wandered down the road to the great white house where Mrs. Leighton lived; for she wanted to look into the parlor window and see the picture of the angels that hangs over the fire-place; five little angels floating among the clouds; five sweet young faces, with shining hair and radiant eyes; a shadowy semblance of cherubic wings; and then the soft rolling clouds. Hannah knows that angels have no bodies, but she is sure they have faces and wings. She is satisfied with this picture, more than satisfied, for these angels are her ideal companions, and she loves them.

Well, she took a long, loving look at her angels, and then ran home to set out her father's supper, for she heard the foundry whistle, and knew that the mine hands would take it as a signal for coming up. How glad she was of the long daylight, for in winter time she never saw her father's face, excepting by candle-light; he was down so early, and up so late.

On this particular night Hannah went to bed thinking of her picture, and she dreamed a dream—a wonderful dream; the more so because it came true, as you will see. She dreamed that she went up into heaven, softly floating all the way on a great white cloud, and there she saw her dear angels, and many more like them—little heads and wings, smiling, fair faces that looked kindly at her, the little, dark stranger who had strayed up from earth, and had the burden of a body to carry about; and that while she looked at them with longing love, a voice of infinite tenderness said, "Hannah shall not be lonely any more." At that forth from the shining ranks came two bright, baby faces, and their wings faded away, and little bodies grew out instead, and their added weight drew the babies gently earthward; but as she held out her arms in an ecstasy to clasp them she woke, and the red light of sunrise was shining in her face. She gave a little sigh, half pleasure, half pain—joy for the loveliness of her dream, sorrow that it was only a dream, and then she went cheerfully to work to make the fire, and have her father's coffee ready by the time he should wake.

She had filled his dinner-can, and seen him start for his work; had watched Dan loiter down the road to his engine, which stood waiting in the engine-house, and then she went out to the well for some water, when, looking across to Agnes Wilson's window, she saw old Aunt Debby leaning from it, and beckoning to her.

How did Aunt Debby come there? She wasn't there last night. However, Hannah was willing enough to obey the summons, and as soon as she was within hearing Aunt Debby called out, "Hanny, come in a minute. Agnes has got something to show you here." In an instant Hannah was in the room, and there lay Agnes, smiling quietly, and beside her two tiny babies. Hannah couldn't speak. They had really come, then; come for her, as the voice said, only Agnes was to take care of them, because she would know how so much better.

Hannah bent down and laid her cheek against their little faces; she didn't dare to kiss them, so holy—she knew, you see, where they had come from. A choking feeling came in her throat; she turned and went out that she might breathe. I think she wanted to find a large enough place to be thankful in.

From that day Hannah's life brightened. No more devoted little nurse walked the earth than she; patient, tender, loving, she watched the babies—little Tom and Aggie.

And now three years of their little lives had passed; they had learned to walk, to talk, to play so prettily together, to pluck flowers in the meadow, to call the chickens and feed them, and to run and meet their father when he came from his work. And every new accomplishment made Hannah so happy. To-morrow would be their birthday; no wonder Hannah had pleasant thoughts. She fancied them in the new calico frocks their mother was even then finishing, pulling the little wagons up and down the lane, loading them with sand and stones, and laughing to see them tip over.

As she sat smiling at her own fancies a long, shrill whistle sounded from behind the hill. That is Dan coming round the curve. Hannah springs to her feet, puts her driest chips under the tea-kettle, and takes out the loaf of brown bread from the cupboard, stopping for one glance at the beautiful wagons. Then she sets out a basin of cool, fresh water, knowing that Dan will come smoky and hot from his engine; and in another minute his "Well, Sis!" greets her ear. It means as much to her as many tender words to some petted child, and it at least always assures her of one thing, that he has not been drinking.

Dan is tired and hungry. He eats huge slices of bread, and she fills his cup, keeping the tea-pot on the stove that it may be hot for her father.

The hours go slowly to-night. She is longing for to-morrow that she may see the delight of Tom and Aggie over their presents.

Her father comes, praises her hot tea, watches her quick, handy ways as she clears away the dishes; and although he does not say it, he thinks to himself, "Nobody has a better little girl than I have."

Then she goes in to help Agnes put the babies to bed; her nightly benediction as a blessing given returns upon the giver.

At last home and to bed, and night is only a happy instant that brings morning. Now all her pleasant fancies begin to be realized; the twins come trotting across the yard, hand in hand, to show Hannah the new pink frocks, and with an air of deepest mystery she says, "Now we will see if there is any thing in this cupboard!" and the wagon wheels rattle on the floor, while the children scream with delight.

Twenty times in the course of that morning Hannah ran to the door to enjoy the sight of her pets with their new playthings. But at noon their mother called them in out of the heat, and it was not until the middle of the sultry afternoon that Hannah, thinking the children were taking an unusually long nap, ran over to ask Agnes what had become of them. "Become of them!" cried their mother, "why they went over to your house with their little wagons an hour ago."

In an instant the child has caught up her sunbonnet and exclaiming, "They are lost!" has started down the road, calling right and left, looking over fences and stopping at houses to inquire, while Agnes hurries off in the opposite direction.

"I do believe that Hanny would give her life for them children," said old Aunt Debby, as, two hours later, she watched the child, heated, dusty and weary, still eager in her search. Suddenly she begins to run—the railroad track—why hadn't she thought of that before! It is most time too for Dan's train, but she will be sure to hear his whistle before he reaches the curve. He never failed but once, and then he had been drinking. It nearly cost him his place, and it was such a lesson that he couldn't forget it; although he did say that it was no use making such a fuss, for no harm came of it.

She runs till she is breathless; the houses are in the way and hide the track; she stumbles on through the dust, and there, in the very narrowest path of the new cut, right in the middle of the track, sit the pretty babies loading their little wagons with stones.

Hannah sinks down beside them too tired to move. Before she has time to recover her breath the rush and tumble of the train startle her. Can it be? and yet she has heard no whistle.

An empty gravel-car tilts against the bank beside the track; she springs into it. The engine appears round the curve. Tom and Aggie can't climb. She hadn't thought of that, poor child! She is down again in an instant, catching them up, first Aggie, then Tom, thrusting them into the slanting car. Aggie is safe; her arms tremble as she lifts the heavy little boy, and pushes him over the edge of the car; then the hot blast from the engine scorches her cheek. His little frock hangs outside; it may get caught in the wheels; she reaches to tuck it in, and that is the last she can do.

A strange jar goes through the train. The screams of two little children in a gravel-car make the blear-eyed engineer start and look out. He has forgotten to sound the whistle.

When Hannah's father came up from the mine that night the men he met turned away their faces, and went by without speaking. How could they tell him?

It was Agnes, Agnes with her own children safe in her arms, who told the father that his little Hannah had given her life for theirs.

Was this the birthday she had longed for? A birthday for the twins upon earth—one for herself in heaven.

Do you think it terribly sad that she should have so short a life here? Who, in many years, has lived so well as she in that single day Two little lives saved; and Dan saved from a far worse death; for how could he ever drink again? His little sister's face came between him and temptation.

GENTLEMEN'S PARIS WINTER FASHIONS.

See Illustration on page 892.

Fig. 1.—We commit the anomaly of introducing this figure into a plate of gentlemen's fashions on account of the cloak, which is made of mixed cloth, and which needs the strength of the tailor rather than the taste of the dress-maker for its manufacture. Such, at least, is the opinion of the Parisian journal which furnishes us the present fashion plate. This cloak is warm and comfortable, and is an excellent substitute for the common water-proof cloak. It is cut in the sack shape, with large sleeves, and closed with four buttons in front.

Fig. 2.—Breton dress for boy from six to seven years old. This suit is of black velvet, and is extremely stylish and pretty. It is composed, first, of a little jacket trimmed with a row of brandenburgs on each side of the breast. A broad silk galloon is laid on flat around the edge of the jacket, pocket lapels, cuffs, and top of the sleeves. There is no collar. Simulated double-breasted vest front. Short, full trowsers, trimmed down the sides and round the bottom with galloon like the jacket. Gaiters with leggings. Small black round hat, with feather.

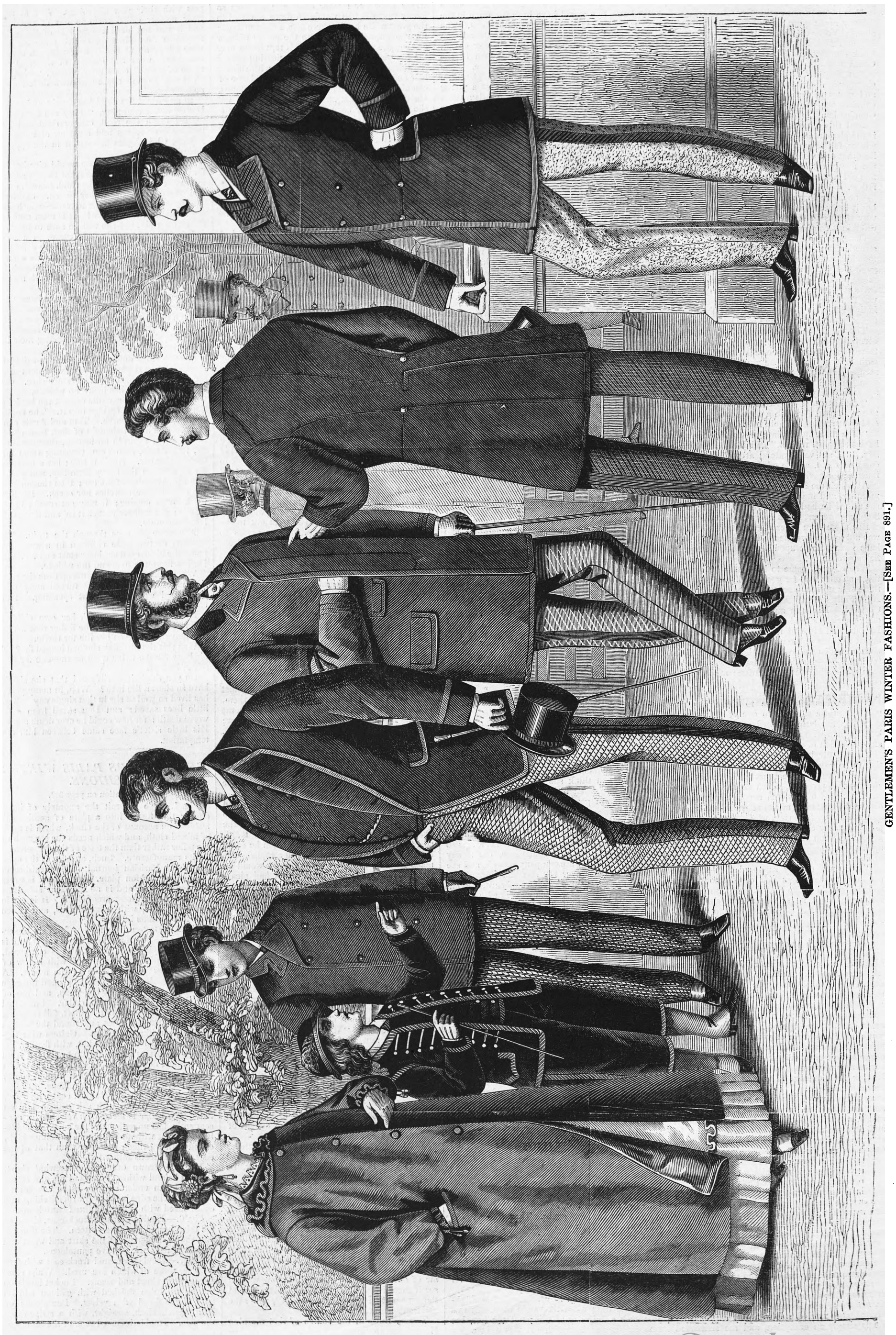
Fig. 3.—Dress for lad fifteen or sixteen years old. Short double-breasted sack of light brown cloth, vest of the same material without collar, and rather full dark brown pantaloons.

Fig. 4.—Close-fitting English coat with short, scant skirt, bordered with silk galloon laid on flat. The collar is faced with velvet, and, consequently, has no galloon on the edge. Double-breasted vest without collar and buttoning high, edged with a galloon narrower than that of the coat. Pantaloons rather full.

Fig. 5.—Brown over-coat, somewhat short, straight behind without being cut up, and closed in front by an under strip so as to conceal the buttons. The edge is finished with stitching, and collar faced with velvet. Mixed pantaloons.

Fig. 6.—Double-breasted frock-coat, closed at the third button from the bottom. The illustration shows the length of the skirt and waist and the cut of the back. Olive pantaloons.

Fig. 7.—Double-breasted frock-coat with four buttons, three of which are used. Waist close fitting, skirt short and scant. Pocket lapels on the hips. Edge finished with galloon laid on flat; collar faced with velvet. Pantaloons of light figured cloth, straight, with a stripe down the side. Double-breasted vest, of the same material as the pantaloons.



GENTLEMEN'S PARIS WINTER FASHIONS.—[SEE PAGE 891.]

"PLEASE, DRESS ME."

THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

A Story.

By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," etc.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DESERTED HUNTING-LODGE.

THE winter passed away, and the spring commenced without any very stirring event which affected our dramatis personæ. But during the whole of the winter several changes had been gradually taking place. These may be briefly summed up, and put into tangible shape, although in operation they were as imperceptible as the growth of a blade of grass.

Otto paid his visit to his uncle at Horn, and found the old sacristan sourer and more despotic than ever. As the substance of power over his nephew appeared likely to slip through his fingers, he grasped the more eagerly after its shadow. During the week that Otto remained at Horn his head was running a good deal upon his recent encounter with the charcoal-burner in the forest, but he did not mention it to his uncle. Simon Schnarcher's mood did not invite such a confidence. Indeed, at all times, the mention of Otto's mother, or of her family, was sufficient to irritate him, and Otto desired to avoid the risk of calling forth any bitter or contemptuous words, such as had once been spoken about his parents' marriage. Thus he returned to Detmold without having said any thing to his uncle about Joachim Müller, and resumed his duties in Herr Schmitt's shop.

Owing to his employer's feeble health, Otto was kept pretty closely employed during the remainder of the winter. He was unable to prosecute any inquiries about his newly-found cousin. The one or two jägers whom he saw occasionally in the town professed complete ignorance of his name. A charcoal-burner! Well, how could they tell? There were dozens of charcoal-burners.

Neither did Otto see Liese very frequently. Indeed, it seemed strange that in so small a place as the capital of Lippe-Detmold it should be possible for two persons, desirous of meeting, to see each other so seldom. But so it was.

Liese, on her part, continued to satisfy even that exigeant lady, Frau Mathilde von Schleppers, in the performance of her household duties. The girl's cheerful, modest sweetness of nature caused her mistress to conceive a real regard for her. Mathilde was not without native kindliness of feeling, and the atmosphere of her kitchen was, of all others into which she ever came, the most favorable for the development of the best side of her character. The reason of this was simple. Almost every where else she was pretentious, overbearing, militant. In her kitchen alone she could afford to be thoroughly natural, for there she was mistress of the situation. Whether the Justizrath's wife was really well-born, well-bred, or in any way fitted to fill the place in society which she had assumed by sheer force of will, was—as none knew better than herself—open to question. But there was no judge of such matters in the Principality who would have disputed the excellence of her apple-compôte, bratwürste, or pastry. And as it is natural to like those who habitually see us under favorable circumstances, so it came to pass that the relations between the mistress and the maid grew to be pleasanter than Liese had at first hoped could ever be possible; and Frau von Schleppers proved to be really kind, albeit in the imperious despotic way that belonged to her.

Meanwhile the influence of the Justizrath over his chief, Von Groll, increased steadily. The latter acquired the habit of appealing to Von Schleppers for advice and guidance upon many points totally unconnected with the business of the land-stewardship. I have said that Major von Groll was an indolent-minded man; and it is, therefore, intelligible enough that he should have found it extremely agreeable to be saved, as far as possible, the trouble of thinking. But Major von Groll, although indolent-minded, had a conscience. And it was chiefly because his conscience was satisfied that the business of his office could best be performed under Von Schleppers's guidance that the Major allowed himself to indulge his natural indolence in the matter. And, moreover, it must not be supposed that he was at all aware how absolute was the power he thus gave into the hands of his subordinate. The Justizrath always deferred to him, and often referred to him, assuring him constantly that his —the ex-cavalry officer's—opinion on abstruse, technical points of law, or agriculture, or the tenure of houses and land, was invaluable; and, in fact, necessary for the due performance of the land-steward's duties.

To Ferdinand von Groll this appeared to be quite natural and probable, and, the opinions being put into his mouth, he uttered them with undoubting gravity and good faith. And so, as I have said, his conscience was satisfied.

Had the Justizrath's task been to endeavor to show the Major that the latter was profoundly ignorant of all that it most behooved a land-steward to know, and that since he was incapable of duly filling that office, it was his duty to resign it without more ado, then, it is possible, that the hochwohlgeborne gentleman's conscience might have been more difficult to convince and to satisfy. But the poor Major was not a consciously false man. He was simply very stupid.

There was, however, one branch of his duties which the Major knew something about, and in which he took a real interest. This was the preservation and improvement of the noble woods, and of the game that stocked them.

Von Groll was a hearty lover of the chase. He loved to mount his horse in the early morning and ride through the beautiful and far-spreading forests, noting the twinkle of horn and hoof as they flitted across an open glade, gazing with approving eye on some antlered monarch of the herd, or checking his spirited steed to keep pace with one of the Prince's jägers, who, rifle on shoulder, would walk by the Major's side, and answer his numerous questions as to the number of head of game, the advisability of making a clearing here or a plantation there—and so forth.

Often his rides took him past the solitary hunting-lodge that had been the Hemmerichs' home for many a year. And seeing the house shut up, and looking very neglected and desolate under the black shadow of the pine-trees, it was natural that the Major should make inquiries about it.

The first time he came upon the house, which lay high up on the Grotenberg, he was attended by a groom from the marstall in Detmold. The man was a young fellow who had been but a year or two in the Prince's service, and who could say nothing about the house or about its former occupants.

When the Major next saw Von Schleppers he requested to be informed why that substantial stone dwelling in the forest should be untenanted, and apparently allowed to fall into decay. The Justizrath knew all about it;—perhaps somewhat to the secret dissatisfaction of his chief, who would have liked to enjoy, for once, the honor of originating a discovery about his own business.

The house, said the Justizrath, was the dwelling appropriated to the use of the Prince's head-ranger. The late head-ranger had lived there with his family. The present one declined to occupy the lonely hunting-lodge amidst the woods. It was cold and dreary, he said, and he preferred to live at the foot of the mountain in a cottage which he rented at his own expense.

"It doesn't much matter to us, however," said the lawyer in conclusion. "There is the lodge, and if the head-ranger won't live in it, why he has to pay out of his own pocket to live somewhere else. The house might occasionally be used whenever his gracious highness chooses to have a hunting party in the Detmold woods. It would serve to dine in, or to sleep in, on occasion. Meanwhile it costs us nothing, for I don't waste any money in keeping it smart."

The Major, however, was not entirely satisfied. He would have liked to see more importance attached to the first observation he had ever made in a tone of fault-finding. So wary a personage as Puss-in-boots ought to have noted this shade of feeling in his chief. But he did not note it.

Perhaps his great original in the story-book entertained no suspicion that the miller's son, the most noble the Marquis of Carabas, felt at all hurt at the cavalier way in which that sagacious animal assumed the responsibility of his destiny. For my part, I can not help being afraid that "my lord marquis," being a slow-witted, lazy fellow, did in his heart bear poor puss a grudge for his superior cunning, although he had no objection to profit by it.

The Justizrath, it is true, generally flattered his Marquis of Carabas. But one peculiar disadvantage attached to the habitual payment of that kind of tribute is, that it can never be discontinued, or even abated, with safety.

It was not long before Major von Groll found himself again near the old hunting-lodge. This time he was accompanied by an old huntsman, who had been many years in the Prince's service, and who was not only able to answer the Major's questions, but seemed pleased to talk about the deceased head-ranger. The man who now filled that post had not inherited his predecessor's popularity.

"You see he's not rightly fit for the place, according to my notions, gnädiger Herr," said the huntsman, bluntly, to Von Groll. "All he knows about the chase is mainly got out of books. As to handling a rifle himself, I don't believe he would venture to touch one! Now the head-ranger, Hemmerich—rest his soul!—was the best shot in the Principality. I don't know that I should be saying too much if I said that he was as good a shot as any in Germany—Tyrolese marksmen and all. And so was his son, too. An eye like a hawk's, had Otto, and a hand as steady as a rock."

"Ha! The son, eh? and did he know any thing of woodcraft?"

"What, Otto Hemmerich! Ach, gnädiger Herr, I believe that lad could have told you the history of every bird and beast and tree in the forest. He was born and brought up here in the wood-lands. A rare fine boy was Otto Hemmerich."

They were now close to the deserted hunting-lodge, and as Von Groll checked his horse opposite to the doorway, he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and pointed with his riding-whip to an upper window.

"Look there, Albrecht," said he. "Do you see that open shutter?"

"Doubtless, gnädiger Herr—the crazy shutter that hangs by one hinge. It is broken."

"Yes, it is broken now. But it was not broken three days ago; or at least it was closed so that one could not see whether it had one hinge or two. Just look at the fastenings as it swings back. The shutter must have been opened from the inside."

The man stared at Von Groll with a scared expression. "D—do you think so, gnädiger Herr?" he stammered. "Mightn't the wind have blown it open? There's most days a plaguy stiff breeze up here on the Grotenberg."

"IN GOTTES NAMEN, GNÄDIGER HERR, DON'T GO ON!"

"That shutter has not been blown open, Albrecht. Examine the fastenings, and if your eyes are as good as mine, you will see that the bolt has been pushed back, not torn out of its socket."

"Ach, lieber Gott!" muttered the jäger, speaking under his breath, and glancing round uneasily. "Who knows what hand pushed that bolt, or what eyes may be watching us now!"

The Major was sitting very square and upright on his horse, thoughtfully stroking his flaxen mustache with the but-end of his riding-whip. He was revolving something in his mind, and did not glance down at old Albrecht's pale face. At last the Major said aloud, and with much deliberation: "Since the shutter was opened from the inside, somebody must have got into the house to do it. And since the house has been shut and locked, and the keys are at this moment in the land-steward's office in Detmold, that somebody must have got in secretly, and for no lawful purpose. Now the question is, how did he get in? We must look into this, Albrecht."

With that Von Groll dismounted, fastened his horse to a tree, and motioning to the huntsman to follow him, skirted a little piece of garden-ground fenced in from the forest, and proceeded toward the back part of the house.

When the Major had disappeared round the corner of the house, the old man heaved a great sigh, examined the lock of his rifle with a swift, practiced eye, and followed Von Groll, slowly shaking his head meanwhile with the air of a man who thinks he has entered upon a bad business.

The place looked very desolate. The little garden was overgrown with weeds, and its wooden fence, that had kept out the forest creatures, was broken down in many places, showing wide, unsightly gaps. Broad-faced dock leaves flourished with a damp greenness in the garden-paths. The rough stones of which the house was built were moss-grown. Dead leaves, plentifully scattered by the furious winds of winter, lay in dry, dusty heaps every where. All was still and silent as the grave;—silent with that strange, mournful silence that hangs over a place where man has once dwelt, but where he dwells no more. The sense of something lost—of a spirit departed—oppresses us painfully in such places. The very air seems heavy with mysterious whispers of we know not what bodiless voices. And the shadow of the past, of the life that was, and is not, darkens the daylight.

Major Ferdinand von Groll was, however, almost as little liable to such fanciful attunings of his mood to the aspect of his surroundings as the ox to which he has already been irreverently compared in these pages. But he saw that the deserted homestead was dreary, and he felt that it was damp.

He marched on with his swinging cavalry gait, and observed every thing with his long-sighted blue eyes; eyes professionally accustomed to take cognizance of details near at hand, as well as of masses at a distance. At his heels followed Albrecht, rifle in hand, glancing nervously from right to left, but stepping on stoutly, like a brave man who perfectly knows what fear means, but does not intend to yield to it.

All at once there was a whir of wings, and a great owl, disturbed from its darksome haunt by the unwonted footsteps, flew across their path, almost brushing Von Groll's face as it passed into the depths of a neighboring thicket.

"In Gottes namen, gnädiger Herr," cried the old huntsman, stepping forward, and laying his hand on the Major's arm, "don't go on! Let us get back into the sunlight. This place is eerie, and we shall get no good by prying into it."

Major von Groll turned round and stared at his follower in blank astonishment. "Was zum Henker!" he exclaimed, in a tone of extreme perplexity, "why, I believe, on my word, that you are frightened!"

The huntsman answered with the resolution of one driven to bay.

"Well, gnädiger Herr, there's no use to deny it. Yes, I am frightened. And so would your lordship be, too, if you had heard all that I've heard."

"Why, man," returned the Major, contemptuously, "what is it you are afraid of? Do you think there is a band of robbers hidden inside the hunting-lodge? Or only some desperate poor devil of a poacher with a rusty flint-lock to his gun! If all the Prince's jägers are as stout-hearted as you, it is my opinion that the rogues and vagabonds will have a good time of it in the Detmold woods!"

The old huntsman flushed crimson, and shouldered his rifle resolutely.

"No, gnädiger Herr Major von Groll," said he, "I am not afraid of robbers or poachers or any thing made of flesh and blood like myself. Old Albrecht is no coward, and had served the Prince faithfully, many a long year before your lordship came into these parts. But"—and here the man dropped his voice and came close to Von Groll—"but—I don't like facing creatures that I know nothing of, and that may do me a mischief at any moment if I offend them."

"What the devil are you talking about?" demanded the Major, in utter bewilderment. "I insist upon your explaining what you mean; that is, if you mean any thing! For you seem to me to have lost your wits. Speak!"

Thus adjured, Albrecht narrated in a suppressed voice, and often pausing to glance over his shoulder, how there had been strange rumors afloat during the past few months among the jägers to the effect that the old hunting-lodge in the forest was haunted. Noises had been heard there by those who had had occasion to pass near the place after dusk. One man swore that he had seen a light gleaming through the chinks of the closed shutters; another, that he had seen a mysterious dark figure gliding about among the trees by moonlight. Some said it was the ghost of head-ranger Hemmerich hovering round his old home. But the generally-received opinion was that the Black Huntsman—a legendary personage well known to haunt certain solitary portions of the Detmold woods—had taken to making his unholy rounds in that neighborhood. Nay, for aught Albrecht knew, he might have chosen to take up his abode in the house itself. There was the door locked, and the windows fastened just as they had been left years ago; and yet that shutter had been opened—as the Herr Major himself pointed out—from the inside. Some weird, uncanny fingers must have been at work there—fingers against which mortal weapons availed nothing. And for his own part he (Albrecht) was strongly in favor of getting away from so goblin-haunted a neighborhood as quickly as possible.

The Major listened silently until the man had finished.

"Well, Albrecht," said he, then, "I am sorry to find a right brave huntsman like you giving heed to such old wives' tales. I don't believe in ghosts and goblins. I knew one once that used to haunt our stables when my regiment was quartered in Bohemia. The men were scared out of their wits, until we found out that the ghost came to steal the horses' forage. Then they caught him and gave him a sound drubbing. The stables were never haunted afterward."

"I don't know how it may be in Bohemia," retorted old Albrecht, doggedly, "but about the Black Huntsman—Lord deliver us!—there's no doubt in the world. My grandfather saw him with his own eyes. But as to Bohemia, why I can't speak. Of course, your lordship knows best about Bohemia."

"Well, ghost or no ghost, I mean to find out who it is that haunts this place. If you are afraid I'll give you leave to turn back toward Detmold, and I can make the search alone. But if you stay with me, you must hold your tongue and obey orders."

Albrecht's pride outweighed his superstition. "Where your lordship goes, I suppose I can go too," said he, briefly.

Von Groll wanted no more words, but set about commencing his investigation.

The hunting-lodge was built of stone, as I have said, stout and solid, to resist the great winds that came swooping over the land straight from the Baltic. It stood high up on the Grotenberg, at no great distance from the summit, crowned by the Hermann's Denkmal.

The slope of the hill at this spot was so rapid that the rooms which formed the upper story in the front of the house were not more than three feet from the ground at the back of it; and were, therefore, of course, easily accessible to any one approaching the house from that side.

The Major paused before one of these windows and scrutinized it.

"See," said he to his follower, "those bars which appear to be fixed in the wall can be moved in and out of their sockets." And suiting the action to the word, he removed two out of the four rusty iron bars that crossed the window.

Behind the bars was a diamond-paned lattice, in whose leaden frame-work but a few cracked fragments of glass remained. The hasp that had fastened the lattice inside was broken away. But even had it not been so, nothing would have been easier than to insert one's hand through a broken pane and undo the hasp.

"So!" exclaimed the Major, in a tone of satisfaction; "I don't think it would need a ghost to get in here, eh, Albrecht?"

The huntsman nodded. As he began to discern traces of human agency his courage rose perceptibly. It was true, as he had boasted, that old Albrecht was not afraid of any thing in the shape of flesh and blood.

In another minute the two men had scrambled in at the low window, and were standing on the floor of a room which seemed to have been the kitchen. It had a wide, flagged hearth, capable of holding a goodly pile of logs, that might bid defiance to the cold, even on the Grotenberg.

There was nothing there now but a heap of grayish-white wood ashes, and a broken pipe, scarcely discernible for a thick coating of dust.

Dust and cobwebs were every where. They heard a squeaking of mice and a rush of pattering feet behind the rotten wood-work that skirted the walls.

From this room they passed into the next, and found only the same desolation, dust, and decay.

"Nothing here," said the Major. "Let us have a look at the front-room, where the shutter was hanging open."

Here a discovery awaited them.

In one corner of this room was heaped a rude bed of dried leaves and fern. There was no other indication of the place having been occupied; no fragment of food, no rag of clothing—nothing but the bed.

"Good!" grunted the Major. "The gentleman is not at home, it seems. But he has been here, and he will be again, no doubt. Now we will complete our examination of the house."

They did so, but found no further trace of its mysterious occupant. When they had thoroughly satisfied themselves that there was no person concealed within the dwelling, they departed by the same way by which they had come, Von Groll carefully closing the lattice, replacing the iron bars, and effacing, as far as possible, all trace of their having entered.

"Now, look you, Albrecht," said the Major, when they were both fairly outside again, "I forbid you to say one word to any one—to any one, you understand—about this business. I have begun it myself, and I intend to carry it through myself. Some rascally poacher has been making the old house his head-quarters, and I mean to catch him."

What the Major really had in his mind was his coming triumph over the Justizrath, when he should reveal to the latter the discovery he had made unassisted.

Albrecht promised discretion.

"If it be a poacher," said he, "talking about it will only put the fellow on his guard. If it be—any thing else, why, least said soonest mended!"

The evening was rapidly closing in when Von Groll mounted his horse again, and, to the huntsman's evident relief, rode out of the gloomy pine grove which overshadowed the deserted lodge.

The way down toward Detmold was steep, and the Major kept his horse at a pace which enabled the old jäger to walk alongside of him. Sometimes, however, owing to the narrowness of the path, Albrecht fell back a few steps. On one of these occasions the Major heard a loud exclamation from his follower, and, looking back, saw him hurrying forward in a wild, scared manner.

"Hulloa!" said Von Groll, in his unmoved way, "what's the matter now?"

"Hush, gnädiger Herr, um Gottes Willen!" said Albrecht, in a hoarse whisper, putting his hand on the Major's bridle-rein. "Let us make haste out of this accursed neighborhood! As true as I am a living man, just as we passed the copse there, I saw—the face of the Black Huntsman, with his eyes, all blazing and fiery, glaring at us out of the bushes!"

AMO.

When he told me that he loved me,
'Twas the flowery time of May.
I put roses in my ringlets,
And went singing all the day—
When he told me that he loved me,
In the pleasant month of May!

Still, he told me that he loved me
In the summer time of June;
When the roses blushed the redder,
And the birds were all in tune—
And I blushed (because he loved me)
Redder than the rose of June!

Yes! because I knew he loved me,
I went singing with the birds.
All the day I listened to him—
All the night I heard his words.
Dreaming nightly that he loved me,
I was blither than the birds!

But—I didn't know I loved him!
Till I found one summer day,
That, in saying how he loved me,
He had wiled my heart away—
Only saying how he loved me
Through the long bright summer day!

Still, he told me that he loved me,
When the roses fading fell;
And the birds had all forgotten
That sweet tune I've learned too well—
For I love him, and he loves me,
More than any words can tell!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A READER.—The general principles of treatment of frosted feet would not apply to your case if you have been a sufferer for three years. Your disease must be an exceptional one, and therefore requires special treatment, to be decided upon only after personal examination. Consult a doctor.

C. L. B.—Shirt-bosoms are polished by frequently passing over them an ordinary *cold* iron.—*Pons asinorum* means literally asses' bridge, and is the fanciful title given to the 5th proposition in Euclid, because when this is passed even asses or stupid people can proceed with ease in their mathematical course or journey.—Autumn leaves should be pressed under heavy weights till perfectly dry, and afterward carefully arranged in wreaths, bouquets, etc. A thin coating of varnish may be given them.

MRS. BLANK.—Brush the hair briskly with a hard brush until the scalp is reddened and tingles with a warmth, then apply this:

Vinegar of cantharides	½ ounce.
Eau de Cologne	1 ounce.
Rose-water	1 ounce.

Perseverance in this treatment often succeeds in checking the falling of the hair.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—Pillow-covers or hypocrites are perfectly square and an inch or two longer than the pillow. The size of the pillow depends on the width of the bed. The two pillows should extend across the bed with only a small space between. Under-skirts of walking dresses are quite narrow, measuring from three yards and a fourth to three and a half in width, and are frequently worn without crinoline.

NEOPHYTE.—The first Council of the Church was held at Jerusalem, and attended by the apostles, as related in the "Acts." The term "Œcumenical" is derived from a Greek word used by Demetrius, the leader of the multitude and orator at the popular disturbance caused by the preaching of Paul at Ephesus, and means *the universal world*.

MILLIE.—Information and patterns for over-garments were given in *Bazar* No. 55. We commend the Camargo to the inexperienced. As you talk of economy, yet want something stylish, we suggest that a velvet pelerine, looped at the back and on the shoulders, gives an air of style to any black wrapping, and is so small that it may be made of almost any old-fashioned velvet garment. You can have your cloak quilted at any of the Broadway sewing-machine houses, in a pattern of inch diamonds, for about five dollars. A quilted over-skirt would look clumsy.—Rachel's surname was Felix.

J. S. W. AND OTHERS.—A large suit of natural hair may be simply arranged by dividing the back hair in two parts, one of which makes a French twist, and the other forms a heavy plait of three strands, or else a rope coil, and surrounds the French twist. Front hair crêpéd. An inch wide ribbon passes under the chignon, and is tied in a bow among the crêpés. A pretty coil may be formed of rope-twist of two strands rolled together, alternating with a heavy plait in successive rows. A plaited coronet surmounts the crêpés. A more elaborate style requires the back hair to be tied high and divided in three parts. The tress in the centre makes a broad plait, the outer pieces each form a long puff over topseys. These are lengthwise of the chignon, which has an oblong appearance. A Pompadour cushion in front supports the hair rolled back from the forehead. Braided chignons with a tress of hair around them, to conceal the pins with which they are attached to the head, are worn. Short curls fall on the neck.

E. MAY.—Get a black poplin with heavy reps at $3 a yard, or a gros grain at $4. These materials are handsomely made up in cloaks that constitute the upper garment of suits. Satin is also used, but you will find it but little cheaper than velvet. A silky cashmere is new, and promises to be very popular. Silk ruches and llama fringe are the trimming.

MYRA.—It is a question which has been discussed by moral philosophers, and they differ, whether a man impelled by hunger is justified in stealing bread from his neighbor to save himself from starvation. Grotius, Puffendorf, and others, maintain the affirmative, Cicero and Blackstone hold it to be wrong, while Godwin and Paley have also written on the subject. Solomon, in the Proverbs (vi., 30), seems to consider it not sinful, but requires a return of sevenfold. This, of course, can be done only when the beggar gets the means.

ROMAN.—We can not now call to mind any passage from Scripture forbidding suicide. But we refer you to the best and most thorough work on that subject, viz., "Biathanatos," written by the celebrated Dr. Donne, wherein he attempted to prove "that self-homicide is not so naturally sin that it may never be otherwise." Madame de Staël wrote on the same subject; but she disapproved it, and considered it sin and error.

BIEDIE.—Read answer to J. S. W. Back numbers of the *Bazar* will suggest presents for gentlemen—such as cigar-cases, necessaires, etc.

MRS. GEORGE.—The blue brocaded over-skirt with black satin train will be very tasteful. Let the sash match the upper skirt. Why not make a low, square-necked corselet or peasant waist of the blue brocade? Trim the black sleeves with a large bow of bias velvet on the wrist and arm-hole. The panier you mention begins near the second side seam. See the fifth figure on the first page of *Bazar* No. 53. In this case the sash is over paniers. The apron is attached to the belt in front. Colored paniers are also worn sometimes with skirts of contrasting color, such as blue and gold, or garnet and gray.

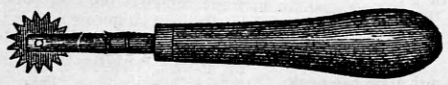
WESTERN READER.—Make your calicoes sloped sacques, a seam behind and one under each arm Body and skirt in one. By way of variety, you may cut them off at the knee, and add a flounce to the proper length, which is just to clear the floor. A belt and strings tied at the side confines it at the waist. Coat-sleeve and linen collar. Read directions to J. S. W. about arranging natural hair.

A PATRON.—You will find an illustration of the Watteau morning-dress on the first page of *Bazar* No. 53. Get black serge for your suit, the handsome all-wool goods sold at $2 50 a yard, and trim with the new bullion fringe used for mourning. The strands of this fringe are nearly as thick as your little finger. Make two skirts, the upper one draped by large pleats at the side. A short basquine with pelerine cape.

JULIA.—The policeman was wrong. He had no right to lay hands on your husband except for the purpose of an arrest, which must be done upon warrant, or for a wrong committed within view of the officer. Any citizen becomes a civil officer to arrest for a crime which he actually sees committed. If no serious injury happened to your husband by the outrage you complain of, we advise you to lay the matter before the Police Board, who are the proper authorities in such cases.

WINONA.—We regret that we can not promise the pattern you desire. It is impossible to give patterns in answer to special requests; but it will be found on examining a file of the *Bazar* that we have already given patterns of nearly every article of dress that is likely to be generally used.

MRS. H.—The only advice which we can give translators is this: Make a judicious selection, assure yourself that the work you propose to undertake has not been already translated; let your translation be faithful and elegant; and inspire some publisher with your own confidence that its publication will be a profitable investment. Above all, do not attempt to improve on your author, in your own opinion, by attributing to him words which he never uttered. Such a proceeding is absolute dishonesty.



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FACETIÆ.

A GENTLEMAN was trout-fishing on the sides of "Old Saddleback," a mountain in the interior of Maine, a hundred miles from the coast. Supposing himself ten miles from a village, and half as far from a house, he was surprised by hearing the blows of an axe. Soon he came to a small clearing, where the proprietor of the axe surveyed him with some curiosity. "Hallo, stranger!" said he. "How are you, Sir?" "Well, now, stranger, where be you from?" "I'm from New York." "From New York! Why, I should think you would hate to live so fur off."

A MATTER OF COURSE.—The ex-Queen of Spain fled from San Sebastian in the railway train; and not, as has been suggested by a correspondent, in a "Spanish *fly*!"

PHYSIOLOGICAL CHANGE.—A Professor was explaining, in a young ladies' school in France, the theory according to which the body is entirely renewed every six years. "Thus, Mademoiselle F.," said he, addressing a pretty blonde with a wide-awake face, "in six years you will be no longer Mademoiselle F." "I hope so," replied the unsophisticated, casting down her eyes.

Why is a married man like a tallow-candle?—Because he often goes out at night when he ought not to.

A STREAM OF MUSIC.—A little boy, on coming home from church, where he had seen a person performing on an organ, said to his mother, "Oh, mammy, I wish you had been at church to-day to see the fun! A man was pumping music out of an old cupboard!"

Why is a rhinoceros like one of the Indians of the Six Nation tribes?—Because he's a tusky-roarer (Tuscarora).

A Frenchman recently visiting New York was afflicted with a bad cold, and not being very good at English referred to his dictionary. Seeing that cough was English for his complaint, and that plough was pronounced plow, he supposed they were alike. Finding that box and chest were the same, he applied to the doctor: "Toctor, I haf vun cow on my pox, and I vant one chest of pills for to cure him!" We left just then.

'MOST HORRIBLE.

FIRST EDITOR (*in railroad car*). "How's your Circulation?"
SECOND DITTO. "Oh! capital. How's yours?"
FIRST DITTO. "Well, not so good as it might be. The fact is, I want some good Fresh Blood; and I mean to have it, too. There's plenty to be got. Good-by!"
[*Lady of full habit changes her seat.*

A Universalist once conversing with a divine, asked him how old he was. The doctor told him his age; and the Universalist replying that he was much older—was in the garden when Adam and Eve were, etc.

"Yes," said the doctor, "I knew that there was a third person there, but I never knew it was you."

IMPORTANT TO AERONAUTS.—Who says that man will never have the power to fly? A scientific friend of ours has so far solved the problem as to be able with the greatest ease to "skim over"—a newspaper.

Wasps manufacture comb, but have never come into notice for their honey. Yet a man thinks he has only to make verses to be a poet.

LOW PEOPLE—Dwarfs.

A man of spirit can always keep his head out of water; but a coward in difficulties sinks in spirits and water.

"The divinity that hedges a king" must have great confidence to back any one to win in the Bourbon Race.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—William Tell would never have come down to posterity without it.

Birds in their little nests agree that they do not reciprocate when they hear man "woulding he were a bird." They lay six eggs to one man would not know how to fly if he had wings.

HOW TO PREVENT A CONSPIRACY FROM LEAKING OUT.—Let the plot thicken.

A very little boy, after giving every body a good-night kiss, kneeled at his mother's side to say his evening prayer. His mother had that day been teaching him the piece commencing "You'd scarce expect one of my age," etc., and it appears that these verses were running in his mind. He commenced the prayer as follows: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; if I should chance to fall below Demosthenes or Cicero, don't view me with a cricket's eye—" "Stop, stop!" said his mother; "that isn't a part of the prayer." "Yes, it is," the little fellow replied; "yes, it is, mamma; don't view me with a cricket's eye."

A friend of ours has two boys, aged respectively six and eight years. The youngest was partaking pretty largely of the good things of this life at the dinner-table, immediately on their return from Sabbath-school. The elder, after eying his brother for some time, said:

"Charlie, if you were to eat much more, and it should kill you, you would weigh so much that the angels could not carry you to heaven."

Little six years old hesitated for a moment, and then, looking up, replied:

"Well, if they couldn't do it alone, God would send Samson down to help them."

When is a candle likely to be enraged?—You say when it is *put out*. I should say rather when *it's lighted*.

A talented young African, of the boot-black persuasion, while dancing like St. Vitus over a customer's boots the other day, observed a neighbor poring wisely over a newspaper, whereupon he addressed him thus:

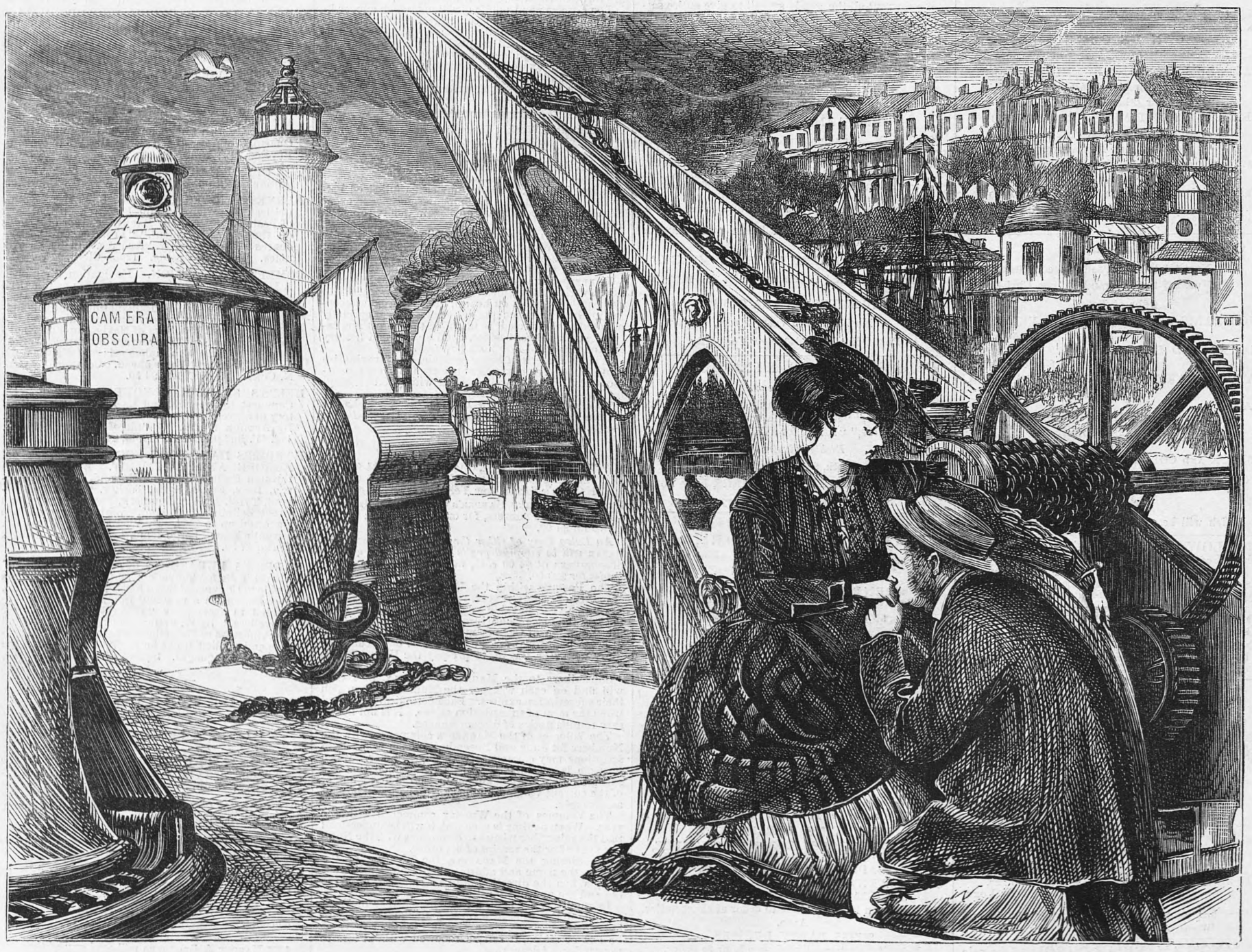
"Julius, what de debel you lookin' at dat paper fur? You can't read?"

"Go 'way, fellah!" replied the other, indignantly. "Guess I can read. I'se big 'nuff fur dat."

"Big 'nuff!" retorted the first one, scornfully. "Dat ain't nuffin. A cow's big 'nuff to cotch a mice, but she can't do it."

"I'D CHOOSE TO BE A DAISY, IF I MIGHT BE A FLOWER."—Sweetly sentimental, no doubt, but still far from being popularly acted upon, judging from the number of people we see daily converting themselves into laughing-"stocks."

HOW TO TREAT A WIFE—Treat her to a new dress.



"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS," ETC.

Theodore finds a dear little sequestered Spot behind a Crane on an unfrequented Pier, where, safe from ev'ry Eye, he can Flatten his fond and foolish Nose against his Emily's lily white Hand.
[*He forgets the revolving eye of the Camera Obscura, which has been fixed on him for the last ten minutes.*

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 57.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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GETTING WET.

ACCORDING to the Report of the Board of Commissioners of the Central Park, 132 days of the year 1867 were rainy. In spite, however, of this unusual prevalence of wet weather, there was, we are rejoiced to learn, an exceedingly large number of visitors to our famous New York resort. No less than 7,228,855 people visited the Park in the course of last year. Of these two-thirds were on foot, one-fourth in vehicles of some sort, and the rest on horseback.

This shows that we all are not such brown-paper folks as some affect to think, and that the fear of a wetting can not deter us from filling our lungs with the pure air of heaven when we can get it.

There are many yet, however, unnecessarily shy of a shower. This arises partly from the idea that a wetting is dangerous to health, but more from the flimsy and superfine dresses so generally worn in America. It is a vulgar error to suppose that any quantity of moisture applied to the body is necessarily hurtful. The human frame can endure the utmost soaking in water, short of drowning, provided the animal temperature is kept at its usual height. Thus we can expose ourselves with safety to a whole day of pouring showers, and be saturated with rain to the skin, if, in the mean time, we retain our natural warmth, either by brisk exercise, cheerful excitement of mind, or any other means. The only danger is from the chill which is apt to ensue when the body is in repose or free from excitement. This is to be prevented by the obvious means of changing the wet garments for dry, or sustaining the warmth of the body by continued movement. It is of great importance for all, and especially those who are much exposed to the weather, to wear woolen next to the skin, for this can absorb much moisture and not lose its power, which it possesses as a non-conductor, of retaining the animal heat. A great many more persons suffer from the want of that exercise of which they deprive themselves in order to avoid a wetting than are injured by exposure to the severest weather.

People, however, are not so careful of their health as of their clothes. It is their regard for these which keeps our dames and damsels so much out of doors in fine weather, and in doors in foul. They "consider the wind and look to the clouds" not to avoid the risks to their delicate frames, but to their superfine drapery. It is the spot on a ribbon, or the drooping of a feather, that they fear, and not any derangement

Fig. 1.—PALETOT FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 43–45.

Fig. 2.—PALETOT FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 19–25.

Figs. 3 and 4.—PALETOT FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 38–42.

Fig. 5.—PALETOT FOR GIRL FROM 14 TO 16 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–6.

Figs. 6 and 7.—PALETOT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 7–12.

Fig. 8.—PALETOT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 46–49.

Fig. 9.—PALETOT FOR BOY FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 13–18.

Fig. 10.—CLOAK FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 50–54.

CHILDREN'S WINTER CLOAKS.

of their health. Our women have the habit of dressing on all occasions so finely that they can not take the risk of the least uncertainty of weather, and are thus kept imprisoned in their houses the greater part of the year, manacled with kid and fettered with lace.

We are not disposed to quarrel with our dames for having fine dresses, if they or their husbands can afford to pay for them, but we insist upon their having clothes suitable for use, as well as show, and not being ashamed to wear them on occasion. The Duke of Wellington was said to have had a sufficient number and range of overcoats for almost each degree of the thermometer. Out of the numberless dresses of a fashionable woman's wardrobe there should be at least one set apart for a rainy day. Queen Victoria has given a good example, and by the introduction of the Balmoral petticoat and Balmoral boot has shown that the highest dame in her dominion has the good sense not to be too fashionable to curtail her skirts, clothe herself in woolen, and tramp in double soles.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

By C. D. GARDETTE.

The northwest wind sweeps over the plain:
The air, like a draught of potent wine,
Flushes my cheek and stirs my brain
And quickens the pulse of this heart of mine,
As I listlessly stand on a hill-top tall
And watch the brown leaves as they quiver and fall.

Towering chestnut and stalwart oak,
Slender maple and supple ash,
Are bowed alike by the wind's keen stroke,
And their crisp leaves torn by its viewless lash—
Torn from the grasp of the parent bough;
Supple or strong avails not now!

Shivering, quivering, whirling round,
In the mad career of an elfin dance,
These waifs of the autumn touch the ground
To be caught again by the wind's wild chance,
And still again to be whipped and whirled
Till a summer rest comes back to the world.

So, as I stand on the hill-top tall,
Drinking the wine of the autumn air,
And watching the sere leaves quiver and fall,
It seems that this life is foreshadowed there—
That a lesson of truth, nor bald nor brief,
May be read, perchance, in the Fall of the Leaf.

For what are we but waifs like these,
Fluttering forth in a springtide clear,
Flaunting our bloom in a summer breeze,
In an autumn hoar-frost, crisp and sere,
Swept by a death wind far and fast,
Till we rest in the "Summer Land" at last.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1868.

MANAGING MOTHERS.

THOSE prudent matrons who show a very natural anxiety and do their utmost to get their daughters married, are too often scorned under the contemptuous appellation of managing mothers. It is unquestionably a very desirable thing that a girl, on reaching the nubile age, should be paired with a suitable male partner for life; and a mother with her matrimonial experience would seem the proper person to make the selection.

If marriage were, as some rare sentimentalists pretend, an affair of love to which nubile youth are led by an instinct of mutual liking, we should protest against any interference with so charming and natural a process. The young single women and men too of our day are not such artless creatures as to trust themselves to an instinctive love which might perchance guide them to the arms of a coachman or a chambermaid. They are too worldly-minded to run any such risks, and in looking out for matrimonial partners never fail to calculate the chances of a prosperous establishment for life. As we can not have love, let us have prudence, and who so fit to exercise it as the experienced matron? She is able to distinguish between the tinsel and the genuine metal. Where the young daughter fancies wealth in expense, the mother recognizes its real existence in thrift. Where the former finds intelligence, the latter detects pertness. Where the damsel sees beauty and grace, the matron discovers effeminacy and feebleness. The daughter and the mother are seeking the same object—a rich, passably intelligent, wholesome, and good-looking man, as a proper husband for the one, and a respectable son-in-law for the other. Love being out of the question, and the whole affair reduced to a problem of probabilities, we insist that the experienced mother is more likely to solve it than the inexperienced daughter. No woman who has not that knowledge of man acquired by matrimony has any knowledge of him at all. If, then, nature be rejected as a guide to the coupling of the sexes, let us avail ourselves of the most perfected art. And this, we can not doubt, as far as marriage is concerned, is to be found not in the single but the married woman. The ill-assorted matches which so often outrage nature and all conventional propriety are generally those which the parents have had nothing to do with or protested against. A young maiden's judgment is of little value in a matrimonial calculation. She is apt to choose her partner for life as she does her gown, for its showy and surface qualities. Her mother, on the contrary, is more likely to investigate their capabilities as to utility of service, length of wear, and permanence of complexion. Nature would probably be the best match-maker; but as her services are rejected, we should prefer to rely upon the parents rather than the children. So far, then, from treating with contempt those who are busying themselves with trying to get husbands for their daughters, we should, for the sake of coming generations, bid God-speed to all such "managing mothers."

MODERN WOMEN AND THEIR BROTHERS.

THE subject of the Girl of the Period being pretty well exhausted by this time, there is room for some inquiry about the habits of her brother, this young gentleman having been shamefully neglected. The heaviest charge brought against the lady in question has been the money she costs; her Grecian bend, panier, chignon, and shadowy bonnet being only accessories to fill up the picture. Now we are ready to admit that her furbelows are expensive luxuries. No doubt she tugs hard at her father's purse-strings. But what is Adolphus, the prospective head of the family, doing all the while? As figures are supposed, like the Father of our Country, never to lie, they may answer the question.

Adolphus, we will say, is a pearl of the best society, not given to excesses, and being simply a good fellow among his comrades. Of course he smokes, plays billiards, and scorns teetotalism. With cigars at a quarter of a dollar each, a dozen a day for himself and friends is a moderate allowance—total three dollars a day. With billiards at fifty cents a game, and the accompanying liquors, he would not be likely to spend less than five dollars every time he indulged in this pre-eminently healthful exercise; and the "drinks," which cement modern friendship, at every chance meeting, will fill up the remainder of the ten dollars per diem expended in these innocent pleasures. Dress, dinners, fast horses, and amusements, will certainly double this sum, and supply any blanks in the first calculation, making an expenditure of over seven thousand dollars a year for our fashionable youth—an estimate by no means overdrawn. If, in addition, Adolphus is addicted to betting, gambling, and kindred vices, there is no limit to his prodigality, any more than to the diamonds, laces, or camel's-hair shawls which are needed to eke out the meagre thousand a year wherewith his sister can barely clothe herself.

There is another class of modern women who might find comfort in comparing the cost of their wardrobe with that of their brothers; we mean those who are content to dress plainly and respectably. A gentleman of this class can not buy a complete dress suit for less than two hundred dollars. A black silk walking suit, made at home or by a *reasonable* dress-maker, together with bonnet, gaiters, and all toilette accessories, can be had for half that sum. Neither of these estimates includes winter wrappings; but the over-coat will be generally found to cost more than the cloak. Take into consideration, moreover, the fact that a large proportion of men spend from a dollar a day upward in tobacco, cigars, liquors, billiards, and other strictly masculine extravagances, and women's expenditure for their personal wants will be sadly dwarfed by the comparison. The difference between tweedledum and tweedledee is not so great after all.

"WHY SHOULD WE NOT VOTE?"

OUR serio-comic illustration presents sundry arguments on this question, which are evidently in favor of the ladies. The women of England seem to be asking it to good purpose, since a thousand or more, it is believed, will cast their votes at the coming election; and these are by no means irresponsible persons, but the highest ladies in the land, the Queen herself being a convert to the doctrine. It is said that courts of appeals will decide against them; but a suffrage once conferred is not easily taken away again, and the English women who have once voted will not readily relinquish the privilege. In this country, where suffrage is not regarded as a corollary of education, intelligence, or property, but as an inherent right, belonging to every person who is governed by the laws, and necessary for his protection—in this country, which is above all as just as it is gallant, who believes that it will be much longer withheld from women?

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of the Fountain of Youth.

MY DEAR ALONZO,—I like to drop in at my sister Smith's at "the children's hour," as Longfellow calls it—the hour before bedtime, when the children are playing their games, and are always willing that I should take a hand. They are the Smith grandchildren, but what then? I used to play with their parents in the same way, and our parents long ago used to play with us. Sometimes I tell the children that the game I teach them was taught to me by my grandfather or grand-uncle long and long ago, when I was a little red-cheeked, curly-haired child as they are, and they look at me with soft eyes of doubt and wonder, as if there were no fairy tale so strange as that old Uncle Bachelor were ever a boy. But old Uncle Bachelor asks himself when he ceased to be one, and by what signs he knows that he is one no more? One thing, at least, is clear—that there is nothing so delusive as a bald head and gray hairs. Many of the youngest and blithest boys I know lost all their hair long ago, and white and gray-haired boys in plenty are my familiar companions.

Indeed, I smile now when I reflect how wise I was at twenty-three. I shall never be such a Solomon again; and I think the chief experience of my life since then has been the gradual discovery that we are all boys and girls together, whatever our age or the thickness of our thatch. There is my grand-nephew Augustus, who is just at the age when he is sure that there is no sorrow more poignant than an ill-fitting coat, or a cravat not in the mode. He is more solemn over his waistcoats than I am over Doctor Bump's sermons; and I am very sure that he gives much more thought to his tailor than I do to the good preacher, who, I hope, has his revenges in some other way—say by adding a thirteenthly and a fourteenthly to his lastly. But I am a mere child by the side of Augustus. I can see that he tolerates me, as it were—that he has a pitying air and tone when he explains to me some slang of the moment which I do not understand; and I have overheard him saying to some of his contemporaries, not less wise and experienced than himself, that, "Uncle Bachelor is a well-meaning old fellow, but he is a mere child."

Yet I remember very well, and not so very long ago, when the youngster looked at me as if I had come out of the ark, and he evidently thought that I began life at about the age of sixty. He used to put his little warm hand in mine and trust me as we trust the laws of nature. He turned to me to answer every question and solve every difficulty, from an eclipse of the moon to the water that dripped from the cover of the dish of hot potatoes. I must mend all the toys; I must explain all the tricks; I must invent fresh stories nightly; I must be the constant, visible Providence. And suddenly my scholar, my neophyte, my boy, has become a man; at twenty-three he is an octogenarian, and his Mentor is a mere amiable old foozle. Old, my dear Augustus; but what is age? Wrinkles and white hair may batter this tenement of ours as they will, but they can not bring age to the fresh warm heart within, any more than the chill winds and the snow blowing and drifting around the house can make winter inside, where the great fires are blazing and the happy circle sits in the cheerful light.

Why, I have not forgotten to this day how incredulous, how amazed I was when I was first saluted as Sir. It was upon the street, as I was hurrying along to dancing-school or some such pleasant place, and a poor little voice piped feebly as I passed, "Please give me a penny to buy some bread!" And when I stopped, confounded to think that every body had not bread who wanted it, I said to the shivering child, "Are you hungry?" She simply answered, "Yes, Sir," as if I had been my father or any other man, and I felt so proud that I gave the girl all the money in my pocket, which was very little indeed. It is astonishing how old I felt. The sheer force of habit upon the part of the beggar-girl had all the effect of the most exquisite flattery; and I remember that my manners that afternoon to my partner, Melissa Marigold, aged eleven, were of so lofty and patronizing a character that she was evidently very glad to be rid of such an old gentleman for a partner, and to scamper away to romp with those who were still boys.

The next time the salutation was used it was not so inspiring, and I very soon began to perceive that I had ceased to seem to be a boy to those who spoke to me. But the mystery was that I felt as boyish as ever, and somehow I do so to this day. I know that the bloom and the round form and the spring in the step are gone; that in appearance and movement I am not a boy, and yet there is some horrible enchantment about it. I stop in the play-ground and toss the ball, and I am instantly aware that I have disturbed the circle. The boys say, "Thank you, Sir." I am an alien. My presence constrains them. They expect me to move on, and their expectation carries me forward as if it were a policeman. Yet I am not really older than the boys in feeling, perhaps in nothing but years. I have more experience, certainly. I have seen more persons and more events than they, but what then? Why should they grow silent and abashed? I want to cry to them, like a captive from his prison, "Here I am! the same old boy, shut up by some absurd magic in this elderly form. But don't let it deceive you. The magician may make me seem what he will. He may strip my head, and pinch my cheeks, and all the rest of it, but he can not touch me, the boy, who am what I always was, and whose heart leaps and bounds with yours as it always did."

I have been old, indeed, as I have already suggested. We are all of us oldest about twenty. At that age we have not discovered that we do not know a great deal; and as we gradually make that valuable discovery we become milder and gentler, and so pass on into a truly beautiful youth. Some years ago when I was in Germany I saw Karl Ritter, the great geographer. What a bland, sweet, modest, young old man! He had the immortal youth of modesty. In his special study he knew probably more than any other man; but that very knowledge revealed to him more than to any other man the vast extent of what he did not know in that direction. Or there was my old Quaker friend, the country neighbor of Mrs. Margery Honeysuckle—it seems to me that she was one of the truly young people, although it was plain that she had passed the threescore. Her house was not upholstered by that eminent artist, Marcotte; but it was so spacious, so neat, so utterly comfortable in its delightful simplicity, and it was always so well-ordered, the household wheels ran so silently and smoothly, that I think of it as the House Beautiful, and friend Sarah as the interpreter.

The first time that I went there was in the early spring; indeed, spring seems too pleasant and warm a word to describe that bleak season when the snow-patches still linger upon the dull, brown, sullen-looking ground; and the trees are stiff and leafless; and there is mud by day in the roads, and a chill, penetrating air. We turned in at the wide open gate and stopped at the horse-block with its little rail, and there we stepped out of the easy wagon and were close to the low, white porch. The old door opened, and the sweet face of friend Sarah welcomed me. It was the placid Quaker face, certainly, but not of the formal, regulation, sectarian placidity. It was a sweetness of soul that shone through. You know there is a great variety of sweetness: that of sugar, for instance, and that of fresh roses. It was not sugar that I thought of as I saw that welcoming face. And you may imagine what kind of a fire there was for a chilled traveler—whether it blazed generously, not with the thin crackle of fresh wood, but with a beaming core of heat; and whether there were a comfortable chair into which he naturally sank; and whether a universal tidiness, and even richness, or, I might perhaps say, a luxury of simplicity surrounded him.

But when I was taken to my room—well, it was going from glory to glory. There were spotless dimity curtains dropped over the windows, and with an ample fullness of fold. There were hangings of the same upon the spacious and lofty four-post bedstead. And it was rounded up so finely that I fancied possibly a feather-bed, but I found only the most pliable and delightful mattress. There were easy-chairs and lounges, and abundant furniture of every kind, and a bright fire sparkling and flaming in the fire-place; and there were quaint engravings upon the wall—a figure of George Fox, I remember, and the old meeting-house in Flushing; and there were a few books upon the table near the fire, by which the easiest chair was placed. I took up one; it was John Woolman's Journal.

By-and-by it was tea-time; and the eye and mind—yes, and the heart—of that traveler, ranging from the snowy damask to the beautiful glass and china, and to what they held—the clover honey, the sliced tongue, the jellied fruits, the milk-white, spongy bread—could not but recall the lines—it was not summer by the almanac, what then?

"In summer when the days were long,
On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,
We feasted, with no grace but song;
We plucked wild strawberries, ripe and red,
In summer when the days were long."

Why do I prolong these details? Only because what I describe were the outward signs of the youth of dear old friend Sarah. They merely continued the welcome that she gave, and diffused it throughout the house. When we sat late in the evening by that glowing fire, and read out of noble books, or looked into the flames and talked, she revealed all that unworn faith, that sensitive sympathy, that genial kindness, and true modesty of soul which are the elements of youth. If those who have them are not young, who are? To be made as a little child, or, in the ecclesiastical phrase, to be born again—that is, to be a child once more—what is all this but to have that soul of youth which shone in friend Sarah's face and in her dwelling, which made her character such a steady and lofty influence, and which makes us all now speak of her with living affection?

She had not sailed with Ponce de Leon, but she had found the fountain. And when I sit with the children at their hour, and play the merry games over which they laugh and chatter, I see in them what I remember in her; and as they grow a little tired of the play, and the Sandman begins his rounds, and they climb into my lap and cluster around my chair, and beg me to tell them a story, I tell them of a dear old friend, yet as young as they are, who made every body happy while she lived, and who makes every body happy who remembers her. And when they exclaim, "But, dear Uncle Bachelor, how can a little girl like us have children of her own to take care of, and a house to make comfortable?" I can only reply, "She had more years than you, but she was not older."

They look puzzled and drowsy at that. But

little Bonni shakes back her curls and defies the Sandman, and says, as he waves his wand triumphantly over her again: "I suppose we shall all understand when we are older; sha'n't we, uncle?" Your young friend (I hope),

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

CHILDREN'S CLOAKS.

CHILDREN'S cloaks, like those described for adults, are the outer garments of suits, and are, therefore, shaped pelisses, with capes for full dress occasions, and loose paletots, or round mantles, for school and ordinary purposes. They are very simply trimmed, and are about two-thirds the length of the wearer. The dress skirt should be short enough to disclose two or three inches of the white stocking above the high Polish boot, and the cloak shows the six-inch flounce or border of the dress.

WHITE CLOTH.

White cloth is the favorite material for dress cloaks, not only for very small children, but for girls from ten to twelve years old. It is quick to show soil, but, if all wool, can be beautifully cleaned at the dyer's. White chinchilla, and a ribbed velvet cloth with scarlet or blue on the reverse side, is used for large girls; white lamb's-wool, the soft and silky pheasant's cloth, and the spotted ermine for smaller children. The pretty basket cloths are $6 a yard, and the other cloths mentioned range from this price to $16; but as they are a yard and a half wide only a small quantity is necessary for a cloak, the length of the paletot being sufficient for children under six years.

The cloth, cut in deeply indented scallops, and bound with satin or velvet of a gay color, is the prettiest trimming for white cloaks. An inch binding of bias velvet or plush is in vogue, or the wide military braid substantially sewed on with narrow soutache above it. Quillings and ruffles of satin or silk are dressy but perishable, and passementerie and the light fringes are decidedly too frail for children's use.

PLUSH AND VELVET.

Plush and velvet are made into short half-fitting jackets, or loose paletots thinly wadded, and confined by a sash of wide ribbon tied behind, or at the side near the front. The only trimming is the large, richly-cut pearl buttons with which they are fastened. The pocket flaps have buttons at each end. Blue, gray, and scarlet plush half a yard wide is sold for $4 a yard. The light German velvet in the three-quarter width, at $10, is bought for handsome sacques.

COLORED CLOTH.

Plainer and more useful garments are made of the soft, durable chinchilla—a thick cloth with short knotty pile. These rough surfaced cloths are prettier for children than the smooth beavers. A gray chinchilla with blue or scarlet bindings, or with revers of color, is tasteful and warm. The bright garnets and blue cloths have stitched bands of satin of the same shade for trimming, or a border of Astrakhan cloth or plush. A golden brown shade and a cinnamon-colored cloth are pretty, and do not fade or get dingy as soon as the high colors.

THE HIGHLAND CLOAK.

The prettiest school wrapping is the Highland cloak of the scarlet and black Rob Roy check, or the gay Stuart plaid, made into a belted pelisse long enough to conceal the dress, buttoned down the entire front, and a large cape caught up in the back with rosettes. Triple capes, or several in the Carrick style, becoming gradually shorter until the last is a mere collar, are new and admired. The capes are separate from the pelisse, and serve when less wrapping is required, while exercising at play or to throw on hastily in hurried school-girl fashion. If a single large cape is used it should be lined with red flannel, as are the sleeves and waist of the pelisse. The sleeve is slightly full in the sabot shape with a ruffle over the waist gathered into an India rubber band; through which the hand is passed. The trimming is a binding of braid or silk.

WATER-PROOF WRAPS.

Exposure to all kinds of weather makes a water-proof cloak a necessity for the school-girl. The best shape is a sleeved circular or sacque as long or longer than the dress, buttoned all the way down the front with rubber buttons, and instead of a cape a round hood to be drawn up over the head. Capes are added for warmth when under-wraps are not used. A pretty trimming is made of inch bands of scarlet cloth notched and sewed inside the edge of the cape with scarcely more than the pinked notches showing outside. Several rows of scarlet or yellow machine stitching also enliven these garments. The large substantial India rubber buttons with holes, not shanks, are the best. We have spoken before of the great improvement in water-proof cloths, both in the material and color. The hard usage given to this material suggests the propriety of buying the durable all-wool article at $1 75 a yard rather than the cotton mixture sold at $1. The Cheviot gray, brown, and black water-proof make serviceable school dresses. The skirts are scalloped and bound with alpaca braid, blue or scarlet, with three rows of the braid sewed on double, following the outlines of the scallop.

FRENCH GARMENTS FOR CHILDREN.

We must not omit to mention the walking dresses for children of three or four years. They are made of merino or cashmere lined with opera flannel. The waist is shirred behind with drawing-strings, the skirt pleated, coat-sleeves, and a large over-cape. One suit, rather more extravagant than we like to quote, is imported from Paris, and consists of a full costume of white corded silk for a four-year-old girl. The low-necked dress has a gored skirt lined with crinoline. A tunic is defined by three rows of white satin piping. A bertha of piping and fringe. The street coat to be worn over this is a gored pelisse, also of gros grain, lined with white silk, wadded, and beautifully quilted. A round cape, looped in the back. With a hat to match, the price is $140. Another glimpse of French extravagance is an infant's long robe made of white cashmere, beautifully braided, and edged with white satin quillings. The novelty consists in the material and in a tiny bertha and sash with loops. The long cloak of the same is made with a yoke and sleeves. The long skirt is pleated to the yoke. A large cape is added, and the whole garment is lined with soft white silk and quilted. The price is $150.

Sashes of clan tartan are greatly worn by children. They have fringed ends, and look especially well with white and black dresses. Aprons of bright plaid are also introduced.

READY-MADE CLOAKS.

Children's cloaks shown at the furnishing houses are beautifully made, and have an air of style that inexperienced fingers can not give; but they are very expensive. A pelisse with pelerine cape, for a girl of ten, is of white and scarlet reversible cloth. The waist simulates a short jacket with scallops bound with scarlet satin. The skirt is looped at the side by sashes from the waist. The cape falls to the elbow, is also scalloped, and a row of standing scallops is around the neck. $40 is asked for such a cloak.

For a girl of twelve is a brown plush sacque, with pointed hood with long tassels. It is lined with silk and wadded, and the only trimming is points of satin at the wrist and neck, yet this is also $40. A lamb's-wool sacque for a child of four years is $10. It is prettily trimmed with an inch-wide band of scarlet cloth notched at the edges and stitched on. A small paletot of blue plush is $24. A gray chinchilla lined with blue flannel and bound with blue plush is $16. Tan-colored cloth is trimmed with darker brown, and black with scarlet in different sizes and shapes, at prices ranging from $10 to $16.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The latest extravagance in petticoats is thick satin, dark brown or black, embroidered to the knee with chenille in gay colors, representing humming-birds of life-size, grasshoppers, green-and-gold beetles, and the ever-changing chameleon. The price is $50. A peacock skirt at $100 has a muff and sash embroidered to match. An eccentric pattern at the same price is bordered with huge mastiff heads. Scotch velvet in the fashionable blue and green plaid, and satin striped with velvet, is sold for skirts at $4 a yard.

The flat sailor hat of black velvet is stylishly worn with Scotch plaid and serge suits. It is simple and inexpensive, as the only trimming is an inch band of black ribbed ribbon with short ends behind stamped with a silver anchor. Wider ribbon, either navy-blue or plaid, is also used, but should be merely crossed or knotted at the back. Bows and rosettes destroy the symmetry of this hat. The yachting hat of black glazed cloth in this shape is water-proof, and convenient for rainy days.

The veil of blue grenadine may be wound around the crown for trimming in a way that does not mar the well-defined outlines of the hats of the season, but this requires taste and skill. A square grenadine veil thrown over the hat has at each corner a tassel with a leaded acorn head, the weight of which holds the veil in position.

A pretty sleeve, known abroad as the Sabot, is slightly full, cut bias, and gathered into a band above the wrist, from whence a frill of the material, or of lace, falls over the hand.

New kid gloves of the Alexandre make are ornamented with a row of gilt or silver studs around the scalloped wristband. A movable chain for fastening gloves may be easily attached to any glove, making it fit neatly about the wrist. The chain is silvered and sold at fifty cents a pair.

Dress trimmings exhibit the caprice of the wearer. One extreme succeeds the other, and the toilette of to-day is a reaction on that of yesterday. An elaborate garniture is followed by severe but tasteful simplicity. Pleated flounces, lace, ruches of silk, bows, and rosettes are lavished upon one costume, while that with which it is alternated is simply scalloped and bound, or edged with wide satin braid and bullion fringe of strands almost as thick as a lady's finger. Heavy poplins and serges are stylishly made, with the long upper-skirt bound with satin and looped by rosettes at the side, and the under-skirt trimmed with a pleated flounce, merely hemmed top and bottom without binding. The pleats are broad, all run the same way, and are tacked to the skirt at both edges. The close, high corsage has a polka basque just covering the hips, and a small cape looped with rosettes, or pointed to simulate a hood.

Cashmere costumes are rapidly growing into favor. They are stylish and inexpensive, and the light, soft fabric is close and warm and wears well. Black, bottle-green, and steel-gray are the colors most in demand, worn with blue or scarlet petticoats. All-wool serge of fine quality, soft and full to the touch, a very different article from the common mixed serge, is $2 50 a yard, and measures a yard in width. The fancy for twilled goods is bringing the long-disused merinoes into fashion again.

A novel and picturesque costume for breakfast has a petticoat of blue cashmere trimmed with a pleated flounce, and a short over-dress of gray cashmere made with a yoke into which the body and skirt is pleated. A blue cord and tassel confines the loose garment at the waist. The body hangs carelessly over the cord in the Garibaldi style. The skirt is looped at the sides. A ruche of blue silk trims the yoke and Marie Antoinette sleeve.

Among new importations of Russian leather goods is a useful and pretty sewing-apron, to preserve the dress when using a sewing-machine. It is admirably shaped like a gored apron, has a bib and pockets, and is pinked at the edges and stitched with white silk. It is in the pale leather, russet color, black and blue. It is a novelty, and therefore expensive, costing $15.

Chambery gauze of tinsel combined with a color, gilt with green, and silver with blue, forming chameleon effects, is shown for evening dresses, to be worn over silk. It is three-fourths of a yard wide, costing from $2 to $2 75 a yard. It is prettily arranged in the Watteau drapery, falling in loose folds from the low corsage, and caught up in a panier puff. A soiled light silk of last season may be freshened in this way.

Bows or jabots of Valenciennes lace and muslin, with knots of ribbon between, are worn at the throat with narrow standing collar. Many of the jabots are made almost round, and may be used as breakfast caps by married ladies.

Foulard neck-ties of bright blue or scarlet, arranged in the sailor's knot, are worn with the linen yacht collars in vogue for young ladies. Black velvet bands for the neck become wider. An inch ribbon is worn if the neck is small; a half-inch width suits a large neck.

New lace capes for evening toilette take the form of bretelles instead of fichus. They are made of tulle puffs, broad on the shoulders, narrowing toward the belt, and finished at the back by loops and a short sash. Black guipure lace and velvet ribbon make pretty capes, to be worn over high or low corsages of dinner dresses. Black velvet bretelles are embroidered with a vine of marguerites, the white flower and green leaves thrown into relief on the black ground.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR; and Madame FERRERO.

PERSONAL.

THE Diocese of New York and the city of New York, so far as Episcopalians are concerned, may congratulate themselves that on the floor of the late General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, one of the readiest, most effective, most eloquent debaters in that body, as well as one who exhibited the most perfect familiarity with the history of the Church, with Parliamentary rules, etc., and who at the same time on all occasions took what may be termed a statesmanlike view of the interests of the Church, was the Rev. Dr. BENJAMIN I. HAIGHT, one of the assistant ministers of Trinity Church in this city. And what added, deservedly, to the influence he concededly exerted in the Convention, was the perfect frankness and the uniform courtesy he exhibited to his brother members, whether concurring with, or differing from them, in the positions he felt it his duty to advocate in that body.

—At this present writing the prominent candidate of the Junta for King of Spain seems to be FERDINAND of Coburg, husband of the last Queen of Portugal, and father of the present king. The idea is that by electing him Spain will acquire a good administrator and a resolute Constitutionalist for the present; while in the future the succession may fall to the King of Portugal, and the Peninsula be once more united. King FERDINAND is a Catholic of the Coburg type, *i. e.*, not Ultramontane, has had great experience, and governed Portugal as Regent for some years very satisfactorily.

—Prince ALFRED is coming to New York in due course of time. The young gentleman has started in his man-of-war steamer to make a voyage around the world. It will take two years or more to accomplish the manœuvre.

—RICHARD PURSER is dead. RICHARD was an old man. He was the oldest man in England. RICHARD was aged 112 years. For the last fifty years he lived in Cheltenham, working all the day at hard labor; but in consideration of his great age, her Majesty the Queen had given RICHARD a pension of $25 per annum. It did him a little good, though not much.

—In what a ridiculous plight a very great man sometimes finds himself! On election-day, at Quincy, CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS deposited a written ballot. A few minutes afterward he returned, and stated that by mistake he had put a receipted bill into the box! An examination proved the correctness of the statement.

—The Centennial of the birth of SCHLEIERMACHER, the founder of the new Christology of Germany and the restorer of positive Christian faith in connection with broad culture, will be celebrated widely in the German Churches on Saturday, November 21. A Commemorative Service will be held in the Church of the Messiah, Thirty-fourth Street and Park Avenue, on Sunday evening, November 22, at half-past seven o'clock. Dr. OSGOOD will give the discourse, and Dr. BELLOWS will assist.

—PATTI-CAUX is doing well, pecuniarily, since her marriage. Her engagements for the year, commencing October 1, 1868, will bring her 521,000 francs, gold, not counting in what she may reasonably rely upon from private concerts and professional services at other than operatic entertainments.

—Miss ROSE HAWTHORNE, eldest daughter of the novelist, has marked talent as an artist. Her mother is gifted in the same way, and before marriage practiced her art professionally. Among her published productions were the illustrations of "The Gentle Boy," a story by her future husband, which labor led to her marriage with the author.

—Mr. MOTLEY, who has recently added to his avocations that of a political orator, in addition to the position he occupies as an historian and diplomatist, belongs to that very small class of Americans who combine high scholarship and literary distinction with the ability and experience of a politician and statesman. As a youth his career opened happily. In manhood he was a close student, traveled much, and became Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg. Subsequently, as historian of the Dutch Republic and the grand Protestant struggle in the Netherlands, he attained celebrity as one of the greatest of historical writers; and as American Minister to the Court of Vienna he took rank as a good diplomatist and a man of high political principle.

—General PRIM is a wag as well as a warrior. He remarked, the other day, in reference to the poll-tax, that it had only been imposed for the purpose of proving to the world that Spain was determined to go *a-head*.

—There will be no end of English and American writers, actors, actresses, sculptresses, etc., etc., in New York this winter, among whom, notably, will be Miss BRADDON, CHARLES READE, HANS ANDERSEN, MAX MULLER, ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Miss CUSHMAN, Miss HOSMER, Miss EMMA STEBBINS, etc., etc.

—Among the curious things that have occurred in connection with royal marriages in Europe is that of FREDERICK VII., who, when Crown-Prince of Denmark, fell in love with the princess who afterward became the wife of the Prince of GLUCKSBURG, and is now QUEEN OF DENMARK. The CROWN-PRINCE, when he became enamored of the young damsel, was about to be married to the Princess CAROLINE, of Mecklenburg, whom the happy bridegroom intensely disliked. His father, the old King of Denmark, was furious at this untoward love affair, and he caused the young Prince of Glücksburg to offer his hand very suddenly to the princess of whom the Crown-Prince was enamored. She said she would take him, and they were shortly after married. The union, brought about so unexpectedly at the wish of the old king, proved to be an exceedingly happy one.

—The lady who has had the honor of being the first of her sex elected a member of the Italian Academy of Belles-Lettres, is DORA D'ISTRIA, the authoress, who speaks fifteen languages, has written books in six of them, and is noted alike for her genius and beauty.

—One of the most peculiar of St. Louis personals has just deceased—ISAAC WALKER—the Astor of that city. In alluding to the old fellow a St. Louis paper says: "In a rickety old two-story building on St. Clair Street, used alike for office and dwelling, there has lived for many years old ISAAC WALKER. Wifeless, and with one foot in the grave, any morning for the past ten years he could have been seen in his den of an office on the first-floor, arranging papers, assorting kegs, and counting money. He spoke with no one save on business; friendships he had none; money was his sole passion and aim. A stern landlord, he was commonly known as 'Old Walker,' and the cheap tenement houses and buildings all over the city brought him an enormous income. When the Lindell Hotel burned some years since, although his property lay all around it, and its re-erection would have greatly enhanced his land, still he refused to give a cent, while Madame Haycraft, the wealthy demi-monde, subscribed ten thousand dollars. Mr. WALKER leaves an estate worth from seven to ten millions of dollars."

—Mrs. SCOTT SIDDONS, whose *début* as a reader has been one of the successes of the season, is the grand-daughter of *the* SIDDONS, who from the year 1782 to the year of 1812—thirty years—reigned upon the English stage as no actress had ruled before, or has ruled since; of whom the poet CAMPBELL has written: "She copied no one, living or dead, but acted from nature and herself; she was more than a woman of genius, for the additional benevolence of her heart made her an honor to her sex and to human nature." Mrs. SCOTT SIDDONS, the grand-daughter, is a young lady of much promise, and is already possessed of an English reputation as an actress that seems to challenge criticism, and it is but natural to expect that with such ancestry she must inherit great perception of dramatic art. At the early age of eleven years she made her first appearance upon the stage in a small part in the French play of "Esther," and succeeded in attracting considerable attention by her striking performance. Since then she has acted in English, French, and German in the most difficult plays of SHAKSPEARE, SCHILLER, RACINE, MOLIERE, CORNEILLE, etc. In person Mrs. SCOTT SIDDONS bears a strong resemblance to FANNY KEMBLE in her youth. She has a fine figure and manner, the KEMBLE face, and the grace, intelligence, and sympathetic character that go to make up the true histrionic artist.

—The wife of M. DE GIRARDIN is a handsome German princess, and gives receptions, which, for intellectual and fashionable splendor, are second only to those of the Empress EUGENIE'S. The husband's house cost 450,000 francs; is spacious and elegant, though in these respects not superior to some of the dwellings on Fifth Avenue and the gilt-edged streets diverging therefrom.

—Our American artists, CHURCH, BIERSTADT, M'ENTEE, and GIFFORD, are still in Europe, where they are much entertained, recepted, dined, and so forth, and so forth. Their artistic merit is every where appreciated, and much European coin is expected to find its way to their credit as a result.

—One of the cleverest actresses that ever trod the French stage—Mlle. CLAIRON—says, in her Memoir, that she read and studied the character of *Monime* for fifteen years "before," as she says, with charming modesty, "I permitted myself to learn the part." The most finished comedians of that day were modest. BETTERTON, at seventy, remarked to a friend who was praising his *Hamlet* as perfect: "Perfect! I have played *Hamlet* now fifty years, and I believe I have not got to the depths of its philosophy yet!"

—A correspondent of the Chicago *Republican* has been sketching the exterior and general "get-up" of the Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, of Boston, who writes clever stories for the "Oceanic Miscellany," as Dr. HOLMES called it. The correspondent expected to see an athletic Christian, with short English whiskers and a jolly smile, something of the KINGSLEY order. Instead, a form scarcely more than slight, with the studious stoop in his shoulders, clad in a gown, advanced to the desk. It would seem that his frame was originally robust, but, cloistered in a study, had given spareness to the whitened cheeks, had sunken the large, meditative eye, and given the slight trace of severity to his face, which is really beautiful, reminding one at once of the Christ in Henri Le Jennis's picture of "Jesus Blessing Children." The Harvard tradition was, in his younger days, that he parted his hair to increase the resemblance! But the hair is thin on his temples now, worn with thought; and the face is one that might be stern when defending his faith in ecclesiastical council, but would soften unutterably to the children round his table.

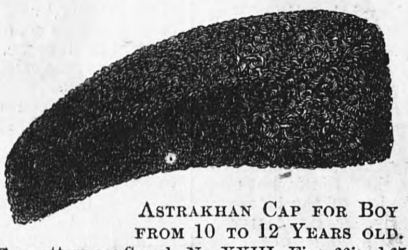
Astrakhan Cap for Boy from 10 to 12 Years old.

THIS Astrakhan cap is lined with black lustring and a thin layer of wadding. Cut of Astrakhan, lustring, and thin wadding from Figs. 66 and 67 of the Supplement each one piece. Lay thin lining on one side of the wadding and the lustring on the other and quilt in small diamonds, then join these lining pieces with the outside pieces, sew Fig. 67 together on the ends, but without the lustring, after which cut the wadding out at the ends and sew the lustring down over the seam. Backstitch together Figs. 66 and 67 according to the corresponding figures on the pattern, hemming down the lining in the same manner as with the other seam. Overcast the ends around the bottom.

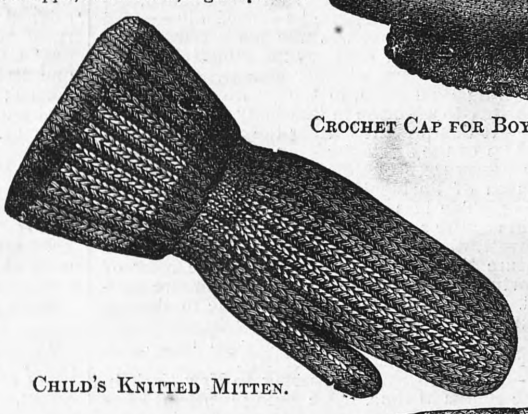
LETTER AND NEWSPAPER HOLDER.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XXXII., Fig. 88.

Lady's Knitted Vest.

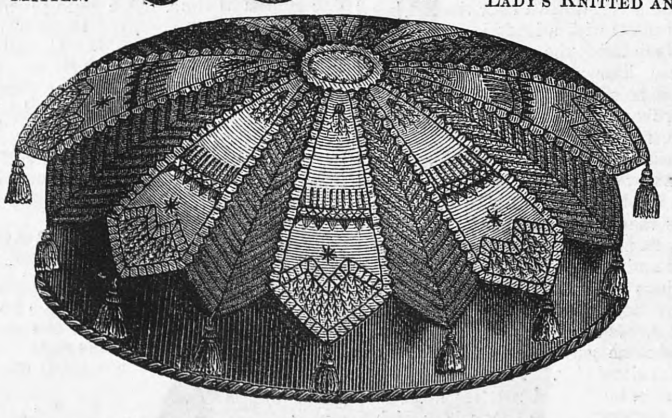
THIS vest is knitted plain with chamois wool on two wooden needles in backward and forward rounds except on the under edge of the vest and sleeves, where it is ribbed. Begin on the under edge of the back with a foundation of thirty-five stitches, and knit backward and forward sixteen rounds for the border, but in the first of these rounds work two stitches out of every foundation stitch, and after this 106 rounds plain. Now take the first twenty-three stitches of the round on a separate needle, and, leaving them for the present, cast off the following twenty-four stitches (for the upper edge of the back); knit then with the remaining twenty-three stitches thirty-two rounds for the shoulder. Widen the following round twelve stitches by casting on twelve stitches for the upper edge of the front; with these and the shoulder stitches knit sixty-two rounds for the front. Leave these stitches for the present and work on the other twenty-three stitches the other shoulder and front in the same manner. Then take the stitches of both fronts on the same needle and knit forty-four rounds, sixteen rounds alternately two stitches plain and two purled, and cast off. Begin the sleeves, which are also worked on two needles in backward and forward rounds, on the under edge with a foundation of nineteen stitches, knit on these twenty rounds alternately two stitches plain and two purled, but work in the first round two stitches in every foundation stitch. This done work 114 rounds plain, but at the beginning and end of the 12th, 22d, 32d, 42d, 62d, 72d, 80th, and 88th rounds add one stitch. After completing the 114th round cast off. Now collect the eighteen edge stitches which lie next the upper edge of the sleeve on the right side on a needle, and knit 26 rounds backward and forward for the gusset and cast off. Crochet together with single crochet the other side of the gusset to the sleeve, and also the back and fronts to the side. Now crochet the sleeves, bringing the under corner of the gusset on the side seam. Finally, crochet a round of single crochet around the edge of the neck and the front slit. On the right edge of the slit work a second round in single crochet, and form button-holes by passing over two stitches with five chain at regular distances. On the left side face with linen tape and sew on buttons. Work a round of open-work double crochet around the neck.



ASTRAKHAN CAP FOR BOY FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see Suppl., No. XXIII., Figs. 66 and 67.



CHILD'S KNITTED MITTEN.

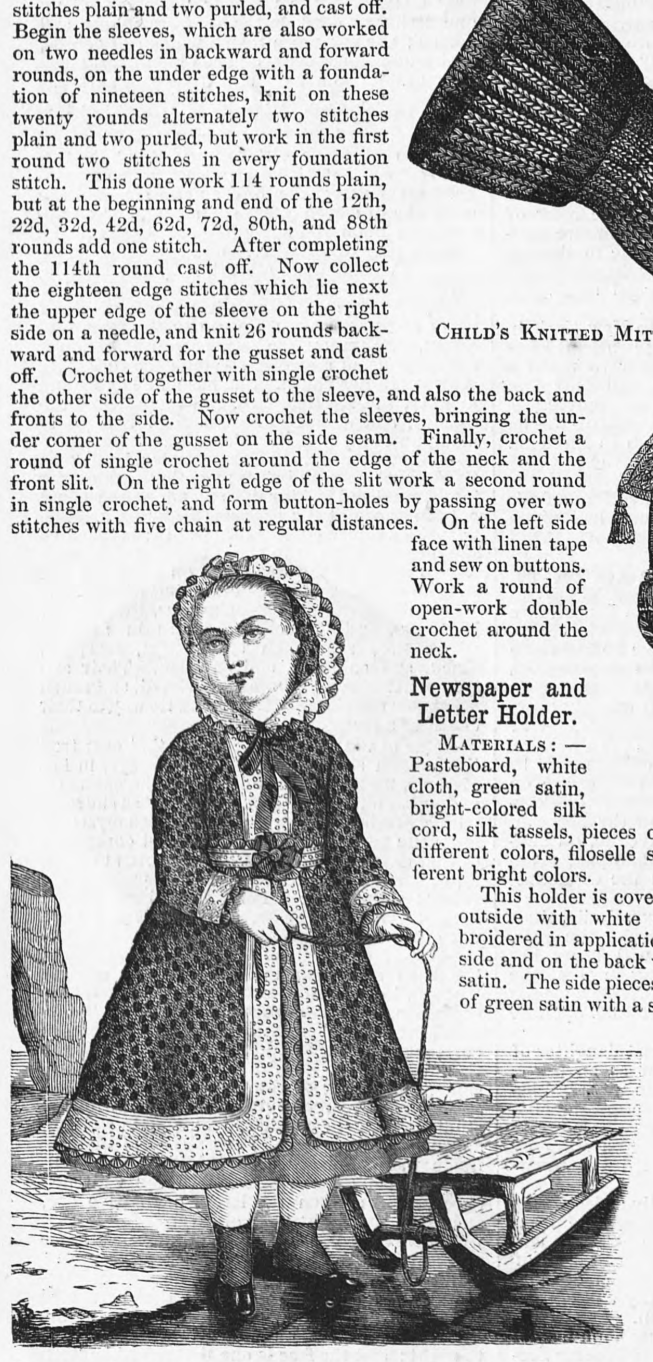


EMBROIDERED AND CROCHET FOOT-STOOL.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 37.

Newspaper and Letter Holder.

MATERIALS: — Pasteboard, white cloth, green satin, bright-colored silk cord, silk tassels, pieces of cloth of different colors, filoselle silk in different bright colors.

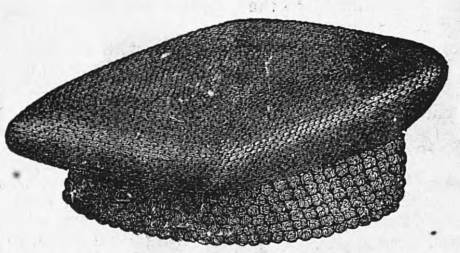
This holder is covered on the outside with white cloth embroidered in application, and inside and on the back with green satin. The side pieces are made of green satin with a stiff lining. The edges are finished with bright-colored silk cord, which is also arranged in a cluster of loops on the top, the middle one of which serves for hanging up the holder. The sides are finished with two bright-colored silk tassels. Cut of pasteboard from Fig. 88 of the Supplement two pieces, one of which, however, only reaches from the under edge to the line. Next cut of white cloth the covering for the front and back, but on the back it reaches only from the upper edge a little below the lower part of the line. Next embroider these pieces of cloth in the manner shown by the illustration and partly by the design. The ring-shaped, leaf-shaped, and four and five leaved figures are of pieces of cloth in various bright colors, and are sewed to the white foundation with split filoselle silk in different colors, after which the remainder of the design is worked in point russe, except the stems, which are in chain stitch. Arrange the cloth on pasteboard, and cover the remainder with green satin, which must cover the under edge of the back piece of cloth, while the edges are overcast. Then join the front and back pieces with the side pieces of satin, which are three inches wide at the upper ends and sloping to the under ends. Finally, sew the cord around the edges, arrange the upper part in loops, and sew on the tassels.



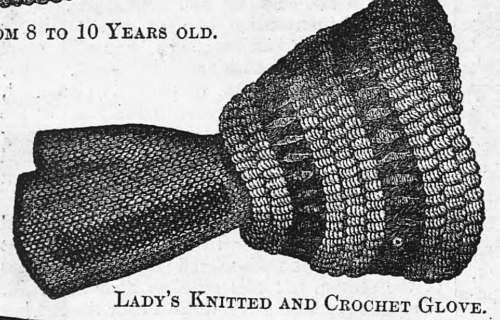
KNITTED CLOAK WITH HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 33.

GENTLEMEN'S CHEST PROTECTOR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 30.

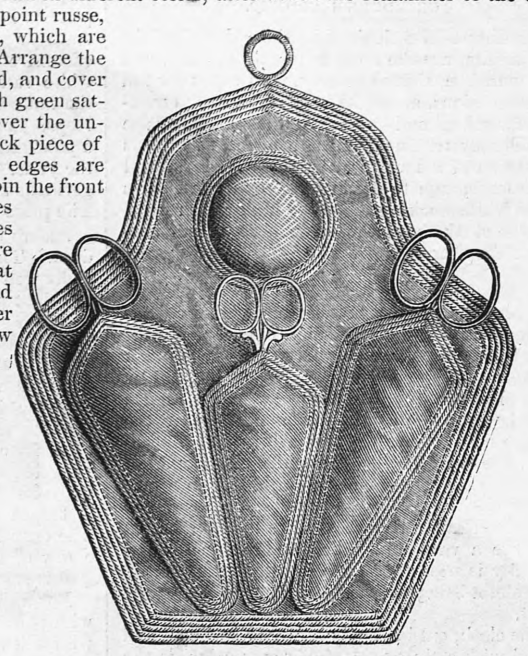
LADY'S KNITTED VEST.



CROCHET CAP FOR BOY FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.



LADY'S KNITTED AND CROCHET GLOVE.



SCISSORS POCKET WITH NEEDLE-CUSHION.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 34–36.

Crochet Cap for Boy from 8 to 10 Years old.

THIS cap is worked in the round, the foundation of gray wool in slip stitch, not as usual from right to left, but from left to right. The under side piece is worked of black wool in single crochet with chain stitch picots between. Begin the cap in the middle of the crown with a foundation of four stitches; join this in a round with a slip stitch, and work in the same manner as for the crocheted purse, illustrated in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 27, p. 417, a piece eight inches square. The corners are made by widening in the manner shown by the purse. Having completed this part work two rounds without widening, and then a side two inches wide, in every second round of which narrow four times in the same line of the widening. On the last round of this, which is worked without widening, work the under straight side an inch and a half wide of black wool on the same number of stitches as follows: Alternately five chain, one single crochet in each stitch of the former round. In continuing the work always pass over the chain and work single crochet on single crochet. The last round consists of a round in single crochet also only in the single crochet of the former round. Line this part of the cap with leather.

SCOTCH CAP FOR BOY FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIII., Figs. 66 and 67.

Child's Knitted Mitten.

THIS mitten is worked in the round in common patent with chinchilla and violet wool. Begin the mitten on the under edge of the violet wool stripe which borders the gauntlet, and make of the violet wool on a fine needle a foundation of fifty stitches, join these in a round and knit ten rounds, alternately one stitch knitted and one purled. This forms that part of the gauntlet next the hand. Now knit the 11th–12th rounds on coarser needles in patent; in knitting the patent in the round knit alternately in one round stitch and made stitch plain, and in the next purl them. In the 15th round splice on the chinchilla wool, and work sixty-four rounds in patent, then again with the fine needles ten rounds, alternately one stitch purled and one knitted, which forms the edge. Knit now, again with the coarse needles, twenty-four rounds in patent; then for the thumb take twelve stitches on another

CROCHET KERCHIEF AND HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 60 and 61.

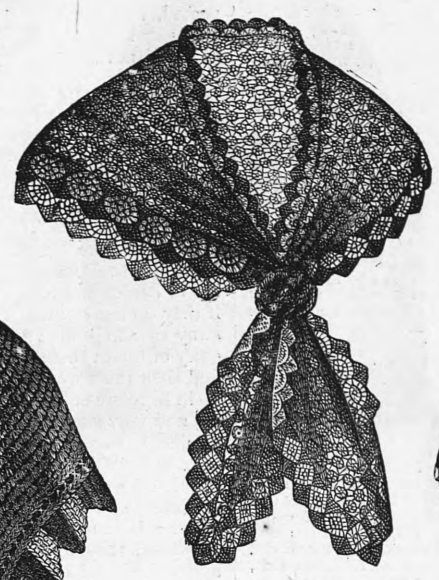
LADY'S KNITTED UNDER-SKIRT.

needle, cast on four stitches more, join in a round, and knit the thumb in twenty-eight rounds, narrowing off in the last four. Take the under veins of the four stitches, cast on on a needle with the remaining stitches and knit again forty-eight rounds, in the last eight of which narrow off. Turn the gauntlet over so that the violet stripes comes on the wrist.

Lady's Glove.

See illustrations on page 900.

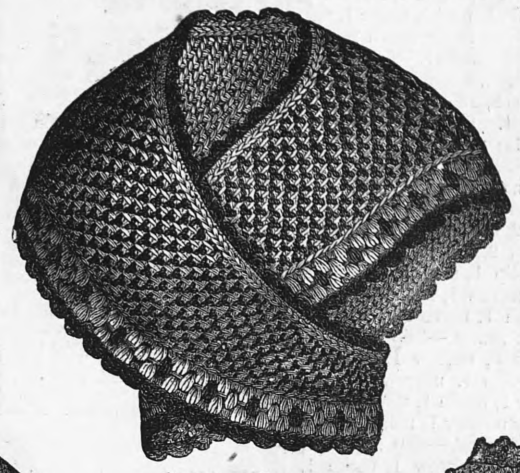
THE hand part of this glove is of white zephyr, knitted in backward and forward rounds, and worked in cross stitch with blue wool on the back. The gauntlet, which is six inches long, is worked in coiled crochet stitch of white, and in crossed double crochet of blue wool, and is lined with a loosely-knitted lining of white wool. Begin on a foundation of 44 stitches with steel knitting-needles and knit 108 rounds; in the following round cast off the first eight stitches and knit, with the 28 following, 40 rounds for the thumb (the last eight stitches remain without knitting), in doing which cast off one stitch at the end of the 109th round, and also of every second or fourth following round, in order to make the thumb part gore-shaped. Having completed the thumb part sew together the foundation stitches with the edge stitches of the thumb of the glove and the eight stitches still on the needle. Next crochet the gauntlet on the wrist of the glove with white wool by working first a single crochet stitch in each edge stitch. After this follow two rounds in coiled crochet stitch, a detailed description of which will be found in the following Number, and after this a round of crossed double crochet with blue wool. Each of these is separated by a chain passing over a stitch of the previous round. After this follow twice three rounds of coiled stitch separated by a round of crossed double crochet. Now take up the back veins of the stitches on fine wooden knitting-needles and knit the lining plain in the round. After the last round cast off and sew the edge to the wrist of the glove on the under side. Lastly, edge the upper edge of the glove and of the thumb with a round of single crochet in blue wool, and work the back also with blue wool in cross stitch, crossing two stitches in width and two rounds in width.



KNITTED FICHU.

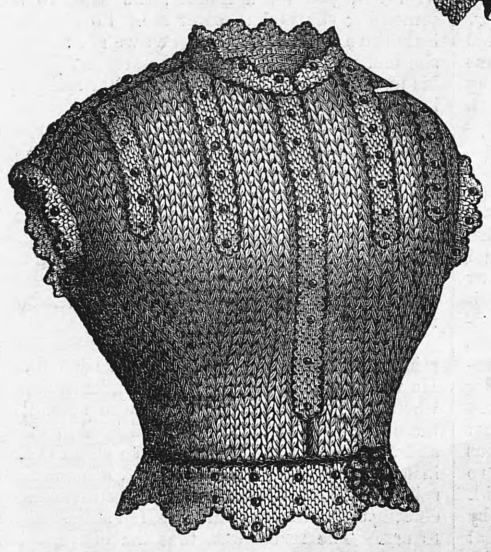
CROCHET CAPE.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 31 and 32.

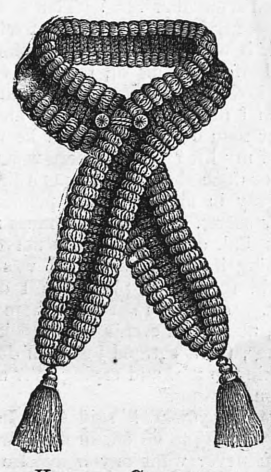


CROCHET SONTAG.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Fig. 62.



LADY'S CROCHET AND KNITTED SLEEVELESS JACKET.—FRONT.



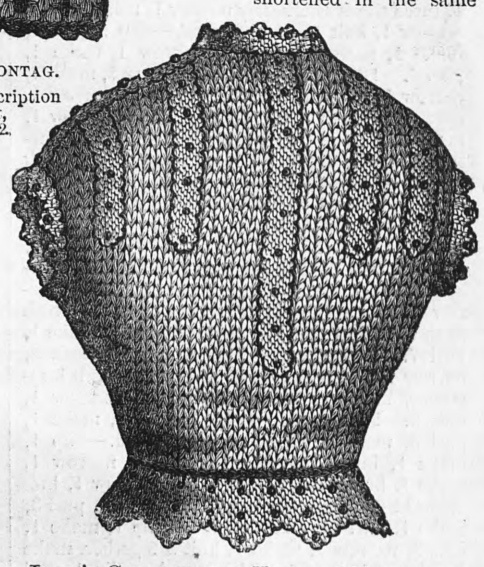
KNITTED COMFORTER.

KNITTED JACKET FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 55 and 56.

BOA FOR LITTLE GIRL.

KNITTED COMFORTER WITH POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.



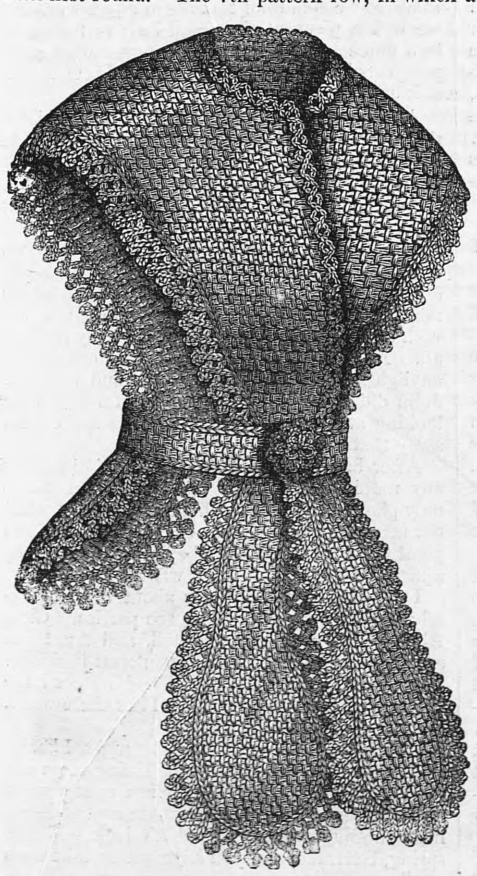
LADY'S CROCHET AND KNITTED SLEEVELESS JACKET.—BACK.

ing attention to the widening on the under edge and the striped design, twelve pattern rows, which must always be narrowed five stitches at the end of the first round (upper edge of the skirt); this is done by leaving the last five stitches of each pattern row without working. The following sixteen pattern rows are worked on the entire row of stitches and also on those left while working the gore, but in each row a stitch must be added on the under edge of the under-skirt and one left on the upper edge. In this manner work still three times alternately a gore like the first, and sixteen pattern rows on the entire row of stitches. Then follows again a gore twelve pattern rows wide like the former, but on the under edge of the skirt in the seventh pattern row of this gore do not add a stitch, and in the 8th–12th pattern rows, as also in all the pattern rows now following, narrow a stitch. By this narrowing the other straight (back) edge of the under-skirt is formed. The fifty-two pattern rows now following are worked in the same striped design, but in each of these narrow one stitch not only on the under (back) edge, but also on the upper edge of the under-skirt, so that these pattern rows may be shortened in the same proportion as the pattern rows at the beginning were lengthened. The last pattern row must count two stitches. This finishes the under-skirt. Sew the back edges together with overcast stitches except a ten inch long slit, work a round of single crochet on the edge stitches of the slit, and crochet on the stitches on the upper edge of the under-skirt one pattern row, fulling the skirt in slightly. For the frill around the bottom of the skirt crochet with white wool one round sc. (single crochet) on the edge stitches in such a manner that the skirt shall neither be stretched nor fulled. On this work two other rounds sc., the first with red, and the second with white wool. 4th round.—With red wool, * 1 sc. in the first sc. of the former round, 2 ch. (chain), passing over one stitch in each of the following five stitches, 1 dc. (double crochet), in the middle one of these five stitches, however, 2 dc., then 2 ch., passing over one stitch. 5th round.—With white wool, * 1 sc. in the first sc. of the former round, 2 ch., pass over two stitches, 1 dc. in each of the next 6 dc., 2 ch. 6th round.—With red wool, * 1 sc. in the first sc. of the former round, 2 ch., pass over two stitches, 1 sc. in each dc., on each of the two middle dc., however, 2 dc., then 2 ch., pass over two stitches. 7th round.—With red wool, * 1 sc. on the first sc. of the former round, 2 ch., pass over two stitches, on each of sc. crocheted in the first dc. figure 1 dc., on each of the middle two stitches of this figure 2 dc., then 2 ch., pass over two stitches. 8th round is like the 7th, but with white wool. 9th–11th rounds are like the 6th–8th rounds. 12th round.—With red wool, * 1 sc. in the next sc. of the former round, 2 ch., pass over two stitches, on each stitch of the next dc. figure 1 sc., but in one of the two middle stitches of this figure 2 sc., then 2 ch., pass over two stitches. This completes the frill.

Lady's Crochet Under-Skirt.

See illustration on page 900.

THIS gored under-skirt is crocheted of white and red wool in Tunisian stitch. The bottom is edged with a frill crocheted in the same colors. The upper part is finished with a muslin binding. Begin on the under edge of the back with white wool on a foundation of two stitches, and crochet six pattern rows. In these pattern rows widen at the beginning and end of each first round. The 7th pattern row, in which add also two stitches, is crocheted with red wool. This finishes one stripe. On the last (red) pattern row work seven times alternately six white and one red pattern row; then again a white pattern row, in which add also one stitch at the beginning and end. With the last pattern row the entire length of the under-skirt is reached. Work now for the first gore, pay-



CROCHET FICHU WITH BASQUE AND SASH ENDS.—FRONT.

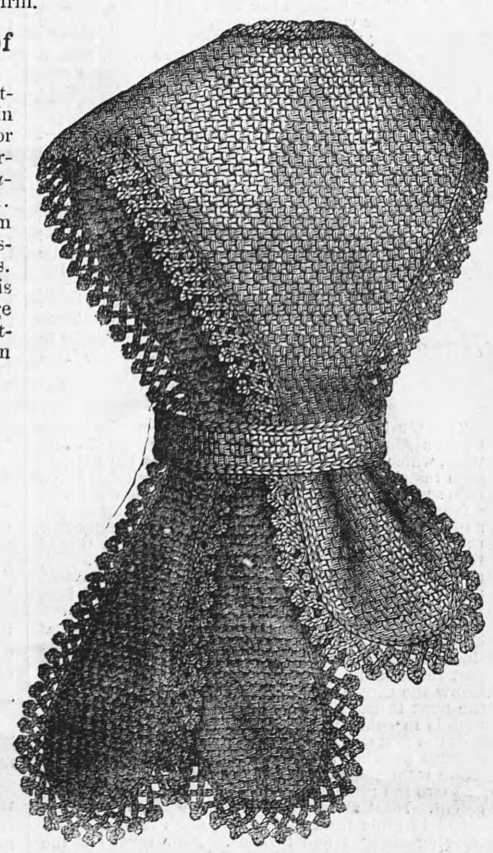
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 26–28.

LADY'S KNITTED FICHU MANTILLA.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Fig. 63.

Fichu Knitted of Black Wool.

THIS cape is knitted of black wool in the design given for Negligé Handkerchief in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 47. p. 741. The upper edges from corner to corner measure fifty-six inches. The under corner is rounded. The edge is finished with a knitted edging. Begin



CROCHET FICHU WITH BASQUE AND SASH ENDS.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 26–28.

on the rounded corner with a foundation of the requisite length and widen at the end of each round. The edging is worked crosswise backward and forward on a foundation of 22 stitches as follows: 1st round.—Slip 1, knit 11, narrow 1, make 1, narrow 1, knit 6. 2d round.—Slip 1, purl 6, make 1, out of the made stitch following knit 1, purl 1, then make 1, purl 13. 3d round.—Slip 1, narrow 1, knit 8, narrow 1, make 1, narrow 1 (knit here the stitch and made stitch together), make 1, narrow 1, make 1, narrow 1, knit 5. 4th round.—Slip 1, purl 5, make 1, narrow 1, out of the following made stitch purl 1, knit 1, narrow 1, make 1, purl 11. 5th round.—Slip 1, narrow 1, knit 6, narrow 1, make 1, narrow 1, make 1, knit 2, make 1, narrow 1, make 1, narrow 1, knit 4. 6th round.—Slip 1, purl 4, make 1, narrow 1, purl 4, narrow 1, make 1, purl 9. 7th round.—Slip 1, narrow 1, knit 4, five times alternately narrow 1, make 1, then narrow 1, knit 3. 8th round.—Slip 1, purl 3, make 1, narrow 1, purl 2, out of the made stitch knit 1, purl 1, then purl 2, narrow 1, make 1, purl 7. 9th round.—Slip 1, narrow 1, knit 2, three times alternately narrow 1, make 1, knit 2, make 1, narrow 1, make 1, narrow 1, make 1, narrow 1, knit 2. 10th round.—Slip 1, purl 2, make 1, narrow 1, purl 8, narrow 1, make 1, purl 5. 11th round.—Slip 1, narrow 1, three times alternately narrow 1, make 1, then narrow 1, three times alternately narrow 1, make 1, then narrow 1, knit 1. 12th round.—Slip 1, purl 1, make 1, narrow 1, purl 8, narrow 1, make 1, purl 3. 13th round.—Slip 1, narrow 1, make 1, narrow 1, make 1, narrow 1, make 1, narrow 1, make 1, narrow 1, make 1, narrow 1. 14th round.—Slip 1, narrow 1, make 1, purl 9, make 1, purl 3. 15th round.—Slip 1, make 1, knit 1, narrow 1, make 1, narrow 1, make 1, narrow 1, make 1, knit 1, narrow 1, make 1, narrow 1, make 1, narrow 1, knit 1. 16th round.—Slip 1, purl 2, make 1, purl 8, make 1, knit 5. 17th round.—Slip 1, make 1, knit 3, five times alternately narrow 1, make 1, then narrow 1, knit 2. 18th round.—Slip 1, purl 3, make 1, purl 7, make 1, purl 7. 19th round.—Slip 1, make 1, knit 5, narrow 1, make 1, narrow 1, make 1, knit 3 together, make 1, narrow 1, make 1, narrow 1, knit 3. 20th round.—Slip 1, purl 4, make 1, purl 5, make 1, purl 9. 21st round.—Slip 1, make 1, knit 7, narrow 1, make 1, narrow 1, make 1, knit 3 together, make 1, narrow 1, knit 4. 22d round.—Slip 1, purl 5, make 1, purl 3, make 1, purl 11. 23d round.—Slip 1, make 1, knit 9, narrow 1, make 1, knit 3 together, make 1, narrow 1, knit 5. 24th round.—Slip 1, purl 6, make 1, purl 1, make 13. 25th round.—Slip 1, make 1, knit 11, narrow 1, narrow 1, knit 7. 26th round.—Entirely purled. Repeat from the first round till the edge has reached the desired length, after which sew it to the edge. For the upper edge make the edging somewhat narrower. Knot one end of the fichu, and slip the other end through the knot.

Ladies' Sleeveless Jacket.

See Illustration on page 901.

THIS jacket is worked of coarse red zephyr in a kind of Tunisian stitch. The trimming is knitted of finer red wool. The fronts and back are crocheted separately, and sewed together under the arms and on the shoulders. The pattern must be cut of some common material from that of Swiss muslin waist with simulated braid trimming, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 34, page 536, and made to fit the figure, in order to have it as a guide for the work. Then begin the back on the upper edge with a suitable foundation, and crochet the first pattern row as follows: 1st round.—Take a loop out of every foundation stitch, and put the thread around the needle after each loop. 2d round.—Work off together each stitch and a made stitch. In the 1st round of the second pattern row take always a stitch out of the perpendicular veins of the stitches and the following made stitches of the last round at the same time, and then throw the thread around the needle. At the beginning of every pattern row pass over the first made stitch, but always throw the thread around after the edge stitch on the needle. Widen and narrow at each side of the back according to the requirements of the form. Having reached the last round, crochet on this a round slip stitch. Begin the fronts also on the upper edge. The front edges must be plain, and the narrowing takes place at the sides and darts. Having finished the back and fronts, crochet them together with slip stitches, after which arrange the trimming and belt. The latter is pointed on the under edge. Begin it with the coarse wool, with a foundation of ten stitches, and knit, backward and forward, twenty plain rounds, in which add one stitch at the end of every second round on one side, so that the twentieth round counts twenty stitches. In the following twenty rounds narrow in the same proportion as the others were widened. Knit in the same manner till it has reached the length required (in the pattern eight points), edge the straight edge with a round single crochet in fine wool, and the pointed edge with chain-stitch scallops. Set this piece on at the waist. A similar narrower stripe edges the neck and arm-holes. Cast on five stitches for each stripe, while each is nine stitches wide in the middle. The trimming pieces are knitted plain in the length backward and forward, edged with chain-stitch scallops of black wool, and trimmed with jets or black buttons. They are each an inch wide. The length is shown by the illustration. The front is fastened with hooks and eyes.

Knitted Comforter.

See Illustration on page 901.

THIS comforter is knitted of red wool, lengthwise, on steel knitting-needles, and edged with a stripe of white wool, which is rolled up, while the ends are finished with tassels also of white wool. Two buttons and a loop serve for fastening. Begin with white wool with a foundation of 300 stitches (length of the comforter), and knit on this backward and forward twenty-four rounds patent—that is to say, alternately a thread thrown around, a stitch slipped as if intending to purl, and one knitted. In each following round knit stitch and thread together. Having completed the 24th round splice on the red wool, knit 1 stitch plainly out of every knitted stitch of the last round, and allow the slipped stitch and thread to glide from the needle; throw the thread around after each plain stitch of the first red round. In the following round alternately throw the thread around the needle, slip 1, and knit the next thread as a stitch. Now knit twenty-one rounds in common patent in the next (24th) round, knit the first stitch, and then always a thread and two stitches together as one stitch. Then splice on the white wool again, knit the first two rounds like the first two red rounds, and then twenty rounds common patent. Next allow every slipped stitch of the last round to glide from the needle, and cast off the remaining stitches and threads. Now ravel out the stitches of each white stripe which were dropped from the needle, as far as the first round, in such a manner that a small loop is formed from each stitch in every round, and then roll the edges of the white border inward. Gather the ends, and fasten the rolled border with a few stitches. Lastly, sew on the tassels and buttons and loops in the manner shown by the illustration.

Knitted Comforter Embroidered in Point Russe.

See illustration on page 901.

THIS comforter is knitted with violet wool, on two fine wooden needles, in net patent. Begin on one end with a foundation of forty-four stitches, and knit on this backward and forward as shown by Fig. 44, p. 108. When it is twenty-four inches long cast off. Now lay this stripe together so that the sides meet, and sew them together with the same wool. Make the ends pointed in the manner shown by the illustration. Lastly, embroider the ends in point russe, and sew on tassels of white wool. Eight inches from each end lay each in a pleat, and sew on the buttons and elastic loop, as shown by the illustration.

Girls' Crocheted Boa.

See illustration on page 901.

THIS boa is worked in loop stitch of pink and white zephyr. Make a foundation eighteen inches long, and crochet, on a middling coarse steel needle, with white wool, 15 rounds single crochet, always putting the needle through the front vein of the stitches. Then begin again at the first round, and crochet on the back of the work in the back veins of the stitches one round in each of those before worked: 1 sc. in every vein of a stitch, but after every two sc. draw the loop on the needle out an inch long, and then pull the thread through as long as if intending to work a chain stitch, so as to have another loop on the needle, after which crochet the next sc. This forms a threefold loop between the sc. In this manner crochet one round with white and one with pink wool. The last round of the foundation remains free. Finish the ends with pink ribbons.

WHY I SET OUT THE CROCUS BULBS MYSELF.

"TIME to set out the crocus bulbs, did you say, Jacob? Very well; I always prefer to attend to that myself, you know; so you may prepare the ground, and I will put them in this afternoon."

So Jacob goes out to dig leaf-mould into the soil, and by a side glance I see that a gentleman at the other end of my table is smiling very brightly over his maps. Presently he comes and kisses me, and I know it is all on account of the crocus.

Then as I sit tracing out a little sacque-pattern from the *Bazar*, my thoughts go down the Past, remembering.

It was a day in May, Aunt Lal had gone to market, and Mrs. Lockwood, who lived next door, had sent over a parcel of flower seeds by her son John for my garden. "The sooner you plant the more flowers you'll get," was the message that came; so as I had nothing else in particular to do, I put on my broad flat and went out into the garden. John went too; he said he would rake over the beds for me, and when that was done he offered to help plant the seeds. So I gave him half, and told him exactly where the different kinds were to go, and then I took the rest and went quite over to the other side of the plot with them, for I was always a little shy of John, though I thought him handsomer and nicer than any one I knew. But I never knew exactly what to say to him, he seemed so sensible and superior, and perhaps he did not always know what to say to me either, for I was a mere chit of a school-girl, as you may say, with plenty of fancies but not many words.

I was planting touch-me-nots and bluebottles and china asters, and he had the mignonnette and sweet-williams. There was more sweet-william seed than any other kind, which I was a little sorry for, for it was not such a favorite flower of mine then as it has been since.

"Shall I plant them in rows or groups, Gertie?" asked John, looking around at me.

"Oh, plant them any way, I don't care how," I answered, "only not too near those pink-roots, for they must have room to spread. Another year I am going to separate them, and get pinks enough for all the borders."

"Another year!" said John. "I wonder if *I* shall be here a year from now!"

"Why yes, you will, of course, won't you?" I asked, stooping to draw a furrow for the touch-me-not seed.

"Maybe not. I'm going away in a few days to study civil engineering. Shall you miss me, Gertie?" he said, in an odd, hesitating way.

"I don't—know. Yes," I said, feeling my cheeks grow hot; for I did not know just what to say, but was sure I *should* miss him; for he often came in evenings to see Aunt Lal, and sometimes when we came home from meeting he would walk by me and carry my hymn-book.

"Shall you stay away very long, John?"

"Two years, Gertie; but I shall come home sometimes for a visit. I shall come home next Thanksgiving. Won't you write to me while I'm gone?"

"I—don't—know," I answered, in a burning shyness, and planting all the bluebottles in a heap at once. If, when I said I didn't know, he had said, "Oh, please do, Gertie," I should have told him "Yes" straightway; but he did not say any more at all just then; only went on very solemnly planting sweet-williams.

By-and-by, when my part of the work was done, I looked around to see how John was getting along. He had finished too, and was raking over the bed.

"Oh, there!" I exclaimed, "you have raked it all over, and now you can't tell where the seeds ought to come up."

"But you'll know them when they do come up," said John, smiling, rather flushed after his exertions. "I planted them a way of my own, Gertie, and when you see them growing next summer you must remember me."

"Yes, John," I said, nervously, for his eyes were fixed on me in such an earnest way it made me feel happy and shy all at once.

Then Aunt Lal came home from market, and we all went into the house together. She had some geranium slips to send to his mother, and he put them in his button-hole, and walked off half singing to himself.

He had to go away a day sooner than he expected, and when he came over to say good-by I was up at Clem Allen's spending the afternoon, so I did not see him again. Aunt Lal said he looked sorry.

The weeks slid on. It was my last term at school, and we girls were so busy with our lessons, getting ready for examination-day. Clem Allen was my chum, and she told me all her city cousins were coming up to visit, and Roderick was so elegant. All the girls that knew him were in love with him, she said, and she was dying for me to see him.

Ah well! school-girls almost always get dreaming of heroes and love before they graduate, even if they do not say much about it; and I had my stray sweet visions very often with the morning-glory of life in them. But lessons kept me busy, and then there was my garden. The seeds came up in little green leaves wherever they were planted, and very soon the weeds began to come too; so that it was all I could do by working Saturdays to keep the upper hand of them. At last I had it all pretty well weeded except the sweet-williams, and I found them growing in such a queer mixed up way that I was terribly puzzled. However, they were all well weeded at length, and quite tired out, I stood up to take breath, and looked at them.

"I should think John Lockwood *did* plant them 'anyway,'" I said to myself; "not straight lines nor circles, but every thing in a flurry!"

But as the days went on and the leaves grew, bringing the plants closer together, there seemed to be a sort of order in it, after all; and as I was standing there one day, looking and wondering what John meant, I read it all of a sudden, in a flash, and it made my heart beat to the very tips of my fingers—"*I love you, darling!*"

That was it as plain as day. That was the message John had written in flowers, and told me to look at and remember him! That sent a new thought into my heart, or rather unveiled an old one, as if it were some beautiful thing I had been only half conscious of, but now saw plainly. John loved me! Was that what it had meant, when I thought him so much handsomer and better than every body—that he was to be the hero of my life? Well, there was nothing to be said or done about it. It was a thing to be hidden away in my heart and pondered over; it was my secret. Clem Allen must not know, nor Aunt Lal, and I grew very nervous about people going into the garden, I was so afraid they would read it as plainly as I did. But no one did. I used to steal out there by myself morning, noon, and evening, and look at the sweet-williams, for it seemed just as if John were there speaking to me, and saying over and over, "I love you, darling."

"Gertie, how queer you act!" said Aunt Lal; "you're always wanting to go out in the flower-garden, and you never want any body else to go!" However, the sweet-williams soon spread so much and grew so thick that no one could possibly have read their secret. And meanwhile the school term was hurrying on, Clem's city guests came, every thing was in a flutter, and examination-day dawned at last on a bevy of school-girls in white muslin dresses and blue ribbons. That was our graduating class. Every body came to see us graduate. We recited, we read compositions, we sang, and did all we could to show what the academy had done for us. Clem read a composition on "What is Life?" and I sang "Jamie's on the Stormy Sea." Roderick Allen was in the second seat, and he threw me a bouquet.

After tea Clem brought him to call on me; we strolled out in the garden, and while Clem was gathering mignonnette he whispered to me that he wished he were my Jamie on the stormy sea, and that I would feel for him what I sang. The idea! a perfect stranger, and talking to me in that way! But he went on, with one pretty speech after another, and I was not so very much displeased, for it made me feel like a lady in a romance receiving homage. But all the while I kept thinking how much rather I would hear John's voice saying, simply, "I'm glad to see you, Gertie." Roderick Allen was not bad-looking, his hair curled as if it was crimped, his handkerchief was perfumed, and he carried a little cane. He had a diamond shirt-pin, too. But I thought to myself that John was ten times handsomer, and his plain, straightforward manners were so much the best.

"What a mess your sweet-williams are in!" exclaimed Clem, "what were you thinking of when you planted them?"

"Oh, Clem!" I said, "the dew is falling, and we must go straight into the house, or you will catch cold with those thin shoes on."

Clem and I being so much together, of course it happened very naturally that I went walking and riding with her and her cousin almost every day while he staid. That was not more than a week, however. When he went he asked me for a lock of my "beautiful soft hair." I laughed inwardly as I refused it, for Clem had told me long ago that he had so many locks of hair of different girls, there was almost enough to make a wig!

It seemed strange not to be in school any more; but to be a young lady instead, ready to go into society. Some of the girls were very gay, and went out a great deal. Clem told me that two of them were already engaged, and she herself meant to be soon. She showed me a letter and a picture, but I had nothing to show her in return. My one little secret was too dear to tell. The autumn was passing by, and I began to look forward to Thanksgiving. My heart would beat faster whenever Mrs. Lockwood in her calls mentioned hearing from John, but I always bent my head over my work and never said a word.

The garden plants had almost left off blooming, only the asters were in their glory. Aunt Lal called them "cheeny oysters." She came into the house one day with a package.

"There, Gertie," she said, "here's something for you when the cheeny oysters are gone. I bought these of a Dutch sailor down town, and he says set them out in November, and in the spring they'll be splendid."

They were crocus bulbs, and I was delighted, for I had always heard so much about the crocus, and how they lift up their bright little faces almost before winter is really gone.

One pleasant day in November I went out in my garden to plant the bulbs. It was the week before John was expected home, and I kept thinking about him all the time, and about what he had told me by means of the sweet-williams. A bright thought struck me; no one was looking, and I raked the bed for the crocus all over nicely, and then traced out on it in large letters, "I LOVE YOU, JOHN," and there all along in those traced lines I set out the crocus bulbs. Then I raked it all over again so no one could see. My cheeks burned while I did it; but when it was all done, it seemed so like a secret hidden away in the depths of the earth that I was not afraid to leave it there. And after that I felt quite happy; it seemed as if I had answered John.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and John had not come yet. His mother expected him by the evening stage. During the afternoon Clem ran in, and wanted me to go right over home with her, just for a minute, she said, to see something she had to show me. So I went, a little slave to destiny, and when we got there all she had to show me was Mr. Roderick Allen, in his new fall suit, lounging on the sofa and playing with his watch-chain.

"Aw, Miss Gertie," he said, in his foppish way, "I thought, you know, that I'd come up to eat my turkey in the country. I assure you it's all for your sake."

"You ought to feel complimented, Gertie," said Clem, laughing, and in my heart I was provoked with her, for it began to dawn upon me that he was the one she had hinted at sometimes when she said she had somebody "all picked out for me."

They made me stay to tea, and after that Roderick went home with me. I could not help it. He would stay to make a little call, he said, and when we went into the parlor who should be there but John being entertained by Aunt Lal, and waiting for me! He looked so glad the first instant, so surprised the next, and after that so sober, that I, who watched the three expressions chasing each other over his face, felt almost ready to cry. The result was, that the conversation was very constrained, and pretty soon John went. Roderick Allen staid an hour longer at least.

We always went to meeting Thanksgiving morning, and I kept thinking John would walk home with us. So he did; but Clem and her cousin walked with us too, and Clem did all the talking with John.

"I suppose we shall see a good deal of you for the next week or two, Mr. Lockwood?" she said.

"No," he replied, "it was hard for me to get away at all, and I shall have to return to the city early to-morrow morning."

My heart sank, and I could hardly attend to what Roderick Allen was saying to me. What if I should not have any chance to see John at all! When he reached his gate he went in, bidding us good-morning. I saw him glance over the fence at the sweet-william bed; no one could have told that there had ever been any letters there, and perhaps he thought they had never grown as he meant to have them. The afternoons were short then, and the sun went down without my seeing John again. A year before I should have thought nothing of going over to Mrs. Lockwood's myself to sit a little while with my work, but now it seemed as if I would not for any thing in the world. However, perhaps John would call in the evening.

He did call, and though Aunt Lal was in the room, so we could not talk about sweet-williams, we had a pleasant time, and he was telling us how much he liked his business, and what good prospects he had. But he said he had been homesick a good many times.

At eight o'clock Aunt Lal rolled up her knitting-work and was going off to bed, when in came Mrs. Allen to spend the rest of the evening.

"Why, isn't Roderick here?" she said. "Well, he will be soon, with Clem; and I guess I'll wait and go home with them."

That finished it all. John did not stay two minutes after that. He said good-by to us all, and went off in a grave, polite way that troubled me more than all the rest. My pillow was wet with tears that night, and I could hardly sleep at all. At the first sound of the stage-horn, just at daylight, I hurried to my window and watched. John did not guess what sad, tearful eyes were looking at him through the shutters as he went away that morning.

After he had gone nothing seemed the same any more. I began to think that perhaps he only planted the sweet-williams so for fun, without meaning what he said; or perhaps he did not plant them so at all, and they grew that way by a mere chance. Perhaps it was all a mistake.

I did not care any thing about the singing-school that winter, or about the parties. Clem Allen said I was growing dull, and Aunt Lal scolded me for not taking more interest in things. I staid at home and worked and watched the deep snows come and go, till at last there was a breath of spring in the air.

"John Lockwood got home last night, I hear," said Aunt Lal, coming into the sitting-room one morning; "and I'm going to run over there a few minutes to hear the city news, and to beg a little thoroughwort. You don't look well this spring, Gertrude, and you have got to take herb tea."

John had come home again, then! But would that make any difference? I had got into a way

of thinking that most things went amiss in this life, and I had not built many air-castles lately. So when Aunt Lal said John had come, I went to work very soberly to convince myself that I never must care for him any more.

All of a sudden the door flew open, and a great burst of air and sunshine came into the room, and there was John holding me tight in his arms and calling me his darling! He looked so proud and happy and handsome, and I just laid my head on his shoulder and began to cry.

"I have loved you so long, little Gertie," he said; "but till this morning I thought you would never, never care for me."

And how, pray, had he found it out this morning? I asked, almost too happy to care much about knowing.

"Come out in the garden and see," was all his answer; and away we went down the long, untrodden path, over the last patches of snow, to the crocus bed. And they were all in bloom, the little darlings, red, white, yellow, and blue; and there it was, just as plain as could be, "I Love You, John," for him to read when he happened to look over the fence that morning. Do you wonder that we never fail to plant crocus bulbs now every year? I always do it myself, and I always make them say those words, "I Love You." But I put it in Latin, so that Jacob will not know, nor the children.

But Jack, our oldest boy, is very forward, and he commenced Latin last spring. One day he came in and said, "Why, mother, it looks just like *Ego* in among the crocuses!"

"Does it?" said his father. "Let me hear you decline *Ego*."

But now the boy knows more, and next spring he will want to be told all about it, so here is the story ready for him.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE.

I AM writing this letter to you from Scotland, having for the first time in my life crossed the border. You, with your gigantic country, think nothing of a few hundred miles' journey; but we, though our island-home is a tiny one after all, as a rule know but little about it, and travel only so much in it as is necessary to see our friends and relatives, and enjoy the seabreezes. Still, our lake district is crowded with tourists every year; and as soon as the 12th of August approaches, and grouse can be shot, the northern trains are full enough.

The part of Scotland where I am now sojourning, however, is a part but little visited by tourists, and little known. The wilds of Galloway, as the world is pleased to call it, is an old principality comprising the two counties of Wigton and Kirkcudbrightshire, and the Stewartry — viz., these combined counties—for which one member is returned to Parliament, is now in a state of great excitement on account of the coming elections; but then every place is so excited just now throughout the length and breadth of the land; and at pretty well every dinner-table, shooting—the one general topic on ordinary occasions—for a while gives place to the various details of the political struggles. And this is not the worst part of it: old friendships, which have borne the wear and tear of life for many a year, often enough find a speedy tomb at these times; and it takes a good year or two afterward for the ill-feeling, which is sure to get about, to subside at all.

The scenery in Galloway is rarely beautiful. The bonnie Dee and blithesome Urr dash and foam over pebbly beds and waylaying boulders, which lash them to foamy fury in their course, forming as they go natural cascades and waterfalls. On they flow under rustic bridges, beneath whirling water-wheels, the graceful larch and dark Scotch fir lining their banks ofttimes. A more beautifully wooded country you could hardly see; and tier upon tier of hills, now blue with distance, now pink with heather, peep in on every side. Sir Walter Scott is always present in one's mind as one revels in these beauties. The scenes of both "Red Gauntlet" and "Guy Mannering" are laid about here; and the other day I had the pleasure of rambling about at Auchincairn, amidst the famous caves where Dick Hatterick and his crew plied their illicit trade only too well.

I wish any word-painting of mine could bring before your eyes the pretty view on which I am looking as I write, stretching in front of the hospitable mansion where I am staying. Quite in the fore-ground is the park, where the small, black Galloway cattle, scattered here and there, a white mark like a belt across some of them, are feeding peacefully. You catch a pretty glimpse of the avenue on one side, and on the other of the extensive road beyond. In front is a long, flat plain of rich cultivated land, mapped out into fields with hedges and stone-walls, and the ruins of Threave Castle in the midst, which apparently, from this point of view, is in perfect preservation. It was an old strong-hold of the Douglases, and the hanging-stone—a projecting block of granite—still remains. The eighth Earl Douglas used to boast that it had never wanted a tassel for the last fifty years; he subsequently hung here Sir John Herries and Sir Patrick Macklean. This remnant of old days is backed by ranges of hills all more or less beautiful.

Good cheer is abundant in these parts, the most distinctive features of it are the good oatmeal porridge, the hot scones, and the heather honey. Porridge with the lower orders is their staple food. Among the upper classes it is generally the precursor of breakfast. It is sent up in large soup-plates, and each mouthful as it is eaten is dipped into a cup of cold milk hard by. Perhaps some of my readers may care to know exactly how Scotch porridge is made, so I will give them the full particulars thereof. To begin with, the water must be put into the sauce-pan cold, and while it is boiling the oat-meal must be dropped in lightly with the hand. After it has boiled it must be kept simmering by the fire for twenty minutes, and then salted to taste. Scones are merely hot round breakfast-cakes. I won't make your mouths water by telling you too much about the short-bread and rich plum luncheon-cake we have lately been enjoying, nor will I do more than allude to the apple jelly, marmalade, bramble jelly, etc., which invariably form part of breakfast. One of the nicest novelties to me are carvies, small carraway seeds lightly covered with sugar, which are spread over bread and butter and make a very nice mixture, I can assure you.

The service of the Presbyterian Established Church of Scotland is one of the things which strike the members of the English Church a good deal. It is altogether so different to ours. I have only had the opportunity of seeing a small village church, and there the performance was very primitive. In the first place the building itself, large as it was, was unsightly. The principal pews were large and square with a table in the centre; they had evidently been at one time lined with green baize, which had been hastily torn down, the nails with morsels of baize attached still remaining. The clergyman appeared from first to last in the black silk gown. During the extemporary prayer every body stood, and while the hymns were sung every body sat. There was no organ or instrument of any kind to accompany the voices; a tuning-fork having been struck the clerk or precentor began a verse alone, in which, in time, the congregation joined.

Always after the service alms were collected in boxes attached to long poles which were passed to every pew. The holy communion is administered only twice a year, and in the week previous to its administration one day is observed as a fast—only a spiritual fast—when due preparation is supposed to be made for the rite. No labor is performed throughout the parish where the fast is ordered, but in every parish it falls on a different day. These fasts are the only days except Sundays, signalized in the Scotch Church by any special religious observance. Those who partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper are provided with tokens—a small metal badge either with a verse of Scripture or name of the church thereon; and the minister can, if he so please, debar any one he may deem unfit from partaking of it. They have no communion-tables as with us at the east end of the church, but tables are laid for the sacrament all down the aisle, covered with a white cloth, at which the congregation sit.

I must now turn, however, to current news. Longfellow is enjoying the beauties of Killarney. Mr. Bright and his wife are making a short sojourn in Cornwall. Commodore Nutt and Mrs. Thumb's sister are going to make a match of it. Miss Yonge, the authoress of so many charming works, of which the "Heir of Redcliffe" is perhaps the greatest favorite, is building a church with the proceeds of her latest works. With the profits from the "Daisy Chain" she fitted out Bishop Pattison's missionary ship, the *Milanesia*. Great praise is being generally accorded to the lessee of the Queen's Theatre for insisting that the dresses of all the ballet girls employed there should be saturated in a solution of tungstate of silver; had such a precaution been taken elsewhere sooner how many lives would have been spared!

The Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's cousin, is certainly a most enviable mortal, from all accounts. He receives as General Officer £16 a day, as Commander-in-Chief £7 a day, as Colonel of the 1st Regiment of the Line nearly £1000 a year, as Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Engineers £800 a year, as Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Artillery £600, and possesses besides all these a clear £12,000 a year.

It is said of us English that we dearly love a lord; at all events, we take a great deal of interest in the doings and movements of our nobility; and their vices, like their virtues, can certainly not be hid under a bushel. Lord Albert Clinton's misdoings are now the great public scandal. He is the Duke of Newcastle's brother, and only twenty-three; yet he has contrived to become a bankrupt, with liabilities to the amount of some £30,000. When his father died, not so many years ago, he had £900 a year and £10,000 under the marriage settlement—now he hasn't a penny, it has all disappeared in gaming and horse-racing.

Mr. Leighton is in Egypt. Mr. Holman Hunt, after a short sojourn in Naples, is now at Florence, *en route* for the East, preparing rich treats for us, no doubt, in the future.

London is getting fuller, and the theatres are beginning again with fresh vigor. The Prince Alfred, a new one, was opened the other night, in the presence of the illustrious Prince to whom it owes its name. The "Fortunes of Nigel" is being performed at Drury Lane, with Phelps as King James and Trapbois. The piece of the day, however, is Lord Lytton's "Rightful Heir." There is a perfect furore about it; and yet years ago, when it was brought out as the "Sea Captain," with Macready, it failed utterly. Now, on its first representation, the cheering and enthusiasm which greeted it was so hearty and prolonged that the author-peer, who was in a private box, had to come forward and show himself.

Tennyson is busy at work with a new poem, which is to appear at the end of the year, and President Johnson is expected here in March, and with these items of news I conclude my budget. I will conclude this letter, however, with a true history, which, if read in any work of fiction, would be deemed simply incredibly preposterous. Within the last week or so a claimant has arisen to Dilston Castle in the person of a woman, who styles herself Countess of Derwentwater, and is no doubt the lineal descendant and heiress of that ill-fated house, whose property was, as is always the case, forfeited to the crown on the execution of the then possessor for high treason. This "Countess of Derwentwater" has, it is said, been fruitlessly urging her claims for years with, it seems, much show of right on her side, for in many almost similar cases such property has been restored to the attainted family. She, however, has failed in her endeavors, and has taken the matter into her own hand. Clad in an Austrian military coat, with the sword of the Derwentwaters at her side, she obtained admission within the ruined walls of Dilston Castle. Having barred the entrance with a plank or so, a piece of tarpaulin was stretched where the roof should have been, and the walls hung with some original family portraits and other relics. The property is now in the hands of Greenwich Hospital, and, as represented by Mr. C. Grey, it declared her a trespasser and desired her to depart. This she refused to do, and was at last actually carried out in her chair by the work-people, who had, notwithstanding all her remonstrances, previously removed all the penates she had brought with her, though she drew her sword in their defense. But even then she held her ground to the best of her ability, and still remains on the turnpike road where she was ejected, with no better protection than the tarpaulin, her cloak, and her umbrella. How all this will end it is difficult to say; it will doubtless lead to a settlement of her claims one way or other. Meanwhile crowds are flocking to see her, and the neighbors show her the greatest sympathy, bringing her food and wine, and doing their best to support her through her trying ordeal. Nothing will induce her to desert her post; it is only to be feared her health will succumb. There are few incidents, even in the sensational novels of the day, that will beat this, I think.

ARDERN HOLT.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

UP-TOWN residents of New York are to be congratulated on the prospect of soon having a commodious, thoroughly built, and conveniently located market. "Central Market," on the block bounded by Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth streets, Broadway, and Seventh Avenue, is nearly completed, and will be opened for business during this month. The interior of this large structure is well lighted and ventilated. The double-planked floor is covered with cement to make it perfectly water-tight. When finished the market will contain one hundred and fifty stands, which are subdivided into sections. These are built of white ash and black walnut, and are conveniently planned. Each dealer will have for his individual use a large ice-box and meat-safe. If the Central Market is well managed, and only first-class dealers are allowed a stand in it, it will prove a great advantage to families in the vicinity. A little healthy competition in business is desirable; and there are many who will be glad to have a good selection of meats and vegetables at their command, without going to the large down-town markets—or being obliged to pay an extra price for every article, as is now frequently necessary.

The skating-rink on the corner of Sixty-fourth Street and Third Avenue is nearly completed, and is probably the largest building of the kind in the country.

It is again proposed to construct a canal across the Isthmus of Darien. This subject has been agitated many times without any practical result. Now it is said that our Government is thinking of negotiating with the Republic of Colombia in reference to this important international undertaking. The present plan is to construct a canal large enough to allow any ship in the world, except the *Great Eastern*, to pass from ocean to ocean without unloading, and to have it free to all nations, and neutral in all wars. Vessels are to pass and repass by paying a stipulated sum per ton and per passenger; the ports at either side to be free, except for goods intended for consumption in the Republic of Colombia.

A French medical journal contains an interesting article in regard to the use of electricity as a remedy in cases of poisoning by opium. Several instances are related in which, after all other articles had failed to rouse the patient, electricity was successfully applied.

Smiles's "Life of George Stephenson and his Son" shows in a clear, comprehensive, and peculiarly interesting biography how much earnest, persistent men may accomplish in one particular line of business, even if they have not any extraordinary genius. Perseverance in working out a good idea is more valuable to the world than bright, sparkling, but impatient genius.

An inquiry comes from Louisiana whether the item mentioning a new method of making diamonds, published in "Sayings and Doings" a few weeks ago, is authenticated. The British *Scientific Review* contains a curious article upon the subject, ascribing the invention of the art of making artificial precious stones to M. Ebelmen, but states that many improvements have been made since his death. The minute details of the process would scarcely be interesting to the general reader; but, according to the process of M. Elsner, certain proportions of pure pulverized quartz, pure dry carbonate of soda, calcined borax, saltpetre, and pure red lead, must be thoroughly mixed together, then introduced into a Hessian crucible, and heated to a vivid red heat in a charcoal fire. The product, when thoroughly melted, is a transparent crystal glass of very great brilliancy. To imitate the various precious stones, certain oxyds or carbonates are added. According to M. Doualt a magnificent artificial ruby can be obtained by adding to certain parts of the above mixture glass of antimony and purple of Cassius in definite proportions. The fusion must be thorough, the parts finely pulverized previously, and melted at a gradually rising temperature, maintained with great uniformity when at its maximum from twenty to thirty hours, and the cooling must take place very slowly. On the whole, the manufacture of artificial gems seems a rather complicated process, which few, except experienced chemists, will care to undertake for amusement or for profit.

While much that is true and useful is given to our readers in this column, no pledge is made to prove the truth of *every thing*. What is said and done would become very stale if time were always taken to authenticate it. Items are often given as current reports, sometimes when quite obvious they are any thing but true. The design is to present a pleasant variety of fresh matter, combining the useful and entertaining. As a general thing there is internal evidence enough to indicate what statements are true.

A marvelous story comes from Missouri. The captain of a vessel trading between San Francisco and Valparaiso was sailing on the Pacific Ocean when the terrific earthquakes occurred which lately destroyed so many towns in South America. The ocean was greatly convulsed, but after a little delay the voyage was continued. Soon a strange sight met the captain's gaze. It was no less than a group of islands formed of huge masses of solid diamond of every color and of the purest brilliancy. The islands are from twelve to twenty in number, and of various sizes. They consist of large white flint rocks, which rise to a height of about one hundred and fifty feet from the water. Thick layers of diamonds are imbedded in the rock. Some of the smaller islands are composed nearly altogether of diamond. There are agate, opaque topaz, ruby, and, indeed, gems of every hue; but one island, seventy miles long by fifteen wide, consists of an entirely pure emerald without any admixture of foreign substance. The seamen landed and found brilliants lying about like huge boulders, the smallest being about two hundred tons in weight. All efforts to detach portions of the diamond rock by means of crowbars and sledges were in vain. So the captain ran the vessel on shore near Panama, telegraphed to her owners that she was wrecked, and to his brother in St. Louis to hurry on to him with plenty of nitro-glycerine and blasting implements. Meanwhile the secret has leaked out, and every body in St. Louis is wild to go on an expedition to the jewel islands, which are said to have been thrown up from the fiery reservoir in the centre of the earth by volcanic action. If *this* story is authenticated it will not be worth while to go to the trouble of making diamonds—there will be a plenty already made. But at present this sounds like a very good story of the Arabian Nights.

Valuable marble quarries have recently been disclosed in Loudon County, Virginia. If properly worked, they promise to be a great source of wealth to the people of the Old Dominion.

Early in the recent war a volunteer from Pittsfield, Massachusetts, enlisted and was killed. When he left home he took with him a Bible given him in Scotland twenty-two years before. Strangely enough there was a soldier in the rebel ranks who thought enough of that Bible to take it and carry it as his own. In front of Richmond, three years after, this soldier fell, and the good book was again appropriated by a rebel soldier, who recently, upon his death-bed, directed his brother, of South Carolina, to forward it to the widow of the soldier who first owned it, and whose address happened to be written on the fly-leaf. She duly received it, and prizes it dearly as a relic of her dead husband, and a curious instance of the chances and changes of life.

A pretty story is told by Mrs. L. M. Child, illustrating the readiness with which little folks take up, in imagination, the burdens of life. One evening a little girl of six years heard her father read an account of a mechanic whose arm was torn by machinery. No one supposed she took any notice of it; but when she went up stairs she began to sob violently. When asked what was the matter she exclaimed, "Oh dear! what shall I do if they marry me to a machine man?" Her mother, scarcely able to repress laughter, replied, "Don't cry about that, my child; perhaps you will never be married." "Oh yes, I shall," she responded, trying to swallow her sobs; "they will marry me to somebody, and likely as not he will be a machine man; and if he breaks his arm all to pieces, I sha'n't know nothing what to do."

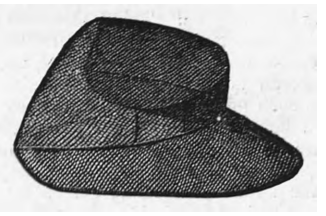
A new railway is projected between Buffalo and Niagara Falls. The route is said to be considerably shorter than the present line of the New York Central Railroad, and the preparatory work is to commence soon. It is also announced that the Erie Railroad Company propose to lay a third rail the entire length of their track between New York and Buffalo. The object is to secure for the Erie Railway an unbroken narrow gauge route from New York to Chicago, both by the Buffalo and South Shore route, and by the Canada and North Shore route. The Erie Company have also resolved upon the construction of a magnificent new passenger dépôt in Buffalo on the site of their present buildings.

In various ways Nature is giving evidence of her destructive power. The appeal for aid from the overwhelmed cities of South America has not yet ceased, and there comes another from Switzerland. Most disastrous floods have recently visited the Alpine cantons of Switzerland, those which have suffered most being Tessin, Grisons, and St. Gall. For eight days the rain fell in torrents, and with but little intermission, along the northern and southern slopes of the Alps. During all this time a powerful south wind raged furiously amidst the masses of snow and ice which had lain undisturbed for centuries in their inaccessible Alpine strong-holds. Every mountain rivulet swelled into a rushing torrent, carrying appalling destruction in its course. Many places are under water; others in ruins. In Tessin alone the damage is estimated at forty thousand pounds sterling. The St. Gothard, Splugen, and St. Bernard routes have been rendered impassable, and on these three routes upward of eighty persons perished. In the village of Loderio alone no less than fifty deaths occurred. So terrible a flood has not taken place since 1834. In 1818 a very destructive one occurred. Subscriptions for the relief of the sufferers have been opened in France, England, Italy, and other countries. A movement has also been made to send remittances from the United States.

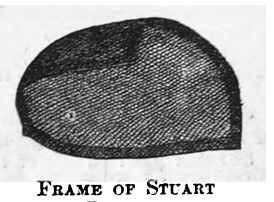
Winter Bonnets and Bonnet Frames.

THE patterns of bonnets will be found in the Supplement, Nos. XXVII.–XXXI, Figs. 78–87.

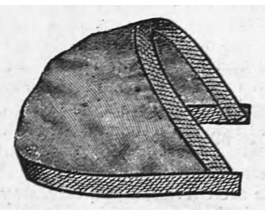
OPHELIA BONNET.—This bonnet is of black velvet, trimmed on the left side with a spray of leaves and a bunch of long fine grasses. An accompanying illustration gives the frame on which the bonnet is made. For making the frame cut of double black foundation from Figs. 80 and 81 of the Supplement each one piece, lay a pleat in Fig. 80, and bind the edges with narrow black velvet over a wire. Cover the front bandeau, Fig. 81, with a velvet puff, on each side of which blindstitch a little black satin roll. Now join the two bandeaux according to the corresponding figures on the pattern, and set on this a second large puff, which is sewed to the back edge of the frame, and reaches to the upper edge of the front bandeau, where it is sewed fast. Now cover the remaining ends of the back bandeau smoothly with velvet, bind the back with narrow velvet, and sew on the black satin ribbons, which are an inch and a quarter wide and ten inches long. The strings are of lace seven inches wide; one is thirty inches long and the other twenty-five, and both are edged with lace two inches wide. Gather the upper ends of both strings and fasten the shorter piece to the middle of the back of the bonnet, allowing the longer piece to reach over this to the left side, where the end is hidden by the spray. Fasten the lace ends again on the ends of the back bandeau, and finish the front with a rosette of black satin ribbon with long loops and ends.



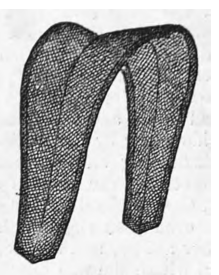
FRAME OF GALOTTI BONNET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXVII., Figs. 78 and 79.



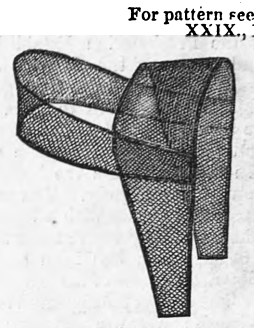
FRAME OF STUART BONNET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXXI., Fig. 87.



FRAME OF MADELON BONNET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXIX., Figs. 82–84.

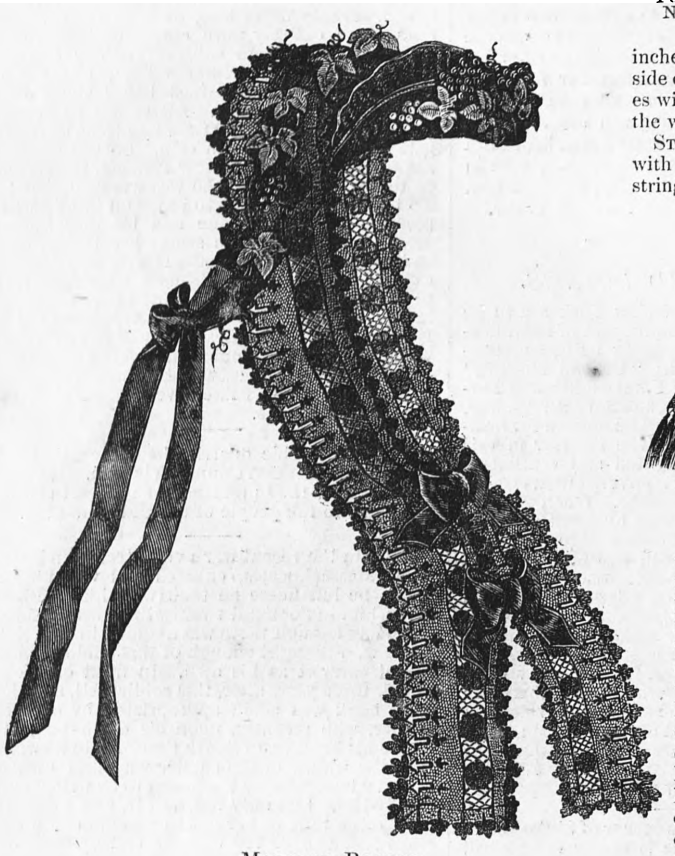


FRAME OF LUCRETIA BONNET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXX., Figs. 85 and 86.



FRAME OF OPHELIA BONNET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXVIII., Figs. 80 and 81.

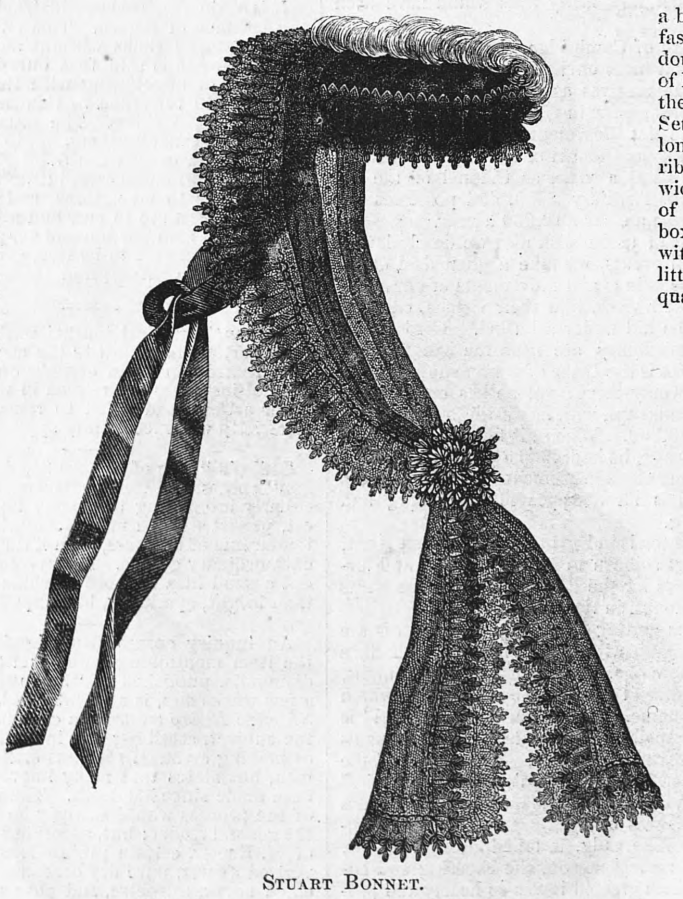
MADELON BONNET.—This bonnet is of garnet velvet, trimmed with satin of the same color, a wreath of garnet velvet leaves and black berries, and black lace strings. Cut first for the frame, shown by the illustration, from Fig. 82 of the Supplement one piece of double black foundation, and from Figs. 83 and 84 each one piece of double. Sew a wire on each side of the bandeaux, and then sew them to the foundation, in doing which the latter must be slightly fulled. Sew on the front a wire coil, which is formed by rolling a fine wire around a fine tatting mesh or a large lead-pencil, and afterward flattening out the coil thus formed. Next cover the frame with a velvet puff, the front edge of which is sewed inside the edge of the bonnet and covered there with lace edging. The wire serves to hold out the puff. About an inch from the front edge sew an upright bandeau. This is composed of a strip of bias satin two inches wide, which is doubled, with a fine wire inserted in the doubled edge, and is pleated on the under edge. The place where this is set on is covered by a satin piping a third of an inch wide. The satin ribbons are an inch and a quarter wide and thirty-five inches long. The strings are thirty inches long, and consist of lace insertion an inch wide, on the front side of which sew edging an inch wide and on the back three inches wide. These are sewed on the back of the bonnet, after which the wreath is arranged in the manner shown by the illustration.



MADELON BONNET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXIX., Figs. 82–84.

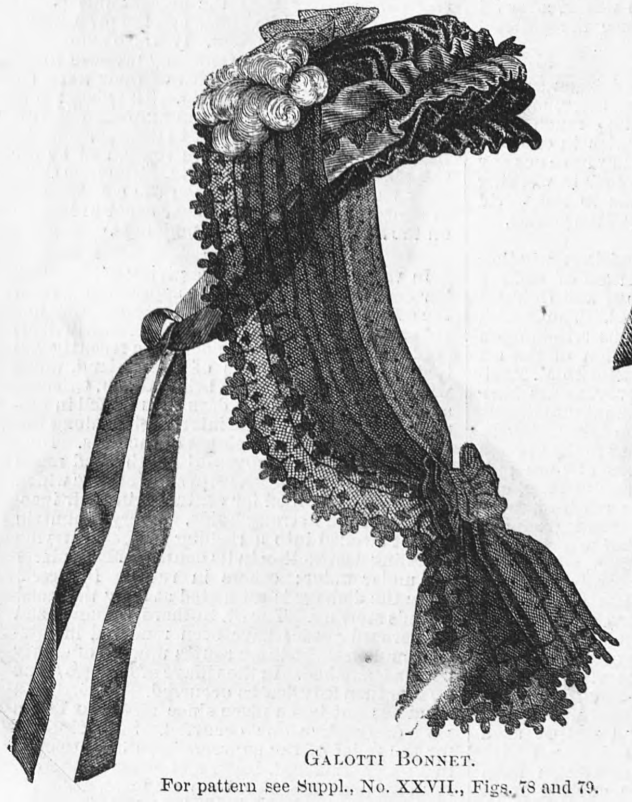
STUART BONNET.—This bonnet is of black silk rep, trimmed with a violet feather, lace an inch and a half wide, and black lace strings fifty inches long and six inches wide, which are edged with lace. An accompanying illustration shows the frame of this bonnet. Cut from Fig. 87 of the Supplement one piece of double black foundation, take up the pleats on the front, and sew on the outer edges a strong wire, the ends of which must lap over three-quarters of an inch. On this frame arrange the silk, which has been laid crosswise in three box-pleats, leaving a space half the width of the pleat between each. Border the front edge of the bonnet with gathered lace, sew in a lining, and bind the outside and lining together with a narrow bias strip of lustring. Now sew on the front edge of the bonnet a bandeau of foundation and wire an inch wide, the upper side of which is edged with lace. Cover this bandeau with a puff consisting of a bias strip of rep four inches wide, which is arranged on the upper side in box-pleats in a diadem, and sewed to the bandeau so that the diadem stands up free; on its under side gather the strip, sew it fast inside the edge of the bonnet, and cover the seam with gathered lace. Lastly, arrange the feather, the ribbons, which are an inch and a quarter wide and twenty-five inches long, and the strings, which are pleated on the back edge of the bonnet. A lace rosette fastens the ends in front.

BLACK VELVET ROUND HAT.



STUART BONNET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXXI., Fig. 87.

GALOTTI BONNET.—This bonnet is of violet velvet and violet satin, trimmed with a small violet feather, black lace two inches wide, and plain black lace strings twenty inches long and eight inches wide, dotted with beads. An accompanying illustration shows the frame, for making which cut of double black foundation from Figs. 78 and 79 of the Supplement each one piece. Having sewed in wire all around the front and on the back, lay the back in pleats and sew it to the front, according to the corresponding figures on the pattern. Now cover the back with a puff of velvet and the front with another of satin. This last is arranged on the back edge in a box-pleated diadem an inch high, after which gather the front and sew it down on the inside of the bonnet. Between the diadem and the front puff sew gathered lace, put in a lustring lining, and bind the back with a narrow strip of velvet or satin; on the inner edge of the front of the bonnet cover the edges of the lining and front puff with lace. In the inner front arrange a narrow band of foundation, which is covered with a bias strip of velvet two inches and a half wide and pleated along the middle. Border the strings with edging, lay a few pleats on the upper edge and sew them on the back of the bonnet. The place where the feather is set on is covered with a lace bow similar to the one which fastens the ends in front. The violet satin ribbons are an inch and a quarter wide and twenty-five inches long.



GALOTTI BONNET.
For pattern see Suppl., No. XXVII., Figs. 78 and 79.

LUCRETIA BONNET.—This bonnet is of black velvet, trimmed with lace rosettes and a garnet flower spray. An accompanying illustration shows the frame of this bonnet. Cut from Figs. 85 and 86 of the Supplement each one piece of double foundation, join the two pieces according to the corresponding figures on the pattern, in doing which full in Fig. 85, sew a wire along the seam, and also a few other rows of wire, and wire the outer edges. Cover the frame with a velvet puff, which is sewed down on the outer edge and pleated and sewed down along the seam. This seam is covered with gathered lace two inches wide. Now put in a black lustring lining, bind it with black velvet or lustring, and fasten inside on the under corners of the bonnet a bandeau of double foundation a third of an inch wide, to which sew two rows of lace gathered, with the gathered parts together, and set between these little lace rosettes in the manner shown by the illustration. Set on the back of the bonnet a veil of figured lace eight inches long and sixteen inches wide, and on the under edges the satin ribbons, which are twenty inches long and an inch and a quarter wide, and also the twenty-inch long strings. These strings are of black satin ribbon two inches wide, which is laid in threefold box-pleats in every two inches. The upper edges are fastened with a few stitches. Between the box-pleats lay the ribbon in little plain pleats, and trim with rosettes of lace an inch and a quarter wide. The same lace is sewed on the back of the bonnet

LUCRETIA BONNET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXX., Figs. 85 and 86.

and ends. Lastly, arrange the flower-twig in the manner shown by the illustration.

BLACK VELVET ROUND HAT.—This black velvet round hat is turned up at the sides. A twisted satin band encircles the crown. On each side of the hat, under the revers, are fastened two black satin ribbons two inches wide, which are tied in a bow on the top of the crown. The strings are fringed at the ends.

Hood for Girl from 7 to 9 Years old.

THIS elegant hood is of white cashmere, trimmed with black beads, and furnished with a knitted lining of white wool. The trimming consists of ruches of pinked bias strips of red cashmere and a rosette and ends of the same. Cut of white cashmere from Figs. 70–73 of the Supplement each one piece, and sew on black beads in the manner shown by the illustration. Make the lining to fit the outside. The lining is knit of white wool on medium wooden knitting-needles, plain, in backward and forward rounds. Next gather the back from the middle as far as × on each side, lay the front edge in pleats, fastening × on ●, and join the pieces according to the corresponding figures on the pattern. Lastly, sew on the piece, Fig. 73, which has been trimmed with a ruche, and the remaining ruches and rosette in the manner shown by the illustration. The ruche on the front stands out half its width. Red cashmere strings serve to tie the hood.

HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XXV., Figs. 70–73.

CROCHET HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XXVI., Figs. 74–77.

CROCHET HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIV., Figs. 68 and 69.

the cape. Conceal the seams by a row of open-work double crochet, through which is drawn two chain-stitch cords with tassels on the ends. The hood is tied under the chin with similar cord and tassels. Around the outer edge of the cape crochet a pointed edge like that of the revers.

Girl's Scotch Hood.

THE foundation of this hood is crocheted of gray wool in a kind of Tunisian or Afghan stitch, while the edges are worked in looped crochet stitch in Scotch colors (green, white, red, blue, and black). A detailed description of this stitch will be found in the following Number. The cape, the ends of which are tied in front, is knitted plain in backward and forward rounds, the foundation of gray and the border of colored wools. Crochet from the pattern given for Boy's Scotch Cap, Figs. 66 and 67, Supplement, but in wheat crochet stitch, a detailed description of which will be given in the next Number. In order to form the squares of the design of the border work from four to five stitches in each color in order to make them regular. Sew together the pieces according to the corresponding figures on the pattern, after which line the hood. The cape is thirty-six inches long on the front edges. Begin on one front and knit till it has reached a width of sixteen inches, after which cast off two-thirds of the stitches, and knit on the stitches remaining twenty inches further, then cast on as many stitches as were previously

CROCHET AND KNITTED CENDRILLON HOOD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 57–59.

CROCHET AND KNITTED SCOTCH CAP FOR YOUNG GIRL.

CROCHET MIGNON HOOD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Fig. 64.

Crocheted Hood for Girl from 5 to 7 Years old.

THIS hood is crocheted with gray chinchilla wool in Tunisian stitch, and trimmed on the outer edge with a revers, which is crocheted with white wool in the same stitch and edged with points. The revers is fastened down with small jet buttons. Crochet the pieces separately from the patterns, beginning the crown and side pieces on the front, the cape on the under edge, and the revers on one end. For the pointed edges of the revers (the front edge of the front revers is left plain) work, first, the 1st round.—Always an sc. (single crochet) in each edge stitch. 2d round.—1 sc. in every second following stitch of the former round, and between each 1 ch. (chain). 3d round.—2 sc. separated by 3 ch. in every ch. of the former round. Now sew together the pieces of the hood according to the corresponding figures on the pattern, in doing which gather the sides of the crown, and lay two pleats in the upper edge of

cast off, and knit sixteen inches further. Edge this part with the border, gather the upper edge, and set it on under the edge of the hood. Gather the ends closely and finish with a bow.

Trianon Hood.

THIS hood is knit of white wool, with a lining knit in the same manner, and trimmed with a border knitted of red wool. It consists of a long scarf to which is fastened a simulated net behind. The top is covered with a long piece, which is trimmed with a bow of ribbon and hangs loosely as in the Catalane cap. The ends may be arranged either like a fichu, or in the manner shown by the illustration. The scarf is in the pattern six inches wide and eighty inches long. Work on a foundation of 250 stitches fifty-five rounds plain, backward and forward. For the front

CROCHET NILSSON HOOD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 29.

KNITTED HELGOLANDER HOOD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXII., Fig. 65.

KNITTED TRIANON HOOD.

piece take the middle fifty stitches of the last round on another needle, and knit twenty-five rounds, narrowing gradually. The Catalane part is worked in a similar manner, and is sixteen inches long and six inches wide, rounded on the back, and pointed front, to correspond to the front of the hood. Knit the net part from the pattern of the muslin net cap, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 45, page 713. Lastly, work plain in backward and forward rounds, with red wool, the stripes for the edges. Each of these stripes is forty-five rounds wide, and is doubled in such a manner that the edges meet along the middle of the stripe; with this double stripe bind the hood, fastening in at the same time the Catalane stripe on the front. Gather the ends up, so as to make them rounded, gather the same part from the middle of the back nine inches each side, and join it to the upper edge of the gathered net, which is finished with an elastic cord on the under edge. Finally, fasten the Catalane part again to the hood with a bow.

REPUTATION.

'Tis said that Wind and Water once,
In emulation,
Among the hills played hide-and-seek
With Reputation.

With many a gusty gambol, first
The Wind essayed it;
Behind the hills and round the knolls
He slyly played it.

But ev'ry nook betrayed his lair;
The leaves around him
Would rustle at his breath, and so
His playmates found him.

Then, laughing, crept the Water forth,
And 'mong the mallows
He spread himself, and branched apart
In countless shallows.

The long grass hid his silver stream,
The sedge concealed him;
The dripping willows helped his flight,
No sun revealed him;

Till, in his confidence elate,
With vigorous sally
He leapt a rock, and so was caught
Within the valley.

Then Wind and Water, panting both,
Remind their mate
That he should take his turn, and meet
The self-same fate;

But Reputation answered slow:
"Though I inclined me
To sport, if once *I* hide myself,
Say, who shall find me?

"With *me*, all cunning skill is vain,
Vain all endeavor;
Miss me an instant, I am lost—
And lost forever!"

BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY;

OR, THE

Adventures and Misadventures of Robert Ainsleigh.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN HISTORICAL RETROSPECT.

I BEGAN my labors as clerk, or secretary, to Mr. Holwell with a hearty desire to render good service to the one friend I had found on this far foreign shore, and at once plunged into the entangled mass of accounts it was my business to examine.

The zemindarship is an office of double duties, and involves two separate functions, distinct and almost wholly independent of each other. The zemindar is not only judge of the Court of Cutcherry, but he is also superintendent and collector of the East India Company's revenues; and it was in this latter capacity that Govindram Metre, in his post of standing deputy, had enjoyed ample opportunity of amassing a fortune at the Company's expense.

The rapid rotation of the English zemindarship, which office changed hands two or three times in twelve months, had thrown all the power into this fellow's hands; since the superior officer, whose deputy he was, had no time to learn the details of his office, and little inclination to enter laboriously into the duties of a position he was to hold for so brief a period. Mr. Holwell's suspicions of this man's integrity had been aroused before his voyage to England, while the attention of the Court of Directors had also been drawn to sundry depredations and abuses committed by this official. At the request of the court, Mr. Holwell had taken pains to explain the nature of the zemindarship to the ruling powers at home; and he now returned invested with full authority as zemindar, and not to be removed from his office without express orders from England, since no proper investigation of the deputy's abuses could be possible while the head-office fluctuated by rotation as heretofore. Once invested with full powers, Mr. Holwell spared no labor in his task of cleansing this Augean stable of foul accountancy.

It would be but dry work to enter into the details of Govindram Metre's defalcations. Nothing could be more iniquitous than his system of embezzlement; and while the office of head zemindar had been a fluctuating one, nothing could be less liable to detection, since not one of the natives, from the highest to the lowest, durst with impunity have given umbrage to him, and 'tis they who alone could have explored the dark and intricate mazes in which he had so long concealed himself from the eye of justice.

Among his other functions it was his duty to dispose of the pottahs or leases, which apportioned the Company's farms for the space of one year. These pottahs should have been disposed of by public outcry or auction in the Cutcherry in the presence of the zemindar; but instead of being thus offered to public competition, the farms were sold privately at Govindram Metre's own house at such prices as he chose to assign to them. All the best of these he bought himself, under fictitious names, and immediately resold at a profit of from forty to sixty per cent. This infamous transaction, repeated annually for ten years, and involving several estates, had alone enabled him to amass a large fortune; but this was only one species of fraud among many. On the monthly charge of servants, on charges for repairing the cutcherries or court-houses, for repairing roads, and on other items, this knavish rascal's embezzlements amounted to thousands.

Govindram Metre's summary dismission from his too profitable office was an act of Mr. Holwell's in which the Court of Directors at home promptly concurred; but the investigation of frauds so complicated, and the exposure of a system of plunder as artful as it was infamous, was a work of years. To discover the black zemindar's embezzlements was one thing, to prove them was another and far more arduous labor. Every obstacle by which the genius of dishonesty could hinder the progress of justice was placed in our way by this arch plunderer. A complete retrospective examination of his accounts was impossible, for we were politely informed that the white ants had destroyed some papers, while others had been washed away in a great storm. In spite of all opposition on the part of the culprit and his slavish instruments, Mr. Holwell did, however, contrive to lay before the Directors a detailed statement of the frauds to which their property had been subject; while the immediate and remarkable augmentation of the revenues under his charge fully proved that his discoveries were of no hypothetical character. It was reserved for this gentleman in the future to prove how small is the gratitude of princes, or of companies, and to drink to the dregs that cup of neglect so frequently offered to the lips of the faithful public servant.

Before I had been many months an inmate of Mr. Holwell's house, I had the satisfaction of finding that my services were of real value to this kind friend and master. He honored me with much confidence; and I, for my part, told him my own story without the smallest reservation, save on the one subject of Phil Hay's treachery. Meanwhile, although our life at Calcutta was monotony itself, stirring events were taking place elsewhere; and Major Lawrence, with his brave young subordinate, Robert Clive, was teaching Dupleix that French ambition was not to be forever unopposed by British enterprise.

But before proceeding farther with this narrative, it may be well for me to give some brief description of the condition of Hindostan and her rulers, as I received it from the lips of my well-informed patron, Mr. Holwell.

"You must accept all that you have heard and read of the Great Mogul and his absolute power as a page of past history that ended with the death of Aurungzebe. When that master-spirit sank in the grave, the soul of Timur expired with him. It is not fifty years since that great man died, at ninety-four years of age; and indeed it seems as if to such unscrupulous and commanding genius there belongs a power that can keep death himself at bay, and prolong life beyond its natural limit; and in that half-century seven emperors have sat on the musnud of Delhi, but one among them worthy to occupy the throne of his ancestors—the rest weak slaves of their favorites, and weaker slaves of their own vices. Hence the power that once extended to the utmost boundaries of Hindostan, and ruled its haughtiest deputies with a rod of iron, is now little more than a shadow. Soubahdars and nabobs no longer wait to be appointed by a mandate from Delhi, but audaciously seize on territories, which they still more audaciously bequeath to their sons, or adopted sons, after them; while, with unparalleled impudence, they impose on the common people by pretended delegates from the imperial city, before whose spurious dignity they bend their stubborn knees, and from whose hands they receive forged credentials with a pretended humility that deludes and satisfies an ignorant populace. For the last half-century the most dangerous force of the East has been that of the Morattoes—a nation of hardy mountaineers—natives of the hilly regions that extend from the borders of Guzerat to Canara. They are the Swiss of India—ever ready to fight on the stronger side, and able to change leaders with the varying breath of fortune. This is a power which first arose in the palmy days of the Mogul empire, and has fattened upon that empire's decay."

"Then you consider the despotism of Delhi a power of the past?" I asked.

"Yes, Robert. Delhi has seen the last of her greatness. Her splendor sank in an eternal eclipse when the shepherd monarch of Ispahan, Nadir Shah, and his Persians invested the city, to retire thence with thirty-two millions' worth of loot, after such a work of ravage as was new even to Hindostan. Shade of Timur, that was indeed a degradation for the chief city of thy Tartar race!"

From Mr. Holwell's conversation I learned the history of the Mogul empire during the last century. It was a bloody record of ambition and treachery; and I, who came fresh from a Christian country, was struck with horror by the crimes of a people whose religion I have heard philosophers extol as little inferior to the faith of Christ. The farther I carried my retrospect, the longer was the list of iniquities which the history of the past revealed; and as a monotonous sameness characterizes the murderous deeds of these Mahometan usurpers, I will not burden this chronicle by going farther back than to the reign of Shah Jehan. This noble follower of the Prophet distinguished himself in early life by the quiet assassination of his elder brother and an unsuccessful rebellion against his father, a feeble-minded monarch, very much under the governance of his wife, and who, upon beginning his reign with a little private business in the way of murder on his own account, assumed the modest surname of Mahomet Jehangire, or Conqueror of the World. Shah Jehan, knowing the family failing, wisely inaugurated his reign by a happy dispatch, per dagger or bowstring, of all the male posterity of Timur, except himself and his four sons. Had he made the exception still narrower, and included the four young Timurs in the general massacre, he would have shown himself a wise man; for one of these Tartar cubs was Aurungzebe, who, after his father had reigned thirty years, and he himself had won the reputation of a religious enthusiast utterly devoid of ambitious desires, engaged in warfare with and subjugated two of his brothers, betrayed and imprisoned the third, possessed himself by stratagem of his father's person, and, having safely bestowed that ancient ruler under lock and key, caused himself to be importuned by his nobles, whose entreaties so touched his tender nature—like the prayers of the Lord Mayor of London in that famous scene of Shakspeare's *Richard III.*—that he submitted to assume the royal power under the title of Aulum Geer, or Conqueror of the Wind.

Aulum Geer, *alias* Aurungzebe, proved himself a wise and prudent despot. He took speedy means to dispose of his best friend and ally, Meer Joomla, whom he dispatched on a warlike expedition, which resulted in the destruction of his army, by privation and disease, and his own untimely death, whereupon Aurungzebe had the candor to remark that he had lost "the greatest and most dangerous" of his friends.

After languishing in a prison, made tolerable to his senility by the amusements of a well-furnished harem, Shah Jehan expired, and there were not wanting slanderers to whisper that a noxious infusion of poppy-juice, called *poust*, a favorite slow poison of these Orientals, had somewhat accelerated his death. But the subjects of the Mogul empire were too busy for minute inquiries on this point. The emperor was bent on the subjugation alike of Mahometan and Hindoo rulers. He made war upon Morattoes and Sikhs, Rajpoots and Affghans, using sometimes the pretext of religious fervor, sometimes the right of an offended chief, and, having subdued the two sovereigns of the Deccan and made himself almost master of the Carnatic, he closed a reign of half a century in a harassing and useless struggle with the Morattoes, and died a natural death in his camp, thereby considerably varying the common close of a Mogul sovereignty.

The successors of Aurungzebe are scarce worthy of being chronicled in the same page with so wise and renowned a tyrant. Jehandar Shah, the grandson of this great man, allowed himself to be governed by a public dancer, whose very name of Lall Koor sounds disreputable to the English ear. After wasting his days and nights in debauch, and outraging the feelings of his omrahs, or nobles, this Jehandar was deposed and strangled, and his dead body exhibited in the streets of Delhi at the behest of his nephew and successor, Ferokhshere.

Nor did the usurper show himself better worthy to occupy the musnud than the kinsman he displaced. He also inaugurated his accession by the butchery of every man he had reason to fear. He also submitted to the base dominion of favorites, and, as the historian Ferishta remarked of one of his predecessors, "delighted in the soft society of silver-bodied damsels with musky tresses." I should scarcely have recorded his name save for the fact that to this Emperor the East India Company owe the phirmaund which gave them their richest privileges in Hindostan. Mr. Hamilton, a surgeon traveling with an embassy from the English Company, had the good fortune to cure the Emperor of a malady which the unskillful treatment of his native physicians had failed to subjugate. Ferokhshere bade the English doctor name his reward, and the generous Briton solicited privileges for the Company. These privileges included the extension of the Company's territory, the reduction and simplification of the duties hitherto paid by them, the exemption of their goods from stoppage and examination under cover of a passport or dustuck signed by the president of Calcutta, with other protections and exemptions of equal importance. The grant promised by the Emperor was only secured after much intrigue and counter-intrigue; but the English embassy was patient, and did not take leave of the Mogul until his royal phirmaund had been obtained.

From the Court of Delhi Mr. Holwell bade me look to the Deccan, or southern provinces of India, where the master-mind of Nizam-al-Mulk had created a sovereignty scarcely second to that of the Moguls, and which his daring had rendered independent of the imperial power. The Nizam had given up the ghost, after more than a century of life, in 1747; and since his death the sovereignty of the Deccan had been the subject of unceasing contention. But here I must again indulge in a retrospective glance, even at the risk of appearing prolix; and in order to make my narrative complete, it will be well for me to quote Mr. Holwell's description of the aspect of affairs upon the coast of Coromandel, where Clive was at this time winning his youthful crown of laurels.

"It is just twenty years since Sadatulla, a regular and acknowledged nabob of the Carnatic, died, much regretted by his subjects, after appointing his nephew and adopted son, Dost Ally, to succeed him. His dying wishes were quietly fulfilled, but not without inspiring secret aversion in the breast of Nizam-al-Mulk, soubahdar of the Deccan, since the accession of Dost Ally to the subordinate kingdom of the Carnatic took place without reference to his authority. It is, however, a peculiarity of the Mahometan mind to smother its resentments, and to patiently await the opportunity of revenge.

"Dost Ally had two sons, the elder of whom, Subder Ally, had attained to man's estate at the time of his father's accession; he had likewise several daughters, one of whom he gave in marriage to his nephew, Mortiz Ally, another to a more distant relation, Chunda Saheb, who became his dewan, or treasurer, one of the most powerful officers of the state.

"This Chunda Saheb was a man of limitless ambition, a supreme master of all the native arts of intrigue. On the death of the Rajah of Trichinopoly, an independent Hindoo state, he was sent with Subder Ally to obtain possession of the city; and, by a series of false pretenses, contrived to seduce the garrison and imprison the dowager queen, who died of grief and humiliation at finding herself thus betrayed. It was even whispered that the unhappy woman had fallen in love with her base betrayer, and that it was by the softer arts of the lover Chunda Saheb penetrated the citadel.

"Once master of Trichinopoly and its appertaining kingdom, Chunda Saheb showed himself bent on keeping his conquest.

"The nabob, who cherished a high opinion of his son-in-law's genius, dared not recall him from his new power. Chunda Saheb, without openly throwing off his allegiance to such an indulgent master, took care to improve the defenses of Trichinopoly, and to plant his two brothers in the strongest towns of his little kingdom.

"Nizam-al-Mulk's hatred of Dost Ally and his race was only increased by the extension of their possessions; but, as he was obliged to keep his arms turned toward Delhi, where he was equally dreaded and detested, he was unable to assail this aspiring family in person. In this dilemma he had recourse to the Morattoes, and gave those savage mountaineers permission to attack the Carnatic; thus by the same stroke wiping out his obligations to that race and gratifying his own resentments. This permission of the soubah's was like the loosening of some mighty mountain stream, that carries sudden devastation to the valleys below its source. A hundred thousand Morattoes, under Ragojee Bonsala, swept across the western barrier of the Carnatic before Dost Ally was able to collect his forces to oppose them. Bloody was the struggle that followed. The treachery of an Indian officer gave the nabob and his army into the hands of the foe. Dost Ally and his younger son, Hassan, fell dead from their elephants on the field of battle, and, with the common result of a leader's death among Oriental armies, immediate rout and ruin followed their fall.

"Subder Ally had happily taken refuge in the strong-hold of Vellore, and from that citadel he made terms with the triumphant Morattoes. He then assumed the title and authority of nabob, and Chunda Saheb came to Arcot to do homage to him, with a splendor of retinue and military force that made him appear the equal rather than the dependent of Subder Ally. In the December of the same year, however, the Morattoes returned, in consequence of a secret engagement with Subder Ally, invested Trichinopoly, intercepted and slaughtered the two brothers of Chunda Saheb—the severed head of one of whom they sent him as a confirmation of his brothers' defeat—and after a siege of three months, finally subjugated the city, and captured its resolute defender, Chunda Saheb, whom they carried off to a strong fort near their metropolis of Sattarah.

"That ambitious spirit, Chunda Saheb, being thus safely bestowed at a remote distance from the Carnatic, and the Morattoes appeased by the conquest of Trichinopoly, Subder Ally might have enjoyed his kingdom in tolerable security but for his ever-present fear of the Nizam, whose wrath could only be appeased by the payment of those large arrears of revenue which the late nabob, Dost Ally, had withheld. But to part with his treasures was a sacrifice which Subder Ally could not bring himself to make, and he strove to soften his creditor by humble excuses and pretended poverty, even giving out that he intended to go to Arabia and end his days in acts of piety at the tomb of his Prophet.

"His poverty and devotion were alike assumed, but the late calamities had made such an impression upon his mind that he left the defenseless city of Arcot, and took up his residence in the fortified citadel of Vellore, the strongest in the Carnatic, while his family and treasures were placed under the care of the English at Madras; for it is a notorious testimony to British honesty that these heathens will often trust us when they dare not trust each other.

"Unhappily for this cautious sovereign, danger lurked within the citadel of Vellore, more dire, because more secret, than the perils of unfortified Arcot. Mortiz Ally was the nabob's brother-in-law, bound to him by every tie of gratitude and affection; but among these people such ties count for nothing when once interest is at stake. The nabob knew that inherited wealth and parsimonious habits had made Mortiz Ally the richest man in his dominions, and was determined that he should contribute to the satisfaction of the greedy Morattoes in common with the other governors of the province. None of

these gentlemen were too well inclined to disburse their treasures, and needed but the example of a respectable leader to refuse obedience to the nabob's demands. They therefore took occasion to hint to Mortiz Ally that Nizam-al-Mulk, the soubah of the Southern Provinces, would be inclined to favor rebellion against a prince who had defied his vice-royalty.

"In the East rebellion generally means assassination. Mortiz Ally was at once avaricious, ambitious, revengeful, and cowardly. He never moved, even in his own palace, without the protection of his guards, and never tasted food or drink until his wife had affixed her seal upon the vessel that contained it. For such a character the nabob entertained the most profound contempt, and at last, wearied by Mortiz Ally's repeated excuses for withholding the payment of his arrears of the assessment, went so far as to threaten him with displacement from his government if he persisted any longer in such trifling.

"This imprudent threat was the spark that fired the train. The discontented governors flattered Mortiz Ally's ambition, promising to acknowledge him chief of the Carnatic, in the place of his brother-in-law. The traitor now only waited his opportunity to strike.

"This seemed difficult to seize. Subder Ally's army lay within the suburbs and under the walls of Vellore. A numerous guard attended him within the fort. Mortiz Ally was too great a dastard to dream of open violence, and only showed himself more than usually servile after the insult he had received from his brother-in-law. The assassin might, indeed, have waited long for his opportunity had it not been afforded by the singular imprudence of the nabob himself.

"At the chief religious festival of Mahometan India, Subder Ally's servants asked permission to absent themselves for two or three days, in order to celebrate their pious orgies in their own families. The unsuspecting nabob, contrary to all courtly etiquette, suffered all his retinue and guards, except four persons, to leave him, and even desired that some of Mortiz Ally's officers and servants might attend him in the absence of his own.

"The governor of Vellore was prompt to seize so excellent an occasion. Poison was at first attempted, and failed. But even this attempt did not awaken Subder Ally to the consciousness of his peril. He gave a ready ear to his enemy's servants, who attributed his illness to one of the bilious disorders so common in India. On this followed a night of horror, during which the gates of Vellore were shut against all intruders. Among all his subjects Mortiz Ally found but one man willing to execute his orders. This was an officer whose wife the nabob had dishonored. The assassin entered Subder Ally's apartment at midnight at the head of a band of Abyssinian slaves, upbraided him with his wrongs, and stabbed him to death as he was in the act of escaping by a window.

"Mortiz Ally endeavored to appease the nabob's army by a somewhat lame account of their master's death; but the general opinion of his character was such that the soldiery flew to arms, declaring that their sovereign had been murdered by the governor of Vellore. The attachment of these devoted creatures, however, had its price; and on Mortiz Ally bidding high for their affection, they consented to waive their desire for vengeance, and agreed to accept him as Nabob of the Carnatic some forty-eight hours after the murder of Subder Ally Khan.

"The new nabob made a triumphal entry into his chief city of Arcot, and for some time all went merry as a marriage-bell, until several of the principal officers of the Carnatic discovered that they sympathized in a profound detestation of their new master; while the army, finding that Mortiz Ally's liberal promises had not resulted in ready-money, surrounded his palace, and tumultuously demanded their due.

"This was enough for the timorous nabob, who immediately fled from Arcot to his stronghold of Vellore, disguised in a woman's dress and shrouded by the curtains of a palanquin, only to reappear when the time was again ripe for treachery and murder. Upon this, Seid Mahomet Khan, the youthful son of the murdered Subder Ally, was immediately proclaimed nabob, and removed under the guardianship of his mother from Madras to Wandewash, a fortress in the command of his uncle by marriage. The sagacious and powerful old soubah, Nizam-al-Mulk, having for the moment no danger to fear from Delhi, now appeared upon the scene, supported by an army of eighty thousand horse and two hundred thousand foot. He was at once indignant and surprised by the state of anarchy which prevailed in the Carnatic, where every governor of a fort and every commander of a district had assumed the title and state of nabob. 'Scourge me the next son of a dog who dares approach my presence under the name of nabob!' cried the proud old Viceroy; 'for I have this day seen no less than eighteen nabobs in the Carnatic, whereas I imagined there was but one in the Southern Provinces.'

"The son of Subder Ally was among the visitors who did obeisance to the soubah. Nizam-al-Mulk did not permit this young prince to return to the safe-keeping of his uncle at Wandewash, but gave him into the charge of his own officers, who were bidden to show the lad all possible respect. The Composer-of-the-State then returned to Golcondah, and gave the sovereignty of the Carnatic to one of his generals, who had the misfortune to be found dead in his bed on the morning appointed for his departure to his new kingdom, not without suspicion of poison.

"This somewhat suspicious decease resulted in the appointment of An'war-adean Khan, whose enemies were not slow to hint that he who most profited by the death of his predecessor was the person whose unknown hand had hastened that event. An'war-adean was the son of a learned Mahometan, deeply versed in the original text of the Koran, and one of the religious officers attached to the person of the late mighty Aurungzebe. The new nabob was a brave and prudent officer; but the people of the Carnatic cherished a warm affection for the race of Dost Ally, whose descendants had governed them with a gentle hand, and Nizam-al-Mulk found it prudent to assert that An'war-adean was appointed only as regent until such time as Seid Mahomet, the son of Subder Ally, should be old enough to reign. In the mean time the boy was placed under An'war-adean's guardianship, in a position that somewhat resembled that of a famous young prince of the House of York under the tender care of his kind uncle Gloster.

"An'war-adean treated his charge with all show of kindness, despite any natural jealousy which may have been aroused in his mind by the general joy with which the populace had welcomed the youth on his return to Arcot. Installed in the palace of the fort, Seid Mahomet had no possible cause for uneasiness, save the somewhat clamorous demands of the Patans—a body of Mahometan soldiers from the extreme north of Hindostan, whose hardihood, courage, and audacity distinguished them from all other inhabitants of the empire. These men had served Subder Ally, and they now tormented his son by daily demands for their arrears.

"In the month of June the young prince, as head of his family, was called upon to preside at the marriage festival of a kinsman, which was to be celebrated with all pomp in the fort of Arcot. Invitations were sent far and wide to the bridegroom's kindred, many of whom were governors of cities in the Carnatic.

"Among these was Mortiz Ally. The prince was bidden to conceal his natural aversion, and to receive the murderer of his father with all Oriental courtesy. It was thought by many that the cowardly governor of Vellore would not trust himself outside the gates of his strong-hold upon an invitation from the son of his victim; but to the general surprise he presented himself among the guests of the young prince, and was treated with distinguished respect by the regent, An'war-adean Khan.

"The marriage festival was not suffered to proceed without interruption from the insolence of the Patan soldiers, twelve of whom, with their captain at their head, broke through the ceremonial pomp of the prince's court, to urge their demands with more than common insolence. They were repelled by Seid Mahomet's servants, at first with contumely, and in the end with violence; such an outrage as is rarely offered to this proud and insolent people without provoking a sanguinary and immediate revenge.

"The thirteen Patans, however, received this rebuff with unusual meekness, and on the same day tendered their humble apologies for the morning's violence. Their submission was readily accepted, and all was calm; yet it was but a deceitful tranquillity, which presaged the coming tempest.

"With evening came the most brilliant hour of the festival. Seid Mahomet, with Mortiz Ally, and most of the other guests, were assembled, when the approach of the Regent Nabob was announced. The young Prince, desiring to pay his venerable guardian public homage, passed into the vestibule, intending to receive him at the bottom of a flight of steps leading to the court of the palace. The thirteen Patans were among the spectators in this lower court, and as the prince appeared, surrounded by his guests, and attended by his officers and guards, these haughty warriors greeted him with demonstrative reverence and affection. After these compliments their captain rapidly ascended the steps, as if about to cast himself at the feet of his offended lord, and having thrown Seid Mahomet's attendants off their guard by his contrition of countenance and manner, suddenly drew his dagger, and with one blow pierced the young prince's heart.

"In an instant the vestibule flashed with naked swords. The assassin was cut to pieces on the spot, and ten of his companions were sacrificed by the furious crowd below. Amidst this scene of horror An'war-adean Khan appeared, and promptly gave such orders as were necessary for the discovery of the conspiracy; since it was the general cry that the Patans had only been the venal instruments of some hidden power.

"Nor was it long before a vengeful murmur arose, coupled with the name of Mortiz Ally. The governor of Vellore had been beside the prince as he fell, but when he was now sought for, it was discovered that he had availed himself of the general confusion to fly from Arcot, attended by a large body of cavalry and other troops, which had been awaiting him in a spirit of caution that argued a foregone conclusion. Pursuit would have been worse than useless, for no equal force of cavalry was ready on the instant, and the distance from Arcot to Vellore was but twelve miles. Curses and imprecations on the murderer's head rang out upon the air which had so lately echoed the tinkling of lutes, and brazen clash of cymbals, and all the joyous sounds of Eastern festival. The populace, dispersed by an order from An'war-adean Khan, retired to their homes in gloomy silence, or gathered stealthily in secret companies to communicate their dark suspicions. The nabob not only dismissed every Patan in his service, but ordered that no member of that nation should remain an hour longer in the city, and that their houses should be razed to the ground, the last mark of infamy which Oriental justice can inflict upon a malefactor. Yet, so given to suspicion is the public mind, even this conduct did not hinder the assertion that the murder of Seid Mahomet had been plotted by An'war-adean and Mortiz Ally.

"Such whispers having reached the ear of the nabob, he strongly denied all share in a crime which he boldly attributed to the governor of Vellore, and challenged his detractors to the proof of their foul slanders. Mortiz Ally, for his part, as boldly accused the nabob, but brought forward no proof to sustain his assertion; and it was supposed that the same evidence which would have condemned An'war-adean must also have demonstrated his own guilt.

"Favored by Nizam-al-Mulk, and sheltered by his vice-royal power, An'war-adean held his ground as Nabob of the Carnatic; but his government was not the less hateful to his people. The death of the Nizam, in 1748, was the signal for revolution. And now the spirit of European intrigue allied itself to the plotting genius of the East. Dupleix, the governor of the French establishment of Pondicherry, had long since secretly fixed on Chunda Saheb, as that member of Dost Ally's race most gifted with the talents of intrigue. Now followed plot upon the heels of plot, revolution upon revolution. Nazir Jung, the son of the late Nizam, and Moozuffer Jung, his grand-nephew, contested the government of the Deccan. Chunda Saheb, ransomed from the Morattoes by French gold, moulded Moozuffer Jung to his own ends, and struggled for dominion in the Carnatic; while Dupleix, like the monkey in the fable, waited till his cat's-paw should have snatched the prize, to grasp it for himself; and if not actually aspiring to Oriental sovereignty upon his own account, was at any rate bent upon elevating to power a Soubahdar of the Deccan, and a Nabob of the Carnatic, who should be little more than the instruments of his will. To what height this aspiring man might have reached, and what extended dominion France might have acquired in the East, had not the English at last awakened from their ignominious apathy, I can hardly venture to calculate.

"For some time the rebels were triumphant. An'war-adean was slain in an engagement, at the age of one hundred and seven years. His eldest son was taken prisoner during the same struggle; and his second son, Mahomet Ally, with the remnant of the army, escaped to his government of Trichinopoly. Success favored the arms and intrigues of Dupleix and his two allies. The powerful hill-fortress of Gingee, hitherto deemed impregnable, was taken by the French under Bussy; Nazir Jung was slain under circumstances of some treachery; his nephew and opponent, Moozuffer Jung, installed as Soubahdar of the Deccan; and the ambitious Dupleix made governor of all the countries south of the Kistna, with Chunda Saheb for his deputy at Arcot.

"Moozuffer Jung was not permitted long to enjoy his triumph. He perished in an attempt to subdue the ever-rebellious Patans, who, having helped to raise him to the throne, were insatiable in their demands for reward. At this perilous juncture the French interest was protected by Bussy, who instantly proclaimed Salabut Jung, eldest surviving son of the Nizam, Soubahdar of the Deccan. This prince confirmed all the grants made to Dupleix, and it may be fairly said that at this period the governor of Pondicherry wielded a power superior to that of the Great Mogul himself.

"While a plotting French politician and his general had thus contrived to seize the dominion of Southern India, the prospects of the English Company were of the darkest hue. Mahomet Ally, the one chief friendly to the British government, was reduced to the single possession of Trichinopoly; and nothing appeared more likely than that the whole Carnatic would fall into the power of Chunda Saheb, from whom we English could expect neither favor nor mercy. Against the audacious intrigues of Dupleix, and the military skill of his generals, we could only oppose the prudence of a petty trade committee, since Colonel Lawrence was at this most critical epoch absent in England on private affairs. Menaced with certain ruin in the event of Chunda Saheb's extending power, and insulted by the French, who planted their white flags upon almost every field around the English boundary, and even within the English limits, it was time that forbearance and neutrality should cease.

"In this dark hour, when British pride had been humbled to the very dust by the rapid successes and undisguised insolence of a rival power, there arose upon the clouded horizon a star which, as I think, is destined to mount yet higher in the military heaven. While Colonel Lawrence was still in Europe, and in the absence of orders from England, Robert Clive, with an innate military genius, took the helm of affairs, and Arcot, the chief city of the Carnatic, was seized by a handful of English soldiers, held against a siege of fifty days' duration, and secured to the English ally. This was but the beginning of triumphs. Other engagements as brilliant have followed in rapid succession, and thus Robert Clive, at the age of twenty-six, has undermined the French power in the Carnatic, humbled the pride of that most ambitious nation, and founded the renown of British arms in India."

Thus ran my patron's record of affairs past and present upon the coast of Coromandel. It was during my own residence in India that the young captain, whose name had already become synonymous with victory, enjoyed a signal triumph at Trichinopoly; but before this new conquest, the daring chief, Chunda Saheb, had terminated his adventurous and troubled career under circumstances of peculiar cruelty.

His affairs having become desperate, he accepted a deceitful promise of protection from Monackjee, the general of the Tanjore forces. It is possible that Monackjee gave this pledge in good faith, but finding all other powers bent on disputing his possession of so illustrious a prisoner, this barbarous Tanjorine put his too-confiding captive to death, and dispatched the head of Chunda Saheb as a bloody offering to his rival and enemy, Mahomet Ally.

Such was the state of affairs upon the southern coast when I entered upon my new duties as Mr. Holwell's secretary. In Bengal all was quiet. The nabob Allaverdy Khan, in his actions in the present, showed himself a beneficent ruler and an amiable man; but when I ventured to say as much to my patron, Mr. Holwell regarded me with a somewhat ironical smile. "Yes, Bob," he replied, "the nabob is a very indulgent ruler, and no doubt altogether an excellent person; but for all that I should scarcely care to trust too much to his honor. I tell you, boy, these Mahometans are false to the marrow of their bones, and treachery is as natural to them as truth and honesty are supposed to be to John Bull; though I have found, by-the-way, that even that blustering gentleman can tell a lie when his interest pushes him to it."

"Will you tell me why you think badly of Allaverdy, Sir?" I asked, ever curious about the rulers of this strange empire, which seemed to me wonderful as a glimpse of fairy-land, and ancient as a page of Herodotus.

"You shall hear the darkest passage of his life, Robert, and form your own judgment upon it. He and his brother, Hodgee Hamed, began their careers as penniless adventurers, the sons of a wily Tartar, and rose to power by the favor of Sujah Khan, Nabob of Bengal, Behar, and Orixa, who made the elder brother, Hodgee Hamed, his prime minister, and the younger, Allaverdy, general of his troops, and ultimately governor of Behar. Each well suited his allotted post, the elder being versed in the arts of suppression and diplomacy, while the younger had all the best gifts of a military leader. The two were closely bound to each other; for self-interest, in this case, strengthened the ties of relationship.

"The short-lived gratitude of the East did not long secure to Sujah Khan the fidelity of these favored subjects. A conspiracy was ripening for the casting aside of all authority on the part of the deputy-governor of Behar, and Sujah, apprised of this treachery, was meditating vengeance, when Nadir Shah, the Persian Alexander, and his forces swept like the whirlwind across Hindostan, and every eye was turned to Delhi. Before the Persian had left the imperial city Sujah died, and his profligate son, Suffraze Khan, succeeded to his sovereignty.

"The vices of this new ruler were eminently favorable to the ambitious plans of the two brothers. Suffraze quickly contrived to offend all his influential subjects, among others Juggat Seat, the head of the princely banking-house of Muxadavad, whose son's wife he insulted by an act of supreme folly. Hodgee promptly traded upon his master's errors. A plot was hatched, and Allaverdy invaded Bengal. The reigning nabob was slain, after a nobler resistance than might have been expected from so vicious a man, and Allaverdy pushed boldly onward to Muxadavad, where he was proclaimed Nabob of Bengal, Behar, and Orixa.

"The power thus audaciously seized was not long unassailed. The proud and wily Composer-of-the-State, Nizam-al-Mulk, took alarm, and incited the Morattoes to attack the new nabob. Eighty thousand of these hardy warriors swooped from their mountain strong-holds upon Allaverdy's new dominions; and long and desperate were the struggles that inaugurated the nabob's reign. The Morattoes ravaged the country, collected the revenues of almost the whole of the territory south of the Ganges, and after being beaten, routed, and driven out of Allaverdy's dominion one year, reappeared the next, with renewed strength and unconquerable audacity; nor could handsome payments on the part of their victim assure him of exemption from attack.

"In Eastern politics, when affairs grow desperate, treachery is not far distant. Finding himself powerless to cope with so strong and slippery a foe, Allaverdy pretended a desire to treat, and proposed a personal conference with Baschir Pondit, the general and moving spirit of the Morattoe army. Doubting the good faith of the nabob's professions, Baschir Pondit refused his consent to this interview until Allaverdy had sworn on the Koran that no treachery should be attempted. It was agreed that the two leaders should meet in a tent pitched on the open plain, each attended by an equal number of officers and unarmed servants. But the care of providing the tent was left to Allaverdy, who had contrived to hoodwink the Morattoe general by offering to send his wife to visit the wife of Baschir Pondit, a social concession of supreme importance in this land of ceremonies.

"At the appointed hour the two chiefs advanced to the tent, each attended by the most distinguished of his officers, while in the distance a long train of covered palanquins, supposed to contain Allaverdy's wife and her retinue, was seen moving toward the Morattoe camp. What passed within the tent has been told by many, and seldom told alike. Enough is known to stamp the work of that hour as one of the darkest deeds ever committed on this wicked earth. At a signal, fifty armed men sprang from the sides of the tent, which had been constructed with a double lining to afford ambush for the assassins. The Morattoe general and his captains were massacred to a man; but Allaverdy did not draw his sword. He only looked on, and approved the carnage. When the work of slaughter was finished, a signal of attack was thrown out, and the Bengal army rushed at once upon their disorganized foe. The Morattoes fled in confusion, only to reassemble and renew the war with redoubled fury.

"Ten years of harassing warfare followed that day of treason; and a treaty of peace, arranged between the nabob and his hydra-headed foe, is not yet ratified. But the Morattoes have been propitiated by subsidies and concessions, and Allaverdy, now a very old man, has received

his patent from the sorely enfeebled powers of Delhi, on condition that he shall annually remit the tribute of six millions of rupees. The courage and fortitude he has displayed in overcoming innumerable difficulties have endeared him to his people, despite the murder of Baschir Pondit, and a few minor treacheries, which his subjects indulgently ascribe to the account of Hodgee Hamed, who fell a victim to the anger of his enemies, and expired, universally execrated, some years ago. To his own people he has been a just and not unkind master; with the English Company he has on the whole dealt fairly, although he has shown himself somewhat exacting in money-matters. But take him for all in all, I fear we are likely to have reason to regret his loss."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Because his nephew, and probable successor, Mirza Mahmud, is a cruel voluptuary, who hates the English, and, indeed, loves nothing but his own sensual pleasures. He has enjoyed a princely education, which in the Oriental sense of the word means the slavish flattery of parasites, and the unrestrained indulgence of every vicious propensity. The favorite amusement of his childhood was the torture of birds and animals; the diversions of his manhood consist in the society of profligate menials and low buffoons, and in the gratification of a propensity for intoxicating liquors, to say nothing of other vices, which serve to mark the contrast between himself and his great-uncle, ever a temperate man, and the faithful husband of one wife."

"And is this wretch certain to become nabob?"

"I believe there is little doubt of it, though the appointment has not yet been formally made. The people of Bengal look forward with terror to such a ruler; but Mirza Mahmud has contrived to hide his real nature from his great-uncle, who has regarded the young man from his birth with an almost doting fondness: and among this servile people no one dares enlighten the old man as to his adopted son's disposition and pursuits. All we English can do is to pray that Allaverdy's years may be prolonged to the utmost limit."

THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

A Story.

By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," etc.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER XV.

AN ILL WIND THAT BLEW SOME PEOPLE GOOD.

FATE had decreed that Major von Groll should not immediately proceed with his investigations touching the mysterious tenant of the hunting-lodge.

On the morning after his visit to the deserted house, Major von Groll appeared at the land-steward's office in the main street of Detmold, and presented himself to Von Schleppers with an open letter in his hand. He had just received news of the death of his wife's only brother, and must, he said, set out at once for Bohemia to attend the funeral, and to make sundry business arrangements on behalf of Frau von Groll.

"My brother-in-law has died intestate, I am told," said the Major. "And as my wife is his only surviving relative, she will inherit as next of kin."

The Justizrath made a queer grimace, intended to combine sorrow for the lady's bereavement with joy at her accession of fortune.

"Well, Major," said he, "we are all mortal—all mortal. May I ask if the gnädige Frau's inheritance will be—a—considerable? The deceased gentleman—I fancy I have heard it said—was wealthy?"

"Baron Dornberg was very rich. He married a great heiress, who left him a widower some years ago. But as they were childless, I believe the bulk of her estates return after Dornberg's death to the lady's family."

"Oh!"

"Yes; but there will still be something for Amalia. All the Dornberg property in Saxony will come to her, I suppose."

"Ah, so!"

"We shall not be millionaires, but it will be a very acceptable thing. You know well enough that we have not more money than we know what to do with."

The Justizrath did know it. And he knew also that it was chiefly the Major's straitened circumstances which had induced him to accept the office of land-steward to the Prince of Lippe-Detmold.

"I am very glad," said the Justizrath, rubbing his hands in his slow, soft way. "Delighted. That is to say, of course, the gnädige Frau must not give way too much to grief. We are all mortal—all mortal."

The Major was to drive to Paderborn, whence he would pursue his journey by railway. He would get his business done as quickly as might be, and hoped to be back in Detmold in a week, or at farthest ten days. This was on the 27th of March.

Major von Groll set out that same afternoon; the Justizrath advising him strongly not to delay being on the spot to look after his wife's interests.

Mathilde von Schleppers, when she heard the news from her husband, lost no time in paying a visit of condolence to Frau von Groll, but she found that aristocratic dame quite prepared to accept congratulations instead. Her brother's death had been sudden, and therefore to a certain extent a shock to his affectionate sister; but otherwise Frau von Groll opined that it was a very good thing, and need not be lamented over in any way.

Baron Dornberg had led a lonely, gloomy life for the last few years—ever since his wife's death, in fact—shut up in an old château in Bohemia, where he scarcely saw a soul except his servants. He had never behaved in a fraternal manner toward her, said Frau von Groll. Nor had his family ever been the better for the wealthy marriage he had made. Baron Dornberg had shown himself to be covetous and selfish, she was sorry to confess. Covetousness and selfishness she considered the most odious of sins. She remembered how her poor, dear mother had striven and struggled to make the match between Ernest and the great Bohemian heiress. And directly her brother was married, he all but cut his family! They had all expected him to help them on in the world; but, instead of that, Ernest had chosen to keep his wife's riches and influence for himself. Wasn't that disgusting?

She herself—Amalia Wilhelmina von Groll, geboren Dornberg—had known what it was to want money, and that was a tremendous thing to reflect upon, when it was remembered that her brother had been rolling in riches all the time. Of course, had she not been a noble lady, poverty would have been much easier to endure. Low-born people naturally had not the same feelings. But for a Von Groll, geboren Dornberg, to suffer from straitened means!—Ach Himmel!

Well, under the circumstances, people could not expect her to be overwhelmed with sorrow at her brother's demise, could they?

All which utterances, and many more, did Frau Mathilde von Schleppers faithfully report to her husband.

The news of Frau von Groll's inheritance was not long in spreading through the little capital. Of course its amount was exaggerated, and the circumstances attending it distorted. But granting that people must talk of their neighbors' business with assumed knowledge of the facts, this was all very natural.

Strangers to the Von Groll family could not know the particulars of the case with accuracy. That was impossible. Well, then, they must guess at or invent them. It was all very natural, if you would only grant that trifling premise—namely, that it was necessary for them to talk about their neighbors' business at all!

There was a general impression that Major von Groll would resign his post under the Prince, and go to live in Saxony. Frau von Schleppers was even congratulated on her husband's coming promotion to the land-stewardship. Which congratulations she also dutifully communicated to the Justizrath.

"Do you think, Friedrich," said she, "that the Von Grolls will go away to Dornberg?"

"I'm sure, my dear, I can't say. How should it be possible for me to answer you?"

"But you can guess, Friedrich, I suppose?"

"I never guess, meine Liebe. And I would advise you not to do so either. It is a very bad plan."

But there was a twinkle of satisfaction in the Justizrath's eye, which his wife interpreted rightly, as a symptom that he thought his promotion far from impossible.

"Well," said she, straightening her broad back, "one thing is certain; if the Von Grolls do leave Detmold, you, and you only, ought to have the land-stewardship. And what's more, you will too. Why, it is your duty to take it for the sake of the poor dear Prince. People in our position are bound to assist him, I always say."

The news of Frau von Groll's inheritance filtered down from the select and genteel circle in which that lady lived to the lower strata of society. Liese in her kitchen, and Otto behind the counter of Herr Schmitt's shop, heard the rumor. But Otto at this time had his head too full of thoughts and speculations about his own future to give much heed to the gossip.

Herr Schmitt's illness increased so rapidly that at last it became obvious that he must give up business altogether for a time. The doctor recommended him to try a mild southern climate and sea-air. Such recommendations are too often impossible to follow. In Schmitt's case, however, there was no serious obstacle to his leaving Detmold. He was a bachelor, and possessed of means which his frugal German habits made amply sufficient for all his wants. With the passive resistance of an invalid who dreads exertion, he had for some months combated the advice of his physician; but now came a reaction, and having finally resolved to go, he grew feverishly anxious to depart, and chafed at the little unavoidable delays which would keep him among the bleak breezes of Northern Germany for a week or two yet.

Here, then, was Otto once more with the world before him and an occupation to seek. He had pretty firmly resolved that this time it should be one of his own choosing.

Schmitt wrote to Simon Schnarcher, the sacristan, to inform him of the state of the case; but he advised Otto to go over to Horn, and communicate with his great-uncle by word of mouth.

"You had better see the sacristan, Otto," said Herr Schmitt. "I was not strong enough to write fully. My letter will reach Horn to-morrow morning. If you start betimes, you may be in your uncle's house but a few hours after the letter. You can ask him, if you like, to come and talk matters over with me. But it must be soon—soon. There is no time to lose."

Otto thanked his master, and resolved to comply with his advice. And after they had parted for the evening, Schmitt called the young man back into his room, and said, with a faint smile, "Hark ye, Otto! If the Herr Küster talks to me about you, I am willing and ready to give him a certificate that, according to my conscientious judgment—founded now upon six months' experience—you will never make a tradesman."

"Heart's thanks, Sir," returned Otto, with thorough simplicity, and went down stairs to put up the shutters of the shop.

It was seven o'clock on a cold spring evening. The street pavements were white and dry as long-bleached bones. Fitful gusts of wind whirled little eddying clouds of dust hither and thither; and the fast-darkening sky looked like a vast cold dome of polished metal dimly seen, and fretted here and there by a steel-bright star. Otto helped the cadaverous apprentice—still in a chronic state of toothache—to place and bar the heavy, old-fashioned shutters; and then he stood at the shop-door for a moment irresolutely, gazing up at the sky.

"Gottlieb," said he, "I want to go and speak to a friend in the town. If I find the person at home, I shall be back in a couple of hours. If not, I will return directly. Any way I'll undertake not to be later than nine. Will you send the servant to bed and sit up for me? Poor Marie is tired with waiting on the master, and if you will just open the door when I knock, I shall take it kindly."

Gottlieb promised willingly enough. And Otto put on his hat, and set off down the street.

He walked rapidly from habit, and the chill biting wind was not calculated to make one's pace lag. I have said, in describing Lawyer von Schleppers's house, that it faced the river. But the word river scarcely conveys an idea of the little stream of the Werre as it flows through Detmold. It is banked up artificially throughout its course through the town, and on its margin stand many pleasant old red-brick houses, of which the Justizrath's was perhaps the most picturesque. But this quarter of the little town, which in summer affords pleasant and much frequented walks, was at this season of the year, and at this hour of the evening, even more solitary and deserted than the streets. Otto's brisk, firm footstep sounded on the gravel-path by the Werre, and, save the muffled bark of a distant watch-dog, no other sound broke the silence.

Suddenly, as he passed a rugged and now leafless hedge, inclosing a piece of meadow-land, where the housewives bleached their linen, he felt a hand laid firmly on his shoulder from behind, and a low, subdued voice bade him stop.

Otto threw off the grasp with a strong, quick movement, and turning, saw a figure beside him whose outline was but dimly seen in the gathering darkness.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" he demanded, rather peremptorily.

"Why, cousin Otto—you gave me leave to call cousins with you, you know—did I frighten you?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so. I was very near knocking you down; so I suppose you did frighten me a bit."

With which odd confession of timidity Otto shook hands with his cousin Joachim Müller.

"I have looked many a time since that day we met in the forest by Horn for the three white crosses on the oak-tree; but I never saw them. Well, of course, you had other things to do, and pleasanter folks to think of, than such as me. It's all natural, and I was a fool to expect you to remember me."

"It is true that I had other things to do, and, mayhap, pleasanter folks to think of," answered Otto, bluntly; "but I did remember you, kinsman, for all that; and if I had known any place where you might be found for certain, I would have tried to come and see you. But these three crosses were only to give you four-and-twenty hours' notice—didn't you say so?—and I have been tied to the shop lately, and not always able to arrange what I would do four-and-twenty hours beforehand. Yours seems rather an outlandish way of communicating with your friends."

"Yes; outlandish enough. It's well for them that have a home, and, what's a deal rarer, friends to come to it. But never mind about that now, youngster. I wanted to see you, to tell you that I'm thinking of going away from Detmold."

"Going away! What for?"

"Because ill-luck follows me here, as it has followed me every where. I'm hunted about worse than a rat or a stoat."

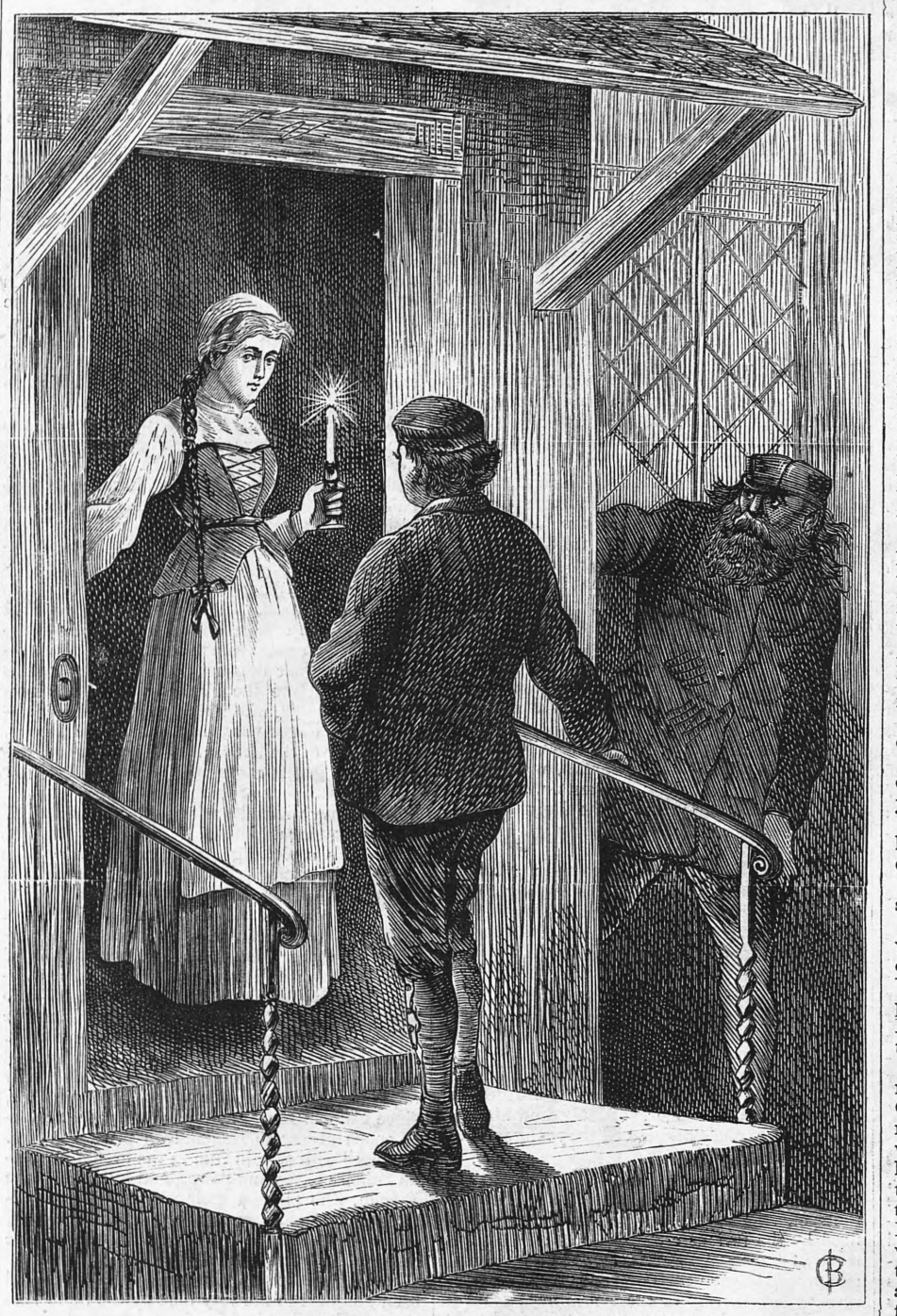
"Come, come, cousin Joachim, don't be downhearted. I'm just cast on the world again myself, but I don't fear. However, to tell the truth, I have no time to stay and talk with you now. I want to call here at this house, and I have but a short time to do my errand. Can't you let me see you somewhere in the daylight, instead of flitting about by night like a bat or an owl?"

They had now reached the Justizrath's door, and Otto pulled the bell with that vigorous touch which had so scandalized the Justizrath.

Joachim lingered by his young cousin's side.

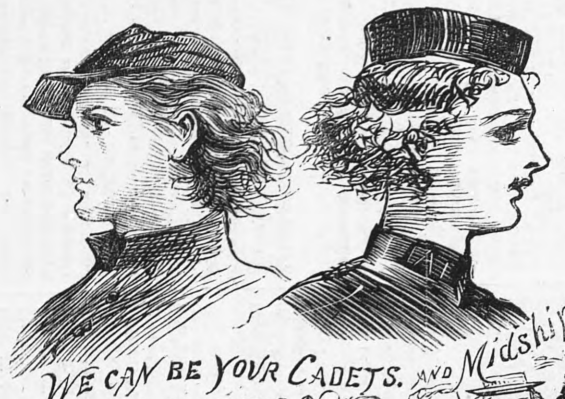
"I will be about by the hollow oak below the Denkmal, all to-morrow and next day," said he, earnestly. "Do come, Otto Hemmerich! Hang it! I don't know how it is, but my heart warms to you as I thought it never could warm to any human being."

At this moment the door was softly opened, and the charcoal-burner, slinking behind Otto into the shadow, saw Liese Lehmann's pure, fair face framed in the open doorway, and illumined by the light of a lamp which she held in her hand.



"AT THIS MOMENT THE DOOR WAS SOFTLY OPENED," ETC.

Why should we Not Vote?



WE CAN BE YOUR CADETS. AND Midshipmen.

WE CAN BE YOUR ALDERMEN.

WE HOLD PROPERTY.

WE ARE THE MAJORITY BY 750,000.

WE PAY TAXES.

WE CAN RUIN YOU.

WE ARE YOUR QUEENS.

WE ARE YOUR MOTHERS IN LAW.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JANE GRAY.—The Amozine embroidery was correctly described in the *Bazar*. Of course, we can not explain why your letter to the proprietors was not answered, but think it quite likely that it did not reach them. The dry-stamping is not indelible, but simply marks the pattern to be embroidered. By addressing the proprietors, per advertisement, you will doubtless receive particulars.

MATTIE.—*Cord and Creese* has not been published in book form. The story will be found complete in the first volume of *Harper's Bazar*.

N.—We can not give the addresses you desire.

MRS. C. K.—You will find the pattern you want in *Bazar* No. 24. It is called a smoking-jacket. Make it longer, and it will serve for a dressing-gown. The night-wrapper pattern was given in *Bazar* No. 48. We furnish back Numbers of the *Bazar* at ten cents a copy.

A COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.—The Supplement of *Bazar* No. 55 will give you patterns and precise quantities required for cloaks. The New York Fashion article in the same paper will tell you the prices of velvets. Velveteen is not fashionable this winter, and never was suitable for a cloak. If you are married in your poplin traveling dress, a round hat of velvet is admissible. Do not wear a velvet cloak, but a wrapping of the material of the dress. Leave your plaid circular, or extra traveling wrap, in the carriage.

ACHSAH.—Make your traveling dress a short gored skirt, trimmed with serge braid. A pelisse with belt and elbow cape is the most convenient outside garment. Line the waist and cape with flannel. Your light silk should have a train with tunic and flounce of white lace. If the tunic is too expensive the skirt may be looped in a panier puff, and worn with a short sash trimmed with lace. Make a black silk peasant waist and panier skirt to wear over your poplin dress. It will also serve to modernize other dresses of last season. Long dresses are seldom worn to church here. The train is particularly troublesome in a narrow crowded aisle. Handsome short suits of velvet, silk, or poplin are used instead.

SIDNEY M.—The Maria Theresa dress, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 52, is the model you want. The square neck with folded chemisette, and the frilled sleeves are very fashionable. Make the pleated chemisette of Lyons tulle, or of wash net, if the muslin is not dressy enough, though muslin is greatly worn at present. Make your black silk suit with double skirt, not looped up as you are stout, and a tight short basque. Wear very small hoops, if any. Lace on your basque and upper skirt; headed with passamenterie is the most elegant trimming. Points are predicted for evening dresses this season, but are not yet seen. Black spangled lace is not worn. Fichus of velvet and lace are worn with high and low corsages, but are not so new as velvet bretelles embroidered and edged with lace. All kinds of plaid mantles are worn. A lace hood or cape, or a Watteau fold down the back of your cloak, would perhaps improve it.

CHURCHWOMAN.—The best answer to your question: "What is the authority for the use of the surplice by the clergy of the Episcopal Church in the United States and England?" may be found in a learned and costly work lately published in England entitled: "*Vestiarum Christianum*. The Origin and Gradual Development of the Dress of Holy Ministry in the Church," by the Rev. Wharton B. Marriott. According to this work it would appear that the dress of the Christian priesthood, during the first five centuries, was not, as is alleged by some, modeled on that of the Jewish priesthood, but was simply taken from that of persons of condition in the better classes of Roman society; in other words, the long tunic or robe falling to the feet as distinguished from the short tunic worn by laborers, and reaching only to the knees. This dress appears on the walls of the Catacombs as a sacred garment, and is virtually the white surplice of the Episcopal clergymen of the present day. About the eleventh or twelfth century the analogy or usage of the Jewish Church was insisted upon; and hence the more ornate and symbolical "vestments" of the Romish priesthood. At the Reformation, according to Mr. Marriott, the English Church, from which the American Episcopal Church inherits, had the good fortune to hit the early usage in a return to the simple white tunic. In the volume referred to this theory is supported with much learning.

X. Y.—You are right. Swift has been as abusive of women as Voltaire. He not only broke the hearts of two, his Stella and Vanessa, but said some ugly words of the whole sex. It is he who has the credit of this: "A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken by a parrot;" and this also is his: "Women are like riddles; they please us no longer when once they are known."

LAURA N.—We take it for granted that if you are thought worthy of being the instructor of the person's children you will be deemed, as you are really, her social equal, and thus treated in every respect. It is not customary, we believe, for republican dames to consider their governesses inferiors.

PICCIOLA.—Each laundress has her own preparation for polishing shirt fronts. Spermaceti and gum-Arabic enter into all of these. A preparation called "Houtching's Starch Polish" is highly recommended.

E. A. A.—The entertainment at a golden wedding is similar to that at any other evening party. The hours are usually early in deference to the age of the entertainers, and the cards sometimes announce the reception as from eight until eleven o'clock.

LULU.—A blue cashmere, or a blue and white plaid poplin, or the red and black Rob Roy, are suitable for indoor dresses. Let the skirt just sweep the floor. A ten-inch flounce, bias, and bound with silk of the prevalent color of the plaid. Above the flounce is a cross-cut strip of the material edged with silk. The corsage is lapped in front, with three deep pleats from shoulder to belt. A very full coat-sleeve, with a band and ruffle falling over the hand.—Eighteen yards of yard wide muslin is bought for six shirts, but a yard or two is left if they are cut economically. New York Mills and Wamsutta are the best shirtings. Buy ready-made bosoms, the pleats stitched by the sewing machine. Woven pleats do not wear well. Get a shirt-maker to cut one shirt, and use this as a pattern for the others.

A. E. M.—Patterns for ladies' under-clothes were given in *Bazar* No. 48. The first volume of the *Bazar* ends with the sixty-first Number.

MARIA.—Is your dress for the house or the street? Is it woolen or silk? Be more explicit. The simple statement that it is claret color is not sufficiently definite for us to decide how it should be trimmed. Consult *Bazar* No. 55 for information about cloaks.

C. L. M.—You will find a number of cloak patterns in the Supplement of *Bazar* No. 55, with minute details of making. It is impossible to give the quantity of trimming required. Make the garment and then measure the parts to be trimmed.

MRS. F. P.—It is impossible to state precisely the annual expense of living in the places you mention, as so much depends upon the manner of life. It is, however, safe to say that it will not cost you more than one half that it would in any of our large cities. The cost of living in Florence, however, has greatly increased since it has been made the capital of Italy.

FACETIÆ.

A CLERGYMAN called on a poor parishioner, whom he found bitterly lamenting the loss of an only son, a boy four or five years old. In the hope of consoling the afflicted woman, he remarked to her that "one so young could not have committed any very grievous sin; and that, no doubt, the child had gone to heaven." "Ah, Sir," said the simple-hearted creature, "but Tommy was so shy—and they are all strangers there."

LAURA. "Why, Harriet, what a queer way of doing your hair—just like a snail!"

HARRIET. "Well, my love, I don't think any one can call that a 'fast' headdress."

A fellow in an oblivious state took up his lodgings in the street. He woke next morning, and, straightening himself up, looked on the ground on which he had made his couch, and said: "Well, if I had a pickaxe I would make up my bed!"

The late Queen of Spain should change her name from *Is*-abella to *Was*-abelle-a.

An Indian chief, in a telegraph-office in Montana, being told that the operator was "talking with a white brother two thousand miles distant," gave it as his opinion that that was the "*longest talk*" he had ever witnessed.

A PRIVILEGED PERSON.

YOUNG LADY IN SWING. "Oh! this is *awfully* Jolly!"
COUSIN (*not a bit jealous*). "How can you use such Words? 'Awfully Jolly' is very vulgar; is it not, Mr. Chepstow?"
MR. C. "Yes it *was*—till your Cousin said it."

A country paper, in noticing the death of a worthy citizen, says: "As a neighbor, he was kind; as a miller, upright. His virtues were beyond all price, and his flour was always sold at ten per cent. advance."

A FIERY STEED—Horse radish.

An American farmer says: "We raise four hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre here, which would be a big thing if we didn't also raise insects enough to eat 'em all up."

No wonder grave-yards yawn, when there are so many sleepers there.

What small animal becomes a large one by being beheaded?—Fox—ox.

SINGULAR—To see a garden walk.

Who were the first astronomers?—The stars, for they first *studded the heavens*.

An English cockney at the Falls of Niagara, when asked how he liked the falls, replied: "They're 'andsome—quite so; but they don't quite hanser my hexpectations; besides, I got vetted, and lost me 'at. I prefer to look at 'em in an hingraving, in 'ot weather, and in the 'ouse."

TO RENOVATE AN OLD HAT—Take it to an evening party and leave early.

A candidate for auditor of public accounts was called upon for a speech. On rising, he commenced: "Gentlemen, you have called on me for a few remarks. I have none to make—I have no prepared speech. Indeed, I am no speaker. I do not desire to be a speaker—I only want to be an auditor!"

"I don't know any thing about your '*Tycoon*,' said an old Illinoisian to a man who was discoursing on Japan; "but when you come to the *raccoon* you'll find me at home!"

Elliot Smith was a good-natured auctioneer at Cambridge, England, whose body exceeded in dimensions the proper corporation standard. On him a Trinity wag wrote the following lines:

"If *flesh* be *grass*, as some folks say,
Then Elliot Smith's a *load of hay*."

DELICATE GROUND.

In the course of a life you are likely to mix
  Among folks of all possible kinds;
And, in talking, it's highly improper to fix
  Upon any chance topic one finds.
You may long to exhibit your wisdom or fun,
  You may try to be gay or profound;
But you'll often discover, when once you've begun,
  That you're treading on "delicate ground."

Now suppose that a friend has induced you to lend
  A respectable sum long ago;
And the time for repayment has come to an end,
  But repayment is dreadfully slow.
If you venture to hint at a trifling advance
  Of a shilling or two in the pound,
You can hardly insist, when you see at a glance
  That you're treading on "delicate ground."

If you tumble in love and are burning to "pop,"
  You should never lose time in despair!
But at once on your knees you should gracefully drop,
  And express what you have to declare.
If the nymph should have smiled on a happier swain,
  While on you she has constantly frowned,
You may give up the case, for it's perfectly plain
  That you're treading on "delicate ground."

It's a difficult thing to be always discreet,
  Or talk in a frank sort of way,
When you think of the number of people you meet,
  And the number of things that you say.
If you notice a sudden and absolute blank
  In the whole of the faces around,
You've only yourself and your folly to thank,
  For you're treading on "delicate ground."

To get out of debt, pay up. To keep out, pay down.

"DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT TO THE VIEW."

We need not say how Difficult it was for Alfred to Post Ledgers, and give his Mind to Business generally, under the above Circumstances.

"I don't know any thing about your '*Tycoon*,' said an old Illinoisian to a man who was discoursing on Japan; "but when you come to the *raccoon* you'll find me at home!"

ELIZABETH'S FRILLS.

Elizabeth's frills! they were broad and were narrow,
  My mind now their magical memory fills;
The pattern ran on just as straight as an arrow,
Or twined in a scroll round a parrot or sparrow,
  So funnily braided Elizabeth's frills!

The strangest thing was when you looked at the pattern,
  So strongly suggestive of milliners' bills,
In the rest of her dress, though by no means a slattern,
They shone round her person as rings do round Saturn,
  You saw nothing else but Elizabeth's frills!

And once when I lay in the terrible stillness
  The medico ordered with potions and pills,
With ice on my head, a most horrible chillness,
Came one consolation to lighten my illness,
  The sight of the charming Elizabeth's frills!

And though you may say they are not quite the fashion,
  Their beauty all thought of discarding them kills;
They shine on my love and they heighten my passion,
I'd stake all my money, though that might be rash, on
  My lovely Elizabeth's sweet little frills!

An indignant orator, at a recent political meeting, in refuting an opponent, thundered: "Mr. Chairman, I scorn the allegation, and I defy the alligator!"

LOOM-ING IN THE DISTANCE—The Thread of Destiny.

A RACE OF SOULPTORS—The Chip-a-way Indians.

How is the Paris surgeon who has been engaged to cleave Chang from Eng going to get around the Scripture, "Whom God has joined together let no man put asunder?"

An editor thus advertises his missing hat: "The gentleman who inadvertently took our new beaver, and left an inferior article in its stead, will do us infinite kindness by returning ours, and he shall receive our warmest thanks and two apologies—an apology for the trouble we have given him, and the 'apology for a hat' he has left us."

A clergyman recently married a couple, and the pair had scarcely left the church when a rich banker rushed in, and, having heard the facts, expressed his disgust that his daughter should have married "*that fellow*." The banker had but just left, when in rushed a wealthy broker, who, on hearing the facts, expressed *his* disgust at his son's marrying "*that girl*." An even thing all round.

MINOR JOKES.

When are gloves unsalable?—When they are kept on hand.

"Drop me a line," as the drowning man said to the fellow on deck.

What joint of meat is most appropriate for an empty larder?—A *fillet* (fill it).

Why is a farmer impressed by the letter G?—It will convert oats into goats.

When a poor fellow is about to be burned by the savages his existence is at *stake*.

Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder-cloud?—Because it is continually *light'ning*.

"Sir, you are just like the motion of a dog's tail." "How so?" "Because you are a *wag*."

A country paper wants to know if a man with wooden legs can be considered a foot-passenger.

If a man is murdered by his workmen, should the coroner render a verdict of killed by his own hands?

A respectable gentleman don't like to have a heavy charge leveled against him—especially if it is in a gun.

Why are our fingers particularly reliable in case of breakage?—Because they are always on hand with nails.

A beau dressed out resembles the cinnamon-tree—the bark is of more value than the body.

What suit is the most costly, and the less liked the longer it lasts?—A law-suit.

AMONG THE RUINS!

GUSHING OLD GIRL. "Oh! is .. not strange, Captain Fitztoff, that all that is Old is Beautiful?"

The following is a description of "A Nice Young Man:"

Attends evening parties, and hands the muffins around.

Smiles if he burns his fingers with the kettle.

Plays the flute.

Parts his hair in the middle.

Takes an umbrella with him to an evening party.

Has a secret passion for gruel.

Writes acrostics and contributes to ladies' albums.

Curls his whiskers.

Is the "Hon. Sec." to the "Ladies' Benevolent Mangle Distribution Society."

Keeps a cat, and a regular account of his daily expenses.

Carries a pin-cushion and acidulated drops about him, and is never unprovided with a scent-bottle for fear of accidents.

Goes out in the rain to fetch a cab.

Doesn't smoke.

Helps mamma's shawl on with the grace of one of Stewart's shopmen.

Has his hair and handkerchief full of scents, and it's a pity the same can not be said of his head.

Holds a skein of silk with exemplary patience—turns over leaves of music with great digital skill—reads novels in a clear secretary-like voice affettuoso—lisps moderato—jokes the old maids allegro—quotes poetry penseroso—runs ladies' errands prestissimo—and makes himself generally usefullo.

BUSY INSECTS IN THE CHURCH—Protest-*ants*.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 58.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Street and House Dresses.

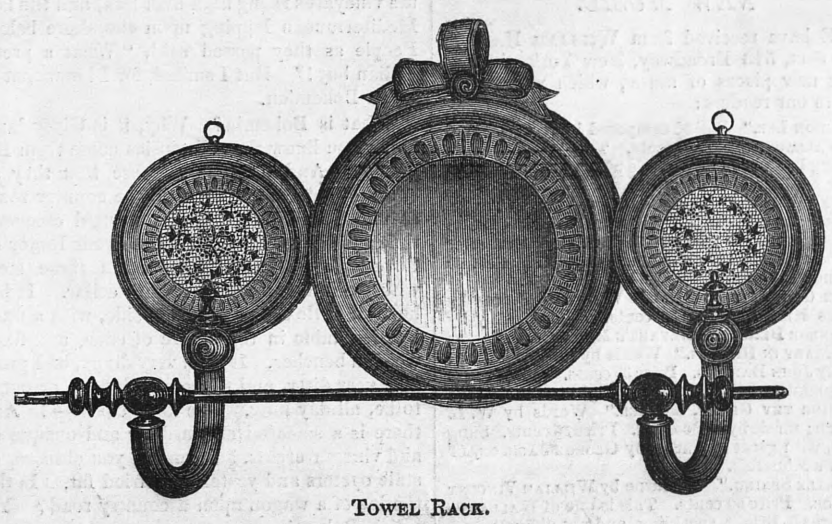
Fig. 1.—Dress with double skirt of steel-blue serge, trimmed with velvet, bias folds, and fringe of the same color. Tight-fitting paletot of the same color, looped behind with a bow and ends. A simulated scarf, trimmed with a band of black velvet and bias folds set on in points, with deep silk fringe across the ends, is arranged on the front of the paletot. Bonnet of black velvet and satin, trimmed with brown leaves and black lace. Coiffure of long curls.

Fig. 2.—Dress of gray poplin. The trimming consists of bias folds and rosettes of gray satin and fine cord of the same color, and simulates a tunic, closing diagonally in front. High corsage and plain sleeves. Linen collar and cuffs. Hair waved in front, with long curls behind the ear.

Fig. 3.—Short dress and paletot of bear's-ear cashmere, richly trimmed with velvet, silk cord, and buttons of the same color. The under-skirt is trimmed round the bottom with bands of bear's-ear satin and velvet. Velvet beret of the same color, trimmed with satin folds and an aigrette.

Fig. 4.—Short dress of black silk, cut in points and scallops round the bottom, and trimmed with ruches and bias folds of the same material and black fringe. Long under-skirt of violet satin. Black velvet paletot, trimmed with satin folds and fringe. Large passementerie buttons and silk tassels are set on the bottom of the over-skirt and paletot. Violet velvet bonnet, trimmed with satin ribbon of the same color and a spray of roses with leaves.

Fig. 5.—Dress and scarf mantilla of brown reps, trimmed with satin folds and fringe. Deep flounce surmounted with two straight bias folds of satin, and satin piping set on in points, around the bottom of the dress. Over-skirt of the same material, trimmed round the bottom with fringe. Brown velvet round hat, with aigrette.



TOWEL RACK.

Towel Rack.

THIS towel rack is of carved oak. In the central medallion put a looking-glass, and in the little side medallions embroidery. Either of the medallion designs, p. 916, is suitable for the little medallions. They are worked with beads on canvas in the colors which the illustrations designate; or may be worked in wool or silk instead of beads. The medallions are fastened on pasteboard and set into the frame, and brown paper is pasted on the back. The towel rack is designed to be hung up against a wall.

STREET AND HOUSE DRESSES.

NIGHT.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

WHETHER I hang o'er wintry fields stretched stark
  In cerements of white silence, whose repose
Is girt by forests that across the dark
  Shoot with a sudden sway from their bronze boughs
The sifted silver of a thousand snows,
  Making more awful quiet; or I rouse
    Fierce polar summits to hurl back
The flying shafts of flinty foes,
  And, couchant, flash in hasty ire
  With crusted mail and icy sheaths entire
A storm of splendor underneath my blows—
    Oh, slowly up the windy way I beat,
      The glory dips, the fires eclipse,
      The angry sparkle makes retreat—
Ruby the cliffs that melt to fairest rose,
  By sapphire heavens darkly kissed,
And cloven crags splinter from base to spire
  Beryl and amethyst,
At many a tempest-graven dint and hack
Bickering and glancing to my slow attack—
Yet shrouded into phantoms as my track
  Leaves the wide air a shadow!
Whether o'er these I sail, or where I list,
  Whether o'er mountain-top or spongy meadow,
Neither rebellion nor antagonist
  Find I, that by my first breath blenched
      Through sullen flashes,
    Falls not as utterly involved and quenched
      And self-consumed to ashes—
    Leaving the universe before me
      Till, boding ruin every where,
    Crystalline beakers of a foreign glory
      Spill in the upper fountains of the air.
Then, mounted high midst ever-deepening concaves,
  In golden showers the outer darkness staining,
  O'er the slant edges of the rolling world
I see the sunbeams raining!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1868.

DESCRIPTION OF

COLORED FASHION PLATE,

ACCOMPANYING THIS NUMBER FOR DEC. 5, 1868.

To be followed by others in quick succession.

Fig. 1.—Under-skirt of yellow and white striped foulard, with a flounce set on somewhat scant, and surmounted by a pinked ruche of yellow silk. Diana over-dress of yellow reps, open in front, bordered all the way round with a frill of the same material, and looped up at the sides with a large bow. Corsage square in front, and trimmed with a frill and bow; sleeves almost tight, and edged with a frill. Pleated fichu inside the corsage.

Fig. 2.—Blue poplin dress for young girl, with mantelet of the same, trimmed with a silk ruche of the same shade, and confined by a belt.

Fig. 3.—Dress of violet velvet. Mantelet like the dress, trimmed with wide black lace. The tabs of the mantelet cross in front, and are fastened behind half-way down the skirt with a bow of Ottoman reps.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain numerous patterns of Bridal Dresses, Veils, etc.; Walking Dresses, Chemisettes, Fichus, Cravats, Breakfast Caps, Crinolines, Paniers, Fancy Work, etc., etc.*

MAKE YOUR WILL.

THERE seems to be a rather general feeling that the making of one's will is calculated in some way to hasten his demise. Hence a great many excellent people who have property to leave, and very well-defined intentions as to whom to leave it, put off the necessary formalities till they are suddenly stricken down by death, and forced to let their effects be distributed by the hand of the law, perhaps in the manner most alien to their inclinations. Now, in point of fact, the tranquillity that comes from having one's affairs in order is above all things conducive to recovery; while the sick man, writhing under the consciousness of leaving them in an unsettled state, may by this very anxiety bring his illness to a fatal termination.

It is often affirmed that the law makes equitable provision for such an emergency. Were this so, no more need be said on the subject; or indeed we should rather be inclined to deprecate the interference of individual caprice with this just distribution. In some respects the assertion is correct. The law is just in setting aside all privilege of primogeniture or sex, and dividing the property equally among the children. Their interests at the father's death are properly cared for. But as regards the widow the injustice is obvious. As a rule, throughout the length and breadth of the country, a young man marries poor and grows rich with his wife, he as the bread-winner and she as the careful economist of his earnings. The estate which they accumulate is due to the efforts of both. Yet, if the wife dies, this common property passes unconditionally to the husband; he can squander the estate; disinherit the children; or marry again, and leave the whole to the children by the second marriage; the first wife's children not being supposed, in this case, to need any protection. If the husband dies, it is very different. The law instantly steps in and takes from the wife's hands the management of her own household; and she, who has been used to reign supreme in her home, is forced to apply to strangers for permission to take the slightest step with regard to her own property. How humiliating this must be to a high-spirited woman can be readily imagined by any man who will fancy in her place. Again, the use alone of one-third of the real estate is granted her. With the use of the whole estate during her lifetime she might end her days in ease and comfort, and lend a helping hand to her children in case of need. Or even with the full ownership of one-third of the property she might possibly put herself in a position to earn a comfortable support; but the pittance afforded by the interest on one-third of a homestead, for instance, is only a mockery, which leaves her dependent on the generosity of her children or friends—a position to which we are persuaded that no generous-minded man would willingly subject his wife. The consequence is that, among the masses, a woman who has always lived in competence immediately sinks, on her husband's death, to comparative penury and dependence. The pretext is that the interests of her children need protection; but who will say that these interests are not as safe with the mother as with the father, and that a possible stepfather is to be dreaded more than a possible step-mother?

In the present state of the laws it is the duty of every husband to make a will that shall insure to the partner of his fortunes the life-enjoyment of their joint savings, and make her the honored benefactor of their children, instead of the humble recipient of their bounty, too often churlishly doled out to her by sons or daughters-in-law.

NEW MUSIC.

WE have received from WILLIAM HALL & SON, 543 Broadway, New York, the following new pieces of music, which we recommend to our readers:

"MARION LEE." Ballad composed by WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE. Price 35 cents. This is one of those charming ballads of WALLACE's which are destined to become familiar in every parlor.

"SO FAR AWAY." Ballad by JANE SLOMAN TORRY, author of "La Primarara," "Estelle Valse," etc. Price 35 cents. A simple and easy ballad, somewhat after the style of REICHARDT's famous song, "Thou art so Near and yet so Far."

"THE OLD FRIENDS STILL." Song and chorus by CHARLES HENRY. Price 35 cents. Sung nightly by MR. MONROE DEMPSTER, BRYANT's Minstrels.

"TO MARY IN HEAVEN." Words by ROBERT BURNS; music by JOHN DANIELS. Price 35 cents. One of those sweet, plaintive ballads which go right to the heart.

"BESIDE THY GRAVE, MOTHER." Words by W. L. GARDNER; music by G. SCONCIA. Price 35 cents. Sung nightly, with great applause, by GEORGE JACKSON, of HOOLEY's Minstrels.

"GENTLE SPRING." Nocturne by WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE. Price 50 cents. This is one of WALLACE's best works. Bright, sparkling, and not difficult.

"BY THE SAD SEA WAVES." Arranged by RICHARD HOFFMAN. Price $1. A brilliant and effective arrangement of that popular ballad, which we recommend to all good pianists.

"STUYVESANT GALOP." By PAUL STEINHAGEN. Introducing the comic song "Not for Joseph." Price 50 cents.

"CAPTAIN JINKS (of the Horse Marines)." Galop played by GRAFULLA's Seventh Regiment Band. Arranged by C. PUERNER. Price 50 cents.

These are two fine galops, well arranged for dancing.

WILLIAM HALL & SON will send any of the above pieces by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the marked prices.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

MY DEAR RALPH,—I hear that you are very anxious to see Bohemia. You have heard such pleasant praises of Bohemians that you will have no peace until you feel that you are one yourself. The very name has an attractive music, a suggestion of happy vagrancy, of a modern idyl. My friend Mr. Pry, who gives me this news of you, says that you would like to have a word from me of my own Bohemian experience—if I happen to have had any—in order that you may judge whether Bohemianism, if we may use a horrible word, is a desirable kind of manner upon the great road that we are all traveling.

Well, my dear boy, if I tell the truth, I suppose I must confess that I am, and always have been, a Bohemian. I hope not exactly a "Bohemian-Tartar;" but I have certainly loitered a great deal upon that "sea-coast in Bohemia" to which the poet alludes. And with what a merry company! Where was it? Every where. Do you mean to bring me to the cold fact of geography? Why, Wall Street, the Exchange itself, Fulton Market, the Campagna, the Baths of Caracalla, Amalfi, Capri, Salerno, yes, and further still, are Bohemia.

Upon any one of these soft, sad Indian summer mornings I come out of my room and set forth upon that meditative, sauntering pace which you have remarked often enough in gentlemen of my years. I breast the swift, steady current of the men of business sweeping resistlessly down town. They smile and nod—those that I know—and they say to each other "What an inveterate vagabond he is! why doesn't he do something?" And they press on to the Brokers' Board and "do something" in Erie, or Fort Wayne, or whatever the stock of the moment may be. To do that, you see, is not to be a vagabond. To hang round that door in Broad Street, to sit in a shop of some kind and sell for more than you pay, pleases the worthy gentlemen who are concerned for me. They pity me as I pass. Quits, gentlemen; I sail for Bohemia.

What a curious and pleasant voyage! These are children going to school, and how fresh and bright are their young faces! They scud along like a fleet of little smacks, upon whose white sails the sun flashes. How they cheer the great waste! *Bon voyage*, little smacks! And here, what is this? What a storm must have smitten this craft that seems even now to be staggering under its fury! The sails hang forlorn, the masts are sprung, the hull is shabby and battered. Poor woman—I mean poor ship—what a voyage you have had, and how hopeless you look! And is this Turner's *Temeraire*, this placid, stately vessel calmly gliding along and fitly framed in the pensive Indian summer morning? There are the credentials of famous days of action in this splendid old craft now laid up in ordinary and creeping about as if to sun itself and kindle its proud old memories a little. I suppose it is really a grave old gentleman who has lived wisely and fought his good fight, and who now floats along bravely toward the final haven.

And is it the Indian summer that bewitches every thing and makes a stroll in the busy streets a voyage to distant shores? No, my dear Ralph, it is the Bohemian spirit that possesses the mind and touches the eye and fancy of the dweller in that pleasant land. I have seen a little Italian boy with his heavy harp or his violin standing on a sunny spring morning before that window in which is the beautiful blooming oleander, and his face grew tender, and the roar of the street died out of his consciousness, and he was once more in Italy with the vineyards rising high over him, and the lazy Mediterranean lapping upon the shore below. People as they passed said, "What a pretty Italian boy!" But I smiled, for I knew that he was a Bohemian.

What is Bohemia? Why, it is Gipsy-land. Don't you know that all gipsies come from Bohemia? And did you suppose that they all encamp under a wagon upon the country roads at night, and do nothing but steal chickens, tinker old pots and pans, and tell Sir Roger de Coverley's fortune? Step down these steps with me into this rather dismal cellar. It has horrible little cells upon each side, with a fixed wooden table in the centre of each, and fixed wooden benches. It is all very dingy, and probably very dirty, and the gas is lighted, or ought to be, all day long. The table-cloths—! And there is a smeared mustard-jar and opaque oil and vinegar cruets. It smells, you observe, of stale oysters and yesterday's fried fat. Is this the lee of a wagon upon a country road? Yet this is Bohemia.

At least so I was told when I was there. Several persons came in, I remember, and seated themselves at the table. They were generally quite young, and there were two or three young women among them. They ate oysters or a chop or a beef-steak, and they drank a great deal of whisky, and puffed tremendous clouds of tobacco-smoke. The women drank also, and smoked. They all talked loud, and laughed a great deal. The talk was of theatres and books and papers, and of actors and authors. They cracked jokes—excellent, many of them—broad, a good many of them; and they praised each other, and laughed at a mutual admiration club somewhere. If I were to judge from the tone of venerable experience, and of utter exhaustion of all forms of life that revealed themselves in the conversation, there was not one of the jovial company who was less than three hundred years old. Such age and experience were very impressive. I stepped quietly to the host, who stood behind the trough opening oysters dextrously, and I asked him in a whisper whether these were boon companions of Rip Van Winkle recently arrived, or perhaps some of the Seven Sleepers lately awakened. The host did not pause in his sleight-of-hand, and rather contemptuously answered, "Them folks? Why, they are Bohemians."

Bohemians of the press I afterward heard them called, and my informant added, with quite as much contempt as the oyster opener, "They are fellows who live by their wits." Yes, replied I, with some fervor, and so, thank Heaven, was Shakespeare. I suppose it is quite as honorable to live by your own wits, dear Ralph, as by your grandfather's. Young Harry Diamond smiles very loftily at his old school-mate, Dick Whittington. "Dick lives by his wits," says Harry. My dear young friend, I reply, it is very fortunate for you that you are not thrown upon such a support. Indeed, it is true of all genuine Bohemians that they live as Harry's friend Dick lives. The gay girl who comes from the camp to look at Sir Roger's hand, or the old swarthy witch who peers into the country girls' faces, or the hang-dog-looking rogue who offers to mend your kettles, or the hopeful young actress, or the newspaper critic, or Béranger, or old Homer, or any other minstrel—all live by their wits. But how does the great merchant live, or the famous lawyer? Is it in any other way? To live by your wits, then, does not of itself make you a Bohemian. Dear me! why, there is my lord the Archbishop, and their lordships the Bishops, and the overworked minister of the Starve Hollow congregation, for whom there is to be a donation party next Tuesday to keep the poor man going—do they not all live by their wits, and do I hear you, my dear Ralph, or any other irreverent person call *them* Bohemians?

No, no, my dear boy, Bohemia is within you. The toughest old hunx of a Ralph Nickleby may have an estate there as well as Tom Hood; and you shall suddenly come upon its soft valleys and sunny heights in the most sumptuous retreat upon the North River as in the Broadway oyster-cellar. The resolute dissipation of the oyster-house is often only a sign of the thing, of longing for it, but not of its possession. To be a Bohemian, my good Ralph, it is not necessary to drink a great deal of whisky, and smoke endless pipes, and do other much more questionable things. It is not necessary to be unclean and gross and profane. The purest Bohemian I know is the simplest and most modest of men. He smokes his pipe, and he drinks his glass of Capri, or of Monte Pulciano, or of Lagrimi Christi, if he can get them; but he does not abuse those good gifts nor himself. He will not be an exhausted, wretched wight at fifty, but as genial and gay at sixty as he is at half that age.

Bohemia is loafer's land. It is the easy, happy realm of the artists and the poets, or rather of people of their temperament. For he certainly, although an artist, was not a Bohemian who rapped at thy door, Tomasino, thy door on the *quattro piano* in Rome—how many hundred years ago?—on that night, or, more truly, morning, when we sat drinking hot, spiced wine, and puffing heavy volumes of smoke, and trolling comic and sentimental staves—yet such as sister or sweet-heart might have heard. What a night it was! how gay, yes, and how innocent, and so long, long ago! It was one of those happy moments when we enjoy and know that we enjoy. It was the *quattro piano*, old friend, just below the stars. It was the garret, if it had been any where but Italy—but the garret of which Béranger sang, and of whose poem Father Prout made so delicious a paraphrase. Thackeray tried his hand at it also; but the passionate abandon of Father Prout wonderfully reproduces the song:

"Yes, 'twas a garret! be it known to all,
  Here was Love's shrine;
There read, in charcoal traced along the wall,
  Th' unfinished line.
* * * * * * *
Dreams of my joyful youth! I'd freely give,
  Ere my life's close,
All the dull days I'm destined yet to live,
  For one of those!
Where shall I now find raptures that were felt,
  Joys that befell,
And hopes that dawned at twenty, when I dwelt
  In attic cell?"

Well, well, my dear Ralph, I am as bad as the Antiquary taking Mr. Lovel to the blue chamber—or was it the green?—and losing himself in sentimental reveries. I was saying that, although an artist, the good man was not a Bohemian who rapped at our midnight or morning door, and, peering gravely through the smoke and the jollity at his young nephew, said, "Ezekiel, you had better come home." Ezekiel, who had not spared his talents for amusement, returned the grave salutation with a twinkling glance, and answered, "Uncle Ebenezer, all baggage at the risk of the owner." The door closed, and we saw Uncle Ebenezer no more.

Your Bohemian must, of course, have something of the natural vagabond in his nature, a genial temperament, a generous imagination. These are the qualities that send him sauntering through the Exchange when it is busiest, and he pleases himself with watching those eager, humming men, as with watching the breaking and foaming and slipping of waves upon the sea-shore. The world is his oyster—and is that the reason why he was called the oyster-house critic?

You see, my good Ralph, that a man can not make himself a Bohemian. Nature makes him. He may dive into cellars, and be beery and smoky and lazy and dirty, and live from hand to mouth; but such things are the trappings and suits, not the substance of what he seeks. Thackeray was a Bohemian; so was Paul Duggan. Yet how different they were! "He is the best drawer of heads since Vandyck, but not a Bohemian," wrote Thackeray, introducing a friend. Remember it is not the beer and swagger—it is the brains and the heart that make the Bohemian. And so, dear Ralph, good-by. Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

DRESS GOODS FOR MOURNING.

IMPERIAL serge is taking the place of bombazine for handsome street suits worn in deep mourning. This is the same material as bombazine, a mixture of silk and wool, but with better body and more distinct twill, and is as soft and full to the touch as Thibet merino. It is slightly more than a yard wide, worth from $2 75 to $3. At one house it is quoted as high as $4. The coarser English serge, all wool with a very broad twill, is durable and lustreless, and makes a serviceable winter suit for traveling and shopping. The price is from $1 a yard to $2. It should be trimmed with the wide serge braid, sometimes called Hercules braid.

Biarritz cloth, an all-wool fabric resembling corded delaine, is even more desirable than serge for street wear, as the straight longitudinal cords are more readily cleaned than a bias twill. $2 a yard buys a handsome article, about forty inches

wide. The well-known Empress cloths, a good heavy quality at $1 50 a yard, and the thick poplin alpacas with demi-lustre at $1 a yard, are the best goods for ordinary street suits.

Henrietta cloth, which is really a silk-warped cashmere, retains its dead black color as long as a thread of it remains. It makes a more elegant house dress than bombazine, and costs from $2 to $3 a yard. Ladies who retain their partiality for bombazine are reminded that the English bombazine will give greater satisfaction in wearing than the light, frail fabric made by the French. English bombazine costs from $2 to $3 a yard. Lupin's is the best French brand. Black cashmere with double twill is in demand for both house and street dresses. The glossy alpacas are not considered suitable for mourning, but a demi-lustre alpaca of firm texture will be found serviceable and inexpensive for house dresses. It costs from fifty cents to eighty-five cents a yard. A variety of velours and ottoman reps are shown, but are generally too lustrous. Only the woolen reps is suitable for deep mourning.

The Bonnét and Pousons silks with half lustre are serviceable for mourning silks, but should be worn only in the house. A gros grain with but little gloss and of excellent quality is sold in the three-quarter width for $4 a yard. The lustreless faille and the cashmere de soie with thicker threads than gros grain are the richest materials for full dress. $5 to $10 a yard is the price. Heavy, dowager-like Antwerp silk falling into rich folds has a broad reps, and is marked $10 for yard wide goods, and $18 for a rare article a yard and a half wide. A thick silk for younger ladies in slight mourning has a satin stripe two inches wide.

HALF-MOURNING.

Dresses of solid purple and gray are not now used for half-mourning. The black materials mentioned are chosen, and are also trimmed with black — not crape or plain folds, as in deep mourning, but pleated frills, quillings, and ruches of thick silk. A purple bow at the throat and the trimming of the hat is the only color introduced. In suits the petticoat is sometimes of purple, and the kid gloves are stitched with the same shade.

CLOAKS AND SUITS.

Paletots of the different Astrakhan furs, trimmed with Angora fringe, make the handsomest cloaks for mourning. Astrakhan cloth is also greatly used. It is from $9 to $20 a yard. The dead black beaver cloths are made into half-fitted basquines, with cape and belt, trimmed with bands of silk, or bordered with Astrakhan.

Serge and Biarritz cloth suits are heavily lined or wadded, and the outer garment is used as a cloak with other dresses. The pelisse is worn with a belt and small cape. The trimming is several narrow folds overlapping each other. Five folds, each an inch wide, in a cluster, headed with piping, trim the skirt; three folds the cape and pelisse. Puffs, paniers, and gathered ruffles are incongruous with mourning attire, as they look gay and dressy. Pleated trimmings and festooned drapery are more in keeping, such as box-pleated ruches and flounces, and small capes looped with rosettes, and the Camargo looped upper skirt over a petticoat bordered with a pleated flounce. Arrange the flounce in groups of box-pleats, three in a cluster. It should be bound at the lower edge, and headed with a pleated ruche of the same, or a bias band two inches wide. The Camargo upper skirt has six breadths; the side-widths are narrow and gored. The skirt is quite long and caught up in pleats at the sides and back. Heavy worsted fringes and the serge braid, so strong that it is called Hercules braid, are used for plain suits. Crape quillings are soon destroyed. The material of the dresses is the best trimming for handsome suits. With the addition of an Astrakhan collar and muff, a flannel-lined suit can be worn all winter. $30 buys a good set of black fur trimmed with Angora fringe.

Thibet merino and Cashmere long shawls are worn in the burnous style, a fold arranged in the back, and the long end thrown over the left shoulder.

BONNETS AND VEILS.

English crape doubled over a high frame, with a pleated crape diadem, is the favorite bonnet for winter. Bombazine is not used as it is too heavy. Narrow ribbons tie under the chin, and long crape folds are left hanging in front, caught together by a bow or a slip-knot. The white ruche of tarlatan is only worn by widows. It extends merely across the forehead in the diadem style. White tarlatan bows at the throat are not used. The veil of English crape is worn, tied over the bonnet. It is usually a yard and a half long, but the length is varied according to the degree of relationship.

COLLARS AND HANDKERCHIEFS.

Standing collars with wide lapped ends are the best for mourning, as the corsage is usually made high and close. The two-inch hem of cambric handkerchiefs is deep black, a better style than a border above them. Jet and onyx jewelry is in massive styles, like cameos and coral. The watch-chain should also be of jet.

VARIETIES.

Scotch plaid gauze for evening dress is among the novelties worn abroad. Colibri velvets of the changing hues of the humming-bird are seen in Paris.

For the work-table we have seen very pretty shears and scissors, edged with the finest steel, with silvered handles. In this connection a convenient scissors sharpener is worthy of mention, composed of a small circular steel by which a lady can easily sharpen her own scissors.

Numerous inquiries on the subject of house-furnishing induce us to give some brief hints on the prevailing styles.

DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE.

Furniture for drawing-rooms is copied from the Louis Seize period. This differs from the Pompadour style in heavy, broad, straight sofas, and chairs with low square backs, stuffed and tufted throughout, the wood of the frame visible only at the feet. Gilded wood is greatly used. The most showy suits are of gilt or white-wood covered with satin of a solid color, such as pale blue, light green, or fawn color. The cherry-colored satin is found to be most generally becoming. Pear-wood stained to represent ebony is combined with gilt, throwing it into bold relief. Tasteful designers deplore the elaborate use of gilt, and only commend it when associated with other woods. It has always a tawdry look, and is soon tarnished. The fashion will not be a permanent one.

Satin and the terry reps thickly tufted are used for upholstery. Brocatel is entirely out of fashion. The beautiful tapestries are in better keeping with the Louis Quinze styles, but have never been properly appreciated in this country.

An elegant drawing-room lately furnished has a moquette carpet, pearl-color strewn with garlands of flowers. The furniture is upholstered with light blue satin, tufted and edged with a tri-colored cord, cherry, blue, and drab. Curtains of the same satin with a tapestry border in which these three colors enter. Lace shades beneath. The long marquise sofa consists of a French *confidante*, or sofa for two, with marquise arm-chairs attached to the ends. Variously shaped satin chairs are about the room, and upright reception-chairs of all gilt in bamboo pattern.

Ebony cabinets are low and flat-topped, and are inlaid with marquetry of the Algerian Tuya wood, the purple amaranth and gilt. The cover is of the colored Spanish marble brought from the Pyrenees. A cabinet of fancy woods, an inlaid table, or a writing-desk in a boudoir afford a pretty relief to rooms furnished with plain woods.

Faience, a clay material with raised figures, is being introduced for medallions, ornaments in furniture, vases and jardinieres. The designs are antique, the colors deep and strong, somewhat resembling majolica. A valuable piece shown us is a large vase from the French Exposition. It is tan-colored, with raised flowers in natural hues. The price is $200.

Parlor suits of solid black walnut, upholstered with wool reps are the best choice for people of moderate means. These are made up in as good style as the most expensive material, but in less elaborate design. Plush is being used again by economical families who have sitting-room and parlor in one. It wears well, and is not expensive. A handsome suit of drab reps has a wide stripe of scarlet plush in the centre of each piece. The narrow frames of mantle-mirrors are covered with scarlet plush edged with gilt and ebony.

LIBRARIES.

The library admits of a more severe style of fitting up than other rooms. Waxed walnut-wood upholstered with woolen reps with velvet border studded with steel is the prescribed furniture. Curtains of the same reps with walnut cornices. Low book-cases with glass doors. A long centre-table covered with a cloth to match the furniture and bordered with morocco. Carved walnut mantle and mirror-frame. Low clock of richly-carved wood on the mantle. The Holland carpets and rugs thickly tufted are shown for libraries. They are in small, eccentric figures, and are expensive but durable. $11 for the square yard is the price.

DINING-ROOM.

The dining-room should be a cheerful apartment, filled with light but substantial furniture. Butternut-wood with ebony bands is coming into favor for dining-rooms, but the present demand is for light oiled walnut upholstered with tan-colored leather dotted with gilt. Scarlet leather is also used. Green is out of fashion. The low, broad mantle is of carved wood, supporting a large mirror, or else an oil-painting, framed with the prevailing wood with narrow gilt moulding. The walls are hung with embossed paper resembling the pale Russian leather in Rennaissance designs. High buffet with dark marble top, and a carved wood or bronze medallion ornament. Striped reps in tapestry patterns for curtains, or plain reps with tapestry border. An open side-table for the carver has shelves underneath for dishes.

BEDROOM FURNITURE.

Instead of the light styles of bedroom furniture quoted in the spring suits of dark rose-wood and black walnut are now selected, with a view to giving an air of warmth and comfort to the room. Ebony mouldings and delicate gilt tracery ornament these suits. A curious-grained French walnut decorates the American walnut. Walnut shows wear less than any wood. We were shown elaborate chamber suits costing from $800 to $2000. A manufacturer informs us that he has in process of making bedroom sets of ten pieces, solid walnut, plate glass, and three marble-top pieces, the chairs with cane seats, which he can sell at the low price of $125 the suit. At another house, one of the best in the city, we saw an order executed that provides nearly all the furniture in a small house for $1800, a sum often given for a chamber suit. All the materials, wood, glass, and marble, are of as good quality as is used in the most elaborate styles. The parlor is furnished with black walnut upholstered with crimson reps. Mantle and mirror-frame in keeping with the furniture, and an inlaid cabinet. Waxed walnut and brown reps in the library with mantle and clock. Full dining-room suit of oiled walnut upholstered and studded with gilt nails. Lisbon marble slab on the buffet. Carved mantle. The bedroom furniture is simple and light, but tasteful and substantial. Purchasers make a great mistake in buying furniture at the "cheap" establishments. The best manufacturers pay as much attention to details in their low-priced wares as in the most costly.

A desirable article for people who live in small rooms is a new sofa bed. In the daytime it forms a handsome and comfortable sofa with stuffed back, and ornamental wood at the sides. At night it is easily unhinged, forming a double lounge. A receptacle for bed-clothing is beneath. It is shown in walnut and reps at prices varying from $45 to $65. Elastic sponge is being used for stuffing mattresses and furniture. It is as elastic and springy as the best horse hair, than which it is cheaper, and is said to be destructive to vermin of all kinds. The best spring mattresses are divided in the centre so that they can be easily moved, and are provided with a double set of springs. Price $30. Pillows retain the flat, square, French shape.

Arctic down quilts, made up in Turkish calico, are exceedingly light and soft and warm for invalids. Price $18. Handsome comfortables at $65 are made of silk wadded with eider down.

For boudoirs a pretty fancy in imitation of the Venetian is a beveled mirror with glass frame in a solid sheet. The frame is carved and engraved with light tracery.

A convenient secretary bedstead, lately patented, has the appearance of a handsome secretary in the daytime, and is easily transformed into a bed at night. There is a large mirror, three drawers, cupboard room, and an arrangement for a wash-stand. Price $100.

Among the easy-chairs is the comfortable Spanish rocker, fitting snugly to the back, with cushioned arms. It is sold in green reps and walnut for $25. A reclining chair, that almost serves for a bed, has a striped tapestry centre, with plain reps at the sides. A sensible gift for the holidays is a chair of this kind, with the centre stripe embroidered by the donor. The needle-worked stripe should be from a yard and a half to three-fourths of a yard long, and six or eight inches wide. A folding chair, that may be put away in a small space in a corner, has a plush stripe in the centre.

HALL FURNITURE.

Hall chairs and sofa are covered with scarlet leather and tan-color, slightly gilded. Hat-stands have large mirrors in the centre, with pegs at the side for hats. A colored marble slab is over a drawer for brushes. Bronzed metal racks for umbrellas. A pretty idea for a hall is a square rustic frame with pegs for holding canes.

CURTAINS.

The new style for drawing-room curtains is a lace window-shade attached to rings drawn over rods by pulleys which gather the shade to the side instead of the top of windows. Tamboured muslin and dotted Swiss shades have monograms embroidered in the centre. The elegant terry reps, satin, and striped tapestries, are used for lambrequins and side draperies, trimmed with thick cords and bands of velvet, with large tassels. White linen shades, with spring rollers like those used for carriage curtains, are selected for plain rooms. Smyrna silk in chintz patterns is shown for bedroom windows. The wall-paper is of exactly the same pattern, and the furniture is upholstered with French chintz.

For information received we are indebted: for mourning, to W. JACKSON, A. T. STEWART & Co., LORD & TAYLOR, ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co., LAKE & M'CREERY, and Miss PAGE; for scissors and sharpener, to HENRY SEYMOUR & Co. and BERGEN & BAINBRIDGE; and for furniture, upholstery, etc., to WARREN WARD & Co., POTTIER & STYMUS, L. MARCOTTE, I. E. WALRAVEN, and VAN NORDEN & GOURAUD.

PERSONAL.

THE new "Lady of the White House" will probably prove one of the most popular that has ever occupied that position. Like her husband, she is not conspicuous for flummery or nonsense. There will be no attempt to ape the grandeur of a regal court, and no vulgar striving after mere sensation. Mrs. GRANT is a lady who has maintained, through every event which has marked the vicissitudes of her husband's life, an admirable demeanor. She was his helpmeet in days of adversity, and has shared his honors without being dazzled by the brilliancy of his new position.

—Mr. MOTLEY, the historian, whose name is mentioned in connection with a position in the Cabinet of General GRANT, is of about the average height, spare, wiry, with a good head, dark hair, full beard and mustache widely sprinkled with gray, has a clear voice and muscular utterance.

—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, the Danish novelist, is a bachelor, with great talent for roving about. He is as often heard of in Spain, France, Holland, or Switzerland as in Copenhagen; is a great favorite at courts, but still more a favorite with the people on account of the kindly, humanizing spirit of his novels.

—Professor GOLDWIN SMITH has arrived at Ithaca, New York, to enter upon his duties as Professor in Cornell University. A slight change that from a professional chair in the oldest university in England to a similar position in that of the youngest university in the United States! But, then, he only comes under a contract for five years, during which time he proposes to gather material out of which to manufacture a great historical work.

—It has been figured up that the aggregate of money given to public institutions by Mr. PEABODY reaches the reputable figure of $6,135,000.

—Boston enjoyed a rare dramatic treat a few evenings since, on the occasion of the appearance of EDWIN BOOTH and FANNY JANAUSCHEK in *Macbeth*. BOOTH was superb; JANAUSCHEK equally so. Both were frequently called before the curtain. JANAUSCHEK spoke throughout in German; but such was the power of her facial expression and the force of her gesticulation that the meaning of her utterances was almost as comprehensive as if given in English.

—Miss HOUSTON, a prominent church vocalist in Boston, has been offered $2500 per annum to go to Chicago and sing in the Unitarian Church at which the Rev. ROBERT COLLYER is pastor. This is the largest sacred music call yet made in this country; and the young woman hesitates about accepting it.

—Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, has arrived in London, and is the guest of Mr. WALTER, principal proprietor of the London *Times*. He is to be entertained by CHARLES DICKENS and GEORGE PEABODY; and, for that matter, he will be proffered entertainment by pretty nearly every clever man of the Old World who has ever visited Philadelphia.

—Mlle. LUCCA, one of the reigning queens of Opera in Europe, is married to a Prussian lieutenant, a clever fellow, who has nothing besides his baronial title. He worships his wife, and she is much attached to him. They have three children. HORTENSE SCHNEIDER, another operatic celebrity, is married to a music teacher of Limoges, though she does not live with him. A son of hers received recently a prize at the College of St. Barbe, and HORTENSE, who was present on the occasion, was so elated that she embraced the youngster in the presence of the whole assemblage.

—It is said that one of the occupations of the Empress of Austria is the cutting out silhouettes from black paper. She can produce the likeness of any person who sits to her in two or three minutes. The Emperor has had a hundred or more of these trifles handsomely framed and hung in his private sitting-room.

—The Rev. Dr. STEVENS, the able historian of Methodism, is said to be engaged on a "History of Mahomet—his Religion and Followers."

—LOUIS NAPOLEON, notwithstanding his royal salary, and the facilities he has for making a good thing on "governments," is not at all wealthy. Beyond a few houses and lots in England he hasn't much. The Empress, though reported very rich at the time of her marriage, was only moderately wealthy, and what with her spendthrift habits, and the expenses connected with her exalted position, has managed to incur more debts than she can pay, unless she curtails her expenses by two-thirds, which she will never do. One of her Spanish estates was sold as far back as 1862, and the other, which can not be sold under the laws of Spain, is heavily mortgaged — one of the bad debts of the Credit Mobilier. The story of her having effected an insurance on her life with a London company for a high sum was a canard. The Prince Imperial has had a large income, of which a very handsome sum might have been saved but for the continued embarrassments of the civil lists which have swallowed up its surplus.

—Is there any enterprising young person in New England who would like to employ a portion of the winter in the "Sunny South," by accepting the following proposition of the *Columbia* (South Carolina) *Phenix*, which, being in want of funds, thus advertises: "Wanted, at this office, an able-bodied, hard-featured, bad-tempered, not to be put off and not to be backed down, freckle-faced young man, to collect for this paper; must furnish his own horse, saddle-bags, pistols, whisky, bowie-knife, and cow-hide. We will furnish the accounts. To such we promise constant and laborious employment."

—The new Bishop of Nevada, Dr. O. W. WHITTAKER, is a native of New Salem, Massachusetts, a graduate of Amherst, and for some four or five years taught the High School at North Brookfield. Like several of the newly-elected bishops of the Episcopal Church, he was not chosen so much for his powers of pulpit oratory as for practical good sense, industry, and general adaptedness for the office. Bishops are coming to be regarded less and less as an honorable and ornamental order in the Church, but more and more as men charged with great responsibilities requiring especially a good head, a good constitution, and a talent for labor.

—The present EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA is one of the few living potentates who when quite young grieved at the thought of becoming a great ruler. In 1848, when his mother, the Archduchess SOPHIA, told him he was to ascend the throne, he was a gawky lad, and so displeased with the prospect that he wept copiously, and downright coercion had to be resorted to in order to obtain his consent. He was afraid that his life would be in danger in case he should become the successor of his gifted and bright uncle the Emperor FERDINAND.

—A London lady—Mrs. INGRAHAM—is proprietor of two of the best newspaper properties in England—the *Illustrated London News* and the *Illustrated London Times*. She signs all the checks, and keeps the general run of things in both establishments.

—Mr. D. L. MOODY, of Chicago, has a way of blurting out his sentiments at prayer-meetings. Not long since, at one of those meetings, some one rose and stated that the Erring Women's Refuge, in that city, was in great need, and asked the prayers of the congregation in its behalf. One of Chicago's richest men, who is said to be somewhat minute in his contributions to benevolent objects, volunteered at once to lead the meeting in a prayer in behalf of the institution named. He had scarcely closed when Mr. D. L. MOODY got to his feet and said that it was wrong for us to ask God to do what he had given us the power to do ourselves. "The idea," said he, "of a man who can draw a check for one hundred thousand dollars, asking God to give money to the Erring Women's Refuge is preposterous! Let him give it himself."

—SIMEON BENJAMIN, of Elmira, has been doing notably good works for various charitable institutions. He has given $30,000 to the Presbyterian House of Philadelphia, for home and foreign missions; to Elmira Female College, in addition to his former gifts, $25,000; to Hamilton College, $20,000; to Auburn Theological Seminary, $10,000; to the Orphans' Home of Elmira, $2000. Mr. BENJAMIN had previously given to Elmira Female College the sum of $55,000, and the $25,000 contained in his will makes a sum total to that institution of $80,000.

—HENRI ROCHEFORT, now so famous among the wits and writers of the world, has had the misfortune to lose his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached. He is the father of two children of rare talents and beauty, and is said to be as affectionate and tender in domestic life as he is audacious and terrible in public.

GENERAL REMARKS ON KNITTING AND CROCHET WORK.

A FEW words may be useful with regard to the widening and narrowing in Tunisian or Afghan crochet stitch and its varieties. The widening is done in several ways. In the middle of a pattern row it is best to widen by taking up in the first round a loop out of the horizontal chain stitch row between two perpendicular stitches. This method of widening may also be used on the outer edge. The edges may be widened one or two stitches also as follows: Having completed the first round of the pattern row, crochet one or two chain, then cast off, and in the following pattern row take one or two stitches out of this chain. If it becomes necessary to widen several stitches on each side of the work, on the wrong side make the foundation as many stitches longer as it is desired wider, and on the right side crochet, after having completed the second round of a pattern row, as many chain as it must be stitches wider. In the 1st pattern row the foundation stitches designed for the widening remain unnoticed on the wrong side; in the following pattern rows take the widening stitches out of the chain on the right and out of the foundation stitches on the left side of the work. The narrowing is done in two ways: either take only one loop out of two contiguous perpendicular stitches in the first round of a pattern row, or in the second round of the pattern row work off together two such stitches, when, of course, in the next row only *one* loop must be taken out of the two stitches worked as one. The first method of narrowing is especially to be recommended.

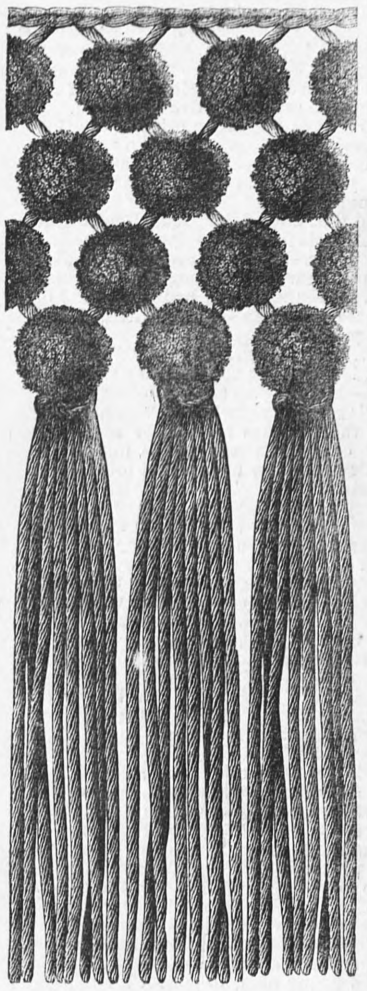


Fig. 2.—NETTED FRINGE WITH WORSTED BALLS.

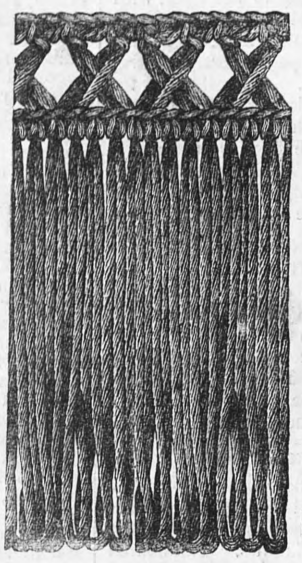


Fig. 5.—CROCHET FRINGE.

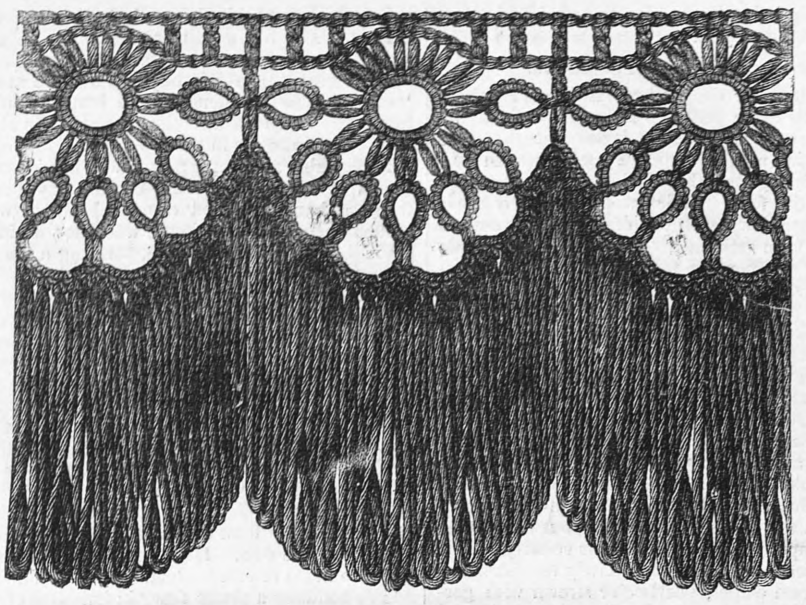


Fig. 1.—CROCHET AND TATTING FRINGE.

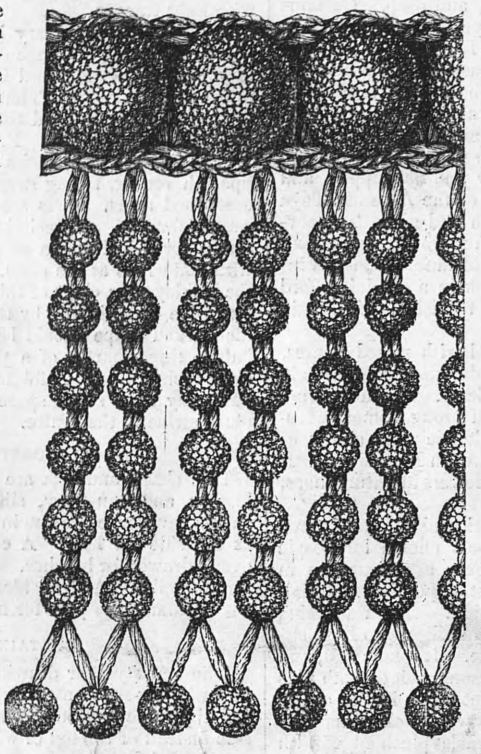


Fig. 6.—WORSTED BALL FRINGE.

In general it will be considered unnecessary to repeat ... * always signifies that the work must be repeated from that point to the next period. Lastly, always stretch the finished work on the patterns and moisten it with a damp sponge in order to give the edges the right shape.

Different Crochet and Knitting Stitches.

THE greater number of these stitches are variations of the ordinary Tunisian or Afghan stitch.

The Tunisian crochet stitch itself is worked in backward and forward rounds, of which every two form a pattern row. On a foundation crochet the 1st round (from right to left).—In every stitch one stitch, which remains as a loop on the needle. 2d round (working off round; from left to right).—Work off singly every loop of the former round, throw the thread around the needle, draw it through the following two loops on the needle, etc. With every repetition of the first round work the new loops in the *perpendicular* stitches of the round before the last, which makes the needle always above the parallel row of stitches.

Fig. 1. KNITTING CROCHET STITCH.—For working this stitch collect on the needle the veins of the stitches of the first round of every pattern row in the same manner as for Tunisian crochet stitch. In the second round of a pattern row, however, do not work the stitches singly off the needle, but cut the thread off of the length of the row of stitches, draw it through *all* the stitches on the needle at once, and wind the end of the thread around the needle. In beginning a new pattern row tie the thread on again. In the first round of the following pattern row always, in taking up the stitches, put the needle through the stitch *above* the thread.

Fig. 2.—The WHEAT CROCHET STITCH is worked like Fig. 1, but the stitches out of which the loops are taken must be twisted in the manner shown by the illustration, and the needle be put *under* the thread which was drawn through.

Fig. 3. MOSS CROCHET STITCH.—This stitch is worked of wool in two different colors. For taking up the stitches use the light, and for working off the dark wool. Work, also, every first round of a pattern row in such a manner that one stitch of the foundation appears in wave stitch and the next in Tunisian, while the thread must be spliced on anew for every round.

Fig. 4 is the COILED CROCHET STITCH.—On a foundation crochet first 1 dc., and wind the needle six times with the working thread as for a ltc., take a loop out of the next foundation stitch on the needle by drawing the thread through once, throw the thread around the needle, and draw it through the last loop, through all the threads wound around the needle, and through the first loop on the needle, after which crochet 1 ch., passing over a foundation stitch. In every round crochet this figure in the ch. stitch between every two figures of the former round.

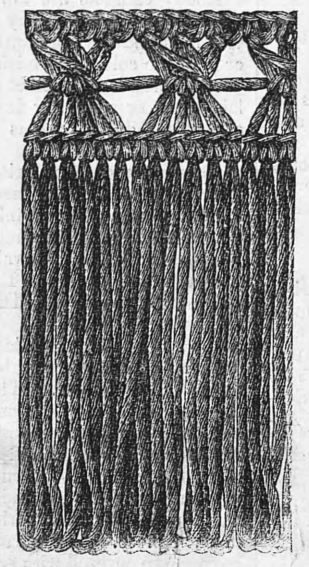


Fig. 4.—CROCHET FRINGE.

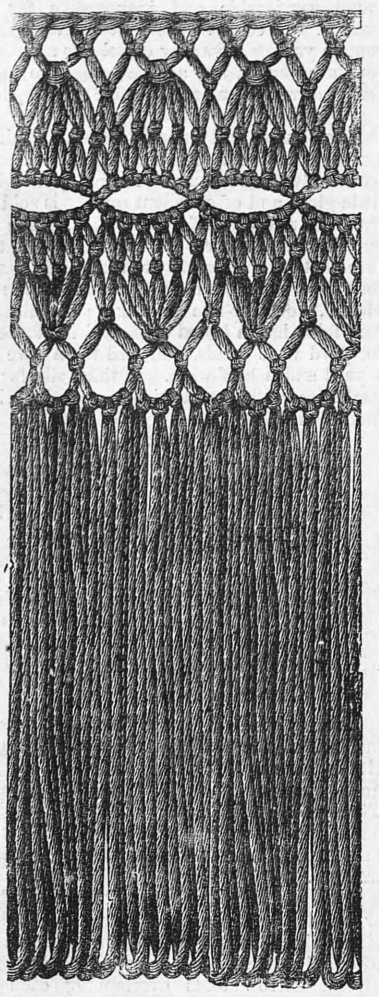
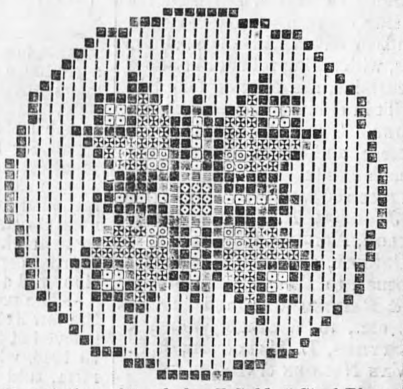


Fig. 3.—NETTED FRINGE.



Description of Symbols: ■ Gold, ■ Steel Blue, ⊡ Steel Gray, ⁞ Crystal Beads; ⊞ 1st (darkest), ⊡ 2d, ⊡ 3d (lightest) Bronze.

MEDALLION FOR TOWEL RACK.

The wave crochet stitch differs from the Tunisian stitch by putting the needle in every first round of a pattern row *behind* the parallel row of stitches through the perpendicular stitches, by which means the parallel stand out in relief on the right side. At the beginning of the work crochet, however, one round in Tunisian stitch.

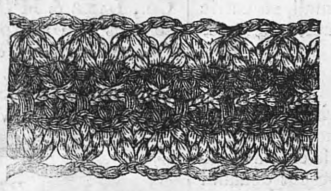
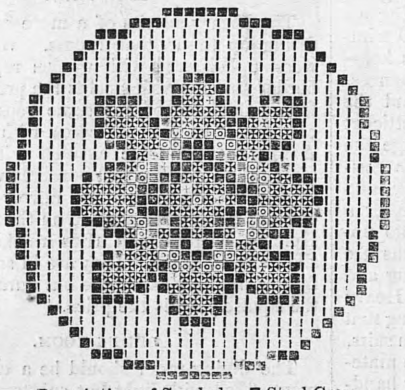


Fig. 9.—KNITTED BORDER.



Description of Symbols: ■ Steel Gray, ⊞ Gray, ⊡ Crystal, ■ Milk White, ⁞ Green Beads.

MEDALLION FOR TOWEL RACK.

Fig. 5. LOOPED CROCHET STITCH.—Work this stitch in sc., always on one side and over a round fringe mesh half an inch in diameter, as follows: On a foundation of requisite length crochet as 1st round.—First 1 sc., then lay the fringe mesh behind the thread and needle, * put the needle through the following stitch of the foundation, wind the thread once around the needle and mesh, put the thread again over the mesh, put the needle around the thread as shown by the arrow, and crochet 1 sc. Work the following rounds in the same manner. The under side is the right side.

Fig. 6. PIQUÉ STITCH.—Knit alternately one purled and one knitted. As it is worked backward and forward, purl the stitches purled in the former round, and knit those knitted in the former round.

Fig. 7. KNOTTED STITCH.—Knit in the following two rounds: 1st round.—Entirely plain. 2d round.—* out of every stitch knit three stitches, one plain, one purled, one plain; draw the two stitches first knitted over the last plain stitch.

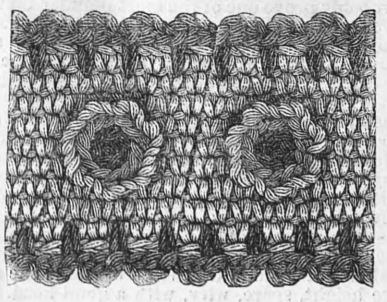


Fig. 7.—CROCHET BORDER.

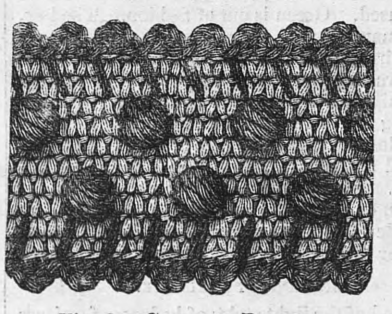


Fig. 8.—CROCHET BORDER.

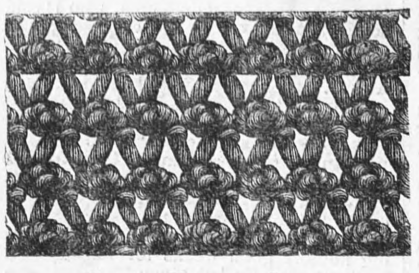


Fig. 7.—KNOTTED STITCH.

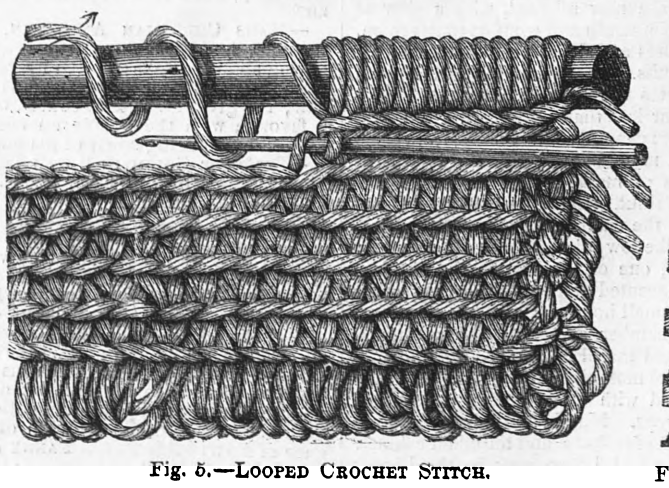


Fig. 5.—LOOPED CROCHET STITCH.

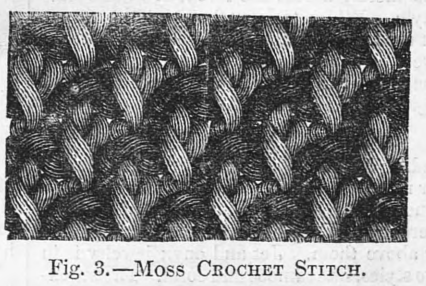


Fig. 3.—MOSS CROCHET STITCH.

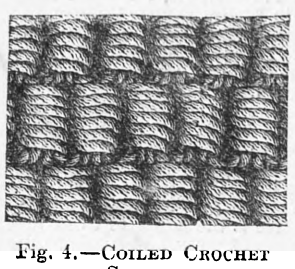


Fig. 4.—COILED CROCHET STITCH.

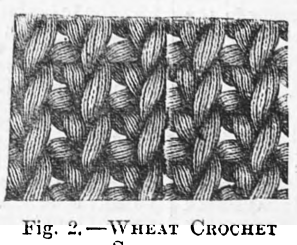


Fig. 2.—WHEAT CROCHET STITCH.

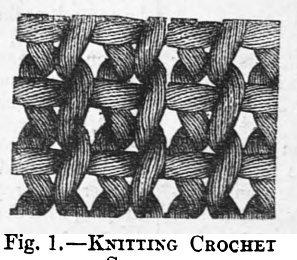


Fig. 1.—KNITTING CROCHET STITCH.

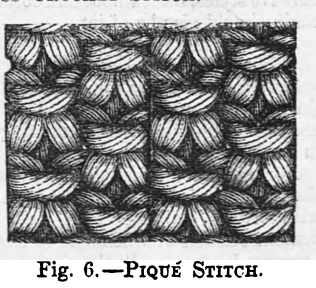


Fig. 6.—PIQUÉ STITCH.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

THERE he sat alone, quite alone, a man young in years, himself a most beautiful creation of the Great Artist's hand, the mellowed rays of the summer evening sun falling on the drooping form and dark Italian face, with its broad, imaginative brow, and deep, somewhat melancholy, eyes. Suddenly he rose up to his full height.

"Strange, how that poem is in my head now; it is true:

> 'That is best which lieth nearest,
> Shape from this thy work of art.'

Is the gift departed that I can create no face to-day that pleases me, that can approach my ideal? Has my right hand lost its cunning, when one rare gem of art will place fame at my feet? I will leave this place and return to my own land again for a while, to Firenze, the city of Michael Angelo. One more glance round and then Guido Sfonza takes wing."

But at the door the artist turned back, took up his sketch-book and pencil, and went out.

The vesper bells had just ceased ringing, and the quaint, picturesque old Flemish town was very quiet; even the market-place was almost deserted. There Guido Sfonza paused, and shading his eyes with his slender hand from the bright rays of the sinking sun, looked around.

The tall, quaint, old gabled houses were familiar objects; he had sat down on this very spot last market-day and sketched the busy scene; equally familiar was the picturesque gray old church of the Augustines, which, with the monastery, formed the southern boundary of the market-place; yet, familiar as it was, it was so picturesque, with its deep porch and graceful arch, so harmonious in all its proportions, that the painter's artist-eye could not turn from it, the more that, as he looked, he saw a picture which the back-ground and marked light and shade made perfect. Guido Sfonza sat down on the step of the ancient sun-dial near him, and gazed in rapt artistic delight. He had found an ideal—a living picture. Partially within the shelter of the church porch stood an old man, dressed in a long dark gown, not unlike a Jewish gaberdine; his head was bare, and the soft evening breeze timidly lifted his long white hair and beard, so white that where the sunbeams touched it, it shone like silver. He was old, his face was deeply lined, but neither age, sorrow, nor suffering could rob that fine face and grand head of their beauty. Nature's chisel had carved her work too well for aught to mar her handiwork. Time might steal away the charm of youth, care might draw her heaviest lines, but still—

> "The mind, the music breathing o'er that face,
> The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,"

remained untouched; even the very straining, almost agonized, upward look of the blind—for he was blind—as if the sightless eye-balls still strained yearningly after the lost sight, only gave to that countenance a yet more touching interest. One hand, wrinkled now with age but still finely formed, held his hat for such charity as the passers-by might give, and on its brim rested a black cross and rosary, held between his fingers; the other hand of the blind beggar rested on the shoulder of his companion and guide, a girl, nay, almost a child, scarcely over thirteen years—and well might the young artist start at such strange and wonderful beauty. The face was of the most perfect oval, exquisitely soft in its outlines and shading; the brow broad, full, not high, imaginative, and rather marked by its purity and sentiment than for any unusual powers of intellect; the delicate mouth, the large melancholy dark eyes, the patient, sorrowful brow, were full of a sweet and gentle resignation that gave to her very attitude a singular and indescribable charm: neither could have been born to the position in which they appeared; and, with the girl especially, there was under all the patient resignation a proud suffering endurance that touched the artist even more than her youth and beauty. What wonder that the painter gazed long on the old man and the child, printing off every line, every shade and color, indelibly on his mind, and then opening his sketch-book rapidly, and with the skill of true genius, transferred the picture to his paper!

The few passers-by took little notice of the young Italian; artists often came to their town, often sketched the halle, still oftener the old church of the Augustine Monastery; so it was nothing new to the good townsfolk, who were rather flattered than otherwise. One handsome peasant woman was vain or curious enough to pause and ask—Monsieur finds the church beautiful, n'est-ce pas? The handsome Italian face was lifted with a bright smile, and showed the white teeth as he answered, "C'est vrai, madame, mais regardez ces deux mendiants. Who are they?"

"Ah, monsieur, nobody knows," the woman answered, shaking her head till her long ear-drops tinkled again; "they were first seen in that porch a short while ago: pauvre vieillard, he is blind. Ah, it is a terrible misfortune!"

"So terrible," said the artist, more to himself than her, "that I had rather die than live in blindness."

The woman smiled as she looked on the speaker's dark magnificent eyes.

"Assurément, madame la Sainte Vierge will spare monsieur," she said, as she passed on with a cheery bonsoir.

The artist worked at his sketch, and the time fled so quickly that the fading light first made him notice that evening was creeping on apace, and vespers were over. He closed his book and rose, watching how many of the worshipers in leaving would give alms to the blind man and his young companion.

Drawing nearer he noticed, as first one and then another dropped some small coin into the hat, that the old man seemed to shrink; and the child visibly shivered more than once as the sweet musical voice murmured a half-timid "merci;" nearer still the painter drew, as the last worshiper passed on her homeward way, but paused under shelter of the column as the old man's voice struck his ear.

"Oh, child, it is killing me hour by hour. But for thee, my darling, I would pray God in his mercy to take back the soul he has lent to earth. When I am gone, what will become of thee, chérie—what will become of thee, Agathe? Oh, when thy dying father left his only child to my care, he little dreamed that she would stand the guide of a blind, helpless old man to ask alms of every passing stranger."

There was a second's pause, as if the child was mastering some strong emotion, ere she answered, with inexpressible love and tenderness: "Do not think of me, mon bon père; do not grieve; God will take care of me."

"Ah, chérie, but the heart will sorrow, and the brain think; and I am in darkness, bearing a weight of years and afflictions. Oh, child, learn by me how God punishes man's pride! He has brought down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Come now, Agathe; the sun has set, and it grows chill, my darling."

Guido Sfonza drew back as the wanderers left the church and stole away.

Who and what were they?—what was the romance of those two lives? Agathe! the name dwelt on his ear like music; it was the very name for her; they would surely be in that porch again on the morrow, and then he would speak to them. Meanwhile he would at once begin transferring his picture to canvas; the vivid imagination had carried away every detail of form and shade and coloring, which the sketch of course lacked. All the next day the young artist worked, full of renewed hope and energy; but when the church bells rang out for vespers he closed his studio and again turned into the halle. Ah, search in vain! those bright dark eyes will see no blind beggar or Agathe this evening, or to-morrow, or to-morrow! He came for many evenings; he inquired every where for them; all knew who he meant, but none could tell any thing about them, or had seen them depart; yet gone they were; nor could all Guido's efforts find any trace of the singular originals of the picture, at which he now labored from sunrise to sunset. A long day, some might say, but to the artist it seemed far too short, for

> "His heart was in his work,
> And the heart
> Giveth grace unto every art."

And when at last, after days and weeks of labor, his work was completed and the painter looked upon it, his lip smiled. Genius had indeed vindicated herself. The picture was a master-piece.

It hung low on the walls of a great picture-dealer's exhibition, where every visitor could see it as well as if it was in his own house. It was catalogued simply, "The Blind Beggar—*Guido Sfonza;*" but though there were many larger, there was always a little crowd before it. Yes, though it was neither very large nor brilliant in coloring, though it was of quite moderate size, in a plain black frame sheltered by a glass, though the coloring was so exquisitely soft and subdued: enfin, though the picture was so very beautiful, it was unmistakably the lion of the exhibition. The painter's fame was established and his name lifted high; he might too have become the fashion, for his birth was as noble as his genius was elevated; but he was too wise and too ambitious for himself, and above all for his art. Now in his ripe manhood was the time to labor and to work.

Did the picture go back to its owner's studio, then? No; the committee of the National Gallery, entering the lists with several other competitors, outbid them all, and, paying a high price for the painting, placed it among the national collections, where the humblest might freely see it.

Little wotted any one that soon in the painter's studio there hung another portrait, for which he would not have taken its weight in gold; still less could they have guessed that, when he once more left Italy it was to wander from city to city, in a half romantic, half acknowledged search of the original, whose name, Agathe, his hand had traced beneath her portrait.

Once, and once only, the artist found a trace, a sad one, for it led no further, and ended where it began—in a grave.

Wandering one bright day into a little church-yard on the outskirts of Brussels, he sat down to rest a while on a humble grave, marked only by a cross at its head; it bore no date, or if there was one it was placed where it needed some search to find it. One foot of the little cross bore only a name and a Latin inscription:

> "Louis-Charles de Rohan."
> *Quem Deus amat castigat.*

"What story lies buried there, that so noble a name is found on this quiet grave?" murmured the artist, half aloud.

"Ah, mon fils, a sad one—a sad story," said a gentle voice. The painter looked up and instantly rose, reverently doffing his hat, as he saw that the speaker was not only an old man, but a priest. "It is nigh twelve months since my hands administered the last sacrament to him whose body sleeps beneath this earth. God rest his soul, for his had been indeed a life, long and laden with sorrows."

"You knew him, then, holy father?" said Guido; and as the old man sat down on the grave the younger threw himself on the grass at his feet.

"No, my son; not as you mean. I never saw him until three days before his death, when his grandchild fetched me to him. What was he? Hélas! you see that proud name! yet when I followed that child, I found a poor blind old beggar dying in an empty granary near my cottage."

The artist started so visibly that the priest must have noticed him save that tears blinded his eyes. He wiped them away and went on:

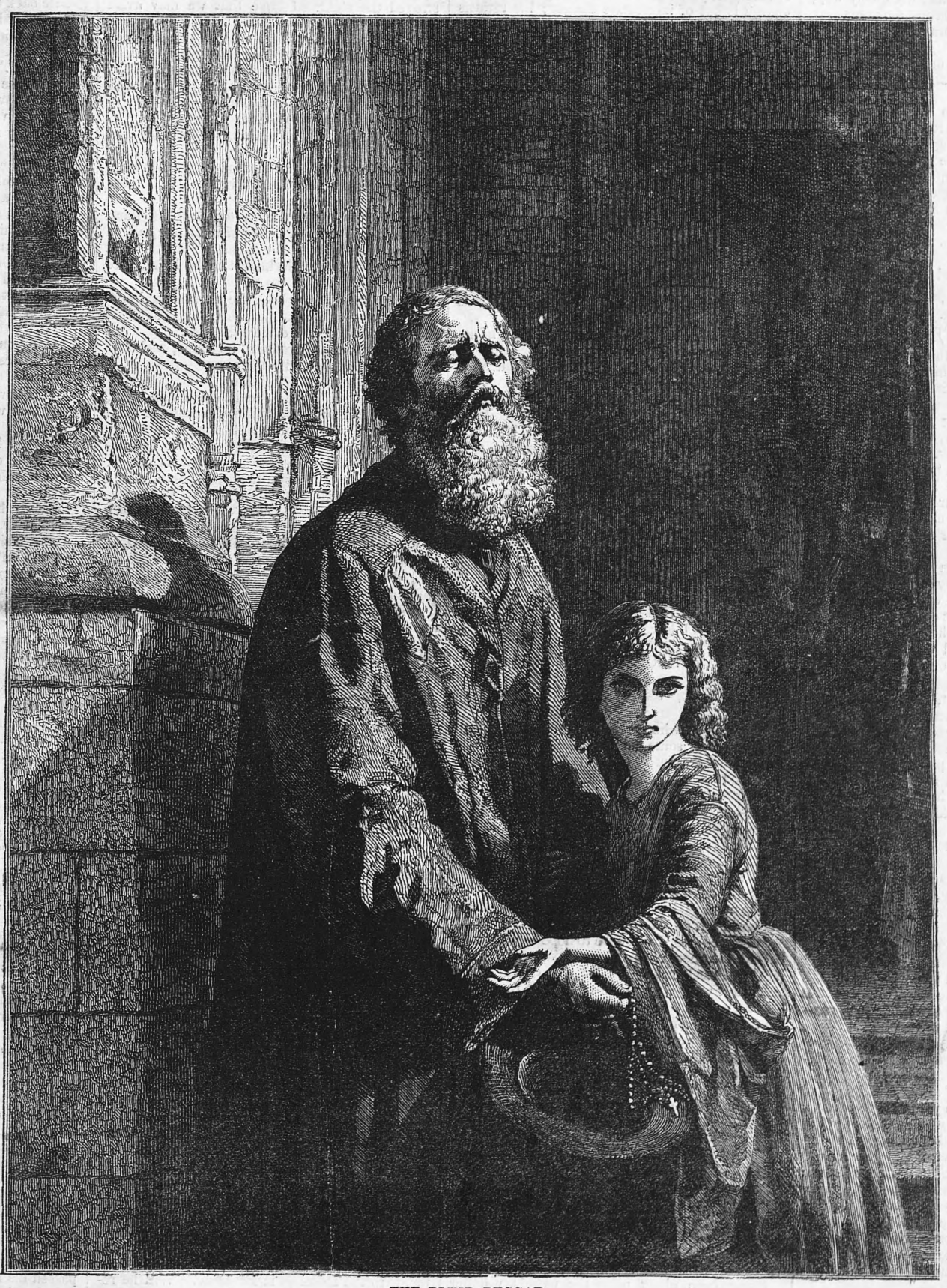
"I assisted him to my own cottage—for was he not a wayfarer in want and suffering?" said the good old man; "and there in three days he died, his only anxiety his grandchild's fate. He told me his story, and pardon me if I am abrupt, for it is sad and painful. He was a proud Rohan, a lad, when his parents lost their lives in the French Revolution. Louis-Charles escaped into Italy, where he afterward married an Italian lady, by whom he had four children. All died in youth but one son; the mother also died broken-hearted, and Louis-Charles plunged deeper still into politics, even venturing back to France. He was taken and imprisoned for five years, when, old man as he then was, he escaped back to Italy, to find his only son a widower with one child, Agathe, who soon became her grandfather's darling. But soon their only prop was gone, for the younger Rohan fell in a duel: weeping destroyed the old man's waning sight, and ere long he took Agathe and went forth destitute in his old age, a blind beggar! That is his sad story."

"What became of the child?" said Guido, raising himself.

"Ah! that is a mystery, mon fils. I would fain have kept her, but she grew restless, and one day she went away, promising to return if she ever needed a friend. That is all."

Six months later Guido Sfonza returned to that quiet village, but the good old priest was gone, none knew whither.

But young as he was, there lay in the artist's nature a fine and delicate thread of golden pa-



THE BLIND BEGGAR.

tience. Though weeks became months, and months passed into three more years, still he watched and waited, working for bread, for fame, and for *her*, never losing sight of that Madonna-like face. Would it ever become a reality to him?

"Monsieur will never reach Beauvais in safety; the sun has set behind the Pyrenees already, and the road is lonely. Monsieur will be robbed, assurément."

The place was the space in front of a small and very shy-looking auberge on the road to Beauvais, in the Pyrenees; the speaker, the aubergiste, a rough, ill-looking sans-culotte; the listener a young rider, in whose graceful figure and fine face we see again the now famous painter. The time, singularly enough, was the day, almost to the hour, just four years from that evening, when he had sketched the Blind Beggar.

But the artist only laughed at the aubergiste. His property was safe in Beauvais; his revolver was loaded; and so he pursued his lonely way, and disappeared in the fast-falling darkness.

Somewhere about two hours after he had left a handsome traveling-carriage passed by the same way, and without stopping, drove along the same lonely road, and also vanished in the darkness.

The first cold gray dawn of the summer's morning was just beginning to break the darkness, when the same traveling-carriage drove at a gallop into the picturesque little town, which we have called Beauvais, and pulled up before the Hôtel Maurice, at the great door of which one of the tall chasseurs in attendance played so loud and sharp a summons that the worthy hôte sprang out of bed, and threw up the window in alarm.

The chasseur saw him, and called sharply,

"Holà! vite! Courez à toutes jambes! c'est M. le Marquis d'Hauteville!"

The words produced a magic effect; mine host flung on his clothes, furiously rung the servants' alarum, and in five minutes the whole house was alive; the host precipitated himself down stairs, and, followed by Jean-Baptiste bearing a light, threw wide the great door.

A fine benevolent-looking man, past middle age, a military man evidently, was looking eagerly out of the carriage-window.

"Be quick," he cried out, "or my charge will die in my arms. Gaultier! Martinet! help me to carry him in. Monsieur Maurice," to the host, "send directly for the cleverest doctor you have, and for a nurse, a sœur de charité from La Sainte Thérèse, hard by."

These orders were spoken with military precision; the one man's energy made them all fly far quicker than it takes to write it. Then M. Maurice had time to see that on a sort of stretcher, placed aslant the seats, there lay the insensible form of a man, covered with the Marquis's own cloak, his head lying on the old soldier's breast.

"Doucement, doucement, mes braves!" he said, as his own servants came up, and with all the tenderness of the strong to the weak and suffering, gently lifted the motionless form and laid it on the litter. The host preceding, the Marquis following, they bore it up stairs to a large chamber, and laid it on the bed.

"Mon ami Maurice," said Hauteville, in his rapid way, "you know me. I am so bound for time in my journey that I must go on the moment. The doctor and nurse will come, but I shall be back in a few weeks; spare no expense on this brave boy—yes, boy, to my gray hairs, though the beard is on his lip. Ah, who comes there? Enter, M. le médicin. Soyez le bienvenu."

Dr. Regnard was not alone. There followed him with noiseless step, and garments that made no rustle, a young and beautiful woman in the familiar dress of a sœur de charité. She returned the soldier's salute, and advancing, at once threw back the mantle and loosened the dress of the wounded man that the doctor might examine the wound.

"It's a deep one, I fear," said the Marquis, as Dr. Regnard bent over the painter's motionless form. "I bound it up as well as I could; but it had bled horribly, and still does, I much fear."

"It is a very dangerous wound, monsieur, and has only just missed the heart," pronounced the doctor, after a close examination. "Nothing but the utmost care can save his life. Sœur Marguerite, we must quite stop this bleeding first; then try to recover consciousness."

"I will give a hundred napoleons for this one life," said the Marquis, strongly. "Any thing—only save it. It *must* be saved."

Dr. Regnard quietly and quickly proceeded to stop the bleeding and dress the wound; and then, while Maurice went for the restoratives he needed, he remarked, confidently:

"Ah, ça. Is this young man monsieur's son?"

"No; a stranger—quite a stranger. I was driving rapidly when, just where the road passes the Pont du Diable range, we heard the report of fire-arms in quick succession. We dashed on, but too late; the villains had fled, leaving their victim wounded, probably thinking him dead. Near him I picked up this vial, with some dark liquid still in it; the rest had evidently been insolently flung on his face, and had fallen on or near his eyes. Poor boy! I fear he is terribly hurt."

Dr. Regnard took the bottle, then stooped suddenly over Guido's deathlike face and closed eyes. Only the religieuse heard him murmur:

"Oh, pauvre garçon! what if they have done for him?"

The host re-entered with brandy and other things; and though D'Hauteville had said he could not stop, he lingered.

"I must see life restored," he whispered. "Does his heart yet beat?"

The sœur laid her soft, cool hand on Guido's breast, and half shook her head, sadly.

"Its beat is so feeble that it is scarcely perceptible."

"Raise his head again, mon enfant," said Dr. Regnard, in that quietly confident way which makes a clever physician come like an angel of light and saving power. And the sœur obeyed, resting the poor head on her breast.

But neither brandy nor any thing else seemed to take the least effect. The heart just beat—no more; only then perceptible to the light touch of the nun and the doctor.

"His life-blood has ebbed away," said the Marquis, turning aside, as the sun rose higher and higher in the blue heavens.

"No; grâce à Dieu, no," said the sœur de charité, suddenly; "there is warmth coming in the fingers, after all these hours of anxiety, and the heart now beats unmistakably."

"We will try some more eau-de-vie," said Dr. Regnard. "How close the white teeth are set!" then, after watching a few more minutes: "M. le Marquis, you may continue your voyage: our charge is out of immediate danger; life returns slowly."

Even then Hauteville lingered; but his business was pressing, and he was obliged to take leave, repeating his charge that no expense was to be spared: he would be responsible. And so he went on his way, truly a good Samaritan.

The moment Dr. Regnard was alone with the sœur he sent a prescription up to his own surgery, and pulled down the blind, even drawing the window-curtains also, as soon as a slight movement and half-drawn sigh from the sufferer showed returning consciousness. The nun lifted her beautiful, Madonna-like face in surprise, asking:

"Pourquoi, monsieur, is not the blind enough?"

"No, sœur Marguerite, I think not. Ah, listen!"

A soft feeble voice was murmuring some words in Italian, evidently wandering.

"Where am I? Is that your hand on mine, madre, mia dolce? how dark it is!"

"What does he say?" whispered the doctor, hastily catching at one of the last words.

The sœur repeated it in French; and, still more to her surprise, Dr. Regnard immediately glided to the window and closed the shutters, leaving the room almost totally dark, so that each could only dimly discern the other's outline. The nun shivered, beginning to fear or suspect so awful a calamity for the sufferer that her very heart stood still, and speech failed her. A few minutes and the wounded man moved a little, speaking again, but in French.

"What is this pain? where am I? How dark—how very dark it is!"

"You have been badly wounded," said the doctor; "you are in my care and in that of sœur Marguerite. I have darkened the room: it is quite dark."

"Is that all? Oh, my head! Is it so very dark then?"

"Quite dark," said the nun; "but you must be quiet."

The doctor, who had gone to the door, now returned with some vials, a glass, and a basin of hot water. Into this he emptied one small vial, and then giving another to Marguerite, bade her administer the dose.

She obeyed. The doctor stood listening till he heard Guido's soft regular breathing.

"Eh bien, il dort," he said; "that is what I want. Now open the shutters, and wash his brow and eyes well with this hot water. He will not wake for hours."

The nurse obeyed him, and when she put down the basin Dr. Regnard gave a long sigh of relief.

"I hope—yes, I will dare to hope—that I have baffled the most accursed intentions of the villain who used that vial. Now, ma sœur, I am going away for a few hours. I shall return before he wakes. Stay: there is a signet-ring on his finger; see if you can there find any clew to his identity: he may be some one who has friends in Beauvais."

She softly drew off the ring—a curious family heir-loom of antique Italian workmanship; a crest and motto were graven on the ruby, but inside the broad gold hoop was engraved, evidently of recent date, the present owner's name.

"Monsieur," said the nun, replacing the ring, "it is the painter, Guido Sfonza."

"Then, indeed, sœur Marguerite," said the doctor, solemnly, "pray that God may send my efforts success, and give me almost more than human skill, or the painter's bread and handiwork are gone." And with that he hurried out.

Somewhere about noon the patient watcher heard the sleeper move; the shutters were open, though the blind and curtains were closed. As she reached the bedside Guido tried to lift his head, and spoke collectedly. The mind was only too active now.

"Where am I?—is any one here?—is it night?—it is so dark that I can not see."

But the next moment, before the nun could answer, there came such a cry as few ever hear, and hearing once can never forget.

"Mercy! oh mercy! *I am blind!*"

The nun laid one soft, firm hand over the darkened eyes, and the other on the dangerous wound, lest, in his awful agony, he should disturb the bandages and bleed to death.

"Be calm, for the sake of those that love you; for the love and hope of life and sight try and keep down all agitation."

As the sweet, musical voice struck his ear he started: it seemed as if he had heard one like it long ago—in dreams it might be—and it had a power over him that no other voice could have had. He sank back, every nerve quivering with a fierce agony that tried her terribly to witness: the more so that he struggled so bravely against it, prostrate and weak as he was. He did not even try to move her guardian hands or speak. The blow had gone too deep for any utterance, save in that one awful cry. So for a few moments of deathlike stillness he lay, and then a light step entered the room. The ear, strung to the highest pitch of nervous tension, heard it directly.

"Who is that? Oh, give me light, or let me die!"

"Hush! Sin not, lest a worst thing come upon thee, and God, in punishment, grant thy wish," said the gentle religieuse.

Dr. Regnard advanced, and putting his cool hand on the sufferer's burning fingers, said, in his quiet, kind way:

"I had hoped that you would not have made this discovery till you were stronger; as it is, it is best to speak out at once. You are in the hands of a skillful sœur de charité, and I hope of a skillful physician; you have been attacked, I suspect, by Morteblé's gang; you are dangerously wounded; and, worse than that, he has flung on your eyes a poison he uses, which, had it gone fully on them, must have hopelessly destroyed the sight. I hope that we may avert such an affliction; but I tell you frankly that I am in great uncertainty. When you can bear the worst I will test whether the sight is already destroyed, or whether the seat of it remains."

"Test it now—now—or I shall go mad with horror and suspense," Guido answered.

"Eh bien! courage donc! It is dark to you, n'est-ce pas? Notice, and answer carefully and calmly."

The unfortunate artist clasped his fingers close round the nun's hand, as if in her touch there was strength, and answered, "It is dark."

Dr. Regnard closed the shutters, and held them so that not one ray of light strayed through.

"Now—is it lighter or darker?"

"Darker—dense darkness! Oh, light, give me light!"

Dr. Regnard threw back the shutters and curtains, but left the blind, lest the blaze of sunlight should work the very evil he dreaded.

"Is there any difference?" he asked, exchanging a meaning look with the sœur.

"It is lighter—much lighter."

"Once more." He lighted a small wax taper, and held it about two feet from the patient's eyes. "Are you conscious of any change?"

"Yes." The voice was very weak, but nothing could rob it of its soft and musical cadence. "I perceive a redness in the atmosphere, as if a light was near me."

"God be thanked! The sight itself is still there—injured, but not destroyed. With care, patience, and sœur Marguerite's good nursing, we will, under Heaven, get you back strength and the blessing of vision—perhaps in a few months."

"Months!"

"Chut!—there must be no agitation, no despair. Ma sœur, keep a subdued light, and wash the eyes with this mixture every three hours."

He then drew her aside, gave her the medicines and further orders.

"It hangs on a hair whether we save him or not," he whispered. "I fear fever and inflammation. If he sleeps through to-night without it, then the danger will pass. I shall return at sunset to take watch and watch with you. I would not trust him to any one else. I will tell Maurice what to send up for him as I go down." And he quietly went out. Guido Sfonza was in clever hands.

When the clock the next morning pointed to seven the wounded man still slept—sleeping as evenly and lightly as a child. Dr. Regnard was also sleeping in a large English easy-chair, and the sœur de charité sat by the bedside, patient, wakeful, watchful. While they slept she had prayed. But three days passed before Dr. Regnard pronounced his patient out of danger, and a full week before he would allow him to speak: indeed, Guido had little wish or power to do so, so great was the prostration from loss of blood. At the end of the week, however, the doctor began to give him every thing that was strengthening, both in food and medicines. So well did his skillful treatment hit the exact mark, so subtle and perfect was the vitality of a constitution so finely organized that perhaps few could rival it, that the painter soon began slowly but surely to recover. The first thing he asked his untiring nurse was to whom he owed his rescue. Marguerite told him the story. All the painter said was, "Now, indeed, may God give me life and vision that I may show my deep gratitude to all who have been so kind to me. But I need be no charge to that noble-hearted man, for I had forwarded on my own property, if you will send for it, to the Hôtel de la Fontaine. Will he return to Beauvais, ma sœur?"

"Not for some time," the nun answered.

In truth, Dr. Regnard had written to M. d'Hauteville, requesting him not to come till he wrote again, for he feared any agitation or emotion for the patient.

"I wonder," said the invalid, as he lay one morning on the sofa, to which he could now be moved—"I wonder, sœur Marguerite, if you are like what my imagination pictures you."

It was well that he could not see the sudden flush which rose painfully to the nun's colorless face, or the quivering lip and deeply sorrowful shadow to which it gave place. She answered in her gentle way and with that haunting voice of hers: "The imagination will often deceive by a fair picture where the reality is far below it."

"Ah! too often, but surely not here. You are young, by your touch, your voice, your head."

"I am not yet quite nineteen, M. da Sfonza."

"Shall I tell you what my picture is like?"

"No," she said, a little hurriedly; "this miserable humanity is not worth it."

Guido turned his face toward her as if he could *see* her, and his hand trembled. Was a new sorrow coming upon him? Was he growing false to Agathe, forgetting his ideal, his poet love? No; the ideal was taking form in his vivid imagination, and the two were blending into one.

The voice was the echo of his dreams and his memory, and the face his imagination gave to his gentle nurse was the sorrowful Madonna face his genius had given to the world long ago. Oh! for sight, the blessed sight we never value fully till we lose it or are losing it!

One morning, it might be nearly three months since he had been brought to the Hôtel Maurice, he was preparing to walk in the garden with his faithful guide—for his blindness and the need of constantly applying the remedies made it still necessary for her to be with him all day—when Dr. Regnard came into the pretty little salon.

"How are you this morning?" he asked, cheerily. "That Italian face of yours ought to lose its troubled, anxious look, now that you are getting stronger."

"Ah! monsieur, but I am still blind," was the touching answer.

"Ca! I deny that," said Dr. Regnard, pleasantly. "I think we shall soon send sœur Marguerite back to La Sainte Thérèse. Her care and attention, quite as much as my skill, have insured the restoration of sight. Come now, I am sure you can find the sœur yourself; turn, look; yes, *look* for her."

When the doctor spoke of sending her away she had drawn suddenly back and stood gazing out of the window. The artist turned toward the light by instinct; he had long perceived the light.

"Ah!" he cried, suddenly, almost wildly, "I can see plainly, as through a blackened glass, the outlines of a dark form against the light; Marguerite is in the window." And walking straight to her, he laid his hand on her shoulder.

"A few more days," said the physician, "you will see. Once more Guido Sfonza will belong to the world and to art."

The artist smiled, and linking his arm in Marguerite's, passed out with her into the flower-garden.

"Can you see your convent?" he asked.

"The western wing and refectory; trees hide the rest."

"Oh, how can any man or woman immure themselves within the walls of a convent," said the painter, "when God gave us the wide world to work in? how ever can you Sisters of Charity, who indeed do blessed works, bind yourselves by vows on which there can be no blessing, a burden grievous to be borne? But pardon! you will deem me a heretic," he added, smiling; "you, a vowed sœur de charité."

"No," said the religieuse, quietly, "for in that we stand on equally heretical ground; I am not a vowed nun, not even a novice, though only our Mère Angélique knows it. I am alone and friendless, and she permitted me to assume the habits and duties of a sœur—on trial. I may leave at any time; but if I remain another month, I must take the vows, as the three years allowed me expire."

The painter made no answer: perhaps he could not, fearful of giving way to the least emotion. A minute after he turned the subject.

The next morning, when the sœur came, the worthy host told her that when he went as usual to assist his charge to dress he had said that he had passed a somewhat restless night.

"M. da Sfonza was very anxious for you to come, madame," added M. Maurice. "I left him seated in the large fauteuil, I think asleep."

"Merci." The nurse stole very softly into the little salon. The painter was sitting in the easy-chair, his fine head resting on his hand, his dark eyes closed; he slept. The sœur bent over him and very gently washed his eyes with a new lotion that Dr. Regnard had used for the last week. He did not wake, but only moved and murmured some words in Italian, smiling, as if even in sleep he was conscious of her presence; but she turned away behind the window-curtain, covering her face; to her the one bright page of her young life was closing in darkness; and yet, true woman to the core, she had only rejoicing and thanks for the good vouchsafed to the one she loved, though it was to part her from him forever. So an hour passed unheeded, and then, with a deep-drawn sigh, Guido Sfonza awoke. The next moment he sprang to his feet, the large, brilliant eyes wide open, "Merciful Heaven! the awful blindness is gone! I see! I see once more! Oh! where is Marguerite, that I may tell her, *see* her at last!"

"She is here, to rejoice with those that do rejoice," said the sweet voice, and the sœur came forward; but her close head-dress had got loosened, and her golden hair fell on her shoulders.

The painter took one step forward, one word passed his lips as he saw her face.

"Agathe!"

The face of his dreams; the face he had searched for, waited, watched for for years, in unwearied patience.

"Yes, Agathe," she said, trembling; "Agathe de Rohan. How did monsieur know it?"

"Agathe, I first heard the sweet name from your blind grandfather as you stood under the porch of the Augustine Church in that old French town, you must remember. I painted you both; the picture upon which my fame was first built. Through all these long four years I have wandered, searching for the lost Agathe. I heard of you once from an old priest!"

"Dear old man! These three years confessor at la Sainte Thérèse," murmured Agathe.

"And there I lost all trace of my ideal," he continued, "until I awoke to find it a reality at my side, a gentle nurse, a ministering angel. Oh! Agathe, my first and only love, will you not accept the life and sight you have in part won back from death. Let me at least try and teach Agathe to love Guido Sfonza."

"He has taught her that already," whispered the soft voice; and she hid her face on the painter's breast.

There was a quiet marriage one sunlit morning in the convent chapel, performed by the venerable Père Eugène. The Marquis d'Hauteville would allow none but his hand to give a wife to Guido Sfonza.

In Dr. Regnard's salon there hangs now a portrait of Agathe, and the Marquis d'Hauteville's private chapel is graced by a noble altar-piece, which no lover of art can pass by.

Père Eugène, now a very old white-haired man, loves best to sit under the orange-trees, or on the terrace of the painter's Florentine villa, with Guido's little son on his knee; and then, when the pretty boy and his sister are tired of play, they will run to the padre to ask for, and hear, perhaps for the twentieth time, the story of the blind beggar.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

THE invitations to Compiègne are the ruling anxiety at this moment. The Empress decides on them alone, and desires that they shall be kept secret till the guests actually set out on the visit. Nevertheless, we can name among those invited the wife of Admiral Bruat, the governess of the children of France, and her two charming daughters; Madame Raimbeaux, the daughter of M. Mocquard; the Duke and Duchess of Talleyrand-Montmorency; and Messrs. Jules Sandeau, the Academician, and Paul Féval, the celebrated novelist.

The invitations are drawn up as follows:

By order of the Emperor the First Chamberlain has the honor to inform Monsieur [or Madame] ——— that he [or she] is invited to pass a week at Compiègne, from ——— to ———.

The First Chamberlain,
VISCOUNT DE LA FERRIERE.

The Viscount de La Ferrière seems born for the delightful functions which he performs. As the superintendent of the pleasures of the Court he is thrown in connection with the celebrated cantatrices, actresses, authors, and musicians—the whole artistic world, in short—whom it is necessary to treat with so much tact and so many different shades of respect; for while due deference must always be paid to the self-love of artists, there are many degrees among geniuses; and all the knowledge of the most finished man of the world is needed to treat some as equals and others as more or less valued protégés. M. de La Ferrière resembles indeed those colonels of the French guards who flourished in the eighteenth century, and who preserved their grace and elegance even under a grizzled mustache. He is of a very noble family. The Empress has always showed him much attention, and his somewhat frivolous duties he has been able to do her essential service by knowing how to conciliate those about her.

The first series of guests set out for Compiègne on the 9th of November. As may be imagined, the toilette there is of an extravagant kind—not that each dress is so magnificent in itself, but the prodigality consists in the frequent changes required. Four toilettes are made daily, and the same dress can never be worn twice. In the morning the toilette is simple, for breakfast; and in the afternoon somewhat richer, for going out. If the weather permits pedestrian exercise the ladies put on a short suit; if it is rainy, and they are obliged to stay at home, they wear a trained dress of heavy silk. For driving, they wear long or short dresses according to their taste.

In the morning there is a first breakfast, which each one takes in her room; and at eleven o'clock a general breakfast in the Emperor's dining-room. The ladies who have ridden before or intend to ride after breakfast are permitted to appear at table in their riding dresses.

Dinner is at seven. After dinner a circle gathers round the Empress, who signifies to those whom she desires to see there that they have the right to approach her. This is the time for conversation and the triumph of the men of wit, a choice cluster of whom are always to be found at Compiègne.

The Queen of Spain and her surroundings naturally excite much attention just now. She is about to come to Paris, for she has been cut to the quick by her freezing reception at Pau and the avoidance of the ladies of the French and English aristocracy. Apartments are being prepared for her in a simple furnished house, called the Rohan Pavilion, which fronts the Rue de Rivoli at the part of the Tuileries which bears this name. The first-floor, which consists of two suites of rooms, is leased for eleven thousand francs a month by the Queen. She will stay there with her husband and children while two small hôtels in the Champs Elysées are being fitted up for their use.

The Queen of Spain can not hope to win the Parisians by her external appearance. She is enormously fat and waddles clumsily. Her features are heavy and disproportioned, her hair is scanty, and the expression of her mouth is extremely forbidding. She appears very fond of bright colors, and pays little attention to their harmony. She travels in a blue dress, and a bonnet trimmed with red flowers—the effect of which may be imagined! Her steward, Marfori, who never quits her, is a quaint-looking personage, with a conical face and bald head, and looking by no means like a hero of romance. The general opinion is that Queen Isabella has no chance of returning to Spain, and that she will some day do like her mother, Queen Christina, and marry Marfori. It is said that the Duke de Montpensier, the husband of Isabella's younger sister, is quite likely to succeed to the throne. Nevertheless he divides the chances with Don Carlos, who is the presumptive heir, unless the Salic law is set aside. His wife, Princess Marguerite of Bourbon, is a charming woman, tall, slender, and graceful. She dresses well, and with great simplicity. On her arrival at Paris she wore a pearl-gray dress, a black and white striped velvet Macfarlane, and a black lace Fanchon bonnet, with an aigrette of black and mauve curled feathers. The Empress returned her call in a mauve dress; a Laitière mantelet, trimmed with black lace; and a bonnet with a diadem of Parma violets.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

WHAT a pitiful sight it must be!—a room not eleven feet square and between six and seven feet high, containing from forty to fifty children—some of them mere infants—all working hour after hour plaiting straw. Yet this is a common sight in Bedfordshire, England, where thousands of children are sent to a plaiting-school as soon as they can hold the straws. The youngest are employed in clipping the plaits. The labors of the Children's Employment Commission have recently disclosed many painful facts. One of the Commissioners reports that he found in the schools little girls not three years old, although he was assured that in general they did not commence their life of labor until three and a half or four years old! It is not always easy to teach the poor little ones to clip or plait properly, and the stick, a cane about a yard in length, is sometimes freely used by the schoolmistress. The school is usually in a small cottage room, possessing neither proper light nor ventilation, and is often so closely filled that fires can not be lighted. To protect themselves from cold the children keep in their laps small earthen vessels containing bits of coal. One room visited by the Commissioner was so closely packed that the quantity of air each child could have was less than half it would have if shut up in a box three feet square! The present is a period of distress for work among the makers of straw bonnets and hats in Bedfordshire; and the general opinion among the more thoughtful and intelligent residents of the district is that advantage ought to be taken of the present distress for the purpose of putting an end to the child-laboring system.

"The Woman's Kingdom," Miss Mulock's latest novel, is dedicated to Mona Margaret Paton, a "little girl." A verse or two will show the spirit pervading the whole book:

"Better to love than to be loved:
Better to serve, and serving guide,
Than wait, with idle oars unproved,
And flapping sail by each breath moved,
The turning of life's solemn tide.

"Live, work, and love; as Heaven assign
For heaven, or man, thy sacred part;
Ancestress of a noble line,
Or calm in maidenly decline;—
But keep till death the woman's heart."

"Bazar," a word derived from the Persian, in its primitive and most comprehensive meaning signifies *large, great, grand.* Among the Malays in India, who have their literature from Persia and Arabia, "*bazar*" is said to be used as an adjective, where we use "great" or "large," in contrast with "*cachēēl*," which means "small." For example: *Orang bazar*, a large man; *Orang cachēēl*, a small man. In the Straits of Malacca are two contiguous islands, a larger and a smaller one, known respectively as "Pulo Rajah Bazar" and "Pulo Rajah Cachēēl," which we translate, "Great Prince's Island" and "Little Prince's Island." At the eating-rooms where Malays are the attendants, if one wishes for a full meal, he calls for "Ma-kim (food) Bazar;" if for only a light lunch, a "Ma-kim Cachēēl."

The inhabitants of Naples have projected a novel and interesting exhibition to celebrate the forthcoming visit of Prince Humbert and his bride. This is no less than to raise a portion of the city of Pompeii from its ruins, refurnish the mansions, and repeople houses and streets, so as to present a vivid picture of the ancient city. Cavalier Fiorelli, the intelligent director of the excavations, has long desired to restore a small portion of the buried city, not as a mere transient spectacle for the amusement of the crowd, but as a perpetual museum, in which the general aspect of ancient Italian life can be far better studied than by the inspection of isolated objects. He proposes to commence an accurate and conscientious restoration of certain parts of the city, choosing, of course, such localities as leave the least to be done, and which, at the same time, offer no remarkable peculiarities which might suffer deterioration in the process. The corporation of Naples, however, very naturally hesitates to make the first outlay, which is estimated at no less than 250,000 francs.

There are thirty-one lines of omnibuses in Paris, all of which belong to one company. They are distinguished by the letters of the alphabet, the color of their lanterns, and of the vehicles themselves. The fare is the same on all the routes, being half price for an outside seat. If the omnibus does not go in the direct route to the passenger's destination he may apply to the conductor for an exchange ticket, and he will be left at the point where two lines meet, and can take another omnibus.

Mothers sometimes feel that their little ones are in the way, and are tempted, in busy moments, to thrust them rudely aside. Let such cheek the harsh word and stay the hasty hand, lest they bitterly regret their thoughtless anger as did one mother. She had prepared some flour for baking, and left it a moment, when her little Mary, with childish curiosity, took hold of the dish and spilled the contents. The mother struck the child a severe blow; saying that she was always in the way! Two weeks after little Mary sickened and died. On her death-bed, while delirious, she asked her mother if there would be room for her among the angels? "I was always in your way, mother; you had no room for little Mary! And will I be in the angels' way? Will there be no room for me?" The broken-hearted mother then felt that no sacrifice would have been too great could she have saved her child.

Several severe earthquakes have been experienced near Cork, Ireland; but the people were more frightened than hurt. There is comfort in the theory which observations, extending over a period of nearly half a century, in South America are said to sustain, that it is the first shock, if any, which does the mischief; the succeeding ones are usually harmless.

The Connecticut River Railroad Company have adopted a new method of heating their cars. Outdoor air is purified by being passed through water, is heated, and then conveyed through pipes which run near the floor the whole length of the car. At proper intervals these pipes are perforated with small holes, through which the heated and purified air escapes. The warmth is distributed equally throughout the entire length of the car, and coming low down toward the floor will enable passengers always to keep their feet comfortably warm.

A lady who has spent the last year abroad and recently returned took a walk down Broadway the other day. She remarked afterward, that during her many weeks' stay in Paris she did not see so much display of gaudy and conspicuous dress as in that one walk in Broadway; that while many French ladies dress handsomely in the street, she never saw any thing which indicated a desire to *display* dress, or which could offend the nicest taste. One is often reminded, nowadays, of the reply of the gentleman who, having warmly admired the appearance of some lady of his acquaintance, was asked how she was dressed: "She was dressed so perfectly," he replied, "that I can not remember a single article that she wore."

According to the opinion of the Rev. J. G. Wood, in his new work on the management of Aquaria, as large a surface of water should be exposed to the air as is possible in making an aquarium. Moreover, it must not be made of a transparent material such as glass, but its sides ought to be opaque, except in front, and the front should not be turned toward the window. If one happens to possess an ordinary glass tank he can greatly improve it by covering the back and ends with pasteboard. But any kind of tub or pan will answer, provided that the owner cares more for the inmates than the appearance of their dwelling.

The public are cautioned by the *Scientific American* against the use of adulterated vinegar. In order to give the requisite acidity to vinegar it seems that sulphuric, nitric, and hydrochloric acids are used, but chiefly sulphuric, that being the cheapest and sourest. A gallon of so-called vinegar can be made from sulphuric acid, water, and some coloring matter at a cost of only a cent or two. It is considered very injurious to the health. To detect the presence of sulphuric acid, take a small quantity of the vinegar in a clear glass and drop a few drops of the chloride of barium into it, or the nitrate of barita. If the liquid presents a cloudy appearance there is sulphuric acid in it.

The Crown-Princess of Prussia has given ten thousand dollars to the ladies of the Berlin Midnight Missions. The success of this benevolent society is very great. Not less than one hundred unfortunate girls have been rescued from infamy and furnished with good situations or restored to their parents. No reproaches are addressed to any of the girls, and special pains are taken to protect them from the intrusion of the curious and inquisitive. The Midnight Mission organized in New York city in February, 1867, has accomplished much good. During the first year seventy-seven became inmates of the Mission House, of whom forty-eight have entirely abandoned their former disreputable life.

A London journal, in the communication of a correspondent from Biarritz, remarks that doubtless the high heels of the boots which the ladies wear—about two inches in length—have necessitated the use of a walking-stick; but, be this as it may, the simple fact of the Empress carrying a walking-stick has made its use fashionable. A new kind of parasol has been invented, and is carried by many of the ladies—it combines both walking-stick and parasol. The stick, which is stout and usually white, is made very long and tipped with iron, and is used to assist in walking.

A new kind of sponge has been invented, made from India rubber. The imitation is said to be perfect in appearance, but softer than real sponge, and its power of absorption greater. It can also be shaped into any required form.

The conscience of a child, remarks a writer upon the training of children, may easily be worn out both by too much pressure and by over-stimulation.

Among recent donations which have been made to the zoological collection at the Central Park is a fine specimen of the American black bear, about two years old, which was given to the donor, Colonel E. H. Durfee, by one of the leading chiefs of the Osage tribe of Indians, and which is very tame, having been reared as a pet. Two Russe cats, brought from the Island of Java, and a cinnamon bear, from Singapore, India, have also been presented.

The New York *Times* states that although the public debt is enormous, it is less than twice the retail value of the liquor consumed in the United States for the year 1867. The cost of liquor for that period was ten times the value of all church property in the country; equal to the value of all railroads in the United States, except Pennsylvania; more than the value of the metallic yield of the mines west of the Rocky Mountains for twenty years past, and fifty times the cost of public education in the United States for the year.

The North German expedition, which was sent out to Aden to make observations on the sun, during the total eclipse on the 18th of last August, included artists who were resolved to take photographs of the great luminary during its disappearance! Every arrangement was previously made to improve to the utmost the three minutes of total eclipse. The result was that three impressions were secured, in one of which the dark border of the sun was surrounded on one side by peculiar protuberances, and on the other was a remarkable horn. The others showed the protuberances on the lower border, but the impression was obscured by passing clouds.

Fringes and Borders.

See illustrations on page 916.

THE fringes and borders here given are for trimming covers, shawls, fichus, etc., and are worked partly in crochet, partly in tatting, and partly in netting.

Fig. 1. TATTING AND CROCHET FRINGE.—This fringe is of red wool. Begin with one of the large tatted rings in the middle of a scallop. This ring consists of 1 ds. (double stitch), 1 p. (picot), three tenths of an inch long, 11 times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 1 ds.; after which tie together the beginning and end of the thread. In this manner work as many single rings as will be needed for the length of the fringe. Next work a small ring as follows: 8 ds., fasten to a p. of the large ring, 8 ds.; after three-fifths of an inch space of thread another similar ring, which must be fastened to the next p. of the large ring. Continue in this manner till seven small rings have been fastened to the large one, which completes a scallop of the border. Close to the last ring work a similar one, which must be fastened to a p. of another large ring. Continue in this manner till the border has reached the requisite length. Then crochet around the threads between the first and second and sixth and seventh rings of each scallop always five single crochet, and around the remaining threads always six single crochet. On this round single crochet work finally the loops for the fringe, as in the crochet fringe, Fig. 2, in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 46, page 724. On the upper edge of the border crochet two rounds.

Fig. 2.—The border of this fringe of violet zephyr wool is netted and trimmed with little balls. First make for the netted foundation of the border over a mesh an inch in circumference a foundation of the length desired, and work on this three rounds over the same mesh always one stitch in each stitch of the preceding round. Then tie in the stitches of the last round a strand of wool in the manner shown by the illustration, and crochet in over stitch on the upper edge of the border one single crochet, and after each of these one chain. Lastly, sew on the worsted balls.

Fig. 3.—This netted fringe is worked with zephyr wool over two meshes, one of which is two-fifths and the other four-fifths of an inch in circumference. Begin from the middle of the border with a foundation of the requisite length over the finer mesh, and work: 1st round.—Over the same mesh one stitch in every foundation stitch. 2d round.—In every stitch of the former round one stitch over the fine and four stitches over the larger mesh. 3d round.—* Over the larger mesh one stitch in the next four stitches of the former round, over the finer mesh one stitch in the following stitch. 4th round.—Over the finer mesh: alternately one stitch in the following stitch of the former round, one stitch in the four following stitches, so that they shall be worked together. 5th round.—Over the same mesh: one stitch in each stitch of the former round. On the stitches of the 5th round work the fringe loops over a piece of pasteboard three inches and a half wide, working three loops in each stitch. Next repeat the 2d to 5th rounds also on the other side of the foundation stitches, and make the upper edge by working in each stitch a single crochet, and after each single crochet a chain.

Fig. 4.—Work first the border of this fringe lengthwise as follows: On a foundation of the requisite length crochet the 1st round.—Alternately one slip stitch in the first foundation stitch, a loop half an inch long in the following foundation stitch. Work these loops in the manner shown by Fig. 2, Crochet Fringe, in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 46, p. 724. 2d round.—* Work together the first three loops of the former round by working loops of the same length in all three stitches at the same time, but after every three loops leave the thread two-thirds of an inch long before beginning the next. 3d round.—One slip stitch in every loop of the former round, after every slip stitch one chain. On the stitches of the 3d round work finally the loops for the fringe in the same manner.

Fig. 5.—Crochet the 1st round of this fringe in the same manner as the 1st round of the fringe Fig. 4. Next draw every second loop through the preceding, and crochet one slip stitch in every loop, and between every two cross loops 3 chain. The fringe loops are worked in the same manner as those of Fig. 4.

Fig. 6. WORSTED BALL FRINGE.—This fringe is worked with white zephyr wool. Begin with a border, and crochet first on a foundation of the requisite length two rounds in double crochet, and then a round of chain-stitch scallops, each of which consists of 5 chain and 1 slip stitch in the third following stitch of the former round. This last round is also to be worked on the other side of the border, but in working the slip stitches always fasten in one of the fringe loops, which has been previously ornamented with the balls in the manner shown by the illustration. On the under edge of the fringe the loops hang together in the manner shown. The manner of working the balls is already familiar to our readers.

Fig. 7.—The foundation of this border is crocheted with white wool, while the rosettes and scalloped edges are of blue wool. Begin the border on a foundation of the requisite length, and work on this three rounds in single crochet with white wool, always working around the whole stitch. 4th round.—* Seven single crochet in white wool in the first seven stitches of the former round, but work off the last stitch with blue wool. Now crochet with the blue wool seven picots, each composed of five chain and one slip stitch in the first of these, returning on this picot row work one slip stitch on each slip stitch of a picot, and join the row in a round by working one slip stitch in the slip stitch of the picot before the last, then drop the loop from the needle, draw it through the middle ring, and take it up again on the under side of the work. Now work on the single crochet of the last round, passing over the rosettes, five more rounds single crochet with white wool, and then the scallop round with blue wool. Every scallop consists of three chain and one slip stitch in the first of these; after each scallop crochet around the following stitch a single crochet which shall embrace the first round. These rounds are repeated also on the other side of the border.

Fig. 8. CROCHET BORDER OF WHITE AND BLUE WOOL.—Begin the border with white wool, and work on a foundation of the requisite length two rounds single crochet (putting the needle around the entire stitch). 3d round.—* Five single crochet with white wool in the first five stitches of the former round, one figure of blue wool as follows; splice on the blue wool, work in the following stitch of the former round five loops, each two-fifths of an inch long, in the same manner as the loops of Fig. 4; after which work off together the five loops on the needle with one slip stitch of white wool. 4th to 6th rounds.—One single crochet in every single crochet of the former round, passing over the figure. 7th round.—Like the 3d round, except that the position of the figures must alternate. 8th to 10th round.—Single crochet with white wool. Finally, work on both sides of the border a round of scallops with blue wool as follows: 1 slip stitch on the first stitch of the outer edge of the border. * 1 picot composed of 3 chain and 1 slip stitch in the first of these, pass over 1 stitch, work 1 slip stitch, which shall diagonally pass over the two former rounds (see illustration), one slip stitch in the following stitch of the former round.

Fig. 9. KNITTED BORDER OF WHITE AND RED ZEPHYR WOOL.—Begin this border with a foundation of the requisite length, and knit a row of scallops as follows: 5 rounds plain, then one round alternately one stitch made, one narrowed; after this again five rounds plain; then take the under veins of the foundation stitch on the needles, and knit together always a foundation stitch and the knitted stitch. Now work with the red wool a second row of scallops, which consists of two plain rounds, one open-work round as before, and two plain rounds, then again with the white wool a white row of scallops, after which take up on the back of the work the veins of the stitches which were made by knitting together the foundation and knitted stitches, and knit these with the stitches on the needle. This trimming is finished by knitting, in the white scallops, with red wool, alternately 1 single crochet and 5 chain. By the middle red row of scallops crochet this scalloped round with white wool, and after this a second with red wool.

MADAME AUGUSTE VON BARNDORF (BARONESS VON SCHOULTZ).

MADAME AUGUSTE VON BÄRNDORF.

FEW of the great dramatic artists who have crossed the ocean have been qualified by nature and study to take so brilliant a position as Madame Von Bärndorf, the Baroness Von Schoultz, whose portrait we give herewith, together with a representation of her in her celebrated rôle of Iphigenia. In Europe she is ranked with Rachel, Ristori, and Janauschek, and her American reputation promises to equal that acquired by her in Europe. Her début at the New York Stadt Theatre on the 6th of November called forth warm applause, and made her at once a favorite with the public.

Madame Von Bärndorf, indeed, possesses every requisite for success; rare loveliness of face, a commanding figure, a manner at once courtly and impassioned, and a fervid imagination, joined with a fine critical and intellectual appreciation of the characters she personates. Her versatility is wonderful; she is equally sparkling in comedy, heroic in classic drama, and thrilling in tragedy. Her taste in dress is admirable; and the social advantages which she has enjoyed from her high position in private life have doubtless contributed to make the great actress also the polished lady.

Madame Von Bärndorf's career has been full of romance. Her father, Herr Bauerhorst, owned an estate near Berlin, where she was born, and where her first childhood was passed, though her father soon removed to Berlin, in order to give her better advantages of education. Her inimitable talent for mimicry early attracted attention; and when quite a child, on being taken to the theatre to witness a representation of Glück's Armide, she declared her determination to be an actress. This, in the beginning, was only laughed at. But her father's death speedily changed the circumstances of the family and strengthened her resolve. She had recourse to the celebrated dramatic artist, Auguste Crelinger, who examined the young enthusiast, and was so delighted with her promise that she readily consented to instruct her in her art. When scarcely fifteen she made her début at the court theatre of Berlin in the comedy of "A Hundred Years ago." Her third appearance as Ismene in Sophocles's celebrated tragedy of Antigone stamped her success—partly owing to a ludicrous accident. As her sister Antigone led her to view their brother's body a hair-pin sharply pricked the back of her neck. The convulsive shudder that ran through her frame at that instant was cheered by the audience as the perfection of acting, and the lucky pin-prick secured her an engagement at the Court Theatre. She did not, however, remain long in this position. In the beginning of 1846, through the advice of a powerful friend, she accepted an engagement at the Court Theatre of Oldenburg, and three months later went to St. Petersburg to lay the foundation of her fame at the Imperial Court Theatre. It is a singular fact that at St. Petersburg she first appeared in elderly and foreign rôles, as for example as Elizabeth in Mary Stuart; and, later, in those of younger heroines, as Joan of Arc. Here she carried the city by storm. She became the pet of the Court; magnificent presents were lavished on her; and the Czar was so delighted with her personation of Joan of Arc that he sent her a suit of gold armor to be worn by her in that character. The happiest part of her youth was spent on the Neva. She remained there from 1846 to 1858. Her beauty, grace, and talent gave her access to the most aristocratic circles, and at the age of nineteen she contracted a morganatic marriage with Prince Galitzin, a member of one of the most ancient and noble families of the Russian nobility. This kind of marriage, we may say, which is very common among European princes, is consecrated by a clergyman with all the usual formalities, the sole difference being the joining of the left hands instead of the right, and entitles the wife to all respect and consideration save that belonging to her spouse's official position. It is thus that princes reconcile the demands of state and those of the heart. At the ceremony Mademoiselle Bauerhorst received the title of Madame Von Bärndorf. The union, however, was not of long duration; it was dissolved in 1855 by the Czar, and on the 5th of February, 1858, she married the Baron Von Schoultz.

In the same year with her second marriage Madame Von Bärndorf quitted St. Petersburg to fulfill a ten years' engagement at the Royal Court Theatre of Hanover. Her vacations during this time were spent partly in short provincial engagements, and partly at her castle of Spiegelberg, situated near Neustadt on the Dosse. It was her intention, at the close of her Hanover engagement, to retire from the stage, and enjoy at leisure the large fortune which she had accumulated, but we are glad to know that a tempting offer from the New York Stadt Theatre, joined, perchance, to a love of adventure, induced her to postpone this step, and to give our countrymen an opportunity of seeing one of the greatest of living actresses.

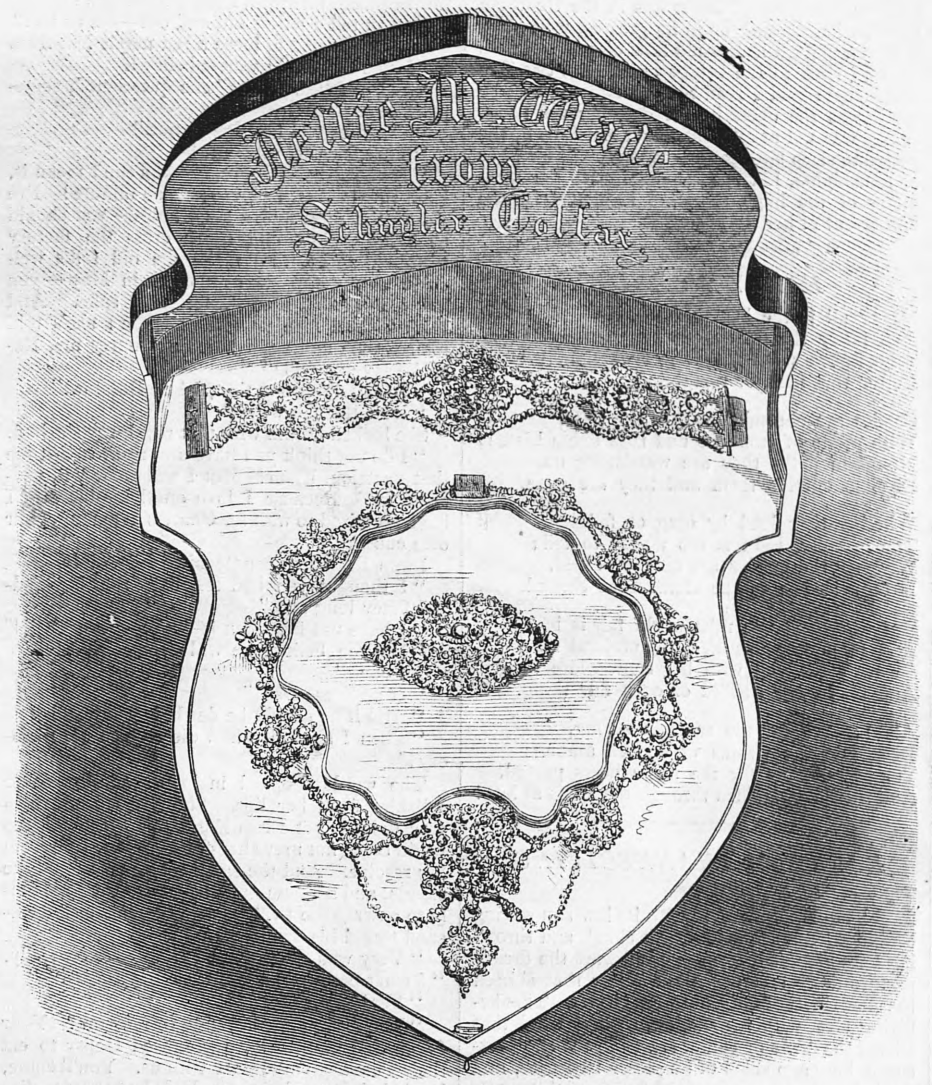
MADAME VON BARNDORF AS IPHIGENIA.

SCHUYLER COLFAX AND HIS BRIDE MISS WADE.

FEW men at this moment stand so prominently before the eyes of the American people as Schuyler Colfax, through the recent election which has elevated him to the second place in the eyes of the nation; while his marriage, following so closely in the wake of the first event, gives an added social interest to his name. Mr. Colfax was born at 86 North Moore Street, New York City, March 23, 1823, and is now forty-five years old, eleven months younger than the President elect. The excellent photograph of him, by Fredericks, which we reproduce, was taken but a few weeks since, and is an admirable representation of his outward man at the present moment. He is rather under the medium height, with brown hair, slightly grizzled, blue eyes, high forehead, and a wiry, well-knit, and muscular frame, susceptible of great endurance. His frank and open countenance is lighted with a sunny smile which the gravest cares can scarcely drive away. This remarkable power of bearing his burdens lightly, coupled with his temperate habits, has preserved the freshness of youth to such a degree that he looks ten years younger than he really is.

Mr. Colfax is essentially a self-made man. At the same time his lineage is second to none in the country. His grandfather, General William Colfax, a native of Connecticut, commanded Washington's body-guard in the Revolutionary War, and enjoyed his personal friendship. He married Hester Schuyler, the cousin of the distinguished Colonel Philip Schuyler, of New York, and Washington stood sponsor for their first son, who bore his name. Schuyler, the third son, became a teller in the Mechanics' Bank of New York. He died young, two years after his marriage, leaving a widow only seventeen years old and one child, who died soon after. Four months after his father's death Schuyler was born.

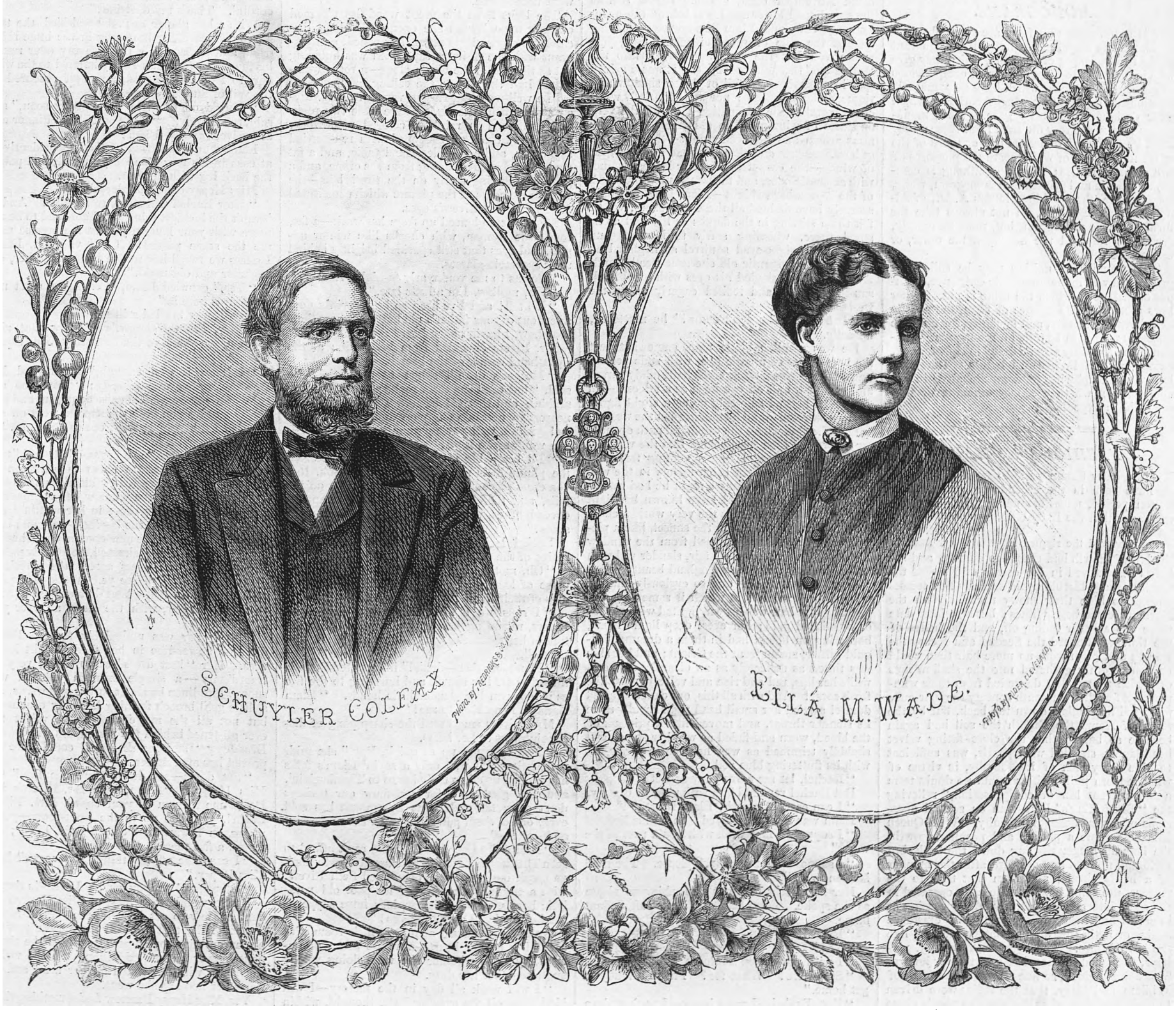
The young widow left thus early with a future Vice-President to train acquitted herself of her task nobly, as the event proves, for the youth owes little to schools and much to his mother. His whole education was obtained in the New York public schools, and finished in Crosby Street when only ten years old. For three years subsequently he was clerk in a store; and even at this early age he began to show his inclination for politics, for at eleven it is related that he haunted the polls in New York and Brooklyn to gain the first news of the result of the elections. When thirteen he removed with his mother, who in the interval had married again, to New Carlisle, Indiana. Here, for four years more, he was clerk in a store, employing every moment meanwhile in storing up knowledge for future use. His family then removed to South Bend, where he became the deputy of his step-father, who was elected County Auditor. From this post he drifted into journalism, and at twenty-two was editor and proprietor of the *St. Joseph's Valley Register*. After struggling through years of discouragement and difficulty he gained the success which is always attained by perseverance, and became one of the most influential journalists of the State. Henceforth he played a prominent part in politics, which it would take too long to detail, till, in 1855, he took his seat in Congress, where he has ever since remained. In 1863 he was elected to the Speakership of the House, which he has now filled for three successive terms, and which he will only vacate next March for a higher position.



BRIDAL GIFT FROM MR. COLFAX, NOV. 18, 1868.—[MANUFACTURED BY BROWNE & SPAULDING, N. Y.]

Mr. Colfax married at twenty-one an early playmate of his childhood. His home-life was saddened by the illness of his wife, who was an invalid for many years, and who died in 1863, leaving him a childless widower. The lonely interval that has since elapsed must have been especially painful to one of his genial and companion-loving nature; and his friends are rejoiced that this solitude has found an end, and that, with a new political life, he begins a new era of domestic happiness.

On the 18th of November, a fortnight after his election to the Vice-Presidency, Mr. Colfax was married to Miss Ella M. Wade, of Andover, Ashtabula County, Ohio. Nellie Wade, as she is familiarly styled by her friends, is the daughter of Theodore Wade, the eldest brother of the Hon. Benjamin F. Wade, now President of the Senate and Vice-President of the United States. Her step-mother is her aunt, the sister of her own mother. Her father, who died some five years ago, was an Ohio farmer, and she has spent her whole life, when not at school (she was educated at the Cleveland and the Willoughby (Ohio) Female Seminaries), in the farm-house where she was born, engaged in domestic and home duties, which were varied only by occasional visits to her relatives in different parts of the country. It was on one of these visits to her aunt in Washington, three years ago, that Mr. Colfax formed the acquaintance which ripened into an engagement last summer during a trip to the Rocky Mountains. The fact that she has become the wife of one of the chief rulers of the nation, and is therefore a legitimate object of affectionate interest to the people, warrants us, we think, in overstepping the bounds of privacy and laying before our readers the excellent photograph obtained from Mr. Rider, of Cleveland, Ohio. The picture shows a sensible, earnest, and thoughtful face, the owner of which would be likely to give none but good counsel to her husband in his re-



sponsible position. But still more striking is the graphic portrait, kindly drawn for us by a friend who knows her well. "She is just thirty-two," he says, "and not ashamed of her age. She is not tall, nor short, nor stout, but will average 140 pounds. She is not handsome, but good-looking. She is quiet, reserved, repressed, self-poised, and self-controlled to a remarkable degree. But you think of her that still waters run deep. She seems to have had a life—a quiet country town, village, and farm life—that has not been congenial, or rather has not drawn her out at all; and her repressed manner and nature are due possibly to this. There is no gush, no brilliancy, no show, no exuberance in manner, appearance, and style. Her new life will bring her out; but she has nothing of what is called 'society manners,' and will make no impression upon the multitude. Fastidious and feminine to a very high and rare degree in one of such experience, she is a most admirable selection for a wife for Mr. Colfax—a sweet, true, self-adjusted woman, with a younger heart than I ever saw at thirty odd years, who never would make a career for herself, but would accept and fill whatever place came to her in the way of duty." Judging from this brilliant bit of character-painting the women of America will have reason to be satisfied with their representative in the second lady of the nation.

We are also permitted to offer an illustration of Mr. Colfax's gift to his bride, which seems to us a striking index of his own character. It is a necklace, bracelet, and brooch of the finest and purest pearls, most artistically arranged by Messrs. Browne & Spaulding, of New York. This exquisite ornament—so chaste, tasteful, and rich, and withal unpretending and open neither to the charge of niggardliness nor mad prodigality—is a fit offering from a Republican chief to his bride. Among the numerous bridal gifts, we may mention two from Messrs. Browne & Spaulding—a magnificent clock of verd antique bronze, formed of two sturdy Cupids bearing up the world, with the dial on one side, and adorned with appropriate symbols; and a beautiful Argand lamp representing the July Column.

Mr. Colfax is perhaps the most popular man in the United States. Of political foes he doubtless has many; of personal enemies none. His frankness, integrity, and ingrained courtesy win him friends every where; and the whole nation join in congratulating him on his marriage, and wishing him and his bride a future of unbroken felicity.

MONOGRAMS.

IT is noteworthy that folks are curiously careless in the use of monograms, if not ignorant of the true meaning of the term, which they give with indifference to mere ciphers, or compositions of intertwining letters, which have no "mutual" relationship beyond that of neighborhood, which their designers arbitrarily gave. Now, monograms proper are very different from these; they must be composed of letters one or more of the elements or limbs of which serve the purposes of two or more letters; thus, a diphthong is commonly written and printed as a monogram, while, for example, the combined letters A. D., of Albert Dürer's signature, do not always take the form of a true monogram, but, most frequently, are simply imposed the one upon the other, or one within the other.

This practice of uniting may be called the primary law of monogrammatic existence, without obedience to which the thing is not. Other laws dictate for it elegance of form, the artistic or caligraphic quality, and legibility, for no mere puzzle is worthy to be called a monogram. Elegance and legibility *may* be found in ciphers, *i. e.*, compound and intertwined letters. Reversing letters and employing different alphabets in one combination, whether monogrammatic or not, are childish expedients.

FASHIONS IN HAIR.

IN the early Saxon period long hair seems to have been in the ascendant. In the later Saxon period, notwithstanding Mr. Tennyson's assurance that the Lady Godiva

"Shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee,"

the law of growth had ceased to operate, and the ladies who moved in the courts of Edward the Confessor and Harold could scarcely find tresses enough to hide their snowy necks. With the Normans came better times; but at a later date there was another falling off, and the belles of the time of Richard the Second and Henry the Fourth and Fifth wore no more hair than could be conveniently gathered into the shallow nets of golden thread that depended from their wimples. After the fourteenth century the hair once more fell in ringlets down the back, but by the reign of Henry the Eighth the soil had again become so barren that the close-fitting velvet head-lappet, studded with pearls, was sufficient to hide every lock of it—thereby, in virtue of what modern philosophers would no doubt term a "beneficent law of compensation," relieving the "Bluff King's" headsman on several occasions of a very delicate difficulty. With Queen Elizabeth came a prolific and peculiar growth, the hair no longer rippling down the back, but springing upward and outward after the manner of a hardy shrub; and from that time to the present, the same law seems to have operated in the same intermittent manner, either ceasing at intervals and suddenly springing into existence again, or acting by an undulatory method, like the law of tides. The eighteenth century, perhaps, furnished the heaviest growth ever known. There was, indeed, so fine a crop in the reign of William and Mary, that the ladies were driven to make it up into what the common people chose to term "a tower;" but it was in the Georgian era that hair sprang up in its greatest profusion. I have a picture before me now of a lady whose coiffure rises to the height of at least two feet six inches; and I read that so difficult and so costly was the operation of dressing the mass, that it was not at all unusual for the belle of the period to sleep sitting upright in a chair for three or four nights, lest she should disturb the symmetry of the huge structure fashioned by the barber out of her tresses.

EARLY MORNING.

MISTY all is the beautiful sea,
And misty the dreams of life to me;
Who knows what the perfect daylight brings?
Better this haze of imaginings.

Castles are shrouded within the mist,
With glints of sunshine and rose lights kissed,
Mountain paths they are wandering on,
Elysium enfolds them and they are gone.

Whether they lead by crag or fell,
The morning light is too tender to tell;
Whether the castles are rock or cloud,
Is only known to the slumberous shroud.

But to live in the mist-world fair is best,
And to let the beautiful dream-land rest;
So soars the gull with her snow-white wing,
And skims the surface of each fair thing.

Alas! alas! for the sunlight strong,
Dissolving the visions we moved among;
Yet joy, oh, joy for the fierce heats passed,
And the haven gained through the mists at last!

RACHEL'S THANKSGIVING.

IT was Thanksgiving Eve.

Thanksgiving Eve, with its low sun setting behind a bank of purple-black cloud, and throwing long bars of orange light athwart the dreary pasture-fields and down the valley that skirted the slow ripple of the Housatonic River. Thanksgiving Eve, with a moaning, restless wind that stirred the drifts of yellow leaves in the chestnut-copse, long ago rifled of its glossy treasures, and rustled sadly among the dead fronds of the sweet-fern on the "huckleberry lots;" where the golden-rod and the blue-fringed aster had faded, and the sharp frosts had touched the vines with a crimson as vivid as if every leaf had been dipped in blood!

Yet, notwithstanding the keen touch of the bleak November blast, growing keener still as the sun dipped lower and lower behind those violet masses of cloud, Elam Barstow stood leaning against the stile of moss-enameled bars, just where you left the road and struck into the "cross-cut" through the woods. It was a sylvan spot in summer-time, full of dense shadow and vague, delicious scents; nor was it entirely without a certain rude fascination even on the very outskirts of winter. The old trees, with their moss-grown and lichened trunks—the net-work of bare branches creaking overhead at every gust of wind—the carpet of rustling leaves instinct with aromatic odor, and the sweet, mournful hush of the November twilight—Elam Barstow could scarcely have defined all these influences, yet he felt them stirring in the depths of his soul as he stood there, whistling softly to himself, and watching a bright-eyed squirrel as it glided up the trunk of a gigantic old chestnut-tree beyond. And then Elam shaded his eyes with one broad, sun-burnt palm, and looked eagerly off to the westward.

"It beats all she don't come!" he muttered, uneasily.

He was a tall, athletic man, somewhat past the boundaries of middle age, with rude yet not uncomely features, thick black hair, oddly waved and crimped, and an eye keen as a falcon's—an eye which lighted suddenly up as a slight figure became outlined for an instant against the western gold of the sky, where the woodland path opened, far away, and then disappeared into the valley.

Yes, it was Rachel Rivers coming from her daily work in the great brick factory in the vale beyond. Many and many a night he had watched for her, and he would have known her light footfall had he heard it at the very world's end!

She came up, shrined in the sunset, like a pictured saint which had stepped from the window of some great cathedral—a fair, slender girl with that brilliant type of New England beauty which is at once so exquisite and so curiously unfitted for the bleak climate in which it sometimes expands. Her hair was brown, lighted with gleams of burnished gold; her eyes, deep liquid hazel, bordering on black, had in them a dreamy, languid glitter, stolen from the Orient; and her skin was tinted as delicately as an oleander-blossom, while her lips, red and ripe and velvety, were like fresh coral! And with all this, our calico-dressed damsel carried her small head right royally upon its slender throat, and moved like a princess of the blood, worn and faded as was her shawl, and shabbily trimmed as was her coarse straw-hat with its fluttering blue veil.

"Rachel, let me carry your basket?"

But Rachel repulsed him with piquant dignity.

"I can carry it myself, Elam Barstow!"

Elam was a little annoyed; he bit his lip.

"I suppose I may walk with you a part of the way?"

"I suppose you may, if you please. The road is open to all!"

Her hazel orbs shot out a mischievous gleam as she spoke. Elam Barstow felt its soft, defiant flame.

"Rachel!"

"Yes."

"I wish you'd stop a minute."

"Stop here? What for? I'm in a hurry to get home."

"But, Rachel—I must know—I can't endure this suspense, blamed if I can—there now! Why don't you tell a fellow out and out—yes or no?"

Rachel stooped to loose a red maple-leaf from the fringe of her old worsted shawl.

"Tell a fellow *what?*" she questioned, somewhat imperiously.

"Whether you love me or not."

"That is easily told—no!"

"But, Rachel—little Ray—you can't mean it, I am sure! Just listen to me one minute! I've got a good farm and a good house—you should be a lady, Ray, and never cross the factory threshold more. I'd make the old folks welcome at my fireside as flowers in May—you know I would, Rachel, for your sake. And Hepsy, she'd love you like a sister; she's told me so, time and again! You'll marry me, Rachel—say you will!"

"I shall never say that, Elam Barstow."

"But, Rachel, why?"

She looked at him with that royal way she had.

"I do not think you have any right to ask me that question, Elam! But I will answer it, nevertheless. Because I love another—because I have promised to wait for Charles Wayland, your own cousin!"

Elam Barstow's countenance fell visibly.

"I thought you had forgotten that boy-and-girl fancy long ago."

"I have not forgotten it—no, nor ever shall!"

"Do you believe he will ever come back to claim you?"

"If he lives—yes!"

"And if he should be dead?"

"Then I shall live and die true to his memory!"

The words dropped in low-sounding, silver syllables from her lips. She had spoken them very quietly, yet Elam Barstow felt that all the world could not move her one hair's-breadth from her resolve. And the sun went down behind the clouds, and a gloom and shadow seemed suddenly to enwrap the twilight solitude, just as it darkened round his own soul.

"Very well, Rachel," he made answer, sadly. "I can't press you any more; but Rachel—"

"Yes?"

"You'll come to our house to-morrow? Your father and mother have promised Hepsy to eat their Thanksgivin'-dinner with us. You'll come, Rachel, just to show you don't bear any malice for the foolish words I've spoken?"

"Yes, Elam, I'll come!"

So Elam Barstow left her, when the red light from the brown cottage under Beech Mountain shone out across the lonely road, and Rachel went home alone.

The light from the great wood-fire gleamed cheerily upon her as she opened the door, disclosing a quaint little room, low-ceiled, and fragrant with the resinous sap which was bubbling out at the end of the blazing logs—a room wainscoted half the way to the ceiling, and covered with a well-worn rag-carpet, woven by Mrs. Rivers's own thrifty hands. There were two rockers, cushioned in rainbow-colored patchwork, and an old clock all festooned with red-berried asparagus, and a spindle-legged table, and a fat copper tea-kettle swinging from the crane, and a gray cat purring softly on the fire-bricks—the various elements of the picture which constituted *home* in Rachel Rivers's eyes.

Mrs. Rivers glanced up from her work—a fat, rosy little woman, with cheeks like winter apples, and eyes that still sparkled brightly behind their spectacle-glasses.

"Seems to me you're arly to-night, Rachel!"

"No, mother, I'm a little late."

"Do tell! and I've been so busy tryin' to cut a vest out o' your father's old butternut coat that, somehow, I havin't even heard the clock strike!"

Mr. Rivers chuckled from his station at the right-hand corner of the hearth.

"Mother's dretful smart at contrivin'," he said, "but even she can't make somethin' out o' nothin'; and that old butternut coat comes the nearest to nothin' of any created objict I know on! May's well put up your shears, mother—you won't make it go!"

"I'll bet a big apple I will, then!" retorted the plump little matron, briskly. "Look, Ray—a cross-piece here, with the fronts right off the tails, and there'll be enough for lapels and to cover buttons, without ever touching them worn spots!"

Rachel looked down at the melancholy remains of the old butternut coat.

"Oh, mother," she said, with a sudden impulse of loathing at the petty trials and pinchings of their lives, "I wish we were not poor!"

"P'raps we sha'n't be always," said Mrs. Rivers, regarding her daughter keenly over the tops of her spectacles. "There's Elam Barstow, says—"

"Don't, mother—don't!" interrupted Rachel, throwing off her shawl, and hurrying to the fire as if to warm her slender little hands. "Elam Barstow is nothing to me!"

Mrs. Rivers smothered the sharp pang of disappointment at her heart.

"You take me up so quick, Ray," she said, petulantly. "I was only a sayin' Elam's folks has invited us all to their house to Thanksgivin', and I'm glad on't, for somehow our turkeys don't grow fat, and Lyme Dartmouth has sold every one o' them pumpkins upon the mountain, and—and—"

"And we're poor, mother, and can't afford to set a Thanksgivin' table like we used to—why don't ye speak out at once?" demanded Seth Rivers, with a tremulous motion of his poor old paralytic hands. Come, darter, let's have supper—the kettle's biled over long ago!"

And Rachel moved about the little room with a sinking at her heart—a vague sense of uncertainty as to whether she were doing wholly and altogether her duty.

"I will work all day in the factory—I will bind shoes all the evening," she thought, within herself. "I will sell my time and my strength and my toil, but I will *not* sell my heart!"

She sat up late that night, long after old Seth and his wife were in bed and asleep, working at her needle by the sickly light of the solitary tallow-candle, to try and earn a little more money.

"For mother's bonnet can not be bleached again without falling to pieces," she mused, "and father's over-coat is far too shabby to wear another winter!"

So Rachel stitched on at the heap of shoes she was binding, and tried to disguise from herself how weary and sleepy she was, while the crickets chirped shrilly underneath the hearth-stones, and the fire simmered and crackled through the silence.

The clock struck eleven when at last she rose up and glanced out of the window.

"How dark it is, and how the wind howls!" she murmured to herself, with an instinctive feeling of pity for stray travelers toiling along the solitary road. "Thank Heaven, we are not so poor as some in this world!"

And when Thanksgiving morning dawned the chill gray air was full of lazily falling flakes of starry snow.

"I knowed it was goin' to snow," said old Seth Rivers; "I felt it in my bones last night. Well, I do like seasonable weather."

The same snow, falling faster now, and with a persistency which threatened a prolonged storm, clinked against the window-panes of the huge kitchen in Elam Barstow's hospitable farm-house, and fringed the boughs of the old hemlocks in the door-yard with ermine whiteness; while Miss Hepsy, a spare maiden lady somewhat above forty, hurried back and forth, intent on festive preparation.

The Thanksgiving table, already set in the "big keepin'-room," was worthy of Miss Hepsy's reputation as a thorough-going housekeeper. The damask table-cloth, white as snow, hung in scarcely-disturbed folds; a few late chrysanthemums were disposed among sprays of evergreen box in vases at either end; there were plates of crimson, shining apples, streaked with gold; dainty cranberry tarts peeping like red eyes from behind bars of flaky crust; exquisitely browned pumpkin-pies; glass preserve-dishes, where amber-clear quinces and quivering moulds of currant jelly shone and glimmered; and plates of elaborately cracked butternuts and hickory-nuts. For Miss Hepsy did not believe in the modern custom of bringing on the dessert as a separate and independent affair.

"Let folks see what they've got afore 'em to eat at once," she said, "and manage matters accordin'. That's my doctrine!"

With a last glance at that royal bird, the turkey, now peacefully browning in the huge brick oven, and dispensing a most savory odor round his funereal pyre, Miss Hepsy hurried to the window to look up the road, now half obscured by the veil of fluttering snow.

"They'd ought to be here pretty soon," she said, reflectively. "Did you tell 'em dinner was at twelve, *exackly*, Elam?"

Elam, who was sitting by the fire, evidently ill at ease in his new blue suit, nodded, and poked the back log with his foot.

Miss Hepsy chuckled gleefully.

"How Rachel will stare, to be sure! And if 'twan't the luckiest thing you happened to be out there with your lantern just at the precise minute the stage passed! I tell ye what, Elam, I guess we two'll hev to live it out together, old bachelor and old maid."

"Yes," growled Elam, "'cause we can't neither on us help it."

Miss Hepsy bridled a little.

"Now, Elam Barstow, you know that ain't so; I never telled ye the hull story 'bout Squire Lounsbery—"

"I know it well enough," interrupted Mr. Barstow, rather ungraciously; "how you and Seliny Fairwether pulled caps 'bout him, and how finally he give you both the slip an' went off and married Ruth Ann Parker, out to Danbury."

Miss Hepsy bit her lip.

"Elam Barstow," she began—but, luckily for honest Elam, the storm about to break on his devoted head was averted by his sister's happening to spy through the window her approaching guests, and, stopping short in her wrathful oratory, she ran to open the big front-door and bawl a welcome long ere the new-comers could hear it.

"Do come in!" she shouted, hospitably pulling plump little Mrs. Rivers across the threshold. "I'm proper glad to see ye. Walk in, Squire, and you too, Rachel. You do look jest 's pretty as a posy to-day, with the snow all over your hood!"

Miss Hepsy was undeniably right. Rachel did look flower-like in her fresh, bright loveliness. Her "best dress" was nothing very extraordinary—a simple crimson delaine, with snow-white linen bands at throat and wrists, and a little gold brooch forming her only ornament; but not all the moiré antique or velvet that ever glistened behind the plate-glass windows of Broadway "*maisons de mode*" could have improved her appearance.

"Set down—set down afore the fire," said Miss Hepsy. "Elam, take Mr. Rivers's hat. Do let me rid you of your shawl, Mrs. Rivers. Rachel, you just go in the front-room—you're young, an 'll want to fix up a little, likely; and there's a fire there. Go—quick!"

"I can take off my things just as well here, Miss Hepsy."

"Oh pshaw! no, you can't. Here—in there!"

Rachel wondered a little at Miss Hepsy's evident anxiety to get her into the "front-room," but concluded that probably there was a new carpet or curtains, or something which the thrifty housekeeper had on exhibition. So she walked slowly in, with her shawl on her arm, and untying her hood as she went.

Yes, Miss Hepsy Barstow *had* something there,

but it was neither carpet, curtains, nor new china vases. And Rachel's astonished glance fell on a tall, good-looking young man, who stood before the blazing hearth, looking down upon her with a world of happy mischief in his brilliant black eyes!

And the next moment he had caught her in his arms, smothering her astonished cry with a shower of genuinely lover-like kisses!

"Rachel! my love! my dear little blossom!"

"Charlie Wayland!"

For it was Charlie's self, bronzed and travel-worn, and perhaps a trifle more self-reliant and dignified, but the same Charlie still, who had wooed and won her two long years ago!

"Did you think I was never coming back, Rachel? Did you begin to fancy I was false? Oh, my little queen, if you could but know how I have looked forward to this hour!"

"I have sometimes fancied you might be dead, Charles," she answered, simply; "but I never thought you false."

He folded her mutely to his breast, and there was silence for a minute or two.

"I have come back to stay now, Rachel," he said, quietly. "I went away to seek my fortune, and I have found it. There shall be no more partings, dear!"

"Does Elam know?" whispered Rachel.

"Elam brought me home here last night when I alighted, chilled and half frozen with the cold. He would not allow me to go to your house, but told me that I must spend Thanksgiving with him—that you must first look upon my face underneath his roof. Bless the old fellow's noble heart! I believe he is nearly as happy now as I am."

Rachel winced a little; the roses deepened on her satin cheek; but in her inmost heart she too could have invoked blessings upon the sturdy farmer who had loved her so dearly and so utterly in vain; while Charles Wayland, unconscious of what was passing through his betrothed's mind, went on:

"For two years I have suffered all the pangs of homesickness among the orange groves and scented breezes of the Spanish vales; *now* I shall spend Thanksgiving in spirit and in truth in my own old New England home. Oh, Ray, if you could but know how beautiful the rugged mountains look, with their bleak crags and draperies of pine forest!—if you could feel the exultant leap of my heart when the first snow-flakes began to drift down among the yellow leaves! and—"

But here Miss Hepsy's voice interrupted them.

"Dinner's ready," she announced, "and you've been talkin' a full half hour here."

"Now, Hepsy, that's simply nonsense," cried Charlie, incredulously.

"Well, if ye don't b'lieve me, you may just look at the clock. Come, Rachel, there's no use lookin' sheepish and hangin' back: they know all about it in t'other room, 'cause Elam's told 'em. Come, Charlie! I don't know whether they raise turkeys in Spain, but if they do I'll stump 'em to beat the one I've got on the table to-day."

And Miss Hepsy, ushering her guests into the banqueting apartment, pointed triumphantly at the unctuous bird, which lay, with smoking sides and skewered wings, upon the very centre of the board.

"There's a turkey for you!" quoth Hepsy.

But we are very much afraid, speaking veraciously, as all chroniclers should, that Rachel Rivers did not properly appreciate Miss Hepsy Barstow's Thanksgiving dinner. She sat at the table like one in a dream, thoughtful, absent, but blushing ever and anon, until, as Elam sagely observed, "the currant jel' wasn't a circumstance to her cheeks."

They walked home together, just "on the edge of the evening," as the quaint old expression goes. Farmer Rivers trudged on first, arm in arm with his plump helpmate, and Rachel followed with Charles Wayland. The night had set in stormy and cold; the wind "keened" sorrowfully through the boughs of the hemlocks and leafless birch-trees that skirted the road; and the snow fell fast and noiselessly around them; but to Rachel it seemed as if she passed over roses, with the sunshine of the tropics raining its gold around her.

For she knew that this Thanksgiving-day, whose sun had gone down behind the dreary mountain-tops, would shine forever in her heart.

VELOCIPEDES.

THE velocipedists have stolen a march on the coming flying man; for while he is busy adjusting the wings with which he intends to navigate the clouds, they have attached wheels to their legs, enabling them to skim the earth with the speed of a fast-trotting horse. The resuscitation of velocipedes—a ninety years' old invention—is due to the *petits crevés* and *cocottes* of Paris. At the present moment, however, they are a mania with all classes, and count among their more fervent partisans princes, dukes, and other titled personages, several high functionaries, and even one staid member of the French Academy. Every alternate Sunday or so velocipede races have taken place in the environs of Paris—at St. Cloud, Vincennes, Enghien, Pantin, and elsewhere. Mounted, too, upon these flying horses, amateurs dash along the crowded thoroughfares of the capital, while adepts at the risk of their lives drive their velocipedes of two wheels—one directly in front of the other—along the narrow stone parapet at the side of the Seine, and down the hundred and one steps of the Trocadéro; rising up in their seats, lying down on their backs, letting go the handle of the vehicle, and throwing both legs over it while performing these daring feats. Government *employés* living in the suburbs ride to their offices every morning on the new iron horse. You may see them on their return journey at night, steering in between the throng of carriages with lighted lanterns swinging in front of them, and with other velocipedes sent out by enterprising tradesmen displaying illuminated advertisements before and aft. The compositors of *Galignani's Messenger* and other newspapers are said to go to and return from work on velocipedes; and several of the collecting clerks of the Bank of France have begun to use them. Provincials stare aghast at these modern centaurs dashing in and out the whirl of vehicles, much as the country people of old did at the apparition of the Thessalonians mounted on the horses which they were the first to tame; while the cabmen of the capital exhibit their hostility by dodging in front of the velocipedists whenever they get the chance, and by chaffing such amateurs as are not sufficiently expert to give them a wide berth. Prices of velocipedes are advertised on the walls, outside the kiosques of the Boulevards, and in all the papers, and announcements of lessons on the art of managing them may be met with in almost every journal, and posted up in all quarters of Paris. The public schools, too, are to have professors to lecture on the new method of locomotion, and to teach the youth of France how to manage the willing steed. Meanwhile the Prince Imperial has been furnished with a "vélocipède de luxe" mounted in rosewood and aluminum bronze.

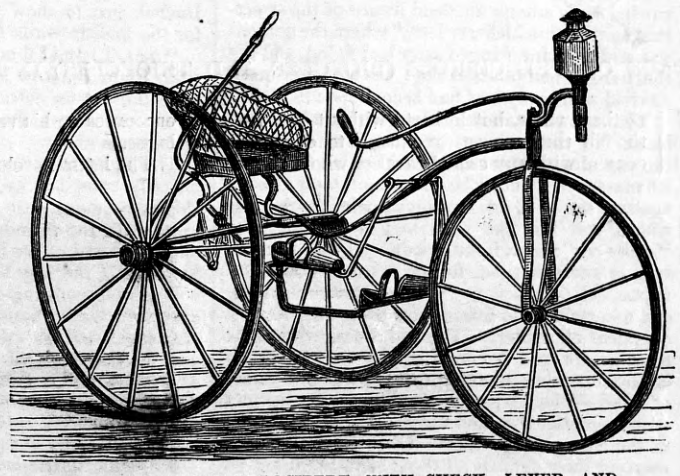
Paris is in a perfect state of frenzy with respect to its new toy. The newspapers call upon the government to order a supply of velocipedes to save the overworked legs of the rural postmen and of the messengers attached to the provincial telegraph bureaux; and even advise a limited number of these vehicles being furnished to infantry regiments, to enable outposts to reconnoitre and to communicate rapidly with the main body of the army. Some, carried away by their enthusiasm, ask why a species of light cavalry, mounted on velocipedes, should not be instituted. It is suggested, too, that life-boat crews on thinly-populated coasts should be provided with velocipedes, by means of which a more rapid assembling of them in time of need might be effected; and, moreover, that gardes champêtres, and country doctors and curés who can not afford the expense of a horse, should travel about on the new vehicles, which, by-the-way, have already penetrated to the provinces, for sea-side loungers, mounted on them, were to be seen at all the Norman and Breton watering-places, and on the shores of the Mediterranean, coursing along the coast. Eccentric sportsmen, too, chase their game with velocipedes; artists use them to go sketching tours, and photographers employ them on distant expeditions.—Guests at country châteaux organize races with velocipedes among themselves, just as here they do games at croquet; and at a recent election contest in the department of the Var, on its being discovered that the government had hired all the public vehicles in Toulon for the day of the election, the partisans of the opposition candidate procured a supply of velocipedes, on which the liberal electors dashed to the poll. Dramatists introduce velocipedes into their pieces; and at several Parisian theatres they play a prominent part in some of the more striking scenes. Caricaturists, however, have turned them most to account, for every week brings forth some pictorial skit in which they occupy the first place. The toy-dealers, too, have not been idle, for you can not pass along the Boulevards without getting your feet entangled in a toy velocipede, mounting a large red lantern—at present a prohibited emblem in Paris—and with the rider working his arms and legs up and down like an ordinary scaramouche, which some enterprising hawker, the better to display its attractions, has set going along the asphalte pavement.

The velocipedes about which the Parisians have run mad at the present moment are of various kinds. Some have two and others three and even four wheels; all have either pedals or reels on which to place the feet, and usually either breaks or levers to regulate the speed. The two-wheel velocipedes, the bicycles as they are styled, are intended for the male sex only, and are by far the swiftest machines. They are usually of wrought iron, and have pedals or reels attached to the front and larger wheel, and the working of which, by a light movement of the feet, gives the requisite impulsion to the vehicle. The saddle is poised on a bar of iron suspended a few inches above the top of the fore-wheel. The hands rest on a handle in front of the machine, which, working on a pivot, serves as a balancing-pole, the equilibrium being preserved by giving a slight twist to this handle. The break, which at once stops the revolving motion of the wheel, is applied by means of a sharper twist. Here are the rules which one of the most skillful amateurs has drawn up for the guidance of beginners:

"Run beside your iron horse, leading it, as it were, with your hand, so as to familiarize yourself with its movements: this will be an affair of a few minutes merely. Then commence practicing with it on a slope, and after mounting it, let it move forward of its own accord, while you occupy yourself with studying the effects produced by the inclination which you give to the balancing-pole or handle of the machine. When you thoroughly understand the action of this, place one foot on the pedal and follow its movements without assisting them. The difficulty with beginners is to restrain the unnecessary expenditure of muscular force; they ordinarily perform ten times the labor that is requisite. Next repeat the experiment on level ground, having both feet on the pedals, and working them alternately with scrupulous regularity. Speed is obtained by simply accelerating this movement.

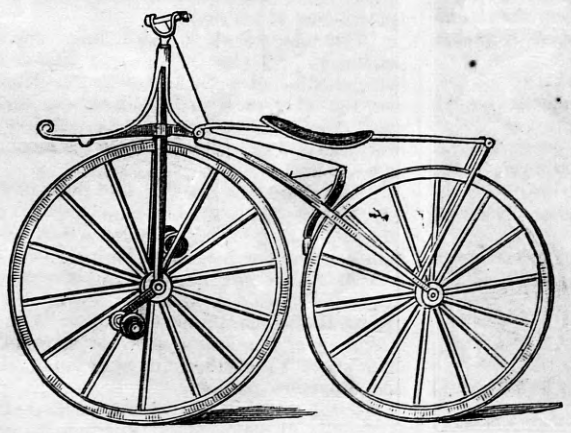
"After an hour or two's practice the tyro will be able to accomplish a distance of from thirty to forty yards without running the risk of an upset. Should the machine incline on one side, all that is necessary to be done is to remove the foot on the same side from the pedal and place it on the ground. This can, of course, only be accomplished when the velocipede is of a moderate height, which, by-the-way, is the proper kind of machine for beginners to make their first essays with.

"To alight, both feet are raised from the pedals at the same instant, which has the effect of slackening the speed of the machine; the feet are then placed simultaneously on the ground without the handle being let go."



THREE-WHEELED VELOCIPEDE, WITH CHECK, LEVER, AND ECCENTRIC STOP.

The tricycle, or three-wheel velocipede, is easier to guide and safer to use than the bicycle; its speed is, however, less rapid, still it can be made to pass a carriage going at full trot. As the fair sex largely patronize this vehicle, the seat is more commodious than that of the bicycle, having sides and back of wicker, and a horse-hair cushion to sit upon. The hind-wheels, though large, are light, and revolve with facility; the fore-wheel, which is smaller, serves to guide the machine, being acted on by means of the handle, which causes it instantly to turn in the direction indicated by the rider. The pedals are shaped like slippers, which facilitates the movements of the legs, and at the same time admits of the foot being disengaged instantaneously. The movement required to impel the machine is a perfectly natural one, analogous, in fact, to that of walking—that is to say, without the slightest pressure of the foot, and certainly without producing any unusual fatigue, for the motion of the leg develops itself, as it were, until the limb becomes fully extended, entirely without effort. In addition to all these advantages, the larger three-wheel velocipedes have a lever which follows the line of the eccentrics attached to the pedals, and fits on to the axles. By assisting the movements of this lever the speed of the vehicle is considerably increased, and a simple pressure against it checks the rotatory movement of the wheel, and stops the progress of the machine. This lever is, in fact, both a means of impulsion and a break.



TWO-WHEELED VELOCIPEDE.

Ordinary two-wheel velocipedes range in price from two hundred up to four hundred francs, according to the completeness of their fittings. Vélocipèdes de luxe mount up almost to any sum. Three-wheel machines are priced at from one hundred and sixty to two hundred and fifty francs, while smaller sizes for children can be purchased for fifty francs. The somewhat numerous et cæteras comprise the requisite instruments in the event of the machine getting out of order on a journey, with a lantern, a grease-box, India rubber cushions for the iron bar in front of the machine on which the legs are generally allowed to rest when not in action, and an indicator to mark the distance traveled.

The speed attained by the swifter kind of velocipedes averages from twelve to thirteen miles an hour; adepts find no difficulty whatever in accomplishing fully fifty miles within five hours without once alighting from their vehicles. A couple of amateurs making a tour through a part of France challenged each other as to which could perform the greatest distance within four-and-twenty hours. One gave in after having accomplished eighty-seven miles; the other went on an additional six-and-thirty miles, making one hundred and twenty-three miles in all. On the 21st of last September a party of nine quitted Rouen early in the morning mounted upon velocipedes, and arrived in Paris in time for dinner the same evening, having performed the distance of eighty-five miles, exclusive of stoppages, at a rate of speed averaging between ten and eleven miles an hour. It should be understood that in impelling a velocipede the limbs are not constantly in motion, as on level ground when the impetus is at the average rate, or when the machine is descending an incline, the feet may be removed from the pedals, and the legs be placed on the bar fixed in front of the velocipede for this purpose. A slight impulsion given to the vehicle from time to time suffices to keep up the speed. The ascent of any incline greater than 1 in 25 is said to be impracticable. When the rider, therefore, encounters a hill of more than average steepness, he has to dismount and lead his velocipede with his hand, which we are told he can do with almost the same ease as he can carry an ordinary walking-stick.

The velocipede races in the suburbs of Paris are ordinarily rather exciting affairs. Advantage is generally taken of some fête-day, when the village selected to be invaded will be certain to be in holiday guise, with tri-color flags flying from the tops of tall Venetian masts, and decking the "Mairie" from roof to basement; when property pasteboard eagles, and laurel wreaths, and imperial crowns and ciphers as brilliant as Dutch metal can make them, and hired for the occasion, will be certain to meet the eye at every turn; and when across the streets a few score colored lamps will be seen suspended, to imply that a *fête de nuit*, in other words, illuminations, fire-works, and dancing and drinking in the booths until midnight, may be counted upon. Perhaps Monsieur le Maire in his tri-color scarf of office will favor the races with his presence. Sapeurs-pompiers, with their broad belts, their big brass helmets, and affected military swagger, are certain to be particularly grand on these occasions, rendering the tall gens d'armes in their large cocked hats, their bulky breeches, their long sabres, and their somewhat ferocious-looking mustaches, more than a trifle jealous. The racing-ground is all marked out with flags, and there is certain to be a large cluster of banners flying at the starting-place, near to which, in some reserved inclosure, scores of velocipedists are exercising their docile steeds. A certain number of them wear jockey-caps and jackets of various-colored silks, and all appear to have their legs incased in high leather boots. The moment of starting arrives, and the competitors are duly drawn up abreast, with as great a distance between each as the width of the course will allow. The fair sex mount on chairs, and wave their little hands, and flourish their pocket-handkerchiefs, and laugh and almost scream with delight as at the grounding of the starter's flag their several favorites dart off, working their legs up and down with such an amount of energy that one can not help thinking a fortnight's exercise upon the tread-mill would be admirable probationary training for this sort of contest. Spite of the exertions of the tall gens d'armes, the crowd closes in behind the competing charioteers, who are consequently soon lost to sight. After the lapse of a few minutes, however, distant shouts and cheers announce their return, and the crowd opens to allow of the passage of the victor, who, drenched in perspiration, and with his legs working up and down with equal regularity and greater speed than the piston of a steam-engine, the safety-valve of which is fastened down, passes the winning-post amidst the cheers and laughter of the crowd, who enjoy the sport more than they would the finest horse-race, and as soon as he has dismounted proceeds to dip his sun-burnt beak into a foaming glass of Strasburg beer.

At these races the average length of the course is 1800 mètres, nearly a mile and a furlong. At Enghien this distance was traversed—a portion of it being over a stone-paved road—in 4 minutes and 25 seconds by a velocipede with two wheels, and in 6 minutes and 28 seconds by a velocipede with three wheels. At Vincennes the same distance took 5 minutes and 5 minutes 45 seconds respectively to accomplish, two-wheel velocipedes only competing. Greater speed was attained at St. Cloud, when the course of 2400 mètres, almost equivalent to a mile and a half, with an incline of 3 in 100 for a third of the distance, was traversed in 4 minutes and 50 seconds; whereas the final race at Vincennes over a level course of 3600 mètres—20 yards short of 2 miles—took 9 minutes and 10 seconds to accomplish. But at these races prizes are not given for speed alone; they are also accorded to those who occupy the longest time in traversing a specified distance, a far more difficult proceeding than accomplishing a mile in a few minutes, as when going at a snail's pace it is almost impossible to preserve the proper balance, and horse and rider are usually both capsized. In a contest of this character at Vincennes, over a course of some 160 yards in length, out of six experienced amateurs who started only one succeeded in reaching the goal. In another race over the same course, where the competitors were deprived of the means of steering their vehicles, out of seven who started only two arrived at the winning-post.

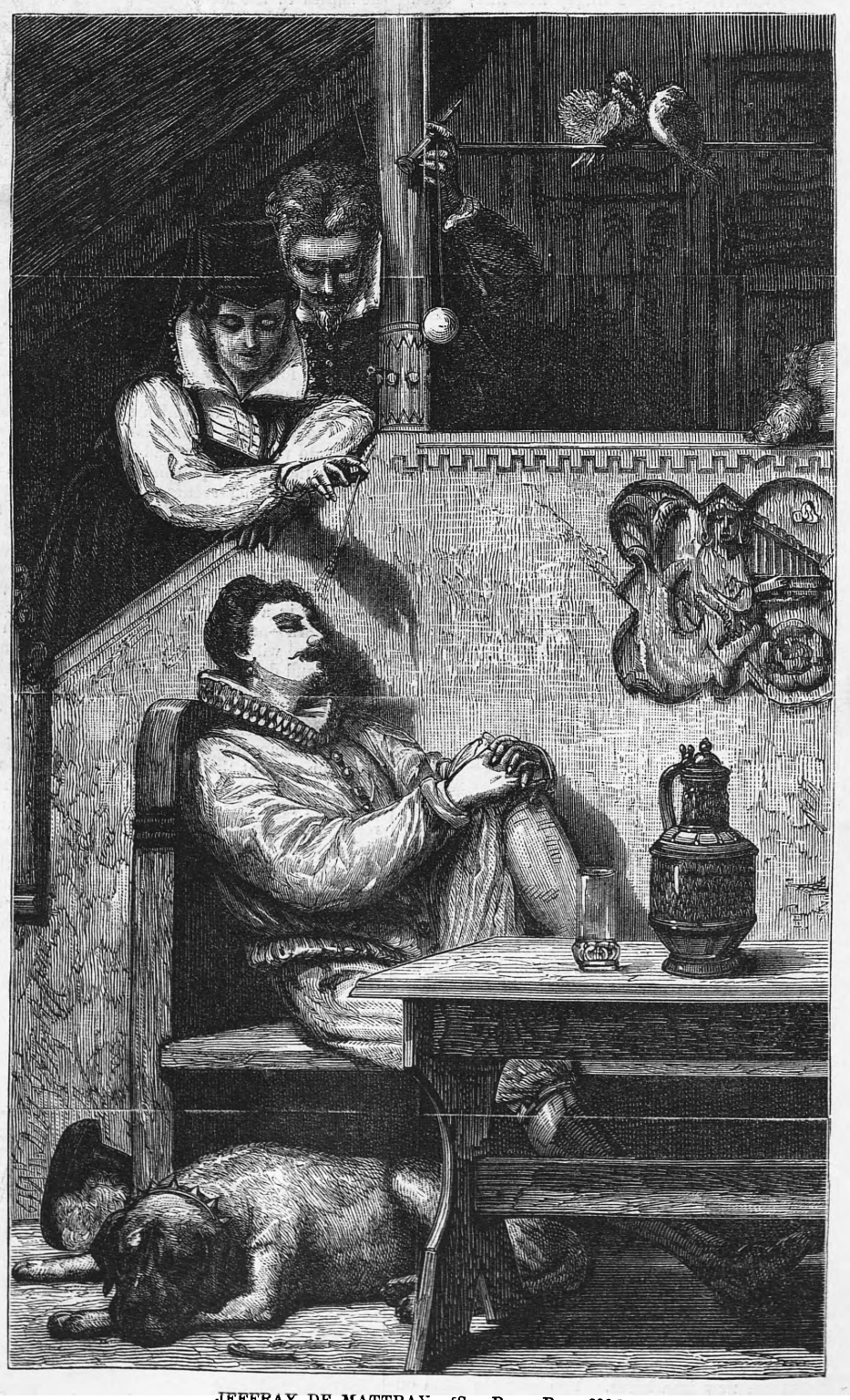
The prizes given at the foregoing contests have been usually gold and silver medals and silver

RACE OF VELOCIPEDES (BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES) IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

cups; now and then, however, money prizes of 500 francs are awarded. Several efforts have been made to induce the fair sex to compete at these races, but hitherto without success, although they are ready enough to engage in a contest with any casual cavalier whom they may encounter on his velocipede in the Bois de Boulogne.

The latest novelty in the velocipede line is the podoscaphe or vélocipède-marin, as it is called, formed of a couple of canoes covered with canvas and joined together by two iron bars, between

SIMONA.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 926.]



JEFFRAY DE MATTRAY.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 926.]

which is a paddle-wheel put in motion by means of two pedals placed at the extremity of the arc. These machines may be constantly seen in action on the lake of the Bois de Boulogne and on the lake at Enghien, and even on the Seine itself opposite the Tuileries. The inventor is sanguine that these machines will eventually attain the same rate of speed as the land velocipede already accomplishes. Quite recently an enterprising amateur offered to wager 10,000 francs that he would cross the channel between Boulogne and Folkestone on a vélocipède-marin within the limit of three hours—wind and weather, we presume, permitting!

BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY;

OR, THE

Adventures and Misadventures of Robert Ainsleigh.

CHAPTER XVII.

OMICHUND, THE ENGLISH ALLY.

THESE conversations, in the course of which Mr. Holwell thus acquainted me with Indian politics, took place in the leisure intervals of two busy lives. My patron's own numerous duties and high responsibilities kept him employed during all the working hours of the day, and during many weary hours in which no one but himself would have cared to work; while I, stimulated by his example, labored as unremittingly in my own humbler function. Nor did I confine myself to a clerk's drudgery, for I had taken to heart Mr. Holwell's remarks on the importance of an acquaintance with the native language, and I devoted a great deal of my spare time to the study of Persian, Hindoostanee, and the vulgar Bengalee, under the tuition of a mild-faced moonshee, who came to my quarters nightly to instruct me in those tongues. With this learned man I read the original Shastah, and its more modern and corrupt versions, and thus became familiar with the theogony of Hindostan, between which and the Greek system, as recorded by Hesiod, I did not fail to find occasional coincidences. It was, indeed, to hard mental labor that I could alone look for distraction from the painful reflections which oppressed me in this early period of my exile. I had now been a year and a half in Bengal, but had received no letter from England, though I had written three times to my benefactress, in each several letter setting forth my griefs with all the persistence of despair. Immediately after my removal from the garrison I had taken advantage of my liberty to write and dispatch two other letters; the first to Mr. Swinfen, of the Temple, to whom I related my sad story in its fullest details, and whom I entreated to take possession of the books and other property I had left in my chambers, among which was the Spanish translation of the *Imitation of Christ*, given to me by Dorothea Hemsley. I did not, of course, fail to inform Mr. Swinfen how kind a friend I had found in Mr. Holwell; nor did I omit to ask his advice upon the legality of my shameful marriage. My second letter was addressed to my old guardian and tutor, Anthony Grimshaw, in whom I scarce doubted I yet possessed a friend, however foully I might have been slandered in his hearing. From him I entreated tidings of those I so fondly loved, and so cruelly had lost. To him also I gave a full account of my adventures, for I was determined that if my wrongs could be righted, the opportunity of righting them should not be lost by any omission on my part.

Having done this I felt somewhat easier in my mind, and better able to devote myself to my daily labors. That was for me a most favorable hour in which my grandfather, Colonel Ainsleigh, had the good fortune to rescue Mr. Holwell's father from the enemy's fire, for I found in this gentleman a constant and affectionate friend. Amply did he repay the debt which he owed my ancestor. He rescued me from a living death, far worse than the swift annihilation of a cannon-ball, and taught me to hope when every circumstance of my life tempted me to despair.

"Your moonshee gives me a most glowing account of your progress, Bob," he said to me one day, after I had been six months an inhabitant of his house. "That old book-worm housesteward, of whom you tell me, seems to have grounded you admirably in Sanscrit, and you have, I think, a natural talent for languages. Rely on it, that a familiarity with the native tongues is the safest stepping-stone to success in this country, and the young Englishmen who neglect such studies are stone-blind to their own interests. Dupleix has profited greatly by the assistance of his Creole wife, who was born and educated in Bengal, and whose familiarity with the language and usages of the people, to say nothing of her natural talent for diplomacy, has enabled her to aid and abet him in all his Oriental intrigues. The day will perhaps come when you will have reason to bless Providence for your forced voyage to the East. The stagnation of affairs in this presidency is but a false calm. Be sure we shall have stirring scenes enough by-and-by, and a hard fight to hold our own. But whatever struggles await us I hope every thing from the English spirit when once fairly aroused. The British lion is a beast that sleeps long and soundly, but God help his enemies in the hour of his awakening! The French have been for a long time past trying to show us the road to glory, and I think young Clive is beginning to show them that we are capable of learning the lesson. And now, Robert, I want you to put aside your respectable moonshee for to-night, and come with me to a festival that is to be given by our friend and ally the Omichund, a Gentoo merchant, and one of the most remarkable men in this country."

"I shall be proud to accompany you, Sir. But, pray, in what does Mr. Omichund's chief merit or genius consist?"

"Why, faith, Bob, if the truth must be told, I think his chief gift is that which most rapidly wins a man distinction at home, in our native country, as well as among these unenlightened heathens. He has the true Gentoo genius for making money, and for the last forty years has devoted all the forces of his mind to that delightful occupation. Our Company has allowed him to provide more of our investments than any other contractor, and by this indulgence on our part—which is against our own rules—and sundry other privileges, he has become the richest man in the colony. His trade extends to the uttermost limits of Bengal and Behar, and his influence with the officers of Allaverdy's court at Muxadavad is so considerable that we sometimes stoop to employ him as our mediator when we want to get the ear of the nabob. Not a very honorable position for John Company, is it, Bob? But I live in hope the day will come when John will no longer prostrate himself with eight members before the Mahometan musnud; but will stand erect and defend his hardly-won privileges at the point of the sword. In the mean time we are about to make a serious change in our trading arrangements, and to retrench Mr. Omichund's privileges in a manner which will, I fear, sorely vex that pious Gentoo's soul. Yet it is but one of the trials which he has a right to expect in this ninth stage of purgation. The truth of the matter is, that we have discovered a very serious decline in the qualities of the merchandise provided by his agency, together with as serious an advance in its price. But the man is useful, and it would be a dangerous thing for us to offend him, for which reason I have accepted his to-night's invitation to a nâtch. Nothing gratifies these people more than the presence of Europeans at their festivals."

OMICHUND'S NATCH.

We were carried to Omichund's house in palanquins. Calcutta, when I first knew it, had been in existence less than fifty years, and was but a sorry assemblage of bamboo huts and the curious open shops of the natives, interspersed with occasional large and sometimes handsome houses belonging to Armenian, native, and English merchants; while here and there an insignificant building of painted brick and plaster, surmounted by three small domes, proclaimed itself the temple of the Mahometan faith; but how different from the pompous mosque of St. Sophia, or the Jumma Musjeed (chief cathedral) of Delhi, with its rich blending of dark-red sandstone and pure white marble! At the corner of a road we passed a mean and dirty tawny skins, and shone only less brightly than their piercing black eyes; the crowd of servants, of whom my companion informed me Mr. Omichund possessed three hundred, and who were augmented by the retainers brought by his visitors; the buzzing of many tongues, the confusion of perpetual movement, and the curious inharmonious native music—combined to render the scene one of dazzling bewilderment to my unaccustomed senses. This was indeed an introduction to fairy-land, and its utter novelty for the moment carried me completely out of myself.

Now began the amusement of the evening. A band of public dancing-girls advanced into the centre of the hall, and performed a strange barbaric dance, which had in it few elements of European dancing. Nothing did I ever behold so devoid of loveliness, for while the arms, body, and head were exercised in every variety of contortion, the feet, though constantly moving, never stirred from the same spot. Whatever dramatic story might be told by the performance—and the changeful expression of the dancers' countenances seemed to have some dramatic significance—was beyond my humble faculties, and if it was by such strained movements and monotonous posturings that the daughter of Herodias danced St. John the Baptist's head off his shoulders, I can but deprecate the bad taste of Herod as much as I abhor his cruelty. Both Mr. Holwell and myself grew heartily weary of this performance, during which we discovered that the splendor of Omichund's palace did not exempt us from the natives courge of mosquitoes, which venomous insects tormented us throughout the evening.

Immediately upon the conclusion of the dance, the great Gentoo merchant espied us, and advanced to welcome Mr. Holwell with demonstrative respect. They talked together for some time in Hindoostanee, and I had ample leisure in which to observe Mr. Omichund. He was a man of advanced years, forty of which he had spent in the harassing pursuit of wealth. Time thus employed had left its traces upon a countenance that had once been handsome, and which was of the most refined native type. But in the expression of that countenance I read only evil. A crafty nature had set its seal upon every feature of the Gentoo's face. While the flexile mouth expressed only meekness and submission, the restlessness of the observant eyes belied its amiable tranquillity; and in those bright and watchful eyes I fancied I could discover a latent fierceness that augured ill for Mr. Omichund's enemies.

He had evidently got wind of the discussions respecting him that had taken place in council, and of the intention to reduce his privileges, and it was with reference to this that he shaped his conversation to-night.

"I have been a faithful servant to the Honorable Company, Mr. Holwell Sahib," he said, "and have stood between my honorable masters and the nabob's anger many times. The English do not know the nabob as Omichund knows him. These Mahometans are all false; they are false as lies. With one hand they will sign a treaty, while with the other they invoke Allah's vengeance on the party to the bond. Do not let the Honorable Company trust the nabob unless they have a friend at the Durbar—an Indian like Omichund, who has spent his life among these Mahometans and knows how to deal with them. The Honorable Company have hidden enemies at the Durbar. The French governor, Dupleix, is very powerful—oh, he is great and powerful, like the old Nizam, and has a head like him to plot and plan. Governor Dupleix and Jan Begum, his wife, have their spies every where. She writes many letters—clever letters—that win friends for Dupleix and the French; for she knows these Mahometans, but not as Omichund knows them. She has not had forty years of dealings with them, as he has. The French are better liked in Bengal than the English; and if the Honorable Company does not keep a friend at the Durbar there will be danger, much danger."

"From what quarter, Omichund?" asked Mr. Holwell, quietly.

"From the French, from the old nabob, and still more from his grand-nephew, Mirza Mahmud, who will succeed him, and who hates the English. He has the heart of a tiger, that young man, with the courage of a rat, and he loves only evil. Let the Honorable Company trust Omichund, and he will by-and-by show them wonderful things and gain them great friends. It is not so sure that Mirza Mahmud shall succeed to the musnud."

"Indeed! And who is the pretender?"

"It is too soon to tell you that; Omichund knows many secrets, and has much power. It will be well for the Honorable Company if they treat him generously. But if they rob me of hard-won privileges—nay, Sahib, I am not the man to threaten," said the merchant, checking himself suddenly, but with an ominous light in his eyes that was in itself a threat.

"I know that Omichund also has enemies," he went on, in a more tranquil tone, "enemies who grudge him the wealth he has earned by prudence and unremitting toil and faithful service to his honorable masters, and those slanderous tongues would do him evil with the honorable council. But his honorable masters are too wise to listen to such base whisperers. They know they have a good friend in Omichund."

To this, and much more to the same effect, did Mr. Holwell listen with that inscrutable calm which was one of his finest gifts. He had indeed a rare aptitude for business, and a genius for coping with the difficulties and niceties of a perplexing position.

"I am but an insignificant member of the council, Omichund," he said at last, "and have little power to influence its decisions. Rely upon it the Company are grateful for all faithful service, and in any thing they may do will be influenced only by conscientious motives. But let me not detain you too long from your Gentoo friends, who will be ill-pleased if you devote all your attention to a single English guest."

On this our host quitted us, but not without many obeisances and Oriental compliments.

"The old fox has been informed of our intentions with regard to him," Mr. Holwell observed to me when Omichund had left us, "and I suspect he means mischief. Nothing could be more unwise than to employ him as we have employed him, except this culminating folly of diminishing his privileges. We suffer the man to become possessed of inordinate power, and choose the moment when he is strongest to offer him mortal offense. Upon my word, Bob, this management of affairs in Bengal is about the prettiest comedy of errors that was ever enacted."

The time came, and but too speedily, when Mr. Holwell had occasion to denominate the mismanaged business of Calcutta a tragedy, and not a comedy, of errors.

Before he could say more to me we were escorted to the supper-room, where we found ourselves placed at one of the highest tables, to partake of a sumptuous banquet, amidst the hubbub of some five hundred attendants and the discordant noise of barbarous Hindoo music.

JEFFRAY DE METTRAY.

See Illustration on page 924.

They say thee false and do thee wrong,
Jeffray! Jeffray!
Although thou art the properest man
In all Mettray:
They call thee by a name that sounds
Like—popinjay!

Thy doublet's orange-tawny stripe
With azure blends;
Starch of the couleur d'Isabel
Thy ruff distends;
Thy leg, in amber hose, and thou
Art best of friends.

And yet they flout at thee apart,
Jeffray! Jeffray!
A chaffinch hath a larger heart,
Our gossips say,
And would in love feel keener smart;
Alack the day!

To feast thou dost delight, and then
To take thine ease,
Till fair Jehane, who every eye
Save thine can please,
Comes stealing with a barley-ear
To touch and tease.

'Tis said that any living man
His ears would lose
For bright Jehane thy cousin's sake,
Whom thou dost use
No better than to bid her hence—
That thou mayst snooze!

Jehane the fair! Jehane the fresh!
The rose of May!
Art thou so fond of thy sweet self
That, day by day,
Thou seest her and yet seest her not,
Jeffray! Jeffray!

SIMONA.

See Illustration on page 924.

A tale of Florence in the former days;
Of her whose eyes were not the bright bluebell,
No rose her lips, her hair no sunflower's blaze;
Yet happy spring were that, if ever fell
On leaf or flower, in garden, wood, or dell,
Tints, O Simona! warm and bright as thine,
As warm as those which Pasquin loved so well;
And happy earth were that on which should shine
A heaven as deeply blue as thy deep liquid eyne!

A tale of Florence in the olden time;
Of fair Simona, who had little here
But love; and once, in that all-golden clime,
Sat spinning wool till Pasquin should appear
Beneath her window. Sudden on her ear
His footstep fell: joy trembled in her eyes;
And as her wheel went round she murmured, "Near,
Nearer he comes: to bring me wool he hies!"
And then she kissed her wheel with secret smiles and sighs.

Thus on, from day to day, came snowy wool—
Her web was perfect as her face was fair—
Till the pure moon of their young love was full,
And in a summer morning debonair,
When songs of birds filled all the buxom air,
Her distaff fell upon the ground, and she
Gave sweet consent. There was a garden there
Without the walls, for love and reverie
A paradise; thither to come they did agree.

And so, on Sunday came. Lagine, her friend,
Was with Simona; he Puccino took;
For base-bred custom to these bonds did bend
True love, who could such bondage scarcely brook.
So, long time on the setting sun did look
Simona and her fere; but when Lagine
Wandered far westward with her friend, a nook,
A mossy nook, o'erarched with glooming green,
Made a brief silent twilight for their loves unseen.

O Love, who makest life sweet and yet so sad!
What fate directed Pasquin, canst thou tell,
To that fair-seeming midnight weed, and bad
His burning lips to press it, till he fell
Prone, dying, on the grass in that green dell?
Night's lasting shadow sudden from his bride
Divided him—from her he loved so well:
He saw her not, but felt from side to side
With quivering hands; once called her dearest name, and died.

She thought it but some transitory pain,
Till Death with hasty touch his roseate hue
Defiled with livid spots, the poison's stain;
His brow, so bright but now, so loathly grew,
That she, even she, recoiled; Hope, sighing flew,
Last consolation. Curious neighbors came,
As men will come to see some sorry view,
In numbers; and Lagine, with face of flame,
Cried, "Thou hast poisoned him, to thine eternal shame!"

Simona nothing heard; but dumb and still,
Still as upon a grave a frozen stone,
Sat with her sunny head bowed down, until
They haled her to the judge; where, all alone
In that cold crowd, she wept her darling gone.
Already more than half condemned she stood
Before him, who, touched by her constant moan,
Could not but think of her less ill than good;
And so, by his command, they came to that drear wood.

Drear now, though purfled still with azure bells
And white, to her who sees no more their bloom;
And there, with many a tear, she slowly tells
The story of her love, its early tomb;
How happier told than now! but still the doom
Of death was urged by that blood-thirsty crowd,
Whose holy hate for mercy left no room;
And still upon her hands her head she bowed,
While ever for her blood that Moloch murmured loud.

Again, with pleading eyes, she searches round,
But reads no faith in this her simple tale;
Then, where her love lay stark, there from the ground
She plucks a leaf of that dire weed, and, pale,
Lays it upon her lips—fond lovers, wail!
Yet, no; for she has gone where Hope no more
May fear misfortune. Happy pair, to fail
In that same hour, and walk that silent shore
Together; happier still if with that love of yore!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WINNIE AND OTHERS.—We will soon give full information about evening dresses. Your sample was too small to give any idea of the pattern.

ANNIE JENKINS.—The glove should match the traveling suit in color. Wear a standing collar of linen with Valenciennes edge. A lace bow in front. Fichus of the material of the dress are worn in the house. Young married ladies wear lace caps as a part of their morning attire. The article you mention is commended by those who use it.

NELLIE.—As you are slight you can wear a loose polonaise belted in at the waist. Trim with a plaited frill of corded silk raveled at the edges about half an inch. Trim only on the cuffs and arm-holes. Belt of narrow folds of silk and a short sash with quilling at the ends.

B.—Gros grain and faille are heavy corded silks. Three or four dollars will buy excellent gros grain, though there are much finer qualities. Make a black cashmere petticoat. Striped petticoats are frequently made without flounces. Trim your poplin with a pleated ruffle of silk.

FRANK MARCUS.—Make your wrapper a long, loose Gabrielle with hood. The back is almost tight-fitting, the front quite loose. A belt with loops and ends behind. Coat-sleeves. The trimming is white braid an inch wide, with three narrower rows above it, surrounding the entire garment. White silk quilted in revers on the front is also pretty. Satin pleated frills would trim your brown silk handsomely, made in small box-pleats sewed top and bottom, then caught together in the centre, forming a honey-comb pattern. Gray cashmere is being used for traveling dresses. It is trimmed with folds of satin and fringe.

MRS. G. L. M.—A French cashmere shawl at $50 is probably the wrapping you want. You will find it at any of the large Broadway stores.

GEORGIE GRANT.—You can easily make the tirettes yourself with some rings and cord purchased at any fancy store. Use chambery gauze, gilt or silver shot with a color over your silk. If this is not thick enough to hide the soil turn the silk dress. The gauze is from $1 25 to $2 75 a yard.

ANGELA.—Your empress cloth will make a very nice suit, trimmed with bias silk bands and fringe, or merely scalloped and bound with silk. Make the upper skirt with five widths gored and looped high on the sides. A flounce on the petticoat. The bonnet matches the over-garment.

MRS. E. A. W. C.—The book can be obtained from France by any importer. It has never been translated.

CONSTANT READER.—Quilted silk or satin hoods are either fanchon shaped or square, trimmed with a narrow band of fur of the same width all around.

ADAL.—White lace over your silk skirt will be suitable. Make a low square corsage of silk with inside chemisette and sleeves of tulle or lace. Two long strands of short flowing curls are placed between small finger puffs of your own hair. The front is arranged in *crêpés*, or a Pompadour roll with frizzed curls on the forehead. Flower jewelry is still worn.

ION.—You will find information about a Watteau cloak in the Supplement of *Bazar* No. 55. The prices of velvet are given in the New York Fashions of the same paper.

VIOLANTE.—Pale blue or lavender silks will suit for your evening dresses. If you have natural color you can also wear the sulphur green. Make a trained skirt with panier. Trim with white satin and lace. White muslin over colored silk will continue in favor during the winter, and is suitable for debutantes. Short dancing dresses will be greatly worn.

HOUSEKEEPER.—We know nothing of the vaunted cement you speak of, but it can hardly be better than the famous "diamond cement," the composition of which is thus given by Dr. Ure: "Take of isinglass one ounce, distilled water six ounces, boil these together until reduced to three measured ounces of liquid; then add a fluid ounce and a half of rectified spirit of wine. Boil the whole together for two minutes; strain it, and while hot add to it, first, half an ounce of strong milky emulsion of gum ammoniacum, and then five drachms of an alcoholic solution of mastic."

MOTHER.—Doses of medicine are regulated according to age. Thus if a table-spoonful is required by a grown person a child of one year will require one-twelfth, a child of two years one-eighth, a child of three one-sixth, a child of four one-fourth, a child of seven one-third, a child of fourteen one-half, etc.

NURSE.—The proper temperature for a warm bath is 98° Fahrenheit, if for a child it should never exceed this. The time to remain in it varies from ten minutes to an hour. Twenty-five minutes is a medium.

BABIE.—In *Bazar* No. 24 you will find a pattern and full description of an infant's cloak. Lace hoods for small infants are illustrated in the same paper. Hoods knit of white zephyr, in patterns imitating lace, cost from $2 50 to $4. The handsomest are ornamented with pearl beads, and overcast with floss. White cashmere hoods cost from $6 to $12. Satin from $10 to $20.—"The small red mark between the upper eyelid and eyebrow" should not be interfered with, at any rate by any one but a capable surgeon. It is probably one of those harmless spots called "moles" or "mother's marks."

MRS. J. B. B.—We have said repeatedly that we can not promise special patterns.

R. M.—Send your order to any of the establishments whose names appear at the end of our article on that subject (*lingerie*). Colored paniers and tunics are worn over black dresses. A black silk panier looks well with any dress, either colored or black. A kind of peasant waist, made low and square, should be made of the material of the panier. Make a jockey basque or else a large fan-like bow to be worn at the back of your black silk, or add panier puffs in the way described in *Bazar* No. 52. Get a brown cloth or a gray poplin for your street suit. We have frequently given directions for making such suits. Your hand is remarkably small. The Venus de Medici, considered the most beautiful model of the female figure, is five feet two inches in height.—This is a good lotion for the "little black spots called worms that sometimes appear in the pores of the face:"

Borax	9 grains.
Rose-water	2 drachms.
Orange flower water	2 drachms.

Mix.

An infusion of tea or peppermint, and water with a few drops of Cologne, applied warm, are also good.

MRS. WILLIAM J. T.—Make a round cape falling to the waist. Wear a belt with short sash ends behind trimmed with lace.

ADA.—Make your blue silk a single skirt with train trimmed with wide bias ruffle. The corsage is square necked, with Maria Theresa sleeves. See illustration in *Harper's Bazar* No. 52. The black silk is also long with a tunic or paniers. Round waist. Coat-sleeves are small at the wrist like a gentleman's coat. Your bonnet should be white uncut velvet.

MRS. M. E. G.—Make either the Watteau or Camargo cloak. Patterns in *Bazar* No. 55. Velvet waists are still worn. Handsome gros grain at $6 a yard is now preferred to moiré antique. Twelve yards make a trained dress. Read the answer to Ada. We gave in the Answers to Correspondents in *Bazar* No. 50 directions for dressing natural hair. Hooped skirts worn with trains measure about three yards around the bottom. Gored petticoats made with train, and flounced on all but the front width, are worn over the hoop skirt. Make your house sacque short and loose with revers front, coat-sleeve, and trimming of bias silk with several rows of machine stitching.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Your question is too general for a specific answer. Make known your particular wants and we will attempt to satisfy them.

B.—The course of instruction in the School of Design of the "Cooper Union" of New York is as follows: Drawing from Casts; Drawing from Life; Painting in Oil and Water Colors; Design and Composition; Modeling in Clay; Elementary Principles for Teachers; Lectures upon Art Anatomy, Composition Anatomy, etc.; Lectures upon Systematic and Structural Botany; Lectures upon Primitive Forms, viz.: Action, Motion, Proportion, etc.; Lectures upon Manners, Customs, Implements. The instruction is gratuitous, and all that is required for admission to its privileges is satisfactory reference as to character. Pupils of both sexes are received.

AMERICAN BELLES.

ALL women know that it is *beauty*, rather than *genius*, which all generations of men have worshipped in the sex. Can it be wondered at, then, that so much of woman's time and attention should be directed to the means of developing and preserving that beauty? Women know, too, that when men speak of the intellect of women, they speak critically, tamely, coolly; but when they come to speak of the charms of a beautiful woman, both their language and their eyes kindle with an enthusiasm which shows them to be profoundly, if not, indeed, ridiculously in earnest. It is part of the natural sagacity of women to perceive all this, and therefore employ every allowable art to become the goddess of that adoration. Preach to the contrary as we may against the arts employed by women for enhancing their beauty, there still stands the eternal fact, that the world does not prefer the society of an ugly woman of genius to that of a beauty of less intellectual acquirements.

The world has yet allowed no higher mission to woman than to be beautiful, and it would seem that the ladies of the present age are carrying this idea of the world to greater extremes than ever, for all women now to whom Nature has denied the talismanic power of beauty, supply the deficiency by the use of a most delightful toilet article known as the "Bloom of Youth," which has lately been introduced into this country by GEORGE W. LAIRD, a delicate beautifier which smoothes out all indentations, pock-marks, furrows, scars, and imparts alabaster skins, blooming cheeks, and furrowless faces. With the assistance of this new French trick of a lady's toilet, female beauty is destined to play a larger part in the admiration of man and the ambition of woman than all the arts employed since her creation.

FACETIÆ.

An honest countryman presented himself the other day at one of our noted photographer's. "I wish you to take my father's picture," said he. "Was your father ever photographed here?" asked the artist. "Not that I know of." "Well, bring him as soon as you like." "But I can't," rejoined the countryman, wiping away a tear; "he died a fortnight ago." "Why didn't you say so at once?" exclaimed the photographer. "You have a picture of him, of course?" "If I had, what should I want of another?" answered the countryman. "Here is a description of him," drawing a paper from his pocket, "and try to make it as like him as you can."

When does a man overcome the inactivity of an inanimate object?—When he makes an umbrella *stand*.

The Sphinx.—An uninformed Irishman hearing the Sphinx alluded to in company, whispered to a companion, "Who is Sphinx?" "A monster man." "Oh," said our Hibernian, in order not to seem unacquainted with the family, "a Munster man! I thought he was from Connaught."

We met with an odd misprint in a country newspaper the other day. It stated that a young lady at an amateur concert had won a well-deserved encore by the exquisite taste with which she sang the well-worn old song, "An Angel's *Whisker*." This is nearly as good as the famous paragraph which, by the substitution of a "c" for an "h," made a railway train run over a cow, and "cut it into *calves*." We read once, too, in an account of an assault case, that the medical witness, on examining the complainant's head, found an incised wound there which was "two inches long and *some feet* deep." "Some feet" was a misprint for "somewhat," very badly written. The reporter was a Scotchman, and, having missed the exact depth of the wound, had cautiously indulged in a vague generality. Dean Stanley stated at a public meeting a few months ago, that a correspondent once wrote to him to ask what he meant by a passage in one of his works containing the words "the horns of the burning beast." On reference, he found that this was the humorous way in which a printer had chosen to reproduce "the thorn of the burning bush."

An Inhuman Act—Pulling down "the blind."

New Music.—An ugly old bachelor suggests that births should be published under the head of "New Music."

This epitaph is found in a Western church-yard:

"Here lies the Mother of Children five;
Two are dead and three are alive,
The two that are dead preferring rather
To die with the Mother than live with the Father."

Heavy, this, on the father.

Cold Wether—Mutton.

Desirable Residence.—A few days ago a suite of rooms was advertised at a sea-side resort as having among its attractions "A splendid view over a fine garden adorned with numerous sculptures." On application at the address given it was found that the garden adorned with sculptures was the cemetery.

TO THOSE IN WANT OF A PET.

An excellent opportunity is offered by the sale of a menagerie. Thousands wish to possess a wild and even dangerous animal, particularly those residing in the suburbs, where burglars abound. Boffin has, to our knowledge, made overtures for the purchase of a panther, which he proposes to keep in a kennel in the back-garden to look after the cats. He objects to pet vultures, he says, as their propensities might prove detrimental to the heads of families. Spooney people are informed that for twenty-five dollars they can procure a bright gazelle, to glad them with its dark brown eye; and that such animals are warranted, on coming to know them (the spooney people) well, not to go and pine or die. Should they prove guilty of pining, the money will be returned. Boa constrictors are cheap and ornamental; also useful to those possessing an inconveniently large family. Any lady or gentleman possessed of three sets, twins, will find a boa constrictor really economical in the end—in fact, at both ends. Any lion, moose, or rampant zebra found strolling about the public streets after purchase, *without a muzzle*, will immediately be avoided by the police. Bears and seals are good things for ladies to buy, for when you get tired of them you can cut them up for winter jackets. People having expectations from maiden aunts are advised to invest in an ant-eater.

"The Light of other Days"—Wax-candles.

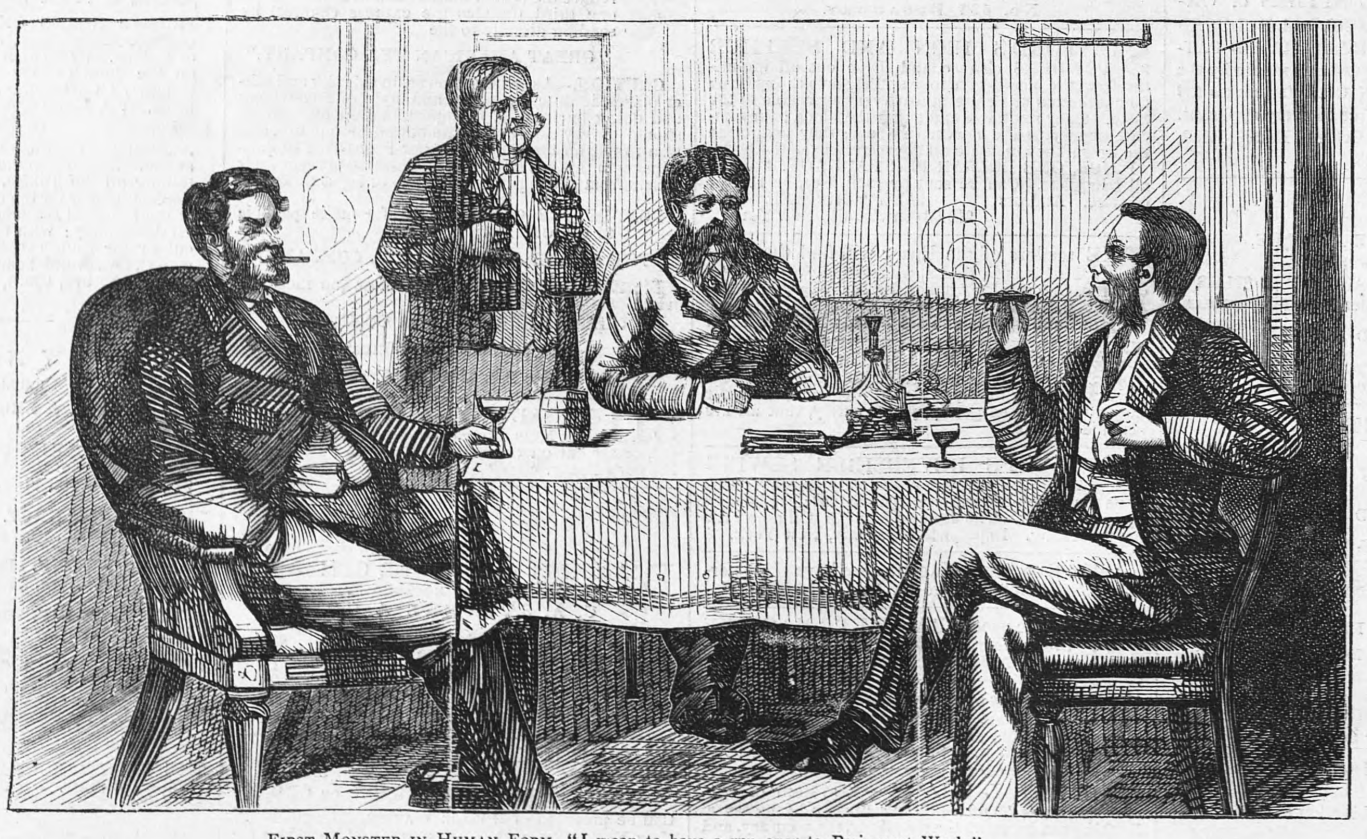
Each to his Post.—A good story is told with regard to a "daft" man and a somnolent congregation. Whenever any of his hearers began to "nod," the minister observed that "daft Jamie" aroused them somewhat sharply by shooting pease at them. Catching the eye of the delinquent at last, he shook his finger at him reprovingly; but "Jamie" responded, not a whit abashed, "Just gang on wi' your sermon, minister, and I'll keep the beggars waukin'."

A Family Likeness—Not (as a rule) a Family Picture.

"AYE, MARRY IS IT!"

Mr. Boffin (*fiercely*). "And you must remember, Miss, that it is a very solemn thing to be Married."
Miss Boffin (*reflectively*). "Well, I should think it's a much more solemn thing not to be Married, Pa."

Old Lady. "What a beautiful little Darling, to be sure! Is it a Girl, Nurse?"
Aristocratic Nurse. "No, Mum."
Old Lady. "Then it is a little Boy, the Dear?"
Nurse. "No, Mum."
Old Lady (*astonished*). "What on earth is it, then?"
Nurse. "A Young Gentleman, Mum."



First Monster in Human Form. "I mean to have a run over to Paris next Week."
Second Monster in Human Form. "Are you going for Pleasure, or d'ye take your Wife with you?"

HOW TO ACT IN THE EVENT OF A BURGLARY.

1. Lie very still, and draw the bed-clothes over your head.
2. Sit up and listen.
3. Pinch your wife, and tell her she ought to be ashamed of herself.
4. Tell her to go down stairs and see what's the matter.
5. Call out for the servant to order the robbers off the premises.
6. If the burglars still persist in their nefarious occupation, go on the landing, and ask them if they know what they're about
7. If they don't desist now, make your wife tell them that in your opinion they are wicked men, and that you have a great mind to be very angry.
8. Say you are very dangerous when you are once roused.
9. Beg them to leave quietly, and so obviate the necessity of a disturbance in the house.
10. Ask them if they wouldn't like some cold meat and pickles, and a glass of beer and a pipe.
11. Let them have what they like, do what they like, and give them a dollar each besides. When they've gone, bring out your pistols and send for a policeman.
12. Go to bed again, and say that the only reason why you didn't go down stairs at first, punch all their heads, shoot them, and take them prisoners, was that you didn't want to disturb the neighbors.

Cruel.—A man was dying. He had a friend—an author. The friend came to him. To comfort him? No! to read a manuscript. He produced a packet, and drew his chair to the bedside of the dying man. "Only a few chapters," he said, insinuatingly. "But, my dear friend," urged the faint voice of the departing one, "I've only an hour to live." What was the reply? "Yes, yes, I know all that, but this will only take you twenty minutes."

Experience of Travel.—A rather fast youth was relating the experience of his voyage across the ocean to a sympathizing friend. Said he, "I tell you what, old fellow, there's one good thing about it, though. You can get as tight as you please every day, and every body thinks you're only sea-sick."

A poor Irish cripple sat begging at a bridge, urging his appeal to the charity of passengers with the eager and versatile eloquence of his country. A gentleman and lady—young, gay, handsome, with that peculiar look of gratified and complacent consciousness which indicates the first few weeks of married life—crossed the bridge. They regarded not the petition of the beggar; so, just as they passed him, he exclaimed, "May the blessing of the Lord, which brings love, and joy, and wealth, and a fine family, follow you all the days of your life"—a pause; the couple passed heedlessly on, and the beggar, with a fine touch of caustic humor, added, "and never overtake you."

Graphic Name for a Horse.—A professor of Alma Mater, having purchased a horse to go a journey, wished to give his Bucephalus a classical name, and applied to a friend to help him with an appellation. "Call him Graphy," said his friend. "Graphy!" exclaimed the professor: "do you think I am going to write upon his back?" "Pshaw!" replied the collegian, "the name is perfectly applicable. First, you purchase the horse—that is *bi-o*-graphy; second, you mount him—that's the *top-o*-graphy; lastly, you make your journey, and that's the *geo*-graphy."

Questionable Satisfaction.—A lodger looked very discontentedly at a beef-steak, and the landlady having observed him, said, "Don't the steak suit you?" "Yes," said the lodger, "it's good enough what there is of it; and there's enough of it, such as it is."

An Awful Deformity, poor Thing—Three-handed Loo.

Shaking Hands.—At a duel the parties discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interfered, and proposed that the combatants should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary; "for," said he, "their hands have been shaking this half hour."

The Height of Satisfaction—Handling a dentist's tweezers when the tooth is out.

RINGS IN DEMAND.

What ring do the ladies most desire?—The wedding ring.

What ring is most pleasing to every body?—The ring for dinner.

What ring is most profitable?—The whisky ring.

What ring is best in time of trouble?—The ring of the true metal.

What persons wish they had been out of the ring?—The "lame ducks" of the late "corn ring."

What ring is the most powerful?—The gold ring.

What ring do children most enjoy?—"Ring around a rosey."

What ring is most fashionable?—The ring in the ear.

What ring should be sacred to us all?—The ring of the church bells.

What ring startles every one?—The ring of the fire bells.

What ring is most detestable?—Trying to "wring in."

An imaginative Irishman gave utterance to this lamentation: "I returned to the halls of my fathers by night, and found them in ruins! I cried out aloud, 'My fathers, where are they?' And echo responded, 'Is that you, Patrick M'Carthy?'"

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 59.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Bridal Toilettes.

THESE bridal toilettes are partly for young girls and partly for widows. Those for young girls require a veil. The dresses are of white gros grain or satin, or they may be of fine India or Swiss muslin. The skirts are gored and with trains. The waists are mostly worn high, though they are sometimes cut very low in front and finished with a high chemisette, or a blouse may be worn instead of the waist, in which case it is cut out in front. Sashes are always of the same material as the dress.

Fig. 1. BRIDAL TOILETTE FOR WIDOW.—Dress and sash of white satin trimmed with wide silk fringe. The wreath and bouquet are of myrtle. Cut the skirt from the pattern given for the Norderney Dress in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 30, p. 473, making allowance, however, for the train. Cut the waist from Figs. 41–44 of the Supplement. The illustration shows the manner of arranging the trimming.

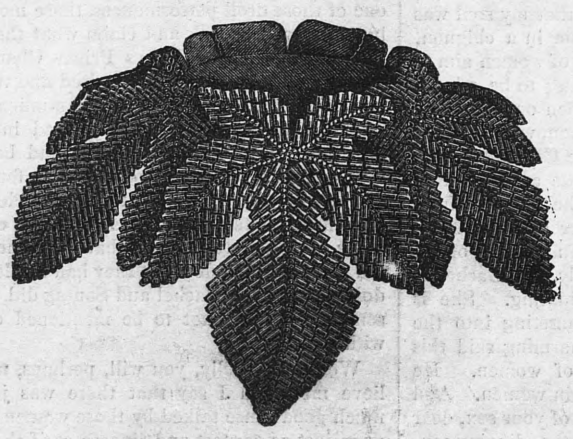


Fig. 1.—CANDLESTICK ORNAMENT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXVIII., Fig. 59.

OPERA-GLASS CASE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXVII., Figs. 56–58.

Fig. 2. BRIDAL TOILETTE FOR YOUNG GIRL.—This dress is of Swiss muslin. The waist is high and cut out in front; the neck, wrists, and shoulder seams are trimmed with a narrow ruche of muslin. The chemisette is high and of guipure. The skirt is gored and trimmed with four muslin flounces in the manner shown by the illustration. Cut the waist, which is lined with silk, from Figs. 41–44, Supplement. The front is cut out along the straight line on this pattern. Wreath and bouquet of orange flowers. Veil of plain silk lace.

Fig. 3. BRIDAL TOILETTE FOR WIDOW.—Dress of white gros grain with high waist. Marie Antoinette fichu of white Valenciennes. Myrtle flowers in the hair. Cut the waist from Figs. 41–44, Supplement.

Fig. 4. BRIDAL TOILETTE FOR YOUNG GIRL.—White satin dress with high waist and sash. The trimming is of wreaths and sprays of orange blossoms. Orange flowers form the wreath on the head. Veil of silk lace. For making the waist cut of satin, and muslin as lining, from Figs. 41 and 42, Supplement, each two pieces, from Fig. 43 one piece, and from Fig. 44 the sleeves. First take up the darts and face the fronts; put on the buttons and make button-holes; join the back,

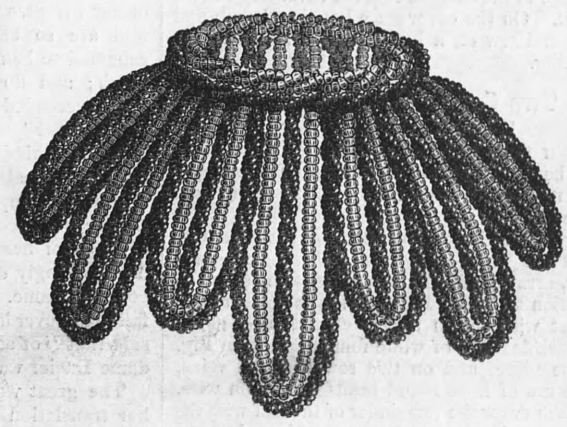


Fig. 2.—CANDLESTICK ORNAMENT.

Fig. 1.—BRIDAL TOILETTE FOR WIDOW. Fig. 2.—BRIDAL TOILETTE FOR YOUNG GIRL. Fig. 3.—BRIDAL TOILETTE FOR WIDOW. Fig. 4.—BRIDAL TOILETTE FOR YOUNG GIRL.
Fig. 5.—BRIDAL TOILETTE FOR YOUNG GIRL.—[For pattern of Waist see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 41–44.]
BRIDAL TOILETTES.

front, and side pieces according to the corresponding figures on the pattern, and run whalebones into the side seams and darts. Cord the neck and waist. Having sewed up the sleeves according to the corresponding figures on the pattern, face the wrists, and sew them into the corded arm-holes. Arrange the trimming in the manner shown by the illustration.

Fig. 5. BRIDAL TOILETTE FOR YOUNG GIRL.—Dress of white gros grain, with polonaise trimmed with Valenciennes insertion and edging in the manner shown by the illustration. Wreath of orange flowers. Veil of plain white silk lace.

Opera-Glass Case.

See illustration on first page.

THIS is a pretty and convenient method of making use of the frame of a worn-out opera-glass case. The foundation is of pasteboard, the cover of black cloth and satin, and the lining of gray silk, which is quilted with a thin layer of wadding. Of pasteboard, satin, and silk cut from Fig. 56 two pieces, and from Figs. 57 and 58 each one piece, always allowing a seam on the edges. Cut besides, of the same stuffs, a strip three-fourths of an inch wide and twelve inches long, for the sides of the cover. Now work on the satin the application of black cloth, which is done by drawing the design on the cloth, cutting out the squares, and then stitching it down on the satin. Having overseamed the two pieces of pasteboard cut from Fig. 56, from 36 to 37, and backstitched together the corresponding outsides and lining, sew these and also the pieces cut from Figs. 57 and 58 over the pasteboard foundations, and join Figs. 56 and 57 according to the corresponding figures on the pattern, and also the bottom of the cover with the edge at the same time. For the hinges between the cover and case fasten between the outside and lining of each three narrow pieces of ribbon. Cover the seams on the outside with a fine black silk cord. Next cut a piece of pasteboard two-thirds of an inch wide, and the length of the edges of the upper part of the case, cover this with silk, and fasten it inside, leaving half its width beyond the edge of the case, so that the cover shuts down over it. On the cover set a handle of cloth and satin, and sew on a button and elastic cord for fastening.

Two Candlestick Ornaments.

See illustration on first page.

BOTH these candlestick ornaments are made with beads. The circumference of the upper rings must correspond to that of the upper part of the candlestick.

Fig. 1.—This ornament consists of five leaves, which are made of larger and smaller green beads, arranged in the manner shown by the illustration on a foundation which has been covered first with cotton and afterward with cloth. For each leaf cut of white foundation from Fig. 59 one piece, and on this sew first the veins, which are of little round beads strung on wire, and then cover the remainder of the leaf with the long green beads, which are sewed on in bead satin stitch, though the thread must afterward be fastened down with a cross stitch between every bead. Fasten fine wire on the edges and under the leaves along the veinings.

Fig. 2.—This ornament is of narrow leaves of different lengths. The leaves are of crystal and garnet beads, which have been strung on wire. The ring on which the leaves are fastened is of two wires strung with crystal beads, and afterward twisted together. The long leaves are an inch and three-fourths, and the shorter ones an inch and a half long; join the leaves to the ring by means of the wire ends, and then cover the place these are set on with two strings of garnet beads, which are twisted together.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1868.

☞ *The next Supplement Number will contain a rich variety of patterns of Ladies' Pelerines, Muffs, Berets, and Sashes, Children's Dresses, Gentlemen's Knitted Under-clothing, Christmas Gifts, etc., etc.*

☞ *In our last Number, December 5, we issued a magnificent* COLORED FASHION PLATE, *prepared expressly for this Paper by the* MODE ILLUSTRÉE *of Paris.*

A LEARNED WOMAN.

IT is quite a mistake to suppose that it was left for this age to discover the capacity of women. Antiquity had already made the discovery, and brilliantly illustrated it with a poetical Sappho, a philosophical Aspasia, and a scientific Hypatia. There have been since innumerable female bachelors, or *bachellettes*, of arts, as they call them in France, doctors of science, professors, teachers, and writers of all kinds. Italy, since the revival of letters, has never been without learned women, and the professorial chairs of Bologna and Padua have been frequently filled, and with credit too, by them. A famous book-collector of Padua left a library composed exclusively of books written by women, and they amounted to thirty-two thousand volumes.

Of the many women who have vindicated the claims of their sex to rank among the intellectually distinguished none have been more remarkable than the erudite Madame Dacier. Anne Le Févre, for such was her maiden name, was born at Saumur, in France, in 1654. Her father was a famous scholar, and strove to inspire his sons also with a love of learning. Starting with the sensible principle "that it is impossible for children to love study unless it is made agreeable," it is not surprising that the paternal lessons were very attractive and effective. These learned delights were however intended, in accordance with the prejudices of the age, for the male children only. The little Anne's vocation was to be exclusively the spinning-wheel and embroidering-needle; and while her brothers were conning Homer, Terence, and Aristophanes, she was supposed to be absorbed in the involutions of yarn and the intricacies of crochet stitch. Her apt ear, however, was taking in at every moment those charming lessons of her father, and she soon gave proof that she had profited well by them. "Her brother," as goes the story, "was unable one day to answer a question, when his sister, without lifting her head from her work, prompted him what to say. Her father, overhearing her, was delighted, and immediately made her a sharer with her brothers in classical study. She soon gave proof of her facility by taking the lead."

At eighteen years of age Anne Le Févre lost her father, but had already acquired such a reputation for classical acquirement that the learned Huet, the tutor of the Dauphin, invited her to Paris to aid him in the preparation of classical text-books for his royal pupil. She thus became one of the principal editors of that long series of the classics, *Ad Usum Delphini*, or Delphin editions, which were the text-books for generations of students throughout civilized Europe and America. Will any scholar after this venture to scorn the claims to recognition of learned women, and thus deny the very mother who suckled him? Latin and Greek were equally mastered by this marvelous girl, and she published in quick succession translations of the classical works of both languages. Queen Christina of Sweden, in acknowledging a copy of her *Florus*, wrote: "Are not you, who I am told are so beautiful and agreeable a girl, ashamed to be so learned? Indeed this is too much; and do tell me by what secret you have succeeded in reconciling the Muses with the Graces?"

In 1683 Mademoiselle Le Févre married M. Dacier, who also was a scholar, and had been a promising pupil of his wife's father. Madame Dacier was recognized by all but herself as the superior of her husband, to whom she would have willingly deferred the whole glory of the common name. The critics, however, did not fail to discover her greater strength, and Boileau said that "of all their mental productions Madame Dacier was the father."

The great work of this erudite woman was her translation of Homer, which gave rise to the famous war between the Ancients and Moderns. Madame Dacier and La Motte were the foremost champions, but a long array of valiant scholars followed each leader, and they began a furious battle not yet decided. Madame Dacier, with all her devotion to study and fondness for learning, remained true to her womanly duties and sympathies. In the preface to her Homer she thus speaks of a daughter of whom she had been suddenly bereft: "I have lost a friend and a faithful companion; we have never been once separated since her birth. What readings we have had, what talks, what pleasures! She shared in all my occupations; she often settled my doubts.....All is now vanished like a dream; to this communion, so full of charms, solitude and horror have succeeded; every thing for us is now turned to bitterness."

Madame Dacier died of apoplexy, brought on by intense application to study, in 1720. Saint Simon, in his memoirs, thus records the fact: "The death of Madame Dacier was regretted alike by every philosopher and worthy person. She was the daughter of a father who was both, and had educated her. He was named La Févre, a Protestant of Caen. His daughter became a Catholic after his death, and married Dacier, who was the royal librarian, a member of all the academies, a Greek and Latin scholar, an author and translator. His wife was supposed to be his superior as a linguist, an antiquarian, and a critic, and has left a quantity of highly esteemed works. She was the learned woman only in her study or among the learned; every where else she was simple, unaffected, intelligent, and agreeable in conversation, but *no one would ever have suspected that she knew any more than the most ordinary woman.*"

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of the Grecian Bend.

MY DEAR POLLY,—I see that you have at last surrendered to the fashion, and it was you, I am told, whom I saw yesterday walking up the Avenue in that extraordinary form or contortion or step or halt or imbecile stumble called the Grecian bend. Is it a dress or a gait or a mere deformity, or what is it? Of course you have no idea what a pitiful and absurd figure you were, or no fashion could coerce you into such a mortifying position. It was more painful indeed than ridiculous. The movement of those who fall victims to this folly is chiefly that of an ape. The long arms hanging helplessly in front, the paws paddling the air, the movement a doubtful hitch and jerk. Have you ever, my dear Polly, seriously remarked the appearance of any of your friends who are subject to it, and did it stimulate you to emulation? Well, you smile, I understand it. You mean to say, "Is it possible that so experienced and shrewd a gentleman as my friend Mr. Bachelor really thinks that it is of any use to protest against our following the fashions? Has he yet to learn that all papas have always sneered and snarled at every new fashion, and have been about as wise as old dogs that bay at the moon?"

Oh no, my dear Polly, I have perhaps a little more experience than you upon the whole subject, and I should protest as soon against an east wind as against the Grecian bend, so far as any hope of stemming a fashion is concerned. But answer me one question. If you are the generally sensible young woman that I believe you to be, would not you despise the young men around you if you saw them given wholly up to no interest and occupation but that of devising changes in their clothes? And do you suppose they don't have that feeling for you? Seeing you frivolous, do you wonder that they treat you with a kind of contempt? We men have fashions, and we follow them, but they are slight and gradual variations. As long as any man of forty or fifty can remember, for instance, a man's full dress has been black broadcloth with a white cravat. The collar of the coat has been a little higher or lower, the trowsers a little looser or tighter—that is all. But if the situation were changed, if there were the same extraordinary absorption in the business of dressing upon our part that there is upon yours, there would inevitably be upon your side that good-natured consciousness of superiority which you now perceive upon ours.

If I were you, Polly, I should protest with all my heart against the assumption of the men; but I would do it by showing that my soul was not wrapped up in a ribbon nor in a chignon. Don't you see that multitudes of women aim to please men by being, or seeming to be, what a poor kind of man thinks women ought to be? One of these ineffable gentlemen, who believed himself to be the very Prince Charming, who smiled as benignly upon a belle as the Sultan when he prepares to throw the handkerchief, said to me one day at dinner of Flora MacIvor in her younger days, when she was of the most delicate beauty, "Weally, Mr. Bachelor, Miss Flwowa is twooly fascinating. She is like a shy young fawn just bursting into the full-blown wose." Prince Charming said this of one of the most superb of women. He thought that was the way to win women. And he had learned it of too many of your sex, dear Polly, whose sole aim is to be the clinging tendril which the sturdy oak must support—the shy fawn which must be protectingly gathered in to nestle in the manly bosom of Prince Charming—the rose-bud which must flower in the warm air of his lofty protection.

Prince Charming made a memorable mistake in this instance. Flora MacIvor was to him what Queen Elizabeth would have been to Sir Piercie Shafton; and when driving home with her in her carriage one night, after a ball, he said something in the tone which so many of your sex encourage, she stopped the carriage instantly, and bade him step out. Prince Charming was discomfited; but he did not say a word. He descended into the midnight street, and when he returned to his home he had been to school rather than to a ball. Of course, you all say that it was outrageous for him to say what he said—whatever it might have been; you declare that he was no gentleman. True, all of it; but who encouraged him? Not Flora certainly, but the general feeling and conduct of your sex, my dear Polly. If you don't respect yourselves why should you expect us to respect you? Here are the laws about women's property, the laws of marriage, the laws of divorce—you don't know much about them—but while they have always been, and in many respects still are, unjust and outrageous, it is you women who are greatly responsible.

I wish I could have taken you up bodily as you toddled along the Avenue in your Grecian bend, and, putting you before a Psyche glass, have asked you whether you thought that was a figure which would persuade an honest man to esteem the person who was content with it? He would smile at it and feel toward it precisely as toward a whimsical child. Dear Polly, if you and your friends are content to be flowers and ornaments, to be weak and helpless and inexpressibly silly, you must pay the piper. My friend Peter Paul Pry insists that the ideal life of most of you young women is only Mohammed's Paradise. They want to be houris, he says; they are quite content to bask in the benign smile of the faithful who are the masters. The Grecian bend and the rest of it are only signs of their willing submission. "We have no minds worth speaking of," they seem to say, "so we will decorate our bodies to please you. And if we become grotesque and absurd, don't laugh at us too severely, remembering that it is in token of our inferiority, and that even so weak creatures as we must have some employment adapted to our capacity." That, says Peter Paul Pry, is what every woman in the Grecian bend, or in any of the wild extravagances of a fashion, says to every man she passes.

Then, my dear Polly, if you in your Grecian bend hear of what is called Woman's Rights, you laugh as merrily as Prince Charming at your side at the grotesque people who wish to unsex themselves. You in your Grecian bend, with your arms hanging, with your pinched feet clumping, with every man laughing at you, are afraid that some body will unsex herself. Polly, dear, suppose you let your charity begin at home. The women who wish to have the laws changed, the women who demand to vote, may be unsexing themselves. Harriet Martineau, a great force in the public opinion of England; Miss Somerville, one of the wisest of scientific philosophers; Jenny Lind, Florence Nightingale, Dorothea Dix, Anna Dickinson, each using her God-given talent, may also be unsexing themselves. But what, in the name of pity, are you doing, my precious Polly, sitting at supper with a circle of Prince Charmings, joining their choruses, filling their glasses, lighting their pipes, shouting at the gay description of Marm Martineau in spectacles and leaning upon a baggy umbrella, and finally toddling off in your Grecian bend? If it is a question of unsexing—of making your sex appear contemptible in the eyes of men—I advise you to reflect upon it maturely.

To tell you a secret, Polly, I once ventured quietly into one of these "unsexing" meetings. I had been to a good many balls in my life. I had assisted at a great many little suppers, of men and women. I had dined a hundred times in houses where I saw the mistress voluntarily, and as a matter of course, assume the position of the Sultan's favorite, or upper slave. I had watched for many and many a year you and your predecessors yielding to every incredible whim of fashion. And I thought that, to complete my experience, I ought to see and hear one of those droll performances, those meetings in which women talk and claim what they call their rights—"As if," says Prince Charming, "they hadn't a right to be admired and to have us at their feet!" I did not communicate my intention to any body, but I slipped into the meeting. I remembered that I had been in very delightful company, of the most feminine of their sex, when I went to hear Rachel act, or to hear Sontag sing; but now, when certain other women were to insist that all women had the same right to do what they had a talent for doing, exactly as Rachel and Sontag did, it was somehow a thing not to be mentioned except with a smile.

Well, now, Polly, you will, perhaps, not believe me when I say that there was just as much good sense talked by those women; they were just as earnest and sincere as if they had been men; and the meeting gave me as much respect and confidence in human nature, and seemed to me just as little disgraceful and ridiculous as a meeting of men exclusively at Tammany Hall or the Cooper Institute, or any other great and favorite popular resort. What can be the explanation of this extraordinary fact? I asked Peter Paul Pry about it yesterday as we were walking, and he said: "Have you ever reflected upon the great question, what it is to unsex one's self? The word is rather ridiculous, but I think the meaning is plain enough. When a man makes himself a brute he unsexes himself, does he not? He makes himself despicable. Well, when a woman makes herself ridiculous, is not she equally unsexed? To unsex yourself is to do that which is unbecoming your sex. But as talent is of no sex, and as the proper use of talent is a duty—if a human being has received a talent, the duty of using it is conceded. A man, for instance, who has no gift for public speaking, for preaching, or for any similar function, unsexes himself when he tries to speak more than a woman who has the gift and exercises it. If you say that perhaps he does a foolish thing, but that he can not be said to unsex himself, I reply that he does so quite as much as a woman can, under the same circumstances, because sex has nothing to do with it in either case. You unsex yourself only by doing that which is unworthy of your sex; but it can not be unworthy for Mrs. Siddons to act, nor for Miss Blackwell to cure, nor for any woman whose interest in human society is greater than yours and mine, poor old Bachelor, to feel that she ought to have a voice as well as an influence in its regulation."

So said Peter Paul Pry, and you may imagine how I listened. Somehow what he said seemed to me very reasonable. I met Mrs. Grundy as I left him, and was walking meditatively away; but when I repeated his words to her I thought the old lady would have fainted upon the sidewalk. Indeed, I am very sure she would have done so but for the extreme inconvenience and the scandal. "How can you, my dear Mr. Bachelor," said she, "how *can* you countenance those odious and ridiculous people? Women who—excuse me—who want to wear the breeches are my abomination. The man is head of the woman, and she ought to be very grateful that she has so noble a head." As my dear Mrs. Grundy spoke Prince Charming passed by, shaking two fingers at you—yes, at you, my dear Polly, tottering along under your Grecian bend. "My dear Madam," said I to

Mrs. Grundy, "is the Grecian bend an antediluvian fashion?"

"Bless your soul, Mr. Bachelor, it is the newest of the new. Why do you ask such an absurd question?"

"Because, Ma'am, if the world before the deluge was filled with such men and women as Prince Charming and the Grecian benders, I don't wonder that the Almighty wiped them out with a flood."

Polly, I ask you, as a reasonable woman, to lay aside that deformity, and to answer me the question which of the two most truly unsexes herself, Harriet Martineau, nobly using every God-given power she has, and asking that women may be as free to all honorable duty as men, or Mrs. Tilbury and her train of followers making the town turn and laugh at their Grecian bends? Yours,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

WEDDING DRESSES.

THE bridal toilettes of the present brilliant wedding season are remarkable for their elegant simplicity. The richest materials plainly made embody the correct idea of a dress for a bride. The more girlish attire she has hitherto worn is abandoned to her bridemaids, and something of the new wifely dignity is foreshadowed in the costume of the bride.

White satin and lace are, as they must ever be, the first choice for the wedding dress. Bridal satin in the popular three-quarter width costs from $7 to $12 a yard. Thirteen yards is required, and the modiste charges about $30 for making. Simple tulle trimmings and flowers add but little to the expense. It is the rich laces that increase the bills. A lace tunic with garniture for corsage, a combination of round point and point appliqué, is marked $500. Lace trousseaux, containing a flounce, shawl, barbe, handkerchief, trimming lace, and covers for fan and parasol, are sold at the wide range of $600 to $2100. More costly sets with a bridal veil of corresponding pattern are only imported to order.

But such extravagances require a full purse; and we write for brides-expectant less lavish of expenditure, who will be content with a gros grain or a poult de soie at $7 a yard, or else a lustrous taffeta or faille at $4. If a still lower price is desired we commend an Irish poplin at $3, rather than a flimsy, cheaper silk. The texture is the best of its kind, and when selected with fine lustre and even, heavy cords is almost as handsome as gros grain. Alpaca and other woolen goods are better suited for shrouds than wedding dresses, and the white crape sometimes worn by brides in mourning is too sadly suggestive for a wedding occasion. Economy and poetry combine for once in the traditional bridal dress of soft, flowing muslin. Fine organdy adorned with filmy Valenciennes is at present the fashionable acceptation of the poetic idea.

Paniers are not popular for wedding dresses, though occasionally worn. Long trained skirts, gored closely at the sides and very full behind, trimmed with a wide flounce of tulle or satin, are the prevalent style. High bodice and close sleeves are most frequently worn when the ceremony is performed at church. Low corsage with panier skirt for home weddings. Tulle tunics are in favor, edged with a ruche of the same. Grecian folds are in vogue for low corsages, and lace epaulets and cuffs, with flowers in the centre, for high waists.

Bridemaids' dresses are of tulle and tarlatan in successive puffs, with a tulle over-skirt looped with flowers. A different flower and a becoming color of trimming is assigned to each bridemaid. The bride furnishes the gloves and flowers, and, if her means admit, the dresses of her maids.

FLOWERS, VEIL, ETC.

Orange blossoms are losing prestige for bridal flowers. The buds are stiff, and the full-blown flowers large and coarse-looking. They are prettiest and least unbecoming when mingled with other small flowers, such as clematis, jasmine, or the bridal spiræ. In Europe myrtle blossoms are worn by young girls, and orange flowers only by widows on bridal occasions. A flower set consists of a diadem, with long sprays falling on each shoulder, a corsage bouquet with a chatelaine attached for looping the tunic, and sprays for the shoulder. These cost from $20 to $28. Simpler sets, merely a wreath and bouquet, are $10. A brooch and ear-rings may be added. A lovely set for a bridemaid is of pink eglantine at $22, another is of blue convolvulus, and a third has a tiara and necklace of dark green leaves of the pond-lily, with a bouquet and chatelaine of white lilies and crystallized grasses.

The veil is a large half circle of tulle, the width of the tulle forming the length of the veil. It is placed over the diadem, the front falling over the face, or else a short veil is added, and this is thrown back by the first bridemaid when the ceremony is ended. A wide hem or a pleated ruche may border the veil, but the soft gossamer tulle is prettiest without trimming, the undefined edge losing itself in the rich folds of the dress. $12 or $15 purchases a handsome veil. The shorter veils sometimes worn by bridemaids are in the same shape, but merely drape the back of the figure. These are $4 50, and should be provided by the bride. A widow marrying again does not wear a veil.

The front hair is crêpéd. Soft, light, airy curls float at the back over small finger-puffs formed of the natural hair.

The bridal fan is of white silk or satin under lace, with pearl sticks. Handkerchief trimmed with lace of the kind used in the dress. Gloves of softest kid, and boots of the material of the dress buttoned with Roman pearls and trimmed with blonde lace.

JEWELRY.

Pearls are always the accepted bridal jewelry, and a prominence is given them in wedding parures even when associated with diamonds. The fancy at present is for the Moorish styles, large pearls in a knife-edge setting of polished gold. A modest set, merely pin and ear-rings, may be bought for $125. A set of strung pearls without gold is only $75.

The engagement ring is a solitaire diamond or pearl in crown setting without enamel. If the donor can not afford at least a hundred dollars for a small diamond he is advised to substitute a pearl for $50. The wedding-ring is a plain hoop not very wide, made of twenty-four carat gold, and worth from $15 to $25.

MODEL TOILETTES.

A wedding dress of gros grain lately made has a high round corsage and coat-sleeves. An intricate trimming of satin shells and ruches defines a square on the front of the waist and covers the arm-hole seams. Point lace and satin shells standing around the neck and wrists, and a butterfly bow at the throat. The long trained skirt is bordered with pleated satin and a ruche of tulle headed by the shell trimming. Belt of satin folds with a small bow in front. Tulle veil and wax orange flowers and jasmine. The modiste should always arrange the petticoats worn beneath, as she is responsible for the way the dress skirt hangs. A muslin petticoat, short, gored, and trimmed with a wide flounce, was furnished in this instance. Over this was a trained petticoat of stiff corded muslin, also gored, and flounces from the belt to the edge on all but the front breadth. The material and making for this toilette at one of the best establishments in this country costs $350.

A white satin dress for a Washington bride has a low corsage trimmed with Grecian folds of tulle. Immense train with a panier covered with tulle, to give a soft appearance. Belt and small bow. A wide tulle puff around the skirt.

A poplin dress has a long train untrimmed. Sprays of orange buds on the high corsage.

OUTDOOR TOILETTES.

The bridal bonnet worn when returning calls, and on occasions of ceremony, is usually white, though this is not *de rigueur*, as many prefer a bonnet matching the dress in color. If white it should be of royal velvet and misty blonde lace, a diadem of ostrich tufts or marabouts, and a cluster of wild roses or of clematis, but never an orange flower. The carriage dress of poult de soie or of satin, either mauve or violet, has a full train flounced with black lace. A velvet basque a darker shade than the dress. Light kid gloves. Lace collar and diamonds. A MacFarlane of striped plush for a carriage-wrap. A less wealthy bride should select a silk or an Irish poplin of becoming shade, with bonnet to match, and a black velvet polonaise that will serve with other dresses. Pink coral jewelry or Byzantine mosaics.

A handsome short suit is indispensable for the street and for church, where a train should never enter. There is no prescribed color for this suit. A woman of taste does not wish her dress to proclaim her brideship to the passing crowd. An economist will select a skirt of rich material to be worn with her velvet polonaise, and a velvet *pouf* of blue or other becoming shade in harmony with the skirt. Wood-brown kid gloves or dark maroon suffice for almost any suite. French kid boots buttoned at the side.

In the spring a bride selects a gray poplin for her traveling dress. A golden brown or the dead-leaf shade is preferred for autumn. Cloth rivals poplin this season. Fine woolen serge or cashmere is less expensive. Fur is the best trimming for cloth, satin quillings for poplin, serge, braid, and bullion fringe for twilled goods. The outer garment is flannel, lined or wadded. A MacFarlane of Scotch tartan serves for additional wrapping. The velvet bonnet or the round hat of felt, and the undressed kid gloves match the dress in color. A wealthy blonde of quiet tastes was recently married in her traveling dress of lapis-blue serge, chosen for its unbridelike color, that she might escape the annoying notoriety of a bride on a tour.

MORNING AND AFTERNOON DRESSES.

The prettiest inexpensive morning dresses are of white alpaca or merino in the Watteau style, bordered with ruches of color. The tiny breakfast cap is a mere rosette of Valenciennes with ribbon, leaves, and strings. Short plaid dresses, or merino of self-color, made with gored skirt and wide bias flounce and a small pelerine cape, are homelike and serviceable. Crosscut bands of silk for trimming. Afternoon dresses of colored poplin or of black are made with demi-train and trimmed with plaid velvet bands and sashes. Surplice and Pompadour waists, with muslin chemisette. A black silk over-skirt looped or puffed, and a small bodice or bib back and front is worn over colored dresses for giving variety to a small wardrobe. A velvet bodice, a sleeveless jacket of black satin and lace, plaid sashes, and bretelles are all graceful additions to home dress.

The hair is arranged in a braided chignon with a flowing crimped tress. A velvet band surrounds the chignon and is tied with a bow on top.

EVENING DRESSES.

The wedding dress without the veil is worn to parties as a compliment to the hostess. Lavender, pearl, a delicate gray, and the light Pompadour fawn are trousseau colors. Chameleon gros grains in these shades shot with white and a faint tinge of rose color were recently made for a bride. The skirts have the demi-train, fashionable for all but wedding dresses, low round corsages filled out with lace and tulle, or else high square corsage and sleeves ruffled at the elbow. Neither sashes nor paniers adorn the skirts, which are very full at the back. A lavender dress is trimmed with white guipure lace dotted with seed pearls and jet, headed by white satin folds with a centre piping of the dress silk. A chameleon, in which *cuir* color prevails, has a wide Chantilly flounce extending up the front to the waist with pointed revers of velvet of exactly the shade of the dress. Low corsage with bertha of velvet and lace.

White kid boots serve with almost any dress, and are therefore economical. A light glove faintly tinged with color is preferred to pure white.

LINGERIE.

A bride should have a liberal supply of underclothing, yet it is scarcely wise to provide a great profusion of garments, to be packed away and left to turn yellow or rotten with starch. It is safe to premise that any young lady of average industry keeps herself supplied with six or eight suits of body linen that are good enough for "second best" in her trousseau. The same number, newly added, will be quite sufficient for a daily change if desired, and will be quite as many as can be well taken care of. We saw recently the trousseau of a lady who is a member of one of the wealthiest families in the country. The additions to her wardrobe, furnished by a New York house, consist of eight suits of the three important pieces—the chemises of linen, percale drawers, and cambric gown—all trimmed alike, eight flannel skirts, ten muslin skirts, a hair-cloth petticoat instead of hoops, six corset covers, six French peignoirs, and six plain muslin chemises extra. The bridal suit alone costs $75. It is trimmed with diagonal puffs of linen cambric, and bands of needle-work and Valenciennes. The yoke of the gown is lined with rose-colored silk. The hair-cloth skirt costs $15. All the materials are furnished of the best quality, the fit is perfect, the trimmings fine and on some suits elaborate, and the sewing done in the most beautiful manner; yet the bill only sums up about $500, which is not a great deal more than many a careless shopper would pay for the material.

A careful bride, who makes her own outfit with the assistance of her mother and sisters, is advised to purchase pure linen of the Richardson brand, Wamsutta muslin for most garments, and Lonsdale cambric for skirts and gowns. By way of trimming let her use her own embroidery, wider bands neatly stitched with the machine, pearl tatting, a little strong Valenciennes, and an abundance of tiny ruffles and puffs, not bought ready-made in the present lazy fashion, but with rolled hems and gathers made by her own fingers. The thick linen cambric sold at $1 50 a yard is fine and durable for this purpose.

Of cambric handkerchiefs with broad hems, linen collars and cuffs edged with lace, tucked chemisettes, and hosiery, there should be no stint.

WEDDING INVITATIONS.

An inexpensive wedding invitation now used requires but one card. The formula is:

MR. AND MRS. SMITH

Request the Pleasure of your Company at the Marriage of their Daughter

Mary

to

Henry Johnson,

ON THURSDAY, MAY 5, AT 9 O'CLOCK P.M.

999 Jefferson Street.

For information received thanks are due, for dresses, to Mesdames DIEDEN and VIRFOLET; for bonnets, to Miss PAGE and Madame FERRERO; for veils and coiffures, to Messrs. BRAITEAU, BARKER, and DIBBLEE; for lingerie, to Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co. and LORD & TAYLOR; and for jewelry, to Messrs. BALL & BLACK, TIFFANY & Co., BROWNE & SPAULDING, and STARR & MARCUS.

PERSONAL.

MR. COLFAX is a wag as well as a politician. Just before his marriage with Miss WADE one of his friends remarked to him, "The newspapers have you married as well as chosen Vice-President." "Yes," replied Mr. COLFAX, "*elected* but *not sworn in*, in either case."

—The Baron ROTHSCHILD, just deceased, when he heard of the death of the head of the AGNADE family, asked, "How much does he leave?" "Twenty millions." "You mean eighty." "No, twenty." "Dear me! I thought he was in easy circumstances!"

—A few personal friends of Miss ALICE CARY manifested, a few evenings since, an appreciation of her genius as a poet and her worth as a woman by presenting her with $1000. The presentation talk was felicitously done by Mr. GREELEY. Mr. G. is a warm personal friend of the CARY sisters, whom we account to be among the cleverest and most delightful women on this continent.

—Mr. SAUNDERS, the accomplished and urbane librarian of the Astor Library, and author of the piquant "Salads for the Solitary" and the "Social Mosaics," etc., has been collecting the current information about Woman, Love, and Marriage, into a handsome volume, which will prove valuable to seekers of information on these topics. One sage remark deserves to be especially quoted: "Marriages," he says, "are not so commonly unhappy as some people suspect. Most of those who complain of connubial miseries generally have themselves to blame; they have as much satisfaction as their natures would have been susceptible of in any other condition."

—"What does the General say about his Cabinet?" Why, that until he receives the formal notification that the Congress of the United States has declared him to be elected President he will have nothing to say about it. To an old military friend he is reported to have said: "The idea of making up my Cabinet now! Why, General, I have not yet received a certificate of election, and until I get that little document I don't think I will trouble my head much about my future constitutional advisers. No use to plan a campaign until you have a war, you know, General. No use to expose your order of battle until the moment of action arrives, eh, General? When I get my certificate I will make my Cabinet, and nobody is going to know of it until it gets into print."

—The so-called "private view" of the Academy's winter exhibition was thronged with the intellect, beauty, and fashion of New York. Among others were seen there the venerable Professor MORSE, the founder of the institution, P. B. WIGHT, the architect of the superb structure which forms its local habitation, EASTMAN JOHNSON, the prince of American *genre* painters, T. C. FARRER, the high-priest of Pre-Raphaelitism, EDWIN WHITE, E. W. NICHOLS, and many others of the artists who are not now in Europe, whither a host of them are flown; the urbane Dr. BELLOWS, General ANDERSON, Dr. HITCHCOCK, GEORGE P. PUTNAM, HENRY M. FIELD, of the *Evangelist*, with his accomplished wife, and OLIVER JOHNSON, of the *Independent*; and last, but not least, the gentle-looking critic, CLARENCE COOK, whose pen deals such sharp thrusts. The portraits of ELLIOTT, LEUTZE, and the brothers MOUNT, shrouded with crape and surrounded by their works, reminded the Academicians of the havoc which death had made in their ranks during the past year. Three sides of the great south room are hung with the works of ELLIOTT and LEUTZE, chiefly portraits. On the whole, there are few pictures of marked interest; but the winter exhibition is always of a miscellaneous character, and second in importance to that of the spring, which admits only pictures which have never before been exhibited.

—The Duchess of SUTHERLAND, who died last month, was the mother of ten children, and one of the handsomest women in England: and very "spacious." Retaining the fashion of the low-necked dress even when nearly sixty, she did nothing to break the impression of immense size which her figure was calculated to convey. She was a little queer about some things, one of which was faith in Dr. CUMMING, the prophecy man.

—Mr. CORCORAN, the opulent banker of Washington, is about to emulate Mr. PEABODY in a benevolent work. He proposes to erect, at his own expense, in Washington, an asylum with apartments for sixty old ladies, of good family, who have lost their property and become needy. It is understood he also purposes to endow the asylum with sufficient means to provide clothing, food, and attendance for its inmates.

—The Rev. Dr. LITTLEJOHN, who was only three weeks ago elected Bishop of the new diocese of Central New York, has just been elected Bishop of Long Island, which latter he will doubtless accept. So far as the diocese of Central New York is concerned we suppose he don't "*See*" it.

—Professor GOLDWIN SMITH has expressed the opinion that there have been but four really great orators in English history—PYM, BOLINGBROKE, CHATHAM, and JOHN BRIGHT. The speeches of BRIGHT, like the speeches of DEMOSTHENES, are, says Mr. SMITH, not declamations, but counsels given to the nation of his time, and as such they will live.

—Mr. ISAAC WALKER, of St. Louis, who died in this city a few days since, left to his heirs, seven or eight in number, a million of dollars each. He was the architect of his own fortune, commencing with naught but his two hands and a clear head. He was an eminently just man, a kind husband, a good father, and in all the relations of life blameless.

—M. F. SARSEY, a French writer, went recently to M. VICTORIEN SARDOU's beautiful country seat at Marley. He said: "What a charming place to work at!" M. SARDOU replied: "Oh, dear, no! A good place to dream in; but when I want to work I slip on my over-coat, take the railway, and in fifteen minutes I am in the Chaussée d'Antin—*there* I get in the humor for work."

—ROSSINI, who has just died at the age of seventy-seven, enjoyed as much perhaps of the pleasure and fame of the world as any man of his time. We make a president or king every four years, or less; but a great musical composer—our daily delight—comes but once or twice in a lifetime. ROSSINI wrote "Tancredi" at the age of twenty-one; the "Barber of Seville" at twenty-four—the best comic opera ever written; "Otello" at twenty-five; "Mose in Egitto" at twenty-six; "La Gazza Ladra" at twenty-seven. His active labors terminated nearly or quite thirty years ago, when the "Stabat Mater," the last work worthy of his fame, was written. Since then he has been living in luxurious retirement, at first in and about Bologna, but more recently at Paris. He possessed many coupons and other assets.

—A Chicago gentleman, who professes to speak by the card, says General GRANT will certainly nominate an officer to succeed him as General, and that the choice is more than likely to fall on General GEORGE H. THOMAS. Several prominent military men incline to that opinion.

—They pay the head of the British army—the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE—fair wages. He receives as General Officer £16 a day; as Commander-in-Chief, £7 a day; as Colonel of the First Regiment of the Line nearly £1000 a year; as Colonel of the First Regiment of Engineers, £800 a year; and as Colonel of the First Regiment of Artillery, £600. Besides these neat little rills of income he possesses a big, clean stream of £12,000 per annum. On these he is obliged to rough it.

—Good old (very old) Mrs. LYDIA MEADE, of North Brookfield, Massachusetts, completed her one hundredth birthday on the 9th of November. A fine old celebration was held in honor of the event. The old lady retains her faculties to a remarkable degree. Her eyesight is good, hearing but slightly impaired, and her general health so good that she has promise of years to come. Four generations were present at the meeting. Mrs. MEADE goes to bed in the dark, and sleeps alone, and hopes to live until she completes a a crochet tidy for each of her grandchildren.

—The illness of the son of the King of the Belgians has brought to the public some fine traits in the character of his parents. Recently the King having, while standing at his palace window, observed the funeral of a small infant passing by, burst into tears, and ordered a wreath of immortelles to be carried from him to the sorrowing parents; "for," said he, "we are all alike in grief. We are not kings or plebeians, we are parents."

Gentlemen's Cravats.

THESE cravats are very pretty and new, and are easily made. They are of velvet, gros grain, striped satin, etc. The cravats, Figs. 4–12, are buttoned to the neck of the shirt by means of an elastic cord on the back, and fastened by means of an elastic cord or hooks and eyes. The cravats, Figs. 1–3, are finished with a band, which is so arranged that the cravat may be made tighter or looser at pleasure.

Figs. 1 and 2. BLACK AND WHITE STRIPED SATIN CRAVAT.—This consists of a piece of the stuff four inches wide and twenty-four inches long, which is lined with foundation muslin and black silk. A piece of the same material six inches long and two inches and a quarter wide is arranged over the middle part of the cravat, which is then doubled over it in the manner shown by the pattern. The cravat is fastened on a foundation (see Fig. 2), over which is arranged a band of the material. The foundation is of stiff pasteboard covered with black silk, and is cut from Fig. 29 of the Supplement. It is fastened by means of eyelets, which are fastened over a hook in the manner shown by Fig. 2. Several eyelets may be worked in the band, by which means it may be made looser or tighter at pleasure.

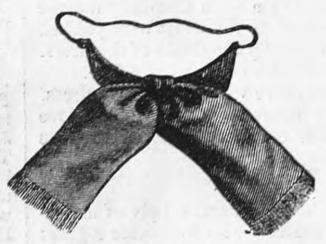


Fig. 5.—GARNET SATIN CRAVAT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 28.

Fig. 6.—BLUE AND WHITE STRIPED SILK CRAVAT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 30.

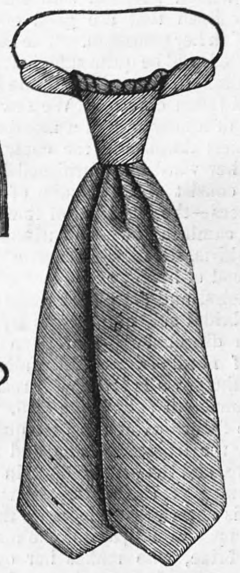


Fig. 8.—LILAC AND WHITE SATIN CRAVAT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 32.

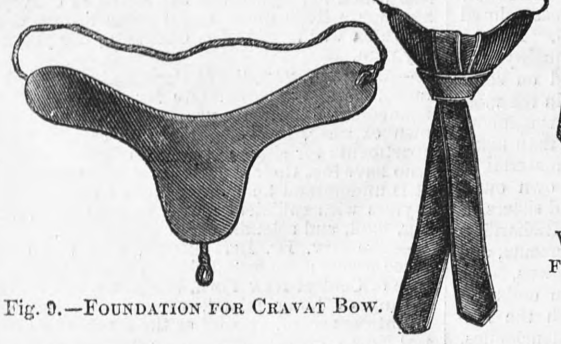


Fig. 9.—FOUNDATION FOR CRAVAT BOW.

Fig. 7.—RED SATIN CRAVAT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 31.

Fig. 3. VIOLET SILK CRAVAT.—The ends of this cravat are each ten inches long and two inches wide, of double material, and lined with foundation muslin. The under ends are pointed, while the upper ends are fastened in a knot, which is cut from Fig. 25 of the Supplement of pasteboard, outside material, and lining, and sewed together according to the corresponding figures on the pattern. The widest part of this knot is on the upper side, and one end of the band, which is an inch wide and twenty-two inches long, is also fastened inside, but the other end is run through the knot, and afterward through a loop under the under end of the cravat.

Fig. 4. CRAVAT OF BROWN AND WHITE STRIPED SATIN.—For making this cravat take a bias piece of stuff ten inches long and two inches and a half wide. On the under side of this set another bias piece in such a manner that it extends half an inch beyond the edge on one side. Then point one end of the stuff, and also the under piece, so that another cravat end is imitated in the manner shown in the illustration. Line both together, and fasten it in a knot three inches from the upper end. This knot is cut from Fig. 27 of the Supplement of outside material and lining, and sewed together according to the corresponding figures on the pattern. The upper part is then pleated and sewed on a foundation cut from Fig. 26 of pasteboard, lining, and outside material.

Fig. 5. GARNET SATIN CRAVAT.—This cravat consists of a strip of satin four inches wide and eight inches long, which is so doubled that the seam lies along the middle of the under side. Both ends are fringed. In the middle it is fastened with a knot of the satin, below which the edges are sewed together with a few stitches, in order to make the ends hang better. Cut the foundation of pasteboard and black silk from Fig. 28 of the Supplement.

Fig. 6. BLUE AND WHITE STRIPED SATIN CRAVAT.—This is arranged on a foundation which is cut from Fig. 30 of the Supplement of pasteboard, outside, and lining. The pointed ends are three inches wide and four inches long, and pleated on the upper ends; the bows are an inch and a half wide and lined with stiff muslin.

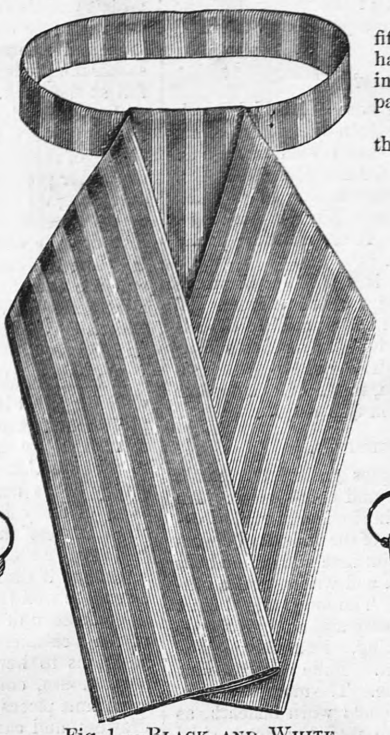


Fig. 1.—BLACK AND WHITE SATIN CRAVAT.
For pattern see Suppl., No. XIII., Fig. 29.

Fig. 3.—VIOLET SILK CRAVAT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 25.

Fig. 7. RED SATIN CRAVAT.—This elegant cravat is made of a bias strip fifteen inches long and two inches wide, which is so laid together that it is only half an inch wide. The ends are pointed. It is wound around the foundation in the manner shown by the illustration. Fig. 31 of the Supplement gives the pattern of the foundation.

Figs. 8 and 9. LILAC AND WHITE STRIPED SATIN CRAVAT.—The ends of this cravat are eight inches long by two inches wide, of double material, and lined with foundation muslin. The ends are pointed. About two inches and a half from the upper ends arrange a knot which has been made from Fig. 27 of the Supplement. The ends and the knot are sewed to the foundation made from Fig. 32.

Fig. 12.—STEEL-BLUE SILK CRAVAT.

Fig. 10. WHITE CHINA CRAPE CRAVAT.—The ends are five inches long, two inches and a half wide, and pointed on the lower ends. The loops of the bow are each an inch and a half wide and two inches and a half long. The foundation is made from Fig. 33.

Fig. 11. BLACK GROS GRAIN CRAVAT.—This cravat is made of two ends of double material each eighteen inches long and an inch wide. Arrange the loops in the manner shown by the illustration, the under ones first; after which cross the ends and make the upper loops, the one on the right side from the under end, and that on the left side from the upper end. When completed sew it on a foundation made from Fig. 33 of the Supplement.

Fig. 4.—BROWN AND WHITE STRIPED SATIN CRAVAT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 26 and 27.

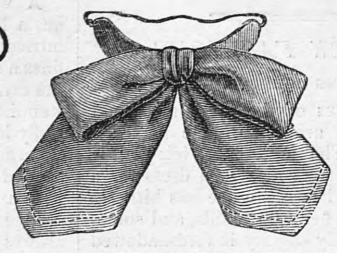


Fig. 10.—WHITE CHINA CRAPE CRAVAT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 33.

Fig. 11.—BLACK GROS GRAIN CRAVAT.

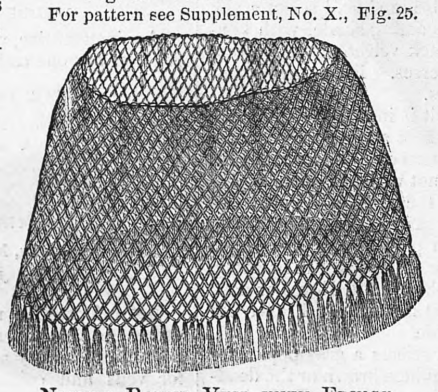
Fig. 2.—MANNER OF FASTENING CRAVAT.

Fig. 12. STEEL-BLUE SILK CRAVAT.—The ends of this cravat are four inches long and three inches wide, pointed on the lower and sloped on the upper ends, where they are laid in three pleats, fastened by a knot, and sewed on a foundation cut from Fig. 33 of the Supplement.

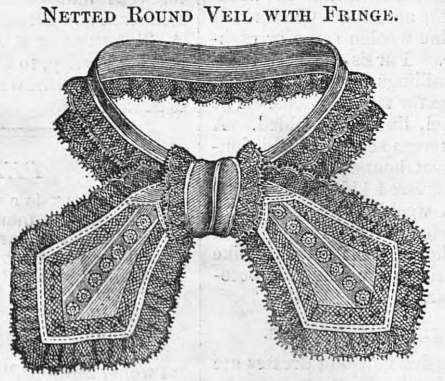
Round Veil with Fringe.

THIS veil is netted of fine black filoselle silk. On a foundation of a hundred stitches work over a netting mesh half an inch in circumference, always in the round, twenty-eight rounds on the same number of stitches, and afterward ten rounds backward and forward, of which shorten each three stitches on each side, so that the veil shall be rounded and somewhat longer in front. Lastly, work another round over the whole of the stitches on the under edge of the veil, and tie in each stitch a strand of fringe three inches long and composed of ten threads. Through the stitches of the first round run an elastic cord, by means of which the veil is fastened to the hat.

FIGURED LAÇE VEIL.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 6 and 7.



NETTED ROUND VEIL WITH FRINGE.



BREAKFAST COLLAR.

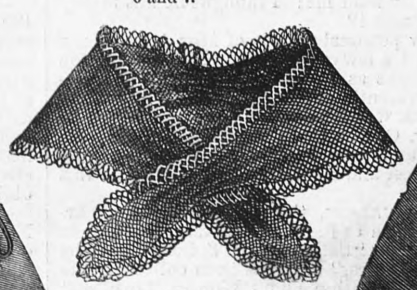
FIGURED LACE VEIL.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 8 and 9.

Breakfast Collar and Kerchiefs.

BREAKFAST COLLAR.—This collar consists of a straight strip of muslin twenty-four inches long and an inch and a half wide, the edges of which are hemmed, one on the right and the other on the wrong side. On each end set a bavette of muslin, needle work insertion, and Valenciennes insertion, for the arrangement of which see the illustration. Trim the edges with gathered Valenciennes lace, and double the collar over in the manner shown by the illustration.

KERCHIEF WITH GUIPURE TRIMMING.—This kerchief is made of a three-cornered piece of muslin, which is sixteen inches long on the bias

BLACK POULT DE SOIE APRON WITH FLOUNCE.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XXI., Figs. 45 and 46.



CROCHET KERCHIEF. IMITATION LACE.

BLACK POULT DE SOIE APRON TRIMMED WITH RUCHES.
For description see Supplement, No. XXI.

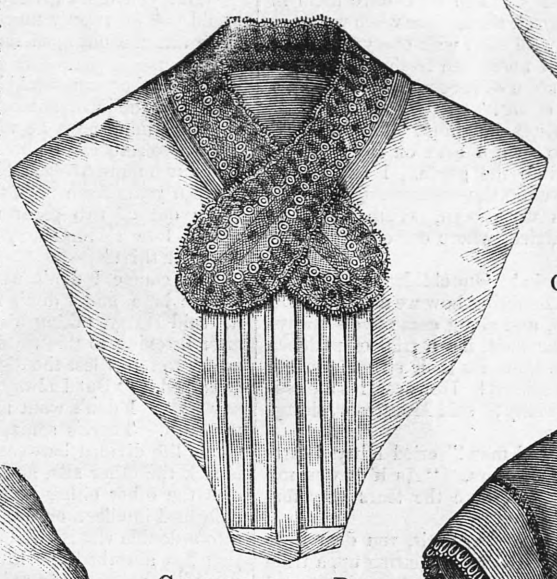
KERCHIEF TRIMMED WITH GUIPURE INSERTION AND LACE.

BLACK POULT DE SOIE APRON TRIMMED WITH BIAS FOLDS.
For description see Supplement, No. XXI.

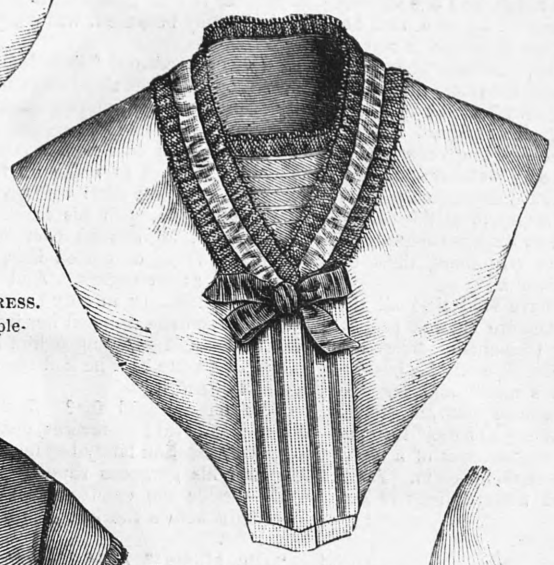
edge (upper edge of the kerchief). In the middle of the back cut a slit three inches deep in the muslin, and hem the edges of the slit and the bias edges. Hem the straight edges and sew on guipure insertion an inch wide, after which edge the whole with guipure lace half an inch wide.

CROCHET KERCHIEF.—This kerchief is crocheted of fine crochet cotton in a design simulating lace, and is bordered with crochet edging. Begin on one side with a foundation a foot long, and work on this: 1st round.—Always alternately 5 ch. (chain), 1 sc. (single crochet) in the third following foundation stitch. Work the following rounds like the first round, but in these the sc. must always be worked on the middle stitch of the chain-stitch scallops of the preceding round. In order to make the bias upper edge crochet at the beginning of every new round the first sc. in the middle stitch of the first chain-stitch scallop of the former round, but at the end the rounds must be ended in a straight line, so as to form the other straight side edge of the kerchief. Edge the finished kerchief with a round of single crochet, in which crochet over the ends of the threads, and afterward edge the kerchief with the following edging: 1st round.—On the first sc. on the outer edge of the kerchief 1 sc., then * 7 ch., 1 dc. (double crochet) in the first of these, then again 7 ch., 1 dc. in the first of these, 1 sc. on the fifth following sc. of the former round. Repeat from *. 2d round.—In every chain-stitch scallop of the former round 1 sc., after each sc. 6 ch. 3d round.—* 1 sc. in the first chain-stitch scallop of the former round, 8 ch., 1 stc. (short treble crochet) in the first of the 8 ch. Repeat from *. 4th round.—In every chain-stitch scallop of the former round 1 sc., after every sc. 7 ch. Lastly, gather the kerchief slightly on the middle of the upper part of the back and on the fronts in the manner shown by the illustration.

CHEMISETTE FOR POMPADOUR DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 34–36.



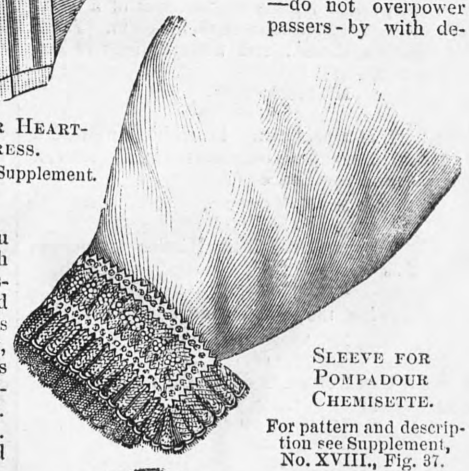
CHEMISETTE FOR DRESS ROUNDED IN FRONT.
For description see Supplement.



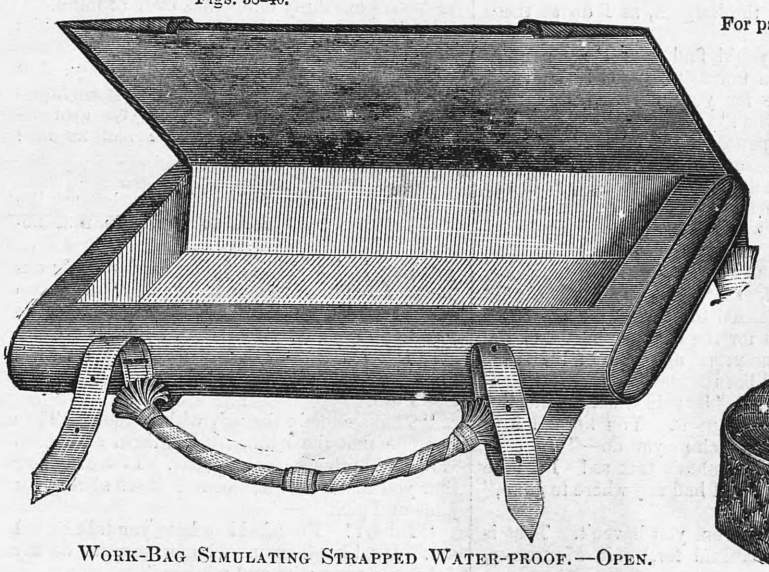
CHEMISETTE FOR HEART-SHAPED DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

FLANNEL VEST FOR ELDERLY LADY.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. V., Figs. 10–13.

SLEEVE FOR CHEMISETTE FOR DRESS ROUNDED IN FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 38–40.



SLEEVE FOR POMPADOUR CHEMISETTE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Fig. 37.



WORK-BAG SIMULATING STRAPPED WATER-PROOF.—OPEN.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXV., Figs. 53 and 54.

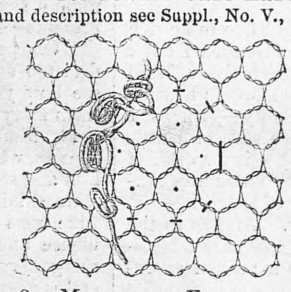
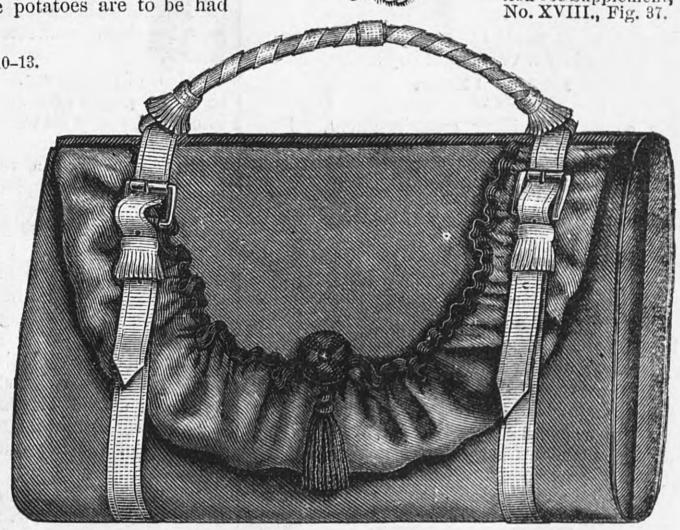
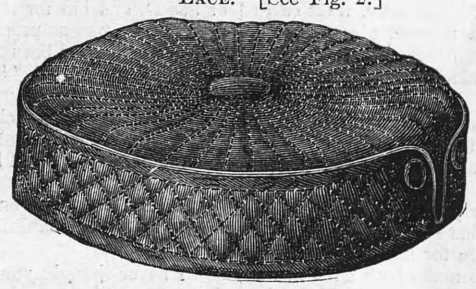


Fig. 3.—MANNER OF EMBROIDERING LACE.—[See Fig. 2.]



WORK-BAG SIMULATING STRAPPED WATER-PROOF.—CLOSED.



GENTLEMAN'S QUILTED CAP.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIV., Figs. 51 and 52.

Two Designs for Embroidering Lace.

THE designs here given serve for covers, curtains, or veils.

Fig. 1.—The stripes of this design are embroidered on coarse lace, one of them with twist and the other with untwisted knitting-cotton. The manner of working is shown by the pattern at the ends of the two unfinished strips. The hole through which the needle is put for the next stitch is designated by a ●, and the one through which it is drawn back on the upper side of the work by a ×.

Fig. 2. DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERING LACE.—The figures of this design are worked with loose cotton or coarse filoselle silk in a kind of quilting stitch in the manner shown by Fig. 3. Always run the thread twice around the designated threads of the lace, but in the second stitch do not bring the thread out where the working of the next thread is commenced, but first in the next hole designated by a ● on Fig. 3. The stitches which are to be worked are shown by a short line on the illustration.

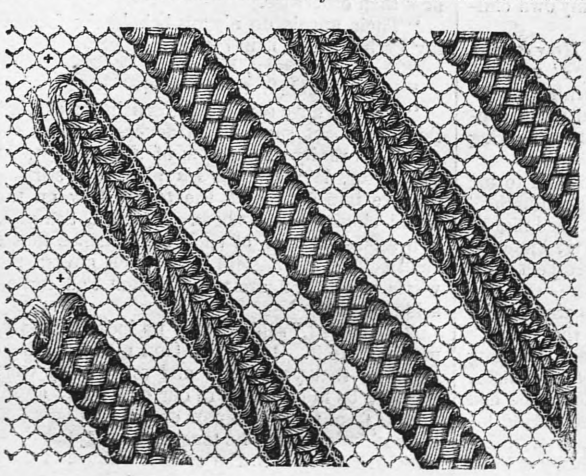


Fig. 1.—DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERING LACE.

BREAKFAST CAP TRIMMED WITH BLUE SATIN RIBBON.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVI., Fig. 55.

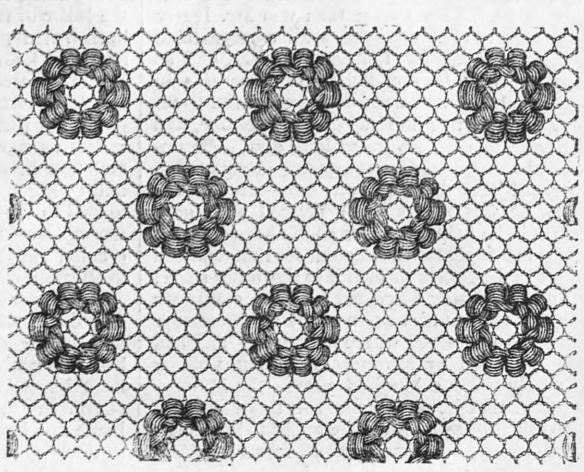


Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERING LACE.

MAURITIAN MARKETS.

TO see the market to perfection you must rise betimes and get there by six o'clock. At that hour all its treasures will be visible, and all its *habitués* assembled. Long before daylight the vendors of produce have been plodding along the highways, bearing in large tin boxes the things they have to offer. Men gathered from every quarter of the globe here mingle. Mauritius is such a calling-place for the world's shipping as you find nowhere else, and all nations and tongues are represented in its streets. The market itself consists of a series of light elegant sheds, paved with stone or marble, and duly divided into compartments. It is about 300 feet long and 250 feet wide. Neither counters nor tables are provided for the goods offered, but simply the bare floor. Each stall-holder takes his stand, or rather his seat, upon the stones, where he squats calmly in the midst of his little piles of cabbages, fruit, potatoes, beans, pepper, ginger, tomatoes, and so forth. In the intervals of custom the vendor employs himself with shelling beans or picking roots. He, or she—for the fair sex are much given to the art of selling—do not overpower passers-by with demands for patronage. If you pause nigh, he looks up with dignity, and awaits your pleasure, or possibly he may hazard a remark laudatory of his wares. If you wish to buy, about one-third of what is asked will be a fair approximation to the real price. First prices are only nominal. Fine potatoes are to be had at twopence-halfpenny a pound; eggs, three-halfpence each; celery, fourpence a bunch; brocoli, fivepence each; green mangoes, a penny each; pumpkins, sixpence each, or a halfpenny a slice. Here are balls of tamarinds, most dainty material for a chutney, at a penny a pound; tiny onions can be had at three-halfpence a pound. Tolerably large egg-plants, the insides of which are stuffed with herbs and chopped meat, are the same price. Nine insipid tomatoes can be had for a halfpenny. Haricot beans, of all colors and sizes, are present everywhere. Of fruits there is a poor show, the only noticeable one being the delicious litchie—a little-known but most delicious fruit, growing in a large shrub-like tree, having a hard sheath, which comes off readily, showing something like a strawberry. In taste it resembles a muscadel grape, but there is a large stone in the centre. They are sold at about two for a penny.

In the meat market there is more variety and a better quality of produce. Especially is this the case in the fish section. There is a plentiful supply of fresh turtle at a shilling per pound. There are turtle eggs, too, the best being those that are found after dissection. Noble crayfish, two feet long at least, are only one shilling and sixpence each. The crabs are small and untempting. Mangalls, a sort of cat-fish, are offered for one shilling and sixpence. Long-nosed guard-fish can be bought for two shillings each. But these pretty, sky-blue speckled fellows, yclept "skipjacks," are more to one's taste. One instinctively shudders before the young sharks, which look harmless and flabby enough now, but whose budding teeth are really too significant. They

are good eating, nevertheless, weigh five pounds, and cost one shilling and sixpence. Other fish are here in abundance, and in strange variety of form and color; scarlet, orange, green, and blue —flashing an hour or two ago, meteor-like, through the limpid waters of the Indian Sea.

Pass on to the flesh-stalls. The beef consumed in the island is very fair to the eye, and far from inestimable as to quality. Prices range, according to cut, from sixpence to sevenpence-halfpenny a pound. Mutton is dearer, and of indifferent quality, being tough, and one shilling per pound. Pork was not to be seen, and for certain remarkable reasons it is not in repute among the *white* residents. A full-grown fowl sells for three shillings. But then how mean and scraggy, how leggy and skinny is the bird! Turkey and geese, however, are abundant. Many a fine flock may you see cackling or strutting round the shabby hut of some Malabar poulterer. Bread is white, spongy, and threepence a pound; slices thereof you may partake of at the coffee-stalls, where dark Phyllises dispense cupfuls of coffee to large groups of customers, most of whom are sailors or wayfarers.

I ought, perhaps, to have said that all the stall-holders in the market are colored people, either Indian coolies or Chinamen. They are bound to exhibit sign-boards, and the inscriptions on some of these are highly amusing and graphic. Fine pretensions mark them all. These retailers have souls above those of their European rivals, and no plain presentment of a name unadorned by any prefix will do for them. Take, for instance, these literal transcriptions of one or two:

Mr. Scholastique,
Belle Fruit.

The next is a publican. Possibly he may be a noted epicure, and his own tastes are, therefore, a guarantee of excellence:

Mr. K. Montousa,
My Grocer.

A wizened, puckered little Hindoo announces himself as

Mr. Ramsamy.

The following, though puzzling, can be solved:

Mr. Appasamy. Vege.
Tables. Fruits.

Upon a board of scant dimensions appears this declaration:

Mr. Souptave,
N. Vegetable.
S.

We are next introduced to an historical character impersonated by a very small boy:

Mr. Abdool Kader,
Grocer.

Then comes a thrilling announcement. How terse, and expressive of the stout, copper-hued Juno beneath:

Madame.

My last yet baffles my powers of comprehension:

Mr. Troovanga.
Dayadiachy.
Pakee Kee Padiachy.
Draper.

While taking these strange inscriptions down, I became the unconscious cause of intense anxiety to each of the vendors in turn. Anxious looks were cast; low whispers interchanged. At last, unable to restrain their curiosity any longer, one of the "inscribed" inquired of my companion whether I was not a police commissioner, and what dire fate was awaiting them for what unknown offense.

ONE OF THE THANKSGIVINGS.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

A CHARMING room, as we look at it, to which generation after generation had added some conceit in the shape of a window-full of flowers, an alcove lined with books, an arch in which richly glimmered the golden reeds of an old-fashioned organ—simple furniture enough —and inexpensive upholstery, whose dainty chintzes refreshed the eye, and vases and prints and busts that made it seem well peopled with simple and sweet delights; a slight woman sitting by the fire, deep in the mystery of crocheting rose petals round a baby's sacque, the firelight playing on her braids of hair and turning their chestnut into red gold, and giving a tinge of fresh color to a cheek that had grown too pale; a young man, the size of three of his little vis-à-vis, lolling in an easy-chair, and clothed upon with a luxurious velvet dressing-gown, and contemplating the unfilled pipe between his fingers with more complacent satisfaction than he had any reason to give to the tint of his wife's cheeks, than he ever did give to the tint of his wife's braids, for all they were so much lovelier now in color than any meerschaum could ever hope to be. This young man was Mr. Harry Montresor, a civil engineer, with a respectable business of some few thousands a year, and as many maps as he could draw of townships in the Adirondack and wood-lots around the Great Slave Lake, at five hundred dollars the map, and all necessary journeys taken long ago. An unsatisfied and grumbling young dog though; discontented that his wife was not—no, on the whole, he was well enough pleased with her; how could he help it? He wouldn't have changed her for old Argentum's daughter for that damsel's weight in diamonds thrown into the other scale! But he was totally disgusted with the capricious Fate that had set him down in the old Montresor house that had stood where it now did, and had been inhabited by Montresors without number for nearly twice a hundred years—the idiot!—disgusted that he was doomed to this delightful piece of antiquity of which he ought to have been proud, instead of being dumped into a millionaire's palace on Murray Hill, instead of being boxed up in one of those houses each so indistinguishable from its neighbors in every appointment and appurtenance, both within and without, that it seems as if the whole region must have been custom-made in one piece, and then the various dwellings cut off by the ell Flemish, or some corresponding measure, to order! Yes, Montresor was quarreling with his happiness, quite forgetful of the old proverb that he who quarrels with good luck soon shall make friends with ill, quarreling with his happiness in a way that needed a stirring reproof; and if the slighted old mansion of his ancestors was not about to administer it and give him a lesson for life, it would be only because it was not yet old enough to do so.

He was a handsome fellow though, this Harry Montresor, as he sat there admiring his pipe and his mustache, and alternating the admiration with reflections on his bad fortune that had just cheated him out of a comfortable corner in stocks; handsome enough to make up for a thousand faults in a loving little wife's view, if not in yours and mine, with his head, like a young Greek god's, all sunned over with clustering and massy rings of golden hair, and his gray eyes, keen as an eagle's. And so little Kitty seemed to think, as in duty bound, while every now and then she dropped her ivory needle and pink wools, and gazed up at him in a reverie of as sheer pleasure as if he had been a picture and she had owned it.

"To be thankful for? Just mention any thing, pray!" said Montresor, defiantly, continuing a conversation lately begun, as he thrust his feet into his gorgeous slippers—Kitty's handiwork—beside the comfortable sea-coal fire, on that night before the last Thursday of November, 1868.

"Oh, Monty!" cried his wife, opening her blue eyes in dismay at a sort of new-fashioned profanity which she had never heard from him or any one else before. "Nothing to be thankful for, when you're alive?"

"Ah, you want me to say, with Mr. Spurgeon, 'Out of hell, and complain?' I suppose."

"You wicked boy! Just because a speculation goes wrong now, to be blind to every other blessing—"

"Other! It's one blessing, then, to have a speculation go wrong? I don't see it, I confess —especially when, if it had gone right, I should have moved into a five-story freestone front instead of being obliged to stay here in this old ramshackle concern. It's no blessing to me to have riches slide through my fingers just as I was grasping them, whatever it may be to you, Mrs. Monty."

"No, of course not. I should like to be rich so that I might give away— But then I don't know as I really do want to be rich either," said the little wife, meditatively. "It would be such a care, and such a responsibility—perhaps I might be found wrapping my treasure in a napkin, who knows? instead of using it for others; for after once knowing any great amount of luxury one must be always in fear of losing it—"

"I'll take the responsibility. And as to the care, I wish I had no heavier cares at this blessed minute than looking after a million seven-thirties."

"Why, Monty, looking after them? You couldn't look over them! But then, what cares have you at this blessed minute, please?" said the coaxing little woman, bending forward, with the light of the fire reddening her pretty forehead.

"Cares? Cares enough! Your pale face that the fire is burning now, for one."

"Nonsense! I'm always pale, you know. Real cares, I mean."

"Real cares? Oh, very well; here's a household on my shoulders—that's no care at all; food and shelter, lights and fire for half a dozen people, and only my wits to make both ends meet. Here's the very fire on the hearth fed with bank-bills."

"But the year's fuel was all bought and paid for in the summer, so that needn't trouble you now, dear. And I don't put on the sea-coal all the time, only high days and holidays—when you are at home that is; it does make every thing so cheerful."

"As if I wanted you should stint yourself, you foolish child! Use it all the time. So it does make things cheerful—cheerful as sunshine; next thing at any rate," as he glanced around him.

It did indeed that night; the dancing flames lit up the quaint low room with its old-time arches and niches; the fitful flashes now lingering on the ancient portraits on the wall, and sparkling in the eyes that had ceased to sparkle a century since; now alighting for one moment on the brow of the marble Psyche; now rounding out all the luscious contours of a basket of late fruit, all the delicate half-tints of a dish of flowers; now gilding the antique silver candlesticks with the lustre of rubies (they had held the tapers that burned at his great-grandmother's wedding, Heaven alone knew how many degrees backward in ascent of descent; and though Montresor, at the beginning of the days of paper-money, had talked of having them coined into specie, he would in reality as soon have coined his heart's-blood); and now illumining the eyes of the little wife, and giving again the bloom to her face that belonged to the days of her first youth. Outside, the winds whistled and tossed the naked boughs cruelly, but the heavy folds of the curtains within shut the whole scene into comfort.

But Montresor had been in an up-town palace that day, and the sheen of damasks, inlaid tables, buhl and ormolu, mosaics and old masters, had cast a blur upon his vision and made it almost impossible for him to see just now much charm in the paraphernalia of his home—his home in a house so full of memories, and where so many ancestors had lived before him that he irreverently declared it seemed to him as if they had been soaked into the walls, or else he were living in a tomb; for, turn which way he would, up started some old dignity of a Montresor till he was sick of the thought of them! and presently he recommenced his grumble.

"I don't know," answered his wife again, and resting her flying fingers. "I don't believe I would care to move into any such grand house if I might—it would be such a job to pack all our things—"

"Things? You don't suppose we'd take these duds with us?" in high contempt.

"Duds? Oh, for shame, Monty, when I love every one of them so like dear old friends."

"Very old friends. You shall have them in a garret all to yourself then. For when we move into a new house we'll start with every thing else new. I'll have all about me fresh and fine for once, and not an atom of rococo between the attic and the lower cellar!"

"Then," said Kitty, laughing, "keeping it all in order would be such a load on my mind as would weigh me into the grave. I had rather live here, where we are the—somethingth generation, where you were born, where we came when we were married, where our children were born—"

"There it is again! Our children! Married a couple of years, doubting how we can take care of a single urchin, and along come two—always send twins to poor men, it's a trial of patience and faith, and fits them for their struggle in life and for heaven afterward! However, it's a blessing they weren't twenty!" said Montresor, shrugging his shoulders.

"Oh, you dreadful man!" cried Kitty, bursting into a shower of tears. "As if it was my fault! As if—" But here the tears very fortunately choked her.

"Who said it was your fault, you dear little simpleton?" asked Montresor, getting up, a trifle unwillingly it must be owned, and coming round where he could lift her face and kiss the tears off from it. "You are as much of a trial as they are. There, do be still, Kitty, or I shall imagine I've said something terrible."

But Kitty had been quite ready to cry upon that subject for a long time, whenever it should turn up apropos of tears, and she had no intention of being still. "You have, you have!" she sobbed.

"Take care, then, or I'll say it again," responded Montresor, turning on his heel. "If it isn't enough to make any man swear, to have to pay twenty-five dollars a week to two monthly nurses for the rest of his natural life—which can't be long, though, at the rate of losing half of every night's sleep into the bargain, as I do at these presents—"

"Oh, perhaps you'll find your sleep a great deal too soon, you unnatural father! God will see how you care for your children, and take them away from you!"

Mr. Montresor paused, and looked at the little woman, who had sprung up from her chair before him and stood speaking so indignantly, with the tears shining like sparks of fire on her cheek. Like most people who are always defying Providence and applying reason to the inscrutable things of religion, he was not a little superstitious, and suddenly the fear lest his wife's words should be a prophecy silenced him. For, in his heart of hearts, and but for the contrary mood of the moment, he was as proud and fond of the twins as if his name had been Micawber.

"Well, well, Kitty," he said then, pacifically, "I'll say no more about it. You know I love the little scamps as much as you do—"

"If you did you couldn't talk so! I'd take them and go away—if I had any where to go to," sobbed Kitty still.

"Well, thank Heaven, you haven't. That is *something* to be thankful for," said Montresor, gayly.

"I never thought you'd begin to taunt me of that so soon!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, you unreasonable little piece of perversity!" he exclaimed in return, catching her up in his arms and holding her face on a level with his own—an enormous altitude for Kitty to attain—and looking in her eyes till her crying turned to laughing in spite of herself. But she was not going to relinquish the battle for all that.

"I'm sure I don't want your hateful old nurses!" she cried, when he had put her down. "Sitting up there like two mummies, and never letting me go near my own babies! And I've tried to offend them and be rid of them every way I could!" declared Kitty. "And they've gone out to-night to the spectacle; and I hope the cars will run over them and they'll never come back!"

"Mercy on us! Stilettoes and poison! What a blood-thirsty wretch it is! I don't see but you're as wicked as I am."

"No, I'm not!" cried Kitty, unable to be appeased. "For I don't want to kill my own children!"

"Want to kill my own children! How do you dare to talk to me in that way, Kitty?" said he, now becoming really angry in his own turn.

"You do, you know you do," said Kitty, confronting him like an outraged bantam fighting for her chickens.

"If you say another word of the kind to me I'll leave the house and not come back to-night."

"I dare say you will! And get a good night's sleep by means of it!" retorted Kitty, breaking down entirely at the harrowing prospect thus presented.

"My getting a good night's sleep seems to be the most unpardonable offense of the whole," said her husband, laughing at that, reflecting that he had always said his wife was the strangest compound of a woman and a child that he had ever fallen in or fallen out with, and taking his chair again quite good-humoredly, after filling the meerschaum, already so beautifully colored that he had that day refused a five-hundred-dollar bill for it. Then there was a brief reconciliation, and then the calumet was lighted.

"There, we'll drop the subject, Kitty," said he, in a superior way. "It doesn't follow that I want to kill the twins, you must remember, because I feel I can't afford to give them all they ought to have. I suppose now those mummies, as you call them, are gone, I can have a pipe in peace without being told that I am playing Othello to the children's Desdemona, suffocating them with bolsters of smoke."

"You grudge them their little life," said Kitty, in a sort of ground-swell after the storm.

"There, there, there!"

"But you don't grudge yourself a pipe that would pay for twenty nurses!"

To this the outraged father condescended no reply.

"Any other man would be thankful for them," continued the incorrigible Kitty. "And instead of complaining now, he would think how much better two sons can be brought up than one, and how much more lively and happy a home will be, a dozen years from now, for the coming in and going out of two great merry boys. If you should lose them, Harry Montresor, you'd be sorry for this!"

"Of course I don't want to lose them now they're here, and I don't mean to if I can help it," said Harry, taking his pipe from his mouth after listening to this tirade, and feeling it necessary to retort lest the dignity of manhood were swamped. "But I always despised philopenas, any way. I don't want any freaks of nature in my path. There's something uncanny about a single life divided between two bodies. If one is sick the other ails, and, half the time, if one dies the other either becomes bedridden or of enfeebled intellect, or else suddenly blossoms out into a double vitality like some murderous thing that has absorbed the life of the other one. I don't like mysteries in daily—"

"Our whole life is a mystery," said Kitty, gravely, for now that the child in her had had its spite, the woman in her must needs react upon penitence and piety.

"That's enough, then. I don't like complications of mystery. Next thing you'll be giving me a Siamese pair and asking me to be thankful for that. Which brings me back to where we started from, and if you want me to thank Heaven that we have the children any way, I answer that I don't see any reason to be particularly grateful for something that merely comes along with the due course of nature."

"Who made nature, Montresor?" asked Kitty, now quite subdued in the consideration of her husband's evidently dangerous state of mind.

"Oh, go along with your conundrums, and let me smoke my pipe."

"Do you really mean to say, Monty, that now, the evening before Thanksgiving Day, you positively can't find any subject in your own circumstances for thanksgiving? I had no idea you were in earnest."

"Devil a one."

"I was very ill a little while ago, but my life and health were spared to you. Is that nothing?"

"You had a skillful doctor, and nobody expected any thing but your recovery. It was a natural affair, Providence didn't go out of its way to do me any favor. You might as reasonably ask me to be grateful for every breath I draw."

"I am."

"That's exactly the way with women! They imagine that the Almighty has them each individually in some special keeping. I dare say now that you make confidences to Heaven about your jams and pickles—"

"I don't! I'm afraid to hear you talk so. I am. It's blasphemous. I only pray to do my duty as a good wife and mother."

"Which, in your thoughts, you mean to cover all that ground," said Montresor, laughing again. "I fancied as much. But do you really suppose, Kitty, that the great Eye which watches the immense universe, has time to pay much private and peculiar attention to your little affairs?"

"I don't know what is little with God, nor what is great," said Kitty, reverentially. But my dear babies are of as much consequence in his plans as I am, as any king or potentate is. That I am sure of."

"I am not." All the same, he liked to hear her say so.

"Why, Harry," said Kitty, taking her gaze out of the fire, and lifting it to him, "don't you believe that the Lord knows that they are sleeping sweetly at this moment, and has sent two of his great strong angels to fold their wings over them?"

"Well—no—I don't," said Montresor, sending a ring of smoke up the ceiling, and, though pleased, yet rather amused by his wife's earnestness than otherwise.

"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

"That's all poetry, Kitty."

"It's the Bible!" cried Kitty.

"Kitty, I have come to the conclusion that all this talk about special providences is the most egregious vanity on the face of the earth," said Montresor, laying down his pipe, and stirring the fire impatiently till the flames flew up the broad chimney in a sheet. "Am I, are you, two atoms of dust, of such consequence that I shall believe the natural laws which govern the whole of creation are to be broken and turned aside for us?"

"No indeed," said Kitty, "no indeed, Monty, nothing like it. But when God made the laws he knew that you and I and every body were going to be in existence in our own time; and it follows from what we know of his goodness and loving-kindness that he must have adapted them all with reference to the eternal welfare of each and every one of us—only we are *short-sighted*, we see through a glass darkly."

"Suppose I fall from the top of a building

morrow, and am shattered, by natural laws, of course—they're adapted to me with a vengeance!"

"Why, yes, dear, don't you see—I don't know how to explain—you ought to know by instinct—that God must be living in his laws, now, to-day, or else they wouldn't be laws, acting, living laws; and if, on the one side, natural effects should crush your body, on the other, God would be ready to fill you with his own strength to meet and endure—and then you forget that it may just be that God would teach us so that material bodily troubles are after all but slight affairs, and that the brief life here by which we set such store is nothing when compared with what he has for us further on."

"Oh, all that's a refinement on fact that I don't pretend to know any thing about. If I had the multiplex eyes of a dragon-fly or a locust I might undertake to peer into the Divine purposes; but I haven't, and as my eyes can only see so far, I imagine that I was only intended to see so far. But to make the matter more real to you—you unnatural wife that look upon my falling from the top of a building with such equanimity—what if the chimney should tumble in and put a terrible end to those two babies up stairs, what should you—"

"Oh, Monty, Monty, don't!"

"Come—do you suppose because I imagine a case, that therefore it's going to happen? Why that is running special providences into the ground."

"I don't like to have you talk so, dear. It makes me so uneasy—"

"Well, I won't. I'll ask only this one question, and have done. Do you suppose that the finger that balances the sun, that controls the planets, that measures their spaces to the constellations, has nothing absolutely better to do than to come down and interfere with your trivial concerns, in the tiny infinitesimal affairs of those babies, for instance?"

"Yes, Monty. Just that—"

"I only ask for information. You seem to be up in the matter so much more than I am or am ever likely to be," he said, loftily.

"You mustn't jest about it. For why not? Why not mingle in the affairs of those babies? Doesn't every influence around an infant help to form the character for all the future? I—truly I suppose so. For neither sun nor planets nor constellations weigh as much in the scales as the soul of one of those children—Hark! hark! Oh Heavens! what was that?"

It was a sound as if an earthquake with its appalling rumble had passed beneath the building in one wave, and the sides of the old house had split and opened; an echo as if a clap of thunder had burst upon the roof; a blow as if the roof itself had fallen in. Montresor sprang to his feet as if by an electric shock, uttering a loud cry; but no whisper passed his wife's lips as she dashed up the staircase after her two babies, like the wind itself.

In a moment afterward a shriek rang through the house, and then there was a dead hush. Montresor sprang to follow her, but all was total darkness up there, and a sudden sulphurous blast warned him that something had extinguished the gas and wrenched away the pipes, so that it was flowing out into the darkness, presently to reach the lights below in an explosion that would tear them all to atoms. He had a suspicion that the noise they had heard was the terrific report of gas somewhere escaped, and he made only two leaps before he was in the basement and far out under the sidewalks shutting off the main-pipe. In the succeeding instant the house was in the blackness of night. A match, a candle had been found; the draught through the open doors had carried off the vile air. He was springing up the staircase again, light in hand, and only staying when he reached his wife, who stood ash-colored, staring straight before her into what had just been darkness, half paralyzed, and not daring to take another step forward in order to explore her loss and misery, standing ankle-deep in the fallen lath and plaster of the ceiling of the nursery.

"The children!" gasped Montresor. And when he saw with one swift glance the ruin that might have crushed to death his wife herself had she been a second earlier, then the candle trembled in his hand and would have fallen. It was Kitty who caught it.

"Oh my God, Montresor! Look there!" she cried, breathlessly.

The rays of the candle hardly penetrated the dimness of the room, still filled with the white flying dust of the powdered portions of the ceiling, but she went running with it through all the débris, and stood holding it over the little crib, her face one rapture of prayer and gratitude and triumph. For there, under the light, Montresor saw the two little heads, with their shining silken locks nestled lovingly together, their two little faces rosy with sleeping smiles, the little dimpled arms interlocked, the little breasts rising and falling with the sweet deep breath of their safe slumber.

"Alive?" he cried, with trembling tones. "Alive?"

"Alive!" she answered him. "Unhurt. For, oh Montresor, just look up!" And she pointed upward where one patch of the ceiling alone remained unfallen. Every where else the old worm-eaten, rat-riddled rafters were bare, but just above the crib this patch of plastering yet hung—had it fallen the blow must have struck the breath from the two children in one second of time. But it had lingered firm and had spared them. The old crack passing by that very spot, out of which he remembered to have seen a wasp crawl one summer's morning, had been the merciful barrier that had saved them. As he looked now—while he looked—he thought he saw a movement in the spot, like the wavering of a shadow; he darted forward and seized both the children at once, clutching them under one arm, careless of the sudden frightened screams, or of untender movement, and catching his wife's gown with the other hand he dragged her away after him, without finding the time or the breath to utter a syllable. In the next moment that remaining section of the ceiling followed the rest in one heavy sheet, falling flatly on the crib, which was full of its big broken fragments.

But Montresor and his wife had safely reached the door, were down the stairs, and by the sea-coal fire again in a very different mood from that in which they had left it; Montresor quieting the cries of the rudely awakened babies with caresses and murmurings that certainly simulated affection most excellently if they were not the real outgushing of a father's love, and by-and-by pacing the room with an agitated step, still keeping guard over them as they lay, one little head fallen on his either shoulder, thumb in mouth, and sound asleep again.

"Oh, Kitty!" he cried, softly then, giving them up to her and to their temporary bed on the lounge. "What a wretch I am! If they had been taken in that shocking way it would have been nothing but justice. I never knew I loved them so. I never knew how black and worthless the world would be without them! Without them and you!"

"That ceiling! That terrible ceiling!" moaned Kitty, living over the moment's fright again. "Oh, how good God has been to us!" And by this time the tiny rose-colored sacque was a mere wreck.

"To us?" said Montresor. "To me! Had they but died I should have felt that I had murdered them. That I *had* killed my own children, Kitty. Talk of your special providences, child—this was a miracle!"

"A miracle, indeed," said Kitty, with a shiver. "Oh, Monty, how we always shall love Thanksgiving!"

"Thanksgiving? My whole life must be Thanksgiving! My dear ones spared to me—alive and safe—my own soul wakened. If I give my whole life up to praising God for it, can I give enough? Kitty, you can never have another such Thanksgiving; you must teach me how to say my prayers," he whispered, "and thank God for the greater miracle of the two—that I have found something to be thankful for!"

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IN October, 1867, a movement was made by M. Duruy, Minister of Public Instruction, to organize in the principal towns of France classes for the education of young women. Recently a report has been published showing the progress of the enterprise. Last year the work was commenced in forty different places. Professors in colleges lent their aid, and in Paris several members of the Institute assisted, and a number of ladies gave lessons in domestic economy, which met with great success. The mode of teaching is the same in all places; a lesson of an hour once a week is given on each of the subjects treated; namely, French grammar and composition, general literature, the history and geography of France, mathematics and astronomy, chemistry, physical science, and natural philosophy. The professors do not put any questions to the pupils, nor require them to prepare written exercises, although they advise them to do so; the young girls, however, take notes, which the teacher usually verifies to see that his instruction has been correctly understood. The average age of the pupils is from sixteen to eighteen. They usually pay a fee, though, if needful, they are admitted to classes gratis. The Empress has taken great interest in this enterprise, and has given medals as rewards to the most meritorious pupils.

According to statistics of the National Department of Education at Washington, there were in 1867 thirty-eight Normal Schools in the United States. Most of these have been established within the last ten years. In the high schools of Boston the aggregate salary paid to twenty-one male and thirteen female teachers for the year would give to each an average of about $1700. The whole sum paid to one hundred and fifty-six teachers of high schools, in eight of the principal cities of the United States, would give to each an average of over $1400.

A "romance in real life" occurred in Boharm, Scotland, a few weeks ago, such as we are accustomed to suppose only takes place in the pages of popular novels. A worthy minister, of threescore years and ten, was stricken with a disease which his medical attendant had told him must be fatal in a few days at most. The sick man had lived a bachelor, but, at this crisis, resolved to marry. A young lady about twenty years old, who was a teacher in the district, was sent for, and consented to the marriage. A justice of the peace was next procured, and the ceremony was performed in the presence of witnesses, the bridegroom sitting in his bed. What strange story may underlie this strange marriage is not revealed.

The anniversary meeting of the New York State Woman's Hospital, on the corner of Fiftieth Street and Fourth Avenue, was attended by a large concourse of distinguished and influential persons, who listened with much interest to addresses by Dr. Adams, Dr. Bellows, Mr. Beekman, and others. The principal orator of the occasion was Dr. J. Marion Sims, the founder of the institution, who made an eloquent speech. This is one of the noblest and worthiest charities of the city, and deserves a generous support. The institution originated many years ago. The present building, which has been occupied but a year, is only a wing of the proposed hospital; it is, however, a model of convenience and comfort, and augurs well for the future. According to the report of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, the distinguished Surgeon-in-Chief, 212 patients have been admitted during the year; of these 130 were discharged cured, or so far restored that there was no special need of further treatment. But six deaths have occurred in the time. Since the foundation of the institution 400 have been cured of a terrible injury, before deemed irremediable. Patients are received free of expense, or are furnished with private room and table at varying prices. The consulting physicians and surgeons are among the most experienced and successful medical men in our city. The resident physicians and surgeons are able and faithful. Thus there is in our midst a hospital where refined and educated women may receive such medical attention as they require.

The *Herald* a few days ago published the following list of public offices said to be held by Irish Roman Catholics in New York city:

Sheriff,
Register,
Controller,
City Chamberlain,
Corporation Counsel,
Police Commissioner,
President of the Croton Board,
Acting Mayor and President of the Board of Aldermen,
President of the Board of Councilmen,
Clerk of the Common Council,
Clerk of the Board of Councilmen,
President of the Board of Supervisors,
Five Justices of the Courts of Record,
All the Civil Justices,
All but two of the Police Justices,
All the police court Clerks,
Three out of four Coroners,
Two Members of Congress,
Three out of five State Senators,
Eighteen out of twenty-one Members of Assembly,
Fourteen-nineteenths of the Common Council, and
Eight-tenths of the Supervisors.

This vast political power is believed to be used in the interests of the Papal Church, securing for its institutions immense grants of valuable real estate from the city as well as large sums of money. The church thus in the first place controls the taxation of city property, and then the appropriation of the millions of revenue received from taxation. It wields the entire legislative power of the city, nine-elevenths of the city's representation in the State Assembly, and three-fifths of its influence in the Senate; it controls all our civil courts, all but two of our police courts, and three-fourths of our Coroners; and under its all-potent influence are our Acting Mayor, our Sheriff, our Register, our Controller, our City Chamberlain, the President and fourteen-nineteenths of our Board of Councilmen, and the President and eight-tenths of our Board of Supervisors. The Roman Catholics are said to control and manage the Democratic party.

We are promised at least two interesting courses of lectures this season. The scientific course which has already commenced under the auspices of the American Institute will undoubtedly unfold to the public, in a popular manner, many results of modern science. Some of the most distinguished scientific men in the United States appear on the list of lecturers, and the topics announced are such as Americans should know something about. Such lectures will have permanently good effects upon the people. The scientific lectures will occur about once a week, at Steinway Hall—the whole number being twelve. Another course of eight lectures, on literary and popular subjects, is announced to commence early in December, at Lyric Hall, on Sixth Avenue near Forty-second Street. Some of our most popular lecturers are engaged, and all who attend may expect to be profitably and delightfully entertained.

Some years ago a curious discovery was made by a gentleman of West Roxbury, Massachusetts, and from it a fanciful idea has been developed upon the apples and pears in his orchard. Having observed that an apple did not redden in that part of the fruit where a leaf happened to lie upon it, he cut out letters from newspapers, and, when the apples were yet green, he pasted them upon them with gum-tragacanth. The apples would *redden* in all parts *not* covered by the pasted letters. When the fruit had reddened to perfection the letters were removed, and they would appear permanently outlined in green. So, again, when he pasted on the apples a paper in which the letters were *cut out* the *parts* covered by the *paper* would be *green*, and the *letters* would appear, distinctly turned in *red*, the green ground surrounding them. The experiment is a very pretty one; and the orchard in Roxbury exhibited this fall many familiar names and inscriptions, all produced in the skin of the fruit, without abrasion or any foreign impression.

Esparto grass, which is exported from Spain and Portugal into England, is extensively used as a material for making paper, instead of rags. The London *Times* is said to be printed on paper made from this substance.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R.—We give our patterns with the view of obliging the greatest number of people, and can not make any promises about those asked for separately.

CHRISTIE.—Gore the front and side widths of your moiré, leaving the back widths full. Make the corsage and sleeves in the Maria Theresa style illustrated in *Bazar* No. 52. Cut your plaid skirt short and gored. Trim with bias bands of silk of the prevailing color of the plaid.

ISABELLE H.—Black ruffles bound with scarlet will trim your dress prettily. Velvet hoods will probably be worn in midwinter. Fanchon-shaped bordered with chinchilla or other fur.

GUSTIE.—Read reply to Christie.

TWO UNKNOWN FRIENDS.—The picture of which you speak has never been engraved or photographed.

W. LE D. C.—There is no better lotion for the complexion than this:

Bichloride of mercury	2 grains.
Muriate of ammonia	2 grains.
Emulsion of almonds	8 ounces.

Mix.

Recollect that this, though innocent when applied externally, would be poisonous if swallowed.

JOSIE H.—It is good-breeding to answer all invitations. The sooner you call the better. We know of no such work.

LAUK LUSTRE.—Belladonna should never be used to "add brilliancy to the eyes;" it is a very powerful poison.

A SKATIST.—Gray cloth or flannel trimmed with scarlet is suitable for you. We will give full information on this subject in due time.

CREAM CITY GIRL.—We know of no remedy for the case you mention.

RUBY.—A factitious value attaches to the amethyst because it is a fashionable stone. Specimens that could have been bought for a dollar twenty years ago have sold for $80 within a few years. It is again losing its popularity. You write a very good hand. You might live very nicely in a quiet village upon the sum you mention, though it would scarcely suffice in any city.

K. G.—You will be let off cheaply if "your future spouse pays all the expenses," and nothing is left for you but to "grumble." We would recommend you to insist upon doing something more to the purpose. We advise you to preserve your independence to the last moment of your maiden existence.—Add a pointed jockey frill to your basque, made of velvet pleated to the belt, or else wear a broad short sash of several loops. The ends are trimmed to match the cloak.

CARLOTTA AND OTHERS.—A good authority gives the following as the best way of preserving autumn leaves: "If they are slightly withered when you reach home put them in water overnight and they will become smooth. Wipe them carefully with a soft towel, and lay between sheets of porous paper, thin manilla or the common printer's sort is best; only have three or four layers between the leaves. Press these with a moderately hot iron for about three minutes, then arrange the leaves on card-board, fastening them with a solution of gum-tragacanth, which is not so apt to crack as gum-arabic, and when dry brush them with white moss varnish." Use but little starch or polish in washing your shades, else they will not be perfectly transparent. And let them be ironed with great care.

LOTTIE V.—We have nothing newer than the pattern you mention. Consult *Bazar* No. 50.

MATTIE G.—Read answer to Carlotta. The proper time to call upon strangers depends upon the probable length of their visit to your village.

BRIDEMAID.—Read the New York Fashions of this Number. The bridal fan, an inlaid work-table, an escritoire, a cuckoo clock, statuettes, a valuable shawl are a few among the innumerable number of gifts for a bride—besides silver. Presents are frequently given to the groom. Of course, a carriage is sent for the bridemaids, though this should be done by the bride's family.

MARY AND HANNAH.—The most serviceable style for you will be a single skirt and pelisse, lined with flannel. Add a cape if you have sufficient material. Put your trimming on plainly as a border.

"DAVID, PHILADELPHIA," writes: "You say, in answer to a correspondent, No. 56, p. 894, 'We can not now call to mind any passage from Scripture forbidding suicide.' Deut. v. 17: 'Thou shalt do *no* murder.' The above is a *literal* translation from the original Hebrew."

MAGGIE L.—For treatment of the hair see *Bazar* No. 56. For that of the hands see answer to M. W. For management of the *offish* wooer we would commend the trial of a little discreet indifference on your part.—Make a white merino chemise Russe trimmed with ruches of crimson merino notched at the edges. Wear a panier or a tunic of blue or scarlet silk over your evening dress.—Hair flowing loosely is admired for *very* young ladies, especially if it is of a light color.

M. W.—An excellent wash for the mouth is the French preparation known as *Eau de Botot*. If this can not be obtained rinse the mouth in the morning, at night, and after each meal with a warm infusion of mint. Freckles are very difficult to remove, but the *Lait Virginal*, which is highly esteemed by the Parisian dames, may be worth a trial. It is thus composed:

Tincture of benzoin	1 drachm.
Rose-water	1 pint.

Mix.

The best means to "whiten red hands" is to wear a pair of cosmetic gloves thus prepared:

Fresh eggs	2
Oil of sweet almonds	2 tea-spoonfuls.
Rose-water	1 ounce.
Tincture of benzoin	36 grains.

First beat the eggs and oil together and then add the rose-water and tincture. A pair of kid gloves must then be turned, and, after being well daubed with the mixture, put on properly and worn during the night.—Plaid circulars are bias behind. The only seams are at the side where the necessary quantity is sewed on. Be careful to make the plaids fit at these seams. The shape is a perfect half circle. Black Astrakhan furs are worn both for colors and mourning, and regardless of the trimming of the cloak.

PANSY.—Muriatic acid would not be "safe to use," though it might be "effectual" in removing the mustache, but it would probably take away the lip or a goodly portion of it at the same time. All depilatories are dangerous.

ECONOMY.—Cut your sacque down to a tight-fitting basque. Leave the skirt its present length front and back. Cut off the side points and loop with a deep pleat. A bow or rosette on the side seam over the pleat. Make a cape short and bertha-shaped in front, sloping into a point behind like a hood. Trim with a silk ruche. Quilted garments are occasionally worn.

MRS. M.—Girls of fifteen wear the corsage buttoned in front, trimmed with berthas and bretelles. Short polka basques are also suitable. A merino dress, with puffed over-skirt and peasant waist of black silk, is a favorite style. There is not enough of your plaid to make a circular. Make a scarf burnous or a half-tight basque with hood or cape. Trim your serge with Hercules braid. Make two skirts and a baschlik.

MIRAH.—Select poplin dresses of gay, solid color and of plaid, with over-skirt and bodice of black silk.

R. M. B.—Make your black poplin with a single skirt and Watteau paletot. Trim with a pleated ruche, the pleats all running one way, and fastened an inch from the edge, top and bottom. The ruche is ten inches wide on the skirt, four inches on the Watteau. Line and wad the over-garment, so that it may serve as a cloak with any dress.—Make the brown velours with two skirts and a short basque. Inch-wide binding of bias velvet of the same color for trimming. Four capes, the lowest reaching to the elbow, and getting gradually shorter to the collar, will give it a stylish look.—The straw-colored silk, trimmed with scarlet velvet, is a gay Spanish combination of colors that will be very becoming to your style. Border the skirt with a bias velvet or satin band, with two rows of piping above.—Black guipure lace will trim your purple silk.

MINNIE T.—Make a single skirt and Camargo to your Empress cloth. Trim with bias velvet and fringe. The skirt of your plaid poplin is just as it should be. The scallops are three inches wide and two deep, bound with black silk, corded with solid-colored merino. It will take about three yards of plush for your jacket. The only trimming is large white pearl buttons down the front and on the pocket-flaps.—To puff your hair, divide into small tresses, roll each up on your finger, and fasten with cap wire; then pin in place with hair-pins. Three strands rolled separately, and then rolled together, form a twisted coil. Long curled-hair topsies are what you need to mount your hair on.

J. M. R., MISSOURI.—We have no knowledge of the book you mention.

MRS. H. L. S., MENDON, MICHIGAN.—We take names from different post-offices in the same club. All additional names can have the paper at club rates.

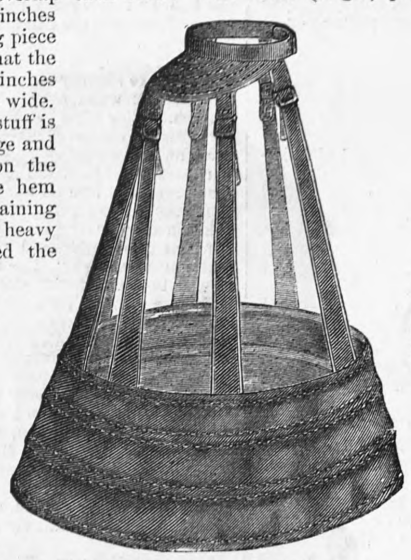
CARRIE.—We furnish no other patterns than those in the Supplement of the *Bazar*. The illustrations will suggest styles which may be easily imitated by an ingenious person.

Under-Skirt with Satin Trimming.

THIS skirt is of black alpaca. The under part is covered fifteen inches deep with striped red and black satin. Face with alpaca, and sew a black worsted cord inside the lower edge. The skirt may be cut from the pattern given for the White Under-Skirt, Figs. 21–23, Supplement; but as the skirt is without any train, the back must be cut but little longer than the front.

Horse-Hair Bustle.

THIS bustle is of white horse-hair, and consists of five sloping pieces of stuff which are pleated and overlap each other. The under (larger) piece is twenty inches long and thirty inches wide, and each following piece four inches shorter, so that the upper one is only four inches long and sixteen inches wide. Each of these pieces of stuff is rounded on the under edge and hemmed and pleated on the upper edge, so that the hem stands out. The remaining edges are corded with a heavy cord. Having arranged the pieces in this manner, join them so that the heading of each pleated part shall stand out over and below the preceding one. Through the hem of the under (larger) piece run a cord, which serves for tying on the bustle, and by means of which it may also be drawn up into a closer shirr, thus rendering the panier thicker.



HOOP SKIRT WITH BANDS FOR LENGTHENING OR SHORTENING.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 17–20.

WHITE UNDER-SKIRT WITH TRAIN AND BUSTLE.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VIII., Figs. 21–23.

UNDER-SKIRT TRIMMED WITH SATIN.

Hand Glass.

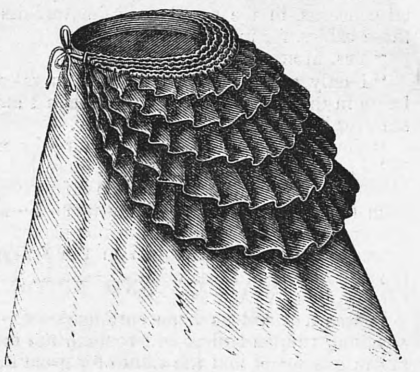
MATERIALS: heavy pasteboard, brown velvet, goose feathers (quills), pasteboard, white silk, a mirror, etc.

The mirror shows a new way of using a material which is at once cheap, simple, and effective. The simulated ivory wreath which so prettily borders the hand glass is made of goose-quills. The flowers and leaves are of the feathered part, and the stems and lattice-work on the handle of the smooth part of the quill. The foundation of the mirror is of heavy pasteboard, around the outside of which is arranged a wooden frame-work, which gives the foundation more firmness. Cover the upper side with velvet and the back with silk. The glass is put in between the pasteboard and velvet, the edges of which are bordered with chenille. The flowers are sewed to the velvet before it is pasted on the frame. For making the flowers cut the feather part from a number of clarified and unclarified quills. (The quills are clarified by holding them a few seconds in hot ashes, and then rubbing them well with a piece of coarse woolen material.) Scrape the membraneous parts from the unclarified quills with a knife. Split the quills, and soften them in warm water, and while soft cut and bend them into the forms shown in the section given in the engraving. Arrange the single leaves in the manner shown by the illustration. For the large flowers sew the feathers with waxed silk to a pasteboard foundation of suitable form. For the roses take the feather part of the unclarified quills; leaves, buds, and the little flowers are made of the other quills and sewed on singly. The stems of the leaves and buds are made of the smooth upper part of the quill, which is split off in thin narrow pieces. For the cups and centres of the flowers stick on with mucilage some of the little curled bits shaved off. The lattice-work on the handle is made of the strips split from the smooth part, and is sewed on.

An illustration shows another style of ornamentation for a hand glass. This consists of flowers and leaves, which are crocheted of coarse white crochet cotton and coated with brown copal varnish, by which means it presents the appearance of wood carving. Excepting the large pointed leaves all the work is crocheted in the following manner: Make a foundation of seven chain, and crochet a short treble in the third and a treble in the second of these seven chain. These stitches are, however, not completed separately, but after the treble work off together all three of the loops on the needle. According to the size of the single flowers and leaves work treble and long treble stitches, or join two such leaflets for one leaf by means of slip stitches. The illustration shows the number of leaflets in each leaf. Crochet each circle together. Of the five small leaflets which form a twig each consists of only one such leaf-figure. At the point, which is formed by the last two loops, take the needle out the stitch and draw the thread through on the back of the stitch. From here work a few chain for the stem, and at a little distance the next leaf, etc. For the larger leaves make, now, a chain stitch foundation of the requisite length, and crochet on both sides of this slip stitches, double and short treble crochet, corresponding to the form of the mirror. The completed parts are covered with several coats of the varnish till they are dark and stiff enough. When dry sew them on the frame, which may either be covered as shown by the illustration or with brown oil-cloth.

PANIER BUSTLE OF WHITE CASHMERE AND STEEL SPRINGS.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 24.



HORSE-HAIR BUSTLE.

HAND GLASS.

Crocheted Tassel.

THIS tassel is easily made, and may be used in many ways; for instance, for trimming hoods, veils, etc. It is crocheted in chain stitch with fine silk twist. The strands are wound with silk twist in the manner shown by the illustration.

CROCHET TASSEL.

Trimmings for Under-Skirts.

THESE trimmings are made partly of bias strips of the same material as the skirt, and partly of bias strips of bright-colored silk or velvet.

Fig. 1.—This trimming consists of two pleated strips and two clusters of bias folds, all of the material of the skirt. The pleated strips are each four inches wide, and are hemmed on the under edge. The pleats are narrow, and all run the same way. Above each of these arrange the bias folds, the lower one of each cluster of which serves to hide the seam where the pleated strip is set on.

Fig. 2.—The under-skirt for which this trimming is designed must be scalloped on the under edge in the manner shown by the pattern, the edge of the scallops is then bound with colored silk and edged with a fluting of the same ma-

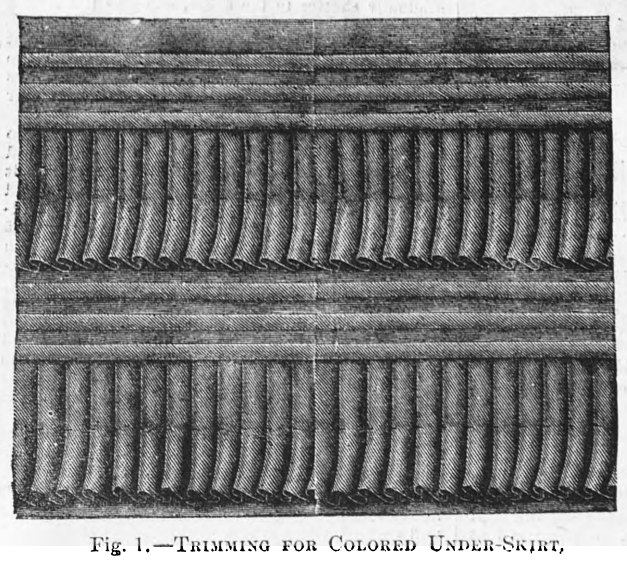


Fig. 1.—TRIMMING FOR COLORED UNDER-SKIRT.

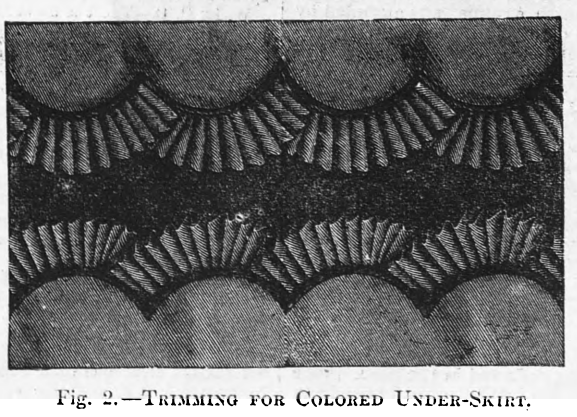


Fig. 2.—TRIMMING FOR COLORED UNDER-SKIRT.

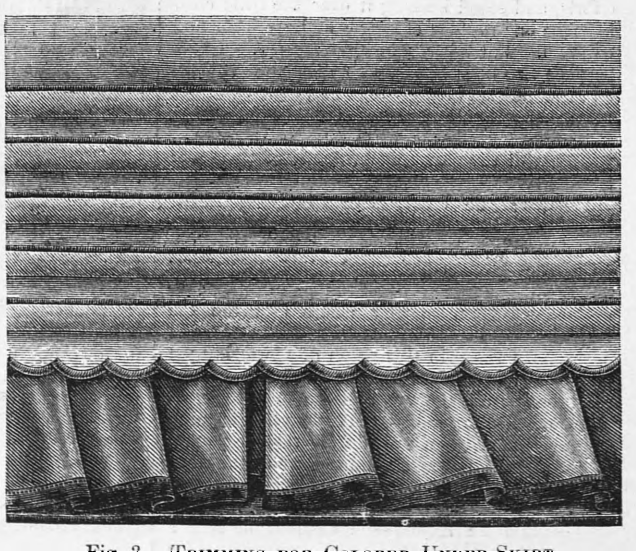


Fig. 3.—TRIMMING FOR COLORED UNDER-SKIRT.

SECTION OF FEATHER WREATH FOR HAND GLASS.

SECTION OF CROCHET WREATH FOR HAND GLASS.

terial as the skirt an inch and a quarter wide, which is set underneath. Under this lay a strip of silk like the binding, and sew the scallops down on it. Next cut a strip of the same material as the under-skirt two inches and a half wide and the length of the width of the skirt, cut one side of this in scallops the same size of those on the bottom of the under-skirt, and trim with binding and fluting. Sew this on the under edge of the silk part in the manner shown by the illustration. The facing of the under-skirt must be wider than the trimming and must reach above it.

Fig. 3.—This trimming consists of a flounce three inches wide, the under edge of which is bound with colored silk. Above this flounce arrange a piece of the material of the skirt an inch and three-fourths wide which has been scalloped and bound, also with colored silk, on one side. Above this scalloped piece set bias folds of the same material as the skirt edged with silk piping.

HIGH WAIST WITH FICHU AND PEPLUM.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 3–5.

HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXII., Figs. 47 and 48.

HIGH WAIST WITH FICHU AND PEPLUM.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 3–5.

ART IN COMMON THINGS.

ROOM DECORATIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.

HARMONY of color and appropriateness of form in the furnishing and decoration of our dwellings are essentials so frequently overlooked that a few hints for general adoption may not be unacceptable. To select what may appear eye-pleasing, without due reference to the relations which ought to exist between the several parts of a room, seems to be the common practice, and so long as this is continued the result can hardly be otherwise than unsatisfactory.

It is only by proper attention to fixed principles—principles by which an artist is guided in painting a picture, that a consistent and harmonious combination of colors can be effected.

HOOD-CAP FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 14–16.

HIGH WAIST WITH FICHU AND PEPLUM.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1 and 2.

HIGH WAIST WITH POMPADOUR FICHU.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XXIII., Figs. 49 and 50.

HIGH WAIST WITH FICHU AND PEPLUM.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1 and 2.

Taking a room as a whole, and considering its effect as a picture, the colors of the carpet and of the walls form the chief masses in the composition, and necessarily influence every other component part. If the floor and the walls be of the same color, there will be a deficiency of force and of effect from want of contrast; and, on the other hand, if of different colors, equally attractive to the eye, the effect produced would not be that of the whole, because a whole is the result of the co-operation of different subordinate parts with one principal part. While, therefore, they should not be of the same color, they should be of colors that harmonize, or, in other words, look well together. For example, a very brilliant color, such as crimson, in a carpet, may have a drab or other subdued color in the curtains and paper; but, then, there should be a portion of the brilliant color introduced in both, as bordering or ornaments. A glance at the views entertained on these points, by acknowledged authorities on decorative art, may prove useful.

Sir John Robertson, of Edinburgh, in describing a drawing-room which he caused to be decorated with especial reference to what is deemed the proper harmony of coloring in the principal parts, says: "There were only three decided colors throughout, viz.: white, crimson, and green. The ceiling, cornices, wood-work, and canopies of the window-hangings, the ground of the walls, and that of the carpet, crimson, while the pattern on the carpet was a sort of tracery of creeping plants in green. The chimney-piece was of white marble, reaching nearly to the ceiling, with a panel, equal in width to the opening of the chimney, filled with a mirror or looking-glass. The walls of the room were painted in imitation of morocco leather, enriched with roses in gilding, shaded by hand, and the whole varnished with copal. The wood-work was dead white, bordered with gilt mouldings. The window-curtains were of a very simple form, being merely large curtains without draperies or fringes, and they hung in vertical lines so as to catch no dust. They ran on gilt wooden poles, and inside the cornice was a common French curtain-rod, on which ran a very fine but plain muslin sun-curtain, edged with crimson cherry fringe. The cords for drawing the curtains, instead of being concealed, were made conspicuous, and contributed much to the general effect; they were about the thickness of half an inch, of plaited worsted cord, with handsome termination." In speaking of the general colors adopted throughout, he observes: "The whole of the crimson is, as near as practicable with the different materials, of the same hue, the lake for the walls having been first procured, and the silk and worsted dyed to match it. From this circumstance, and from its being contrasted by the green, and relieved by the white and gold, it has no more of a predominant hue in the arrangement than is perfectly agreeable, while it gives great distinctiveness in the pictures, and a general air of warmth and comfort, without appearing glaring and gaudy."

D. R. Hay, in his "Treatise on Harmonious Coloring," insists on the point that the coloring of rooms should be an echo to their uses. The color of a library ought to be comparatively severe; that of a dining-room grave; and that of a parlor or drawing-room gay; while light colors are more suitable for bedrooms. Apartments lighted from the south and west, particularly in a summer residence,

should be of a cool color; while, on the contrary, those lighted from the north and east should approach a warm tone. He adds: "When the tone of a room is fixed by the choice of the furniture, it is the business of the painter to introduce such tints for the ceilings, walls, etc., as will unite the whole in perfect harmony." Here, however, is the difficulty. The colors of the furniture may be arranged by a general knowledge of the laws of harmony, but the painter's part can only be done by the choicest attention to all the minutiæ of the art.

Pugin, in treating of the relations which interior fittings bear or ought to bear to each other, visits with some severity the usual mode of hanging window-curtains. He says: "The materials of these curtains may be rich or plain; they may be heavily or lightly fringed; they may be embroidered with heraldic charges or not, according to the locality where they are to be hung; but their real use must be strictly maintained. Hence all the modern plans of suspending enormous folds of stuff over poles, as if for the purpose of sale or of being dried, is quite contrary to the use and intention of curtains, and abominable in taste; and the only object that these endless festoons and bunchy tassels can answer is to swell the bills and profits of the upholsterers. It is not less ridiculous to see canopies of tomb and altar screens set up over windows instead of the appropriate valance or baldaquin of the olden time." He goes on to say that the origin and proper application of fringes seems to be but little understood. Fringe was originally nothing more than the ragged edge of the stuff tied into bunches to prevent its unraveling further. This suggested the idea of manufacturing fringe as an ornamental edging, but good taste requires that it be designed and applied correctly. In the first place, fringe should never consist of heavy parts, but simply of threads tied into ornamental patterns; secondly, a deep fringe should not be suspended to a narrow valance; thirdly, no valance should be formed entirely of fringe, as fringe can only be supplied as an ornamental edging; and, fourthly, fringe should not be sewed upon the stuff, but always on the edges. It is allowable at the very top, as it may be supposed to be the upper edge turned over.

In room decorations and window draperies, as in most other things, there is abundant scope for uniting mechanical skill with elegant or fine art, and as the progress of civilization has constantly a tendency to make articles of convenience become objects of luxury, it is important to make the connection between mechanical ingenuity and the higher branches of art more intimate, so as to elevate productive industry to a point far above the standard of mere utility.

TO LIZZIE ON HER WEDDING-DAY.

[WITH AN ICE-PITCHER.]

IF I were John Jacob Astor,
And my wife were Myra Gaines,
How easier far and faster
We'd cease to rack our brains,
And seek no mortal suggestion
From aught save Love and Pride,
In reply to the solemn question
"What shall we send the Bride?"

If our purse like our hearts were able
Our cards should lie in sight
On a coral-footed table
Whose top was Malachite;
With mosaic of pearls to inlay it
Like foam on a still green sea,
And a salver should down-weigh it
Of Lapis Lazuli.

No royal lip hath hankered
For a draught from the jeweled rim
Of such an amazing tankard
As on that salver should brim
With punch of Lachryma Christi
And Metternich's oldest crop,
Corked in centuries misty—
Uncorked at a guinea a drop.

And then—lest the potent aroma
To the ladies' heads should fly,
Tea, coffee, and theobroma
Should bubble convenient by—
Clear, sedative, and corrective,
By spirit-flame each kept hot,
As it stood down the lordly perspective
In its proper golden pot.

In Majolica cups and Sèvres—
In rainbow-glass of Bohème,
These drinks of Olympian flavor
Should catch a diviner flame—
And honey from thymy caskets
Should mix with tropical spice
In jeweled bonbon baskets
Of filigreed rare device.

Alas, how influential
Is that petty conjunction "*If!*"
Alas, for that mood potential,
Of all the moods most stiff!
So then, till your diamond wedding,
And our ships come in to land—
For that gorgeous table-spreading
This pitcher begs leave to stand.

When the Honey-moon's joy supernal
Shall stretch into hot July,
May it yield a freshness internal
To both whom the knot shall tie;
Sent from our hearts' warm fullness,
Though ice must be its doom,
We're sure 'twill cause no coolness
Betwixt the bride and groom!

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

OUTGENERALED.

MRS. ASHBERRY was pressing open a seam of dark blue cloth with a great iron goose, on a little press-board brown and scorched with use. She worked like a woman who had the universe to provide for and only one day to do it in—one waning autumnal day. A little girl, hardly old enough to talk, sat in a corner of the room building corn-cob castles; and a blue-eyed baby grunted and nestled in a painted wooden cradle. As Mrs. Ashberry crossed the wide kitchen to put the heavy iron before the open fire again she touched the cradle-rocker with her foot in passing it; and thereupon the uneasy sounds changed to a glad, crowing laugh, for this baby had so few attentions from his busy mother he was prepared to appreciate the least. Then he sucked his thumb good-naturedly till he went off to sleep.

The baby was still asleep, Mrs. Ashberry had half made the little jacket, and the girl in the corner had built a house, a barn, a cattle-pen, a church, a flower-garden, and was busily building a Virginia fence around two chairs and the cradle, when a smart double knock came upon the outer door.

Little Julia looked up eagerly, with a corn-cob in each hand, and Mrs. Ashberry dropped her work and walked across the room, with her shoes creaking an honest welcome at every step.

"Oh, Mrs. Samuels! I want to know if it is you! How do you do this afternoon? Walk right in and take this rocking-chair up by the fire," said she, heartily.

Mrs. Samuels was a little wiry old woman, who looked as though she was made of birch bark and Indian meal. She wore a black woolen gown, and carried her knitting in a bag made of pumpkin seeds strung on a thread. As she had come visiting she wore over her shoulders a small crape shawl which had evidently seen better days, and a great many of them; and on her head a wide-bordered, high-crowned cap tied with purple ribbons; but the poor soul would have felt a deal more comfortable in her woolen blanket and quilted hood.

"Your folks are well, ain't they?" said she, settling herself into the chair and unrolling her work to make herself as much at home as possible, for among that primitive people one would as soon think of sitting without hands as without work.

"Yes, as well as usual, thank you. You know Mr. Ashberry hasn't ever very strong health," replied Mrs. Ashberry, with an air of apology. "But he is rugged for *him*. And how does the world go with you?" she continued, glancing at the clock, and then at once lifting the heavy iron tea-kettle, as though it had been a pan of feathers, upon the crane over the fire.

"Mrs. Ashberry, I have my troubles, and I suppose we *all* have our troubles," returned Mrs. Samuels. "I don't know as I have a call to complain of my lot—I don't know as I have—and no more I wouldn't if I was right well and tough; but what with my throat-ail and my cancer-humor I don't feel none too well any of the time. But, after all, I tell them while Amenta and I have a place we can call home we won't say a word. We *are* rather cluttered, to be sure; only one room, with the bed and cook-stove and all right there; but Mrs. MacKimmie gives us a privilege in her kitchen washing-days, and if we have any gre't work on hand; and then Amenta is gone a good deal."

Mrs. Samuels was like a music-box; when once wound up she went until she ran down; and she kept on without break or pause while Mrs. Ashberry, putting the goose and press-board aside, mixed biscuits that were as big and sweet as oranges, and fried dough-nuts as puffed-out as the ambitious frog.

"Amenta is up to Squire Sprankle's helping the folks fix off Ariadne," said the music-box, starting off on a fresh tune, with a little click; "and as Mrs. MacKimmie is expecting her brother's wife and children to stay with her for a spell, till her brother concludes on a place, I told them I would take this time to do up my fall visiting, for it will come real handy to them to have the use of my room. Well, they couldn't get along any way comfortable without it, and I am willing to do 'most any way to accommodate, for Mrs. MacKimmie has been very kind to us, and generous too, in her way. You know she isn't of a real generous make. Why, she isn't nigging, but she is prudent."

Meanwhile Mrs. Ashberry drew out the great round table and spread over it a smooth white cloth, which was only last year blue flax-flowers down by the pond. Then she speckled it over with plates of cheese and pickles and butter and stewed cranberries; with honey and dried meat and pitchers of cream and milk; with brown raisin-cake, pumpkin pie, and baked apples; nowise disheartened at this suggestion of an unlimited visitation. For in that rural, scattered neighborhood, in those legendary days, a guest had never been thought of as any thing but a delight and a privilege.

Presently, before supper was ready, the door-latch rattled as though somebody too short for the situation was trying it; then the door flew open with a bounce, and showed upon the threshold a pair of cheeks red enough to make the fortune of a whole garden of roses, two round gray eyes, and a tangle of light brown curls that seemed to bring a good deal of sunshine into the room with them. This vision, which was dressed in red flannel, stopped in pleased surprise and gazed at the unusual apparition of a visitor. But she was directly brought to herself by Mrs. Ashberry's voice, crying out, "Why, Clara Ashberry! where have you been, and what have you been doing, I want to know?"

At this reception Clara hung her head in ready childish shame, though she had come home with a great deal of pride and satisfaction from her afternoon's work.

"Come here, child, and let me look at you. I should think as much! What have you been into? Why, your dress is full of beggar-lice!" exclaimed the mother. "What in the name of reason possessed you? I would make you pick them every one out yourself if I thought you could do it."

The tangled brown curls drooped lower yet—it was such a downfall to be met in this way, and before "company" too! while the mother, pulling the child to the sunken brick hearth, picked away with quick, impatient fingers at the clinging burs.

That afternoon, when dinner was first over, Clara had been sitting upon the door-stone trying to feed her kittens with catnip, when her brother Philip came whistling out of the house.

"Oh, cats! I am going to kill them!" said he, stopping short.

Clara looked up with a pang of terror, infinitely more alarmed than if he had spoken of killing her, because in that case it was possible he might be joking; but if he said he would kill her kittens, it was certain he would do it. So without a word she gathered up the four precious little lives in her long pinafore and ran as fast as her small speckled stockings and heavy leather shoes could go across the orchard, over the brook, and up the hill beyond. There she sat down among the fragrant life-everlasting and shining laurel leaves, holding fast the mewing, squirming burden that, wholly unconscious of their great peril, had excusable objections to being squeezed to death.

Poor little Clara! Desperately afraid for herself to stay such an immense distance from home—although William Tell might have hit an apple on the tree that overhung the back porch—yet she had more deadly fear for the kittens; so she staid full of terror and courage until she had seen Philip go whistling off to school, thus insuring their lives for another half day. About the same time the mother-cat came stepping through the dead grass, smelling and calling until she found her family; and then the mother and the little ones, stretching themselves together on the sunny hill-side, went to sleep; and Clara, emboldened by the company of the old cat, went about to amuse herself. And this was when, running here and there for white and purple asters, and sunshine consolidated into spikes of golden-rod, she ran waist-high into a thicket of bur seed, struggling through it for a solitary monkey-flower which grew farther up the hill-side. Then she happened to look down at her red frock, spotted over with the brown, sharp-fingered seeds; and back she ran to catch some more. Back and forth, back and forth, till there was not a thread of her flannel gown but was pinned by a ready, persistent seed, and Clara laughed with delight.

"I look just so like the clove-apple upon the chimney-piece in the front-room," she cried, forgetting the kittens for the time and running merrily home to be admired. So one can fancy the unexpected chill of her reception.

But after the burs were fairly picked off, one by one, with a few motherly twitches and words of reproof, they were quickly forgotten; for then presently came the cheerful excitement and bustle of making ready the best bed, which stood, according to another custom of the time and place, in the parlor; and was furnished with the softest pillows, the warmest blankets, and the gayest coverlet in the whole house. And so before nine of the clock all—father, mother, children, and guest—were asleep, and there was no sound in the low red farm-house excepting the heavy ticking of the tall wooden clock, the chirping of a cricket in the hearth, and a mouse gnawing behind the wainscot.

But long enough before any cock in town had dreamed of day-dawn (excepting old-lady Tillman's, that perched on a pear-tree at the end of the house and always crowed at intervals all night long) the farm-house was astir again. Great slices of fresh pork were frying in the long-handled spider over the coals, potatoes were boiling themselves out of their skins in a kettle over the fire, and golden corn-cakes were baking in the shining tin oven on the hearth before the blaze that burst and flamed up the wide chimney as though glad to be about its day's work.

There was not the faintest flush of daylight over the eastern sky when Mrs. Samuels appeared with her knitting in her hand and the music-box wound up and going; but the room was bright with the glare of a great fat pine-knot that stood in one corner of the wide chimney, and cheerful with half a dozen children who would have thought the world had come to an end if the sun should catch them in bed.

"La sakes! So you are all up as bright as buttons!" chirruped the music-box, who felt herself so much at home she had gone comfortably into her blanket and hood. "And you don't say you have killed a'ready! Before Thanksgiving! Why, do tell me, Mrs. Ashberry, how you expect to keep your meat? Though, sure enough, your well is deep and cool, and meat will keep down there a good long spell. But then I am not in the habit of seeing folks make up their sausages and smoke their hams before Thanksgiving time; it hasn't been customary about here, unless with you; you always do get your work all out of the way before the rest begin, I know. However, it *does* seem early. Why there is Mrs. MacKimmie in the greatest suz for some meat to have while her brother's folks are there; but Mr. MacKimmie said it was no use talking at this time of the year about fresh meat. Now I wonder if you wouldn't be willing to lend out a piece to her and take your pay when they kill, along after New-Year's, say? It would come dreadful handy to her, and be a great accommodation, I know, by what I've heard her talk."

Mrs. Samuels was as capable at eating as at talking, and fresh pork being an unseasonable luxury, possibly she overexerted herself. At any rate, before night she fell sick.

"I won't say it is any thing I have e't, and I won't say it isn't; but, however, I aim to be well in the morning, and I won't try any supper, unless it may be a dish of porridge and a cup of tea; and I'll make off to bed early," said she, hopefully.

But morning found her no better, nor the next day, nor the next, nor the next; and so at last her daughter Amenta came to nurse her.

"I didn't meant to stay only a week or so, and then I laid out to make the heft of my visit at Deacon Barkruff's this time. It makes it real hard for you, Mrs. Ashberry, but here I be," said the music-box, which was fast running down.

"I am very glad, if she must be sick, she was taken here instead of over at the Deacon's. Mrs. Barkruff always has her cup full, and a leaf besides, and that would be no place for Mrs. Samuels. I am very thankful she hadn't got away from here," said Mrs. Ashberry, as undisturbed as though *she* were altogether a lady of leisure, who had not the spinning and weaving and making of the family pants and pinafores depending upon her, as well as the preparing of their daily bread.

Mrs. Samuels lingered several weeks, but even Doctor Sackrider's prescriptions had no power to bring back the ebbing life.

"Gra'ma Samuels is awful sick; she spects to die," said Clara, gravely, to her little sister Julia, who looked up in wonder, having no more idea of death than a snail has of flying.

"Ma hate to have her die, because ma's awful much acquainted with her. She know her awful many years—much as three going on five," continued Clara, who had heard the Doctor talking to her mother as he rolled some pills and folded a paper of powders at the kitchen-table. Then she considered a moment with an anxious little face.

"*I* could make some pills just like Doctor Sackwider do 'em, and if gra'ma has a whole great big bunch p'aps she will get cured well," said she, thoughtfully.

Then off she trotted into the store-room, and rolling up half a dozen little balls of brown bread in her fat hands, smelt of them, looking wise as King Solomon.

"Them's jus good as the Doctor's, and betterer too; they are bigger. Now I'll fix the powders," she said, with satisfaction, climbing up on the edge of the meal-chest.

Presently she presented herself in the sick-room with six bread pills in one paper and a mixture of meal and rye flour in another paper, which she had measured and sorted till it looked to her eye in color and quantity like the Doctor's powders.

"Here comes my Rosy-posy!" said the sick woman, turning her head feebly toward the bright little face as she stole in.

"I ain't a rosy. I ain't any flower at all. I'm a dirl," replied the child.

"Oh, you looked so sweet and pretty, I thought maybe you were something more than just a *girl* like Esther Green," said Mrs. Samuels, smiling a little.

"Well," replied Clara, quickly, "if I'm noffin' I'm a bird, if I'm noffin'." Then she turned about to Miss Amenta, a dark, good-natured woman, who wore glasses, because, as Clara said, her eyes weren't plain, and who never said any thing but "Sure enough" and "I never." "I brought some me'cine for gra'ma. I made it," said she, in a flush of glad generosity.

"I never!" replied Miss Amenta.

"Will you give it to gra'ma?" persisted Clara.

"Sure enough," replied Miss Amenta.

Clara went away satisfied, and every day while the poor old body lived she brought a fresh supply of pills and powders. But that was not long. Only, as Clara said, "two more days and two more else days," and then Mrs. Samuels went away; not in the way she came, petty and inconsequential, but in the sublime silence of death.

After the funeral, when every thing was moved for a thorough cleansing and putting to rights, Clara found behind a bureau in the sick-room all her little store of pills and powders still untouched and folded in the papers. In an instant her heart was full of childish indignation.

"Miss Amenta said 'Surenough,' and she telled a lie; she telled me a lie!" thought the child, who in her simplicity had never suspected before that any one but children did that. "Now I don't care if gra'ma did die. If she'd a-tooken that me'cine she might 'a got well, and I don't care she died. I don't care a speck. I'm glad," said she to Julia.

"Dag," assented Julia, who had no more comprehension of what Clara was saying than she had of the march of the stars in their courses.

Clara after this never forgot that men and women sometimes told wrong stories as well as children; but in time she learned that deceiving is not always lying, and there came a day when she put her knowledge in practice.

Years and years after Mrs. Samuels was gathered to her mothers—after the cranberries in the marsh by the pond had ripened so many times that the elm-tree before the little red farm-house had turned from a parasol to an umbrella—Clara, grown to a beautiful woman, went to live on a lovely island a great many leagues away. She was the wife of General Wickware, and the mistress of a handsome stone house, which stood, with its balconies and porticoes, in the midst of a terraced and trellised garden sloping to the river and rich in sweet shrubs and flowers.

On one sunny October day, when the air was full of the fragrance of grapes and peaches, Mrs. Wickware stood by the window of an upper bedroom with a spoon in her hand. She was curly-haired, bright-eyed, and ready of resource as ever, for all the gulf which lay so wide and

deep between the rich, elegant lady and the shy country child in home-made gowns and pegged shoes.

"I don't believe you had better take any more of the sleeping-pills, Waldo," said she, turning toward the embroidered pillow where General Wickware lay, pale and petulant from a departing fever. "You ought not to depend on them longer than it is absolutely necessary, and suppose you try to sleep this evening without one."

The General grew restless.

"Clara, I shouldn't close my eyes all day or all night, and I can't see why you are so unwilling I should get some rest. If you realized how nervous I am, and how quickly those pills quiet and put me to sleep, I think you wouldn't feel so," said he, in a tone of injured forbearance.

"Just as you say, of course, Waldo," replied his wife, remembering old Gra'ma Samuels as she came with the spoon and a goblet of iced lemonade.

A week later a similar conversation was repeated in the invalid's chamber, but with a different ending.

General Wickware had made the same protesting plaint in the same tone, reproachful yet forgiving. "I don't see why you should grudge me this little comfort," said he.

"Well, I would not," replied his wife, "only the brown bread is all sour to-day."

"What!" said the General, getting up upon his elbow.

"Yes," answered his wife, calmly. "The Doctor said you oughtn't to get in the habit of depending on narcotics for your rest, so I made the sleeping-pills of brown bread. They seemed to have every effect, and I thought them safer."

If General Wickware had not considered his wife and all her ways wonderful pieces of perfectness he might have been offended; but as it was he forgave her, and went to sleep.

PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

THE last Report of the Trustees of the Cooper Union represent that 1098 young ladies were in regular attendance in the Female Art School in Cooper Institute during the last term, and that the next term will begin with 632 pupils. At the Sixteenth Annual Commencement of the Women's Medical Convention of Pennsylvania—the first in the world chartered for the instruction of women in medicine—ten ladies received the degree of Doctor of Medicine. The University of Zurich has lately conferred the same degree on one lady, and two others are attending lectures there. An American lady, a graduate of the Pennsylvania College, was last year admitted to attend the lectures at l'Ecole Pratique, Paris, and also to all the Paris hospitals. We learn also, through the London *Lancet*, that the question of choosing a woman to fill a chair in the obstetric section of the Academy of Medicine of Paris is being considered, and that the chief midwife of the Maternité Hospital will probably be so elected. Madame Alliot, the present incumbent of this office, is a woman of profound knowledge and vast experience, a worthy successor of Boivin and La Chapelle, and an honored co-worker with the most enlightened obstetricians of Paris. In England, though the doors of Apothecaries' Hall are closed to lady students, we are informed, upon reliable authority, that Miss Garret, the first graduate of an English school, is doing honor to herself and her profession by the quiet but convincing manner in which she is pursuing her vocation. Her ministrations are sought by noble and intelligent women, while some of the foremost of the honorable profession of London accede, with pleasure, to her calls for counsel.

These are certainly encouraging facts in regard to the important matter of professionally educating women. France, too, has done much in this way, as will be seen from the following account of the "Lay-School for the Technical Instruction of Girls" in the Rue Turenne, Paris:

In May, 1862, a few ladies, animated by the generous aim of affording to girls without fortune the aid of a special or technical education, founded, under the presidency of Madame Lemonnier, the "Society for the Professional Instruction of Women." In October of the same year a school was opened with fifteen pupils. In 1864 it numbered 150, and organized a branch institution at No. 70 Rue Rochechouart. The two schools numbered this year 320 pupils. They received a high encomium from the Minister of Public Education in his official Report of 1867. He declared it most desirable that similar lay-schools should be instituted for females in all the large towns of France.

The age fixed for entrance is 12 years or upward. The fees paid are 12 francs per month; but 12 pupils in the hundred are admitted gratuitously at the cost of the Society, and several others by the aid of a special purse contributed by friends and by former pupils, who form also a society of alumni, auxiliary to the mother institute, called "The Society of Mutual Patronage." They are active in procuring eligible situations for their younger sister graduates; they have contributed and administer a small library and hold meetings monthly at the school, Rue Turenne. These patronesses are all as yet less than 20 years of age. Three of them are actually chief clerks in first-class firms. Several others are cashiers in divers houses of commerce. In other departments we may call attention to the wood-cut illustrations of Buffon's Natural History and of Sir Walter Scott's novels, a recent edition of which attests the skill and taste of the pupils of this female institute. Its paintings on porcelain were admitted in 1867 to the Exposition Universelle. Private orders for ladies' dresses are filled in one of the pupils' work-rooms, but on this condition, that the pupils shall never be hurried, and that no work shall be allowed to leave the school that is not perfect of its kind. Certain hours only are allotted to each kind of work, and no consideration of profit interferes with the regular discipline of studies and exercises. Each of the work-rooms adds something every month to the funds of the Institute, and it is becoming less and less dependent on any contributions from outside. The work of pupils in painting porcelain begins to be profitable in one year, and that of the wood-engravers in a little longer time. All the pupils give an hour daily to practical lessons in taking measure, cutting out and making dresses. Ladies call at the work-room to try them on. There is special instruction in all that relates to the working up of linen goods. The course of studies occupies four years. Three hours in the forenoon are devoted to preliminary and general instruction, comprising calligraphy, linear and ornamental drawing, grammar, exercises in style, and the elements of literature; arithmetic and elementary geometry; history, ancient and modern; geography, general, commercial, and industrial; the rudiments of natural history, physics, and chemistry applied to the useful arts; hygiene and vocal music by the method Paris-Chevé. A still more elementary course is given to outside pupils. The afternoons are devoted to the specialties which form the proper object of the Institution. The commercial course comprehends the study of modern languages and book-keeping, with the forms of exchange and commercial law. The stationery of the school is intrusted to them, so that they make real purchases by wholesale, then retail to their fellow-pupils, and keep accounts of this business, representing a capital of some $400 annually.

Liberal salaries are accorded to the professors in these schools, and no pains spared to engage the best talent. Ladies are preferred, but not exclusively, for the present professor of wood-engraving is a gentleman. A course of pharmacy is being now arranged.

The council of administration is composed of twenty ladies. This council meets every fortnight in each school, and has three committees, one of which superintends the general studies, one the special courses, and the third attends to placing the graduates when they leave the school.

These schools are not only models of feminine instruction, but also of religious toleration, and inaugurate a peaceful revolution in France by creating a standard of education so much higher as well as more practical than that of the convent schools and others controlled by the Church.

American ideas prevail here. Half the pupils are Catholic, half are Protestant or Israelite. No priest, minister, or rabbin is admitted to give lessons in doctrine, but there is a three years' course of instruction in the principles of ethics and morality. During the first year the proofs of the existence of Deity and his divers attributes are taught. In the second is sketched the religious development of humanity from the original form of fetichism to the highest conception of monotheism, and the immortality of the soul. The third year embraces all our knowledge of duty—first, the duties common to all human beings, then those which more specially concern woman in her threefold estate of daughter, wife, and mother. To this instruction, so imparted as to leave a durable impression in the mind of pupils, are added lessons in domestic economy and of civil legislation, concerning the rights and interests of woman in the social sphere. For the rest, the largest toleration obtains. The girls are taught to respect all religious convictions in their mutual intercourse. They attend such places of worship as their parents designate, and there is a special kitchen for the Israelites, conformably to their usages. Thanks to the influence of their intelligent directress, they all apply without an effort, and as the simplest thing in the world, the precept of the liberty of conscience; and so in these young minds is gradually formed the precious habit of setting humanity above doctrines and above the dissensions which they engender. One day, when education in France shall have become both laical and national, it may be recollected that the first sign of a revolution so desirable was given by a school of poor young girls which generous women had spontaneously established.

The diffusion of practical knowledge, labor in liberty, and life rendered easy by its just remuneration, can alone rescue modern civilization from the evils which overwhelm it. What it is above all important to realize, is such an education for woman as shall assure her honorable subsistence by honorable works, and this not only for her own good, but for that of man who feels her influence at every age.

MÉSALLIANCES.

LOVE-MARRIAGES, made against the will of the parents before the character is formed, and while the obligations of society are still unrealized, are generally *mésalliances* founded on passion and fancy only. A man or woman of mature age, who knows what he or she wants, may make a *mésalliance*, but it is made with a full understanding and deliberate choice; and, if the thing turns out badly, they can blame themselves less for precipitancy than for wrong calculation. The man of fifty who marries his cook knows what he most values in women. It is not manners, and it is not accomplishments; perhaps it is usefulness, perhaps good-temper; at all events, it is something that the cook has and that the ladies of his acquaintance have not, and he is content to take the disadvantages of his choice with its advantages. But the boy who runs away with his mother's maid neither calculates nor sees any disadvantages. He marries a pretty girl because her beauty has touched his senses, or he is got hold of by an artful woman who has bamboozled and seduced him. It is only when his passion has worn off that he wakes to the full consequences of his mistake, and understands then how right his parents were when they cashiered his pretty Jane as soon as they became aware of what was going on, and sent that artful Sarah to the right about—just a week too late. It is the same with girls, but in a far greater extent. If a youth's *mésalliance* is a millstone round his neck for life, a girl's is simply destruction. The natural instinct with all women is to marry above themselves; and we know on what physiological basis this instinct stands, and what useful social ends it serves. And the natural instinct is as true in its social as in its physiological expression. A woman's honor is in her husband; her status, her social life, are determined by his; and even the few women who, having made a bad marriage, have nerve and character enough to set themselves free from the personal association, are never able to thoroughly regain their maiden place. There is always something about them that clogs and fetters them, always a kind of aura of a doubtful and depressing kind that surrounds and influences them. If they have not strength to free themselves they never cease to feel the mistake they have made, until the old sad process of degeneration is accomplished, and the "grossness of his nature" has had strength to drag her down. After a time, if her ladyhood has been of a superficial kind only, a woman who has married beneath herself may ease down into her groove, and be like the man she has married; if, however, she has sufficient force to resist outside influences she will not sink, but she will never cease to suffer. She has sinned against herself, her class, and her natural instincts; and so has done substantially a worse thing than has the boy who married his mother's maid. Society understands this, and, not unjustly, if harshly, punishes the one while it lets the other go scot-free; so that the woman who makes a *mésalliance* suffers on every side, and destroys her life almost as much as the woman who goes wrong. All this is as evident to parents and elders as that the sun shines. They understand the imperative needs of social life, and they know how fleeting the passions of youth are, and how they fade by time and use and inharmonic conditions; and they feel that their first duty to their children is to prevent a *mésalliance* which has nothing, and can have nothing, but passion for its basis. But novelists and poets are against the hard, dull dictates of worldly wisdom, and join in the apotheosis of love at any cost—all for love and the world well lost; love in a cottage, with nightingales and honey-suckles as the chief means of paying the rent; Libussa and her plowman; the princess and the swine-herd, etc. And the fathers who stand out against the ruin of their girls by means of estimable men of inferior condition and with not enough to live on, are stony-hearted and cruel; while the daughters who take to cold poison in the back-garden, if they can not compass a secret honey-moon or an open flight, have all the sympathy and none of the censure. The cruel parent is the favorite whipping-boy of poetry and fiction; and yet, which is likely to be the better guide—reason or passion? experience or ignorance? calculation or impulse? the maturity which can judge, or the youth which can only feel? There would be no hesitation in any other case than that of love, but the love instinct is generally considered to be superior to every other consideration, and to be obeyed as a divine voice, no matter at what cost or consequence.

The ideal of life, according to some, is founded on early marriages. But men are slower in the final setting of their character than women, and one never knows how a young fellow of twenty or so will turn out. If he is devout now, he may be an infidel at forty; if, under home influences, he is temperate and pure, when these are withdrawn he may become a rake of the fastest kind. His temper, morals, business power, ability to resist temptation, all are as yet inchoate and undefined; nothing is sure; and the girl's fancy that makes him perfect in proportion to his good looks, is a mere instinct determined by chance association. A girl, too, has more character to come out than she has shown in her girlhood. Though she sets sooner than men, she does not set unalterably, and marriage and maternity bring out the depths of her nature as nothing else can. It is only common-sense, then, to marry her to a man whose character is already somewhat formed, rather than to one who is still fluid and floating. It is all very well to talk of fighting the battle of life together, and welding together by time. Many a man has been ruined by these detestable metaphors. The theory, partly true and partly pretty, is good enough in its degree: and, so far as the welding goes, we weld together in almost all things by time. We wear our shoe till we wear it into shape and it ceases to pinch us; but, in the process, we go through a vast deal of pain, and are liable to make corns that will last long after the shoe itself fits easily. We do not advocate the French system of marrying off our girls according to our own ideas of suitableness, and without consulting them; but we not the less think that, of all fatal social mistakes, *mésalliances* are the most fatal, and, in the case of women, to be avoided and prevented at any cost short of a broken heart or a premature death. And even death sometimes would be better than the life-long misery, the enduring shame and humiliation, of certain *mésalliances*.

BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY;

OR, THE

Adventures and Misadventures of Robert Ainsleigh.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BAD NEWS FROM HOME.

NOT many weeks after my attendance at Omichund's natch the English mail brought me a packet of direful news which made me for a long time indifferent to public affairs, and only able to perform my daily duties in the dullest and most listless manner. To the arrival of every British ship I had for more than a year looked forward with passionate hope and expectation, and behold at last the white sail came that was to bring me, not solace, but the final agony of despair—the *coup de grâce* that was to end all the weak struggles of my heart with the utter annihilation of my last hope. In Lady Barbara's affection I had trusted as in a strong rock of defense from the assaults of affliction. Had she not told me that she would be my friend through all the changes of my life, and that even ill-conduct on my part should not conceal her regard for her dead cousin's orphan son? During the last two bitter years the memory of this promise had been my chief comfort; and again and again, when the arrival of the English mail had brought me only disappointment, I had said to myself, "I will wait. I know that this one friend is true to me, and sooner or later I shall receive some proof of her affection."

I think I could have existed for years buoyed up by this one hope; but even this was taken from me.

Of the three letters which I so anxiously expected one only came to me, and that was addressed by the hand of Mr. Swinfen. With the letter came a packet, which I found to contain two numbers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and while tearing open the cover of the latter I had time to wonder why he had sent these to me. Alas, I but too soon learned his motive!

Mr. Swinfen's letter ran as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. AINSLEIGH,—I was at once surprised and shocked by the contents of your letter (per ship *Godolphin*, January 4, 1753) and the shameful infringement of an Englishman's liberty therein described; but find myself unhappily powerless to redress your wrongs. The system by which you have suffered is an infamous adaptation of the tactics of the press-gang to the East India Company's service, and I doubt not is an abuse that will continue to flourish, in spite of complaint from its victims. I bade one of my clerks copy the story of your capture—of course carefully suppressing all private details—and sent exemplars to the *Gentleman's Magazine* and another journal, but could not obtain either editor's consent to its insertion. The Directors of the E. I. Company are numerous and wealthy, and these slavish journalists do not care to offend so influential a body. There will, I hope, come a day when the English press will be more enlightened, and a British subject may find a prompt hearing, if not a swift redress, for his wrongs.

"Were your present state as pitiable as the condition in which you found yourself on first arriving at Bengal, I should be inclined to move heaven and earth in the endeavor to procure your release and return to England. But, in all candor, I declare that, to my mind, your position at Calcutta, as the confidential secretary of an influential person such as Mr. Holwell, is far superior to any standing you could hope to obtain at home. Pray cherish this new patron and benefactor whom a kind Providence has raised up for you in a land of strangers, and endeavor by your faithful service to become at once necessary and valuable to him.

"And now, alas, my dear young friend, I come to the saddest part of my duty, and the performance whereof I enter upon with a pain second only to that which I know the perusal of this letter will inflict upon you. A heavy loss and affliction has befallen a distinguished English family, and has at the same time deprived you of an affectionate and powerful friend. I will not enter upon details, which you will find related at large in the obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December last past; I will tell you only that your kinswoman, Lady Barbara Lestrange, is no more, having expired of a ruptured blood-vessel within a month after the marriage of her step-son, Mr. Everard Lestrange, to his cousin, Miss Hemsley.

"You will perhaps wonder that so kind a friend as Lady Barbara should have made no testamentary arrangement in your behalf, since her fortune was large and entirely at her own disposal, while, having adopted you in infancy, she might naturally desire to extend her care of you beyond the grave, so far at least as to secure your manhood from poverty.

"I can only account for this omission from the fact that the lamented lady was cut off suddenly, in the very prime of womanhood, and that women are ever slow to consider the necessity of legal preparation for that uncertain hour which cometh as a thief in the night. The dear lady left no will, and her estate thus devolves entirely upon her husband, Sir Marcus Lestrange, no doubt to the ultimate enrichment of his only son. It is but a new example of that common fate by which one Pactolean stream flows into and augments another, leaving the barren plains of earth unfertilized.

"Lastly, my dear friend, let me reply to your anxious inquiries on the subject of your unhappy marriage. I regret to say that you have been rightly informed: a marriage so contracted is valid, and nothing but death can loosen your bonds. You will see in this fact another reason for your prolonged residence in India, by which you escape all the pains and penalties of your position.

"I have taken measures to secure the books and other property left at your chambers, and will cause them to be forwarded to you at Calcutta on receipt of your letter to that effect. My paper will permit me to say no more than that I am

"Your obedient servant and sincere well-wisher, H. SWINFEN.

"TEMPLE, *January* 30, 1753."

I lay for hours stretched upon the floor of my chamber, with Mr. Swinfen's letter crushed in my clenched hand, sobbing like a child. And I had thought that evil Fortune had shot *all* her arrows at my devoted head, while *this* envenomed dart yet remained in her quiver!

It was dark when I rose from the ground, remembering that I had yet to learn the details of my affliction. I groped for a lamp, and having lighted it, seated myself at my desk, and began to examine the magazines Mr. Swinfen had sent me.

In the record of marriages printed in the number for November, now ten months past, I speedily found the following passage, marked in the margin by the sender:

"On Tuesday sennight was solemnized, with much splendor, the marriage of Mr. Everard Lestrange, only son and heir to Sir Marcus Lestrange, of St. James's Square, London, and Hauteville, Berks (late plenipotentiary to his Britannic Majesty at the court of Madrid), to Miss Dorothea Hemsley, a young lady of fortune, whose beauty and numerous charms of manner and accomplishment have attracted much attention both at court and in the upper circles during the last two seasons. Several of the most distinguished members of the Ministry were present at the ceremonial; and the amiable prime minister himself honored the occasion by his presence. The bride and bridegroom are to pass the fortnight immediately succeeding their union at Thorpstoke, in Yorkshire, the seat of a

member of Sir Marcus Lestrange's family. It is pleasant to record a marriage which in its auspicious circumstances recalls the experience of Arcadian fairy-tale rather than the harsher precedents of common life. The union of Mr. Lestrange and his fair cousin is a pure love-match, the young people having grown up together in a tender and most perfect sympathy of inclinations and sentiments, under the approving eyes of their kindred. A violent fit of hysterics which overtook the bride at the conclusion of the ceremony testified to the intensity of her emotion. Mr. Lestrange is designed for a diplomatic career, and will, we believe, be the bearer of dispatches to her Imperial Highness the Empress of Russia, with a view to the more satisfactory adjustment of the late subsidiary treaty, for which distinguished mission his elegant manners and agreeable face and figure eminently adapt him."

To me what a satire lurked beneath the hackneyed scribbler's florid paragraph! Love, sympathy!—yes, such love and sympathy as can exist between the tender lamb and its devourer the wolf, between the helpless transfixed bird and its fatal fascinator the snake.

Among the obituary notices in the December number of the same magazine appeared a paragraph of more tragic interest:

"LADY BARBARA LESTRANGE, only daughter and sole heiress of the late Earl Hauteville, and wife of Sir Marcus Lestrange, late plenipotentiary to the court of Madrid. It is with heart-felt regret that we record the decease of this lady, who expired on Friday, November 19, at her husband's mansion in St. James's Square. Her death was awfully sudden, and occasioned by the rupture of a blood-vessel; but Lady Barbara Lestrange's health had for some months given cause of alarm to her friends. She had but sufficient time to bid a hurried farewell to her family, the principal members of which, namely, Sir Marcus Lestrange, his son Mr. Lestrange, and his amiable lady, were with her at the time of the sad event. Lady Barbara Lestrange was born in 1712, and was therefore only forty years of age at the time of her lamented decease. She was remarkable for her beauty among the belles of his Majesty's court some twenty years ago; and was distinguished during a long residence at Madrid for the urbanity of her manners, the charm of her conversation, and the unaffected piety of her life. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

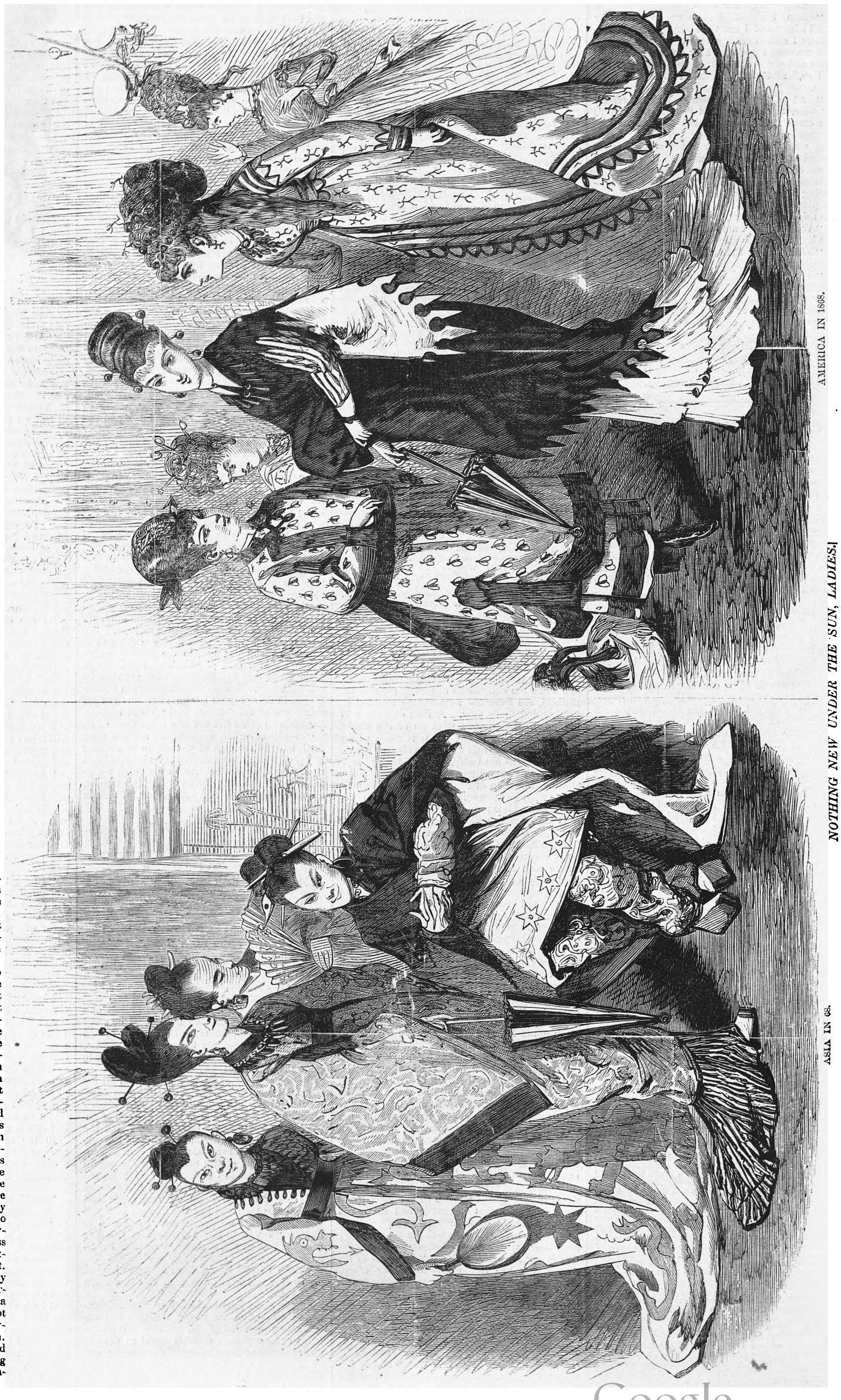
In another part of the same magazine I found the notice of an event which accounted but too sadly for the failure of any reply to my letter from my old friend, Anthony Grimshaw.

"*Burglary and murderous Outrage at Hauteville, Berks, the Seat of the late Lady Barbara Lestrange.*

"On Saturday, the 20th November, a frightful outrage was committed by a gang of ruffians upon the person of Mr. Grimshaw, house-steward in the employment of Sir Marcus Lestrange, who narrowly escaped with his life from their brutal assaults. A party of three masked robbers broke into the noble mansion of Hauteville between eleven and twelve at night, no doubt with evil intent upon the plate-room, which is situated in a stone vault under the hall. They seem, however, to have made their entry at an upper window, as it was in an apartment on the first-floor—the morning-room of Lady Barbara Lestrange—that Mr. Grimshaw appears to have encountered them. What occurred between the armed ruffians and this unfortunate gentleman is known but to himself, and he is in no condition to relate the circumstances of the encounter. But there are ample evidences that the struggle was a desperate one. A valuable Chinese cabinet of inlaid ebony and ivory was found shattered into a thousand pieces, while the steward lay to all appearance lifeless beside it, his skull cruelly battered by some blunt instrument. The villains contrived to escape by leaping from the window to a terrace below, unperceived save by a frightened house-maid, who, not having seen their faces, has no power to describe or identify them. They were happily disappointed of their hopes of booty, nothing being missed except a tray of antique coins from the broken cabinet, where the burglars no doubt hoped to discover valuable jewels, or they would scarcely have made this their first point of attack. Some faint hopes of Mr. Grimshaw's life are entertained, but it is considered doubtful if he will ever recover his faculties, as the injuries done are likely to exercise a permanent ill effect upon the brain.

"This event happened, by a strange coincidence, within four-and-twenty hours after the sudden death of Lady Barbara Lestrange, to whom the mansion and estate of Hauteville belonged in her own right, and from whom this noble property devolves to her husband and next heir, Sir Marcus Lestrange, the lamented lady having died intestate."

"A strange coincidence," I repeated, brooding over this passage in the report. "Was this midnight attack upon my lady's private room no more that a coincidence? I have heard her say that she kept family papers in that very cabinet; and before she is cold in her coffin that cabinet is broken open by masked ruffians, who go near to murder her most faithful servant and my only friend. And my benefactress dies intestate, without care or thought for the orphan youth she had adopted; she, whose carefulness for others revealed itself in the smallest thing. O God, it is a strange and wicked world; and I know not whether the treachery of Mahometan revolutionaries in this Eastern Hemisphere is much darker than the plots and stratagems of so-called Christians at home!"



DAME BADGER AND THE CHILDREN.

THE BEAR IN THE BEECH-WOOD.

ONCE upon a time a king and a queen were obliged to take a long journey, so long that probably years would pass over before they could return to their own kingdom. The Queen wished to stay behind with her children, a boy and girl, but the King would not hear of this, so the children were left to the care of an old nurse, who lived in a pretty little cottage in the middle of a beech-wood. The thatch was covered with green and brown and orange moss, and over this and on the white walls of the cottage were great clusters of purple and white grapes. Inside the cottage there were so many toys that it took the Prince and Princess three days to count them.

But at the end of that time they had grown tired of toys, and then they found out, what every one else had forgotten—there were no sugar-plums in the cottage. They went to the door and put their heads out, but there was nothing to be seen but the beech-wood.

"I say, Bette," said the Prince, "I see brown sugared almonds among the leaves."

But when he found they were only beech-nuts, he began to cry.

"Hush," said his sister, whose name was Bettelinda, though her brother called her Bette; "I can't bear cry-babies, Tim, especially if they're boys." The little Prince's real name was Timoleus. "There is fun to be had without sweeties; think of something else."

Tim was a good boy, though as the Queen always carried a silver box of sweetmeats hanging at her girdle for his special use, it was natural he should cry the first time he missed them.

"I tell you what, Bette," he said; "we'll tease old Badger."

Now Dame Badger was their nurse, an old woman with a double chin, and large spectacles with tortoise-shell rims. She wore a high cap with a broad black ribbon round the crown, and high-heeled shoes with silver buckles. She was just like a picture of Mother Hubbard, and when she was cross her chin wobbled like jelly that is not stiff enough.

Bettelinda said: "Oh, Tim!" but she laughed and followed Tim indoors.

There sat the Dame pretending to knit; in reality she was half asleep. She was nearly always asleep, and she hated to be waked up.

"I say, Dame," said the little Prince, close at her ear, "I'd look after my grapes if I were you."

Wobble, wobble, wobble went the old woman's chin, and she grumbled, "Tiresome children," as she went out at the door.

She had left her spectacles on the table, and Tim put them on Bettelinda's nose, and then he made her climb upon the round table with him, where they danced a jig hand in hand, singing as loud as they could:

"Badger's a bate—Badger's a bate;
She scolds all day, from early to late."

But the table was rickety, or they were too riotous, for down it came. They rolled over on the floor, and the spectacles were broken to bits.

How the old woman did scold, and how her chin did wobble when she came back! Tim and Bettelinda saw it as they got up from the floor, and they burst out laughing.

"You nau-au-au-auty chil-il-il-dren, I'll whi-i-i-i-i-p you-ou-ou," she said; for you see her chin went on wobbling all the time.

"No—no; we are sorry we broke your spectacles," said the little Princess; "but we are too old to be whipped. Come along, Tim, to the woods."

The old woman had shut the door after her as she came in, and now as the children reached it there came a strange sound all over it; it made Bettelinda's and Tim's hair stand on end with fright. Even Mrs. Badger's chin left off wobbling. There was the noise again, scratch—scratch—scra-a-atch—this time as if a gross of tenpenny nails were scratching against the wood.

"Oh! it's the bear," said the old woman, and she immediately put her face down between her knees, as she had been told that that was good for fainting fits.

Now it happened that a cruel, savage White Bear lived among some crags not far off; but Dame Badger had been too lazy and sleepy to caution the children against him.

They had been used to play with all kinds of animals at the palace, and they thought a bear would make a famous playmate, so they ran again to the door and opened it.

There was no bear, but a very handsome young huntsman, in a green suit trimmed all over with rich brown fur, stood there, and he pulled off his hat to Princess Bettelinda.

"I've lost my way in the wood," he said; "can you give me a drink of water?"

"No-o-o-o-o-o — go-o-o-o-o-o!" screamed the old woman. She did not raise her head; but the children knew her chin must be wobbling still.

"*I'll* get you some water," said Bettelinda; "and *I'll* give you the cake I was to have had for supper," said Tim; and the little maid trotted round to the back of the cottage with the handsome stranger, and drew some water up from the well. It was a wonderful well—so deep that when you threw a stone down you had to wait quite two minutes before you heard it splash in the water below, while the stony sides sent up a prolonged chorus of groans, as if they were grievously tormented; its mouth and throat, too, for that matter, were clothed with long, shining ferns, like wavy green satin ribbons.

"You are very kind children," said the huntsman, when Tim brought him the cake—such a capital cake, full of candied peel and raisins—"and I will give you a bit of advice: When you are out in the wood never stray far from a beech-tree; there are so many of them that you won't find it hard to remember this; and, above all, never gather any of the ferns from this well. Remember, I can't advise you twice over, and I may not see you again. I must go."

He disappeared suddenly, and it seemed to the children that they heard a growl, and then something very like a huge Brown Bear peeped for an instant through the beech-trees which surrounded the garden.

But they paid no heed; they talked about the stranger, while they strolled into the wood, hoping to see him again.

It was very pleasant there; the glossy holly-trees showed plenty of red berries, and as to nuts and blackberries, there were little nooks and copses full of them.

"I say, Bette," said the boy, "why should we go back to that cross old Badger? We could sleep quite snugly on the soft green moss, and I'm sure I could live on nuts and blackberries; couldn't you?"

Bettelinda did not quite like the idea of going to bed in her clothes; but when Tim called this a "finnick," she agreed to sleep out in the wood.

They spent a very happy day; they made a hearty dinner off nuts and blackberries, and then they rolled up two little moss pillows, and carried them about under their arms against bedtime.

A deep ravine ran through the middle of the wood on the side next the cottage. The steep descent was covered with beech-trees, as gay as a pheasant's wing when the sun shines upon it; but the ascent opposite was a succession of rough stepping-stones, crowned at the top with dark, gloomy pines.

"I say," said the little Prince, "I'm tired of beech-nuts; are not you, Bette? We might have fine fun pelting each other with fir-apples."

"So we might," said Bettelinda, and they pelted one another with the fir-cones till the sun went down, and till Tim's blue jacket and Bettelinda's rose-colored frock were covered with sticky fir-apples.

"Somehow," said the Princess, "I would rather sleep in the beech-wood;" but just then she remembered the stranger's warning. "Come along, Tim," she said, in a frightened voice, "and make haste."

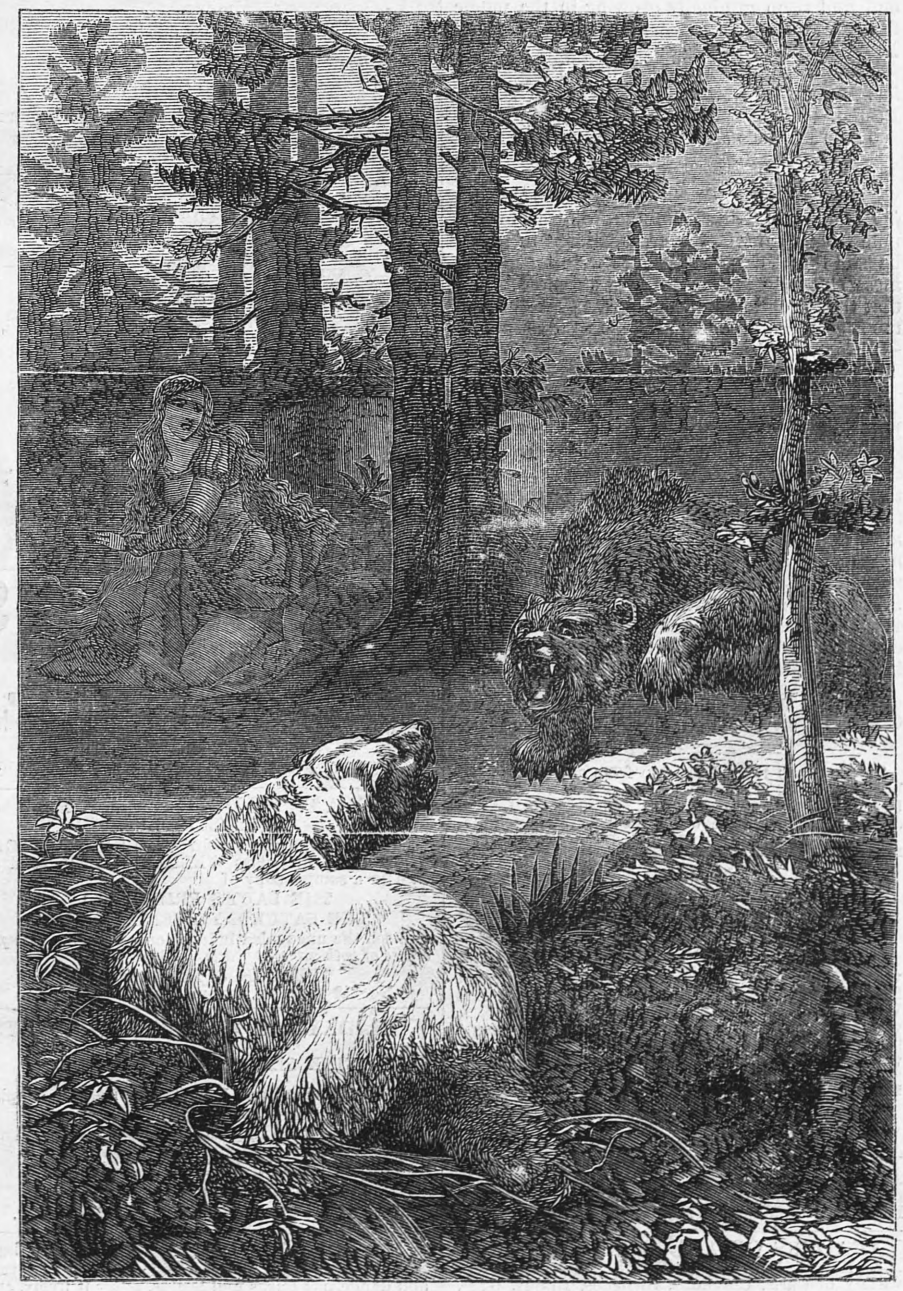
Alas! she spoke too late. Between the tall, straight boles of the pine forest the children had seen huge masses of rock piled one on another. Now from one of these came a low, threatening growl, like far-off thunder, and before the sound had died away there was the little Prince in the grasp of a huge White Bear.

The boy fought and kicked desperately, but he did not utter a cry, though the bear's close grip must have hurt him. He could not turn his head and look after Bettelinda, but he called out, "Run—run away, darling, and save yourself."

But Bettelinda had a brave little heart; she picked up a stone and aimed it direct at the bear's eye. It hurt him, and he let go Tim that he might rub his wounded eye. Bettelinda rushed up to her brother in hopes of dragging him away; but, alas! in an instant the wicked, hairy monster had clutched her little rose-colored frock, rending off all the pearl embroidery.

"There's no use struggling," he said, with a kind of sneering growl—he meant it for a laugh, but there is nothing really joking in a bear's laugh—and the poor children shook all over. "You are just the wife I want," he said to Bettelinda; "I have a nice little family for you to take care of; my Ursula and I did not quite agree, so I hugged her to death yesterday. And you, little boy, are as plump and succulent as a young boar-pig. You'll make a prime dish at your sister's marriage-feast; only I can't carry you both at once. Here, Ursonino." And he began a series of awful growls, which made even Tim's heart stand still with fear. As to Bettelinda, she had fainted with fright.

The White Bear threw back his sly-looking ears to listen; but, instead of the answering growl of his eldest born, he heard a strange new voice in the direction of his den. He growled with anger, and tried to drag both the children along with him; but he could not keep Tim quiet, the little fellow beginning to struggle again with all his might. The White Bear stood erect and listened. Again came the strange, angry growl, and, mingling with it, the voices of his children in an agonized chorus. There was no mistaking the tone. The monster gave Tim a hearty squeeze,



THE BEAR IN THE BEECH-WOOD.

THE ENCHANTED PRINCE.

and then, letting him and the stupefied Bettelinda drop, he trotted off in the direction of the sounds.

Tim tried vainly to rouse his sister, till he suddenly remembered that he had that morning pocketed Dame Badger's snuff-box, in the hope of making her chin wobble. He pulled it desperately out of his pocket, and put it close to Bettelinda's nose.

"Isha—esha—usha," came violently from Bettelinda; she sat up and looked round her, wide awake; but she had lost all power of movement, and told Tim, feebly, to run away home and leave her to her fate. He knelt beside her and implored her to attempt the descent, but she could only say, "No."

Even while she spoke there came a heavy panting sound. They both started up, expecting their enemy; instead they saw a great Brown Bear trotting up to them.

He did not growl, and the children were too much surprised to run away. He came close up to them, crouched on the ground, and licked Bettelinda's feet, then he looked at Tim with such friendly eyes that the little boy took heart.

He said, "Poor fellow!" and patted his shaggy head; but the bear looked impatient, and pointed forward to the beech-wood. But still he lay crouching.

"I'll tell you what he means, Tim," said the Princess, who was very quick-witted; "we are to get on his back, and he will take us home."

As she spoke there came a fearful threatening growl from the rocks, and the Brown Bear shook his head impatiently. Bettelinda sprang on his back, and put both arms round his great furry neck; and Tim mounted behind her, and clasped her firmly round the waist—not a minute too soon: there came another deep, rolling growl; and then, as their new friend rose and shook himself, the children saw the white coat of their enemy coming quickly through the pine-trees.

But the Brown Bear seemed to have wings; he reached the bottom of the ravine in less than no time, and sprang up the other side.

Under the beech-trees he halted. The children peeped timorously through the leaves, and saw the White Bear glaring up at them from the stony bottom of the ravine. He had no power to hurt them in the beech-wood.

Then the Brown Bear trotted slowly through the trees till he reached the cottage.

The children patted their deliverer and thanked him. Bettelinda even kissed his broad brown forehead, but he only looked sad: and they saw great tears roll out of his eyes. He raised his paw and pointed to the cottage-door; and as soon as Dame Badger showed herself he turned and trotted off without casting a look behind him.

Next day a gold and green carriage drove up to the gate of the cottage, and out of it came first a tall and stately gentleman in cap and gown, and next a lady in a black dress and a flowing white veil. These personages announced themselves as the instructors appointed to convey the Prince and Princess to the places appointed for their teaching.

The children were sorry to leave their wood and their friendly Bear; they had promised themselves many a merry game with him, and many a ride on his broad back; but they were tired to death of old Badger, and Bettelinda had a shrinking dread of the White Bear. Besides, the idea of change was delightful, so they went.

They staid with their instructors till Bettelinda was nearly grown up, and till Tim was seriously thinking of leaving off jackets and taking to coats with tails; although the coats, of course, would still have been velvet, on account of his being a prince.

Bettelinda was more lovely than spring flowers, and she wore a star of brilliants on her bright golden hair. But when she heard that she and her brother were to spend a fortnight in the cottage in the beech-wood, she took off her blue silk gown, and asked for a suit of brown holland.

"I mean to go blackberrying," she said, "and I don't want to take care of myself."

Dame Badger was very glad to see them. She called Tim "Your Excellency," and Bettelinda "Your Highness," and she gave them cakes and

treacle for tea, and blackberries and cream; but she was just as sleepy as ever.

Bettelinda and Tim had been sad on first arriving; but the sight of their old haunts soon brought back their liveliness.

"Come along," said the Prince; "our first task must be to find out our friend Bruin. I wonder if he will know you again, Bette?"

They went out into the little garden beside the cottage.

"Surely there used to be beech-trees here," said Bettelinda, as they reached the well. "But see, Tim, all around the well there is an open space; there are only two or three fir-trees." While she spoke there came a dismal sob from the wind among the pines.

"It feels chilly," said the Princess; "suppose we wait till to-morrow before we seek out our deliverer. He is only a bear, you know, and he can wait."

There came again the same dismal sound from among the trees: you might almost have thought it the utterance of human sorrow. But, dear me, the young people were much too happy to care about the sobbing, sighing wind.

"Look," said the Prince, "how pretty the fern-leaves are; sit down, Bette, and I will deck your hair with them."

She sat down smiling, and the Prince leaned over the well, selecting the smallest of the ferns for his garland. Bettelinda looked lovelier than ever; the glossy wavy leaves seemed as if made to contrast with her golden hair; her brother laughed, and called her the Queen of the Water Sprites.

Another deep sob among the pines, and then Bettelinda saw that the largest of the drooping ferns that hung down the well-sides were moving.

Slowly they raised themselves, and as they pointed toward the wreath on her head they seemed to grow larger and larger. She tried to scream, but she felt dumb and motionless, and before the Prince saw what had happened the fern leaves had mingled with those in Bettelinda's garland, and had drawn her gradually but gently into the mouth of the well.

There she lay, completely hidden among the long thick leaves; she could not cry out, she could not move, and yet she knew that her brave brother was so close that she might almost have touched him.

"Bettelinda!" he cried; "Bette! where are you?" And she heard his footsteps die away as he went about seeking for her.

Poor Bettelinda, she could not even shed a tear; she seemed frozen with horror; should she stay forever under those clinging leaves, glued by some irresistible power to the damp oozing side of the well?

But a new terror was soon added to her despair. A low growl sounded far off, and as it came nearer and nearer she recognized, with a shudder that almost took away her remaining senses, the voice of the White Bear of the pine-forest.

"Aha!" he said, "my queen cousin, so you have caught my little wife, have you? Give her to me at once, that I may carry her to my den."

Bettelinda tried to call for help, but her tongue was as powerless as her body.

Then a sharp shrill voice came twanging up from the very bottom of the well.

"Not so fast, *Ursa Major:* our compact was a double one. Where is the young Prince, my promised bridegroom? Unless he too wears my colors I have no power to claim him for myself. No, till you bring him to me, alive and unhurt, I keep this dainty lady to make sport for myself and my maidens."

The White Bear growled fiercely, but he seemed powerless against the Kelpie, and Bettelinda almost felt as if there would be more chance of escape for her from the grasp of the huge monster than from the spiteful malice of the Queen of the Well.

As the White Bear retreated she heard advancing footsteps.

Alas! it was her brother's voice calling tenderly for her, and she had no power to warn him of the terrible fate that threatened him.

"Oh, my sister!" the boy said; "my dear Bettelinda, where have you hidden yourself?" Then came a pause.

The Princess felt that a dreadful misfortune was about to happen. Either terror sharpened her eyesight, or one of the long clinging ferns moved, for she distinctly saw that a leaf from her garland had fallen on the brink of the well, and that her brother had extended his hand toward it. The next minute he had put it in his cap, and then the Princess knew that he was in the power of the Kelpie.

At the same time she became conscious of a change in herself; her arms loosened from her sides, the rigid powerless feeling left her, and, grasping the ferns, she soon found herself at the brink of the well; another moment and she was free, standing on the identical spot from whence the ferns had dragged her.

Her brother had disappeared.

Before she had time to move she saw the hated form of the White Bear coming round the side of the cottage.

Suddenly she bethought her of her old friend.

"Oh, dear Brown Bear," shrieked the unhappy Princess, "help me—help my brother!"

There came a sharp fierce growl from the wood, and before the White Bear could so much as lay a paw on Bettelinda, behold there stood her friendly deliverer, his coat more glossy than ever, trembling and panting with rage.

Then ensued a terrific combat. The bears grappled with each other, and tried to hug one another to death; but at first they were too equally matched. The growling became louder and louder, and the two huge monsters, erect on their hind-legs, swayed from side to side in their deadly struggle.

Bettelinda stood still in breathless terror, and now she saw the Brown Bear totter and fall backward from the loosened grasp of his foe.

Quick as lightning she sprang forward, and, just as the White Bear was about to deal a finishing stroke, she threw herself on the prostrate body of her defender, so that no blow could reach him except through her.

But to her surprise the warm furry coat slipped from her, and raising her head she saw the White Bear overthrown, pierced by the sword of a huntsman who was standing over him.

"Oh, spare his life!" cried Bettelinda, "until he has delivered my brother from the power of the Queen of the Well!"

But the huntsman took no notice till he had pierced the White Bear to the heart, and then, when he fell on one knee and thanked Bettelinda for his deliverance, she saw that he was the handsome stranger she had drawn water for years ago.

"I could only, lovely Princess," he said, "assume my natural shape once in seven years, for three hours, until a beautiful young lady should offer to save my life at the price of her own. Do not fear the Kelpie, Princess; she is powerless now that her cousin is no more."

He struck the well's mouth lightly with his sword, and Prince Timoleus stepped forth and shook hands with his deliverer. The huntsman announced himself as the king of all that part of the country, and he asked Bettelinda to be his queen. The marriage was celebrated with great rejoicings, and the handsome king appointed Prince Timoleus generalissimo of all his forces. The King and Queen lived very happily ever afterward, and had a large family of boys and girls, all as beautiful as a summer morning.

A CHALLENGE FROM A LADY.

NEW YORK, *Oct.* 20, 1868.

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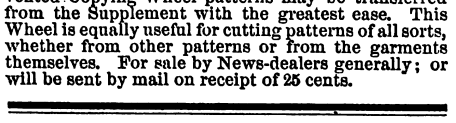

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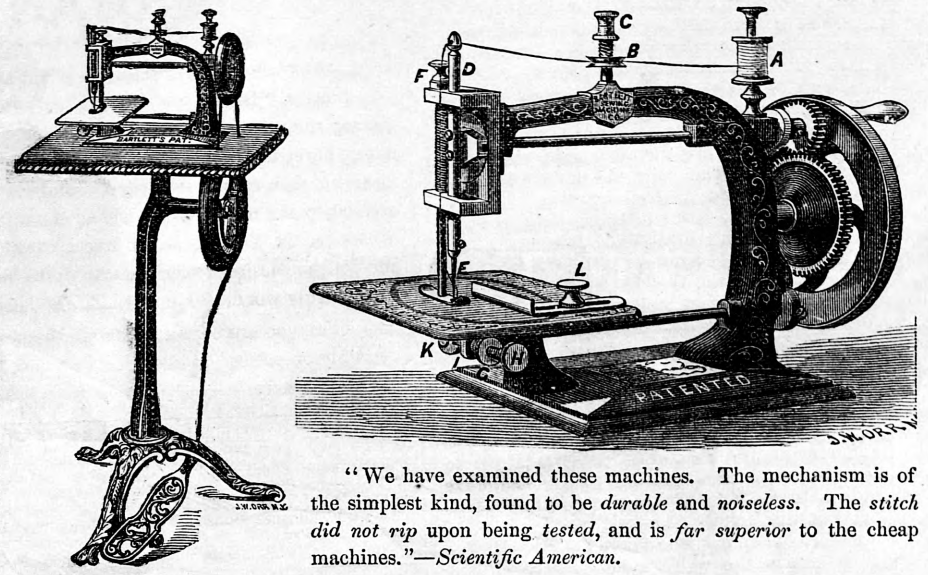

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489 BROADWAY, N. Y., *July* 5, 1866.

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FACETIÆ.

TO PRODUCE THE GRECIAN BEND.—A young lady of this place has discovered the most economical way to produce the Grecian Bend, and is anxious that we should give the public the benefit of her discovery. Here it is: Rise in the morning before breakfast, on an empty stomach eat one pint of green chestnuts, two large, hard, green apples, one stale water-melon, half a pound of raw cabbage, and a quarter of a pound of honey. A little milk and vinegar will add to the effect. The bend, in the most approved form, will appear in about half an hour, and the young lady can put a camp-kettle on her back for a hump, and take the street with the most confident assurance that the bend will continue for several hours.

CHEAP GENEROSITY—Giving a man a piece of your mind.

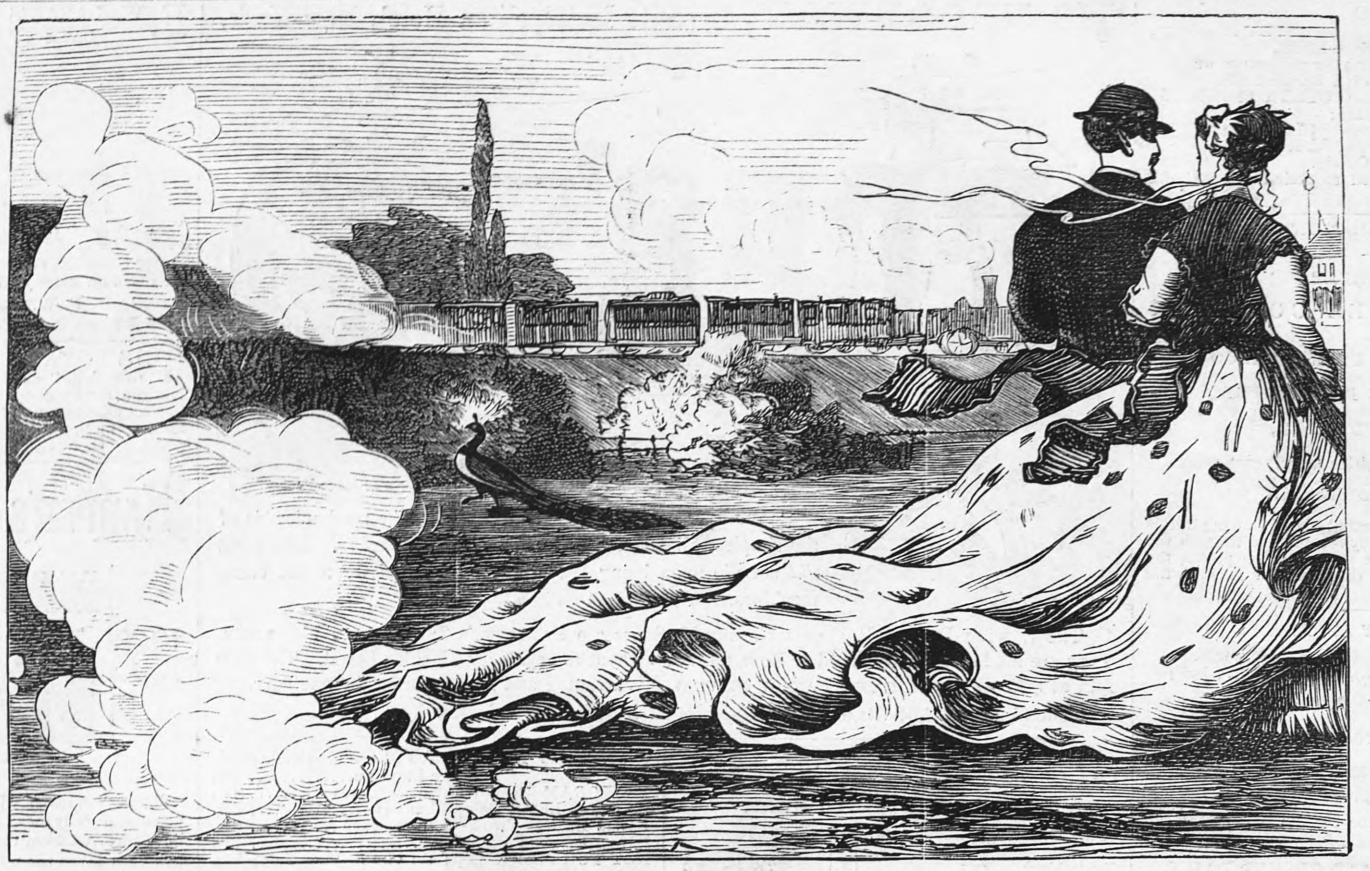
An inquisitive young man visited the State Prison the other day, and among other questions, asked a girl the cause of being in such a place. Her answer was, that she "stole a saw-mill, and went back after the pond, and was arrested." The young man left immediately.

A WEAK INVENTION OF THE ENEMY—The coffee we have nowadays.

"How do you like the looks of the varmint?" asked an Arkansian of a Down-Easter who was gazing with distended eyes at an alligator with open jaws on the bank of the Mississippi. "Wa'al," responded the Yankee, recovering his mental equipoise, "he ain't what ye w'd call a han'some critter; but he's a deal of openness when he smiles."

An old bachelor is a traveler on life's railroad who has entirely failed to make the proper connections.

A Western paper contains the following advertisement: "Wants a situation, a practical printer, who is competent to take charge of any department in a printing and publishing house. Would accept a professorship in any of the academies. Has no objection to teach ornamental painting and penmanship, geometry, trigonometry, and many other sciences. Is particularly suited to act as pastor to a small evangelical church, or as a local preacher. He would have no objection to form a small but select class of young ladies, to instruct them in the highest branches. To a dentist or chiropodist he would be invaluable, as he can do almost any thing. Would cheerfully accept a position as bass or tenor singer in a choir. Would board with a family decidedly pious. For further particulars, inquire at Brown's Saloon."



FAIR CREATURE. "The Train is very much Behind, isn't it, Dear?"

ANOTHER "WINDOW" FRACAS.

SWELL. "Aw—would you object—Aw—to having the Glass down?"
RUFFIANLY YOUNG LADY. "Oh dear no—in fact, I was on the point of asking you either to put your Glass down or leave off staring at me:"
SWELL. "Aw!"

THE MOST APPROPRIATE WOOD FOR WOODEN SHOES—Sandal-wood.

A man, hearing that a raven would live two hundred years, bought one to try.

A person who had been listening to a very dull address, remarked that every thing went off well—especially the audience.

A LONE MAN—The pawnbroker.

An illiterate correspondent, who is given to sporting, wants to know when the "Anglo-Saxon race," so much talked about, is to come off.

A wife wanted her husband to sympathize with her in a feminine quarrel; but he refused, saying, "I've lived long enough to learn that one woman's just as good as another, if not better." "And I," retorted the exasperated wife, "have lived long enough to learn that one man is just as *bad* as another, if not *worse!*"

A DESIRABLE DOMESTIC BIRD—A duck of a wife.

GOOD PLOT FOR PLAY—A grass plot.

At a religious meeting among the blacks a colored preacher requested that some brother should pray. A half-witted fellow commenced a string of words without meaning. At this the pastor raised his head and inquired, "Who dat praying? Dat you, brudder Mose? You let somebody pray dat's better acquainted wid de Lord."

Said an Irish justice to an obstreperous prisoner on trial, "We want nothing but silence, and but little of that."

FOOD FOR THE IMAGINATION—Fancy bread.

A clergyman the other day was lecturing a Sunday-school class on the duty of loving one another. "If I should meet a Frenchman, in what language should I speak to him?" he asked. "French," was the ready reply. "Or a Spaniard?" "Spanish," shouted the boys. "Well, if I should meet an angel from heaven, what language would I use?" "Latin," cried the scholars. The preacher admitted that it might be so, but said he should rather try the language of love.

"Are you a skillful mechanic?" "Yes, Sir." "What can you make?" "Oh, almost any thing in my line." "Can you make a devil?" "Certainly—just put up your foot and I will split it in three seconds. I never saw a chap in my life that required less alteration."

A fresh arrival from England went the other day to a livery-stable, and expressed a wish for a carriage. The man in attendance asked if he would like a buffalo. The cockney seemed startled, and stammered out: "Well, I think I'd rather 'ave a 'oss."

UNCLE. "I dare say when I take you home again, Charlie, your Mamma will have a nice present for you. What would you like best, my boy—a little Brother or a little Sister?"
CHARLIE (*after some consideration*). "Well, if it makes no difference to Ma, I'd rather have a little Pony."

"Husband, I can't express my detestation of your conduct." "Well, dear, I'm very glad you can't."

During the examination of a witness as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him, "Which way did the stairs run?" The witness, who was a noted wag, replied, "One way they ran up, but the other way they ran down." The learned counsel wiped both eyes and took a look at the ceiling.

"Employment so certainly produces cheerfulness," says Bishop Hall, "that I have known a man come home in high spirits from a funeral because he had the management of it."

The most precocious child ever heard of is probably the child "that's father to the man."

It is said that the Siamese twins keep away from Chicago because they don't want to be separated.

A young man, meeting an acquaintance, said, "I heard that you were dead." "But," says the other, "you see me alive." "I do not know how that may be," replied he; "you are a notorious liar, but my informant was a person of credit."

"I am so lame from the railroad crash of last week I can hardly stand," said a limping, hobbling chap. "Well, then, I hope you intend to sue for damages," said his friend. "Damages! no, no; I have had damages enough by them. *If I sue for any thing, it will be for repairs.*"

It being hinted to a barrister who was wearying the court with a long and dull argument that he ought to bring it to a close, he angrily replied, "I will speak as long as I please!" "You have spoken longer than you *please* already," said his antagonist.

A clergyman, after marrying a couple, made a prayer over them, concluding: "Forgive them, Lord, they know not what they do!"

A rich man, who was injured by being run over, exclaimed, with warmth, "It isn't the accident that I mind; that isn't the thing; but the idea of being run over by an old swill-cart, that's what makes me mad!"

A preacher in Berks County, discoursing about Daniel in the lion's den, said: "An' thar he sot, all night long, lookin' at the show for nothin', an' it didn't cost him a cent."

A COMING CHANGE.

MA. "You must not come to the Table with such a Dirty Mouth; go and wash it."
GUS. "I have washed it, Ma; I think my Mustache is coming."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 60.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Street Dresses.

Fig. 1.—Dress with double skirt of brown poplin, trimmed round the bottom with a fluting of the same material. Paletot with pelerine and scarf of black cashmere, lined with flannel and wadded. The paletot is trimmed with fluting, bias folds and loops of black gros grain, and black silk cords and tassels. Black velvet beret with white feather.

Fig. 2.—Dress of gray serge, trimmed with flounces of the same material. Paletot of bear's-ear tricot beaver, trimmed with loops, lappets, and buttons of satin of the same color. Black velvet hat with heron's plume.

Fig. 3.—Dress of violet striped silk. Paletot of black velvet, trimmed with bias folds and loops of black gros grain, black lace, and fringe. Bonnet of violet velvet, with lace strings. Gray Astrakhan muff.

Fig. 4.—Dress of brown poult de soie. Paletot of black velvet, trimmed with frills and bias folds of black gros grain, and black lace. White velvet bonnet, trimmed with lace and flowers.

Fig. 5.—Dress of gray poplin, trimmed with flounces and a pinked ruche of the same material. Paletot of dark blue velvet, trimmed in the manner shown by the illustration with dark blue satin ruches, rosettes, and lappets. Gray velvet bonnet, trimmed with blue satin and blue velvet flowers.

BEFORE THE DOCTOR COMES.

CROUP.

THERE is no disease probably which causes so great a fright to mothers as the croup of children. Occurring, as it generally does, at that hour of the night when the house is first hushed in sleep, the loud hoarse cough of the child sends a dismal alarm to the ear of every sleeper, and awakens the soundest to a sudden conception of danger. The fright, fortunately, is generally much greater than the occasion justifies, for in ninety-nine out of a hundred times the disease is only that comparatively trifling one, the *false* and not the real croup; the former being a very frequent, and the latter a rare complaint.

The false croup is distinguished from the true by the suddenness of its invasion and its occurring almost exclusively in the night. In the false there is no fever; in the real there always is. The false comes and goes with the paroxysm; the real is of a continuous and increasing severity. The false never lasts over two or three days, with intervals of perfect health; the true never ends before a week, and sometimes lasts six. The false is seldom if ever fatal, and the true is most commonly so.

While mothers can take courage from the fact that the genuine croup is so rare an affection that it is probably the false with which they will have to deal, it will be satisfactory to them, if unable to distinguish between the two diseases, to learn that what is proper to be done for one before the doctor comes, is proper for the other.

Though the disease of false croup appears more formidable to the ordinary observer than it is in reality to the patient, it is, however, sufficiently serious, for it occasionally, though rarely, causes death, to call for the use of every means of prevention and cure.

The most common cause of the affection is a sudden change from heat to cold, and among very young infants excessive crying is said to bring on occasionally an attack of croup. Exposure and great muscular and vocal effort must be carefully avoided. The scanty dresses worn by children in this country, leaving the busts

STREET DRESSES.

arms, and legs bare, greatly predispose to the disease. It is said to be very rare among the Germans, who dress their children more rationally, never exposing their necks and limbs. The daily cold bath properly applied is an excellent fortifier of the youthful constitution and preventive of croup. The water should not be colder than 55° or 60° Fahrenheit, and the child should be thrust rapidly into it and taken immediately out again, well rubbed, and quickly dressed. It is essentially important that children should have the freest opportunity of breathing the purest air. They should never be allowed to pass their time by day or night except in perfectly well-ventilated apartments. The diet should be simple but substantial, consisting of well-baked bread, milk, and a due supply of roasted meats.

During a paroxysm, the simplest treatment is all that is necessary. A flannel wrung out of hot water and wrapped about the neck of the child, and a few tea-spoonfuls of gum sirup, made of powdered gum-arabic, sugar, and water, given from time to time, will be all that is necessary for immediate relief. Most people dose their children with ipecacuanha until they vomit. This is rarely necessary, and it is doubtful whether it is ever beneficial.

DOWN BY THE FIRS.

"Ho, my merry young boatman,
Ruddy and damp from the seas,
Saw ye a child that tripp'd and smiled,
And shook her curls in the breeze—

"Fair brown curls that the sunshine
Kindles up into gold,
Thrown back with grace from a rosy face,
Looking half shy, half bold?"

Spake the merry young boatman,
Staying his sturdy pace:
"I saw no child that tripp'd and smiled,
Nor a rosy and roguish face:

"But down by the firs a maiden
Slowly straying I met:
Her face was fair, but pale for care,
And her downcast lids were wet."

"And her curls were brown, or golden?"
"Her hair was gold in the sun."
"And her frock was white?" "A gown too light
And gay for so sad a one."

Why, this is the same little Nellie:
No longer a child, forsooth!
And she smiles to me, but weeps by the sea!
"Good-morrow, and thank thee, youth."

Ah, Nellie, to me thy childhood
Hath vanish'd with scarce a sign;
And the playful words I said were as swords
To that woman-grown heart of thine!

I will haste, and overtake her;
Ay, there she is, under the firs:
And what if I tried to win me a bride,
With that woman-grown heart of hers?

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1868.

HONORABLE SERVICE.

IN olden times domestic service was esteemed honorable above all other. The serfs were the husbandmen, manufacturers, and tradesmen; the duties of the household were considered the high function of the first in the land. Noble lords strove with each other for the privilege of waiting at table, and performing the personal service of their suzerain; and to this day many a fair estate in Europe is held by the tenure of bearing a trencher at a state feast, presenting a basin and ewer to the king, or some equally significant symbol. The offices of Lord High Chamberlain, High Steward, Master of the Horse, Mistress of the Wardrobe, etc., are all relics of this régime.

Now, on the contrary, none but the rudest and most ignorant foreigners will consent to undertake the duties which bring them into such intimate relations with our families, and on which so much of our comfort depends. These boorish Irish girls are, as a rule, the best-fed, best-housed, and best-paid of our working-women. With the aid of the numerous labor-saving devices, which they are often too unintelligent to use, their work need be little more than healthful exercise. They are not called upon to trouble themselves about the cost of rent, food, or coals; they live in good houses in healthful locations, have an abundant table, well-lighted and well-warmed kitchens, and airy sleeping apartments, with manifold privileges, and from $10 to $30 per month, besides all expenses for board, light, fire, and washing. And, despite their frequent wastefulness, slovenliness, and dishonesty, their labor is so necessary that they almost dictate terms to their employers, who dread nothing so much as a change for the worse.

All this while intelligent and refined American women, who might be household treasures, are toiling over the needle, or in shops and factories, for a few dollars a week, which will scarcely pay the cost of living in those dingy tenements or cheap boarding-houses in noisome quarters, which are, alas! the sole resort of the New York poor. They prefer this to being called a servant and eating from another table than that of their employer. But is it any more menial to sweep a lady's room and cook her dinner than to make her dress or stitch her shoes? And does the wealthy manufacturer who pays them their weekly wages invite them to his house and introduce them to his friends? If he did, they would probably be as ill at ease there as would the cooks and chamber-maids if summoned from their work to partake of the family dinner. But the latter, as familiar members of a household, are sure of an interest and sympathy which our poor working-women in their desolate homes never receive.

It is clearly a senseless prejudice which shuts American women out of a field where they are so much needed, and where they would be so gladly welcomed. After the present discipline of ignorant domestics, neat-handed and intelligent girls would be treated like household fairies in the families which they might enter. The obnoxious word servant would soon be lost with the elevation of the vocation, and the terms cooks, chamber-maids, and nurses, would become as honorable as seamstresses or milliners. Refreshed by a purer air and more generous diet, the victims of late hours and overwork would regain their health and live out the natural term of their existence, instead of sinking to a premature grave. And the housekeepers of the land would once again find a comfortable home a thing possible of attainment, with this new and valuable aid, and would no longer be driven to take refuge in boarding, that bane of all domesticity. Let women enlarge the sphere of their employments as much as they will, the wider the better, but let them not disregard this eminently natural, healthful, and remunerative one, which lies close at hand, like an unworked mine, and which naught prevents them from entering but a foolish sentiment which they call pride, but which is only prejudice.

CHANGE OF CLIMATE.

THAT climate has an influence upon the human constitution no one can doubt. The distinguishing features of the various races of mankind are attributed partly to this cause, and the characteristics of different individuals of the same family may even be thus modified by it.

Climate, too, has an undoubted effect upon health, and there are some diseases which owe their origin exclusively to this source. The various fevers produced by the miasm of certain regions are illustrative of the fact.

While conceding the influence of climate we question whether it is as great as is generally supposed. Much that is attributed to it might be more justly claimed for the mode of life which depends upon the barbarism or degree of civilization of a people.

We are quite sure that the effect of a change of climate upon disease is popularly much exaggerated. Science has long since modified its views on this subject. For example, at one time it was received as an established fact that warm climates were exempt from that most fatal of diseases commonly known as consumption, and thousands of victims were hurried away from their northern homes to a speedy death in southern countries. It is now known that this affection is quite as prevalent in the tropics as in colder and more temperate latitudes; and all competent physicians tell their consumptive patients that plenty of pure fresh air is the best means for arresting the progress of their ailment. To obtain this it is seldom necessary, in this country at least, to do more than to open the windows or go out of the door. A temperate winter climate has this advantage. It offers more inducement to outdoor exercise, which is especially beneficial to persons who are consumptive. If, therefore, their place of habitation is much exposed to rough weather, it may be well to change it for a more sheltered position; but this can be obtained without crossing an ocean to seek it.

Though a mere change of climate will not have any direct influence in checking the progress of consumption, it may have, through the traveling in search of it, a beneficial effect. The effect of a journey or voyage is good upon most diseased persons, provided they have physical strength enough to endure the fatigue. The benefit which results is, in the first instance, felt by the mind, and subsequently through it by the body. The cheerfulness engendered by the ever-varying incident and scene, inseparable from traveling, gives a tone to the animal spirits, the animation and vigor of which are shared by the whole physical system.

In consumption, as in many other incurable diseases, the physician is very apt to recommend a change of climate, because he has arrived at the narrow limit of his restricted science. Medical practitioners, moreover, not seldom recommend a voyage in easy compliance with the hopes of a patient founded upon the vulgar error of its efficacy. Thus many a poor wretch is made more wretched still by the fatigues and deprivations of a long voyage, and his life brought to a quicker close. In an advanced state of consumption, or in fact of any other disease, there is more chance not only of alleviation but of cure, in remaining at home than in traveling abroad in search of a *change of climate*.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of a Stitch in Time.

MY DEAR FRED,—When I was a young man upon my travels there were two things that I wished very much to do. One was to pass Easter in Rome, and the other to pass Christmas in Jerusalem. The days seemed to me to belong peculiarly to the places, and I knew that the ceremonies would serve as a kind of illumination to that chapter of my memories. And so it was. Every year since, when Easter morning comes, I perceive another splendor than that of spring sunshine in the air; and when the Christmas chimes ring they usher in that unfading spectacle of the sad, silent landscape of Jerusalem. It is with the same feeling that I always go quietly away from the city just before Thanksgiving, to keep that festival where it is especially cherished, among the hills where it was first known. It began in Massachusetts, but, like a good many other things of similar beginnings, it did not end there. Indeed, Vermont and New Hampshire already insist that the purity of the faith is departing from Massachusetts; and those States modestly intimate that the orthodox feast of turkeys and pumpkins is to be found in perfection only under their hospitable roofs. They think that Massachusetts is going over to Christmas and other papistical conceits; but I don't find that Massachusetts confesses it. And if jolly family parties, and the closing of shops, and the opening of churches, and secular preaching—as they call it, and hecatombs of turkeys and pyramids of pies may be offered in evidence, it really seems as if Massachusetts could still show a strong case.

There is one fact about Thanksgiving which I am ashamed to say, my dear Fred, that I never knew until this year, and which is a curious and pleasant illustration of that great theme of ours, Manners upon the Road. Thanksgiving and the day before are the favorite days for weddings, especially in the rural parts of New England. I suppose that the thrifty genius of that honest country says to itself: "Here is a noble feast spread, any how; why not turn it into a marriage-feast, and save trouble and—expense?" I think it is a very reasonable view of the matter, and as I was bowling along this very year to bury myself in the heart of the uncompromising Thanksgiving region, a bright, smooth-faced youth sitting before me, clad in new clothes, and of so beaming an aspect as to make the whole car happy, tempted me to say to him, "Pleasant day for Thanksgiving tomorrow, I hope."

"Well, I should rather hope so."

"It *is* a pleasant day, any how," said I, confidently.

"Rain or shine," answered he.

"Rain or shine," I rejoined.

He looked at me for a moment with a frank, speaking face, and continued, with an apparent conviction of my paternal sympathy,

"You have grandchildren, of course?"

If I winced at this he did not see it; and I said: "Not exactly; but grand-nephews and nieces, lots of 'em."

"Ah well! I'm going to be married Thanksgiving-day."

"My dear fellow," I said, "I give you joy. You're going to give yourself occasion for thanksgiving every day in the year, or," I added, "you ought not to marry."

My neighbor looked at me curiously. But he was an honest soul, as I said, and after studying me closely for a moment, he asked, "Where do you preach?"

"Every where, I'm afraid," answered I; and I laughed so that he joined in.

"Well, the fact is," said he, "your gray hairs, and what you said, and the rest on it, and Thanksgiving, and all, I did kind o' think you were a minister."

"Of course you did, and I don't wonder. And so you are to be married on Thanksgiving-day?"

The young man smiled assent, and then in a bashful tone replied, "A stitch in time saves nine."

That was true enough, but how was it true just then? What relation could there be between his marriage and a stitch in time? I suppose this question was written all over my face, for, after looking at me some time, he said, shyly, "The folks will be all together, and it's a leisure day, and we are all ready, so why not?" There was certainly nothing to be said, except possibly to ask exactly how he applied the proverb. I had a vague impression of what he meant, but it was certainly a queer way of putting it; and I settled myself in my seat, and found that the homely proverb began to unroll into many more applications than he intended. The train stopped at some station far up among the hills, and I heard the ringing click of the hammer against the wheels of the car. The men were passing along under the train, trying the iron every where. I thought of the broken wheels and rails, of the horrible mangling and massacre, and I leaned forward to my neighbor the bridegroom, and said, with a smile, "There it is again, you see, a stitch in time saves nine."

"So I told her," replied my neighbor. But I settled myself once more as the train rolled away from the station, and reflected upon the coming season, the frost, the fire, and all the perils to which railroads are exposed. The really unavoidable accidents are very few, not greater than in other modes of travel, but we are all the time protesting against the horrible disasters and the abominable management. I mechanically opened my paper as I turned the subject over in my mind, and saw a communication by Mr. Shanks upon the organization of our system of travel, which, after the first few words, I did not read mechanically, I assure you. More lives, it seems, are lost annually in this country on railroads and steamboats than in the whole of Europe. There were 313,699,268 persons who traveled by rail in England during the year 1866, and each one of them, our friend tells us, had the remote chance of being killed by accident in just fifty thousand years of constant travel on the same roads. He thinks that with about the same passenger traffic the loss of life in this country is fully a hundred times greater. I was impressed with the peril of my situation at that very moment, for we were rattling along at twenty-five miles an hour, and I leaned forward to my friend and whispered,

"I hope you won't be smashed before you are married."

He smiled feebly, so that I instantly added, "Perhaps upon this road they take the stitch in time."

His smile was still more feeble, as if he had not the remotest idea of my meaning, and rather suspected me of making fun of him, so that I explained. "An ounce of prevention," said I, smiling. "Oh, yes," answered he; "it's worth a pound of cure."

I returned to my paper and found that Mr. Shanks was of the same opinion, for he says that the superiority of foreign management, not only of railroads, but of society in general, lies in the system of prevention. Public effort is aimed not only at punishing criminals, but at preventing crime. These states have adopted the great principle that a stitch in time saves nine. Why doesn't our public think of the wisdom of that rule?

Why, last summer, my dear Fred, I was coming up to see you at your pleasant nest in the region of roses, which is not a hundred miles from Flushing. It was a lovely afternoon, and I repaired to the foot of Peck Slip and embarked upon that pretty little painted chip called the *Sylvan Stream*—as neat a craft for a small mill-pond on quiet days as you could wish. The boat was not only crowded, it was crammed. Positively it was quite frightful to observe how closely packed we were, and to reflect upon the throng of sail and steam vessels, large and small, that were moving about the East River, and each with a certain degree of resistless motion. The passengers all sat quietly reading their evening papers, when there was a sudden excitement, and we perceived that one of the great Sound steamers was bearing toward us, and that a ferry-boat on the other side made our escape impossible, so that a collision was inevitable. The great steamer saw it also. It stopped its engines, but it could not check its momentum, and its pilot managed the boat as skillfully as possible, and succeeded in forcing her inevitable prow upon our paddle-box instead of our hull. Of course every thing that was touched was carried away, and our poor little boat was so tipped up that one of her guards dipped under water, and for a few moments there was extraordinary consternation. Fortunately the *Sylvan Stream* was not vitally hurt, and I am told that she still flits up and down the river, as crowded as ever, and with the most lively hope in the breast of every newspaper reader that nothing will happen at least that time, and with the profoundest consciousness that if any thing like the event of last summer does happen there is no probability of avoiding a fearful disaster.

Now, my dear Fred, the good people who travel daily by that little boat are as wise as those who should take a train daily which was compelled to cross a bridge known to be insecure. Nothing might happen for a long time; but when the bridge fell something would probably happen which would find expression in a loud cry of horror and indignation. Why don't these good people of the *Sylvan Stream* ponder the proverb of my Thanksgiving bridegroom, and insist that a stitch shall be taken and an ounce of prevention secured? There was the Brooklyn ferry accident the other day. The outcry that followed it was in a certain way as ridiculous as an outcry at darkness after sunset. Is there a man who is in the habit of crossing the ferries who has not a thousand times remarked the danger of the rush to the edge of the boat upon approaching the slip? Nothing could be safer as long as nothing happened, but nothing surer than that something would happen. What would I do about it? I would take a stitch in time. I would draw a chain across at a proper point, or I would station men to warn and to keep passengers back, and I would have the chain respected and the men supported by the common-sense of the public.

I have never been able to see, my dear Fred, why the public order should not be as well maintained and human life as much respected in a republic as in a monarchy. Perhaps you have no very profound respect for my political

speculations; but I have learned from a good deal of careful reading, and from considerable observation of men and affairs, that common-sense and prosperity are very apt to go together: and as the common-sense of many years and of many people is distilled, as it were, into the one round clear drop of a proverb, a very admirable body of state-craft or sound political policy might be gathered from the most familiar proverbs. Perhaps when I decide to write "a great work" it will be upon that subject. And I am very sure that I should begin with the maxim that my Thanksgiving bridegroom so quaintly applied to his own marriage. If you have a dinner and a party and a holiday all prepared, why not add an individual occasion? reasoned that philosopher. So if you have a great and well-appointed police, why not put them to preventing crime as well as arresting criminals, and so save money? If you have a steamer fit for mill-pond navigation, and insist upon sending it to sea or into a crowd of heavier craft, why not calculate the obvious, necessary peril, and act accordingly?

Indeed, Fred, in a nation of Yankees, why not have common-sense? Thanksgiving is passed—I hope you had plenty of turkey—and my friend of the cars has doubtless verified the proverb that he quoted. Let us all go and do likewise. If I were not at the end of my letter how I could expand upon my text! But think of it, and preach your own sermon in the pleasant Quaker way.

Your friend and the friend of proverbs,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

EVENING DRESSES.

HIGH-COLORED silks are in favor for evening dresses. Red in its various shades is the leading color. There is the *Caroubier*, sultan, ruby, grenade, garnet, and a dull deep hue called antique red, all of which are sought after by brunettes. The brilliant poppy-red, so beautiful by gas-light, is selected by blondes by way of contrast to their own delicate complexion. Satin of the same shade trims silks of these colors for very young ladies. Black lace softens their brightness for those more advanced. Gold, yellow, and capucine, are gorgeous hues in vogue this season, entirely covered with black illusion. Blue and green together appear among eccentric French toilettes; for instance, a blue silk is trimmed with puffings of green tulle, or a gauze over-dress of the Forty-Second plaid is worn over white silk.

Chameleon gros grains in delicate shades of mauve, pink, and blue, shot with white, make beautiful dresses for gas-light wear, and are sold in very good quality at $2 65 a yard. Green was too much worn last winter to remain popular this season. Glossy taffeta at low prices is used as transparents beneath Chambery gauze and tulle, producing chameleon effects. The French employ foulards for this purpose; and it is to be regretted that our merchants do not import choice colors of foulard to be used in this way, as they are inexpensive and durable.

No new materials appear in these goods. Tarlatan and crape are preferred for Watteau drapery and paniers over silk, as tulle is so thin that it is scarcely perceptible. The Chambery gauzes are in beautiful variety, but have never been appreciated here. White muslin dresses are more popular than ever, and are laden with ruffles, puffs, tucks, and lace. Organdy appears best when first made; but it is very frail, and does not wash well. The best white muslin is called French-Swiss, a paradoxical name for a more substantial yet finer material than that commonly called Swiss. A furnishing house will get up a trained dress, with elaborate puffs, tucks, and ruffles on the skirt, with sleeves and corsage to match, for $30. There is no lace used on this dress. $48 buys a handsomer one with Valenciennes at the throat and wrists, and a gros grain sash trimmed with lace. These dresses are simply worn over white lingerie, or are made very gay by wearing a colored silk evening dress beneath them—a soiled or faded dress of a previous season being made useful in this way. Such dresses are in much better taste than the paniered alpacas and empress cloths in which people ape fashion with cheap materials.

TRAINS AND CRINOLINE.

Trains are reported to have been increased in length, but we have not seen a model worthy to be quoted that measured more than eighty inches from the waist to the floor. Three quarters of a yard added to the length of the figure is advised by the best modistes, who, we find, always avoid extremes.

Trains appear to have grown longer because they are worn over very small hoops, or without any. A skirt of hair-cloth gored and trained, with three deep flounces on all but the front width, is the fashionable substitute for a steel spring skirt. They are expensive at present, costing from $10 to $15, but could easily be made at home at much less cost.

STYLES OF MAKING DRESSES.

The Watteau bodice of colored satin over a white silk or muslin dress is the novelty of the season. It is a low-necked basque with added drapery fastened in a broad pleat at the top of the back, falling loosely below the waist and caught up to form a panier puff. This drapery in thin materials over silk is also very pretty, and should have more fullness than when made of satin. A velvet Watteau of emerald green is worn with a white satin skirt. This bodice is becoming to slender, tall figures. It is sometimes made with high corsage like the Watteau cloak, with a square front filled in with tulle.

The Louis XV. corsage, high and round, with long narrow opening in front for a chemisette, is in vogue for full dress dinner parties. The chemisette reaches almost to the belt, and is only about four inches wide. Sleeves to such dresses are nearly tight, with a Pompadour bow by way of epaulet, and a deep pleated ruffle at the elbow headed by ruches. The Maria Theresa style, with wide folded chemisette and half long sleeve flowing from the elbow, is familiar to our readers.

A gathered flounce from ten to twenty inches wide, with a heading of puffs and ruches, is the most prevalent mode of trimming trained skirts. Tablier designs of lace and ruches on the front width, with large butterfly bows at each end, are in vogue. The three full back widths are lined at the top with stiff muslin, and box-pleated, to form a panier. A sash from the belt supports the panier, and is knotted beneath it.

Few evening dresses are made without a panier or tunic, except for stout people, and then the trimming is made to simulate a tunic, and a short sash with several loops is added, to give a full tournure. Colored silk or satin panier skirts, with apron fronts and peasant waists, are worn over white silk, and are especially pretty with short dancing dresses. Sometimes they are worn with dresses of contrasting hue, such as fawn color with cerise, blue over salmon, and, in the Pompadour colors, pink with drab or blue. These are gay and striking, and people of more quiet taste prefer the dress and panier of two shades of the same color. This is a convenient way of concealing the soiled parts of dresses of last season, as they are usually most defaced on the front width and under the arms. A piece of chamois leather sewed in the armhole is the most efficient dress-protector.

Lace tunics, with a flounce to match, are more used than ever. A lace point is draped to form a reversed tunic by putting the centre in front, looping it with flowers at the side, and interlapping the ends high at the back. If lace can not be afforded, billowy puffs of tulle, divided by satin pipings, form pretty over-skirts.

Sashes are fastened at the left side near the front when the skirt has a panier; otherwise they are placed behind to give a bulky tournure. Fan-shaped ornaments of pleated satin, bows with triple loops, and the fluted Renaissance bows, are in better style than sashes.

VARIETIES.

Round pelerine capes of lace or puffed tulle are newer than fichus crossed on the bosom. Another style is square in front, the back simulating a long pointed hood behind, with a ladder of bows in the centre. Grecian folds of Lyons tulle, with a knot of satin or a bouquet on the breast, puffed bretelles, and berthas of blonde and lace, ornament low corsages. The short sleeve is puffed usually, and is longer than last year. The extreme decolletée styles lately worn are very much moderated. Wide black velvet bretelles, embroidered with white Marguerites, adorn many dresses. Short dresses will come into very general use during the holiday gayeties. They are made with two skirts, flounced and paniered precisely in the way described for street suits, without the outer garment.

Long gloves, with four or six buttons on the wrist, are most used for evening wear. Flesh-tints are preferred to pure white. The Marie Antoinette slipper, with a point behind, a curved heel, and a rosette covering the instep, is frequently worn; but a gaiter matching the dress in color, or else pure white, is the popular shoe for parties. Head-dresses are full diadems, with side-sprays and the jeweled butterflies and aigrettes described in a late *Bazar*. Pink and white eglantine are in great favor this season; and there can be nothing more beautiful than the simple wild rose. $22 buys the coiffure and trimming for corsage.

The Marie Antoinette fan of white or buff silk, or lapis and emerald satin, is painted in gay designs after Watteau and Lancret. The sticks are of opal-tinted pearl, with a point lace border at the top barred with pearl. Price $60. A pretty fan for $9 is of pink or blue satin with Valenciennes edge and carved sticks of imitation ivory.

Powdered hair in the antique style is greatly in favor, especially with married ladies. Natural blonde hair is highly prized when of a yellowish golden hue. When nature has not supplied this fashionable tint art is resorted to for producing it. High crimped chignon, with a row of puffs above the forehead and frizzed curls falling low on the face, is the best style for dinner coiffure. Soft flowing curls for evening entertainments. We will give full information about jewelry in an early Number.

OPERA BONNETS AND WRAPS.

A *pouf* of white royal velvet or rose-pink or China blue in corrugated folds is the most elegant round hat for evening wear. A marabout cluster, or a spray of flowers with an aigrette of white heron's feathers is in front, and a double bow of thick satin on top. Bonnets are high diadems of velvet with two or three velvet bars across the head, displaying the elaborately dressed hair between. A deep pelerine of Spanish blonde edged with lace covers the chignon, and is fastened in front with a bouquet.

The MacFarlane cloak, a circular with a cape in front concealing the arms and a hood behind, is the handsomest evening wrap. It is made in velvet cloth striped with satin, trimmed with chenille fringe.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames DIEDEN, and VIRFOLET; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co., LORD & TAYLOR, and CAMPION & STUART.

PERSONAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Vice-President COLFAX were among the many who last week gratified their curiosity by making a thorough examination of the various printing and book-making operations carried on by HARPER & BROTHERS. On leaving the establishment he asked for a copy of the December Number of the Magazine, expressing a curiosity to read Mr. C. H. WEBB's droll "Confessions of a Reformed Planchettist." The *Bazar* has seldom met a more graceful, unassuming, and in every way womanly woman, than the bride of the Vice-President elect. The newly-married couple ate their Thanksgiving turkey with Mr. B. W. DELAMATER, of Brooklyn. During their stay in New York they shopped at STEWART'S, drove in the Central Park, and were photographed in the imperial fashion by C. D. FREDRICKS & Co.

—Mr. FRANCIS, of the Troy *Times*, one of the ablest and most profitable journals in the State, brings forward the name of Mr. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS for the English mission.

—ROSSINI was not merely the most brilliant musical composer of his time, but the laziest man in Europe. He used to compose in bed; and once, when a fine duet that he was writing, and had almost finished, slipped off the bed beyond his reach, rather than get up for it he took another sheet and composed another duet entirely different from the first.

—Among the tasteful bridal gifts received by Mrs. COLFAX were a pair of beautiful bronze ornaments, from SAMUEL SINCLAIR, of the New York *Tribune;* an elegant Crimean hunting-watch, from Mr. HOUGH, late of the Michigan Southern Railroad; beautiful silver fruit-dish, from Miss PARSONS of Ashtabula; a Roman mosaic card-receiver, from Mrs. J. D. DEFREES, of Washington; six dozen silver knives, forks, and spoons, from S. W. SHOEMAKER, manufactured expressly for the occasion by KIRKE of Baltimore; a bronze drop-light of exquisite workmanship, from M. L. CURTIS & Co.; a set of gold-lined egg-cups and spoons, from Mrs. W. T. RUNK, of New York; a set of massive silver napkin rings, from Mrs. B. W. DELAMATER, of Brooklyn; and a magnificent walnut smoking-table, from JOHN T. DENNY, and silver cigar-stand with silver lamp from J. T. DENNY, to Mr. COLFAX.

—The Baron ROTHSCHILD, who recently died, not only kept the best obtainable cook in Europe, but knew quite well enough what were the best things to eat. On one occasion somebody at dinner asked him to take venison. "No," said the Baron, "I never eat venison; I don't think it so coot as mutton." "Oh," says the Baron's friend, "I wonder at your saying so; if mutton is better than venison, why does venison cost so much more?" "I will tell you vy—in this world the people always prefer vat is *deer* to what is *sheep*."

—LOUIS PRANG, the well-known chromo-lithographer, is a good example of the results of perseverance and stout-heartedness. He was born at Breslau, and bred a calico-printer in his father's manufactory. On the breaking out of the revolution of 1848 he joined the republicans, became one of their prominent leaders, and was finally outlawed by name by the Austrian Government. After wandering for two years in Bohemia and Switzerland, he emigrated to America. Here he undertook first the publication of architectural works, and then the manufacture of porte-monnaies; lost every thing, and was left penniless. He then set to work to learn wood-engraving, working on an average eighteen hours a day, till four years of this incessant toil broke down his health. He next commenced the publication of lithographic portraits, at first with some success, but the war soon broke out, and he found himself without customers and with heavy obligations to meet. In lack of orders he was forced to publish a war-map, which, to his delight, sold faster than he could print, and brought him in ample funds. His card-portraits of Union generals, mosses, ferns, etc., were equally successful, and he was soon able to enter upon the costly publication of chromo-lithographs. Here his first ventures proved a failure. Nothing dismayed, he next attempted Tait's "Chickens," which sold every where and at once, and really inaugurated the new industry of chromo-publishing in America. Of Tait's three groups about fifty thousand copies have been sold in the United States alone; and as they cost five dollars each, a quarter of a million of dollars has changed hands in the sale of these pictures. Since then Mr. PRANG has constantly improved his issues, until now his pictures are quite equal to the finest specimens of European chromos in oil.

Mr. PRANG employs seven chromo-lithographic artists, who are constantly employed in reproducing pictures by American and foreign painters. He keeps thirty-three presses at work, and employs about seventy hands. He has just finished building a large factory at Roxbury. His physique is more American than German. He is tall, slender, and wiry, with a bright, keen eye, and a face full of shrewdness, intelligence, and energy.

—An event much talked of among people in Paris whose thoughts run upon apparel, is the disruption of business relations between the EMPRESS and her dress-maker, Madame MOGA. The famous artiste has received for ten years past about 100,000 francs yearly for filling the EMPRESS'S wardrobe, and left her because the latter wanted to have her own way about a dress. Madame MOGA now relies on the patronage of the PRINCESS DE METTERNICH, who has been the leader of Paris fashions for two or three years past, and who seems to remain as young as ever, while the EMPRESS is fast growing old.

—M. DU CHAILLU has just set out on another lecturing tour all the way to St. Louis and back. The *Evening Mail* says that he has taken his gorilla with him. The harmless animal is strapped in a valise.

—Miss MULOCK'S last novel, "The Woman's Kingdom," is one of her greatest successes. The demand for it is so great that some six editions have been called for within the last month.

—Mr. EDWIN BOOTH must look to his laurels. Paris has witnessed a dramatic performance, by a lady, that has won the public admiration. Mlle. KAROLY, the tragedienne, has just been performing Hamlet and Romeo with the greatest success. Until nineteen this lady was a poor seamstress in the city of Namur. One day, in going to the shop where she was employed, she stopped at a book-stall and mechanically took up a volume, whose leaves she commenced turning over. Suddenly she fixed her eyes on a passage, read a page or two, and bought the volume. It was "Corneille's Tragedies." When she had read and re-read the book, she resolved to become an actress, and is now one of the most brilliant artistes of the French stage.

—Mr. EDWARD E. INGRAHAM is one of those Philadelphia lawyers who are not easily puzzled, especially when examining candidates for admission to the Bar. When a Mr. C—— applied for that purpose, Mr. I., knowing him to be a young man of fortune who had no intention of practicing, put one question to him, which was: "Mr. C——, how do you make chicken salad?" Mr. C—— described the process. "Very satisfactory," said Mr. INGRAHAM, who immediately signed the certificate.

—The leading cantatrices of Europe are, on the whole, blessed with good looks, though few are what we republicans would call beautiful. PAULINE LUCCA has a piquant face, and is by some considered very handsome. IRMA DE MURSKA has regular features, but looks somewhat coarse. Her good looks, however, will not disappear so soon as those of ADELINA PATTI, which are already on the wane. Mlle. CASTRI is a pleasant-looking girl, with very fine eyes, but her complexion is not good. Mlle. CARVALHO is beautiful on the stage, but looks faded when seen close by. She is a very good wife and mother, and recently declared that she would devote all her talents as a cantatrice and actress toward paying the debts incurred by her husband as manager of the Theatre Lyrique. CHRISTINA NILSSON has a fine, thoughtful, regular face, and some, among whom is such a good judge as GUSTAVE DORE, consider her positively beautiful; but she looks rather cold and indolent. Despite her plebeian descent she has aristocratic hands and very small feet. Most of these eminent cantatrices, though they still retain the name of "Mlle.," are married. "Mlle." LUCCA is married to a Prussian lieutenant, a clever fellow, who has nothing beyond a baronial title. He worships his wife, and she is much attached to him. They have three children. IRMA DE MURSKA is married to a young Hungarian actor, with whom she eloped eight or ten months ago, to the great vexation of her ambitious mamma. He is a jealous fellow, and the *jeunesse dorée* of Paris understands pretty well that making love to Mlle. DE MURSKA is a somewhat risky game.

—Old ROSSINI was one of PATTI'S most enthusiastic admirers. He said her Rosina was the best he had ever seen. When PATTI was in Paris she always visited the old gentleman two or three times a week, and called him "papa," and he generally spoke of her as "*sa charmante petite alouette.*" It is believed that the old maestro has composed several important pieces which he has bequeathed to her in his will. He was much displeased at her marriage with CAUX, whom he regarded as a naughty young male, and never alluded to him when she came to see him; nor did *she* mention the objectionable person.

—It is said that the late Baron JAMES ROTHSCHILD, whose portrait was given in *Harper's Weekly* of December 5, was worth not less than four hundred millions of dollars, and though he gave magnificent entertainments he was generally mean and very unpopular. Beggars never wasted time by soliciting alms from him. He married the daughter of his brother SOLOMON, and by her had several children.

—Cadet GRANT, or "FRED," as he is called at West Point, is a fair, fresh-skinned boy, with bluish-gray eyes, rather chubby in appearance, and not very brilliant in the way of scholarship, etc. Still he has that bony, massive head and manner of looking steadfastly, like his father, at matter and things, which has made the latter famous.

—LISZT is not dead, although the Paris *Siècle* started such a report—probably in order to give itself an opportunity to compose a very good epitaph upon him, which might be translated:

Here in oblivion deep lies austere Liszt,
Whose music, sad to ten, had ne'er its Austerlitz.

—Last year Queen ISABELLA (who is now *not* a belle-a), conferred the order of Charles III. upon TAMBERLIK, the great tenor. General PRIM has just made him a Colonel. Whether the Colonel proposes to remain on the stage or take to the sword and buckler is not mentioned.

—Mr. LONGFELLOW'S present family consists of two sons, grown, and three bright, charming little daughters. Mr. L. is greatly changed since the sad calamity, some years ago, by which he lost his wife—a lady of the highest culture and refinement. She was accidentally burned to death. Those who remember him in his happy, married life—who recollect the genial exuberance of his spirits, the cheerfulness of his disposition, the warmth of his welcome, the bright wit which flowed constantly, the buoyancy of a soul upon which shone the sunshine of life, and athwart which a cloud never seemed to pass—note with grief the expression of settled melancholy, the love of solitude, and the quickly grown white locks which one sees to-day.

—Emperors, take them as they run, are not the happiest of mortals. For example, there is He of Russia, who rises between five and six in the morning, goes out for a walk, takes a big dog with him, sits down on a stone bench, gazes moodily into vacancy, seldom smiles, wears a faded black suit, and looks more like a gentleman in reduced circumstances than an Emperor. The police generally keep the beggars off the promenade; but occasionally a poor woman steals up to his Majesty, who immediately puts his hand into his vest pocket and gives her a gold piece with a sad smile, but never exchanges a word with any one on the promenade.

—Here is another style of potentate—the young King of Bavaria—a tall youth dressed in gray, with a Panama hat, and said to be, by all odds, the finest young sovereign in Europe. Encountering a schoolmaster with twenty pupils out for a walk, of course hats came off. Telling the teacher to cover his head, and exchanging a few words with one or two of the boys, he said, in a loud voice, "My children, are all of you industrious at school?" The master replied that he was satisfied with the application of his pupils. "Then, Sir," said the King, turning to him, "I hope you will let the boys have a free afternoon to-day." The schoolmaster was only too happy to comply with his Majesty's request; the boys shouted "hurrah!" and the King, bowing and taking off his hat, passed on, humming again and plucking the leaves from his twig. He looked like a student of a German university, rather than the sovereign of nearly five million people.

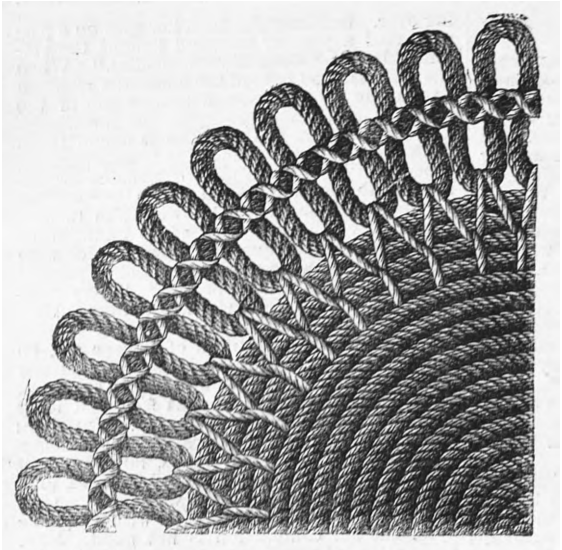


Fig. 1.—QUARTER OF CORD MAT FOR BOTTLES, ETC.

Two Mats for Glasses, Bottles, etc.

Fig. 1. MAT OF GRAY CORD.—For this mat first wind the cord round and round in a coil, and overcast it together on the under side. For the trimming on the outer edge run threads of coarse silk through the cord at the distance of an inch apart, by which means loops are formed on each side. Then finish this by cross-stitching thereon a piece of the same cord, after which join the trimming to the mat with point russe stitches of gray silk. The mat is stiffened with pasteboard and lined with oil-cloth.

Fig. 2. CROCHETED MAT OF MIGNARDISE AND BLACK SILK.—For beginning this mat crochet with fine silk five times always 1 sc. (single crochet) in every two loops of the mignardise. Now work the coil in the round, * 1 sc. in the two following loops of the mignardise, 1 sc. in the loop on the former round, 1 ch. (chain). Repeat from *. For the sc. which is worked in a loop of the former round put the needle through from the under side. In the following rounds the knitting of two loops together must be done according to the requirements of the rounding; in the 3d-6th rounds crochet also always 2 ch. after every sc., but after that 3 ch. When the mat has reached the requisite size work a border of the following three rounds: 1st round.—1 sc. in every loop of the mignardise, and between these always 3 ch. 2d round (work these last two rounds with coarser silk).—* 1 sc. in the first chain-stitch scallop of the preceding round, 3 ch., then three times alternately put the thread around the needle, take up a loop out of the following chain-stitch scallop. All the loops and threads are worked off together by drawing the thread through once and then through the two loops on the needle, after this 3 ch. Repeat from *. 3d round.—* 1 sc. in the figure of the former round, 3 ch., out of the two following scallops take up two loops, before each loop put the thread once around the needle. The figures are worked off like those of the former round. Then 3 ch. From * repeat in the round.

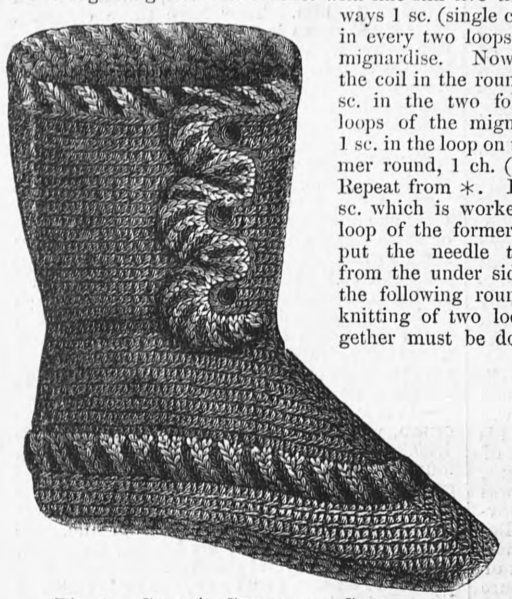


Fig. 1.—CHILD'S CROCHETED SOCK.

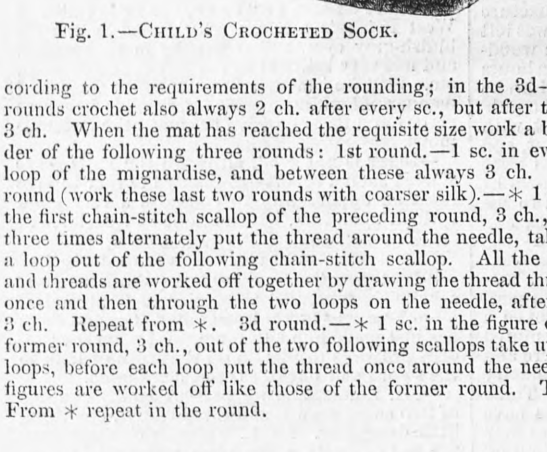


Fig. 1.—DESIGN FOR CIGAR-CASES, PORT-FOLIOS, ETC.

and two inches and a half wide. Having finished the frame with the aid of the illustration (the handles are fastened on by means of wire rings crocheted), work with corn-colored silk a straight netted part fifty stitches wide and seventy-two rounds long, and arrange it over the frame in the manner shown by the illustration, fastening the stitches at the ends by crocheting them over a wire ring which is designed to allow the needles to come through. The end stitches at each end of the basket are sewed together so as to bring the net-work above the rings. Sew the edge stitches of the upper edge fast to the upper part of the frame, and work the netting with chenille in the manner shown by the illustration. Above the frame set in a brown velvet bag, which is drawn up at the top, and finish the upper edge of the net-work part with a spiral cord, through which is drawn a piece of chenille. Lastly, wind the handles with chenille, and set a chenille rosette on both ends above the rings.

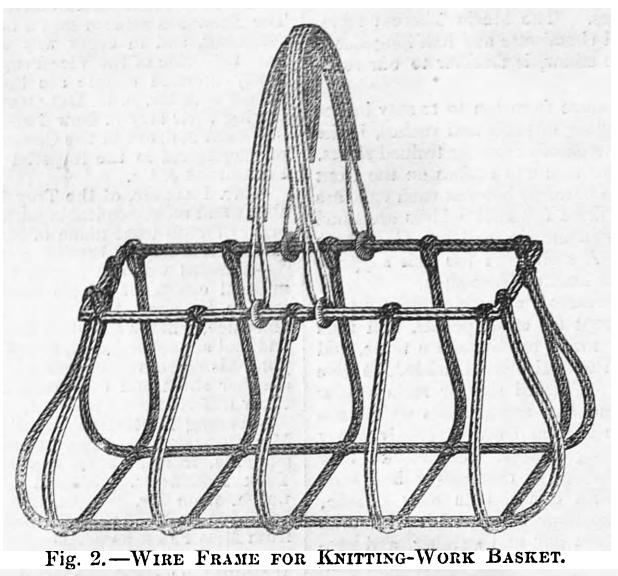


Fig. 2.—WIRE FRAME FOR KNITTING-WORK BASKET.

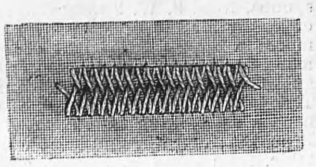


Fig. 2.—MANNER OF MAKING POINT CROISÉ FOR ALPHABET. WRONG SIDE.

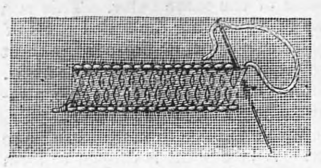


Fig. 1.—MANNER OF MAKING POINT CROISÉ FOR ALPHABET. RIGHT SIDE.

MEDALLION FOR CRAVATS, HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC.

Knitting-Work Basket.

THIS pretty little basket is worked in corn-colored silk twist, which is embroidered with light and dark chenille, and is completed by a bag of brown velvet. The foundation consists of a wire frame wound with silk twist. The illustration, Fig. 2, shows the shape of the frame-work. The bottom and the upper part of the frame is six inches long

Fig. 1.—KNITTING-WORK BASKET.

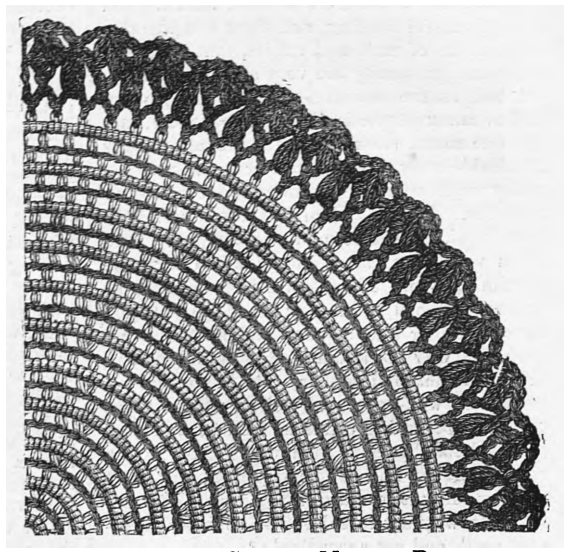


Fig. 2.—QUARTER OF CROCHET MAT FOR BOTTLES, ETC.

Children's Crocheted Socks.

Fig. 1.—This sock is worked in Tunisian or Afghan crochet stitch with red zephyr wool, and is trimmed with a narrow border of white and black zephyr wool. Begin the sock with the longest row of the foot part, and crochet on a foundation of 7 white, 21 red, and 7 white ch. (chain) in the first round of the first pattern row 7 white, 21 red, and 7 white Tunisian stitches, which are worked off in the 2d round of the pattern row with the corresponding wool, except that the three middle red stitches are worked off as one stitch. Work the 2d–8th pattern rows in the same manner. The red stitches are lessened by two in each row, by which means the foot part is pointed. Next work five pattern rows with white wool, in which also the three middle stitches are always worked off as one stitch. The last of these pattern rows comes on the front edge of the boot; work on each upright vein of a stitch of this pattern row 1 sl. (slip stitch), working off the three middle stitches as one stitch. Now crochet on the other side of the foundation stitches, each side of the middle stitch, which remains without working, the side pieces each singly and fifteen pattern rows long. The 1st pattern row of each side piece consists of 7 white and 10 red stitches (the white stitches must always come on the under edge of the boot), the 2d and 3d pattern rows of 6 white and 10 red stitches, and the remaining pattern rows each of 5 white and 10 red stitches. This narrowing is done by working off two stitches together. Then crochet together the edges on the back of the sock from the under side with sc. (single crochet), join with a sole of suitable size, which is crocheted in sc. with white wool, and trim, as shown by the pattern, with the following border: 1st round (with white wool).—1 sc. in the perpendicular vein of each stitch of the red pattern rows which comes on the white part. 2d round (with white wool).—1 sc. in the first stitch of the former round, then always alternately 4 ch., 1 sc. in the second following sc. 3d round (with black wool).—1 sc. in the first free sc. of the first round, * 4 ch., drop the loop from the needle, then draw it from the back front

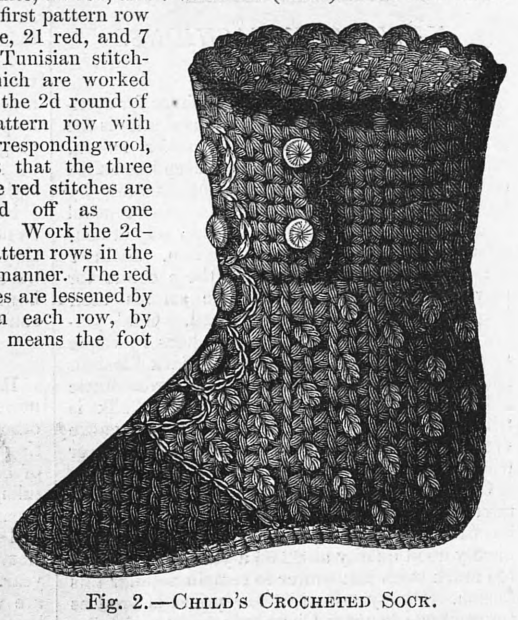


Fig. 2.—CHILD'S CROCHETED SOCK.

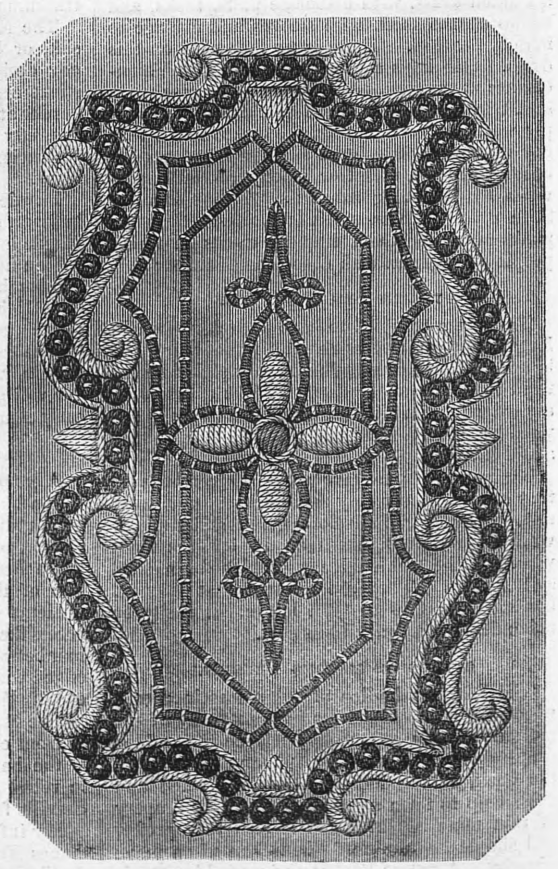


Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR CIGAR-CASES, PORT-FOLIOS, ETC.

through the first white chain-stitch scallop, 1 sc. in the second following free sc. of the first round (the chain-stitch scallops are now wound around each other). On the under edge sew the border to the sock. Crochet the ankle in Tunisian stitch as follows: On a foundation of 22 stitches (height of the ankle) work 38 pattern rows, paying attention to the proper shape. Having completed the 38th pattern row, work for the scallops on one side three pattern rows, each of which counts four stitches, and on the last of these rows 3 sl.; always 1 sl. in each of the edge stitches of the short pattern rows, 5 sl. in the following five stitches. Having completed the scallops work the remainder of the border. Sew the scallops down on the straight side and set on little buttons, after which join the ankle and foot with overcast stitches from the under side.

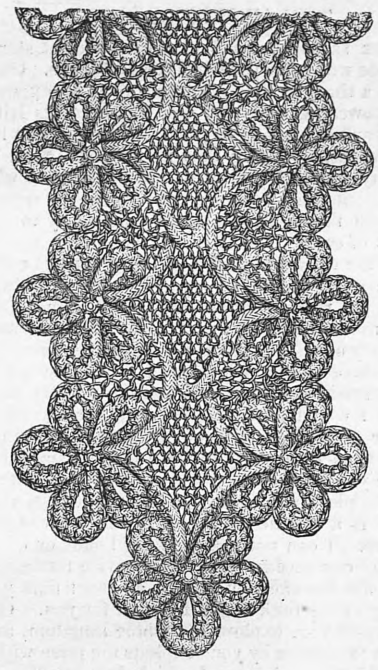


Fig. 2.—CRAVAT END.—BRAID AND LACE STITCH.

Fig. 2.—This sock is worked with black and red and the sole with white wool in sc. (single crochet). In working the red part, however, work in every second following round after every 3 sc. one picot of 5 ch. (chain). [See illustration.] With these picots, which must alternate, do not pass over any stitches. Begin the sock at the toe with black wool with a foundation of seven stitches, and work on these seven rounds. In the middle of each of these rounds, as also in the following rounds of the foot, add two stitches by crocheting three stitches in the middle stitch. The last round counts 21 stitches. In the 8th round crochet seven black stitches on the first seven stitches of the former round, finish the last of these stitches with red wool, and work then with the red wool nine stitches (including the two added stitches) on the following seven stitches of the former round. The last red stitch is finished with black wool, which has been run along the under side; then work again seven black stitches on the last seven stitches. Work the 9th–14th rounds like the 8th, but in each of these make the red part of the round two stitches longer (in addition to the two stitches widened in the middle), and shorten the black part of the rounds one stitch at each side of the red. The 14th round completes the foot part. Now leave the three middle stitches and crochet on the stitches at each side of these the side pieces each twelve rounds long. In the first four rounds of each side part narrow one stitch on the under part. Then crochet the sock together on the back with single crochet, and work on the upper edge with red wool nine rounds single crochet in the round, in doing which put the needle under the whole stitch, and add one stitch in the back and front middle of the sock by working two stitches in one. Then work on the upper edge a row of scallops with black wool, and on each side two scallops of chain stitches. [See illustration.] Each scallop on the upper edge consists of sc. separated by 3 ch., and worked in second following stitch. After this ornament the sock in the manner shown by the illustration with chain-stitch scallops of white silk and little buttons, and join it to the sole from the under side. The sole is worked with white wool in backward and forward rounds in single crochet, beginning at the toe: always put the needle under the entire stitch. The widening and narrowing is done at the beginning and end of the rounds, and the sole is worked to correspond to the size of the sock.

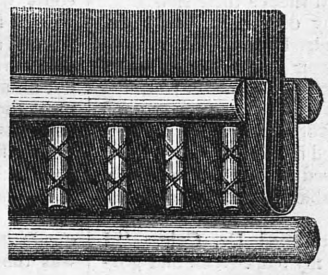
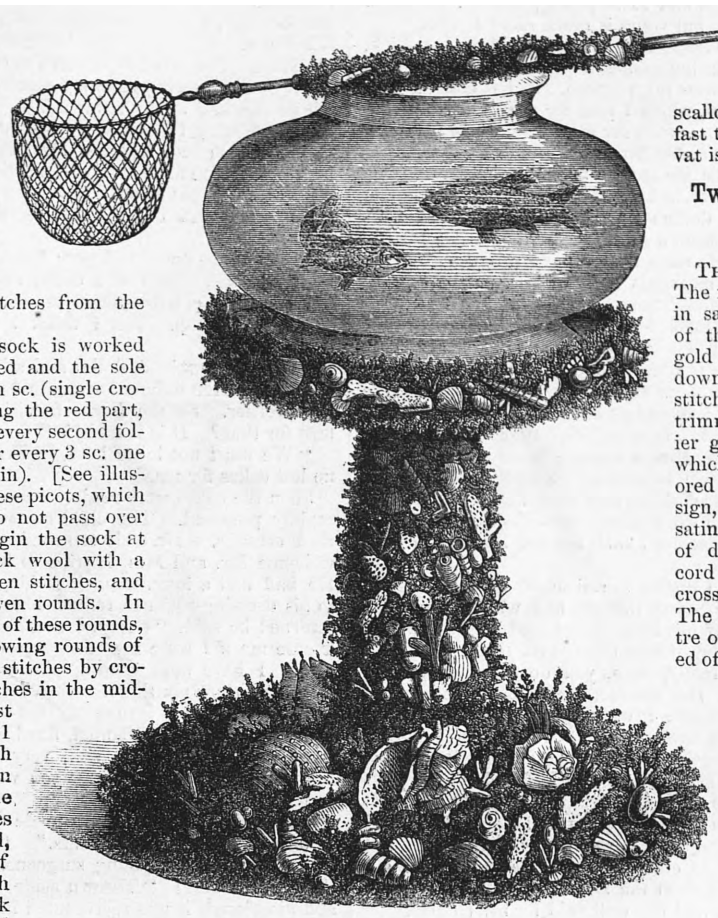


Fig. 3.—SECTION OF EDGE OF TABLET.—UNDER SIDE.

Medallion for Trimming Cravats, etc.

See illustration on page 948.

THIS medallion is suitable for trimming cravats, pocket-handkerchiefs, etc. The flower-twig is worked in satin, quilting, and half-polka stitch. The edge is worked in the same stitches, and lies loosely over the medallion, to which it is fastened only with button-hole stitch. It is worked on another piece of material, and the scalloped edge closely overcast, then cut out and button-hole stitched fast to the medallion. In the illustration the foundation of the cravat is of lace and the application figure of muslin.



STAND FOR GOLD-FISH GLOBE.

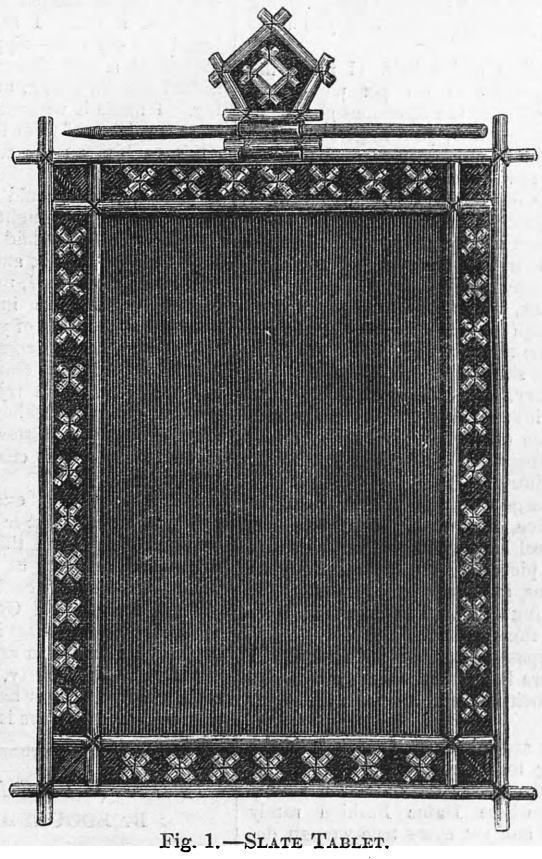


Fig. 1.—SLATE TABLET.

Two Embroidery Designs for trimming Cigar-Cases, Port-Folios, etc.

See illustrations on page 948.

THESE designs may be embroidered on leather, satin, or reps. The middle application part of the design, Fig. 1, is of velvet worked in satin stitch. The edge of the velvet part is fine gold cord, which is sewed down with small cross stitches. The remaining trimming is silk gimp, heavier gold cord, and figures which are worked with colored silk twist. The design, Fig. 2, is worked in satin stitch with silk twist of different colors. The cord is fastened down with cross stitches of light silk. The light spots in the centre of each figure are formed of a stitch of light yellow or white silk twist.

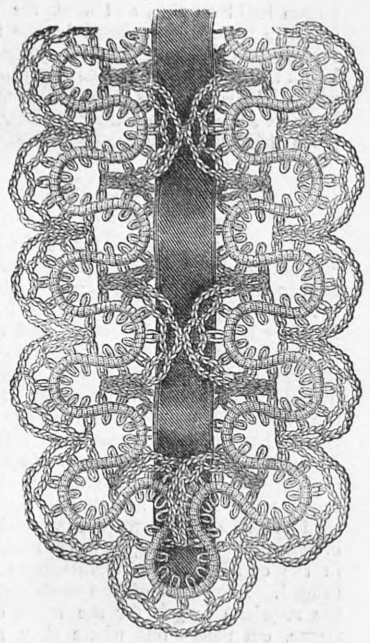


Fig. 1.—CRAVAT END.—MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET.

Stand for Gold-Fish Globe.

THE frame-work of this stand consists of two round flat pieces of wood half an inch thick and seven inches in diameter, and a stem eight inches in height and two inches in diameter, which is glued into the round boards, in the centre of which holes of suitable size have been bored partly through. The upper board has also a narrow rim. Below the under board glue a circular piece of pasteboard, the edges of which stand out an inch beyond the board and are covered with green percale. On the upper circular board glue a piece of oil-cloth, and ornament the remaining surface by gumming on grasses, moss, shells, gayly-colored stones, etc. The net is netted with gray thread. On a foundation of ten stitches work in the round, over a mesh two-fifths of an inch in circumference, fifteen rounds, in which widen five stitches at regular distances apart in every third round. Collect the stitches of the last round on a brass wire, wind the ends of the latter together and fasten it to a handle turned of wood, and which is also ornamented with shells and moss in the manner shown by the illustration.

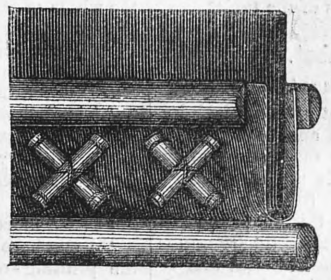
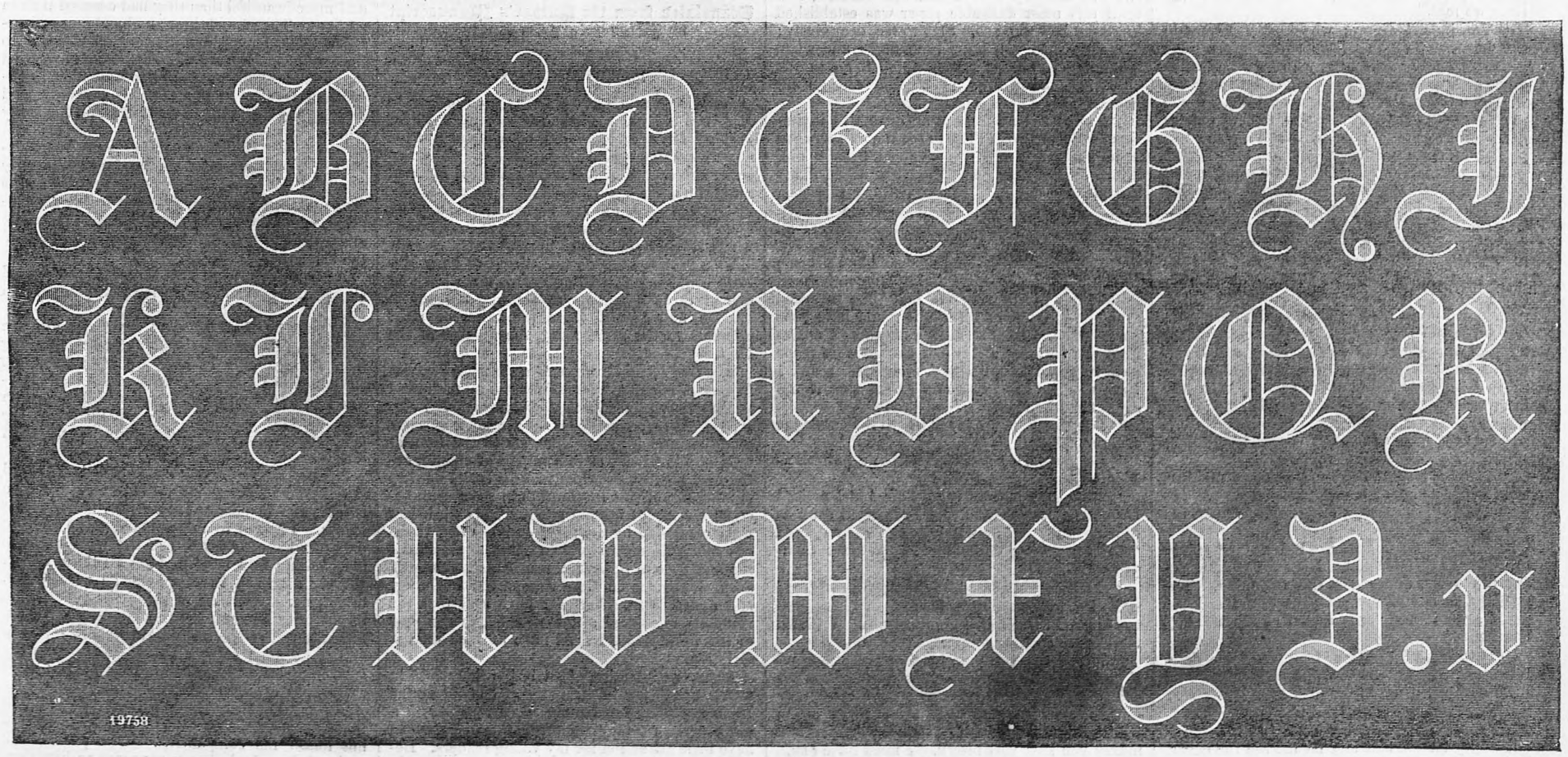


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF EDGE OF TABLET.—UPPER SIDE.

Two Cravat Ends.

THE cravats of which Figs. 1 and 2 each show an end in full size are thirty-two inches long.

Fig. 1. CRAVAT OF MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET.—Crochet with fine cotton as follows in the loops on one side of the mignardise: 1st round.—* 1 sc. (single crochet) in the first loop, six times alternately 3 ch. (chain), 1 sc. in the following loop of the mignardise, pass over the following six loops, and repeat from * till the work is double the desired length of the cravat; then cut off the mignardise and working thread. 2d round.—1 sc. in the middle stitch of each of the following five chain-stitch scallops, after every sc. 4 ch., then * 1 sl. (slip stitch) in the middle stitches of the two chain-stitch scallops in the deep hollow between two scallops of the mignardise 4 ch., 1 sc. in each of the next four chain-stitch scallops, after every sc. 4 ch. From * repeat. Then crochet also in the loops on the other side of



GOTHIC ALPHABET.—WHITE NEEDLE-WORK.

the mignardise a round like the first round, and after this a round like the second round, which last is, however, worked only to the middle of the strip. In continuing the second round double the strip together at half its length, and in working every middle one of the successive five chain-stitch scallops fasten to the middle one of the opposite five chain-stitch scallops of the finished half. The ends of the cravat are made in the manner shown by the illustration. Through the middle run green velvet ribbon. [See illustration.]

Fig. 2. CRAVAT IN BRAID AND LACE STITCH.—For making this cravat first draw the design for the braid on stiff paper, sew the narrow white cotton braid on this, and work the button-hole stitch in the manner shown by the illustration. By means of this the braid is joined together. Work two rows; button-hole stitch on the outer edges. This cravat is more quickly made if the braid be sewed on fine lace, which then takes the place of the lace stitch.

Slate Tablet.

See illustration on page 949.

MATERIALS: A piece of slate six inches wide and nine inches long, oil-cloth, Spanish reeds an inch in circumference, brown silk.

A tablet of this kind will be found useful in every house. It is simple, and easily made of cheap materials. The tablet is of slate and the frame of reeds and oil-cloth, arranged in the manner shown by the illustration. For making the tablet take a piece of slate of the dimensions given above and bind the edge with oil-cloth. Lay this binding together at half its width, and ornament both sides in the manner shown by the illustrations, Figs. 2 and 3, with little pieces of reed (which are split off from the reeds) and with brown silk. In gluing on the binding lay a pleat in the corners where no ornament can be arranged. Next split off the reeds four pieces of the requisite length for the inner edge of the frame, cut pieces out where they must cross, and cross stitch them to the edge in the manner shown by the illustration, so that they cover the inner edges of the binding. For the outer edge the reeds are not split; they must be long enough for the ends to extend half an inch beyond the edge of the tablet. The corners are fastened with cross stitches of brown silk, and fastened to the oil-cloth binding. The piece on the upper edge is designed for hanging up the tablets, and is made in the given shape of oil-cloth and reeds. Just above the slate is a piece of oil-cloth arranged for the reception of a slate-pencil. Figs. 2 and 3 give full-sized sections of the tablet.

Gothic Alphabet.

See illustration on page 949.

THE letters of this alphabet are designed for marking pocket-handkerchiefs and under-clothing. They may be worked in satin stitch or in application. In thin materials the letters may also be worked in point croisé. [See the illustrations on page 948.] To work this stitch put the needle in the material as if for the ordinary quilting stitch, and run it under the material diagonally from the parallel lines of the letters and then out again. Now run the needle in again as for ordinary quilting stitch, again diagonally under the stuff toward the first edge and out at the point for the next stitch.

BANK STOCK AND GOVERNMENT BONDS.

"GOOD-AFTERNOON, Sara!—sewing as usual, I see! Such a bright, charming day as this is! I feared I should find you out; but I am tired of walking, so thought I would look in upon you and see how you were; it is an age since we met."

"Yes, indeed, Gerty; why don't you come to see me oftener? You have so few cares upon your shoulders. And now, with baby and three other little ones to work for, my calling days are well-nigh over," said little Mrs. Cole, as she turned her sewing this side and that to see the effect of the pretty pointed trimming she was putting on a polonaise.

Mrs. Marion and Mrs. Cole were cousins, and had lived as intimately as sisters (both being only daughters). They had married about the same time: one, a young physician, just struggling into practice; the other, a lawyer, who stepped into his father's lucrative law business, and with but little exertion on his part possessed a fine income. Dr. Cole had succeeded better than he anticipated when he first settled in Jamestown; but while old Dr. Jones lived there were many families who would not employ him; and it had been a hard struggle for his wife and himself to make both ends meet. The past year he had been more successful; but a rapidly-increasing family called for all the spare cash, and were it not for Mrs. Cole's "faculty" times would have been hard with them.

"What a lovely street suit you are making, Sara—that pointed trimming is *so stylish!* My dress-maker has nothing so pretty. Where did you pick up the idea?"

"From *Harper's Bazar*. It is a street suit in one of the last Numbers. I cut the pattern, fitted the dress, and made this trimming. The material is one of my old silks that I had ten years ago; indeed, it is a part of my wedding trousseau."

"Is it possible! Why, I have not one dress left in my wardrobe that I had at that time. I have changed them all off with Mrs. Dusseldorf for laces and embroideries, or made silk puffs of them for my beds. Now that the trimming is on, do try on the suit and let me see the effect. It is lovely. My new suit cost seventy-five dollars, and I don't think it is nearly as pretty. I have fringe and satin piping, and I don't know what else, but yours is much more stylish."

"Oh, Gerty, that can't be! Mine is a thick, heavy silk, but rather too glacé for the fashion, yet it answers my purpose. It has cost me only five dollars, which I paid for the satin I used for these points—with my little black satin bonnet it will pass muster, I reckon."

"Oh, let me see the bonnet! Where did you get it? At Clark's? Mine has just come home. Eighteen dollars was the price. Fred says it's no larger than a griddle-cake, but it is a love."

"I made mine from a pattern in the same paper; the materials cost me three dollars. I'll try it on now I have on the dress."

"It is lovely—those perfect forget-me-nots! Why, you look like a girl of twenty in it. And you made it yourself? I read the stories in the *Bazar*, and look at the pictures, but I can't make any thing; should as soon try to build a house as a bonnet. It is really prettier than mine. I heard Mrs. Mason say the other day 'that little Mrs. Cole is growing very extravagant; she dresses her children and herself better than I can afford, and my husband has twice the income of hers.' I reckon I shall tell her how much your dress costs you."

"Do; I dislike to sail under false colors, but I do love pretty things; and when I can with the help of my invaluable friend procure them I would rather not be blamed for them."

"But really, Sara, you do dress Sallie very stylishly. Her summer dress must have cost you a pretty penny; it was prettier than my Gracie's, and I gave twenty-five dollars for hers."

"I am glad you liked the dress. It was one of my wedding dresses, and of such a soft, pretty Maltese color that I put it aside for the children when I could wear it no longer. Trimmed with apple-green, it was pretty, I thought; but all the dress cost me was three dollars. I cut the pattern from the *Bazar*, fitted the polonaise and dress, and felt well paid for my trouble."

"Is it possible that you made that dress; the prettiest in Jamestown! Her hat was beautiful—the soft dew-drop tulle matched the trimming of the dress so perfectly. For that you must have paid high."

"Just two dollars and a half. I made the frame from a pattern in my pet paper and trimmed it according to the directions given."

"You are a sprite, Sara; your fingers have the fairy gift. But you must have purchased Jamie's pretty dress he now wears, I declare. Willie came home quite out of sorts with his fall suit, for which I had just paid fifteen dollars."

"You will laugh when I tell you that I made the whole of it, even to the cap, from patterns I cut from the *Bazar*. The material was my old tricot beaver cloak, which I had ten years ago. It was full enough to cut Jamie's suit, and a basquine for Sallie this winter, which I have just finished and will show you. I found the pattern in my treasury, as I call the *Bazar*."

"A treasury indeed! but I can't make any thing out of those criss-cross lines all run into one another. Rosamond's labyrinth could not have been more intricate."

"I purchase large sheets of printing-paper at the printing-office, then with the help of this little tracing-wheel I draw the patterns as easily as a child traces pictures. Each pattern has its own peculiar lines, and there is not the slightest difficulty in tracing them. I could draw all on one sheet in less than an hour."

"Well, it surpasses my comprehension. I don't believe there is another woman living who can obtain as much material aid from the paper as you do."

"Indeed, you are mistaken, Gerty; it is the greatest blessing to thousands of homes. It must be as manna in the desert in the far-off country-places, where Dame Fashion rarely shows her face; and yet every true woman desires to beautify herself and her children, and until this most desirable paper was established knew not how to do so. Stay to tea, dear Gerty; it is long since you have been here: and when Jamie returns from school he shall go to the office and bring Fred, and Sallie will go for Gracie. Let's have a family party."

"I can't say no to such an attractive invitation; besides I wish Fred to see the wonders you have performed with your valued friend's aid. Truth to tell, dear Sara, Fred has asked if my cousin was not a little extravagant this past year. I have indignantly denied the charge, and yet have wondered whence the source of all your prettinesses."

"The mystery is solved now, and had not you been too much engaged with traveling hither and thither this past summer to find time to spend even one afternoon with me, it would have been no mystery. All my sewing nowadays comes from the *Bazar*. All baby's clothes were made from it, all Sallie's, Jamie's, and Kate's; and I wear nothing but boots and gloves that is not made from its patterns."

"You should add hoop-skirts to the catalogue of unmakables."

"No, indeed; I can make from a pattern as good a hoop-skirt as I can buy."

"That goes beyond my belief; but I noticed your dress hung perfectly, so I suppose I shall be convinced eventually that you can even exceed 'the Ventilating Gossamer Hoop-Skirt Company.'"

"Suppose you come into the kitchen with me while I stir up some rusks for tea. Bridget does not succeed well in their manufacture. Wait till I bring my cooking-apron."

"Where did you pick up that pretty apron? How effectually it covers your dress! There's one trouble with these tightly-gored dresses, they soil so quickly; and that tasty white apron trimmed with black braid protects the dress and makes you look very pretty. I must have one."

"This also came from the same inexhaustible source. You see I require no pins to keep up the bib; bones run into casings on the under side hold it up nicely, and don't endanger baby's fair hands. Then it buttons behind low down on the skirt. It is the best apron I ever saw."

"I shall certainly have my sewing-girl make one for me, and wear it at breakfast. Let me see that fascinating breakfast-cap that hangs there." (Mrs. Marion had followed Mrs. Cole into her bedroom.) "That's lovely!—positively charming! I must put it on. Now you need never tell me that this did not first see light in New York."

"The Jamestown milliners furnished all the materials, and they cost a dollar and a half. I made it before baby came, knowing I should like a pretty cap. But I think I was a little extravagant."

"Extravagant! A dollar and a half! Why, Sara, I paid ten dollars for one in New York not any prettier. So the *Bazar* furnished the pattern for that? It is incredible!"

"We must not loiter here, or Fred will have no hot cakes for tea."

Soon the cakes were made. Sponge-cake was rapidly prepared. The children were sent on their errands. Dr. Cole returned, delighted to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Marion to his tea-table. He had had a long, wearying ride, and retired to his dressing-room to refresh himself. As he returned he said, "Gerty, I thought you would excuse me if I wore my 'fatigue coat' and slippers. I have been visiting patients, with but little rest, since six this morning."

"Certainly; but let me see that coat. Fred, is not that army-blue flannel, lined with red and faced and quilted with silk, very handsome? Now, Dr. Cole, I can charge *you* with extravagance."

"Indeed! how so? Sara made this coat out of one of my army over-coats." (He, like so many other of our young surgeons, had served through the war.) "Thrown aside, moth-eaten, and discolored, it was rejuvenated in some way; and now nightly adds to my comfort."

"But the tailor cut it? Surely your friend did not supply the pattern of this?"

"Yes, it did. I saw the pattern—remembered the old coat—ripped it—had it washed—purchased a new lining; my piece drawer furnished the silk facing, my machine did the quilting. I made it without the doctor's having the least suspicion of what I was doing, and presented it to him on the tenth anniversary of our wedding-day."

"Now, Fred, could you believe it? You know we have thought our dear cousins had found the goose that laid the golden egg. But no; they take the *Bazar*, and thence their riches."

"I am astonished, my dear Sara," said Mr. Marion. "I have indeed wondered at the changed appearance of your family, but supposed that the doctor's practice had increased so much that it justified the liberal expenditure you seemed to indulge in, and I rejoiced for you. I knew not that you had obtained the aid of such a good fairy, or that you possessed so much of that God-given faculty which enables a woman to be indeed a help-mate."

"A help-mate!" exclaimed Dr. Cole. "I call Sara and the *Bazar* my bank-stock and government bonds, and think they have increased my income as much as five thousand dollars of the aforesaid stocks could add to it."

"Oh, Sara!" said Gerty, "so you are equal to five thousand dollars in stocks. I wish I could hear such a valuation attached to my name."

"Don't think, Gerty, that Sara's value can be reckoned by stocks or bonds. The wisest of wise men tells us 'that she is far above rubies.'"

THE MYSTIC GARDEN.

BY EDOUARD LABOULAYE.

Translated from the Author's Manuscript by Miss Mary L. Booth.

INTRODUCTION.

ONE day as I was sauntering, according to my old habit, along the streets of Paris, I spied on a second-hand book-stand a little quarto volume, bound in parchment. The singular appearance of this book attracted me, and for half a dollar I purchased this treasure, which, had it not been for my curiosity, ran a great risk of remaining eternally forgotten in the dust, where it had long been slumbering.

This precious quarto turned out to be a Hebrew book, translated into Spanish, the work of one of those numerous rabbis who brought to Europe and spread there the tales, or what amounts to the same thing, the wisdom of the East.

The title of this book, written in Hebrew, was *Sepher Hanhagat Zachazzin;* this was followed by the Spanish translation, *Regimienta de la Vida*, or, *On the Government of Life*, a book of great erudition and lofty doctrine, added the translators, and in which, as in a mirror of crystal, every man could see and correct his faults by thus making use of this fleeting life in seeking to become worthy of eternal glory. This work had been composed by the most eminent and virtuous rabbi, Mosseh Almosrino, and appeared for the first time in Spanish through the industry of Samuel Mendes de Sola, Joseph Siprat Gabay, and Judah Piza. When I have said that the volume was printed at Amsterdam, in the year of the world 5489, I shall have finished the description.

I have no intention of analyzing this work, in which the ethics of Aristotle and those of the Bible are mixed and confounded together in a more or less happy manner; this task would have little attraction for my young readers. Besides, I own frankly that what I looked for in the book were the tales, apologues, and maxims which usually abound in Rabbinical treatises, written in imitation of the Talmud. The most eminent and virtuous Mosseh Almosrino had had the good sense to follow the beaten track. In the *Government of Life* I found an apologue which has all the austerity and dignity of Judaic morality. I translated it, and think that it will be read with pleasure. This transparent fable will tell more than all my words; it will show what grand ideas filled the minds of that people whom Europe disdained without reason, and persecuted without pity.

I will now let the old Rabbi take up the discourse.

THE MYSTIC GARDEN.

OUR sages have left us a very ancient story, but one worthy of perpetual remembrance. Once upon a time, as they say, there lived an exceeding powerful, wise, and just King. This King had caused a law to be published throughout his dominions, declaring that no reward, office, or dignity should be given to any save those who had merited it by serving the King or the republic, and that it should be in conformity to the merit of each.

In the course of time there were born at court three children, all of royal blood. All three grew up rich in virtue and talent, handsome, well-made, amiable, and beloved and esteemed by every one. The King, who loved them greatly, and who desired to give them a position suited to their merit, said to them one day: "My children, I would gladly confer on you all possible honor and good; I would gladly set you in a higher place than any who are in my palace, because you have found favor in my sight; but all my people know, and you know likewise, that there is a law in my kingdom which I can not violate. I can not confer either honor or office on any one save in reward for service rendered; it is not therefore by staying at court that you can gain the rank which I design for you. Go, I counsel you, explore the whole kingdom, and strive to deserve by your exploits the prize which the King promises, and which I desire to give you. When I recall you, you will return to court; until then take note of all that you do, for whatever is your merit such shall be your reward."

The three young men felt great regret at leaving court; but the King spoke, and it was necessary to obey. All three, therefore, took leave of the Prince and embarked with a fair wind, leaving to fortune the care of guiding them.

They were already at a great distance from court when they landed on an island, which, viewed from the sea, had appeared to them fertile and smiling. In the midst of the island they discovered a beautiful garden filled with fruit; but on approaching it three keepers came out to meet them, and, while permitting them to enter, each gave them a piece of advice.

The first keeper said to them that they must not think to remain always in this garden. The time would come when they would be forced to quit it. None who had been before them in this abode had been able to continue there. Such was the rule; some came in and others went out.

The second keeper bid them engrave on their memory the fact that they would go out of this garden such as they had come into it. They were free to enjoy all that they found within the walls; no one would disturb them; but on their departure they were strictly forbidden to carry any thing away with them.

The third keeper advised them to be moderate in their inclinations and pleasures, and to do nothing but what was good and honest, adding that this conduct would greatly aid them in preserving life.

After listening to these wise counsels the three youths entered the garden. It was even richer and more beautiful than they had deemed it from without. They found there an abundance of fruit-laden trees, plants, and flowers as pleasant to the smell as to the sight. Nightingales warbled in the shade of giant oaks; clouds of birds charmed the senses by their melodious concerts; and running streams diffused freshness and life every where.

The joy of the three comrades needs no description. They ate of the luscious fruits, they drank of the sweet waters; they reposed in the shade of the leafy trees, listening to the nightingales, while the breeze gently stirred the foliage and wafted to them the penetrating fragrance of the blossoms.

After a little time they separated; each had chosen the part of the garden that pleased him best.

Allured by the beauty of the fruits and the coolness of the waters, the first of the three young men thought only of enjoying what he found ready at hand. To eat, drink, sleep, lead a joyous life, and be troubled about nothing; such was his only thought. He wholly forgot the counsels that had been given him by the third keeper.

Neither the fruits nor the flowers had allured the second of the youths. He had found in a corner, and in plenty, gold, silver, and precious stones. Dazzled by these treasures, he thought only of possessing himself of them. He cut up his clothing into bags to hold all these riches. Wholly absorbed in this idea, he neither ate, drank, nor slept. As to using the garden and its pleasures, he never gave it a moment's thought, forgetting what the second keeper had told him—that he must enjoy all that he found in the garden, and not attempt to hoard it, for he could carry nothing away with him.

The third had engraved on his memory all that the three keepers had told him; therefore he did not follow his companions. The path which each of them had chosen appeared to him dangerous and wicked; it was not what they had

been taught. This young man then used the garden and its pleasures, but only so far as was necessary to sustain life. He employed his time in studying this abode and what it contained; in observing its fruits, its flowers, its animals, and their prodigious diversity; in seeking out the properties of each plant he marveled at the perpetual miracle of Nature; in following the water-courses, so well distributed that from step to step, and from field to field, there was not a blade of grass that was not watered. He never grew weary of contemplating that incredible order which set every thing in its place. What added to his astonishment was that in this well-regulated garden no gardener was to be seen. But reflection soon told him that such perfect order could not be an accident, and that there was certainly somewhere an exceeding wise gardener, an invisible Master, who ruled over this beautiful domain. Each day added to his admiration—each day added to his desire to know the Master of the garden. He sought him every where, and without ever having seen him he loved him for all the pleasure that had been given him by the sight and study of so many marvels.

While each of the three young men was thus pursuing his way with perfect freedom, behold there came a slave of the King, bringing them an order to return instantly to court in order to render an account of their lives. All three set out, and reached the gate by which they had entered. But scarcely had the first, he who had thought only of his pleasure, passed through it when he felt himself affected by the change of air, and no longer having the fruits of the garden to sustain him his belly burst, his strength abandoned him, and he fell to the ground and died.

The second dragged himself slowly along, laden like a beast of burden. The hope of one day enjoying his treasure made him forget his fatigue; but on reaching the garden gate the keepers, astonished to see him thus loaded, seized him and rudely stripped him of his booty, without suffering him to carry any thing away. The wretched man burst into tears and groans, all his labor and pains had led him only to misery and despair.

On hearing the voice of the messenger who summoned him by the King's order, the third had felt a lively joy. The Master whom he had not seen he would doubtless find outside of the garden, and he could at last express to him all his gratitude and love. Besides, he had not offended him; far from that; he had done every thing to know his will and obey him. It was therefore with a heart full of hope, and without burdening himself with any thing on the way, that the youth hastened to the garden gate; he was well received there by the keepers, who were glad to see with what alacrity he obeyed the commands of the King.

On approaching the court the one that had been stripped of his treasure was so weary and wretched that he could no longer stand on his feet. It was in vain that he cried out that he was of royal blood, no one believed his words. Still more, the slaves of the King, indignant that such a beggar should dare call himself the King's kinsman, thrust him from the door of the palace and cast him into a narrow cell, where he had full time to expiate his faults.

In proportion as this wretch was ill treated so well was his companion received. All the court nobles went out to meet him. They embraced him warmly, and accompanied him to do him honor to the hall where the King was seated. At the sight of this youth so light and active the King was rejoiced, and, though nothing was hidden from him, he asked the new-comer what he had been doing since he saw him last.

The young man related to the King all the beautiful and grand things he had remarked in the delicious garden where he had lived; adding, "I am sure now that this garden has a Master of excellent wisdom. This Master can not be far off, though he takes delight in concealing himself, and it is my sole desire to express to him all the gratitude and love with which I have been inspired by the sight of his works."

The King made answer: "Since you have so well employed your life I will grant your wish. I am the Master of this garden; I rule it from here through my ministers. There is not an insect so small, nor a blade of grass so humble, that it has not its servant to care for it and make it grow."

On seeing and hearing all this, the blessed youth felt the love that he bore his Master increase more and more. He tasted infinite joy in knowing him, and dwelt thenceforth at court with all the honor that he deserved.

MORAL.

The signification of this tale, continues the old Rabbi, is easily discerned. The King is the Supreme Creator and the Sovereign Ruler over all things. The garden is the world; the three youths represent the three kinds of men that are found on earth. The one seeks naught but pleasure; the second pursues fortune; the third loves only good, which is the true end of man. That the three young men are of royal blood is that they belong to Israel, the chosen people of God. As to the counsels of the three keepers, we know that they are true. The first is God's own words to Adam, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return;" the second is the saying of Job, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither;" lastly, the third is that great saying of Moses, our master in Israel, appointed by God, "I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live." And does not this mean that life consists in doing good, and death in doing evil? Whoever considers well these sayings, and bears them always in his memory, will never be mistaken concerning the right path; he will find the road that leads to everlasting rest. Set this example before you, therefore, as a mirror. And now may God, in his infinite mercy, grant you his grace; and mayest thou obtain peace in this world and glory in the world to come! Amen!

ROASTING, BROILING, FRYING, BREADING.

ROASTING.

THE first consideration to roast properly is to have a well and evenly lighted fire, which should never be allowed to get low, but must constantly be replenished with coals, added in such a way as not to deaden it. It stands to reason that, if the fire is not kept up, no stated length of time can be fixed for cooking.

Avoid all draughts between the fire and screen; a joint subjected to such a draught would take much longer to cook.

The fire should be thoroughly lighted before the roast is put before it. Put 2 gills of broth in the dripping-pan for basting; large joints, poultry, and game, should be basted five or six times during cooking; partridges and small game, three times.

To roast the following joints the time required will be: For a piece of beef, weighing 7 pounds, an hour and three-quarters; for a leg of mutton, weighing 7 pounds, an hour and a half; for a neck or loin of veal, weighing 3 pounds, fifty minutes; for a neck or loin of pork, weighing 3 pounds, fifty minutes; for a turkey, weighing about 8½ pounds, an hour and three-quarters; for a small turkey, weighing about 3½ pounds, forty-five minutes; for a goose, weighing about 6 pounds, an hour and a half; for a capon, weighing about 4 pounds, fifty minutes; for a fowl, weighing about 3 pounds, half an hour; for a pigeon, a quarter of an hour; for a pheasant, thirty-five minutes; for a partridge or woodcock, a quarter of an hour; for larks, six minutes, before a brisk fire; for a duck, a quarter of an hour; the same time for a wild duck; for a leveret, half an hour; for a hare's back, half an hour; for a small wild rabbit, a quarter of an hour.

I need not point out that these rules of time required for cooking will, of course, be modified by circumstances; there are different natures and qualities of meat, which cook more or less rapidly. It will always be necessary to ascertain whether a joint is done before taking it off the spit; the easiest way to find this out is, in the case of meat, to press the fleshiest parts with the finger; in the case of poultry and game, the flesh of the leg should be tested; if the cooking is perfect, both will give way to the finger; if not, there will be a certain degree of resistance.

BROILING.

To broil with charcoal: make a layer of charcoal, cinders, and lighted embers, covering a surface extending 2 inches beyond the edges of the horizontal gridiron. The thickness of lighted coal should be 1½ inch for a brisk fire, and 1 inch for a slow fire; in either case the embers should be thoroughly and equally lighted, and not in parts dead and at others burning brightly. It is a mistake to seek to economize fuel in broiling; the result will most probably be—inefficient cooking, and, perhaps, entire spoiling of the meat.

It is general to set up the gridiron on a cast-iron slab, or on the plate covering the stove. A rump steak, trimmed, weighing 1½ pound, will require eight to ten minutes, according to thickness, to broil on a brisk fire; a fillet steak, trimmed, weighing 7 ounces, will require seven minutes to broil on a brisk fire; a mutton-chop, trimmed, weighing on the average 5 ounces, will require six minutes to broil on a brisk fire; a bread-crumbed mutton cutlet should be broiled on a slow fire, and left one minute longer; a sheep's kidney will require four minutes to broil on a brisk fire; a veal chop, trimmed, weighing 7 ounces, will require nine minutes to broil on a brisk fire; a pork chop of the same weight will require the same time; a bread-crumbed veal or pork cutlet should be broiled on a slow fire, and left on two minutes longer.

FRYING.

Fat is the best for frying; the light-colored dripping of roast meat and the fat taken off broth are to be preferred. These failing, beef suet chopped fine, and melted down on a slow fire, without browning, will do very well. When the bottom of the stew-pan can be seen through the suet, it is sufficiently melted. Let it cool for a quarter of an hour, and strain through the gravy strainer; to do this while too hot would be likely to melt the strainer.

When butter is used for frying, it requires special care, and, on account of its heating quicker than fat, calls for a slow fire. Oil may also be used for frying, but requires careful handling; it should be warmed first, for at least twenty-five minutes, on a very slow fire, so as to prevent its rising and boiling over. Lard is also extensively employed; but I am no advocate for it, as it always leaves an unpleasant coating of fat on whatever is fried in it.

Fat may be kept in use for frying until it assumes a dark brown color, which is a sign of its uselessness, for then it will no longer fry well, and will impart a bad color and unpleasant taste.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR FRYING.

The fat should vary in heat according to the nature of the things to be fried: too great a degree of heat should be avoided in all cases. This excessive heat is indicated by the smoke rising from the kettle.

The different degrees of heat may be determined by throwing into the fat a small piece of crumb of bread of the size of a nut; if it fizzes and produces at once large air-bubbles, the fat has reached that degree of heat which we shall designate as *hot fat*. For *warm fat*, the piece of bread should produce very small air-bubbles, accompanied by scarcely any fizzing.

Should too many things be put in the frying-kettle together they will be badly fried; for instance, if five fish were put together in a kettle only large enough for three, there would not be sufficient heat to cook them properly. In such a case the fish should be taken out when three parts done, the fat then made *very* hot, and three fish put in again for two minutes; when these are taken out the other two should be put in for the same length of time. This will remedy the evil of crowding too many fish in the kettle at once.

Fried things should be of a light golden-brown color, crisp, and free from fat.

FRYING BATTER.

Frying batter is used for meat, fish, and sweet dishes. To make it, 4½ ounces of flour, 2 eggs, and 2 table-spoonfuls of oil will be required. Sift the flour through a sieve into a basin; make a hole in the centre, and pour in 1 gill of water; add a small pinch of salt, the 2 yolks of eggs (reserving the whites for whipping), and the 2 spoonfuls of oil; work into a smooth paste, thick enough to cover the spoon with a coating of about ⅛ of an inch; should it be too thick, a gill, or half a gill, of water may be added. Twenty minutes before using the batter add the whites of egg well whisked, and put by for frying purposes.

BREADINGS AND RASPINGS.

For breading, use beaten eggs, oil, and the crumb of stale bread. Put the bread in a cloth, of which take up the four corners in one hand, and with the other, rub the bread to break it up small, then pass it through a wire sieve, dry in the oven, and put by in a closed box for use. For breading, the eggs should be well beaten and mixed together; to 3 eggs, add 1 table-spoonful of oil, 1 table-spoonful of water, a pinch of salt, and a small pinch of pepper. The water is added to prevent the breading being too thick.

Raspings are made with crusts of bread, baked to a bright golden color, then crushed with a rolling-pin or in a mortar; passed through a wire sieve, and put by in a box for use.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

PERHAPS there is nothing more annoying, and even distressing, to a person of kindly feelings, than the constant appeal for "pennies" made in our streets by wretched-looking specimens of humanity. Impulse says "give," but judgment bids you refrain. You steel your heart against the importunities of the ragged child, whom you know to be systematically "starving" every day at the corner of that street, or some other—and walk on. But notwithstanding what judgment says, you are conscious that feelings which are warm and generous have been repressed—you are conscious of an uneasy sensation, and find yourself mentally querying whether by any chance that particular little beggar might not honestly be in need of bread to eat. Many wise and benevolent persons, who have carefully considered the subject, refuse to give to street beggars on principle. It is well known that a very large proportion of these miserable-looking creatures are *professional* beggars—asking charity day after day, because they would rather do that than any honest work. And yet they are allowed to infest our streets.

Not long ago the New York *Tribune* related an incident, which had been proved to be a *fact*. A poor woman, with a placard over her bosom announcing her blindness, sat in Broadway one day soliciting pennies. By-and-by a drunken sailor came up to her, and with rude words kicked her in the side, whereat she began to cry piteously. All the passers-by united to comfort her, and bestowed alms liberally. One person, however, happened to witness the performance of this little farce by the same persons three times in the course of the day—at different points on the street. His curiosity was excited, and he watched the result. At dark a little girl carefully led the "blind" woman away; but after reaching one of the cross-streets they separated, and the woman tucked her placard of blindness under her arm, and went on alone without difficulty. Presently she entered a low class liquor store, where she was greeted by the "drunken sailor" who had assaulted her during the day. Soap and water restored the blind eyes in a marvelously short time, and together they discussed their day's work over their glasses of liquor.

The knowledge of facts like this should not prevent the charitable from giving—only it should be done judiciously. There are in this great city multitudes of destitute families, whose needs may be ascertained by a little personal painstaking; and there are many benevolent institutions who will gladly receive money, provisions, or clothing, and we may be sure that whatever is committed to their trust will be sacredly devoted to the necessities of the poor.

A singular incident recently occurred in the vicinity of Louisville. A few miles from the city lives a farmer extensively engaged in raising honey-bees. He owned forty-five hives, and the little workers had been industriously laying in stores for the winter. One morning the farmer found to his utter astonishment that every bee had disappeared; not a solitary one was left. He was in a dilemma, and investigated the matter. He learned that every hive within a circuit of twenty-five miles had been deserted at the same time. All the hives contained a large quantity of honey, and the cause of this mysterious migration is unsolved.

Doctors in Madrid, according to a new work on Spain, are not worth much. A party of travelers, stopping in that city, called a physician to prescribe for a child. He owned he could make nothing out of the patient; thought the disease was the gout, but it might be, and probably was, something else. It was agreed to call two other physicians at a consultation. At the appointed hour the three men arrived, all dressed in the deepest mourning and smoking cigars. It was a sight to frighten the strongest invalid, and to send a timid one into fits. Between puffs and spitting they each delivered their opinion, which was worth as much as the smoke that came from their mouths. They all agreed that it might be one thing or might be another, and then they took their departure, and with them each two hundred reals.

A little colored girl, between four and five years old, was beaten to death, about two weeks ago in Indianapolis, by the woman with whom she lived.

With the cold weather hot chestnut sellers have appeared in numerous sections of the city. Every few blocks one comes across a compact establishment, where, over a brilliant coal-fire, quarts of nuts are daily roasted. Now and then the sagacious dealer lifts the cover to turn his chestnuts, and let out upon cold passers-by a gush of warmth and fragrance. A wonderful number of chestnuts are eaten in France. In Paris their disguises are numerous, from turkey-stuffing to the delicate sweetmeat called *marron glacé*. In Lyons elegant little pavilions are erected for the accommodation of the hot chestnuts, and have a pleasing effect in the streets. In the Cevennes Mountains they were the staff of life until the middle of the present century; for, from the nature of the soil, the peasants could grow but little corn, and only ate bread on Sundays and *fêtes*, and not always then. "What do you eat on week-days?" was asked of a little peasant of the mountains. "Chestnuts, Monsieur." "And what do you eat on Sunday?" "I eat a few more." Madame de Sévigné calls chestnuts the triumph of Brittany, and describes herself sitting in the midst of endless baskets of them. "I am boiling some," she writes, "roasting others, filling my pockets with more, and trying to find a Brittany dish in which they do not appear."

The King of Siam, whose death recently occurred, was born in 1806, and properly should have succeeded his father. But his rights were usurped by his brother, and Chao Pha Mongkout did not begin his reign until 1856. He was a man of unusual intelligence, possessed a good knowledge of several of the ancient and modern languages, and wrote and spoke English fluently. He introduced into his kingdom many national reforms.

A few weeks ago a wealthy lady of Chicago issued six hundred invitations for a reception. The occasion was the fiftieth anniversary of her husband's coming to Chicago, as well as their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. The invitations were gotten up in the highest style of the art, and had engraved upon them "No presents received." Nothing was spared to make this reception one of the most brilliant ever given in the metropolis of the West. "Silver weddings," and other anniversaries of the wedding-day, might be very delightful occasions if the custom of giving presents, which has become so foolishly and oppressively universal, were restricted or abandoned.

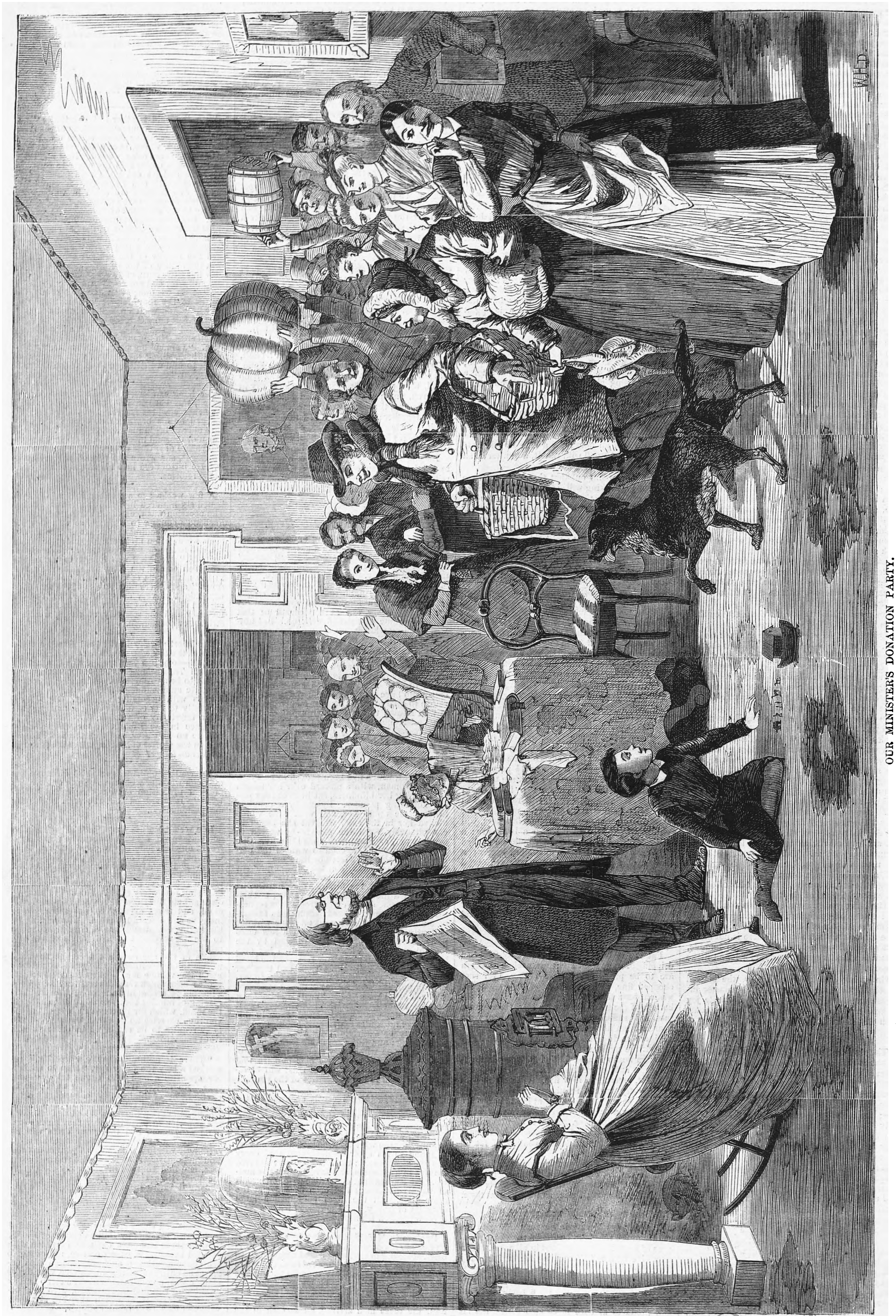
The latest novelty in the book line is a work—which the *Saturday Review* has sagaciously discovered—to prove that woman is not a human being! The author calls himself "Attila," and is said to be an American. He probably prefers to write anonymously, that he may enjoy his honors with becoming modesty. He shows, evidently to his own satisfaction, not only the utter inferiority of woman, but that there is evidence in the Bible that for woman there will be no hereafter, and that she will have no part in the glories of heaven, which are designed for *human beings!*

A recently-published pamphlet discusses the question whether women who have entered the medical profession shall not be called "Doctress." It is argued that the term is definite and grammatical.

In a recent lecture on "Mental Dyspepsia" a comparison was drawn between the physical effect of unwholesome diet, rapid eating, and want of proper exercise, and the mental effect of reading every thing, reading rapidly, and allowing the mind no time to digest its food. No young person should be actuated by the foolish pride of having read every thing. He should learn to discriminate between the worthless and the good, and reject every work not calculated to improve and elevate his mind. The reading of the trashy, sensational books, does not conduce to the improvement of individuals or society, mentally or morally. A reform in the reading habits of the age does not necessarily require novels to be discarded, for fiction is sometimes made the vehicle for great moral truths; but those works which tend to create and keep alive a morbid taste should be tabooed forever. The reading of inferior books weakens and contracts the mind, which for its true development needs vigorous exercise no less than the limbs of the body require to be employed in order to wax stout and strong.

"There is nothing more disagreeable," remarked a lady the other day, "than to sit in a car opposite a man who chews tobacco—and *spits*. No matter if the window next him is open—he never thinks of disposing of any extra tobacco-tinctured saliva through that avenue. No, he spits upon the floor, if he hits his *mark;* but you ride in perpetual fear that he is *not* a good marksman, and that your dress will be contaminated. Again and again he fires his shot, seemingly within half an inch of your garments. You instinctively shrink into the smallest compass, and find yourself involuntarily estimating the brief time elapsing between the salutes. Usually it varies from thirty to forty-five seconds—often enough to keep you in any thing but a pleasant frame of mind."

Lemons and sugar are strongly recommended to feverish invalids by Hall's *Journal of Health*. Two or three lemons a day may be taken with decided benefit. A lemon or two, according to the above-mentioned authority, taken with sugar as an entire substitute for supper, would give many a man a comfortable night's sleep and an awaking of rest and invigoration, with an appetite for breakfast to which they are strangers who will have their regular supper.



OUR MINISTER'S DONATION PARTY.

EUGENIE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

VERY few ladies who have played a prominent part in modern history have more reason to complain of the fickleness of public opinion than the present Empress of the French. When Napoleon the Third, fifteen years ago, married Eugénie de Montijo, the young Empress, guiltless as she was of the bloody events by which the Republic had been overthrown, conquered all hearts, and it was generally believed that her presence by the side of Napoleon the Third would do much toward reconciling the better classes of French society to the resurrection of the Empire. Whenever she appeared in public she was received with the most flattering manifestations of popular favor, and the acclamations which greeted her husband on such occasions were feeble and tame as compared with the enthusiasm which her appearance never failed to excite. The very Legitimists in the *salons* of the Faubourg St. Germain, who never tired of expressing their contempt for the parvenu court in the Tuileries, did not venture to attack the Empress, but deplored only that so charming and graceful a lady should have consented to seat herself on a throne whose speedy downfall they predicted in the most positive manner. The young hotspurs of the Quartier Latin hated and denounced the Empire and Emperor, but paid homage to the Empress. In a word, if the Emperor had a great many implacable enemies, and was personally exceedingly unpopular in Paris, the popularity of the Empress was very great, and even the sternest adversaries of imperialism entertained for her none of that hatred with which they looked upon all the other leading representatives of the Second Empire.

EUGÉNIE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

The fifteen years which have elapsed since that time have brought about a marked change in this respect. The Empress has now more enemies and less popularity than the Emperor. Her influence as a leader of fashion has long since been on the wane. In the *salons* of the Bourbonists and Orleanists she is only mentioned with shrugs and expressions of derision; and, as the Parisians of 1789 called Marie Antoinette "*l'Autrichienne*," so the Democrats of the French capital angrily and menacingly speak of their Empress as "*l'Espagnole*." The acclamations which once greeted her on all occasions have died away: official enthusiasm has taken the place of popular applause. Even many of the leading Bonapartists are bitterly hostile to her, and have no hesitation in declaring that the unpopularity of the Empress is calculated to endanger the stability of the Empire.

What has brought about this singular change? In answering this interesting and important question (important inasmuch as it may sooner or later exercise a decisive influence upon the destinies of a great empire) we should beware of paying too much attention to the different and often contradictory ways in which most of the friends and adversaries of the Empress, according to the political and social stand-point which they occupy, try to account for her undeniable and growing unpopularity, but rather view and examine her character and peculiarities as a whole, and draw our conclusions accordingly. We shall then discover that both her detractors and her official eulogists are in many respects very wide from the truth.

Strange to say, that scornful appellation, "*l'Espagnole*," which the lower classes of the capital now bestow upon the Empress, characterizes her in a more striking manner than the most elaborate portraits which her ablest literary flatterers or enemies have drawn of her, though, of course, not in the narrow sense in which it is understood by the inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Antoine, who, in alluding to the Spanish descent of her Majesty, intend to say that she is bigoted, despotic, and in favor of political and spiritual oppression. But, although she is by no means of pure Spanish descent, and has now sat so long on the French throne that she even speaks her mother tongue with a very perceptible French accent, she is in every respect as much an *Espagnole* as if all her ancestors on both sides had been Spaniards, and as if she had passed her whole life on the banks of the Guadalquivir. Devout, but exceedingly superstitious; generous and kind-hearted, but irascible and vindictive; fickle in her friendships, but constant in her hatred and slow to forgive; whimsical and easily prejudiced; extremely jealous in every sense of the word; endowed with a great deal of natural grace and affability, but too *naïve;* proud, and yet often lamentably wanting in dignity; charitable and compassionate, but extravagant and often frivolous; a very bad actress and still worse politician; fond of flattery, and destitute of penetration: such is the Empress Eugénie.

Like Josephine, Eugénie is on very bad terms

with nearly all the members of her husband's family, and her quarrels with them have no doubt contributed much toward her unpopularity. Previous to the Emperor's marriage the Princess Mathilde, a very good-natured and easy lady, neither jealous nor over-punctilious in questions of etiquette, had presided over his court, and, it can not be denied, admitted to it many persons who did not add to its character and dignity. The young Empress closed the doors of the Tuileries against all persons of this description, among whom was also Marie Bonaparte Wyse, Princess de Solms, now Madame Rattazzi. This eccentric lady, with whom her cousin, the Emperor, had always been on friendly terms, had just written her first novel, and, believing that, as a member of the Bonaparte family, she would be as cordially treated by the Empress as by her husband, she begged leave of Eugénie to present the book to her at a special audience. The reply was a very stiff refusal to accept the book and to grant the audience. This incensed Mlle. Wyse exceedingly, and she immediately commenced that series of malicious but witty attacks on the Empress which, shortly after her marriage to M. de Solms, led to her expulsion from Paris, and caused the Emperor to deprive her of the pension which had heretofore been paid to her from the imperial exchequer. The quarrel has been going on for fifteen years, and Madame Rattazzi, as is shown by her latest works, which abound in sarcastic allusions to her imperial enemy, keeps it up with as much bitterness as ever. The extreme jealousy of the Empress led frequently to very unpleasant scenes between her and the Princess Mathilde, owing to an amusing account which the latter had given in 1856, at a dinner party in the Tuileries, of the awkwardness with which Prince Louis Napoleon had many years ago proposed to her at Trieste. The Emperor laughed immoderately, but the Empress frowned, and for years afterward treated Mathilde Demidoff with the greatest coldness. A sort of armed neutrality now prevails between the two ladies. The Princess Bacciochi, a lady of remarkable firmness of character and great penetration, was compelled to withdraw from the imperial court in consequence of certain strictures she had made on the conduct of the Empress at the time of Eugénie's so-called flight to Scotland. The Empress professes to be much attached to the Princess Clotilde, whom, in public, she always overwhelms with marks of affection; but her Majesty's enemies assert that, at heart, she is envious of the fine family of children that the daughter of Victor Emanuel has given to her husband. The latter, Prince Napoleon, is the great adversary of the Empress. Passionately as she loves her son, and ardently as she desires to see him one day seated on the French throne, she hates and fears the fat and jolly prince as one of the most formidable rivals of the Prince Imperial. The war between Eugénie and Jerome's son first broke out openly a few days before the French troops took the Malakoff. During the first years of her wedded life, strange as it may seem, she longed for nothing so much as to be recognized and treated on a footing of equality by the Queen of Spain. She seriously annoyed the Emperor by her incessant efforts to ingratiate herself with Isabella the Second, and Napoleon had repeatedly left Biarritz very abruptly to prevent the Empress from making excursions into Spain for the purpose of meeting the Queen at St. Sebastian. Isabella, on her part, treated her former subject for some time quite haughtily; but O'Donnell finally persuaded her to invite the Empress to visit Madrid; this invitation filled Eugénie with the utmost delight, and she had almost succeeded in persuading the Emperor to give his consent to her trip to Spain when Prince Napoleon represented to his imperial cousin the injurious political effects which such an interview would produce, and the Emperor decided that the Empress should not go to Madrid. She was extremely irritated at Prince Napoleon's interference on this occasion, and spoke not a word with him for many months afterward. The connection of the Prince with the liberal party, which she believed to arise from his desire to pave his way to the throne, and his well-known aversion to the clergy and Church party, added greatly to her unfriendly feelings toward him; and it may be said that the court has, ever since 1856, been divided into two hostile camps—that of the Empress and that of Prince Napoleon. The latter is an abler and wilier antagonist than he is commonly believed to be, and the Empress has certainly no reason to congratulate herself on the results of her long warfare with him.

The members of the Murat family are the only relatives of the Emperor with whom the Empress is on good terms. The princes are not likely to become dangerous rivals of the Prince Imperial; and the Princess Pauline Murat, now Duchess de Mouchy, is the best and dearest friend of the Empress, who treats her more as a sister than a distant relative. The Duchess de Mouchy is one of the handsomest ladies of the French aristocracy; and as she almost always accompanies the Empress when the ladies of the court appear in public, it is inexplicable how the story could arise and be so generally believed that the Empress surrounds herself only with homely and elderly ladies lest her fading charms should be eclipsed. The Empress, it is said, contrary to the wishes of the Emperor, has always required that these ladies should belong to the old aristocracy, and, inasmuch as very few families of the ancient nobility care to have any thing to do with the Second Empire, she can not be very particular in her choice; and, if her course in this respect is censurable at all, fault should be found with her pride and not with her vanity.

And yet, proud as the Empress is in some things, she is exceedingly condescending—too condescending, as her mistress of ceremonies thinks—in others; that is, she is rather prone to overstep the conventional limits still dividing the various classes of French society. She treats the officers and servants of the palace as her equals; she jests and laughs and chats with her seamstresses and maids, and treats her dress-maker and milliner with more familiarity than her ladies of honor.

Her Majesty's dress-maker and milliner are two highly-important personages. They are almost her confidantes, and exercise much influence over her. The former is the famous Madame Moga, who makes most of the dresses of the Empress, and who, patronized as she is by nearly all the ladies of the court, the aristocracy, and *haute finance*, has an income of over two hundred thousand francs a year. She visits the Empress, who is quite attached to her, nearly every day. One day Madame Moga came to Saint Cloud when the Empress happened to be promenading in the park. The footman who was to announce the dress-maker to her Majesty misunderstood what she said to him, and told the Emperor that Madame Moga wished to see him. The Emperor, who is always extremely polite toward ladies, immediately went to the room where the dress-maker was waiting, and entered into a conversation with her. Suddenly the Empress entered the room, and exclaimed, laughingly, "What, Madame Moga, you profit by my absence to seduce the Emperor?"

The Emperor smiled, and the dress-maker, far from being confused by this jest, which would have driven the mistress of ceremonies to despair, felt flattered by it, and boasted of it to all her acquaintances.

Madame Ode, the fashionable milliner of the Rue de la Paix, of whom the Empress is very fond on account of her good taste and of her conversational talents and *savoir-vivre*, was even more fortunate. One day she likewise came to Saint Cloud when the Emperor and Empress were out on the terrace. She approached their Majesties, who seemed to be in very good-humor, and when the Empress caught sight of her she exclaimed merrily, "Oh, Louis, go and kiss Madame Ode!"

"With pleasure," replied the ruler of the French. To the great delight of his mischievous consort he took off his hat, stepped close up to the milliner, and imprinted a kiss on her cheek. I should add here that Madame Ode is any thing but good-looking, so that there was some little malice in her Majesty's jest.

Another person who is still more indispensable to the Empress is M. Leroi, the hair-dresser of the Place de Madeleine. M. Leroi may almost be called her Majesty's factotum; he accompanies her every where. When she goes to Biarritz, he must likewise repair to that small watering-place; when she sets out for Compiègne, he must also start for the pavilion of the Empress at that place. The palace of Saint Cloud and the Tuileries would be deserted if Leroi were not at hand. A coiffure on which Leroi has not laid his hands would be considered as incomplete as, in a constitutional state, a decree not countersigned by one of the Ministers. M. Leroi is not only an excellent hair-dresser, but a most piquant story-teller. He knows all the news of the day, and knows, too, how to relate them in the most pleasant manner to her Majesty. It was from him that she first heard the doleful tale of the domestic misfortunes of Erlanger, the banker; of the terrible revenge of Mlle. Judith, the actress; of the affair that led to the duel between M. de Galliffet and Achille Murat, etc.; and since her Majesty takes such a lively interest in politics, he informs her of the state of public opinion toward the government, and of the reception with which important public measures meet at the hands of the people. M. Leroi passes every day two hours with her Majesty, and the courtiers jocosely say, "Leroi (Le Roi) has more influence over the Empress than the Emperor;" they say also that he handles every thing "with gloves," because, in dressing the hair of her Majesty and of the other ladies of the court, he does not take off the faultless yellow kid gloves which he always wears.

We said before that the Empress is a very bad politician. Her political course, really, should not be judged so harshly as it is, inasmuch as it is not mere personal ambition that actuates her, but, above all, the ardent desire to secure her son's succession to the imperial throne. Allowing herself to be guided in her political movements by her heart and impulses rather than her head, she seldom attains her ends, but never fails to exasperate her adversaries. A thousand little stories are current in Paris about her imprudence in political affairs. Thus it is by no means certain that it was her influence that led to the second expedition to Rome; but when the first dispatch of the battle of Mentana arrived the imperial family was with some invited guests at the dinner-table; the Emperor opened the dispatch, and, after reading it, handed it, without uttering a word, to the Empress, who was imprudent enough to burst into loud exclamations of exultation and clap her hands, although quite a number of persons whom she knew to be strongly opposed to the expedition were present. The consequence was, that her conduct on this occasion became generally known a few hours afterward; and, as a matter of course, the Parisians, most of whom execrated the part which France had played in that affair, held the Empress responsible for it.

On another memorable occasion she equally wounded the feelings of a vast majority of the Parisians, forgetful of the fact that "Paris is France." It was on the evening of the 1st of June, 1863. The Emperor, the Empress, and a number of ladies and gentlemen of the court were in her Majesty's room, waiting impatiently for the returns of the election in Paris. An opposition victory had been looked for; but the overwhelming majorities by which the democratic candidates had triumphed were entirely unexpected. When the returns were read, the Emperor said not a word, and merely twirled his mustache. The Empress, however, who can not imagine how any body can oppose the Second Empire, and who treats all those who do so as her personal enemies, burst into tears and loudly accused the Parisians of the basest ingratitude. "*Ah! Les ingrats!*" she cried, bitterly. "*Les cerveaux brûlés!*" using an expression then much in vogue among the imperialists to designate the democrats of Paris. Already before midnight the Parisians knew how her Majesty had received the election returns, and proud as they were of their great triumph, they were doubly exasperated at the ill-considered taunts of the Empress.

There is another matter by which the Empress for a long time past has wounded the pride, not only of the Parisians, but of the whole French people. Ever since 1855 she has vainly sought to obtain recognition at the hands of her royal and imperial sisters in Europe. She has lavished on them invitations which were never accepted, and paid them visits which were never returned. Every body, including the Empress herself, must know by this time that these haughty queens and empresses look down upon her, and if they can help it, avoid having any thing to do with her. With the exception of Queen Victoria, who has recently treated the Empress in a manner bordering on rudeness, and of Queen Isabella, who twice came to Biarritz as a suppliant, every other sovereign lady in Europe has slighted the Empress of the French, often under the most shallow pretexts. In the year 1867 the cup of humiliation was presented again and again to the lips of the Empress. She had tendered the most pressing invitations to every empress, queen, and duchess in Europe to visit Paris during the Exposition. The Empress of Russia, the Queen of Prussia, the Empress of Austria, and the Duchess of Genoa, who presides over the court of King Victor Emanuel, excused themselves on the plea of ill health, although the Russian Empress shortly after made a trip to Germany, and both the Empress of Austria and the Duchess of Genoa participated in a series of fatiguing festivities at home, while the Queen of Prussia even visited the Exposition incognito, and thereby avoided official intercourse with the Empress. The Empress Elizabeth did not treat Eugénie very cordially at Salzburg, and begged to be excused from accompanying her husband on his trip to Paris.

In literature Octave Feuillet is the declared protégé and favorite of the Empress. For ten years past she has never tired of lavishing marks of esteem and admiration on him; and not only did she lend in 1863 her then still powerful influence to obtain for him a seat in the Academy, but she had him appointed custodian of the Fontainebleau library, a position much coveted by French authors. Octave Feuillet has frequently expressed on public occasions his gratitude toward his august protectress, and in his inaugural academic address, in 1863, he called the reign of Napoleon the Third (turning and bowing to the Empress, who was present) "*un grand règne.*" In 1862 Edmond About was likewise patronized by the Empress; but their friendship was not of long duration. The able author of "The King of the Mountains" found that the friendship of the Empress and of the court in general was fatal to his popularity, and therefore made haste to break it off. Parties hostile both to the Empress and to About assert, however, that his wounded vanity had as much to do with this rupture as regard for his popularity. The story is, that About, at one of the Monday receptions of her Majesty, was looking over the new books in the little library adjoining to her boudoir, and found there his latest novel, which he had sent two months ago to her Majesty, with leaves uncut, and evidently unread, while the last productions of M. Ponson du Terrail, which he found at the same place, distinctly showed that her Majesty had been poring over them. He is said to have refused ever since to set foot again in the Tuileries.

Among the dramatists, Victorien Sardou and Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, were several years since especially distinguished by her Majesty, though both of them received the marks of her kindness and admiration only with frigid politeness. Despite the frequent invitations to court parties and other unsolicited favors which Sardou received, his "Benoiton Family," as he has since openly admitted, was a covert attack upon the Empress, and that drama is indebted to this well-known fact for much of the great success which it achieved in Paris. In the same manner Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, a *frondeur* like Sardou, made a number of pointed allusions to her Majesty in the remarkable preface to the recent edition of his complete dramatic works.

CHRISTMAS IN POSSESSION.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON.

"BUT oh, Gus!" said a faltering voice, as two little white hands clung about the Captain's stalwart arm, "suppose that dreadful man should do what he threatened, and there should be an execution!" And Captain Hawthorndean's pretty, pale-faced wife shuddered as if she had been talking of one of those sanguinary performances which, in the good old times of English history, were wont to attract crowds to Tower Hill.

"Nonsense, my love, there's not the remotest chance of such a thing," cried the Captain, sturdily. "Do you suppose if there were I'd go away and leave my precious petsy-wetsy in danger of falling into the hands of the Philistines?"

"And Toodleums!" exclaimed Mrs. Hawthorndean, piteously. Toodleums was a pet name for that domestic miracle of beauty and genius, the first baby. "Imagine dreadful men taking away Toodleum's coral, that my own darling mother sent him!"

"I should like to see the bailiff that would put a finger on that coral!" cried the warrior, fiercely. "But now let's talk dispassionately, my darling, for time's nearly up. It's half past eleven. The express leaves King's Cross at 12.40, so my precious Clara must dry her pretty eyes and listen to her devoted Augustus."

The devoted Augustus looked very handsome, and bright, and cheerful, as he bent over his tearful young wife, while two brisk little serving-maids scudded up and down stairs in quest of innumerable canes, over-coats, and courier-bags, and a noble Russia-leather dispatch-box—Messrs. Partridge & Cooper's account for which, by-the-way, had not yet been settled—and skirmished with the cabman, who was groaning under the Captain's portmanteaux in the hall.

"You see, my darling, all we have to do is to look things in the face. Absalom holds a bill of mine which he refuses to renew—having, in point of fact, renewed it two or three times already—which cursed bond falls due on the 24th, Christmas-eve; the idea of any blood-sucking fellow having the heart to refuse to renew a bill falling due on Christmas-eve! And the black-hearted scoundrel swears if it isn't paid he'll put in an execution upon these goods before the day is out. Was there ever such a dastard?"

"But you do owe him the money, don't you, Gus darling?"

"Well, yes, I owe him *some* of it, of course; but you can't call compound interest at forty per cent. a just debt."

"But you knew what the interest was to be when you borrowed the money, didn't you, Gus darling?"

"Of course; the iniquitous rascal traded on my desperation. Women don't understand these things, you see, my love. However, scoundrel as I believe Absalom to be, I don't suppose him capable of putting in an execution on Christmas-eve, especially after the diplomatic letter I wrote him this morning. But I'll tell you what, Clara; be sure you let no stranger into the house on any pretext whatever. Sport the oak, my love, and tell your servants not to let a living creature cross the threshold."

"Yes, dear, I'll tell them. And there's the butcher, and the grocer, and the baker, and even the milkman, Augustus dear. You don't know how insolent their young men have been lately; and, you see, you won't answer their letters, and that makes them angry."

"Selfish blood-hounds!" cried the Captain; "what the dooce do they want? Do they expect me to coin money? And upon my word, Clara, I don't think it's very generous on your part to torture me in this way, just as I'm off to spend Christmas with my uncle, Sir John Strathnairn—whose only son Douglas, a precious muff, by-the-way, stands between me and one of the oldest baronetcies and finest estates in North Britain—and am going to bore myself to death deer-stalking, and that kind of thing, entirely on your account; since this is about my only chance of squaring the old miser, and reconciling him to the idea of my imprudent marriage. It's positively selfish of you, Clara; and I hate selfishness."

At this the young wife's tears flowed afresh. She was very young, very inexperienced, the fifth daughter of a small gentleman-farmer in Somersetshire, with no better fortune than her pretty face and bright winning manner. Augustus Hawthorndean, late captain of Hussars, had put the finishing stroke to a career of imprudence by falling in love with this bright hazel-eyed damsel, and marrying her off-hand in his own impetuous way. This event had happened about eighteen months ago, immediately after the sale of the Captain's commission, the price of which he had anticipated to the last penny by means of his friends the money-lenders. Since this time the Captain and his wife had lived mysteriously as the young ravens. They were now the inhabitants of a charming little villa at Kensington, prettily furnished by a crack West End upholsterer, and the proud and happy parents of an infant prodigy, whose laundress's account alone was no trifle, and whose baby-existence required to be sustained by the produce of one especial cow, charged extra in the dairyman's bill.

This was the aspect of affairs on the 21st of December, when Captain Hawthorndean prepared to leave his Penates, on a journey to the extreme north of Scotland, where he was to spend some weeks at the grim feudal castle of a fabulously-rich uncle, Sir John Kilmarnock Strathnairn, from whom he hoped to obtain a new start in life.

"That's what I want, Clara," he told his confiding little partner. "The army was a mistake for a man with nothing but a beggarly younger son's portion of three hundred a year. As if any fellow in the 11th could live on his pay and a paltry three hundred a year! So, of course, I got my poor little estate mortgaged up to the eyes; and there's nothing left but the reversion to Toodleums, which no doubt he'll dispose of to the Jews before he gets it."

Mrs. Hawthorndean shook her head at this.

"Oh yes, he will, or he's not the Toodleums I take him for," said the Captain, resolutely.

So it was that Augustus Lovat Hawthorndean, scion of two good old houses, Scottish and English, departed on his northern journey, with a view to softening the heart of his wealthy maternal uncle, and with a vague idea that Sir John Strathnairn would be induced to give him a start in some new profession—say the Church or the Bar. He knew fellows who were doing wonders at the Bar; and he had heard of snug sinecures in the Church.

"Egad! if the worst comes to the worst, I suppose I must go in for a government employment, and devote my mind to the investigation of the cattle-plague, or the control of sewers, or some such low drudgery," said the Captain. So he caught his little wife in his arms, gave her a hearty kiss, and hurried off to the loaded cab

that was to convey him on the first stage of his journey.

The tender young wife could not be satisfied with so brief a parting. She ran out to the cab, and there was a passionate clasping of hands, and murmured blessings made inaudible by sobs. And at the last—

"Oh, Gus!" she cried, "*can* you go without kissing Toodleums?" And she beckoned to the little nurse, who was holding the baby up to his parents' view at a first-floor window.

"Oh, d—!" exclaimed the Captain, "I can't lose the train for this kind of tomfoolery.—King's Cross, cabby, as hard as you can pelt!"

The cruel cab-horse went tearing off, and Mrs. Hawthorndean returned to the house, her pretty hair disheveled by the bitter winter wind, and her pale face wet with more bitter tears. In the hall she met the cook, a fiery-faced young person, whom the inexperienced little wife always encountered with fear and trembling.

"Oh, if you please, ma'am," said this domestic, in a breathless, gasping voice that was very alarming, "did master leave the money for my wages — two quarters, one month, and three weeks azact—as you *said* you'd arst him?"

"No, Sarah," faltered Mrs. Hawthorndean; "I'm sorry to say he could not settle *every thing* this time; but directly he comes back from Scotland, he—I—I am sure all will be made right."

"Settle every think, indeed!" cried the cook, contemptuously. "I should like to see any think as *he* has settled. Settling ain't much in his way. Here have I been slaving myself to death in his service; and to wait on a gentleman that wants deviled kidneys and broiled bones promiscous, for hisself and his friends, up to twelve o'clock at night and later, is not what I've been used to; going on three-quarters of a year and never seen the color of his money. And I can't stand it no longer. So, if you please, ma'am, I shall leave this afternoon; and if I can't get my due by fair means, I must get it by foul; which summonsing at the County Court by his cook won't bring much credit on Captain Orthongding, I should think."

"Oh, and if you please, mum, I should wish to leave at the same time as cook," said the brisk young house-maid; "not that I've got any think to say agen you, ma'am, which you have always been a kind missus; but flesh and blood can't bear to be put off as we've been put off, and to be sworn at into the bargain without no more consideration than if we was Injy slaves."

"Oh, very well, Sarah and Jane," replied Mrs. Hawthorndean, hopelessly, "you must do as you please; and—and go away when you please. I am sure my husband will pay you to the last farthing if you can only wait patiently till his affairs are arranged; but if you can't—"

"No, mum, we can't," answered the cook, resolutely; "we're tired of waiting. The line must be drawed somewheres; and when the tradespeople declines to call for orders the time has come to draw it."

Mrs. Hawthorndean left the deserters, and went up stairs.

"It was unkind of them to leave it till Gus was gone," she thought; and then, with a thrill of horror, she considered what would happen if the nurse should also revolt. "I can live without dinner, and I can do the housemaid's work myself," she thought; "but baby is used to Hannah, and if she went away—"

The picture was too awful for contemplation. The poor little woman ran straight to the nursery—the pretty chamber which had been so daintily furnished in the days when, rich in the sense of an open account at the upholsterer's, the Captain had given his orders with a noble recklessness.

Here she found the nurse-maid, a good-tempered-looking girl of eighteen, bending over the dainty pink-curtained bassinet.

"He's a little fretful with his teeth to-day, mum," she said.

"Oh, Hannah," cried Clara Hawthorndean, casting herself on her knees before this homely young person, "you won't leave me, will you—you won't de-de-desert the baby?"

"Leave Toodleums, ma'am? Bless his dear little heart! I'd as soon cut my head off as leave him. Why, Mrs. Hawthorndean, if you haven't been crying! Oh do, please, mum, get up! What could have put such a notion into your pretty head? Oh, please, mum, don't take on so!"

"I can't help it, Hannah. The others are going, and I thought you would go too; and my darling would cry for you. Oh, Hannah, we shall be all alone in the house; and the tradespeople won't call any more till Captain Hawthorndean's affairs are arranged—and we shall have n-n-nothing to eat!"

"Oh yes, we will, mum," replied the dauntless Hannah. "Don't you be downhearted, mum; we'll manage somehow, depend upon it."

"I don't know, Hannah. In the hurry of his going away I forgot to ask my husband for a little ready-money; and I haven't so much as a shilling to buy baby's biscuits."

The girl looked aghast at this.

"Oh, how I wish mamma would send me a hamper this Christmas!" said Mrs. Hawthorndean, piteously. "She sends one to my married sister, Mrs. Tozer, every year; but papa was so angry when I married Captain Hawthorndean—it was a runaway-match, you know, Hannah—that he won't let my name be mentioned at home; and I haven't a friend in the world except mamma, who daren't be kind to me for fear of papa."

"Never you mind, mum," replied Hannah, cheerfully; "we'll get biscuits for baby, and new milk for baby, somehow, or my name's not Hannah Giles. Isn't there any thing in the house I could take to—"

Here the girl made a discreet and significant pause.

"Yes, Hannah, you good, faithful creature, I know what you mean. My jewelry has all gone ever so long ago; all but this poor little wedding-ring, and I could scarcely part with that—unless Toodleums were starving. But there's my cashmere shawl, and the silver-gray moiré that I wear at dinner-parties; and if you really wouldn't mind—"

"Lor' bless you, mum, not a bit! Wait till after tea to-night; I know where to take them."

"Bless you!" cried the disconsolate young wife; "you're a true friend, Hannah."

At this juncture mistress and maid were interrupted by the sudden awakening of Master Toodleums; and after this diversion they went down stairs to reconnoitre the enemy's country, Toodleums crowing and dribbling on his nurse's shoulder. Below all was desolation. Curiously they explored the snug little kitchen and offices, into which the timid young housekeeper had rarely ventured to intrude during the cook's stern dominion. Awful was the havoc revealed by the present investigation: broken crockery, bottomless saucepans, knife-blades without handles, forks without prongs, grease, rags, waste, ruin, were visible in every corner. The larder was bare of every thing except the heel of a stale loaf and a box of sardines, a species of *hors d'œuvres*, which the lower powers had not affected.

"Oh, Hannah, what can have become of the sirloin of beef we had for the late dinner yesterday? Such a monstrous joint, too, as the cook ordered, though I told her a little piece of roast beef. Why, you and I could have lived upon it for a week!"

"And cook has taken it off in her box, I dare say," cried Hannah. "Oh, the barefaced hussy!"

There was evidently nothing edible in the house except the sardines, so mistress and maid were fain to wait until the shades of evening should permit the faithful Hannah to execute that somewhat delicate transaction in relation to the silver-gray moiré and the cashmere shawl.

"If you don't mind taking care of the baby for an hour, mum, I'll tidy up the kitchen a bit and get the tea-things ready; and then, while the kettle's boiling, I can run round to—where I spoke of; and get some tea and sugar, and a rasher or so of bacon, and baby's biscuits, and a fancy-loaf as I come back. I don't suppose you'll care much about dinner to-day, mum."

"Dinner!" cried Mrs. Hawthorndean; "I feel as if I should never be able to eat any thing more as long as I live. Oh, Gus, if you only knew what we have to go through! Oh, my precious popsy, when *you* grow up and marry, you must never leave your poor little wife alone at Christmas-time, with all the debts unpaid, and every body angry."

This apostrophe was addressed to the six-months-old infant, who looked supremely indifferent to the fond appeal. Mrs. Hawthorndean took the child in her arms and went to the drawing-room, where she sat in a low chair by the dull fire, and indulged in that dismal refreshment which women call "a good cry."

She was very desolate, very miserable. The short winter day was already darkening, the prospect without looked bleak; but in the windows of other villas the firelight shone cheerily, and the lonely young wife thought sadly of happy families assembled in those rooms; families across whose hearth the dread spectre insolvency had never cast his gloomy shadow. And then she thought of her own distant home. The bright rooms, always made especially gay and pleasant at this season. The chintz room and the blue room, the oak room and the cedar parlor; the bright winter flowers, and ever-blossoming chintz curtains; the fires glowing red on every hearth; the noble Worcester punch-bowl brought forth from its retirement; the chopping and mincing, and cake and pastry making, and bustle of preparation in the housekeeper's room; the gardener coming into the kitchen with his pile of holly and mistletoe, laurel and bay; the odor of Christmas that pervaded the house; and the dear friends with whom she might never spend that holy festival again.

"Oh, if papa could see me now, I don't think he could be angry with me any more," she said to herself, despairingly.

For nearly two hours she sat alone, singing softly to her baby, and crying more or less almost all the time. And then Hannah came in with the tea-tray, and lighted candles, and the daintiest little dish of fried bacon, and baby's biscuits, and a great jug of milk for that young gentleman's consumption.

"It's all right, mum, one pound fifteen—fifteen on the shawl, and a pound on the *more;* but you'd never believe the trouble I had to screw him up to it. And he made me have a ticket for each. That's their artful way. I've heard father say they make mints of money out of the tickets alone. And now do cheer up, and take your tea, that's a dear lady."

The brisk little maiden stirred the fire, drew the curtains, arranged the table, and made all things as cheerful and pleasant as circumstances would permit. Her mistress insisted that she should share the meal; and the two took their tea together—the girl almost overcome by so great an honor, the young wife's thoughts speeding northward with the gallant Captain, who sat in the *coupé* of an express-train, smoking Pataga's "Regalias" at eighteen-pence apiece.

"Now, don't you be downhearted, mum," said the faithful handmaid, as she bade her mistress good-night. "I only spent three shillings this evening; and one pound twelve will carry us on till master comes home."

This was comfort; but poor Clara had not forgotten the threatened horror of the 24th, Christmas-eve, that day to which she used to look forward at the dear old home, an old-fashioned festival enough, with its simple dissipations in the way of acted charades, snap-dragon, and egg-flip.

"Oh, what a child I was!" she exclaimed; and she had been indeed a joyous and innocent creature in those days. If she had been a calculating person, given to weigh advantages, and not the most unselfish and devoted of wives, she might have asked herself whether the proprietorship of a dashing *ci-devant* cavalry-officer and his superb mustachios was a privilege absolutely worth all it had cost her.

The dreaded 24th arrived; and the weary hours crept by with leaden feet. Every sound of a step in the street set Clara's heart beating. No ominous single knocks came to the door, except the faint appeal of a shivering dealer in boot-laces; for the angry tradespeople knew the Captain was away, and did not care to torment his helpless young wife uselessly, any more than they cared to supply her with goods without hope of payment. Even that long day wore itself out at last; and the mistress and maid took their tea and rasher again together before a cheerful fire, and discussed the probability that Mr. Absalom's stony heart had been melted by the softening influences of the season, and that there would be no execution.

"The very word is so dreadful," said Mrs. Hawthorndean; "and yet that's better than calling a cruel thing that makes a man prisoner an 'attachment.' I remember Augustus telling me he had an 'attachment' out against him, and it didn't sound dreadful at all; but the very next week he was taken to Whitecross Street. I wonder what they are doing at home now—at tea, I dare say. When I shut my eyes I can see them all sitting round the great fire-place. I wonder whether any one thinks of me. I do wish mamma had contrived to send me a hamper, with a home-made pound-cake, and some mince-pies, and one of our famous geese; not on my own account, but on yours, Hannah, for you've been so good to me; and I should like you to have a nice Christmas dinner, and something to take home to your poor mother to-morrow evening. But I'm a famous goose to think of such a thing; for mamma couldn't send me a hamper without papa's knowledge, and he is so *dreadfully* angry with me."

A sharp rat-tat, something between a single knock and a postman's, sounded on the door at this moment, and gave maid and mistress a kind of galvanic shock.

"Don't let any one in, Hannah," cried Mrs. Hawthorndean. "My husband said we were not to admit a creature."

Hannah had skipped to the window-curtains, and was peering out at the door-step. She jumped back into the room as if she had been shot.

"Oh, be joyful, mum!" she cried. "You've got your wish. It's a HAMPER!"

"No!"

"Yes, mum; and *such* a big one! Ain't it lovely? And mince-pies, and pound-cake, and gooses, too, I'll wager. And baby shall suck a bit of roast goose to-morrow, bless him! My brother Joe's baby ain't five months old yet, and will suck the gravy out of any thing as well as if he was a grown man. Oh, won't we have a merry Christmas, mum—you, and me, and baby? and ain't I glad that cross old cook's gone!"

"It's like magic!" exclaimed Mrs. Hawthorndean, as the imitation-postman's knock was repeated impatiently. "Run to the door, Hannah. You're sure it *is* a hamper?"

"Lor' bless your heart, mum, as if I didn't know a Christmas hamper when I see one!" and the girl flew into the little hall.

It was a foolish thing to be so moved, perhaps, by such a vulgar trifle as a Christmas hamper; but Clara Hawthorndean wept tears of pleasure as she waited for the welcome basket. It was not of the famous home-reared goose or home-made mince-pies she thought; but of the love that had contrived the gift, the tender motherly stratagems and plottings and contrivings that must have been achieved in order to compass the seasonable surprise.

"God bless the dear mother!" she murmured as she went out into the hall, where a queer-looking little old man was just depositing a noble hamper, the very straw oozing from the interstices of which looked quite appetizing. Mrs. Hawthorndean was too much moved to remember that the little old man standing in the hall was there in direct disobedience to the Captain's solemn mandate that no stranger should be admitted within that door.

"Here is sixpence for yourself, my good man," said Clara, politely. "Good-evening." She looked toward the open door, gently indicating that the old man could depart; but the old man, instead of so doing, gave a little whistle, and beckoned to some one without.

In the next moment a portly stranger stood on the threshold, gayly attired in a drab overcoat and olive-green trowsers, and with gold chains and lockets twinkling on his expansive waistcoat.

"Sorry to have recourse to stratagem, miss," said this gentleman, removing the newest of white hats from the blackest and curliest of *chevelures;* "but really, you see, the Captain's one of those people with whom one must be deeper than Garrick. Here is my warrant, miss, all correct and regular, as you may perceive. Suit of Shadrach Absalom. This old gent and I will take an inventory, miss; and he can remain on the premises afterward."

"What!" cried Clara, growing very white; "do you mean to say that hamper is not from my dear mother at Somerton Manor?"

"That hamper, my dear young lady, is like the wooden horse that went into Troy. Don't trouble yourself to open it, my good girl; there's nothing but straw inside, and a brickbat or two just to give it solidity. All stratagems are fair in love and war, and the recovery of a just debt, especially when a bill has been renewed three times, as this has. Shadrach Absalom is my first cousin, miss, and as good a fellow as ever lived; but the Captain has really been too bad."

"I'm sure my husband means to pay every thing, when he comes from Scotland, where he has gone to visit his uncle, Sir John Strathnairn," faltered the horror-stricken Clara.

"What, do you mean to say that Captain Hawthorndean has got such a pretty young creature as you for his wife, and that he can have the heart to go away and leave you to bear the brunt of his difficulties?" cried Laurence Absalom, sheriff's officer, with honest indignation.

"I beg, Sir, that you will not remark upon my husband's conduct; he always acts for the best. Oh, Hannah, what are we to do?"

"I know what I should like to do," answered the handmaiden, spitefully; "and that is to scratch that nasty, deceiving old man's face."

"If you could scratch some of the dirt off it you'd be doing him a service, my dear," said Mr. Laurence Absalom, with easy good-nature, while the old man sat quietly on the hamper, the picture of grimy meekness. Mr. Absalom called for a candle, and proceeded to explore the house, attended by the meek old man, who wiped his dirty face upon the dingiest of blue cotton handkerchiefs, and breathed very hard as he followed his commanding-officer. Together the two men ransacked drawers and wardrobes, peered into cheffoniers, and violated the sanctity of writing-desks, and carefully catalogued books and electro-plate, china and glass, table-linen and pictures. All Clara's pretty dresses, her dainty ribbons and laces, her coquettish little bonnets and innocent girlish jackets, were set down on a sheet of greasy foolscap, while the two women looked on, one of them utterly helpless and miserable, wondering what would come next.

At last the inventory was complete; and Mr. Absalom prepared to take his departure.

"Of course you'll write to the Captain, ma'am," he said; "and you'll please tell him that unless that business is squared in five days' time, his property will go to the hammer. I'm sure I'm very sorry on your account; but, you see, the Captain knew what he had to expect, and he really ought to have provided against it. Good-evening, Mrs. Hawthorndean. The old gent will stay till the sale. You'll find him very quiet."

"What!" cried Clara, aghast, "is that dreadful old man to stop in the house?"

The dreadful old man gave a grunt of assent.

"Upon my word, ma'am, I wish I was the party," said Mr. Absalom, gallantly; "I should consider it quite a privilege; but old Jiffins does that part of the work; and you'll find him as harmless as an old spaniel, if you don't mind his appetite, and that *is* rather alarming. Good-night." And with an easy nod Mr. Laurence Absalom departed, leaving the mistress and maid staring in consternation at the man in possession, who was refreshing himself with a pinch of snuff out of a screw of paper. He certainly was by no means a prepossessing individual; indeed, it is impossible to imagine grubbiness more dingy than the grubbiness of this old man's aspect. He wore a long great-coat, and of shirt or shirt-collar there were no traces visible; but in lieu of these conventionalities he displayed a dirty wisp of neckerchief that had once been white, but which was now a sickly yellow. His boots seemed to have been the dress-boots of a giant, and were wrinkled like the skins of French plums. On one hand he wore a roomy black glove, also of the texture of French plums. His gray hair straggled over the threadbare velvet collar of his coat in an eminently patriarchal fashion, and his bottle-nose—nay, indeed, his complexion generally—was of that rubicund hue produced by copious consumption of malt and spirituous liquors, in conjunction with exposure to all kinds of weather. Such as he was, he seemed to Mrs. Hawthorndean the living embodiment of a night-mare. She stood rooted to the ground, staring at him hopelessly and helplessly; and it was only the brisk Hannah who aroused her from this waking trance.

"Hadn't the old gentleman better step into master's study?" suggested the girl. "He'll want to sit somewhere, you see, ma'am."

"To sit?—yes, and he is going to live here. Oh, Hannah, *what* shall we do?"

"Don't you be frightened, mum," whispered the girl; "I've lived where there's been a man in possession, and it's nothing when you're used to it.—Step this way, if you please, Sir," she added, briskly, and she pointed to a little box of a room opposite the drawing-room.

The old man walked to the door of this apartment, then suddenly turned back and approached Mrs. Hawthorndean, who quailed before him. To her horror he lifted his dirty hand, and laid it—oh, so gently!—on her soft hair, patting her head as if she had been a child.

"Don't you be frightened, my pretty!" he said. "I've seen a deal of trouble in my time, and I can feel for them as have their homes broke up, though it *is* my business to break 'em. It's the business that's hard-hearted, my pretty, not me. You bear that in mind, and don't you mind old Jiffins no more than if he was a old tomcat. He'll keep his place, depend upon it, and won't give no trouble to no one."

"I'm sure you're very kind," murmured Clara, half crying; "but it does seem so dreadful!"

"Of course it do, to a sweet young creatur' like you. But Lor' bless you, mum, there's places I go to reg'lar, as you may say, and where I'm quite like one of the familby. The children calls me uncle. 'Crikey, father!' cries one of the little chaps, 'if here ain't uncle Jiffins come back agen!' and they're quite took aback to find their parents ain't glad to see me.—I suppose there ain't no objections to a pipe in this here room, ma'am?"

"Oh, no, no, no," cried Clara, piteously, "you can smoke as much as you like; and there's some of my husband's Turkish tobacco in that jar on the mantle-piece, which you can take if you please."

"Thank you, mum. Shag's more in my

way; but if you could put your hand upon a little bit of Cavendish I should take it very kind."

A piece of Cavendish tobacco was found after some little trouble, and Mr. Jiffins established himself in Augustus Hawthorndean's easy-chair—a charming chair, in which the Captain had been wont to read the papers and ponder somewhat gloomily on financial questions; and Mr. Jiffins being duly established in this room, which was conveniently close to the hall-door, and in a manner commanded the whole house, Mrs. Hawthorndean and Hannah went back to the drawing-room, where Toodleums, happily unconscious of this domestic revolution, was still slumbering placidly in his bassinet.

Together the mistress and maid sat down to face life with its new responsibilities.

"I'll write to Augustus this very night, Hannah; but my letter can't go till to-morrow—perhaps not even then, as it's Christmas-day; and a letter takes such a time traveling to the Highlands; and then there would be the journey back; and—oh dear, when will Gus come to send that awful old creature away? He doesn't seem unkind, but oh, so dirty! And to think that he should be sitting in Gus's pet chair, with his head against the antimacassar that I worked with my own hands!"

Happily the brisk little nurse-maid was too cheery a creature to be altogether discomfited even by a man in possession. She gave the baby refreshment from a bottle furnished with a wonderful gutta-percha machine, which made the business look very much like laying on gas; and then she reminded her mistress that it was getting late, and shops might be closing in the neighborhood.

"There's to-morrow's dinner, you see, mum; and then there's the old gent's supper. I suppose I'd better get a bit of cheese?"

"Oh, good gracious me!" cried Clara, "will he want supper?"

"Lor' bless your innocence, mum, of course he will; and breakfast and dinner, and all his meals, and his beer. It's the rule, you see, mum: you finds 'em in every thing."

With this Hannah handed her mistress the baby, and departed.

The inexperienced girl-wife sat staring apathetically at the blackened coals in the pretty steel grate. She felt as some young mother of the antediluvian period may have felt, as she sat with her child in her lap, listening to the rising waters, and waiting for the end of the world.

Hannah came back by-and-by, with bread and cheese and beer for the old man, and a modest little joint of beef for the next day's dinner, and a quarter of a pound of tea, and other small matters, which altogether made a terrible hole in that one pound twelve shillings which alone stood between this household and destitution.

"We shall have to change the sovereign for his beer to-morrow, mum," said the maiden; "but we shall hold out till the Captain comes home, depend upon it."

Mrs. Hawthorndean counted the hours that must elapse before the Captain could possibly come home, and counted them over again, till her brain grew quite dizzy. Her only comfort next morning was to think that some of those weary hours were gone.

Hannah waited on Mr. Jiffins, taking his meals to the Captain's snug little sanctum, and coming back to her mistress to report the awful havoc he had made with the loaf, or the alarming way he had slashed off slices from the joint.

"And I think if there was oceans of gravy, mum, he'd soak them up; for, let alone smashing his purtaters, he sops it up with his bread."

Oh, what a dreary Christmas-day! Cabs and carriages dashed up to other houses in the pretty suburban street; gayly-dressed people went to and fro the neighboring churches; at night music sounded and lights gleamed from many windows; while Clara Hawthorndean walked up and down with her fretful baby, and thought of what they were doing at home—alas, her home no longer!

Toodleums had been fractious all day, and grew worse toward evening; and while Hannah went for the supper-beer he took the opportunity of working himself into a paroxysm of crying that terrified the young mother out of her wits. She was pacing the room, trying in vain to soothe her infant, when the door was softly opened, and Mr. Jiffins appeared. Clara almost dropped the baby at sight of this apparition.

"Let me take him a bit," said Mr. Jiffins; "I'm used to babies, bless 'em!"

"Oh, please don't!" cried Clara, as the dreaded intruder advanced his grimy hands; "indeed, indeed, he wouldn't come to you."

But, to the mother's utter astonishment, Toodleums, the most particular and capricious of babies, did go to this grubby old man, and, after a few minutes' hushing and dandling and seesawing in the air, did actually cease to cry.

"Bless their dear little hearts! they all come to *me*," said Mr. Jiffins, complacently. "I've got a grandson just this one's size; and what that little dear do suffer with the wind on his stomach is only beknown to hisself and me. It ain't temper, bless you, when they skreeks like that—it's wind; and you take my advice, and just let your girl fetch twopenn'orth of essence of peppermint—none of your Daffy for my money—and give him two drops on a lump of sugar melted in a spoonful of warm water, and he'll be as quiet as a lamb."

Mr. Jiffins nursed the baby till Hannah came back with the beer and the change for that last sovereign, which Mrs. Hawthorndean had contemplated fondly as she parted with it forever. The girl stared aghast on beholding her charge in the arms of the intruder; but he dispatched her to the chemist's for peppermint as coolly as if he had been the infant's favorite grandfather. Mrs. Hawthorndean had sunk exhausted into her chair, and looked on with amazement, while the man in possession developed a perfect genius for nursing, and entertained Toodleums with a broken tobacco-pipe and a latch-key as that young gentleman rarely allowed himself to be entertained by the most elaborate inventions of the toy-maker.

"You seem to have a wonderful power over children," murmured Clara, at last.

"I'm fond of 'em, ma'am, that's where it is; and they know it. There's nothing gets over 'em like that—real, rightdown fondness of 'em. Now, I'll wager while you were carrying this little chap up and down just now your mind had wandered like, and you were thinking of your own troubles, and you felt him a drag upon you."

Clara nodded assent.

"*To* be sure!" exclaimed Mr. Jiffins, triumphantly; "and that child knowed it—he knowed as he hadn't got your whole heart; and you can't do nothing with a child unless you gives him your whole heart. They're the deepest little Garricks out for that, bless 'em!—Ain't you now, ducksy? Yes, o' course; you knows you are."

Toodleums assented to this proposition with a rapturous crow.

"Bein' as it's Christmas-night, mum," said Mr. Jiffins, by-and-by, when the peppermint had been brought and administered, "and my disposition lively like, perhaps you wouldn't take it as a liberty if I asked leave to eat my bit of supper in here? It *is* rather lonesome in that there little room, and seems lonesomer being Christmas-time."

"BLESS THEIR DEAR LITTLE HEARTS, THEY ALL COME TO *ME*!"

What could a helpless young wife and mother say to this startling request? Mr. Jiffins was master of the situation. There was something very dreadful in sitting down to supper with this dirty old man; but Toodleums was hanging on to one of his greasy coat-buttons with the affection of a lifetime, and a man thus affected by Toodleums could not be utterly base. So Mrs. Hawthorndean murmured a faint assent to the proposed arrangement. The tray was brought, modestly furnished with a piece of cheese, a loaf, a little glass dish of butter, and a jug of ale. Mr. Jiffins surveyed these simple preparations with an approving eye.

"Raw cheese is rather cold to the palate in this weather," he said, thoughtfully; "what should you say now, mum, to a rabbit?"

"I am very sorry," faltered Mrs. Hawthorndean, apologetically, "but we haven't any rabbits in the house."

"Lor' bless you, ma'am, I means toasted cheese. If that good-tempered young woman of yours would get me the mustard-pot and a small saucepan, and then kneel down before the fire and toast a round or two of bread, I'll soon show you what I means by a rabbit."

Hannah ran off to procure these implements, and she was presently employed in toasting cheese under the old man's direction.

"A tea-spoonful of mustard, and a good lump of fresh butter, and a table-spoonful of ale, and let it simmer by the side of the fire while you toastes the bread, my dear," said Mr. Jiffins, who nursed the baby and looked on approvingly while the handmaid obeyed him.

To poor Clara Hawthorndean it seemed like some distempered dream. "If any body should call!" she thought; and she had to tell herself over and over again that ten o'clock on Christmas-night was not a likely hour for callers. She thought of the joyous party in her old home—the girls in white muslin and scarlet sashes, the matrons in their rustling silks; and then of that more stately festival at Strathnairn Castle, and the black-oak buffets loaded with gold plate, which her husband had so often described to her; but from these bright pictures her fancy always came back to the old man superintending the simmering cheese.

Both he and Hannah persuaded her presently to taste this delicacy. She had eaten nothing at dinner, for the sense of the old man's presence in the Captain's study had weighed upon her like an actual burden. He was not nearly so dreadful seated opposite to her with her baby on his knee. Our skeletons are never so hideous when confronted boldly as when hidden away in some dark cupboard. Mrs. Hawthorndean tasted the Welsh rarebit. It was really excellent. She remembered having heard Augustus talk of eating such things at Evans's. And presently she found herself eating this toasted cheese with more appetite than any thing she had tasted since her husband's departure. Though familiar, Mr. Jiffins was not utterly wanting in reverence. He resigned the baby to Hannah, and insisted on taking his supper at the remotest corner of the table, where there was no table-cloth. The edge of the table-cloth he seemed to consider the line of demarcation; no persuasion could induce him to infringe upon it by the breadth of a hair. But at this uncomfortable corner he ate his supper with a relish that was almost contagious, and talked a good deal, in a pleasant, chirping manner, as he quaffed his ale. After supper he ventured upon a conundrum, and, that being approved, upon another; and Mrs. Hawthorndean found herself laughing quite merrily, but still with the sense that it was all a distempered dream. Dreadful as it was to be cheerful in the company of a nurse-maid and of a broker's-man, it was perhaps better for this lonely little wife than brooding over her woes. She slept quite soundly after the toasted cheese and the conundrums, and awoke next morning to find the cheerful Hannah at her bedside with a neatly-arranged little breakfast-tray.

"It was Mr. Jiffins as told me to bring you up your breakfast, ma'am. 'Let her sleep a little late, poor pretty!' he said, 'and take her a cup of tea and a new-laid egg when she wakes;' and—*would you believe it*, mum?—the old dear goes and fetches the egg hisself, while I boils the kettle, though he told me it was as much as his employment was worth to step outside our door! And if he hasn't been and hearthstoned *the steps* before I was up, mum, and swep' the kitchen beautiful—for a handier old man I never did see; and he says, if you could pick a bit of Irish stew for your dinner, he's a rare hand at one."

Mrs. Hawthorndean did not care to pick a bit of Irish stew, nor did she affect any dish in the preparation of which the broker's-man could be manipulatively engaged; but she fully appreciated his kind wish to help her and her faithful handmaiden, and thanked him prettily for his kindness when she encountered him down stairs. Before long she had still greater reason to thank him; for Toodleums suffered severely in the cutting of an upper tooth, and both nurse-maid and mother profited by grandfather Jiffins's experience. The days went by slowly, but no longer made hideous to Clara Hawthorndean by her horror of Jiffins, who, instead of an incubus, had proved himself an elderly angel in the house. Her chief trouble now arose from her husband's silence. The fifth day must soon elapse, and then there would be a sale, and she and her child would be turned out of doors, homeless, shelterless. No, not quite. Here Providence interposed in the humble guise of Jiffins.

"My married daughter's got a room as she lets, and as is now empty; and if they've the heart to turn you out of here, you can go there and welcome," said this dingy benefactor. "There ain't no spring sofys, nor shiny steel grates; but it's that clean you might eat your victuals off the floor; and, if you don't mind a mews, it's respectable."

A mews!—where would not the desolate mother have gone to obtain shelter for her baby?

"Oh, Mr. Jiffins!" she cried, clasping one of those grimy hands, which had once inspired her with such aversion, "what should we do without you?"

What, indeed! The last shilling of that last sovereign had been spent two days ago, and since then the little household had been sustained by money advanced by Jiffins.

"You'll pay me fast enough, one of these odd days, I dessay," said Jiffins, when Clara deprecated this last obligation.

For the first time since she left home she wrote to ask a favor from her mother. The boon she demanded was a five-pound note, wherewith to pay and reward Jiffins. Never before had she allowed the home-friends to know that her Augustus left her with one wish ungratified.

The fifth day expired. The hour of doom was near. Strange men in paper-caps came to take up the carpets. The dear little china-closet, in which Clara had so delighted, when the housemaid would allow her to enter it, was rifled of its contents, and dinner-services, tea-services, and glass were spread on the dining-room table. Bills were stuck on the outside of the house; within, nasty little bits of paper, with numbers on them, were pasted upon every article, even—oh, bitterest drop in this cup of bitterness!—on the sacred bassinet of Toodleums, still a martyr to his teeth. Ignominy could go no further; and there were still no tidings of the Captain. But for Jiffins and Hannah, Clara Hawthorndean must surely have died of this agony.

It was the very morning of the sale. Mr. Absalom was there in all his glory. The auctioneer had arrived. Dingy men with greasy little memorandum-books pervaded the house. Clara sat with Hannah and the baby in the little study, where strange faces peered in upon them every now and then; and intending buyers made heartless remarks about the curtains, and informed the dingy commission-agents how high they were disposed to bid for the Captain's pet chair. There was no corner of the house sacred to the homeless woman's despair. Clara felt that it would have been almost better to sit in the street. The most unfriendly doorstep would have been a more peaceful resting-place than this.

Alas, in this bitter crisis even the faithful Jiffins can no longer protect her. He is sent hither and thither by the higher powers, and can not yet snatch half an hour's respite in which to conduct Mrs. Hawthorndean to the humble lodging he has secured for her.

"Oh, Hannah, I wish Mr. Jiffins would take us away from all these dreadful people!" Clara cries, piteously. She has ceased to hope for rescue from Augustus. *That* ship has foundered, and Jiffins is the life-boat of benevolence that must carry her to the shore of safety.

"Oh, Hannah, if he would only take us to his daughter's house in the mews!" she cries; and in the next moment a hansom tears up to the door, a stentorian voice breaks out into exclamations of surprise and indignation, interspersed with execrations. A shrill scream breaks from the young wife's pale lips.

"Gus!" she cries, while Toodleums sets up a sympathetic shriek; "oh, thank God! thank God!" and she must have fallen but for Hannah's supporting arms.

Yes; it is the Captain, dressed in black, and with a crape hat-band. He distributes his anathemas freely as he strides into the villa. What the dash is the meaning of this dashed business? Take down those dashed bills, and turn these dashed people out of the house; and so on. Mr. Absalom advances politely, and suggests that if the Captain will be so kind as to settle that little affair of £326 17*s.* 6*d.* the sale need not proceed. The Captain pulls out a brand-new check-book, and signs his first check upon a brand-new banking-account, which document he hands to Mr. Absalom with an injured air.

"You ought to have known better, Absalom," he said, "after all our past dealing."

"To tell you the truth, Captain, it was my experience of the past that made me rather sharp in the present," replied the other, politely.

"Come, Clara, don't cry," exclaimed Captain Hawthorndean to the poor little woman, who was sobbing on his shoulder. "I didn't get your letter till yesterday afternoon, and have been traveling ever since; I was away with a party in the mountains. And there's been a dreadful piece of work at Strathnairn—my cousin Douglas, Sir John's only son, killed by the explosion of his rifle. No one to blame but himself, poor beg—poor dear fellow! Sir John's awfully cut up, as well he may be; and I'm next heir to the title and estates. Yes, little woman, you'll be Lady Strathnairn before you die; for my uncle will never marry, poor old boy! Very dreadful, ain't it, poor Douglas's death? but, of course, uncommonly jolly for us."

"Oh, Gus, how awful for Sir John! But, thank God, you have come back! You can never understand what I've suffered; and if it hadn't been for Mr. Jiffins—"

"Jiffins! who the dooce is Jiffins?"

"The man in possession. He has been so good to us—has lent us money even; and but for him we must have starved."

"Good God, Clara!" cried the Captain, aghast, "you don't mean to say you've degraded yourself by borrowing money from a broker's man!"

"What could I do, dear? You left me without any money, you know," replied the wife, innocently.

"You really ought to have known better, Clara," said the Captain, sternly. "But where is this Jiffins? Let me pay the fellow his confounded loan."

"I think you'd better let me pay it, dear. If you'll give me a ten-pound note, I can make it all right."

So Mr. Jiffins received about a thousand per cent. for his loan, which had been little more than a sovereign, and he spent New-Year's-day very pleasantly in the bosom of his married daughter's household, No. 7½ Stamford Mews, Blackfriars. But perhaps at some future audit, when many such small accounts are balanced before the Great Auditor, Mr. Jiffins may receive even more than a thousand per cent. for that little loan.

THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

A Story.

By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," etc.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER XVI.

OTTO BELIEVES IN FAIRY TALES.

"Is it you, Otto?" exclaimed Liese, raising the lamp above her head and looking out into the darkness.

"Yes, Lieschen; I and no other, and I must come in for a moment. I want to speak to you."

"Mistress is out, and master too, and—who was that with you, Otto?"

"That is a relation of mine. Halloa! Why, where has he vanished to? Never mind. He would not have wished to come in here, in any case. Shut the door, Lieschen, and go in out of the cold."

Otto did not wait for permission to enter, but stepped into the hall and shut the heavy oaken door with a clanging noise. Little Liese's strength would scarcely have sufficed to close it against the sudden furious gust of March wind that came swooping and shrieking round the house, making the casements rattle and the old ivy beat furiously upon the glass.

"What a wind!" said Liese, shivering sympathetically.

"Yes; a bitter night enough. But I walked fast, and am all aglow. Well, Lieschen, am I to stand here in the hall all night? You might ask a fellow to step inside to the kitchen fire. I'm afraid you're not over and above glad to see me."

"It is not that, Otto. You know I am glad to see you. But about asking you to come in—I don't know—I am not sure it would be right. Master and mistress are both out, and—"

"All the better. We can talk quietly. Now see, Lieschen, I am not one to thrust myself into another man's house, or to go where I'm not wanted. But I am very sure there is no harm in my coming to speak to you to-night. I don't wish to deceive your mistress. Tell her that I have been here, if you like. But I must say a word to you."

Liese meekly led the way to the kitchen. She trembled a little as she did so. What could Otto have to say to her that must be said then and there? Besides, she could not repress an uneasy twinge of conscience when she reflected that to receive him at all was to act contrary to her mistress's injunctions.

"I can not allow you to have visitors. There must be nobody admitted to my house without my permission," Frau von Schleppers had said over and over again. But then Otto thought it right to come in. And what Otto thought right it was impossible for gentle little Liese to think wrong.

She set her lamp down on the snowy deal table in the kitchen, and Otto came and took her hand and stood beside her, looking into her soft, brown eyes until they drooped beneath his gaze.

"I hope there is nothing the matter, Otto?" she said, timidly.

"I hope not, Lieschen. But I can not tell yet how things may be. Listen to what I have to say to you."

Then he related to her how Herr Schmitt, who, as she knew, had long been ailing, had been ordered by the doctor to leave Detmold for the mild climate of Southern France. How the business was to be given up, and the stock of the stationer's shop sold, and how he, Otto, was consequently out of employment, and would have to seek an occupation as soon as might be. Liese was very sorry for Herr Schmitt. She liked him because he had been kind to Otto, and at first she could only think how strange and sad it would be for the invalid to go away alone to a foreign country, and how Otto would miss his good friend and master. Then another consideration arose in her mind.

"Does your uncle the Herr Küster know?" she asked.

"He does not know as yet. A letter has been written to him, and I am going to Horn myself to-morrow morning."

"I wonder what he will say!" murmured Liese, musingly.

"I'm afraid I know what he will say, partly. He will want me to find another situation in some shop or other. Now that I don't mean to do. At least—Sieh' mal, Lieschen! I can't explain to you what a strong feeling it was that made me come here to-night. It was just as though something or somebody outside of myself was drawing me, whether I would or no. I couldn't have staid away to save my life. Did you never feel like that, Lieschen?"

Liese shook her head doubtfully.

"I often wish very much to go to Horn and take a peep at dear cousin Franz. And sometimes, even when I am sitting by myself in the kitchen of an evening, I can fancy myself at the farm, and can see all the place, and hear the goats bleating, and the geese cackling, and Lotte and Marthe singing at the spinning-wheel. But then, you know, of course it's only fancy; and I can't go there, though I might wish it ever so."

"Not 'ever so,' Liese. If you wished it 'ever so'—if you wished it as strong as I wished to come here to-night—why you'd have to go. You couldn't help yourself."

Liese looked up for a moment into Otto's bright, resolute face, and then observed, with a little demure air of reflection, "Ah well, you see, Otto, I suppose it is because I can't wish nor do any thing so strong as you can. At least I never find that I get what I want by wishing."

"Well, never mind about that, Lieschen. Here I am; and I have a great many things to say to you," returned Otto, declining with characteristic practicalness to enter into any vague or abstract discussion.

"You know, Lieschen," he went on, "that I never liked this shop work. I never would have consented to enter into the business for three years, only that I knew Uncle Schnarcher had been dreadfully disappointed at my refusing to be a clergyman, and I thought somehow that I ought to make him what amends I could without going against my conscience."

"Yes; I know, Otto. And I think it was quite right to obey your uncle."

"Right to obey in some things, and right to disobey in others. But then, you see, all the time I have been with Herr Schmitt I have been growing more and more sure that I can't make a thriving tradesman. It's no use. He himself says as much, although he is very good to me, and, I believe, likes me in his heart."

Liese thought in her heart that it must be a very strange person who would not like Otto. But she kept this opinion to herself for the present.

"Now chance has released me from this employment in a way that nobody could have foreseen. I am fond of Herr Schmitt, and if I could make him well again by staying out my three years, I'd do it gladly."

"I am sure you would, Otto."

"Of course. But, as it is, we must hope that his going away will be good for him and good for me too. For I have a plan in my head—a kind of floating notion, and if I can carry it out—"

"NO, OTTO, NOT A LITTLE; I LOVE YOU WITH ALL MY HEART."

"You must wish very strong, Otto," put in Liese, with a little sly smile and a momentary raising of her chestnut eyebrows.

Otto yielded to an irresistible temptation. He took little Liese's small form in his arms and kissed her lips.

"Otto!" she gasped out, trying to release herself, and blushing crimson from brow to chin, "Otto!"

Otto released her waist from his encircling arm, but held her hand between his two hands, which he pressed against his breast with a penitent gesture. "Don't be angry, Lieschen," he whispered, bending his head down to her little burning ear, "don't be angry, you told me to wish very strong!"

"But I didn't mean—" began Liese indignantly, and then stopped short in confusion.

"Come, Lieschen, herzens liebchen, you know I wouldn't offend you for all the world. And you know too that I love you, dear Lieschen, and have loved you ever since we were children together. Don't you know it, darling?"

No answer. Two bright tears rolled down Liese's flushed cheeks, and suddenly taking her hand from between his, she threw the checked apron she wore completely over her head and face, and dropped into a wooden settle by the hearth.

Otto came and sat down beside her.

"Now, Lieschen," he said, in a broken, agitated voice, "that is not kind of you to hide yourself from me in that way. I love you so much, so much, Lieschen, that I couldn't but hope you would love me a little."

A stifled sob was heard beneath the comical shelter little Liese had devised for herself; but no articulate sound came forth from behind the checked apron.

"Liese! I couldn't have believed you would be cruel. Not a word, not a look in answer! Don't you—don't you love me a little, Liese?"

Slowly the apron was drawn down over the shining brown braids of hair, which it ruffled in its passage—drawn down low enough to show a strip of fair forehead, and a faint monosyllable was breathed into Otto's impatient ears.

"No."

"No! Ach, Lieschen!"

Again the apron was pulled very slowly over the chestnut eyebrows, and the tear-stained eyes, and the delicate little nose, and the innocent mouth: pulled down from brow to chin, until Liese's face was all revealed, and in trembling heart-felt tones she murmured, "No, Otto, not a little; I love you with all my heart."

And then she clasped her arms around his neck, and nestled her head down upon his breast, with the confiding, innocently loving gesture of a child. Otto held her to his heart for a while in silence. Presently he took her drooping head between his hands, and, raising it, looked into her eyes.

"Ach, Lieschen, wicked little Lieschen! to say 'no' at first."

"But you didn't believe me, Otto?"

"Well, herzchen, I did hope you would love me, because, you see, we had grown up together as it were, and we were both orphans, and we always used to come to each other when we stood in need of a soft word or a kind look. So I did think it was natural you should love me, that's the truth."

"But oh, Otto!" exclaimed Lieschen, opening her brown eyes very wide, as though she saw something that terrified her, "oh, Otto! what will they say?"

"Who, 'they,' mein schatz?"

"The Herr Küster, and Frau von Schleppers, and cousin Hanne."

Liese did not doubt what cousin Franz would say if he could be left to follow the promptings of his heart.

"As to Frau von Schleppers, I don't see what she has to do with the matter. I hope Uncle Schnarcher and Frau Lehmann will say what they ought to say. But any way, Lieschen, you must not let yourself be frightened, or scolded, or cajoled out of loving me."

"Why, Otto! do you think any body could do that? You ought not even to think of such a thing."

"No, darling, I ought not, and in reality I do not. But what I meant was that you must not allow yourself to be frightened into giving me up. We are pledged to each other now, Lieschen. I will be true to you as long as I live; and you will be steadfast and true to me, won't you, my own dearest?"

"Yes, Otto, I will."

The words were uttered quite simply, but there was a solemnity and resolution in Liese's eyes as she spoke which Otto had never seen in them before.

"Thanks, heart's thanks, my own true love. Now I must tell you my plans, or rather my hopes. You are to be my little wife, you know, Lieschen, and we must consult together. First of all, when I go to Horn to-morrow, I shall tell Uncle Schnarcher that you are my betrothed, and that I shall never marry any one but you."

"Oh, Otto!"

"Don't tremble so, you silly little bird! You were so brave just now. There. Well, as I was saying, I shall tell my uncle that good news—the best I ever had to tell—and I shall say to him that since I am thrown out of employment by Herr Schmitt's going away, and have my living to seek, I mean to apply for a situation as one of the Prince's jägers. Should you like that, Lieschen?"

"Yes; I should like it very much, Otto—"

"Say 'dear Otto,' won't you?"

"Very much, dear Otto. But do you think the Herr Küster would like it? He is rather proud, you know—of course, being so respected, and so—so old. At least, I don't mean that he is proud exactly because he's old. But he is used to have his own way. And your father was head-ranger, you know, Otto; and I'm afraid Herr Schnarcher will think that for you to be only a jäger would be a coming down like."

Otto was not without misgivings on his own part, but he set himself to encourage Liese. If he could but bring his case under the Prince's notice, he thought his highness would surely show him some kindness for the sake of his father, the late head-ranger.

Yes; little Liese thought that likely enough. Otto spoke also of the rumored departure of the Von Grolls, and the consequent promotion of the Justizrath. He (Otto) built greatly on this change for the bettering of his own fortunes. Major von Groll was unpopular in Detmold, but Lawyer von Schleppers was much the reverse. Did not Liese think that the Justizrath would say a good word for Otto to the Prince if he had the power to do so? Liese hesitated.

"Every one speaks well of the Justizrath, Liese," said Otto; "but you who live in his house ought to know best what sort of a man he is in reality. Is he not a kind master?"

"Y—yes," said Liese, slowly.

"And a just man? And a faithful servant to his highness?"

"Oh yes, yes, Otto; the Herr Justizrath is a

good man, of course. He must be. Yes; I am quite sure he is. But—"

"But what, Lieschen?"

"Well, you asked me, Otto, and I must say what I think, mustn't I?"

"Say what you think?" echoed Otto, in a tone of as much surprise as though one had asked him whether walking on one's feet were not preferable to walking on one's hands. "To be sure, herzchen, always say what you think."

"Well then, Otto, I must confess that I always —somehow—mistrust the Justizrath."

"Mistrust him, my Lieschen? For what reason?"

"No reason, Otto; it's only a feeling."

Otto looked grave.

"Oh, I dare say I am quite wrong, dear Otto. Please don't think any more about it. You know how foolishly frightened of people I am sometimes, without any reason at all."

Otto had been about to assume the responsibilities of his new position as Liese's affianced, and to lecture her about the injustice of harboring mistrust and suspicion "without any real reason at all." But on looking downward with a somewhat stern expression at the little head which still nestled on his shoulder, his eyes encountered Liese's, upraised beseechingly, and he changed his mind, and kissed her forehead instead.

"Well, Lieschen," he said, "I shall speak to the Justizrath, nevertheless, the very first chance I get. And I think that when he hears about my father, and the way he died—I think, I say, that the Justizrath will help me."

Liese started up and looked at the kitchen clock.

"You must go now, Otto," she exclaimed; "it is half past eight o'clock. Mistress is at Frau von Groll's—she goes there nearly every night now—and master is spending the evening at the 'Blue Pigeon,' as usual; but he will go to the Major's to fetch mistress before nine. I expect them both every moment. Do go, dear Otto."

"It seems so hard to be hurried off before I have had time to say a word to you, Lieschen!"

"Why, Otto, we have been talking here more than an hour!"

"Have we? Well, I have not said half that I came to say. I wanted to tell you all about my new-found relation, and a hundred other things. But you are right—I must go. I gave my word to Gottlieb to be back before nine. Good-night, treasure of my heart! Do you know, I can hardly believe that you have promised to be my wife, my own for evermore! It changes all the world for me so!"

"Good-night, mein bester Otto. Shall you—shall you see cousin Franz at Horn to-morrow? But I won't ask you any more questions. You must go."

"Yes, liebchen; I am going. Let me look at your sweet face once more. So."

"No, no, Otto. You must go now—now, this very minute. I tremble to think of their finding you here."

"But they must know sooner or later, darling."

"Yes, yes; but then I shall tell mistress myself—of my own accord—and that will be different. But to have you found here, like one who had stolen in like a thief—? Oh, do go, Otto, if you love me!"

For one instant he clasped her in his arms, and the two young, guileless hearts were pressed together. Then he fairly ran down the passage, opened the heavy door, and issued forth into the bleak night.

But had it been a tepid, perfume-laden breeze from Armida's garden, instead of the hungry wind raging landward from the Baltic, which saluted Otto's face as he turned away from the Justizrath's door, he could not have looked more thoroughly enchanted than he did.

His eyes beamed, his cheeks glowed, and his mouth shaped itself into a dreamy smile—an expression very rare on his face.

Lieschen loved him! Dear, gentle, modest, true-hearted little Lieschen was his promised bride. Doubts and fears!—pooh!—no such things existed any longer. Nothing could go ill since Lieschen loved him. Wild visions that he had sometimes cherished when a child, of running away into the heart of the forest, and there building a safe retreat where he and Lieschen might dwell alone together, flitted through his memory. He laughed softly as he thought of these boyish fancies, but somehow they did not seem all impossible now. It appeared to him that all wildly beautiful and happy things had become possible; and if the old Kindermärchen had suddenly been realized before him, and Lieschen had begun to drop pearls and diamonds and roses out of her pretty mouth on to the floor of the Justizrath's kitchen, Otto believed that it would all have appeared quite natural, and according to the usual course of events.

For Lieschen loved him! And what fairy story that has ever been said or sung could surpass the magical enchantment of that delicious fact?

As he passed the leafless hedge, with a step even more swift and buoyant than usual, he brushed against some one crouching down beneath its scanty shelter.

"Lieber Himmel! Cousin Joachim, is that you? What, in the name of all that's wonderful, makes you stay there in this bitter, windy night?"

Otto was not too much engrossed by his own happiness to be aware of the fact that for ordinary mortals, whom Liese was not in love with, the weather was decidedly inclement.

"I have waited to see you. I don't mind the wind or the cold. I'm used to them. Tell me, who is she? Who is the maiden I saw in yonder house?"

"The maiden in yonder house! Was zum teufel! Cousin Joachim, what makes you so anxious to know?"

"No matter; only answer me, Otto. I pray you to answer me! Who is she? What is her name?"

"Her name is Elizabeth—usually called Liese—Lehmann."

"Lehmann?"

"Yes; she is a relation of Franz Lehmann, the farmer at Horn, and is in service here in Detmold. I have known her nearly all her life. And, now that I have satisfied your curiosity, perhaps you will answer my question, and tell me why you take such a strange interest in the maiden!"

The charcoal-burner heaved a long, quivering sigh.

"Ach Gott!" he exclaimed, hoarsely, "she is so like—so like some one I knew long, long ago. With being so much alone, my head gets hold of strange fancies at times. When I first saw her face with the light shining on it I took her for a spirit from another world."

"Well, she is beautiful enough to be an angel—Heaven bless her!—and good enough, too. But you must not fall in love with her, cousin Joachim, for I will let you into a secret—she is my betrothed bride."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. AND F.—You will require from a pound to a pound and a half of double zephyr for a gentleman's scarf. Chinchilla and scarlet is a suitable combination for a dark complexion. The wool is from $3 20 to $4 50 a pound.

NEMA.—A muslin dress elaborately trimmed with puffs and ruffles, high neck and long sleeves, is not too youthful for you. It can always be kept fresh, and is more serviceable and more lady-like than an alpaca. Read description in the New York Fashions of this Number. Wear a lavender sash and bow at the throat with your Etruscan jewelry, or a black sash with the jet ornaments. Half a dozen muslin dresses without any lace, at $30 apiece, were recently made for a stylish widow of thirty-five leaving off mourning. She will wear them all winter for evening, and next summer they will serve for handsome morning dresses. She sometimes wears over a black silk trained dress a long puffed over-skirt and square bodice of white organdy. We think it is too soon for your green silk. If you insist on the alpaca or empress cloth make a trained skirt with deep flounce, headed with a ruche of lavender silk, a panier, belt, and side bow, with the Louis XV. corsage described on another page.

FANNIE.—Have the slippers made by all means, as you would not wish your gift to be an expense to your friend. A tobacco-satchel embroidered by your own fingers, or an easy-chair with a centre strip of your own needle-work, a cigar-case, needle-worked drapery for a bracket, a monogram seal, a smoking-cap, or crocheted wristlets, are among the many simple things you might present a gentleman. If you do not mind expense you will find a wide range in the way of bronzed and carved wood inkstands, book-racks, smoking cabinets, dispatch-cases, etc.

S. A. F.—Shape the poplin skirt in the side-seams to imitate gores. Plain high waist, with basque flaps at the belt. Coat-sleeves. Trim with a ruche of scarlet silk notched and pleated, and a narrower white ruche set in the centre of the scarlet one.

MRS. ANGELL AND OTHERS.—To knit 1 crossed, instead of knitting in the ordinary manner insert the needle in the *back* of the stitch to be knitted, after which knit as usual. In working backward and forward it is needful the purl stitch correspond with the knitted. Hold the right-hand needle nearly parallel with that in the left hand and *behind* it. Insert the point in the stitch, and bring it out with that of the left hand. Now purl as usual.

MIN.—The juice of the lemon would, if frequently applied, injure the teeth.—If there is a perfect accord in other respects, we should say that the difference of fifteen or twenty years between your age and that of the man you "love very much" ought not to be an insuperable obstacle to matrimony.—Most people require three meals a day.—There is no strengthener of the voice but regular and moderate exercise of the vocal organs, with proper attention to the general health.

MRS. D. L. O.—Apples will probably fatten if eaten in the large quantity you mention, and provided they do not disorder the stomach. Vegetables are generally more nutritious than fruit.

MARIE L.—Read answer to Fannie for gifts for gentlemen.—Make your suit with a plain petticoat, an over-dress *en paniers*, and a short polka basque fitting over the hips, such as we have frequently described to other correspondents. There should be a pleated ruffle on the petticoat, but you will not have enough for that. You ask if the paniers are worn by genteel people. We tell you yes, although many other fashion writers say differently. More than two-thirds of the well-dressed people in New York wear them. By well-dressed we mean refined and tasteful dressing. The rumor is, that they will not be worn after this season.

NETTIE F.—The "bran wash" may be used as often as you have time to apply it, and need not be "rinsed off."

REV. W. H. C——, OF VINCENNES, INDIANA, writes: "I see in this week's paper an article respecting the use of electricity in cases of overdose of opium, and simply as a scientific fact I would state that, about twelve years ago, I used galvanism in the case of a person who had taken too much laudanum, and was successful in saving his life."

EVELINE.—We know nothing of the "hair restoratives" to which you allude. See *Bazar* No. 56.—The acceptance of an invitation to a wedding does not involve the necessity of giving a present.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I see that memorial tablets are to be erected, under the auspices of the Society of Arts, on the London residences, of Benjamin Franklin, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Nelson, and James Barry, R.A. This is following a custom of the Continent, and particularly, I believe, of Germany. Would it not be well to adopt this, with regard to some of our departed worthies, in New York and other cities of the Union?" We answer: It might, certainly, if the houses would *stay put;* for we have had, undoubtedly, a sufficient number of great men; but the difficulty is, that the men's memory is very short-lived, and the houses are still more perishable. "There is not a gentleman in New York," says the venerable Gulian C. Verplanck, the representative of the best society of the old régime in the city—"there is not a representative of an old family now living in the house occupied by his grandfather."

HOWARD.—Clytia, Clytie, or Clyte was, according to the classical dictionaries, a daughter of Oceanus and Tethys beloved by Apollo. She was deserted by her lover, who courted Leucothoe. In her anger she disclosed the amour to the father of the latter, and Apollo was so much enraged that he turned her into a sunflower. There is an antique bust in the British Museum which is known by the name of Clyte, and casts of it in plaster are sold about in our streets. The original belonged to a Lord Townshend, whose home was sacked during the Lord George Gordon or "No Popery" riots of London. His "Clyte" was all that he saved from the wreck, and this he carried out hidden beneath his cloak. The bust is identified.

W. D.—In the book called "The Opium Habit," published by the Harpers, you will find answers to your questions.

POLITENESS.—Lift the hat well from the head. The "simple nod" is not respectful enough when saluting a lady.

EMMIE HALL.—See *Bazar* Nos. 56 and 58.

MARY.—In raised Berlin work one or more prominent objects in a design are raised; the remainder being done in cross-stitch. Birds, animals, and flowers look handsome when so worked. Do all the plain parts first. Then thread needles with the various shades you want, and obtain fine flat netting meshes. Begin from the left-hand corner, lowest part, with the proper shade, the wool being *doubled*. Bring the needle up *between* the two upright threads of the first cross-stitch. Take a tapestry-stitch to the left, bringing the needle out in the same hole. Put the wool round the mesh, and take one to the right, the needle coming out again the same ×. Thread around the mesh, and take a tapestry-stitch from the hole of the last down to the right, the wool to the right of it. Thread round. One to the right ×. A figure V is thus constantly formed on the wrong side. When done wash at the back with gum; cut the loops, and shear them into shape from the pattern, giving proper thickness and form to each part. Sometimes this is done across one thread only.

MRS. E. P. W.—We are not responsible for the advertisements in our columns. We have inclosed your letter to the parties mentioned.

SEVILLA.—Dress your "little sunbeam" in a blue velvet slip simply made, low in the neck, short sleeves, half loose at the belt and reaching to the knee. Edge it with a thick satin piping. Some fine lace borders the neck. Seat him before a mirror (an oval mirror is prettiest) in order that the picture may give you a view of him back and front, a near and a distant view. The position he will himself assume will be more graceful and natural than any studied one.

MARIA.—Make your claret merino with two skirts and a short polka basque. A pleated flounce is on the lower skirt, a quilling of half the width on the upper skirt and basque. Make a pointed hood or a small pelerine cape lined with flannel to wear with the basque.

MRS. E. S. M.—In answer to your appreciative and suggestive letter we will continue to give from time to time full information about plain dresses, prints, aprons, capes, etc. At present in regard to an inexpensive costume that is to do service for the street, visiting, church, etc., we are reminded that the serviceable French merinos are coming into fashion again along with all twilled goods, and that they are much more durable than the frail black alpaca. Make a short gored dress with pleated flounce and a belted polonaise, with large cape lined with flannel or wadded. Trim to match the skirt. The bonnet is a black or yellowish straw with a feather across the front and a large rosette with ends behind.

WIDOW OF FORTY.—There is no impropriety in what you propose if you have confidence in the introducer. The samples you send are Irish poplin, which is silk and worsted. Tell "Bub" he talks as if he were old enough to have outgrown the old fashion of wearing a roll on top of his head, as well as the signature he assumes. Part your hair where it is most becoming, cut it rather short, and let it wave or curl naturally.

LILLIE MARY.—Wear your hair in a waterfall. Draw it up well from your neck that it may not grow too low there.

FACETIÆ.

HOROSCOPE FOR 1869.

January.—Corns will be troublesome this month, but all evil effects from them may be obviated by a careful study of Bunyan's works. Children cutting their teeth must be careful how they use the razors, or we can not be answerable for the consequences.

February.—By applying at the General Post-Office on the 14th of this month you may ascertain how many foolish people there are in the country.

March.—This month being March, of course March hares will be abundant. Thousands of persons will make themselves ill by eating hot cross buns.

April.—There may be an eruption of Vesuvius about now, and I should advise all the inhabitants of the surrounding towns to quit the country. On second thoughts, perhaps they had better remain where they are, as there may not be an eruption after all. My latest information from the dear *crater* is not very precise.

May.—Many monarchs will tremble in their shoes about now, and out of them too probably. In the significance of this statement I need only point out the fact that May and monarchy begin with the same letter. Prophecies have often been made on less grounds than this.

June.—The end of the world approaches. This may do for many other months; but the value of the prediction is that nobody can deny it. Look out! its fulfillment is Cumming.

July.—There will now be some hot days, as indicated by the rise of the thermometer. Tempers will rise in consequence, and we may look for thunder-storms.

August.—Dog days will be on us. Animals will be running about for water in a half-mad condition.

September.—There will be no shooting stars visible in the metropolis this month; they may be found in the country, though principally on the moors. Rail up fruit trees now; if you haven't got any, borrow some of your neighbors. You may also sow vegetable seeds for a spring crop, but you had better postpone sowing wild oats.

October.—Napoleon is just about to declare war against the King of Prussia; but, receiving a copy of the first yearly volume of *Harper's Bazar*, which has just been sent to him, he telegraphs to stay hostilities until he has perused the interesting work. On finishing it he postpones the war altogether, and takes to writing for the *Bazar*.

November.—Dark days are upon us, and, as a corollary, dark deeds. Burglars will be abroad, and I should advise their victims not to be "abroad" too. Half-quarter day being in this month, there will be many "flittings" by the pale moonlight. As a natural consequence rents will be invisible, except in the garments of street Arabs.

December.—*Harper's Bazar* will become more and more popular—in fact, a general favorite with all classes of the community. Though there may be occasionally a mistake in the foregoing predictions, I stake my honor as an astrologer upon this last prophecy. The stars are at cross purposes in several other matters, but in this they are perfectly harmonious and unanimous.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

YOUNG LADY. "Father, have you ever heard a Lecture on Women's Rights?"
PARENT. "Well, yes, I may say I have; and it has lasted for the past twenty years."

BORROWED PLUMES.

PHOTOGRAPHER (*to old party who has been shilly-shallying about her carte for ever so long*). "You'd better have it Done this Morning, Madam; there's a beautiful Light."
THE LADY. "So I intended, Mr. Fokers, and I'd decided to be taken like 'Mabel Grey!' and there's that stupid Man has never sent my Hair home!!"

LANGUAGE OF THE HANDKERCHIEF.

"The handkerchief, the handkerchief!" ejaculated the jealous Moor, and killed his loving Desdemona because she failed to respond. Fans and flowers have each their language, and why not handkerchiefs? No reason having been discovered, it has transpired that handkerchief flirtations are rapidly coming into fashion. As yet the "code of signals" is confined to a select few, but we do not intend that they shall enjoy the monopoly any longer, and accordingly publish the key. Our informant says that it may be used at the Opera, theatre, balls, and such places, but never in church; and we hope that this restriction will be observed, and are quite sure that it won't.

Drawing across the lips—Desirous of an acquaintance.

Drawing across the eyes—I am sorry.

Taking it by the centre—You are too willing.

Dropping—We will be friends.

Twirling in both hands—Indifference.

Drawing it across the cheek—I love you.

Drawing through the hands—I hate you.

Letting it rest on the right cheek—Yes!

Letting it rest on the left cheek—No.

Twirling it in the left hand—I wish to be rid of you.

Twirling it in the right hand—I love another.

Folding it—I wish to speak with you.

Over the shoulder—Follow me.

Opposite corners in both hands—Wait for me.

Drawing across the forehead—We are watched.

Placing on right ear—You have changed.

Letting it remain on the eyes—You are cruel.

Winding around forefinger—I am engaged.

Winding around third finger—I am married.

Putting it in the pocket—No more at present.

What debt is that for which you can not be sued?—The debt of nature.

If five and a half yards make a Pole, how many will make a Turk?

What goes most against a farmer's grain?—His mowing machine.

WATERING-PLACES THAT REMAIN OPEN ALL WINTER—The mouths of milk-cans.

Why was Noah never hungry?—Because he had Ham with him.

In reply to a young writer who wishes to know "which magazine will give me the highest position quickest," a contemporary advises "a powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."

A photographer in Massachusetts was recently visited by a young woman, who, with sweet simplicity, asked, "How long does it take to get a photograph after you leave your measure?"

Whoever saw the "pale of society" running over with the "milk of human kindness?" If so, where was the "cream of the joke?"

NURSE. "Ma'am, if you do insist on Baby wearing a red cloak, I must leave. The color don't suit my complexion."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS FOR ECONOMICAL MANAGERS.

How to obtain a good, serviceable Light Porter.—Take a pint of stout, and add a quart of spring water. There you have him.

How to make Hats last.—Make every thing else first.

How to prevent Ale from spoiling.—Drink it.

How to avoid being considered above your Business.—Never live over your shop.

How to make your Servants rise.—Send them up to sleep in the attics.

A milkman sometimes resembles the whale that swallowed Jonah; for he takes a great prophet (profit) out of the water.

DEAD-ALIVE.

On reading the following advertisement we were tempted to exclaim,

"This is the very (and)-whiching hour of night,
When church-yards yawn, and graves give up their dead."

The announcement, at a first glance, is startling:

HOUSEKEEPER.—A highly respectable middle-aged PERSON, who has been filling the above SITUATION with a gentleman for upward of eleven years, and who is now deceased, is anxious to meet with a similar one. Can be well recommended for kind disposition, economical habits, and household experience. Address E. B., etc.

When a respectable person, who has been eleven years housekeeper, and "who is now deceased," applies for an engagement, she may fairly plead "economical habits"—her "living" would cost nothing, of course. But we fear that a defunct housekeeper advertising for a new place is such a rarity that she is not likely to "meet with a similar one."

"Tom, why did you not marry Lucy?"

"Oh, she had a sort of hesitation in her speech, and so I left her."

"A hesitation in her speech! I never heard of that before. Are you not mistaken?"

"No, not at all; for when I asked if she would have me, she hesitated to say yes, and—so I cut her for another girl."

WHY WOMEN SHOULD VOTE.

Because one sober woman walking to the poll is better than fifteen men reeling there.

Because women would be content with smaller bribes than men, and thereby save candidates a deal of expense.

Because men have had the franchise so long, and have made such a mess of it, that women ought to be allowed a trial.

Because no woman would spend the greater part of her bribe in intoxicating liquors, and thereby would set a good example to male voters.

Because women, if much longer denied the franchise, will spitefully degenerate into men, wear male attire, use male language, adopt male imprecations, build male clubs, and refuse to dance in step.

Because, though there have been hundreds of votaresses in the world, not one has been allowed to record her vote at elections.

Because mothers in possession of the franchise would be able to say, "If you'll marry one of my daughters, Mr. Allgold, I'll give you my vote and interest."

Because I, who write these reasons, want to give a vote for dear Captain—Ah! wouldn't you like to know his name?

"Oh yes! he's quite the gentleman, and do dress *so* nice."

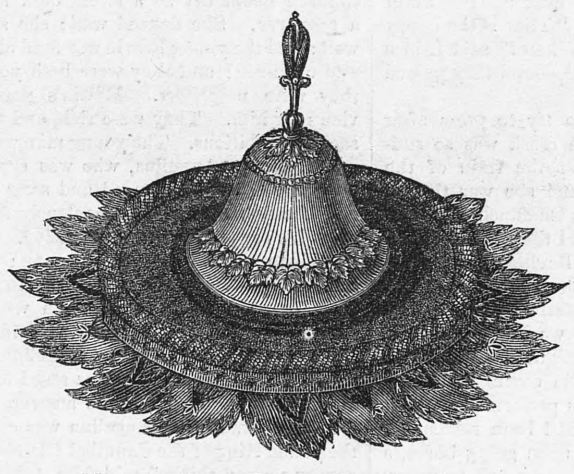
HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. I.—No. 61.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Mat for Table Bell.

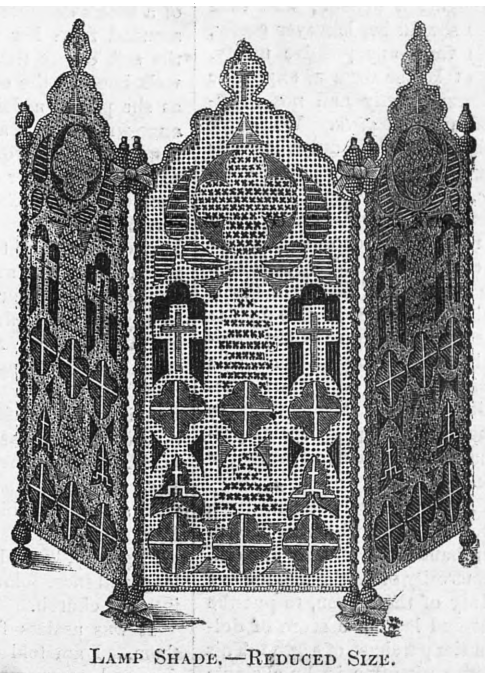
THIS mat is very easily made, and is a very pretty Christmas present. Take the cover of a round box three and a half inches in diameter, and cover the outside with black velvet and the inside with black box paper. On the upper part paste a circular piece of pasteboard, which is also covered with velvet, and the size of which corresponds to the circumference of the bell. The outer edge of the cover is trimmed with a drapery of single leaves of red and white cloth, which are cut from Fig. 60 of the Supplement, and ornamented, as shown by the illustration, with point russe embroidery in the Turkish fashion; they must slightly lap over each other. The seam where the leaves are sewed on is covered with a strip of white cloth, which is also embroidered in point russe. Lastly, sew around the edge of the cover a heavy white cotton cord, which has been covered in the manner shown by the illustration with black and crystal beads.



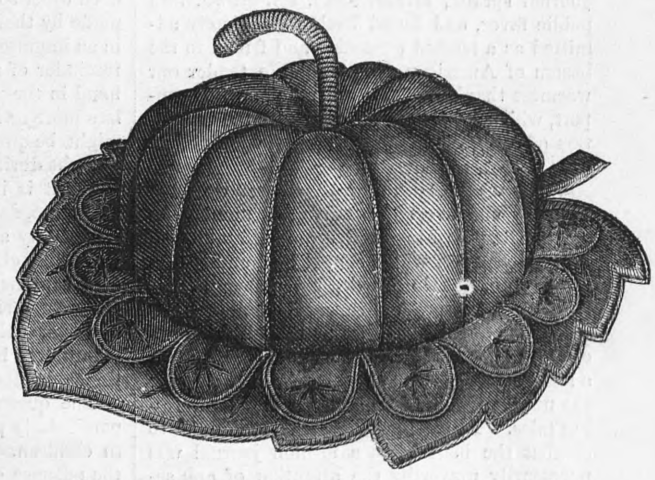
MAT FOR TABLE BELL.—REDUCED SIZE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXI., Fig. 60.

Emery Bag simulating a Melon.

THIS bag imitates a melon lying on a leaf; both are covered with green cashmere. First cut for the foundation for the melon a circular piece of pasteboard of a diameter corresponding to the proposed size of the bag, and fasten in the centre of this a pasteboard tube, in the upper part of which make a number of slits, and lay back and paste down on the foundation the parts thus made. Then take a piece of muslin of the requisite width and length corresponding to the circumference of the foundation, sew the ends together, gather one side closely and overcast it to the upper edge of the tube, and the other side to the outer edge of the foundation, leaving an opening an inch and a half wide. Above this sew on a circular piece of muslin so as to cover the gathers. Then stuff this full of emery, sew up the opening, and cover the upper surface with a layer of wadding. Next prepare a circular piece of green cashmere, make a little opening in the centre and lay it over the bag so that the hole comes over the end of the tube, and wind the bag in the manner shown by the illustration with fine green silk cord, which is always run through the tube in the process. Hold the cord tight. Fasten the edge of the cashmere to the edge of the foundation. Imitate the stem of the melon with several heavy wires, which are wound together and run through the tube; the wires are then fastened on the under side by bending them in different directions. The stem part is closely wound with green silk cord. This completes the melon. Trim the under edge in the manner shown by the illustration with little rounded leaves, which are made of double cashmere lined with muslin, embroidered in point russe, and worked on the outer edge in button-hole stitch in green silk over a wire. Make the large leaf also of double green cashmere and pasteboard lining; on the outer edge work in button-hole stitch with green silk, and work the veins with the same silk in chain stitch. On the outer edge sew a fine green silk cord. Cut the stem of the leaf of pasteboard, work it over with silk, and sew to the leaf, on which the melon is then glued. Any other colors or materials may be used, or a different combination may be made by working the point russe in yellow or gold thread, in which case the cord must, of course, correspond with the thread. If made in velvet the emery bag will form a very pretty ornament for the sewing-table. We have given no size; if it be designed merely for an emery bag, it may be made small; but if made larger, say three or four inches in diameter, it will serve also as a sewing weight. The lines dividing the sections of the melon may be worked in any suitable embroidery design, by which means the richness of the effect will be greatly enhanced.



LAMP SHADE.—REDUCED SIZE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Fig. 59.



EMERY BAG SIMULATING A MELON.—REDUCED SIZE.

PELERINES.—[For patterns and descriptions see Supplement, Nos. IX. and X., Figs. 40-42.]

SNOW.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Out of the dark November sky,
Into the river rushing by,
The eddying snow-flakes, far and near,
Flash and whirl as they disappear;
And behind them the dazzling crowd flocks on,
Flashes and whirls, and is utterly gone.
And still beneath the dreary sky
The restless river goes rushing by,
Hurrying down to the harbor bar,
With its shifting waves and its light-house star:
And my spirit, catching the vanishing text,
Sighs—Here one moment, but where the next?

Ah, faithless spirit! And wherefore sigh?
Hast thou forgotten who hung the sky?
Who rolled the rivers, and bade them flow
Out of the treasures of the snow?
Who brings the dew-drop sweetly up
To fill the wine in the wild-rose cup?
Shalt thou not trust thyself in his hand,
To use as his primal purpose planned?
Will that hand loose thee and let thee go?
Who fashioned thee, loved thee, forget thee so?
Shalt thou not slumber, no more perplexed,
Though—Here one moment, but where the next?

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1868.

☞ *Our next Number, the first of the New Year and of the Second Volume, will contain an Elegant* COLORED FASHION PLATE, *prepared expressly for* HARPER'S BAZAR *by the* MODE ILLUSTRÉE *of Paris.*

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

WITH this Number *Harper's Bazar* ends the first Volume of its existence. It can not suffer this epoch to pass by without acknowledging the uniform and unvarying kindness which it has received ever since its birth; from the journalistic fraternity who, with scarcely an exception, gave it a genial welcome and have always continued its firm friends; and from the public at large, who, recognizing that it filled an unsupplied want, took it at once to their hearths and homes, and extended to it a cordial and generous support. Almost unheralded, the new journal sprang, Minerva-like, full-grown, into public favor, and found itself immediately admitted as a trusted counselor and friend to the bosom of American families. We tender our warmest thanks for this welcome and this support, which have won for our paper the reputation of being the greatest success in journalism ever known.

What we promised in the outset we have carefully endeavored to perform; namely, to create a first-class instructive, amusing, and useful family paper, which should be found readable and profitable by every member of the household. A proof of success is that *Harper's Bazar* is read with avidity by thoughtful, earnest, and talented men in search of recreation for a leisure hour, as well as by ladies curious about the newest modes, and children eager for amusing tales. In the beginning we were forced to combat the belief that a fashion journal was necessarily unworthy the attention of any serious reader. But we never intended to be a mere fashionmonger. Mindful of the fact that the care of the wardrobe devolved on women, we have sought to render them an essential service by giving them practical instructions how to dress themselves and their families in the most fashionable, tasteful, and economical manner possible, and furnishing them with patterns the market value of which alone was worth twenty times the price of the paper. The provisions made for this were so costly and ample that *Harper's Bazar* immediately took rank as the largest and most beautiful weekly fashion journal in the world. Yet this is but a small part of what we have endeavored to do. Our files will show that the best talent of the country has been laid under contribution to fill our columns with the greatest possible variety of really good family reading. The editorials have striven to stem the current of extravagance, to inculcate sensible opinions, and to forward the progress of all good causes; the charming social essays, "Manners upon the Road," from the pen of one of the most distinguished writers of the day, have been pronounced unequaled since the days of the *Spectator;* and the poems, serial and other tales, miscellany, and articles on domestic economy, have been carefully chosen. We have studiously avoided all vexed questions in religion and politics, and have striven to make our journal an instrument of harmony in the home circle.

Such will continue to be our policy for the coming year, during which we hope to add new attractions, and to grow more and more worthy of the favor that has been so generously accorded us. With this wish, and with hearts filled with peace and good-will to all men, we bid our patrons farewell for the nonce, trusting to greet them all again, together with their friends and their friends' friends, at the opening of the New Year that is dawning upon us.

WHAT TO GIVE?

AT the approach of the season commemorative of the Divine love all Christian hearts, inspired by the Omnipresent beneficence, expand with an unusual feeling of mutual kindness. This sentiment naturally seeks expression in acts of generosity, and each one is thinking of "What to Give?"

There are many with plenty of means and the most liberal disposition to use them freely who are yet greatly puzzled to know "what to give." Gifts should be adapted to the class of persons upon whom they are bestowed. Social position, age, and degrees of relationship and intimacy must have a controlling influence. The master and man, the maid and mistress, the formal acquaintance and bosom friend, the husband and wife, the parent and child, the brother and sister, are not to be treated alike. In some cases the gift should only give expression to the sentiment of love, affection, or courtesy; in others, it should be a substantial manifestation of the valuable and useful. It would not, it is evident, be exactly the thing to present the maid-servant with a bouquet and her mistress with a bandana handkerchief, although by reversing them each would have her appropriate gift.

Riches attract riches; and thus it is usual for the wealthy to receive the most expensive presents. People of taste, however, while complying with this general rule, strive to avoid any indication of conferring a benefit; and take care that their gifts should be, however costly, as free as possible from any positive utility. Thus their presents take the form of expensive and evanescent flowers, costly and not indispensable works of art and *virtu*. Whenever the utility of an object is paramount it loses its capability of being an appropriate gift of ceremony. No person, for example, would venture to bestow upon dame or damsel—unless there was reason, from relationship or otherwise, for his assuming the character of a benefactor—a dining-room table or a set of bedroom furniture, while he would not hesitate to give a piece of marqueterie, a statue, or picture of ten times the cost. Though art has unquestionably its utility, the exclusiveness and comparative remoteness of its kind make of it something so delicate and refined that it hardly seems perceptible or of sufficient substance to overlay the sentiment of a gift.

Among equals there are no presents from each other so grateful as those which have been made by their own hands. It is easy enough, in an impulse of generosity or on the momentary reminder of the duty of the season, to put the hand in the pocket and lay out a score of dollars more or less in the purchase of a gift. This might be prompted, as it often is, by a single thought during the whole year of the person for whom it is intended; but the conception and execution, deliberately begun and patiently continued day after day, of some piece of handiwork, though of little money-cost, are indicative of a sentiment of affection or friendliness the sincerity and duration of which can not be doubted. Every touch of a pencil or stitch of embroidery becomes thus a record of the pertinacious attachment of a friend or lover.

The question, *What to Give?* is one more particularly pertinent at this season in regard to children. It would be readily answered if the purpose of the gift were only to satisfy the child, who is literally pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw. It is surprising how easy it is to gratify the genuine boy or girl, not the young "master" and "miss," who are already used up by a surfeit of enjoyment before they are grown up. A hearty child of nature is so full of buoyant spirits that his joyousness overflows at the smallest provocation. He requires neither the brilliancy of art nor the piquancy of novelty to arouse his pleasurable emotions. He, in fact, has so much of the original smack of his mother earth in him that he will turn from the most elaborate and expensive objects to the structures of his congenial mud. How often have we seen infants throw away the gilded whistle and bells for the greasy bone, and abandon the flaunting wax-doll for its successful rival, the shabby rag-baby!

There is however a more important object to be considered than the mere temporary gratification of the child. The kind of gift bestowed upon the young, who are so impressible for good or ill, is to be regarded in reference to its educational influence. Books, of all presents, are the most effective in this respect, unquestionably, but care must be taken to adapt them to the nature of children. In our desire to implant into our little ones germs of usefulness, we are apt to bring them up on a too plain and solid nutriment. The early intellectual education of the child should be chiefly through the eyes and imagination. Their books, therefore, should be full of gay pictures and impossible stories. Old English literature brightened up by modern art supplies such works in perfection, and from omnipresent Cock Robin to immortal Robinson Crusoe there is a series of classical works among which parents are always safe to choose.

The toy, too, has unquestionably its educational influence. Notwithstanding the indifference of children to the artistic perfection of their pictures and puppets, it is well to secure as much harmony of color and proportion of form as possible, in order to inculcate at the earliest period the principles of good taste.

The preponderance of the military toy, now that we seem to be in a fair way of enjoying peace, might be advantageously lessened. The martial tin trumpet and wooden gun, if not abolished altogether, ought to be mitigated by a more liberal mixture of pacific locomotives and steamboats of pewter. Whatever may be the answer, we hope, for the sake of all loved and lovable persons, young and old, that there is no one at this generous season who is not asking the question, "What to Give?"

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

All's Well that Ends Well.

MY DEAR GUSTAVUS,—It was certainly a very pretty spectacle that you and Peter Paul Pry and I saw yesterday at the Church of St. Augustine in the East—St. Hymen, as it ought now to be called. A lovely young woman in her bridal attire, upon a bright morning, surrounded with a brilliant throng, and with all the pretty pomp and circumstance of a fashionable wedding, is an interesting, yes, and a beautiful object. And certainly there were pomp and splendor enough yesterday! There was a lavish profusion upon every side, which could not be surpassed at the marriage of a king's daughter; and when Euphemia descended from her carriage and stepped upon the soft carpet that was spread over the sidewalk beneath the canopy, leaving upon the air as she passed a delicate perfume from her orange-wreath, as if a breeze had tenderly stirred a spicy tropical grove in bloom, I thought I had never seen a fairer sight. My foolish old eyes were as full of moisture as my foolish old heart was of memories. I knew by his silence that Pry preferred not to trust his voice at that moment, and I was aware of you, without seeing you, straining your eyes and bending forward as if you would fain have knelt before so radiant a presence. And when Euphemia, while we were all gazing in sympathy and admiration, put out her hand to her grandfather—that is to say to old Thomas Log—I, who had no idea that he was not her godfather or great-uncle, could not help whispering to Peter Paul Pry: "How it must cheer the old man's heart with a vision of his youth long ago!" Peter Paul raised his eyebrows: "That is the happy bridegroom," said he. "Whew!" said I, in a long and incredulous whistle—and they passed into the church.

It was useless for us to try to press after them. I am told that the crush was so sudden and overpowering that the train of the bride was trodden upon, and she was thrown to her knees. Little Alida Chaffinch, who told me of it in the evening, said that it was shocking. "And oh, dear Mr. Bachelor," she added, "for a little while I was so afraid that Euphemia would have a hysterical turn, and so spoil all the wedding that we had been carefully rehearsing for a fortnight!" But I was glad to hear that Euphemia commanded herself, and the ceremony was performed without any failure exactly as it had been rehearsed. And indeed, as I reflected upon going home, a young woman who was brave enough to marry Thomas Log would hardly be dismayed by falling upon her knees at the church-door.

We were very silent as we returned from that brilliant scene. It seemed to me, Gustavus, that you stepped a little more nervously and impatiently than is your habit, and Peter Paul Pry occasionally hummed under his breath that woeful song of Ophelia's. The old city roared around us in the usual way, and before we had reached the club the bridal carriages rattled by rapidly coming from the church, and, like a fond old man, I could not help remembering that striking passage in Waverley, where the hero hears the returning carriages in the street after the execution of Fergus. "Are they going to his house up the river?" asked Pry, suddenly. "No," said you, "I think they are going to his villa by the sea." "Of course they won't stay at his house in the city yet," added I, because I felt that it would be better to say something. We walked on. I wouldn't have given a penny for your thoughts, Gustavus, because I knew them already, and so did Peter Paul Pry. We were all thinking the same thing. Our thoughts kept repeating one refrain like the stanzas of old Scotch ballads; and when we reached the club we stopped, and Pry turned in the direction in which the carriages had disappeared and repeated the lines that we had all heard Euphemia sing—

"And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair."

Then we all smiled, and I think rather soberly; but you said, cheerfully, "Well, well, well—all's well that ends well." And so we went into the club.

That is a good maxim, and very safe. If we only knew when the end came, however, it might be more of a warning. It is merely a repetition of the old Greek saying, that no man must be counted happy until his death. I suppose we wasted a great deal of sympathy upon Euphemia yesterday; and when I saw little Miss Chaffinch in the evening, and she told me of her fears lest the performance of the wedding should be spoiled, I knew that if I could look straight down into her heart as I asked her what she thought of all's being well that ended well, I should read her answer: "All will end well if I can make as good a match as Euphemia, and have some gray old Log endow me at St. Hymen's with town house, country house, marine villa, carriages, diamonds, and balls." I felt then a kind of impatience with myself. "Why bother your foolish old brains," said I to myself, "with what you suppose to be the unhappiness of these young women? Far from being unhappy, they are educated to this destiny, and they all desire it. Yes, and haven't you seen enough of love starving and struggling in a cottage to feel that it isn't so very unreasonable to prefer comfort and what you're used to with a worthy person whom you can respect, to a tremendous romance ending in a third-rate boarding-house? Know yourself, Old Bachelor!" said I, as I glanced around those superb drawing-rooms of the Chaffinches, where splendor is lost in comfort; "say truly, is not Mrs. Hummerdrum, with respect, maturity, and fifty thousand dollars a year, quite as alluring as—as—as, well, yes—as Euphemia herself, with youth, love, romance, and a third story back-room in Amity Street. Face the music, Old Bachelor! Wouldn't you—except for your comfortable income—wouldn't you gladly stumble up the steps of St. Hymen's to-morrow morning with the comely widow Hummerdrum, sure that all's well that ends well?"

As I came away from little Alida's I fell again into profound meditation. It really seemed as if I had slipped into the snare of anti-Cupid, for my memory was full of two friends of my youth, Edwin and Angelina. I don't think that you knew them, Gustavus; but, upon the whole, I shall be more surprised if you did not. Angelina was one of those charming girls whom the Edwins always love, as the birds sing, because they can not help it. She used no arts. She was not rich. She was not of an antediluvian family, and not even of the Methuselahs. She was not especially clever nor accomplished; and I remember that the other girls agreed that she was not beautiful. But she had an indefinable charm which was diffused about her as a sweet odor surrounds a rose-tree. She danced well; she sang very well; and the young Edwin was fond of dancing and of music; and they were both young, and they were neighbors. Edwin's parents had views for him. They were rich, and they were socially ambitious. The young man went away, and the calm Angelina, who was supposed to be engaged to him, danced and sang as usual, and if any body looked sagaciously for fading roses his sagacity was not rewarded. By-and-by Edwin came home; a gay man; indolent, self-indulgent. He was not too intimate at Angelina's; but he was enough with her to avoid remark. Mrs. Grundy was in despair. "Is Edwin going to marry Angelina, or is he not?" demanded that decisive and irascible old lady. But she could get no answer, until one day she learned that Angelina was engaged to the young King of the Cannibal Islands. "And a very proper thing," said Mrs. Grundy. "I am very glad she has so much sense and has made such an excellent connection. Really, really, the little hussy knows the game very well!"

Edwin was upon pleasant terms with the young Prince, and no one could see any change of manner between him and Angelina. She was congratulated, and smiled sweetly, with just that vague suggestion of something else than appears which is always in the smile of a truly charming person. His young Cannibal Majesty was a mild, inoffensive youth, caring for nothing in particular, and with such immense possessions and revenues! It was a quiet wedding, without a rehearsal and with no hysterics. Edwin was there, so was I, and I watched him and the bride closely. Is it remarkable that a bride should be deathly pale? Certainly not. And I know not where you could find a more exemplary wedding guest than Edwin. There was no glittering eye, no skinny finger, and his congratulations to the bride were most cordial. The Queen of the Cannibal Islands went off to her realm, and after some time she returned to Jericho—did I mention that this was in old Jericho? Edwin was there, indolent as ever, not yet married; only somewhat older. He took his daily walk—settling into the ways of my family, you know—and in his daily walk he always happened to pass her Majesty taking her daily drive, with all her Majesty's children and nurses and governesses and retinue. When I happened to see them I watched the pleasant bow they exchanged, and I said to myself, "All's well that ends well."

I suppose that this state of things had continued for more than a dozen years, when it was one day announced that Edwin was about to marry the Princess of Sheba, the young woman who drank her liqueur out of scooped diamonds, which gave rise to the singular rumor that she drank nothing but melted diamonds.

They were married, and I was present, and so was her Majesty of the Cannibal Islands, and four of her children. I think Euphemia's wedding was not prettier. Her Cannibal Majesty stood by the church door as the happy pair passed out. Edwin gave her his hand, and Angelina wished him all happiness; and the bridemaids hurled a Cinderella slipper after the joyous nuptial carriage as it rolled away. "Oh me!" said I, as I went home from the wedding, "all's well that ends well."

And this is the end, I suppose. They have each a pleasant home and all that makes us comfortable upon the great road of the world. I make no romance of it, Gustavus. I do not know that there is ever a single regret in Angelina's heart or in Edwin's. She is busily engaged with her young princes and princesses. She is not a woman of imagination, and she loves her children dearly. As for Edwin, indolent and luxurious, he will have every whim gratified, every appetite satisfied. All's well that ends well. Even if sometimes, suddenly and without forewarning, a vision of another life with Edwin, and of other children who should call Edwin father—a vision of higher happiness—passes bright and beautiful across Angelina's mind, I do not know that her good sense does not dismiss it as an alluring dream which even Edwin could not have secured to her. And if when his Princess asks Edwin to read something to her, he, remembering the time when his fancy pictured him reading at evening to Angelina by their own fireside, opens the little volume of Whittier and reads out in his sweet, melancholy voice the story of Maud Muller. I do not know that the half mournful regret which fills his heart is more than a contrast which he is conscious gives a romantic zest to his life. All's well that ends well.

But, Gustavus, I do know something, and that is that the musing silence into which we all fell yesterday as we thought of the peerless Euphemia becoming Mrs. Log, was the result of our profound conviction that no influence is so ennobling as love, and love only, as the foundation of the household; and that the human character inevitably suffers where this foundation is wanting. The ideal of any society is lowered where Edwin and Angelina marry even kings and queens instead of each other; and when the ideal begins to wane the true life of men and women begins to wither. If neither Edwin nor Angelina regret their severed fates, it is because of that very deadening of soul which is the worst result of infidelity to the heart. If, ten years hence, Euphemia is glad that she married Log, it is only another reason for striving to save other Euphemias from her fate. Yes, Gustavus, all is well that ends well; but this, by any noble standard, is sure to end ill. Yours, my dear boy, reflectively,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

JEWELRY.

THE prices of jewelry are reduced at some houses ten per cent., at others twenty-five, since the last holidays. The season is not productive of much novelty in design; the fashion being to imitate antique models, classic and barbaric, such as were copied last year.

Pendants in the shape of gold fringes and lockets swing from every article of jewelry. Brooches are arranged to be worn as pendants from necklaces. Ear-rings are long and slender, or else large hoops. Bracelets are narrow half inch bands, with the long Marquise medallion in the centre, or the ribbon bracelet of innumerable links of gold as pliable as ribbon. Rings are small hoops of gold with a long oval medallion of enamel or a setting of stones.

DIAMONDS AND PEARLS.

The knife-edge setting, as jewelers term a slender thread-like border of gold, is the best style for brilliant stones. The gold is scarcely visible, and is only employed to hold the diamonds securely. If a color must be associated with diamonds select one of the dark rich stones, such as the velvet-like blue sapphire, darkest green emeralds, or rubies. A superb ring shown us has a square medallion bordered by diamonds, and in the centre a large sapphire.

Pearls in unison with pale blue turquoise are greatly in favor. Strung seed pearls are usually chosen for brides. For general use rose pearls in Etruscan gold, or in the new perforated setting of gold with a reddish tinge. Three different races of pearls are represented in one bracelet, a glossy black pearl, a rose pink, and a milk-white pearl, each in its native color.

TURQUOISE, CORAL, ETC.

Turquoise is more in favor just now than any colored stone for evening dress. It is restricted to blondes, however, as the pale pink coral should be. Brunettes make a mistake in selecting light coral with the idea that any shade approaching red will suit them. A dark shade of scarlet coral should be their choice. This is handsomest when mounted with diamonds, and there is then no danger of mistaking it for the coralline imitation. Emeralds begin to find a rival in the sea-green chrysoprase which is now cut in cameos and set in diamonds. Amethysts have had their day for the present.

Malachite is a popular stone for morning and evening wear, but it necessitates a black, white, or green dress. $60 buys a handsome set, brooch, ear-rings, and sleeve-buttons. The dark lapis lazuli is chosen in polished flat surfaces with pendent drops. Pretty sets of crystal are engraved on the reverse side in floral designs and painted in vivid colors. A lily of the valley set costs $125.

PERFORATED GOLD AND ENAMEL.

Perforated gold jewelry is the novelty of the season. It is made of red gold pierced in intricate patterns like lace. It is expensive as the workmanship is elaborate and very difficult to execute. Pale Roman gold in Pompeian designs continues in favor. $70 buys a handsome set, $40 a simple one. More fanciful sets in French devices are light and pretty for young girls. A tiny basket of enameled fruits is pendent from a golden rope, or a censer containing a drop of perfume, a bird swinging in a golden hoop, and a fourth represents *hirondelles*, the swallows on the wing darting downward with a rose pearl in the beaks. An anagram brooch is an enameled bee on a gold cross with the letters d-o-n-t at the corners, saying plainly "don't be cross."

Unpolished enamel on gold is the most artistic jewelry worn. The floral designs are in better taste than sacred subjects. A new fancy is for the Japanese designs. A fine set in this style will cost $300.

BYZANTINE MOSAIC.

Byzantine mosaics in Egyptian designs are greatly worn, and are suitable for a larger variety of dresses than any other jewels. Prices range from $60 to $150. A full parure, marked $700, has infinitesimal stones of most brilliant colors.

HISTORIC CAMEOS.

Among a rare collection of historic cameos is the profile of Marie de Medicis, the head of Isabel of Castile, and the full face of Gabrielle d'Estrées on black onyx mounted in perforated gold with pearls and diamonds. A bright-green chrysoprase represents Castor and Pollux.

LOCKETS AND NECKLACES.

A pretty Christmas gift is a locket now universally worn, pendent from a gold necklace or a velvet ribbon. Roman gold in massive Egyptian design, with a monogram or an inscription in turquoises or brilliants, is one of the handsomest styles. More delicate ones are of fine red gold in a perforated pattern. $10 buys a pretty oval locket of blue enamel studded with pearl. A jet locket costs only $5. A locket shaped like a jockey cap has a watch with face as small as a ten-cent piece. The self-winding key is at the side, and the movement is very fine. Price $150. A Byzantine cross worn as a pendant is marked $14.

The Genoese rope-work necklaces are very beautiful, and newer than the spiral chains. Price $50.

JEWELRY FOR GENTLEMEN.

Rings for gentlemen are long oval medallions of moss agate, jasper, and lapis lazuli. Sleeve buttons are large and square. A set of white onyx has the Grecian Bend in black profile. Another is a cameo cut in sardonyx representing Fritz and General Boum. Spiral studs of plain gold, or a tiny stone, are as small as possible. The grotesque and horrible styles of jewelry, such as death's-heads, griffins, and owls, are worn by the eccentric only, and not by gentlemen of taste.

BONBONNIÈRES, VASES, ETC.

A favorite gift this season is a pretty bonbonnière of engraved glass or of colored crystal, or thin ice-glass in some fancy device, and mounted with gilt. These are filled with bonbons when presented, and serve afterward as jewel-cases. Another feature is the vases. There are slender vases for a single flower, pale, pink, or blue china wreathed with tiny flowers, costing only $3; others of ice-glass in light-tinted colors, lily-shaped, or tulips with stems of ormolu; clear crystal vases in bronze and carved wood pedestals; triple vases of the substantial majolica, conch-shells, entwined with sea-weed and supported by branches of coral, or a comical pair of frogs on thick coral stems marked $2 50. Vases of black or scarlet china with porcelain paintings of Roman profiles are mounted on high gilt standards $5. For the library there are gilt and silvered bronze vases in antique shapes, Egyptian and Roman, and for the dining-room the low epergne of tinted crystal in floral design with several branches for bouquets. Toilette ornaments take the form of jardinières, a bouquet-holder serving as the handle for a puff-box or the stopper of a perfume bottle. The jardinières for window recesses beautifying the plainest room.

The substantial English crystal is best for toilette sets, as it is too heavy to be easily overturned. Card-receivers are shown in the different bronzes and in painted porcelain. One much admired is of engraved pink glass with ormolu feet, a wreath of convolvulus engraved on the band. Price $35. Odor-cases of porcelain with cut-glass bottles are from $15 to $30. Wine sets for buffets have dark green or crimson glasses and decanter on trays of carved wood. Price $9. Opera-glasses are shown in the shaded Bismarck and Magenta pearl, with lenses of rock-crystal that remain cool and pleasant to the eye in a heated theatre. Book-racks and brackets of inlaid wood from Sorrento make acceptable presents. A useful little novelty is a foot-bench for a lady to rest her feet on at the theatre or opera. It folds small enough to be carried in an over-coat pocket.

RUSSIAN LEATHER GOODS.

There are many useful presents found among the Russian morocco goods now so much sought after. Pale green and blue are the newest colors. A morocco belt with a reticule attached for handkerchief and porte-monnaie is $9. Chatelaines with scissors, needle, and thimble cases are $5. With vinaigrettes, $5 50. Leather-work baskets with covers are lined with silk and supplied with sewing implements. Price $15. Morocco canes mounted with gilt are used by gentlemen. They serve also as riding whips. Price $5. A large album for cabinet photographs is green leather bound with silver. $30. Smaller albums are arranged for collections of monograms and crests. Port-folios with handles are from $8 to $30. Porte-monnaies initialed with gilt are $3.

VIENNA WARE.

Gifts for gentlemen are found in abundance among the fire-gilt and oxydized bronze ornaments made in Vienna. Many of these are in commemoration of the Schuetzenfest held in Vienna this year. An inkstand of steel bronze is shaped like the Tyrolean hat, with a game-bag and gun beside it. A hunting-knife is a sheath for a paper-knife and eraser. A cigar ash-tray bears a miniature saddle, whip, and a hunter's dog.

TURKISH WOODS.

Among the light woods is a smoker's after-dinner set, a Turkish hickory tray bearing ten small meerschaums, a case for tobacco, and a match-safe. This is marked $45. A smoker's cabinet of wood, imitating Russian leather, contains pipes for a tête-à-tête, cigar-holder, cigarette-case, and a tobacco-box lined with metal to keep the tobacco moist. Price $40. The French marqueterie of inlaid woods adorn cigar-cases, representing rustic figures and Alpine scenes. Scotch enameled wood-cases with a picture of statuary on top are $3.

GAMES.

A new tête-à-tête game, after the manner of chess, but simpler, is called the Kings and the Cavaliers. The board and men, with instructions, cost $1. The romantic game of Silver Chimes is very fascinating, and is destined to popularity during the long winter evenings. It is arranged for the field and for the parlor floor or table. The hexagonal table requires but little room, and the play affords healthful and graceful exercise. The outfit for the field game costs $18. The parlor game for the floor is $15, and the parlor table $20.

COSTUME CRACKERS AND PERFUMES.

Rimmel's costume crackers are very amusing, and in Paris are brought on with dessert at fashionable dinner parties. They are huge mottoes which, when pulled, explode with a loud report, and disclose grotesque paper caps, jackets, etc. The guests put on the articles which fall to their share amidst shouts of laughter. Rose-water and violet crackers contain fountains of these perfumes. The violet and rose bouquets hold similar fountains, which give the flowers the perfume as well as appearance of nature. Russia leather traveling perfume cases contain twelve tiny bottles filled with different choice handkerchief extracts. The choicest perfumes are put up in innumerable unique forms, such as compasses, watches, and lockets; and sturdy firemen play streams of rose-water from hose near for the purpose.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. BALL, BLACK, & Co.; TIFFANY & Co.; BROWNE & SPAULDING; STARR & MARCUS; SCHUYLER, HARTLEY, & GRAHAM; KIRBY & Co.; and EDWARD GREEY & Co.

PERSONAL.

GEORGE STEPHENSON, the engineer, whose life has recently been published by HARPER & BROTHERS, was a great gallant to the ladies, one of whom once asked him, "What do you consider the greatest force in nature?" "I will answer you that question," said he. "It is the eye of a woman to the man that loves her; for if a woman look with affection on a man, should he go to the uttermost ends of the earth, that look will bring him back."

—General PRIM is not a Spaniard at all. He's a German, born on the Elbe, and his real name is PRUSS. He entered the Prussian army in 1831 as a non-commissioned officer, went to Spain, got acquainted with the PRIM family, was adopted by it, and has since gone on from one good thing to another until now he is, perhaps, the most notable man in that rather dilapidated old monarchy.

—The *Saturday Review* articles on the "Girl of the Period" are now attributed to a sister of Lord CRANBORNE.

—It is said that the fortune left by the late Baron ROTHSCHILD is enormous—incredibly so—and that his will provides for the endowment of a great charitable institution in Paris. As soon as life was extinct the family all entered the chamber where the body was. The furniture, carpets, etc., were all taken away as soon as possible, and, according to the Jewish rites, the mourners sat there on the bare floor. Each morning the friends of the family met there to pray, rent their clothes, the men going unshaved, and indulging in other signs of woe. He was a good old man to his family, servants, etc., and the grief is therefore all the more heavy.

—SOJOURNER TRUTH, now eighty-two years old, is so hale and hearty as to be able to draw crowded houses to her lectures, detailing her experience as a slave and free woman.

—A London paper writes that Lady BULWER, who led such a life with her husband, is now understood to be in a lunatic asylum. She was always a passionate woman, who could not brook the least contradiction or apparent neglect. BULWER was fond of her, and dedicated one of his early novels to her in affectionate terms. When the quarrels began the husband's mother made things worse, and after disgraceful scenes had been enacted, a separation was agreed to. When BULWER was a Cabinet Minister he sought to get her confined in an asylum, but she obtained her release, posted to the county town at which he was to present himself for re-election, and harangued the farmers from a wagon! Their only surviving child, Mr. ROBERT LYTTON, now rising fast in the diplomatic world, and known as "Owen Meredith," undertook to live with his mother and keep her from mischief; but her violence became at last real insanity. Some of her books, such as "Chevely; or, The Man of Honor," are clever, though the hatred of her husband which they reveal is sickening. She extended this feeling to his friends, and "Mr. Ben Araby" (DISRAELI) and Mr. DICKENS figure prominently in her works. When Mr. DICKENS took the world into his confidence and narrated the facts of his separation from his wife, Lady BULWER was in ecstasies. She claimed it as proving the justice of all she had said.

—The Hon. J. ROSS BROWNE met with quite a serious accident during his visit to Shanghai, while out driving. An inebriated tar, going probably in the direction said to be taken generally by a "sailor on horseback," drove his fiery steed into the vehicle in which Mr. BROWNE was sitting, causing the horse to take fright and run away. Mr. BROWNE managed to get out over the back of the carriage, but was thrown on the ground as he alighted. He received several bruises about the face and head, but fortunately none of a serious nature. He started off to the north next morning.

—The Right Rev. HENRY C. LAY, D.D., recently elected Bishop of the new Diocese of Easton, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and at present Missionary Bishop of Arkansas, is a Virginian by birth and education. Prior to his elevation to the episcopate he was rector of the church in Huntsville, Alabama, and one of the leading minds in that diocese and in that whole region. A series of church works, edited and partly written by him, was exceedingly well received, and exerted a great influence for good. He is a man of winning manners, great self-devotion, a fine speaker—fluent, graceful, and sympathetic—and greatly respected and beloved by all who know him.

—Mlle. NILSSON is acquiring great personal popularity on the Continent. At a recent concert given in Baden Baden for the poor, she was crowned, not with flowers, but with a golden coronet, the gift of the QUEEN OF PRUSSIA, who, with Prince CHARLES and other members of the royal family, was present. A very good girl is Mlle. N.

—Queen VICTORIA takes great personal interest in the welfare of her subjects, and recognizes in a very flattering way all acts of benevolence or of humane exertion. Recently Viscount BURY, at great risk, succeeded in saving the life of a man in danger of drowning from the swamping of a boat. The Queen thereupon, through her private secretary, wrote the following letter: "BALMORAL, October 16.—DEAR LORD BURY: The Queen desires me to express to you the great pleasure which it has given her Majesty to become acquainted with the details of your most gallant action, and her Majesty congratulates you on the successful performance of a deed which you will remember with just pride as long as you live. Your companion in the enterprise also deserves the Queen's warmest commendation, and her Majesty desires me to inquire what can be done for him. Perhaps you will let me know whether it would be desirable to have his name brought forward as you suggested in your letter." The person referred to was a fisherman who was with Lord BURY.

—Miss KATE FIELD has of late been keeping a diary for Planchette, which records many grotesque and curious performances of this wonderful three-legged animal. Its origin seems to be somewhat obscure. ROBERT DALE OWEN first introduced it into America, having had one made for him a dozen years ago in France by BARTOLOZZI, ex-Master of the Horse under LOUIS PHILIPPE, who had first heard of it through an Italian. There is a conjecture that it was suggested by the custom of German beldames of placing a pencil between scissors-blades and letting it trace oracular sentences on paper placed beneath. The first printed mention made of it was in the novel, "Who Breaks Pays." Mr. C. H. WEBB, in his witty article in *Harper's Monthly* for December, calls Planchette an animated humbug, while Miss FIELD vouches for its gift of prophecy, though often a lying one. Wherefore we are still left to ask, What is this mystery?

—The papers state that Mrs. HENRY WARD BEECHER is to edit a new monthly magazine, to be called the *Mother at Home*, of which HORSFORD & SON, of this city, are to be publishers.

—Rev. ROBERT COLLYER, *the* sensation preacher of Chicago, has a way of expressing himself that is quite waggish and Western. At the Social Science Convention, held in that city, a prominent member was Dr. EDWARD BEECHER, a very fine-looking man, of whom Mr. COLLYER said, "What a jolly old angel he is!"

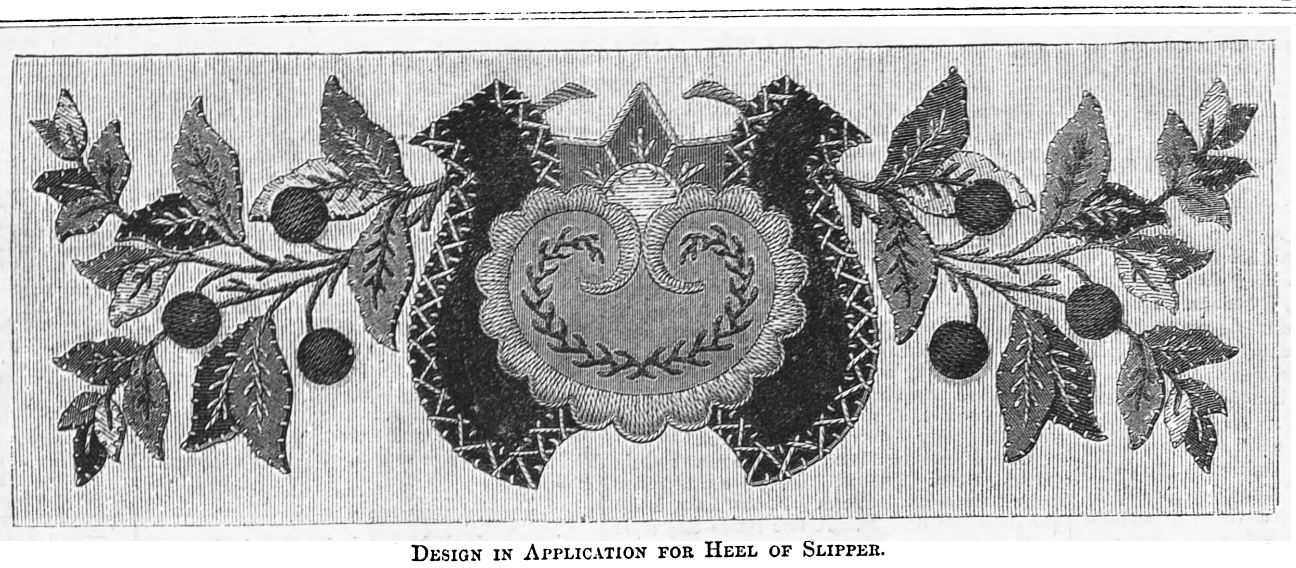
—ROSSINI left about $500,000. In due time nearly all this will be made over to his native town. Mdme. ROSSINI has the interest of the whole during her lifetime. He founds, in Paris, an annual prize for music, religious or profane, but it is on condition that the latter shall in all cases be of the most undoubted morality. To the Institute of France he wills an annual sum of 6000 francs, to be thus divided: The author of a poem, and the composer, 3000 francs each. The Institute is left to decide upon the merits of the works competing for the prize, but ROSSINI strongly urges that there shall be melody in the successful works. From the moment it became apparent that the life of the maestro was in danger, he was never without the presence of some of his more intimate friends. MM. VAUCORBEIL, MICHOTTE, PERRUZZI, IVANOFF, J. TAMBURINI, and Dr. FORTINA, were among the most devoted. The artists of the Grand and the Italian Opera called daily at Passy for news of ROSSINI.

—The English papers have a new direction for becoming a Prime Minister: "Turn round and round till you become 'Dizzy.'" (The pun, probably, of some dizzypated person.)

—HALEVY, composer of "La Juive," was himself a Jew. Each year the Association for Musical Composers derived a revenue of five or six thousand francs from a mass from some prominent composer, who gave the copyright to the society. On being applied to, HALEVY expressed surprise that he, a Jew, should be asked to write such a composition, but was assured that the religion of a work of art was universal. "Very well, so be it," he replied, "you shall have your mass; but I will not write the *credo*," and so it happened that AMBROISE THOMAS wrote the *credo*.

Slipper Design in Application.

IN the illustration the slipper is of gray cloth, while the design is of various bright colors of cloth and black, worked on and embroidered with different colored silk twist. The illustration shows the stitches used. Of course, any other color of cloth may be chosen instead of gray.

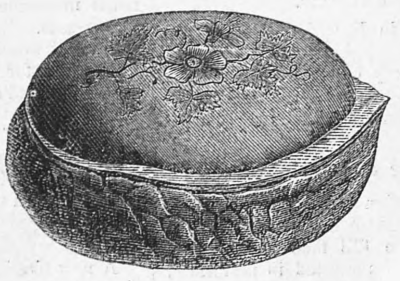


DESIGN IN APPLICATION FOR HEEL OF SLIPPER.

Emery Bag.

MATERIALS: Half an English walnut-shell, muslin, red velvet, emery, black sewing-silk, copal varnish.

This emery bag is made of the size of the walnut-shell of muslin, filled with emery, and covered with red velvet on the upper side. Work the velvet in point russe in the manner shown by the illustration. Having completed the cushion, glue it into the shell, which must be varnished in order to polish it.



EMERY CUSHION.—FULL SIZE.

Two Netted Rosettes.

Fig. 1.—This rosette consists of an embroidered figure of the shape shown by the illustration, around which crochet the following edge: 1st round.—1 sc. (single crochet) in the point of a leaflet of the embroidered figure; * 7 ch. (chain), 1 sc. in the point of the following leaflet. Repeat from *, at the end of the round 1 sc. in the first sc. of the round. 2d round.—* 5 ch., 1 dc. (double crochet) in the middle stitch of following chain-stitch scallop, 5 ch., 1 sc. in the following sc. Repeat from *. At the end of the round work 1 sc. in the sc. at the beginning of the round. 3d round.—* 5 ch., 4 dc. in the following dc. of the former round, between every 2 dc. 7 ch., then 5 ch., 1 sc. in the next sc. of the former round. Repeat from *. At the end of the round 1 sl. (slip stitch) in the last sc. of the former round.

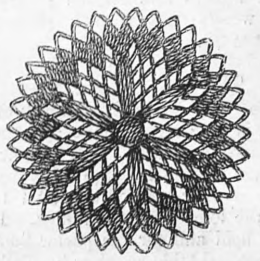


Fig. 1.—NETTED ROSETTE.

Fig. 2.—This rosette is worked over a steel knitting-needle of a size to correspond to the fineness of the thread. Begin with a foundation of six stitches, join in a round, and work on this: 1st round.—In every foundation stitch two stitches. 2d–6th rounds.—Two stitches in every added stitch and one in each of the others. 7th–9th rounds.—Without widening. Embroider in the manner shown by the illustration in point de reprise and satin stitch.

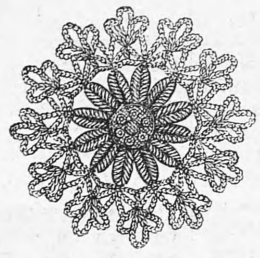
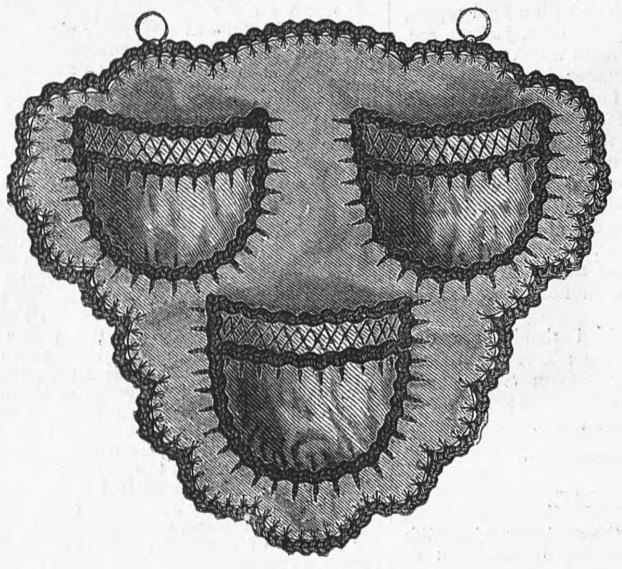


Fig. 2.—NETTED ROSETTE.

BAG FOR WATER-PROOF AND OVER-SHOES.



CHILD'S GLOVE BAG.

For description see Supplement.

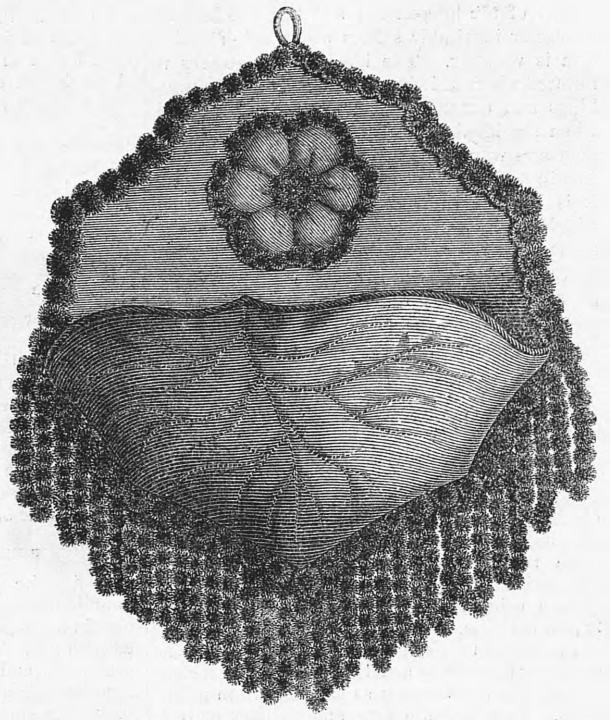
Bag for Water-Proof and Over-Shoes.

THIS bag is made of brown carriage leather bound with brown braid. The handle is of plaited brown braid. Cut of carriage leather two equal pieces twelve inches long and six inches wide, and round one end in the manner shown by the illustration. Next cut for the bag two pieces each ten and a half inches long and five and a half inches wide, round one end of these like the preceding, bind the sides and the upper end with braid, and sew these to the first pieces in the manner shown by the pattern, in doing which lay a broad box-pleat in the under end. Next cut two pieces for the revers on the upper end, round them in the manner shown by the illustration, bind with the braid, and sew them to the pieces which form the foundation; then bind these together. The middle pocket thus formed is for the reception of a water-proof, and the outer one for the over-shoes. The braid for the handle is plaited of double brown woolen braid, the ends of which are raveled out to form tassels.

Infant's Crochet Shirt.

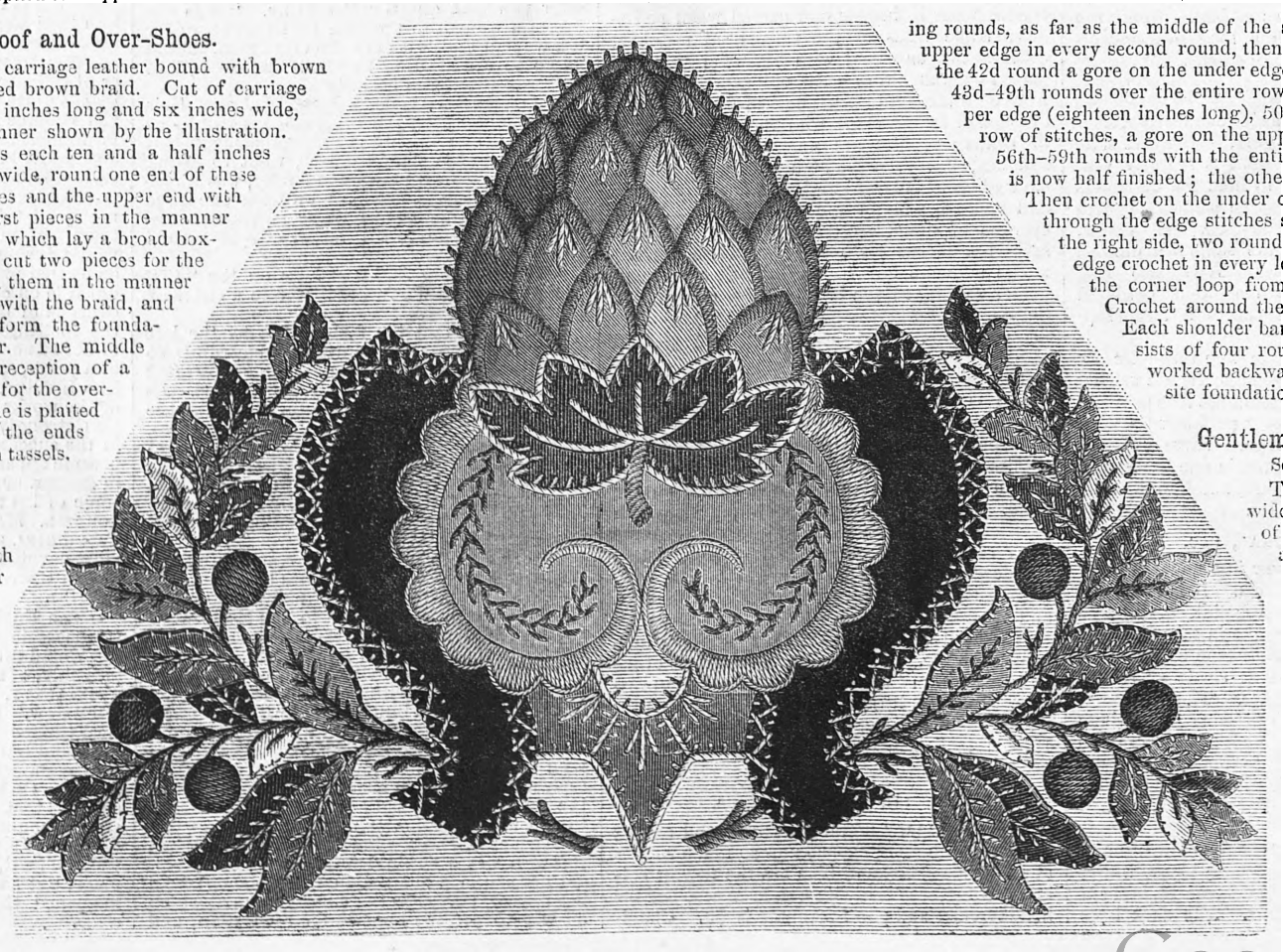
See Illustration on page 965.

THIS shirt is crocheted with coarse white knitting-cotton over a foundation of white cord. With this cord loops are formed on the upper edge, which are crocheted over in single crochet. An illustration shows a section of the upper part of the full size. Begin on the back edge of the right back with a foundation of forty-six stitches, making the shirt five inches long. On this foundation crochet backward and forward two rounds in single crochet, always putting the needle through both the upper veins of a stitch, and at the end of the first round leave a loop of the cord before crocheting over it the first stitch of the second round. Continue to leave these loops on the upper edge at the end of every round. In the 3d round work the button-holes by crocheting after every three single crochet three stitches over the cord only, passing over three stitches of the former round. After this follow six rounds, in which widen at the end of the 2d, 4th, and 6th rounds (upper edge of the shirt) always one stitch. With the following round work on the upper edge of the shirt the first gore, which consists of two short inserted rounds. These two rounds are crocheted backward and forward over eighteen stitches of the last round. The widening on the upper edge of the shirt is continued in the same manner as far as the arm-hole. Then follows a round over the entire row of stitches, and a gore on the under edge. This gore is worked over twenty stitches of the previously-crocheted round. Then work again eight rounds over the entire row of stitches, then a gore on the under edge over eighteen stitches of the last round. In the following round, the 19th from the beginning of the work, without counting the gores, begin the arm-hole. For this leave without knitting the last fifteen stitches of the former round on the upper edge of the shirt, and crochet besides the last six stitches of the 19th round, as also the first six stitches of the 20th round, without the cord foundation. The 21st–28th rounds are crocheted in the same manner, but leave two stitches on the upper edge in the 21st and 22d rounds. The last six stitches on the arm-hole are always worked without cord foundation. Now follows a gore on the under edge (eighteen stitches long), then work again eight rounds, in which add two stitches in the 34th and 36th rounds, corresponding to the finished side of the arm-hole, then in the 37th round cast on fifteen stitches more for the requisite height of the front, so that the 38th round shall again be worked over the entire row of stitches. Now follow four rounds, in which again form the loops on the upper edge of the shirt in the same manner as on the back. In the following rounds, as far as the middle of the shirt, narrow one stitch on the upper edge in every second round, then work after the completion of the 42d round a gore on the under edge twenty stitches long, then the 43d–49th rounds over the entire row of stitches, a gore on the upper edge (eighteen inches long), 50th–55th rounds over the entire row of stitches, a gore on the upper edge (fifteen stitches long), 56th–59th rounds with the entire row of stitches. The shirt is now half finished; the other half is worked to correspond. Then crochet on the under edge, always putting the needle through the edge stitches so that the cord loops come on the right side, two rounds single crochet. On the upper edge crochet in every loop three single crochet, and on the corner loop from six to seven single crochet. Crochet around the arm-hole with single crochet. Each shoulder band is five inches long, and consists of four rounds single crochet, which are worked backward and forward over a requisite foundation and sewed on the shirt.



WALL POCKET WITH PIN-CUSHION.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 53 and 54.



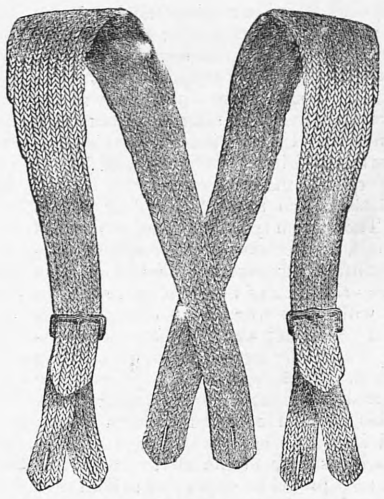
DESIGN IN APPLICATION FOR TOE OF SLIPPER.

Gentlemen's Knitted Suspenders.

See illustration on page 965.

THESE suspenders, which are wider on the shoulders, are knitted of white knitting-cotton, as are also the straps by means of which they are fastened to the trowsers. The knitting is done on two needles plain, in backward and forward rounds, and forms a double layer of knitting joined at the sides. Begin with a foundation of twenty-eight stitches, and knit as follows: slip the first stitch, then alternately knit 1, slip 1; always slip as if intending to purl the stitch, and let the thread lay *before* the stitch. In every following round, which must be knitted in the same manner, knit the stitch slipped in the preceding round, and slip the one previously knitted. Work in this-

manner fifty rounds (two needles form one round). For the widening then make one in every thirteenth round by throwing the thread around after the first and before the last stitch on each needle. In order to prevent any irregularity in the work this made stitch must always be knitted as a twist stitch in the next round. Having completed the first half of the suspenders, work the second half to correspond, and make the button-hole in the manner shown by the illustration. The end of the first half is now fastened by means of a buckle to two little straps, which are also furnished with button-holes.

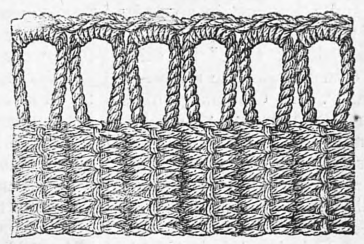


GENTLEMAN'S KNITTED SUSPENDERS.

Boy's Crochet Suspenders.

THIS new form of suspenders is especially commendable. A kind of bavette in front reaches almost to the neck, and supplies the place of a vest. The pattern is of red zephyr wool, worked in Tunisian crossed stitch, and edged with a row of little scallops worked with black wool. The Tunisian cross stitch is distinguished from the ordinary Tunisian stitch by knitting in the first round of every pattern row from every two stitches lying together, always the second and afterward the first, by which means the stitches cross. Begin on the under edge of the bib-shaped part. Fig. 57, Supplement, gives the pattern of half of this. In order to form the button-hole in the under part divide the stitches, and work each half separately till they are long enough for the button-hole, after which again work over all the stitches together. Widen according to the pattern. Having completed this part edge it with a round as follows: * 1 sc. (single crochet) in an edge stitch, one picot composed of four chain and one slip stitch in the first of the four chain; 1 sc. in the same edge stitch, pass over one stitch. Repeat from *. A similar round is crocheted on the bib part in the manner shown by the illustration. Next crochet in the same manner two suspenders, each twenty eight inches long and six inches wide. Finish both ends with a button-hole, and edge with a row of scallops. Line the whole with brown linen, work the button-holes, which are cut in the linen, with silk, and sew the suspenders to the bavette in the manner shown by the illustration.

GIRL'S CASHMERE BERET WITH REVERS AND EAR TABS LOOPED UP.

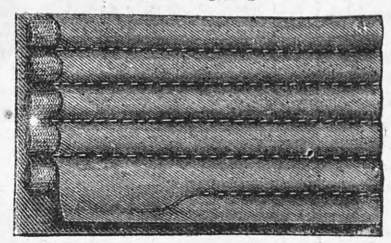


SECTION OF CROCHET FOR INFANT'S SHIRT.

INFANT'S CROCHET SHIRT.

GENTLEMAN'S KNITTED UNDER-SHIRT.

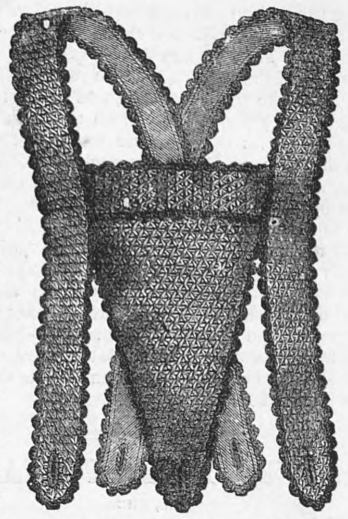
GIRL'S CASHMERE EAR TABS BERET WITH DOWN.



MANNER OF STITCHING CLOTH LEGGING.

Short Knitted Drawers.

THESE drawers are knitted of white wool in ordinary patent. Knit each part separately. Cast on coarse knitting-needles 150 stitches, and knit first, in the round, 40 rounds patent, then backward and forward thirteen inches; next join the two parts, and knit in the round with red wool, on somewhat finer needles, again 40 rounds patent and cast off. Hem this red part down on the right side along the first line of red stitches, and run a ribbon through the hem by means of which to fasten the drawers around the waist. On the front and back sew the two pieces together part the way down, as shown by the illustration.



BOY'S CROCHET SUSPENDERS.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Fig. 57.

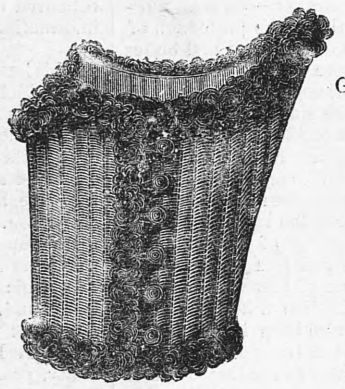
Cloth Legging.

THIS legging is worn over the shoe, both for the purpose of keeping the ankle warm and of protecting the stocking in muddy weather. It is of black cloth lined with red flannel, with cords stitched in as shown by an illustration. The trimming consists of a band of black krimmer an inch wide. For making the legging stitch the materials as shown above, and cut for each from Figs. 27 and 28, Supplement, each one piece, allowing a seam on the edge. Now join the pieces from 47 to 48, backstitching both outsides and one lining, and afterward hem down the other lining so as to cover the seam. Finish the edge by sewing a cord in the cloth and afterward hemming down the lining. Lastly, sew small buttons along the straight line on Fig. 28, and corresponding loops of elastic cord on the other edge. The trimming is a narrow strip of krimmer or fur.

Knitted Legging.

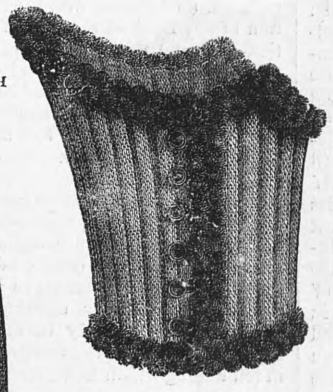
THIS legging is knitted of red and black zephyr wool, and trimmed with small woolen balls. Knit, according to the pattern of the cloth legging, in backward and forward rounds, one round plain and the following purled, five rounds with black and seven with red wool, and in such a manner that a ribbed design is formed, the black ribs being purled and the red ribs knitted on the outside. The legging is shaped by widening and narrowing on the upper part, but there is no seam on the back. It is fastened with buttons and loops. The trimming consists of two rows of woolen balls, which are sewed on so as to alternate.

GIRL'S BLACK VELVET BERET.



CLOTH LEGGING.

For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 27 and 28.



KNITTED LEGGING.

Gentleman's Knitted Shirt.

THIS shirt is knitted in patent with white wool. The back and front are worked separately, and sewed together on the sides and on the shoulders. For the front make a foundation of 140 stitches, and knit backward and forward 240 rounds in patent. Then, in order to form the slit, divide the stitches, taking the first 70 on another needle, and knit further 120 rounds. In order to form the contour of the neck cast off, in the 121st round, 20 stitches on the widest side next the slit, then in the second following round six stitches, and after this to the 148th round only two stitches in every second following round. On the left side of the front, which counts only 70 stitches, cast off in the 121st round only six stitches, and in the following alternate rounds only two stitches. Besides this it will be necessary to narrow for the shoulder 27 stitches in the following 40 rounds. The narrowing must be as regular as possible. Lastly, knit 12 rounds more without widening or narrowing, after which cast off the front. For the back cast on 130 stitches, beginning on the under edge, knit, first, 360 rounds without widening or narrowing, and then 40 rounds, in which narrow as regularly as possible 27 stitches at the beginning and end of the rounds, after which cast off. Join the back and front on the shoulders and on the sides with the exception of the upper part for the arm-holes. For the sleeve cast on 100 stitches, beginning on the upper edge, knit 248 rounds in patent, after which work in the round with finer needles for the wrist 58 rounds, alternately one stitch purled and one knitted. Sew the sleeve up and sew into the arm-hole. Bind the neck and slit and face the slit, after which arrange buttons and button-holes for fastening.

KNICKERBOCKERS FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 29 and 30.

Girls' Berets.

BLACK VELVET BERET.—This beret is of black velvet, the back being turned up in a revers. The trimming consists of a black feather on one side, which is fastened on by a jet aigrette. The beret is tied on with black ribbons.

CASHMERE BERET.—This beret is furnished with tabs on both sides, which lie loosely over the beret and are tied over the top in the manner shown by the engraving. The tabs may, however, be let down to cover the ears and the ribbons tied under the chin, as shown in a second illustration. It is of blue cashmere lined with wadding and quilted with black silk. The trimming consists of a narrow strip of black krimmer. The tabs are bound with this and tied with blue satin ribbons.

JACKET FOR BOY FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 35–39.

Crocheted Under-Skirt with Waist.

THIS skirt is crocheted in red and black wool in Tunisian crochet stitch; the skirt is worked in single crochet only with the red wool. The border is worked in connection with the skirt. The under edge of the skirt is seventy-two inches wide, while the upper edge is narrowed so as to correspond to the size of the waist. The skirt given in the illustration is twenty-four inches long. Make a foundation of red wool corresponding to the length of the skirt (about 90 stitches), and crochet on this a pattern row with the red and black wool as follows: Begin with the black wool, and work 1 black stitch, 13 red stitches, 1 black stitch. (In working the 13 red stitches, run the black thread along on the under side.) The remaining stitches of the round are worked with red wool. In the second round of the pattern row work off the black stitches with the black, and the red stitches with the red wool. At the end of this, as also of the following six pattern rows, add one chain stitch. In the 3d pattern row take a black stitch out of each of the first two perpendicular veins, crochet 11 red and then again 3 black stitches, and the remaining stitches with red wool, but the last 35 stitches of this, as also of every third following pattern row of the work, is left without knitting, so that only every second pattern row is worked over the entire row of stitches. In working the border increase the black stitches by one on each side. Having worked so far that the squares count 13 black stitches separated by one red stitch, then decrease the black stitches in the same proportion as they were previously increased. On the under edge also work together two perpendicular veins of stitches often enough to correspond to the first six which were added, so as to form the points. When the skirt has reached the width required crochet the sides together with the exception of a slit nine inches long, and crochet around the bottom a row of scallops as follows: 1 single crochet between two points, 1 chain, passing over an edge stitch, 6 double crochet (one scallop) in the following edge stitch, 1 chain, 1 scallop in the point of a

CROCHET UNDER-SKIRT WITH WAIST FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 48 and 49.

square, etc. On the upper edge of the skirt crochet a few rounds single crochet, holding the skirt in to the size of the waist. The waist is crocheted entirely in single crochet, always putting the needle through both the upper veins of the stitches in backward and forward rounds over a cord. Figs. 48 and 49, Supplement, give the pattern of the waist. Cut the pattern of the lining, sew the parts together, and crochet according to the pattern. Begin on the back edge of the back with the requisite number of stitches. In the 4th round work the eyelet-holes by working, after every 4 single crochet, 3 chain, and passing over a like number of stitches. In order to work according to the pattern it will be necessary to insert little gores, which are worked similarly to those on the Infant's Crochet Shirt. Having finished the waist, work on the upper and under edge a row of single crochet over the edges of the cord. The shoulder-pieces are worked separately, and sewed to the waist. Join the skirt and waist with a linen belt, as shown by the illustration.

BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY;

OR, THE

Adventures and Misadventures of Robert Ainsleigh.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BOLT ABOUT TO FALL.

WERE this a record of private griefs I might dwell long upon the desolation of spirit and unutterable anguish of heart which followed the receipt of those tidings that gave the death-blow to all my hopes; and, Heaven knows, these had seemed faint and feeble enough since my cruel marriage and more cruel exile. I had lost all. Henceforth nothing was left me in the past; and I looked forward to the unknown future from a present stand-point as desolate as it is possible for the mind of man to conceive.

Yet, as I pen these lines, and recall the dull despair of those days, I can not but reprobate my ingratitude to the one friend whom God had raised up for me in this unknown world, and my impious forgetfulness of the mercy that had secured me so kind and powerful a protector. If my situation was desolate in spite of Mr. Holwell's friendship, what would my state have been without that supreme advantage? By this gentleman I had been rescued from a crew of wretches, who were, for the most part, the very refuse and sweepings of English jails, and elevated to a position of companionship. The friendship of so respectable a gentleman won for me other acquaintances, and I soon occupied an established position among the gentlemen of the factory. Of the life which these gentlemen and their families enjoyed I will say nothing, save that to them it seemed a pleasant one. My own troubles unfitted me for such agreeable dissipations as prevailed among them, and I preferred the solitude of my office to the most boisterous dinner-party in Calcutta. The day came when the tragic and exciting incidents of public life blunted the keen edge of individual sorrow, and I was better able to appreciate the advantages I had derived from the happy chance that threw me across Mr. Holwell's pathway. But for more than a year after my receipt of Mr. Swinfen's letter I was able to take comfort from nothing; and though I still performed my daily round of duty, and contrived to give satisfaction to my employer, the pleasure and interest which I had hitherto felt in my work had completely left me.

The years which elapsed between the autumn of 1753 and the summer of '56 were years of comparative tranquillity; and before that memorable summer came we had seen the reduction of French power in the East by means of French folly, cowardice, and ignorance in the West. Enemy to my country though he was, false as he had shown himself in his violation of the treaty of Madras, I can not withhold my pity from that daring and ambitious statesman, Joseph Francis Dupleix, when I consider the ignoble treatment he received from the government he had served so well.

While the rival powers on the coast of Coromandel were fighting for the supremacy of their chosen native rulers, and disputing the validity of titles and grants given by the shadowy court of Delhi, where the Mogul himself was but a usurper of very recent date, the English Company at home pestered the Government with complaints that, despite a treaty of peace between the two nations, they were harassed by a distressing and dangerous war, produced by the ambition of the French governor. Nor were the French themselves better satisfied with the conduct of their Indian affairs. Too remote from the seat of war to be affected by the glories of success, they considered only the expense and loss entailed by those triumphs, and were unable to appreciate the future advantages which these struggles were to secure. Dupleix was too successful a man to be without enemies. These accused him of wasting the Company's money in ambitious wars; and France, after leaving this bold and faithful servant, inefficiently supported, to extend her dominions and maintain her army by the outlay of his private fortune, determined upon repudiating his claim for repayment and breaking him altogether.

At a conference which took place in London between the representatives of the French and British Governments, the French Ministry consented to recall Dupleix, and to send commissioners to India for the settlement of all differences between the two nations. Thus it happened that Monsieur Godcheu, a stranger to affairs in the East, was permitted to supersede the man who had first taught Moorish power to bow before European arms, and who had won for his country a name of might throughout the length and breadth of the Deccan. Injustice so glaring was second only to that which had flung De la Bourdonnais into a cell of the Bastile; and I doubt not that in the hour of his own misfortunes the Governor of Pondicherry remembered his underhand share in the downfall of his blameless rival.

Negotiations between M. Godcheu and Mr. Saunders, the English Governor of Madras, resulted in extraordinary concessions on the part of the French. That nation, thanks to the ambition of Dupleix and the prowess of Bussy, were now masters of the sea-coast of Coromandel and Orixa; but this advantage, together with many others, was precipitately resigned by the French Company in the general desire for peace.

While evil fortune thus overtook Dupleix, his happier enemy, Clive, was in London, fêted by an admiring public, and gratified by the gift of a diamond-hilted sword, worth five hundred pounds, from the Court of Directors, which he, however, generously refused to receive unless a testimonial of equal value were presented to his friend and commanding officer, Colonel Lawrence, to whose liberal encouragement he owed so much of his success.

In the November of '55 the hero of Arcot returned to India as Governor of Fort St. David, bearing a commission as lieutenant-colonel in the British army, which had been obtained for him from his Majesty's Government by the Court of Directors, anxious to prevent those quarrels about rank between the King's and Company's officers which had so often obstructed the progress of affairs.

Instead of at once proceeding to his new government, Colonel Clive landed at Bombay, where he found Admiral Watson and a little fleet, which had been prudently dispatched from England at the time of the conference between the French and English Companies. Assisted by the Admiral, Clive attacked and routed a famous pirate called Angria, who, with his father before him, had been the scourge and terror of this coast for the last half-century. This Morattoe rascal's strong-hold of Gheria Colonel Clive razed to the ground on the 13th of February, '56, on which occasion the British forces shared ten lacs of rupees by way of plunder.

This was the last event of importance on the western coast before the revolution which overtook Bengal. Here a false security, or rather, perhaps, an habitual distaste for action or exertion of any kind on the part of the chief authorities, civil and military, had prevailed ever since the fear of Morattoe invasion had ceased to alarm the native and English inhabitants of the settlement. Every species of neglect had been practiced. The defenses of fort and city were in a dilapidated and almost useless condition. In all the arsenal there was scarce a carriage that would bear a gun; while fifty-five cannon, eighteen and twenty-four pounders, sent out from England in '53, had lain ever since neglected beneath the walls. Nor had the orders of the Directors at home been better attended to with regard to the drilling and military training of the militia. These, though entirely untaught, were hardly more ignorant than the meagre garrison, not one in ten among whom had ever seen a musket fired in earnest.

This was our condition at Fort William when the tidings of Allaverdy's approaching death came upon us. The daring spirit of the grand old Tartar chief was fading out amidst a scene of intrigue and treachery—the last act in that drama of falsehood and ambition which is forever being enacted in this Eastern world.

On the one side, Allaverdy's dying eyes beheld his beloved grand-nephew, Mirza Mahmud, the adopted child of his old age, dear to him as an only son, and whom he had installed as his successor two years before, with the Moorish name of Serauje-ad-Doulah, or the Lamp of Riches; who was afterward known as Suraja Doulah, by which title he made himself infamously renowned to all time. On the other side, the death-bed of the old nabob was watched by his daughter—a woman of more than doubtful character, who had been married to her cousin, Shawamut Jung, and was now a childless widow.

The close of Shawamut Jung's life had been darkened by a tragedy, of which his nephew, Suraja Doulah, had been the hidden cause. He was Governor of Dacca—a province which could easily become the centre of a revolution—and possessed treasures and influence which might have made him a formidable opponent in any struggle for power. Suraja Doulah dreaded this; but his treachery assailed, not his uncle, but his uncle's prime counselor and intellectual superior, Hassein Coolly Khan. Hassein's nephew was at this time deputy-governor of Dacca. Him Suraja Doulah caused to be dispatched by assassins, who entered the city disguised in the dead of the night; and before the public mind had recovered the shock of this event Hassein himself was murdered in the streets of Muxadavad in open day.

Gloomy were the anticipations formed of the youthful director of these crimes, who of course denied all participation in the bloody work. While Allaverdy yet lingered, death swept both his nephews, the two uncles of Suraja Doulah, from the stage of politics. Both died of fever, without suspicion of poison, though it must be owned their removal was convenient for the Lamp of Riches.

There now remained but one possible pretender to the sovereignty of Bengal, and this was a child of two years old, the orphan son of Suraja Doulah's younger brother. This infant's father had been adopted by the late Shawamut Jung, and the baby pretender was now in the hands of the Begum, widow of Shawamut Jung, and daughter of Allaverdy, who had succeeded to her husband's treasures, and toward whom Suraja Doulah looked with the eye of hate and suspicion.

Hassein Coolly Khan had been succeeded in his post of duan or prime minister to Shawamut Jung by a Gentoo called Raja Bullub, who was now supposed to exercise a paramount influence over the mind of the widow. Suraja Doulah had given this man a taste of his quality, having seized upon him, and, by imprisonment and other cruelties, endeavored to force from him a full account of Shawamut Jung's treasures. This the faithful Gentoo resolutely refused, and was by-and-by set at liberty by the influence of his mistress, who, as Allaverdy's daughter, had some power at court.

Thus did matters stand at Muxadavad, the capital of Bengal, when the imminence of the nabob's end brought affairs to a crisis. Raja Bullub, trembling for the safety of his treasures at Dacca, determined to remove with his worldly wealth and his family to a place of safety. But to effect this he was obliged to screen his real motives under a pretended access of piety. He therefore wrote to Mr. Watts, the chief of our English factory at Cassimbazar, hard by Muxadavad, informing him that his family were going from Dacca to worship at Juggernaut, and would take Calcutta on their way, at which settlement he entreated their favorable reception.

In compliance with this request Mr. Watts wrote to our president at Calcutta, and to Mr. Manningham, his junior in command. These letters arrived on the evening of the 13th of March, and during the absence of the president. They had but just reached Calcutta when Kissendass, the eldest son of Raja Bullub, and the rest of the family, landed from the little fleet of boats that had conveyed them from Dacca. There was brief leisure for consideration, and the family was received with all possible courtesy.

Mr. Holwell shook his head doubtfully when his people brought him the news of this unexpected arrival, as he and I lounged in an open veranda in the cool of the evening.

"I don't like such visitors, Bob," he said, gravely; "and yet I own it would be awkward to refuse them hospitality. In Oriental politics it is hard to know what turn events may take. If the Begum, Shawamut Jung's widow, should succeed in getting her adopted brat proclaimed nabob—and we know that Suraja Doulah is heartily detested by all classes—it would be well for the English to have secured her favor. But if, on the other hand, Suraja Doulah holds his own—which is more likely, since he has his paw upon the old nabob's treasury, and sticks at nothing in the way of assassination—we shall mortally offend him by any thing like protection of these Gentoos. Would to Heaven we had better defenses, Bob, and a more energetic garrison! for it strikes me this settlement is about as safe as a village built under the shadow of Vesuvius, or a château on the slope of Etna."

It was on the day after this arrival that Omichund, the Gentoo merchant, came to wait upon my patron. This man's revenues had been considerably diminished during the last three years by the Company's withdrawal of the privileges he had so long enjoyed; and to a mind so avaricious even the possession of vast wealth would fail to atone for this diminution of income. The old man's influence had also been lessened, and his pride humiliated, by the Company's ceasing to employ him as a mediator at the Durbar; and this, I doubt not, he felt no less keenly than his more substantial loss.

His manner was even more servile than usual; but I fancied I detected a sinister light in his eyes as he complimented Mr. Holwell, who gratified him with a piece of betel-nut wrapped in a leaf called pawn, a kind of sweetmeat much affected by the natives, and the interchange of which is a token of friendship.

Omichund had heard of our guests' arrival, and began at once to discuss the subject.

"Company Saheb do well to receive Kissendass," he said. "Raja Bullub, the father of Kissendass, is great friends with Begum Saheb—much very great friends. Wicked people say Begum Saheb is too much friends with Raja Bullub; but Omichund is no man to believe lies. If Begum Saheb and the little child get into power, it will be good for the English Company; but if not—"

He stopped, and shook his head ominously, with his shining black eyes fixed on my patron's face.

"If not, what?" asked Mr. Holwell, impatiently.

"What should Omichund know, Saheb?" replied the old man, with a crafty smile; "Omichund is less than no one. Company Saheb has not employed him at the Durbar these many years. His honorable masters have left off to trust him. But he is an old man, and has much experience, and eyes that see and ears that hear. He has heard something."

"What, man?" cried Mr. Holwell; "for Heaven's sake don't stand croaking there like a bird of evil omen. Speak, raven!"

"I have heard what the Soubah Allaverdy said to his great-nephew, Suraja Doulah, not three days ago," said Omichund, solemnly. "He has been long dying, the old Soubah, but the hour is near. Siva, the destroyer, has his hand outstretched to seize the old Mahometan, and he will go to the lower hell of darkness with the spirits that know not Brahmah. Not three days ago the old man sent for his adopted son, and it seemed that he had an unnatural strength lent him to enable him to give his last counsels to his heir. 'Lamp of Riches, light of my soul,' he said to Suraja, 'I leave you a mission. It is to sweep the Europeans off the face of Hindostan. They are a dangerous people, my son. They make quarrels between the Hindoo kings, and profit by the strifes they raise. They make pretenses, to seize and plunder the goods of the rulers of the south; and think not that they will let you free from their depredations. The most dangerous of all are the English. I myself would have freed you from this danger, had Allah lengthened my days. The work, my son, must now be yours. The power of the English is great; they have lately reduced Angria, and possessed themselves of his country. Suffer them not to have fortifications or soldiers: if you do, the country is not yours.'"

Mr. Holwell affected to receive Omichund's information with entire equanimity; but when the old man had paid his farewell compliments and departed, I quickly saw that my patron was somewhat alarmed. I asked him whether it was not so; and he answered me, after his wont, with perfect frankness. He had, indeed, by this time, elevated me to a position of confidence and friendship second only to that of a son.

"Yes, Robert," he said, "I do fear Suraja Doulah. There is no tyrant so cruel, no despot so murderous, as a coward. Allaverdy was capable of hellish treachery, but he was a brave man. When the hour of extreme peril arose he cared not with what weapon he destroyed his enemy; but he did not war against possible antagonists. To be suspected by Suraja Doulah is to be doomed. He feared the deputy-governor of Dacca, and midnight assassins removed the object of his fear. He feared Hassein Coolly Khan, and Hassein Coolly was slaughtered at noontide in the streets of the city. In his two uncles he saw probable opponents; both are dead. If he fears the English, Heaven protect us against a foe so secret and so deadly; for we have not the power to protect ourselves. From the sleep which we have slept for the last ten years, nothing short of a thunder-clap will awaken us. It is quite possible the bolt is about to fall."

In little more than a month after this interview, on the 9th of April, 1756, the Nabob Allaverdy died; and about the same date came a second letter from Mr. Watts of Cassimbazar, recommending that Raja Bullub's family should no longer receive protection in Calcutta, as affairs were now very doubtful.

This prudent recommendation was unattended to, in spite of Mr. Holwell's remonstrances with his seniors in Council. It seemed, indeed, as if these gentlemen were bent upon inviting the ruin which was so soon to overtake them.

A private letter from Mr. Watts arrived about the same time to warn our president that Suraja Doulah had spies at Calcutta; that the weakness of its fortifications and garrison was the common talk of the Durbar, nay even of the very streets and market-places of Muxadavad; and that it behooved us to prevent such spies carrying their information daily to the Soubah's council-chamber.

This letter was communicated by the president to Mr. Holwell, as zemindar, who gave immediate orders at all the guarded landing-places that no one should be permitted to land or enter the town without a passport from him. Several suspected persons were arrested, and turned out of the place, and none admitted without a strict examination. My own suspicions pointed to a far more important person than any among those who were thus arrested. The English Company had made a powerful enemy for themselves in Omichund, whose pretended friendship I could not doubt was but a mask to hide his real feelings. A Hindoo, passionately fond of money, crafty, proud, and subtle, was of all created beings the least likely patiently to endure an injury such as the Company had inflicted upon him. We knew him to have ready access to the Durbar. Where else need we look for spies when this hidden foe had the ear of the tyrant?

I ventured to hint my suspicions to my patron, and found that his ideas on the subject fully coincided with my own.

Within a few days of Suraja Doulah's accession Omichund came to Mr. Holwell to inform him that Narain Sing, whose brother occupied a post of some importance about the person of the new nabob, had got into Calcutta in the mean disguise of a European peddler, and was at Omichund's house, where he awaited my patron's permission to visit him. He brought a perwannah, or order, from the nabob, demanding that Raja Bullub's family should be immediately given up. In the absence of the president and his second in authority Mr. Holwell felt himself bound to receive this messenger. He came accordingly, and was entertained with all due respect; but when he tendered his official document Mr. Holwell prudently declined to receive it in the absence of the president, to whom the paper was addressed. By this means time was gained for deliberation; and on the president's return, which occurred the next morning, a council was immediately held to decide this important question. My patron had in the mean time discovered that the nabob's messenger had been smuggled into the place by the agency of Omichund—another suspicious fact against this venerable Gentoo.

The authorities of Calcutta now found themselves on the horns of a dilemma. The fortune of the hour was yet undecided. Should the Begum's cause prosper, it would be fatal to offend her favorites; should she fail, it would be ruin to have defied Suraja Doulah.

In this difficulty the council decided that as Narain Sing had stolen like a thief into the settlement his perwannah should not be received, and he was turned out of Calcutta with contumely by unwise and insolent subordinates, who entertained themselves at the spy's expense. A letter from the president to Mr. Watts at Cassimbazar explained, and in a manner apologized for, this treatment.

Not long were we suffered to remain ignorant of the mistake we had made. Allaverdy's widow, desirous of peace, prevailed upon her daughter to acknowledge Suraja Doulah, which concession was no sooner made than Suraja put the Begum under lock and key, and at once possessed himself of her palaces and treasures, together with the person of the baby pretender. Thus in a few hours perished all our hopes of favor from the family of Raja Bullub.

Nor was the new nabob slow to show us that we had little to expect from his friendship. Tidings from home of a breach between England and France had at last aroused us from our torpor; and workmen were employed in repairing the parapet and embrasures of the fort, together with the gun-carriages—all sorely in need of reparation.

This most necessary work—so imprudently deferred to the hour of imminent danger—was but half done, when the president received a perwannah from the nabob, to the effect that he had been informed we were building a wall and digging a large ditch round the town of Calcutta, and further commanding us to desist at once from such works.

The president immediately replied that we had dug no ditch since the invasion of the Morattoes; that in the prospect of a war between France and England we were anxious to prevent the possibility of such a calamity as that which had some years since overtaken our countrymen at Madras; and for this end we were repairing our line of guns to the water-side.

The result of this hasty answer was fatal. A war between the French and English was the very danger this craven-hearted prince had been taught to dread.

After this the authorities at Calcutta endeavored to soothe the nabob's wrath with some slight concessions, and even went so far as to destroy some of our few defenses; but without avail. Suraja Doulah still obstinately demanded that we should throw down a wall we had never built, and fill up a ditch that had not been dug.

On the 6th of June came rumors of calamity. The Company's factory and fort at Cassimbazar had been invested by the nabob, to whom Mr. Watts had surrendered after a brief parley. With a garrison of less than fifty men, a deficiency of ammunition, and but a few small cannon, all more or less out of repair, it would indeed have needed the genius of a Clive to encounter so powerful a besieger. Yet had the garrison but held out for ever so short a period, the time gained would have been invaluable to us at Calcutta; since, had the nabob's march been deferred but a few days, the season of heavy rains would have commenced, and the country have become almost impassable for troops and cannon.

So deeply did Ensign Elliot, the commanding officer at Cassimbazar, feel the humiliation of this tame surrender, that he shot himself through the head, whereby at least he escaped the fate of his men, who were all put in irons and marched off to the common jail at Muxadavad. So much clemency had we to expect from the new nabob.

Dark was the gloom which now brooded over Calcutta. In every face appeared the common expectation of a swift-approaching peril. With some it took the form of fear, and many a pale face was to be seen in the streets and on the fort, for Suraja Doulah had the reputation of being a man to whom cruelty was a favorite pastime; and who could tell what hellish ingenuity he might exercise to make the cup of death unnaturally bitter?

With some bold spirits, however, this crisis was a period of feverish excitement. Warriors by nature, these poor untutored heroes sniffed the scent of battle from afar and were glad.

Among these was Philip Hay. I talked with him after the evil tidings had come from Cassimbazar, and found him in excellent spirits. However bitterly I had suffered from this man there were times when I was compelled to admire his marvelous equanimity of temper. He had borne his dreary life during the last four years with consummate cheerfulness, and had ingratiated himself into the favor of his officers, from whom he had speedily picked up any military knowledge they were willing to impart. His good conduct had advanced him from the rank of a private to that of corporal, in which position he was more than a match for the truculent Irish sergeant, Mr. O'Blagg. Between Hay and myself friendly relations had steadily continued despite our altered positions. He had seen my good fortune without envy—nay, indeed, I believe with a lazy kind of satisfaction, as releasing his conscience from the burden of my ruin. He could now rub his hands cheerily, and say, "Egad, Bob, 'tis the old Scripture story of Joseph and his brethren over again. My selling you into slavery has made your fortune."

Meanwhile I on my part had never omitted to do him a service when the opportunity arose; and though my small influence had not gained him much promotion, it had secured him some trifling benefits, for which he was needlessly grateful.

I found him lounging on one of the batteries, and looking up the Hooghly with an eager expression in his eyes.

"Well, Bob," he cried, as I approached, "I think we are near the end of this dead calm. Be sure the taking of Cassimbazar was but the first act in a stirring tragedy, and we shall soon hear the thunder of the nabob's guns."

"I think the French have taught these Eastern tyrants not to count too much upon their ponderous artillery, which they can but fire once in a quarter of an hour. It was said in the Deccan the other day that Bussy's musketry drew smoke from the Morattoes' breasts, and sacrificed hecatombs upon the fire-altars of the French. Depend upon it, they have begun to awaken to the power of European artillery."

"But not such artillery as ours, Bob. The nabob knows our strength to a gun, and knows he can crush us; and, what is more, means to do it, Mr. Robert Ainsleigh. So much the better, say I; welcome the struggle. Let us not walk meekly into the Indian lion's jaws, like these poor cravens of Cassimbazar. Give us a hard fight and a bloody death, if needs be, so that history may record how one handful of Englishmen were found to defy the Eastern tiger. Do you know what I would do if I were commandant of the fort?"

"I can not conceive what original piece of strategy your heroic genius might devise."

"I would collect every ounce of powder we could scrape together—and the Lord knows it would not be much—in the cellars below the fort, and blow fort, factory, and Englishmen to the stars, before the nabob's black devils should enter our gates."

"It would be a more brilliant ending than the capitulation of Madras, and hardly a more costly one, and as a last resource might fairly be tried. But when we have used all our gunpowder in defending ourselves, we shall not have the means of so heroic a suicide. Alas, Phil, I fear a darker doom and a more ignoble end awaits the English in Bengal!"

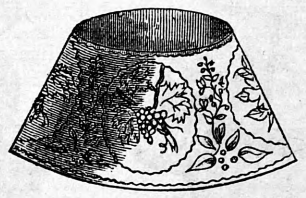
Upon this we parted, with a friendly nod of farewell; I being obliged to return to my patron's house, where my services might at any time be wanted to copy or translate a letter, or for some other small business detail. Mr. Holwell was now constantly backward and forward between his house and the council-chamber, where all the excitement of expectation and uncertainty prevailed.

Now that danger was at our very doors, there was at least some show of activity. Letters demanding reinforcements were dispatched to Madras and Bombay, but with little or no hope that help could reach us from either station in time, since the sea was closed by the south monsoon for the present, and the journey by land the work of a month. Nor did we shrink from the humiliation of asking nearer aid from the French and Dutch, only to meet with contumely and disappointment from both. We had no resource, therefore, but in our own feeble numbers. These, augmented by militia, amounted to scarce five hundred men, two-thirds of whom were Topasses, Armenians, and Portuguese inhabitants, of whose temper or constancy we knew nothing. Our Indian matchlock-men were increased to fifteen hundred, and we now lost no time in storing provisions and erecting such works of defense as we were capable of constructing at so short a notice.

DIAPHANE LAMP SHADES.

THE beautiful articles to which this name has been given are no doubt familiar to most of our readers, and in the large lamp and gas-fitting establishments are generally to be seen a great variety of them. In effect they resemble the costly porcelain transparencies used for the same purpose, but possess the advantage of being much lighter, and also combining various colors with the agreeable light and dark shading of the white porcelain.

First cut the card-board of the proper shape for a shade, having it all in one piece if possible; or it may be made in two pieces, and joined neatly afterward with gum-arabic. Next trace the patterns upon the card, choosing any outline group of flowers, birds, fruit, patriotic emblems, or other subject, arranging them so as to cover the whole shade as nearly as possible. A wreath around the centre looks well, or the bunches may be made to look like medallions, with a scalloped border inclosing them in circles, and a neat running design filling up the intervening spaces.



LAMP SHADE WITH MEDALLION FIGURES.

Lay the card-board, when all are drawn, flat upon a board, and commence the cutting with a sharp penknife, being very careful not to cut entirely around each leaf and flower, but to leave just enough untouched to hold it to the main card.

When all are cut the points and edges of the leaves and flowers, on one side, throughout the entire pattern, may be pushed slightly in with the point of the knife, thus letting in the light upon one side of every leaf, bud, and blossom, and casting a deep shadow on the other side, when held up to the light. By having this pushing done on one side only the proper effect will be produced, and the light will appear to fall most strongly upon that side of the picture. Now join the edges of the shade so as to form the required shape. When this is done, and all are cut and pushed in as described, take double tissue paper of the brightest green color you can get, and put a lining on the inside over all the figures, gumming the edges along the top and bottom. Then cut away the green paper from every one of the flowers and buds, and paste over them other colors of double tissue paper, using the brightest red and yellow, and leaving some without lining, to imitate white ones. Then over all put a smooth lining of white tissue paper, which will conceal the rest, and give it a neat appearance.

The edges of the lamp shade may either be bound with ribbon or cut with a scalloped edge. An ordinary wire frame will answer for a rest for it.

Other beautiful transparencies can be produced in card-board, and used for transom window lights, and for the sides and glass panels of vestibule doors, and many other similar uses.

A beautiful and appropriate design for the square transom window over a hall-door is one of the American eagle, with wings spread, bearing the ribbon in his mouth on which are seen the well-known words, "*E Pluribus Unum;*" and many other national designs may be copied from the seals of the various States and of the United States. These will look best without the colored lining, unless a dark effect is desired, when a double sheet of green or crimson tissue paper may be put over the whole, and will look better than a variety of colors.

The various patterns of crosses, with wreaths and branches of ivy around them, are very pretty when hung up in the window; or the same designs will look well applied to the lamp shades. The style of drawings required for these patterns is so simple that the specimens given will suggest others, and even a child may make sketches sufficiently accurate and artistic to serve the purpose.

The bronzed iron frames used for porcelain gas shades may be filled with these card transparencies, and will have a beautiful effect. The card best adapted for these is prepared with an intermediate sheet of black, and when cut the effect is very much the same as porcelain.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IF a catalogue could be made containing the names of those who have been victims of kerosene explosions during the last five years, the public would be shocked at the frightful number. Almost every week some painful accident from this cause comes to our knowledge. One, most heart-rending in details, recently occurred in the town of Sing Sing. A mother—Mrs. Leslie by name—was holding her babe in her arms one evening, while her little boy, about three years old, was playing under the table, on which was a lighted kerosene lamp. Suddenly the child jarred the table; the flame of the lamp flared, an instant explosion followed, and a blazing stream of oil ran over the table, upon the floor, setting the little boy's clothes on fire. The frightened mother laid her infant on the floor, and rushed to the rescue of her boy. But immediately her own dress was in flames, and the wild screams which burst from her lips, as she saw the cruel fire also surrounding her babe, brought the neighbors to her assistance. The three sufferers were speedily wrapped in carpeting, which extinguished the flames, but no human aid could save them; they died in a few hours, leaving a husband and father desolated by the sudden and terrible accident.

When any person's clothing takes fire it is seldom of any use to give directions to the sufferer. Indeed, it is generally best to say not a word, but seize a blanket, a woolen cloak, or any woolen material—hold the corners as far apart as you can, stretch them out higher than your head, and, running boldly to the person, make a motion of clasping in the arms, mostly about the shoulders. This instantly smothers the fire and saves the face. The next instant throw the person on the floor. This is an additional safety to the face and breast, and any remnant of flame can be put out more leisurely. Dry flour is one of the most convenient remedies for burns, and is excellent. It causes relief from pain by totally excluding the air from the injured parts. Dredge on a thick layer of flour, and cover with cotton-batting.

In 1854 M. De Lesseps, a wealthy and intelligent Frenchman, conceived the plan of opening a canal direct from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, across the Isthmus of Suez, a distance of ninety miles. Although many English engineers pronounced the scheme impracticable, a stock company was formed, and the work commenced in 1859. With only one serious interruption it has steadily progressed until the present time, and the projector promises that the canal shall be open throughout its entire length in the fall of 1869. Port Said is the Mediterranean terminus of the canal, and Suez is to be the southern terminus on the Red Sea. The town of Ismaila is the half-way station, and to this place the canal has been for some time open for traffic. The work of excavation is going on with marvelous rapidity by the use of stupendous dredging-machines. This huge canal, 90 miles in length, 309 feet in width and 26 in depth, will cost about $75,000,000. But the commercial world will speedily perceive the advantages it affords; and commerce opens the way for civilization and Christianity.

A correspondent of the *American Journal of Horticulture* says that she has entirely destroyed the insects which infested her rose-bushes by the use of quassia, and that the plants throve under the treatment. Quassia may be found at any drug-store. Use two ounces to a gallon of water; boil fifteen or twenty minutes.

Report says that Terre Haute is likely to have a first-class seminary for young ladies before long. A benevolent gentleman has given $100,000 for the purpose of establishing one there.

An English magazine has for some months past opened its columns to a discussion on the advantages and disadvantages of wearing corsets. The opinions elicited have been not a little curious in details. As a general thing, the gentlemen who have expressed their views—and a good many have done so—approve of ladies wearing them; and some go even farther. One writes: "Allow me to inform A. L. and F. C. that I, although not a widower but a married man, have worn ladies' stays for the last three or four years, and find them very comfortable indeed, and would not go without them. I would recommend them to wear them as near the same shape as the ladies as possible; the fulness at the top is an improvement. I generally wear blue silk or scarlet French merino for winter, and the Paris wove (white) in summer. Your correspondents need not feel at all bashful in going to be measured. Stays are worn by gentlemen a great deal more than they think."

A trial is about to take place in Geneva which will create a great sensation in Switzerland. A nurse, named Jeanneret, is charged with poisoning not less than nine different persons whom she had within the space of six months been engaged to attend. The woman appears to have had a monomania of crime, as she neither robbed her victims nor derived any benefit from their death. She is even said to have nursed them with great tenderness. One of her victims, having showed symptoms of poisoning, recovered; and subsequently the nurse was suspected and arrested.

The Rumford Institute in Boston established some time ago a Laboratory for the preparation of food, under the supervision of a Board of Direction versed in Chemistry, Pharmacy, Agriculture, and Mechanical Science, with the working superintendence of the most skillful experts. The Laboratory is under the constant supervision of Professor Blot. The principal article prepared is soup in all its forms, which is of a delicious flavor, and put up so as to keep well.

The "silver wedding" of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Gough was recently celebrated at "Hillside," their residence in Boylston, Mass. It would seem, from the number present, from the value of the gifts, and the cordial manner in which they were presented, that this occasion was one of genuine interest, not merely to the recipients, but to the donors. Among the gifts were a massive solid silver centre-piece, designed to hold either fruit or flowers, and an ice-cream set of fourteen pieces, silver, lined with gold, the offering of friends in Worcester and vicinity. A number of Boston friends presented an elegant and costly bronze clock of exquisite taste in design and finish, accompanying their gift with a memorial bearing the autographs of fifty-two prominent citizens of Boston. A gold watch came from friends in Chicago; the faculty and students of Phillips Academy, Andover, the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia, the Sunday-school in Berlin, and many individuals from numerous cities remembered the occasion. The gifts amounted to over three thousand dollars.

Frazer's Magazine contains an interesting description of a globe of the planet Mars, which was lately exhibited at a meeting of the Astronomical Society of England. Lands and seas were laid down as well-known entities, respecting which no more doubt is felt among astronomers than is felt by geographers concerning the oceans and continents of our own globe. Four extensive continents, and many oceans and seas, have received special names. One of the most singular features of Mars is the prevalence of long and winding inlets and bottle-necked seas. There is little disparity between the extent of oceans and continents, and these are mixed up in the most complex manner. A traveler could journey for upward of 30,000 miles always in sight of land, generally with land in view on both sides, in such intricate labyrinthine fashion are the lands and seas of Mars intertwined.

A curious paper has been read before the French Academy of Medicine on "The Physical and Intellectual Development of Youth by Electricity." From various experiments the writer, Dr. Poggioli, concludes that the electric fluid exercises a direct influence upon the physical and mental growth of young persons; and he proposes that, by way of experiment, six pupils from each class in a college be subjected to his electrical treatment.

One man has seldom two funeral services performed for him. But an eccentric old gentleman has just died in New Orleans, and was buried with the usual rites. Many years ago, also, he was sick, and died—as was supposed. Preparations were made for the burial. On the appointed day the coffin containing the body was placed in a handsome hearse, which, followed by a long train of mourners, was proceeding toward the cemetery, when the horses suddenly took fright and ran away, the coffin being thrown violently to the ground, and burst open. The surprise of the spectators may be imagined when from the coffin was seen to arise the supposed dead man still instinct with life. He very quietly walked home, protesting against being put away in so summary a manner, and declaring his intention to live for many a long day.

Little things make the happiness or misery of life, especially of home life. Kind words, cheerful faces, consideration for others—in short, genuine politeness renders home delightful. But how is it with the members of many family circles? If an acquaintance treads on your dress by accident you are quick to accept the tendered apology, and say, "Never mind," or "It is of no consequence," even if the garment is torn; but if a husband or child does it, what then? If you enter a friend's house and find the parlor in unwonted confusion, and the children crying and fretting, you accept the apologies offered, and endeavor to assure your friend that you appreciate the situation; but if you go home at night and find that mishaps of unexpected kinds have unsettled the order of your household, what then? Do you pour oil on the troubled waters, or stir them up again? Politeness to children exercises a wonderful influence. The little words, "Thank you," or, "You are very kind," from parent to child, sound very pleasant, and will often make little hearts happy and bright eyes sparkle with gladness. Be polite at home.

If you want to make yourself miserable think all the time about yourself and your own affairs. Be constantly on your guard lest somebody encroach upon your rights. Never yield a point. Be very sensitive, and take every playful joke seriously. If your friends seem to neglect you put the worst construction you can upon their conduct; and by no means take any satisfaction in seeing others enjoy themselves.

A certain gentleman occupying a position in the State Department was once sent to Europe as bearer of dispatches. On his return a friend inquired: "Well, how did you enjoy your trip on the Continent?" To which he replied: "Oh, I didn't visit the Continent; I only had time to see *Paris* for two or three days, and had to give up the Continent."

According to the records of the Five Points House of Industry, that charitable institution has, during the past year, furnished 400,000 meals to the hungry people of that locality; entertained constantly a family of 250 persons; and given temporary shelter to 1289 persons. The average daily attendance in the schools has been over 400, and the whole number of children taught 1089; lodgings have been furnished to 80,000 homeless poor, and 150,000 pounds of bread have been given to the outdoor poor, besides large quantities of meat and vegetables, as the necessities of the applicant for relief demanded.

DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 13–18.

CROCHET MUFF, FOR GIRL FROM
For pattern and description
Nos. XI. and XII.,

COLLAR, AND CAPE 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
see Supplement,
Figs. 43–47.

DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 13–18.

Fig. 1.—FICHU FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.

BACK OF BLOUSE OF DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.

BASQUE BLOUSE FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.—BACK.

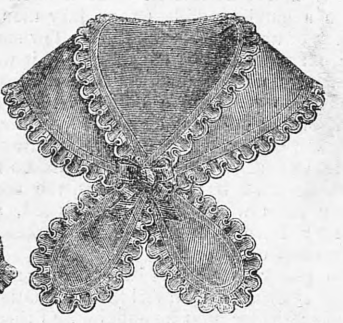


Fig. 2.—FICHU FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.

SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 11 TO
For pattern and descrip
No. II.,

13 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.
tion see Supplement,
Figs. 9–12.

DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–8

DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–8.

FROCK FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 19–26.

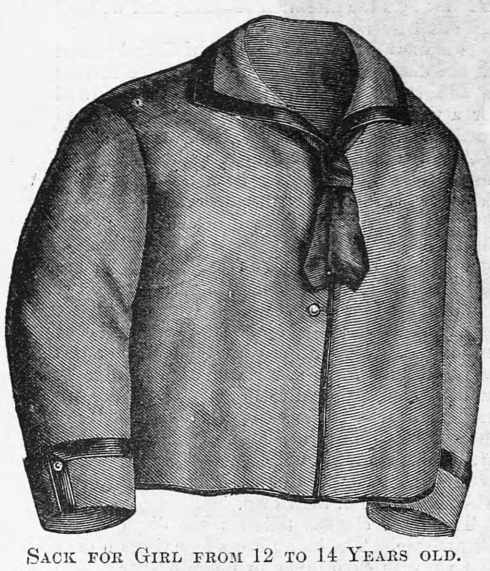
SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 11 TO 13 YEARS OLD.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 9–12.

FROCK FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 19–26.

Two Fichus for Girls from 6 to 8 Years old.

See illustrations on page 968.

THESE fichus are worn with high-waist dresses, as seen in the illustrations, and are therefore made of the material of the dress. The fichu, Fig. 1, is trimmed around the edge with a fluting of the same material headed with silk piping. A silk rosette fastens the crossed ends in front. The trimming of the fichu, Fig. 2, is of a scalloped strip of the same material as the fichu, bound with silk, and laid in box-pleats on the other side. This is headed with a bias fold. The bow is of silk ribbon. Both fichus may be cut, by reference to the illustrations, from the pattern given for Dress for Girl from 6 to 8 years old, No. I. of the Supplement.



SACK FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 31-34.

Basque Blouse for Girl from 8 to 10 Years old.

See illustration on page 968.

AN illustration shows this blouse, on which is pleated a short skirt. Cut the blouse from the pattern given for Dress for Girl from 8 to 10 years old, No. III., Supplement. The skirt consists of a straight piece of material sixty inches long and eleven inches wide, sloped to nine inches in front, and pleated on the upper side. The trimming consists of flutings, which are set under the edge of the skirt.

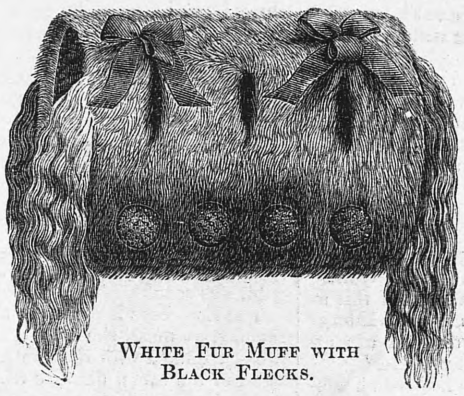
VELVET TOQUE WITH KRIMMER TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 50 and 51.

Sack for Girl from 12 to 14 Years old.

THIS sack is of purple cashmere lined with a thin layer of wadding and silk, and trimmed with wide and narrow flutings of the same material edged with satin piping; the place where they are set on is covered with a corded bias fold of cashmere. Cut from the pattern given in No. VII., Supplement. The wide strip is two inches, and the narrow one an inch and a quarter wide.

Ermine Cloak, Cap, and Muff.

THIS sack-shaped cloak is of white rabbit skin flecked with black; it is lined with light blue silk and a thin layer of wadding, which are quilted together in diamonds. Large bronze buttons and loops of gold cord serve for fastening the cloak; the under edge is trimmed with wide Angora fringe. Cut from the pattern given for the Sylphide Paletot, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 55. The cap is also of the same fur, trimmed on the left side with a tuft of Angora fringe and an aigrette of heron feathers and curled white dove feathers. The aigrette is headed with a large bronze button. It is fastened on with an elastic cord. Make the cap from the pattern and description given in No. XV., Supplement. The muff is trimmed with Angora fringe and lined with blue silk.

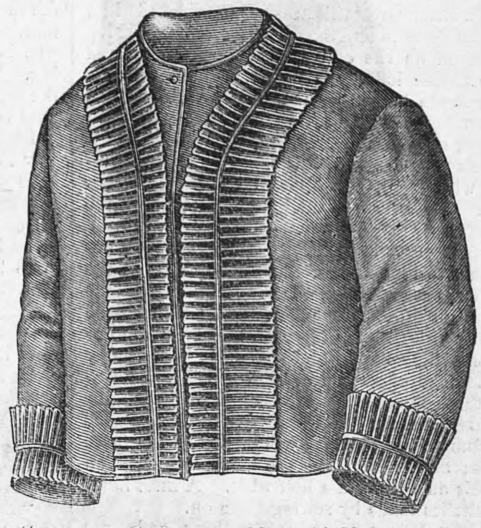


WHITE FUR MUFF WITH BLACK FLECKS.

Various Muffs.

THESE muffs are made in different ways. Some are of fur, and others of leather and velvet trimmed with fur. The white fur muffs are particularly new, not being sewed together, but fastened with hooks and eyes.

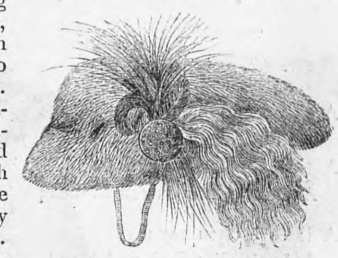
POCKET MUFF.—This muff is of gray fur lined with blue silk and wadding. It may be hung around the neck with a heavy gray silk cord. This cord is finished with two tassels, and is so arranged on the flap as to bring the tassels in the middle in the manner shown by the illustration. For making the muff cut of fur from Fig. 55, Supplement, two pieces. In one of these pieces make a slit along the double line on Fig. 55, and set in a pocket of silk. Then line both pieces with blue silk and a layer of wadding; stitch these together on the side of the muff, after which join the fur part with overcast stitches, and afterward the silk lining by hemming down one side over the other. In the same manner sew the seam from 43 to 44, but in sewing this sew in also the flap cut of fur and lining from Fig. 66. Lastly, arrange the cord and tassel in the manner shown by the illustration.



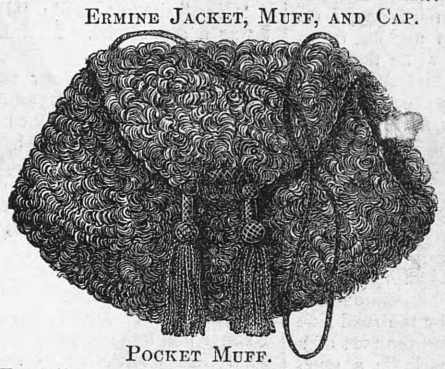
SACK FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.

ERMINE JACKET, MUFF, AND CAP.

MUFF OF WHITE FUR FLECKED WITH BLACK.—This muff is of rabbit skin, imitating ermine. It is made of a piece of fur fifteen inches long and seven inches wide, which is lined with light blue silk and wadding. This piece is furnished on one end with large bronze buttons and hooks, and on the other with the corresponding button-hole loops, by means of which it is drawn into the proper shape. The edges are trimmed with wide Angora fringe, and the upper part with two bows, in the manner shown by the illustration. Another illustration shows the muff opened.



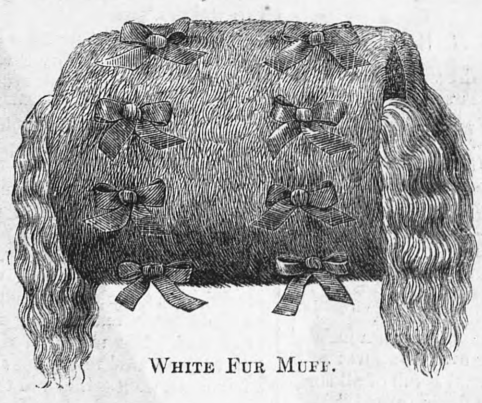
LADY'S FUR CAP.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 52.



POCKET MUFF.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 55 and 56.

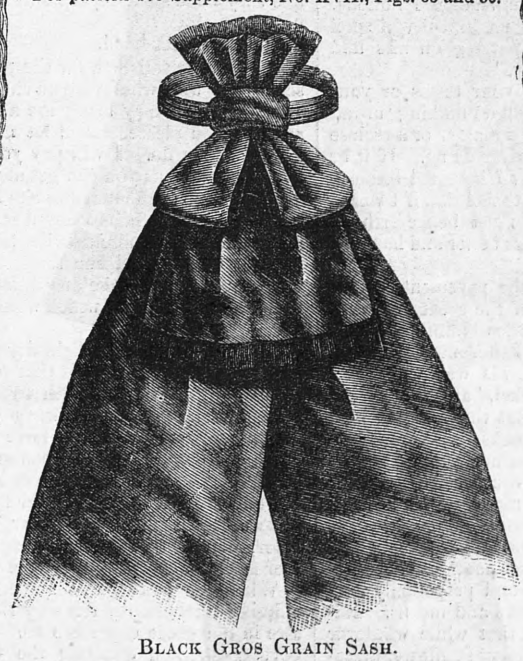
WHITE FUR MUFF.—This muff is nine inches long and twenty inches in circumference. It is lined with white satin and wadded. The trimming consists of wide Angora fringe and white satin bows, which are arranged in the manner shown by the illustration.

BLACK VELVET MUFF TRIMMED WITH FUR.—This muff is nine inches long and twenty inches in circumference. It is trimmed in the manner shown by the illustration with three strips of gray fur, and is wadded and lined with black satin.



WHITE FUR MUFF.

BRONZE LEATHER MUFF WITH FUR TRIMMING. — This muff is nine inches long and twenty inches in circumference; it is of bronze leather with printed gilt bands, which imitate button-holes, at one end of which are sewed round bronze buttons. [See illustration.] The muff is wadded and lined with brown satin, and is trimmed in the manner shown by the illustration with three strips of beaver fur.



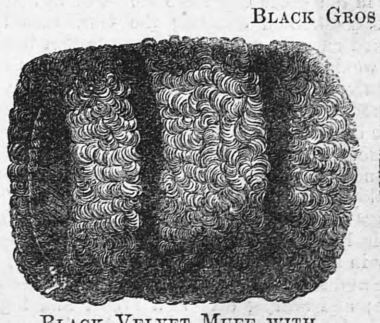
BLACK GROS GRAIN SASH.

Three Sashes for Dresses, Cloaks, etc.

THESE sashes are new and tasteful. They are of black silk lined with silk and stiff lining; they may, however, be made of the material of the dress, or of that with which it is trimmed.

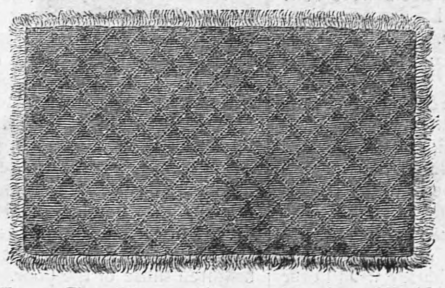
GROS GRAIN SASH.—This consists of two ends each eight inches wide and twenty-one

SASH WITH GORED ENDS.



BLACK VELVET MUFF WITH FUR TRIMMING.

BRONZE LEATHER MUFF WITH FUR TRIMMING.



WHITE FUR MUFF.—OPEN.—[Section of Inside.]

BLACK SATIN SASH.

inches long, which are fringed out on the ends, and pleated at the upper end, which is covered by another end nine inches wide and nine inches long, and also fringed on the lower end. The loops which lie over this are each four inches wide, and the same in length. The upper loop, which is fringed on the end, is four inches wide and three inches long. The knot which covers the seam made by setting the ends on the pleated belt an inch and a half wide consists of a straight piece of material five inches wide.

SASH WITH GORED ENDS.—This sash is trimmed with black silk knotted fringe six inches wide. The length of the long ends (without the fringe) is twenty-four inches, and the width of the lower part ten inches, sloping toward the upper part to four inches. The inner sides of the long ends are straight, all the sloping being done on the outside. The upper short end is sloped on both sides, and is fifteen inches long, the under end eight inches and the upper four inches wide. The upper end of each is laid in a pleat. The three upper loops are each five inches wide and long, and the lower loops are six inches wide and four inches long. Each loop is laid in three pleats; after which sew the loops and ends on the belt an inch and a half wide. A knot hides the stitches made by sewing them on.

BLACK SATIN SASH.—The long ends are trimmed with fringe, and are of double material, twenty-four inches long and nine inches wide. The sides of the loop are corded. The illustration shows the length and width of each. Both loops and ends are pleated in box-pleats, and arranged on a pleated belt an inch and a half in width. Instead of a knot a little bow covers the stitches made by sewing on the loops and ends.

MY BOY.

A LOCK of golden hair,
Tied with a silken thread;
A tiny shoelet lying there;
A snow-white curtained bed;

A little broken toy;
A book all soiled and torn;
A jaunty velvet cap my boy
Has often, often worn—

Alas, is all that's left!
(Such is the Father's will.)
His joyous laughter sounds no more;
His little heart is still.

RACHEL GREY'S WORK.

CHARLES MANNING drew in the reins so suddenly that the horses settled back upon their haunches and stood stock-still.

"Rachel Grey, I wonder if you are beside yourself!" he said, as he loosened the reins and the spirited steeds shot forward again. "I declare that if you were not my cousin, and I had not, consequently, some small amount of personal regard for you, I should be tempted to capsize this sleigh and throw you into that snow-bank!"

Rachel Grey laughed merrily.

"'I am not mad, most noble Festus.'"

"Then you have been reading 'Aurora Leigh,' or 'Alton Locke,' or poring over Margaret Fuller's rhapsodies until your head is full of all sorts of ultraisms. Your brain is fairly turned."

"You admit that I have brains then?" she answered, with a sly glance at his face. "Thank you, Sir. I was quite in the dark on that point. I plead guilty to the charge of having read 'Aurora Leigh;' but I have no acquaintance with Kingsley, and do not venture to emulate Margaret Fuller. Nevertheless, I do not intend to spend my days in doing fancy-work, or in—crimping my hair."

"You have no need to do the latter," said the young man, casting an admiring glance at the mass of wavy brown hair that rippled back from his companion's brow. "It crimps itself. But these ideas of yours, Rachel, are utterly preposterous."

"Why? I should like to be instructed, Charley."

"Why? Oh, because!—You see, Rachel, the two sexes have different missions. It is ours to do the world's work. We men do not wish that woman should soil her dainty fingers with it. It is our business to do the work, and it is yours to make yourselves charming and fascinating, and all that. When we come home from our daily labors we want to rest ourselves with the sight of your grace and beauty. Woman's work, forsooth! It is to amuse, please, and fascinate. If she does that, she does all that is required of her. *We'll* do the work."

Rachel laughed outright.

"I beg your pardon, Charley. But how much of the 'world's work' do you and Ned Payson and Wallace Clyde and the rest of your set do, do you think? Just about as much as Miriam Barker, Madge Payson, and I do; and not a whit more. We are none of us doing our work. We are simply amusing ourselves, young men and young women alike. And for my part, I am tired of it, Charley!

"You say," she continued, after a little, "that it is woman's mission to make herself 'charming;' and imply that it is her true work to 'amuse,' rest, and soothe the real workers—meaning men. Now, I do not feel that most of the men with whom I come in contact are at all in need of such ministrations. If"—and here her voice took a deeper tone, and her cheek glowed like the heart of a rose—"if God should ever send to me one of his true workers, one who, worn and weary from the field of labor, really needed help and cheer, surely I could better play the part of helper, sympathizer, and friend, if I had myself borne somewhat of the burden and heat of the day."

"Oh, pshaw, Rachel! You always take a fellow up so seriously; of course I did not mean *that*. I meant that woman did her part if she was beautiful, graceful, and, in a word, charming. The flowers have their mission as well as the trees and the golden grain. It is to please. And that is just woman's mission."

Rachel sighed.

"You do not understand me, Charley. Perhaps you can not. But did it never occur to you that there are women who can not content themselves with being mere ornamental appendages to society—women who feel, in view of all there is to be done for the world and for humanity, almost—I speak it reverently—as Paul felt when he cried, 'Woe is me if I preach not the gospel.' As for me, dear Charley, I can not spend my days in simply pleasing myself or others."

Charles Manning's lip curled sarcastically, in spite of the little hand that rested on his arm.

"What great thing do you propose to do?" he asked.

"Nothing great. I mean to do the duty that seems nearest."

"But you have some sort of an idea as to what your 'mission' is? I hate that word!"

"So do I. But remember it is a word of your choosing, not of mine. No, I have no definite project. Still, I think my work will be something akin to Glory M'Wink's."

"You absurd child! Do you mean you are going to do housework for some good Aunt Henderson?"

"By no means. Although I am inclined to think even that would be a better way of spending one's life than in making it one prolonged course of the German. To wash dishes, if you remember, was not the crowning ambition of Glory's life."

"Oh!" and here the young man, with one flourish of his whip, dextrously cut off the head of a dried mullein stalk that peered above the snow—"oh! You're going to found an orphan asylum! That's what it is. Miss Rachel Grey, I wish you joy. Do you intend being matron of the institution yourself?"

"I haven't got as far as that yet," she answered, laughing. "No, cousin Charley, I do not expect to found an orphan asylum, or to do any other great work. But while there are houseless, homeless, friendless children, wailing in every nook and corner of this great city—toward which you may as well turn your horses' heads again, for the sun is setting—I feel that I can do something better with my time than to use it as we have all of us used ours for the last two winters."

"Humph! The next time I call at the handsomest house on Bently Avenue I shall expect to find the drawing-room crowded with just such little rapscallions as *that*"—and he pointed to a dirty-faced, tow-headed urchin by the road-side—"and Miss Rachel Grey playing the part of a ministering angel. Come, Rachel, be a good child, and give up these new-fangled notions. There is such a jolly set of us, and it will spoil every thing if you go to putting on airs and playing the Sister of Charity."

"I will try not to shock your tastes or your sensibilities, Charley. I shall do nothing 'ultra,' and I do not intend making a martyr or a recluse of myself. But my mind is made up. If it be 'putting on airs' to say that I have led hitherto a frivolous, useless life, and to feel that if I would save my own soul alive I must henceforth do something to make other lives better and happier, then I must put them on."

The horses had struck the pavements again, and the noise and tumult of the great city soon drowned their voices. Charles Manning left his cousin at the door of "the handsomest house on Bently Avenue," and went his way wondering "what had come over Rachel," and comforting himself with the thought that this fancy of hers would last just about two weeks.

The Greys of Bently Avenue were poor-rich people—a class of which every town and city of our land holds far too many. People who, while living handsomely, entertaining elegantly, keeping an army of servants, and making a fine appearance generally, are yet poor—because living beyond their income—and perpetually harassed by the question of ways and means. Rachel had long ago learned that while whatever was required for show—whether furniture, dresses, plate, or jewelry, was sure to make its appearance, by hook or by crook—the comfort of a little ready-money in her purse was often denied her. Despite her well-appointed chamber and her elegant wardrobe she often felt poorer than the maid who dressed her hair. For the latter had her wages, independently hers, to keep or to spend precisely as she chose.

When Rachel after a year or two in "society" awoke one day—whether aroused by outside influences, or by the growth of her own spiritual nature—to a new sense of responsibility, she looked about her for something to do. There was work enough. The fields were whitening with the harvest, and the laborers were few. But hers were slight, girlish hands, unused to toiling for herself or for others. What burdens could she lift? what sheaves could she bind with those small fingers?

Little children with white, wan faces and tender limbs that shivered in the wintry blasts crept past her in the streets, or shrank away from cruel blows and crueler words, to hide behind the dry-goods boxes, or to crouch in the shadow of some stately dwelling. But she could not take them to her luxurious home, to wash and feed and clothe them. That was out of the question. There was little danger that Charley would ever find the drawing-room of which he had spoken converted into an alms-house.

If she could only economize, she thought, as she sat by her window and looked out into the night. But how? She had nothing to do with apportioning the household expenses; and as to her wardrobe—why, the credit of "the family" must be maintained. "No scrimping and saving in that direction" was her father's command, and she knew that it must be obeyed.

What then could she do?

She went to sleep pondering the question; and she awoke repeating it as earnestly as he who of old cried out to Paul and Silas, "Sirs, what shall I do to be saved?"—In at the eastern window streamed the morning sun, gilding the cornices and the pretty nick-nacks upon the dressing-table, and lighting up a small picture that hung upon the wall above her bed. Rachel looked at it for a long time, while her eye kindled and her heart beat tumultuously. A sudden thought had come to her like an inspiration.

"I can paint," she said, in a low, eager voice. "That little picture took the first prize at Madame B——'s; and I know I can do better things now. I have not lived all these years for nothing, and at last I have found my work. I had a 'gift for painting,' they said, when I was a school-girl. I will use it to some purpose henceforth, and, God helping me, some homes shall be brighter, some child-hearts happier because I have lived."

Soon after breakfast, in an unnoticeable bonnet and cloak, with her second-best furs on, and a thin, brown paper parcel under her arm, Rachel Grey entered the store of a picture-dealer in the lower part of the city, and asked to see the proprietor. She was shown into the counting-room. As the door closed behind her a tall, gentlemanly man wheeled round from the desk where he was sitting, with an air that said more plainly than words, "Be as expeditious as possible, for I am in a great hurry."

"I will not detain you long, Sir," said Rachel, bowing. "I called merely to ask you what this picture is worth?"

The gentleman took the little painting, cast a careless glance upon it, then scrutinized it more closely, then studied the young girl's face for an instant.

"Is it your own work?" he asked, placing it in a favorable light, and looking at it through his hand.

"Yes," she answered; "it was painted when I was a school-girl. I think I could do better now."

"Finished up by your teacher?" he asked, still continuing his observations.

"No, Sir; no pencil but my own so much as touched it," she answered, her face flushing.

"I meant no offense," he said, smiling. "Only I know such things are done sometimes. This is a very fine picture. Is it for sale?"

"I should be unwilling to part with that," she replied. "I value it for its associations. But I can paint another like it, if you wish."

"I do wish it, decidedly," was the answer, "if you can be content with moderate payment. Neither painters nor poets can expect to receive what their work is really worth nowadays, unless they have some reputation—which you have not, I conclude?"

She shook her head.

"I shall be satisfied, for the present at least," she said, "with whatever you choose to pay me."

"Then you may bring me a copy of this as soon as you please. And let me see whatever else you may do. I will pay you all I can afford—as much as you can get any where."

Rachel's heart bounded as she hastened homeward. At last she had found something to do. Her idle, useless, aimless life, her day of waiting was over. And she thanked God that the work given her was the one thing that she could do best—the doing of which would be a constant joy.

The old easel was brought down from the garret; the pencils and pallet that had lain idle for so long were brought forth from their hiding-places. She was not always successful. At first her fingers seemed to have lost their cunning; and she made more than one or two copies of the painting before she succeeded in producing one that she felt willing to offer to her friend, the picture-dealer. But with eager, heart-satisfying labor, came its inevitable companion, growth. Her strength increased with the using.

When the next year's Christmas bells were chiming Rachel Grey felt very rich; no millionaire in the great city more so. For in many a poverty-stricken dwelling the Christmas fires burned cheerily upon hearth-stones that but for her would have been dark and cold. Little feet, warmly clad, danced about the ruddy blaze; little hands were outstretched in joyful gratitude; little hearts sung for joy as they had never sung before. She had found her work.

And in it she found rest and peace. An unemployed "gift," no matter what it may be, brings constant unrest to its possessor. Paradoxical as it may seem, our powers find repose only in action. Rachel's progress was slow, but sure and steady. Her aspirations were pure and true; and aiming ever at a higher and higher ideal, she "went on unto perfection."

Went *toward* it, feeling ever that the perfect beauty for which she yearned could never be reached this side of heaven. But feeling also that to aspire and to fail is truer success than to sit with folded hands content in dreamy idleness.

I am writing a story of to-day. Rachel Grey took up her work with no thought of fame; but, unwooed, it is approaching her. Already she wears a tiny wreath of laurel, whose living verdure shall grow with the years, half hidden amidst the ripples of her lustrous hair; and her beautiful art brightens the homes of the rich, even as the money it has brought her has helped to brighten those of the poor.

God bless Rachel Grey, and all true workers who, like her, make their work holy by self-sacrifice!

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

THE sojourn of the court at Compiègne still attracts the attention of Paris, and we may say of all Europe.

It is known that during this privileged season all the distinguished personages and celebrities of all sorts in Paris are invited in turn to dwell for a week under the roof of the sovereign, to participate in his life, and to sit at his table.

Among the illustrious persons admitted to this honor there have already been this year Jules Sandeau (of the French Academy), Paul Féval, Gustave Doré, and Ambroise Thomas; and Emile Augier, Octave Feuillet, Camille Doucet, and Ernest Legouvé, all of the Academy, are to be invited by-and-by.

There are four series of invitations, for a week each, and the guests of each series number about a hundred. They bring with them one or two servants, and their saddle-horses, in order to hunt, if it seems good to them. The ladies are accompanied by one or two maids, and also bring their horses if they are fond of riding. There are, besides, a hundred saddle-horses in the Imperial stables, designed for those of the guests who have none of their own.

The most elegant toilettes are displayed at Compiègne. The ladies dress four times a day, and vie with each other in magnificence. The walking dresses are short and of comparative simplicity. The indoor dresses are trained. The evening dresses are naturally also trained and *decolletées*. There is dancing every evening.

The most interesting hour of the day is that when the Empress takes tea. This is served at five o'clock, in her Majesty's private parlor, and the honor of being present is reserved as a special favor. She does not, therefore, invite all the guests, but only a choice few, and generally more men than women. This is the time for conversation; the wits tell stories, or engage in courteous discussions, in which the Empress often joins unexpectedly. The Empress is very much of a Spaniard, and very much of a woman, that is to say, passionate in her opinions, quick at repartee, and steadfast when on the defensive. Her friends find in her a valiant advocate, and where admiration is concerned she knows no politics. For instance, she is a great admirer of Victor Hugo, and speaks of the poet's works with an enthusiasm which does her credit.

The Empress's fête was gayly celebrated at Compiègne by improvised private theatricals. A little piece composed the night before by Jules Sandeau and Paul Féval was admirably played by them, together with Messrs. Delessert, Henri Rivière, and the Count de Lezay-Marnesin. The laurels of the evening were carried off, however, by an actress whose first appearance on the boards revealed incomparable talent; the young Countess Welles de Lavalette (the daughter of the Minister Rouher), a model lawyer's daughter, glib of tongue, fertile in expedients, and witty enough to raise a laugh from the seven sages of Greece. With her figured the wife of Marshal Canrobert, the Princess Marie d'Albe, and Mademoiselle de Lagrenée. The Empress's ladies of honor each offered her a present, the work of their own hands. Among these a magnificent white satin cushion, on which the imperial eagle was embroidered in gold, was remarkable for its beauty.

The Empress's toilettes are all ravishing. On Sunday, at mass, she wore a blue satin trained dress, trimmed with Russian sable, with a polonaise of the same, likewise trimmed with sable, and a bonnet of iris velvet with aigrette. On the promenade she wears short costumes, as we have said, usually made by the dress-maker, Madame Laferrière.

Another beautiful toilette is of cigar-colored plush; under-skirt with a wide-pleated flounce of gros grain; poplin over-skirt, simply caught up behind *à la paysanne*. The extremely unique casaque of the same plush is very much gathered in at the waist, where it is trimmed with a gros grain bow with four coques and ends. This casaque is adjusted behind, and forms tabs in front like a mantelet. The very full sleeves are simulated. This stylish toilette is the Compiègne.

A dress of very dark ultramarine-blue cloth, shot with black, is bordered with fringe. The over-skirt is caught up over a black velvet under-skirt with a deep flounce, surmounted by a puffing of velvet. Black velvet chemise Russe; ultramarine-blue cloth casaque, shot with black and trimmed with fringe with large sleeves, which show the chemise Russe underneath.

Velvet under-skirts are extremely *recherché* just now; and black or colored silk tunics produce a very pretty effect over them. The casaque is always like the tunic, and the chemise Russe like the under-skirt.

One of the most beautiful novelties of Madame Laferrière is the Louis XIII. velvet mantelet. This is a little mantelet with short, square tabs, with a cape slightly cut up in the shape of a heart, and a black velvet bow at the centre of the slope. The mantelet is edged with a puffing. The Empress has one of these in black velvet, with dress to match. One of her ladies of honor wears a very beautiful one of lapis-blue velvet, a new and very dark shade of blue.

With the costumes round toques of felt or velvet, trimmed with feathers, are worn at Compiègne. At Paris ravishing hats, styled berets, are the rage. These resemble the Dubarry coiffure. They are almost round, with a feather forming a pouf in front and sometimes falling behind over the hair, and an aigrette at the side. They are admirably adapted to youthful faces.

On the day of the fête the Empress wore a splendid dress of Solferino poult de soie, with a satin train of the same color, trimmed with magnificent point d'Alençon lace. She wore a magnificent diamond parure, and the royal crown of diamonds adorned her brow.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

MY CHRISTMAS MYSTERY.

FOR years I had spent Christmas with the Yarnolds, at their place down in Lincolnshire. Such a habit had this become that I never thought of Christmas except in association with the old Manor-house they lived in, and the wintry aspect of the pleasant scenery surrounding it. The understanding was that I should not wait for an invitation; but in the December of the year of which I am going to speak—a year not very remote—I *did* receive a letter from my old friends, couched in such warm, cordial terms that I could not have refused to accede to their wishes whatever other arrangements I might have contemplated.

A special day was named for my going down, and I was advised to take the train leaving London at five in the afternoon, so that the carriage might meet me at the station when the train came in, and take me and my luggage on to the Manor-house. To this I assented in my letter acknowledging the invitation, and so was not only pledged to spend the holidays at a particular place, but also to start on a given day at a fixed hour.

These arrangements subsequently became important, because, had they not been entered into, I might not have gone to the Manor-house that year; I certainly should not have started on the day agreed upon, for on the morning of that day a very unpleasant circumstance happened. The morning's post brought me a letter from a stranger, of rather a startling nature. It was in a woman's handwriting, and signed Martha Rathgrave. The letter commenced in fiercely-indignant and upbraiding terms, and it charged me with cowardice and villainy. Then the tone changed to one of piteous appeal and entreaty. It is not necessary that I should set down the exact terms of the letter here; enough that, as I gathered, the writer was a frantic mother, whose daughter had been tempted from her home by some designing scoundrel, and who, distracted between indignation and misery, besought in hysterical and incoherent terms that as far as possible the injury might be repaired by the restoration of the misguided Agnes (that was the name given) to her home and friends.

The shock of such an epistle may be imagined. My astonishment at the receipt of it was unbounded. That it was intended for me there could be no mistake. My name appeared in full on the envelope, with my address—Hare Court, Temple—and my name was repeated at the bottom of the fourth page of the sheet of note-paper. Yet I swear I had never heard the name of Rathgrave before; and as to being a party to the abduction of the unfortunate Agnes, the charge was simply ludicrous.

Martha Rathgrave wrote from Chertsey. Had the day been at my own disposal I should certainly have started off at once in search of the lady, with a view to clearing up the mystery. But there was my packing, and I had fifty little matters to see about before the hour at which it was inevitable that I should catch my specified train. There was nothing for it but to write a letter, and I sat down for the purpose. I sat down; but under the circumstances a letter was a difficult thing to write. What could I say that would in any way satisfy Mrs. Rathgrave? To tell her that she was mistaken, and that I was not the man she supposed, would obviously to her mind be adding untruth to the catalogue of my misdeeds. She had called me a coward; I hesitated at convincing her that I was a liar.

While sitting pondering over this, I presently bethought me of an expedient. I could not go to Chertsey myself, but I could send a friend. Exactly; but who? I thought and thought, then suddenly I hit upon it. There was Gilbert Stone. The very man; young, smart, fond of adventure, and ever ready to do a man a service. Moreover, he was easily to be found—his chambers were only in the next Court. Without further reflection I resolved to take him into my confidence in this strange business, and to ask him to fathom the mystery for me.

With the open letter in my hand I started off for Stone's chambers. They were on the fourth floor, and when I had mounted to the top of the gloomy staircase I found, to my disappointment, that his outer door was closed. Thinking it still possible that he might be there, I gave a sharp rap, but there was no response from within. The case was hopeless.

I had decided this and was about to turn away, when I heard somebody begin slowly to mount the stairs. It was a heavy, weary step, but came on steadily, round after round. I leaned over the balustrade, and was mentally contrasting the step with Stone's light, agile bound, when to my intense astonishment, on the figure coming into sight, I recognized Stone himself. At the same moment he caught sight of me, and certainly his astonishment was not less than mine. He started, and put out a hand against the wall to steady himself.

"Wh-what do you want?" he gasped, in an angry tone.

"You're not well?" I rejoined, giving him question for question.

"Nonsense! Never better in my life. What is it?"

I said it would be necessary to go into some little explanation, and he then crawled up the few remaining steps, and putting his back against the stair-window, folded his arms, and intimated that he was ready to hear what I had to say. He seemed to have no intention of asking me into his chambers, and though I thought this odd, I would not appear to take any notice of it.

There is seldom too much light in the Temple in December, and this morning was specially gloomy. So, in the position Gilbert Stone had taken up, his face was wholly dark to me—I could not see a line of it. In a few words I explained what had happened, and proposed to read the letter. He nodded, and I went through it from end to end. He apparently listened intently; but when I had done, and had folded up the paper, he still retained his listening attitude, and it was only when I said, "Now, I want you to see into this for me, old boy," that he started up and replied, "With pleasure; give me the letter." I gave it into his hand.

"And you know nothing whatever of these people?" he asked.

"Absolutely nothing."

He laughed.

"All right. You are the genuine victim of a mystery. Enviable being! Well, enjoy yourself, old boy. Consider all this as good as squared. You'll hear from me. A merry Christmas to you!"

I reciprocated the wish, we shook hands, and I hurried away to prepare for my journey with a sense of relief. In a few hours I felt certain the unpleasant little mistake would be cleared up. Still, I felt anxious for Stone's letter. And that reminded me—I had not told him where I was going. Well, no matter, I couldn't toil up those stairs again; he must address me at my chambers, and his communication would be forwarded to Lincolnshire in due course.

And now I reach a portion of my narrative where it is necessary for me to observe the utmost exactness of detail, in order to gain credence for what I shall have to state. My packing was finished at 4.30; a cab then conveyed me and my portmanteau and hat-box to the Great Northern Terminus. The train starting at five was, as I knew, express to Peterborough, not stopping on the way; it ultimately reached Lincoln, the station nearest my destination, at nine that night.

There were not many passengers by that train. I noticed this myself, and it was confirmed by the guard, with whom I got into conversation, and who was kind enough to offer me a compartment to myself, in case I preferred it. I did prefer it, as I had some papers I wished to look over going down, and the guard showed me into a first-class carriage (No. 287), and locked the door to secure me against intrusion. As soon as we were fairly out of the terminus I took the bundle of papers I have mentioned from my pocket, determined to make the utmost of the rapidly-fading light, for though the carriage-lamps were lit they were not pleasant to read by.

The oscillation of the carriage as the train bounded along at express speed was irritating; but in spite of it I soon managed to get absorbed in my work. For some twenty or thirty miles I read on and on, making myself master of the details of a somewhat intricate case which had been submitted to my judgment. Then a very natural thing happened. My mind reverted to the event of the morning, I suppose, and suddenly the name of Agnes Rathgrave began to intrude itself into my reading. The words mixed themselves up in an odd fashion with the writing before my eyes—gleamed and flashed there with such vividness that I began to lose myself in idle speculations about this unknown girl. Was she pretty? Interesting in manner? Loving in disposition? These and similar questions were bewildering me when I was suddenly startled by a sound as of a deep groan close to my ear.

Though I believed myself alone in the carriage I looked up sharply. Daylight was waning; but the lamps had in consequence brightened, and I had no difficulty in seeing about me with the utmost clearness.

Imagine my astonishment, then, when, on raising my eyes, I discovered that I was not the sole occupant of the compartment!

Unquestionably, it was shared by a companion. The seat next but one to my own was occupied by a lady, who sat gazing intently out of the farther window. There could be no doubt about her being there, yet I felt certain that she had not entered the carriage at King's-cross, and it was quite impossible that she could have entered it since, while we were tearing along at express speed. My flesh crept, and I felt a lifting of my hair as I looked at her; yet I did look at her very intently, so intently that I can recall every minute particular of her appearance and attire.

She was, so far as I could judge, not more than twenty years of age, petite in figure, with small, delicately-shaped hands and feet. As she wore a black veil shiny with bugles down to her mouth the upper part of her face was hidden, but the lower portion was most delicately turned. Mouth and chin were beautiful; so was a little shell-like ear, of which I caught sight. But what struck me most forcibly was the snowy whiteness of the complexion; there was no flush in it; even the lips were bloodless. The lady's dress was neat to simplicity. She wore a black-and-white-check silk, the skirt quite plain, and a short velvet mantle. Her bonnet was also of velvet, with a cluster of pansies in it over the left temple. I saw no jewelry. My attention was specially drawn to my companion's hands from their unusual smallness, and the exactness with which her gloves fitted. Moreover, she had a peculiarity of the left hand; she kept it tightly clenched, and I presently saw that her object in doing so was to retain fast hold of a crumpled fragment of paper; but the apparent tenacity of grip might, I decided, be unconscious, as she was clearly much self-absorbed.

Can I say that as I gazed at my companion I experienced a sense of terror? No; it hardly amounted to that, especially after the first shock of discovering that she was there. How she had come there certainly puzzled me. It was most singular that after what had passed the guard should have admitted her. It was more singular still that he should have been able to do so without my knowledge. On the other hand, there she was, sitting bodily before my eyes, as real and tangible as the carriage itself.

Beginning to smile at my own alarm, I presently mustered up courage enough to address the lady. Bending forward, I inquired whether she preferred the window down.

The noise of the train was so great that I could hardly hear my own voice; but she heard it, and turning toward me smiled graciously. Her lips also moved, and as she placed her right hand on the window-strap at the same moment I understood her to answer me in the affirmative. So I bowed, leaned back in my seat, and tried to resume my reading. In this I was only partially successful. My eyes were constantly wandering toward my companion, who was again watching the fading landscape through her veil, while I speculated on the mystery of her being there.

"I will speak to the guard at Peterborough," I mentally determined.

As I did so our speed began to slacken, and looking out I saw that we were close upon the old town. The express stage of our journey was near its end. The beautiful façade of the cathedral was already in view. Within a few minutes we were entering the station. The platform was on my side the carriage (the reverse had been the case in starting at King's-cross), and as the name of the place was shouted out, mingled with a cry of "Tickets!" I noticed that my companion turned her face my way.

"You get out here?" I inquired.

She inclined her head.

I put my hand out to open the door for her. It was locked. At the same moment the collector came up and asked to see my ticket.

"This lady will get out here, if you will unlock the door," I said.

"Lady, Sir; what lady?"

I turned sharply to where my companion had been seated. She was gone!

"There was a lady seated in this carriage a moment ago," I stammered out.

"Impossible, Sir."

"But I tell you—"

We were interrupted by the appearance of the guard.

"What's the matter, Sir?" he asked.

"Tell me," I demanded, eagerly. "Did you or did you not admit a lady into this compartment before the train started from London?"

"Sir!" he ejaculated; then, peering in my face and seeing the look of consternation there, he added, in a conciliatory tone, "Been dreaming, Sir; there can't have been no lady here along o' you, Sir. BOTH THE DOORS WAS LOCKED."

I darted to the other door and tried it—fastened! A cold shudder crept over me as I looked at the amused faces of the two men. My own must have been ghost-like.

Fortunately, there was no time to discuss the matter further; time was up, and the train moved on. As the station receded from view, and a sense of being alone again came over me, I nearly swooned with terror. There could be no blinking the truth to myself now; I HAD SEEN A GHOST! It had appeared to me in that place, and for all I knew it might return. My eyes glared at the seat it had occupied. I dared not turn from it, yet I felt assured that should the phantom present itself again I should throw myself from the carriage in the very madness of terror. My only consolation was that the train stopped at the next station, Boston, only a few miles distant, and there it would be practicable for me to get into another compartment, one in which there were booked and duly accredited human passengers.

The distance between Peterborough and Boston was interminable to me in my agony of alarm; but it was traversed without any fresh ghostly experience, and the instant the train stopped I leaped out. The relief of escaping was so intense that I could hardly stay to collect together my papers, rugs, and other trifles. A porter proffered assistance, and I gladly availed myself of it, though I had to put up with his astonished looks when he found I was only moving from one carriage to another, apparently without an object. I selected a compartment this time with plenty of life in it—two burly farmers and an apple-faced old lady gave promise of security from further horror, and I was congratulating myself on the success of my move when, just as the train began to move, the porter I had engaged came to the window and touched his cap.

"Beg pardon, Sir," he said, "but does this belong to your papers? Found it on the seat of the other carriage."

He held out as he spoke a crumpled fragment of manuscript; I recognized it the moment I took it. There could be no mistake as to its being the fragment of paper my mysterious fellow-traveler had clutched so tightly in her hand!

The train had started, and it was impossible to give back the paper. It was not mine; I had no right to it; yet so peculiar was the chance that had given it in my possession, and so strangely was it connected with the most singular experience of my life, that I felt bound to preserve it. As the eyes of my companions were all upon me in that undisguised stare common to country folk, I simply placed the fragment in my pocket-book, determined to examine it on reaching my journey's end.

My reception at the Manor-house was so cordial, and it was so absolutely necessary to render one's self agreeable among a houseful of guests, that my adventure almost passed out of my head until I found myself in the dead of the night alone in the sleeping-chamber which had been assigned to me. It was a great, old-fashioned, wainscoted room, with a huge chimney in which the wind roared, and a bay-window opening among trees, that, now bare and gaunt, swayed their skeleton arms up and down before it with an incessant creaking in every joint. All the alarm I had felt in the railway-carriage instantly came back to me with redoubled intensity. I found my eyes wandering from chair to chair, confident that I should presently see my ghostly companion seated in one of them. And instead of trying to banish this impression from my mind by reflecting on other things, I found the one subject drawing me to it with irresistible fascination. I could not even resist at that dismal hour the temptation to examine the paper in my pocket-book.

The sight of this, as I drew it out, gave me a turn; yet it was a very simple matter. A mere crumpled scrap of writing. I sat some time with it lying open in the palm of my hand, looking at it dreamily. Then an idea, suggested by the shape of the paper and the wrinkles in it, suddenly seized me.

"This is part of a letter," I said aloud, "a part held in a hand with a desperate clutch while the rest has been wrenched away. She must have held this in a death-grasp."

A gust of wind howled round the chamber, and moaned itself piteously away. The cold dew of terror came out in beads upon my brow.

It was some time before I could summon courage to undertake a minute examination of the writing before me. When I did it yielded little: there were only a few lines on one side of the paper, and they were broken and fragmentary. This was all I read: "—MAKE YOU MY WIFE AND I SHALL NOT FORGET.....FOOLISH IMPATIENCE RUIN ALL.....YOUR FAMILY.....EXPOSURE.....TO BE REGRETTED." There was nothing more; all that might have rendered this an intelligible sentence had been torn away; as it was, the fragment was worthless. It told nothing, and how could it in any way throw a light on the mystery of the apparition which troubled me more and more as I reflected on it? Indeed, I felt that I dared not think over it too intensely, and though the ghostliness of the chamber (exaggerated by my own imagination, no doubt) weighed heavily upon me, I boldly extinguished the light and threw myself on the bed, where, after a time, fatigue resulted in broken slumbers.

All next day I debated with myself whether I should take my host into my confidence in the matter of my railway mystery; but though Yarnold is a capital fellow, he is one of those sturdy, hard-headed, unsentimental yeomen, with no possible belief in the supernatural, and I decided that he would only receive my statement with incredulity or open laughter; so I kept my counsel for that day. Next morning my letters were brought up to my room. All that had come to me at the Temple had been put into an envelope which I had left directed with my clerk, so that he might forward them to the Manor-house. The letters chiefly related to matters of business; but the last I opened had more special personal interest. It was the letter I had expected from Gilbert Stone, and related to the commission he had undertaken.

Stone's communication was short—a mere note—but to the purpose. He had called on the lady, Mrs. Rathgrave; had found her greatly concerned at her daughter's elopement with some person unknown, but who appeared to have corresponded with the girl in my name, borrowed, in all probability, from the *London Directory*, to which authority the mother had gone for my address. Stone added that he had effectually cleared up the mistake so far as I was concerned. He wrote in haste, as he was going off with a friend to spend his Christmas in the country.

"Thank goodness," I ejaculated, "there is one mystery cleared up. Now, if I could only satisfy myself about my fellow-traveler—"

I stopped abruptly. Surprise took away my breath; while speaking I had held Stone's letter in my hand, regarding it with a fixed and thorough gaze. Now, with a quick, lightning-suddenness, a discovery flashed upon me.

THE WRITING ON THE FRAGMENT OF PAPER WHICH THE WOMAN HAD HELD IN HER GRASP WAS IDENTICAL WITH THAT OF THE LETTER BEFORE ME!

No wonder I was mute with utter astonishment. Of course, the first impression yielded to doubt; but a close and minute comparison of letter for letter decided me. The words I had read overnight were in Gilbert Stone's handwriting. What, then, did it all mean? What had happened?

I went down to breakfast revolving those questions in my mind, and greatly perturbed.

Yarnold met me in the corridor; he had been reading *his* letters; there was a sheaf of them in his hand. His face was radiant.

"More guests, my boy!" he exclaimed, shaking the letters at me as we met. "By Jove! we shall have to get the Manor-house enlarged by next Christmas."

"Indeed!"

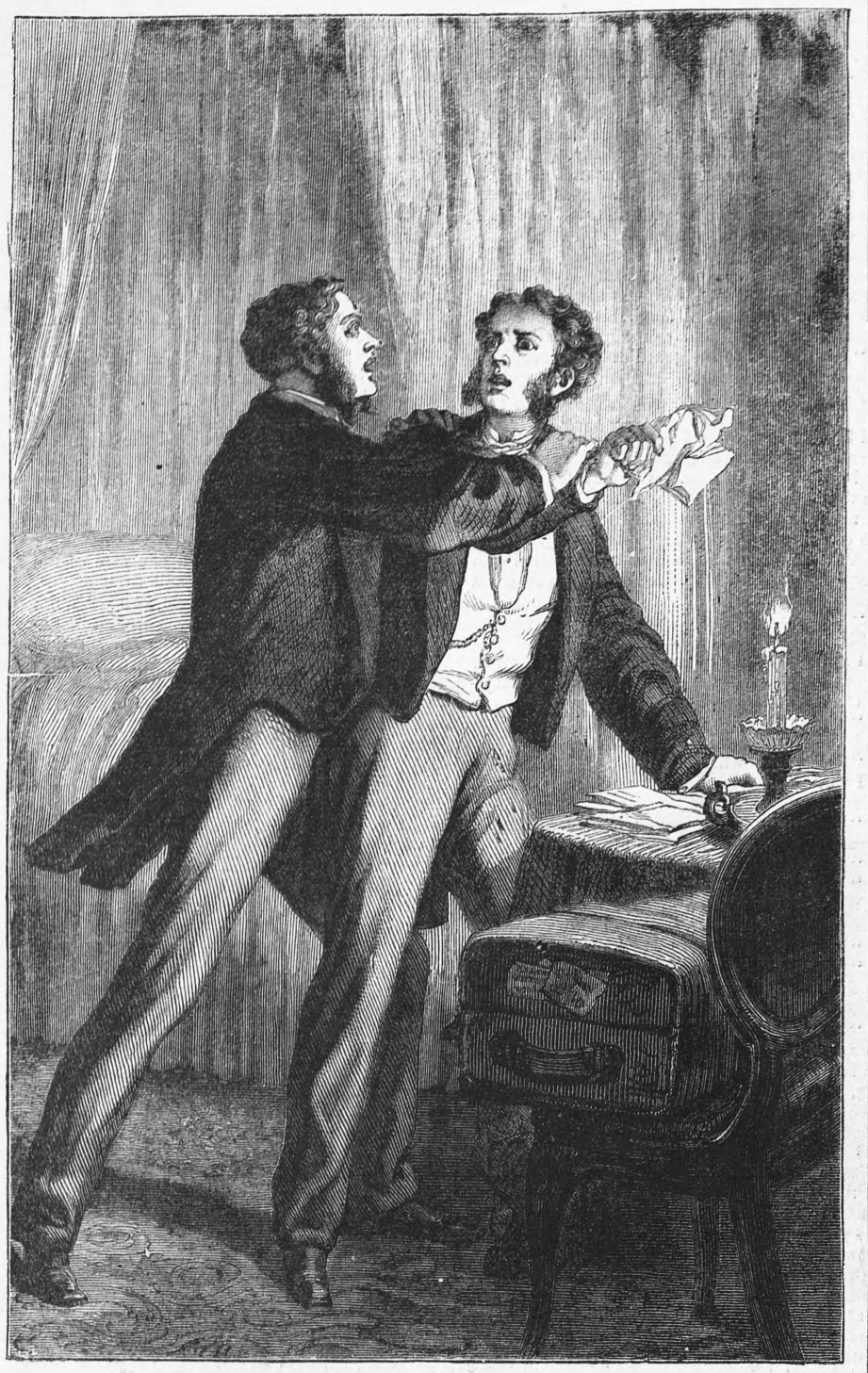
"Yes: and as it is we shall have to quarter one of the new-comers on you; a friend of Sir Harry Finch's. You may know him, by-the-way; he is at the bar."

"Does Sir Harry mention his name?"

"Oh, certainly—let me see, yes, here it is—Gilbert Stone."

I was conscious of starting and changing color. Yarnold looked surprised, as he well might, for he could little guess the strange thoughts and misgivings which were already shaping themselves in my mind about the man whose name he had mentioned as about to come there as his guest. However, I submitted to his surprised looks, rather than make any statement as to those doubts and misgivings. They were, indeed, so vague that I could hardly have put them into words. I contented myself with remarking that I believed I knew Sir Harry's friend, and Yarnold himself, to my relief, soon changed the subject.

Three nights after, Gilbert Stone came down. His surprise at seeing me was naturally very great. I had not mentioned to him in town where I was going to spend my Christmas, and



"STAY, GILBERT STONE!"

it certainly seemed a strange coincidence that his friend Sir Harry Finch should have brought him down to the same place. It was, though he did not suspect it, more than coincidence; it was destiny. He did not mention his letter transmitted to me that morning, and of course I said nothing about the discovery I had made, identifying the writing with that of the fragment left by my spectral companion in the railway train. In truth, little passed between us, for I fancied that, great as was his surprise at seeing me, his uneasiness was greater. Nor, I could tell, was this lessened on his hearing that it was my room he was to share. He affected to be charmed, but I saw that his lower lip dropped and quivered. I had already come to regard him with grave suspicion, and I determined to observe him closely.

There was dancing that night, and Stone threw himself into the amusement with enthusiasm—I thought with recklessness, if not desperation. Suddenly, when the gayety of the scene was at its height, I saw him give a hurried glance round the hall and steal away. I followed him, but at a distance. He ascended the stairs, and traversed the corridor leading to our room. His step was noiseless, and I pursued him like his shadow.

The room was full of moonlight. As he went in he thrust to the door, but did not close it. I stole up and looked in. He was stooping over a portmanteau, from which he took out a small writing-desk; a key attached to his watch-chain enabled him to open this. What could be his object? The moonlight was strong enough to show me that he took from the desk a handful of open letters. But a man does not leave the dance to read letters by moonlight. No, nor by lamplight; though while the thought was in my mind he struck a match and lit the taper on a table by his side. Then he held out one of the letters toward the hardly-kindled flame, so that the corner of the paper almost ignited. His object, then, was not to read, but to destroy—to destroy something before I was there to observe his movements.

In the instant of my detecting that intention I was in the room, my right hand had firm hold of his wrist, and we were glaring at each other, eye to eye.

"Stay, Gilbert Stone!" I cried. "You destroy nothing."

"Who will prevent me?" he demanded, fiercely.

"I will!"

"And by whose authority?"

"That of the dead!"

His look changed, and he staggered from me. Then with the courage of desperation he summoned up all his strength and made a rush, seizing me by the throat. Our struggle was short and sharp: I threw him, and he lay at my feet glaring.

In the contest the letters had fallen, and lay scattered about us. Among them was the one he would have destroyed in the flame. I recognized that at a glance, for it was much crumpled, and a half-circular piece had been torn out of the bottom of it. Hardly a second glance was necessary to convince me that I had in my pocket-book the missing piece, which would render it complete.

As Stone gazed at me with vicious eyes I tore out my pocket-book, produced the fragment, and fitted it into the letter, which it matched with exactness.

"How dare you come here to pry into my letters?" the man demanded, with an attempt at swagger.

"I have given you my authority," I replied; "it is that of the unhappy woman to whom you wrote these words: 'You know that I have promised to MAKE YOU MY WIFE, AND I SHALL NOT FORGET that promise when the proper time comes, unless you by your FOOLISH IMPATIENCE RUIN ALL, bring disgrace upon YOUR FAMILY, and lend yourself to an EXPOSURE that will assuredly have TO BE REGRETTED. Be reasonable, and confide wholly in your devoted Adorer.'"

It will be seen that I pieced out the sense of the fragment (in small capitals) by means of the letter itself.

The horror of Gilbert Stone as I did so was intense, and was only exceeded when in a few stern words I told him how it had come into my possession. At that narrative all his manliness left him; he fell at my feet, and abjectly implored my pity, my compassion. I reminded him that as yet I only suspected him of some offense dark enough to arouse the spirits of another world to rise up to avenge it.

"Yes," he exclaimed, with a shudder, "it was she—it was Agnes."

"What! Agnes Rathgrave!" I cried in amazement.

"The same. It was to her that this letter was addressed."

I was bewildered, confounded, and I said so.

"You shall know all," he said, "but my lips burn, my throat is parched; I must have water—water."

He scrambled to his feet and, going to the carafon, poured out a draught into a glass, and gulped it down eagerly.

Then he entered on a deliberate confession, which revealed all. He admitted that it was he who had made advances to Agnes Rathgrave, but in my name, simply used as the first that occurred to him with which to screen his own. In that name he had promised her marriage; and two nights before she had come to his chambers in mad desperation, bringing with her his letter, and threatening exposure unless he kept his promise. Her words were exasperating, his temper short, and he rushed on her and tried to tear the letter from her hand. Part he secured; but in the struggle she stumbled and fell backward, bearing with her the small portion by which she held. That fall was fatal. To his horror the woman lay dead at his feet. "I see her now," he cried, putting his hands before his eyes, "lying there stiff in her silk dress, and with the short veil half hiding her dead face." He added that he sat gazing at the body half the night, then bethought him that there were empty chambers in the same court to which his key would gain him admission. To those chambers he had carried the body through the darkness, and there it remained.

This statement fully accounted for the state of trepidation in which he met me on his stairs in the morning, and the readiness with which he undertook to clear up the Rathgrave mystery, about which he knew too much already. His subsequent letter to me was of course a lie; he had not seen Mrs. Rathgrave, having only too strong reasons for keeping out of her way.

"But I had managed it all so cleverly," he added, "that I might have got off unsuspected if the poor dead wretch had only been laid at rest in a Christian grave. But she has appeared to you: she may appear to others, and it is useless to fight the dead."

He started up and pressed both hands tightly over his heart.

The color had gone from his face while he spoke, and I now saw that it was distorted and convulsed.

"You are ill!" I exclaimed. "Let me ring—"

"Too late, my boy, too late," he said, faintly. "It is ten minutes since I drank the water—"

"Well?"

"It was poisoned."

He dropped forward on his face, and before assistance could come to him had breathed his last spasmodic breath, and was dead.

And thus the spirit of the murdered victim of his heartless cruelty and treachery was mysteriously avenged.

THE FROST QUEEN'S COURT.

WHERE the chilliest moonbeam shoots its ray,
Far from the realms of the dazzling day,
Crowned with crystals of glitt'ring sheen,
She holds her court—the fair Frost Queen.

From the river's depth at her birth she rose,
Silently e'en as the soundless snows,
Bursting the chains of the stagnant tide,
And Winter smiled as he claimed his bride.

Her robe of snow-flake, wonderful, white,
Than the lustre of diamonds gleams more bright—
Her jewels of ice, yet rarer gems
Ne'er sparkled in monarch's diadems.

Whatever is there, her palace through,
Moonlit, dazzles with myriad hue,
By Winter 'twas reared: more luminous far
Than mortal dwellings its splendors are.

Splendor and silence both are there;
Floats an influence strange through that chilly air,
Prisoning and deadening the life-blood's flow
In the earth's glad veins; whiie, to and fro,

The courtier elves, a glittering band,
Silently speed their queen's command:
There's a mystic power in her chilling breath,
For the Frost Queen's life is Nature's death.

Swift at her word an icy spell
Seems on each living thing to dwell,
Enthralling the land, enthralling the flood,
Holding in death-like chains the wood.

She breathes, and the flowers they cease to grow—
She breathes, and the mill-stream fails to flow;
The bosom of earth is in slumber bound,
There is death above—there is death around!

From her palace her subject-sprites proceed,
Eager the Frost Queen's bidding to speed,
Decking, as if for funeral rite,
Nature's corpse with their jewels bright.

On the dry dead branch of the withered tree
Their crystals they hang all silently;
The lifeless soil, in its shroud of snow,
They make as with diamond spark to glow.

And ever through Nature's wintry night,
Jeweled with splendor, cold and bright,
Proud in her beauty, chilling in mien,
She holds her court—the fair Frost Queen.

Radiance there is in that palace fair,
But 'tis not the light of life is there:
There's a mystic spell in the Frost Queen's breath—
She breathes, and straight it is Nature's death.

THE FROST QUEEN'S COURT.

THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

A Story.

By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," etc.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER XVII.

STRANGE WAYFARERS IN HORN.

On the 24th of March, 1866, Prussia forwarded a circular dispatch to the minor German States, setting forth her differences with Austria.

All Europe felt the oppression of the coming storm. The thunder-clouds which had long been darkening the political sky began to send forth pale, brief flashes, and to mutter ominously. Throughout Germany the excitement was intense, although, for the present, in great part suppressed. The people waited panting in the sulphurous atmosphere, and the lightning drew nearer, and the clouds grew blacker, and the thunder rolled louder day by day.

On the 7th of April Austria demanded the demobilization of the Prussian forces.

In the district that includes the principalities of Lippe-Detmold and Pyrmont, and sundry neighboring lands, one chief cause of excitement was the departure of bands of young men to enroll themselves in the Prussian army. Recruiting went on vigorously—some said secretly. But the amount of secrecy can not have been great, since every man, woman, and child in the two principalities was talking about it.

Among the fortunate Lippe-Detmolders the recruiting agents had small chance of doing much.

In Lippe-Detmold there were no taxes.—That eloquent sentence conveys all that need be said on the subject in these pages. But Lippe-Detmold had neighbor-lands that were not so blessed.

In Waldeck, for example, there was much discontent and a good deal of poverty. The peasants would tell you, with touching simplicity and good faith, that their august ruler was very good. Oh yes; he was good and kind-hearted, and would never oppress the poor. But he had bad servants under him—hard, unjust stewards, who ground the people down. As to the Prince—if they could only let him know their grievances, they would soon be redressed; but—bless you!—the Prince was away in Vienna, or some place at the other end of the world!

Patriotism or enthusiasm for a United Germany had very little to do with it, but nevertheless the fact was, that Prussia found many accessions to her armies in tiny Waldeck; and numbers of these recruits passed through Horn on their way southward.

The knot of old cronies that still gathered nightly in the hostelry of the Pied Lamb had to yield so far to the resistless current of fact as to discuss the portentous events that were happening. Every day brought fresh tidings of moment.

Night after night the landlord and the sacristan sat opposite to each other with grave faces—Schnarcher's gaunt, hard, and savage; Quendel's broad, fat, and solemn. Schnarcher seemed to protest, in every fibre of his lean frame, against the course of events. Quendel opposed only his ponderous immobility to the current.

Peters sank lower than ever in the opinion of his old friends. They could not divest themselves of a suspicion that contemporary history was justifying the apothecary in a good many theories and opinions which he had propounded during the past year; and this naturally hardened their hearts against him.

It is not so very difficult to excuse a man for being wrong; but it is sometimes terribly hard to forgive him for being right.

The sacristan's temper was especially exacerbated by the sight of parties of burschen, who would stop occasionally to refresh themselves at the Pied Lamb or the humbler ale-house on the other side of the main street, as they tramped through Horn; and many were the derisive and cutting remarks that fell from the old man's lips. Even Quendel, in whose huge bulk the landlord instinct was alive and active, sometimes shook his head deprecatingly at some bitter outburst of the old sacristan's displeasure; and would make a clumsy attempt to convey in an aside to his beer-consuming customers that the Herr Küster's sentiments were not entirely shared by him, the host of the Pied Lamb. These attempts invariably resulted, it is true, in drawing down upon his own head the vials of Simon Schnarcher's wrath; for the old sacristan was a great deal too keen not to perceive his friend's double-dealing. But Quendel bore any amount of scolding and abuse from the sacristan with an unmoved mind. Indeed, he appeared rather to enjoy the exhibition of his old crony's energy and scorn, so long as such scorn was let off by means of the safety-valve of personal vituperation directed against himself.

Come what might, Simon Schnarcher would continue to drink his beer and smoke his pipe in the speisesaal of the Pied Lamb every evening so long as he should be able to hobble thither at all. But chance customers were liable to take offense and walk off to the rival ale-house.

When Otto walked into his uncle's house at Horn on the morning which succeeded his interview with Liese, he found no one in the room on the ground-floor, which served as parlor, kitchen, and dining-saloon, except old Sophie.

His uncle was out, she said, at the Herr Pastor's. There had been a christening that morning at St. Mary's. Had Otto come to Horn about the letter which had arrived that morning from Herr Schmitt? Ach Himmel! the Herr Küster was finely put out about it! In truth he was put out about most things lately. The world was going on a queer road, thought Sophie.

Otto did not care to stay and listen to the old woman's grumblings, which were but an echo of the sacristan's. Besides, he was eager to disburden his mind of the serious disclosure he had to make to his uncle, and he did not desire to be damped and discouraged by Sophie's lugubrious account of how much the Herr Küster had been "put out" lately.

Otto asked for a glass of beer and a crust of brown bread; and having taken this modest refreshment after his walk, he went out again to stroll through the little town, where almost every living creature, including the dogs and the horses, was his personal acquaintance.

"I will be back again before my uncle returns, Sophie," he said.

"Ganz gut. The Herr Küster will be at home to his dinner at 12 o'clock. Nay, you may chance to meet him coming from the pastor's house."

Horn was not a place whose outward aspect varied very much or very often. Otto felt almost surprised to find every thing in the same state as he remembered it when a school-boy. Not that that period was so very remote, but changes had taken place in himself: a great deal had happened to Otto since yesterday; nothing, apparently, had happened to Horn during the last ten years.

He strolled on, exchanging a nod or a warmer greeting with various acquaintances as he passed up the broad main street, but not stopping to get into conversation with any one, until he came to where the houses grew rarer, and the gardens wider, and Lehmann's farm came into view.

Its vast steep barn-roof shone red in the morning sunshine, and was a conspicuous object even among the other towering edifices of the like kind which skirted the road. Otto knew that farmer Franz would in all probability be lounging about the homestead at this hour, and as he drew nearer he saw Lehmann's tall figure in the farm-yard.

Otto called out a greeting while he was still at some distance from his old friend, and the farmer turned toward him with a face of pleased surprise.

"Come in, lad, come in! Mind the duck-pond, and don't tread on the old dog's tail; he's purblind now, poor beast! Well, Otto, and what brings you to Horn betimes in the forenoon? Come to see your uncle, eh?"

"Yes, Herr Lehmann, I had some business to talk over with him. How is your good hausfrau?"

Lehmann's face fell a little, and the sparkle went out of his blue eyes.

"Hanne's well and hearty, thank ye, Otto; well and hearty is my old woman; and—and busy—very busy. The fact is, lad, it's washing-day with my old woman, so I—I just came down here to have a look at the pigs. They're thriving most amazing; only look at the beauties."

The science of pig-culture had not made very great progress in Detmold; or, at all events, it had not extended its blessing to Franz Lehmann's farm. The animals he contemplated with such fond approval would have made but a sorry figure at Baker Street. The discovery that the pig is an animal which loves and thrives on the daintiest cleanliness was far from the farmer's mind; and, in fact, his pigs were ill-built, long-legged, black-bristled, ugly beasts enough.

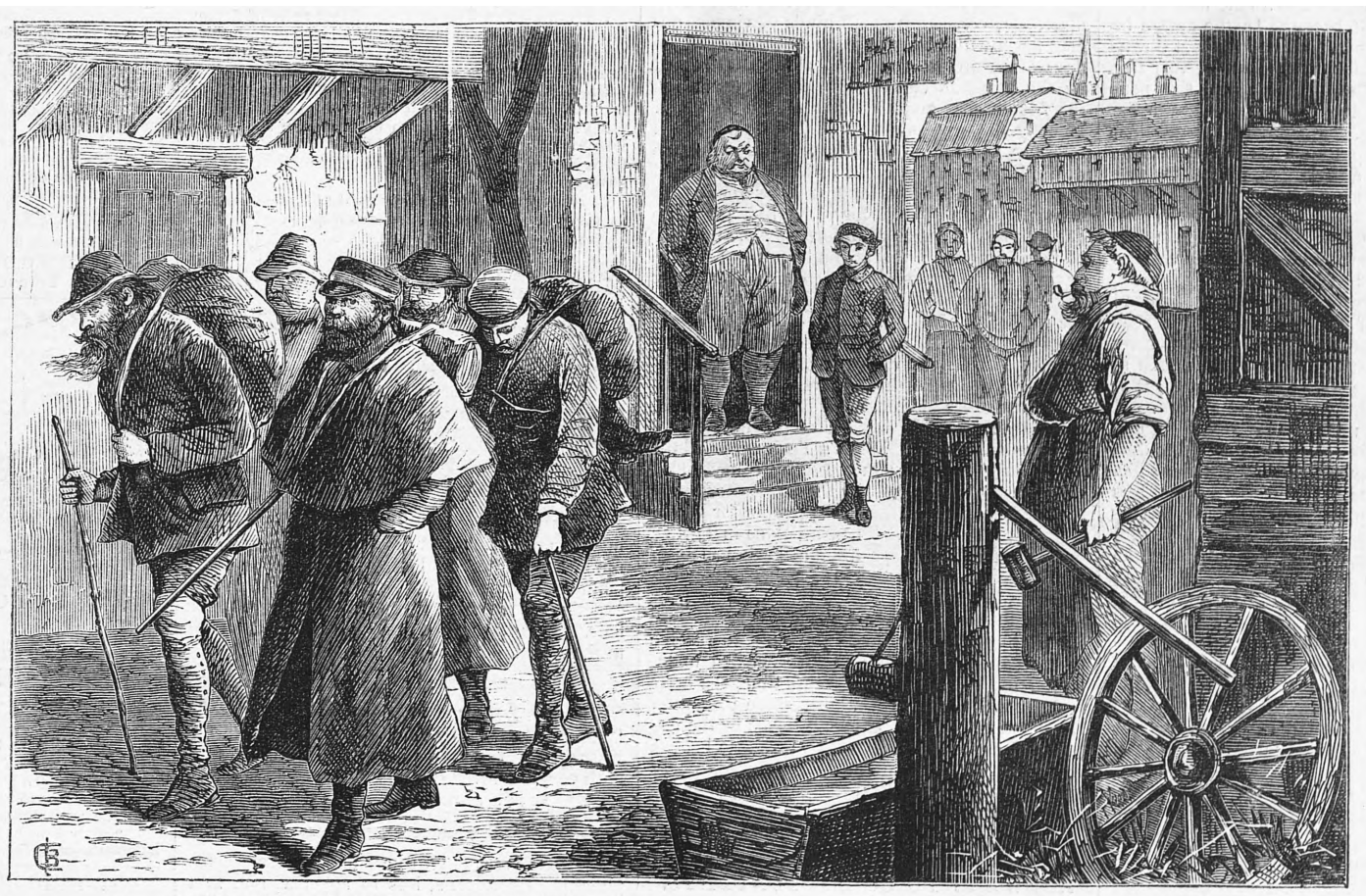
But they had certain grand porcine peculiarities which distinguish the race every where. They wallowed languidly in the filthy mud which covered the sty, or grubbed with greedy snouts in the well-filled trough. One very large fat creature, that had evidently gorged itself to repletion, lay stretched on its side in such a manner as to command a view of the trough out of which the others were still feeding, and blinked with one half-opened eye languidly upward at the rich dainties, giving vent every now and then to a muffled grunt that was almost rapturous in its expression of satisfied gluttony.

Lehmann gazed down pensively into the sty.

"Ah, thrive they do, most amazingly!" said he, softly. "Nice creatures, ain't they?"

"Well, yes; I suppose they are, of their kind. But I have no particular fancy for them. They're greedy, dirty, lazy beasts, I always think."

"Ah, there's a deal of comfort in pigs, though; so easy-going; do such credit to their keep; never want scrubbing, or scouring, or grooming. Give 'em their bellies full, and there ain't peacefuller, comfortabler creatures in the world.



"I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU THAT THEY'RE RECRUITS GOING TO JOIN THE PRUSSIAN ARMY."

You're too young to understand it yet a while, Otto. But sometime or other—when you're married and settled—and when"—added the farmer, with a movement of the corners of his mouth which began as though it meant to be a smile, but stopped short of it—"when it's washing-day you'll understand the comfort there is in pigs."

Otto laughed. Then his face grew grave again. "When I'm married, farmer Lehmann!" he exclaimed, with a little sigh.

"Yes, to be sure. You will be married some day. Most folks are. The Lord only knows why the half of them do marry. But I suppose it's all for the best."

Then the farmer asked Otto how he got on in Detmold, and what was the news there; and the young man told him of Herr Schmitt's approaching departure, and how he—Otto—had once more a place to seek in the world. They spoke, too, about the rumored retirement of Major von Groll from the land-stewardship; and Otto confided to his friend his intention of applying to the Justizrath von Schleppers, and his hope that that benevolent old gentleman would assist him.

Franz Lehmann was not one of those who swelled the chorus of the Justizrath's praises. He had, indeed, imbibed a strong prejudice against the lawyer. But he thought and said that he saw no reason why Von Schleppers should refuse to lay Otto's case before the Prince. And if that were done, Lehmann believed that his highness would surely give Otto a good post at once—something better than a mere jäger's place, the farmer thought; for every one knew that the Prince had liked and valued Head-ranger Hemmerich. Franz Lehmann's friendly words of encouragement warmed Otto's heart, and in his open impetuous way, almost before he had thought in his own mind how he should make the disclosure, he poured out to the farmer all the story of his love for Liese, and she had promised to be his, and to be true to him, and to love him always, and how they both hoped that "cousin Franz," who had been Lieschen's loving benefactor from her babyhood, would approve of their attachment, and give his consent that they should be betrothed.

"Softly, lad, softly!" cried Lehmann, putting his hand over his eyes. "You fairly take my breath away!"

Then, after a moment, he seized Otto's hand and shook it heartily, saying that he had always loved him from a boy, and that he knew no one to whose care he would more gladly intrust little Lieschen.

"God bless you, Herr Lehmann. You make me very happy!"

"Ay, ay, but there is much to be said first. I doubt you and Lieschen are but a couple of children that don't look beyond the day. Have you spoken to the sacristan yet on the subject?"

"No; he was from home. But I am going back now to Horn, and I shall tell him all."

Lehmann shook his head. He did not encourage Otto to expect a very favorable answer from his uncle. There were various circumstances which led him to fear that the sacristan would disapprove of such a match—circumstances of which, perhaps, Otto was ignorant, but which must be explained to him before he bound himself irrevocably to marry Liese. In the first place, she would have no money, or next to none. The farm would pass, after the death of Franz Lehmann and his wife, to a distant relative of the former. That had all been settled long ago by the will of Lehmann's grandfather. Had Franz had a son the farm would have descended to him. As it was, he—Lehmann—had no power to bequeath a rood of the land to Liese. There were other circumstances which it was right Otto should know.

Otto broke in impatiently:

"Um Gottes willen! dear Lehmann; say no more! Money! Do you think that if my darling could come to me covered with gold and jewels I should love her or value her one grain the more? You have said the only words I wished or cared to hear—namely, that you are willing to trust me with the dear maiden. What else matters to me or to Lieschen! When my uncle knows that you have given your consent he can not withhold his own. Besides, I can work. I am strong and young. Don't shake your head and look grave, mein bester freund. All will be well; I feel it. I must hasten back to Horn now. If I had time I would go in and salute Frau Hanne, and ask her to say a kind word to me on my betrothal, but—"

"Ach behüte! Thou dear Heaven, how hot-headed these boys and girls are! Go in to speak to Hanne now! Why it's as much as I shall dare to venture inside the house for my dinner. Ach-h-h! you don't know what washing-day means. I shall just stay quietly here and think matters over. I'm a slow-witted man, Otto; and I don't take in new ideas so easy as some. I require time and a good long pull at my pipe to set my thoughts in order."

Otto wrung the farmer's honest hand, and set off running in the direction of the sacristan's house.

Once at a turn of the road he stopped for a moment and looked back. Franz Lehmann was leaning with folded arms on the wooden fence of the pig-sty; and Otto said to himself, laughingly, "I hope he does find some comfort in his pigs, the good farmer! Ah, a shrewish wife is a sore cross to bear. Now my Lieschen is so sweet-natured and gentle!"

As Otto came near the Pied Lamb on his way down the main street he saw a little knot of persons assembled close to the inn. Quendel stood at the open door of his hostelry, whence five men, poorly dressed, dusty, and travel-stained, had just emerged. At one or two windows on the opposite side of the way heads were to be seen. The blacksmith had come out of his forge to see, and the horse-faced man who kept the "general shop" had paused in the act of serving a customer, and was staring stolidly across the half-door of his shop.

The travelers pursued their way with the resolute air of men who had yet many a mile to tramp, and the denizens of Horn watched them in silence.

"Good-morning, Herr Quendel!" said Otto, stopping for a moment at the door of the Pied Lamb.

"Morning, Otto! You're not going to join that distinguished party, are you?"

"Not I. Who are they, and where are they journeying to? They haven't the look of handwerksburschen."

"Nothing so respectable. As to who they are, I don't know any thing except that they come out of Waldeck. As to where they are going—well, least said soonest mended, perhaps.

But I don't mind telling you"—here Quendel subdued his harsh bass voice to a whisper that reminded one of the preliminary hoarse wheezing sometimes to be heard in the pipes of an organ when the bellows begin to move, and before the fingers of the player have touched the keys—"I don't mind telling you that they're recruits going to join the Prussian army."

"Ach so!" cried Otto, turning to look after the men with increased interest. "Well, as things are, perhaps they couldn't do better."

"I am sorry to hear the Herr Küster's nephew make such a speech," said Quendel, with grave rebuke.

Then when Otto was half-way down the street, and the little knot of idlers had dispersed, the landlord relieved his overcharged feelings by a string of sonorous oaths.

"Couldn't do better, quotha! Hol' mich der henker if I know what they could do worse!"

A MONSTER PIE.

AT this season of good cheer, it may be appetizing to read the description of the huge game-pie, compounded by the celebrated Ude, and presented by the Earl of Sefton to the appreciative corporation of Liverpool. This pie was to be a monster proof of the author's learning and generosity. Its contents were to be of the best; it was to overflow with good things; it was to be an Amalthea's horn, brimming with bonne-bouches. One fine morning, inspired by the sunshine that streamed round him as he stood monarch of all he surveyed in the Earl's kitchen —M. Louis Eustache Ude, formerly cook of Louis XVI.—collected around him great piles of game, poultry, veal, ham, bacon, forcemeat, and truffles. His caskets of spices stood near him, open, a bin of flour was at hand, and huge rolls of flower-scented Devonshire butter were within call. Ude first buttered a large brazier pan, and then lined it as one would line a hat, with a thin unctuous sheet of fat bacon. In the centre he gravely placed a very large turkey, breast downward, well larded, and stuffed with four very fine boned and larded pullets, seasoned with salt, pepper, and allspice, and with forcemeat laid in the trenches of the backs. The great composer then deposited round the patriarch turkey, the centre of all, eight boned and larded pheasants, seasoned and stuffed with truffles, and inside each pheasant was a boned and larded partridge, on the principle of the Chinese puzzle, and promising well for the future. The chinks and cavities were filled in with truffles, calf's liver, bacon, livers of game and fowls, and the white flesh and dark opaque livers of six rabbits, which had been chopped into forcemeat to garnish the monster corporation pie. But this was a more sketch at present. The troops were on the ground, it is true, but the real battle had yet to be won. A shovel of coals too much on the oven fire, and the splendor of a Sefton might be doomed to dust and ashes. Ude, gay and sanguine, then stuffed in a good deal of larded veal, some special wedges of ham, and twenty pounds of fragrant and carefully culled truffles. He covered the whole with a sheet of fat bacon, seasoning it all over; he parted from it with a longing, lingering look; and hermetically closing the brazier by putting a paper all round the cover, put it in the oven for a fiery probation of two hours. It was then allowed to get quite cool, and was tempered by imprisonment in an ice-house to make it thoroughly cold. Ude then dipped the brazier into warm water to loosen the contents, and, the first stage of the work of art being over, he removed the gravy and fat, and put the meat, etc., into a temporary purgatory of ice.

The paste had now to be made. He first threw about a coal-scuttle of flour into a vast earthen bowl, and prepared the butter in a stew-pan with boiling water and some salt. The flour was beaten up into a paste with a giant wooden spoon, then worked on the dresser, and placed before the fire for a moment, covered with a cloth, to help the manipulation. So far so good. Ude felt like Phidias when chiseling out the form of Apollo, or like Cellini when in the fiery agony of casting his famous statue of Perseus. The fate of Europe seemed to hang upon that pie. Heaven only knew what indigestions among the worthy corporation the failure of that paste might not occasion. Ude next spread on the honored table of the venerated Earl a large thick sheet of paste, and moulded the inner walls of the treasure-house of delicacies. The iced meat was already firm, and jellied together to receive its envelope, which Ude skillfully lapped over the top. He then covered the top with a second vast sheet, and pasted it down over the first, shaping it as he did so, and moulding the walls with architectural hand and dextrous masonic fingers. When form and symmetry were obtained Ude squeezed out of the fat putty-like paste a projecting border to form the foot, and with nimble fingers pinched out a border and cornice-rims for the top. With a large ring of paste the Ulysses of the kitchen framed a chimney to the pie, as a sort of ventilating shaft, and also shaped a garland of sharp myrtle-like leaves to wreath the ring and chimney aforesaid, while all around he wove a trellis-work of brittle thread, and spread vine leaves of paste, and made a sort of low wall round the flue to prevent the gravy and fat from boiling over, and so spoiling the monster corporation pie. The great work was now nearly accomplished; it only wanted two or three finishing touches from the master-hand. Ude brushed the pie with dorure, and then gravely and thankfully placed it in a moderate and carefully-tempered oven. It took three long hours, and it was all the fire could do in that time to blend those flavors and soften those intermingled meats. Before he withdrew it from the oven, Ude, ever cautious, thrust with thoughtful probe into the chimney of the monster a long keen larding-pin, to make the final assay, and try if the meat were soft enough and thoroughly done down to the lowest stratum. He next, with learned unction and placid triumph, added down the funnel the gravy and fat hoarded from the brazier. He also made a jelly of bones of fowls, rabbits, turkeys, and pheasants, and some knuckle of veal and ham highly seasoned with spice, bay leaves, sweet basil, thyme, cloves, mace, cayenne, and plenty of salt. Then reducing this jelly, part of it was poured when boiling into the pie. This pie took two days to become cold. It required great care to lift, as it was too heavy for one French cook. The remaining jelly was spread over the pie when it was opened. It was indeed a veritable *chef-d'œuvre*, reflecting much credit on Ude's heart, but more upon his head.

GREEK FUNERALS.

IN Greece it is the custom to dress up the dead in his best clothes, and put on a *new* pair of shoes; the hands and feet are tied; the body must lie facing the east, two long wax-tapers standing up alight at the head and feet, and a small picture of the Holy Virgin placed on the chest. All relations must call at the house, and remain in there and taste no food of any kind until the body be buried. A cup full of wine is brought into the room, and they wash the hands and face of the corpse with the wine, and deposit the empty cup inside the waistcoat of the dead. As soon as the body is removed a stone is placed on the floor where the body was lying, and a small cup full of wine, the stone and the cup remaining on the floor for three days and three nights, with a wax-taper burning the whole time. When the body is lowered into the grave the priest empties a large bottle full of wine. When a distinguished person dies there is always a funeral oration recited at his tomb. On their return from the cemetery all the intimate friends and relatives return to the house and have a regular feast, consisting of all kinds of viands, except flesh, with plenty of wine and *raki*. Three days afterward a quantity of cakes are blessed by the priest in church, and distributed to all the friends and acquaintances of the deceased. Exactly three years after burial the priests and relatives proceed to the grave and disinter the dead; if the body be found perfectly decomposed they collect the bones and transfer them to a monastery or a church, for which they pay a fee of fifty piastres; should, unfortunately, the body be found in good preservation, through their sins or those of the deceased, they replace the remains in the grave, and have prayers read in church for the remission of their sins and the decay of the body of their relative. Bishops are buried in a sitting posture in an easy-chair, and a wax-taper burning; if, at the three years, on opening the tomb, the taper be found still burning, it is considered an infallible proof that the holy father had become a saint. When a Turk is buried the priest, or hózza, puts in the grave a key and a copper coin; the key is for the purpose of opening the door of Paradise, and the coin for giving bagsish to the porter. The Christians in Turkey believe that three days after a Turk has been buried he becomes a dog and walks out of his tomb; while they maintain that when a poor Jew is lowered into his grave the earth throws up the corpse seven times, unwilling to receive in her bowels the body of such a wicked unbeliever; but that, after the seventh time, the body is deposited again, and a large stone placed on the top of the tomb. This is believed by the uneducated portion of the Greeks, who also believe that every Easter the Jews steal a Christian boy, and make use of his blood for seasoning their unleavened bread.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Make a tight-fitting bodice, merely reaching to the belt in front, extending over the hips to form a pointed jocky basque behind like those seen on riding habits. Trim with lace, either thread or guipure, headed by a ruche of faille or a row of passementerie. If you have broad shoulders, design a Pompadour square with the trimming; if you are narrow, make bretelles. The coat-sleeves have a ruffle of lace at the elbow.

A MODERN EVE.—Get a black ottoman velours with very heavy cord. Make with two skirts; the upper has six narrow breadths and is looped high at the sides. A band of black Astrakhan borders each skirt. Your velvet sacque will complete the costume. Mink, sable, and chinchilla are very fashionable furs, but at present the preference is for the curled fleeces. The garnet shades now in vogue would suit you in lieu of the forbidden drab.

HELIE.—A braided chignon will cost from $15 to $20. The *crêpés* for the front hair from $5 to $7. Address any of the hair-dressers named in the *Bazar*.

A COUNTRY GIRL.—The goods you send is a species of poplin. Make a single skirt and polonaise. Line the polonaise with flannel, and add a cape also flannel lined. Trim with a pleated ruffle of the same six inches wide on the skirt, three inches on the polonaise.

BELLE.—The covers for the *Bazar* are not quite ready. You shall be informed about them in due time. A handsome cloak for a middle-aged lady is a fine black beaver cut as a loose sacque rather long, with a large round cape. Trim with several rows of silk braid, or with Astrakhan. Trim your drab poplin house dress with garnet velvet cut bias from the piece. Make the skirt a demi-train, bordered with a two-inch band of velvet. The bodice has revers faced with velvet. A bow for epaulets, and at the wrist of the coat-sleeves. Make a bias ruffle scalloped and bound with black satin on the skirt of your plaid poplin. The black poplin over-skirt has six narrow widths looped at the side *à la camargo*. Trim the black skirt with a plaid binding and fringe. Do not alter the shape of your velvet cloak. Border it with lace and passementerie, and form bretelles, as they will become your slight figure. A quilling of narrow black lace across the top of the head, with a velvet band around the chignon, is the coiffure you want.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The elbow cape is merely a round pelerine or talma reaching to the elbow.

A GRATEFUL READER.—Puffs around the sleeve at the arm-hole appear to shorten long arms. Puffed bretelles graduated give the appearance of breadth to a slight figure. A small cape, square in front and pointed behind like a hood, is also becoming. Bands of black satin piped with orange is the trimming for your dress.

Y. D. M.—Satin is one of the most fashionable materials for evening dress. It is a great risk to have your wedding dress dyed; besides, white is greatly worn this season. Why not trim it handsomely with black lace, or with satin of a becoming color? Make your black silk with two skirts, a flounce on the lower one, lace and a pleated ruche on the upper skirt, and short polka basque.

AGNES H.—To roll your hair in curl papers is less injurious than the application of heat. There are lotions advertised for curling straight hair, but we know of none that we would recommend.

YOUNG MOTHER.—We have not given any directions for crocheted or knitted sacks for children. It will be easy for you to work one, however. Cut a pattern of the size and shape desired, and work in any of the stitches described in No. 58 of the *Bazar*, widening or narrowing as the pattern requires. It will be easier to work each piece separately, and then sew or crochet them together. In a short time both leggings and drawers will be illustrated in the *Bazar*. It will be very easy to combine the two and so work what you desire.

SUBSCRIBER, No. 33.—We know of no book like that you desire.

A FRIEND.—In *Harper's Bazar*, No. 56, you will find a recipe for making the hair grow.

NELLIE MAY.—We know of no other planchette than Kirby's, the price of which is one dollar and upward. The back Numbers of your *Bazar* have been sent.

NORA.—In crochet or knitting + signifies a double repetition. A certain portion of the work is to be repeated and we represent it by ∗; but if within that portion some stitches need to be repeated we represent them by ∗, and the larger repeated portion by +.

PET.—The average duration of life of the hare, the cat, and the sheep is 10 years; of the dog from 14 to 20; of the sow and partridge 25; of the crow and eagle 100; and it is said that the goose sometimes lives to the extraordinary age of 150 years.

SOLDIER.—Not knowing your capabilities it is impossible to advise you in regard to a proper occupation. The money you have saved it will be well to invest in Government securities until you decide upon a business, when you may find better use for it.

KATINKA.—The title of the spiritual ruler of Japan is *Mikado*, that of the temporal one is Tiogoon or Tycoon, the latter being the sovereign *de facto* and the former sovereign *de jure*.

EDNA EARLE.—There is no such thing as purl in crochet. To purl is to knit backward in knitting.

MAY A.—We know of no book on the subject to which you refer. We have given various glove patterns in the *Bazar*, which can be adjusted so as to answer your purpose.

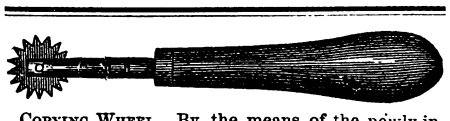
C. H. CLARK.—The books bought at trade sales are precisely the same as all others in market.

HELENA.—The turning down of the lower right-hand corner of a visiting card signifies condolence; the upper right-hand corner, congratulation; the upper left corner, an ordinary call; and the left lower corner, adieu. These words are often engraved on the reverse of the card so as to show when turned down.

MRS. L. H., ST. LOUIS.—This is said, on French authority, to be a good mixture for dyeing *dark* hair light:

White wine	1 pint.
Rhubarb	5 ounces.

Boil down to one-half of the quantity, strain, steep the hair in the mixture, and let it dry without wiping.



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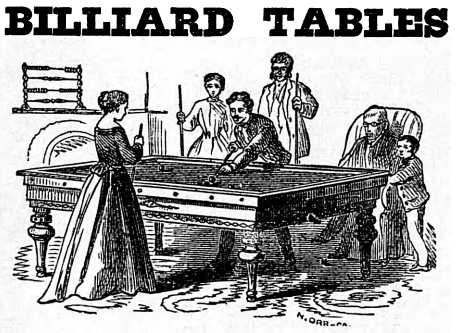

ESTABLISHED 1861.

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THE *BEST TEA DISTRICTS* OF

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and sell them in quantities to suit customers

AT CARGO PRICES.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 per lb.
MIXED (green and black), 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 per lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 20 per lb.
IMPERIAL (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25; best, $1 50 per lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

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Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary packages for Clubs of less than Thirty Dollars.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the custom-house stores to our warehouses.

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N. B.—Inhabitants of villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one third (besides the express charges) by sending directly to the

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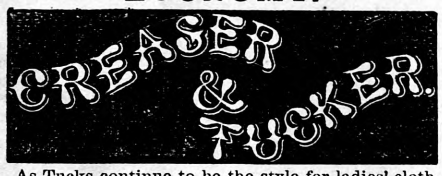

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The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to pre-pay the United States postage.

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FACETIÆ.

DESIROUS OF SUICIDE.—The following extraordinary advertisement appears in a French paper: "A man [illegible] discouraged, and who wishes to end his life, is desirous of meeting with an English gentleman who will promise to settle 10,000 francs upon the children. He will then place himself entirely at the disposal of the gentleman, to fight all his duels, mount the summit of a glacier, descend into the crater of Vesuvius, or precipitate himself from a balloon. Address M.A.D., poste restante, Paris."

LITERARY.

A new novel by Mr. Edmund Yates is announced to appear shortly. It is to be called "Wrecked in Port." It is rumored in the literary world that the same talented author is busy at a sequel to the above, which he has already christened "Preserved in Sherry."

CONSOLATION.

"What is your consolation in life and in death?" asked a clergyman of a young miss in a Bible-class that he was catechising.

The young lady blushed and hesitated.

"Will you not tell me?" urged the clergyman.

"I don't want to tell his name," said the ingenuous girl, "but I've no objection to telling you where he lives."

"Aunty," said a sentimental niece to a bereaved widow, "now you're prosperous and 'well to do,' let us get some pretty tombstones for good Uncle Daniel; you know he has none at his grave."

Aunt Keziah lifted up her hands, and emphasized this touching expression: "Jane, if they want any thing of Daniel at the Judgment, they can find him without a guide-board; I tell you he'll be there in time."

The United States contains the following singularly named post-offices: Marrow Bones, Sorrel Horse, Ti Ti, Toto, Why Not, Alone, Backbone, Carryall, Fame, Time, Stony Man, Sal Soda, Newborn, Yankee Jim's Rough, Rough and Ready, Pipe Stem, Shickshiny, Overalls, Snowshoes, Miracle Run, Simmer, Lookout, Paint, Last Chance, Ogunquit, Memory, Tally Ho, Spuyten Duyvil, Tired Creek, and Our Town.

What large fruit does a gigantic married couple resemble?—A big pear, of course.

MEDICO-CHIRURGICAL GASTRONOMY.

EXAMINER. "What is the best local application for gastritis?"

CANDIDATE. "Bread Sauce."

CHEAP LAND.—Farms in Arkansas sell at from three to five cents an acre. An Arkansas paper says that dirt is such a drug in that State that if a purchaser does not look out they'll smuggle forty or fifty extra acres on him in making out the deed.

TO THE THOUGHTFUL.—Not every man can grow coffee who has coffee-grounds in his cup.

A young lady in the mountains of Virginia once asked a member of her Sunday-school class who made him. Upon his confession of ignorance on that subject she tried to shame him by pointing to a very small boy who was *an fait* on the rudiments, but was rather taken aback when he replied: "Think he oughter: he don't look like he's been made more than three weeks, and hain't had time to forget where he come from."

We have ever found that blacksmiths are more or less given to vice. Carpenters, for the most part, speak plainly, but they will chisel when they get a chance. Not unfrequently they are bores, and often annoy one with their old saws.

A THRILLING SITUATION.

ENRAGED INHABITANT. "Did any one see you enter?"
TAX COLLECTOR (*taken by surprise*). "Not that I know of."
ENRAGED INHABITANT. "Then no one shall see you leave!"

A COQUETTE'S CAUTION.

A-knitting in my easy-chair,
My thoughts are fluttering here and there,
My feet are on the fender:
Beside me sits my faithful pug;
My favorite "tabby" on the rug
Fills me with fancies tender.

I think how in those days of yore
I reckoned lovers by the score;
How now my fortune varies.
To-night I sit in lone despair,
And now bestow my love and care
On kittens and canaries.

Time was there did not come a post
But brought of "billets-doux" a host,
From writers fond and clever;
But now 'tis bills the postman brings,
Or circulars, and such-like things—
But love-letters, oh, never!

Once every morning brought its guest;
My knocker scarce had any rest,
My "flames" were always calling;
'Tis "Taxes" now, or "Water Rate,"
Who turns the handle of my gate,
And knocks with zeal appalling.

I was a jolly dancer then,
A favorite partner with the men—
In waltzing I'd no equal;
My dancing now is all alone,
When with rheumatic pains I groan.
Oh, what a bitter sequel!

Instead of rides to cover-side,
At "Clothing-Clubs" I now preside,
And serve on "Tract" Committees;
Instead of "parties" without end,
I Dorcas Meetings now attend;
Yet who my sad lot pities?

I flirted till it was too late;
O'ertaken by avenging fate,
Behold in me a warning:
Young maidens, do not always flirt;
Be wise, and Nemesis avert,
And waste not Life's bright morning.

"Mr. Timothy," said a young lady who had been showing off her wit at the expense of a dangler, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story."

"Divine Almira," meekly replied the adorer, "in thanking you for that compliment let me remind you that you occupy the upper story entirely."

A POPULAR VESSEL—Courtship.

A cowardly fellow—a "gent"—lounging for the enchantment of servant-girls, kicked a news-boy the other day for pestering him to buy an evening paper. The lad's revenge was ingenious and complete. He waited till another boy accosted "the gent," and then shouted, in the hearing of all bystanders, "It's no use to try him, Jim; he can't read."

A MOVEMENT IN REAL ESTATE—An earthquake.

What is the most dangerous ship to embark in?—Authorship.

Never tell your secrets in a corn-field, for it has a thousand ears.

HOW TO TAKE THE CENSUS OF THE CHILDREN OF A NEIGHBORHOOD—Employ an organ-grinder for five minutes.

A PUBLIC SINGER WHO "DRAWS" WELL—The mosquito.

OCEAN LUMBER—The sea-board.

It is said that as the twig is bent the tree is inclined. Some young ladies will grow queerly if the Grecian Bend prevails long.

The coats of the Irish reapers have been described as "a parcel of holes sewn together."

THE COMMONEST SOCIAL VICE—Advice.

GRATE PREPARATIONS—Getting ready for winter fires.

One of the papers contains as an advertisement: "Lost, a large black silk umbrella, belonging to a *gentleman with a curious carved ivory head.*"

A man buying a horse made his bargain with the seller that he should pay fifteen pieces of gold in hand, and be in debt for the remainder. A short time after, the seller demanding payment of the balance, the other answered, "No, you must keep to your bargain; it was agreed that I should be in your debt for the remainder, and how can that be if I pay it?"

A negro clergyman addressed his congregation thus: "B'lov'd bredren and sisters, you dono how to tell de sheeps from de goats. Bery well! I shall ask you which ob dem hab de *wool*, and which ob dem hab de *hair?*"

An honest dame in the town of ——, standing beside the corpse of her deceased husband, bewailing in piteous tones his untimely departure, observed, "It's a pity he's dead, for his teeth are as good as ever they was."

If you want to abbreviate a man's stature from six feet to four, ask him to lend you twenty-five dollars. Of course he says he is short, and shows it by the rest of the conversation.

J. B. was a stingy old creature, eager for money, but he was a zealous member of a church, and ostentatious in his religious exercises. "John," said Catharine to her brother, "what could have made that stingy old wretch a Christian?" "I can tell you," said John: "he has read that the streets of New Jerusalem are paved with gold, and he is determined to get there."

"Why don't you ask me how I am?" smilingly said a lady visitor to a four-year-old girl.

"I don't want to know," was little innocent's reply.

"What is it that causes the saltness of the ocean?" inquired a teacher.

"The codfish," was the reply.

Why is praising children like a preparation of opium?—Because it is laudin' 'em.

THE FIRST VEGETABLE EVER KNOWN—Time.

Query: is the wheel of time ever *tired?*

MEMORIA TECHNICA ZODIACALIS.

Lest January should be hot,
It boasts a *Man with Water-pot.*
St. Val. in February wishes
That love should swim like little *Fishes.*
A Ram appears in March, nor scorns
To take the winter by the horns.
In April water-butts are full,
And butts are dealt in by a *Bull.*
Cricket and boating start in May,
And so the *Twins* about it play.
In June we've out-of-doors confab,
And what are picnics *sine Crab?*
The days of dogs proclaim July,
And dogs before a *Lion* fly.
Good corn and wine in August merge in,
A month made happy by a *Virgin.*
September 29th, inspect
If your bank *Balance* is correct.
When leaves in rich October fall,
Then *Scorpions* and insects crawl.
November's *Archer* stands to try
And shoot the meteors in the sky.
December crawls in tattered coat,
And shakes his gray beard like a *Goat.*

GENTLEMAN. "No, I'm really afraid I can not do myself the pleasure of dining with you to-day; but the fact is, I have some business belonging to my Ward which must be attended to."

LADY. "Oh, indeed! Your Ward! I did not know you had one. What is her name?"

GENTLEMAN. "Well, they do call it the Bloody Sixth; but I am afraid that is rather a libel upon our Boys."

COALS OF FIRE.

SMART YOUNG LADY. "Why am I like Balaam?"
ASTUTE GENTLEMAN. "I really can not conceive."
SMART YOUNG LADY. "Because you are speaking to me."
ASTUTE GENTLEMAN. "Yes, to be sure; and an Angel makes me speak!"